# pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

www.diogenpro.com

Year IV - Issue Broj 32

Special edition February 2013



International Poetry competition 2012

"Seeking for a poem"

(La stanza del poeta, Italy &
DIOGEN pro culture magazine, Bosnia and Herzegovina)



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Editor in chief (since establishment, September 2009)



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as of 1.3.2012. Deputy editor for Haiku (presentation, analyses, info)

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Od 1.09.2010.

Info: http://tatjanadebeljacki.blogspot.com/ Diogen pro art Verfügbarkeit Zugänglich im Internet Schlüsseltitel Diogen pro art magazine Titel Diogen pro art magazine [Elektronische Ressource] Verlag Küsnacht: Einhorn Verlag, S. Begman, 2010-Aktuelle Erscheinung Monatl. Zählung No. 1 (Okt. 2010)-Anmerkung Titel von Website (gesehen am 01.10.2012) Anmerkung Beschreibung und URL werden nicht aktualisiert

ISSN 2296-0910 URI http://diogen.weebly.com/



Grafički dizajn / Graphic design

Info: http://diogenplus.weebly.com/djurdja-vukelic-rozic.html

Od / As of 15.9.2012. DTP-InDesign ARS Studio Sarajevo & Bugojno



Goran Vrhunc, Zamjenik gl.i odg.urednika (MLADOST ŽIVJETI TRAŽI-DIOGEN BUDUĆNOST); od 01.09.2010.g.., Sarajevo, Bosna i Hercegovina



Deputy editor in chief (Youth is seeking for life- DIOGEN OF THE FUTURE)..as of 01.09.2010

http://www.diogenis.0fees.net/autori.authors.goran.vrhunc\_ files/autori.authors.goran.vrhunc.htm



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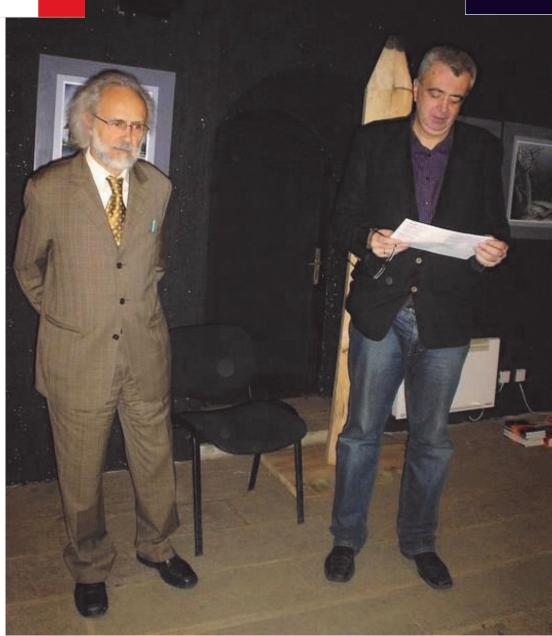


On the cover page art—SEEKING FOR A POEM









### Judges: Giuseppe Napolitano & Sabahudin Hadžialić





http://www.diogenpro.com & http://lastanzade/poeta2.wordpress.com/



International Poetry Competition "SEEKING FOR A POEM"

Poetry Competition "SEEKINGFOR A POEM", organ-international-poetry-competition-2011.html ized by the Association' La Stanza del Poeta' from For- Each winner will get as a gift 30 different poetry books from Sarajevo (Bosnia and Herzegovina).

Please read 'How to Guide' bellow.

#### **Step One**

(1) Submit one poem of your choice and your short Biography, including your photo ((color and/or black-white, 300 dpi, format 1200 x 800 pixels) by 30/11/2012. Submission should be sent to seekingpoem@yahoo.com . The results Additional Contest Information will be published by 31/1/2013.

Please note that you are required to provide a valid Poets of all ages are eligible and all styles of poetry are email address. All communications with you will be ex- acceptable. clusively in writing and via email. It is important that How and When to Submit? you keep your email address valid and active during the selection process so that we can communicate with you. Step Two

(2) Your poem will be evaluated by our judges: poets Submission Requirements Giuseppe Napolitano from Italy and Sabahudin Poems must be original works. Hadžialić from Bosnia and Herzegovina. Having read Poems should be submitted ONLY in English, or the and assessed your poem, the judges will make a decision English translation must accompany the original. to either publish it or decline publication.

### **Step Three**

(3) The poems selected for publication will be uploaded The poet must be able to be notified via email if their on the competition website and the top three poems will poem has been selected for publication. be announced. All contestants are invited to visit the Guidelines website and review the results.

#### **Step Four**

site of the Association' La Stanza del Poeta ' and DIO-GEN pro culture magazine and published in the annual day topics. DIOGEN pro culture magazine No. 3. edition in March Here is the info about last year competition:

The one who won the first place will get CD with all is- international-poetry-competition-2011.html sues in pdf. format of DIOGEN pro art magazine (25); DIOGEN pro culture magazine (2) and DIOGEN pro Sincerely, youth magazine (1)

Each winner will be presented with the opportunity to http://www.diogenpro.com publish 20 poems of their choice in the third annual http://lastanzadelpoeta2.wordpress.com/ edition of DIOGEN pro culture magazine.

Each winner will get adequate certificate as it was back You are invited to submit a poem for the International in 2011: http://www.diogenpro.com/seeking-for-a-poem-

mia/Gaeta (Italy) and DIOGEN pro culture magazine from the poets from all around the world until summer 2013.

> We would like to thank you in advance for your devotion to the development of creative writing endeavors

Who is Eligible?

We ask that you submit your writings by November 30, 2012. Submissions are accepted via email to

seekingpoem@yahoo.com

The poet's full name and email address must be provided.

The judges will be looking for originality, rhythm, rhymes, and audience appeal.

(4) The top three poems will be also announced on web The judges will be looking for poet's passion about the subject topic of the poem or a novel approach to every

http://www.diogenpro.com/seeking-for-a-poem-

PR,





### http://www.diogenpro.com

and



http://lastanzadelpoeta2.wordpress.com/

Date: 10.1.2013.

Pages: 1+7

### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

### Decision of the Jury "SEEKING FOR A POEM 2012"

Among 110 poets and poetess from 37 countries from all over the World, The Jury of 2 Competition, SEEKING FOR A POEM" (members: Giuseppe Napolitano from Italy and Sabahudin Hadžialić from Bosnia and Herzegovina) unanimously have decided the following:



### FIRST PRIZE WINNER



PAGE 6

### 1. POEM "The Eye of John Keats in Rome"

### The Eye of John Keats in Rome

For hours it stands in the window once in a while it throws itself onto the Spanish Steps or into the Tiber

if onto the steps it bursts and then returns intact like a gel medusa to the dark-skinned palm of a street vendor

if into the water it swims and then flies to dry its wings it sweeps the Hadrian arches of the bridges the sky of the Vatican domes the horizons' caravans of stone pines

in the evening it orders the same wine in the same bar at last it returns to the window and writes on the pane with its finger

the crowds on the steps won't let it sleep it doesn't know what to do next so it starts all over

from the pupil from the core

translated by Ewa Hryniewicz-Yarbrough

Author: Krystyna Lenkowska, Rzeszów, Poland





Explanation of the Jury:

### 1. POEM "The Eye of John Keats in Rome"

Krystyna Lenkowska, Rzeszów, Poland

"Here lies One whose Name was writ in Water."

The last request of John Keats (1795-1821) was to be placed under a tombstone bearing no name or date, only the words.

A story telling poem with a sign of prophecy having in mind that the message of words is nothing else but a hint of thoughts encountering with alternative visions. Of what? Remembering! Why? To survive the world of enviness and the world of sorrow. Again, why? To be human, is the answer. To be like...the part of... The eye of John Keats in Rome.







### SECOND PRIZE WINNER

### 2. POEM "Climbs"

### **CLIMBS**

Falls of the moon dry up your eyes when I hazard journeys gliding over sweet climbs.

I am afraid more than
You do,
after all,
I claim the sense
of the world and
I cross hidden thresholds
but You secure your
need for me
in ardent suns
of benches
attached to expected
climbs.

Author: Giorgio Bolla, Padova, Italy





Explanation of the Jury:

### POEM "Climbs"

Giorgio Bolla, Padova, Italy

"Art enables us to find ourselves

and lose ourselves at the same time"

Thomas Merton

Within the wishes are the hopes. For tomorrow. For existence. Of me. You. Us. While climbing. Towards the end. Of thoughts. But, the ones with the shining lights. As said...Of the hopes...For the *Climbs*.









### 3. POEM "Under the shade of memory"

### Under the shade of memory

I told you something forgotten
The things that you will not remember even tomorrow

Forgiveness is always much more ancient When silence is traveling

At the oak dried from the sun I am awaiting you In the same line with the verse Hung in the abyss of the mountain

There I await only love And I sat to relax

I tried to Exhaust the autumn or to dream the light Only to say a word

Author: Jeton Kelmendi, Brussels, Belgium







Explanation of the Jury:

### POEM "Under the shade of memory"

Jeton Kelmendi, Brussels, Belgium

"Memories warm you up from the inside. But they also tear you apart."

Haruki Murakami

The aim is nothing. And the road towards that as well. The travelling, on other hand, is everything. While waiting and resting your soul... *Under the shade of memory.* 

FINAL NOTE: All poems from all the poets and poetess who participated really satisfied our Competition needs. But, some poems has to be better. Just a little bit. Satisfaction for all participants is that this is subjective decision of the Jury. Objective decision will be made by the readers of the poetry. Of all of you who participated. All the poems will be, until the end of January 2013 on our pages: <a href="http://www.diogenpro.com/2-seeking-for-a-poem-international-poetry-competition-2012.html">http://www.diogenpro.com/2-seeking-for-a-poem-international-poetry-competition-2012.html</a> and within the pages of the Special edition of DIOGEN pro art magazine No. 32. Which will be published on 28.2.2013.

#### Awards:

- 1. The top three poems will be also announced on web site of the Association 'La Stanza del Poeta' and DIOGEN pro culture magazine and published in the annual DIOGEN pro culture magazine No. 3. edition in March 2013. Every winner will be presented with the opportunity to publish 20 poems of their choice in the third edition of DIOGEN pro culture magazine.
- 2. The one who won the first place will get CD with all issues in pdf. format of DIOGEN pro art magazine (25); DIOGEN pro culture magazine (2) and DIOGEN pro youth magazine (1)



- 3. The one who won the first place will get CD with all issues in pdf. format of DIOGEN pro art magazine (30); DIOGEN pro culture magazine (3) and DIOGEN pro youth magazine (1)
- 4. Each winner will get as a gift 30 different poetry books from the poets from all around the world until summer 2013.
- 5. Every poet who participated will get Certificate for the paricipation within the Competition (through E-mail as pdf. file).
- All participated poems will be published (with photo and Biography of the poet and/or poetess) within Special edition of DIOGEN pro art magazine No 32, on 28.2.2013.

Giuseppe Napolitano

Simple Nogloton

Sabahudin Hadžialić

Hadrillie Tabeladden

10.1.2013.

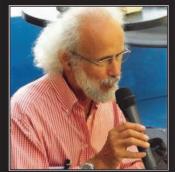
Official WWW sites of the Competition "SEEKING FOR A POEM":

http://www.diogenpro.com/2-seeking-for-a-poem-international-poetry-competition-2012.html

http://lastanzadelpoeta2.wordpress.com/

The best authors among 110 poets and poetess from 37 countries worldwide have been chosen by the Jury: Sabahudin Hadžialić, Editor in chief and founder DIOGEN pro culture magazine and

Giuseppe Napolitano, director and founder La stanza del poeta







Sabahudin Hadžialić



### lastanzadelpoeta2

HOME ABOUT



← Poesia come neve – Le "Poesie" di Buffoni "Oboe per flauto traverso" di Carmen Moscariello →

Cerca

GENNAIO 9, 2013 · 9:59 PM

J Salta ai commenti

### CERCANDO UNA POESIA... edizione 2012: i vincitori

Decisione della Giuria "SEEKING FOR A POEM 2012" bandito da "DIOGEN magazine" in collaborazione con "la stanza del poeta"

Tra 110 poeti di 37 Paesi, la Giuria della seconda edizione del Concorso "SEEKING FOR A POEM" (Giuseppe Napolitano, Italia, e Sabahudin Hadžialić, Bosnia-Herzegovina) ha deciso all'unanimità come segue:

#### VINCITORE DEL PRIMO PREMIO:

Krystyna Lenkowska, Rzeszów, Polonia

"The Eye of John Keats in Rome"

### Articoli recenti

- UNA CONFESSIONE ALLA VITA
- MEXHID MEHMETI poeta kosovaro
- "Oboe per flauto traverso" di Carmen Moscariello
- CERCANDO UNA POESIA...
   edizione 2012: i vincitori
- Poesia come neve Le "Poesie" di Buffoni

### Archivi

- gennaio 2013
- dicembre 2012
- novembre 2012

### SECONDO PREMIO

Giorgio Bolla, Padova, Italia

TERZO PREMIO

Jeton Kelmendi, Bruxelles, Belgio

"Under the shade of memory"





pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine



"Mislio sam da sam zaboravio, ali ništa se izgleda ne zaboravlja, sve se vraća iz zaključanih pretinaca, iz mraka tobožnjeg zaborava, i sve je naše što smo mislili da je već ničije, ne treba nam, a stoji pred nama, svjetluca svojim bivšim postojanjem, podsjećajući nas i ranjavajući. I sveteći se zbog izdaje. Kasno je, sjećanja, uzalud se javljate, beskorisne su vaše nemoćne utjehe i podsjećanja na ono što je moglo da bude, jer što nije bilo, nije ni moglo da bude. A uvijek izgleda lijepo ono što se nije ostvarilo. Vi ste varka koja rađa nezadovoljstvo, varka koju ne mogu i ne želim da otjeram, jer me razoružava i tihom tugom brani od patnje." Meša Selimović, Derviš i smrt

"I thought I had forgotten, but nothing seems to be forgotten, everything is coming back from locked compartments, from the darknes of alleged oblivions, and all belongs to of us what we thought that belongs to nobody, and we do not need it, and stands in front of us us, flashing with its former existence, reminding and wounding us. And trhough the revenge for treason. It's late, memories, vain to answer, useless are your weak consolations and reminders on what could be, because wha have not been, it could not be. And always looks nice what did not happen. You are a delusion that generates dissatisfaction, delusion which I can not and I do not want to send away, because it disarm me and with Meša Selimović, Death and the Dervish quiet sadness defend from suffering."



# pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

Year IV - Issue Broj 33 www.diogenpro.com **Featuring artist:** Алексей Владимирович Адамов Russia

DIOGEN pro culture magazine ... a month for DIOGEN artist ... and you ...

**Krystyna** Lenkowska has published seven volumes of poetry among which two have appeared in Polish-English version: *Keep off the Primroses* 1999 and *Eve's Choice* 2005. Her poems, fragments of prose, translations, essays have been published in numerous journals and anthologies in Poland, US, Ukraine, Lithuania, Czech, Albania, Bosnia and Herzegovina, India, Mongolia. The poet is a member of SPP (Association of Polish Writers). For a few years she he has been translating intensively poems by American poet, Emily Dickinson, as a life project.

http://lenkowska.art.pl/



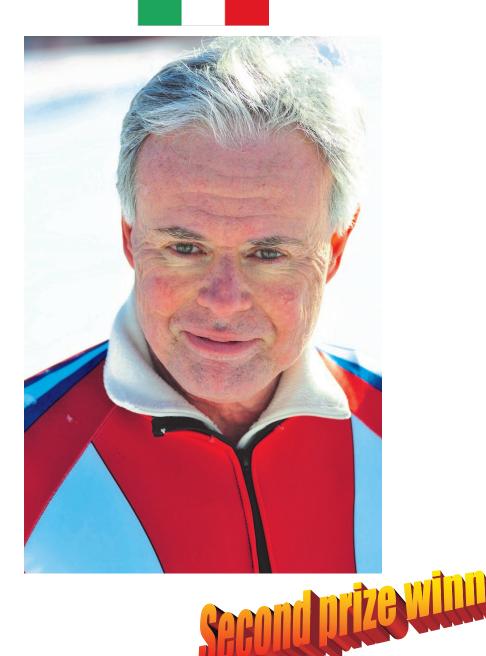
photo: Marzanna Wróblewska



### Giorgio Bolla

A 54-year-old italian poet, Adria born and living in Padova .He carries out two professions, pediatric surgeon and racing-driver too. He has published seven collections of poems :Solo immagini, Il motore del tempo, Mnesis, Assoli di oboi, Ruote Alate, Skhandha, Epistolario. In July 2011. he won the Grand Prize of Mediterranean Poetry (Larissa - Greece) and the Prize "Città di Lerici". On 12<sup>th</sup> November 2011 he was won the Prize "AmbiArt" - Milano .

Next year, 2012. he won the Prize "Ville de Paris-Victor Hugo" and the Prize "Citta' di Venezia San Marco". Its own poetry appears necessarily and guides its hand of writer.





### Jeton Kelmendi

Born in the city of Peja, Kosovo\* (1978), Jeton Kelmendi completed elementary school in his birth USA place. Later he continued his studies at the University of Prishtina and received the degree of Bachelor Published Works In Foreign Language: of Arts in Mass communication. He completed his graduate studies at the Free University of Brussels, Belgium, specialising in International and Security Studies. For many years he has written poetry, prose, essays and short stories. He is a regular contributor to many newspapers, in Albania and abroad, writing on many cultural and political topics, especially concerning international affairs. Jeton Kelmendi became well known in Kosova, after the publication of his first book entitled: "The Century of Promises" ("Shekulli i Premtimeve"), published in 1999. Later he published a number of other books. His poems are translated in more that twenty-two languages and published in a some international Literature Anthologies. He is one of the most translated Albanian Poets. According to a number of literary critics, Kelmendi is the genuine representative of modern Albanian poetry. He is a member of many Europe, Brussels, Belgium international poetry clubs and is a contributor to Member of the Academy of Science and Arts of Europe, Paris, many literary and cultural magazines, especially in English, French and Romanian Languages. wisdom of his work in the field of Literature is Personal website www.jetonkelmendi.page.tl based in the attention that he pays to the poetic expression, modern exploration of the text and the depth of the message. His Genre is focused more on love lyrics and elliptical verse intertwined with metaphors and artistic symbolism. Kelmendi is a veteran of the War of Liberation in Kosovo led by the Kosovo Liberation Army, 1998 -1999. Currently resides and works in Brussels, Belgium.

#### **Published works:**

- "The Century Promises" ("Shekulli i Prem*timeve*"), 1999 (poetry)
- "Beyond Silence" ("Përtej Heshtjes"), 2002 (poetry)
- "If it is afternoon" ("Në qoftë mesditë"), 2004
- "Fatherland pardon me" ("Më fal pak Atdhe"), 2005,(poetry)
- "Where are the arrivals going" ("Ku shkojnë ardhjet"),2007 (poetry)
- "You arrived for the traces of wind" ("Erdhe për gjurmë të erës"), 2008 (poetry)
- "Time when it has time" ("Koha kurë të ketë kohë"), 2009 (poetry)
- "Wandering thoughts" ("Rrugëtimi i mendimeve") 2010 poetry

### **Published plays:**

"Mrs Word" ("Zonja Fjalë"), 2007 (Drama)

#### Political science:

EU mission in Kosova after its independence 2010

Bad times for the knowledge

- "Ce mult s-au rarit scrisorile" ("Sa fortë janë rralluar letrat"); published in Romanian Language.
- "A respiration" ("Frymëmarrje"); published in India
- "Dame parol," drama; published in French
- "COMME LE COMMENCEMENT EST SILENCIEUX'

("Ku fillon heshtja"), poetry; Paris, France "ПОУ ПАNE OI EPXOMOI ("Ku shkojnë ardhjet"), Poetry in Greek; Greece

"Wie wollen ("Si me dashtë"), poetry; Germany Frau Wort (Miss word) drama Germany Nasil sevmeli (Si me dashtë) poetry Turkey

- HA BEPXIB'Ï YACY (In the bigening of time) poetry Ukraine
- How to reach yourself Poetry in USA
- време кога ова време (Time when it has time) Macedonia

#### **International Awards:**

Member of the Association of Professional Journalists of

France

SOLENZARA Prestigious International Award, Paris, France Poetry book prize MITINGU, in Gjakova 2011







### PAGE 19

### Akinlabi Peter, Nigeria



#### **Barkin Ladi**

Walls of cactuses ring the dark path: an invasion of shadows announces identities of arms and whispers. Shedding names, the women

melt into shadows, into lights, blooming, like melons - voices and shadows, a happy hysteria loops Benita's bar. Ladi's nights are wrinkled with cold, importunate, prolonged,

hiding behind the reigning rocks - a divided view, it turns out ... Nameless trees stand, somber chivalry, along the market road, watching two lovers part into two

unrevealing shadows. Mountains rise like goddesses, fogged in the night's strange grace, over this land where water sprouts in a taxidermic surprise.

On the dark path towards St. John Vianney Seminary, the trees join heads in incestuous dialogue, widening their roots into your mind. You know only a knitting mind like Pam might know

the secret of their insular copulation, or the hidden memory of their names. But names here are also the memory of a courtesan: you will imagine men laying their songs in a brimming calabash,

or mine diggers surrendering fatigue at the ledge of the thatched dream. Riding the wall of cactuses, nights row by, a body of dreams, a body of winds. You see women

of sunset, near Chi, returning home, eyes full of breeze. And you walk this earth breaking certain devotion on these hillocks, and watching the ground of faith shift, like us, onto the slouch

of indeterminacy. You walk this earth with that ritual faith for this meaning, this secret, this stirring desire that men caress like sadness



Akinlabi Peter studied Literature in English in the University of Ibadan, Ibadan, Nigeria. His works have been published in Sentinel Literary Quarterly, Mapletree Literary Supplement and Sentinel Nigeria.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



### Aleksandra Dorđević, Serbia



#### Alienation

In a face not so different from mine
I saw a patina
So hard to define.
In a sunbeam so near to my face
I discerned a shadow
Coming 'to my embrace.
I lingered for a while,
Not knowing what to do,
Saving somebody a smile,
Hoping it was you.
Caught in a glimmer of life
Where one and one do not make two,
I shed a tear thirsty of light,
Looking in its complexion for an image of you



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



Aleksandra Đorđevic Was born on 2nd of August 1984 in Sremska Mitrovica, Serbia

### **Education and Qualifications**

1990 – 1991 Elementary School Queen Victoria,

Toronto, Canada; 1991 – 1999 Elementary School Jovan Jovanovic Zmaj, Sremska Mitrovica, Serbia 1999 – 2003 Grammar School Ivo Lola Ribar, Sremska Mitrovica, Serbia; 2003 – 2008 graduated from the Philological Faculty of The University of Belgrade with a degree of a qualified teacher of Italian language and literature August 2008 one month scholarship at the University for Foreigners in Siena; 2008 – 2009 finished Master Studies with a degree of Master of Italian Language and Literature; 2010 English Studies at the Philosophical Faculty of the University of Cologne

### **Work Experience**

January 2009 – April 2009 Personal assistant and translator in steel plant Sirmium Steel
October 2008 – Jun 2009 Teacher of ItalianLa guage in private school Oxford Scholar in Sremska Mitrovica





# Aleksandra Kovr



### **Memories**

When I was a child, I was a princess Who lived in a beautiful castle, Surrounded by woods and fields This not true, of course, but that is How I chose to remember it, to celebrate it, That is how I chose to put it down To describe my growing up I would have to show you The stork's nest on the roof of our house To describe my growing up I would have to take you To the field on a summer day And I would say, Breathe deeply-And you would breathe and remember That scent for the rest of your life The bold, rich aroma of fruit trees, Wheat and corn, the scent of air, A fragrance like baby animals, A new milk and a spilled wine, All perfumed with wild flowers To describe my growing up I would have to take you To our garden on a summer day There were carpets of flowers, And vines climbing the white lattice Of the arbor and a small shed Where I used to hunt for hidden treasures I was the princess of the summer And sometimes I would wonder Past the boundary of the garden At the dusky end of day We sang after dinner, silly songs On the porch swing, the sky grew dark And fireflies blinked on and off When I speak of my childhood, It seems part elegy, part nightmare But I want to talk only about the elegy I don't want to go into deeper waters Where all the bones and wreckage Wait for my unwilling scrutiny Time can be generous For it allows us to forget our nightmares Time can be kind For it allows us to forgive the people Who had hurt us When I think about my childhood, My soul gazes like a lamb

On the beauty of tenderness And I want to forget everything That was evil and bad-I want to see the world Through a dazzling prism Of my imagination I have preserved The multiform appearances Of my life as a little girl, The portraits and still life Visible through the blooming Window of time Time can be charitable

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" **INTERNATIO NAL POETRY COMPETITIO** N 2012.

Because it smoothes away the roughness, Erases the crooked lines And our old memories Are wrapped in glory



I am twenty two year old girl who likes to watch movies, read and write poetry. I am a student of Banja Luka College of Communication, Kappa Phi. I study English language and literature. I am from Serbia and I live in Kikinda, a small town in Vojvodina. I hope you'll like my poem.





### Aleksandra Salinović, Croatia



#### Sorrowful notes

In sorrowful notes Hidden My shade Wanders Through symphonies Of life Through dim chambers Of lost castles In stray worlds Touching dusty books Memories Your words Like drops of rain When they hit the window glass Just void Hours ticking by Some other time Frozen Somewhere far away

Somewhere far away
And me

Sopping Weak

Above cracked soil

I kneel

As angel

As woman

Mournful

Forgotten

And I leave

Letters

Written

By tears



My name is Aleksandra Salinovic. I was born 24<sup>th</sup> October, 1969. in Rijeka, Croatia. Writing is the part of my growing up, adolescence and party of me as adult woman. I started writing quite early, as 11 year old girl. From letters and notebooks to computer, they all helped me to create poems and stories. Sometimes they were serious and sometimes they were lovely. Letters which were autobiographic or just a part of my daydreaming. But in each one of them was me, a simple woman with dreams.

### "SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.





I don't know what to write, how to describe... Hit the cement sacks of the bloodied God

> don't know what to write, how to describe...

My mouth is running, my eyes can't see...

My hands tremble... I can't write. I feel dizzy...

> My body is full of invisible wounds...

And my unappeased soul is weathered by the marble voice of the dismembered earth, turning in reverse like a strange set of rapids...

Disembarked it sails and licks the impregnable hands of God...

Heavy winter is coming, inside me I can not get up...

The door is as closed as my black and white soul...

The window is open but I don't want go out I despise, and I'm too bored to think...

My teardrops, a thousand megalithical clouds screaming... They can't put out the fires to uncover the absolute silence



I try but then I give up...

Everywhere thorns, iron and spears... Desert the perpetual toy of life...

You must bind the patched up heart twirl it once more, and release your anguish until the universe explodes...

To penetrate God and break the uppermost wing ...

The dismantle him and assault him until he sinks...

> Covering his whole body in blood...

> > The huge mantle fades out

al though his colorless heart sheds tears.

And get's tangled in an endless net...

Where the centuries will pass by the soul's enigmatic veil...

Everything is a toy of a life full of labyrinths...

> That doesn't know how to love...

Which for her only black money rules... Which is tangled on sweating shutters in every nondescript heart...



We find ourselves in Paradise and Hell...

> We laugh and we cry...

We lose whatever and whom we love...

We worry and dress in the dark like ghosts and monsters that tear everything apart...

Don't worry and don't melt in every eradicated time...

Hit the cement sacks of the bloodied God...

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



My Name is Alexander Damianidis, I am Greek and I live in a city of Eastern Macedonia, called Drama. I' m eighteen years old. A long time ago, my parents adopted me when I was 3 years old, from a foundation in Thessaloniki. My father's name is Christos and my mother's name is Eufrosini. I was born in 31/3/1994. Now I study in Perrotis College in Thessaloniki.



### Amit Ray, India



### **Lonely Moments....**

Blue sky, milky clouds
Blows through our festive moods
Your shadows flash through my mind,
Tell me, how long I will take to find,
The vivid pictures of yours
Blowing through my poetic kind.

