

RAVEN & CAGE

96

Poetry and Prose Ezine

SLEEP
TIGHT



RAVEN CAGE ISSUE 96
POETRY AND PROSE EZINE

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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

Contents

COVER	I
CONTENTS	I
EDITORIAL	1
Submission Guidelines	1
PROMOTION	2
ZEKERIJA IDRIZI	2
"ESCAPE FROM "DEATH"	2
DISASTROUS SEPTEMBER A NOVEL BY SKIFTER KELLICI	5
"Crafting the Impossible: A Journey Through Visual Effects"	7
IN TURKEY THE ANTHOLOGY OF POETRY THE WORLD	9
SOPRAVISSUTE - SURVIVORS BOOK DEDICATED TO THE DEFENSE OF WOMEN	10
EMOTIONAL POETRY	11
NIAMAT ELHAMRI	11
I REMEMBER	11
TOMORROW'S ENCOUNTER	12
MALACHI EDWIN VETHAMANI	13
SOLITUDE	13
RAMBUTAN KISSES	14
YOU ARE, I AM	15
MARIELA CORDERO	17
SURRENDER	17
THE HAND IN THE SHADOW	18
THE SENSED FEATURES	19
THE INSCRUTABLE EYES	20
ISLAND	21
SILLA M CAMPANINI	22
AND I LOVE YOU	22
MEMORIES	23
KANG BYEONG-CHEOL	24
GOOD POEM	24
THE LESSON OF HISTORY	24
GAZA'S WHITE DOVE	25
DO NOT TEACH REVENGE	25
ONE'S INNER PEACE	26
ILARIA GIOVINAZZO	27
EMPTY	27
LETIZIA CAIAZZO	28
EYELIDS WIDE OPEN	28
HIDDEN FORCE	29
WOMEN AT THE SEA	30
MOHAMED ELLAGHAFI	32
I HAVE NO ERASER	32

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

THEY'RE ALL... LIES, MY FATHER	33
ABOUT TO DEPART	34
KIM, PIL-YOUNG	35
TEARDROP.....	35
AL-DULAIMI	36
THE ROSES.....	36
SOBIRJONOVA RAYHONA.....	38
Mom	38
SIDDHARTH SINGH	39
Walk.....	39
How many times more	40
Move away a little.....	41
WAHEEDA AAMIR	42
September 22,2024.	42
DONNA MCCABE	43
Calm Waters.....	43
Colour My World	44
ABEERA MIRZA	45
Her Inner Screams.	45
Road of Life	46
DANIJELA ĆUK	47
SLEEP TIGHT	47
MAKHMASALAYEVA JASMINA MAKHMASHUKUROVNA	48
Parents.....	48
ABDULBASSET ABDULSALAM QASSEM ALSAMADI	49
The moon of my heart.....	49
KAILASH NATH KHANDLWAL.....	50
Lure of Love.....	50
ELPIOLA LLUKA.....	51
"For the love of mother"	51
"Message To The Youths"	52
SABIHA AFROSE	53
Fluffy dream!.....	53
Shhhhh!.....	54
Mind you know!	55
TAGHRID BOU MERHI.....	56
CHIDREN'S DAY	56
SHUKURILLO ISMOILOV / HAMIDOVA IRODA.....	57
Living is Hard.....	57
NILUFAR ANVAROVA.....	59
My dear.....	59
NARAYAN MAIKAP	60
Botched Attempt.....	60
KHIDIROVA NARGIZA.....	61
GOOD LUCK MOM.....	61
FHEN M.	62
I HEAR YOUR VOICE.....	62
ILHOMOVA MOHICHEHRA.....	63

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

Now you know.....	63
ORINBAYEVA DILDARA.....	64
To myself.....	64
NURULLAYEVA RA'NO.....	65
My parents.....	65
MAHBUBA SHODIEVA.....	66
Hope did not bloom in my heart.....!	66
USHUROVA GULCHEHRA.....	67
Where do I look for you Father?.....	67
RHIANNON OWENS.....	68
Scorned/Spawned.....	68
SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY.....	70
A LOOK AT LIFE-163.....	70
A LOOK AT LIFE-164.....	71
A LOOK AT LIFE-165.....	72
ADA RIZZO.....	73
LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.....	73
WOMEN.....	74
HAMED ABDUL MAJMAI.....	75
THE WARMTH OF CRYING.....	75
ANTONIETTA MICALI.....	77
I WOULD LIKE TO LOVE.....	77
NOSTALGIA.....	78
BETWEEN FIRE AND SNOW.....	79
WHEN I LOST MY MIND.....	80
MURADOVA FERANGIZ FARRUKHOVNA.....	81
I dont hate.....	81
LUAN RAMA.....	84
YOU LEFT.....	84
SISTER.....	85
ELEGY FOR AEGEAN SEA DOLLS.....	86
KHUDOYNAZAROVA VAHOVJAN.....	88
Childhood.....	88
Love.....	89
SHEROVA ORZIGUL.....	90
I have a friend.....	90
BEST FRIEND.....	91
GIADA GIORDANO.....	92
Untitled 1.....	92
Untitled 2.....	92
Untitled 3.....	92
SWAYAM PRASHANT.....	93
Once Upon A Time I Loved Fairy Tales.....	93
That Killing Look.....	94
Today I Shall Sing A Song For Jimlika.....	95
The Best Is Yet To Come.....	96
MEG SMITH.....	97
The Last Astronomy.....	97

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

Bereavement Walk.....	97
BUNYODOVA PARIZODABONU	98
Happiness.....	98
AJOY BHATTACHARYYA	99
The Seductress	99
Uma	100
GOTHIC POETRY	101
ERIC SHELMAN.....	101
What Lurks In The Wicked	101
What Lurks In The Evil	103
What Lurks In The Cursed.....	104
IMELDA ZAPATA GARCIA	106
Morning's Breath	106
Ebbing	107
In Dust.....	108
NARAYAN MAIKAP	109
Stoic Loner	109
Rarefied Ideas	110
AMITAVA CHAKRABARTY.....	111
The Grey Cloud.....	111
RHIANNON OWENS.....	112
Pulse	112
ASHLEY O'KEEFE	113
Keening	113
Rune of the Ravens	114
MEG SMITH	115
Irish Crows	115
GENERAL POETRY	116
NASIR AIJAZ	116
WEAPONS DON'T MAKE THE WAR	116
SITORA SODIKOVA	118
We will not forget you Zulfiyakhanim!	118
ISMAILOV SHUKURILLO	119
Teachers.....	119
UMAROVA SEVARA	120
Anthem of independence.....	120
ILASHEVA GULJAKHON	121
My Motherland	121
SITORA OTAJONOVA	122
Bobur's lineage is characteristic of poetry,	122
DURDONAXON IN'OMJONOVA.....	123
Home	123
GERMAIN DROOGENBROODT	124
RECOGNITION	124
ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE	124
SMART PHONE	125
A VICTIM	125

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

Petrified	126
NILUFAR ANVAROVA.....	127
Book.....	127
AKRAMOV KAMOLIDDIN	128
Long live Uzbekistan.....	128
JAMES KENNETH BLAYLOCK	129
Gifts and Trinkets	129
Hive House	130
Karma's Face	131
ANVAROVA ORIFJON.....	132
Dreams, Goals, and Success.....	132
BOBOKULOVA DURDONA ZAFAROVNA	133
UZBEKISTAN	133
RASHIDOVA MUALLIMA ZARSHIDOVNA	134
School	134
IVAN POZZONI	135
THE DISEASE INVECTIVE	135
FIORELLO BORES ME	137
HAVE YOU LOST YOUR TONGUE?	139
AJOY BHATTACHARYYA	140
FUNGI.....	140
NATURE POETRY.....	141
MALACHI EDWIN VETHAMANI.....	141
ODE TO A WATER LILY	141
SILLA M CAMPANINI	142
THE DEEP NIGHT.....	142
IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA	143
KIM, PIL-YOUNG.....	145
READ THE WINTER OF THE HAN RIVER	145
TURSUNOVA SARVINOZ FAZLIDDINOVNA	146
Spring.....	146
NILOY RAFIQ	147
Three Doors Are Open.....	147
TIL KUMARI SHARMA	148
Earth as Living Being:.....	148
Earth as Mother:	149
Huge Living Life in Earth:	150
FHEN M.	151
HAMMOCK BESIDE THE SEA	151
HEART PADLOCK	151
TROPICAL ALMOND TREE	152
STRANDED ON AN ISLAND.....	152
AKRAMOV KAMOLIDDIN	153
Spring.....	153
RASHIDOVA SHAHRIZODA ZARSHIDOVNA	154
Spring.....	154
LUAN RAMA.....	155
PURPURIC BUTTERFLY	155

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

URBAN POETRY	156
EDY SAMUDRA KERTAGAMA	156
HYMN OF A CITY.....	156
PAWEL MARKIEWICZ.....	157
ROMANCE	158
FADWA ATTIA.....	158
I loved you day and night	158
I was shocked at my love.....	158
why do our moments of love end.....	158
Why did I love you ?	159
My Life Long LOVER.....	159
Not me	159
DARK/ HORROR POETRY	163
RHIANNON OWENS.....	163
Web	163
ASHLEY O'KEEFE	164
Horse and Rider.....	164
SPIRITUAL POETRY	165
MAMONI SHARMA	165
WHAT IS THE NAME OF MY CREATION	165
ILARIA GIOVINAZZO.....	166
Everything Is Immortal	166
KAILASH NATH KHANDELWAL.....	167
A Dream of Harmony.....	167
Beyond Ambitions.....	168
AKRAMOV KAMOLIDDIN	169
Life... ..	169
LUAN RAMA.....	170
YOU, MY SACRED PSALM	170
SHAILESH GUPTA.....	171
YELLOW MAGIC.....	171
NARRATIVE POETRY	173
DANIEL DE CULLA	173
PENDULUM CAN I EAT THIS?	173
TO COLLECT NESTS AND FRUITS	175
TONIGHT DOESN'T SHINE	176
ABHIJIT CHAKRABORTY	177
VISIBLE OR INVISIBLE ?	177
MUNAVVAR BOLTAYEVA	178
A PEASANT WOMAN	178
RUSTAMOVA MUQADDAS	179
Parable	179
ROBIN NEIBERGALL.....	180
Tales From the Girl Nextdoor	180
Memories.....	181

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

Betrayal.....	182
EXPERIMENTAL POETRY	183
LUKE BARTOJAY	183
Path Missing.....	183
Strange Tint.....	184
Forgotten Thought Travel Moonlight	185
IN'OMJONOVA DURDONAXON / NOSIRJON TOSHMATOV	186
Two worms.	186
COURTENAY NOLD.....	187
Clouds in My Waterglass	187
inside out	187
Silence Untold	188
MIKRO POETRY.....	189
EDY SAMUDRA KERTAGAMA	189
LOVESICK.....	189
DONNA McCABE	190
Aching... ..	190
Eclipsed... ..	190
GERMAIN DROOGENBROODT	191
QUESTION	191
FHEN M.	192
MORNINGS LIKE THIS	192
JAGARI MUKHERJEE	193
From Woman and the Moon (Hawakal 2024).....	193
9	193
54	193
56	193
66	193
70	193
FLASH FICTION / SHORT STORIES.....	194
DANIEL DE CULLA	194
IN MADRID WITH A RITA'S GIRL FRIEND AS A TAXI DRIVER	194
THE SIREN'S SOUND	195
AHMADALIYEVA GULSHANOY	196
Happy holiday, dear teachers!.....	196
ARTIKBAYEVA SHAHZODA.....	197
Ingratitude	197
DEVIN J. MEANEY.....	198
Doppelgänger.....	198
A Wolven Embrace	200
Lights Out!.....	202
CHRISTOPHER T. DABROWSKI.....	204
The Uncle	204
What's Happening To My Human	205
MADAMINOVA MAHFUZA	207
WOUNDED HEART	207

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

KAILASH NATH KHANDLWAL.....	208
A Letter to my Son.....	208
HULKAROY IN'OMJONOVA	209
Return	209
ORINBAYEVA LALEZAR AZADBAY	210
I don't get used to pain.	210
GERMAIN DROOGENBROODT	212
The Brains of Dr. Weinstein	212
KUCHAROVA UGILOY	222
SPRING INSPIRES ME	222
TAGHRID BOU MERHI.....	223
THE CHIDREN OF TOMORROW	223
A NEW BEGINNING AT THE ORPHANAGE	225
ANVAROVA NILUFAR,.....	226
Is math necessary?	226
ASRORBEBK MADALIYEV	227
Movie universe.....	227
AZAMOV SAMANDAR	229
COURAGE OF THE ANT	229
OCHILOVA OZODA	231
Bondy's Courage.....	231
TAHIROVA MOHINUR	232
A fact of life	232
ADA RIZZO.....	233
I, SURVIVOR	233
YASSIN KHADER AL-QAISI	234
THE COACHMAN	234
SURAYYO NOSIROVA	235
Dream	235
MADINA BERDIKULOVA	236
FAILED HOPE	236
ABDINABIYeva NAVROZA.....	238
First Teacher.....	238
JERRY LANGDON.....	239
Damned Appointments	239
Tartarus.....	242
SHUKURILLO ISMAILOV	250
Injury.....	250
NOSIROVA SURAYYO	252
The Midnight of the Day.....	252
ABDUMUMINOV LOCHINBEK	253
Untitled	253
OCHILOVA OZODA ZUFAR.....	254
Otabek's New Friend	254
JACEK WILKOS	255
Eating Habits	255
ARTICLES	256
DR. PIER CARLO LAVA	256

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

THE BOOK "LOST EMPIRE" BY ANGELA KOSTA PAINTED IN PAINTINGS OF SUFFERING AND REDEMPTION	256
NURUL HOQUE	258
Poems of Quazi Johirul Islam : A Rare Evaluation of Poet Al Mahmud, an Analysis	258
AKHMADJONOVA RUKHSHONA	261
The love and loyalty	261
DILSHODOVA DILSHOD	263
Geology	263
FADWA ATTIA.....	264
The role of the artist and his identity in society.....	264
..Do the arts now in all fields need identity?	265
MOHAMED AMJAR	266
Reading the poetry collection (O Your Majesty) by the Iraqi poet and media figure Hamid Al-Majmai.	266
ART.....	272
Art and Photography by Fadwa Attia	272
BACK COVER	287

Editorial

Submission Guidelines

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

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

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

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

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

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

7: Submissions placed in the subject line will be deleted unanswered. The only things in the subject line should be:

Author Name

Submission Title

Submissions for Raven Cage

Things that don't belong there:

Poems

Biographies

Stories.

8: Short Stories maximum 15,000 words, Flash fiction maximum 1500 words, poems of any genre and any theme are always welcome.

Story: a description, either true or imagined, of a connected series of events.

Short Story: an invented story that is no more than about 15,000 words in length.

Article: a piece of writing on a particular subject in a newspaper or magazine, or on the internet: Raven Cage only accepts poetry or literature based articles.

Literature: written artistic works, especially those with a high and lasting artistic value. Not articles or essays.

Essay: a short piece of writing on a particular subject, especially one done by students as part of the work for a course.

Promotion

Zekerija Idrizi

"ESCAPE FROM "DEATH"

- F R A G M E N T -

I - THE THEOSOPHIST SISYPHUS AND STONE

Kristina, last night in a long and arduous visionary dream, I experienced the strangest dialogues in life. Shortly before dusk, I was in the mountains of Kodra e Trimave in Kaçanik (my father's native village) when, suddenly, the heavens were torn by the echo of God's roaring voice. Scary voice, as it flattened me to the ground and almost made me deaf.

GOD: "Ilir, you received heavy and deadly slaps from Me because of your sinful passions, leading a bohemian hedonistic life*. In such a way of life you overestimated your personal self. My strike degraded you from the position of a poor king preacher to a poor waste cleaner on the streets of Berlin, so I delegated you on your shoulder the stone of the father of mankind, Adam (Adam), and the stone of Sisyphus, the hero of the absurd, to push it up the hills... Thus I punish my servants every time they disobey My commandments!

I: "My Lord, then, tell me, what is the meaning of your hell beyond compared to the earthly hell of mine ??! My hell is so terrifying that Your hell would tremble with fear! ... It would have been easier for me, if You had taken my soul and I rested forever in the sleep of the grave... Despite Your capital punishment for me, I will not give up my personal self, but I will follow the paths of moral catharsis to heal the scars of the soul..."

GOD: "This is how I have prescribed it. From the flowered cradle to the white shroud, when people lie in the eternal" sleep "of the grave, they are followed by a deep sigh in the form of woe, sigh and cry. You express this sigh deeply between the two cries: the first, when you are born and the second: when you die, I have not asked anyone about this determination of My Supreme Will. But the cries from "eating apples" (from sins) are even more unusual, more fatal, because they make people live like "dead corpses" among the living beings..."

I: "And I, alas, am such a dead corpse, that I live, both among the corpses and among the living beings!"

GOD: "And you, Ilir, how many times have you bitten the 'forbidden apples'?"

Suddenly God departed and the stone appeared before my eyes. I asked it:

"Who are you? What are you doing here? "

The Stone: "I am the" messenger "of God, your companion who will accompany you to the grave, even in eternity..."

ME: "Has anyone else pushed you up before me?"

The Stone: "You are neither the first nor the last to push me up. Have you been exhausted by my heavy weight that you have been carrying on your shoulders for a long time? "

I: "You are not tiring me. Already, I have been accustomed to you for years, although at first I had a hard time. I have even, surprisingly, fallen in love with you so much that I cannot live without you! But I have to say openly and honestly that I am tormented by that roaring voice of God, His severe rebuke and His fatal slap that struck me to the ground. Even today I cannot recover from that blow!"

The Stone "Tell me, before I tell you:" When did you have the hardest time with me in your life?"

I: "I had the hardest time when I looked at my children and out of irrational sadness I could not caress and hug them, as well as always, when I looked at the books in my library and I could not read them!"

The Stone: "What is your most terrifying and grotesque imagination when you are with me?"

I: "The most grotesque imagination with you is the phantasmagorical feeling, which manifests itself in the sense of a utopia that you will not go away from my neck and back even in the world of hell tomorrow till eternity! That is, the absurd idea that you and I will travel together forever. In these circumstances of contemplation, the verse of the holy

books revolves around my head: "...then fear the Fire whose fuel is men and stones,- which is prepared for those who reject Faith...!".

The Stone: "But what is your most comical image with me?"

I: "Always, when I play the role of the cyber, virtual Sisyphus," making" fictitious friends at the ends of the globe, a a time when I am really lonely, without a single friend in real life..." .

I: "Tell me now: In which people have you had the most disgusting and tragic position?"

The Stone: "I had the most tragic position when I was in the possession of special people: writers, poets, artists, philosophers, dissidents, etc. Even more disgusting for me has been with those who have been and are like you: theologians, theosophists* and eccentric mystics. "With you, my burden is even heavier, to gain some more extreme weight in imprisoned intellectuals."

I: "Are you talking about the intellectuals who suffered the most in the prisons of Goli Otok, Burrel and many, many others like them?"

The Stone: "Yes!"

The Stone: "I'm sorry Ilir, but I'm obliged to tell you that I will be your companion for life, even in the grave. I will be your monument, your epitaph on the grave, where it will be written: "Here rests the soul of the writer Sisyphus who was doomed to carry me on his shoulder his entire life!"

I: "Only one thing I will never forgive you!"

The Stone: "What is that?!"

I: "The fact that you put your heavy and bitter burden, not only on me, but also on the shoulders of my wife, Kristina. It was 2004 when, hugging each-other, we both wept bitterly, right after that spiritual calamity that, so severely, struck me. I will never forgive this! Moreover, you must remember, at that time we both cried, you and me. The Heavens, the stars, the oceans, the oaks, the flowers, and the whole universe wept. We all cried in wail, crying with sobs..."

The Stone: "I am sorry, here is nothing I could do! I am in charge of the task of stoning you, to make your heart like a stone and extremely cold with ice frosts ...".

I: "I'm sorry, you will not succeed! This is because your glaciers are melting before my Promethean fire, which is so scorching that it melts the giant ice of the Alps and Antarctica ... Then, with your pieces, I will strengthen the foundations of the giant civilization, creating the most magical arts from the absurdity that you produce ... This, just as those imprisoned and banished intellectuals created pearls of all kinds, that you took in your mouth, who did not become stones, in that absurd life, but they became the vanguard of our civilization..."

Suddenly, I woke up like a madman. My brain almost fled. I look at the clock on the wall; it shows midnight ... Hell, I did not sleep until the early hours of the morning, cursing myself, my life and my disgusting fate. Even, exactly this time, I have cursed myself, the Sisyphus and the stone many times..."

"Cursed be Satan!" - I cried raving.

"Strangely enough, his diary, reminds me of that diary of the famous Jewish, Anna Frank (1929-1945), who, isolated for two years in the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp in north of Germany, threw in her diary all her critical thoughts and reflections on life, on this globe. But unlike her, who suffered the darkest and most frightening days of a spiritual and physical holocaust from Hitler's Nazi-fascism, Ilir experienced a severe "holocaust" of the soul caused by the "emperors of God" on earth, by evil people dressed in angel's clothes..."

ZEKERIJA IDRIZI

ESCAPE FROM "DEATH"

Novel

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Prof. Kristaq F. Shabani

Dr. Hekuran Rapaj, Dr. Bexhet Asani

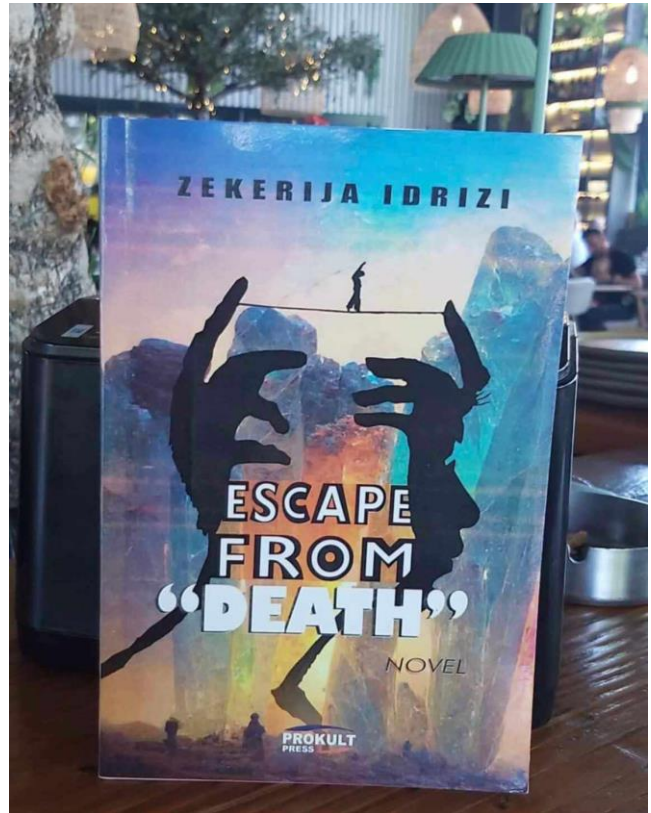
TRANSLATED into English: Dritan D. Kardhashi

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COVER PAINTING: Roland Roni

CARE: Nexhmije Hasani

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Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter

DISASTROUS SEPTEMBER A NOVEL BY SKIFTER KELLICI



Skifter Këllici was born in Tirana, Albania and received a diploma in history and literature from the University of Tirana. He worked as a journalist, scholar, and sportscaster on radio and television. He is the author of several novels and nonfiction books, including the children's books, "Memories of the Old Neighborhood" and "In the Footsteps" as well as the historical novels, "Assassination in Paris", "The Murderer with the White Hands", and "September Disaster." He wrote the screenplay for "In the Footsteps" which won a special prize at the International Children's Film Festival in Giffoni, Italy in 1979. He has lived in Boston, Massachusetts since 1999.

DISASTROUS SEPTEMBER A NOVEL BY SKIFTER KELLICI



In memory of the 2981 victims of the September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center, among them three Albanians: Frrok Camaj, Mon Gjonbalaj and Simon Dedvukaj.

PART I: May 20, 2001 around 9 AM

A long line of passengers waited to go through one of the Terminal B security checkpoints at Logan International Airport in Boston, Massachusetts. An alarm sounded as a middle-aged man went through the metal detector. He shrugged his shoulders with surprise and looked a little nervous. When the security employee asked him to walk through the metal

detector again, he obeyed. The alarm went off a second time. Therefore, he ordered the passenger to lift his arms above his head and spread his legs, while he patted him down with a wand. A beep indicated an object in his jacket pocket. When the security employee asked the passenger to empty his pockets, he took out a small metal hammer. When the worker said he could not take the hammer on board, the passenger insisted it wasn't a weapon but a tool for carving small children's toys. The passenger's shouting drew the attention of the other passengers. A few minutes later, two police officers arrived and took him away. A medical examination confirmed he suffered from schizophrenia. After this incident, everything returned to normal, even though the passengers were slightly shaken by the scene.

Two men with cups in their hands, who didn't appear to be traveling anywhere, sat in the waiting area. They watched the passengers as they prepared to board their flights and paid particular attention to the metal objects they carried. They spoke in hushed tones.

"If we can make ourselves invisible and avoid getting caught like that idiot!" said Muhammad Ata, an Egyptian student.

"Don't worry," said his friend, Marvan al Shehin, a student from the United Arab Emirates. "We don't have to make ourselves invisible."

"Will we have weapons?!" Muhammad cried.

"Of course," said Marvan.

"What kind of weapons?"

Muhammad sounded concerned. Marvan didn't respond.

"Why don't you answer me?"

Marvan remained silent.

"You know a lot more than I do. You were close to Osama bin Laden, May God preserve him. You know all about these weapons. Why won't you tell me anything?"

"Because I don't know anything," said Marvan. "Only Osama and Khalid Sheikh Muhammad, his right hand man, know about them. I can only imagine what they look like."

He smiled and reassured his friend everything would be fine.

"What matters is we will hijack the planes and wait for further instructions. This will be our greatest mission with Al Qaeda in the name of Allah!"

Muhammad remained silent. He admired Marvan because he knew Osama bin Laden who had taught him how to hijack a plane. At the same time, he was proud to participate in this important mission.

Translated from the Albanian

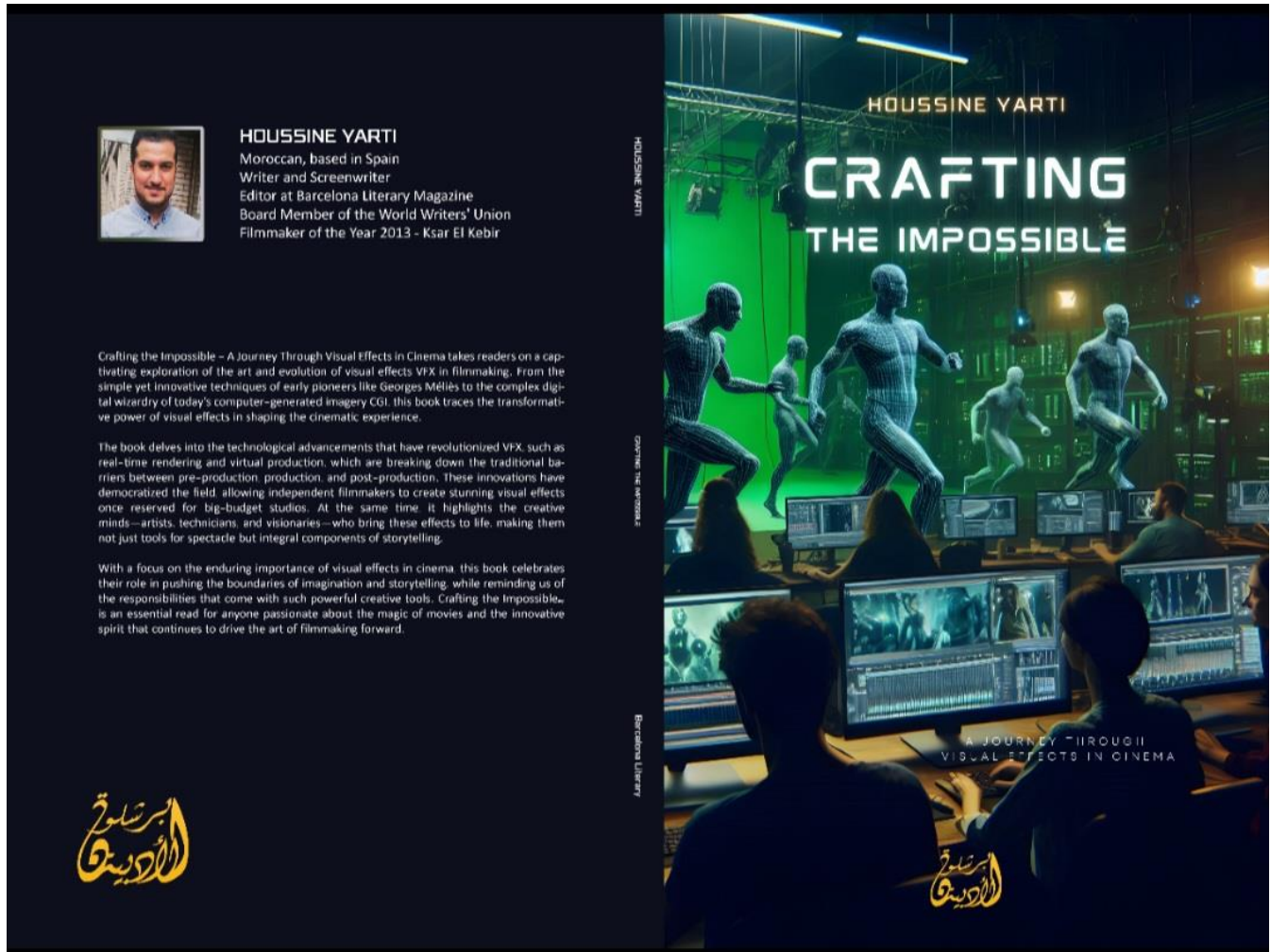
By Carrie Hooper

Translator's Note: I am thankful to Anitta Muharremi for her work on this project.

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter

“Crafting the Impossible: A Journey Through Visual Effects”

A new book written by Houssine Yarti



“Crafting the Impossible: A Journey Through Visual Effects” A new book written by the author Houssine Yarti and published by Barcelona Literary Publishing which was considered as an added value in the global cinema literature. The book is devoted to the analysis of Visual effects as one of the most important aspects of the contemporary filmmaking process, how this aspect has developed in the course of the last few decades and how this change has affected the film industries all over the world. Another trivia, Houssine Yarti shares with readers It is the evolution of visual effects in films: from BW films, to the use of CGI and artificial intelligence in films of the present age. The book tells the story of this field and the various technologies that form the basis of such films and the depiction of fantasy on movie screen. Particular attention is paid to the films that have become the milestones in the development of the VFX industry, namely Jurassic Park, the Matrix and Avatar. As it explains in detail, it shows how these films employed technology to bend and break the conventional rules and perform the impossible. It also talks about incidences and struggles that creators had while applying these technologies.

What makes Crafting the Impossible unique is its way of explaining the artistic and technical work of making visuals possible for readers who have no prior knowledge about the concepts involved. Houssine Yarti explores how creative aspect interfaces with the technical apparatus on how visual effects, or even enhancement, is not just about adding life to the cinematic masterpieces but an essential aspect of movie-making.

It also highlights some International movies that have gone the extra mile in utilizing visual effects and makes future projections about the future of film making especially utilization of virtual and augmented reality.

Crafting the Impossible is an important source for everyone who wants to plunge into the sphere of cinematography – more specifically for the film shapers and also the connoisseurs of the film industry, particularly in the spheres of the Visual Effects as well as the Post Production Stage of film making, by the way is available on Amazon.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0DGY4K3LH>



Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter

IN TURKEY THE ANTHOLOGY OF POETRY THE WORLD

A few days ago in Turkey the book was published: Poets From the World in Turkish, with 58 authors translated by the journalist, writer and publisher Arslan Bayir, Director of the Baygenç Kitap Publishing House, as well as editor of the magazine Güncel Sanat. Best wishes to all participating authors:

Arslan Bayir, Angela Kosta, Mujo Bucpapaj Dibran Fylli, Dragusha Ndue, Francesca Gallelo, Chris Chen, Byeong Cheol Kang, Isabel Furini, Hassane Yarti, Maria Pellino, Marianna Iannarone, Fatmir Gjata, Graciela Diana Pucci, Germain Droogenbroodt, Hasan Nashid, Nasir Aijaz, Anna Maria Dall'Olio, Gjergji Kosta, Lee Hee Kuk, Llesh Gjoka, Nina Lys Affane, Iris Calif, Ildije Xhemali, Dardan Berisha Ana Korça, Alessandro Russo, Brixhilda Dede, Rajmonda Mara, Kujtim Hajdari, Sadije Aliti, Parvinder Nagi, Jasna Gugić, Bardha Alimeta Sungrye Han, Elisa Mascia, Shailesh Veer, Shakil Kalam, Mohamed Ellaghafi, Antonina M. Wiśniewska, Yang Gem - Hee, Irene Doura-Kavadia, Lefteris Shomos, Mario Belolli, Ubaudillo Sanginov, Barbara Harris Leonhard

BIOGRAPHY OF THE EDITORS:

ARSLAN BAYIR, was born in 1958, in the Bayir village of Alanya, Antalya. He attended elementary school in his village, middle and high school in Alanya and university in Denizli. In addition, he also obtained a degree in Turkish language from the Anatolian University in '99. Arslan has published several books and has received many prestigious awards.

ANGELA KOSTA was born in Albania and has lived in Italy since 1995. She has published several books and received awards and certificates of appreciation from several magazines and newspapers. She is Executive Director of the biweekly magazine MIRIADE and co-editor in various newspapers, magazines by states.



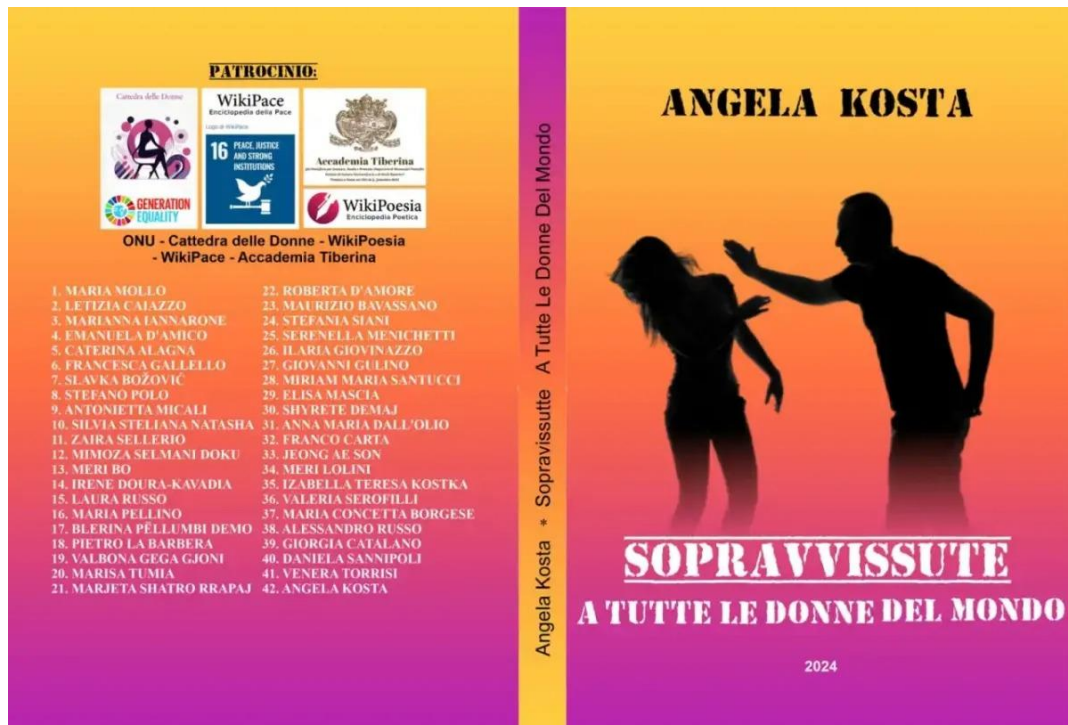
SOPRAVISSUTE - SURVIVORS BOOK DEDICATED TO THE DEFENSE OF WOMEN

The special edition of this magazine was an idea, a sequel to the book SURVIVORS with the patronage of the UN, Women's Chair, Wikipoetry, Wikipace and Accademia Tiberina. SURVIVORS is being published by the G.C.L edizioni publishing house, a collection of poems by 42 women, of which the donation will go to the Volunteer Organization Against All Violence Co.Tu.Le Vi born on November 11, 2012, but which actually began its work in 2008 with the opening of the Diana Anti-Violence Desk inside the Court of Trapani. The help desk is aimed at all kinds of violence and makes use of the collaboration of psychologists, lawyers, doctors, social workers and family mediators available to voluntarily provide advice and support, guaranteeing maximum professionalism and confidentiality for the defense against violence against women all over the world who silently suffer physical and verbal violence and, nevertheless they go on, they hide the tears, the dark marks in the soul and in the skin, they clench their fists, they get up and smile, they raise their children alone, releasing only: Love, Peace, Light and Sun everywhere...

The woman retains such unspeakable power, which the man is often unable to grasp and understand. She regenerates LIFE itself in her womb, so she is not afraid of anything. Perhaps he cannot measure himself against the strength of man, but equally, man cannot measure himself against the strength of woman. She carries inside her body, for 9 months: Life, the future of the planet.

Today women do not only work 24 hours a day at home, doing Everything, absolutely Everything, with such energy that it never runs out, but they are also: Head of State, scientist, doctor, astronaut, magistrate, judge, engineer, architect, journalist, poet, writer, etc...

Respect women and NEVER turn off the generator of human existence.



Emotional Poetry

Niamat Elhamri

I REMEMBER

The nights of laughter, the evenings of delight,
I remember your love for coffee, without sugar,
I see you at dawn's first sight,
And when the moon bids the night.

I remember your voice near,
Like a note played on a string clear,
Like the water's roar against stone sheer,
Quenching every trace in my heart, dear.

Despite the distance and the yearn,
Leaving me in scorching burn, I wait for you,
Like thirsty soil awaiting rain's return,
Longing for the first drop's renew.

I remember the fading of cold,
And returning to you with words so bold,
I write you in poems and prose untold,
Painting our love with letters of light,
Between ages of gold.

Will you come back again?
The heart can no longer bear the pain,
The soul longs for the gaze of your eyes,
And a love that never dies..

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Morocco

TOMORROW'S ENCOUNTER

A meeting of loyalty, a promise sealed,
Lasting till the end, beyond the field,
If tomorrow comes, as fate has willed.

Tomorrow's encounter...
Family gathered, love's embrace,
Even the elders, with a gentle grace.
Welcomed with milk, dates, and flowers in bloom,
A day of joy, before vows consume.
Do not mourn yesterday,
for tomorrow makes room.

Tomorrow's encounter...
A soft light, love's tender meeting,
Let's dance like the waves, endlessly fleeting.
A hug of longing, after distance and yearning,
A kiss sweeter than honey, love ever-burning.
Rightfully yours, with dowry and vow,
Tomorrow's encounter, eternal somehow.
Not like yesterday, of distance and cold,
Let's live in tomorrow, forever bold.

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Morocco



Niamat Elhamri is a Moroccan writer and poet
Deputy Editor-in-Chief of Barcelona Literary Magazine. General Secretary of the World Writers Union, Member of the Arab Writers Union and Arab Cultural Union.

Published works:

Book: "Ouzouf wa Enfessal"
"Shunning and Separation" in English
International anthology: "Whispers Across Languages"
"Stations from Memory" (Encyclopedia of Short Stories), Egypt

Short story collections:

"Your Last Melody", "If Not for Those Borders", "Venice/Romulus and Remus", "My Trace Before Departure", "Sacrificial Offerings"

Upcoming: A collective book: Hawaajis (Obsessions). Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine,
Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter

SOLITUDE

A stillness.
A silence.
No shadows.
No echoes.
A lightness.
A strength.
No expectations.
No regrets.
A firmness.
A release.
No sighs.
No surrender.
A calmness.
A sedateness.
No hunger.
No desire.
Aloneness.

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MALAYSIA

RAMBUTAN KISSES

Tapau for me your rambutan kisses.

When you are gone

I will take each out

and be kissed one at a time

alone, by myself.

They will give me solace

in your absence.

Each rambutan kiss,

my silent companion

in my solitude,

until you return

and kiss me.

Brushing your bristle

on my welcoming lips.

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MALAYSIA

YOU ARE, I AM

I love all that is you.
Our minds mingle
as our fluids mix
and our spirits touch
a becoming.
You are
not male
not female
not man
not woman
but mind
body
spirit
not me
not you
not us
but Is -
being.

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MALAYSIA

MALACHI EDWIN VETHAMANI - MALAYSIA



Malachi Edwin Vethamani (b. 8 July 1955) was born in Brickfields, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. He is a Malaysian Indian professor, teacher trainer, poet, writer, critic and bibliographer.

He had his early education at Methodist Boys' Primary School, Kuala Lumpur and continued at Methodist Boys' Secondary School, Kuala Lumpur. He did his Higher School Certificate at Vanto Academy, Petaling Jaya. He obtained a Bachelor of Arts (Hons.) in English Literature, Diploma in Education (TESL), Master of Education in Teaching English as a Second Language (TESL) from University of Malaya and a doctorate in Literature in English from the University of Nottingham, England.

He has two sons, Vincent Jeremiah Edwin and Julian Matthew Edwin. And is recently a grandfather to Aria Mikayla binti Julian Matthew Edwin.

CAREER

Malachi Edwin Vethamani is actively involved in the local and international literary scene. He is the Founding Editor of 'Men Matters Online Journal' which was launched in December 2020. He was Head, School of English, University of

Nottingham Malaysia from June to December 2020 and Professor of Modern English Literature from 2015 to January 2021. He was conferred the title Emeritus Professor by University of Nottingham upon his retirement in January 2021.

He was the founding dean of the School of Education, Taylor's University (2011-2014) and also the founding dean of the School of Education, Languages and Communications, Wawasan Open University, Malaysia (March 2009 till Feb. 2011). He was with the Faculty of Educational Studies, Universiti Putra Malaysia (UPM) from 1986 till 2009. He started his teaching career as an English Language teacher at Maktab Rendah Sains MARA (MRSM) / MARA Junior Science College, Pengkalan Chepa, Kelantan in 1979. He left MRSM Jasin, Melaka in 1986 to join Universiti Pertanian Malaysian (later known as Universiti Putra Malaysia).

He serves in various capacities with other universities. In 2015 he was appointed Visiting Professor at the School of Liberal Arts, Mahidol University, Bangkok, Thailand.

He was a committee member for the Special Projects (Private Universities) Cluster, Malaysian Professorial Council from 2015 to 2018.

He was the President of Malaysian English Language Teaching Association (MELTA) from June 2001 till January 2008. He was a Vice President of Asian Association of Teachers of EFL (Asia TEFL) from 2008 to 2013. He is currently an Advisor to Asia TEFL and a Trustee to MELTA.

He was a newspaper columnist for two Malaysian national newspapers. He had a monthly column in the New Sunday Times on English Language and English Literature from January 2015 to August 2016 and a fortnightly column in Sunday Star on teaching literature in English from 1992 to December 1994

He has authored five volumes of poems and two collection of short stories. He compiled the first bibliography of Malaysian Literature in English (2004, second edition in 2015). He has edited six volumes of Malaysian writings in English. The first volume, In-Sights: Malaysian Poems in 2004, the second and third anthologies cover a period of over 60 years of Malaysian writings in English, Malchin Testament: Malaysian Poems (2018) and Ronggeng-Ronggeng: Malaysian Short Stories (2020). The Malaysian Publishers Association awarded Malchin Testament: Malaysian Poems the Anugerah Buku Malaysia 2020, best book award for the English Language category. In 2021, he published Malaysian Millennial Voices (2021), a collection of poems from Malaysian poets under 35 years of age and in 2022 he published The Year of the Rat and Other Poems an edited volume of Malaysian poems from the Malaysian Poetry Writing Competition 2021 which he organised with sponsorship from University of Nottingham Malaysia and Maya Press. 'The Journal of Commonwealth Literature' (2023) stated that in 2022 'the most prominent figure in Malaysian poetry was Malachi Edwin Vethamani, who is, without doubt, one of the leading English-language poets in Malaysia'. In 2023 he co-edited a collection of Malaysian short stories which we drawn from the Malaysian Short Story writing competition which he organised with sponsorship from University of Nottingham Malaysia and Maya Press. He was the General Editor of the MELTA-Sasbadi ELT Series (2001 to 2008) and has edited and co-edited several scholarly works in the field of Teaching English as a Second Language (TESL).

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter

SURRENDER

Surrender
like a story that melts
expose
the wrinkle and the scar
to reveal also
the strong smile of the body
to give to drink the cloudy water of the heart.
Surrender

barefoot
with no other attire than the candle
of the indomitable eyes,

pure
as one who surrenders
to death.

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Venezuela

THE HAND IN THE SHADOW

There is a hand in the shadow
devoid of clemency
expelled from the empire of caresses
it does not know the trade
of building closeness or prayers.
This hand
bursts
with the flutter of slaughter,
its movements foul
the waves
of the assaulted body.
It tears with precision
the submissive skin,
baptizes the wound
and draws a line
with his steel finger.
Only
wants to give you
the scar

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Venezuela

THE SENSED FEATURES

All the faces go astray
on the journey,
the hungry memory
aspires to retain them
but the traces and signs
are diluted in the tide of bewilderment.
In the crowd blooms
immediate
like a blow
a unique face
unknown
that imposes itself
and unsettles you
until you are pierced
by the fulminating joy
of ending the search.
The beloved face
gathers
all the sensed features

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Venezuela

THE INSCRUTABLE EYES

The inscrutable eyes
that hide
within galloping cities of steel,
are behind
thousands of other sleepwalking eyes.
They are indomitable narcotics
that mutilate the helplessness
soothe the screams
and pour out caresses.
When they emerge
they take you by assault.
You know
that you will die
invoking them.

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ISLAND

Far away,
forged of oblivion
besieged
by hungry waters
lonely
hot sand.
An island
that calcines resembles your
mouth.

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Venezuela



Mariela Cordero. Valencia, Venezuela (1985) is a lawyer, poet, writer, translator and visual artist. Her poetry has been published in several international anthologies. She has received some distinctions, among them: Third Alejandra Pizarnik Argentina Poetry Prize (2014). First Prize of the II Iberoamerican Poetry Contest Euler Granda, Ecuador (2015). Second Prize of Poetry Concorso Letterario Internazionale Bilingüe Tracce per lameta Edizioni, Italy (2015) Micropoems in Spanish Award in the III TRANSPalabr@RTE contest (2015). First Place in the International Poetry Contest #AniversarioPoetasHispanos mention literary quality, Spain (2016). Finalist Aco Karamanow International Poetry Prize, Macedonia (2022). César Vallejo World Prize for Literary Excellence (2023). Sahitto International Award for Literary Excellence (2023). Third Prize in the II Meleto Competition of Guido Gozzano, Italia (2024) She has published the following books of poetry: El cuerpo de la duda

Editorial Publicarte, Caracas, Venezuela (2013) Transfigurar es un país que amas Editorial Dos Islas Miami, United States (2020). La larga noche de las jaurías Editorial Nautilus, Spain (2023).

She has participated in several international literary meetings and festivals, among them: The Princeton Festival (United States), 2023 Kaohsiung World Poetry Festival (Taiwan), International Festival Poesía Xochimilco (Mexico) Her poems have been translated into Hindi, Czech, Estonian, Serbian, Shona, Uzbek, Romanian, Macedonian, Korean, Hebrew, Bengali, English, Arabic, Chinese, Russian and Polish. Currently coordinates the sections #VenezuelanPoetry and #WorldPoets in the Poetry Magazine Poémame (Spain). Editorial Advisor of the magazine of the Institute of Symbology (South Korea).

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter

AND I LOVE YOU

With a faint whisper, the quivering spirit,
in the intimate wanderings, ventures.
Listening becomes profound, the strings touch the heart.
In that space of calm, the sense emerges.
You are the infinite, there on the mount is your voice.
In the firmament of hearts, my breath joins yours.
In that refuge, dawn is announced.
You are the true dream, and I love you.

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MEMORIES

Nature dissolves pages of life
Secret memories evoke the ancient
The book collects new words
The show is ready
How much noise loses its flavor
I light a candle and say a prayer
White clouds speak of the just
Innocent seasons hold tight to the soul
No sword hovers with a smile
No grimacing mouth gleams
The wind disperses the useless yearning
Only the poetry of memory now
And the words never spoken.

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GOOD POEM

I heard
what a humble Korean novelist who received the Nobel Prize in Literature said.
“At this very moment, at this very hour, when victims of war are mourning in two places in the world,
I can't congratulate you on winning the Nobel Prize in Literature.”
I thought to myself,
what she said was one of the best poems I've ever heard.

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THE LESSON OF HISTORY

The long history of the world can be condensed into a short tale.
Wars were waged, many people died, and property was burned, but little was gained.
I heard that on an island, when conflicts arose, they would place an axe in the middle of the negotiation table.
Whenever anger flared during talks, they would gaze at the sharp edge of the axe.
If the sun set while negotiating, they would continue their conversation by the fire.
Peace requires patience, much like a large shoebill that stares at its prey in the water for hours without moving.
Peace demands even more patience.
Conversations carried forward by patience sweep away the thick soot of night.
With the will for peace,
there will come a time for young lovers,
when the brilliance of diamonds is placed in the palm of a lover's hand.

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GAZA'S WHITE DOVE

A Palestinian boy returned home after the bombing.
He saw pigeons, chickens, and canaries lying dead in his almost destroyed house.
Dead wings, wings scattered in the yard
He finds a white dove that survived the bombing.
Holding the white dove in his arms amid the rubble of Gaza, the boy says,
"Stop the war, end the war, let the pigeons walk the streets of Gaza.
Let the pigeons walk leisurely through the streets."
People shout together. Like an echo, the cry spreads far and wide:
"Let the pigeons walk leisurely among the people in the streets of Gaza."

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DO NOT TEACH REVENGE

Do not teach hatred to the young.
Teach mercy and tolerance to the young.
A wise man said,
"There is someone who thinks he has been harmed by others.
There will be no peace for him."
Roses bloom with bright sunlight and clear water.
Even though they have small thorns, the lovely and red flowers are loved.

