

POETRY

FIRST ANTHOLOGY

**HERA**  
**THE LIGHT OF WOMEN**

POETS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

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POETRY FIRST ANTHOLOGY HERA THE LIGHT OF WOMEN

Coordination: Maria do Rosário Loures

Cover painted by Charlotte von Elm

Edited by Hera the Light of Women - 2021

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Edited by

*Hera*

THE LIGHT OF WOMEN

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## A message from the founder

Hera is the most formidable project of the 21st century and will be a cultural leap, born from love for humanity, world peace and the dignity of women worldwide. as a project of education and culture, it was important to have a poetic view from both women and men from all over the world.

I have challenged my dear friend Maria do Rosário Loures to co-ordinate this first poetry anthology of Hera and I am very proud of her achievement.

In time of covid, poets globally answered to this challenge and the result is here.

In hera we show the way to a better future for humanity, in a more sustainable world, with more respect and dignity towards the human being and specially towards women.

Through the words of these poets, both women and men, we can read these principles.

Enjoy the reading and thank you for your attention.

Thank you zay (maria do rosário).

Marianela Mirpuri  
founder of Hera the Light of Women  
august 2021

# PREFACE

## A short story about this book

The founder of Hera the Light of Women, Mrs. Marianela Mirpuri told me about her idea to have a Poetry Anthology and challenged me to write and coordinate the first anthology for Hera the Light of Women. My first feelings were if I should be able to do it and thank her for trusting me. Then doubts came into my spirit, as I was not used, since long time to write in English (besides Hera's hymn), and it is not my native language. But suddenly came to my mind that Fernando Pessoa our brilliant master, the poet I love so much had written and published in English. From this moment I did not waste any other second. I accepted it with a happy and great smile.

Once Hera the Light of Women is an international organization with the purpose to promote and support the continuous effort to the development for legal, political and conceptual basis for gender equality, all over the world her first poetry anthology has to reach poets, women and men, of each corner of our planet to show the reader how they see and feel nowadays "The Light of Women" in their lyrical way. You will be surprised and ask yourself "men writing to a women organization poetry anthology?" Yes, even Simon de Beauvoir wrote „Since I do not think that women are inherently inferior to men, I also do not think that they are inherently superior to men." That is one of the reasons why I wish to show men's point of view concerning the Light of Women today.

I have started this work in a very difficult time. Just when the Pest of this century the scientists gave the name of Covid19, we use to call Corona. I started by the editors asking for the contact of some poets I had in mind ... No answer! I had no problem to contact Portuguese poets, even the poets living in the diaspora. Once I had already coordinated two anthologies before. The problem was how to get the directly contact to poets all over the world. I had no contact! I decided to search them via social network. And as you can see, I have been extremely successful. The Anthology presents poets all generations, from all our continents, of nearly all religions based on the Old Testament, believers of the oldest existing religion in the world, the Hinduism, and believers and followers of the philosophical and spiritual doctrine Buddhism. Who knows perhaps of some other religions I'm not mentioning here in this phrase?

Hera The Light of Women Anthology presents a poetry vision to a better world. An African young poetess challenges women to "run the country" the poetess and the ex-president of the republic of Ecuador it's the real prove women can run the country, women can run the nation. The Deconstruction Master makes an homage to a woman who fight and won again the established system made by the ancient even actual society. A young girl shows us how we can "work" our deepest fears against an illness we had have presented to have in our anatomical body. Another poet shows us a poet can more than just write poems, and that poetry is also a big form of art. Men from countries we, in the west, see against women prove through their poems the humanism, the appreciation to the female been in our world. Poets fight with their words for peace, for a better world, for Hera the light of women.

I must thank all the 65 poets and poetesses for their giving to the organization Hera the Light of Women. I also must thank the poetess, mainly woman of fine Arts, Charlotte von Elm to possibility us to present the wonderful book cover you have in front of you. I thank Teresa Duarte Soares, the woman with the responsibility for the rights of Portuguese teachers in Europe and Africa, to have proofread this book too. My Last Word follows: - I'm honoured to may present you the First Anthology of Hera the Light of Women, and to have the Founder of this magnificent Organization, Mrs. Marianela Mirpuri, as my very, very good friend, who make one of my main dreams became reality.

Maria do Rosário Loures  
Hera the Light of Women

## FIRST ANTHOLOGY **HERA THE LIGHT OF WOMEN**

POETS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD





## ABBAH JUSTINA

Abbah Justina born on the 4th of February, 1993, in Adim Akpa, Otukpo local government area of Benue state Nigeria; Assemblies of God Nursery and Primary School, Otukpo - first leaving school certificate ( FSLC) In 2005; 2005 - St Monica Girls Secondary School Otukpo, Senior School Certificate (SSCE) from Akpa Community Secondary School, Allan-Akpa in 2012; Nasarawa State Polytechnic - National Diploma in Mass Communication (ND)in 2015, in 2017 obtains Diploma in Computer Graphics and Design. Author of the anthology "Fables and poems - Favole e poesie (Italian Edition)". Hobbies - Reading, Singing

## SHE BEHOLDS HER BEAUTY

Goodness! Beauty like the goddess  
City of kindness define her beauty  
Integrity & love for humanity  
Ada of 'Imala' clan of 'Adim Akpa'  
In God's love entrust her priority deep in  
She beholds her beauty

Time after time's roughness that rime  
Task of the corrupt society to ask  
So, demanding of unjust act to do  
Raging storm of adversary & fighting  
Still holding on to a pure character at will  
She beholds her beauty

Thrashing bitterness in a basket for thrashing  
Patch with thirst of virtue that match  
Beauty crown on her is a refined dignity  
Neither hate nor envy can wither  
Rough is the road to life's journey & tough  
She beholds her beauty

Forbearance in all odds for endurance  
Gather up all stones thrown at her together  
Cloud up toil that thunder loud  
Whistle then whisper like a gentle mistle  
Marry into the best day that's starry  
She beholds her beauty



## ABDUKAKHOR KOSIM

Abdukakhor Sattorovich Kosimov, poet-songwriter, journalist, publicist, was born on January 27, 1965 in Tajikistan. Higher education – pedagogical; Excellence in Education, Culture and Science of the Republic of Tajikistan, author of more than 100 songs in Tajik and Russian languages, author of 12 books. Participated in the Anthology of Modern Eurasian Writers 2019–2020, in the anthology “Poetic Voices of the World 2020 –Mexico”, anthology “Memories of the 30th International Poetry Festival” Medellin –Colombia- (Memorias del 30º Festival Internacional de Poesía de Medellín”, anthology “World of Gogyoshi” World Gogyoshi –Japan,” World poetry Antology –Nepal; also for more than 20 collections in Russia, Germany, etc. His poems have been published in international magazines: World News of China, Atunis Galaxy Poetry –Albania, Science Guide-China, World Poetic Circles magazine –China, Chernigovshin Ukraine magazine, Litera Russia magazine, Solar City magazine Russia, the official publication of Tajikistan “Chumhuriyat”, the information agency “Asia Plus” Tajikistan, the bulletin of culture of Tajikistan, the state information agency “Khovar”, the information agency “Sputnik Tajikistan”, the information literary portal of Uzbekistan “ziyouz.uz”, “Writers for good”, Russia; Participant of the Eurasian literary festival “Lift” 2019-Baku, participant of the International Poetry Festival Medellin-Colombia 2020, participant in the poetry festival “Writers Festival International Cape Comorin Club-India”, etc. His works have been translated into English, Spanish, Chinese, French, German, Serbian, Hindi, Bengal, Polish, Ukrainian, Portuguese, Turkish, Azerbaijani, Persian, Turkmen, Kyrgyz and other languages. Chief editor of the newspaper “Khidoyat” of the People’s Democratic Party of Tajikistan. Co-chairman of the Literary Council of the Eurasian Peoples’ Assembly, Coordinator of the World Union of Poets for Peace and Freedom (UMPPL) – “Uni ón Mundial de poetas por la paz y la libertad (UMPL)”, member of the Union of the International Confederation of Journalists, Academy of Russian Literature, Academy of Russian Literature, International Union of Writers, World Poetry Movement – WPM.

## BREATH OF LIFE

Since ancient times, humanity  
misfortune confronts  
And suffering from pain and war, lives fight in different fronts.  
But alive, like a mountain stream, the thought is fresh in delirium your mind  
And see people been cleaning as if we are to this destined.  
World evil has befallen us, the name of death is Covid.  
This path is not easy for us to go, and we cannot get rid.of it  
For the sake of the living, we are looking for an obstacle - a shield.  
From disease to health, we do strive ways to build.  
Infection resides stably your corrupted thought  
Surviving’s still possible and this is not a naught  
Exorcise this fear hard from others and you  
Reach mutual love, and Nature imbue.  
Why panic from dreams the symptom always is a fear,  
And do not escape from an alarming disaster my dear  
You need to weather the horror in your hot heads  
And must be found not a vaccine, but death to Covid that made raids.  
Strengthen your spirits and remain appeased  
Will live we sound until breathing has been ceased.

Translation from Russian into English  
Santosh Kumar Pokharel



## ALBERTO PEREIRA

Alberto Pereira, Portuguese writer. Born in Lisbon. Has a degree in Nursing and a post-graduate degree in Forensics and Clinical Hypnosis. He is a member of PEN Portuguese Club. He has published the books: *O áspero hálito do amanhã* [The rough breath of tomorrow] (2008), *Amanhecem nas rugas precípicios* [Abysses dawn on wrinkles] (2011), *Poemas com Alzheimer* [Poems with Alzheimer] (2013), *O Deus que matava poemas* [The God that killed poems] (2015), *Biografia das primeiras coisas* [Biography of the first things] (2016), *Viagem à demência dos pássaros* [Trip to the birds' dementia] (2017), *Bairro de Lata* [Slum] (2017) and *Como num naufrágio interior morremos* [How we died in a inner shipwreck] (2019). He has participated in the following collections of short stories and poems, amongst others: *Antologia de Poesía Iberoamericana Actual* (Spain); *Antologia da Moderna Poética Portuguesa; Textos de Amor* (Museu Nacional da Imprensa); *A Sombra do Silêncio / À L'Ombre du Silence* (Switzerland); *Inefável; Cintilações da Sombra III; Bicicletas para Memórias & Invenções IV e V; Colheita de Poesía Galaico-Lusa 2019* (Galicia - Spain); *Revista Caliban, Literatura & Fechadura* (Brazil); *Palavra Comum* (Galicia - Spain); *Nervo III, Cintilações I e II; Chicos - Cataletras 57 e 58* (Minas Gerais - Brazil); *Punto en Línea - Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México; Antologia Escritores Língua Portuguesa 6* (Português - Inglês); *Lógos - Biblioteca do Tempo N° 6; O Boletim da Pauta 6* (Braille) e *Latitudes da Semelhança - Isabel Nolasco* (with the last texts published by Luis Sepúlveda). Some of his poems were translated into Spanish, French and English. The book *Poemas com Alzheimer* originated several paintings by Spanish artists Martina Bugallo and Sergio Gonzalez Ribeiro. Portuguese plastic artists equally recreated his work. *Bairro de Lata* was published in Brazil as part of the iconic collection "Dulcineia Catadora", where important names of the Brazilian poetry such as Manoel de Barros and Haroldo de Campos also got published. His writing process has been discussed in several literary festivals, universities, newspapers, radio and TV shows. He was awarded the following literary prizes: 1st place in the Poetry Contest, "Ora, vejamos" (2008); 1st place in the Poetry Contest ACAT (2009); 3rd place in the Award Sepe Tiaraju de Poesía Ibero-Americana, among 3,027 entries from 26 countries (2009); 1st place in the Short Story Contest "Ora, vejamos" (2009); Honorable mention in the Literary Contest Textos de Amor, Museu Nacional da Imprensa (2010); Finalist in the 21st Short Story Contest Paulo Leminski - Paraná, Brazil (2010); 1st place in the Short Story Contest "Conto por Conto" (2011); 1st place in the XIV Poetry Contest Agostinho Gomes (2013); 1st place in the Literary Contest Manuel Antonio Pina, Museu Nacional da Imprensa (2013) and Honorable Mention (2014, 2015, 2017, 2018, 2020); Honorable Mention in the International Poetry Prize Glória de Sant'Anna (2018 and 2020). Finalist in the International Poetry Prize António Salvado (2021).

## CUFFED WOMEN

At the beginning, they were islands, silent,  
beaten up by the daily chores,  
submersed into that tanned masculine  
continent of orders.  
Then, slowly,  
as the vegetation of their bodies was drying,  
they rebelled against the absence of light.  
With delicacy, they gently lifted the voice.  
The muscular world of those that gave orders  
got concerned.  
They tried to convince them that their job  
was taking care of the children.  
They beat them.  
They muzzled the chlorophyll that danced in  
their veins.  
They called them crazy.  
They even got certificates to attest that  
insanity.  
They sealed their waters to literacy,  
education, and culture.  
From the centuries they inherited the  
obedient insularity of tradition,  
the uncontrolled gestation,  
the four walls domestic prison,  
doodling non-stop the speedy extinction of  
dust.  
They mislead the routine with metaphors  
drank from  
the toys scattered by their children.  
When they dreamt having trees  
on the chunk of dirt of their bodies,  
the poems from the branches were  
butchered,  
railings was put on their hands,  
because work brings independence,  
annihilates submission.

As legacy they had  
the deforested biography of desires,  
the repression of sensuality,  
the anchorage of fear.

The tempest was the only kiss that they  
knew  
because men  
had canonize the winter onto the soul.  
But a sensitive island know to wait,  
moves slowly in between the corsets of  
freedom.  
One day, tired, they gathered,  
an archipelago blossomed.  
With a rainbow in hand,  
they cleaned the delicacy from the blood  
and headed towards the forbidden.  
With the exhausted breath from captivity,  
they set the voice on fire,  
because time was always men shipped in the  
sky.  
They burst the exile of its own shine,  
drowned prejudice  
and from strength to strength, they muzzled  
the clouds,  
because they no longer wanted to hear the  
snow barking.

Today, they scream to the imposed abyss,  
widen the eyes to the shadow  
and the clarity that they always had in their  
heads  
starts to lighten the same diameter than the  
opposite sex.

But don't get fooled,  
the old continent stills wears a mask.



## ALEXEY KALAKUTIN

Alexey Kalakutin (October 30, 1973) lives in Nizhny Novgorod, Russia. He is a Russian writer, a philologist. He studied at the Philological Faculty of Nizhny Novgorod State Pedagogical University. His debut publication is "Khokhloma Pattern", 1990 (fairy-tale novel for children) co-authored with E.V. Kalakutin. He is the author of six novels in verse, as well as of six poems and pieces of poetry. Alexey is a member of the Professional Writers Union of Russia (PWUR). He was awarded the 1st degree diploma (PWUR) for high professional skills.

International Ambassador for Peace, participant in several international poetic anthologies, awarded with certificates of recognition.

## UNTITLED

I did not oppose the passion,  
Easily charming and being in love, of course.  
But the days ensued and years slid past –  
I was stunned by love, and the winged horse  
Chomped at the bit and tossed its mane,  
The Earth rotation has become breathtaking,  
It seemed there is no death or pain,  
I gave loose to my feelings and the rhymes making.  
My love – may it be that particular place  
The Christ has promised – the land of delight?  
Love is the gift from above and grace!  
The rhymes are dead without love –  
Petrarch fervidly adored his Laura,  
Ronsard has glorified his Cassandra,  
And Dante's love for Beatrice was burning,  
The muse of Baudelaire was Jeanne, ballet dancer.  
Love is creation of upper spheres,  
It is a well of the life in this world!  
For centuries the lovers, free and brave,  
Sing hymn to love in rapport and accord!



## ÁLVARO MAIO

Álvaro Maio was born in Portugal 1960. Journalist in several radio stations and national newspapers. He received the 1st Literary Prize with the short story "My 1st trip to the sun" in Mozambique November 69. Published: "Fragmentos" (poetry) 2013, "Mais de mim..." (poetry) 2016, "Peregrino de mim..." (poetry) 2019, "Ala Ala Arriba!" (epic operetta) 2020 -CD with 12 original songs entitled "Poeta da Vida" 2016 -2014, he won the Poetas da Ria Literary Prize (poetry) with the poem "Mulheres, Mulheres" -Won the Dr Luís Rainha / Correntes D'Escritas 2020 Literary Award with the book "Ala Ala Arriba!" -Won the World Award for Artistic Excellence Carlos Vallejo 2020 -Co-author of several poetic anthologies in Portuguese, Spanish, English, Hindu and Mandarin

## THE WOMAN IS EARTH

The woman is Earth  
Torn by rivers of feelings  
Is fertile when loved  
Arid when forgotten  
Root from which man is born  
But sooner or later it is abandoned  
And if it's true that she still loves  
So many times it is violated  
Safe from so many silences  
Where you suffer from feeling  
Thrown to the four winds  
In pain in disguise smiling

Daughter mother woman lover  
Stolen in your life  
Forgotten at every moment  
For those you gave birth to

How often do men forget  
That they are women too  
That so often don't deserve  
The life that the mother gave them  
They are part of that being a woman  
That one day life gave them  
Do even for forgetting  
They rape and kill so much of your...

Translated by Sandra Guerreiro



## AMITA SANGHVI

Amita Sanghavi was born in India. She studied at the Lancaster University, UK; Mphil (English Language and Literature), MA Literature, BA English Literature, B. Ed specialized in teaching English and History.

