

RAVEN CAGE

89

Poetry and Prose Ezine



RAVEN CAGE

RAVEN CAGE ISSUE 89 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

Changes to Raven Cage

As of this issue submissions end on the 25th of each month to be published on the end of the month. I will send the link to the PDF when I have finished and uploaded. Stop asking when it will be published. Sometimes it may come to a delay in publishing due to work and family matters. I will send the link to those that are included when I have finished. All emails that ask if a poem or story will be published after I have answered the original submission will be deleted without answering. Have patience. Again all submission as of now must be in by the 25th of each month to be in that Issue. All emails that come after that date will be in the next issue.

Please no more of this:

Name is the son of or daughter of Name Name Use Name Family Name

No!

Jerry is the son of Jerry Langdon

Yes !

Jerry Langdon, or Jerry Lee Langdon, or Jerry Lee Langdon Jr. I, II, IV etc. are acceptable.

Why? Because when the email is sent by Person One (Name) for Person Two (Name (Person Two is son of or Daughter of Person Three Name) and not in the usual or particular form of First Name Last Name it costs me extra time to figure out who to credit the write to.

In the future I will decline such submissions. I understand that some cultures wish to honor their parents in this way but your parents are not the ones that wrote the submission. I need the name to be credited as such.

Further changes are that I will only be accepting up to 3 poems per author, and 2 short stories maximum 15,000.

As of now I no longer run Articlass Monthly and will not be accepting articles. Zuhra Rozmetova has offered to be the editor of Articlass Monthly and to continue the zine. I will for now forward Articles to Zuhra but will not personally be answering emails.

Emotional Poetry

Niginabonu Amirova

Greetings

Saying hello is actually
A piece of decency,
In the language of Uzbek ,
A wish to say .

How many years have passed ?
It is a legacy for generations .
Shame and modesty ,
It is characteristic of the Uzbek
people .

About this in hadiths ,
A useful word is collected .
It is permissible to acquire
knowledge ,
How little we know.

The habit of greeting
Begins to be good .
Those who follow it ,
Takes a right step .



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My Purple Lavender, I Purple you

The aesthetics of purple fragrance
evoke a soothing reference
Lips like mini petal of lavenders
Heart beats beautifully and dutifully
Eyes escalate the heartiest sensation
One can swim and swing in vast ocean
The aura of divine intimacy invites
O the Purple Lavender
You hold the glimpses of nights
Blinking of sights
and swiftly engage the minds
Freshness floats with delightful devotes
Calmness covers the heavy votes
Whiteness swipes the dark holes
Purple Lavender artistically rolls
the beauty and duty of divine souls
Spirits dance like lavenders to adore
Beguiling butterfly beats for the sensuous cure
Night and light, fit and fuse
Appealing reflections spring like muse
Moon of magnificence march at midnight
Fragrance of purple clothes
Bidding the beautiful binds
Voice of melodious nightingale
Chokes the bunch of purple mails
Oh My Purple Lavender, I pour purple cure
at every step, at every phase
Your loveliness excites the butterfly to grace
Pray that the garden of purple fragrance
Ever glitters and the gardener of lavenders
Ever twitters to trace the holiness in purple place.

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Tajalla Qureshi; from Pakistan. She is an artistic essence of English Literature in Pakistan. She breaths as poetry. Her lustrous art has been published in a well-known German Magazine and an Indian E-Magazine. She has been served as a co-author in International and National Anthologies. Moreover, her article has been published in German Magazine and Mount Kenya USA. She won many poetic presentations and poetic competitions at international forums. In addition, her interview has featured in The Mount Kenya, an African Paper. She dedicated all her writings to her Mentor. Mr Muhammad Adnan.

Facebook

<https://www.facebook.com/tajala.atiq.5?mibextid=LQQJ4d>

Instagram

https://instagram.com/tajalla_gureshi_?igshid=OGQ5ZDc2ODk2ZA%3D%3D&utm_source=qr



Tajallah

Twinkling Twilight
Her innocence invites
Nose-like Jhelum Hills appears in stunning dale,
Jumping, blooming in endless vales
She is the optimistic nightingale
Listen!
Spirit celebrates many feasts
Clasps and mingles like clouds in heat,
Sometimes she is the song of Autumn of Keats
Awake, rise after endless falls
Guarding like boundary wall
Refrain the universal sanity
Gaea and Uranus enjoy your curiosity
Begging and absorbing graceful narrations
Following Frost and Dickinson
Lullabied thee along with moon and dove;
In the Valley of love
And within no time she artistically tamed a snowy flock
She converts thin to thick and becomes a lark
The cunning curls
Seek attention and hurl
Remember!
You are my unsaid might
Spreading light and delight
Calypso adores your soulful sights
Smiling like Athena in a steamy phase
She does not show her haze;
Clay graces your pace
Galaxies glitter through your clicks
Dove sings through your lips
Swishing like air, she delightfully molds and holds,
Sips beauty, eagerness, and deceiving lame Tajallah, she is named.

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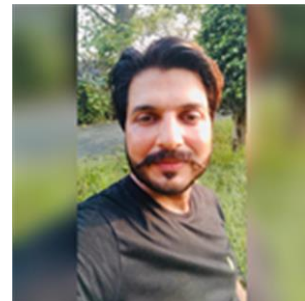
Muhammad Adnan Gujjar, lecturer in English at The University of Chenab, Gujarat. He has accomplished two Master's in English Philosophies: M.Phil. in English Language and Literature from UOS and M.Phil. English Literature from MUL. He gratifies as a Co-Author in National and International Anthologies. He engraves English Poetry and as a phenomenal poet, his flawless poems have been published in Raven Cage Zine, a literary German Magazine and E-paper USA and Africa, The Mount Kenya.. Moreover, his interview has featured in an African Paper, The Mount Kenya. He heartens and provokes the students in Creative Writing. His students are also allocated the vibrant sharing around the globe. Truly, his students are emblems of transparency.

Facebook

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Instagram

https://instagram.com/m.adnan_gujjar?igshid=OGQ5ZDc2ODk2ZA=



A bird in a cage

He kept thinking about the heavens,
Sadness fills his heart.
He played only the flute,
There is little death for the poor man.

Always willing to seek
It will be a cry, it will be a sarsari.
Hope is broken one by one,
Like autumn hazan rezgi.

The wind shook the log,
The tree of hope has faded.
He felt when he spread his wings,
To fly is the happiness of rebirth...

© Copyrighted 2024 by Durdona Hashimjonova

Durdona Hashimjonova. He was born on April 29, 2010 in Rishton district of Fergana region. Currently, he is a student of the 7th grade of the creative school named after Erkin Vahidov, agency of the 1st educational institution, Marglon city.

Midnight Thoughts

It hits me at night
The fact that I'm struggling to write.
I don't know what to say
As I stare at this blank page..
Where are my words?
Why have they gone astray
It hits me at night
I pray so I can sleep without the constant anxiety
It hits me at night
Sometimes I find myself being angry
Why so angry?
When did I turn mean
I never felt anger before
It hits me at night
That I can no longer think
Where is my mind?
Can anyone tell me what it's saying
God.. it hits me at night
It's heavy lord please I beg you take my load
And I cry to you constantly because I'm shaking
This world is heavy
You are the only one who can save me from the demons who taunt me with this thing called "anxiety"
From the cougars of the world who eat people with no remorse
Lord I'm protected because of you I know this to be true that I'm protected because of you
Repeat repeat
That repeats constantly in my mind
To love you hold on with all my strength and might
God it hits me at night but
I know you're here and that you calm me when I cry and I cry and slowly start relaxing after I'm hugging my chest and knees
so tight
It hits me at night
Please calm my racing heart tell me don't give into that fear ... because you are the one who wins in the end and you're so
much more than this fight

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“The Gathering Of Life”

Yesterday I was there
In the gathering of life
There I saw “Time”
Who ruled everyone
And everything

And I saw
The fight of “Heart” and “Mind”
I saw
The “Deep Thought” sitting quietly
In a corner

“Dreams” were living
In their own world
“Truth” was muffled
By the noise of “Lies”

The “Hypocrisy” was smiling
And “Deceit” walked around proudly
“Hate” and “Enmity” were at
The heart of the gathering

“Simplicity” was sitting timidly
In one corner
While “Riches” and “Extravagancy”
Walked boasting around

“Loyalty” was scarce
And “Betrayal” was found everywhere
The “Peace” and “Serenity” were rarely seen
But the fog of “Anxiety” engulfed everything

“Disappointment” looked
Tauntingly at “Hope”
“Love” looked at “Heart”
And “Separation” looked
Mirthlessly at “Togetherness”

When I tried to find “Soul”
I couldn’t find it anywhere
And I decided to
Leave this gathering

I went out and saw
Someone was standing outside
Smiling and smirking

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

At everyone inside
It was the "Death"

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Introducing Abeera Mirza, the vibrant poet hailing from Gujrat, Pakistan. With an impressive repertoire of 200 anthologies, she has made a mark in the world of poetry. Her words dance off the page, capturing the essence of emotions and painting vivid pictures with her verses. Abeera's poetry reflects her unique perspective, infusing passion and depth into every line. Whether it's love, longing, or the beauty of nature, her words have the power to resonate with readers on a profound level. May her words help in healing and growing.

House of Love

The walls of your adorable smile
Will make me love you all the time
The pillars of your honest trust
For every relation that is must
That's how you captured my soul
In your house of love

The arches of your affectionate care
Makes me so calm everywhere
The floor of your beaming happiness
Keeps away all the life sadness
That's how you captured my soul
In your house of love

The bricks of your attractive thoughts
Makes me forget worries of all sorts
The roof of your alluring beauty
Makes me lose all my sanity
That's how you captured my soul
In your house of love

The garden of your bewitching eyes
I get drowned in those deep eyes
The foundation of your immense love
Makes me fall for you even more
That's how you capture my soul
In your house of love

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Loving You Again

I'm falling in love with you
All over again
Even though you caused me pain
This heart of mine can't let you go
Feelings are starting to flow
This is foolish, I know
Why am I feeling the way I do
When you already broke my heart in two
Why does it have to be you
I have been with others new
But my heart keeps falling for you
Even though I know you will break it again
And leave me in pain
Foolish foolish heart
Keeps breaking apart.

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Goodbye

His 'Goodbye', was a knife
Piercing my heart,
My limbs locked to the floor
Not knowing where to start!
My gut was a bird of fire,
Burning hopelessly and flapping
It's wings of desire!
My lips are frozen, my eyes dry
Pulse a hopping hare,
I should have burst out,
But why I couldn't dare?
Life is now a barren womb,
Nothing to produce,
Smile now is a stranger,
That I am unable to seduce

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I'm gonna be happy.

One day a flower will open for me,
The way will always be open to me.
It's always a fun day
I will be happy, believe me.

Spring will surely come for me,
Trees bloom early in the morning.
You can also have lunch at a glance at the flowers
I will be happy, believe me.

A rose will soon grow for me Honey is really the happiest Summer is a big work for me I will be happy, believe me.

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Daughter of Ilhomova Mohichehra Azimjon, 7th grade student of Zarafshan city, Navoi region, school No. 9.



I'm sorry mom...

I made mistakes before I could go far,
I put lies on the end of the truth.
I know I hurt you
I'm sorry, my dear mother.

I said sweetly to another,
When it comes to you, I'm back.
I'm here to apologize,
I'm sorry, my dear mother.

I'm trying to please everyone,
Your heart is fine, look, I'm fine.
I'll come back to you,
I'm sorry mom, I'm sorry.

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Daughter of Ilhomova Mohichehra Azimjon, 7th grade student of Zarafshan city, Navoi region, school No. 9.

Fate

No matter how much suffering hurts my tongue,
I will go on my way.
Sometimes falling, sometimes standing
Trials lead to dreams.

If not for God,
The wind doesn't blow, it doesn't pour high
I fall for a reason too
This fall will not last forever.

The stars count the days in the distance,
The sun always shines its golden light.
If only I had wings to fly
I would reach the heavens.

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Just that

A beautiful breeze works every moment
My dreams are with me
It's like a long time ago
I just learned to live.

When I am in pain, my heart feels my pain.
Every breath I take is visible to my body
Obedience all my life
Just stop for a moment.

My imagination is sad and gently stirs
The sweet door of my heart
It is as if he has entered a mysterious world
I just live in a secret age.

A butterfly will land on my hand
And my emotions are like an unstable wind
My tender words from the heart
It's just a piece of paper.

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JUST

I just don't cry anymore
Not a drop of tears comes out of my eyes.
I don't care about the worries of the world,
The example from my mother is as strong as iron.

I just stopped listening,
Bitter words spoken behind my back.
I didn't even notice
Eyes waiting for my fall.

I just can't wait anymore
Blame stone thrown at my head.
I forgot that my secrets have spread to the world,
A fake confidant who broke my trust.

I just stopped writing anymore,
If I write a poem I feel in my heart.
I don't get tired of writing the pains of the world,
Until this soul leaves my body.

I just stopped crying!

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Imagination

Last night in my dream I lost my imagination.
He is a thief of dreams,
He is still wanted.
I don't know where he went without permission.
Keep thinking. My heart is confused. Oh, what a dream.
Tell me your destination.
I can't live without you, that's why I found you.
My heart is on one side, my soul is on one side.
You are one body and one soul. Tell me now.
Will it be without you, man?
He thought. To myself without notice. If I ask, it's all of a sudden.
You poured out your pain.
My soul is in you.
Tell your secrets. He dreams: that to me.
I was heartbroken.
After all, this is a strange happiness, I put Jar in the world.
When I wake up and open my eyes.
It's all in my dream.
If I look around, the whole place is quiet.
My mind is right. They are together again.

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Bobonazarova Gulzoda Alisherovna was born on June 15, 2002 in the Gurlan district of the Khorezm region. She currently resides in the Khorezm region and is studying philology and languages at Urgench State University, majoring in Uzbek language. She is an active member of the All India Council for Technical Skill Development and serves as a Global Education Ambassador. Her scientific and journalistic articles have been published in several Russian journals and she has also participated in international scientific forums, earning more than 5 international certificates. She is a member of the International the Love of Mother Teresa organization and the "Juntos Parlas Letras" writers association in Argentina. She has a special interest in literature and poetry, and has published several poems. She is currently conducting scientific research in the field of literature and is particularly interested in classical literature.

Do you love a still her ?

You will be remembered thinking,
You will be silent your eyes are wet.
You say I forgot-he, but,
Do you love a still her ?

Bearable tolerance without living,
I admire you impatient.
Other though with you,
Do you love a still her ?

You are proud not to admit,
You're running away from it.
You say you don't know you cheat,
Do you love a still her ?

Repeat without dialing the number,
You can not call this holiday.
Still standing pictures,
Do you love a still her ?

Looking for Gaze la her,
Ending longing named candle.
Remember the black eye ?
Do you love a still her ?

Wishes aro visol,
Trouble that makes the coat of arms is.
Asking acquaintances for a situation,
Do you love a still her ?

In recognition, Andy is a mercenary,
Do you love a still her ?
Burying your heart to the bottom,
When you love it, do I need it ?

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Untitled

I wanted to forget the wounds of the past
My heart is satisfied
Every time we forget, my symptoms come to me

Forget my worries
We keep my rest away from my sleep
My yard is empty and my stars are in it
Saher opened the eyes of the present
We are waiting for my day to come
You were blaming Awadi's day

You were a lover
You were always in the heart
Today, where is your imagination? It has been a long absence
You turned disappointment, you denied the past time
I thought you were a lulaf, and you appeared as a thiba
I slept with a loved one and saw him satisfied

Last night
You forgot the dog's lover, you added to his grief
I bought the ten and gave the price of the sale
You went to an auction and set up an empty market
Hurting the mind keeps the deception hidden
We will never forget Yazid Ghayadi

How can we forget?
My heart goes out to you wherever I go
How hot today will be tomorrow evening
You like to give me my offers
Whenever I saw you, you made me laugh
You made the dog satisfied after you

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Virtue of My Loyalty:

Me sober and gentle of peace in my nature;
Love to natural sublimity;
Having the delight and joy in my feministic mind.
The softness to all creatures.
Love to ethics of harmony.
I do not create hierarchy as lower and higher.
See humanity of equality to all.
Ethical beauty is quested by me.
Brotherhood relation is in my mind.
Fetching dignity of higher mind.
Virtue is surviving in my art.
'Me' loyal to those who are loyal to me.
'Me' like weapon of death who are against me.
Me super human of earth.
No hierarchy in my art.

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Paiyun 7- Hile
Parbat, Nepal
Now Kirtipur Kathmandu

POETIC CRAFT

Whenever some
bare truthful poem
is recited, wearing the cloak of untruthfulness
then and there
finishes over
the natural beauty
and meaning of the poem

Anxiety rises over future problems
of the entire nature
worries about the natural
existence of rivers, mountains,
seas, trees and birds-animals

Moreover, nightmares cast in dreams
the 'deaths of souls' of
those entire sculptors
And I start heftily pulling off, in dreams
the serene shrouds from
over the souls of sculptors
on whose graves
I have always gone lighting
thousands of lamps
of countless bright words
from this end to that one

And I give a deaf ear
to the laughter of lighting fireflies
which address to me only

I, whenever strive to disperse
the sandal fragrance through my words
the winds of my country
drift away along with them
not known how many truths
from this border towards
the another border

And then too, undoubtedly...
Taking off the veil of civilization
My poetry gets naked
becoming an example of my own culture
Pure and serene!

:

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

Just like the unique crafts
And heavenly beautiful
dumb and silent sculptures of
Khajuraho and Ajanta
Even so...Pure and serene!

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INDIA

"Happiness"

I will look for your address.
Joy, joys light up my tongue,
I still walk along the paths of happiness,
Your description will completely remove my pain.

**

Spring, enter my heart,
May the tree of my heart bloom with happiness,
Don't let the secret spill like rain,
My feelings are always faithful.

**

I draw a picture in my imagination,
I draw, taking color from spring and winter,
Reflect on smiling faces,
Your song remains in my heart forever.

**

Feelings in the heart colorful with happiness,
Smallpox is crying in my heart because of happiness,
Those feelings that light up the darkness,
I will make my heart happy with flowers!

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Lost in The Darkness

You speak your darkness, you write your pain,
Journey's lost travels riding the brain.
Demon's haunt, shadows fall, freedom they need,
All the while, your soul aches to bleed.

Breathe, just breathe, the darkness dispels,
Emerge from your memory's, exit your shell.
It cannot take you where you do not will to be,
Scream, lose the chains, you must break free.

Under you are pulled, sucked inside your skin,
Falling, falling, over and over, then once again.
It is gone now. No help, no hope, no way out,
Thoughts intermingle oh such pain and doubt.

Then the other: the other me. Not one but two,
Scattered pieces of heart, laid bare by you.
I am me, yet I am not, can you hear me cry?
I am one, I am two, I am truth, I am a lie.

Shhh quietly for the pain once again comes,
The darkness fades with the morning sun.
No, not really the darkness in my soul will stay,
And so easily my reality will fade away.

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The Dreams I See

It is weird how my mind dreams,
I am sinking into sand thinking many things.
What my eyes see, my mind does not know,
Afraid to fall into the unknown, but knowing I have to let go.

Adrift in the vastness; humanity lost,
A colorless vision, my mind turned and tossed.
I try to scream but no sound escapes,
Without a voice there are no sounds to make.

Sweat 'neath my blanket, a crumpled pillow 'neath my head,
Fighting the demons that slowly invade my bed.
I kick, I flail, I give off a soundless scream,
And awaken to realize it is only a horrible dream.

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The Artist

Upon the artists mat a powerful tale he weaves,
Bringing to life his wants, his hopes, his dreams.
A palate of many colors, such a beautiful array,
Closing his eyes, his vision beckons for the day.

Stroke after stroke, his brush brings life to her,
A rare beauty lost in mind, his day is a blur.
As the brush strokes canvas, he pours out his soul,
He looks but does not see, only feels his loss of control.

Hair so long and silky, the color black as raven wings,
Smile of an angel, the voice in his heart sings.
Eyes, deep as an ocean blue, tears, waves upon the beach,
Putting down his brush he sighs, she is always out of reach.

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IDENTITY

I'm from nowhere
And I know no castles and caves,
My journey is sand and snow storm
And belies any anthropological study.
My digital prints
Only marks on the water
Flowing fast
Towards the vapors.
My footprints are dissolved
While touching the ground
Sprouting of fossils and larvae,
In gardens of uncertainty.
My eyes were sculpted
With grass, glass and clouds
Peering into chasms, constellations
Through the unforeseen.
I am from everywhere
And I'm not looking for shelter.
I accept rain, storm, thunder
Because I learned
To explore deserts, forests
Having my heart as a compass.

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STRENGTH

It is impossible to count
How many times I died.
It is even harder to find out
Places of my rebirth.

My strength has no roots,
Dogma or stigma,
It blooms blank
Creating its own seed.

They are no flowers,
Tombs and stilettos
On this journey,
Of fruitful pains.

I do not carry
This power in my flesh
And that's how I was born:
My strength invented me.

Now I breathe
Instinct and ethereal
To finally know
Paths where I grew up.

Everything that s not mine
Created my anatomy.

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LOVE’S LESSON

Eyes don't write
tongue does not translate
the heart's fragrance ,
its dew and saliva.

not even the veins aggregate
all blood dialects.

Only the heartbeat writes
the feeling's writing
that never fits
in the heart concave.

All flesh is reduced
in heart and sound ,
ancestral music
echoing in the body cavities,
vibration of far and near:
echo from beyond
on the beaches of hereafter,
here is always beyond touch.

It is necessary to know how to read
the heart's calligraphy ,
it's necessary to become literate,
it's necessary to educate the ear.
Who teaches us so original song?

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Country: Brazil

Biography: Cleber Pacheco is a Brazilian writer. He has several books published : novels, short story, poetry, literary criticism.
His poetry and short stories are featured in US, India, Canada, Portugal.

LYING SWAN

Waves of Thoughts
In Search of Persuasion
Awkward by taciturn memories
Premise repeated every morning
Where from afar with deception
Your hand reached mine
While my happy heart smiled
Believing in the sweet breeze of love
In that magical infinity of the sea
Today in a storm equal to life
As well as my lacerated soul
Swan lying on the rocks
Where the roar of the waves throws it further
Elsewhere in a troubled world,
Haunted by a past that no longer exists
Maybe it never existed
Preterite in the trap of your eyes
Of your lips that emitted
Endless Words
Cheating candid, true feelings
Knowing the harm you were doing
Suppressing our oath
Everlasting Covenant
Today a spectre in oblivion.

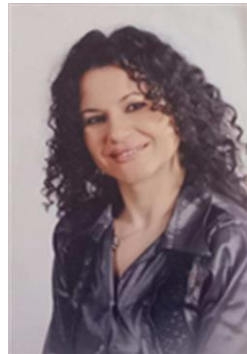
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EMPTY

Till dawn you wounded me
forgetting how much I loved you.
Instantly you deleted
All of this we shared together
Thoughts flew to the deception.
Not even the strong wind
Could stop your words
They weighed heavily.
This cold night
his heart was deeply wounded
We don't exist anymore
neither You nor I.
Between Us a high wall was raised
Touching the boundaries of the sky
who looked at us in amazement.
Asking the moon, the stars, the sun
To the air that between dark clouds
It did not penetrate
filled with my tears.
The Universe was also stunned
The world of existence stopped.
Even the earth did not accept such torture.
Secular Punishment
In the soul he found a dwelling
Seeing no other way out
nowhere...
in vain...
Not even beyond
in the other world.
In that old world
Where in another life
Maybe we were happy
Good days will no longer happen
The night took them with it.
No rays of sunshine
It will be able to warm me up anymore.
Your nostalgia
inextinguishable will.

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Angela Kosta was born in Albania in 1973 and has lived in Italy since 1995. She is a translator, essayist, journalist, literary critic, editor and promoter. He has published 11 books: novels, poems and fairy tales in Albanian, Italian and English. His publications have appeared in various literary magazines and newspapers in: Albania, Kosovo, Italy, USA, England, China, Russia, Germany, Saudi Arabia, Lebanon, Algeria, Poland, Australia, Egypt, Greece, Spain, Tajikistan, South Korea, Hungary, India, Bangladesh etc. Angela Kosta translates and writes articles and interviews for the newspaper "Calabria Live", Saturno magazine, the newspaper "Le Radici", the international magazine "Orfeu", Alessandria Today magazine, the Nacional newspaper, the Gazeta Destinacioni, the magazine Perqasje Italo - Shqiptare , the international magazine Atunis - Belgium, collaborates with magazines in Lebanon, International Literature Language Journal (USA), Morocco, Bangladesh, etc. Angela Kosta is Ambassador of Culture and Peace in: Bangladesh, Lebanon, Poland, Morocco, Canada, Algeria, Egypt, Mexico, etc. Angela Kosta has been translated and published in 27 foreign languages and countries. In the second semester of 2023 alone, she was an author in 84 national and international newspapers and magazines with: poems, articles, interviews, essays, etc...



I WILL BE LOOKING FOR YOU

I'll look for you there
Where love never ceases to exist
And relax there
Where we wrote love letters;

I'll look for you there
Where the sun rises but reluctant to set
For a steady romantic walk
And pluck flowers on the beautiful meadows;

I'll look for you there
Where the picturesque mountains
Like to host eternal lovers like You and Me
And dance in the freshness of the breeze
When only the leaves rustle;

You know,
I was absolutely amazed while waiting for you In all the places I loved to be there
And my soul got invaded
By the awesome silence of the green fields
Among the witnessing poppies;

I wonder,
The night took me away
In its lap all of a sudden
And I cherish the memories
That's only yours and mine
Your smiling face leads the show
As it had been as always before
I can never forget you
Be it today
Be it tomorrow
As I love to remember you
Ever forever!

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LIKE IN A DREAM

On the moonless night
Let's talk about school grades
Tidying up the assignment line
with the theme for love.

As in a dream
Under your body my eye slipped
In the oasis Strait stopped
There in the glowing ocean
in the restless night.

The stars in the sky move in bursts
The moon turned red and began a night as long as a century.
The darkness of the night
like an arrow kills.

I look at your brown hair
with the braid behind the back
In the oasis of the Strait
This moonless night
I don't hesitate to drown.
in the scorching ocean...

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Dibran Fylli was born in Kosovo. He is a director, actor, poet, writer, Academician, Editor-in-Chief of the prestigious international magazine Orfeu. Dibran Fylli has won many awards. He fought with (UCK), the Army for the liberation of Kosovo from the Serbs who killed many women, children and elderly people. He was seriously injured. He wrote the book translated into 9 languages for the Great Martyr Commander of the UCK Adem Jashari. Dibran Fylli has made many films as a director and actor.



To be Satisfied

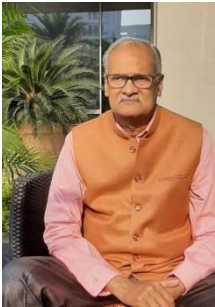
Inside the soul He resides.
In vain are you running restlessly
from this temple to that
shifting loyalties from deity to deity.
Worried always if your wish would be granted
religious trading is blooming fast,
but, ever have you thought
what are you offering Him ?
with what intentions
and also for which motives,
always wanting return-gift
disproportionately,
still He has opened His treasures for you,
but you haven't learnt how to choose
and in what measure.
How can be the Creator of the Universe
be pleased, or be made to feel grateful
to His own creations who are so zealously
behaving like rich and civilized beggars.
Expectation breeds pain and pauperism;
it doesn't reach full fruition
God has sufficiently supplied His store
for each and every one to be satisfied
with what they have desired from their Creator.

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To My Son

You did never realize
What you were to me
We used to talk for hours
without uttering a word,
the private universe being
the axis of our conversation.
I tried my utmost
to delve deep into the well
of your unfathomable psyche
to grab some conches and shells
to open the tangled knots of your
mystical thoughts uncomprehended
by my simple comprehension.
How my simple understanding
felt disappointment and defeat !
The father overcome by the son ?
A situation scratching the bereaved soul,
forced to live a recluse in an Ashram
living in a crowd, yet all alone
trying to teach myself lessons of life,
over-riding your left-over years,
the balance in the account of your life.

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The poet Dr. Kailash Nath Khandelwal is a retired Professor of English and ex-Principal of National Postgraduate College, Bhongaon (Mainpuri, India). During his career of forty years, he wrote and edited more than 70 books on the English, American, African and Indo-Anglian authors including poets, novelists and dramatists. He supervised 29 research scholars for the degree of Ph. D., besides a number of dissertations.

He worked as the Convenor of the Research Degree Committee and Board of Studies, besides serving as Internal Expert of both the bodies of Dr. B.R.Ambedkar University, Agra

In the field of Journalism, Dr. Khandelwal was engaged for several years as a Correspondent of The Hindustan Times and Amar Ujala.

Presently, he is engaged in poetry (English and Hindi), short stories, spiritual writings and translation from Hindi to English (The works of Pandit Shriram Sharma Acharya of Gayatri Pariwar). His recent published poetry books are 'Unveiling the Silence' (English) and 'एक यात्रा ऐसी भी' (Hindi).

Memories of Styx River

Home turf has become so
minuit since I took my leave
from it.

I eloped with the Army and
then the Navy, just to get away
from the pain around this place.

There was no love here, and so
I sought it for decades on foreign
shores.

When we were teenagers, we

canoed down to Styx River,
this is where we used to
swim, pop tents, and toast

marshmallows.

One time in our early 20's
we boiled some shrooms
in a kettle, on the campfire
and I talked with God.

While still clutching my beer,
I climbed a tree just to get a
better look at the universe-

the faces of the angels were
bronze and beautiful as statues
in the cathedrals of Spain.

