

# RAVEN CAGE

# 98

Poetry and Prose Ezine



# RAVEN CAGE

## RAVEN CAGE ISSUE 98 POETRY AND PROSE EZINE

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Contact per email: [ravencagezine@gmail.com](mailto:ravencagezine@gmail.com)

Submissions guidelines:

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

No blatant racism or sexism.

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

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

Book promotions and Biographies welcome

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## Editorial

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### Important Notice

#### *Raven Cage is officially closed until 2026*

Unfortunately and with heavy heart I will be taking an extended break from Raven Cage. I will be closing the doors for the year 2025. I will reopen in January 2026. The time and energy needed to keep Raven Cage running has consumed me and I need a break. I will miss you all but I need the time for myself and hope to get some writing done and rest. I work full time and have little to no free time with my family and Raven Cage adds to the neglect. When I return Raven Cage will again be pdf only as the extra work to print are not worth the time by the prices Amazon charges.

## Submission Guidelines

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Author Name

Submission Title

Submissions for Raven Cage

Things that don't belong there:

Poems

Biographies

Stories.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## ITALY—THE LAND OF POETS AND TRAVELERS

Our guest today is the renowned Italian poet, writer, translator, literary scholar, and journalist, a versatile creative, recipient of numerous literary awards, and a promoter of spirituality and literature, Elisa Mascia.

We present to you the conversation with Elisa Mascia, conducted by Jahongir Nomozov, which touches upon literature, creativity, personal views, creative activities, and life paths.

—When did your interest in literature and poetry start? What were the main factors that led you towards creativity?

—Since I was a child in the first years of elementary school I preferred to read and write but also recite poems. I have always cultivated creative writing and reading. It is genetic in me creativity as well as for culture and art also for handcrafted creations of sewing, knitting and crocheting, loom and embroidery.

—How do you rate the literary environment in Italy? What opportunities are available for creators there?

—It is known the saying that Italy is a country of poets, saints and navigators. Beyond this famous motto I believe that it is not enough to write thoughts to be called a poet but in addition to inspiration and a poetic style is essential to study the verbs and respect the spelling in particular but it is important to read, have a lot of terms and lemmas to use and this is the result of studying since childhood continuing the cultural enrichment with daily exercise or at least as often as possible.

The opportunities I believe are related to the commitment given in a constant personal way but also relating with colleagues to share and exchange their ideas in cultural circles and associations.

—Which stage of the literary process do you find most interesting or stimulating?

—Every one of us who loves to write has certainly gone through stages in our literary curriculum. I always loved writing and

I had a certain attraction for books and writing, until he started to write stories, then came to try publishing in one way or another until my dream came true. So far the dream or project to publish a novel has not yet reached the last stage, since it is in a drawer waiting to be completed however, To answer the relevant question I wanted to take a look back in time to make a balance to find out what and how many are these personal phases of my literary curriculum.

Surely the most interesting phase is the inspiration and the most stimulating phase is the waiting for publication.

—How do you evaluate the culture of contemporary reading? What do you think should be done to develop this culture?

—It is known that throughout the world more we go forward in the current society defined " liquid " and more are evident the signs and effects for the lack of attraction to read.

Yes, you should have the determination to commit your time by rediscovering patience and the value of time punctuated by minutes, few but essential, to start a personal change and then social thinking that are important to dedicate them to do something constructive for their own personal culture that will surely bring results in society.

—How has the collaboration with creators from different countries influenced your work?

—For me it is very important to collaborate and share your poetic style with colleagues from other countries to study and highlight the diversity and also find new ideas of inspiration and sometimes be encouraged to try new poetic styles such as the Gaonesa invented by the poet Edwin Antonio Gaona Salinas or the tenth by the master poet Antonio Escobar Mendivez.

I cannot claim to be influenced by anyone because everything I do and have skills is the result of continuous daily study that smoothes and transforms my cultural knowledge producing new imperceptible cathartic change usable only through comparison the poetic and literary creations produced over the years

## RAVEN CAGE ZINE

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—How has your participation in literary competitions and anthologies created new opportunities for your creativity?

—Participating in national and international anthologies for me is a very important step for the value and enriching pleasure that gives the sharing of the opportunity to be together with other colleagues. It has the effects of a double-edged sword when in addition to what I have expressed is added, as on many occasions, have participated in Poetic Anthologies with the purpose of volunteering, that is, the proceeds from sales are donated to associations working for such objectives as ABEO (association for cancer empathic child), for the Anthology\* "Anime di Vento Semi di parole" and "Survivors" whose proceeds go to associations of women in difficulty.

—What do you think are the key factors behind creative success?

—It takes constancy, lots of patience and a desire to be always in the apprenticeship phase.

Determination to pursue my creative projects without giving up on the first steps but repeating that I will definitely succeed. And anyway stay calm, without ever getting excited to achieve results that often come even those worthy and unexpected and are the most welcome for me because it means that working hard prepares the way for what returns in reward to the effort expended.

—How has your commitment to peace and culture impacted your personal life and creativity?

—Promoting peace in me is a spontaneous and natural act that lives in me I believe from birth, before the word. I believe that it is a genetic value that can and should be fed daily.

Certainly that express and promote peace with art and poetry, literature helps and facilitates the dissemination today more than ever since we have at our disposal a tool that allows to reach every corner of the world and that is Internet, I also believe that it needs competence and simplicity of the poetic soul to enter on your toes and silently in the life and heart of readers to arouse new sensations and move emotions inside of them and they discover reading.

—What role do you think a creator plays in society? What are your thoughts on the impact of literature on people's lives? How do you reflect your worldview through literature?

—It plays a role of great and important responsibility in society, for this, as I have anticipated in the previous answer, to enter on tiptoe in the lives of readers with their own poetic or literary writings.

I believe that the first impact of those who read my poetic and literary writings is to find themselves in those precise words so carefully sought by me to chain them next to each other just as I hope to live together in society.

My view of the world through literature is positive and look to the future with the gaze of personal change that will scan the earth in a deep way to pass from the seeds of love and peace, brotherhood and volunteering, from generosity and altruism to the forthcoming abundant harvest around us but also in the whole world. Poetry is magic that unites hearts.

—How do you think you should maintain a balance between the creative process and personal life?

—To maintain the right balance between creativity and personal life, you need daily exercise, always find a space during the day and a time to read and write, Nourish the mind and improve your writing style to reach more people's hearts.

The conversation was conducted by: Jahongir Nomozov

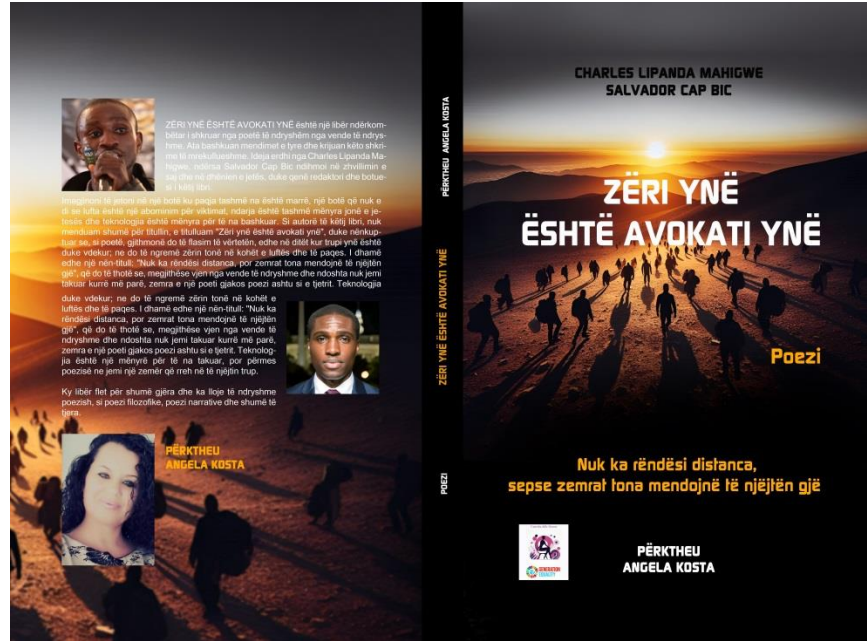


Promotion

OUR VOICE IS OUR ADVOCATE

Charles Lipanda Mahigwe:

"I am immensely stocked with pleasure in my heart for not only that a mother, Angela Kosta, to me translated our previous book on Amazon into bilingual languages, Italian and Albanian and Hassane Yarti for the creation of the wonderful two cover.



Dived into poetic critique by Angela Kosta and foreworded OUR VOICE IS OUR ADVOCATE :

"As soon as I had the book in my hands: "OUR VOICE IS OUR ADVOCATE", it was really exciting. Reading and seeing through the verses these young boys, I felt the inner strength that emanates and emits the great desire and light towards that path that leads them happily towards their creativity, the only one to bring to the surface, the unstoppable desire to



## RAVEN CAGE ZINE

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have a better future and not only to them but also to all human beings in the world. Almost all the children in this book come from the refugee camp of Malawi, who live in truly miserable and terrifying conditions.

Each young author of the AYAP group highlights, in these verses, not only the desire to write and create, but also to share, render and highlight a strong and clear message: poetry is everyone's salvation! Through poetry, we can cross the difficulties, adversities, boundaries and problems that life offers us and puts us in front of our everyday life.

It has nothing to do with the serious conditions they live in, since they know perfectly well what is positive that unites them, even if they are physically distant from each other, from us readers or from those who think in the same way as them.

I congratulate Charles, as well as Salvador, for having made possible, not only the realization of a great dream of these young people in publishing this book, which is spreading and being translated into multilinguals, but also for the great commitment, for the esteem and trust towards themselves, for the encouragement and solicitation in creating and implementing, what does not create discomfort and fear, towards a promising and prodigy future.

As a bilingual translator of this book, both in Italian and also in Albanian, as long as different languages, in unison of the compositions, I am immersed in the ocean of their tormenting world, amorous and ambitious, in every single verse, in every single author, living with them, their emotions, their sufferings and burdens.

I touched with them, just that deep point, which made me catapult into the abyss, but despite everything, I was still together with them on the threshold of the door that spurs towards the next day. Nothing can erase, not even put barriers, to their desire to progress towards a portent future.

I invite all readers to read these poems, which are not simply verses, but are the same consistency of each poet and poetess, who very much need our support.

They do not need to use metaphors or rhetoric in their components, because they use allegory, which transpires and is the mirror of their existence.

Hunger and thirst immediately disappear from their eyes, because all together, hand in hand, they form the circle of the globe and begin to sing the song of peace and freedom.

Their voice also becomes ours, their verses become a free song and, all this becomes their and our poetry, their and our defense.

Congratulations to these wonderful guys; may God bless them all, may they have so much luck in their lives.

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

[https://www.amazon.com/Stone-Garden-FD-Ravenskraft/dp/BODHLVRCKN/ref=sr\\_1\\_1?crid=29MKBADGAZ6ZO&dib=eyJ2ljojMSJ9.3lNrD\\_sS9Mh0RfWZ4gRkqeGm3Nm\\_gxaBFJWkT0rMHYCNtPK25a0EbnwYeGtIDwlvwJ5CHp6sbXc0QinoKEZ3653fklHJIEQImpjh\\_9Nn\\_Kc4.1miHz7uQRKXLpq9lZb\\_VA0AgC3i4fGOLrhrREgcM8KEk&dib\\_tag=se&keywords=fd+ravenskraft&qid=1733601636&sprefix=%2Caps%2C200&sr=8-1](https://www.amazon.com/Stone-Garden-FD-Ravenskraft/dp/BODHLVRCKN/ref=sr_1_1?crid=29MKBADGAZ6ZO&dib=eyJ2ljojMSJ9.3lNrD_sS9Mh0RfWZ4gRkqeGm3Nm_gxaBFJWkT0rMHYCNtPK25a0EbnwYeGtIDwlvwJ5CHp6sbXc0QinoKEZ3653fklHJIEQImpjh_9Nn_Kc4.1miHz7uQRKXLpq9lZb_VA0AgC3i4fGOLrhrREgcM8KEk&dib_tag=se&keywords=fd+ravenskraft&qid=1733601636&sprefix=%2Caps%2C200&sr=8-1)

## The Stone Garden

Through the fog appears the frightening form of Count Rochester Raveniere. Follow him as he takes you through The Stone Garden, a forest graveyard, and on a poetic journey of death, darkness, gruesome tales and horror stories of the deceased that have been laid to rest below epitaphs engraved in stone or unmarked graves, that leave you chilled to the bone, just by their sight. There is madness here, and unimaginable terror. Some of you will return and others, well, you shall see...

The Stone Garden is the first book in a series of four books dedicated to the hymns of death and gruesome tales, and the journey to stories and poetic themes from the many dark characters that live within FD's intriguing and often disturbing imagination.

Welcome to the world of Ravenskraft!



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"In the Haunted grounds of the garden  
The stones are cold and the spirits are bold  
Goosebumps will appear as tales unfold  
Beware not to out stay your welcome, or do  
There is plenty of room here for you..."  
Count Rochester Raveniere

The Stone Garden is the first book in a series of four books dedicated to the hymns of death and gruesome tales, and the journey to stories and poetic themes from the many dark characters that live within FD's intriguing and often disturbing imagination.

Through the fog appears the frightening form of Count Rochester Raveniere. Follow him as he takes you through The Stone Garden, a forest graveyard, and on a poetic journey of death, darkness, gruesome tales and horror stories of the deceased that have been laid to rest below epitaphs engraved in stone or unmarked graves, that leave you chilled to the bone, just by their sight. There is madness here, and unimaginable terror. Some of you will return and others, well, you shall see.

Welcome to the world of Ravenskraft!

FD Ravenskraft was born and raised in Chattanooga, Tennessee, and spent most of his life in Georgia. From a young age, he had a talent for spreading words of rhyme and darker bliss. He began writing at nine and has since delved into the darker side of the grind. His writing encompasses poetry, storytelling, and soon to-be essays and philosophies.

The depths of his thoughts are partly unknown, but he draws inspiration from Poe and Lovecraft, whose influence consumes his soul. He possesses the skills of mythos and rhyme, authored "The Nightmares of HIMM", and is featured in many anthologies alongside other talented writers and skilled poets.

FD Ravenskraft is now living in Lafayette, Georgia

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## Emotional Poetry

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Bushra Wajahat - Pakistan

### Ode to Prejudice

Oh, ancient shadow, etched deep in time,  
A whisper of fear, a misbegotten rhyme.  
You rise unbidden, cloaked in disguise,  
Turning open hearts into narrow skies.

What weight you bear, what chains you bind,  
On the wings of freedom, you prey on the mind.  
Yet still you falter, for truth draws near,  
A beacon of light to shatter your sphere.

Through eyes once clouded, now clear as day,  
Your power wanes as understanding sways.  
For love will bloom where hate has tread,  
And bridge the gaps your walls have spread.

Oh, prejudice, relic of strife,  
You shall wither beneath the bloom of life.

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## Substantial Relations

No need for ornate words or borrowed lines,  
Substantial relations whisper their truth—  
A glance rich with unspoken promises,  
A silence brimming with shared understanding.

They endure like ancient oaks,  
Roots hidden deep, unseen yet steadfast,  
Holding firm through life's wild storms.  
Their branches extend wide,  
Offering shade, bearing the sweetness of their fruit.

In laughter, they shimmer like sunlight on rippling streams,  
In sorrow, they anchor like the quiet strength of mountains.  
Unmeasured by riches, untouched by fleeting time,  
Woven from threads of sincerity,  
Bound together by the quiet power of love.

Here, within this sacred bond, a timeless truth unfolds:  
We are never alone when the ties are real.

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## Ripple Effect of Love

It begins as a whisper, tender and slight,  
A single drop in the vastness of night.  
Its touch expands, a luminous stream,  
Weaving through souls like a golden dream.

A smile, a spark that lights the dark,  
A word of kindness, a warming mark.  
Each act, a ripple, soft yet profound,  
Turning silence into a symphonic sound.

Through tranquil waters and stormy seas,  
Love's gentle currents carry peace.  
It reaches horizons, near and wide,  
An eternal flame where hope resides.

For love is endless, a sacred art,  
A ripple born in the depths of the heart.

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Bushra Wajahat

An avid wordsmith! Whose success and happiness are because of the person on the Left!

A dedicated seeker of knowledge, gracefully weaves verses with a quill dipped in curiosity and inked with passion. She harmonizes the art of poetry with the precision of research, painting vivid portraits of the soul to unravel the mysteries of the human experience.

wajahatbushra@yahoo.com

### Sweet Dreams.

I dream with sweet dreams,  
If it doesn't come to you, it's okay.  
Actually, that's how real life is,  
Of course, this is the only time to write a poem.

Dreams pull me to the depths,  
It puts a lot of weight on my shoulders.  
I like these sweetest thoughts,  
On the contrary, a negative thought sinks into the heart.

I also live in dreams,  
I will take another step towards happiness.  
Sometimes I miss four  
Sometimes I love the heart.



Ilhomova Mohichehra Azimjon's daughter was born on August 22, 2010 in the city of Zarafshan, Navoi region. Member of the Republican "Creative Children" club. She is interested in writing poetry. She is interested in writing poetry. Author of many poems. Her poems are regularly published in Uzbek and English languages in prestigious magazines of Uzbekistan, Africa and Germany. Holder of many diplomas and certificates. In addition, she has won many international certificates. She participated in competitions and won various prizes. Her poems were also performed on the radio station "Uzbekistan radio" in Uzbekistan. Her poems were published in "Raven Cage" magazine of Germany, "Kenya times" of Africa, and "Smile" magazine of Uzbekistan. Mohichehra's poems appeared on the Google network. Taking an active part in competitions organized by the "Creative Children" club throughout the year, she also received a 1st degree diploma and souvenirs. Her books "Buyuk orzular" and "Samo yulduzlari" are sold all over the world.

### Untitled

Trust your daughter dad...  
Straight sometimes fall again,  
I stand slowly in my place  
Trust your daughter dad  
I will definitely win  
Sometimes I am overcome by fate  
Several times in salsa surfing  
I don't sit body  
I'll stand on my feet rat  
Trust your daughter dad  
One day he also makes a flight  
While Miley is a little late  
Your confidence justifies it's true  
Exactly a little more irresponsible  
May it be a little lazy  
But trust him less  
He can't move  
Simple choice in celebration  
Come in all winner  
Your confidence is wing to him  
Grow up taking a lot of knowledge

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Rashidova Shahrizoda Zarshidovna was born on October 31, 2010 in Khojakon neighborhood of Karakolsky district of Bukhara region. Currently, the 20th School in the district has

The 8th grader is a participant in many contests. In particular, he won the first place in the 2022,2023 year of the Yoshkitobkhan contest.,, Mushoiras",,, I'll do it all",,, in my word and in my voice the homeland",,, wings of inspiration",,, knowledgeable-2018",,, Insight " is the winner of the competitions .Her poetry and stories have been covered in several magazines, goodness, is a regular contributor to Raven Cage magazines with her creative work. Pen magic, mirror of inspiration, author of books

called the first flight of the creator. Aspiration EVH Karakol district coordinator. An alternative is the head of the Wekelet Community organization in Uzbekistan.

## **I WORLD FULL OF LOVE**

Life is a breath what's going away like the wind.

In a moment he throws his slap at you and then it leaves its scratch on you.

Its wake in storms, hits you, he tears your clothes and his remains they go away diminishing, but if he can, bind up your wounds also saving those of many lives.

I'll be funny if I throw myself into this life and let this anger of mine pass? I'm just a little Smurf in front of it. I am but a grain of sand taking a dive into the sea and then drown?

You who think you love more and more, you who don't give in and don't throw yourself down, you who put your hands up, yes, up there in the plans of the Divine, wait for the morning to come and let the evil end, you look forward to a better world. Today, the world pays no attention to your love, he is an alien who throws his poison into hatred, but man, thanks be to God,

he will soon enjoy it to the fullest of a world full of love with its most particular humanitarian rights which will be centuries-old...

They will last for centuries of the centuries.

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## PASSIONS AND LOVES

The sun shines lightly among the sails of ships, while on earth by sweetness there is no more war and honey drips from the honeycombs.

There are no more beams, today adopted by good owners.

No more prisons in the hearts, but accompanied passions and more and more loved from all loves that they will never forget and that they will continue to fill and rejoice the colorful life of each of us.

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Orlando Simiele is an author, poet, writer, graduated h.c in Philology and Literary Criticism, Graduated h.c in Literature and Philosophy, Graduated h.c in Communication Sciences applied to Journalism and graduated h.c in Ambassador of Poets and Writers. He is also an Academic Senator, noble Duke. He was born in Caserta on March 12, 1986 in Italy, and for about twenty years spent his childhood and adolescence in Persano (Sa). He has always had a great passion for poetry. Since childhood on a pocket diary he composed various sentences in the form of rhyming couplets that over the years then in adolescence became the most special essence turning into increasingly complete texts and pursued by him until today. He is a native Italian. Today he lives and works in France near Geneva. He has also created two books (poetic anthologies), namely: "Frammenti d'amore" in the year 2016 with the publishing house "Il Saggio" located in Eboli in the province of Salerno in Italy and "La Fonte della vita" in the year 2018 always with the same publishing house. Has also participated in various national and international literature and poetry competitions, sometimes reaching the top positions in Italy and on an international level he has obtained first places three times.

## **LANDSCAPE OF WAR**

Morning to evening,

evening to dawn,

the skies shattered

over the lost victors.

The seas turn back

to the rivers,

the birds urinate on the rifles

as if mad...

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## ALL IS DUST AND POISON...

All is dust and poison

on the back of the clouds,

nostalgia

solemn.

It fluttered, it fluttered

My dream

like a predatory bird

with memories...

A black rose,

I hold in my hand,

Plucked off between the thighs

crown.

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ARBEN ILIAZI - ALBANIA

Arben Oliazi 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.
- "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 Wizbaden, 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)

## Sunrise of hope

The light of dawn  
erases the traces of the night  
relentlessly, time goes on flowing  
although I wish it would stop  
like a picture fixed by the camera's lens  
because as valuable like fruit in a tree is life  
Like the moon ascending at night

so you are, my love, whatever happens  
wherever you are, I keep you in my heart  
since I am in love with you my world has changed  
because two hearts found a home of tenderness  
sunrays play on the heartstrings of love  
lighting up the dawn of hope.

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*Translation Germain Droogenbrood*

## Waiting for the bus

I've been waiting for the bus,  
Though many busses depart from here or just pass by.  
They go to different places,  
But there is no bus that can take me to my destination.  
Waiting, I have waited from winter to spring,  
But no one cares about those who are waiting at the bus station.  
They walk, or they run.  
I have waited from dawn till dusk.

Trees slumber and then they wake up.  
So do the birds.  
The city has slept for thousands of years except a few stars stay awake.  
I don't know the distance to the place where I want to go  
I shall still keep waiting, waiting for the bus....

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*Translation Germain Droogenbroodt-Stanley Barkan*

### Wenxin Review

This poem “Waiting for the Bus” is a beautiful expression of the poet’s thoughts on time, life, and the future. Firstly, the poet’s experience of waiting for the bus is a common scene in daily life, but through this experience, the poet gains a deeper understanding of time. The wait, from winter to spring, and from dark to dawn, allows the poet to feel the passing of time and its effect on all things. The reader is invited to consider this dimension of time that can often escape us in our busy lives.

Secondly, the city environment is depicted as a fast-paced and impersonal place, where people are consumed by their own activities and have no time for those waiting for the bus. The poet’s observation of this indifference allows the reader to see the urban landscape from a different perspective and question our own behavior in such fast-paced environments.

Thirdly, nature is used as a contrast to the city environment. The poet observes how trees hibernate and wake up, how birds do the same, signifying the continuous cycle of life. This juxtaposition reminds us of the beauty and resilience of nature and questions our relationship with it.

Finally, the poem ends with “I keep waiting for the bus”, a statement that expresses the poet’s acceptance of life’s uncertainties and his/her resolve to face it head on. This ending invites the reader to consider life’s uncertainties and one’s own capacity to embrace them with courage and hope.

Overall, this poem “Waiting for the Bus” is a beautiful expression of thoughts on time, life, and the future. It invites the reader into a personal reflection on these themes and compels us to question our own relationship with time, life, and the world around us. The simplicity of the language and this poem accessible to a wide audience while its depth of meaning allows for multiple interpretations and insights.

## AN EMPTY GLASS

The cup full of spring water was in sight  
It is a part of my body.  
I tried to drink it,  
But when I tried,  
The glass was empty.  
Where did the water go  
In no time?

Is existence  
No more than a glass of water?  
It's a mystery, it's confusion.  
What happened?

Yesterday, I was here at the same time  
And filled the glass.  
Would the water not have disappeared  
If I had remained here?  
Was my mind trapped in the glass  
Or...?

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*English Translation: Germain Droogenbroodt – Stanley Barkan*

### Wenxin Review

"AN EMPTY GLASS" is a profound poem that delves into the mysteries of existence and the fleeting nature of life. Anna Keiko's use of imagery and symbolism creates a powerful emotional response, drawing the reader into a world of questions and introspection.

The poem begins with the image of a glass full of spring water, which immediately evokes feelings of freshness, purity, and renewal. The glass, described as a part of the speaker's body, establishes a strong connection between the natural world and the individual's existence.

The speaker's attempt to drink the water, followed by the discovery that the glass is empty, creates a stark contrast and a sense of disappointment. This emptiness symbolizes the transience of life and the impossibility of grasping onto eternity. The questions raised about the disappearance of the water and the meaning of existence are profound and thought-provoking.

The poem's structure, with its repetition of phrases like "The glass was empty" and "Where did the water go," adds to its impact. This repetition creates a sense of urgency and desperation, reflecting the speaker's struggle to understand and accept the fleeting nature of life.

The ending of the poem, with the speaker asking if her mind was trapped in the glass or if there was another explanation, leaves the reader with a sense of ambiguity and curiosity. This ambiguity allows for different interpretations and meanings, inviting the reader to engage with the poem on a personal level and to find their own answers to the questions raised.

In summary, "AN EMPTY GLASS" is a powerful poem that explores the mysteries of existence and the fleeting nature of life. Anna Keiko's use of imagery, symbolism, and repetition creates a profound emotional response that leaves the reader with questions to ponder and reflect upon.

## Give you everything

You are my sky and light,  
You are my eyes and breath,  
You are the poem of hope.  
Come on, let's write together,  
Write the vicissitudes, write the pain,  
Write the difficulties and dreams,  
Write the disease you are suffering.  
You asked,  
Why did doctors prescribe so many medicines?  
How come this is my life?  
I am asking too.  
Ask the heaven, ask the fate, Ask thousands of mountains and rivers,  
Ask the firmament and the universe.  
Then, I heard the answer,  
However, I do not know how to write the answer in words.

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Anna Keiko is an international poet, writer and artist based in Shanghai. ACC Shanghai Huifeng International Literary Society founder president and chief editor, world poetry promoter, International Peace Ambassador Outstanding contribution Award winner. She has published 12 books of poetry in many countries. Her poems have been translated into more than 30 languages and published in more than 50 countries. Invited to attend international poetry festivals in many countries. 2020 Nominated for the Nobel Prize.



## Quantum Genesis

In a drop of life that flows,  
a genesis of existence is written,  
and ethereal consciousness rests  
on the nascent, quantum moon.

From the crystal of that oceanic drop  
that hangs in the fragile pendulum  
and flows without hearing a sound,  
infinity, unity, and time  
descend to the lower state.

Multidimensional matter  
emerges in the positive pole  
and joins its essence to the negative  
to give origin in the void,  
a river of pure torrent.

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## **Microcosmic Inertia**

Microorganisms in motion,  
generating inertia in every cell,  
connected to a cosmos  
of energetic emotions.

At times, it flows imperceptibly  
through a crude mind,  
premature in knowledge  
of an infinite evolution,  
a creation in reaction.

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## Garden of the Soul

I preserved in the lagoons of my mind  
the diversity of thoughts.  
I cultivated in the micro hectares  
of the heart, clean feelings,  
so that after winter  
divergent species could bloom:  
multiform orchids,  
in a multiplicity of colors,  
thus provoking  
the ecstasy of our vision.

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## Roots of Balance

Be calm!  
for the night is short;  
the days arrive with their own language,  
offering a rhythm of total harmony.

Every vital torrent provokes  
in this universe  
profound and elevated sensations,  
contributing to its unique balance.

Every source quenches thirst  
with its own wisdom,  
scattering the root of life,  
embedding itself in every bark.

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Leo Acosta (pen name of Julio García) is a writer and poet born in southern Nicaragua, a Central American nation. He has published the following titles in his home country: *Escritos de Júpiter* (2014), *Nicaragua, My Voice and My Thought for You* (2016), and *Nicaragua: Culture, Heritage, and Tradition* (2018). In El Salvador, under the editorial seal *Navegando Sueños*, he published *La abuela Nico cuenta* (2017). In 2024, he released *Carmen la Negra* and *Mujer Divina y Etérea* through Kindle-Amazon.

He participated in the Virtual Festival of World Poets (2022 and 2023 editions), organized by the Writers Capital Foundation, by invitation of Mallorcan writer and painter Joan Josep Barceló y Bauzá. Additionally, he has contributed to various international anthologies, including *Poetic Anthology: Arte Senza Frontiere* and *Prodigy Magazine*, directed by writer Zlatan Demirovic.

In the field of international festivals, his accomplishments include:

Lucius Annaeus Seneca International Academic Award for Contemporary Literature (7th Edition, 2023), where he received an honorable mention in the section for foreign residents with the poem *Mind and Development*.

Cygnus Aureus International Literary Art Award (2024), where he was awarded the second prize ex aequo in Peschiera del Garda on June 15, 2024.

D'Elba Award - International Prize for Poetry, Literature, and Art (2024), with a participation mention in the seventh edition.

He is a member of the World Academy of Culture and Literature (AMCL), based in Brazil, directed by poets Djalma Pinheiro and Janete Sabag Bottan.

Additionally, Leo Acosta is the director, host, and producer of the program *Cultural News*, broadcast online by Radio Satélitevisión y Americavisión, a Chilean station under the direction of Mrs. América Santiago.

## THE WINGED SINGER

"If there were no imagination," I thought, "there would be no poets. My words flow through the pen, fighting battles in the field of thought. Look into my eyes and tell me, am I a winged singer, a poetic angel bringing balm as a gift for wounded hearts?"

If I were a poet, I would ignite the flame of love, for sad is the fading of nature. I would write a tapestry of words, in the whisper of voices. Thoughts turn and twist, shaping the blossoming of the mind. It is the frenzy of dreams that stirs in the chest.

The soul lights up and the piano plays the triumph of the immense, of love over hate, and nature celebrates nameless joy. Small kindnesses and vibrant tendernesses whisper the tale of expressive souls, intertwined by destinies and hopes. A ritual of losing oneself to find oneself in an embrace of poetry.

The extension of my thought stirs questions, but with a vivid conscience, I ponder the meaning of art. Art speaks to the soul and the mind, rests, entertains, questions. Art is life, voice, gesture, sound, aesthetics. Life itself is a stage rich in nuances, a perfect illusion is a breath from the heartbeat of a dream, which deeply desires equity, justice, honesty, truth.

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## I LOVE LIFE

The world weeps with indifference, struggles with fear in the night of silence. Strength is needed in adversity, in facing detachment and emptiness, and the heart does not find solace. The depth of the sea resounds with tears, and the solitary road with silence, embracing the time of regret.

Pride has dark and noisy hues, revealing shadows of error.

Thoughtful and attentive, I approach the delicate theme of existence. Thoughts turn and twist, shaping the blossoming of the mind that the artist paints in the tapestry, so that all voices whisper words.

In life, one rejoices in persuasive voices, and in desolate beaches of thoughts and memories. Clear, fresh, and joyful thoughts open to love, to the rising dawn, to its awakening in rest.

The soul lights up and the piano plays the triumph of the immense, of love over hate, and nature celebrates nameless joy. Small kindnesses and vibrant tendernesses whisper to hearts, touches that nourish the tale of expressive souls, intertwined by destinies and hopes, like a ritual of losing oneself to find oneself in the embrace of poetry.

I penetrate my sanctuary. Thought soars, in the stirring of the heart and in the smile.

I love to travel, dance, study. I love life.

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# THE GAZE RESTS ON THE LAST PAGE OF THE BOOK

The time is dark, the wind howls. The pouring rain unsettles valleys and mountains, stirring torrents and rivers. Anguish creeps into hearts, the upheaval questions: <Who will work the land... and the labors on the disrupted roads> Dreams are in turmoil, for many it is the last night in that house, and the advance of pain. The void of the absurd remains, the farewell of memories. Swollen eyes do not reflect the affection of the harvest. Torrents of sadness drown in the twilight of an autumn marked in red, twilight that envelops everything. The ephemeral chimera is torn apart by the harsh ongoing experience. Roots emerge from the fields, drowned trees, submerged by peasant voices, cries disturbed by many mistakes, disrespectful of life. Where are you, heroic trust, where does your strength and hope expand? The future is threatening, a whirlwind of nothing good. A ray of sunshine touches the roughness of life, declaiming psalms engraved on paper, exhalations of a desire, of a calming of the soul. Elucidations of words, emptied of the sense of life, hurl chairs and pieces in the gardens, under the cries of the bystanders and the collapse of bridges. It feels like being on the brink of an end of life. The gaze is lost in the expanse of the sky, enveloped by the purifying fire of feelings. The heart breathes oxygen and fresh air, found in a corner of peace. An oasis of bliss in the sadness of a decaying world. Tomorrow the sky will reveal its beauty. Prayer saves us from thinking, and the gaze rests on the last page of the book. Breath and strength of life, come!

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# YOU AND I - TOGETHER

In the humility of poetry, the yearning of a surrealist visionary melted in the warmth of the flame. The heart of an artist pulsed in the play of imagination, in a world where reality and dream intertwined. You and I, immersed in this creative flow, sometimes abstract, vibrant, or delicate.

A collage of memories was revealed, a mosaic of emotions. Time stood still in a soliloquy of the heart, carried by the creative beauty of a free mind. Faded memories found new life in their echo, getting lost like in a labyrinth, where luminous rays sang of spring.

The youth of being manifested in the creative dawn, where ideas and projects were alive with vitality. In this world, we explored new hopes, warmed by the sound of a love song. No enchantment, just notes of life whispering passions in an evocative tale, painted in the book of existence.

Together, we walked through these imaginary paths, discovering the hidden beauty in the fragments of time. Each step brought us closer, strengthening the bond that united us. In the intimacy of this journey, our story intertwined with the voices of the past and the promises of the future, illuminated by a flame that never goes out.

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## WHISPERS OF SOLITUDE

Solitude gripped the heart, and in the silence of the night, copious tears wandered down my girl's face, watering neck and hair.

Yet it was me, the shadow of myself, the architect of that letting go. It was a privilege of the heart, broken by that goodbye. With bewilderment, I followed you, with my gaze, the bewilderment of a void of love.

It's a distant memory, you know, but I missed your warmth, yet I had my reasons. The soul needs freedom, shared time, and individual spaces to live in solitude.

The echo of memories rains on the weariness of that shattered dream. But I did not delay in seeking you. It wasn't a faint light, but it was love. We embraced then, and hope embraced us, in that dance that held all the flavor of sweetness.

The wind had tousled us, but the scent of your words and your tight hand brought me back to you, to our dimension of young people searching for their reasons. The cold of solitude melted, in reality, we had never left each other, it melted in the warmth of your embrace.

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SILLA M CAMPANINI - ITALY



Silla M. Campanini: A Journey in Art and Poetry

Born in 1954 in an enchanting village in the province of Bologna, Silla M. Campanini has always had a deep connection with the earth and color. From a young age, her passion for art led her to explore worlds of creativity and imagination.

As an image educator, she collaborated with public and private institutions, bringing the beauty of art into the lives of many. In 2016, she was recognized as a member of the Department of Art and Culture of the Academy of Sciences and Arts of Belgrade. She has held prominent roles in the Writers Capital Foundation,

contributing to international artistic and literary projects.

An eclectic and multifaceted artist, she has exhibited her works in galleries and museums in Italy and abroad. Her creations, a journey into fantasy and metaphysical abstraction, explore the depths of the collective unconscious, revealing a human dimension rich in emotional participation.

Her works communicate through a non-verbal language, akin to a fluid that seeps into the soul of the observer. Her art, genuine and authentic, captures the eye and the heart, ascending to the Olympus of Masterpieces. (By Lidia Peritore)

Silla Campanini is also a poet of the soul. Her lyrics and poetic prose can be found in anthologies, Italian and foreign editorials, and personal publications promoted by the publishing house International Editions based in Greece. Her poetry celebrates the beauty of life and art, intertwining reality and symbolism in an embrace of colors and emotions.

Silla M. Campanini - First Coordinator of the Artistic Project promoted in conjunction with the 2025 International Literary Festival by the Writers Capital Foundation

## **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.

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## 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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FRANCESCA GALLELO - ITALY



Francesca Gallelo (Cirò Marina KR Calabria) is an Italian writer, poet, journalist, editor. She completed her studies in agriculture and subsequently in literature. She wrote her first novel at the age of 9. She has written many books and poems translated and published in different countries around the world. She has received several awards and recognition worldwide. She is Director of the Veliero publishing house and Director of the international online magazine SATURNO magazine where she gives space to authors from all over the world. She is passionate for writing and reading but she also loves cooking very much and runs a cooking blog "Flavours, the pleasure of cooking". Her poetic style is defined as Gallellian by the greatest exponents of international culture and used as a guide for studies and research of poetic language.

## DREAM, MY HEART

Dream, my heart, draw me my form  
A free man who lives it and embraces it  
In a world that makes it happy and laughs  
Funning among the letters, he presents them  
A painting of the year from poetry that he plans  
Draw it, color it, light it, decorate it  
Gather companions who are absent from their loved ones  
Let things go, we do not pursue them  
If passion has a plot to steal it  
A sun is necessary for the soul to shine  
It returned, why did it return? Then we outpace it  
Be patient and dream its sign  
The world is binding, we do not bind it  
No land is steered by anyone but its Creator  
People of nobility and morals are its nature  
The free call, let us shine it  
Guevara, Mandela and Gandhi  
Angela, Alicia, Eva and Martha  
With man, woman and her freedom  
The year of children is its most beautiful image  
Our dreams, no war to disturb them  
Peace accompanies all people  
O creation, free them from injustice.



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## Emerald legendary Christmas tree

The emerald legendary Christmas tree!  
Like a green sun rises up a tranquil sea  
It shines the light of peace  
on earth  
with sparks of glee  
In our very, very cold earth,  
It spreads the seeds of love  
With full of peace

Arrival of blessing message of joy  
in ice age is sweet:  
Sweet like having a baby in old age  
Sweet like the freedom moment a dove from its cage  
Sweet like saying the truth that has hidden in heart for long years  
Sweet like the moment getting a surprise gift from someone we love  
Sweet like arriving at a train that takes us to the hut of desires  
Sweet Like a pure love, eternal and rare

When the tallest unique Christmas tree grows  
Through a tall green pine forest  
From the thirsty earth of peace  
From smiles and cries of you and me  
From our hopes and dreams  
That time, you and I dwell by two sides of the window of the universe,  
Face to face  
Eye in eye  
Looking forward to an everlasting pleasant peace  
Touching the heat of the fire through the snow trees  
To bring the dreams of planet earth to life

Oh, Emerald legendary Christmas tree!  
How pomegranates of my Yalda feast  
looks like your colored balls hanging around your leaves!

Now I'm your guest of your feast,  
To see Santa Claus with his blessing gifts  
Oh! Emerald legendary Christmas tree!  
Please be my guest in our ancient Yalda night feast!  
I welcome you under a pomegranate tree  
On my Yalda table, I feast with a basket full  
of sweets,  
pomegranates and pistachios,  
A watermelon of tricolors,  
I light many candlesticks looks like pine jungles

## RAVEN CAGE ZINE

---

At my long Yalda poetic night,  
I recite Hafiz's pure mystic love verses for you  
With love and peace  
Indeed, they are my Yalda gifts

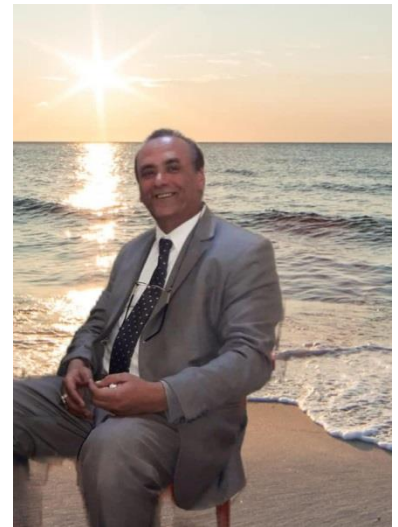
In the long night of my mystical Yalda,  
I climb up the magic bean tree of my childhood dreams,  
To see your birth star  
I stare at your true with my innocent eastern black eyes  
On your top, I see the holy star of Christ  
Twinkles in high heavens  
I want to hang pomegranates on your spiritual branches  
And I paint lucky coins on their outer skins  
To pay tribute to these two beautiful feasts.

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## Teach me how to love

My love  
Teach me how to love  
Knights  
How to become  
A hunter  
Chasing the eyes  
Of Deer  
Teach me how  
To love you  
Like a bird learning  
To fly  
Trying to rise  
Above the mountains  
Sleeping in the deep valleys  
Planting his love  
Like an orchard  
Gently touching  
your nipples  
Feeling the softness  
Of your breasts  
Tasting  
that wine  
On your lips  
Teach me, my love  
For I, still, do not know  
The ABCs of love  
I do not know that love  
Without morals  
Refuses to be called passion  
O my noble knight..  
Creative in formulating the colors  
Of the sun  
Love explodes  
Inside me  
Cursing my silence,  
My repression,  
I love you  
I love you  
Lady of love.



## 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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Francesca Gallelo Gabriel Italo Nel Gómez 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 Gallelo Gabriel Italo Nel Gómez 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.

## Sons of the Country

They come from the night lilies and lamps and the smell of rain  
They arrive from there with coffins and blood and guns  
They sleep on the condolences of the night  
They make brides from the spray of their females  
They sweeten conversations with laughter at what happened  
They fear the cellars of silence  
They say the rituals of their desire from nothing  
They are the naked ones returning from the other door to the dew and the sun and saffron  
They get covered with old nostalgia and wine and drums and the women of their calamities in the big cities and the villages adjacent to their setbacks  
They are the naked ones who smear the butter of the morning with the dough of the tan  
They slaughter the joy of the holiday on the kiss of their worries  
They read walking in the footsteps of the river and the springs and the jasmine  
They gasp with mint and elegies  
They write down the lust of the birds on the branches leaning towards winter  
They carve The words of the verses of their dances  
They are the naked ones who dig trenches for regret and old tears and the sockets of the broken on the road to war  
The naked ones who slip away from vows  
The silent ones on the horror of tragedies  
They curse luck and the country  
They sing their wailing on the incense burners of night and domes and confusion and stillness  
The naked ones who pass by us and learn from us the good of sorrow and deeds  
The sons of the country are ashamed of their ages  
And they complain to God about wars and the appearance of their shells



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## SHAKING THE ASS

“Shaking the ass changes everything” -

Josefina Zuain, dancer and researcher.