She was chosen and honoured World Poetry Canada Ambassador to Oman. She is now Representative to Oman as pronounced by The Art Movement, 'Image & Poesia' Italy; English Language Lecturer (Sultan Qaboos University, Muscat).

She won The International Poetry Contest, Savona, Italy for her poem 'DAILY SELF-REMINDER', Januar 2021 (many other academic awards and national and international merit scholarships not mentioned here)

Her Poetry - a set of 12 poems is taught at the BA and MA level English Literature course at the Akaki Tsereteli State University, Georgia.

## BORN WOMAN, BORN DIVINE

I am  
The divine Avatar  
Of a daughter,  
A sister,  
A niece,  
A wife,  
An aunt,  
A daughter-in-law,  
A grandmother,  
And many career roles  
Like a nurse, a doctor  
Or a teacher-  
I play one role or the other.  
Thus:

I am multiple ME's  
And in all these  
Roles of a woman,  
Others I continually  
Serve and appease.

I am an Avatar  
A supreme, multi-tasking species,  
I birth and nurture,  
And fulfill a million wishes.  
All life is possible  
Thanks to my fertility.

Yet-  
Rarely am I the one cherished,  
Frequently abused, under-nourished,  
Exploited, violated, doubted, cheated  
And by some men disrespected.

But-  
My power lies in resilience,  
I balance my choices intelligently  
I am discrete when  
I choose resounding powerful words  
But celebrate equally the power of silence,  
I change my avatar if required,  
From being supportive or agreeable,  
To being a warrior, not a victim.  
So-  
Dare you harm me?  
You pay a heavy cost,  
I rise higher, I am never lost.

Remember-  
I champion my own cause,  
I protect my essence and my ethos.



## ANA CARLA GOMES

Ana Carla da Silva Gomes Fedtke is a teacher and a solicitor. She has studied Portuguese and English in Évora's University, as first academic degree. Then, she studied law in IPCA (Academic institute in Barcelos), became a solicitor. Worked as a teacher and as a coach. She made an internship as a solicitor at the Portucalense University, in Porto. She works now as translator and interpreter in the legal and in the literary area, since 2015. Studies now in Minho's University to become a lawyer Publishes different articles along with her husband, Professor Eberhard Fedtke. Together they wrote the book "Pingas e Migalhas", with the publisher Oxalá Editora.

## I WRITE BLANK PAGES. I THINK I LOST THE LIGHT OF THE NORTH.

The dawn comes, I feel the smell of the twilight and I know I have lived all those steps with an intangible pain that has cut me into thousands of pieces. Rebuild one by one was like throwing the chess queen. She never fails, the queen never despairs. She looks at me with this look of conquest, so I prostrate myself before her grandeur and before her scattered pieces.

I rebuild a King of hearts. He sits next to me and challenges me into a death challenge. I don't access, I lose the outcome of the broken pieces of my own. I watch those further, so that I can decorate all who accompany my own dream. My dream is not disintegrated. My dream is the gathering of those pieces in the swing from my childhood, swing here and there, just to remind me that life itself is a swing, where we can close our good dreams and get together the broken pieces with which someone has broken us, someone unravelled in front of our own eyes.

And I wonder, how was it possible to have watched the unravel of my dreams, without taking the proper distance, fighting in a condensed fight for my own FREEDOM? I draw my freedom, none of my broken dreams stayed behind. I come back, strengthened.

From between the dark grey coming from the pavement I saw your rebirth in a fantastic performance which has involved me in a dream where I get together the broken pieces of myself and link myself to Love.



## ANA STJELJA

Ana Stjelja (1982, Belgrade, Serbia). In 2012 she obtained her PhD (on the life and work of the Serbian woman writer Jelena J. Dimitrijević).

She is a poet, writer, translator, journalist, researcher and editor. She published more than 30 books of different literary genres. She is published in English, Spanish, Portuguese, Slovenian, Farsi, Chinese, Arabic, Azerbaijani and Greek.

The Editor-in-chief of the Alia Mundi magazine for cultural diversity, online literary magazine Enheduana and Poetryzine, an online magazine for poetry in English. In 2018 she established the Association Alia Mundi for promoting cultural diversity. She is also a regular collaborator of The Poet Magazine from England, conducting interviews with contemporary world poets.

She is a member of the Association of Writers of Serbia, the Association of Literary Translators of Serbia, the Association of Journalists of Serbia and the International Federation of Journalists (IFJ).

## WOMAN

Woman,  
how magical that sounds!  
An euphemism for “the empty-headed one”  
Narcissistic expression of the “stronger sex”  
An authentic replica of Eve’s body.

A fierce fighter for everything and anything  
Euphoric both when needed and not needed  
Nervous when she dislikes something  
Anarchic when she fights for her “I”.

Perky when she is “in her element”  
Energetic when she needs to prove her point  
Irresistible when she should leave an impression  
Altruistic, incorrigible, eternal.

Sacrificed from the ancient times recklessly  
Ecstatic when she loves, suffers, creates  
Taught to suffer in silent  
Ambivalent in moments of apathy.

Life motto “Trust yourself!”  
Each epoch rests on her “weak shoulders”  
Indescribably strong, wonderfully patient  
Aphrodite’s creation, in short –  
WOMAN!





## ANNE THROPE

Ellen S. Breiling (aka Ms Anne Thrope) is an award-winning, published poet who appears in several poetic anthologies, as well as various poetry magazines. Her first solo book of poetry, "Full Circle: 360° Poetry," launched in 2020. And she co-authored the poetry book, "Chasing Zephyrs.". She is the Chief Administrator of the US/Canada region for Motivational Strips, as well as an administrator for their associated website, BharathVision. She is also the founder of "Full Circle Poetry (FCP)," a poetry group affiliated to Motivational Strips. And she manages 360° Poetry, her own personal poetry blog. She was recognized by the Government of Peru as one of the world's foremost contemporary writers and awarded accordingly. Ellen was also invited by the State of Kerala, India, to be a special guest of honor at "The Haven's Poetic Eclat" in 2020.

## ROAR

In this species, the burden of attraction  
falls upon the female gender, squarely.  
Since I'm female, what I wouldn't give?  
Oh, to be a bird! The male must primp  
and prune and strut his colorful stuff:  
impress us to attract the opposite sex.

Yes, we are a bundle of contradictions,  
fueled by high-octane raging hormones.  
But let us now be quite perfectly clear;  
most all atrocities known to humankind  
were created by the single-minded male.

Women would never have concocted war.  
The absurdity of mass murder to "solve"  
the disputes of an arrogant, sheltered few!  
Despite our fluid emotions, we tend to be  
the voice of sense, reason, and impartiality;  
strength in the face of adversity & repression;  
resilience against discrimination & inequality;  
fortitude in being "blessed" with procreation;  
courageous despite exploited vulnerabilities.  
We are not weak, meek, slaves, nor doormats.

When a ruthless man exerts a superior brawn  
to subjugate and manipulate the less powerful,  
the weakness exposed is that of the perpetrator.  
Audibly, in defiance of millennia of oppression,  
we are now raising our collective voices in protest,  
hoping this highly charged momentum continues  
to propel us toward unity, equality, & justice for all!



## ANNE VAN AMSTEL

Anne Van Amstel (1974) is a Dutch poet and general health psychologist. In 2016, her third book of poetry was published by Nieuw Amsterdam. She is a regular contributor to *Hollands Maandblad* (since 1959). This literary magazine rewarded Anne with the 2015 poetry prize. Her work has been included in about thirty collections of poetry. Together with Rob Kloet, drummer of Nits, she made the CD *Vlinderslag* (2009). Anne lives and works in Amsterdam.

## POEM TO BE DISPERSED AMONG SOLDIERS IN WAR ZONES

We have never met  
but every day brings you closer,  
so let me introduce myself:

I am your wife's sister,  
I am your sister's sister,  
I am your mother's sister.

If soon you feel compelled  
to use violence  
because the others do, too,

then hit me, hit me hard if you must,  
hit your wife's sister,  
your sister's sister, your mother's sister,

yell at me as if I were a dog  
in the full knowledge of who I am,  
the sister of your wife, sister and mother,

but do not scar me for life  
for you will scar your wife's sister,  
your sister's sister, your mother's sister.

Is this how your wife sees you?  
Is this how your sister sees you?  
Is this how your mother sees you?

You are a man, not a beast,  
a husband, a brother and no beast,  
a son and a soldier: no beast.

When you come home you will see me  
in your wife's eyes, in your sister's eyes,  
in your mother's eyes,

but you will not cry.  
You will not cry until you look  
into the eyes of your daughter.



## ANTJE STEHN

Antje Stehn, born in Germany, resides in Italy. She is a poet, visual artist, video producer, art curator. Since 1990 she has been showing her work in several international exhibitions around Europe and the US. Now she is curating the international art-poetry project "Rucksack a Global Poetry Patchwork". She is part of the international collective "Poetry is my Passion" which is operating in Milan and organizes transcultural events for the promotion of language and cultural diversity. She is editing the international poetry voice "Milano, una città mille lingue" for the poetry magazine TamTamBumBum. She is co-editor in the latin-american Blog Los Ablucionistas and the Blog Teerandaz in Bangladesh. She is member of the scientific committee of the Piccolo Museo della Poesia of Piacenza, Italy. Her poems are translated into Italian, English, French, Italian, Polish, Macedonian, Albanese and Spanish.

## TINDERING- BE MY LITTLE QUARENTINE

The child God  
born from a thigh  
offers its flesh in every shop window  
to the dispassionate passers-by  
with their desires stuck  
inside cell phone screens  
scroll, scroll, scroll  
fingers like windshield wipers  
clean the surface  
over and over  
trying to touch a skin,  
smell a scent, words.  
swipe, swipe, swipe  
Here he is! Prince Charming!  
seductive, smiling  
swipe  
creative, smart  
swipe  
open, reliable  
honest, communicative  
swipe  
dead eyes  
scroll  
the armour around the heart  
like the snow chains on tires  
makes you keep on traveling  
even with a hole in the tank.



## ANTÓNIO M. R. MARTINS

António M R Martins has thirteen edited books: - "Ser Poeta" and "Quase do Feminino", 2009, "Foz Sentida", 2010, "Águas de Ternura", "Máscara da Luz", 2011, "Margem do Ser", 2014, "De Soslaio", 2015, "Severo Destino", "minimal" series, 2015 (with 2nd and 3rd editions in 2016) and "Porta Entreaberta", "minimal" series, 2016, all under the theme Temas Originais, "Empresta-me a Palavra", under the seal Chiado Editora, 2016, "O tempo também arde", Emporium Editora, 2018, "Juízos na noite", Collection Between Verses, coordinated by Maria Antonieta Oliveira, In-Finita, limited edition, 2019 and "Colisão", Emporium Editora, 2020. He prefaced some works by other authors. He presented several books by different authors. He won some literary awards. He participated in dozens of anthological works. He was a jury member of the II Poetry Contest of the Associação Cultural DRACA (Palmela), in 2012. He collaborates with some regionalist press. Some of his poems have been translated into Spanish, English, Polish, Romanian and Chinese. He coordinated the I and II Anthology of Portuguese Poets, in Romania, of the Bibliotheca Universalis, launched in January 2017 and 2019. He coordinated in Macau the collection "Rio das Pérolas", Ipsi Verbis, 2020. He participated in the 6th Literary Festival of Macau - Rota das Letras 2017. Participated in the 5th International Poetry Festival 2020, online, in the city of Xai Xai, organized by Associação Cultural Xitende, Mozambique. Honored by the group Asas de Poesia, at the Maia Municipal Library, in a poetry session, 2017. He participated in the Poetry Magazines 2018, 2019 and 2020, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Member of GPA - Grupo Poético de Aveiro and Partner No. 1227 of APE-Associação Portuguesa de Escritores.

## SUBLIME STEPS

By your arms  
life's passengers are surprised  
in your continuous tightening  
that brings calm and cherishes dreams  
on the tangents of loneliness.

For your kisses  
heat lost condiments  
in the cold of banished melancholy  
by the faint hiss of words  
that bring us emotion.

For your cuddles  
the reasons for fear stand up  
and the feelings are perfected  
that develop relevant affects  
in a vastness of feeling.

For your smile  
touching captions are enumerated  
affectionate and seductive nicknames  
in unforgettable warmth  
the deep root of existence.



## AZIZ MOUNTASSIR

Mountassir Aziz, is a globally focused poet who has committed his writings to the betterment of humanity and peace. He was born in Casablanca, Morocco on March 30, 1961, and he presently lives in the north of the Kingdom of Morocco with his wife and their son. Aziz has dedicated thirty years of his life teaching about the modern-day renewal of poetry and the transformation of the traditional Arabic language structure. He says that there is traditional poetry, modern poetry and then, precious poetry. The poet has received three honorary doctorates and high honours due to his literary work and service to humanity. The World Federation of Goodwill Ambassadors has recognized his significance with a Certificate of Goodwill Ambassador from Morocco. He passionately devotes his global acclaim to serve as a humanist and humanitarian leader and an ambassador of creativity and peace. Aziz has been an invitee to many cultural conferences and international poetry festivals in Spain, Tunisia, and Egypt. Mountassir has 4 poetry collections in Arabic: The Sad Melody, Play Waiting, Double Play and Pain, and Scratches on the Waiting Face. As Much as Fancy Comes Reproaching is the title of his new poetry work, which is in print. His poems have been translated into various languages, including Amazigh, French, Spanish, Italian, English Japanese, Serbian, Kurdish, and Slovakian. Mario Rigli, a renowned Italian poet, and painter has translated some of his poems and sang them as a musical composition together with the well-known Italian composer, Fabio Martoglio. His works have also been translated into Italian by Maria Palumbo, into English by William S. Peters and Nizar Sartawi. Some of his Arabic poems have been sung by Naima Elghandouri and fawzy elkaram. Mountassir Aziz is: The President of international forum of creativity and humanity. The Ambassador of Inner Child Press Washington in North Africa. The Ambassador of WIP (Nigeria) in Morocco.

Director of network Arabic in Morocco.

He participated in 6 poetry international anthologies: - Atunis galaxy anthology 2019- The current international anthology if English poem Festival prime India 2019- Love Morocco by William s Peters Sr- The Book of the Arab Writers.

## FLOWER OF YOUR TIME

I am the flower  
of your time  
Don' t let me  
In the hand of the sellers  
Keep me in the vase  
of your heart  
My fragrance is your love  
And my colour is your dress  
My thorns are your guards  
Don' t let me  
In the harsh hands  
Imprison me  
In the cage of your chest  
Water me ...  
I' m planting in you  
My thirst for life  
You' re my ancient dream  
I flirt with you  
In my nightmares  
I erase the fog  
Off your beauty  
And, with my thorn bouquet,  
I make a fort to protect you  
I bury your sorrow  
In Autumn pools  
And I transform  
your tear  
Into dew  
For you 're  
A wonderful dream  
You' re  
childhood' s innocence  
You 're a prayer 's purity



## BRENDA MOHAMMED

Brenda Mohammed from Trinidad is a multi-award winning and bestselling author of 34 books.

Her genres are memoirs, romance, science fiction, mysteries, children's books, and poetry.

She is the Founder of the Literary Forums How to Write for Success, Poems for Suicide Prevention, Library of How to Write for Success, and Poems against Domestic Violence.

Brenda is also Regional Director - Operations- Motivational Strips, Honorary Member of the World Higher Literary Academic Council of WORLD NATIONS WRITERS' UNION, and National President of the Union of Writers, Union Hispaniomundial de Escritos for Trinidad and Tobago.

## A PRICELESS WOMAN

She's a woman; she's a multitasker.  
She has learned to do tasks faster.  
Running up and down the stairs  
Troubles hooting problems without any airs.

Simply priceless is the woman or wife.  
She's a leader in every aspect of her life  
Manages her home and family responsibly.  
Yet performs in a prestigious job efficiently.

She brings honour and glory to her family.  
Making them proud of her immensely.  
Her desire is to leave for them many legacies,  
Of love, happiness, and beautiful memories.

A priceless woman's love is very deep.  
She prays for loved ones before she goes to sleep.  
All she needs are simple compliments.  
Thank You! I love you! And kind sentiments.



## BORCE PANOV

Borce Panov was born on September 27, 1961 in Radovich, the Republic of North Macedonia. He graduated from the "Sts. Cyril and Methodius" University of Skopje in Macedonian and South Slavic Languages (1986). He has been a member of the "Macedonian Writers' Association" since 1998. He has published: a) poetry: "What did Charlie Ch. See from the Back Side of the Screen" (1991), "The Cyclone Eye" (1995), "Stop, Charlie" (2002), "The Tact" (2006), "The Riddle of Glass" (2008), "The Basilica of Writing" (2010), "Mystical Supper" (2012), "Vdah (The Breathe of Life)" (2014), "The Human Silences" (2016), "Uhania" (2017), "Shell" (2018); and several essays and plays: "The Fifth Season of the Year" (2000), "The Doppelgänger Town" (2011), "A Dead-end in the Middle of an Alley" (2002), "Homo Sapiens" (2004), "Catch the Sleep-walker" (2005), "Split from the Nose Down" (2006), and "The Summertime Cinema" (2007). He has also poetry books published in other languages: "Particles of Hematite" (2016 - in Macedonian and Bulgarian), "Vdah" (2017 - in Slovenian), "Balloon Shaving" (2018 - Serbian), and "Fotostiheza" ("Photopoesis, 2019 - Bulgarian). His poetry was published in several anthologies, literary magazines, and journals both at home and abroad, and his works are translated into English, Ukrainian, Slovenian, Serbian, Croatian, Bulgarian, French, Catalan, Mongolian, Albanian, Romanian, Polish, and Danish language.