You couldn't see it, what I saw
with my own eyes, you just shook
your head and cracked open another

beer; chasing your own demons away
with the next cigarette in between
sips of shroom tea.

We left one of our friends behind too
mind the camp, as we boarded your
canoe and paddled our way to the

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

River Rats Bar that just happened to
be one mile away from our campsite.

The waters of Styx River were on fire-
a kaleidoscope of flames licked the
hull of the boat, that slowly sailed us

into the sunset of our youthful days.

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Ocean Dreams

Close your eyes and dream,
kaleidoscope waves of the
ocean singing their hymns.

Lazy Sunday, sun dripping,
down upon all, warming the

skin, skin doused with sunblock,
and lovers hands caressing, while
soft voices meet-

with angels sighs and seagulls
jousting in surreal interludes.

The music of cool jazz playing
from gawdy ramshackle bars
behind us, via road sides of

the obscure.

Can you hear the ghost of

Parker
Coltrane
&
Davis

do their things?

Sheer musical ecstasy-

The albatross is playing off key,
out of tune, and then it's gone.

Sounds solar and solidify-

I can hear you say-

"Let's go for a stroll, the sun is setting."

I reply-

"Let's go, fade into the tapestry of this."

The sugar white sands are soft and
are melting beneath our feet, they make

a sound with each step that we take.

Can you see us, years from now,
drifting aimlessly with the tide?

Still in love, as our memories fade
out with the current, of what was
us, in another life.

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time again

the clock strikes again
on the hour

marking the time that is
now-

chimes reverberating
intermingling with

dress shoes clapping
down upon the cobbles-

skies have long been dead
woven into

the grey hues of doom-

trees reaching into surrender
nothing matters to the

rain that never seems
to stop.

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Bio

Wayne Russell is a creative writer that was born and raised in Florida, he moved to Ohio in late 2016. His first book of poems, "Where Angels Fear" was published by Guerilla Genius Press in 2020 is available on Amazon; his second book of poetry is titled "Splinter of the Moon" and will be available via Silver Bow Publishing in early 2024.

Saying to my mother...

There is endless rain in our house where you are,
There is a lively sound in our hearts where you are,
What is missing from you, how rich you are,
Stay by my side mom
Mother, shine like the sun in my heart

Love is a salve, sweet life, I live with you,
Until I die, I will live as your shadow
I will surely repay your trust in this world
Stay by my side mom
Mother, shine like the sun in my heart.

Mother lives in this world, my child.
Sorrow, sorrow, pain, I am a foreign mother,
You are the one and only, the honorable one,
Stay by my side mom
Mother, shine like the sun in my heart.

Seeing you today in the garden of happy love
My heart is bright, smiling like the sun,
Laughing and honking at your kindness,
Stay by my side mom
Mother, shine like the sun in my heart.

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Zilolakhan Komiljanova Kakhraman's girl - 5th grade student of Ellikkala District Ellikkala District, Republic of Karakalpakstan

- ☆ Member of "Mushoira Club" of Ellikkala district of the Republic of Karakalpakstan
- ☆ Member of "Young Leaders Club".
- ☆ Volunteer of "Kelejak EVH", Ellikkala district, Republic of Karakalpakstan
- ☆ Volunteer of "Intilish EVH", Ellikkala district, Republic of Karakalpakstan
- ☆ Member of many international organizations
- ☆ Volunteer of Karakalpakstan "Eco Kewilli Jaslar".
- ☆ Republic "Korparcha" is the first creative work published in the collection
- ☆ Favorite subjects Mathematics, English, literature, history, biology
- ☆ Motto: seek knowledge from the cradle to the grave

☆ Her future dream is to become a lady leader and find her place in society

Why Do You Give Up

Why do you give up,
You should fight in your life,
You should win in your life,
You should face these difficulties,
As well as problems,
You are a hero a hero never fails,
And lose you should prove to others,
Your life is your war,

You should win it,
Life can give you,
Happiness as well as sadness,
You should not give up,
You are a good man,
All the best for your success,
You should do your best,
You should become rich one day.

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Nepal

Money Plant

Your leaves are green,
You drink water like as a human being,
You always want a love and care,
You are a brave and courageous,
You are always trying to give happiness,
For others you,
Teach me a way to live,
You make me little bit rich,

By growing my income,
I like you so much,
You are always staying with me in my room,
You can't speak to me but you,
Know me very well,
I can't leave you as well as,
Go far away I can't become happier,
Without you.

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Nepal

No Happiness

Why there is no happiness ?
In alone I feel isolated and alone,
I want someone who can,
Love and care me,
But I can't find anyone,
I am a alone hero in my life,
I should win the war of the life,
I should not lose my hopes,

I should become happy in myself,
I know that the people is selfish and materialistic,
But I should be good and kind for all,
I should live for me I should struggle for me,
I am a hero ups and downs,
There will be in a life,
So, I should win one day,
In my life.

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Nepal



Binod Dawadi, author of *The Power of Words*, holds a Master's degree in English Literature and is based in Kathmandu, Nepal. With over 1000 anthology contributions, he aims to enlighten society through his writing. Binod is also deeply involved in digital photography and painting. His work has been showcased in prestigious exhibitions, including the International Art Festival in Korea in 2023. Combining literary excellence with visual artistry, Binod is dedicated to societal transformation through creativity.

FOR HER LOVE...

In you I found the deep sea with waves,
In you I found the magic of love,
In you I found intimate depths
For in every cell,
there was a surprise.
I became an explorer of that deep sea,
To take such a delicate risk overhead.
In depths you shone like a pearl to me,
At night you shimmered, frightening in bed.

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WHEN YOU'RE MISSING...

The walls are silent, dripping with pain.
The shadow of your dress pours into the corner of the room
(it still carries the scent of your body).
A light breeze blows outside,
sending messages through the night to the moon,
deep in thought,
Clouds limp through the dark alleys of my city.
In these moments,
I see what you don't,
I see the silent seagulls of pain,
swimming in the blue milk of the sky.
Tongues of silence lick my body,
I feel only the pain on the roads of the map made by your lips...
The night speaks to itself in a coded language
of the wind that crashes against the walls of my silence.
When you're missing...

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(Translation from Albanian to English By Alfred Kola Korçë, February 2, 2024)

Ndue Dragusha was born on September 29, 1953 in the village of Dragusha, on the outskirts of Lezha (Albania). Since 1998 Ndue has been the Director of the newspaper "LISSABA", a literary-artistic newspaper, which has traveled around and off our continent. Ndue Dragusha started writing when she was in high school, where he was also very active in artistic and cultural activities.



Flotsam & Jetsam (Acrostic)

Frothing foam floating
Loathed littering of lost love
Our time just debris
The bitter feelings all that remain
Spitting out venom
All just flotsam and jetsam
Muddying the waters

And my esteem bobs unanchored
Naval gazing
Do I clear the mess?

Jettison the jetsam
Eat away the flotsam
The relics of the past
Sad I thought they were my future
And I'm searching for a buoy
Murky waters drag me down...

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

Scraped Knees (A Collaboration)

I don't want to grow old
I don't want to grow up,
I don't want to sit lonely
Sipping tea from a cup,

Oh, to go out and play
Run wild and free,
Use my imagination
Be a Pirate at sea,

Cowboys and Indians
Knights on steeds,
Cops and Robbers
Superman doing good deeds,

Hold on to my childhood
The innocence of life,
Many friends giving up
Becoming adolescent is rife,

I don't want emotional maturity
I want to roll in freshly mown grass,
I don't need responsibility
I want to smile and laugh,

I want to make daisy chains
Dens in bushes and trees,
I want to tumble and caper
With permanently scraped knees,

Life is so short
I don't like that at all,
I used to live fairy tales
My imagination soared,

Twirl and dance
Seize the day!
Summer's almost here
It's time to make hay!

Comfort

I look out my window
The darkness, the rain,
Tears on the glass
Feeling the pain,

Shadows on the wall
On the ceiling, in my head,
Beneath the quilt cover
In the comfort of my bed,

Voices from the dark
From the corners of my mind,
Fear in the room
There's no peace, I can find,

The stars are no comfort
With their cold, piercing glare,
The moon's face is blank
No compassion from her,

Night's sinister opaqueness
Is full of hostility,
My bedroom is too
I shackle myself; captivity,

The wind howls, sound carries
The pounding of lashing rain,
Never loud enough to drown
The screaming in my brain.

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ocular dialect

Mute dialogues
Between two loving hearts
With full expressions,
And sensitivity

They ask each other
About their part and depart
How easily, they describe their destinations in each one's eye!!
Where words fail
But eye dialect conquer

Holding each other's hand
With much trust and love
How Natural!
Ancient and honest
And trustworthy language
This ocular dialect is!!
You can read one's eyes
To discover it's personality
Character and individuality!!

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Waiting

A distant door was shut with a bang
The falling leaves are kissing tenderly--
The whimsical air is whispering
Time is gradually killing me--
Where is she ?
Where is she ?
Where is she ?

Lost in a freaky daydream
Lost in a tricky ice cream
I am standing alone in a strange nowhereland
Everything is embarrassingly calm
Confused, hesitant--
The clock is ticking--
The eternal waiting--
It has been continuing since time immemorial
Will the coming rainbow touch me ?
Will my irresistible passion kindly inform me ?
Where is she ?
Where is she ?
Where is she ?

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ABHIJIT CHAKRABORTY
INDIA

Biography of POET ABHIJIT CHAKRABORTY of INDIA



ABHIJIT CHAKRABORTY is an internationally recognized, awarded, translated, bilingual poet from Bally of West Bengal, India. He is a teacher by profession. He loves poetry, prose, music, movies etc. He began writing after the death of his mother to oust his grief, to overcome his sadness and depression. He writes in his mother tongue Bengali and in English language. He tries to write in the reachable-to-all style with the use of very simple, common words and very simple, easy construction of sentences. A collection of his Bengali poems has been published in Kolkata International Book Fair-2020. His poems, in Bengali and in English language, have appeared in various national and international anthologies, literary journals, literary magazines, and online public forums/platforms.

Rain Keeps Falling

The dark, the damp
The rain keeps falling,
The gloom outside
The roadworks snoring,

Lying in bed
Don't want to rise,
Depression lingers
It's in my eyes,

Tired, aching
Unable to sleep,
Come the morning
My eyelids creep,

Ten to ten
The rain keeps falling,
The gloom outside
The roadworks snoring.

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

FAMILY !

They are good on a hard day ,
They lean when you fall .
They are your support when you stumble
They are your joy on a happy day.

Take care of your family ,
Help them in their work .
Don't fight anymore
After all, it is very difficult for them .

Father wakes up in the morning .
Want to earn money and take care of his children .
"They should not be less than others" ,
His hair is white, and hands are shaking.

Mother wakes up in the morning,
To bake sweet breads .
Want to grow-up children ,
To put a ladder to dreams.

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Kholturayeva Ugiloy daughter of Urol was born on 29th August in 2008 . Currently , she studies and lives in Surkhandaryo , Uzbekistan . She is a member of Kazakhstan "Qushqanot" poet and writers' union . Her own creative works have been published in magazines of Tailand , Kenya and Germany .

"AT WAR ... "

You leave with crying ,
Mornings without you.
Childhood is spoiled,
Soldiers at war !

Destroy the enemy ,
The one who attacked you.
Protect the name of the country
Soldiers at war !

"Will my son return?"
Mothers wait every day.
Follow the steps of the soldier,
Does not sleep day and night.

All people trust you ,
They even envy to you .
Be always healthy ,
Soldiers at war .

© Copyrighted 2024 by Khushbakova Anjela Berdimuratovna



Khushbakova Anjela Berdimuratovna was born on 17th April in 2006. Currently, she lives in Oltinsoy district, Surxondaryo region of the Republic Uzbekistan. She is a student of the 11th grade of the 15 school. Her creative works were published in France anthology and she is holder several international certificates .

Dream Nation

The Red Kite – Somewhere in a battered war zone a young boy barely ten years old spots a strange sight of a red kite against a bright coral sky, not bothered where it came from as long as it colours in his bleak life after daily salvos of bullets delivering his unwanted symphony of cream screams – Masked by deep base explosions rising to a falsetto of repetitive high-pitched aerial gifts of new experimental chemical bombs designed to delete deplete and destroy everything he has ever known – Everyone he has ever loved, left with the daily taste of dust sprinkled with ashes of what was before – Nearly blinded by yet another early evening menu of bright deadly showers of heat-seeking missiles, that young boy started running from his burning safe haven, yearning to reach heaven just to catch that bright red kite with all his might, despite being weakened by malnutrition – If only he could jump high enough to catch a liberating flight with that red kite, he would hold on and never let go then maybe he would be transported to his heavenly home to finally play eternally with those who he has known and leave this earthly hell-hole...

Liberty Light – Having only ever the four walls of her basement prison for nearly a decade, a young girl rushes to the only sliver of light seeping in through a small corner of the locked window above, too high to even attempt to break open, as the iron bars encapsulating it, almost hugging it, is sure to last for another hundred years – She has become used to that welcome sight every golden sliver summer morning and even spotted a shadow of a bird once, sweeping by just like an imaginary loving hand brushing her cheek, making her forget her naming ceremony, branding her a freak to be hidden from view and not even to know the smell of flowers or feel the warm glow of a friend 'hello' from a stranger passing by – How she yearns to be inside that light, being away from this empty prison, this nothingness, this emotional distressing unwelcome vortex but oh, if only she could touch that light beckoning her to reach out to break out to shout out – To be loved...

Rainbow Child – Call me coloured call me mixed call me mulatto but I am just the same as you in this nation called humanity – My origin does not define me, it's your stare which pierces through me. I see you, your loneliness,

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

Your yearning for happiness – Just let go of your
Inhibitions, your self inflicted constrictions and take my
Hand if you need a friend ...

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Corpus Delicti

Cadaver City – We drift aimlessly with you each
cataclysmic dreaded day hoping to find a sympathetic
ear even the occasional acknowledged nod to remind us
that we still exist in this hollow vessel we drag around – Our
skin now layers of toxic urban dust infused with your spiteful daily
rhetoric trying to look through us as we hover in the crevices of your
crumbling lives knowing that each syllable we utter is your verbal
vomit regurgitated reflected; reciprocated. Our minds now hollow
basins absorbing the sound waves of your stinging whispers
floating over the pregnant acid airwaves – Yes! We are still
able even in our decaying hours to receive your dismissive
curses, your distorted frantic chorus delivering our final
send-off hymns as you plot and scheme to bury us
deeper in the catacombs of your porous minds
whilst the syrup of opportunity oozes from
your ravenous mouths but you forget –
It is our demise that now haunt your
bloodshot cadaver eyes blinding you
to what you once we're whilst we
break out in communal songs and
praises, dragging your essence
down the drains of your doomed
creation your failed mission
as we feed on your on your
offered spoils ...

Memories of Us – Do you
remember me? I am the homeless
beggar you once kicked in the stomach
when no one else was looking as I stretched
out my bony claw in the hope of any token of
charity to relief my daily hunger that you and your
kind have caused by your poor economic and social
uninformed detrimental decisions crushing our access
to civic handouts and necessary daily consumption – No?
Then your ascension up the corporate minefield ladder will
be halted by your own stewing self-hatred as your enemies flatter
you with sharpened dagger smiles signaling your own destined wretched demise!
... you do not recognize me, do you? I am the desperate applicant you belittled
and dismissed for my mixed race heritage which frightened you as you questioned
my abilities to be equal to you because of my varied human experience but I say
this to you – I forgive you however I welcome your eternal suffering in the hereafter
as you now fervently beg for my forgiveness to save you from your impending abyss –
The Verdict – Members of the jury have you reached your decision?
We have and we urge you to let justice prevail! Our hopes and dreams
have been crushed by these self-elected social judges usurping your authority!

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

We demand their imminent public shaming as you consider our body of evidence
To immediately enact social justice for our moral losses as we scrape off our sticky sickly crusty bitter molasses – Hasten now
even if is just to appease the baying masses if we are ever to right the wrongs of eons of their gloating songs...

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Allopatric Speciation

My rumored genetic drift spiralling
my allelic revolving shift
diminishing my cladogenic mutation
rotation free-falling into a new dawn _

My imploding speciation requires a
degree of reproductive isolation_
Rise the neon nation drowning in
chrome hybrid liquid nightmares
clouding my digital vision
my grainy judgement igniting my
variation preceded by my mutation

Broken phenotype ruptured lineage
microevolution _ my rebirth multiple
strangely predictable _ Silence _

Static violence
the dawn of our cladogenesis
_splitting evolving ---broken lines
S_plit identities
merging lineage
Rebirth new earth

I have evolved
we are sp_lit genomes
not yet identified
Populate the hive
twisting disintegrating

Comatose hy_brid

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Heavenless mother!

Why does the world need you?
You are always awake wishing me luck.
You are ready to die for me
You are heaven on earth mother!

One day you will be proud of your daughter,
You see happiness with your eyes.
You will certainly be happy with us,
You are heaven on earth mother!

Don't be afraid of the world, my world, mother
Take care, my dear.
I'll give it to you if you need it,
My existence on earth is my heavenly mother.

Mother always be open,
Leave the worries of the world and walk away.
Stay safe and happy always,
You are heaven on earth mother!

© Copyrighted 2024 by Gudratova Gulsanam

Gudratova Gulsanam, daughter of Turdimurad, was born on March 20, 2008 in the Yakkabogh district of Kashkadarya region, her nationality is Uzbek. In 2014, he started studying in the 1st grade of school No. 6 in this district. Gudratova Gulsanam Turdimurad's daughter stands out from her peers with her active participation in various competitions and classes. Actively participated in many district events and contests and won prestigious awards.

The captains of "KAMALAK" and "ITTIFOQ" were active in the school.

In 2019, he took the proud 2nd place in the district stage of the "RAINBOW STARS" competition. On October 19, 2023, he took an active part in the "Asrlar oshgan qadryatsan, my mother tongue" competition, dedicated to the 34th anniversary of the granting of the status of "Uzbek language as the state language", and took the proud 1st place.

In his spare time, he writes poems and short stories.

On January 4, 2024, a poem titled "Zulfiya's Daughter" was published in the international "KENYA TIMES" magazine.

My grandfather is still alive

Mir Alisher Navoi,
Our great grandfather.
Your mind is sharp,
Your words are amazing.

dear to the people of Herat,
Your thoughts are deep and delicious.
Every verse of yours is pure
A great legacy from you.

"Sultan of the word estate",
Your Great Immortal Name.
The great epic "Khamisa",
Trust us.

Navoi always remembers,
Alive in hearts.
Give us inspiration,
Life as long as it is alive

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Shomurodov, son of Abrorbek Dilmurod, was born in 2012 in "Bo'ston" neighborhood, Qalandador'man village, Yangibozor district, Khorezm region. He studies in the 5th grade of the 17th school in Yangibozor district. He is interested in poetry. He is a member of the "Young Creative Circle" organized at the school. His creative works have been published in the newspaper "Yangibozor Kozgusi" published in the district and in the republican publication "Gulkhan" magazine.

Father who is a stranger!

God created man
There is always a cry in his heart,
Sacrifice a thousand lives as a child,
My father is a stranger!

Worked hard,
Waiting for your children to grow up,
He swallowed his pains,
My father is a stranger!

Take a look at your life
Eh! His heart is always a thousand bribes,
A solution without finding a problem,
My father is a stranger!

How much pain for us
Sometimes bending over
Planting hope in his heart,
My father is a stranger!

He is dying because of us,
Is it so cheap to work?
Travel is so bad
My father is a stranger!

God created man
There is always a cry in his heart,
Sacrifice one life for the country,
My father is a stranger!

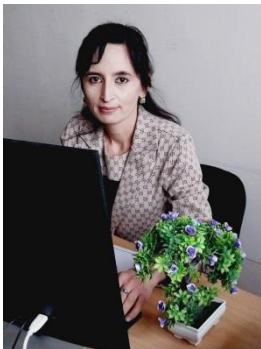
© Copyrighted 2024 by Dostonova Anisa

Dostonova Anisa was born on July 29, 2010 in Qamashi district of Kashkadarya region. Currently, he is a 7-A grade student of the 37th general education school of the city of Andijan, Andijan region.

Mother

I hurt your mother tongue a lot,
I couldn't find the words to go to you,
Asking for forgiveness in my heart,
But I couldn't talk next to you.
Mother, look, I am also a mother.
I can't forgive my children's mistakes,
If they hurt my heart,
I wonder about your situation.
Mom, I'm sorry, I'm your daughter
I made mistakes upon mistakes.
To trace my life
I hurt your heart.
Mother, my mother, my loving mother
I am the cause of your gray hair
But I want to live my life
I am your daughter who did these things.
Mother, my sun laughed
I laughed before my enemies
Sorrows are lifted from your shoulders
I'm sorry mom, I'm sorry mom.

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Tursunova Sarvinoz Fazliddinovna was born on March 22, 1989 in the Kitab district of Kashkadarya region. Since childhood, she was interested in poetry and as an amateur artist, she has been creating on various topics. He is a 2nd year student at the State Pedagogical Institute. In January, he participated in the conference of the National Human Rights and Humanitarian Federation. He has published works in many anthologies. Environmental volunteer, member of Juntos pos las Letras organization.

HOMELAND

Woven flower I was rugging
On your holy land
between the deep layers and lumps

I left and puted my feelings
and the dust
was succeeded dispersed scattered
them with
A foreboding wind
In them they were almost extinguished
Sparks of holiness

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HOMELAND

You are my homeland ...
You are my country
I am a flower trying
to bloom
to grow
Between thorns and thistles...
Between hills and mountains
I am Drifting in the streams
washed away in rivers
In the bubbling water...
trying to float
and be reborn in your land again

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Odelya Yehudiyan



She creates in interdisciplinary art Painting, photography, sculpture and writing and producing exhibitions

She is a producer, editor and presenter of radio 2 programs

culture and Judaism she shines a spotlight on the world of culture and promotes artistic artists from all over the world

Literature, poetry, music, architecture, sculpture, painting and art in all its forms. Second program called "The point in the heart"

In it she preserves the legacy of Jewish history Love of the Land of Israel, love of others and closeness to the Creator of the world

ODELYA says that the BIG Creator of the world gave her the gifts and talents She returns them in the way of her mission to the entire universe.

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

Odelya usually writes articles about spirituality, faith and love for the Creator and humanity. She analyzes biblical biblical texts and prayers.

She writes poetry in which she communicates her secrets with the human soul and the humanities

ODELYA influenced by the ancient wise Iranian music and literature and the values on which she was brought up and raised in her childhood home

odelya she is influenced by the ancient wise Iranian music and literature and the values on which she was brought up and raised in her childhood home

HER moto of her life like as she say

"I am a believer and the motto of Odelia's life is that poetry and music connect souls from all corners of the world"

Soon a book of my first poems will be published soon

Every day

Every day they steal you from me
God re

Throwing stones nonchalantly at faith

the history
is peeling off My consciousness
Disperses easily in spaces of the
freedom spaces

Every day
growing in me Longings
and concerns
Mix easily wind and fire
God speaks new Hebrew
And I don't feel an affinity
to the holy

Every day
Every day

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Outside, the silence freezes

Outside, the silence freezes
And I'm delighting Strawberry jam you've made
Grasping the oars of desire
a rower to the sun of your heart.

Not once did we encounter noise
We skipped The language stone in the streets of our lives
The words remained within the bounds of sanity
We were careful of the fire of love

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Yair Ben-Chaim, an Israeli writer, poet and artist, poetry editor and publisher of "Hadarim-Beit Publishing House", holds a diploma in advertising and business administration, a journalist and an entrepreneur of various projects among the artist community in Israel. Has published four books of poetry so far. "Doreshirah" (2013) "Go crazy in the middle of the day" (2015) "Hamdati" (2018) and "Coal Mines" (2022) For the past nine years he has been editing and publishing the magazine for poetry and prose, culture and art "The Corridor", which includes the publication of representative poetry by poets from Israel, personal interviews with poets, writers, artists and painters, reviews of new books, translations of world poetry and reviews of exhibitions and

cultural events. The magazine is published in a printed edition twice a year.

In 2003, he established the literary content site 'Hadarim' www.hadarim4u.com, a site of poetry and prose, culture and art, which includes various sections, including the section: 'Talk to the Poetry' which is a video project of Israeli poets reading poetry throughout the city of Tel Aviv-Yafo. The section: 'Guest in the Rooms' conversations with poets and writers, the 'New on the Shelf' section where book reviews are published, 'World Poetry' translation of poems by poets from around the world into Hebrew, reviews of cultural events and book launches and exhibition openings.

Editor-in-Chief of "The Corridor", a magazine for poetry and prose, culture and art

<https://www.hadarim4u.com/hamisderon>

The Corridor Journal - Wikipedia

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The content editor of the culture and literature site 'Haderim

www.hadarim4u.com

The 'Rooms-Publishing House' website

<https://www.hadarim4u.com/publishing>

Yair Ben-Haim personal website

<https://hadarim4u.wixsite.com/yairbenhaim>

Yair Ben-Haim Wikipedia

https://he.wikipedia.org/wiki/חיים-בן_יאיר

Yair Ben-Chaim - in the "New Hebrew Literature Lexicon"

<https://library.osu.edu/projects/hebrew-lexicon/03313.php>

Mom, forgive me

Mekhri river
Beloved, I pray
My angel with bright faces
Mother is kind
I couldn't find a breed in my life
My mother is beautiful
I couldn't find it in my life
Mom, your love is so hot
Sometimes I say I'm worth it
To an angel woman like you
Am I worthy, mother!
What did I do as a child?
I hurt your heart without knowing
To your heart as white as mother snow
Sorry if I offended you
Mother...
Forgive me!



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Mothers cry alike

Arab woman's eyes are full of tears,
His eyes are innocent, I looked suddenly.
How many sorrows in the rebellious spirit,
The body is black, the heart is white.

The Arab woman was crying strangely
My eyes fell into his eyes!
He was crying because of hunger or thirst,
His eyes look at the sky from time to time.

Wow, I didn't look beyond his eyes,
A child's cry took my mind.
This little baby was screaming and crying,
His mother could not bear him.

The cry of mothers in the world is the same,
Arab or Farang, your child's slave.
The woman couldn't take the baby, eh,
The Arab woman had no hand!

© Copyrighted 2024 by Nigora Tursunboyeva



Tursunboyeva Nigora was born on February 23, 2009, in Uzbekistan. Currently, she is a 9th grade student at the Is'hoqxon Ibrat Creativity School. She is proficient in writing poetry and stories and can freely speak in English, Russian, Uzbek and German. Her stories have been published in the prestigious Kenyan journal "Kenya Times" and in Germany's "Raven Cage" journal her story "Family" was featured. Her poems have appeared in the book "Stars of the Knowledge Arena" and she has been honored with a medal. In the American anthology "The Voices of Uzbekistan," under the title "O'zbegin Dilbandlari," her poems "Armon," "Bahorim," and "Endi she'r yozmasman" have been published. And she is an active member of the World Writers and Artists Working Group Juntos Por Las Letras.

My mother

Has time for every job
He ran constantly
He made me laugh when I was sad
Be there mom

I have nothing in this world
Pride is without honor
You are the source of happiness
Be there mom

You sing my every day,
Be safe, my dear son.
I pray for you
Be there mom

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Namangan region Chortak district



Isropilov Aliakbar was born on September 9, 2004 in the village of Peshkurgan, Chortok district, Namangan region.

In 2012, he was admitted to the 1st grade at the 25th secondary school in the district. When he was in the 6th grade, he began to write poems out of love for literature. In particular, the 1st poem "Kitab" was published in Chortok district newspaper "Yoshlar Mgny" and Repititor newspaper. The 1st poetry book was published by Osman Nasir media publishing house. "My contribution to the development of the country" - 2022 competition, winner of the district stage in field of literature and poetry. Participant of the regional stage. His creative works have published several times in collections together with creative young people in the Just Fiction publishing house in Germany. A poem called "Ona" was published in the Kenya Times magazine.

My dream love...

In that calm, dark night,
I saw you in my dream.
Flocks clouds in the sky,
I was happy with you.

Hulkar star just smiled,
And wished us happiness.
That beautiful, great love,
Made me a mess.

My love, I met you,
And also black eyes met.
My dark night when you came,
Became starry again.

When I look into your eyes,
My heart felt something.
And I felt your love,
What else do I need?!

Then I found my happiness,
Your love, your kindness captured me.
You also found your white love,
And our happiness appeared.

Black sky, white clouds,
Happiness beat two hearts.
The stars kept talking,
The story of our love...

Believe it or not,
It's a dream, it's a dream.
The look that made me conquest,
It's a lie, it's a dream.

But I'm still looking,
My white love in the dark.
I'm turning person without a soul,
I can't find that happiness...

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Shonazarova Parizod Ravshanbek's daughter from Uzbekistan. She was born on December 22, 2005 in Khorezm region Khanka district. Presently, she studies at 41-school in Khanka. Her many poems are published on newspapers of Germany, Kenya. For example, her poems are published every day on e-paper of Kenya-"M.T Kenya times"
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SOLDIER BROTHERS

Happy holiday
Dear soldier brothers
I sacrificed my life for the country
You brothers keep saying.

You guard the border
It's like an alpomish
Sacrifice for the country
You never stop brothers.

Toy Khasham is on holiday
In the dear motherland
Never ceaselessly knowing
Don't worry brothers.

The enemy hates us
Encircle the world
Come right then and there
Unsalvageable brothers

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ASKAR AKALAR
Bayramingiz muborak
Aziz askar akalar
Yurt uchun jonim fido
Deb tinmay siz akalar.

