

On the cover “Old Town of Bar” by Dalibor Dado Četković

EDITOR IN CHIEF – **DANIJELA TRAJKOVIĆ**

POETRY SECTION EDITORS: **MIRCEA DAN DUTA AND NENAD TRAJKOVIĆ**

PROSE SECTION EDITORS: **MIHAJLO SVIDERSKI AND MARLON FICK**

REVIEW SECTION EDITOR: **KOUSHIK GOSWAMI**

ART SECTION EDITORS: **MARKO IGNJATIJEVIĆ AND MILUTIN OBRADOVIĆ**

Contents

Alan Britt

Klara Hurkova

Jeffrey Feingold

William T Fearby

Catfish McDaris

Andrew King

Hiranmoy Lahiri

Marjeta Šhatro Rrapaj

Mircea Dan Duta

Michael Lee Johnson

Jasna Gugić

Kemlyn Tan Bappe

Ali Aliyev

Art by Dalibor Dado Četković

ALAN BRITT

I'M A BELIEVER

If hands are wings then take hold
& prepare for the long flight, the flight
to shatter everything meaningful
on this wobbly planet while discovering
that other planets have been playing
this game a whole lot longer than we
ever dreamed of playing it.

If emotions in some future hieroglyphic
universe in some galaxy far far away—
empathetic hieroglyphs to be sure—
if those emotions hatched their existential
eggs upon my kitchen counter this very
morning, well then, I guess I'd have
to be a believer; I'd have to believe.



Ostrog monastery by Dalibor Dado Četković

ROAD TO GUARANDA, ECUADOR

(For Victoria Tovar)

One whitewashed donkey kneels at the side
of the mountain road, the road that coils

its tail around this mountain to Guaranda.

Men & women with skin like toffee in ponchos
of tomatillo, blue jay blue, & aquamarine
carry straw bags filled with corn & firewood
up the road braiding the volcanic torso
of this mountain that takes us to Guaranda.

Valley below, resembling a fresh avocado,
contains little drops of coral casitas,
a few sheep, some black & white cows,
a goat or two, plus two anaconda waterfalls
slashing the emerald mountainside.

Along the road men & women with skin
like copper in ponchos that resemble Agrias
mariposas striped with long black tears, ponchos
dreaming golden jaguars, & ponchos that resemble
El Greco clouds sweeping the shoulder blades
of this bus that takes us to Guaranda.

MARJETA SHATRO RRAPAJ

Free...

In this illusory world
we know well what we are
we know each other's roots,
we set our own limits
we remove them consciously
We pulled and pushed by the same pressure.
We break old rules
we write new.
We dare to build the future
no regrets,
without hiding behind a face mask,
we get drunk on the light of truth
enjoying the sunrise
that invades our eyes
of peace evenings we wander free ...

I come to you!

I come to you, as the hope of the new day

as the awake morning the most sunrise of beauty,
as a remembrance, which restores the past,
like a bird, that shakes the wings flight.
I come without knocking,
with the innocence of a flickering soul
light when they lighten the colors of life
the evening, when all the twilights begin their pilgrimage.



Having guests by Dalibor Dado Četković

KLÁRA HŮRKOVÁ

Peace and Quiet

I write about peace and quiet
in crowded airports, on busy trains
in classrooms
filled with my students' hunger
for voices after the long months
of online loneliness

I write about peace and quiet
while in their shocked homelands
people are killed
settlements eaten by fire

I write
and can do nothing else
just listen, talk
and write

I once experienced peace
on an early evening
at low tide
when the sea was out
the setting sun poured colours
over the wet sand
A flock of geese gathered
chattering
in an unknown tongue

I just sat and watched
and for a little while
I became them

John

In the park, where the hot green breath
holds humidity and provides no shade
where the joggers' sweat competes
with condensed dewdrops on the leaves
where dogs drink from the public fountains
I am looking for you

No trace of blood and no memory plaque
on the Dakota Building
The porter confirms briefly:
"It was here."
I can hardly believe it
This city whose map I can read so easily
has bloodied mysteries

