



A TOO POWERFUL WORD
SUMMER 2025

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Agalgamation

Gary Thomas Edwards

Most Ljubavi¹

(Bridge of Love)

Nada's heart failed,
no longer wishing to beat.
Too many years did she wait
on the old rusting bridge
arching across,
as did the trees
that grew along the grassy banks,
casting their shadows
on Vrnjačka River.
Relja never showed.
His love died,
like so many Serbian soldiers
who gave their lives
amongst the falling leaves of October
that year,
on the blood-stained ground
at the Serbian Front.
He was content now,
forced to grow up,
never going home,
never going back,
to Nada, still waiting there.
He would choose instead to remain
forever we're told,
in his new life,
rearranged,
by collateral damage
meeting another woman
in a little town
on the Ionian Sea.

Young ladies,
young men,
hearts bursting
with first kiss adoration,
know the story well.
A well-crafted yarn,
of these many years,

¹ The title of the poem is originally in Serbian, meaning Bridge of Love, the famous bridge in Vrnjačka banja, Serbia.

told many times,
like nursery rhymes
by all of their peers.
It is tradition now,
wishing not to repeat
Nada's Shakespearian tragedy,
near the borders of Greece.
Carefully will they scribe,
two young lovers at night,
on the back
of an old tarnished padlock,
their devotion and passion
declaring their love.
Swearing forever,
never to part.
They would be different
they would be smart.

In the night, near the ridge,
under the stars, alone
over the Vrnjačka River
on the rusting old bridge.
They will together, hands clasped,
close the heavy padlock
and toss in the key
to the swift-moving water below in the stream.
A token for all
whose journeys find them here.
A symbol of
love and commitment,
locked forever in place on the very day
Nada and Relja stood on this bridge
pledging their love would last forever,
not understanding, you see,
the ways of the world.
The Bard, he knew
writing in comic relief
of the unfathomable forces
we can't understand.
A roll of the dice
and our fortunes they change.
Life and its many outcomes,
he tried to convey,
they're not just a game
thing is, you still have to play.

Photographing Old Barns

The rain stopped an hour ago.
Cadmium crimson and black
flood my rearview mirror
while orange hues
wash over my shoulders from behind.
The burgeoning color is bright
and no longer can I see
vanishing lines behind me.
Black empyrean
gives way to azure holes
between the grey-mottled mantle
that only moments before
hid billions of stars.
Outside,
blurring by
tall golden grass succumbs
to patches of bright cerulean green,
spring's calling card.
Ahead,
disappearing distance
the horizon
a backlit profile of snow-capped prominence,
comforting containment.

Cruise Control on Route 83,
heartland, Idaho.
Underneath my feet,
the staccato beat
of undulating pavement
perfectly timed
to diminishing power pole lines.
I've been driving all night.
In search of the past
still clinging on till now.
In the distance
a dark object lists in the night,
a building soon to be exposed
at first light.
I have seen so many,
like cattle dotting the landscape.
It's an old barn, and instinctively I swerve
pulling off to the right.
Gravel meets rubber,
scratching
like a stylus bumped across vinyl
silencing the song in my head.
I jump out of the car, iPhone in hand,

too tired to grab the camera bag and stand.
This will be quick,
a snapshot of the lives
of those passed on.

I walk the half mile or so
through grass
covered in kaleidoscopic
water droplets
a gift of the early morning rain.
A creature of habit,
maybe just seeking guidance
from leftover recordings
etched in aging wood,
I lay hands on the grey weathered grain
searching for vibrations from another time,
and gaze toward sunrise
silhouetting a failing, split rail fence.
The kind Abraham built
a yarn from our sixth-grade storybooks.
The light is quickly filling the prairie,
exposing the building's sensual senescence.
It is not a barn,
this plains cenotaph
a homestead, maybe
whose windows held no glass,
only shutters to keep out "them critters"
and the icy cold Mariah.

Grey and scared
the wooden floor creaks
warning its ghosts of my presence.
As I step over gnarled planks,
barley bound,
most likely the door,
held together with rusting ore
I need to duck
to pass through this hand-hewn
buckling and splitting timber jamb.
Before me, barren walls and empty, dust-laden shelves
succumb to the forces of gravity and time,
whilst a gleam of light
beckons my eye to the dark corner
where I can feel surreal
the beds that at one time sheltered
my lingering hosts.
One of many sparkling cobwebs
leads me down
toward a clump of wood with painted face,

a doll, I guess,
sitting, waiting
arms and legs still held in place by baling wire.
Bending down close, I touch my screen
“click”
preserving this princess’s once vivid dream.

I knew they,
the ghosts would approve,
to be remembered that way,
way out here
so far, from the homes
they left so many miles ago.
They came despite the odds,
building roads, creating jobs
yearning for a better life,
free from political and religious strife
filled with hopes and dreams
of owning their own.
It is innate, within us, you know;
the need to find our own way.
We will, human beings, leave
our home to seek what others won’t.
Leaving behind on alien worlds
someday to find,
curiosities and treasures for
inquiring minds like mine,
remnants of our peregrination
to the planets out there,
like *Kepler-186f*
sitting comfortably in what we now call
the habitable zone.

The Rise and Fall of Kahlil Gibran

They shuffled by,
matching waif-like tortoise,
waddling along
in heavy wool grey overcoats
holding on
to each other's arm
as does the vine
to molting mortar.
Breath of Listerine
pungent in the air
smiling their contentment

made me have to ask...
as I simply had to know...
what could be the secret
in the beauty of
their unison while
dawdle dancing home.
Kind sir, I beg of you,
impart on me your wisdom, please
your length of vows
tell me now
tell me how
you've managed
all these years.
Stopping in his tracks
ignoring me minutely
for but a moment more
he bent and brushed
with gentle lips
his beauty's
bright red blushing cheek.
Inseparable appendage
sewn to his side
she was there
forever against the rising tides.
Then, and only then
he turned,
and through the trials
of a million miles,
he looked into my eyes and spoke,
"My son
Kahlil Gibran,
he got it wrong!
The oak and cypress tree,"
then gently shook his head,
"Too far apart
allowing light
sneaking in-between
enables roots to
get their hold
and soon from
seeds of discontent
where once were
dreams and confidence
grow
weeds to intervene."
You see, he said
continuing
his long and labored soliloquy
"We've never been apart,

and thus, the soil
'neath our feet
has never seen
luminosity.
Nothing there
will germinate
to rise and
come between.
"But what about the pillars?"
I asked in
utter disbelief.
Could he really mean
"Kahlil Gibran,
the 'exalted'
whose words,
the spoken mantra,
has always been the wisdom
far beyond reproach?
"One need only ask Delilah
about the reality of strength.
When someone finds
themselves between
two pillars set apart
leverage will seduce them
to tumble man-made marble
make it crash unto the ground
But pillars, sitting side by side
solidity, in monolithicity
allows nothing
in-between
and thus
will weather any
storm or rumble
that comes from deep,
far beneath
this very sacred ground.
Lest you
doubt my words
today,
then let me add
into this, my interminable dissertation;
that a single drop of water
deep in crevice crack
when turned to ice
will leverage like
a vice at fulcrum's point
and move once proud
and mighty peaks
becoming little more

then pebbles
lying far below
upon the valley's floor.
Heed my words
should cracks
appear
fill them quick
with all your heart,
and seal them with a tear.
I've learned a lot
these many years
and thus I say to you;
stand firm, my son,
stand fast,
against all that comes your way
stand very tight together
till yours and hers,
breath and beat,
harmonic tangency
so closely drawn together
that one plus one
shall be compelled
to always equal one!"

HELEN PLETTS

gentle eel in the sun

on the reel of the moon
in the lapping swell, a simple curl
my body as a tail,
elver fins rippling,
face and form like a thin fish
stretching to a line

curling into each wave
like a lonely question
the sea cannot answer

rain talking to night in darkness

conversation stretches in soft tongues,
she is singing in silver, midnight hears her,
the rain exchanges. Midnight is a listener,
his dark mouth open wide, catching her
chattering sounds scattered in the water



Flowing Emotions

the silver feather found by a fox in darkness

in the swollen darkness there is a lull
when dogs toenails are little clicks on the floor
rooms swapping the silver
through glass. Night-foxes emerging
their mouths full of silver feathers
and grass stems sweep over silent deer-paths

I am a soft silver feather, lifted in the moonlight
my thin white back rises as softly as every feather
ever does, from here and there, to eternity

this is the violet hour

the night-ribbon unravelling, stars spilling
everywhere, shoulders closer than ever.
Roses unfurl in the night air, moths dress
their petals with softness and body fur.
We are quiet signals tonight, only nature
speaks for us, in a voice of wonder. We sleep
and the darkness governs us. The moths are
happiest, when they are speaking to the roses.

within the withering blooms

I am purple and pink and velvet remembering.
The core of me is a fragment drying, curling.
I left my love on the outer ring, of a dying bloom
browning, withering. And I am stuck on
a green stem in a tall glass vase
that is shattering, slowly, silently; a velvet
petal shrinking, that shines still, within the withering blooms

Abdul Karim Al-Ahmad

(Birth)***

I was born
A little before my due date
On the night when controversy raged
About everything
A release conditional on obeying the terms
I was born deceived and still am deceived
At the moment when Satan was drinking a toast to his third victory
On the night when knives were being sharpened
I was born
With a memory sewn together with a needle and thread
Full grown in a way
With ideas liable to change
With an arm not up to armed combat
With a soul where anxiety has taken root
With a mouth that stammers when it speaks
And a compound name with no links to modernity
And a heart open to all possibilities
I was born
By divine decree
In the alleys
Of the third world

Following Plan B
In a somewhat primitive way
In the clinic of a midwife who didn't believe in fate
I was born in installments
With this body liberated
From the womb that kept trying to abort it.