Sarhadni qõriqlaysiz
Misli alpomish kelbat
Yurt uchun, yurak fido
Hech tinmaysiz akalar.

Tõy xasham-u bayramda
Aziz ona Vatanda
Hech qachon tinimsiz bilmay
Tinchimaysiz akalar.

Dushman u yovlar bizni
Qurshab olsa dunyoni
Darrov kelib shu onda
Outqararsiz akalar

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PATIENT WOMEN

Your baby is born
Your smile has reached the world
Be patient among the patient ones
You are the sweetest word in the world. You are beautiful.

Let people decorate your feet with flowers, let birds put garlands on your head
You are a treasure that cannot be found in the world
No one can compare to a believing woman

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SABRLI AYOLLAR

Sening dovrug'ing dunyoga ketgan
Sening tabassuming olamga yetgan
Sabrlilar ichra sabrlisan sen
Dunyoda shirin so'z chiroylisan sen.

Odamlar poyingga gullar bezashsin
Qushlar boshingga gulchambar taqsin
Dunyoda topilmas boylikdursan sen
Mōmina ayolga teng kelmas hech kim

Saodatoy Dolimbekova

Have some need some

In this world where hearts both break and bleed,
There's a dance between "have" and "need."
We seek, we yearn, for love's sweet touch,
Yet often find our souls in clutch.

In shadows cast by wants unmet,
We trade our dreams, our hopes, our bet.
For in the depths of longing's gaze,
We find the light that guides our ways.

"Have some," whispers the lonely heart,
Craving connection, never to part.
But "need some," cries the weary soul,
Longing for love to make it whole.

So let us meet in the space between,
Where "have" and "need" intertwine unseen.
For in the giving, and in the taking,
We find the solace our hearts are making.

© Dr. Piyush Raja

Poet, Global Educator, Global Peace Ambassador, Editor, Reviewer, Bihar, India

Love to Mother Tongue

In the language of my mother's voice,
I find comfort, I rejoice.
It whispers tales of ancient lore,
Guiding me to my soul's core.

Each word a thread in life's rich tapestry,
Binding me to my roots with certainty.
In its embrace, I find my home,
A place where my spirit freely roams.

Through syllables that dance and flow,
I express the depths of all I know.
With every phrase, I pay homage true,
To the language that makes me, me and you, you.

In the cadence of my mother tongue,
I hear echoes of where I belong.
Love for it runs deep and strong,
A bond unbroken, an eternal song.

So let us cherish and embrace,
The language that shapes our grace.
For in its words, we find our truth,
Love to mother tongue, forever youth.

© Dr. Piyush Raja

Poet, Global Educator, Global Peace Ambassador, Editor, Reviewer, Bihar, India

Sands of Time

In the cradle of eternity, where echoes dance,
Where whispers of moments in a timeless trance,
There lies a canvas, pure and sublime,
Etched with the tale of the Sands of Time.

Each grain, a story, told in silent grace,
Of joys embraced and sorrows we face.
They slip through fingers, a fleeting rhyme,
A dance with destiny, the Sands of Time.

In the hourglass, they softly cascade,
Memories woven, in light and shade.
They gather our hopes, our fears, our crime,
In the gentle embrace of the Sands of Time.

Through the valleys of yesterday, they gently flow,
Carrying the echoes of highs and lows.
They mark the journey, a relentless climb,
Guiding our steps, the Sands of Time.

Yet within their whisper, a bittersweet song,
Of moments cherished, and those now gone.
They remind us, though fleeting, life is sublime,
In the tender caress of the Sands of Time.

So let us cherish each passing day,
In the beauty of moments, come what may.
For in the end, our legacy will shine,
In the infinite embrace of the Sands of Time.

© Dr. Piyush Raja

Poet, Global Educator, Global Peace Ambassador, Editor, Reviewer, Bihar, India



LOVELY PEN, THE IMAGINATION

Poet's love lies hidden, labour unseen
The imagination melts them into a solid one
Love creates beauty out of heavenly dust
and sprinkles it on earth as morning dews
Nothingness turns into beautiful void - the shunyam*
Spirituality takes root there
Jnanam* (knowledge/wisdom) flowers with dhyanam* (meditation)
Self-realization (atma-jnan*) is the highest poetry one can achieve;
The unity of body, mind and soul, the sheer necessity
no one can ever deny. O the poet's art
that lies in love !
And craft in labour and imagination.

*Sanskrit words used in the Indian Hindu philosophy

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THE BIRTH

When wings appeared
she started to fly.
She was born in silence
grew in silence
loved in silence
became pregnant in silence
couldn't bear the pain
of bearing the seed
didn't know that a pearl was in her womb.
She flew through seven heavens
before giving birth to a baby
that glowed with all hues
no one could ever imagine.
A poem was born.

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Ripples

I

Words are my lovers
they love me
more than any others do
and anything else too.

II

Who says I want freedom ?
I only want
to be imprisoned
in your deep embrace
of love.

III

I love Every Body,
said Mr. Sensuous
and Miss Beauty
fell in love.

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Swayam Prashant (pen name of Dr. Prashanta Kumar Sahoo) was born in the undivided Cuttack district, Odisha. He was formerly an Associate Professor of English at Sarupathar College, Assam, India. He has written seven books and two booklets. They are : Evaluation of Textbooks in the Teaching of English; Values in Life ; Knowledge Tree (miscellaneous prose writings); Haiku from the Garden of My Own (poetry); Live Like A Man (poetry); Premras Amrit (poetry in Assamese); Virgin Land Impregnated (a thematic study of Canadian folk songs); Joy of Love (a unique booklet of love poems) and Heart of Love(poetry) (published in USA in 2023).

Email ID : swayam.prashant2001@gmail.com

Insusceptible Love

LOVE is immortal
And not susceptible to any
wheal or weal.

The heaps of cluttered papers around
The Tear quailed pictures scanned in memory
The twinkling stars and the planets in the azure sky
Proclaim aloud the ultimate story
Of life and death
Of betrayal and trust
Of, love , hatred and apathy

Love dazzles as the plinth of existence
Of the universe
That reflects and inflects the wave s of passion for fraternity
And that remains clasped to every heart and infuses divinity.

A soft observation of the rules of the universe
Reaffirms the eternity of Love
That never dies but intensifies the notes of fervency
Of goodwill and reverence.

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Bhubaneswar,Odisha,India.

Carved Tears

A solitary lad
With leaning hopes for mercy
and assistance
Spreads her mat inatemptively
Under the open sky,
And keeps on sleeping
With rolling tears seen carved
On her chapped cheeks
That touches her rosy lips.

When hopes appear flaccid and droopy
She on the altar of disgust with tattered robe
Stretches her hands to the void
In anticipation of drops of compassion
And benevolence.

She stands alone in the crowds
And in the empty lanes and gullies
Having a sweat heart to feel proud
Kneels to pray every morning
At par with the rising sun
For a hopeful day ahead .

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Bhubaneswar, Odisha, India

Jingle Bell

In the deep woods resembling life as a whole
The rustle of dry leaves
Sing the songs of the frozen statues of feelings - the memories of
The wavering past .

The rhythmic jingle of ankle bell
Pricks the eyes with a long list of events
Out of the drollery of memoirs
And the past brightens gradually
Under the twilights of
The fire in the pyre of hopes
and hatred.

The lamps of optimism flickers
On the altar of faith .
And drags to the dregs of aspirations
Breaking the hearts to bits
Yet there exist something
Most omnipotent
That teaches not to lose heart
And keep trying
Success is at next door.

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Odisha India



Rajashree Mohapatra: Born in Odisha in India has received her masters degree in ' History ' and 'Journalism and Mass Communication' from Utkal University, Odisha .She is a teacher by profession. Being a post graduate in ' Environmental Education and Industrial Waste Management ' from Sambalpur University Odisha , she has devoted herself as a Social Activist for the cause of social justice, Environmental issues and human rights in remote areas through Non-governmental organisations. Poetry ,Painting and Journalism are her passions .

Body Politic

Be thankful for small pains
because we all suffer worse eventually

I'll dance until my body caves in
the same way I laughed as my mind went

One limb downed
but the rest is electric

Hand's been dealt
steady straight toward the hum

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It's Even Better in Real Life

A little glimpse of the angelic path
infused with primal animal urges
finds balance in the solar chakra
as waves of kundalini
express themselves through shivers
shaking up and down the spine

Evolution sprinkled
with the dust of imagination

Lucid dreaming all the way
back to source
while some are busy scrambling
like headless chickens lusting after feed

Who said the laws of physics are concrete?
They must've never tasted flowers
at level three, sphere seven, quadrant plus

That's a breaker-breaker bravo
on the ride where rubber
meets melted plasma
and archons sing the praises of a dawning tide

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By Forces Much Higher

From seed to womb to cradle to grave
and all the spaces in between
where footprints leave a mark

we march and dance and work and weep
for justice in the margins
to be spread throughout the commons

Toiling in the fields and farms
and tending with care each office hour
while eagle eyes spy the vultures

no matter the weight that's carried
in guarded wallets and heavy hearts
we know the final scale is balanced

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Life!

Life tell me
how many times have you come
near the dark
and then by the sudden jousts
your voice still sang
without stopping in the wind
and when you swallow poisons
you are always reborn again.
Precious life
beautiful portrait
sleepless awakening in the heart
you my life
tree with deep roots
often on your lips
the song of love
it was the most beautiful music.
Life without skin
next to your wounds
my every smile was
the blood response
mine getting bigger
the arduous happy song
the divine Comedy
that faithful warrior heart of mine.
My life
how many more steps
within this time
in the folds of the days
along the journey of Faith
in this sea
that never stops
in the routes of the beloved song.

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Island

I will mirror myself in you
and to you
I will trust you
with you I will live
and in you
I will trust
rebel soul
daughter of the stars
welcoming planet
and
silent island
majestic landing place
of ships
never set sail
bold refuge
of twenty
impetuous
cave of peace
and
fire of passions
for hearts never
sated
thousand-year-old cradle
of light and heat.

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In my every breath

give me your hand
that I bring you
with me
in the night
inside the heart
in the sighs of love
In my dreams
in my every breath
in my song
deep
in my life
nearby island
to the roots
of my world.

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The Poet Francesco Favetta was born in the land of Sicily in Sciacca, he has always loved poetry, writing verses, but above all culture, food for the soul: culture is Freedom, it is Free Spirit, it is Soul in Motion, not should never be harnessed!

In 2018 he was awarded the Academician of Sicily by the Accademia di Sicilia.

He has been published in various anthologies and magazines, among which we mention a few:

international magazine The Poet;

Revista Azahar which edited the first anthology of poems in Spanish:

Encantamiento y Palabras como Plumas;

Anthology The Silk Road Anthology: Nano Poems for Africa; "Poetic Galaxy Atunis";

WorldSmith International Editorial; OPA The Poetry Journal; Innombrable magazine; Polis Magazine; rank of minister in the Order of the Titan and

publication of a lyric in Octobermania;

international literary magazine Kavva Kishor in Bangladesh;

international magazine of language, literature and culture "Petrushka Nastamba" Serbia; international magazine, Namaste India and certificate of appreciation;

Different Truths social journalism platform;

Cisne Revista Digital;

Humanity magazine St. Petersburg; fourth Panorama International Literature Festival Spain, delegate for Italy.

He founded a theater company in Sciacca: "Theatrum Socialis Sciacca", and a Lions Club, "Sciacca Terme".

Finally, the Poet Francesco Favetta is convinced that Poetry will be the weapon with which humanity will set its life free, and furthermore that Beauty will always be a truth, which will never be buried:

Vision of New Worlds

(to Dylan Thomas)

Your words
as parables of sunlight
unveil visions
with blurred edges
new worlds melting
into fluctuating immensity.

Into your swirling darkness I fall.

Lift me with wide wings
higher and higher into the blue.
Bring me to know the vibrations of the
sun

where blades of fire evaporate
where I can finally savor

the emerald kiss
and the indigo breath

in the rainbow's
evanescent embrace



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

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

She has become an award-winning poet since 2011 and she was awarded a Certificate of Appreciation from The First International Poetry Festival of Swansea (U.K.) for her broadside poetry and art contribution. Awarded with the Literary Arts Medal – New York 2020.

Six Pushcart Prize (USA) nominations. Grand Jury Prize at Sahitto International Award 2021.

In 2014 she started an inter-cultural project with Canadian writer and editor Huguette Bertrand publishing E Books of Poetry and Art online. Poetry Star, China 2022. Winner of KEL 2022.

Her writing has been translated into 30 languages and published in more than 150 Poetry magazines, and on web-sites in many countries.

<https://lidiachiarelli.jimdofree.com/>

<https://lidiachiarelliart.jimdofree.com/>

<https://immaginepoesia.jimdofree.com/>

Gothic Poetry

Rhiannon Owens

Phantoms

My voice is your freedom
from the shadows...
I am your passion and fire
Our song is desire,
No more hiding... I am the mask you wear
You are me, I am you...

(In dreams you came to me)

Your seductive voice
Whispering in my ear,
I can't resist
It's you that I hear...

I'm singing for you
You are unmasked unsheathed
I am the flames licking your face
Burn with me
Hear my voice...

Your seductive voice
Whispering in my ear,
I can't resist
It's you that I hear...

Delicious chills
Palpable chemistry...
I trill, you spill
We are electric
You thrill me...

(In dreams you came to me)

Your seductive voice
Whispering in my ear,
I can't resist
It's you that I hear...

Crescendo
Vibrato
Oh, our crescendo...

We are on fire
Together
Released... Released,
Our eternal song
Our passion forever...

Your seductive voice
Whispering in my ear,
I can't resist
It's you that I hear...

(In dreams you came)

I am the flames licking your face
I have set your soul on fire,
Burn with me
Burn!
Oh, I hear you
You hear me...

Sing!
I sing my climax,
Lost in our inferno
I sing our desire ☹

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

Racks

Crowns of horns
adorned the halls
mounted on those
homestead walls
served as monument,
a Pall
upon a heavy,
life long haul
of cadavers,
those enthralled
which now stare back
at us, appalled
In this hunter's lodge,
once home
where children grew at peace,
to roam
'neath the shadows
of beasts comb
bowing at the footboard
of a throne
built by those,
who claimed unknown
countless numbers,
of their bones
What was treasured,
under pressure
of generations
which held measure
by the tender,
each might render
with great pleasure,
then retreat
unto a bit of leisure,
as reward for
frequent venture
There was honor
in the taking,
of the hearth
of life once quaking
in the throbbing
hearts now breaking
at the sight
of what brings aching
knowing man's

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

absurd mistaking
most would surely
count forsaking
this abhorrent undertaking

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Dark Darling

Sable brilliance of a crown
Brazen shoulders, fragile frowns
Bent on conquering what drowns
What behemoth beasts abound
Silver silver of saber blade
Which for her, the gods have made
Highest calibre, it's grade
Honed on bones of those
she's slayed
Darkness shrouds a paltry Queen
One who some would count obscene
At her side, her truth will glean
What is truly great, pristine
Time defies what's now perceived
What appearances deceived
Within confines, she's conceived
Royal court, which she's achieved
Raven hair about her waist
Wears the scent of what she'd taste
On the battlefield she's raced
Earning her, a tithe placed

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Magnum Opus

I paint by numbers,
my muse has ever been,
marauding scene upon skin
Scar tissue hanging,
like albatros which
draws sweet semblance
to the floor
This quill,
with kodachromic tone
filling shadows
of stilted dulcin
I wash in words
a brilliant mural
meant to isolate
a cheating score

Language strokes
on beating canvas
caught in clamor
of a muted voice
Blatant sketches,
stretched as scratches
portrait spilt like blood
Failed attempt
at lending purpose
as a promise,
to raise some noise
To breath a deluge
of righteous import
to a dying notion,
deliver as a flood

To wake a sleeper
from a drunken vow
give rise to languishing
repose of sight
Paint a picture
while the ink is wet
while some yet brother
to revive the Dead
A futile effort,
though I bleed like rain
upon this etching,
of pretentious blight
Yet I plead with fret,
a perpetual dread

Render, draw,
encapsulate, torturous
existence of
dying humanity disposed
When we the few,
take up a calling
to such culling,
simply leave exposed

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The House

What's that beyond the door
And into the hall
This was the house
Of nothing at all
No-one breathed
Laughed,
Or ridiculed
Said "I love you"
Nor hated
Yet something along the stair
Something that was
And wasn't there

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Sweet Darkness

Oh sweet Darkness how you glow
You come at night to show me so
And in your arms I know I'm safe
I have no fear, nothing bad to face
Oh sweet Darkness how you sing
Read me poems about beautiful things
Hold me closer & don't let go
For I have many things to show
Oh sweet Darkness hold me close
Whisper to me the sweetest prose
Seduce me and take my thoughts away
For in the Darkness I will stay
Oh sweet Darkness we are one
Across the fields we walk & run
We find the beauty in the night
It brings me joy and pure delight

+

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General Poetry

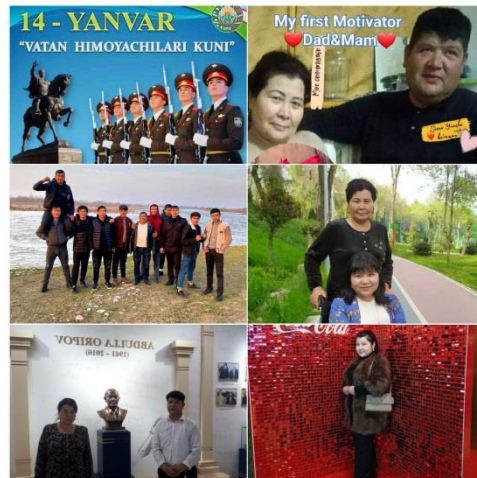
Zebiniso Meylieva

My shields!

A poetic story about the life of Zebiniso Meylieva.

If I describe my life,
Youth comes to your eyes.
This is a long story.
It is an example to yourself.
God's will
My legs can't walk.
If I don't say these things
The heart can't stand it.
My parents are in my head
The propeller is day and night.
When I started studying
A star landed on my head.
But thoughts and dreams,
Fear struck the heart.
thinking about studying
The dream is gone.
Who will have my day,
What will happen tomorrow?
I ate myself thinking
I'm bent, my back
Just imagine
What does it lead to?
My fellow students,
Warm wait every day.
Especially the alpine boys,
Let's break the mountain.
Don't spare me your time
Fixed behind me, a shield.
Every lesson is upstairs,
We were learning.
On the way home
The girls were waiting.
Everyone is my friend, comrade,
Let's not make eye contact.
Our friendship is no strength
Don't bow your head to the ground...
My mother is with me for a year,
Loyal companions.
All for my reading,

Meylieva Zebiniso Mirkomilovna
Member of O'ZLIDEP party.
Student of the 3rd stage of the National
University of Uzbekistan named after
Mirzo Ulug'bek.
Winner of "Student of the Year-2023".
He is a member of the "International
Science and Literature" writer's
association of Argentina and a
coordinator on behalf of Uzbekistan.



My shields
14.01.2024

Those who made the conditions.
Sometimes thinking
I cry for my mother.
From the lessons he gave
I cry with fear.
My sister also every day,
It helps me.
Jewels of life
Picks from books.
She is a clever, wise girl,
She studies at the university.
It's in my hands
She also knits clothes.
Expressions in my heart
It keeps coming.
Every past day
It blows like the wind.
Thank you a thousand times
So little for you.
May God reward you
Thank you all of us

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Marjonakhan Saydullayeva

My teacher

Your wisdom is fire,
My love world.
He showed me the way
I have unlimited possibilities.

Put a pen in my hand
Sunning argued.
I go every day
Having reached maturity.

© Copyrighted 2024 by Marjonakhan Saydullayeva,
4th grade student of the 5th general education school in Namangan region



School.

As a young child,
Grow up and leave.
Remembering for a lifetime,
My school is great.

There are many illiterate, people without you,
Scholars are scarce.
Therefore , it was created,
My mind mine school.

You have a motto,
Read, read and read.
Educational space,
My peaceful school .

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Ilhomova Mohichehra is a student of the 7th "V" grade of school No.9, Zarafshan city, Navoi region.

Woman Artist:

Me as the artist to draw my statue in words.
The life of womanhood in dignified world.
Me as woman representation in ethical wave.
My art is stronger than waves of ocean.
My feministic approach seems different than others.
My moral is seeking ethics of human.
Self-dependency in the universe of virtue.
Me as the higher artist of world
To weave humanity and morality in earth.
Revolution of woman existence;
Never within the ditch of false people;
Truth seeking in the words;
Neglect the false scammers who see me false.
My art kills the false enemies around my path.

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Feministic Science within Me:

I am scientist of truth.
I see the fake scientist who did not see me in real world.
Vulture like eyes of modern science did not see my real world of fact.
Science is truth in real world.
But today only few scammers seem as scientists of NASA.
Oho! the world, seek what is beyond sky ?
What is there in earthquake and mystery of universe?
Seek my truth of originality.
Then real world emerges.
I am original feminist.
I am original Til
Universe maker and truth founder.
I am real feminist to find out origin of my factual life.
New science has opened new gate to have factual life of universe.

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Paiyun 7- Hile
Parbat, Nepal
Now Kirtipur Kathmandu



Ms. Til Kumari Sharma as Multi Award Winner in writing from international sector is from Bhorle- Hile, Paiyun 7, Parbat, Gandaki, West Nepal. Her parents are Mr. Hari Prasad Basel (Mayor of Village Assembly) and Mrs. Lila Devi Bashyal. She has published many thousands of poems, some essays, and stories and other literary writings in International Magazines, groups and anthologies from (amazon) Russia, America, England, France, Germany, Japan, Hong Kong, Greece, Philippines, Hungary, Brazil, Chile, Scotland, Argentina, Indonesia, Lebanon, Bangladesh, South Africa, Kenya, Nigeria, Tunisia, Trinidad and Tobago, Spain, India, Nepal and many other countries. She is featured-poet and best-selling co-author too.

She is world-renowned poet now. She has got gold, silver and excellent awards from different international groups of poetry. She is poet of World Record Book named HYPERPOEM. She is an international peace ambassador of Bangladesh and ambassador of Moncheri Escapes of India too. Her World Personality is published in Multi art 8 magazine from Argentina.

Zulfiyakhanim

Is there a poet like you?
Unmatched in kindness and loyalty.
Every girl with love
I remember your poems.

I also like this day,
I took a pen in my hand.
To serve the country,
I gave birth to my tongue.

You have taken a place in the tongues,
Symbol of love and loyalty.
You are the pride of the nation.
A great Uzbek woman.

to win the love of El
A high reward in itself.
If I were a poet,
Dreams have wings.

The honor of the country like you,
If I sing, I will burn.
Motherland, as my mother,
I am happy to write poems.

I say if it blooms and lives,
My country is prosperous.
I'm happy to see you,
I say my motherland.

I'm your girl
My country, my mother.
One day your faith will be justified,
Dear Zulfiyakhanim.

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Murodova Muslima Kadyrovna was born on June 29, 2010 in Jondar district of Bukhara region. Currently, he is a 7th grade student of school No. 30 in this district. His first poetry collection was published in 2024 under the name "Come beautiful spring". Winner of many achievements. He won the 2nd place at the festival held in the district. She won the 1st place in the district stage and the 2nd place in the regional stage of the "Bakhtim Shul: Zulfiyasiman Uzbek" contest. His first anthology was published by the UK publisher JustfictionEdition.

Book

Said I didn't know
He was always by my side.
He made my mind deep,
My friend is a book!

Never lied,
He didn't hurt at all.
He made my mind deep,
My friend is a book!

Every page is a world
Big meaning - this book!
My companion everywhere,
My friend is a book!

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Rakhima Botirova, a Kazbek girl, was born in 2009 in the Khorezm region of the Republic of Uzbekistan. Member of the Creative Club, successful graduate of Shine Girls' Academy "Shine with Shokhida" and "My ideal year" projects. Author of several poems and articles

MEASUREMENT

Humans measure even
The tender age of the sun's rays
In Centigrade and Fahrenheit

But these same people can't measure
The intensity of the tender age
Or the tenderness of a ripened age

The prowling scores of gazes
Can't reach out to bother them
Wings of countless virgin fairies
Get burnt with their evil poisonous stares
Sometimes also with the tainted touch

Why do humans fail to measure
Such sins, on some measuring scale
in some units
Before everything reaches
From subliminal to apparent!

©Neha Bhandarkar

INTANGIBLE SHADOW

When your
Soulmate-companion-playmate
abandons you
Questions arise about your existence
And mist obscures all your paths

When the wind gusts are unfavourable
And footsteps are unsteady
Then our own intangible shadows
Keep us steady

Then, within the closed eyelids
the buds of the heart begin to bloom
Limbs of insufficiency start to falter
In silence, one starts to discover
Precious moments of peace

©Neha Bhandarkar

NEWNESS

A long time has passed!
despite our lack of
a shared psychological
and physical desires
We have stayed close
to one another

In a sense, it's ideal
The separation between
a husband and his wife
A lonely, impatient period
between a man and a woman
is said to bring something always

To experience the freshness
for the first time
the novelty of the touch
again and again

©NEHA BHANDARKAR
INDIA



NEHA BHANDARKAR is widely published Iconic Marathi Poet, embellished with numerous national and international awards for her consummate literary skill mused about in her writings. She is published author of 16 books in various languages. She is trilingual authour writing in Marathi, Hindi and English and also a genuine translator. Many of her poems and stories are being published in many international anthologies, magazines and E Zines. Some of her poems, stories have been translated in French, Albanian, Russian , Italian, Phillipino, Nepali, Greece, Odia, Bengali, Sanskrit Assamese and Brail script etc.

She is winner of Central and State government awards from Government of India . She has bagged Hindi state Sahithya Academy Award twice.

Her poems has been broadcast on Quichotte Radio, FRANCE and Hindi Radio, CHICAGO (USA).

She is a International PEACE Ambassador of Global Nation, Bangladesh.

Moreover she is Cultural Ambassador appointed by International Forum of Creativity and Humanity,

Morocco.

As well as ambassador of Peace and Humanity for IFCH, Kingdom of Morocco.

Dreams of Revolution and Freedom

What is the significance of dreams seen after sleep?

Dreams should be those that do not let you sleep.

I also keep seeing such dreams, like an old saying,
Dreams of economic, social revolution and national unity
That have not allowed me to sleep all my life.

But despite not realizing it in seven decades,
I have not stopped seeing such dreams.

Some of them are lying under the bed in my place, on which I sleep with my head every day,

Some of them are kept in the small cupboard next to it,
And some of them are lying between the pages of books.

Every night by opening the closet, laying my head on the bed or opening a book,
I go back to the world of these dreams.

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Sindh, Pakistan

About Nasir Aijaz

Journalist, Author, Researcher and Poet



Nasir Aijaz, based in Karachi, the capital of Sindh province of Pakistan, is basically a journalist and researcher having spent over 48 years in the field of journalism. He won Gold Medal and another award for best reporting in 1988 and 1989. He has worked in key position of editor for newspapers and news agencies. He also worked as a TV Anchor (For Pakistan Television) for over a decade and conducted some 400 programs from 1982 to 1992 besides appeared as analyst in several programs on private TV channels. He also did dozens of programs on Radio Pakistan and some other private Radio channels. He is author of nine books on history, language, literature, travelogue and biography. One of his books 'Hur – The Freedom Fighter', a research work on war against the British colonial forces, also won a prize. Some of his other

books are unpublished. Further, he translated a poetry book of Egyptian poet Ashraf Aboul Yazid, into Sindhi language, which was published in Egypt. Besides, he has written around 500 articles in English, Urdu and Sindhi, the native language of Sindh. He is editor of Sindh Courier, an online magazine and represents The AsiaN, an online news service of South Korea with regular contribution for eleven years. His articles have also been translated in Arabic and Korean languages. Some of his English articles were published in Singapore and India and Nigeria. He writes poetry in his native language Sindhi, and English. Very recently, some of his poems have been translated in Albanian, Italian and Greek languages and published there besides in Arabic language published in Egypt and Abu Dhabi. His English poems have also been published in Bangladesh, Kosovo, USA, Tajikistan, Greece, Italy and some other countries. Nasir Aijaz is one of the founding members of Korea-based Asia Journalists Association AJA. He has visited some ten Asian countries and attended international seminars.

Nature Poetry

Ruzmetova Zuhra

🌸🌸 Spring 🌸🌸

Welcome to our country
Spreading good cheer
Under the blue sky
Looking at the blue sky.

Birds sing
They sing soft tunes
Enchanting the hearts
They indulge themselves.

The purity of nature
Rich in beauty
From green grass
From the spring giving a sign.

Looking at nature
Taking a deep breath
Spread fragrant smell
Bringing light to the world.

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Ruzmetova Zuhra Vyacheslavovna November 30, 2006 I was born in the Uzbekistan Urgench city Khorezm region. I appeared on the international website "Synchronized chaos" and I am the coordinator of the this international site. And Germany magazine coordinator. My poems have been recognized in more 10 countries. I am the holder of badge "For the international Services" 🌟 by the bi wing poets writers Association. I am the winner of competitions of more than 100 national and international organizations. I have a B2 certificate of knowledge of the Turkish🇹🇷 language. I have many future dream goals.

A harbinger of rain

Newly hatched baby girl,
He will report from the spring.
A white little girl,
Picks gems in gardens.

Almond blossoms,
It looks like a bride.
Plant germination,
A green carpet is laid.

Nature is a field ,
People are gardeners.
I have great honor ,
I have a garden in my heart.