You, so little present
in Strawberry Fields
And yet it is suddenly easy
to listen to my past

So I send a message to my sister in Prague
And I am back again with you
and with the one who still lives
in the Dakota Building
in an old woman's body
and holds the mysteries
in her big white hat



Road by Dalibor Dado Četković

MIRCEA DAN DUTA

diagnosis

we were born asymptomatic
we were granted an asymptomatic contamination
we were hospitalized as asymptomatic
therefore the therapy is of course symptomatic
discharge forms are issued
at own risk
and based on workplace certificate

we are no standard cases
but unexploited
niche opportunities
drinking water available
in the emergency room

Devin Castle

Getting off the night train.
Silent Morava.
Frozen Danube.
Ruins.
Darkness.
The Slavic Embankment without you.
Longing to pray.
Kneeing in the ice.
Danube kisses Morava,
silence flows into frost.
Building a snowman.
Decorating a Christmas tree.
Lighting it up.
Reading a poem under it.
Christmas with you.
Falling on the snow.
Longing for pain.
Closing eyes.
Praying for punishment.
Diving into silence.
Flowing into frost.
Your book on the Slavic Embankment.
Ruins.
Mist.
Melting into snowfall.
Getting on the morning bus.
Snowing all around.

*Translated from Czech into English by **Judit Antal***

JEFFREY FEINGOLD

Little Rabbit

Tiny rabbit track scars. Arm cuts hidden too late. Driving from hospital to Boston airport. I'd found a dual diagnosis program in Florida to treat both your drinking and eating disorders. Sixteenth birthday. I had saved you!

But ...those little rabbit tracks.

I first tried to save you when you were six. Your parent's house. Autumn stroll. Crimson blaze trees. Chill thin air. Boot-snapped twigs. Sweet-sour apples decomposing atop beds of musty leaves.

Rounding corner, home in sight, scarlet gray clump atop small earth mound. Dead rabbits. Babies, three, four. Tears streaming, you dashed into house. Hid in room. Your mom and dad followed.

I lingered. Slipped each lump of limp warm fur back into hole.

In kitchen, I washed my hands. Reported rabbits revived. Super Uncle rescue! Your dad angry: I shielded you from truth. Few years later, he abandoned you. He washed his hands.

You walked slowly down jetway. Turned, smiled. I thought I'd saved you from the dead rabbit hole. But down, down, down, into the earth you had gone, forever hiding. Your smile just Cheshire Cat's.



MICHAEL LEE JOHNSON

Frogs

"Grow grass,
stone frogs,"
written on bathroom walls.
Hippie beads, oodles
colorful acid pills
in dresser draws,
no clothes,
kaleidoscope condoms,
ostentatious sex.
No Bibles or Sundays
that anyone remembers.
Rochdale College,
Toronto, Ontario 1972,
freedom school, free education.
Makes no sense,
when you're high on a song
"American Women" blasting
eardrums and police sirens come on.

(Note: Rochdale College was patterned after Summerhill School-Democratic "freedom school" in England founded in 1921 by Alexander Sutherland Neill with the belief that the school should be made to fit the child, rather than the other way around.)

Keyboard

Keyboard dancing, poet-writer,
old bold, ribbons are worn out,
type keys bent out of shape.
40 wpm, high school,
Smith Corona 220 electric ultimately
gave out, carrying case, lost key.
No typewriter repairman anymore.
It is this media, new age apps,
for internet dreams, forged nightmares,
nothing can go wrong, right?
Cagey, I prefer my Covid-19 shots
completed one at a time.
Unfinished poems can wait,
hang start-up like Jesus
ragged on that wooden cross,
revise a few lines at a time;
near the end, complete to finish.
I will touch my way out of this life;
as Elton John says,

“like a candle in the wind.”
I will be at my keyboard late at night
that moment I pass, my fingertips stop.