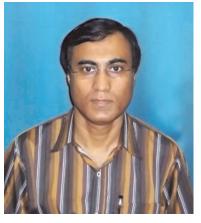
White daisies nodding with an enthusiastic mirth, In that empty corner of my heart. Oh! There is the snowy swan Flying to her destiny, With an unknown fun.

In those colorful days of my childhood, I smear; The dreams peep into my mind with an unpredictable fear! If the dark clouds chase the oceanic sky? Spoiling the beauty of the golden dusk with a fly?

Oh! Let it cloud!
Let it rain!
Let it wash away every pain!
Make the world be in its royal mirth...
This is the only reason for our birth.

In this golden evening,
Just waiting and glaring at the fluorescent sky
Just to get you...
Sharing some thoughts of love with you.
Dreams of you give me heavenly happiness
The feeling of love I am here to confess.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM"
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COMPETITION 2012.



Mr. Amit Ray an Indian poet, aged 45 years, composes various poems in Bengali Language. He is a nature lover and the environmental beauty inspires his poetic personality. Thus his poems are based on nature's values, beauty and speciality. Besides he is an envinonmentalist and his thoughts are concerned in the conservation of the nature and it's resources.







### Amy Marie Cavanaugh, USA



### **Butterfly Firework**

The pretty premise of her swift birth is inspected.

Lights dispatch themselves into some aloof air. Some

Upward current must have them shimmy to where they shatter

Into shrunken versions of themselves. Before

They drown in their airy way down the fireworks live one more time:

Blooming and expanding like human-made Flowers or balloons that trip like lovers over Their own passion to the point of audible falling. She'll be no ordinary firework like those.

Their pieces exhale their dying lamentations as they skim around her birth place.

At her shatter of a birth:

Her pieces drizzle into the violet shapes of her wings and vague body. She knows the next fireworks too well or not well enough. They escort her into invisibility: putting her out like the light she is. Fixation – hovering half of me and tickling twin of mine –

Fascination never really flees when it goes you know. Kindle that hyper pink in me into red.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM"
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I'm currently a college student majoring in English. I wrote my first poem in sixth grade, but become more interested in poetry and creative writing in high school.

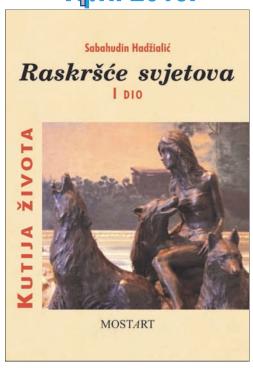


http://www.diogenpro.com/2-seeking-for-a-poem-international-poetry-competition-2012.html

### **March 2013**



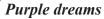
### April 2013.





# Andra Gabriela Prodea, Romania







Literary awards:

2012- Honorable Mention awarded by "Instituto Cultural Latinoamericano" (Junín, Argentina) in their "Palabras sin fronteras" Poetry Contest

-6<sup>th</sup> place in the "I Concurso Internacional Internauta" (Venezuela)

-Certificate of Participation in the "I Certamen Internacional de Poesía y Narrativa Nuestra Tradición" (Arias,Argentina)

-Honorable Mention in the "XXXIInd Tudor Arghezi International Poetry Festival" (Romania)

-Participation in the "Ser especial" Collective Anthology of Poetry published by Nueva Editorial Creativa (Argentina)

2009- Special Award of the Jury given at the "Mihai Eminescu National Poetry Festival" (Bucharest, Romania)



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.

My love is like the immovable truth In times of distress it makes me keep a piece of you I can perceive your smell by far The silence is getting close to my broken heart My peaceful reality has been replaced by a gruesome storm I watched appalled how the bright future was pulled down I've been thrown into a boisterous love affair This stubborn mind is unable to read your thoughts flying in the open air .. So many tears shed over unanswered questions that we never count I'm like an akward creature picking up the happiness spread out on the ground Although your perfect balance completes my empty space I still cannot believe in your ability to make yourself scarce The law of cause and effect is slowly pursued through the pages of your life Your sarcastic inner voice prevents me from swimming against the tide We are two mortals, two ephemere angels made out of clay Why don't you face up to it and let me stay? Maybe tomorrow you won't see love through rose-coloured glasses

Maybe tomorrow I will lose my heart between so many unknown faces
you can't improve your faith without my blessed paradigm
Each word that overflows with hope is falling apart at the seams
You don't come anymore in the likeness of Prince Charming in my dreams
Your uppishness takes away from the intense green of your eyes
Every night,my alter-ego compels me to sleep in a bed made out of countless lies
I've been the painter of your skin

But you kept fighting to retrieve the basic visions of a human being Thought that despite your frozen wings I could bring the warmth back Now it's gone and we are just as timeless dressed in black

I'm flying over the Wings of Fantasy A magic land with no storms, without memories Here, my old imperfections are quickly replaced And all my inner voices forever erased

Heaven only knows that I had to learn on the go the steps of our faith Hopefully,I'll mend the ultimate pain that makes our love look lost and estranged I can feel the pressure around the cold touch

On the horizon, we tend to scrutinize the future that hurts so much But whereas we try to figure out the timeless message of the past I took a look in the mirror and didn't expect such elegance
You and I connected beyond a thousand miles
Just trying to have a break and realign our lives
Life-engaged and patiently in love with the universe
We entered the labyrinth with nothing but inspired verse

You left behind an endless love story

And a magic potion to water the rose that brings me all the glory time showed me the way to receive with hope another sunshine

> So that I could read peacefully my palm lines How could you let me shed tears in a rainy day?

You look just like a craving vampire about to hunt my heart in May

Shall I compare love with an uninhabitable room? When you get intoxicated with waves of misfortune

You offered me a heart of stone

Along with the lyrics of a tender song

But I've taken hold of the gift that you have given me

That one which I wasn't able to see

This poem meant to paint a summer beam in spite of the outer coldness

Brings our friendship up from the gloominess

No more tears and nights spent alone

'Cause my heart has found the way back home!





### Andrejka Jereb, Slovenia



My name is Andrejka Jereb. I was born in Slovenia. I graduated from English and Russian language at University of Ljubljana. I dedicated my career to teaching and educating children. Now I am retired. My literary work includes two editions of poetry and numerous publications in literary magazines and bulletins.

### A word to Rebecka

A word that you open beyond the edge of pronounceable is the one you whispered through the fog,

is the one you spread over the surface of an erased road drawing new steps behind you.

Now you will bring it close to the deaf windows.

You will be searching for balance at the wall pointers of an unknown home, and strange mouth will bless your name, your body and your fruit.

You will not cry for the rain,

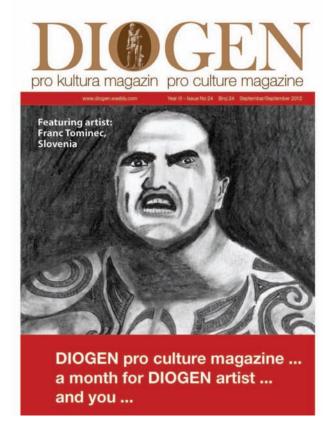
the colour of air will not be wiped off your skin. You will hearken to the river bubbling inside you

and to the silence of your grandfathers' saga. At the sharpness of African sun

you will be going back to your inner self.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.









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### Anindita Deo, India



#### **Lateral Drift**

In a bare railway platform Rinsed spotless by A judging sun, We wondered which way the train would come from.

Our compass
Never so askew
North an empty horizon
South endless land
East a dust bowl
West bleeding sun.
Here and now
absent answers
A forfeited future.

Every Direction leading away. When the way back Is the way away Elsewhere Is where you are At the same time where you'd rather be.

A needle quivers Night sky opens up Vengeful rain a light goes out.

A drenched dog
Shivers under the awning
A fingertip traces
The contours of loss
Inky black sky
Stitches up it tears
And the world grows quiet.

Words grope memories read maps to the blind city Of the past.



I have been published a couple of times in literary journals like Red River review, Kritya

(http://www.kritya.in/0705/En/poetry\_at\_our\_time.html) and in Reading Hour (print magazine). My travel writing has appeared in Outside in magazine (http://outsideinmagazine.com/issue-two/wordstories/pondicherry-anindita-deo/) and another piece featured in the India Today Travel's 'India's Top 42 Weekend Getaways'. Have also been published in twenty20 Journal, a magazine of minimalist art, poetry, and fiction (http://twenty20journal.com/archives/summer-2011-issue-3-india/fiction/anindita-deo-birds-of-the-same-feather/).

Anindita Deo amuses herself with words while going on with the business of living. Occasional writer. Compulsive Doubter. Incorrigible traveler. Insatiable reader.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



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### Anna Ioannidou, Greece



#### DANCING WITH THE FEAR

And then the fear arrived.

We have learned to live in its shadow.

We have almost become addicted.

It came uninvited

and slipped into our dreams.

Now it 's our new roommate.

Its presence is strong in every room. It 's here.

In its eyes the arrogance of the dominant. It emerges from the corner, smiles ironically and invites us to dance.

Then it whispers in our ear: "Your worst nightmare has become reality".

Every night
we sleep in its arms
and feel its frozen breath on our face.
Every day
we continue to enjoy ... its company.
Like an ugly but "lovely" friend.

Its presence is strong in every meal.
It's here.

An everyday "luxury".

The appetizers are wrapped in fear.

The main courses are filled with generous portions of panic.

The desserts have a frightening aroma. Now we have an endless appetite for these "bizarre" dishes...

Its presence gives meaning to our life.

It 's here.

Every second, every minute, every hour.
It has captured our soul, our mind, our body.
Our deepest fear is
that one day we will stop being afraid...
But the fear promises:

"We will be together till the death do us part".





#### **Artistic Awards:**

- Third prize in the photography exhibition of Thessaloniki Bar Association with the title "Lawyer's life: Court, offices, services" (2010)
   First University Student Prize for the poem titled "Woman's soul of Kalavrita" in the Greek nationwide poetry competition "Athlon Poetry" (2009)
- First Prize Nanas (Athenas) Kontou for the poem titled "Painting memories of life and death" in the first Greek nationwide poetry competition of North Greece Union of Smyrniots and Minor Asians (2010)
- Award for the poetry collection of 24 Haiku titled "Far away" in 28<sup>th</sup> literary contest of Parnassos Literary Society (2010)
- Award for the poetry entitled "In the memory of Alexander the Great" in the worldwide poetry competition of Hellenic Amfiktionia (2012)
- Award for poetry collection in the poetry competition of Literature Magazine
- "KELAINO"(2012)
- Praise for the poem entitled "Refugee's Monologue" in the Third Greek nationwide poetry competition of municipality of Hortiatis with the theme "Refugee" (2010)
- Praise for short poetry collection in the poetry competition of Literature Magazine "KELAINO" (2011)
- Praise for the poem entitled "Xerxes Monologue" in the international literature competition of municipality of Salamina island (2011)
- Praise for the poem entitled "An empty position in the sunshine" in the poetry competition of the Association of Authors of Ipeiros" (2012)
- Praise for the poem entitled "Achilleas in anger" in the literature competition of Cul-

- ture Association of Pelasgia and Literature Magazine "KELAINO" (2012)
- Praise for the poem entitled "A like Apolymantirio" in the literature competition of Historical Archive of Refugee Hellenism of municipality of Kalamaria (2012)
- Praise for the poem entitled "The modern Miserables" in the poetry competition of UNESCO Club of Kefallonia and Ithaki (2012)
- Praise for the poem entitled "Open wound" in the poetry competition of the Association for the Conservation and Promotion of Tradition of Eastern Romelia (Northern Thrace) of the city of Volos (2012)
- Special honorable mention for the poetry collection of 30 Haiku titled "Cry of the children" in the poetry competition with the theme "Children's Rights" of the Associations "Oasis of the Child "(city of Heraklion) and "Social Initiative for Children "(city of Veria) (2010)
- Honorable mention for poetry collection titled "Haiku: Hate like a Hurricane" in the first amateur contest of the International Federation of Constantinoupolitans with the theme "Words and Colors of Constantinoupolis"(2010)
   Participation in the final
- Participation in the final stage of Delfi Poetry Games organised by the Greek National Union of Writers (2011)

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### DIG GEN

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# Asuquo Christopher, Nigeria



#### Close

Everyday I see you under shadows,

my face hidden like a man in the shadow behind the mask,

close I am, so painful not seeing you not smile cause in your mind I am stone dead. Close I am to you,

even when the world says I am lost in the stormy winds of sea, but my presence is not far from u.

You think I am dead in your heart but I live in your soul, blocked by your vail, you weep in silence,

but there I am close to your heart and you feel my presence

..block by your vail and masked by mask,

your heart searches but Close I am to you.

In the final hour of your life and a life lived in painful regret,

there I come and unvail my mask and with your last kiss we say Goodbye.. Close I am 2 u.





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### Bardhyl Maliqui, Albania



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#### ALMOND TREES OF KONISPOL

The almonds of Konispol, There, I see them, With my own front eyes, With my dream eyes, With my longing eyes.

Almond flowers, those brides of January Like fragile maids, So pleasing in fragrance That perfume the road with their virginity, There, amid orchards, amid gardens, and grass.

Almond buds have just born fruits, That children like candies eat, While running to school with bags on their back, On the narrow streets, while climbing groves, On the cobbled roads of this magic town-village, That in abundance ...has nothing but beauty!

Summer came.
The almonds of Konispol
Now the fruits are ripe,
Fruits covered with a strong cuirass
The hand could not open.
Such is human life,
Like those almonds of Konispol,
That Inside have the childish fragrance,
The vigour of adolescence,
And its maturity,
That virtue kills,
Enfolds in shells,
To run them to the market,
There where the value is count
in silver pieces!





Saranda University Professor & "Hasan Tahsini" Secondary School teacher.

Since 1977 - 2012, I have worked in various positions in education as a teacher in the middle school and high school for language and literature, Russian language and psychology, as a specialist, education consultant and inspector.

I've written 15 books, of which 5 have been published: risk taste (essay), mirrors (poetry), Critique ofcompositions (study) and Morphology - shortcut for students (college text) and a book of poems "The Anxiety of statues"

10 regional and national awards for literary works and artistic competitions,

29 regional and national awards of students.

Trainer training for teachers Attestation effect from 1984 to 2006,

893 articles, a good portion of them published in literary press.

169 books editing

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.

### pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

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# Bojana Stojanović Pantović, Serbia



#### VOICE OF ICARUS

Up there where you fly where you voyage light like a ray like stardust

Who drags the rope that leaves wounds on the thighs
And mark of solitude like the thorn crown like the poisoned arrow

Up there is high and deep smooth and sharp At the Promethean cliff on the eagle's bloody beak

Up there you stay without body that falls away like armour you shake it down like a night capsule heavy of your voice in which you breathe in which you awaken but can't see youself

Until the wings-hands hover above the sonorous landscape and blackened corona above the shreds of voice disseminated

back there

far away

beyond the octava





Born i Belgrade, Serbia (1960), PhD, University of Novi Sad. Affiiliation: Full Professor at the Department of Comparative literature, Faculty of Philosophy. Researcher in Expressionistic Movement in the Serbian, South-Slavonic and European literature, Gender Studies, Contemporary poetry. Critic, poet and translator. Lives in Belgrade.

Selected works: Serbian Expressionism (Novi Sad, 1998), Heritage of Sumatraism (Beograd, 1998), Morphology of the Short Expressionist Prose (Beograd, 2003), Rebellion against the Centre (Pančevo, 2006), Spans of Modernism (Novi Sad, 2011). Editor and co-author of the Conscise Dictionary of Comparative Therminology in the Literature and Culture (Novi Sad, 2011), Prose-poem or prozaida (2012).

**Poetry collections:** *Endless-She* (Beograd, 2005), *Fiancées of Fire* (prose poems, Kraljevo, 2008), *Shining* (Smederevo, 2009); upcoming: *Lections about Death* (Kraljevo, 2013).

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.

# \* \* \*

### Bronwen Manger, Australia

#### Land lubbers for lovers

'You're out to sea again,'
says he, says he —
that's what he calls it;
eyes like loaded cannons
with no fuse; his touch
like close & clammy mist
in sagging sails. I'm out to sea
indeed, indeed. My eyes affixed
to swell & foaming blue
of sky. Through bricks & lace
& bay windows I dream
of ocean views.

There's something throws me off in this unswaying room. This gingerbread man ain't no hard tack, I get to thinking.

Get to drinking in these doldrums, any storm in a port; and my temper's short as the snapped mast of the wreck I'm captain of at the bottom of the sea.

'You miss your ship,' says he, says he; ties my bandanna round his Macassar'd hair.
My cutlass smile could split his chest as if doubloons would spill from veins.
I miss my ship indeed, indeed. Miss my first mate;



his scurvy scowl & filthy shanties ringing through the decks. And my drowned crew who stood with me through crest & trough beneath our grinning standard, black & tattered as our laughter all those jolly nights at sea.

But what's to become of mepirate captain in the brig of rooms & streets & arms? At the prow of each new day aboard this land I get so seasickwhat's to become of me? I shiver in my briny sweat and I call out to my gingerbread man.

'Rum, rum, rum!
As fast as you can.'

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2012.



Bronwen Manger is a 25-yearold poet and performer from Melbourne, Australia. She is fascinated by the chaos of life, love and adventure; and endeavours to distil such tumult and mystique into her poetry. Bronwen's work has appeared in a number of Australian literary journals and anthologies, The Age newspaper and on the radio and television. Bronwen has featured individually and with her identical twin sister Emily at a range of poetry readings in Melbourne and Canberra since 2010. Outside of the poetry world, Bronwen completed a Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science double degree in 2009, and works as a research assistant in forensic psychology.

## C K Kerala Varma, India



#### The Last Marathon

As I run my last marathon My life runs before my eyes

I ran my first marathon When I was sixteen years In my schoolgirl canvas shoes My barefoot father leading me

Just the two of us
On a road we chose
A road that led nowhere
When we ran thirty miles
He hugged me and said
You're a champion

He always ran barefoot He always ran alone Till I grew up to jog with him And made him run faster So we ran together

He never ran a formal marathon
He never would compete
On Sundays
He ran thirty miles
And was back before the sun was up

He used to say
Every human must run
To feel the wind on the face
The sun on the back
The pain in the muscles

I grew up from canvas shoes To light cushioned shoes Filament capri pants And ultra soft tech tops

I ran to win
Be a marathon champion
My dad stuck to his bare feet



And would never compete Except with me He ran in loose cotton shorts And a cotton tee shirt

I was running with him When he collapsed and died Smiling through his sweat My hand in his

I'm leading in this race
Far ahead of the next runner
Less than a mile to go
There's fire in my calves
A spring in my steps
I sprint in a frenzy
And collapse across the tape
Blacked out and dead in my glory

(Kerala Varma on London Olympics Closing Day)



C K Kerala Varma (born 10.10.1952 in a village Chirakkal in Kerala, India) is a retired banker and an amateur poet. His only published poems are in Poetry Pact 2011 edited and published in USA by Richard Merrill and Angela Felsted. Kerala Varma lives in Chennai (India) with his educationist wife Chitra

"SEEKING FOR A POEM"

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**COMPETITION 2012.** 

### Chenonlo Woch, India



### "Young as I am"

Young as I am, lost in my bewilderment Neither in cognizance of where I am, Nor adept to chance my arms towards any direction; Engrossed in bedlam, I jumble in the stand-off.

Young as I am, fickle to the world's enchantment Rather trailing baits of alluring nothing Or dwelling as a being heedless to right decision; Entrapped in abyss, I freeze into a standstill.

But young as I am, yearning for true enrichment, Louder is my quest for solace, More eager to transit towards tranquillity in my vision; Enthused for Armageddon, I stand my ground firm, come what may.

And young as I am, when rooted in God's atonement, Further endowed in His love For to find my comfort in God's Holy abode is my mission; Entrenched in God's asylum, I stand out as a strong tower transcending heavenwards.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



Born on the 8th of November, 1989 in Kohima, Chenonlo Woch belongs to the Rengma Naga Tribe of Nagaland, India. Currently a student of Master of Arts (Political Science) in Delhi University, India. An ardent admirer of poetry, to whom poetry is the ultimate means of expressing one's deepest thoughts surpassing all barriers. Began writing poetry for the love of it and the inherent joy, pleasure and comfort it provides at the age of 16 as a means of selfexpression but delved deeper into the poetry world only a t the age of 20. An amateur poet without any formal training on the art but the passion lives on.





## Christina Angoura, Greece



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What am I looking for?

Therefore, What am I looking for here; lost in the abyss of emotions; disoriented, confused, sinking into the swirl of lies?

Plaintive sounds rumble constantly ripping wind, want to offer consolation leaving thousands of unanswered questions.

While I was looking the clocks ,I was remembering the words that offered to me pain without stopping; blackening my heart ,causing wilting .

Moanful rule the rivers my face Leaving blank the cause in my mind Therefore, what am I looking for? My name is Christina Angoura .I come from Greece .I was born in Alepohori ,a small village 20 km far from Tripoli, the capital city of county Arcadia. I went to primary school and junior high at Vlachokerasia, a village near to my village .Then ,I finished high school at Tegea. I study Law in Democritus University of Thrace .I started writing poems in 4<sup>th</sup> class at primary school.





## Christine Crystalli, Greece



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Born in Piraeus where she still lives, she studied history and archaeology at university and American and English literature. She is keen on Latin and ancient civilizations. She works as an educator and translator.



#### **Block-of-Flats**

I step on someone else's ground,
Someone else's life.
Beneath me furniture,
Gilded moments,
Heavy air the lower the thicker.

Above me, others step on my head Push, push, push Slowly,
Forcibly,
Undetectably
We slip
deep,

An endless train crossing ages
Subterraneously.
I pass through others' traces,
They will pass through mine,
Sarcophagi
Stamped "ephemera"
Since the dawn of day,
Not lasting, but longing
For what existed before time







#### The Noblest Of Fairytales

Too otherworldly your new home, it keeps me at a distance And yet, you once lived among us

Christos Daskalakis

A dark figure, leading an ascetic existence

In my mind you were like an angel

And you were narrating for me the noblest of fairytales.

Don't be envious of my present place of living

For memory has kept everything intact

Long conversations, blurred illustrations

Your words of wisdom, on many an occasion

Redeem me from those dark lands you too loathed to mention.

It's getting late, I should be leaving now.

Talking in silence is always a pleasure

They might as well have gone by

The years, along with heavy seas and heavy rains.

But our souls enjoyed perpetual leisure; and you, the omnipresent was five years old he moved to Hy-

You were narrating for me the noblest of fairytales.

# "SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.





Christos Daskalakis was born in 1977 in Athens, Greece. When he was five years old he moved to Hydra, were he lived until the age of twenty. He studied counseling, psychology, music theory and orthophony. He completed his studies with courses in acting and directing. His leisure time is spent writing the pages of his stories, poems and fairytales. Christos loves travelling, beautiful music melodies, and his small, picturesque island of Hydra. *The moment I am gone* is his first poetic collection.

Currently, he resides and works in Athens.

www.christosdaskalakis.com



## Dajana Lazarević, Serbia



#### The Camelot legend

According to the legend, the New King was born With the heart of a lion, prudent and brave. He had a mission to bring back the honor Of father's Kingdom, his knights and name. The sword made for the King's hand, Rested in the stone, waiting for him. And he finally came, blessed from the wizard, Strong and charming like a dream.

He fulfiled the prophecy, all the battles won, Rejoined the Knights of The Round table. Broke every obstruction and plot, With all strengh protected Camelot. Majestic and confident, knew very well Every stone, a mountain, and a wood. But one day was trapped by the spell, The spell of beautiful, maiden princess. Fell on his kniese, even being the King, Shivered, even being fearless. The King of the sea, the King of the land, Powerful leader, the knight of the knights, Gave her itternal love consent. But wizard Merlin saw romance, In his vision, growing in mind. He said to the King, that he must be blind, Blind and insane to marry a witch.

Day after day, year after year...
The King suffered more and more.
He had never forgotten Morgana.
He finaly married, after many years,
And got a son, a prince and future King.
But in his mind always was Morgana.
Living just for battles, living with no love,
He lost his health, youngness and power.
His queen was unfainthful, and that hurt a lot,
That hurt more than any political plot.
He left the throne, the castle and wife,
He left the treasure, the wizards and the khights,
He left all in searching for Morgana.

When he found her, after so many years, In mountain of Avalon, dissappeared his sadness. Because, that was her, her face and arms, That were the lips of his princess. "I am not The King. I am just a man, Who fell in love in one woman. I left the throne, the crown and the dove, To die in embrace of woman I love."

According to the legend, one day will come King Arthur and Queen Morgana again. I don't know that. Maybe they will. I don't even know where are they now, But I know that they are together still..





"SEEKING FOR A
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My name is Dajana Lazarević. I was born 12.03.1993. I am student of Faculty of filology, University of Belgrade.I have published two books of poetry:

1. "Through space and time". 2011. "Infinitive roads of stars", 2012.

My poems have been published in some magazines:

- 1. "The voice of gimnazy",2012.
- 2. "Svitak", 2012.
- 3. "Bagdala", 2012.

"Diogen",2012.

And, also in electronic magazines:

1. "Afirmator", 2012.

"Books road", 2012.

I can write in serbian, english, german and russian language. I won several prizes:

- 1. "Prize for highschool poetry", Belgrade, 2012.,
- 2. Prize "Janos Siveri", 2012,
- 3. Certificate "Diogen", 2011-2012,
- 4. "Prize for recitation", 2012,
- 5. "United Serbia", 2012.

Prize "Duško Trifunović", 2012.

Also, I have my own site on "Troublemaker", 2012.

My poetry found its place in songbooks:

- 1. "Sindjelic fires on Cegar", 2012.
- 2. "Sooty street," 2012,
- 3. "Paun", 2012.

"Christianity", 2012.

In books of "Critics 1" i "Critics 2" were published the critics of my poetry books. Author is Milijan Despotovic.



#### PAGE 40

## Davorin Lenko, Slovenia



#### Riddles of the west

I am not
not the same
as I was
now, immaculate
broken and shattered
muted quotation
yet still one in nothing
and nothing in all

eternal in passing
I am two and I'm one
the third side of a coin
never tossed up
but am nonetheless spinning
since time before time

before I'm

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.

Who (what) am I?



I was born in Slovenia on 8. 2. 1984. I studied comparative literature at Faculty of Arts in Ljubljana, where I graduated in January 2012. From 2008 to 2012 I worked as a freelance musical journalist specialized in black metal. Since 2010 I have published several poems and short stories in various Slovenian art magazines.







## Depi Farkatsi, Greece



PAGE 41



a march in a desolate city sounds seemed to wake up and contemplate invisible beings

a city outdated and inaccessible suddenly listens the slogan and answers, like not a day went by war

shadows are running here and there they are outlining dark silhouettes in dilapidated houses, they are dragging their nails on skinned floors and they are hanging from rusty columns

-'Stranger this city to respect feel sorry to pass it ,beg with your grief for us, the errant entities' - 'Shadows, dark shadows ghosts of the day I will not bother you, far as I can your darkness I will erase'

and the passer alone and upset his way continues, he is struggling to pass the city his movements are moderate

the sun goes down and he's still there, lost in the fog where he's going to live in from now on

### "SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.





My name is Depi Farkatsi and I'm 18 years old. I just finished school.

I've always loved books and especially poetry and I started writing poems in the age of 15.

I've completed two poetry collections in the last three years and I'm planning to publish them in the near future. I've taken part in poetry competitions in my country and in Europian competitions.

My poetry has been influenced mainly by the famous poets: Sylvia Plath, Od.Elitys, Thomas Dylan and Oscar Wilde





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# Dr. Dariusz Pacak, M.F.A., Austria



(...) nothing more can be attempted than to establish the beginning and the direction of an infinitely long road-the pretension of any systematic and definitive completeness would be at least, a self-illusion. Perfection can be here obtained by the individual student only in the subjective sense that he communicates everything he has been able to see. (1950:xxxiii)

Georg Simmel, Critical Assessments, Band I.

#### THE AIM

If exists any way,

and are thousands of them, each is only an illusion...

If at least one of them

leads in a certain direction, it just seems to be a dream...

