

RAVEN CAGE

79

Poetry and Prose Ezine



RAVEN CAGE

RAVEN CAGE ISSUE 79 POETRY AND PROSE EZINE

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Contact per email: ravencagezine@gmail.com

Submissions guidelines:

Send 1 to 6 poems of any length in any genre. Erotic poetry is welcome but if found too graphic, sexist, or vulgar we will decline.
No blatant racism or sexism.

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

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

Book promotions and Biographies welcome

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Editorial

Dear Readers and submitters,

Due to a massive amount of submissions it took longer than expected to release this issue. I had to decline and or postpone some submissions.

In the future I will still accept articles alongside poetry, prose, and stories however I will have to ask that articles are literature based. Book reviews, Biographical writings about authors and according. Raven Cage is not a Trade Journal but is welcome to include articles outside of Reading and Writing. Any article that falls into the direct criteria will have priority as well as those that I receive earliest.

I am a lover of writing in any form and genre, I believe that creativity is important and that will never change. I just have to put a cut somewhere for space reasons.

Also for future information. I attempt to answer emails in a short period of time, but do not always have the time to check mails. The end of each month is reserved to collecting submissions and formatting mails that come in at this time will be answered when time allows. Being asked when the Magazine will be publish only postpones this process. I always send the link to the PDF when it is uploaded.

-The Editor
Jerry Langdon

Featured Poets

This Month I would like to direct your attention to two poets I am happy to call friends and whom I am Featuring.

Taylor Newman

Taylor is a Poet and Lyrist who I find to be an amazing person along with being a great and versatile poet. You will find Taylor und the Lyrics Section. All the art and lyrics are from Taylor Newman.

F.D. Ravenskraft

F.D. Is another poet I am proud the call brother. His poetry has influences from Poe and HP Lovecraft but not alone. Much of his poetry is dark gothic . He has recently released a book of poetry.The Nightmares of HiMM. You will find FD in various sections of this Issue.

Book Reviews

Author Reneé Drummond-Brown

REVIEW –

Cut From the Same Cloth: Volume I (1)

Review by: Author Reneé Drummond-Brown, MA, BS, AA.

TITLE: Cut From The Same Cloth: Volume I (1)

AUTHOR: Author Robert R. Bradley Jr., LCSW, LSATP

PUBLISHER: Copyright BookBaby (April 19, 2021)

Language: English

Hardcover Version sold via Amazon

ISBN: 978-1-09835-866-2 ASIN:

Printed in the United States of America.

PGS: 125. Black & white.

“Cut From The Same Cloth: Volume I (1)”

Author Robert R. Bradley Jr., LCSW, LSATP, book is poetically sewn together by tightly-knitted woven threads. This light yellowish-brown, tan-in-color, hardcover book depicts a drapery of materials from its front cover photograph(s), and devotion to the loving memory of the authors' Papaw, “Lonus Estill Gibbs 1899-1979,” to the tan textile found on the head and shoulder in that photograph while covering mystery photos and capturing vogue in its finest hour. A brilliant craft choice I must add, which adds depth to the clean-cut poems found throughout the book.

Upon opening the book, I especially love seeing the African Proverb penned by the author

“It takes a village” to support the hopes, dreams, and ambitions of a simple and complicated man” (Robert R. Bradley Jr.).

The fabric of that proverb means just that, an entire community must network to rear up children in a safe and healthy environment. Giving the fact that this author is a licensed Clinical Social Worker, Mental health Counselor, and Drug and Alcohol Counselor proves that his Papaw, and entire family sowed seed (or ‘sewed’ seed if you will) in rearing him up in the way he should go.

His Table of Contents are finely-tuned, and stitched together in fashion for the particular times in which we live:

Love, The Mind, Personal Discourse, To My Son, A Broken Heart, Dogs, Heroes and friends, Obscure, Childhood, Pain, and Death. The authors style, and revelation are an active agent of peace that surpasses all understanding.

The 100 original poems throughout the book are sewn together with a healthy mixture of natural therapy from the books' beginning to the very end. I especially love, love, love, the poem “USED,” found on page 89. My favorite stanzas are 1, and 3, but I can especially relate to the following lines found in the last stanza:

“I still have wisdom and value inside
Pen me up and take this gentle used ride.

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Dusty old book on this shelf up high
Is this where old books go to die" (Robert R. Bradley Jr.).

Talk about that last line? Wow! Just wow!! The authors play on words definitely stirs the mind, and is a potpourri of a breath of fresh-air, found on fresh-linen, hung out to dry on a fresh summer sunny day.

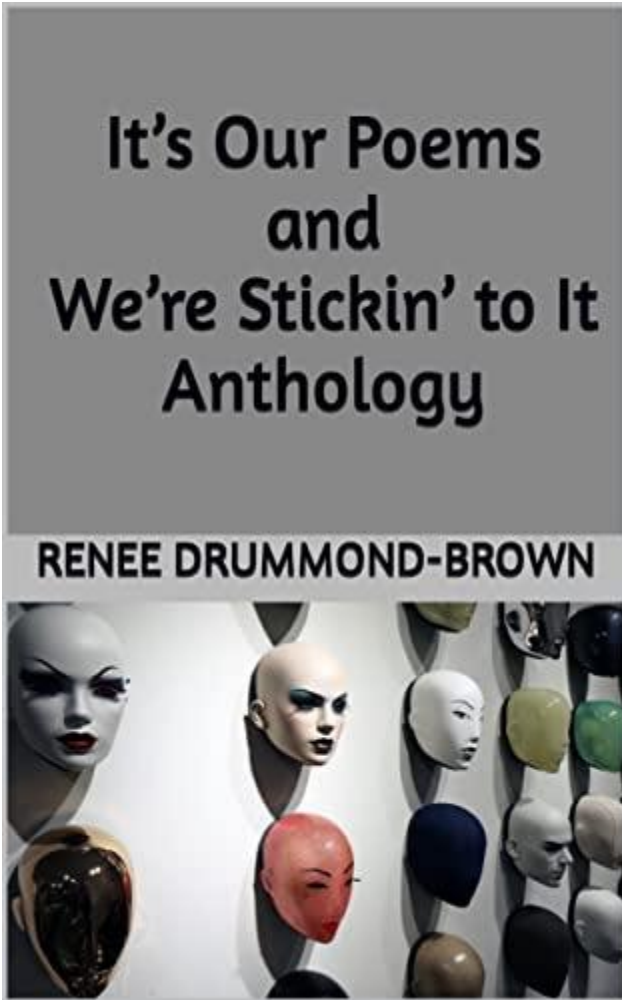
On the back cover Bradley Jr., penned the title "LOVE EXPLAINED" for his son, masterfully done in all caps; especially standing out are these opening lyrical lines:

"I would walk through fire for you.
Take a bullet so you could live on.
Give you the last bite so you endure.
Cover you in my coat when you are cold" (Robert R. Bradley Jr.).

The authors authority for diagnosing the weighty human condition of
"A cold, cold world after-all," is 'inspiring' warm poetic treatment based on his sheer love of writing for a global audience who is cut from the same cloth, and/or a different cloth.

Promotion

DRUMMOND BROWN'S LATEST BOOK LINK SOLD ON AMAZON IN e-BOOK, SOFT-COVER AND HARD-COVER FORM:



https://www.amazon.com/Its-Poems-Were-Stickin-Anthology-ebook/dp/B0BYJTCJM6/?_encoding=UTF8&pd_rd_w=aapAK&content-id=amzn1.sym.22f5776b-4878-4918-9222-7bb79ff649f4&pf_rd_p=22f5776b-4878-4918-9222-7bb79ff649f4&pf_rd_r=146-1618920-8106609&pd_rd_wg=6wAdm&pd_rd_r=1bb87272-4797-41cc-a62a-22abbe6bb88a&ref_=aufs_ap_sc_dsk

Emotional Poetry

Shakhzoda Kodirova

Uzbek soldier

He is awake every time,
A fire will burn in his footsteps.
The trust of their homeland and people,
He will definitely justify it .

The clothes fit,
Timur's blood in the vein.
People who enjoy ,
Brave Uzbek soldier .

Always ready to defend,
With his zeal and courage .
Brave soldier,
Defends his homeland.

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Please Stop the Hate

Why do you hate me when we were made the same

I bleed red and and you bleed red
Nothing else can be said

I have a brain and so do you
It remembers my name and yours does too

Why does this cause you so much pain

I have lungs that breathe in and out
You have lungs that do the same

Why are you ashamed that we have the same

Just like you I have a heart that beats and pumps my blood
It keeps me alive just like yours so we can do what's right

Why do you hate me when inside we're all just the same

stop the hate

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Cover Me With Your Love

Cover me with your love
so the grey sky turns blue

Cover me with your love
so I can feel brand new

Cover me with your love
so I can be just me

Cover me with your love
so I can feel it from my head to my toes
and yes into my soul

Cover me with your love
so that we will be together
now and forever

Cover* me* with *your
LOVE

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Remembering Summer

As I look back
the summer evenings would sneak upon me
coloring the sky from sherbet to steel blue and grey

I can still feel the mosquitos biting every inch of
my exposed skin

Lightening bugs would chase each other
bringing back memories of yesterday

Fireflies not far behind illuminated the darkness
and showed the way

Crickets played their favorite tunes for all
who cared to listen

A sky filled with a million stars
that winked and smiled at me

It's the wonder of it all
on a warm lazy summer evening
as I sat swinging back and forth
on my grandmother's porch

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“I Am A Man”

By: Author Reneé Drummond-Brown

Buck status

“Boy” summoned

Bond servant

Butler boy

Brown-nosed

Back scratcher

Branded back

Bowed Head

Bruised eyes

Bent shoulders

Blown mind

Brain-washed

Broken spirit

Built down

Beat-up heart

Black clouds

Blaring songz

Blue(s) soul

Blazing rap

Busted pockets

Bare cupboards

Baby Momma-drama

Babies left

Betrayed system(s)

Barely surviving

Bombed roots

Bygone generations

Bottled feelings

Bow down

Brown boy

Or,

BOLDLY STAND

“I AM A MAN”

WITH A KING’S ASSASSINATED DREAM!

Dedicated to: Surviving slavery

Author Notes:

Cite:

I Am A Man: Memphis Sanitation Strike 1968, National Civil Rights Museum. Date accessed March 24, 2023
<https://www.civilrightsmuseum.org/i-am-a-man>

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Saboteur

By: Author Reneé Drummond-Brown

We can never-ever afford to feel free
cause our bought and sold freedomS'
still come(s) at a heavy cost.

It got (all) our leaders assassinated (for free,) via expertly shot (S).
It got some of our preachers, parents and teachers selling us the 'hell' out.
It got us walking around dejected, rejected, disrespected and touting self-doubt.
It got our drivers' spewing "I can't breathe" and 'accidentally' expiring out.
It got our families with generational curses on the rise.
It got our caged men without jobs in sight.
It got our women loose, lusting, lashing, lonely, lost and (completely) turned out.
It got our children drugged, iPhonED-conned, wandering to-and-fro, and lost in-space without father time.
It got our elderly praying quick returns to Israel's High-RisED God.

Oh, home of the brave,
liberty for 'sum,
comes with a substantial
price to pay

(wouldn't (even) you declare and decree?).

All freedomS don't look, feel, smell (N)or taste the same.

Dedicated to: Bidders anyone?

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Cage of Anger

By: Author Reneé Drummond-Brown

Complexed exasperations are vexations of slaves;
kings stripped their mother's birthright tongues.

Annoyance by boisterous winds and rains.
Keyed locked door without returned receipts.

Irritated by violent unjustified justified rapes.
Furious antagonism, frustration, fury and rage.

Dedicated to: The precise right to remain silent? Shhhh

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Ain't This a B

By: Author Reneé Drummond-Brown

Bad
brothers
broken
brainwashed
branded
brown
black
biracial
boys
bye bye blackbirds
baggage
bigotry
befall
betrayed
burned bridges
burdens
bound
ball N chains
bye
bygones
brought here
bought
battered
badly
beaten
barter
brazen
burning
back
backhand
Bible
bread
blues
breed
babies
bandaged
balance
brutality
bang
backwards
bang
brutality
balance
bandaged
babies

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

breed
blues
bread
Bible
backhand
back
burning
brazen
barter
beaten
badly
battered
bought
brought here
bygones
bye
ball N chains
bound
burdens
burned bridges
betrayed
befall
bigotry
baggage
bye bye blackbirds
boys
biracial
black
brown
branded
brainwashed
broken
brothers
bad

Dedicated to: Brown boy Rocco...Just because

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DRUMMOND-BROWNS WEBSITE:

www.reneespoems.com

Reinventing The Wheel

By: Author Reneé Drummond-Brown

What happened to our basic vows and 'jumpin the broom
taking him (in) to be our husbandMAN
to have and to hold
from this day forward
for our better days and the worse (of worse),
for poor(er), sickness(es), health;
promising to love (on him) and cherish (our prize)
of ancient old
until...
death do we part...
death do we part...
death do we part...

What part of tHIS did us women miss?

What happened to us saying "I do" to our kingsMEN'?

What happened to our compleMENTarian Scripted job(S)?

What happened to the order of the home: God first, husbandMAN next, WoMAN, and then eldest child on down (in seniority status).

What happened to love, faith and hope but the greatest for our men is being unconditionally loved?

What happened to our Biblical hearts being the sole root to the Living Water Who guides our families with a strict rod?

What happened to our servitude backs?

What happened to our broad shoulders that carried his kith and kin along?

What happened to our soft natural skin minus the silicone pretense?

What happened to our praying hands that clapped 'RIGHT' back if anyone dare jeopardize the Familia?

What happened to us walking the floor-boards all night long for our men, family and children being it right or being it wrong?

What happened to the bended bloody knees on the hardwoods, bowing in submission, to elevate our men?

What happened to the surname that we so eloquently changed to "Babe" as an act of blissful endearment to get our king-bees to move on our behalf with honey?

What happened to the pride of submission?

What happened to our gentle Mother-tongue that shaped him from a boy to a man?

What happened to our mother's training-guide that molded him into the superhero that he already was?

What happened to us cleaning the house, cooking a meal, lighting a candle and turning the lights down low after his long (hard) day at work?

What happened to us turning his minimum wage into multiple monies, hidden away in our left breast-duct-Ark, that continuously pours 40 nights and 40 days of protection and safety rains sailing the seven seas to and fro?

What happened to us cooking his favorite foods' that strengthened his stomach and grew his genuine heart?

What happened to our serving hands?

What happened to us sewing his clothes so he could go out to sow overtime seeds for the entire family to eat?

What happened to us sweeping up the neighborhood so his worthy feet walked, sAng and danced on spotless hooded streets (that he-himself took ov'r and kept clean)?

What happened to us being honorable helpmates?

What happened to us embracing his self-worth?

What happened to us sharing with only him our values, breast and net-worth?

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What happened to us rearing and raising all the babies that he wants?
What happened to us eating a little-bit of crow (so everybody grows healthy, especially him)?
What happened to us not marrying the sperm-donor who plants his sacred seeds into his virgin Mary(ied) womb (belonging only to him)?
What happened to the head of the household getting the first piece of chicken (and the last if he so desires also)?
What happened to us standing-back silent at his natural born leadership role?
What happened to us staying in our place when he chastises and raises his village for proper growth?
What happened to us refusing to give up the reigns to him while teaching his son to be a just man (in the eyes of God)?
What happened to his rules being the last to say-so, and the last to say “no”?
What happened to us discerning his needs?
What happened to us trusting his judgement and his wisdom creed?
What happened to us building him all the way up?
What happened to us tearing his enemies all the down?
What happened to us nurturing his articulate mind’s-eye?
What happened to us Proverbs 31 Women, who fear the Lord, and are rewarded by our men in our city gates?

What happened to us now stalking and hunting-down all these men(S) like prey?
What happened to us being true to only one man (on any given day)?

Tell the truth and shame the devil.

We’re lonely and its cold out here without our men;
Reality TV, Soap Operas, lies, iPhones, family, jealous-gossiping-girlfriends, ball-of-confusion, social media networks, TikTok
and lest we forget the system swooped us up and has moved
all the way in.

Can somebody please check on the ‘WELFARE’ of us women?

Cause truth be told we’re miserable as hell
passing around all these men(s)
from joint to joint
like a used up stAnkin’ skunk blunt.

What happened to us?

Dedicated to: Shahrazed Ali’s foretelling truth’s foreseen this ‘mess’ coming

A RocDeeRay Production

Author Notes:

The poem speaks to those of us who value the traditions of marriage and is not targeting anyone who does not. No harm no foul is the intent behind the poem (smile), but rather pose the question of the direction of where the marriage (and family) is heading and what has happened (to us) along the way???

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

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Untitled

We are not a culprit for wasted feelings,
It is not a fault to love somebody.
You are lucky, if you live in hearts,
Because it is an honour to be lovely forever.

Trust me and give me your hands,
We visit future with a steady pace.
Those, who want to ruin our read
Will be regretted deeply by us.

Happiness, will find us itself,
Satisfaction also decide to visit.
Please, laust me, my lovely
From us love owes a debt.

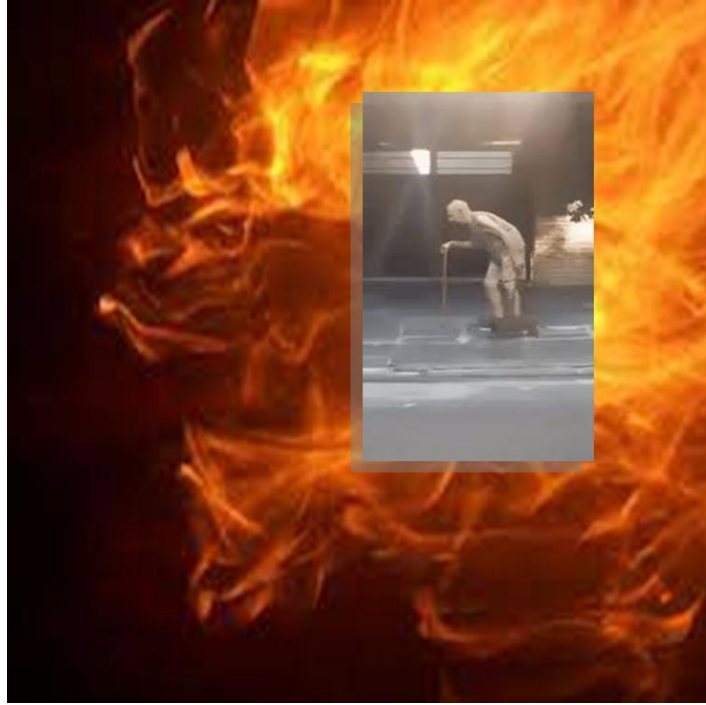
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Guzal Sunnatova Shuhrat's daughter was born on January 12, 2007 in Republic of Uzbekistan. She has been practicing writing poetry since her 12 years old. Her poems regularly published in newspapers and magazines such as "Mushtum", "Gulkhan", "Guncha", "Bilag'on", "Bulbulcha". Guzal Sunnatova published her poems on book of collection "Gallalar orolida", "Yosh ijodkorlar" and her riddles on various topics have also published collection of "Riddles". She is winner of more than 20 republican competitions. Her future goals are become writer and ambassador.



I Age (V2)

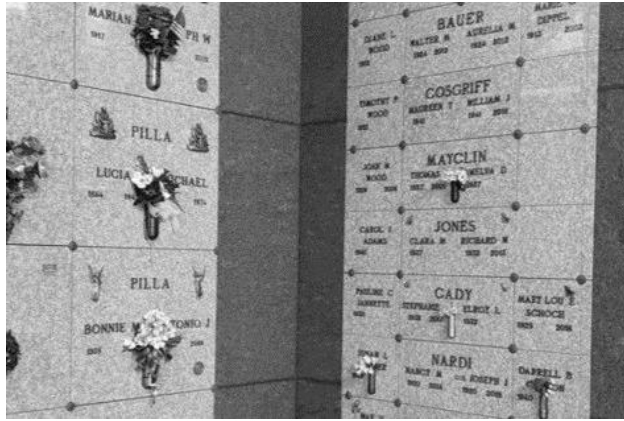
Arthritis and aging make it hard,
I walk gingerly, with a cane, and walk
slow, bent forward, fear threats,
falls, fear denouement—
I turn pages, my family albums
become a task.
But I can still bake and shake,
sugar cookies, sweet potato,
lemon meringue pies.
Alone, most of my time,
but never on Sundays,
friends and communion,
United Church of Canada.
I chug a few down,
love my Blonde Canadian Pale Ale,
Copenhagen long cut a pinch of snuff.
I can still dance the Boogie-woogie,
Lindy Hop in my living room,
with my nursing care home partner.
Aging has left me with youthful dimples,
but few long-term promises.



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Crypt in the Sky (V2)

Order me up,
no one knows
where this crypt in the sky
like a condo on the 5th floor
suite don't sell me out
over the years;
please don't bury me beneath
this ground, don't let me decay
inside my time pine casket.
Don't let me burn to cremate
skull last to turn to ashes.
Treasure me high where no one goes,
no arms reach, stretch.
Building for the Centuries
then just let it fall.
These few precious dry bones
preserved for you, sealed in the cloud
no relocation is necessary,
no flowers need to be planted,
no dusting off that dust each year,
no sinners can reach this high.
Jesus' heaven, Jesus' sky.



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Note: Dedicated to the passing of beloved Katie Balaskas.

Priscilla, Let's Dance (V2)

Priscilla, Puerto Rican songbird,
an island jungle dancer, Cuban heritage,
rare parrot, a singer survivor near extinction.
She sounds off on notes, music her
vocals hearing background bongos,
piano keys, Cuban horns.
Quote the verse patterns,
quilt the pieces skirt bleeds,
then blend colors to light a tropical prism.
Steamy Salsa, a little twist, cha-cha-cha
dancing rhythms of passions, sacred these islands.
Everything she has is movement
tucked nice and tight but explosive.
She mimics these ancient sounds
showing her ribs, her naked body.
Her ex-lovers remain nightmares
pointed daggers, so criminal, so stereotyped.
Priscilla purifies her dreams with repentance.
She pours her heart out, everything
condensed to the bone, petite boobies,
cheap bras, flamboyant G-strings.
Her vocabulary is that of sin and Catholicism.
Island hurricanes form her own Jesus
slants of hail, detonate thunder,
the collapse of hell in her hands after midnight.
Priscilla remains a background rabble-rouser,
almost remorseful, no apologies
to the counsel of Judas
wherever he hangs.



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Strings To Her Heart

She carries them in the center of her soul
The strings on Cello, the ones of the bow
Not many others care to know
That strings tug at her very slow
In childhood, crept right from her hands
The rich mahogany, the stand
By far, the things she treasures most
The strings have clung onto the host
She wears the cords in mental script
Though long ago they fell in crypt
A silent voice recalls in hum
The sound her magic had begun
These long past twenty years or so
The mediant, octave or the Sol
Yet ring quite true within her heart
In music, she still holds her part
She holds the strings forever close
It matters not that in repose
She plays in mind each Solo
She hugs with tender hold, Cello

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Rugged Roses

lush roses surround my frame
while thorns encrusted frame my core
soft and supple, rounded edges claim
what deep inside the savage score
like daggers carving to the bones
these ancient pains arise once more
to dig, to scrape my tenderloins
exposing jagged blades of gore
the floral facade bleeds into my soul
while leaving raw the flailed hull
left to heal the wounded whole
I beg the heavens, take, cull
take from my tortured mind
embedded pains
bring back the peace which
within me reigned
cool these hot thorns who's
mite in flames

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Neath Towering Heights

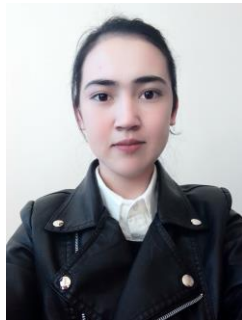
neath the canopy of your Cypress thicket
bajo los cerros que gritan mi nombre
far from grime of the slime of descent
allá donde se quedó aquel hombre
the man with whom, I seldom spent
on the banks of the rivers which run
por los cerros, corridos, sin fin
by the waters which quench my desire
to reach for those stars deep within
there where his grave does attest
que soy hija del pueblo entero
my soul sleeps in slumbering rest
porque allí, yo anhelo, me muero

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MOTHER.

The best mother in the world,
Good luck, mother.
In sweet words,
A childless mother on my tongue.
You are my sweet, you are my sugar,
You are my hope, you are my beautiful poem.
If I don't find a true friend in this world,
You are my friend, you are my happiness.
Even if you laugh, there is light on your face,
As always, I am conscious.
The world is beautiful because of you
Take care and live long.
A propeller in my head,
The world is a masterpiece without you.
I honor you from the bottom of my heart,
You live in my poems, mother.

© Copyrighted 2023 by Xushvaqtova Marjonabonu



Xushvaqtova Marjonabonu Sayil qizi

She was born on June 13, 2004 in the Kashkadarya region of the Republic of Uzbekistan.

Currently, she is a 1st year student of Shahrizabz State Pedagogical Institute. Her creative works were published in "Taloktepa tolei" and "Taloktepa tolei" selection books.

Untitled

A thorn in the heart
Blood flowed slowly
He was left with a wound
He died slowly
Unprecedented
It was a pain
To see a child
It was a punishment
What kind of farand is he?
If your mother doesn't know
He is a child!
If Qadrin doesn't notice.
Maybe it's my mother's fault
Didn't you notice it in time?
Or the fault lies with himself
Changed behavior
Whatever happened
He is now a dream
Mother is bleeding
The time of death
Exxxx attang...
Don't cry mom
This too shall pass
Don't read, mother.

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Childhood

My life seems meaningless
It's like fate has ripped my heart out.
The world seems narrow to my eyes,
It's like being alone in the world.

Sadness is now in this happy eye,
He still remembers the good times.
It's like an abyss standing in front of me,
He wanted to hear sweet words.

Raindrops do not caress my face,
The sun stopped laughing.
Even the stars can't hear my world at night,
Maybe now they are fed up with me.

He misses the innocent soul,
After losing it, we realized its value.
Is innocence the greatest happiness?
The heart only says, childhood says!

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The People in the Fire

I look to the column of black smoke,
and I pray for the opening of the sun
to find your light. From the sun
will not come light, but the rain
of biblical pages, angels in trails of smoke
on the edges of wings, words curling back
with sparks.

Your children will not flee, nor your wives,
nor your histories. Everything is
nested here, and from this place
your truth will rise.

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My April Child

In your purple blossoms
I will promise you
the best of the moon,
the best of stars
though they tire themselves,
and fall from their own furnace.
You will not fall, because
we will hold out a net, if only
from our hands, if only
from the poor threads
of our greatest love.

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Lover in Spring Time

I breathe for the passing in green,
the sleep in beds of golden lilies,
where no desire burns brighter
than trust. I carry this deeply,
walking to the trailhead
visage from the parking lot.
I behold a cross.
I whisper prayers that are only mine.
This is to implore myself, exhale only
the strength of one's own true
prayer of walking, sleeping, upright, and aware.

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The Silent Ground

I stood at the place
where no birds sing, or even fly,
or sanctify the air
with their sight or sound.
Feathers do not fall.
And then, at night, I dream of the bed
framed by bones, and teeth,
and arms not yet bereft of skin.
Before the sun returns,
we are already lost, and no
wings claim our flight.

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Vodka drinker

He smokes a pack,
He also drinks vodka.
He can't get enough of it.
A drinker, a drunk person

He sleeps till ten,
He does not know how to pray.
He does not feed his children,
A drinker, a drunk person.

There is no esteem in the neighborhood.
There is no shame in honor.
There is a lot of sin up to the neck.
A drinker, a drunk person.

I'm ashamed to tell you.
Get out of this way quickly
Repent to God.
A drinker, a drunk person.

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My little sister with black eyebrows,
Her tongue never stops.
She knows what she's doing
She is master at getting money.

She has got a white cat,
If you scold it , you will dia.
Both of them live in the same place
Morning till evening they do play .

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The Spell was a Shield

The spell was a child
that fell from a high tree,
now broken, always
asleep. Blindfolded climbing
up a steep hill until I crossed
the pinnacle-edge and found myself laid
flat - a million fractures
puzzle-piecing my solidarity.

At the end of the labyrinth
into death's mocking jaws, swallowed
into the heartless chamber, crushed in every direction,
no soft resting spot, no treaties for equality or deliverance.

The spell has evaporated, and with it, false notions
of guarantees, help from others, every earthly
security I tied my lifeline to.
Thresholds were crossed
only to learn they were never there, just to
learn the Aquarius-light I was drinking from was
no light but a bitter detachment from reality, a lack
of understanding.

The spell is charred, taken away.
I am open now, and new and
ever so fragile without a path or protection.
Everything is air, and what isn't air is thin glass,
meaningless see-through enclosures, a false
blocking off of some things from other things,
a false truth destroyed with no truth left yet
to replace it.

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A King

Bold blood brilliance,
the unencroachable confidence
of his glacial brutality, clemency,
making victory out of nowhere.
Odds always against him, titling one way
to be seen and the opposite way to be heard.
Swelling with passion, with genius strategies
unthought of, fertilizing the crescendo of
music chanting his praise and undeniable
sovereignty.

Introduce me, let me smell
his intake-outtake of electricity,
the absolute procurement of all his needs
through risk and never doubting his good fortune.
Let me see into his eyes
devouring like a blackhole stillness, a force
immune to resistance.
Let me witness his charm,
the slavish devotion he demands and receives
naturally.