Antares-1 by Dalibor Dado Ćetković

WILLIAM T FEARBY

Daddy I'm So Scared

Daddy please help me
I'm so afraid here in the dark
They buried me here alone
In this dark and dismal park

I have been calling out loud for you
It seems like for days and days
Daddy why can't you hear me
I have tried in so many ways

Daddy please come and find me
I hate it buried here underground
I have been calling you forever
Just waiting to be found

Daddy I'm so scared
I really hate this place

I never meant to hurt you
I know I bought you disgrace

But I couldn't stand my life
My tormentors made me scared
I tried to tell you daddy
But it didn't seem like you cared

You were always so busy working
I had no one else I could tell
So I started cutting myself in private
To blot out my living hell

It worked for a short time
But then the bullying got much worse
So I started taking drugs and drinking
To try and rid myself of the curse

I am really sorry daddy
I really had no choice
Something flipped inside me
When I heard a satanic voice

Telling me to kill myself
My life isn't worth a thing
So I went out and bought some heroin
With my dead moms ring

I am really sorry daddy
I didn't think that I would die
I'm sorry I sold moms ring daddy
I miss you so much please don't cry

Daddy I'm so scared
I hate what I have done to you
I have taken everything you had
And broke your heart in two

Blind insecurity

I'm sinking into a deep raging ocean
An ocean of trepidation and despair
Swimming around and around in circles
Trying to keep afloat but Getting no where

Something keeps dragging me down

Into the dark and frightening unknown
A feeling of morbid fear and uncertainty
Fighting a losing battle on my own

I have never felt so vulnerable and helpless
Fighting a battle I'm scared that I may lose
Every problem has many options
I don't know which one to choose

I'm stuck in a world full of indecision
Tearing lumps out of my weary soul
Pulling me deeper down the abyss
Disappearing into an endless black hole

I'm struggling hard to catch my breath
As the dark scary walls close in on me
The fear and the mass paranoia
Is viciously washing me out to sea

My mind is like a gigantic maze
Full of confusing twists and turns
All the time I hear a fiddler playing
While I sit and watch as Rome burns

My head is so full of confusion
As I hear myself scream and shout
Please help me someone to find the door
So I can try and get myself out

All the time I am falling deeper
Into a pit of fear and despair
Banging my aching head against the wall
Frantically Tearing out clumps of my hair

Then a monolithic voice inside my head
Starts preaching sermons about God to me
Telling me to have faith and if I believe in him
He has the power to redeem my soul and set me free

But still my demons are multiplying
As I beg and plead to God to please help me
But God has forsaken me and cannot hear my plea
He doesn't care about me that is very obvious to see

My demons are starting to win the battle
And proceed to take my soul apart
Tearing at my whole existence
And ripping out my bleeding heart

My body feels like an empty vessel

Floating aimlessly in a dark raging sea
Crashing up against the jagged rocks
Of fear and blind insecurity



Story After Story by Dalibor Dado Ćetković

JASNA GUGIĆ

HOPE

I would like to take
the paths of new hope
and erase my footprints behind
me because your escort is
superfluous before the rising sun.
I would like to walk
the land of solitude
for years
and walk on
the silence of the
pathlessness liberated
of all your words and deeds.
I would like to be
born again
bathed in purity
of my soul
and stand
in front of the starry sky
as a newborn.
And pardon
my rude words
and be patient
because my loneliness
is your loneliness, too.
You are my other self.
You do what I m afraid of.

MEMORY

The rain began singing
with my pain
and rustled
the leaves.
Another autumn
without you
in the shadow
of endless years.
Even today after
one hundred years of solitude
I listen to your words
to rejoice
my silence
but hear no
reply.

Your lips went
silent
and your eyes closed
forever
in the most sorrowful August
of my life.
And never again
will you
hear the rain crying
with my tears
as I remove the
leaves
from your grave
with my hand.
Quietly in silence
I kiss your sleeping eyes,
my poet of life,
and the temples of
silence
where you are
present,
always present.