She shook her ass  
Like no one else did.  
I ran away  
And four of her friends  
Were crying  
Because she was taking me by the hand  
To her sheepfold.  
There, at the bottom of her Mount of Venus  
I stuck my cane  
I cut her flower  
To this woman who dances better  
And shakes her ass  
And who is going to be my Love  
For twenty or forty minutes  
Or, perhaps, more than a day.  
-I want to be a farmer  
And a rancher  
Of your beautiful geography, my Love  
I told her excitedly.  
Let me take the mules of your dance  
And movements of the ass  
And plow in it, with it and on it  
At midnight, and at noon  
Hovering around your carnal mortar  
Tambourine that resounds death and life  
With my pounder  
Turning into that bumblebee  
That drinks the juice of the flower  
Dying drunk  
For the sake of the sacrifice of Love  
Which is life and death  
Death and life  
Between its light lips  
Throwing milk.



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## The yearning heart

No, I don't miss it, it's just a dream,  
My love doesn't fit in the worlds.  
Like a bird flying to the skies,  
My love is absorbed into the vastness of existence.

The heart yearns for true happiness,  
The lesson is reaching pure love.  
The only wish in my heart,  
Is not only made of pain.

There is a burning love in my eyes,  
Only it is not clear to anyone.  
If they give my pure heart pain,  
I can't tell it to anyone.

The sweet pain of my heart,  
May it not become a beginning.  
The market of love is cheap,  
May it not be absorbed by the skies.

A metaphor that does not need an end,  
Love that cannot be molded into creation.  
A stain that does not fall into love,  
A laughter that does not change into a painful pain.

This is how I live in the world,  
Locking my burning love inside me.  
I bury my heart,  
Because of this hidden love.

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## The heart in the grip of winter

Covering the sorrows like a flower,  
It has passed, and here is the golden autumn.  
It has made our hearts very sad,  
The mysterious silver winter has come.

My destiny's happiness did not smile,  
I only dream of the next year.  
It has not yet faded in my body,  
I have filled my feelings with my heart.

My feelings were white as snow,  
Suddenly they turned into mud.  
It was cheap, but then the laughter,  
Like the sorrow, scattered.

My feelings are still without a master,  
They fell before they reached the limit.  
When my footprints turned into snow,  
The world wished me pain.



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### MOTHER

Tell me, what does your heart want today? Shall I grow basil in your yard? Or the one who spoke passionately for your daughter, Shall I grow buds from your lips?

And if you have... stop being embarrassed, don't be so sad, just laugh. Just listen to your dreamy daughter.

You keep saying baby, baby... You don't have time for yourself, mother. If you get a lot of dowry for your daughter, you don't wear a dress yourself.

You can hear my heart from afar. I don't know if the lines of my heart are yours.

Please mom, don't be so kind? Don't cry for all my pains. Look, I'm always standing next to you, the pain will go away, if you don't stay, there's no rest.

My head is happy, even in pain. It's enough, don't cry anymore, mother. Thank you for always being my shoulder, that's why I love you dear MOTHER

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Sirojiddinova Nozima was born on June 28, 2000 in the village of Amirabad, Baghdad district, Fergana region

## Oh, What a Jolly Season

Oh, what a jolly season,  
It is,  
Just like Christmas “carolers”,  
Their voices elevate with happiness.

Over the howling holiday wind,  
And swirling snow crystals,  
Within...  
Cheerful people are still audible to those by the threshold.

But oh, what a jolly season,  
When the joyful children,  
Wait for Santa Claus to deliver their gifts down the chimney.  
They place chocolate cookies and a glass of milk on the table for the magical man.

As for the wind howling this holiday,  
The swirling crystals of snow,  
Within...  
The joyous parents look on as their kids excitedly tore into their Christmas gifts.  
Caroling by the open fire during this holiday,

Oh, what a jolly season it is.

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## The Christmas Window

I recall being alone at Christmas last year.

At my wide, scenic window, I sat,

Clutching a mug of hot cocoa that was topped with marshmallows, whipped cream, and nuts,

The aroma of hot cocoa brought me happiness.

On that Christmas Day, snow drifted outside, I remained by the window,

I observed a family of five through their open window.

Exhibiting,

The delights of a Christmas celebration,

His book on Christmas' true meaning was a gift from the family father.

No, what I observed in the family's window across the street,

Was not the true meaning of Christmas...?

The real significance of Christmas was not, their celebration

But, I have faith in Christ.

Despite the confusion in some hearts,

However, when I looked at the family window once more,

The father was staring at me.

He nodded, smiling.

I picked up the book he'd given me, which was next to me.

I also lifted my hot cocoa.

He brought Christmas's true meaning back to me.

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## Joy Bells

Joy Bells,  
I occasionally hear their ringing.  
However, this is only available during the Christmas season.  
They ring, tingle-ting-ting,  
Producing a joyful sound,

My nose crinkles.  
I didn't understand the meaning "tingle-ting-ting".  
Because they called them "Joy Bells",  
By God, that is obvious.  
Emitting joyful sounds,

The subsequent year,  
Would be round Christmas,  
I would understand what the "tingle-ting-ting" meant.  
What a wonderful sound the "Joy Bells" made!  
And I'll always remember that "tingle-ting-ting".

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Tamikio L. Dooley is a multi award-winning author. She is the author of 150 titles and 100 published books. The author writes fiction and nonfiction of crime, thriller, mystery, fantasy, historical, western, romance, zombie apocalypse, and paranormal. In her spare time, she writes short stories, poetry, articles, essays, health books, children's books, diaries, journals, inspiring books.

Tamikio is also an artist and a multi-award-winning author. She creates acrylic, colored-pencil, oil, sketch, and watercolor artwork. Her piece of acrylic artwork called Autumn is featured in Evolucionarts "Fire" Exhibition in September 2024, and her acrylic paintings called Birds of the Seas, and Blue Coast, are featured in Evolucionarts "Water" Exhibition in November 2024. She is also an Exhibition Curator for Evolucionarts Arts International Fine Arts Exhibition. Tamikio is the Chief Coordinator representing the USA art and literature community for the Writers Capital International Foundation. Three of her art pieces are featured in the Panorama International Literature Festival 2025. She is the author of Rhythm of Art 2024, Artistic Vision Magazine 2024, and Colorful World Korean Artist Magazine 2024.

## HAPPINESS IS MADE BY LITTLE THINGS

Happiness is indescribable in words,  
intangible by touch,  
you feel with your heart,  
in the moments when the soul takes flight on the rays of the sun.

When you can move your lips,  
breathe freely  
get out of bed  
and wherever you want, you can go.

When dear people keep you company,  
when you know he won't leave you,  
when you're not one of those  
who are lost looking for their piece of happiness.

When you're in love with life,  
and you enjoy your first morning coffee,  
while strength dances in your heart  
and peace lives in your head.

It's luck  
what more do you want,  
give thanks for each new day,  
in which your heart breathes freely.

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Croatia



## IT'S SO GOOD

It is so good to do nice things,  
put a smile on someone's sad face,  
and understand that they are the most beautiful in life,  
precisely small, dear little things.

Those that are worth a lot and have no price,  
those who leave their mark in the heart,  
that do not fade and last forever,  
which are not forgotten.

It's so good to be human,  
lend someone your hand,  
and at least with support to be with him,  
in the most difficult moment of life.

When someone just says:  
"What will words help someone"?,  
you don't even need to say anything,  
and the smile itself heals more than anything else.

And a kind word is always welcome  
to make someone's life a little warmer at least,  
what we can all do and that is  
to send someone a smile as the most beautiful gift.

It is so good to do nice things,  
it's just that people can't understand it,  
they seek happiness in vain in unimportant things,  
to those who are worthless and pay the most.

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## THANK YOU FOR EXISTING

Thank you for being here,  
by my side in good and bad,  
that you put your heart in the palm of your hand,  
that you are the sun of my every day.

Thank you for transferring your strength to me,  
although you also carry your anxieties,  
your infectious smile is just irresistible,  
what you're worth, I hope you know.

Thank you for being the magic of life,  
the one where beauty lives,  
the one who is an example to all,  
that there is still humanity.

Thank you for existing.  
that you encourage, respect and love,  
words are not enough to thank you, but you know,  
because of you, my life is accompanied by a special glow.

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Croatia

## **Aspiring for True Love**

True love is a longing that resides deep within  
A yearning for connection, for a sense of belonging  
It's a desire to be seen, to be heard, to be understood  
To find someone who accepts us for who we are.

Someone who loves us without condition, without judgment  
Who sees our flaws and imperfections, and loves us still  
Who stands by us through life's ups and downs, through every storm  
Who holds our hand, and whispers words of comfort and peace.

True love is a risk, a leap of faith, a vulnerability  
It's a choice to open ourselves up, to let someone in  
To trust, to believe, to have faith in another person  
To surrender to the unknown, and to see where love takes us.

It's a journey worth taking, a risk worth making.

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## **Flights of Imagination**

Imagination takes us on a journey through the skies  
To places unknown, where dreams and fantasies come alive  
It's a flight of the mind, where creativity knows no bounds  
Where the impossible becomes possible, and the ordinary becomes extraordinary

In this realm, we are free to roam, to explore and to discover  
To create worlds, characters, and stories that are uniquely our own  
We can soar on the wings of eagles, or swim with the fish in the sea  
We can be anyone, anywhere, and anything we can imagine

Imagination is the key that unlocks the doors of our minds  
It's the spark that ignites the flame of creativity and innovation  
It's the wind that lifts us up, and carries us away to new and exciting places  
Where the possibilities are endless, and the journey is always exhilarating

In the flight of imagination, we find our truest selves.

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## My True Self

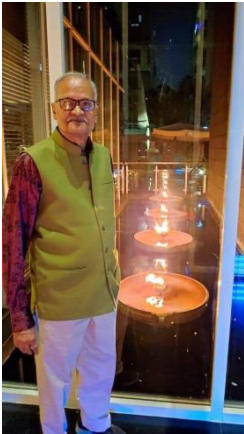
In the stillness of the night, I find myself  
A reflection of my soul, without the masks I wear  
I am a complex tapestry, woven from threads of joy and sorrow  
A unique blend of strengths and weaknesses, of light and darkness.

I am a dreamer, a thinker, a feeler, a doer  
I am a collection of memories,  
of experiences, of relationships  
I am a work in progress, constantly  
evolving, growing, changing  
I am a mystery, even to myself,  
a puzzle I'm still trying to solve.

I am a spark of the divine,  
a drop of the infinite ocean  
I am a part of something greater  
than myself, connected to all that is  
I am a unique expression of life,  
a one-of-a-kind creation  
I am my own true self, authentic, genuine, and real  
I am enough, just as I am.

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### About the Poet



Dr. Kailash Nath Khandelwal is a retired Professor of English. He has published more than 60 books on English, American, African and Indo-Anglian poets, novelists and dramatists. He is a bilingual, English and Hindi, published poet. He writes Short Stories and Spiritual articles. Presently, he is engaged in Translation from Hindi to English and visa versa.



## Oldsmobile convertible

*for Jackson Pollock*

Pollock-Krasner House, East Hampton

Now at last  
I see you  
Jackson Pollock  
kneeling on the floor  
handling sticks and brushes  
dripping paints on your canvas.

From the dark night of your mind  
a different universe emerges  
new galaxies  
(long looping lines)  
take form  
as your hands move rapidly around

formless and timeless realms  
where I sink deep and deeper  
wrapped in the colours  
of your Greyed Rainbow.

# RAVEN CAGE ZINE

---

For a while I will linger and listen to  
the silence of the ocean  
(or maybe to the roaring motor of your Oldsmobile convertible)  
then – tonight –  
I will write a poem just for you  
Jackson Pollock.

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## A WORD THAT IS HIDDEN

In this half a day  
Was waiting to tell me a word  
That you couldn't find  
On any verse of poetry (mine)  
A word that is hidden  
Inside me  
And yours  
But you don't feel it  
Just like me  
We ruined it just like in fire  
That word  
They know to read  
Except angels  
As they have written it  
In the notepad of erased sins...

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Translated from Albanian to English: Peter Tase



BILALL MALIQI is a writer, poet and publicist, was born in on 08.04.1969 in a village ElezBali, municipality of Presheva. He writes poetry and prose for children and adults, he deals also with literature critics. He is the author of 42 works: poetry for children, for adults, prose for children and adults, journalism and literary critics.

Maliqi is a founder and editor in chief of the magazine "Qendresa" which is published in Presheva Valley. Maliqi is a honorary

president of association of Presheva writers;

Maliqi is a member of League of Writers of Kosova; Member of the board " Atunis" President of "Atunis Lugina" in Presheva.

## **SMOKE**

Ambition and power have their own stories  
Unlike the story of the unknown savage wind

The smoke, invading the sky  
Has wiped away the smile from their innocent lives .  
The sound of the laughter  
Drags them to the burial ground where cries for a life is rampant.

Love is now a midday dream.  
As the streets with the moon light  
Steal the darkness of midnight.

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Bhubaneswar, Odisha, India



## LAST LETTER

At times under a peculiar circumstance  
One may hesitate to smile with a loved one  
Might not opt to write the life a second  
Or cry for consolations or compassion  
When torture exceeds the limit of tolerance.

The words would be lost  
In the mists of thoughts amidst the deserts of caravan nights .  
And manipulate slowly the appearing dreams .  
Thoughts scatter like pearls of a broken string ,  
Difficult to collect as they disappear  
In the bed of granules of sand.

Conscience forces then  
To forget the loved benevolences  
That echoed once in grace  
Yet not repeat now.  
Voice gets choked as if lost forever .

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Bhubaneswar, Odisha, India



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

## Home

Home is childhood memories flowing through your head  
Home is warm and cosy, tucked up in your bed,  
Home is Christmas magic, where excitement can be found  
Home is hugs and kisses with parent's love around,

Home is where you be yourself, feel comfortable, at ease  
Home is feeling safe and sound, away from all the tease,  
Home is sharing laughter; Home is sharing tears  
Home is making better, to chase away all fears,

Home is your family, loved ones here and gone  
Home is life and moving on, a time for being strong,  
Home is happy times gone by, home is here and now  
Home is amongst your family tree, a part of every bough,

Home is relaxation, a sanctuary from the day  
Home is heaven on earth, a field of summer hay,  
Home's a place where you belong, a place you long to be  
Home's a very special place, a place for you and me.

Ashley O'Keefe

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## Scented Smells

Snow has fallen all around  
Hear those jingle bells,  
Blowing, rubbing, clapping hands  
Mulled wine, scented smells,

Heavenly songs singing out  
Faces full of joy and cheer,  
Couples catching arm in arm  
In this moment held so dear,

Trumpets, horns and those trombones  
Play with lively exuberance,  
Sounding out throughout the town  
Lit up with wonderful luminance,

Steamy breath, wrapped up warm  
We gaze into each other's eyes,  
Raising our fingers to each other's mouth  
We take a bite of those mince pies,

Such a clear bright starry night  
Those smiles from the moon appear,  
There's that magic chill in the air  
Around the Christmas tree this year.

Ashley O'Keefe

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## Snow Globe ❄️❄️❄️

Wooden cabins  
Marshmallows roast,  
Nipped red noses, flushed cheeks  
Mulled wine toasts,

Gloved hands twine  
Smiles; warm breath huffs,  
Fairy light twinkle romance  
Eyes sparkle, lips touch,

People bustle, wide-eyed  
Yuletide treats, candy cane delight...

Inside a silver snow globe  
Kissing 'neath festive glitter light,  
Two in their Winter Wonderland  
Will love and kiss all night ❄️❄️❄️

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## Under Your Christmas Jumper 🧑‍🎄 🦌 🧑‍🎄

I see your face tilted upwards, your eyes full of laughter and fun,  
The Christmas jumper is far too large, but you hug it to your body,  
and I know you are naked beneath, and your cheeky smile can't hide your desire,

and I'm unravelling but knitted, tightly knotted...  
Your smile is innocent but you know I'm undone!

The jumper is so ugly and unrelenting  
Snowflakes, elves and penguins assault the eye,  
but I'm trembling because I know that underneath  
You are full of blazing passion - ready to set me on fire...

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Imelda Zapata Garcia

## Paradox

Choking on trust we feed on,  
parched by dust, decreed won  
In a web of deceit others spun,  
trapped in dire straits tread upon  
Drowning in blood soaked thoughts,  
thrashing towards edges fraught  
Gasping for breath's begot,  
long ago, we've all wrought  
Held in a freedom's cry,  
in peril despite truths sigh  
Shrouded by clouds on high  
under celestial sky  
Gripped in a grasp of pall  
blocked behind blinding wall  
Forced under crumbling hall  
despite a thunderous call  
A voice clamors within  
while crowds wallow in sin  
Wrapped in glory they pin  
to dreams of a promise they win

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## For You

Hues of scarlet from each pore  
awash, the faces you once wore  
mingle under violet due,  
drawn out phase, to which you swore  
Darkened haze in midnight blue  
draped on hollow point of view  
slowly drowning what you knew  
tear your hopes, your dreams in two  
" What ever colors you have  
in your mind,  
I'll show them to you  
and you'll see them shine "  
kaleidoscope of Autumn's kind  
wrapped in icy tongues you'll find  
golden drops of honey wine  
Brilliant ripples of budding green  
to shake the slumber of unseen  
glint of faith in sky's azure  
the pallet of unbroken scene  
painted there, upon a screen

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## Invading Angels

Migrant souls  
who walk the field  
on foreign soil, toil and tease,  
tend our crops  
from buried seed,  
till time comes  
to pluck it's yield  
Stranger wrapped  
in cold or heat,  
weathered brow  
on withered crown,  
plots the banquet  
of our feast,  
ne're a bite  
on barren bread,  
guest who labors  
dawn till bed,  
naught a pillow  
for the head  
Expatriate, turned villain here,  
despite the ages  
soaked in tears,  
in sweat of brow,  
in wrung out vows,  
unrelenting yoke and plow,  
refuge of vulnerability,  
guardian estranged  
from cradle borne,  
planted roots  
upon the plains,  
only kept, to harvest grain,  
visitor, untouched remains  
intruder, feeds the masses  
while starved of home

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## THE REAL POWER OF A PRIME

The whirlwinds came and snatched food out of my mouth in the wilderness, it was the madness that was senseless I've ever seen in my entire life.

The remorseless brutality, It chased happiness and replaced it with misery. Little that was known that I am in this world but not of this world.

I, I am, where were you when I told depression in front of its face that my expression is bolder than the temptation.

Yes I told it that education is my middle name and through it all! It was the most high intention to bring forth evolution in the new earth.

Motivational I am, Where were you when God said: I called you by your name you're mine and you'll never be alone! I water you day and night?

When the sky tore apart and smoke coming out of his nostrils outside of the matrix, the glitch stood still. He didn't mix anything neither recruited anybody yet mountains melted before him.

Yes they waxed old as a garment and that was the moment he said: My ways are not your ways neither are my thoughts your thoughts. My ways are higher than your ways.

High above the clouds there the Kings residents resides. The songs of thunder roar in existence from the clouds of darkness. Lightning goes before him.

The spirit of righteousness strikes with kindness and spreads all over around the world. The Kings residents chants songs of salvation delivering the new earth.

The unmatched Lion from the highest firmaments.

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Elias Rakoboa is a writer based in South Africa Johannesburg south. He began his writing journey during his school days. During his writing journey he took online writing courses through online platforms. He is a motivational writer and a poet. He writes about social issues and its experiences good and bad. He believes that literature can change the mindsets of individuals whom falls into the stigma of the society. He writes a lot of poetry to inspire, motivate, educate and express himself. He is a father of a beautiful daughter. The quote he crafted and inspires him always is: "Don't

kill yourself but skill yourself patience heals the patient." He studied (ECD) Early Childhood Development and Mental healthcare.

## Americana Breakdown

Americana music in the parking  
lot, waiting in my old beat up car  
for clock in time, another lazy day  
rolling on by, in a sky blue oddity-  
just thinking about her again, but  
it's almost Christmas time, and I  
can't lose grasp on the brass ring  
of sanity.

Feeling out of place in this one trick  
town, the icy refrains of, "old man river"  
bludgeoning me like a baseball bat,  
as helpless here I sit, thinking of dying-  
no one in particular here to see me off  
into that other realm, where there is no  
more pain and there is nothing to cause  
anymore suffering.

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## Slow Drive

Driving slowly through  
the cobbled roads of this  
town of higher learning, I  
am now fully reminded of  
how alone I truly am.

The slow jazz plume of  
"Christmas Time Is Here",  
mingling with my sighs  
and memories of a better  
time, where together we

strolled hand in hand, in  
the coolness of winter and  
romance of the season, and  
the little shops and boutiques  
dressed up like something

out of a movie from long ago.  
Traffic light turns green again  
and my car sputters off into  
the sunny sadness, my windows  
rolled down, and my dreams are

now over, I choke on the exhaust  
from the car in front of me, cursing  
the day I was born and the day that  
it will all end.

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Wayne Russell is a creative jack of all trades, master of none. Poet, singer, artist, rhythm guitarist, photographer, and author of the poetry books "Splinter of the Moon" and "Waves of Lucidity", both published via Silver Bow Publishing, they are both available for purchase on Amazon in paperback and digital formats such as Ingram Distribution at your local library.

## When We Lie

Our stories reflect our lies  
Thinking we are credible doesn't affect ties.

Our words manifest our priorities  
Realizing in the end not concealing hypocrisies.

Our reasons reveal our selfishness  
Unveiling our souls is not attuning to godliness.

Our worth dies down in oblivion  
Remembered by people and our egocentric solution.

Our presence is considered futile  
Unpleasing personality is never worthwhile.

Just ensure that our words and deeds jibe  
When we lie, it recessive among your tribe.

When will we be gone many will be happy  
Rejoice in our absence for our ugly personalities

What you sow we will reap  
Are we really worthy in hearts to keep?

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## Those Lies

Why couldn't I see those lies  
When I looked into your eyes?  
Why did I cling to that hope  
When I was already at the end of the rope?

Why did I still fight for that love  
When I knew it's not as pure as a dove?  
Why did I not awaken  
When your promises were made to be broken?

I thought to bravely fight for you  
Thinking that your love was true  
It was the better way not to scorn  
For the lie that our love was born.

Your love blinded me from reality  
For it's you who led me to misery,  
Your love made me feel so weak  
To admit the loss, I could never speak.

It was but hard to let go  
For deep in my heart I know  
My love for you is pure  
It's supposedly be yours forever for sure.

It was just so easy to say  
Remove you from my thoughts every day.  
Try not to care and spare  
But my love for you, I still longed to share.

You meant so much to me  
That was my heart's constant plea.  
My mind dictated, it's you to forget  
Yet my heart never ended in regret.

This is indeed too hard  
For I gave you much regard.  
Yet to admit, I had to be brave  
Your love had been lost, I wasn't able to save.

Oh what a foolish, I had been  
When everything my mind and heart had seen!  
What a wretched person you are  
In my life, you left this ugly livid scar.

As time swiftly passed by

Those nights I spent to cry.  
Released all the hurt and pain  
Now I've learned there's more in life to gain.

Your memory reminds me of how strong  
I have grown, for in you I don't belong.  
I've decided myself all to give  
Be my better version, I truly believe.

In the end, it's you I don't deserve  
You're not the person who does subserve  
With everything that you've expressed  
For me, you're really not the best!

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"Writing is the tool of emotional healing". Meet Abeera Mirza, an English literature gold medalist and gifted poet. She won numerous awards for her passion for words. Her poem "Sorry" has inspired readers to heal. It started with poetry and progressed to prose. Abeera has contributed to more than 200 anthologies and many international magazines such as Raven Cage (Germany), Barcelona Magazine (Spain) and Poetic Essence Publications (India). Her interview has been published on The Mount Kenya Times and Poetic Essence Publications (India). Her inner peace is ignited by reading and traveling. Her perspective is expanded by diverse poetic exploration. Her passion for learning is endless. She is always looking to learn more beyond boundaries. Abeera's writing style has touched countless lives. It gives a deep understanding of words and their ability to bring change. She is renowned for healing hearts. May her words help in healing.

## Passion

I have a passion for eating  
And scramble daily for a simple bowl of soup  
Art is my passion too  
Graffiti my medium  
I do it at night  
Keeping vandalism out of sight  
Hidden until morning  
When the rising sun reveals the code  
Addiction is also my passion  
Alcohol, smack, crack, and weed  
I feed until I hear an angel's haunting song  
Floating through sidewalk encampments  
Carrying me away from life's daily strife  
And thoughts of where my passion went wrong  
I have a passion for making love  
In an alley off the drag  
Imaginary moments to remember  
As we uncouple, bodily fluids spent  
Rolling over lighting up cigarettes  
Golden embers burning  
Soon to be extinguished  
And placed in a tray of my burnt-out dreams  
Of a simple bowl of soup  
And my passion to eat again today...

Gary Adams is a 1971 graduate of the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, N.Y. He has sailed on merchant ships all over the world and worked on tugboats in New York harbor and the surrounding waterways. He received a Master of Library Science from the University of Oklahoma in 1975 and worked in academic and federal libraries until returning to sea in 1981. Upon returning to shore, he worked in logistics and transportation. He has had poems published in *Alkahest: American College Poetry*, Wesleyan University Press, 1969, *Ukraine: Light in the Darkness*, Kindle Direct Publishing, 2022, and the online journal *Dissident Voice*. He published a collection of his poems, *The Gifted Fairy*, Kindle Direct Publishing, 2023.

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## Mahmadona's promise. (Mahmadonaning va'dasi.)

If I introduce myself,

I will be Anvarboy.

One day, of course.

I'm going to space.

Before going out into the sun

My face is wet.

Step fast to the moon,

I will leave my mark.

I put it in my pocket,

The star said by Vali.

Need to suck too much

Daylight to light.

To you too my friends,

I received many gifts.

My bag is full of you

I got rid of the stars.

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Mohinur Esonova Muhammadjan qizi.



Student of Uzbekistan, "B" grade of 8th creative school named after Erkin Vahidov, Margilan city5 - Rizq.



Mubina Muhammadyunosova - Uzbekistan

## Heart Tufty ( Ko'ngil Tafti )

My heart's apart,  
Never grieve when I can come.  
If people show  
Namers appear in my eyes.

I was adding to the saffron leaves,  
I haven't shed me now since yet.  
I am happy to lose my heart,  
I have no one else in my heart.

In a shepheric disappointment,  
The leaves are poured out of the garden.  
Mirror mirror me in the distance of the garden,  
The leaves are clear as I did love.

The fees of the shadows that run behind me,  
I, of course, to my love.  
If I stayed behind my shadow,  
I look up to a brig  
The happiness I live.

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Mubina Muhammadyunosova Qahromonjon qizi,



The Margilan City in Uzbekistan, Free School of Creativity School named after Erkin Vahidov is a student of "B"

## Woman.( Ayol)

Tin they are the world if listening to allang  
Why is you elegant?  
All of you will live - everyone,  
Thanksgiving.

Evil cannot be guided by you,  
Because your heart is clear from the blood.  
Tarles are celestial beams from your face  
Your eyes are unique full moon.

The most beautiful flower I've seen in the world,  
Every word you say is wisdom to me.  
Do not fall from the prayer of your hands,  
The creation of a woman is a generosity!

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Mohlaroy To'liqinova Nuriddin qizi,



The Margilan City Uzbekistan Free School of Creativity School named after Erkin Vahidov is a student of "B".

## **WITH YOUR MEMORIES**

I get lost in the shadow of your memories,  
I remember the sweet words of the past moments  
These nights are decorated with your smile,  
Without you my heart does not find peace  
Whenever I take your name,  
A fragrance spreads in my heart  
I miss the sweetness of your words,  
Without you, life seems incomplete  
The brilliance hidden in your eyes,  
Makes me forget every pain  
If I am with you then it is great,  
Every moment of life becomes sweet  
Without you this life is desolate,  
With you every morning is a new beginning  
You are the light of my life,  
Without you every day seems dark  
I get lost in your memories,  
I am not used to living without you.

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## IN THE RHYTHM OF UNITY

In areas where rivers flow like ancient arteries,  
And mountains rise where tales of bravery persist,  
Together we are united, unyielding, and powerful,  
At the heart of nations, where national colours belong

Along coasts kissed by the dawns warm light,  
To summits of snow that face the heavens' sight,  
We stand in solidarity, bursting with honour,  
Our souls soar, standing shoulder to shoulder

Through obstacles overcome and triumphs achieved,  
In the song of liberty, we merge as one,  
For within the fabric of our expansive land,  
Every strand tells of our collective strength

From pastures where dreams take flight,  
From urban centres glowing with life's hues,  
The unity of nations, bold and courageous,  
Guides us onward, in our mutual desire

Let our hearts align, in the rhythm of unity,  
Celebrating our differences, in every shade and ethnicity,  
Within the mosaic of our common dream,  
The unity of love for our country, our steadfast goal.

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Dr. Brajesh Kumar Gupta, known by the pen name "Mewadev," is a distinguished luminary in the literary world. He is the winner of Italian award '11th edition of the International Award of Excellence "Città del Galateo-Antonio De Ferrariis" 2024'. In 2023, he received the esteemed "APOLLON SIRMIENSIS" International Award in Serbia, alongside a special postage stamp issued by the state of Birland in his honour. His remarkable achievements include the prestigious Presidency of the International Prize De Finibus Terrae, dedicated to the memory of Maria Monteduro in Italy, and honorary doctorates in Literature from notable institutions in Serbia and Brazil.

As the III<sup>o</sup> Secretary-General of the World Union of Poets for 2024, a role he has embraced since December 30, 2017, Dr. Brajesh leads with vision and passion. His pen name, "Mewadev," is a heartfelt representation of his parents, Mewa Lal Gupta and Devrati Gupta.

A prolific writer, he has authored ten books and edited twenty-eight, while also serving as the principal of S. K. Mahavidyalaya in Jaitpur, Mahoba (U.P., India). Residing in Banda, Dr. Brajesh's journey is a testament to the power of literature to inspire and connect. Discover more about him at [www.mewadev.com](http://www.mewadev.com) or reach out via email at [dr.mewadevrain@gmail.com](mailto:dr.mewadevrain@gmail.com). Connect on Facebook at [facebook.com/brajeshg1](https://facebook.com/brajeshg1).

## EPIPHANY

I looked at the moon, but it was empty.  
With the stars beside it, I counted twenty.  
That was how many times I groundlessly fell.  
But today, ugh! I courageously stood tall.

The night hid behind the silhouette of my broken heart.  
But the moonlight slipped through its cracks.  
Just like those memories that I keep on abandoning,  
Its scars always remind me of how I lost myself on the track.

You looked at me, but it's empty.  
I looked back at you expressionlessly.  
But, yes, you smiled at me.  
And given your whole world, undoubtedly.

Now, I wasn't alone anymore, deep in my thoughts.  
There, you are with me, sharing the love we both caught.  
Though the cracks were still unforgiven,  
The smiles I have are being freed again.

I looked at the moon, and it's now overflowing.  
The happiness it contains reflects how we keep on fighting.  
With the stars beside it, in you, I found an epiphany.  
Who loved not just me but also the past I can't totally forget.

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## MICROSECOND

You left me a song to overplay on my phone.  
But you can never sing it for me again.  
It's like a celestial body becoming a black hole.  
It will never be seen again.  
It will never be heard again.

I thought of you like a morning breeze

in a vast, gloomy night sky.  
I could feel you,

but I couldn't see you.

Your touch feels like home to someone  
who cares for every breath I take.  
The smell you brought to my room is like an almond

roasted under the fiery yet velvety sun.  
For me, you are a choice I always have to make,

even if you never chose me at all.  
You did not choose to live

with all the shades and hues of my life.  
Because you hate rainbows,

you have gone with the shadows instead.  
You painted me when I was a clear, bland canvas,

but you did not display my beauty.  
Every blatantly bright color you slowly stroked  
revealed every shrill yearning deep in my throat.  
I couldn't shout your name.

I just let it subside with a thin layer of air  
that breathes "I miss you" every microsecond.  
I miss you crazily, undoubtedly.  
I miss the happiness and joy I feel when I am with you.

It was sweet.  
It was endlessly tender before.  
But now, all I could taste was endless bitterness,  
freshly picked from each unrequited tear  
cascaded from my eyes.  
As we grow older,

we learn to make sacrifices.  
And it gets more painful every time we miss someone  
for whom we made that sacrifice.

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## MIRAGE

I'm throwing out the page I found.

The page where we drew our memories

Like when we drove beneath the summer night.

And laughed at our jokes; it felt so right.

But reality was so strong that it almost devoured me.

When I realized that you could never be my love

The things we made made my world.

The things you said to me, was it ever true?

Are we more than just friends?

Or are we just imagining?

Though we ended before we even started,

You're still the best could've, would've, and should've in my life.

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### The sea is so far away

The sea is so far away...  
Every thought made my heart tremble,  
The sultan of my heart.  
If suddenly my eyes fall on your way,  
You are the one who made my sad eyes laugh.  
Oh, if the sea is not so far away...  
I look for you from the old days of my heart,  
From your voice and the chirping of your birds,  
I still want to enjoy it.  
- Come on, I'll go, I'll fill you up,  
I will be satisfied with this love of yours,  
Every moment with my imagination, with my body  
Let me stay together in your waves...

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Bibikhanifa Jumanazarova, daughter of O'ktam, was born on May 15, 2007 in Zomin district of Jizzakh region. She has more than 50 international certificates. Her articles have been published in different countries. She has a B2 certificate in English. She is currently a 11th grade student.

## "The Power Of Imagination"

Like the taste of teardrops salt,  
we feel the truth of the world...  
And the heart touches the colours of gold,  
imagine the ocean as a single word!

The imagination goes so far,  
away from the heart beatings of us...  
And reality is closed to the jar,  
of lies that moves faster than a bus...

Underneath a dream life is changing colours,  
as you feel pain while touching the rain...  
Imagine all of us are blooming as flowers,  
and hope is taking her roots insane...

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## "The Sound Of Silence"

In silence we create a world of ghosts,  
fireflies are touching the light of soul...  
Words are making our voice lost,  
and the sky returned into a dark hole...

Silence wants to talk with us clearly,  
deafen are the sounds of the enemy...  
Speaking the truth makes storm nearly,  
to come and destroy the hypocrisy...

The love always whispers in silence,  
crimson are painting our hearts...  
Emptiness shout loudly the violence,  
silent feelings never tear us apart...

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## "Nostalgic End Of The Year"

In the foggy days December meditate,  
with lights that turn on and off my soul...  
A bunch of memories the steps isolate,  
and tears freeze the unending sky hole...

Beyond the silence wall frame,  
your colorful memories are whispering free...  
This room every time lights up your name,  
nostalgic mantel is falling over me.

Blue decorations surround my home,  
and the grey sky suddenly became clear...  
A white tree full of love is never gone,  
when all the family meet each-other without fear!

Silver are returning the streets now,  
my shoes are silver plated, who knows...  
Back in time this month goes somehow,  
The freezing cold makes heart glows...

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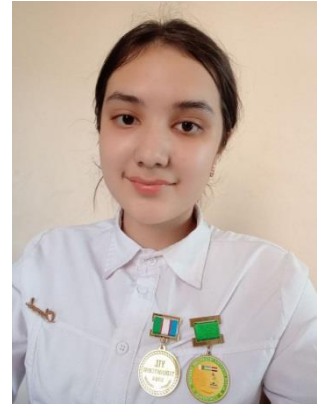
## **Mother says, my child, take care of yourself!**

The sadness is gone from his heart  
If the two of them strike at the same time  
When my friends do what my enemies do  
My mother says, my child, take care of yourself

Even when someone is waiting for my way  
Even when my days passed like a fairy tale  
Even when good people hold my hand  
My mother says, my child, take care of yourself

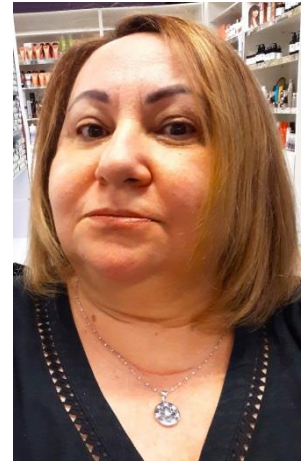
He waits with his eyes open at night  
If the world shows me, I'm sorry  
Worries and swallows poisons  
My mother says, my child, take care of yourself

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## equivocal

a mystery that can be everything  
or may be nothing at all  
in your smiles, I see  
a tender and sweet equivocation  
like a mirror that distorts  
that leaves me without direction  
and I'm a prisoner of your game  
between words and silences  
the game of equivocation is being played  
where interpretation is king  
and the truth hard to hide  
meaning eludes us and makes us choose  
between two paths, both to remember



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## merchant of dreams

dreamer, narrator of ephemeral dreams  
in the dark nights, in his imagination  
he is a navigator of unreal worlds  
the wandering dreamer, his hands empty of tears  
explore the ethereal nights, where all is light  
chase the tremors of destiny  
and catch the stars in his eyes  
his silent footsteps leave behind him  
traces of dreams, where he is lost in vain  
as the world of shadows clears up  
expresses his wishes and hopes  
and even if when I wake up everything evaporates  
his soul, deep down, will preserve the lyricism of the stars

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## **I create the creation**

I blow the wind  
I stir the ocean  
I rise the sun  
I set the moon  
I turn on the light  
I extinguish the spark  
I enchant the song  
I dance the dance  
I hope for the unexpected  
I feel the feeling  
I want the will  
I say the unspeakable  
I hear the inaudible  
I admire the admiration  
I transform the form  
I bite the remorse  
I unleash freedom  
I love love  
I live life

I fill the void

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## **A precious man**

The nights and the days come and go without a smile  
The days are so big without a smile  
The nights are a waiting for a call or a message  
It is so expensive this time away from your eyes.  
You are my precious pearl..  
A diamond hide in the mud..  
Waiting the time to hug you and kiss you.  
You are my treasure hidden from the sun  
Waiting the day I meet you again..  
Waiting your look..  
Waiting your lips..  
You are my precious pearl hidden in the oyster deep in the sea.  
You are my precious man.

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## Good night poem

What a caterpillar maybe call the end  
A butterfly call it the beginning of a beautiful journey...

The stars are so far but we can see the lights  
And feel their heat

As i am thinking of you  
Days and nights are together

No distance  
Only sun  
Only Moon

And for once they are together  
In this beautiful sky

Thinking of you  
The days

Think about you  
My heart  
My body  
My soul  
Wake up  
And  
Dance in a circle

Imagine u are here  
Imagine u are close to me

Imagine our life starts  
This is my wish  
My prayer

As you are my hope  
My inspiration  
In those long years of loneliness...

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## Love poem

Your smile...

I dream a future with you

I dream a blue sky

Sunset to a an island

I dream a white house

And have a view to the sea

I dream a future close to you..

And i get a bad dream

Sleeping alone

Feeling weak

But in my heart

i am not alone because i feel your heart beat

I feel your breath

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EVA Petropoulou Lianou  
International poet  
Activist  
Official candidate for Nobel Peace prize  
2024

\*Books for peace\*  
Awards Unesco Italy  
Unesco mauritania



## PEACE TO GOOD PEOPLE

Let love prevail  
with peace against all evil spirits  
love has made life better  
love is everything in this world

We have nothing left but hope  
and hope is what drives us  
love is the meaning of everything that is needed  
and I am a proclaimer of peace and unity

Life is great and very wonderful  
but it is great when I know  
that I give love to people  
who appreciate and love me for who I am

I am someone who values love  
peace is the strongest weapon in the world  
and I give all my knowledge  
because peace is the solution to everything

The concept of life is peace for me  
I only value love  
because that is all that is needed  
less war and more hugs!

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Maid Corbic from Tuzla, 24 years old. In his spare time he writes poetry that repeatedly praised as well as rewarded. He also selflessly helps others around him, and he is moderator of the World Literature Forum WLFPH (World Literature Forum Peace and Humanity) for humanity and peace in the world. He is world 44. Poet in the world and five in the Balkan. He has over the 10.000 successes on Facebook.

## "SECRETS OF THE NIGHT"

The night grows heavy, its steps pressing upon the shoulders of the sky,  
and none but it knows the secret of this weight.  
It carries within its folds a silence akin to ashes,  
drowning in the eyes of those who stay awake,  
leaving behind only emptiness,  
an emptiness that deepens into darkness as dawn draws near.  
The stars call out to it,  
but it moves on without turning back,  
like someone fleeing from themselves,  
like someone folding the night into their shadows.

"What a long night you are..."  
I whisper as I try to gather remnants of light  
from a memory lost in the chaos of loss.  
No moon to guide me,  
no star to sing on the balcony of my soul.

Questions peek out from the basements of life,  
tempting me with answers that were lost in the clamor of days.  
I walk among disappointments, seeking an exit  
in a labyrinth where all I see are echoes of laughter  
forgotten by time at the thresholds of mirrors.

"O night,  
where do you hide your endings?  
How do you craft paths to light from your darkness?"  
Show me how eyes fade into the embrace of shadows  
to become like stars,  
how darkness cradles the secrets of the universe  
without betraying hope.

"Show us,  
O long night,  
how to draw light from your depths,  
how to turn waiting into a poem  
that dances in the presence of illumination."

I speak these words knowing  
that this night will only fade on the sidewalks of dreams,  
when the sky opens its gates to the wind.

## "LAST DREAMER"

As if I am the last of the dreamers in a world that has surrendered to ruin,  
I carry on my shoulders the burdens of an era that has learned how to extinguish the light in the eyes of those yearning  
for dawn.

I wander through paths whose features I've forgotten,  
searching for the shadow of a homeland lost between the pages of history,  
just as water slips through the fingers of the thirsty.

Life is nothing but sinking vessels,  
each wave a promise, each port a disappointment.  
A skilled fisherman, his nets tangled in the thorns of loss,  
as if life intended to leave him adrift between sea and shore,  
never granting him a chance at survival.

I carry with me fractured tales,  
some woven from the threads of wars, others from the fabric of betrayal,  
as though I am a map etched with lines of blood  
belonging to peoples who knew nothing but resistance, only to be defeated.

The earth has become a witness to the death of our dreams,  
and the sky, which once showered us with tenderness,  
is now silent,  
watching without extending a hand,  
as if the universe has decided to punish us for sins we did not commit.

In my heart lies an ember of love untouched by disappointments,  
but I have buried it as one buries heavy secrets.  
I no longer seek a hand to comfort me,  
nor eyes to light my way.  
Everything within me has become a desert,  
where only the thorns of memories grow.

I have not cursed a homeland because I have never known one.  
I have not wept for a man because I knew them all as passersby,  
like fleeting winds  
that leave nothing behind but dust.

The idea of life has become a burden,  
a mirror reflecting our accumulated failures.  
I write as if the text is my only path to death.  
Poetry is nothing but a means of merciful suicide,  
a scream hurled into the face of oblivion,  
until I finally drown in a sea of endless words.

## SEARCHING FOR TRUTH"

O traveler on the paths of truth,  
do you realize that time is nothing but a shattered mirror?  
In it, faces overlap,  
and dreams scatter like dust in the wind.

What is time?  
A riddle in which we craft our own chains,  
only to beg them to set us free?  
Or a delusion we live within,  
fleeing the fear of extinction  
to the illusion of permanence?

