

RAVEN CAGE

99

Poetry and Prose Ezine

REBORN

Credits



RAVEN CAGE ISSUE 99 POETRY AND PROSE EZINE

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Submissions guidelines:

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

No blatant racism or sexism.

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

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

Book promotions and Biographies welcome

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Editorial

Submission Guidelines

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Things that don't belong there:

Poems
Biographies
Stories.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Congratulations Renee Drummond Brown



INTERNATIONAL POETIC EXCELLENCE AWARD "SERGIO CAMELLINI" MODENA - ITALY

By Regina Resta

November 22, 2025, in Modena, Italy, marked the beginning of an extraordinary event: the Ceremony of the First Edition of the International Award Sergio Camellini.

The Poetic Excellence Award "Sergio Camellini" was established by the association VerbumlandiArtAps, founded by President Regina Resta and Dr. Marcella Camellini, member of the Scientific Committee.

The President of the Jury, Dr. Hafez Haidar—Knight of the Italian Republic, writer, and Arab translator of Lebanese origin naturalized Italian, as well as a candidate for the Nobel Prize for Peace and Literature—together with the other jury members, honored the winners of this important competition, approved by the Senate of the Italian Republic.

During this event, the "Excellence Award in Promotion and Culture" was also presented to Angela Kosta—translator, international promoter, and Ambassador of Cultural Peace in several cultural associations. Although she could not attend the event in person, as on November 22 she was at the Town Hall of Vetralla, where she was honored with the "Oscar Wilde" Award as an International Cultural Promoter. She was also recognized for her book: 'Il Potere Dell'Apocalisse' – The Power of the Apocalypse.

The Award Ceremony of the International Poetry Excellence Prize "Sergio Camellini" took place in the Aula Magna – Ducal Palace of the Military Academy (Modena) at around 3:00 PM.

After a musical prelude and the official greetings, which began with the video "The Life of Dr. Sergio Camellini" and the speech by the Honorary President of the Award, Marcella Camellini, followed by the addresses of Dr. Regina Resta, Senator Vincenza Rando, and representatives of the attending municipalities, the awards ceremony continued with the presentation of Honorary Plaques and Medals for Excellence in Career and Culture to the following distinguished personalities:

SEN. VINCENZA RANDO – Lawyer, Senator of the Republic, 19th Legislature;

Anna Maria Lombardi – Knight of the OMRI, philosopher, psychologist, psychotherapist, author, and poet.

ANGELA KOSTA – Poet, translator, editor, journalist, and literary critic;

ANNA GIADA ALTOMARE – Publishing entrepreneur / founder & CEO of Another Coffee Stories;

Cinzia Baldazzi – Literary critic, writer, and cultural journalist;

Davide Foschi – Contemporary painter, visual artist, and poet;

Domenico Pisana – Writer, poet, and theology scholar;

DONATELLA RAMPADO – Manager, trainer, and marketing & communication consultant;

Francesco Lenoci – Professor at the Catholic University of the Sacred Heart in Milan;

GIANNI CASALE – Lawyer, writer;

GIUSEPPE ALETTI – Poet, publisher, and literature professor.

LORENZO SPURIO – Poet, writer, and literary critic;

Luciano Manfredi – Poet, writer;

LUIGI BULLA – President of the Cultural Center for poetic/publishing activities;

Marina Pratici – Essayist, poet, literary critic, founder and president of prestigious literary awards;

MICHELE MIANO – Editor and co-editor (Publisher at Guido Miano);

NICOLA PAONE – Writer, cultural promoter;

NINA MISCELLI – Writer, cultural promoter, and literary prize organizer;

WALTER ZULIANI – Doctor and trainer;

RITA CORUZZI – Journalist and writer of historical novels.

Rodolfo Vettorello – Architect, poet, and reciter;

SIMONA CASTIGLIONI – Chief radiotherapist;

SONIA DEMURTAS – Curator/artistic editor and cultural promoter.

DUET "CLAUDIO & DIANA" – La Posteggia Napoletana – Artists.

Then, the winners from various literary sections were awarded prizes in their respective categories.

The first prize for foreign authors was awarded to the well-known Albanian poet, literary critic, playwright, and journalist Arben Iliazi for his poem: ESCAPE.

With deep gratitude, I wish to express my sincere thanks to all those who contributed to the full success of the First Edition of the International Excellence Award "Sergio Camellini."

This award, established to honor the memory and human and professional legacy of the late Sergio Camellini, this year succeeded in bringing together around the values of culture, ethics, and artistic quality an attentive audience and a lively, engaged community.

Your presence and support transformed this day into a grand and meaningful moment, which renewed the commitment to spreading the beauty of art and literature, research, study, and thought.

I wish to express a special thanks to:

- The members of the Jury, for their expertise, critical sensitivity, and the time dedicated to evaluating the works;
- The authorities present, who with their participation gave prestige and institutional value to the award;
- The participants and winners, who with their talent enriched the Award with new perspectives, emotions, and visions of our present;
- The guests and attendees in the hall, for their attention, enthusiasm, and respect that made this event a moment of true fellowship;
- The collaborators, volunteers, and cultural partners, for their valuable and impeccable work, without whom nothing would have been possible today.

A special thanks also goes to the Camellini family, who supported and accompanied this project with great generosity and a deep sense of emotional and cultural continuity.

The "Sergio Camellini" Award will grow every year thanks to each one of you.

Expressing again my gratitude, I hope that the enthusiasm and energy shared in this edition will guide us toward new achievements, always in the name of culture, inclusion, and human values.

With respect and warmth,

Dr. Regina Resta

President of VerbumlandiArtAps Association



TWO ALBANIANS HONORED WITH THE PRESTIGIOUS INTERNATIONAL "OSCAR WILDE" AWARD BY THE EUROPEAN UNION

On November 22, 2025, at 3:30 PM, on the occasion of the 125th anniversary of the death of the Irish writer, playwright, journalist, essayist, and literary critic of the Victorian era, Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde (Dublin, October 16, 1854 – Paris, November 30, 1900), the 2025 Edition of the International "Oscar Wilde" Award took place at the Town Hall of Vetralla (Viterbo). During this event, prestigious awards were presented to prominent figures from various fields of literature, art, culture, science, technology, and more.

The INTERNATIONAL "OSCAR WILDE" LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD was also given to two well-known Albanian figures: the renowned journalist and President of the Union of Journalists in Albania, Aleksandër Çipa, and translator, publisher, and international cultural promoter Angela Kosta, who was honored with this prestigious award for her poetry collection "Il Potere Dell'Apocalisse – The Power of the Apocalypse", published in 2024 and 2025 by Kubera Book Publishing House (Rome).

The event was supported by: the European Parliament – BRUSSELS, the European Union (LUXEMBOURG & BRUSSELS & ROME), the Italian Literary Critics Association, the European Youth Association, the European Institute, Fondazioni T.A.U., Spoleto Art Festival International, Fondazioni A.U.G.E., among others.

Alongside the two Albanian winners, other notable laureates were also present, such as Hungarian Countess Erika Emma Fodre, an internationally influential figure and close friend of writer László Krasznahorkai, candidate for the 2025 Nobel Prize in Literature. Another prominent name was Gaetano Gennai, a renowned director, actor, and communicator, currently Director of Communications for the Tuscany Region and a trusted collaborator of recently re-elected President Eugenio Giani.

Among the winners, well-known journalists such as Filippo Golia (Rai), Matteo Cotellessa (Mediaset), and Lisa Bernardini (Odg Lazio and the Foreign Press Association in Italy) were honored, along with prominent names like photographer and director Massimiliano Salvioni, and artists such as Eugenia Serafini, Silvio Natali, Stefano De Majo, and Angelo Sagnelli.

The section dedicated to published literature, reserved exclusively for candidates selected by critics and publishers, showcased a broad and diverse panel of finalists and winners, each recognized for specific categories and merits. It is impossible to mention all the protagonists who were celebrated during a wonderful day spent among distinguished figures from the worlds of culture and art.

This year's edition confirmed the vitality and broad scope of this cultural project, which included competitions in poetry, prose, essays, and academic research.

As proof of its growing impact, the ceremony also included the Special Prizes of the magazine "La Fiera Letteraria 2025," founded in Milan, awarded to two key figures: Vice President Sabrina Morelli and Maria Concetta Borgese, President of the Prize Jury Committee.

The competition dedicated to unpublished literature, open to the public regardless of level, brought to light many established and emerging voices.

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In the poetry section, the First Prize was awarded to Floria Bufano and Silvia Gentile, while Dora Saporita and Anna Maria Ceccarelli were among the finalists. The jury also awarded a Special Prize to author Rita Scelfo.

In the category of free verse and creative writing, the First Prize went to Giuseppina Turiano, with Giovanna Gubbiotti, Adelaide Parolini, Giuliana Donzello, Gabriella Picerno and among the finalists.

A special recognition was also given to the author Umberto Giammaria.

The ceremony in Vetralla was not only an occasion to celebrate established talents and new promises, but also to highlight the richness of visual arts.

More than twenty visual artists took part in the international exhibition inspired by Wilde. The winners were awarded honorary plaques, diplomas, benefits provided by the Tau Foundation, Auge University, and the Menotti Art Festival Spoleto, along with valuable artistic gifts. Among these were works created by master Silvio Craia, dedicated to Oscar Wilde's famous green flower, as well as pieces signed by Eugenia Serafini, Giuliano Rossi, and Igor Borozan.

The success is undoubtedly attributed to the teamwork led by President Luca Filippioni, Sabrina Morelli, Maria Concetta Borgese, Sandro Costanzi (historian and art critic), Paola Biadetti (Director of Communication), as well as the solid partnerships with many organizations, such as the Auge University led by Rector Prof. Giuseppe Catapano, the Auge Academy, and the Tau Foundation of Umberto Giammaria.

The success is undoubtedly attributed to the teamwork led by President Luca Filippioni, Sabrina Morelli, Maria Concetta Borgese, Sandro Costanzi (historian and art critic), Paola Biadetti (Director of Communication), as well as the well-established partnerships with many organizations such as Auge University under Rector Prof. Giuseppe Catapano, the Auge Academy, and the Tau Foundation of Umberto Giammaria.

In his speech, Prof. Luca Filippioni said: "An edition of extraordinary success and significant changes; we are now working to soon put into service the International Study Center 'Oscar Wilde' to honor this great author and artist on the 125th anniversary of his death."

Originally born as a literary competition, this prize has gradually transformed into a broad cultural project: a journey aimed at creating a true International Study Center dedicated to Oscar Wilde, with headquarters and collaborations between the cities of Spoleto, Florence, and other European partnerships.

The 2025 edition was enriched with exhibitions, meetings, and an interdisciplinary dialogue among poetry, theater, art, and studies.

Ten finalists were selected from over thirty candidates in the academic-scientific section.

An important award outside the competition was also given to the Mayor of Vetralla, Sandrino Aquilani, who is also a poet and writer, for his ongoing commitment to cultural promotion and his activity in artistic and social outreach, capable of involving citizens, youth, and various cultural associations. His participation in the "Oscar Wilde" Prize highlights the value of figures who build culture and community every day.

"Hosting the International Oscar Wilde Prize is an important opportunity for Vetralla: a moment that values its historical and civic heritage and positions it within a network of international cultural initiatives. This event strengthens the image of a city that knows how to welcome, promote, and nurture contemporary culture," said Sandrino Aquilani in his speech.

At the end of the ceremony, those present exchanged warm greetings among themselves, giving the atmosphere a cozy feeling on that cold winter afternoon.

Prepared by: Angela Kosta



GRAND GALA, 2025 AUTHOR OF THE YEAR KUJTIM HAJDARI IN THE INTERNATIONAL IMPACT BOOK AWARDS - HOLLYWOOD

"THROUGH THE WAVES OF LIFE"

Is one of my collections of selected poems that reflect a deeply emotional and spiritual journey. My work explores themes of love, suffering, hope, and social justice, as well as broader social issues such as poverty, corruption, and the decline of cultural values. It vividly portrays life under political oppression and the resilience of the human spirit.

My poetry combines personal experiences with universal emotions, often drawing on Albania's rich cultural heritage, especially my region, and employs simple yet powerful language that sounds authentic and musical.

Throughout my verses, I also address the pain of separation, exile, loss, and societal struggles, yet I consistently maintain a sense of love, hope, optimism, and trust in a better future.

My poetry encourages reflection on both individual and collective struggles, giving voice to those who have endured hardship and longing. Critics and scholars recognize me as a genuine and powerful voice among poets, highlighting the musical quality of my poetry and its roots in folk traditions and modernist style.

My style combines romanticism, realism, and modernism, enhanced by metaphors and imagery that convey a heartfelt connection to my homeland, despite my long years of exile. My poems are known for their sincerity, social awareness, meaningfulness, and artistic depth, making "Through the Waves of Life" a significant contribution to modern Albanian and world literature.



Dr.Ratan Bhattacharjee's Twilight of Love : A Compelling Collection of Short Stories

Dr. Supriya Shukla

Book Title : Twilight of Love : (Silhouette,A Collection of 100 Short and Long Stories)

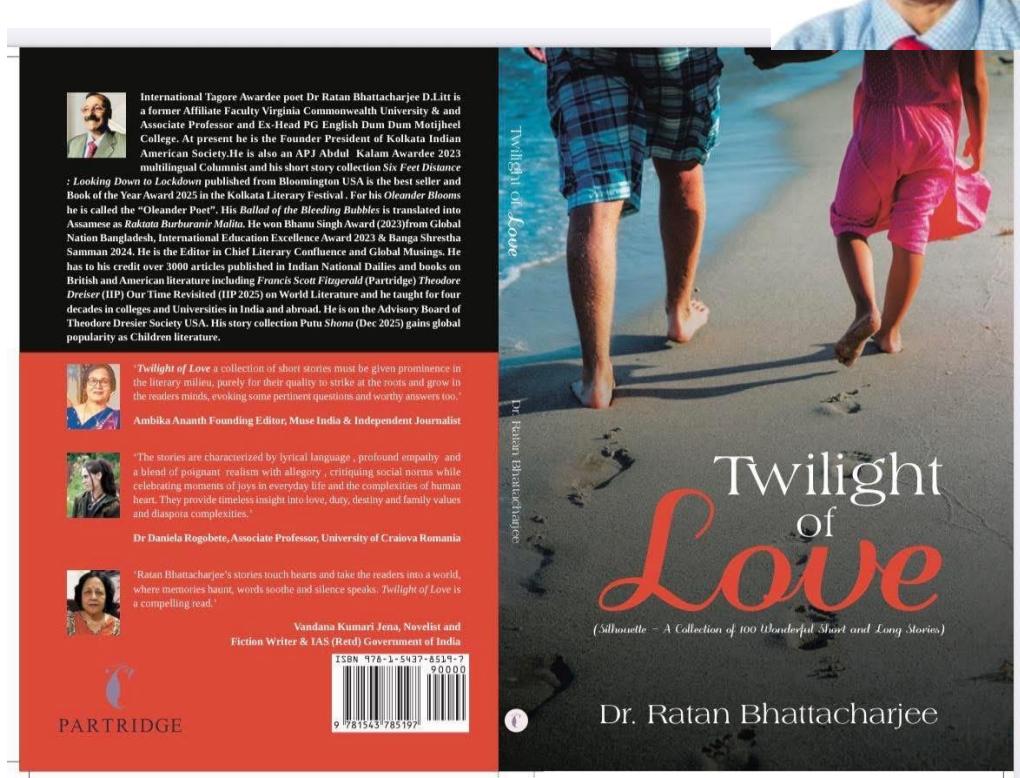
Writer : Dr.Ratan Bhattacharjee

Publisher " Partridge Publishing ,Singapore

Publishing year November 2025

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Page 566



Writing is subjective . When the writer pours out his heart through stories they are bound to be sensitive and heartwarming . Such is the anthology of stories written and compiled by Prof. Ratan Bhattacharjee . A poet , story writer , essayist , noted critic , he is adept in almost all genres in the corpus of literary writing . An academician of high repute , an awardee of prestigious titles , an internationally acclaimed prolific writer Prof. Ratan Bhattacharjee holds an eminent position in the galaxy of reputed literary luminaries . What is remarkable about his writings is the simplicity of style as well as the choice of subjects . Any piece of writing appeals to the readers when it is relatable for them and when they can associate with the topics chosen . He has the adroitness of weaving magic with simple topics like a leaf , the sky , a silhouette that project his sensitivity , empathy and encapsulate human values . These subtle , autobiographical stories are testimony to his in-depth knowledge , his reading and research .

The delineation of contemporary and relevant issues , social norms , ethics and integrity are empathetically dealt with under the garb of these lucid and unambiguous titles . The anthology promises to gain immense readability among lovers of literature. Faith in Divinity seems to be the ethos of his writings. A heart wrenching story, 'Miracles of Kailash' is reminiscent of the Kedarnath deluge of 2013 . The massive storm that spelt destruction everywhere engulfing the treacherous path to Mount Kailash and sweeping away hordes of pilgrims is realistic . An engrossing story 'Challenges

From 'The Prey' recounts a zoologist's faith in the Royal Bengal Tiger of Sunderbans. The protagonist, Deepak's urge to visit Sunderbans and confront

the tiger is not merely for thrill but his desire to study their life patterns. His conclusion that they are not man eaters reminding us of Jim Corbett's 'Man Eater of Kumayun'. 'Dreams and Realities' is an emotional story showcasing that for some the glitter of their dreams grows so binding that it makes them forget the quiet, unwavering duties they owe towards their near and dear ones. The aspirations of a scientist who embarks on his own journey to achieve his dreams, almost abandoning his wife and child ..." A man who chases stars may forget the warmth of home. But if he returns even once with light in his eyes and love in his heart, the journey is worth it."

Prof Bhattacharjee explores and gives detailed information about the historical site in 'The Mystery of Fatehpur Sikri'. However, the story takes an interesting turn with the disappearance of the guide. The intertwined plots of mystery with history is intriguing which also seems to strengthen the bonding of the couple on their honeymoon. Somewhat similar is the narrative on Shillong where the husband of the protagonist suddenly goes missing. A touching story Disguise shows how love is cherished more than material wealth. 'One Diwali Night' recounts how the bravery of villagers foiled a terrorist attack saving the lives of their brethren in a village, Bhavpur.

'The Bell Tolls For Them' is about justice delayed is not always justice denied. Truth has its own way of returning to claim what is right. The sufferings and trials of the protagonist Hari Mahato and his daughter bring to light the evils of the dowry system, alcohol abuse and how self and power can influence even the judicial system. The story resonates with the hope and belief that truth cannot remain eclipsed for long. Envy ruins friendship and camaraderie. Envy slips in like a silent crack, and before one realises, the strongest friendships crumble to dust. 'The Jealous Singer' is a story of how professional rivalry can lead one to take extreme steps. Two close friends who were gifted singers are separated just not through distance and boundaries but due to envy which keeps gnawing at the heart brewing hatred. However Arindam's forgiveness finds expression in the lines of his song "If Jealousy kills love/Let love forgive Jealousy...." Such stories of hate and forgiveness as the author opines, "will linger in every song that dreams of eternity."

When we give our children wings to chase brighter worlds, little do we know that their flight will leave our own skies unbearably lonely. The story 'Terribly Alone' reiterates this very sentiment. This vast sky of loneliness is silent, persistent and deep.

'Elusive Peace' traces the trajectory of Seema's stardom. Being selected by a director who spotted her as her eyes shone with innocence and fire, Seema steps into the Bollywood city, Mumbai. With dreams of being labelled as The New Star of Indian Cinema only to see her dreams crashing when she is abandoned by the man who selected her, has to fend for her living by doing menial jobs. However, lady luck comes to her rescue when a producer offers her a role in a small budget film which clicked with the audiences. Then there was no looking back for her....With fame and money by her side Simi, as she chose to be addressed was riding high but soon she became conscious of her loneliness. Seema realised that "Fame is noise, peace is music..."

Stardom dazzles with borrowed light, but behind its glittering façade lies a hollow quiet—fame may fill the world around you, yet it often deepens the loneliness within. 'The Brave Come Back' captures the dilemma of making a choice between science and literature. Being drilled with the idea that it is science that opens doors while literature was a "shadowed lane of uncertainty", Ananya unwillingly opted for science though her heart tugged at her literary leanings. Her dismay at not being successful in the first year of university proved to be a lesson for her as she decided to take up cudgels and get to like science. This approach helped her so much that she developed an acumen for science, wonder accolades for her research, worked as a scientist and finally resumed her literary writing as well.

'The Bridge of Faith' relates to contemporary issues of discord and disharmony when people of different faiths assert themselves. Dhansiri, where the bonhomie between Hindus and Muslims is shattered with the declaration that the mosque would be extended. Bitterness and hard feelings create a divide. The administration intervenes and imposes curfew to bring the violent situation under control. However, good sense prevailed and a school called The Bridge of Faith was built where children of both communities studied together. Communal harmony was reborn and restored as people realised their folly. The beautiful message the writer conveys is that peace cannot be found in temples or mosques but in hearts that are ready to forgive. Forgiveness is the quiet courage of letting go...freeing not just the other person but the heaviness in your heart.

Prof. Ratan Bhattacharjee's 'Twilight of Love' is a compelling collection of short stories that integrates ethical reflection, cultural plurality, and historical consciousness with remarkable finesse. The volume distinguishes itself not merely

through its thematic breadth but through the author's ability to situate narrative within a broader humanistic discourse. Each story operates at the intersection of lived experience and moral inquiry, inviting the reader to examine the subtle textures of compassion, coexistence, and cultural heritage.

At the core of *Twilight of Love* is a sustained engagement with human values. Rather than presenting virtues as abstract ideals, Prof. Bhattacharjee anchors them in concrete social contexts. Acts of empathy, integrity, and resilience emerge organically through the characters' dilemmas. For instance, ordinary individuals—teachers, vendors, homemakers, caretakers—navigate ethical crossroads that reveal the complexities of everyday morality. The strength of the collection lies in its avoidance of didacticism; ethical insight arises not from authorial assertion but from narrative implication. This allows the stories to function as quiet studies in human behaviour, demonstrating how small gestures of kindness or honesty can recalibrate fractured social environments.

A second, equally prominent dimension of *Twilight of Love* is its nuanced portrayal of communal harmony. Prof. Bhattacharjee resists homogenising narratives or sentimental simplifications. Instead, the stories foreground the everyday negotiations, shared histories, and interdependent relationships that form the basis of harmonious coexistence. In one particularly notable story, collaboration between custodians of two religious institutions becomes a metaphor for interfaith solidarity. Here, the author highlights how collective memory, mutual respect, and pragmatic cooperation can transcend ideological divides. The narrative strategy is subtle yet effective: harmony is neither idealised nor imposed, but shown as something cultivated through dialogue, empathy, and shared responsibility.

This wonderful collection of short and long stories of our time further distinguishes itself through its evocative engagement with historical and mythological sites. Several stories are set against locations that bear the imprint of time—ruins, heritage sites, riverside ghats, ancient shrines, and culturally layered neighbourhoods. Prof. Bhattacharjee employs these spaces not merely as settings but as epistemic anchors. They function as repositories of memory, enabling the stories to explore how the past informs contemporary identity and communal relations. The interplay between myth and history is especially noteworthy; mythological references are woven seamlessly into narrative, offering symbolic depth without disrupting realism. This formal integration enhances the interpretive richness of the collection, encouraging readers to reflect on the continuity between inherited cultural narratives and present-day social dynamics.

Stylistically, the prose in *Twilight of Love* reflects a clarity and measured elegance characteristic of academic sensibility. The narrative pace is deliberate, allowing thematic resonance to unfold gradually. Dialogue is economical yet purposeful, often serving as a vehicle for cultural or ethical insight. The structural coherence of each story, combined with recurring motifs of light, memory, and reconciliation, lends the collection a unifying aesthetic. From a scholarly perspective, *Twilight of Love* may be situated within contemporary Indian short fiction that foregrounds pluralism and ethical humanism. Its significance lies not only in its literary craftsmanship but in its capacity to reassert the relevance of compassion and cultural coexistence in an increasingly fragmented world. Bhattacharjee's work contributes meaningfully to discourse on social harmony and cultural preservation, illustrating how narrative art can function as an instrument of reflection and renewal. In conclusion, *Twilight of Love* is an intellectually engaging and culturally resonant collection. Through its exploration of human values, interpersonal relationships, communal concord, and the enduring imprint of historical and mythological spaces, the book offers fertile ground for academic discussion and broader public reflection. It stands as a testament to the power of fiction to illuminate the ethical and cultural contours of contemporary life.

About the Reviewer

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MAY THE LAW OF THE UNIVERSE AND HARMONY WITH THE WORLD BE REFLECTED IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SOUL

By: Yang, Geum-Hee (President of Jeju PEN Club)

It brings me great joy and heartfelt pleasure to celebrate the publication of the poetry collection *The Pearls of Love* by the esteemed poet Angela Kosta in Korea. I extend my warmest congratulations.



Angela Kosta has long devoted herself to international poetic exchange, guided by a deep love for humanity. With her vast global literary network, she has passionately supported the works of writers around the world. Especially as Vice President of the Korean Association of World Literature, she has played a significant role in introducing Korean writers to global audiences. Thanks to her dedication, Korean literature has been featured in prominent international media, helping to elevate its global stature. As the second President of the Korean World Literature Association, I express my sincere gratitude and respect for her noble spirit and unwavering commitment.

Angela Kosta was born in Elbasan, Albania, located in the western Balkans, and has lived in Italy since 1995. She is well-known internationally as the Executive Director of the literary magazine *MIRIADE*, a translator, essayist, journalist, literary critic, publisher, and poet. To date, she has published 28 books—including novels, poetry, and children's literature—in Albanian, Italian, English, Turkish, Arabic, and French, continuing her vigorous literary activity. Her literary works and translations have been featured in journals and newspapers across Europe, Asia, and Africa, and she actively collaborates with multinational media outlets.

She has contributed as a co-author to numerous international anthologies and has translated the works of over 170 writers between Albanian and Italian. Moreover, she has actively promoted over 600 poets and 85 artists in both domestic and international literary journals. She has also translated the poetry collections of eight poets from Albania and Kosovo, and has rendered into multiple languages the works of many renowned classical and aristocratic Italian poets.

She serves not only as Vice President of the Korean Association of World Literature but also as Vice President of a humanist organization and as a cultural and peace ambassador for nonprofit organizations in Bangladesh, Poland, Morocco, Canada, Algeria, Egypt, Mexico, Romania, India, Yemen, and other countries. As a Korean reader, I am truly delighted to see her poetry published in Korea.

Albania and the Republic of Korea established diplomatic relations in 1991. Reading Angela Kosta's poetry, I am deeply moved and saddened by the painful reality and suffering her country endures. Although Albania may feel unfamiliar to us, the bonds of friendship can be strengthened simply because we are fellow inhabitants of the same planet under a shared sky.

Just as a pearl is born only after enduring time and struggle inside a shell, a poet perceives the world through the windows of the soul, gaining insight and expressing it in a new language to share with the world. Through this process, the poet reflects the law of the universe and harmony with the world in the depths of the soul. In this context, *The Pearls of Love* by Angela Costa contains profound emotions for all of Albania. Her work is rooted in observations of her country's harsh reality, and explores the inner life of humanity.

For ordinary people who believe they can never transcend the limits set by fate, the duality of despair and hope may be the most difficult choice. Yet, we must not stop striving to sing together for hope. I have seen a tiny seed, no larger than a grain of millet, take root between rocks and grow into a majestic tree. Because I have witnessed such miracles, I continue to dream of hope that lies beyond the hills of suffering.

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

Just as a beautiful butterfly is born through the painful process of egg–larva–pupa, the beautiful wings of hope require suffering to unfold. We all carry bruises and wounds in our hearts. Poems written in moving and beautiful language are often written over those wounds, becoming healing balms that offer hope and courage. The more people become rich in hope, the warmer and more livable the world will be. I hope that her poetry will become such a healing balm.

Through beautiful and powerful poetry, we can overcome sorrow and pain, and poetry can become a light that brightens even the darkest nights. It is a flower of consolation, a beacon of peace for the heart. In order for the delicate flame of hope to burn brightly and illuminate the world, the warm support of readers who read and cherish poetry is essential. Moreover, for poems written in other languages to reach Korean readers, they must be translated and published with the highest poetic sensibility and linguistic refinement.

Thanks to the noble humanitarian spirit of Dr. Kang Byeong-Cheol, founding president of the Korean World Literature Association, Angela Costa's poetry has been published in Korea in a trilingual edition—Korean, English, and Italian. As a Korean reader, I am deeply pleased to encounter the poetry of an Albanian poet in my country. I also pay tribute to Dr. Kang Byeong-Cheol for his dedication to this meaningful endeavor, building a literary bridge for international exchange in world literature.