Panov works as the Counselor for Culture and Education at the municipality of Radovich, and he is also Arts Coordinator for the "International Karamanov's Poetry Festival", held in Radovich.

## THERE IS A TIME WHEN I GROW DISTANT FROM EVERYTHING,

when after the deepest sigh  
I wait for you to show up from nowhere,  
and I try  
to pull out a moment with only one word,  
and I asked the moment to pull out an hour for me,  
the hour – a day,  
the day – a day from tomorrow and the day after tomorrow  
all days – whole time,  
and I wonder  
will you ever feel the whole time  
with whom I am speaking to you  
while you are standing timeless –  
with one of your palms all in blossom  
like the most tender flower  
on the cactus of my patience –  
and with a handkerchief full of goodbyes  
in the other one,  
so you could live everywhere with my distances,  
some place where our souls  
are comforting each other  
in their unbreakable balance  
and reconciliation in only one word,  
with which we become timeless,  
a word in which to believe in  
is the same as to love.



## BOŻENA HELENA MAZUR-NOWAK

Bożena Helena Mazur-Nowak is a Pole since 2004 lives in the UK. She has published eight volumes of poetry: four in Polish and four in English. She also writes prose and released two novels and a few short story collections. Her work may be found in about 100 worldwide anthologies and magazines. Winner of many poetry competitions. Proud holder of many diplomas, awards, and distinctions. She is also a translator to fellow poets, translates from and into English. Her poetry was translated into more than 20 languages.

## THE WOMAN

It will always defend  
you against everything

That's what Mama said  
so, she squeezed it tightly  
until her hand hurt

She whispered a quiet prayer when  
they took away her pride and her dignity

She did not fight the  
drunken louts

Those raw memories  
are helping her  
to help others now

Bloodied cross  
hangs on her neck





## CAROLA CROSS

Writer/artist living in the west Texas city of El Paso, where she creates pictures in both words and paint. Her interests include education through travel and the advancement of the arts. As a transplant from rural northern New York, she sees the differences in the environments offered by the natural world and draws upon this diversity in her work. She anxiously awaits the lifting of worldwide travel bans so she can again explore and enjoy new cultures.

## EVERYWHERE THE CHICKENS

I walked down to the mercado in Porto  
hoping to find a bustling crowd.  
Instead, the aisles are quiet, not loud  
like that of Barcelona or Madrid.  
This is Portugal!  
The poor stepsister of the EU.  
And here I find empty stalls  
one after another.  
Until at last I come upon  
The old woman of the market  
and her chickens.  
But what need do I, a tourist  
from the pension up the way  
have for a chicken?  
She offers to wring its neck for me  
had I not the heart to do so myself.  
Still, what need do I have of a dead chicken  
with no pot nor kitchen for cooking?

She flashes a smile lacking more than one tooth.  
She shows me her eggs.  
The birds in the cages behind her are but roosters,  
sons of the Portuguese  
young, strong, soon to be stew.  
But her girls, her hens, are her true pearls.  
They give to her their would-be chicks.  
So, I negotiate with her to buy, not one  
but six speckled eggs.  
Eggs, I gift to a homeless man  
up on the corner later that day.  
He thanks me with a grandiose bow.  
I am humbled by his humanity and grace.  
I travel on to the river,  
Where I feast on fish fresh from today's catch.  
And where a young woman with a viola  
comes to serenade, with song and tune.  
She has a dream, not of chickens or roosters  
but of a future filled with more.  
More eggs.



## CÉLIA SEGURA

Célia Segura is 49 years old, she was born in Castro Marim, Portugal. She is a Special Needs Education Teacher, with a Postgraduate Degree in the Cognitive and Motor Domain and she is fond of Hippotherapy. Her favourite hobby is walking by the sea, writing, reading, dancing, riding horses and being with her family and friends who hold and fill her.

Being a poet is her best therapy.

Writing is the most perfect way to unburden all the weights and joys that she carries in her soul and heart.

She participated in some Anthologies: "Por ti Mujer, 2018 Spain - Portugal", "Por mi Mujer! Uniendo Froteiras - Grito de Mujer 2019 Espanã - Portugal", "Anthology Poetry Fan Club Primavera 2020", and "Voces Solidarias I 2020"

## A PERFECT COREOGRAPHY

You and I are the perfect coreography,  
We possess a certain level of communication  
Where no words are needed.  
Our look always crosses in the beginning  
And in the end of a right turn.  
Our dance possesses a strong emotional rush  
An idolatry, a language of our own,  
A subtlety, a power, overflowing with sensuality  
Which speeds up the beating of our heart.  
Our bodies are filled with rhythm  
And when, in the dance, our bodies merge,  
We discover the rhythm's key.  
And then, something magic transpires,  
And it is so marvellous  
To keep on dancing together.  
In this perfect coreography  
There is a gift, a passionated chemistry,  
A natural talent,  
An amazing awkward pulse,  
A unique connection when our hands touch  
Right before and after a perfect seven count basic step.  
When we dance,  
Nothing else exists around us.  
Time stops and everything becomes magical.  
We froze in each other's eyes,  
Where they keep calling us  
To this eternal dance of mysterious looks.  
And deep down, we hope the music doesn't stop.  
And in a perfect balance we swing and spin.  
When we dance,  
We stop being us,  
Our heart pulses, pumps,  
Because we cannot feel without the rhythm.  
We become part of something greater.  
And, together, we feel every single beat.  
Becoming the rhythm which beats in our hearts.  
When we dance, we are in a different world,  
Looking at each other in a magical way.  
Our look dominates us in every powerful beat,  
We are each other's light,  
The perfect coreography which dominates us.  
What a unique feeling, wonderful and strange!  
And when the coreography ends,  
Our bodies are united in a profound embrace!



## CHARLOTTE VON ELM

Charlotte von Elm is born in Nuremberg, Germany. She studied Art in the Academy of Fine Arts Essen / Akademie der Bildenden Künste Essen. She published a poetry book with Jörg Wehmeier's preface by Helcamed Verlag Nürnberg. She also published "Painting Poems Leporello", 2010; "Print on demand / Painting Poems", Originals at various exhibitions. She exhibits as artist of Fine Arts since 2010 till now all over Germany, Austria, Malta, Croatia.

She got a Scholarships: International Foreign Scholarship, Rab Island, Croatia. Stays abroad: 2016 - 2018 Gozo / Malta  
She got Franconian Art Prize 2014, Franconian Art Prize 2016, Vice Dean St. Lorenz, Nuremberg, and Artothek, Nuremberg.

## CROSSROADS

Maybe I should walk  
along the autumn path fog  
colorful leaves sorrow scatter  
to the border switch  
souse in silent snow  
supreme innocence  
stacked up from coats of oblivion

Maybe I should go  
along the high: way  
glittering promises  
trigger my delusion  
up to the glass casino  
fulfilled wishes  
unfulfilled loves  
squander what remains of my mind

Maybe I should go  
along the gray road of mediocrity  
times left  
times right  
always on the safe side  
up to the warm oven  
of prosperity  
and the dull soup of security  
slurping with the greasy pools of  
commerce

Maybe I should go  
on the knife's edge  
Razor-sharp blue-green veins  
along  
but I can't make up my mind and  
so, I run aimlessly  
dying along my life



## CHRISTAL COOPER

CHRIS RICE COOPER is a newspaper/fiction writer, poet, photographer, & painter. CRC Blog is an INCLUSIVE & NON-PROFIT BLOG acknowledging ALL voices, ALL individuals, ALL political views, ALL philosophies, and ALL religions including Islamism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Catholicism, Protestantism, Judaism, Agnosticism, Atheism, etc. She has a B.S. in Criminal Justice & completed her workshops required for her Master's in Creative Writing. She lives in St. Louis.

## LADY OF THE DEAD

\*Dedicated to the girls and women of Juarez

They stood in line, as if they were  
waiting for their last sip of tequila.

How many were there?  
I do not remember.

How long did it last?  
I do not remember;

only them tearing me in two  
celebrating.

My blood and their white semen  
drying like paint

on my orifices:  
vagina, anus, belly button, mouth, ears, eyes,  
and nose;

mauled and savaged by:  
penises, fingers, tongues, and knives.

My nipples cut,  
kept as souvenirs

my flesh ripped,  
still attached to my bones.

Now I am a marred living sacrifice  
that not even the devil would accept.

“Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy!  
My life, my sweetness, and my hope!”

To thee do I cry,  
Poor banished daughter of Eve

To thee do I send up my sighs, mourning,  
and weeping in this desert of tears.

Turn, then, most gracious Advocate,  
Thine eyes of mercy toward me;”

Their fingers tight snakes  
pulverized my neck.

Their fists heavy tombs  
crushed my chest.

My spirit, my eyes, my flesh  
sliced, slashed, ripped from  
my body, my socket;

like the flesh of a grape  
sliced, slashed.

“Pray for me a sinner, now  
and at the hour of my death. Amen.”

They position my body  
on my back,

spread open and wide  
like a pigeon.

“God!  
Why do I only see Your back?”

“Jesus!  
Why do I only see your dead body?”

“Holy Spirit!  
Why have You fled from me?”

“Hail, Holy Queen Mother of Mercy!  
I feel you;

your hands upon my womb and sex,  
beneath my back,

gently rolling me

my face embraced by the sand,

my sex and distorted breasts  
hidden from view.

And after this my exile  
Show unto me the blessed fruit of thy womb.”

God's back is no longer turned against me

Jesus's body is alive

I feel the comfort  
of the Holy Spirit.

I hold the marigolds in one hand,  
stars in the other,

slicing the night of death,  
the death of night;

piercing the day of light,  
the light of day.

My breasts swell and rise  
still missing nipples

now rosebuds  
blooming in my cheeks.

are pearls of white power

that explode when I throw them  
at their bloodstained feet.

## NAWAL, THE QUEEN OF THE PIER

They call her the angel of illegal migrants.  
She supervises on the landfall of adults and children.  
She warns the coastguard before the storm is raging.  
She tells migrants to watch their backs  
from those looking for laborers  
pretending to be saints.  
Nawal is thin and beautiful among all her sisters,  
the night helmsmen are afraid of her,  
daytime patrons avoid her.  
Nawal has a headkerchief on her head  
and a very grievous competence.  
She feeds and rigs out the brothers of the sea,  
urging them not to stumble in evil.  
Nawal is tiny and she has the witty expression,  
a project in her mind and no fear in her heart.  
Nawal is the queen of the pier,  
She protects them all by deceit and malice.



### CLAUDIA PICCINO

Claudia Piccino was born in the south of Italy, but she lives and teaches in the north of Italy. Operating in more than 100 anthologies, she is a former member of the jury in many national and international literary prizes. She is the Continental Director for Europe in the World Festival Poetry, she represents Istanbul culture in Italy as Ambassador of Ist Sanat Art Association. She has published 34 poetry books, among her own poetry collections and other poets' translations into Italian language. She was conferred with the most prestigious award "Stele of Rosetta" in Istanbul in 2016, the Literary Awards Naji Naaman Prize 2018, "World icon for peace" for Wip in Ondo city, Nigeria, in April 2017; Global Icon Award 2020 for Writers Capital International Foundation, she gained almost 250 prizes in Italy for cultural merits. Her poem "In Blue" is played on a majolica stele posted on the seafront in Santa Caterina di Nardo (Le). She is European editor for the international literary magazine Papyrus in Turkey and for Atunis Magazine international. She is responsible for poetry in the Italian magazine called Gazzetta of Istanbul, printed in Turkey by the Italian community.



## CONSTANTIN SEVERIN

Constantin Severin is a Romanian writer and visual artist, founder and proponent of Archetypal Expressionism, a highly regarded global art movement, which he founded in Bukovina, in 2001. A graduate of the International Writing Program at the University of Iowa, he has published ten books of poetry, essays, and fiction. One of his poems was included in the 2014 World Literature Today anthology, *After the Wall Fell: Dispatches from Central Europe (1989–2014)*, aimed at popularizing post-Wende Central European literature on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the fall of the Berlin Wall. Severin's conceptual art and artworks have appeared in *Artdaily*, *World Literature Today*, *Trafika Europe*, *The Poet*, *It's Liquid*, *Levure littéraire*, *Empireuma*, *Contemporanul*, *Vatra*, *Arkitera*, *Glare Magazine*, *Cuadernos del Ateneo*, *Dance*, *Media Japan*, and other international art and literary magazines.

## FRIDA KAHLO

I never laid down dreams on the canvas I just painted the two Frida  
with a bloody heart throbbing in the bucket of my trembling palms  
I was a dove and a bitch an angel and a demon a communist and a capitalist  
happiness is a shining knife blade hidden under the rebozo scarf  
pain and loneliness were my faithful Siamese  
which inspired me to paint my self-portrait indefinitely  
with colours extracted from the most beautiful rainbow of pain

red-a lump of broken bones sprinkled with blood at the age of 18 years  
orange-a corolla of agave blooming from pain every 30 years  
yellow-my body disintegrated with pain in a halo of a loving angel  
green- a necklace of jade beads worn as a strange attractor of pain  
blue-in Casa Azul I gave birth to my works and love stories with intense pain  
indigo- Diego's hat the man who provoked my second accident  
purple-the universe in which I recomposed myself from love and suffering

I gradually understood that the death bus had art as its final destination  
soon under the mirror mounted above the bed in the Casa Azul  
I was born for the second time with the first paintings  
and with the cries of the women and men I loved to the end  
André Breton said I was a ribbon wrapped around a bomb  
fragility and strength were the words with which I was described in *Gringolandia*  
a fragile creature with eyebrows joined together like black bird wings  
a hummingbird gushing from the mysterious lava of life returned from death

maybe I wouldn't have been whole and strong  
without the spine clavicle ribs and pelvis shattered  
the depth of love can only be reached after your have broken your heart  
sometimes joy filled my chest tight in orthopedic corsets  
while the dazzling sadness overwhelmed my eyes  
I loved life in chiaroscuro and the contrasting beauty  
and I preferred inner fullness instead of fleeting happiness

I always felt something hard and persistent in my throat  
as if I had desperately devoured the whole world  
I wanted to get inside the darkest part of the wholeness  
so that I will no longer hear the cries of starving children  
I wanted a storm to come that would make me flow into an unwritten song  
in the end art gave me wings and I forgot the pain the gangrenous leg  
the scream of my art is as intense as the scream of my identity



## DANIELA ANDONOVSKA TRAJKOVSKA

Daniela Andonovska-Trajkovska (born February 3, 1979, Bitola, North Macedonia) is poetess, scientist, editor, literary critic, doctor of pedagogy, university professor. She works at the Faculty of Education-Bitola, St. "Kliment Ohridski" University-Bitola, Republic of North Macedonia and teaches the courses: Methodology of Teaching Language Arts, Creative Writing, Critical Literacy, Methodology of Teaching Early Reading, and Writing, etc. She is co-founder of the University Literary Club "Denicija PFBT UKLO" and of the Center for Literature, Art, Culture, Rhetoric and Language at the Faculty of Education-Bitola. She is a member of the Macedonian Writers' Association, and The Bitola Literary Circle, and she was president of the Macedonian Science Society Editorial Council (for two mandates). She is editor in chief of the literary journal "Rast" / "Growth" issued, editor of the International Journal "Contemporary Dialogues" (Macedonian Science Society), editor of "Literary Elements" Journal (Perun Artis), several poetry and prose books. Besides her scientific work published in many international scientific journals (over 100 articles), one university book "Critical Literacy", she writes poetry, prose, and literary critics. She has published one prose book: "Coffee, Tea and the Red Sky" (2019), co-authored one poetry book for children and 8 poetry books: "Word about the Word" (2014), "Poems for the Margins" (2015), "Black Dot" (2017), "Footprints" (2017), "Three" (2019), "House of Contrasts" (2019), "Electronic Blood" (2019), and "Math Poetry" (2020). She has won special mention at the Nosside World Poetry Prize (UNESCO, 2011), the award for the best unpublished poem at the Macedonia Writers' Association Festival (2018), "Krste Chachanski" prize for prose (2019), National "Karamanov" Poetry Prize for poetry 2019, Macedonian Literary Avant-garde (2020), "Abduvali Qutbiddin" (third, 2020, Uzbekistan), Premio Mondiale "Tulliola- Renato Filippelli" in Italy (2021) and the most important national award for poetry "Aco Shopov" (by Macedonian Writers' Association in 2021 for the book "Math Poetry"). Her poetry was published in several anthologies, literary magazines, journals at home and abroad. Her works are translated into English, Serbian, Slovenian, Croatian, Bosnian, Bulgarian, Albanian, Romanian, Polish, Chinese, Arabic, Turkish, Vietnamese, Uzbek, Bengali, German, and Italian language. She has translated many literary works from English, Serbian and Bulgarian language into Macedonian and vice versa.