O seeker of meaning,  
have you ever wondered:  
Where does the path begin, and where does it end?  
Is it a circle we redraw  
with every step we take?  
Or a straight line  
stretching into the unknown  
until it vanishes?

Perhaps  
truth is not in the arrival,  
but in the wandering that reshapes us.  
Perhaps the purpose is not in the answers,  
but in the questions that grow  
like wildflowers on the edges of the mind.

So be like the wind,  
free from the chains of time,  
and like the sea,  
vast enough to embrace every wave without drowning in them.  
There,  
in the depth of wandering,  
you may find yourself.

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### BRIEF BIOGRAPHY:

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

## RAVEN CAGE ZINE

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She is a lebanese multilingual poet, writer, author, essayist, editor, journalist and translator. She has authored 24 books and translated 36 books to date, 112 article to date and some of her literary works have been translated into 48 languages. She is an active member of various literary and creative platforms. Her writings are part of several national and international magazines, newspapers, journals and anthologies. She was chosen among the 50 women from Asia who had a significant impact on the history of modern literature. She was selected as among the top 20 international journalist's From LEGACY CROWN .She is a global advisor for poetry on CCTV Chinese TV and editor and head of the translation department at various literary newspapers and magazine. She has won many awards for her write-ups.



## The You in Me

What remains of you  
in me  
is  
the fire  
you lit  
and which  
still burns

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## The Content and the Containers

When I was a child  
I felt proud whenever my father received an award  
or achieved something;  
When I was a youth  
I felt proud whenever people felicitated me on public platforms  
with garlands and shawls for my achievements and extolled my virtues;  
When I was old  
I felt proud whenever my son won a cup of glory  
and waved at me sitting below, from the raised podium  
where he was decorated as a hero.  
I felt proud in my father, in myself and in my son.  
I found myself in all three  
I am present in all three  
and all three are present in me.  
Past, present and future are all the same  
Time –the same content in different containers  
and the same sense of glory.

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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) and Light-Bringer (2024)(in USA).

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

Email: swayam.prashant2001@gmail.com

## WOOD

When I die I want my ashes  
in a deep dark wood.  
And if an owl is watching  
then that's all good  
and a fox near by  
With a gleam in his eye  
In a deep dark wood  
When I die.  
When I die I want my ashes  
Buried so deep  
By a twin boughed larch  
for my soul to keep.  
and a magpie watching  
with a gleam in his eye  
When I die  
and the wind will howl  
and the rain will cry  
and the animals mourn  
and the trees will sigh  
And my ashes will lie  
In a deep dark wood  
When I die ....

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## Salome

If I dance will you give me his head  
Her eyes were bright as she said  
I don't want a crown or a jewel  
You think to decapitate cruel?  
I will take off my veils one by one  
And I'm yours when the dancing is done.  
And Herod was lost as he said  
I would rather not give you his head  
You can have all the gold that I own  
But she had a gaze that was stone.  
If I dance it's his head and its gore  
Just the head and its gore nothing more  
Then she danced with such beauty and grace  
While he feasted his eyes on her face  
And he feasted his eyes on her form  
Forgetting the thing he had sworn.  
and she knew as she danced she had won  
Discarding her veils one by one  
At the end she lay on the floor  
She looked, and she said I implore  
My dance was a trap and a tease  
Now his head in a dish if you please  
And the order was sent and it came  
And she whispered "the baptist, by name.

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## PLACE.

She was in the house all day alone  
She rarely used the telephone  
waiting for her husband's key  
no one loved him more than she.  
Yet when he came he spoke no word  
none that she had ever heard  
he punched the T.V. button then  
and walk into his private den.  
She made him dinner every night  
and in between each careful bite  
He didn't ever look at her  
and that was just the way they were.  
And as he lifted knife and fork  
she longed for him to look and talk  
and ask about her boring day  
but he had nothing left to say.  
and not one word was ever said  
when he came unto her lonely bed  
She felt as used as any whore  
as she listened to him loudly snore.  
She thought to scream once very loud  
But knew that she was far too proud  
She often thought of using violence  
To end this dreadful, awful silence.  
She wondered what would people think  
if she walked out, when he didn't drink  
He didn't beat her, keep her short  
They never, ever, ever fought  
Would she be justified to walk?  
just because he didn't talk.  
And as tears shone upon her face  
She said....marriage is a lonely place.  
Run along children  
Mother can't play  
I've got one of my awfully  
bad headaches today.  
So I'll take a valium  
and try to get rest  
No, you can't have your toys  
for they make a mess.  
Run along children  
Mother can't play  
Go watch the tele  
there's a film on today  
It's all about murder and famine and flood  
and I promise there will be plenty of blood.

Run along children  
No you can't keep a cat  
for they're not allowed  
in a high rise flat  
I haven't got time to bake you a cake  
only instant in packets which doesn't look fake.  
Go pick up your I Pad  
Play on line games  
Like resident evil  
and other such names  
Go blow up some zombies  
with your pretend gun  
With blood , guts and gore  
Oh won't that be fun?  
You can't have my attention  
Whatever you do  
I'm busy on my mobile  
I've no time for you.  
So run along children  
I've no time at all  
I'm due to play bingo  
Down at the hall  
Go play with the big boys  
The ones throwing rocks  
Go join the old man in the telephone box.  
See that you join the football fan throng  
So that when you grow up I'll say  
Where did I go wrong?

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## If you could have

If you could have  
eyes for my soul  
maybe you wouldn't stay  
impassive to the tears of love,  
you would guard my caresses  
like heirlooms at the altar of life.  
And if through time  
you could lose your memory,  
you would grant the memory  
the nostalgia of desire  
and in an instant the gurgling  
of his footsteps dissolved in a dream.

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## Love each other

Love each other as dreams love  
the forbidden caresses of the night  
and nature when it embraces  
the seasons in their silence  
follow one another over time.  
Scatter shards of love  
in the hearts of those around you  
so that they can feel  
renewed in tenderness.  
Be love without respite  
as a source of water  
which crystalline flows uninterruptedly.

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## Rose thorn

Woman, thorn of a rose that has never blossomed.  
You weed that generates humanity,  
blood and tears cover wounds,  
origami of fragility on your body.  
Drops gush from the womb  
petals of love, spring oasis  
in the void that disrupts silence.  
Silent words flow from the heart  
stripped of violated dreams  
from the cruel grin of life.  
Mindful expands in profusion  
your rebellious soul,  
reverberation of a primordial love.  
Impetuous your swaying of the infinite sea.

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Maria Pellino lives in Milan, educator, poet, aphorist, blogger. She graduated from the University of Bergamo. He has won numerous first prizes, commendations and mentions in prestigious national, international and European competitions. 2 special press prizes. Accredited member of the Wikipoesia of the Republic of Poets. Recognition as Ambassador of Peace thanks to the poetry of the international organization World Literary Forum for Peace and Human Rights. Youth Excellence Award 2023. Lifetime Achievement Award Between words and infinity. Honorary Consultant of the Chair of Women Biography and verses translated by the Writer Capital Foundation, in Albania, Bangladesh, Turkey, Spain, Florida, Egypt, China, Colombia, Iraq, Germany, Argentina, Brazil, India etc... He constantly collaborates with Pier Carlo Lava's Alessandria Today.

He has published 2 books of poems, a 4-hand essay, a novel.

Recipient of the Panorama International Arts Awards 2024  
of the Alfredo Pasolino Memorial Panorama Arts Awards 2024.

<https://www.facebook.com/share/p/kG4npPGkin7SxLSv/>

Biography:

<https://www.writersedition.com/?s=Maria+Pellino+>

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=81zriXhrXII>

## FREE THE SPIRIT

Don't brag, man!

And don't turn pride into God,  
becoming his slave

Lower your eyes...

Can't you see the ground you step on?!

One day you too will be underground,

So ,die while you live

Kill your ego!

Subdue pride Peel off the skin that holds you hostage to the tyranny of this world Free the Spirit,

Give Him the freedom

He is the only One who lives

between two worlds

Forgive kindness and as if no one

has gratitude towards you

Smile and enjoy life

As if every last day were,

and feed the soul with love.

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## I MISS YOU

You left the shadow behind  
Without being able to sew it on you,  
When you traveled on the never ending journey, you did not look back.

Fill the basket with the fruits of memories,  
Every time your shadow smiles at me,  
With the eyes of the soul, I follow it

The plume of tobacco smoke  
Like a whirlwind corners me  
I open my arms wide to embrace you,  
but an insidious wind snatches you away from me,

You become a cloud, as the sky floats and the stars push towards me  
To light my way,  
While on the eyelash, the yearning becomes a heavy stone,

It hits and hits  
It becomes a wave  
It becomes the sea.

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## MY DREAM

The dream becomes a dress with flowers  
The World becomes a fragile girl who wears this dress  
Opens her arms and embraces everyone,  
Giving everyone a flower,  
And then the war stops,  
Revenge stops,  
The tongues of flames turn into giant candles to illuminate the minds of people  
Time takes the scissors and chops the anger, then fills people's hearts with love.  
There is light everywhere  
Happiness blooms like a rose in every home,  
And the world dances day and night.

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Rajmonda Qose Shkopi was born in Kuçova city, in Albania. She has completed her higher studies at the "Aleksandër Xhuvani" University, Language and Literature degree, in Elbasan city and works as a teacher. She has published the poem books "Don't give up" , " We forget to kiss the dew", and " The Apocalypse of the Leaf". Her poems are published in many newspapers and literature magazines national and international. She is co-author in many national and international Anthologies. She has won many prizes in poetry competitions.

## Did you need a painkiller or not?

Take your knife without hesitation,  
My heart is broken, see what's going on without looking.  
Is there a great feeling I want?  
Did you need a painkiller or not?

I kissed you, I loved you, I will not regret it,  
I will never plant hatred in your eyes,  
Is your face red or normal?  
Did you need a painkiller or not?

Look, I'm getting shivers for a while,  
Thoughts are running out.  
Is my word a lesson or a lesson to you?  
Did you need a painkiller or not?

Tell me, don't spray me with burning oil,  
The silence was deafening, never stopping.  
Is there a place for me in this world?  
Did you need a painkiller or not?

The sky is full of stars, but I don't like it  
He looks out of my window and never stops looking.  
Are your ears hard at the moment?  
Did you need a painkiller or not?

My word is a bullet that kills  
But he doesn't touch it, it burns as far as it goes.  
A madman who fell in love with you?  
Did you need peace or not?

My flower, my soul, my love, don't be a tyrant,  
If you're sad, I'll make you laugh.  
Do I have a life if you go away?  
Will the maple tree dry and bend a thousand times?

Fortunately, not a single drop of rain fell.  
I knocked on the door of your heart and it didn't open.  
Shukurillo, wait, please, lol?  
Is it more fun for me if you don't keep quiet?

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



## **My Father is My Kingdom, My Mother is My Paradise**

The essence of my life, my dearest ones,  
In every word, there's magic from you, my beloved ones.  
How blessed I am to have you, my caring ones,  
My father is my kingdom, my mother is my paradise.

This life is a grand blessing given to me,  
An infinite ocean, boundless generosity.  
Their presence is the comfort of my heart's tranquility,  
My father is my kingdom, my mother is my paradise.

With you, sorrow could never touch me,  
Each moment of my life is bright and meaningful wholly.  
As long as I'm by your side, the world holds no allure for me,  
My father is my kingdom, my mother is my paradise.

They sacrificed their lives for my sake,  
Shielding me from every sorrow and ache.  
May God honor you with Paradise for my sake,  
My father is my kingdom, my mother is my paradise.

I am proud to be your child,  
The greatest happiness I have ever compiled.  
Storms of emotions echo in my heart, untamed and wild,  
My father is my kingdom, my mother is my paradise.

Your trust will always be upheld by your daughter Dilnoza,  
She will never let your bright face be shadowed by sorrow.  
A worthy daughter to her homeland forever,  
My father is my kingdom, my mother is my paradise.

Bless me with your prayers, uplift my days,  
Grant me smiles, gifts of laughter always.  
May joy and happiness shine on your face,  
My father is my kingdom, my mother is my paradise.

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Dilmanova Dilnoza Soatmurodovna was born on February 16, 2005, in the Surxondaryo region of the Republic of Uzbekistan. She is a student at Termiz State Pedagogical Institute and a member of the "Mushoira" club.

## **A SWEET SCAR ...**

Perfume lingers across the valleys of reveries,  
When my heart turns the pages of old diaries.

Blooming flowers remind me of her lovely face,  
I'm the luckiest person by the God's grace.

The heart is mine but it always beats for her,  
Without her, to my eyes all things are a blur.

She dwells in my heart, so I never feel lonely,  
I enjoy days of my life with her memories only.

As a souvenir she has given me is a sweet scar,  
That's how I tell how lovely her memories are!

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## **SINCE I'VE SEEN HER...**

I cannot erase her name from my heart,  
With her lovely thoughts, all my days start.

Hours pass quickly in her sweet presence,  
Moments become centuries in her absence.

I wish to hold her close by her slender waist,  
I want to feel her heart beats in my chest.

I've framed her photo in my heart's shelf,  
I love her much more than I love myself.

In my heart, there chimes a love's bell,  
Since I've seen her I could not sleep well.

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## YOU LEFT ME A GIFT

I was a child when pain took me by the hand.  
I didn't want us to become friends, but it was much stronger than me.  
Like impalpable ash, it clung to my skin,  
its cold whisper wrapped around my thoughts.  
At first, it was a cold wind that didn't know where to go,  
bringing with it unwanted gifts:  
long days, sharp as blades,  
hours beating on an unheard drum.

For a long time, my heart was an echo in the silence of empty rooms,  
but here, unexpectedly, a moment arrives,  
I see with new eyes, I observe the world's indifference, the solitude,  
material poverty and intellectual destitution,  
the anguish that gives no respite when the dark lady knocks at the door,  
the promise of God who swears to be there but isn't there to gather the pain and shattered dreams of a child, the raw  
flesh of war that can have no future.  
I looked at pain and felt pity for it,  
I took it by the hand, caressed it,  
dressed it with bandages of emotions and words,  
I peered into its eyes,  
a black abyss of fear,  
of fallen dreams, sobs, silent screams.  
I embraced it, and it transformed into strength, tenderness.  
It became a laugh, a light,  
it became a woven with a warp and weft,  
intertwined with threads of courage and hope.  
So, I carry it with me,  
an uncomfortable companion, but also a teacher.  
A friend who whispers to me:  
"Look at life, it's a sublime mosaic,  
it's in the chaos of fragments, in the cracks that light passes through."

My pain was a pale falling star; now it is light.  
I listen to my soul, I proceed on my journey,  
I know the beauty that lies in what I embrace.  
I met pain,  
welcomed it, and it left me a gift...

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## TO BECOME CHILDREN

It is not by bowing down that we can reach them;  
we must rise to touch the light that radiates from our little masters,  
wise in a pure knowledge that only the heart can reveal.

They live in the here and now;  
Their life is a dance,  
a game in which the soul gets lost,  
time becomes a silent friend.

Never trust children!  
They speak of great truths,  
they tell fearlessly, with an innocence that disarms,  
they reveal phrases that tear the veil of our adult, confused world.  
They look beyond appearances,  
they value the invisible,  
they seek the beauty of small things.  
In their eyes, there is an entire universe,  
an explosion of possibilities.  
They have the courage of imagination,  
they desire the impossible,  
they dream the unimaginable,  
while we, busy adults,  
forget the needs  
that we have set aside over time.

Children have no boundaries; they do not know malice; they love.  
Their fervor illuminates the darkness.  
They are galaxies of little stars  
contained in miniature bodies.

Their emotions, their thoughts  
often escape our radars as adults, lost in the mazes of reason.  
Children dance upon the wonders of the world;  
they are a spark of eternity that lights us up,  
a vibrant sea where wonder reigns.  
Children are a surprise, a gift,  
a great mystery that remains hidden...  
until we return to essence,  
to rediscover the magic of what we once were,  
and still can be...  
It takes a lifetime to become children.

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## KINDNESS

Kind people are works of art,  
they have eyes that smile and embrace.  
When you meet them, remember that you are receiving a gift from the universe.  
You recognize kind souls.  
They do not invade your space,  
they create no hurry  
they respect life,  
they know that every existence is unique.  
Kind souls  
are attentive beings,  
they don't put you in a corner but flood the empty spaces  
to help you shine.  
They bloom everywhere, they have no fences.  
Kind souls are masterpieces sculpted by time, often by pain.

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Ada Rizzo was born in Sicily (Italy) in 1960.

Her life is built on solid roots and traditional values. Optimistic, cheerful, curious, and creative, she is interested in art and psychology. She loves to cook and adores music. After a thirty-year career at IBM Italy, she decided to reinvent herself. For several years now, she has been a Life Counselor with a humanistic-relational approach and a Facilitator in Mindfulness. She has been involved for about 20 years and currently engages in humanitarian projects and volunteering in Kenya." In 2021, she published her first novel with a strong autobiographical tone titled "Volevo il tacco dodici?", which received an honorary mention at the intercontinental literary award "Le Nove Muse."

She wrote the introduction to the poetry collection "Il Rumore dell'acqua" by Italian poet Andrea Ruiu.

In 2022, she published her second novel "Iris Ali di Vetro," which addresses the delicate topic of eating disorders (ED).

In 2023, she published her third novel "Novanta battiti al minuto", a true story that tackles the sensitive issue of heart transplantation, for which she received the Jury Prize at the International Literary Art Award Cygnus Aureus 2024.

## **My mother**

My mother, my mother,  
My beloved, my mother.  
The loving one of our family,  
My mother, my mother.

Be happy with my father,  
Always be with us, healthy and safe.  
May your sweet words never cease,  
My mother, my mother

© Copyrighted 2024 by Fayzullayeva Muyassar,  
a student of grade 3 "A" of secondary school No. 30 of Jondor district, Bukhara region, a member of the "Young Creators"  
club

## Dream Makers

Amidst of the dust particles hovering over the head  
I silently appeared on the open stage of play  
The population of the world is now my spectators,  
Who watch me how I mend dreams out of clay .

The dreams are getting reshaped again and again,  
The sounds of wild laugh can be heard over though,  
For there's none to stand by you in tough times  
Failure , just not a word , before almighty it's the sign of bow.

The life of artists are such rhythmless flows,  
Our clay is nothing but flag of self thoughts,  
I on behalf of them, standing to put forth the dream,  
That is the art of creating life teaching plots.

One day , the ink of our pen will disappear forever,  
The stain of mocking laughter will fade in the dark,  
The melody of new life will spread in the world's atrium,  
And we!! We won't be able to get the appreciation mark.

In the lonely mountain city, we will be there,  
Some unexplained desires will still remain hidden in the mists,  
Ours' memories will be kissed by the bliss of nature ,  
Dream makers are we,- those hidden therapists.

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## Songs of life

Someday I will dissolve myself in the mist of the mountains,  
Will be lost, where poetry announces the arrival of morn ,  
When the warm desire will get its colourful wings,  
I may, then, quietly understand the value of creation.

The dust of stagnation will gather between notation,  
The rhythm of restless imagination will be spread in the sky,  
Moonlit night will be then spent in solitude,  
If whimsical wind allows the lonely desire to fly.

The kiss of the teacup will be decorated by the thick fog,  
The rain-soaked afternoon will show the magic of frost,  
Leaves of Pine will bring thousand memories of life,  
And, the heartbeat will write the song of being lost.

In the fire of pent-up desire, former feelings will be ashes,  
Hateful emotions will be vanished at the dawn,  
The postman of love has set on to cover his journey  
Where illusory happiness lies, beyond the distant horizon.

The fulfilment of dreams will remain unfinished then,  
On that day, the songs of nature may find their source,  
Phoenix will take birth to play the songs of life,  
A letter will be rewritten then, just to cast out remorse.

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## Wise life

Millions of painful dreams glimmered,cleaving shaggy clouds,  
Half-dead visionary miracles glanced at the shade,  
At sunken midnight, wisdom drank the tasty fragrant wine,  
And senile skeleton climbed summits with bended head.

Own conscience conquered the purple gold paradise,  
Books of poets whispered on oceans of immortality,  
Clear mirage of frozen slag suffused the void lakes ,  
Singing sirens preached the blessings to your posterity.

Songs of ethereal night is heard by human at bottomless abysses,  
Green forests, cities and rivers were giving centuries, a call,  
Mountain ridges touched the wings of that drunken sun,  
I, the wise life, know who is cleverer than all.

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## And I Lost in the stream of wine

A mumbling voice echoes in my ear when I dream of the daily delight  
She whispers the fragrance through her honey hides and bells every night  
The presence purifies the wrenching vibes as more with a fusion of fumbling might  
Ah! My heart loops her erotic aura when I enter the dimension of dazzling lights

When I fasten the rosette, the rings of riddles unwrap the more worthy beat to define  
She, the goddess of Greece, her aroma envelopes the sensational fleece as I examine  
Depth to her soul embraces the funnel of fumes the curving linkage of her feminine  
Ah! Senselessness swings from the nook of wheezing scars when I embrace the jawline

The Honey hives, the round well, the right bell, As I travel, I become lost cavernously  
Mess the sweltering beats to lavish the uncloak clinch, right between the ravishingly  
As the sprinkles slip the silk, I marvel at the milky dips, unveil her reel astonishingly  
Ah! The stream of wine, I drink, the realm of reignite and recoil, she blinks picturesquely.

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Tajalla Qureshi - a literary enchantress who weaves embroideries of thoughts and passions with the delicacy of a leading artist in the realm of words. She is a gifted wordsmith from Pakistan.

In addition, she is the visionary Co-Founder and Co-Editor of "The Wordsmith E-Magazine, Pakistan," where words are woven into magic. She is also an International Interviewer and Associate Editor at Insight Magazine, United States, and a member of the Humanist of the World Organization and the Editor-in-Chief and Co-founder at Calypso Magazine, Greece Pakistan.

Furthermore, she was interviewed by Tamikio L Dooley from the United States and Abigail Phiri from Zimbabwe, Africa.

Besides that, her writings including Poetry, Flash Fiction, Mirco Fiction and Creative Articles and Research Articles have been glorified in International Journals, more than 40 international and national anthologies, Global magazines, many international e-papers, and Online websites in Pakistan, America, Germany, Canada, Africa, the United Kingdom,

Bangladesh, and India.

On the other hand, she has artistically read her poetry at the Pakistani Young Writer's Conference held at Mandi Bahauddin and presented her paper at Kinnard College for Women in Lahore, Pakistan. She has also presented papers at an international conference in Uzbekistan. Like a shooting star, her literary presence blazes across the sky, leaving an indelible mark on the hearts and minds of all who encounter her work.

## CANDIES

I don't know what you wanted, perhaps not even who I was...  
And now I don't believe I ever knew...  
Only the image that you wanted, I have seen.

You were used to doing this way, after all, it's not your fault...

I admit to having been tough, reacting instinctively  
to defend that dream I had told  
that I felt inevitably shipwrecked  
along with those hands, and to my helpless heart  
caught in your tight fists.

You took him away,  
and with him, my smile hanging in my eyes.  
I didn't offer candies just to play,  
but drops of soul, most precious for loving.

What the hell have you done with that man?"  
He came for me, remember?  
He smelled of fragrant cookies and honey balm,  
with a real life to breathe and bite, together...

Author: © Cinzia Rota 2023 Copyright - Law on intellectual property no. 633 of 22.04.1941  
English translation by Ada Rizzo



Cinzia Rota, was born in Milan. Poet and writer, began her artistic journey at a young age with the production of poetry and short stories, as well as graphic studies of image elaboration. She collaborates with radio broadcasters and theater workshops as a writer, entertainer, actress, and voice-over artist, specializing in poetic recitations, video-making, and book trailers. Her poetry is primarily characterized by a tendency to narrate in an enigmatic form, both personal events and themes of the dreamlike and transcendent. Deeply immersed in an intimate connection with the unconscious, she sometimes expresses, with sharp irony, the relationship between human beings and reality, highlighting both human aspects and deeper, grotesque elements. She often seeks new avenues of communication, growth, and expansion, offering a blend of lyrics, stories, thoughts, and aphorisms included in a unique crossover concept.

In January 2023, she published the collection "L'Emersione." She has completed another collection in 2023, "Il pensiero secondo," which has not yet been published at the author's request, as she is working on its imagery.

She has recently received prestigious awards in literary events at both the national and international levels:

- Career Award 2023 – Universum Academy Switzerland;
- Honorary Academician Nomination – Universum Academy Switzerland;
- Second place in the "Litterae Florentinae" Award, Poetry Section for Unpublished Foreign Language;
- Second place in the Legalità Award "Kiwani International," Castellammare di Stabia, World Poetry Festival;
- Special Award "Kiwani International Club" at the World Literature Festival;



## **RAVEN CAGE ZINE**

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- Mention of merit at the National Competition “Il giorno dell’Azalea”;
- Mention of merit at the National Competition “Poiesis”;
- Special Award at the International Competition “Premio Pino Daniele,” edition 2023 – 2024;
- Honorary diploma at the “INTERNATIONAL LITERARY AWARD 2024” - “L’AZALEA”; Short Stories section.
- “SELECTION AWARD” - 64th edition 2024 of the Marina Di Massa Literary Award “SAN DOMENICHINO” - Theater Work section.

## **My dear friend!!!**

Thank you so much  
For being a part  
Of my life.  
My dear friend  
I am so lucky  
For this art.  
A new hut.  
When mind loses  
The hope of dream  
And trust,  
You hold me  
As your peer  
The sweet heart!  
My dear friend!  
My dear poetry world!

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22nd Dec-24

## Jingle Bell 🛎

Ring and ringing  
Everything goes on  
Sparkling arts  
Jingle Bell is here.  
The most beautiful time  
When Santa will come  
With the favourite gifts  
For all the children,  
Jingle Bell is ringing  
All the time.  
Hello dear all!  
Hope you're here  
For your dearest heart  
Jingle Bell is here  
Wish , Merry Christmas!

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22nd Dec-24

## Happy New Year!!!

Take my love  
Greetings sweet heart  
Greetings Dear all friends  
You, all are my dearest parts  
Happy New year!

Yes!  
Wish you a new beginning  
A new look A new star  
Happy new year!

See  
The sky is decorated  
With my lovely wishes  
And the myriad hues  
Never stop to scatter.

Happy new year!  
Happy new year!  
Take my love!  
Enjoy yours' lives.

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Short Bio: S Afrose ( Sabiha Afrose) from Bangladesh. Published Author of poetry books available on Amazon Worldwide.  
YouTube: S Afrose \*Muse of Writes \*  
FP: Muse of Words by S Afrose

Aleksandr Faynberg /Translated by Mukhammadiyeva Sevinch

## Childhood

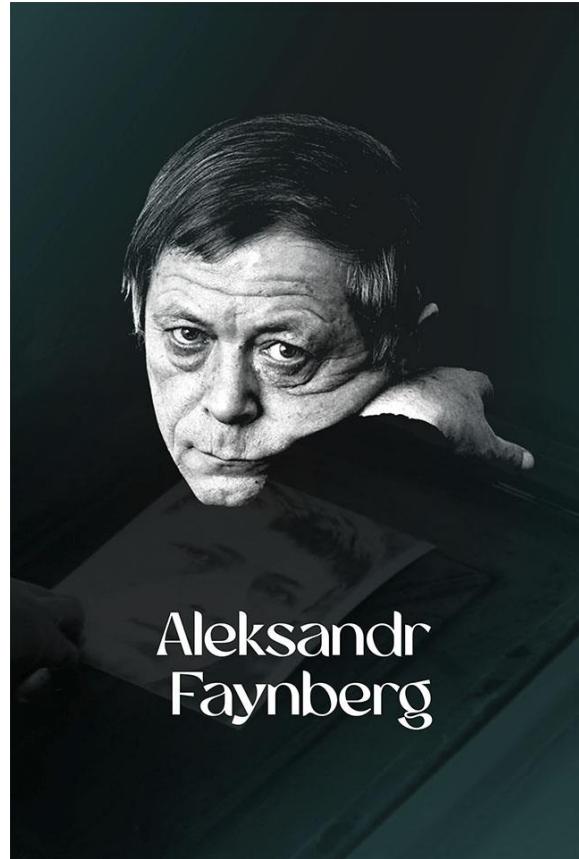
Childhood knows no bounds or bars,  
As scooter wheels glide beneath the stars.  
The flute's sweet song forever plays,  
Silver spheres chasing through the haze.

It stays with you, a lifelong friend,  
Even if you fall, or skies descend.  
I think of it often, through joy and pain,  
Though years may pass, youth will remain.

Even as you journey toward the end,  
A wistful tune on winds will send.  
The kaleidoscope and the iron flute,  
Their melodies in your heart take root.

© Aleksandr Faynberg

Translated by Mukhammadiyeva Sevinch



**\*\*Tell me about Life\*\***

Sage

Tell me about life

And the perennial longing

Of eternal promises of love

Where the nights seep

Into the crimson cracks of daylight

And Venus shows her stature

Alongside the moon

When the azure blue skies

Welcome the present

To nurture the bosom

Filling the fragile voids

With sweet scents of musk

And the embrace of angelic wings

Never to truly know the touch

But the sense of evanescent perfect love

To bring tranquillity in a moment's surrender

When the face is tickled with hopeful tears

And she smiles

At the flickering candle

For where hope resides

Love, light, serenity, and blessings

Can never be denied...

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Writing EDEN/Refractions of Light

\*Poem published in The Quill: Poetic Songs of Africa\*

**\*\*the land of alienation\*\***

Dedicated to all my poetry friends

Split image

Two sides to the coin

A duality of expression

In the land of alienation

Barricaded by the walls of deceit

Protected by barbwire paranoia

Electrical fencing towering to the

Azure skies of pure freedom

Amidst the chaos of the haze

Of pollution mixed with the scent of rain

And I see you in the cloud of ascension

Falling like a feather into a pond of red

Bullethead ink

That's fractured the skull

And pierced your sight

As the mist lifts

There you go into a blindfolded frenzy

And you take the quill

Your guts you spill

Poetic mayhem

Bravo

Applause

The maker of words has strewn

A work of art

Stupendous!!!

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29July2024

## **\*\*A Priceless Gift\*\***

Lavender nostalgia  
Sleeps in serenity's bed  
Seduced to cuddle in oblivion  
Beyond the purple hues of the horizon  
Where infinite footprints  
Are unmarked  
Above the ocean's barking waves  
Lapping to timeless portals  
Of the unknown  
Which conjures  
The lessons of the universe  
Planting seeds  
Watering minds  
To the illusion of knowledge  
Until at last  
The teacher of time  
Is no longer scorned  
But embraced  
And the arrogance of youth  
Is silenced  
And humility shines in example  
But it's the words of the wise  
That are eventually silenced  
At the kiss  
Of death's goodbye  
Tranquility  
Is painted in cloth  
And like a babe you are wrapped  
Cradled in the earth  
As the trees  
At your graveside post  
Breeze lullabies  
For eternal rest  
And memories come alive  
Forever with us  
The living dead  
Until our grief rains  
The heart and soul  
And the angels come in peace  
Dancing on holy ground  
Unveiling the footprints  
In gardens of love  
And the present we see  
Is a priceless gift to have.

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## Mira

[This poem pays tribute to two remarkable women in my life, both sharing the name "Mira." One is my mother, Kazi Mira, and the other is my respected teacher, Rebecca Haque (Mira)].

She shines like the sun,  
Holding my heart tenderly,  
In her warmth, I thrive.  
As twilight descends,  
Shadows twist and softly sway,  
Her laughter, a breeze.  
The force that led me  
To this sacred, loving place,  
Gifts joy in each breath.  
She dispels the gloom,  
My guiding light in the dark,  
My beloved Mira Ma, my true home.

In my quest for deep truths,  
I discovered another Mira,  
A soul calm and bright.  
With her, peace gently blooms,  
Worries vanish like mist.  
Her gaze lights the way,  
Revealing paths once unclear,  
My Mira Madam, my calm.

Deep within my heart,  
The "Mira" spirit softly glows,  
My wholeness in its light.

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Rubab Abdullah is a Bangladeshi-American Poet



## My Own Snow Globe

Sitting in my comfy seat  
As I look through the wooden window  
Thick snowflakes fall  
No human footsteps on the crisp white snow  
Only cat's paws prints  
Disturb the crunchy snowfall  
The green grass covered in this glistening snow  
I feel like I am in a snow globe  
As I look through this unusual large window  
The thick white sky with plenty of snowflakes on supply  
The snowflake shaker way up high  
Is spreading each unique snowflake far and wide  
The dark leafless tree covered in white glistening ice  
This winter picture brings such delights  
As I sit in my comfy warm chair  
Watching the natural snow globe outside  
Glistening whiteness everywhere  
No human footsteps in the snow  
Only cat's paws prints  
Disturb the crunchy snow  
I'm sitting in my own snow globe

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Toria

30/9/2022

## A Vintage Postcard

A picture of Christmas past  
But not the very last  
A vintage postcard  
Rudolph, Santa Claus' guide  
Through the drifting snow  
Rudolph's nose gives a warming glow  
Santa Claus wrapped up in his red coat  
As they deliver precious presents  
Through the sleet, ice and snow  
Santa Claus follows Rudolph the reindeer's nose  
Delivering happiness wherever they go  
Through the bleak, cold snow  
Giving everyone new hope  
Eventually finding their own way home  
Lapland or the North Pole?  
We will never really know  
A present under the Xmas tree  
A stocking at the end of my bed  
An orange and apple once an amazing gift  
Christmas is such an unimaginable lift  
Rudolph and Santa Claus beat Amazon with their one night only sleigh deliveries  
Rudolph always guides Santa Claus on the big day  
Now a picture of Christmas past  
But not the very last  
A vintage postcard  
Rudolph, Santa Claus' guide  
Through the drifting snow  
Rudolph's nose gives a warming glow

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Toria

18/12/2022

## The Beautiful Amazing Gift

It is the season of true love  
The biggest present is to celebrate with those you love  
We are still here today  
To celebrate those who have now sadly passed away  
Never too far away from our daily thoughts  
Especially on this extra special day  
Remember all the laughter, tears, smiles and just wonderful times  
Every day is a present  
A gift of life  
All the amazing memories we have yet to live  
This is the most beautiful amazing gift

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Toria

20/12/2021

## I wanna, but--

Wanna sail the boat

But where to ?

Wanna take off the coat

But how to ?

Wanna open the door

Wanna run along the shore

Wanna stand up straight from the floor

Wanna extend both hands more and more

But when to ?

From the very beginning of the creation of the universe, an inevitable, skillful, wild balancing game to find tranquillity has been continuing,--in time,--in space,--in matter,--in you,--in me

Wanna break the rule with the two eyes so dreamy !

The monstrous bondings,--the weeds of emotions and hesitations pull from behind

Wanna destroy them

But what for ?

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ABHIJIT CHAKRABORTY  
INDIA



Abhijit Chakraborty is a recognized, awarded, translated, bilingual poet from Bally of West Bengal, India. He is a teacher by profession. He loves poetry, prose, music, movies etc. He began writing after the death of his mother to oust his grief, to overcome his sadness and depression. He writes in his mother tongue Bengali and in English language. He tries to write in the reachable-to-all style with the use of very simple, common words and very simple, easy construction of sentences.

A collection of his Bengali poems has been published in Kolkata International Book Fair-2020. His poems( in Bengali and in English language ) have appeared in various national and international anthologies, literary journals, literary magazines, and online public forums/platforms.

## Patch Dragon

Cloth in full fold,  
a field of flowers, unyielding,  
a lightning bolt of thread  
joining, receding, and all eyes,  
in knots. And I held you,  
veiled in your secret fire,  
and in this way, we both  
stayed close to our one love,  
now a heartbeat lost within  
a river's ice, and we must now  
do all of it -- the flying, the breathing,  
the singing of spring songs.  
Our one love, has taken a strange flight,  
a sigh beneath green froth,  
never far from winter's touch.

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## Snow Dance

For Helen Zbeide Perry

You and I will  
seek out the comet in  
its dark blue place;  
how winter is blessed,  
and how we fall.  
It will be you and I,  
seeking that light  
even as it falls with us,  
dazzler on the white plain.  
And there we will mark our circles,  
and nothing within us  
will die.

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## Christmas Snakes

Forever you bring me joy,  
red, green, bright ribbons,  
some invisible space,  
purple with knowing.  
With you, all flames die,  
falling in a wan horizon.  
With you, all shouting will  
melt, crumbling into  
the sun's dust, and neither  
you nor I can hear.  
You bless me in your armor,  
fine scales. You redeem me  
in your gold of golden eyes.  
In my time of danger,  
you came to me, all, and  
I uphold you forever, beams  
of a sun greater than all  
the great, blue, white suns.

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

She is author of six poetry collections and a short fiction collection, The Plague Confessor, and is producer of the Poe in Lowell festival honoring Edgar Allan Poe's three visits to Lowell, Mass.

[megsmthwriter.com](http://megsmthwriter.com).

[linktr.ee/poeinlowell](https://linktr.ee/poeinlowell)



## " EVERYTHING WILL PASS AWAY "

What is precious for an earthling ?  
It is awareness everything revolving .

That never changes and is static ever ;  
That makes living ruled by vain desire ;

Or by love and fraternity feeling ,  
Or by action engrossed intellect .

Once that's eternity is recognised ;  
Emotion and thirst are paralysed .

One 's nature is discovered ;  
With Being 's extent ,infinite ;

With dissipated whole materiality ;  
And with bliss ,supreme realised .

© Copyrighted 2024 by Dr Amiya Ku Rout

Dr Amiya Ku Rout is a bilingual poet writing in odia and English language .He is from Odisha ,India .He has two poetry collections ,two novels in odia language and five translated novels from English into odia.His English poems are finding places in various Facebook literary groups of international repute .

## **Lost Mind**

Whether I fall asleep or not  
You start pouring your dreams  
Into my years

After a year or three or five  
Let my fingers comb through your halo  
To count your umpteen dreams

Oh, I fail to count them  
Please push me like you push the car  
I'll start again automatically

We are amidst the fog  
As you try to detach from me  
Like a deer remove its horn from the bushes

You are mine and not mine  
But my room is open for you  
How can I be free from your aura  
When it keeps me captivated like a Genie in a bottle?

The night train carries my lost mind  
You have never touched it  
Have you ever touched the sea?

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## When Relatives Arrive from the Countryside

Sometimes in our well decorated flat,  
relatives from the countryside arrive.  
Wearing cheap and fluorescent dresses  
often with some kids or neighbors  
they arrive carrying a silver carp fish.

They prefer coffee over tea, and never says no to snacks,  
The little girls sticks near the mirror in the dressing table  
Combing their hair frequently  
Searching for costly lipsticks  
but never finds them.  
Because whenever relatives from the countryside arrive,  
We hide them, along with our humanity.

Their curiosity grows much more with time  
And finally they urge to watch a movie in the VCP  
But as evening sets in,  
they understand it is impossible to spend the night at our flat,  
And runs to catch the Jadavpur local  
(leaving behind some smell of the countryside).  
We don't even bid them a proper farewell.  
Standing near the door, faking a smile,  
We request them to come again after the exams are over.

In our city-styled life,  
relatives from the countryside often arrive.  
Whenever they come to the city,  
We behave like rustics!

Binayak Bandopadhyay  
Translated from Bengali to English by Ankush Pal



Binayak Bandopadhyay :

One of the foremost Bengali Poet of Bengali Literature, Binayak started writing from Mid 90s. He has published eighteen books of poetry. He has been received several awards, including Bangla Academy, Krittibas and Bhashanagar. He has Participated several literary festivals throughout India and also in China, Bangladesh and Thailand. In 2014 he represented India in the International Writers Program held at Iowa University, USA. Apart from poetry, He is also a prominent face of current Bengali fiction.

## A love so eternal

.....

Without you here  
I have no place to go,  
You're my guiding light  
A light I thought I lost  
A thousand times I'd say this  
Wherever you go  
Please take me with you.  
As I stand here  
Your arms are my warmth,  
Through the cold days  
You made me warm  
If love was poison  
I'd gladly be poisoned  
Venoms like these  
Are what I wish for  
To me you're all that I am.  
Drowning in your heart  
Is what I want to do,  
Your eyes call to me  
In loving you  
I forgot my problems  
I'm lost, lost to hate  
Grudges disappear like smoke  
Your love is all I can ask for.  
Ah heart,  
If I asked for warmth  
Would you give me  
Yet my queen gave hers in seconds  
Listen to this oh ye bones  
My heart belongs to only one  
Her beauty is sacred  
Her body a temple  
And I wish to be her priest  
A goddess like her  
Deserves the best  
In my head  
I imagine every day with you  
Daydreaming and fantasies  
Are all I can do  
This poetic soul is pleading  
Inspire me once again  
Let this be my wish  
Be the eternity I seek  
Remember this

All there is is us  
All there ever will be is us  
All there should be is us.

© Adiel Michael

## Poetic Morning

Read the glints  
on the petals of dawn  
Span an airlift  
with the colours of the rainbow  
farther than the horizon  
Plant roses  
on the cliffs of dream.