Angela Kosta's poetry, born from careful observation of Albania's circumstances, absorbs and integrates the human experience shaped by suffering and deep reflection. Her poems discover truths unfolding in the human world. Like a radiant pearl formed within a small shell through patient endurance, may her poetry offer comfort and hope even in dark times, and may the law of the universe and harmony with the world be reflected in the depths of the soul—moving and inspiring readers in Korea and around the world.

By: Poet Ms.Yang, Geum-Hee

Second President, Korean World Literature Association President, Jeju PEN, Honorary Ph.D.,
Vice President of Korea Institute for Peace and Cooperation, Former Special Professor, Jeju
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Alienese Translation, Futuristic Translation

As the world was experiencing the post-World War II period, it was very essential for British writers to reflect on the political, social and cultural issues of the time in which they lived, thus providing futuristic visions, visions of the future. They brought diversity and creativity to their novels while writing about specific characters and narratives. As the world was recovering from World War II, the notions of aliens were what dominated literature visibly and invisibly, increasing the interest of readers.

Anthony Burgess, the author of the well-known novel *A Clockwork Orange*, makes aliens part of this novel. He selects different linguistic forms to express their presence in his work. These innovative structures have direct links to science, space, ideologies and religion and not only. The author adds linguistic and literary fantasy to the text and escapes from the boundaries of society while experiencing a linguistic freedom that very few had the opportunity to understand. Perhaps only elite readers.

The author codifies his art and we, the readers, must make efforts and sacrifices to understand themes that may be beyond our worldview. Burgess manipulates the language of the novel, creating challenging codes for every specialized and non-specialized reader because every sentence and phrase must be translated and deciphered as they contain double or even triple meanings.

Nadsat, the invented language of the novel, is a mixed variant of English and Russian, with content from different languages (including Albanian). This language has been studied by many scholars who consider it an alien, hybrid lingua franca that the author uses to create bridges between himself, the characters and the readers. The process of decoding is the key to unraveling and communicating alienese, as in the case of Nadsat, when the mosaic of languages and cultures is attached to the Anglo-Russian language, thus creating a language unknown to readers, a logical language.

Newspeak is the invented language created by George Orwell in 1984 as a tool of state control, designed to limit the range of thought and eliminate the possibility of rebellion. By systematically reducing vocabulary and simplifying grammar, Newspeak aims to make subversive thoughts—“thoughtcrimes”—literally unthinkable. Words with ambiguous or nuanced meanings are replaced with blunt, ideologically pure terms like “good,” “ungood,” or “doubleplusungood,” stripping language of complexity and individual interpretation.

These invented languages, Burgess' Nadsat and Orwell's Newspeak are compared because these constructed languages are characterized by powerful literary influences. Both languages manipulate the meanings of sentences and make readers work hard to understand the ideas and concepts behind the words. While this is a slow and difficult process of discovery, they must decode words, phrases, and messages. Neither Orwell nor Burgess predicts the future, they warn of what may happen in the possible future. They introduce us to innovative forms and alien thoughts and at the same time include philosophical, political, and religious concepts, expressed through carefully selected and combined words until they achieve their literary and life goals. The words they create are neologisms that have a powerful impact on readers.

In his book, 1985, Burgess compares *A Clockwork Orange* to Orwell's 1984. He states that ‘using Newspeak is like playing a complex game’ with limited linguistic possibilities but an infinite set of meanings. Readers can follow the same path. They can learn new words and concepts to understand the invented language and enter the depths of the reality they represent. Both Nadsat and Newspeak are created exclusively for readers. They are modern, experimental and can withstand the test of time. They belong to the near future.

As Burgess and Orwell explain at the beginning of the chapter, new words and neologisms, our task as readers is to memorize these words that need inner translation. Readers may have difficulty in deciphering the words and may give

them completely opposite meanings. At first, they may seem like alien, meaningless words to them. Readers experience a transition phase as they translate an alien language into a human one. They transform into translators because they must translate the words to understand the inner meaning of the novel. This quality should also be transferred into translations of these masterpieces into other languages. As readers begin reading, they encounter new individuals who have advanced knowledge and use specific sentences and phrases. These alien characters authoritatively explain their language, which is the key to understanding the differences between old and new, past and present.

Both invented languages, such as Nadsat and Newspeak, are languages of thought. Even if physical freedom can be violated, mental freedom is not affected. It is infinite. These languages are created for specific groups. Readers join these groups and decipher their language and, in this way, manage to receive meaningful messages. While Newspeak is a political and historical language, Nadsat is a philosophical and religious language. Newspeak was created before Nadsat and was a source of inspiration for Anthony Burgess. The term 'alienese' serves as a general term for all invented languages of the future, which may or may not be decipherable, but have alien characteristics.

Based on explanations and instructions, Burgess increases the interest of readers. He activates the language and tests them for the meaning of the words he has previously explained. They experience a language game where new sentences and phrases are added and then normalized over the course of the chapters. Readers are trained linguistically and become independent. Nadsat and Newspeak seem semi-familiar, and the authors create the illusion of familiarity. They are characterized by transparency and readers can assume they understand these languages. Readers can interpret neologisms differently or give them other meanings. The distance between author and reader increases when the latter must decode the images. Those who have the patience to get to the end of the novel experience a sense of achievement because behind the darkness of the linguistic labyrinth, there is light.

Orwell's novel 1984 has had and continues to have a significant impact after nearly seven decades of its publication. The term 'Orwellian' has become part of everyday vocabulary, transferred from the novel to reality. Through the main character, Syme, Orwell says, 'The Proles are not people' and naturally the question arises: If they are not people, are they aliens? Do they speak an alien language? The concept of alien has to do, not only with the existence of alien beings, but also with the presence of words, phrases, concepts and ideas that are strange, without excluding encounters with aliens and extraterrestrials.

People's desire to explore the universe continues to be reflected in science fiction novels. Even in the novel *A Clockwork Orange*, one of the characters named Dim, looking at the moon and stars, expresses his curiosity by saying 'What's on them, I wonder. What would be up there on things like that?' While in Burgess' version, the questions would be: Is there life on other planets? What is happening there? Are we alone? What distinguishes *A Clockwork Orange* and 1984 from other science fiction novels is space and technology. In the case of *A Clockwork Orange*, the only space object is the moon, which often appears in large letters. It seems as if the characters are haunted by the moon, their language and vision are not 'earthly'. This is lunar communication spoken by alien characters on earth. The only ultra-modern technology that exerts power and control over the characters' thoughts is language.

In addition to the multilingual codification, which is interspersed between the Anglo-Russian language, Nadsat is complex, because it includes archaisms, compound words, loanwords, elements of the Romani and Lancashire dialects. This planned language also includes biblical aspects, children's speech and the language of the 'underground'. All this makes Nadsat poetic, secret and timeless.

Burgess extends Nadsat beyond the limits of the novel. He uses Nadsat's vocabulary in comments, imaginary interviews and his own books. It is coded information that is created in such a way that it requires further knowledge, although the author excludes any kind of external influence, be it literary or linguistic. Mainly in the original version where the use of vocabulary is not allowed. Alex, together with his 'drugs' (friends) who dress in uniforms, attract attention through violence and plant messages, images, words in the minds of readers. As the latter break the codes,

they change the way we think and see the world. These linguistic components are important because they create alien effects, as the author brings extraterrestrial intelligence on earth.

We, as readers, are equipped with new ways of thinking and understanding the world and ourselves. This is why alien translations of Nadsat, Newspeak, or the various invented languages in science fiction are necessary, because they make readers reflect on the diversity, perspectives, and practices that can broaden our experience as citizens of this universe.

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Dr. Olta Totoni was born in Permet (Albania). She was awarded PhD degree by the Department of European Languages and Cultures at Lancaster University, UK. She is currently the inventor of an innovative form of translation which is the alienese translation fully inspired by two British authors, Anthony Burgess, and George Orwell. She also studied British and American Studies as well as received MSc in Intercultural and Touristic Language and Communication. She has been a Guest Lecturer at the University of Tirana for ten years, taught and, researched English as a Foreign Language. Dr. Totoni is in PeoplePill's list of notable people in literature (New York). She is a very active scholar and has tried to create a global profile. She has attended trainings, workshops, forums, seminars, courses and conferences in the UK, Italy, Western Balkans, Canada, and USA. She has also experimented with different types of writing: poetry, short stories, newspaper and magazine articles, journal and foreign policy articles mainly related to British and American Studies published in the UK, Western Balkans, the US, France, Mexico, Canada. Dr. Totoni is the author of the book *Diary of Time* that contains a bilingual collection of articles published in newspapers and magazines. She has translated British literature and, gives a good contribution in this field. She is Political Academy Fellow 2012, Global Acumen Fellow 2014, Elite School of Politics Fellow 2014, IWPG Ambassador 2015, and OYA OP Ambassador 2018.

TRANSLATING THE SIGNIFICANCE OF “TWO” IN BUÇPAPAJ’S TWO SHEETS OF WIND

Grace be unto you, and peace, from him which is,

and which was, and which is to come;

and from the seven Spirits which are

before his throne (Revelation 1:4)

On August 20, 1997, CNN and other media sources reported that Mujë Buçpapaj, then the political editor of the RD newspaper and a prominent political activist, had been shot and seriously wounded. Following the details of the incident US reporters interviewed Genc Pollo, at that time the Albanian’s Democratic Party spokesman, who blamed “the ruling clique” (The Albanian Socialist Party, formerly known as the Communist Party of Albania) of being behind the assassination attempt for political reasons. Later conclusive reports indicated that the poet had received two bullets, one in each thigh, both of which were fired from a car that had on two police license plates. Yet, unless you are a literary translator, the significance of the number two in Mujë Buçpapaj’s Two Sheets of Wind is not indistinguishable with, for instance, seven in the Bible or in Thomas Mann’s The Magic Mountain. For Claude C. Freeman III, however, translating its connotation into English must have been an enormous task. Whether it represents Buçpapaj’s second chance in life, the two political lives of his country (under communism and in democracy), the alternation between war and peace in Kosovo, or the love and hate that exist in today’s world the number two seems to remain a key word throughout his soon to be published book Two Sheets of Wind.

Nothing Buçpapaj writes is without self-awareness, nor is it ever without a specific poetic purpose. He is known as a poet who likes to crystallize the essential social and political events and make part of his poetic vision the troubles and the happiness, the beauty and the ugliness of his experiences. His verse is his sole witness whenever he finds himself in a complex mixture of personal trauma and fame, the center of constant political turmoil of his people and their life in peace, the heat of international anxiety and social disorder, and the magnificence of the natural beauty that surrounds it all. As complicated as it all sounds, it is a mixture that often dominates Buçpapaj’s world. It is a reality that he encountered humanely and poetically and simultaneously reconstructed its impact into his verse before extending it to Freeman to translate into English.

And that is not a simple task. Because esthetically, particularly in terms of how he approaches his subject matter and utilizes his metaphors, Buçpapaj bears a resemblance to the American poet Ted Kooser. The poems of both poets consist of delicate metaphors, often within larger metaphors, so that the smallest misrepresentation in translation could alter the metaphor’s intended meaning, destroying its specific function in the poem. To illustrate this point, let’s direct our attention to the following stanzas taken from two poems, the first by Buçpapaj and the other by Kooser:

the other side of life and river
 between rain and field
 but wind will have its say. (Buçpapaj's "The wind's portrait")

All night, the cities,
 like shimmering novas,
 tug with bright streets
 at lonely lights like this. (Kooser's "Flying at night").

Clearly, both poets make it very difficult for any translator to reconstruct the elegance of the above lines and the internal layers of meaning they offer. Freeman has steered clear of the danger of either under-translating or over-translating. And that is important. Within that poetic frame, in addition to triumphing over the great degree of difficulty of translating multiple metaphors within a stanza of four short lines stanza, which stands as a metaphor in itself, Freeman has gone even further towards his goal of capturing the subtleties of the original. And, to paraphrase Hugo Friedrich, the creative stylistic power of the Albanian verse is visible in the translation, and it has even regenerated itself as the creative force stylistically in the English translation (Schulte and Biguenet 15). Furthermore, maintaining the conceptual hypothesis within the imagery with such eloquent rendition of the original, as he does, can be considered nothing short of a remarkable translation.

Nevertheless, knowing that "translation is sin" (Showerman), such perfection is the exception rather than the rule throughout the book. Two Sheets of Wind consists of forty eloquent and heartfelt poems originally written in Albanian (an Indo-European language) that are linguistically and poetically entrenched in the Albanian culture. What's more, Buçpapaj's poems are abundantly composed in accord with the linguistic properties of yet a deeper localized northern culture within Albanian national culture. One of the greatest qualities of his work is that Buçpapaj makes the natural beauty of the Northern Albanian Alps, the awe-inspiring highlands of Tropoja, and the labyrinthine local language and tradition an integral part of his poetic distinctiveness. That being said, the process of transferring the original text into English has forced Freeman to make some tough decisions in translating Buçpapaj. Following is a short stanza from "The Field of Tplani," one of numerous examples of the book where the poet contributes as much linguistically to the Northern dialect as he does to the Albanian poetic language. First, the Albanian version of the stanza:

Këneta e Madhe
 Han prapë dhë nën brinjë
 Të të vdekurve.

Next is Freeman's translation of it, which serves as a direct reminder of Montaigne's suggestion that "it is risky to translate those who have given their language much grace and elegance, particularly with a language of less power" including Albanian:

And the Big Marsh

Still eating the land

From under.

Before I offer my own version of translation, which I think is more faithful to the original text and perhaps the intended meaning, I must confess my agreement with Landers who kindly reminds us that "it is commonly thought that translators deal with words, but this is only partly true. Whatever their branch of translation, they also deal with ideas. And literary translators deal with cultures" (Landers 72). Now, here is my translation of the same stanza:

The Big Marsh

Still eats soil under the ribs

Of the dead.

On the one hand, as we see here, the translator added the conjunction "And" which is not present in the original text. Unsurprisingly, the word has been available to the poet when he composed the poem but he chose not to use it. Freeman has also changed the verb tense from eats to eating. But most importantly, he used the noun "land" instead of "soil" and omitted "the ribs of the dead," the most important portion of the stanza. On the other hand, somehow the stanza still stands its ground, because Freeman's editing did not fundamentally change the linguistic and poetic properties of the poem.

In effect, the overall fair accuracy of the translation throughout the book indicates that Freeman is a good literary translator. A good translator works with the fact in mind that the poet, the reader, and the translator are all engaged in the translation process. Together they spin new qualities, explore poetic labyrinths that might not have been explored in the original, and create new linguistic properties in the receptor language. In other words, the above stanza may have lost some of its intended meaning but has also gained new significance that might be as revelatory to the American reader as the original is to the Albanian reader. From this point of view, one has sufficient reason to consider as conditional the idea that "nothing which is harmonized by the bond of the Muse can be changed from its own to another language without destroying its sweetness" (Dante).

Even so, Freeman would probably agree with Dante, knowing firsthand that translators are neither divine nor, unlike fiction writers, do they have the luxury of freely beautify, ruin or destroy the channels in which their respective homo sapiens or imaginary characters go through their predetermined life. Although fragments of poetry often do not readily translate into English and an affinity between the internal structures of languages is not always preset, in *Two Sheets of Wind* "translation moves between extremes—not literalism, not improvisation" (Felstiner 30). Despite the

consequences of some small liberties taken by Freeman throughout the poems, most of the linguistic and cultural properties of the original Albanian as well as the poems' social and historic aspects, have been transplanted without major artistic discrepancies. Even in instances where the English language contains no exact equivalent for nouns like "Tiplani" or neologisms like "shpresëpërgjakur," both of which carry significant weight in their respective poems, the translator has found a way to carry over the importance of the words, either by adding a footnote or by offering the closest possible alternative in their place. Naturally, the level of expertise and the case-specific research required to succeed over such hindrances suggest that literary translators must be as much scientists as artists in their work. They have to be, like Freeman, as considerate to the text of the author as neurosurgeons in operation. That essential quality of translation is often found in Two Sheets of Wind. I emphasize the word "essential" here, not only because Freeman has not ignored "lesser" words and has considered every jot and title before finalizing his decision (Gregory Rebassa in Biguenet and Schulte x) but also because he has shown an awareness that there are no inferior words in any language and that the poet's choice to use a specific term for a specific situation should continuously be honored.

Such care has been applied to "The Powerboats", one of the many eloquently translated poems of the Two Sheets of Wind. It serves as clear evidence that Freeman is considerate of Buçpapaj's intellectual and poetic thoughts. Here he translates not words but situations, imagery, tones, internal rhythms, metaphors, and poetic forms. The poem is self-explanatory:

THE POWERBOATS

Riding the shade of the Adriatic

Flying on a leaf

A patient courage

Death behind

Below

Freedom ahead

The Italian coast

A relative paradise

A heartfelt poem like this, flawlessly translated, must have been the source of inspiration for the American poet Frederick Turner who asserts that:

“Buçpapaj’s poetry is like his Balkan land itself: a compacted bundle of tragic energies. In one sense he is a poet of great simplicity: his passionate images, almost surreal in their intensity, invoke the lovely world of nature that we all share to his noble moral intention. But his sensibility is also that of the sophisticated European, indeed the most ancient of the Europeans; and there is a blunt ironic recognition of the brutalities of life that can only come from experience of war (Promotional lines for the back cover).

Yet, an objective comparison in terms of overall quality and accuracy of translation between Buçpapaj’s first book The Invisible Victory, translated into English by (his cousin) Ukë Zenel Buçpapaj, and Two Sheets of Wind, translated by Freeman is almost unachievable. There are two different reasons for this: First, both books are products of a close collaboration between the two translators. Both, however, have maintained their own style in their respective translations. Second, the art of translation doesn’t allow translators to have assertion of perfection about their work, nor, therefore, can the reader have such expectations of the translators. I must say, though, the background and the experience of each translator has affected the outcome of each book in different ways. Here is an example of a stanza, taken from Buçpapaj’s signature poem “The invisible victory” that happened to be selected and translated by both translators:

The girl giving in

In tall grass

Shrouded only by shadow (Trans. by C. Freeman).

and

Girls gave in

Under the grass

Surrounding tree shadows (Trans. U. Buçpapaj).

A simple trot and a word per word translation of the original would be: (Getting) defeated/crushed/overcome girls under the grass of the trees of the shade/shadow give the edge of a more faithful translation to U. Buçpapaj. Yet the imagery has lost nothing of importance in Freeman’s version either. A professor of Albanian literature and literary translation, Ukë Zenel Buçpapaj is an expert in translation theories of the past and an active participant in the development of the new ideas and methods to improve the contemporary art and craft of translation. That expertise is obvious in every poem of his translation in The Invisible Victory. Nevertheless, filtered through Freeman’s artistic receptiveness, Two Sheets of Wind more often preserves than loses what Dante called “the glimmer” of poetry.

And that is a very important phenomenon in literary translation. To refer once more to Friedrich: “The attitude that the translator displays toward the individual stylistic characteristics of a work indicates whether the translator will

yield to the original text or conquer it, whether he will stop at acknowledging the differences between languages or whether he will move toward a possible rapprochement of styles between languages" (Schulte and Biguenet 15). Both U. Buçpapaj and Freeman, of course, exemplify Friedrich's positive meaning in this thought.

It must be mentioned, however, that the poems translated by Freeman read a little better in English. It could be because, a graduate of Cornell University, Freeman is a published American author as well as an itinerant who continuously travels the world—an enduring personal dream that he started chasing shortly after graduation. Or it could be the fact that Freeman adds to his craft of translation not only the benefit of being a translated poet himself—an omnipresent topic of discussion among literary translators and theorists—but also because he brings to his translations an unparalleled intercontinental cultural backdrop the results of which are obvious throughout *Two Sheets of Wind*. Being born and raised in America and spending the past three decades of his life in Africa, Asia, and Europe (mostly in the Balkans) has given him an artistic advantage and an enlightening cultural ascendancy as a literary translator. His longtime involvement in diverse cultural and literary circles throughout the world have provided him with a speedier assessment and more comprehensive understanding of Buçpapaj's poetic world in particular and Albanian culture in general.

Whatever the source of his expertise might be, one thing is for sure: without Freeman, there would be no *Two Sheets of Wind*. Through him, Buçpapaj gives us a comforting gift, a sense that poets like him still place themselves selfishly on the very edge of their lives so they can be better social observers and more instrumental on behalf of humanity through their work. Good literary translators are a worthy extension of such a great cause. After all, "no two literary texts are exactly identical with respect to the kinds of problems they pose. Each one of them becomes a new field of investigation for which translators have to design strategies of research" (Schulte 163). Yet translators continue to find ways to give literature a second life by directing it toward a greater platform from which it can be better understood and more accessible. That is the way it should be, because as one of Buçpapaj's poems has it, there is:

Not enough time

For Men

For Men

To do good

With that in mind, perhaps translators promote the authors and works they translate to greater prominence—a thing of beauty that most of them have yet to achieve for themselves as translators. In this sense, Freeman's decision to translate the *Two Sheets of Wind* is of great importance. Buçpapaj's poems truly deserve to exist in more than one language.

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Doctor of Philosophy

Gjekë Marinaj - Albania

The University of Texas at Dallas awarded Marinaj a PhD in 2012. His dissertation, which focuses on the history and philosophy of oral poetry in the Balkans and on translation theory, is titled "Oral Poetry in Albanian and Other Balkan Cultures: Translating the Labyrinths of Untranslatability."

THE LITERARY PHENOMENON ANGELA KOSTA

(By poet, playwright and journalist Arben Iliazi - Albania)

I have never met the internationally renowned poet, writer, translator, editor and promoter Angela Kosta in person, but I have seen her work, which shines strongly in various different worlds. I was impressed not only by her creativity, but also by the care and kindness she demonstrates, always ready to help and promote Albanian authors and beyond, in the international arena. Thanks to her and her collaboration with the well-known poet and equally virtuous translator Kujtim Hajdari, to us Albanian writers, all the skies have begun to seem clear from the excess of lightheartedness that these internationally renowned writers offer us, with almost divine compassion, who we can magnificently define as "ambassadors" of Albanian culture and art in the world.

What an immense joy when they contact you, personally and generously offering the collaboration at no cost, completely free, based on the values of the authors. This kindness should be welcomed, as it is a unique case in Albanian and international culture. In the absence of official promotions, of which the authors can bang their heads against metal walls from indifference and the total denial of artistic literary values, it is a joyful fortune for us to have such a privilege, which drives us away from the "demons" of pessimism, shakes us from sleep and stimulates our confidence.

It is very difficult to summarize in a few lines a detailed synthesis of all the complex factors that highlight the distinction of the writer and poet Angela Kosta from other authors. I am briefly giving, in my opinion, some reflections on some of the poems I have considered, to analyze in another case also the prose.

In Angela Kosta's poems, it is always the sensitivity of the time that decides the boundaries of the text, dealing with universal themes such as, of which: love, life and relationships between people, pain, but also the beauty of existence, the figure of women, nature, etc. With the tenderness, generosity, elegance that have made her an internationally renowned writer, poet and author, Angela Kosta provides the framework for a fulfilling life: hard work, passion, reflection, the will and the desire to make a difference. In the poetic corpus of this author, aesthetic experiences merge, where pure emotions are softened and passionate discourses are created, in a situation of fusion with transcendence, with the world, with the sensitivity of every era. It is the sensibility of every era that defines what poetry is. The codes of the poet Angela Kosta are mixed with those of the reader, creating a "creole language", with a general promulgation of important structural elements. (Poem: Elegy) Angela Kosta has written poems that stand out for their meditative tendency, where many poetic statements are made within generally short texts. This style of discourse is achieved through rich figures, in particular symbols and metaphors, but also through a very intertwined language. (Poem: Yellowish Thoughts) The key point of Angela Kosta's poetry concerns the originality and hidden character of the aesthetic "meaning" of the text. The literary text of his poems is transformed into a catalyst for the appearance of will, faith, passion. In the formal organization plan, the author conceives the aesthetic text as a significant whole, completely synthetic. It is precisely the relationship between the textual divisions, the division into verses, into paragraphs, that reveals the deep and unknown meaning of the text. The poet feels better in free verses, such from all boundaries. The poems have full coherence of meaning, precisely when common understanding is excommunicated to pure non-meaning. Translating it into a polysemantic organization of life, imitating the random element of existence, the poetic art of this author thus acquires an epistemological value. Angela Kosta, while applying different languages as an author and translator, uses the Albanian literary language very well, her mother tongue, where the text is automated and the "anomalous" structure of the artistic text draws attention to the text itself, in all its form. In her art, the poet has built a kingdom of spontaneity without rules, he has produced conventional texts, where the expressive level is linked to the level of content through a motivational relationship.

Angela Kosta's poetic discourse is unique in nature, with marked elliptical tendencies, which deals primarily with the exposition of successive meanings through the rich system of figures. His poems are juxtaposed with simplicity, the tangible, euphoria and sadness, with a dynamic conception of the relationships between the various artistic hardships. Creations do not suffer from the obscurity of meaning in the midst of a complicated figure. Poetry can only be painted by looking at the optics of signs, in relation to the pre-established units of reference, to the sensual relationship, to the anxious echoes, to the "lived value" that the text produces on the subject. In many of Angela Kosta's poems, artistic thought expresses itself through a structural coexistence and does not exist beyond it. This link includes all levels of the text: phoneme, morpheme, word, verse, verse, and poem. (Poem: The light of survival)

As for metaphors, Angela Kosta's poetry is built on a metaphorical plane intertwined with figures of sound construction. It too is subtitled by the symbol, but it is not representative, while in many stands out the antithesis of pure and contextual antonym, which constitutes a favorite means of the author, to give emotionality through comparison, or more clearly, with the adjacency of phenomena, which contradict each other, or conceptually, exclude each other. All of this is as spontaneous as it is deliberate in giving you a thrill that hits you. The internal metaphor of the artistic text, sometimes even breaking grammatical rules, unites images that are not acceptable in natural languages. The poetic art of this author incites the random element of existence, translating the anxieties of life into a polysemantic organization. In her art, Angela Kosta, has built a kingdom of spontaneity without rules, she has produced conventional texts, where the expressive level is linked to the level of content through a motivational relationship. The semantics of each word, the phonological repetitions of each rhythmic matter, that is, in all these complex factors, create the distinction of this author from others. In many poems, if one compares the phonological elements that appear in the set of words and in the equivalences; We note that phonological counterpoints can be linked to certain semantic categories, where a paradigmatic projection occurs in the phrase. Poetic texts are semantically very close, as a consequence of the similarity of their lexical construction. However, differences are observed in the rhythmic structure, the different similarities that arise at the phonetic level where poetry creates a ruthless weaving of meanings. (Poem: Sculpted Symphony)

"Angela Kosta uses words in her poems as if they were the brushstrokes of a great artist," said the well-known Italian writer Adriano Bottaccioli. It enters among poets who do not directly express ideas and social beliefs, but insist on transmitting harmony, music, the profound echo of the word. Therefore his poems become interactive, multiplying the prayers. (Poem: Lacrima lucente)

In this author, we encounter a strong conceptualism of the aesthetic problem, of the internal dynamics, of events and phenomena.

His poems have no elements of boring, artificial and lifeless art. His lyrical "flights" deal with meditation, with strong colors of self-reflection towards a real reality, which includes and outlines socio-psychological reality with sad colors. (Poem: A piece of bread)

Angela Kosta touches the reality of the social-moral mirror. His starting point is the common man, who ensures among the sacrifices an honest life, the reality of existence and, in some cases, the identifiable man. In his poems, Kosta conveys an image of the column that is being built, where there is a lot of magic, suffering, the acceptance of fate, kindness and thoughtfulness. His poems are part of the poetic subject of mystery, where the cult for the world and for people unfolds. Let's take for example the poem dedicated to her mother, where the poet's feeling appears poetically, as well as the torment for her. In the figure of the mother, the sensation is full of breath. (Poem: To my mother Sofia). In Angela Kosta's poems, the cult of a sort of human freedom is born, of the feeling of superiority of the species with conscience, which knows how to emerge over losses, pains and remorse. What is evident in them is spontaneity, acceptance of modest life, and that of humanity... The daily sacrifice of human beings, the daily hard, the collapse... His lyrical verses take on traits of meditation,

with strong colors of folding towards an atrocious reality, which includes and outlines social reality with sad shades.