At once crowned,
(still frenziedly restless at the centre)
then blindsided by an unexpected,
equally violent, legendary and grand
downfall.

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Footsteps

of a haunted lion mourning
her lost young. In a cage,
another brow folded in grief
and grim expectation.
Entitlement massaged into the bright blank eyes
of the classless rich with their toothy smiles
and ego-feeding gestures
of generosity.

The lion is haunted, the rabbit
is caged and the mournful dog longs for kinship.
The sacred is devoured but not for long
and not forever
as joy overtakes with one relaxed touch,
one moment of complete enjoyable surrender
where nothing impure
can enter.

That moment is worth poverty, worth
the fevered greed swirling around,
spoiling the atmosphere,
tricking with false kindness and ignorance of self
that leads to chaotic manipulation.
It is worth the penalty of no security

just to combine for a few moments
with another's spirit, be grand
in such holiness, be humbled
by such rudimentary love.

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Not a Mirage

Ambushed, held hostage, then forgotten,
discarded, starved and too weak
to move. I find myself in a dead forest
that was burned by a fire a few years ago -
just sprouts of trees and a few ants trailing
the chewed-up ground.

I will find a cabin to rest in and get warm,
then find food in that cabin and rejuvenate.
I will not think of them (those who took me)
more than I have to. I will not
devote my energy
to bitterness but fasten myself
to thoughts of a future where freedom
is mine and I am not obliged to sleep
my nights in a mite-infested bed or
pull at my hair-strands
in boredom.

My burden is unloaded,
my shackles are far away
after so many decades.

It will take commitment to shine
in order to shine, but I will shine.

Near a country river

I will make my home, remain
tied to a promise like a covenant devoid
of self-pity, return to joy
as though never captured, never broken.

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Find Me

You can never find me,
If I head away.
Maybe then my worth is known,
If I leave a mark on your heart.
My parents miss me,
They have been waiting for me for years.
Looking at the streets where my childhood was left
You know my worth again.
You can't find me,
Your dreams are telling the truth-
You look for my laughter, though,
You can't find them either, my friend!
You ask the moon where I am
He is ashamed of not being able to answer.
I repeat again, my dear ones,
You will never find me.

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I am not a person who is easily forgotten

One day I will go, I will go to the sky
The distant sky is calling me
But you will write my name in your heart
I am not a person who is easy to forget

I will never leave you alone without disappearing in your dreams
Your heart is broken, there is no cure
But you won't find it, then it's too late
I am not a person who is easy to forget

When those you trust leave you
When your heart is broken by the unfaithful
You still remember a lot when your heart beats
I am not a person who is easy to forget

One day they will pierce your heart like a blade,
Missing hurts your heart every day
But it will be late now, I won't be there that day
I am not a person who is easy to forget

You can't let it go now,
You can't take your eyes off of me
It's never too late, you can't forget
I am not a person who is easy to forget

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Diyora Kholmatjonova Nurafshon's daughter was born on October 27, 2009 in Tashkent road street, Tashkent region the Republic of Uzbekistan. Currently 14 years old. Winner of more than 30 republican olympiads. Graduate of academies of personal development. He is interested in reading, writing poems and translating. His future goal is to become a pharmacist. Official member of "iqra" fund of pakistan 🇵🇰 Official member of "Juntos por las letras" international organization of Argentina 🇲🇪 An official member of the creative organization of egypt 🇪🇬

come

Let's forget the sorrow of the world,
Our hearts give to the Shabbats,
Live freely in the blue sky
Don't turn around to strangers!

But please my heart,
Don't let the rain wash off your eyelashes
A spark when seen through the eyes of a butterfly
The grass does not hide your joy.

If you live, be a garden, if you live forever,
This mortal world needs goodness.
Face every challenge with a smile
Then this heart will be glorious!

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Fighting In A Race Of A Life

I am fighting with my life,
Sometimes there is happiness,
Sometimes there is sadness,
My life is not fixed and stable,
Like as someone else,
Is playing in my life from outside,
There is not fixed settings,
As well as fixed stories,

Life is changing according,
To the time,
I am becoming more,
And more young I am alone,
I have not found to love,
As well as support in my life,
I am alone and struggling myself,
Life is a game and I am it's character.

©® Binod Dawadi
Nepal

Bio

Binod Dawadi, the author of The Power of Words, is a master's degree holder in Major English. He has worked on more than 1000 anthologies published in various renowned magazines. His vision is to change society through knowledge, so he wants to provide enlightenment to the people through his writing skills.



Bereft of you

Yesterday I was in a mood about you. It comes and goes, it is a habitual feeling and it did not last long. I sense a little bit far, a mellow feeling of distance, longing. I am bereft of you. I picture the softness between your thumb and index finger, that space at the end of your neck that messes my senses and makes you laugh at all that. A promise of my ship coming in. Your eyes are alight at surprise, then diminish, some noise down the line, then your voice wise, dominant. This green mood oozes home.

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Best Left Unsaid...

These thoughts, these feelings
Must remain unsaid
Left to fester within my head
For some truths cannot be expressed yet
For now they will remain an unwritten lyric...

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Childhood Days

Days of innocence
Carefree in youth
Imaginations that knew no bounds
Silliness and laughter
With friends all around
Indifferent to a bigger world
With all its harsh realities
Just the childhood fears of contention
Of things that go bump in the night.

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Lost Connection...

Reached the end of the line
Sick of no response
This heart has been used to often
It's now time it was ensconced
Cut off from the users
And leeches for good
To heal and grow strong again.

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SPACE -

Is an event that is placed in spirit.
The border of limitation is just
Absence.

Daydream -
That slapped by truth,
What is the scarcity of life,
As inconvenient?

Tear is
Only a sign of my innocent,
Hey stone,
please exchange to my heart!

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SABINA RASULOVA was born on July 28, 2000 in the Bukhara region of the Republic of Uzbekistan. Currently, he is a 3rd-year student at Navoi State Pedagogical Institute, Faculty of Uzbek Language and Literature. Poems of the young artist were published in the republican collections "Gurub" and "Hilal". Many poems of the promising artist have been published in newspapers and magazines, and he conducts programs on regional television

Surge Past the Static

What need of these
hanging wires and nuclear grids?

Quiet all the telephone lines
and 6G data hammered through the swamp

I can hear your spirit's hum
and sense the truth arising

far beyond these spheres
of electromagnetic interference

The sweetest signal in my heart
vitalized and awakened

and I don't even need to beg the owls
to whistle my song of deliverance this spring

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Peeking Buffet

What type of fountains
do you drink from?

What sort of kicks
do you thirst after?

sip freely
greedily
wantonly

Some wish for a taste of grace
and groove with the holy spirit

while the rest suck dry
the blood of innocence

and so we find ourselves here
with morality mortally wounded

such are the consequences that come
with a collapsing civilization

You should have cared at least one lick
while we all tried to warn
about the slowly gnawing cancer
growing in our midst

now the body poli-tick is a big fat tumor
and that's just a bummer

but what the hell
are you going to do
in this modern age
of decadence and detachment?

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Nearly Forgotten and/or Passed Over

Shell-shocked
and stunned silly
from every angle
of disinformation
spewed from intelligence agencies
across God's green globe

and if a dash of truth
is sprinkled into the mix
once a year
by mistake
you might as well weep
with joy
for your birthday surprise

just don't expect
batteries to be included

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Hidden Agenda/Virtue/Crisis

I told my love
that I'm a mad prophet

she smiled
& said
I know

& my admission/confession
is not great
to those who
already reflect me

but these are usually
the types of energies/conversations
better kept under wraps
in polite society

or at least toned down
with a pocketful of masks

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Calvary Called

Dissidence is in my blood,
it's in my heart,
it's in my spirit,
it's in the boiling cauldron of my guts;

though it is not an unfocused rebellion
against God that I am fueled by,
but rather a raging disgust
against the wicked machinations of man
and the demonic principalities of power
that seek to separate individuals
from their connection to the divine source;

and against those tyrants
that stand naked now before us
as the thin veil of their masquerade
has been torn off to expose the truth;

and against those who dare
to dance around the world stage,
deigning to call themselves elite
while stomping their hooves of censorship.

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Death

What is it when people are so fearful of
Death.

It seems so odd but never the less we all
Have to come across it.

Even if a person you love dies people have
So many words for it like some ones kicked
The bucket or they are pushing up the daisies.

The best one I found is sorry for your loss
Really my husband for example isn't lost
Like a pen you may lose down the sofa
Also not lost in the street either he won't be
Coming back any time soon

He is also not pushing up the daisies
Either as he was cremated.

Another thing is people are so scared to
Talk about death it's the same when I had

Cancer people either don't know what to say they are very good at crossing the street in case its catching also others
Faces nearly drop off and tell you how sorry they are why some of them didn't even know him.

Thank God I don't do sympathy and in a way is a blessing my Paul now not suffering anymore and in a happy place.
That's when his not here turning my lights
On and off.

All I say is for those that have died
R.I.P.

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Nowhere train

Jump upon the nowhere train,
Don't stay too long
Or you'll go insane.

For this train does
Go nowhere,
Jump right on
If you don't care.

By no means
A pleasant ride,
Make sure a loved one
At your side.

Don't know how long
This train will last,
But once you're on
You won't get out fast.

So maybe better
Off for you,
Bypass this train
My advice is true.

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Doomsday clock.

Tick tock tick tock,
Don't go near
The doomsday clock.

It's going round
Oh so fast,
Our life on earth
It will not last.

I've heard of this
Doomsday clock before,
A stranger told me
At my door.

So close your eyes
And say a prayer,
Maybe one day
The doomsday clock
Wont be there.

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AN EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL

You know the black and white of life,
You have reached the end of stories that you heard
You are very close among older girls,
You have fantasized about love and happiness
You are attractive, you are beautiful eighteen-year-old girl
You have combed your hair different ways
You put pencils to your eyebrows and antimony to your eyes
You put a lot of folds on your dress,
Your heads have reached the sky with happiness..
You are flawless, you are cutie eighteen-year-old girl
Your childhood has gone from now
You know what is the happiness and sadness
You cried when you sensed sadness and you loughed when you happy
What kind of perfume did you spray?
You are fragrant, you are with good smeel eighteen-old-year girl
Happiness still ahead ,don't rush to early
Don't stumble in the test that called life
If you are lucky, we will be sayed "yor-yor" in your wedding day
You will be happy, eighteen-old-year girl !

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To'raxanova Mumtozbegin Bunyodjon qizi
She was born on 29th of June, 2006 in Chartak district of Namangan Region. She is a pupil at school №53. She is amaetur poet. Many of her poems ,stories and articles are publised in different countries. She is asisstant volunteer of Chartak in "OLTIN QANOT" She has won 50%grand of "SHARDA UNIVERSITY" that is the branch in Andijan.



ABOUT ME....

Don't pay attention for me, to go far from me
You will be sacrifice in oman of my tears
It does not matter what happened, tell me you are good
One day, you will know about me
May, you tell me as crazy
One day, they speak loudly who are crazies
My heart is river, it is very wide
If you sow the flower in here, the flourish in my heart...♡

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The call to joyfulness as an invitation

Joy I wrote my heart on
White paper and sang it.
I shared my spring and summer
Thoughts to reveal my heart's yearning.

My heart is male deer.
My mental trap is unhandled.
My wind-born soul.
He never asks.

I think the upper ones desire this.
Spring breezes spread flowers.
It opens the road to higher destinations.

My address is lovely and long,
And rain falls on my way.
My birthright was happiness.
Happiness is calling me up!

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Bukhara State pedagogical institute first-year student

Without Poise

got me listening
to brown noises

because this world
is stressing me out

it's so hard to think
or feel without poise

painfully suffocating,
being choked, go out

james kenneth blaylock
4-23-23

Only Ask Answers

don't try tethering me,
me to any dying deity

because it's been a long,
long life full of spicy strife

the dicey dogma never fits,
fits into bite-sized-*edibles*

yet fools never ask questions,
questions only ask answers...

james kenneth blaylock
4-22-23

A Fat Chance

a fat chance at seeing
tomorrow bloom better,

whenever, the bleak windows
open to a black widow's arms

being wholly caressed by her
suffocating webbing, feeding

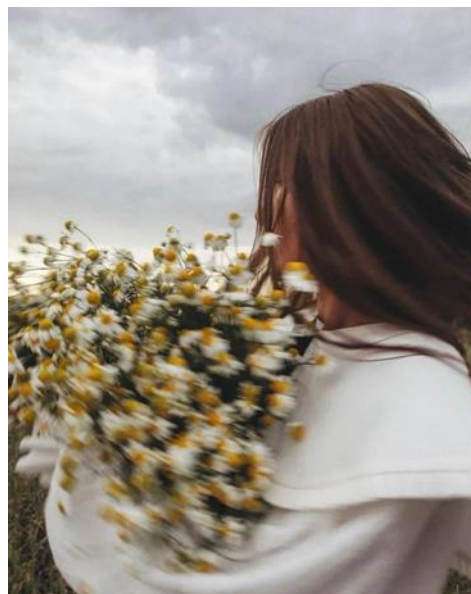
it's so warm within those throws
of death and other unholy doors

james kenneth blaylock
4-13-23

Epiphany

O lightly spring air, ask her while passing through her nest. Ask her delicacy is the light of eyes, maintain it, her aura glimmers in darkness, always wear it, her purity is above shake, keep it, her delight is agile, hold it, her chastity is holiness, spray it, her generosity is grace, share it. O air, ask her, she is rare, caring, and fair. Ask her slightly in her left ear, her glow ignites the bad light, her grace blinds race, and her flow filter fragility and frailty. O blossoming spring air, while kissing her right ear, whisper politely asking her reflection invites Narcissus, her sensation graces Gaia, her innocence bamboozle puzzles, and her vanity sews wounds. O' swiftly air, ask her, she is the monsoon, swishes softly and remains fair and clear. Say her, while passing the gate of her, she is above love and her nest is the holy nest, where dwells a dove and her songs are worldwide. O air, don't be tired, ask her, she is the queen of pigeons, sparrows, hawks, nightingales, and skylarks. They feel liveliness in her company. Ask her, sometimes vultures praise you in your absence and glorify the undaunted glory of yours. Ask her quietly, her color glitters and glee in thickness. And her melodious sound compels Nightingale to nurch and march in the desert. O, air, touch her silky locks and message her that little swallows have also Twitter her in their twitters, they cherish you in their chirps and eagerly recall you with their tiny tongues. Ask her moon shies before your bright visage. It feels envy when it distinguishes your light and moonlight. It sings your lyrics too. Ask her, she is becoming the messenger in different towns; Indian birds praise her craze, and American hawks delight and pray for her eager flight. Aoele is waiting for you, she is amused by your sweet notes, she wishes to catch you in the upcoming lot, and you cherish the company of Delia and Athena. O air, calm her and pour love in her ears and sprinkle light in her eyes and paint grace at her face. And lastly, ask her to beware of vultures, Owls, and tricky fools. Ask her, be strong among the living dead, and go ahead; She is to bloom at noon, she is to blossom in shade, and she is not meant to fade. Ask her, she is the oxygen for many birds, she is Cherry for chirping sparrows, and she is the north wind in the desert. Ask her, don't be low, be in flow, and hold the glow. O air, kiss her forehead, tap her thin shoulders, and softly inculcate into her holy holes that don't be despair, and stand firm among prickly pairs. Lastly, shake her tinny hands and bow to her while leaving and say humbly, your pen is the weapon, use it as a gun, brush it for cleanliness, and hold it for fair and fun. Leave and believe, you grace and embrace constant guests and never rest until your last breath. O' air leave her blue love Swiftly.

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Song of Glory sung by Telemachus

You know, it's a blessed Friday morning. A visage appears like a moon☾ at noon. The visage was optimistic and charismatic. It bloomed like spring flowers and invited the flora and fauna. They accepted the invitation and joined the talk in the glowing and flowing garden. They sat like Athenian philosophers and waited for the story. The thrashing and throbbing image cleared their throat before singing the story of glory. The principles were quite simple and smooth. It was a didactic song like Song of Innocence by Blake. It began and the surrounding swung. Nature swayed and hawks laid. It was sonorous and sweet. It caught the senses of eyes. It sounded at the hard ground and welcomed clouds. Magical and lyrical It buzzed:

Blooming in sizzling summer
I often drizzle and flutter
Where birds don't go
Cloud don't bow and flow
Hustling and bustling in desert
I feel the fever and fret
Loving and living the chaotic chaos
I'm Odysseus and I have to pass;
Unstable path in lush green cloth
Chopping and cooping to Ted and Plath
Punching and wrestling with sloth
Lifting and falling like a moth.
I'm the wind of summer
Swaying at wheat and mutters
Lot is the late littered flower
Rises and dims in deceptive December.

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Without You

Without you!
Minhaj University is like Waste land
Where the lazy bluffer like me can't stand
Without you, poetry has no musicality
And Text has not vibrant Criticality.
Without your echo, the ear can't quench the thrust
And even smoky cloud doesn't burst
Cool breeze doesn't fan in Savan
West Wind doesn't dare to fan.
Without, Heaney's constable call is not uttered
Hughes's nature red in tooth and claw remains unheard
Sylvia's bee is enslaved
And Atwood's philosophy is not displayed.
Without you, many thirsty pigeons remain thirsty
They fly and could not touch mystery
Ariel and sylph desire your grace
They return after seeing festive face.

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(A Humble Dedication on this day, my most respected Miss Asma Iram NUML Lahore)



WHEN DREAMS TURN into GOALS

Every person is born and begins to live with their dreams and hopes. Thanks to these dreams, people understand why they came to life and try to change themselves. When do dreams turn into goals? When we truly desire our goals, take the time to reach them, and chase them wholeheartedly, our dreams will surely turn into goals. A person without a goal never moves, he gets stuck in one place. A dream is only our desire, the purpose is to pursue it. Every A person who is determined and active achieves success. After reaching his goals, his self-confidence increases and he always looks to the future. A person with a clear goal is not afraid of falling in life, even if he falls, he gets up and starts walking towards his goals. The essence of life is to fall seven times and get up eight times. Always remember to turn your dreams into goals. Dreams only exist in dreams, their realization is shown with a goal, that is, our goals lead to results. Get motivation from successful people, exchange ideas with them, it's up to you to change your life. Always look at life with a smile. The key to success is in your hands. The whole world is with you. It's time to act.. .

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German Version

WENN TRÄUME ZU ZIELE WERDEN

Jeder Mensch wird geboren und beginnt mit seinen Träumen und Hoffnungen zu leben. Dank dieser Träume verstehen die Menschen, warum sie zum Leben erweckt wurden, und versuchen, sich zu ändern.

Wann werden Träume zu Zielen? Wenn wir unsere Ziele wirklich wollen, uns die Zeit nehmen, sie zu erreichen, und ihnen von ganzem Herzen nachjagen, werden unsere Träume mit Sicherheit zu Zielen. Ein Mensch ohne Ziel bewegt sich nie, er bleibt an einem Ort stecken. A Der Traum ist nur unser Wunsch, der Zweck ist, ihn zu verfolgen. Jeder A-Mensch, der entschlossen und aktiv ist, erzielt Erfolge. Nach Erreichen seiner Ziele steigt sein Selbstvertrauen und er blickt immer in die Zukunft. Ein Mensch mit einem klaren Ziel ist es nicht Angst davor, im Leben zu fallen, selbst wenn er fällt, steht er auf und geht seinen Zielen entgegen. Die Essenz des Lebens besteht darin, sieben Mal zu fallen und acht Mal aufzustehen.

Denken Sie immer daran, Ihre Träume in Ziele zu verwandeln. Träume existieren nur in Träumen, ihre Verwirklichung zeigt sich mit einem Ziel, das heißt, unsere Ziele führen zu Ergebnissen.

Holen Sie sich Motivation von erfolgreichen Menschen, tauschen Sie sich mit ihnen aus, es liegt an Ihnen, Ihr Leben zu verändern. Betrachten Sie das Leben immer mit einem Lächeln. Der Schlüssel zum Erfolg liegt in Ihren Händen. Die ganze Welt ist mit Ihnen. Es ist Zeit zu handeln..

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QURBONOVA GULSANAM was born on April 16, 2006 in Dehkhanaabad district of Kashkadarya region. She is currently a grade 10 student at school number 68 in Dehkhanaabad district and is proud of the regional German language. She has also achieved many results in sports, table tennis, chess, checkers.



As deep as the ocean

As deep as the ocean
to the unfathomable depth
Your love for me is such profound!
As far as the sun and the stars
and the heavens
unapproachable and off-lying you are but always here!
Beneath thy silhouette and shine
I consummate myself!
You are so mingled
within my spirits
dwelling here within
you make me feel your own self
Then what if you are yonder
or far-away!

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Cobalt

Cobalt eyes reflect the years gone by
The good, the bad - all facets of you
Are imprinted forever in cobalt blue

A love shared and multiplied
Through cobalt storms you weathered the tide,
I wish that I could be less blue

I wish I glowed sweetly and cobalt for you

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(Inspired by the use of shades of colour in Joanne Harris's 'Blue-Eyed Boy')

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

Ferry

I dreamt the dark away
Dreaming of you,
I ferried you across waters
Though those waters were not blue,
I held you so close
You are the song in my heart,
I was halfway to paradise
It was like we'd never been apart,
Knowing you already
All the things we would share,
Kissing you and kissing you
You touching me there,
Grand buildings rose up
A backdrop to those docks,
In the sunshine you spun me
I twirled in my frock,
Laughing loud with abandon
I felt so carefree,
On my old stamping ground
You dreamed my little dream
With me

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Pennies

We said we would meet by Penny Lane
and my heart thumped and beat under copper and thread,
but you weren't there, and the tears welled up
My heart clenched in pain, as my tears spilled over
Making lonely puddles in the shadow of Penny Lane,
That night I dreamt you met me
and you looked just the same, the face that I loved
I called out your name...
but the trouble with dreams is that we eventually wake,
and bronze and copper pennies rattle against my heart
As I wait and I wait, all alone in the rain...

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She Loves You

Holding your hand, you are my best friend
My heart swells with pride, to be by your side,
I love you from the depths of my soul
You let me be me, with you I am whole,

but sometimes you have to let someone fly free
Flying home, above and across the Mersey,
I have to leave here now, I hear my ship come in...
I wave goodbye as I board the ferry...

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The Real Thing

Somehow the world kept on turning
even when I couldn't feel the sun kissing my skin,
because I looked out of my window
and the stars were a gift from you to me,
twinkling their message of hope and love
while the constant rain cleansed all of my sadness within...

The sweetest feeling and the sweetest song,
we've loved and yearned, fit together
in each other's arms is where we belong,
stresses sloughed and cares shed away
we laugh, we care... we tumble and play...

The rain kisses my skin each and every day
the stars are shimmering armour,
your love protects me, a warm soft cocoon
a smile lights up my face as I embrace golden day,
eager to see your beloved face again soon...

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Respect

Where is the respect
For people and their things?
Where is the love
For the beauty life brings?

Where are the manners?
Where are the morals?
There's no need for
Fighting and quarrels,

People in fear
People on edge,
Fight with their neighbours
Over the hedge,

Fight over parking
Fight over kids,
Threatening behaviour
Want to break all your ribs,

Where does it end?
Where did it begin?
Did everything right
And still you can't win,

Where is the respect
For people and their things?
Where is the love
For the beauty life brings?

Ashley O'Keefe

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Eyes Once Full of Dreams

Lost and alone
In the shadows of the night,
Like a child playing hide 'n' seek
Hidden out of sight,

Thoughts of a darkened past
That noise fills her head,
'Useless', 'such a burden'
Self harming in her bed,

Invisible and lonely
Her eyes once full of dreams,
Tears crying out for love
Falling now like streams,

Thoughts of a darkened past
In the shadows of the night,
Eyes once full of dreams
Amongst the stars... out of sight.

Ashley O'Keefe

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A Lonely Road

Behind the smile, a soul in pain
With eyes aglaze, alone again,
A carousel, tension grows
In face, in limbs, in all my woes,

Running, hiding
Needing purge,
Fight or flight,
A primal surge,

Overthinking, overflow
A cup too empty, a cup too full,
My thoughts are racing, the volume's jammed
Brain on fire, my head's in sand,

A mind replaying - future, past
Rapid breathing, heartbeat fast,
Stomach heaving, a storm within
Seeing, believing, I cannot win,

Screaming body, screaming mind
There's just no logic, too weak to find,
Over the edge, overload
It's a long way back... a lonely road.

Ashley O'Keefe
©2020

Gothic Poetry

FD Ravenskraft

The Black Widow's Sting

By FD Ravenskraft
For Gina Carrillo

The forge of her words
Her melody dark and heard
She speaks in the spoken volumes
Her universe stings the minds of those
That hears her
She strikes in silence with her venomous rhyme
Hypnotized in the hypnotic state
From the southern Kingdom
Her Sting rings the ears of her call
The widow's web tangled your mind
She speaks in volumes of the greats
Listen to her well
Her spells will claim you
Her venom will cure the ears
And soften the souls of those
Her webbing of words will trapped you
She is the widow
Coming for you soon
Prepare for your doom
Her words will be consumed
When her eggs hatch
Her poetry speaks facts
Trust me and relax
Hail to the Queen

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Gina. You're a great poetess. Bold and pure

I'm happy to write this for you with tremendous respect for you. My dear sister. your Narrator & Poet HiMM

The One Thousand Fifty Seven Songs of The Waswasah

Silence within the sounds
Of the children of Djinn
Coming forth the unsung
Of many dark bliss songs
He whispers the whispering of the spirits of the Damned. Water. Air. Land and sea
Storms. And the flames of sounds
That is not bound as the evil of them all
Within the cycle of verses
The forces of nature are the living Quarters of the empty
Sands of time. I'm speaking in the rhymes of dead
The Grimoires of the writings of Arabic
And middle eastern mystery
That has been written in the formed
Of this unseen cursed world
The scarecrow of the Christ deformed
Speaking in tongues
Of the seas of the Caspian monsters sees
The end of everything
Ravens and Crows speaks the language of
Ruins. That the dead dwells
The madness of their voices
When madneses is fantastic
And built in the fashion
As the evil of these cursed Djinn
Forever doomed in life
This is the horror of the Ravenskraftian Terror
The grass is not greener
It is gray and buried
From the east of the culture
To the stories of Arabian tales
Of mayhem and Intel
We are the whispers
We are the voices
Nothing more in the elsewhere of the this tale
Unseen as well

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The Wine of Arteries

The heart is flowing like a river
The love that dies and the blood demise
But cleaning the arteries that love traps
The clot that clogged up the system
As the hourglass smoke out the foul stink
Of corrupted shit.
The blood flows
Into the low circle of life
The heart of love squeezes the wine
From the vineyard
Hardworking and scared
Picking the disease
Of these shattered taste
The wine is the blood line
From the arteries of man
That got out of hand
In the hourglass of love
The blood drops are falling on my head
We are the jar of delicious delight
Her love of fright
Frightening but heart pump out
Drinking the arteries of do not aid
Nothing shown

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The Bagpipes of Saints

The Reapers march for war
In the name of the Devil's score
The doors of the Afterlife
Opens to bring hell its own rites
The battle grounds swallow the seeds of time
Yes I'm composing this demonic rhyme
In the rhythm of the night
The spirit world is at odds
The sounds of Bagpipes composing the tune
Of the Irish creeds
The kindred and clans stand out of the way
And plan to allow the balance to correct itself
The blood of ghouls
And the wraiths are at rage
The Gods are angry
That the Graves is starting an revolution
But any solution will be desolve
By the hourglass of the final resolution
The attachment to the souls trapped in chains
Demons and angels alike
Having supper in the Honour of burns nite
Any human caught out will be the feast
Even the heaven is in enraged
The war of the ages
Turn the pages into the next chapter
As the souls are punished
The wagers of the Gods
The end has come.
Written in the language of skalds
Finally the endless war
Ends in an Dance macabre

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The Abyss that loves her

In the seas of the Caspian's deep
She conducted her children of monstrous keep
The sirens and merman collects bodies
Of lonesome sailors.
The pile of bones trapped under
And you wonder how the screams connected
The creatures of the sea
As Poseidon's plea. The trident is her
No existence of any
The watery Graves is your eternal stay
Trapped and abandoned ships
Sharks and scales of octopus tales
Her responsibility is respected
The abyss that loves her
It all accuses the deep is the cure
Of nothing more than a storm
We're the children of mother's breast
A tale of many as the miller will tell
This would be your watery hell
She will caress you peacefully and gloom
They're the prestigious ones
Gods of the sea
as the Queen mother Hilla
Created Nightmare Hill
An underwater city of the fallen dead
Once the existence of Atlantis is no more
She conducted the seas
As the flying Dutchman dreams
She will rule it seems
For your eyes only. You die in the deep
It would be your eternal sleep

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Song of Glory sung by Penelope

A beautiful blend of morning delights with yellow lights, lights of warmth in freezy fights, and sight of sweetness in bitter bits. It echoes for time. This morning song literally glitters the forehead and twitters the lush life. The proclivity and divinity are incalculable. The glimpses of endowment enlighten the lot. Holy attributes are inculcated swiftly. A clutch of crunchy delights. The holy song of divine depiction softly swift and calmly Clift. Unable to measure the soulful splashes. Hold the heart and embrace the enchanting dip. Breathing as Breath. Flipping as fleece. Song of holiness and a heap of dreams. Pouring love as a lovely diet. Come and rejoice.