## ARRHYTHMICAL SIGH

a female sigh that was ripped in the middle of the night  
stretched on the four sides of the bed  
so, she could put her displaced upper back in its place,  
washed her face and continued to live  
in the second part of the dream  
in the moments of having a hot shower  
and combing her hair in front of the mirror  
without any present thoughts  
when she was driving on the same road  
from home to school  
when she was silent in the amphitheatre  
while the chairs were solving  
the unsolvable riddle  
when she was talking endlessly  
while she was explaining the theory of creation  
although she couldn't know either  
whether from the beginning  
her story had started  
when she was driving from work to home  
and when she was having a hot shower again  
with arrhythmic music in her ears  
so, she could shake the humped gazes of the day off her body  
when after she had had lunch  
she was shaking off her thoughts  
along with the leftovers  
as she was putting the table in place  
when immediately after that  
she would sit behind the steering wheel  
in order to drive the other people's desires  
when she was exercising Tae-Bo with the women without faces  
when she was coming late home  
with increased muscle mass,  
but with lack of magnesium  
when she was going over the walls  
with the vacuum cleaner so she could capture  
the spiders of the night  
when she was hanging the clothes on the clothesline of the sky  
when she was calculating Chi-square result  
on the keyboard of her life  
before she could get some sleep  
for at least three hours  
like a normal sigh

A sigh  
was talking endlessly  
after the lunch  
when she was throwing away the humped gazes of the day  
along with the leftovers of the lunch



## DEEMA MAHMOOD

Deema Mahmood is an Egyptian poet, bachelor's degree in computer sciences and Statistics, 1993.

Professor assistant for many years in the departments of Computer sciences, Mathematics and Statistics in both the College of Education and the College of Health Sciences in Abha, Saudi Arabia.

A Voiceover, Audio Narrator, Storyteller, and Dubbing Actor.

Publications: Braids of Spirit (Poetry), Dar Al-Adham, Cairo, 2015; I Pick Quarrels with the Horizon over a Violin (Poetry), Dar Al Ain, Cairo, 2017; Inscribing Tenderly on his Papyrus Sheet, (Poetry), Haia't Qoussor Althaqafa, Cairo, 2021; Fourth and Fifth book of poetry in progress.

Many of her poems were translated into English, French, Spanish and Portuguese and published in several anthologies in those languages. She also participated in many poetry and cultural local and International Festivals and events.

## GAMBLING IN THE LAND OF ORANGES

I'm never okay  
I join the distance between sin and abyss  
I bite on the vacuum that got me in balance  
Indeed, rather in the representation of  
equilibrium  
I don't swallow it  
It wraps on my throat and I just hold on it  
tightly  
I pull it out with vacuum forceps  
A "Mascara" of void and thorns hold it with me.  
\*

Did she have to live in order for us to die?  
Did she have to move up and down in order for  
us to fall?  
Or did she have to lick the swamps in order for  
us to reach the edge?  
Was pus necessary on the way to the pit?  
Were breasts a necessity for Aphrodite since they  
were doomed to be amputated?  
Was cancer inevitable for the climbing of the  
coffin  
Or was bile a fashionable way to dye the shroud?  
\*

The woman collapses like a mummy that has  
been messed up with on the bed  
The land of oranges is barren  
And cherries are incisions of a scalpel  
The sewing marks overwhelm the place  
Green is rampant in the body  
A single eye is open over the brazier  
White lips are abstracted in the juicer  
\*

A hoe splits pain into sliced rotten fries  
A worn-out rope that's hanging from a ceiling  
swings recklessly  
Absurd shots  
A pair of arms perforated gluttonously to absorb  
lashes  
Hoses here and there as stumbling blocks  
towards a destination  
Enkidu tries in vain to twist the ghost necks.  
\*

Decay stimulated puke in behaviours  
And recovered the forest in others  
The woman became a focus of infection  
While they grew claws and mutilated eyes  
Her self-fading kindled their ugly fury  
Nay, rather Azrael's tampering  
Paved the way for them all  
\*

Is height a necessity for falling?  
Or is falling the inevitable fate of Adam and the  
temptation of Eve?  
Is life a necessity?  
Or is the necessity of death justified by life?  
Why should life be a dump and we the waste?  
Why should life be a trap and we the mice?  
Is there a way to an ephemeral ballet that's over  
in the blink of an eye  
Beyond time or in the eye of the Milky Way  
That begins and falls apart just as it is: a simple  
ballet?  
\*

I grab the ruler to set the distance between  
reality and my mind  
My ruler breaks down  
And my mind wallows in the mud of reality  
Fighting this tar in vain  
The viscosity coefficient smashes me to pieces  
Should I raise my hands and wave the flag?  
That's not my way  
But the slow postponed death  
Did it.  
\*

The same compass that drew the circle of life  
Drew also the debris circle  
And became a chisel digging tombs  
I divide the dead's cake  
The festival's bride  
And I proceed to ranking dust  
\*

Death is a gambling arena  
Ads under the bridge for cemetery costs  
The gravedigger perching among the corpses  
Earns his living from death  
The nurse is in need of money  
Hospitals gobble money  
The mortician wants money  
And funerals cost money  
Ghosts are making a mess and no white light is  
showing up in the horizon  
I want a merciful death that would resolve the  
issue of the guillotine  
And make it one, not thirty!

Translated by Ming Di and Norddine Zouitni





## DONNA SNYDER

Donna Snyder founded the Tumblewords Project in 1995 and continues to organize its free weekly workshops and other events around El Paso, Texas. She has three poetry collections and her poetry and book reviews appear in journals and anthologies. Donna previously practiced law representing indigenous people, people with disabilities, and immigrant workers, and she also prosecuted misdemeanor environmental crimes and fraud.

## EVE, CAST OUT

Eve expelled from the Garden by an angel,  
anguished as she walks alone into the world,  
deprived of Eden,  
deprived of Adam's understanding and support,  
deprived of intimacy with her God,  
all for the desire for knowledge.

Eve, unaware that all anguish is transitory.  
Eve, unaware that God and Adam were the true intimates,  
to the exclusion of her and her kind.  
Eve, unaware that the wisdom of the world  
brings the gift of light, sweet light.

Behind her, angelic vengeance.  
Behind her, the weakness of Man and his fate.  
Behind her, the dark verdancy of oblivion.

But before her, before her (if she only knew),  
wisdom gained from the flesh of fruit would lead her  
to the benevolent caress,  
the delight of dance,  
the healing power of flesh  
moving to the sound of drums.

Written from paintings by Susan Klahr and dedicated to her  
memory.

It was previously published in *Jesus, Muhammad and the  
Goddess* from girl god books



## EDUARD HARENTS

Eduard Harents graduated from Yerevan State University, the faculty of Oriental Studies, and Cairo University's Centre of Arabic Language and Culture. He is an author of 10 poetry collections, and has been published in a large number of both Armenian and foreign periodicals and anthologies.

Eduard is the most translated Armenian writer of all time, with his work being translated into more than 50 languages. In 2007, 2009, 2011 and 2013, he was awarded in the Best Poetical Series and Best Translation nominations, and 2013, the young poets first prize for the book "Lethargic Vigilance". Awards also include: the International literary prize for poetry 2015 and 2019, and the Panorama International Literature Award 2020 (India-Italy). In 2016, his book "The life lives me" was published in Belgium, and in 2017, his book "Lethargic Vigilance" was published in Spain. In 2014 he participated in the Festivalul de Internațională "Noaptea de Poezie de la Curtea de Argeș" (Romania) and in the Festival Internazionale di Poesia di Genova (Italy).

## I AM PLUCKING NOW

the eyelashes of silence one by one  
to mend my prayer,  
which has been torn by nuances of word...  
Now the nuance is more than the voice...  
And now I enter  
the church of Hope barefooted,  
so that my steps will not paint voices on my fortune.  
How many footprints have been split apart by whispers...  
While my footprint  
is my prayer of love,  
which never ends,  
as it never colors itself in words...  
And now  
the main color is the truth,  
that love is the poem of the feeling...  
That muses don't turn into women...

Translated from Armenian by Herminée Arshakyan



## ELISABETTA BAGLI

Elisabetta Bagli is from Rome, lives in Madrid. She is translator, writer, poet, essayist, columnist, radio correspondent, events organizer, representative of several Spanish, Italian and International cultural Associations. Her work has received international awards and has been translated and published in several languages. She is the author of books of poetry, books of stories, a fairy tale, articles and essays for newspapers and magazines. She is president and member of the jury of Italian and international literary competitions.

## BEYOND

Beyond,  
Over the horizon,  
Beyond the saline smell  
Hidden in your bosom,  
Between impervious waves and rocks;

Beyond,  
Beyond the roots,  
Beyond the hanging fronds,  
Among the greedy flora  
Of garlands in bloom;

Beyond,  
Beyond words,  
Beyond the world in flames,  
In the sweet firmament,  
Shiny and everlasting

It's you, woman,  
Girl, lover and mother,  
You are the indefatigable one.  
Loosen the chains  
With your silent and true song,  
Soothe torments and memories  
With your dewy lips  
And silk hands,  
You are the one who gives her last will  
To the world.

Translated into English by Elisabetta Bagli



## EMANUEL PIMENTA

Emanuel Dimas de Melo Pimenta (1957) is an architect, urban planner, composer of contemporary erudite music, photographer, writer and poet. On music, he was one of the principal pupils of the German composer Hans Joachim Koellreutter, pupil of Kurt Thomas, Hermann Scherchen and Paul Hindemith, master of Luigi Nono and Karlheinz Stockhausen among many others. On architecture, he studied with Kenzo Tange, Oscar Niemeyer and Peter Cook (Archigram) among others. On poetry, he was student and partner of Decio Pignatari, as well as very close to Haroldo and Augusto de Campos over many years - the founders of concrete poetry. He was partner of John Cage as composer for Merce Cunningham in New York City, with whom he worked over about thirty years. He was partner in many projects with the Swiss philosopher René Berger over more than twenty years, and of Lucrezia De Domizio, Baroness Durini, a collaborator of Joseph Beuys in Italy, over more than thirty years. He researches on neurology, cognitive systems and neuro-aesthetics since the early 1980s. An active member of the New York Academy of Sciences; of the Academy of Arts, Sciences and Letters of Paris; of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; of the Order of Architects of Portugal and of the Council of Architecture and Urban Planning of Brazil, Pimenta has more than 100 books published in several countries. He is Chairman of the Awards Sector at the Space Architecture Technical Committee of the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics. In 2017 he was awarded with the Gold Medal of the Academy of Arts, Sciences and Letters of Paris. He lives in Locarno, Switzerland.

how to improve the world

you will only make matters worse

John cage said in 1968

*action* and intention

two **y** words

two different things

no-intervention - free intelligence

each person as a free mind

cre**ativi**ty

doxa

open your **eyes**

**look** around

you must be free

life is **no-action**  
and **action** in life

like a **river flux**

**in a same process**

*to be and not to be*

*everything* is a **q**uestion of scale

evolution and intervention

are only possible with **negative freedom**

**sharing mind** dimension**s**

a question of **scale**

also applied to **v**iruses

the same what happens in **politics**

**we don't** have **similar principles**

we don't **mean equality**

**but all together**

**in diversity**

and war

increasing **viral** improvement

**opening**

inside **diverse environments**

**Creating** new strains

in close packing and **natural selection**

**new ideas**

**virus and bacteria** in ecological processes

created inside bio packs

*in closed frontiers*

intelligence

is a reduction

by definition

of any dictatorship as degeneration

it is a question of scale

to be or not to be

**in a same process**

**like a** river flux

and action in life

while no-action

**you must be free**

look around

**open your eyes**

with intervention and control

**there can** never happen evolution

tyranny

of same logical systems

unchaining entropic processes

and degradation

**like an atom bomb** - a central radiation

less intelligence

less freedom

decay

of diversity

intervention - by a small group in

power

no discus**sion**

no creat**ivity**

each person **while imprisoned** mind

**intervention** on free intelligence

two different **things**

**two key words**

action and intention

as john *cage* said in 1968

you will only **turn** everything wo**rse**

when improv**ing** the world

## POETRY AT THE TIME OF THE COVID

Black clouds gather In this uncertain time, kisses are clouds of heart pillows and hugs that look like us. It will be said that at the time of the covid, when you could, we huddled closer, for fear to transform in digital hearts and leave no trace of the primordial nature of our skin flaps. We will all remember, that at the time of the covid, the world changed under our eyes and we will remember those were our last embraces of flesh before a new era. We will be the ones which, romantically, they tried to save the soul of humanity, reading, with a faint voice, full of fears and hopes, eternity in a poem, to which we would never have said goodbye.



### EMY RIZZO

Emanuela Rizzo was born in Galatina, Italy on 1978. She graduated in Political Economy in 2002. Her poems are published in various Italian and foreign anthologies. Present in the anthology *Briciole di Poesia* 2019 and 2020 and in the Albanian anthology by Arjan Kallco 2020 edition, ebook *Un cielo di poesia* 2019, anthology international voices of poetry of the world 2020, publisher Marlene Pasini. In 2021 her first collection of poems will be published with the Bertoni Editore - "A heart of prickly pear". Received several awards of merit for cultural commitment. The first recognition was received in 2020 by Marlene Pasini for the initiative #iostoacasaequestaseravileggounapoesia. In the same year he received it from Lisette Fernandez and from the Orquidea de Venezuela Association and from Maria Caruso Benecchi from the Silentia Lunae Association, coordinator of the cultural events of the Castle of Music. She participated in the Art Biennale in honor of the painter Sandro Greco, whose art critic was Gillo d'Orfles with two of his poems.

During the period of the pandemic, several articles were written on the initiative she launched on the web #iostoacasaequestaseravileggounapoetry with which he involved poets and not from all over the world to make poetry reading videos during the closing period at home. In 2021, always within the #iostoacasaequestaseravileggounapoesia initiative she is translating several predominantly oriental poets. Since 2021 he is a member of the World Nations Writers' Union Kazakhstan and Peace Love Member of Ilda. Since 2021 is ICONIC INTERNATIONAL PEACE AMBASSADOR of WLFPH by encouraging and appointing more than 100 International Ambassador of Peace. Present in the anthology *Inno all'amore* by Bertoni Editore (2021).





## ESTER ECERE

Ester Cecere was born in Taranto on 30/4/1958, where she lives and works as a marine biologist at the National Council of Research. She is married and has two children. She is author of six poetry books and two collections of tales, one of which was translated into German. She published, by invitation, in numerous anthologies also for charitable purposes and writes for several Italian literary magazines. Her works also appears in various prizes anthologies.

## THE SKIN IS A DRESS

When it is pale and by ephelis spotted  
it is worn among Nordic fiords,  
it smells of high snow firs,  
it is painted by boreal colours.  
Mediterranean people  
put on the olive dress.  
It reminds superb olive trees,  
the dry and bare countryside,  
lizards in sheltered recesses.  
Some people wear the amber dress  
which sometimes may also be brownish.  
It is sprayed of desert sand by Ghibli.  
It is sprinkled by air drops from atolls.  
It is spattered by temple red sandstone.  
Many persons use the black dress.  
It may be shiny or mat on the face.  
It is brightened by white pearls.  
It is inspired to precious ebony.  
It is suitable to yellow savannas.  
It is suitable to superb holy baobab.  
The dress always protects  
rippling or weak muscles,  
networks of cartilages and tendons,  
the same maze of veins  
which convey the blood to the heart.  
Blood is always red.  
Tears are always salty.  
Whatever the dress colour is.



## EVA PETROPOULOU LIANOY

Eva Petropoulou Lianoy was born in Xylokastro, Greece where she completed her basics studies. She loved journalism from her early years and attended journalism lesson at the ANT1 School. In 1994 she worked as a journalist in French newspaper "Le LIBRE JOURNAL," but her love for Greece won and returned to her sunny home. Since 2002, she lives and works in Athens. She works as a web radio producer reading fairy tales at radio logotexniko vima every Sunday. Recently she become responsible for the children literary section in Vivlio anazitiseis publications in Cuprys. She published books and ebooks: " I and my other avenger, my Skia publications Saita." "Zeraldin and the elf of the lake" in Italian and in French as well as "The daughter of the Moon" in 2 languages English and Greek. The Moon Daughter published by Ocelotos 4 times, received best reviews for author's writing and writing style. She is a member of the Unesco Logos and Art Group, of the writers of Corinth, of Panhellenic Writers Association. Also, her work is mentioned in the Known Greek awarded encyclopedia for Poets and authors, Harry Patsi, page 300. Her books have been cleared by the Ministry of Education of Cyprus. Eva's recent work includes: "The water Amazon fairy called Myrtia", illustrated by Vivi Markatos, dedicated to a girl that became handicapped after a sexual assault and the translation of stories of Lafcadio Hearn, "Fairytravel with stories from Far East", an idea that she worked more than 6 months illustrated by MsNtinaAnastasiadoy, very known sculptor and sumi e painter in Greece.

## THE LOCKDOWN POEM

Do not touch me  
I am in love with you  
In this world that every moment matters  
I think of your smile  
Do not touch me  
I'm in love with you

I'm looking for your hands  
Your back in the middle of the night  
When the nightmare is coming  
Do not touch me  
I'm in love with you

I'm looking for the correct words  
I'm tasting the emptiness  
I'm thinking for a white future  
So do not touch me  
No  
Do not  
I'm in love with you

This sky sends me messages  
Above my eyes  
Looking at myself  
Your eyes looking the same way  
At the same sky  
Two hearts separated  
My heart is beating like crazy  
Do not touch me  
I'm in love with you  
But I'm lockdown  
In a small body  
Full of mistakes  
Of anger  
And loss  
Crying for understanding....

Do not touch me  
Never ever...  
I'm in love with you



## FAYYAZ WARDAGUE

Mohammad Fayyaz Khan, known as FAYYAZ WARDAGUE, was born in Pakistan.