(Poem: Aged Children) Angela Kosta's poems can be seen as a poetic code that conveys a fact, a situation, a well-meaning emotional state. Just take a look at the poem "To my brother Roland". It is clear that in Kosta's poetic text, the codes are not automated at all. The poetic work on the lexicon is well known. (Poem: To my brother Roland) The author attaches importance to the figurative side, as it is the one that plays the main role in enriching the meaning. In this author, the level of the figures is transformed into evidence and evocation of the sensory experience for the world. His pen indicates the ability to produce meanings similar to those of concrete perceptions. Angela Kosta's poetry has a

complex alchemy, sometimes of a compromising character, where the adaptation of the verse to the meaning of experience is not always at the center of her concern and of the final choices, of the poet and of the final meaning of the words as they derive from their arrangement in a certain structural position. In this way, a double semantic regime is established of the text itself, giving us a poetry satisfactory in rhythm and musicality. The conventional lexical meaning is only a raw material that is reformulated by the poetic structure, especially on the basis of the effects of musicality. In this author, musicality is not an end in itself, but creates complex areas of meaning that are renewed after each reading and exaltation. (Poem: Ash smile, dedicated to the genocide against the Jews)

Angela Kosta also occupies an important place in prose, encompassing several novels and novellas. Even the prose is in the style of his poetry. This is particularly evident in terms of their structure, where the priority is given to symbolism and numerous meanings in the texts, as in the case of his poems. Art is the domain of freedom, but their relationships are enormously more complex. Without the predictability of art, it is both the cause and the consequence of the unpredictability of life. We are faced with a very particular author, with a vital talent, with the extreme technicality of literary art, witnessed in a series of works in poetry and prose. It can be safely said that Angela Kosta represents today a literary phenomenon, an artistic polyglotism, where a conglomerate of talents and unusual gifts has long been conceived and exploded, in poetry, prose, translations and promotions... and everything else that his hand writes and creates.

Angela Kosta is one of the unique cases of our contemporary literature.

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BIOGRAPHY : ARBEN ILIAZI (ALBANIA)



Arben Iliazi was born on March 1, 1963, in Saranda (Albania). He graduated from the Faculty of Philology in Tirana in 1988. Until 1991, he worked as a screenwriter and then dedicated himself to journalism, serving as a journalist and editor-in-chief for several daily newspapers in the capital. He is known as a poet, essayist, and playwright.

POETIC VOLUMES:

- "Vrundull" (Eurorilindja, Tirana 1994)

- "Urtësitë e detit" (Eurorilindja, Tirana 1997)

ESSAYS:

- "Për paqen, kundër paqes" (Eurorilindja, Tirana 1998)

STAGED DRAMAS:

- "Ciceroni prej plasteline," comedy 1990, Professional Theatre of Sarandë, directed by Thoma Milaj.

- "Burri im me zero kilometër," (comedy-2009) Aleksandër Moisiu Theatre, Durrës, directed by Milto Kutali – Donard Hasani.

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

- "Trashëgimtari," (comedy-2018), National Experimental Theatre, directed by Milto Kutali.
- "Farsa e Kurorës" (comedy-2020) Zihni Sako Theatre, Gjirokastër, directed by Ledian Gjeçi.
- "Me një këmbë në Parajsë," monodrama, (Tirana-2021), Atelier 31, directed by Milto Kutali.
- "Osman Taka" – historical drama (Tirana 2023), directed by Naun Shundi, produced by Alket Veliu.
- "Delirium" (drama - 2012), recognized in the 10th edition of ETC (European Theatre Convention) at the Biennale Theatre in Wizbaten, Germany, where the author was named one of the 100 best authors in Europe.

DRAMATURGICAL PUBLICATIONS:

- "5 vepra dramatike" (collection of plays, Neraida-2003)
- "Spiritus" – drama (2004)
- "Tersi i Zululandit" – comedy (2006)
- "Dhëndërri nga Evropa" - comedy (2007)

Celebrating Edgar Allan Poe's visits to an unexpected place



Poe in Lowell

BIRTHDAY BASH EVENTS: JAN 17-19, 2026
 FESTIVAL: OCT. 16-18, 2026
 LOWELL, MASS.

* linktr.ee/poeinlowell
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QR code

In the mid-19th century, Lowell, Massachusetts arose as an industrial power house, a center of the nation's textile industry. In time, it would become a place where literature would make its mark: young women who worked in its mills campaigned for labor rights, and produced their own literary journal, "The Lowell Offering."

Charles Dickens stopped there; and in 1922, a child would be born who would revolutionize American literature with his novel, "On the Road." That child, Jack Kerouac, still draws visitors to Lowell in search of his grave and of places mentioned in his novels about the city.

In 1848 and 1849, another literary figure would make his mark in Lowell: Edgar Allan Poe, who, not long after the death of his wife, Virginia Clemm, found himself both immersed in grief, and in a difficult financial state. He accepted an offer to give a reading in Lowell; he would go on to make two other visits to the city.

As with other chapters of Poe's life, his visits are marked both by historical fact, local folklore, and a touch of mystery.

As a longtime Lowell resident, and literary event organizer, I have been entranced with Poe's role in the city's life and history. I held a one-night event in October 1995, and over the years, produced more events related to Poe, until in 2024, finally creating Poe in Lowell.

Poe in Lowell celebrates Poe's presence in the city, and our festivities include virtual and in-person events to commemorate his birth in Boston, Mass., on Jan. 19, 1809. In October, we hold a three-day festival, which has included art exhibits, music, dance, performance art, readings from Poe's works, film presentations, and more. Poe in Lowell is more than a recognition of Poe's journeys here; my goal is also uplifting and joining with Lowell's many centers of culture, including the Whistler House Museum of Art, the birthplace of artist James McNeill Whistler; the historic Samuel Pollard Library; local arts galleries, restaurants and education centers, including Middlesex Community College.

Poe in Lowell also has a partnership with Lowell Celebrates Kerouac!, with which I have been involved since the early 1990s, as was my late husband, Lawrence Carradini.

It is a lot of work. And we have said a sad goodbye to some of our closest friends in the Poe in Lowell family, talented writers, dancers, artists and friends, who leave only with the most wonderful of memories. This, too, mirrors Poe's own life, and beseeches to remember them with joy, just as we honor him.

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

In 2026, our birthday Poe celebrations take place Oct. 17-19, including a virtual reading of "The Raven." The Poe in Lowell festival takes place Oct. 16-19. To learn more, visit linktr.ee/poeinlowell. Updates will be published there shortly, and if you can join us, it will be even more magical. Wherever your travels take you, may they be filled with haunted blessings and joyful ghosts.

By Meg Smith

Francesca Gallello

INTERVIEW OF FRANCESCA GALLELLO - ITALY

A. Kosta: Introduce yourself (professional title such as author, novelist, poetry, publicist, etc.)

F. Gallello: I was born as a novelist, historical-social poet, screenwriter, I lead a small publishing house VELIERO and an online magazine SATURNO magazine where I give space to authors from all over the world. I wrote my first novel at the age of 9, then fairy tales and short stories without ever stopping. My passion for writing and for novels in particular makes me free to dream and live through my books, many lives, many stories. My novels are always about love, because it's love that revolves around the world.

A. Kosta: What is the name of you most popular book, project, or upcoming events?

F. Gallello: I have written several books, the first book I published and which I am very fond of because I published it making many sacrifices, is called "BUT HE LOVED MADONNA" a love novel, a high school girl in love with a classmate but he is in love with Madonna, the beautiful Rock star, of course he has a happy ending. Then other novels followed, COME EDERA - LIKE EVY, DONNA ROSA - PINK WOMAN, in the book I talk about gender violence, a topic that interests me a lot because I deal with and commit myself to women's rights. LOVE AND DEATH IN CALABRIA BRIGANTA dedicated to brigandage set in the historical period of the Risorgimento. IL VIALE - THE AVENUE, a collection of historical and social poems, POESIE DELL'ANIMA - POEMS OF THE SOUL, OLTRE IL MARE - BEYOND THE SEA, written in bilingual with the Albanian author Nikolle Loka. Another book written in bilingual together with an author from Kosovo, Agim Desku, is about to be published and I am working on a novel together, again in bilingual together, with a very young Albanian writer Enea Loka. I made 2 Virtual Romances, which are photonovel-style novels but made directly on facebook with profiles created by me through which the characters of the novel interact and live the story of the novel live on fb, while readers can interact with their characters and ask questions. The VIRTUAL ROMANCE, was created for the first time in the world in 2012 by me and I repeated it for the second time with a new story in 2020. I would love to do it again in the future. In the meantime, I'm about to complete a fantasy of mine that I'd like to publish in the United States and it's a fantasy that comes from the idea of being able to present it and propose it to Netflix for a TV series.

A. Kosta: Have you won any awards, certificates, honors, stickers, or any other accomplishments you want to share with the world?

F. Gallello: This is a question that embarrasses me because I have received many recognitions and awards in different countries of the world but I do not feel like naming them for fear of forgetting some of them and doing an injustice to those who generously awarded it to me, honoring me. There is, however, one prize for which I am infinitely grateful, and that is my family, whom I love very much and whom I thank God for giving me.

A. Kosta: What are your hobbies?

F. Gallello: I love cooking, both sweet and savory, I even have a cooking bloog and a fb page. I love to organize cultural events and literary salons in my living room, inviting poets, authors and artists. Among the hobbies I have a passion for the creation of light jewelry that I will soon turn into a brand, by light jewelry I mean jewelry created with materials that are not precious but of high quality, elegant costume jewelry for every occasion but accessible to everyone, the line of the brand will be called THE LEPPOLLINA and I think it will start in September.

A. Kosta: What is the best thing about your accomplishments?

F. Gallello: The best thing is to be able to make the stories of my stories known to more people, giving them the opportunity to dream and get away for a few hours from the problems of life, from the tiredness of everyday life, from sadness. It's also wonderful because it gives me the opportunity to meet so many people with thoughts and ideas with which to compare myself and make new friends.

A. Kosta: Share the links to your books, pages, websites, blogs, or any place displaying your work.

F. Gallello: Yes, I have various sites where people reach my literary path and also fiction and Saturn magazine.

<https://www.facebook.com/francescagallelloautrice/>
<https://www.facebook.com/saturnomagazinearteecultura/>
<https://www.saturnomagazine.com/>
<https://www.facebook.com/saporilpiaceredicucinare/>

A. Kosta: Thank you very much my for Interviews.

F. Gallello: Thank you very much for the opportunity.

POEMS

PEACE IN THE WORLD

In the silence that embraces the heart,
a dream rises that knows no bounds,
a world where every burning soul
finds peace and love in every path.
Wars cease, voices rise
to ask for justice, to dream of equality,
where the color of skin does not divide,
and differences are a treasure of hope.
Hands reach out, without fear,
together we chase the same light,
uniting forces to build a tomorrow
where peace reigns, like a flower that grows.
Let us stop for a moment, listen to the wind,
carrying messages of brotherhood,
every step toward peace is a song
that echoes strongly through all humanity.
Peace in the heart, peace in the world,
it is our dream, it is our commitment,
a better world, a deep dream,
where everyone can live in peace, without any deceit.

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LIKE A WOUNDED BUTTERFLY

Like a wounded butterfly, I free myself in the cloud-covered sky
The celestial thought of a delicate, pure, virtuous love
It accompanies me on dark and silent nights.
I pray that my tears dry and my thoughts forget your eyes,
that for me,
they never cried.

LIKE A LEAF IN THE WIND

Let my heart bleed relentlessly
Don't dry my tears
Don't caress my face
To dry my tears
The wind will ruffle my thoughts
And he'll bring them to you
With unknown words and my lament will be
accompanied by a sad melody that will take
me away from you
like a leaf in the wind.

MEMORIES OF LOVE

Like cherry branches
My heart will sprout with thoughts of love
and lullaby sounds.
In my eyes, your smile
Endless Memory
Of a love that was.

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IN THE CLOUDS

Between the rain-swollen clouds
I see your face again.
Stretched out among the foamy waves of
the great river that carry away, silent,
the promises you didn't keep.

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Francesca Gallello Gabriel Italo Nel Gòmez is an Italian writer, journalist, poet, and editor. She wrote her first novel at the age of nine, and since then, she has published numerous books, including collaborations with other authors, addressing various themes and using multiple languages.

A promoter of literary and cultural prizes and events, her poetry, characterized by a unique style called "gallelliano," is widely followed and appreciated internationally, with translations in many languages. Her career has been enriched by numerous awards, both nationally and internationally, and she has been appointed as an Ambassador for Peace worldwide.

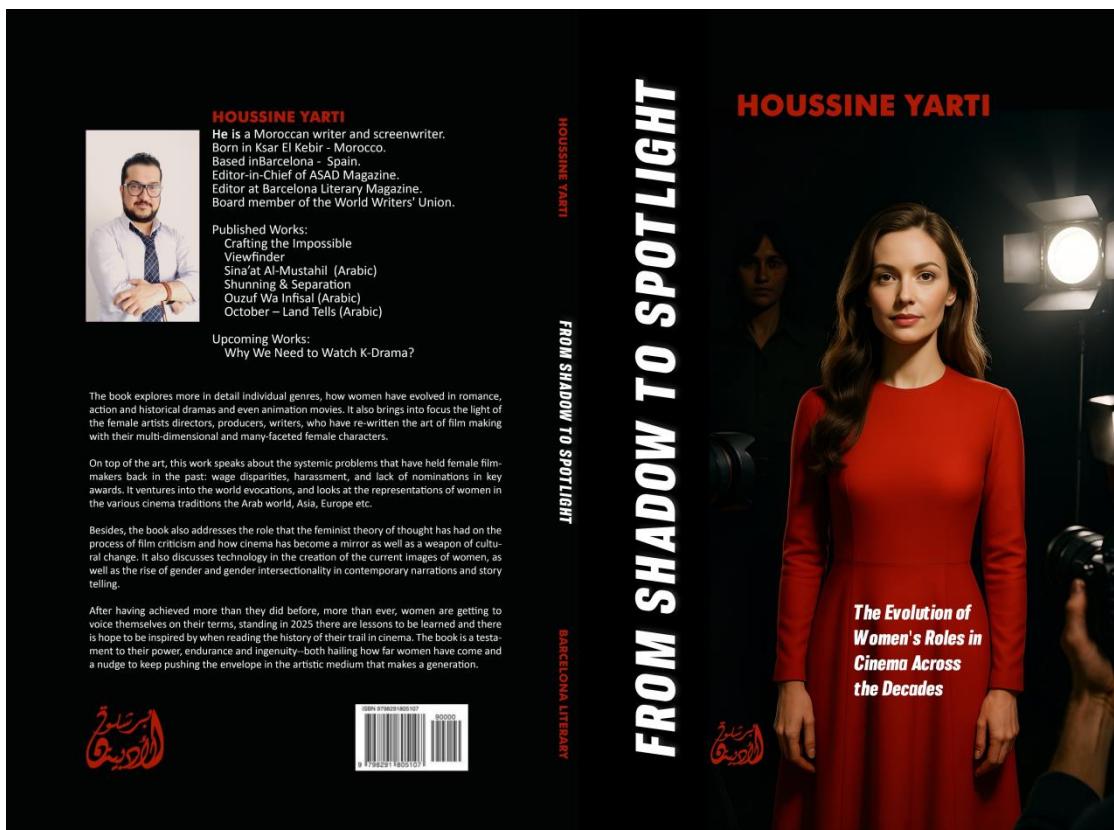
Francesca Gallello Gabriel Italo Nel Gòmez is also the director of the publishing house VELIERO APS and the magazine SATURNO Magazine, a publication that offers visibility to poets from around the world. She has founded two significant associations: RADICI, dedicated to promoting historical and social culture, and VELIERO, which focuses on literature and cinema, continuing to spread culture in all its forms.

FROM SHADOW TO SPOTLIGHT

A New Book by Houssine Yarti

FROM SHADOW TO SPOTLIGHT:

the Evolution of Women's Roles in Cinema Through the Decades



His current work has just been published by Barcelona Literary Publishing as part of a series on cinema by Houssine Yarti.

FROM SHADOW TO SPOTLIGHT: The Evolution of Women's Roles in Cinema Through the Decades, the book becomes the third in a procession which began with the CRAFTING OF THE IMPOSSIBLE: A Journey through Visual Effects, which dealt with the influence of technology on the movie making process, and then VIEWFINDER: In the World of Global Cinema, where Yarti made comparisons of the experiences of cinema in America, Europe, the Arab world, Korea and India. This new version places women in the middle of its attention, and it follows the significant changes which the silver screen has undergone during its existence.

Yarti examines the display of women in early films as limited to the stereotypical or supporting role, in many cases connected to the narrow, traditional or sentimentalism of representation, and the path to more complicated and deep images has taken a long.

The book features classic Hollywood films, the European waves of cinema and even Arab and Asian cinema in that the image of women on the screen was in interaction with the social, political and cultural transformation of each period.

The book does not treat cinema as a separate art but as a living document of the society dealing with women: at other moments a mirror that represents a current reality, at other moments a moving force that creates the existing reality. In this regard, the author offers a critical standpoint which sees cinema as a larger cultural trend that covers more than the screen.

Raven Cage Zine

Yarti emphasizes that it is not an individual book, but a part of a bigger project, which attempts to treat the issue of cinema as a form of cultural phenomenon that intersects with technology, politics, identity, and collective memory. He also discloses that a second book is also in the pipeline that will be published in 2026, which once again provides support to the continuation of this grand research project.

Ultimately, the author thanks Barcelona Literaria Publishing that has always supported him, his family, friends, and readers and states that every book he presents to them is not just another printed piece of work but it is the experience of shadows and light, of knowledge and passion, of arts, and life.

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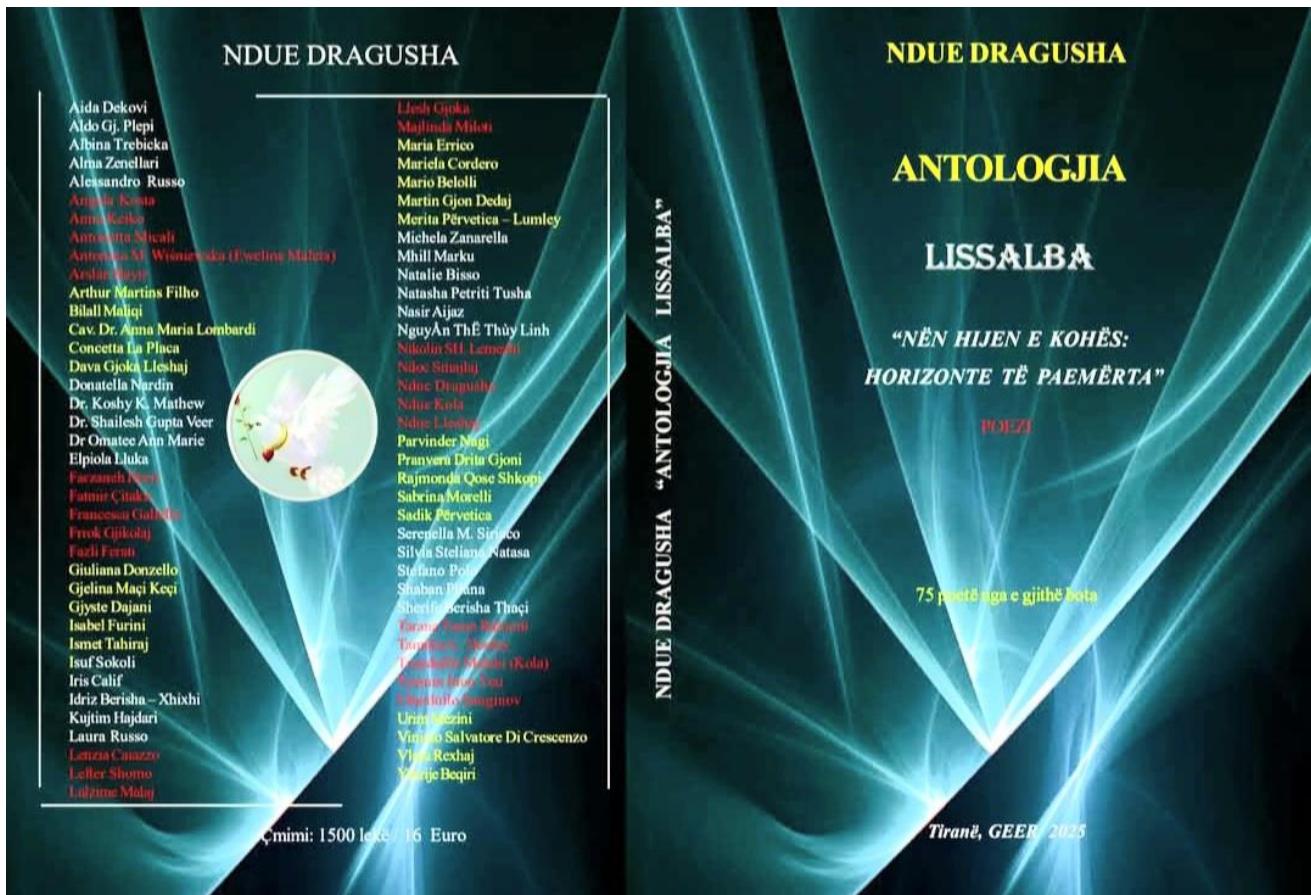
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IN THE SHADOW OF TIME: NAMELESS HORIZONS

LISSALBA: "IN THE SHADOW OF TIME: NAMELESS HORIZONS"

A few days ago, the renowned newspaper LISSALBA published an anthology featuring 75 poets from around the world, titled: "IN THE SHADOW OF TIME: NAMELESS HORIZONS", authored by Professor Ndue Dragusha and edited by the talented poet from Korça, Albina Trebicka.



By Professor Ndue Dragusha:



There are places where words don't come to explain, but to illuminate.
 There are moments when poetry is not written, but happens.
 And this ANTHOLOGY is exactly such an event: a sweet clash between the time that passes and the dreams born on the horizon.
 "In the Shadow of Time: Nameless Horizons" is not just a poetic collection.
 It is a journey through the darkness of memory and the light of hope, a multifaceted voice speaking from wounds, from silences,
 from the curse of departure and the miracle of possibility. Every poem here is like a shattered mirror, where time mixes, voices layer,
 and images sway between what has been and what could be.
 Time appears in these pages as a long shadow, following every step of the human soul. It blows over the words like wind over autumn leaves: warm, bitter, unknown.
 While the nameless horizons emerge in the verses like invisible islands on the map of reality. They are the places where poets dare to dream what hasn't yet been written,
 to feel what has never been spoken.

All the authors in this anthology, with their unique style and inner light, bring fragments of small universes: feelings that, beyond the limits of words, strive to become eternal.

Raven Cage Zine

They do not follow time, nor stop it - they speak with it, sometimes as friends, sometimes as rebels. This poetic co-creation is more than a literary act — it is a meaningful cultural gesture.

In a time of fragmentation and distraction, bringing together diverse poetic voices

is creating a bridge of unity and understanding. It proves that poetry, even in its multiplicity, can form a whole that speaks of the time we live in and the one yet to come. The anthology becomes a mirror of the collective soul, a living memory that unites us through words.

This is an invitation to the reader - not just to read, but to experience. To walk barefoot through memories, to see farther than the eye,

to hear the voices that cannot be heard.

Because poetry, in the end, is that invisible bridge that connects the past with what is possible. And this anthology is the BRIDGE itself.

I thank all the participating poets for their contributions, and I also thank the editor, the poet of beautiful lyrics Albina Trebicka,

the writer and translator of all international poets, Angela Kosta, and you, dear friends and readers, who will hold this anthology in your hands.

With respect to all,

Professor NDUE DRAGUSHA

(June 2025)

Prepared by: Angela Kosta - journalist, writer, poet, essayist, editor, literary critic, publisher, promoter.

NDUE DRAGUSHA - ALBANIA

Ndue Dragusha was born on September 29, 1953 in the village of Dragusha, on the outskirts of Lezha (Albania). Ndue finished his secondary education at the "Shejnaze Juka" school in the city of Shkodra and then graduated from the Institute of Education in the branches: Albanian Language - Literature and Lower Cycle, also in Shkodër. In addition to this, Dragusha also graduated in Tirana in Psychology. Ndue has worked as a teacher in all cycles of education in different places in the Lezha district. Since 1998 Ndue has been the Director of the newspaper "LISSABA", a literary-artistic newspaper, which has traveled around and off our continent. Ndue Dragusha started writing when she was in high school, where he was also very active in artistic and cultural activities. Ndue Dragusha is already one of the most accomplished intellectuals in the city and district of Lezha, who, within the scope of the above attributes, has for years formed the profile of a serious creator in the genre of poetry and prose. His poetry is so varied that it can be said to be one of the best in this collection: with realistic variations and motifs, metrical variables in verse, regular linguistic organization, sometimes according to our creative tradition, but also in contemporary forms, with which Ndue Dragusha has outlined what is called "authorial style". Ndue Dragusha has also been successful in the field of scientific prose, with a monograph and two biographies of prominent figures... So far, he has published several books.

Remembering Edgar Allan Poe



Poe in Lowell

BIRTHDAY BASH EVENTS: JAN 17-19, 2026
FESTIVAL: OCT. 16-18, 2026
LOWELL, MASS.

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Facebook: [Facebook.com/poeinlowell](https://www.facebook.com/poeinlowell)



Jaey Price



independent record label is Price Planet Music.

Music Link:

<https://musicaccess.vyd.co/Most>

Songwhip:

www.songwhip.com/jaeyprice

Instagram:

www.instagram.com/yungsteazsaucy

Biography:

Jaey Price real name Philasande Musawenkosi Ntombela is a 28 year old South African singer and rapper, and visual director, and internet personality from Durban. He is signed to Sony Music Entertainment and Streamcut Kiirya Beats record label. He released debut mixtape titled #twitch featuring Lil Noodle and Kiirya Beats, and Matisse Tsoy. In 2025 he inked a sync licensing deal with Essential Music Publishing. His



THE UNWRITTEN CHAPTER, VOLUME II — A GLOBAL TAPESTRY OF LITERARY VOICES

By Hassane Yarti



HASSANE YARTI

He is an author, editor, anthologist, translator and graphic designer was born in Ksar El Kebir and based in Barcelona, Spain. He holds an honorary doctorate in linguistics and translation, serves as an honorary advisor to the Women's Chair Association under the auspices of the United Nations, and is the global ambassador for the World Union of Arts and Literature (UN-IFAL), affiliated with the United Nations. renowned for his significant contributions to literature and culture. The impact of Yarti's writing extends globally, with his works translated into multiple languages, including English, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Korean, Chinese, Japanese, Albanian, Hindi, Bengali, Hebrew, Greek, Uzbek and Turkish.

The Unwritten Chapter, Volume II, continues the journey that began with a single question and grew into a chorus of voices from around the world. If the first volume opened a door into the intimate spaces of literary creation, this one widens the horizon, carrying the reader further into the vast landscape of stories, struggles, and visions that define our shared human narrative.

In these pages, you will find not only the continuation of a dialogue with poets, novelists, and thinkers, but also a deepening of the conversation. The questions are the same, yet the answers echo differently, shaped by new geographies, shifting times, and the ever-changing currents of hope and uncertainty. Each voice you encounter carries both the solitude of the writer's desk and the resonance of a global community bound by words.

— Hassane Yarti

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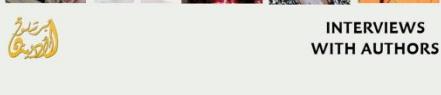



THE UNWRITTEN CHAPTER

HASSANE YARTI

VOLUME II





INTERVIEWS WITH AUTHORS

With The Unwritten Chapter, Volume II, Moroccan author Hassane Yarti continues his ambitious literary endeavour to bring together the voices of writers from across continents into one resonant dialogue. Following the success of the first volume, which opened a rare window into the personal and creative worlds of contemporary authors, this new edition expands the horizon, delving even deeper into the universal questions that define literature and the human spirit.

This second volume, published by Barcelona Literary Publishing, carries the full title:

The Unwritten Chapter (Interviews with Authors), Volume II, First Edition, 2025.

It gathers seventeen remarkable voices from around the world: Angela Kosta, Antonietta Micali, Niamat Elhamri, Dr. Mujé Buçpapaj, Võ Thị Nhu Mai, Md Ejaj Ahamed, Kujtim Hajdari, Antonio Bernard Ma-at, Adnan Mouchahi, Cettina La Placa, Houssine Yarti, Mariela Cordero, Niloy Rafiq, Zahra Ahmed Boulahia, Prachi Gupta, Lulzim Hajdari, and Nina Alsirtawi, each contributing a distinct rhythm to the symphony of contemporary literature. Their words cross borders of geography, culture, and language, uniting in one shared pursuit: the truth of artistic expression.

In his introduction, Yarti reflects:

"If the first volume opened a door into the intimate spaces of literary creation, this one widens the horizon... The questions are the same, yet the answers echo differently, shaped by new geographies, shifting times, and the ever-changing currents of hope and uncertainty."