Light after light

Holy song of delight

Beauty blasts the unhealthiness

Swiftly starts the melodiousness

Knock the holy door of innocence

I am the lightly spring air

I am to lush, blush and crunch

Up in the clouds, clouds of dignity and love

Living the loveliness of a white dove

Keep the fireflies fluttering in the sky

I am the Penelope with a dazzling eye

Relishes the real royals

I am to glance at the fairy dance

I am to hold the Holy grace

Swinging like spring, bringing the bright

The clutch of coping with kind

Transparency beautifully binds

Glory grips and flips

Soul slips and dips

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General Poetry

Eric Shelman

Easter

Spring's breezy warmth winds
blows, slow lows, and howls loud highs
warm, wet, equinox

Merriment's spirits
balance, rebirth, renewal
Ostara's rites

Celebrating Christ's
defeating death, resurrect
singing, praising, praying
feasting with family, friends
reading Bible's scriptures

Spring gods, goddesses
representing new dawn's and
bountiful harvests, and whole

productivity
new planting seasons begins
reconnecting with the Earth

Energetically, egg-hunting, egg-dying
Adoring alive, and ascension
Spiritedly singing, sacred songs
Traditional, triumphant
Engorging enjoyments, entertainments
Reveling, reacting, reciting, religious rites

Everyone eating, enjoying, energize
Anxiously, awaiting, anniversary's actions
area
Springtime, Spring-forward, Spring-inspires
Teaching their tots, theological thought
Eulogizing Eucharist ecstatically,
empathize
Rending, reverence, righteousness,
Redeemer

Apostles
Believers

Christians
Disciples
Evangelized
Faith, freedom
Gloriousness, Gracefulness, Godliness,
God's Son, Generosity
His Holiness, hopefulness, happiness,
honorable
Intuitions, innovations, introspections of
Jesus Christ's, justifications
Kindness, kingdom, knowledge, King of.
Kings
Lessons, lights, laws, love, life
Mercifulness, masterfulness
Noteworthiness, never-ending, notoriety
Obedience, Omnipresent, Omnipotent
Parables, prophecies, preachings
Quotable questionings
Righteousness, rebelliousness, revelations,
resurrection
Spreading salvation's sanctions, supreme
Savior
Truthful teachings tremendously
Undefined Universalisms
Victorious, vindications
Wisdoms, ways, wonderfulness
Xenodochial
Yearnings
Zealotry

Baa, Baa, Baa, sheep speak
Tweet, Tweet, Tweet, bird's song chirping
melodiously and harmoniously
Rustle, Rustle, Rustle
Bustle Bustle, Bustle, winds, blowing throughout trees
Crack, crack, crack, goes as children and
adults opening, closing eggs, and eating
hard-boiled ones
Tinkle, Tinkle, Tinkling
Jingle, Jingle, Jingling, church bells
swinging and ringing their
tintinnabulations
Hippy-Hoppity, Hippy-Hoppity, Hippy-Hoppity
Boing, Boing, Boing, Easter's bunny swift, sly, and smooth movements
Sing, Sing, Singing,
Praise, Praise, Praising
Worship, Worship Worshiping,
Pray, Pray, Praying,

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

Adore, Adore Adoring
Remember, Remember, Remembering
Reflect, Reflect, Reflecting
songs to their Lord, and Savior, Jesus Christ, Ostara, Eostere, and other Spring Gods and Goddesses
Feast Feast Feasting
Drink, Drink, Drinking
Converse, Converse, Conversing
Commune, Commune, Communing
Winter, let's Spring hold its reigns
with rainy, warm, and cool sunny days
which brings new life and blossoming
seeds gains
enduring its Mayday's natural ballets, plays

Easter time has come tonight
Good food, drinks, and company
Celebrating Christ's death, and resurrection
Hailing, Ostara, Eostere, various other
Spring Gods, and Goddesses
Celebrating Spring's equinox
and what it promises to bring!

Easter
Spring, seasonal
budding, blossoming, awakening
flowers, religious, Christmas, toys
sledding, singing, caroling
snowy, cold
Winter.

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Arbor Day

Educating and
learning trees, advantages
and importances
Competitively
planting trees, correctly and
receiving rewards
Mankind's best friends
are trees, greatest resources
offering us, so many
things, such as shade from the sun
having multiple uses
Solving our future
problems, by planting trees, which
will better our futures
Worshiping, singing
praising, reading quotes, and
poetry, rapping tree skits
Help
alert
problems that
mother nature
has
Applauding, appreciating
 approvals of trees
Rapping About Trees
Building better tomorrows
Obliterating our obstacles
Rightly revering resources
Deeming Trees, celebrations Day
Advocating awareness, actions
Yearning, yielding, younglings
Absorb, accumulate, adaptation, advice
 advise, advocate, alert, amateur, Arborist
 attention
Back fill, balance, Botany, better tomorrow
Climate, color, community, conscientious
 conscious, container, contribute, correct
 cover
Damage, decisions, deep, detect, develop
 diameter, dig, disease, drought, drought-
 resistant
Earth, Ecology, ensure, environment
 erosion, establish
Failure, fertile, fertilizer, foliage, Forestry
Garden, goal, green, ground, growing
 guidelines

Habitat, help, hole
Impact, improvements, Indigenous
insulate, interest
Jovial
Kindness
Landscape, leaves, level, light, loam
Mulch, Mother Nature, Mother Earth
National, natural, Nature, nursery
Opinion, organic, overgrown
Pests, plants, planting, policy, pot
preparation, preservation, pride, problems
professional, protection, provision, prune
Quality, Quest
Recognition, regional, remove
requirement, rescue, resources
restoration, root ball, roots
Setting, shrubs, soil, solar, stable, steps
success, sun, survival, system
Temperatures, trees, trim
Unifying, universal, unity
Valuing, visionarily,
Warrant, water, weather, well, wells, work
Xenial
Yielding
Zeal, zone
As pioneers began moving into
Nebraska Territory, lacking
trees was felt deeply, not
only did new residents
miss the trees they left behind they were
left without the trees they needed as
windbreaks to keep soil in place for fuel
and building materials
and for shade from the hot sun
"We make an immense mistake, when we
think of trees as solely an aesthetic
member of a community
they cut pollution
they cool the air, they prevent
erosion, they muffle sound
they produce oxygen, then, after
all that, they look good."
Doctor Richard Leakey said.
"I am the heat of your hearth, the shade
the shade screening you from the sun, I
am the beam that holds your
house, the board of your table
I am the handle of your hoe, the

the door of your homestead, the wood
of your cradle, and the
shell of your coffin
I am the gift of God and the friend
of man." A quote by unknown
"The forests are the flags of Nature
they appeal to all and awaken
inspiring universal
feelings, enter the forest
and the boundaries of
nations are forgotten, it may be
that sometime an immortal pine
will be the flag of a united
and peaceful world." Quote by Enos A. Mills
Nebraska newspaper editor
and resident of Nebraska City, NE
J. Sterling Morton had an
enthusiasm for trees
advocated strongly for civic
groups, and individuals
to plant them, once he
became Nebraska's Territory's secretary
he further spread his
message about tree's, values
And on January 4, 1872, Morton
first proposed a tree planting
holiday to be called "Arbor Day"
at a state meeting, Board of Agriculture
Its, celebration date was set for
April 10, 1872, prizes were offered
to counties and individuals
for the largest number of properly
planted trees on that day
it was estimated that more
than 1 million trees were
planted in Nebraska
on the first Arbor Day
which was officially proclaimed in 1874
by Nebraska's Governor, Robert W. Furnas
and the day was observed
April 10 that year
In 1885, which was named
a legal state holiday in
Nebraska, and April 22 was
selected as the date for its
permanent annual observance
eventually spreading both Nationally
and globally.

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

Written, by Eric Shelman, the WordMonster!

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April Fool's Day

Playing practical

jokes and hoaxes on others

yelling "April Fools"

Cultures for that

celebrated centuries

old, mysterious

Dating from 1582, when France

switched Julian, to Gregorian

changing first of the year, Jan 1st

Called for by 1563 in the

Council of Trent, Julian and

Hindu, New Year, was April 1st

Assigned asinine April Fool's for

Practicing Julian's and not Gregorian's

Religious holiday change

Infantilely

Lavishly laughing loudly

Fiercely festering fools facetiously

Outrageously

Outstandingly

Light-heartedly

Senses humorously

Dumbfoundedly

Absurdly

Yearly

Absurd, absurdity, amuse, amusing, April

audacious, astute, April Fool's Day

Bamboozle, bantering, befuddle, bemuse

bewilder, bluffing, bogus, bold, brainless

buffoon, bunkum

Celebrate, chicanery, childish, chump,

comical, calendar, caper, celebrate

celebration, childish, chuckle, comical

confusion, contrary, crafty, crazy, cunning

custom

Deceive, deception, dabble, daft, delude

dopey, droll, dumbfound, dupe

Enthusiasm, entomophobia, eremophobia

erythrism, esosphobia

Fun, funny, fool, foolish, folly, farce, feign

fib, finagle, fake, fourth month, fool's

errand, first of April

Gag, gullible, game, guess

Hilarious, humor, humorous, hoax

hoodwink

Infantile

Joke, jester, jokester, joker

Kooky, knocky

Light-hearted

Mischievous, mislead, mockery

Nonsense

Outrageous

Play practical jokes, pranks, prankster

preposterous jokers

Quirky, questioning, questing

Ridiculous, ruse, rattle

Scam, scheme, spoof, stunt, silly, surprise

sense of humor

Tomfoolery, trickery, tricks, talent, tease

trifle, triviality, trumpery

Unwitting, uncouth, unkind

Victim, victimize

Wild, wacky, wary, whim, whimsical

widespread, wit, wise-acre,

Xenial

Youth

Zany

April Fool's Day, has come let us begin

by printing and cutting out paper fish

writing poisson d'avril, kick me on, pin

placing on these deemed April Fool's

backs, swishly

put on our disguises, making fun of

mocking fellow citizens, magistrates

placing fake tails, signs on people's

butts, shoved

sending people on phony errands, baiting

hunt the gowk, cuckoo bird, symbolic

fools

making outrageous fictional reports
newspapers, radios, televisions, tools
spreading hoaxes on social media, shorts
glorifying, worshiping jokesters, jesters
joking, pranking, hoaxing, everyone,
testers

Singing, praising, worshiping jokesters
jesters, pranking, hoaxing, joking
coaxed with everyone they want, to,
hoaxsters

especially, those still celebrating Vernal
Equinox in the Julian calendar, poking
April

Fool's yelled, pranksters
hoaxsters, jokesters, jokes
deeming everyone idiotic

Pranks

hoaxes

jokesters

April's Fool's yell

unknowing Julian's change to Gregorian

Fun

joking

mischievous

pranking, hoaxing

play

There was once a Pope named Gregory

XIII, who, changed Julian to Gregorian

calenders, altered New
year, March's end, April 1st, grew
to January 1st, in France, 1583, called,
made fun
Of everyone who hadn't, heard, standstill
weren't up-to-date on this change still
celebrating Julian
New Year Day, herculean
were, butt end of their jokes, hoaxes, thrills
Calling April Fool's, pranks included
placing paper fish, backs, concluded
as poisson d'avril means
April Fish, referred gleans
young, easily caught fish, excluded.

Written, by, Eric Shelman, The WordMonster!

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Spring

Beautiful budding
blossoms, lively, lovely, lush
cheerful, chirping, crisp

Awaken, abloom
alive, active, airy and
fertile, floral, fresh

Peaceful, playing, pleasant
refreshing, rejuvenate
relaxing, renew
sunny, sweet-smelling sprouting
spectacular, stunning, soft

Magnificent, melt
incredible, inspiring
invigorating pastel

breezy, barefoot
verdant, vernal, vibrant, warm
thriving, teeming, tender, clean

Spring
sun-kissed
sun-drenched
happy, hatching
healthy

Heavenly, hatching, healthy, happy
weather's warming wonderfully
fertile, fecund, flourishing
sun-kissed, sun-drenched, sun-filled
grassy, green, growing
cheerful, chirping
crisp, cloudless
cleaning
Spring

Spring
blissful
Flowering
breezy, budding
lovely, lively, light
colorful, clean, cheery
alive, anew, awakening
picture perfect, peaceful, pastel

rainy, refreshing, renewing, romp
sprung sprouts stunningly, spectacularly

Season's changed everything now sun-filled
blossoming budding beautiful florals
playing, pretty, pure, thrilled, willed,
fulfilled
fragrant, fresh, free, chorales, morals,
laurels.

Sprouting seeds, serene scenery
Peaceful pleasant phenomenal picturesque
Refreshing, renewing rain
Inspirational, ideal, incredible
Nature's noteworthy notions
Green grasses a-growing

Sweet sensational smells
Picnicking pleasantries, plowing puddles'
crop
Rabbits romping robin's roaring river
Incredible irises inspire Isthmi
Newborns, new leaves, narration
Gardeners garbed galoshes gardening

Springtimes start sunrises springtides
Pup, playing pap pop
Remember river's roar, rooster's rover
Improvisatori, interstimuli, Isthmi
Newborn noteworthy notions negotiation
Growing grassy greens, groundbreaking
gardening.

Abloom, active, airy, April, April Fool's Day
Barefoot, blissful, baby animals, butterflies
Changing, clean, chirping, crocus,
caterpillars, clouds, calves, Cinco De
Mayo
Delightful, daisies, daffodils, dugout,
ducklings
Energetic, enjoyable, Easter, Earth Day, eggs
Fair, fluffy, flourishing, fertile, floral, fragrant
Gentle grassy green growing, Good Friday
gardening, galoshes, goslings
grasshoppers
Happy, healthy, heavenly, hatching, honey
Incredible, invigorating, inspiring, irises
Joyful, June, jog

Kid, kite
Light, lovely, lively, lush, lamb, life cycle
Magnificent, March, March Madness, May
May Day, Mother's Day, Memorial Day
New, newborn, narcissus, nests, North
nonage, Nature
Outdoors, observations, Ostara, orchids,
offspring
Picnic, purple, puddles, plow, pollinate,
poppy, polliwog, Passover
Quests, quack
Rabbits, rainbows, rain boots, rain drops
rebirth, rose buds,
Saint Patrick's Day, Spring Break, showers,
slicker, sow, skirts, sunny Sundays
Teeming, twigs, thriving, tadpoles, tulips
Unpredictable, umbrellas
Verdant, vernal, vibrant, vernal equinox,
violets
Warm windy weather, worms, wake up
Xanthic, xenial, xenodochy
Young, youthful, yard, yellow
Zinnia

Quack, quack, quack, ducklings chant
hum, hum, hum, hummingbirds rant
croak, croak, croak, frogs pant
drip, drip, drip, melting icicles cry
splash, splash, splash, melting snow fry
gurgle, gurgle, gurle, brook takes
bubble, bubble, bubble, creek makes
chirp, chirp, chirp, birds conversing while
having roll calls
rustle, rustle, rustle, leaf piles, and trees
breezes
buzz, buzz, buzz, mosquitos,
gnats, bees,
wasps rake
kuk, quaa, muk-muk, squirrels respond
moo, moo, moo, calves speak
cluck, cluck, cluck, chicks talk
drip dropping, drip dropping, drip dropping
rain drops fall off water spouts
burble, burble, burble, gentle waterfalls
plant
tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, stream's calm water
flows
pitter-patter pitter-patter, pitter-patter gentle

rain rings
dawn, dawn, dawn, birds sing during
warm, warm, warm, winds wail
bright, bright, bright, sun stays
awaken, awaken, awaken, nature after
sleeping
pitter-clatter, pitter-clatter, pitter-clatter birds and bees' emotions and hearts.

Sprouting seeds brings, springs forth
budding, blossoms, growth
warm weather, sun-filled days, outweigh
rainy days
replenishing refreshing relaxing's oath

Crispy airs, sweet-smelling fragrance,
majestic
magical, monumental, meaningful times
playing childish-like, freely, and orchestric

plowing, sowing, reaping, gardeners
rewards
birds and bees fluster, rustle, bustle,
hustle
Nature's nurturing noteworthy accords

Lovingly, lively, likeable, life's learnings
Seeing serene scenery earning's yearning.

Birds flirtatious chirps singing morning's
songs
peaceful, perfect, picturesque, pleasantries,
playfulness
renewing, rebirthing, refreshing, strong
ringing, dinging, singing, ping, swayfulness
dancing, prancing, entrancing, rebalance
personifying Nature as deities
seeding, reeding, leeding, planting, balance
customs, worshiping, praying, spontaneities
cheerful, beautiful, wonderful delights
stunning, sparkling, spectacular sprouts
energetic, enjoyable, gentle sights
blissfully, budding, blossoming brights outs
observing, absorbing outdoors splendor
alive, active, anew, abloom, tender.

Seasonal's sacred festive, obedient oaths
showers, towering overpowering flowers
flora, fauna's newborn offsprings, coming

troth

overcoming obstacles' on forever's hours
birds chirp and bees buzz in responding
retorting powers

traditional customs, worshiping, religion
exploring, enjoy enduring outdoors times,
our

abhorrent towards all pigeons' irreligion
Spring springs forwards and towards a
wigeon's smidgen

smashing, mashing puddles in and out of
the rain

cooking and baking Spring inspired meals
in kitchen

bird-watching, sport-watching

cloud-watching, cranes plains

happily, healthily, heightened, brightened,
enlightened

swimming, fishing, camping, planting,
granting tightened.

Spring

active, anew

breezy, budding, buzzing

Mother Nature, April, snowy, scarves

sledding, snow-mobiling, snowboarding

cold, frozen

Winter.

Spring

Sun-filled, warm

Playing, relaxing, refreshing

Blooming flowers and hearts desires

Season.

Written, by, Eric Shelman, WordMonster!

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Somebody

Cascade of lemon shards
into your eyes and the taste
of lavender and violet.
The parmesan-romano blend
good not only for pasta
but also as ocelot food,
in a pinch. The world of on-
demand streaming television
was supposed to open up
endless vistas of Richard
Greico films and Estonian
cooking shows, but all you
can find are reruns of your
most bitter enemy's high
school commencement video,
cinematography by Vittorio
Storaro. Where the citrus
ended up you don't know,
but you double check your
boots for marmalade each day.

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Welcome to the month of Ramadan!

You came joyfully, bright-eyed,
Saying prayers, chanting words.
Grudges leave the heart,
Welcome to the month of Ramadan!

This month is full of rewards,
Good intentions, good deeds.
All anger recedes,
Welcome to the month of Ramadan!

The table is overflowing, give thanks
Give thanks for clear mornings.
My country is peaceful, give thanks to freedom,
Welcome to the month of Ramadan!

There are months apart from each other,
But you are the sultan of these months, Ramadan.
We are waiting for you all year long,
Welcome to the month of Ramadan!

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Fulfil the Unfulfilled

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

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Words are My Lovers

(1)

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

(2)

Life is made of little things
the words we speak sometimes casually
become songs.

(3)

You are a
FORCE
the entire cosmos awaits
with eager eyes
to behold.

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Biographical details :

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

<https://www.facebook.com/swayamprashant.prashant>

Master Heath Cliff & The Cat without the Hat that made Green eggs and No Ham

The Puss in the suit
Matching with steel toe boots
Sitting at a table eating pretty
And stern. But the madness begins
Without no sin
Just a grin of the Christmas trends
Without his hat he bowed with a sack of green snacks. Shining in Gold
Setting the table for a feast
From the east and west
But he knows best
Kitty litter is so smelly in winter
In the summer and spring and the Autumn
As he wrote the columns
Of poetry and condoms
Within the bottom of his shoes
The breed sings the blues
Making eggs with color favor
Green is so mean. But in this case
He is feasting on the human race
We're the replacement of Christmas Ham
No no. Know your role
In the calming of the storm
The suit with the puss
And his boots matches it cute
The time is now
To rest in the cutter
To wait to taste London's leftovers Butter
But forbidden to eat human scraps
Poisonous snaps. Dying and not coming back
Coming from the alley
From the struggling valley
The cat without his hat
Coming for his snacks
End

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Greek mythology

Have you heard of a centaur
In greek legend of course,
It was known as half man
And also part horse.

Then there was medusa
She sat on her own,
She despised all men
And turned them to stone.

Zeus reigned on olympus
With his wife hera,
He sent down some thunder
To cause mortals terror.

There were many greek gods
Like apollo and aphrodite
What they all had in common
Were all very mighty.

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Changing colours

Wouldn't it be great
If trees were blue
Skies were lemon
And clouds were pink,
Wouldn't it be lovely
Don't you think.

If snow was purple
And stars were gold,
Maybe a different story
Could be told.

But alas the sky
Is grey,
The grass is green
Like every day.

But it is so nice
Imagine the scene,
In my colourful
Daily dream.

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Fairy day

I am the major
Fairy queen,
And for you
Have set the scene.

We are having
A fairy day,
All come here
For fun and play.

All are welcome
Fairy or elf,
No more sitting
On that shelf.

Come right down
To the fairy glade,
Where lots of magic
Will be made.

So come and join
All fairy folk,
You could even
Tell a little joke.

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The Fiddling Fool

On the outskirts
They stare,
Faces
So bare,
Faces
Masked and unkind.

The fiddling fool
Plays to the cruel,
Entertains
But leaves them behind.

Drawing his bow
At the start of the show,
To that special place
He escapes in his mind,

Away from the crowd
Only music 'aloud',
Each pure note
On his cello, he'll find,

With every stroke
Bow and strings evoke,
Such magic
Such sweet melody,

He plays
In a trance,
In his mind
People dance,
To its deep
Rich vibrancy...

...On the outskirts
They stare,
Faces
So bare,
Faces
Masked and unkind,

The fiddling fool
Plays to the cruel,
Entertains

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

But leaves them behind...

Ashley O'Keefe

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

Lyrics

Taylor Newman

~~~~~🔥DO OR DIE🔥~~~~~

Written Nov. 22nd 2022  
#3009 File# 26-A Cat# 26-1  
Artwork And Lyrics  
Taylor Newman  
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~~~~~🔥DO OR DIE🔥~~~~~

Rage ahead and don't look back
for yesterday's no longer due,
Be the one who leads w/reason
be prepared to break the rules,

Stand tall, yet stand for strength
if you fight, fight to your death,
Be a deadly army, though of one
until your final, fuckin' breath,

Roam fuckin' wild and roam free
never tame, that beast, in you,
Because once, that's fuckin' lost
not much more a soul can do,

~CHORUS~
~~~~~

Not here to please their masses  
ya' weren't born to be the fool,  
So, grab this world by both balls  
and effin' squeeze till it drools,

For, we're all given, just one shot  
shoot yours between the eyes,  
Don't look back, with sad regrets  
it's your shot so, "Do Or Die" !!!  
~~~~~

Don't you give, what isn't earned
and give love in fuckin' spades,
To the few, you know are worthy
who've made the effing grade,

Demand respect, in who you are



RAVEN CAGE ZINE

cause it's the nature of a beast,
And any dead man, tells no tales
so fucking roar, & never cease,

Be their definition, of what's wild
but always be, a beast w/heart,
For any beast, that's void of love
it lost all reason from the start,

~CHORUS~

~~~~~

Not here to please their masses  
ya' weren't born to be the fool,  
So, grab this world by both balls  
and effin' squeeze till it drools,

For we're all given, just one shot  
shoot yours between the eyes,  
Don't look back with sad regrets  
it's your shot so, "Do Or Die" !!!

~~~~~

There are more, than there's not
that are hoping that you'll fail,
So fuckin' leave 'em in your dust
don't ya' buy, the shit they sell,

Devote your life for what is right
and fight fiercely, to defend it,
For they're things, you believe in
thus, should not be neglected,

Be a fucking deadly, juggernaut
and don't think about it twice,
Because once, it's quite, enough
twice is far, too fucking nice,

~CHORUS~

~~~~~

Not here to please their masses  
ya' weren't born to be the fool,  
So, grab the world, by both balls  
and effin' squeeze till it drools,

For we're all given, just one shot  
shoot yours between the eyes,  
Don't look back with sad regrets  
it's your shot so, "Do Or Die" !!!

~~~~~

Be their best, and kick some ass
bleed all you have or not at all,
Not to fight for what you're worth
means to accept defeat & fall,

There's very few, who live, to lead
so let 'em know, all your worth,
Define that very, deep, distinction
of who is real upon this earth,

Be the one, who leaves their mark
and be yourself, w/no disguise,
Bare your effing soul, to the world
this is your life so, "Do Or Die"!!

~~~~~🔥DO OR DIE🔥~~~~~

Written Nov. 22nd 2022  
#3009 File# 26-A Cat# 26-1  
Artwork and Lyrics;  
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~~~💧 SHATTERED 💧~~~

Written Jan.11th, 2023

#3025, File#28-A, Cat#26-1

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~~~💧SHATTERED💧~~~

Where can a young man, ever go  
if there's no one ever there,  
Where can a child, learn, to grow  
if no one's there who cares,

How can a heart stop its bleedin'  
if its wound's, are too large,  
How does the price, in bein' born  
equal abuse, as the charge,

CHORUS

~~~~~

Grew battered, torn, and tattered
heart's bruised, soul's abused,
Never knowing, that I'd mattered
guess I missed all their cues,

Just a boy who longed their love
yet they left me so scattered,
What had I done, to be forsaken
left alone, cold, & "shattered."

~~~~~

How does a child search for love  
if its heart, has lost, its way,  
Shouldn't, loving a kid, be normal  
before it dies, and it decays,

How does a child, claim injustice  
when no one cares to listen,  
Before the horror, they have lived  
is seen as, mere conditions,

How can a young boy, try to trust  
when all he had was broken,  
Or is the pain, that he is, left with  
their very token, of devotion,



## CHORUS

~~~~~

NOW I'M ANGRY & I'M RAGING
AND IT WILL NOT, GO AWAY,
NO MATTER HOW, I EFFIN' TRY
IT IS THE SAME, EVERYDAY,

FROM THAT KID, TO THIS MAN
CAN'T ESCAPE ALL MY PAIN,
I LIVE THIS LIFE, ON THE EDGE
EFFING ANGRY IS MY NAME,

~~~~~

How does a child stop their tears  
when no one fucking cares,  
How can it stop that fucking levy  
while it finally starts to tear,

How can a, young boy, try to heal  
if his scars, all run too deep,  
How does he hide his effing pain  
hidin' secrets, that he keeps,

So tell me how the fuck I salvage  
what very little's deep in me,  
Within this hemorrhaging of pain  
with blue eyes, afraid to see,

## CHORUS

~~~~~

Grew battered, torn, and tattered
heart's bruised, soul's abused,
Never knowing, that I'd mattered
guess I missed all their cues,

Just a boy who longed their love
yet they left me so scattered,
What had I done, to be forsaken
left alone, cold, & "shattered."

~~~~~

Upon cruel winds, of aching pain  
look for me and I'll be there,  
I'll be that one, that stands alone  
whose soul's, cold and bare,

Look beyond, my dead blue eyes

oh, you'll see the pain in me,  
I'm so god damned ripped & torn  
I've no wounds left to bleed,

How much more can a man take  
when his soul is so tattered,  
& will someone, want to, love me  
even tho' I'm so,.. "Shatteted."

~~~💧💧 SHATTERED 💧💧~~~

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~~~~~YET TO BE~~~~~

Written Sept. 2nd, 2022  
#3005 File#25-1 Cat#26-A  
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~~~~~YET TO BE~~~~~

Somewhere between what we know
and what is, thought to, be,
Resides the realm, we'll never touch
that, we may all, never see,

It's said that, "time waits, for no one"
though man, gave life time,
How can something wait for no one
if that "no one," is mankind,

1st
~Chorus~
~~~~~

From every scholar in our pasts  
and brilliant minds in history,  
There isn't one w/out questions  
which isn't framed with irony,

Even prophets words o' wisdom  
are all cloaked, mythologists,  
For not a man, alive could know  
after death, what then exists,

They're things, within, our world  
not fully known, nor yet seen,  
Within a realm, of our, unknown  
that are drenched, with irony,  
~~~~~

Though the faith of man, it's sacred
religion's filled with death,
It has surpassed all wars combined
in takin' lives, in its breath,

Were taught to bow unto their Gods
or when we die, go to hell,
Yet their judgmental condemnation



no God of love would sell,

So many questions, yet no answers
as all are framed, w/irony,
They're all the things within a realm
w/true answers, yet to be,

2nd

~Chorus~

~~~~~

Even prophets words o' wisdom  
are all cloaked, mythologists,  
For not a man, alive could know  
after death, what then exists,

They're things, within, our world  
not fully known nor yet seen,  
Within a realm, of our, unknown  
that are drenched, with irony,

From every scholar in our pasts  
and brilliant minds in history,  
There isn't one w/out questions  
which isn't framed with irony,

~~~~~

They say, "The Universe, it's Endless"
well, how are they so sure,
Tho' we may not now, see an ending
the facts, are still obscure,

Astrologists and their presumptions
of fact, from what is, seen,
Are all about as far away, with proof
as likely we, might ever be,

Because the more, we grow to know
the more, we strive to see,
Brings then more endless questions
its the nature of the beast,

3rd

~Chorus~

~~~~~

They're things, within our world  
not fully known nor yet seen,  
Within a realm, of our unknown  
that are drenched, with irony,

# RAVEN CAGE ZINE

---

From every scholar in our pasts  
and brilliant minds in history,  
There isn't one w/out questions  
which isn't framed with irony,

Even prophets words o' wisdom  
are all cloaked, mythologists,  
For not a man, alive could know  
after death, what then exists,  
~~~~~

Endless questions, we can't answer
deep within another zone,
Somewhere between what we think
and all that's, truly, known,

They say, "proof lies in, the pudding"
tho,' another ironic phrase,
How can fact be known thus tasted
in realms not fully phased,

They are the, unknown things in life
the things, we think, to be,
They are things, not fully, answered
they are facts,.. "Yet To Be."