A philosopher and yet

We saw him as a philosopher

And he was

Always

He was an ambassador for lofty aims

A sturdy branch prepared for all eventualities

He depended on instinct to explain things

And we understood after much effort

The world is only three meters wide

And nature is its own enemy

Freedom is an earthquake measuring a thousand on the Richter scale

And certainty is rooted in nothingness

And the end happens every day

Every day there is an ending

We saw him as a philosopher

A branch crowded with question marks

And a speaker of sign language

Focus of rumors and hopes

Music was his flimsy crutch

And sometimes he embraced dogs that expressed their concerns

Leg embracing leg

He knew

The mentality of the fire we sit around

And the days when tanks turn their heads towards nothingness

And the nights when the god opens the doors of complaint

He walked on the maps that leapt from the trembling of the gentle waves

And his eyes ploughed the distant horizons in search

Of the solution

Of the wind

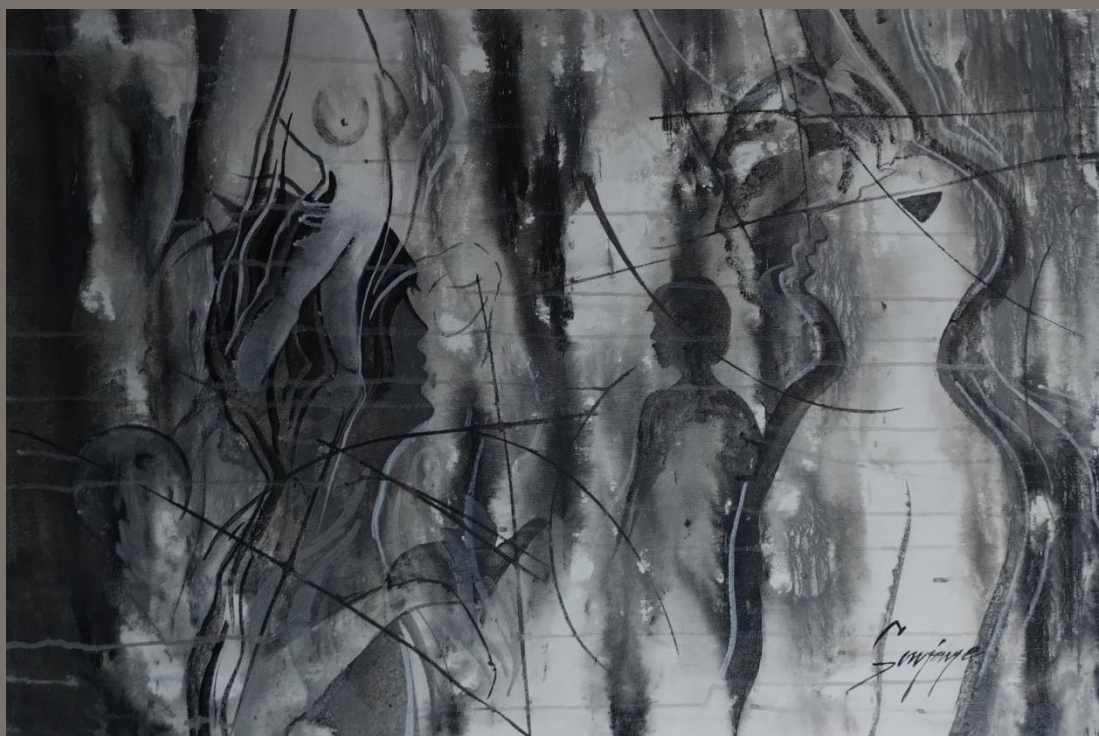
That would sever the roots that bind us to the depths

Postponed interview

We are trying to know more about you

We disagree over whether to call you

A communist or a Marxist



Mindset

We are tracking your sperm-filled pen

While your penis appears on the screens penetrating

Sensitive labyrinths

We are trying to know more about you

In this time that advances here and stops in those orphan forests

We interrogate

Paths that tell the truth

And birds that flock over Warsaw on Christmas night

And trees demonstrating in Stockholm

Demanding the Nobel Prize

Calm and peace and sacrifices

We are trying to know more about you

We are tracking

Your feet that are anchored in the other world

Where the comrades dig

A tunnel in the forehead of the sun

With that chisel that barks like a stray dog in the void

Translated by Catherine Cobham

Harald Gröhler

**“How often I have I gnashed my teeth”
(review on Hadaa Sendoo’s work)²**

“Am I a lost riding boot found by you? / Am I a diffuse cloud for which you stretch?/
Or a fish sleeping in the river?/ Or a petal that fell from the Milky Way?/ Am I a sword,
that the darkness cannot penetrate?” Reading such sentences is unusual for us; ... and I
realize that what is fundamentally unexpected is most likely to be encountered today –
when it is verbalized – in poetry. Poems are, especially in our day, the freest form of
articulation.

The five lines of poetry quoted here at the beginning (page 66 in the book³) have
one thing in common: Everything that one feels vividly is oneself. And this is what one
becomes oneself.

² Hadaa Sendoo is a contemporary Mongolian poet known for his impactful and evocative poetry. His works often explore themes of identity, nature, and the human experience, reflecting both personal and cultural narratives. Sendoo has published several poetry collections that showcase his unique voice and style. His poems are often characterized by vivid imagery and emotional depth. He frequently draws inspiration from the natural landscapes of Mongolia, using them as metaphors for broader human experiences. Hadaa Sendoo has gained recognition both in Mongolia and internationally, contributing to the global appreciation of Mongolian literature. He has lived in Ulaanbaatar, the capital of Mongolia, since 1991.

³ The book referred to in the review is *Sichzuhausefühlen* (Feeling at home), translated into German by Astrid Nischkauer and Andreas Weiland, with a foreword by Richard Berengarten and an interview with Maya Gogoladze: Ludwigsburg, Pop Verlag, 2018.

In Central Europe, this “method” is almost exclusively found in children. My daughter even did it this way for many years, with constant enthusiasm. But the poem quoted here was not written by a child, and the poem is also not intended for a child, but is addressed to a close adult. To a woman, I suppose.

It's not only this fact, that the poet dares to ask himself whether he is these things himself, that he opens up for himself this path of integration of the world, of parts of the world, into himself, and that he thus is about to overcome the split between subject and object which is so deeply self-evident for the occident, which amazes us; the things themselves that he talks about are also unusual for us: Riding boots, a sword. In other poems we hear of grasslands (p. 46 and p. 88) and bluegrass (p. 61), wild horses (p. 58 or p. 71 or p. 88), a horseback (p. 61), horse whip (p. 31) and horse-headed stringed instrument (p. 12), we hear of phantoms secretly snapping at his thoughts (p. 57), of silk (p. 55), and also of a silky river (p. 12).

This poet lives far away from us Central Europeans. His name is Hadaa Sendoo; he lives in Outer Mongolia and he comes from a nomadic background. In the excerpt from the poem I quoted, Sendoo not only amazes us, but also his fellow human beings who speak the same language, because he invents a sword that does not pierce the darkness.

Hadaa Sendoo is not just at home in his original environment – as the book's title initially suggests – he also perceives the changes in his world, he mourns the loss of what was familiar to him. And that is above all the world of his childhood.

He deeply loves the nomadic milieu. In these poems he expresses the present-day changes in his world through the imagery of very specific things. For example, the railway. “Tedious iron eagles / prolong the difficult night / railway tracks, one wide, the other narrow // the shadow of the Cold War / makes me hate them –/ the colonialist colors / (...) / how often I have I gnashed my teeth” (p. 32, from the poem “Shadows of the Future”). Or: “Red ponies run happily through the (...) country / Today the civilized train crosses the chest of your country / But why am I suddenly so sad” (p. 15 “Sangiin Dalai”). Or “On ice-cold wire netting / Night birds hold their breath // Over there, no trees –/ Before my father died / Just a cold breeze, the railroad” (p. 28). Or “I'm lost in a city that is familiar but strange to me // I'm lost in the subway” (p. 47). And “Cowherds never get lost / And do not cry like townspeople” (p. 44). By the way, Hadaa Sendoo, who is 58 years old, now lives in the capital Ulaanbaatar as a professor of literature.