Translated from Croation into English by Anita Vidaković Ninković

CATFISH MCDARIS

Sixteen Inches in Bismarck, North Dakota

More snow than a sane man could endure,
I had never quite passed the sanity test, I had been
living and dreaming in the badlands, riding the
rails, catching odd jobs now and then, trying to

Forget my sadness and agony, my soul felt gored
like a bull, drenched in blood, waiting for relief,
I missed the New Mexican dancing Memameior,
and the loco Huachiqueleros, Mexican gas thieves

Gas was like gold in Mexico, it was not siphoned,
the thieves used plastic saddle bags over their
shoulders and cut holes into gas pipes, it flooded
all over them while filling the bags, ten or more

People waiting for their turn, the least spark would
have blown them sky high, the last bag man had pipe
tape, it slowed the gushing pipe down, I sort of liked

the danger, but I went to Aguascalientes, April was

Three weeks of bullfighting, there were hot springs,
vineyards, the infamous National Museum of Death,
my amigo, Saturnino had invited me for a month, so
I took him up on his offer, his life was a bit rich for me.

Tornado of Trouble

Do you want me?
my luck is lousy, I
live with a landlady
that measures her
tenants booze bottles

Her soul could melt man
hole covers, fire hydrants,
railroad spikes, she gave
me the July blues in winter

A giraffe, lion, magpie in
the cloudless cobalt sky, I
ate a salsa dog taco and had
enough for Cubano tobacco

I get free rent, in a life that's
a joke, while greedy liars and
con artist politicians lead people
down a great path of destruction.

Crocodile Heart

Her crocodile mouth spewed profanity,
a steam rolled fire hydrant in Spanish
Harlem in July, folks cooking chicken

Eggs on Cadillac hoods, at times Dancer
felt like he had gone thirteen rounds with
a gorilla, he wore a swordfish mustache

When she rose from him, he'd squint into
the smoke, smelling her ephemeral shadows,
he felt dead, like she'd chopped his chest open
and his crocodile heart fell out and rolled away.

The Queen of Eternity

for Frida Kahlo

Angel flesh ecstasy, paintings can turn you
into the Queen of Eternity, they can be your
lover, best friend, mother, father, recognition

To the west: Dickens, Moliere, Ibsen, Tennyson,
Oscar Wilde, Julio Verne, Alejandro Dumas and
Edgar Allen Poe. To the east: Galileo, Aristotle,
Hegel, Newton, Schiller. Polanco where I slept

Fascinating tile makers of Coyoacan, the house
where Trotsky was murdered, the cobalt caerulean
and sour blood orange drank in the shade of gum
trees, corn dipped in butter cheese chili and salt

I watch the purple jacaranda climb the brick walls,
thinking of the blood-soaked paintings, A Few Small
Nips, The Suicide of Dorothy Hale, The Wounded
Table, the obvious pain made some people terrified.



Cactus Dance by Dalibor Dado Četković

KEMLYN TAN BAPPE

Kintsugi

**What's the price of truth?
You dare air dirty laundry
I dare risk it all**

Kintsugi is the Japanese art of mending broken ceramics with lacquer and gold.

What do you do with the broken pieces?

Pretending
Everything was fine
Pretty porcelain doll flawless untouchable on a shelf
Broken before the first flush of a crush
Child crushed by lust of a lover care-giver
Trauma is cancer devouring mind body soul
One cell at a time a slow death
Pain numbed by faceless lovers
Collecting trophies collecting dust
Never satisfied ingesting poison sip by sip
All that's left are broken pieces
I continue to pulverize

How do you mend a broken life?

Kintsugi

Enchanted Summer
My poets

Your honey brown rays broke through my clouds
Your words viscous crimson sap bleeds
You flow between my crevices my abscission
Pull me into you
Fill my longing emptiness
I rest with you between my pieces
You harden within
I cry not in pain
A cheap iteration of the word love
But in gratitude
I am safe
I am secure
I desire you you desire me
Desired not discarded
You gently pour yourself fusing the broken shards
You broke through my futile attempts to hide my flaws
You see me naked unclothed and you are not repulsed

I see myself naked unhidden and I am not repulsed
I face my scars tattooed over skin limb organ heart
I trace them with your gold flecks
Shining between my brokenness
Piece by piece I am stitched
Restoration
Reborn
Perfectly imperfect
Wabi-sabi
A masterpiece

How do you put yourself out there again?