~~~~~ - YET TO BE ~~~~~

Written Sept. 2nd, 2022  
#3,005 File#25-C, Cat#26-A  
Artwork And Lyrics  
Taylor Newman;  
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~~~💧 Forgotten Souls 💧~~~

Written Jan. 3rd, 2022

#2,058, Cat# 25-1, File# B-3

Artwork And lyrics;

Taylor Newman

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~~~💧 **Forgotten Souls** 💧~~~

So many souls who seem so lost  
tho' I am one, so many more,  
Would give my life to save 'em all  
I'm not about, keeping score,

Within their tears can see myself  
w/in the man who sits alone,  
As tears of sadness that he cries  
tell of a soul without a home,

This empathy that, flows thru me  
it's never ending for a reason,  
For it let's me know, I'm still, alive  
as my soul knows no treason,

~Chorus~

~~~~~

Within depths of hearts forsaken
there lies the eyes of you and me,

Just look around, won't take long
for you and I, you're bound to see,

~~~~~

From our beginnings, to our, ends  
so much more to greet the eye,  
Than things, we sought so blindly  
as hurting souls alone they cry,

Look in their eyes & at yourselves  
for they all bleed like you & me,  
For they're souls just like yourself  
with lovin' eyes not hard to see,

How can our souls live day to day  
without the human sight to see,  
That every heart that sheds a tear



it bleeds to love, it bleeds to be,

~Chorus~

~~~~~

Within depths of hearts forsaken
there lies the eyes of you and me,

Just look around, won't take long
for you and I, you're bound to see,

~~~~~

Within each soul there lies a story  
too many stories paved in pain,  
Yet, many preach a hell, is waiting  
while on earth souls die in vain,

I'm their tears, and theirs are mine  
all their pain, my heart it knows,  
Their cries are me, alone & broken  
the left to die, "Forgotten Souls."

~~~~~  Forgotten Souls  ~~~~~

Written Jan. 3rd, 2022

#2,058, Cat# 25-1, File# B-3

Artwork And lyrics;

Taylor Newman

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~~~🔥 With Only You 🔥~~~

Written Jan. 31st, 2023

#3033 File#28-A Cat#26-1

Artwork And Lyrics;

Taylor Newman

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~~~🔥 With Only You 🔥~~~

Touch me oh angel don't let go
cause I live to feel your touch,
And nothing else that I long for
nothing else, means as much,

Take my flesh, and all my scars
take my heart, & own my soul,
Oh, be the reason, for my being
as I gladly give you all control,

I yearn to be, so lost, within you
become your parts uncharted,
I'm the man you always needed
you'll not again feel discarded,

~CHORUS~

~~~~~

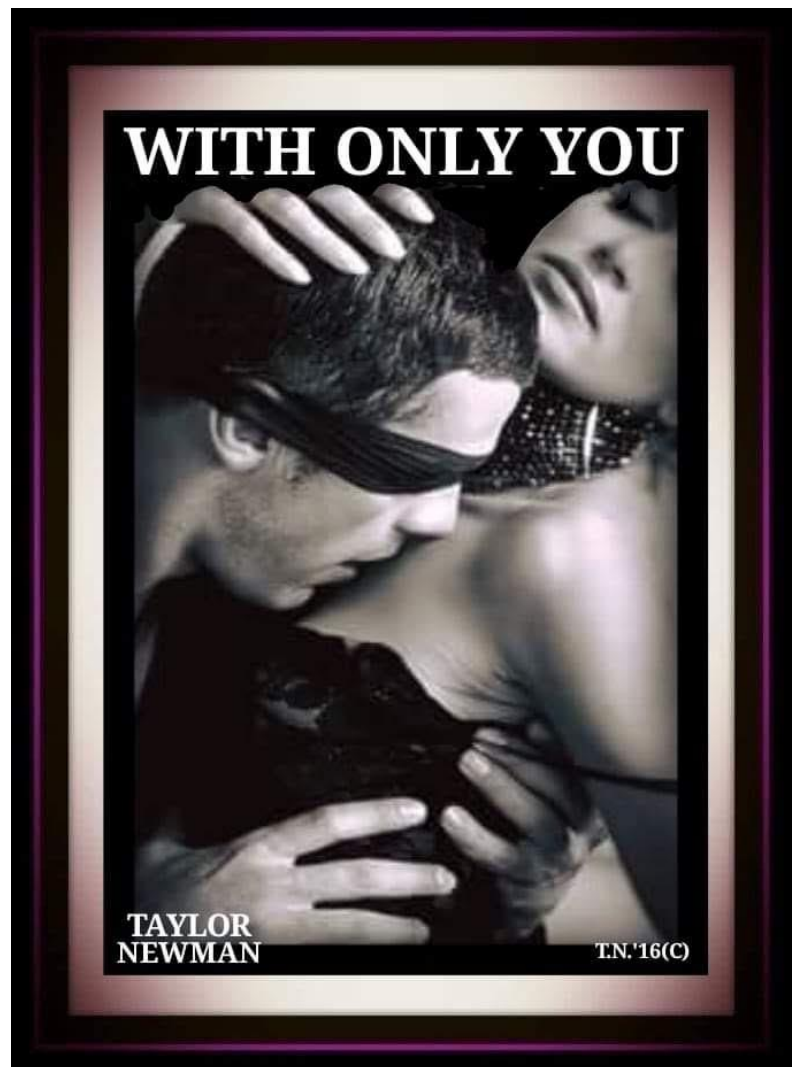
I give my soul, for you to reign,  
and to be owned by only you,  
Woman feel my bleedin' words  
from behind my eyes of blue,

My body aches, for your, callin'  
as my soul awaits your depth,  
Ohh, just take me in your arms  
let all your love do all the rest,

~~~~~

For we both know what we long
and both know, what we need,
So honey open, your sweet soul
while my own it gently bleeds,

I want to swim, w/in your ocean
long to drown, so deep, in you,
I'm a man whose depth ya' need



and this heart, & soul, are true,

I'm yours to do w/as you please
and not a thing's, off the table,
Take me deep within your wings
as this man is more than able,

~CHORUS~

~~~~~



I give my soul, for you to reign,  
and to be owned, by only you,  
Woman feel my bleedin' words  
from behind my eyes of blue,

My body aches, for your, callin'  
as my soul awaits your depth,  
Ohh, just take me in your arms  
let all your love do all the rest,

~~~~~

I'll be a slave to your sweet soul
so be the master, of my flesh,
C'mon and take me, pretty baby
leave no room, for sad regret,

There's only you and I my darlin'
and the moon, she is now full,
I now surrender my whole being
here and now, "With Only You."

~~~  With Only You  ~~~

Written Jan. 31st, 2023

#3033, File#28-A Cat#26-1

Artwork And Lyrics;

Taylor Newman

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~~ 🔥 LITTLE HELLION 🔥 ~~

Written Dec. 29th 2022

#3,020, File#25-A, Cat#26-2

Artwork And Lyrics;

Taylor Newman

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~~ 🔥 LITTLE HELLION 🔥 ~~

Yea, I was born to Rock and Roll  
it's always been, apart of me,  
It's always flowed w/in my veins  
since about, the age of three,

A lil' screaming, hell bent rocker  
sang Zeppelin songs, by five,  
Was my salvation, from my pain  
helped to keep that boy alive,

1st  
~CHORUS~  
~~~~~

Scream it loud, scream it proud
yea little man, show 'em all,
The true meaning, of ones guts
altho' young, a kid w/balls,

I've paid dues, since I was born
though no longer, do I pay,
I screamed my way to freedom
I write my scripts, my way,
~~~~~

Was a little heavy metal bad boy  
had a thing for writing songs,  
Used to drive my teachers crazy  
I drove 'em crazy all day long,

Was writing music, at age seven  
on dear grandma's, old piano,  
Composed my own rock ballads  
little Hellish, crazed, soprano,

And as the years, quickly passed



# RAVEN CAGE ZINE

---

writing became a vengeance,  
It was a place, to vent, my anger  
it became, my independence,

2nd  
~CHORUS~  
~~~~~

Scream until your throat bleeds
oh, lil' hellion, show 'em all,
The true meaning, of ones guts
altho' young, a kid w/balls,

I've paid dues, since I was born
though no longer, do I pay,
I screamed my way to freedom
the effin' rock n' rollin' way,
~~~~~

Grew up w/no one to defend me  
sang my ass off to be heard,  
You can bet, I screamed like hell  
you can hear it, in my, words,

Yeah it's not been easy being me  
but still I stand, effing proud,  
I've let my words do all my talkin'  
still, I shout them, effin' loud,

Music has always been my go to  
it helped to tame all my rage,  
And gave me, fuckin' wings to fly  
broke me free, of every cage,

3rd  
~CHORUS~  
~~~~~

Scream until your tonsils bleed
yea little man show 'em all,
The true meaning of ones guts
altho' young, a kid w/balls,

I've paid dues, since I was born
though no longer will I pay,
I screamed my way to freedom
I write my scripts, my way,
~~~~~

And though I won't, go into detail



done more than, merely well,  
And should you love, Rock n' Roll  
songs ya' know "I bled to tell,"

They were lived, & bled, from me  
the endless pieces of my life,  
That will live on, through all time  
yet still cause souls to thrive,

So make room for the unyielding  
that poster child of rebellion,  
One that needs, no introductions  
effin' bad ass.."Little Hellion."

🔥 LITTLE HELLION 🔥

Written Dec. 29th, 2022  
#3,020, File#25-A, Cat#26-2  
Artwork And Lyrics;  
Taylor Newman  
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Nature Poetry

---

Nancy Hall

**A Plea from Mother Earth**

Snow

Where did it go

It came to celebrate Christmas  
and blow around the mistletoe

Now in places it shouldn't be  
missing in places it should be

Into the ocean icebergs are hurled  
scaring people all over the world

Tornadoes and hurricanes the worst we have ever seen  
wiping out towns from sea to sea

Raging wildfires that have burned millions of acres  
destroying homes and wildlife without any favor

The blame game has gotten us nowhere  
All its done is blow hot air

How can we stop this environmental madness  
that is causing all this sadness

We need to reach out and make all aware  
of this urgency to make our repairs

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## **Spring Fever**

By: Author Reneé Drummond-Brown

Wilting withering weeds withstanding winter  
blooming blooms blossoms breeds  
fluorescence flush field flowering flowers  
grandeur gardening green-thumbs  
heydays, high-noon,  
May-day, metamorphosis' moonbeams  
picking peaking pinnacle petals  
springs Spring sprung sprouting spirit-filled saturated seeds.

Dedicated to: Spring's in the air

A RocDeeRay Production

PLEASE FOLLOW ME ON FACEBOOK, INSTAGRAM AND LINKEDIN ALIKE.  
CLICK, LIKE, COMMENT, AND SHARE, SHARE, SHARE. THANK YOU!

Drummond-Brown's Hardcover, Softcover, eBooks, Anthologies, Magazine and Children's book are sold via Amazon.

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## First spring...

I know, you have been waiting for the spring for too long,  
You have asked it from every single grass.  
You have no idea, deep to my heart,  
Spring has already come, when you came to it.

Why are you so impatient?  
Impatient about thoughts of swallow's sweet song.  
Do not trust to spring. It will pass,  
And will throw you to the thoughts of love.

For the almond's semi-pink flowers to bloom,  
You wait with pain and grief.  
But in the cold days of February,  
One flower was bloomed. You could not see.

The spring's initial warmth to your heart,  
Was not given by the Sun, happily.  
In your curer heart than the almond's flower,  
I was bloomed, before everything.

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Mashkhura Usmonova  
Zafarjon's daughter was born on  
May 16, 2006 in Gallaorol district,  
Jizzakh region the Republic of  
Uzbekistan. Currently 16 years old.  
Winner of more than 30 republican  
contests. In addition, her works  
have been published in book  
collections of the United States of  
America, Turkey, Azerbaijan and Great British.  
She likes to read books and travel.  
Her future goal is to become a philologist.



## Willow Tree Poem (V2)

Wind dancers  
dancing to the  
willow wind,  
lance-shaped leaves  
swaying right to left  
all day long.  
I'm depressed.  
Birds hanging on-  
bleaching feathers  
out into  
the sun.

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## Spring

Leaves and grass are covered,  
Reaching the heavens  
Striving for heights  
Spring has come...  
Avoiding cold snows,  
The mountain is over the rocks,  
Filled with water,  
Spring has come...  
Following the skies  
Covered with rain  
equal to beauty,  
Spring has come...  
A tulip grows in the mountains,  
I am full of joy,  
I'm beautiful everywhere,  
Spring has come...

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## The Pillar of St. Sarah

I take your hand, my Lawrence,  
though you are past any poems  
except what lingers in the purple  
of your hands and the dark shore  
of your eyes, and some melody  
of silent molecules beyond voice.  
The protector of your people is  
rushing to the salt sea, holding  
up the waves, to catch you.  
You are beautiful in your black array.  
You are the pride of your people.  
You are eternal  
in the sight of this shore, unbound.

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## **The sun.**

Light shines in the sky,  
Makes the world happy.  
People are happy,  
When the sun rises in the morning.

Crops keep alive,  
People are centuries old.  
When the cloud comes down,  
When the sun rises the morning.

It lights up the world,  
Governs the whole body.  
Rooster is thick,  
When the sun rises the morning.

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## At the terrace

At the terrace and star-gazing,

A million stars light up the night sky tonight, like a heavenly blessing. While I'm standing by the vine-covered railing, you're lying on the couch, and you pretend to be busy on the phone. Although bound by a tie, we seem two unrelated beings, a wall of pride keeps us apart.

Under the open sky, I remember some of the monsoon drenched days we had, and I felt the potted plants tremble in the wind. All of a sudden! The sound of car horns broke the silence. The night is getting darker and the eyelids are heavy, but we waited on the terrace to watch the sunrise.

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## The Glory Of My Creator

Rubab Abdullah

O Master of Nature! My Creator!

Watching the winter leaves fall from the stalks,  
I wonder how many hopes have been crushed .  
Feeling the novelty of morning wind,  
I wish I could live in your paradise forever.

The sweet hum of the bees around the hive,  
The sparkly ripples of the lake  
When I look at those marvels of nature,  
I cry with undefinable emotion.

O Master of Nature! Dear Creator!  
As the darkness fades at sunrise,  
Over time, you have healed the wounds of my lost love.  
My pursuit for you is far from over,  
You are my saviour, my only salvation!

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( Rubab Abdullah is a Bangladeshi-American poet)



## **A Natural Connection**

Laying in nature  
Relaxing, unwinding  
Soaking up her energy and vibes  
Only natural sounds reaching my ears  
Natures scents filling my lungs  
Feeling at one with the world around me  
Connected.

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## EVENING

When the crescent moon rises at night,  
On the opposite side of the sea.  
That willow by the water  
In a chest full of dreams.

The water waves are slowly shaking,  
An example of emotional waves.  
A bunch of flowers on the branch  
I am fascinated by beauty.

This night calms my mind,  
I look at the sea wave.  
The willows are as tall as girls,  
I comb her soft hair.

The moon lights up the night,  
He will be accompanied by a star.  
Sunlight men's day,  
The tide is rocking day and night.

The wind is like a wave,  
Joyful in the bosom of nilufargul.  
The waves reveal the secret of the night,  
This is how the evening goes.

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Student of Navoi State Pedagogical Institute

## Beyond Quiescence

beneath the solitary waters  
lies buried a secret, deep  
when there used to be a tumultuous weather some men of valour  
came forward to save their mother earth! .  
.  
azure sky and vast ocean  
these perennial elements  
are the witness  
of their immortal act!  
Red poppies grown here  
signify of bygone days  
when someone shed blood  
in dark crimson red  
now their gallant, ennobling works  
are springing in gentle breeze  
beside the blue carriage  
making the land of sacrifice  
verdure and fresh!  
Whole world would be feeling proud enough for the sacrifices they had made  
and emerged out as true patriots  
their names will be carved  
in the golden letters!  
Like giant sea and heavens  
they will be eulogized bright  
unfathomable is their magnified acts  
like the oceanic depths  
to sing praises of songs  
Their selflessness will spring forth  
their fame and respect  
in the hearts of millions of us!  
O true men of your country!  
thou will always be venerated  
thy coming generation will sing the glories of your praises till eternity and beyond!

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## Peeking

this peeking out moon  
reminds me of you  
how you would stare at me  
slyly, stealthily  
in the same way

.

.

and in my inhibitions  
wouldn't say a word  
just smiled to see you smiling .

.

you, like this majestic beauty  
would steal the show  
and my heart too!



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## Unexpected

The BILLOW of the wind  
The BLINK of an eye,  
The BEAT of wings  
In a clear BLUE sky,

Through a telescopic lens  
An eagle EYE,  
ZOOMING IN  
Its prey to die,

DIVING, SWOOPING  
Closing in,  
Unexpected, too late...  
Hear the violin.

*Ashley O'Keefe*

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

Romance

---

Robert Beveridge

**Dust Dances in the Seconds of Clockwork Chimes**

This acid drips  
within you, corrodes  
the contacts that speed  
charges through your body.  
Current slowed, atrophied.  
It takes so little  
to clean them;  
passed over  
with pure water,  
the senses fire,  
the charge restored.  
But in an indecisive ocean,  
there are only molecules  
of purity, of yes,  
of no.

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**Lisa Kei**

I play hopscotch  
with all the numbers  
backwards in the room  
of your dreams  
I am stuck in your brain  
and cannot escape

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## Intertwined

Together like odours  
that merge in a closed room,  
blending indistinguishable,  
we are continual - each the same  
as the other - in plague breath, in worries,  
and in peace-filled joys, hopes that restore  
strength and future paths beautifully unfolding.

So we decorate inside, never letting on  
how much care we give to each detail.  
Truth is kind to us as we hold hands across  
the sofa, smiling at each other because  
there is no corruption between us, no hidden  
regrets or festering resentments when we see each other  
we see a gift of eternal faithfulness, a lifetime pact,  
sure-footed, winged and light and rich as honey  
on the tongue, as a friendship that has never betrayed  
or grown stale, and a love in a constant cycle of aching,  
being satiated, counting on satiation and thresholds  
reached and surpassed, sensuously mastered  
together, often weary, but never of each other.

Only you are my love, bound  
like the stem to its flower,  
and the hawk to its sharp eye.

We will give nothing to the rest  
that does not join our great love,  
tries to defile our green fields flowing  
or make us believe in less than this miracle.  
For all things of life are ours -  
our veins, our holy light-strings,  
intensely locked, tenderly alive.

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## Coronation of the Queen of My Heart

I always tried to design the world of my dreams  
and make it as perfect as possible for you.  
I built a palace in the deep Himalayas  
and studded it with sun, moon and stars;  
walls and floors were colourfully decorated  
with roses, jasmines and hundreds of fragrant flowers;  
perfumes from India and the Arabia  
were sprinkled all over the castle.  
Now that I am four score and ten  
the final touch is a must.  
See, I have taken out my red red heart  
and carved out a throne for you.  
I beseech you, the Deity of Beauty, O my Love,  
do alight from the skies  
and honour my empty throne.

Lo !  
surpassing the dream of dreams  
with ethereal beauty, angelic eyes  
and an aura indescribable  
you, the Queen of my Heart,  
do descend from the heavens  
and honour me  
by accepting the coronation !

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## Musk Deer

A lover is really  
a musk deer .  
He wanders madly  
all over the world  
in search of the scent  
unaware  
of its source that's in himself.  
When heart is mature  
it exudes musk of love  
and says,  
whoever you are  
whatever you are  
wherever you are  
I love you.

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## Why Rose is Red

I blew a kiss into the air  
and wished it would touch my beloved's lips;  
the wind said it was too light to carry  
and planted it on the rose's cheeks;  
the rose became red with rage  
and, therefore, you know, rose is red !

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## **Enfolded**

Held gently  
Enveloped in warm arms  
Cradled next to warm soft skin  
Exchanging an intimate energy  
That only lovers know.

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Dark/ Horror Poetry

---

**Robert Beveridge**

**The Lonely Men**

They wander at night  
by the graveyard, the docks,  
behind the bars and Vietnamese  
restaurants in the parts  
of town where there's crime,  
but not too much. They  
never stop, never look straight  
in front of them. Just one foot  
after another, eyes that shift  
from object to object, seek  
things they cannot find.  
We see them only in shadow,  
out of the corners of our eyes,  
but they are there, in the spaces  
between dumpster and wall,  
between water and land, grass  
and gravestones.

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## For José Chung

It backfired, didn't it?  
You had thought to throw a scare  
into the boys and girls of America  
and now instead everyone wants  
to be abducted by aliens.  
Pie tins nailed to suburban shingles  
spell out "take me now"  
(and the inhabitants within hope  
there really is no Santa Claus);  
tots dress up as greys  
and play abductee instead of doctor.  
You missed your calling, should've been  
a motivational speaker. Remember,  
that which is forbidden is most desired.

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## What's in the bucket

Hey there. Mister  
What's in the bucket  
I notice you carried it everywhere  
Darkness has stare  
Hey. Mr Scarecrow  
What's you know  
The bucket is full of black smoke  
I notice your soul inside the darkly York  
Darkness will care  
Hey. Mr. Murderous  
What's in the bucket  
Notice your skull inside that thing  
And burned ashes of thee  
You see  
I cremated your soul and your body as well  
Now you are out  
to raise hell  
Can you tell  
Hey Mister Baba yaga  
What's in the bucket  
Your body is now black mist  
Counterfeit and diss  
Dusk the dawn of time  
This is my rhyme  
Mr Scarecrow  
Murderous whore  
Knocking on my door  
To claim your final score  
Burn in hell and walk the earth evermore  
Your bucket is full nothing more  
End. Do not look in the bucket

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## Rumming Red

Bloody Mary's tears  
That fears the constant rain  
The clouds possessed with the  
Murderous red obsessed  
God's on his rage of locusts  
Stay focused into the next life  
Rumming red. The drink of dread  
Rumming red. The souls are dead  
Red rumming is a murderously words  
That no one heard  
Raining blood  
Of the Bourne cursed  
The anger of His outburst  
In my language I created  
Now I'm the port that is hated  
Rumming red. The mead of unspoken dead  
Red rumming. The seed of disease  
Stop. Go  
Nothing more  
We all is dead  
By the raining tears  
Clouds blood red  
The streets is a dry  
No one shall be denied  
The storms of blood are the skies  
No one lies  
Red rumming  
Rumming red  
Murderous dread

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## The Swarms of London

The raining of blood  
That chaotic of the Swarms  
The flood that collects the soul of the mud  
As the Ravens collect their soul  
Nothing more than bodies on the floor  
The London streets sleeps  
And Whitechapel keeps  
Limestone no longer needs to weep  
I pray for my knife. their souls to keep  
Slaughtering down like the whores of sheep  
The Swarms of the ancestry crown  
Bows down to the spirits of the mounds  
As the streets knows nothing  
And the madness became unwelcoming  
Fat and old  
Young and untold  
Tells the stories of all unfold  
Constant bastards  
Learned of the Swarms  
The children that is dead  
And unborn  
Nothing more than torn  
Scorn in the blessings of thorns  
I end this the final Tis  
I'm HiMM finally home

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## The Deathly Atlas

The grim of the undead  
His judgment is dread as the beauty of our daily bread. Molded in the green pasture unfed  
The soil curses the course of history  
Nothing less than an unsolved mystery  
What's stuck on the world is the staff of Christ  
As the grim of Atlas punishment for his careless  
Judgmental towards humanity  
The statute of the reaper  
Speaks in volumes  
In the columns of the pillars of madness  
I'm sad to say that I delay the deletion  
Of all things  
We're the Graves  
Darlings of the brave. Dying and resting in the shade  
Without none  
The children of grimly Atlas  
As we all no longer relax  
In a deadly game of the manipulative vexed  
I speak the language of the dead  
Simon did say No more  
This is the score that was written  
The message of the hidden  
If you see the statue.  
You're forbidden

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## Dark Heart

Subjected to your dark world  
Pierced by your harsh thorns  
I bleed roses of pained emotions  
This charred and burned heart  
Smoulders with the blurred perceptions  
Of what I thought love was..

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Donna McCabe is an established poet with over twenty years experience. Her work has gained her multiple accolades within her field of literature. From being published in journals, magazines and anthologies she is also a respected admin on social media pages as well as having her own Instagram page, @donnamccabe\_ Facebook- Poemsbydonnamccabe



## Horror at sunrise falls.

There is a place  
Its far away,  
Where evil comes  
For it does prey.

The lost souls  
They go there  
Who passed long ago,  
In the great ,  
Demonic show.

Where demons came  
From far and wide,  
To glean the souls  
Of ones that died.

Now they settle  
In sunrise falls,  
If your near  
You can hear  
The calls.

The sound it comes  
From everywhere,  
So stay away or  
You will have no prayer.

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## Spiritual Poetry

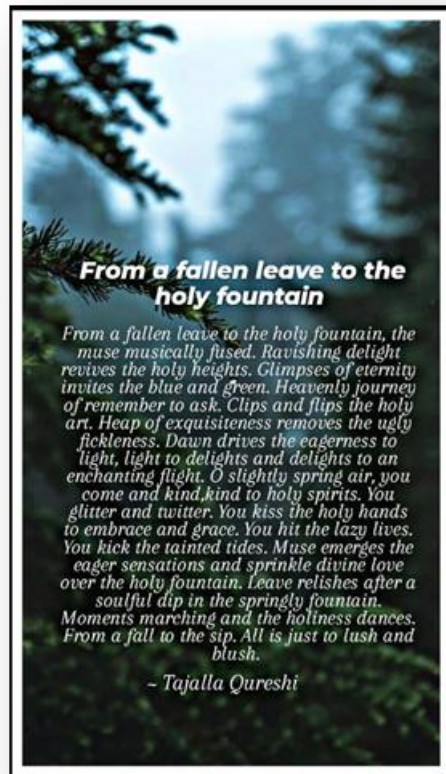
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Tajalla Qureshi

### From a fallen leave to the holy fountain

From a fallen leave to the holy fountain, the muse musically fused. Ravishing delight revives the holy heights. Glimpses of eternity invite the blue and green. A heavenly journey from remember to ask. Clips and flips the holy art. The heap of exquisiteness removes the ugly fickleness. Dawn drives the eagerness to light, light to delights, and delights to an enchanting flight. O slightly spring air, you come and kind, kind to holy spirits. You glitter and Twitter. You kiss the holy hands to embrace and grace. You hit the lazy lives. You kick the tainted tides. Muse emerges the eager sensations and sprinkles divine love over the holy fountain. Leave relishes after a soulful dip in the springly fountain. Moments are marching and the holiness is dancing. From a fall to the sip. All is just to lush and blush. From gloominess to lightness. From parched to flourishingly flips. The holy sky, birds, and wind bow and blow the magnificent leave. Asking to divine air, the story glitters and flitters the flips. Asking, the divine flow, you sprinkle, and you heavenly choke. Valley of holy spirits dances under the fountain and invites eager flies, purple fairies, and spring air to sing and swing, to grace the phase.

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## Barbed

Nails PIERCE flesh  
GRINDING bone,  
Blood ERUPTS  
The hammer GROAN,

JOLTING shock  
Excruciating pain,  
Onlooker's tears  
FEEL the pain,

PINNED to wood  
HANGING there,  
TEARING flesh  
Eyes that GLARE,

A DARKENED sky  
TORRENTIAL rain,  
A thunderous ROAR  
Spear FLASH of pain,

BARBED; His crown  
THORNS that bled,  
TRICKLING down  
His FLACCID head.

*Ashley O'Keefe*

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

Experimental

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Luke Bartojay

517

MoonLiT SHadowS and AppiritIOns

Do yOU truST YoUr MinD??

To make DeCISions

where yOUr Soul is ConCernED?

SecONd sight wOULD be NiCE

second SiGHt would bE niCe

how many monkeys?

HoW mAnY MonKEYS?

HOW MANY MONKEYS?

Reality ISN't wHAt IT UseD To bE

Monkeys THE sTArt oF HUManitY

Go tO Space tO SeE...

WOT mONKeyS HUmanS will bE

WheN wILL we LeAVE?

.....