What else can one learn from the quotes? That a brash assertion like that of Kathrin Röggla (an Austrian poet who is very popular at the moment) is simply not tenable. She



Breaking Barriers

claims that there is no “outside of the media” in the sense of an authentic participation in a real event. And that, therefore, media formats should no longer be ignored. But there is nothing about media in Sendoo's poems, and these poems are nevertheless up to date. Poems by a contemporary who is writing in a place that is far away – thus, Hadaa Sendoo's – are very suitable for examining claims like that of Rögglä. Reading them enables us to understand this. Sendoo's mere word material already proves the entire “other-world” that Sendoo spreads out and unfolds in front of us and that Ms. Rögglä unfortunately does not even suspect. Word material: I mention here the word *soul*. It comes up again and again with him; and in this volume he has the poem “One soul is one world” (p. 67). The word *dream* is all the more frequent in his poems, which are by the way realistically quite comprehensible; he uses it in 21 of these 73 poems. Two other terms also immediately reveal which reference points Sendoo has for his existence and

his experiences: 36 of the 73 poems contain the word *sky* and 17 poems the word *moon*. Tender reference points! As often as they appear, they prove the poet's insistence on such atmospherically determined spaces. Often, they are to be taken as desperate memories. I would like to add the touching poem "The Festival of Birds" (p. 75) – a title that then stands in almost surreal contrast to the poem's content : "The birds suffered from dry lakes / And died thirsty // People died / Without burial // The sun was obscured by haze / Cities looked gloomy // While the inner wounds of the world / Seemed all related to the darkness."

Incidentally, Sendoo creates striking connections to European-Occidental fixed points via a few poems here. That surprises me every time. In one poem (p. 29), Rainer Maria Rilke appears, Sigmund (that is, Freud) and Franz Schubert appear; in another poem (p. 43), I meet Michelangelo and "da Vinci" quite *en passant*; somewhere else again (p. 57), Sendoo names Dante's hell, and Dante also in the poem on "The Wealth of a Poet" (p. 81). Sendoo's poems have now been translated into over 30 languages and he has received prizes or awards in Greece, USA, Canada, and Mongolia.

*Translated from German by **Andreas Weiland***

Nicolae SILADE

everest

„To be, or not to be, that is the question”

William Shakespeare

I

tom harvey won a porche 911 carrera gts sold it and won another one in two days

a woman from Austria bought dresses off the internet and got a 500.000. euro drug package

mayor jorge luis escandon was forced out of the town hall his hands tied with rope and dragged by a lorry on the streets of santa rita

because he didn't keep his electoral campaign promises meaning he didn't repair a local road in the town

a young woman from romania marvelously beautiful offered herself to the rifleman after her boyfriend was caught driving with no license

this is the world we now live in

i sit here on the shore of cerna in a 4X4 room with a fridge in a corner a heater in the other and watch a netflix movie

nextdoor is ceașescu's residence where he never lived but oh my god what parties with hookers would his pals throw there

from time to time i go outside on the terrace to have a coffee a cigarette and i look

at the ruins over the road ruins of posthumanism I tell myself

a walnut leaf falls down at my feet i lift it up and study it carefully then i let it go down the stream

this water has been flowing for thousands of years i tell myself

these mountains have been standing motionless for thousands of years i tell myself

what is better

to flow or to stand

petrified like mihai eminescu's statue

or restless like the crowd that walks to and fro on the red bridge

II

the chirping of birds is enough to bring you to reality the murmur of a stream flowing ceaselessly a sun ray seen from behind a snowy mountain after a night that lasted milleniums and it is like a spring that comes for the first time like a return to the paradise from which you banished yourself and you begin to see begin to hear god's voice through the trees in the garden that is how you start with a

return to yourself after wasting yourself on worldly matters climbing the everest within you

people yes people as carl sandburg says are walt whitman's leaves of grass pascal's thinking
reeds they sand wonders until there is nothing left of them they veil

simplicity under a pile of trinkets it is not easy to give up on them but for a meeting with

god it's worth it giving up on yourself to win yourself back and people yes people want to be
richer than others more

powerful than others more advanced than others higher than others i haven't seen people who
want to be kinder than others more loving than others wiser i haven't seen people who want to
be more humane than humans and no

you don't have to climb the everest to be on top of the world you have to conquer the everest
within you to be and to begin to be when you begin to understand and your beginning is the
beginning of the world and is like a spring that comes for the first time in this petrified world
where you are movement itself in this moving world in which you stand as still as the statue
of mihai eminescu

III

early in the morning long before dawn

when public lights are to be turned off at six o'clock and they turn off precisely at six o'clock

when the horn of the moon still hangs from the white cross of the domogled like a
gingerbread cookie in the christmas tree

when on the path of the forest a white cat rummages through the withered leaves of last
summer

when wastemen bang the garbage bins full of yesterday's powder and dust and remains

when rays of light rise like a miracle over the mountain tops nearby

when the birds start chanting their morning mass

and the murmur of the water makes itself heard yet again

when you wake up to reality and see

that reality is not what can be seen

when between thought and sight
there stands the miracle that makes you be

when you have to choose
between the work of man
and the work of god

when you find out that the surroundings are your brother
and father and surrounding son

why keep on waiting for the sunrise
when the sunrise of the world is you

IV

then i saw myself climbing up and down 55 steps daily going in a spiral down the stairs of a
suburbs block of flats among the screams of joy of restless children's & the misery of old men
turing within and without myself more and more revolted exulted on the staircase i saw
myself climbing up and down between

sunrise and the day's happy ending to admire the happy man's work to admire lord's work i
saw myself in room 9 the new room from the new residence near the spring where romans are
still passing by with dacian women and queen mary and empress sissi and king charles the
first i saw myself at the yellow pavilion the green foyer on the spring street on chestnuts street

between the birth of the blessed virgin mary church and the transfiguration of jesus church
walking up and down the shore up and down and up

and down going to the seven springs up and down towards the sea the great sea on the two
roads that lead to a yellow forest yes the golden forest of robert frost down the road winding
through rocks up the road winding through firs towards the bandits' cave

i saw myself turning into a bandit and coming back from doing what a bandit does I spend the

night in women's beds they come in my bed I saw myself being don juan don quijote and in
rostov-on-don and king and clown and tall and small and naive wise pharaoh and budist
emperor proletarian and jew and communist the earth's most beloved son and the most loving
yes I saw myself because in each of you I see myself

V

like a „v” from victory where all the wonders of the worlds gather like in a cornucopia

like a „v” from victory doing a 180 like a pyramid from the top of which the sun rises

this stone from the vertex of the angle this pyre on fire that burns without going out it burns
without going out

this is how this rock on which i build my house on is

my house of words

what did you think?

that I like your summer palaces your guarded citadels your castles from spain

i prefer living in a cave a hut an igloo in uncle tom's cabin

in the icy hotel from bâlea lake in a countryhouse or a waste land

in a 4X4 room with a fridge in a corner and a heater in the other

on the shore of a mountain river or the seaside

i prefer living inside myself

and if you see me in rome paris istanbul

in the sixtin chapel on champs elysees or in saint sophia church

if you see me in vienna new york or moscow

in prater manhattan kremlin

if you see me in cairo atena beijing

at the pyramid of cheops in the temple of zeus or the forbidden city

if you see me in the doge's palace in corvin's castle

or in the people's house

why can you not see me in myself

VI

„Through me you pass into the city of woe:

Through me you pass into eternal pain:

Through me among the people lost for aye.”

Dante Aligheri - The Divine Comedy

around here there are always covered wagons roman war chariots soldiers emperors and empires clouds of dust rising from the ground behind them dust and powder them passing by deianeira and hercules and the centaur nessus ulisses and penelope zalmoxis and burebista decebal and traian antony and cleopatra alexander the great and stephan the great michael the brave and suleiman the magnificent the widow emperess and marie therese

homo sapiens homo habilis homo erectus dust clouds rising from the ground behind them dust and powder them passing by the homosexuals androids lesbians the most powerful men the most beautiful ladies pioneers young communists of today adult communists of tomorrow the secret police force the bolsheviks the nazis and fidel and stalin and che the old and the new boyars the red plague the black plague the white death nihil novi sub sole

high-end cars the end of high-end cars an auto show with the vintage automobiles opel mercedes audi ferrari bmw volkswagen lamborghini tesla toyota honda hyundai chevrolet kia nissan dacia mitsubishi ford subaru citroen peugeot clouds of dust rising from the ground behind them dust and powder them passing by electric automobiles flying taxis planes and birds and angels and gods

around here everything and everyone passes around here even the passing itself passes why would I give away cerna's valley for a walk in the bronx nera's quais for a short vacation in manhattan my skyscrapers are these beautiful mountains wonderful mountains the carpathians with their peaks in longing bucegi fãgãraș parâng retezat and forget-me-not like a star rising in the heart of the mountain and the snows of yore that come again like a miracle in the everest within me

VII

at the foot of the mountain there is a church a white church the church of transfiguration
near the church there is a river that digs in stone and makes its way through the rocks
i have never seen a greater sculptor than the river that digs in stone and makes its way through
the rocks

on the other side of the river there is a white villa
the villa of the doboşan family ion and sofia doboşan
100 years ago they donated it to the diocese
to be a rest house for priests
and out of 24 rooms the priests made 40
and the communists transformed them into a hotel

[forgive me for this little tale but I want you to see
how through the meanders of a grand gesture
god in his great kindness
always does justice]

after the revolution the villa ended up in the care of the diocese again
as sofia and ion doboşan wanted
and the communist hotel with 40 rooms
became a dwelling for 40 nuns

and thorough the care of holy priests the chapel was sanctified
and through the care of the lord it became a monastery
monastery celebrating the birth of the holy virgin mary

now

between the birth of the blessed virgin mary church and the transfiguration of jesus church

i walk along the river that digs in stone and makes its way through rocks

and it is as though I assisted to the rebirth of holy mary and i witness the transfiguration