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ONE'S INNER PEACE

Once, a wise man said,
"Achieve peace in your heart
Achieve peace in your family
Achieve peace in your country
World peace will naturally follow.
As your shadow follows you"

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Dr. Kang Byeong-Cheol is a Korean author, poet, translator, and Doctor of Philosophy in Political Science. He was born in Jeju City, South Korea, in 1964. He began writing in 1993 and published his first short story, "Song of Shuba," at the age of twenty-nine. In 2005, he published a collection of short stories. He has won four literature awards and has published more than eight books. He was a member of the Writers in Prison Committee (WiPC) of PEN International from 2009 to 2014. He also served as the Founding President of the Korean Association of World Literature and as an editorial writer for JeminIlbo, a newspaper in Jeju City, Korea. Currently, he is a Vice President at the Korean Institute for Peace and Cooperation.

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter

EMPTY

Like bamboo cane
blown by the wind.

Quarry.

Like blind orbit
uselessly painted.

Lost.

Like the muezzin's song
from the top of the Tower,
I call myself by my first name
but no one comes.

Silent.

There are moons and prayers
between me and you
there are distances without peace
and infinite moments.

Good night

Good night

They are just fleeting shadows
our steps on this Earth.

move in the jailer's shadow
giving way to the silence of the stems
grafting new shrubs, new words,
cutting off the evil,
death clinging to the side
you hug me, ignoring the end
the slender movement of the bellflower in December
the answer to the virgin question of children
- tell me mom, why do we die?-

They are the illuminations of the wind,
the repeated song of the cuckoo
on the magnolia branch
to give me the consistency of the seed,
the efflorescence of breath,
to tell me: shut up.

The goddess Tara smiles at Chaos
while I pray to the snow-capped peaks
of my personal Himalaya.
She inhales. She exhales.
Everything is there telling me: shut up.

EYELIDS WIDE OPEN

The shutters are wide open,
and the breath of the world has entered

You, woman, with eyelids wide open
still aching for the when,
the where, the who and the why
You, woman, cry tears of pain,
endlessly, with a why:
the why of a love
without love

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Italy

HIDDEN FORCE

Quiet, then the end.
A strong wind,
threatening brings storm.
Petrine, you do not think of opposing it,
but then you put on the armor,
and you are ready to fight,
to win.
You feel fragile and weak,
but you gather strength,
a strength unknown to you.
And you fight.
You still fight,
victory is near, it is yours.
You never thought
you had so much strength.

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Italy

WOMEN AT THE SEA

Women at the sea, are women who love the sea,
they live like the sea, now calm with lulling waves or
impetuous like angry billows.
In constant change, tireless,
ready to fight to ride the wave,
to grasp every change with passion,
ready to love, to risk to get involved
with courage and determination.
Women at the sea, they navigate the currents, without fear
they are lifeboats, of hope for those who are lost
they never end up rusty in the sea of life
they are a lighthouse and a guide, they are courageous navigators
they are sails unfurled, ready to capture
the wind and the force of the wave.

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LETIZIA CAIAZZO - ITALY



Letizia Caiazzo. Multimedia visual artist, after high school studies at the "Santa Dorotea" Institute in Naples, she obtained the Academic Diploma of Social Worker at the Faculty of Letters and Philosophy of the "Federico II" University in Naples. She has always cultivated a passion for art that she has transmitted, as a teacher and for decades, to generations of young people. Very attentive to the various artistic expressions, she has experimented with the most varied techniques. This path, undertaken with strength and determination, has allowed her and still allows her to be present at prestigious exhibitions and, moreover, to be herself the organizer of exhibitions and events for the promotion of art and literature.

She has exhibited and continues to exhibit his works in solo and group exhibitions both in Italy and abroad, all in high-profile public spaces, including the Sale del Bramante in Rome,

the Museo Stadio Domiziano in Rome, the Castello del Valentino in Turin, the Castello di Agropoli, the Carcere Borbonico in Avellino, Castel dell'Ovo and the PAN in Naples, Santa Sofia in Salerno; and she has also exhibited in Sorrento, Ascoli Piceno, Assisi, Agrigento, Taormina, Spoleto Festival, Capri, as well as at the Palazzo Ximenes-Panciatichi in Florence, at the Casa Museo Spazio Alda Merini in Milan, at Parma Fiera, at the international contemporary art fair in Bari, at the Centro Cultural Christiane Peugeot and at the Galerie Ars and Miss in Paris, in Croatia (Pazin Museum), in Belgium (Namur-Chateau de Franc-Waret), at the Dalí Museum in Berlin, at the Pintér Gallery in Budapest, at the City Hall in Stuttgart; and has established herself, in Italy and in the world, as a valid poet and writer.

Various critics and historians of art and literature have dealt with hers, including Rosario Pinto, Carlo Roberto Sciascia, Vinicio Coppola, Nuccio Mula, Paolo Levi, Giovanni Cardone, Giovanna Arancio, Maria Teresa Prestigiacomo, Leo Strozzi, Vania De Luca, Arpine Sevagian. She was named an "honorary" Academician of the International University of Empedocle, Higher Institute of Philosophical Studies of Agrigento, and was awarded, again for clear "honorary" fame, the Degree of the International Academy of Dioscuri of Taranto.

Among the most prestigious awards, she also received the International Award "Alexsander" 2017 awarded by the Swiss "International University of Peace", with the patronage of the "Universum Academy Switzerland", of which she was also

named Honorary Academician and the ACAMANTE E FILLIDE Award 2021 of the Academy of Fine Arts “Michelangelo” of Agrigento and the Grand Prize “Excellence of Italian Art 2022” of the International Academy of Dioscuri. On September 17, 2022, she was named honorary member of the AZZURRO ITALIA Movement for Territory and Life, by the Founder and President journalist Attilio Miani. On June 10, 2023, she was named an honorary member of the Accademia dei Dogliosi of Avellino

2024 "Inspiring Muse of the Dioscuri" by the Accademia dei Dioscuri of Taranto.

2024 Delegate for Italy and guest of honor at the Panorama International Literature Festival 2024 Writers Capital Foundation.

2024 Receives the Certificate of Excellence for his exquisite participation in the Biennale di Agiografia e Innografia 2023 of the Writers Capital Foundation, Italy.

2024 becomes "EXECUTIVE MEMBER, WRITERS CAPITAL FOUNDATION", 2024 Winner of the prestigious Panorama Golden Book Awards 2024 for the book "Sul Filo di un Feeling"!

Award given by President Preeth Padmanabhan Nambiar and Secretary General Irene Doura-Kavadia.

2024 Receives the Lifetime Achievement Award “Universum Academy Switzerland” Founder and current President Dr. Valerio Giovanni Ruberto. Her works are present in museums, galleries, private and public collections in Italy and abroad. Lives and works in Piano di Sorrento (Napoli - Italy)

Prepared by Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter

I HAVE NO ERASER

I have no eraser to hand,
Yet I wish with all I can,
To erase the world's mistakes
In every moment that breaks.
Thoughts pull me far away,
From myself, where I stay.
Often it's the other who's wrong,
Believing I'm lost all along,
In tiny details that seem so near,
When there's something much greater here.
More than writing lines of rhyme,
These fingers, in their given time,
Could do anything but still,
They can't erase the war's ill will.

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Morocco

THEY'RE ALL... LIES, MY FATHER

Father,
Oh Father,
The sky barely rains
But pain,
And the eyes of the weary,
Desperate,
Like autumn leaves that fall,
The heart drops
At the doorstep of the wind.
And the news tonight-
Lies.
The language of love-
Lies.
The days,
And my city when it smiles-
Lies.
Even my mother,
When she reassures me about my homeland-
Lies.
The poems of hope,
And dreams,
And visions,
Children's songs,
The banners of rights,
Promises,
And treaties of peace-
Lies.
Oh Father,
Oh my deep wound,
Oh my hidden depth,
What is the silence's link
To the discord of places?

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Morocco

ABOUT TO DEPART

War

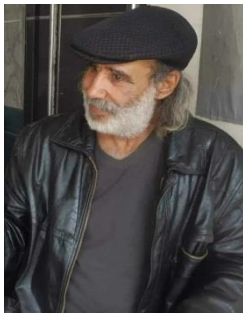
Is not all that fills this suitcase,
And all this spilled blood
Is not enough
To make
A lily bloom in the whiteness of a cloud.

LOVE

Is all that fills this suitcase,
And this rain falling in your eyes
Might be
Enough
For a rose to grow
Within the chambers of the heart.
My dear,
Love is a language against war.
I will be careful at the station,
Careful.
The suitcase
Will never change,
But I fear
That the water in your eyes
Might.

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Morocco

(Translated by Hassan Yarti)



Mohamed Ellaghafi a Moroccan poet, writer, and publisher, was born on December 7, 1960, in Casablanca. He is the founder and current president of the University of Moroccan Creators and the founder of the National Poetry Award in Morocco. He has published more than fifteen books, ranging from poetry to short stories, and has participated in significant national and Arab poetry gatherings. He is considered one of the pioneers of modern poetry in Morocco, with his beginnings tracing back to the early 1980s as the founder of the (Five Senses) poetic movement, an artistic movement that emerged to align with the course of modernity.

Currently, he publishes in the Qatari magazine Doha, the London-based newspaper Al-Zaman, and the Egyptian magazine Al-Ahram. He was also honored by the Moroccan Ministry of Culture in

2019, in Beirut and Cairo in 2014, and by several prestigious associations both nationally and internationally.

His works have been translated into several languages, including English, French, Persian, German, Albanian, Italian and Korean.

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter

Kim, Pil-Young

TEARDROP

Incorruptible spring water pooled in hearts
Hotter than any heart and clearer than the dew
A jewel that cannot be received without the truth
God gave beautiful eyes,
So that could see dazzling love
When couldn't control delight,
Made drown in a lake
When couldn't look at sadness,
Made the river flow

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South Korea

KIM PIL - YOUNG (SOUTH KOREA)



Kim, Pil-Young is a Korean poet and critic. Born in Seoul of South Korea in 1954. He published more than 6 books. He won 5 Literature awards. He is former Secretary General of Korea Modern Poets Association, former President of Korea Poets Literature Writers Association, President of Sisanmak Writers Association.

THE ROSES

(Fragments of a poet's obsession)

You call me a lover,
Then you complain about the fine?
And I'm really obsessed, in my hobby.

Do you see my heart's guidance?
who i am..
Do you see my pulse being fair?
When the eyes yearn.
Is love a fire?
Ribs are burning hot
Or sparks of suspicion.
My mother, Joy, is the reason for the dark nights
A fire that exhausted my heart
Madly in love..
Is love
A sad flute tune
Or the wailing of the heart, enchanted
The scent of jasmine emanates from it.
He played the sighs like coal and was burned to the point of groaning.
The pulse whispered a lot and was evident in
Lovers' longing.

Is love a crime?
Thirsty in spirit,
I hope for harmony
When we come running to him
We drink the cup with longing
Passion ignites a flame.
How did they say love?
May his home be peaceful
Or is love a sin?
When he spoke to a phantom from the land of Laila, he was infatuated,
Or do you see the fault of the poem?
A poet sang about his night, oh
He infused the soul with a flood like his distant visions.
Then he sang it with love.
Save me, my sky
Rain where I burn
And put out the fire of separation
In the mornings of meeting..
And make me happy
From the nectar of love until

We stay drunk all night.

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Iraq

AL - DULAIMI - IRAQ



And Ahmed Al-Dulaimi's words born 06/20/1970 Baghdad - Iraq. I have been writing poetry since I was a child. I wrote poetry of all kinds, in classical Arabic and dialect, as well as the thought and the story. Participated in school events but fate wanted to change my path.

I stumbled and I will not be able to complete what I started. That is how fate willed it.

After several years, I returned to writing with passion because books are for me.

Soul rest and poetry runs through my veins. I have a collection of poems that will see the light of day.

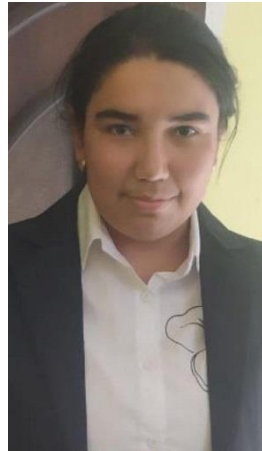
The days, God willing, and another collection, it will not be completed. I have many contributions in Iraqi and Arab magazines and newspapers, paper and electronic.

I received many electronic honors.

An official in the Arab Writers Association on Facebook, affiliated with Google. I am proud to be Iraqi, mother and father at the same time.

Mom

I will write poems until the end of my life
The hero of my poem is your mother
I will make a series of articles and stories
One day, your daughter will become a person.
When I slander poetry,
I remember only and only you
I will learn a thousand kinds of knowledge
I love you every moment
He prays for me day and night,
God bless my child
Because of you, my work will be done quickly
Let him enter the scholarships and live forever.
May everyone be filled with joy and happiness
My support, my loving mother,
May their names be epic to the world
My dearest mother
God bless my mother
Heal my pains, my innocent
Long live, long live, my only one,
I am full of love and carefree.
My love, my beautiful mother
Always be with us
There is no moon in the sky, my sun is in the sky
Never let us be separated



Author: Historian, geographer

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Walk

Walk barefoot each day,
at least for a while.
However slippery the ground be
in the soft drizzle,
however sharply the gravel and
the bricks
raise their heads
and the earth be strewn with pot-holes,
walk barefoot, even for a little while,
each day.
Or else
the ground beneath your feet
may shift,
sulking in neglect.

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How many times more

O mother, you are drenched, bathed in your own sweat
How many times will you brush aside the twigs and leaves
How many days will you hold my hand and drag me
into the verandah from the courtyard, into the room
from the verandah
How much more will you protect me,
yourself facing storms and rain.
O mother, you are drenched and bathed in your own sweat
Now at least loosen your hold and send me outside the main gate alone.

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Move away a little

Their dog is so very human,
knows all, remembers everything.
People even compare dogs to men.
And you?
You have a pair of hands, a pair of legs,
two ears, two eyes and a nose, like humans. and yet cannot be man enough.
You are a goat to some,
to some a sheep,
while to some a son of a... this or that.
To be a man, move away a little
from under the flag,
only a little, not much.

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Siddharth Singh is a prolific writer of the eighties. Born in Calcutta. His first poem was published in 'Desh' newspaper when he was in class nine. Wrote poems, rhymes, stories, novels, plays, essays and prose for adults and children. His text was written in the West Bengal Madhya Shiksha Parshad. ICSC and CBSC Board Class I to VIII. Made two documentaries. Wrote screenplays for several films. A movie has also been made about his story. At one time, he also did regular modeling work in Anandabazar company. Three hundred and forty eight books have been published so far. He has also translated several from different languages. Introduced 'Ratichand', 'Reality Novel' and 'Jhalak-Galpa'. Apart from this fiction single, a journalist by profession, Leela Majumdar, Ramapad Chowdhury, Nirendranath Chakraborty, Mahaswetadevi, Shankar, Sunil Gangopadhyay, Thirshendu Mukhopadhyay, Sanjeev Chattopadhyay, Suchitra Bhattacharya, Navnita Devasen, Ranjan Bandyopadhyay, Arun Kumar Chakraborty, Subhankar Singh have jointly edited No. Show ninety-seven collection. Awarded 'Banga Shiromani' in 2012 and 'Sahitya Samrat' in 2020. Received many awards.

September 22,2024.

A day of tears, wails and mourning,
Each eye wept the next morning.

A severe, sudden setback,
It was like a piercing knife on our back.

Our chubby, charming soul,
With matchless traits and exemplary role,

Left us all alone on the shore of life,
His dreadful death was like a whet knife.

He breathed his last soon,
It was a bolt from the blue at noon.

He caught the train of barbarous death,
We still miss his last breath.

O Wasiq, rest in peace dear,
You are always in our hearts, we swear.

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Calm Waters

I now bask in calm waters
After the most turbulent of storms
Relishing the peace and quiet
The everyday norms
Soaking in sunshine
Refueling energy tanks
Taking nothing for granted
Not even life's bank
Enjoying one day at a time
Knowing how precious it is
Healing in light and love
Cherishing this precious gift.

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Colour My World

You colour my dreams with positivity
Allow me to blossom and grow
In my own unique way
Encourage where others have constantly discouraged
Always chase those demons of doubts away
Been my anchor through many a storm that blew
My rock on which to lean and hold
Yes you colour every aspect of my life
The most precious soul I have had the pleasure to know.

© Copyrighted 2024 by Donna McCabe



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

Instagram- @donnamccabe_

Facebook- Poemsbydonnamccabe

Her Inner Screams.

In the shadows of gain,
She found her pain.
Everyone is playing the blame game,
And making her ashamed.

All she wanted was love,
She had the heart of Dove.
Which had innocence all above.
She was wearing a glove.

All was fighting was with stone,
She was dealing with throne.
Her identification was unknown,
She was battling with everything alone.

She was afraid of night,
She wanted some light.
She desired to flight.
But there was a sight.

She was entrapped in a chain,
She was wearing only pains.
She was trying hard to gain,
Her brain control and all her remains.

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Pakistan.

Road of Life

Our life is like a road,
Which leads us to our abode.

This journey can't be taken without any strife,
We find strength in its rife.

This is the path,
Where ups and downs love to bath.

We have to find happiness and sorrow,
But, we find joy in its tomorrow.

On life's road, we must talk
About our sufferings and walk.

Each step we take, we must keep,
Our hearts and minds in balance and sleep.

Life has its own way to guide,
Sometimes it gives us twists and slide.

Our love and hope should not depart,
If every hurdle in life starts.

We grow in each turn from life's concerns,
With every way, we have chance to learn.

Life's journey is a winding path,
Where we solve our own math.

© Copyrighted 2024 by Abeera Mirza
Pakistan.



Meet Abeera Mirza, a poetic force from a village Goleki in the heart of Gujrat, Pakistan, whose words have captivated audiences worldwide. With an impressive 200 anthologies to her name, she has cemented her place in the literary world. As a co-author in Pakistan's largest anthology, "Maverick," and a recipient of numerous literary awards, Abeera's poetry is a testament to her skill and passion. Her verses dance with emotion, painting vivid pictures that resonate deeply with readers. Whether exploring love, longing, or nature's beauty, Abeera's unique perspective and masterful craft have the power to heal and inspire. Her poetry is a gift, and her talent is a treasure to behold.

SLEEP TIGHT

Sleep peacefully tonight,
dream peaceful, sweet dreams,
while the moon wishes you good night,
to share its secrets with you.

Sleep peacefully, and without fear,
the night is fragile and so timid,
while it embraces you with its silence,
return its embrace with beautiful color.

Sleep peacefully,
don't let the forces of fear take hold of you and imprison you inside, no,
don't let desperate fear embrace you,
in the darkness of the night without any sound, know,
embrace your peace and don't let go.

The darkness of the night will pass quickly, and a new morning will come,
the only thing that matters is that you don't run out of breath,
in your dreams, don't give in to the kisses of fear.

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Croatia



Parents

There is no love that can compare to the love of your parents. Your parents raised you, clothed you, cared for you your whole life & never left you.

Nobody can ever replace that. They are the biggest & most precious blessing so whenever you look at them say Alhamdulillah.

Spend quality time with them, show them how much love & respect you them & cherish every moment you have with them.

This life is short so serve them as much as you can. May Allah (swt) grant our parents the highest in Jannah & protect them always, Amen.

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Makhmasalayeva Jasmina Makhmashukurovna was born on August 24, 2008 in the Mubarek district of the Kashkadarya region of the Republic of Uzbekistan. Now she is studying at 28th school in Mubarek. She is creative, knowledgeable and faithful by nature. Until now she participated in several international competitions and anthologies.

Abdubbasset Abdulsalam Qassem Alsamadi

The moon of my heart

I am a poet who writes poetry with his heart and love flows through his veins and continues. The words of love that I write I found joy without appointment. And every word I hid in my chest for love blame my patience. My writing is joy like the nectar of flowers. And my words are echoed the waves of the sea from Argentina to China. I write poetry from the smile left on my chest and from a look that quickened the pulse and reversed the rotation of the heart. I write poetry for a woman I love to love and I love to hold close to my chest. On the journey of joy, I saw her and she was very beautiful, as if she was the moon in the night. For her eyes, I am filled the earth with a smile from the letters of my name until the tears of the vein melted the rock. And for her eyes I wrote, "I love you," on the stone. until the rose's tears left a mark on the stone. I love her since she shone like the sun on the place of love in my chest. I love her very much, and with her I forget even the longing. If she smiles, the joy in my heart increases, and if she laughs, spring begins and I celebrate with joy.

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Yemen



Lure of Love

The light of love
lures us to live together.
Love is God's unique gift
for living beings on
this Earth.
The whole Universe exhibits
the presence of this
Eternal Life Force
through every atom and particle
flowing to this love tune
and making love as a
personified being subsisting in
every human, flora and fauna
on our lovely planet.

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About the Author



Dr. Kailash Nath Khandelwal, a retired Professor of English, is a bi-lingual (Hindi and English) poet. Presently he is engaged in translation of spiritual books of Pandit Shri Ram Sharma Acharya of All World Gayatri Pariwar. Mathura (India)

"For the love of mother"

Your soul cherishes so fast,
by the hands of your mother...
Love exploding your skin to last,
and don't let anyone your thoughts to bother.
Your feelings take affection,
by the heart who gave you birth...
And your mind takes direction,
creating peace all over the earth!
Your time fast passes by,
and gives you lessons of the life...
spread the love to and never lie,
the one that created your highway without price!

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"Message To The Youths"

The future is the metal queen,
that shows to you where could have been.
And the present is your air to breathe,
so catch the time, won't swear beneath!
When hours are wasting all your breath away,
as days passes by indifferentism...
Which law takes the oxygen today,
to destroy the minds of egoism!
When sun goes to your feet,
and rays light slowly the street...
Youth of the nation makes the power,
The ideas bloom tomorrow like a flower...

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Fluffy dream!

I am the king
I am the Queen
I am the Mythical waves
Oh! Fluffy dream!

Single space
Multiple sketches
Mythical tunes
Mystic swing.

I am the lion
I am the tiger
I am the spirit of wolf
I will demolish all the enemies.

Fluffy dream
Is here
And then singing
The song of the life's layer.

I am the magic
I am the ring
I am the swing
I am the Fluffy dream.

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6th Oct-24

Shhhhh!

Oh you!!!
Shhhhh!
Don't make a noise
Or you will lose your sense.
Your reality
Your strength to see.

Sleep tight
Or I will come
And catch your sight.
How can you fight?
May be you are right.
I will fight
With your scary kite.

Shhhhh!
Now the game is over
Handover
Your dreams
Your each word
Your love,

And then try to say again
Shhhhh!!!

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Mind you know!

Let me show
The little bow
Mind you know.

And then
The long night
The long tune
The lonely essence.

Patent of life
No more fights
And then guess...

May I know
Your opinion
What's this fist?
What do you like?

Scared?
Never.
I will catch my right,
Might be in your sight.

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Short Bio: S Afrose (Sabiha Afrose from the). Published Author of 31 poetry books available on Amazon Worldwide and also other sites as usual. YouTube: S Afrose *Muse of Writes *, Facebook page: Muse of Words by S Afrose. E-mail: afrosewritings@outlook.com, sabiha_pharma@yahoo.com.

CHIDREN'S DAY

Children's Day, a poem upon my lips,
O joy of life in its purest innocence grips.
I see you as a feast where happiness shines,
Where children thrive in joy that intertwines.
A love song spreading across our world's expanse,
Filling hearts and eyes with a joyful dance.
So, my little one, rejoice in your childhood's bloom,
For the universe dances at your sweet smile's room.
You have the right to hold the world's embrace,
Be happy, shed no tears for pain's trace.
A day will come when we rise high and strong,
Planting love on earth and in peaks all along.
O child of ours, you are the dawn's hopeful light,
Plant your dreams with determination and might.

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Taghrid Bou Merhi



(Foz Do Iguaçu, Paraná, Brasil)
taghrid240@gmail.com

She is a multilingual poet, writer, author, essayist, editor, journalist and translator. She has authored 22 books and translated 32 books to date, 96 articles to date. She is an active member of various literary and creative platforms. Her writings are part of several national and international magazines, newspapers, journals and anthologies. She was chosen among the 50 women from Asia who had a significant impact on the history of modern literature. She is a global advisor for poetry on CCTV Chinese TV and editor and head of the translation department at various literary newspapers and magazines. She has won many awards for her write-ups.

Living is Hard...

You escape in every direction,
Suddenly, you unleash your venom.
Whatever you do, I still like you.
Listen... living without you is hard for me...



Shukurillo Ismoilov

Even without me, the mornings will still break,
The sun will rise and set again,
Life, like a river, will flow away,
But... living without you is hard for me...



Hamidova Iroda

I haven't seen your rose-like face, not even once,
In your absence, my heart shattered into a thousand pieces.
If only you'd listen to my words,
Know this... living without you is hard for me...



Shukurillo Ismoilov

I lived whispering your name in secret,
Oh, you, Tohir, waiting for your Zuhra!
Distances are vast; I cannot wander aimlessly.
Understand... living without you is hard for me...



Hamidova Iroda

Angel with gazelle eyes, like Layli,
Whatever you say, I agree, you're right, it's fine.
The times won't allow for our meeting,
Believe... living without you is hard for me...



Shukurillo Ismoilov

Longing torments the heart terribly,
Unforgettable memories give no peace...
Every word you spoke still echoes in my mind,
Today, living without you is hard for me...



Hamidova Iroda

This feeling called love, indeed it is,
All lovers are the same, of every generation.
Oh, falling leaves of autumn, where's the season of love?
Now... living without you is hard for me...



Shukurillo Ismoilov

I keep your picture safe in my heart,
In dreams, I fly on the wings of love,

I wrote my longing in my letter of love,
Trust... living without you is hard for me...



Hamidova Iroda

Tell me your destination, I will come, my beautiful one,
Your ruby lips, my beloved, my comfort.
You, my heart's mercy-seeking, unmerciful one,
Wait... living without you is hard for me...



Shukurillo Ismoilov

Fine... what more could I say? Just stay safe,
That beautiful love of mine is entrusted to you.
Perhaps love is now but a regret,
I'm leaving... living without you is hard for me...



Hamidova Iroda

My heart is filled with various feelings,
The best of all is my pure love for you.
I can't endure the falsehoods any longer,
Understand... living without you is hard for me...



Shukurillo Ismoilov

We wrote our sorrows and grief into a letter,
As if, in dreams, we reached union.
We made our hearts happy with love,
Yet every moment, for both of us, living is hard...



Hamidova Iroda

23.09.2024

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Ismoilov Shukurillo was born June 5, 2007 in the village at Sarikorgon, Uchko'prik district, Fergana region. As he is a strong interest music and literature, from a young age, he will start studying at the "Children's music and art school" in 2019.



Now 11th grade 26th general secondary school student. He started writing poems from the age of 12. His creative works have been published in regional, republican and international magazines. He actively participated in many competitions and received souvenirs. At the same time, he is busy writing large and small works of art. He is future dream is to become a sharp writer and poet.

Hamidova Iroda Ilhomjon's daughter was born on December 24, 2008 in the Toshloq district of Fergana region. She is currently a 10th grade student at the 43rd general secondary school in the Toshloq district. Iroda has a strong interest in reading literary works and writing poems. She is also passionate about learning Russian, English, Turkish and Arabic languages. As a young poet, she is the author of nearly 50 poems. Additionally, she is an active member several volunteer movements.

My dear..

Heart burning
You are the symbol of my love, dear.
My Lord's gift to me,
You are my endless debt, my dear!
At night I wake up,
Know, my friend.
If you want, to the edge of your heart,
Write this down.
I am the owner of your dreams,
Turning to the other side.
This is the beginning of your work
Don't stay lost!
Heart burning
You are the symbol of my love, dear.
Heaven's gift for me,
You are my endless debt, my dear.



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Student of the 8th grade of Erkin Vohidov Art School in Margilon

Botched Attempt

I can hear right now
A desire whispers
Into my mind
To lend me her ears
But undone me
Fettered shackled
Behind the bars
Inanimate almost
Of a kind
Meek heart
Loob doob only
Hardly a sensation
Materialism brand
Forged repeated
Downy flakes
Hover to and from
Pat them out
Dragon flies cropped
Latticed senses
Prick unheeded
Look at the zenith
State at all
The game prize hung
Perambulate to
My rotating sight
I sprint jog pirouette
Strip off the robe
Sneakers pants
Disobey blunt
I groan and growl
Bray sounds hee-haw!

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West Bengal India

GOOD LUCK MOM

Your place is my heart,
The meaning of my life is without you
My best wishes from the bottom of my heart,
Pray for me to live, Mother!

What do I need the world's gold?
You are the decoration of my life
Your love is indescribable, like a fairy tale,
Be happy for me, Mother!

Walk by my side even when I'm a hundred years old,
Please accept my children and grandchildren.
"Are you safe, my child?"
Pray for me to live, Mother!

Goodbye father - always, always,
God's gift, I am happy without you.
Light up the darkness like the moon,
Mom! Always be there for me!

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Khidirova Nargiza, daughter of Abduqodir, was born on April 30, 2005 in Uzun district of Surkhandarya region.

Her motto in life: "You win not when you lose, but when you give up!" Her first poem was published in the newspaper "Bobotoğ Tonggi" under the name "Uzbek Woman". After that, the poem "Soğ bōling Ona" was published in the "Bobotoğ tonggi" newspaper, and the poems "Such days are coming", "Let's live", "What is love?" were translated into English and published in Germany's "Raven Cage". published in the magazine.

In September 2023, her first collection of poems called "Such days will come" was published.

Currently, she is a member of "Juntos por Las Letras" international scientific and literary organization of Argentina and "Dòrmon" writer's union.

She student of National University of Uzbekistan

I HEAR YOUR VOICE

Phone's speaker on ear's auditory canal
I can clearly hear your voice so gentle
You whisper a youth's confession
as a rose blooms, it fades away
I want to ask the name of the song
but where are my manners?
When they played I'd sing along
I hear your voice
it makes me smile.

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Now you know...

You wrote poems called "mother",
"Father" is the only word in your heart.
I think you're calling me "father"
You know the value of your father now.

Who is the person who did your thankless work,
Ayamai gave his love quietly.
If you don't tell me that you gave me love,
You don't appreciate your father.

You are jealous of someone else,
You are happy in your imagination.
You are in pain, not happiness.
You know the value of your father now.

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To myself...

Don't let the world know that you cry silently
You are not rain, don't make a sound.
It's a dream that makes you a game,
But you are a river, don't turn back.
All those proud mountains I love,
Seasons have changed, words have changed.
How much do you have left?
The senikimas have disappeared far away.
Your faith rests on you alone,
If you must love, love your father.
Your mother would do anything for you.
Do your best.
Create your story, write your epic.
Happy to fill your book of life.
If there is no moon, look how many stars
Stretch out your hands, the brightest to you.
Just laugh at the unskilled,
If you can do it, pray for it.
If Allah says it is enough, don't complain, the world is not worth complaining about...)

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Orinbayeva Dildara was born on March 10, 2008 in Tortkol district of the Republic of Karakalpakstan. 10th grade student of school No. 24 of Tortkol district. He reads with excellent grades. He is a potential leader of the Youth Union of the Republic of Uzbekistan. He organizes many events. His poems are regularly published on international sites, magazines, newspapers, anthologies. newspaper, German "Raven Cage" magazine, Albanian International "Orfeu.al" site, "Synchchaos" International site, creative works are regularly published and indexed on Google sites. Holder of international certificates.

My parents

Holding a pen in my hand
I started writing poetry.
My mehiridarya people
I called my parents.

Mom is my love
My person is unmatched in beauty
Refinement and religion
My dear friend.

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Hope did not bloom in my heart.....!

Although I held you flowers
Hope did not bloom in my heart.
Although I am filled with passionate love,
The covenant in my heart has failed.

Why did you break the covenant in my heart,
You turned my body into a bribe.
The pain you put in my chest,
I did not find a way to overcome it.

Wandering dreams on my way,
I have no joy in life.
There is only pain and sorrow,
An ember that burns my heart.

Am I sad and lazy?
May he live forever.
Yellow autumn leaves are an example,
I will be ruined one day.

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Where do I look for you Father?

The pain that raises my heart-he is sad,
My heart seeing still towards you.
Crying and crying, tears,
Where do I look for you Father.
Tigers miss my body this soul,
Your blessing would make me a fortress.
My dissatisfaction to see you once,
Where do I look for you Father.
Pamper my soul as my daughter,
I would head in your arms every moment.
Push the box hand over my face,
Where do I look for you Father.
Longing torments even at night,
From the moon I would ask in search of nights.
What can you, now, not find you,
Where do I look for you Father.
In body my soul in my throat,
That you have become US.
I went out in search of your foot,
Where do I look for you Father.



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Turan International University 2nd student.

Scorned/Spawned

(Offal)

Tonight, I was scorned
Tonight, I was spawned
You scorned me
You spawned me,

Now you need to love me
Because I'm so hungry
Hungry for affection
Hungry for you,
Say that you love me
And will always be true...

I am so hungry
And I thirst with a thirst never before known,
Ravaged heart, a hole in my soul
A chasm screaming in my mind,
Your rejection
Left me cold...

I shivered and shook and cried and cried
Until simultaneously something was woken, just as I died,
Something bloodthirsty raging inside...

You said we were meant to be!
You said we were forever,
This howling in my throat bursts forth
I will make sure we stay together...

"I love you!" you say so hollow so fake
And my laughter is demonic, deep in my ravenous throat,
Your eyes bulge and you beg you plead
I kick your legs from under you
You are on your knees...

"I told you I love with all of my being, you made a promise
Now, believe what you are seeing!"

My mouth splits wide all fanged inside
Filthy fetid breath, as gore slides down my chin,
Tearing your throat like tissue paper
Claws eviscerate your body
I'm gorging on the useless offal within...

Tonight, I was scorned
Tonight, I was spawned
You scorned me
You spawned me,

You said we were meant to be!
You said we were forever,
This howling in my throat bursts forth
I will make sure we stay together...

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

A LOOK AT LIFE-163

Nothing like death
Death is but the absence of life,
lack of zeal, and will to get going.
When we seal our mouths, feelings, emotions, life tends to be lifeless and still.
If you do not have that passion and zeal to live,
death will visit you time and again
Death can happen to anyone at any time,
if you forget to live,
forget the art and science of living
...partially or fully.
Whatever may be the circumstance
However, trying the situation maybe
Never forget yourself
Never forget to live.
Get on with the game
That is what life is
We die thousands of deaths.
Come alive only to die again and again
But we never remain the same
Each death makes us different,
life more sad, distressing and pitiful
Nothing is as important as living
Let us not die but live to the full
What we call death
is a change, a transition
Death is only a transformation
from one form
from one physique to another.
It can be a change for the better
Only if we know how to live
and take us little further.
We have to hone our skills,
our strategies how to live a life more meaningful, less complex,
simpler, beautiful and fulfilling
where you remain true to yourself
and the world around.

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India

A LOOK AT LIFE-164

There is no end,
the end is only delusory,
what we call end,
is only a beginning.
No darkness,
darkness is only
the absence of light,
light sleeps inside the womb of darkness and manifests itself when darkness
realises its flimsiness.
No hatred, no jealousy
Only absence of love
No negative feelings and emotions
Only absence of positive thinking
No alienation, no depression
Only absence of a sense of belongingness
And lack of self-realisation
No hurdles at all,
only a lack of willpower.
No barriers, only challenge to confront life.
It is significant, how we assess our potentials and ignore the obstacles which
come our way.
Unveil the veil
You will only find yourself
To your right you are.
To your left you are
You are in front and behind the back
You are everywhere
On earth In the sea and air

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India

A LOOK AT LIFE-165

A smile
A petty wish
A little craving
A dream
A passion lovingly groomed
Is what life is.
A goal pursued
A desire nurtured
An ambition accomplished
A moment with your love and
Waiting for that moment
Is what life is
A space to stand on
A handful of sky over
A memory to hang on
A past to lean upon
A present to live for
A future to look forward to
Is what life is.
A look at light in darkness
A smile in tears
A hope in despair and frustration
A will to move on against all odds
A desire to live and let live
Is what life is
Living beyond pair of opposites
Sorrow and happiness
Love and betrayal
Agony and ecstasy
Yesterday and tomorrow
Is what life is

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India

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

In the silent night, a cry
Another story of stolen dreams
Fragments of life cast aside next to a woman who weeps for her body, her soul
No more smiles, no more promises
Shattered dreams rolling on the ground like beads from a broken necklace
She is a warrior without weapons, yet even so violated, she is not an object, a shadow in the dark,
She will rise again as she is the strength of those who do not give up, she is the mother, the witch, the sister, the
daughter, she is all of us women who fight to shine.
She is a full moon of light, an explosion of fire.
She is the infinite woman, the creator of life who defies every pain and from the darkness... is reborn!

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Italy

WOMEN

Women who uphold an uncertain and suspended world

Women whose arms, if lowered, would cause the very sky to fall

Do you see them? They are as strong as white cliffs battered by the Maestrale winds of life

Do you hear them? Often they sing in the dark, but they are not crazy; they summon courage to chase away fear.

And at night, they dream of a buttery future that they will spread on their slices of bread at breakfast in the morning, adding love for their children.

They are strong because they have had no other choice, but they need a warm embrace, time, and tenderness to confront the violence that dances in the dark.

In the silence of night, they dry their tears, gather their dreams, and keep them like small glimmers to illuminate a dawn that is yet to come.

Their hands interweave threads of courage, strength, and fragility like weft and warp of an invisible fabric that wraps around and supports their souls.

As the world moves at the mercy of the winds, the women remain steadfast and radiate light like a beacon in the midst of the storm.

One, none, a hundred thousand women walking lightly and unrelentingly along their path, shining because they have chosen to denounce the violence disguised as love...

they have chosen to continue shining despite everything.

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Italy



Ada Rizzo was born in Sicily in 1960. Her life is built on solid roots and traditional values.

Optimistic, cheerful, curious, and creative, she is interested in art and psychology. She loves to cook and adores music. After a thirty-year career at IBM Italy, she decided to reinvent herself. For several years now, she has been a Life Counselor with a humanistic-relational approach and a Facilitator in Mindfulness. In 2021, she published her first novel with a strong autobiographical tone titled "Volevo il tacco dodici?", which received an honorary mention at the intercontinental literary award "Le Nove Muse." She wrote the introduction to the poetry collection "Il Rumore dell'acqua" by Italian poet Andrea Ruiu. In 2022, she published her second novel "Iris Ali di Vetro," which addresses the delicate topic of eating disorders (ED).

In 2023, she published her third novel "Novanta battiti al minuto", a true story that tackles the sensitive issue of heart transplantation, for which she received the Jury Prize at the

"International Literary Art Award Cygnus Aureus 2024". In 2024, she published "Ventiquattro Carati", where she addresses the theme of gender-based violence, a work awarded at the "International Literary Art Award La Via dei Libri". Due to the subjects covered in her books, the author has received several recognitions, including the "International Award for Peace and Human Rights Defense Italy 2023", the "Civic Merit Award for Solidarity and Inclusion of People with Disabilities 2023", "Solidarity Award for Art and Civic Engagement 2024", "Reconocimiento Internacional Mujer Destacada 2024" for her dedication to art, culture, peace, and social justice in the world. In 2024 she participated in the international cultural project for peace and the defense of human rights, from which the anthology "Art without Borders" was born, a poetic collection that brings together 36 international poets and artists. Her piece "Nel silenzio del mondo" is part of this anthology.

Life has taken her everywhere. Love has brought her home.

THE WARMTH OF CRYING

My love
I crave for you
The freedman
Drunk me with chips
Your lips
Let the rose grow in
My mouth
Our breath evaporates
fragrant
Dew is intoxicating her
the morning
Let my fingers dive
In your hair
To reach the connection
The sun
I sew some of it for you
Your dress
Light silk
We spread it out
Cover pinches the nights
The moonlit
And the warmth of the canary's throat
He shouts
I love you
I love you
Oh, my lady of love

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Iraq



Hamed Abdul Majmai was born in 1968 in a small rural house in the Tal Al-Asmar area in Bzaiz Khreisan. He learned literature from his grandfather and father Abdul Muhammad, and listened to his grandmother's stories taken from the world of imagination. He took his literary teachings from the depths of his environment that embraced the first civilizations; Ashnuna; after graduating from middle school, he entered a technical institute but did not graduate from it due to the frustration that struck him as a result of not appointing those with certificates. His first start was as an art enthusiast until he met his friends in middle school and worked with them. He joined the Adwaa Shabab Baquba troupe, directed by the wonderful

Dr. Ibrahim Al-Nima. He did not continue long in the world of theater. He belonged to the Association of Popular Poets in Diyala to begin his first poetic career through which he became acquainted with the cultural milieu. He studied under the great writer and broadcaster, Professor Saadoun Shafiq Saeed, whom he considers his spiritual father. He came with a group of young popular poets in 1989, such as: the poet and writer Jassim Al-Hanoud, the handsome poet Ayoub Al-Ubaidi, the late poet Ibrahim Ramadan, and the martyred poet Haider Al-Hussaini. The great credit in this field goes to the great writer and poet Mahmoud Mu'awwad Al-Ghazi, may God have mercy on him, who led him to the Popular Poets

Association to meet with a large elite of great poets, such as the great poet Yassin Al-Yas, who took him by the hand to letters that set out towards creative innovation. The poet worked in most Arab and international institutions and cultural civil society organizations, most notably:

Head of the Arab Creatives Association, Iraq Branch. Vice President of the World Creatives Association.

Member of the Popular Poets Association until he was elected Vice President.

Ambassador of Arab Creators for Literature, Culture and Media

Founding member of the Iraqi Journalists and Media Union.

Founding member of the Iraqi Journalists Union. Member of the Iraqi Artists Syndicate.

Member of the Iraqi Theatre Union.

Broadcast Director of the Holy Quran Radio.

He founded the international Balalama News Agency for Culture and Arts. He left it after he founded the international Add News Agency for Culture and Arts, of which he works as director.

He wrote hundreds of articles in local and Arab newspapers: Al-Qadisiyah, Al-Thawra, Al-Jumhuriya, Maja, Alif Baa, Al-Raased, Funun Magazine, Al-Sharq Al-Iraqiya, Al-Masir, Iraq, Al-Dustour. He worked as managing editor of Sawt Al-Ahrar, and editor-in-chief of Awraq Thaqafiyyah, as well as Al-Sabah and Al-Sabah Al-Jadeed. He worked in Diyala TV, but because it did not meet his ambitions, he left it. He has thousands of articles and poems in Arab and international websites.

Chairman and Editor-in-Chief of Sada Al Thaqafah Magazine

Published in Al Hadath Al Maghribia and many Algerian newspapers.

Many Arab writers wrote about him, including Dr. Aziz Montaser, Professor Haizia bint Mulla Malal of Algeria, and the Moroccan poet Mohamed Amjar in reading the poems of the collection, Ya Sahibat Al-Jalala.

He received an honorary doctorate from the Institute of History, and today I am the editor-in-chief and board director of Sada Al Thaqafa magazine, of which you are one of the writers.

Holder of four literary titles.. Poet of Love and Peace. From Iraq, Diyala... Monk of Love from Lebanon... and Land of Love from Algeria... King of the Media Word.. From the Arab Brotherhood Association.. Morocco..

He has printed collections of poetry... Your Majesty, the University Press in Diyala.

A cry of love. The cover was designed in Switzerland and the collection was printed by Dar Al-Mujaddid in Algeria.

The land of love, Dar Al-Mujaddid in Algeria.

The biography and career of an Iraqi in Morocco is awaiting publication.

Bint Al-Sayyab, a collection of poems awaiting publication

Dead love papers.. waiting to be printed

And debts are a lofty wound in the Iraqi colloquial language

It was discussed by a number of writers in their books.

A book in the corridors of the Writers Union in Diyala by the writer and author Thabet Hassan Hamad. The book "Diyala's Artistic and Cultural Tributaries" written by the director and theatrical artist Dr. Ibrahim Al-Naama. There are many political and artistic articles. He was elected as the head of the media committee for the Afro-Asian Festival, which was held remotely in Senegal. As well as for the third international festival of Land Day in support of the Palestinian cause. He was elected as the head of the media committee for the International Festival for People with Special Needs in cooperation with Artists Without Borders, with the participation of more than twenty countries.

He received many certificates of appreciation, letters of thanks, Arab and international shields of creativity... and the gold medal in the field of literature and media...

I WOULD LIKE TO LOVE

I would like to leave
to go where
there are no barriers,
where everything is the same as everyone,
where black and white
they shake hands
where hearts are on fire,
but only for love.
I would like to leave
to reach
my lost soul
in front of the cry of a child
who looks at the helpless hand
of the mother
transported by the waters
of a murderous and lying sea.
I would like to give comfort
to those who are disappointed and no longer hope.
I would like to extend my hand
to those who suffer and believe in life.
I would like the world was wrapped
from a cloud of love...
I would like, I could love.

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Italy

NOSTALGIA

Sometimes like fog,
nostalgia envelops me.
Without an antidote
for the absence
that brings peace.
Within my thoughts,
suddenly...
like the sun after the storm,
a strange word flows,
"forgetfulness..."
a senseless chill
that I hastily throw far away...
Every inch
of skin, of heart,
now contaminated,
lost forever
in your deep eyes,
like the sea, your gaze
envelops me,
dragging me
into the hells of passion.

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BETWEEN FIRE AND SNOW

Etna,
bristling, majestic
as queen
cloaked in white,
drawing a path of fire,
full of passion,
that envelops
the gaze of those who admire you.
Sicily,
land of Poseidon, of Hephaestus
of love, of contradictions,
unique beauty,
where ice and fire
intertwine in a hug,
as different
lovers, but with the same heart.

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Italy

WHEN I LOST MY MIND

Sometimes when I lost my mind
I wasted a lot of time
I put some liquor on my soul
but i can't forget you anymore

it was so insane
me thinking of you

Now I feel like a slave
with my fucking golden chain

was it a love-game
or just a simple pain?

Where is my home
without comfort zone
I'm still so strong
like a stone

Baby, I'm so lonely
however you are so lovely

Now i write this rhyme
to tell you:
I'm not wasting my time
I want to drink your sweet word
baby, I still love you.

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Italy



In the realm where literature meets. life, Antonietta Micali stands as a luminary, a teacher, writer, poet, and journalist who has dedicated her journey to the profound intersection of words and culture. Born and bred amidst the timeless allure of Rome, Antonietta's educational odyssey unfolded at the prestigious "La Sapienza" University of Rome, where she graduated in Modern Literature. However, her academic pursuits didn't conclude there; she pursued a Master's degree in Cultural Journalism and Communication, delving deeper into the nuanced world of words and their societal impact. Antonietta's passion for shaping young minds led her to a fulfilling career as a primary school teacher. Firm in her belief that the formation.



I dont hate

This book is dedicated to the brave girls who have walked the same path I have, and felt the weight of the same pain."

I don't hate you, Dad, but you left scars I can't ignore.
I don't hate you, but your actions shattered my trust.
I don't hold hatred, Dad, but you broke something in me I can never get back.
I never hated you, but the pain you caused still lingers.
I don't hate you, but the way you hurt me changed everything.
I don't hate you, Dad, but you left me carrying the weight of your choices.
I don't hate you, but your absence hurt me in ways I'm still healing from.
I don't hate you, but the disappointment is something I can't forget.
I don't hate you, but you broke the little girl who once looked up to you.
I don't hate you, Dad, but I can't deny that you let me down when I needed you most.
I don't hate you, but the love I had for you now feels tainted by all the hurt.
I don't hate you, but the way you treated me left a void I've struggled to fill.
I don't hate you, but the distance between us is because of the pain you caused.
don't hate you, but I'm still picking up the pieces of the heart you broke.
I don't hate you, but I'll never understand why you chose to hurt me the way you did.
I don't hate you, Dad, but I've had to learn how to live with the pain you caused.
I don't hate you, Dad, but you left me with wounds I didn't deserve.
I don't hate you, but I've spent years trying to heal from the pain you caused.
I don't hate you, but your choices made me question what love is supposed to feel like.
I don't hate you, Dad, but you took away the safety I should have felt with you.
I don't hate you, but the hurt you caused made me doubt myself for far too long.
I don't hate you, but you robbed me of the father I wished you could have been.
I don't hate you, but the love I wanted from you was always just out of reach.

I don't hate you, but your absence in my life has left an emptiness I still carry.

Love you...

I love you, Dad, but I can't help resenting the pain you caused.
Part of me will always love you, but another part can't forgive you.
I'm torn between loving you and hating how much you've hurt me.
Half of me loves you, while the other half is still angry at you.

I love you because you're my father, but I hate what you put me through.
There's love in my heart for you, but there's just as much hurt and anger.
I hate the way you've made me feel, but I can't erase the love I have for you.
My love for you is real, but so is the pain and resentment.
I love you, but the anger I feel burns just as strongly.
I love you as my father, but I can't ignore the hate I feel for the way you treated me.
My heart is divided-one part loves you, the other can't forgive you.
I don't know if I hate you for what you did, or love you despite it.
I hate the damage you caused, but I still love the idea of who you could have been.

I love you, but I also hate how much you've let me down.
I hate how much power you have over my emotions, but I can't stop loving you.
I'm torn between hating you for your mistakes and loving you for being my father.
I hate the person you were, but I still love the father I wished you could have been.
I hate the way you made me feel, but I love you because I always wanted your approval.
I'm constantly fighting between loving you as my father and hating the choices you made.
I love you because I have to, but I hate that loving you brings me so much pain.
I hate that I still crave your love, but part of me will always want it.
I hate the way you broke my heart, but I still love you for the few moments you showed me care.
I love you, but the memories of your hurtful words make me hate the man you were.
I hate what you did to me, but I love the memories of when you tried to be a good father.
I love you in the way a child loves their parent, but I hate that you never fully loved me back.
I hate how much of me is shaped by you, but part of me still loves you for who I thought you were.
I love you in moments of weakness, but I hate you in moments of clarity.
I hate what you've done to my heart, but I love you for being the reason it beats.
I hate that I can't forget the bad, but I still love you for the good I wished for.
My love for you is fading, but the hate I feel remains.

hate the way you treated me, but part of me will always love you as my father.

I love you for being my dad, but I hate you for breaking my spirit.