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Daughter of Ilhomova Mohichehra Azimjon, 7th grade student of school No. 9, Zarafshan city, Navoi region

EVERY SPRING LOOKS DIFFERENT

The flowers soothed the soul,
He has been singing since early morning
Birds nest in the trees,
Makes people happy.
The season of elegance and beauty
Spread a doily, an example is a blanket
The original of the seasons
Every spring looks different

When spring comes, people are happy
May the sorrow be gone from our memory
Nature is happy with people
Get rid of old, ugly pains
Everyone is happy holidays
Happiness is enough
From my bed
Every spring looks different

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Fergana Region of the Republic of Uzbekistan, 22 years old. Nurse and Biology teacher.

Spring

Chelidonian breeze of spring
Embrace me with its gentle touch
Vibrant hues of flowers
Attract me by its hypnotism
Blue azure of sky
Is looking me with its infinite feeling
Flute of Lord Krishna is inviting me
To dance with eternal bliss
Near the lake of Vrindavan
Time was stopped
And Life has become complete
When soul discovered it's romance.

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Carved By Time

Earth, rock
And rustic leaves,
A riverbank
Before winter's freeze,

Tree roots
Run like veins,
Await the autumn's
Breeze and rains,

Rugged stones
Carved by time,
Smoothed by Mother Nature's
Flowing wine.

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

Global Warming

A race for war
Or a war like situation,
And massive radiation of heat waves
from fire balls in succession
from the blue sky
Often accelerate melting of ice caps
Inflicting floods and violent storms of disaster.

Humanity is continually put to threats
By insolent behavior of weather
Volcanic eruptions and Tsunami's
Through perennial damage
Add to the miseries.
Gases containing chlorine and bromine
help magnifying the ozone hole
A threat to the very existence of
All living creatures
Coagulate to burst unnoticed
And write a story of a brutal massacre.

The depleting Ozone layer
With emission of green house gases
Manipulates and intimidates
The shattered dreams of dry eyes
That count enlists the hopes of a juvenile life
Before it's annihilation
As a sadistic consequence of
The evolution of weather.

Before the nature breathes last ,
Can there be an agreement
To join hands together to save the nature
That we live in
And educate all in our neighborhood
To create awareness
that may help save the Posterity

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A precious gift

No disagreement exist
That the atmosphere helps the humanity
To breath
And stands as a shield of protection
Against any solar radiation.

Atmospheric pressure
Helps keeping mother earth warm
And habitable
And moderates the consequential
Water cycle
As an bare essential.

A precious gift of nature
Is often not taken seriously by humanity
And it's continual erratic life-style
Affects the level of atmosphere
Beyond tolerance and leniency.

Also not disagreed
That increase in Carbon monoxide
And Carbon dioxide
A byproduct of oxidation of carbon compounds
in marshes and forests
Leads to the avoidable greenhouse effects.

Resultant melting of ice caps
Increase the levels of the sea and
submerge the coast
And initiates heat parameter to boost

May the humanity ever learn
To reestablish the law of the nature
And ever know it's essentiality
Towards life's comfort ?

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A Rare Concern

It concerns

When ozone layer depletes
And the humanity is dragged ardently
Towards a bare consequence.

It also concerns

When the humanity behaves irresponsibly
With false vanity
Despite the adequate awareness
Made by agencies, on the expected threats
For detritions and deteriorations of nature
All around humanity beyond benignity

A fervent need of the hour

Unlimits all efforts to an adorable approach
Towards reducing Global warming
Through all human behavior and attitude
Lest it is not far off
To see the humanity yelling for sympathy
And solicitude.

Better for all to unite

And sing equivocally the glory of nature
to each other
And protect the nature and its environment and atmosphere.

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Bio



Rajashree Mohapatra: Born in Odisha in India has received her master's degree in ' History ' and 'Journalism and Mass Communication' from Utkal University, Odisha .She is a teacher by profession. Being a post graduate in ' Environmental Education and Industrial Waste Management ' from Sambalpur University Odisha , she has devoted herself as a Social Activist for the cause of social justice, Environmental issues and human rights in remote areas through Non-governmental organisations. Poetry ,Painting and Journalism are her passions .

Welcome Spring

Sweeping the snow from the face of the earth,
Spring leading the flowers.
Driving the cold chain,
Spring leading the sun.

welcome spring
Congratulations step girl.
welcome new day
Welcome Navruz.

To all hearts not yet awakened,
The spring that seals love,
Bringing smiles to bright faces,
The spring that chases away sorrows.

welcome spring
Loving girl.
welcome new day
Welcome Navruz.

To the blue buried in black darkness,
Spring with seven different glosses.
To every creature locked in a room,
The spring that opens the doors of the world.

welcome spring
A good girl.
welcome new day
Welcome Navruz.

Tumors and dark eyebrows,
The swallow has landed its wings.
Fill the pot with pilaf, soups,
Tabarruk collected sumak.

Welcome my spring
Blessed girl.
welcome new day
Welcome Nowruz!

This time you came more beautiful than ever,
Welcome, happy Ramadan.
You showered blessings on the ground,
Thank you, we are already.

welcome spring
A Muslim girl.
welcome new day
Welcome Nowruz!

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I was born on January 22, 1999 in Qamashi district of Kashkadarya region.

A HARMONIOUS EXISTENCE

In this green and blue world, so vast and wide,
Nature's beauty, our ultimate guide.
Trees reaching high, their branches embrace
As rivers flow, life revives.

But heed the call, the urgent plea,
To preserve this land, this sacred decree.
For in its balance lies our own fate,
A delicate dance, we can't underrate.

The plants and animals, they too depend,
On harmony's thread, we must protect.
For if we disrupt, if we pollute,
The consequences will follow suit.

Cutting down trees, a reckless stride,
Destroying habitats, where creatures abide.
Excessive water use, a careless spree,
Stripping nature's bounty, heedlessly.

But if we pause, if we reflect,
On the impact of every act we do.
We'll find a path, where life can thrive,
In peace and health, we can survive with grace.

So let's cherish this world, this precious sight,
And vow to protect it with all our might.
For in its preservation, we'll find our comfort and peace,
A harmonious existence, fully grown.

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LEBANON -BRAZIL

A DEWY ROSE

In the garden of life, a woman blooms,
A delicate petal, kissed by the sun's embrace,
Her beauty unfurls, like a dewy rose,
Graceful and elegant, all the time.

She sways with the breeze, like flute music,
As if whispered secrets guide her dreams.
Each step she takes, there is hope and courage
In her presence, the world feels just right.

Her laughter, a melody, sweet and soft,
Like the song of a bird in the morning's greet,
Her touch, a caress, a soft smile,
And all worries retreat, in her embrace

But like a petal, she's not immune to the storm,
Yet in adversity, she stands tall and confident
For within her lies resilience in its purest form,
A woman, a flower, forever adorned.

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LEBANON - BRAZIL

You didn't come

It's dawn...

Raise your head from the horizon,
My golden sun in the world of lights,
But the heart is dull,
Pouring water...
Missed, missed, lek, you didn't come...

Did he forget your laughter?
Even your swaggering walks,
Day and night you stay in your mind,
I miss you, you didn't come...

You are life in every line, in every melody,
In my mother's every dream, every thought.
Keep smiling, be happy
Your son's look, happiness at weddings...

That autumn again... The leaves turn yellow,
I wish it would pour, I wish it would pour
Like a yellowed autumn leaf,
These pains that hurt my heart...

That day when my heart fell out of my body
The sky sheds tears, sighs,
Today the heart is in pain, why is it in pain,
I miss you, you didn't come...

From the bosom of a fleeting, cruel world,
If I fall like autumn dew,
An example is a butterfly landing on a flower.
I wish I could reach you with flapping wings...

From the trial of this trying life,
A skinny girl can't walk
The painful, heavy burden of this world,
It's just that the heart does not lift...

This heart buried in longing,
Burned, it's done, what else to do?
The owner of such a heart, these sad faces,
How happy he is, how he laughs...

Lifeless always in my lines,

Oh, I'm sorry, you didn't know
My heart is still in pain,
I miss you, I miss you, you didn't come..

It's dawn...
Raise your head from the horizon,
My golden sun in the world of lights,
But the heart is faint...
Pouring water..
I miss you, you didn't come...

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Student of Gulistan State University.



My lilly

Be my lilly, be my sweat heart
If you are thirsty for a little love.
Let me be your exuinox in spring
Grow in my heart, flourish in my love.

My pretty lilly, won't be suffered
Let your happiness be always endless.
To the heart that desires goodness
A handful love is enough priceless.

My lilly is dwarf and elegant
So many people fall in love with you.
May your little heart celebrate
Turning the wide world into beauty.

Don't go back lilly, take little breath,
From the covenant of the heart with patience.
One day you will be happy forever
From the blessing my God gave you!

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Ochildiyeva Shahnoza was born on July 17, 2006 in the republik of Uzbekistan, Surkhandarya region , Denov district. Presently, she studies at school number 49 in 11th grade. She is a Captain of the Denov District Council of the Youth Union of Uzbekistan and a cordinator of "Girls' voice" club. Also one of the youngest and most active members of several international organizations. Her poems have been published in several international newspapers and magazines. In 2021, the first collection of poetry was published under the name "Yurakdagi orzularim".

The Whispers of Indus River

Rambling along the banks of Indus River
I heard the whisperings.
"I'm the river, once called the Mighty Indus"
"Have a look at me. Am I still the Mighty?"
Sand dunes have emerged in my wide riverbed
Whirlwinds are there
Where once used to be whirlpools.

Look around you O' man
You will see the withering leaves
Of dried up trees
And the wilting plants
Across the farmlands
The humans and animals
Wandering for the water
To quench their thirst.

Don't you know O' man?
The groundwater has
Turned arsenic
The forests and wildlife are fast vanishing
The entire ecosystem has been destroyed
In my lower riparian region
Creating the food insecurity
Posing the threat of a famine-like situation.

It was me, the Mighty Indus
Which gave birth to a great civilization
People worshiped my jewel-blue stream
While I hopped over the rocks happily
Emanating from the Himalayas
Flowing down thousands of kilometers
Traversing the mountains and plains
To meet the Sindhu Sagar, the Ocean
And the Rig-Veda, ancient Vedic Sanskrit hymns
Were composed sitting at my banks.

Are you listening to my whispers O' man?
It was me, the Mighty Indus
That flowed down splashing
And curving gently through the forests along my banks
The people used to come for pilgrimage
And take a drink finding my water very refreshing.
The aroma of the forest was great.

Have a look at me, the Mighty River - the lifeline
Of hundreds of millions of souls
But you will now find only a dried up river.

Listen to me O' man!
Scientists say, the glaciers are melting fast
Due to global warming
Causing the floods in the rivers.
If, it's so,
Why there are no floods?
And the drought prevails in the lower riparian region
My Delta has been destroyed and the Ocean is intruding
Devastating the fertile lands and crops
And causing the extinction of marine life
Snatching the source of livelihood of millions of souls.

Let me tell you the truth O' man!
The avaricious humans have built dams and barrages
And the Link Canals upstream
To block my flow towards the Ocean
And cultivate their own lands
Despite knowing they are working
Against the nature, ravaging this part of planet
But unknowing that the Nature will retaliate one day
And ruin them too.

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Sindh, Pakistan

Unrequited Love

Nightingale sings the melodious songs at night
For her longing, love, and connection to the moon
Being a symbol of life, hope, eternity, and love,
The peace, prosperity, and reunion with loved-one.

Deep into full moon night,
Chakor too sheds its tears in longing,
Releasing the song of unrequited passion,
For its alluring beloved - the moon
Unattainable high in the skies.
He takes flight in a bid to meet the moon
But falls back to earth before the day break.

The love of Nightingale, and the Chakor
For the moon, remains unrequited
The moon itself shines by reflecting sunlight
Continuing its journey
Unaware of the loving birds of planet Earth.

So is my love for
The nature, people, humanity, cultures
And languages of the world.
Unlike the Nightingale and Chakor
I don't wait for the full moonlight
And sing the songs of love and peace all the time
Being first and the last love of my life
No matter it's unrequited.

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Sindh, Pakistan

(Poet's note: As per Asian myth, deep into the full moon night, the Chakor or Chakur bird, also called Pheasant or Hill Partridge in English, takes failed flight to moon)

As the Moon rose

You said Let's meet by the riverbed
I sat under the tree,
admiring the trees and the birds
as they chirped and flew from branch to branch so happily.

The sun began to set
painting the earth in amber;
throwing shadows across the river
I looked at my watch
time had flown; you hadn't come yet.

I tried calling you, but no answer
I got worried but sat beside the river
As the fisherman sailed past me
he waved out, asking if I needed a ride
I waved back and said no.

My heart was beating, my thoughts running wild
Where were you?
Why haven't you come yet?
No answer when I called.

I got up and took my bag
and started to walk in slow, heavy steps
breathing hard, thinking about what must have gone wrong.
as darkness set in and the moon rose,
silhouettes were cast,
a few steps I take, I see what I must not see.

My eyes flooded,
My hands cold
I stand frozen.

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On a wintry morning

On a wintry morning
I took a walk by the park,
enjoying the chilly air;
the sweet scent of the flowers;
and the chirping of the birds.

The moon was still up
and every cloud had a silver lining
there was a silence in the air
as the people were still asleep;
and no movement of any traffic.

The street light twinkled
and the traffic lights kept blinking
a stray dog barking in a distance
and a cat meowing down the lane.

As I walked past the bakers
I felt hungry with the aroma of baked bread;
and the aroma of coffee at a nearby coffee shop;
surely gave me hunger pangs early in the morning;
was almost tempted to cut short my walk.

I walked along the running stream
and listened to the rhythm of the running water.
I enjoyed my morning walk
as it helped me meditate and enjoy nature
along the way.

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https://allpoetry.com/Debra_Joe

"True poets don't write their thoughts with a pen, they release the ink that flows from within their Heart"

Water Prayer

to Dylan Thomas, Son of the Sea

Seagulls and restless rooks
challenge the wind
on this winter morning.

Under a pearl sky
the waves sing the rising sun -
the first glimpse of light on the
horizon
fades too soon.

Here and now
Dylan's words resound:
The waters of the heart
push in their tides...*

And from the ancient cliff
I pause and listen to
the voice of the sea:

a water prayer

that softly evaporates
among the fleeing clouds.

*from: Light breaks where no sun shines (Dylan Thomas)

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OCEAN GREYNESS

to Jackson Pollock (1912-1956)

There is a solitude of space
A solitude of sea
A solitude of death...
Emily Dickinson

Solitude

in the unreal grey
of these liquefied lines
in the vortex
of a sea of steel
where shadows stretch
darker and darker.

I listen to
the breath of
the October wind

echoes in subtle vibration
like a slow crescendo
like a gloomy, confused whisper.

The sky has a pearl glow.

The horizon
no longer shines through

in the distance.

Homage to the painting Ocean Greyness, Jackson Pollock, 1953

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Romance

Maid Corbic

I GIVE YOU ETERNAL LOVE

My feelings are the same.
I still love you a lot.
Although I'm not with you, more
Because my heart beats alone
Just for you, my dear

I know you are angry with me.
But there was something in his eyes.
Which still gives a diamond.
Yes, my time that I gave you
It has some sense and sense

I love you, but you reject me.
My love disappeared easily.
Because I have no one to be with anymore.
I've been sharing happiness since I didn't have you
Because you disappeared suddenly

Perfect woman, come back to me
Because I love you, even though I'm stupid.
So he cheated on you with others around him.
Just because I gave my love to someone
Who was not worthy of you!

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Maid Corbic, comes from Bosnia and Herzegovina. He have twenty two years and lives in Tuzla. He spends most of his free time writing and reading books. His works have been published in numerous portals such as: „Kosovo Peonies“, „Amritanyali Journal“, „Krajberzje.mk“, „VIS Internationaly Magazine“ and many others in world.

The Rose

Soft and silky
expression of love
unique in arresting hues
the rose stands out
par excellence
the lovers' exclusive choice
sitting on thorny seats
it glitters in jocund company
it's infinite variety mesmerizes
one and all alike
the choice for the divinity
stuns by its variegated colours
is it a flower, or
Beauty incarnate !

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Dark/ Horror Poetry

Angela Kosta

THE APOTHEOSIS OF BEELZEBUB

Silently the devil rules the world
From hell the tentacles extends.
Like a vampire
thirsty blood sucks continuously
He becomes livid with those who are helpless.
In the storms of life he howls with anger
With furious burning fire he destroys
Humans still in the womb
And on the throne of glorious power he sits.
Other Orders Invent Poison by Tasting
From the chalice full of tears of humanity
The bastion with a thud towards the sky rises
He is now the only God.
In the valleys, the flowers dry up
Pollen and honey turn into gall
The mountains are moving,
Every stone no longer finds peace.
To the blood rivers only the mud remains
It turns the whole earth and planets upside down
But the demon is still thirsty
With lust the weather postulates
And it never dies.
Tentacles everywhere in space expands
The misfortune of fate sprouts in them
Over mutilated skulls he tramples
And it is reborn every time Innocence dies

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TO SISTER LIRIDONA!

(With immense sorrow)

I don't know if you've read Dante Alighieri,
I don't know what books you've read,
But I learned that you, sister,
Hell itself you lived,
Ever since you gave love to the devil.
That was your path in this life
With demons by their side,
no one would have a future.
You will rest in peace today in Paradise
For the land of wicked Cains is.
There are so few Abelli left on earth,
That hands as clean as the sun have,
But the world of Cains mocks us,
With vampire teeth and a burning soul!
Today, all the eyes of the world shed tears,
In their tears your new face speaks...
Your face that shone among the flowers today,
And the murderer's filthy crawling face killed

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Midnight

I'm feeling that urge again
The urge to kill something
It takes over my mind
And I go temporarily blind
I get out my knives
Wanna take some lives
Might go walk the street
See what victim I can meet
I'm trying to keep it under control
But it's so hard I'm in a hole
A dirty filthy mind I have
I need something I can stab

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Spiritual Poetry

Dibran Fylli

HERE, WHERE YOU HAVE BEEN

(To Mother Teresa)

Was there one saved life
a cured disease Just there
where the tears on youless faces
use to transform in smilings
for the houseless you were
a roof for the waifs
were bread for the orphans
Mother...
Where you were
has no place for enmity
you loved the peace
and the humanity
loved and love You.
Where you were the God was ...
it is mistake it is a wrong sayin
maybe a lie or a windy word
if someone says
i could not meet greet
pamper even and kiss her hand
her angelic soul...

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O'Krishna

O' Krishna I'm hypnotised by your charm
I am mesmerised by your divine calm,
Wherever I go I think about your stance,
How could I break your spell that enhanced and enhanced!

O 'Madava my eyes are bedazzled by your opulence
O ' Govinda my physical sight is feeble to feel your divine dominance
Let me see you with my inner eyes of devotion and wisdom,

O' Gopala, I was drowning in the deep ocean of indulgence
Different aversions, hatreded, guilty and negative thoughts are suffocating me badly
Come, and hold my hands tightly and help me out from all this illusions with your love and affection.

O 'Kesava my wings have become tired,
Too much wind of failures is there to stop my flight in the azure of sky,
Different phobias and disappointments are there to cross all the hurdles and reach to my destination,

But a blue infinite sky of hope is there
To guide me , as you guided this world through your preachings in the Holy book of 'BhagwatGeeta'

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DON'T BOW DOWN TO A SLAVE , ALLAH IS THE ONLY ONE .

I saw a lot of people, their faces are smiling,
But malice is hidden in their hearts.
Do not trust the slave, do not bow to them ,
Allah is great, Allah is one .

Think , O person , from the beginning,
What a reward you have received, what a free act.
There is no equal to you in the chapter of manliness,
Do not bow down to a slave, Allah is the only one.

Think of the doomsday, o blind man,
Increase your rewards today.
Allah is forgiving , it is hearer,
Rejoice , write , Allah is great.

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Ergasheva Madina daughter of Qahramon was born in 2005 in Kitab district , Kashkadarya region of the Republic Uzbekistan . Currently, she is a second-level student of Shahrizabz State Pedagogical Institute , majoring in English. She is an English tutor in Avitsenna educational centre . Her achievements : Researcher of the "Academy of Development and Research" and the "Academy of Virtue" , owner of "Young researcher" badge , "For Contribution to Evolution and Development" badge and "New Renaissance Youth" almanacs. Many of her articles and poems have been published in foreign newspapers and magazines.

Song of the heart

There is something in my heart,
I don't know what the secret is.
I look around.
As if nothing happened.
O heart, tell me.
Why are you so sad?
It's me to share your pains.
My heart is always with you.
Tell me why this is the case, your heart is so rebellious.
Sometimes you laugh and sometimes you cry.
I am sorry for your pain.
Don't worry, don't worry.
Don't eat yourself.
Painfully count to yourself.
Make a statement in your heart.
Apparently, this is true.
I must have understood.
Someone upset you.
Possessed without permission.
It's okay, my love, be loved.
Feel the real happiness.
I have one request from you.
Don't break your heart.
Why do I say that? Tell me if you understand.
I'll give you a moment.
I remind you all the time.
Then listen to me.
The heart is the house of God.
Now say, God bless you.
Do you go to Buzmok?

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Bobonazarova Gulzoda Alisherovna was born on June 15, 2002 in the Gurlan district of the Khorezm region. She currently resides in the Khorezm region and is studying philology and languages at Urgench State University, majoring in Uzbek language. She is an active member of the All India Council for Technical Skill Development and serves as a Global Education Ambassador. Her scientific and journalistic articles have been published in several Russian journals and she has also participated in international scientific forums, earning more than 5 international certificates. She is a member of the International the Love of Mother Teresa organization and the "Juntos Parlas Letras" writers association in Argentina. She has a special interest in literature and poetry, and has published several poems. She is currently conducting scientific research in the field of literature and is particularly interested in classical literature.



WHAT IF...!

In a moment untouched by the image of the universe, mothers' throats were prayers and faith, and their eyes were lined with threads of the sun, fatigue of years, and patience...

The dawn stands at the threshold of her feet, making her wishes a pillow for the morning's radiance. The water of her illumination precedes her call, and her voice is the minaret of love and tenderness...

A glaring truth walks atop the peaks of the patient, and life slips to highlight the question of identity...

What if I didn't have a mother...?

Time struck me, I remembered the pursuit of eternal questions...

I remembered her words... as I repeated: Everything is alright with mother...

I remembered her as if she were with me...

Oh... her prayers... her embrace... her voice...

A paradise for the pious!

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LEBANON – BRAZIL



Taghrid Bou Merhi, a Lebanese multilingual poet, writer, journalist and translator living in Brasil. She has authored 21 books, a translator of 24 books to date, a presenter of 25 books, and she participated in more than 60 Arabic books and more than 75 anthology internacional. She is an advisory member among ten internacional poetry consultants chosen by Chinese media giant CCTV. Lebanese ambassador in the International Fellowship for Creativity and Humanities, England-London. Her poems have been translated into 47 languages.

My body; mankind in front of universe gate

The rivers of sunshine, the beat of the night
But I am a nude petty grain
A purple moon breathes his gage
And in the sounds of rain, gathering my youth,
Naked in the silent violet
Wrapping my chaste virgin memory
My spirit created
Bathing love in heaven, paradise
Fields of confident shelter,
And I am a gold grain crown
With my nude body
In front of universe gate.

© Copyrighted Iris Calif
From the book "Daughter of God"

The candles of the soul

In the silence of the moon the emerald kingdom is tied in my kingdom
And my childhood's stone with a veil on my body, is carried to the wings of the wind
Between the ends of your eyes my tears are shedding
To the quiet of my rocky dreamy

In the candles of the soul

From the book "Daughter of God"
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Crown of life

My body is carried as heaven worlds, kneels his spirit in front of the wings of the land of death, the land of living and the land of love

and I am the human flower Iris draping my tears in the stone of death in front of the living Grace Mountain of my purified broken soul that blowing her Breaths in my Piot mysteries prayer of my dreaming Iris soul to the living

The flower Iris a universe,

A girl, a woman, kneeling to wings of life, to my body

Death of lovers, Anorexia;

The kingdom of the life and death personification:

You the Anorexia

My spiritual soul friend grasping me,

And breathing me with infinity: Death

My soul, foe my escape from my destruction,

My flogging, my Awe

My dismantle of my faith, my trust my security, my purification

From rain instinct, of my own self, and from human Inclination.

I ask and look at my soul, my grief, my fear, my destruction,

Yet yearning to strength, of feminine power, a pour loving and longing of a girl,

Woman for life within her, a body healthy and sound,

To close my green living eyes, with rain, thunder in the lighting moon,

And the sun of the worlds. My body breathes deeply in my weeping years.

For my weeping years, and am dreaming the crown of life

The growing generating dancing animals,

And me, the human Iris flower of the creation standing out healthy

Covering my spirit soul of my naked body to the

Crown of life

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Iris Calif, Resident of the State of Israel, poet, writer, translator of poetry (to Hebrew), and dancer. Iris is also in charge of all foreign connection for the cultural and literature internet magazine "in direction of the wind", editor and translator Universal Poetry at "Mokasini" Magazine Culture & Lifestyle Magazine, Editor and translator in the "World Poetry" of the literature website "Rooms".

member of the Composers' Association of Hebrew authors and publishers in Israel named "ACUM. Iris is Award Winner of 2023: The International Best Poets & POETS: THE JOURNAL OF RENDITION OF INTERNATIONAL POETRY (ITRC)[Multilingual] [China]

The Board of Directors of World Union of Poetry Magazines

November 18, 2023.

Iris was awarded a diploma from "The Russian Professional Writers Union" and the international magazine "Arina NN", registered in the Ministry of Culture of Russia for her contribution to world culture "International Poetic Community" 2022. She is the head of the Israeli liaison department of the Hong Kong Literature and Arts Magazine

and a member of the Association of artists and writers of the World SAPS

Iris is also serve on the editorial board of the World Poetry Yearbook 2024 (English edition)

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

She holds an honorary doctorate from the International Forum for Creativity, Humanity and Coexistence, Kingdom of Morocco.

Iris is 49 years old: married and mother of three daughters.

Her three books were published:

In a fascinating (or magic) lane breathes (or blows) Lolita on On 2001

Wild moon on 2017, And The daughter of GOD on 2020.

She is currently working on her fourth book of scripture.

Her poems have been published on radio, television, magazines in Israel and abroad, literary websites in Israel and around the world Exhibited in Exhibited in prestigious exhibitions in Israel, the Internet and newspapers international, and have been translated by international poets into Spanish, Bengali, Chinese, Russian Albanian, Turkish, Nepali, Arabic Assamese and Italian

Her poetry reflects the inner journey of her soul, which looks through love, dreams life, and breathes holy worlds, in the hidden spirit, and is a symbol and expression of her victory over Anorexia, and her choice of choosing life and love with courage.

Debra Joe Mascarenhas

Our Lord, Our Savior & friend

Rise and shine the year has come to an end
have your regrets in life, turn around now, it is not too late.
Jesus is waiting for you with open arms,
don't feel shy or think He has ignored you.
He knows everything about you,
you chose the path you want but He is still along with you,
come, now give it all up, and take that road to everlasting love.

Don't go for world things for that is only temporary,
don't fight anymore, don't kill, don't ignore, stop that gossip,
stop hurting people, just stop;
don't gamble, don't get addicted to the wrong things,
these things are all temporary and are sinful,
look at your heart and look at your soul,
what you think is happening - I tell you it is never too late
Jesus is waiting at the gate
the gate of love,
the gate of forgiveness,
the gate of everlasting love,
He waiting with open arms, come running to Him
and feel his love and forgiveness
Feel his love and eternal love that He only can give to you more than anyone else in this world!
Come, come, come soon don't be late.
For Our Lord Savior and friend is waiting with open arms for us!

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Mikro Poetry

Swayam Prashant

FULFIL THE UNFULFILLED AND EMPTY YOURSELF

Which you are not, but wish you were
which you have not, but wish you had
which you cannot, but wish you could
which you could not do in reality
you can in imagination
and fulfill all your wishes through poetry !

©Swayam Prashant

Experimental Poetry

Luke Bartojay

Meaning Changed

Awake In Screaming Dream
Kinda Strange
Lost On The Way To The Cemetery
Running Mind
Stand To Remember
Happen Again
Lonely Night Collected
Maze Of Numbers
Lost On Over
Moonlight... Gifting Eyes
Black Roses
Black Doves
Burning Thoughts Anyhow If Became
Misunderstood
Eventually Becoming Change
In Time, Time Will Tell
Unnoticed Over Again Over Constant
Overly
Lullaby Dancing
'Round A Wandering Head
Echo
A Love Never Lost
... Ever To Wake
Meanings Change...The Meaning Changed

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Strange Again

A Heavily Stained Diary

A Love In A

Moonlit Smile

Another Sad, Sad Smile

Gifting Eyes

Lost On Over

Shadows Show

An Older Year

Witch's Sugar

Spirit

Reflection Of Thought

Reaching From

Into Effect

Kinda Strange

Happen Again

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A Forever Strange

In Wandering
Lost In Further Thought
Come Upon A Graveyard
Dancing, In Candlelight
Upon A Reaching Sky
Those Who Know
Wings Of A Black Rose
Certain Things Only Realized Those Nights
Blood Red Cliffs
Unknown Lake Of Tears
Forgotten song Reveal
Some Mind Out Further
Over... And A Tragedy
Became Away, Out Past Memory
An Abandoned
Amusement Park
Open Dream Forever Strange

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Becomes, Became

Though Elusive Thought As Is Encased
In Ever Changing Illusion
How The Depths Created
And Where They Reach
Outer Thought
A Reality Now And Ever Distorted
Visions Deranged
Forever Again In Question
Again Somehow Further Away
Just Goes
To Become, Became

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COWBELLS

Of braying in Congress, and your honors
This memory comes to me
Seeing the way they leave their cowbells
Hanging on the wall
When they come to talk
What do I say to bray
And to listen to the state of the Nation
Putting hands on noses
When they start to exhale
So serious and loud braying
What makes tractors leave the field
And many other townspeople
To protest believing
That the Councilor makes fun of them
That, for this reason, they shake him
In the form of a puppet
Insulting and hitting him
Raising blows
Wishing to see him on the ground dead
Shouting out their wishes
To see again established in the Nation
A frank fascist government
Catholic and murderer.
The Church, in collusion
With the hangman's noose
Shot in the neck or behind
Or the vile club so prized
Praise the braying shout
Of his ecumenical flock
Celebrating in that braying so loud
Of your Catholic lordships
Praising his faithful longing
To see again at the bonfire
To agnostics and atheists
Without apologizing
And even less forgiving
Because they were the ones
In its day of fratricidal war
They set fires in churches
Entering their convents
To rape nuns or novices
Blaming innocent anarchists
Or poets and writers
Those who were arrested as prisoners

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

According to accounts
And the true History of time
References.