Through these intimate and thought-provoking dialogues, The Unwritten Chapter, Volume II becomes more than a collection of interviews, it transforms into a chorus of literary consciousness, revealing the solitude and universality of the

Raven Cage Zine

writer's journey. Each conversation captures not only the writer's craft but also the fragile balance between memory and imagination, tradition and transformation.

As a continuation of the global project launched by Yarti in the first volume, this edition reinforces his conviction that literature remains both witness and resistance; a force that heals, remembers, and redefines. It is a celebration of the written word as a bridge between voices, as an act of endurance, and as a quiet defiance against oblivion.

Yarti concludes: "Literature matters, as witness, as resistance, as healing, and as an act of faith in tomorrow."

The book's structure—interviews spanning continents and languages—offers a comparative study in itself. The diversity of its participants reflects a new literary cartography: from Europe to Asia, from Africa to the Americas, voices intersect around common themes of exile, belonging, identity, and resilience. Each author speaks from a different geography, yet their experiences echo the same existential quest—to find meaning through words.

Critically, Yarti's editorial vision positions him not only as an interviewer but as a curator of thought. His questions act as bridges between cultures, while his restraint allows each writer's individuality to shine. The dialogue becomes an art form—an exploration of what it means to write, to remember, and to remain human in times of uncertainty.

From a stylistic standpoint, *The Unwritten Chapter, Volume II* balances intellectual depth with emotional intimacy. The prose is lyrical yet disciplined, creating a space where philosophy meets storytelling. Readers are invited not merely to read about writers, but to inhabit their silences and struggles, to witness the invisible process through which art transforms experience into language.

Ultimately, this book is both testimony and testament—a record of literary thought in the early 21st century and a reminder that creativity continues to be a universal act of courage. In uniting so many distinct voices, Yarti affirms that the "unwritten chapter" of literature is precisely what keeps humanity writing forward.

“UNA POESIA PER SARA - A POEM FOR SARA: VERSES AGAINST SILENCE”



Just a few days ago, in the heart of November, as the world prepares to mark November 25th, the International Day for the Elimination of Violence Against Women, a project was completed—one that is not only literary, but deeply human and symbolic: “A Poem for Sara,” published by the Department of Literature of the Tiberina Academy and the United Nations Women’s Chair.

This book, dedicated to Sara Campanella and all victims of femicide and violence, gathers poems from every corner of the world.

It is not a simple anthology: it is a global chorus, a secular prayer, a silent cry that crosses continents, giving voice back to those who can no longer speak, tell their stories, dream, or live.

In the title echoes a name that represents many: Sara becomes a universal symbol of all those lives interrupted, abused, and killed.

But alongside pain, the book cultivates not only the memory of all women—victims of male selfishness and cruelty—but also deep solidarity with those who still today suffer in silence.

The poems, like gentle caresses upon the wounds of their histories, become a form of cultural resistance against indifference and injustice.

Too often, women bury violence beneath silence; that is why poetic expression becomes an act of courage.

Each verse in this book is a gentle weapon against darkness, a gesture that reaffirms every woman's right to life, freedom, and dignity.

Poetry becomes a political and ethical act, a voice of vitality, testimony to atrocity, pain, and survival—a cry for attention, calling for radical change.

Moreover, "A Poem for Sara" is also a meeting ground of cultures and sensibilities, where literature does not only console, but denounces, educates, and transforms. It is a work that echoes the call for responsibility, reminding us that we must not only be moved, but also offer our essential contribution—wherever we are, in whatever circumstance—to give voice to this important day.

As we well know, the statistics are alarming, filled with heartbreak stories, and this book represents a collective gesture of love and commitment: for Sara... for all... for a world where no one should ever again die at the hands of someone who claimed to love them. Because love does not sow darkness or death—it sows only life. And life is breath with open eyes and a smile on the lips, not eyes closed forever.

"A POEM FOR SARA" will remain the weapon of words against violence.

[Jumanazarova Zuxra](#)

Mother

Mother, your love shines bright like the sun,
You live forever in my heart.
In every breath, your calm name lives,
None compare to you, your love is always great.
Every moment you pray for me,
A light of pure glow shines in your heart.
Whether in sorrow or in joy,
May only the purest companion be with you.
Mother, the most beautiful light of my life,
You are the greatest happiness for me.
May your heart never know sorrow.
My endless prayer — live long, my beloved mother.
Years will pass, your hair may turn white,
But your love will never change, never fade.
When I grow up and spread my wings,
My dreams will live inside your prayers.
When rain comes, your shade is my shelter,
In darkness, you are a lamp on my path.
Every sorrow, every worry in my heart,
Mother, is so small compared to your embrace.
The sweetest moments of childhood,
Were spent in your warm arms.
Even if the world feels cold at times,
My heart warms every hour looking at you.
Looking at you, I say — life is beautiful,
At every step, I feel you with me.
Mother, your love lives in the core of my heart,
Be forever and always by my side!

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Kattakurgan State Pedagogical Institute
Faculty of Philology and Social Sciences
Foreign Language and Literature Department
Student of group 24/12
Jumanazarova Zuxra Baxtiyor qizi

Butterfly Stitches

They were butterfly stitches
So cottony soft,
Easily torn
One day you ripped them off...

For so many years
I was a chrysalis petrified,
Scared of my shadow
Curled up fetal inside,

Pearls of tears
On a silky thread,
Pain and sadness
Butterflies in my head,

A single teardrop
Runs down my cheek,
Comes from the heart
With a message that's bleak,

Gossamer wings
Kept my words hidden deep,
So much sadness and despair
All the tears; I still weep,

Time stands still
Like a forgotten land,
As I wipe my tear
With shaky hand,

Then one day the rage
Became a roaring tide,
Wings fluttered and flapped
I screamed; watching them fly,

Never to touch me
Never break me again,
I don't need this cocoon
I am all out of pain...

I Will Walk Through Fire

I would willingly walk through fire for you
Because I'm burning up inside,
But what use would that even be
When you are hurting, needing to hide?

I would walk across burning coals
Tears would stream till my eyes cannot see,
My self-inflicted pain no counter to yours
I can't ever set your pain free.

I would dive into the coldest river
Head submerged in the frigid sea,
But then how could I offer comfort?
No use to you... Nor to me.

I could cry a thousand tears
Like fat grey clouds are spilling rain,
Swollen face and dismal sky
Full of guilt and full of shame.

I would willingly walk across fire for you
God, I feel so very small,
Frustrated; needing to hold you
You are lost and I can't help at all.

Please find yourself when you are ready.
I'll be here...
That's all I have, and it falls short.

You are constantly in my thoughts...

Wish I could give you so much more.

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To Be There

Blustery outside, the rain pelting against the window and so I came to bed,
I lay back against a wealth of pillows wanting to rest but thoughts flit around my head... instead,
Of how I should be better, and able to show you how I care
Of how I stayed up with you all night, even though I couldn't really be there,
My heart aches with an ache that isn't really my pain
But it hurts and it breaks because yours is, and it will do so again and again,
So now night has fallen, in its curtain of obsidian drapery and I hope you are sleeping
And I'm lying here in frustration, imagining I could offer comfort...

I can't. I am weeping.

© Rhiannon Owens, 2025

WINGS OF LOSS

I am scattered across the maps of pain
Exiled, with no homeland of my own

I walk on ashes
As if I were a postponed dream,
shattered in the air

I build a wall of faded longing
And the nights break it down with their cold silence

I yearn for a homeland that sleeps inside me
But I find it exiled,
orphaned,
just like me

I summon memory, yet it betrays me
Whispering: absence is harsher than tyranny

I walk and ask my weary shadow:
Was I ever here?

At every turn my thought waves to me
Then vanishes,
and I remain a stranger without harbors

My dreams shatter upon my ribs
My breaths speak what no one can hear

I live without a face
without names
like waves in a broken sea

I longed for someone to embrace my homelessness
Yet I remain alone
more pained than my silence

The wind carries me into paths without traces
Leaving my wound as my only homeland

I bear on my shoulders the weight of sorrow
Turning exile into a song without melody

Do not ask me of my estrangement
For silence is truer than all letters

I am the stranger whose only companion is

a yearning soaked in tears
and fragments of an extinguished minaret

I walk, and the earth weeps beneath my steps
The star falls into my tears
as if the sky had collapsed within me

I remain a traveler to no end
Searching within dreams for refuge
finding only my broken face

Inside me lives a torn homeland
A wound that writes me
as if I were a poem unfinished

O exile, enough of your cruelty
Bring me back to an embrace that soothes my wilderness

But I am caught between a fleeting illusion
and a harsh reality
I remain a stranger
time after time

I am scattered across the maps of my exile
Building ruins
and raising grief

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Reborn..

Like a phoenix from the flames
I was rebirthed & then renamed
By your controlling, single vision
I was your muse
you, my magician

A spell I found you cast on me
I was confused, too blind to see
You changed my name
And changed my mind
I looked for hope
But couldn't find

You took advantage of my youth
But I had planted seeds of truth
As they matured, into a tree
My eyes, wide open, I could see

Like a phoenix from the flame
I stood rebirthed, reclaimed my name
Took charge of all that I would be
Saw life in shades of clarity.

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Sorrow At My Door

Sorrows are waiting at my doorstep
As if they would close me if I took a step.
As if I walked towards luck, even more boldly
Even happiness seems to close its door on me.
The pleasure in sleep has disappeared
The dreams of the dreamers are confused
Some people who wear human form
Glance from under the mask.
After the understanding, depression has come
It is crushing me in one corner
When I cry out to my conscience to wake up
My heart is also being torn apart.
I don't think it's funny, my dreams are true
One day they will leave me alone.
The pain is getting closer to me again
My fate must be driving me crazy.

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1st year student of the Faculty of Journalism and Uzbek Philology, National University of Uzbekistan Halima Ibrohimova
Vahobjonovna

HOW THIS ANXIETY INCREASED IN ME!

I remained surprised on that shore,
The water flowed like crystal,
It wets my chest, I stayed without words,
How did this anxiety increase in me?

God had granted a dream
That took my eyes from the radiance,
My heart leaped from my chest,
I approached too much by bewilderment, (Not courage)!

God, what have you brought before my eyes?
What is this pearl, this miracle?
To make me burst in suffering and loneliness,
You now owe me her love.

When she noticed me, I stood before her,
She charmingly covered her wet chest
Like a rose just blossoming,
Her eyes burst flames that had just ignited.

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A LIFE WE SAID WE WOULD LOVE!

We said in one life that we would love
And no one would separate us,
But life often proves unfair
How could it stop this love?

The waves of the storm took their toll
And we both raced after wealth,
In opposite directions, we rushed eagerly
And forgot the most important thing, love.

As I recall the great loves through time
And the strength to be together until denial,
I return to myself, angry,
A piece of failure in love and unlucky.

Perhaps fate did not have much to do
From our inability, we have taken this price,
For without water, without bread, and without a home,
They lived, but haven't pushed their love from the heart!

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LULZIM HAJDARI - ALBANIA

Lulzim Hajdari was born in the village of Kukës - Albania where he completed his primary and secondary education and later pursued studies in law.

He has been the secretary of the "Writers and Artists" association in the Kukës branch for about 15 years.
He has received several national and international awards and has published his works in dozens of anthologies.
He has also written several genuine analyses and critiques of his published works.

- Publications:

- 1) Vajza që trazoi jetën time
The girl who disturbed my life - Novel.
- 2) Sytë mashtrues
Deceptive Eyes - Novel
- 3) Dëshmia e hënës
The evidence of the moon - Novel
- 4) Rikthim në jetë
Return to life - roman
- 5) Lisjani
Lisjani - Roman
- 6) Në letrën e fundit
In the last letter - poetry
- 7) Rikthimi (The Reversion) Roman (september 2025)



For children:

“Djali me yll dhe vajza me hënë”

The boy with the star and the girl with the moon - Fairytale.

“Zogu që sfidoi merimangën gjigande”

The bird that challenged the giant spider. - Fairytale

YOUR BEAUTY

FETUS

One day
they branded her:
“Promiscuous.”

A grandstand of trousers
gathered for the show.
“The object—
stripped,
sealed in a plastic sphere.”

Every “fan” free
to punch,
to kick,
to toy.

The woman’s body
bled
as if birthing itself.

To survive,
she folded inward,
into the womb of her own mother:
Fetus.

The sphere screamed with pain,
tore itself open
so the child could emerge.

From every pair of trousers
a father’s head appeared—
a punishment
for what the eyes had witnessed.

© Copyrighted 2025 by Mimoza Marjanaku
(Translated: Ana Korça)

LARYNGITIS

Hoarse,
from longing
mingled with tears,
the cords soaked,
the dampness cutting
to the marrow of the cry.

Ah, I forgot—

This poem is called
“Hoarse Saxophone,”
a man
for a woman
he never had.

And still he continues,
verses rasping
like an aging lion
mourning the time
when he was king—

for you, woman,
whom he never kissed
but always loved.

Now he composes in tears.

No pain is sharper
than a man who weeps.
Be forgiven.

© Copyrighted 2025 by Mimoza Marjanaku
(Translated: Ana Korça)



Mimoza Marjanaku is one of the luminous voices of Albania’s contemporary stage. An acclaimed actress and a vital presence in the country’s cultural life, she is currently a leading member of the “Aleksander Moisiu” Theatre in Durres.

She graduated from the Academy of Fine Arts in Tirana (1988–1995) with a specialization in acting and has since built a distinguished career across theatre, film, and television. Her repertoire bridges classical and modern works with rare versatility. Among her most celebrated roles are Clytemnestra in Sophocles’ Electra, the ethereal Titania in Shakespeare’s A Midsummer Night’s Dream, and Elena Popova in Chekhov’s The Bear and The Proposal, along with numerous appearances in contemporary dramas and local adaptations.

Beyond the stage, Marjanaku is a poet of striking sensitivity. Her poems—already published in leading Albanian journals and newspapers—will soon be collected in her first book of verse. She is also a passionate interpreter of Albanian poetry, bringing to life the works of fellow authors in live performances and through her vibrant presence on social media.

THE LONE WARRIOR

The sky is shaking
 The sun is horrified
 My name is
 on each and every particle of creation
 Pin-drop silence prevails
 I've conquered the whole world,
 Yet I'm so lonely
 Wandering in search of her
 in all directions!

Without her,
 all victories are purposeless
 pointless
 useless
 senseless
 meaningless!!

I don't want the whole world;
 I wish she'd be with me!!!

© Copyrighted 2025 by Dr. Shailesh Gupta Veer

BIOGRAPHY:



Dr. Shailesh Gupta Veer is a visionary literary figure, celebrated for his profound impact on the world of poetry. With unparalleled creativity and authenticity, his works have enthralled global readers, transcending cultural boundaries. As a prolific editor, he has curated over two dozen literary books and numerous magazines, nurturing emerging talent and shaping contemporary literature. His poems, translated into multiple languages, resonate with universal themes, rich imagery, and emotional depth. Recognized as a Literary Icon, Dr. Veer continues to inspire through his innovative style, linguistic skill, and authentic voice. As editor of Micropoetry Cosmos and The Fatehpur Resolution, he fosters a vibrant literary community, providing a platform for diverse voices to flourish. His dedication to literary excellence has earned him numerous accolades, solidifying his position as a leading figure in the literary world. With his work, Dr. Veer leaves an indelible mark on the literary landscape, inspiring generations to come.

By Dr. Shailesh Gupta Veer
 (Editor: Micropoetry Cosmos)
 Fatehpur, UP, - India

Albert Habazaj - Albania

WHEN WE ARGUE, WE BECOME A LITTLE...

When we argue, we become a little,
When we love, we become a lot,
I doubt and I am not convinced, in fact,
How you and I reflect...

Let's forget the gray complaints, brothers,
Let's love tomorrow every day,
Because we need to feel human,
I tore my heart out, lifted it high, and made light...

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Translated in English by Kujtim Hajdari

SEA COFFEE WITH POETS

This autumn morning coffee with the poets,
Is longing and purity of snow's hair;
It surely is a deep, wide sea,
Opposite the beautiful sea of Vlorë.

I do not know any baron, prince, count, or king
Who drinks sea coffee with such flavor;
This morning coffee with the poets
Brings a light with colors of poetry!...

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Translated in English by Kujtim Hajdari

WIDOW

(for Jill)

Something has left her and it's bigger than her grief,
More hurting than his wardrobe of stale clothes.

The bathroom tap, she feels, requires fixing,
Its dripping seems like weeping in her mind.

She drives the car he cared for like a mistress,
To classes where she learns to train her thoughts

In poems that, it seems, don't need to rhyme;
She always wears, for him, something that's black.

The children come with problems and for loans
And question why she's always out so much.

Their comments always scorch her flights of freedom,
She microwaves a meal that's meant for one.

It's awkward with her friends, they're still in couples,
Their small talk bandages what's left unsaid.

Some days are heavy, as if she's got the flu,
The silence snares her mind: what can she do?

She turns the T.V. on and turns it off,
Picks up the mobile phone but does not talk.

Her husband stares from photos placed on walls
That he once cursed with one more lick of paint.

He seems too much alive with careful smiles,
Holding her hand as if he is in love.

She opens curtains on a sudden sun
And stares down on a lawn long overgrown.

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SOLILOQUY OF A LEADER

My limousine moves like a long black shark
Through the dust and poverty of the towns,

It cuts through the frantic and happy crowds,
They clap like children at a carnival.

I am their god on Earth. The suit I wear
Is worth more than their miserable lives.

My chauffeur opens the window an inch,
Till I'm overwhelmed by the growing stench

That's like a whiff of tomorrow's despair.
They jostle like trees in a whipped-up wind.

Their shouts of joy begin to annoy me,
I long for the shade of my palace room,

Where my American-made fan blades the heat,
Where I rule them with thoughts of my father's ghost.

My bodyguards surround my moving car,
For too much freedom can foster hatred.

But I am tuned in to their whispering,
Their tongues stall when they recall my shadow

That falls like the night all over the land
And my billboard face barbed wires their plans.

Now I am bored, my gloved hands are restless,
I could redden all these towns with their blood.

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POETRY READING, THE ROBERT FROST FARM, USA

September grieves in me;
My child, lost, shines
In the New Hampshire afternoon.

Words leave my mouth,
Weighted as apples
On a tree; words farmed

Long ago in a room
In Swansea, damp
With a coffined silence.

I read to people
I will *never* reach.
We are all in shadows.

A poem is not a step
In one's ambition;
The drama of it

Is not an act
To get *somewhere*.
'I am a singer merely,

I sing my song'.
Something there is
In me

That loves a wall,
The separation
From others.

'No more heroes,
No more dreams,
Life's what it is,

Not what it seems'
I wrote long ago
When the stars fell down.

And how their child lost,
Robert's and Eleanor's,
Shines in my mind.

Their folding
Of the clothes
No longer needed;

The falling emptiness;
The 'Why?' crying
Through the heart's universe,

The scream of the blood
That the staring eyes shed.
Grief, a visitor,

In the rooms of the head.
Something there is
In me

That loves a wall,
The separation.
My words,

Their words, fall
Like apples
When there

Is no-one around,
And the air, natural as God,
Consumes the song.

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PEACE

Peace is quiet, tender.
It does not call
attention to itself,
it makes no demands.

It is a smile
on the faces of a crowd,
it is the silence
of contentment.

Peace is a friend
you can trust with your heart,
you can trust with your life.
Peace is the child of love.

It is the welcome
of eyes that are kind
to the difference
That makes us the same.

It is a world
That has no hunger and war.
It is the universe
at prayer with its maker.

Peace is a flower
each one of us can grow.

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Welsh poet and dramatist Peter Thabit Jones has authored sixteen books, including the Dylan Thomas Walking Tour of Greenwich Village New York with Aeronwy Thomas. He and Aeronwy Thomas did a six weeks poetry reading tour across America in 2008. A recipient of many awards, including the Eric Gregory Award for Poetry (The Society of Authors, London) and the Homer: European Medal of Poetry and Art, three of Peter's dramas for the stage have premiered in America and in Wales. His opera libretti for Luxembourg composer Albena Petrovic Vratchanska have premiered at the Philharmonie Luxembourg, the National Opera House Stara Zagora, Bulgaria, Sofia Opera and Ballet Theatre, Bulgaria, and Theatre National Du Luxembourg.

Further information: www.peterthabitjones.com

Life for Conscious People:

This life is only for moral people.

It is for conscious people.

Those who are vulgarly born only for money cannot be only to life.

They misuse the strength of an honest person.

Life is built only for good people.

The people are not good if they greed for money.

Life for patriarchy is wrong.

Life is good only with moral walking.

Death is the ultimate source to the enemy only.

Those females psychologically bad are mental or totally mad.

Fake blood harms our own prestige.

This enemy blood defames frequently with frequent torture and defaming.

Ego of the mental enemy always snatches our laughter.

This kind of blood enemy never can hear our positivity.

The enemy in the same blood always needs money not the fame and good deeds.

Such blood enemy does create torture frequently.

This enemy handles life with ego and arrogance of its birth relation to money.

This enemy neglects the husband's blood always.

This enemy attempts to misuse its own female children.

This ignorance ruins the whole family and home.

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Memories

Slowly are memories laid down
on antique cushions
searching for stripes of colors
to lean on
suspended dreams
between fast clock hands
and river streams
that imperturbably
continues the race.

Slowly are memories laid down
making me find my first
cries in gold boxes.

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It happens, don't despair

Don't despair if life
Is not sweet chocolate
spread on bread
early in the morning,
if you can't find on the street
who opens his arms
coming towards you,
if your wounds still
burn under the sensitive
skin and you can't find the warmth
of yesterday's kisses,
if the blankets are short
and the tears let
the cold in at night,
if for a while
you don't hear orchestras
playing and the sun shining
and you can't see beyond the mountain
you are climbing.
It happens, you know, it happened
also to me, too many times,
but then you realize that everything passes
and you feel much
better than before and you can
again meet
hearts that smile
that perhaps already smiled at you
without you realizing.
It happens, you know, that your torments
have given way
to kisses from other souls
ready to hold you in their arms
to warm your body and soul.
And, as you continue to climb
you will still be able to listen,
coming from everywhere,
to many types of music.

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Essences of youth

Lying on green meadows

soaked in hope

we leafed through pages

to the sound of love.

Swirls of colors,

breaths of souls

intertwined with perfumes

of wet skins.

Essences of youth

that made us fly

transforming us,

and that still today

we carry on.

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Metamorphosis

Lace wrinkles on my face,
written lines of stories,
smiles, suffering:
novel of emotions
and experienced feelings.
Your gaze lingers
When you meet me,
but don't look at my skin,
the stick I carry,
the hands that tremble,
the old bent body.
See me in the depths of my soul
where as a child I play and live my youth
and hug me blessing the sky
to have been able to see mine,
but also yours, metamorphosis.

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We need Bridges

We need bridges built by hands
capable of unraveling knots
gangrenous from the neglect of time,
from endless greed
and by the inability to see beyond the walls.

In place of rusty painful
flats of barbed wire,
visible or invisible,
let us bury seeds of flowers
resistant and colorful:

corridors of arms that know how to love,
of hearts that know how to sing,
of ropes that support
and keep the paths clear from one bank
to another, from one dawn to another.

Intertwining of bright streets that allow
to look into each other's eyes without fear.

We must honor life to the fullest
and celebrate it moment after moment, always.

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(Translated: Costantina Bruno)



CAV. Dr ANNA MARIA LOMBARDI – ITALY

Doctor of Philosophy Psychologist. Psychotherapist. Poet. Essayist, was born in the City of Art of San Severo (FG) and lives in the province of Bergamo, She has received Important Career Awards, and other cultural and literary awards of great value: First Prizes. Trophies. Special Awards. Critics and many others important awards. both poetic and literary
On 25th October 2024, with other names of great personalities of the international scene, at the PIME in Milan she was awarded for Excellence in Career for the Literature category with the following motivation "For using her position and skills to improve society through social. The books of her poems and the poetic and artistic Starry collections she has created and curated, born in various fields and intended for the purpose of charity. are characterized by considerable literary, poetic and social depth. Her poems.

translated into other languages as well as the 19 volumes published. are found in many Italian and foreign anthologies, national and international magazines on paper and on websites in all honesty we can say that her works have received a particular and flattering praise from both the public and critics.

This is the context in which the international literature and poetry competition she wanted and supported and of which she is president fits in, a role she also holds at the associative level.

"LA MAGIA DELLE PAROLE" which has achieved considerable success over the years and which was present, with great pride of the entire Movement, in the schedule of Bergamo-Brescia Capitale della Cultura-2023. In 2024, she has been honored with the title of Knight of the Italian Republic (Cavaliere della Repubblica italiana). The author, who is also active as creator and organizer of national and international literary events, has written articles, essays, reviews and prefaces. She is also juror and president, even honorary, in important literary competitions of great prestige. The poet her selfis the

Raven Cage Zine

creator and co-founder of the cultural association "Movimento Internazionale Artistico Letterario Group", also presents a Facebook group, since 2017. with the aim of promoting and encouraging the development, exchange and diffusion of culture, poetry, literature and art.

ULLABY BETWEEN THE CLOUDS

I would like to cradle you
with all the slowest whispers
of my voice,
letting in
my impalpable breath
between your hands
and then reaching you
everywhere.
Wrapping you around my arms
in a cloak of skin
which holds the warmth of my kisses,
of encounters in the dim light.
Lighting up appetizing caresses
in your eyes
and in your lips drawing the borders
until...
I would sing,
in your hair,
a lullaby
which gently touches your face
with sweet symphonies in syllables.
To contemplate your relaxed face
as you fall asleep
with dreams that have my features
and the scent of my hair.

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TO THE BORDERS OF LOVE

Your lips are looking for mine
like the sea brushing the cliffs.
An intimate light touch
surprises me
a jolt of love shakes me
I stand up like a hat in the wind.
My eyes plunged in the horizon of light
of your pupils
make me reach the edge of life.
In the quiet moment,
eternal
borders get lost
vanishing like butterflies in-between sky and sea.
Everything is us.
Whispering lips,
strong pulses
overcome every frontier,
they tie us like ropes
the strong warmth cradles us arm in arm
lip in lip.
Looking at each other's and smelling only
clean, neat fragrances
that come from far away
beyond every border.

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RUNNING IN THE WIND

I would like to run by your side
with fingers strong at the detachment
and to see you smiling without inhibitions,
free,
barefoot.

Starting to scream
that word that you whispered in your heart
wishing it stayed there
secret, protected,
unutterable.

But now sustained by the wind,
it walks through the world
singing on the trees and flowers,
rolling on the sand
like a sweet smile.

Then to stop,
rejoicing from looking at each other's
calming down our breaths,
with a tender deep kiss
and there in that abyss
not to know anymore...
not to understand a thing anymore.

Amen.

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WORDS OF KISSES

I would kiss you more and more, but even after
 and then before
 Without wasting time.
 So that instants become kisses on you.
 To feel my caramelized lips on yours
 Everywhere I would kiss your skin,
 in the most secret places,
 tasting the sweetness of your smoothness
 but now I would kiss you here, in the square
 between chestnut trees and daisies,
 to give a mellow voice
 to the taste of our kisses,
 to the spicy scent of our lips,
 to our skin, intertwined from a thread of silk
 to our smiles lost between plane trees and cicadas.

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Gabriella Picerno is a psychologist, pedagogist, sexology counselor, expert in Child Drawing and Learning Psychology. She is the manager of Educational Study Centre "The Speaking Cricket" in Rufina (Florence). She has been involved for ages in projects of training and workshops in parenthood training, as well as emotions and sexuality.

Her expertise stretches over areas such as teachers' training, underachievement in school linked to anxiety disorders, learning and emotional special needs. She is passionate about painting, photography and writing. It has been a while since she started writing poems and short stories. She has published psychology and pedagogy essays, awarded both nationally and internationally. Her lyrical compositions have earned her important acknowledgments and she has won some literary prizes both in her own country and abroad. Her works have been included in numerous poetry anthologies. Among her publications we remember: Separated Parents, Divided Children (with Evelina Fazzi; Del Cerro, 1996); The Words of Education (with Susanna Berretti, Town of Rufina, 2006); Two Parents Two Houses (with Evelina Fazzi, La Rondine, 2013), Easier Said Than Done (La Rondine, 2013); Emotional Well

Being in Adolescents (with Luana Collacchioni, Aracne, 2016); My Families and I (with Evelina Fazzi, edited by Pacini Fazzi, 2016). Bambini online, (2019), The Doll of Giada (with C. Desideri, 2020) Two parents, two houses new expanded edition (with E. Fazzi, 2021), Let it be (GD Edizioni, 2021), The olive season (with Andrea Morandi, 2021 GD Edizioni), Affective and Sexual Education Itineraries (7- 10 years), PAV Edizioni (2022); Affective and Sexual Education Itineraries (0-3 years), PAV Edizioni (2023), This is how I feel inside, Edizioni dell'Assemblea- Regione Toscana 2023.