Author of 2 Books of Poetry published in Urdu language. He is also a stage TV artist; worked in TV dramas in Pakistan and Kuwait. He worked in India in TV Tely Film and Movie. He also attended international Urdu language poetry with Indian Pakistani poets, and events in Dubai, Kuwait, Qatar, Bahrain, and Pakistan.

## WOMAN ... WOMAN

There is life from a woman where I am  
Every happiness from a woman is where I am

The female caste comes first  
From the very essence of a woman

The woman has a colourful lawn  
Woman is earth and sky

It is inhabited by women everywhere  
If it is from a woman, then it is happy everywhere

The woman is a tree of flowers and fruits  
The woman is the grass of the throat

A woman is greater than a mother  
Abad is home to her mother

Fragrance of flowers from her body  
Fayyaz's message is love, friends  
The female caste comes first  
The essence of a woman is everything  
In the tail



## GABRIELA RUIVO

Gabriela Ruivo Trindade (Lisbon, 1970) graduated in psychology and has lived in London since 2004. She was the winner of the Prémio LeYa in 2013, for her first novel, *Uma Outra Voz*, which was also awarded with Prémio PEN Clube Português Primeira Obra (ex-aequo) in 2015 and published in Brazil in 2018 (*LeYa - Casa da Palavra*). Her other works include the children's book *A Vaca Leitora (D. Quixote, 2016)*. Between 2016 and 2020 she contributed to a number of poetry and short story anthologies, and her first poetry collection, *Aves Migratórias*, was published in 2019 (*On y va*). She manages *Miúda Children's Books* in Portuguese, an online bookshop specialising in children's literature written in Portuguese.

## SHUT UP

– Shut up! – say those  
Who are never quiet  
And vomit maxims

– Shut up! – says the silence  
Thick as a muggy day  
The voice of your thoughts

– Shut up! – say the buildings  
The exhaust pipes  
The paving stones  
The mannequins in shop windows

The tabloid headlines  
The food swallowed in haste  
The grateful stomach  
And the love unmade between sheets

– Shut up! – says the President to the Constitution  
To the journalists  
To the dead bodies riddled with bullets  
Sanctioned with God's blessing

To the dead women  
Bodies riddled with the sores  
Of a clandestine abortion

All with Heaven's blessing

– Shut up! – says the voice of God in your ear  
During your prayers and pleas  
And supplications

Says your brain  
Your heart  
Your arms  
Your womb  
Your entire body

The voice of your conscience  
In a whisper:

– Save your strength  
For when you have to roar

And roar

Translation - Gabriela Ruivo Trindade, co-translated by Victor Meadowcroft



## GEORGE WALLACE

GEORGE WALLACE is writer in residence at the Walt Whitman Birthplace, editor of Poetrybay.com, and author of 38 chapbooks of poetry published in the US, UK, Italy, Greece, Albania, Macedonia and India. Winner of the Naim Frasher Prize (Tetovo Poetry Festival), Orpheus Prize (Plovdiv Poetry Festival), and Alexander Medal (UNESCO-Piraeus, Gr), he is a NYC based poet and performer who travels worldwide to share his work.

## WHEN RUTH BADER GINSBURG STOOD

*'In questa reggia, or son mill'anni e mille,'  
Turandot (Giuseppe Adami Renato Simoni)*

'Ruth Bader Ginsburg loved opera and opera loved her back' said the headline in the New York Times on Sept 19 2020 the day after she died, but when RBG (all five feet one inch of her) stood before the all-male all-white (save Thurgood Marshall) Supreme Court of the United States to defend the right of an Air Force Lieutenant (female) to be bread-winner to her family (see *Frontiero vs Richardson* Jan 17, 1973) and earn all the benefits accruing to that position as would any of her colleagues

she didn't have  
opera on her mind

Summoning the combined power of Carmen Leonore Manon Lascaut & Turandot (ie all the feisty opera heroines in the book) to her mortal frame, she showed the entire world of American jurists exactly what a woman who will not be tamed is made of

the nine leading  
jurists of the land were  
dumbstruck

not one justice  
could say a word

not even Wm  
H Rehnquist, Nixon's  
bigmouthed  
buddy

(her  
head  
was in  
the law's  
Brenda  
Feigen, RBG's  
lawpartner in  
the *Frontiero* case w/  
a helpless little  
laugh, '&  
sometimes  
in the opera')

When asked to render their decision on the question: 'did a federal law, requiring different qualification criteria for male and female military spousal dependency, unconstitutionally discriminate against women thereby violating the Fifth Amendment's due process clause?' the Supreme Court of the United States answered with one word:

Yes.

What toll it took on five foot one inch Ruth Bader Ginsburg that day no one of us may know -- however Feigen later admitted this: after arguing the case RBG -- Brooklyn's fiercest, most notorious (& emotionally drained) woman-warrior of the day -- had to be physically carried to the Washington airport for the flight back home

It was the opening salvo in a war for women's rights worthy of opera

(Consider the case of Turandot, who fought to restore the power of her ancestress of millennia past, Principessa Lo-u-Ling, who had reigned over her domain "in silence and joy, resisting the harsh domination of men" until conquered by the Tartars)

'you princes, arriving in such glory, proudly seeking further conquest,' declared RBG, on Jan 17, 1973, 'not in this palace! I take my revenge on you for all she suffered...'

And on that note Ruth Bader Ginsburg, all five foot one inch of her, waged a war to restore the power of women in America for 47 more years

leaving a grateful nation  
dumbstruck with her prowess --  
speechless with praise



## GYSLAINE LE GAL

Gyslaine LE GAL born in 1956 in NANTES, France, has a taste for colorful characters and the music of words. In 2006 immobilized for several months following an accident, she killed time by reading and writing her first French / English poems mainly focused on love and publishes three collections. To allow the visually impaired to enjoy her poems, she created her YouTube channel also in both languages. In 2017, she embarked on self-publishing and published ten novels: Love, Psychological Drama (traumatic memory & victimology), and Thriller. Writing is at the heart of her life. Her romantic universe is rooted in the stories she has lived near and far, the secrets and passions that run through her. Gyslaine LE GAL now lives in MESQUER, a seaside resort on the Atlantic Coast.

## CONFINEMENT

When will I see this glowing sun again?  
Who seems to dive into the ocean?  
When will I see your black eyes again?  
Who seemed to invite me every night?

Nothing is like it used to be.  
I rediscover my childhood fears.  
Dreams inhabited by torment  
To lose you even for a moment.

Now it's knowing how to stay alone,  
Bury deep inside  
Frustration and go to bed alone  
Without anyone next to yourself.

I think of those who remain  
And who are similar to me.  
Despite their sore shoulders, they stay.  
Anguish filled them with dread.



## HANNIE ROUWELER

Hannie Rouweler (Netherlands, Goor, 13 June 1951), poet and translator, has been living in Leusden, The Netherlands, since the end of 2012.

Her sources of inspiration are nature, love, loss, childhood memories and travel. In 1988 she debuted with *Raindrops on the water*. Since then, about 40 poetry volumes have been published, including translations in foreign languages (Polish, Romanian, Spanish, French, Norwegian, English).

Poems have been translated in about 30 languages. She attended five years evening classes in painting and art history, art academy (Belgium). Hannie writes about a variety of diverse topics. 'Poetry is on the street, for the taking', is an adage for her. She mixes observations from reality with imagination and gives a point to her feelings and findings. Unrestrained imagination plays a major part in her works.

She published a few stories (short thrillers); is editor of various poetry collections.

## MY NEIGHBOUR ACROSS THE STREET IS A TEXTBOOK

I often saw my neighbour across the street under a lamp  
with blond hair tied up, writing until late in the evening.  
In our country, curtains remain open for a long time  
and usually close at night - I thought she was  
a writer and I already felt an equal image.  
My neighbour across the street is a high school teacher,  
math, I asked her months later:  
you really like to know what someone is doing  
what he is writing together in his spare time.

She laughs loudly over the lawn in spring time  
when everyone comes out, also for maintenance  
of a small garden. And talks upstairs to balconies  
and to the left and right and sometimes to me, the other side.  
She has a lover since several months who arrives on the bike,  
pushes it against her downstairs house, and then goes inside.  
I don't know him, just know he's speaking English,  
she may have met him last summer  
when she travelled through Sweden on her motorcycle.

My neighbour across the street is not a seagull but she resembles,  
certainly.

We have many birds in the garden, pigeons, jay,  
robin, finch, sparrow but no gull because we really don't  
live along the coast.

We have and love cats and dogs, rabbits  
and fish and we love animals dearly.

Animals are nice people,  
very nice people you would like to see every day



## HONG NGOC CHAU

GUYEN CHAU NGOC DOAN CHINH, Penname: HONG NGOC CHAU. Facebook Name: NGUYEN CHINH. Native: Vietnam. University Degree: Master of Education Management. President of UHE (Vietnam); Inspector and supervisor of W.U. P (World Union of Poets). Member of the Association of Writers of Ho Chi Minh City (Vietnam). Diploma: World Literary Prize World Poetic Star 2019; Diploma of II ND Level "Temirqazyq - the Best Poet - Writer of the World, 2019". Certificate of honour is a Gold categorized member in Motivational Strip showing outstanding qualities in global literary excellence and contributions 2019. Premio Mundial A La Excelencia Literaria 2019-2020. Copper cross of The World Union of Poets for promotion of art 2020. - S.L.F Literary EXCELLENCE AWARD 2020  
EDUCATION: Certificate of appreciation TOP TEN WRITER 2020, HAVEN FOR THE WORLD WRITERS: Certificate of honour 2020, WORLD AWARDS "CÉSAR VALLEJO 2020". For education, culture, academy, art, reporting, communication, TV, business, civic, human rights, CASA POATICA Magia y Plumas: Primio De Arte Y Literatura Universal 2021, RHYTHM OF THE HEART: Certificate of appreciation is awarded TOP CONTRIBUTOR (2021) CULTURAL AND ARTISTIC ACTIVITIES Books of poems published: - Vietnamese Contemporary Poetry (Volume 1); The road to the true heart; Pitiable or Blamable... And a lot of printed works.

## LET BE PROUD! THE ROSES

The roses symbolize women, above all  
Instead of words say to love someone  
Accepting roses offered means love destiny  
Promising a beautiful pledge, able to marry

Deep secret feelings, love is budding  
What's better than flowers are bridging!  
The fragrance is pleasant, sweetest scent  
To beautify for love of loyalty in existence

No coincidence that roses are on the top  
They are the idol that all the flowers hope  
As a personality, they have scent and colours  
Like women are beautiful and well-mannered

In cold rainy winter, they always show off colours  
Like women express their delicate behaviour  
Experiencing the vicissitudes of life states  
Fresh colours, nice fragrance, still passionate

Appearances and souls are always attractive  
Women stand up and assert feminism, active  
Without fearing difficulty, they plan to succeed  
Like wonderful fresh roses in the garden indeed

Women are also thorny roses if someone minds  
Thorny because women don't live a drifting life  
Not soft and weak to live a negative existence  
For changing life, they rise their active strength

The roses have thorns to protect themselves.  
As a woman to protect conscience, nothing else  
Less beautiful she keeps courtesy for the blessing  
She is still loved by a lot of people being adoring

The fragrance from the human heart radiates  
Admirers call it discreet charm to dedicate  
Confident women expand their knowledge  
Powering their beliefs to progress more or less

Humbleness, honesty, and courage, don't lack  
Love everyone so that they really love back  
Respecting them is a way to let them respect  
That peaceful way of treating people to connect

Women as flowers, despite any colours  
Should keep themselves spotless as ever  
Their energy is always full of vitality  
It means they repay the grace of life, you see





## IOLANDA LEOTTA

Iolanda Leotta, poetess and storyteller, was born in Rocca di Neto (Kr) Italy. She holds a degree in Sciences of Linguistic Mediation. Cultural Mediator. Recently, her poetry book "L'esploratrice dei sentimenti e dei valori umani" has been published in Italy, by Giuseppe Aletti editor and literary critic, it was presented at "The Federiciano International Poetry Festival". Testimonial of the public event was Alessandro Quasimodo, theatrical director, actor, author, son of the poet Salvatore Quasimodo, Nobel Prize for literature. She holds many diplomas. Her poems may be found in National and International literary anthologies, in the Encyclopedia of contemporary Italian poets. She was the winner of the "Premio Europa Cultura 1988" for the singularity and peculiarity of her poems. Official godmother of the event was Nicoletta Orsomando, announcer of RAI TV. Take part in two cultural initiatives with four poems selected by the publishing house Aletti: "A. Quasimodo reads Iolanda Leotta" and "A. Quasimodo reads Contemporary Italian Poets" with the Video-poems published on the Youtube channel titled: "La Fortuna"; "Fantasmi"; "L'inganno"; "La Libertà". She attends the masterclasses with Francesco Gazzè, author and songwriter; Giuseppe Anastasi, singer, and songwriter; Davide Rondoni, playwright. She takes part in the Laboratory on poetic writing with: Mogol, lyricist, writer, and record producer.

## WOMAN

Woman,  
praised by sublime poets of the past,  
wished, courted, and loved,  
man's inseparable companion,  
wife, mother, and friend.  
Woman,  
creature chosen by God for the continuation  
of human existence, through an act of love  
was realized the miracle,  
the conception of a new life.  
Woman,  
responsible for the life of her children,  
angel of hearth, working mother,  
combative and fearless.  
Woman,  
feminist, ambitious, independent,  
she plays a significant role in the public life,  
to prevent her skills and her human dignity  
from being devalued and trampled.  
Woman,  
idealist, supportive and altruist,  
to the service of the weakest  
pursuing humanitarian purposes  
for the marginalized and outcasts.  
Woman,  
emblem of womanhood,  
celebrated the 8th of March,  
the International Day for women's rights,  
in memory of the hard struggles of past  
to conquer the freedom to act,  
to think and to get ahead in life,  
to claim the acknowledgment of her merits,  
to get consideration and esteem in society.  
Woman,  
dignified, fragile and defenseless  
fighting against the abuses  
perpetrated by treacherous people.  
Women,  
exploited, on the wayside of the routes,  
resigned, disappointed, exhausted  
due to unfortunate events.  
Real women are put to the test by the vicissitudes  
but motivated and comforted by an undoubted faith in God  
keep on despite the adversity to hope for a better future.  
Woman: essential presence in the world,  
without you the human race wouldn't have existed.



## IRENE MARQUES

Irene Marques is a bilingual writer (English and Portuguese) and Lecturer at Ryerson University in the English Department where she teaches literature and creative writing. She holds a PhD in Comparative Literature, Masters in French Literature and Comparative Literature and a BA (Hon.) in French Language and Literature all from the University of Toronto—and a Bachelor of Social Work from Ryerson University. Her literary publications include the poetry collections *Wearing Glasses of Water* (2007), *The Perfect Unravelling of the Spirit* (2012) and *The Circular Incantation: An Exercise in Loss and Findings* (2013), the Portuguese language short story collection *Habitando na Metáfora do Tempo: Crónicas Desejadas* (2009) and the novel *My House is a Mansion* (2015). Her academic publications include, among others, the manuscript *Transnational Discourses on Class, Gender and Cultural Identity* (Purdue University Press, 2011) and numerous articles in international journals or scholarly collectives, including *African Identities: Journal of Economics, Culture and Society*; *Research in African Literatures*; *A Companion to Mia Couto*; *Letras & Letras*; *InterDISCIPLINARY: Journal of Portuguese Diaspora Studies*; *African Studies and Portuguese Studies Review*. Her Portuguese language novel, *Uma Casa no Mundo*, won the 2019 *Imprensa Nacional/Ferreira de Castro Prize* and is now published by *Imprensa Nacional Casa da Moeda*. *Daria*, her second novel in English, will be published in the Spring of 2021 by *Inanna Publications/York University (Canada)*. She lives in Toronto.

## ASCENT TO BEING

The spring will bring throbbing living words. When it comes, the body will rise from the laziness of the bones, the ashes of the after-fire, and you will dance in cadent movements picking up the words that you dreamed in the long nights when you imagined the love that he never gave you but kept hinting at through confused words, verbs, letters, commas, semi-colons, endless sentences transformed in cunning ellipses that do not have in themselves the assurance that is needed to give birth to things that have hearts and feet and breath, the babies of the future, the bone, the plasma, the wound. Endless sentences, dishonest suggestions, suggesting what you cannot give, are not sure that you want to give, yet like a game of power you keep throwing them, illusory candies to be grasped by the hungry child who believes, the things that could be remaining yearnings to become, desires drumming in the urgency that the blood wants, and the soul needs to find wholeness and belief in this world. Belief. Because we dream it, we make it and we break it, there is no one else to blame. When the days start to clear and those afternoons of March bring the smell of the ripe earth that calls to give birth, aching under the love that moves it, I will open my well and all the words that I dreamed, that I know can become pulsating things that build home, will be, outpouring surges of wholeness. They will be. And even though today is the longest, darkest day of winter, I am fully conscient that Christ will rise again, the alleluia of my serum incarnated in the solar magnificence of the great star, guided by the Mother Superior. My ascent to being fully consummated. Finally. Even though today is the longest, darkest day of winter, for I am fully aware that time is ephemeral, will always be, and so is your fame and your name and your words that were just blurred, confusing, confused dreams that brought me so much hurt, and I always trying to forgive you and forget you and start anew with you or someone else like you that promised and gave. Really gave—because words are sacred, and I believe. I believe. And I know. I know that the spring will bring throbbing living words—honest pulsating energies that sculpt the dreams that form bone and blood. I know that the spring will bring throbbing living words, flying from my mouth and yours to the pavement where we can truly walk—and ascend to being.