Inner Turmoil

VIII

here the white cross of domogled and the black pine of banat

here the hawk's peak and the cave underneath şerban herd of wild horses and the heaven of butterflies in romania here there are many things you can see i say to myself here you can see the most beautiful orchids and the clearest springs the most spectacular waterfalls and the most abrupt pits sinkholes limestone pavements potholes ravines and slopes and god's bridge

here there are many things you can see and you cannot help being amazed at everything you see and you cannot help asking yourself how everything came into being how everything exists while we come we see and leave and the miracles stay there to be seen by those that come to see them after we vanish and those who come after the ones that came after us yes there is an eternal coming here an eternal departure isn't this the great wonder isn't this the great

question that perpetually gives birth to questions why do we come why do we leave why do we not stay carpe diem i tell myself and watch on youtube the siberian tiger president putin and his billion-dollar-villa on the shore of the black sea his collection of art worth 2 billion dollars and his beautiful gymnast what beauty i tell myself what riches and what strength in the hands of a single man in the hands

of a single man i watch on youtube kim jong-un the north korean who has the country at his feet but at the feet of the country will he end up as a skeleton like those who now vouch for him out loud carpe diem i say to myself but is it not the same to die a lion or a chained dog and then why

why live in the moment if the moment banishes you and the political dictatorship and the moral dictatorship and the dictatorship of time are also dictatorships

and he who is rich is not the one who has but the one who is

and he who is ruler is not the one who is strong but the one who rules

the one who finds life in death because he is alive and he will inherit the earth

Kang Byeong-Cheol

The Rift That Changes Fate

A narrow rift.

Small, yet there all fate was changed.

At the edge of silence, a rift opens.
The wind speaks no words,
yet it passes through that rift.
So does the stream, flowing toward the ocean.
War passed through that rift,
and peace followed after.

As it passed,
rage and hatred
became a wild storm of war,
while tolerance and understanding
became the gentle breeze of peace.

War and peace
both began from something small.
Destruction that razes all,
and peace that brushes a petal,
both arise from something small.
At the moment
that stirs imperceptible change, Kairos!
The rift that changes fate opens,
then quietly closes.

In Cluj-Napoca

Located in the northwestern region of Romania,
the immature Gypsy offers a white flower,
In Romania's second-largest city.

I do not know from which house wall it was torn,
But I held out an American bill,
And shook a flower in the air.

Living under the gallows, how did they end up here?
Their faces and skin color are like mine, but they cannot blend in with
foreigners and communicate with their ancestors.
The descendant of a brave warrior, who may have been a fallen soldier of
Genghis Khan, is offering a white flower.



Introspection

In Fiji

If you want to know,
how people have grown, then, go to Fiji.

People who are used to not distinguishing,
between mine and yours
People who are live in Fiji, sharing the earth,
trees, forests, and wind.

Similarly, there was a time when
no one in the world had anything of their own.

Those who feel anxious without possessions
and those who are comfortable without them
breathe together in this world.

In Fiji, it is difficult to find people who worry,
while at Incheon Airport,
it is difficult to find people who are not worried.

Even now, in front of the US Embassy in Fiji,
there are probably unowned mangoes
dropping occasionally.

Drinking Lavender Tea

The human soul, amidst the plants,
seeks the precious goal of happiness,
finding perfect silence and peace
as every other noise does cease.

As the veil is lifted, secrets revealed,
yet why does solitude within us remain?
In a world where reality is stern,
do we yield, compromise, or learn?

Lavender in purple, a divine gift,
gives strength to overcome the blues of the mind.
Think about it,
water flows to lower grounds,
eventually rising to the top as vapors,

but returning as rain, a fate we know.

If we ponder destiny's rain,
even the humblest can attain
nobility beyond their lot.
As we observe the transformation of water,
watching the changes of the universe unfold,
drinking lavender tea, think about these phenomena.

Violeta Tančeva-Zlateva

FIRE!

Out of war's gaping jaws he comes
eneviled and snarling
splattered with another's blood

He halts, teethbared, before the fragile bodies
arrayed in a faltering rank
parched
famished
beaten down by a fate not their own
prematurely aged
swaying like rags
on the flaming wind

The hand, rapacious for what is not his
(while what is crumbles through its fingers)
shoves rifles between their fingers
born to caress

He tells them: Fire!

And they fire —
into their own time

I AM NOT JUST...

Eve tempting you with earthly pleasures
a female for you to fertilize and impregnate
a fattened child bearer with a bloated belly
a mother in labour staggering to the delivery bed
a defective body that needs to be patched up



Reflections of Identity

after having poured out the new life from itself
I am not just a nursing mother with painfully swollen breasts
puffy eyes sleep-deprived body and a saggy belly
I am not just a woman you drool over
until bedding her again
after she has fed you washed you and fitted you up

Damn it
I am neither a careerist, a flatterer nor a whore
hungry for success in a man's world
My body and my feelings are not for sale
I am a human with a capital H
and a Mother to all the children of the world
that you are incapable of feeding
and leading on the right path

I am much more than what meets your eye
Much more than what you are

UP AND DOWN

I am pulling you towards the light

you are dragging me towards the dark

There is a rift between us,
a void full of shadows and illusions

and two twinkling lights
that keep the abyss from collapsing,

from crushing us.

ALL-EMBRACING

Awakened by our touch
the Earth trembles and slips
from under our feet opening a path
through spaces blissful – to Him

Unsettled by our sparks
the stars spread out the Milky Way
to make room for the ship to pass
the sweet ship that sails excitedly across the sky

Startled by the blazing embers
the Sun hides behind the clouds
giving shade and respite
to that love that is of fire made

so that we don't burst into flames
before the Moon rises
and pulls us in her soft embrace
to rest

Translated by Paulina Jamakova-Pejkova

SPROUT

Some seeds will never germinate
Some poems will never be written
No keys will be found for some doors
and the lightnings of thought will remain charred

Some things will remain forever lost
in the chaos of the cosmos –

forever locked
and unborn from the womb of Time

They remain in us only
deeply buried
Like the seed of death
in the heart of life

Translated by Zorica Teofilova

HIRAM LAREW

Read this at Night

Haven't you ever felt big things wiggle
Or bet on a spot that then disappeared
Or heard someone cough who was
Stop-talking beautiful

You should work with all of your might
To forget what's today
And instead just love feet
They are the forever part of each generation
Forget about whole things
Like oranges
And worry instead over distance
And what you yourself can make that will go

The stronger urge may be to know
What's in a friend's satchel
Or eyes
But just like out in rain
It's what's between your own ideas that's important
Never closer --
Go step in mud.

A Nickel

If I went back
Would he be there at the counter or
Retail
With parking on gravel and sauces
On shelves that he helped me
Find what might I ask for

And if the window behind him at
The counter
Could wonder like flashes in me like
Snapshots and go back
But so more certain than
I am or a second chance
And to see

In any case I would try to
Look more directly
Like a lover of onions that happens
Purely never but maybe just maybe
Like the dot in his eyes were
On greeting

And instead of just *hello* or *thank you*
To fidget some longer
In the change if he gives me another
Nickel by chance of --

Yes I'd promise to be
Shiny polished
With my all of
What then

Breezy By

How wrong walks up
 in juicy sounds
Its wicked loop de loops
 through what gets said
And wobbly words as fine
 as pokes or sly

And shame
 from shoo away or breezy by
Or sing-song grins that tease the porch
The pies
Are how what's bad begins

How wrong keeps stepping up
 with dewy eyes or flaws
 or winks of
It couldn't hurt to try



Isolated Cropped

End Advice

No don't give comfort well --
Don't do *It was for the best*

With overdone

Even if everyone is sobbing
Don't help there either
Or try to
If called upon
By anyone

No don't offer any take-hearts
And don't say that *Time heals all*
Or look on bright sides

And don't pat backs or pray
Or even fix food --
Don't do sorry for

Don't give comfort well
Not even thin grins
No don't try to ease what's hard
When needed

Marvin Salvador Calero Molina

The painting of Saint Jude Thaddeus

Sometimes I feel a sense of terror, perhaps because in the family paranormal events have always been a common thing, and my grandfather had a painting of Saint Jude Thaddeus among his belongings. That picture had always been hung in the living room of the hacienda.

"Grandpa, why do you keep that painting of Saint Jude Thaddeus in the living room?" I asked, and my grandfather fell silent, inhaling and exhaling quickly. For a moment I thought he would scold me for my direct question, but my grandmother interrupted:

"Do you want rosquillas* with café de palo**?"

"Many years ago," said my grandfather, coughing to improve his tone, "when Mr. Spencer lived in the La Esmeralda mines, I was a young boy. It was the year 1944, a man named Mr. Spencer had arrived in the small town.

Mr. Spencer had started a new gold mining operation, and the business was very prosperous. Occasionally, partners would come from New York, and the parties would last for days, sometimes weeks.

After the parties, silence fell over the house and Mr. Spencer would spend his nights reading. Nothing could terrify an atheist, someone who only believes in what they see or touch. Nothing paranormal makes sense in their logic.

One night, when Mr. Spencer couldn't sleep, the rain made a deafening noise on the roof of the house. Almost at midnight, the rain began to ease and the storm calmed down. Mr. Spencer descended from the second floor to the kitchen with a carbide lamp in search of something to eat and sat at the kitchen table for a while, taking a carrot from a basket and getting ready to continue his reading.