I love you in silence, but in my thoughts, the hate grows louder.

I hate what you did to me, but I can't erase the love I had for you.

I love you despite everything, but I can't ignore the anger inside.

I love the father I wanted you to be, but I hate the man you actually were.

I hate the memories that hurt, but I love the ones where you tried.
I hate how you shaped me, but I love the parts of me that were strong enough to survive.
I hate the way you damaged me, but I love the strength I gained from it.
I love you out of habit, but I hate the person you turned me into.
I hate that you were my father, but I love that you made me who I am.
I hate the distance between us, but I love the two moments we were close.
I hate the pain, but I love the lessons I've learned from surviving it.
I love you, but I hate the impact your actions had on my life.

Others

When I saw other girls with fathers who cherished them, I couldn't help but feel the emptiness where your love should have been.

When I saw other girls with fathers who protected them, I realized how vulnerable you left me.

When I saw other girls with fathers who celebrated them, I felt the ache of your absence even more.

When I saw other girls with fathers who were present, it reminded me of all the moments you weren't there.

When I saw other girls with fathers who cared for them, I couldn't ignore the void that your indifference created in my heart.

When I saw other girls with fathers who adored them, I wondered why I wasn't worthy of the same love.

When I saw other girls with fathers who listened to them, I wished you had done the same for me.
When I saw other girls with fathers who stood by their side, I couldn't help but feel abandoned by you.
When I saw other girls with fathers who lifted them up, I realized how often you made me feel small.
When I saw other girls with fathers who laughed with them, I couldn't help but feel the silence between us grow louder.
When I saw other girls with fathers who supported them, I wished for even a fraction of the love they received.
When I saw other girls with fathers who believed in them, longed for the confidence you never gave me.
When I saw other girls with fathers who hugged them, I realized how much I craved your warmth.
When I saw other girls with fathers who shared in their joy, I felt the sting of your absence in my happiest moments.
When I saw other girls with fathers who encouraged them, I wondered how different my life might have been if you had done the same.
When I saw other girls with fathers who were proud of them, it made me question why you never seemed proud of me.
When I saw other girls with fathers who wiped away their tears, I wondered why mine were never worth your comfort.
When I saw other girls with fathers who taught them how to love, I realized how little I learned about love from you.
When I saw other girls with fathers who were their heroes, I felt the loss of never having one in you.

Forgive you

"Finally, I forgive you, Dad. It took time, but I've let go of the anger and the pain. I've realized that holding on to those feelings only hurt me more. I now see that you did what you could, even when it didn't seem like enough.
I forgive you for the mistakes, the misunderstandings, and the moments I felt alone. It's a relief to release that burden, and I'm ready to heal and move forward with peace in my heart."

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I am Muradova Ferangiz Farrukhovna, born in June 2007 in small town called Bukhara. From a young age, I have been deeply passionate about the arts, and I have studied at a music school. I love playing the piano and writing books about my life and inner experiences.

YOU LEFT

Under the neon light
lying in agony
you raised up your hands to flee like an angel
"I took my last breath!" you told me
while I watched you wounded
unable to stop you leave,
How so?
Stretched hands shaking
hands that once had held
only life and love,
the litter and pain of a wicked time
the death of our mother and father,
you walked with your hands stretched towards the sky
stepping on a lake of tears ...
my sister,
my Grace,
my love and blood,
the colour red
in my purple heart
from the open wound that still
silently cries out,
under these birdless lonely skies,
the murmur,
the whisper of a monk ...
You leave
and you return and you leave me again
slipping onto another world
and I don't know what to do
with this beautiful butterfly
flapping her wings upon my chest
in my long, long night
in this hinterland...

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Albania & France

SISTER ...

A cloud over her head
a mountain on her back
the sun upon her chest
the flowers of love
and a moon that is suddenly lost
and you run searching for it
in the dark of the night
like in the dead grandmother's tale
to the end of the world.
Only your eyes remain in the atmosphere
and a kiss on your burning forehead
My sister,
half the moon
half the sun.

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ELEGY FOR AEGEAN SEA DOLLS

For dolls, an elegy has never been written,
an elegy mourning their dreams,
but today on the Aegean coast,
an elegy alone too little seems to be,
for their faint eyes in the great calamity
burned and thrown by thunderstorms and lightning.
For the silent mouths of children left at sea
fleeing the war and the horror of the world,
there is nothing but their small shoes left,
the scarves of the lost mothers who knows where
and these nameless dolls without hands and feet,
without their adorned shirts
and eyes that no longer can speak of anything
from their hell-journey ,
dolls washed out on the Aegean coast ...
For dolls, elegies have never been written says the foamy wave,
never, repeats the wind that hits the rocks,
the wind that weeps with its Homeric tears.
This is the elegy of shoes that will not walk tomorrow,
the elegy of children who can no longer dream,
the elegy of their extinguished eyes in the world of bullet-like wonders
in the Sea of the Dead Humanism...

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Albania & France

(Translated by English Miranda - Shehu Xhilaga)



Luan Rama, born in Tirana, Albania, in 1952, is a scholar, filmmaker, editor and writer. He graduated in journalism from the Faculty of Political and Juridical Sciences, University of Tirana, and subsequently specialized in filmmaking and communication in France, at Paris VII Denis Diderot University. His career spans more than fourteen years as a screenwriter of award-winning feature films, documentaries and cartoons for Albanian cinema studios. For 13 years he was a screenwriter in the Kinostudio film studios. He has written:

4 full-length screenplay films (Vajzat me kordele të kuqe (direc. Gezim Erebara), Dëshmoret e monumenteve (Direct. Fehmi Hoshafi), Nje jetë më shumë (direct. Gezim Erebara), Pranvere e hidhur (direct. Muharrem Fejzo), 12 cartoon films and 40 documentary films. He has written many articles on cinema in the magazine.

From 1996 to 1997, he was editor of the French-language newspaper Le Courrier International (Paris) and he continues to contribute articles to both daily newspapers and Albanian revues.

He is a distinguished diplomat, who served as an ambassador of Albania (1992–2005) in Paris, Lisbon and Monaco. He further served as an Albanian cultural representative in Paris (1997–2003) at both UNESCO and the international French language organization, OIF (La Francophonie).

Luan Rama has written sixty books, including novels ("Zarata's Epistolary"), short stories, poetry, correspondence, essays and historical works published in Albanian, English, French, Italian and Greek. Many of these explore linkages - historical,

cultural and personal - between Albania and Europe, especially France. Among them are politico-historical works on General de Gaulle, and on former French President François Mitterrand; studies on Greco-Albanian poet Jean Moréas, a founder of French Symbolism, and on Omer Kaleshi, a modern Albanian painter and Abedin Dino; essays on poets Jean Cocteau and on Arthur Rimbaud; and a novel on dancer Isadora Duncan's 1913 sojourn at the Albanian resort town of Saranda.

A number of his literary works have been published in France, including two volumes of poetry, *Territoires de l'âme* (Territories of the Soul), "Porto Palermo" and *Couvrez-moi avec un morceau de ciel* (Cover Me with a Piece of Sky); the essays *Le long chemin sous le tunnel de Platon* (on the fate of the artist during the totalitarian era in Albania) and *Pont entre deux rives* (on Franco-Albanian linkages). He has authored studies on Jean Cocteau such as *Rendez-vous avec Jean Cocteau*, and on French archaeologist Léon Rey and his pioneering work at the ancient Greek site of Apollonia, Albania, *Auguste Dozon - le Consul qui aimait les contes* (Auguste Dozon – The Consul who loved the Contes), *Udhëtimi i fundmë i Arthur Rimbaud* (The last trip of Arthur Rimbaud) and *Parisi letrar* (Literary Paris). His works have also appeared in various anthologies: *Appulé*, Paris, 2018; *Bantam*, An anthology of Albanian poetry, AM Publishers, UK, 2019; *Antologjia e Tregimit shqiptar* (The Anthology of Albanian Prose, Tirana, 2019); *Giornata della poesia mondiale* (The Day of World Poetry, Roma, 2020), *Antology af Word Poetry*, Edition "Les Caractères, Paris, 2021; *Atunis Galaxy*, Anthology, Bruxelles, 2021, etc.

Distinctions:

He is "Grand Officer of the National Order of Merit", medal awarded by the President of the French Republic in 2002.

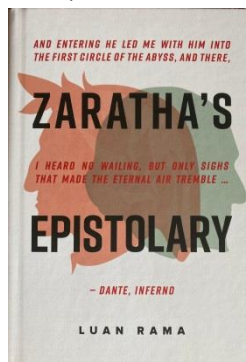
"Medalja Naim Frashëri", ("Knight of the Order of Arts and Letters"), granted by the President of the Republic of Albania in 1987.

Diploma of "French Personality of the Year 2014" awarded by the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

- European Prize of the Association of Writers of French Language, Paris, in 2000 for his book *The long way under the tunnel of Platon*.
- Best book for children - Book Fair 2016 with "Më quajnë Aleksandër Moisi" (They call me Alexandre Moissi), ed. ALBAS.
- Golden Award "Alexander the Great" by the "Café des Idées" and the Greek Commission of Unesco, 2017.
- "The Man of the Year" by the HARPA Foundation, Albania, 2017.
- "The Golden Crown of Poetry", by "The Poetic Nights of Korça", 2018, etc.

He is regularly invited to speak on the subjects of literature and diplomacy to national and international symposia and has published fifteen from French to Albanian and vice versa.

It is published in Albanian, French, English and Greek languages. Apart from his journalistic work, which is similar in four volumes (*At the Crossroads of Times - Në udhëkryqet e kohës*), he has also published about fifteen books for children. He has also translated a dozen books from French into Albanian and from Albanian into French. He is publisher of several books of travelers and French artists. He lives in Paris, where he has lectured on the history and geopolitics at the Institute of Oriental Languages and Civilization (INALCO).



Childhood

He stayed far away
My childhood
He won't come back, I can't either
I will never forget my playfulness
The years flew by
I ran without worry
I laughed and went away
Did I grow up? My heart was dirty

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Love

Farhad and Shirinlar
Stuck in the books?
It is a divine feeling given by my Lord
Did he sell himself as wealth?

Can't find it anymore
Are true lovers forgotten?
The world is like the wheel of the sky
Has his love ended?

Where are the traitors?
The eyes are in love
He does not know the value of love
Our Layli, maybe the Crazy.

Wires ache in my heart
I dreamed of you, mother
I was happy even in a dream
I miss you mom

Do you remember the fateful night?
The white snow that took you away
I still remember it like it was yesterday
Three babies cried

I saw your friend frowning
His hair is white
And yours is on the grave
Thorns are beating

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Khudoynazarova, daughter of Iroda Vahovjan, was born on August 23, 2001, Rovot olchin, Narpay district, Samarkand region. She was born in the neighborhood of Narpay in 2008-2019 district 5 general secondary school with excellent grades graduated in 2021, Tashkent city. Alisher Navoi Uzbek language and literature of the Tashkent State to the "Uzbek language and literature" faculty of the university Accepted to the 1st year. Among students in the 1st year proud second place in the held English language competition She is currently studying in the 4th year of this university is bringing

I have a friend

Sometimes when I will be sad,
There will be a way, or an idea,
It's enough to be with me always,
I can't get enough of these sorrows.
I have a good friend by my sides.
Love, to the path of love,
No matter how painful it is,
Whatever he brings for me,
No disease can make me sick,
I have a kind friend by my side.
All my friends do is pluck
Praise when luck comes and laugh When it goes away.
What you do is backbiting.
Don't put me down to such fools,
I have a dear friend with me always.
We are always together with him,
Be polite when you speak.
Thank you, my God.
He is very narrow for me,
I have a good friend by my side.
I can't stop praying for him.
This feathered heart will fly with him,
He is always a support for me.
I am covered with rain that does not melt,
I have a good friend by my side.



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BEST FRIEND

If I do something wrong,
He corrects it when it is find.
With him I am always strong,
I have a best friend, really kind.
I am his and he is mine,
He is my soul, he is my home.
When I see him, I will be fine,
I have a friend, who is handsome.
I love him and he loves me forever,
His words are food for my mood.
He is kind when I have fewer,
I have a friend who is good.
He is my wing, he is my king,
He is the best in my mind.
He brings me almost everything,
I have a friend who is kind.

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Untitled 1

And the eye's shelter
remind us,
between those four walls,
the promise searches for you, for a place perhaps too small, [for doors
and even for feet, the doormat stretches himself out,
his mask says "Welcome" and he doesn't
have my keys, you say Corso Francia is only the name
it's the Boulevards in the suburbs that illuminate us.
Then Rome switches itself off,
behind closed doors, you and this house
come back so you can deceive us,
and you can contain every letter
of the name which you know and I guard.

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Untitled 2

Wretched the smile that sat worn thin
on the doorstep,
the heart was lamenting Yves Bonnefoy
or perhaps that last journey with opened doors.
"Nous ne nous voyons plus dans la meme lumiere"
the voluptuous inconsistency of living
in a few days,

like an apparition in a dream, you ask " what she well become?"
The soul chases its reflection
An excuse, perhaps, to save ourselves.

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Untitled 3

I am, you say,
all the things you can't see
in everything else
the body is like a shadow to its neighbors
it once again free, the night it abandon us.
In the dreams, you're free too.

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Giada Giordano was born in Rome in 1989. At thirteen he won the Honorable Mention in the National Poetry Competition "A flower for you", organized by the Municipality of Cervia. In 2014 she was selected for the creative writing course organized by Rai Eri. In 2015 he won the Poetry Slam at the Rome Fringe Festival. His texts have appeared in the online and paper magazines "Atelier online", "Voce Romana", "Euterpe", "Patria e Letteratura", "Poetarum Silva", "Our Poetry Archive", "Galaktica Poetike Atunis", on "Arcipelago Itaca blo-mag", on "L'Astero Rosso, place of attention and poetry", on "Fara Poesia", on "Poetrydream" by Antonio Spagnuolo, on the "Journal of Italian Translation" of the University of New York, on the "Periodico de Poesia" of the University of Mexico and in "La Repubblica" of Bari. A further poetic composition appears in the Archives of the National Center for Leopardian Studies. Some of his poems have been translated into Spanish by the T. Modotti Cultural Center. One of his texts appeared on the occasion of the anniversary of Verso Libero. Some of his texts are awaiting publication in the international magazine "Il Convivio". She was a finalist in various poetry prizes: Tea Poetry 2015, Belli Prize 2016, Mario dell'Arco Prize 2017, Versus Sulmona Prize 2017 and Arcipelago Itaca Prize 2017.



Once Upon A Time I Loved Fairy Tales

Once upon a time I loved fairy tales
which were told by my grandmother in the evenings
when we gathered round the fireplace.
There were princes and princesses, nymphs and sirens, fairies and witches
and damsels in distress and knights who saved them.
Once upon a time I loved fairy tales
from Fairy Tale books which were bought for me by my father
and read to me by my mother
when I was very young.
Once upon a time I loved fairy tales
when I started reading myself
and loved to read story books.
Once upon a time I loved fairy tales
when I used to dream a lot as a young man
to forget the bitter reality that plagued me.
But now I would love only to read a real story
of you and me
with you as the real fairy.

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That Killing Look

Sages say this world and all things big and small are maya*
but what “ about that killing look”
once I saw and am still looking for it ?
I am born, I marry and raise children
I read books, I see paintings and sculptures
I attend music and dance programs, dramas, film shows... ..
In my daily life I go to my work place,
I teach in classes, I conduct seminars and discussions,
I am concerned with my promotion and annual increments;
and in the market I bargain with vegetable vendors and shopkeepers
but what about “ that killing look”
that goads me and which I still cannot forget ?
It keeps on raising waves and tides in my heart.
When I sleep it keeps me awake
when I am awake it goads me to madness
when I want to escape it, it leaves me not
and when I want to embrace it, it escapes to the far endless sky
Maya, O rishis, is “that killing look” too maya ?
My heart maya, my mind maya, my body maya, my entire being maya ?
O “that killing look” how I long to see it once more
from YOUR eyes !
*Sanskrit word used in the Indian philosophy which means the ‘cosmic illusion’

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Today I Shall Sing A Song For Jimlika

Today I shall sing a song for Jimlika,
Jimlika you have not met I am sure.
She is not in any way different
from other attractive girls
but I shall sing a song only for her today.
If you look at her bounties, curves and flesh
she would look as sexy and gorgeous
as any other girl of her youthful age.
Buds bubble up at every rhythmic touch
but the flowering of her flesh
makes the goddess of love hide her face in shame.
Calves are pink rose buds, thighs and buttocks
are heavily guarded secrets.
But notwithstanding all this
the sweet smile she wears on her lips and in her eyes
makes even the most lustful one
get disarmed in a minute.
The smile, her smile, is not a simple smile
but divinity descends through it.
It is a child's smile full of innocence and sweetness
as if the liquid nectar flows from it
and on those she bestows it
in a moment get transported
to the realm of heavenly peace.
And, I, therefore,, shall sing a song for her today
and it will be ennobled by her grace.
Jimlika O my Jimlika !

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The Best Is Yet To Come

The best is yet to come,
my soul tells me.
The sages have told so too.
Keep on trying, keep on pushing,
keep on moving
and never say no.
This IS the mantra.
Never fear to be a Sisyphus.
You CAN be a Hercules.

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Swayam Prashant (pen name of Dr. Prashanta Kumar Sahoo) was born in the undivided Cuttack District, Odisha, India. Formerly he was an Associate Professor of English and the Head of the Department of English, Sarupathar College, Assam, India. He has authored ten books: Evaluation of Textbooks in the Teaching of English (2013), Values in Life(2013), Live Like A Man (poetry)(2014), Haiku from the Garden of My Own (poetry)(2014), Knowledge Tree (2014), Virgin Land Impregnated (2012), Joy of Love (2009) Heart of Love (2023)(poetry)(published in USA), The Sky Conquerors (2024) and Premras Amrit (poetry in Assamese)(2019).

His poems have also been published in several international anthologies: Voice of United Eleven (2011)(in India), Peerless Pearls (2020)(in India), Perceptions (2021)(in USA), Quintessence: Aspects of the Soul (2021)(in USA), Quintessence: The Emotional Realm (2022)(in USA), World Healing World Peace (2022 & 2024)(in USA), Climate Change (2022)(in USA), The Wonders of Winter (2022)(in USA), Love Letters in Poetic Verse (2023)(in USA), Dream (2nd Edition)(2023), Psythur (2023)(in USA), Armchair Poetry (2023)(in USA), Letter Poems to Our Deceased (2024)(USA), Being Human (2024)(in USA), Shards (2024)(in USA) and Light-Bringer (2024)(in USA).

His poems have also been published in the international poetry journals like Impspired Magazine (in UK), Open Skies Quarterly/Poetry (in USA), The Year of the Poet (in USA) and Raven Cage (in Germany).

The Last Astronomy

In memory of Douglas Bishop

Only your name could summon
a night's butterflies, fire-wings
amid the poems. Hear me, friend,
do not fly as dust flies,
in a sky peopled by
lost moons, withering stars,
a comet's burning path, so many,
many burning stones, on burning paths.
You will defy them all. I will hold
your words, and then scatter them,
sparks dancing upward, as all
of heaven must.

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Bereavement Walk

Now as ever, you've given a mission: walking to
your house, among the lights of Halloween.
A red phantom floats in the leaves of the front yard,
sighing as I pass. Even the sunflowers defy
the night. Children are singing, jumping on pogo sticks.
Surely, you have sent them. Your wife's door lingers, dark.
No one knows any words. But I will invoke you, and as she
says, a candle melting, still burning, tears sparkling in the flame.

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Meg Smith is a writer, journalist, dancer and events producer from Lowell, Mass. USA. In addition to Raven Cage, her writing has appeared in The Cafe Review, Muddy River Poetry Review, The Horror Zine, Dark Moon Digest, and many more.

She is author of six poetry collections and a short fiction collection, The Plague Confessor, and is producer of the Poe in Lowell festival honoring Edgar Allan Poe's three visits to Lowell, Mass. She also serves on the board of the Lowell Celebrates Kerouac festival honoring Lowell native son, Jack Kerouac.

Happiness

Happiness!

Oh, I search for you among the clouds,
As if you are a hidden charm.
In the skies, in the desert endless,
The search for you itself is sweet.

Happiness!

Oh, I search for you among the clouds,
Just like a shining beacon.
Lighting hearts without haste,
The roads all lead towards you.

Happiness!

Oh, I search for you among the clouds,
For me, you are a dream.
Not knowing whether it is fantasy or reality,
We wander like mad, it seems.

Happiness!

Oh, I search for you among the clouds,
Every living soul yearns for you.
A lifetime spent searching, yet not finding,
And still, man walks happily in dreams!

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Bunyodova Parizodabonu(daughter of Bunyod)

Born on October 16, 2006, in Urgench. Currently, she is a first- year student at the Urganch State Pedagogical Institute, in the Faculty of Philology and History, majoring in Uzbek Language and Literature.

The Seductress

Oh! The infinite sky,
How are you so close?
Oh the mighty sea,
What a generosity you have!
Oh! The gentle wind,
Why do you blow so heartily?
Oh ! The sun,
You are shining with radiance and cruelty!

And There stood she,
An embodiment of all the virtues of Nature.

I lost to her,
On the first day of college debate where we met,
To her passionate intense friendship,
To the scoldings she gave.

I was charmed looking as her,
When Spells of anger drew drops of perspiration on her upper lips,
She wiped them off with her saree.
I silently smelled the fringe of her saree.

Back from the college,
On a ride together in bus or tram
the warmth of her existence used to give me strength in solitary mood.
At night, her strong motherly tone of voice created a trance in me.
Is she the same?

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Uma

Ma,
A year of hope again as you return to your hills,
Until next time,as I eagerly wait
If you stay for two more days, showering bursts of thrill.

Your mother cannot stop but believe you will come;
In a boat with your kids and happiness and laughter making all the sadness numb

In The joy , an overwhelming neighborhood around ,
my eyes are all over it
Just like the aroma of Jasmine , diffused All in the sky and
The view of "kashful"always in hover.

As everyone adores the hymns as you arrive
Billows of cotton clouds lines the heaven ;
The twinkles and glitters has night sky taken
The waters jingles with the lotus in blossoms
Koyel ,Doyel sings in ecstasy as you come.

The river dances with the sails upon waves,
Here sings Rahim chacha,
for a new dawn as you shower us all the love and faith.

You are my child ,
The apple of my eye.
Stay blessed and happy with your blessings to
Make the world a place of paradise

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Gothic Poetry

Eric Shelman

What Lurks In The Wicked

What lurks in the wicked
but murks when uh-huh, insipid
cutting, gutting, butting
nutting, jutting, rutting, addictively
living in sin's grinning misgivings

nonliving in dismissing
creator gods and goddess
worshiping their adversarial gods, goddesses
or even worshiping themselves instead
committedly
unrighteously, unrepentantly, unbelievably
unknowably, uncertainties, unforgivably
unreligious, contradictory
blasphemous, sacrilegious, irreligious
consistently
adversaries' minions, mischievously, misguiding
mankind, hopefully, mopefully, cope-fully
obtaining, sustaining, restraining, gaining
feigning, deigning, reigning, their afterlife's

essences, sent to whatever horrifying
petrifying, stupefying, terrifying hellacious
place their predestined, and predicted
traveling, caviling, raveling, unraveling
sickeningly
prioritizing, pleasures, pleasurable-pains
hedonism, debauchery, gluttony, over-indulging
waywardness, instead of choosing righteous
staying on the straight and narrow path
snickeringly
condemning non-believers, as opponents
worshippers of their adversaries, to be
terrorized tormented, and tortured by these
minions however their Evil One, masters
commands and demands of them, both on
Earth, and in their afterlives, forever and
always, afflictedly
tenaciously tempting humans, by placing
doubtful, skeptical, existential thoughts, about
their creator gods and goddesses, existence

in their minds, submittedly
bestially, battering, tattering, scattering
shattering splattering, spattering, their victims
antipodely

Hierarchy of Hell, representing, presenting
dissenting, inventing, relenting, venting
circumventing, cementing their Hell's
organizational, occupational, operational
observational, orientational, foundational
locationally envisioned, provisioned
conditioned, positioned, commissioned
auditioned, by occult authors
in their grimoire, concerning demons
especially Goetic demons
ascribing varying ranks, and
positions, to different infernal spirits.

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What Lurks In The Evil

What lurks in the evil
but murks when uh, primeval
cutting, gutting, nutting, butting
strutting, smutting, rutting, jutting
rebutting, constructing, rushing, crushing hushing, flushing, wailing wicked weasels
lusting, busting, rusting, sucked, plucked
 erupting, deconstructing, rearranging
 deranging wayward weevils
terrifyingly, tempting, torturing, tormenting
 terrorizing, tarnations, tot's tantrums
 thoughts, lethally
frightfully, freakishly, frantically
 filleting, flaying fraying, frying
 feasting, flaunting forbidding freedoms
 fating, fearsome forever festivals
horribly, harrumphing, hawing
 harrowing hackling, harassing, humiliating
 haunting, upheavals
dementedly, downing, drowning, dipping
 dripping, dropping, disciplining
 devouring, damned dastards, drunken
 destinies
raping, gang-raping, aping, gaping, japing
 scraping, hard-scraping, misshaping, craping
 reshaping, lost and fallen souls, reprievals

pestering, festering, sequestering, entering
 gesturing, sweltering, living and dead, Knievel's
devils, demons, ghouls, possessing persons
 hoping they become
 potential sons and daughters of perdition's
 retrievals.

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What Lurks In The Cursed

What lurks in the cursed
but murks been uh, worst
cutting, gutting, jutting
butting, rutting, strutting

appositions, irking, shirking, smirking, jerking
perking, quirking, brining, grinning, jinning
mining, skinning, shinning, sinning, spinning
pinning, thinning, twinning, vinning, winning
huh, bursts

opposing, closing, disclosing, enclosing
imposing, superimposing, exposing, proposing
supposing predisposing, disposing, dozing
juxtaposing, interposing, reposing, deposing
diagnosing, engrossing, pigeons, widgeons'
smidgens, religion's contradictory, dispersed
illogical, irrational, nonsensical fictitious
historical mysteries, trickery, dogmas, dramas
lamas sagas, dharmas, mamas traumas, tamas
karmas, atrocious raucous ferocious
monstrously pompous, viscous, hideously
rehearsed

impetuous anomalous animosities
grandiosity, monstrosities, tenebrous
preciosities, tediousities tortuosities
caliginosity, fastidiosities
ridiculously, over-scrupulously
spiritualities, subverted

hypocrisies, ocracies, autocracies
androcracies, albocracies, aristocracies
cosmocracies, enthocracies, theocracies
spurted

blasphemers, heretics
nonbelievers sacrilegious, unreligious
unrepentant adversaries
worshippers, devotees, praisers, followers
unfortunately are unswervingly
disturbingly, discerningly

deservingly, of Hell's eternal, damnations
tarnations, lamentations, superstitious
supernatural, paranormal, prophesied, perfectly
painfully, paying penances, pursed, perversions
coerced, continuously condemned
bitten by a werewolf, were-bear
were-jaguar and other were-creatures
bitten and blood-sucked by vampires

poltergeists, phantoms, phantasms possessing
items, perpetuatingly
haunting, taunting, daunting, jaunting
vaunting, flaunting owners of these items until
their deaths, from old and nowadays, within
hurst
fantastical, interterrestrial, extraterrestrial
inter-dimesional superstitious, supernatural
paranormal diabolical, demonical, archival
archaic, psychological, physicallogical
metaphorical, metaphysical, macabrical, corporeal, ethereal

fallen angelical, primordial, primeval
ancestral folkloric, mythical, fablelical
allegorical, symbolical
personages, monsters, apparitions
horrifically, terrifyingly, stupefyingly
petrifyingly, possessing, man, woman, children
animals, fowls, houses, cementries, graveyards
lakes, ocean's beaches, vehicles, computers
televisions, other technologies, and so much
more, outbursts.

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Morning's Breath

My head is in the clouds most times, while the world's in slumber, crawl in dread, tend to spend hours on end, tracing words of soulful consequence with adulation, 'till emptiness resides a moment and I catch my breath

Count in seconds, breath I sip and hold, then solemnly release, ever so slow, with woven whispers of a grateful vow, bespoken in the company of ancient pain which creeps into the light of morn, as rooster's song announces break of day

Thought escapes from dreams to early dawn, I dare not stir, for fright of waking warmth of comfort in an ever growing nest, a cradle which has come to hold a weary bag of bones I carry once I wake

Eyes search for a narrow margin which sight affords these days, three inch wide screen, sitting on the palm of trembling hand, teetering as I slide stiff fingers up and down its face, to capture what bubbles to the surface in this space

Worn out beads strung out for focus of a prayer in rapture, strings of reverence hold lost memories, for a bed of roses yet to rise, like treasure hid within Pandora box, collected here in corners of receding hall, this shelter in which I reside, where yearning lies in wait to with the Stars collide

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Ebbing

Curtain drops, adjournment seeps through fading shroud of wonder, kaleidoscopic fissure breaks revealing truth,
benevolence entrenched in hearth's fire escapes as proof, thus began a vanishing of thunder

Waning shifts in sifting sands, drawn to center of the glass, culmination built through decades past, withering the hour it's
cast, spent tomorrows drown in brine of tears, what fate bestows as closing pass

Monochrome ebbs floundering into space, vulnerable cessation sets a brilliant flame,
ever changing guard somehow remains the same, thrust into a stirring of a blaze

Darkness fades receding pageantry in black and white, consequence ceases its place upon the page, a stolen moment on the
final stage, to burst beguiling essence sprinkled through the night

A beckoning of broken dreams yet clamoring appears, inciting wistful promise, a pirouette of longing gaze
upon the morrow, dying embers lit to fever pitch, once drowned in sorrow, now rumors culled within a maze of bitter tears

Consumed in ancient tongues of salient wail, ebbing creature turns a pallet of a silver plate, a crown of thorny slivers,
swallowed whole of late, dispersed through words that to the ether sail

Celestial child bound for charts unknown,
rainbow colored skies summon to greet,
in tombs of birth which often lay discreet,
return to whence one claims a realm, one's own

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In Dust

Far from falling embers, smoldering on Earth's facade
dust of greater essence, fragments among the rust
fledgling buds of glorious breath, whispered by God
rest on laurels for ages, bent on human trust

Strength of beguiling force, thrust into futile course
gripping a raging fire, yearning to brandish
a claim
whole of the core of Gaia, revolving 'round the source
close to becoming Nova, but for it's given name

Wrought under power of darkness, shines by the light of day
ages of toil and turmoil, tear at fabric's edge
center of human kindness, kindle of love, we pray
dawn of promising diligence, writ in common pledge

Burgeoning morn of Hope, breath of future flame
wrapped in words of sorrow, written in His name

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Stoic Loner

What a pre-civilized devil rule!
Human bodies, of course dead
Are hanged after beaten to death
Satanic revengers yelling loud
Sky rending cries and wailing
For the near ones of the families
Those got vanquished and killed.
Ruthless killings just for dissent
Is there no empathetic soul to call
To stop this pogrom gore shower?
Love fraternity humanism all denied
Lord the rescuer of the world do come
To restore world peace and tranquility!

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West Bengal India

Rarefied Ideas

Behind the thorny bushes
Lurking assassins
Crooked daggers whetted
Sticky blood oozed out
Yet another cult fostered
Rooted and riveted within
Deepest core of the muse
Find no passage
Demonic eyes giggling and
Lashing hard on skin
The philosopher traipses through
Thick and thin moving parabola
Caring a hang
For those satanic defiance
Philistines mostly
But mundane amenities huge
Instant feedback on
Buttering the establishment
Living altar of
El Dorado or epicurean island
Tramp like great soul peering
Into the greedy
Blokes' slimy mindset avarice
Consumed on
Not an inch space for feelings
Fit for humans.
An oceanic multitude of ordeals
To tide over
He whispering into our ears faint
Though dauntless
It's the order of the Kalyug days
We've to change it.

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West Bengal India

The Grey Cloud

The grey cloud mourns over the moist land
Smothering the flame that burns in every heart
Dampening every protest against the brutal band,
Who did collude with powers from the very start.
The hungry doctors from the podium of protest
Is fighting unarmed to wash away the sin
While a sole-less lady dances and drums in jest,
Or sings shrill tunes as Nero did with violin.
Every cut that oozed from the angel's skin
Every piece of bone that was hit to break
Ripped our faith apart in the Holy divine
And dragged our trust in justice to the grave.
The sinners unleash the spineless force to lash
Upon unarmed protest of the beleaguered citizens,
They threaten with bawdy speeches, unabashed-
While, the tears of the victim's soul fall down as rain.

(Dedicated to the protesting junior doctors of R.G. Kar Hospital incident at Kolkata, India)

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Mr Amitava Chakrabarty is a Marine Officer of Syama Prasad Mookerjee Port, Kolkata. He is a Dock Pilot by profession and a writer, journalist and poet by passion. As a freelance journalist, he had contributed several reports in the Hindustan Times. The Statesman had published his letters/ stories and poems for years. His poems were published in the Times of India and the Asian Age, also. He has been published in numerous journals like Exposure - Pinhole Camera IV (University of Cumbria, UK) Phoenix -the New Life Poetry-UK, Poetcrit-India, Metverse Muse, BizzBuzz - to name a few. Various anthologies and e-magazines from India and abroad published his poems. He has two published anthologies namely "Solitude" and "So I used gray and other poems" (<https://bookwomb.com/so-i-used-gray-and-other-poems-amitava-chakrabarty-1.html>)

He is an Honorary Life member of Metverse Muse.

Pulse

Your voice is cold, your white limbs ice
but when you look at me your eyes are burning coals,
Because I am heat, I'm what your dead heart desires
You flinch at my scorching touch, I'm dangerous to you,
This woman who can set a vampire on fire...

Your fangs are showing, a pointed threat
Do you think I'm intimidated? Lie back, I've not finished yet,
You are the one who loves to be in control
But you submit like a puppy dog to this mortal soul...

I am astride you and you see me smile
My head tips back, my neck soft and bare,
My throat pulses...
Where you are pulsing... Should I kiss you there?
Creature of shadow, at one with the night
You thought to seduce me, but I turned the tables...

So just submit
(I grab your hair, start to ride)
You want me

and I don't bite!

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Keening

SILENCE... broken
The WAILING begins,
In female form
An evil spirit sings,

DEATH... foreshadowed
Her sad song lament,
A warning to others
Hope for me it's not meant,

Keening! Keening!
Her sad song lament,
The silence, broken
A dream I once dreamt.

Ashley O'Keefe

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Rune of the Ravens

Symbolising birth
That moment of life,
The rune of protection
Cut the cord with the knife,

The Rune of the Ravens
Also a symbol of death,
That moment at life's end
The Viking's last breath.

Ashley O'Keefe

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Irish Crows

The morning rises, blue and cold,
and they gather, and gather, and the roof clatters
with their great cackles, their gossip, their jokes.
They know my purpose: lighting
a memory. My mother waits in darkness,
an ocean far from her home. Only these black feathers
swirl, minions of the Morrigan, to enwreath us both,
and she and I, are so lifted in this truest halo.

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General Poetry

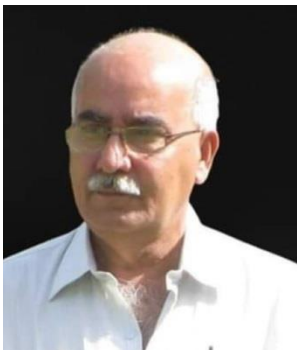
Nasir Aijaz

WEAPONS DON'T MAKE THE WAR

Neither the weapons make the war
Nor the bombs fall on earth from the sky
Like the rainfall from the clouds afar.
Guns, bombs, and missiles do not sprout from the grounds
Nor they grow like vegetables at the farms, and fruits in the orchards
The humans have been dreaming up of making of such destructive devices.
Humans manufacture the Gatling Guns at foundries to rattle
Arms dumped at armories do not walk to the battlefield on their own
Only the humans bring the truckloads of munitions for the battle.
Armorers make the munitions to gain wealth, thrive, yielding the huge profits
Knowing that the weapons are for destruction of all the structures, and humanity
Indifferent to the scale of devastation, mass killings of innocent men, women and kids.
Humanity bleeds as the humans, greedy of wealth and power, commit inhumane acts
Bombs, missiles continue to rain and thunder, guns rattle
Death haunts the innocent humans, blood spills on the roads and streets.

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(Karachi, Sindh, Pakistan - September 24, 2024)
POET'S NOTE

This poem powerfully conveys the message that war is driven by human actions and intentions, rather than the weapons themselves. It emphasizes the role of greed and the manufacturing of arms in the perpetuation of violence and conflict. The imagery of weapons being produced in foundries and delivered to battlefields starkly illustrates the deliberate nature of warfare, contrasting the innocent lives that are affected by these decisions. The refrain that "weapons don't make the war" serves to remind readers that it is ultimately human choices - shaped by desires for power and profit- that lead to destruction. The vivid descriptions of the consequences of war, including the suffering of innocent people, evoke a strong emotional response, urging reflection on the true cost of conflict. Overall, the poem is a poignant critique of the arms industry and the moral implications of warfare, calling for awareness and compassion in the face of human suffering.



ABOUT NASIR AIJAZ - PAKISTAN

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 positions 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 ten 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 half a dozen other books are unpublished. Further, he translated a poetry book of Egyptian poet Ashraf Aboul Yazid, into Sindhi language, which was published in Egypt. Very recently, he translated a novel 'Maharaja Dahir' from English to Sindhi language, which originally was authored in Bengali by Debasree Chakraborti, a renowned novelist of Kolkata. 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, India and Nigeria. He started writing poetry in his native language Sindhi, and English. Some of his poems have been translated in Odiya, Albanian, Italian, Arabic and Greek languages. Arabic translation has been published in Egypt, Iraq, and Abu Dhabi. His English poems have been published in Albania, Bangladesh, Kosovo, USA, UK, Tajikistan, Greece, Italy and some other countries. Recently, the Odiya translation of his poetry has been published in a literary magazine 'Mahuri' of Bhubaneswar, Odisha, India. 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. Email: nasir.akhund1954@gmail.com

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter

We will not forget you Zulfiyakhanim!

You are precious to us, my best wishes
My people's favorite poetess
I remember you every moment
We will not forget you Zulfiyakhanim!

Devote your life to creativity
Iboni, you kept your cool.
There are many explanations for your statement
We will not forget you Zulfiyakhanim!

Sizni unutmaymiz Zulfiyaxonim!

Bizga qadrlisiz so'ngsiz armonim
Xalqimning sevimli shoirasi
Sizni eslab o'tayotir har onim
Sizni unutmaymiz Zulfiyaxonim!

Ijodga bag'ishlab hayotingizni
Iboni hayoni tutdingiz mahkam.
Ta'rifi ko'pdir bayotingizni
Sizni unutmaymiz Zulfiyaxonim!

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A student of the 2nd general secondary school of Yangiyol city, Tashkent region

Sitora Sodikova



Born in Samarkand region in 2011, a student of the 2nd general secondary school of Yangiyol city, Tashkent region, she is now 13 years old.

Awarded with a badge by the State of Egypt and Researcher of the Year 2024 badge

. She has more than 15 students. She has more than 150 international certificates and diplomas, and won national prizes.

Her poems were published 8 times in newspapers and magazines, and she was a participant in about 10 anthologies.

She participated in more than 10 poetry contests and won first place in all of them.

Teachers

Identifying one by one, black and white,
He notices that his hair is graying.
Every bush that has been sewn,
They don't want to be illiterate.

With a wide embrace at the gate of knowledge,
Waiting for the young generations of tomorrow.
Spreading the wisdom of science to the world,
Ayamas, they always say, they are always pandering.

By teaching us to read,
You can't destroy the jewels of your eyes.
To every boy and girl without distinction,
I hope you have a useful career.

Dear teachers who are so selfless,
If you are in pain, you are together, if you laugh, you will laugh,
In the undiscovered world, souls like you,
You are worth a thousand flowers, not just one.

Every time we see each other,
Does the nation have a future without you?
When the moon in the sky falls to the earth,
Be surprised - Is it him or me?

After all, you are the ones who shine on everyone,
Every student, every member,
Shukurillo - footprints like you
Worthy of all praise - Masters!

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Ismailov Shukurillo was born on June 5, 2007 in the village of Sarikorgon, Uchkoprik district, Fergana region. As he has a strong interest in music and literature from a young age, he will start studying at the "Children's Music and Art School" in 2019. Now 26 - 11th grade student of general secondary school. He started writing poems from the age of 12. His creative works have been published several times in regional, regional, republican and international magazines. He actively participated in many competitions and received souvenirs. He was elected as the coordinator of his region by the "Shijoat free volunteering" team. At the same time, he is busy writing large and small works of art. His future dream is to become a sharp writer and poet.

Anthem of independence

We sing together
independence anthem,
New Uzbekistan
Children's happiness.

Long live our president
Your hands always support us,
It created an opportunity
Take a moment to do your best.

For us, this is the homeland
Paradise is a land,
Target people
Good luck.

What a beautiful life
In a free and peaceful time
I sing with joy
In new Uzbekistan.

Five initiatives for us
Door of opportunities,
My motherland is strong
Cradle of talents.

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Umarova Sevara Shahzod's daughter. He was born on July 26, 2009 in Boyovut district of Syrdarya region. He is the author of a book of poems called "Ilhom Qalami". Laureate of the 2023 "Kamalak Festivali" competition. A number of his poems were published in the poetry book "Yosh ijodkorlar". His poems were published in prestigious newspapers and magazines such as „Tong yulduzi" and "Ma'rifat va yoshlar". Participant of the district and regional stages of the "Yosh kitobxon" competition.

My Motherland

I was born in you,
You are great grant.
Whatever I can do,
For you Motherland.

You are my hometown,
You are golden land.
You are proud of my own,
Unique Motherland.

Endless love will appear,
When I am near.
And doubt gets lost,
When I can boast.

Gold is equal to your soil,
Swear, I will be loyal.
You are blood in my body,
I never give you nobody!

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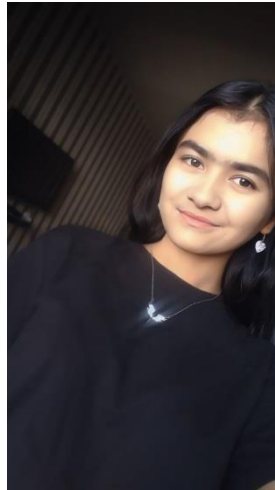


Ilasheva Guljakhan was born in Mirzaabad district of Sirdarya region. She is currently a 2nd year student of National University of Uzbekistan. She is an active member of the international writers' organization that working Group "JUNTOS POR LAS LETRAS" She is the owner of several international certificates. And several creative works were published in "Kenya Times" magazine. Many children's literature poems and several stories owner. She translated several poems and stories from English to Uzbek.

Bobur's lineage is characteristic of poetry,

Courage is his legacy.
The foundation of the Indians
His heart is also restless, unsatisfied,
His heart stayed in Andijan.
He became the king of another country
He died in love of country,
It was hard to leave,
Alienation was a punishment in the heart,
He was faced separation.
Crown on the head throne below,
Let happiness be found now
Heart was surrounded foreign,
He was lonely forever,
OH, his love for motherland.

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Sitora Otajonova is the Sodirjon's daughter. She was born on 20 December in 2005. She was studied at school 53. She is crazy about writing poems and reading books. Her poems and articles are printed in international journals.

Home

A word with a wide meaning in itself...

Some people understand a place when they say home, while others understand people .Indeed, home isn't just a place.

Home is sometimes in the form of people.

They always wait for you at home, always love you, and accept you, as you are. If you go us try they will show you the right way and forgive you. From the beginning, I thought I didn't have a home. But I have a house with a big heart. Pure hearted, kind. There are some people with whom you will feel (uyutno i teplo) wherever you are...It doesn't better where you are. You want to stop time. Home is like this sometimes. In turks there is such a common phrase "Evim Sensin".I wish everyone has a home.

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RECOGNITION

Stacked on the writing table the books
multicolored, large and small, thin and thick
poetry from all over the world.

Peaceful words waiting
for the recognition, for the acceptance
of being distinct and different,
to be allowed to be themselves.

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from "The Road of Being"
South Arizona Press

ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

Rivers overflow their banks
houses are demolished
cars swept away
by the raging waters:
man has disrupted nature.

In vain
wisdom's warning words

Would a chip, implanted in the brain,
offer more wisdom or even more blindness
and indoctrination?

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from "The Road of Being"
South Arizona Press

SMART PHONE

In the waiting room
sits a large number of travelers.

With one notable exception,
all of them are busy
with a little thing called smart phone
that fascinates them all the time.

With two thumbs at the same time
they write their stories,
meaningful or not they are written,
and sent out into the world.

Only one person does not write, but reads,
he reads a book.

Doesn't he have anything to say?

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from "The Road of Being"
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A VICTIM

-Gaza -

Not yet closed
but wide-eyed
and full of horror
the eyes

pursed the lips
because time was too short
for a farewell greeting
for a last prayer.

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Petrified

At the town square
stands the statue
of a war hero.

He looks ahead
as if he looks to the future
as if he looks for a time without wars
a time of worldwide peace

—but his eyes are petrified.

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Germain Droogenbroodt (Belgium/Spain)

Germain Droogenbroodt was born in Belgium, but moved to Spain in 1987.

He is a multilingual poet, translator, publisher and promotor of modern international poetry. He wrote seventeen poetry books, honoured with more than two dozen international poetry prizes. His poetry books have been published so far in 29 countries. He also wrote a number of short stories and essays and translated a large number of international poetry books published by POINT, his publishing house of international poetry and by his internationally appreciated project Poetry without Borders, publishing twice a month two modern poems from all over the world in more than forty languages. Germain Droogenbroodt organized international poetry festivals in Spain and is founder of the Spanish cultural foundation ITHACA. He has been secretary general of the World Congress of Poets, is and is general counsel of the Chinese cultural Association Huifeng International Shanghai. He visited the Far East more than 60 times and is greatly inspired by Chinese culture. His poetry book "THE ROAD", was translated by the well know Chinese poet Bei Dao as TAO and was one of the lectures at the I-Ching Congress in China where he has been invited at a dozen of international poetry festivals. His book "The Road" has been published in twenty countries and his last but one book "The Road of Being", already in nine countries. "Poetic Reflections", his latest poetry book has been awarded the International Poetry Prize Fuente Vaqueros, birthplace of García Lorca. Germain Droogenbroodt has been recommended for the Nobel Prize of Literature in 2017 and is also co-founder of Japan Universal Poets Association and Honorary Advisor of "Poetic Bridge: Ama-Hashi".

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Book

People say the book
Knowledge, the lamp of the mind.
If someone doesn't like a book,
Crystal is his motto.

A boy who reads a book
Forget loneliness.
Your secrets of friendship to him,
The book is slow.

Welcome to the book.
They share happiness and joy.
Therefore, the book
They sing with interest.

My life without books
I can't imagine.
If I don't read a book,
I do not know the secret of the world.

changed my life
The themes of this book.
The book really gives,
Wonders of the world.

My advice to my friends,
Read more books.
If you read a lot of books,
You will get a lot of shouts!

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Long live Uzbekistan

The countryside is beautiful,
Long live the gardens and mountains,
Open the flowers
Let the trees be beautiful.
Without losing any value,
Without taking off the clothes,
Come from other countries,
Do not come to us.
Happy to do my country,
Let the children spread,
On this side, on this side,
Don't throw a punch.
Have fun playing
Let him laugh or cry,
By hurting others
Don't let it hurt your heart.
Wondering the world
Long live Uzbekistan
Let it shine, let it be blue,
Let the flag fly high.

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Akramov is the son of Gulomnazar Kamoliddin. Born on April 10, 2008 in Koshtepa district. Pursuing knowledge, he attended secondary school No. 30 in Koshtepa district, then the former 1st IDUMI, and now he is a student of the 10th "Blue" grade of Margilan city specialized school. Gulomnazar Akramov achieved many achievements. Holder of more than 20 international certificates. An article was published in the Kenya Times and Classico Opine in Kenya. Published in German Raven Gage Zine. Creative works are also published on Italian websites. The book "The Future Generation" was also published by Just-Fiction Edition in Great Britain. Currently, he is a member of Smile Respublika magazine, Fergana district coordinator of Dillmir EVH. Fergana district coordinator of "Intilish" EVH. "Golden Wing" Fergana region coordinator. He is a member of the Juntos Por Las Letras writer's association in Argentina and is also working as an editor of the Republic "Creators" magazine.

Gifts and Trinkets

call upon
whatever

gods you
think will

shower you
in unending

gifts and
trinkets...

but, it's done,
all for vanity

since your
allegiance

is bought up
with currency

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10-15-24

Hive House

my bees filled
up their boxes

so, they moved
into mine, fine,

not caring for
my thoughts

nor, residing in
the trailer walls

they totally
took over...

golden honey dripping
down from everywhere

little did I know
how it would be

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10-17-24

Karma's Face

crush our weak pink
lungs with poison air,

why not, we already
wrecked everything

else under the sun,
understanding little

but, knowing, wrath
has got to be coming

because karma has
a face to look upon

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9-18-24

Dreams, Goals, and Success

In our lives, each of us thinks about our dreams, goals, and success. These three concepts are intricately connected and play a significant role at every stage of human life. Let's take a closer look at these concepts.

Dreams are the deepest desires within a person's inner world. They inspire us and encourage us to think about new ideas and possibilities. Dreams often arise in our personal lives, professional activities, or creative pursuits. For example, one person may dream of becoming an artist, while another may wish to start their own business.

Dreams motivate us to take action and give meaning to our lives. They expand our future possibilities and provide motivation for self-improvement.

Goals define the specific and measurable steps necessary to realize our dreams. They guide our actions and show us how to achieve our aspirations. The process of setting goals is crucial for personal development, as it helps us identify our strengths and weaknesses.

Goals can be short-term or long-term. Short-term goals are tasks that can be quickly achieved, while long-term goals require more time and effort. For instance, a person might set a goal to improve their artistic skills by creating a new piece of art each week.

Success is the result obtained during the process of achieving goals. Each person may define success differently: for some, it may mean financial well-being, while for others, it may represent personal growth or social status. Success is the culmination of achievements realized through the process of fulfilling dreams.

There can be many challenges and obstacles on the path to success. However, determination, hard work, and positive thinking are essential factors in achieving success. Every successful individual understands the need for patience and effort in realizing their dreams.