Least of These
When I was imprisoned, you came to me
I locked myself in
 no one could touch me
I was hungry, you fed me
 Starved for love I didn't even know was missing
 I didn't know I was missing
I was naked, you clothed me
 Stripped, flogged, raped
 Left limp, lifeless, dead
You wrapped my broken body with compassion
You covered my shame with blankets called love
You bound my wounds gently
You soothed me with lullabies

*There is a balm in Gilead that heals the sin-sick soul
There is a balm in Gilead that makes the wounded whole*

*Pie jesu domine donna eis requiem
Donna eis requiem*



Fight by Dalibor Dado Četković

ANDREW KING

From the book “The Mechanics of Advanced Meditation - Learning to Dance with Subtle Energy”

Introduction

In order to convey the tools of advanced meditation there needs to be some background to put things in context. There are many forms of meditation so some effort needs to be made to define this form. A simple description is ‘purposeful meditation This form holds the tools to advance beyond the popular relaxation good feeling techniques. The tools provide a path to balancing moment to moment healing. The form leads to an understanding of focusing will. It is important to build a basis of understanding before charging forward.

The benefits of this method depend greatly on the effort put into the meditation. It is like weightlifting which is good for everyone, but it is simply not appealing to everyone. The greatest benefit provided by this method is healing the body. Healing is the starting point and creates space to grow. The person grows inside much like building muscle mass when weightlifting. Mental clarity takes shape as old memories are accessed. A feeling the independence and self-empowerment develops as energy becomes available.

Simply stated this method uses the force of will to focus and direct energy. That is a very vague statement at this point, but there is no simple phrase that will describe all the tools of this method. Analogies will be used to paint a picture so the pieces can be mentally understood. A deeper understanding will come from experience. The view from a mountain top is hard to describe to someone that has never seen it personally. Even having pictures just cannot do justice to the real experience. Talking to someone about weightlifting just does not cover how it hurts to do and how it feels good after.

The method begins with a basic meditation as some people would understand it. Relaxing and getting comfortable sets the stage to apply the tools and move forward. The tools work together to hold a balance while under pressure. Personal creativity is used to put together a simple mental picture to model reality. The model is restricted by external inputs to create a feedback system. The subtle effects of unconscious movement are revealed under pressure. All movement is revealed to be a choice rather than dictated by the body. Understanding this choice reveals a way of using the inner conflict as an internal feedback system. This conflict is much like the pain associated with weightlifting. A personal choice is made to bear the pain to achieve the reward of a stronger body and clearer mind.

The method uses very subtle and often over looked aspects of awareness. There is a subtle energy and awareness used to do anything from moving a finger to climbing a mountain. The amount of energy used is proportional to intent much like weightlifting. Building strength requires a personal choice to hold focus and be persistent. The tools are designed to help bridge the gaps in understanding and get the momentum moving. More tools are introduced to build on the success and lead to a greater understanding.

This understanding allows the individual to move from the sheltered to an active participant. The techniques are designed to work together and new tools are

introduced as each step is achieved. Once the tools are understood, the will of the individual becomes the only limitation.

Basic Frame Work

A framework is needed in order to piece together the elements involved. This meditation method introduces tools to understand how to build and hold a perspective in a large awareness. The tools are components that tie together a method of balancing energy. Understanding the tools requires some context of the larger awareness, and how the tools fit in that context. Applying the tools provides experience and builds reference points to learn additional tools. The method starts with very subtle movement that builds to a greater momentum. Piecing together the tools sets a person in a position to hold a balance when the energy shifts to a very fast pace.

It is important to know and understand the tools because events unfold quickly. Having a picture in mind will provide a path forward during the acceleration. Once a balance is achieved in the big the individual can explore the larger awareness. The goal is to provide the tools for personal growth and change. New tools are developed from the experiences of previous tools.

Understanding how the tools work will be like re-examining the meaning of words and phrases. That is why it is important to start by providing a picture of what is to come so a personal choice can be made. Many words have multiple meanings so context is needed to understand the meaning. To put context around the tool an analogy is used to expand the meaning of some words.