Suddenly, he began to feel sleepy, yawned, and slowly walked towards his room on the second floor. As he took the first steps into the hallway, he was filled with an unusual chill. He heard a murmur among the croaking of mountain frogs, as if someone were praying. He surely thought it couldn't be us, I mean your grandmother and I, because it was too late for us to be awake.

All of a sudden, a muffled voice shook the place, and it kept rising in an unintelligible language. He walked towards the living room, shining the lamp, grabbed a rifle that was placed on a stool in the anteroom, and continued towards the living room.

Every step towards the place raised the voice's tone. The cold wind and fog took over the house, entering abruptly through the window which was banging against the wall.

The trees creaked in a strange way, and the lamp's light shook.

When he entered the living room, to his astonishment, he noticed a demonic being. His look of surprise reflected his gringo disbelief, his breathing quickened at the sight of this astounding creature. Her reddish hair was like copper, full of curls, her face was bronzed white like her whole skin, with a defined nose and soft, fleshy blood-red lips, her eyes black with a depth of fire; her slender and perfect body as well as her agile and strong legs made a good combination with her delicate waist, but further down her huge feet with sharp claws stood out.

The woman stood up and crossed herself with her gentle, feminine hands.

'In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.'

Mr. Spencer's breath quickened even more, and he exclaimed,

'Devil! Devil! Devil!'

He aimed the rifle at the demonic apparition as she was running around the walls as if gravity had no effect on her, jumping out of the window in the end. Woken up by the gunshots, I got up to find the gringo trembling and shouting,

'Devil! Devil! Devil!'



Passionate Death

"Grandpa," I asked, if I remember correctly, "is it the same image?"

My grandfather fell silent.

I stood in front of the painting with the terror that lingers after my grandfather tells his stories, and here I am staying thirty-four years later, in the same house of my grandmother, surrounded by their memories. I had to go back to my childhood thoughts to the past just to taste rosquillas with café de palo and listen to the stories of my grandfather, even if it means the fear of the devil appearing again to cross herself in front of the painting of Saint Jude Thaddeus.

* Rosquillas – here: not donuts, but cookies, baked in the shape of rings, golden colored, made of ground cornmeal, eggs, cow's milk, butter and cow's milk cheese, with cane sugar and salt to taste; typical of Nicaragua.

** Café de palo – homegrown coffee which farmers pick straight from the trees, then dry, roast and grind on their own farms or ranches.

*Translated from Spanish by **the author***

Angela Kosta

HOPE

Hope is the subtle light that
darkness challenges.

It's in the heart,
even when the world is silent.

It's the whisper in tears, promises
sprouting rose petals in silence
It's the breeze facing gentle
caresses.

Hope is the smile of the eyes
that fears of challenge.

It's the Supernova guiding us
toward the universe

It's the outstretched hand
when the path is unsafe

It's salvation in the stormy ocean
of life.



Love and Connections

THE EPIC OF THE PHOENIX

Sun-dust glimmers 'neath craters unsealed,

Untold triumphs time has concealed,
Carved in tempests, on stone and flame,
By a tyrant hand with no name.
The blood-drenched Phoenix, whirls the sphere,
Thirsting in hell's own frontier,
Burns to ash 'neath ruins deep
Then rises again, its vow to keep:
To rule the world anew, unbowed,
Above the silence of the crowd.
And we are mute...
I am mute...
Stripped of power, stripped of truth.
I cannot fight what mercy feigns,
Nor time's cruel chain that still remains.
Beheaded, blind, we linger still,
Shadows of glory, bent by will.
We leave behind the sneer of loss,
Bear time's burden, feel its cross,
And chew the darkness of the soul
No tears to cleanse, no centuries whole...

Mónika Tóth

My language

My language to you
is a beautiful gift.....

One day I will disappear
without a name
without a history
I won't leave any trails
for you to find me



Bleeding Love

The morning...

I am alone.

The morning is a big bloody hand

Where is happiness?

In this moment

In this moment,

Wherever you are,

Are we sharing the same cigarette,

In pensive solitude,

Thoughts of you wrap around me

My room

In my room

Vincent van Gogh Sunflower

Classical love

Bernt-Olov Andersson

You might as well die in Terravecchia

You might as well die in Terravecchia,

where the giant puzzles of small houses

are climbing like chamois up the mountain.

In the Chiesa Madre,

as the Norman king

built a thousand years ago,

where I breathe freely.

The air is light as blue silk.

You might as well die in Terravecchia,
where the older men go into a steep hill
to the ancient olive trees
whose fruits have the taste of the cosmos.
Trees that twist out of the earth
like varicose veins.

Caltabellottas women dressed in black
carry the entire mountains's sadness
in their folds and ruffles.
They smile introverted,
disappear with long shadows into the gates,
When night unfurls its umbrella
with star stick and comets.

You might as well die in Terravecchia.
You might as well die there
a night when I look through the skylight
and can imagine the sea far away in the darkness.

God bless you

The dark-skinned man
in the port of Castellammare
approaches humbly
smiling
and tries to make himself understood in three,
maybe four different languages.
I barely know two: school English and my own dialect

The man is taller. Maybe Maasai.



A Pyre of Emotions

"I have no food, sir. I have nothing left," he says
and smiles.

I search my pockets and find only a single euro
and is ashamed

when he bows and whispers:

"God bless you, sir. God bless you."

Rifat Ismaili

The coincidence and the endurance of art

People often have a misconception on aesthetics - or better to say - about beauty in themselves. Many believe beauty is the systematic order of things or values.

But this to me can also be just a sketch, a way of seeing things from closed and darker points of view, in most cases, something learned from mediocre people and artists like that. Differently in art.

By referring to concepts of life, I believe that no work, no woman, natural, physical, and spiritual work can silence that loss of knowledge and emptiness that lies within us. And when we write, we do nothing but draw out things and sensitivities, as we see in the interior of being, by building the image of their presentation. I would simply call them subordinate and irreplaceable. And I believe, however, that every work of art - written by a human hand - still stands only as an outline, a small part of life, however high and beautiful it may be. Because I mean, the same writer, if he wrote the same work twice, in both cases it would change the meaning of it and maybe they could stand in contrast to each other.

This is because in any case chance intervenes. We often have been able to write something and then not like what we wrote, inspired by circumstances, and wanting to write something else, that we like or not, is a kind of other coincidence, and we could write this work differently, all my life differently. That's because the laws of life change, so relationships between characters can take on new meanings. But the feelings within the human person also change.

If we are standing next to a beautiful woman in a bookstore, you have a moment's urge to smell her skin, touch her, feel it, as good readers do with books. They touch them with their hands, they browse them, they weigh them with their fingers, they smell, they caress them. Because in this way the random beauty of the woman before you and the curiosity of the new book led you to a mysterious sensation of discovery, to conceive and absorb as a unique subject. That woman is in your mind and unwillingly something of her that has entered your heart, interferes with any of the poet's prose or actions. But in a more direct relation with the woman, her initial beauty would fade or lose importance, to give way to judgments or analysis of her behavior, or her beauty would develop and become almost mythmaking in the artist's brain. But in either case, no judgement, however definitive, would be correct.

I don't intend to make any criticism in this article, but I will take some examples as proof of my thoughts. When Bukowski assumed that true love could only happen when a woman has died, when she has lost her selfishness,

as if to seek that kind of love, like a flower thrown into the dumpster, for me, though it is partly true, I cannot imagine that love no longer exists, which has diverted its eternal run, to disappear or transform into fleshly and utterly vulgar pleasures. It is true that today most women have lost much of that innocent feminine grace of some time, but I cannot declare that love has been erased forever from the divine register. This inability to love, produced mostly in our modern age, that Bukowski has dealt with in his stories, is just a corner from which he departs. Because, as he says himself: "In my life I have known either whore or crazy," he says best what the chances of life have suggested to him. Had he known another category of women, would he have written that way about love? Another writer, Fitzgerald, in "The Great Gatsby" gives us the framework of a great love, the despair and the drive of the protagonist to regain the love of his life, for which he goes beyond all limits, to realise almost fabulous, almost-naïve attempts to reborn, to be rewarded, to repair lost love. But not always everything we want in life can happen and more often re-create something we've lost once. And in this case, as in Bukowski's case, we have two different parallels, but both inspired by coincidence views. In this context, I would agree with Hermann Hesse when he wrote: "If you have loved a woman or a country, you can call yourself lucky. Even if you die, it doesn't matter anymore. "

So, when we write, everything should be dependent on our love and humanity and not the world outside of us - always operated by chance. It doesn't matter if our feelings are corresponding or not. The important thing is where we start. I have observed that throughout Hemingway's books his characters are mirrored in a sweet loss, disappointed but proud, sometimes traumatised by war, but also with a sense of strength and love, with a sense of seeking in themselves. And this is not only the different style that separates Bukowski from Hemingway, but also different points of view. If we find Hemingway's characters almost morally fallen, stripped of dreams, but in a worthy quietness while drinking with pride in their loss, Bukowski's characters cross every limit of perversion and violence, but that should be the history of today and the future of the world, its end or the beginning? But love, and not only love between couples, but complex, is something that we touch every moment of our lives, in our daily life, even if short and momentary, but always something that shows hope, freedom, curiosity, spiritual boyhood. For this, from a humanistic point of view, I remember that Hesse and Hemingway and many others have fought day by day with their pen to develop the infinite realm of awareness. They were right when they wrote those extraordinary phrases. Although I keep Bukowski as an important writer, I often have to refer to him as one of the many who suffered



Stream of Unconsciousness

from an inability to love, as a victim of casual circumstances. In this case, I believe that the best way to participate in a civilized society is tolerance, and this point is to the artists. And often, I get scared by some writers, who get scared with that way of judging and making conclusions. But with what right can we judge? And unfortunately, Bukowski is one of those writers who dies to prejudice and loves the absurd. My conception of life is not a random one, but a wide and continuous infiltration to find the various forms of beauty that appear before us.