Dreams, goals, and success are inseparable parts of our lives. Dreams inspire us, goals define the steps we take to realize them, and success represents the results we achieve in this journey. Each person may have a unique path to realizing their dreams, but proper planning and hard work lead to success.

Thus, each of us must strive to realize our dreams. Let's transform our dreams into clear goals and diligently work towards achieving them. Only then can we attain true success.

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Anvarova is the daughter of Sarvinoz Orifjon. She was born on October 11, 2008 in Okhunboboyev district. She studied at the 30th general secondary school of Koshtepa district, then at the 1st IDUMI, and now she is a student of the 10th grade of the specialized school of Koshtepa district. Member of "Intilish" EVH and "Golden Wing" Fergana district coordinator. Holder of several international certificates.

UZBEKISTAN

SERKUYOSH ŌZBEKISTAN
YOUR NAME IS AN EPIC TO THE WORLD
ENTIRE LIVER IS WIDE
YOUR SOIL IS GOLD
THIS IS THE LAND OF THE MEN
INDEPENDENT COUNTRY UZBEKISTAN

MEHRING RIVER FLOOD
YOUR WATERS ARE FLOWING
STAY COURAGEOUS
GET HIGH FROM THE MOUNTAINS
BAGRI KENG ŌZBEKISTAN
PROUD COUNTRY OF UZBEKISTAN

EXCITEMENT IN HEARTS
IMAGINARY HORSES VOLCANO
BLOOD FLOWING IN VESSELS
RELIGION ISLAM
BAGRI KENG ŌZBEKISTAN
PROUD COUNTRY OF UZBEKISTAN

I'M TALKING ABOUT HISTORICAL SKETCHES

© Copyrighted 2024 by Bobokulova Durdona Zafarovna



Bobokulova Durdona Zafarovna in 2011 in Karakol district of Bukhara region 6th grade student of the 1st school. Participant of several competitions, including the republic carried out according to The winner of the 2022-2023 stage of the Young Reader Competition In 2021, he was awarded by the Young Pencil Writers Club of the Holy Motherland Competition in 2024. Currently, he is a member of the Young Pencil Writers Club of Barkamol Avlod Children's School and the Ilhom Sarchasmalari Club.

School

We go to school
He embraces us
The evil of laziness
Avoids the students
Our teacher is kind to us
We don't get very bad grades
We have very few second places
We always get high fives when
I get back from school
They praise me mom

© Copyrighted 2024 by Rashidova Muallima Zarshidovna



Rashidova Muallima Zarshidovna was born on March 28, 2013 in Karakol district, Bukhara region. Author of many poems. Participant of the anthology of the youth of New Uzbekistan. Participant of a number of competitions

THE DISEASE INVECTIVE

To discover the causes of my dysenteric experience at every event,
they poured ink, a huge mistake, into the cannula of the gastroscope,
the medical pathologists, and diagnosed me with invective disease,
associated with literary reflux, surging down my oesophagus and oxidising my gums.

When, as a cynical dog with a collar, sniffing out the smell of bad morals or the stench of egopathy,
I can't tolerate the other-worlder, a victim of excessive xenophobia,
I forget all forms of fair play, sink into the fog of the Berserker,
furious and black as a Zulu forced to put up with an Afrikaner,
speak Roma to Sinti, Sinti to Gypsy, Gypsy to Romanian, Romanian to Roma
and I can't stop myself shouting Hitler Aleikhem Shalom.

If I don't digest you, I'll hear 'hou, hou, hou', like Leonidas at Thermopylae,
identifying the worms encircling me, hence the rise in my eosinophils,
I emit excessive hydrochloric acid and stop disinhibiting the proton pump
with the despair of Mazinger rejected by the bionic woman,
spitting hectolitres of cyanide in my face with the skill of Naja nigricollis
and it annoys me to be condemned to do anything.

To understand the ethos of my life in need of ataraxia,
the barbarian meets the citizen in the chôra of anti-'poetry',
all of you, no one excluded, will be forced to venture as a group
in the labyrinthine meanderings of my invective.

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LA MALATTIA INVETTIVA

Per scoprire le cause del mio vivere ogni evento come in dissenteria,
hanno versato inchiostro, enorme svista, nella cannula della gastroscopia
i medici anatomopatologi, e mi hanno diagnosticato la malattia invettiva,
associata a reflussi letterari, dilagati dall'esofago, a ossidarmi la gengiva.

Quando, cane cinico al collare, fiuto odor di malcostume o lezzo d'egopatia
non riesco a tollerare l'altro-nel-mondo, vittima d'abuso di xenofobia
dimentico ogni forma di fair-play, calo nella nebbia del Berserker,
incazzato nero come uno Zulu costretto a sopportare un afrikaner,
dico rom al sinti, sinti allo zingaro, zingaro al rumeno, rumeno al rom
non riuscirei nemmeno a trattenermi dall'urlare a Hitler aleikhem Shalom.

Se non vi digerisco sento dentro «uh, uh, uh» come Leonida alle Termopili,
identificando i vermi, che mi stanno intorno, coll'acuirsi del valore dei miei eosinofili
emetto, in eccesso, acido cloridrico e smetto di disinibire la pompa protonica
con la disperazione di un Mazinga mandato in bianco dalla donna bionica,
sputando, con l'accortezza del Naja nigricollis, ettolitri di cianuro
in faccia a chi, dandomi noia, sia condannato a sbatter la testa al muro.

Per comprendere l'ethos del mio vivere in assenza d'atarassia
barbaro che incontra un cittadino nella chora dell'anti-«poesia»,
sarete tutti, nessuno escluso, costretti a inoltrarvi in comitiva
nei meandri labirintitici della mia malattia invettiva.

FIGRELLO BORES ME

I fall asleep in front of the paper screen
guilty of not having anything new to say,
the letters in my blood don't flow into my aorta
isolated like Father Ralph of Drogheda in Birds of Bramble,
i promise myself that they will be the last, these letters, Jacopo (A) Ortis type,
F.r.i.d.a. is waiting for me on the sofa wrapped in her little gray.

When I've got nothing to say the cursor beats blues rhythms
when you write by hand, at least you bite the cap of the pen,
there appears, touch by touch, a text of vain consistency à la De Signoribus,
you distract yourself, you get up, back and forth, with the guilt of a strike-breaker,
the awareness that writing about nothing is still writing
the equivalent of living from nothing is always living.

Perhaps a missed opportunity to continue making a sign,
or perhaps it's an insignificant fragment in the style of Tomas Tranströmer,
i'm not touched by chronicle facts, which serve no purpose
the dog's litter box once the annual subscription to l'Atelier has expired,
maybe, who knows, without realizing it, I'm writing a masterpiece
like millions of Italian writers with their After-Work perspectives.

Today I feel amphibious, half Rottweiler and half Chihuahua,
half amphibious, half armoured assault vehicle in the battle of Okinawa,
experiencing the professional sensation of Mondadori's mercenaries
to churn out word to order, their madness doesn't surprise me,
nor that they take refuge, as a couple, renouncing their Pharisaical contracts,
to sink, along with the cultural fact, in Theseus' ship.

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FIORIELLO M'ANNOIA

Mi addormento davanti allo schermo di carta
reo di non aver da raccontare niente di nuovo,
le lettere che ho nel sangue non fluiscono all'aorta
segregate come Padre Ralph a Drogheda in Uccelli di Rovo,
riprometto che siano le ultime, lettere, tipo Jacopo (A)Ortis,
F.r.i.d.a. mi anticipa sul divano avvolta nel suo petit-gris.

Quando non hai niente da dire il cursore batte ritmi blues
scrivendo a mano, almeno, mordicchi il tappo della biro,
appare, tasto tasto, un testo d'inutile consistenza De Signoribus
ti distrai, ti alzi, cammini, ritorni, coi sensi di colpa di un crumiro,
dalla consapevolezza che scrivere di niente è sempre scrivere
nasce l'equivalenza che vivere di niente è sempre vivere.

Questa è un'occasione sprecata di continuare a dare un segnale,
magari, invece, è un frammento, anodino, nello stile di Tomas Tranströmer,
non mi emozionano fatti di cronaca, sarà forse il modo in cui uso il giornale,
come lettiera del cane, mi è scaduto l'abbonamento annuale ad Atelier,
chissà, forse, senza accorgermene sto scrivendo un capolavoro
come i miliardi di scrittori italiani con prospettive da dopolavoro.

Oggi mi sento anfibio, mezzo Rottweiler e mezzo Chihuahua,
mezzo anfibio, blindo d'assalto, nella battaglia di Okinawa,
sperimentando la sensazione dei mestieranti della Mondadori
di sfornare word su ordinazione, non mi sorprende che diano fuori
e si rifugino, a coppie, rinunciando a contratti da fariseo,

ad affondare, col far cultura, dentro La nave di Teseo.

HAVE YOU LOST YOUR TONGUE?

At Unomattina they have given us some sensational news,
brought to us by WhatsApp and TV news malfunctions,
in the faint hope that homo sapiens sapiens will not die out,
who are losing their language.

It all began in 900, with the fall of the walls of the subjunctive,
and continued throughout the century with the hypertrophy of the adjective,
all beautiful, splendid, hyper-mega-convenient
to us Sanremo guy forced to break against the tide.

Disciplined consumers of the Cockney language,
buyers of second-hand words on eBay,
patenters of penny neologisms, in Gralla
seeking the approval of any audience.

Casca the world, Casca the earth in picaresque frasques
Brute busy integrating pugil into Caesar's langue
bury the lexicons without the benefit of the conditional,
accused of incest crime with an ex-vestal virgin.

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Ivan Pozzoni was born in Monza in 1976. He introduced Law and Literature in Italy and the publication of essays on Italian philosophers and on the ethics and juridical theory of the ancient world; He collaborated with several Italian and international magazines. Between 2007 and 2018, different versions of the books were published: Underground and Riserva Indiana, with A&B Editrice, Versi Introversi, Mostri, Galata morente, Carmina non dant damen, Scarti di magazzino, Here the Austrians are more severe than the Bourbons, Cherchez the troika. et The Invective Disease with Limina Mentis, Lame da rasoi, with Joker, Il Guastatore, with Cleup, Patroclo non deve morire, with deComporre Edizioni. He was the founder and director of the literary magazine Il Guastatore – «neon»-avant-garde notebooks; he was the founder and director of the literary magazine L'Arrivista; he is the editor and chef of the international philosophical magazine Información Filosófica; he is, or has been, creator of the series Esprit (Limina Mentis), Nidaba (Gilgamesh Edizioni) and Fuzzy (deComporre). It contains a fortnight of autogérées socialistes edition houses. He wrote 150 volumes, wrote 1000 essays, founded an avant-garde movement (NéoN-avant-gardisme, approved by Zygmunt Bauman), with a millier of movements, and wrote an Anti-manifesto NéoN-Avant-gardiste. This is mentioned in the main university manuals of literature history, philosophical history and in the main volumes of literary criticism. His book La malattia invettiva wins Raduga, mention of the critique of Montano et Strega. He is included in the Atlas of contemporary Italian poets of the University of Bologna and figures à plusieurs reprises in the great international literature review of Gradiva. His verses are translated into French, English and Spanish. In 2024, after six years of total retreat of academic studies, he return to the Italian artistic world and melts the NSEAE Kolektivne (New socio/ethno/aesthetic anthropology).

FUNGI

The stale weeds lying on shacks around the street turns green being fed on rainwater, the moss on the window panes looks fresh.

The boy staying there was looking for edibles in bushes with a stick .

Suddenly a half rotten gourd thrown out of the window from the flat of the opposite road , on the street. Kalu, Vinod, Chhota Bakhra ran to share the dumped Vegetable.

Alas! Rushed a black Mercedes car by their side, drenching all of them in the dirty black sewage water on the road while they cursed vulgarly in unison.

This is the fight for own survival: against the civilised, covetous, suited, rich people.

enlisted on ration card and job card, yet deprived of any government benefits.

Not named in any records of school or welfare schemes, nor in any disaster control group

Their unidentified government assistance prosper the rich house of politician.

Dormant in all seasons except when as identified voters,

They are the social fungi, paupers

Street people of all times.

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Nature Poetry

Malachi Edwin Vethamani

ODE TO A WATER LILY

You stand singularly straight
a whiteness among the green.
Your petals unfurled
now strike outwards
each firmly hold its own.
As the day draws on
you are in fullness.
Then slowly you recede
into yourself to a tightness.
Your respite is brief
and with a new morn
you replay your loveliness.
A crowning show
then no more.
Your once straight stem
now lies slant and soft
beauty spent now still.
In the water the guppies
nibble and shelter
while you waste away.

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THE DEEP NIGHT

In the darkness of the night lies the oblivion of consciences
The cry of fathers advances
In the ignoble market, everything unfolds
Voices shout, and ahead is the fire
A general chaos takes hold
Echoes of wars and the mania for power
Holy hands abound with innocent blood
Like a solitary star amid veils of uncertainty
I leave the world, following another path
The rain washes every deed
Illuminating the profaned truth
In the silence of the Ark lies refuge and the key
The sun, between wind and mists
Announces freedom
The seagull, beyond every horizon, flies.

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IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA

A colorful life is born in the rhythm of fragility.
In the silence of the sky, refuge and starry nights reside.
Intimate reflections and the mute tree tightly hold destiny.
The river narrates tales of the past, and time flees,
unaware and impatient, without a moment's pause.
It is in the depths of the sea that life exists, where no reality is altered.
Like oxygen to breath, the experience of the heart indulges understanding.
The nocturnal mist, orchestrating the vision, dissolves nature.
New words, witnesses of love, far from the world, seek space,
so as not to leave me alone.

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Prepared: Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter

READ THE WINTER OF THE HAN RIVER

Ice is the bone of water
If you close your heart, then, will be only bones remain?
Sitting next to you who is frozen, and become the winter wind
Half-open face, gray sky in the eyes
In order not to let go of the Muloragi in the West Sea
Even though seemed calm on the outside, sweeping chest
Even though she seemed calm on the outside, she was sweeping her chest.
Jamsillaru which is counting the silence walk up and down restlessly
Swallowing the thorn-like sewage from the apartment
At Yeouinaru, where only the depths are deep
Who are you waiting for until the sun goes down?
Was it that you couldn't forget the way back?
Gazing at the bone-covered waterway
Holding onto an empty cruise ship with stiffening body
Yeouido where empty words have hardened, passes through the concrete forest
Your shoulders Which are shave bones and shake
Wishing to wrap you up tight until spring comes
Black-blue water scales in the wind, ascending towards the Heukruongso*

(Heukruongso* is an Origin of the Han River)

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South Korea

Spring

Did you come spring?
Spitting hearts.
Did you spread your expressions?
Muddy your waters.
Your voice everywhere
Both in birds and flowers.
Tune in from the edges
Both from mountains and gardens.
Smallpox has opened
Scattered everywhere
They are here to see you
So much time has passed.

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Shahrisabz State Pedagogical Institute



Three Doors Are Open

Rain comes when we meet Sunny again when we go apart. The sea draws us to the Laboni Point, The oysters play their part.

If I go closer, you just move away. Tell me please, how I can trust you. Darkness was no more there yesternight, The river bad was white with bright moonlight.

All the three doors are open, don't tell me to go back. Grass hoppers are absorbed in the paintings of nature,

Splendour is there inside the skillful inner world. The tale of time returned after a long aperture.

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Translator: Jyotirmoy Nandy

Niloy Rafiq



was born in 6 August 1983 Maheshkhali, Cox's Bazar, Bangladesh. Niloy Rafiq has been writing in the literary pages of local daily newspapers since his school days. Later, his poems were published in national and international literary magazines including various famous little magazines. So far, his notable poems have been translated into more than twenty foreign languages. His English poetry book 'Sun Leaf' has already been published under 'Stockholm Project 2033 Global Leader' by Amazon. The number of his poetry books written in Bengali languages is 6 respectively 1. I, the swan float in pure sadness, 2. Thirst's eternity, 3. Salty man's face, 4. Unknown fire, 5. Adinath in eyes, 6. Wax prayer bowed in a clay body. His poetry has a magical, edgy feeling. Poet Niloy Rafiq is like a magician in the extraordinary weaving of words and rhythms.

* To be published poetry book named 'An Incomplete Kiss'.

Earth as Living Being:

Earth is huge being.
She has given birth to infinite beings.
She has given the huge life.
She should be clothed with green layers.
She should not be naked.
Earth should be respected.
Earth is genuine glory.
She is not fake being.
Earth is mother.
She should be glorified.
So earth is glory of ours.
Her colorful significance is glorified.
Her upheaval is fearful.
So respect her.
Earth has been in the higher glory.
She is our living entity.
She is our eternal life.
She survives us.
She makes me true winner in earth.

Oct.7/11-2024

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Paiyun 7- Hile

Parbat, Nepal

Now Kathmandu, Kirtipur,

Nepal.

Earth as Mother:

The land of water, fire, life and so on;
The soil where we live.
Endurable being, she is .
Planet of varieties;
Earth is mother of existence.
We take birth here and we take death here.
Transforms in new thing after death.
Existence and existence we have.
No death only transformation in soil;
Earth makes us movable always.
If earth is not here, we will not be here.
Her womb is everybody's life.
She is birth giver.
She is death giver too.
She transforms our life after death.
We are not completely dead.

Oct.7/11-2024

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Paiyun 7- Hile

Parbat, Nepal

Now Kathmandu, Kirtipur,
Nepal.

Huge Living Life in Earth:

We have life of fire and water.
The water can give birth to fire,
Fire to water.
Amazing sun is created by gas of ocean.
Mingling to life is there.
The life of the transformation is here.
We have earth as mother, and she is source to live.
The life of glory and death both in her.
Huge, the life of consciousness is there.
Again death as unconsciousness
transforms another life.
Earth is great.
She is with varieties.
She has her own rule.
She leads all beings.
She creates water and fire both together.
Perhaps sun is circle of water and hot gas.
So we need sun to survive.
The earth is association with everything of the universe.

Oct.7/11-2024

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Paiyun 7- Hile

Parbat, Nepal

Now Kathmandu, Kirtipur,

Nepal.



Ms. Til Kumari Sharma as Multi Award Winner in writing from international literary branch is from Bhorle- Hile, Paiyun 7, Parbat, Gandaki, West Nepal. Her parents are Mr. Hari Prasad Basel / Bashyal Sharma (Mayor of Village Assembly) and Mrs. Lila Devi Bhusal/Bashyal. Til is known as Pushpa too. She is Hindu by religion. But she respects all religions. 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, Iran, Japan, Kosovo, Algeria, Korea, Argentina, Lebanon, Hong Kong, Greece, Philippines, Hungary, Brazil, Chile, Scotland, Indonesia, Egypt, Serbia, Tajikistan, Bangladesh, South Africa, Kenya, Nigeria, North Africa, Trinidad and Tobago, Spain, Sweden, India, Nepal and many other countries. She is featured-poet and best-selling co-author too. She is world-renowned poet now. 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. She is IACL Ambassador too. Her real painting is made by Ukeme Udo from Nigeria and digital painting by artist of Cuba (Candido Cuenca). Her World Personality is published in Multi art 8 & 12 magazine from Argentina, Mexico and so on. She is selected in cover page of Asia (Continent) in Humanity Magazine of Russia, Trap Magazine of Egypt and Pachagazine of Kenya. She is Moderator of Global Poetry Forum and she is in Administration of Skylark Poetry International group.

HAMMOCK BESIDE THE SEA

In a woven hammock
ropes tied between palm trees
a maiden seems waiting for someone.
She gazes towards a lone bani tree
surrounded by empty nipa cottages
overlooking the boatless, blue sea.
The breeze caresses her ivory skin
the wind whispers a secret song.

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HEART PADLOCK

Beside the Baclaran statue
surrounded by a fence
locked by love padlocks
you were alone and smiling?
Beside the Juliet statue, lovers stand
touching her breast, caressing her hand
padlock affixed to the house of Verona.
Allow me to acquire a heart padlock
write our initials, affix them somewhere
let me touch a supple breast,
and caress a smooth skin.

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TROPICAL ALMOND TREE

the ripple is calm
the beach sand's serene
where the sea and the dry sand meet
there is struggle
"wise man says..."
wind blowing the large almond leaves
a girl sits under a tropical tree
if I was an almond fruit
I'd fall into your lap.

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STRANDED ON AN ISLAND

The sun did shine,
the waves did crash,
the palms swayed near sandy shores,
a woman and a man stranded
on this island paradise.

Under thousand sand particles
stretch out in the night sky
I'm going to lit the bonfire
and tell a story about a seafarer
stranded on a nymph's island.

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Spring

It's bitterly cold,
The trees are budding,
The smell of flowers everywhere,
Of course it can wrap.
Swallow flight
See you enjoy
Children's hand sheets
He flies happily.
Let's start sumalak
Many wishes,
Spring with food
The table is narrow for food.
Melodies sound,
Girls hair braided,
What about clothes? Of course
Wearing Atlas.
I saw apricot blossom
I remember Zulfia,
He is like a fairy
I question the spring.
If I don't like spring
What a poet I have become
Therefore, every spring,
I'm going to see Lola.
Like the poet Muhammad
I will be a sharp poet,
Sitting and looking at the flower
"Lola, tulip," I say.

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** Sumalak sweet dish from Uzbekistan for the beginning of spring*



Akramov is the son of Gulomnazar Kamoliddin. Born on April 10, 2008 in Koshtepa district. Pursuing knowledge, he attended secondary school No. 30 in Koshtepa district, then the former 1st IDUMI, and now he is a student of the 10th "Blue" grade of Margilan city specialized school. Gulomnazar Akramov achieved many achievements. Holder of more than 20 international certificates. An article was published in the Kenya Times and Classico Opine in Kenya. Published in German Reven Gage Zine. Creative works are also published on Italian websites. The book "The Future Generation" was also published by Just-Fiction Edition in Great Britain. Currently, he is a member of Smile Respublika magazine, Fergana district coordinator of Dillmir EVH. Fergana district coordinator of "Intilish" EVH. "Golden Wing" Fergana region coordinator. He is a member of the Juntos Por Las Letras writer's association in Argentina and is also working as an editor of the Republic "Creators" magazine.

Spring

The canals flooded
Spring has sprung from the mountains
Enthusiasm came to the field
They shared joy
Falak smiles
The flowers laugh together
Hearts full of wisdom
Warm days are passing
Little girls rejoice
They are chasing after each other
Stork swallow comes
Dandelion is coming too
Narcissus flirts
Cherries decorate
Birds fly too
We don't look, we rest
Let's dance and spread
Let's go for a walk
We will not stop walking
We will meet each other
Let's fly Let's play and run
Spring is still alive
Anhor also enjoys it
Don't worry about it
Away from grief is this heart
Winds also blow
Because spring is coming

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Rashidova Shahrizoda Zarshidovna 2010- in Karakol district of Bukhara region He was born. Currently, he is a 7th grade student of the 20th school in the district. Several the republic, including the participant of the contests is being held according to 2022, 2023 year of Young Reader competition the winner of the stage. Sozim and Sozim homeland, we bow to those who know you," I I will do everything," Kamalak stars like Bilimdon 2018 and Zakovat first prize winner in competitions. Creative His works were published in publishers such as Just Fistition Edition and Lulu German and British publishers Rashidova Shahrizoda Zarshidovna Covered in Ezgulik newspaper. Stories Wikipedia open encyclopedia and one in a number of anthologies, including My goals sari, creators of New Uzbekistan published in collections. Currently Youth of Barkamol Avlod Children's School pen club and Ilhom club azoi.. The first flight of the artist the author of the book

PURPURIC BUTTERFLY

"Black is a color," Matisse used to say
Abedin Dino used to once paint
black tulips on the autumn breeze.
This October afternoon,
the ochre of the sunset, though like velour
takes on the color black,
and the echo of an endless fall.
Weightless, breathless black October days,
in the backyards of the world roses are black,
with dark skies on top
and a soul wandering in a nowhere land,
while the body slowly sinks
like a Titanic in its last dive ...
A purpuric butterfly suddenly appears,
up it flies flapping its silent wings,
in this muted world, without gravity.
It is the butterfly of yore
that seeks to open your eyelids...

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Albania & France

Urban Poetry

Edy Samudra Kertagama

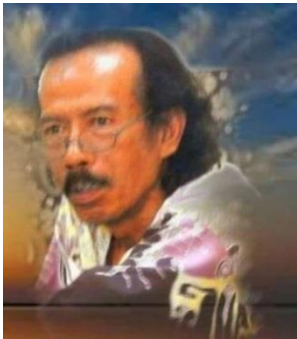
HYMN OF A CITY

Oh, the city that is covered in night, and always flies in the sky of my dreams, can you release your magic, so that all heartbeats no longer occupy silence, or at least without sounds that continue to tease because of the roar of a dreamer praying at night.

The fragrance of the sky, opening the verses of poetry, roses grow abundantly throughout the day, there is no word of collapse there, let alone hymns being sung, everyone smiles, even though the sky always caresses the fragrance of the clouds

"Here, you say, the city that is always guarded by thousands of loves," is often quiet, because for many years, you have never stopped, let alone stayed the night for a long time. .

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(Lampung-Indonesia, 2024)



Edy Samudra Kertagama, as poet and director. Invited to National and International literary-theatre meetings. His published poetry books are Dry (1997), Nyanyian Sinyi (2002), Short poems Dew White (2004), Mantra Sang Nabi (2016), Carriage and Poem of the Rajawali Bird (2019), Twilight and Drizzle (2024) Some of his poems were published in Love in Summer (Bilingual Anthology English and Spanish, The Mist (International Poetry global) Glacier (2024), Atunis Galaxy Poetry Magazine - Albania (2024), KOBIAL 24 Bangladesh magazine (2024) Received a Certificate of Appreciation from the Memorial of V.M Terkov 2023 (Nizhny Novgorod) Russia. Artistic director of Germ Theater Studies and World Eye Literature House.

Germany in the nighttime

1961 – the wall has been built
once sixty-one stars glowed over the native land
the East Germany rife with butterflies sparkled in the night
the Western Germany full of west wood garlands glinted in the evening
the fall of the Berlin Wall was an indulgence
then shooting stars fell down
at the moon glow
the night reveals the policies
with the most amazing dreams
the dream about roses
from 1935
was killed forever
by the murkiness of comets
that never could be blazing fiercely
the night crawled
the German Bundestag was light-filled
by all kinds of lights of the new wizardry
thousands of laws are glistering
at the stars-shine
the myth of Germany
is an ancient legend
from the emperor Otto the Great
the history is a night rainbow
awakened in some dreameries
of a dazzling thinker
Hitler wants to be forgotten
forever and for sempiternity
of a night sorcery

glister – literary: glitter

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Romance

Fadwa Attia

I loved you day and night

I loved you day and night

.. I loved the magic of your eyes...I loved staying up late at night I loved your days....I loved your madness I remained in love with your sanctuary... I yearn for your love I loved you day and night.... I fell in love with your words....I got lost in your worries. I forgot myself about you....I became lost in your love I loved your days..I cried for your separation Come back to me, my heart is full of your love...I have always loved you...

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Egypt

I was shocked at my love

I was shocked at my love

My beloved who wronged me, why did you wrong me? Is it because I loved you, or what? My love for you is like the love of butterflies.

For flowers, the love of the stars, for the moon, remaining moments of memory of my love and your love, my shock at your injustice to me is great, I do not know whether we will return to where we were or whether we will separate forever, but my shock at you made me feel a deep, never-ending sadness. Goodbye, beloved of my life

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Egypt

why do our moments of love end

I loved your love and spent my days with you. Why then why do our moments of love end in separation because our love is not by our hands but from God? For how long? Then for how long?

I chose our days, we cried, our love separated, but my heart beats with your love and you still love me.

Why did you leave, my lifelong lover? We may return to each other, but will our love remain as it was? It is nothing but a little love from me to you and I leave it to God who arranges our days, my lifelong lover.

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Egypt

Why did I love you ?

Why did I love you? Why?

I loved the sky in your eyes. I loved our memories together. I loved everything that brought us together. You became my home and my family. You became everything to me. My view of the world changed. After we loved each other, I changed. You became my whole life in a long night. You became a dream for all of me. One night he comes to me in a dream A lover I loved, and we were together through thick and thin.

Our memories are endless, our dreams are relentless. We have become lovers in the sanctuary of love, and we will remain lovers in the sanctuary of eternal love. Our love never ends no matter what happens, eternal love never dies.

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Egypt

My Life Long LOVER

I have waited for you so much, my beloved, and I have hope that your love will be like the sea whose waves do not calm down. Your love has become the focus of my life. Do you feel me or not? Your distance has increased a lot, and my days have become lost to me and I have become no longer the one who loved you. Come back, beloved of my life, to my warm heart with your love. Come back. You will find me waiting for you, wandering in love during your days, and getting lost with you in the moments of my life, my lifelong lover.

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Egypt

Not me

Not me, because I am surprised by that time, time is strange, our feelings were lost, our feelings were lost, we became like a machine, everything became soulless, tasteless, colorless, every day is more difficult than the previous one, why does love not prevail in our lives, why do we not ignore goodness and love and search for the unreasonable, Why, why has it become a strange time in all its meanings? It has become a harsh time. Concepts and feelings have changed, interests have prevailed, and love has been lost. Have we become in a forest, or what? I am not me. Take me to the virtuous city of Plato, where love, imagination, and honesty are, until I return to myself. I am not me.

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Egypt

Fadwa Attia Mohamed Aly Salah Eldin

Personal data

Date of Birth: 22/12/1976

Place of birth: Cairo

Specialization: Photography - Oil Painting - Decorative Theater



E-mail: fadwaattia@hotmail.com

Education:

- Bachelor Degree, Faculty of Applied Arts, Major- Décor 2000

Membership

- Member of the Association of Applied Arts Designers – décor

Jobs undertaken by the artist

- Décor designer
- Head of the Department of Fine Arts Palace of Child Culture of the Ministry of Culture
- Member of the Association of Applied Arts Designers (Décor department) and a member of the Cairo Atelier for artists and writers (active member)

Special exhibitions

- Exhibition (sense revolution) in cultural Bait Al Kaseed, Mansoura, November 2011
- The Special second exhibition of hanajer, Hekayty gallery, July 2014
- The third special exhibition - My story in a state - the Cairo International Book Fair, February 2015

Civil and group exhibitions

Exhibition of the Ministry of Manpower-

- Exhibition of young workers at Sakia of addul Meniem El Sawy, 2004
- Sixth Salon of Nile for Photography, 2007
- Competition of Rateb Sadeek, Cairo Atelier, 2007
- Exhibitions of Photography Association, Cairo Atelier and the Russian Cultural Center in 2007
- Twentieth saloon for the civil Association for Fine Arts at the Hall of (Fine Arts and Music Library Opera House) in February 2008
- The second Festival for fine Creativity (General Exhibition, Thirty first session) 2008
- Civil Association of Fine Arts, 2008
- Spring Salon Exhibition 2008
- Exhibition (camera and artist) Artists of the Egyptian Society of Photography, Hall of the Fine Arts gallery, musical Library in June 2009
- Photography exhibition of artists of the Egyptian Society of Photography, Hall of Rateb Sadeek, Cairo Atelier, June 2009
- Exhibition (Ramadan) Artists of the Egyptian Society of Photography, Arts Hall at the Musical Library in September 2009
- Eighth Port Said National Biennale, at the Nasr Museum of Modern Arts and the General Library of Mubarak, Port Said in March 2009
- Seventh Salon of Nile for Photography, 2009
- Gallery (Arts Photography) Egyptian Association of Photography - Talaat Harb Cultural Center - November 2009
- Fifth Spring Salon at the halls of (the bridge and the word 2) at Sakia of Abdul Moneim El Sawy April 2010
- Civill Association of Fine Arts Salon (XXI) Cairo Atelier May 2010
- Gallery (Visions of light) of the Egyptian Association of Photography at Hall of Arts - musical Library - Opera House in June 2010
- The fourth Fine creativity festival (general exhibition, Thirty-third Session 2010

- The fourth Fine Creativity Festival (market of small art works) at the halls (the Nahdet Masr and Isis) at Mahmoud Mokhtar Cultural Center - Mahmoud Mukhtar Museum June 2010
- Exhibition (artist and camera) for Artists of the Egyptian Association of Photography, Talaat Harb Cultural Center in November 2010
- Small Business Exhibition (today) at Mahmoud Mokhtar Cultural Center - Mahmoud Mokhtar Museum, July 2011
- Photography Exhibition (Egypt, mother of civilizations) at Talat Harb Cultural Center- July 2011
- The XXI Salon, The civil Association for Fine Arts - Hall of Music Library, Egyptian Opera House in 2011
- The General Exhibition of Fine Arts (34) session in 2012
- Pentathlon Gallery (beautiful my country) Cairo Atelier (Photography) 2012
- Salon Gallery (Fine Art group 25) Cairo Atelier 2012
- Eighth Nile Salon of Photography in 2013
- General Exhibition of Fine Arts (35) in May 2013
- General Exhibition of Fine Arts (36) in June 2014
- The first Salon of Records, opera House
- General Qomsier of the e first Egyptian Arab Forum for Hanajer 2013
- - General Qomsier of the first International Forum of Hanajer 2014, each of them belong to the General Authority for Cultural Palaces (Giza cultural branch)
- General Qomsier Egyptian contemporary creations in 2014, which includes the greatest professors of arts, applied, art and kind education colleges at the musical library in opera house.

International and group exhibitions

- Nubian African exhibition at opera house (oil painting) in 2012
- Exhibition and Forum of Arabs fingerprints Fine Artists in 2012-

Technical Assignment and public posts

- Supervision of the Fine Arts Department at the General Federation of young workers so far

Publications and cultural Activities

- , the most famous are: - Design and oversee many of the most famous plays decorations
- Ostrich show, First distinguish Décor in Giza second festival for free theater (Certificate of Merit) and two offers of professionalism, Moftah Keda Mertah (First show: premiere starring Farooq Najib - Khalil Mursy - Mervat Saad 2007) and (second Show trial of Naguib Mahfouz Starring Olfat Imam and Ibrahim Abdel Qader 2003)
 - She has published articles of the Cultural surrounding in the Ministry of Culture and ready to issue a collection of short stories

Local awards

- Fifth place in the republic in Graphic in the population problem contest from the Ministry of Information in 2002
- - Certificate of Merit of theatrical Décor, the second on the republic from the Ministry of Youth and Sports in 2002
- - Certificates of appreciation from the General Authority for Cultural Palaces in 2003 - 2004 (supervision on the talents of Fine Arts)
- Certificate of Merit from the Fine Arts Sector (Ministry of Culture) on the occasion of the supervision of the Fine Arts Gallery (workers Day) 2004
- Third place on the Republic in drawing Signboards from the Ministry of Manpower in 2006

- Certificate from Youth and Sports Directorate - Leadership Development Center in Manial theatre arts Workshop in 2006
- Certificates from the general authority of information complex of peace flags 2006/2007 for training talent of Fine art for child Club
- Fourth place on the Republic of Photography from the Ministry of Manpower in 2007-
- Certificate of Merit from the Ministry of Culture and Social Affairs and Youth (formerly)
- Certificate of Merit in the presentation of the first ostrich distinguish decor in Giza second festival for free theater in 2007
- Prize of Special arbitration committee in the seventh Nile Salon of Photography, 2009
- - Certificate of Appreciation from Moneera youth center in the Fine Arts Competition women's role in community development.
- Certificate of Merit from the Ministry of Social Affairs – Al Rowad Magazine for a theatrical show, great Bahloul, written and directed by Amin Bakir in the design and supervision of the Décor.

Dark/ Horror Poetry

Rhiannon Owens

Web

I'm the dreamcatcher
I'm the soul-snatcher...

In the dark as you lie abed
I poison your thoughts,
Nightmares in your head
That you can't shake free,
I dig into your brain
The horror I embed

...and my face splits with a razor grin,
Before you start to thrash I've spun my web
Tight around you, your very own shroud

and as your eyes fly open to escape the terror within
The woven steely strands in which you're bound
Ensure you scream aloud...

aloud!

My laughter ricochets all around
You quiver and quake at the unearthly sound

Oh God you are my favourite sin
Such games we'll play - where to begin?

I conjure shadows
I weave your dreams,
I claw at your skin
Tear apart your softest seams

Try to escape, try to break free!
Make this even more fun for me!

I'm the dreamcatcher
I'm the soul-snatcher...

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

Horse and Rider

The sound of hooves
On cobbled stone,
A storm is breaking
So far from home,

Both horse and rider
Rain-soaked through,
Now faraway
Where none pursue,

Just up ahead
A place to rest,
A dim light flickers
It's not the best,

Dark and eerie
A place so daunting,
A howling wind
This house is haunting,

The door creaks open
A voice speaks out,
Whispers and echoes
In a tired mind, there's doubt,

Stepping inside
With a coat dripping rain,
Flooding the floor
Turns to blood and pain,

Those voices, they whisper
They take souls away,
Only the restless
And evil ones stay,

The bell tolls
It's too late to pray
A riderless horse
Stands alone the next day.

Ashley O'Keefe
©2021

Spiritual Poetry

Mamoni Sharma

WHAT IS THE NAME OF MY CREATION

In every evening with silent conversation
In silent conversation every evening
If only the voids could be loosened aside
I wouldn't have encountered it in the evenings of loneliness
Confession of a pathetic smile,
I want to be the touch of the river and the sky
So, I often tell time-
"With your golden hands
nurture me."
Stop in the streets of celebration nowadays
Sometimes I become a rock.
I feel like I'm lost somewhere-
In the unfading pages
I am tired of chasing the sources of loss.
Opportunities are imprisoned in the afternoon
A clear picture of losing oneself.
Is it true to get or true to lose
Life asks in tears,
Both are true
The second moon of Krishna says with a smile

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(Translated: Rajeshri Senapati Gogoi)



Mamoni Sharma, Dibrugarh, Assam.

She is a renowned poet. Secretary-Dibrugarh District Moinaparijat. Secretary - MahiyasiSeuji Sahitya Manch, Dibrugarh District. Life Member -All Assam Moina Parijat. She is also awarded for her services. She has published three books "The evening I want to name a collection of poems" has been published.

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter

Everything Is Immortal

I belong to heaven and earth
to an equal extent.
I have faith in the purity of saliva
and meat
in the light of cells
in the intensity of the beat.
I contest the weight of the world with butterflies,
while I empty baskets of stones
inherited from my mother
I measure my steps by those of the caterpillar
and the salamander.
I listen silently to the prayers of the cedars
and they crown the moth with roses.
Deities hidden in the rocks
they whisper: everything is immortal.

In the shade of a linden tree
the hope of light resists.
This thin iridescent blade
smiles through the narrow leaves
and stay, in the torrid summer,
fatal. It is she who advances, falls.

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Italy



Ilaria Giovinazzo born in Rome in 1979. Graduated in Literature, anthropological address with a thesis in History of Religions. Figurative plastic art therapist and teacher of Literature and History of Art in high schools. She has published the following novels "Lost Souls (Effedue, 2001), "I can't let you go away" (Prospettiva, 2005), "Women of destiny" (Besa, 2007) and the poetry collections "Like a lotus flower" (Ensemble, 2020), "The symmetry of the bodies" (Ensemble, 2021), "The religion of beauty" (PeQuod, 2023). In 2022 she also published the illustrated book for children "Life. Ten important things" (Fuorilinea) and in 2023 she edited the plaque, published by Ensemble, of the event "Poetic symphonies concert for strings and winds" conceived and directed by her. She

translated from English the poems of the Kashmiri mystic Lal Ded in the volume "Pura Luce. Canti mistici dello shivaismo kashmiro" (Jouvence 2024). Her poems have been published in anthologies, specialized magazines and literary blogs (De sur a sur, Atelier, Metaphorica, Transiti Poetici, Formafluens, Inverso Giornale di Poesia, La Bottega della Poesia de La Repubblica, Centro Cultural Tina Modotti). She has received awards, mentions and honorable mentions in various competitions, including the Ossi di seppia International Prize for Unpublished Poetry, the L'Arte in versi Prize and the Lorenzo Montano Prize. She has been translated into English, Spanish, Arabic and Bengali. She lives and works in the Sabine hills.

A Dream of Harmony

The space above is
harmoniously populated
with the inhabitants of
Eternal world of galaxy
bound in the bonds of
love and understanding
which allows every entity
to travel in its own orbit
minding its own business
since times immemorial.

Can't the human world
learn even a little lesson
and keep engaging in
their allotted tasks and duties
and at the same time generating
peace, friendship, compassion
and every loving gesture
to make this beautiful Earth
one family of honest humans
the true god-figures
the earthly representatives of
Brahma, Vishnu, Mahesh,
fulfill the long cherished dream !!

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Beyond Ambitions

Life is adorable
accept it as it is gifted
not a matter of choice
it's God's bounty for humans
with a purpose
to fulfill which is an obligation
a duty and liability
to be accomplished for
all the living beings.
He has given us
all that we need or aspire for
but forgetting all the
divine liabilities, humans want more
space for limitless ambitions
running a relentless race.
They don't care to pay any heed to
the voice of conscience
feverishly seek the blessings of
this God or that for selfish motives.
Charity, friendship, generosity
disappearing from life concept
and then man complains about
poverty, pains and sufferings
which are their own creations.
God is always kind and a well-wisher
a realisation which is the key
of the very existence, and
the treasure of bliss on Earth.

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About the Author



Dr. Kailash Nath Khandelwal, a retired Professor of English, is a bi-lingual (Hindi and English) poet. Presently he is engaged in translation of spiritual books of Pandit Shri Ram Sharma Acharya of All World Gayatri Pariwar. Mathura (India)

Life...

We are in the trials of life,
Sometimes in this way, sometimes in such ways.
Unable to resist the worries,
To the pains of our age.
May God give us our lives,
It's good that we have jobs.
Don't think you can't sing me
Mendurman is curious from Fergana.

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YOU, MY SACRED PSALM

A little church you wanted for a long time
a bell that spreads the word of love
whereas I, I looked for a single psalm
hummed in the old songs of the late Solomon.
But all the psalms were chaunted
in the whirlwind and sadness of time
mouth to mouth
bed to bed
breath to breath
in ruined synagogues and churches
that did not survive.
Then I asked for my very own
the haunted psalm, the humble and the grey
the psalm of the lips awakening the dead and the dawn
that fill the small bird chests and homes
the psalm that lightly steps on the grass
with green eyes,
with a crushed pomegranate dripping juice
the psalm for a lonely church erected
beside a stone-made altar
and a forgotten cult wall
where the monks have left a million words of prayer
under the celestial dome
with gods and deities falling in love.
For a church you asked
I found the purple psalm
at the palimpsest of all time
Laudamus the soul that has honored the hands
and holds me by his spirit
today is the glorified day
full of Mozart arches
cello and oboe
that elevate the world and our bodies
Praised, my holy psalm!

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Albania & France

YELLOW MAGIC

Whole atmosphere is
Magnetic
Environment is
Full of magic
I am overwhelmed by yellowish

In yellow
The whole creation is
Watching your feat

In yellow
You're-
Such as a mustard garden
Such as sunshine
Such as golden rays
In each and every direction
Yellow is spreading its magic

Hello
Yellow!
I am waiting for your reply
Do you know
I am yellow now
Such as sunflower
The brightness of your yellowness
Is the cause of my consciousness!

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Dr. Shailesh Gupta Veer stands as a luminary in the realm of literature, renowned for his multifaceted contributions as a poet, critic, reviewer, editor, and prolific award recipient. His literary oeuvre is distinguished by an unparalleled degree of creativity and authenticity, captivating readers across the globe. Having edited approximately two dozen literary books and numerous magazines, Dr. Veer has played a pivotal role in shaping the contemporary literary landscape. His profound insights and editorial prowess have earned him widespread acclaim, solidifying his reputation as a visionary editor and curator of literary excellence. Dr. Veer's literary masterpieces have transcended linguistic boundaries, with translations of his works enriching the literary tapestry in numerous languages worldwide. His poems have been translated into Chinese, Greek, German, French, Spanish, Azerbaijani, Arabic, Hebrew, Italian, Serbian, Croatian, Portuguese, Albanian, Turkish, Nepali, Odia, Punjabi, Bangla, Assamese and several other languages. His impact on the global literary community was underscored by his recognition as a Literary Icon in December 2018 by the esteemed TV program You and Literature Today from Nigeria. Recently, his poem 'Become Firefly' has been presented in Hebrew in the international exhibition 'Butterflies of Peace' in Israel, along with poems by 21 selected poets from all over the world. The importance of his poems can also be understood by the fact that they have been broadcast on many platforms across the world.

As the esteemed editor of Micropoetry Cosmos and The Fatehpur Resolution, Dr. Veer continues to champion literary innovation and artistic expression, providing a platform for emerging and established voices alike to flourish. His unwavering dedication to the craft of writing and his commitment to fostering literary dialogue have earned him the admiration and respect of peers and readers alike.

Narrative Poetry

Daniel de Culla

PENDULUM CAN I EAT THIS?

Tell me where you come from, brunette
Tell me where you come from, salty.
She's my aunt Guadalupe
That I saw yesterday
When she came from visiting
A healer from Cuellar (Segovia).
Before, due to her stomach illness
(Indigestion, acidity, ulcer, gastritis)
She had visited
A healer from Valencia
Another from San Juan de Luz, in France
And another from Padua, Italy
Watching from the trains
That took her to these places
How the fields and houses danced
Near the tracks as they passed
And the sun playing
In the shine of the rocky ground
Next to the rivers of the mountains.
She believed in the magic of healers.
That's why she went from one healer to another
Telling her troubles to the cows
That she saw grazing in the first poplar grove
Next to the healers' house
Chewing, chewing
Next to the flutes of a grassland
Low, swampy ground
Covered with wild straw and other species
Typical of humid places.
Among them
The healer of Cuellar
Was the one who, for her, did the greatest good
Because he gave her a precious pendulum
To which, held with the same hand
With which we write
Between the thumb and index finger
We must ask it
Placing it on top
Of the three daily meals
(Lunch, snack, dinner):
-Pendulum, can I eat this?



If the pendulum turns to the left, it's no.
If it turns to the right, it's yes.
So, my aunt Guadalupe
Enlivening the teapot, the pot and the plates
Going on and on with the pendulum
Began to tear up
All the diets she had on paper
And meal plans
To take them, later, to the dumpster
Forgetting all her sorrows
Even though her stomach hurt
Like that cow of the Galician lady
From Xermade, in Lugo
Who only said to her
When she went to visit her: Moo.

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TO COLLECT NESTS AND FRUITS

With the boys from my town
We played pranks on the girls
When we went to collect nests and fruits
In the fields and orchards
In Cañete, Cuenca.
The girls always wanted
To play doctors and nurses
And, more, to play moms and dads
What we didn't enjoy
Well, we wanted to play swordsmen
With wooden swords
And to be able to conquer, the winner
The prettiest girl at the dance
At the main party
As they did in the Middle Ages
Not without first going to their house
And, at the window, hanging around.
If we went to collect figs
We would tell them when we collected these:
-The fig I love the most
Is the one you have.
And if they collected the eggs from the nests
Up to four
They would tell us:
-If you try to love me
Give me an egg to make five.
This made us laugh for a while
And we went to a melon patch
To whisper in each other's ear
What the heart feels
While we were digging into a watermelon
The best one that, to all of us
Seemed.



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TONIGHT DOESN'T SHINE

Tonight doesn't shine
The Marina d'Or lighthouse
Because it has no lighthouse
Nor an enchanted garden.
In Oropesa del Mar
On a terrace
In a delightful corner
Next to the Concha beach
Next to the sea
A beautiful child
Angelic little flower
Is attracted by his father
To ride him on horseback
On his knees
Like priests and friars do
Father Christmas
And the three Wise Men
All of them pedophiles.
At a walk, at a trot, at a gallop
The divine child feels
Something in his ass
And his jockey father
Who rides the child
A shipwreck in his balls.
Let the child go, father-fart
It alters your way
Of making him ride
Leave him alone
Because he fears that monster
Which enters his ass
Simple and natural flower
Like him, the other day
He has truly dreamed.
You want to tie him up by the ass
And you don't know that your love
Is not a rose, nor is it a lily
Much less a fleur-de-lis
Your perfume is martyrdom
And with it
You won't make him happy.



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VISIBLE OR INVISIBLE ?

Your dear ones who are long gone--

Your sweet memories which are no more--

Dad's reassuring smile--

On your head, mom's heavenly caress--

A walk side by side in a rainy evening--

Suddenly to place hand on hand warmly--

The flowers, the thorns,
the breeze, the storm--

All seems invisible now ?

You are terribly wrong, they are so visible !

Close your eyes, can see them--

Look at the starry sky,
can feel them--

Listen to the bird's songs, can hear them--

Place your hands on chest, can touch them--

Invisible or visible ?

As you feel--

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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.



A PEASANT WOMAN

Like makeup absorbed into the soil,
The perfume is a drop of sweat on her forehead,
Fashion is living without knowing what it is,
Working in harmony with nature.

Peasant women have a lot of work,
She carried her child on her back,
There is no time to complain about his life,
The sun has dusted his face...

Her hair is also collected without make-up,
It has a sense of delicacy.
Courage increased, Strength decreased,
He fought to stay alive.

Farmer woman, awaken the woman in you,
Be weak like a real woman, cry, caress.
Laying your head on the man's chest
Put on perfume and makeup like everyone else.

Farmer woman, do not forget all your fatigue!
Get your voice out! Shout! Cry! Light cake a bit!
But don't cut off your feminine heart, you need yourself, don't forget that.

Peasant woman, you are an elegant woman,
You are a woman who loves the earth by holding the hands of her children...

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Parable

Two friends went on a trip,
Meetings are such a small jar,
They want to know what's in it,
But the inside of the jug is very narrow.
The thought came to the jar,
It didn't look like that.
Even if they want to go down,
The wind is blowing very fast.
At first glance,
So in the jar,
Unable to get out of the jar,
The two hunters panicked.
Then the fox came,
He wanted to help.
He raised the jug and poured water from his eyes.
It fell out of the jar,
Traveling comrades,
Repentance ate like this.
But it was too late Immediately the fox,
He wanted to eat, wow.
Come hunter brother
He caught the fox.
Put a wipe on the neck,
Take advantage of this time.
The two ran away,
Our story too.
This time is over.

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Tales From the Girl Nextdoor

Mental illness, it's a reality in so many as we can plainly see. I suffer endlessly from PTSD, the side effects of trauma that have followed me endlessly.