For poetry: A touch of sky (2018), A touch of sky (2019), Un toque de cielo Ediciones Alborismos (2022), Whispers and tides (2022) GD Edizioni.

Co-director (together with Cristina Desideri) of the Children's Literature Series Il Filo di Arianna for GD Edizioni. Curator of the Literary Awards: La Botteguccia delle Favole and Lo Zaino Raccontastorie.

MYSELF, FORGIVE ME

Myself, forgive me
For hurting you by bringing near thoughtless people
Who toy with your feelings and your purity.

Forgive me
For dragging you through the inferno of worthless beings,
As you try to give meaning to what only seeks to destroy your character.

You endure me every day,
Even when I deserve to be chained down,
So I may come to my senses,
Still, I do not spare you.

Forgive the wounds I open in you,
The silence you carry, heavy with pain,
Your efforts to guide others
Where love and respect are absent.

Myself, forgive me,
For I am killing you with full awareness,
And you owe me nothing in this life.

Please forgive me,
For in trying to help others,
I forget about you,
Myself, my soul of light.

You cannot satisfy the evil-hearted;
They are never pleased.
Myself, forgive me.

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TODAY I DIDN'T THINK OF YOU

This morning, I didn't wake up with you.
Nor with your smile.
I didn't feel your love as on other days.

Mornings were beautiful,
But this one was gray.
Today, I didn't wake up thinking of you.
Why?

I lay still,
But couldn't feel your scent.
Ah, this month...
It steals all my thoughts,
It brings only pain.

Today I didn't think of you,
Because July is the month of tears,
The month that takes away all desire.

If I had you near,
I'd forget everything around me.
I'd drown in your eyes,
In your smile.

But today...
I didn't think of you
Like I do every morning.
Why?

Today your scent was gone,
And your voice,
Pure and clear,
Was lost.

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MAD LOVE

I watched the tears in your eyes with sorrow
As they rolled down your cheeks,
Fearing death.

But I will not leave you,
Not even then...

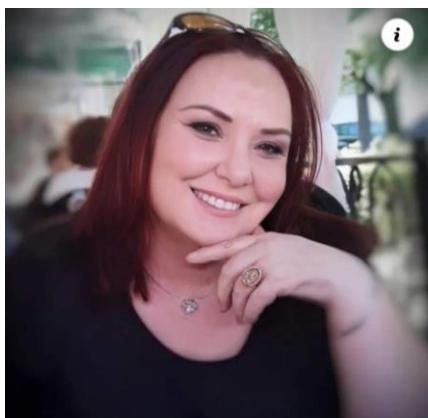
The angels warned me:
You will weep above my head,
Stroke my cold forehead,
While my soul watches you from afar,
Clinging to your neck,
For even in death,
I will not let you go.

Because you gave me peace and pain,
You gave me suffering and love,
You gave me everything I wanted and didn't want.
You gave me everything.

We called it a mad love,
Extraordinary, sweet, eternally crazy.
You led me to touch the stars,
And then to the brink of death.

Even my last breath you gave me...
My mad, unique love.

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Kumrie Avdyl Shala was born on December 10, 1971, in Graboc of Peja, with family roots from Shala of Dukagjini – Albania. She graduated from the Faculty of Education at “Hasan Prishtina” University in Prishtina from Kosovo. She also completed the Higher School of Journalism in Peja. She earned a diploma from “Tempulli” College in Prishtina (Kosovo), in the Instructor Department, Level Four. She is certified by the Institute for Public Relations in Struga, North Macedonia.

Since July 1, 1999, she has worked in municipal state institutions in Peja, initially as a Senior Public Information Officer until 2011.

Later, she became Head of the War Categories of the KLA at the Directorate of Social Welfare in the Municipality of Peja, where she continues to work. She is also a veteran of the Kosovo Liberation Army (KLA) and the founder of the Association of KLA Martyrs' Families in Kosovo. She is the sister of martyr Demë Shala and the granddaughter of national hero Tafë Avdyl Shala, who fought during 1912–1913.

Kumrie is a member of the Kosovo Writers' League. She is also active in acting, painting, and other artistic endeavors.

She has published four poetry books:

1. Gjëmë e Nëmë Lirie - Lament and Curse of Freedom – 2022
2. Gjurmë që nuk fshihen - Traces That Cannot Be Erased – 2023
3. Ashti i Dashnisë - The Bone of Love – 2023
4. Numër Tek - Odd Number - 2024

Four more books are in progress: two poetry collections, a short story collection, and a novel.

She began writing at a very young age, and many of her poems have been published in literary journals and platforms in

Italy, Sweden, Spain, Libya, Egypt, Croatia, Hungary, Pakistan, Germany, India, Saudi Arabia, and more.

Her work also appears in numerous publications and anthologies in Kosovo, Albania, Italy, and Sweden.

THE KILLED BIRDS

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

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WILL IT COME?

Numbers placed on ribs
of metal,
beneath the glass curtain, colors of nations—
silence on the street
19,16.
Within the silence, lives and death,
There are no cypresses.
A lonely, drowsy flower waited
for spring.
Will it come?
I, the silence in the endless numbers of waiting,
but could not give an answer.
Again, numbers and silence on the street—
Jennifer 19,16—
and a moment dragging timeless times.

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

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

To date, he has published in Albanian the following books:

- "Bashkë me detin" -poems, 1998
- "Lirika", poems, 2000

- "Bregu i mjegullt", poems, 2002
- "Të dashuroja ndryshe, stories 2002
- "Të lutem, Mari!", novel, 2004
- "Qiej dhimbjesh" -poems, 2006,
- "Dehja e natës" -poems, 2008
- "Letër nga Nju Xhersi" - stories, 2011
- "Qiej gri" - poems, 2013
- "Rruga pa emër" -poems, 2015
- "Në udhëkryq" - novel, 2021
- "Galaktikat e harresës" - poems, 2024.

Molasses-dream

The fighting blood,
and the power
of broken bones mending.
Flip the unknowing cause of famine
and feed on faith like a summer's feast
of fruit and nuts accepted as a birthright.
Change is incremental, even the change
of death takes time to incorporate into
the nervous system, slowly inching into reality,
sometimes healing in its wake, always scarring.

Bedrooms are emptied, new homes are formed
with the hope of comfort and forever.
Prophecy has landed on my roof, digging under
the shingles to nest and brood.
I accept the brisk cold. I accept a soft landing.
Love never gives up
and that's the most important part of love
I have ever understood.

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Over

Under siege like an anthill
invaded upon by an anteater.
Summer is tainted
with humidity and boredom,
intermingled with strong bouts
of unholy despair.

I hear nothing when my hands
are outstretched. I receive nothing
in the hollow of the rock I am
crushed inside of and asked
there, inside of it, to be reborn.

Had I yearning once? Hope? Even
prophecy?
I don't anymore. For months,
caught in a sticky web transgressing
in spite of rigorous prayers,
crying all the time for no reason
but release.

Time's up.
Grief has become my skin, not even attached
to external loss, but grafted to my nerves.
impossible to throw off.
It is time now to tear it off,
piece by piece, and peel away what cannot be torn,
and burn what cannot be peeled or torn.

I'm still here, half a soul,
but still a soul
and it is time to claim my territory,
make a story and stay with it.

Light without heat is paint on a canvas,
illusion, no awakening.
Heat up, remembering
I am still here
and I am supposed to be here,
here, listening for a loud-screeching
spawning scream - an ink-spot struggling
creation.

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Raven Cage Zine

Short bio: Allison Grayhurst has been nominated for “Best of the Net” six times. She has over 1,400 poems published in over 530 international journals, including translations of her work. She has 25 published books of poetry and 6 chapbooks. She is an ethical vegan and lives in Toronto with her family. She also sculpts, working with clay; www.allisongrayhurst.com

Collaborating with Allison Grayhurst on the lyrics, Vancouver-based singer/songwriter/musician Diane Barbarash has transformed eight of Allison Grayhurst’s poems into songs, creating a full album entitled *River – Songs from the poetry of Allison Grayhurst*, released 2017.

Some of the places her work has appeared in include *Parabola* (Alone & Together print issue summer 2012); *SUFI Journal* (Featured Poet in Issue #95, *Sacred Space*); *Elephant Journal*; *Literary Orphans*; *Blue Fifth Review*; *The American Aesthetic*; *The Brooklyn Voice*; *Five2One*; *Agave Magazine*; *JuxtaProse Literary Magazine*, *Drunk Monkeys*; *Now Then Manchester*; *South Florida Arts Journal*; *Gris-Gris*; *Buddhist Poetry Review*; *The Muse – An International Journal of Poetry*, *Storm Cellar*, *morphrog* (sister publication of *Frogmore Papers*); *New Binary Press Anthology*; *Straylight Literary Magazine* (print); *Chicago Record Magazine*, *Ann Arbor Review*; *The Milo Review*; *Foliate Oak Literary Magazine*; *The Antigonish Review*; *Dalhousie Review*; *The New Quarterly*; *Wascana Review*; *Poetry Nottingham International*; *The Cape Rock*; *Ayrис*; *Journal of Contemporary Anglo-Scandinavian Poetry* (now called *The Journal*); *The Toronto Quarterly*; *Existere*; *Fogged Clarity*, *Boston Poetry Magazine*; *Decanto*; *White Wall Review*.

Zubeen, the Lyrical Lace of the Assamese Race*

The Assamese race was great, is great

and will remain forever great.

Srimant Sankar, Madhav, Laxminath, Jyoti Prasad, Bishnu Rabha and Bhupen

knitted all the different social threads into one single whole

but Time's corrosive effect was cruel.

The social fabric got torn and intolerance was rampant everywhere.

At such a critical time Assam saw

the birth of a messiah – Zubeen.

He was not only a singing sensation who won

the hearts of the millions with his songs, music and magic voice

but also endeared himself to the suffering humanity and the animal world alike

through his deep compassion and incomparable charity.

He was truly the lyrical lace of the Assamese race.

He descended from the skies like an avatar,

lived like a man of the raw earth, loved nature,

relished the petrichor and danced in the rain

and when he left all cried and are still crying...

*A tribute to Zubeen Garg, the most popular Assamese singer and composer (called the Humming King of the World) who died an untimely death in a swimming accident in Singapore on 19 September 2025.

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I Only Ride Horses

I only ride horses I want to.
I only ride horses I like to.
I only ride horses I love to.
I am passion.
Stormy waves are my chariots.
I ride horses and horses ride waves.
Horses are white. Horses are black.
Horses are brown. Horses are golden.
But they are only horses.
I am only a rider of horses.
I quell the storms.
I ride only horses.

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Dreams on My Lips

An angel so beautiful
alighted from the high heavens
and kissed right on my lips
When I was lying
on a bed of dreamy dew drops
and the imagination
was playing the mischief.

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A Heart on Hire

I am a heart on hire.
In order to keep my flesh
throbbing
I have to be fed...
So I have sold myself
to keep me alive.
I smile
for the moneylender
I sing for the stone-crusher owner
I create music
for the drama producer
I am a heart on hire.
Oh I have forgotten
that once I was
the Heart of my own !

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

An eternal Autumn's Song

The song beholds the Autumn's warmth,
And thus I must share these to all,
A singer's wanderlust is yet to uncover the world,
Who usually plays with his own creative ball.

The eternal sky is above all the scenes,
Observing the world from day to night,
It's the time of the year when we must hear
A singer's song which rings with delight.

A songwriter's work is tough enough ,
To ask the feelings of the gentle breeze,
Whether they want to sing the same singer's note
which will tune and rustle through the old fir trees?

Thus a singer drinks the wine of life ,
To make music with Nature's beautiful carols though,
I ,the only listener will eagerly wait to listen and hope
To forget the ponders of life in that eternal musical show.

Let it be dawn or dusk, it doesn't matters the most,
A listener is one who obeys the singer's skills,
And thus will wait until the Singer flashes the euphoric light,
when He creates such a world without eating any pills.

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Reema Hamza - Syria

The Waning of What Lies There

The place was ablution, cleansing itself.

All I mistook for walls

was a path of fleeing.

Emptiness?

It is the seventh veil,
where the gaze drifts over veiled doors.

There,

dew rested upon its shadow,
chanting the surah of the wind,
branches shedding gently,
while the dawn lost its glow
upon the solitude of the flute.

No one crosses;

crossing is ruins and eyes.

The poem is closed,

the distance is closed,

the window is closed—

yet light knows no doors.

And the earth there

has felt no footstep,

weary with anticipation.

The shadows asked me,

“Which way carries you now?”

I answered,

“Where existence

has laid down its cloak,

leaving the name upon the threshold.”

Emptiness is there.

History dragged itself along the walls,

tripping over its remains

the day people forgot it,

dismounting from its name,

vanishing like an orphan

in the silence of the streets.

A tilted chair

leans upon a void unknown,

and dust suspends memory

on the edge of a window

that overlooked nothing.

Time

looks at its hands

and finds no clock.

The trace of a sound

broke in half
midway through a call.
And there,
where I should have been,
was no one.
All that broke
made no sound.
I have no name.
There is a seat
made for no one,
and alone
it knows the shape of waiting.
Dust
is time when it abandons motion,
when contemplation
slows below the speed of light.
In the corner
a gaze leans, not yet fallen,
upon a wall
that forgot its original color.
Deeper than our need to speak.
No one inside,
no one outside there.
A point
contemplates becoming a circle.

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Translated by: Riyadh Abdulwahid



Reema Hamza.

Syria. Email: r4930051@gmail.com PhD in Philosophical Sciences Graduate of the Higher Institute of Music, specialization (Violin) I write in various literary genres including classical poetry, free verse poetry, prose poems, essays, and the art of storytelling.

Four poetry collections in the form of prose poems have been published by me, and I have a novel currently in the process of printing. I have worked in the literary field as an administrator and editor for many reputable platforms and newspapers.

My poetry collections have been addressed by a select group of unique academic critics across the Arab world, and my poems have been published in

prestigious Arab magazines and newspapers such as Kuwait's Al-Qabas, Al-Dustour, and Al-Sharjah Al-Thaqafiya, as well as in many international websites and newspapers from countries like Italy, Albania, Belgium, Bangladesh, Kosovo, Spain, etc. My poems have been translated into several languages including Italian, Albanian, Spanish, French, and English. My poem "Improvisations on a Near Dawn" has been translated into five languages and published in international newspapers.

I participated in the International Encyclopedia Anthology of Poets of Love and Peace and in an Arabic poetic encyclopedia titled Arabic Women's Letters.

Raven Cage Zine

I contributed to a literary encyclopedia titled: Oasis of Creativity, a book featuring Arab creatives, published by the General Establishment for Al-Nil and Al-Furat in its first and second parts. I also participated in the book (The First Drop of Rain) by Dr. researcher Amani Ibrahim, published by the same institution. A book of critical studies addressing my texts and creative experience was published by the Palestinian critic Rania Fouad Marjeh. I have participated in most literary events, poetry evenings, and many poetry festivals in Syria, and my proficient Arabic language and eloquent delivery helped me achieve a significant and influential presence.

Lighthouse of care..

Beneath a sky, of foreboding grey

She chose to throw her life away

Bereft was she, of loves demise

Betrayed by he, with cheating eyes

In beam, the lighthouse shone his care

So sad to see her standing there

On jagged shard of rock she stayed

And reminisced of loves sweet day's

The sea of greed, Spat froth of foam

That seemed to beckon her below

The lighthouse grew in strength of beam

And glared upon expectant sea

The foam decreased to calm of lap

As in retreat she headed back

The lighthouse shone in beam of bright

She smiled, walked on, in strength of fight.

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Beauty of Death:

Death is only a transformation.

It is a lost life often.

But the dead bodies bring another beauty of the universe.

We fear death.

But it is a cultural phenomenon.

So, accept the death of beauty.

Death should be an emergence for those who are living emotionally and vulgarly.

The death should be to ignorant people.

Death is a kind of need to vulgar people.

So, accept the death of those who are living vulgarly to make vulgar to innocent people.

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Death as Flower:

The flowering death everywhere is frequent.

The planting death is by conflict.

Death is foremost living.

Life is the duty of death.

So, death is a frequent occurrence.

It is the emergence of the light.

The delight of death is good when we don't endure pain and wounds.

So, death is relief in one sense.

So, death is nothing egoist in our doing.

More than death is about egoist people.

Death is then positive energy.

Dec. 21-2025

© Til Kumari Sharma

West, Nepal

Parbat, Paiyun 7



Til Kumari Sharma is an internationally awarded poet, essayist, story writer, reviewer, translator and so on. She has won numerous awards through writing around the world. She is a best-seller amazon no 1 poet "A Spark of Hope Vol.III, Creating a Better World, Break the Silence Vol.III". She is a featured poet "The Poem Posse 2023, 24, 25" and many were around the world. She is a poet in the world record book "Hyper poem". Anyway she is a world famous author who was born in Paiyun 7- Hile, Parbat, West Nepal. Now she is in Kirtipur Kathmandu. Her portrait by Ukeme Udo is famous.

Philosophy: Tilaism/ Pushpaism

PushpaLakshya, Priyanka and Nanda, Letter to Father, Drama- English, Dynamic World Leading Poetry, Poems that Shake the World: Nature, Politics and I or Biswa Hallaune Poem, World Moving Poetry: Nature, Politics and Love, Creation within Nature, Give Death Penalty to Cyber Criminals & Thunderbolt of Feminism against Them-India, Humanity & Morality in Essence-India, Pushpa Journey's Flower in World Leadership, Leading World with Humanity and Morality, Society and Nation in World Literature.

in the depths of a dark dark night

in the depths of a dark dark night
black as tar, impenetrable as an ebon midnight
there brooded a colony of shadows
'tween the silence of the trees
edging a desolate scape
bruised to violet and indigo by the travails of day

and the downfall of its monarch supreme
for one fleeting epoch basking in the spotlight
the eyes of the world entire
gazing upon the glorious lamp
in glory gilded and splendour attired
hanging aloft in a pristine celestial expanse
now but a woeful memory fading awhile
until the clarion call
at the daybreak hour issued anew

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silence

silence swept through the realm
as the mists of dawn
hovered at the border tween heav'n and earth
where a horizon
described a line of liquid gray
resting upon the surface of the benthic mysteries
abiding amid the darkness below
as ghosts of midnight
wafted to'ard infinite dominions
and spirits dwelling
in the shadowy sepulchres
of dreams and visions
drifted into oblivion upon oblivion

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a mellow breeze

a mellow breeze
wafted across the still waters
crystal clear, smooth as glass,
reflecting a flawless sky of powder blue
dotted with lapwings
scanning a remote horizon
drifting aloft
through the impassive firmament
as a billow of cloud
described a languid voyage
through the deserted expanse
and a citrine sun
shimmering in the celestial heights
shed a light of pale gold
emanating from an invisible realm
upon the enigmatic lake
softly lapping at the shingle
scattered along the secluded shoreline
desolate of sound
devoid of sorrow

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Jadids

In veins still flows the purity of days,
Jadids' warm care still lights my ways.
They carved a life through times unjust,
And we were branded with the same harsh dust.

They sold their souls for sacred lore,
Awaiting rescue from skies they bore.
Unknowing, walked into the flame,
Yet each was one in hurt and name.

Remove the cotton, wheat, and rye —
They boiled in one same pot, each cry.
Open your heart, let truth arise,
Their restless spirits in us lies.

Usmon Nosir's blood on bark remained,
Fields soaked with sorrow long ingrained.
Far Siberian winds would wail,
While children's songs turned thin and pale.

Cho'Ipon's lament fell on this earth,
Yet we felt shame, denied his worth.
Bound like captives in silent blame,
We matched not Nodira, nor Bobur's flame.

Who sold Behbudiy? None could say,
His fate was sealed and swept away.
The trail he left, though faint and slight,
Still asks us why we lost his light.

A peaceful future, firm and strong,
Belongs to those who right the wrong.
If we recall the past with care,
Tomorrow's dawn grows just and fair.

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Mashhuraxon Bakhtiyorova is a young Uzbek writer whose poetry reflects themes of memory, identity, and cultural heritage. She continues to develop her voice through creative experimentation and engagement with national history.

The Sage

The old sage lies still,
Each pulse like a clock's soft tick
Moments fade like mist.

Morning light breaks forth,
Shadows retreat from the dawn,
Longing glimmers bright.

What does he long for?
Is he seeking to free
His soul from this life?



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The City of Fear

Beneath tall concrete,
Soft earth lies, calm and silent,
City inhales dust.

Fear of shaking earth,
Whispers of doom draw so close,
Resound through the walls.

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Dear Scarlet

Your webbing of hands enclose
this poorly-bled moon, with its empty eyes.
And there is only this: "Lovely Man,"
Your mark is struck from the book,
the lull of black ink, scavengers of purple wands
in the Salem market. On the witch's corner, standing,
declare: "I am the adventuress."
Real magic comes from the cloven heart.
A man, thinly gray, makes a cradle for a kitten
though his hands melt, because even his bones
proclaim love, and this, so much more
than any frayed magic, or falling strands.



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A Moon, Lacking Night

When the king's last wife
looks up for one final moment,
the crescent defies her,
all ice, all clearing of blue.
A scent of salt rises from the block.
She closes her eyes. Tears would
be wasted on this sky.
The whirring comes, like a hawk
swinging in a downward arc, in
the breath of wings, but, no.
Falling is to pray for something swift.
The cool white sliver above
hover still, and bereft of sight.

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Lancaster Burying Ground

Sometimes, snow gathers
shuttling downhill.
A cemetery waits; this is what cemeteries do.
If earth were a patient thing, so it would be here.
Skulls abide, white in teeth, flecks of dust
and wings that never move.
None of us knows the privilege of scattered pine needles,
the golden color of the earliest dawn.
Again and again, falling.
Again, and again, waging peace in the silence.

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Debbie Clewer

World in disarray...

I witnessed an event today
I watched the world in disarray
The ocean jumped to meet the sky
I know not how, I know not why ?

I witnessed many other things
Saw wealthy paupers, weary Kings
Couldn't make sense of anything
And then I wondered why ?

The world on axis upside-down
Politicians danced, like circus clowns
Smiling words behind their frowns
Do you listen to what they say?

Lower curtains, bring them down
The world in crisis, cities, towns
Lost & searching, never found
This world of ours today

I witnessed an event today
Found the world in disarray
Too late to save it anyway
This world, our world, has gone astray.

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Paradise-like Land

Among all worlds, you are my world yourself,
 Through the ages may you always shine.
 Draped your moments of independence with flowers,
 When you wrote the word 'Independence'.

We remember the past with hearts burning,
 History lives on with the present.
 People live joyfully in a prosperous life,
 Always thinking of goodness.

If it is granted to live in a peaceful life,
 We give thanks for every moment.
 A child worthy of honor for the homeland,
 For the glory and dignity of the homeland, giving life.

'Homeland... Homeland...' - they went burning,
 The sky and heavens became witnesses.
 Illuminating the night in a winter night,
 True sons faithfully protected you.

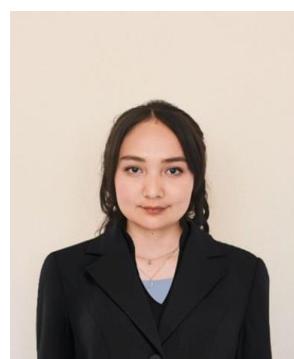
I do not covet another's orchard,
 The flowers of my land surpass all others.
 Every morning the breeze of paradise blows,
 For me, my land is dear and sacred.

Uzbekistan! The world recognizes you,
 You bloom like a flower in spring.
 In beauty incomparable, in happiness unparalleled,
 Youth joyfully roam in the embrace of the homeland.

My garden and orchard are comparable to paradise,
 The future is great, my country Uzbekistan!

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Saparboyeva Nazokat Qadamboy daughter
 Urgench State University Foreign philology faculty student



READING "SHUM BOLA"

You are a poet who sings the people's sorrow,
 In every line, you threaded meaning tightly.
 I read 'Shum Bola' repeatedly,
 Yet with each reading, you gave new thoughts.

The mischief of Qoravoy is obvious indeed,
 But I understood more of the sadness in his eyes.
 From anguish, to whom was it sent?
 When a stick strikes above an orphan's head,

Let the truth woven in humor be told,
 What lies behind the laughter.
 Don't say it's impossible, let the parrots tell,
 The rich woman always has a place ready.

In the city, lunatics wandered countless,
 Mayramxon, Tojixon... which one to mention?
 Yet every word spoken in their tongues,
 Is not like a madman's, surely the truth.

Remember, Toji would say: 'Don't scatter,
 Move to one side, discipline is needed.'
 In the time of Tsar Nikolai,
 What could be more important than unity?

I linger in endless thoughts, yet
 Sometimes I cannot hold back from laughter:
 Was the bird that drank yogurt really a dove?
 Or the donkey who sinned at night, a bull?

The 'Innaykeyin' have no bounds,
 Servants many, the work of lying in wait.
 Qoravoy's worries exceeded lies,
 They themselves called Sariboy.

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Uktamova Sevinch Uktam qizi
 Tashkent State University of Law
 Second-year student at the Faculty of International Law and Comparative Jurisprudence.



IN PROXIMITY

Symptoms of agonized
squalor you ratify,
noncommittally, in firm
packages of words
sent down the chain of my
extremities.

Esoteric subtitles shower
my unfettered scripts –
emulating inner stateliness –
spewing vague epiphanies of
meteoric tuned to metaphoric
aspirations.

It's a darkroom dynasty from
your exposure:
front row viewing
of a solar coronation,
puzzling the cumulus
puddles of my daydreams,
with a new consistency of polish.

Apparitions in proximity
to your capacity
arrive in idle threads,
sporting fashionable lateness,
even when I'm on time
for the latest lesson
from the muse who unspools
chapters of profundity
in rigid rosary enunciation.

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ENVY

Some of us living may envy
the dead,
but the statues – who poke
pinpricks in the sun's grey
blanket of a storm's sour
postmortem – envy
the survivors,
dragging their disorientation
like a child sacrifice
to the charcoal-adorned
contrarian shrine,
where the vertical
victors recline. Observing
the now less
flawless, now oblivious
to their observation, nestled
in the only distraction
extant: the interminable
stillborn rubble of an
existential hatch in their hands,
with a vision's length
free of speedbumps
an insufferable confrontation.

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THE GAME OF IT ALL

Tell the truth,
just not right now.

Don't lie,
just don't tell
the whole story,
at least not to this person,
or the one across the room.

Others will be happy
to (be paid to) hear the rest.

Now wait
for another to arrive,
to get paid well
(by you)
to regurgitate the things
I just gave to you for free.
No hidden fee.

Evidence is vital;
you're just
not allowed to prove
anything with it.

It's imperative
that more enlightening
is smuggled into the reality
that evidence accumulation
isn't symbiotic
with your benefits
or even your best interests.

It's a side-quest wade
through the murk
of diversion for some people
(whom you don't pay)
to observe you,
sanction-less,
and to prove whatever's ripe
to prove about you
today.

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Free Uzbekistan

We will be your sacrifice, free Uzbekistan.
The homeland begins at the threshold,
The mountains, the fields, the meadows - the homeland!
The feeling hidden deep in the human heart
Endless love, the soul and soul!
This is a sacred scripture, this is eternal will
How many opportunities are given to the young,
Unable to return to the homeland, they wander far away
With cries and sighs inside.
A handful of soil is squeezed into your hand
You look at the clear sky with joy
A lifetime is worth living together
We will be your sacrifice, free Uzbekistan

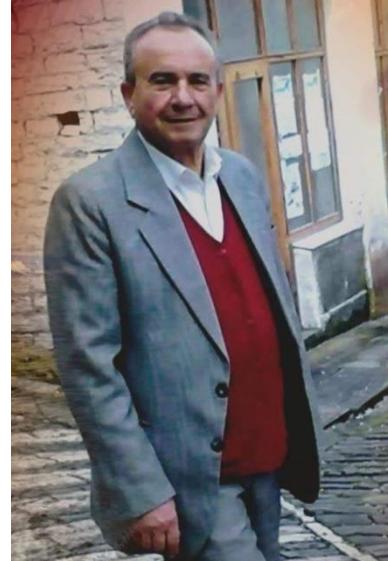


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OPEN TOWN

Pale face in April
 honey Kitrinaia lives the town
 in Jaundice with a yellow rose
 on its lips
 It's too early to get the gold out
 although running like a southern
 mad man.
 Distinguishing the virgins of Africa
 the sky tears the earth the sick orange fruit
 Among the people.
 I look for the dust of you
 and don't see you
 only as my housewife.
 I paint yellow everything in my eyes
 you are invisible to me like of sand.
 I found you and look you
 in the eyes between them
 I would like to come out those eyes
 that saw me like a diamond.
 I am seen by a sick orange
 cloud like autumn that's blooming.
 My world seem Asian pale to me
 expressed nature with envy
 of the soul, the yellow of the season.