And this is a bit like the man who wanted to die under a tree with a rope, but after remembering its fruits and enjoying one of them, he decided that it was worth living for even small and simple things. Taking that library woman as an example again, it doesn't matter what she does in life, the puritan or the whore, but only that impulse, the sensitivity that her beauty gives, the sharing of that beauty. When we take for example chance, which

happens often in each of us, it should be only from a human point of view, from her good side. In this sense, beauty is not only found in the course of things or values, but also in coincidence, for example: the bed of the disordered and in the comfort of an open book, or stones in a rocky nature, to be divided there and here, in various sizes, some rough and others soft, which melts from the waters and flows of different currents, so these also give us the idea of beauty. And in all of this there is no special scheme, things we're so used to.

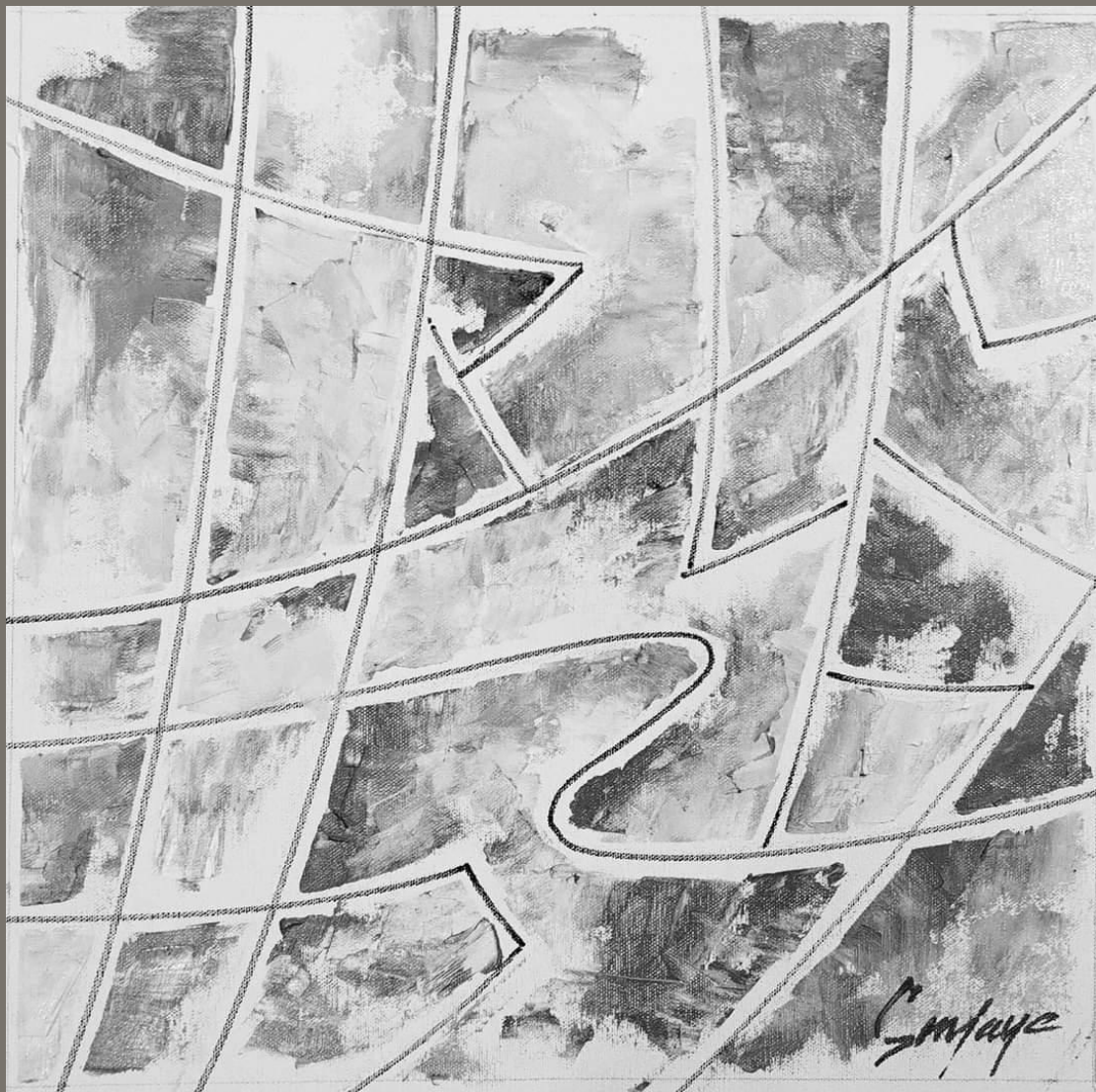
I said above that when we have to operate on chance, we must look at it with human eyes, but on the casual concept of things and life lies the concept of sustainability. And this enduring concept of life must be the all-out search for the darkness, since we are often thudded in their mantle. This, as I have said in my conversations with people, comes in most cases even from those little things we often ignore. But these things, seemingly benefits, simultaneously dominate within us and prepare us for the future.

Now I remember a book about a man, who, disillusioned with life and people, became a monk, but soon realized that there was also an institution here, not freedom of soul along with mercy, as preached. The other monks began to abuse him until one day he escaped. Then they called in another wise monk to verify the incident. On the window, on the wall, were some words written, which after he deciphered, he read. "Even though you have humiliated and tortured me, I love you equally." Then the monk understood the key to everything.: "A man can take anything, even his own life, but not his love." And that's what I really think. Love the love. Love the human. A peace and victory within you that no one can squander. By loving the little things, to grow them inside and give them great dimensions. And this kind of humanity belongs to, first of all, the creators themselves. Even when their work does not serve man, at least the work of the creator must be impartial. And that's what I really think. Love the love. Love the human. A peace and victory within you that no one can squander. As a creator and as a human being, I have always looked at the world with a different eye. I have often been forced out of my own weakness. Often, I have been forced out of myself by my own weakness, or by the influence of those people who have influenced me for good or ill, but on reflection I have consistently realized that one must be firm in what one calls ideals, and no compromise should be allowed to harm them. I have been almost indifferent in all the petty things that life has presented to me, and I have always avoided vain controversy because I despise the kind of controversy or debate that, instead of improving things, makes them worse.

And in the end, in art, coincidence has also spawned pearls, but time has shown that only the concept of sustainability has delivered real results and values and served the process of human awareness

Therefore, I would say, more time, and stability in our literary works than the intentions, conflicts, and the shaky feelings that the occasion spawns!

Translated from Albanian by Valentina Muka



Crossroads



Never Ending Saga

Yang Geum-Hee

Golden Time

The time I've passed
has already become a radiant jewel.
So now,
instead of lingering in the past,
I choose to focus on this moment, today.

What was once unfamiliar
becomes as if it had always been so.
What creaked and scraped
grows smooth over time.

I've come to see
the gentleness hidden behind sharpness.

Some days, time flies like a bullet,
and other days, a second stretches on like centuries.
Yet time keeps shaping the present,
never pausing,
flowing at its own pace.

It fills our gaps,
polishes even the tiniest cracks,
turning us into shining gems
an artistry that makes each other gleam.

This very moment
today, right now
is our golden time for each other.

The Absence of a Tree

Amid the forest of buildings,
there once stood a tree
green through every season,
casting wide shade.

It was a resting place for the wind,
a playground for birds,
and sometimes,

it was my own comforting shade.

Beneath that shade,
people, birds,
and even the breeze
would bask in quiet happiness.

But one summer day,
a man stood where the tree once was,
his face tightly furrowed.

Only then did I realize
the absence of the tree
whose name I never even knew.

The singing birds had disappeared,
the resting wind no longer came.

The shelter was gone,
the playground was gone,
and my shade was gone.

Only the man remained,
facing the scorching sunlight,
his face clenched,
gazing into the silence
where the tree had once stood.



Void of Soul

ABOUT THE AUTHORS AND THE ARTIST



Gary Thomas Edwards was born in Sacramento, California, on September 29, 1952, he attended American River College and Sonoma State University. Gary has called the High Sierra of Lake Tahoe, California, home since 1980, which he considers a paradise. Together with his wife, he enjoys skiing, backpacking, running, and traveling. After exploring many careers over his lifetime—including plumbing, motorcycle racing, firefighting, art, poetry, and architecture—he ultimately chose graphic arts. Self-employed, Gary operated his own business until 2022, when he retired to focus on his passions: painting and writing, drawing from his diverse experiences and the skills he's gained along the way.

Bibliography:

The Book of Bob Series (*Science Fiction*)

Everything you know about reality is about to change.