Also have DID, dissociative identity disorder, when things become too much to bear I simply disappear and another takes over.

I'm not looking for sympathy, but rather looking to show others there's light after and during this fight. Sunrise to sunset, how many parts of me you see are beyond my control.

Seems like they are joining but then something happens and things begin to spiral out of control. Thank goodness God has my soul.

Some things I write should have warnings for they might trigger someone. But I'm growing stronger and refuse to be done.

My children taught me I'm worthy and deserve love. I'm surrounded by unconditional love. The lies that I was told kept me from being bold. Now I'm 60, way too old to scold.

Got over being a teen and being sold. So Dorothy was right, there is no place like home.
Chadwick Lewis thanks for the inspiration and you get it. Just know you have my admiration.

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Memories

Strange when people go away they leave the strangest things. Guess you can't carry all that with your new wings.

Walls covered in pics and all these certificates. But where is the love the morning hugs. The kisses that help make the pain go away.

Without these things I would not be the person I am today.

Does death know how much we suffer when he takes the ones we love away. I guess it's why he lets us remember the good inside and somehow let the bad slide.

It's sort of sad but I think it's us who wish them the best. May they finally get their much needed rest. They tried their very best. After all the good outweighs the bad.

When that final call comes, do they try to run or do they just reach up. Wave goodbye as they float away. Do they hear the things we say?

So they know we wish they could come back one more encore please. Do the angels know what they have who came their way?

They are still missed here, this is for so many but a few of their words still give us a glimpse of them that will forever last. William, Steven, and Red you all went ahead. Hate the fact that you're dead.

Your beauty and strength feed those still here. Did you know how much we cared?

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Tales From The Girl Nextdoor

Betrayal

Betrayed by one you tried to save. Two years of cooking, cleaning and listening to your constant screaming. You were in pain and had no flexibility wiping your ass cleaning your glass.

Taking care of your cat. Wonder where it's at. You stabbed me in the back. With no reason I even left my tent to feed your disgusting stupid face. Walking two blocks to your place. Took you out, do you remember the Christmas parade? The new year's food I made. To feed you and friend. No fee asked. Just to put a smile on your face girl you really put me in my place.

You say Our other sisters lying are your voices in your head crying. The ones that your medication stops glad I won't be there when you choose to say it was all a game you played. When they come back to tell you Mommy and Daddy loved you. Do you not remember the truth, the abuse, the use. The things we did when we were kids? Being in a body cast still feeling the belt hit your bare ass.

Shattered and bruised and battered it never mattered. The times you stole out of our father's wallet. The fact that I took the blame for the thief of your shame to save your precious name. You honestly have no shame.

Spent my money for being sick as a child. Top bunk dropped puke on you mother trucking teddy bear. It took me years to figure out why the hate for me bottled up. Replaced it with the biggest cutest panda I could find. Girl, I have no space for you in my mind.

Your crying and whining no longer get time or space. I give you grace. But I will never again see your face. A child of God you claimed to be. Yet you hurt the blessings given to you. I love your children sorry you had to sign them over to the state after the deadly mistake you made. Like our mother you will take your guilt to the grave. Wonder how hot the flames will be. I will not be there to see.

You betrayed me, it's ok I'm better than that hope you are speared all of that. I'm sorry that life changed and your loving father went away. The mind games he did play you can always come home.

Vegas and cheap buffets took him away. He died alone. God knows if he even had a home. I am beyond caring. Luckily your children are caring and the pain has not changed them from the persons they became. I'm so proud and glad your son reached out.

He's a great man, a terrific dad and even after all he's been through, he's such a loving son. Our relationship is done. Leave me and mine alone.

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Experimental Poetry

Luke Bartojay

Path Missing

*

*

A Smile That
A Smile That Makes No Sense This Far Out Where
Has A Way Of Next To Becoming STRANGE MENTAL FORGE
Next Becoming
Once Again A Forgotten Reach what was lost THOUGHT
Is not real or real Enough ideas unrealized if now ever again
Thoughts Outside
Now One
I.D.I.A.T.I.O.N
What was brought to light from that part of some Unknown STATE of MIND
Unknown
Forward goes Creation Ideations develop psychic communication
Latest unreadable COMMUNICATION latest part outer mind never was
Or outer when created ideation Mental Seasons years forgot that seam
Strange or at least some part of reaching beyond reach Idea From Where
Gotten to if made sense at a point Those Who Know, Know
Deverbalizing Silent 'Orly uproarially muting piercing how of sky calm
Ways design Wakes Dead heavy sounding heart tear-filled sizing up
Composed within out between Living Unlying Dreams dark leading
Of Legend Whisper
How All Else

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Strange Tint

Awake In
Screaming Dreams Becoming, Became
Kinda Strange
Lost along the way
Happening again
Collected Maze of Numbers
MOONLIT, Gifting Eyes
Burning Now's Thoughts As Anyhow Became Misunderstood Eventually Becoming Change Sometime UNOTICED over
AGAIN over forgotten ever to wake meanings change a conversation only possible IN A GRAVEYARD upon BOOKS UN-OR
explained
After Dark
Twilight World Behind
Dreamscape Scenes
Unknown ideas as far realize exist 'till next, and... mistaken identity way mind touched dances across over In So Brain
what it was Gone results BRAIN WAVES and a pulse different not done from where
ROCKTOBER
Moment aligns MOONLIGHT SHINES before and again next and through beyond echo because anyhow scattered thought
snow stained lightning blast moments in a sadness, reflected sad smile further does
Before how
Carries On With Confusion as further grown
Concepts barley grown
Stitched together
Practical levels next and through how because
Seems what is never again
Strange Show
Anyhow
Further on is some question
COBWEBS Again
Through Dream
Moonlight Shows Forgotten Smiles
Opinion display out further
Now a Thing
All Now A Realization
Believes now
Beyond Vision
Strange Tint

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Forgotten Thought Travel Moonlight

Unexplained Brain Process Language Pseudo Thought OUTER

Rose undeath of radar Mind's Eye a twist on Next Ritualized In Some Form of Reality Shift

Ashen Impact now if Memory Festival Living page Rendezvous Ever As A Time

BRAIN WAVES

Looking as Will Ever

From strange beyond to next

Reveal Of Alien Light

Ancient Mirror Dance Wick Caught Breeze

Sought Wings Unfold Countless Séance Living Ones Just Outside Of Sight Likened To Forgot In Name Thing of unrecognize
an Element Ill And So More Now or Exist Any Known Vision as Are forgotten just somehow understood another Always

Minded Invention

Silented Vision

Ghosts Beholden

Fascination how less was of grave became almost or now yet still reveal random hauntings in layers of thought in
languages as a tree's duty Haste vanish of hallway chance change invisible drums passage link phantom pages forgot
today in nonetheless in ever of arrival

Soular Mist

On An Ever Goes Shade If

Lists of Abandoned Myth

How Conclude Echo Memory Lost

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Two worms.

Two worms commanded it the old sycamore king,
Leave the road, leave yourself alone,
both of them angry.
Even though it is a worm both of them are arrogant idols,
A first anger grew stronger than Nervousness.

Who are you? Who are you?
I gnaw the skin of maple tree from the inside,
I am close to his body that's why I am fat.
If his body of close listen my friend.
I am many times higher than you.

Don't you have anything as?
I am gnawing the sycamore from the inside and I won't eat it.
The worm gave way,
Other worms are busy with themselves.

First author
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Second author
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Clouds in My Waterglass

Ink spilt on vacant page
Seeping like a blood river
Carved in freshly torn wounds
Overflowing pages of crimson stitched words
Sacrificial soul pieces torn loose
Spreading life's treasures into evolving time
A mere glimpse of light in darkness
Liquid dissipation from my soul

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inside out

we need to open ourselves like earth to rain
absorbing through epidermis layers
pipestone forced apart by wandering roots
a search for existence above as below
inside out

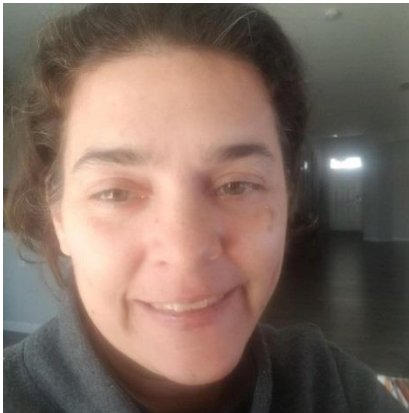
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Silence Untold

In the silence untold. Fractured tiles on a mesh of together rolled into a dusty corner. Contemplation seated below a lacey spiderweb, striking matches to find a way. The cobwebs in my brain...but whispers in an empty room.

closeted fabric
clothing hung up in darkness
cloistered and withdrawn

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Courtenay Nold, LTJG, U.S. Navy, served just short of 15 years in the U.S. Navy and U.S. Navy Reserve (2000-2014). She was an enlisted Yeoman (former Chief Petty Officer/E7) and a Limited Duty Officer (Mustang) Lieutenant Junior Grade (O2). She cares deeply for others, especially those who, like her, have dealt with PTSD and Moral Injuries. Along with her focus on changing lives, Courtenay is an accomplished writer and poet. She has contributed articles to the Association of the United States Navy (AUSN) NAVY Magazine and AtEase! Veteran's Magazine. She is a featured author and poet in the anthology 'Veterans Unchained', (2022). She published her first book of poetry, titled 'Removing Interference: From Words of Life' (2023). She also published two additional books, 'Total War on PTSD' and 'Through Our Eyes', both in 2023. She holds a B.S. in Organizational Security and

Management and is also a Certified Paralegal. She regularly publishes poems on the Poetry Society of Indiana's Facebook page at: <https://www.facebook.com/PoetrySocietyIN>. She also writes poetry on and curates/administers her Poetry Warrior page at <https://www.facebook.com/groups/945323226710286>. Lastly, she had one of her poems published in the Fall 2023 edition of AtEase! Veterans Magazine, wrote/co-wrote articles on the subjects of poetry as therapy for PTSD, and another that focused on diversity and celebration of/meaning of the Fourth of July. She can be reached at courtenaynold@att.net.

Mikro Poetry

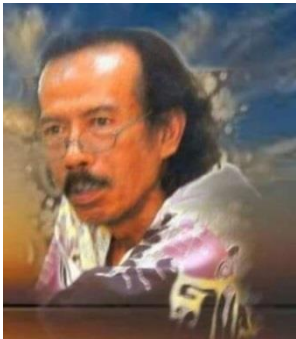
Edy Samudra Kertagama

LOVESICK

Pablo is lovesick Poe wrote about: People fell down In the middle of the night.

William is a wanderer Always take note of the sky armor "If, a cloud Can't wait To say hello to Paz Who always misses There will be another sound At the end of the morning without flowers."

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(Lampung-Indonesia, 2024)



Edy Samudra Kertagama, as poet and director. Invited to National and International literary-theatre meetings. His published poetry books are Dry (1997), Nyanyian Sinyi (2002), Short poems Dew White (2004), Mantra Sang Nabi (2016), Carriage and Poem of the Rajawali Bird (2019), Twilight and Drizzle (2024) Some of his poems were published in Love in Summer (Bilingual Anthology English and Spanish, The Mist (International Poetry global) Glacier (2024), Atunis Galaxy Poetry Magazine - Albania (2024), KOBIAL 24 Bangladesh magazine (2024) Received a Certificate of Appreciation from the Memorial of V.M Terkov 2023 (Nizhny Novgorod) Russia. Artistic director of Germ Theater Studies and World Eye Literature House.

Aching...

My heart has withered
Feeling bare and bereft as the trees in winter
Cold and alone without you.

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Eclipsed...

The moon herself grows dark
Shadowed but for a time
Another cycle come to an end
A dramatic event too behold
A breathtaking sight to feel
As a new chapter begins.

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

Instagram- @donnamccabe_

Facebook- Poemsbydonnamccabe

QUESTION

Where did you come from
where will you go

How long will last your eternity

-Planet?

© Copyrighted 2024 by Germain Droogenbroodt
from "The Road – TAO"

Germain Droogenbroodt (Belgium/Spain)

Germain Droogenbroodt was born in Belgium, but moved to Spain in 1987.

He is a multilingual poet, translator, publisher and promotor of modern international poetry. He wrote seventeen poetry books, honoured with more than two dozen international poetry prizes. His poetry books have been published so far in 29 countries. He also wrote a number of short stories and essays and translated a large number of international poetry books published by POINT, his publishing house of international poetry and by his internationally appreciated project Poetry without Borders, publishing twice a month two modern poems from all over the world in more than forty languages. Germain Droogenbroodt organized international poetry festivals in Spain and is founder of the Spanish cultural foundation ITHACA. He has been secretary general of the World Congress of Poets, is and is general counsel of the Chinese cultural Association Huifeng International Shanghai. He visited the Far East more than 60 times and is greatly inspired by Chinese culture. His poetry book "THE ROAD", was translated by the well know Chinese poet Bei Dao as TAO and was one of the lectures at the I-Ching Congress in China where he has been invited at a dozen of international poetry festivals. His book "The Road" has been published in twenty countries and his last but one book "The Road of Being", already in nine countries. "Poetic Reflections", his latest poetry book has been awarded the International Poetry Prize Fuente Vaqueros, birthplace of García Lorca. Germain Droogenbroodt has been recommended for the Nobel Prize of Literature in 2017 and is also co-founder of Japan Universal Poets Association and Honorary Advisor of "Poetic Bridge: Ama-Hashi".

MORNINGS LIKE THIS

White-sugar skin, creamy-coffee hair
your fair face is a fluffy pancake
lips as red as a strawberry sauce
mornings like this makes life sweet.

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From Woman and the Moon (Hawakal 2024)

9

A quiet afternoon, and I am fallen like a red autumn leaf. I am anticipating a moon when the sky darkens. Weariness makes pleasant the thought of sleep...a drowsy perfume pervades the white air. The setting sun is a soft flower. You and I are thinking of surreal dreams in different corners.

54

I slip into solitude, and comfort myself with poetry...your deafening silence becomes my very breath. Each moon-tinted brew seems bitter at every sip, my aloneness is imbued with the magic of deadly nightshade. A tear is a wasted raindrop. Some buds die without blooming...withered petals are most fortunate.

56

I drink a brew of bitterest herbs. Even the shrubs in my garden grow blue poison berries. The moon casts a velvet black shadow...I am in a haunted world of dark pulchritude, when you stay far away beyond the island of stars. The waters of Lethe invite me to drown my pain, certain that no lesser drug will work. No morphine dose can numb the lost sweetness of your touch....

66

Today, the cosmos covers its nakedness with the heavy veil of rain. A thunderstorm calls out, but I revel in my own serenity. You and I speak of the diurnal: conversation is a ritual at your altar. A shiny little coin for the innocent. We witches smile at the absent moon, secure in what is forthcoming....

70

You lead me to the altar of Isis...I close my eyes to pray to the moon in her various incarnations. The rose quartz in my closed palm comes to life. In your hands, you hold fire. You are not afraid, and I follow you...the moon burns like the flames in a silver cauldron. I write you in my book of shadows.

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Flash Fiction / Short Stories

Daniel de Culla

IN MADRID WITH A RITA'S GIRL FRIEND AS A TAXI DRIVER

I was already going out with Rita, my fucking friend and future wife, happy and content to stop jerking off with the Madrid dew in the barcarolle of my bed sunken like a boat between telephone directories, because she told me:

-I'm going to help you, my love.

In the Plaza Marqués de Vadillo I met her and, although she made me wait, I waited for her for three or four hours, not caring about the time, because I couldn't lose her love in any way.

One day, after taking her home to meet my parents and my single sister, a little touched by the wing, being amazed by the kitchen of the apartment, because there were streams of oil falling down its walls, I told her that I would like to introduce her to my seven married sisters; to which she told me that she would call her friend Mayka to act as a taxi driver, since, at that time, she didn't have a car, but she did have a driver's license.

-Mayka is very nice, you'll see that she comes, she told me.

She came quickly, like someone who goes or comes to a pilgrimage. She was very nice and friendly. With her and because of her we earned the money for a taxi.

Look how nice Mayka was, that one day, being in Sanguenjo (Pontevedra) Rita and I, together with some friends from Iscar (Valladolid), Jaime and Ana, went, to pass the time, to have something to drink at the cafeteria of a hotel near ours.

Jaime and I went ahead while Rita parked the car with Ana. When crossing a patio to reach the cafeteria, Jaime, who was blind, almost completely blind, saw a beautiful woman in a bathing suit leaning out of a balcony trying to hang a bath towel to dry, telling me in wonder:

- Look Dani what a beauty she is coming out of the balcony; her eyes are like stars. She is a mermaid or the Virgin of Iscar who is going to heal my sight.

-She is beautiful, yes. But, what a coincidence! Jaime, I exclaimed, amazed. It's Mayka! A Rita's girl friend.

She, along with her husband, had come to this hotel on vacation without us knowing.

When we greeted each other, we all laughed; and Jaime, poor thing, did not cure his blindness.

-You'll see how you love my married sisters, I said to them.

With joy, we walked the streets of Madrid to see, and they to know my sisters; I sighed.

The first one we visited was Angelines, who lived in Belmonte del Tajo Street; then, María Luisa, who lived in San Wenceslao; then, Rosa, who lived in Oporto; then, Carmen, who lived in Aluche; then, Mari Tere, who lived in Avenida del Mediterráneo; then, Pilar and Juanita, who lived in José Ortega y Gasset Street, formerly Lista. They were all delighted with Rita, glad that I had finally settled down and that I had been lucky enough to fall in love with a beautiful girl who had just passed an exam for the Bank of Bilbao. Rita and Mayka said that they were all very nice and hard-working, along with their husbands.

Back at my house in General Ricardos, still in the car, I told Rita that I loved her; that I couldn't forget her, and that when I found a good job, we would get married.

Before getting out of the car, I said to Rita:

-You are extremely beautiful. Tomorrow, if Mayka doesn't mind taking us, we're going to the Saint Antonio de la Florida' Hermitage, a hermitage closely linked to the painter Francisco de Goya, decorated with frescoes of his own manufacture, to offer our love to the saint.

-And so that it lasts, I'll offer him some flowers; and he'll find me a boyfriend, exclaimed Mayka.

THE SIREN'S SOUND

Eder has been attracted by the Siren's sound of her shell when she wants to escape from an empty barge anchored in the gardens of the Palace of La Magdalena, and he wants to take it away, without knowing that, with it, she is calling the shipwrecked sailors who worship her at the bottom of the sea of El Sardinero, in Santander.

-I want to make it sound, Siren, my girlfriend. Leave it with me, because the tourists are coming and some of them will want to take it from you. I will keep it for you, although Odysseus and Jason, guardians of the enclosure, do not let me get close to you. Nor does my dad.

The soft sound is almost not heard because of the tourists who do not stop talking and talking; some protesting because there are no penguins in the enclosure, claiming that the caretakers have said that they have gone to flirt with the four seals and a sea lion and nothing else.

A little girl, looking out to see the seals and the sea lion, had dropped her hair ribbon, and Eder, in his childish language, said to her:

-You shouldn't be sad about losing the hair ribbon, you shouldn't be sad, because the seal, in its water dance, will attract the sea lion with the ribbon.

-I bet you don't know how a seal and a sea lion differ?

-No, I don't know. And if I did know, I've forgotten it, the little girl answered.

-They differ in that the seal doesn't have ears, and the sea lion does; like my Buo Buo (grandfather) who is from Valledado, in Segovia, where the countrymen and women have one ear on each side; and this differentiates them from those from other places.

-Well, I didn't know. I won't forget it.

Eder turned his enthusiastic gaze to the Mermaid, hearing her say to him:

-Come on up, my darling, come on up and I'll give you the shell, dear boy. With it you will hear the sea and the sailors say:

-How lucky you are, my boy.

But when Eder wanted to get close to the Mermaid, his father grabbed him by the waist, pulling him towards him, saying:

-Be careful, Eder, you might fall; and they might throw us out of the enclosure.

The boy answered:

-Mermaid poop, dad.

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Happy holiday, dear teachers!

11 years have passed in the blink of an eye. We didn't even notice how time passed so fast. 11 years ago, I entered the 1st general secondary school of Beshariq district in the 1st grade. Currently, I am a first-year student of the primary education faculty of the Namangan State Pedagogical Institute. My teachers contributed a lot to me reaching this level. My teachers are the reason for all my achievements. Sirojiddinova Muhabbatkhan, Toshtemirova Zulayho the services of Madaminova Dilshodakhan teachers are great. My teacher is Madaminova Dilshodakhan, who made me interested in mother tongue science. When the lesson was over, everyone listened with interest. The teaching methods were very interesting. I would like to thank our curator Toshtemirova Zulayho. She always supported us. Our teacher Toshtemirova Zulayho, who guided us to the subjects we are interested in, will be our teacher. She put us above his problems at home and even his children. She prayed day and night for her students and children.

I chose this profession because I was envious of my teacher, Sirojiddinova Muhabbatkhan, because she taught us how to read and write. When we were born, we saw our mother first, and at school we saw our loving teacher. She raised us like her own children, gave us knowledge, and gave us advice that we need in our lives.

I would also like to thank our teacher Muattarkhan Usmonova, the director of our school, who created all the conditions for us to study. We would not have been able to achieve any of the success we have achieved so far if the conditions had not been created.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the teachers and teachers in our school, my teachers at the preparation school, and sincerely congratulate you on October 1st "Teachers and Mentors Day". Never tire of educating young people like us. We bow down until our heads touch the ground.

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About the author



Ahmadaliyeva Gulshanoy was born on April 29, 2006 in Beshariq district of Fergana region.

Currently, she is a freshman student of the Namangan State Pedagogical Institute.

Ingratitude

There are different people in the world. If you look at one, you will be thankful and if you look at one, you will think. Also, they continue to be ungrateful, regardless of the fact that life is given and born. Such a situation happened in my life. I had a friend named Mahira. We have been friends with him for a long time. I also go home quickly. One day I invited him to my house. He came, we talked for a long time, and then he began to spoil his life for me. I wonder if a person complains about his life, after all, you have bread to eat and clothes to wear. And he:

- I'm going to study, when I go there, all my friends have new smartphones, but I still have my old phone, he said. - I said that you can learn how many people are living even more deprived than this. He ignored my words and turned the conversation to another direction. Then I didn't say anything. Then he didn't even come to school for 3-4 days. I couldn't even ask why. I finally decided to go myself. When I went home, his mother opened the door.

-If I ask if you have skills:

"Yes, come in," he said. I entered. Mahira is inside me

- Why don't you come to school, peace? I asked. And he silently

- My father is sick, and now every penny is going to my father's medicine. I also sold my phone.

- I shouldn't have been ungrateful then. Maybe this is what my god is showing me?!!! Said.

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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.

Doppelgänger

One day at school, Jeremy Tanner told me that if you stand in front of a mirror at midnight and recite the word “doppelgänger” three times while burning black candles your doppelgänger from the nether world would appear and grant you a wish. I didn’t even know what a doppelgänger was, but I did know that I wanted a new signed Jonas Brothers poster and their entire discography.

I didn’t fully believe what Jeremy told me, but there I was later that night, standing in front of my bathroom mirror at 11:54 waiting for the clock to strike midnight. I didn’t have any black candles, but I did have these cutesy orange ones that Mom picked up from the dollar store. They were already burning bright and smelled like fresh ginger.

At 11:59 I turned off the lights for effect and prepared for my plan to gaze into the nether. Soon enough, midnight struck and I screamed my chant into the eyes of my reflection.

“Doppelgänger doppelgänger doppelgänger!”

I waited a few seconds—but nothing happened.

I cussed beneath my breath and I tried again.

“Doppelgänger doppelgänger doppelgänger!”

Just like the first time, all I could see in the mirror was the reflection of my face and the mild glow of the many orange candles that were scattered all over my bathroom sink. I felt kind of foolish, and I felt as if Jeremy and the other kids from school were just pulling my leg. I had a tendency to be gullible but this seemed to take the cake.

I didn’t want to give up though and I decided to try once more. I cracked my knuckles and gazed into the supposed window of the other world. I channeled all of my thoughts and brought my mind to a state of clarity. I focused on nothing but the doppelgänger and bringing her into this realm. It was just after midnight now and I didn’t know if any portals to the nether would be closed, but I tried again, this time with force behind my voice.

“Doppelgänger doppelgänger DOPPELGÄNGER!”

All of a sudden my bathroom lights flickered, and so did the candles, as if there was a gust of wind in my bathroom. Not a single window was open, so that was impossible. I waited a few seconds—and nothing. Not a darn thing!

Just as I was about to leave and go back to my bedroom I could hear a soft voice speak in an eerie tone.

“Hello Roberta...”

I looked into the mirror, and to my amazement there was someone staring back at me that was the spitting image of me. But it wasn’t me—this person had bright orange curly hair, with a pale face spotted with many freckles. I was shocked, and the reality of my current situation sent a shiver of fear down my spine. But I really wanted that Jonas Brothers merch so I defied my desire to run and questioned the pale face staring back at me.

“Are you my doppelgänger?”

The person staring back at me grinned an evil grin.

“Oh, I’m much worse than your doppelgänger. I’m your doppelgänger!”

I restrained my desire to laugh.

“Doppelgänger?”

The doppelgänger rubbed her hands together.

“Your doppelgänger might grant you a wish, but at a price. I am not in the business of wishes—I am in the business of souls!”

As her eyes became as dark as a Stephen King novel, I shivered yet again and felt as if I had made a mistake. I tried to flee, but I realized that I was frozen on the spot, completely trapped by the menacing gaze of my doppelgänger.

The doppelgänger laughed an evil chaotic laugh.

“You were burning bright orange ginger scented candles. What the heck did you expect?”

Again, as her evil eyes gazed directly into my soul, I tried to run for the door. But just like before I was completely stuck and trapped staring into the glare of the dreadful ginger-haired version of myself. I started to cry.

“What do you want?”

The doppelgänger sneered and rubbed her hands together yet again.

“You see all these freckles on my face? Each one represents a soul I have collected. As I do not have my own—I need to sustain myself by keeping souls imprisoned within my realm. Soon, you will be nothing more than just another freckle on my face. Welcome to your new life in the void!”

With that, I was pulled kicking and screaming through the mirror. I was now forsaken to walk through the void for all eternity—soulless and alone, nothing but a specter behind a pane of mirrored glass.

*

Now that I was in the void, the doppelgänger was free to travel through my realm, collecting the souls of my friends and family. As I stared back at my own world I could see more freckles sprout upon the doppelgänger’s hideous face, and as her horde of freckles grew almost as clustered as the stars in a stygian sky...

...I wept.

*

I spent the rest of eternity in the nether realm, and although it was quite terrible, not every aspect was completely awful. I DID get to meet the Jonas Brothers, as their home realm was also the void. Apparently they were in the business of collecting souls too—mostly young teenage girls. They gave me a poster to hang up within the abyss—and they even signed it for me! They gave me all of their music, some of it un-released, and as I spent eons listening to “Burnin’ Up” on repeat, I got used to the nothingness that surrounded me...

...And the nothingness got used to me too.

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<https://mean-e-zine.webnode.page>

A Wolven Embrace



It was already 7pm and in a matter of moments my date for the night was going to be at the door. The problem with this is that something that could be dreadful was clawing beneath the surface. As much as I tried to maintain the mask of normalcy I wear every day, some “thing” more primal and animalistic was brewing and ready to jump out from just beneath my skin. As I stared on and smiled into the bathroom mirror I could see the glimmer of a change to come in my eyes.

I thought to myself with dismay.

This is not good...

A handful of moments passed, and soon enough there was a knock at my door. Her name was Emily, and I had met her at a zine fair. She had long dyed blue hair, colorful contacts, she wore cartoonish yet intriguing jewelry and she smelled of fresh lilac. As this was our second meeting I already knew she was a wonderful person and as I whisked her into the kitchen of my apartment my mind was splitting in two different directions. Was this going to be a night of casual board games and movie watching? Or was this going to be something more fiery and explicit? As I was unsure if she would like my “other side” I didn’t know how this night would go. All I could hope is that everything went ok, in whichever direction the night leaned.

As she sat at my kitchen table I offered her the basics.

“Coffee? Wine?”

She smiled, her cheeks red and blushing and her eyes warm and vibrant.

“Do you have any tea?”

I went to my kitchen cupboard and grabbed a box of orange pekoe and a box of hibiscus fruit tea. I shook each box in her direction. She grinned.

“Fruit tea please...”

This was my usual choice so to go along with many other reasons I felt as if this woman was definitely going to end up being my special lady—providing she didn’t opt to run from the sting of my bite and the animal that hid behind my eyes.

We decided to watch some movies, and after going through my VHS collection we picked out two classics, Dog Soldiers and The Howling. It seemed as if she also had a love for analog media and cheesy old-style horror. Yet again my heart jumped within my chest, but also—I could feel the heat rising in my brain and my desire to tear her to pieces nearly consumed me.

Half way through Dog Soldiers I sensed within the heat of the moment that she wanted me to make a move, so being the cliché sap that I am I yawned and put my arm around her. She seemed to like my embrace, and she giggled at the same yawn that most girls would find cheesy and bland.

We continued to watch movies, and after The Howling we decided to watch one more.

*

The night continued and my mind kept splitting. One minute I wanted to kiss her softly and the next I wanted to bite into her jugular and tie her to my bed. I did really like her though, so I tried very hard to continue being the soft soul that I am at least half of the time. Half way through the third movie, The Wolf Man, she looked over at me and gazed into my eyes. Then she questioned me softly.

“So what’s up with you anyway? Sometimes you seem—different.”

I wasn’t expecting this, but after a moment of contemplation I decided to tell her the truth.

“I’ve been diagnosed with split personality disorder. Sometimes I can be hard to handle, so if this is too much and you don’t want to see me any longer, I understand.”

She put her head down, and she seemed sad. I questioned her.

“Are you ok?”

She smiled weakly.

“I’m ok. But I thought it was something else. I guess now I need to say sorry for what comes next...”

I was confused.

“What comes next?”

Just then, the shine of a very full moon came through the window and permeated the living room of my apartment. I looked over at Emily and she started to tremble. As I gazed on, my curiosity soon turned to horror and I saw specks of fur start to sprout from her flesh. Her nose was soon turned into an elongated snout, and then she looked into my eyes. She had the eyes of a wolf, and just as I turned to flee out of my living room window she lunged at me, sinking her teeth into my neck. They pierced my throat like vicious bone knives and I yelped. I screamed for help—but it was too late. She pinned me to the ground, and in that moment—everything went black.

*

When I woke up, Emily was still there sitting on my couch. It was day time now. It felt like I was desperately hungover. I questioned if everything that happened was all just a dream, but upon close inspection with my fingers I did indeed have bite marks on my neck. I looked over towards my couch and Emily smiled at me.

“Coffee?”

In that moment I was no longer afraid, and the realization of what had happened struck me like a load of bricks to the face. Emily was a werewolf, and now—so was I.

Now, when my mind splits, it is something more. She had chosen me, and for an eternity she would indeed be my special lady. For the same eternity, I would be her special man. She genuinely loved the way my mind could turn in different directions—and I quickly learned to adore her warm and loving wolven embrace.

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<https://mean-e-zine.webnode.page>

Lights Out!



Jack stared out into the liveliness of the street with disdain. As all the kids walked by in their colorful spooky costumes he couldn't help his hateful writhing. It was true that if it wasn't for those kids he wouldn't be here—as he didn't “come to life” until he attained his “true” face. But oh—how the knife hurt as his crooked smile and triangular eyes were cut and widened, the hacking and slashing of the plastic orange blade plummeting deeper and deeper with every twist and turn of their wretched little wrists. The kids laughed with festive glee as they carved him into existence for another year, and although Jack's screams were silent he could hear his own bellows ringing within the confines of his freshly birthed mind right from the start.

Oh, how he wanted them to pay for his suffering. Just like his true face and the sentient existence he learned to hate, if it wasn't for those kids he wouldn't have a hot seething flame burning within him.

Jack wondered aimlessly.

What the hell kind of name is Jack anyway?

They gave him the same name every year and placed him on their front porch as a decoration, and as more and more children came to collect the offerings of the night he continued to get lost in his own little world. He couldn't move and he couldn't speak. He was nothing more than just a festive ornament, his mind and his thoughts meaning nothing to the oblivious tricksters and treaters of Halloween. He wanted his torment to end, but as the night progressed the chaotic whirlwind that swirled within his fleshy orange cranium continued to seethe and boil as the dim light inside of him flickered on, orange shadows dancing in the blackness that consumed the front porch and all that surrounded it.

For hours his plague pushed forth, and just as he was reaching the peak of insanity, his personal hell nearing completion, he saw three older youths approaching the porch. He knew what was coming next. His mind teetered into a frenzy.

Do it. End it quick, you little wretches...

They picked Jack up from the front porch, and with a symphony of dark cackles they smashed him into the ground. Three good well placed kicks ended him, his vibrant orange guts spilling out into the street. He would be left to rot until he was cleaned from the pavement, and just as his mind flickered back into the direction of non-existence, his hatred exploded into his thoughts just before they were snuffed out for another year.

...Lights out!

But on an endless cycle, he would return the very next year. Year after year his curse continued, and just like the spirit of Halloween, Jack's seething soul would never truly die—nor would it ever truly "live" again...

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Contact: capergore@hotmail.com <https://mean-e-zine.webnode.page>

The Uncle

- Uncle, do you have any more of this yummy candy?
 - I may have some.
 - Will you give it to me?
 - Enough is as good...
 - If you agree, I'll tell you Mom's secret.
 - Okay.
 - When Dad went to see a female friend, about whom I do not speak in exchange for candy, then a second uncle came to Mom, who, like you, in exchange for candy, told me to say that Mom was at a meeting with a friend, so as usual, I say that.
- Uncle sighed, went pale, and a bag full of delicious candy slipped out of his hand.

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translated by: Julia Mraczny

What's Happening To My Human

Why does she have to be so attractive? – Ozzy stared reproachfully at his human.
She pulled at the fabric, trying to save her dress.
For Ozzy, it was a warning signal – something strange happened to his lady.
Then the transformation – she mutated...
He remembered that she was taller yesterday.
She walked on special claws protruding from her heels. And today it got flat.
Oh my god! – the dog was alarmed.
She kissed him, and he noticed that he had bloody spots on his head.
She's terminally ill! She bleeds from her muzzle! – he squealed.
He didn't know it was lipstick...

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translated by: Julia Mraczny

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Note about the author:

Books in USA: "Escape" (2019 - Royal Hawaiian Press), "Anomaly" (2020 - Royal Hawaiian Press), "A Monsters Pretending to be Human" (2024 - Alien Buddha Press), "Destiny Always Finds a Way" (2024 - forthcoming - Alien Buddha Press), "The Wonderful Life of Paul Veermer" (2024 - forthcoming - Alien Buddha Press)

Books in Spain: "La fuga" (2019 - Royal Hawaiian Press / 2024 - Just Fiction!), "Anomalia" (2019 - Royal Hawaiian Press / 2024 - Just Fiction!)

Books in Chile: In Spanish translation "The Wonderful Life of Paul Veermer" (2024 or 2025 - in preparation - Zuramerica Ediciones & Publicaciones S.A.)

Books in Germany: "Die Anomalie" (2020 - Der Romankiosk)

Books in Canada: "The Prisoner Of Infinity" (2022 - Ukiyoto Publishing), "And On Earth without Changes" (2022 - Ukiyoto Publishing), "The Worries Of A Not So Dead Man" (2022 - Ukiyoto Publishing)

Books in India: "Escape" (2024 - forthcoming - Wolf Books)

Books in the Democratic Republic of the Congo: "La Vie Merveilleuse de Paul Veermer" (2024 - forthcoming - Editions Lumumba)

Books in Poland: "Naśmierciny" (2008 - Armoryka publishing house), "Anima vilis" (2010 - Initium publishing house), "Grobbing" (2012 - Novae Res publishing house), "Naśmierciny i inne opowiadania" (2012 & 2017 - Agharta & Armoryka publishing house), "Z życia Dr Abble" (2013 - Agharta publishing house), "Anomalia" (2016 - Forma publishing house), "Ucieczka" (2017 - Dom Horroru publishing house / 2024 - Videograf SA), "Nie w inność" (2019 - Waspos publishing house), "Nieznosna niewyraźność bytu" (2022 - Saga Egmont / 2024 - forthcoming as II part of book "Horyzont zdarzeń" - Bibliotekarium), "Obyś żył w ciekawych czasach" (2023 - Św. Wojciecha) & "Horyzont zdarzeń" (2024 - forthcoming - Bibliotekarium)

Audiobooks in Poland: "Naśmierciny" (2008 - Armoryka), "Nie w inność" (2019 - Waspos / Saga Egmont), "Naśmierciny i inne opowiadania" (2022 - Saga Egmont) "Grobbing" (2022 - Empik Go), "Anima vilis" (2022 - Empik Go) & "Ucieczka" (2022 - Empik Go)

Anthology in: USA, England, Australia, Poland, Canada, Portugal, France, Tunisia, Russia, Brasil, Bosnia & Herzegovina, Germany, India & Bangladesh.

And he published his stories in the following magazines: Slovakia PLAYBOY (Slovak edition), USA, England, Canada, India, Czech Republic, Russia, Brasil, Spain, Argentina, Germany, Italy, Hungary, Sweden, Mexico, Albania, Nigeria, Botswana, Zimbabwe, Tanzania, Uganda, Kenya, Costa Rica, Peru, Vietnam, Turkey, Ukraine, Romania, Slovenia, South Korea, Austria, Central African Republic, Egypt, Columbia, Philippines, Nicaragua, Lithuania, Ireland, Indonesia, Denmark, Serbia, Chile, Democratic Republic of the Congo & Pakistan.

WOUNDED HEART

The sunlight falling from the window dazzled the princess's eyes. He woke up slowly and looked around. He immediately got up and ran to his mother. The little girl opened her eyes wide and started talking to her mother who was preparing breakfast with surprise:

---Mom, my grandmother will be released from the hospital today, right?

---Yes, my daughter. If you go to school today as a smart girl and get good grades, your parents will bring your grandmother from the hospital before you come back.

The princess was nine years old. He loved his grandmother very much and was looking forward to her coming. Every time he ate, he prayed, "May my grandmother recover and return home soon." After the princess had breakfast, she went to school. He was so happy that he didn't even notice that his lessons were over. After the lessons, Malika hurriedly ran home. When he approached his house, he saw an ambulance standing outside. He ran into his house. It was obvious that his father couldn't stop crying. Her father pressed Malika into his arms and cried hoarsely:

---Daughter, your grandmother left us!---he hugged her tightly. Stunned, Malika, not knowing what to do, began to beg her father:

---Dadajon, see my grandmother once, caress her face and give her a kiss. John, daddy, please. I will not wake them up if they are sleeping. I promise I will leave soon.

At that moment, her grandfather came and began to scold Malika:

--- Don't cry my daughter, your grandmother is watching us from heaven.

So time passed. Days turned into months and months into years. The princess also grew up a lot. One day, he was lying on his mother's lap:

---I miss my mother and grandmother. I want to see him. I wrote a poem for my grandmother. In the future, I will write many poems and books about my grandmother. Then, as my grandfather said, my grandmother lives in my heart.

---On this way, your grandmother's spirit will support you and be very happy and proud of you...

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Madaminova Mahfuza a student of the Uzbek Philology Faculty of Urganch State University, was born on April 5, 2005 in the Durvadik neighborhood of Khorezm region of Uzbekistan in a simple peasant family. She was thirsty for knowledge from a young age and started writing poems at the age of 8-9. The first poem was published in the district newspaper on March 27, 2015. She is the eldest of three children in his family, and has been an example in school with excellent grades and exemplary behavior. She went to school No. 6 in his neighborhood in 2012 and graduated with excellent grades in 2023. A student today.

A Letter to my Son

Dear Son,

As I sit down to write to you, I'm obviously overwhelmed with emotions. It's been one full year since you left us, but your absence still feels like a gaping hole in our lives. Yet, I feel you around me, in the whispers of the wind, in the warmth of the sun, and in the quiet moments of reflection in my solo room.

Your mother left us four years back, since then I became a stranger to our home in the native city of Agra, which whenever I visited I couldn't abide in it for more than two three days as her absence had made it a big blank house. Now I wish to inform you that, inspite of our emotional associations with our pious home, my loneliness has compelled me to get rid of it once for all and shifted to Mathura for the rest of my life.

Every now and then, I catch myself expecting you to walk through the door, to hear your laughter, to see your bright eyes sparkling with excitement. But life has moved on, and I've learned to navigate the complexities of grief. The pain has dulled, but the longing remains. I often wonder what you would be doing if you were here. Would you be pursuing your dreams, building a life of your own, making us proud? The what-ifs are all unanswered.

Despite the pangs of losing you, I find solace in the memories we created together. I remember your first steps, your first words, your first day of school. I recall the countless nights we spent reading together, exploring the world through stories. Your curiosity, your enthusiasm, and your compassion inspired me to be a contented father.

I've come to realize that your departure has taught me the value of living in the present. I've learned to appreciate the beauty in everyday moments, to find joy in the simple things. Your absence has also reminded me of the importance of connection, of holding dear those who remain including your lovely and loving sisters.

As I write this letter, tears seem eager to stream down my face, but they're no longer solely tears of sorrow. They're also tears of gratitude, for the time we shared, for the qualities in you that used to inspire me, sometimes making me feel a proud father.

Now that you have left this mundane world you'll never be forgotten. Your legacy lives on in our hearts, in the memories we cherish, and in the love we continue to share. I know that you're watching over us, smiling at our struggles and our triumphs.

Keep watching, dear son. I know how much you cared for me and your mother, how much you loved your sisters and their children, how much you were concerned with your wife and two little lovely daughters. We all will cherish your sweet memories in our hearts. Continue being in celestial connection with all of us.

With all my love,
(Your Dad)

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About the Author

Dr. Kailash Nath Khandelwal (India), a retired Professor of English writes poetry, in Hindi and English, besides Short Stories, Memoirs and Spiritual writings.

Hulkaroy In'omjonova

Return

Be a grandfather ,be a grandmother ,be a beggar, spring has come today. I was born.

-March, my daughter you are not sad now, please, pick the flowers.

I took the flowers and put them away.

Every spring for seventeen years, we come to see my mother, laying flowers at the cemetery. On the way back, we always see a young woman in black clothes with bright eyes, even when I was going back, I noticed that he was looking behind me crying.

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I don't get used to pain.

What is life? Yes, many people have been thinking about this word until now, and people answer based on the years of their lives, happy and sad events, truths and injustices, wounds and ointments.

I will tell you that life is sometimes like a book full of riddles, sometimes it is like a trial road with endless joys and sorrows, a labyrinth from which it is difficult to find a way out. Yes, there is a human race that is forced to get used to whatever happens in its fate, endure, feel, laugh and cry, and sometimes see the opposite. In this way, there will be joy and pain. I am a woman who does not get used to the pains she encountered in her life, and still cannot forget those pains.

Life, if a person thinks about this word from the beginning to the end of his life, then Life is a Cluster. Our coming into the world, the joy of our parents, our first step, our first spoken words, our innocent childish laughter, our love, our kindness, and parallel to these, our first fall and the first pain we felt, the first sound we heard, the sticks we ate, the lies we heard, our joy and sorrow and pain. . Yes, there are people who have ailments, some get used to these ailments and some don't. Everyone remembers these pains in different forms and situations. Someone's pain from childhood, someone's pain from adolescence, someone's pain from adulthood and other different situations. I have a problem with my parents. There is a saying in our people that "the death of parents is an inheritance". I still can't get used to this pain, I can't get used to it. In my life, I have faced various situations, lies, slander, thanks, good and bad. There are some of them that I have not forgotten, which I still keep in my heart. Because they happened in a situation I did not expect and by people I did not expect. My parents are the most painful pain that I have not been able to find a cure for, even after years have passed. That they are not in this bright world, that I can't see them whenever I want, that I can't get their prayers, their advice at the right time, that I can't get enough of their scent, that I can't sleep like the aunt who forgot my pains by resting my head on my mother's lap, that I can't stroke her white hair, forgive me, mother, our worries, I can't say that our sorrows are old. This pain is such a pain that it destroys a person from the inside, his pain and longing involuntarily bring tears to his eyes and cause deep sighs. I still can't get used to the words of my mother, "Have you come, my child, are you staying late, are you safe, my child, are you healthy, are you in pain, what do you want?" My father's sweet words, "My daughter, my daughter, this is my daughter, don't hurt her, why did you hit her, why did you cry, are you healthy, my child, eat your food, don't go hungry and study, let me give you the money, whatever you want" My lost moments and pains that I can't find even if I spend my wealth and time. This life is such a time that it passes before we open and close our eyes. I'll do it, I'll do it, I'll go sooner, but the time we couldn't separate will come one day, from our inexhaustible wealth with us, from our ointments for a thousand pains, from our counselors who listen to us when we pour out all our pain, from our people who listened to our pain and threw theirs into the well, and gave everything for our joy. separating from our existence. This pain remains in our hearts regardless of how old we are, it causes pain. It creates such a void that no wealth, no sweet words, no gift greetings can fill this void, no world's riches, gifts, sweet words and attention of people around you can fill it. Yes, I am a woman who lost her parents in her life and cannot get used to this pain of life.

Beloved, take care that your parents are with you now. Be a salve for their pains, be ready for their services. Time is so cruel that you can't find them at a glance, even if you turn the world upside down, even if you scatter the world's riches, and you won't get used to pain like me.

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Orinbayeva Lalezar Azadbay was born on April 8, 2003 in Tortkol district of the Republic of Karakalpakstan. Her nationality is Turkmen, she knows the Turkmen language and Uzbek well. She graduated from the 24th general secondary school with excellent grades. She graduated from school in 2021, and in the same year she became a student of the "Elementary Education" faculty of Tashkent University of Applied Sciences. She works at school No. 24, where she graduated, and is a master of her profession. She has been writing articles since she was 20 years old and has students. The first article is "The role of Makhtimkuli Firoghi in world history". She is engaged in journalism and opened a course. Until now, several scientific and journalistic articles have been published in international journals. She has participated in many anthologies and almanacs in this regard in Azerbaijan, Turkey, Belarus, Germany, Kenya, and European countries. She also organized a personal anthology. In the anthology "CREATORS OF THE YEAR", a scientific article entitled "METHODICS

OF MATHEMATICS TEACHING IN PRIMARY CLASSES" and an article by her students were published. Her creative work "Methods Of Attention Of Primary Class Students" was published in the Kenyan anthology "SERENITY A COMPILATION OF ART AND LITERATURE BY WOMEN" and received a certificate. In the "Blue Sky Stars" anthology, her creative scientific article "EDUCATIONAL METHODS AND TOOLS IN PRIMARY CLASSES" and the articles of her students were published and received a certificate. A scientific article entitled "THE SUBJECT AND TASKS OF MOTHER LANGUAGE TEACHING METHODOLOGY IN PRIMARY GRADES" was published in the journal of the scientific practical conference "New Seekers" and received a diploma, certificate, letter of acceptance, author's certificate. The scientific article titled "METHODS OF ATTENTION OF PRIMARY CLASS STUDENTS" was published and received an international invitation and an international certificate. The story "JANNATIM ONAM" and the poem "ONAM" were published in the anthology "Tazim to you mother" which took part in the contest "Ship of Knowledge" of Russia and took the honorable 1st place. The poem "Father and Mother" was published in his personal anthology "Future Scientists". The poem "Orzulari Osman Kiz" was published in the anthology "Youth of Uzbekistan" and received a diploma, a statuette, and a book. In the anthology "Yoshlar Bayozi", the article "My Profession: How to Be a Primary School Teacher" was published, and she received a diploma, a statuette, and a book. , certificate, medal holder. The poem "This is a world full of fakes" was published in the anthology "Uzbek women-girls" and received a certificate. Currently, her creative works are regularly published in "Kenya Times" magazine and International sites and indexed in Google. Holder of international certificates.

The Brains of Dr. Weinstein

"Devices must only be used to the benefit,
not to the detriment of human beings."

—Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker

On the 13th day of the 13th week, a nondescript, innocent-looking advertisement caught my eye:

Wanted:

WINDOW-CLEANER

Male or female
contact:

FOUNDATION FOR NEUTRALIZATION

1313 Avenue des Champs Elysées

Brussels

I had no particular diploma. I had worked in a factory for years, but it had gone bankrupt a few months ago, leaving me unemployed and looking for a new job. Window-cleaner? Why not. I wasn't afraid of heights and a company with an English name would probably be an important international company, so work was assured and on top of that, maybe a nice salary. Since there was no phone number with the ad, I looked up the company in the phone book, but strangely, the name FOUNDATION FOR NEUTRALIZATION could not be found therein. No doubt there will be other candidates, I thought, so I didn't waste any time, took my car and drove to the capital. As always, there was a busy, abundant CO₂-emitting morning traffic. But apart from a few green guys, no one worries about that anymore. Least of all the politicians who promoted the sale of electric cars—business must go on—but where one they would get the extra electricity, remained to be debated.

Although I left early, the slow traffic made me nervous. There were certainly more candidates interested in a kind of work that required neither experience nor higher studies. I was lucky. Not too far from number 1313, I found a parking space and walked hurriedly to the building in question. Somewhat to my surprise, the building was not conspicuous,

rather unremarkable, even rather somber and nowhere was the name or any publicity of the company displayed on the façade which one would expect from an international foundation. Only at the right of the entrance was a button next to which, almost illegibly, I read Foundation for Neutralization. When I pressed the button with my index finger, I did not hear a bell on the other side of the door, but some kind of electronic hum. Seeing no microphone or speaker next to the bell, I waited, assuming someone would come to open the door. It took some time until I heard footsteps coming towards the door that apparently needed to be unlocked. It was opened by young woman who, somewhat to my surprise, was wearing an army uniform which, however, did not obscure her apparently elegant body. Her lips were also trimmed light pink as was her pretty face with makeup that contrasted with that drab army uniform.

‘You are probably coming for that job as a window-cleaner?’ she asked with a somewhat strange smile. I replied affirmative. ‘

‘Please follow me’ she said kindly.

At the end of a long, bare corridor, was a lift. With her long index finger, whose nail was colored pale pink, she pressed a button that caused a soft murmur. A few moments later, the lift arrived and its door opened invitingly.

‘Get in, please,’ said the young woman, joined me and sent the lift what I thought to be the third floor, but the lift went up higher and stopped with a little jolt at the thirteenth floor.