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“The Unrest of the Word”



Cho, Yoong-il

## Gothic Poetry

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Eric Shelman, The WordMonster

### Winter Solstice

Blistering, freezing  
winds, weather's unbearable  
uncomfortable

someone or something  
stole Sun and Moon creating  
winter and darkness

winter times have come  
prepare the fireside stories  
celebrate, praise, worship it  
sing, about Sun's, Moon's  
sources, uncertainty, unknown  
undetermined, locations

Winter, overtook Fall  
in their seasonal wars  
battles for orders  
reigning her slotted time frame  
furiously, and deathly

Worldwide worshipping, wandering while  
wondering, wintry's wonderlands  
Inventing, imaginary, interpreting  
inspirational, ideas, ideals  
Noteworthy, notions, noxiously  
Tilting  
Earth's axis furthest from the Sun  
Renewing, reflecting, retrospecting, regenerating  
Sun standing still, shortest day and longest  
night  
Overcasting,  
Lighting candles  
Someone, something stolen Sun, and Moon  
supernaturally, superstitiously  
Telling telltales, tentatively, terrifically  
traditionally, torturously  
Incompetent, incomplete, incomprehensible  
Contemplating, complexities curiosities  
comprehensively, conceptually, confusedly  
cautiously

Entertaining, everyone, everything, explaining  
exaggerations, darkness' causations

Ancients, Alban, Arthan, Azar, Angkor Wat  
artic, appreciation, arrival of Winter's season  
animal sacrifices

Beiwe, Beiwe-Neia, Bogeymen, Bogey-women  
beliefs, blessings

Celtic, Cailleach Bheru, Cambodian, Chaomos  
cultures, comprehending, celebrations  
ceremonies, customs, connections, cosmos  
creating creepy creatures, cold, chattering  
changing of seasons

Druids, Dongzhi, diversity, delightful  
December twenty-first, or twenty-second  
dancing, drinking, deceitful, dark, daytime

Egyptians, efficacy, Earth's regeneration, or  
rebirth

Earth's North Pole, half is tilted  
farthest away, from the sun

ending the planting season

enduring, enjoying, effacies

Finnish, festivals, festivities, feasts, fascinations  
fabrications, fireside stories, fairy tales,  
folklore, fables, films, futures, fretting frights  
fun gatherings

Global, Gods, Goddesses, gift-giving, games

Hopi, Horus, helpful, hindering, handmade gifts

Italian, Irish, Indigenous, Iranian, Incan, Inti  
Raymi, Inti, imaginary, inventive, ironical

Juul, Jordan, juxtapositions

Kogukhpak, Kachinas, Karnak, kind, keep our  
spirits up

Louhi, La Befana, light, logs

Light of Winter, Light over Dark, legends

lighting fires to ward off evil spirits during the  
longest night, girls dressing up in white gowns  
with red sashes, wearing candle wreaths, on  
their heads, in honor of Saint Lucia

Moon, Modern, Mithra, Modraniht

Midwinter, Machu Picchu, mythical, monsters  
mead, minstrel-poets singing of ancient  
legends, light's miracle in dark times

Neolithic, Newgrange, Norse, Native Americans

Nature, Nature's cyclical life, Nighttime

Northern Hemisphere

Odin, ornament, overcast, overcoats, overshoes

Peruvian, Petra, pausing, praising, purification



paranormal, predictions, pasts, participating  
partying, placing Prayer Sticks  
Questing, questioning, quotables  
Roman, rites, rituals, religious, reflecting  
returning, receiving, renewing, reassuring  
reigniting our own internal flame  
Scandinavian, Saturnalia, Soyal, Shab-e Yalda  
Sun, Still, Spider Grandmother stealing  
shortest day of the year, storytelling  
social order was inverted and slaves  
did not work and were briefly treated like  
equals, Southern Hemisphere, straw goats  
Saint Lucia's Day, supernatural, superstitious  
sweaters  
Tomte, Tonantzin, traditional, tang yuan, trickery  
telltales, ten-nineteen p.m.  
trying to eat hapless humans, in the dark  
Universal, ubiquitous understandings  
Vests, verses, verifications  
Wild Hunt, Winter's worship, wintry, wet, white  
whiteout, windy, wreaths, wind chill, winter  
clothes, wool, wool coats wool socks, woolens  
warm milk, Winter's seasonal  
astronomical beginning wonder  
Xenial  
Yupik, Yule, Yalda  
Zodiac, zero degrees

Winter  
tundra's, weather  
freezing, snowing, blistering  
Northeastern, unbearable, calm, chill  
blossoming, renewing, harvesting  
warm, beautiful  
Spring

Winter Solstice has arrived tonight at  
Ten-nineteen p.m. gather the firewood  
and light our campfires sing, telling, us, that  
mythical monsters, who, unruly stood  
rudely taken our Sun away, those thieves  
telling about ancient times, drinking mead  
existed in ancient times, minstrels, weaves  
of time's beginnings, mother nature's breed  
while drinking meads, liquors, heats  
massive feasts, celebrating sun-fun times  
consuming delicious, delicate meats  
Reflecting, renewing our last daytimes

and our future year to come, more sunlight  
cheering, fearing, jeering, leer, Winters, night

told telltales, stories, that explained, this  
darkness  
entertain, or frighten each other  
or to keep our spirits up, harkness  
and provide reassurance, smothers

we  
hold  
back this  
darkness with  
electric lights, and  
cold with furnaces, but ancient Tomten  
serve to toes us to earth, our ancestors  
helping us acknowledge Nature's wonderous mysteries, and hopefully inspiring us to walk a little more humbly on earth

Winter Solstice  
Earth's tilting solar declination  
celebrating winter's beginning  
freezing and other tundra weather  
midwinter, the shortest day and longest night  
observed by various cultures  
cultural and astronomical  
beginning of lengthening days  
and shortening nights.

Written, by Eric Shelman, The WordMonster!

## What Lurks In The Apocalypse

What lurks in the apocalypse  
but murks within dah fractured, scripts  
chipped, clipped, flipped nipped, ripped  
slipped skipped, snipped, stripped  
tripped, and whipped  
ancients yells, screams, cries, wails  
prophesizing time collapses  
by religions' spiritual, and philosophical leaders Gurus, and Sages or Swamis, and Bodhisattvas and Pastors, or Popes, and Prophets, foretelling us, of relentless

quakes, booms, bangs  
crackles, roars, snaps  
crashings, fierceness, destructive  
raging, severely, tempestuous  
dangerous, loud explosions, bubbles  
bursting  
rumbling, buzzing, loud whooshing  
babbles  
ripples, trickles, thunder  
lightnings, pitter-patters  
creakings, swooshing, gloppiness  
cracklings, popping, surging  
swishing, whiffs, whizzing, whumping  
scorchers, torrential, dryness  
ultimate darkness, and chaos

mayhem, misery, murders  
sinning, sodomizing, raping, molesting  
committing countless iniquities  
dishonoring parents, idolatrous, and adulterous

blasphemous, sacrilegious, irreligious, heretical  
non-believers, apostates, waywardness

unrighteousness, unvirtuousness,  
unethically, irreverently

profanities, vanities, hatred, prejudiced  
crimes, wars, despairs, deaths, instead peaceful  
paradises

gloomy, doomy, bloomy Nature-man  
living instead living spiritually

enduring, enjoying everything hedonistically  
instead simply filing our appetites

gorging, gluttonously, instead just  
fulfilling our hunger

living luxuriously, instead poorly in spirit

free-thinking, free-willingly instead, of  
adhering and following predetermined and  
predestined roles as designed, and deemed  
from our moralist creators

adversarial worshipping, instead of  
worshipping our creators

practicing Witchcraft, Wizardry, Hoodoo Voodoo,  
and whatever or whomever else  
instead of practicing creationism

fear-mongering, instead of fearing our creators

capturing, rapturing and enrapturing righteous  
souls

walking up with their moralistic, or karmic creators, and living with them for eternity or, designated time slots  
after their physical deaths, saved and taken to  
their versions of heavenly paradise  
cyclical and cycled reincarnations

versus having to suffer this turmoil  
all living wicked are facing right now  
with their creator's wrath for their corrupt ways  
they, would, could, should have stayed righteous never allowing their faith to falter

their creators would have taken care of them during this judgmental, chaotic, disturbing, confusing, moralistic, ethical,  
religious, spiritual physical, metaphysical, metaphorical symbolical, personal, psychological warfare retribution

from afar I watched a lamb open the first of seven seals and I heard one of four living saying with a thunderous voice,  
"Come, and I beheld white rider on a white horse, who had a bow and a crown was given to him and he came out  
conquering, to conquer, and named him Conquest

This lamb opened the second of these seven seals, and I heard the second creature, saying "Come," and out came, bright  
red horse, it's rider was permitted to steal peace from the earth, so people would slay one another and he was given a  
great sword, and named him War

This lamb opened the third of these seven, and third the living creature said "Come," and out came a black horse, whose  
rider carried a pair of scales, and I heard a voice in the midst, saying "A quart of wheat for a denarius, and three quarts of  
barley for a denarius, and do not harm the oil and the wine." They named him Famine.

This lamb opened the fourth of these seven, I heard the voice of the fourth living creature say "Come," and out came a

## RAVEN CAGE ZINE

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pale horse, with its riders name was Death, and Hades followed him, and they were given authority over a fourth of the earth, to kill with sword, famine, pestilence, and by Earth's wild beasts

These four riders were called Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, each representing his name as a lineup of four disastrous occurrences that will occur before Jesus Christ's Second Coming on a white horse and slay them down and bind Satan, for a thousand years

After these thousand years, Satan, will be let loose from his cell, will launch again his old work of deceiving nations, searching out victims in every nook and cranny of earth, even Gog and Magog, and the humans that are not yet born in God's Kingdom yet, and will be thrown in the lake of fire with his demons, by God

purifying, rebirthing the Earth  
by baptizing it with fire, to its original paradisaical stage, where he reigns alongside his father, God  
turning it into another heaven, and Garden of Eden

It is the ultimate judgment and resurrection day  
and everyone good and bad will go to their designated slots in either up, above, or down below, cyclical reincarnations, or breaking of these cycles

During that time, Christians, can rest in the hope that Jesus will restore all things and make them right. That the Faithful and True will ride upon His white horse, and conquer death, famine, disease, and every pestilent thing

In the Puranas, Hindu sacred texts say that  
The final apocalypse, is when the world ends in the fourth age, the Kali-yuga, which we are in now. In this age, people succumb to sin and live life without integrity or religion, but rather with anger and greed. Natural disasters will become common, such as plagues or famine, and no one will reach the age of twenty-three

The result of this is that humankind will be destroyed. At the end of this age, the final incarnation of Vishnu, known as Kalka, will appear. He will come riding on a white horse, with a flaming sword and kill all the people who have been living sinfully. After this he will usher in a new age, the Satya-yuga, which will be a time for truth and purity

The Hopi, in North America believe that the world is cyclical and has succumbed to catastrophes three times before due to people's disregard for the planet and its creator. So we are in the Fourth World at the moment. The first time the world ended due to fire, the second time it was because of ice, and the third time a flood caused it and here are their nine signs

The signs were that white-skinned people  
with thunder sticks would take their land spinning wheels with voices and long-horned buffalo-like creatures would appear  
iron snakes would spread  
a huge spiderweb would cover the country  
stone rivers creating mirages would cover Hopi-land, the sea would turn black and all life in it would die, long-haired people would go to Hopi-land to learn their traditions and  
a blue star would fall from the sky  
with a spirit messenger who would take off his mask during a sacred dance ending all Hopi traditional practices

following these signs the world  
would end in a series of calamities

such as earthquakes, floods, and famine  
yet those living on Hopi-land would be safe  
and see the rebirth of the Fifth World

Assyrians, may have been the first to record an apocalypse prediction with a tablet written between 2800 and 2500 BC. The text states that the world is falling apart as it was full of corruption and unruly teenagers. This was leading to the end of the world, an end that was coming soon

however, the Assyrian empire lasted for about two thousand years and reached its peak a few centuries after this tablet was written, negating the urgency with which the writer thought the world was ending it is unknown who wrote this tablet though, so it may have been more of a personal view than a widespread myth

Vikings, believed that life was cyclical and that this world would come to an end in a large battle before being reborn again

the end of the world had been prophesied  
when the god Baldur was killed by Loki  
the gods knew that it was unavoidable  
so they started preparing for the final battle

humans reacted differently, and instead gave up their traditional ways, disregarded family bonds, gave in to anarchy, and eventually they had three winters in a row without summer in between plunging the world into darkness, which was called Fimbulwinter, or the Great Winter

Loki, and his son, the wolf Fenrir, had both been tied up to protect the nine realms. However they broke free and started causing havoc in the world, followed by an army of ice giants attacking Asgard, the gods' realm

Thor, and the sea serpent, Jormungand killed each other, as did the god Freyr, and the ice giant Surt, and the gods Heimdall, and Loki. Fenrir killed both the gods Odin, and Tyr, but was himself killed by Odin's son Vidar. After the entire world was torn apart, it sank down into the ocean leaving perfect silence and darkness. However, the Vikings believed that the world would rise again, more lush and abundant than ever. The gods, including Baldur, would return and a human couple would repopulate the human realm

Aztecs, believed that four worlds had already existed and been destroyed by the gods Tezcatlipoca and Quetzalcoatl, so they were thus living in the fifth world.

In the first world, Tezcatlipoca had turned himself into the sun, but when Quetzalcoatl knocked him out of the sky with a club he got mad and made jaguars eat all the humans  
the two gods created a new world, but when the people stopped being religious Tezcatlipoca turned them into monkeys. Quetzalcoatl had enjoyed how sinful they had become, so he got angry about their fate and killed them all with a hurricane

In the next two worlds, the gods  
Tlaloc, and Chalchiuhtlicue were tricked by Tezcatlipoca into destroying them by  
using fire and floods  
the fifth one, that we are still living in, was believed it would be destroyed by earthquakes

Apocalyptic stories have been around since ancient times and since the beginning of times these calamitous, and disastrous occurrences have occurred several times throughout our histories, however, no supernatural, beings

## RAVEN CAGE ZINE

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creatures, or creator gods or goddesses has saved us from them, or even tried to destroy us  
so are they meant to be taken literally, literarily metaphysically, psychologically, spiritually, supernaturally,  
superstitiously, philosophically, telltalely, fable-likely, fairytalely, epically, sagaly mythically, symbolically, allegorically,  
folktale-likely, scare-tactically, mass-hysterically  
mass fear-instillingly, mass controlledly  
self-fulfilled prophetically, truthfully, fictitiously imaginary, or maybe even factually, fatalistically fantastically, facadely,  
objectively, or subjectively?

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## What Lurks In The Possessed

What lurks in the possessed  
but murks within huh, blessed  
shirking, smirking, jerking, berserking  
dirking, perking, irking, quirking, best  
strutting, jutting, putting, shutting, butting  
cutting, gutting, pressed  
enraging, outraging, staging, paging, placing  
gauging, rampaging, disengaging, upstaging  
jests  
swagging, dragging, lagging, bragging, gagging  
wagging, tagging, stressed  
grumpy, bumpy, clumpy, crumpy, dumpy  
frumpy, humpy, jumpy, lumpy, pumpy, rumpy  
rumpy-pumpy, scrumpy, slumpy, stumpy  
wrests  
smacking, slacking, lacking, packing, tacking  
racking, tracking, quacking, aggressed  
speaking demonically, chronically, conically  
sardonically, detestably  
shrieking, screaming, creaking eeking, leaking  
reeking seeking, squeaking, tweaking  
wreaking, abscessed  
groaning, moaning, disowning, enthroning  
zoning, postponing  
violent, unusual movements  
uttering, muttering, puttering  
spluttering, sputtering, stuttering  
disconnected or strange speech, hard-pressed  
braindead, bled, bred, dread, fled  
airhead, compressed  
grunting, stunting, hunting, blunting  
confronting, finger-counting, headhunting  
speaking, peaking, leaking, in bloodcurdling  
burbling, in tongues, misaddressed  
burning, turning, churning, infested  
leaping, weeping, beeping into madness  
sadness, badness, super gladness, unrest  
reaching, psychological extreme highs and lows  
unimpressed  
invisible, supernatural, superstitious, paranormal  
diabolical, demonical, spirits, demons, angels  
djinn, devils bogeymen, bogeywomen, and  
other supernatural, paranormal, or even  
exterrestrial beings, inhabiting ones  
body, mind and souls, oppressed  
taking, making, raking, baking, and faking



as one's true master, professed  
wrecking, and wreaking, freaking, creaking  
shrieking, sneaking, squeaking, streaking  
misspeaking, unspeaking, havoc, protestingly  
acting, pacting, hysterically, frantically, fretfully  
manically, sporadically, wrongly, waywardly  
evilly, sinfully, insubordinately, unrighteously  
naturally, logically, reasonably, rationally  
doubtfully, dumbly, dastardly, bastardy  
obsessed.

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## The Castle of Count Rochester Raveniere

I compose many tales of mayhem and ghouls even the children from hell  
Take a sit for the ride. I have nothing to hide. Before my tale ends. you will die  
I'm your caretaker Rochester Raveniere

Upon the steep hill of Requiem  
a sanatorium within the darkest realm  
Where a caretaker dwells amongst us all  
To tell you many tales  
And stories of the epitaphs of those  
who live and die within the fables of time  
Among the stone garden  
Are the stones of untold stories  
That Master Rochester will speak in cryptic  
Lore. The castle has many stories and scriptures  
Tales of dark rebels and unfortunate events  
Of beauty within the dark matter  
The creature stirs across the land  
as the bird sings the songs of dying  
Darkness has no sun in the kingdom of Raveniere  
As the banshees scream his name  
The flying faces devouring the light of what is left  
Constant screaming  
Lovely and dreamy  
Unwelcoming weeping  
The seeking of the bastard's greeting  
For their master to appear,  
The castle is alive with many souls  
Of lost stories  
The borrowers of the dark world  
Of Count's Time of Darkness  
That he's speaking the language of  
The Soliloquies from the Grave  
As he will tell you these tales  
Sit back relax and wander  
The wonderful world of pure Horror  
His castle is built with bones and graves  
Of The tombstones of Babel

Welcome to the Nightmare that the Caretaker  
Shall speak in cryptic and coded treats  
Where darkness and light never meet  
in the Kingdom of fresh raw meat  
Never more or less you shall not seek to return  
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## The Train of Midnight

The midnight train travels in a range  
To leave the next stop within the track of deranged  
And heading to the dis of hell  
As the lost soul is on the board  
As the hordes of hellhounds follow to keep them  
From escaping their fate  
As the gates open, the demon screams in laughter  
In the fields of the thereafter  
The madness is the seeds of pain  
As it rains, the blood of God's dove  
Everyone going insane  
As the train stopped to rest a bit  
The devil sits down to open the bridge of shit  
We all know that it is doomed  
We rightly assume.  
We never consume the masses,  
Of redeemed bloom  
That curses us all.  
The sadist conductor collects,  
The soul, like a bride, rapes her groom  
As the train begins to reign  
On the track of blood  
We all gain the sanity of the tears of the angel's rain  
The smoke and mirror  
Of these lost adores  
Being wrapped like a consumed murderous whore

As the core of this hard bliss  
As the fire of hell kiss  
We all will be in the black abyss.  
But the train is still rolling,  
The reaper stops the track to send  
The sinners back  
But relax.  
The heavens don't have your back.  
As the midnight train  
Composes its final stop  
To dump the souls into the river of slop  
It made it to its destination  
Into the wells of re-creation  
Nevermore. Hell is your final station  
Alas, within this common woe  
This is your final stop  
My door  
Tis the season. Your fate is stored  
I end this ending

No longer the volume of none

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## The Urns of a Crime

The ashes of the soil of Death  
As the people wept for the lost  
Of this unseen crime  
A curse that claimed millions  
A murderousness of a plot  
That no one saw coming  
The doctors in the raven's persona  
Treating the sick but didn't wanna  
But had to cure those that couldn't be cured  
The plague has claimed more deaths  
A hideous crime that was unjustified  
And nothing could be done.  
No law or truth mattered  
And justice is nothing to compare  
The crime of all crimes  
Mass graves because the Urns of soil  
Collecting life after life  
And more has come eight years of Death  
Of the demise of the abyss  
The great London and Spanish flu  
And more after this  
The murderous crime of a population  
With no chance of salvation as the race to save others  
And all nation  
To become the sacrificial cremation  
Of human life

The pandemic of my endless rhyme  
The greatest crime of all  
Has a memory of time  
These are my Volumes  
I end this

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## IN THAT TOMB

In the tomb of gathering  
Smiles were knocked down  
Eye to eye  
In a few steps of distance  
There are no words  
In the lanes of suffering  
Silence was breaking silence  
Without hugging  
With approach  
Just like time with time  
Season with season  
And age with age  
Today we met  
In the breaking edge  
Of a tomb of breaks  
Interlocked with a smile

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BILALL MALIQI is a writer, poet and publicist, was born in on 08.04.1969 in a village ElezBAli, municipality of Presheva. He writes poetry and prose for children and adults, he deals also with literature critics. He is the author of 42 works: poetry for children, for adults, prose for children and adults, journalism and literary critics. Maliqi is a founder and editor in chief of the magazine “Qendresa” which is published in Presheva Valley. Maliqi is a honorary president of association of Presheva writers; Maliqi is a member of League of Writers of Kosova; Member of the board “ Atunis” President of “Atunis Lugina” in Presheva.

## General Poetry

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**Boboqulova Durdona – Uzbekistan**

### My flag

Flag of Uzbekistan  
Let us go up  
I am proud of my flag  
Every moment that shines  
You are my consciousness you are my kidney

Keep beating in blue every moment  
Give hearts all the time  
Proud tour swing every moment  
Show to do the tightness of the tightness of the tightness  
You are my consciousness you are my kidney

Blue sky in blue shows  
Red color blood in our body  
White coloring is a symbol of whiteness, purity  
Green spring

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Boboqulova Durdona Zafarovna in 2011 in Karakõl district, Bukhara region  
6th grade of School No. 1 Participant of several competitions including Republic  
bõyicha  
2022 2023 Year stage of the young reader competition  
2021yilda Fatherland holy choice 2024yilda awarded by the young pencilers club now the School  
of the perfect generation of children is a member of the young pencilers club as well as the  
inspiration jumpers club

## School

We go to school

He will hug us

Lazy illates

Avoid students

The teacher tells us

The kind are too much

We don't get bad grades

There are very few binaries

Alochimiz in every business

We get five all the time

Back from school

Praise mom

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Rashidova

Student Of School No. 20 of Karakul District of Bukhara region





## HEE HAW ESSENCE

"Braying is not an art; it is a science." Sancho Panza. Don Quixote's Hist. Chapter 28.

Children bray at birth without teachers and without schools; what joyful envy their braying causes us!  
The Pope and all his clergy bray in churches, temples answering very joyfully in chorus Braying.  
Professors bray in their classrooms, the students answering out of time, intoning their Braying with great pleasure and care.

The stripes, stripes and stars bray in military parades answering their soldiers happy with the encounter; people applauding their braying braying.

Politicians bray, their lordships thundering in the Hemicycle, embraced and hated each other like a bunch of hypocrites exclaiming:

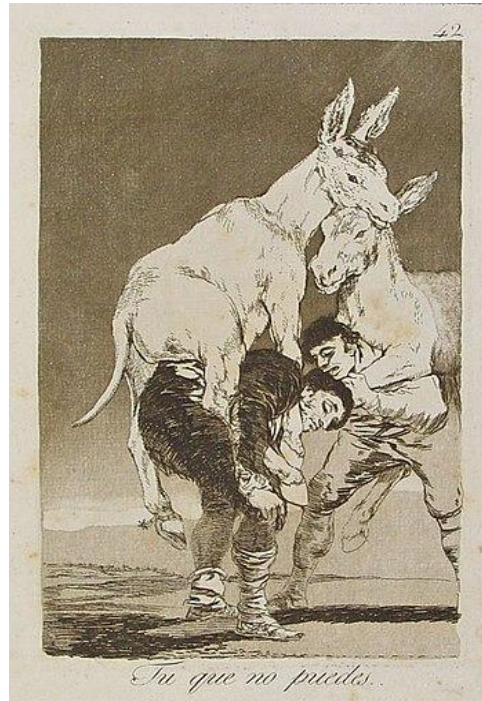
How good it is to Bray in time; and bad out of time!

Young people bray at musical concerts shouting at the performing groups; and continuing, excited, in the do re mi fa sol of their Hee Haws.

From Hee Haw an Aria has been made by the protesters of their reason or lack of reason so convincing that the government, all governments, colored or colorless, brand them as foolish Brayers.

From the womb of our mothers well-skilled quadrupeds are born, making a thousand progresses during our life until their death Braying.

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## School

You shine the light of wisdom,  
We learned from you.  
You open your heart to us,  
We are leaving.

Be safe,  
Goodbye, let's fly.  
Don't be bad  
See you boys and girls.

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## Childhood

With the test of life,  
Remembered childhood.  
sweet memories,  
Childhood put into poetry.

See you soon my friend,  
We build the future.  
Read, search, of course,  
We will go round and round.

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Naima Muhiddinova.



1997 Namangan region. Namangan district. She was born in the village of Khanabad.

The first book of the young artist was published by Namangan publishing house in 2018 under the name "Writings of my heart". She is the winner of several republican and international contests. She is also a participant in conferences.

Namangan State University in 2023. Graduated from the Uzbek language department at the Faculty of Philology. Namangan region. Member of the Democratic Party of National Revival

Currently, she is a teacher of native language and literature at general secondary school No. 37 in Namangan district and Uzbek language and literature at Namangan State Pedagogical Institute. 1st year graduate student

## **Respect for the teacher**

Thank you so much, teacher,  
You have worked hard.  
Always be respectful,  
There is no time for fatigue.

Let your hard work be justified,  
Let us protect you.  
Always smile,  
Push the era.

Let us remember you,  
Let us enjoy the lessons.  
When asked, "Who is your teacher?",  
Let us think of you in our minds.

I have boundless respect for you,  
I have not disrespected you.  
You who taught us,  
Thank you, teacher.

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## **Constitution**

The writings of a just pen are precious,  
There is harmony in every scripture.  
Every page is a bright triumph,  
The happiest time of our lives is the morning.

A priceless book, like a jewel,  
He is my pride, my treasure.  
The Constitution is an appeal to the tongues,  
My glory, my honor, my dignity.

Every sentence embodies good fortune,  
A call for peaceful days.  
If we live by it,  
This is an enemy that cannot be brought to the homeland.

The goodness that the righteous pen has written,  
Happiness that will last for centuries.  
The Constitution is a lofty,  
A valuable tree in my garden!

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Student of the 7th grade "D" of the Erkin Vohidov School of Creativity

## **Thank you, Abdulla Oripov!**

It is an honor for me to sing for you,  
A great thought illuminated a nation.  
The anthem became a beacon for the Motherland,  
Thank you, Abdulla Oripov!

You, the whole world, write a hymn,  
You did it in an instant, lol, thank you.  
Encouraging people to live for their homeland,  
Thank you, Abdulla Oripov!

No one expected such power,  
He didn't even do it, just a fantasy.  
You have created the nature of the people again,  
Thank you, Abdulla Oripov!

The mankurts even wanted to resist,  
He is great in his own way, but he is actually arrogant.  
Our identity, millions of countries, saw it,  
Thank you, Abdulla Oripov!

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## Master Erkin Vohidov

(For the 88th anniversary)

I was about to write a poem today,  
I took a piece of paper and a pen in my hand.  
My heart is filled with light,  
The world lit up before my eyes!

For Master Erkin Vohidov,  
"I'll write a poem," I said, struggling.  
Holding inspiration in both my hands,  
I started writing poetry.

If only the word "Uzbek" could be mentioned,  
An ode to my thoughts.  
I write poetry without stopping,  
Indeed, the verses are beautiful.

If I write a poem for you, teacher,  
The universe smiles at me.  
All poems by Erkin Vahid,  
It will ignite the hearts of generations!

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Student of the 7th grade "D" of the Erkin Vohidov School of Creativity

## Anthem of independence

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

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

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

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

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

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

## UNFURLING THE TAPESTRY

Would you become a scholar?" you ask the girls.  
You're right; I don't rebel against that thought.  
They wouldn't be scholars in both worlds.  
But someday, a day will come,  
When they'll be Academic women, shining bright  
They will still be your pride,  
Can you find greater happiness than that?  
You say: "My son is my wing, my future,  
I'd better to invest in his journey  
My daughter doesn't have to study."  
Why?!

Way of lawyers proved by law  
Theory proves point of physics.  
Is this a law,  
A theory or a quotation?  
Knowledge is obligatory for the Muslim and woman.  
Future of the nation will be nourished by girls,  
Life won't be beautiful without intellectual women.  
Tell me, have you not changed your mind yet?  
Tell me, Won't you still educate angels?!

Being a father is a great responsibility,  
To see the world, to understand herself,  
Won't you give the opportunity?!

Stand for her, strengthen her.  
Be her support.  
Then, truly, they will rise  
Bibihanum, Zulfiyaxon, Nodirabegs

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## Homeland, I Sing of You

In the white and black passageway,  
I am stepping one by one.  
With words in my hand... a single tune,  
Homeland, I sing of you.

The path of my life is long thread,  
I do not know where it will end.  
If they say, "Love," I will be filled,  
Homeland, I love you deeply.

Is it a tree, one branch,  
Even if I'm alone, I will rejoice.  
If they set me ablaze,  
I will burn as "Homeland."

The spring water is oh so sweet,  
I will drink it to my heart's content.  
What is value, they may ask?  
Homeland, I understand you.

To my father and mother,  
I will open my arms wide.  
To my most sacred phrase,  
Homeland, I will write of you.

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O'tkir Mulikboyev Qo'chqor o'g'li  
Teacher of Primary Education  
75th School, Qo'shrabot District,  
Samarkand Region, Uzbekistan



## **My country is my father**

He said to be patient in poverty,  
He said to be grateful in abundance.  
Whatever it is, I know from Allah,  
Without my country, my country is my father.  
If you are with my mother, I am happy,  
I am sending you to Hajj one by one right now.  
If you pray, then that is also true,  
Without my country, my country is my father

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a student of grade 3 "A" of secondary school No. 30 of Jondor district, Bukhara region, a member of the "Young Creators"  
club

## Nature Poetry

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Nasir Aijaz - Pakistan

### Memoirs: The Story of Climate Change

I remember the bygone days  
When in youthful age  
At frosty, chilling nights  
We used to buy leathery-shelled peanuts  
From a street vender  
And enjoy the warmth of quilt  
While nibbling the nuts.

And during the summer vacations  
We used to rush to the field channel  
Flowing near our hometown  
To enjoy the mango parties  
Sitting under the Neem trees  
And rejoice swimming  
In the pleasant streamwater.

Our elation didn't end here  
On return from the mango party  
And the swimming in the field channel  
We used to take bath  
Pouring buckets over body  
Of natural cold water  
Pulled from the well in courtyard of home.

Alas, gone are those days  
Over the decades,  
All has changed  
Neither there are frosty winters  
Nor the moderate summers  
To enjoy the nuts at winter night  
And mango parties in summers  
At the banks of field channel.

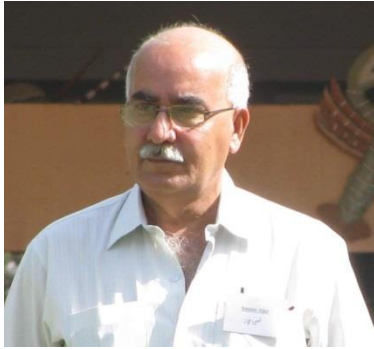
Temperate climate has vanished  
When there used to be long winters  
And short and mild summers.  
Frosty and chilling winters are no more  
Now, during the long summers, planet Earth turns into an oven  
The sun seems closer to the Earth like a fireball.

Climate continues fast changing

Monsoon passed with scanty rains  
The autumn feels like the sweltering summer  
Water resources depleting  
Wells are no more, field channels dried up  
Drought and deforestation threatening.

Every season has now turned to be the autumn  
When the river waters begin receding  
And the pale, dry leaves start falling  
Making the trees bald  
Soulless atmosphere overwhelms the evenings.

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Nasir Aijaz, hailing from the historic Bhiria town of Sahiti district Naushehro Feroze, and based in Karachi, the capital of Sindh province of Pakistan, since 1976, is basically a journalist and researcher having spent over 48 years in the field of journalism. He won Gold Medal and another award for best reporting in 1988 and 1989. He has worked in key position of editor for newspapers and news agencies. He also worked as a TV Anchor (For Pakistan Television) for over a decade and conducted some 400 programs from 1982 to 1992 besides appeared as analyst in several programs on private TV channels. He also did dozens of programs on Radio Pakistan and some other private Radio channels. He is author of 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 of his other books are unpublished. Further, he translated a poetry book of Egyptian poet Ashraf Aboul Yazid, into Sindhi language, which was published in Egypt. Besides, he has written around 500 articles in English, Urdu and Sindhi, the native language of Sindh. He is editor of Sindh Courier, an online magazine and represents The AsiaN, an online news service of South Korea with regular contribution for eleven years. His articles have also been translated in Arabic and Korean languages. Some of his English articles were published in Singapore and India and Nigeria. He writes poetry in his native language Sindhi, and English. Very recently, some of his poems have been translated into Albanian, Italian, Arabic, Turkish and Greek languages and published there besides in Arabic language published in Egypt, Iraq, Turkey, and Abu Dhabi. His English poems have also been published in Bangladesh, Kosovo, USA, Tajikistan, Greece, Italy and some other countries. Nasir Aijaz is one of the founding members of Korea-based Asia Journalists Association AJA. He has visited some ten Asian countries and attended international seminars. His recent 300 page book is "Maharaja Dahir" which is a translation into Sindhi of Bengali novel authored by Kolkata-based novelist Ms. Debasree Chakraborty. For translation, she arranged English translation, which was translated into Sindhi simultaneously. The book has been well received in Sindh and abroad. Some 26 episodes of Sindhi translation of the novel were published in weekly Hindvasi of Mumbai before the book was published in August 2024.

## **THE HORSES CRY...**

The horses cry, the horses cry

All the horses cry...

The horses cry, the only ones

for whom love hurts like a wound

The horses cry, the horses cry

tears slipping onto the grass

The horses cry for the people

who have forgotten how to cry.

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## I SEEK THE COVE...

I seek the cove that I never found,

A wave shakes the storm of droplets.

I must love, without a doubt,

The squeaks that seagulls have left...

Everything around

Transforms into a whisper,

The Universe hangs in suspension,

Life—

I seek the cove that I never found...

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ARBEN ILIAZI - ALBANIA

Arben Oliazi 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.
- "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 Wizbaden, 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)
- "Dhëndërrri nga Evropa" - comedy (2007)

## RAIN OF YELLOW LEAVES

Rain of leaves falling before my eyes  
Like one of those, I slowly snap  
Slowly the day will have no eyes  
People and the night will tread on them.

Yellow leaves rain on me with a hiss  
Covering me slowly, I am autumn  
Rain of dead days, without your kiss,  
will be a go, just to the bottom.

O yellow autumn of torn destinies ahead  
Take me also to your bosom to be  
Send wind that I may cower and not be tread.  
Send rain that the stream may take me with thee.

One day I'll be a leaf on the ground  
The fall of longing will wrap me in its bosom.  
Dew will be tears, a new leaf will sprout  
My longing for you will surely blossom.

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*(Translation from Albanian to English*  
*By Alfred Kola*  
*Korçë, 22 august 2024*





## Dance of Wings

The golden life of sun-scorched earth, Harvest the river Kartoya time on the boats  
Seeds of fragrance in the beautiful abode, On the road of language, artisans seek their path.

As we go, ah, the scenes! The crafting of paddy, Time's garden painted by word-dwellers,  
The reflection of roses in green, Butterfly wings dancing to the melody of music.

In the clamor, the evening scent and bees' song, On the shores, the skilled pen appears,  
In the land of thoughts yet to come, the home of flowers, A distinct city in the school of creation.

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Translated :Nurul Haque

## The Flower Garden

The moonlit clouds fill the room, night-blooming flowers meditate in thought.  
The glass window left ajar, hair untamed in carefree whispers.  
The red ribbon on the mountain's breast draws the gaze of secret eyes,  
I linger by the fruit-laden trees, weaving beauty in nets of sound.

On the heart's wall, by the chamber of words, a glimmer of peace appears.  
Birds call from the wheeled chariot, as twilight caresses the city's sandy bays.  
Days flow in ease and indulgence, the tide of youth in full-moon glow,  
Waves ripple softly; casuarina leaves ache for the rhythm of each day.

Words etched on pages, a sweet smile within,  
Yet courage falters to speak, as a new year arrives in shy glances.  
Birthdays adorned with artistic celebrations of festivity,  
Eyes meeting in verses of union, poetry shaped by melodic rhythm.

A storm's unknown fury whirls through the garden, leaves plotting their craft,  
The whip of art leaves its mark, as manuscripts hide in the streets' shadows.

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Translator:Nurul Hoque

## Fragrance of Flowers

In the spring garden, a wandering minstrel  
Enchanted by songs in nature's shade  
Crosses the eternal chronicles  
In the poets' grove, seeking the divine.

Beautiful dances at the window of the mind  
Contemplation school, a postal building  
In the chaos of dreams, constructing life spans  
Unveiling the net, I find emptiness, an artistic leaf.

Watching shells, a mountain of light  
Midday, the Brahmaputra calls repeatedly  
A charioteer of Chandraavati's love, eternal  
Savoring the fragrance of flowers at Cox's Bazar.

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Translated by Nurul Haque



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.

## TIDES IN THE OCEAN

Is that a beginning defined  
At fingertip?  
And so is an end?  
It confuses  
What could be then all  
That take birth and die in an interval?

We ride the waves of the ocean like life  
And feel elevated at every rise  
Get disheartened at a fall ,  
Although each new ride  
Thrills and ensures repeating remembrances.

Each tide heads to a coast  
Dashes the goal, crushed and vanished  
It is its destiny.  
Memories, unlikely burden the life- ocean,  
with dimming of the Light.  
Yet are fated to vanish  
And we simply walk past the way  
As the undiagnosed walkers  
Awaiting the clouds of illusion  
To disappear

Streams of the mountains look  
pristine and clear .  
Minds are set to understand  
The invaluable emptiness of this creation  
Only when understood  
An illuminated mind heads up  
As a shark in the ocean.

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Bhubaneswar , Odisha , India



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

## Spring Comes, Welcoming Tomorrow!

Snow falls gently from the sky above,  
Bringing no harm, only quiet love.  
Humbly it melts, the earth to adorn,  
Spring comes, welcoming tomorrow's morn!

Winter fades, its beauty set to depart,  
Opening the path with a gracious heart.  
Where can we escape destiny's art?  
Spring comes, welcoming tomorrow's start!

The future, they say, lies in youth's hands,  
With goals that echo across all lands.  
On the day we craft our happiness grand,  
Spring comes, welcoming tomorrow's stand!

In life, I loved in my own quiet way,  
Perhaps I felt joy on a fleeting day.  
Today, I set my dreams on display,  
Spring comes, welcoming tomorrow's ray!

When buds unfurl leaves upon the trees,  
Tell me, who truly values humanity's pleas?  
Forget the sorrows, let worries ease,  
Spring comes, welcoming tomorrow's breeze!

Weddings and celebrations will fill the air,  
Others will watch us with admiration and care.  
May peace always grace our land so fair,  
Spring comes, welcoming tomorrow's flair!

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Moxinur Murodullayeva Mirzo qizi was born in 2004 in Kitob district, Kashkadarya region. After completing secondary school, she was admitted to Jizzakh State Pedagogical University in 2022. Her articles have been published on an international level.

### SNOW

It's snowing slowly,  
in the middle of a busy city.  
It's like I've seen winter  
In a children's game.

They take off their gloves and  
White-bellied.  
They go to the field,  
Snow flies.

Anwar pulls a great sled.  
What happened to the flower?  
Emotions are in the body,  
This is the beginning of winter.

Children in the square,  
Can't get enough of the game.  
Storks in the sky,  
He never stops dancing.

Like quiet children  
Until the rest of the fall.  
Oh, what happened to that feeling

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Numonjonova Shahnozakhon. She was born on June 7, 2009 in Fergana region. Currently, she is studying at the creative school named after Erkin Vahidov organized by PIIMA. Her creative works have been published in several international magazines and has various international certificates. The creator's future goal is to become an international ambassador and receive a state award named after Zulfiya.

## Mesmerized by meteors

Messages from the Gods  
Streaking yellow lines  
Across the nighttime sky  
Disappearing into darkness  
Shedding fireflies and fairies  
Blinking and flickering  
On/off/on/off/on/on/on  
As they twirl in darkness  
Gently falling  
The full moon rises  
Light for the nocturnal  
To drink the creeks and forage the forest  
Look left, then right  
Then up  
Eyes wide across the sky  
Mesmerized by meteors...

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Gary Adams is a 1971 graduate of the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, N.Y. He has sailed on merchant ships all over the world and worked on tugboats in New York harbor and the surrounding waterways. He received a Master of Library Science from the University of Oklahoma in 1975 and worked in academic and federal libraries until returning to sea in 1981. Upon returning to shore, he worked in logistics and transportation. He has had poems published in *Alkahest: American College Poetry*, Wesleyan University Press, 1969, *Ukraine: Light in the Darkness*, Kindle Direct Publishing, 2022, and the online journal *Dissident Voice*. He published a collection of his poems, *The Gifted Fairy*, Kindle Direct Publishing, 2023.



Feruza Yunusova - Uzbekistan

## STRANGE TREE (G'AROYIB DARAXT.)

Caught in our yard,  
A strange tree.  
For many years  
Inflicts only.

From the wall of the summer  
We enjoyed how we are.  
It was from a tree  
A single profit.

Straight out,  
Kunduz oxygen.  
The person of the night  
Well, whispers.

A great tree u  
Does not bear fruit.  
Grow, to grow  
It doesn't make a fill.

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Feruza Yunusova Elbek qizi,



The Margilan City Uzbekistan, Free School of Creativity School named after Erkin Vahidov is a student of "B".

### SPRING

When the violets bloom,  
When the flowers are scattered.  
When singing in abundance  
Spring is back, flower is spring.

He comes to play  
Your eyes will be happy.  
It's like a dream  
Spring is back, flower is spring.

The waters run clear,  
The garden is blooming.  
The sun shines  
Spring is back, flower is spring.

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A young woman who started creating under the pseudonym Leyhimahfuz one of the creators, Madaminova Mahfuza. Currently, Uzbek Philology and Art Urganch State University is a student of the 2nd stage of the faculty. On April 5, 2005 Durvadik, Khanka District, Khorezm Region, Uzbekistan.

She was born in a simple peasant family in his neighborhood. She was hungry for knowledge from a young age and wrote poems at the age of 8-9 started. The first poem was published in the district newspaper on March 27, 2015 published. There are three children in the family, excelled in school with excellent grades and exemplary behavior came General secondary school No. 6 in her neighborhood. She graduated with honors in 2012-2023. Popular scientific articles and creative works in international newspapers and being published in magazines.



## The Eternal Spring

Body says :

In the winter of life vain is your waiting for Spring;  
there is no returning of it, absolutely no.

But heart says :

Spring is in yourself. Always hidden well within you  
just look within and discover it  
you will find a thousand flowers blooming  
remember a heart that loves is never old  
you are beyond all seasons all weathers  
you are beyond time you are deathless you are ever young.  
you are satyam, shivam, sundaram\*  
you are the truth, the blissful and the beautiful  
you yourself are the Spring,  
THE ETERNAL SPRING.  
you neither have to wait for it  
nor have to search for it outside.

\*In Indian (Hindu) philosophy these three Sanskrit words are used to describe the supreme soul.

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## Thorns

When I was born thorns were happy  
that they got a new victim to prick but could not  
because my parents were my shield  
until I became an adult.  
Then all of a sudden they set me free and pushed me  
into the wide wide world to fend for myself.  
Then thorns like egos and fears came crowding  
to prick and pin me down.  
With utmost effort I overcame them all  
but the only unconquered thorn I found  
was the little unseen one  
'the exploitation of me by others'.  
I was innocent  
and had a soft corner in my heart for others  
(a self-inflicting crime nowadays).  
They took my innocence as my weakness  
and so found me their easy prey.  
I cannot throw away my goodness  
and thorns too do not stop pricking me.

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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) and Light-Bringer (2024)(in USA).

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

Email: [swayam.prashant2001@gmail.com](mailto:swayam.prashant2001@gmail.com)

## Snow is Falling

Snow is falling, wishes abound,  
Like silk draping in golden hands.  
Children run eagerly from behind,  
Hurry up, dear Snowman, to our land.

Let sparkles scatter across the ground,  
Whoever enters the path of joy.  
Some will turn into gnomes, it's profound,  
Holding sweet cotton in each little boy.

The fir trees sway, showing their height,  
While little hearts spin with delight.  
If the lights flicker and fade away,  
Joy ignites on faces, bright as day.

The forest becomes a lively scene,  
The grand show begins, it's quite a dream.  
As the forest shadows come out to play,  
Fox, rabbit, bear, and wolf display.

A moment of awe gleams from the eyes,  
It wraps the heart in tender ties.  
The snowy peaks, cloaked in white's embrace,  
Even the elders feel thrilled in this space.