The Book of Bob (*Amazon: Print, Kindle, Audible*)

Quantum Entangled Apples (*Amazon: Print, Kindle*)

Being AI (*Coming soon*)

A May Ling Chan Murder Mystery Series

Murder mystery with a spiritual twist, best described by another author as the Hardy Boys and Nancy Drew for adults.

Knitting In Jamaica (*Amazon: Print, Kindle, Audible*)

Knitting Man (*Amazon: Print, Kindle, Audible*)

Crop Circles (*Coming soon*)

A Tale of Two Orca (*Amazon: Print*)

An illustrated love story within a pod of Orca

The Absurdity of it All (*Amazon: Print*)

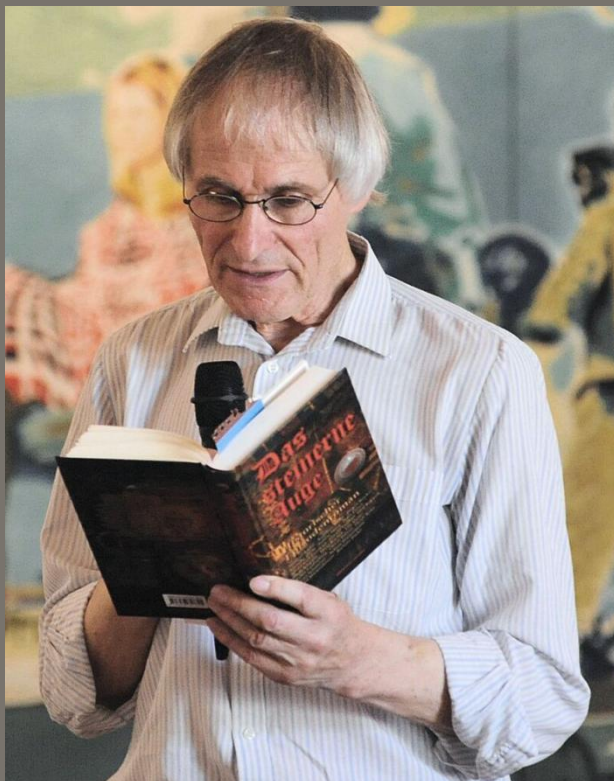
A 'best-of' poetry collection



Helen Pletts is a British poet based in Cambridge, whose work has been translated into Chinese, Bangla, Greek, Vietnamese, Serbian, Korean, Arabic, Romanian and Italian. She is the English co-translator of Chinese poet Ma Yongbo. Helen's poetry has garnered significant recognition, including five shortlistings for the Bridport Poetry Prize (2018, 2019, 2022, 2023, 2024), two longlistings for The Rialto Nature & Place Prize (2018, 2022), a longlisting for the Ginkgo Prize (2019), a longlisting for the National Poetry Competition (2022), 2nd Prize in the Plaza Prose Poetry Competition (2022-23), and a shortlisting for the Plaza Prose Poetry Competition (2023-24). Her three collections include the illustrated 'your eye protects the soft-toed snow drop', with Romit Berger (2022, ISBN 978-9-657-68177-0, Gama Poetry) and two early collections 'Bottle bank' (2008 ISBN 978-1-84923-119-0), and 'For the chiding dove' (2009, ISBN 978-1-84923-485-6) published by YWO/Legend Press with Arts Council support. Her prizewinning prose poetry features in The Plaza Prizes anthologies, and her eco-poetry appears in anthologies from *Open Shutter Press* and *Fly on the Wall Press*. Her work is widely published in journals such as *International Times*, *Vox Populi*, *Ink Sweat and Tears*, *Aesthetica*, *Orbis*, *The Mackinaw*, *Cambridge Poetry*, *The Fenland Reed*, *Poetry on the Lake*, Polismagazino.gr, europeanpoetry.com, Verse-Virtual.org, Magique Publishing, Primelore.com, Deshusa.com, Verseum Literary, Stigmalogou.gr, Area Felix, *New World Poetry (Chinese)*—four of her prose poems, translated by Ma Yongbo, opened the 35th Anniversary Edition dedicated to prose poetry, December 2024.



Abdul Karim Al-Ahmad is an author from Syria. He currently lives in Germany. He writes poetry, stories and social blogs. He has published a number of them in international literary magazines and websites translated to different languages such as: English, French, Dutch, etc. He has won ‘the OSSI DI Seppia International Poetry Awards’, as the best foreign author in the category of poetry.



Harald Gröhler (1938) is an author and member of the German PEN center and the French Union **des poètes & cie**. Since 2017 he has been chairman of the Plesse Circle of Authors. He has published 21

books, one of which has been translated into 10 languages so far. Gröhler founded the group 'Intermedia' and has been Visiting Professor at state universities in the USA. He has won various literary awards, scholarships and residence scholarships, as well as the Order of Merit of the Federal Republic of Germany.



Nicolae Silade is both a poet and a journalist. He was the editor-in-chief at „Lugojul” between 1991-1997, since 1997 he is the founder and director of the newspaper „Actualitatea” as well as of the magazine „Actualitatea literară”. He has published poems in literary magazines in Romania, Austria, France, Germany, Spain, Serbia, Israel, Canada, USA. His poetry books are: **Dream at Work** (1979), **The Book of Poets** (collective volume), 1994, **walking ahead** (1997), **a woman called eternity** (2006), **love does not knock on the door - part I** (2013), **love does not knock on the door – part II** (2016), **miniepistoles** (2017), **calea victoriei** (2019), **La guérison d'illusions et autres guérisons** (2020), **[despre]** (2020), **everest** (2020), **eon (a kind of anthology)** (2023). His poems have been translated into English, French, German, Spanish, Hungarian, Chinese and Hebrew.



Poet **Dr. Kang, Byeong-Cheol** is a Korean author and poet, born in Jeju City, South Korea, in 1964. He began writing in 1993, publishing his first short story, “Song of Shuba,” at the age of twenty-nine. He released a collection of short stories in 2005 and has since won eight literature awards and published more than twelve books. From 2009 to 2014, he served as a member of The Writers in Prison Committee (WiPC) of PEN International. Additionally, he worked as an editorial writer for JeminIlbo, a newspaper in Jeju City, Korea. He holds a PhD in Political Science and currently serves as the Vice President of The Korean Institute for Peace and Cooperation and vice president of Jeju PEN. Moreover, he holds the position of founding President of the Korean Association of World Literature.



Violeta Tančeva-Zlateva (1968) has graduated in Yugoslav literature at the Faculty of Philology in Skopje, Macedonia. She writes poetry, short stories, novels and essays. She works as a proofreader/editor at “TRI” Publishing Center, Skopje. She has published 6 prose books and 10 books of poetry. She has also published an "Anthology of Longing" of contemporary

Macedonian poetry (2004). Her poems are represented in several selections, panoramas and anthologies. Also, her poems and short stories have been translated and published in several magazines in Serbian, Slovenian, English, Bulgarian, Albanian, Romanian, Russian, Slovak, Polish, Turkish, German. She won the most important prizes for poetry in her country, including the prize "Brothers of Miladin" at the Struga Poetry Evenings 2015.



Hiram Larew is the author of several collection of poems. Dr. Larew is a Courtesy Faculty at five U. S. universities. He lives in Maryland, USA. He assists Baltimore (MD) WBJC Classical Radio (91.5 FM) to identify poets for featuring on the widely broadcast *Booknotes* program and is a Board Member of The InkWELL. His poems have received the *Louisiana Literature Prize*, the *Washington Review* poetry blue ribbon and have been nominated for four Pushcarts. His work appears widely including in recent issues of *Poetry South*, *The Brown Critique*, *San Antonio Review*, *Contemporary American Voices*, *Honest Ulsterman*, *Iowa Review*, *Amsterdam Quarterly* and *Best Poetry Online*. Recipient of grants from state and county Arts Councils as well as the United Nations for his *Poetry X Hunger* initiative which uses powerful poetry by poets worldwide to alleviate hunger, he is also the founder of Voices of Woodlawn, a powerful program of poetry, music and art that explores America's tragic history of plantation-based slavery. His most recent collection, *This Much Very*, was published in 2025 by Alien Buddha Press. As Founder of Poetry X Hunger, he's bringing a world of poets to the anti-hunger cause. www.HiramLarewPoetry.com and www.PoetryXHunger.com



Marvin Salvador Calero Molina (Juigalpa, Chontales, Nicaragua, December 28, 1983). He is a professor at the National Agrarian University (UNA CUR Juigalpa) and coordinator of the literary creation workshops of the “Gregorio Aguilar Barea” Movement of Poetry, Art, and History. A committed member of several cultural institutions both in Nicaragua and abroad, Marvin has nurtured his passion for poetry and storytelling since the age of seven. His poems and short stories have been translated into Italian, Chinese, English, Dutch, Polish, and other languages. His work has appeared in magazines, newspapers, anthologies, and digital platforms across multiple countries.