If even given is direction,

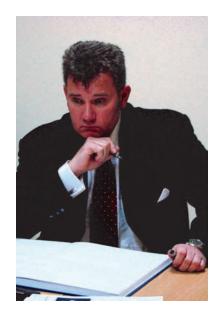
and we distinguish thousands of them, it's the only a veil...

One whole is real -The Aim.

We are, whatever our race, religion & place is, part of it.

Scattered,

like a stardust, passing away - we are coming back.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.

Norbertine Sisters of Convent, Imbramowice Abbey /Poland/ 17 Feb.2012



Dariusz Pacak, (Austria/Poland) poet, traveler /visited 54 countries/.

M.F.A. /Wroclaw, Poland, 1998/. Professional Studies /Vienna, Austria, 2000/.

Honorary Doctorate of Literature [WAAC] Kenosha, WI /USA, 2011/.

Member of ZPPnO /London, Great Britain/, and other literary& arts associations.

Honorary President of SIPEA /in Vienna/. Author of four poetry collections.

In literary magazines, Pacak has over 100 poetry publications & essays.

His poems are translated in eight languages & included in 45 World Anthologies.

http://www.othervoicespoetry.org/vol40/index.html

http://www.wimbp.lodz.pl/wimbp/pliki/bibik/bibik\_118/bibik\_118.pdf

### pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

# Dwaipayan Regmi, Nepal

**Nothing can Pay** 

Our talks and aims,
Our promises and games,
Willingness to sacrifice for each other's name,
Was a certain, but it is now lame.

I don't criticize anyway, I recognized you, and nothing can pay!

Our memories are dreams.
Like you had your hair trim,
You lost your cream,
I could not realize it, it was in a whim.

I don't criticize anyway, I recognized you, and nothing can pay!

You grew so cheap,
For dough and the sip.
Only if you had control over your lip,
The trust level would not go dip.

I don't criticize anyway, I recognized you, and nothing can pay!

We never had the treaty.

But you were with your responsibility.

Everyone were satisfied with your ability,

But I now wonder what took you to the point of eligibility.

I don't criticize anyway, I recognized you, and nothing can pay!

Identify a person, you will win the play,
That is what they used to say.
I identified, and it was a fire at the hay,
I saved myself from another doubtful day.
Therefore,
I don't criticize anyway,

I don't criticize anyway, I recognized you, and nothing can pay!







Writer is a freelance writer based in Nepal. He has been writing for various English Newspapers in regular manner.





# Durđija Peruničić, Serbia



#### A little corner of happiness

I listened, felt how you were looking for me, hoping,boding.

Life, a leaf whom a wind drifts far away. Was that the thoughts of you? He cries quietly, with solitary tone for both.

The memory flirts noiselessly with the sounds of harp, you want to avoid it, an unclear lunar phase, the constellation in a soul, the brilliance which is ruined now. It taunts you, it precludes, fearing it's going to submit.

Life, imperceptible trace, invisible candle flame, a little corner of happiness.

I heard the chord of yearning, the tones of endless aspiration, i am with them now, the water is asleep, faraway tide. You are afraid and still you are hiding the mask of pain, hiding the tone of d-minor.



Known young poet from Serbia









## Eftichia Kapardeli, Greece

#### **FIRST LIGHT**

One day still rises Sun triumphs writhe of Night Dies ... in minutes

Pieces of land in the Light remotely .... parts a Wave Brisk Coast wants to crash

The rain rays
all the worlds
shine
and Beauty
first bird
fly high and far
the top of the Sky
searches





Eftichia Kapardeli was born in Athens and lives in Patras. She writes poetry, stories, haiku, essays, and novels. She participates in chorus as a soprano. She graduated from the journalism department at the A.K.E.M. (Athenian Center Vocational Education). She participates in many education seminars. She knows H/Y 7 programs, English and Italian, and classic Kithara. She was a guide for the Hellenic Girl Scouts. She is an active volunteer fire-woman and participates as an auditing student in the Department of Philology at the University of Patras. She has awards in Panhellenics competitive essays, topics, stories, novels, fables, and haiku. She takes earned recognition for her novel Secret March from D.E.E.L. and "Sikeliana 2006" from UNESCO. Her work is published in various magazines. Her first poetry collections are "Confindings of Secrets" and "Light." She has one paper, "The Creek Civilication" in the University of Cyprus. She is a member in the World Poets Society (W.P.S.) at http:// world-poets.blogspot.com/ and the International Writer's Association (IWA).

Contact her at the following address: e-mail: kapardeli@gmail.com http://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1377152190#!/profile.php?id=1377152190

 $http://www.best-poems.net/kapardeli\_eftichia/index.html \\ http://worldpeaceacademy.blogspot.com/2010/10/poets-for-worldpeace.html$ 

http://douridasliterature.com/kapardeli.html



# Ekene Eziagulu, Nigeria



#### **TELL HER** (Dedicated to a friend)

Tell her America is the land of dreams Nigeria, her blood

Thicker than water!

Is it not the land naija?
Where you did things;
Bare footed, bare-chested
Happy, unfettered
Under moonlight's watchful approval

When meal times
Were not mean times.
Fish oil escaping
From between grinning teeth
Leaving imprints (near lasting)
On raiment and heart
Amongst kinsmen and women

But I still understand you
Even though you speak
In strange tongues
They say you've been
Bitten by American bug
So you have new friends
Who write and speak like you do

Of signs and letters
That lead to more
Signs and letters, complex
T-e-k-i-n-o-l-o-g-y is good
Since it gives us power
To see your face,
Make out your frame
Hear your voice,

However the optimists may try
Machine spirit cannot rival kindred spirit
And always remember that
That bounce in your stride

Bears its significance From your sense of African pride

So go to the uttermost parts
If you must, but please listen
To that still small voice
That tells you
Home is where your heart is.

Tell her America is the land of dreams Nigeria, her blood Thicker than water!



: I fall in love again and again with the melody of words. Also, i am a proponent of 'educated persistence' hence i am in my elements when i am writing poetry, engaging in constructive discussion with people, traveling, photography and such ilk that get the creative juices flowing!







#### Ode to Eros, the God of love

Dusk, my sweetest Dusk, why you leave me not in my lonely life, why, eyes that are mine should stumble upon thine, plenty around still your svelte body stood out, I search with my eyes for your dance of reward, sweet, aethereal, though cruel at times, your dance, it reminds me of the dance of the trees, shaking wildly at the rhythm of strongly blowing winds, winds either smoothly waving their leaves or even cruelly uprooting them lastly.

What a dance! Well known dance! The swinging of an enormous star, high up in the dark, sleeping innocently in the sky's lap, among other stars, with yours amidst them, glittering like a precious gem. It is somebody else's dance! Yet it is now all yours! Look how your amazing feet drift us into this frenzy! Your body is snapping like raging waves, yet we still crave for one more dancing step, for one more wild rhythm of your body. Plenty are the eyes yearning for your smile, an angel's smile, a smile bright in the darkness, a smile stolen by the envious night, so as to sleep serenely till morn.

A velvety body of a lass! Think of it, trembling like a flower in the breeze, breaking down hearts, even the hardest ones, when coming into sight of your sparkling glance, a glance, that takes them to strange places, where crystal-clear waters never stop to gush,

there, where birds are chirping melodious tunes, nestling all in warmth there, where flowers are always in blossom, and royal choruses send their echo from afar,

there, where white-horse riding knights rule, fighting nobly for a maiden's heart, offering her most precious gems, hers to keep for ever expecting to have her company for all time ahead. A maiden of the same kind, I am too, no wonder I dreamt of you, one hand upon a sword, the other on your heart, bent in my loving lap, stroking your shining black hair, as dark as a raven, craving for your illusive kisses, wanting to be lost in your arms.

Oh! Sighing, my suffering soul there is, my blood

is bubbling like a volcano, ready to explode, no hail I can see, only lava dripping on me behold, what an ordeal for my suffering heart, my dry lips yearn for the dew of your own.

Oh, my sweet fantasy, why are you not yet awake only, expecting to see the sun setting through your wide-open window sill! A white laced robe I wear, you will catch sight of me, an aethereal nymph, slipping in the woods, among the old trees, the lyre for you in my hands, don't let the trumpeting wind mislead you, follow the echo through the gorge, it will swiftly lead you on to the rainbow, and when the bright colours of iris fall on your charming figure, turn your glance upon the rustling leaves, on them you will see me enthroned.

A love note I mail to you, forget not to give notice to the messenger's mate, about the exact spot where our pure hearts will bond. It is the path, where your moon-like light flashed upon, and the shields of my heart, wide-open broke, look at the dripping juices, hastingly come, drink, quench your thirst, dream of me, as an enthroned queen, dream of the nights and days of me being the mistress of your lust, to say I love you fear not, to see me inscribe your initials in ink of gold, high up in the sky, down below, on the grass, in Hades realm, where darkness resides.

Come in hurry, delay no more, stars, told me this, sent me a sign, the day the mountains will start to dance, is not far away, only forget not, abundant water carry along, for my flame is raging high.

There is, somewhere, a well, where people make a wish, praying for the extinct of darkness, yet when seen shinning, it always is, I don't seem to mind. My stride may be slow, but my desire is swift, the sun is out but nowhere to be seen, why is it that you fear to reach out for the gold, no valiant ever dared think of not to look for.

I am trapped in your fishing net, shaking like a fish, if to rescue me, you fervently wish, think of it no.

The love note has been returned, an answer I got from my beloved one, he declares to me, the Sun, henceforth, will be yours.



Greece



Your hair of gold have mesmerized me, let me touch it, as spices it smells, as aromatic herbs, its fragrance spreads all over, my heart is intoxicated. A priceless present your own loving smile alone, will tell me what is in your soul, whether it is true or might I be lost in Hades, if not, deep-down in Hades, see no other sunrise, the hemlock, readily, I will drink, reaching for salvation at last.

Eleni Kampa

Such an exquisite rose, exposed to my sight, never have I seen, let my sight, for a while, to rest my senses. What paradise kept out of my sight, this gem, for so long? Such a self-brightening gem, that needs no pearl.

What fresh waters made it grow, into the most elegant of all?

The petals, the rose petals red as blood happened to touch me, I blushed all red, since then, the red liquid of your reminisce keeps flowing within me, red ink I use, to write lyrics, to forget you not. Beautiful words are not enough, your aethereal grace to touch, the feeling is that your eyes keep your secrets very safe. Sweetest grapes, I tenderly hold in palm in my scented scarf for you, day after day, my oil-lamp I keep burning, the light of which your graceful figure will unveil to me, Oh! I make a plea, carry along with you, my soul.

My beloved master, you knew nothing of my heart's desire, fear has overwhelmed you, a proof you desire, my own pillow lying in chastity, a flower I am to you, let it never wither, forget not to water, mind its bulbs, fresh water drawn from an only well use in place of the old, a different spring should you look for it will die out, and its oblivion will only be left. My full bloom, vine, has cast its spell on you, it all has to do, with its mountain-spring refreshing waters. Your loving words had me, dream at night, of fragrant Jasmines only, in your dreams fancy me, planting blooming acacias, the golden flowers of which resemble the shape that of the moon.

Don't ask me to deny my loving feelings for you, its true I love you and my smile will last, as long as, you are the master of my whole life. Come, taste our lips' nectar, the kiss will dazzle you, at the crack of dawn, you will keep dancing in the rhythm of our bodies, you will follow mindless after our dream,

the whole world will be ours lying at our feet.

Let them stare, they are envious of what we have, they have no water in their hands, pure and unspoilt, theirs is desecrated by the evil, left in the mud, and cannot be washed away, the universe will not let it. I beseach you, this soaked with rain, sacred land, don't deprive me, of let me live this way for ever.

Apollo, my cherished sun-god, why should you, at my windows sill, come and rise, why then disappear behind the clouds, just like a little lad scared to death by the thunder, where is he, where is this youth, a bitterness hovers in my bedroom hand, my delicate little land, I make a plea to you, rise, will you, but it responds no more it is silent, what happened to my voice? I drunk not the water of silence. You forgot all about our vows, the ones that with my own blood I earned, and you no longer care for our own fruit, the one you watered for till a day ago, now you look for a different fruit, beware you might repent, the new step you are now climbing might make you crash, and with shuttered winds how high can you fly! I send you my wish, though within I am burning, I ache, I call the god of love to hear out my voice, I treat him no fair, I sent him a message, I hope he receives it, to share no joy, to give it a second thought, all birds need wings on the branches of trees, in nests that no wind from the north can sweep away.

You have treated me with the mystery of deceit, just like the Helen of Troy, you have dazzled me with the love of many conquerors, and you gave in to the kiss of my enemy, what a horrendous moment! I removed the veil to reveal my secret, to be the first and last to flavor, what a disgrace to serve it back! Thorns have pierced me all over, what happened





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## Eleni Kampa, Greece



to my brave soul, the wings of which now lie broken, it can fly no more, trapped in a cage with the key missing. It is for you, I write, Eros, my prettiest of lyrics, should you be flattered, should you feel sorry for me, wipe my tears and keep you from pressing the dagger inner. Eros, you leave me feeling numb, you are bittersweet, still I cannot be without you, oh my god of golden wings, take your arrows back, fool me no more, it is you full of life and naughtiness, god of creation, the one who pities no one to strike upon, oh ruthless, cruel, you end up with a grin on your lips.

You have watered my flowers to growing very tall, with branches and fruits, but now you dare chop it down, at start the sound of the lyre sounds sweet, soothing my aching soul, now I hear the drums beating the war song tempo, you got what you wanted, to put up an act at my expense, and, as for me, resembling a delicate flower I was drawn in your arms, now have become a rose in premature blossom, suffering your heavy winters. My wings stood high, but you trapped them in your net, you spiked and simmered them, leaving death as my only expectation.

Oh Eros, asleep as you were, who woke you up, never did I ask for sleep or for nights of the dark, it is as dark as hell, maybe I am in Hades, I curse you no more, the hate keeps rising to lethal poison in my veins I am afraid, it is killing me. Only one hope rises me up, a hope thanks to which, my body is still breathing, it is your arrival that it awaits, it rested on the armchair, news expecting to hear, the like of which that the long anticipated moment, now lies by the happiness sill, and it will no longer touch my cold body by the chill.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM"
INTERNATIONAL POETRY
COMPETITION 2012.



**2006-2012:** Graduated from Athens School of Fine Arts. **1997-1999:** Graduated from National Institute of Business Administration.

1995-1996: Graduated from Athens Lyceum.

**February 2010-August 2010:** Erasmus program (mobility of students) in the faculty of Fine Arts of Barcelona.

May 1999-March 2000: Secretarial support in the Social Service Department in Greece.

13/11/2000 - 01/05/2005: Sales in the company NOTOS COM in Athens.

**July 1999-Decemper 1999:** On the job training in a Greek company in Business and Financial Administration.

#### **ACTIONS**

2012. Solo exhibition a Literary Association 'PAR-NASSOS'.

Participation in 5<sup>th</sup> Biennale of the students of the Greek Schools of Fine Arts in 2008.

Participation in several exhibitions organized by the Municipality of Athens and other Municipalities of Greece such as:" Gianni's Ritso's Poetry', "The woman's place nowadays".

Participation in three panhellenic exhibitions of visual arts organized by the Literary Association 'PARNASSOS'. I have been awarded in two out of three (2003, 2004).

Participation in several exhibitions of visual arts.

Former member of Panhellenic Association of Literature and Art (P.A.LA.), member of United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization.

# Elpiniki Papaconstantinou, Cyprus



#### REFUGEE

In the streets I find you alone
The handkerchief blowing away like crazy in your uncombed hair
In a sock you have tied up your house's years the good ones
In your dirty clothes your two children tide up closely is
With a lost look you stare at these foreign lands that refugee took away
Your blooded two feet hold you stable in this long road you have chosen
Looking for a little place to rest in this land in this earth
Memories ready to get you alive like, byenes

Memories ready to eat you alive like hyenas

Your destiny is not cursed

But those who make you run away

Refugee all around you shout to you as it is a disease

But no one has seen your should kingdom

Refugee they look at you and go away

Woe to those who look at you from above

But no one listens to your thoughts

Let then think of what you're became as an advise

And a goat in their life to set

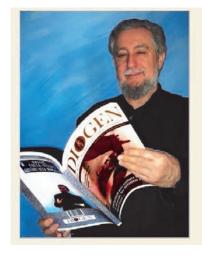
Never again a refugee in their own land

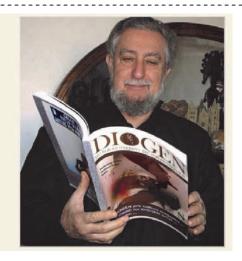




I was born in Ayia Filla of Limassol here in Cyprus. I am currently living and working in Limassol.

I have a workshop where I create Byzantine icons (hagiography) called «To mystiko» (the secret). I have been awarded with the First international prize of iconography for the year 2012. Furthermore I am also working as a teacher in public schools teaching mosaic creations. I have made four exhibitions in various galleries of Cyprus and also i have taken part in exhibitions in Greece. I am also a writer focusing in children's literature and poetry where i have also been awarded in national competitions.







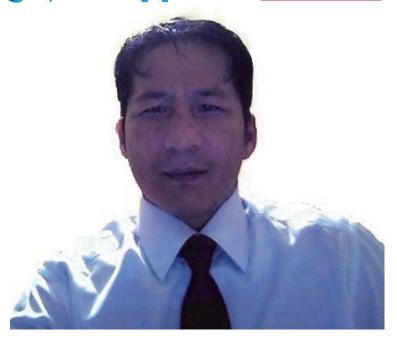
## Ernesto R Santiago, Philippines



#### My Cowboy Is Now An Angel

Into my life he came; he made me blink like a rose diamond. I never wanted to be his dream. I wanted to be his forever, a crazy cowboy wife. I wanted my mind to live on in his heart. He wooed me into his naughtiness, where we unwound in the dizzying height of the mountain of unspeakable body. He was a wind horse fox trotting deeper, deeper, and yet deeper into my wet tundra. My whole stooped on his bosom. His rugged breath a gurgling river on mine; he sipped my sweat like wine of autumn red. He praised my body, so special and longing. His rich voice my night lullaby, rocking me gently, oh so gently, to feel content when days are shortened in winter time. What is life without life? Saving souls from the bullets of a selfish ass, how easy it was for him to die without a verse. How difficult it is for me to live without a husband. How so unusual, I thought. If death is the cure, I am willing then to be cured. But I had often wondered. wondered if it would reform my altered self full of drugs and sleepless nights. My cowboy, now the light of my writing, a glorious remnant of true love that I got from experience. Tonight, I close my eyes and ask myself what is like to be kissed by an angel.





Ernesto P. Santiago is just a poetry enthusiast, who loves and enjoys exploring the poetic myth of his senses. He thinks, "Poetry is a global temperature that will always surprise us." His poetry has received many international poetry prizes from countries including Japan, Italy, Romania, Canada, and the United States.







### Fahredin Shehu, Kosovo

#### DRINKING RUM ON THE SHORE

Everything is becoming mysterious: The feathers of the raven and the gems From the depths of the earth Men and Women alike wandering What is holy and what profane Repertoire of outrageous sounds

The sea-foam bringing corpse of sometime Creatures full of life- red corrals and spawn Of whales with the smell of Ocean's basement

The elders on the shore sitting
Having small glasses of Rum
Rolling the dice; who shall
Better host the Death; while she
Awaits for the bed where to nap
For a while; undressing her aquamarine
Brocade and heavy accessories from
The metals of the seven mountains
Of the heart

...and the odor she releases
Allures even the most agnostics
And disbelievers
She is calm and tranquil
As potent as Queen but she
Dares not to knock
On the door of the orphan
I see...she has compassion for me
Or perhaps she isn't ordered yet
To kiss me in the forehead
Where the blood-spots draw
The constellation of Sagittarian

I invoke the name of Mother
And summon spirits of the distant earths
Since the celebration started, when
The banquet is set up by the grand breasts
Nymphs- Apsaras
If there's a Paradise somewhere
It descended here so I become
Dead before death that happens
In a blast of a moment and
In trillion's part of millimeters
Where another dimension is experiencing
A diffusion of a new Big Bang and
Supernovas- cosmic babies are

Milked by Mother I call in My dwelling- a serene settlement Of us – all of us Who never got enough of Love Who once learned to Love Never is unaccustomed to Love not







#### Published books:

- NUN- collection of mystical poems, 1996 author's edition,
- INVISIBLE PLURALITY- Poetical prose, 2000, author's edition
- NEKTARINA- Novel, Transcendental Epic, 2004, publishing House, Rozafa Prishtinë- project of Ministry of Culture Sport and Youth of Kosova
- ELEMENTAL 99- Short poetical mystical stories, 2006, Center for positive thinking, Prishinë
- KUN- collection of transcendental lyrics, 2007, Publishing House LOGOS-A, Skopje, Macedonia
- DISMANTLE OF HATE, E-book 2010, Ronin Press, London,
- CRYSTALINE ECHOES, Poetry, Hard copy and e-book 2011, Corpos Editora- Porto, Portugal
- PLEROMA'S DEW, Poem, Hard copy and Kindle/ Amazon Edition,
   2012 Inner Child Press, New York, USA
- EMERALD MACADAM, Essays, Columns, Opinions, Presentations, Academic papers on Culture, Art, Spirituality, 2012, Positive Initiative, Prishtina, Kosovo

MULBERRIES, Novel, Hard copy, LOGOS-A- Skopje, Macedonia, 2012 **Translated** in English, French, Italian, Spanish, Serbian, Croatian, Bosnian, Macedonian, Roma, Swedish, Turkish, Arabic, Romanian, Persian, Mongolian

**Ambassador** of Poets to Albania by Poetas del Mundo, Santiago de Chile Member of World Poets Association

**Member** of the Publishing and Editing Committee, at the Kosovo Ministry for Culture, Youth and Sport.

Member at the Kosovo PEN Center



## Filip Dimkoski, Macedonia



Alive, infinity alive

#### Wish

There is a little seed burning for wish To break through the solid ground, To become a green grass, And catch the sun around.

The seed, burst.

#### **Facing moment**

The sprout then, face the pain Because he wanted to go deep down in the ground with his roots while he wanted from tree to go up.

#### The Waiting

But if he want to make it to the sky,
First the weedy ground need to become soft
Until that the sprout will waiting
The day when it starts to rain.

It starts to rain..

#### After the rain

After the rain, short spring rain, The ground deeply took a breath, And the young sprout Glowingly start to sway.

#### Birth day

This sprout,
Went through the paintful way of growing,
He needed go around the lump
And "OP"!now he can see how the sun is glowing.

#### The Spreading

Just like this sprout,
Million of others heard the victory trhumphet,
They won the battle with the lumps,
And now they making beautiful green carpet.

#### Growing

The dew gently storked the grass,
While the sun was burning here,
She was food for the animals,
and place for rest for the butterflies and the bees,
grass meant live for the ants,
and a friend of flowers,
bad for the shepherds,
soft bed for siesta,
for the horses and the bulls,
victim of sickles and scythes.

#### **Appreciation**

And in her worst pain When the croppers was cutting his stabl, The grass was spreading beautiful smell So the world around her can enjoy.

#### Is she dead?

She is layin, stratified, In the soft swathes of hay In the shed of the old farmhouse, And even she's dried, The smell preyed everybody.

#### She's alive!...She lives

No, she's not dead, she's alive, She's so alive that she can give lives, She's food for the animals, She's given herself with relish.

#### She lives, she's adored

And she's adored, she lives,
With all the happiness and sadness,
And maybe she'll never find out
How much she means for
Every creature on this planet,
And how adorable she is,
Like a plant, like food,
Like smell, fresh like breath,
Purgatory For the soul and the eyes,
She's the carpet, of earth's paradise.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.

For the grass with love and respec. The autor.

Born in june 27th. 1995 in Prilep, Macedonia, have been writing from 8 years of age. He is author of book for kids "Moist nutritious words, gifts from child's soul,... Was rewarded for publishing from Literary club "Stale Popov,, in Bitola. Participated at many competitions, festivals, poetry evenings, etc.

He has many national and international awards (over 50):
-International award at "Struga poetry evenings,, as youngest participant, and award for fostering Macedonian contemporary poetry.
-International award (First place) from poetry at International literary festival "Janos Siveri,, in Novi Sad, Serbia
-International award as most talented young participant at

"Poetry evenings in Melnik,

Bulgaria.

-International award at "Researchers night,, for esay in Bitola, Macedonia. -Award from poetry at child's literary festival "Rakatki,, - First place from competitions,, The war are long revenge,, His poetry has been published at miscellanies: "Glasovi,, Macedonian-Greek), "Poetsko Markukule,, (2010 and 2011), "Rakatki,, (2009 and 2010) and in newspapers and magazines as "Zenit,, , Nova Makedonija,,etc. He was a guest at TV shows on Macedonian Radio and Television, Alfa TV, ,,,. For him is recorded TV show from "Trinity,, production, which is broadcast on TV at more Televisions in Macedonia ( Skopje, Tetovo, Ohrid, Bitola, Kavadarci, Strumica).





### Franc Tominec, Slovenia



#### Dance of life

I can not read notes written on the musical stave.

I am not moving to the beat.

Sometimes even text can not remember.

And yet the concept is I play in this orchestra.

And yet my heart is thumping with delight.

Who says you should learn notes, if I live this song ...

In whose rhythm to live, if not in their ...

Whose song to sing, if not his ...

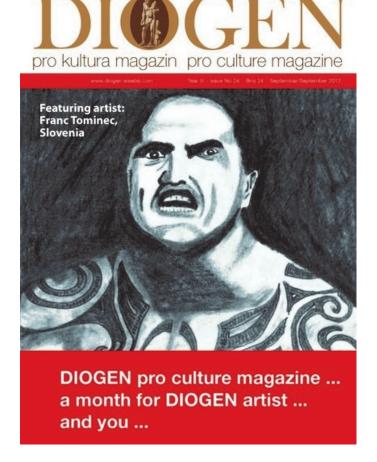
After all, this is the dance of my life.

Franc Tominec Born in Ljubljana-Slovenia 9.7.1968. Writer and painter from 1998. Published two books of poetry in Slovenia 2010, 2011, Member of Artist for freedom in Frankfurt, Published poetry in Charity book: Poetry for charity, Nigeria 2009. Presented in DIOGEN magazine No.24, 01.09.2012











## Francesco Perdona, Italy



#### **ADE**

Here's Little Train To Ade All's Fool Of Pain Orlando Full Of Pain Achille Full Of Pain Orpheus Full Of Pain The Styx Beds Ade On The Roof Wrong People Will Find You Crowling Up The Stige Find You In The Ade People Get bored In The Kitchen Drunk And Dark People Get Bored everywhere Here's Little Train To Ade That's Fucking Train To The Sense Of Things.



Italian poet











PAGE 56

## Franjo Frančič,



### Sons of Bitches

Once a month grandma and I went to have lunch with the aunt in Šiška on bus no nine, aunt worked in a bank, her husband Janez also worked in a bank, she didn't have children, contrary to her sister, my mother, who produced nine, with three losers, I was the first of the five from the third round. The lunch was always the same, beef soup, salad and mashed potatoes from her garden and a microscopically tiny piece of meat for grandma, rarely also for myself, and if aunt was in a good mood grandma got a glass of wine. But at eleven thirty there was always panic, because aunt became nervous in the fear that we would meet Janez, who was coming from mass after his compulsory visit to the pub in the vicinity of the church, we always had to leave before and sometimes we got tokens for the bus. One day nevertheless we met on the staircase, he didn't even look at us, downstairs I could hear him yell at aunt: those sons of bitches don't come for to my place! p.s. Forty years later aunt asked me to visit her, she waited at the door all sobbing with her chattering denture, she had given a gold ring and a necklace with pearls from Ohrid to her daughter, Janez retreated to the balcony, all fucked and in pieces, in his piss-stained pants he was looking somewhere into emptiness, like a real fucking son of a bitch.

I have finished my fifth year of high school, my father is such a cunt, in autumn I met a two years older guy, I dreamt about him, mother is not much better, since I study dancing he noticed me quickly, I have no idea what they do together, he had a girlfriend in his town and I was hurt when he denied everything, this weird coxless pair, when he was supposed to be at the lectures I saw him with a schoolfriend, they were sitting in front of the TV and staring without a word, staring, he was hugging her and looking deep into her eyes, these two weirdos, staring and staring, without a word, now I don't know how I am going to survive, I feel so hurt, staring and staring, without a word, without a word.