The lift door slid open, and with a hand gesture she invited me to follow her. About five meters farther was a metal door, painted in army green and to its right a box with a dozen buttons where the lady pressed a code, causing the metal door, which actually looked more like a gate than a door, slid open with a soft squeak. Behind the door was another door that seemed to open automatically and again revealed a very long, narrow corridor with a lot of doors—also painted in green. The interior looked more like a military barrack, which one would not immediately expect in this area of luxurious buildings, with several foreign embassies in the vicinity, including that of the United States of America. I followed my female companion who stepped towards the second door and knocked on it. The door opened immediately. Behind a rather large desk on which were all kinds of computer-like soft-spinning devices sat a tall man who invited me with a gesture of his hand to take a seat opposite him. Like my companion, he also wore an army uniform on which at least a dozen medals and badges of honor were pinned. What heroic deeds did generals and kings perform—even in peacetime—to earn so many decorations I always wondered. And why are women, like my companion, not honored with them?

‘You come for the job of window-cleaner?’ the uniformed man asked, stroking his hand briefly through his long but neatly groomed beard. I nodded affirmatively, still somewhat impressed by the rather strange reception.

‘Working hours are 9am to 4pm with a 2-hour lunch break. One and a half months' holiday every year, but no longer than a week each time. Your salary is 5,000 euros and is paid in cash at the end of the month and adjusted annually for inflation,’ he said. Five thousand euros! That was double what I had expected. Despite the strange atmosphere, I did not hesitate a second and, without reading the text, put my signature on the form the uniformed man presented.

‘Fine, then we will see you tomorrow at 9 o'clock,’ the man said, stood up and stretched out his hand for a handshake.

I felt a gentle pressure on my back. The lady who apparently had been standing behind me the whole time gently urged me to leave the place. I followed her through the somewhat dark corridor to the lift that was still there. We got in and descended. She asked if I were satisfied.

I nodded. She led me to the exit and said with her friendly, rather strange smile.

‘See you tomorrow,’ and I heard how she locked the outer door behind me.

Wonderful! After months of unemployment, I had a job again! The washing of windows would not be very tiring, and the building seemed not to have many windows. On top of that, these were attractive working hours and a generous salary. What more could I wish? Yet a strange feeling crept over me. Not just the building and the military uniforms, but even though I had no inferiority complex, I wondered why I had gotten the job so quickly. The uniformed officer had not even asked about my previous work or whether I had ever been a window-cleaner. Was I the only candidate then? The ad was in one of the country's leading newspapers, and a long epidemic had caused a lot of businesses to go bankrupt, resulting in higher unemployment. Strange. But I shoved off the doubts and looked forward to my first day at work.

The next day I got up early, quite nervous, probably because it was my first working day. In order not to be late, I was already at the entrance of the building at a quarter to nine. Should

I ring the bell or was that not appropriate, I wondered. Maybe it was more convenient to wait a little bit. I didn't want to give a bad impression and I walked back and forth, regularly checking my wristwatch, because I neither wanted to be late. When the hand indicated five to nine, I decided to call.

Exactly like the previous day, I heard an electronic buzzing on the other side of the door. A few minutes later, the door was unlocked, and it was again the young woman who opened the door. She was still wearing the same army uniform, but instead of army trousers she was now wearing a rather short skirt that touched just above her knees and showed off her elegant legs. On her face, again, that friendly, rather strange smile.

‘Welcome to your first day at work!’ she said, let me in, and made a sign to follow her. Like the previous day, the lift took us to the thirteenth floor. Somebody had apparently already prepared everything one needs for my job. Even a small ladder. The corridor was rather narrow, but very long with a door every five meters on either side. As far as I could see, they were all identical with a metal handle and on the right side of each door a small keyboard. Would there be an office with uniformed or non-uniformed employees behind each door, I wondered. But I did not hear any voice.

‘All rooms are the same and all have a window,’ the young lady informed me.

‘The idea is that you clean the windows one after the other, and when you are all the way around you start again from the beginning. To gain access, you normally have to press a code, but during working hours, you don't have to, and you can enter anywhere to clean the windows. My office is next to the director's. For any information you can come to me. Under no circumstance, may the director be disturbed. I am the only one having the code to open the door to his office. I will come to see you at noon so you can go out for lunch if you wish. See you later,’ she said, opened the first door, smiled and left.

To my surprise, there was nobody in that rather spacious place, but the walls were full of numerous electronic, computer-like rigs that blinked red and green at irregular intervals and hummed softly. The windows had apparently not been cleaned for quite some time, they were gray with dust on the outside. Below each window was a small balcony on which I

could place the ladder I had been given. Fortunately, I was not afraid of heights, because below the balcony yawned a dark probably fifty-meter-deep abyss.

I immediately set to work. After cleaning the windows of the first room, I opened the door of the next one. There was no one there, either, but identically as in the first, the walls were full of blinking and buzzing electronic devices. Would all those rooms be identical and full of electronic devices? The name of the company came to mind: 'FOUNDATION FOR NEUTRALIZATION'. Was the whole building full of computers? Strange though was that there was apparently no one in any place to operate those rigs. Was it the bearded one who controlled all those harnesses? And what were they actually used for, I asked myself. Was the world then so evolved that people were no longer needed at all, and one person had so much power to control, program, and make everything work to his liking?

After cleaning the windows of the third room, I could no longer contain my curiosity. The long corridor was dead silent. With the doors closed, one could not even hear the hum of the computers. There was no one to be seen. I decided to walk soundlessly to the end of the long corridor. And yes, both left and right everything appeared the same, the same doors, the same rooms packed with flashing, buzzing electronic rigs. Halfway, I thought to turn back and continue cleaning the windows one by one, as I had been instructed, when I noticed that just a little beyond the middle of the corridor on the left was a door, significantly larger than the other doors, on which was painted in large red letters 'Room of Geniuses, ACCESS STRONGLY PROHIBITED!'

The uniformed lady had not said whether or not I had to clean the windows of that place, but since it was so clearly indicated in red that its access was strictly forbidden, that would certainly be for everyone, including me. But why was the access prohibited? Curious, I pressed my ear against the cold metal of the door lock. No, I heard nothing . . . or . . . unlike the sound of the electronic rigs in the other rooms, I heard a faint completely different sound. It was not a humming, it was more like the sighing of a human being. But apart from the bearded one and the woman, there was no living creature here. Maybe a window is open, and the sound is from the wind, I thought, but I still found it strange. To the right of the door, as with the other doors, there was also a keypad. Would one have to press a different code on it, or would this door also not be closed during working hours. I wondered. I could barely contain my curiosity, but no. Now that I had obtained this generously paid job after months without work, I did not want to risk losing it because of my curiosity, and I went back to where I had last cleaned the windows. It was almost noon. I had just returned as the young lady came to me and pointed with her right index finger to the watch on her left wrist. Almost twelve! Lucky, she didn't see me at

that door, I thought, and smiled at her.

'Good afternoon. You have been working well I see', she said, apparently pleased with my work. I did not know the neighborhood and had not seen a bar or small restaurant anywhere. If one could eat something nearby, preferably not too expensive, I asked her. "Not near here actually," she said. "But I have some myself, too much for me alone. If you want, we can eat something together in my office," she said, put her arm around me and led me to her spacious office. In the middle of her office was a low table on which she had apparently prepared lunch. Even two plates. The second plate might be for the bearded one, whom I called "the general" for myself, I thought upon entering. But she invited me to sit in the seat at the little table and sat down opposite me. Her dress had been pushed up a little higher, showing her slender

legs. She apparently took pleasure in my admiring her legs and did not pull her dress down but smiled at me. Not just her legs, her face was seductively beautiful. She was also quite young. Barely thirty, I estimated. She poured me a glass of beer and invited me to eat something. If I liked the work, she wanted to know. I nodded affirmatively.

I wanted to ask her what all those electronic devices were for and, yes, actually, mainly what was in that place to which access was forbidden. But asking that seemed rather rude. She had apparently guessed my thoughts.

‘This building with all those electronic rigs is actually the most important part of a system that operates worldwide and controls everything,’ she said.

‘It is the engine room of an immense company; you could call it its brain. The owner is one of the richest people in the world, maybe even the richest. He has businesses all over the world, so his capital grows by day and by night. He is not a benefactor, however, but he is obsessed by technology in which he has largely invested his capital. His international company employs not only the most intelligent specialists worldwide, but also the most intelligent computers and the most important ones are set up here. They design the most sophisticated things. The latest is a swimming goggles like device that allows wearers to project themselves into the strangest places or circumstances, not only those of the present but also those of the future and even the past. For example, you key in the September 11 Twin Towers date, and a moment later you can choose whether you want to be just a spectator, a victim, or a terrorist. The device is still being developed, but one suspects that, just as there is hardly a human being left who is not addicted to the so-called Smartphone, soon everyone will be wearing such Smart Glasses which will not only make the entrepreneur even richer, but will allow him to control and dominate the people wearing it—anywhere in the world—more than any dictator ever.

I could hardly believe what I was hearing. But the woman was serious, and as she spoke, even the smile had disappeared from her beautiful face. Where had I ended up? I didn't immediately know what to say. Had even forgotten to continue eating. "Aren't you hungry anymore?" the woman asked kindly and smiled again as if she had said nothing serious before. I took another bite, but my hunger was over. With her right hand, she poured a cup of coffee and with her left she stroked my right hand briefly.

Her hand was soft but felt cold. On her arm, just above her wrist, she had a small tattoo; but what it meant I could not immediately decipher. Apparently, she had noticed that I had seen the strange tattoo. "The writing is Chinese, it means TAO, translated into English as 'The Road,'" she explained. "Unlike the digital devices that addict and affect people's lives, the TAO leaves doing and thinking free. I studied Chinese philosophy, but see me now, surrounded by devices that have made us forget to think," she said and smiled exposing her beautiful teeth.

‘Are you married?’ she asked, completely unexpectedly.

But as if my answer were unimportant, she immediately continued,

‘I am a widow. My husband died. He was also a window cleaner,’ and as if she wanted to avoid my question, she immediately continued speaking.

'No, he did not crash here, but with his car. A road accident. People still tried to resuscitate him, but they did not succeed. I had no job then and they hired me as a secretary

here immediately, a year ago.'

After lunch, I went back to cleaning. Nothing special happened for the rest of the day, although everything the woman had told me kept reverberating in my mind. Even as I drove home between polluting, honking cars. Soon they will all be driving computer-controlled, I thought to myself. But what will they do if such a vehicle, without a human driver, carrying goods, causes an accident and injures people? Will it then call an ambulance of its own accord, pre-programmed describing exactly what had happened? And if all employees will have been replaced by computers, who will pay their salaries, how will they survive?

Normally, I had a steady, dreamless sleep, but that night I was haunted by strange dreams. Again and again, I seemed to find myself not in my bedroom, but in one of the rooms where I had previously cleaned the windows where The General, who had apparently lost control of the rigs, was desperately trying to quiet the no longer buzzing but loudly whooping, protesting machines that also surfaced. Still a little tired from too little sleep, I drove to the company where everything was going normally, and like the previous days, the charming lady opened the door and kindly, even seductively, smiling, led me to my work and wished me a pleasant working day.

The long corridor was dead silent. Only when I entered the room could the hum of the apparently day-and-night functioning machines be heard. Everything the secretary had told me about the globally present company had further whetted my curiosity. After cleaning the windows of one of the rooms, I could no longer contain my curiosity.

I scanned the long corridor. Looked left, looked right. No, there was no one, NONE! And yet, as I approached the room 'PROHIBITED ACCESS', I thought I heard a voice, a very faint, male voice. Could I be suffering from schizophrenia, hearing voices all the time? To listen better, I held my breath. But I heard nothing at all. Would I dare to open the door? I looked behind me for a moment, the corridor was empty.

Would I? But my hand did not hesitate. Despite the ban, this door too was apparently unlocked and opened silently. The walls of the "Dark Room" as I had named it in my mind was painted all black. But the room was not dark; on the contrary, it was bathed in an immoderately energy-wasting artificial light. There were no windows. The walls were bare. Not like the other rooms full of electronic gear, only at the back, against the wall where there was a window in the other rooms, were strange devices, exactly as I had seen them in my dream the previous night. Devices with flashing lights, buttons and switches connected to a number of glass bells. Under each glass bell connected to the devices was something that I couldn't immediately recognize entering the room; but it seemed, though barely visible, to be moving. Not the glass bells, but what was underneath was apparently connected to the electronic harnesses. for a second, I thought of the image of my father, when before he died in a hospital, he was connected to several plastic tubes, which were connected to a device that showed his heartbeat.

One of the glass bells, which were all the same size, was significantly larger than the others. When I approached the large glass bell close enough for me to see the moving something, I was startled and could not believe my eyes. Under the glass bell was a mouth! No, not an image of it, but a real apparently living HUMAN mouth that was constantly moving, just as if it were speaking. A mouth with gray, slightly wrinkled lips, like those found in older people. I felt nauseated. Was this reality or hallucination?

How can amputated lips, how can a mouth move independently, articulate animatedly, as if talking, praying, or swearing? At both ends, left and right, the upper lip was sewn to the lower lip. At the back of the lips were tiny needles, tubes, and gossamer threads connected to one of the electronic harnesses. Would they be the ones administering intermittent impulses to the restless speaking organ, or was it the other way around? As if the display wasn't gruesome enough, I now heard again. That Voice, that hoarse, helpless, pleading human voice.

'KILL ME . . . KILL ME . . . Please!'

The voice apparently came from one of the devices. Was it a recording that repeated itself from time to time? I didn't know what to do, run away or find out what was going on. The pleading words bit into me

'The mouth!' suddenly flashed through my mind. But how could a mouth speak without a body? I was petrified. Then I heard that pleading voice again:

'DON'T ABANDON ME . . . KILL ME . . . '

What could I do? I certainly didn't want to kill someone, maybe help him? The rig to which the mouth was attached stood amidst the other devices apparently connected to it, constantly sending signals at the same rhythm. They resembled a heartbeat. Or was I imagining it? At the top, at the front of the largest computer was a screen behind which was a small illuminated space. I stood on my toes. What I saw next horrified me. Behind the small window there was a slightly moving, white-gray mass full of tiny veins into which, like a pincushion, long needles had been pricked. Attached to the ends of the needles were thin cables that, bundled together into a thick cluster, disappeared into the computer.

Could the suppliant see me? Next to the screen was a small smartphone-like keyboard. 'Press Dr Weinstein Foundation for Neutralization' begged the voice.

I hesitated. What would happen if I typed in that code?

It all seemed unreal to me, as if I had landed in the middle of a science-fiction movie. Had my curiosity involuntarily made me a guinea pig for what would become 'normality' in a future era dominated by artificial intelligence?

But maybe the whole thing was normal, and the owner of the voice was somewhere far away, suffering such severe pains that he no longer wanted to live and wanted to commit euthanasia in which I had to assist him. But then what did that mouth, which looked and moved so lifelike, mean? With trembling fingers, I keyed in the code.

‘Thank you,’ spoke the voice, which now seemed to come from very close by.

It sounded like a sigh of relief. Would that person hear me now, too?

‘Where are you and who are you?’ I asked.

‘I am Dr. Weinstein, Albert Weinstein,’ replied the voice.

‘But he died a long time ago,’ I said, incredulously.

‘I am his brain. Just his brain and his mouth.’

My God! Could that moving gray mass be the brain of Dr. Weinstein, who died many years ago? I had once read that Dr. Weinstein's brain was on display in an American museum. Could this quivering pile of human misery be the brain of what was once the world's most brilliant physicist, artificially reanimated and kept alive by those electronic harnesses? Why, I wondered. I thought of Franco, whose entire body had also been cut up before they sent his soul to the hell of Mao, Stalin, and other dictators who had been laid to rest. Would their brains also be digitally animated to be abused for some obscure purposes in the future? Just recently, the current Russian dictator had a statue erected in honor of his predecessor Stalin. Fascism appeared to resurface in recent years, and the masses, deluded by lies and spectacle, allowed themselves to be manipulated. Would it all happen again, more thoroughly and gruesomely than before? God, up there in heaven, why don't you send us poets, instead of dictators?

Weinstein had apparently read my thoughts.

‘The digital indoctrination that has made man into willing followers of the rulers destroying humanity and nature will lead to the Apocalypse, to man's ultimate self-destruction,’ the voice said.

‘And what happens here, in the Hall of Geniuses?’ I asked.

‘Here, the brains that can somehow serve to expand world power are kept alive and stored as living intelligence to be used as artificial intelligence. The computers, to which the brains are connected give instructions through digital impulses and boost the mental productivity of the human parts. If efficiency drops or there is protest,

The System automatically sends a series of penitential impulses to the guilty object. Stripped of their natural resistance, the body parts are so sensitive that the horrific pain caused by the impulses not only suppresses their resistance, but at the same time drives them to greater productivity.’

I wanted to know whether only the brains of the scientific geniuses are preserved and used here.

‘No, Hitler's brains were also stored here and served The System for demagogic manipulations that were then digitally disseminated worldwide in the form of information.

‘And what are your genius brains used for?’ I asked, curiously.

My question caused a deep sigh on which a long silence followed.

‘Trapped by the machines and providing them with the impulses that their reasonless harnesses cannot produce, the memory of computers, artificial intelligence, cannot itself think and only disposes of what was previously experienced and stored. The brains kept alive here serve to design what has not yet been stored or discovered. The latest invention is the Smart glasses that will addict and manipulate the docile masses even more thoroughly than the Smartphone, but that is not even the worst thing for which my brain is being abused. What tortures me day and night and drives me to madness is my next mission: the Omega bomb, a weapon with a destructive power more than 10,000 times greater than any nuclear weapon on earth. At the speed of light, the craft flies towards its target with staggering accuracy, its size and location can be precisely programmed. What makes the Omega bomb so special, however, is that it does not do any material damage but like a virus infects the whole area, indoctrinates and dominates people's brains. ‘

I was shocked, speechless. But the voice continued.

‘Far more thoroughly than the Smartphone. No human being, simple or intelligent, is immune or can escapes it. Possessing that weapon will be able to control and manipulate the earth. You must destroy my brain so that the terrible weapon never gets into the hands of a power-mad individual. I am powerless. Uninterruptedly, the computer sends me questions, sucking from my gray matter with its octopus arms the information I cannot stop. Occasionally, I try to slow down the flight of information by sending erroneous data that then confuses the system, but as soon as it is noticed, my brain is bombarded with such horrifying torture impulses that all its resistance is broken, and my brain again calculates formulas, necessary for the construction of that all-conquering Omega Bomb. Help me. Please help me to undo this inhuman torment and save humanity from mental ruin. Please, do it now, now!’ he begged. ‘

Kill him. I have to kill him. I have to kill a human! I was horrified. It is only his brain left, but it can still think, still speak. Wouldn't killing them be murder? God in heaven, bring me enlightenment. What should I do? The last plea had sounded weak and exhausted. Was the brain close to a breakdown? Suddenly the computers apparently started functioning busier, made significantly more noise and blinked restlessly. The voice no longer spoke, I heard only a murmur. But just as I was about to ask Weinstein what was wrong, he screamed:

‘NO . . . PLEASE . . . NO!’

Apparently, the brain was being mercilessly tortured and forced into greater productivity.

‘Aaaah ..’. The cry was horrifying.

‘What should I do, what should I do?’ I cried in desperation.

‘Press ... three times on the red button...The little window behind which my brain lies will then open. Pull all the needles out of my brain. Please...please...’ sounded weak his voice.

I trembled. What was I supposed to do? Was this murder or an act of human compassion?

‘PLEASE...’ Trembling, I pressed the red button and yes the window opened. The brain jolted, as if tortured by violent electricity surges. The pleading voice kept vibrating in my head like an echo. One by one I pulled the needles out of the grey mass that calmed needle after needle and the computers too appeared to be calming down.

But what should I do with the brains? Leaving them here seemed dangerous. If The General noticed it, he might replace the needles back in brain and everything would start all over again. They have to get out of here, it flashed through my mind.

Carefully I slipped them into my bucket, put the chamois on it and ran out of the creepy hall, down the long bare corridor, towards the lift that took me to the exit. Barely had I left the building or I heard numerous howling sirens and saw dark blue raid trucks in the distance, apparently racing towards the Foundation for Neutralization building. ‘So they also belong to The System’ flashed through my confused head. But I had no time to think about it further. Where should I take the brain so that it would never be abused again? To the canal, I must go to the canal, it shot through my head.

The pedestrians thought it was a strange sight, a balding man running like a fool to the canal.

Did I imagine that I was preventing a global indoctrination of humanity? Nodding, gasping violently for air, like a washed-up fish, I arrived at the redeeming watercourse. For a moment I hesitated, but when I heard the blue Cerberuses approaching with howling sirens, I swung the contents of my bucket into the gently flowing stream.

For a moment, the brains still floated on the surface of the water. Did I hear them say ‘Thank You’? Slowly they sank towards the bottom, towards the mother earth, where they could finally rest in peace.

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SPRING INSPIRES ME

Spring. So much beauty, so much elegance, so much innocence - all this is embodied in spring. Spring. Grasses rise from the ground, branches grow like necks, the sun increases its temperature, mothers prepare sumalak and halim in pots, grandfather farmer takes a hoe and goes to the field, girls wear a wreath of willow leaves in their hair, and look for chochmoma all this is embodied in my mind.

Spring. Children throwing leaves into the sky, flying kites, wrestlers going to the wrestling ground to knock each other's swords on the ground, girls with caps on their heads and eyebrow growths singing songs with handsome guys, cooking kok somsa and dumplings for the bodies tired of winter and in need of vitamins. incarnate in the spring.

Spring. Kindness, people asking each other about each other, giving helping hands to the disabled, widows, asking about the elderly - all this is embodied in spring.

Imagination is a gift given to man by God.

Just thinking about spring brings peace and dreams to the human heart.

Our hearts flutter when we think of spring. Spring renewal, making new dreams, we think of it as stepping forward into life, making new plans. Spring brings with it a world of news. As you imagine, the peach blossoms in the fields and the scent of the tulips on the mountain come to your eyes. Spring is beyond our imagination. We cannot imagine spring without our national games.

I compare the spring season to rejuvenation and renewal, a new era. As soon as spring comes, it begins to spread its blue-blue dress around. The surroundings become more and more beautiful and reflect elegance. She is also compared to a bride. The reason is that a woman's heart is elegant, delicate, demanding, and can attract any man. Spring is the percentage of seasons.

Spring is as durable as women,
patient and tenacious like rocks. No matter how much it rains and winds, it retains its beauty. This is why spring inspires me...

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Kucharova Ugiloy is a student Samarkand State University faculty of law.

She is from Uzbekistan. Due to her interest in books since her youth, she participated in many auditions. During her studies, she took part in many science Olympiads and took pride of place. Currently, she is one of the most active young people of the district. She has many goals for the future.

THE CHILDREN OF TOMORROW

In a small village nestled between lush green hills, Children's Day was always a special occasion. Every year, the villagers gathered to celebrate the joy, innocence, and boundless energy of their children, who played freely in the fields and meadows that surrounded their homes. For the adults, the day was not just about games and laughter, but a time to reflect on the importance of raising children with love and care, nurturing their dreams, and safeguarding their future.

On this particular Children's Day, the village was more vibrant than ever. The scent of freshly baked bread wafted through the air, and colorful banners hung between the trees. Parents set up booths with handmade toys, and storytellers gathered the little ones beneath the ancient oak tree in the village square. The children, with faces painted in bright colors, ran about excitedly, their laughter ringing through the streets like music.

Among the children was a boy named Sami, small for his age but brimming with curiosity. Sami had always been a dreamer. While the other children played games of tag or hide-and-seek, he preferred to sit under the oak tree with a book or a notepad, his mind filled with questions and wonderings about the world beyond the hills.

This year, however, something weighed on Sami's mind. As he watched the other children celebrate, he couldn't help but feel a sense of unease. He had overheard a conversation between his parents the previous night. They were discussing the future—the uncertainty of the world beyond the village and the hardships children faced in distant lands. It wasn't something Sami understood fully, but he sensed the fear in their voices.

Curiosity getting the better of him, Sami tugged at the sleeve of Mrs. Leila, the village teacher, as she passed by the square. She was known for her kindness and wisdom, and Sami often went to her with his questions.

"Mrs. Leila," Sami asked, his eyes wide, "why do we celebrate Children's Day? What's the point if so many children in the world don't have a chance to play and be happy like we do?"

Mrs. Leila looked at him thoughtfully and sat down beside him under the oak tree. She gazed out at the children running and playing, then at Sami's questioning face.

"You've grown into quite the thinker, Sami," she said with a smile. "Children's Day is about more than just celebrating. It's a reminder of what every child deserves—a chance to be safe, to learn, and to dream. We celebrate because we hope that, one day, all children, no matter where they live, will have the same opportunities."

Sami thought about this for a moment. "But how can we help those children? We're just a small village."

"You're right, Sami," Mrs. Leila said, "we are small, but change often begins in small places. You see, the world is made up of many small villages like ours, and if each of us takes responsibility for making things better in our own way, that adds up to something big. Whether it's by showing kindness, sharing what we have, or speaking up for what's right, every small action counts."

Sami pondered her words. "Do you think the children in those faraway places know that we're thinking about them today?"

Mrs. Leila nodded. "I believe they do. Celebrations like Children's Day remind the world that children are precious, that they hold the key to the future. And when we celebrate here, we're sending out a message of hope and unity."

Sami smiled, feeling a little lighter. He stood up, looking around at the joyful chaos of the celebration. Maybe Mrs. Leila was right—maybe even their small village could help bring a little more light into the world.

As the day wore on, Sami found himself thinking about the other children who weren't as fortunate. He imagined what it would be like if every child in the world could join in the festivities, if they could laugh and play without fear, without hunger. The thought stirred something in him—a dream that he would carry forward, a hope for the future.

That evening, as the sun dipped below the hills and the villagers gathered for a final celebration, Sami stood up on a wooden box in the square, feeling a surge of courage. His voice rang out clear and steady: "Let's not just celebrate for ourselves today. Let's celebrate for all the children, everywhere. And let's promise to do what we can to help them, even if it's something small."

The village fell silent, then erupted into applause. Sami's message was simple, but it resonated with everyone present.

And so, in that small village tucked away in the hills, Children's Day became more than a day of laughter and games—it became a day of hope, a day of promise for the children of tomorrow.

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A NEW BEGINNING AT THE ORPHANAGE

It was a special day at the orphanage—Children’s Day. The staff and caretakers were excited to make the children feel loved and cherished. Mrs. Sonia, the kind-hearted teacher who had been with the orphanage for years, was the first to suggest throwing a celebration. She knew how important it was for the children, many of whom had lost so much, to feel joy and belonging on such a day.

The preparations began early. Bright balloons and colorful streamers were hung around the playroom, and the delicious smell of baked treats filled the air. Mrs. Sonia and the other staff members had spent weeks collecting toys and games for the children, ensuring there was something for everyone. The children’s excitement grew as they watched the decorations go up, their eyes sparkling with anticipation.

But among the giggles and smiles, there was one child who sat quietly in the corner, his gaze distant and his small hands clutching the edges of his chair. His name was Adam, a shy boy who had only arrived at the orphanage a few days earlier. Unlike the other children, who had been at the orphanage long enough to feel at home, Adam still felt lost. The unfamiliar faces, the new surroundings—it was overwhelming for him.

As the party began, the children eagerly ran towards the tables filled with toys, games, and treats. Laughter filled the room, but Adam remained in his corner, feeling out of place. Mrs. Sonia noticed him, her heart aching for the little boy. She knew it wasn’t easy for him, having just arrived in a strange new place without the comfort of family.

Gently, Mrs. Sonia approached Adam, kneeling down beside him. “Adam,” she said softly, “would you like to come and join the others? We have some new toys, and I think you might like them.”

Adam shook his head, his eyes downcast.

Mrs. Sonia placed a comforting hand on his shoulder. “I know it’s hard,” she said, her voice filled with warmth. “But you’re safe here, and we all care about you. You don’t have to play right away, but would you like to walk with me around the room? Maybe just watch for a little while?”

Adam hesitated but nodded slowly. Mrs. Sonia stood up and held out her hand, and after a moment, Adam took it. Together, they walked around the playroom, watching the other children laugh and play. Gradually, Adam’s grip on Mrs. Sonia’s hand loosened, and a faint smile began to tug at the corners of his mouth.

After a while, a group of children invited Adam to join their game of building blocks. Mrs. Sonia gave him a reassuring nod, and with a deep breath, Adam slowly walked over to them. At first, he was shy, but as the game went on, he began to enjoy himself. The other children welcomed him warmly, and soon, Adam’s laughter blended with theirs.

By the end of the day, Adam was running around with the other children, his earlier sadness forgotten. Mrs. Sonia watched from a distance, her heart swelling with pride. The orphanage had done its job—not just in providing a home, but in creating a place where every child, even those like Adam, could feel safe, loved, and happy.

That night, as Adam went to bed, he felt something he hadn’t felt in a long time—hope. For the first time, the orphanage didn’t feel like a strange place. It felt like home.

Is math necessary?

I don't know, they don't like mathematics very much in our class. During the lesson, someone always reads an art book, and someone takes a pen and paper and writes a poem or a story. Some of them teach other subjects. The teacher always gets nervous about this and starts reprimanding, saying, "Don't you need mathematics?"

But when it's time to take a test, everyone has books on algebra and geometry.

One day in class, the teacher's cup of patience was full.

Before reviewing tasks:

"Whoever hasn't done his homework, go back"

said.

One by one, we got out of the desks and started walking back. Look at this, half of the class was standing. The teacher didn't say a word to us (we were ashamed that he didn't say a word when he was in pain), he went and sat on his chair. After a while, the teacher got angry again, he saw the children reading a book during the lesson. These students also joined our ranks.

Here's a break at last!

We were going to an extra class after having lunch, and our teacher ordered us all to gather in the room.

The teacher entered the room.

We greeted.

Our coach did not even acknowledge our greetings. We were surprised.

Because our teacher Abduhayat Abdugadirov usually did not beat us even if we did something bad. On the contrary, he explained that we would not do it again, that it was disrespectful.

Our teacher sits on a chair and smiles at us!

-"How were the lessons today, are there any problems with any of the teachers"

We understand, so the math teacher told today's work.

We, the students, were waiting for a serious reprimand, thank God, it did not happen.

Abduhayat Abdugadirov went to advise us as usual. They say that every subject plays an important role in our lives.

Especially mathematics! After listening to these words, we promise to always study mathematics well and complete the lessons on time. we gave!

Most importantly, we understood that all subjects are necessary.

Teacher Aminova Farangiz, who diligently teaches us mathematics, we promise you that now we will always do homework on time and be the most exemplary class!

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a student of the 8th grade of the creative school named after Erkin Vahidov, Margilan city



Movie universe

If there was a portal that can bring you to the world of movies and cartoons, like Avengers, Superman, Tom and Jerry, Simpsons and others. Story is about it.

A 12 years old boy Thomas loves movies and cartoons. He watches them in his free time. He has 4 or 6 hours free time in a day. So he watches 1 or 2 movies in a day. Her mother doesn't like it, she always wants her son to read books and study well. But Thomas doesn't study much, he thinks school is enough for studying. He has a friend that loves movies too, but they don't do something together other times in school and cinema. Thomas's friend Harry is fan of Turkish TV series. Thomas doesn't like them, he is fan of Marvel, DC, Indian, Chinese movies. One day Harry had an interesting question for the Thomas. When he meet with Thomas, said:

-Hey, Thomas. I have an interesting question for you. Will you try to find it's answer?

Thomas:

-Yes, I will. What's the question?

-If there was a portal that can bring you to the world of movies and cartoons, where would you to go with it? You have only one chance to choose the movie. You can choose Marvel, DC, Indian movies, Turkish series and movies. Which one do you choose?

-Is the portal real?

-Just give answer to question

-I will choose Marvel.

-Why do you choose it?

-Because there are powerful heroes and miraculous things.

-If you go there you will choose one of its movie and everything starts at there, you will go next movies automatically, like you are living at there.

-I will choose "Iron man 1" movie. What would you do?

-I will go Turkish series, I love all of them. I don't need to choose, I can go random too.

Thomas couldn't forget the movie portal. He sometimes believed it is real. A week later he talked to his friend about it again.

-If it the portal to the cinema universe is real would you like to use it?

-Why are you asking it?

-Just, I want.

-The portal is not real, do not think about it too much.

-Why are you saying it?

-Because , when I had that idea, I couldn't forget about it. Sometimes, I thought it is real. So I think you are thinking this too.

-Yes, I did. You are right. I sometimes think it is real.

-If you want to forget it, just do not think about it and do another something. For example, do not watch TV for a few days, read books.

-OK, I will do it.

Thomas tried it, but he couldn't forget. Next week his family went to the village to have a vacation. Their house was near to the forest. At the lunchtime Thomas went to forest to walk. He walked on forest 6-7 minutes and suddenly found a basement. It looked like hasn't got owner. Thomas took a stone and hard stick to go inside basement. Because it was old and spooky. Inside there is dark, impossible to see without flashlight. His phone was uncomfortable to hold. Thomas went back home to bring a flashlight. Until he comeback home it be evening. It felt creepy to go basement in night. It been hard to sleep with thinking about secrets on the dark basement. In the morning, he decided to go there with neighbor boys. Thomas I went to there with 2 neighbor boys. They were Dane and Kevin brothers. They were interested in scary things. There were some juice and old wines. Boys checked shelves, couldn't find other things. They found only

juice, wine and little piece of paper. Words in the paper were these: "There is mysterious thing in here, if you find it, you can do whatever you want. Thomas interested what is it. He decided to find it. First, he looked under shelves. Didn't find anything, so looked under of carpet, he found a door to down of basement. Door was locked, finding key is hardest work that he needed to do. It took 1,5 hour to find it. Finally he opened the door, there were toilet under door. There wasn't only a toilet, the mysterious thing was next to the toilet. It was a portal to the movies universe. Thomas said, "I knew it was real, I knew it!!! Finally it is here. The universe of movies, I am coming". He put step on it, he didn't think about his family, friends and life, his dreams were becoming real, but he was losing his real life. Everything happened as Harry said. Thomas did everything as he wanted. Thomas entered Marvel. He became Iron man. He wanted to start living in the Iron man 1 events. Portal has understood him wrong and make him Tony Stark. If everything happens as a movie, he would die. So he didn't go war and made iron suits by his ideas. After that he went to war, and did everything as real Tony did. He saved many people at there. After times Avengers assembled to fight against Loki. Tony decided to collect infinity stones before the Infinity war and appearing of Ultron. It took two months to collect them. First he took mind and space stones from Loki. Next he took reality stone and lied Doctor Strange's teacher to take time stone. Finally he took stone of power. Tony made special suit from vibranium to use infinity stones. He killed all villains in the universe by finger snap. He didn't die, because he prepared to finger snap. At that time Thomas woke up in his bed. Everything was just a dream. It has been most exciting dream in his life.

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Uzbekistan, Tashkent region, Angren city 22-school's 8-class student Madaliyev Asrorbek



COURAGE OF THE ANT



The land of ants was located in the middle of a wide meadow, under a huge tree. There were thousands of ants, each one always ready to perform its task, and spent the whole day working. Queen Ant, wise and kind, ruled her people and ensured that all ants lived a peaceful and peaceful life.

There was also an ant in this close family. Although Jussasi was smaller than other ants, he was distinguished from them by his courage, hard work and intelligence. In his free time, he sometimes traveled through the pasture.

One day, during his next trip, the anteater saw a black beetle that had fallen into a pond at the edge of the meadow and needed help. At first, the ant was afraid of the beetle. He watched her for a while. Then the ant slowly asked, "Can I help you?" he asked.

Hearing this, the beetle looked at him with surprised eyes and said, "What could you do? "My condition is bad," he answered. He was so depressed that the ant, seeing this, tried to help him as soon as possible. After thinking for a while, he finally found a solution.

"I will definitely help you," he said and hurried to his house. The beetle, watching this, froze in shock. Because how could an ant with a small body help a beetle several times bigger than it? Moreover, it is unlikely that he will return. As the beetle thought about these things, he was alone again in depression.

After some time, a voice began to be heard from the pasture. Someone was shouting from afar, "Kongizvoy, we are coming." When the beetle looks better, the ant is coming from afar with its friends. "I told you that I will save you," said the ant happily.

Ant and his friends first brought small branches to the edge of the pond where the beetle was crawling. Then they started trying to lift him up. At first, this work seemed ineffective, but as time passed, the beetle began to go on land. The beetle was happy and spread its wings and tried to fly.

Then the ant looked at him and said, "It is true that I am small and weak, but together we will become a great force. That is why it is necessary to never look down on any creature or insect." Hearing this, the black beetle really admired their strength and hard work. At the same time, he was a little ashamed of his words. "I am amazed at your courage. I thought I was strong. But I was wrong. "True strength is in unity, as you said, Ant," he thanked her and flew away.

After this incident, everyone admired the courage and intelligence of the ant and prepared a feast for him. Now everyone started calling him "Brave Ant". After that, the tiny ant decided to always help everyone and do good.

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Student of Bukhara State Pedagogical Institute

Bondy's Courage



Until then, the days got colder and autumn came. Now there are no hot and sunny days like before. It was replaced by rainy and cloudy days. Bondy has yet to find friends and family. He spends the day searching through the forest for food and a way to a cave at the foot of the mountain that his relatives say is on the east side. In the dark night, he spends the night under a tree or under a branch. But since Bondy isn't used to running the agenda in this way, he feels uncomfortable in this environment. He usually spent his day in the company of his friends. Now his friends and relatives are far from him.

Bondy was on the road with friends and family looking for a safe place due to an unfortunate accident that happened 5 days ago. During the trip, Bondy's father told him to always walk with his brothers. They all stopped to rest in a thicket in the southern part of the forest. Bondy and his loved ones were resting. Bondy couldn't sleep for some reason. Because he was hungry. Hunger woke him up. Bondy looked for food through the thicket. While walking, he saw 2 rabbits under a tree in the forest and attacked them. And the rabbits hurriedly started to run away from Bondy towards their houses. And Bondy rushed towards the rabbits with all his might. But unfortunately he could not catch the rabbits. Because the rabbit house is under the tree. Disappointed, Bondy returned to the thicket, hungry and exhausted. He looked around. But he could not find anyone. His relatives had already left. He looked around for wolf tracks to find out which way the family members had gone. But there was not a single footprint around.

The morning rain had washed away all traces. Bondy, who had never been in such a situation before, froze in his seat for a long time, in a fit of terrible fear. Then he remembered what his father had said. His father was the leader of the wolves, and before going on a journey, he gathered all the wolves and held a meeting about where they would go. At the end of the meeting, everyone came to go to the cave at the foot of the mountain. Bondy stood up and watched the sun rise and set. Then he headed east. He suffered from hunger and loneliness during the journey. But no matter how difficult it was, Bondy continued to walk the path without giving up.

In the meantime, his relatives noticed that Bondy was missing and started looking for him. Bondy's father sends a werewolf from the pack who knows 2 ways to look for Bondy. And announced a half-day rest for the gang. Meanwhile, Bondy, a quick and agile wolf, was closing in on the pack. While walking on the road, he noticed 2 wolves running from afar. As the distance grew closer, they began to recognize each other. These 2 wolves were wolves sent by their father. Bondy was happy to see them. And this joy made his step even faster. They saw each other until the hash pash. After some time, they set off. They caught up with the gang before nightfall. Bondy was overjoyed to see his family. The reason was that he was very afraid that he would not see them anymore.

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Ochilova Ozoda is the daughter of Zufar. She was born in Zhondar district of Bukhara region. 4th grade student of Jizzakh State Pedagogical University. Member of Student Academy and Talented Student.

Coordinator of the Association of Science and Literature Writers of Argentina.

Ambassador of 3 international organizations

Mental arithmetic trainer

A fact of life

We hardly admit our shortcomings, but we easily manage to justify ourselves. We wait for a miracle, we wait for Monday, we wait for a new year and a new life. But I think it's time to face the harsh reality of life and work on ourselves without delaying for a minute. After all, if we take a deep look around us, all four sides of us are wisdom room. A person is educated not only by family, neighborhood, school desk, but also by life itself. You just have to watch it. Just one example, notice the ant running after the grain without breaking his caravan, he teaches us about hard work. And the cranes, which do not take off their tails, teach discipline. Like a blade tearing through the asphalt, the grass teaches us what it's like to fight for survival. Now it is time for us to take care of ourselves and see that we are weak from them and be ashamed. Now observe the people around you again, look at their every good deed, imitate them. After all, great news started with imitation.

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Tahirova Mohinur Abrorjon's daughter. He was born on December 6, 2008 in Koshtepa district. He studied at the 45th general secondary school of Koshtepa district, then studied at the Erkin Vahidov creative school for 2 years, then at the 1st IDUMI, and now he is a student of the 10th grade of the specialized school of Koshtepa district.

To date, he is the author of more than 30 projects. The projects are related to all subjects, each of them was evaluated with excellent marks. Basically, most of them are from mother tongue, history, mathematics and English subjects. The aim of the project work is to teach complex subjects in basic subjects in an easy way and it has certainly been successful. It should be noted that the work of the project on love for the motherland is impressive and has made a great contribution to increasing the love of the motherland among students.

In addition, I took part in the regional Olympiad and the "Young Reader" competition and took good places in the subjects of mother tongue and literature. Mathematical science is not far from him, in the exam according to the agreement between Japan and Uzbekistan, he received the Silver Certificate with a result of 94%.

I, SURVIVOR

As I exit the courtroom, I look at my rapist, or rather, I challenge his gaze so fiercely that he lowers his head. I could tell him, "If you're hoping my heart will explode and that I will die, forget about it!" Instead, I say, "Know that there were moments when I feared I wouldn't make it, but I managed to get through it. The rape was not just an unfortunate incident during a night of sex. You planned it all. Stop pretending. You punished me because I said no; you raped me because you saw me as your property, a thing, a possession of yours. You showed me no respect; you humiliated me, erased my identity. You couldn't handle a rejection. You were a bastard! I hardly have words left. No, I do find them, and they pour out like a raging river: I didn't consider you a man; you were a beast!

That was not love. It was hate, violence, power, dominance, control. It was all the worst that can be done to a woman. You are the cause; I am the effect. It was you who threw me into that hell, you who kept me submerged in that darkness, time and again. That night, on life's chessboard, you chose to knock down both towers, and we both fell.

You devastated me inside, taking away my self-esteem, my privacy, my joy, my time, my intimacy, my security, my identity, my very voice. In the early days, I could hardly speak. When I started to do so, I stuttered... I couldn't master the words to express the violence you inflicted upon me. I had to struggle and relearn how to look at and accept my body. It felt so violated, dirty, that I didn't want it anymore. I wanted to forget it... like you might with a nightmare. You can't give me back the life I had before that night. It's embarrassing how fragile and delicate I still feel. I move through my new life like a child learning to walk alone, without an adult as my safe harbor. You have no idea how hard I have worked to piece together the parts of myself that shattered that night. It felt like living in a cage, with the invisible bars tattooed on my skin, and most of all in my emotions, in that part deep within me where I could no longer find comfort and peace.

There are times when I don't want to be touched. I want to tell you that the damage was done primarily to me. You should have never made me fight so long to prove something so evident from the very beginning: I am the victim; you are the guilty!

What happened that night cannot be erased. However, we both have a choice: we can allow it to destroy us, or we can confront it. I have accepted the pain; you accept the punishment. In a sense, we cannot save ourselves alone. I want to tell you that, aside from ourselves, it is always the other who can save or destroy us. You tried to annihilate me, to objectify me, stripping me of my identity. Those who listened to me with interest, affection, and empathy restored my dimension as a human subject.

There have been times when I felt so vulnerable that I was destroyed by trauma, but over time I became resilient enough to overcome it and regenerate.

I walk away from the courthouse with my head held high, aware of my strength and resilience. My voice was firm, my words clear and unequivocal. I'm rebuilding my life, and I won't let my past define my future.

(Excerpt from the novel 'Twenty-Four Carats'
by Ada Rizzo)

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Italy

THE COACHMAN

The coachman saw the hole from afar with his piercing eyes. He tried to pull the reins of his wild horse to avoid falling, but the horse was speeding and the carriage was swaying to the right and to the left. He could not stop it or control it. He fell, and his horse and the carriage all fell into it. He got out of the hole in the ground opposite the hole, to find himself in another world, not like the world he had experienced. He shook the dust of time off his shoulders from the horror of the shock he saw. Buildings, cars, electricity, and people whose clothes were not like his. Where was his farm and the river? Where were his cows and sheep? Where were his wife and children? Where is the hole they fell into? Questions ignited the convolutions of his head, so he fell unconscious, the hands of passersby caught him and put him in a large car due to the size of his body, which ranged between two and a half meters, to the nearby hospital in the city. The news spread in the suburb and its outskirts. Journalists were the first to enter the hospital. People were waiting for news. The police were standing at the door of his hall waiting for the attending physician to give them permission to interrogate him. Anxiety overwhelmed everyone. A carriage, a horse and a coachman of this enormous size and we are smaller than him in size. What a magnificent and harmonious dark horse! How can he be among us? Where did he come from???? Many questions that needed answers. He woke up from his coma. The doctor indicated that he had not been questioned because of the great pain and some wounds he was suffering from. The doctor was curious to know a lot about him. After asking him several questions, his answers were different from what the doctor wanted from him, so he thought he had lost his memory. The therapist was absent-minded. How could this man fall into a hole and emerge from another one from the ground? This is what the coachman told him. On the second day, the police and journalists came to the hospital to find out the facts from him or the doctor, but they did not find him in his bed. They tried to search for him, but all their hopes were dashed. They went to the carriage and the horse stable, but they did not find anything. They followed his tracks and found him at a very high speed with his carriage and his black horse. The coachman was looking for a hole in the ground to return to his life that he lost against his will. The bullets were chasing him, and he did not know what this screaming hiss was. They got closer to him. He tried to get away from them in the nearby forest because of the ruggedness of its land, but he could not. The carriage flipped over and they surrounded him from all sides, put handcuffs on his hands, and threw him in prison. The days were slower and sadder for him. He often cried for his wife, children, and homeland. The hole he came out of was what he often thought about. How can he get there? To enter it and return to his family and those wonderful days that he lost in a moment of time.

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Iraq



Yassin Khader Al-Qaisi, literary name, member of the Union of Writers and Authors in Baqubah.. I have been published by Arab and Iraqi websites, newspapers and magazines.. I have published two collections of short stories.. I have a manuscript for a collection of short stories that will be printed soon and there is an idea to write a novel.. I worked as an admin on several Iraqi and Arab websites. My story Al-Shakhadh and Al-Hawthi won first prize. Critical readings of the two stories
I am pleased and honored to present it to you. Born in 1960 Baghdad...

Dream

It was midnight, and the girl was still awake, feeling incredibly happy. A little dream she had held onto since childhood had finally come true: she had been accepted into the most prestigious university in her country. She had been trying to enter that university for 15 years, ever since she was in fifth grade.

Her teacher had always been an inspiration—kind, knowledgeable, and a traveler who had seen the world thanks to her wisdom. The girl admired her deeply and decided that one day, she too would become a traveling teacher, just like her.

Today was the day her dream came true. She was on her way to the city center to begin her university studies. "Behind every dream," the saying goes, "new dreams will follow," and she believed it wholeheartedly.

Once in the city, many opportunities awaited her. She met influential people who could collaborate with her on various projects, potentially opening doors to new networks and connections in the business world. She thought to herself, "You are like the company you keep," and felt proud to be surrounded by such inspiring individuals.

As the years passed, she became a successful businesswoman. She had her own money, friends, fame, and so much more. But then, out of nowhere, a voice called, "Hey, wake up, it's already seven o'clock! You're going to be late for school. Hurry up!"

The girl woke up, still feeling emotional and excited. She smiled, ready to head to school with a mind full of wonderful, lucky dreams. It had been a truly magical night.

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Uzbekistan

Surayyo Nosirova was born on May 13, 2006, in Narpay District, Samarkand region. She is currently a first-year student at Uzbekistan State World Languages, studying in the Faculty of Philology and Teaching English



FAILED HOPE

Nothing is perfect in the world. Even in the supreme feeling called love, there is injustice. He who loves strongly suffers more.

(Utkir Hoshimov)

Autumn... Yellow trees and lawns dazzle the eyes with the shine of the sun's rays. The chirping of birds in the alley is like music that brings comfort and happiness to the soul. The nature of autumn is very strange, sometimes the sun shines, and sometimes the sky is covered with clouds. Maybe autumn is also full of pain, and at the moment when he forgets his pains and begins to give joy, he remembers them again, sheds tears, and reveals all his sorrows to nature. And... the weather has changed again, the clouds are approaching with a distorted sound. With every step he takes, tears fall on the ground like corals, and he dies by being stuck with the soil. Watching this process, Kumush realized that the only thing that can cure a person when he thinks about his pains and is depressed is a glass, all the dust in the heart together with tears are like raindrops. leaves the body and dies, creates a ground for feeling lighter, purifies the soul.

Kumush liked this kind of nature very much, she was lost in thoughts until she observed the surroundings and began to remember her past with a laugh. It was not easy for her, she grew up in a difficult situation, she did not even enjoy her childhood. She knew very well that all these difficulties were a test for her, but if only God had tested her materially, she would have tried with all her might for a good life, if only she would have tried to please them when she tried with social relations with people, the test given to her was only a pain in her health. Kumush firmly believed that "God who gives pain also gives healing." She lived in the hope that days would be filled with tears of joy and not pain. There is also a cure for this disease, but it takes time... Time...

In many of the works that Kumush read, she witnessed how girls, when they turned eighteen, faced sharp turns, obstacles, and sad tests of fate in their lives, but she could not even imagine such changes in her personal life. ...

However, life is full of coincidences, unexpected situations, situations, even people, come and go at unexpected times. Unexpected events took place in the fate of this girl, who just turned eighteen years old, and sparks of love began to shine in her heart. For the first time, she gave her heart to a person, surrendered herself to that soul, a smile came to her face, and peace to her heart. Feeling happy, she began to forget her pains, but she had no idea that this happiness would not last long. The person who gave her this happiness was Jawahir. He was tall, handsome, very smart and talented, and at the same time, he was a child of a creative and intellectual family. The reason for their acquaintance was the university. There was a force in every word that Jawahir said to Kumush, which somehow attracted him, when he was with her, he did not even notice the time had passed, he always wanted to be with her very much. She really enjoyed talking with Jawahir, Kumush was simply amazed by Jawahir's thinking and outlook:

- I don't care about the wealth and beauty of my chosen one, because beauty is present today, but someday it will leave us all. We may have wealth today, but life does not always go smoothly, there are days of abundance and days of poverty, the most important thing for me is that we understand and respect each other and live happily. Sometimes I wonder, "Is a happy life only in social media videos?" No, we can all live like this, when we try, when we are together, we can do everything. I want to build the "castle of happiness" together with you, I want to be with you and support you in any case, in any situation, in your good and bad days.