Published Works

Yo no conozco tu historia (Juigalpa, Chontales, 2000)

•°°°°° Elegía a Rubén Darío y Canto a la muerte (Sociedad Nicaragüense de Jóvenes Escritores, 2016, Managua, Nicaragua)

•°°°°° Cuentos de Minería (Editorial Nido de Cuervos, 2017, Nicaragua)

•°°°°° Cien maneras de cortar el horizonte (Editorial Entre Líneas, 2019)

•°°°°° Pugna de los dioses en el bosque de las ninfas (Editorial El Arco y la Flecha, 2023)

- °°°° Un detalle para Alfonso Cortes (Editorial Fondo de Ediciones Espiral, 2023)
- °°°° Grisi Siknis (Fundación Poetas en Órbita, Nicaragua, 2025)



Awards & Recognitions

- National Poetry Prize (CED, Nicaragua, 2001)
- University Poetry Prize, UNAN CUR Chontales (2007)
- International Narrative Prize “El Parnaso del Nuevo Mundo” (Peru, 2016)
- First National Prize for Educational Publications, Literary Category, Revista Índice Nicaragua (2023)
- César Vallejo World Prize for Excellence (2024)
- Grisi Siknis, his first novel, won the National Short Novel Prize “Chuno Blandón” awarded by Fundación Poetas en Órbita.

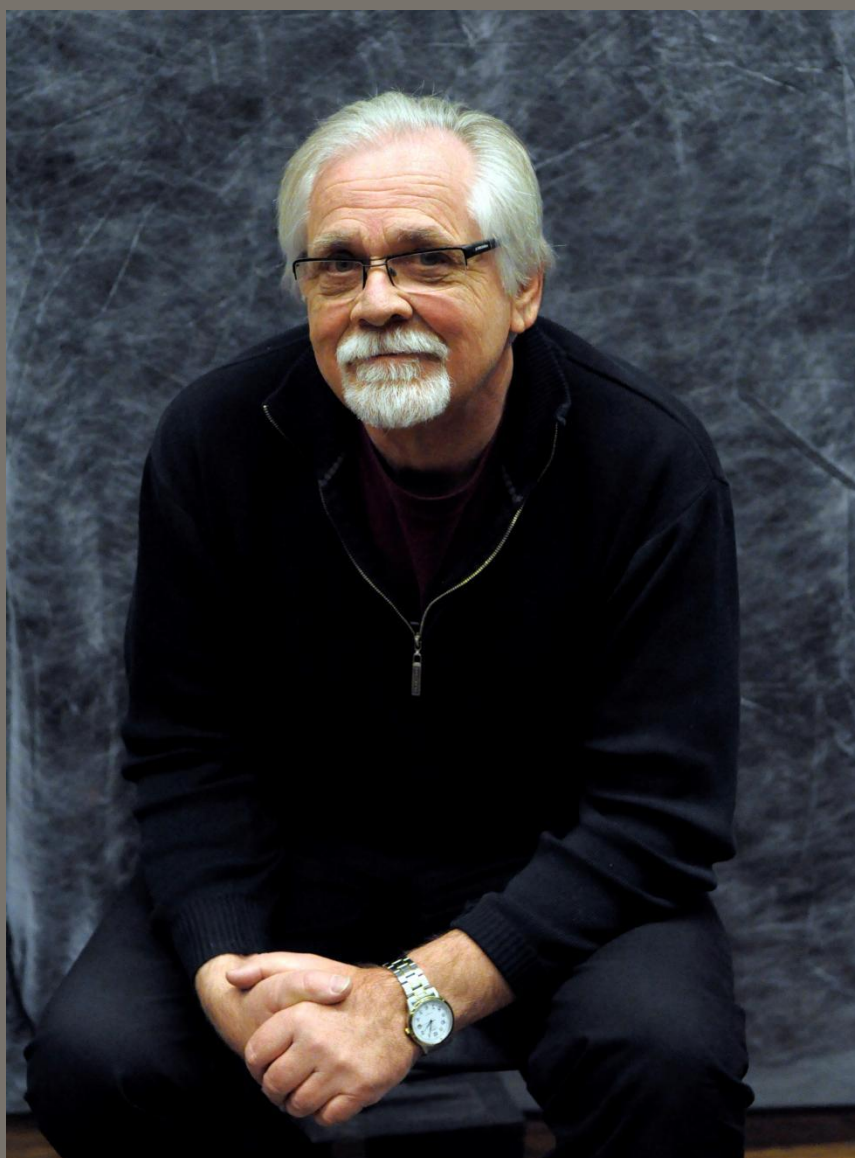


 **Angela Kosta** was born in Elbasan, Albania, and lives in Italy. She is a writer, poet, translator, journalist, and cultural

promoter. She has published 27 books, including novels, poetry, and fairy tales, in Albanian, Italian, English, French, Arabic, Korean, Spanish, Turkish, Japanese, and Hebrew (with upcoming translations in Greek, Romanian, and Polish). A member of numerous international academies and associations, she has represented Albanian literature at various festivals and competitions. Her work has been translated into 45 languages and published in many countries. In 2024 alone, her works appeared in over 170 international magazines and newspapers. She has received significant awards such as "Best Translator" from OBELISK magazine for translating poems by Giosuè Carducci and the title of "Important Figure" from the Moroccan newspaper Akhbar7 (2023). She was also listed among the 100 most prominent figures in Arabic literature by Al-Rowad News in 2024. Angela is an active member of academies in Italy, the USA, China, Greece, Poland, and other countries. Her work promotes dialogue between cultures through the written word, building literary bridges worldwide. On March 6, 2025 she participated in the extraordinary cultural event "Female Excellence" at Sala Zucchari in the Italian Senate as a member of the VerbumLandiArtAps Association and a jury member of the competition.



Mónika Tóth is a Romanian poet who writes both in English and Romanian. She was born in Covasna on 14th April, 1980. She graduated high-school in Humanities at Körösi Csoma Sándor in Covasna and then studied accountancy in her hometown. Her new book of poetry has been published with "Your absence makes me thin" (Soványít hiányod) title. Her new book of poetry is published in Romanian language.



Bernt-Olov

Andersson (born 8 November 1947 in Kyläfors) is a Swedish poet, writer, playwright, editor, and cultural journalist. Andersson made a breakthrough with the poems in "Between hammer blows and steelband replacement", which is based on the poet's long experiences as a worker in a steel mill, and as a building carpenter. He is the former first vice-president of the Swedish Writers' Association, chairman of the Norrländska författarsällskapet and Författarcentrum Norr. He is also the initiator of the Stig Sjödin Society and the Föreningen Arbetarskrivare, and a singer in the music groups Band Avd. and Starka Band. Andersson has published around 30 books, several plays and CDs. Awards and distinctions: Gefle Dagblad's Cultural Prize 1983; LO's Cultural Scholarship 1989; Martin Koch Prize 1992; Norberg's Cultural Scholarship 1995; The Swedish Writers' Association's Fröding Scholarship 1996; Gunvor Göransson's Grand Prize 1997; Stig Sjödin Prize 2003; Gävleborg County Council's Cultural Scholarship 2006; Liv i Sveriges Honorary Prize 2009; Reading

Promoter of the Year 2012; Hedenvind Plaque 2019; Ivar Lo Prize 2022; Region Gävleborg Cultural Prize 2022. He lives in Sandviken.



Rifat Ismaili is a poet, prose writer and essayist. Rifat Ismaili was born on March 24, 1968 in Durrës, Albania. From 1991 until today he lives in Italy, currently in Savona. In addition to working as an author, he was and is also engaged in translations, pronouncing authors such as Bukowski, Antonio Skarmeta, etc. His work has been published in Italian, English, Arabic, Spanish, Russian, Turkish, Uzbek, Chinese, etc. To be underlined is the involvement in dozens of different publications as an editor or reviewer. Rifat Ismaili is the author of many books in different literary genres, both for adults and children. He is the publisher of the anthological magazine Gjurmë Penash, which includes local and foreign authors. He periodically publishes the international literary and art magazine Kryefjala, and the children's literature magazine Pena Balerina.



Yang Geum-Hee (born in 1967 in Jeju, Korea) is a Korean poet who has published four poetry collections and received eight literary awards in recognition of her contributions to literature. *Nests of Birds* (a bilingual English-Korean edition) and an essay collection titled *A Happy Companion on the Journey*. In acknowledgment of her extensive contributions to international literature, she was awarded an honorary doctorate by the International Forum for Creativity and Humanity (President Dr. Aziz Mountassir) in the Kingdom of Morocco in March 2025. Poet Ms. Yang was Editor-in-Chief of Jejuin News, a researcher at the Jeju Sea Grant Center, a specially appointed professor at Jeju International University, and the second President of the Korean Association of World Literature. She currently serves as an editorial writer for Samda Ilbo, President of Jeju PEN, and Vice President of the Korean Peace Cooperation. Her poetry has been translated into multiple languages and introduced in countries including the United States, China, Japan, Germany, Russia, Italy, Spain, England, Taiwan, Nepal, Egypt, Greece, Pakistan, Vietnam, Albania, Bangladesh, Tajikistan, Belgium, and beyond.



Amb. Dr. (HC) Sonjaye Maurya is an eminent artist with international recognition. He has many national and international awards to his credit, including many Golds, prestigious 'Kala Ratn', 'Kala Shiromani', 'Bharat Jyoti' and 'Swami Vivekanand Excellence Award' by Ministry of Sports and Youth affairs. His works have been appreciated by world renowned personalities like Padamshree, Padma Bhushan Indian Sculptor Ram V. Sutar, who also designed the world's tallest 'Statue of Unity', FIAS International (USA) and many others. He has been conferred with Doctorate Degrees (Honoris Causa) by many organisations from all over the world. He has been nominated for 'Padm Shri 2024'.



AUGUST 2025.

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