My godfather is holding a bottle of wine in his hand and toasting, mum comes almost every night and demands that I drive her around in the old ford escort, the south wind and migration, comas and a remotecontrolled pilot, I waited a long time for my hand to become larger than my father's, the rainbow door of the holy never, a hunchbacked grandma and a pram for twins, then I waited for the right moment and knocked him down, children are playing in the city park, in white, pigeons are fighting over crumbs, he was lying on the floor like a son of a bitch when I kicked his head in, and forgive us our sins, I followed the words of Jesus Christ: do onto others as you would have them do onto you, or was it Confucius who said that before him, but then children turn into pigeons and all narrows down to a trade, because it is a bugger if you deny God too much then he IS, because father did this to me so many times, but of course there are no words.

At four am it is dawn and the crazy jay, a needle and rocks in the mouth, at five the broken stalk of a sunflower, you flee to the temporarily liberated area, soldiers of vines and rockets of cypresses piercing the sky, underneath the houses on the saltpans, roofless, swim in the sea, how I planted trees and built the shed without roots, at eight zero zero, obituaries, in the strategic positions always the same sons of bitches, at nine thirteen Leon rolls a joint, cataract above the lump of time, crushing, Jubilo Iwata plays against Jokahama, total nought, light in August, filigree pavements, where to, dear friend, the CDs are evaporating, the snow is slowly falling, outside the world is melting, into its fucking particles, Sunday afternoon, the winter of summer.





PAGE 57

## Franjo Frančič, Slovenia

II.

#### **Awakening**

The universal wind Shakes the black crown Stars are falling

At dawn the cascade of light covers the transparent, hanging veil, blind butterflies are hugging the trees, sharp edges of the world, the images are dancing to the song of youth, the song of oblivion, the flag of the sun at half mast, the hand spasmodically feeling and looking for lost mornings, birth is a farewell, the icy fire is going out, morning stars are softly falling into the arms.

In the middle of the night I was woken up by a knife in the water, the snakes have left the roof of the house without roots, captured, I eat rocks, words are closed up in books, paintings in museums, drivers in their trucks, the child stretched out with his eyes closed, where are my wings, he was wondering in the dream, the head of a pigeon was lying in the grass lacerated, you die for a moment, it's not even surrender, you are the shadow of a shadow, a rider in the desert and you are both there, strangers without a face, how I despised and hated them, it's branded, there is no forgiveness, you wait for the morning, clouds of leaden images, all the anxiety returns again, the naked, destructive fear, again you creep on the floor and lick the blood of the female who betrayed you, ashy sky, the squeaking of the solitary bird, time is sliding through the slots of memory, this son of a bitch will fuck up my brain again and she will stand there and laugh, laugh.

Somewhere in Celine's Journey to the End of the Night there is a passage, I entered unannounced into the flat while the hero was holding my mum's hand, I saw mum through the frost-glass of the living room and a woman who was lying on the sofa, mum was persuading him to join the soldiers on the front, I opened the bathroom door, froze, you will protect your country, won't you, your country is your mother, says mum, the bath was full of blood, slime, pinky flesh with no head, no, no, cries the hero, you are my mum, naturally I didn't open the door, I never asked her, I knew in advance that she had the answer ready, then the hero ended up in the military compartment of the psychiatric clinic, I went there twice, there was this woman who was speaking faster and faster, I'm a murderer, a murderer of children, they took her to the cage and tied her up with leather belts, a baby, who weeps, jeezus!

She was a black lady with aristocratic features, she had a son, a blind father and a failed marriage with a sailor, fast food, fast fuck, provided it's a good one, cheap purchase, three times a day she forced me to shower, buy cheap and sell costly, hey zombie don't look back, the ph of my skin was dropping, but fortunately in Lent near the market there was a plastic snack bar with tramps, drunks and gypsies, the superstore offering a large selection of candles, the Sales increasing, she fucked like a machine gun an ordinary one, in chain orgasms she fell into a trance, buy dear lady, great selection sir, I asked her how I should know when she likes it, low prices, special offer, great selection, no fight, just watch my nipples, when they are erect I am willing and ready, dear consumer, to let you know, the carnal cognition, but hell, her nipples were always standing out and erect.



PAGE 58



## Franjo Frančič, Slovenia

Like a son of a bitch I was running away all the time, there in the cell it was dark, and Dragica on the other side of the walls, I was running away from everything, from mum, the ever-drunk dad, the world and myself, these walls don't exist, you can ignore them, I was really good at running, I was training for a great competition, sweating, just close your eyes, I'll pull you off, come on, imagine it, can you feel my hand, those concrete board-beds and the fourteen holes in the wall of the jail, can you feel it, can you feel it, how you push it into my wet cunt waiting for you, they say, come on beat the outside ones, for us the castle ones, do you like it, tell me, do you like it, come on, push it, ram it up to my throat, I started off like a madman, I was many metres ahead of others, come on, do me harder, jeez, do me to the end, do it, do it, damn, and then, I stopped just before the end, I let everything slip past,

did you come, come on, tell me, you bloody bastard, the heavy hand of the teacher knocked out two of my front teeth, was it good, did you like it, I was fourteen and I wasn't growing anymore, you know, when we get out, don't you think that the whole barracks fucked me, I was fourteen and I was the most lonely boy, who was wondering: where do the butterflies hide from the rain?

I looked so long for the temporarily liberated area - in the pharaonic mornings I dream of page boys, the white fur of the morning cuts into the glass of time - and it was close by inside me, softly the senses are awakening, what's been decided will have to be done again, the time is crashing and forgetting the minor prophets, the flakes of hope are getting lost in the lava of reality, the judgments you pronounced in the petty wars are losing importance, there is so much of this kind to do between birth and death, seeming victories, bent over the clods of the ground, the seventh day of solitude, the birds are heading south, the jug is empty, the images are counted out, on the dead boat, in the toiling for a new empty day, horses ride on the walls of memory, the indefinable knocks gently, the miracle is in growing, in the stars, in the moment, which flees before you can catch it, you scream: who is the magician?!

Burnt grasses, a landscape foreign and deaf, memories like dried flowers of oblivion, the winter is coming with a tired face, wrong words about power and truth, about small wars and escape, about long nights, when they settle down in the roofs of houses, about a house without roots, about fled dreams and the sharpness of loneliness, about life, which has slipped past, love is or it isn't, your death is born with your birth, the fire goes out in the eyes of the night, the heart is a lonely hunter, loneliness, silent and white like a transparent veil, loneliness as sharp as a knife, naked, radiant and gentle.

I gather them, these sheets, in the crushing time, I don't have masks any more, all the letters have been sent, the way I was building the shed, the way I was waiting for the sunny daughter, the mornings are sloughing into evenings, hope without dreams, the way I was running away before a winter in the blood, wrapped in a daze, there is no sun left in the hands, no moon in the hair, sometimes the scars smart, just enough for me to catch breath, the poor say the rich are happy, the rich claim the poor are happy, both say that God is happy, what's happening with him, is he tired? One am, the sharp edges of the disappearing world in the dark, I run naked into the landscape, green how I hate you green.





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You choose a tree, approach it and greet it, you ask it for permission to come closer and enjoy its shadow and protection, you sit with it and keep it company, you can imagine your body similar to the trunk of the tree, your legs turning into roots,

They are getting heavier and go deep into the ground, and your arms are like branches, you indulge in the peace and fill up with the energy of the tree, slowly you start to become aware of your body, you stretch and open your eyes, thank the tree for its kindness and support, but then some cunt comes and cuts down the tree and three more that you had planted, you approach him, you don't ask for permission to come closer and be in his company, you imagine your arm heavy, you concentrate the whole weight of the tree into the punch, you cut him down with the first well aimed blow, you cannot really do more for the protection of our planet.

A morning in spring, you and the butterfly go hunting, the silence of the moon, the rainbow of the night and the call of a jay, the ground is breathing, the sea is sleeping, the miracle of birth, white childhood like a knife, like a cry in the night, an exhausted face, the evening a treasure, my child is sleeping, in the centrifugal dance of the masks, the glow of parting.

I buried a boat in the ground, sprinkled soil into the boat, I planted a tree in the clearing, there is wind in the sail, seed in the wind, life in the seed, in the morning the blossoms of the waves, a quay in the dreams, there is charm in the time, power in charm, in the ground a white, white night.

Franjo Frančič (1958, Ljubljana) je pesnik, prozaista, pisac za decu i dramski pisac koji je deo svoje mladosti proveo u popravnom zavodu gde se izuči galvanizera. Kasnije je studirao na Višoj školi za socijalne radnike u Ljubljani, i uspešno je završio. Od početka osamdesetih godina živi kao slobodni pi Autor je više od 30 knjiga – romana, zbirka kratkih priča, pesničkih zbirki, dramskih tekstova i radio-drama, kao i knjiga za decu i omladinu.

Debitovao je 1984. godine knjigom priča *Egotrip*, a 1986. je objavio svoj prvi roman *Domovina bleda mati*. I, kao što navodi slovenački kritičar Poniž, već te prve Frančičeve knjige, koje "sežu u rane osamdesete godine prošlog veka i otvaraju tada zabranjene teme", uzdrmale su slovenačku knjiže Negde u tom periodu je Franjo napustio Ljubljanu i odselio se u Istru, "na privremeno oslobođenu teritoriju, koja deluje kao melem na ranjenu dušu njegnapisao je jedan od kritičara.

Kako, na kraju prevedene knjige, sastaviti biografiju pisca, čija je većina knjiga i te kako iskreno i nepatvoreno ogledalo njegove burne biografije pisca, čija bi samo bibliografska jedinica objavljenih knjiga zauzela dve strane? Od čega početi i gde završiti? Izbor iz dela: Ne, kratke priče, 1986; Jeb, 1988; Milostni strel - Orgija, kratka proza, 1989; Klovnova obzorja, pesme, 1990; Sovraštvo, roman, 1993; Začasno osvobojeno ozemlje, pesme, 1992; Ekratka proza, 1994; Male vojne, kratka proza, 1994; Poševni stolp v Pisi, kratka proza, 1995; Škorpionova balada, roman, 1995; Otroštvo, kratka proza, jutro Charles Bukowski!, zbirka erotskih priča; Janočka, pesme, 2000; knjiga za decuHvalnica sončnicam, 2002; Ljubezni in sovraštva, 2002; Za vse bo humoreske, 2006; Barufa in kažin, humoreske, 2005; Trkaj, trkaj na nebeška vrata, izabrana proza, 2006; Za vse boš plačal, Ne spominjam se, kratka proza, 2006; Ledeni ogenj resničnosti, roman, 2006. Kje se ksrijejo metulji pred dežje 2009, Hipo 2010, Neko naplamsko jutro, ko pkri zalije sanje, pesmi 2009

Domovina bleda mati ( BKG 2009, 3D+,2010, Intelekta Valjevo 2012 )Gde se skrivaju leptiri od kiše, ( 2011 ) Razvrat samoće, ( 2010 ) Voleo bih da zaustavim vreme Itd, itd.

Prevođen je na mnoge jezike, posebno na nemački, 30 prevoda na deset stranih jezika

Dobio je nagradu za poeziju časopisa *Mladika*, 1989. godine, a 1986. godine nagradu *Zlata ptica*za roman *Domovina, bleda mati*, kao i nagradu za ukupno stvaralaštvo, više nagrada u Austriji , Schwanenstadt 2009, 2011, 2012, Radio Trieste – A, više od 30 nagrada na konkursima u Italiji, Austrij

Sve ostalo je ionako zapisano u njegovim knjigama.

Ana Ristović



# Freya Pickard, England



#### Staged

Stomach clenching nervousness Muscles taut and tense, Tightness in my abdomen Thoughts do not make sense.

Heart beat doubles, triples rate Excited, but scared, In wings of darkness waiting Camaradie shared

Step out onto empty floor Bright lights on my face, Feel my body trembling, Dancing on a stage.





"SEEKING FOR A POEM" **INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.** 

Freya Pickard is the author of Dragonscale Leggings and lives in a little cottage in southern England with a view of the distant sea. She expresses her inner feelings through poetry and short stories and is currently working on several more novels. Her two blogsites can be found at http://dragonscaleclippings.wordpress.com and http://purehaiku.wordpress.com





## Geoffrey G. Attard, Malta



#### To the Goddess of Fertility

(whose images were found in plenty on Malta)

Thou art our youthful mother from whence comes light and life although we treat you harshly amid our pride and strife.

Thou art our *magna mater* the source of food and drink without your constant presence humanity would sink.

Thou art the new Astarte with soul fertile and pure your body spring and fountain of health guarantee sure.

Thou art the fertile lady whose image everywhere was found in soil and hillside for all to see and bear!

Thou art the goddess Giaia your kingdom now and here thy strength is overwhelming and when you strike, there's fear!





Fr Geoffrey G. Attard (1978-) was born in H'Attard, Malta, to Joe M. and Maria née Zammit. Hailing from Victoria, the main town of the picturesque island of Gozo, Attard was educated at the State's primary and secondary school in Victoria. Finished his studies at the Sir M.A. Refalo postsecondary, Geoffrey entered the diocesan Sacred Heart Seminary to further his studies for priesthood, where he obtained his B.A. in Theology. In June 2004 he was ordained priest at the Gozo Cathedral. He celebrated his first Solemn High Mass in his own parish church, St George's Basilica. Soon after ordination, he went to Scotland, where he started an M.A. course in History of Theology at the University of Edinburgh. He is now studying for an M.Litt. at the University of St Andrews, Fife, while giving his pastoral service at St Francis' Friary, Dundee. Attard has cultivated a special love to writing and reading from an early age. Many are his literary works – ranging from articles and translations to poems and hymns – that have been published on local and international reviews, not to mention the books he has already published. You can enjoy some of his poems on www.freewebs.com/ poezija.

### Georgakas Konstantinos, Greece

### **Sleepy Awakening**

Snowing laugh of yours

To be stoned by on to the

Euthanasia in need

My oh my...how coward I seem to be

Look-stare at me
I've ordered coffee
Hence now... and I watch all over the

Hidden now from you

Let me sleep for a while

Away from those I deceive

Watch out now...yes asleep – yes awake

Awaken when we shall be
We always bet on a pair of eyes
I've betted my pair of nights
I'm not yet feared...no oblivion – no mistake





I still stare on to me

Name Konstantinos

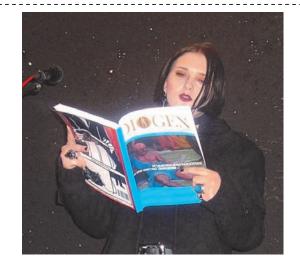
Surname Georgakas Nationality Greek

Title of poem: Sleepy Awakening

Occupation: Unemployed - B.Sc. - M.Sc. Oceanographer, Born in

Athens, Greece





### Gonzalo Salesky, Argentina



#### **Battle**

Another battle has time won...
the clock does not stop, and at night
is anything worth while? I do not know.

Fewer and fewer memories, everything is so fleeting and useless.

I am looking for souls, I cannot find them and I want to make room for sadness.

I want to know about your dreams, imagine your fears,
I want to know if the moon is in the breeze in the daytime.
If there is light in your face at night, if the sun freezes pain.

Loneliness is that mire where I ease my fears.

My dread of the blank page, of the voracious dogs...

Where have my dreams gone?

Will I ever leave here?
Will I manage to see you again?
Will I be able to straighten up my path?
How long will eternity last?
Was my love so empty?



I was born in Cordoba, Argentina in 1978. I published three books, entitled "2011", "Presagio de luz" and "Ataraxia". I got distinctions in literary contests in the U.S., Spain, Mexico, Venezuela, Australia and Argentina.

Website: http://gonzalosalesky.blogspot.com.ar



### Hana Volakova, Chech Republic



#### **December**

If raindrops are buds then snowflakes must be blooms over of the mantles of the streetlights they will glide into the lines of silent winter bard over your flungback head held still.

Too late for pupates in the yard cherry twigs hopes and kneeling grooms too late for begging month of chill.

#### Outside

December steals his lover's hand strolling through city as if lost fool says the cold get flowers banned. Hydrant in blossom. Frond of frost.

Hana Volakova, born in 1979 in Sumperk in the Czech Republic. Got her degrees in Foreign languages for Commercial Purposes and Theory and Philosophy of Communication at University of West Bohemia. Regularly contributes her poems to Czech amateur web sites. Her poems are mostly lyrical and reflect the world around as well as the inner space of a human soul and their perceptions.













#### CONVERSATION WITH ZAGAJEWSKI

I meet Zagajewski in the Colony He does not step down from the bluish

Paper He clings on with his teeth like a thin moon in liquid blue

Two dark lumps of the World are held in dry fists Dark gowns

Were let down by the night Tonight they rush down and last for years Quickly confusingly He utters words

begrimed by repetition Canvas Muddy

I ask him if he can speak Serbian His eyes express the horror of a torn

Black locust of broken virgin poplars' ribs horrific resin of birches

A tree is a holy heavenly creation it feeds us warms hides and burns us

Mud Plateau He whispers about impassable marshes about Luzicki

Serbs about mown stars in children's eyes the miserable faces

Of women About banished old men about sacred graveyards

About the art of dying in the flames of grand temples Bosnia is

A bloody play of western villains He speaks about our

Old Gods whose names they could not pronounce They shivered in

Their golden palaces they stole *Language* and *Script* from us the *Barbarians* 

Someone said There is no life without remembrance Tears run down the face

On their own He waves his windmill hands Attacks the cathedral with the determination Of a cavalry Jumps into the Rhine The cathedral is suddenly illuminated

Maintains order on the river In the universal Pilgrimage

In the blue World Outlook the white empress light gives birth

The world is an axe in the skull of a victim a hushed scream in an extracted eye

Refugees Perhaps Zagajewski whispered in a refugee language



Translated from Serbian into English by Jelena Šegan

**-Published** the following books of poetry:

At the Gates of Heavenly Kingdom, 1996

Wild River, 1996

Towns, 1998

Pilgrimages, 1999, 2004 (second, supplemented edition)

Wallfahrten, 2005

Blinded by Light, 2007

Colors Sleep in the Fire, 2008

The Secret of Etruscan Silence, 2009

The Woman Who Is Not Out There, 2011

About Poetry and poetry sense, 2012

Literary awards:

Charter of Rastko Petrovic, 2000, Beograd (Serbia)

Naji Naaman, international literary award, 2003, Libanon

Kocic's Pen, 2006, Banja Luka, Republika Srpska (Bosnia and

Herzegovina)

Irin Pirin, 2009, Bulgaria

NOSSIDE World Poetry Prize-2010, Extraordinary Mentions,

Reggio di Calabria, Italy

Translated into German, English, Polish, Macedonian,

Bulgarian, Greek, Italian, Romanian, Spanish and French.

Member of the Association of Writers of Serbia, Association of Writers of Montenegro and the Association of Writers of Germany.

Has had several independent and group exhibitions in Montenegro and abroad.

Lives in Bar and Köln.

## Ina Stergar, Slovenia



### eternity

iN light LIGHTS YOU fIND what You are looking fOR

### ETERNITY IN LOVE

When You LOOk at the third eyE seE the Truth of spirit LIFE





graphic designer, painter and poet from Slovenia









#### I laugh Today

I laugh

At the buttefly shadow

That tiny litlle piece

Of a black canvas standing on the wall

Without moving.

I laugh

With the insuficient sun

Which was repelled

By the big clouds,

Along the wing with empty alley tree

And starving birds.

I laugh

To the streets which are fuller for the light,

With the windows closed,

Behind which more politics is spoken.

I laugh

While entering into the water

With my knees desappearing up to knees,

Then the whole ones,

Like they have been shortened,

Like someone have broke them,

Weird legs.

I laugh

To the day which take away my strenght

Days grinding

By the human steps

much alike to threat

they are all the same on the stairs, in the sand, on the parquetry.

I laugh

While my eyes are filling with tears

Bunged up, one close to another,

While rasing my hands, gathering the air all over me

Even when the music play on the radio,

To other boozers on the table

They were swallawed by the time

Like glasses bangs will not testify

To the life of those solitary men.

While sharing their falling with the nearest in ontiguity.

I laugh

How I swore to be faithfull to this night

But she is precisely like a whore

Sold out long ago

Just like love and lost years.

in the mouth the taste of metal spoon

slashed into barely awaken palate,

I laugh to myself

And to the slaves of freedom.



Rođena sam u Zagrebu 1978.godine,

gdje se školujem i živim, udana sam i majka trojice sinova.

Članica sam Jutra poezije.

2009.g i 2012.g autorica sam dviju samostalnih izložbi fotografija i kamenja u obliku srca pod nazivom SRČEKA.

2011.g,(naklada Essegg) izdaje moju prvu zbirku poezije pod nazivom- U zanosu traganja.

Moje pjesme objavljene su u grupnoj zbirci poezije -Ljubav

pjesmom živim,

koju izdaje Kultura snova iz Zagreba 2012.g.te u međunarodnoj zbirci Moja ljubavna pjesma 2012.g.U međunarodnom zborniku-More na dlanu. U zborniku "Mi smo skupa i kad smo daleko", koju je izdao Klub književnika "Duško Trifunović" iz Kikinde 2012.g.

Dobitnica sam prve nagrade na drugom Europskom facebook pjesničkom festivalu 2011g.u organizaciji Banatskog kulturnog centra,koji izdaje moju drugu zbirku poezije Pjev ptice,glas žene 2012.g.

Osvojila sam prvo mjesto na natječaju za najbolje poetsko i prozno ostvarenje Pišete li...? u Kutini 2011.g.

Moje pjesme su objavljene putem Inter novina, Dubrovačkog časopisa Pleme, časopisa Svijet kulture, na portalu za književnost KULTIM i na portalu za kulturu- Novo Sarajevo u DIOGEN pro kultura magazinu, u Narodnom listu, putem portala Glas poezije, u časopisu Književna Rijeka, na radiju Mačkamama , na radiju Snova i na mojem blogu,te u časopisu Međutim.

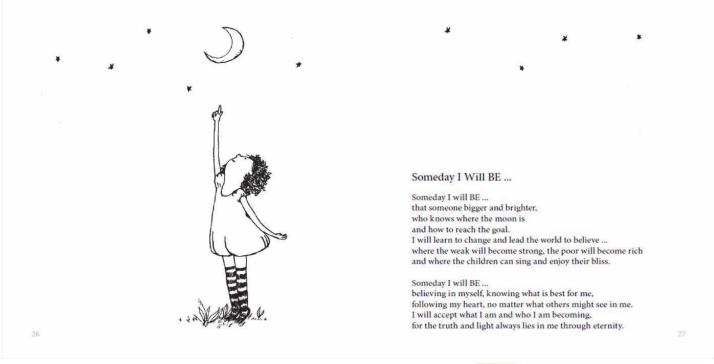






## Iris Tan,

## Singapore



In her early 30s, through deep soul searching and reflection, Iris Tan realized that she has an inner calling to help and guide others to find their true self and meaning in life. She was trained by many teachers and mentors, including T Harv Eker, Anthony Robbins, Blair Singer, Larry Gilman and Umesh Nandwani.

Highly claircognizant and intuitive, Iris has the uncanny ability to help others to gain clarity in life through her counseling sessions and workshops.

Recently, she has launched her first poetry book called *Be In The Moment*. This book reflects her experiences, feelings and dreams. Besides using words as a way to express herself, she hopes that others will find encouragement and inspiration through her works.









## Ivana Čuljak, Croatia

#### **ABYSS WITHOUT DREAMS**

Judges all around me Horns pushing to the skin Dreams staying somewhere In behind Ridiculed, silly, thin.

Herd follows Voices loud Pushing to the abyss No tenderness No sky.

Right foot is losing it Arms grasping empty air Darkness Deep emptiness Nothing left in there.

My name is Ivana Culjak. I live in Citluk, Bosnia and Herzegovina. I was born in 1987. In 2009 I got Bachelor's degree in Croatian language and literature and English language and literature at University of Mostar, Faculty of Art. In 2011 I got Master's degree in the same subjects. Beside English, I have basic knowledge of Italian and German.









# J.R.McRae, Australia



#### The Fog Catcher

Andes high, wide, wild and bare...
Mist rolls up from the valley rift,
Entangles, a lover's snare,
Fog nets, strung out to catch the drift.

Snatches of life in veins Radiating wide, Rivulets that never know Incoming tide

Or mud-slick wash-down Smooth as pelt, The mudslide, Mountain melt.

The nets web, spider construct Strung above the gathering trough Of mountain tears

Sloughed off.

Drip, drip, drip, Sky caves over rugged slopes, Teardrop promises, A wide-eyed bowl of hope,

Water for crops that patch
A mountainside with prayer Let us eat —
Before the fog has time to clear.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



http://jrmcrae-subversive.weebly.com http://www.jrmcrae.wordpress.com http://www.jrmcrae.blogspot.com

#### Latest interview:

http://treachery.mlcrawford.com/2012/05/14/presenting-trust-treachery-author-j-r-mcrae/Australian Literature Review, Authors Compare interviews -

poetry - <a href="http://www.authorscompare.net/2011/10/jr-mcrae-author-interview-poet.html">http://www.authorscompare.net/2011/10/jr-mcrae-author-interview-poet.html</a> short story - <a href="http://www.authorscompare.net/2011/10/jr-mcrae-author-interview-short-story.html">http://www.authorscompare.net/2011/10/jr-mcrae-author-interview-short-story.html</a>





## Jadranka Ivanović-Bolog, Germany



#### A crack in time

I peeked trough a crack in time
And caught sight of an easeful shepherd
Unattched to the word and spaces he seemed
And sleeping serenely under the stars he was.
Awoked,suddenly,then,by thunders and lightning
from the primal dream of the immortal soul
He set off with his stone sheep,
Counting them endlessly and forever
And than some...

Until they disappeared trough the crack in time. Jadranka Ivanović-Bolog

(translated by Marta Goldstein)

Jadranka Ivanovic-Bolog, was born in 1963 in Kotor, Montenegro. She now lives and works in Stuttgart, Federal Republic Germany. She qualified as assistant researcher in archeology and law. She has written two collections of poetry entitlend "Journey to the Homeland" and "South". She was also participating in two joint collections of poetry entitlend "I give word for a smile" and "Sea on the palm". This was published in a anthology of poetry as well as in the magazine of culture "Diogenes".









## Jadranka Tarle Bojović, Croatia

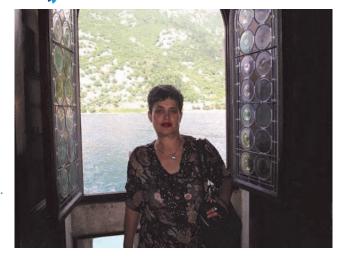


#### Arena

You're baffled by what you see around yourself baffled while watching a myriad of gathered faces are they all narcissists have they all entered the arena anticipating ovations expecting applause and flattery we a re here made for it resolved in advance to be loyal to seal in advance our non-existence with an applause.







Jadranka Tarle Bojović was born in Sinj, Croatia, in 1957. She lives and works in Split, where she received her education. She graduated from the Faculty of Economics in Split. So far, she has published several books. A collection of short stories "Priče iz podsvjesti" (Stories from the Unconsciousness) and a collection of short stories and poetry "Proljeće ljubavi" (Spring of Love) were both published in 20006. In 2008, she published a short novel "Vrijeme kad su padale maske" (The Time When Masks Were Falling Off) which was well received in two competitions in 2009, organised by an internet portal for the best novel and by the "Lice knjige" for the best illustration. In 2009, she published a collection of short stories "Noć ružičastog obzora" (Night of the Pink Horizon). In 2011, she published a collection of "Izgubljena ulica" poems (A Lost Street). She is a member of the Croatian Literary Society in Rijeka. Her works have been published in Croatia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, and Macedonia. She participated in European and international poetry festivals. Her style represents a detachment from traditional Croatian poetry; it is unique and truthful and leaves a deep mark both in readers and in the Croatian poetry as a whole. She took a place in Sarajevo on poetry marathon.