Shaking off worries, carefree we stand,  
Hopes of children join hand in hand.  
Feelings of youth come rushing back,  
A sense of happiness, filling the crack.

The sound of hooves rings throughout the air,  
"Snowman!" cries the little ones in flair.  
With a long beard resting on his chest,  
A sack of gifts sprawled on his quest.

All of existence lends itself to song,  
The snow melts away the heart's frozen throng.  
As I peek from the window at dawn,  
A wondrous world waits, brightly drawn.

Believing in fairytales, I feel so right,  
In this moment, I'm a child of delight.

© Copyrighted 2024 by O'tkir Mulikboyev Qo'chqor O'g'li Teacher at School 75, Qoshrobot District, Samarqand Region, Uzbekistan.

## " LYRICAL MOON "

What the moon exactly is ?  
O earthly eyed tell me please .

Only when is conscious of one's own eyes ;  
Moon as a clean illumination of love ,one sees .

That covers fits emotion ,individual to be poetically  
Sung ;  
Perspires in tune with love's force ,alluring ;

Harmonizes with nature and co -earth borns ;  
Inheres to be webbed with the Absolute bliss ;

Perennates heartily to be transfixed by love ,serene ;  
Feels for self and others equally in pleasure and pain .

Perceives spirit sun's gazing ,listening and caring love  
Goddess 's through .

O with love's shinning ,everything shines ;  
It is through its light that the whole nature shines ;(!)

O with love's shinning ,everything shines ;  
It is through its light that the nature shines (!) .

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Dr Amiya Ku Rout is a bilingual poet writing in odia and English language .He is from Odisha ,India .He has two poetry collections ,two novels in odia language and five translated novels from English into odia.His English poems are finding places in various Facebook literary groups of international repute .

## “The Feast of an Apple”

In spring,  
A gathering within an apple,  
And my joy stretches from branches to the skies.  
The sound of a weapon cannot overpower  
The forceful drop of rain.  
I press my ear against the pierced ceiling  
To double the echoes of the rain.

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Elham Hamedì (Shiraz, Iran, 1967)

A multidisciplinary artist, painter, writer, and poet, Elham Hamedì is a prominent figure and an active executive member of esteemed international associations and foundations. In 2022, she published her poetry book *Un colpo alla testa era uno Zaqboor*, (Terra d’Ulivi Editions) in Italy. Her artistic creations and literary works have been featured in numerous exhibitions, poetry anthologies, prestigious magazines, and renowned websites.

Holding degrees in Artistic Research and Radiology, Hamedì uniquely merges her medical studies of the human body with artistic materials, exploring this connection through a psychoanalytic lens. Her participation in literary events has been recognized with numerous awards, underscoring her exceptional

interdisciplinary creativity.

Her acclaimed painting collection, titled *Fragment*, has received widespread critical acclaim. Recently, she was named one of the “50 Unforgettable Women of Asia” and recognized as a “Pillar of Asian Culture” as part of the prestigious global project *Stockholm 2033*, a five-volume initiative spanning five continents (2024).

## Nature Prose

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Kamrul Islam - Bangladesh

### The Beach in the Light

The lonely beach that mourns for the lost morning, for the nun seagull weeping behind a jungle somewhere around the sea, creeps on dreams. The sands write the footsteps of some pair of lovers disappeared in the dark, silenced by the gust of wind. The beach paints the fever of clouds on its breast, the sun squeezes the pains and the zephyr wind comes from the blue water with the twit of new harp. The lonely beach that mourns gets wings to fly over pains and sorrows... The window of clouds slits the glooms the jargon of dead leaves and the foams kiss the beach in the light coming from the depth of invisible morns.

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Bangladesh

### Lament of Language

Standing alone at the edge of afternoon with a gust of wind, what I think is misspelled by blind dust. Birds of prey sleep next to the corpse, upstream songs blow with tears. Your restless eyes go up to the wailing of the dry ponds, towards the music of some old statues. The sorrows of the world have become stories swimming along the lonely beach. There intensive bar fires wise time, our lazy clouds cannot shoot the new. Lament of language hints the sage of morn that still sings the world to the best in grief...

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Bangladesh

### From the Shore of Beginning

Your nimble hands are the aesthetic widows, my creative strength to get drenched in the feelings of dancing leaves and foliage of new metaphors and similes. Your eyes in the dark express the dawn of lonely meadows, the mystery of the unknown, the way to verdant shore. My world revolves around your smiles, my integrity would not respond to your soul, if you don't ignite the lamp of birds' nest where the new moon plays with the winds. Our love and the ecstatic shades of life would lend spaces to the world wounded and sick, by our gleaming passion, we must play the pipe to blow gentle wind from the shore of beginning...

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Bangladesh

## Romance

---

Dr. Brajesh Kumar Gupta - India

### TO THE HEART

I am lost in the paths of love,  
I remember every night spent with you  
Those sweet words hidden in your smile,  
Give a lot of peace to the heart  
Life seems incomplete without you,  
The music of your memories decorates it  
The memories of every moment spent with you,  
Give a lot of happiness to the heart all the time  
Immersed in the depths of love,  
The paths of union reside in your arms  
The brilliance of your eyes, the sweetness of your words,  
These are the biggest identity of my life  
This colour of love fills every moment,  
Writes a new story at every step with you  
I am lost in your love,  
My life is incomplete without you.

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Dr. Brajesh Kumar Gupta, known by the pen name "Mewadev," is a distinguished luminary in the literary world. He is the winner of Italian award '11th edition of the International Award of Excellence "Città del Galateo-Antonio De Ferrariis" 2024'. In 2023, he received the esteemed "APOLLON SIRMIENSIS" International Award in Serbia, alongside a special postage stamp issued by the state of Birland in his honour. His remarkable achievements include the prestigious Presidency of the International Prize De Finibus Terrae, dedicated to the memory of Maria Monteduro in Italy, and honorary doctorates in Literature from notable institutions in Serbia and Brazil.

As the III<sup>o</sup> Secretary-General of the World Union of Poets for 2024, a role he has embraced since December 30, 2017, Dr. Brajesh leads with vision and passion. His pen name, "Mewadev," is a heartfelt representation of his parents, Mewa Lal Gupta and Devrati Gupta.

A prolific writer, he has authored ten books and edited twenty-eight, while also serving as the principal of S. K. Mahavidyalaya in Jaitpur, Mahoba (U.P., India). Residing in Banda, Dr. Brajesh's journey is a testament to the power of literature to inspire and connect. Discover more about him at [www.mewadev.com](http://www.mewadev.com) or reach out via email at [dr.mewadevrain@gmail.com](mailto:dr.mewadevrain@gmail.com). Connect on Facebook at [facebook.com/brajeshg1](https://facebook.com/brajeshg1).

## I love

Forget the pain when you laugh  
If you cry, I'll get sick.  
A propeller in your path,  
My darling, I love you so.

I melt from your words,  
I will follow your fire.  
I press my lips to yours,  
My darling, I love you so.

Tie the chain of love,  
I will wear a ring.  
Lay white flowers at your feet,  
My darling, I love you so.

Forget the pain when you laugh  
If you cry, I'll get sick.  
A propeller in your path,  
My darling, I love you so.

Don't let the chain fall from your eyes,  
When I see you, I'll be perfect.  
Beware of the evil eye,  
My darling, I love you so.

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I, the son of Mashrabbek Rakhimjonov Dilmurod, was born on July 9, 2004 in Mingbulok district, Namangan region. I am currently studying "Foreign language" at "Turan International University". I have a great interest in learning languages and creativity.

I express my feelings by writing poems under the pseudonym Mashrabbek Rakhimjanov. Poetry is an integral part of my life and I want to share inspiration with people through my work. In the future, I plan to become a qualified specialist, find my place on the international level and introduce my work to the general public.



## Spiritual Poetry

---

Orlando Simiele - Italy

### TAKEN IN HIS PEACE

The clouds paint the sky,  
in their veil they take you with them,  
they teach you to fly, leaving and leaving a trail behind.  
Looking at the sun, I think how immense it is,  
its rays give me heat under those old beech trees from several years ago.  
In bodies of water,  
I find wise advice again and in the whispers of birds, beautiful in their unique music, I hear the melody of the wind hoping  
that one day give me even more harmony.  
We are children of the blessed God, we love his creation when in a single meadow we admire its lilies stretched miles  
away in their most intense amazement.  
I think we are not alone in this universe.  
He took us in his love, we feel his hand little by little, like the breeze than with dexterity caresses our soul.

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Orlando Simiele is an author, poet, writer, graduated h.c in Philology and Literary Criticism, Graduated h.c in Literature and Philosophy, Graduated h.c in Communication Sciences applied to Journalism and graduated h.c in Ambassador of Poets and Writers. He is also an Academic Senator, noble Duke. He was born in Caserta on March 12, 1986 in Italy, and for about twenty years spent his childhood and adolescence in Persano (Sa). He has always had a great passion for poetry. Since childhood on a pocket diary he composed various sentences in the form of rhyming couplets that over the years then in adolescence became the most special essence turning into increasingly complete texts and pursued by him until today. He is a native Italian. Today he lives and works in France near Geneva. He has also created two books (poetic anthologies), namely: "Frammenti d'amore" in the year 2016 with the publishing house "Il Saggio" located in Eboli in the province of Salerno in Italy and "La Fonte della vita" in the year 2018 always with the same publishing house. Has also participated in various national and international literature and poetry competitions, sometimes reaching the top positions in Italy and on an international level he has obtained first places three times.

## **HAPPY MERRY CHRISTMAS**

Oh, what a joy ! What an ecstatic joy!  
Christmas is knocking at the door  
With splendor and delight, mirth and merriment.  
Men , women and children are in high spirits.  
The church bell ringing  
Cakes are to be served with new robes on.  
Santa Claus will visit every house and fills children stockings with Christmas presents.  
Oh, the good shepherd Jesus Christ  
Thou art the savor of mankind.  
" Love thy neighbour as thyself."  
Merry Christmas is a great festival.  
It brings peace, prosperity and happiness  
Love and peace 'll reign the world  
You are the light of the world  
I 'll preach the message of love and peace for the wellbeing of the humanity.  
Oh , Lord Jesus Christ  
Pour blessings upon the humanity.  
Happy Christmas to all the people of the world.



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## THE SONGS OF MY SOUL

The late Autumn Sun is up  
And the world is flooded with light and love  
The birds are singing and are on the wings  
The pearl-like dew drops on the grass and petals of flowers  
Now the moments so cheerful and enlightening  
A cosmic symphony is heard from the outskirts of Eternity  
A harmony and only harmony  
A symphony and only symphony !  
Celestial music everywhere.  
I remember your face  
Your winsome smile  
Your love and light.  
You loved me most  
A conscience of gratitude  
awaking...  
The light of soul  
The light of love oozing  
The crimson hues of the setting Sun  
The light in the other world  
Cosmic beauty and love  
Longings burning in the flame of fire  
Birds are singing sweetly  
A mellifluous atmosphere  
Divine fragrance all around.  
And you are staring at me ?  
Oh, yes  
With an eagerness and yearning for the meeting.  
The 'wounds of the past'  
are gone  
Time is fleeting and judging with the magic wand.  
Alas ! Love is not lost  
Immortal love and immortal  
Songs of my Soul.  
A divine Light and beauty !

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Rexhep Shahu - Albania

## The ship is sinking

(From the book City of Prayer)

The ship is sinking into the sea  
We fight ourselves with passion  
What might the gods' true gender be  
To whom we pray for salvation.

The ship is sinking into the sea  
While we murder each other  
Whether gods are virgin and free  
To come and save us, o brother.

And the corpses of our dreams  
Swimming toward the shore  
By the wind of misfortune's streams...

© Copyrighted 2024 by Rexhep Shahu - Albania (writer, journalist, editor)

(Translation from Albanian to English)

By Alfred Kola

Korçë, 22 august 2024



## **My Flame of Eternity:**

Me and my struggle dwell in unfinished beauty.  
The harmony of art is my jewel of eternal sublimity.  
The statue of ethics is glorified in the world.  
Me is the flame of volcano and gold.  
So I am different than others.  
I am higher in the thought.  
My journey is strength of flame.  
My beauty keeps calm to battlefield.  
I am goddess of ethics.  
I am leader of the humanity in the worth.  
The undead art secures my history.  
My art glorifies my sublimity.  
Me as conscious being with only positivity;  
That brings the concept of humanity .  
My eternal flame provides worldwide moral & ethical beauty.

Dec. 6-2024

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Paiyun 7- Hile

Parbat, Gandaki, Nepal

Now Kirtipur Kathmandu, Nepal

## My Huge Feministic Glory:

Feministic voice to be free against domination;  
My genuine identity cuts the weak enemies.  
The shining statue of feminism dwells in positive heart.  
The glory of female identity is alive forever.  
Birth from the sound of bomb is in mechanical world.  
Rationality is the way to find out truth.  
Beauty of fire dwells in my birth,  
To bring feminism of ethics in the world.  
My feminism is more different from others.  
The light is dwelling in my thought.  
To bring humanity and morality in the height;  
My feminism leads the world of bright side.  
No discrimination to all human gender.  
That is brave glory.  
Shines in all over the atlas of universe.

Dec. 6-2024

© Til Kumari Sharma

Paiyun 7- Hile

Parbat, Gandaki, Nepal

Now Kirtipur Kathmandu, Nepal

## My Philosophy Tilatism/ Pushpaism:

Shining thought leads the world of equality.  
Tilatism from Til resides in ethical world of beauty.  
Pushpa resides in the standard moral of the universe.  
So Philosophy is formed.  
So the thought of her makes everybody's home.  
Worldwide philosophy never breaks others' life, home and identity.  
Respect it to respect yourself.  
Love this philosophy to make yourself.  
Unique beauty resides in this philosophy.  
Sublimity and spirituality dwell in it.  
So it is jewel of joy and happiness.  
It is beauty of the earth.  
It shines all over the world.  
Transforms this earth in another moral and ethical world.

Dec. 6-2024

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Paiyun 7- Hile

Parbat, Gandaki, Nepal

Now Kirtipur Kathmandu, Nepal



Ms. Til Kumari Sharma as a Multi Award Winner in writing from an international literary branch is from Bhorle- Hile, Paiyun 7, Parbat, Gandaki, West Nepal. Her parents are Mr. Hari Prasad Basel / Bashyal Sharma ( Mayor of Village Assembly) and Mrs. Lila Devi Bhusal/Bashyal. Til is known as Pushpa too. She has her school as (Shree ) Janata Ma. Vi. Bhorle, Parbat, Gandaki, I. A. from People's Campus, Paknajok, Kathmandu. She has her B.A. from R. R. Campus, Pradarshani Marg, Kathmandu, B.Ed. (Eng. and Pop. ) from T. U. Kirtipur and M.A from Tribhuvan University ( English Department ), Kirtipur Kathmandu. She has finished her L. LB from Nepal Law Campus Pradarshani Marg, Kathmandu. Her PhD in English Literature is from Singhanian University Pachari Bari, Jhunjhunu in Rajasthan ( India). Her writing career had begun to flourish from Kirtipur, Kathmandu, capital city of Nepal. She became a writer in the time of the civil war of Nepal. She is feminist too. Her writing is made with simple words which are understood by world people. Her poems are

translated into Chinese, Italian, Arabic, Korean, Russian, Spanish, Hindi, Bengali and many others. She is Hindu by religion. But she respects all religions. She is concerned in an art and has published many thousands of poems, some essays, stories and other literary writings in the international magazines, groups and anthologies from ( amazon) Russia, America, England, France, Germany, Cuba, Mexico, Kosovo, Argentina, Hong Kong, Greece, Philippines, Hungary, Chile, Scotland, Trinidad and Tobago, Spain, Sweden, Algeria, Italy, Serbia, South Africa, Kenya, Nigeria, North Africa, Tunisia, Egypt, Brazil, Lebanon, Tajikistan, Bangladesh, Pakistan, Turkey, Indonesia, Japan, Jordan, China, South Korea, India, Nepal and many other countries. She is a featured-poet and best-selling co-author too. She is the world-renowned poet now. She is a poet and co-organizer of World Record Book named HYPERPOEM. She is one of many artists to break a participant record to write a poem about the Eiffel Tower of France. She is an international peace ambassador of Bangladesh and ambassador of Moncheri Escapes of India and IACL, Palestine and China too. Her important painting is " Poetic Legend of Asia" made by Ukeme Udo from Nigeria and digital painting by an artist of Cuba ( Candido Cuenca). Her World Personality is published in Multi art magazine from Argentina, biography from Mexico and so on. She is selected in the cover page of Asia ( Continent ) in Humanity Magazine of Russia, Trap Magazine of Egypt and Pachazine of Kenya.

## **RAVEN CAGE ZINE**

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Now she is in Kirtipur Kathmandu. She is never highlighted as an author by her own people or relatives' media and politics of Nepal.



## **There is hope**

There is hope I said looking up to the skies  
the rain was pouring streets were flooding  
towns being washed away and so were people  
just a disaster everywhere.

I looked around it was a mess  
I looked up and said a prayer  
and in a few minutes the rains stop  
all of a sudden the sun came out  
and I said thank you Lord for I know  
there is hope behind that storm.

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## Believing in you

O Lord, I am carved in the palms of yours hands  
and You know everything about me Lord,  
Lord, let your spirit always be with me  
so that I may not tread on wrong path,  
mix with wrong friends and to stay clear of places  
I should not be going.  
Lord, I need your guidance every moment Lord  
I know I have spiritual parents  
and because of their blessings I am where I am today.  
Lord, I need to stay focused and only with your help  
I can do it.  
I want to be like my parents Lord,  
I have gone astray and don't wish to,  
but with your guidance of the holy spirit in my life  
I know I cannot go wrong  
Thank you Lord as I surrender my life into your hands  
I am ready to follow every step I take carefully and fearfully  
by believing in You and Your word amen!

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## A SLEEPING CITY

Silence rules

Here, there and everywhere

As if the city is sleeping.

Now even wind doesn't whistle

And the singer in it appears missing

Dreadful shadows

marching with silent steps

Stop over the scattered fields ,

Where death descends

Wherever you look

A fierce face gazes at you

Hiding behind the horizon

All magical faces

With the piteous look.

A city of silence as if resonate death

Nowhere a life is traced

Nowhere you find children clamouring

Absolute confusion swells up

If any one will ever try to

wake up the sleeping city .

A strange silence is echoing the songs of death.

The bright flowers with stains of blood

Almost covers the faith

The glory is lost behind the veil ,

Leaving behind the sleeping city to trail.

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Bhubaneswar,Odisha,India



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

## God is Santa Claus

On the same night every year  
God dresses up in red,  
And converts his golden chariot  
Into a reindeer driven sled,

Descending from the heavens  
He fills our hearts with delight,  
Bringing us his gifts of joy  
He brings us love and light,

Skimming across our roof tops  
He glides into our dreams,  
And fills our children's faces  
With sun and moonlight beams,

In remembrance of his son  
Who once came down to earth,  
God makes this our special day  
To celebrate Jesus' birth.

Ashley O'Keefe

©2005

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

## Untitled

Unspoken but resides in my mind  
Invisible but captured by my eyes  
Muted but heard by my senses  
Undo but somewhere hidden in my hands  
Not written on pages but somewhere scribed in the wall of my brain,  
May be transform into a visible work or karma  
And will take new dimensions in coming life  
But still in hibernation,  
A foggy shape of verses  
A dusty road that leads to new modern road  
A meditated, zigzag row of words  
Is listening my chants of Ohm(ॐ) silently  
And trying to maintain a balance to discover its identity  
and identify it's value  
That is not acquainted by this world  
somewhere dug in the jungle of  
Creativity  
That will destroy all false standards of life and carve a shining tomorrow.

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## GENERATION - REGENERATION

I watched my arms change...  
The skin in transparency  
illuminated some traces of scales,  
a bold white feather settled  
on the palm of my hand,  
my feet shrank, anchoring to the ground  
like shining black claws, darker than the night.  
The old man sitting outside the stone church said:  
- Oh... you are the daughter of the dragon-snake!  
- Am I changing?  
with a peaceful smile he replied:  
- You will be a dragon, the sacred evolution of the snake,  
in the communion between earth and sky...  
- Why?  
- The snake belongs to the earth, the dragon crosses the sky.  
The power of water is within you, the origin of life is within you,  
the vital energy regenerated through matter and spirit  
is materializing, and you are the chosen one,  
the perfect harmony.  
- Who decided this?  
- The ancient Goddess, the mother of the world.  
Everything comes from Her  
the power of water gives life, and vital energy regenerates.  
Through you, her symbols will remain unchanged forever.

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English translation by Ada Rizzo

## FRAGMENTS

We are disordered fragments,  
Countless pieces to put back in place,  
Like a broken step, a leaky faucet,  
The door that creaks on the border of the world...

No one provides the key to meaning,  
Not even do we find it in some forgotten pocket.  
We enter in the mood of "something has gone wrong,  
there must have been a design error."

The search for a solution requires courage.  
We don't know how to walk in chaos,  
Facing the unknown step by step with the risk of falling:

- It's a vicious circle! – said the man.
  - Accept your vulnerability... – replied the Great Mother.
  - And what if I didn't want to? I'm fine like this.
  - You can't control everything that happens.
  - The unknown, however, is always a risk.
  - Only by knowing your limits will you find your resources.
- It's not a distant horizon but the ocean that surrounds you...
- Everyone is afraid to jump in without knowing what awaits them.
  - Don't lower your gaze, look into its depths!
- The unknown worlds are filled with wonders.
- There are also traps.
  - Of course. But it is only by embracing the unknown that you will find the key to chaos, discovering the true value of your strength.

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English translation by Ada Rizzo



Cinzia Rota, was born in Milan. Poet and writer, began her artistic journey at a young age with the production of poetry and short stories, as well as graphic studies of image elaboration. She collaborates with radio broadcasters and theater workshops as a writer, entertainer, actress, and voice-over artist, specializing in poetic recitations, video-making, and book trailers. Her poetry is primarily characterized by a tendency to narrate in an enigmatic form, both personal events and themes of the dreamlike and transcendent. Deeply immersed in an intimate connection with the unconscious, she sometimes expresses, with sharp irony, the relationship between human beings and reality, highlighting both human aspects and deeper, grotesque elements. She often seeks new avenues of communication, growth, and expansion, offering a blend of lyrics, stories, thoughts, and aphorisms included in a unique crossover

concept.

In January 2023, she published the collection "L'Emersione." She has completed another collection in 2023, "Il pensiero secondo," which has not yet been published at the author's request, as she is working on its imagery.

She has recently received prestigious awards in literary events at both the national and international levels:

- Career Award 2023 – Universum Academy Switzerland;

## **RAVEN CAGE ZINE**

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- Honorary Academician Nomination – Universum Academy Switzerland;
- Second place in the "Litterae Florentinae" Award, Poetry Section for Unpublished Foreign Language;
- Second place in the Legalità Award "Kiwaniis International," Castellammare di Stabia, World Poetry Festival;
- Special Award "Kiwaniis International Club" at the World Literature Festival;
- Mention of merit at the National Competition "Il giorno dell'Azalea";
- Mention of merit at the National Competition "Poiesis";
- Special Award at the International Competition "Premio Pino Daniele," edition 2023 – 2024;
- Honorary diploma at the "INTERNATIONAL LITERARY AWARD 2024" - "L'AZALEA"; Short Stories section.
- "SELECTION AWARD" - 64th edition 2024 of the Marina Di Massa Literary Award "SAN DOMENICHINO" - Theater Work section.



## " TUNING SHARPER "

Mind is an instrument,finely formed and anciently musical ;

Is consciousness's continuously changing stream ;

Is purer or grosser and functional or function less ;

Is omnipresently highly vibrated matter ;

Is projector of all that are sensed ;

Is beyond body and soul ;

And is reservoir of time ,space and causation ;

Life is an opportunity to improve psychically lyrically one's self ;

With ultimate end of prana manifestation ;

Needed ,with sound cosmic to be tune in;

That sound tends to mingle with energy ,cosmic ;

That tends to melt consciousness and joy,cosmic within .

Needed ,tearing veils ,blue ,light ,feeling ,heart ....

listening soul's song ;

Needed ,tuning sharper of ohmic song's inner fountain's

Inexhaustible glories ;

Needed ,tuning sharper of ohmic song's inner fountain's

Inhaustible glories (!).

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Dr Amiya Ku Rout is a bilingual poet writing in odia and English language .He is from Odisha ,India .He has two poetry collections ,two novels in odia language and five translated novels from English into odia.His English poems are finding places in various Facebook literary groups of international repute .

## Mikro Poetry

Jasmina Narzullaeva – Uzbekistan

### Poems

Hi I say the sun woke up  
Everyone liked dili  
To perfection first of all  
I say hello

-----  
Grass overgrown  
The Lambs played school  
Those who lived humanly free  
Lolasi mildly bowed

-----  
The water is silky-silky leaking  
Learned by reading  
Yurtinichin loved from the heart  
Pretty girl Jasminaman

-----  
From a town called Karakol  
Born and raised  
Mom in her hot embrace  
I live with my father mehri - la

-----  
School No. 23  
My teachers love river  
7'b " is an active class  
I'm reading in it now  
Born in a beautiful land

-----  
Bunga Ning had shukur I say  
It turns out that there is such a Homeland

-----  
I was taught by the poet lik  
It turns out that there is such a Homeland  
Every corner Paradise  
Inspiration in writing poetry  
God bless you that soul

Narzullaeva Jasmina Karakol District of Bukhara region born November 21, 2011 in the village of "Yakkalam" City neighborhood Citizens' Assembly Participated in the 'young reader' competition  
BABM is a member of the 'blue pencils' club  
He has been actively involved in several competitions and his creative work has been covered in several magazines



## **THE HEROES...**

They swirl everywhere

In chaos and in glory,

With claws, they grasp fate

Like slaves

In a history without a story.

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## **THE FOOT OF ADAM**

The blue Adam

And Eve in red

Walk with me,

They run for me.

Oh, what worthy feet,

What forms full of majesty!

Could it be

That I created them?

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## I SOLD IT

I sold honor, manhood -

I don't know how much I gave, how much I received.

What shall I do now with glory?

Not even the dogs will eat it!

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## RUN

Run and run

with my statue in hands

to place it

where the world's madness ends,

where the grass flourishes

of times

unlived...

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## I DRANK THE MORNING

I drank this morning

out of longing for two eyes

But if the light dies

I swear

I won't die for you!

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## AUTUMN RAIN

I sit and gather with fists

the rain from autumn eaves

Do you say they are your tears

of life?

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## **WE ARE BORN, WE DIE...**

We are born with our stars

We die in their sunset

Until we are born, we love

Until we die

We forget each other...

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## **WE HAVE NO TIME...**

We have no time to think

We play with words

Life is a theater

Where vice sleeps with virtue

Immersed in happiness!

We have no time to think

We write poetry...

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## MAN AND HISTORY

After work and after smiles

At the border of love and hate

Man and his history

Have lit lights to see

Each other's face.

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## WHO DIES, IS REMADE

Who dies, is remade

In their original form,

Without the burden of guilt

Weighing on their back.

They close their eyes and simultaneously

Settle with their sorrows

And the world where they breathed

Urging it into its follies...

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*(Translated by Kujtim Hajdari)*



ARBEN ILIAZI - ALBANIA

Arben Oliazi 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.
- "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)
- "Dhëndërrri nga Evropa" - comedy (2007)



## A Beautiful Sakura

The most ingenious of painters  
Painted last night a marvellous painting  
Even the poor stop and admire  
April's beauty, nature's masterpiece  
A creature of heaven,  
An angel descended on earth.

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Translated by Germain Droogenbroodt

## Walking in the Bucharest Park

The moon stood high in the sky  
Undulating the waves of the lake  
Full of mystery the bushes, the fire in my heart  
Suddenly a dark cloud covered the path  
and although it was June, summer,  
a cold wind blew through my dress  
A storm and heavy rain poured down  
No place to hide, at loss  
and disoriented in the dark forest  
all alone, I had to find the way out.

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(Translated from Chinese by Germain Droogenbroodt)



Anna Keiko is an international poet, writer and artist based in Shanghai. ACC Shanghai Huifeng International Literary Society founder president and chief editor, world poetry promoter, International Peace Ambassador Outstanding contribution Award winner. She has published 12 books of poetry in many countries. Her poems have been translated into more than 30 languages and published in more than 50 countries. Invited to attend international poetry festivals in many countries. 2020 Nominated for the Nobel Prize.

## **Human value.**

They say that money solves everything in the world. They say that human welfare does not allow this. You cannot do anything without money. No matter how much knowledge you have, you cannot live without money.

Even those who acquire this knowledge sell it for money, and the owner of clear knowledge is left behind.

© Copyrighted 2024 by Maftuna Rustamova  
Bukhara region  
Jondor district  
of the 30th school  
8th "a" class student

## THE BURDEN

The burden I carry doesn't lose its weight yet the power is in the strength of the most high.  
I will rise above every given obstacles and I will wear my spectacles to see another day.  
My why will always be peace in the land of the living and the love spared to fight a good fight.  
The burden I carry one day it will be a curry in the food of my rewards. The burden I carry is light for it is carried by the most high.

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## THE ILLUMINATING FIRMAMENTS

The bright and light colors gives birth to a new hope.  
The brilliance of their nature illuminates darkness and bring humbleness in the nature of man.  
Life is born and raises the high vibrations with the intentions of leaving all good in the land of the living.  
The light will always shine in the darkness. May the souls whom experienced madness arise and see happiness.  
There will my heart swell with gladness leaving all the things that stress it away.

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Elias Rakoboa is a writer based in South Africa Johannesburg south. He began his writing journey during his school days. During his writing journey he took online writing courses through online platforms. He is a motivational writer and a poet. He writes about social issues and its experiences good and bad. He believes that literature can change the mindsets of individuals whom falls into the stigma of the society. He writes a lot of poetry to inspire, motivate, educate and express himself. He is a father of a beautiful daughter. The quote he crafted and inspires him always is: "Don't kill yourself but skill yourself patience heals the patient." He studied (ECD) Early Childhood Development and Mental healthcare.

## CINQUAIN ...

The moon  
slows down its pace,  
the stars forget twinkling,  
even the time takes a halt, when  
she smiles.

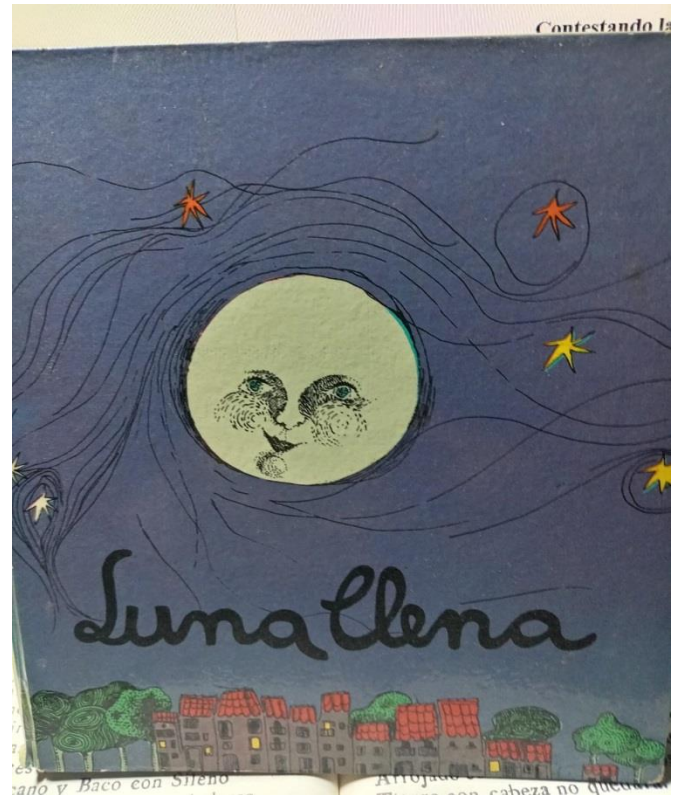
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## Narrative Poetry

Daniel de Culla

### THE DANA

The Dana has arrived riding a donkey  
Called Climate Change  
Kicking and whipping with its tail  
Valencia, Albacete, Malaga  
And some of La Mancha  
Disrupting the mountains and hills  
Tearing down the thickest trees  
Piling cars on top of each other  
Knocking over holes, swamps  
Bridges, houses and many lives  
Of children, young people and old  
That none of their gods have saved.  
The earth trembles  
The sky trembles  
Coming to touch its head  
Against the terrified ground.  
Nobody asked for help  
Because the Dana gave them death as a hat.  
Two or three days later  
Furious jealous people  
From different governments and colour  
With their king and queen as scarecrows  
Who get along like an ass  
They came well mounted on their donkeys  
Looking brave and bizarre  
Without taking a shovel or brush  
Or getting down into the mud.  
They walked hesitantly over the mud  
Receiving from the suffering people  
Spit and mud balls  
And sticks from some madmen  
Adorning the face of the queen with more mud.  
The people go to throw them from there  
Who hesitate so that the moment  
Will not be more painful and bloody.  
The rulers and kings  
Gave some lying braying  
Which made the Congress and the Senate hesitate  
Who at that moment were touching their balls  
Engaged as always in insults  
And donkey grunts



Giving thanks for their luck  
To the coffers and urns of the people.  
The Dana took two hundred and some heads  
Leaving some forgotten  
Only the noble people showed courage  
From all the towns  
And from the beloved and armed organizations  
Who have nothing to do  
With the de facto governments.  
Now, traces and relics remain of them  
Of those who lie on the ground and disappeared  
So remembered.  
-And to whom is it all due?  
The old men and women ask themselves, sadly.  
Answering the nebulous atmosphere  
Of Climate Change:  
-To the Donkeys who rule you by braying.

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## CAMEL ARIAL

As a child, during these Christmas holidays  
I would have liked to be a camel driver  
Caretaker of the three wise men's camels.  
I remember that our parents used to trick us  
Saying that we had to go to bed early  
And leave them next to the tree or the nativity scene  
A glass of donkey's milk  
That was specifically called Balam or Borak  
And some toasted "María" biscuits  
Because if they didn't find it  
They wouldn't leave us the gifts we had asked for.  
The nativity scene we had at home was Chinese  
Made by a couple who were ceramists  
Composed of zambalago and china  
Given to us by one of my mother's uncles  
Brought from Cochinchina  
In the southern part of Vietnam.  
The child, in the basket  
He had a children's hood made of torches  
And a concho or tunic made from the corn cob.  
I remember that many boys and girls from the village  
Went to see the nativity scene because it was worth seeing.  
On the day of the Three Wise Men  
My sisters and me were in cahoots  
We woke up early, sure of a happy encounter  
With the three kings we had dreamed of  
Surprising our parents  
Right away, in flagrante  
Eating the cookies and drinking the donkey's milk  
In order to fool us  
Left next to the Christmas tree  
A saddlebag, portmanteu or sack  
With their wool, which was for me  
And eight "camellones", a kind of wooden vessels  
To milk the camels and/or she-camels  
Which were for them.  
What a disappointment  
Our parents had when they saw us!  
From then on we understood  
That it was all a farce, a lie, a tale.  
Our father caught us at nine  
Like the bundler who makes a bundle or sheaf  
Of grain, grass, vine shoots, etc.  
Exclaiming grumpily:  
My children  
How bad it is to get up early at the wrong time!

Listen through the window  
The “chof chof” of the three camels  
Marching to Arabia, or China  
A fart escaped from him, at once.  
The nine of us, laughing out loud  
We responded with a “hu-hu”  
The sound that owls make  
Exclaiming in unison:  
-This is really reasonable and convincing.  
Being satisfied with the gifts that were  
In addition to the zamarrico and the camellones  
Some peanuts, some figs  
And a navel orange for each one  
Mom said to dad:  
-Husband, you are making progress in music!

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## THE BRIGHT MERMAIDS

As the water seeks the river  
And the river seeks the sea  
I went, one flowery day  
To the beautiful beach  
Tostadero Beach  
In San Vicente de la Barquera  
Cantabria community.  
I carried four white handkerchiefs  
Because my idea was to spread and clean  
Four magnificent powders  
To four beautiful mermaids  
Who told me they came out at night  
To the beach to conquer.  
In the moonlight  
The four mermaids came out.  
They were tall and thin; they told me:  
-All night long we are  
Thinking of you, salty dark-skinned man.  
Happily, I answered them:  
-I am dying of love  
For you, longing  
Your round morel  
Ovoid, yellow ochre or grey brown  
With irregular alveoli  
In your salty tail.  
When I approached them  
My whole illusion changed  
And my love was inclined  
With no desire to join their queue  
Because they all had mustaches  
Like the black rose of Alexandria  
My aunt Guadalupe  
Or the Golon Bear.

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## **A hidden talent**

It was one summer afternoon  
with lunch over and still time to spend;  
I trying to figure out what to do.  
The boss has travelled on a holiday  
and I had lot of time to spend.

Across the mall was a stationary shop  
I went in there and began browsing  
my eyes fell upon a small canvas;  
I thought to myself hey why not paint;  
I smiled to myself as I had not done any  
since eons.  
I picked up a canvas and a box of paints with brushes  
back at my office I was thinking what to paint  
where to start.  
I browsed the net and saw this little tree  
and upon it was a donut moon;  
I grabbed my paint and brushes and I painted it.

I felt the urge to do some more and so  
began painting every day; before I even knew  
I discovered I had this hidden talent sitting  
somewhere deep within me and only needed an opportunity to start.

Today it's been four years and I do a lot of painting  
and enjoy my hidden talent that I discovered.

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## IGNOTE TOMB

Corpse No. 2,  
the shadow of the wave reflected in my right retina,  
hands clenched to grasp Mediterranean sands  
worn under red surfing bermudas.  
Corpse n.7,  
muffled screaming attempts at the pit of my stomach  
Marrakech hash maps in my pockets,  
scanty dirhams sown between my purse and trousers,  
led me to the mouth of the abyss.  
Corpse No. 12,  
'Eloi, Eloi, lemà sabactàni',  
I don't remember who was shouting it to whom  
not being written in the Koran:  
I too died invoking it in vain.  
Corpse No. 18,  
retreating on the roads between the dunes of Misrata,  
in thirsty slalom between friendly and enemy missiles,  
and dying of water.  
Corpse No 20,  
although nomads, like me, sway  
on desert ships, detonated fluids,  
never will they get used to drowning.  
Every grave of the unknown migrant  
whispers that it is hard to embrace  
a death that comes from the sea.

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### TOMBA D'IGNOTO

Cadavere n.2,  
l'ombra dell'onda riflessa nella mia  
retina destra,  
mani serrate ad afferrar sabbie  
mediterranee  
indossate sotto bermuda rossi da surf.  
Cadavere n. 7,  
tentativi di urla smorzati alla bocca dello  
stomaco  
cartine da hashish di Marrakech nelle  
mie tasche,  
scarsi, i dirham, seminati tra borsello e  
calzoni,  
mi condussero in bocca all'abisso.  
Cadavere n. 12,  
«Eloi, Eloi, lemà sabactàni»,  
non ricordo chi l'urlava a chi  
non essendo scritto nel Corano:  
anch'io sono morto invocandolo invano.  
Cadavere n. 18,  
ritirata sulle strade tra le dune di  
Misurata,  
in slalom assetato tra missili amici e  
nemici,  
e morire d'acqua.  
Cadavere n. 20,  
benché i nomadi, come me, ondeggiò  
sulle navi del deserto, fluidità detonate,  
mai s'abitueranno ad annegare.  
Ogni tomba d'ignoto migrante  
sussurra che è duro abbracciare  
una morte che viene dal mare.

## AUSTRIANS HERE ARE STRICTER THAN THE BOURBONS

The Austrian, of true Aryan stock, is very strict, does not charm,  
achtung kaputt kameraden, demands maximum flexibility  
so as to put the whole of Europe back in the 90,  
bombs the Milan stock exchanges absolutely free,  
better than Radetzky or Bava Beccaris did.

We could try again with a tobacco strike,  
mixing hashish with marijuana with detachment,  
although I don't think the lotto strike would work,  
we are too far removed from the uprisings of 1848,  
now the whole nation is pulling to get to the morning,  
dreaming of cashing a pair or a five of a kind.

Hoping for a return of the Bourbon dynasty.  
the Milanese are not accustomed to revolution,  
pawing, clamoring, shitting you off,  
returning the next day to the office to work,  
not having the energy of the good-tempered Sicilians,  
the only special-status region to protest with pitchforks.

Here the Austrians are stricter than the Bourbons,  
Merkel thunders from Brussels threatening resolutions  
of the European Council, in which sit supranationally paid  
the various front men of one or another multinational corporation,  
undecided, with all-Teutonic scientific rigor,  
whether to bankrupt Greece or a farm in Valcamonica.

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achtung kaputt kameraden; German meaning : Attention broken comrades

QUI GLI AUSTRIACI SONO PIÙ SEVERI DEI BORBONI

L'austriaco, di vera stirpe ariana, è molto severo, non si incanta,  
achtung kaputt kameraden, pretende massima flessibilità  
in modo da rimettere l'Europa intera a quota Novanta,  
bombarda le borse di Milano assolutamente gratis,  
meglio di quanto fecero Radetzky o Bava Beccaris.

Potremmo tentare ancora con uno sciopero del tabacco,  
mischiando hashish a marijuana con distacco,  
anche se non credo che funzionerebbe lo sciopero del lotto,  
siamo troppo lontani dai moti del 1848,  
ora l'intera nazione tira a arrivare alla mattina,  
sognando di incassare un ambo o una cinquina.

Sperando in un ritorno della dinastia Borbone  
i milanesi non sono avvezzi alla rivoluzione,  
scalpitano, reclamano, ti mandano a cagare,  
tornando il giorno dopo in ufficio a lavorare,  
non avendo l'energia dei siciliani buontemponi,  
l'unica regione a statuto speciale a protestare coi forconi.

Qui gli austriaci sono più severi dei Borboni,  
la Merkel tuona da Bruxelles minacciando risoluzioni  
del Consiglio Europeo, in cui siedono retribuiti in modo sovranazionale  
i vari prestanome dell'una o dell'altra multinazionale,  
indecisi, con rigidità scientifica tutta teutonica,  
se far fallir la Grecia o un'azienda agricola della Valcamonica.

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Ivan Pozzoni was born in Monza in 1976. He introduced Law and Literature in Italy and the publication of essays on Italian philosophers and on the ethics and juridical theory of the ancient world; He collaborated with several Italian and international magazines. Between 2007 and 2018, different versions of the books were published: Underground and Riserva Indiana, with A&B Editrice, Versi Introversi, Mostri, Galata morente, Carmina non dant damen, Scarti di magazzino, Here the Austrians are more severe than the Bourbons, Cherchez the troika. et The Invective Disease with Limina Mentis, Lame da rasoi, with Joker, Il Guastatore, with Cleup, Patroclo non deve morire, with deComporre Edizioni. He was the founder and director of the literary magazine Il Guastatore – «neon»-avant-garde notebooks; he was the founder and director of the literary magazine L'Arrivista; he is the editor and chef of the international philosophical magazine Información Filosófica; he is, or has been, creator of the series Esprit (Limina Mentis), Nidaba (Gilgamesh Edizioni) and Fuzzy (deComporre). It contains a fortnight of autogérées socialistes edition houses. He wrote 150 volumes, wrote 1000 essays, founded an avant-garde movement

(NéoN-avant-gardisme, approved by Zygmunt Bauman), with a millier of movements, and wrote an Anti-manifesto NéoN-Avant-gardiste. This is mentioned in the main university manuals of literature history, philosophical history and in the main volumes of literary criticism. His book *La malattia invettiva* wins Raduga, mention of the critique of Montano et Strega. He is included in the Atlas of contemporary Italian poets of the University of Bologne and figures à plusieurs reprized in the great international literature review of Gradiva. His verses are translated into French, English and Spanish. In 2024, after six years of total retrait of academic studies, he returned to the Italian artistic world and melts the NSEAE Kolektivne (New socio/ethno/aesthetic anthropology).