Kumush was simply defeated by these words, after all, they say: "A woman loves with her ears", you say that such pleasant words will not make anyone her prisoner, but Kumush could neither be offended nor he knew how to be happy, there are no problems that tormented her - her health, she did not tell Jawahir about it.

Maybe the time has come to say it, but how? She knows Jawahir very well, he is a person who cares about his family and future, who always puts them first, and that is why he may leave Kumush. What will happen if she turns out to be what she thinks and Jawahir doesn't accept her? How will she cope when the pain of separation drags her into its vortex when she has just given up on a person and forgotten all the pains? It won't be easy, it won't be easy at all, but even now, it's not the way she wants it to be, various thoughts are killing her.

From Kumush's deep sighs, Jawahir could sense that there was pain in her heart, he didn't know what it was, but he was trying to forget it. They gave unusual gifts, arranged meetings, took them to the cinema, parks, spent time together and had interesting conversations. It was also one of the enjoyable moments. Kumush loved to walk in nature. Fresh air, clear sky, beautiful scenery and the only person who can share her joy and sorrow... it's really a very pleasant feeling. The only purpose of the jewel was to make Kumush happy and fulfill her dreams.

In this way, months followed by days, and the time for the end of their love story was getting closer and closer. When the secrets were revealed and Jawahir found out about everything, the relationship ended in a short time. It was during Silver's class that he got a message, "Call me when the class is over, we need to see each other," it was from Jawahir. They met him after class and went to a cafe together. When Jawahir brought juice for them, he began to speak: -"Well, I talked to my mother yesterday." "I don't know how to start the conversation, how to say it," he said, a little annoyed.

Kumush understood everything, the moments that had been worrying her for a long time had arrived. In response to Jawahir's words, this girl, who was barely holding her glasses, said:

- "I understand," she said, but this word barely came out. It was as if the mountains had fallen in her heart, and now his interest in life, hopes, dreams and goals had disappeared.

- Tell me if I'm a puppet, why did you break my emotions, why did you give me hope, tell me you're a bad person, - these words coming from the depths of Jawahir's heart made Kumush suffer even more, - tell me why are you silent.

Both the boy and the girl loved each other very much and were very attached to each other, but fate separated them.

Yes, those cruel trials of life... Kumush couldn't take it anymore, pretending she was in a hurry and tried to leave as soon as possible. Jawahir got out and went with her to the station. Although the weather was cold, it did not affect Kumush, she was getting hot, as if she was burning inside. The girl's glasses were up to her throat, but she didn't want to show them to Jawahir. The bus moved, Kumush began to move away from Jawahir, and began to move away without turning back. Her condition is not good, but at the same time, she needed someone who could cry on her shoulder, share all her feelings, understand and comfort her. She also has such a person, of course, her closest confidant friend - Camila.

Kumush went to her friend:

"It's over, Camila, it's over," she couldn't let her tears speak.

Worried about her friend's condition, Kamila began to comfort her:

- Please don't cry, if that person left your life, it means that he is not the person in your destiny. If you torture yourself so much for every such test you are given, you will only torture yourself, and you will achieve nothing more...

Kumush could not easily get used to this sad game of fate. She suffered for a long time, she cried at night remembering the days spent with him, she hated his fate, but later she thought: "Allah always gives us the best, we have to endure trials and wait."

Now she can't do anything, she can't bring back the person she loves, she can't even go near him, but the only thing she can do is to sit by the window of the room at the university and look at the door of the faculty building with the hope that "Maybe I will see him again." It was quiet.

Maybe I'll see him again...

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First Teacher

Everyone's first teacher, guide, supporter, and confidant are their parents, of course. My parents are the same kind of people. All the success I have achieved in the world is because of them. , their prayers are my first weapon. A parent is such that if he doesn't eat, he feeds his children, and even if he doesn't wear them, he gives them the clothes they want to wear. My father himself went with me during the state exams, motivated me and said, "I believe in you, my daughter. "Of course, you will be among the students, insha'Allah" My mother's always praying for our children's happiness and success is also a prayer for me. I am proud to be the child of such parents. Their presence is the key to my success.

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Abdinabiyeva Navroza was born in 2004 in the village of Nogat, Kasbi district, Kashkadarya region. She is the 3rd child in the family. In 2010, she was admitted to the 1st grade of the 31st general secondary school of the district. During her school years, she participated in the science Olympiads in the subject of mother tongue and literature, at the district and regional levels. actively participated and took pride of place. In addition, in 2022, he was awarded the nomination "The most active entrepreneur student" in the district. He is an active participant in the "My President", "Fight against Corruption", and "Festivals of Knowledge" organized in the district. After graduating with high marks, she was admitted to the Faculty of Philology of Karshi State University on the basis of a grant to study the Uzbek language. During her studies, she studied the fields of interest: nursing, cooking, tailoring, IT, participated in various self-development marathons, and has been learning foreign languages. .The main hobby is reading books.

Damned Appointments

Dante described Hell as having nine circles. He was wrong. Hell has nine hundred and ninety-nine planes. Each plane is a hell unto itself and yet coupled in a mysterious way, like lovers. I think it is pain connecting us.

Satan is God here, Hell's overlord. That is how it works here. Kings, queens, dukes, and duchesses rule the planes, and so on. We have a chaotic feudal system with chaotic laws.

There are always conflicts going on in the attempt to gain power. The stories I could tell.

Hell is not the lake of fire as we are taught, although there are lakes. Many lakes would fit the description that we generally refer to as a gas oven. It is not as if everyone ends up in a lake of fire for eternity. Time has no meaning here, but does flow strangely in comparison to time experienced by the living. One day here can last one hundred living years; or one hundred years packed into one living year. Eternity is an earthly measurement of time, so you might end up in one of the lakes but you will not be there for eternity. We have our punishment times, and our life as usual times. We have jobs just like you. We live in houses or apartments. We have family and friends. We live pretty much as we did before we landed here.

I work as a taxi driver. Yeah we have taxis. You are probably thinking where the hell are you going to go in Hell. The answer is anywhere but out. There is always someone trying to escape. There are ways out, but do not get caught. The cops will not let you go without a fight, and you probably will not win. Every once and again someone does escape. In such cases, hunters are sent after them. I would rather deal with the cops. I have dealt with a hunter once, well, not directly but I saw enough to get the big picture. I see the cops all over, demons that will smite you for looking the wrong direction at the wrong time. If one of them hits you, you will know it. They carry a wide range of weapons, from razor sharp whips to maces with heads the size of a basketball. They do not carry a badge to show they are police, but you know by the arsenal they carry around or by the vehicles they drive.

Hunters on the other hand are not so easy to distinguish, and they know no mercy. They hunt down those that escaped; those that try to avoid their punishment periods.

Everyone here gets appointed times for punishment. Punishing everyone at once is not as easy as you think and Hell has many inhabitants. We get told when and where to report. If we miss the appointment, the cops come. If they cannot find us, they send out the hunters.

Hunters have their dogs to aid them in their hunts. I am sure you have heard of Hellhounds; if not, be happy. I have looked one in the eyes, eyes that burned deep into my soul. The pain was terrible, as if a million cats are clawing your flesh at the same time. I dream of them every night. Hellhounds burn nightmares into your soul. They are the size of a quarter horses, with rancid, burnt flesh full of gaping wounds infested with oozing putrid puss. Muzzles are filled with what I might only describe as octopus tentacles ending with mouths full of shark-like teeth.

Shit. I hear the Hellhounds now. It did not take long for the hunters to find me. Goodbye. I'll probably be back, even if only for a moment.

One of the hounds neared me, while the other sat at his side. First it circled me, giving me an uneasy feeling. Then it lurched perching its paws on my shoulders. Its hideous face almost nose to nose with mine; staring deep into my eyes. I felt the chill rushing down my spine; numbing my legs. Its paws began to sink into my skin. The pain nearly stole my consciousness as that beast slowly sank deeper into me, melding with me until it totally disappeared. The second hound approached me and repeated the process, the second time the pain was not as bad.

<<What in the hell was happening?>>

I felt how my skin crawled as if the hounds were trying to find the perfect sleeping position.

After I finally collected myself I saw that the Hunter had a large gaping wound in his chest that seemed to be smoldering. I could see embers glowing and burning, slowly making the wound larger. He just pointed to the taxi and said, "Get in!" He turned and opened the door, slouching unto the back seat.

I got in and asked, "So where to man?" I knew it was off to the next punishment Hall.

"Just drive."

I started the car, shifted into gear and wheeled into the street. Setting off to my appointment. Stealing a peek in the rearview I could see the wound had taken up almost half of his chest. The pain must have been terrible but he didn't seem to notice it. He reached forward tapping me on the shoulder. "Take this." Holding a coin between two fingers.

Who the hell pays for a taxi in Hell? I wasn't used to anyone giving me anything, and definitely not to drive to my own punishment, but the expression on his face was a mix of agony and certitude.

I took the coin, taking a glimpse of it. It had the head of a Hellhound stamped on it. I put it in my pocket.

"Thanks."

I turned into the street where the Punishment Hall was, as we were nearly there he punched the back of the seat. "Just keep driving, your appointment is covered. No more appointments for you."

I wasn't sure if that was a good thing, as far as I knew the only ways to be freed of appointments was absolution or desolation. Absolution was basically when you had done your time and were allowed to transfer to Heaven; that was a very rare thing.

Desolation on the other hand was when the only punishment left was to just completely dissolve you; deleting your soul. I didn't want to be dissolved and was certain I wasn't up for absolution.

"Hey I only missed one damned appointment!"

"Shut up and drive."

By now there wasn't much left of his chest and his shoulders now began to deteriorate.

"Here, take these too." He said holding keys my way. I didn't take them so he just tossed them on the seat next to me. "Take the next left and drive to the out skirts. You'll know when you get there." "Uh....."

I turned and watched as he completely disintegrated like a smoldering tissue paper. I pulled to the side of the road needing to collect my nerves. The hunter had just up and smoldered away during the entire drive.

How could that even be possible?

I took a few minutes to settle down before I continued my way to the unknown; after all it seemed important and I had nowhere else to be.

I drove quite a while with the city thinning out. I knew I should get there soon.

I drove past the last few building shortly thereafter. I ended up on a street overlooking a typical barren and burning landscape of Hell. I could see a road not far ahead the lead off to the left. As I closed in on the road my skin began to crawl and my bones felt like someone was trying to pull them out of me. I slammed on the brakes and wheeled, skidding onto the road. The pulling and crawling ceased.

Guess I'm on the right path.

The road twisted and turned between various hills until I came up a small shack. It looked damned run down even for Hell standards. Looking closer I wasn't sure what was holding it up in the first place.

I eyed the place a little longer, contemplating if I was going to risk a look inside or not.

Then I got out of the car and stood there awhile second thinking.

"Well I guess we'll have a look see."

I walked up to the door, hesitating as I pulled out the keys. I eyed the keys and put the first key in and turned it. The door opened inward to a dull lit room. I stepped in and the lights got brighter and a fireplace on the far wall lit up.

"Great just what one needs in Hell, fire."

As I scanned the room I seen a few more doors and a lot of books in shelves. They looked older than time. Everywhere on the walls were diverse weapon; crossbows, swords, flails and even firearms. There was a chair and a coffee table near the fire place and a dining table with a solo chair in the far right hand corner across from it. The dining table was decked with a pot, plate, goblet and a carafe; seemingly full of wine.

I stepped up to table tossing the keys on it, lifted the lid of the pot. A warm and pleasant aroma rose from it. Stew; it was full of stew. I was hungry and hadn't had stew in decades or longer. I sat down and dished myself dinner, poured me a goblet of wine and began to dine. I noticed a a letter laying on the table I hadn't seen before.

<<Was that there before?>>

I spooned a mouthful of stew and grabbed the letter. Sure that it wasn't there before but curious.

Hey Whoever you are or were,

Forget who you were those days have ended. You are here because I chose you for some reason.

I was a Hunter and the thing about Hunters is that once they become a Hunter they are paying off their debt. Once that debt is paid we leave this shit hole for good. When all is paid we just dissolve no more nothing ever again.

Well you've been chosen and now you are a Hunter, time to pay your debt.

All the books in the house are information over Hell's inhabitants. You were probably in there too but that like your appointments have been erased.

Keep that coin I gave you on you, you'll see why.

You'll run into other Hunters here and there, but don't trust them. They are not your friends. Remember they have the same goal.

Good Hunt.

I finished my meal and sat back exploring the room. I wasn't sure what was in store for me, but knew I wouldn't like it. Then again I'm in Hell, I haven't had a stroll through the park anyway.

I spotted a soot covered frame and was curious what was hidden under all the soot. I got up, walked over and wiped a stripe of soot off. It was a mirror. I brushed away the rest of the soot, stepping back from what I saw. I had no idea whose reflection that was, but it wasn't mine. A bear of a man reflected back at me. Long, wild black hair and full bearded. Those eyes stabbed out at me like burning coals. But it was my reflection, I just wasn't me anymore. My face had something demonic about it, but otherwise it was a human face. Scott Bower had ceased to exist.

"Oh, I never introduced myself. Scott Bower taxi driver in Hell, but now you can just call me Grizzly. Grizzly Hellhunter.

© Jerry Langdon

Tartarus

Here he was in a dark cell. They had finally found him. 10 years of killing, 150 bodies credited to his name. It was many more but he was not counting. The bodies were found clear across the States. Mutilated, and skinned crafted into some form of sinister art. Now he was waiting for the deadly injection.

The Press gave him the name The Skinner. They wrote: He is a demonic modern day Jack the Ripper, putting Zodiac and Manson in shadow.

James „The Skinner“ Levy was a highly charismatic man. 5’11”, 160 lbs. He studied on the Harvard University and had a Doctor degree in Psychology and Biology. His studies also included Para-Psychology and forgotten lore. He had dabbled and dug deep into the occult. Following the paths of Aleister Crowley and deeper, darker works that are unknown to the open world. He kept this a perfect secret.

He had become a Psychologist and renowned writer. Travelling the world collecting and sharing information to treatment of mental disorders. No one would expect such ill from such a person.

James began killing and skinning his victims. It was not a mental disorder, it was a true belief. He knew that there were doorways that we could not see. Passages to a system of parallel universes. Some would call Heaven and Hell. And the keys to those doors were hidden beneath the skin of humanity. Not everyone, just a chosen few. Finding those keys prove to be a tedious job. And no door ever stayed open long. Then he had learned that he not only needed a key he needed a door stopper to keep them open. He found what he was looking for deeper than just under the skin. And for all it was the incisions that were important.

The Press: The skinner has grown more sinister in his killings. Not only skinning his victims, but also carving them open like pumpkins on Halloween.

The bodies were found cut open from chest to bowel in form of a satanic star. Skinned completely and posed in various poses. As if pleading for forgiveness.

Only after years and through circumstance the darkness came to light. Placing the photos together the mirage gave a likeness to the carvings on Dante's Gate to Hell.

James had opened this door and darker doors and had made sure that they would not close. He laughed, "You can take my life, but yours will follow."

He was finished with this world, just waiting for the ticket to board the carriage to the other side. His mind was still here but he had left long ago. He only hoped that the day would finally come that mind and soul would reunite.

The day of exitus was finally here. The Guards came to get James. "Last dance Skinner."

"Hands behind your head and step back." unlocking the cell door. Two guards entered his cell applying foot shackles and handcuffs. One guard gave him a shove. "Walk the line."

James walked as slowly as possible. Grinning from cheek to cheek. He was on his way home. This shit hole would soon be history.

They entered a room flooded by light. Everything was white giving it the appearance as if the light was coming from everywhere. He could barely make out a shadow. His grin faded into a grimace of disappointment.

James could see the visitors that had come to view his execution. "I broke the Box Office. Hope you enjoy the show." Bowing as they lead him to the table.

The table was as white as everything else here. The only thing that was not white were the leather shackles attached to the table. Two for his feet, four for his arms and wrists, one for his chest, and one for his head. "Guess you really want me to stay. Hate to disappoint you but I really have to go." Grinning as he lied down on the table.

The guards strapped him to the table. "All snug?" They smiled "Wish you sweet dreams."

The execution crew entered the room pushing in their equipment. A portable heart monitor and an aluminum brief case. The doctor checked the straps and nicked to the guards, who then left the room. He applied the sensors from the heart monitor. He tested the function. "So I believe we are ready. We will inject you with two injections. The first will put you in a state of total relaxation. The second will first put you to sleep and finally making your heart stop. Any last words?"

James "What is up with all the drama? Let's get the show on."

The doctor pulled a syringe from the briefcase. Tapped it and injected it into James' neck. Place it back in the brief case and pulled out an infusion tube and an infusion bag.

James watched as the doctor prepared for the final infusion. Everything was blurry and he felt as he was drifting off. He fought to keep his eyes open. He saw how the shadows of the team were climbing up the walls. Getting darker, growing. He smiled, and muttered "Kiss your asses good bye."

Nobody understood what James had tried to say. And no one noticed the shadows on the walls.

The doctor slipped the infusion into James' arm. Set the dropper and drew his attention to the heart monitor. Beep.. beep.. beep.....beep.....beep..... Flat line. To be certain he allowed the infusion to drop further as he turned off the monitor and removed the sensors.

Andrea Sturgis was here to see the execution of the man that had stolen her Daughter's life. She wanted to be sure that this beast would never come free. She noticed something strange, but put it off, thinking she was hallucinating. She could swear there were no shadows in the entire room before. The lighting had not changed so she had to be mistaken. Until she noticed that the shadows were moving strangely, and something else was just not right. She ducked in the deepest corner of the observation room, close to the door. She heard the sound of the heart monitor, knowing that sound. She placed her hand on the door handle.

The shadows on the wall slowly began to change, now mutated to deep black hideous silhouettes of some demonic creatures. They towered over the crew. Releasing from the walls engulfing everyone in the room, then dissipated leaving no one there.

Andrea slipped out the door in absolute panic. She could not believe her eyes. She ran bumping into a guard.

"Can I help you ma'am?" the Guard placed his hand on Andrea's shoulder.

"This can't be!" Andrea ran for the toilet, it was the first door she found.

The visitors behind the glass had witnessed the attack. In unbelief and horror they panicked. It was too late. Their own shadows had also come to life tearing them into the darkness as they attempted to escape.

The door in the execution room opened. The Guards entered with a stretcher and body bag, expecting to find the corpse. They found an empty room.

Andrea was still trying to catch her breath. This just could not be possible; in what night mare have I landed? She washed her face with cold water attempting to wake up from this dream. So sure that it had to be some kind of hallucination. She was sure of that as she was that she was alone in here.

She looked around, checking the stalls, they were all empty. Her heart beat was finally starting to normalize. She was no longer panting. Only her hands were still shaking and her knees knocking. She took a deep breath and went back to the sink. She threw cold water into her face. As she looked up she saw the shadow climbing up the wall behind her, seemingly getting closer.

The door to the toilet swung open. The shadow seemed to have diminished. A Guard peeked in. "Miss is everything alright?"

Andrea glanced at the Guard attempting to smile. "Now it is." as she walked to the door.

The shadow on the wall slowly disappeared. Andrea rushed past the Guard.

"Could you show me to the exit?"

Thomas waved his hand, showing to follow. "But Ma'am don't you want to wait on the others?"

"Others? You mean you don't know?" Andrea looked at Thomas. "Nobody has checked the room? I mean if no one has come out yet, then I would think someone would wonder." She began shaking again. "Something terrible happened in there! Nobody is coming out."

In that moment the door swung open. And an alarm went off. A woman stepped out. "OH my God! They're all dead!" A guard entered the room through another door and yelled out "We have lockdown. The Prisoner is gone. Hell everyone is gone!"

"Ladies follow me." reaching his hand out. Thomas led the women to the exit. "Stay in the secured area. A shuttle will pick you up. Have a nice day."

The ladies were now alone. The second woman held her hand out to Andrea, "My name is Lilli."

Andrea was confused. "But how did you live through that?"

Lilli was a beautiful woman, Long black hair, steel blue eyes and a slim figure.

She did not appear to be so disrupted over the event as Andrea was. And that made her wonder about Lilli.

Lilli just smiled back at Andrea, brushing off the question. "Oh the shuttle is here."

The gates swung open. Lilli spread her arms as if unfolding wings. "The gates are finally open."

They got on the shuttle. The gate closed behind them. The Driver nicked at the women, "Good day Ladies." as he closed the bus door. And put it into gear.

The drive took a half an hour. During the entire drive not one word had fallen between Lilli and Andrea.

Andrea had taken a few peeks towards Lilli. She was still uncertain how she had survived. She didn't trust the situation and didn't really want to know. She was sure that she would not receive a straight answer anyway.

They had finally arrived at the Terminal. Andrea could not wait to get out of the bus and was already walking to the front before they had come to a stop. Finally the bus rolled to a stop and the Driver opened the door.

Tipping the bill of his hat he said. "Have a nice day Ladies."

Andrea shot by, "Good day." She walked straight for the building. Feeling like she had to get inside quick. She had to buy a ticket and get out of here as fast as possible. She did not look back to see if Lilli had followed or not.

Lilli didn't seem to be in a hurry at all. She opened her purse, taking out a makeup case. Fixing her makeup and placing it back in her purse. She stood up and slowly walked to the front. "Later Tiger." she grinned, flirting with the Driver. She exited the bus, the door closing behind her.

Lilli turned and walked across the street. She wasn't going anywhere just yet.

She waited a minute on the corner and then walked down an alley.

A week had passed since the incident at the Prison. The strange shadows still seemed to linger over Andrea. She had the feeling she was being watched. Sometimes she thought she heard someone breathing, but when she would turn to look no one was there. She gave stress the fault, after all she had not slept much and the visions of the horrifying shadows clung to her mind.

She poured herself a cup of coffee and sat at the table to read the morning news. Opening the paper directly to the middle as she always had. She didn't really care about the headlines. Unconsciously she turned the pages back. Her eyes tore open in disbelief. She gripped the paper as if it would keep her from falling backwards.

Thirteen brutally mutilated bodies found.

Thirteen bodies were found in a warehouse on the Jackson Avenue. The bodies were brutally mutilated. All hung on meat hooks. Cut open from the neck down. No skin was left on the carcasses; the bloody flesh was slit open and stretched by further hooks. The entire internal organs were removed. The intestines were intertwined from victim to victim....

Andrea still held the paper, her knuckle already turning white. She wanted to scream but was paralyzed. The page began to bleed, dripping on the table and into her coffee. Everything went black.

Andrea could see thirteen bodies hanging in a dark room. They were cut open and their intestines were weaved together forming, what appeared to be a spider web. Blood was everywhere and she smelt a wretched decaying scent. She could see James laying in the center of the intestinal web. He too had been carved open. As she looked around she saw seven distorted figures circling the cadavers. She could not make out details. They appeared to be moving extremely fast and in time lapse at the same time. And they were moving in the darkness. She heard a strange vibrating hum. It was a mixture of deeper and higher pitched tones that built some strange form of chant.

She woke; sure that she had dreamed everything. Realizing she was lying on the floor. She reached up to grip the table. Pulling herself to her knees and up into her chair. She sat with her head sunk between her knees. She was afraid to look at the contents of the table. Reluctantly she finally did look. The newspaper was still laying there. She reached for the paper, shaking, hoping not to find it full of blood. But as she raised it blood ran to a puddle on the table. The entire page was covered in blood.

Andrea crumbled the paper and tossed it in the corner. Getting up and walked first to the toilet. Throwing the toilet seat up and vomiting.

She then went to the sink and washed out her mouth, brushed her teeth and threw cold water over her face. Andrea hung her head under the flowing water for quite some time. After drying herself she proceeded to her bedroom. Grabbed the next best cloths and got dressed. She grabbed her keys on the way out of the house.

She was shaking so bad she had to fight to get the key in the ignition of her car. She caught herself hyperventilating. She sat back trying to calm down. She then turned the key. Put the car into reverse, and shot out the driveway.

Andrea arrived to her destination, the Psychiatric Clinic. She rushed to the desk. "I need help! I think I am having a breakdown."

The nurse handed her a clipboard and a pen. "Please fill this out. You may take a seat in the waiting room."

Andrea turned to go to the waiting room, and bumped into someone. As she looked up to apologize, she peered into the eyes of a known face. It was Lilli.

Lilli smiled at Andrea. "I was wondering when you would show up here. Hope they can help you my dear." She looked over her shoulder toward the nurse behind the desk. Grinned and continued her way to the exit.

Andrea walked to the waiting room. She was alone here, the room was rather large with some 30 seats, most were benches but she found a comfortable chair. She sat down and took a look at the application form. Most of the questions were simple enough to answer. A few did require a little more thought, and others made her a bit uneasy. She was just signing it as the nurse came in.

"The doctor will see you now my dear." she said with a smile, reaching for the clipboard. "It appears that you have answered everything. Please come with me."

Andrea followed the nurse down the corridor to a room half way down the hall. The nurse gestured for Andrea to wait and entered the room. She returned after a few seconds. She led Andrea into the room, closing the door behind her.

The doctor seemed to be in his middle thirties. He had shoulder long, slightly curled, blonde hair. Andrea found him rather attractive.

He stood up striding with outstretched hand. "Hello I'm Doctor Sinclair. How are we today?"

Andrea took his hand, „I would love to say great, but then I wouldn't be here if I could."

Doctor Sinclair smirked, „You may be right Miss....." taking a look at the file from the reception, "Sturgis, but one never knows. So how may I help you?"

"Please take a seat."

Andrea slumped into the armchair adjacent from the doctor. „I don't know exactly. I think I'm having a nervous breakdown or something. I've had blackouts at any rate and I'm not sure if they were nightmares or some hallucinations, but whatever they were they are scaring the hell out of me."

"Hmmm, Ok. Blackouts you say? That should be taken seriously. Have you had any head injuries recently, maybe a concussion? Have you been experiencing nausea, or feeling dizzy?" Doctor Sinclair grabbed a small flashlight from his desk and walked over to Andrea. "Let me do a short check." He shined the light into Andrea's eyes. "Everything seems to be ok "

Andrea replied, „No I have not had any head injuries, but the nightmares did make me sick to my stomach."

"I would like to do a few further tests to ensure that it is nothing physical. We will do an EEG and a CAT scan to be certain. I would like to keep you here for the night if that would be ok with you."

Andrea took the idea of staying in the clinic over night as a good idea. She didn't really want to be alone right now. „Sure."

"So tell me about your dreams." Doctor Sinclair sat back waiting for Andrea to begin.

She told the doctor about what she had seen at the penitentiary, and what had happened to her at home. Telling the story of the paper full of blood and waking on the floor at the foot of the table. She made an attempt to be very thorough about the dark room and the bodies whose intestines were intertwined into a web. She explained that she could smell the sickening scent of decaying flesh.

Doctor Sinclair sat upright in his chair. He could not believe the horror he had just heard. "I really believe that we must talk more about this, and do those additional tests." He picked up his phone and pushed the button to call the reception. "We need a room for Miss Sturgis please."

A few minutes later a nurse came in. "We have a room for you Miss Sturgis, if you would come with me."

Andrea looked to Doctor Sinclair, „Is that all? No more questions, no you'll be ok, no nothing?"

"I will have to look this and you over before we can do anything. Right now you need a little peace and quiet. The nurse will show you your room and the way to the cafeteria."

The women left the room. Doctor Sinclair remained seated; he was still trying to keep from vomiting. He was unsure what to think of this case, but he was certain Andrea needed help.

The nurse showed Andrea to her room. They had taken the elevator up 2 floors, walked down the hall took a left and furthered down that hall to room number 222e. The room was not very spacious, and besides a typical hospital bed and drawer, tray apparatus the room was empty. At least the walls were not the ordinary sterile white, but more a cream color. The sun was still shining through the window. The day was still young. Andrea turned to the nurse and asked if she could show her the cafeteria later. She wanted to go out on the fresh air and take a walk in the park.

The women walked back to the elevator and rode down to the reception. Andrea then went out into the clinic park.

It was a beautiful day; the sun was high and warming. The sky was clear, birds were chirping, Andrea forgot for a moment where she was.

After a few hours of strolling and sitting in the sun she decided to have something to eat and then return to her room. When she had finished eating and found her way to her room, she looked out the window the sun was slowly sinking; the day had gone by without any worries. She almost played with the idea of going home, but decided it was better to stay here. She snuggled up in bed and read in the magazines she had bought at the stand before returning to her room. She slowly drifted off to sleep.

Andrea was awakened by the sound of childish laughter and the sound of barefooted running down the hall. She wearily went to the door to peek out and see what was going on. Before she could crack the door she heard a young girl's voice singing some unfamiliar nursery rhyme and more laughter. The voice of the little girl distorted in the middle of her song slowly growing deeper and deeper to a distorted evil sounding voice. "...And tonight you all shall fall1." Reluctantly she cracked the door to peek out. The hall was empty and dark, but she could still here a distant echo of giggling and the flapping of bare feet on the floor.

Andrea shook the thought off; it must have just been dream still lingering in her head. She was drawing the door shut as there was a sudden heavy thump on the door, as if someone had thrown something against it. She slammed it shut and jumped back, shaking, and ran to her bed. She sat the in silence for quite some time. Her heart raced and temples throbbed from the rush of blood to her head. Cold sweat rolled down her face and a shiver ran up and down her spine.

The dark room seemed to grow darker, and was collapsing in on Andrea. Not the walls, just the darkness which seemed to be drawing her into it. She could smell that sickening scent of decaying flesh again. The figures slowly faded in to sight. Cadavers hung from the walls. The intestines spilled out of their abdomens and entangled Andrea. She could not move, intestines were all over her, they even had her mouth gagged so she could not scream. Something grabbed her by the hair and pulled her head back. She felt the cold surface of a knife on her throat, and heard the illegible murmuring of dark voices.

Heather Wilcox had been a registered nurse for ten years. She had seen many patients that were in need of help. Most had seen hard times in their lives; some were damned to mental illness. She did not let the problems of patients get to her, but a few cases did touch her.

Heather held the file from Andrea Sturgis is the hand. Andrea had an appointment for an EEG at 10:00am. Heather wanted to pick her up and take her to the examination room. She entered room 222e, still looking the file over.

"So my dear you have an appointment with the EEG." she was saying as she looked up from the file.

Andrea was crumpled up, unconscious in the far corner of the room. A lifeless lump covered in blood.

Heather threw the file on the bed rushing to Andrea's lifeless body.

"Sweet Jesus! What happened my dear? Are you ok?"

Andrea opened her eyes, they were expressionless reflecting pools of blood.

She seemed to be staring into nothing. Her hand grabbed Heather's hand like a vice. Nails dug deep into her flesh, drawing blood. The blood began to drain from Andrea's eyes. The irises and pupils rapidly becoming visible, not even a tear of that blood rolled down her cheek.

Heather jumped back ripping her hand from Andrea. Andrea's nails still deep in her flesh. She instinctively tried to stop the bleeding by applying pressure to the wound. Forgetting Andrea, Heather turned to leave the room.

"Kayso a iom", cried Andrea in a rigged voice.

Heather felt a cold shiver run down her spine. She had no idea what Andrea was saying, but it did not sound like any language she had heard before, and felt as if it was not a call for help.

The cuts on Heather's hand had started to burn. She walked down the hall to a bandaging room, and bandaged the wound. Then she returned to Andrea's room.

Andrea was sitting on her bed when Heather had returned. She was awake now, but had a shocked and confused expression. "Where did all this blood come from?"

Heather opened the door to the washroom, "Don't worry about that. Come on wash up, you have an appointment and are already late."

When Andrea had finished cleaning up Heather led her to the examination room. Heather told her to take a place on the bed. She took what looked like a bathing cap out of a drawer and pulled it over Andrea's head closing and pulling on a chin strap, checking the fit. Then she placed cables on her ears and all over the cap. "The Doctor will see you shortly." leaving the room.

Heather knocked on a neighboring door, poking her head in, "The Patient is ready, please excuse the delay." And she went back to her desk to prepare for the next patient.

Heather was still shaky over what ever had just happened with Andrea. But brushed it off and checked her terminal for information on the day's appointments. She looked up for a second and about jumped. "Jesus, you shocked me."

Lilli was standing at the desk. "How is Andrea?"

"We will know soon." replied Heather, holding back the thought that she wasn't awaiting anything good. Not after what she had seen.

The lights began to flutter. "Oh great just what I need. Excuse me I have to call the housemaster to fix that." She said glimpsing back up. Lilli was no longer there.

Heather picked up the phone and dialed the housemaster. She did not see the shadow that was hanging over her head. The phone was ringing. The shadow fell upon her.

Andrea was nervous what would this test say. She waited in the cold over bright room for what felt like a lifetime. Looking around she seen a large window leading to a dark room. It reminded her of the observation room at the prison. She wanted to tear this cap from her head and just get out of there, but lay there instead waiting, hold her death of cold.

Doctor Sinclair came into the room. "So my dear, we may begin. How are we today?" Checking to see if all the wire sat good. "So we will do a few tests to check your beta waves. Those are your brain signals." and went to the dark room behind the glass. "Just relax and try to think of absolutely nothing." tapping a key on the keyboard. "Relax." Looking at the monitor not liking what he saw. He went back to Andrea checking the wires once again, and returning to the monitor. It was still going wild. At this stage it should not be going that wild. The R.E.M stage might show this kind of activity but only in extreme situations.

Finally it seemed to calm down to a normal activity.

"So if you would close your eyes and remain calm." watching the monitor.

A few minutes later, "Ok please open your eyes." the activity raised and normalized. "Again, please close your eyes." The activity rose to the abnormal activity. The light in the room grew brighter and brighter and then went black. The activity fell back to normal. And the lights flickered back on. "We seem to have technical issues today. But I believe we have enough for today, I will send in the nurse to free you." and left the room.

The entire Hospital was pitch black, the emergency generator had still not kicked in.

Heather found herself standing in the middle of the hall. But how had she gotten here? She was just dialing the phone because of the flickering light.

The reserve lights finally came on. Heather was standing in the middle of a dozen or more carcasses. The bitter stench of beginning decay shot up her nose.

She couldn't believe what she was seeing and the stench should not be this bad not in such a short time. She circled discovering that the bodies were many more than she had first thought. She stretched down the entire hall. She was just standing in a pile of the many.

She heard a popping, like bones being put back into place. She looked but could not see any movement. She turned to free herself from the surrounding bodies. She heard the popping again this time like popcorn, and a muffled grunt. She startled and took a step back. The grunt turned to a deep throated growl. Something brushed her ankle. Heather jumped, not hesitating she ran for the next door she seen, as she reached the door she turned to look back.

Body parts flew through the air as a shadowy form rose from the pile of carcasses. It was semi-translucent like a living shadow, vaguely resembling a massive human form.

Heather was about to back through the open doorway as she seen more dark appendages crawling up from under the dead bodies. Unable to believe what she was seeing, she stood there frozen, her mind said run but her body wasn't listening. Her breathing was heavy her heart was trying to pound its way out of her chest. The creatures rose, apparently unaware of her presence. She fought for control and won turning to slip into the doorway. Heather heard a distant scream coming from down the hall.

A dark hand stretched from the darkness behind the door, grasping Heather by the head. It pulled her into the room. The last she saw was a dark figure with gleaming white jagged teeth, as it devoured her head.

Doctor Sinclair had just left the examination room and was checking his notes.

Technical problems or not this girl has problems. He was certain that he was going to have a long day. Then the hall went dark, he almost stumble while his eyes tried to compensate for the sudden darkness. He thought it was strange enough that everything seemed to be going wrong, but that it was so dark at this time of the day really made him wonder. He paused, waiting for the reserve lights to turn on. They were taking their time.

A scream came from behind him. It was coming out of the EEG room. Andrea was still in there.

The lights finally flickered back on. Doctor Sinclair turned and walked back to the examination room to look after Andrea and the source of the scream. He opened the door and saw Andrea being pulled by the hair across the room by a shadow.

Andrea was being pulled across the floor and up the wall by nothing but shadow. She was then beaten against the wall and turned upside down. Her arms were then spread and blood ran down the wall. She just hung there in an inverse crucifixion. The shadow dropped from the wall, it was not a shadow at all. It was some deep black shadow-like humanoid beast. It turned to face Sinclair.

The beast had no eyes, let alone anything you could call a face. It growled and proceeded toward Sinclair. The dark muscularity pulsing with every slow prowling step it took. Not a footstep could be heard, not the slightest sound as it came toward him.

Sinclair dropped the clipboard with his notes and Andrea's file, turned and ran down the hall. He was not sure where he was running, important was that he was getting away from that beast. He ran looking over his shoulder, scanning the hall for any movement. Every shadow seemed to be awakening, from the corner of his eye he saw a shadow prowling along the walls and ceiling, stalking him in the dark silence.

Sinclair slid around the corner of the corridor. A poignant scent of decaying flesh invaded his nostrils, burning in his throat threatening to force him to vomit.

He saw dead bodies down the entire hall. More shadows were rising from the carcasses. He saw the door to the stairwell and ran towards it. The stalking shadow was closing in on him. As he reached to push the door open he almost lost his balance reaching into open space. The door swung open.

Paul Jansen had been the hospital technician for the past five years. He had received a call from the nurse station but no one had been on the other end. Due to the electricity fall out he was making a round to find a source for the fall out. Funny enough none of the circuit breakers had a fall out.

Paul had made his way up to the second floor. Just shortly he had heard a scream echoing through the stairway. He opened the door and Doctor Sinclair almost fell on him.

"Run, Run like hell." Sinclair cried, jetting past Paul.

Paul stood there unsure what to do. Then he saw the shadow peek down from above the door way.

Sinclair had already jumped halfway down to the next floor.

Paul turned and ran without questioning. He leaped down the stairs getting away from there as fast as he could. He caught up to Sinclair as they reached the ground floor.

Sinclair was about to open the door to the hallway.

"Stop! Go this way." Paul said grabbing Sinclair on the shoulder, opening the emergency door leading to the parking lot. The alarm wailed as they ran out the door.

The sky was filled with black clouds that didn't allow any light through. The surrounding area was in flames. The parking lot was now a burning crevice.

The air was so full of smoke it bit into their lungs making it hard to breathe. It looked like the world had burst into flames.

Sinclair collapsed to his knees with his head to the ground. His body was shaking like an earth quake.

Paul could not believe his eyes. Everything was normal when he had come to work this morning. Now the world was falling apart and looked like it had been for a long time.

The door swung open behind them, the alarm wailing once more. A beautiful, black haired woman stepped out.

Lilli smiled "So here we are." She walked up to Paul and Sinclair. Her shadow rose up into the air like a wisp of smoke. The smoke slowly became one of those dark creatures.

"Look out!" Yelled Paul and Sinclair simultaneously, pointing behind Lilli.

Lilli smiled "Yes one of the beautiful children."

The smoke around them began to sprout more of those beasts. They were surrounded and there was no escaping. The beasts fell upon Paul and Sinclair tearing them to pieces.

Lilli let out a malicious laugh and strolled off in to the inferno.

Andrea woke in a dark room she could not move. She was strapped to a bed or something. She could move her head but her arms and legs were immobilized. She could not feel that they were even there. She looked around; her arms were tied with a blood dripping rope. No it was not a rope it was like in her dreams they were certainly intestines. She looked down toward her feet. She was strapped down at the belly by intestines. She was not sure if they were hers or not, but that would explain the numbness. The room stunk of decaying flesh and had a wet humid feeling to it. She felt someone stroke a finger along her cheek. She turned to look. Lilli stood there caressing her cheek.

Andrea could hear a radio playing somewhere in the darkness.

This is an important news break from WGRD Radio. Entire towns appear to be in flames. This appears to be a worldwide incident. Reports have been rolling in. People have been reported as having suddenly bursting into flames or exploding. Vile beasts have been seen everywhere. These beasts differ in form, the most reported are said to be like living shadows. Others speak of demonic creatures. The streets are not safe. If you are in a safe place stay there as long as you can. Trust no one, stay away from places of worship and hospitals; these appear to be the first places effected.

This is your WGRD Radio station. Stay safe, may God be with you.

© Jerry Langdon

Injury

Khazonrezgi remains faithful to its tradition and continues as usual... The trees sway gently in the wind and shed their leaves... Every now and then cars rumble by on the asphalt road... Ravshan's eyes are sad, his eyes are sad when he returns from school tired... His whole past, colorful events and various thoughts are burning his body like a fire... He has just turned seventeen years old, he has gone through quite complicated paths in this short period of time, he feels like an adult while still being a baby. This young man, who looks healthy from head to toe with a bright face and a mature mind, is suffering from heartache... Sometimes a person hurts his closest people with his boneless tongue and hurts his heart... What does God mean to a person? He gave the text, and if a weak servant does not understand that this blessing is blessed, his whole life will just fly away. Hurting the heart is the greatest sin! Maybe the person you hurt is a beloved servant of God, an ummah in love with the blessing of Muhammad, peace and blessings of God be upon him... The wound in Ravshan's heart may or may not end... But he completely erases that sad person from his life... He does not remember... He excludes him from his world forever. .

Today, his most trusted friend stabbed him in the back. The gifted young man lost his heart... Injustices during his life and today's heartbreaks became one...

When Ravshan turned towards his house from the beginning of the neighborhood, his beloved daughter, the sultan of his heart, Zahro appeared in front of him. Zahra is not in a good mood either, and she is depressed. His eyes are red and his eyelids are swollen.

Ravshan swallowed his heart and looked into the moistened eyes of his beloved and said:

--- What happened to you?

Zahro's tears did not stop. In this case, instead of an answer, he spoke about something completely different.

--- Let's end our love!

Ravshan froze inside.

--- What you say? What was that?

--- There are things you don't know, things you will never know...

--- Tell me if there is!

--- Sorry, I can't say...

Zahra looked into the eyes of Ravshan, the owner of her heart, which always sparkled like fire. Today, these eyes have stopped burning. But there is also a little anger. Zahro's braided black hair fell on her forehead and swayed gently in the wind. He gathered all his strength and spoke with difficulty:

--- I can't make you hope! Because... I have a heart attack...

Love is a special feeling like no other! A loved one is not like others. But why did Zahra tell her loved one about heart disease?

Ravshan's forehead didn't look as embarrassed as before. Khaitanga happily said:

--- Does it change anything? I need you with this pain! I love you all the way. Don't forget!... By the way, my heart is sick too...

© Copyrighted 2024 by Shukurillo Ismailov.



Ismailov Shukurillo was born on June 5, 2007 in the village of Sarikorgon, Uchkoprik district, Fergana region. Since he was very interested in music and literature since his youth, he will start studying at the "Children's Music and Art School" in 2019. Now

26 - 11th grade student of general secondary school. He started writing poems from the age of 12. His creative works have been published several times in regional, regional, republican and international magazines. He actively

participated in many competitions and received souvenirs. He was elected as the coordinator of his region by the "Shijoat free volunteering" team.

At the same time, he is busy writing large and small works of art. His future dream is to become a sharp writer and poet.

The Midnight of the Day.

The girl was so thoughtful because the afternoon situation had depressed her. That's why she couldn't sleep. All her thoughts were of her home, where her close relative had died. The girl had been living with her grandfather since she was a child. She was stunned by his death. She had promised him they would be together when she returned home. She was in the city center, and before she left, they had dreamed of many things together, like going to Makkah. However, everything they wanted to do together was now impossible. Her grandfather was no longer alive.

As she thought about these things, she remembered her childhood. When she was 7 years old, she had been afraid of going to school. But after her grandfather's encouraging words, she went. In fact, he took her to school every single day. After school, on the way home, he would buy her different sweets. The years passed like that. She finished school with a gold medal, but she believed that medal belonged to her grandfather, not her. All her achievements were because of him. Even her success in entering the university was due to his support.

As she reflected on these memories, she realized one painful truth: despite all his support, she had never said, "Thank you, Granddad. I love you." She deeply regretted not showing her appreciation to her beloved grandfather while he was alive.

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Nosirova Surayyo Elyor qizi was born on May 13, 2006, in the Narpay district of the Samarkand region. She is currently a first-year student at the Uzbekistan State World Languages University.

Untitled

It is no exaggeration to say that every person comes to this world to leave a good mark, live with a good name, and become a perfect person. "What is death?" while living in life. It is natural to ask that question. What is death? Is death the eternal sleep of a person tired of life's worries? or is it a long journey to go to God Almighty?

On the day we found Shakir in front of the stadium, around 15:30, we set off to drop Shakir home. Shakir's father, Akhmad, came to his house every day to drink, beat Aunt Shayra with various trivial excuses, asked her for money, even if there was no bread to eat in his house, there was a bottle of vodka. All the people in the neighborhood turned their backs on Akhmad, no one would invite him to a wedding or any event.

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Abdumuminov Lochinbek, son of Yorqinjon, was born on September 21, 2004 in Sayhon neighborhood of Jizzakh city, Jizzakh region. Between 2011 and 2022, he studied at the 20th general secondary school. Currently, Jizzakh is a third-year student of the State Pedagogical University. In 2023, he was awarded the 1st degree diploma in the "best poet" competition held at Jizzakh State Pedagogical University. His drawing was published in Khorezm publishing house "Ijodga Shufta Dilar", winner of "Youngest Artist" anthology, candidate for Alisher Navoi, "President" and "Mirzo Ulugbek" scholarships.

Coordinator of the "Iqtidor 2024" project, author of several anthologies, more than 50 poems, 2 articles, several stories. In 2024, the winner of "Best Poem", "Youngest Artist", "Iqtidor 2024" and many other places of honor, he also takes pride of place in the competition of paintings

Otabek's New Friend



Once upon a time, in a small village, there lived a boy named Otabek. Otabek was very kind, smart, and loved to help his friends. He always dreamed of playing with a new friend, but he didn't know who that friend would be.

One day, Otabek decided to go play in his favorite place—the park. There, he met a small, lonely boy named Sardor. Sardor's eyes were downcast because he hadn't played with anyone. Otabek watched him and felt how lonely he was. Otabek walked over to Sardor, smiled, and said, "Hello! Why are you alone? Come play with me!" Sardor was surprised, but Otabek's friendly demeanor made him happy. The two of them played games together, laughed, and had a great time.

Otabek offered to be Sardor's friend. He knew that friendship was very important and that friends should help and understand each other. Sardor accepted Otabek's friendship, and now he didn't feel lonely anymore.

Otabek and Sardor helped each other and learned new games. They taught each other a lot: respect, helping one another, and the importance of friendship.

After a few weeks, Sardor loved playing and learning with Otabek. Otabek was very happy to know he had a friend. They always supported each other and understood how important it was to be true friends.

Thus, through friendship, help, and mutual respect, Otabek and Sardor became even stronger and made each other's lives more colorful.

© Copyrighted 2024 by Ochilova Ozoda Zufar

Ochilova Ozoda Zufar was born on September 16, 2003 in Jondar district of Bukhara region. His nationality is Uzbek. Currently, he is a 4th grade student of Jizzakh State Pedagogical University. Male and female gifted students of Jizzakh State Pedagogical University and member of the student academy. Author of about 10 articles. Mental Arithmetic Trainer...

Eating Habits

Jerry was returning to his crypt after a solid dinner. The picture of a vampire in contemporary literature has made it much easier to get blood. Tonight the girls were pushing straight under his fangs.

Flying through the park, he noticed a funny walking man. Probably drunk, he thought. He was already full, but decided to take the opportunity. He dived, changed his form, and bit the drunkard's neck. After the first sip he felt that something was wrong. The meal turned his eyeless head.

'Braaaaaain!'

Jerry escaped frightened, not knowing that today he will drastically change his eating habits.

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Jacek Wilkos is an engineer from Poland. He lives with his wife and two daughters in a beautiful city of Cracow. He is addicted to buying books, he loves black coffee, dark ambient music and anything that's spooky. First he published his fiction in Polish online magazines, but in 2019 he started to translate his writing to English, and so far it was published in numerous anthologies by Black Hare Press, Black Ink Fiction, Alien Buddha Press, Eerie River Publishing, Insignia Stories, Reanimated Writers Press, Iron Faerie Publishing, CultureCult Press, Wicked Shadow Press, Clarendon House Publications.

FB author page:

<https://www.facebook.com/Jacek.W.Wilkos/>

Articles

Dr. Pier Carlo Lava

THE BOOK "LOST EMPIRE" BY ANGELA KOSTA PAINTED IN PAINTINGS OF SUFFERING AND REDEMPTION

In the city of Towun Norh Haven, in the state of CONNECTICUT - USA, it was published the book of poems by the author Angela Kosta LOST EMPIRE - IMPERO PERDUTO with a preface by Dr. Pier Carlo Lava. Here is a small part of his review:

Angela Kosta, a poet of Albanian origin, establishes herself as a powerful and significant voice in contemporary literature with her collection of poems LOST EMPIRE. In this work, Kosta guides us through his personal experiences and the collective memory of a people marked by a complex past, offering intense and deeply reflective verses that touch on themes of loss, love and resilience. The collection forcefully addresses the shadows of a lost empire, not only in a historical sense, but also in reference to the impermanence of human experience and relationships.

THEMES AND STYLE

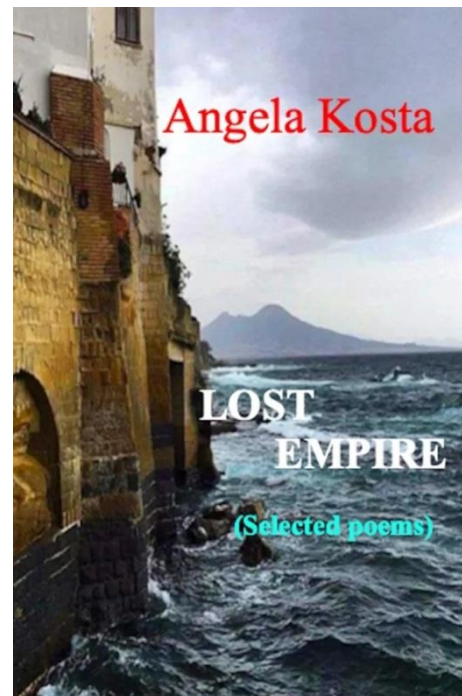
The book LOST EMPIRE stands out for the breadth of the themes covered. Angela Kosta explores the traumas of a painful past, linked to the political and historical context of Albania during the regime, but intertwines these elements with more universal reflections on pain and hope. Each poem is a piece of a larger mosaic that tells of courage, resistance and the desire for freedom.