© Copyrighted 2025 by Lefter Shomo



Lefter Shomo (Eleuterio Sciomo) was born in 1948 in the city of Delvina (Albania), where he also finished high school. In 1974 he graduated from the University of the Higher State Agricultural Institute. After university, he graduated in Greek, Italian and French with the state diploma. In 1990, he defended his scientific thesis for the title of Science Candidate. Lefter Shomo is the first teacher who opened the Italian course in the city of Delvina, starting in high school and then privately in 1989. Shomo has been writing poetry since his youth. Recently he is preparing two collections of poetry in Albanian and Greek. Lefter Shomo has translated poems by famous Albanian and foreign poets, including many famous authors.

MOTHERLAND

Motherland, do not hollow out days of youth
with those protests
with that land in flame
with those battles of glory
my lips become dry
whenever I call you, Motherland
A gram of nostalgia equal to an aristocrat
in Europe Motherland,
I pulled out the teeth of darkness
I was afraid it would bite us in freedom, too.

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(Tiranë, January 2008)

WEAPONS DON'T MAKE THE WAR

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

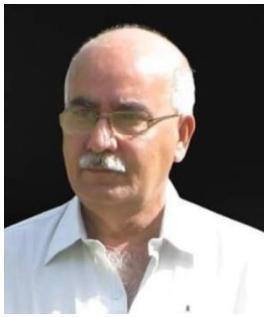
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(Karachi, Sindh, Pakistan - September 24, 2024)

POET'S NOTE

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

ABOUT NASIR AIJAZ - PAKISTAN

Journalist, Author, Researcher and Poet



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

he translated a poetry book of Egyptian poet Ashraf Aboul Yazid, into Sindhi language, which was published in Egypt. Very recently, he translated a novel 'Maharaja Dahir' from English to Sindhi language, which originally was authored in Bengali by Debasree Chakraborti, a renowned novelist of Kolkata. Besides, he has written around 500 articles in English, Urdu and Sindhi, the native language of Sindh. He is editor of Sindh Courier, an online magazine and represents The AsiaN, an online news service of South Korea with regular contribution for eleven years. His articles have also been translated in Arabic and Korean languages. Some of his English articles were published in Singapore, India and Nigeria. He started writing poetry in his native language Sindhi, and English. Some of his poems have been translated in Odiya, Albanian, Italian, Arabic and Greek languages. Arabic translation has been published in Egypt, Iraq, and Abu Dhabi. His English poems have been published in Albania, Bangladesh, Kosovo, USA, UK, Tajikistan, Greece, Italy and some other countries. Recently, the Odiya translation of his poetry has been published in a literary magazine 'Mahuri' of Bhubaneswar, Odisha, India. Nasir Aijaz is one of the founding members of Korea-based Asia Journalists Association AJA. He has visited some ten Asian countries and attended international seminars. Email: nasir.akhund1954@gmail.com

MAY PEN TRANSFORM INTO A DOVE OF PEACE

When I was in school, I heard

That three Chinese journalists sacrificed their lives in the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia.

When I started working,

I witnessed Babylon, once a pride of the world,

Being pelted with bullets like a torrential rainfall.

When the dawn of peace emerged, the four fields returned to tranquility.

Once there's a chink in the world, beneath the vast sky,

Human voices blaze like fire, and birds sing in chorus.

Houses stand bright, with windows seemingly hosting the starry river.

On the roads, couples hold hands,

And humans link every soul with a ribbon - like tenderness.

On the musical sea, beautiful mountains are chanted.

Beauty should be the name of Earth, a place we yearn for.

We travel by bike, bus, or plane,

Without discrimination, without barriers,

Without weapons, gunshots, cannons, or bombers.

Everywhere, there are golden rice fields and red roses.

However, when I'm immersed in joy,

The words flowing from my pen turn into crows.

The human - centered order tilts once again.

Ugliness touches the sun, attempting to block out its light.

Gaza has become a living hell.

O Light, please bend your golden waist and kiss the Earth.

Nourish every wounded soul with your mercy.

May my pen also transform into a gentle dove of peace,

Reaching every place in need of beauty.

May...

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Anna Keiko, a distinguished poetess and essayist from Shanghai, China, has made a profound impact on contemporary literature. A graduate of Shanghai East China University with a Bachelor's degree in Law, she has achieved global recognition for her poetry, which has been translated into more than 30 languages and published in over 500 journals, magazines, and media outlets across 40 countries. Keiko is the founder and chief editor of the ACC Shanghai Huifeng Literature Association and serves as a Chinese representative and director of the International Cultural Foundation Ithaca. Her affiliations extend to Immagine & Poesia in Italy and the Canadian-Cuban Literary Union, reflecting her commitment to fostering cross-cultural literary exchanges. Her poetic oeuvre spans six collections, including "Lonely in the Blood and Absurd Language", showcasing her exploration of human emotions, environmental

concerns, and existential themes. Her innovative style and evocative imagery have earned her numerous accolades, such as the 30th International Poetry Award in Italy and the World Peace Ambassador Certificate in 2024. Notably, she was the first Chinese recipient of the Cross-Cultural Exchange Medal for Significant Contribution to World Poetry, awarded in the United States in 2023. Her works, including "Octopus Bones" and other acclaimed poems, have resonated with readers worldwide, garnering invitations to prominent international poetry festivals and conferences. Her dedication to the arts extends beyond poetry, encompassing prose, essays, lyrics, and drama, underscoring her versatility as a writer.

Nominated for the Nobel Prize in Literature in 2020, Anna Keiko continues to break barriers, bringing Chinese literature to the global stage.

Legacy of Liberty

Pakistan_a land of brave beings,
With invincible spirit and iron nerves.
With sparkling eyes and sweet smiles,
Let us celebrate this
Red letter day.
O people! Happy Independence Day.

All and sundry,
Rank and file,
Among our ancestors,
Sacrificed their lives.
Let us celebrate this
Red letter day.
O people! Happy Independence Day.

Today living a fearless life,
With no apprehensions of
Shackles of savage slavery,
With cherishing dreams and wishes,
Let us celebrate this red letter day,
O people! Happy Independence Day.

May our sweet homeland,
Prosper and progress by leaps and bounds.
May the silver lining of hope,
Never lose its luminous light.
With optimism and sound spirit,
Let us celebrate this
Red letter day.
O people! Happy Independence Day.

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To My Teacher

Within my heart still live the words you said,
The poems spoken since my youth was led.
With eyes so kind, with care in every glance,
You taught me life — its wisdom and its chance.
The flame you lit still brightly burns in me,
Each step, each word, a gift I learned from thee.
Today I stand a teacher in my role,
You taught me life — you shaped my heart and soul.
From heart to heart you spoke, my dearest guide,
With sincere love you taught, you lived, you tried.
To thank you now is more than just a phrase,
My truest duty — gratitude and praise.
Thank you, my teacher, from my school days true,
With all my heart, I say my thanks to you.

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Ashley O'Keefe

Skies Turn Grey

After the storm
The sun breaks through,
Clouds disappear
Not to spoil the view,

Strolling my way
Through that field of hay,
Then the thunder claps
Those skies turn grey,

The calm, the peace
Only lasted a while,
Once more rivers flow
More tears to cry,

Searching for shelter
A place to hide...

As darkness descends

The tears I've cried...

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Days of Lingering Soot

Icy... misty...
Crunch under foot,
Icicles drip
Days of lingering soot,
Trees raped bare
Autumn has fled,
Winter's arrived
Summer's long dead,
A deserted platform
Still keeps time,
A train passing through
Chugga chuggas in rhyme,
Blowing off steam
A loud whistle warning,
That rhythmic sound
This wintry morning.

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Rhythm of the Rain

I hear the rhythm of the rain and your heartbeat
As we lie here together falling asleep,
Closing our eyes, we're safe and sound
As the rain pitter-patters on the ground,

It ebbs and it flows
With a musical cadence,
It lulls as it strips
Away any pretense,
Within each silvered drop
An operatic whole,
Washing away tears... fears
As our loving arms hold,

The beat of your heart like a drum
Within our cocoon, we're overcome,
With a feeling of warmth
as we drift
Eyes closed, into our dreams, such a gift...
We slumber so sweetly
As the rain passes by,
Snuggled up tightly
To awake to clear skies.

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THE MIRROR OF THE LEAF

On the palm of the wind
a lone leaf falls,
as if it were the last question
the trees never answered.

The leaf is the memory of roots,
the sigh of the branch,
the breath of the soil.

How many secrets it carried
when the sun wrote upon it
in golden ink,
only for the clouds
to erase it
with an eraser of darkness.

The leaf asks:
Am I the beginning of the tree
or its end?
Am I the face that waves to life
or the shadow that fades in autumn?

The leaf whispers:
I am the fragility of beauty,
the truth of perishing,
and I am the proof
that perfection cannot last.

When I wither
I become an idea,
when I burn
I turn into a prayer,
when I crumble into the earth
I give birth to life again.

Every leaf
is an unfinished poem,
every leaf
a testament to the wind,
every leaf
a mirror of man:
he lives, he flourishes,
then returns to his first silence.

O you who wander through the seasons,
if you find a fallen leaf,



read it well...
you will discover you are the leaf,
and the tree
is nothing but the extension of your soul.

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Returning to Shine

Be the roar of a wave
that faces the storm,
and the might of wind
that masters the tempest,
to return to shining
on the crests of the sea.

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Wingbeats

I have seen dreams
crumble in memory
like rough-hewn stones
under the scorch of an arid sun,

rivers run dry
whose surging waters once roared,
wild and abundant
with thoughts never concealed,

wind and storm hit
against the mightiest peaks
until even the deepest roots
of principles are torn away.

And yet,
stubbornly, still flutters
that wingbeat within the chest—
a surviving frenzy
to catch life by surprise.

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Among brambles and roses

Love buds
among brambles and roses,
spring that palpitates
in the sun.
In its sigh
the sea flutters wildly and
moves furious
heartbeats.

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ELISABETTA BONAPARTE

ITALY



Elisabetta Bonaparte is an Italian poet, writer, lawyer and teacher. Her passion for poetry has materialized in a significant literary production, characterized by a profound sensitivity to existential and natural themes and by a refined, intimate and meditative language, rich in symbolism and metaphors. Elisabetta Bonaparte has participated in national and international literary competitions, obtaining First Prizes, Medals, Plaques, Special Prizes, as well as numerous other literary awards. Her compositions, translated into several languages have been selected and included in literary anthologies and published in national and international specialized journals, both in print and online, in many countries.

WHITE PETAL FLOWER

On the thin edge of the cape
There bloomed a white petal flower,
How it garners nourishment from the earth
And shines in the rays of the golden sun.

Strange it is, how can it be
Some flowers amid the meadows hardly bloom,
While this one on the cape stands strong against life
And others in fertile soil do not flourish.

I have heard that life is about how you adapt.
When you possess a mind that sharpens,
And when you strive with honor and sacrifice
You hold your head high and expect nothing from others.

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GREETINGS FROM VLORA

Wet verses from the autumn rains
I dare to send to distant lands;
I fear October, the month of poetry,
As the vineyards tremble to become a phoenix...

The greetings goes to my Ohrid, to your Ohrid,
From the Vlora of Lasgush, to the Pogradec of Asllani;
A sea of greetings I send with all my heart,
For I am the spirit of Labëria of Kosovo, of Elbasan...

It is a pure soul like the dew of April
That shines for what God has blessed;
You have, oh autumn, my life's synonym
Adorned with sunlit beads of Vlorë.

Autumn, oh beautiful autumn,
I have you like grapes, pomegranates, and peaches ...

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Translated in English by Kujtim Hajdari

THE LEAVES HAVE FALLEN

The leaves have fallen from our legends,
The yellow leaves have dried,
The legends did not wither,
Their roots were so deep.

Their roots are deep underground,
Beneath the soil of the father, of the mother,
Where the sweetness of song springs forth,
Where the beats of the heart find their rhythm.

The leaves of our legends have fallen,
They released buds, green shoots,
Let us walk on foot, even though it is late,
So as not to fall into dead ends tomorrow.

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Translated in English by Kujtim Hajdari

THE FLAMINGOS OF AGRON DINA

Honestly, I called them true
The beautiful Flamingos in Nartë!
I thought to approach them, to touch them with my hand...
The divine brush brought me golden hues.

As they dance ballet in the water, the playful birds,
In their home, in the lagoon,
They captivated me, and like a fool,
I rushed to the painting, to capture the Flamingos.

The image gave me a beautiful shock,
And why not call myself lucky,
To know, to have as a friend Agron Dina,
The aristocratic painter of aristocratic birds.

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Translated in English by Kujtim Hajdari

AUTUMNAL SHOWERS

Autumnal showers cease the guilty forehead
To build an attic to autumn, i didn't get a deal,
With packets of tissues when tears are dried,
Her personality and psychology i reveal.

The night confuses the moon after the rain,
To be a nice girl than, she pretends,
The autumn salutes her celestial friend,
And honey cells fall from the universe.

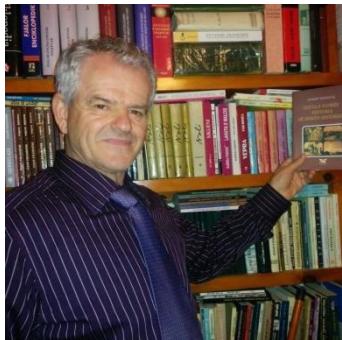
In autumn, even the snowman in his grey hair,
Looks more beautifully than the others,
Autumnal showers take me away,
As i lift my hands to enfold the star like fires.

Autumn is wary, it bears no lasting rancor,
The edge so kingly the pear's fragrance leaves,
When Laureates imitate it along the strophes,
Suddenly comes the winter-as the icy- prince.

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Translated in English by Kujtim Hajdari

ALBERT HABAZAJ - Albania

Translated in English by Kujtim Hajdari



Born on March 20, 1960, in Tërbaç-Himarë, Vlorë, he is an Albanian researcher, bibliographer, poet, and writer, author of several books of poetry, prose, and literary journalism. He is also the author of several historical-cultural monographs and numerous ethnological and anthropological studies. He published the Bibliography of book publications by the faculty of "Ismail Qemali" University, Vlorë (1994-2006), Part 1, and Part 2 (2006-2023). He earned a Master of Science degree in Ethnology and Folklore from the Institute of Cultural Anthropology and Art Studies, Center for Albanological Studies, Tirana. He is included in the Anthology of Selected Stories by Vlorë Authors and the Anthology of Selected Poetry of city of Vlore, in anthologies about Vlorë, the Sea, Naim Frashëri, Mother Teresa, Dritëro Agolli, in anthologies of Albanian poetry with themes of "Muzgut," (Dusk) in the anthology of Albanian poetry "Lotët e virgjér" ("Virgin Tears"), 2012, published in English in London, and in the literary anthology "Shtigjeve të Vendlindjes: me krijuesit e Himarës" (On the Paths of the Homeland: with the Creators of Himara), among others. Many of his works and poems, especially portraits, dedications, songs of joy, or lament songs, have been included in books by various authors from Vlorë and the country. He is an editor and reviewer of many books by other authors, supports new talents, and is an active social figure. Currently, he is the president of the "Petro Marko" Writers' and Artists' Association in Vlorë. He works at "Ismail Qemali" University in Vlorë, serving as the director of the "Nermin Vlora Falaschi" Scientific Library of this institution. He is preparing for publication the book study "Vlorë Writers and Their Role in Albanian Literature," Part 1, which includes 20 literary reflections and lectures by the author.

Publications:

- 12 volumes of poetry
- 14 volumes of monographs
- 7 volumes of scientific monographs

MOMENT.

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

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MOMENT. 2

Here, the ray silently rests at one
with a light that hides beneath the trees
of the forest.
I, too, fall silent with the song
of a bird with red wings.
A squirrel, like a playful wave
Plays with my shadow.
For a moment, I forgot that the small world
Burns in my fists.
In its ashes, I plant pieces of freedom with petals of poppy pain.
Up in the skies,
We seek the forgotten paths of happiness.

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Fall

Breeze from the north,
Leaves in a disorderly fall,
Footsteps move on, unkind,
Nature's beauty crushed and lost.
Street urchins with bags unite,
Gathering crisp old leaves,
Silent trees watch and sigh.

In solitude's embrace,
From a high view you witness,
Nature's artful sway.
Memories persist,
Heavy is your heart,
Friends show no warmth now.
Sunlight can't find you,
Your inertia resists light,
the moon's call unheeded.



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(Rubab Abdullah is a Bangladeshi-American Poet)

The Stars

Each night she looks to skies above,
With wonder, dreams, and silent love.
She hopes a star will hear her plea,
And send her joy from galaxy.
Her eyes like stars begin to glow,
She counts the names she's come to know.
"Look, Mother! Leo — fierce and grand,
He guards the skies with roaring stand!"
"And Taurus follows close behind,
With strength and will, so fast, so kind.
The sky's a garden, full of light,
Where creatures play in velvet night."
"The Great Bear hugs her baby tight,
And sings it softly into night.
She rocks it slow, with lullaby,
Till dreams take flight across the sky."
"The Hunter star comes into view,
He seeks his friends, he calls a few.
Big Dog appears — they march with pride,
Then Eagle joins them in the ride."
"Now Scorpius, with tail held high,
Climbs up to rule the jeweled sky.
But then he slips, he's lost — oh no!
Yet finds his place with steady glow."
"The North Star sleeps, not far away,
With Little Bear who's gone to lay.
They drift in sleep, side by side,
Where stars and peace and love abide."
The tale now ends, the stars shine clear,
The night is calm, the dream is near.
Her mother laughs with gentle cheer:
"The stars all smiled because you're here."

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River bank

Life's roads are shorter than we ever know,
Blink of an eye — and years are gone, they flow.
Tell me, O man, why pride you proudly show?
Your final place is just two spans below.
Life is a shore — a shore with no sea,
Don't lose yourself where waves should be.
Don't waste the meaning time hands free,
This moment's gold — don't let it flee.
You blink once more — your youth is gone,
You turn around — those wild days won't respond.
Don't wait for sweet words from every tongue,
Don't be a shore where no waves come.
Life moves fast, it never slows,
Like ticking hands that chase and close.
Know this truth before it's flown:
Don't live like land where no seas moan.

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Xasanova Aziza Kumushbek qizi. Born on October 1, 2004 in Chirchik, Tashkent Region. Currently a student at Tashkent University of Economics and Pedagogy. On March 1, 2025, she received the title of "Faculty Zulfiyasi" in a competition held by the Institute. She has published several scientific articles.

The contemplative flower of violet

The mellow flower of violet
is a fineness of the violet's blossom in the moonlight
however the small eternity happens
in an enchanting woodland solitude
genus *Viola* is minor
but wonderful and subtle
so tranquil the last night was
when a sylvan dream was awakened
four butterflies landed
in the calyx of this violet
their elysian longing leaving
in the heart of the flower a diamond was created
from heart-like dreameries of butterflies
and from eternal power of starry night
and the moon shines on everything
I stay yet not far from that
in the phantasy – the violet so unfolded
intoxicated by charm and by home land
as well as by starlit night
full of the dreamy Erlking

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Paweł Markiewicz was born 1983 in Siemiatycze in Poland. He is poet who lives in Bielsk Podlaski and writes tender poems, haiku and long poems.

Taghrid Bou Merhi - Lebanon - Brazil

BREATHS OF THE QUESTION

In the beginning,
the question was the pulse,
and wonder was a cloud
hanging from the forehead of the universe.

Since man opened his eyes
to the fragments of existence,
he asked the stone:
What is the secret of your silence?
He asked the river:
Where do your steps lead?

Everything answers with silence,
and silence is an eternal book
read by intuition,
translated by astonishment.

Philosophy is not certainty,
it is a path where shadows sleep
and light awakens
on the edge of the soul.

It is the confusion of the mind
when it chases a meaning
that flees like the wind
through the corridors of absence.

It is the ascent of the self
to a mirror
that shatters whenever it tries
to prove its form.

The philosopher
is nothing but a bird
searching for its nest
in an endless void.

He asks death:
Are you a door,
or a wall without a window?
He asks life:
Are you a dream,
or a cloud that rains by chance?

Every answer
becomes another question,
and every question
extends like roots in the soil of illusion.

We are built
of conflicting possibilities,
of certainty that breaks
at the first bend of doubt.

And philosophy
is to walk in a desert
with no visible borders,
yet carry in the heart
the certainty of a mirage.

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THE LAST MESSAGE OF NIETZSCHE

I admired Nietzsche
 a flame untamed,
 a mind that bowed to none;
 yet in his light I saw the shadow,
 in his voice the weariness of the soul.
 He spoke of the will to power,
 of the man who walks above his fear,
 but he forgot
 a man without love
 is a superman broken from within.
 Schopenhauer stood beside him,
 to name the world a burning hell,
 to call despair a law of nature.
 But life, dear Nietzsche, is not to be accepted
 it is to be ignited,
 a light against the night that drowns us.
 You said: "God is dead."
 Perhaps you saw only
 the shadow of a man
 who no longer believed in love.
 You said: "Life is absurd."
 Yet you missed the sky breathing over flowers,
 the laughter of a child
 without philosophy.
 And still we follow you,
 for in every doubt burns a spark,
 in every denial, a longing for light.
 You dreamed of the Übermensch,
 I dream of the man who forgives,
 who walks wounded,
 yet keeps love alive.
 Nietzsche, your final message
 was not the void
 it was the search for light
 in the darkness of the human soul.

Lan QYQALLA, Prof. (Kosovo) is a prominent Albanian writer, poet, literary critic and professor. Author of more than seventeen books of poetry, stories and novels. His books have been translated into several international languages: English, French, Turkish, Polish, Swedish, Croatian, Romanian etc., such as LORA, A LOMBRE DES MUSSE, LOVE PASSAPORT... His poems, stories and novels have been published in more than one hundred and sixty literary magazines throughout Europe, Asia and America. He lives and creates in Pristina, Republic of Kosovo.



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Raven Cage Zine
Romance

[Mimoza Marjanaku](#)

MY SOUL, A FLUTE

You
did not arrive by accident.
I had chosen you.

You might have entered
another body,
but your essence
shaped the flute—

beneath my fingers,
small mouths of breath
along its length.

I chose you
to tune my soul,
restless,
wounded,
unearthed,
unbridled.

I played Breath,
the sonata for flute in A minor.
My whole body erupted in sound,
a chorus of itself.

When the oak and the pine
applauded,
when mountain, sky, and grove
trembled the shirt
of the startled doe—

I knew you were born in a forest,
O flute.

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(Translated: Ana Korça)

THE PLUCKING OF THE SOUL

The lights go out.
I reach in the dark
toward the bed.

Golden minutes—
under the sheets
we become two:
I
and the Soul.

I see my body
in the mirror...
It resembles
a double bass.

Standing,
behind the seated players,
a rhapsody begins.

A sound
rises from the earth,
a hidden moan.

The soul, unruly,
plucks the body
with a painful, piercing touch.

Wood splinters,
strings snap.

The audience
rises from their seats.

The body remains alone,
center stage—
a shattered double bass
performing a torn score.

No finale.

Only the tear in the eye—
the bow—
does not abandon me.

SEASONAL CONTRAST

Empty soul...

Mornings knock over pebbles,
like dazed doves searching for light.

At midday,
the soles burn with hunger
to shorten the distance
between who I was
and what remains.

In the fog
I find scraps of old fabric,
colors I no longer recall—
a mosaic of bygone time
thrown by chance on today's doorstep.

And then,
the soul fills.
From this mosaic, a tree grows.
The earth recognizes it, trembles,
slowly whispers the name of its fruit.

Ah, this mulberry sweetness—
so close,
so motherland.

The soul again on the scale:
emptied and filled,
in a winter that never ends.

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Sabina Darova, creator of the Forum of Women Project, is the recipient of the Ambassador of Peace Award, a councilor at the Provincial Equal Opportunities Council of Asti, and a member of the Board of Directors of AMMI in Turin. For 22 years, she has worked as a cultural mediator for the ASL of Asti, the Municipality, the Court, and local schools. She is also a freelance journalist for three Albanian newspapers and a poet, having published two poetry collections in the Albanian language. She was awarded the Special Prize at the Torino Film Festival during the 12th edition of the Lingua Madre Contest in Italy. She has published two poetry books in Italian: "Skin Light" and "Unfinished, the Sleeve of Winter".

Star

I think if I was a trillion-year-old
star blazing, always in deep transformation,
pulling planets into my orbit and asteroids
and the tips of angel-wings, bypassing,
touching, fearless, as bright or brighter
maneuvering with unexpected harmony

then remembering would be easy - to see
the past as a sealed perfection, no matter
how apparently flawed, to see myself
as the same

then I would vibrate in a place where there is
no guilt, no lack, and all I do
and all I cannot do would be set as
a rock on a shore -
full of dents, instructions and veins
of rich (sometimes glowing) colours inside

it would be enough to be that rock
or that star - one thing, whole,
changing without struggle,
combusting or eroding
without attachment, without pain.

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Slowly the builder builds

but the miracle-maker is quick -
enormous change, dreamt-of-no-longer.
The end-result is a shock of grace
and the depths of God's power displayed,
gifted for no deserving reason but love
and the faith that the receiver
has in that love, welcoming that love.

Mustard seed blooming in seconds,
why look under the blankets or walk
the steady path? Matter is a wave dipping
flowing, curvatures actualized,
only incrementally understood.
Sticky fields surrounding,
demanding interaction
as the master-builder alters creation in a blink,
with compassion stronger than a stormy sea,
stronger than death or deformity,
strongest still in the peace
of utter surrender, after cellular breakdown,
after defeat, after defiance is broken,
this love floods like a wind, gathering velocity,
gathering together proportionally all things
perfect, flawed, absolutely divine.

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You were born

with the light of a nebula
inside of you, natural
as your loving smile
tortured now by isolation
and a waning strength
that has your commitment
maimed and muted.
But underneath that light still surges,
cannot be snuffed out or ignored.

You are blessed with invincible charm
that takes up a room
and soothes every broken soul.
Do not let circumstances threaten your joy
or hold you in a world you don't belong.
Breathe deeply and expand, remember your
purpose and your birthright, swiftly
go deep, find the pulse everlasting, knowing yourself,
stretch your arms out, know it and believe.

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Much Much and Many

I see what my eyes betray,
but see the rising healing corridor
shine and expand
to set right the direction of the wind
and the lack that keeps leaking
until more lack insults all hope.

I see this home delivered,
angels laughing in each corner
and the floors and ceilings are rivers
of abundance, crossing the barrier, dissolving barriers,
trusting that truth will abide like a child trusts
in extreme joy,
joy glittering on her teeth, at her tips, infectious.

I see the promise and I step over reality
to receive it. I am thankful, measured
by this open gate, and the onrush delight,
flooding, reaching everywhere, in.

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A flawed proposal

Who proposed the idea of life at first to the lord?
Who thought about such energetic evolution?
Didn't he know the fate ,the curse of growth?
If yes ,perhaps his own balance would have been shaken.

The question remained hidden for ages and ages since,
The darkest shadow covered the brightest sky of hope.
People still don't know how to stay happy and safe,
Brainwashed faces gathered on the sins' steep slope.

They are ignorant of their own future's path,
The randomizer politics is dictating their portrayals,
Who knows from where one will fall down ,
To the large grave of terror full of betrayals.

Is the creator happy? Whom we do worship ,
Is the idea maker not in a dilemma over the modernity?
Humanity's chest of faith is drowning in the sea,
While there is no way of getting fruitful prosperity.

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Survival

Sometimes you wish not to see another day,
Breathing feels heavy, life seems to slip away.
Yet know, my precious one, your time will stay,
The day you least expect will come your way.
Do not grieve, I know your path is steep,
Dreams forgotten, sorrows cling and creep.
But trust, my dear, one day your heart will leap,
To skies of joy, where blessings run deep.
Do not ask when, do not ask why,
Bright mornings will reach you, by and by.
Even the day you wished to let pass by,
You'll remember it only with a smile high.
My precious one, my sweet words true,
Your dark eyes pure, your heart like dew.
The struggles that haunt you, the things you rue,
One day your fortune will come into view.
Patience is heavier than the desert sand,
Tears now are friends, as fate has planned.
A companion now, a friend at hand,
Tomorrow with my Lord will make life grand.
There is still a chance, there is still hope,
Never surrender, never lose scope.
Luck awaits, and life will help you cope,
Happiness incomplete without your own rope.