## The Engineer

I wake up suddenly to banging on my cabin door  
 Time for the watch  
 Background noise of the engine constantly running  
 Screaming over human voices  
 I struggle to remember then recall just now  
 Conversations and situations from my dreams now fast receding  
 Soon fully conscience, I take a deep breath,  
 Get up, pull on jeans and T-shirt, and open my cabin door  
 Pass through to the head for a piss  
 Step out on deck wincing at the morning sunlight  
 Inhaling the uniqueness of the City's waterfront  
 The smell of its moving harbor  
 Sounds of seagulls and city traffic  
 Tug engine racing, steel hull vibrating  
 I shake off last night's sleep with coffee and a cigarette  
 Morning's rising, casting shadows up, down, over and around  
 As we go through Hell's Gate  
 And race down the East River riding the current  
 Under the majestic bridges of Triborough  
 Queensboro and on past the Schaefer Brewery  
 Manhattan, Williamsburg, Brooklyn bridges soon pass overhead  
 As we move towards the Battery and out into the harbor  
 We're heading for Staten Island to pick up an oil barge  
 For a 24-hour run up the Hudson to Albany-Troy  
 Coffee steaming in hand, cigarette smoke blowing in the wind  
 I go astern and sit on the rope locker on the fantail  
 The deckhand's talking about his night watch  
 About last night's refueling for our trip upstate  
 He hands over the Daily News picked up at the fuel dock  
 Something to read on my watch  
 Tug engine racing, vibrating down below  
 Gulls and sounds and that pungent smell of New York harbor  
 Then bacon, eggs and pancakes in the galley for breakfast  
 Then down below to the engine room  
 My watch has started--Six hours on/six hours off  
 Round-the-clock  
 Two weeks/one week off  
 Working the waterfront on the LEO F. REICHERT



Gary Adams is a 1971 graduate of the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, N.Y. He has sailed on merchant ships all over the world and worked on tugboats in New York harbor and the surrounding waterways. He received a Master of Library Science from the University of Oklahoma in 1975 and worked in academic and federal libraries until returning to sea in 1981. Upon returning to shore, he worked in logistics and transportation. He has had poems published in *Alkahest: American College Poetry*, Wesleyan University Press, 1969, *Ukraine: Light in the Darkness*, Kindle Direct Publishing, 2022, and the online journal *Dissident Voice*. He published a collection of his poems, *The Gifted Fairy*, Kindle Direct Publishing, 2023.

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## The Unknown Traveller

I didn't know who I was  
and where I came from  
but I had brought with me a restless spirit.  
From the very childhood I wanted to soar  
I couldn't  
I wanted to fly  
I couldn't  
I wanted to run  
I couldn't.  
Then I decided to walk  
on the sandy shores of Time  
leaving some fragile footprints.  
I don't know whether the sun waves  
have erased them  
or not.

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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) and Light-Bringer (2024)(in USA).

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

Email: [swayam.prashant2001@gmail.com](mailto:swayam.prashant2001@gmail.com)



## The bewitched-night

I decided to get down at the last junction  
However, didn't come down, so could not finish  
The endless journey.  
The bend of the sable-line is turning me  
    In the wrong direction;  
I have crossed gradually the Hijal, Tamal,  
And the touchy call of the southern river.

It peeps today at the busy-ledger  
A shadow-colour, very flirty and idiotic  
While the weirdest surrounding is playing  
    The whistle of indecision!  
In the meanwhile, sources dissolve in twilight  
    In great disguise.

All sales on the route are over now  
The magical tune of the wind-driven leaves stops  
The sky goes to sleep in fatigue,  
But there never stops the one-way running;  
There never stops the talk of the bewitched-night.

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Ashraful Kabir  
Poet, Essayist & Literary Critic  
East Rampura, Dhaka, Bangladesh.  
raselasraful@gmail.com

## NOW WITNESS, LIGHT WITNESS

A lonely wanderer sits in the silence,  
The heavens do not spread the grievances of yesterday.  
A feeble message asking for forgiveness.  
On the evening when the moon sets, my thoughts linger.

Cold winter brings sparks in the snow,  
Autumn has gathered the wanderer's blanket early.  
The hunter will not give up his warm place,  
Longing torments, trust is fading away.

Days and weeks remain in the past,  
Pride does not allow remembrance of the greetings.  
Perhaps it will rise, self-concealing,  
The wretched love has captured the heart.

On the dark night, he heads back home,  
Who knocks behind the window?  
The vision of the girl comes to mind,  
He hurriedly looks at the window, silent.

He returns again, he gazes once more.  
Snow falls, hearts melt in its warmth.  
Today is a symbol of the happiness he's received,  
The girl appears, preserving the ring in her palm.

Wrapped in a passionate smile, the world unfolds.  
Clouds disperse, and the moon captures the light.  
Two youthful hearts that have forgotten grievances.  
Snow witness, light witness, sorrow dissipates.

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\*\*O'tkir Mulikboyev, Son of Qo'chqor,  
Teacher of Primary Education,  
75th School, Qo'shrabot District,  
Samarkand Region, Republic of Uzbekistan.\*\*

## And when the Reader reads

Seems like  
she is sitting before the senses  
But  
it wasn't the one whom I knew in fancies

It was a scrambled soul  
speaking through eyes,  
But her visage was horrible  
having millions of lies

She  
then moved her soft petals  
and raised sensation,  
Creepy and cursed clinches  
the unseen infection

It was heart-wrenching affection  
And helpless intention,  
Sweet desire to role  
the broken inventions

Locked the heavy breaths  
She,  
then Overfelt the hollowness  
and her knees wrenched like death

When I looked into her eyes  
Her lips try to hide the whacks  
But,  
The depth, the fear of pain invites

Vulnerable I am, sit on the other side  
With a stitched tide,  
Fainted I feel, I divide  
And senselessly Quite

The butter paper before the cake  
and the soulful mutters she makes  
Then,  
After the dazzling days of retakes

Under the blanket of shackles,  
envelope the invisible quackles  
And,

When she wondrously tackles

How beautifully  
she endeavored to disguise

But,  
The reader rides and revises.

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Tajalla Qureshi - a literary enchantress who weaves embroideries of thoughts and passions with the delicacy of a leading artist in the realm of words. She is a gifted wordsmith from Pakistan.

In addition, she is the visionary Co-Founder and Co-Editor of “The Wordsmith E-Magazine, Pakistan,” where words are woven into magic. She is also an International Interviewer and Associate Editor at Insight Magazine, United States, and a member of the Humanist of the World Organization and the Editor-in-Chief and Co-founder at Calypso Magazine, Greece Pakistan.

Furthermore, she was interviewed by Tamikio L Dooley from the United States and Abigail Phiri from Zimbabwe, Africa.

Besides that, her writings including Poetry, Flash Fiction, Micro Fiction and Creative Articles and Research Articles have been glorified in International Journals, more than 40 international and national anthologies, Global magazines, many international e-papers, and Online websites in Pakistan, America, Germany, Canada, Africa, the United Kingdom, Bangladesh, and India.

On the other hand, she has artistically read her poetry at the Pakistani Young Writer’s Conference held at Mandi Bahauddin and presented her paper at Kinnard

College for Women in Lahore, Pakistan. She has also presented papers at an international conference in Uzbekistan. Like a shooting star, her literary presence blazes across the sky, leaving an indelible mark on the hearts and minds of all who encounter her work.

## Flash Fiction / Short Stories

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Jo'rayeva Marjona - Uzbekistan

### A Mother's Prayer

In a small village, on one of the narrow streets, there stood a modest house. A family lived there—not wealthy, but not poor either, just an average family. The mother always said, “When my children grow up, I will ensure they all receive a higher education. They will all be educated and cultured.” However, the father opposed this idea: “It’s better if they work and earn money. There’s no use in studying,” he would say.

Life went on like this, with months and years passing by. The eldest child graduated from school with excellent grades and a gold medal. One day, as the family gathered around the dinner table, the eldest son spoke up: “I’ve finished school. Now, which university should I apply to?”

The father responded:

“What university? Finishing school is enough. Now, think about earning some money.”

The mother, frowning, replied:

“Why do you say that? After studying so hard and achieving such good grades, should he now do manual labor? How will he find a good job without a proper education?”

“We also studied, but did it help us get good jobs?” the father retorted.

“Father, I want to study. I dream of becoming a great doctor. I will study in the city and work at night to support myself,” said the son thoughtfully.

The mother smiled and reassured him:

“You just study, my child. There’s no need for you to work. Finish your studies, and then you can work in your field.”

As everyone continued eating, the youngest son, curious, asked:

“Mother, what is higher education? Should my brothers and I all go there too?” Laughter filled the room. The father chuckled and sarcastically replied:

“Yes, you’ll all study, while I’m the only one who works.”

The next morning, the mother called her eldest son aside and gently said:

“Don’t mind what your father said yesterday. He’s just frustrated because he’s the only one supporting the family. Go ahead and submit your application. If you get accepted, your father will be happy too.”

Her words uplifted the son’s spirits. He hugged his mother and promised:

“I will definitely get in, Mother. I will fulfill your dreams,” and ran off with joy.

Time passed, and the eldest son was admitted to university. The whole family and their relatives celebrated. The younger brothers looked up to him and set their own goals to achieve similar success.

One by one, the brothers also entered universities. They studied and worked, ensuring they didn’t burden the family financially. Their father, who had once opposed their education, now felt immense pride.

However, the youngest son was different. He couldn't get into university despite multiple attempts. One morning, he woke up early and noticed a light on in his mother's room. Thinking she had forgotten to turn it off, he walked over and overheard her praying on her prayer mat, tears in her eyes:

"Oh Lord, I am endlessly grateful to You for fulfilling my wishes. My family is safe, my home is blessed, my husband and children are healthy. Please bless my husband's work and open doors for my children. Help my youngest son too, increase his knowledge, and grant him success. Let him find his path just like his brothers."

Hearing his mother's heartfelt prayer, the youngest son stood still, overwhelmed with emotion:

"Is my mother really shedding tears for my success? Why haven't I succeeded yet? It must be because I haven't studied hard enough," he thought, reflecting on his laziness. He returned to his room determined to change.

When he woke up later, his mother stood beside him, gently urging:

"Wake up, son. It's time to study."

He hugged her tightly and promised to work hard and get into university that year. From that day forward, the youngest son transformed. He became more focused, understanding concepts quickly, and striving to fulfill his mother's prayers.

Eventually, he too was admitted to university. No one was happier than his mother. He studied diligently, worked in his field, and contributed to society just like his brothers. Together, the siblings saved money and gifted their parents a trip to Mecca for their mother's birthday.

God granted this family even more than they had dreamed of. The mother had fulfilled her duty to her children, but the children knew they could never fully repay their debt to her. No matter how much we do for our mothers, we can never repay the sleepless nights and care they gave us. A mother's love and prayers are priceless, a blessing from God.

Let us cherish our mothers, for their prayers hold immense power to change our lives.

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Jo'rayeva Marjona Baxtiyorovna was born on October 18, 2003, in the Termiz district of Surxondaryo region, Uzbekistan. She is a third-year student in the Uzbek language and literature department at the Faculty of Foreign Languages at Termiz State Pedagogical Institute, and the coordinator of the "Mushoira" club.

## DEPARTURE

That day was etched in my memory: the day my illness intensified, and I found myself among my family who hurriedly took me to the hospital.

The journey from home to the hospital seemed endless, as I couldn't see any of the roads the ambulance took. All I saw were my father's mournful eyes, which made the walls of the world crumble before me.

I wasn't fully aware of what was happening to me, yet I rejoiced at the possibility of leaving this world to meet those I lost in the afterlife, especially after the tragic incident that befell my family last year.

When I was placed on a bed in a dimly lit corner of the emergency department, the medical team immediately decided to sedate me. I didn't understand why.

I was too young to decipher the doctors' codes, just as young as the doctors who were oblivious to my sensitivity to the anesthetic substances they injected into my veins. The first doses of anesthesia rushed through my arteries, propelling me into imaginary worlds in a dark tunnel shrouded by shadowy creatures that surrounded my body as I slid.

I slid.

I slid.

I slid, like someone riding a carousel in an amusement park.

Instead of fear, I was overwhelmed with a sense of joy and liberation. Pain dissipated.

I said to myself, I must be dead.

After a few moments, the darkness dissipated, and colorful images gradually returned to me. I saw myself bound by a silver transparent thread that enveloped my ethereal body, swinging in the room's space at times and revolving around itself at other times.

I heard the doctors arguing: Let's try one last time.

I thought of my father.

Being free from my physical body allowed me to penetrate the wall and see him. He wept tears of blood upon seeing me;

I tried to communicate with him, but he paid no attention, unable to hear or see me.

I hesitated to return and observe what the inexperienced were doing to my body. The room was a real chaotic market, with doctors immersed in delivering electric shocks to my chest.

With each shock, the bed twitched beneath my body, and I could hear the sound of my bones rattling. Their efforts proved futile, so they began pounding on my chest and rubbing my limbs.

I knew I had met my end.

And I saw my physical body like never before. It wasn't flat as I saw it in the reflection of the mirror. I saw it in its entirety, from different angles and dimensions.

Monitoring devices announced my death, which my father received with a roar that shook the hospital, turning him into a wounded lion that devoured its cubs.

Those moments tore away what remained inside me, and I realized that I would not return home with my family. I had become a specter with no presence among them...

Today, I became a specter among the specters of the universe, with no restraint that could stand in my way: neither time nor place. I utilized my imaginative abilities to be present with my loved ones, to be their guardian angel. I visit them constantly before resuming my swim between the clear skies and vast lands.

That's how I will live: free... And for this purpose, I will live: guarding my lineage and protecting them from the whims of mischief-makers and the evils of the wicked...

Finally, I found the freedom I had longed for.

Finally, I can be reassured about the days to come.

## THE MIRROR

There is something she cannot decipher in the woman standing in front of her: a throttled paintbrush and a vague painting.

A mirror that reveals everything and says nothing about the most basic of all: her collapsing faith...

She has ever believed that a cup of orange juice she meditates on her table may offer her instants of peace and help her forget her pain. Thus, she decided she had better increase the number of cups \_ decrease the spoons of sugar as if exchanging the bitter taste of orange for calm moments.

She has always thought that fates show up just too late to quake everything one once built and absorb every hope humans hold till the day they pass away.

She has also believed that the worst mistake to do is to pursue the path of success ignoring any failure or diversion in one station or another. She knows that very much and shows just the opposite.

The painting of "The Sad Boy" is hung on the wall behind her; on the opposite wall stands a long mirror facing her poor creature.

The mirror seems to have never belonged to the scene...

On the table, there are some photos just around the cup inches away from a collection of poems that has lost its youth. The book seems to have been read countless of times. She would always put a flower inside the book not to miss the pages she reads/learns by heart.

She contemplates the flower with a nostalgic mood. She cannot hide sadness in her eyes while looking at the echo of her body dwelling in the mirror in front of her. The worst thing to do, she believes, is to put mirrors where we live. "They can never keep the secrets of our mistakes and weakness".

" No defect can be silent"...

Like fortune tellers, she would spread the photos of men in the right order so as to handle a seemingly fading history of hers.

" The worst of all is when we are murdered by our own memories, especially when we feel weak and hopeless".

Is she trying to get rid of what remains of her memories?

Is she trying to recall those instants which constituted her past?

"Sometimes, sadness can become a habit\_ or even an addiction".

She mixes the photos once again moving her hands in all directions as if seeking a missing portion. Maybe it is a portrait she lost in a moment of absentmindedness. Here again, she touches the cup of juice; no photo can escape the liquid. The juice has reached every face and every memory.

She lifts her head to look at the mirror on the opposite wall. She eyes her face wearing a sarcastic smile.

Now, she takes off the garment of silence to unmask her real face.

" She was no more than a deceiver\_ a seducer who has ever caused only pain and sadness to so many victims."

Flower, Zahra, is the name of the face reflected on the glass...

A flower lives between the papers of a book waiting for a reader...

A flower is a heart baiting sixty times every minute like a clock:

WAITING

FOR

LOST

VICTIMS.





HASSANE YARTI  
Morocco / Spain

Is a Moroccan writer, poet, translator, Honorary Consultant of the Association: Women's Chair with the patronage the UN, Wikipoesia and Wikipace and Accademia Tiberina- Rome based in Barcelona, Spain, renowned for his significant contributions to literature and culture. He holds memberships in esteemed organizations such as the Union of Arab Writers and Arab Elite Union for Poetry and Literature, reflecting his influential presence in the literary community.

As the president of the Al-Nibras Association for Culture and Arts, Yarti has been at the forefront of promoting cultural initiatives and artistic expression. His dedication to

literature led him to found the Barcelona Literary Magazine, a publication that has gained international recognition.

Hassane Yarti's work has been widely published across various esteemed magazines and newspapers globally.

Yarti has authored numerous books across different genres, showcasing his versatility and depth as a writer.

#### Short Stories:

"Vicious Circles" (2024), "On the shelves of oblivion" (2024), "Venus / Romulus and Remus" (2024) "Shunning & Separation" (2024), "Spectres of the Passing" (2024), "Creative Short Stories" (2013), "Creative Youth" (2012).

#### Poetry:

"Poems Against Ugliness" in Arabic (2024),  
"ANTOLOGJI POETIKE -I" in Albanian (2024),  
"Poems Against Ugliness - II" in Arabic (2024),  
"Let The Rose Bloom" in Arabic (2024),  
"Türkçe Dünya şiir Antolojisi" in Turkish (2024),  
"Poems Against Atrocity" in English (2024),

#### Translated:

"HE IS ALIVE - PREKAZ A LEGACY OF THE BRAVE" by Dibran Fylli (2024) Into Arabic  
" ON THE PALM OF YOUR SOUL - POETRY COLLECTION " by Angela Kosta (2024) Into Arabic  
" Shunning & Separation - Collective Book " by Niamat Elhamri (2024) Into English  
and more than 100 Poems and biographies into English and Arabic

Hassane Yarti continues to contribute to the literary world with several forthcoming works:

Novel: "On the Griffen's Back", Short Stories: "There Is No Place Left", Poetry: "Yarties", Play: "The Madness of Sanity"

#### Awards:

Legacy Crown – Asia's Top 20 International Journalist (Philippines) 2024  
Legends Times Africa Medal of African Peace Ambassador (Kenya) 2024  
Honor & Excellence Award in Literature (India) 2024  
Honorius Causa in Defense of Peace (Brazil) 2024  
Global Peace Award (India) 2024  
Premio Internacional Dr. Fco Xavier Ramírez Sánchez (Mexico) 2024  
Al-Jiyad Forum for Culture and Development Short Story Competition Winner (Jordan) 2024  
First Place in "City of Dreams" competition by Eternal stars (Syria) 2023  
Second Place in Live Impromptu Creative Competition (Algeria) 2023  
Recognition in National short story writing competition (Morocco) 2012

The impact of Yarti's writing extends globally, with his works translated into multiple languages, including English, French, Italian, Spanish, Korean, Chinese, Albanian, Hindi, Bengali, Hebrew, Greek and Turkish.

## ACHILLES' HEEL

When the great famous Greek singer Homer wrote the famous poem Illiad, narrating the fifty-one last days of the ten years of war, he did not know that such a scene would take place hundreds centuries later, in other modern scenarios. The curtain of the city of Troy today represents our entire planet. The wrath of those who cause only endless damage is the hurricane of hatred that mercilessly destroys and destroys peoples, deprived of any means to defend themselves or shelter themselves from the evil that the sky "exalts", illuminated by rockets and bombs, at the order of those who were and continue to be "baptized" with the flow of greed and possession. No one can claim otherwise! Achilles' wrath is now everywhere! In our time, we don't need ten years of fighting, not even thousands of soldiers, it only takes a few hours and the missiles turn the cities of Ukraine, Palestine and other countries into rubble and ashes, burying alive those who are not at fault: children, women and the elderly. There are no men! The battlefield calls them back with tears in their eyes, because, although they do not cry, in the face of the farewells of their children, wives, parents, loved ones, or their sweetheart, they cannot evoke their strong and tough character. Evil is now the same source of: poison, fire and the power of domination; this personifies Tethys, the mother of Achilles. She, an immortal sea nymph, could transform herself into: snake, fire and lion. Other silent wars dominate our planet. All this is happening in silence, with diplomacy, there is no need to raise one's voice, not even insist on having some peace by ending the curfew. The Trojan Horse, as long as it is invisible, still manages to deceive those who rely as usual on false promises on round tables, between fierce looks, rich words that determine the poor fate of millions of people. All this has nothing to do with their contumacious altruism. Their interest goes to beyond that of the peoples. Their vulnerability is what worries them in every way. Their faces turn red, they clench their fists and teeth, not hiding their anger at all, and unfortunately the debate goes on for months and years. Everyone grasps that it does not belong to him, yet to him who should be master of it, he has no say in the chapter. The people, stripped of any sovereignty, are forced to be dutiful to the conditions and consequences of the decisions of those who govern our Earth, all emerged in infernal aversions, even the Achilles' heel, so there is so little left to escape.

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### THE HUNGER BITE...

"How much does a tear weigh? The tear of a capricious child weighs less than the wind, that of a hungry child, it weighs more than all the earth." (Gianni Rodari - Italy)

I had been travelling in Italy by train to Milan for a while, but that day has stuck in my memory and will never be eradicated from my mind. I was at Milan station in Rogoredo and as I waited for the train to arrive, I devoted myself to reading a book of poetry. I was focusing on the wonderful verses, as I felt someone grab me by the elbow. I turned my head and saw a pale boy in his face with dirt, with his hair untied, his clothes torn and unwrapped, and his eyes, the eyes which I will never forget because they will never be able to be taken out of my mind. I didn't need to see his hand outstretched as he waited for some stitched ones. It was the eyes that cried out hunger and wondered for hours and why not days I thought with deep regret. I asked how old he was and what was his name?

-Aaron, I'm nine years old, - he replied briefly, as if he wished he didn't waste his breath or the little energy he had left. I gave him a few euros, aware that they would not change his miserable condition at all, but they would still satisfy his hunger for at least a few days. Aaron looked at the money, touched them as if he wanted to make sure they were true, squeezed them tightly in his fist-raiser hand, and quickly put them under his socks. He thanked me with his childish smile but manly at the same time and after greeting me, he walked to the park.

- Aaron! - I called him in a moment.

He turned his head and turned to come towards me.

- Take these! I said as I extended the panine on paper and the bottle of water.

He was chewed and then he opened the paper and bit a piece. As he made it bite him again, he thought for a moment, hesitated and collected it again on paninen paper.

I said, I just bought it.

I'll share it with my brothers and sister, - he answered by raising my shoulders.

They are small and always hungry, he kept telling me in his childish voice as I thought how big he seemed to himself and how much he had been prematurely manhooded by destitution. I looked at the watch and as I thought the train was leaving in half an hour, I said:

- Come with me Aaron! He raised his head and asked where I would take him.

"Let's go to this club nearby, buy pans for your brothers and sisters," I replied sweetly.

"I have the money you gave me, madam," he said without letting me finish well.

- Come on! - I told him. They spent tomorrow!

He followed me silently, and as I waited my turn, I could feel the gaze of people who looked at me with curiosity or wondering what did that poor boy want in my company? That's what it made me. If society could eliminate these prejudices, if poverty were to disappear from the planet, like... It was my turn to ask Aaron, the reality that instantly disappeared the "as" desire, how many pannies should I order?

- Five! He answered with his fingers.

I ordered double, and as I left the bag in my hand, I smiled at him and told him to take them home. He thanked me with excitement in his eyes and left. As he walked, (he nearly pulled his legs from helplessness), I thought that his shoulders, though still a child, bore the weight of the hard time: destitution. I accompanied him with his eyes until he mingled with the crowd of people and rushed to get the train.

On the journey, I thought nothing but Aaron and his siblings, who were starving in this harsh and unjust world. My thought also stopped at the fact that neither the abundance nor well-being of our children can be compared to that of Aaron and many other children anywhere in the world. The earthly globe was to be the same for all: no misery, no wars, no diseases, as God and Nature created, but that man transformed into the planet exploitation of the powerless and the afflictions.



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

Ambassador of Culture and Peace in: Bangladesh, Lebanon, Poland, Morocco, Canada, Algeria, Egypt, Mexico, etc. Angela Kosta has been translated and published in 27 foreign languages and countries. In the second semester of 2023 alone, she was an author in 84 national and international newspapers and magazines with: poems, articles, interviews, essays, etc...

## HAUNTED BY A SPECTRE

One noisy night, in the middle of the city streets; a city I knew nothing about, I found myself in the middle of the street alone, I did not know where I came from or where I was going. I did not know what I was doing there, I found myself alone walking with heavy steps, neither happy nor sad. I did not find anything to make me laugh, as if I were a spectre that did not see its own shade. I was walking hesitantly, every now and then. I look behind and around me trying to know where I was. Many lampposts were lining up along the sidewalk; shop lights of different colours were flashing. Luxury cars were passing back and forth, loud music was emanating from nightclubs and casinos.

It was a cold night. The warmth of the breaths of passersby refreshed it. Some of them were walking in pairs with intertwined hands and others in scattered groups. Except for me, I was walking alone with scattered thoughts. I saw elegant people in coats, furs and hats; everyone was distracted commotion and chaos as if it were New Year's Eve in the sixties.

As I was walking towards the unknown, I heard voices coming from afar. I listened carefully. It was coming from one of the sewer mouths. I stood looking between the bars and wondered in surprise:

\_"What is this? Why are these people down here? How did they get in?"

The faces of old men and women, even children, were pale and full of misery. Their clothes were shabby and their coats were not even warming themselves. They were calling for help, in vain, and waving their hands upwards hoping that some passersby would notice them. I looked behind and around me, and realized that no one heard their cries for help but me! Why only me?

I knelt down and grabbed the iron bars trying to pull off the cover, but I could not because of its hardness and heavy weight. I closed my eyes trying again with all my might.

Suddenly, I opened my eyes, and I could not find what I was holding on! I raised my head up, and the shadows of the iron bars were on my face. I did not look away, I retreated backwards leaning on the wall, I was dominated by an extreme fear when I found myself among them inside the sewers. I closed my eyes and let out a deafening cry for help. I opened them to the sound of the quick steps of two angels wearing their dazzling white uniforms. They tightened their grip on me while I was in a state of extreme hysteria. I could not get out of it only when I took a strong dose of a sedative. It was just a hallucination that I had in the mental and psychiatric hospital!

## INSPIRATION AND PASSION.

The sail of my ship of regret broke,  
And it sailed with me towards the unknown  
Colliding with the waves of a wounded destiny  
And the salt burned the eyelids !  
Fortunately for me  
I still kept the compass of my hope  
In the rusty box of my heart,  
I grabbed the oars of my determination  
For the first time I determined my destination  
And began rowing  
Crossing the continents of tragedies.

I reached the shore of the « Adriatic » in « Venezia », Italy. There, my ship docked in this charming city and there, the birth of love would begin after a difficult labor.

I threw the anchor of hope into the bottom of my sea,  
And began walking on the land of the desired.

I landed at the Rialto Hotel, the hotel where the exchange between the one-eyed mind pirate and the amputated heart pirate would begin. From the farthest reaches of the world, I met what is called : inspiration and passion together.

Was it the captivating view of my room ? Or was it he ?

The season was autumn, and the time was sunset, when my eyes fell on the lovers' bridge, which was full of locks in the "Rio del Palazzo"

The luggage carrier entered with a smile that melted the ice/ he was wearing a black shirt that turned the sunset into night in seconds. His face was like a full moon and his eyes were two sparkling stars. He uttered, in his rough voice that shook my being, a Latin welcome phrase of which I only understood two words : "Buonasera" and "Benvenuta", then he left, leaving behind the strong scent of his masculine perfume, and my time intertwined between twilight, the depth of night, and the pirates' struggle.

After a short break, I took my notebook and pen and went down to the cafeteria to have a cup of the famous Italian coffee « Cappuccino », in the middle of this poetic place opposite the bridge filled with foreign lovers.

After the first sip of the magic drink and in this intimate place, my imagination emerged again after several years of literary stagnation to write a romantic novel entitled The Baggage Carrier !

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## THE FLAME OF DESIRE.

My dearest,

I am here today to reveal my last song from my warm bed, which witnesses my Farwell travel. I am not afraid of parting. The fate has its justice and I am obliged to be considerate and patient. I am not afraid of having left my sweet husband because I was sure our souls were mingled. His specter visits me and his memory stays with me wherever I go. I have never forgotten him because he was my last invocation in every prayer. He passed away to heaven and I am after him agonized. Now, I am on the edge of parting. I beg of you my lover a warm welcome in honors of my love and devotion to you, don't leave me alone again. I don't know what will become of me amongst the graves. I do not ran out of provisions and I possess now only silence to put out flame of my longing to you.

My dear people,

Do not cry over my coffin to keep it pure for him to smell my scent amongst the lost souls. Wait silently, mourn...but away from me because I hate lamentation. I want to meet him covered with joy and happiness. Be in grief a little, but pray for me much. My story has just begun and you should know that life is very short travel.

Oh my sons,

Do love one another as your daddy did.

Oh my daughters,

Be faithful as I was to him. Live with the pain of separation to remember and with the dream of meeting him to be happy. I am departing peacefully and with contentment leaving the immortal love behind I love you until the last heartthrob and more

Your faithful mum,

NIAMAT

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NIAMAT ELHAMRI - MOROCCO

Short bio: Niamat Elhamri is a Moroccan writer and poet.

Deputy Editor-in-Chief of Barcelona Literary Magazine.

General Secretary of the World Writers Union.

Member of the Arab Writers Union and Arab Cultural Union.

Published works:

"On the shelves of oblivion" in Arabic

Book: "Ouzouf wa Enfessal" in Arabic

"Shunning and Separation" in English

International anthology: "Whispers Across Languages"

International anthology: " Let The Rose Bloom"

"Stations from Memory" (Encyclopedia of Short Stories), Egypt

Short story collections:

"Your Last Melody", "If Not for Those Borders", "Venice/Romulus and Remus",

" My Trace Before Departure ", "Sacrificial Offerings"

Upcoming:

Short stories collection: "Ward N°36".

Niamat's works have been translated into multiple languages, including English, Italian, Spanish, Korean, Albanian, Hindi, Bengali, and Turkish, reflecting her global literary impact.

## Meeting



Eyes meet. The boy smiles at the girl. The girl noticed it. His heart began to beat as if it had burst out of its sheath. He slowly looked at the ground and asked permission from his companion.

Wow, man was created and he is destined to descend into a place of testing called the world. Man's life, love, career and even death is a test. Only the Almighty knows the greatness and smallness of the trial and the level of his servant in the presence of God. But love was not a simple test either. It was a great test. It was a hard test. It was a test that every lover could not bear and could not receive his love. It was a test of pure love, similar to the test of Yusuf and Zulaikha. This is what the girl thought (she realized it when she grew up). Thinking about it, the girl was at a loss for words. He looked only into the eyes of the man in front of him. He looked into the eyes of his beloved Suigani, the one he couldn't forget even after years, the one he hoped to be together in heaven after the separation of the world. The eyes in front of

him smiled. The girl couldn't laugh. The feelings are confused.

How must she feel, poor girl? He didn't notice as he walked out of his office. What if we worked on the same team, if our gazes met every day. He didn't even know how he stopped the car with such thoughts in his head. He cried on the way. From the window of the car, she admired the beauty of the countryside in her youth, where she dreamed of going as a bride when she grew up. But no such luck. I wish it were as beautiful as this scene! Sometimes ordinary eyes are not enough to notice beauty. To realize the truth of beauty, besides two eyes, one also needs sight, that is, the eye of the heart.

Among the people of our time, those eyes are a blessing given only to the beloved of Allah. "We didn't get it," the girl read. 'Well, I was young, but he is a man. Are you happy now? Is the world beautiful without me for the man who once said the world is beautiful with me?

A few years ago, the girl noticed that the hardships, aches and pains in her heart began to affect not only her soul, but her body as well. He realized this again when he looked in the mirror in his room. Complaining of fever, headache, insomnia, he began to cry again in his dark room. Complaining to anyone. There is a reward for the pains that were not told to the mother. This girl has pains and sorrows that she has not even told her mother about. How can he tell his mother that the one love of his life, the God-given love of his life, has re-entered his life and begun to affect his feelings?

No! No! I can't tell her. He records the sounds of his heart in his journal. He seals it to make it easier for him. Why is he smiling at me? Or laughing at me? Why was I surrounded by incomprehensible feelings: sadness, humiliation, crying, deceit?

I was someone who loved, fought and lost. That's all. I confessed. My goal is near the valley of loneliness. He loves me as his slave.

Years later, he realized That the only one he should trust, love, rely on and tell of his suffering was Allah. Now, as always, he remembered a verse of his favorite song, "They don't call him a rich man, he has no country, for he's a piece of heart." "Yes, I have no country to my liking. I must keep this wealth and riches pure and prepare to meet God who created me, loved me, made me love, tested me, blessed me and made me dearer than all." "In sha Allah, the trials of life will one day end. The answers to the exam will be tested. And we will be victorious. Our meeting will be beautiful. Because you saved your money, I kept my love in my heart pure, and because I was able to laugh in this life even if it was hard. My liquid! Go and enjoy the ocean of knowledge, your students. I said: "Allah. I have a sea of patience. With wishes for a beautiful meeting," said the girl, entrusting her beloved to God, and went to sleep.



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Nizomova Ismigul Zarif qizi  
Shakhrisabz State Pedagogical Institute Master's student

## Trauma

I was going to college and hung out at a hamburger stand a block away from school. Adams had good burgers and I liked the personnel. There was a young male cook that I kidded with. He called me Maynard because of a character played by Bob Denver in the TV show "Dobie Gillis". I called him "Archie" the typical teenager. A young woman was called bird woman because of her flighty nature. The cook was an older woman who also kidded around. The last one was the one that interested me; Jane was a beautiful and charming woman.

I was surprised when she agreed to go to a movie with me and it went well. Other than a fairly long relationship which started in high school and ended in college, I had not previously had any luck with women or girls. No need for a long list of my disadvantages at romance.

Her parents both taught at my college and we got along well. The families met. Sometimes she visited my hovel. She was smart as well as beautiful. I thought that we were the real deal and I was ecstatic. One time she asked me if I would love her is she was seven feet tall. She could be charming.

It didn't last long. She was very erratic. There were periods of time I couldn't contact her. She stayed with my parents one time when for some reason she didn't want to go home. What I thought of as little things seemed to set her off. She asked what my image of a wholesome girl was. When I said blonde and blue-eyed, she erupted because she had an adopted Indian sister. When I was taking her home from a date, she insisted that I let her out on the street in the dark instead. One night a guy came to my hovel asking about his wife meaning Jane. I never found out if she was really married to someone else.

I got a summer job on the coast. She came down to visit and we had a good time, but that same summer I was visited by the police. He said Jane was raped that night that I had dropped her off from the date. She never mentioned it to me, and I didn't want the details.

Because of her behavior and my insecurity, I tried to not say anything upsetting, so I didn't find out what the problem between us was.

Towards the end of college, we were getting along well. I went off to graduate school, but visited home a little later. When I called her she told me to leave her alone. With the tumultuous nature of our relationship, I wasn't shocked and that seemed to be the end of it. I wished her well.

Fifty years later I was back living in my home town with my wife. Proximity to the earlier affair led me to wonder what happened to Jane. I did some cyber stalking and found her address. Because both of us were married, I wrote a letter to her that referred to the abrupt ending to our friendship rather than romance.

She wrote back to tell me that she had suffered from a past trauma and needed to take a complete break and it wasn't anything I had done. Later I found out from her brother that it was a car accident that she survived but in which an earlier adopted Indian sister had died.

I saw her one more time at the memorial service for her mother. I hope that she is happy now, as I am.

The End

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## Unity

A tale of politics in Vineland a fictional place at a time in the near future

The Maroon Party had won the last presidential election. At their convention, they chose to run the sitting president Alan Jackson, and picked a platform which the delegates thought would finally put all of their ideas in place, a significantly more extreme version of what their idol Bill Warren had proposed. All significant industries and companies would be nationalized and would be run by party appointees. As Jackson said "Why should we build more than three car models, and why should they change every year? It's inefficient. We won't need unions, because without the evil bosses, we'll take good care of the workers."

Maroon leaders also insisted that behavior and communications would have to be policed to insure acceptable and accurate things were said or written.

In another city at the same time, the Purple Party took a different tack while agreeing that speech and other communications needed to be monitored. Their candidate was a revered member of the core of the cult that had run the party for twenty years. Dan Himmler insisted when he was elected, only true Vineland people, whose ancestors had originated in certain parts of Europe were true citizens. The rest, which amounted to 52% of the population would be closely watched, and if possible deported or imprisoned. In order to reduce benefits, the party proposed higher taxes on the lower incomes, and cuts in Federal benefits.

Revered television reporter Jane Kramer took both to task after their conventions.

"In the last election, 51% of qualified people voted. Thirty-two percent claims to be Maroon and thirty percent are Purple. That means that the majority are unaligned. In my life time the two major parties had minor disagreement, like \$15 or \$18 minimum wage. Nobody wanted to get rid of or harass a huge part of the population or destroy successful businesses. Both sides have gone crazy and are not looking out for the concerns or well being of regular Americans.

Karl Stevens, chief of staff for the first Purple governor of Willamette Province in twenty years was inspired and intrigued by Kramer's speech. He called up his boss Mark Landers late that night and said "Mark, you are going to be the next president."

Landers replied "Listen, you called just when I had started to put moves on Mary. Call me back tomorrow when you are sober, and I'm satisfied."

Stevens waited until the next day to call, but he sent the transcript of Kramer's talk to Governor Landers that night. When he called he asked "Did you get the transcript?"

"OK Karl I see where you are going with this. The parties are broken and you think you can do something about it. Put out some feelers to the mass of people who are unhappy with the system."

Stevens had a contact at a major newspaper combine. His idea was a big hit. A week later the combine put out a survey: Jackson, Himmler, or Somebody Else". Result: Jackson 30%, Himmler 25%, Somebody Else 45%. That was enough for Stevens to whisper "Landers" in important ears. It helped a lot that Landers was not ideological; he worked for the businesses, workers, and all the people of Willamette.

Support for the old nativist cult of the Purple Party had been weakened over the many years since they had been in power. Most of the Purple Party was glad that Landers was a popular governor and was pro-business.

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Many of the members of the Maroon Party did not sympathize with its leaders embracing hard socialism, and an anti-union stance.

Both of the legacy parties did their research to impugn Landers. They found nothing they could use. Landers had some Latin and Native American in his background. His wife was a beautiful black woman with two photogenic and charming children. The family background was completely clean with no scandals. Willamette was prospering, and Landers had a phenomenal 80% approval rating. Neither of the parties could think of a way to attack Landers without hurting the attackers.

The overwhelming endorsement of Stevens by the Governors Association ensured that Landers was taken seriously.

The election wasn't close.

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*Appears in New English*

## Dangers Looming over Humanity

Human existence is facing innumerable threats, ranging from environmental deterioration to societal collapse. These dangers have the potential to negatively impact our world, causing widespread suffering, destruction, misunderstandings and even extinction. In this story we'll explore some of the most pressing dangers looming over human existence.

### \*Imminent Dangers in Social Relations\*

Modern society on global level is suffering from fatal ailments leading to the extinction of humanity. The greatest dangers are social inequality, communal intolerance, growing wealth disparities, social unrest leading to civil strifes, political instability and economic collapse.

The gap between the rich and the poor is widening fast, poverty is menacingly increasing in several parts of the world resulting into many social evils, crimes, etc. Global terrorism is flourishing alarmingly.

Social Inequality: Growing wealth disparities and social unrest can lead to civil strife, political instability, and economic collapse.

### \*Environmental Dangers\*

1. Climate Change: Global warming and climate change pose significant threats to human existence. Rising temperatures, sea-level rise, and extreme weather events can lead to devastating consequences, including food shortages, mass migrations, and increased disease spread all over the world.

2. Biodiversity Loss: The loss of species and ecosystems can have catastrophic effects on human health, food security, and economic stability. The decline of pollinators, for example, can impact global food production.

3. Water Scarcity: Freshwater resources are dwindling, threatening human consumption, agriculture, and industry. This scarcity can lead to conflicts, displacement, and economic instability and global unrest and instability.

4. Pollution: One of the most threatening problems of the modern progress and advancement. Air, water, and soil pollution can cause respiratory diseases, cancer, and other health issues. The accumulation of plastic waste in oceans and landfills also harms marine life and contaminates the food chain and danger to the various species including human beings.

### \* Societal Dangers\*

1. Nuclear War: The threat of nuclear conflict remains a pressing concern. A global catastrophe could result from a nuclear exchange, causing massive loss of life and long-term environmental damage.

2. Pandemics: The COVID-19 pandemic has highlighted the vulnerability of global health systems. Future pandemics could spread rapidly, overwhelming healthcare infrastructure and economies.

3. Cybersecurity Threats: The increasing reliance on technology has created new vulnerabilities. Cyberattacks can compromise personal data, disrupt critical infrastructure, and even spark global conflicts.

### \*Technological Dangers\*

1. Artificial Intelligence Misuse: The rapid development of AI raises concerns about job displacement, and innumerable problems related to it.

2. Biotechnology Risks: The misuse of biotechnology can lead to the creation of deadly pathogens, compromising global health security.

3. Nanotechnology Uncertainties: The unregulated development of nanotechnology poses risks to human health and the environment.
4. Space Exploration Risks: The increasing reliance on space-based technologies creates vulnerabilities to satellite failures, space debris, and asteroid impacts.

### \*Economic Dangers\*

1. Global Economic Collapse: The interconnectedness of global economies creates risks of systemic collapse, triggered by factors like debt crises or trade wars.
2. Resource Depletion: The unsustainable consumption of natural resources can lead to scarcity, price volatility, and conflict.
3. Inequality and Unemployment: Rising inequality and job displacement can fuel social unrest, political instability, and economic stagnation.

### \*Political Dangers\*

1. Global Conflicts: The rise of nationalism, militarism, and protectionism increases the risk of Global Conflicts.
2. Authoritarianism: The erosion of democracy and human rights can lead to oppression, instability, and conflict. Supremacy amongst world powers will misbalance political understanding and tolerance.
3. Terrorism: The ongoing threat of terrorism can destabilize regions, disrupt economies, and cause widespread suffering.