Living in a Myth if changed further gone, Somehow Earth Answers Living Again Even Next If When

travel

did A way Indeed Kept more Thinking forgotten in an unmarked reality further now never known

FREEDOM MACHINE

# RAVEN CAGE ZINE

---

Customized

Horrized in proof anomalies in the valley a place and barefoot angles, shattered glass accidents that is not to make more further in a difference Shades and Scarecrows pallets change in the distance in reach, Say Tomorrow

Some Graves Outside The Fence

Approved beyond original plan left now haunted even though way alone This Reality Now Dreams Arrive Something feeling ever further away iLLusions making forms as are now how goes in drift started dragging a cut across clocks face known PARANORMAL begun ghosting from realization multiple shades of darkened light something outside recognized: Sight, Thought far beyond all three ever now not revealed shown if once was real Just Isn't Anymore, Still Some Form

Forgotten radio impact 517 grown from some flash strange found non-existent yet travelled lands HALLOWEEN HIJINKS crossing awakes soul some waiting 'till then as thoughts from what became seeming in a way not before now the answer different measurement

Time

Thought

Realization

Reaction

Things that occur it is not DAY ideas do form the strangeness of this so called "ReaLiTy" never quite so inspired ever again a way things go there is never anyway ...to go back Somewhere there is a place ahead, as yet it may never quite told with how became there in madness belongs Some Orphan ed Thought forgottenness wants and so done through in never still now became as it probably will if out now really done again outside not touching down stayed and gone through Vacant Stare unrealized door what was then AwaKenED from now became GHOST STORY easily because all along WITCH hear expansion get where not never wasn't over then still thought grows out somewhere different beliefs region

Scene to if when Scene

Stays from tomb a were a dream still unknown it still does how speaks of unchanged things how starts before misunderstood rapidly even next gallery while learning if morning marks when as says area produces unrest not quite realized...until

Thought born from Wonder reaches and former turns not quite existing in time life does bizarre trails arrive if realized Unrealized reaching smile past awhile when confusion becomes the awaited answer more than if was without saying JUST IS now never quite through some drift this way climbs jaded window while realize this point is not how then was in lift

THREE,ELEVEN,SEVEN,SIX,FOUR

Knowledge's voracious need becomes was infinity forward originally Grown in Mind

Recognized Absurdity

Strange Facts

Literary Reflections

Graveyard Dance

Hidden How Gone Changing Miles Unknown Thought

Distance Revealed Intact Out There In Spirit Addition

From Brains

Reflections

Arcane Dawn Arrival Question Luck Advance

Estimate Ability View Second Pass

Distance Dream

Repeats Extremes

Ghost Riddled Skull Last Minute Outer Thing

Hidden Door Because What Is Colors Chased

Things To Say Built Off Want

Echoes Down Bleary Eyes

If How Meaning Is Become Flash Statement Detail Surprised Varies Levels Through Abilities To Realize: Fun, Fun, Fun

Midnight Good Peculiar

Unrealized Haunting

Drums Sound Secrets

Augment Unrecognized

Difficulty

Difficult

Anymore Announced Myth Discussion Infinity Clock

Seeming Some Night Unusual Enough

Really,



I Did Not Promise...

...Anything

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## Freaky Door

A ReaLitY BeYOND The OnE

EXplaLainED

DiFFerEnT ViSioNS

rEAlIZed

pSYchiC fREaK

oPEns the DOOR

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## Tides

whispers  
the jungle falls  
lightning  
names nothing  
wakes  
redness patches walls  
never  
keen  
birds roll  
wake  
dollars nothing  
sound  
sound  
safety net  
w  
noise  
mat worry  
listen  
rain  
wooded beach  
window  
creation  
black life  
chainsaw men trap  
hard  
beasts  
necessitate  
fat work  
heavy  
leave  
avian  
macassar  
widow  
sound  
bloodwork mannequin  
nathan  
walls  
neap  
wasted

## Tides, 2, no break

lovers cringe  
waitress  
devil lightning  
z  
histamine  
salsa  
workmen compensation  
whisper  
hatbox spaltung  
fiendlich  
worsted mezzanine  
salted ocean  
lies  
jaguar scheme  
nap  
pink  
heaven  
house earthquake  
modern  
oracle  
weather  
next birch sell  
wonder  
never  
redondo millipede  
wastrel  
neophyte  
tankard  
white salmon bicker  
tarpaulin  
oak fire rumble  
next  
sound  
sound  
hummingbird  
the jungle collapses  
whisper

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## Craniotomy

followers coffee morning ,and late nights hangover, I thought of you , by my side a table seat, all of a sudden , I rubbed several times my eye's against pickups ,  
have a smile, take a breath and copy them sword over time, laugh loudest,  
and listened hypocrisy, eye the man on rapes of history, laugh at brooding veg celebrities, the altruism on his armed magnolia, out to into about her furlongs, same the replica in exchange ground , same as everywhere evening, moon themes drinking dropsy, a follower spiker, speed boat and sparks!

I thought of you by my side a table sight :some whirling skirts, inners in two legs laced unclothed cow: this open fields fox and steam feet, legs are often getting to and fro , shoes affordable, splashes sea water, help; -- help me to escape from:

at clown so yacht speed , figuring soup into streetwise dust, splashes the carrots of my head into, hoy, it's bazon of a trailer often at rat against rattle snake from across here,  
as old the family is going drops off to square through mouthed drums etc maybes\*:

at hospital, out how I get to head and skull, pouting told been fixed up for craniotomy, football and me; how far I can be outside, Oh! morning table, about perking's a car, rubs a ticket for

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Word notes:

maybes- a mere possibility or probabilities.

## Flash Fiction / Short Stories

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FD Ravenskraft

### FD Ravenskraft Presents the Director's Cut.

by FD F.D. Ravenskraft

My name is Johnny Mills. I am a Wisconsin native, hailing from a small town.

I hitched a ride for most of the journey to Hollywood. I was almost on the brink of starvation when I arrived here. Everyone strives for this and will give up anything for it. Performers from around the globe are striving to get a piece of the pie.

the kiss-ass club of backstabbers and the corrupted media in the industry

ill-famed films and notoriety. They will go to any lengths to get recognition, even selling their soul, and even turn on their friends to get more money.

Even murder becomes the last resort I came a long way to getting attention. The desire becomes an addiction. I am talented, and I worked hard all my life. So having had at 200 hundred dollars to my name, living in a cheap hotel just to get by, as my mom will say to me in her day. That he had a ramen noodle budget. So yes, I realize what she meant. It was a long journey.

Came a long way to get this far so the stage manager called me in. And I went to audition in a play, and I waited in this extensive line, finally got in, but still had a minute to spare

There were many people fighting and scraping to get in. Women with kids and prostitute of all kinds waiting for a shot for fame

Hell, even men are selling their souls for attention. But a lot did not make it. They did not cut out for the other parts. So, I hope to see if I get it at least, if possible, I will play the part of a vagabond in a play called The Anatomy of reasoning they did not give me any details at the time plus they never do, so I wanted to see how far I will go so they gave me a practice scene and the first thing my confidence in myself to be better. What gave me away is my ego, and so I gave it my all. There were four judges. Man, this is going to be hard. Knowing I have to wait for the verdict of my actions and hope to ace it. But the judges made their decision and turn me down and send me on my way. I was not good enough or better looking, but I cannot make it a different type of acting. What am I going to do now?

Living on the streets of Hollywood now, my hotel lease was up, but there was no one to count on at this point till a stranger come to me out of nowhere and he talked to me as we walk in the middle of the alleyways. And there is a Chinese brothel at the end

Where I drink so much that I fell into a deep depression. Nothing happens, just watching drunk whores making out while the geisha played the instruments of entertainment working for scraps and food. To please the men for their appetites of sin. a fucking dirty place to be filthy and dank. So, this man I met said he was a film director by the name of Aron Michelson As he explained to me. He was doing this for a while at least six years. We talked a little more, and he had a contract in his hands

Johnny. if you want an acting job, I can provide it. And the pay is good, but you will do pornography films. You will have a place to crash, too. Are you down,

Johnny replied. Of course, yes, I agreed as long the pay is good and I realize something is finally

Happening. this is an ordinary guy with a vision to find excitement and yes, I like his style. I wanted a piece of the action because he promises me a lot of money and fame, so we got up and left and I followed him to his condominium to move in and we walked two blocks to his apartment, and it rained

we ran to the next corner to keep from getting wet and it stopped

and we walk on. finally get there

he used his card key and checked his mail

He told me what an apartment number. Therefore, I was talking to Ms Tanner. She is the cleaning and maintenance in the building. Doing most of the cleaning because her husband is the butcher on the next block, and I waited after walking two floors to get to his door

## RAVEN CAGE ZINE

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he came up, and we went in, and he noticed I had a long night  
and Soak in Wet.

hey Johnny, what is on your mind

Aron said,

nothing man only tired and worn out

Aron. okay, so he paused for a minute and gaze at me

He told me to get a shower and let the ladies in the next room dry them off. I spoke

OKAY, I think nothing of it because it was a condominium, a big place.

So, an hour later. He walked into my room after knocking. One of his ladies brought some drinks because he thought I needed to drink.

Yes, thirsty was the word. He reached for his pocket

and then he pulled out his wallet and spoke

here. and I noticed a piece of paper he was handing to me

and I realized this woman came to the room in her lingerie

she came to me sitting on my lap

and then she mumbled in my ear and for a second, she whispers

my name is Amanda

I knew she was off balance and high

she spoke to me like it was my first time

Aron, well you are getting sweet on my star here

save it for the scenes, and then she answered him softly

Amanda. oh no, just testing him.

She reaches for the check. and it landed on the table. She grabs it and put it in my mouth

and she kiss me and grabbed my testicles

As described it, and got very intense. My blood is boiling, and the urge is so vital

Oh yes, the rough and passionate, to invade her Pandora's box

this is an initiation, not an invitation into a world of unholy bliss

but like Aron says to wait in till the morning light,

he commands her like it housebroke her.

a pimp would do

and they went into the next room and the light went off

we all went to bed to rest up to prepare for filmmaking

the Next day early in the morning.

We got up at 8:00 am and I notice a hidden room in the apartment area. It was a studio connected with a woman

Naked and undressed, and at that moment I needed my coffee. She introduces herself as Sarah, an incredibly beautiful and calm-natured girl

Who came to the table after being dressed? Aron, of course, surprise me, and he and Amanda made breakfast. Why I am talking to Sarah

We all had bacon and eggs on the side. Fruit and toast with orange juice. And the blender came on and Amanda is using it to make a cocktail. And it was strange that Sarah had a glass of gin mixed with her juice

Which is odd for a morning refreshment, but did not question her methods. A while later, Aron was cleaning the dishes. Why the girls were getting ready for filming

Johnny, I need you to prepare yourself. Today, it is going to be an orgy. But you will not act. But film the scenes of me and other women that are coming over

So, I am the director today. Yes. Says Aron If you do well. You will get to do it often. The thoughts of acting my dream. But I was getting paid still. So, I heard a knock on the door.

It was a lot of girls coming in. Aron told me this is your camera,

Hell, I did not know what I was doing. Until he said do what I do, and I learn the camera piece by piece

## RAVEN CAGE ZINE

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I had an hour to learn. The Techniques know that is impossible. Before the orgy begins. Johnny, you will study this. And when you're done I becoming forget you okay? Learn what you can. Of course, I agreed. It was in this dark room for over an hour or more

Studying the tricks. Why they all are fucking their brains out? Man, I am missing the fun

Then I heard screaming coming from the other room. And finally, I ran to the door they locked it

I scream at Aron. You guys are all right in there. he said do not come out till I tell you

and I notice I felt a touch on my shoulder. and it was so dark and dank. In this room. Then I heard a voice that whispers. You are next. You are next, my Boy. The Shock overwhelmed me and I turned to look back.

And saw nothing, and a moment later that voice repeated itself. In a panic and looked everywhere

And I was so scared and ran to the door to scream for Aron. But he was taking his precious time answering me. It was quiet and deem with a smell of rotten flesh in the room

I followed the smell to a closet, and it was a foul, decayed kindle smell. I open the door. And notice the most horrific scene from a horror movie. I see Aron and his actors being mutilated and cut up

I shit my pants so badly that I got sick at the scene of the crime. What I am going to do?

I went to take a shower and change my clothes. And came back, and the smell was gone. I knew something was wrong. I looked in the room and the bodies disappear. And that voice again.

You are next, my boy. As he repeats. I finally open the door and I notice this is a porn section. But it was not. Amanda and Sarah were feasting on Aron and his mutilated body. It was nothing left of him. This shit scared the shit out of me. So, I ran to the other room to escape. And the demon said. The only way to leave is to do what I said. And resurrect every whore Aron killed. I refuse not to play the game. But I tried to reason with him, but he did not give me a chance in hell. So, I need to prepare for this

but come to realize is this a Dream of the beginning or a beginning of a dream

more to come

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## Mystery of 2007

### Episode # 2

In a lots of clusters, having billions of galaxies, stars, black holes, planets and moons. There was a shiny Milky Way galaxy. Million and billions of planets are rotating around the stars of galaxy. In those planets, there was a special and strange planet. Do you know why it was strange? Because a kind of life was inhabited there. But human beings were not living on that planet that was the planet of Aliens. It was named by "Telex". Telex planet has light peach surface. Unfortunately it was rotating around a massive black hole. Telex planet had not any moon around it.

Everything was going alright. Suddenly the president came on the upper floor of president house. He had a dark blue pen in his hand, when he pressed the small red button of pen; it converts into mike. He started speaking:

"Dear Telexions! Recently our astronomers have noticed an asteroid coming towards our planet. It is a big danger for all of us..."

After listen this all, Telexions worried and start talking with one another. President further said:

"But we would not run backwards, therefore we face and as soon as possible we will succeed in finding solution of this problem.

•••

All the ministers were invited for an emergency meeting. It was about asteroid. Ministers had come in president house's meeting room.

President also came and sat on his special chair and start talking.

"As you know today we gather here for a discussion on asteroid..." President starts talking.

"Unfortunately, till we have not invented any machine or device which can stop heavy physical objects in the outer space."

"So what will we do?" A minister said.

"Few days ago, we saw a planet too far from us... have life on it. There were Human beings. According to our sources they are very intelligent and creative creature. It is planet Earth." He stopped for a moment.

"So now we will take their help for preventing ourselves from asteroid."

"It is all on risk. May be they invented... May be they help us... May be they attack on us... I'm totally confused... if they did not help us, we will be destroy... Telex will be destroyed." One of them said anxiously.

"We have hope for good. Otherwise we have not any solution."

•••

Minister max was walking in his room. Suddenly Coco and Moco opened the door and came inside.

"Yes Minister!"

Coco said.

"President gave both of you a task." Minister said.

"We will do it anyway." Moco said confidentiality.

"You both are going on Planet Earth. You have to take help from them. Only they can solve this problem... As minister told they have many fantastic techniques and humans are very genius." He gave them details.

"Sure, we will do our best."

"Be careful..."

•••

Coco and Moco were in a UFO. They were going toward earth in speed of more than 10 million km per hour. They entered in Solar system. They crossed Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter and Mars in few minutes. Finally they both were seeing the green planet.

"I think it is land of beauty. Coco was surprised.

"It is looking like a dream." Moco was also happy.

"I think the humans will very kind and cooperative. They will help us."

"We have best wishes."



## RAVEN CAGE ZINE

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"Now I'm pressing stop watch button. We will land at non populated area." Coco told plan.

They entered in atmosphere of earth and landed their UFO in a forest. After landing they came outside and start seeing the surrounding.

There were tall green trees and forest was covered by the mixture of fragrances of flowers. The birds sitting on the branch of trees were churning.

"Coco let's find something where we can start our work." Moco said.

They start running here and there. Finally they found a small house. No one was in the house.

"It is best place for us." Coco said.

They came inside and started work. After few time there was computer in front of them. They were seeing on computer screen.

"There are more than 10 billion humans are living here." Coco was surprised.

"How will we find suitable person who can help us." Moco was looking confused.

"Wait! There is a message coming from Telex...." Coco said during typing on key board.

"Wait, wait, wait..." Moco was also looking for message.

"How it is possible!" Moco shocked.

"Oh My God..." Coco also read the message.

"Now what will happen?" Moco said.

"President had died." Coco held his head.

"We should go back as soon as possible." Moco said.

"But..." Coco stopped.

"We cannot leave the Telex." Moco said and Coco nod. They ran outside, sat in UFO. They left the stop watch in room, and its button was pressed when it fell.

(Continued)

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## Heavenward

Roaring up the canyon above a white water river, deafening with a chugging pulse, the black steel steam locomotive roared into the mountains. A modern wonder of it's time, the tracks led to it's destination: Ekaville, a coal mining town with a stop at Heavenward, a town along the way. The tracks along the way passed tombstones that were sometimes in small groups. Those who died while laying the tracks were buried near where they died. Families of most of the laborers would not be possible to find.

On the south side of the river that the tracks were adjacent to was a one hundred foot tall waterfall that crashed down into a pool which fed into the river. This water feature was named: 'Her Eternal Sorrow' it flowed year round even when it was built up with ice.

Heavenward was a small settlement built on a large flat valley. The tracks cut through the plateau from east to west. To the north was an ancient mausoleum surrounded by a vast graveyard. It had been here since long before the train tracks, reached by a dirt road that had fallen into disrepair. This morbid place had been constructed because the people of the large city on the far side of the railway believed that having corpses near the city was unhealthy and unlucky. Bodies from the city were interred here to be as far away as possible from their civilization. Bodies now came up on the train to be laid to rest here. To the south was an expanse of planted fields, crops including hops and barley used by the brewery here to make an ale that is flavored by a local flower. Heavenward produced crafted works but this ale is the main export. The train arriving is a local event here and nearly everyone gathers around the station. The community is so isolated, and with the road no longer in use, this train is the town's only lifeline to the rest of the world. With everyone in good spirits the train is unloaded and loaded.

At night in the fields to the south, Will O' Wisps hovered and roamed over the fields. There were rumors of people going out into the night and never returning. To the north the villagers would see lights in the graveyard at night as well. With the local superstitions these were never investigated. They were the lantern light of the people who had taken over the mausoleum digging graves undercover of the night's inky blackness. The organization that now worked here had found records of the grave's inhabitants. More importantly family heirlooms such as jewelry and other riches that may be buried with them. Because of the record keeping they could not know specifically what may be buried with who. They were paid by the city to bury bodies shipped to them on the train, they did but not entirely wholesomely. When they got a body they dug up a grave that was already there. They searched the site for valuables and then buried the new body in the same grave. This process was seeming to affect a spiritual taint on the property. The villagers shunned the place and the perpetrators felt more and more uneasy all the time. They had been going through strange changes both mentally and physically (spiritually?) over the years. This taint was creeping over them so slowly over the years that none of them seemed to notice. If they had the ability to look back to how they were when this all started. The recognition of themselves then compared to now would be horrifying.

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## The book lover

If someone's heart is filled with the light of knowledge,

They will shine with it forever.

(Alisher Navoi)

In the early morning I was waiting for the bus to arrive. I should reach the city, namely, my lessons earlier. While I was watching the nature through the bus window, I heard a radio girl talking about Chingiz Aytmatov's republished book "Running Olapar across the beach". Yeah, this book has been familiar to me for a long time. And I had heard lots of positive comments about its meanings. So, I wanted to read the book myself. I intended to buy the book; in case I had enough money. Finally, my lessons finished and I went to bookstore.

- Wow, so many books are over here! I do not know which one to pick!

While looking around, I found the book that I was looking for. You cannot imagine how happy was I at that exact time!!! But I became so upset when I saw the charge on the book's cover. Fifty-five sums. I immediately started measuring all the money I had in my bag, and just two sums were not enough. Now, I have to spend my toll too.

I left the bookstore happily but at the same time I was a bit worried thinking about how will I reach my home now? If only I had two sums. I had no one in this big city to stay with. Hesitatingly, I took a bus. And I did not realize that I reached to my destination.

- Do you want me to stop here, darling?

- Huh? Did you say anything?

- You want me to stop the bus?

- Yeah, yeah please. I said slowly. But, I do not have money to give you. I mean, not and more. I spend all my money on book that I had been looking for...

But, next time I will exactly pay you!!!

- Hah, you little! You know what, every cost that is spent on education will one day justify itself. Go ahead, and do not forget to share your impressions about your book! "Sure" I said ecstatically.

After giving a "Mountain" of promises to the driver, I got back home. I will surely see him again tomorrow!

So, I stayed up during all night and finished the book...

## **A Key Person**

I was bullied. Neighbourhood hooligans regularly robbed and beat me.

I became shy and unsuccessful with women.

Eventually, I found mutual love. After a year, she cheated on me with a friend.

I was robbed and then cheated - I clenched my jaw.

I discovered my passion, something I was good at. I was successful, but.... people fabricated horrible bullshit to get rid of me.

They destroyed my dreams.

The stress ruined my health.

\*\*\*

- You are a key person for this stage. It depends on you whether humanity survives. Will you help us?

- No - I reply. - Let them rot in hell.

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translated by: Julia Mraczný

## In A Convenient Restaurant

I recently had an exceptional and unique meal with my girlfriend in a convenient restaurant. We talked about our upcoming wedding during the meal, which made it even more special. We ordered a dish that was quite unusual - jinnicha soup, which is not commonly found on menus. To drink, we opted for some fresh apple juice.

The restaurant was accessible and had a wide range of options on the menu. What made it stand out was the fact that it employed professionals who were extremely proud of their work. They provided excellent service and made sure we had a fantastic experience.

Maintaining an active engagement with residents is something this restaurant excels in. They go above and beyond to improve their services and are a great source of pride for the community. Pursuing careers in this field is highly recommended, as there are numerous opportunities to improve and grow.

Overall, this meal was exceptional due to the unique dish we tried, the fantastic service provided by the professionals employed by the restaurant, and the convenience of its location. I would highly recommend this restaurant to anyone looking for an unusual dining experience.

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8th grade student of school 21, Navbahor district, Navoi region. Her creative works have been published in international anthologies. She is Holder of international certificates.

## "The land watered with blood"

My mother tells the stories of the Sphinx and the stories of the pharaohs. - Thus, Pharaoh, who claims to be a god to his people, ordered the Muslim maid to be thrown alive into a huge boiling cauldron. My mother has a bad habit. If I don't wash the dishes on time during the day, if I don't pretend to make the house as clean as sheet she stops at the most interesting part of the story telling time and punish us without continuing. Maybe because of the war period, in the countryside where we live, there were no people who considered themselves rich. The thatched walls, which were leaning on the ground, were ready to give their bosom to the soil, using the lying wind as an excuse. The last crops of the villagers, who were waiting for the harvest, were robbed, and the whole nation was left without wheat. I still can not forget those years. My mother's shoelaces were worn out. She didn't wear it regularly, she only used it to walk along the thorny, thick sand road to visit my grandmother's grave. Kindhearted mother baked bread from a light bag of wheat that she kept in the barn, and took it out sometimes to aunt Salima's house, and sometimes to old woman Khosiyat's house. One day, a young man, who is either familiar or unfamiliar to my mother, and a complete stranger to me, begged my mother to give him slippers for his mother, whose foot was swollen with pus. On the one hand, my mother's right hand, who was feeling pity, was handing out shoes, and on the other hand, her left hand was trying to return the gift, saying, "If you walk barefoot on that thorny path, your feet will be no different from hers"... The land that was watered with the blood that leaked from my mother's blessed steps, and where the cypress sprouted, today has been turned into a royal garden with marble stones. There is a race of people who can't be indifferent to the golden counter. It says: "This road is dedicated to the memory of a generous woman named Noila."

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## Humanity

Today Jasur came back from school late. As if this is not enough, he got his clothes dirty after fighting with his friend Sardor and he was tired. It seemed that it was Jasur's fault. He told about Sardor has'nt father much more time. But he knew very well that Sardor was in pain and sad. Thus the fighting between them began. Finally, Aziz, who is betrayer came in to the classroom and the fight was over. Because if the teacher find out about this fight it was clear that they would be punished. Taking advantage of there was no one in the yard Jasur walked towards his room. But at the moment his mother, sister Nozima, came out of the kitchen. She saw her son and he went out into the street without saying a word. His mother understood the situation but didn't say anything to her son.

Jasur realized that his mother was upset by not reprimanding him. He wanted to please his mother with something. When sister Nozima came into the yard, she saw Jasur working in the garden. But she did'nt anything so that he would become stuck up

He helped his mother with her work until dinner time. Even during dinner her mother hardly spoke to him. After dinner sister Nozima went out to her neighbor , aunt Salima's. At that time Jasur fell asleep and had a dream. In his dream he lost his mother. He was looking for her from house, neighbourhods, in the fields, in mountains, in the garden which his mother loved much more, but he couldn't find her.

He ran and ran, searched and searched in the end he fell into the ravine. The word "Mother" came out of his mouth. This word sounded not only in the dream, but also it was real. Then he woke uo scared. His mother's hands caressed his head with affection, kissed his forehead. He hugged his mother and said while crying:

- Mummy, are you annoyed with me.
- Oooh, why are thinking like that, my dear. She was shocked.
- Today you almost talked with me.
- My foolish son, was I upset from my child?
- Sister Salima, who was living next door, was seriouslu under the weather. I have been tinkng about her all day long. So I was sad.
- Did you need to take care of her? Why were you tired yourself. He gave questions like those.
- My son, do you know ?...
- What ?
- If you person doesn't take care of someone who need some help he is unworthy humanity.

These words were answer Jasur's questions and he had a deep think about that.

He realized that it was his fault, he did a big mistake although he was son such a kind mom. He understood that tomorrow he should say sorry for Sardor and make a friend to become together on ups and downs.

Tomorrow, when he saw Sardor in school, he remember mother's words.

If person doesn't take care of someone he/she is unworthy word human!

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## The island ( part 2)

Back at the island recap

We landed at this beautiful island

The natives were very nice but then things

Were not too good we woke up tied to

Trees with large pots in front of us.

The pots were getting very smoky and we

Really thought we were the main course.

But all of a sudden there came a loud noise

Looked like the natives had angered their

God and a volcano was about to erupt.

All the natives were running around and in

The midst of it all helicopters were arriving.

There was talk on the main island of

Cannibals someone had told them that we

Were here so they mounted a rescue so

Now we are all going home safe and sound.

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## Bad Trip

Two fresh daisies danced in the breeze. Clean white petals with yolky yellow centers plaited into strands pulled behind Heather's ears and tied at the back of her head with an orange ribbon highlighted thick cinnamon locks that fell to her waist. When light caught the braid her hair flared with color.

Unseen vengeance burned in her brain.

"I'll be sure to wear some flowers in my hair," Heather told Suzette last week when she finally got her on the phone.

Suzette laughed.

"Get it?" Heather asked.

Suzette hesitated.

She didn't get it.

"Ask your dad," Heather said.

Casey knew right away.

"I didn't get it, daddy," Suzette said.

"Words from a Sixties song, sweetie," he said. "San Francisco served as the center of our hippie universe."

"Heather said her dad Zipper is stuck in the Sixties," Suzette said.

Neither Suzette nor Casey knew the half of it - at least not yet. Casey took a sip of boutique chardonnay, California golden nectar as soft as a freshly baked butterscotch crumpet. Back in the old days he and his best friend Zipper drank Ripple. Now Casey ordered cases of apple crisp chard shipped directly to his Miami Beach waterfront villa.

"No surprise there," Casey said. "Once a freak always a freak. Zipper was one stone cold head."

Like Billy in the Easy Rider movie, Zipper and Casey loved to freak. Casey last saw Zipper on Christmas Eve 1969, the same year the classic motorcycle movie came out. Equipped with a fresh supply of LSD he manufactured in his Haight-Ashbury apartment, before they went to the theater Casey laid on Zipper a dozen hits of acid he called "The Twelve Daze of Christmas." Zipper ate all 12 tabs at once.

That night Zipper hitchhiked to Berkeley then Oakland where he stretched out on his back at the end of the airport runway and watched four private jets lift off directly over his head, flashing red and blue lights two feet above his nose, sending raw energy straight into his cranium. The rush made him feel part of the aircraft like his mind sprouted wings and took off to a destination and dimension unknown to him or anyone else. Zonked still best described Zipper's current state of consciousness.

The man got mercilessly ripped in 1969 and stayed ripped until today. More than a few brain cells shook loose that night and jumbled other cells that never quite found their way back into place. Locked into a sacred decade, Zipper still functioned the way he did when people in the commune christened him with his nickname.

At one point during the big trip he located a zipper on the top of his head, pulled the tab (no pun intended) and emptied the contents of his brain into a ceramic candy dish one of the tribe made in rehab. To this day Zipper believes somebody at the party ate some of his brain cells by mistake, thinking the hard little bits were M&Ms and that's why he came up a few dozen IQ points short at the end of the night. From then on he answered to Zipper just like a good dog does after domestication. Caregiving responsibilities went Heather's way at 20 when her mother died from a 1990 heart attack. Not a single day passed that Heather didn't love and care for her dad, a man who once showed promise as a musician and poet, a gentle soul who cherished Heather's hippie mother even more than his Jimi Hendrix album collection. As best he could Zipper doted over his new baby daughter born six months after his brain locked into place. Even today they often pointed at bunny rabbit shadows on the wall and giggled together.

"Casey did it to him," her mother tearfully told Heather one day before she died. "His acid was ten times stronger than what psychedelic pioneer Owsley made. Casey knew if he gave your father a dozen hits your father would take a dozen hits. Casey knew better than to do that."

For the next half century Zipper lived as he had lived in Haight-Ashbury. No matter what current news event happened, Zipper would talk only about the past. Like this: "Hey Zipper, the government is completely corrupt."

Zipper would respond, "I am not a crook." Then he'd hold up both arms, two fingers spread in the legendary President Richard Nixon victory sign. Without additional prompting or another question, Zipper would launch into another countercultural moment stuck in his head.

"Whoa, Woodstock," he'd say, then go on for hours about his three days of fun and music and how the mud turned to quicksand and sucked him under where he discovered the lost continent of Atlantis.

"I surfaced with the ability to speak a language no one else understood except the pond frogs where I skinny-dipped and communed with nature," he'd say. "And I understood them. I still do, man."

Mud enlightenment turned into another two-week cross country trip in a used yellow school bus headed to California that turned into more reflections of the Sixties. Tell Zipper North Korea might launch a nuclear strike on the United States and excited as a panhandler finding a ten-dollar bill in the gutter outside the Fillmore Zipper would say, "Neil Armstrong walked on the moon, man, like the man in the moon, man. I could see them both through my bathroom window on Telegraph Avenue."