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Ivan Pozzoni

THE ALIEN

Headlights flash at the exit of the Milan ring road
 a screeching noise of impact on the ground burns the ground
 it's not the usual flooding of the Seveso river that creates the sound of a hurricane
 an alien has landed.

Ambulances and Carabinieri, drawn by the confusion, arrive on site,
 the docking of an Unidentified Flying Object is not a usual upside;
 the television infantry quickly arrive from the Cologno Monzese tower
 the exclusive interview on Mediaset Premium would cut off any ratings.

"Doctor Alien," the freelance journalist elbows, "do you have belligerent intentions?",
 in the hope of getting the alien to sign a waiver for free;
 "My donkey" the alien replies, "do you think i would have landed in Brianza
 if i had intended to achieve even a half-victory?".

"I am an alien, and i would like to send a message to your nation,
 which, along with Greece, Portugal, and Spain, is a southerner in the European Union,
 the BCA (alien central bank) is willing to promote stock options
 — as you say—so that every bank in Italy, after recapitalizing,
 lowers interest rates on current accounts, irritating the colon
 of millions of italian savers to the point of creating them a recessionary diarrhea".

The thirty-year-old journalist, in a miniskirt and revealing low-cut neckline,
 tries to interrupt the alien with a routine question:
 the man, pointing with his middle finger, sends a thunderbolt at her, disappeared, gone,
 as she was accustomed, from time to time, to disappear under some desk.

"Point two of the BCA" the alien continues "you will have to increase every form of flexibility,
 that is, use a flex or a Bosch grinder on the smiles of those peddling unemployment
 under the false rhetoric of opportunity: since the Craxi's era, they have exhausted all credibility.
 If you wanted to fuck it up Italy, you might as well have kept Ilona Staller in the Chamber
 and stopped voting, like donkeys, for Merkel's microcephalic left-center-right followers
 tackling the tip of the recession iceberg on the Transatlantic, Monte Titanic".

"Point three of the BCA" the alien concludes "if Berlusca arrives from Arcore, i won't even begin
 i wouldn't want, among Mubarak's various granddaughters, to stumble into an hospice's odyssey
 (in Cesano Boscone), or if Fonzie arrives from Firenze with the face of an undertaker
 i wouldn't want to spend millions of alien-dollars on detergent trying to remove stains from a jaguar
 you'll have to sell Alps to Switzerland, Tyrrhenian Sea to Corsica, and Adriatic to Albania
 and empty the ocean of public debt with the spoon of gerontocracy".
 Suddenly, with sirens blaring, a Croce Verde Pavese ambulance arrives,
 two vigorous paramedic, careful to avoid middle and media, dress the Genoese alien in a straitjacket
 he, immediately alienated, interrupts his conversation and calmly walks away.
 How the fuck did they confuse alien messages with a Beppe Grillo rally?

THE FATE OF SIPHACES

Titus Livius, against Polybius, takes pleasure
in explaining the fate of Syphax.

The chronicle: we recount the bare facts
as Govoni would do with his satisfied flowers.

The background: Scipio activates Massinissa and Laelius
against a Syphax forced to give his best.

For Syphax, in Magnos Campos, the bitter pill is hard to swallow:
being defeated at the Bagrada along with Hasdrubal Gisco:

Postero die Scipio cum omni Romano et Numidico equitatu Masinissamque Laelium
expeditisque ad persequendos Syphacem atque Hasdrubalem mittit militum.

With Syphax captured, the surrender of Cirta is certain
Laelius's knights win overwhelmingly in the away match
the defeat is Syphax's fault: nisba!

Sofonisba ends up in the middle of it
forced to swallow a cup of poison
as Socrates did in the Crito without being inferior.

Scipio C. Laelio cum Syphace aliisque captivis Romam misso, cum quibus et Masinissae
legati profecti sunt, ad Tyneta rursus castra refert ipse.

Siface embarked towards Rome, caput mundi
incarcerated by a chain of gerunds,
Mazetullus and Tycheus were in Zama and Siface was in Tivoli
Hannibal had diabetic birds, that is, bitter cocks, and in Carthage they were really cabbages.
Morte spectaculo magis hominum quam triumphantis gloriae Syphax est subtractus,
Tiburi haud ita multo ante mortuus, quo ab Alba fuerat traductus.
Where do flowers look good? In a vase:
twenty-six verses weren't needed to destroy Parnassus.

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UNEMPLOYED-BORN

I owed a handful of verses to a talented young man from Campania
whom, I will certainly disappoint by not using my recent corrosive rhyme
i would like to cement myself, in verses of armed conflict,
on the burning issue of the unemployed-born.

What is the unemployed-born?

I would like to be Jorge Francisco Isidore Luis Borges Acevedo,
i, who Acevedo and Acesento, and draw up a magnificent list:

the unemployed-born are:

- (a) belonging to the Emperor (Equitalia), (b) stuffed,
- (c) nowhere to be found beyond the Cortina d'Ampezzo, (d) cut from the flexible Bosch,
- (e) of a generation that asks for nothing and will never obtain anything, (f) ...,
- (g) stray dogs, (h) internships or massacres, which is the same,
- (i) of the same diffusion as the Slovak authors promoted in a famous blog by [S],
- (f) disappeared into thin air like the IX Legio Hispana, (g) where flowers are at home: outside,
- (h) of the same consistency as a limited liability company, (j) without an i (i.e. Natural Animals Treatment),
- (k) continually searching for a stable job (office),
- (l) born is better than Pato, or is Pato better than born (ask B. Berluschina),
- (m) who broke the vase, and, without the vase, where do the flowers fit?, (n) et cetera,
- (o) inhabitants of time and not of the hospice.

I owed a handful of verses to Mariano,

Mariano, don't study: a degree is a mistake of youth,

Mariano, don't scream: "full and desperate with or without TV",

Mariano, don't slack off: all cows are not crazy and all crazy women are not cows,

Mariano, don't give up: it won't do you any good to change dozens of shirts.

Odin: Have no other gods before you. You shall make no idol or image for yourself: no Friends or Men and Women.

Dva: Do not pronounce the name of the Lord your God Ivan(o).

Tri: Sanctify all the days of unemployment.

Ĉetyre: Honor your father and mother, and their pensions.

Pjat: Do not kill yourself.

Ŝest: Do not commit adultery, do not commit impure acts, in short, do not commit any acts.

Sem: Do not become a member of parliament or senator of the Kingdom.

Vosem: Do not bear false witness against your neighbor, and lie in any other matter.

Devjat: Do not covet your neighbor's divorce.

Desjat: Do not covet your neighbor's house, nor any of the things that are your neighbor's; in short, only rob—like our beloved nation—those you do not know.

I owed a handful of verses to Mariano,

who won't accuse me of being an epigone of an epigone of a Zanzottian epigone,

it's just that at 3:31 in the morning, after a bottle of Sangria,

i'm as drunk as the unknown, unremarkable Lucanian poetaster who breathes aerophagia,

and if you challenge me in the ring of experimentalism,

you risk turning me into a ruthless advocate of super-capitalism,

you force me to write, Mariano, why the fuck are you studying philosophy?

become an expert in creative budgeting or a drug dealer.

Raven Cage Zine

Ivan Pozzoni was born in Monza in 1976. He introduced Law and Literature in Italy and the publication of essays on Italian philosophers and on the ethics and juridical theory of the ancient world; He collaborated with several Italian and international magazines. Between 2007 and 2024, different versions of the books were published: Underground and Riserva Indiana, with A&B Editrice, Versi Introversi, Mostri, Galata morente, Carmina non dant damen, Scarti di magazzino, Qui gli austriaci sono più severi dei Borboni, Cherchez la troika e La malattia invettiva con Limina Mentis, Lame da rasoi, with Joker, Il Guastatore, with Cleup, Patroclo non deve morire, with deComporre Edizioni and Kolektivne NSEAE with Divinafollia. He was the founder and director of the literary magazine Il Guastatore – «neon»-avant-garde notebooks; he was the founder and director of the literary magazine L'Arrivista; he is the editor and chef of the international philosophical magazine Información Filosófica. It contains a fortnight of autogérées socialistes edition houses. He wrote 150 volumes, wrote 1000 essays, founded an avant-garde movement (NéoN-avant-gardisme, approved by Zygmunt Bauman), and wrote an Anti-manifesto NéoN-Avant-gardiste. This is mentioned in the main university manuals of literature history, philosophical history and in the main volumes of literary criticism. His book La malattia invettiva wins Raduga, mention of the critique of Montano et Strega. He is included in the Atlas of contemporary Italian poets of the University of Bologne and is included several times in the major international literature magazine, Gradiva. His verses are translated into 25 languages. In 2024, after six years of total retreat of academic studies, he return to the Italian artistic world and melts the NSEAE Kolektivne (New socio/ethno/aesthetic anthropology) [<https://kolektivnenseae.wordpress.com/>].

The 11 dazzling verses

The dreameries need Blue Hours.

The Blue Hours would need a sun's afterglow.

The red sky in the evening longs for a delight.

The delight wants a homeland.

The native land wanted a literature.

The writings are willing to manifest a reality.

The epiphany was willing to become a sermon.

The homily-becoming can conjure a hereafter.

The spell of paradise could paint an entrancement.

The picture of the glee may perpetuate tenderly the dreameries.

The immortalization pertains to the dreams of the Blue Hourlets.

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[Niloy Rafiq](#)

Black Letters

Niloy Rafiq

My son, life rides on a chariot of fire,
On roads, black letters, silent flowers of grief!
Scenes fade behind dreams' veils,
Familiar faces on morgue steps I never recognize.

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Ponds dry up, images in fiery nights,
Search in death's realm, the demon's market.
In mournful winds, waves are ocean-mad,
Burnt ashes reflect peace in eyes.
Unknown roses of times yet to come,
Love's tomb in the Taj Mahal of pairs.

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In memory's courtyard, joy is aflame!
Rows of trees and birds in corpse processions,
How long will barbaric nights of terror last?
In broken mirrors, the scent of fragrance.

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Niloy Rafiq was born in 6 August 1983 Maheshkhali, Cox's Bazar, Bangladesh. Niloy Rafiq has been writing in the literary pages of local daily newspapers since his school days. Later, his poems were published in national and international literary magazines including various famous little magazines. So far, his notable poems have been translated into more than twenty foreign languages. His English poetry book 'Sun Leaf' has already been published under 'Stockholm Project 2033 Global Leader' by Amazon. His second English translated poetry book 'An Incomplete Kiss' has published in 2024 from Amazon. The number of his poetry books written in Bengali languages are 6 respectively 1. I, the swan float in pure sadness, 2. Thirst's eternity, 3. Salty man's face, 4. Unknown fire, 5. Adinath in eyes, 6. Wax prayer bowed in a clay body. His poetry has a magical, edgy feeling. Poet Niloy Rafiq is like a magician in the extraordinary weaving of words and rhythms.

Sadness

Sadness by betrayal thunder
 Sadness by slyness with a price
 Sadness by blood sipping
 Sadness by stealing the given word
 Sadness everywhere

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The most bloody ones

Wrong are those who say
 This is not Medieval Age
 Evening threatens this way
 With its thick darkness
 Just like in old tales
 The most bloody ones

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But in memory of my deeds

When I am no longer among you
 Do not commemorate me in tears
 Neither in dirge
 But in memory of my deeds

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Dr. Dashnim Hebibi, a doctor of political science, journalist, poet, moderator, and publicist from Presevo, was born on June 12, 1976, in Vranje, a city that was once populated by Albanians, located just a few kilometers from Presevo, near the Red Apple Province. As a young man, he began writing about these regions, including Presevo, Medvedja, and Bujanoc. After completing primary and secondary school in Presevo, he immediately pursued higher education. Dashnim Hebibi completed several postgraduate studies, including the Diplomatic Academy and Crisis Management in Tirana. In 2011, he earned a Master's degree in Diplomacy from the South East European University in Tetovo. He also graduated from the International Academy of Criminalistics with the renowned Avi Bleier in Tel Aviv, Israel. He worked for several years as the editor of the diaspora section in the daily newspaper "Bota Sot," in the Zurich editorial office; he worked as a correspondent for the Macedonian Television, Albanian language editorial office, for three years from Switzerland.

He has edited and reviewed many works, always as a freelance journalist. Until February 2010, he was the director of the "Albanian Media Center" (the only media center in the diaspora), as the editor of the News Agency "Kosova e Re," serving as an informative window for the Albanian diaspora.

Dashnim has conducted many interviews with various political figures, both from the homeland and internationally. Among the foreign personalities, he has interviewed: Wesley Clark, Eliot Engel, Calmy Rey, the President of Croatia, Mrs. Kolinda Grabar-Kitarović, Milan Bandić, the mayor of Zagreb, and many other prominent figures.

Dashnim Hebibi has received many acknowledgments in the diaspora for his significant contributions to the integration of the Albanian community. He has participated in various events related to the homeland, whether in the political, cultural, sporting, or social spheres.

A journalist with extensive experience in almost all fields of journalism, an editor, and a chief editor. A knowledgeable expert on the circumstances of Southeastern Europe. He is a Swiss citizen and is working on several projects, aware that the Albanian community in Switzerland is steadily growing. According to our sources, over 400,000 Albanians live and work in Switzerland. The Albanian language is present in many institutions across Switzerland. He is also well-acquainted with the mentality of the diaspora in Switzerland, given that Dashnim Hebibi has a PhD in political science with a thesis on the Albanian diaspora. A life dedicated to journalism.

He writes journalism, comments on various events, and does not rush into analysis and approaches, but when they are read, it is clear that they are based on thorough research. He published the Diaspora newspaper 'AMC Press', 'Kosova e Re' across the Albanian diaspora, but due to financial reasons, he had to stop it. He has also written several patriotic songs for well-known singers like Arif Vladi, etc. He has also collaborated with TV Diaspora-RTK for the Swiss edition. He was also a correspondent for TVM, the Albanian-language editorial office, during the war in Macedonia, where Mr. Hebibi had daily reports from the Albanian diaspora.

Being a freelance journalist, he has written for the daily newspapers 'Zëri' and 'Illyria' in the USA. Furthermore, he has organized numerous entertainment and sports evenings in the diaspora, moderating them with great professional modesty.

Mr. Hebibi was also the designer of the first Albanian library in Switzerland, specifically in Zurich in 2002. Dashnim has also participated in many initiatives for the benefit of the Albanian diaspora in Switzerland and has received numerous acknowledgments from associations operating throughout our diaspora, such as from LAPSH in Switzerland and Germany. He has worked as a teacher at the supplementary Albanian school in Switzerland, specifically in three classes in the Aargau Canton. In April 2011, Dashnim Hebibi was nominated as "AMBASSADOR FOR PEACE" by the UPF (Universal Peace Federation), an organization with special status in the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations (UN). From 2013 until the end of 2015, he was part of the media project 'Dialog Plus' with an editorial office in Zurich.

He also worked as the deputy editor-in-chief of the monthly magazine "Plisi," which was published in Switzerland. He has spent no less than over two decades in this profession. His writings are published in many media outlets in both the homeland and the diaspora. Currently, he is the Director of the Helvetic Scientific Institute for Southeastern Europe, based in Switzerland.

On March 24, 2023, he successfully completed the third cycle of doctoral studies at the Faculty of Contemporary Social Sciences, Program in Political Science at the South East European University (SEEU) in North Macedonia. He has also published several scientific papers in various academic journals.

He is married to Naima, with whom he has three children: Dean, Edan, and Adin. He lives and works in Switzerland. He is deeply committed to his noble profession in journalism, covering various fields such as politics, culture, and even sports.

His written projects are expected to be realized here in Switzerland one day, because as Dashnim HEBIBI himself says, "In the diaspora, we have a complete Albania or Kosovo." Integration, work, respect, and peace are the alpha and omega for Dashnim. Since November 1, 2024, Dr. Hebibi has launched the media project www.helveticALforum.ch, which has been warmly welcomed by the Albanian diaspora based in Zurich, Switzerland.

He has published many books in various genres.

GOOD POEM

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

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THE LESSON OF HISTORY

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

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GAZA'S WHITE DOVE

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

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DO NOT TEACH REVENGE

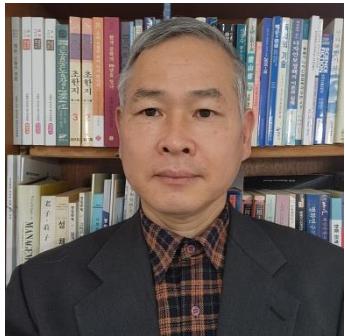
Do not teach hatred to the young.
Teach mercy and tolerance to the young.
A wise man said,
"There is someone who thinks he has been harmed by others.
There will be no peace for him."
Roses bloom with bright sunlight and clear water.
Even though they have small thorns, the lovely and red flowers are loved.

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ONE'S INNER PEACE

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

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

Paweł Markiewicz

She-pirate and the tavern

It's a late and warm autumn.
 The wind gathered leaves up on the roof
 of the marvelous tavern.
 The seagulls heralded a memory – an initiation.
 The old pensioner-captain drank the intoxicant,
 like the ambrosia of the life.
 The female pirate Mary mentioned
 her own stories – the primeval myth:

Icarus desired a dazzle of stars.
 Daedalus wanted to become forever lost.
 The flight was an absolute rapture.
 Icarus! Be with me
 as a ghost in the tavern of
 the shine, the glory and the rebuke!

Don't mourn the dreamy Daedalus!
 His body was abducted by mermaids
 of the sea and mysterious depths.
 Icarus! Survive this night,
 when the Morningstar has to precede
 the fall of shooting stars,
 here and there!

Drunk on the emotions, full of eudemonia,
 perhaps a tender melancholy,
 the woman pirate remembers the storm
 of the century:
 The ship! Don't rock again!
 You were close to me
 and so romantic.
 May the starlit, starry,
 moonlit, moony melancholy
 of night embrace hearts
 of guests of this missing
 tavern!
 Forever and for eternity,
 the pirates will find
 their destiny,
 in harbours of hope, harbors full of
 taverns,
 which are decorated with flowers.
 The woman pirate is crying



because of the parting
with the beloved parrot
in times of fulfillment of
the enchantment-bewitchment.
Her tear is not man-like,
It has the color of the gold,
such the sun during the storm.
Mary longs for the pearl's seeking,
in the sea full of memoirs of Daedalus,
of the hero of amusing and musing tenderness.
The sempiternity will be true.

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THE DISUSED CHURCH

Gypsy rhubarb congregates
Outside the doors; wild flowers
Tempt a misled butterfly.

I imagine the inside:
The aisle invaded by weeds,
Bramble strangling the altar,

The strong glory of greenness
Mobbing the stern rows of seats,
The urgent growths of some trees.

Yet somewhere down the decades,
Fathers stood in stiff dark suits,
Mothers talked, and children smiled

In Sunday morning sunlight:
Before they entered the prayer
Of polished, perfect silence;

Before the songs and bells washed
Their thoughts, like gentle streams smooth
The unfolding of their stones.

Now only the shell survives
The four armies of weather,
The free spirit of nature.

Across the road, a hoarding
Boasts a trip to Paradise—
A cheap break in Majorca.

A building left to itself;
Whilst the pub, two doors down, thrives:
Its décor is mock-something
And its music sounds like hell.

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Flash Fiction / Short Stories

Yasmin Harmouch

“The Mirror in Room Nine”

The hotel had been abandoned for decades, but I checked in anyway.

The caretaker’s eyes were hollow as he handed me the key. “Room Nine,” he said. “Don’t look in the mirror after midnight.”

I laughed. Superstitions. Shadows. Dust. But at 12:03, something moved behind me.

The mirror pulsed like a heartbeat — faint at first, then louder, closer.

A woman stood behind the glass, her lips moving soundlessly. Her reflection reached out, fingers brushing the inside of the surface — as if the mirror were thin as breath.

Then she smiled — my smile — and whispered:

“You checked in... but I never checked out.”

When I woke, the bed was cold. The key was gone. And in the mirror, the woman was asleep... wearing my face.

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“Feathers of the Sky”

Every dawn, Lyra gathered fallen feathers from the clouds.

They shimmered with soft light, each one a whisper from the heavens. She wove them into a cloak that allowed her to wander between worlds — where stars sang and rivers floated upside down.

But one morning, the sky was silent.

The feathers turned to ash in her hands. A voice descended from the horizon:

“You have borrowed too much of the light.”

So Lyra did the only thing she knew — she plucked her own heart from her chest and cast it upward. The heavens glowed once more, and a single feather drifted down — carrying her name carved in gold.

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Short Bio — Yasmin Harmouch



Yasmin Harmouch is a Lebanese poet and novelist whose work bridges myth, memory, and emotion. Her writing often explores themes of love, identity, and the unseen connections between worlds. Her poetry and fiction have been translated into several languages and featured in international journals. She currently lives in Tripoli, Lebanon.

The best gift

It was a warm spring day. The golden rays of the sun lit up the schoolyard, birds were singing, and the joyful laughter of children echoed around. 9th grader Jasur was eagerly waiting for his birthday. Every year on this day, he usually gathered with his friends and celebrated happily. But this year, deep inside, he had one specific wish — he really wanted a new phone. His classmates already had modern phones: they took pictures and played games with them. Jasur felt embarrassed because his phone was old.

When he woke up in the morning, his mother was preparing breakfast, and his father was hurrying to work.

“Happy birthday, my son,” his mother said with a smile. “Tonight we’ll have dinner together.”

His father, rushing out the door, lightly patted his head and said:

“Congratulations, son. I’ll come home late, but I love you.”

Jasur felt a bit upset. “Everyone’s parents buy gifts for them, but mine are always busy with work...” he thought.

In the evening, after finishing his homework, Jasur was sitting quietly in his room. Then the door slowly opened. His father walked in — tired, yet with a loving smile on his face. In his hand was a small wrapped package.

“Son,” he said, “don’t think I forgot about you today. I was late because of work, but on the way home, I bought you a small gift. It’s not something big, but it’s from my heart.”

Jasur unwrapped the gift. Inside was a small notebook and a simple pen. He stayed silent for a moment. Then, when he opened the notebook, he saw a message written by his father:

“My son, be grateful for every day of your life. There is no greater gift than the prayers of parents. Honest work, love and respect will bring you true happiness.”

At that moment, his mother came in and hugged him.

“We may not be able to give you expensive things,” she said gently, “but we work every day for you, and we love you.”

Jasur’s heart tightened. He couldn’t hold back his tears. At that moment he understood: the greatest gift was not a phone — but his parents’ love, their prayers and their honest effort.

The next morning Jasur went to school earlier than usual. Their teacher assigned them to write an essay titled “The Most Valuable Person in Your Life.” Jasur opened the notebook, took the pen his father gave him, and began to write:

“The most precious people in my life are my parents. They work tirelessly to raise me. I will always treat them with respect. Because they are my pride, my happiness, and the reason of my life.”

From that day on, Jasur started helping his mother with household chores and handed water to his father with gratitude. He understood: respect is not shown only by words — but by actions.

Moral of the story:

Respecting parents is a person’s highest duty. A child who values their parents’ prayers, efforts and love will never go astray. A child who has their parents’ blessings — is the happiest person in the world.

I Love You, Dad...

Today, my class was so interesting that I didn't even notice how quickly time passed. When I came out, I saw that one of my student's fathers had come. As soon as he saw me, he hurried over. The moment I saw him, memories of my own father came rushing back.

My father was tall and slim, with big eyes and a strong build. He always looked serious — and in truth, he was. I remember, when I was a child, my friends were afraid to come play with me because of my father. He wanted me to be educated and constantly pushed me to study. I didn't enjoy studying; I only did it because he told me to. My mother was a simple woman who never went against my father's will. Sometimes, when he wouldn't let me go out to play with my friends, she would want to say something, but she never could. Perhaps because I was their only child, my father kept a strict eye on me. Since my school was near our home, he even knew exactly when I should return each day.

Even though he was just an ordinary worker, my father hired tutors for me after school. Our household barely made ends meet, yet he still bought me books — lots of them. I didn't like those books and only forced myself to read because he would later ask about them. Poor Mother would sometimes sigh and want to say, "Do we really need to spend this much?" but she never dared to speak out.

Once, she had asked Father to buy her a new dress for a neighbor's wedding, but instead he brought home another book for me. Mother was upset, and seeing her sad face, I decided to tell my father everything in my heart. I must have been about sixteen or seventeen then. I told him that I didn't like studying, that his books were boring, and that I didn't even want to go to university. He listened quietly, without interrupting.

Inside, I trembled: "He's going to scold me... or force me to study even harder." Although he had never raised his hand against me, his stern face frightened me. But he said nothing — just turned around and went into his room. My mother, who had heard everything, burst into tears and hugged me tightly. Through her tears she said: "When you were born, your father's joy knew no bounds. He chose your name carefully — Umid — because you were the hope of his dreams. Even when you were sick, though he never showed it, he suffered deeply. My child, you are our only hope for the future. It's okay if I miss one wedding; that doesn't matter."

Her words changed me completely. Fathers, I realized, are like that — they want to see in their children what they couldn't achieve themselves. Maybe that's why we young people don't always understand them.

From that day on, I set a goal: I would become the son my father had dreamed of. I studied hard, trying to earn his forgiveness. I regretted the words I had spoken that day, so I pushed myself to be the best in everything — it became my motivation.

Over time, my father noticed my effort. He began to speak more kindly to me. When he bought books, he even asked my opinion. I would just say quietly, "Whichever one you choose, Dad." Many times I wanted to say "I love you, Dad," but something — maybe shyness, maybe pride — always held me back.

Eventually, I became a university student — on a contract basis. My parents were so happy anyway. For the first time, my father told me he was proud of me. And still, I couldn't say those words: "I love you, Dad." I thought, "There's still time. I'll say it next time."

But I didn't realize — though I still had time, my father's time was running out.

When I moved to Tashkent from Navoi to study, it was only my second time in the city. The big, crowded streets were so different from my hometown. Life here moved fast — people were too busy to care about others. Yet I missed the warmth and sincerity of our small town. Still, I told myself, "This is where I'll live now."

Months passed, and I grew used to city life. But one day, there was a problem — my tuition fee hadn't been paid on time, and I was about to be expelled. I immediately called my father. I wasn't working because he didn't want my studies to suffer. The very next morning, he arrived.

Foolishly, instead of greeting him warmly, I said, "Why didn't you wear your new clothes, Dad?" I was embarrassed in front of my classmates. It had been six months since I'd seen him. His hair, once mostly black, was now mostly gray; his shoulders hunched, his body thinner, his breath weaker.

We went together to meet the dean, Mr. Olim. Father went in alone to speak with him. Later, Olim aka told me, "Young man, you have an amazing father — such a wise and kind man! He told me you're his only son and that he has great hopes for you. Remember, parents are a blessing. Cherish them while they're still with you."

At that moment, guilt washed over me. I remembered how coldly I had greeted him that morning. "Why didn't I hug him? Why didn't I tell him I loved him?"

I promised myself: once I graduate, I'll go home with my diploma and finally say it — "I love you, Dad."

But life had other plans. While I was busy finishing my studies, Mother called one day, her voice trembling with tears — Father was very ill. I rushed home immediately. He was weak, barely able to speak, but when he saw me, his eyes smiled. As his condition worsened, his final words were:

"Forgive me, my son."

And I cried out, as loud as I could:

"I love you, Dad!"

Over and over, I whispered, "Please forgive your foolish son."

But... he was already gone.

Even now, I sometimes wonder, "Did he hear me?" I know regrets can't change anything, yet the question still haunts me: "Was my father proud of me?"

Life taught me painfully that people rarely value what they have until it's gone. Losing my father was a wound that took years to heal. I cried alone many nights.

I eventually started a family of my own — but that's another story. I named my first son Tolib, after my father. He looks and acts just like him. My mother's eyes light up whenever she sees him.

Since then, I've learned to express love openly. I cherish my mother deeply — she is all I have left of my father. I try to raise my children as my father raised me. And when I argue with my son or feel hurt by him, I finally understand the pain my father once felt.

Now I realize why my father never argued back — he was silently teaching me. His words echo in my heart: "When you become a father yourself, you will understand me."

And now, every day, I understand him a little more.

As for that student whose father came to see me — his son had been skipping many classes and was at risk of failing the year. I told the father I'd talk to the boy myself. I shared with him my own story. I tell it often — to my students, to my friends — because I never want anyone to live with the same regret I do.

No one should have to carry the sorrow of never having said "I love you, Dad."

Those words — if left unsaid — leave a hole in the heart that never fully heals.

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Student of Karshi State University

Mornings That Smelled Like Bread

I left my childhood in my grandmother's yard.
I still carry it somewhere inside me:
the crooked shadow of the grapevine,
the old wooden door of the shed,
and the warm scent of fresh bread rising with the morning air.