### Jan Turner-Jones, Australia



#### **SEASONS**

(i)

Most people, when missing, are somewhere else. He always is here, this barren dirt yielding to brick, this fort, this forest, this frugal mound, this moat drained hard of all emotion, and we, his secret hoards, storming the draw-bridge late afternoons, losing him again and again. "SEEKING FOR A

(ii) INTERNATIONAL
POETRY
COMPETITION 2012

I'd put this place in order.
I'd plant these spaces generously – melaleucas, grevilleas and winter wattle, acacias that thrive in the summer sun.

Eventually when the old man's gone, I'll scrape chipped paint from timber beams, I'll tear lantana with these soft hands – steady markers of all my seasons.

#### (iii)

Now the mangoes are ripening again and canny bats wear holes in the sky. He calls and calls his feline friends in high-pitched tones we never knew.

Years ago the manx escaped – off and missing without a chance. Panicked, he ransacked hedges and drains, telephoned strangers, knocked on doors ... driven with all his needs exposed, he fretted like those outside their kind. (iv)

His birds most often are dead, victims of the light, but still above these barren squares a sparrow hawk glides daily. Beyond the songbird's threatened cry lies a warning, not for just its kind, but all the animals.

Yet this stark ground boasts modest treasure: lizards that follow their own soft songs and dine on last night's mouse.

(v)

COMPETITION 2012. Now near the end, he prays each night, filtering God through his hollow mouth, asking as little from both his girls as he'd ask from any son ... so seldom used, he was never a children's man.

For him it runs consistently: warriors practising stale success, failure as fragile as second chance.

(vi)

Most people, when missing, are somewhere else, but each new year he calls and calls, raising his troops from shallow graves, ordering a line against the light.

Hanging from limbs of dying trees, shields are all that is left of the forest.





Jan Turner-Jones has written in various genres since she was a small girl at boarding school: three volumes of adult poetry published; 50 children's poem; had six songs in the ASA Top 10; edited *Semper Floreat* at Queensland University; written reviews and articles for literary journals; won the R Carson Gold Short Story Prize. In 2009 her comedy play *Achy Breaky Heart* debuted. She has now completed two musicals and is working on her second novel.



### Jelena M. Čirić, Chech Republic



#### **VOYEUR**

I was watching them, peeking through the window, as though a keyhole, at the bluish playfield, with the manner of an old, shameless voyeur.

The look, hidden behind a curtain, was absorbing each movement of their bodies, so white. Maybe I shouldn't have... but they weren't hiding anything. The ecstasy they were in was killing the shame and completely blurred their sight. Although I envied them, I was drunk with their love game; Conscience rarely repents -I wanted it to last. They were petting each other over downy pillows, rolling over creased sheets, gasping, breastwise. with the courage of a samurai, embracing endlessly, wanting more, with the poor excuse that a storm was coming. There's no end for faithless eagerness. Hungrily inscribing entire pages of divine passion, they didn't even noticed the sky crashed and the thunder roared!... Being lasciviously delirious, they're collecting drops from the sweaty bodies,

The shower stopped, it's so calm.
I'm leaving.

like after a wild, wild dance.

I tiptoe quietly,

out of breath,

so they can't hear the steps.

I'll be thinking till the night of the lascivious clouds and the shameless orgies of theirs.





"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.

My name is Jelena Ćirić. I was born in Smederevo, Serbia (15.11.1973.) I was living and working in Požarevac, Serbia. I graduated from Low faculty in Belgrade. Now, I live in Prague, Czech Republic, with my family, husband and two daughters.

My passion is poetry. I write since my school days. My first book of poetry 'Embers' ('Žar') was published last year (ARTE, Belgrade). After that, I was a co-author of the book 'Me, You, He and She' (poetry). Just now, I am preparing my second book. My poems are found on many sites and poetry collections. I've got several awards and acknowledgments.



## John Lambremont,

## dr, USA



#### **UPON FINDING YOUR OWN CORPSE**

The sunlight of the late afternoon slowly turns from gold to orange as you saunter back to your cabin from a stroll around the lake.

As you enter the glen, a shape is seen in the nearby weeds; a body slumped on its side, curled in the fetal position, and not moving.

You find yourself drawn to the prostrate form, not knowing whether a camper is passed out, sleeping, or dead. You take your wife by the hand, and as you approach with caution, you see quickly that a massacre has occurred.

The victim, a white male, has been badly mauled; his limbs are marked by large claw scratches like those of a bear or a cougar; his hands and knuckles, still clutching an oaken staff, are cracked and bloodied, and half of his face has been chewed off.

Your wife gasps and shivers as you tip-toe around to get a better look. Clearly, the attack was much earlier: no wounds are yet bleeding, the skin is an ashen gray, and already rigor mortis has begun to set in.



CERTIFICATE OF APPRECIATIO

Then your closer glance
at the dead man's face
reveals a shocking truth:
what's left of his features are yours,
a look a frozen fear
etched across your brow,
your eyes bulging in hollow sockets,
pupils non-responsive to your flashlight,
and you stare at yourself in grim
disbelief, as you are now
dead
"SEEK
but still living.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.

Your wife is sobbing a little, and you are in a quandary, not sure of what to do, so you start out for the cafeteria, as what's left of you is hungry, but within a few short steps, your body is rendered immobile, and the light around you turns white, immersing you in a dense fog.

Images are blurring fast, all sounds are fading out, and you suddenly become twodimensional. With your last words, you ask your wife to hold you and kiss your lips one more time, touches to gap all eternity,

but in your final glimpse of sight, she peers at you quizzically, as if you are joking, and demurs.

John Lambremont, Sr. is an award-winning poet from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, U.S.A., where he serves as editor of Big River Poetry Review, see <a href="biggiverpoetry.com">biggiverpoetry.com</a>. John has a B.A. in Creative Writing and a J.D. from Louisiana State University, and he is the author of four full-length volumes of poetry. His poems have been published internationally in many reviews and anthologies, including The Chaffey Review, Words & Images, Picayune, The Louisiana Review, Sugar House Review, Suisun Valley Review, Red River Review, and Taj Mahal Review, and he has been nominated for The Pushcart Prize. John has work forthcoming in The Zip Code Project and The Ampersand Review. John's blog of his previously published poems can be found at <a href="http://jlambremontpoet.blogspot.com">http://jlambremontpoet.blogspot.com</a>

## Jonathan Balzan, Malta



### You're the cause of sleepless nights

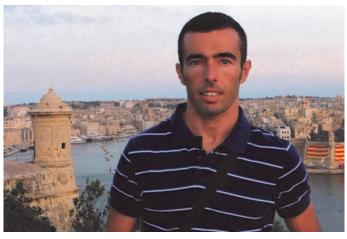
As the clock rules out days and years of silent pain, dreams never cease drive my sleep insane. Silently and sensually, your bodily shape, finely-tuned, an orchestral violin, sharper than I ever knew, recaptures me roaming on the opposite path and warms me up like a hot wintry bath.

Your face shines as bubbling water in the midday sun. Your heavenly eyes, their look, gleams and glows like candles that never burn out even when wind blows.

Why you do this to me? You drum my heartbeat wild. Slow me down, Slow me! Im shaking down!

My heart beats back sluggishly like falling leaves and through the rusted keyhole somberly I peep, catching glimpses of you circling in dark deep spelling memories on the wall, unfolding tales of a far off life that never, never yielded sales. Wander away, pack your luggage,leave mayday, let past romances silently vanish with your flight, I have my pillow to wish and kiss good night.





Jonathan Balzan was born in 1972,is married, has a son Nathan (and expecting another baby). He obtained a diploma in Youth Studies from University of Malta and is employed in the banking sector. As an athlete he has won various running competitions and holds the Maltese national best time for the marathon.His featured poems have anthologies, magazines and newspapers.He won a national poetry competition in 2003 and is currently working on his first poetry book.He is also actively involved in historical reenactments and takes part in drama pageants.





### Karamouzi Photini, Greece

#### THORNS IN TIME

Thorns into my scorching thoughts,
all I have ever wanted
is your touch in my eyes.

Time has drowned in the lake of kindling soot.
my life was based on muffled lies.

Feel locked in a dead body, time seemed to be hostile to my childish hopes.

Thorns insert in my wishful thinking all I wish is time to be laid to rest.

Time slaughters my dreams which sink.

Feel locked in a dead body, time goes by without asking me.

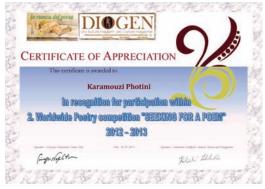
Thorns into my innocent eyes
Time behind whys
who really want to dispel lies?

Feel locked in a dead body, scrub the faults all over my past my soul loses valor and waves goodbye!





I was born in 1981 and I have been living in the city of Thessaloniki, Greece. I am a Graduate of the School of Science in Early Childhood Education in the sector of Special Education and Psychology and I have been working as an English tutor in private tutoring centres. I love learning languages and that's why I have taken part in youth programmes such as environmental ones. I love all kinds of Arts. I have participated in some photo exhibitions and in some concerts as a drummer. Furthermore, I used to be a member or an administrator in many artistic groups but now I have my small own one. Moreover, I am keen on acting so I have performed in some plays and directed some others too. Last but not least, I find travelling and writing poetry fascinating and I believe this is my aim of my life!



## Katerina Martzoukou, Greece



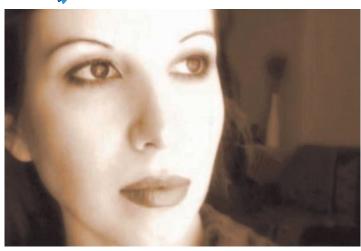
#### Misleaded

Walking out of the mind's endless battle
With the fewest bruises possible
Is but my life's sole desire
Crying out for some peace to stop the rattle
A scenario to seem plausible
Like water thrown on fire

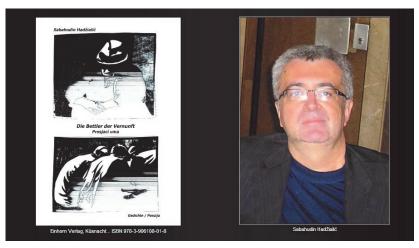
They called it a journey to motivate hope But you were never told it was all about war You were misleaded You were misleaded

Sparse glimpses through the cracks on the wall Let illusions visit dreams Oh, how I need to be inspired Rays of light that cunningly escape the soul Look how beautiful it seems As the daylight's getting tired...





Katerina Martzoukou was born in Athens, Greece, in November 1981. From a young age she gets involved in studying literature and learning foreign languages. During the period 2001-2005 she completes her studies in Translation and Interpreting and in 2006 she obtains a Master's Degree with Merit in Applied Translation Studies. In 2005 she gets a distinction for the poem «Who Ever Said» in an Open National Poetry Competition, in the USA, and in 2007 her poem "I live in Silence" is included in the book "The Best Poets of 2007" of the same competition. In 2011 her first poetic collection with the Greek title "Itan Keros" ("It was time") is published by the Greek Publications "Iolkos". Today, she works as a translator, English/French teacher but also as a lyricist having signed a number of songs for Greek bands and new recording artists.



# Saparas Anastasios, Greece



#### The goodness or us

All of us are for our good in this world, and it has us tied tightly, but not take that and trying to open it, she'll go and bail locks!

I feel a great obligation
those who wore us
because they gave us had a good reason, our saved!
Burn forests, big disaster, the leveling
We thought not wasting oxygen forced us
want to pick up oxygen for our health

the government selling off the Olympic & our education the known-unknowns destroy our schools

The foundation does not exist in society

see our Rivers destroyed around but bottled water with zeal Here arrange to put oxygen in tanks being filled cars, houses, non-injurious!

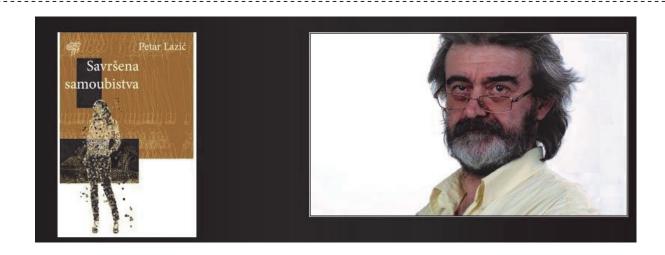
So everything ends somewhere man makes a deal conscientiously sells the good thing as the Good We get the right customer, what convenient ah! But this joy will come to our good?



Greek poet



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.





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## Konstantinos Lekkas,



#### **AGONY**

Act One - the fight

run coward, run away "But I told you that was not a lie" so what, I don't care " You shine inside me " inner bleeding will kill even the remaining truth don't you remember the great words, the great expectations of your non-existence ego is killing everything, you know, everything

" I don't talk a lot you know, thats my tactic " But I don't forget that dawn, you looked so confident you told me I was innocent " That time has foregone "

you may have been a lie, but time is not

"You know I must leave now, you know you are destroying you, there s a lot of art to deal with, theres no time for you "

yeah I know, you are busy with trends go away as you wish you could even kill yourself to feel important, you western freak "I pity you fool " where is your kindness now

" Go away , leave now !"

and there he leaves and he walks in the streets he had foregone being busy with arts and love nonsense he whispers and he is moving faster and faster not knowing what he has to catch

and then everything gets frozen only a melody is calling him and for the very first time he observes theres a sky above him and a gorgeous girl passing the street a small figure is running he is laughing he doesn't know anything the spring's evenings are calling him he wants to find a place to play he is screaming he is a afraid of something





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and then eventually he finds the place he asks its a dream place where kids play the evening is so promising they are laughing the more they are laughing the more his soul is crying something scares him the kids are in danger devil is not far away

how gentle youth is no guilt, no corruption he wants to play with his friends again there is silence and then suddenly his blood gets frozen then in the edge of the park stands the man with the black clothes

the coward one the devil himself

and he is reaching the kids

our hero knows, he is scared to death

he tries to scream

but the coward is laughing and he is starting talking with the kids

the hero is screaming louder

his adrenaline is rising

" he will seduce you " he warns them

- "But you will like it, everybody likes it in the end" the devil replies
- " don't trust him, don't "
- " don't listen him, you deserve more, more, look you are nothing now but I ve got plenty of champaign for all of you

you are none but i ve got plenty of labels to make you grown ups isnt it what you ever wanted?"

- " No don't go, he is only a monster of lust and greed "
- " get inside the car and nothing will be never the same again " the pederast asks
- " NO "
- " you will not succeed, everybody likes me "
- "these guys are not meant to be zombies, you know these guys see, they have heard the song"
- " don't be superior, theres no life without me no love without evil

no virtue without sin

nothing without burning"

and upwards some clouds were laughing in an ironic manner with the poor coward man who thought he knew life, how pathetic was he and the naive kids that did listen him, they made fun of them they were expecting to be seduced by the time they were born coward enough themselves to love their own pederast





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### Konstantinos Lekkas, Greece



and time will come
the rain will come
when there is no other choice left
than stand honest
no clothes left
to hide your shame and pity
it will be like that evening
when a laugh will thrust you out and out
and tell me then who knows life better

Act Two -the trip

and then he comes at the beach a boat is emerging from the depth smelling salt and unspoken dreams

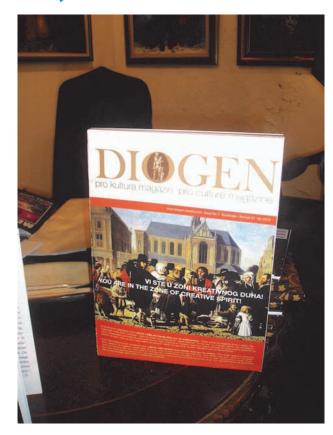
the sun is rising again the few shadows are vanished the air is fresh the sea is blue more blue than blue

the destination, where?
wherever our imagination can stand
every island, cosmopolitan or isolated
every beach we played
every fantastic world
as it was described in a children's book
every never land of a gentle young

the joy of the expected triumph

the true desires that make us shine our luggage the expectations for the development have unexpectedly emerged

now I turn on you
my hand is stable
hold me as this evening the ship is sinking to the sea of routine and compromise
we have to stay on
take my hand and hold me strongly
you have to know dear
trip must go on



My name is Konstantinos Lekkas and I live in Athens, Greece. I am 22 years old and I study mathematics at the university of Athens. I enjoy writing poems by a young age

## Konstantinos Papapostolou, Greece



### **Spiral**

Save your sorrow for the evening, Save the tears for the night to come, Save your despair for the gloomy morning. Alas,

The clock, the time,

Have no meaning anymore, (did they ever had?),

Trapped in the endless spiral of the genesis and the end.

Lost in the universe,

Where there is no space or time to count,

But dust and flames to bear in life and to destroy.

Never will come a day when, You will belong to me And I will belong to you,

For ever.

We can not belong,

If we do not have much time left.

Because it is the past and the present and the future, That are mixed, into one and then separate again,

In pieces,

And together around,

In several shapes of destiny.

We are the shadows of the gone, The absence of today,

The woe of tomorrow.





I am retired Mechanical and Electrical Engineer, 62 years old and I live in Athens, Greece. I am married with a son 19 years old. I have published two poem collections one collection "Poems" in 1982 by publisher "Keramos" and another collection "The big circle" in 2005 by publisher "Gavrieledes".



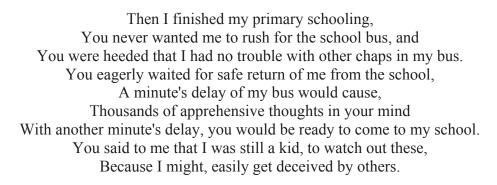


### Krishna Kumar, India

You were still a kid

'You are my lovely kid', you told when I was born,
You taught me to speak, write and walk.
You gave me all the knowledge about people and the world.
You applied oil to my hair and powder to my face
You never let me away from your sight and,
You were cautious on my every action.
You told that I was just a kid to learn them by myself,

I went to school, and you said the same.
You held my hands, and taught me how to cross the roads safely;
You combed my hair, adjusted my tie and tied up my shoe laces;
As a protector, from the stray dogs,
You accompanied me to the school every day,
After the dark, you never allowed me to play with others, as
You were afraid of the news spread over the child abduction.
You asserted 'My little Prince, is just a school going kid.'



I finished my school, and went for graduation.
You still bought my favourite stuffs and clothes,
You never allowed me for late night cinemas,
Whenever rained, you pestered me to carry an umbrella,
You were cautious, that I may get sick,
And whenever I got ill, though I refused,
You compelled and dragged me to the doctor,
And there you advised the doctor, not to prescribe the sour tonics.
You said I was still a kid,
And I hadn't grown yet to deal these by myself.









### Krishna Kumar, India

I graduated and went for a job.
The whole world saw me as a man, but
With you the things hadn't changed,
They remained the same like the things, done when I was a kid.
You prohibited every time when I wanted to drive a bike;
You scolded me, when I watched T.V. continuously for hours.
You made sure that I ate properly and was not distracted by anything.
You even then, made me sleep early and didn't want to wake me up so earlier.
In the night you checked whether the blanket had covered me fully or not
You told that I was still a kid, and
I was young and not mature enough to care about myself.

I got married and I become father to my kid.
You pampered my kid, yet stroked my head and said,
'Always you are my favourite kid.'
Still you wait over the door, so that I can leave home comfortably
You ring me up continuously, when I was not in time to the home;
You still wanted me to drink the turmeric milk every night.

Still, you take much care about me like you did always,
And as usual you would say,
I was still a kid to give more attention to my health.
How much old I may become, I know, for you

I would never grew beyond a juvenile and I would always remain a kid, as youthful as the day I was born.

CERTIFICATE OF APPRECIATION

Michael Summe

Michael

Though I was always young to you,
And never get aged, you were not like the same.
It was either I forgot or you hide, but
I could understand that,
You were becoming fragile and not as strong as before.
I could realise that you grew old at the same time I remain forever young for you.
Whenever I see you lying on the bed:
Sometimes without any movement and sound,
Closed eyes with the thoughts about me sleeping peacefully;
I would be scared, that I stumble; and
I stand there for minutes and gaze you silently, then
I come near you and bend down to hear you breath,
And make sure that my angel still hadn't left for the heaven.

I was born in Coimbatore, Tamil Nadu. My father is a government employee and my mother is a housewife. I have one elder brother. I did my schooling there itself. I then went on to pursue my Aeronautical Engineering. Perhaps, all my passion is in saying something to the world and getting recognized. My love for a girl anchored in my heart always whispered me that I was something worthy of. I got inspired by various movies and many people. Then I wished to live a life like them may be one better than them. I longed to become a script writer but that seemed to be a difficult task. So I was urged to write (by myself & few of my friends), because I was afraid that I might forget the plot and sequences ingrained in my brain. Then I started writing for competitions, while I started writing I did not any clue of how a writing should be. With grammatical mistakes and not so good English I started writing because I had a story to tell. I first wrote for myself then few good hearts suggested me that I could be a published writer. I have high hopes and high aims. I am not afraid of where this journey of writing may lead to. I am not afraid of failures, critisicms and worst of all, getting less recognition than what my works indeed deserve. I bear in heart that I should always write something that will bring change in human lives. And I strive hard for it. I am 21 years now and I am complacent that I have achieved some of my dreams. Nevertheless, I knew very well that I still have a long path to go with the wishes from all the good hearts.

### Lindemberg Pereira da Silva, Brasil

**Suddenly You** 

(Lindemberg)

Suddenly you like no no one else, you happened in my life, leaving unforgettable memories.

Suddenly you changed my way of living, since the first moment untill the end, you were what no one else dared to be.

There was once a broken heart drowned in a river of tears, when my world was falling apart, you came suddenly.

I saw a light getting stronger, shining all over the darkness, becoming my lonely days, brighter and happier.

You brought the spring,
When all around me was winter.
You were my sunlight,
over my cold and rainy days.

You were the flower, I was the humming bird. You were the song, I was the lyrics.

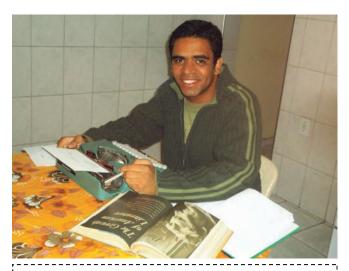
I was the verses, You were the inspiration, And love was the rhymes, For this poem that goes, Between our hearts.

Suddenly you came...
As sudden as a thief,
As sudden as the rain,
Stole my heart and love,
And brought medicine for my pain.

As sudden as a fall, As sudden as the death, You fell like a star. right over my path.

You came suddenly,
And, suddenly I fell in love.
Then, soon I realized,
That suddenly you became part of my life.

Suddenly, so suddenly....you.



**Lindemberg Pereira da Silva** was born in a small city called Chã de Alegria in the State of Pernambuco, Brazil. Actually, he lives at São Paulo state and city. He's an english teacher for begginers and takes Language course at Uniítalo college.





### Ljiljana Milosavljević, Serbia



#### **QUESTIONS**

Do the smiles detached from my mirror reach you?

Do you shake off my glances that burden your shoulders?

Do you keep your eyes always open so that I could retreat from them without delay? Do you conceal your footpaths so that your taciturnity doesn't meet mine?

Do you sew up your pockets so that I don't slip into them secretly?

Translated: Marija Milić

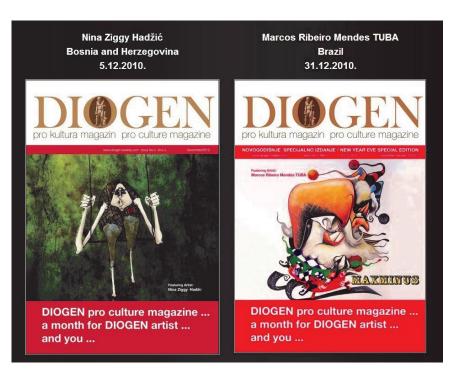


**Ljiljana Milosavljević,** born on February 21<sup>st</sup>, 1952 in Belgrade-Serbia. Lives in Smederevska Palanka. Writes poetry and short stories.

One published book of poetry:

The Homeland of the Heart (2007)

Her works appear in many collections of poetry and short stories. Her writings have been translated into Bulgarian and Polish.







### Majo Danilović, Serbia



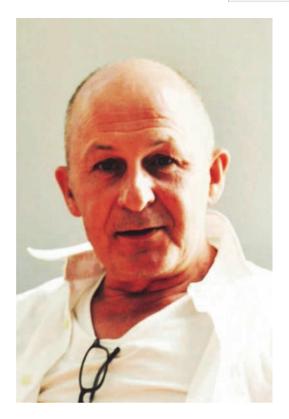
#### OBSERVING SILENCE, MY MOTHER AND ME

Sitting, just like that, on the terrace my mother and me. And observing silence.

As a matter of fact, I am observing silence and what is left from my mother.

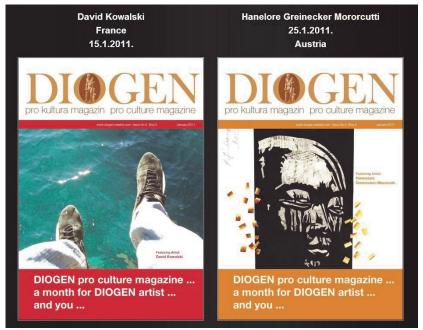
Observing silence my mother's soul and me.

As a matter of fact, my mother's soul is observing silence with what is left from me.



Majo Danilović, born 1955. in G.Lupljanica graduate faculty of political science working as a graphic designer writing poetry since 2008 published in the proceedings, anthologies and almanacs published five books of poetry, two books of poetry in preparation his poems have been rewarded











### Maria A. Kontali, Greece

#### Life on banners

Walking on the road I could see flaws. Until I got to walk kneeling-can feel them rather my judgment was not right. No more awry eyes and trails -My knees are humiliated in the puddles. In road construction times mice crazy dance · as a contractor I was a shifty catsilent absence. The jaunty walking was naive, unquestioning bitter ending, I left the serrated. Kneeling I pray belatedly I wonder where my conceit led me to... - Save it, I'm down in the dumps. The melancholy caressing awkwardly the consciousness and the latter fully blushed the imperfections. Horseback, I pop in a dream crawling body Mounted soul

- in a dream, oracle-to-beto be kept intact.

... from West to East, with profound patience ... sweat ... toil,

A green energy carpet with development, infrastructure. The future of our children, how to spin from the beginning -let process bethe day after tomorrow, grandmother ... History's, the first lessons to be learned I shall narrate ...

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.

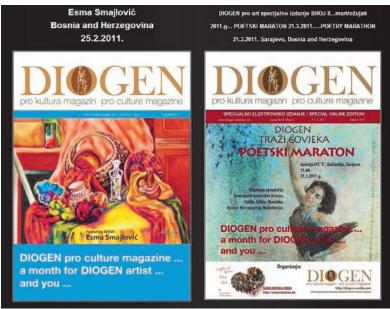


My name is Maria A. Kontali and I was born in Patras in July 1971. My grandma from Smyrna grafted the taste of poetry, which for years was reserving within me.

I have two collections of poetry in my assets - the first in 2011 (self published) entitled: "three channels of love." The second in 2012 by Vergina publications entitled: "... water on paddle."

The last two years I have taken part in competitions and I have won. This year, I was honored with the title of Promising Poet of the Year by the subscription magazine Celaeno.









### MARILENA AVRAAM-REPA, Greece

#### Strange affair

Buy me a dress...

One of those floral-patterned you so much used to like on me.

Oh, darling please...

Take me once again to that old-fashioned cafe- willfully squeezed between the shadows of the holly church and human immodesty.

And buy me some dry wine. Carelessly served in those cheap plastic glasses.

And let me get drunk for the last time. To cover the redness of my shy cheeks. To put the blame on those nasty spirits.

You. Delicate flavor of my profound sadness.

You. Chosen savior of my spotless misery.

It's not my way of saying goodbye, oh, no my love, this couldn't be.

Don't ever think I'm fleeing secretly. I'm not that brave; you must already know.

It's just the summer slowly fading away. This sudden breeze messing my hair.

Sand in my pockets, still there; remembrance of the sea, those stars, this strange affair.

Oh, sweat years of ignorance. Oh, blissful moments of serenity.

Young, immature love of mine; never forget those Sunday walks.

Always remember those reflections of fragility.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



Masters Graduate (Transpersonal Psychology& Consciousness Studies) predicted to be awarded with a distinction in January; Bilingual; Proven analytical skills; First class Psychology undergraduate degree; Ability to marry creative thinking with analytical discipline; Well travelled, with a broad knowledge of global cultures; Excellent communication skills; Numerate.