The first thing to understand is the concept of big and small. Think of a linear progression of larger and larger things. Each thing is measured and found to be bigger in three dimensions such as longer, wider, and taller. The context of this method is that the big encompasses the small. No matter how large an object is in the small, the object is a tiny point in the big. An analogy of this is outer space, which encompasses the Earth, and is so much larger that the Earth is a tiny point.

In the small two objects of vastly different sizes are difficult to see at the same time. Thus the phrase “missing the forest for the trees” is often used. When standing on the Earth it is hard to see its true size, but in space the shape of the Earth can be seen. Standing on the Earth and seeing the Earth from space are both physical locations that can sit side by side as tiny points in the big. Each and every physical location is IN the small and every physical location is ENCOMPASSED by the big.

The method provides the individual the tools to maintain awareness in the big of the small. This would be like the focus and field of view of a camera. Focus on the foreground to see the small or focus on the background to see the big. Artists use these tools to provide context and emotion in a picture. Clearly viewing a butterfly in a slightly out of focus field of flowers has a dramatic effect on the emotion conveyed. This method holds the simple physical existence as a small point while viewing the bigger reality that encompasses it.

It will be important to understand the connectivity of the big and the small. A picture of Earth from space conveys the emotion that physical existence is a tiny spec in the vastness of the space. To form an idea about the big, imagine everything within sight as transparent surface. Leave out everything not in the direct line of sight so beyond the surface there is nothing. Looking through the transparent surface is like peering out into vast empty space. Take a mental step and imagine viewing the

transparent surface from the empty space. Looking in at the surface from the outside, imagine the surface to be a small point in a vast empty space.

This is the first attempt to understand the connection between the big and the small. The tools build on this mental picture to maintain a balance, and direct energy in the big at the small. This balance is the starting point that will allow movement in the big. The tools are used to provide a repeatable perspective that will build experience in the big.

The next concept to explore is “subtle energy”. Think of a slight draft moving the smoke from a candle. The draft is providing subtle energy that moves the smoke. Over time the smoke will move throughout the room. The scented candle was invented to use this technique. This meditation focuses a very subtle energy generated by will. Repeated efforts use subtle energy to incrementally build an inner strength like weight lifting. The subtle energy builds into a stream that can be directed to balance forces in the small. The tools make it possible to track the subtle effects and become aware of the stream.

Awareness is a topic that is often taken for granted, but meditation and awareness go hand in hand. Understanding awareness is much more than the 5 senses. The tools are used to focus awareness simultaneously in the big and the small. The awareness in the big is separate from awareness in the small. Think of the awareness of the hand as separate from the awareness of the foot. A person can be separately aware of the hand and foot at the same time because they provide different feedback. The big and the small provide different feedback so they can be monitored at the same time.

Will is another important concept to explore because it is the source of subtle energy. The term “will power” understates what the force of will actually represents. At this point understand that the force of will generates the subtle energy used to move the body.

The term “push” is used to refer to the act of generating force by using will. Pushing subtle energy is the technique used to create a stream of energy, which can then be directed by intent. This method teaches how to focus intent and push in areas previously left to the autopilot. Taking control teaches the autopilot streamlined ways to operate. The autopilot needs this interaction because of the of the energy controlled by the autopilot. Change requires an active role because the autopilot has no ability to create.

In weight lifting different machines are used to build strength in specific muscle groups. The tools are set up to make repeatable experiences, which develop specific reference points. Pushing in the same manner builds leverage in specific areas. The strength and experience become the basis of moving and holding perspective in the big. The technique becomes a familiar cycle of push and release that is used as a basic tool.

Personal honesty is paramount to success when using this method. The selfimportance of the mind often undermines the effort to take control back from the autopilot. The endless stream of thoughts that the mind generates can be very distracting. It requires personal honesty, creativity, and will to get the mind to stop talking. The mind manufactures thoughts that keep a person away from the autopilot controls in order to prevent injury to the body. Personal honesty allows a person to put aside the excuses of the mind and take back control in spite of the effort to push.