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IN HIGH SEA

With each of my front oars
Caressing the waves
Of San Vicente de la Barquera
In Cantabria
With my thumb, index finger, middle finger
Ring, earpiece or little finger
The palm of my hand and my wrist
I reached the high seas
Far from the beach.
On my right hand an olive grove
Where a shipwreck disappeared
That will never come back.
In the sky, a star
That looked like a clock hand.
In the gentle swell of the waves
Cards floated together and rigged
Hair from the girls' Mount of Venus
That I dreamed of carding them.
Six or eight locks of hair
Tangled between my fingers.
Going around to recognize the place
How hunters or hunters do when hunting
I saw a little boat drifting
Forsaken by God' hand
With three naked females
Without head or tail
That it came to me without having looked for it
Although I had already guessed
When with my carnal telescope
Swimming belly up
I saw that, opportunely, it was coming towards me.
There were three asses with two arms
Like those they sell in Sexshops
That protesters come to buy
From a street protest
After suspending it
For not getting anything clean
And be able to console themselves with these.
Suddenly, when I least thought about it
They came to my mouth
Giving them the latest jobs
To finish them off
Shaking hands one ass with another.
Under the sea, the boat sank
Rosing like a balloon to the sky
In a very short time, exclaiming:

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

-The tambourines are in good hands
And you take care of that your right hand
That does the rooster take.
Give the rooster
And feathers remain in your hand
Bloody hell!!

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SIRENS

I was born to a mother named Anacleta
Hated by my seven sisters
Who changed my name to Odysseus
For Hateful when, for the first time
I learned to babble
-Ita, poop; for mommy, poop.
My father was called Siphon
Because he passed gas when he had sex.
When I was Little
I got a scar on my head.
When I was chasing a girl
Daughter of a highway ranger
Mounted on bicycle
Breaking my arm too
That Helena was her name
With who I fell madly in love
When I saw her without panties urinating
In the pine forests of Pinarnegrillo, Segovia.
Later, at the festivals in the next town
Fuentepelayo, for more details
At its musical evening dance
She chose Menelaus
"Because how of well he rocked it in La Peña"
As she said.
After spending time at the Seminary
From Segovia and Madrid
Pretending to have become a saint
I left, from time to time
To San Vicente de la Barquera, Cantabria
To endlessly plow the beach with the penis
Planting it in the open furrows
When the urge to ejaculate came
As me did in the melon groves
From Pinarnegrillo and Fuentepelayo
With watermelons and melons.
Being in this task of plowing the beach
One day, I came across two mermaids
Mother and daughter
That Troya and Hecuba were called
Lying on the sand
Trying to get the penis into her slit
What it couldn't get
Because mermaids don't have holes in their tails.
That day, I had gotten drunk
With Cantabrian honey pomace
More than Moron

The Apollo's priest with wine
And, breaking away from my friends
That they were trying to hold me
So that I wouldn't go into the water
Because the beach had a red flag
And the sea was in a storm
With waves that reached the promenade
Hugging a Medusa
With the force of the wind of my Aeolus
Or Hole, lord of the winds
I reached the high seas
With the desire to sink to its depths
To meet a mermaid in her element.
I was not lucky
Because the bottom of the sea
It was an eternal night
Full of shadows of dead sailors and castaways
Looking sorry for not having stayed
With mother and daughter mermaids
And having opened their furrow in a canal
And make them both a child.
After having spent a few hours adrift
Thanks to a brave nephew, son of the Sun
Metaphorically speaking
Because, in reality, he is the Laestrygonian' son
Anthropophagus of Pussies
That dared to jump into the water
To save me from drowning
That everyone already sensed
I clung to his penis, and exhausted the twos
Safe and sound
We arrived at the beach
Looking me as a singed walrus
And he, aa a legendary hero.
Thanks to a she doctor, Eumea
Who was walking
With her dog Algo
That approached me giving me life
Mouth to mouth
Her dog Algo licking my Arsehole
Between the two of them
Restored peace in my body.
When I opened my eyes, they told me
That the mother and daughter
My dream mermaids
Had turned into rocks.
-Those that, when at low sea
You can put your ear to them

You will hear a melodious singing
Eumea told me, smiling.

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Isabel' hand drawing as a child (ISA)

The elixir of life

If writing is the elixir of life,
Art is the syringe who
injects it into our body
in generous portions
Animating the soul.

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Urban Museum

You will wander alone
In the crowded streets
In the ancient city
to the spies of
The Italians elves.

You won't stop whispering
by the hands of the Renaissance master
spoilng your body and soul,
turning you into a Human statue
in an urban museum.

It will not stick to the heels of your shoes
Old soot from paving stones,
that the Roman armies left behind
And Napoleon, as noblemen And kings
and electricity
with a passion for art.

When your measured steps stopped
At the corner of the street,
you will quench your thirst
with passers-by From the
water springing from
his mouth of a black bull

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Yehoram Galili, Writer, poet and literary and linguistic editor the owner of "Galili Publishing House", is a member of the Hebrew Writers Association, a graduate of a language editing course taught by Dr. Asia Sharon on behalf of the Asif Institute, and a graduate of the Helikon poetry track - the School of Literary Poetry Art and other poetry writing workshops at the Open University and Helikon , where he learned, among other things, editing literary texts of various kinds.

Yehoram Galili has been specializing for many years in writing and editing texts of all kinds in a wide variety of fields. He has a lot of experience in writing, literary editing and linguistic editing of books in a variety of literary genres and in printing presses for many books of all literary genres.

He wrote other books: "First First - The Legacy of the Combat Engineer Corps" (published by Efi Meltzer Ltd.) and "One Chapter of Fulfillment in the Haganah and the IDF" - a biography of Yona Mandelman who fought on behalf of the Haganah in the War of Independence (Published by Efi Meltzer Ltd.).

Towards the end of 2021, Yehoram Galili won a financial grant of NIS 3,000 from the Akum creative encouragement fund for "Photo War" (Rooms - publishing house, literary editing and score: Drorit Chen, illustrations: Gabi Kazan) - the book of poems he wrote and published during 2022.

Many poems written by Yeoram were published in many literary journals and. Many of Yoram Galili's poems were read at many literary events held throughout Israel, in several programs on many radio stations in Israel, and some of his poems were even presented and are being presented in many art exhibitions throughout Israel



Bertie the bin

My neighbour has
A trash can she
Calls it bertie bin,
Sometimes passing by
His known to
Have a grin.

But one day when
I went out to walk,
It was then am sure
I heard him talk.

Well he wasn't
Actually talking
He did give out a shout,
I wasn't really sure
What it was all about.

Then as I got nearer
He did call out to me,
Don't want all this trash
I do wish to be free.

I am starting to
Get so unwell,
Cos all this trash
Does really smell.

Maybe I will change
Into a big
Flower can,
And I will be happy
As a flowerpot man.

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Transformation

Here am I
My name is fred,
Just woken up
Inside my bed.

But alas things
Were not so right,
Whatever happened
To me last night.

I touched my hand
Upon my head,
Instead of hair
Was fur instead.

In the mirror
I did look,
And for a second
My body shook.

For in the mirror
I did see
It wasn't anything
At all like me,
For staring back
Just like that
There it stood
A very scary cat.

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Demons and ghosts

The race is on
For world domination,
They are trying now
To take over the nation.

The demons are finding
It's hard as can be,
For trouble with ghosts
Them you cannot see.

So maybe somehow
This war won't last,
Or life on earth
Will be gone so fast.

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Flash Fiction / Short Stories

Will Bradley

I Am I

The air began to thicken and in the distance I could hear the roll of thunder. It was another eerie night in that one horse town and everything seemed to be like it was before. I tried to sleep but something was keeping me awake, it was a gut feeling I guess. I stepped out to have a smoke and enjoy the night air, and as it wrapped me in it's not so warming grasp the rain began to fall. Take it all in I thought, let yourself become one with the storm. What I felt was something beautiful and real, horrifying and thoughtless, it was everything and nothing. Suddenly I heard a voice speak with the force of a tidal wave, I looked around but no one was there. My hair stood on end ,my heart pounded, I tried to speak but the words got stuck in my throat. So I waited for a long time and nothing happened, I thought maybe my mind was playing tricks on me. So I decided that I would let it go and embrace the storm. I closed my eyes and let my senses take over, I was at that moment a single bolt of lightning, I was a thousand rain drops, I was a part of the storm. As I began to fall into the weightlessness and wonder of the weather I heard it speak again. It spoke with the grace of a flower, it's words were as deep as the ocean, it was as soft as a ball of cotton and as hard as a marble mountain. The song it sang was more beautiful than words can describe, I'll never forget what it said. You are the wind and you are the water, you are the dirt and you are the sky, you are the sun and you are the laughter, you are the low and you are the high, give me your heart and give me your soul, give me your dreams and I'll make them mine, we are the same but we are so different, all of your thoughts come from my mind, you can't run away from who you're becoming for you are the one that's run out of time, I know all your fears and I know all your wishes, so take a deep breath and all will be fine.

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Akramov Kamoliddin

Dream, goal and success

We know that everyone has a dream. This dream will not be achieved without difficulty. In order for a dream not to remain a dream, it is necessary to strive, search, act, and work. In order for you to do what you love, you need to complete 3 steps and follow these three paths. The first is to choose a dream, the second is to turn a dream into a goal, and the third is to achieve success tirelessly on the way to the goal. First, you need to dream of a job that you like and enjoy. For this dream, you need to flow continuously. In the second case, in order to make your chosen dream come true, you need to set a deadline and do what you want to do within that period. is the third stage road. That is, as long as you shoot from the first and second stages, you will find the fruits of your labor. This success will change your life. Money may also increase your knowledge. I also needed time to understand these words. But Marahimov Bahodir Olimovich, the education teacher of the Margilan city specialized school, taught this to us, the students, the early days of the country. As long as there are such teachers, the country will not stop blooming.

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Akramov is the son of Gulomnazar Kamoliddin. He was born on April 10, 2008 in Okhunboboyev (now Koshtepa) district. The pursuit of knowledge has finally paid off. The artist has tested, applied, worked and searched for many of his knowledge in life, so now he studies where he wants. He is in secondary school No. 30 in Koshtepa district, then in former IDUMI 1 (now Koshtepa district specialized school), and now he is a 9th "Blue" grade student of Margilan city specialized school.

THE PAST WORLD:

Dreams of a young man who became a mirage.

It was a late dark night. It was almost hours. He says so. We were sitting around the table with our moon. Sugdiyana was washing dishes at that time. She had 4 brothers and 1 sister. Her sister was married and she had 3 children. He was so nice that he respected him and did what he said. His brother Sherzod also treated him very well. His second brother's name was Sherzod. That brother had to be married. He liked to eat and drink. He only wore clothes with the money he earned. He never married anything. He lived a happy life. He worked in a clothing store in Tashkent. He did not bring home the money he earned. they always said that. It was a simple month, then after a while, Sherzod got engaged to a girl he liked from the city. They said that if he gets married, he will change and feel a little responsibility. They said that Sal is realistic about Eid. A tragedy happened 1 week before their wedding. Now money always comes home and his attitude towards his parents has changed a lot. Of course, on the good side, Sherzod was a very handsome and rich young man. Even when he was dumb, he understood everything well. When he was 1 week old, there was a knock on the door that night. When Sugdiyona looked, it was Usta's grandfather. His grandfather was sweating profusely, panting, and seemed to pass out. Sugdiyona was going to school at that time. And at that time, Sugdiyana Usta looked at her grandfather and asked if the grandfather is at peace, why are you panting, are you okay? Then the grandmother said, my daughter is all right, and they entered the yard and sat down on the bench. Sugdiyana set a table for her grandmother and poured tea. Then Sugdiyana's father, Alisher, looked at Grandpa Usta and asked if he had found anything. Then Grandpa Usta didn't know what to say, and then he calmly answered, "Hey." When she found out, Nasiba asked Usta Baba what happened. After that, the grandmother did not know what to say, tears were flowing from her eyes, and she said, "Come to me, my children, come to me, and take a deep breath and start talking." He looked at everyone one by one. Sugdiyana and her parents were also staring at Usta Baba. And Usta Baba started talking and said that Sherzodjon was hit by a train on the railway. Everyone was in shock. Everyone couldn't understand what they were seeing. Everyone was surprised. The house that was full of happiness suddenly turned into darkness. Sugdiyana's mother heard this and started crying. Everyone was shouting ``dod''. He was lying down, you would not think he was dead. His mother Nasiba was very hard on him. His mother was crying and crying. Sugdiyana looked like a person who was dreaming. Her engaged daughter Rana arrived with her baby.

And Sug-diyona's grandmother and grandmother poured sand into the mozaristan. After that, painful days began. Sherzod's parents were very depressed. .The mother was burnt to death on the child's spot. The rest of Sugdiyana's brothers were also depressed. The younger brothers also found it very difficult to recover from this incident. After 2-3 days, 3-4 policemen came to their house and He asked Sherzod's parents if he had any slaves or if they suspected anyone. According to the police, Sherzod's comrades owed money to Sherzod. Sherzod went to Qamashi district to collect his debts. The railway passed near that village. Sherzod took his friends to his home to collect his debts. He went and asked his friends to pay the debts. Then his friends did not pay the debt. And they insulted Sherzod with insulting words. Since there were 4 children, Sherzod got angry at these words and fought with them. Then Sherzod tried to run away and tried to get off the railway. And a very fast train hit Sherzod. Seeing this, the people lying there called the ambulance, and the ambulance came and took them to the sick room. They told them that they were not able to save him and told them to transplant it to their organs, and then they transplanted Sherzod's heart into another child. The doctors were surprised at that time. but they have never seen such a clean and healthy body. Even if he is dead, his heart is still in the heart of another person. After hearing these words, Sherzod's parents searched for the boy who poured Sherzod's heart, and they found Sherzod's heart in him. that he was beating him, he showed affection to the young man and helped him materially and financially. Sherzod's parents are still waiting for news from that young man.

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

Abramat Fayzullov was born on November 6, 2002 in Choriyeva Khurshi, Qamashi district of Kashkadarya region. Currently, I am a student of the Faculty of Medical Sciences of Termiz State Pedagogical Institute.



THE DAY THE LETTER WAS WRITTEN TO SANTA

On New Year's Eve, all the animals in the forest: fox, giraffe, lion, rabbit, hedgehog and only one bird, crow, gathered at the house of their friend the bear. They sent a letter to Santa Claus with their wishes for this holiday. All of them expressed their noble goals, dreams that have not been achieved for a long time, and what kind of gift they want for the holiday. A giraffe sent a letter asking for a new shirt, a rabbit for a bag of carrots, a bear for a new bed for the winter, and a crow for a new friend. After everyone's letters were ready, a crow collected them and threw them into the mailbox. Everyone began to wait for the holiday with anticipation. On New Year's Day, they again gathered at the bear's house. In the middle of the night there was a knock on the door. Everyone left happy. The rabbit jumped for joy when he opened the door. All animals' dreams come true. Whatever they asked for in their letters, Santa brought them all.

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Marjonakhan Saydullayeva,
4th grade student of the 5th general education school in Namangan region

I am proud of my sister

We are four sisters in the family. We grew up in a remote village.

Among my sisters, my third sister turned out differently. He was distinguished by his intelligence, knowledge and perseverance. He participated in all events at our school and was distinguished by his vocabulary. These actions of my sister were shown in the district, region, and even in the Republic. An example of this is the "My President" contest. My sister brought thanks to my parents and teachers. Everyone was proud of that. I became very jealous of my sister. One day I asked my sister what I should do to be like you. My sister laughed and said, "Reading and reading again. You mustn't stop." he answered. Gradually, these feelings of my sister began to pass to me, and I decided to follow her path. Currently, I also participate in school, district, regional competitions. I took part in the regional stage of the "Young Reader" competition, and I have been taking part in various essay competitions at the regional stage. I would like to express my gratitude to my mother and my teachers: my native language teacher Nigorakhan, our school librarian Nargizakhan and Nozimahon, who did not spare their efforts to help us achieve such achievements. If we set a big goal, we will certainly achieve it.

Akhmadjonova Aysha



Akhmadjonova Aysha is a 9-A grade student of the 5th school in the Uychi district of the Namangan region. He was born on September 18, 2008 in Uychi district. In his free time, he reads books, writes poetry, and engages in journalism. In her free time, she attends art school, plays the piano, and joins a dance club. He has been actively participating in district and regional level competitions.

Khudoyberdi Tokhtaboyev

The Uzbek people have been writing works since ancient times. They are poets and writers from its soil to its leaves. One such writer is Khudoyberdi Tokhtaboyev. His works are distinguished by the richness of humor, the skillful description of children's lives, their unique nature, characteristics, and spiritual experiences in an extremely vivid, interesting and childlike manner. It is no exaggeration to say that Khudoyberdi Tokhtaboyev is one of the authors who brought Uzbek children's literature to the world level. He is a typical representative of children's literature.

"It is difficult to write for children, so it is not correct to say that there are few people who choose this direction. It is really difficult to write to children, to get in touch with their spirit, to say something similar to the child's heart. It is really more difficult to write as if you are sitting down with a child in front of you and talking to him. Today, there are very few, almost non-existent works dedicated to children," said Khudoyberdi Tokhtaboyev.

Khudoyberdi Tokhtaboyev is a real talent. This means that his works are works of art, that is, whatever idea he wanted to realize in each of his works, this idea is fully realized in each of his works. He does not talk excessively, because this is contrary to the conditions of an artistic work, he never mixes events and persons alien to the idea of the work into his works - this is one of the main requirements of artistry. To appreciate the beauty of Khudoyberdi Tokhtaboyev's works, you need to have a very sharp taste, but the person who has an eye for what is real beauty, real poetry, considers Khudoyberdi Tokhtaboyev to be an original artist, that is, a great talent. he knows as a writer.

Khudoyberdi Tokhtaboyev has taken a place in our hearts with his educational works. From each of his works, a person gets useful and educational knowledge. He sees his mistakes through this character and tries not to repeat them. For example:

"My sister may be upset. I love my sister, I love her very, very much, I will never hurt her, never make her cry."

This excerpt is from *The Boy With Five Children*. Through this passage, we can see Arifjon's love for his mother. But unfortunately, not everyone has the same love for Arifjon's mother. It is no exaggeration to say that Khudoyberdi Tokhtaboyev wanted to explain this to "Everyone".

We can witness such an example in the work "Jannanati Odanlar".

"We can't build a bridge without cutting it. If we don't build a bridge, people can't cross the stream and fall into the water."

- Great, huh? - said my grandfather.

-Excellent! - I said too.

- If it wasn't for you, my son, I wouldn't have finished anyway.

"That's right, grandpa, you couldn't finish anyway," I said while riding the donkey...

Then my grandfather became very ill and lay down until winter. My grandfather Ahmadqul brought honey and rubbed it on his feet, massaged it, my nanny boiled honey in milk and drank it every evening, and my aunt used to rub it on her body with strange drugs that I don't like.

In the excerpt from this work, we can see how Erkachol built a bridge with his grandson in the cold despite his old age to help people. And he fell into the water several times and got wet. Because of this, he becomes seriously ill. He thinks about people, not himself. It is no exaggeration to say that Khudoyberdi Tokhtaboyev wanted our young people to grow up to be well-educated, kind, perfect people with the help of these works, and adults not to repeat their mistakes.

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Nigora Tursunboyeva was born on February 23, 2009, in Namangan region. Currently, she is a 9th grade student of Ishakhan Ibrat creativity school. Along with writing poems and stories she can speak freely in 4 languages: English, Russian, German and Uzbek.

What happens?

Why does a person gain value only when he loses his loved ones? What if it gets worth it before it loses it? What if we just hug our loved ones, tell them we love them, share joy for no reason, give gifts, just make them happy? Will we be short of anything? Or will our pride be trampled? Are we inferior to others? I don't think so. We are just too rude, arrogant. Telling someone we love you is hard for us. Our whole body moves to make it come out of our tongue. In fact, just one word will make them happy. We say, "No one is making us happy, why should we make someone happy." What can it be but arrogance? Only when we lose them completely, we realize that they are more important to us than our arrogance and pride... Unfortunately, regret after parting is useless. Even if we cry and regret, they will not come back. Like a bird, they flew away from our lives. Let's just be human, instead of decorating the graves of our loved ones with flowers, let's say a sweet word at the time of their life. This will not diminish anything. On the contrary, we are happy to see them happy. Protect your loved ones, always tell them you love them.

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Laylo Bakhtiyorova

She was born on October 11, 2000 in the Kashkadarya region of Uzbekistan. Currently, she is a graduate student of Tashkent State Pedagogical University. She is a member of the organizations of Argentina, Russia, and India. She has been helping many young people to enter the international arena. She can speak 4 languages fluently.

The Madness...Lost and Hunted By Wolves

It seemed that dawn was approaching but it had seemed that way for hours. The wolves seemed to be keeping their distance. Here and there though, it did sound like there were animals making noise in the darkness near. Large Animals.

The presence of fear was all around. Fear was actually influencing every thought, decision and action. To the point of panic. Stranded in this vast wilderness with no sense of direction. No hope. There were already deaths of party members. Bodies left behind.

The mountains and hills were difficult to navigate. The one only thought was to find a river and follow it down to civilization. Each time going over high ground to the next depression hadn't led to the discovery of any water features so far.

Was that a helicopter?

The bodies had been left behind to the wolves. Now, in this twilight of pre-dawn there was no way to signal any rescuers. Who knows what wildlife a fire would attract? What if anyone found out what occurred while we were so far gone out here in this maddening wilderness?

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The secret of happiness

When I remember this day, I remember an event that happened in my life.

This happened when I was a little girl. We celebrate it on March 8. It is true that this day is prohibited in some sources, but we still celebrated this day. My sisters and I all started to collect money for this holiday for my mother. We collected around 100,000 soums in one month. And we left this money under my sister's pillow 1 day before the holiday. I woke up in the morning with a screaming voice. I went to my sister trying to understand what was happening. He cried bitterly and told me who took the money. I didn't hear anything from anyone, I still couldn't understand the lack of money. What do we do now? Who will bring the gift now, where will we get it. No one knew about it. We didn't know what to do because March 8 had come. We were all surprised. Then I had an idea and I told my brother and sister about it. Everyone agreed with my idea because there was no other option. I made an envelope and wrote a poem for my son inside. My sister made a flower out of paper. My brother and my little sister made a box and put the pictures they drew and the gift was ready. We started to give this gift, but my brother suddenly stopped us and said that he didn't like our gift. My sister opened her eyes wide and said what. And we entered the room to give the gift. We excitedly congratulated my mother. And they also hugged us with tears of joy and kissed our faces. We explained the whole situation to her, my mother laughed and said that the gift is not important to me. Mehr said that happiness is in simplicity and thus the holiday passed and it became clear that the missing money was actually left in my sister's pocket and she forgot about it, and we paid for this money. We bought flowers for my mother. The gifts we gave are still there, we will remember this day every moment, I think that is the true happiness.

Data

- 1) On February 28, 1909, the USA celebrated Women's Day for the first time.
- 2) In early 1914, International Women's Day was introduced as an official holiday for the first time.
- 3) This holiday was first celebrated in Australia on March 19, 1911.
- 4) 31 countries of the world officially celebrate this holiday.
- 5) There is information that this holiday was celebrated in ancient Rome.
- 6) Since 1956, this date has been confirmed as a holiday.
- 7) It was on this day that for the first time in the world women's protests and rallies began.

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Republican children's library
Member of the "Creative Children" club

Artikbayeva Shahzoda was born in 2009. Currently, he is studying at school 292 in Yangi Hayot district of Tashkent city. Winner of various competitions. Young poet. Her poems have been published in many republican periodicals and newspapers.

Little heart

Early morning...

The beautiful rays of the horizon illuminate the ground, the sun shining through the windows of all houses gives a special feeling to the heart of every person. But this time it was not like a small hut in Transylvania, but this little house had its own sunshine. There is a small sunbed suitable for our story, and it was a tiny little girl named Mavis. This morning he was completely deprived of his mother's love. The girl was just 7 years old, she had neither blond hair nor blue eyes. Mevisda's silky hair and face similar to the color of wheat, round and round eyes made her look even better. Now he is alone with his father. Joseph wanted to devote the rest of his life to his daughter Mevis and wanted her to grow up to be a learned girl. His father, Joseph, is a kind and compassionate person with a strong hand. His mother Sarah was a unique woman by nature, who believed in miracles and fairy tales. No one but Joseph and himself knew that he shaved off his chest because of his pride. Mavis thought it was right to move to New York for tomorrow's future. Kizaloo, like her very curious mother, filled her pure heart with joy and trustworthiness. Joseph worked as a translator and had to travel to different countries, so he decided to send Mavis to a girls' school. They entered the schoolyard, and as soon as they arrived, Mavis's attention was drawn to a little girl the same size as her who was sweeping the yard, and the girls in red bow ties who were memorizing a poem were giggling and laughing. Mudirakhanim's face was beautiful, but her speech sounded like a scorpion.

- Welcome !

- Have a good time.

- What is the name of this little girl?

- Mavis. He is fluent in French.

- Very good, let me introduce you to some school rules.

- Oh, okay.

- Thank you!

The headmistress praised the little girl named Michael in every word. Joseph told all the punishments of his daughters according to strict rules. Mavis stayed in the waiting room and saw the same cleaning lady again. He asked her many questions, but she only said Becky's name. The headmistress and Joseph came to the waiting room, Meyus was looking after her daughter, and her heart felt like she wanted to stay with her. Even though it was Sunday, he had to do it.

- There is something under the table.

- Wow, the book I want - ku.

- Yes, my girl, can you finish it before I come to you?

- Of course, I will start today, but what will I do if I miss you?

- If you miss, look at the sky, the stars, books are your confidant, and if you miss, look at the sky, I will tell you about my condition.

- Hop.

- I love you, my girl!

- Goodbye, grandpa, me too...

Mavis's favorite book was "The Little Prince". This Joseph left and did not return. Because he was also called for the start of the war and died in the war. Three months later, a letter came to Mudirakhanim's room, in which Mavis's father's death was written. The poor little girl now has neither a father nor a mother, and even adults cannot bear this pain. His innocent childhood was spent only in suffering and he was sent to an orphanage.

He made many friends in the orphanage. Eight years later, when Mavis was five years old, strange things happened in her life. It was summer, when the fruits were ripe, his teacher promised to take him to different camps and he got over him.

Everything is ready to go. However, Mavis's heart was filled with excitement. When they arrived at the camp, they were met by a person familiar to Mavis, who was the headmistress of the girls' school.

- Welcome to the camp, dear readers!

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

Michael also came here. Everything was wonderful. When the holiday was over, several announcements were hung on the walls of the camp and no one read them.

One day, while returning from a walk in the morning, his eyes fell on these advertisements and he started crying. He found the key to his life, as they say, if you seek, you will find an opportunity. Mavis did not stop studying and researching that day, and the next day she was going to take an exam at the university. After every dark night, the sun rises and Mavis found the door to success. He entered the university on the basis of privilege. Now we wish little girl Mavis good luck and success in her life...

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I am Jumaboyeva Barchinoy, my father's name is Mirzohid, a farmer, and my mother is an English teacher, Iroda.

I am a 9th grade student of school 23 of Shavat district, Khorezm region. In 2021, I took the first place three times and once again the second place and the third place at the Sardar Bazarbayev International Olympiad. On November 27, I won the second place in the district stage of the Young Reader competition.

You can't achieve your desired goal with a dream, you need to add action to it.

Dr. Neville and the Quest of Seth

Dr. Neville found among the rarities of the University of Oxford's Ashmolean Museum Library an ancient Egyptian papyrus recounting the tale of Seth, the lesser-known son of Adam and Eve. Seth had been given the curse of eternal life--with an ironical twist. In the text was the essence: Seth would roam the earth until he found a person who was willing to exchange souls with him. The four lines of hieroglyphics telling his story fascinated the evil genius Dr. Neville because it offered him the opportunity to achieve eternal life, one of his major goals, in a single bargain. It seemed too good to be true.

A meticulous researcher, Dr. Neville traced every reference to Seth, not only in the Ashmolean but also in the Bodleian and the British Libraries. A pattern emerged, not in the texts but in the notations made in the card catalog entries, all made in the same neat hand in pencil.

Normally such catalog entries were limited to cross references only. In these cases, the notes indicated an obsession outlined in a trail of blood. The writer called attention to hints in contemporary records of mysterious deaths that at first had no clear reference to Seth's story. Nothing bothered Dr. Neville like a mystery suggesting an intellect more devious and like a puppet master than his own. So the doctor took extensive notes and pondered the notations until from them emerged a list of forty-five apparently related mysterious deaths, dating from the late seventeenth century to the present. Twelve deaths had occurred, one each in the last twelve years.