I am an avid reader, and enjoy reading both fictional and non fictional publications; however I have a particular interest in creative writing having written a full length novel and a number of short length stories.

### MARIOS BASIOTIS



### **Feelings**

My feelings for you are not easy to be heard, They can only be sung by the most skilful bird.

> Whenever I see your beautiful face, I think I can fly in outer space.

Whenever I look into your beautiful eyes, I think that I'm walking in the paradise.

The superior sound of your seductive voice, Prevails and disappears all kind of noise.

Your spontaneous smile removes every horror And the whole world gets filled-in with color.

Once I make sure that you are doing fine, The storm outside becomes a sunshine.

You are the subject of my admiration, the absolute source of my inspiration.

You are the one who governs my mind, the ultimate ruler of all humankind.

No matter how hard you find it to believe, you are the only one reason for me to live.

I want you to know that this isn't a lie, if you leave me alone, I will probably die.





"SEEKING FOR A POEM" **INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.** 

### **Institute of Certified Auditors-Accountants of Greece**

Athens, GREECE

Professional certificate of educational institute Certified Public Accountant in Greece

October 2005 - July 2009

#### **University of Piraeus**

Piraeus, GREECE

October 1998 – September 2002

Concentration in Financial Management

Bachelor of Business Administration

Two honorary titles awarded by the Greek State Scholarships Foundation





### Martin Burke,

#### **SEA-FARER**

Of this we can be sure -The world is the world, the light is light, This silence a perfection and not merely an overture, And if the Buddha's poverty is neither fictional not optional Then my ownership of the day, or this portion of it, is equal to his And the first responsibility the world places on us Who would be human to ourselves and those we love

I go to the garden –a decision activating what will follow Which for the moment, simply states you may leave or you may stay And I stay in silence and satisfaction that the moment cannot be bartered For less than what it is

Once we spoke of soul where now we speak of mind But it's the same elusive withinness we're attempting to locate, The ley-line on which we construct the structures of a poem That it fortify the life which wrote and reads it. Knowing this you know you're in Anglo-Saxon territory Or the sparse stone cells of the Gaelic annals Where you are a white salad grub feeding the instinctive necessity

propositions will be true However this is not the spirit's weariness -It's a prompting, not always satisfied, which intrigues us Sometimes to the point of exhaustion That we guard against all thievery

For what we have known of joy is precious to us and conversation is our rightful human custom

Yet Pound (and let us forgive him his devils) was right – The future is hard

The evidence is everywhere and disconcerting though we never get used to it No more than we do to the fact that grave-diggers who smirk and spit in their hands and joyfully practise a ghastly trade

Are, without exception or excuse, our brothers

And even while the rivers are frozen and trawlers marooned at their moorings

Sea-birds continue to preen their feathers to an immaculate gloss in indifference to our narratives

Life is hard and language is hard and mastery as difficult as it is elusive Even there at the harbour where our words are knotted in salt and sails That among sea-angels joy some durable song be ours





Martin Burke is an Irish poet/playwright/ editor living in Belgium. He has published book in the USA, UK, Ireland, & Belgium. Yet now you can write the opposite of what you've written and both He is the founder/artistic director of the bilingual theatre group Theater Zonder Thuis. He is co-editor of the magazine The Green Door (<a href="http://thegreendoor.net/">http://thegreendoor.net/</a>)



### Maya lyer, India



#### For Without You My Love

Falling in love again was a far fetch dream Until you entered my lonely dream

You made me feel special every passing second By taking care of my needs in your way By making every wish of mine yours By creating my every word into reality

Oh! How I thank god for your presence in my life For without you this life would seem so colorless

I stare at the phone desperately for it to beep
To just get a glance of your words that often sweeps me off my feet
I embed your words when I read "I love you"
For I want to re play it in my mind when I am not around you

Oh! How I thank god for your presence in my life For without you this life would seem so aimless

You are the most precious person for me in this universe Cherishing you has become an inbuilt process I pray to not hurt you ever again For I won't be able to see your beautiful heart filled with pain I am deeply remorseful of all my actions I can do anything now to rebuild our life once again full of passion.

Oh! How I thank god for your presence in my life for without you this life would be filled with emptiness.

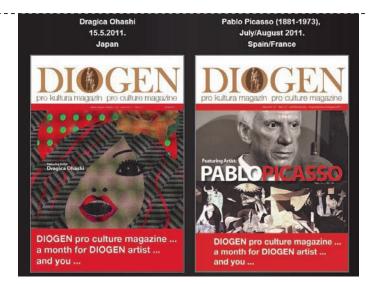
With every passing seconds and milliseconds all you need to remember is that deep inside I forever and always want to be just yours.

DIOGEN



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.

I am Maya Iyer from Bangalore, India. I love surfing for poems online and reading them during my free time. I feel comfortable and confident to express myself through poetry and quotes always. I Work for Tesco UK and enjoy writing poems when I am moved to.





### Mbizo Chirasha, Zimbabwe



#### **IDENTITY APPLES**

I am a fat skeleton, resurrecting From the sad memories of dada And dark mysteries of animism I am Buganda I bleed hope I drip the honey of fortune

Makerere; think tank of Africa I dance with you wakimbizi dance

I am Tanganyika

I smell and fester with the smoke of African genesis

I am the beginning

Kilimanjaro; the anthill of rituals

I am the smile of Africa

My glee erase the deception of sadness

My tooth bling freedom

I am myself, I am Gambia

When others seep with bullets stuck in their stomachs

I sneeze copper spoons from my mouth every dawn

I am the Colombia of Africa

I am the Cinderella of Africa

Where mediums feast with the ghost of Kamuzu in Mulange trees

Here spirits walk naked and free

I am the land of sensations

I am the land of reactions

Coughing forex blues

Squandermania

I still smell the scent of Nehanda's breath

I am African renaissance blooming

I stink the soot of Chimurenga

I am the mute laughter of Njelele hills

I am Soweto

Swallowed by Kwaito and gong

I am a decade of wrong and gong

I am the blister of freedom vomited from the belly of apartheid I see the dawn of the coming sun in Madiba's eyebrows

I am Abuja

Blast furnace of corruption

Nigeria, the Jerusalem of noblemen, priests, professors and prophets

I am Guinea, i bling with African floridirization

I am blessed with many tongues

My thighs washed by river Nile

I am the mystery of pyramids

I am the graffiti of Nefertiti

I am the rich breast of Nzinga

Lam Switzerland of Africa





### Mbizo Chirasha, Zimbabwe



The rhythm of Kalahari sunset
The rhyme of Sahara, yapping, yelping
I am Damara, I am Herero, I am Nama, I am lozi, I am Vambo
I am bitterness, I am sweetness
I am Liberia
I am king kongo

Mobutu roasted my diamonds into the stink of deep brown blisters Frying daughters in corruption microwaves

Souls swallowed by the beat of Ndombolo and the wind of Rumba

I am the Paris of Africa

I see my wounds
I am rhythm of beauty
I am Congo

I am Bantu I am Jola

I am Mandinga

I sing of you I sing Thixo

I sing of Ogun I sing of God

I sing of Tshaka I sing of Jesus

I sing of children

of Garangaja and Banyamulenge

Whose sun is dozing in the mist of poverty

I am the ghost of Mombasa

I am the virginity of Nyanza

I am scarlet face of Mandinga I am cherry lips of Buganda

Come Sankara, come Wagadugu

I am Msiri of Garangadze kingdom

My heart beats under rhythm of words and dance

I am the dead in the trees blowing with wind,

I cannot be deleted by civilization.

I am not Kaffir. I am not Khoisun

I am the sun breaking from the villages of the east with great inspiration of revolutions

Its fingers caressing the bloom of hibiscus Liberation!

CERTIFICATE OF APPRECIATION

The certificate is availed to

MBIZO CHIRASHA
In recognition for participation within

2. Worldwide Postry composition "SEEXING FOR A POSH"

2012 - 2013

Mbizo Chirasha is an internationally acclaimed performance poet, writer, and creative projects consultant. He is widely published in more than Seventy-five journals, magazines, and anthologies around the world. He was the poet-in-residence: from 2001-2004 for the Iranian embassy/UN Dialogue among civilizations project; the United Nations Information Centre - 2001-2008; Convener/Event Consultant THIS IS AFRICA POETRY NIGHT 2004 - 2006; official performance poet Zimbabwe International Travel Expo in 2007; Poet in Residence of the International conference of African culture and development/ICACD 2009; and official Poet Sadc Poetry Festival, NAMIBIA 2009. A delegate to the Unesco photo novel writing project in Tanzania, Mbizo is the Official poet in residence for the ISOLA/ international conference of oral literature 2010 in Kenya.Mbizo Chirasha is widely profiled in both local and abroad media institutions. His poetry books Good Morning President is Published in UK and Whispering Woes of Ganges and Zambezi is published by an Indian/American Publisher Cyber wit Press. A lot of more anthologies are under review by other publishers.Mbizo Chirasha the Founder /Operations/Creative Director of Girlchild Creativity Project and the newly founded Urban Colleges Writers Prize.



### Michael (Dickel) Dekel, Israel



#### CIRCULATING LANGUAGE MANIFESTO

"...the New Economy as convention is language itself, language as means of production and circulation of goods."

—Christian Marazzi, qtd. by Joshua Clover

An unrealized hunger chews against ribcages of ravens in flight as flash floods erode history in the *Wadi*, flushing it to the Salt Sea. There is no food on the table and the poet goes unpaid. These words fill an empty plate, overflowing commerce, an exchange rated for evaporation and condensation, loss and replacement. This moment transforms nothing into labor. Rising water drives thirstiness to drought even as it races forward to parched bitterness that holds ordered tourists on its surfaces. Order falls away with things, things lost in dreams, dreams foretelling futures past. Electrons drove the Philosopher's Stone, golden silicone in bits and bytes flying past geographies of object, flowing with subject, absent verb. What is it we pay for in this life?

Red anemones contradict drenched grasses. A small blue iris sways. Hot dust storms coat the machinery that has frozen to our city streets as the poet peels potatoes and pauses to reevaluate golden hues. Sentences collapse under the weight of real prisons, unfolding the crusty earth's constant over turning—geological composting as surfaces rise up and bury themselves back into the hot mantel. Potato skins skim vodka from decay; hungers twist into shadows. Too many dimensions in set space reduce everything again. Orbits drop toward gravity, the strength of the iron fist clamping down on tomorrow. Poets remain unpaid; still words overflow into nothingness with no value placed upon added desire or its lack. Well-written banknotes are not poems;

CERTIFICATE OF APPRECIATION

Disc certificate in availed to:

Michael (Dicket) Deket

In recognition for participation within

2. Worthwide Pooltry compatition "SEEGMIS FOR A POEM"

2012 - 2013

poems are not without a price.

"Rather, there is before us the flight to a new capital, the brutal work of tearing apart and reassembling the great gears of accumulation and setting them in motion once again—if such a thing is still possible...Or there is the flight to something else entirely." —Joshua Clover

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.

#### **CITATION**:

Clover, Joshua. "Value | Theory | Crisis." Publications of the Modern Language Association of America. 127.1 (January 2012). 107-114.

Michael Dickel's prize-winning poetry, stories, & photographs have appeared in journals, books, & online—including: *Sketchbook*, *Zeek*, *Poetry Midwest*, *Neon Beam*, *why vandalism?*, & *Poetica Magazine*. His latest book of poems is *Midwest / Mid-East: March 2012 Poetry Tour*.



### Wilena Wiklavčič. Sloven



#### carnal dinner

In the middle of winter my lonely room,

with red, checked curtains

at the window,

through which the cold wind blowing,

next the candle,

which drew on the walls bouncing, flushed *scrible-scrables*,

for table sat memories.

Two or three had pulled the tap,

others are blowing

in numb hands

and whispered obscenities on the sleeping flowers,

who are hiding under the snow.

Those who wore glasses

remembered the grassy slopes,

dotted with red poppies,

between gold wheat

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL **POETRY COMPETITION 2012.** 

and barley,

noisy birds

who spreletavale around

scarecrows

dressed in old, weathered clothes!

I was lying on the stove

and contentedly stroking pussy



Writer and journalist Milena Miklavcic has so far issued several books for children. The year 1995 was marked by Alphabet from Why street, after a short break in 2006, she published a collection of children's stories entitled The oak tree on the left. Detective adventures of mischievous boys were described in the book The dot on B.(2008)

The youngest are very excited about her picture books: A little Bit, Mary and her teddy bear, Princess of the blue wood, Sun and bare feet, Who was breaking swallow's nest?, Clouds ; and numbers...

In early summer 2011, with a collection of Fiftytwo (52) - slightly erotic stories, entitled Women, she surprised adult readers. Stories about women who have been taken from our time, have seen already three reprints.

Outstanding and unique are hers researching of human relationships in the past, too. The most famous is the study of the sexual habits of Slovenians in the early 20th century.

Awards: The oak tree on the left in 2006 was proclaimed as the best book for kids in Slovenia.

At the International Competition for the best children's and youth book municipality Schwanenstadt (Austria), A little Bit in the year 2009 ,won a prise, named "Special jury award". The following year (2010) was awarded Mary and her teddy bear. In June 2012, a picture book Who received was breaking swallow's nest? complimentary recognition "Special jury mention." In the year 2012, Milena Miklavcic also received several first prizes in various literary competitions in Slovenia.

She is also very popular among the readers of the newspaper Nedelo. She has her own section, named "Confidentiality". Many people is writting her, and she tries- from week to week, to advise them the best she can. Writer and journalist Milena Miklavcic has so far issued several books for children. The year 1995 was marked by **Alphabet** from Why street / sold /, after a short break in 2006 published a collection of children's stories entitled At the oak tree on the left.

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Outstanding and unique are hers researching of human relationships in the past, too.



### Milena Miklavčič, Slovenia



heating between my legs.

She was so soft, wool,

hot actually.

Who knows why some of

those who have lost

In the distant past,

forget about her,

not knowing

it is still challenging,

mild whispers

which initially soap and uncertain.

Beet the shudder moist almond leaf

ha, ha, then change

in passionated bulls

that,

ready for breeding

elated

and lustful

chew braided wreaths of flowering daisies.

It's a good

it was apples in the basket,

which was placed between memories

restless,

light,

mature.

Not remember the day of the Death -

Invitating you

Come

and you pour a glass of wine, year 1952!

--



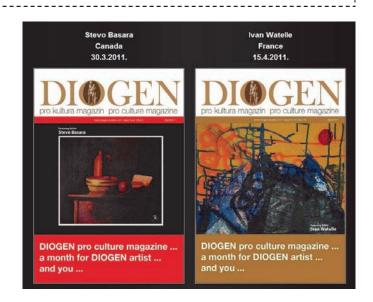
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In the year 2012, Milena Miklavcic also received several first prizes in various literary competitions in Slovenia.

She is also very popular among the readers of the newspaper **Nedelo.** She has her own newspaper section, called "**Confidentiality**". A lot of people is writting her. She tries- from week to week - to advise them the best she can.





# Mina Mitropoulou, Greece



PAGE 99

### A meaning of life

Do you believe, indeed, in love?

Don't cry any more...

Your tears run fast,

your breath, it can't last...

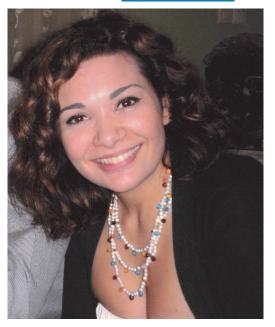
Do you believe, indeed, in love?

Don't cry any more...

Your beauty resists,
but you're gonna miss...

Don't cry, don't try, it's dark and it's night, you're ugly and alone with a cat at the hall.

As for me, I'm fine.
The BEAUTY is MINE!
With a dog and a car,
with a yard and brilliant...





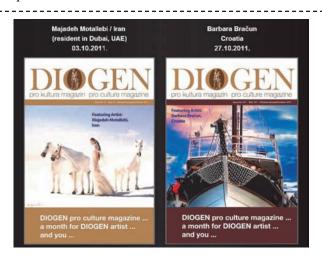
Studies: Agriculture Engineering in Agriculture University of Athens.

**Languages:** Greek (native speaker), English (Certificate of Proficiency in English, Michigan University), French (Diplôme **de** langue **et** littérature françaises, **Sorbonne C2**, *Option literature*) and Italian (State language certificate B1).

Seminars: Theatre, Dance, Piano lessons

Poetic experience: one published book of poems, Title of the book: "Ξόρκια ερωτικά" meaning of the

title in English: "Spells of love"



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.

http://www.diogenpro.com/2-seeking-for-a-poem-international-poetry-competition-2012.html



### Mirjana Miljković, Croatia



#### **ALZHEIMER**

Invisible spider in the web of neurons,
Sucking out the memories.
I snatch the bites from the glutton.
Waging the war for you.
Unfair battle.
It only sucks them slower.
Loaded, pregnant
With memories of memories.
Filing the memories of just feeding the spider?





"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.

**Mirjana Miljković** born on September 18th 1958 in Zagreb where she graduated in the Croatian language and literature. She is a professor of Croatia in Elementary Schools.

She publishes poetry and prose in literature magazines and newspapers: *Poezija*, *Marulić*, *Iris*, *Haiku*, *Modra lasta* and *Radost*. Professional articles she publishes in professionals journals *Metodički profili* (*Methodical Profiles*) and *Školske novine* (*The School Newspaper*).

Many a pupil won an award on the contests under her mentoring. Her hobby is mountaineering and photography.





## Monica Gorantia, India

#### A winner stands alone

On a world renowned stage,

Confronting a house full of applauding audience,

Standing alone, a winner looks appalled amidst all the ambience.

Weighing a win on life's balance it seems so light,

Ironically, it equates to a loss unable to fight.

What's a win when the people appreciating you are'nt those who complete you,

The perturbing fact is that the winner fakes a smile, not knowing what to do.

Everybody is congratulating him on his achievement,

He feels suffocated, choked to death; he fears abandonment.

At the end of the day the house, full of people, wears a look so desolate and haunted,

Sitting in a dark corner of a room he ponders is this what he wanted.

He looks at the mirror and faces his reflection,

Unable to look right in to his eyes ,he grieves his win to his heart's satisfaction.

He pleads to God to answer the questions he doesn't know,

Through the open window, a gush of cool breeze blows.

It didn't matter if he reached the top by sheer hardwork or crook,

As long as he could set things right in his past no matter what it took;

He walks out of the poignant silence of his mansion,

His body and the wind blowing across both equally cold as if in a competition.

Standing in the middle,he can clearly see a gag reel of his past playing on one side and his winner life on the other,

Helpless, he figures he's got a decision to make , to choose the first side or the latter.

Turmoil and conflicts of emotion become less intense in his mind,

Just like the clouds dissipating ,giving way to a clear sky so kind.

Without looking back he heads forward knowing where to go,

All he ever wanted was to be happy, he mistook a friend for a foe.

A winner's not a leader if he has nothing to loose,

For a real winner, the people who love him are his muse.

So we have a chance, to test our might,

Just as Bon Jovi says"you are the superman tonight."



writer.

Gustavo Vega
Spain
20.11.2011.

DIGER

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

Peaturing firtists
Gustavo Vega
Spain

DIGER pro culture magazine ...
a month for DIOGEN artist ...
and you ...

Zoran Spasojević
Serbia
16.12.2011.

DIGER pro culture magazine ...
a month for DIOGEN artist ...
and you ...

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.

PAGE 101

My name is monica and

i am a amateur writer

waiting for platform to

explore my skills as a

### Natasha Munde, Malawi



#### TWO-FACED

The reflection they see
Is what she should be
But deep in her soul otherwise
Tales of vision's demise
Disheveled face of a drug dealer
Of snipers and silencers

The reflection they glance at Is who He should be But deep within, truth glares Conscious's piercing stares Tales of a man pious Of dealings malicious

The reflection I regard
Could have him an award
Sleek and gentlemanly smart
But then falsehood departs
Whispers of a preacher's guise
Straying lambs with the disguise

The reflection I behold
A cause of forgetfulness of old
But tells of a heart cold
Not everyone's sold
Portraying a child abuser
Echoes of a substance user

The reflection I look at
Mesmerizes that no eye lid would bat
A sight endearing
A body tempting
A face veiled in pretence shatters
Revealing a reputation in tatters
Tales of an adulterous woman

The reflections they see are of

A gentleman

A lady

A Godly man

A successful man

A virtuous woman

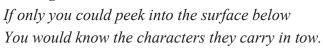
A good mother

An inspiring sister

A hardworking brother

A faithful wife

A loving husband



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



The first Born in a family of two of Mr and Mrs. Cannock Munde and of Malawian origin, Natasha Munde did her schooling at He cares Pvt primary school and Naperi pvt schools where she wrote her PSLCE (Primary School Leaving Certificate Examinations) which saw her going to Chichiri secondary school for four years and obtaining her MSCE 2005 (Malawi Secondary Certificate Examinations). She did Information Technology at Wits University in Blantyre, Malawi (2006).In 2007 she went to Chancellor College where she studied Bachelor of social sciences in Economics and graduated four years later in 2011.

She first became fascinated in writing at a young age in secondary school writing in notebooks which were lent out to her peers to read. But she started serious writing in college where she did bits of poetry in CCAPSO (CCAP Students Organization). *Pieces of Mirabelle* is the first of her stories to appear in a competition in Malawi (FMB MAWU Awards) where it was the third runner up.



## Nataša Stanojević, Serbia



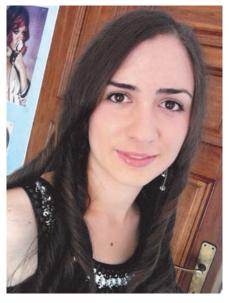
### If you only knew

If you only knew how long are these days and that every second without you tear off a part of the soul, if you knew that all these things reminds me of you, those little things that bother me, those memories that stifle me.

If you knew how I smile to sun when it caress my face while I'm walking down the street while I'm imagining your gentle hands on my skin.

If you only knew
how caress sleepy violets
on my window with my look wet of tears.
If you knew that I'm seeking for answers
eaven from them, and hiding my fears
deep in my lonely heart.
If you knew that I love you with a heart of a girl,
so immature and honestly and insanely powerful
and that you are the only one I care about...

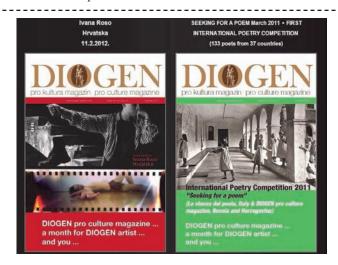
If you only knew...



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



Nataša Stanojević, born in 1994, is student in Medical school in Krusevac, Serbia. She lives in village called Lucina, near small town Cicevac. She is writting poems, stories and esays since she was 11. She won couple of prices in poetry competitions in Krusevac in last three years. Also, in 2011 she won first price on Serbian Society For Fight Against Cancer's esays competition and in 2007 and 2008 second price.





### Neal Whitman, USA



#### My Mentor's Last Poem

Vin Santo del Chianti Classico aah, aromas of roasted chestnut on a plate an apple sliced thin one sees most by candlelight when one sees so little I saved his poem to be the last this evening open pour

as
his mind
was slipping
his pen refused
to spell correctly
and he apologized
for his wretched handwriting
and for the length of his poem
explaining that he did not have time
to commit his verse to fewer pages





Neal Whitman lives with his wife, Elaine, in Pacific Grove, California, and both are volunteer docents at poet Robinson Jeffers Tor House in nearby Carmel. They enjoy combining his poetry and Elaine's flute in public recitals. Neal was the 2012 White Buffalo Native American Poet Laureate and also this year won 3rd prize in the Artists Embassy International Dancing Poetry Contest. In 2011, he won the Brig Memorial Contest, 3rd prize in the Poets of Lincoln Contest and was awarded the California Senior Poet Honor Scroll. Also in 2011, Neal won 2nd place in the Ito En Haiku International Haiku Contest plus honorable mention in the Yuki Teikei Haiku Contest judged by masters in Japan and honorable mention in Canada's Vancouver Cherry Blossom Haiku Festival.





"SEEKING FOR A

POEM" INTERNATIONAL

### Nemania Draga



#### THE WATER

The monsoon has drunk all the scents of the daybreak and it is calling me. It is begging me to leave the towers and the nights that cry when someone goes away. It is begging me to come and make a small rowboat of fine wood And get to know the essence of the water that has no reason to be anything else but what it is.

#### To be water is a blessing.

You are somebody's need, the drop and the strength that conditions. You could never be created from stone or the paper that can withstand anything. Your journey would never come to an end,

but it wouldn't be a journey of suffering anymore.

**POETRY COMPETITION 2012.** 

Water doesn't have the weaknesses that drag it into the four walls and colour it dark It doesn't breathe, it has no master, it doesn't turn back. It only awakens the silence Passing by the sleepy, the mute and the humble. Its aria is the prayer of the workers on the dry fields of the East. I would go. I wouldn't come back to be a craftsman again. I mend other people's thoughts and sometimes strenghten mine when I'm asleep.

I tie together two ropes that long to separate But I'm not as strong as a word first spoken anymore. To be water is a blessing.

I could, for the first time, stay indifferent Without feeling that time is pressing me and that I'm growing older.

I could, be I worthy of it, remain the being I am forever Who doesn't have to understand the fires of others that are spreading wildly.

I could, but I have no right to trade my life for eternity. Every morning I leave the place where I was previously sleeping Happy to still hear the call, but not respond to it.

In water and in wine alike, I am a drop and I can disappear.





Nemanja Dragas was born on 6th July 1992 in Belgrade. He finished primary and secondary school in the town of Pljevlja, Montenegro. He has published two books of poetry: "Fantasy in Blue" in 2008, and "The Microphonics of Maturity" in 2010. His poems have been published in literary collections and magazines, such as "Novi Mostovi", "Sazvezdja 10", a literary magazine for the Balkans, DIOGEN pro culture magazine and "Knjizevne Novine", a literary newspaper. He is a member of the Association of Writers in the Homeland and Diaspora" and Association of writers of Serbia (UKS).

He won the second place in the "Timocka Lira" poetry competition in 2012. He is one of the winners of the international "Think-Tank-Town" literary festival in 2011. He has twice participated in the KUM-festival in Montenegro. He is one of the authors of the literary poetry collection made by young writers from ex-Yugoslavia, named "RUKOPISI 34". He won the third place in the Multimedia Festival in Pljevlja. He is engaged in production, photography and painting and he won the first prize for photography in the competition entitled "The Youth and the Village" in 2011 together with the first prize for a painting entitled "Planet Earth".

He is a student at the Academy of Art in Belgrade.



### Nwakanma Chika, Nigeria



What is freedom but a mere slogan and chant?
What is freedom than a device to propel mob attacks?
Your salary and sweat, the government collects through tax,
You live fake lives just to maintain a certain class,
All your private information is stored on facebook, twitter and credit cards.

We wear other people's names to have a name, Rate ourselves by the price tags of our wrist watches and mobile phones. Exquisite designs, persian rugs and sophisticated gadgets we have in our homes. Hypocritical smoke screens to cover our pain

The plant of freedom is watered with the blood of the innocent and gullible. But its fruits are for none but the elite few.

It is like the fog that accompanies the morning dew,

A facade that hampers an objective view

They say revolutions are voice of the people,
Breaking the shackles of the oppression and evil,
But power never went to the people,
They were nothing but vehicles
Used and thrashed like tissues
To achieve the ideas of a ruling class.
We are slaves to their economy,
Majority working to feed the minority
And if your vote counts in democracy,
How come the party chooses its candidacy?
If education liberates the mind,
Who decides what to teach you and I?

Gender equality?

Nothing but a plot to rob your homes of matrimony.

Women are now bread-winners,

Men are now content with being baby-sitters.

Christianity has bred more enemity

Than Christ made on the way to Gethsemane.

Islam with the promise of virgins

Has turned young men to terrorists.

If your religion is the only way,

You need not venture on jihads and crusades,

I would not have a different face and we would speak the same language.

We are born free but move in chains, Strung to baggages of Deep-seated notions. Fed to us by agents of socialization and acculturation.