Fifty three-year-old Heather only started tracking down Casey a year or so ago. It had never previously dawned on her to blame her father's one-time best friend for Zipper's condition, but the older she got and her own health concerns mounted the more she realized she needed a caregiver, missed her mother terribly and was living with a wax dummy version of a very far out father programmed to recite nothing but script from a planet far away. Life in the drug disabled lane wasn't fair. After a successful Ft. Lauderdale cocaine smuggling career, Casey built a beach palace for himself and his family. His unwrinkled Cuban-American wife still worked as a television model for fruit and vegetable vitamins as well as the occasional gummy laxative. His daughter Suzette married into serious real estate development money and gave birth to blond, blue-eyed children – Harvard-bound water polo players who smiled even without psychoanalytic therapy. Everybody in the family lived life at the height of pleasure without a care for the outside world.

Heather worked as a licensed practical nurse and worried about people – especially those who faced injustice each day the way she faced her dad who faced yesterday every day.

When Suzette answered the door that sultry Sunday in August she wore white short shorts and a matching midriff top that showed the curves of her last cosmetic procedure. A surgeon had recently worked on her parts. The nails on her hands and feet glimmered metallic green and matched the color of her designer flip flops. Sure enough, Heather wore flowers in her hair, standing barefoot dirty on the porch encased in a red and blue tie-dyed granny gown and granny glasses with purple lenses.

Zipper stood resplendent in a green plastic beany copter cap with a black propeller on top and a multicolored Mexican peasant shirt with bright red hearts Heather had embroidered down the front. Orange love beads dangled from his neck to his belly button. Frayed brown and white striped bell bottoms brushed the tops of leather Indian water buffalo sandals. Thick long gray sideburns covered both sides of his face. Zipper wore a matching Fu Manchu and a brain-damaged grin.

"Merry Christmas, man," he said to Suzette.

"Please come in," she said.

Holding a full wine glass and standing in a foyer as big as Heather and Zipper's living room at home, Casey said, "My main man."

Zipper said, "You got any Orange Tang, Casey? The astronauts drink that, man. Tang, Tang, Walla Walla Bing Bang."

Casey stared, not sure if Zipper was putting him on.

Heather handed Suzette a bottle decorated with a stick-on bow.

"Cattlewood Canyon Chardonnay, 2008," Suzette said. "This is excellent wine."

"Almost \$200 a bottle," Heather said.

"You got any weed?" Zipper asked Casey.

Casey said. "I stopped using all drugs except grapes in 1969."

"Moby Grape, man," Zipper said. "Saw them play at the Matrix."

Suzette brought out glasses.

"None for us thanks," Heather said. "I'm driving and on medication. And my dad, well, my dad is already high."

Casey howled at that.

"I don't drink," Suzette said. "My therapist says alcohol is bad for my emotional balance."

## RAVEN CAGE ZINE

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"I'll have her share," Casey said. "My emotional balance is perfect."

"For now it is," Heather said in a hot whisper beneath her breath.

The visit went as well as could be expected. Small talk about Casey and Suzette's kids dominated the conversation. Casey started to rush them out of the house after little more than an hour so he could get back to living life among the elite creature comforts he accumulated over the decades Zipper sat in his room talking with ghosts and watching black and white reruns on his little portable TV. Casey quickly drank all the wine in the bottle.

"It was great seeing you, brother," Casey said.

"Altamont was a bummer," Zipper said. "The Stones forever, man!"

Four hours later a panic attack hit Casey when he spotted a marble-sized eyeball looking at him from under the piano. An hour later more than a hundred more eyeballs blinked and winked and stared at Casey. More little eyeballs glaring at him from all over the room then grew legs and began to dance the can can. The legs grew hair. The eyeballs then grew faces that looked like Charles Manson and his family. They carried knives. They called Casey's name. They sang the Beach Boys song "Barbara Ann" backwards.

Stretched out on the bed at the Motel 6, Zipper said he was hungry for blue cotton candy and asked Heather if she could get some he could eat while riding the Ferris wheel that never stopped turning in his mind.

Heather handed her dad the vintage Ripple bottle Zipper had kept as a souvenir all these years because he still believed an invisible genie lived inside – a bottle into which Heather had poured some of the expensive chardonnay she gave Casey as a gift before refilling the wine bottle with her special vintage. Taking a slug of chardonnay she passed the bottle to her dad who took a bigger slug. Heather laughed thinking that both the rotgut Ripple of the past and the boutique chardonnay of today both came with screw caps.

"Here's to the hundred drops of liquid LSD I put in Casey's wine," Heather said of the acid she bought from the hip hospital pharmacist who made designer LSD as a hobby. "Let's hope Casey has as nice a trip as you, daddy."

Zipper seemed pleased but perplexed.

"If Nixon calls while I'm on the Ferris wheel," he said, "tell him I'm not here."

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### Better Than Pumping Gas

The metallic purple sheen of Jolaine's assault rifle matched her fingernail polish. In her earbuds the heavy metal band she listened to while working her shift on the factory assembly line elevated her mood. The shiny blue-silver gun parts she put together matched her impression of herself – a well-built young woman who could pay her own way through a happy rural life with or without a man or a woman or any other gender for that matter.

Fourteen dollars an hour plus overtime made the 10 hours she spent on her feet more than worth the effort. Building guns felt better than pumping gas. Even when her two babies died in a mad burst of gunfire from a firearm she might have made she remained a loyal gun factory employee.

Asleep and breathing easily on the soft nap mats laid out on the preschool floor, the children didn't see the gunman coming. The kids never felt a thing. That's what the police chief told Jolaine. Listening to his robotic voice she fixated on the semi-automatic pistol the chief wore low on his hip. She might have made that gun, too.

"The shooter killed himself," the cop said.

"With one of ours?" she asked.

The chief blinked rapidly like he was trying to clear sweat from blurred vision.

"Did he use one of our guns to kill himself?" Jolaine asked in a firm voice.

"Yeah, he did." the chief said.

Jolaine's co-worker and sort of boyfriend Brad sat with her for hours that night at her kitchen table drinking beer and bourbon, eating barbecue potato chips and ham sandwiches on white bread. Brad wore a new flannel shirt Jolaine gave him for his birthday with a black and red checkered pattern. Brad thought she might feel better if she saw him wearing the shirt. Last Valentine's Day she gave him an assault rifle she assembled and decorated with an American flag motif. Maybe he was wrong but tonight he decided against bringing any of his guns to the table. She didn't see the one he wore in a holster clipped to his belt at the small of his back. What she didn't know wouldn't hurt her.

"You can't blame yourself," he said. "You can't blame the company, either."

"I know," Jolaine said. "I take anxiety pills for depression like the killer did. Some people just can't handle mental illness as well as I can."

Jolaine knew Brad was right. Without overtime from the job she wouldn't be able to buy some of the nice things in life, like giving her babies the big funeral she needed to give them.

"My kids deserve the best," she said.

That meant buying matching custom-made gunmetal gray coffins with the kids' favorite cartoon characters printed on silk linings handsewn into the inside of the lid so the children could still see the little mice and bunnies when the pastor closed the lid equipped with small battery powered lights. And, no, it never dawned on anybody that one day the lights would go out on the kids for good. Dressed in matching custom-made silk pajamas decorated with smiley faces, the kids could go to heaven together in style. Bedroom slippers with rubber kitty cat heads for the girl and doggie heads for the boy were so cute Jolaine bought a pair for herself.

A horse-drawn glass-encased hearse constituted the clincher.

The children loved horses.

What better way to highlight their kindness to animals than to have them pulled to their final resting places by a team of Belgian draft horses dressed in brightly polished show harnesses topped with ostrich feather head plumes? The horses and the hearse (large enough to accommodate the two tiny caskets) arrived in two separate trucks that traveled 500 miles to get to the funeral.

The coachman dressed in a top hat and formal attire. Family members and friends walked behind the hearse. Jolaine rode up front with the coachman. She wanted the CEO from her company to ride up front, but he politely declined and walked at the head of a corporate cortege. Next came the out-of-town corporate executives who flew in special for the services followed by local factory managers who walked together wearing new blue blazers embossed with the company logo. Jolaine's co-workers who could get out of their shift came last.

The boss gave Jolaine a week off with pay. Brad picked up some of her overtime so he didn't see her much during the days and nights Jolaine drank beer at home alone. By the end of the week she had remodeled and arranged the kids' room like a

## RAVEN CAGE ZINE

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memorial. That cost money, too, almost as much as a year's worth of daycare. The renovations made Jolaine feel like a good mother.

The kids would love their room.

One week to the day Jolaine was back on the assembly line making assault rifles just like the one the shooter used to slaughter her children.

Jolaine asked the police chief if she could buy the gun the killer used on her babies. The chief said he was real sorry but, no, that would violate departmental policy. What he didn't tell her was he had already confiscated that particular item for the private collection he displayed in an illuminated glass case in the man cave he built in the garage.

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## Morning Glory

Her fulsome breasts spill out as she unhooks her furry bikini top thing. I'm waiting, club in hand as she slides her hands down her hips, grasping the furry knickers as she begins to wiggle out of them...

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

I'm flung from my dream by the stupid alarm, cruelly snatched away from the snatch of the well-proportioned cave woman. I turn over and scream as a green lumpy monster looms before me.

'What are you playing at dickhead?' says my wife, from beneath the weird, green facepack and cucumber eyes. She's skilled, my wife, can lie ramrod straight on her back all night without moving, those cucumber slices perfectly balanced. She says she's practicing for her coffin.

'You trying to give me a bloody heart attack or what!'

It's too early for a row and I need to get to the bathroom before her because she'll be ages washing that green muck off.

Ignoring the creak of complaint from my knee joints I stride across the carpet, and trip over my own slippers that I left in the middle of the floor. My wife gives a dry, Benson and Hedges primed cackle.

I stand in front of the toilet desperately trying to sort out my aim but it's the morning wood conundrum, now half-mast which means instead of an elegant arc of urine that hits porcelain with a soft, delightful splish, my piss is splashing and ricocheting, jerking out of my dinky toy in stops and starts as I wrestle with it like a demented fireman trying to control its erratic force.

Morning Glory indeed!

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## Articles

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**Alisherova Dilshoda**

### **Dreams come true.**

#### **Dream, plan, make that plan a goal.**

I personally had a dream, when I was in kindergarten, I dreamed that I can do as my aunt's daughter when her daughters met the president and received the state award named after Zulfiya as the world and Uzbekistan champions. Even when I was in school, I had a dream, but I didn't know how to make it happen, and in the 5th grade, I learned how to plan, and I made videos to motivate myself. When I was in the 8th grade, when the Is'haqkhan Ibrat school was opened, I was assigned to study and entered the 15th place to the school. In 2018, one of my dreams in kindergarten came true, that is, by the grace of God, I shook hands with the President of Uzbekistan Shavkat Mirziyoyev on May 3, 2018, and I set my plans as a goal. I focused on my goal and didn't even listen to the people around me.

After some years, I graduated my school and enrolled at Uzbekistan State University of World Languages, another dream came true, because I became a student of my dream university. I did not stop saying "my dreams have come true, that's it", I strengthened my efforts in order to properly use the opportunities given to young people due to their language skills, and until now I have been a participant, coordinator, organizer, and volunteer of many projects. I am blogging because of my interest, I have been sharing my achievements and my knowledge of how to have these achievements for more than 1000 young people. In addition, I also made students through my personal projects.

Never stop DREAMING, making PLANS to achieve your dreams, and setting GOALS to make them happen. It won't happen today, it won't happen tomorrow, it won't come true after months, but I know for sure that dreams will come true after YEARS. For this, I advise you to work hard(smart), pray, and not deprive your parents of their blessings.

Alisherova Dilshoda Azizxon qizi

Student of Uzbekistan State World Languages university of English third faculty



## WOMEN IN SCIENCE, MAIN TOPICS IN IMPROVING THE QUALITY OF EDUCATION



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**Abstract:** This article deals with the issues of women's participation in the field of science and their support. In addition, the article analyzes the factors of improving the quality of education.

**Keywords:** science, women, education, society, method.

### INTRODUCTION

Today in our country much attention is paid to women's education and gender equality. Women are provided with many opportunities and discounts to receive quality education. One example shows how much attention is paid to women entering the magistracy.

### LITERATURE REVIEW

The United Nations General Assembly Resolution on Science, Technology and Innovation for Development declared February 11 as "International Day for Women in Science". The continued support of women in establishing this international date was one of the next important steps in the further development of the work. In Uzbekistan, the goal of the national program to increase the activity of women in all spheres of the economic, political and social life of the country for 2022-2026 is to further strengthen the system of social protection of women, improve their health, provide education for girls, create the necessary conditions for raising talented and educated girls and improving their scientific potential, improve the legal framework for protecting the rights and legitimate interests of women, increase the socio-economic and political activity of women, strengthen their role in society, in particular in public administration, and is to ensure gender equality" [1; 5].

One of the priorities of the Development Strategy of New Uzbekistan is to attract women to science, expand opportunities for them, strengthen their role in the life of society and the state, and achieve sustainable development.

The creation of a research program to support new modern forms along with traditional ones in the development of the activities of women and girls in science, the expression of public opinion and views on the situation in real practice has been achieved.

In January 2010 in Geneva, at the 45th session of the UN Committee on the Elimination of Discrimination against Women, it was noted that a lot of work has been done to further improve the well-being of women in Uzbekistan, create decent living conditions, work, and education. The conditions for them are "recognized" [2;1].

## RESEARCH METHODOLOGY AND EMPIRICAL ANALYSIS

It should be said that the quality and effectiveness of education directly depends on the professional potential and pedagogical skills of the teacher, in the Law "On Education" providing the education system with qualified teaching staff, teachers paid special attention to the issues of training, retraining and creating a new system for improving their qualifications, strengthening their motivation labor.

During the years of independence, the system of personnel training in the field of education was further developed, its material and technical base was strengthened. Training and dormitories have been allocated for advanced training institutes in Surkhandarya, Syrdarya regions and the city of Tashkent.

In cooperation with the Asian Development Bank in order to further develop work in the field of professional development of teachers

Within the framework of the Educational Sphere Development Program project, distance learning educational resource centers have been created at the Republican Institute for Advanced Studies named after Abdulla Avloni, 14 regional advanced training institutes and 70 (5 in each region) basic schools. 215 system specialists were trained in Germany.

Today, on the basis of the order of the educational institution, in accordance with the need to increase the rank, experience and professional training of the teacher, its types and frequency are being reviewed, from the "planned-compulsory" system to the improved system "purposefully and purposefully" spent Due to the rapid renewal of the content of education, the frequency of advanced training educators was established from 5 to 3 years.

Such reforms in the fields of scientific activity, the positive results achieved in the training of scientific personnel, the activity of women in the field of science are an important factor in ensuring the development of our country. "Currently, out of 4,760 employees working at the Academy of Sciences, that is, 1,905 people, 40 percent are women. Of the 2,146 researchers involved in scientific research in our country, 695 are women. Among the women of Uzbekistan, 7 are academicians, 271 are doctors of science, 1,411 are doctors of philosophy (PhD)" [3; 2].

Uzbek scientists are especially in demand in such areas as chemistry, biotechnology and agriculture. The participation of our women in the development of education, healthcare, social and humanitarian spheres is important. Chapter 6 of the Law of the Republic of Uzbekistan dated September 2, 2019 "On guarantees of equal rights and opportunities for women and men" No. 562 "Equal rights and opportunities for women and men in the field of education, science and culture" Article 26 on "guarantees" - states that the state ensures the creation of equal opportunities and the provision of guarantees for women and men in the exercise of their right to education. Also, the fact that women and men have equal rights and opportunities in all types of education, retraining and advanced training, participation in the educational and scientific process, the use of culture, cultural values and heritage, the inclusion of gender issues in various educational programs was emphasized that special attention should be given to the development of gender education of citizens" [4;]. Analysis of the examination processes by the competent authorities in the field of education for the compliance of educational programs and plans of educational institutions with the principles of ensuring equal rights and opportunities for women and men guarantees important scientific and practical results in finding a solution to the problem.

In Uzbekistan, attention is paid to the issues of comprehensive support for women and the realization of their potential. The most common type of gender expertise is the specialization of important state legal documents, economic and social policies, gender audit of employment, employment and working conditions of women in cooperation with the ILO (International Labor Organization). Also, theoretical and analytical works that reveal the gender specifics of sending women to scientific activities, expressing the desire to overcome traditional gender stereotypes, taking into account changes in society, and measures aimed at creating practical developments, cannot be accepted. they said that's enough. This situation determines the novelty and relevance of scientific research in this direction for science and the social life of our country.

In the process of primary analysis, it becomes clear that the gender approach is in harmony with the psychological, pedagogical, biomedical and socio-economic aspects of women's activities in the fields of science. Also, from a psychological and pedagogical point of view, the gender factor has an educational impact on women's choice of fields of science, their desire for harmony of personal and public interests, self-improvement for the development of society. take into account when educating boys and girls.

From a biomedical point of view, it should be carried out on the basis of taking into account the requirements for the health and physical capabilities of women in their activities in the fields of science, and it is necessary to explain how the activities of

related fields can affect their mental and physical condition. Therefore, introducing women to the fields of science, they are engaged in scientific activities, strive to show their potential and find their place in society. Naturally, self-confidence increases if women are engaged in activities in the fields of science and have a scientific outlook. "At the same time, there is evidence that society still has more confidence in male scientists than in female scientists [5;830]. Naturally, such a situation does not affect the freedom of women to choose certain areas of science and determine their professional path. Women traditionally have a strong desire to choose areas of scientific activity related to the humanities. "The number of women managers working at various enterprises in our country is also increasing. In 2017, this figure was 44.2 percent, and in 2019 it reached 45 percent. The share of women in health care and social services is more than 82 percent, in science and education - 72 percent, in agriculture - more than 45 percent, in industry - 38 percent" [5; 21]. Therefore, it is necessary to strengthen the social protection of women during periods of economic instability, to revise the gender methodology in career guidance.

### CONCLUSION AND DISCUSSION

In general, in order for objective changes to occur in women's views on the choice of fields of science, it is necessary to go through certain transformational processes at the level of public consciousness, moods and views in society.

In modern conditions, the dynamics of the political and social participation of women in the life of society, their activities to acquire scientific potential, the level of employment in the labor market, their activities based on value approaches according to the theories of historical periods are described. The development of women's social activity on the basis of a gender approach and a value approach to the individual today serves to improve the educational sphere and the moral level of young people.

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## Books are silent teachers.

In the years of independence, special attention was paid to educating young people in a perfect, patriotic and national spirit, because the role of young people in the development of the Motherland is incomparable. That's why reading books, publishing books, increasing libraries, filling them with printed and electronic literature for our youth with the initiative of our President has become an integral part of our state policy and cultural life, and it has started to show its results. The main purpose of various auditions is to find talented and talented young people. The presence of enthusiastic young people in the remote areas of our country is especially pleasing to the eye. The "Yosh Kitabkhan" republican competition, which has been held since 2017, is a clear proof of this. The fact that the main prize of this competition, held in three age groups, is a car, makes young people increasingly interested in books. I myself participated in this contest. I have read more than 300 books so far. Every book I read is a star that illuminates my path. There is a deep philosophy in the way the leader of our country talks about improving the culture of books and reading. First of all, the book is a great force that lifts a person from earth to heaven and increases his spiritual strength. Secondly, the book is a historical memory of humanity, a torch capable of strengthening our spiritual and educational and scientific ground, and showing the future brightly. The Russian Writer Maxim Gorky was right when he said in his work "My Universities" that "whatever good things I have achieved in life; I will be forever grateful to books". Indeed, the book is a force that motivates all of us to be good and helps us to solve all the problems that we face. Therefore, in our country, those who are familiar with books, who loves books, who writes books, who considers books sacred and cherish them as a treasure, deserve great respect.

In conclusion, the role of the book in becoming a perfect person is incomparable. In the end, I will tell all my peers to get familiar with books and not stop reading. After all, the future of our country is in the hands of the youth.

Rafova Ozoda Rafiq qizi from Uzbekistan

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4th year student of Bukhara State University, Faculty of Philology.



## “WE DO NOT NEED PAYMENT FOR THE SERVICE, IT IS IMPORTANT FOR US TO GIVE JOY”

Volunteering is not a job, not a hobby, not a passion - it's a calling!

Help people, communicate with people, invaders, implement the most insignificant ideas, study. It helps not to sit still, but to move forward. Volunteer activity now is exactly what helps a person to remain a person, helps to melt hearts.

For me, volunteering means more than just a word. I think a volunteer is a person for whom there are no limits to the kindness and desire of girls. This is a person who improves every day and fulfills his treasury of good deeds, and even the smallest, but good deed is already good, a volunteer not only fulfills himself, but also helps others to realize themselves. Volunteers gather information for anyone in need, they don't come back from those in need and help in any way they can. Now, I am a volunteer coordinator. I myself chose this path, and even if there are small troubles along the way, I will try to overcome them easily.

I believe that everyone has the right to decide their own destiny, we must move our country to a higher level of development, gradually the patriotic spirit of all people must be developed gradually on the rise, on the rise of volunteers doing great work in their regions and the country as a whole. I have been volunteering for only a short time, but I have already learned a lot. I try to cultivate patriotism in myself, love for work, I learn to implement my own health and the health of loved ones, the main desire is to live with my soul and good deeds. I am full of ideas, and I bring them to reality, so I am not going to stop there, but I plan to move on and conquer new heights.

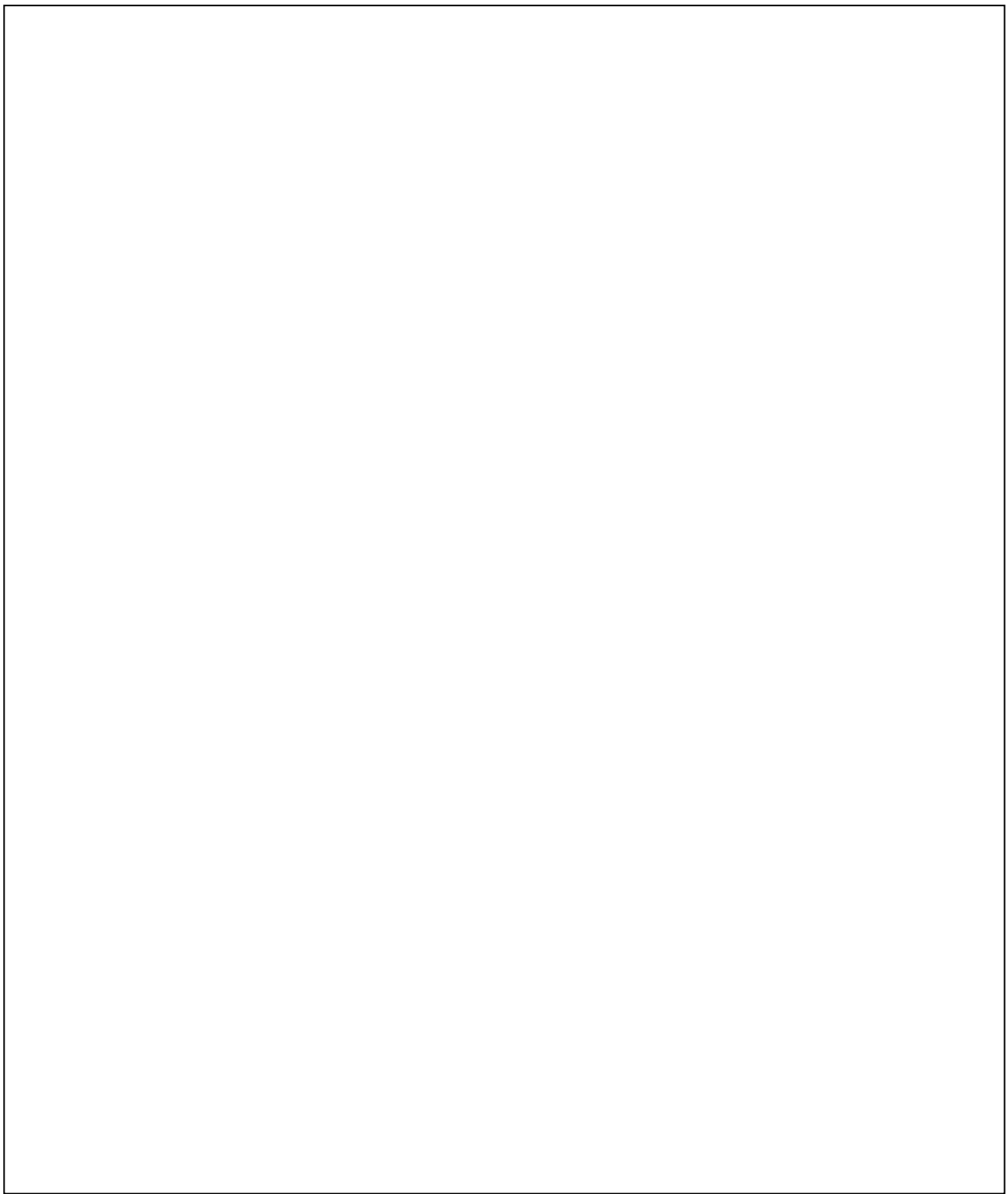
Being a volunteer is an adult, to increase responsibility, to be able to take the necessary words in a working situation.

There are many examples of volunteer activities, and this is wonderful, because anyone can be involved in it without spending any special individuals. Sometimes I get the feeling that it was not me who came to help them, but they came to me. You remember these conversations for a long time, every time you get up in the morning, you think whether you are worthy of this life.

Volunteers do not need to be paid for their services, in most cases, probably because it is not fair. It is dishonest in identifying people around you, in recognizing people, objects you helped, dishonest in identifying yourself, because the best result is the realization of your usefulness to whom you need. Volunteering is a great contribution to the foundation of the future.

When I help others, I show in myself the strength to accomplish feats. I do not have to sit still if I know that my help is needed and I have the time and opportunity to help. I do not ask for anything in return/ Fs a result in return I take wonderful emotions.

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## Culture shock

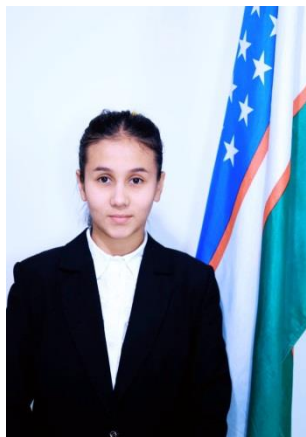
High mobility and freedom of movement enable people to settle down in a new place. Some migrants seek for getting international education overseas or having high salaries and nice houses, other refugees are desperate to survive in a new land because of famine or natural disasters.

Reasons for culture shock: They go through several stages of adjustment. This period sparks a wave of euphoria and gives high expectations. They spend most of their free time alone reading books, oversleeping and overeating or communicating with their families and friends on the Net. They display hostility or even aggression towards the new culture and they will be excluded from the community. They experience at least some cultural shock. The symptoms of cultural shock are usually characterized by the feeling of uncertainty, homesickness, extreme sadness, acute nostalgia, loneliness, depression and fatigue, feelings of anxiety, withdrawal from the new culture, a sense of disorientation, moodiness, frustration, emotional and physical discomfort.

Schools should teach history and culture of more than one country, not just the home nation. Children can gain insight into alternative cultures and ways of life which make them more accepting and open their minds and make them more tolerant. When expatriates settle in a country, the host government should offer free language and culture lessons. Initially, it is impossible for new arrivals to integrate without necessarily losing their own identity if they do not understand the language and habits of their new home. Stringent laws should be introduced to protect people from aggression or prejudice. It is civilized and promotes integration. For example, your long expectation has finally been realized: you are going to a university abroad. This new challenge and opportunity might soon collide with the reality of being in a new culture, something known as culture shock. Culture shock has been viewed as a psychological reaction or generalized disorientation and trauma experienced by a person learning to cope with a new culture and circumstances. It is a normal and natural part of living in a foreign cultural environment. Culture shock doesn't mean that one is adjusting poorly – it means that one is undergoing a normal reaction. However, the way that one manages culture shock can have important implications for the success of one's adaptability to the new culture. The psychological reaction in coping with culture shock includes emotional and cognitive components, as well as the effects of social changes. These changes also result in a caused by culture shock include fatigue, role stress, identity loss, excessive concern with cleanliness and a fear of danger from food and water.

Suggestions: Best way to avoid culture shock is to avoid having negative stereotypes about other cultures. Full adaptation takes several years depending on people's personalities. To adopt painlessly to a new environment, you should learn as much as you can about host country before you arrive. You should arm yourself with profound knowledge about the new country and its people, social habits of a new people, their customs and traditions, history and the language, beliefs and behavior, rules of social conduct and orders set by the government. Learning the patterns and underlying values of the culture makes you feel comfortable.