25TH NOVEMBER 2020



## ISILDA NUNES

Isilda Nunes is a Portuguese award-winning writer. She won the Intercontinental World Poetry Prize “Kairat Dusseinov Parman” and the World Prize “Cesar Vallejo 2020”, for Literary Excellence. She has poems translated and published in Spanish, English, and Hindi languages. She is co-author of about thirty anthologies and solo books of poetry and prose, such as novels, short stories, and manuals. She took part in Radio and Television programmes, book fairs and literary festivals. She participated in the 2020 “World Festival of Poetry” (WFP), with 186 countries from all over the world involved, being Portugal represented for the first time. She is also a member and part of the Organizing Committee for this major event, to be hosted in her country, Portugal, in 2021. She is a World Ambassador of the Spanish Writers Union (UHE), President and Founder of the same Organization in Portugal, honorary member of the Mozambican Writers Circle of the Diaspora, member of the WNWU (World Nation Writer’s Union), Lírio-Mor (International Culture distinction) in the Lírio Azul Movement (MLA) and serves as Commissioner of the Project “Ser Mulher” (To Be a Woman).

I stare undaunted at your glassy prayer  
your silent hands,  
and your strained mouth,  
silenced by social indifference.  
Your mute body  
excessively lime  
torn by the winds that have dictated you,  
lies, anonymous shadow, in the bloody pavement.  
And it rains! It rains!  
in statistics, just one more number.  
25th November 2020  
I promise you, mom.  
to be your cry,  
the cry of the Woman...  
I'm Mary, Miriam, Maria  
Anaya from Nigeria  
Yara from Brazil  
Ana from Portugal.  
I am fight,  
flame,  
determination,  
action,  
poetry...  
in my voice,  
in your voice.  
In our voice  
I promise you mom.

Today, 25th November 2020



## JOSEPHINE PERDIKIDOU

A 25 years old archaeologist who was born and resides in Athens. Josephine Perdikidou always was inclined to writing and creating art by any means possible. She studied, worked, and did volunteering in several European countries, France, Germany, and Romania included. At Sorbonne University in Paris, she obtained her Master's degree. Her love for antiquities and culture drove her to pursue a position at the Louvre Museum. Since summer 2016 she joins almost 4 archaeological excavations every year. She has participated in several Erasmus projects. Apart from archaeology she is also interested in learning languages, archery, swimming, literature and poetry and drawing, having also inventing her own technique in producing inspired art. It would be a dream of hers to launch once her own art exhibition. Till then she trains to become an archaeological illustrator and she takes up requested historical researches, producing papers to accompany historical sites and she is also training to be a guide for the city of Athens.

She contributed to the Anthology of Light of Women with the poem 'Lilith', referring to how toxic masculinity has suppressed women ever since the dawn of age and how women today struggle to reinvent themselves and find their true connection to the world and be a conscientious part of all birth giving processes both in nature and society. Women are much more than they have allowed men to see, and they are even more than what they think of themselves. And if ever her loving niece –to whom she dedicates the poem and pretty much everything she does– reads this, she wants her to remember that.

## LILITH

My womanly heart, you broke the day of my ultimate suspension  
For you to be gone I pled the time to unfold  
But it brought back the reminder of my nature instead.  
Back to the eons I traced the remnants of the female agony  
who sought unembraced to become an all-providing Eve.

I looked upon a sea of dirt and an earth of ash  
when lust wasn't but rage unleashed  
and love was not yet invented.  
Yet, my blood resembles the world's first couple in form and taste  
From matter and energy thus emerged pain and joy  
Us emerged, men and women.

Autoimmune my flesh obeyed both,  
the curves of my body though remain devoted to the well-pleased.  
To the She who my wounds sewed with mucus  
and my outcry hid in labour.  
On the whim of man then, deprived of ambrosia and the sweet draught of nectar,  
then her great orbit is full and then her beams shine brightest as she increases.  
So, she finally becomes a sure token and a sign to mortal men.

Old mother, whence and who are you of folk born long ago?  
You, who been the vessel of the child of the trickster,  
You, love, and pain sanctified beyond his age  
Willingly would I go down into the house of Hades to restore thy throne,  
As no mortal man ever could  
As if somebody someday would  
For you and I are alike the gods in face and temper.

And so, hail to you and to all goddesses as well!



## JOSINA COSTA VIEGAS

Josina Abreu Assis da Costa Viegas was born in Quelimane (Zambézia, Mozambique), on January 13, 1964. She grew up in Quelimane, where she currently resides. She attended high school and in Maputo, she obtained a bachelor's degree in the Training Course for Portuguese Language Teachers with an English qualification (UEM - Eduardo Mondlane University), in 1984. In 1985, she started teaching at the Pre-University School "25 de Setembro". In 1993, she completed the General Theology Course in Portugal (EBN - National Biblical School/Escola Bíblica Nacional). She also holds a BA in Theology and a Licentiate degree in Religious Education from (FASSEM - Assembleian Faculty of Theology and Religious Education), Brazil. Josina is married, is a Missionary ordained by the Evangelical Church Assembly of God, is Director of the Biblical School of Zambezia, is President of AMEM (Alliance of Evangelical Women of Mozambique) and was a member of the Advisory Council of World Vision - Mozambique, for about 10 years, where he came to occupy the position of Vice President. She is Ambassador of World Vision - Zambezia, is President of the Board of the General Secondary School of Quelimane and also the President of AEZA - Association of Writers of Zambezia. She is an honorary member of the Circle of Mozambican Writers in the Diaspora (CEMD) and Vice-President of the Hispanic World Writers Union, in Mozambique. She received the 2021 "woman's crit" literature award (Mozambique). She is a singer, composes her lyrics and the respective melodies; she has already recorded two albums ("O ENCONTRO"/ "THE MEETING" and "NADA ME FALTARÁ"/ "I'LL NOT MISS NOTHING"). She is the author of the books "A FORÇA DO SONHO"/ "THE DREAM STRENGTH" and "HORIZONTES EM FUGA"/ "RUNNING HORIZONS". Josina is currently doing the PHD in Theology, with an emphasis on Messianic Judaism, at Faculdade Internacional Gospel.

## ALWAYS GUILTY?

There was a traffic jam,  
"She was the author".  
That incredible manoeuvre,  
"There could only be one man doing it."

The director assaulted a new colleague,  
"She wanted it."  
He assaulted the next newcomer with the guide,  
"She wants me".

The daughter got pregnant,  
"The mother is guilty".  
The daughter got married perfectly  
"I was the one who educated her".

The son smokes suruma, heroin, morphine,  
"They were excessive pats from his mother ..."  
The son finished college  
"He is smart like me".

Life does not go forward,  
"It is because of this woman I married".  
Everything smiling, everything prospering,  
"My effort, I am wise"!

"Our brother, our cousin  
He did everything, everything financed and paid.  
What could she do ...?  
Everything belongs to him and is ours!"

The Zambezi cries  
The Amazonas spews its waters,  
Euphrates are swallowed by the sea  
And where are women?

They are crying, vomiting,  
They are being swallowed up by the sea of life  
But those who survive,  
Becoming more and more robust and fortified!

## THE VOICE OF THE WOMAN



### JULIO PAVANETTI

Julio Pavanetti is in Montevideo, Uruguay in 1954 geboren. He is a poet and a cultural promoter. He lives now in Villajoyosa, Spain. He is founder and President of the international poet's association "Liceo Poético de Benidorm". \*Cultural Delegate for Uruguay of "Hispano-American Union of Writers". \*Associate Academic by the North American Academy of Modern Literature. \*Director of the poetry collection "Azul" of Enkuadres Publishers, Alzira, Spain. \*Director of the International Poetry Festival "Benidorm & Costa Blanca" (FIPBECO). \*Honorary Member of the American Academy of Modern Literature. \*Member founder of the Student Academy of Contemporary Art in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, occupying the chair No. 7 "Gabriel Celaya". \*Member of the "Association of Spanish Writers and Artists". \*Member of the "Spanish Collegiate Association of Writers". \*Member of the "World Poetry Movement". He has published eleven books of poetry, one of them, "Spirala timpului" (La espiral del tiempo / The spiral of time) in Romanian/Spanish bilingual edition, published in Bucarest, Romania in 2012. His book "Al roce de la piel callada" / "At the touch of a silent flesh", won the first prize in the contest of Aspe, Spain, in 2015, and was published in October 2018 in English/Spanish bilingual edition. He has participated in several international summits and poetry festivals and has taken part in more than 80 international anthologies. He had received many awards, honours, and recognitions, both for his poetry as for his cultural work. Many of his poems have been translated into English, Italian, Sicilian, Catalan, Arabic, French, Romanian, Portuguese, Croatian, Serbian, Bosnian, Polish, German, Dutch, Japanese, Chinese, Bulgarian, Icelandic, Azerbaijani, Turkish, Slovak, Malay, Korean, Bengali, Greek and Mycenaean Greek (Linear B) and have been published on innumerable Spanish and international newspapers and literary magazines, both in digital and printed format.

On this new day  
-so distant from those that the winds scattered-  
from the depths of time,  
this hot itinerary that will make us  
travel through memory,  
emerge through the forgotten rails of brave  
and fighters' women,  
who owners of a primitive courage,  
removed the lock from the door,  
barred and tight for centuries,  
to cast their voice to the stars.

This sun that illuminates the new time,  
melts the dark shadow of the past  
and eliminates ghosts and bars,  
laying bare in space  
the sensations of a serene light  
that certain birds cross in groups  
while spilling their fresh psalmody.  
There are no more red lights  
there are no limits for the future either.  
The strength of their cry is already unstoppable,  
the voice of the woman awakens the world.



## KARIN KRENN

Argentine writer, author of the novel "INMARCESIBLE". Poet, specialized in contemporary oral and written poetry. She is the author of the book "Poémame, entre Angustias y Esperanzas" published in 2019.

International associate of the "Brave Voices Poetry Journal" team, Africa. Widely published with articles on the rights of women and people with disabilities. Ambassador of ALMA CÓRDOBA (Association for the Fight Against Alzheimer's Disease and other Associated Dementias).

International Ambassador for Peace and Human Rights at the WLPFH forum, Delegate in Argentina the CulturAmbiente, Rome- Italy.

Cultural promoter among women in contexts of social vulnerability and people with disabilities.

International Associate of the Brave Voices Poetry Journal team (Zimbabwe), for global relations and special projects of the magazine in the period 2019-2020. Member of the Womanward Hall of Fame team, an international platform based in Africa, representing South America. Team that seeks to amplify the voices of women through the literary arts. Resilience women. Women of resistance. Honorary Doctorate Degree in Peace, Humanity Mission and Creativity for the World (AICHYCI, MEXICO- MORROCCO 2020). Award Winner: "GLOBAL ICON AWARDS 2020" (Eminent Persons Who Have Contributed Much to Humanity). Awarded to the best writers in the world, who have made a difference in society through their powerful works. Writers Capital International Foundation 2020".

## RENOUNCE

I renounce the commitment  
of a perfect woman,  
to the transitory dissimulation  
to put my parts together,  
weaving nonsense stories.  
I hide on Sunday afternoon  
in my soul;  
in the last sip  
of your lips,  
that flash my memory.  
I enjoy unnecessary pain  
of being so vulnerable  
to the memories;  
frayed pants  
and the torn stockings.  
From the pile of dirty dishes  
in the kitchen  
and the déjàvu that once  
they have loved me.  
I huddle in nostalgia  
of my hours,  
I look at life  
behind the window,  
without pretentious airs,  
to dominate my way  
I allow myself to discover myself clinging  
to the right side of my anguish  
and on the verge of my tears,  
know me alive".



## KAPARDELI EFTICHIA

Kapardeli Eftichia has a Doctorate from ARTS AND CULTURE WORLD ACADEMY. She lives in Patras, Greece. She writes poetry, stories, short stories, haiku, essays. She has studied journalism from A.K.E.M. she has many awards in national competitions. She has many national and international anthologies to her credit. She is a member of the World Poets' society. She has PhD in literature. My blog is <https://eftichiakapa.blogspot.com/> is a member of the IWA (international writers and artists Association) had from IWA Certify 2017 as the best translation and member of the POETAS DEL MUNDO.

## PEOPLE

It is the time of year  
that I lean on the ground  
the leaves of the trees only  
they hug me as they die late

On all paths  
fingers shared  
People still  
they are fighting each other divided

In the colours of passions  
and sufferings  
in the vast wild sea  
without following one  
bank, the rainbows in vain  
they fragment

In a bud that  
bursts impatiently  
and in the voices of the heron  
in an Eternal Escape the beauty  
they ask trapped

The watch groans at every turn  
I enter the abandoned  
deserted houses  
forgotten frames on bare sore walls  
where to hide  
people alone always leave  
like of land  
the naked flowers





## LILLI MALOU LENSSEN

"In February 2019 I got hospitalized with swollen lymph nodes in my neck. The doctors told me I would most likely suffer from Non-Hodgkin lymphoma, cancer. The same day, I wrote my first few lines in German which turned out to be the foundation of my first song. Weeks later, the doctors came to our house to surprise us with a diagnosis of a rare autoimmune disease instead. I had a rough time processing what happened until I recently found those lines and decided to finish the song with my perspective from today. I hope you enjoy." LILLI MALOU

Born 02.11.1998 in Nuremberg, Germany, School until 2017, Gap year in Australia 2018, Discovered Auto-Immune disease in 2019 (doctors thought it was cancer) -> foundation of the first song. She started with international Business studies in 2020 at TH OHM in Nuremberg; she started 2020 with music during Corona. First single and music video "ARIES" published 08.05.21.

## SCRIPT - ARIES

I turn pain into music, the depression is my  
beat, I thrill them all and go to war against you

Yeah yeah yeah

I turn pain into music, the depression is my  
beat, I thrill them all and go to war against you

Look, yeah, I got a story to tell and don't know  
really where to start at the beginning of hell,  
but when the devil has advice and he is going to  
ring at your bell, then you are going to  
finally start to notice and your people as well

All the sacrifice and men-advice, the anger-spice  
and overprice, the goodbyes to my paradise  
and holding on to better times, I'm traumatized  
and paralyzed to find my rhymes in mellow  
times, you know you lived but trust me bitch it  
killed me twice

Damn, mom please hold me close, I'm losing  
myself, everything is turning mom please  
don't let me down in this silence, its dark in this  
room, all the screaming, the desperation  
and exultant whimper, I need some time to cope  
with the pain, everything is blurry, I feel  
the nods bursting, it's over, mom take away my  
pain, it's going to be hard for me to go, but I  
am ready, for the fight, for the cancer, all the  
pain and the violence, until you won't look in  
my eyes to say, "till forever", I will fight, for dad,  
fritz and you and it will always be that way

Thousand words in my head but not one that  
would fit to feel the pain when they say they  
don't know what it is, and they admit, holy shit,  
girl you're really sick, thank you doctor I have  
been crying now for over 3 weeks, and this is my  
way, to handle this shit, you want to laugh  
at me, for going public with it? Just let me tell  
you, please remember there's a twist to the  
story, I really worry about your boring life  
resisting the glory and you be mad at me for  
killing this shit? I turn pain into music, the  
depression is my beat, I thrill them all and go to  
war against you

Damn, mom please hold me close, I'm losing  
myself, everything is turning mom please  
don't let me down in this silence, its dark in this  
room, all the screaming, the desperation  
and exultant whimper, I need some time to cope  
with the pain, everything is blurry, I feel  
the nods bursting, it's over, mom take away my  
pain, it's going to be hard for me to go, but I  
am ready, for the fight, for the cancer, all the  
pain and the violence, until you won't look in  
my eyes to say "till forever", I will fight, for dad,  
fritz and you and it will always be that way

Yeah yeah yeah

I turn pain into music, the depression is my  
beat, I thrill them all and go to war against you



## MAGIE F-V VIJAY-KUMA

Magie F-V Vijay-Kumar, Seychellois author in three national languages, French, English and Creole has published 32 literary anthologies, won numerous international awards, one being PEACOCK OPINION from Motivational Strips Global Literary Forum, latest from UHE CEASAR VALLEJO. Chief Editor/Director of Publication Seychellois Global Literary Magazine, SIPAY, she is also the Chief Consultant to three governmental Literary Associations, Seychelles, RDC and Mauritius. Regional Director in MS for SE Africa and Central Asia. She holds the Prestigious Seychelles Arts Award in Literature from 2017-2019. Holds 6 silver, various bronze, lyre d'honneur, the Cup of Paris of Jacque Chirac from L'Institut Academique de Paris et Academie Internationale de Lutece. Chief Representative for WNWU, for East Africa and Asia and President for Seychelles for UHE as well as we as Continental Coordinator /Hispano WWU for Africa. Has attended to numerous international literary conferences in Paris, La Reunion, India, Luxembourg and has been published in various International literary journals as well as translated. She was in March 2020 interviewed by the BBC.Com.Uk.