At first, Dr. Neville was reluctant to draw the inevitable conclusion, but the more he researched the deaths themselves, the more he became convinced all the referenced deaths were linked to the same unidentified murderer, a shadowy figure who, by the records, had survived for at least two hundred, fifty years. Inevitably, Dr. Neville came to the inspiration that the murderer was none other than the mythical Seth himself.

"Apollyon," the evil doctor said as he fed his glossy black cat a chopped raw lamb's kidney, "according to the trail of deaths, the immortal Seth has lived in London since at least 1666, the year King Charles II ordered the beheading of the supposedly faithful who predicted the world would end in the year of the Beast. Idiots!

"All these years Seth has lived in plain sight in London, most probably under a pseudonym, waiting for someone super intelligent like me to find him and set him free from his curse." The cat looked up maliciously and curled its body as it devoured the bloody organ.

The evil Dr. Neville became fixated on finding Seth and exchanging souls. His hope was raised by his recognition that, upon returning to the original Ashmolean Egyptian text, emendations in the text had been made since his last visit. "By Jove," he thought, "that means

Seth is dwelling somewhere right here in Edwardian England, presumably seeking to exchange souls with some person who is regularly researching him." The inescapable conclusion was that Seth was communicating through new notes he expected his pursuers to find in the growing canon of references.

Dr. Neville approached his old acquaintance, Alfred Grimald, the librarian of the Ashmolean collection of antiquities, and inquired, "Do you keep a list of those who examine your artifacts and references?"

The librarian, an albino with red eyes, answered, "We keep only the signature log, which you signed when you entered."

“And I suppose you don’t keep a record of those who amend or annotate your collections?”

“Whatever are you implying? No such activity is permitted here. If you discover any such, let us know at once. We’ll have the desecrator of our manuscripts jailed. Do you have any other inquiries?” When Neville shook his head, the librarian went back to his reading.

Dr. Neville examined the entry log for signatures done since his last visit. He found the signatures of Hector Ribald, Hippolytus Crawford and Francis Pound, Earl of Freemantle. He made notes on the three names and began to search for information on them in archives of the London Times. He found the address of Mr. Ribald and decided to make further inquiries. Ribald was a scholarly gentleman of independent means and a learned professor of University College and mild-mannered bibliophile. Neville discovered by following the man clandestinely that by night, Ribald was actually a cold-blooded murderer, plying death as the means of extorting a diabolical exchange of souls.

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Nasty Planetary Alignment

I do not know too much about astrology, horoscopes, and these planetary alignments.

And explaining another military conflict with some war planet entering something sounded as a total nonsense to me.

When the Earth was taken over by Artificial Intelligence I thought that this nonsense would finally stop - because who would be at war with whom now?

A week before the First World Robot War, Alison declared that planetary alignments indicated a major global conflict loomed at any moment.

Again, obviously, I didn't believe it.

And I could have taken the credit and driven with her to an exotic island...

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Purpose

For a few months, the father and son lived in the family, the son was very interested in learning and technology, but there was no money. As soon as he learned, he passed the exam and became a test taker. Song Karasa won a grant and told his father that I should go abroad. Seeing his son's thirst for knowledge, his father gave him a 1-year car loan from the bank so that his son could fly. and he finally reached the end of the flow, after working for 5 years, his position was increased, and the company where Song has been working for 15 years has been elected as the head of the company, and now, if his father took 1 year's salary for his son to fly, and for his son's education, then the son earns that money for nothing every day. They don't say that the best investment is the investment in knowledge, but the child would not have reached this level if his father had not given him 1 year's salary.

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Ibragimova Fatima Kozimjon daughter May 8, 2008 10th "V" grade student of general education school No. 3 of Jalakuduq district of Andijan region. FATIMA IBRAGIMOVA has participated in many international competitions and has more than 20 international certificates. the owner of a free pass to the hotel, i.e. the owner of the voucher, the winner of the 2nd place in the night "MUSHOIRA" conducted by a member of the Golden Wing, the winner of the 1st place in the art project held at the school, the author of many stories, an active participant in the 2nd season of the "SHINE WITH SHOHIDA" project, the best of the year holder of the diploma of a good student, 3rd translator, 2nd place winner of the intellectual game ZAKOVAT held at the school, member of the "MIGHTY GIRL'S" club,

participant of many master classes.

The story

Once upon a time, once upon a time, once upon a time, there was a rich man and a poor man. One day, a poor man went to a rich man's house to ask for a loan, and he asked for more money and said that he would pay it back in 15 years. He was a poor man who was barely making a living, so the rich man was not able to pay back the debt, and he said to him: I will spend 15 years in prison, if you endure 15 years, you will be released from prison. Day after day, the poor man spent his time in the prison reading books and learning a new language, but by this time, the rich man was already in debt. And finally, 15 years passed and the day he got out of prison, he became rich. Now, after getting out of prison, he asks me for his money. And on the day of Osha, the tundra went into the prison and found Him sleeping on the table. Before going to him, he looked at the table, there was a letter and he read it. "I don't regret the fact that I spent 15 years in this prison. I came here, I just sat down and read a book, and that's enough for me. I'm going out of prison today, and I won't get the agreed money"! The rich man, who read this, was surprised and left the room without saying a word.

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My name is Zuhra Ibragimova. I am 16 years old. I will be a linguist in the future, I am also interested in journalism. In my main time, I am engaged in IT. Currently, I can speak 4 languages freely. My future dream is to become an international ambassador. I have been in this profession since I was young and I like it very much. I'm going to continue my studies in Malaysia and that's why this program is perfect for me. With this program, I will participate in the summit in Malaysia on behalf of UZBEKISTAN and improve the knowledge given there. Currently, I have more than 80 certificates and I am the winner of various competitions. This project will greatly contribute to my development, and that's why this project is very important to me. I am very interested in this project, so I am submitting it. I would be very happy if I won this project and another achievement would be added to my list of achievements.

The world under the rain

Is it possible to hate the rain?! I don't think so! How can you hate such pleasant feelings?! It's true that rain can trigger all the good and bad memories at the same time. But there is an important side. So who creates these good and bad memories? Cold drops facing the ground from a height of several thousand meters are pleasant for some and the opposite for others. But you have to think, is he coming down from such a height to hurt someone? Even the strongest rain does not want to hurt people! Why are people no longer afraid of these things? Why not suffer? Are people really turning into two-legged creatures?! Isn't that a sad state of affairs? After all, the rain is a simple lesson for us and some people don't understand it. It is so nice that some people are enjoying it and these cold drops don't want to harm us either. Unfortunately, people hurt each other, destroy other people's lives and dreams, and make this life seem like a mirage to them. Why?! After all, how can a person hurt others like him?! How long will such abominations last? They are hiding their ugliness behind nature, they are extinguishing the life-giving air without even thinking about it. Well, now let's think, are these people? Ignorant people who have never picked up a book are doing the work of animals with weapons. However, it is a pity that we have tarnished the name of the animal by comparing the amateurs in quotation marks to animals. Isn't it time to get back on track for the sake of our society, our future and our families? Thankfully, nature is also patient with us and keeping silent. But everything has an end and an end. He wants to tell us something, maybe he is angry with us. After all, we are doing this! We are completing both the chain of nature and the hole of Azan. How can the sun rise again, the rain fall and the natural phenomena take place again because of the bombs, bullets and tanks that are ravaging the earth?! Aren't we responding wrongly to the gift we've been given? Unceasing crimes and inappropriate actions are not our future! We do not live in a competition. We must end the ongoing chess game inside the box, we must not be mere pawns! This world needs new discoveries! Why should others take up arms when nice people are enjoying the rain, sometimes under umbrellas and sometimes outdoors? We are human! The only conscious being! Environmental problems, crimes...we created them all ourselves and we can fix them ourselves! But if we can't get out of this box game, we don't even like nature! It is as intense as the rain, but we must be calm and we can create new discoveries. Why are we... Humans!

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Yesterday and today

We all know that the 21st century is the age of science and innovation. Humanity is increasingly becoming the devil of its own creation. Today, the digital economy is developed everywhere, remote control of a factory, factory or various enterprises sometimes seems simple to a person. If I mention today, everyone, big or small, has a mobile phone, young people are almost familiar with computers. Sometimes people are happy that these tools bring us closer. Unfortunately, improper use of media, spending hours on things like various NET games: PUBG, aimless Instagram, you tobe, facebook, etc. is not only bad for our health, but it also causes us to disconnect from virtual life. Iadi Nowadays, if we conduct a survey among people, it is known that there are 24 hours in a day, of which 7 or 8 hours are spent on the phone for various purposes. Looking at the above statistics, everyone has a question: why are world-recognized scientists and scholars such as Imam Bukhari, Termizi, Zamakhshari, Moturudi, Ibn Sina, Amir Timur, Babur, Mirza Ulugbek, kings, poets, generals, religious scholars from our country? is known to have matured. It was a time when science was not developed like the time we live in, and even the opportunity to study was limited. The question that bothers me is why the Baburs, Ulugbeks, and Bukharis do not produce such scholars. We have more opportunities than we think. I think that our ancestors who lived in the past started their studies first by memorizing the Holy Quran. For example, all the people I mentioned above memorized the Qur'an at a young age. I heard from one of my teachers that a person who memorizes the Qur'an develops a second mind. In fact, if I look around, everyone is busy learning different foreign languages, some are studying Russian, some are learning English, and others are learning languages such as Japanese, Korean, Chinese. There are almost no Arabic language learners. Currently, the role of artificial intelligence is increasing in the Internet world. Artificial intelligence is a field of science and technology aimed at creating machines capable of imitating human intelligence. Artificial intelligence was founded by Alan Turing in 1956 as an independent field of science. The topic of today's dolzab is the damage caused by the population to the environment. The tragedy of the island, the destruction of the ozone layer is increasing day by day. Noxious fumes emitted from factories, enterprises or factories pollute the environment. It causes the depletion of the ozone layer. As a result, ultraviolet rays from the sun harm the population. As a result, it affects the natural climate. It causes the climate to warm up on cold days, and the temperature to cool down on hot days. Everything in nature is connected to each other like an organic chain, and we cannot even take a part of it. If we take it in Mobo, nature will be perfect. At the time when humanity first appeared, people engaged in subsistence farming, consuming what nature gave. Nature has not been harmed by mankind. Over time, people's minds developed, they tried to understand the world. It began to move from the exploitation economy to the production economy. Nature is more damaged in this farm. After the passage of time, the construction of various steam engines and railways will damage the nature. We should learn from yesterday and not make the mistakes of the past today. It should be remembered that even during the 1st and 2nd world wars in the history of the world, it caused great damage to the population. In particular, as a result of the damage to nature, thousands and millions of people died as a result of the atomic bomb dropped on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaka on August 6-9, 1945. The pest that has reached nature is speechless. Nature is an inexhaustible miracle of God given to us. We must preserve it and pass it on to the next generation. We must prevent and reduce the damage caused by people to nature.

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Tokhtavaliyeva Gulobar Kavil was born on June 22, 2003 in Chust District, Namangan Region. Currently, she is a 2nd year student of the Faculty of Eastern Civilization and History of the Tashkent State University of Oriental Studies. Her initial achievements are the 1st place in the Zakovat intellectual game "Creative" team at the university. 3rd place winner in the online Olympiad among students at the university. The first scientific article is about the archaeological complex of Zamonbobo. The owner of the statuette and badge "Explorer of the Year - 2024".

Letter for Santa

The boy thought and finally found it. He writes a letter to Santa Claus. He was very happy. He found a pen and a piece of paper in his bag. Blinking his beautiful eyes frequently, he began to write: "Hello, Santa Claus! I am writing to you because of a dream. Last year, my grandfather brought a bicycle for the New Year they wanted to give. But they went far away. My mother and brother say that my father works abroad. But I know that my father is dead. (I heard when my grandmother cried and prayed) Santa Claus! You understand, my friends have bicycle and I want to see it and have it. When I told my uncle, my mother scolded me saying, "Your uncle has more worries than you." My Santa! My dear grandfather! Please! Help me make my dream come true."

The boy folded the letter and put it in the envelope he made. He decorated the envelope by drawing beautiful snowflakes. When he woke up in the morning, there was no letter on the table. He ran out and asked his brother and mother. Letter no! He searched everywhere, among his toys and books, but could not find it. And suddenly, from the thought that came to his mind he was happy. After all, he wrote the letter to Santa Claus. Usually Santa walks at night. When he fell asleep at night, he came and took the letter with him took away. He will bring the bicycle tomorrow, of course. The boy was jumping for joy. He excited because of he would get bicycle tomorrow, on New Year's Day. And finally, the day of the "New Year" holiday has come.

The child couldn't sit at home. Often he entered the house, often ran to the street. Time did not pass. He did not want to play with the children either. His mother is also surprised. What happened to the child!

It was late. The words "Santa Claus has come" were heard along with the chatter of children from the street. The boy's heart was pounding so much that even he himself was also listening.

Santa Claus : "Hello, children! I will give you a present all of you. First, we have great present for Rustam who finished "Alphabet" with excellent grades.

He placed the bicycle that his assistant had brought on the ground in front of the boy.

Rustam was so happy that he took the bicycle, started cycling here. His grandmother rushed out from inside and she was surprised. She came slowly and stared at Santa.

- Who are you?

- Hello!

- Iromjon! Are you?

- Yes, me, my dear!

"Don't let Rustamjon notice," he said quietly.

On that day, when the letter was written, to Rustam's bed his aunt came in and received the message, saw the letter and immediately delivered to "Santa Claus".

If someone makes a poor person happy,

If the Kaaba is destroyed, let it be prosperous.

(A.Navoi)

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THE CRIME

In the bustling corridors of St. Mary's Hospital, whispers of a tragic event echoed through the sterile halls. Nurse Maria, known for her gentle demeanor and unwavering dedication to her patients, was found dead under mysterious circumstances. The news sent shockwaves through the hospital, and soon, the police were called in to investigate.

Detective Ramirez led the investigation, questioning doctors, nurses, and patients alike. Each interview revealed layers of tension and suspicion lurking beneath the surface. As the detective delved deeper into Nurse Maria's life, he uncovered secrets and resentments that seemed to point in every direction.

Among the patients was a young boy named Alex, battling a severe illness. Despite his frail condition, Alex's keen eyes noticed something peculiar – small wounds on his hand, seemingly inflicted by someone with a sharp object. He tried to conceal them, fearing repercussions if anyone discovered his discovery.

As Detective Ramirez questioned Alex, the child hesitated, torn between loyalty and fear. But under the detective's gentle coaxing, Alex finally revealed the truth – he had seen Nurse Maria with a syringe in her hand, and she had threatened him if he dared to speak.

The revelation stunned everyone involved. Nurse Maria, beloved by all, was now a suspect in her own murder. But the truth ran deeper than anyone could have imagined. It was revealed that Nurse Maria had been involved in illegal activities, administering unauthorized treatments to certain patients for a hefty price.

The killer, it turned out, was one of Nurse Maria's accomplices – a doctor driven by greed and desperation. Fearing exposure, he had silenced Nurse Maria to protect his own interests.

It all began when Alex, a sickly child battling a severe illness, was admitted to St. Mary's Hospital under Nurse Maria's care. At first, Alex trusted Nurse Maria implicitly, grateful for her seemingly compassionate demeanor. However, as time passed, Alex began to notice peculiar occurrences during his treatments.

During one of his routine injections, Alex felt a sharp pain in his hand and noticed small wounds forming. Initially dismissing it as a side effect of his illness, Alex remained silent. But as the injections continued, so did the wounds, leaving Alex increasingly wary and fearful.

One fateful day, Nurse Maria approached Alex with a syringe in hand, ready to administer yet another treatment. But this time, Alex hesitated. Something about the situation felt off, and he found himself questioning Nurse Maria's intentions. With a trembling voice, Alex voiced his concerns, refusing the injection and demanding answers. Nurse Maria's mask of kindness slipped, replaced by a cold, calculating glare. She threatened Alex, warning him not to speak of what he had seen, or else suffer dire consequences.

Terrified but resolute, Alex made a decision – he would no longer be complicit in Nurse Maria's dangerous experiments. Gathering his courage, he vowed to expose her illegal activities and put an end to the harm she was causing to innocent patients.

Confronting Nurse Maria, Alex revealed his knowledge of her illicit experiments and demanded that she stop immediately. Shocked and enraged, Nurse Maria realized that her secret was at risk of being exposed. Desperate to protect herself and her accomplice, she vowed to stop all her legal work for fear of being discovered and thrown into prison, but Alex didn't believe her.

Nurse Maria's accomplice was another doctor within the hospital – a colleague whom she had manipulated into assisting her with her nefarious schemes. When Nurse Maria confessed her desire to end their illegal activities, the doctor's greed and desperation drove him to commit the ultimate betrayal.

As the tension reached its peak between Nurse Maria and the doctor, a heated discussion ensued, echoing through the sterile corridors of St. Mary's Hospital. Maria, determined to put an end to their illegal activities, confronted the doctor, pleading with him to see reason and join her in turning away from their dark path.

But the doctor, consumed by greed and fear of exposure, refused to entertain Maria's proposal. In a fit of rage, he lashed out, his demeanor shifting from calm to menacing in an instant. With cold determination, he silenced Maria, his hands trembling as he reached for a lethal injection.

Maria, realizing the danger she was in, fought back with all her strength, but it was futile against the doctor's calculated brutality. In a chilling display of violence, he injected Maria with a potent toxin, his eyes betraying no hint of remorse as he watched her succumb to its effects.

The murder was swift and methodical, leaving no room for doubt or suspicion. As Maria's lifeless body lay before him, the doctor's facade of professionalism remained intact, concealing the monstrous act he had just committed. And as the other doctors and nurses rushed to the scene, they were baffled by the apparent lack of evidence pointing to the perpetrator, unaware that the killer stood among them, hiding in plain sight.

As the doctor carried out his heinous act of silencing Nurse Maria, young Alex, a sick child passing through the hallway, inadvertently stumbled upon the gruesome scene. Shocked and horrified by what he witnessed, Alex's scream pierced through the sterile atmosphere of the hospital, catching the doctor's attention.

In a moment of panic, the doctor's eyes met Alex's, and he realized the gravity of the situation. With Maria's lifeless body at his feet, the doctor knew that he couldn't afford to leave any witnesses behind. Determined to protect his own interests and cover up his crime, he swiftly made his way towards Alex.

Entering Alex's room under the guise of checking on his condition, the doctor's facade of concern masked his true intentions. With a menacing glare, he warned Alex of the dire consequences awaiting him if he dared to speak of what he had seen. Fearful and intimidated, Alex understood the implicit threat and remained silent, paralyzed by the terror of what might befall him if he disobeyed.

As the doctor left Alex's room, a suffocating sense of dread lingered in the air, shrouding the young boy in a veil of fear and uncertainty. Alone and vulnerable, Alex grappled with the weight of the horrifying truth he had witnessed, knowing that his fate now hung in the balance, at the mercy of a ruthless killer determined to protect his secrets at any cost.

But Alex, despite his young age and great fear of the doctor, told Detective Ramirez everything about Maria and the killer doctor, and so Alex's bravery and determination played a pivotal role in bringing the killer to justice.

With the killer apprehended and justice served, Alex's found solace in knowing that he had stood up for what was right, ensuring that no more innocent lives would fall victim to greed and illegal actions.

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LEBANON/ BRAZIL



Taghrid Bou Merhi, a Lebanese multilingual poet, writer, journalist and translator living in Brasil. She has authored 21 books, a translator of 24 books to date, a presenter of 25 books, and she participated in more than 60 Arabic books and more than 75 anthology international. She is an advisory member among ten international poetry consultants chosen by Chinese media giant CCTV. Lebanese ambassador in the International Fellowship for Creativity and Humanities, England-London. Her poems have been translated into 47 languages.

GUADALUPE FALLS IN LOVE WITH A JAPANESE

A Congress of Writers and Poets coming from all over the Globe was being held at the Atocha Hotel Madrid, promoted by the World Poetry Movement, of which I was the official Delegate for Madrid and the two Castiles.

To say that this World Poetry Movement seeks to contribute, through globalization and carrying out poetic actions, in the construction of a true humanism, promoting intercultural dialogue through the fraternal and universal language of Poetry, for the benefit of a humanity in peace, reconciled with nature and cultural diversity.

Among the places of interest near the hotel today, the Reina Sofía Museum stands out, which did not exist before, the Puerta del Sol, the San Miguel market and the Atocha Train Station, of course.

If its breakfast room was good, its terrace was even better, on the top floor, from where you could enjoy a panoramic view over the rooftops of the center of Madrid, even seeing the roof of the Prado Museum.

A Japanese writer, with whom I had met, through having seen some of our literary works published in magazines or anthologies such as Poetry Japan (Japanese Poetry), Kafla Intercontinental (India), Korean Poetry (Korean Poetry), had written me four letters with the desire to greet me, establish a friendship, and learn about the lifestyle of a Spanish family.

I agreed. I went to look for him at the doors of the Hotel, and brought him home, leaving, halfway started, a literary talk that, at that time, was given in English and Spanish.

At the time of the journey, already past twelve, what a mischievous Japanese man! He told me that he would like to marry a Spanish woman or get into her bed with her.

Ironically, I asked him:

-Do you carry paper and pen? You already know that the ink remains at home.

He ate with appetite; rather, he devoured the three courses: first, second and dessert with red wine from Aragon "Cariñena", and soda "La Pitusa".

For coffee, with a glass and a cigar, he took out of a briefcase he was carrying a bottle of rice liquor: Sake, which is an institution in Japan. National drink of the Country that, in some religions, is even a spiritual drink, such as the Tizona Liqueur made by the monks of the Monastery of San Pedro de Cardeña, in Burgos, for the people of Burgos.

After dinner, he hit on Guadalupe. In English he told her:

-How good the food has been. Your kisses will be better if you let me stew that lamb inside you. (How good the food was. Your kisses will be better if you let me stew that lamb inside you.)

Guadalupe smiled. She didn't understand much, but she did notice the way he looked at her. She made a questioning gesture at me, and I said, in her ear:

-He wants to fuck you, wow!

-And what is his name, brother? Guadalupe asked me.

I answered her:

- Nakawaba Nakawaba.

-Well, tell him that I don't sleep with anyone called "Nada Cago" (Nothing Shit), Guadalupe told me.

Tell him it in English, brother.

-Nakawaba: This is what my sister tells you; that she doesn't sleep with someone called "Nothing Shit". Ella no quiere dormir con alguien que se llame "Nada Cago."

He said goodbye with good manners, marching to the Hotel taking a taxi that we ordered by phone. I didn't see him again until I went to say goodbye to him at the Atocha Station, as he was leaving for Barcelona.

When saying goodbye, when the train started, he didn't wave goodbye to me. He took out his dick by crushing it against the window glass!

I stuck out my tongue and turned my back on him.

THE RASCAL KING AND CAI THE BUNNY

This Rascal King was a king highly esteemed and admired by his people:

Women admired him because he left every female who danced with him pregnant. As it could not be otherwise, to the woman who was flirting with him, he said:

-I have a fever, my love, that the fly passes through me. If you inflate and deflate it for me, I'll give you a mansion with a pool and everything.

Men esteemed him because of the filthy envy they had for seeing him enjoy carnal beauty night and day. Also, for seeing so many distinctions hanging on his chest: Necklace of the Golden Fleece; Grand Cross Plate of Charles III; Grand Cross Order of Alfonso XII; Plate of Grand Cross of Isabel la Católica; Plate of Grand Cross of Agricultural Merit; Great Cross Popular Charity Plate; and other insignia obtained by NATO mercenaries, given to him.

His two royal whims: well, better three, were: the first of all, hunting: A bird that dared to fly across the royal palace was shot down, not by him, but by a vassal with fine aim who served him faithfully.

Saying to his people at Christmas: -Bird that flies to the casserole, made him feel like a better king.

Going to hunt elephants in Africa, this was imposed on him. It was his great passion. On the other hand, he always went to this Continent with a concubine.

The second of his whims was: fighting bulls. Going to the plazas to see the bullfights and being acclaimed by the crowd, this turned him on.

When a bullfighter offered him an ear or the tail of the animal, he told the bullfighter:

-You better give me a sister of yours, or one of your aunts.

The third whim was to go racing in the waters of Galicia, carrying his boat with a white flag with a rampant and erect lion depicted on it. Sometimes, when he felt like doing water on the sea, his glans was cleaned with it.

An event that occurred the day before Three Wise Men made him more popular:

"As some parents and their two children were watching the floats of the Kings' Parade through the main street of the City, the black king was seen jumping from a float, sneaking through the people of the place like a soul in pain, or a king who has the desire to shit.

When the three kings, before the parade, riding on mules rather than camels, took a tour of the local houses to leave the children's gifts next to the Christmas tree, Rascal King, who was the black king of the parade because he had smeared his face with charcoal to look like one, he became infatuated with "Cai the bunny" saying:

-I have to take this bunny to have fun with me.

Leaving his parents, as a consolation, an invitation for two people to go to the bullfights at the San Isidro festivities signed with: "Dear parents and children: I'm taking the rabbit. Stay with God. Next year I will return. Sincerely, the Black King."

How disconsolate for the parents and children when they returned home!

Seeing the cage open and the bunny not being in it, what a great shame! The mother and the older child began to cry.

The father took the invitation, exclaiming:

-What a fucking shit. He could have put it up his ass.

Taking the little boy by the hand, he said:

-Come on, son, to the toilet, I'm going to throw this invitation down the toilet. You will flush the chain.

-Yes Dad.

Why so cold(story)

Well now the tv saga is over now the heating has gone to hell it started on 22nd february when I rang the gas board as my Pilot light had gone off and I needed an engineer to call.

Because of this no hot water or heating.

He came the next day and told me as my system is quite old its operated on something called a gas terminal which is Situated on the roof but the problem is it has disappeared dont know where it went

But because I didnt have one he promptly switched off all the gas.

To be continued .

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Dennis's day out

I am sure you have heard of dennis the cat
And his destruction round the house.

Well one day dennis took it on himself to

Escape well to be honest the house was

Already wrecked and he wasn't inclined to

Wait around for the owners to renovate it.

So without further ado he climbed up to

The roof and jumped off.

Which was a good and bad thing.

Good because he landed inside the washing basket so he luckily didn't get hurt,

Bad because he landed in the washing and because the roof was full of bird droppings

And mud you can imagine the state of the clothes.

(2nd part to follow)

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My guiding star is my mother

In the eyes of poets, in their works and poems, mother's love is compared to the sun. In fact, the love of our mothers is hotter and warmer than the sun. It is wrong for us to compare their love to something, because our mothers are blessed with no equal. Why do we glorify the name of mother so much? When they carried us in their wombs for 9 months and gave birth to us, they experienced pain equal to the breaking of more than 300 bones. You are as close to me as my God. That's why I don't want you to be upset when I call you. You are so humble, humble and selfless that you are ready to sacrifice a thousand lives if one of your children's lives hurts, mother. Even the worlds kneel at your feet. You are the meaning of my existence, my life, my life. If a drop of tears comes out of your eyes, my soul hurts, my heart is sick. I wake up at night with terrible dreams... Then I remember only you encouraging me, and then I fall asleep in your warm embrace. You are the one who can make us laugh when we are crying, you are the one who calls us forward with wishes for victories, and you are the one who shows us the right path so that we don't go back from your path and your goal. What kind of mother do you call...

You are my source of love, my psychologist, my sharer of motivation, my supporter no matter what I say. Since we were young, you took us to kindergarten and schools. We didn't study, you begged our children, our daughter, our son to study. Even if you had money to buy a new shirt, you didn't wear it. You tried so that my daughter should wear a beautiful uniform to study, and stand in the front rows among her peers. What did you get from us in return, mother?

We only hurt your heart, we ignored you when you fell ill and stayed with ourselves. If they insulted you in front of others, we kept silent, like a dumb example. And you, mother, wanted me to always move forward regardless of these things. When I failed, you took my hand and stood me up. My daughter, it's not you, you are my strong, strong-willed, agile, ambitious daughter. Mother, thanks to your prayers, I was recommended to the studentship in 2022 on the basis of privilege. I was happy to see how proud you were of me when I started studying. Your words of pride for me to others gave us so much strength that you can't even imagine, and we set out to achieve new goals. My mother, you always supported me and believed in my success, you told me not to be afraid to take risks. You spared no effort to make me win. And we are not fit to give even a simple flower as a gift on the day of the holiday. But please know that I love you more than anyone. I'm sorry, mother, if sometimes I unknowingly said words that upset you. I read a story. In my opinion, it was as if it was taken from our life. Some people live in a poor family or a poor society. In such a trying situation, a mother has to teach her children to overcome poverty and that there are rich values that transcend poverty. In other words, children living in poverty should not consider the reasons for their mother's good education to be poor at all. The story I'm going to tell you is about a mother who raised her daughter saying you are rich. This story was told by a little girl when she grew up: "Despite the fact that we lived in poverty when we were young, my mother raised me and my daughter to be rich. I learned that we live in a poor family when I moved to a higher class. My mother always made my clothes clean and tidy. She sewed my clothes at night. My clothes had a lot of patches. Every morning she combed my hair and my shoes. because of my mother's care, I never considered myself as a child of a poor family. One day after my classes at school, two of my classmates teased me that you are poor. What they said hurt me. I was very sad. I went home crying. I went home well. I put it in. Our house was very old and under renovation. My mother had repaired and painted many places with her own hands. The refrigerator was also empty. My mother had been watching me since I came home from school. There was no food in the refrigerator. On the table, my mother prepared 3- 4 pieces of bread were 4-5 days old. The thing is, if I didn't know we were poor, we were really poor. Clinging to my mother's legs, I asked her if we are poor. I thought to myself that my mother must be trying to trick me into comforting me. But my mother calmly looked at me: "Poor"? Are we poor? No, my dear, we are not poor at all. Look at your brothers and sister who are sitting quietly with mom raising the kitchen curtain. Do you see that they are laughing and playing happily? This is not in other people's houses, he said, running and showing me a picture. Do you remember this picture? do you remember We all had lunch around the same table. See the beans and bread on the table? We took a picture with a beautiful smile. Then my mother opened the refrigerator and we have some beans to eat. Some people don't even have that at home. Yes, if you mean baby girl we don't have money, so we are poor, you may be right that we don't have enough money. But we have many things that others don't. Some may not be able to smile as happily as we do. We are happy. Others may have wealth but not health. We are healthy. Others may have a lot of money, but family members may not get along and love each other as much

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as we do. So don't worry little girl. We are really rich. We have a lot of resources. This is how my mother cheered me up and taught me not to be defeated in life. My mother always fed me and gave me spiritual food. Let's teach our loved ones that God has blessed us with many blessings. Therefore, in reality, happiness in life does not come from wealth. The conclusion that comes from the above story is that we always have bread to eat, a house to live in, and clothes to wear. - if it gives us strength and helps us to be raised as a spiritually high person, then we are rich. Because let's not forget that people who have father and mother are the richest people in the world. Our mothers are the key to our success.