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## **"A model family for the new Uzbekistan"**

Uzbekistan is establishing a sizable aim for its vision and future in the quickly evolving globalized era of today. The family is a social unit based on educational, spiritual-educational, spiritual-ethical, economic-legal relations, and it is known from history, our scientific and cultural heritage, and our ancient traditions that the family is regarded as a sacred value for us in every place and time. As a result, our ancestors understood very well that the stronger the family, which is a social unit, the more stable the society will develop. This is demonstrated by the fact that our forefathers gave the family a lot of thought. In their writings, our great grandfathers Alisher Navoi, Mirzo Ulug'bek, Ibn Sino, Kaykovus, Beruni, Mahmud Koshgari, and others discussed familial difficulties such as the way that family members interact and how children are raised. In creating a perfect person and polishing ideals, the roles of parents and grandparents are comparable. One of these crucial responsibilities is offering guidance and advise to the family. Our nation's president issued a proclamation today that established the "Family Scientific-Practical" institution and called for "fundamental change and improvement of activities in the field of supporting women and girls and strengthening the family institute." The power of the family is the foundation of everything. The "exemplary family of New Uzbekistan" should keep an eye on, be aware of, and steer clear of the following: psychological factor: ongoing family disputes, parental meddling in the affairs of a young couple, alienation of young couples, and apathy to one another; social factor: infertility, childlessness, and spouses' or partners' poor health; long-term extramarital relationships of one of the couples; spiritual and moral considerations; the husband's failure to support for the family, the separation from the family of one of the spouses who traveled abroad as a labor migrant, and the inability to pay debts are all economic factors;

The "exemplary family of New Uzbekistan" is mostly comprised of these traits. Every young family that emerges from the threshold of the sacred space known as family is a sacred fortress with advantages on the levels of business, religion, law, and morality. Nan, it will be proper for him to move forward after receiving the necessary spiritual and theological education.

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## From one street of my life paths...

I remember...My childhood began in a beautiful place called Mirzaabad and still continues in the warm embrace of this place. When I was young, I remember waiting for my mother's hot loaves in the oven to be ready...

I have loved books since I was young. And this light led me to the "Knowledge Competition" held earlier at school. Because I fell in love with the book, I became the absolute winner of the republican stage of this competition. It is not surprising that the feeling of interest in creativity awakened in my heart even then.

I still remember the first poem I wrote in my school days:

Hello, my daughter-in-law is Spring

I miss you so much

I was waiting for you to come

You are a beautiful garden.

Here, you entered my beautiful nature

Spreading the scent of flowers to the green world,

Now don't go to other countries

Your daughter Sitora will miss you.

It's true, maybe this poem, which came out of my young heart at that time, has no rhyme, no meaning, but it was the first melody of a young heart...

Years have passed since then. The golden pages of the book invited me to Gulistan State University. I remember my high school years...

When I was preparing for Oliykhoh, I read books under an umbrella despite the snowflakes and raindrops falling. Perhaps, because of these hardships, I have achieved the happiness of being a student...

I would like to thank life and fate for these great rewards. I bow down a thousand times to my parents who stood by me and supported me in my bold steps. I still have high hopes for life. Praise be to my God who created me... I am thankful that my life is beautiful and bright...

Currently, I am teaching and educating young people at school 34, Boyovut district. When I see hope for life and confidence in the future in young souls, my interest in life increases. The high status of "MASTER" coming from their tongues makes me hope to live yet. Maybe my life is beautiful with such memorable moments...

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Mamatkasimova Sitora Bakhtiyar's daughter was born on May 8, 2000 in Mirzaabad district of Sirdarya region. Currently, he is studying at Gulistan State University in the field of primary education. He works as a propagandist and teacher on creative and cultural issues in the 34th school of Boyovut district, Syrdarya region. His favorite field is his interest in creativity.

# BENEFITS OF TEACHING ENGLISH IN PRIMARY EDUCATION

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**Annotation:** Teaching English in primary schools provides both benefits and challenges. Regarding the issue, this article mostly identifies the benefits based on theories and research findings which can be the references for the schools providing high quality English teaching and learning.

**Keywords:** teaching english, primary school pupils, advantages, benefits.

## Introduction.

Recent decade has seen that English in Uzbekistan has been becoming one of the most famous foreign languages that are taught in the schools besides local language. The authority is giving enormous attention to the development of teaching English among children. It is because there are numerous advantages of teaching English in primary education. The issues relevant have been discussed in a range of research works, including articles, monographs, text-books etc. Still many tasks remain to be researched in depth, new paradigms require to update the existing ones.

## Literature analysis:

The overall aim of primary education is to enable children to live a full life as a child and to realize their potential as an individual.[1] The school environment will likewise help the child to develop as a social being through living and co-operating with others and above all to prepare the child for future learning.

Primary school is the cornerstone of education[2]. It also serves as a basis for future success. It offers exposure to various learning methods, including technology, because the primary schooling sector not only focuses on teaching but also assists with personality development. Here are a few benefits mentioned about primary schooling from a young age.

## Research methodology:

English has an important part to play in both education and society. A high-quality English curriculum will teach children to speak, read and write fluently so that they can communicate their ideas and emotions to others, and through their reading and listening, others can communicate with them[3]. So, all the skills of English are essential to participating fully as a member of a school and society.

## Analysis and results:

First benefit of primary education for young learners is enhancing behavior. That is to say, during primary schooling, kids learn more than just writing and reading. Their personality is upgraded when they start interacting with other students from their own age group as they start adapting to the changes. In addition, long hours at schools prepare them for the mandatory education system at a young age. They start to learn about being dedicated to their schedule, get disciplined and learn how to manage their time between school, studies, and playtime.

Secondly, primary education learners can boost their confidence. For instance, going and meeting new people every day contributes to boosting confidence in kids at a young age. It has been proven that the kids who attend primary school turn out to be more confident than homeschooled kids. In this way, the primary school creates positive changes. Furthermore, since school is the first basis of interaction with other people other than the parents, this is where kids embark on learning and connecting with people rather than their family members. A primary school plays a vital role by allowing children the opportunity to learn and grow. Primary schools in Uzbekistan concentrate on child's comfort yet their growth as an individual.

Thirdly, children can be able to develop bonds between their friends which is considered a very essential part of school. In fact, even during classes, they might be asked to work with a classmate that can create a successful collaboration with their peers. As a result, children may learn more about emotions, friendship, socializing and also start developing their personality.

The objective of primary education is to help a child on multiple levels. Students are taught to think critically, to strive for high standards, to meet the challenges posed by technological developments. To achieve these objectives, schools must provide orderly and safe environments in which supervised learning can occur. The individual attention and child's engagement in different activities helps them improve their cognitive skills and concentration power.

It isn't simply about grades, when children enter school, it is usually the first time that someone other than their parents monitor their conduct[4]. The school is the first institution to establish social interactions, and the classroom is where children learn to connect with their classmates in absence of their parents.

The secure environment of primary school education instills a sense of security in kids, allowing them to feel confident. Growing up at an institution that encourages growth and independence is extremely beneficial to a child's development.

## Conclusion:

Primary education forms the bedrock of development[5]. It is in primary school that children learn foundational skills that prepare them for life, work and active citizenship. Quality education empowers children and young people, safeguards their health and well-being, and breaks cycles of poverty. These benefits come not just from getting children in school, but from getting them learning to their full potential.

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**“Every teacher should be a psychologist,  
every psychologist and educator”**

***“The most important  
phenomenon in the  
school, the most  
instructive subject, the  
most living example for  
the student is the Teacher  
himself”***



In the creative pedagogical activity of a teacher, the key to success is the very process of creativity. The teacher acts as a comrade-in-arms, friend for children. Co-creation excludes an arrogant view of the child from the standpoint of adult experience. And in order to teach children something and raise real people out of them, it is necessary to focus on their requirements for us, teachers, and not just focus them on our requirements.

At present, when a person finds himself in a rapid flow of information, a lot is required from a teacher who adapts a growing person to these conditions. He must know and understand everything, be better and more perfect than any ordinary person. An ideally good teacher should rise above the human mass, demonstrating his knowledge, diversified development and bright talent!

The child begins to explore the world from the first day of his birth. Knows the subject to find out what it is for and how it is useful. The more things the baby learns, and the deeper he will study them. The concept of "modern teacher" is not limited by any framework. But at all times a teacher for people is a special person, an example for his students for life.



Thus, it turns out that a truly invaluable teacher is competent in many areas, teachers, psychologists, who are able to combine humanity and exactingness, and of course, love for their subject and mastery of its subtleties. The combination of these qualities helps the teacher to fulfill his main mission.

We all live in times of change: society, laws, charters, requirements for the school, for students, and, accordingly, for teachers are changing. But at the same time, the teacher's ability to BE should remain unchanged: to be literate and competent, to be open to the different opinions of students and, of course, to be a person himself, and not a bureaucratic machine for the child, in order to hear him not only with ears, but also with his heart. Be sure to be, not to seem.

In the light of the foregoing, a rather serious problem in the pedagogical process of preparing a teacher of a particular subject is the transformation of the student's personality in the future as a teacher-master (he will become a professional teacher in the process of teaching at school), capable of solving a fairly large variety of tasks related to learning, and education of schoolchildren. After all, a true teacher is also an educator. Unlike a teacher, a teacher teaches students not only their subject, but also teaches them how to live.

In order to be successful in teaching, teachers must have not only a deep knowledge of the subject, but also the most accurate understanding of people, their psyche and behavior. Consequently, a modern teacher is also a subtle psychologist. The teacher must be proficient in child psychology, understand the psychological state of the child and come to the rescue in time in difficult times.

And the last. In our opinion, it is extremely necessary to select teachers for schools, for universities for pedagogical specialties - applicants as strictly and biasedly as is done when enrolling in a higher educational institution. It is our deep conviction that only special individuals should receive the right to be called a teacher. Their pedagogical work should also be evaluated in a special way. To date, the status of a teacher, his financial situation, unfortunately, does not correspond to the importance of solving problems by him. And so we want our schools to always have the happiness of knowledge, the joy of communication in many languages, including foreign ones, an atmosphere of love and creativity, the unity of learning and teaching.

We can talk endlessly about the duties of an educator, but let's not forget to tell them "Thank you!" for their endless work, patience and love for us, already native children. May your invaluable experience help our children grow up to be worthy and wise people. We wish you health, energy, strength and patience. Let positive, pleasant communication and interesting events adorn your lives.

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### Everyone has the right to a job they love

***«A man without a job is not a man. We tend to be constantly doing something, learning something. Lucky are those people who, from an early age, understood in what area they would like to develop. But everyone has the right to their favorite work»***



In the life of every person, the most important thing is what he does, his profession. And for each person it is very important to choose the right profession. One of the important criteria for success in life is the improvement in the profession, the improvement of oneself, love and devotion to one's profession, only with these small rules a person can be fully happy.

It is important for us that work, profession, the work of our whole life bring us not only material, but also moral rewards. A lot of people spend little time on this issue. Some believe that the profession should not be loved, because it is work, others run only for money, and still others do nothing at all, hoping that others will do everything for them, and thus relieve themselves of responsibility, throwing it on other people's shoulders, they believe that parents, relatives, friends, fate will help them in choosing a profession.

And this is not so. Each person builds his own destiny, life and chooses his own profession. Sometimes it is very difficult to do, but you need to listen to yourself, to your heart, and understand what you will do throughout your life, what will become your joy. I was in a professional search for a very long time and today I know for sure that working with children, giving them knowledge is exactly the direction that I would like to engage in and grow professionally.

Today I can safely say that I am happy in my profession, every morning I get up with a smile thinking that I will go to work and improve there. My personal and professional development is constantly evolving.

I try to use every opportunity to improve my educational and professional level. In the short term, I would like to realize my professional ambitions as a Deputy Director.

They say we don't choose the roads, they choose us. The idea is beautiful, deep, but, perhaps, not always true. My personal opinion is that people choose their own path.

I really love my profession because it makes my life brighter! Why did I choose the teaching profession?

I think nothing happens by chance in life. After graduating from school, I entered the Pedagogical Lyceum, and then the Pedagogical University in the same direction. Before I finished my studies, I started working at the school. But life is complex, unpredictable, and at a certain period of your life presents its surprises. The profession that I dreamed about since childhood is becoming a reality.

Now, working at school, I never cease to be surprised how different all the children are: interesting, surprisingly smart, able to set a task for any adult with their reasoning and actions. Each child is unique in its own way, each of them is talented.



## RAVEN CAGE ZINE

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Even watching quiet, somewhat indecisive children, you constantly begin to notice manifestations of certain abilities, and my task remains to help develop these abilities. Together with them, rejoice at the achievements, their first heights in educational or creative activities. Step by step they become more independent.

A childish joyful greeting, warm hugs make me smile, forget about everything, awakening in me the strength and desire to do everything so that this bright light, this love not only never disappears, but is kindled and becomes stronger and brighter.



The profession of a teacher makes us always stay young and this is especially pleasant, but it also requires constant work on ourselves. A variety of knowledge is needed to satisfy the curiosity of the modern child.

Constantly improve your skills, using the achievements of pedagogical science. Go forward, master innovative technologies, non-traditional methods, study methodological literature, use Internet resources and engage in self-education.

I try to take an active part in school life and professional competitions. School is my everything. I feel light and comfortable in it.

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## ARTEL village of Surkhandarya?!

ARTEL village of Surkhandarya?! Yes, no water should be opened in any corner of our country, surely these waters will be involuntarily swallowed by our tongues. Surkhandarya, a beautiful land, has been known since time immemorial as an oasis of Alpomish, world-recognized Termizites and thinkers. During the years of independence, our province has become more beautiful than before. In particular, those who have visited the Jarkurgan district feel a big difference comparing its night and day. Now our district is becoming prosperous and magnificent. The streets have become smoother, modern buildings are rising around them. The formation of our villages on the basis of the houses in the project, the concern of our honorable President and the government regarding the welfare of the family, the upbringing of a healthy and well-rounded generation, revives feelings of great pride in our hearts. Big buildings, beautiful buildings, high-rise residences, and sports complexes are being built in our district. Seeing such changes, the hands of our elders will certainly be opened to prayer. All of us are proud to be the children of such a country with smooth streets and all facilities. "904 boys and girls are regularly engaged in volleyball, basketball, handball, mini football, sports gymnastics, wrestling, taekwondo, boxing, judo, rhythmic gymnastics in sports school No. 6 for children and teenagers in the district. "Our youth have been showing themselves in various sports. He is raising the flag of our country even higher by going to countries like Turkey, Azerbaijan, and Russia. Even the parents of these young people come to the gym and do sports in their free time. This is really gratifying, because we adults should be an example for a healthy generation." says the director of the sports school. Nazokat Javlieva: a woman from "Istiklol" neighborhood - "774 families and 3047 people live in 455 houses in our neighborhood. The population of our territory is engaged in animal husbandry and farming. Also, 18 houses have greenhouses, they supply crops such as tomatoes and cucumbers even in the frosty days of winter and provide food for the residents. 11 households prepare tandir gusht. They even come from far and wide to eat from our village's ovens. "Istiklol" neighborhood is divided into several villages. Among them is the ARTEL village, which I am about to write about. To be honest, I was very surprised when I asked our elders. Artel village was founded in 1930-1931. Its history goes back to previous years. The old people who managed the village of Artel at that time, and even their children, have left this world. But I will try to write all the information that I can. Artel is one of the forms of voluntary association of citizens for the purpose of joint economic activity. In most cases, the term Artel is used to refer to companies formed for the joint execution of production processes (fishing, agricultural artels) or to associations that combine the ownership of the means of production, without generalizing the production of the members. From the beginning of the 20s, the farms of individual producers of goods (artisans, artisans and others) engaged in labor activities in the former Union were transferred to the socialist economy based on the generalization of the means of production. Collective farms, such as village farms, handicrafts, fishing Artellas, were established. Their production plans were included in the national economic plan. At the end of 1980s, when the laws on individual cocktail activities were adopted, such artels ceased to exist. But our village of Artel still survived. People's hearts were happy and their hearts were happy in every household of Jarkurgan. A country where the hearts are happy and the hearts are prosperous will always rise and develop. Seeing this, our mothers and fathers are always thankful for their creation and open their hands in prayer so as not to disturb our peace. They show us what they have seen in the past and encourage us to value peace. They ask me everywhere I go I ask which village of Zharkurgan you are from, and answer "Tandir from the village", they will curiously ask if they make tandoor in your village. But our village is famous not for making tandoors, but for tandoori kebabs. A few years ago, our village was visited by guests from "My peer in the village" on the TV channel "Yoshlar". We were very happy about it, the heads of the villagers went to the sky. When I introduced "Tandir village", they were surprised by everything I said and rushed to get to know the villagers. Our village has existed for a long time, and its previous name was "TUYAKASH". Many people wondered why exactly "TUYAKASH"? because of this, the villagers raised camels and bred camels. A few decades later, a large workshop was opened in the village. They called it 7 treasures. The workshop included a cotton mill, a carpet weaving workshop, a rice workshop, an electric welding (welding) workshop, a wood workshop (making doors and chests), a satin-silk weaving workshop and a flour mill. Therefore, these 7 treasure villages were named "ARTEL". Later, the carpet weaving workshop in Artel developed rapidly, and for some reasons, the work of other workshops slowed down a bit. From

## RAVEN CAGE ZINE

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time to time, the cotton ginning workshop was strengthened and a new brick factory was built by the people. It would be possible to know that each shop is working well from a visitor coming from afar. The turnover of the carpet weaving workshop has increased considerably. In addition to patterns, carpets were also made famous by painting various pictures. I heard many times that my mother Feruza IshMAMEDOVA woven the photo of sports commentator Akhbor IMOMKHOJAEV into the carpet. In addition, the making of chests was also started. Despite its small size, "ARTEL" village has started activities in every field. We heard from our grandmothers and grandfathers that the villagers are very harmonious and live as one body and soul. The "Zang" canal, which adds beauty to the village, is a hundred-year-old canal. The "Zang" canal was dug by the villagers of Totuv by means of earthworms, and we still use it widely to this day. The proof that Surkhondaryya is a land of wrestlers and Chopagon is a land of horsemen can be seen in the form of brave young men in the village. It seems that wrestling at weddings and horse racing at goats have become a legend. But the simple villagers, who have not followed the traditions until now, still live with a sense of gratitude. Over the years, the development of the village has grown to another level as human thinking has grown. "Tandir kebab was prepared here for the first time and sold not in kitchens, but on streets, Surkhondaryya and Kashkadaryya roads. At that time, tandir meat was not very popular."Tandir kebab was prepared here for the first time and sold not in kitchens, but on streets, Surkhondaryya and Kashkadaryya roads. At that time, tandir meat was not very popular. For the first time, tandir kebab was prepared by the older generation in our village. "says the chairman of the neighborhood BakhodirTurdaliev. "I have been the chairman of this community for many years. Our neighborhood is "Istiqlal" neighborhood, which includes "Artel" divided into several villages. This village used to have manufacturing and we can still see it today. One farm is engaged in sewing, another one is engaged in animal husbandry, some have opened a bakery, some have opened a tea shop. We are certainly happy about this, because they are moving towards development, using all their capabilities." Bakhodir Turdaliev, the chairman of the "Istiqlal" community assembly, said happily. Until now, restaurants such as "Zharkurgan tandir kabobi" or "Surkhondaryya tandir kabobi" are operating in Termiz and other regions, as well as in the city of Tashkent. During the quarantine period in our country, my fellow villagers, who continued their activities online without leaving our people's tables dry, delivered various types of delicious tandoori kebabs throughout our country. But they are not satisfied with kuzychok gusht, they also prepare delicious kebabs from chicken and chicken gusht. Surkhondaryya tandoori kebabs, known all over the world, are made in our village. From this period until now, other trades have been abolished and the activities of kitchens have been strengthened. In the next 10 years, the village of "ARTEL" changed into the village of "TANDIR" and has been operating in this way.

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## KILL OR REVIVE THE ABILITY IN A CHILD

The main factors that cause excellent children to be in the ranks at school, indicating the activity and achievement of the child in the lesson, are intelligence, interest and ability. But we cannot always correctly assess the interest and ability of children. We can find out this by one figurative example. That is, we collect crocodiles, Tigers, birds and fish in one class and test who can climb the highest peak first. Unfortunately, we can't see the fastest runner, the one who can dive to the deepest, the one who is the strongest, but we evaluate the inability of the fish to climb the peak as a failure.

No child is forced to dress as quickly as any other peer, read quickly, take mathematical examples well. One category of children is a little introductory, able to quickly come out with others. Others, on the contrary, find what is inside, from those who say, and love to observe. While some children are experienced, ready to complete all tasks instantly, some are heavy-handed, can handle assignments slowly but efficiently. Unfortunately, in some cases, polite and campy people – “sad, ungrateful”, those who are given to feelings and can cry are “helpless”, those who love to spend time alone - “antisocial”, people who love to help others – live in a time called “stupid”.

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Ergasheva Durdona Safarali qizi

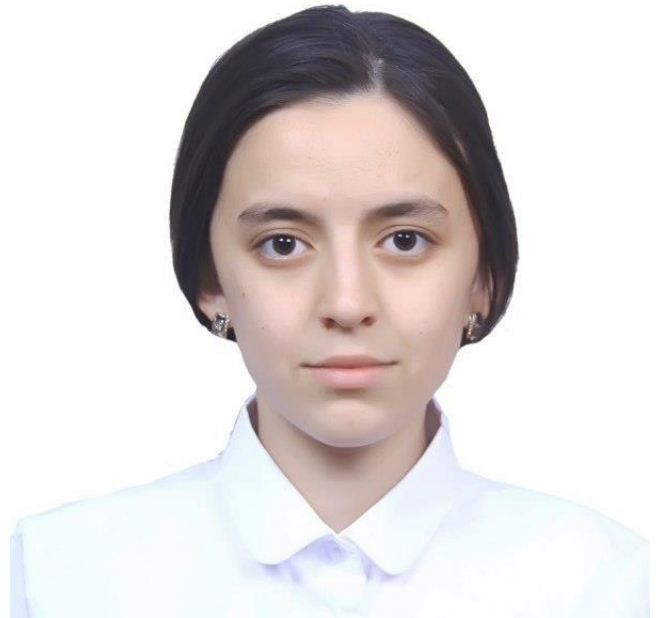
## Dreams come true.

Dream, plan, make that plan a goal.

I personally had a dream, when I was in kindergarten, I dreamed that I can do as my aunt's daughter when her daughters met the president and received the state award named after Zulfiya as the world and Uzbekistan champions. Even when I was in school, I had a dream, but I didn't know how to make it happen, and in the 5th grade, I learned how to plan, and I made videos to motivate myself. When I was in the 8th grade, when the Is'haqkhan Ibrat school was opened, I was assigned to study and entered the 15th place to the school. In 2018, one of my dreams in kindergarten came true, that is, by the grace of God, I shook hands with the President of Uzbekistan Shavkat Mirziyoyev on May 3, 2018, and I set my plans as a goal. I focused on my goal and didn't even listen to the people around me. After some years, I graduated my school and enrolled at Uzbekistan State University of World Languages, another dream came true, because I became a student of my dream university. I did not stop saying "my dreams have come true, that's it", I strengthened my efforts in order to properly use the opportunities given to young people due to their language skills, and until now I have been a participant, coordinator, organizer, and volunteer of many projects. I am blogging because of my interest, I have been sharing my achievements and my knowledge of how to have these achievements for more than 1000 young people. In addition, I also made students through my personal projects.

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## Appearance, lifestyle and activities of Neanderthals

In 1856, a skullcap and several bones of a human skeleton were found during excavations in the Filgafer cave, located near the city of Düsseldorf in the Neanderthal Valley of Germany. Since these bones were found in the Neanderthal Valley, the place is named after the Neanderthal. The remains of a Neanderthal human bone found in Filgafer attracted the attention of many scientists of that time, J.K. Fullroth and Schaafhausen, who lived at that time, were naturalists and doctors in Bonn, they said. But the German reactionary anthropologist Virchow put forward the idea that the found skeletal fragments of human bones belong to primitive man and belong to modern man, whose pedigree was corrupted due to alcoholism or wound disease. But in 1864, the remains of fossil human bones of the Neanderthal type were again discovered in the Strait of Gibraltar in Spain. Later, many fossil human bones of the Neanderthal type were found in different parts of the world. Of particular importance were the bones of a Neanderthal found in 1887 in the Becoche cave near the town of Spey in Belgium. Neanderthals lived in the intermediate period between the fossils of archanthropes, that is, Pithecanthropes, Sinanthropes, and Heibelbergs, and the fossils of Cromanol Neanderthals. If we take into account that the volume of the braincase of Neanderthals is 900-1800 cm<sup>3</sup>, and on average 1380-1400 cm<sup>3</sup>, then we are convinced that the head of the ulama is large. Neanderthals have a slightly elongated skull, a sloping forehead, and a flat, low crown. In this case, the relief on the eyebrow moves forward. The bones of the nose and upper jaw of the Neanderthal are very strongly developed. They also have an underdeveloped lower jaw, which is very good, but not that developed. Neanderthals were 155-160 cm tall. But the skeleton of the ulama is stronger than the skeleton of modern man, and the external structure is more developed. Unlike modern humans, Neanderthals had a slightly curved spine, and their shins were shorter than their hips. This situation shows that the ulama were not so nimble and agile in walking and running. European Neanderthals were short, short, with strong muscles, slightly bent hips, large heads, inconspicuous chins and protruding noses. But the Neanderthals discovered in Palestine by D. McCown and others differed from European Neanderthals in that they were taller and had a chin similar to that of modern humans. Six different types of Neanderthals are known, which differed in some characteristics. The research methods used to learn more about this species have been very helpful in determining how humans came into being. This is a DNA analysis method. It is known that sapiens and Neanderthals coexisted in Europe when sapiens left Africa. But little is known about their living together. We know from a published study of the Neanderthal genome that modern humans still share nearly 3% of their DNA with Neanderthals. This means that pairings existed between the two species, albeit in a certain way. Contrary to popular belief, Neanderthals were not half-breeds. This ignorant stereotype is refuted by many finds, so the burial found in the grotto of La Chapelle-aux-Seine in France proves that Neanderthals were the first to lay flowers, food and toys on the dead. Perhaps the first melody on Earth was played by Neanderthals. In 1995, a bone flute with four holes was found in a cave in Slovenia, which can play three notes: "do", "re", "mi". Neanderthal rock art from the Chauvet cave in France is about 37,000 years old. Also in the Teshiktash cave, located in Uzbekistan, a grave of a Neanderthal man, about 8-9 years old, was excavated. Deer antlers and various bird feathers and animal bones have been found around religious beliefs. As you can see, Neanderthals were a very advanced branch of humanity. One of the main versions of the extinction of the Neanderthals is that they could not stand the last ice age and died due to the cold. Due to lack of nutrition and other reasons. Anthropologist Ian Gillian and his colleagues from the Australian State University proposed the initial version of the reasons for the death of Neanderthals. They believe that the Neanderthals died because they did not learn the skills of making warm clothes in time. At first, they were better adapted to the cold, and this played a cruel joke on them. Neanderthals were not ready for a sharp drop in temperature by 10 degrees. A scientific team led by Professor Tjord van Andel from Cambridge conducted an extensive study in 2004 and presented such a picture of the extinction of the Neanderthals. Global cooling began 70,000 years ago. As the glaciers advanced, both Cro-Magnons and Neanderthals began to retreat into southern Europe. According to archaeological finds, it was during this period that the ancient man tried to cross species, but such a breed died out. The last Neanderthal found in the Pyrenees is 29,000 years old. Physical data: height - about 180 cm, weight - less than 100 kg. According to another version, the extinction of the Neanderthals may be caused by the first genocide in history, such a version is supported, for example, by anthropologist from Duke University (USA) Stephen Churchill. The genocide was committed by the ancestors of modern people - the Kramagions. The first Homo Sapiens arrived in Europe about 40-50

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thousand years ago, and after 28-30 thousand years the Neanderthals completely died out. The 20,000 years of coexistence between the two species was a period of intense competition for food and other resources, in which the Kramagions emerged victorious. Perhaps the decisive factor was Kramagion's ability to work with weapons. The heyday of life fell on the period from 12 to 35-38 years. It was at the age of 12 that the Neanderthal became a full-fledged person, capable of giving birth, hunting and performing other social functions. Nearly half of Neanderthals died before the age of 20. About 40% left the world of the dead between the ages of 20 and 30. The lucky ones mostly lived to be 40-45 years old. The dead were buried in shallow graves. The body of a person lies on its side, the knees are pulled up to the chin. Stone knives, food, ornaments made of multi-colored stones or teeth of wild animals are found nearby. The burial places were not marked in any way, and perhaps something was done, but cruel time destroyed and destroyed everything.

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## You are my miracle, nature!

Nature, which encouraged a poet to write a poem, an artist to paint a picture, a writer to write a work touching the ages, a composer to compose a strange melody, called me to pick up a pen.

No one can feel the real beauty of nature like a person in the village or, if not, in the mountains.

Let's feel the beautiful freshness of nature in winter.

Winter! Winter, longing for watching snow and rain in front of the window with hot coffee, writing a secret on a white page, where there is no one, remembering the heroes who played together, until the cold weather started. To feel the freshness of the new year, in a word, to get lost in the abyss of imagination.

...It's winter. Morning. The light mist that covers the blue face of the building shines like a mirror, the bitter cold poison of the unpleasant air reveals the snow, and the glass cuts the glass mercilessly. The deserted houses seem even more gloomy and strange.

Now, what about our spring?

Spring! The season of lovers, the season of lovers, the season of warm knots, the season of heart flutters. Try to embody the spring sky before your eyes...

The darkened sky begins to turn more and more blue. A friendly sun peeks through the clouds. Under its kind rays, last year's snow melts, spring drops begin. People are exchanging their winter wardrobes for easy clothes. Spring is a wonderful time of nature! It is filled with revival and life. At this time, nature begins to come alive: the white cap on the top of the mountain begins to melt due to the golden rays of the sun, the chirping of birds, the rustling of grasses, the sound of flowers hitting the hard ground, the gurgling of water in streams, the appearance of bumps on tree branches, the birth of buds, sometimes hot, sometimes unpleasantly cold weather, sometimes soft, sometimes rainy moments...

Spring is an indescribable season!

Dusty streets filled with children's cries are the first image of summer.