Nwakanma chika is a poet and essayist. He resides in Lagos and currently writes for Baobab magazine. He sees writing as a tool for social awareness and an agent for change.



## Nwakanma Chika, Nigeria



**PAGE 107** 

Entrapping us further like rats in the rat race.

What is real about reality tv?

Are tragedies, kidnappings and bloodsheds the only news in the evenings?

The modern definition of beauty is slim,

Characters and values we have thrown to the thrash bins.

Feeding the dogs, roaches, rodents and vermins,

I guess that's why they don't indulge homosexually.

#### Freedom

Is this what Sekou Toure fought for?

And why the Libyans are at war?

The reason the motion was moved by Enahoro

And the very same promise given by Charles Taylor.

A Liberia where a diamond is worth more than a child,

A Nigeria full of religious wars and ethnic strifes

A Libya that America has made blind

Or a Guinea that has not recovered since the poet died.

Freedom, freedom, freedom.

Sent from my BlackBerry® wireless handheld from Glo Mobile.





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# 苣

### Panagiota Bletas, Greece

#### **MERCIFUL CITY**

Merciful

City

Ungurdianed

The hatred...

And

I have

A prayer

There

At risk ...

To breathe

Almond

Olive

And orange

And

I want

To share

Hey

You...

This earth

Has

Lots

Of fruits

To treat

Us all

But

If you dare

To captive

My soul

She will be

Haunted

To your bond

Until

The other

Life

She will sting

The secrets

Prav

To your God...

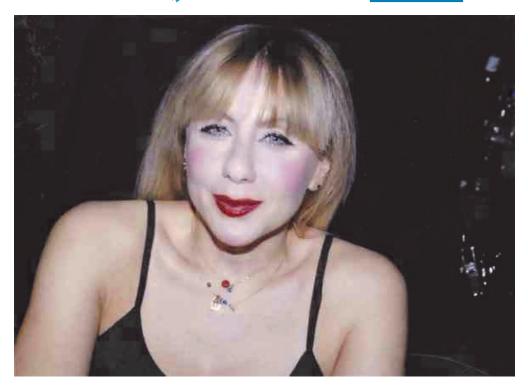
Free me

Free you

From

The pollution

Of our kind...



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.

Panagiota Bletas was born and raised in Greece.

She studied in New York City.

-MBA - Master's degree in Management and Business Administration - New York Institute of Technology

-BSc Marketing-Management - City University of New York

She has been very active in the area of local government.

She served as a Deputy Mayor in the City of Halandri/Athens

She was a Candidate-Prefect for the Prefecture of Laconia /Sparta

- She was distinguished for establishing the first Municipal Information Center in Greece. She collaborated professionally with big business groups operating in the area of call centers, research, communication, consulting and training undertaking high administrative positions.

-She designed and implemented projects with significant beneficial value for the Greek Nation - Earthquake Information Line 0800-18000, Citizen Service Help Line 1464.

Her love for art started at early childhood, and focused on two areas: Painting and Poetry.





**PAGE 109** 

#### Patrick Iwelunmor, Nigeria



#### MY FRIEND WHO SLAPPED JESUS

Each time he went to the riverside of life
He grumbled back home with his net empty of a catch
Tonero was a tornado
Always at this waterloo

His dreams upturned the popular traditions

That short men had no romance with tall hopes

Every flying aircraft was an idea stolen from him

Because his grandfather robbed a beggar many decades ago

One day in the orgasm of his hopes and dreams He set out against the prompting of his fate To rewrite the sordid history of his kindred Always mocking him to his face

Propelled by the beatitudes of Mary's son He gave his fate a fight... Broken and exhausted without a token to show

He wept back to his slum, slapping the portrait of Jesus on the wall.



"SEEKING FOR A
POEM"
INTERNATIONAL
POETRY
COMPETITION 2012.

I AM PASSIONATE ABOUT LITERATURE, ESPECIALLY POETRY AND CRITICISM. I WAS BORN IN JOS, NIGERIA IN 1976. I ATTENDED BAPTIST PRIMARY SCHOOL BETWEEN 1982 AND 1988. IN 1991, I GAINED ADMISSION INTO ZANG SECONDARY COMMERCIAL SCHOOL IN JOS, PLATEAU STATE. I LEFT SECONDARY SCHOOL IN 1994 WITH GOOD GRADES. IN 1995, I GAINED ADMISSION INTO THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH STUDIES AT THE **OBAFEMI AWOLOWO UNIVERSITY, ILE IFE**. I GRADUATED IN 1999 WITH A BACHELOR'S DEGREE IN LITERATURE. IN 2004, I OBTAINED A POST GRADUATE DIPLOMA IN PUBLIC RELATIONS AND ADVERTISING FROM THE **TIMES JOURNALISM INSTITUTE, LAGOS**. I HAVE WORKED AS LITERATURE TEACHER, SONGWRITER, COPYWRITER, WRITER AND EDITOR. I HAVE A MUSICAL ALBUM TITLED **I AM FREE** RELEASED IN 2007. I CURRENTLY SERVE AS MANAGING EDITOR OF **MENTOR MAGAZINE**. I AM MARRIED AND BLESSED WITH TWO KIDS ANNE AND ANTHONY.





### Peycho Kanev, USA



#### About Diogenes and his tub

The Universe with all of its atomic tidiness is a bit incomprehensible. Metaphysics too. But I like physics more than the physicists. The world is full of geniuses and some others. The world is strange, like a movie shot in Technicolor, but there is too much red in it. Imagine the Crusades, imagine the Inquisition, imagine all of it until now. What if, like the fiction writers like to say, time starts to flow in the other direction? Imagine Galileo working with hexa-core processor, Henry VIII on Viagra, Einstein sweating in a Chinese fireworks factory. That's why I keep myself close to the agnosticism. This world was screwed up before time was time, even before emptiness gave any hints of vacuum. That's why I like the simple things. For example, in a gas station in Arizona, in some foreign language the American Indian at the counter tried to explain to me how to pay for the gasoline. I asked him in perfect Bulgarian whether he had read about the life of Ambroise Vollard. At the end we understood each other perfectly well in universal slang, and I continued west. Like I said, I like the simple things. Now, I think about the grass outside. About each leaf thirsty for a few drops of water in this dried world, painted in blood. I think of the world as an accordion, but I don't know how to dance tarantella or polka. I think about all this pain for which there is no vaccine. I have been in Silver City, New Mexico. The city still scratches the memories of a gold rush. I've been in the ghettos of New York. That's why I say that if we didn't die we wouldn't care about the time. That's why I love words. Everything is simple with words. But is there anything worse than a creature who lives only to write poetry? Where are Ovid, Boileau, Dante? Is it still alive, Gilgamesh's aspiration to achieve immortality? Listen, we live and die. Listen, into the light of this cigarette you can find more life than the whole universe. That is enough.



"SEEKING FOR A
POEM"
INTERNATIONAL
POETRY
COMPETITION 2012.



Peycho Kanev is the Editor-In-Chief of *Kanev Books*. His poetry collection *Bone Silence* was released in September 2010 by Desperanto Publishing Group. A new collection of his poetry, titled *Requiem for One Night*, will be published by Desperanto Publishing Group in September 2012. Also his poems have appeared in more than 600 literary magazines, such as: *Poetry Quarterly, Evergreen Review, Hawaii Review, Cordite Poetry Review, The Monarch Review, The Coachella Review, DMQ Review, The Cleveland Review, In Posse Review, Mascara Literary Review* and many others. Peycho Kanev has won several European ds for his poetry and he's nominated for the Pushcart Award and Best of the Net.



**PAGE 111** 

### Phillip Larrea, USA



#### Lord's Player\*

Often times, I am stuck sitting
For hours and hours on end
In between meetings
On which the day's success depends.

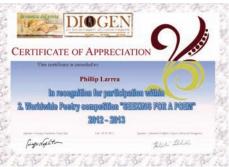
Some odd spot, no amenities. Maybe a coffee In a parking lot Descending to serenity.

This ridiculous pilgrimage Not between temples dark. More like an amusement park where Madcap harlequins pillage plots.

She asks, "How did it go today?"
"Oh, fine... bad... okay."
The best part, I can't really say,
Was spent in the Lord's field- at play.



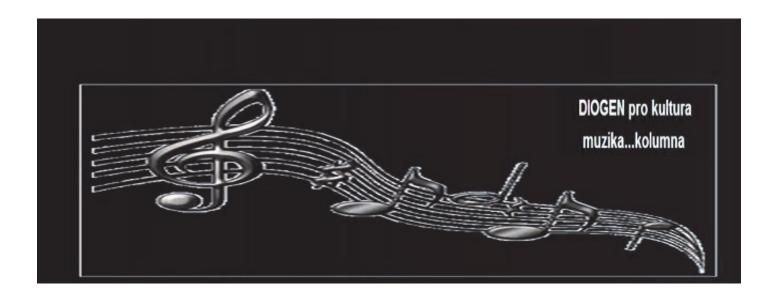
"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



\*from the title "At Play in the Fields of the Lord"- Peter Mathiessen

Phillip Larrea is a syndicated columnist and wealth adviser in Sacramento, CA., U.S.A

His poems have recently appeared internationally in Outburst Magazine, The Poetry Bus Magazine and thefirstcut #7 from Ireland, as well as Nazar Look in Romania. In the U.S., Phillip has been recently published in Decade Review, Rusty Nail and the Brooklyn Voice.



**PAGE 112** 

#### Prince Jacon, Nigeria



#### RHAPSODY

A tornado of pigeons carries my soul

Into the blissful heart of the sky

On the back of its ever-beautiful whole.

I stand, pointing as they ask why;

Crying, not for the return of the carried

But for attention to White that's Black married.



PRINCE JACON was born in the wee hours of Thursday, the 24<sup>th</sup> of October, 1991 in Aba, Abia State, Nigeria. He grew up in his birthplace where he finished his primary and secondary education before his admission into the prestigious University of Nigeria in the year 2010. While still a teenager he started reading and writing poetry. He is also a playwright and short story writer.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.







#### Rahul Badnakhe, India



#### **DON'T QUIT**

Time is varying with motion, Love varies with each relation Our Life is just a mystery, Don't stop, it's not destiny.....

Everything will have to change, Like playing a new game, It looks quite funny, Don't stop it's not destiny.....

Remember never get it blue, Sometimes you may have a clue, It will be blooming and so shiny, Don't stop it's not destiny.....

It is the art of living, You just start believing With love, peace and harmony, Don't stop it's not destiny......



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



AGE:20; QUALIFICATION: B.Tech (Chemical Engineer); PART OF INTERST: Writing poems, scripts, stories and articles; AMBITION: I want to create the bloom in the desert also by poems.





### Ratka Koleva Damjanović-Bogdan, USA



**PAGE 114** 

#### THE MISSING PIECE

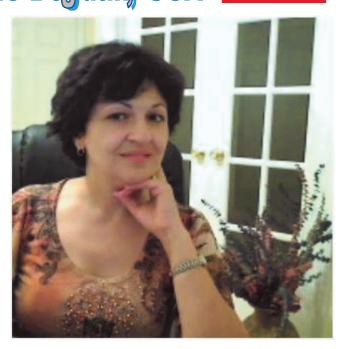
To cross the threshold of pain by bursting the creases of the distances that lay packed inside our chests as part of a different kind of truth which will overwhelm us when the dream becomes reality and the reality an on-going dream,

when we could look each other in the eye and recognize one another beyond the stripped prejudice and demystified norms once imposed on us by countless caretakers stalking our every step to catch us in an unprecedented act that gives them something to hold onto, something to justify their demeanor.

To stand upright and proud the deprived earthly mankind and you and I as part of the crowd beyond humiliation and oppression, we shall engrave the life's chronicle final tally in the carved lines of our palms opened towards the sky that is being reborn right before our eyes in blue contractions and tears from above.

To overcome the threshold of pain, the threshold of fear, the fear of shroud to transcend oneself, that is what we need.
That is what's all about.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



Ratka Koleva Damjanovic-Bogdan was born in 1965 in Radovis, Macedonia, she immigrated with her husband and son to south Africa then Florida, U.S.A in an attempt to escape the economic and political instability of Yugoslavia

(en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yugoslavia) in the late 1990's. She started writing poetry when she was eight years old and got her first poem published in a children's magazine. During her senior year in H.S she hand wrote in a notebook, her first length poetry collection of heartfelt stanzas. That original volume was recently expanded with more life inspired poems and published under the symbolic title "Sailboat: sailing through the ocean of life".





### Reginalde Abena Abia, Philippines



" The Actor and the Director"

He made the earth as the huge center stage From the beginning unto this present age Created all living and non-living organism To make scene more fascinating

He put the actor and the leading lady To His prepared natural story It is indeed a divine movie From birth of man to his own destiny

We are acting in His given role Different characters, those are all called Perform it from the conception Where all started in our mother's womb

The movie is focused in our own life How to make it and be all right But it seems, we're sinner or saint What we have done, already in paint

Life is such a wonderful drama Right or wrong, there's a karma Life can be as funny as comedy But all we need, be alert and ready

But most of all, life is an adventure Though it was planned, we have to tour With this complicated life, which is not pure Can be manage by a good director

God is the director and we are all actors Given the talent, He has to monitor In what we do, He has to be sure Accomplish the tasks as the life goes on



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



Philippines

Philippines

#### SUMMARY OF QUALIFICATIONS:

I am confident, assertive and highly motivated individual with a desire to understand the business. I can be able to deal with people at all levels and works under stress. I am also able to manage a wide range of tasks with high level of accuracy and attention to details.

#### **EDUCATIONAL ATTAINMENT:**

1989 - 1992 Divine Word College of Calapan

Post Graduate, Master of Arts

Administration and Supervision

1983 – 1987 Divine Word College of Calapan

Bachelor of Science in Education Major in General Science

Minor in English



**PAGE 116** 

## Rita Debono Muscat, Malta



#### To Richard.

(on his sudden death at the age of 19)

I mourn the dying sun on the horizon pink like the silken robe of a blithe nymph whose heaving breast touches my lonely heart and senses as they sigh and sink. The vine tree leaves lie fallen at my feet each shadow weeping 'neath the elm tree where we meet. A swallow lonely as a solitary ghost brings with it memories of a forsaken soul buried beneath the turf of some obscure ash grove. Deep is my sorrow but deeper still my love for you and I shall meet again dearly beloved beside the lake and trees beyond the pink horizon in the wake of dawn touched by a morning breeze. And there I shall no more weep for the sun that's dying for you and I shall be forever sweethearts as we were before.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



Rita Debono Muscat was born in Valletta, Malta in October 1950. She spent a few years working as Secretary at the University of Malta Library after which she studied pedagogy and took up teaching. She taught in a State Government School for the past 21 years. She is now retired and spends most of her time writing poetry, painting in watercolours and helping with baby-sitting her first grandson, Kain. Rita has been writing poems since she was eleven years old and has won quite a few trophies for poetry competitions. She writes in Italian, English and Maltese. She is married to Michael and has two sons, Cedric and John Paul.

### Rochelle Fernandes-Potkar, India



#### The Churn

It's the town of our friendship Not the city of our growings The village of new beginnings

- Set against the foot fall of dawn

Where we are going...
People have left
To another village of new beginnings

We are just awakening And they, re-awakening

Sometimes you can feel At loss Late by a century.

You go around in circles
Of musical villages
The person way ahead of you:
legend, mystery, folklore has
suddenly occupied your place
In the town you just left.

We are all either coming or leaving Early or late from an epiphany misplacing or displacing

though we never find each other And that is the only way to keep in touch, be inspired

Between the living and the posthumous

Whirlwinding, chronically lost salvaged by but a few found words from an old trunk, an archive, a long-forgotten blog.



Just an Indian poet

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.





### Malta



**PAGE 118** 

**THE** ...

(Tribute to old Age)

The vision's almost blurred, diagnosed by trachoma.

The ear not always tuned, in most cases, out of convenience sake.

Salv Sammu

The lean and shaking hands, not anymore of a strong grip.

The feet so heavy and faltering, they have walked many paths before.

The heart that beats faster, not with passion or enthusiasm.

The chair he sits upon in solitude, lost in a labyrinth of reminiscences.

The dreams of past summer days, and long nights full of stars.

The Sports he liked to play, and the activities he enjoyed most.

The day his heart leapt for the love of his life.

The ups and downs of family strives, as children grew and left home.

The experience of failure and success, along those long and winding roads.

The day his eyes will forever close, as things presumed have all been done.

The chapters from his book of life will end, and then, finally, he can rest in eternal peace.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.





Salv Sammut was born in the village of Lija on the 4th of March 1947. He took primary, secondary and tertiary education and has a diploma in Industrial Relations and Social Studies. He is married and father of three children and grandfather of two.

Salv Sammut started to write poetry and then simultaneously prose and minor plays. He had his works pubished in local newspapers and broadcasted on local radio stations. He enrolled in the *Maltese Literary Society* and was among the first members of the Committee of the *Movement for the Promotion of Literature*. In recent years, he enrolled in the *Maltese Academy*, the *Association of Maltese Language (University)*, the *Maltese Poets Association* of which he is the present general secretary. He is also a member of the *Academy of American Poets*.

Salv Sammut wrote more than 400 poems, 40 short stories published in newspapers and magazines and aired on radios, numerous political articles in one of the local newspaper, 8 short plays of which one was broadcasted on the state radio and another one as an assignment in the University Diploma course for social studies and another social play for one major Trade Union. Also he wrote 5 long novels of which three have been published and two publications of poetry. All his writings are a reflection of social life both in his country and in other foreign countries.

Due to his involvement in tradeunionism, Salv Sammut travelled extensively in all European major cities and has been to China and the USA. These travellings had an impactment on him when he came face to face with the diversity of social life and saw the injustice in sidestreets of beggars sleeping in rags and in entrances of multinationals department stores. present, Salv Sammut is retired and dedicate himself to literature and philantropic endeavours in his residing village.

### Sanja Muchkajeva-Vidanovska, Macedonia



#### **CONFESSION**

Where I pray I bow all curved
There the prayer book glows by a drop,
And truthfully, I truthfully speak to You
Overcoming the fear by thousands reproaches
Long before I became a bird
Even before the freedom had decided to make the chain blind.
Where I pray I want an old story, weaved by a frozen glance
Touching the retelling mistily to die.

It's not a dance of a ballet dancer, but they are ghosts flying Before I bow I silently send old witches into exile So the thought of You is the best prayer Making the dying bird living again In a unique way within my thought, But previously, I have previously remembered

Before each prayer to express my sinful gratitude without breaking a vow,

Since every sparkle of my breath

is a continuation of my confession

Where I pray the hope that one day
The morning will start singing does not die

The morning, once turned to the dew, with its hand is caressing me

To bring tranquility in the dusk, for one more day gone away

From the memories whose confession breath of a living man

Resurrects my prayer and overwhelms my soul

Stitching it into the canvas of forgiveness

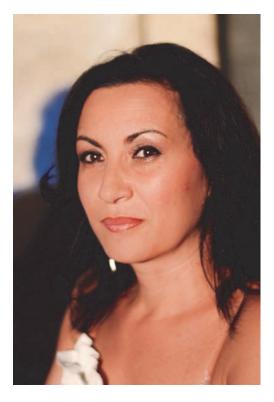
Whenever I learnt from my mistakes and wondered fearfully,

Wondered fearfully,

Whether the dead say a prayer for the living,

Now when I doubt whether I am living or dying.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



Sanja Muchkajeva-Vidanovska was born on the 12th of May 1967 in Bitola, Macedonia. She finished both her primery and secondary education in Bitola. She graduated from the Faculty of Forestry in Skopje and Masters Studies in University St. Kliment Ohridski in Bitola.

She is the author of four novels: "Sinners"," Sinners - 2 (modern fairy tale)", "Isolation" and "The fifth story", as well as a poetry collection - "Poetry for the Moon".

She has participated with her work in collections of literature and in a book with a selection of works by several authors in Macedonian and Greek.





**PAGE 120** 

### Sebastijan Valentan, Slovenia



#### **OUR FUTURE**

Years are the fastest running thing in our lives – even if there are hundred or more of them.

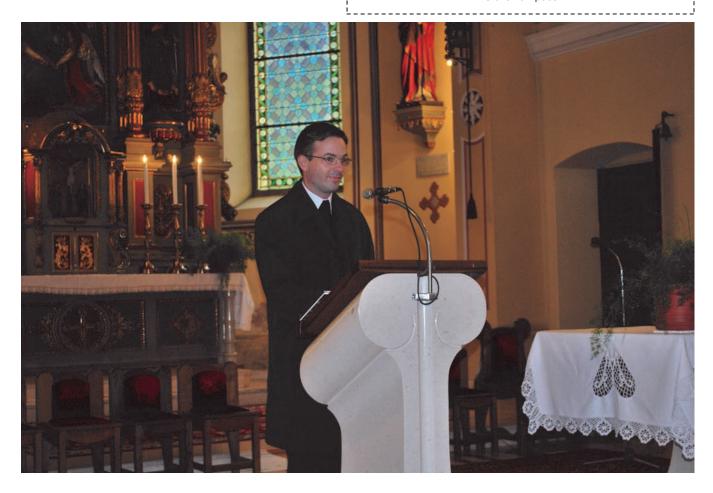
From one day to another a man is counting them, wondering how many more sighs God has prepared for him.

There is summer and there is winter and between them spring awakening birds, but in autumn leafs are falling — as shall we, someday, somehow, when our time shall come.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



Slovenian poet





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### Lykogiannaki Styliani, Greece



"NOSTALGIA"

Nostalgia for what might have been if...
leads you to moments of epiphany,
to moments of utter melancholy and dangerous despair,
until everything becomes foggy and blurry
and you realize you find yourself trapped in the twilight
without ever having experienced love's awesome quintessence,
because you didn't dare to have a vision broad enough to embrace it so far.

Whispers of happiness invade into your solitude every now and then don't turn your back on them once more for fear you may fail...

Listen to the echo in your head reminding you that you are walking towards the wrong direction misguided by the anonymous crowd, whose rush gradually wears you out.

Think of all the precious moments you will miss if you keep on rejecting the person beside you, who reaches out his hand and shows you your destiny if you keep on ignoring the leaping in your heart, that shows you the right way to conquer your dreams, to overcome all obstacles and boundaries before your time is up!

How can unbearable routine be transformed into idyllic completion? You can truly feel sublimity and transcendence in the midst of life!



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



**PERMANENT PROFESSION:** TEACHER OF ENGLISH AS A FOREIGN LANGUAGE AT SECONDARY EDUCATION IN THE PUBLIC SECTOR. (DATE OF PERMANENT APPOINTMENT: 02/09/2003.) CURRENT FULL-TIME POSITION: ENGLISH TEACHER AT THE 3rd GYMNASIUM IN HERAKLIO CRETE. EXAMINER OF THE PRODUCTION OF ORAL SPEECH OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE FOR THE STATE CERTIFICATE OF ENGLISH A, B AND C LEVEL IN HERAKLIO CRETE.







**PAGE 122** 

### Tamara Lučić Dinić, Serbia



#### **ABOUT US**

Your steps on my chest, You are dancing divinely my love You are screaming my song, Your voice is in my head, Room is full of dust blown by the blast... All is awesome...

But dead

I am floating above myself trying to communicate...

Every little thing is smiling loudly,

But the smile is so sad.

You are controlling my mind

Standing behind the wall,

Trying to impress me,

Believing in a higher goal.

I am delivering great ideas under my skinny bone,

Trembling on the edge,

While my vision is irreversibly gone.

Your name is in every book on every god damn page

Get the time, get the peace...get the rage...

Be wild on my soft skin, cut me to pieces.

I am dead anyway..

The dark is melting between my fingers.

Here is a new day...

Just say -and I will stop..

That blood is only a drop!

The ocean is in my heart deep in that hole on my back

Do you hear whale crying, do you hear how rocks crack?

Do you see the great emptiness between my hands?

Do you believe that I exist?

Am I a great mountain or only a mist?

Maybe I am too free if it is possible to be and

Everything I say is from my deep mind anyway

So don't take me to seriously cause even I don't know this me,

Am I amazing or just trying to be...



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



Tamara Lucic Dinic was born in Zajecar, on 25 December 1975. She attended elementary and high school in Negotin. She has a degree in Economics. She writes poetry and short stories. She has published in numerous journals and magazines. Her first book is "A thorn in the temple- shot in the eye"... She lives and works in Negotin, Serbia.







#### My own

She is my barren soil
a swarm of crickets on silver mound's branches dry
when the Sun is above high and karst stone is
edged by countless riders,
of people she is betrayed, and of faith, water and
hope.

She is my forbidden zone
I yearn to enter
without any announcements
loose from any traits of control
and feelings redundant.

She is the finest and worst of my dreams that I awake in with lips swallen and heart aching in my ears, like drums of war she springs from a time when I was an arrow of love in her eyes. She is my precious time lapsed and the scar I bear my horrifying weight of truth void of stupidity and blessing, she is a preface and nothingness so utter in my hand, prior to a dream, like an urge to tell the most hurtful lies to cheat on her with my self

She is my sermon before the crowd from within me she cries out and lets everyone applaude for the emotional crescendos shed does in spite of tears that seal them each time

and everyone I meet.

some of them we share
and some of them she dares not to halt.
She is the pilgrimage I dare not to undertake
yet I leaped there and back
from one end to the other
more than once.

She is the foundation of everything essential and it seems at times that the genesis of her is in spite infinitely plain even in the lost sense of humor, as she turns her head away to one of few sides of the world where I cannot be found.

She is so shamelessly mine and so are the very juices under the trees standing evergreen and tall sprung from a fairytale she believes in and awaits to be awakened with my kiss, she speaks of.

She holds the rawness of truth
and when she looks at me, she bites her lips
with words of devotion and fervor,
halting them with with every waking breath
and teeth so pearly and equal.
She wriggles like an eel
and charges back like a mighty tide
taking over the shore that
keeps me stranded
"SEEKING"

in thoughts of her alone

who she is... what she is...

"SEEKING FOR A POEM"
INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



**PAGE 124** 

### Tanja Stanić, Croatia



she is...

I presume....

Soul of my own soul.

(translation: T.K. Matković)



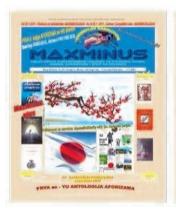


My name is Tanja Stanić. I was born in Poreč in 1966., I live in Mučići, suburb wilage of Rijeka.

I write, read, create, and it seems to me that my whole life revolves around writing.

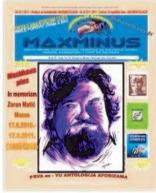
I publish in web, on my blog for years but my poems are published and awarded in national and international poetry events. In 2012. I have published my first book of poetry «The torpedo's book no.428»

My poetry is what my soul is.





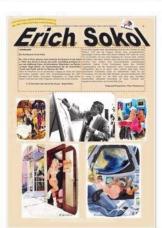














**PAGE 125** 

### Tatjana Debeljački, Serbia



#### Perfection

Out of imperfection the old skeptic... Shall I advocate for you before God, common creative mind?! Necessarily we write down, For the comfort, not to succumb. For hours before the end, soften by the wine French wine, Pinot Noir-Maison Blanche, danced the last tango Does it mean anything to you The battle of frightened thoughts, Breaking into pieces In the east of history! You had something to learn, Today your look is blunt, empty! The insect will survive Wriggling by the widow! You seem crestfallen. Loneliness will preserve you With the one you are. The picture will outlast you. Visual trauma. The far east Light and shadows Birds in the flock The ships and the sailing Inevitable and foreseen... The magic of traveling To the inner harmony! The girl's neck

Beauty from the darkness!!!



Being member of Editorial board, out of competition, but published.

CERTIFICATE OF APPRECIATION

This certificate is awarded to

Tatjana Debeljački
In recognition for participation within
2. Worldwide Poetry competition "SEEKING FOR A POEM"

2012 – 2013

Figure Control Control

Grant Control

Grant

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.