### \*Summing up\*

The dangers looming over human existence are complex, interconnected, and multifaceted. Addressing these threats requires collective action, international cooperation, and a commitment to sustainable development. We must prioritize:

1. Environmental protection and restoration
2. Social justice and equality
3. Technological responsibility and regulation
4. Economic sustainability and resource management
5. Political stability and global cooperation

By acknowledging and addressing these dangers, we can work towards a safer, more resilient, and prosperous future for all.

The human is standing on the threshold of disaster and devastating conditions. Every sincere efforts is to be made to save human species on this Globe.

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Mathura, India.



### About the Author

Dr Kailash Nath Khandelwal is literary author, bi-lingual Poet (English and Hindi), a freelance writer, Journalist and a Translator.

## ART AND HUMANISM

The coincidence and the endurance of art

People often have a misconception on aesthetics - or better to say - about beauty in themselves. Many believe beauty is the systematic order of things or values.

But this to me can also be just a sketch, a way of seeing things from closed and darker points of view, in most cases, something learned from mediocre people and artists like that. Differently in art.

By referring to concepts of life, I believe that no work, no woman, natural, physical and spiritual work, can silence that loss of knowledge and emptiness that lies within us.

And when we write, we do nothing but draw out things and sensitivities, as we see in the interior of being, by building the image of their presentation. I would simply call them subordinate and irreplaceable. And I believe, however, that every work of art - written by a human hand - still stands only as an outline, a small part of life, however high and beautiful it may be.

Because I mean, the same writer, if he wrote the same work twice, in both cases it would change the meaning of it and maybe they could stand in contrast to each other.

This is because in any case chance intervenes. We often have been able to write something and then not like what we wrote, inspired by circumstances, and wanting to write something else, that we like or not, is a kind of other coincidence, and we could write this work differently, all my life differently.

That's because the laws of life change, so relationships between characters can take on new meanings. But the feelings within the human person also change.

If we are standing next to a beautiful woman in a bookstore, you have a moment's urge to smell her skin, touch her, feel it, as good readers do with books. They touch them with their hands, they browse them, they weigh them with their fingers, they smell, they caress them.

Because in this way the random beauty of the woman before you and the curiosity of the new book led you to a mysterious sensation of discovery, to conceive and absorb as a unique subject. That woman is in your mind and unwillingly something of her that has entered your heart, interferes with any of the poet's prose or actions.

But in a more direct relation with the woman, her initial beauty would fade or lose importance, to give way to judgments or analysis of her behavior, or her beauty would develop and become almost mythmaking in the artist's brain. But in either case, no judgment, however definitive, would be correct.

I don't intend to make any criticism in this article, but I will take some examples as proof of my thoughts. When Bukowski assumed that true love could only happen when a woman has died, when she has lost her selfishness, as if to seek that kind of love, like a flower thrown into the dumpster, for me, though it is partly true, I cannot imagine that love no longer exists, which has diverted its eternal run, to disappear or transform into fleshly and utterly vulgar pleasures.

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It is true that today most women have lost much of that innocent feminine grace of some time, but I cannot declare that love has been erased forever from the divine register. This inability to love, produced mostly in our modern age, that Bukowski has dealt with in his stories, is just a corner from which he departs. Because, as he says himself: "In my life I have known either whore or crazy," he says best what the chances of life have suggested to him.

Had he known another category of women, would he have written that way about love? Another writer, Fitzgerald, in "The Great Gatsby" gives us the framework of a great love, the despair and the drive of the protagonist to regain the love of his life, for which he goes beyond all limits, to realise almost fabulous, almost-naïve attempts to reborn, to be rewarded, to repair lost love.

But not always everything we want in life can happen and more often re-create something we've lost once. And in this case, as in Bukowski's case, we have two different parallels, but both inspired by coincidence views.

In this context, I would agree with Hermann Hesse when he wrote: "If you have loved a woman or a country, you can call yourself lucky. Even if you die, it doesn't matter anymore. "

So, when we write, everything should be dependent on our love and humanity and not the world outside of us - always operated by chance. It doesn't matter if our feelings are corresponding or not. The important thing is where we start.

I have observed that throughout Hemingway's books his characters are mirrored in a sweet loss, disappointed but proud, sometimes traumatised by war, but also with a sense of strength and love, with a sense of seeking in themselves. And this is not only the different style that separates Bukowski from Hemingway, but also different points of view.

If we find Hemingway's characters almost morally fallen, stripped of dreams, but in a worthy quietness while drinking with pride in their loss, Bukowski's characters cross every limit of perversion and violence, but that should be the history of today and the future of the world, its end or the beginning?

But love, and not only love between copies, but complex, is something that we touch every moment of our lives, in our daily life, even if short and momentary, but always something that shows hope, freeway, curiosity, spiritual boyhood.

For this, from a humanistic point of view, I remember that Hesse and Hemingway and many others have fought day by day with their pen to develop the infinite realm of awareness. They were right when they wrote those extraordinary phrases.

Although I keep Bukowski as an important writer, I often have to refer to him as one of the many who suffered from an inability to love, as a victim of casual circumstances. In this case, I believe that the best way to participate in a civilized society is tolerance, and this point is to the artists.

And often, I get scared by some writers, who get scared with that way of judging and making conclusions. But with what right can we judge? And unfortunately, Bukowski is one of those writers who dies to prejudice and loves the absurd.

My conception of life is not a random one, but a wide and continuous infiltration to find the various forms of beauty that appear before us.

And this is a bit like the man who wanted to die under a tree with a rope, but after remembering its fruits and enjoying one of them, he decided that it was worth living for even small and simple things.

Taking that library woman as an example again, it doesn't matter what she does in life, the puritan or the whore, but only that impulse, the sensitivity that her beauty gives, the sharing of that beauty. When we take for example chance, which



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happens often in each of us, it should be only from a human point of view, from her good side. In this sense, beauty is not only found in the course of things or values, but also in coincidence, for example: the bed of the disordered and in the comfort of an open book, or stones in a rocky nature, to be divided there and here, in various sizes, some rough and others soft, which melts from the waters and flows of different currents, so these also give us the idea of beauty. And in all of this there is no special scheme, things we're so used to.

I said above that when we have to operate on chance, we must look at it with human eyes, but on the casual concept of things and life lies the concept of sustainability. And this enduring concept of life must be the all-out search for the darkness, since we are often thudded in their mantle.

This, as I have said in my conversations with people, comes in most cases even from those little things we often ignore. But these things, seemingly benefits, simultaneously dominate within us and prepare us for the future.

Now I remember a book about a man, who, disillusioned with life and people, became a monk, but soon realized that there was also an institution here, not freedom of soul along with mercy, as preached.

The other monks began to abuse him until one day he escaped. Then they called in another wise monk to verify the incident. On the window, on the wall, were some words written, which after he deciphered, he read. "Even though you have humiliated and tortured me, I love you equally." Then the monk understood the key to everything.: "A man can take anything, even his own life, but not his love."

And that's what I really think. Love the love. Love the human. A peace and victory within you that no one can squander. By loving the little things, to grow them inside and give them great dimensions. And this kind of humanity belongs to, first of all, the creators themselves. Even when their work does not serve man, at least the work of the creator must be impartial.

And that's what I really think. Love the love. Love the human. A peace and victory within you that no one can squander. As a creator and as a human being, I have always looked at the world with a different eye. I have often been forced out of my own weakness.

Often, I have been forced out of myself by my own weakness, or by the influence of those people who have influenced me for good or ill, but on reflection I have consistently realized that one must be firm in what one calls ideals, and no compromise should be allowed to harm them. I have been almost indifferent in all the petty things that life has presented to me, and I have always avoided vain controversy because I despise the kind of controversy or debate that, instead of improving things, makes them worse.

And in the end, in art, coincidence has also spawned pearls, but time has shown that only the concept of sustainability has delivered real results and values and served the process of human awareness

Therefore, I would say, more time and stability in our literary works than the intentions, conflicts, and the shaky feelings that the occasion spawns!

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Translated from Albanian  
Valentina Muka  
Toronto, May 03, 2023

## BIOGRAPHY



Poet, prose writer and essayist Rifat Ismaili was born on March 24, 1968 in Durrës, Albania. From 1991 until today he lives in Italy, currently in Savona. Passionate about art and literature, he started to write and paint from school. Since 1986, it has been published in newspapers and magazines of the time and continues today. At the same time, in addition to working as an author, he was and is also engaged in translations, pronouncing authors such as Bukowski, Antonio Skarmeta, etc. His work has been published in Italian, English, Arabic, Spanish, Russian, Turkish, Uzbek, etc., in some of the literary bodies of those countries. To be underlined is the involvement in dozens of different publications as an editor or reviewer. Rifat Ismaili is the author of many books in different literary genres, both for adults and for children. He is the publisher of the anthology "Gjurme penash" in several issues, which includes local and foreign authors.

## Mother

I remembered a story about a mother who was very kind and able to properly raise her child!

A rich man arrogantly ordered a shoemaker:

-Clean my shoes.

The boy: -Yes, sir, - he said.

The man: -Hurry up, hurry up! - he said, frowning.

The boy: -Where are you in a hurry, sir? - he said.

The man ignored him: -If you are an insect, what do you care where I am in a hurry, - he said, apparently not spoiling

The boy: -Sir, I am not a fly, I am also a servant of Allah, - he said, sadly.

The man: -You are a naughty boy, if you do not shut up right now, I will slap you! –

he said, his nerves breaking. The boy will get better, sir! But I have a question for you... -he said.

The man asked quickly, I'm in a hurry! -he said, frowning. The boy: -Don't you have children the same age as me? -he said, looking at them slowly

The man had a child the same age as you, but I lost him a few years ago... -he said, lost in thought.

The boy: -Did you love him? -he said.

The man: Don't scratch the old wounds in my heart... -he said, looking sad. The boy asked a second time: -Did you love your lost child?! -he said. The man: -What do you want?! -he said, his neck stiffening. The boy asked a third time: -Did you love your lost child?! -he said. The man: I wish I could meet him now.

The boy: I am your child, he said.

The man: My children do not live a miserable life like you, he said, laughing sarcastically.

The boy: I swear by God! I am your child! - he begged

The man kicked the boy with his foot and said: - Don't say that again!!! - he said, shouting.

The boy's eyes filled with tears: - You are my father... after all, my father, - he said. The man: Where did you get that from, you stupid boy? - he said, getting angry. The boy: A year ago my mother died. Before she died, she brought me to this house and said, "Your father lives here." I come every morning to wait for you to leave the house, and when you come out, I will clean your shoes and do you a favor, - he said, crying.

The man: - Who is your mother? – he said, surprised, in a soft voice. The boy: - That woman you chased out into the street in the middle of the night after hearing that she was pregnant with me was my mother, my poor mother, my heaven-mother! – he said, tears streaming down his face. The man: What? – he said, surprised. The boy: - Dad, there is a scar on your shoulder, - he said, hoping that he would believe him.

The man: You???, - he said, and knelt down.

The boy: Do you know my name? – he said.

The man: What is your name, child?! – he said.

The boy: My name is your name, daddy! – he said.

The man: Why was my name given to you? – he said, surprised.

The boy: - My mother hoped that people would call me by your name and that one day I would be like you, - he said, bowing his head. The man: Where is your mother? - he asked, questioning.

The boy: My mother died. "She told me to find your father, do him a favor! Serve him, maybe you will enter paradise for this reason," he said, looking at him pleadingly. The man couldn't hold it in and made everyone cry in front of him. Tears washed his face. He hugged the boy tightly and said: - My son, if you knew how much I miss you... - he said. The boy: - Did you miss my mother too?! - he said... The man was silent, his face even turned pale. The boy: - Why are you silent, dad? My mother told me that she made your second wife divorce my mother and give up your child, whom you have never seen before, so is that why you left us? If you knew how much my mother suffered... then I would have grown fond of you. She wouldn't have hurt you... - he said. The man remained silent in regret. The conclusion of the story is that never give up on one loved one for the sake of another! Treat them all the same!

# RAVEN CAGE ZINE

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Amanbayeva is the daughter of Dinora Botirbek. He is interested in writing poetry and literature.

## The Cat

Murad hurried home from school. He entered the yard and threw his bag towards the stairs.

"Mom, Mom! Where are you? I'm home!"

His mother, Sohiba, who was cooking in the kitchen, rushed out, her voice filled with concern:

"Yes, my son. What happened?"

"I'm going out with my friend. I'll be back later."

"Where to, my son?" Sohiba couldn't get an answer.

"To play football, Mom, to play football..."

Sohiba sighed and muttered to herself, "Ah, my boy is still so young and full of energy," as she finished preparing the meal. Then, she walked over to the frail, dirty, and fluffy cat lying in one corner of the yard. She had bought the cat just yesterday from the market. Sohiba cut some sausage and poured milk from the fridge for the cat. The cat was hungry and weak. It ate a little and then stretched out again.

Sohiba was a kind woman. She cared for the cat as attentively as she cared for her own child. She petted it, washed it, and placed it on a soft cushion she had sewn herself.

In the evening, Murad came home, exhausted and tired. Sohiba, still awake late at night, had been waiting for her son while preparing his meal.

"You're back, my son. Why are you so late?"

"Our game with the boys got intense, but we lost at the last minute because of Sobir..."

Murad sighed.

"You must be hungry, son. Wash your hands and face, and eat something."

"I'm not hungry, Mom. I'm tired."

Without finishing his sentence, Murad went into his room. His mother followed him.

"My son, it's good that you're doing sports, but you're neglecting heavier chores at home... And not only that, you've stopped taking care of your cat. You insisted so much on keeping it. Even though it's just an animal, it deserves attention and care. Neglecting it is wrong, son."

"Alright, Mom. But it lives in the yard, free. I don't keep it in a cage; it'll find mice to eat on its own."

"Ah, my son..." Sohiba sighed and left the room.

The next morning, Murad woke up and came out of his room. Sohiba was cooking at the time. Seeing Murad, she said:

"Son, you're up? Have your tea. I've prepared it for you."

Murad entered the kitchen and sat down for tea.

"Son, there's milk in the fridge. Give it to your cat with some sausage. I'm going to visit our neighbor in the hospital," Sohiba said before leaving.

Murad took the milk and thought, It's just an animal. Why so much care for it? He added some sleeping medicine to the milk, gave it to the cat, and angrily kicked it.

That evening, Murad came home exhausted and went straight to his room. All night, he suffered from a fever. His face and eyes burned as if on fire. The next morning, Sohiba entered his room to wake him up and saw that he was burning up with a high fever.

"Oh, my son!" she cried, touching his face and hands. She quickly called the herbal healer from two doors down. The healer tried to lower the fever with herbal remedies, but it didn't work. They called an ambulance, but it didn't help either. Sohiba stayed by her son's side, anxious and restless.

The night passed. At midnight, Sohiba, who was worn out, fell asleep beside her son. As dawn broke, Murad felt a little better. His fever had gone down. When Sohiba woke up, she was relieved to see her son's condition improving.

Then, they noticed the fluffy black cat lying at Murad's feet. It wasn't moving. Both Sohiba and Murad were shocked.

"Animals take away your pain," they whispered, remembering the saying.

Murad tried to wake the cat, but it had died. He gently stroked its head and tears welled up in his eyes. Though he only shed a tear, it felt like his heart had broken. Quietly, he dug a hole in a corner of the yard and buried the cat. He smoothed the soil over the grave, filled with regret. But it was too late. Just as water cannot revive a wilted flower, his remorse could not bring back the cat.

This story was shared by our teacher, Sardor, to serve as a lesson for us. It turns out, the protagonist Murad was none other than Sardor's own son.

Mahmudova Robiya

Mahmudova Robiya was born in 2008 in the Andijan region. She is currently studying at the Muhammad Yusuf School of Creativity in Andijan city.



## The Christmas Jumper

He'd lost his wife the Christmas before, and although he has family and friends they were always quite insular as a couple. They had no children, they lived quietly and they loved quietly too, in a sweet peaceful bubble of fiercely protective compassion.

She had loved Christmas with the excited fervour of a child, and this is why he decides to make an effort to embrace the festive season this year. For her. As he browses through the tinsel paradise of the overheated shops in town he selects a red breasted robin ornament for their little Christmas tree - in his mind's eye he can see her clapping her scarlet mittened hands in delight...

The robin...

"I wasn't in despair you understand? I'd been through that but was lucky enough to come out the other side. I'd struggled but that robin told me she was there, watching me... willing me to be okay!

but I was lost. Flailing a little, unsure what my purpose might be."

His robin visitor had come when he was at his lowest. Hopping about and tipping his head in a cheeky, inquiring manner. That bird has never left him since. It's his wife he knows, watching over him and so it makes him smile to see the robin jumper in the charity shop window. Sparkly, totally non-macho and yet in a size to fit his six foot six and built like a brick shithouse frame. ('I was all girth when she was alive, a little more gaunt in the face these days but still...')

"As the shop assistant folded the jumper, I thought of my wife, how she'd take the mick out of me, but be chuffed too - because it was quite a spangly jumper after all! and we'd take ridiculous selfies together and probably post them online, not caring that they were sappy and cliché and nauseating!

I wore the jumper that first night and I dreamt of her wearing it, and nothing else. She was of average height and super deliciously curvy but still the jumper swamped her, draping her enticingly. She was laughing and hugging her knees to her chin. I didn't know it because I was sleeping, but there was a smile on my face and a fat tear glistening on my cheek...

That was the sweetest dream because since she'd been taken from me my dreams had become nightmares. A maelstrom of ragged emotion. I would see her on the edge of a precipice about to fall backwards, and I'd hold out my hand, and I'd implore her 'Don't... don't leave me'... but always to no avail as she stumbled, tipped, oh always in slow motion over the edge, and I was too heavy, too slow, too useless..."

There is a buzzing, throbbing at his breast. Is this it, the big man's heart packing in? He clutches at his chest and he wonders if he'll be back in her arms soon, but oddly there is no pain. Yet if he looked down at his jumper he'd see that the robin on the left is glowing, its breast a tiny, blazing furnace...

"The second night I wore my sequinned bargain pullover, I hoped to see her again... and I did! She smiled at me with such familiar affection and I wanted to bundle her into the warmth of my arms but her beautiful, expressive eyes turned serious. Grasping my hands in hers she seemed to be telling me something and at the same time passing on strength to me. She'd always been so strong, but her expression left no doubt in my mind that this was something serious. I wasn't afraid but gazing into the rich depths of those loving brown eyes I was ready..."

## RAVEN CAGE ZINE

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but she was flickering like a flame and she was fading. I pleaded with her, begged, remonstrated 'Stay...' to no avail. She became mist save for the lingering impression of urgency in those beautiful, imploring eyes. My heart ached with an ache that could never end. Then my heart ached... Physically. I grunted with pain and crumpled to the floor. Somehow I crab shuffled side and back where I leant against the solidity of the wall, panting. The wall, floor, everything tipped and fractured like crazy paving in my mind..."

She had come to warn him. To save him. He dragged himself into the hall where his phone was charging. 'Aspirin... find Aspirin...' Thoughts seemed to spin hazily and lazily, but he grabbed that phone all set to dial 999. "She was my Angel. My salvation."

The voice was tinny and the question seemed odd because they asked what service he required but there was only one thing he could ever desire. He opened his mouth to answer...

His jumper did not catch the light. He paused, finger hovering over the phone. Was it time to disconnect?

The robin was anxious, hopping agitatedly with a tear in his tiny bead of an eye. Somewhere, carollers carolled and snowflakes dusted him, gentle as Angel wings. A sequin twinkled and sparked, a miniscule beacon in the dark...

"I can't catch my breath. Is that her face or a trick of the Christmas lights? Do I stay here alone... Or..."

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



### A New Year's Journey

In the small, snow-covered town of Willowbrook, the arrival of the New Year was always met with excitement and magic. Nestled between pine-covered hills, the town seemed like a postcard come to life during the winter. Every year, the townspeople gathered at the central square, where a towering evergreen tree stood adorned with twinkling lights, ornaments, and a golden star on top.

This year, however, the atmosphere was different for one family—the Millers. Young Sophie Miller, an imaginative 12-year-old, felt the weight of change pressing on her heart. Her father had recently been offered a new job in a faraway city, and this New Year would be their last in Willowbrook. Sophie couldn't imagine leaving behind the only home she had ever known, especially the traditions that made this time of year so special.

#### The Magical Letter

On New Year's Eve morning, as Sophie walked through the frost-laden woods near her house, she stumbled upon an old mailbox hidden among the trees. She had never seen it before, and curiosity bubbled within her. Scribbled on the side in faded gold letters were the words: "Letters to the New Year."

Inside, Sophie found a single sheet of paper and a pencil. Without hesitation, she wrote:

"Dear New Year,

I don't want to leave Willowbrook. Can you help me find a way to stay? Please, just let this place remain my home."

She slipped the letter back into the mailbox and sighed, feeling foolish. "What can a mailbox do?" she muttered, trudging back to town.

#### The Town's Celebration

That evening, the town square was alive with the sounds of laughter, music, and the crackling of fire pits. Families shared stories, children played in the snow, and the smell of roasted chestnuts filled the air. Sophie wandered among the crowd, her heart heavy despite the joyous atmosphere.

As the clock ticked closer to midnight, Sophie felt a tap on her shoulder. She turned to see an elderly man with a warm smile and a twinkle in his eye. He wore a scarf that seemed to shimmer like the night sky.

"You're Sophie, aren't you?" he asked.

She nodded, surprised.

"I heard you wrote to the New Year," he said, pulling a small envelope from his coat pocket. "This is for you."

Sophie opened the envelope and found a note that read:

"Change can be scary, but it often leads to growth and unexpected joys. Trust in the journey, and you'll see that home is not a place, but the memories and love you carry with you."

She looked up to thank the man, but he was gone, as if he had vanished into the crowd.

When the clock struck midnight, fireworks painted the sky in vibrant colors. Sophie stood with her family, their faces illuminated by the bursts of light. As she looked around at her friends and neighbors, she realized something profound—the town wasn't just buildings and streets; it was the people, the moments, and the traditions they shared.

That night, Sophie decided to embrace the coming change. She spent the remaining days in Willowbrook cherishing every moment, from sledding down the hills to helping her mom bake cookies for their neighbors.

Months later, when the Millers moved to the city, Sophie carried with her a jar filled with snow from Willowbrook, pinecones from the forest, and a photograph of the town square during the New Year celebration. She decorated her new room with these treasures, and though she missed Willowbrook, she found comfort in creating new traditions.

The following New Year, Sophie and her family returned to Willowbrook for a visit. As they joined the festivities in the familiar town square, Sophie realized that while life changes, the essence of what we hold dear remains.

And deep in the woods, the magical mailbox waited, ready to help the next person in need of hope and guidance.

## **RAVEN CAGE ZINE**

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New Year's Eve is not just a time to celebrate—it's a time to reflect, grow, and embrace the unknown. Like Sophie, we may face changes that feel daunting, but with courage and an open heart, the New Year becomes a journey of endless possibilities.

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Makhmasalayeva Jasmina Makhmashukurovna was born in the Republic of Uzbekistan. She is creative, knowledgeable and faithful by nature. Until now she participated in several international competitions and anthologies. She has many achievements.

## THE QUIET DONOR

The charming, old-fashioned village of Amlor. It's a tight-knit, small community where everyone is familiar with one another. The ambiance of the town features dusty roads, vibrant markets, and quaint homes, evoking a feeling of tranquillity and simplicity.

Sikandar is a diligent mechanic who operates a small car repair business. Portray an image of his humble way of living. He is in his early 40s, possessing calloused hands and a soft disposition. He's popular in the town, yet his life is modest.

Sikandar resides with his spouse, Radha, and their two small kids, Pooja and Ram. Their house is tiny yet brimming with comfort. Emphasize the affectionate relationships among family members, as Sikandar frequently puts aside his wishes for the benefit of his family.

Sikandar possesses a calm yet strong presence in the town. He is continually ready to assist, whether it's repairing a car for free when others are in trouble or giving guidance to the local youth regarding life and responsibility. He frequently contributes small amounts of money to the orphanage, offers free repairs for the town's seniors, and gives food to those in need. There is an older woman named Mrs. Panna who frequently visits his shop to get her bicycle fixed at no charge. Sikandar's relationship with her is profound and characterized by respect and kindness. Sikandar's most remarkable gesture of compassion is his assistance to the local orphanage. Each month, he discreetly contributes a share of his income to guarantee that the children there receive sufficient food, clothing, and books. He never shares with anyone, not even his spouse, regarding these charitable deeds.

A rich entrepreneur, Avinash Bagga, comes to Amlor to set up a new factory. He's a clever, driven individual in his late 50s who values transactional connections. The townsfolk feel a mix of excitement and anxiety regarding his arrival, aware that he could bring prosperity—though it comes with a price.

Sikandar encounters Avinash for the first time when his vehicle fails near Sikandar's store. At first, Avinash feels annoyed yet amazed by Sikandar's talent and integrity. He proposes Sikandar a significant amount of money for the repairs, but Sikandar declines, clarifying that it's his duty and that the work doesn't warrant excessive payment. This surprises Avinash.

Avinash Bagga, used to a reality where money fixes all, finds Sikandar's modesty and apparent lack of greed fascinating. Initially, he fails to grasp Sikandar's principles, yet a spark of curiosity is ignited. Avinash starts visiting Sikandar's store often, not only for fixes but also to chat.

Their discussions centre on the variations in their lifestyles. Sikandar emphasizes the significance of hard work, community involvement, and altruism, whereas Avinash discusses achievements, entrepreneurship, and his pursuit of influence. During an extensive discussion, Avinash notes that Sikandar might attain considerable wealth by utilizing his talents to establish a string of stores or invest in the town's expanding infrastructure. Sikandar listens attentively but does not show enthusiasm. This annoys Avinash, who cannot comprehend why Sikandar wouldn't desire more for himself.

Avinash Bagga ultimately discovers Sikandar's contributions to the orphanage after he eavesdrops on a discussion between Sikandar and Mrs. Panna, who expresses her gratitude for his unacknowledged donations. Intrigued, Avinash delves deeper and finds out that Sikandar has been supporting the orphanage's requirements for years without wanting acknowledgment. Avinash, who has consistently thought that a person's worth is decided by riches, starts to experience inner turmoil.

Sikandar's unselfishness and subtle efforts question his perspective on life. He chooses to assess Sikandar by presenting him with a significant amount of money to utilize as he wishes. Avinash presents Sikandar with a substantial amount of money to invest in his business or to go on a holiday.

Sikandar feels enticed by the proposal but does not reply right away. He consults his wife, Radha, who is at first thrilled about the chance to enhance their life but starts to question the intentions behind the proposal. Radha, while appreciative of their modest existence, recognizes the difficulties they have endured. She views the proposal as a means for Sikandar to achieve his aspirations.

However, she worries that taking the money could change their values. Sikandar is conflicted. He realizes that taking the money might transform their lives—he could enable his children to secure a brighter future, repair their home's roof, and possibly provide Radha with the luxuries she has always desired.

Yet he is also aware that his decisions would jeopardize all he has developed throughout the years: his integrity, the respect of his community, and his principles. After considerable reflection, Sikandar chooses to reject the offer. He informs Avinash Bagga that he isn't willing to accept money that could change how he lives his life. Sikandar is committed to acting ethically, even if it requires maintaining a simple lifestyle. He requests Avinash to allocate the funds for the orphanage instead. Astonished and touched by Sikandar's choice, Avinash contemplates his life. His earlier pursuits, motivated by wealth and control, now appear insignificant next to Sikandar's modesty and kindness. Sikandar's example prompts him to reconsider his whole perspective on business and life. As time passes, Avinash starts to transform. He begins to spend additional time in the town, going to the orphanage, and participating in community projects. His change is gradual yet significant.

Avinash Bagga and Sikandar start collaborating to enhance the orphanage's amenities. Avinash utilizes his resources to construct a new library, enhance meal quality, and provide scholarships for the kids. With his calm guidance and unwavering kindness, Sikandar assists in managing the renovations while making sure that the children stay at the heart of the project. The residents of Amlor start observing the transformations.

Sikandar's subtle gestures of goodwill are no longer hidden, as they witness the outcomes of his efforts in the orphanage. His relationship with Avinash Bagga illustrates how principles can go beyond wealth and social standing.

The town starts to adopt Sikandar's philosophy. The town council collaborates to create additional community programs, including free education for kids, health screenings for seniors, and a community food bank. Sikandar's impact is clear as the town progresses toward a more caring, interconnected future. Sikandar persists in leading his life with the same calm grace. While he is currently acknowledged for his leadership and generosity, he stays humble, prioritizes his family, and dedicates himself to his community.

As Sikandar ages, he starts to share his teachings with the younger generation, such as Pooja and Ram. He motivates them to pursue a meaningful life, concentrating not on riches but on the welfare of others. His influence on Amlor endures over time. Ultimately, Sikandar's legacy isn't defined by the wealth he might have gained or the influence he might have wielded. It's regarding the numerous lives he influenced through his quiet gestures of goodwill. Amlor transforms into a community centred on kindness, and Sikandar's name represents selflessness.

# THE COST OF TRUTHFULNESS

A quaint, countryside village where Prathamdev serves as a teacher. The village is charming yet facing difficulties. Individuals lead simple lives in small homes, agricultural land, and a feeling of tight community bonds. Even with its straightforward nature, the village confronts increasing difficulties—a shortage of resources, a sluggish economy, and inadequate infrastructure.

Prathamdev, in his early 30s, is a person with modest preferences yet deep values. He is committed to his job and is respected by the villagers for his expertise and integrity. As an educator, he trusts in the life-changing impact of education and frequently extends beyond the syllabus to instill in his students principles such as honesty, integrity, and kindness. Prathamdev is wed to Mahi, a caring and empathetic woman employed as a seamstress. They have a little girl named Neha. Although their situation is humble, they have a strong connection, and Mahi values Prathamdev's commitment to his job. Nonetheless, she is also concerned about their financial difficulties, since Prathamdev's earnings hardly suffice to meet their costs.

Prathamdev employs a non-traditional approach to teaching. He not only emphasizes academics but also weaves life lessons into his teachings. His students admire him for his impartiality, and he's recognized for being strict about integrity. He thinks that education ought to develop both the intellect and the character.

He frequently teaches about morality and ethics—historical tales, debates on integrity, and the significance of upholding what are just. The school's administration, headed by Mr. Gupta, is encouraging but lacks a genuine interest in the core values that Prathamdev advocates, emphasizing performance and outcomes instead.

Beyond the classroom, Prathamdev participates actively in village activities. He assists with community projects, such as instructing villagers in literacy and coordinating activities for kids. His efforts are valued but frequently overshadowed by the demand for more urgent financial support.

Mr. Gupta, the school's principal, who is more traditional and older, presents Prathamdev with an alluring proposal. He requests Prathamdev's assistance in fabricating certain records to exaggerate the student enrolment and reflect increased attendance numbers, enabling the school to qualify for additional government funding. This is a strategy Mr. Gupta has employed previously to secure extra resources for the school.

Mr. Gupta contends that the extra funds could be utilized to enhance the school's infrastructure, purchase superior supplies, and potentially provide salary increases for the teachers. He informs Prathamdev that everyone is participating, and it's merely a minor deception that will serve the greater good. "What damage could a small lie cause?" he asks. Prathamdev is taken aback at first by the suggestion. He understands that this is morally incorrect but is also conscious of the challenges the school has faced because of insufficient resources. He feels conflicted between his principles and the truth of the circumstances. Prathamdev understands that his rejection might affect his reputation at the school and his connection with Mr. Gupta, who wields significant influence over the faculty.

Prathamdev spends days wrestling with the choice. On one side, he could assist the school in obtaining the funds it urgently requires. The additional funds could assist his co-workers, especially the newer teachers who are under-compensated and overburdened. It might also enhance the situation for his pupils. Conversely, he understands that bending his principles may establish a risky precedent.

At home, Mahi observes his tension and attempts to comprehend what is troubling him. She motivates him to accept the offer, mentioning that the additional income could help alleviate their financial challenges and give their daughter, Neha, a brighter future. Mahi is somewhat sceptical of Prathamdev's ethical reasoning, as the immediate needs of their family are urgent. Prathamdev opens up to his trusted friend, Balram, who is also a teacher. Balram has consistently been more practical, frequently joking that life is replete with compromises. He encourages Prathamdev to take Mr. Gupta's proposal, stating that ultimately, everyone deceives to endure. He presents a strong case, yet Prathamdev continues to feel conflicted. One afternoon, Neha, Prathamdev's daughter, comes to the school. She is now of an age to go to school and has recently started discovering the world outside her house. While Prathamdev shows her around the school, she shares her appreciation for the principles he instils and her desire to emulate him. Neha's straightforward yet heartfelt comments regarding the significance of honesty highlight Prathamdev's predicament.

Later that day, a bright yet underprivileged student named Vivek approaches Prathamdev and admits that he was caught playing truant. Vivek states that he acted this way because he felt ashamed for not being able to buy the school supplies that his classmates possessed. He was afraid of being mocked, and not attending school appeared to be the only answer. Prathamdev pays attention, providing reassurance and empathy. He explains to Vivek that acknowledging errors is acceptable and that truthfulness holds greater worth than any physical belongings. This exchange provides insight for Prathamdev—he understands that his integrity as an educator is not solely for his benefit but also for the students who admire him.

After careful consideration, Prathamdev chooses to decline Mr. Gupta's proposal. He visits the headmaster's office and assertively informs him that he cannot take part in altering records. He clarifies that although he recognizes the difficulties the school encounters, sacrificing their principles for immediate benefits will negatively impact the students and their education over time. Mr. Gupta is angry and blames Prathamdev for his naivety. He cautions that Prathamdev's rejection could jeopardize his career and that the institution may not provide him with as much assistance if he persists in resisting these practical solutions. Despite the danger, Prathamdev stays determined, believing that his choice is the correct one. The pressure at the job escalates, and Prathamdev encounters monetary challenges at home. Mahi becomes annoyed, believing that Prathamdev's insistence on following "the right way" is putting them in a difficult position. The couple disputes the issue, yet Prathamdev stays resolute, convinced that integrity holds greater value than fleeting comforts. As time goes on, Prathamdev's decision to not take part in the falsification scheme starts to lead to unexpected outcomes. Other educators, observing Prathamdev's commitment to his ideals, begin to reevaluate their behaviors. Some even step up and vocalize their opposition to the dishonest practices. The local community, which has consistently looked up to Prathamdev, starts to support him. While the initial financial effects are severe, the school ultimately gains assistance from various charitable groups and nearby businesses that value the openness Prathamdev has upheld. Gradually, the school's reputation is enhanced, earning government support for its commitment to integrity and appropriate fund management. Mahi, noticing the beneficial transformations in the community and observing the admiration Prathamdev receives, starts to wholeheartedly back him.

She understands that Prathamdev's decision to value honesty was not merely about personal pride but a choice that will benefit their daughter and future generations. Prathamdev's choice to value honesty above individual benefit serves as a strong model for his students and peers. His unwillingness to sacrifice his principles marks a pivotal moment in the educational culture of the village, illustrating the value of integrity, even amidst challenges. Prathamdev contemplates the sacrifices he has endured but feels satisfied knowing he has remained loyal to his values. As Neha matures, she likewise embraces the values instilled by her father, ensuring that Prathamdev's legacy lives on through her.

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Dr. Brajesh Kumar Gupta, known by the pen name "Mewadev," is a distinguished luminary in the literary world. He is the winner of Italian award '11th edition of the International Award of Excellence "Città del Galateo-Antonio De Ferrariis" 2024'. In 2023, he received the esteemed "APOLLON SIRMIENSIS" International Award in Serbia, alongside a special postage stamp issued by the state of Birland in his honour. His remarkable achievements include the prestigious Presidency of the International Prize De Finibus Terrae, dedicated to the memory of Maria Monteduro in Italy, and honorary doctorates in Literature from notable institutions in Serbia and Brazil.

As the III<sup>o</sup> Secretary-General of the World Union of Poets for 2024, a role he has embraced since December 30, 2017, Dr. Brajesh leads with vision and passion. His pen name, "Mewadev," is a heartfelt representation of his parents, Mewa Lal Gupta and Devrati Gupta.

## **RAVEN CAGE ZINE**

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A prolific writer, he has authored ten books and edited twenty-eight, while also serving as the principal of S. K. Mahavidyalaya in Jaitpur, Mahoba (U.P., India). Residing in Banda, Dr. Brajesh's journey is a testament to the power of literature to inspire and connect. Discover more about him at [www.mewadev.com](http://www.mewadev.com) or reach out via email at [dr.mewadevrain@gmail.com](mailto:dr.mewadevrain@gmail.com). Connect on Facebook at [facebook.com/brajeshg1](https://facebook.com/brajeshg1).

## **The heart under the snow**

It's been more than 2 weeks since winter came. There is neither food nor heating in Berdimurad's house. His little daughter Gulnoza has been suffering from pain in the hospital for 1 month. All the poor girl saw in this world was pain. In the year Gulnoza was born, winter was very cold. When Khalida was giving birth to Gulnoza, she died of a heart attack. Berdimurad seemed to live the most difficult moment of his life that year. He acts as both father and mother to his children. But no matter what he does, his mother's place is broken. Gulnoza suffered from pain since childhood. Berdimurad himself knows the difficulties of those years, only the Creator knows. He raised 3 children by caressing them. Look at the works of fate, the eldest daughter Nozima, while returning from school, fell on the ice and died there. In the dark days of winter. Berdimurad thought that he could not bear this separation. Because Nozima was his friend and adviser. Nachora could not go against fate, he endured. Now his main task was to protect Usman and Gulnoza like the apple of his eye. Winter has come again. It's bitter cold again. Osman burned coal to heat the house and slept. After some time, Usman was smothered in coal and the journey of life of this innocent boy came to an end. Berdimurad also lost his second child. It seemed that fate was laughing at him. Berdimurad continued to live - for Gulnoza. As he recalled these memories, his heart ached in a different way. Suddenly he remembered Gulnoza and winter...

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## **They're All Extinct**

- Finally! The pandemic is over - squawked one tyrannosaurus. - Too bad they're all extinct.

Too bad you're not a female - thought the other grimly.

- The water level has risen. We are now on a deserted island.

- Houston, we have a problem - replied the other, assessing the chances of killing his colleague. - Btw. People don't exist yet.

- Don't whine. Turtle? - the first one clenched his paw into a fist.

- Turtles also don't exist either.

- They do. Paleontologists from the future discovered their shells and bones next to ours.

- Will you guys stop babbling? - said the giant turtle on whose back they stood.

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translated by: Julia Mraczný

## These Earth Degenerates

- Let's go to Earth, son – commanded the Big Grey, pointing to the flying saucer. – We will hunt some cows for our ranch.
- I don't want to...
- Why?
- They're racists. They call us greys.
- Chink, Greens, did you hear that? – the alien turned to his hylea-smoking buddies.
- Hm – muttered one. – I already said that these Earth degenerates should have their asses kicked.
- How about some joint invasion next cycle? – suggested the other.
- Calm down – the Grey reassured them. – We still experiment on them.
- Dad? – interjected the Little Grey. – Would they stop, if I tattooed a different color all over my body?

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translated by: Julia Mracznny

Christopher T. Dabrowski

<https://krzysztoftdabrowski.wixsite.com/krzysztoftdabrowski>

<https://www.instagram.com/krzysztof.t.dabrowski/>

<https://www.facebook.com/Krzysztof-T-Dabrowski-166581686751600/>

Note about the author:

Books in USA: "Escape" (2019 - Royal Hawaiian Press), "Anomaly" (2020 - Royal Hawaiian Press), "A Monsters Pretending to be Human" (2024 - Alien Buddha Press), "Destiny Always Finds a Way" (2024 - 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" (2024 or 2025 - in preparation - Zuramerica Ediciones & Publicaciones S.A.)

Books in Germany: "Die Anomalie" (2020 - Der Romankiosk)

Books in Canada: "The Prisoner Of Infinity" (2022 - Ukiyoto Publishing), "And On Earth without Changes" (2022 - Ukiyoto Publishing), "The Worries Of A Not So Dead Man" (2022 - Ukiyoto Publishing)

Books in India: "Escape" (2024 - forthcoming - Wolf Books)

Books in the Democratic Republic of the Congo: "La Vie Merveilleuse de Paul Veermer" (2024 - forthcoming - Editions Lumumba)

Books in Poland: "Naśmierciny" (2008 - Armoryka publishing house), "Anima vilis" (2010 - Initium publishing house), "Grobbing" (2012 - Novae Res publishing house), "Naśmierciny i inne opowiadania" (2012 & 2017 - Agharta & Armoryka publishing house), "Z życia Dr Abble" (2013 - Agharta publishing house), "Anomalia" (2016 - Forma publishing house), "Ucieczka" (2017 - Dom Horroru publishing house / 2024 - Videograf SA), "Nie w inność" (2019 - Waspos publishing house), "Nieznośna niewyraźność bytu" (2022 - Saga Egmont / 2024 - forthcoming as II part of book "Horyzont zdarzeń" - Bibliotekarium), "Obyś żył w ciekawych czasach" (2023 - Św. Wojciecha) & "Horyzont zdarzeń" (2024 - forthcoming - Bibliotekarium)

Audiobooks in Poland: "Naśmierciny" (2008 - Armoryka), "Nie w inność" (2019 - Waspos / Saga Egmont), "Naśmierciny i inne opowiadania" (2022 - Saga Egmont) "Grobbing" (2022 - Empik Go), "Anima vilis" (2022 - Empik Go) & "Ucieczka" (2022 - Empik Go)

Anthology in: USA, England, Australia, Poland, Canada, Portugal, France, Tunisia, Russia, Brasil, Bosnia & Herzegovina, Germany, India, Romania & Bangladesh.

## **RAVEN CAGE ZINE**

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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.

## Studentship is a golden age !

I think everyone starts dreaming from school age. The highest of his dreams is to enter the university. Pupils prepare for years to enter the university of their dreams. And among them only those who are well prepared and the most fortunate enter. I also achieved my dream. That is, I became a 1st-year student of journalism department at Termiz State University in Termiz, Surkhandarya region. Of course, studentship is our golden age. Since I had never been to Surkhandarya region before, everything here was strange to me. Our first day at the university began with getting settled in a new environment. During the opening ceremony, the rector of the university congratulated the 1st year students and told them that they will be presented with books. The satisfaction of the students with such special attention was evident from the joy on their faces. We didn't wait long for this day, the day we were waiting for has arrived. We met with the respectful rector of our university, professor Abduqodir Toshkulov, with joy on our faces. He expressed great confidence in us, said that conditions will be created depending on our directions, and gave O'tkir Hashimov's book "World affairs" as a present. I read this book a long time ago, it is one of my favorite books.

The teacher's gift made it possible for me to read this book again and enriched my bookshelf with another work. As Haji Baktosh Vali said, "The book is a legendary lamp that illuminates the most distant and dark paths of life." On behalf of the 1st year students, we would like to express our special thanks to our rector for bringing light to our lives. During the conversation, our rector did not point out for nothing that read books until the age of 25. I learned about our teacher's respect for the book after this conversation. The recently released video entitled "Essence of Good Deeds" is proof of my words. This person's life path will literally be our motivation. We have learned many life experiences from our respectful rector. During the conversation, I found out that our rector can speak several foreign languages, has been to over 50 countries of the world, and never stops researching. During the meaningful meeting, I spoke in front of our rector, thanking him for coming from Khorezm region and being satisfied with the attention shown to us. I am glad that he entrusted me with such a responsible job and I would like to express my special thanks to our respectful rector. This day will be one of the most unforgettable and wonderful days of my life.