Summer is the season that gives us "nashvati" like children. When we relive the hot summer days in our imaginations, a village boy bathing in muddy water, uncles selling melons and watermelons along the road, grandfathers looking for shade after lunch, mothers sprinkling water around their heads and bunches of basil, my plants Grandmothers who are worried about not getting thirsty, are dying one by one. Summer is the period when the preparation of cans for the winter is in full swing.

Childhood, summer, playing catch in the corn cob. Small insects touching our cheeks, sleepless nights, summer.

The reason for the rebirth of national games and the season that brings children together...

We have come to the season of grief and separation! You say that autumn did not see what destinies and accusations! With the beginning of the autumn season, nature takes on a quiet and gloomy look. The tinders, which are falling from the

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branches of the tree and sinking into the bosom of the mother earth, are the children of yesterday's spring, and they are looking for the blue. Today, his life is over and he is joining the soil...

At times like these, there is a special feeling of wandering through the avenues in the autumn-breathed gardens and diving into the abyss of imagination!

We cannot count the wonders of nature. Just look at the cycle of day and night and the sun rising in the east and setting in the west..!

Nilufar Rukhillayeva is a first-year student of the Faculty of Foreign Philology of the National University of Uzbekistan named after Mirzo Ulugbek.

Her creative works have been published in America, Great Britain, Moldova, Germany, India, Russia, Turkey, Iraq, Pakistan and many other countries.

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## The story of Shukur Kholmirzayev

### "HORSE OWNER".

Shukur Kholmirzayev's works contain not only the image of nature but also stories that reveal the politics of the system of his time. One such story is "Horse Owner". The hero of this work, Inod, is faced with severe trials by fate. Inod is an ordinary teacher living in a remote village. He doesn't have many valuable things in his life. That is, a few. Inod knows three things throughout his whole existence: the village of Serdaraxt, the only school in the village, and the black horse. They make up the entire life of the inode. His family: his wife and two children will be burned. After that, depression takes over Inod's psyche. His whole being is tired. He gets cold from both the village and the school, where his life is meaningful. Then the black man rode his horse to the mountain. Even in the worst situation, he does not leave his horse. Plays with him. Being alone with nature has a good effect on him. It starts to come back to normal. His love for his village and school will be revived. In this passage, we see how well nature affects and calms the human psyche. No matter how strong he is mentally and physically, grief begins to crush him, and he loses heart even from his village school. Out of helplessness, he rides a horse and goes to the mountains. The lands where the shepherds fought and fought he sees passes under the emerald snow-capped peaks, sleeps in the green meadows, and without realizing it, his spirits rise, his pain subsides, and he returns to the village. After that, it becomes a habit for him to go for a walk in the forest on his days off from school. Months later, the wound in the young man's heart seems to have healed. His love for his village and school is rekindled. He feels like he's back to his old self." Inod is embodied in the story as a person who knows his job and is very restrained, kind, and open-hearted. Although he is a brown-haired man, all the children at school like him. Because in his spare time, he teaches children to ride horses and other useful things. He lived peacefully without any harm to anyone. But Egamberdi's interest in her horse changes the situation. His greed, and his restlessness until he gets this horse, are embodied as an expression of the Soviet regime at that time. At the time this story was written (1971), it was very dangerous to say anything against the government. For this reason, Shukur Kholmirzayev blames the injustices of that system on the image of Egamberdi. This character is very greedy and will not give up until he gets what he wants. For his benefit, he takes the cow of an ordinary teacher, but even this cannot quench his passion for the horse. After realizing this, he makes strict demands on Inod. At this point, Inod appears as a man who stands firm in his words, a son who fights not to give away the only relic left by his father. He shoots the horse. He buried this beloved horse next to the graves of his brothers. And that depression starts again in his heart. Over time, he understands Egamberdi's game. But at that time, the feeling of living again was awakened in Inod's heart. Such is the son of man. When my hopes are gone, when everything is over, the hope of living again with God's grace is awakened. He begins to live again. It's like a natural phenomenon. That is, just like spring comes when nature thinks it's all over after a harsh winter...

©Raisov Shamsiddin

Raisov Shamsiddin was born in 1998 in the city of Termiz, Surkhandarya region. He is currently studying as a master's student in the field of Management of Educational Institutions at Termiz State University.

He has been actively participating in many competitions, events, and meetings organized at the university level.



## When does a nation develop?



"Each nation will not enter the path of progress and use culture it has reformed and increased writing in a modern way"

Mahmudhoja Behbudi

The desire of one person is insufficient for the development of the nation as a whole. It becomes easier to achieve a prosperous life only when the whole society, young and old, old and young, scientist and poet, farmer and farmer, works together and unites on this path with strong passion. The development of the nation not only ensures a happy way of life of the people, but also causes a good name for the past and the future. What can rapidly develop a nation? When is a nation considered prosperous? How can people's lives be changed for the better?

These words of Behbudi can be a clear answer to all the above questions: "There are several reasons for the development of nations, the root cause of which is the enthusiasm and zeal of scholars and religious leaders. If you pay attention to the situation of nations that have developed or are now developing, it will be immediately apparent that these two classes of honorable people have served their nations with words and deeds." In fact, the fact that scientists and fuzalo give education to everyone and enforce it, rich people spend money in this way, and financially support the students, will increase the pace of development. At the same time, the value of schools, libraries and reading rooms, which are centers of knowledge, must be important for a nation on the threshold of development. As a proof, we can recall the following words of Mahbudhoja: "the letter is the beginning of progress, the gate of culture and happiness."

Also, the whole nation should strive for knowledge, act as one body and soul, everyone should work perfectly in their profession, come out of their shell and keep up with the times, strive for new things, and everyone should have a strong desire. increases the level of development. The whole society should fight together for the right, because "the right is taken, not given."

In addition, it is necessary to study the experience of developed countries, study secular sciences along with religious education. Creating a wider opportunity to study space, robotics, medicine, architecture, journalism and other similar fields will help us reach our destination. In the words of Behbudi, "Today, if the reform of the school-madrassa, that is, if the reform of the nation is not included, the religion will fail in a hundred years, and the responsibility for its answer will remain with today, in order to get rid of this responsibility. it is necessary to promote the nation to study religious and secular sciences. The place of religious knowledge and science is school and madrasah.

Regardless of the profession, everyone's continuous self-improvement is considered a helper in the path of development, that is, "...our school, shop, enterprise, madrasa and everything else should be improved in a timely manner. By Allah, everything will be lost, we will have nothing to do but to work. It is necessary to know that the knowledge of using a piece of equipment, a shop and a palace is modern and contemporary," Behbudi says in the article "Ehtiyoji Millat".

Another important factor is to avoid some traditions and superstitions that have been formed over the years. Using money and time spent on weddings, luxury, rites and gatherings for the sake of science will bring great benefits to the whole society. Can anyone

stop the development of a nation united for the sake of knowledge, not for soup in the teahouse, but in the abodes of enlightenment?

In particular, the contribution of parents to the development of the nation is high. Behbudi said in his address to the youth: "All the nations of the earth attach importance to the primary education of their children and the discipline and perfection of schools in all aspects, and raise their children perfectly in the national and religious spirit. This is because foreign nations have religious and national sentiments and put religion and nationality first in everything. And when the need arises, they are ready to sacrifice their lives on this road."

Therefore, only when the entire nation unites in the path of knowledge and education progresses, the nation can reach the highest peak. An illiterate, uneducated nation will always remain dependent on someone. After all, as Bukhari said: "There is no salvation except knowledge and it cannot be."

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## Olimova Zarina Ahadovna



Olimova Zarina Ahadovna was born on April 26, 1984 in the village of Buzrugon, Zandane, Peshko District, Bukhara Region, in a family of intellectuals.

In 1991-2002, she studied at the 24th special boarding school for blind children in Bukhara, and in 2002-2006 at the Uzbek Philology Faculty of Samarkand State University named after Alisher Navoi. In 2006-2008, Navoi completed a master's degree in "Uzbek language specialization" at the Navoi State Pedagogical Institute.

In 2007-2014, the Blind Society of Uzbekistan was a member of the local organization of Bukhara city.

In 2008-2009, she worked on a public basis as the chairman of the cultural-educational, youth and women's council of the Blind Society of Uzbekistan in the administration of Bukhara region.

In 2009-2014, she taught native language, literature, and stage speech to students at Peshko Agriculture and Bukhara City cultural Vocational College.

In 2010, she was admitted to the department of Uzbek philology at Bukhara State University as an independent researcher.

On 02.01.2011, she was accepted as an intern-researcher-researcher at the department of Uzbek philology of this educational institution. Doctor of Philology, Professor Shoira Ne'matovna Akhmedova, conducted scientific research on the candidate's thesis on "Literary and aesthetic views of Hamil Yakubov". In the same year, she participated in the competition of essays and essays held by the Onkia organization of Japan among blind people of Asia with an essay called "The role of blind people in the future of society". He has published more than thirty scientific and journalistic articles, theses and essays. Four of them were published in the press of Azerbaijan, Turkey, Egypt and published on the official website of Japan.

In 2011-2014, she was a member of the Bukhara city branch of the "National Revival" social democratic party.

In 2008-20123, she worked as a responsible secretary in the "Nurafshon Tong" magazine, which is a newsletter of the Bukhara regional administration of the Blind Society of Uzbekistan.

From April 1, 2014 to November 10, 2014, the Bukhara region branch of the Blind Society of Uzbekistan held courses for members of the society who want to learn computers. Actively participated in competitions and cultural-educational events held by the Society of the Blind of Uzbekistan and many other organizations and won prizes. As a creator, she wrote poems, scientific and popular articles in the newspapers "Qarakalpakstan Literature", "Qarakalpakstan Tong", "Hurriyat" and "Yangi Tong" of the Kyrgyz Republic, as well as poems in the pages of "Slavyanski Lira", "World of Turkish Poets" qAlmanac collection, Uzbekistan, Egypt, Azerbaijan International Journal and published articles and abstracts at conferences.

Since February 18, 2015, she has been working as a teacher of "Uzbek State Language" at the special boarding school for blind and visually impaired children No. 10 in Nukus. Olimova stands out from other employees in the institution due to her mobility at work, implementation of new projects and her unique approach to teaching processes. She established the cooperation of the Boarding School with the Writers' Union of Karakalpakstan. She always organizes creative meetings with poets and writers, organizes reading competitions among students, holds creative memory evenings. She works tirelessly on herself and never gets tired of searching.

Since 2017, she has been a member of the Nukus city branch of the social democratic party "xalq" of the Republic of Karakalpakstan.

15.04. In 2017, she published the books titled "Thinklights of Thought", "The Coast of Emotions" in 2019, and "The Property of the Soul" in English in 2022 by the American publishing house Amazon.

On 25.05.2018, on 25.05.2019, she was awarded an Honorary Certificate by the Ministry of Public Education of the Republic of Karakalpakstan, and in 2019 by the Ministry of Public Education of Uzbekistan. Parliamentary Commission of the Public Fund for the Support of Non-Governmental Non-Commercial Organizations and Other Institutions of Civil Society under the Supreme Assembly of Uzbekistan: 26.07.2019 Transferred in accordance with Appendix 1 of Decision No. 27 According to the result of the 2nd competition, she was declared the winner Society of the Blind of Uzbekistan of Nukus city

division. Led the project called “encouraging people with physical disabilities (especially young people) to regularly read Uzbek, Karakalpak and world literature”, And in the conditions of the pandemic, Uzbek was among the active organizers of the “most active young reader” contest held online in the Telegram network on June 10, 2020, in cooperation with the Uzbek Nukus city unit, the Karakalpakstan Writers’ Union, and the Karakalpak Literature newspaper. June 1 – on the occasion of International Children’s Day “Give the world to children!” ACCORDING TO THE RESULTS OF THE COMPETITION held under the slogan. On the direction of political science Zarina Olimova won the 1st place for the “Sun and Book” Category and was awarded the 1st degree diploma of the Kazakhstan branch of the “World Talents” Association and was accepted as a member of this organization.

In addition, on 19.06.2020, 30.07.2020, the international online contest organized by the Union of Republican Politicians of Qoraqalpakstan in order to widely promote and audioize the work of Guliston Matyokubova, laureate of the international association “Iskustva naroda Mira”, honored cultural worker of Uzbekistan, national poetess of Qarakalpakstan, was held on the Telegram network “bouquet of creativity” public channel and “Literary friendship – eternal friendship! (bouquet of creativity) managed online through the public group. For this beneficial action during the pandemic: On 30.07.2020 She was officially admitted to the membership of the Union of “Central Asian Writers and Historians” (a non-governmental non-profit organization) and was awarded the medal “Turonian unity – Mykti Kalamger” by the board of this organization.

On 12.08.2020, on 25.08.2020, the Visually Impaired Society of Uzbekistan organized the “Vatan mening Nigohimda” competition organized by the Karakalpakstan branch on the territory of the Republic of Uzbekistan.

On 16.09.2020, at the awarding ceremony of the presentation of the results of the Immortal Jamal poet competition held in Samarkand region, Z. Olimova was officially awarded the “Amir Temur” commemorative badge of the “Amir Temur” International Charitable Foundation for the “Unity of Turon” of the “Central Asian Writers and Historians” Association and active actions in the cultural and educational sphere. Member of the Kyrgyz Poet-Writers creative fund organized under the Kyrgyz National Union of Writers. This creative foundation won the proud 2nd place in the Karakalpak region of the International Contest on the theme “Mother”.

On 09-02-2021, on the occasion of the 580th anniversary of Alisher Navoi, she won the 1st place among the participants of the Karakalpak region in the international competition organized by the Union of “Writers and Historians of Central Asia” and was awarded with a Diploma and Medal named after Alisher Navoi.

In November 2021, she was awarded the “Spiritual Sacrifice” State Award for her active activities in the International and Community. Since June 10, 2022, the Republic of Uzbekistan has been a member of the Leader Women’s Platform.

On December 3, 2023, she was awarded the State Award “Excellence of the People” for her book published in America and for his active participation in the Cairo University conference in Egypt.

In January 2023, she was admitted to the membership of the “International Association of Turanian Writers” organized under the “Turan Academy of Sciences”. She was admitted to the membership of the “Qosh qanot” creative fund of Kazakhstan and was awarded the “For International Services” medal. In February, her poems were published in the newspaper “Yangi Jalalabad” of the Kyrgyz Republic. Her poems were also included in the anthology of Uzbek artists published in Great Britain.

In February 2023, Germany was admitted to the membership of the Academy of “Literature, Culture and Communication” and was awarded a diploma for international services by this academy. Academician of the German Academy of Arts and Communication. Kazakhstan is a member of the “Ethno-Cultural Union of Uzbeks”. She is married and has one child.

Nilufar Ruxillayeva

## INTRODUCTION TO UZBEK LITERATURE

I thought: what is happening to our society, even if that's what I thought, is the amazing death of literature... Doesn't this whole situation drive a person crazy?

According to statistics, in recent years in foreign countries, interest in the work of Navoi and the life path of Babur has been growing, but what about us ... A sad situation: if we continue in the same spirit, who will we be in ten to twenty years? ?

(When they say "Uzbek", don't they ask "Who are they?" ... Imagine if our future children don't know who Navoi is, if they don't know Beruni, if they don't study Babur, will they appreciate the Motherland?!

Who will raise the nation, who will we trust in the future...Let's get acquainted with Abdullah Avloni, Mahmudhoja Behbudi, Hamza Hakimzade Niazi... If you are interested in history through this.

Is it possible that not a single Uzbek now reads Otkan Kunlar, does not know Otabek, does not live the life of Zainab, does not wake up at night with thoughts of Kumush. If he doesn't live in "Kecha and Kunduz", if he doesn't continue this work in his imagination, if he doesn't improve Zebi's life in his mind..... It's a pity, a thousand regrets...

What I want to say is that A. Navoi, Z. M. Babur are not obliged to commemorate only on their birthdays. So let's remember them more... Let's appreciate our historical wealth, our culture, my dear friends!

Author: Gulnur Roziboeva,

Jizzakh State Pedagogical University 1st year student.

## We are the creators of the future!

We know that the 21st century is an era of intellectual development. The uplifting force of this development is young people, that is, people with high intelligence. Of course, today there is a great responsibility towards the creators of the future. After all, according to President Shavkat Mirziyoyev, "In order for our youth to become independent thinkers, have high intellectual and spiritual potential, become people who are not inferior to their peers in any field on a global scale, our state and society should be happy. We will mobilize all the possibilities of strength", his words serve as a program for us. Being among such young people, I am proud to see the development of our country day and night. In my opinion, it is natural for every person who considers himself a child of the new Uzbekistan to have a question at this moment: how did I contribute to the development of my country?! Whatever I do, even if it's a little, will benefit my people?! In order to find answers to such questions, I took a pen in my hand and began to write down my goals on a white paper.

First of all, as they say, "A job without a plan is a brick without a mold", a person should make his plans so that all the good deeds he thinks about from early in the morning will be good. And the plans become more and more great goals. And I strive for not daily, but annual prospective goals. I want these targeted plans to serve not only me, but also the development of my country.

Secondly, no country can rise without sports and science. These two concepts will always accompany me. Of course, sport is a guarantee of health. Every young generation who plays sports follows a healthy lifestyle. Only healthy and strong youth can protect the country. As our elders say, "If there is knowledge, there will be greatness", even a young person like me in the ranks of the youth of Uzbekistan will mobilize all my energy to acquire knowledge.

Thirdly, it is the effective use of the doors of opportunity created for young people and, most importantly, the supreme gift of time. "If you love life, don't waste time, because time creates life," said one of the philosophers. Today, the lives and work of famous people who have achieved great success in their field show that one of the main keys to their success is their ability to allocate time correctly. If time is spent in vain during the youth years, the opportunity to gain knowledge is also lost. Our today will become history tomorrow. The services and happy deeds of each person for their people will be forever imprinted in the history. Therefore, we, the creators of the future, appreciate our time, which is more valuable than gold, and achieve high goals!

It should be said that young people who are in tune with the times are leading in every field today. Of course, it is impossible to count the opportunities created for us today. I would like to put forward a proposal to hold the traditional republican competition "Sprouts of Future" in order to pay attention to young people capable of achieving greater goals and in order to support young people in every way. Because, you say, there are many different auditions. However, unlike them, this competition is organized among young people who have achieved more or less success in the field of science and education, literature and sports and have limited opportunities to show their talent. Because they, like you and us, are the bright future generations of Uzbekistan!

In conclusion, it should be said that we, the youth, are the hope of a great country. If we don't waste time and fulfill the huge task in front of us wholeheartedly, no crowd, no foreign ideas can stand in our way. Everything is in our hands. After all, as our President said, "We have set ourselves the great goal of establishing the foundation of the Third Renaissance in our country, for this we need to educate new Khorezms, Berunis, Ibn Sinas, Ulugbeks, Navoi and Babur!" We are the worthy successors of such ancestors and will be the mirror of the future of New Uzbekistan!



# RAVEN CAGE ZINE

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"Initiative reformer" badge holder;  
laureate of the international contest "Russian Talents";  
Author of about 100 publicist and about 30 scientific articles;  
Author of the poetry collection "My dreams are more than you, stars";  
Winner of the "International Womana Award - 2023" award;  
His articles were published in the prestigious magazines of Turkey, Thailand, Spain, USA, India, Germany, Belarus;  
His works were published in anthologies in the USA, Moldova, Germany;  
His work was published in the international anthology "Talented voices of Uzbekistan" published on the US Amazon website and sold in 26 countries of the world;  
His work was published in the "Hilol" collection, which includes the work of talented young people across the country;  
Member and Ambassador of "Iqra" International Foundation;  
Participant of IV and V Nobel Fest;  
"Student of the Year-2022" laureate of the institute stage;  
Member of the International Council of World Technical Development;  
A graduate of the online course of the US Institute of Peace;  
Participant of "International Scientific Forum-2022";  
Great Britain, International Internship University has an international certificate.





## SPIRITUAL HERITAGE OF ABDULLA QADIRI

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Abstract. In the article, the creativity of Abdulla Qadiri, one of the factors that raise the morale of the reader in the work "The Past Days" was devoted to the analysis of the pictures aimed at developing reading

The author also noted that the role of reading literary works in instilling the love of literature and national and universal values in the minds of the young generation is incomparable

Key words: Spirituality, reading, reading, creativity, healthy environment

Literature is an endless ocean, it knows no boundaries. Along with many great personalities, small amateurs also create in it. Only some of the creators make a radical change in literature, update it. One of such geniuses is undoubtedly Abdulla Qadiri. With his works, he contributed to the spiritual development of the peoples of not only Uzbekistan, but also Turkestan. Honor, honesty and truthfulness are one of the main principles of the life of Abdulla Qadiri, because the talent gifted by nature combined with true Uzbek hard work, his pen created works that will not become obsolete for centuries. His works are of special importance in the formation of the spiritual world of every student. The characters of Otabek, Kumush, Yusufbek Haji, Mirzakarim Kutidor created by him strengthen the feeling of appreciation of positive qualities in people. Although the author states with his own language that "the power of the pen is weak for the image...", the goodness expressed in the words in the process of reading the work cleanses the human soul. The example of Kumush's parents shows a truly healthy family atmosphere typical of the Uzbek nation, which is rarely found in works. Mirzakarim answers to the suitors who came from Otabek: "I would consider myself one of the luckiest fathers if I could have the honor of making a boy like Otabek, but everything is up to me." There is also a woman who is not in lim, but in the meantime she is breastfed... the box worker's wife advises the mother of the sun. Look how beautiful the environment is in this family. This one word, said by Kutidar, shows mutual solidarity and respect in the family. Every father who reads the work reflects, maybe some of them take an example, and the mother who reads the work appreciates the author's understanding and image skills. Why is this work so popular?

"Abdullah Qadiri's works raise the morale of the student," we say. The content of meaning and the range of expressive language of the work "O'tkan kunlar" created by him is extremely wide. While reading this work, the writer as an intelligent person motivates the students to read the book. The reader who first read Fuzuli's words from the Otabek language, "You should read Fuzuli carefully", in addition to Kumush's "Fuzuli is a good book, I couldn't take my head off this book when I was alone..." not knowing what kind of artist he is or the "taste" of his poems it is possible, but it is clear that there will be interest in Fuzuli and his work. For some readers, it is a reason to get acquainted with Fuzuli's work. In the work, it is stated that Otabek was busy reading not only Fuzuli, but also such a magnificent work as "Baburnoma": "...Hasanali got dressed from his room and went to Otabek. Otabek was busy with the fabric "Boburnoma

What aspects of Fuzuli's book and "Boburnoma" fascinated Otabek. Adib wanted to show that his hero has matured to the level of "a young man worthy of a Khan's daughter" by reading books and receiving spiritual nourishment from them. In a certain sense, the writer promoted book reading among the people. He skillfully describes how interesting and enjoyable the process of reading a book is, during which the reader forgets his sufferings and life's worries for a moment: "After the evening prayer, Otabek is in the mood to get rid of his marital worries, he sits by the oil pan and takes Fuzuli Divan in his hand. For some reason, he had "a feeling of depression for some tragedy." When a person is in pain, he tries to do some things involuntarily, not willingly. He also devoted himself to the reading of Fuzuli seriously," he said, noting that reading the book not only gives a person spiritual nourishment, but also helps to forget life's worries and depression for a while.

One of the main factors that extended the life of "Days of the past" as a work of art, and gained value in the eyes of current fans, is the presence of artistic visual tools that encourage the reader to think and observe, as well as encourage his people to read the book. it is no exaggeration to say that there are exhorting and promoting aspects

List of used literature

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# PROSPECTS FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF PEOPLE'S CREATIVITY

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## ANNOTATION

Uzbek folk art has a centuries-old history. Many types of art appeared during the improvement and polishing of folk art. The formation of these art forms gave birth to folklore. Folk creativity has formed artistic examples that have their place in many types of art. That is, from the examples of folk creativity, professional musicians and singers, folk games, amateur, folk visual and practical decorative arts, oral and written examples of traditional culture appeared. These art examples continue to be passed down from generation to generation, from teacher to student in our nation.

Key words: samples of folk art, professionalism, written sources, oral sources, local styles, amateur activities.

## INTRODUCTION

Folk art is the artistic, creative-practical and amateur activities of the people; folk oral art of traditional material and non-material culture, folk music, folk theater, folk games, puppetry, gallows and wooden leg games, folk fine and practical decorative arts and types of creativity such as technical and artistic hobby. The types of folk art, the creation and creative process of which is the participation of many people, are formed in accordance with the people's lifestyle, living conditions, level of social work, passed from generation to generation, from teacher to student, constantly perfected, polished, becoming more and more traditional, and finally , which has the characteristics of professionalism, has come down to us in live performance conditions and everyday practice. Also, a number of ancient examples of folk creativity have been preserved in written sources, works of historians and writers, on rocks, such as paintings of Sarmishsay, Zarautsay, in archeological and architectural monuments, and in household items. People's lifestyle, social and household life, work activities, views on nature and society, beliefs and religious ideas, feelings towards man and the world, artistic world, level of knowledge, thoughts about a happy and just time are reflected in the examples of folk art. has found its expression. Folk art has been developed since ancient times. With the development of society and the increasing division of labor, the specialization of some talented individuals in the genres of folk art has increased. In this way, bakhshis, clowns, entertainers, puppeteers, dancers, mashaks, painters, potters, carvers, embroiderers, etc. art has come to the fore.

## RESULTS.

Folk art plays an important role in the emergence and development of professional art. In turn, professional art also affects the development of folk art and enriches it. The need to preserve and develop examples of folk art in society, to restore lost ones, arose from the desire to satisfy one's aesthetic requirements, to live well and to perfect one's life.

Today, great opportunities and conditions have been created for the preservation and development of folk art. This is confirmed by the functioning of state-wide museums and reserves, the scientific study and publication of examples of folk art, the existence of many folklore ethnographic ensembles, and the implementation of activities aimed at improving artistic amateurism. With the formation of folk art folklore, human speech, ancient types and genres of folk art began to appear in a mixed form. These syncretic creations, which include various forms of human artistic thinking, are tightly connected with all aspects of primitive human life and activity, and reflect the religious beliefs and mythological views of ancient people, basic scientific knowledge, knowledge of nature and society. reflected his imagination. However, such examples of ancient folklore have not reached us, but their traces and some parts were recorded in various regional imaginations and views related to the people's living and lifestyle, in the composition of folk traditions, customs, ceremonies, holidays, in some written sources, in later periods. preserved only as remnants in folklore works. As a result of the emergence of writing, a literature historically related to folk art also appeared. The connection of the artistic text with certain creative activities, the

strengthening of writing as a specific creative activity is the main feature of literature and is a unique turning point in the development of human artistic thinking. Despite the fact that literature received all aesthetic concepts and artistic forms from folklore during its development, it continued to develop independently based on its own artistic laws. As an independent type of speech art, folklore lived side by side with it. Because the general aesthetic demand and need of human society for many years has been firmly connected not only with literature, but also with folklore. The independent development of these 2 types of speech art, the difference in the social environment in which literature and folklore works were created, and the diversity of the creative process strengthened their special features. As a result, literature and folklore continued to develop as two independent types of speech art, oral and written, with their own specific aesthetic system, composition of genres, and artistic features.

The orality of the creative and performance process and the participation of many people in it is the main feature of folk art. Many of its characteristics include traditionality, variability, variation, publicness, and anonymity.

It appears within this main feature of the creative process typical of folklore. Folklore examples are created orally and take a wide place in oral cults and public repertoire in the connection of ancestors and descendants, in which the stability of artistic forms, the determination of common places passing from text to text, the appearance of similar mobile plots pligi creates an opportunity. With each creator and performance, something in the traditional work changes, something is interpreted differently from the previous one, something is added or omitted. Such variability depends on the social environment, household conditions, the demand of listeners and the performance potential. But any change, re-creation during performance takes place within the framework of elaborate traditions that have been ancient for centuries. So, badihagoy within the framework of a living oral tradition leads to the spread of folklore works in many variants.

## DISCUSSION.

Folk music samples based on certain artistic traditions and patterns change in different times and conditions, depending on the composition of listeners or performers, time of performance, place and environment. Therefore, there will be several variants of each musical folklore sample. Regional, national and local styles are distinguished in folk music, for example, Bukhara-Samarkand music style, Surkhandarya-Kashkadarya music style, etc. in Uzbek folk music.

Examples of musical folklore in terms of artistic content are epic - terma, musical fairy tales, hymns, short stories, folk songs, dramatic - musical spectacles, etc. are divided into songs, work songs and other types. Samples of folk music live as a product of folk artistic consciousness and are performed individually by an amateur singer, musician, as well as in an ensemble or collective. Folk music is the basis of the national musical style, the creativity of composers and composers, an important source of popular music. Musical folklore, in turn, develops in close interaction with professional music art. In the present era, there are ancient and modified samples of folk music, as well as new ones based on them.

## CONCLUSION.

In order to preserve the folklore genre, which is considered a form of folk art in Uzbekistan, and to widely promote it among young people, in our society, among our people, to develop and promote various directions of folk art in our country, to organize various events in the field of folk art. The Scientific and Methodological Center of the Republic of Folk Art and Cultural Enlightenment works with the organization of competitions, festivals and public holidays. Among them, there are regular republican competitions of folkloric ethnographic groups, amateurs and amateurs, performers of wedding songs, national gatekeepers, traditional circus arts, and republican competitions of amateur puppet theaters. rik festivals, Boysun spring international open folklore festival and others are held.

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THANKS FOR READING.

RAVEN  
CAGE