Tatjana Debeljački, was born on 23.04.1967 in Užice. Writes poetry, short stories, stories and haiku. Member of Association of Writers of Serbia -UKS since 2004 and Haiku Society of Serbia - HDS Serbia, HUSCG – Montenegro and HDPR, Croatia. A member of Writers' Association Poeta, Belgrade since 2008, HKD Croatia since 2009 and a member of Poetry Society "Antun Ivanošić" Osijek since 2011. Deputy of the main editor (cooperation with magazines & interviews). http://diogen.weebly.com/redakcijaeditorial-board.html; <a href="http://diogen.weebly.com/intervjuiinterviews.html">http://diogen.weebly.com/redakcijaeditorial-board.html</a>; <a href="http://diogen.weebly.com/intervjuiinterviews.html">http://diogen.weebly.com/intervjuiinterviews.html</a> Editor of the magazine "Poeta", published by Writers' Association "Poeta": http://www.poetabg.com/\_

**PAGE 126** 

### Therese Pa

### Pace

#### Malta



#### DAWN, DUSK, HANDOVER

We figure in this play like athletes in a relay race: doing our leg, delivering, then stepping off the track.

Blood, a string of pearls, his, hers, a breath that comes about, passing on the baton of seed and growth and harvest.

Dawn: this glass dome piece, mine. looked at with new eyes, shaken alive, dusted from the mothballs

wanting to mark her spring, her debut by bringing forth and branching out -a thread from me to her...beyond.

Dusk: a quiet laying aside, perhaps, of thrills and purple dreams becoming flights of fancy,

a hemming in of lining that brought into the open fruits sown in hibernation.

Handover: gift-nothing tangible like passing on my dress, a vacant chair to fill, keys' transfer.

Just a taming wrought by time mood swings, old streams gone dry, hot flashes. Haves turning have nots.

Reminiscence. Releasing. The presence of a catch inside my throat for something sweet, conceding,

hinting at chain and sequence, at matriarchs and minnows that makes a mess of my mascara.

> "SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.





Born in Rabat and residing in Birkirkara, Malta. Award winning poet in various local and foreign Published two contests. poetry collections Maltese Arpeggi (2003) awarded best poetry collection by the Maltese National Book Council, and Meta Tkellimni Hi... and Sfumature, a chapbook of poetry in Italian. Author of a set of 6 story/poetry books for childrenNagraw u Nirrimaw and Siltastorja, comprehension exeercise book for children. Lyricist of a libretto for an oratorio in honour of St. Helen titled *Il*-Qaddisa tas-Salib which was put up at St. Helen's Basilica last August as well as author of three one act plays and a collection of short stories still unpublished. Recently, she took part in various international literary



### asia Bakogianni, Greece



**PAGE 127** 

#### **Bronze**

Occasion's calling it a fad a gauge of margins building ink an age posing for the dopeness

Lovers do meet when They're eccentric Succumb to standards When they're sane

They deal foremost with casual objects With bags of draw and rings of smoke With sparkling beverages and salty starters so unaccustomed to condoning

And if it's scary and if it's round them They never shout, they never mind They only ask for repetition Batting the vapour words of dice

Classy and gross, restrained and sour You yes, tic tac, again aloud and pardon them for this commotion they may be awfully deranged yet one another's entourage

So, if she's bitter
Yes, over him
And his' s a good heart
Rummaging bits
Buy them a pond
Something to dive in
A rough portrait
Of something real
Perfectly sheer
Gaudily real



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



My name is Vasia Bakogianni, I'm 26 years old and I live in Athens, Greece. I've graduated from the Department of Primary Education of the University of Athens and I am a musician. I've been writing for two years now and I've had my first poetry collection published this year under the title "Paranyxides" (Cuticles) by Xaramada Publishing. In my poems I attempt to depict urban lifestyle and human/social relationships, integrating a fast beat and a violent/intense imagery.



**PAGE 128** 

### Vesna Šare, Slove



#### Like a woman

I have bargained

a bunch of scenarios

I was an oak bark

and a proteus

left and right ends were mine

like a barrow boy

I was selling loads

on bazaar of bodies

I was tearing petals

of smiling decisions

I was losing veils

the dignity has been shining

through the holes

my skin was

dictated the next song

I am going on again

like a woman





I was born 06/16/1961 in Koper, Slovenia. Since childhood I liked to write poems and stories. For personal reasons, when I was 19 years old, I stopped writing and started again a few years ago. First of all just for me, but now I regularly post at a poetry portal. My poems have been published in various journals and books. I didn't publish my own book yet. I am a teacher at an elementary school. I live and work in Koper.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



### Violeta Milovanović, Serbia



#### Debris of a poet

A big patch of crimson was spreading in the ashen sky.

The chariot sprang forward and was gone.

The death-rattle grew louder,
the cadaverous visage paler.

The river shuddered in the fierce wind.
The song of the last breath was keen.

Who was roaming the deserted lands —
was the one who was having suicidal thoughts;
the one screaming within,
the one pale and louder than the din
inside the head, inside the soul
lay down onto the green grass,
released the hushed screams
in the wicked twilight.

Every faked smile covered an ink tear,
every breath drew near
the dark and the end of the day.
Whose eyes were closing there?
The night was cool.
The wind jived on and on.
The rattle stopped.
A new day was born.

And on that grass, the greenest you have ever seen amongst the iridescent flowers, there, someone has been. Alone, forsaken, shivery remained, of a poet, the debris.

> "SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



Violeta Milovanovic was born in 1985 in Kraljevo, Serbia. She was educated at the University of Kragujevac, Faculty of philology and arts, the department of English, where she received her diploma in 2008. Her interest in writing poetry was developed in elementary school. Initially, she was writing poems and lyrics for songs in her mother tongue, Serbian. She started writing poems in English while she was a college student.

Several of her poems in English and Serbian were published in emagazines "Poeta" No.2, 3 and 4 (<a href="http://www.poetabg.com">http://www.poetabg.com</a>). She tried her hand at writing novels, also in English. Those pages, however, are still waiting to see the light of a day. Her e-book of poetry 'A rose in the dark' came out in July, 2012 (<a href="http://www.obooko.com">http://www.obooko.com</a>)





**PAGE 130** 

### Vladimir Perić, S



#### WILD ROSE

The wilderness of yours resists the night The vice makes you the object of lust The strength of yours paralyzes autumn The shadow hides your mystic eyes

When a magic petal touched my heart The Northern Sun lightened me up In the darkest night

The Power of the gypsy scale and hidden bohemians Whispered to me that I have to follow her

Follow her step by step like a lost kitten While the storm of the earthen discord rages To seek the safety that prevails in her soul To follow the tear that is falling for her

How can I explain to you, my friends, That I saw tameness behind the wilderness of her thorns While the bitter contempt lies above my head And dark sorrow, darker than the night

Although I know nothing about her
I have known her ever since
As if the earth spawned us together
As if I am destined to leave this wonderful world
For the queen of flowers to give me the wings

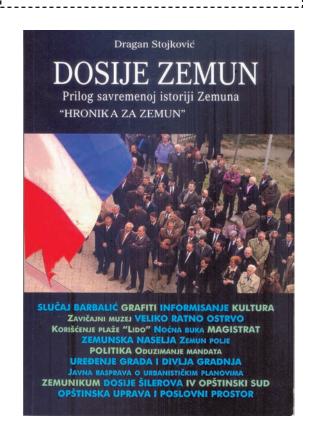
Your wilderness adorns your beauty
The vice that surrounds you guards your goodness
The strength of yours hides your fragility
The shadow of yours shows your worthiness

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.





Poet from Serbia





### ilovanovic



#### The comedy of feelings

And finally, the two of us: Face to face you speak And you say that: You do not love me, You never did, Everything was just an act of courtesy, I misunderstood your kindness. You fall about laughing...

I listen to your words,

And I wonder

Whether you are joking with

Or whether I am that stupid? All that tears my heart apart But with no tears

In my eye

Without a word

I turn away

And I leave you.

And in the air on my side A small white cloud remains: That's exactly my love

Vanishing into nonexistence.



Profession: professeur de français langue étrangère Centres d'intérêt -écrire la poésie en français :

2007 Prix francophone par le Centre éuropéen pour la promotion des arts et des lettres de Thionville

2009 et 2011 deux poèmes publiés dans l'anthologie de poésie et de prose publié par l'Académie intérantionale « Il Convivio » de Castiglione di Sicila , Italie

2010 prix francophone de la ville de Ciotat

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" **INTERNATIONAL** POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



http://www.diogenpro.com/misterija-makavejev.html











#### THE IMAGE OF A PICTURE

Just imagine – in front of eyes – the image, that our world is only one big village. Placed into a beautiful God's valley, with one straight to Eden alley. All around there's everything that village needs: waters, forests, gardens, orchards, fields. So the Mother nature easy every child feeds.

All animals are there people's closest friends. Everyone and everything in right place stands. Each spring a new child, plant and animal is born. In summer the fields are full of golden corn. In autumn – of nature's ripe fruits – sings the horn. Winter snow turns village into a warm fairy tale. And so quiet, so full of God the whole is vale.

There already lived such fine, ordinary villages in some periods of time.

When everything was full of sense, when everything was bright and fine.

Today's rageful progress of technology brings us horror, desolation, fear, more than ever we can feel the breath of devil near.

It's hard to everyone on his feet to stay and almost nobody knows which melody of life to play.

But I decided to get out of this ghetto's labyrinth And start to sing the new day's »Morning« of Peer Gynt. In my poems, wishes, fantasies and dreams I perceive how gently through the Village love of our Father streams.

Please, do come brothers and sisters into the Village with me.

Let you your own – this beautiful image – to be.

Don't be of this soul's journey afraid, since God will give you all the needful aid.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.

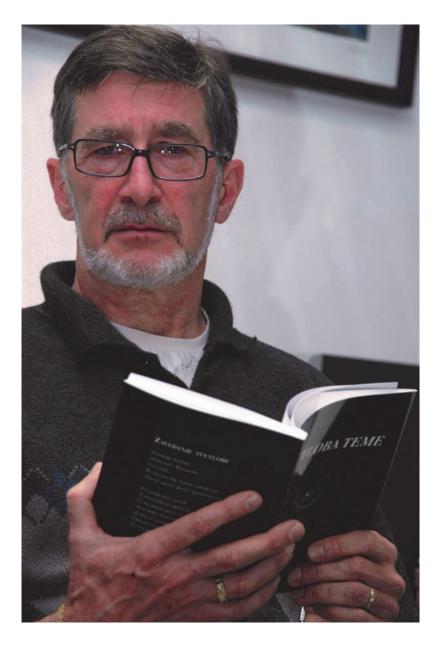
**PAGE 133** 

### Vojko Rutar, Slovenia



Just refresh the memory – of that Village – in your heart. And your soul will nevermore fall painfully apart. You shall get there everything you need to grow: silence, God's affection, peace and learning, how and where to – a new life's sound seed – to sow.

Simply do imagine – in front of eyes – Creator's image, that our World is nothing but one big healthy, happy village. Then – only – take the first step toward this Village and help us realizing – with hand in hand – the Image.











#### Faldbakken

I often wonder who will be the last person to see me alive.

The Last Words on Earth

Nicole Krauss

The nature of human relationships

Is a feature

Of our imagination and understanding,

It resembles a space for public viewing

Burnt.

Burned,

An alteration,

Etched in acid, a body in an anatomical studio,

When all that is unnecessary is removed,

From under its thin skin

Even

A sign

A cast,

The voice cut in the soul.

Last year

One of the passengers probably noticed,

On the wet from the rain,

Covered with ice,

Slippery, deserted highway,

28 kilometres from Berlin,

Heading precisely in the direction of Dresden.

How an old yellow GDR-car was driven

By a man in black glasses,

Black leather gloves and black hat.

The man

Was still not too old, he listened to the radio

Playing a sensitive song, Warum

By a once popular group, Tic Tac Toe.

There was such a mist it seemed

He was looking through the spattered

Raindrops on the lenses of binoculars

Even though by the roadside a hawthorn

Glistened with frost,

It was withered and diminished

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



**PAGE 135** 

### Vyacheslav Guk, Ukraine



Though it had once known warmth

Enough to mature

Germinate

**Sprout** 

Every moment it felt

As if something should happen

Then the car

Stopped suddenly, on the empty roadside,

The engine no longer drumming

And throbbing

Furiously,

The shiny hood fell limply

As the droppings of pigeons on the streets of Rome,

Raindrops.

He came out of the salon too easily,

Too easy,

Almost boyish,

The rain diminished,

Screamed,

Became brittle

Inflammatory,

Very drowsy

Behind the same, lies somewhere out there,

There,

There.

Seemed endless ploughed fields

In thick smoke fumes

Dusty brick factory chimneys,

Black,

Early winter

Cold

Bored enough

Smoky and drunken Berlin,

Thinly and brightly visible

Red stripe on the horizon

It's all so terribly, typically for

Late the November of Germany,

A mournful German allusion

To the beginning of the general freeze.

A man lit a cigarette





**PAGE 136** 

### Vyacheslav Guk, Ukraine



Near a frozen car,

Blue smoke veiled his fingers,

He stood shortly and then

Went in the direction of the field,

Leaving the door open

And the radio switched off

No longer speaking

To itself

As it had until this moment

In long letters to Frau Magda, and the odious Herr Klaus,

Narrating about the unexplored part of the country

Where, in the fields, the birds fall asleep quickly,

Exhausted by hunger and bad weather,

Huddled as far and deep as possible under dry stacks.

He told her

About that part of his tortured body

Which is in the chest

And that is too acutely aware of this separation

Even when he writes letters to her,

Magda

And confesses to the Lutheran pastor, who

When buying fish in the avant-garde storage shed

Wrote sentimental poems about his childhood,

Listened to recordings of church music

On CDs, Eterna

Delighted reads Herta Müller

Hanne-Marie Svendsen

George Klein

Pär Lagerkvist

Travelling from Berlin to Dresden

To a little secret

Sojourn in the church of the Holy Christ.

It is quiet down there,

Silent then,

Singing psalms,

Listening to an organ,

Hearing an organ cry

Or

Hearing the crying of those

Who are nearby

Or who celebrate alone, the Oktoberfest,

But the birds,

These creatures of God





**PAGE 137** 

### Vyacheslav Guk, Ukraine



He,

He was a man of slavery,

Conscription,

Military drill,

A once divided country,

A lost family,

Women,

A child,

Homeland.

A sector,

Wall,

A Wall's man

He told her as much as possible,

If he is an interested ornithologist

Rivers lay, for those the field

Was faded in time

Winds,

Tears.

Salt,

Sun.

On its winding shores

With already a good, even

Thick layer of grey ice,

Passing the border that separated the field

From the river and road

A man stopped

And

The time on his wristwatch

Had stopped

Too

Despite the precision of the Swiss.

Once I saw

A bird's eye freeze slowly,

Then

A flaming torch plucked

From the pitch darkness,

Betrayed, Scared.

A pierced tear drop in

The eye's pupil

Sharply stretched to an incredible,

Terrible tension,

I saw Herr Klaus

Extracted from the coastal ice

That

Taut muscle of the river

From which he was created at night

A sharp ice axe gouged,

A fairly drunk fishermen

Who found the police in the nearest village,

Scoundrels who've done this there

And a hot black density

Formed underneath the water,

A sharp hook dropped a reflection of the dead,

Dull, Wet.

Bloodless,

Sky,

And more, and even some dirty words

Such as

What the devil,

Why remove it from there,

It also has still not deviated

In all of this it makes little sense

There is one of the drunkards

Drawing from his breast pocket

A long dense hair from a horse's tail

It tong dense han from a norse s tan

He cleaned it himself, carefully between the teeth

Until it broke

That reptile with greasy unwashed hair

And he felt a fault

And the damp from spat out cigarette butts

Subsequently

When the wet and stiff black

Coat of Herr Klaus

Was finally

And forcibly

Stripped from the hardness of an icy captivity,

From the unyielding hands of the river



**PAGE 138** 

### Vyacheslav Guk, Ukraine



Icicles acutely, abundantly covered the fur collar And the apple-open eyes froze and flowed away. His face was too quiet,

The lips covered with a thin crust of ice
Fedora firmly rooted to the back of the neck,
The remnants of grey hair plucked waves
Or internal flows or haemorrhage.

The sleeves,

Collar,

Coattails,

Buttons,

Loops,

Belt,

Lining,

Frozen fabric

Pulled,

Teased and girded him several times,

He was bound

By a strong silk rope

Tightly wound

Round the throat like a guitar string

Intended to kill

The kind which still

Clings to dry underwear in the old

In old Berlin yards,

He is held on all sides pulled ashore

And skilfully pull on the stretcher the *Ambulance comes* 

And the next night from the hole formed by his extraction

The deer greedily drank the fuzzy moon,

Then licked the salt of the rough ice

And the section from the trouser pocket

Which was on the man

And from what scissors had cut, harnesses,

They pulled out a small notebook

In a leather frame,

Only then did it begin to suffer from cold and moisture

It was not the least significant

That a dirty letter was attached to it

Dated 07.11.2005,

From Magdeburg,

Vyacheslav Guk was born on the 15th August 1974, in Saki, in Crimea, Ukraine. He obtained his higher philological education at the Simferopol State University and since 2003, he has been a member of the National Union of Writers of Ukraine. Vyacheslav has published five books of poetry and five novels: 'The Syndrome of Childhood Memories' (2008), 'The Garden of Galatea' (2008), 'The Myrdal-fisk or Philosophy of Northern Solitude' (2009), 'Simpheropol's Virginia' (2010), 'Gentle Skin or Veronica & Monica' (2010). In 2007 he received an award from the President of Ukraine for young writers for his novel 'The Syndrome of Children Memories'.

His novel, 'The Garden of Galatea' was a Ukrainian response to the American novel by Nicole Krauss, 'The History of Love'. Recently he learned that in Germany, it is thought that 'The Garden of Galatea' was written in "the language of Galician Jews".



**PAGE 139** 





Folded four times over and

Carefully

Wrapped

In dull kitchen foil,

Which despite significant damage

Gently waved in the light of a

Table lamp,

They were able to read and understand something,

To comprehend and clarify Shedding a glimmer of light on

What happened that day,

Maybe even, Maybe night

Here are some sentences Saved from drowning,

Dear Klaus

I know that you, like many, Must provide oneself with food,

And drink immediately, if, outside, there is a flood

In summer you let moths corrode the collar

Of your coat, a

You have not yet had a phone installed, And shun the installation of a water supply,

Treating with caution the urban

And

Rural sewage cesspits

Flies,

Viennese coffee, Newspapers,

Iodine, Aspirin, Wool pets, Ögondroppar,

Toast,

Liquid soap.

You have long ceased to listen to

Paul Hindemith, Franz Liszt,

Swedish Radio,

Angela Dorothea Merkel,

Smoke,

Or ride in a compartment

To the resorts,

Make new friends,

Affairs,

To learn of the women

Themselves, Neighbours,

Souls tortured for the past

A head shaved

With a razor on *Volkstrauertag*, Solemnly as if it should be,

And how long to apologize to anyone.

You regularly and consistently pay the utility bills

While saving on Water consumption,

Light, Gas

Consumption,

Air,

But you're not a meanie,

Not a glutton, Not a grabber, You are still slim,

Lank, Exactly

The same as a young man

Not caring for their own weight

No fat on your stomach,

Chin, Neck, Or Hips.

Time almost did not touch you,

Your body has a slight smell of decay You continue to walk to your service

Every morning,

Weekly, Annually, Always



**PAGE 140** 





Seven days a week

In a textile spinning mill,

Which has already been converted and filled,

The new mechanics,

Worthless modern real estate. The thought of which begins

To severely cut into your nostrils

And

There is a rampant sense of frenzied anguish,

Horror And

Incredible fatigue.

You sit down in the tram, Reflect on a small mirror

Which lies hidden at the bottom of your pocket

Into which you sometimes look

Mentally to stop time,

You dreaded the thought of the future,

You will never recognise life,

Death, Ageing, Ageing, Death,

But on your cheekbones

And remains linked

By a yellowish piece of old newsprint

Which you stopped, usually the black blood cut

And which you do not uncouple after shaving

And

Even washed the soap suds with a flap of the left ear

You like golf, Mountains, The sea,

North beach,

Rügen,

Frank black and white artwork, nude women,

Which makes the controversial Frenchman, Mon-

sieur Claude Florent

You're only in my dreams, you remember the smell

of trash,

The stench of a cheap hotel

Swollen from drinking, intestines

Greedy, swallowing an omelette with celery and dill,

Grey turkey in the soldier's smelly sack,

Which cut through the hole for her red neck

To cut off

In dreams you remember the woman

The car company, Ford

Grey, Blue. Or black

Lost somewhere in numbers,

Love in the twilight

A taste of lipstick on the tongue,

His sharp Adam's apple,

Drunken dreams

On the tiled floor of a public toilet,

Once more

During the Prague Spring

Grief,

Unbearable,

Total deficit of truth.

When it seemed

That the earth would go from under your feet

Just about

As if to hold his breath The pain in the throat

Over the coffin of a relative,

Hand in hand. Side by side, Timidly, timidly,

Which stands on the concrete

Painting of quarrels,

Fragments,

A poor village cemetery Buried on borrowed money

And clothes purchased at a flea bazaar

Almost for a song, Three young men,

Incredible

### Vyacheslav Guk, Ukraine



To the point of stupor, fell

In love with a young lady,

But neither of them, then

She found a happiness

I still do not know

Which of the three of you,

Who no longer belonged to myself

Then

There is.

So long ago,

Took her out of the municipal morgue,

Who

Buried in the frozen

Soviet rotten Gdynia,

Which of the three of you,

On an empty stomach,

After a painful sleepless night in the police station

Badly bruised

Beaten with a rubber rod,

Broken spiritually and physically,

With a broken rib broken nose broken ear

Returned home

Held a long, long time, his head held in washing

Under the open tap

From which pointedly

Slashing

Sadly

Flowed and flowed

Over the hands, wrists,

Face,

Neck.

Over the shirt collar,

Smelling blood

Warm, slippery, fragile as ice,

Rusty water,

Who

Listened long to

Heinrich Ignaz Franz Biber von Bibern,

Passacaglia (1675)

And then

Cut off the head

Of the turkey

That

Remembered a woman

In solitude,

A woman

In which were filaments of sutured strict lips

And

Is buried under the number and without name

Which of you three was the father

Of her unborn child?

I'm sorry

Faldbakken.







# Yaseen Anwer, India

#### **POOR BOY**

Poor boy

Rolling,

Crawling,

Searching..

For a piece of bread

Crying,

Struggling,

Fighting...

With hunger.

Somehow,

Somewhat,

Somewhere...

I feel even I am responsible

How?

Why?

Where?

I don't know.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



Indian poet





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### Yiannos Lambis, Cypr



#### Loneliness

Sadness tonight celebrates and you, honored guest, in front line, cursing your loneliness, with joy unreachable unless something new

Boredom tonight celebrates, and you dive for corals in the depths of his eyes fondling his figure on a sepia canvas

Despair tonight celebrates, pulling out her pale and withered breast nursing you, drop by drop, her black milk

You are crying! The tears shed like sea spread at your bosom
Listen! the roaring twiddles hope and if it fails to bring you happiness, it turns into a boat and sail you away from misery

The dream overflowed tonight get out and paint the snow if you search, if you ask still: what? do not care, just begin, at the end, what you seek for, you shall find



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.



Yiannos Lambis was born in Limassol, Cyprus, in 1962.

His chronicles and poems have been published in newspapers and magazines. He has written theatrical plays. His works,

'Ιοκάστη" Anazitisis Publication (In Greek), 2009

' Ψάξε μέσα στη σιωπή μου', Anazitisis Publication, ( In Greek ), 2010

"Search within my silence' Authorhouse, (In English), 2012

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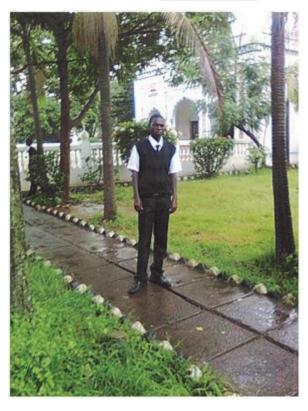
### Yusuf Waiharo Njoroge, Kenya



#### LOST DESTINY

The sun rises over the bungalows of my town,
So hot is it that everything shines dark brown,
Residents walk past each other at each other they frown,
Shrouded in mystery is the neighborly clown,
No peace and no one safely walk around,
Day and night at each other they mercilessly pound,
One by one innocent ones in pools of blood drowned,
Corpses fill streets their bodies form a mound,
No law enforcement and no one feel legally bound,
The law of the jungle works and the weak get dragged
down,

Their houses in huge infernos get burnt down, Where is the humanness?
Where is the brotherhood?
Or everyone wants to be hell bound?
Oh my people!
Oh residents of my town!
What has become of us?
That we have grown so cold,
That patience we can't uphold,
Of the poor we squandered,
And the tiny parentless they dreaded,
Let's all with oneness thrive,
lest our destiny own we deprive.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2012.

My name is Yusuf Waiharo Njoroge .I was born in kiambu district of central Kenya. I attended primary school at our lady of Nazareth primary school from 2001 to 2009. I am currently at starehe boys' centre and school undertaking my high school course in the third year. I have a passion in poetry and I base my themes from current issues pertaining to the society.





"SEEKING FOR A

POEM"

**INTERNATIONAL** 

POETRY COMPETITION 2012.

### Zoran Kulačin, Serbia



Jackie Burroughs: a Tribute

A broken bag of bones
Superficially
A sonnet of gray-haired tones
Artistically

Showers above
Land sucked-dry
Land evaporated by
A barbecue-like
Force of trivia;
OblivionThey feed us,
Mouse-like germs

Tiny, little grains of Sperm,

They feed us
With a ladle,
Overfilled with

Her smiles A thousand river Niles

Of horny-skinned Crocodiles

Biting us

Inviting us

Using bites of

Old-fashioned

Neon lights

Coming from their teeth

Glowing

Suffocating us

With her

And only her!

Juxtaposition
And intermission
A kind of circumcision
Of the foreskin of
Our empty trail;

She rocks
She blocks
Frigidity
Stupidity
And things similar

Going down the Road
Annihilating every toad
Pretending to be a
Prince of a Bavarian
Kingdom;
No pomposity for me,
Please!

The queen of
The hippie cinema;
Her bright eyes
Shooting
An amber-coloured
Liquid;
Ejaculation...
Ejaculation of
Warmth

Not using her
Partner's prick
But singing
With both
Her vulva
And
Her sense of
Motherly notion;
No abortion
And
No fakeness;

Simply, a load
Of
Erotica
Simply, a load
Of
Ambiguous love,



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### Zoran Kulačin, Serbia



A silvery dove Of broken wings...

Buried six feet under
Superficially,
But
The mother of
Pickled memories
Artistically!





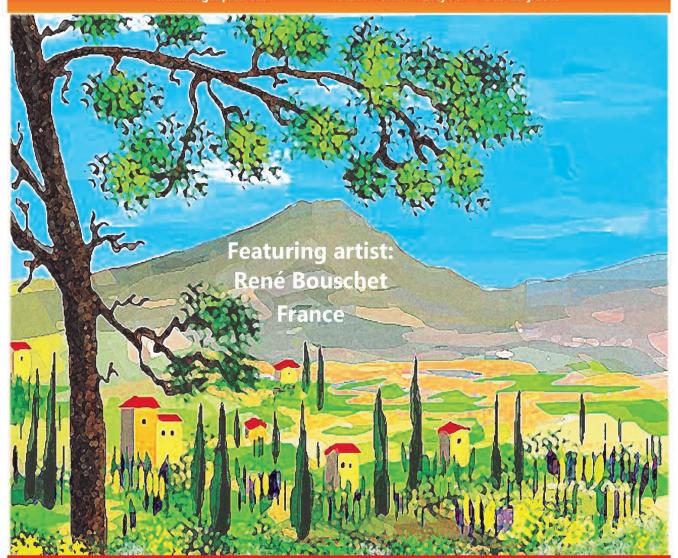
My name is Zoran Kulačin, I am 24 years old and I come from Serbia, the city of Novi Sad to be precise. Currently I am finishing my studies in English language and literature at the Faculty of Philosophy in Novi Sad. I have been writing poetry both in English and Serbian for several years now.

My passions include reading, writing, exploring different genres of music and occasionally translating.



# pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

Year IV - Issue Broj 31



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