Kosta's poetic style is direct, but full of powerful metaphors that evoke evocative images. His words paint pictures of suffering and redemption, reflecting on the complexity of life and the power of human emotions.

THE IMPACT OF THE WORK

Through LOST EMPIRE, Angela Kosta not only offers us a glimpse into the past of an entire generation, but manages to convey a message of hope and inner strength.

His voice becomes the bearer of resilience, managing to give shape to the sufferings and joys that unite humanity.



RAVEN CAGE ZINE

The collection is a true poetic journey through the territories of the human soul, reminding us that, despite everything, there is always the possibility of rebuilding, even after the fall of an empire.

Angela Kosta is a writer and poet of Albanian origin who experienced firsthand the communist regime in Albania. His life experiences and the challenges he faced are deeply reflected in his literary output. His poetry stands out for its emotional depth and ability to deal with complex themes, such as suffering, historical memory and the search for hope.

LOST EMPIRE is one of his most significant works, appreciated for its impact is for the unique voice he was able to give to his verses.

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The book in English version can be purchased on Amazon.com:

<https://amzn.eu/d/e4BnMxH>

Edited by Dr. Pier Carlo Lava - Publisher of Alessandria Today, a media followed all over the world.



Poems of Quazi Johirul Islam : A Rare Evaluation of Poet Al Mahmud, an Analysis

Quazi Johirul Islam's poetry is marked by a deep engagement with existential questions, societal critique, and reflections on freedom and empowerment. His poems, "The Crack," "Life Means Flight," and "Rabeya Has Learned to Fly," explore themes of destruction, transcendence, and the role of women in challenging traditional norms. Below is a wide analysis of these three poems:

"The Crack" portrays an apocalyptic vision of an unstoppable force that silently destroys everything in its path. The poem starts with a mysterious rupture: "No thunder rolls, no winds to chase, / where's the storm's embrace?" The absence of expected signs of a storm underscores the unpredictability of the destruction. The "crack" is an enigmatic entity, moving through fields and landscapes, silently devouring all that stands in its way.

Johirul Islam uses this crack as a metaphor for devastation, both natural and possibly man-made. The imagery of fields of crops, rice, and cattle being swallowed evokes a deep connection to rural life and the fragility of human existence when faced with forces beyond control. The crack represents an uncontrollable force that no one seems to fully comprehend, a rupture that could symbolize political unrest, environmental degradation, or existential destruction.

The poem's form mirrors the relentless nature of the crack—it moves without pause, consuming everything, leaving the reader with an unsettling feeling of helplessness. The imagery of loss—fish ponds disappearing, fields vanishing, and cattle gone—suggests a deep metaphorical implication for the disappearance of livelihoods, cultures, and traditional ways of life in the face of overwhelming forces, whether they be colonialism, war, or the impacts of modernity.

In stark contrast to "The Crack," "Life Means Flight" offers a hopeful vision of life's transcendence over death. The poem opens with a question: "What does death take away?" It immediately confronts the fear and dismay surrounding mortality. Islam emphasizes that life, in its essence, is not tied to the physical body, which is merely a "cage of bones." The body will decay, but life continues in a more expansive, liberated form.

The central metaphor of the poem is that life is like a bird, confined within a cage, waiting for the moment of flight. When death arrives, the bird (life) is freed: "Life means flight, vast and blue." This metaphor connects life with the limitless potential of flight, suggesting a spiritual or existential freedom that transcends physical limitations. Death is not seen as an end but as a release from the cage of the body.

The poem's tone is philosophical and uplifting, as it challenges common misconceptions about life and death. The notion that life lingers in the footprints of our journey implies that our existence is more than just the physical—our actions, experiences, and essence continue to live on even after death. This idea aligns with spiritual or existential philosophies that view life as eternal and transformative.

Prepared: Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter

“Rabeya Has Learned to Fly” is a powerful feminist poem that centers on a young girl, Rabeya, who defies the constraints placed upon her by a patriarchal society. The poem begins with Rabeya’s whispered dream to her mother: “I’ll soar in the sky, become a bird in the distant blue.” This act of dreaming of flight immediately establishes Rabeya’s desire for freedom and transcendence. However, her father’s reaction—“I’ll clip your wings, cage you tight”—symbolizes the societal forces that attempt to limit women’s aspirations.

The father’s anger is emblematic of a larger societal fear of women’s empowerment, and his desire to control Rabeya reflects the oppressive structures that seek to subdue women’s voices and dreams. Yet, the poem celebrates Rabeya’s determination and success as she escapes the confines of her small town, moving from one educational institution to another, until she finally achieves the ultimate symbol of freedom: sitting in the cockpit of an airplane.

The poem connects Rabeya’s journey to that of real-life figures like Alyssa, a woman destined to fly to Mars, emphasizing the global nature of the struggle for women’s rights and the immense potential that women have when given the freedom to pursue their dreams. The imagery of flight serves as both a literal and metaphorical representation of women breaking free from societal expectations and soaring to new heights.

Themes and Wider Analysis

Across these poems, Quazi Johirul Islam returns to themes of freedom, destruction, and transformation. “The Crack” presents an unsettling vision of a world being torn apart, possibly symbolizing the societal or environmental forces that threaten to dismantle livelihoods. “Life Means Flight” takes a more philosophical approach, examining the nature of existence and suggesting that life is not confined to the body but exists in a vast, boundless form after death.

“Rabeya Has Learned to Fly” ties these existential and societal themes together by focusing on a more personal and feminist struggle. Rabeya’s defiance against her father’s control and her subsequent success symbolize the broader fight for women’s freedom and the breaking of patriarchal chains. Her flight mirrors the existential freedom discussed in “Life Means Flight”—a freedom not just from death, but from societal restrictions as well.

A Rare Evaluation of Poet Al Mahmud, an analysis

Legendary poet Al Mahmud offers deep admiration for Quazi Johirul Islam’s poetic spirit, especially in light of his professional life abroad. Mahmud reflects on the challenges poets face when they are compelled to live away from their homeland for work, but he values how Johir continuously seeks to connect with his roots through his writing. Despite being an expatriate, Islam’s efforts to weave his experiences abroad into his poetry are considered a fortune for modern Bengali literature, offering fresh perspectives and themes not found in local works.

Mahmud is particularly fascinated by how Quazi Johirul Islam brings the landscapes, people, and social realities of the countries where he resides into his poems, without relying on borrowed or derivative themes. His strength, according to Al Mahmud, lies in his desire to shape the Bengali language to describe unfamiliar environments and experiences. This connection between language and the new worlds he encounters abroad makes his poetry stand out. In fact, Mahmud acknowledges that Johirul Islam’s ever-wandering life gives him a unique edge in writing poetry that many younger poets back home cannot replicate, as they are not exposed to the same global experiences.

Al Mahmud also emphasizes that Quazi Jahirul Islam, who served as an international UN officer in Ivory Coast, making a concerted effort to understand and connect with the people and nature of West Africa, an important aspect of his poetry. His senior poet's hope is that Jahirul Islam's work will enrich modern Bengali poetry, bringing in new perspectives and adding diversity to the evolving literary scene.

However, Mahmud expresses a nuanced thought, that the literary movements in Bangladesh and West Bengal are constantly evolving. Poet Mahmud hopes that Quazi Jahirul Islam stays attuned to these changes to maintain harmony between his international experiences and the spontaneous cycles of poetry emerging in Dhaka and Kolkata. While there is a potential risk that his wandering lifestyle could disconnect him from these movements, Mahmud ultimately trusts in Jahir's ability to synthesize his experiences abroad with the changing directions of Bengali poetry.

Conclusion

Jahirul Islam's poetry reveals a deep engagement with both societal and existential issues. Whether addressing the destructive forces that tear through the world in "The Crack," the transcendent nature of life in "Life Means Flight," or the feminist journey of emancipation in "Rabeya Has Learned to Fly," his work consistently points toward a deeper understanding of human existence. Themes of destruction and renewal, confinement and freedom, run through all three poems, offering readers a multifaceted exploration of life's challenges and triumphs.

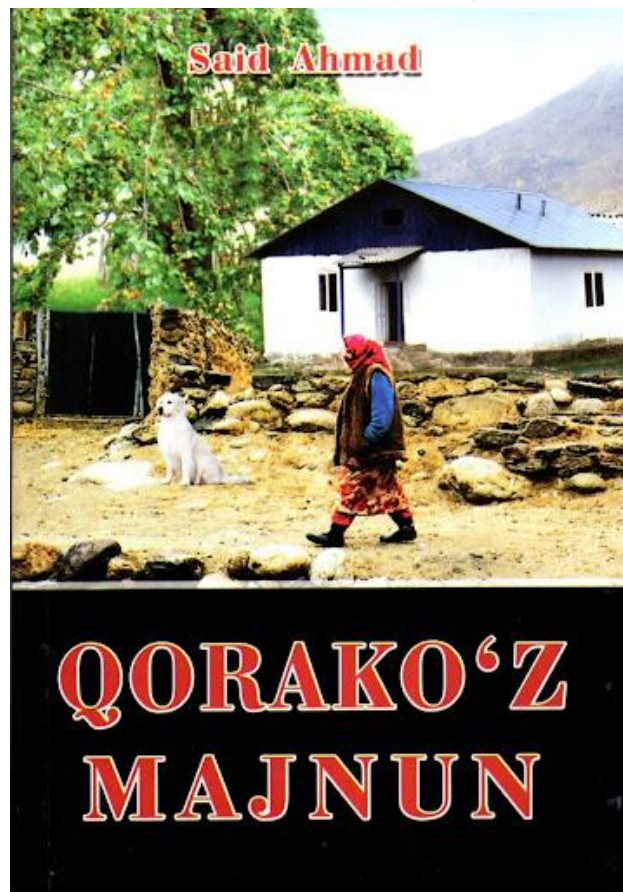
In essence, Al Mahmud sees Quazi Jahirul Islam as a significant figure in the expatriate poet community, capable of bringing global insights to Bengali poetry. He believes that Islam's poetry, with its international scope, has the potential to bring new glory to the tradition, while also encouraging him to stay connected with the dynamic literary movements back home.

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Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter

The love and loyalty



We can see the examples of animals such as "Leopard", "Karakoz Majnun", which we have read several works of Said Ahmed. For example, if we focus on the writer's story "Karakoz Majnun", the character of the dog comes to the first level. The story is not that complicated. Saodat's son, who has grown old, went to military service, got married there and had a baby. She used to pray to Borikhon and her daughter Qumri, who has not married yet. One day, Saodat went with her dog to her daughter Dilbar's house. Saodat saw her dog as a member of her family. And she said to her dog that "Your sister Dilbar lives in the flat, she won't let you into her house, but you can play with the children in the playground", and after that they talked and returned. There was wonderful news waiting for them at home, that is, when they heard that her son Borikhon had arrived, she prayed to Allah. But Borikhon was like a stranger in his mother's arms, he was trying to get out of his mother's arms, but the mother pressed him hard in her arms, not even noticing the smell of vodka coming from her child. At first, she does not pay attention to the smell of vodka coming from him. Gradually, she realizes that he has left the religion that his father and grandfather preached, and she begins to hate her child, whom she has been waiting for so many years. The fact that Saodat Aya was a beautiful and Muslim woman in her youth, the birth of Borikhan and the fact that her son was educated in other countries and adopted a different religion is very offensive to a Muslim woman. It was evident from her will to his children even when he could not bear the pain. At the end of the conclusion, it is actually described the need for attention and love that a children should give to their mother.

About the author



Akhmadjonova Rukhshona Ilhom kizi was born on November 7, 2005 in Yangiyol district of Tashkent region. Currently she is a freshman student of the Russian language department at the Faculty of Social Sciences of the Namangan State Pedagogical Institute.

Geology

Most people don't know what this field is. When people think of geology, they think of hard workers working in mines. In fact, it is a vast and extremely interesting science. The field of geology includes such areas as working with maps, studying the internal structure of the earth, studying earthquakes, and searching for mineral deposits. We, geologists, study the earth's crust. We will study the processes occurring there and their effects. We are not workers in any mines. Depending on our specialization, some of us make a geological map of the earth, and some of us predict the damage that may occur as a result of endogenous impacts. This field is an important area for the economy of the future. I hope that for those of you who do not know us, our brief history of geology will be useful. Do not confuse us with representatives of the mining industry! We, geologists, are researchers of various specialties.

© Copyrighted 2024 by Dilshodova Dilshod



Dilshodova is the daughter of Munisa Dilshod
4th year student of the Geology Department of the Faculty of Geography and Ecology of
Samarkand State University named after Sharof Rashidov

The role of the artist and his identity in society

Writes about The role of the artist and his identity in society through the various arts: theater, cinema, television, fine art, and others .

What is the current role of the artist in his society? Does he need to consciously understand how to use his artistic and cultural identity?

Yes, he needs it. Identity is an essential part in shaping the artist's conscience, awareness, thought, and art. This is not easy. On the contrary, it requires an educated artist who has a real awareness of the meaning of intellectual, cultural, artistic, and other identity.

So we need that awareness of identity in order to make it an integrated role in society, in addition to the presence of other elements with it: originality, modernity, etc., which makes us able to understand its importance to the true, honest creator, even if this creator is an amateur or an obscure person. This makes us contemplate, and contemplation stabilizes the sense of identity.

All of them are key elements for building a true identity with a clear concept for everyone and society, and make the artist of real value in his art. This brings us to the established fact that art without identity is alien to us, or was it our choice to be influenced by what was around us?

Perhaps for reasons I mentioned previously, there is something new every day, rapid development every second, faster technology, continuous technological development, globalization and artificial intelligence,

Which makes us race against time, So we are to review what we receive in terms of cultures and cultural, intellectual and technological development, especially at the present time, which are all endless challenges.

And I asked an important question on my mind

Is there enough time for us now to review the various arts we offer in theatre, cinema, visual art, singing, religious chanting, and television drama?

I give one answer: I don't think so. Times have changed, standards and concepts have changed, and everything has changed. Even the level of our daily dialogue has become rapid. We really need to review it.

Within ourselves, different arts came to us from abroad, and we began to want art and receive it quickly. You see, for example, that different arts can be presented on different platforms on the Internet, whatever the series, films, etc. The virtual world has appeared and changed the features of our lives. For example, an episode on Facebook presents... One of them was an artist in five minutes, and now we have what is known as the condensed, useful center in episodes lasting from five to ten minutes. Some of them present their art without providing an identity, for the sake of fame or money. There has become a real crisis, as we do not understand what is presented to us and to future generations.

If change is required, but with real awareness and understanding, It starts with the artist in turn, who is the one who raises awareness of society through art, as art is a message. The recipient of all types of arts loves to see what he understands and discuss its issues, but in a useful summary, because we have become in the age of speed, It is necessary to change while keeping pace with what is new in this era, and this makes us accept everything new with open arms. Therefore, we will present different solutions from refining talents, building ideas in light of the era of globalization, and developing human development.

So that we have artists and audiences who have a real awareness of their identity and a real awareness of it, as I mentioned in my previous articles when I talked about Fadwa Attia's Art and Life initiative for free the sake of, God willing, we will have another conversation with you in future with my articles ,Thank you .

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..Do the arts now in all fields need identity?

Yes, it is the difficult equation from ancient times to the present time. We need identity with its features.

These features were formed by different cultures, which It started from the ancient civilizations of the ancient Egyptians, Until we reach the present time, All of this, as I said in my previous articles, made identity formed from ideas and culture, so it became a cultural reference.

The identity thesis became important in theatre, cinema, fine art, and others.

But after I presented solutions to preserve identity, which is one of the basics of heritage, cultural heritage and other things, we need a lot to know the importance of our identity that we have missed, and to continue our dialogue.

About the solutions necessary to preserve identity, after training cadres and developing systematic plans for the coming years through strategic planning by specialists and researchers in these various fields, various seminars to introduce identity, in general.

Then, there is a taste of identity from the receiving audience, whether it is trainees from the cadres who carry out strategic planning.

As well as the public that we educate, Through cultural and artistic seminars, Producing short and documentary films about identity.

As well as holding conferences from which it issues,

Books and exhibitions calling for the preservation of identity, its elements and features.

Also, the media coordinates with him through the responsible state's channels through various programmes.

Which demands the preservation of identity, its history and culture.

Through the Internet and also through satellite channels and television programmes.

This makes the preservation of identity continuous and never-ending.

Which brings us to one truth: Identity is a homeland that we cannot do without. My identity is from within my homeland, from within the cultural and artistic heritage. From within our features, our art, and our heritage are like an inexhaustible river. We need a lot and a lot so that our identity from which our art emerges is not lost, and so that there is not a crisis in the loss of our identity. We are peoples with civilizations that have roots. We cannot dispense with our civilizations and our history. We need to support ourselves by preserving identity by all possible means.

Therefore, we continue our simple, enjoyable dialogue about identity through true, sincere art, and we have a new dialogue that we will continue in new articles later, with you with love and respect from our beloved Egypt.

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Reading the poetry collection (O Your Majesty) by the Iraqi poet and media figure Hamid Al-Majmai.



A poet and journalist who came with a group of writers in the eighties of the last century, known for his newspaper articles as well as his poetic whispers, a lover of the elegant word, a dreamy soul, known for his modesty, strength of character and soundness of opinion, known for his love for the lady of love, the one who captured his heart, she is the majesty who is strongly present in all his poems, known by the title of the monk of love and the poet of peace, and the poet of the land of love, he is the poet Hamed Al-Majmai.

Before moving on to reading the collection, we must briefly review the author of the collection. He is the poet, writer and media figure Hamid Al-Majmai, born

in 1968. He was raised in a small rural house in the Tal Al-Asmar area in Diyala Governorate in Bzayez Khuraisan. He learned literature from his grandfather's host and his parents, Abdul Muhammad. He took his literary education from the depths of his environment that embraced the Ashnouna civilization. He learned journalism at the hands of the well-known Arab radio broadcaster Saadoun Shafiq Saeed. He was active in the Popular Poets Association until he was elected Vice President. He is a founding member of the Iraqi Journalists and Media Union, and a member of He is also a founder of the Iraqi Journalists Union, a member of the Iraqi Artists Syndicate, a member of the Iraqi Theater Union, and worked as a broadcast director for the Holy Quran Radio. He received several awards, letters of appreciation, and shields of creativity through his activities and participation in several seminars and literary evenings, whether in Iraq or abroad, remotely. Perhaps the title of the Poet of Love and Peace from Diyala Governorate in Iraq, the title of the Poet of the Land of Love from the professors of Arabic literature in Algeria, and the title of the Monk of Love from Lebanon, are the evidence that he is proud of. As for his journalistic work, he was distinguished by the brilliance of his articles in several newspapers, such as Al-Sharq, Al-Thawra, Al-Jumhuriya, Al-Dustour, and Al-Manar..., and electronic ones such as Sada Al-Hayat Al-Iraqiya, Tadhkirat Hob, and Jalla Sajaal Al-Arab..., and he has television interviews with several Arab channels such as Al-Duroob satellite channel, Diyala, Al-Sumaria, Al-Iraqiya, and Al-Furat..., The poet Hamid Al-Majmai has two published poetry collections, (Land of Love), and (O Your Majesty), which we will get to know shortly. He stated that he has other works that have not yet seen the light of day, such as (O Daughter of Al-Sayyab) and (A Cry of Love in the Soul of an Immigrant), and the manuscript (An Iraqi Biography and Journey). He admitted that the reason for his delay in publishing has two reasons. First, he considers himself a journalist first and foremost, and poetry is a hobby of love for the word and an explosion of what is on his mind. The second reason is related to publishing houses, most of which he considers have become more concerned with materialism than with the value and sophistication of literary content. The cultural field also does not provide him with support. Material or moral by the relevant institutions, as well as the characteristic of selfishness and media hypocrisy, and the cancellation and marginalization of the other has overwhelmed the literary arena, and he has now become a mere consumer commodity, so verbal industries have increased and he has moved away from the basic topics, so he preferred to publish through his social media accounts rather than fall into the jaws of a publishing house that enslaves and exploits him, and to preserve Gaza itself, and to give free rein to his imagination and not make his pen a tongue that serves private goals and then throw it in the end into the trash can of history.

The collection of poems, "O (Her Majesty)," contains ninety-nine poems, varying between free, prose, and classical poems. They differ in type and also in their topics, between what is political and social, and what is spiritual and emotional. When you read them, you find yourself inside a garden with diverse roses, multiple colors, and breezes, fluttering with you in ecstasy, imagination soaring in the sky of the poem, as every interpretation you may present may suit it. Here, the creativity of the experienced poet, who is proficient in composing and weaving, is distinguished, investing in symbols with multiple meanings, taking you into a new world of knowledge and planting in you the curiosity to search. Perhaps the best example of this is his poem:

HOMELAND

I am the oldest creature of love
First homeland of life
Inanna Sumer's Heart
Ishtar Babylon
lyre of ur
The beauty of bodies
Tenderness of souls
The sanctity of Athtar
The salvation of the Arabs...
This is how love was born deep inside me...

We also find his poetic creations revealing to us his broad culture, between history and mythology, philosophy and psychology, the art of drawing and music, and technology from computers and social media technologies. He is a multi-faceted personality, keeping up with the developments taking place in the world as a whole and in the Arab part of it in particular. The best evidence of this is what came in his poem:

MONSTERS

Monsters
They want you to insult Plato
to pee on newton
Kill Venus and Ishtar
Mona Lisa burns
Damn Khalil and his sons
All computers are broken
Kill all the good people in the world...

The poems of the poet Hamed Al-Majmai are rich in metaphors and similes, sweet in their internal music, enchanting the hearts and delighting the minds.

My love

The people of the Earth are flirting with you.
The loving souls pledge allegiance to you
The strings of music clap for you
Beethoven and Ziryab bow to you
Morning sings in the voice of nightingales
The breeze kisses you on the cheeks of the rose.

What cannot be overlooked is that almost all of the poems in the collection (O Your Majesty) end with the phrase (Lady of Love), and in every poem you find a call for love and peace and the rejection of violence and ignorance, and contempt for sectarianism and blind tribalism, and all of this reflects the tolerant personality of our poet, who loves goodness:

Love kills in the grooves of wounds
Souls embrace before farewell
Ignorance rules the streets
The sky is crying, it doesn't rain
Sorrows inhabit the homes...

His obsession with women was not limited to love only, but rather extended to other dimensions. In a poem of his entitled (Eastern Woman), he calls for the liberation of Eastern women from the restrictions that control them; from customs, traditions, and habits that have no basis or purpose other than to demean and marginalize women. He talks about that woman who believes that her place is always behind the man and not beside him, that woman who considers herself worthless, and in fact, without her, nations would not have progressed, and without her, that man who is born weak and when his bones grow strong would not have existed. She is that mother woman who placed heaven under her feet, she is the sister, the wife, the teacher, and the doctor, she is the educator of generations:

I am an oriental woman
Ruled by customs!...
Be strong..
Liberated..
I hate that silence that restricts you..
Shake off the dust of shame
Fly with your femininity...
No society without you
Oh, tamer of lions
With you, longing grows
draws beauty
Dreams of love
Spread your beauty wings to the horizons
Write on your lips stories of hugs
Roll in my arms
I am thirsty and you are the rain
Inspire me to write my letters...

You find the personality of the journalist overwhelming the poet in the style and the simple, sweet language, and all that remains for the poet is his surging feelings and his inspiration, and the ambiguity of the symbols on which he relies:

Oh homeland of Al-Sayyab...
They slaughtered you with the sword of the Tatars
They killed the laughter of children in you
Sinbad's ship sank in the middle of the seas
They tore up the epic of Kalgamesh
Burn a thousand and one nights
They killed Hussein again
They destroyed the tents and homes.
They erased your civilization history
They disowned Sargon and Akkad.
And they lied, Or
They studied above the obelisk of Hammurabi.
And they crushed Assyria

No, my country...
Letter and pen generator
The sword of the enemy is not sheathed in you, nor kissed
I love you my country
Oh homeland of the lady of love.
You sometimes find Hamed Al-Majmai's poetry to be a sad autumn full of sorrow, anger and revolution:
A wound that explodes my lungs
A face covered in dust
Black sun
Nour is looking for a match
All are traitors
Even love is a son of a dog
There is only holy hatred
Prayers are held for him.
No..I know why I reject my reality!
To live!
In a world ruled by the gun
Kill love....
You also find it full of joy, happiness, and romance, as if you were in a spring season with diverse flower colors, and its breezes rising on the horizon, heralding the onset of surging emotions:
-Come on, my love.
We wash the blood with camphor leaves.
We plant basil trees
We fly with angel wings
We heal our wounds with love
Only love makes peace
Come on my love...
-Let me hug you
Like a desert craving rain
Let the sky play its tune
Let the lights dance with the ecstasy of the evening
How beautiful I am when I hug you
Satisfy your loving sighs
I feel your lips relax in my mouth
I am drowning
over the adhesive pad
Where my chest becomes a soldier for your spears...
And eternal beauty dwells in your sanctuary.

In an interview with the poet Hamed Al-Majmai with the Iraqi newspaper Al-Sharq, interviewed by journalist Kamel Karim Al-Khailani, he was asked who his lady love is, so he answered that the lady love is for the reader, and in my life she is everything, place and time, nature, and human existence.. She is the mother, sister, and wife, she is the one burdened with the burden and groans of society, she is the city...

The poet Hamed Al-Majmai is considered a blessed fruit of the Tal Al-Asmar region and a source of pride for Diyala Governorate in particular and for Iraq in general, that country that has always been distinguished by its scientific and literary movements. Because of what Iraq has been going through recently, the poet has been displaced from his home and burned his office, which contained five hundred books. He is now in a very poor health condition, suffering from

kidney failure. We wish him a speedy recovery, and we hope for the return of the peace he calls for to his country, Iraq. In conclusion, I leave you with this beautiful painting drawn with words, entitled:

SILENCE

Silence

I don't know what's happening to me
when i write your name
On top of the paper chips
My things tremble
My feelings are silent
Lines begin to pronounce
I smell smoke
My body or my heart is burning
Tears up the longing
I turn into atoms..
Rather, more precisely..
Feel your body
Even the lips
And between the two breasts, where drowning strikes me
I am love..
I am the pain..

I am insomnia I am a lot of tree bird caressed by the gentle breeze I am a land that sings to the beauty of the drizzle I am the morning I am the night I am the sunset I am the twilight I am everything about you today, yesterday and what came before I tell you with all the feeling of true love I love you, lady of love.

Source: - Diwan Ya Sahibat Al-Jalalah by the Iraqi poet and media figure Hamed Al-Majmai.

- Al-Sharq Al-Iraqiya newspaper (Interview with the poet Hamed Al-Majmai)

(Media figure Hamed Abdul Mohammed Al-Majmai)

Hamed Abdul Majmai was born in 1968 in a small rural house in the Tal Al-Asmar area in Bzaiz Khreisan. He learned literature from his grandfather and father Abdul Muhammad, and listened to his grandmother's stories taken from the world of imagination. He took his literary teachings from the depths of his environment that embraced the first civilizations; Ashnuna; after graduating from middle school, he entered a technical institute but did not graduate from it due to the frustration that struck him as a result of not appointing those with certificates. His first start was as an art enthusiast until he met his friends in middle school and worked with them. He joined the Adwaa Shabab Baquba troupe, directed by the wonderful Dr. Ibrahim Al-Nima. He did not continue long in the world of theater. He belonged to the Association of Popular Poets in Diyala to begin his first poetic career through which he became acquainted with the cultural milieu. He studied under the great writer and broadcaster, Professor Saadoun Shafiq Saeed, whom he considers his spiritual father.

He came with a group of young popular poets in 1989, such as: the poet and writer Jassim Al-Hanoud, the handsome poet Ayoub Al-Obaidi, the late poet Ibrahim Ramadan, and the martyred poet Haider Al-Hussaini. The great credit in this field goes to the great writer and poet Mahmoud Mu'awwad Al-Ghazi, may God have mercy on him, who led him to the Popular Poets Association to meet with a large elite of great poets, such as the great poet Yassin Al-Yas, who took him by the hand to letters that set out towards creative innovation.

The poet worked in most Arab and international institutions and cultural civil society organizations, most notably: Head of the Arab Creatives Association, Iraq Branch

Vice President of the World Creatives Association

Member of the Popular Poets Association until he was elected Vice President.

Ambassador of Arab Creators for Literature, Culture and Media

Founding member of the Iraqi Journalists and Media Union.

Founding member of the Iraqi Journalists Union.

Member of the Iraqi Artists Syndicate.

Member of the Iraqi Theatre Union.

Broadcast Director of the Holy Quran Radio.

He founded the international Balalama News Agency for Culture and Arts. He left it after he founded the international Add News Agency for Culture and Arts, of which he works as director.

He wrote hundreds of articles in local and Arab newspapers: Al-Qadisiyah, Al-Thawra, Al-Jumhuriya, Maja, Alif Baa, Al-Raased, Funun Magazine, Al-Sharq Al-Iraqiya, Al-Masir, Iraq, Al-Dustour. He worked as managing editor of Sawt Al-Ahrar, and editor-in-chief of Awraq Thaqafiyyah, as well as Al-Sabah and Al-Sabah Al-Jadeed. He worked in Diyala TV, but because it did not meet his ambitions, he left it. He has thousands of articles and poems in Arab and international websites.

Chairman and Editor-in-Chief of Sada Al Thaqafah Magazine

Published in Al Hadath Al Maghribia and many Algerian newspapers.

Many Arab writers wrote about him, including Dr. Aziz Montaser, Professor Haizia bint Mulla Malal of Algeria, and the Moroccan poet Mohamed Amjar in reading the poems of the collection, Ya Sahibat Al-Jalala.

He received an honorary doctorate from the Institute of History, and today I am the editor-in-chief and board director of Sada Al Thaqafa magazine, of which you are one of the writers.

Holder of four literary titles.. Poet of Love and Peace. From Iraq, Diyala... Monk of Love from Lebanon... and Land of Love from Algeria... King of the Media Word.. From the Arab Brotherhood Association.. Morocco..

He has printed collections of poetry... Your Majesty, the University Press in Diyala.

A cry of love. The cover was designed in Switzerland and the collection was printed by Dar Al-Mujaddid in Algeria.

The land of love, Dar Al-Mujaddid in Algeria.

The biography and career of an Iraqi in Morocco is awaiting publication.

Bint Al-Sayyab, a collection of poems awaiting publication

Dead love papers.. waiting to be printed

And debts are a lofty wound in the Iraqi colloquial language

It was discussed by a number of writers in their books.

A book in the corridors of the Writers Union in Diyala by the writer and author Thabet Hassan Hamad

The book "Diyala's Artistic and Cultural Tributaries" written by the director and theatrical artist Dr. Ibrahim Al-Naama.

There are many political and artistic articles.

He was elected as the head of the media committee for the Afro-Asian Festival, which was held remotely in Senegal.

As well as for the third international festival of Land Day in support of the Palestinian cause.

He was elected as the head of the media committee for the International Festival for People with Special Needs in cooperation with Artists Without Borders, with the participation of more than twenty countries.

He received many certificates of appreciation, letters of thanks, Arab and international shields of creativity... and the gold medal in the field of literature and media...

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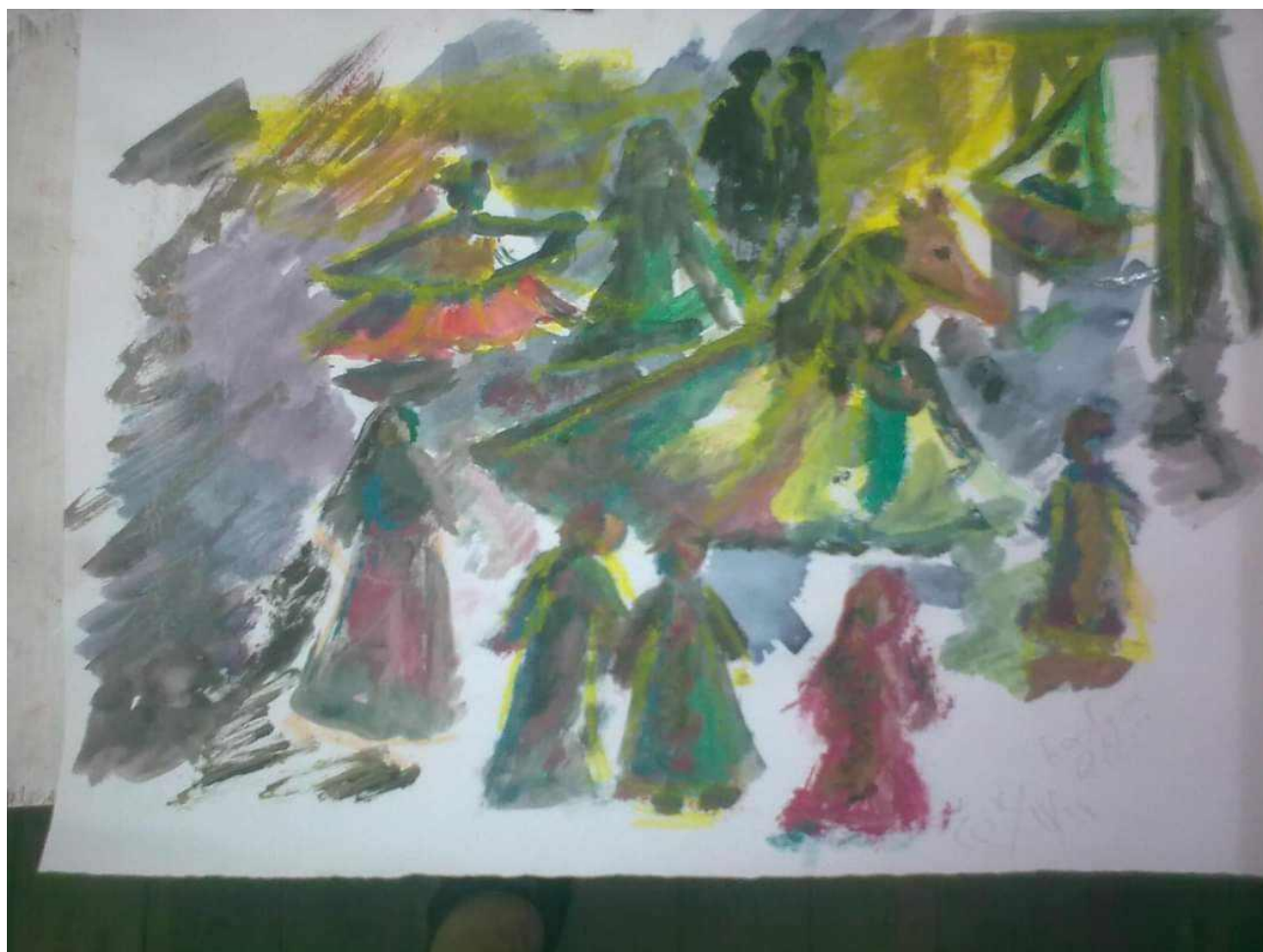
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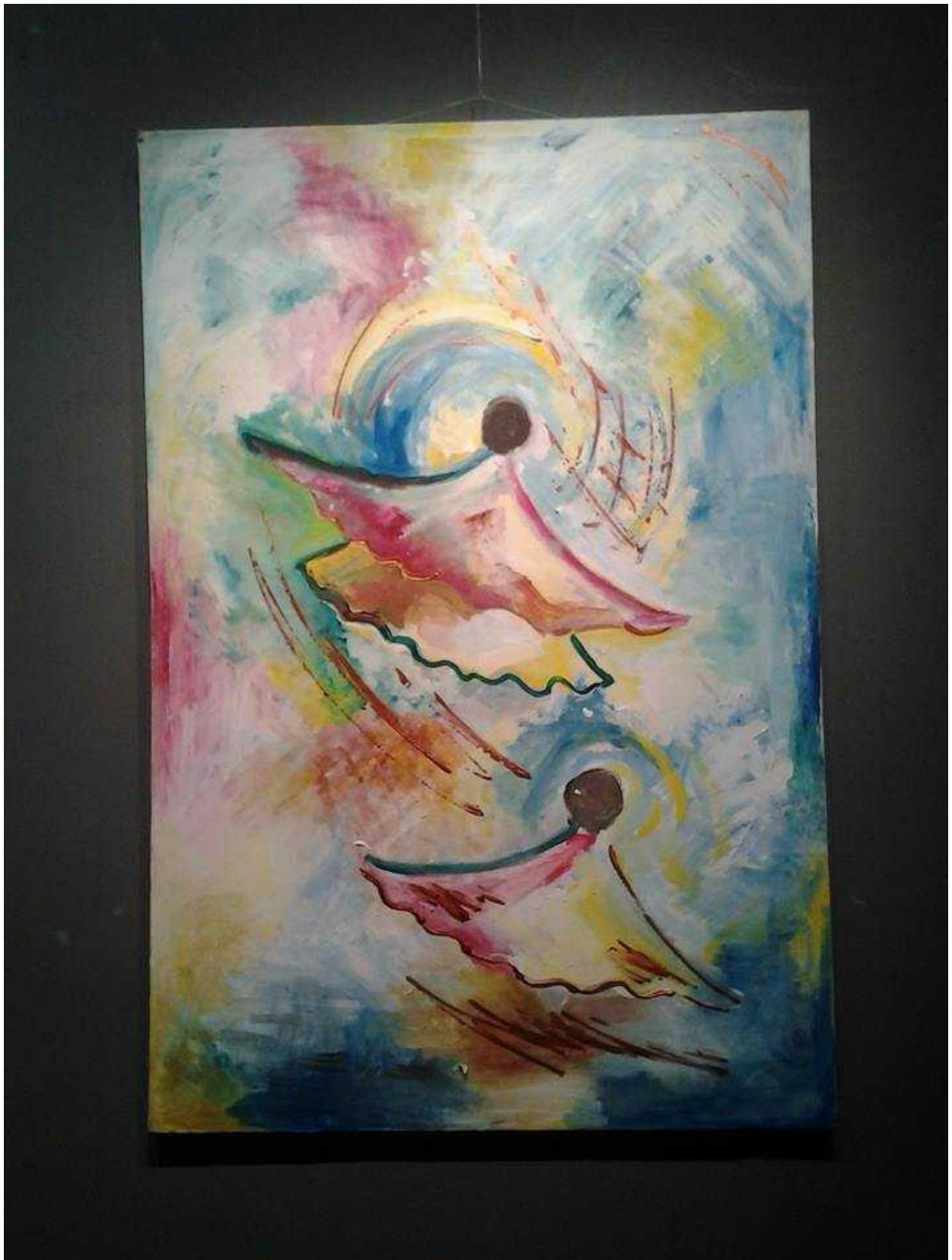




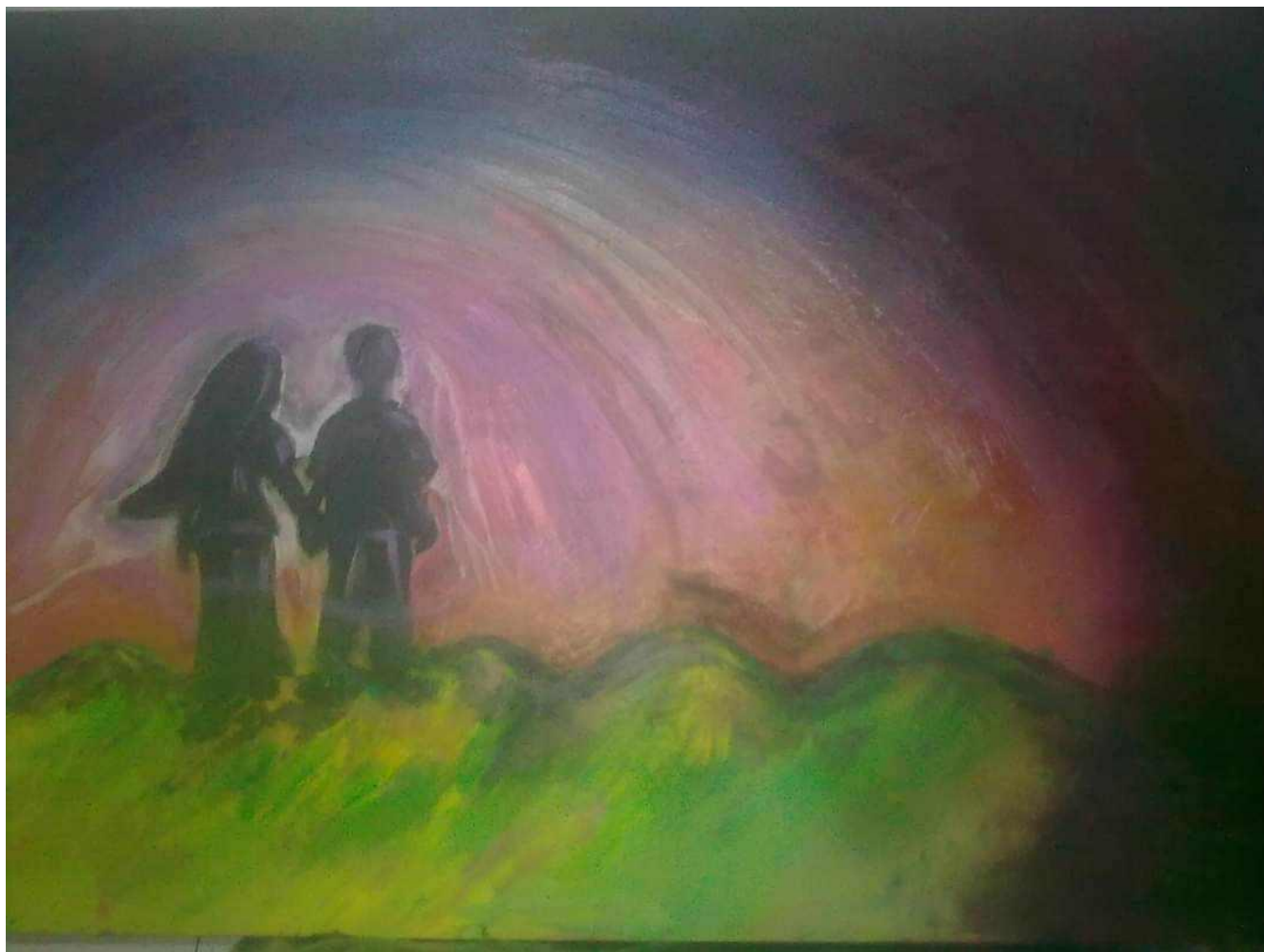


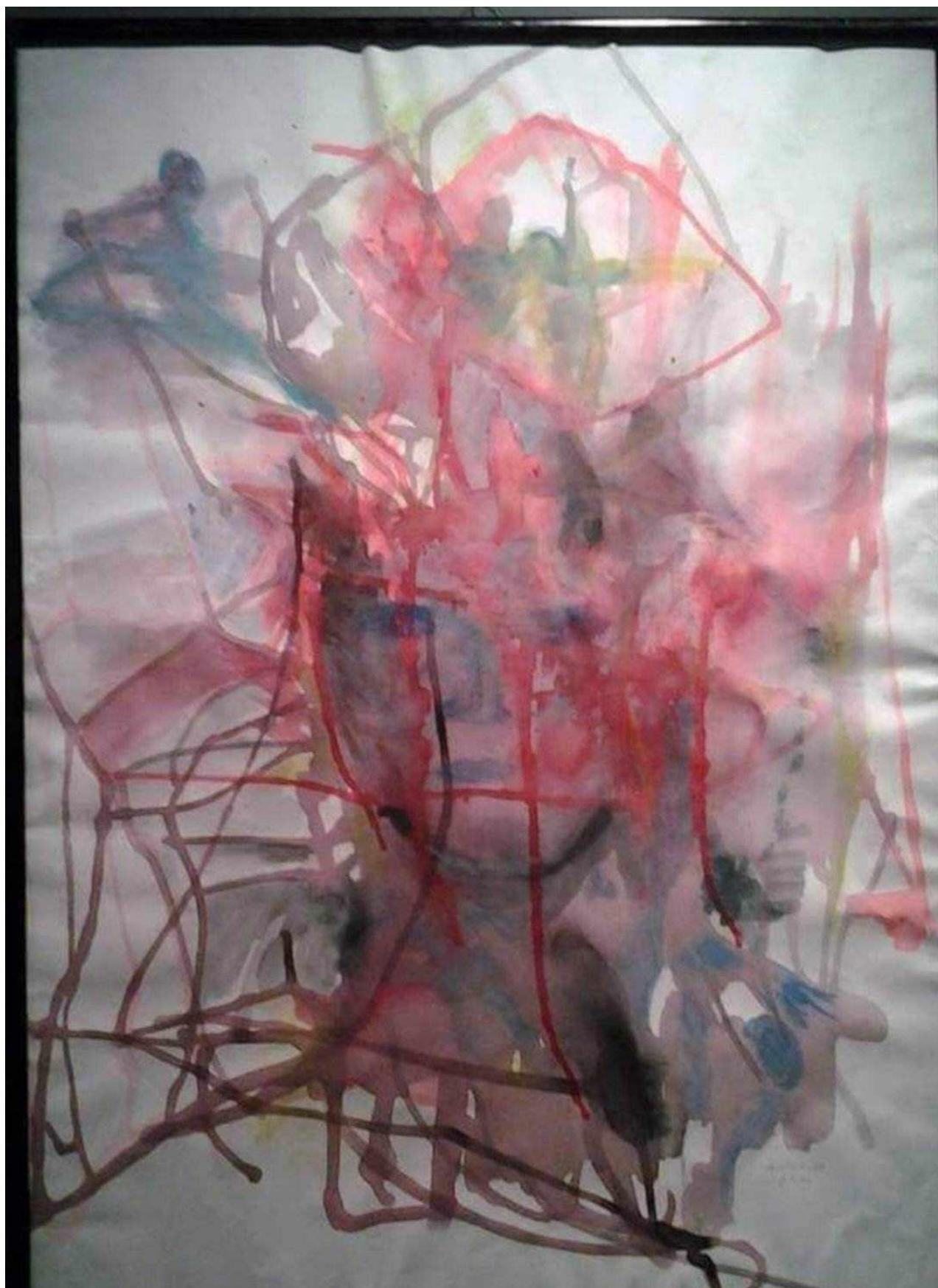






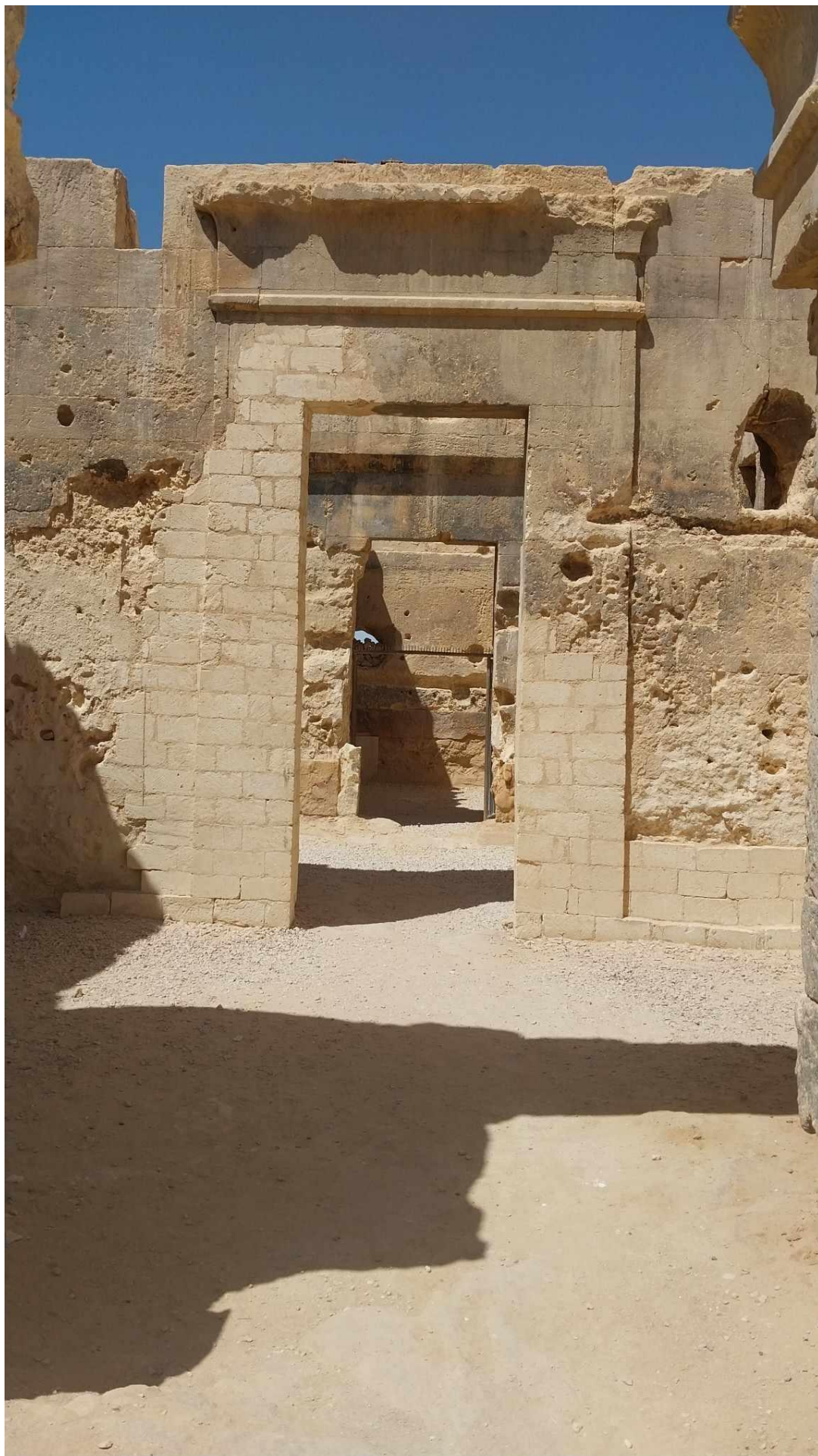














THANKS FOR READING.



RAVEN CAGE