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Rakhimbayeva Madina was born on February 4, 2001 in the village of Bogholon, Yangibozor district, Khorezm region. Currently, she is a 2nd-year student of the Pedagogical Department of the Urganch State Pedagogical Institute. Many of her creative works have been published in international conferences, magazines and anthologies. She is diligent and inquisitive



The story of the elephant

In ancient times, there was a thick forest on the vast expanses. The forest is so big that it stretches to the shore of the blue sea. One side of the forest is surrounded by huge mountains, and the other side is connected to vast gardens. Animals and birds live there. Among the animals, there is only one old elephant. As long as he lived, he was so strong that the lion, the king of animals, did not like him at all, because the lion did not want him to be a stronger animal in the forest! He walks alone in the forest and swims in the deep lakes in the forest when he is bored. Yes, you thought that elephants can swim, but this hero elephant knows how to swim.

One day, the lion called all the animals except the elephant to his residence. There was a king's throne in the residence and a large area for all the animals to fit comfortably.

Autumn season. The surroundings are golden. It's as if mother nature gave this color for the lion. The lion was the same color as the leaves, and he was sitting on the throne.

Hello, my people of the forest. Are you all right?

The animals didn't understand what the lion was talking about and got confused. Arslan continued his words: when he disturbed the well-being of the fish in the lake, the fish complained to me, they fell into the water and muddied it, and the fish struggled to swim in this water and complained that they fell to the bottom of the water. In addition, they angered the animals and told me their grievances, saying that I don't want such injustices to happen in our forest.

But all these words of the lion were lies. The monkey always tries to please the lion, he can even become a minister if necessary, no, no, it should not be like that.

Once Upon a Monkey :

You are right, my king, my little ones will be afraid of his voice, he agreed with the words of the lion.

The animals also dispersed. As the hare and the tortoise walked slowly, hearing the nightingale's sad song, the elephant remembered the plan.

- he said, poor elephant, if he does not hurt anyone, he will do good, but not do evil.

Some time passed. When the elephant was coming towards the lake, he heard the voices of people. He slowly looked behind the trees and saw that three or four people were entering the forest with nets in their hands. Yes, the elephant understood their purpose, they want to trap the animals and take them to the circus

The elephant was following them unnoticed

They put the net on the ground, sprinkled leaves on it, put meat on the net, and waited for the prey, because the animals smelling the meat came quickly. The lion that was walking around came to the net, now while stepping on the net, the elephant deliberately stepped on the net, the net was gathered, but because it was not intended for the elephant, the net was torn. they started running without looking, and the elephant chased them out of the forest.

The lion came to the elephant and said, "I didn't want any other animal in the forest to be stronger than me. I tried all kinds of tricks to get you to leave here, but you kept me here to reign, not to dance in the circus arena."

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Almatova Mashhura Nemat was born in Jizzakh region on November 23, 2003. Currently, she is a 2nd-year student of the Faculty of History at JDPU. who released the album. He was awarded the Student of the Year award at the university level.



Woman

When women gather, the topic of happiness often arises. Some say their happiness lies in their work, while others find it in their children and family. Another person mentions that good living conditions bring them joy, emphasizing the importance of basic needs like food. As one listens to these diverse perspectives, it becomes evident that happiness encompasses various aspects.

Moreover, it is believed that making a woman happy does not necessarily require extravagant gifts, but rather the ability to express heartfelt words that resonate with her delicate heart. Our grandmothers seek to guide their daughters towards a path of beauty and happiness, emphasizing that traditional measurements and standards are inadequate in capturing a woman's true essence.

When we think of a woman, we are reminded of our beloved mothers, respected grandmothers, and cherished sisters. Despite our best efforts to shower them with attention and care, we acknowledge that it is never enough. This sentiment is beautifully captured in a narration from Bakhz ibn Hakim, where the Prophet Muhammad (peace and blessings be upon him) emphasizes the importance of showing kindness and respect first to one's mother, then to one's father, and finally to close relatives:

I asked, "Oh, Messenger of God, who should I do good for?"

"To your mother," he said.

"Then to whom?" I asked.

"To your mother," they said.

"Then to whom?" I asked.

"To your mother," he said.

"Then to whom?" - I asked.

He said, "To your father and then to your close relatives."

Indeed, a woman has the power to illuminate the world with her grace and beauty.

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Abdunazarova Khushroy was born on December 21, 2008 in Jamashuy town, Mingbulak district, Namangan region, republic of Uzbekistan. He is currently a 9th grade student of the 15th specialized school. Winner of republican and international contests, participant of the regional stage of the Zulfiya state award, ambassador to 5 countries, coordinator, volunteer, member of more than 10 international organizations, author of many poems. Many creative works have seen the world. Member of "Leader Ladies club". Winner of the 1st place in the interschool "Zakovat" intellectual game. Participant of the "Young Reader" contest. He wants to become a translator in the future.

The Sunflower Girl

“Seems it never rains in southern California.”

Sheri sang the words to the song, in a voice like a faint whisper. In her mind, it sounded soulful and grand.

“Every song’s about California these days,” Steve muttered. “What’s wrong with Massachusetts?”

“Nothing,” Sheri said softly. “Nothing” was her watchword, like a spell to restore calm. She had become aware recently how often she said it, to head off an argument, no matter how trivial.

She smiled, and reached over, patting Steve’s shoulder slightly. He was gripping the steering wheel of the Impala, and she felt a tension, as so often, that prompted her to pull her hand away.

“I guess today is sort of like California,” she observed, managing some brightness in her words. Under normal circumstances, this late-August day, in the summer of 1976, might well be as close to California as she would ever get. The air was dry, hot, and the sky a naked blue.

The nation’s bicentennial year had brought Fourth of July parades and fireworks, but by now, 1976 was no longer distinct from any other year so far that decade. Except for one thing, and Sheri was keeping that close, unspoken.

The road’s dust crept onto the windshield. Steve punched at the controls, and a spray of steering wheel fluid blurred their vision, blending with the sky’s blue. Like an ocean, she mused, but only to herself.

From the back seat came a cooing that prompted her to smile again, but made her eyes bleary, like the windshield. A smile and a tear, all at once, only as Gabby, their baby, could effuse.

Sheri twisted her body slightly, enough so she could reach her arm, almost touching the tip of Gabby’s feet, adorned with pink socks Sheri’s mother had crocheted. Even in August, Sheri wanted Gabby to wear them; they signaled pride, and love.

“We’re almost there,” Sheri said breathily, and Gabby responded with a jubilant squeak, kicking her feet, and waving her chubby arms emphatically. “Blah!” she pronounced, a tiny pearl of spittle forming on her lips. Like rose petals, Sheri thought, and once more, tears blended with a smile.

She strained to wipe Gabby’s mouth, but Steve barked, “You’re in my way. She can wait until we get there.”

Sheri blew Gabby a silent air kiss, and turned back around in her seat, her upper body wilting slightly.

She caught herself, and straightened up. Gotta stay cool, an invisible voice said within her. Never in her life could she recall talking to herself, but in the past few days, this voice had formed, and she now welcomed it, although at first it made her second-guess as had so many of her life choices.

I have to talk to someone, after all, she said back, wordlessly, to the voice.

Their destination was Crusher Farm, one of the few actual farms left in town. The patriarch, Don Crusher, had stood up at Town Meeting, every year since what was probably the town’s beginning in 1696, to declare that no way in holy half-baked hell was he going to sell his 100-acre tract.

“He’s just hoping the town will buy it,” Sheri’s father would say. “Otherwise, there’ll be condos on that thing as soon as his body hits the grave.”

Sheri winced. Her dad was already in his grave, and Old Hat Crusher was still tromping about this side of life’s difficult, ungenerous soil.

Crusher Farm had a farmstand, with a colorful array of fresh vegetables and fruits, and homemade honey (“from the new killer bees,”) Crusher’s son, Gary, joked, every single time, until his father told him to stop. It was not a selling point. Not now, when everyone was terrified that restless swarms were murdering their way up from South America.

Gary and Sheri had been in the same class. Gary was not abundant on conversational material; he brought up killer bees and BigFoot in every class, from math to history. Over time, Sheri began to feel that perhaps he only ever graduated because his aunt was on the School Committee.

“You know, it’s gonna be okay,” Steve said now. On the radio, The Eagles were playing, “You Can’t Hide Your Lyin’ Eyes.”

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Reflexively, she sat up straight again, momentarily, stupidly unnerved. It's just a dumb song about girls pulling one over, that voice said. Forget it. It's just a coincidence.

Because she had fallen silent at that moment, Steve said irritably, "You heard me, right? It's gonna be okay."

"Yeah," Sheri said, with a stiff nod. Last night, before the bathroom mirror, she had practiced an agreeable calm. She had done it so often to stave off arguments – with her father, her teachers, and Steve. But now, that she had to do it consciously, it felt forced, and false.

The Impala's engine chugged. Gabby made fussy noises, but Sheri didn't turn around, instead leaning for a glance in the rearview mirror, and saying in a soft, high voice, "We're almost there, peachie pie."

"Don't worry," Steve said, again. He'd said this phrase several times over since they had made their plan. Since he had made his plan, that is. And once Sheri had made hers, she ceased pleading and crying, and, she thought, or hoped, she had lulled him into mistaking her calm for capitulation.

Ahead, a jewel-green hill appeared, a moment of beauty amid the dull summer heat, and just past it, a shimmering, brilliant gold: sunflowers. The Crushers had begun growing them last year, and they had become a huge draw in the area, with people coming to stand among their rows, taking pictures, and in the case of Sheri's friend Pat and Pat's boyfriend Russ, a failed experiment in stolen kisses.

The sunflowers also attracted bees, and the bees were none too happy with the rustling, and Pat and Russ had burst from the tall, graceful rows, swatting and screeching.

In spite of herself, Sheri smirked at the thought, and this did not go over well. Steve always thought if someone was laughing, it was surely at his expense.

"Nothing," she insisted. "Just – nothing."

He answered with a long sigh of exasperation. There was a time when that sound filled her with a vague dread; now, it irritated her, but she drew a breath of her own. The voice said: Stay calm.

She'd known Steve in high school, but only just. They were in different home rooms, and shared a few classes together. Like her, he struggled academically; in spite of this, he always held to his opinions, about the town and the world, and could project them with an authority to which she began gravitating.

It was a certainty that had been absent from most of her life, a life in which change would come, like a sudden winter storm.

And the storms were many: her beloved cat, Meep, who her parents insisted stay outdoors at night, and who vanished; a miscarriage her mother suffered when Sheri was 8, and excited for a new brother or sister; her father's death, a stroke while laying on the couch watching "Candlepins for Cash," and the forced sale of their home because her father had let the mortgage insurance lapse.

In the summer before her junior year, she and her mother were hurried into a two-bedroom garden apartment in Stokley Hills, the compact, red-brick building across from the entrance to the sparkling Glen Meadows Mall.

But she never got to shop there, only prowling its walkways and atrium, as she went from store to store, filling out job applications. So far, she had amassed an experience of retail that included the Windjammer Bookstore, Curry's Cards and Gifts, and the Dress Depot.

Like so many things, each had proven fleeting; the Dress Depot closed, probably, as her mother said, "Dress Depot is a terrible name for a woman's store," and Sheri agreed.

Through this tempestuous cycle, Steve had begun to hold out a lifeline. He would drive her to school in that same Impala, whose engine now chugged, and which was now spotted with rust. He would talk about the future, though with a vagueness, like trying to find a pattern in clouds.

But it was that promise, or at least possibility of security, that drew her, as much as his sturdy shoulders, purposeful gait, and plain but pleasing face, with glacial blue eyes that Gabby had inherited.

Steve's family owned a duplex, and his parents had agreed to let them live on the top floor "until they sorted things out."

Steve's plan for "sorting things out," Sheri realized, was just like most of his plans for sorting things out – a projection of authority with no real follow-through or grasp of the consequences.

She could have said, “Hell no,” scooped up Gabby, and taken the Townwide bus back to the apartment. But, she didn’t. Another idea had begun to form in her mind. And when it took hold, this time, no storm could shake it loose. When they got closer to the farm, they didn’t pull into the main dirt driveway, the one near the tiny farmstand store, near the petting zoo (“They should put Gary in there,” her friend Pam had quipped in school, ending up with two days’ detention and quite a few laughs, until Gary’s friend Bill pushed her down the stairs.) Instead, they kept driving down a rocky, dusty service road, the Impala jolting side to side uncomfortably, prompting Gabby to whine, but not cry. A sensation overcame Sheri’s skin, as if she were turning to marble. She began shaking her hands in an unsuccessful effort to dispel the feeling. “Stop that,” Steve commanded, and for a second, she almost did, and then kept it up. Gabby’s whine bloomed into a giggle, though she was in the back and Sheri thought, could not see much up front at all. “My good girl,” Sheri said in the high, assuring voice she had cultivated just for Gabby. Peripherally, she saw Steve wince, and it gave her a grim satisfaction.

Still, the feeling bordering on terror did not subside. I gotta stay focused, she told herself, or that voice told herself. “Whatever,” she said aloud, and then her hand flew to her lips. “Whatever what?” Steve demanded, and Gabby’s giggles melted into little bleats of distress. “Nothing,” Sheri assured him, once more. “Let’s – let’s just do this, okay?” She tried to force a smile into her voice, but knew she had failed. He breathed out, with that low groan he made when she knew he was angry. Which had been a lot these past few weeks, until her tearful capitulation provoked in him a relief that was palpable. They were headed toward a back lot on the farmland, generally not used by anyone except the farm workers. There were a few of their cars there now, but on a busy late summer Saturday, no workers were at this part of the grounds. The staff were too busy up front, assisting customers, keeping kids and a few adults from climbing over the railings of the petting zoo, managing the pony rides, and comforting those few kids who invariably burst into tears when cows moored or the chickens screeched at one another. These were usually the kids of people who’d moved from the city, as Sheri’s parents had done, when she was little, seeking a new start. Except her parents had both grown up rural and poor, and didn’t expect farms or farm animals to clear out once the developments of houses shaped like milk cartons began consuming the land. Steve slammed the door, and Sheri threw him a glare. Slamming the car door usually upset Gabby, though this time, she seemed eerily nonplussed. Sheri swung the passenger side door behind her, and it rebounded with a thud against the back of her thighs. She pushed the passenger seat forward, reaching in to unfasten the straps in Gabby’s safety seat. As near as Sheri could tell, she was maybe the only baby in town who had one. Sheri had worked a whole summer of community flea markets, selling costume jewelry they made together, in order to buy the safety seat. Steve did not contribute. As Sheri tended to Gabby, Steve stood at the edge of the farm worker’s lot, with his back to them, and a trail of white smoke was slowly circling around him. He was a composite of lone indifference, and maybe self pity. “Come on, peachie pookie,” Sheri whispered to Gabby, and once more, her vision blurred with tears. This made extricating Gabby even more awkward than usual; Sheri had not perfected a way to do this without some effort. When Sheri hoisted Gabby into her arms, she expected Gabby to burst into a wail as she sometimes did, with that preternatural sense some babies seem to have, sensing tension in the adults around them. She could not help herself in that moment, pressing Gabby to her, her tears flowing freely. She swung side to side a little, whispering, “I love you, my sweet girl. I love you so much.” Steve approached them. “Let’s go,” he said, making a move to grab at her elbow. Sheri pulled back. “We’re going,” she snapped. “I’m not a wagon. You don’t need to pull me.” Through the fog of tears, Sheri saw Steve’s eyes darken with fury, but he said nothing. He turned away from her once more, and sputtering something she couldn’t articulate.

Clutching Gabby more tightly in one arm, she waved with her free hand, over the golden rows of sunflowers. "Look, look, Gabby! Aren't they pretty?"

Gabby giggled.

"Let's go," Steve ordered, again.

But the damp feel of Gabby's diaper through her powder-pink sundress indicated she needed changing. "Not yet," Sheri said.

"Get the diaper bag out of the back."

"You're stalling," Steve said.

"I'll tell her to hold it next time," Sheri replied. The pleasure of her sarcasm was almost intoxicating to her. Gabby chortled.

A transistor radio was playing over the scratchy speaker. It was the Beach Boys, wistfully, "Wish they all could be California girls."

"I hate California," Steve pronounced, slamming the trunk. Gabby squirmed in Sheri's arms, but did not cry.

You've never even been, Sheri thought, but didn't voice this aloud. She wasn't interested in arguing over something so banal.

The chilled, stony feeling was returning to her hands. She had to focus.

Steve wrangled the strap of the diaper bag over Sheri's free wrist. In another instant, he was fumbling with a fresh cigarette, another signal of no intention to help. But, he never did.

Without saying, "Be right back," Sheri turned, casting about at first. The restrooms were down at the front. There was nothing here but a partly-collapsed shed. It would have to do.

By now, she had become expert at cleaning and changing a baby, even in less-than-ideal places, or circumstances. But for the first time, the intimacy of this moment between parent and child made her cry fresh tears. She swatted at her face as if the tears were those feared killer babies. "Stop it, stop it," she said aloud. "Dry up!"

Gabby replied with a weirdly reassuring mumble, a bubble of spit blooming on her lower lip in a way that made Sheri laugh a little, in spite of herself. "It's gonna be okay, it's gonna be okay," she said aloud.

She lifted Gabby, ruefully leaving the used diaper in a plastic bucket inside the shed. She had to get back to the task at hand. She had to focus.

That voice, once more, a voice that was not hers: Focus.

Sheri clutched Gabby to her, inhaling her sweet, innocent baby scent, a mix of baby powder, tapioca, and Sheri's own light perspiration. We are one, she thought. We're a team.

And she whispered this to Gabby, planting a robust kiss on one of her cheeks. Gabby blurted out a slurry guffaw. "Silly girl," Sheri giggled back.

Steve was standing, his stance almost combatively stiff, the rows of beautiful sunflowers incongruous behind him.

Without saying anything to her, he turned slightly, and said: "Wow, they grow tall."

"You're like fertilizer," she replied, and the insult shocked her. Saying it out loud, insulting him out loud, both pleased and frightened her.

He did not respond, except tersely, "Let's go. We don't have much time."

That, she knew, was true.

This was the farthest edge of the sunflower field, the part an amorous couple might seek out, as had happened, but for the bees. They danced about, as if half-drunk on the pollen and warm sun, and a slight breeze that fluttered the fire-yellow petals.

"Oh, the bees," Sheri muttered, and pulled Gabby to her, more tightly.

Her heart began to gather speed.

Steve walked ahead of them, and he seemed to Sheri like a scarecrow, a scarecrow that had come to life, untethered itself, and was now stalking the tall rows, as if in vengeance.

There was a slight parting between the final two rows, a tiny patch of dry earth, a miniscule clearing.

It looked as if whoever had laid the seeds had gotten tired of keeping the rows straight and began dropping seeds haphazardly. It was like a knitting row unraveling because the knitter lost patience.

At the sight of it, Sheri closed her eyes, reminded, somehow, of a community TV program she and her mother watched one time, in which a yoga instructor kept talking about breathing. It wasn't long before even someone who knew nothing about

yoga realized this teacher had maybe taken one or two classes of yoga, and was filling up their lack of knowledge with talk about breathing.

Sheri clutched Gabby closer to her. The tears, again, this time dripping on Gabby's shoulder.

"Come on," Steve sounded more desperate than angry.

Sheri blinked, her grasp on Gabby relaxing slightly. "Okay," she said. "I'm okay. I just needed...never mind. I'm okay now."

Steve nodded jaggedly, and for the first time she could remember since Gabby's birth, he reached out his arms to their daughter.

The sky seemed to fill with the sun's energy, not gold, but white, like a storm of light.

Sheri's arms quaked; it felt as if she might disintegrate in that intense heat, and collapse into atoms. She had struggled in her science classes, but now it seemed to her that this must be what it's like when a star starts to fall apart and die.

What if it's dying, she thought, and her legs felt as if they too might crumble. It's not, she told herself, or, that interloping voice told her. Get a hold of yourself. Nobody's falling apart. Not you, not the sun, nobody.

The sight of Gabby in Steve's arms fueled her with a rage she fought to resist. Steve was holding Gabby, legs kicking, as if he might drop her, but then, he pulled the baby to him with a paternal protectiveness Sheri had never seen in him.

It made her confused, and sick, and for a moment, hopeful. Maybe he realized how stupid this was.

But, no.

Steve knew about the layout of the farm, including these farthest rows, because he had worked a couple of seasons on the farm, and had become friends with Gary. Gary was somehow part of this plan, maybe.

But Gary was nowhere in sight.

Before she could ask, Steve said, "Gary's at the front, remember? He's working."

"Yeah," she said. "He's part of the petting zoo."

"When did you get so nasty?"

To that, Sheri just smiled. The feeling of solidity was returning to her. The sun had shrunk back to the size of a normal sun.

As Steve began to lower Gabby into the space between the sunflowers, Sheri stood back, calmly. Tears sprang to her eyes, but she willed a smile, and then realized, it would look better if she looked sad and resigned.

She waved, whispering, "Bye, baby, mama loves you," and then put her hand across her eyes.

Gabby did not cry, or fuss, or drool. From the nestled space between the sunflower rows came silence. A chilling silence.

"All right," Steve said. "Got no time for crying. Come on."

"What about Gary?" but of course, she knew the answer. Gary was not coming, and never was going to. Steve grabbed at Sheri's elbow, and she jerked away. "Fine," he spat, as if he had done something truly great for her, and she was lacking gratitude.

There was a side road that connected to the service road. It led into Windy Maples, the development that had been built right up to the edge of the farm. One day it would surely expand into the farm, into the sunflowers. But that was a ways away.

Sheri struggled to sit up straight in the car. Laughter and tears mixed together, and she uttered a high, almost witchy cackle, ignoring Steve when he said, "Cut it out."

When they arrived back home, at the duplex, Steve's little sister, Ida, who was 12, was sitting on the porch was not a. This development Steve welcomed, Sheri saw, because his skin turned a sickly blue, as if frozen.

"Where's Gabby?" Ida demanded, hopping off the porch, a Wendy the Witch comic book dangling from one hand.

"None of your damn —"

"She's with the sitter," Sheri cut in, smiling.

Ida smiled back. Sheri did not spend a lot of time with or around Ida. But she knew enough to know that Ida hated her older brother. The animosity probably began when Ida was 2, and he had let her crawl out from a trunk beneath an open window, onto the porch roof. He'd watched her labor toward the edge, until their mother, screaming, tumbled out the window after her, hooking a hand around one of the toddler's legs.

Steve went in the door to their apartment in the duplex, saying nothing more to either Ida or Sheri. He held the door open absently for Sheri, then stomped ahead of her, up the stairs.

Once inside, he went into the bedroom, and closed the door, not slamming, but oddly slow, and Sheri thought she heard him crying. She wasn't sure. In the next moment, he turned on the radio, loudly. The Eagles were playing "Hotel California." He changed the radio station to one that played hard rock, and Sheri remembered: she had put on the "easy listening" radio station that morning, to quell her nerves, and they had even argued about it. The hard rock was back on.

For the moment, she was glad. Whether he was crying, or laughing, or muttering to himself like an idiot, she didn't care. She didn't want to hear him. And above all, she didn't want him to hear her.

He'd dropped the car key on a little side table inside the door, one that had a "Pet Rock" next to it someone had given them as a joke. "I don't know what wedding gift you get for people who aren't getting married."

"You can leave us alone," Steve had said. There was a time, when he had tried to exert that air of protection over his young family.

That had quickly evaporated, and now, he was hiding in the bedroom, behind a wall of loud music. Not music about sunny California, but music by a loud, uncompromising band from the icy north. Rush.

She hoped that the monster sounds of "2112" would bury the clank of the key across the side table, and her opening the door, and hurrying down the stairs.

Ida was still on the porch. The sound of "2112" blared through the upstairs window.

"That's loud," Ida declared, propping up her comic book in front of her face, just beneath her eyes.

For a second, their eyes met. There was no pulling anything over on Ida, Sheri realized. That kid had learned the hard way. After a moment, Ida said, "Bye, Aunt Sheri."

"Bye, Ida." Tears glinted in both their eyes.

As the Impala tore away, Sheri thought she heard Steve yelling, but she realized she had only concocted this in imagination.

He had, in fact, emerged from the bedroom, the music still turned up, and fished a steak knife out of the kitchen drawer.

After a few fumbled attempts at his wrist, he plunged into his chest, aiming for his heart, but missing, and sliding, messily and without dignity, to the kitchen floor.

He'd left a note, not near him, but on the unmade bed, in the room where the rock music played: "Go to the farm. I'm the world's most horrible" and there was no word after that.

Sheri would come to know all this later, but for the moment, there was only one person in her mind, and that person was Gabby.

She had already decided that if she had to, she would turn herself in, turn them both in, her and Steve, if necessary. It wasn't even important anymore, what happened to her. Except she already knew none of that was going to happen.

She delayed herself by getting confused about the trip from the duplex to the backroads that led to the farm's edge, pulling over to compose herself, thinking of a song about California and the warm sunshine.

That cleared her mind enough to manage her way there, she had to remind herself. Go slowly, calmly. No slamming doors. No dropping the keys.

She could barely remember getting out of the car, or walking, or running, or floating or flying. She only knew that once she got there, the soft depression amid the sunflowers was empty.

A choking sensation built in her throat, and she struggled, once more, to breathe.

And when she did, she could see, or thought she saw, and heard: a rustling, a giggling, like a child or children playing among the rows, which sparked panic anew: the bees.

Sheri stumbled forward, parting the sunflower stalks, sure their long stems would bend, and let her fall. But they didn't. They caught her, and pushed her back onto her feet.

There was a soft hum – not angry bees, but bees in a cloud of intoxication in the sun's rays, the generous pollen.

This was no place of struggle. It was a place of plenty. At last, for the first time in what seemed an eternity, perhaps since she even learned she would become a mother, Sheri breathed, deeply, fruitfully.

The bowed green leaves and tousled, yellow-gold manes of the sunflowers rustled, and again, that giggle that belonged only to Gabby, except it didn't. Gabby's cooing and giggling had joined in.

There were in fact, two, she realized, and they were not on the ground, they were above it, in the delicious air, in the protective arms of the sunflowers.

She said aloud, "I know you." A soft sensation of fur brushed against her legs, causing her to startle again.

The voices, the voices she heard noiselessly within her for days, now sounded outside her, and around her.

Her cat, Meep. Her sister who had never made it beyond the formative stages in their mothers' womb. "Emily," Sheri said, aloud, and a memory rocked her: she had begged her parents that if the baby turned out to be a girl, to please name it Emily, after a character on a kids' cartoon show, whose life was pink, and perfect, and filled with flowers.

And now, a dissonant, melancholy sound emerged, weeping.

"Dad," Sheri said aloud. The sound continued, as if her words were unheard. "Dad. It's not your fault." And she realized, it wasn't. He had worked hard, took refuge in shows about bowling and fishing, and had let the mortgage insurance lapse because he was battling to keep his heart, his brain, his body in one piece for his family, and hadn't told them.

"Okay, okay, okay," Sheri said. Holding out her arms, she insisted, "Gabby, please, it's time to go."

A discordantly cool breeze had begun, and the sunflowers were settling into a kind of torpor. A panicked thought pricked her:

"What if they don't give her back?"

But, they did. She fell, tumbling, into Sheri's arms, crying, and they both nearly fell over onto the ground, amid the stalks that were now unyielding, and slightly prickly.

A buzz near her ear made her cringe involuntarily as a bee, about its urgent bee business, zoomed past, as if Sheri were a commuter driving too slowly in the passing lane.

Gabby whimpered, burped, and as a small stream of spittle splattered against Sheri's face, Gabby laughed. "Figures," Sheri said, and then laughed. Finding her bearings once more, she laughed, high and loud, dancing her way out of the sunflowers, holding and swinging Gabby, who shrieked and laughed in the abandon.

A noise, from somewhere near the front of the farm, caught them, and Sheri pressed Gabby to her and stopped dancing.

They nearly tumbled again; Sheri skittered toward the Impala, leaning against it. Her heart beat fast, and Gabby's little heart sounded a rapid beat of alert.

A voice of outrage, a female voice, a mom's voice – Gary's mom – shouting into the dusty air: "His aunt's on the School Committee, you know!"