Respect of the tidal forces is like the rip tides on the beach. There are dangerous forces that the autopilot maintains a balance over. Maintain a sense of

humility, respect, and patience when moving energy. The tidal forces can become obvious when applying this method. The body physically flinching back is an indication that the push is building momentum.

Maintaining specific perspectives allows the awareness to be separated proportionally to provide independent feedback. The perspective of the small involves the physical body and the mind. The perspective of the big involves energy movements that encompass the small. Holding a perspective keeps the awareness from drifting. Returning to the same perspective provides a reference that can be a light in the darkness. The reference provides a path to experiencing the big.

The elements that contribute can be identified, and examined for how each element interacts to form the whole. The will generates energy that is focused by the intent to push against the inertia maintained by the autopilot. The tidal forces encountered when pushing against the inertia require personal creativity to balance the forces. The personal choice to continue the push demonstrates the commitment required to take control back from the autopilot. Humility and patience within the push prevent the miss-steps that result in losing balance.

Separating awareness provides the multi-tasking required to hold perspective. Perspective in the big is revealed when a balance is maintained long enough to demonstrate control. Awareness provides feedback in both the big and the small separately. Scanning between the two perspectives requires commitment to the intent which maintains the balance. Knowing what to expect can help avoid miss-steps that can derail the effort and drain the desire to proceed. Success does bring reward and balance does bring the relief needed to carry on, like finding water in the desert.

ALI ALIYEV

Doctor's Dreams

The plane, circling in the air, began to descend. After a while, a green forest became visible, giving a special beauty to the village, the fast-flowing river Akstafa, shrubs that grew taller than a person, and thick reeds. Life went on as usual. The shepherds grazing the herds of cattle, protecting themselves from the fiery rays of the sun, were having a sweet conversation among themselves under the trees. The reeds that grew in the river seemed to be asleep, the sheep and lambs, giving rest for respite, barely breathed in the shade.

The sun burned the whole circle with brilliant rays. Sometimes the birds, having caught fish, flew into the bushes, fed their chicks. Sparrows scurried about with joy, having landed on golden ears of wheat, caterpillars, hiding in nests under the ground, eagerly awaited the eclipse of the sun.

The village children swam passionately in the river. Their noise engulfed everything around. Either they played traps in the water, or they competed with each other to see who could hold out the longest without air. Suddenly the thunder of an airplane was heard.

The kids who had just shouted at the top became silent. Everyone looked in surprise at the plane flying very low. Indeed, the plane, descending, flew over them in the direction of the forest. Then, flying past the valley, leaving behind the gray hills, he headed inside the village.

Having worked for many years in various positions, considered one of the respected aksakals, the school director Hasan Muellim (teacher), without taking his eyes off the plane, was in thought. Suddenly he started up and said to Tarlan, who was standing next to his life companion:

- Maybe they are bringing Rahim ?! - A little closed, straightened his jacket, which had fallen from his shoulder, but the trembling of his hands intensified. Recovering himself, he continued. After all, a brother who was treated in Moscow said that if he did not recover, in his last breath, let them take him on an airplane to fly over his native village, to see the homeland to its fullest, where he enjoyed its water, where he will feel a pleasant breath.

Standing in silence, Tarlan, after the words of her husband, seemed to wake up from a dream, in longing and despondency, she realized that the tragedy had already happened. In my heart I felt that grief was approaching, and not a joyful sight. So, a scientist familiar to all with his discoveries in the field of medicine, a wonderful person who does not spare knowledge and skills in the name of the people, Doctor of Medical Sciences, Professor Rahim Abbas oglu Yusifov, who loves people more than his life, leaves the world in which he lived and whom he loves. His healing hands gave life to many patients, healed them. And such a person can die ?!

Tarlan wanted to forget these disturbing thoughts in her head, but could not. As if the event that I feared will happen. At this time, Hasan, too, was with disturbing dreams. He was stunned by the news of the painful suffering of his younger brother with cancer, but now Hasan was tormented by a feeling of fear and anxiety. Internally, he seemed to be on fire, his head was torn from the body. My throat was as if rubbed with hot pepper, I was breathing with difficulty. The wounds of the Second World War ached, the trembling of hands and feet did not stop. Rahim had not yet turned fifty, his heart was tormented by the ingratitude of his wife and children.