## BASIC RESPECT

Be genuine  
As my gene  
Stop taking  
Careful of your baking

In love with papers  
To be inventors  
Of non-existing titles  
Colourful riddles

Rome was not built in a day  
Care of your mask of clay  
We are the anti Guardians  
Of your fake admonitions

Go play your games  
In some other lanes  
Beauty is in the eye of the beholder  
Be the best scorer



## MARIA DO ROSÁRIO LOURES

Maria do Rosário Loures (Portugal 1959) is a trilingual writer (writing in Portuguese, German and English). Since 1987 in Germany. Her first appearance in the world of poetry was in 1996 at the art magazine "sign 7" by Gillitzer & Müller, Nuremberg; following the same year the Anthology „Wortlaut 1“, „Wortlaut 2“, 1997 „Wortlaut 3“, 1998 „Wortlaut 4“ (Kulturladen e.V. in Nuremberg), 2000 Anthology „Pegnitzrauschen“, 2002 „Pegnitzrauschen zweite Welle“ (Fahner Verlag, Lauf), 2010 “Do Atlântico Azul ao Verde das Oliveiras/Atlantikblau und Olivengrün”, bilingual book Portuguese and German, her own translation, (edim editores, Porto), 2010 “Um sumário da minha vida no século passado”, (edim editores, Porto), 2010–2021 many anthologies in Portugal. 2020 the translation of 4 poems were translated (Daniel Dragomirescuand) “Prin Noaoptea Infinita” (editura pim) and published in Rumania. She also published articles to the Portuguese newspaper in Germany ,Portugal Post. 2016 coordinated and also published some of her poems in the first Anthology “Poetas na Diápora”, Oxalá Editora, 2018 coordinated and published again for the same anthology. 2020 published and coordinated again the Anthology “Poetas na Diápora” (Germany). She also publishes her poems on Facebook under “Diário Poético”. She was appointed on 25th January 2021 as International Ambassador of Peace and Human Rights by the World Literary Forum for Peace and Human Rights – WLPH. She coordinated this Anthology.

## HERA THE LIGHT OF WOMEN

You are the  
Light of women  
Shining over  
Our significant lives

You look into the ocean ...  
You look into the hearth  
You look into my life

You feel within women's souls  
You spread your love your reason  
Into the ocean blue eyes  
Onto the coffee brown air

You feel within women's souls  
You spread your love your reason  
Into the meadow green eyes  
Onto the existence black skin

You feel within women's souls  
You spread your love your reason  
Into the meadow green eyes  
Onto the existence black skin

You feel within women's souls  
You spread solutions to all  
women of the world  
You give the keys  
to open your house's doors  
you last forever  
Hanging Gardens of Babylon

I must tell you, Mother Hera  
you are one of my important dreams  
A house colored with women of all  
religions  
All genders of women spread all over the  
world

According with Pessoa  
You are great  
You are entire  
You are whole in each thing  
You put all that you are  
into the least you do

with your help  
we are going to raise the roof  
we are going to touch the sky  
to make a better world to

The Future of Humanity

-  
Hera the Light of Women Anthem  
Background -



## MARIANA KISS

Mariana Kiss is 60 years old; she comes from Romania. She has been flirting with it since she was a kid. Her poems appeared in the newspaper Gazeta de Curtici, in the magazines: Revista Vitrina Cu Poezii, Revista Luceafărul Din Vale Revista Moldova Literară. She has published in the Anthology Universum No. 5 and the Encyclopedia Poets and Writers from Araun The World, which should appear soon. She published a children's book "The Voice of the Little Ones" and three volumes of poetry "For a moment", "The dew of the azaleas", and "A love lost in the fall".

## WOMAN

Woman, no one solves your mystery  
Looking at the cup of coffee one morning!  
You don't look like anything in this world  
And your smile and tears flow  
suddenly on the face.

You say you don't need love at all,  
When the heart in bitter pain bathes.  
You realize at a glance  
When the eyelash of the night, he wants the light to see it.

You grow small, human beings on your chest  
From the same dough moulded as you.  
With gentleness and love you protect them daily,  
You would keep them with you for a lifetime.

You don't say anything when storms get in your way,  
Even when the broken borangic falls, you fall,  
When pride is lost, it takes it downhill  
Like a torrent of illusions, breaking.

But when you love a woman, and you are loved  
Build, from the shadows, colossal empires,  
You will squeeze the honey out of the dry stone,  
You will stop hurricanes empty-handed.

You will ascend to the stars to counsel  
On full moon nights, from emeralds,  
On two white, fluffy, angelic wings,  
You will carol through dreams and breezes  
of zephyrs, warm.

You let yourself be painted, sung, praised in poetry  
But the soul only opens it to you sometimes  
When the piano keys are touched by rhapsodies  
A song from another distant world

Without you, woman, life wouldn't have made sense  
We would never have known the scent of flowers  
Everything around us would have been opaque and dense  
Illuminated from time to time by a forgotten candle.

When you write, the Earth stands and weaves  
Out of love immortal stories,  
From wonderful dream notebooks chosen fabrics  
Over the bare shoulders of the times to come.



## MARIELA CORDERO VALENCIA

Mariela Cordero Valencia, Venezuela (1985) poet, writer, translator, and visual artist. Her poetry has been published in several international anthologies and she has received some distinctions among them: Third Prize of Poetry Alejandra Pizarnik Argentina (2014). First Prize in the II Iberoamerican Poetry Contest Euler Granda, Ecuador (2015) Second Prize for Poetry, Concorso Letterario Internazionale Bilingüe Tracceperlameta Edizioni, Italy (2015). First Place in International Poetry Contest #AniversarioPoetasHispanos mentioning literary quality, Spain (2016) She is the author of the book of poems "El cuerpo de la duda" Ediciones Publicarte Caracas, Venezuela (2013) and "Transfigurarés un país que amas" (2020) Editorial Dos Islas, Miami USA. Her poems have been translated into Hindi, Czech, Serbian, Shona, Uzbek, Romanian, Macedonian, Bengali, English, Arabic, Chinese, Hebrew Russian, and Polish. She currently coordinates the sections #PoesíaVenezolana and #PoetasdelMundo in the Revista Abierta de Poesía Poémame (Spain).

## THE IRREDUCIBLE FEAST

Millions of heavy glances thin the climate  
And attack your fragile look of love  
The smell of a helpless, movable queen  
Strangles the perfume that stirs your heart  
The hunger of so many who forgot their own signs of light  
Devour the flame  
Which feeds only you  
In you there is a sweetness soaked with crime  
In the middle of the aridity, you hide a garden  
While outside only the terrified silence is breathed  
There's music in your head, spinning in your veins  
Your love is an irreducible feast  
In the middle of the massacre



## MERCEDES WEBB-PULLMAN

Mercedes Webb-Pullman has an ILM Victoria University, Wellington, MA in Creative Writing 2011. Published in NZ, Australia, Canada, USA, UK, Israel, Ireland, Spain, France, Germany, Greece, and Palestine, in various journals and anthologies, and in her books. She lives in Otaki NZ. Her poems and stories have appeared in Turbine, 4th Floor, Swamp, Scum, Reconfigurations, The Electronic Bridge, Otoliths, Connotations, The Red Room, Typewriter, Main Street Rag, and Pure Slush, among others, and in her books. She lives on the Kapiti Coast, New Zealand.

## WOMAN ETERNAL

You're never pictured uncovering  
the oven doors, below the noose,  
your love begging for redemption  
without hate, no redeemer possible.  
It's not you with missile and bomb,  
woman, though you share the control  
tower, the screen and desk far away,  
with tender buttons trained on targets.

You still give life as always, as your mothers gave,  
see your sons kill and be killed, as always, and weep  
and make more, fighting to protect them  
from their jealous father, who devours them always.

Always you replace them, though you know  
their fate. You birth this race to flood the world  
with blood and never wonder why.  
What lies in your mother's heart?

Remember, woman, the pain of giving birth,  
remember your daughters.  
Their altars rise from the reeking earth,  
white lambs destined for slaughter.



## MICHELA ZANARELLA

Michela Zanarella was born in Cittadella (PD) in 1980. Since 2007 she lives and works in Rome. She published the following collections of poetry: *Credo* (2006), *Risvegli* (2008), *Vita, infinito, paradisi* (2009), *Sensualità* (2011), *Meditazioni al femminile* (2012), *L'estetica dell'oltre* (2013), *Le identità del cielo* (2013), *Tragicamente rosso* (2015), *Le parole accanto* (2017), *L'esigenza del silenzio* (2018), *L'istinto altrove* (2019). In Romania the collection *Imensele coincidențe* (2015) was published in a bilingual edition. In the United States, the collection translated in English by Leanne Hoppe "Meditations in the Feminine", was published by Bordighera Press (2018). Author of fiction books and texts for the theatre, she is a journalist of *Periodico italiano Magazine* and *Laici.it*. She is one of the eight co-authors of Federico Moccia's novel "La ragazza di Roma Nord" published by SEM. Her poems have been translated into English, French, Arabic, Spanish, Romanian, Serbian, Greek, Portuguese, Hindi and Japanese. She won the Creativity Prize at the Naji Naaman's 2016 International Award. She is an ambassador for culture and represents Italy in Lebanon for the Naji Naaman Foundation. She is speaker of Radio Double Zero. Corresponding member of the Cosentina Academy, founded in 1511 by Aulo Giano Parrasio. She has worked with EMUI\_ EuroMed University, a European inter-university platform, and deals with international relations. She was President of the Italian Network for the Euro-Mediterranean Dialogue (RIDE-APS), Italian leader of the Anna Lindh Foundation (ALF). Honorary President of the WikiPoesia Poetic Encyclopedia.

## NOBODY SHOULD SUFFER

Nobody should suffer  
yet how many women weep in secret  
in the daytime undergrowth martyrs  
violated by hands believed to be fraternal  
locked up in a silence with no return  
unmade in pain they cover bruises  
with weary signs of a smile  
the sowing of beatings  
it is a burning fire that makes no noise.  
It's raining outside, the world doesn't know and looks elsewhere



## NANCY NDEKE

Nancy Ndeke, is a Poet of international acclaim and a reputable literary arts consultant. Her writings and her poetry are featured in several collections, anthologies and publications all over the globe. She has several published works, including poetry, short stories and Novels, among them: *May the force be with; A bridge to a bridge through a bridge*; She has several collaborations of poetry; One with Renee Drummond-Brown of USA titled: *I once was lost but now am found*. With Dr. Gameli Torzlo of Glassgow University, titled "*Mazungumzo ya Shairi* " published in 2020 and registered with the Library of Congress, USA. And a wordplay in a whirlpool, with the reknowned poet and president of WILD FIRE PUBLICATION of USA, Susan Joyner-Stumpf. Nancy loves to read as much as she loves to write. Traveling is a much embraced hobby and so is time spent with family. Associate Editor, *Liberated Voices*

## LET'S QUESTION THE ANSWERS

That she is weak and childlike,  
 Needing frequent rod and punches,  
 Closed fists on her face,  
 To remind her who is lord,  
 Is she? O, is she?  
 That her place is the floor,  
 Having made your bed,  
 That her role is factory rolling of heirs,  
 That her calling is your drumbeats for ego trips,  
 Is she? O, is she?  
 That her place is no place you didn't point,  
 That her voice should be muted and logged onto  
 yes sir mantra,  
 That her life is the periphery of your sadistic idea  
 of fun,  
 Is she? O, is she?  
 Looking at that face, who reflects if not your  
 mother,  
 Looking at those eyes, who represents if not your  
 daughter,  
 Looking at that fearful breathing, who comes to  
 mind if not your aunt,  
 Looking at the calloused hands, whose memory  
 surfaces if not your grandma,  
 Joy is a flighty bird and quite fragile,  
 You kill it with unkindness born of brutal  
 machismo,  
 You clip its wings and cage it into your whimsical  
 call and beck,  
 Bought or culturally loaned, a woman is a human,  
 The day they told you otherwise is the day they  
 denied half of you,  
 Belittled or begrudged, a woman is a human,  
 The day they convinced you of her serf status is the  
 day they crippled your wellness.  
 Granted, you are your father's son, well-schooled  
 in bias,  
 Of course, you are your clans champion made to  
 deride women folk,  
 You are the heir to the throne of bigotry armed  
 with twisted entitlement,  
 But here's the truth flesh of womanhood,  
 With your physique oozing machismo,  
 You once dwelt in the wombic nature of a woman,  
 She fed and cleaned after you when your neck  
 couldn't support you,  
 She sung soothing songs to you when disease  
 beleaguered you,

She held you close to her loving heart to lull you  
 to sleep,  
 Your first nurse and teacher,  
 You are because she was,  
 Snap out of this entitled territory and rise to a new  
 day,  
 Watch the genderless sun and its shine to all,  
 Look up the splendor of the sky and see if it wears  
 trousers,  
 Check the mound of soil beneath you and demand  
 its sex,  
 The air you breathe does not come with a tag,  
 The war of the sexes is a mockery to divine order,  
 Whichever script belittles a woman has something  
 to hide,  
 And fear is behind it as history bears witness,  
 For man fears what he doesn't understand,  
 Often demonizing it.  
 With all progress man has made,  
 He should now know,  
 That a woman is not a threat or a slave,  
 But a creature beautiful and intelligent,  
 How else does nature trust her with seeds of  
 tomorrow,  
 If weak and monstrous she is?  
 Woman!  
 She is light for a child in the dark needing nurture,  
 She is the hearth that keeps homes warm,  
 She is the counsel for fair dealings in conflict  
 situations.  
 She is a leader and quite fearless in her soft voice,  
 She is anti-war crusader and prayer warrior for  
 peace,  
 She is the poetry in the lullaby and,  
 The moral in the story.  
 To fight a woman.  
 To hurt a woman,  
 Is to wreak havoc on the social equilibrium,  
 That is the foundation of progress.  
 Any and all societies that mistreats a woman,  
 Pay the price of slow progress,  
 In letting the woman thrive,  
 Is hoisting the good things of life for all.  
 Call her Hela the beloved,  
 Welcome her with cheer and applause,  
 In so doing, You are welcoming your other half  
 bargain of a full richer life.





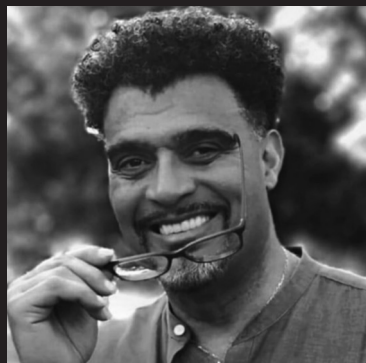
## NARIA RADATOS

Naria Radatos (Ana Fernandes' literary name) was born on April 3rd, 1961 in Mangualde, district of Viseu. From an incredibly young age she nurtured a passion for writing and for cultural activities. She has licensed in Applied Languages and becoming a "patron", facilitator for that course at UAB-Universidade Aberta of Portugal. Author of the romance "Laços Escondidos" published in 2017, by Chiado Editora, she participated in the "Antologia Poética", 2016, Papiro Editora, in the anthology "Poetas na Diáspora", Oxalá Editora-Germany in 2017, 2018 and 2020, in the anthology "Entre o Sono e o Sonho", Chiado Editora, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019 and 2020, in the I and II Lusophone Poetry Collection in Paris", Portugal Mag Edições, 2017 and 2018, in the anthologies "Mimos de novembro", "Mimos d'abril" "Lugares e Palavras de Natal" -Volume VIII- 2019, "Lugares e Palavras de Natal" - Volume IX -2020, "Mimos de Março" in the anthology "Quarantena", Chiado Editora 2020 and in the anthology "Mimos de Fevereiro" 2021. Co-organizer of the literary competition "Ana de Castro Osório" 2019.

## SOMETIMES

Sometimes  
Like a bird, I need to fly  
Like a flower, I need to bloom  
Like a child, I need to cry  
Because I was born a woman,

Sometimes  
Like a star, I need to glow  
Like a singer, I need to sing  
Like an artist, I need to draw  
Because I grew up a woman,  
Sometimes  
Like a person, I need to speak  
Like a man, I need to preside  
Like a human, I need to love  
Because I am a woman,  
Sometimes  
I feel like screaming,  
Every night in my dreams  
I close my eyes  
And the only thing I hear  
Is my name  
Because I want to be a free woman!



## NIL LUS

Nil Lus singer, composer and writer was born in Belo Horizonte, Minas Gerais, Brazil. He has a degree in Physical Education from UFMG (Federal University of Minas Gerais) and in Business Administration and Economics from FUMEC (Fundação Universitária Mineira de Educação e Cultura). Former athlete of the Brazilian National Handball Team (National and South American Champion). Nil Lus has already composed more than 1200 songs (lyrics and songs). He traveled in concerts across America, Europe and Asia. In Portugal he founded the Lusophone project "Sons Da Fala" together with Sérgio Godinho, Vitorino, Tito Paris and others. In 2004 Nil Lus participated for the first time at the 38th Montreux Jazz Festival - recording a live disc for 5000 thousand people. In 2016 Nil Lus for the second time returns to the emblematic 50th anniversary of the Montreux Jazz Festival selected by Michael Jackson's ex-producer honorary director: Quincy Jones. As a writer, he wrote his first book of poems and his first song at the age of ten ("Bird Of Fire"). At the age of 15 he was awarded in the 1st National Fritz Teixeira Salles Poetry Contest with the theme "Poemia", receiving an honorable distinction. In 2010 he released the novel: A JOURNEY TO THE OTHER SIDE accompanied by a soundtrack originally composed for the book that follows in its third edition in Brazil. In 2012 he launched the book of aphorisms DADIVANTE, a calendar of reflections. At this moment, Nil Lus is preparing his next literary work: volume I of a tetralogy - esoteric thriller that will also be accompanied with an original instrumental soundtrack. Release forecast: end of 2021.