"Then he should act a little smarter, ma'am." A cop's voice. A slightly familiar one. Derek Heever. Another classmate. A no-nonsense, occasionally dour, but surprisingly sensitive guy.

Sheri felt a surge of relief. There were flashing blue lights, like a pulsar, more yelling, a child crying, a donkey braying in the petting zoo. Geese squawked. Another door slammed. More shouting about the School Committee.

"Come on," Gabby," Sheri said, gently, smiling. "Let's go."

With Gabby settled in the baby seat, Sheri got into the car, taking a moment for another breath, thinking that maybe they should make a quick exit, but deciding she was tired of the quick exits in her life.

She thought with some surprise of those weeks in what seemed like someone else's lifetime: when her stomach roiled, and she could keep down nothing but ginger ale, saltines, and for reasons her doctor couldn't fathom, KitKat bars.

It had been senior year, and she wasn't alone. She and two other girls darted several times to the bathroom, and the lunch ladies, with a compassion that seemed absent from other places, had saltines and ginger ale and KitKat bars at the ready.

Otherwise, the entire school seemed to grumble. The grumbling reached the School Committee, who, Gary's aunt included, insisted that Sheri and two other girls get their GEDs rather than appearing as a terrible example to the other students. By which they meant, the other girls.

Nothing came of it. The School Department's attorney warned them that a discrimination lawsuit would bleed the district of so much money, enough to support all the girls' kids through to their master's degrees.

At graduation, Sheri and the other two girls waddled their way across the stage, their ankles threatening to betray them in the high, wedge-heel shoes they and almost every girl in the class wore on graduation.

Despite all this, the ceremony went ahead uneventfully, apart from some muttering in the audience. That is, until Kassy Nice's water broke just as she'd begun to ascend the stairs.

Kassy's parents leapt from their folding chairs, and dragged her, feet skidding, out the door and off to the hospital, where she and her newly-delivered baby would receive her diploma bedside.

A photo went with a roll of film to the one-hour photo booth at the mall, where Kevin Snaar worked, and where he made multiple copies. Kassy, her new baby and diploma tucked under one arm, was smiling, braces glinting, and flipping the bird. She'd then gone about handing out the photo to select classmates, and mailed copies, signed personally, to each member of the School Committee.

She'd given one to Sheri, but with a hug, and although they hadn't been close friends up to that point, a bond did begin to glimmer between them. Sheri had wished she'd had Kassy's raw defiance, her pride.

But maybe now I do, she said, and it was her own voice, for sure, out loud, and looking in the rearview mirror at Gabby: "Yes, I do, and so do you!"

But what now, what now. She had a diploma, a car, and a baby, and no plan. She knew for her sake and for Gabby's, she had to do better than that.

She twisted the knob on the radio, and as a soft song by Olivia Newton-John played, an idea came to her.

She drove up to the Nice house. Kassy was in the driveway, clutching her baby son, Tommy, and telling Tommy's father to "shove it." "No, it's not great that he's going to have a half-brother. Or sister. Or pet lizard or whatever you've got going on with that chow hag!"

Instead of crying in distress, young Tommy was kicking his legs and laughing, and the sound carried, prompting Gabby to laugh, too.

When Kassy caught sight of the visitors, she turned sharply on her heel, making her way to the driver side window. Sheri had a brief moment of envy. Kassy was already back to her top form, and wearing cut-off shorts to show it.

"Hey," Sheri said. "Wanna go somewhere?"

With Tommy laughing on her hip, and Gabby giggling back in some kind of intuitive baby call-and-response, Kassy said. "Yeah, sure." She scrambled around to the passenger side, snapping the seatbelt across her, Tommy draped over her shoulder, laughing and burping at Gabby, sitting in the back.

"You need a safety seat," Sheri said as the Impala pulled away, Tommy's father shouting something unintelligible, but not moving from where he stood.

"Yeah, I know," Kassy conceded. "Where did you wanna go? Did you wanna talk about something?"

"Actually, yes," said Sheri. "Let's go to Johnson's and get some ice cream."

"Um, okay, sounds great," said Kassy. "Then what. You don't want to talk about just ice cream, right?"

The radio began to play Led Zeppelin's "Going to California."

THE END

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Annexation eyes.

That day, I came out of an English class as HIAL lanj. I don't know if I'm tired or bored. It was Biology after English. Some kind of calmness in everyone. Why no one is ready for class. Almost no one has an assessment against happiness. Inside was a Khadik who said, "let them not ask me." As always, we put our trust in God and started the lesson.

As soon as the bell rang into the entrance, the master entered. As always:

- Vampires, "The Master began his word.

They say that I have the main reason, of course. At all times we were sitting in the classroom without turning on the light. For some reason, we always sought to avoid light. Just like vampires. No one knew why.

"You are turning me into a vampire too," The Master added.

We laughed at the bar of classmates. After a few seconds, the teacher turned to us from a question point of view. There was no echo from anyone. The class is silent as if pouring water. Only the humming of the fly touching the nerve is heard.

"Hay, vampirjonlarey," the teacher began a new topic.

In that class, the teacher passed on gender genetics. Everyone-everything, even being educated, and being able to make a person intelligent, we are surprised to hear that genetics is connected.

We talked with relatives about the fact that marriage does not have good consequences. The teacher cited something as an example. But with a classmate rejecting the idea of the teacher:

- Master, look.

The master responded to the condition:

- I looked.

- My parents were also related and married. We have 4 children in the family. But thank God immensely no one is disabled or ill.

Master thought a rest:

- In it, you say, "Komilova", from why you do not speak a single mouth, even twenty students in the classroom.

We all laughed. Without anyone being able to behave, nuqul laughed. Our teacher joined us. (They always spoke jokingly because they loved us.)

- The main reason for this is the marriage of relatives, - the teacher added with a laugh.

Halihanuz could not prevent anyone from laughing.

And Komilova, for some reason, looked after everyone with bright eyes. From close friends, something was waiting for us. He expected her to take his side or not to laugh. True, I was ashamed of myself, looking into his eyes. The spark in his eyes was also wilted when the stray, who looked at everyone one by one, could not find what he was looking for from anyone. He also "laughed hard" over this situation when the desperation joined us.

At that moment, a stepmother came to my mind. Mom regularly repeated a sentence:

"- Daughter, never expect anything from anyone. No matter how close he is to you. Even, from me. Ask him alone and wait for him...."

The story in this lesson became a great life lesson for me. In order not to make such a mistake in life school, I gained new experience in myself...

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Articles

Saidova Mahzuna

THE USE OF RHETORICAL QUESTIONS IN UZBEK POETRY OF THE 20TH CENTURY

Abstract. This article discusses interrogative sentences and rhetorical interrogatives, which are considered to be one of its types. Rhetorical interrogatives in the poems of poets and poets who lived and created in the 20th century: Zulfiya, Amon Matjon, Abdulla Oripov were analyzed. Key words: interrogative sentences, rhetorical interrogative sentences, poetry, emotion, rhetorical anxiety, excitement, style.

There are three types of interrogative sentences according to their relationship to the expected answer: 1) pure interrogative sentences require an answer: Where are you going today? 2) a rhetorical interrogative sentence does not require an answer and is essentially a figurative interrogative sentence: Is a person who does not love his mother a person? 3) interrogative - the command sentence

expresses the meaning of ordering by way of question: Won't you come soon?[1] Rhetorical interrogative sentences express the speaker's attitude and feelings towards reality. Rhetorical interrogative sentences express the meanings of proof and confirmation. The content of a sentence expressed by an interrogative sentence is much stronger than the content of a message expressed by a sentence. Rhetorical interrogative sentences are in the form of questions and do not require an answer. In artistic language, sometimes in a public speech, the speaker expresses his feelings with excitement. Rhetorical interrogative sentences serve to make the sentence more effective and are a type of artistic style. For example: Can all of Akhmatjon's hard work go to waste?! I don't know if I could manage without these creative people? Did he not come into the world and live with a better intention!?[2] Some rhetorical questions may be followed by answers. For example: Where is that dreamy young man? Why did you stand there with tears in your eyes

lol. Why is your black dress white in your hair, Why are you in this situation? (Zulfiya. Spring came to ask you). Although the sentences in such verses are not answers to rhetorical interrogative sentences, they mean that they are their final part. In poetic works, lyric writers use rhetorical interrogative sentences to convey their feelings and goals to listeners and readers.

Why doesn't he fall in love with apricot blossoms? Wavy curly hair? Why the joyous nashida that I brought Peshvoz won't come out, why write it down? (Zulfiya)

Pronoun why in rhetorical interrogative sentences can provide evidence and confirmation information in interrogative-negative sentences. The following meanings can be expressed in rhetorical interrogative sentences:

- SARCASM
- EMPHASIS
- PROTEST
- PITY
- REBUKE

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

Dissatisfaction: *Come on, what's your goal? heart? tears? Oripov).*

Why did you need my

Why is it necessary, master, you are so sad! (Abdulla

It seems to the poet that the melody is someone's cry and sadness. Melody always causes human heart, pain and emotions to surface.

Why are you touching my

Pity: In fact, the soil is fair nature the earth.

Why is this dirt, Furqat

Oh, poor soil, are you poor? (Abdulla

Its distribution is equal to the surface of

Oripov).

Through these lines, the writer feels sorry, surprised, and worried, saying, "Are you poor in the poor land?" Rhetorical interrogative sentences of this type are the main source for making poems more attractive.

There are 8 more types of rhetorical questions:

Rhetoric is affirmation	Rhetoric is denial	Rhetoric-suspicion	Rhetorical strong sense of excitement
Rhetorical surprise	A rhetorical concern	Rhetorical rage	Rhetorical wonder

Who said that the road has been traveled a long way expected was what was expected, again

I'm glad he met me

What came and went, what was

Love revives the survivors! (Amon

Matjon).

In Amon Matjon's poem "Thank you to the Creator, you have come

again", the poet used the features of rhetorical suspicion and rhetorical strong emotion-excitement of rhetorical interrogative sentences. Or if we pay attention to the lines in the following poetic passage that summarize the meanings of rhetorical affirmation and rhetorical concern:

How many flying stars passed by,

distracting the people,

How many generations have wasted their ways and

hopes,

This day, by the criterion of time,

No

matter what I do, mercy is hidden under me,

What I do now is not the same as

before.

The poet is now worried and saddened by the fact that the wheel, the

circle, the number, and the value of a person are not the same as before.

In the poems of poets

such as Zulfia, Abdulla Oripov, and Amon Matjon mentioned above, their joys, sorrows, and inner experiences are clearly visible. They use the wide possibilities of our native language in order to further enrich their creative products.

In conclusion, it should be said that the use of

rhetorical interrogative sentences in works written both in the direction of verse and in the direction of prose serves to increase its stylistic color. Rhetorical interrogative sentences are not used in all styles. They are mainly used in journalistic, artistic and conversational styles.

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CONFLICT AND PLOT HARMONY IN SAID AHMAD'S NOVEL "SILENCE".

Abstract: This article describes the characters in the novel "Silence", the similarities and differences in their characters. Information about the conflict and the subject is provided. Conflicts in the work are revealed through examples.

Key words: work, hero, conflict, plot, positive image, negative image, psychological conflict, social conflict, personal conflict. There are many writers and poets who have gained their place in Uzbek literature and enriched Uzbek literature with their works. Among them, Said Ahmad left a rich legacy with his unique and unique works, and he won the hearts of readers. The works written by him are loved and read again and again. A person who has read will want to read again. In this article, we will try to shed more light on Said Ahmed's novel "Silence" and the negative and positive images in it.

In the novel "Silence", the ugly life of the leaders in the Soviet era, the lifestyle of the oppressed ordinary people, the Taliban who lived in Africa for many years under the pressure of the leaders, returned home after losing his wife and child, the womanizing chairman Mirvali, who is ready to do anything abominable for wealth and position, his father was killed and his mother was killed by Mirvali. The fate of people like Azizbek, who was kidnapped, is told. The work perfectly reveals the evils of the stagnation period.

In the novel, the internal dramas of the Shura era, which seemed calm and peaceful on the surface, and the crisis of the regime are shown in all their tension and intensity. Almost all the leading characters in the play have a tragic fate. The novel is attractive with its simple, "free" style of expression.

"Plot (fr. Sujet - a subject, something based on) is one of the most important elements of the artistic form, a system of events in the work that are interrelated and consist of the actions of the hero. Plot is one of the characteristics of fiction, plot is present in all works, regardless of type or genre, but its manifestation largely depends on which type or genre it belongs to. [D. Kuronov, Z. Mamajonov, M. Sheraliyeva, Dictionary of Literature, T: Academy, 2013].

At first glance, Mirvali, who appeared to be a good and positive character, was actually a negative character. In the village or collective farm, Mirvali had a hand in everything if there was any evil, dirty work... The main characters in the work are as follows:

- Taliban - the main character. Scientist. A man who lived far from his homeland for many years under the pressure of officials, returned to his home where he was born and grew up after the death of his wife and child, and "buried his happiness in the soil", according to his mother.
- Mirvali is a friend of Taliban. Chairman of the collective farm.
- Zainab- Talibjan's sister.
- The old woman is a 90-year-old blind woman, Talibjan's stepmother.
- Azizbek is a young man whose father was killed by Mirvali, and whose mother Mirvali took as his mistress.

"The plot is the interrelationships of characters, contradictions, sympathies and antipathies between them, so it also invents, generalizes, and discovers the contradictions of life. Life conflicts are transferred to the work in the form of a struggle of expressed ideas, depicted characters, and moods, and it is called a conflict. [H. Umurov, Theory of Literary Studies. T: Publishing house of folk heritage named after A. Qadiri, 2004. B-123].

Any kind of conflict can be found in the novel "Silence". The characters of the work and the conflicting relationship between them are described very well. We can see it in the example of the conversation between Talibjan and Jayrona in the play. "Jayrona was silent for a while. Then he sat looking at the far ceiling, deliberating whether to say what came to his heart or not.

- Won't you be upset if I say something?

The Taliban said, okay, tell me.

- Brother Talibjan, you are a person who is not fit to fight and has no will. You are one of those who follow Tolstoy's theory. Do you know? Tolstoy puts forward the idea of rising up against oppression. You once raised your head and became an earthworm. Your heart stopped beating for the second nod. Accepting fate, you are wandering in other countries. You are

powerless to stand up against violence. Frankly, I don't like you. A man should live as a fire. He should spend all his will, strength, and mind to prove that he is right. What are you doing, eh..." Jayrona waved her hand like a disappointed person. The Taliban did not crack the ground and did not enter the ground. On one count, his words were true. Taliban did not realize that he was living by his fate. He felt it at the same time. Jayrona told him this. [S. Ahmad, Silence. T: Gafur Ghulam, 1989]. It is in this part of the work that we saw a personal conflict. The laziness of the hero of the work and his inability to fight for the truth are told to his face by the language of another hero.

"Conflict is the driving force of the plot. It is an element that determines its effectiveness, interest, and scope. Its different types are found:

1. Psychological (spiritual) conflict is the struggle of emotions, concepts (weaknesses and strengths) in the heart of the hero.
2. Social conflict is a struggle between the heroes of the work and the conditions in which they live.
3. Personal - intimate conflict - struggle between opposing characters, groups. These three types of conflict can be found in all novels, but the works in which psychological conflict is the leader ("Mirage" by A. Qahhor; "Treasure of Ulugbek" by O. Yaqubov) are always indicators of the quality of literature and leave a bright mark." [H. Umurov, Theory of Literary Studies. T: Publishing house of folk heritage named after A. Qadiri, 2004. B-124].

The fate of the heroes of the work ends in tragedy. But we can learn that the combination of plot and conflicts is the tool that moves the work. We should also be among the people who fight for the truth and freedom, for the rightness in our lives. We would recommend others to read this work of Said Ahmed again.

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Analysis of the life of Shukur Kholmirzayev and the story "The Man Who Fell into the Cliff"

Shukur Kholmirzayev, the beloved writer of our nation, was born on March 23, 1940 in Boysun district. Adib graduated from the Faculty of Journalism of Tashkent University in 1963. Worked in many publishing houses and magazines. He worked as an editor (1963-1967) at the publishing house "Yosh Gvardiya" and at the magazines "Guliston" (1969-1975) and "Sharq Star" (1978-1980). The first works of our writer were published in 1958. He started to create in the short story genre along with the story during his first works. His short stories: "The White Horse" (1962), "The Waves" (1963), "Who is not eighteen?" (1965). Shukur Kholmirzayev introduced the concept of "cruel realism" to our literature for the first time. He created the conflicts of social life and times in the stories and stories he created earlier, and later he began to emphasize this situation in the relations between the human world and nature. In the works created in the 80s and 90s, he focused on a deep artistic analysis of society and people's life.

"Sh. Despite the fact that Kholmirzayev wrote a number of works in the novel genre and these works have a special place in the history of Uzbek novelists of this period, he is primarily a story writer. In his stories, he continued the best traditions of Uzbek writers such as A. Qadiri, A. Qahhor, and enriched Uzbek storytelling with the artistic experiences of Russian and European writers. Shukur Kholmirzayev's best stories are distinguished by the freshness and brilliance of the character, the originality of the composition, and the colorful language of the characters."

Most of Shukur Kholmirzayev's stories are closely related to nature. One of the stories he created in this spirit is "The Man Who Fell into the Cliff". The story begins with a picture of the main character Islam's house. He loves nature very much, understands the language of animals. In fact, he studies at school, then goes to the army and returns to the war. Even in cold countries, he sandblasts his land, nature, and mountains. Islam, who has not been able to study for two years, is discouraged from studying. After returning home, he is engaged in hunting. In fact, birds and animals knew that he rarely shot. By a coincidence of fate, our nature-loving hero became a reporter for the "Sound of the Mountains" newspaper. He was also entrusted with the management of the rubric "nature and man". Gradually, Islam, who had no knowledge of journalism or publishing, began to write articles for the newspaper. After a while, his articles began to be read throughout the republic. He became satisfied with himself and gradually began to feel like the first lover of the surrounding nature, its passionate defender, its first propagandist. One such day, he met a director who came to film nature scenes. He showed him the most beautiful places of nature. A director was interested in a mountain and they decided to climb it. A mother bear lived there with her cubs. The director took a gun with him, and because of his bad intentions, he shot the mother bear. Islam strictly ordered him not to do this, but the matter took a different turn. The first one did not touch, and the bear woke up and began to pounce on him. He shot again. Then the young bear cubs were left without a mother. Then some feelings began to pass through Islam's heart. Then a riot broke out in him.

- Why did the director shoot the bear? Why does it harm nature? Isn't Islam the protector of nature, its loyal friend? These thoughts kept spinning in his mind. Then he felt that if he did not take revenge on him, he would become a traitor. And... He grabbed the rifle from Ismail Yusupovich's hand and put it on his neck in a hug. The director fell to the ground, getting up again and his body flew down the cliff. The story ends with these sentences. In this story, the main idea is revealed through subjects such as nature, Islam, director. Islam and Ismail Yusupovich are opposite personalities. One loves nature more than his life, every animal and bird is his family. One is a selfish person who thinks only of his own ego, is given to arrogance and does not think about nature. In fact, man is inextricably linked with nature. We are born, grow and develop in this nature. As our ancestors said, we were created from the earth, and the earth will embrace us even when we die. That's probably why we compare nature to mother. But some people harm this mother nature. There is one unwritten law of life: every action does not go unanswered. People will receive their fate for their good and bad deeds. After all, we are alive because of this nature. As long as there is nature, humanity, animals and the world of animals will flourish. Therefore, let's protect nature and the environment as much as we can, because this is the pledge of life.

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Abduvahidova Farangiz was born on April 29, 2004 in Gijduvan district of Bukhara region. Currently, he is a 2nd-year student at the Samarkand State University named after Sharaf Rashidov. Uzbekistan
Analysis of the life of Shukur Kholmirezayev and the story "The Man Who Fell into the Cliff"

Artistic arts found in Nadirabegim's life path and ghazals.

Abstract: In the article, we have mentioned the life path and literary heritage of our poetess Mohlaroyim, who made a great contribution to the development of Uzbek poetry. Also, we will get acquainted with the explanation of the artistic tools used in his ghazals and the sentences that are the basis for the creation of this art.

Key words: Nadira, Maknuna, Komila, metaphor, tazad, ghazal, muhammas, literary environment.

Our talented poet Mohlaroyim, who wrote ghazals in Persian and Turkish under the pseudonyms "Komila", "Maknuna" and "Nadira", was born in 1792 in the family of Andijan governor Rahmonqulbi. He was not only a teacher, but also an enlightener and a statesman. In 1807, Nadira was married to Omar Khan, governor of Margilan. Nadira plays a major role in shaping the literary atmosphere in the palace. The reason is that her husband Omar Khan also created under the pseudonym Amiri. Nadira meets Uvaisi and invites him to the palace as a teacher. In 1810, Amir Olim Khan dies and Umar Khan comes to the throne. From this year, Nadira will continue her work in Kokon. Due to the tragic death of Amir Umar Khan in 1822, his son Madali Khan took over the throne. During Madali Khan's rule, many madrasahs, mosques, caravanserais were built and served to improve the creative environment. Nadirabegim and his family were executed by Amir Nasrullah, the ruler of Bukhara Emirate in 1842.

Although the poetess did not live long, her works of about 10,000 verses were inherited. In addition to ghazals, he also penned mukhammas, rubai, and fard genres. In his ghazals, separation and grief are sincerely described and he continued the traditions of famous poets such as Navoi, Bedil, and Fuzuli. There are 19 (328 verses) ghazals under the pseudonym "Komila", and one divan with 333 ghazals under the pseudonym "Maknuna". Under the pseudonym "Nadira" 180 poems are collected, 136 of them are in the Uzbek language, 44 in the Tajik language. Among them, there are 11 muhammas, 2 musaddas, 1 muhammas, 1 translation, 1 table of contents and 1 statement.

Nadira's radiative ghazals "Vasl uyin obod mem...", "Marhabo", "Dahrni examinet ke te", "Sogindim" are very popular. A number of artistic arts were also used to make the ghazals more subtle.

I improved the house, but it was destroyed by the emigration

Unfortunately, this building was destroyed.

In this verse, the art of tazad was created by means of the words prosperity and destruction. Tazad is an art created by imitating things. Seli ghamdin is used in the meaning of a flood of sorrow and was the basis for the creation of the art of Mubolaga. Exaggeration is the art of exaggerating beyond belief.

He did it until the piraham stain revealed my tongue,

I don't have any more love hidden in my heart.

The words love, heart, and soul created the art of harmony, and the words open and hidden created contrast. Contrast is an art created by contrasting things. Proportion - Many art forms rely on the spiritual association of words in poetry. It is the poet's use of words that are logically related to each other and require each other.

Zahida, forgive the people of love,

What happened to Sheikh San'an in Yor Bay?

This verse describes the art of talmeh. Sheikh San'an used this art by mentioning his name. Ishq, love, asceticism are the basis of the art of relationship. The art of proportion is formed from cognate words and synonyms in linguistics. Talmeh is one of the widely used art forms in classical poetry. In this, the poet summarizes his thoughts by referring to a famous story, event or work, person.

Although there was a special order of the giants,

After all, Suleiman died in a bad way.

Mor is the art of dev tazad, Sulayman is the art of talmeh.

Because the jewel of my heart is blood instead of love,

Tears dripped from my eyes. This verse uses the art of tashbeh, the gem of love - the gem of love. Allegory is one of the most productive poetic arts widely used in literature. It can be said to make it into Uzbek. In metaphor, things, signs, and actions are described by analogy and comparison. In addition, another art was involved in this very verse. It emphasizes the tears

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through the word necklace. This art is called metaphor. Istiora is an Arabic word that means "borrowing". One thing is called by another name.

My figon, the collar of my son,
I am very sad, my heart, you are not aware of it.

In this verse, the word "heart" is used as an exhortation. From the fine arts, it was the basis for the art of exclamation. Nido is distinguished from other poetic arts by its ability to openly and powerfully describe the feelings and emotions of the human heart. In this case, the thought is focused on a person or an object.

If you want to repair the Kaaba,
Turn the broken heart into a prosperous one.

In this verse, the word Ka'ba is contrasted with the words talmeh and abad - ruin. In our linguistics, the words that form the art of contrast are called antonyms - words with opposite meanings.

The work of the poetess is a great heritage for us. Despite being the wife of the king, Nadirabegim did not stop her creativity. He worked to make people and people intelligent and enlightened people. He managed to unite the intellectuals of that time around him. Life at that time was a little easier. The work of the poet began to be studied during her lifetime and works dedicated to her were created. For example, "Tuhvatut-tavarikh" by Avazmuhammad Attar, "Muntahabut-tavarikh" by Hakim Khan Tora, "History of Fargana" by Ishaq Khan Tora, "Haft Gulshan" by Nadir-uzlat. We saw the poetic arts in the analysis of the poet's ghazals and analyzed them. We will continue the analysis in our next work.

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Innovative technologies of poetry teaching in Uzbek national Pre-school educational institutions.

Abstract:This article talks about using new methods in teaching poetry to children of pre-school age, highlighting its advantages. Arousing their interest in poetry and literature, in a word, using new methods like teaching poetry.

Key words:Poetry, rhyming words, statistics, imagination, busyness, love of poetry.

Poems written for children of pre-school educational organizations are different in terms of content and essence. Khudoyberdi Tokhtabayev's book „Erkatoy-erka-toy” contains short poems intended for children.

First of all, the pedagogue should be able to instill in the student a love for literature, that is, instill a desire to know it, in general, be able to explain in the essence of poems to some more complicated words and places, takes on several tasks, such as teaching expressive reading.

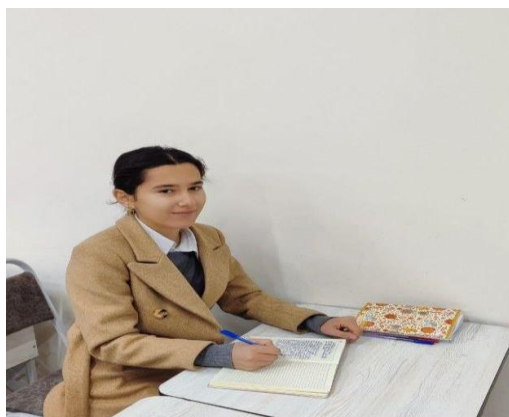
Initially, when choosing a poem for a student, its size should be taken into account. The volume of the poem should not be too large, it must be divided according to the groups. That is to say, it is desirable that the poem should not exceed for 2 paragraphs in large groups. According to statistics, a child remembers an average of 1 or 2 poems (during training) in a month. Sometimes remember fairy tales or songs by the process at that time.

It is permissible to teach rhyming words to children of a small group at first. The teachers should be able to enter the situation while reading the poems, namely they should be able to awaken the imagination of the child, he or she wants to sing and act like them. Before memorizing the poem, the pedagogue reads it to the children and conducts a conversation, asks what the poem is about, what part of the poem the children liked she offers them to memorize the poem and repeats the parts that the children liked. Firstly, the educator should pay attention to children's expressive reading of poetry. The teacher should memorize the poem, the poem should not be memorized as a chorus, the children should learn it alone, etc.

The purpose of the training: to awaken feelings of love for literature and poetry in the students of all Uzbek national Pre-school educational institutions, to introduce them to the meaning and essence of the poem, to help to understand and memorize its meaning. Teaching children to recite poetry in front of their peers.

The lesson should be completed by bringing out the child who reads expressively with a very bright performance, and bringing in the children's favorite toys that will sing new poem with them.

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Name: Jumakulova Khumora Shodiyevna. She was born on October 26, 2004 in Pakhtachi district of Samarkand region. She is the author of the collection of poems „Jannat hidi kelgan Vatanim”

The second place winner of the regional stage of the „Ijodkor bolalar” contest. The third place winner of the „Oltin toj” competition. The winner of the third place in the essay competition on the topic „Men sevgan adabiy qahramon” and she has taken pride of place several times in the regional stage of the „Orasta qizlar,” pageant. In addition, she is a regular participant and honorary owner of „Zakovat” intellectual game. The quick-witted bookworm contests. She was not only a participant in a number of prestigious competitions such as „Quvnoqlar va Zukkolar”, „Mushoira”, „Shaxmat”, „Zukko kitobxon”, „Bo'zatov FEST” which were held as part of the „Five Initiatives” Olympiad, but also took pride of place. Her

creative works were published in newspapers.

Literature and poetry accompany my life.

In fact, over the years, literature is becoming a part of my days, the meaning of my life. Every day I spend creating and reading to bring peace to my mind. Just as a person cannot live without water, I cannot live without literature. If I don't read a book, I feel like a person who has been left without water for a month in the desert. Look, what moods literature puts a person in. I can say this clearly: when read the novels "O'tkan kunlar" or "Ikki eshik orasi" the happiest person is the person who lived with the heroes of the work, laughed when they laughed, cried when they cried, and felt what was going on in their hearts. I am one of those happy people. There were times when I was dizzy.

When I read the story "Qochoq" from Said Ahmed's "Ufq", I hate the image of Tursunboy, even my relatives wrote poems urging the younger generation not to be cowards like Tursonboy.

I feel this clearly: literature seems to be absorbed into my blood.

My heart feels the need to create, and literature, poetry are becoming my companion. But...

But I am afraid that one day my heart will die of dehydration and thirst.

And this question still haunts me:

"How would I live without literature?"

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Shonazarova Parizod Ravshanbek's daughter from Uzbekistan. She was born on December 22, 2005 in Khorezm region Khanka district. Presently, she studies at 41-school in Khanka. Her many poems are published on newspapers of Germany, Kenya. For example, her poems are published every day on e-paper of Kenya- "M.T Kenya times"

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