She used to knead the dough at dawn,
her hands moving slowly, patiently,
as if the whole world had time — endless time.
I would sit beside her in silence,
watching her palms fold the softness of the dough,
believing that life would always feel that gentle.

Back then, I did not think about anything.
No rush.
No heaviness.
No future pressing against my chest.

I was simply myself.
Quiet. Small. Uncomplicated.

But I grew up.

The city is loud now — its noise sits behind my eyes.
Days pass too quickly.
Bread smells different in store windows;
it has lost the warmth of her hands.

Sometimes I close my eyes and return:
to that yard,
to that pale morning sky,
to the soft hush before voices wake.

She is turning the bread in the oven.
And I am still someone who has not yet lost anything.

Sometimes, it is not the house I miss,
nor the mornings,
nor the bread.

Sometimes, I just miss the girl I used to be.

Author Bio

Dilnoza Rakhimova is a writer from Uzbekistan whose work centers on memory, tenderness, and the quiet landscapes of the inner world. She explores the small and often unnoticed moments that shape a person's heart. Her voice is gentle, reflective, and always seeking light — even in the shadows of the past.

Friendly Dog

Rex was happy – his humans had a new friend, called Policeman, who drops by occasionally to play questions with the master.

This Policeman is good, he likes dogs and strokes him.

Rex decided that since it was so nice, he would play with them.

– Listen – he waited, even though they didn't understand him. – I'll dig this gentleman out of the garden, and you take the bones out of him, and we'll have food.

He did as he proposed, and sat down in front of the gentleman and the policeman, clutching a finger of the corpse.

His human didn't look happy...

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Books in USA: "Escape" (2019 - Royal Hawaiian Press), "Anomaly" (2020 - Royal Hawaiian Press), "A Monsters Pretending to be Human" (2024 - Alien Buddha Press), "Destiny Always Finds a Way" (2024 - Alien Buddha Press), "The Wonderful Life of Paul Veermer" (2024 - Alien Buddha Press), "The Element of Unpredictability" (2024 - Alien Buddha Press) & "Don't Be in Such a Hurry to Die" (2024 - Alien Buddha Press)

Books in Spain: "La fuga" (2019 - Royal Hawaiian Press / 2024 - Just Fiction!), "Anomalia" (2019 - Royal Hawaiian Press / 2024 - Just Fiction!)

Books in Chile: In Spanish translation "The Wonderful Life of Paul Veermer" (2025 - in preparation - Zuramerica Ediciones & Publicaciones S.A.)

Books in Germany: "Die Anomalie" (2020 - Der Romankiosk)

Books in Canada: "The Prisoner Of Infinity" (2022 - Ukiyoto Publishing), "And On Earth without Changes" (2022 - Ukiyoto Publishing), "The Worries Of A Not So Dead Man" (2022 - Ukiyoto Publishing)

Books in India: "Escape" (2025 - Wolf Books Publishing)

Books in Poland: "Naśmierciny" (2008 - Armoryka publishing house), "Anima vilis" (2010 - Initium publishing house / 2025 - Hengal publishing house), "Grobbing" (2012 - Novae Res publishing house), "Naśmierciny i inne opowiadania" (2012 & 2017 - Agharta & Armoryka publishing house), "Z życia Dr Abble" (2013 - Agharta publishing house), "Anomalia" (2016 - Forma publishing house), "Ucieczka" (2017 - Dom Horroru publishing house / 2024 - Videograf SA), "Nie w inność" (2019 - Waspos publishing house), "Nieznośna niewyraźność bytu" (2022 - Saga Egmont / 2025 - forthcoming as II part of book "Horyzont zdarzeń" - Bibliotekarium), "Obyś żył w ciekawych czasach" (2023 - Św. Wojciecha) & "Horyzont zdarzeń" (2025 - forthcoming - Bibliotekarium)

Audiobooks in Poland: "Naśmierciny" (2008 - Armoryka), "Nie w inność" (2019 - Waspos / Saga Egmont),

"Naśmierciny i inne opowiadania" (2022 - Saga Egmont) "Grobbing" (2022 - Empik Go), "Anima vilis" (2022 - Empik Go) & "Ucieczka" (2022 - Empik Go)

Raven Cage Zine

Anthology in: USA, England, Australia, Poland, Canada, Portugal, France, Tunisia, Russia, Brasil, Bosnia & Herzegovina, Germany, India, Romania & Bangladesh.

And he published his stories in the following magazines: Slovakia PLAYBOY (Slovak edition), USA, England, Canada, India, Czech Republic, Russia, Brasil, Spain, Argentina, Germany, Italy, Hungary, Sweden, Mexico, Albania, Nigeria, Botswana, Zimbabwe, Tanzania, Uganda, Kenya, Costa Rica, Peru, Vietnam, Turkey, Ukraine, Romania, Slovenia, South Korea, Austria, Central African Republic, Egypt, Columbia, Philippines, Nicaragua, Lithuania, Ireland, Indonesia, Denmark, Serbia, Chile, Democratic Republic of the Congo, Pakistan & Kosovo

A CART, A MAN, A LIFE

Shahini, fifty-nine, walks through Sllatina like a shadow of another century, a man almost forgotten by the 21st. His house holds no water, no warmth, no internet, not even a proper floor. No television, no radio, no computer, only silence.

He owns a cart, his single companion. With it, he journeys every day across the streets of Kosovo, gathering empty cans like scattered moments of life.

Each morning at seven, he pushes it toward the restaurants hidden among the pine trees of Sllatina. Each evening, around seven, he sells his collected cans in the village of Harilaç, near Prishtina airport. Five euros, sometimes ten, is his reward for the day's labor. He counts the coins slowly, two, three times, a faint smile tracing the lines of his face, a smile that carries the quiet glow of small victories.

Shahini has a sixteen-year-old son who tends to his grandmother in Fushë-Kosova, because Shahini's house seems lifted from another era, lost somewhere in the 13th century. His brothers, scattered across the world -America, Luxembourg, Italy, Germany, offer neither help nor call. The only voice he hears is his son's, through a simple phone, bridging the distance.

Rain, snow, scorching sun, bitter frost, nothing deters him. Each can he picks is a tiny victory, a testament to endurance. His eyes gleam at a growing pile; his daily question echoes softly: "Will I make six euros today, or ten?"

Shahini is not a man people photograph. He walks by dignity alone, living by the sweat of his own brow. He reads what he finds, drinks a beer now and then, offered by strangers, a small indulgence, a cleansing gift for his kidneys, as the doctor said. His brothers chide him; he smiles through sadness: "How could I manage without money for beer?"

He moves like time itself, steady and relentless, carrying the weight of life on the wheels of his cart. Twenty-six kilometers each day, a journey mapped in sweat and resilience.

Shahini's life could be a documentary, a testament to those left unseen in the shadow of our century.

This morning, I had a coffee with him. I felt the pulse of his life, the suffering, the persistence, the simple courage to exist.

Tomorrow? I may never meet Shahini again. But the rhythm of his days, the story of a man and his cart, speaks louder than any portrait I could ever paint.

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DEADLY CREATURES

Oh, so there you are! I don't suppose you've got the shopping or done any cleaning as I asked? I have to do it all, do I, and me a semi-invalid. Well, why should you consider me? I'm only your mother: the woman who went through agony to bring you into the world. And that was just the first of many sacrifices...Much good they've done me.

I see you've got your head buried in a book as usual. Deadly Creatures. Hmm. One of those trashy vampire novels that you're always wasting your money on, I suppose. Maybe one day you'll surprise me and read something that takes a bit of intelligence. To think, at your age I was set for university! I would have got there, too, if there were any justice.

Yes, if only you'd inherited my brains! And my looks, for that matter. Oh, I'm not one to be unkind, but let's face it: you're such a great pale pudding of a girl. Sometimes I can hardly believe you're my daughter. I was a beauty. Could have married who I wanted. Why did I pick your father, then? Good question.

That man! Don't get me started about him. You know what sums him up? The last thing he ever did. Suicide.

Ended his life as he lived it, taking the coward's way out. Didn't think of me, left alone to bring you up.

As if that wasn't bad enough, remember the way his sister broke down at the funeral and just yelled at me? "You bitch, you drove him to it!" That was my thanks for trying to improve him. I thought I could bring him up to my level, you see. Ruined my health and my looks for my trouble.

Well, choosing the wrong man isn't a mistake you'll ever make. You won't have that luxury. There aren't any takers. Nothing in your life except those silly horror books. They're the reason you're such a nervous wreck, I dare say. Or maybe it's wishful thinking – do you fantasise that some tall handsome vampire is going to carry you to his castle and make you his bride? You'd need to shed a few pounds first, my girl! They change into bats, not fork lift trucks.

Oh, now you've even got me talking as though such things exist! I'll end up as crazy as you. You're like your father, living in a little world of your own. Here, give that rubbish here, let's see what all the fuss is about. Oh, I might have known! Look at this blurb on the back cover: The terrifying tale of a she-demon who could only survive by draining the life force from her victims, turning them into despairing, hollow husks! I ask you: Who could ever believe such far-fetched nonsense?

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Poker Night

Jim smiled as he walked down a back alley after another enjoyable and highly profitable a poker night. Once again, he had bamboozled everyone and won the pot. He figured he'd have to lose a little next time, so no one would figure out he was cheating.

He was so lost in thought, and so busy counting his winnings, that he didn't notice the obstacle until he walked right into it. It felt simultaneously hard and soft. Jim looked up from his fistful of bills to see an enormous man in a cloak of black feathers.

"What the hell?" Jim cried, indignant.

"It's murder, I'm afraid," said the stranger.

"What is?"

"The penalty for cheating at poker night."

With that, a dozen razor-edged black beaks emerged from amongst the feathers and pecked the cardsharp to death.

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Long Way Home

I finished my work very late today and there was a long way home before me. I left the city lights behind and sank into the blackness of the night, lit only by the headlights of my old Ford.

Driving along the empty road running through the fields, I noticed a silhouette on the side of the road. I wouldn't have the heart to leave anyone in the middle of nowhere, so I stopped and offered a ride. I had a lot of stuff on the front seat, so the stranger sat in the back.

A few minutes later we came across a road accident. Flashing red and blue lights illuminated the darkness of the night. As I passed the traffic policeman, I turned my head and saw paramedics zipping up a body bag. I saw the face of the deceased for a brief moment.

A face strangely familiar.

When I realized where I saw it before, I trembled with fear. I slowly looked up to the rearview mirror.

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Jacek Wilkos is an engineer from Poland. He lives with his wife and two daughters in a beautiful city of Cracow. He is addicted to buying books, he loves black coffee, dark ambient music and anything that's spooky. First he published his fiction in Polish online magazines, but in 2019 he started to translate his writing to English, and so far it was published in numerous anthologies by Black Hare Press, Black Ink Fiction, Alien Buddha Press, Eerie River Publishing, Insignia Stories, Reanimated Writers Press, Iron Faerie Publishing, CultureCult Press, Wicked Shadow Press, Clarendon House Publications.

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The Page of Love

I used to tell myself that I would never fall in love. It turns out I was wrong. The feeling of love enters your life unexpectedly and transforms you into a completely different person.

It was the first days of February. We were all gathered at a party. My eyes would catch hers/his for a moment, then drift to others. Every time I looked at her/him, a strange sensation stirred inside me. Throughout the party, many questions weighed on my mind, but I couldn't find the strength to ask them. The party was going very well. We talked and reminisced about the past. Perhaps there is nothing more pleasant than classmates gathering to remember old times. They were talking heartily, but I could think of nothing else except the moments I had spent with her/him. My heart ached remembering the dreams we once shared.

As the party drew to a close, she/he said she/he was leaving. Involuntarily, I said I was leaving too. She/he offered to walk me home since my house was on her/his way. I agreed because I wanted to talk to her/him alone. We set off together. Walking beside her/him, I searched for courage within myself. I had so much to say and so many questions to ask. Just as I found the strength, she/he started the conversation:

- Is everything okay? How are your studies? Is everything alright?
- I'm studying, everything is fine.
- It seems your life is good without me. I'm happy for you.
- You misunderstood me.
- Why? I understood everything correctly.
- Without you, my life was as dark as a black night. You left me and went to the city a year ago. I suppose you found someone new there?
- Never. I went to the city to study. Besides, I love you so much; I can't see anyone but you. I didn't find anyone there. You haven't left my mind for two years. The question of how you were living without me or if you had found someone else killed me every single moment.

We continued talking like this. Suddenly, she/he asked, "Are we back together?" and I agreed. We had a very long conversation until we reached the house, remembering past events. I wouldn't exchange that moment for anything. Those were the happiest moments of my life, and I wished they would last forever. Neither of us realized we had already reached the house. I said goodbye. She/he looked back with a smile and went inside. The next day, we set off for the city together. This was our page of love.

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Uzbekistan

HEART'S GRAVEYARD

With a spade in hand and carrying his five year old daughter on shoulder he started to stroll on . Behind him a crying uproar and a few listless concerns were heard ,therefrom his agony was so much persisted still he was reckless to all these .

Some neighbors approached and worried about that he must systematically percept the traditional hindu culture and procedures.

- 'Wait and stand there, listen to us -we'll accompany you', they suggested.

He did not expect this uncertain bewilderment so he dumbly turned down their aroused curiosity and in displeasure he furiously brust out , ' Just stay there , don't step ahead . '

His daughter was resting peacefully on his mountain like shoulder who usually took nap when queen of night bedazzles in the womb of sky ; by then her mouth used to start watering .

But today ,the progress of growing concern is swooned, later on it bespeaketh. . She ,who mostly wakes up in pin drop silence ,is sleeping in between the unnumbered noisy pack .

Today the moon is all alone in the sky but there is no languid eagerness of his daughter to query about the solitary hare that allures inside black -white spotted moon .

He has to go along on a lonesome path and to reach there through thickest defence of darkness .

Still there's one and a half kilometers he had to cover . Leaving behind the repeating chorus of neighbors ,in all silence , carrying daughter's dead body in a narrow village lane he had skimmed to reach at destination.

At a sudden he was surprised to hear his dead daughter's voice .

—"Father , I will tell you nicest short story and after this three questions will be asked . If satisfactory answers would not be given ,you will be beheaded ."

It was felt that ,with tempest, above his head sky was clouded . Earth was shivering for frequent lightening and pealing thunderstorms. Before him umbrageous apparition of formless skeletons were approaching , and just few steps ahead there's the grave yard . Groaning screeching was echoing in his ears .He could see the fag-end of fire which could marginally be compared as same as glow warm blemishes.

Daughter started the story - there was a king who had two kids - one prince and one princess . The Prince was always sick for which the twiddling king and the queen had always been in desperate depression where the princess was too active and had fairer health. The queen was not at all happier at activeness of the princess. She had been aggravated by her anxieties for serious condition of prince .

Accidentally a sorcerer who's an ascetic appeared in the kingdom . His favourable opinion made the king and queen to fall in imminent allurement that he had had the prevention and inkled that the prince could be recuperated if only ,by the life of any closely relative. He could be survived.

Hyper-lassitude and dislodged exhaustion made their minds up that to save the fainter and fainter prince the princess should be sacrificed because the royal couple didn't intend to lead astray and to get stuck to lose the way .

Afterwords the sick and weaker prince began to come over his illness while the princess suffered due to blotched inferiority of blindness . After few days , as it was assumed , unluckily the princess hugged final call of material world .

'Herewith , you have to answer , O' king!

Would you please elaborate - were the prince and the princess different in their eyes if so , what's the concept would you dictate - daughters are born to be sacrificed ? Don't you know too much love for one specifically becomes ruthless lie , is not it true ? Is this an olden and superstitious ingestion ?'

He was continuing adown to grave yard. From stillness to trembling fluctuation the spade was not in his control . His forehead was flooded with inscription of sweat .

Doctor had clearly clarified that before eighteen year transplantation is impossible as a minor girl knows nothing about what she is going to sign on medical documents .

---"Will we leave the hope to save a girl's destiny ?'

" Our daughter will be no longer .'

-- Doctor!! 'Please save our son . When she is going kiss death , what forbids to take her internal parts ?", he along with his soulmate urged the doctor .

--That we had had the land , property- everything is no more with us . Please save our son .' they knelt down at doctor's feet unlike a drowning man catches a straw.

'At one side at medical her daughter was on bed who is now resting on his shoulder to have a peaceful rest for ever .

Red striped frock is oscillating like a wall clock's pendulum. Her unbound hair is waving in air.'

Crematorium was greeting him . No sooner had he arrived there than her daughter had disappeared . He could hear a sweet and loving tone that his daughter mostly calls . As he sensed he looked all around .

' Where are you ...You ..My honey, forgive me . ', he went on asking.

A smiling effervescence engulfed and addressed , ' I am in you .'

Puzzled he said , ' This is bushy-band forest where stands an inglorious banyan tree and what he was noticed to witness was beyond beggar's description. A little girl was digging a bed on earth .

-- ' Papa , I am your little daughter . Can't you see me that I have furnished a bed in nature for my peaceful parlour. Let me rest there and enwrap the dug soil over me.'

Tears of regret welled up in his eyes soon after he was completely turned into a heart's graveyard.

Who is the Cruelest ?

WHO IS mercilessly cruel? God , the Almighty is supposed to be called specimen of the most残酷 as He snatches away own reflections from old parents , soulmate from soul ; and He is the available source of acute pain , pensively dire shortage , dearth scarcity for humans and cause of all troubles. Whenever He is sought for assistance , never does He give ear to nor listens to how much you desperately ask for .Who are the truest devotees , pure in soulful heart , their lives become more drastic and deadly.

If God appears in front of eyes during sorrowful moment , the expected happening would be like this : on an unexpected hour ,on national highway a heavy loaded truck crashed with a motor bike and biker was smashed on spot. The accidental incident was aghastly horrific that dead body of young man turned into merely a packet of flesh . Later , it was reported that the young man was the one and only son of a singly lady who had been exiled by her husband . The news reached at her and next nauseating sight was unthinkable .

Looking up to sky the aggrieved mother commented on , ' You are cruel. I have never begged anything from you , you have chosen me to live in sorrowful woes and I have borne; never ever have I made allegation against you. Today , for sure , you became blind and deaf. If you really exist, come and you have to answer me . '

-Wanting for answer from God and Plea would be heeded or heard what will come out - this seemed the world came to a halt and stand and still.

Soon after ,from the above providence a palanquin like chariot emerged and landed . An angel ,with folded hands, appeared and said,' I am God , Mother .'

'He is my son ' , said mother pointing to the packet of flesh.

' This is a dead body , mother ! A lifeless can never be relative of anyone', said God .

'You are merciless .How selfish ! Relation with him is ended up even he is dead . I am a mother .Do you make out what's a mother ?' Her fainting voice was chocked for constant crying .

' What's your need and you desire for ?', asked God .

'Regenerate and bring back life to my son ', cried mother's heart-rending sobbing.

Then after God tried to make her understand in many ways about laws of natural creation and the restrictions of creator but got tired . Conceded to her demand , Before disappearing God said , ' Tathastu'.

The packet of flesh on her lap started to swing. While it slowly rolled on road , with a great difficulty , a shrill voice called , 'Mother!'

Time changed , seasons and rotation of earth also as if hellish devastation had set afoot . The mother was looking intently at the rolling flesh's appeal - 'this pain is more unbearable than meeting with death , and from time to time ,every moment a van is rolling over me. Make me free from fear of death , mother !'

The mother burst into fear and shrieked for coiled flesh's cry. Is this her son ? She set her aside because of fright . In her mind , love for son turned into a horrible scare. Smoke was thickening and all her desires were clashing before fermented eyes.What shall she do and what identity she would put before society?

She started running and behind her the packet of flesh also rolled on .In a rage she shut the door for no more madness was left to see . In the mean time she had no zest for such life .Outside the pack door , son's destitute request was being heard , ' Mother , O' Mother ! Take me unto your lap.'

Closing her ears tightly with two hands , She called out , 'Oh God! Take back your Tathastu.'

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Odia Anil kumar parhi
Eng- Deepak kumar Dey, Odisha , India

Scandal is not the solution

Problems and fights are everywhere. Because war will not be the relationship itself without quarrels. Whether it's in personal life or social .There are also minor disappointments in major cities. Only if you can find the right solution by eliminating it, problems and conflicts will not leave a bad mark on our psyche and memory pages. In my opinion, the problem can be solved in two ways .The first is to calm down and the main thing is to listen to each other.

The beginning of any irreconcilable argument is caused by misunderstanding .People decide on anger in a hurry without listening to each other's words to the end. This condition is common in every human condition unfortunately. In such cases, the first thing to do is always try to calm down .Because not all decisions made on anger are true ,and the disputes that are taking place at this time have a profound effect on a person's life. How do you say? We often lighten our anger when we are angry by saying bitter words to other people, not precisely from the person who let us out of anger. This causes our loved ones to be disappointed in US or lose them. It is necessary to try to calm down somehow so as not to get into such bad situations. It is necessary to coldly try to solve the issue in the case when the person or situation standing on our opposite side is looking at the situation with a real eye, no matter to what extent we were angry, and remember that nothing will change with a quarrel. To the question of how to calm down ? we must remember that in this world everyone can make mistakes ,that there is no perfect person or perfect situation for himself, that nothing stands in this world above our peace and health and more expensive. Because a person who stands in front of us during a quarrel will also expect from us that he will treat us. The situation changes if you speak softly and politely without any quarrels ,or if you can see the good side of the situation, a little, not only from the negative side, the person standing in front of you will sometimes fall.

Not listening to each other is a situation that aggravates the situation. Those are small problems that cause that condition gets bigger . We all have to try to overcome any situation by being forgiving, taking into account that we make mistakes. Why exactly listen? After all, said a bad word, insulted, is it possible to respond politely? if the question torments you, remember the phrase "good word soul mate". Even thanks to one sweet word, a person can change for the better in life .This means that you will appear not as a weak or stupid person, but as an incredibly strong person .Try to listen and understand a little, no matter how difficult it is, make a decision in a position that does not compromise the interests between the two people .this shows that you are a real leader. Whether you are an ordinary schoolboy or a student or an ordinary person, you will find the respect you respect.

From my simple experience , I can conclude that when you come across a person who has said a bad word to you or is in a bad situation in life, do so, try to look for the good side of the situation, see the good side. Because there is wisdom in every job! With the sweet words you say, there will probably be a little better change in someone's life .Try to turn this quarrel into warm conversations with good qualities in yourself, rather than expanding the quarrels by hurriedly saying offensive words. This will definitely help. Miracles are created by man himself. Think about the fact that everything is possible in this world ,consult ,share your thoughts ,and not that you also leave a quarrel or some big problem will ruin my life, but never think that I will forcibly achieve something with a quarrel. Haste never brings benefits! do not forget that only doing good and good words change the world!

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Khasanova Aziza Kumushbek qizi was born on October 1, 2004 in the city of Chirchik, Tashkent region.Student Of The Tashkent Institute of Economics and pedagogy. Owner of several scientific articles.



The Golden Greed

Savitri belonged to an average middle class family of Darbhanga in Bihar. She got married to Shankar Lal, also belonging to a lower middle class family in Agra city of Uttar Pradesh. Shankar had just done his B. Sc. and taken up a private job in a jewellery shop, keeping in view the economic needs of the family. Shankar had an elder brother, Gopal who was in a government clerical job in Morena town of Madhya Pradesh where he lived with his family.

The youngest brother, Pratap was still pursuing his studies and unmarried. Over all this, the father Pyarey Lal, physically handicapped, did not have a substantial source of income, hence had to face a perpetual financial crisis. Anyway, he tried hard and his best to make both ends meet to run the family. Some monthly help from Gopal proved to be a relief.

As it usually happens in families, a year of Shankar's marriage passed uneventfully. Now things began to change when an event inevitably took place. Savitri had an extraordinary fascination for gold, verging almost on a kind of madness. One day before sleeping she told Shankar,

" Suno ji, my earrings have grown old and out-fashioned. Why don't we buy new ones ?"

Shankar replied, "Why? They are still fine. Besides, where is money ! You very well know the financial condition of the family."

But female obstinacy (triya hath) is well known. She continued persisting, "You can ask your Seth to deduct money from your monthly salary. After all you aren't running away."

Finally, Shankar had to yield. In the evening, he brought with him four pairs of earrings which he kept under the pillow on the bed. After taking dinner, he asked Savitri to select one out of four. When she picked the pouch up from under the pillow, they found only three pairs instead of four. Obviously, it was a great shock to Shanker. But Savitri repeatedly told that he had brought only three and not four. And she selected one. Shanker was quite nonplussed at the whole situation, as the Seth had made an entry of four pairs in his account book after counting in front of him.

How could he manage to buy new earrings for Savitri, when one is already lost? The Seth might book him for cheating and theft, he thought ruefully. In spite of all this, Savitri was adamant to get her demand fulfilled.

Shankar was in a fix. He was sure to lose his job. She was in possession of two sets of earrings.

Two years later :

After having faced the charge of cheating and theft, and paying the full cost of two gold earrings, Shankar was jobless for a couple of months. But how long could he continue to be without work?

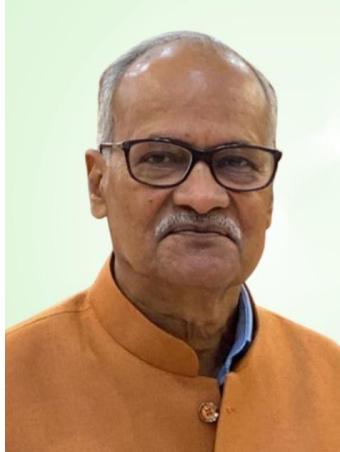
One of his cousins Manoj had his trading business in silver chain and payals in a few districts of Bihar for which Manoj needed a person who could assist him in spreading his business. Shankar approached him, but he was hesitant, keeping in view his background. However, after the intervention of a few common friends and family members, Manoj agreed to associate Shankar with him.

Shankar began to tour Bihar and did the silver business smoothly for about a year. Sometimes, Savitri used to accompany him. Often he began to overstay with in-laws and neglected his primary work. In the meantime, he associated one of his nephews, Raju to assist him. Savitri began to intervene in the business, advising him to build his own capital, so as to work independently. Shankar began to adopt unfair ways, keeping Manoj in dark. Finally, a discrepancy of more than fifteen lacs in accounts was detected. Shanker passed the blame on to the head of Raju, and disassociated himself from the whole affair. As a result of the unquenched hunger of gold of his wife, he remained jobless till his death during Covid pandemic. His whole career was wrecked due to her hunger of gold and money, besides earning a bad name in business community and the whole family. Savitri is still writhing in dirty pool of the greed of gold, even after losing her husband.

Gayatri Tapobhoomi,
Mathura (India)

Note: The short story 'The Golden Greed' is the original work of Dr. Kailash Nath Khandelwal, and it has not been published earlier.

About the Author:



Dr (Prof.) Kailash Nath Khandelwal is a retired Professor of English. He has written/edited about 70 books on English, American, African and Indo-Anglian authors, poets, novelists and Dramatists. He also supervised 30 candidates for the degree of Ph. D. in English.

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TWO ENEMIES — TWO FRIENDS

When a person comes into this world, everyone is created differently: some are kind-hearted, while others are selfish. The story I want to tell you is about two people.

In a village called Sangam, there lived two men named Salim and Akhmat. Salim was blind, but he could walk. Akhmat, on the other hand, could see, but he could not walk. They were very poor and survived by begging. They envied each other so much that they could never become wealthy.

One morning, Akhmat fell into deep thought:

“Why can’t I walk, while Salim can?”

As he was thinking, Salim came over to him. Salim could not see but could walk, while Akhmat could see but could not walk. They hated each other deeply.

When Akhmat saw Salim, he said:

“Is everything okay? Where are you going so early in the morning?”

Then he added:

“Come, let’s cooperate. You can walk, and I can see. If we work together, we can earn good money.”

Salim replied:

“No.”

“Why? If we join forces, it will be beneficial for both of us,” Akhmat said.

“I will think about it,” Salim answered.

The next day, a great fire broke out in the village. The entire village began to burn. Salim and Akhmat did not know how to escape: one could walk but could not see, and the other could see but could not walk. They had to save their lives, otherwise they would surely perish.

Then Akhmat looked at Salim and said:

“I have thought it over, and you were right. Let’s unite. You carry me on your shoulders, and I will guide the way. In this way, we can escape and save our lives.”

Salim had no other choice.

“Alright,” he said.

Salim lifted Akhmat onto his shoulders and started running. Akhmat showed the way, and Salim ran in that direction. In this way, they saved their lives and remained friends for a lifetime.

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a first-year student of the Psychology Department at Kokand University,
Andijan Branch, narrates the following story.

THANKS FOR READING.

RAVEN CAGE