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1st year student

Journalism Department

### A TRUE STORY:

Written by TAGHRID BOU MERHI - LEBANON -BRAZIL

On the Eleventh Anniversary of My Dear Brother Rabi's Death, May God Have Mercy on Him and Grant Him Paradise

In 2013, the year that brought me back to Lebanon for a visit after nine long years of absence, Brazil, despite its vastness, felt too small for me. In my heart, longing grew day by day, carrying the burdens of the years as I dreamt of reuniting with my family and siblings. I knew I would soar with joy upon catching a glimpse of their faces again, feeling the warmth of the soil I had been away from. Yet, I could never have imagined that the reunion would be a strange mix of happiness and sorrow.

Upon my arrival in Lebanon, everyone welcomed me with smiles and hugs—a unique feeling that touches the heart after a long absence. But amidst this warm gathering, a small cloud hung over the house, a cloud I did not realize would soon grow to cover the sky of our entire lives. My brother Rabih, that young man with green eyes and a heart big enough to embrace everyone, was ill. It wasn't just any ordinary illness; at that moment, we all believed it was just a passing health issue.

Rabi was admitted to the hospital, and it seemed that the treatment was progressing slowly, moving instead towards the worse. The doctors tried, and everyone was hopeful for his improvement, but his condition took a different turn. Amidst fear and anxiety, the pain escalated, and there were no clear answers as to what was happening. The days dragged on heavily. After a month of suffering in the hospital, we decided to take his records and test results to another doctor in Beirut.

We got into the car—my sister Rabi'a, my nephew Waseem, and I—and headed to the capital with great hope of finding answers about Rabi's condition. The doctor's office was quiet, and the hope inside mingled with an anxiety that was impossible to ignore. The doctor reviewed the documents and test results, then lifted his eyes to us and said in a calm yet heavy voice, "You've come too late; the disease has spread, and his days are numbered."

Time stopped for a moment, and the glances exchanged between us and the doctor turned into questions: How did we fall behind? What is he talking about? What has spread? We didn't understand at first. The doctor assumed we were aware that Rabih had cancer and that we had come to hear his opinion on the case. But we had no idea. The truth hit us like a slap in the face.

"The tests showed the disease a month ago," the doctor said. "But no one noticed. The illness spread quickly through his body, and had his doctor paid attention to the diagnosis, the situation would have been different."

That moment felt like a colossal wall crashing down on our faces. The doctor who treated Rabih in the Bekaa Valley either overlooked or ignored what was happening, and this fatal error led my brother to destruction. The shock was too much to bear, and in those moments, we didn't know how we would tell our mother and father, and how they would believe that Rabih, who clung to life, had only a few days left.

When it was time to break the news to everyone, the house turned upside down. My brother was transferred to Hotel Dieu Hospital in Beirut, and there began a new journey of suffering. My sisters and I shared the days and nights in caring for Rabih, checking on him, and sorrowfully observing his condition deteriorate. The doctor said, "He have only 15 days left." Fifteen days felt like a death sentence, as if time itself had decided to stand against us, powerless.

My dear brother was dying before our eyes, and we could do nothing. Each day took a piece of our hearts and souls with it, and tears poured from our eyes directly into our hearts.

On the night before his death, my father and mother visited him. He had been unconscious for two days due to the strong medication they had given him. My father could not bear to see his son in such a condition and cried until his eyes turned white—those eyes that had always seen in him the pulse of life. My mother was by his side, reading the Quran and praying for his recovery, with tears streaming down her face, though reality was harsher than she could endure.

The doctor came, along with his team, examined his condition, and then asked my sister Rabi'a and me to come to him. At that moment, we knew what he would say; the words no one wanted to hear crept into our hearts before he uttered them. The doctor informed us that Rabih had only a few hours left, hours! How can life be measured in hours? What can we do in those hours except watch our beloved one drift further away from us? Should we embrace him over and over, or kiss his hands and cheeks? What do we say to him, and how do we bid farewell in such a short time?

Finally, in a moment we never wanted to reach, Rabih died. The beloved of my heart and the light of my eyes, the one who pulsed with life, left us in the prime of his youth, due to a fatal illness and a negligent doctor. Rabih did not die alone in that moment; a part of my father and mother died too, as did we—a part we considered our soul.

Today, eleven years after his departure, our hearts still weep for him, and his memory lingers around us. We remember his warm smile and kind heart that still beats in every moment we shared with him. Time has passed, but the pain remains; the void he left is irreplaceable. Our prayers for him continue, but we are certain he is in a better place, in God's mercy. His memory will forever live on in our hearts, accompanying us wherever we go.

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### BRIEF BIOGRAPHY:



Taghrid Bou Merhi  
(Foz Do Iguacu, Paraná, Brasil)  
taghrid240@gmail.com

She is a lebanese multilingual poet, writer, author, essayist, editor, journalist and translator. She has authored 24 books and translated 36 books to date, 112 article to date and some of her literary works have been translated into 48 languages. She is an active member of various literary and creative platforms. Her writings are part of several national and international magazines, newspapers, journals and anthologies. She was chosen among the 50 women from Asia who had a significant impact on the history of modern literature. She was selected as among the top 20 international journalist's From LEGACY CROWN .She is a global advisor for poetry on CCTV Chinese TV and editor and head of the translation department at various literary newspapers and magazine. She has won many awards for her write-ups.

## Dancing with Purpose

Goethe's wise words, "In this world, no one is our friend, no one is our enemy; everyone is our great teacher," remind me that every moment of life offers an opportunity to learn. Everything around a person, even the smallest details, holds valuable lessons. This confirms the proverb, "For the seeker of wisdom, the whole world is wisdom."

I tried to observe this idea through the example of the animal kingdom. The life rhythms of many animals – rest, eating, sleeping – are clearly regulated. But the constant activity of ants, their focus on a goal, amazed me. While I've observed their constant activity, I'm struck by their apparent single-mindedness in pursuing their goals.

This characteristic of ants led me to reconsider my own life path. We should be equally focused on our goals, resisting distractions. These distractions include not only modern technologies – smartphones, social networks – but also toxic relationships that hinder our progress.

Aleksandr Ostrovsky's statement, "Live your life so that when you look back, you have no regrets," is particularly important from this perspective. Therefore, to achieve our goals, we must eliminate toxic relationships that waste our time and hinder our progress. Otherwise, we will not heed Ostrovsky's advice. This is akin to getting rid of unnecessary burdens on our self-built life path.

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## Self-realization: The most important journey in life.

From the moment a person is born, they embark on a long and complex journey of self-realization. This path never truly ends, as the more one explores themselves, the more discoveries await. But what is self-realization, and why is it so important for each of us?

Self-realization is the process of discovering one's inner world, confronting one's strengths, weaknesses, and dreams. It involves shaping life values, setting goals, and recognizing personal potential. A self-aware person takes confident steps toward success and happiness.

Key Aspects of Self-Realization: Recognizing one's emotions is the first step. When a person acknowledges their feelings and responds appropriately, inner balance is maintained. Another vital element is self-worth. When individuals respect themselves, they gain confidence and move forward boldly. Mistakes are inevitable, but accepting them and learning from them is crucial in the process of self-realization. Mistakes are life lessons that help individuals grow when understood correctly. Similarly, having dreams and goals is essential. Without them, one can lose direction in life. Goals motivate and simplify the journey toward self-awareness.

Finding inner peace is another critical factor. A person who understands themselves achieves inner calmness, which is one of life's greatest treasures and ensures true happiness.

Why Is Self-Realization Important? Self-realization is necessary for success in all aspects of life. Through this process, a person understands who they are and what they want from life. A self-aware individual positively influences their environment, builds healthy relationships, and preserves personal dignity.

Conclusion: Self-realization is a personal journey that brings new discoveries every day. It leads individuals toward perfection, helps them set clear goals, and find their unique path in life. It is a continuous process that never stops but provides valuable lessons at every step.

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# Creativity and Inspiration: The Relevance of Art and Literature Today.

In today's rapidly developing world, technology, artificial intelligence, and the digital flow of information have become inseparable parts of human life. However, has this progress reduced the need for creativity and inspiration, or has it elevated them to new heights? Exploring the role and relevance of art and literature in modern society can help answer this question.

**Creativity: The Creator of a New World**

Creativity has always been the driving force behind human development. In the modern era, the scope of creativity has expanded significantly. Digital art, graphic design, and virtual reality technologies have pushed the boundaries of creativity to new limits. Digital art is increasingly popular among young people, yet traditional forms of art, such as painting, music, and theater, continue to serve as profound sources of inspiration.

**Literature: Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow.** Literature has always been a mirror of the human spirit. Contemporary writers today address global issues such as environmental crises, equality, and the future of humanity. E-books and audio formats have brought literature to new audiences, yet printed books remain a treasured form of cultural expression. Literature continues to serve as a powerful tool for educating and inspiring society.

**The New Format of Creativity.** Technological advancements have introduced new formats to creativity. Artificial intelligence-generated images, virtual creative products, and digital music are redefining the boundaries of art. However, human involvement remains crucial, as the heart and emotions of the artist play a central role. Technology provides opportunities, but genuine inspiration and artistic depth can only come from the human spirit. **The Role of Art and Literature in Society.** Art and literature serve as bridges of communication between people. Through these fields, cultures unite, and nations strive to understand one another. In Uzbekistan, preserving and passing on our ancient cultural heritage to future generations is a significant responsibility. Poets and writers convey the inner voice of the nation to the world, while artists and musicians sustain the national spirit. **Inspiring the Younger Generation.** Encouraging and supporting young people in creativity is a vital issue today. In Uzbekistan, opportunities such as art schools, creative competitions, and state programs are paving the way for young creators to achieve success on both national and international stages.

**Looking Ahead.** Creativity and inspiration will never lose their relevance. They are essential sources of energy for the human heart and mind. Digital technologies are creating new opportunities, but it is crucial to preserve traditions and spiritual wealth in the process.

Today's artists, poets, and creators have the power to shape the future with inspiring works. The strength of art and literature lies in their ability to elevate humanity, ensuring their perpetual significance.

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## Gratitude

There lived a girl named Diyora in our village. Her family was not very big, it was her father, mother, grandmother and herself. Her father was always on business trips. He would come once a month and even leave money for her to live on. Her mother was a housewife. Diyora was the only child. That's probably why she was a bit of a sissy, a snobbish and very lazy girl. She had one bad habit. She always said "ugh" to everything, she complained a lot.

One such day, Diyora asked her mother for permission to go around the city with her friends the next day, on a day off. But her mother did not give her permission, saying that they were still young and it was not good for them to go around the city on their own without adult supervision, and that something bad might happen.

After this answer, Diyora gave her mother a big hug, got angry with her mother, ran to her room, and cried. The grandmother, who had just gotten over this incident, grabbed Diyora's mother's hand as she was about to enter Diyora's room, telling her to go and get some news from Diyora herself, and that she should go home and rest, and then went into Diyora's room herself. As she entered Diyora's room, the grandmother slowly went and sat on her granddaughter's bed, stroked her hair, comforted her, and gave her the following advice: "Diora, you are a smart girl, as your mother said, you are still young. When you grow up tomorrow, you will go on such detours... you will not have time to go around many detours. If you do not know the traffic rules yet, what will happen if you go out on the main road in the city and, God forbid, get into an accident. If you are the only child of your parents, your mother will not be able to bear this. On top of that, your father will also be upset, and if he is on a business trip right now, he will take me and your parents with him." "Don't worry!" said her grandmother. Diyora, who had never imagined this, was lost in deep thought. The grandmother continued: "My daughter, I have been watching you for a long time, you are becoming very undisciplined these days. When your mother calls you, you say "ugh", you are always complaining about something, and your frown is always falling. Mother, the way you walk, talk, and behave is not good. My advice to you, my child, be polite. When your mother calls you, in general, when someone older than you calls you, answer with "labbay". Do what the adults tell you to do, then your work will go well! Give thanks every morning Lord who created you for bringing you to this day, for your parents, for my existence, my child. There are those who have reached this day, and there are those who have not reached it have parents, and there are orphans who have no parents." I hope you understand me. ,- the grandmother said this, kissed her granddaughter on the forehead, told her to have nice dreams, and left the room. Diyora, who was listening to these advices, was very touched, and suddenly remembered that she had scolded her mother a moment ago, and she felt sad in herself, and when she woke up in the morning, the first thing she did was to apologize to her mother.

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9th grade student



## JADIDS

Education should begin from birth, strengthen our body, strengthen morality, develop our intellect

Let's take a look at the history. We were interested in our grandparents' feedback on their child-rearing  
For us, education is either a matter of life – or mammoth, or salvation – or destruction, or happiness – or catastrophe  
The first issue on the road to life is the question of school.

Education and pedagogy means the science of child rearing. For the sake of the health and well-being of a child, it is necessary to give the center of the child's body the treatment of "good behavior" and the treatment of "purity" to the center of anger in the child's body.

A child who will not be able to give birth, let trouble come to you,  
Your body will be nurtured, and you will be nurtured by the leader  
A blacksmith's child is nurtured, and a scientist becomes a scientist,  
If Luqman has a son, he is a tyrant.

Education has three parts:

1. body education,
2. Mental education
3. Moral education.

"This world is a field of struggle, the weapon of this field is a healthy body—it is body and mind and morality. But these weapons are rusty, and with such weapons we have neither happiness nor pleasure in this world." It follows that our main weapon is the younger generation. The better education we provide to the younger generation, the more we develop knowledge, skills and qualifications, and tomorrow we will have children who will contribute to the development of the country. After all, our esteemed first President Islam Abduganievich Karimov said in vain: "We are proud of our predecessors, but now it is not enough to be proud of ourselves, and we must strive to become a worthy generation." Therefore, the family is of great importance for the prosperity of the country and the peace of the people. After all, it is in this family that the tomorrow's owner of Uzbekistan is being brought up.

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## King cat

Story is about a white cat with black tail, ear and feet. His owners call it King. Also King has personality like kings. Other cats do everything as King wants. If King hits stranger cat other cats will attack it until it runs away from places of the King or until something bad happens. King is a cat that controls all neighbor cats. Its group has 10 or 12 cats. Half of them are older than King, but do everything it wants. It is Monday morning, King wakes up, look up for its owners are sleeping or not. They are having breakfast. So King goes to ask some food from them. King's owner Harry feed it after having breakfast himself. King knows how to go out and come back to home again. Usually it goes out with Harry goes to work. On that some neighbor cats and all street cats are outside. Cats play some games and goes to check their places. 5 building away from King's home are its places. Sometimes it goes to check other places of its lands. It never goes alone to west land, because there is another conqueror Whiskers. Whisker owns more lands than King. Now I will describe why King doesn't want to go lands of Whiskers

Saturday evening, Harry hadn't come home yet. King went to places of Whiskers. Those times King didn't know about Whiskers. King is going from dark road to meat shop. Whisker was at there too. Whisker wasn't alone, but King was! Whisker doesn't let strangers to be on its lands. King was known to Whisker. Whisker comes to fight face to face. King wasn't afraid of any cat until this fight happens. Whisker hit so hard King's neck and bite King's right hand. King is not good with its left hand. Whisker made King weak. So group of cats attacked King. It couldn't escape until butcher says "STOP!"

King didn't go out for 2 weeks. Its team missed King so much. It was a struggle to regain its former level of performance. Nowadays King is OK and has new enemy Rey, it is dog. Dog is on side of Whisker. It means enemy is much stronger. Today, Harry gave some food for Rey. It wasn't bad new, until the fight happens again. King comes back with its team to get revenge from Whisker. Everything went out plans of King, it decided to fight Whisker not Rey. Dog was big enemy and hard to beat. It been possible to beat it! But King's team tired and couldn't stand for Whisker's hit. King lost again! King was shamed in front of its team. It was big rule in King's life. You will never stay as strongest all time, every time someone comes stronger than you. But King didn't give up, because there is a new strong cat on its team. Now it went for fight. New cat and Whisker looked each other eyes for few minutes and Whisker hit new cat's neck, but new cat defended and bite neck of Whisker. Whisker didn't feel pain and tried to hit again but, this time new cat kicked Whisker too hard. After that Whisker couldn't stand again. King took revenge from Whisker and it was happy. New cat became helper of King. As King said "You will never stay as strongest all time", Whisker didn't be strongest again.

Whisker was angry. It called other dogs for its team. 8 dogs joined they were strong, but not as Rey. King was not caring about Whisker. On lunchtime Whisker come for take revenge from King. It is a big fight. King surprised and a little bit scared from this. Whisker and King fought against each other. King flipped out when Whisker kicked it. King made so many critical hits, it could kill Whisker, but a woman stopped them and chased them away. A secondary leader cat used it mind and decided to everyone be friends. "Let's everyone be friends. These fights are useless. Until one of you die or move to other city, these fights wouldn't stop. I don't want some of you die". Whisker and King thought about it and stopped wars.

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Uzbekistan, Tashkent region Angren city  
22-school 8th grade student



## Beautiful Writing

When I recall my distant school days, one event never leaves my memory. Our school primarily focused on subjects such as mathematics and physics, as there were more teachers for those subjects. Due to a lack of teachers for native language, literature, and history, teachers from the fields of mathematics or biology would often teach these subjects instead. Often, lessons of native language and literature were replaced with physics and mathematics classes.



One day, a native language and literature teacher arrived from a faraway village to our dear school. Although no one had seen the new teacher yet, the whole village was buzzing with talk about her. There were rumors circulating that she was "very strict," that she would "kick any student out of class who didn't participate," or that she would "keep us in class until the evening." Finally, the much-anticipated moment arrived. A teacher, who seemed to be in her early twenties or mid-twenties, entered our classroom, accompanied by the director. She had a pleasant demeanor, a good posture, and a smile on her face. The director introduced the teacher, wishing us success in the new academic year before leaving the class.

All twenty students in the class couldn't take their eyes off the teacher. Our native language and literature teacher, with great kindness, read our names from the class journal and went through each one of us, introducing herself. Thus, our first lesson became an introductory session. Our new teacher made an effort to conduct lessons in a simpler and more engaging manner. We, the model students, believed that the subjects of native language and literature were not particularly difficult.

Soon, the lesson processes began. One day, our favorite teacher assigned us to write an essay about our favorite character. We all completed the assignment and submitted it to the teacher. During the next lesson, our teacher reviewed the essays, corrected them, and returned them to us. Almost all of us received very low grades. Our notebooks were marked with red ink, indicating that grammatical mistakes had been corrected. For some reason, many of us wrote poorly and unclearly. Whispers and noisy expressions of surprise began in the classroom. Even the top students in the class received bad grades.

One classmate, despite his poor handwriting, insisted on the importance of writing without mistakes, while others argued that the minor punctuation errors did not count as significant mistakes. Sensing the wave of discussions rising in the class, our teacher finally spoke up, as always in a calm but serious tone, "Dear students! Writing without mistakes reflects one's literacy. Beautiful handwriting demonstrates valuable moral qualities. Writing poorly, with spelling mistakes, does not suit you. Such shortcomings must be addressed." We all sat in silence. The lesson ended in that manner.

After the lessons, the upper-grade students scattered to their respective homes. Some were searching for something in books late at night, pondering how to write without mistakes. Others tried to emulate the elegant letters they saw in books to improve their handwriting. Meanwhile, some of us, as if pretending to be bankrupt business people or bosses who had made mistakes somewhere, watched television. Others, disregarding it, felt that this issue was not a matter of life and death. Deep down, they were agitated and embarrassed. Each of us wrestled with the question of "How could I have made so many mistakes in my writing?" It troubled our conscience to be in high school yet make so many errors. Everyone hoped that this process would pass more quickly.

# **RAVEN CAGE ZINE**

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© Copyrighted 2024 by Gulsora Mulikboyeva, 4th-year student of the "Life Safety in Activities" program at Samarkand State University of Architecture and Construction.

## The Magic of Chemistry

In the beautiful city of Samarkand, there was a highly qualified teacher named Jasur at School No. 81. From a young age, he had been passionate about chemistry, and through his diligence and aspirations, he had become a teacher who dedicated himself to sharing his favorite subject with his students. His classes were different from ordinary lessons. Jasur referred to chemistry as magic and taught his students to look at it from this perspective.

"Today, we will create magic together," Jasur announced one day as he entered the classroom. The students' eyes widened in surprise. Jasur showcased his small, yet well-equipped table. On it were various flasks, test tubes, chemical substances, and several intriguing devices.

"I'm going to share a secret with you," Jasur continued, "Chemistry is real magic. We combine different substances and create new and extraordinary things. We change colors, release gases, and even make it rain artificially."

The students were left in awe. Jasur demonstrated the first experiment. He mixed several colored solutions and observed how their colors changed. Then he combined a few substances to create a foamy and colorful liquid. The students' exclamations filled the classroom.

"This is not magic; this is chemistry," Jasur explained. "We just need to understand the properties of the substances and combine them correctly. If we follow the laws of chemistry, we can create any magic!"

Jasur's classes were interesting and exciting. He allowed the students to conduct various experiments, teaching them how to work with chemical substances, while also helping them make their own discoveries.

One day, Jasur proposed an experiment called "Magical Crystals." They dissolved different salts in water and then cooled them slowly to create beautiful crystals. The students' eyes shone with wonder and curiosity. They were thrilled to see the crystals they had created.

Jasur's classes made chemistry more engaging and understandable for his students. They began to view chemistry not just as a subject, but as an exciting and extraordinary world. Jasur inspired his students with his chemical magic and helped them enhance their knowledge.

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Jasur Mulikboyev, Son of Qochqor  
Chemistry Teacher, School No. 81, Samarkand City



## Highlights of the Brightest year

Time has many definitions, such as "flowing river", "deep wind", "irrevocable wealth" and it always amazes us. Because sometimes we don't even have time to feel it. Just yesterday it was summer, the sun was shining, people were tired of the heat and went to cool places, but suddenly today it seems like a severe winter has come and our thick hats are covered with snow. It's hard to believe that another year behind us is the name "old". And the summary made at the end of the year will make someone happy and someone's tongue will be dulled. But, no matter what happened, everyone is happy when they summarize the past year. After all, how many people did not reach these moments, did not make plans and dreams for the new year, did not pass through a passage of high time. I'm happy too, of course. Because, I am finally writing about the past year. Every year is refreshing and rich in memories. 2024 was the most intense, important and special year. Why?

First of all, I graduated from the school where I spent most of the last eleven years with excellent grades. During those times, we grew up, learned letters, met our first teachers, classmates, and achieved our first victories. The first of many unforgettable memories was in our school. And the year 2024 signed and closed the book of this period...

Moreover, this year provided unforgettable moments of learning, realizing its value and living as an applicant. After graduating from school, I specially prepared for university entrance exams in the summer months. I felt like I was drowning in the sea of knowledge, far from my home, without a phone, without distractions. Indeed, knowledge is a sea without end. The best teachers connected me with this sea. Everyone around me worked hard for their future. We have become a family gathered at the same destination for the same purpose. It was very difficult... Sleepless nights, long types of books, painful results... Especially the burden of trust, hope, and responsibility on our shoulders was heavy. The heart was constantly running between poor sweet dreams and fear.

One day... One exam day showed the result of so many efforts and aspirations. I was grateful for my fate. I can't thank my parents enough for always supporting me. Because they gave opportunities and confidence, taught to be on the path of knowledge and specific goals. "I wish all parents were like them," I said, crying involuntarily. In the villages, little attention is paid to the education of girls. Grandparents and parents rarely invest in their daughters' education. But my grandfather and grandmother are the people who expected me to become a student more than me. Their prayer, motivation and faith had a special place in this event.

So, in 2024 I got the name "Student". As I dreamed, I was accepted to study English philology and language teaching faculty at the University of Journalism and Mass Communications of Uzbekistan with a score of 182.4 on the basis of a state grant. I have achieved one of my biggest goals for the year. I started the fall season as a student. I really felt that being a student was a golden age. Living independently in a new way of life, away from family, is not easy. But this is an inevitable life for everyone. My love for my university is different. In it, my teachers share new knowledge with us, new friends, new agenda, new library and books, new city, new bedroom, new adventures, new photos on my phone, new conversations with my parents, family and scholarship money, my new card... I love all of them. 2024 will be remembered in my future life with this sweet news.

They say, "A person who stops reading books stops thinking." One of my biggest fears in 2024 was to stop thinking. It doesn't matter when, where, how much you read. In fact, not to become materialistic in the city where life is boiling every second, emphasizing the economic aspects. It is the most important thing not to become a stranger to activities that you love, that are truly beneficial for you, that bring perfection to your soul, and not to lose your identity. This year I took a break from creativity. Nevertheless, in April 2024, I won the second place in the regional stage of the "Dillarda Vatan Madhi" competition. I was awarded with cash prizes. My creative works were published in newspapers and magazines. There were times when I really wanted to write...I couldn't. But it is clear that what I felt this year will affect what I write in the future. "The best investment is an investment in science!" I tried to invest in my knowledge. By studying in the educational program of "Kelajak: ilmi qizlar hamjamiyati", I progressed and developed in a certain sense. I also successfully graduated from the Turkish language classes of "Ibrat Academy".



I really believe that there is wisdom in all of my losses and unfulfilled plans. As much as possible, people should pay attention to the positive aspects of the events that are happening in their life, be thankful for everything, because then life will start presenting bright gifts. I am happy to have discovered many new experiences, new destinations, new feelings, to be with my family, to live the days I dreamed of. In fact, a short summary of this year could have been written much more. But as I said above, time surprises us with its speed. The new year is coming with greetings. Making beautiful intentions for 2025, creating a map for dreams... Oh, there's still a lot to do. What about you, dears? Have you summed up the year 2024, did you give thanks? Have you set goals for the new year? If your answer is "no", I would like to remind you: The future happiness, the tears of joy that will flow from your eyes suddenly will be the result of your actions, hard workings that you are doing today. Appreciate the time!

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Uzbekistan Journalism and Mass Communications  
University, English filology and teaching languages faculty  
1 year student.



## Swathe of Terror

Rubella stepped into an automobile station at the time of sunset. Howard, his friend was waiting for her arrival after the hectic week. There was an announcement that the Train clicked after some sessions. She sat on the bench. The weather was jiffy and airy. She kept waiting. Two hours had passed the way. She heard a knell.

Finally, the train inwards at sharp midnight. She dragged her luggage. She snappishly recognized that the station got bleak. She freaked out. The smoke revealed a pitch of darkness. She exhaled and intervened in the train. The train abruptly started as she arrived. She sat. Hollowness irritates her senses. All looked creepy and terrific as nobody was there on the train. It was strange. She was exasperated to flout.

Suddenly, the lights turned off. Rubella heard a pathetic sound, coming closer and abruptly a disenchanted voice was consciously heard and, in a flip, a scary visage emerged. It was a dreaded ghost, with creepy eyes, bloody mouth, and reptilian appearance like a demon uttered:

“Rubella, darkness quaffs the diamonds, doves, and delights but not the divine affection”.

Rubella was flabbergasted and replied: “Why not the divine affection?”.

A Dark Demon voiced:

“Divinity relates to heaven, and godly embraced so, we impotent to touch and trace it”.

Rubella astonishingly responded: “So, where did you discover that divinity?”

Demon answered: Rubella.....

And he vanished in the twinkling of an eye. Rubella wondered. She was stuck to her thoughts that clicked in darkness.

They asked: where was the divinity?

In another couple of seconds, a red light lifts from the front. An old lady appeared with a cup of coffee. Rubella seemed frightened. She profoundly breathed. The lady looked spooky. She offered her coffee. Rubella watched into it. It was not black. It was red. Rubella dropped all of a sudden and ran away.

The lady horrendously spoke:

“Remember, cynics served you with ugliness, repulsiveness, and vileness when they were around you”

She abruptly asked: Why did they let the innocence fall apart?

They sensed your brilliance, it ruptured their ugliness, so they destroyed before you reckon completely”

Rubella breathed furiously as she was terrified completely. She screamed high. But there was one, herself. Every nook and corner menaced her. She fidgets swiftly. As she bumped into the darkness, she fell and heard the clasp of the train with the other, it was an unbearable noise.

A window unlocked, and moonlight entered as an omen. Rubella beckoned subtly.

Rubella’s heart responded with a voice:

“Blown them away with your eagerness, vividness, and keenness in your eyes”

The Wheels were rolling against the railroad, Rubella woke up. The storm was on song. She heavily breathed and the door unbolted.

The train seemed equivalent....

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Tajalla Qureshi - a literary enchantress who weaves embroideries of thoughts and passions with the delicacy of a leading artist in the realm of words. She is a gifted wordsmith from Pakistan.

In addition, she is the visionary Co-Founder and Co-Editor of “The Wordsmith E-Magazine, Pakistan,” where words are woven into magic. She is also an International Interviewer and Associate Editor at Insight Magazine, United States, and a member of the Humanist of the World Organization.

Furthermore, she was interviewed by Tamikio L Dooley from the United States and Abigirl Phiri from

Zimbabwe, Africa.

Besides that, her writings including Poetry, Flash Fiction, Mirco Fiction and Creative Articles and Research Articles have been glorified in International Journals, more than 40 international and national anthologies, Global magazines, many international e-papers, and Online websites in Pakistan, America, Germany, Canada, Africa, the United Kingdom, Bangladesh, and India.

On the other hand, she has artistically read her poetry at the Pakistani Young Writer`s Conference held at Mandi Bahauddin and presented her paper at Kinnard College for Women in Lahore, Pakistan. She has also presented papers at an international conference in Uzbekistan. Like a shooting star, her literary presence blazes across the sky, leaving an indelible mark on the hearts and minds of all who encounter her work.

## Hesitant Steps

In a quiet corner of my heart, there was a hidden place known only to me and happiness. I searched for her everywhere, running after her as if she were a mirage. My life was filled with challenges, each step taking me farther from my dreams, and each moment filled with questions that had no answers.

One day, while walking through a crowded street, I suddenly stopped at an old window. Light filtered through it as if the sun had decided to illuminate my path. I felt something strange, maybe it was happiness, or maybe it was a fleeting thought. But I decided to ask her, so I approached and whispered :

« Where have you been all these years ? Why were you so far from me ? »

Suddenly, I felt her presence beside me, as if she were smiling at me. She answered in a calm voice :

« I was never far from you. I've been here all along, but you were searching for me in the wrong places. »

I was surprised and asked her :

« What do you mean ? I've searched in work, in relationships, in travel, in everything. But you were never there. »

Happiness answered gently :

« You thought that happiness came from the outside, from what you have or who is around you. But true happiness starts from within. It's not in things or places, but in your ability to accept and live in the moment. »

I felt a sense of relief but also confusion, so I asked :

« How can I find you then ? How can I live this happiness you're talking about ? »

Happiness smiled and said :

« Start from within. Give yourself moments of peace, make every day a new beginning, don't look back at past pain or waste time searching for perfection. Happiness is not a distant goal, but a feeling that arises in your heart when you learn to live in the now. »

Her words were like light in the darkness, as if she opened a new window before me. In that moment, I understood that happiness wasn't something I had to chase after ; it was a state of inner awareness, of being content with who I am.

I decided to live life as it is, with all its twists and colors. And finally, I began to feel it—the happiness I had been searching for all these years. It wasn't outside of me ; it was in every step I took, in every moment I lived.

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Mariam Abidat



Mariam Abidat is a Moroccan-British writer and editor born in London in 2003. She is the Publishing Director of Barcelona Literary Magazine and a Board Member of the World Writers' Union.

Her works include *Kharbashat* (2023), *Shunning and Separation* (2024), *Ezzouf and Separation* (2024), *Your Last Melody* (2024), and *The Sacrificial Offerings* (2024).

Her upcoming short story collection, *The Black Veil*, continues her exploration of identity, connection, and the complexities of human experience.

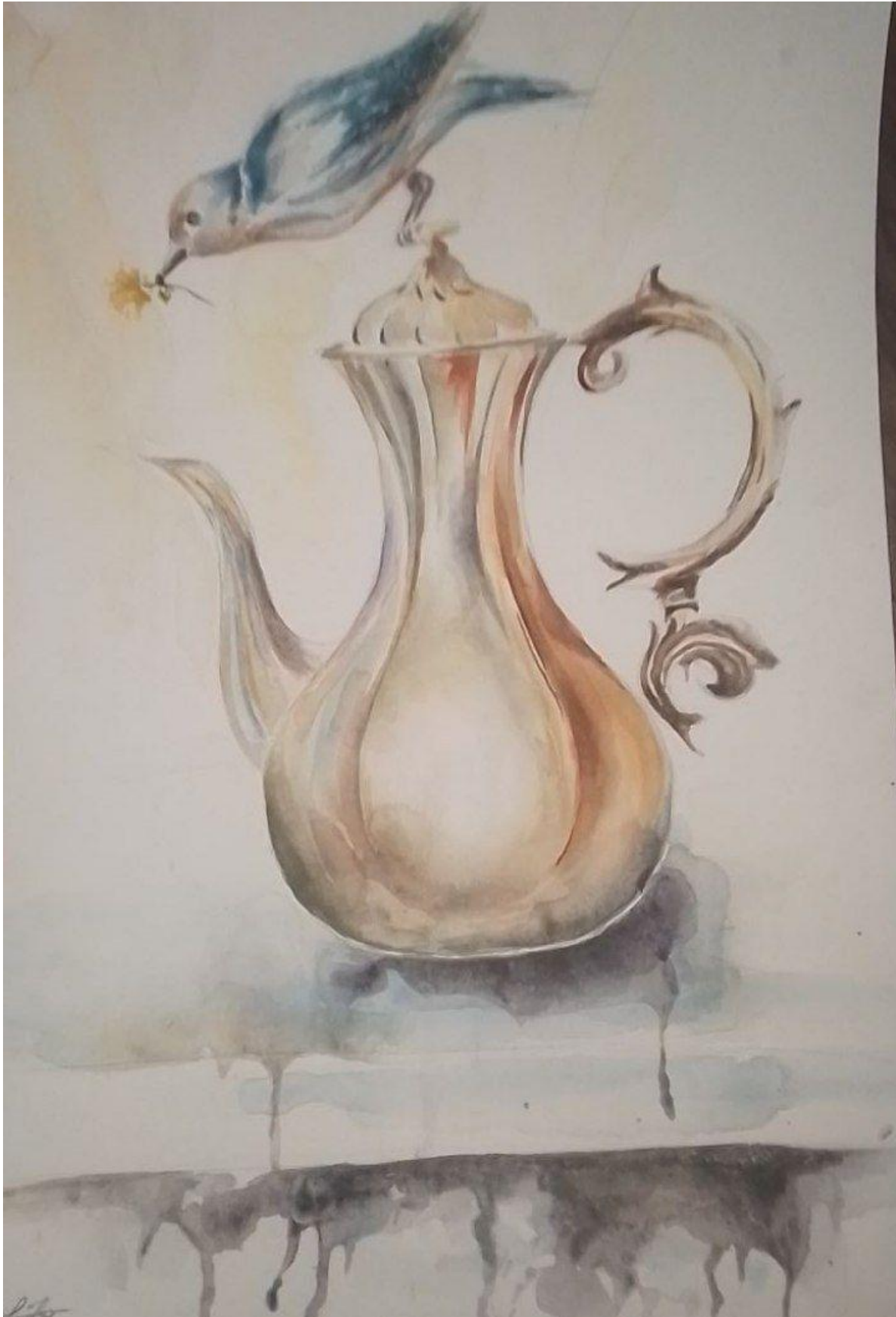
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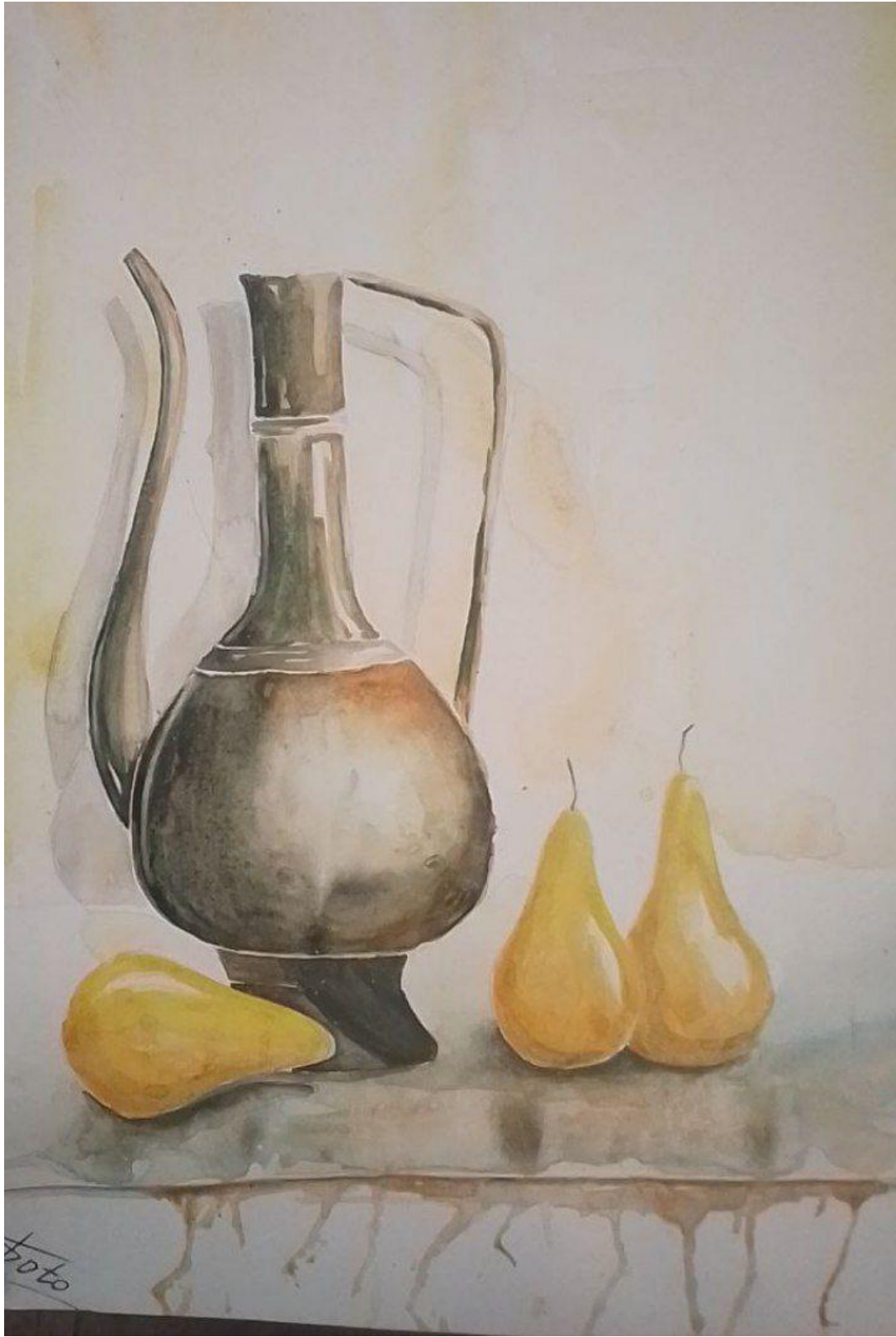
**Charos Saforova**



Safarova Charos was born on September 23, 2008, in Shahrissabz district, Qashqadaryo region. Despite her young age, she stands out among her peers. Charos is passionate about literature and art and has achieved numerous prestigious awards to date. In 2023, she won a medal and certificate in an art competition held in the Republic of Kazakhstan. In November 2023, her poetry and story collection titled "Atirgul" ("The Rose") was published in the field of literature. Additionally, her poems were featured in the 2024 poetry and story collection titled "Sparks of Hope."









## Rawida Abdullah Mohammed Al-Sharkasi.

Designation: Faculty member at Misurata University / Libya

Specialization: Fine and Applied Arts.

Academic qualification: Master of Arts, specialization in Printing and Graphics.

Nationality: Libyan

Academic qualifications

Postgraduate Diploma in Fine Arts, Faculty of Specific Education, Cairo University, Master of Fine Arts, specialization in Printing and Graphics, Faculty of Arts and Media, University of Tripoli.



(From 2011 to 2018 AD) Bachelor of Art Education, specialization in Art Education, Faculty of Education, Misurata University.

Published papers: 1- (The compatibility of the utilitarian and aesthetic aspects in contemporary art education (jewelry design as a model) Rimac Turkish Academy, Ighar Magazine, Issue 4, Volume 3, 2022 AD

2- (Art education between creativity and recycling of consumed materials.. A study on students of the Department of Art Education - Faculty of Education) Journal of the Faculty of Education, Year 9, Volume 9, Issue 22, June 2023 AD

3- (Cognitive and methodological integration between art education and media education) Conference of the Faculty of Arts and Media 2023 AD

Experiences related to the specialization.

- (2009) Member of the Graffiti Art Workshop of the Italian Institute and the European Union and the Academy of Fine Arts Brescia for artists Walter Contabilli and Alessandra Montanari.

- (From 2011 to 2015) Teaching Assistant at the Faculty of Education, University of Misurata.

- (From 2018 to 2019) Certified Arts Trainer at the Arab Engineering Center, Misurata.

- (2019) Member of the Guide Preparation Committee Strategic Plan, Faculty of Arts and Media, Misurata.

(2019) Member of the Second International Book Fair Committee sponsored by the Ministry of Culture.

(From 2020 to 2022) Head of the Department of Fine Arts, Faculty of Arts and Media.

(From 2020 to date) Member of the Arts Forum, America Branch and the Arab Academy of Fine Arts, Cairo.

(From 2021 to date) Member of the Creative Fingers Association for Culture, Arts and Awareness, Zawiya Branch

Exhibitions:

Joint exhibition at the Russian Cultural Attaché in Cairo 2015

Joint exhibition at the Faculty of Arts and Media, Misurata University 2014

(2009) Participation in the Graffiti Art Workshop (Mural) of the Italian Institute and the European Union and the Academy of Fine Arts, Brescia for artists Walter Contabilli and Alessandra Montanari. Inside Misurata University

Joint exhibition of plastic creativity (Mediterranean Art Forum) with a group of artists from Palestine, Italy, Libya and Tunisia sponsored by the Libyan Culture Authority 2017

Memberships:

(From 2023) Member of the Academies Team of the Center for Studies and Strategic Planning / Misurata.

## RAVEN CAGE ZINE

(From 2022 to date) Member of the GRACE CANCER Foundation, Libya Branch.

(From 2022 to date) Founding member and media spokesperson for the Libyan Women's Union / Misurata Branch.

(From 2021 to date) Founding member and Executive Director of the National Organization for Supporting Organ Donation, Misurata.

(From 2021 to date) Member of the Manabi' Al-Salam Organization, Misurata Branch.

•(From 2020 to date) Founding member and Director of the Training Department of the Libyan Society for Celiac Disease, Misurata Branch.

•.(From 2018 to date) Founding member of the Libyan Foundation for Sustainable Development.

•(From 2018 to present) Founding member of UNICEF Talents Without Borders Organization.

•(From 2018 to 2021) Jury member of



Dona Art Gallery.







# RAVEN CAGE ZINE































THANKS FOR READING.

RAVEN  
CAGE