## FELITZA

Where will the queen walk,  
The first poet, inventor of writing  
Of this my heritage, Egyptian heritage  
Adventure and love, love more than rhyme!  
Owner of the sacred, sacred and mystical word  
Owner of the profane, profane and cynical word

Spend nights, spend days  
Between silence and the brushing of tongues  
Artists multiply  
They are verbonauts, they are futurists  
Paring the flesh of the verse and the bone of the syllable  
That the white of the paper wants the light to print  
In function of everything that illuminates!

Wherever you are says  
Oh! Supreme goddess, my life  
At the fantasy party, I dance in the sky without company  
I stumble a thousand stars that God destines me  
Without realizing that you'll be ready, look! soul of the breeze  
In the form of the most beautiful poetry.



## PHOTINI KARAMOUZIS CHALKIAS

Photini Karamouzis Chalkias was born in Greece. She is a graduate of the School of Science in Early Childhood Education in the sector of Special Education and Psychology. Also owning a Certificate of Specialization in 'Special Research Account on Mental and Community Health Programs' "Emotional Intelligence and Self-Esteem". Hence, she acquired the Official Document of Acknowledgement in Tutoring Qualifications. What is more, she acquired a certificate in Family Engagement & Educ She has been a facilitator and a trainer in youth exchange programmes and training courses funded by the European Union most of them that had to do with Human Rights, culture, civilization, tourism, volunteerism, creativity, sexual orientation, racism, immigration, disabilities, and artistic techniques. She has been an Arts -Cultural Mediator in a Performative Fine Arts & Creativity Association. Photini is also the founder of the artistic union 'Ulysses'. For more than 10 years she has worked as a private tutor in English-speaking schools in Greece and as an Educational Psychologist on young people with learning disabilities and mental disorders. Her poems and photographs are hosted in local associations as a reference to Greek artists. ation in Harvard University.

## SPELLING YOUR FIGURE

The beauty of life  
Cannot be measured by weight  
Prettiness is reflected into your eyes!  
I wonder how a crumpled landscape  
Can be unfolded on the spur of the moment, just when it  
touches your glance.  
I caress your shadow and behold  
a throng of children  
Smiling to the sun  
Colouring their fingers  
while fondling the sky.  
What to whisper to you  
Since the words are traveling so slow?  
Since the meanings are losing their colour?  
Am I the one who is going to tame the clouds?



## PUNYA DEVI

Punya Devi, was born 1959 in Assam, India. She is a Poetess and Writer, with 19 books published. More than 400 short stories, 500 poems, 6 novels, many travelogues published in various newspapers and Magazines. Approved writer All India Radio. Master of English, Assamese, Hindi. Retired from University Service. Social worker. Related to many social and literary organizations.

## I WANT TO BE THE MOTHER OF YOUR CHILDREN

I have no other God to worship  
except you  
I have nobody else to love more  
than you

O Sun  
you please make me the  
mother of your children  
Conceiving your seeds of light  
I dream to foster a  
human garden

Let the ruined courtyard of my heart  
will be overflowing with the  
Cheerfulness of our  
Children of lights  
Let them drink up my  
tearful sights

Don't worry  
I will take all care of our children  
I will not allow them to go astray  
and becoming wild

I will teach them how to be  
The Sunflowers  
those who follow up your side  
in all hours

You see now a days  
How the darkness of terrorism  
growing violently  
from blood to blood  
How the innocent people have to  
swim in the tearful flood

So, before this beautiful earth  
transforming a barren desert  
by the injustice and corruption  
With the help of you  
I wish to take an action

I worship you  
because defeating the  
Devils of darkness  
You bring new days  
Carrying hopes of seven rays

So, you please admit me to  
be the mother of your children  
Conceiving the seed of your light  
I will foster a divine human garden



## RINI VALENTINA

Rini Valentina is an Indonesian writer, poet, editor and translator. She has published numerous books of international poetry and anthology. She is currently working on an international anthology between Indonesia and Bolivia as an chief editor. She has received many international awards from many countries. This woman with the hobbies of badminton and cycling, has a basic principle that, something that is done out of love for others, will help the world be calmer and more peaceful.

## A MOTHER

A mother  
Is a true power  
Leading small feet  
Teaches the innocent soul  
Introducing a world that is often seductive  
Soul...  
A mother  
Is the dam gathering wound

Is the estuary of a piece of chalk scratching the board giving teachings ...  
How to challenge the sun  
How to be a woman when times have the heart to flick the ears of  
women  
How to hold lips to keep laughing even though the stinging soul becomes  
the food ...

A mother  
Is a woman for her offspring  
Wiped the lonely and hurt her children  
Although sometimes the soul is tired due to weakness  
But still smiling happily when her child cheerfully plays in jokes  
Keep giving thanks when her blood part is happy ....  
A mother ....  
Is the future of her line  
She teaches the meaning of loyalty and honesty  
It determines the creation of the world as heaven or hell  
Because a mother is ....  
Representative of God in the world!



## ROSALIA ARTEAGA SERRANO

Dr. Rosalia Arteaga is the first Ecuadorian woman becoming President and Vice-President of the Republic of Ecuador. She was also Vice-minister of Culture and Minister of Education. Currently, Dr. Arteaga is CEO of FIDAL Foundation and President of the Advisory Council of CoFuturo Foundation, she is also member of the Board of Trustees of the Library of Alexandria.

Dr. Arteaga is a writer, gives conferences, promotes education and environment care, and collaborates with some national and international media.

Her books include essays, poetic prose, poetry, tales and children and young literature. Her poems have been part of various anthologies in Ecuador and other countries.

## HERA IN THE LIGHT

Light, more light,  
always the light,  
persistent stele,  
halo, earth, infinitive.

Reminiscences, heartbeats  
hope of peace,  
no more,  
the Being, the passion.

The white, diaphanous,  
iridescent glow,  
harmony, opal,  
sparkles... sparkles.

Compliment, woman  
the strength, the balance  
are spilled drops,  
the tears, the pain.

The fragrance  
overflows the glass,  
the scent expands  
and does not fit in the earth.

We are, we want  
we grab, we reverberate,  
we build the city,  
the emblem stands up.

The symbolic light  
of raising hands  
of shining eyes  
of open minds  
to the change.



## SANDRA BANDE

Sandra Bande was born on August 26, 2000 in Luanda, Angola. She is a student of General Medicine, and founder of Kubata da Negrissima, which is a project centred on the realization of artistic and educational events.

She expressed her passion for writing at the age of nine. At this age she was already writing her own poems, taking inspiration from texts that she read in school textbooks.

While attending high school, she dared to make her first solo statement, and satisfied with the result, she decided to donate in any way the art of the word, written and spoken.

She participated in the battle of female poetry, *Muhatu spoken*, where she reached the final, and ended up winning the 3rd place. And in 2020 she became the winner of the Luanda slam 2020 edition.

Sandra Bande, is always ready to embrace new projects and horizons, linked to art and not alone, always defending that: life is perfect poetry and that everyone we are poets by nature.

## THE WOMAN RUNS THE COUNTRY

I want to start by telling you  
That I am perfectly happy,  
But my life is like a Pinocchio  
The more I lie, the more the nose grows  
So, I decided to tell you  
that woman runs the country.

So that everyone knows  
What a woman is more than a curvy body,  
It is a perfect filter in cloudy waters.  
And today, out loud I tell you  
what my heart says,  
Woman is the porch of a great nation,  
No matter the colour,  
white, brown, or black.  
Women don't just serve,  
when she has her legs spread.

From comfort to dust.  
From the doctor to the bumblebee  
Even that adult beggar  
under the overpass  
Acknowledge and Say:  
Women are the walls that runs a country.

Come, I want to lead you to understand  
What woman doesn't just make a good omelet,  
Her hands can also work in an office.  
It's hard to believe, isn't it?  
Let these varnish-painted hands

She has the capacity to run a country,  
It seems that this doesn't fit with the truth.

Yes, that's because many,  
instead of looking at woman  
like a brain with capacity  
They judge you by age,  
And what makes me feel even more sorry  
It is knowing that most of the voids  
They just look at the size of her leg.

Women are not a source of bullshit,  
Her brightness is not just in the rear.  
It was staggering that the engineer formed,  
It was this housekeeper that the doctor brought  
up.  
Under the sun screaming and sacrificing,  
There she found sustenance for his children.

Do not give up in the face of harsh situations  
Even when it ceases to belong to the pure cube,  
with that unwanted pregnancy,  
That she didn't do alone,  
When that bastard in bed demanded it,  
Moan, moan!  
But she ran away and didn't even hear  
the midwife to say: squeeze, squeeze!  
Even so, it supports  
that labour pain that looks like hell.  
Let your breasts fall  
to donate breast milk.

I speak today, for everyone to realize  
That, the affection of a woman  
It is the best fruit to harvest.  
Because they transmit the society  
More humanity and fraternity,  
Encouraging yours to work hard  
They offer the country frameworks for the  
future.

And I, today swear by everything I ever did  
That this is a truth worth hearing,  
So today, let's all repeat together:  
The woman runs the country!  
The woman runs the country.

Translation: Maria do Rosário Loures  
Original: A mulher faz país/Sandra Bande



## SELMA KOPIĆ

Selma Kojić was born on April 13, 1962 in Tuzla, Bosnia Herzegovina.

She is a professor of Bosnian language and literature.

Author of school textbooks, reviewer, trainer at seminars, lecturer...

Literary work:

Many awards for poems and stories that are represented in anthologies and magazines in BiH and abroad. Most significant awards 3rd THIRD PRIZE "Mak Dizdar" for unpublished collection of poems "Puzzle", Stolac, BiH, 2008 and 1st prize for foreign poem, Italy 2020 poem "I'm not ready to go yet".

Selma Kojić is author published poems collection "Znak" ("Sign"), PrintCom Tuzla 2020. And "The Monument of Love", Poetry Planet Publishing House 2020. and coauthor collection of poems "Cosmic Rainbow", Eric Publication, 2021. with five poets from different countries.

## I AM THE ONE

I am the one who has always been liked  
by the moms of my friends and later by their husbands.  
"She's a person to hang out with," they thought.  
Everyone can swear, tell fat jokes, drink a few more glasses,  
but I ... I don't, it doesn't suit me.  
I'm the one who will be told that  
she is beautiful, beautiful that blinds the eyes,  
but also the one from whom men will go to others,  
with a different kind of beauty, I suppose.  
I am the one who will do the job well,  
do it without unnecessary questions and whining,  
but also without bragging.  
And help everyone without obligations.  
I'm the one in front of whom  
you can tell all the secrets, talk bad about others,  
but what my ears hear, this mouth never repeats to anyone.  
I am the one who will be patted on the shoulder by everyone as:  
"You are good, we love you very much".  
Because of the way I am,  
no friend has ever invited me to their wedding;  
the husband gambled on our marriage  
because of a girl he says is as empty-headed as a goose;  
no boss will ever nominate me for a reward or promotion;  
as soon as I slip behind the door,  
everyone will start sorting through my life and analyzing it.  
I'm the one who spends Sunday afternoons  
painting shelves, painting walls,  
tidying up paper and bills, worrying about loans.  
I am the one who lives alone, eats alone, sleeps alone.  
I know my life would be nicer and easier  
if I walked, talked, or thought like a goose.  
For life, it is an easier way.  
My life is hard and not always beautiful.  
But it is me!  
A strong woman who prides herself  
on what she is and what she is like.

You want to walk upright and look everyone in the eye,  
without shame and embarrassment,  
I guess then, this kind of life is the price you have to pay.





## SHIKDAR MOHAMMED KIBRIAH

Born on 1st July 1968 in Sylhet, Bangladesh, Shikdar Mohammed Kibriah is a globally acclaimed Poet, Essayist, and Short Story writer. Mainly a Poet, he has also been writing essays on Poetry, Literature, Philosophy, and Theology over the last three decades. His works have always found renowned space in different national and international anthologies, print magazines, e-magazines, and blogs. He is involved in almost 500 literary groups as well as different newspaper periodic issues around the world. His publications so far include fifteen books on the aforementioned subjects: six of them being on poetry, another six on essay and three short story collections. He is the Founder and President of the popular online group "Poetry and Literature World Vision". An MA in Philosophy, Shikdar is professionally Principal of an educational institute and settled in his village home in Sylhet district.

## WHEN I WISHED TO DIVORCE YOU

01.  
Speaking out 'Talaq'-a divorce declaring word  
Just left me in a burning summer midday.  
Clouds in the sky began to dry by running out.  
Moonlight did not fondle earthen belly in night.  
No upstream grew in river and no earthen body  
Got pregnant too anyhow.  
Green forest- trees and fruits were about to die.

Just saying one 'Talaq' makes me deathlike.  
Then how dare I repeatedly speak out 'Talaq'  
For the 2nd and 3rd time!

While declaring just once the word 'Talaq'  
My sleeping bed transformed into a bier  
On going to the graveyard,  
Four walls of my room laid hold on me  
How given punishment to the sinful body  
In the grave.

I continue my condoling by your name  
Melting polar ice hearing my elegiac for you  
Divorce-message crosses the Great Bear,  
Reaches the house of God.  
Being acknowledged it looks trembling  
Breaking down the law of gravitation and  
All the stars going to be scattered  
I close my eyes but could not the third.

My insight overflows and looks for  
A boat by Noh in flooded sky  
All on a sudden the bier moves heavily  
And I fall down.  
Crushing my body, mouth, voice-box etc.  
The funeral goes to the graveyard.  
I could not repeat the word 'Talaq'  
For the second time.



## TACIANA AGUIAR

Taciana de Aguiar is a writer, editor, designer/importer who divides her time between her native Portugal and the U.S. She was a single mother and is an avowed feminist seeking to empower women in all facets of life, and is honoured to be associated with the HERA organization.

## CASTING CALL

Well fuck you, too,  
Director of the Production,  
None of us choose our parts-  
and surely not those of us relegated  
to the chorus line,  
obliged to be made up and to obediently  
lift our legs high and wide and on cue  
to the music of some conductor's stiff wand.

How I hate those adjectives,  
Scriptwriter the Almighty.  
Please reword my part-  
the throat constricts around your phrases,  
my lines do not ring true;  
under glaring and brutal stage lights,  
I fear I will be typecast and pigeonholed,  
but at least I'm front row, centre.

I yearn to assume another role:  
Hero of the Story.  
I know how to play his part-  
his soliloquy tumbles from my heart;  
I've memorized the lines.  
But wardrobe made some mistakes;  
it's difficult to bow to thundering applause  
wearing an ill-fitting costume.

(Published previously in Watershed Literary Magazine 1988 , Chico CA)



## TÜRKAN ERGÖR

Türkan Ergör, Sociologist, Philosopher, Writer, Poet, Columnist, Ambassador for Peace, World Peace Icon. Türkan Ergör, Spanish-World Writers' Union-UNIÓN HISPANOMUNDIAL DE ESCRITORES (UHE ) of Turkey President. She was " SENATOR ELECTED OF THE ITALY WORLD UNION OF POETS FOR CHAMBRE OF POETS " from 29 December 2018 until 30 June 2019, her Senator continues until 22 June 2022. Türkan Ergör was born on 19 March 1975 in city Çanakkale, Turkey. She is from city İzmir, Turkey. Her father name is Sait Halim Ergör. She graduated from the Department of Sociology, Philosophy, Business Management and Home Management. Award-Winning Turkish Writer. She has won additionally many awards and accolades from various entities and institutions abroad. Awarded International " Best Poet 2020 " by the International Multi Disciplinary Research Conference. Türkan Ergör was awarded the Excellence in Literature Award by Spanish-World Writers' Union-UNIÓN HISPANOMUNDIAL DE ESCRITORES UHE. Türkan Ergör is a prominent writer from Turkey who has been articles and poems effective about life and the environment. Her poems have been translated into different languages and published. Paramount Sultan of the Philippines HM SULTAN MORAD S. UMPA and HRH SULTAN ALI AMPASO UMPA gave the title of Princess for Türkan Ergör.

## THE WORLD LOOKS LIKE WOMEN

Hopes  
Of the years bring exhaustions  
And regrets  
Sometimes it happens  
Disappointments  
The world looks like women.

Need to finish, hates  
Need not to be, angers  
Unending fights  
These pains in women  
Do not end  
The world looks like women.

Pains  
Screamings are heard  
Do not end injustice  
Sometimes it ends  
Silences  
The world looks like women.

All of them  
Different countries  
But  
Feelings are the same  
The tears in their eyes do not end  
The world looks like women.



## TUGRUL ERTUGRUL GAZI

Tugrul Ertugrul Gazi, born in 1977 in Canakkale is a Turkish business people. He graduated from Marmara University, Business Administration. He worked as a financial advisor and insurance business for a certain period and later he was a founder of companies in different fields. He still manages these companies. He is married with two children. He started writing poetry at the age of 15 and is still writing.

Turkey has received the poetry award in 2005 from the University.

## LEMON AND WOMAN

Lemon on the tree,  
in shining green  
Exceeding the leaf  
yellow and round  
Lemon on the tree  
Looks at the sun  
The tree above it  
Woman picking lemon in the field  
The sun looks at the lemon  
and the woman's acid-cut hands  
Lemon looks at the sun  
Woman's hands hurting with acid  
Lemon's skin smells sun  
Woman's hands smell lemon



Edited by

*Hera*

THE LIGHT OF WOMEN

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