“I was expecting Rahim's return recovered, Tarlan,” Hasan said and looked at his wife.

Then, condemning to myself:

-No! My heart tells me that this is not good. Probably, our son Elchin with his uncle is flying over his native village to fulfill his uncle's last dreams. Let him look at the landscape of his native nature, - he said and could not stand it, went inside. The youngest son Yusif, supporting his father with his hand, took him to the bed and instructed:

- Don't worry, dad! Maybe some plane has arrived and will fly away. My uncle was treated by prominent Moscow scientists, probably this will help him. With God's help, my uncle will return safe and sound to Baku, and then to the village.

The father with sadness in his heart, caressing his son's head, plunged into thought and said nothing.

A pair of eyes sadly looked down from the plane. Lying in bed in a helpless state, anticipating his death in advance, resting his elbow on the pillow, nevertheless with some hope he examined the forest, river, valleys and hills, dusty roads, paths, reeds, admired the landscape to his heart's content.

destroyed a small bridge, to create a new bridge, people were forced to act in the village in a different way. Unwittingly, the eyes paused on the line of natural gas, which stretched into the village through the river through pipes. I remembered that he himself drew this line to the village. Having raised this issue before the relevant authorities, he achieved a successful solution to it.

Residents of the village, using gas, with respect and gratitude remembered the professor, seeing him, people expressed gratitude. At that moment the thought came to him - to create a bridge in the village is a very important matter. If I stand on my feet, I will achieve a solution to this question, too, he thought.

He also recalled the day when he almost drowned in the river. He was six years old. The brothers Hasan and Nariman, friends Hamid, Majid, Sabir, Afik were also nearby. In a deeper place of the river Agstafa, called "dakhna", they swam, and then lying on the sandy bank, they took the sun's rays. He wanted to swim in the river. With a splash he dived into the water. Suddenly I felt that I had hit a twist. The water drowned him, no matter how hard he tried, he could not save himself.

His hands no longer listened to his will, water was making its way into his mouth. It is good that Sabir saw him in time and quickly rushed to the aid of the

drowning man. Grabbing his hands, he lifted him up, somehow pulled him to the shore. Lying face down on the sand, water flowed from his mouth. Upon returning home, Father Abbas scolded him severely. Instructed not a step further to the water. His gaze was presented with a pleasant image of his father's face, his friendly eyes. As true as his instructions were, a lot of his father's labor in raising him. Always full of a call to science and knowledge, advice that nurtured the will to overcome any difficulties, endurance and patience inherited from his father, supported him in a short and meaningful life. He did not lose heart in front of difficulties, connected learning with medicine, deeply observed the properties of plants.

As a result of research, having repeatedly tested the experiments carried out in this area by the famous physician Ali Ali Ibn Sina and other thinkers, he introduced many innovations into science.

Mother, Vasduha, was a very benevolent, meek person. The middle brother died in the war, received black news about him. The last letter from Mezachim was received from distant Estonia, and there was only one expression: "Here blood is shed like water."

After that, there was no news from him. When they received the black news, the mother did not want to believe it. The news of the death of his son, who left his education at the Agricultural College unfinished, and went to the front, seemed to break the camp and soul of his mother.

Then it was 1942 and Rahim was eleven years old. Rahim heard the black news on the same day, this bitter truth remained in his memory as a concept that has no end. He carried in himself, in his heart, like a carved black stone, the news of the loss of his brother.

His older brother Hasan received higher education. Although he entered the Faculty of Oriental Studies of the University, a year later he continued his education at the Faculty of History. He graduated from a higher educational institution with a diploma with distinction. At first he worked as a teacher in a rural school, then as chairman of a collective farm, chairman of a village council, instructor in a district party committee, and director of a school. Hasan had authority in the village ... his hospitality, honor and respect for his brother made Rahim very happy, a sense of pride filled his soul. When he met his brother, he said: "Let there be bread and water of this land for future use." Because you are trying with honor and conscience for the people

around you. For good actions, the head is raised, the heart is calm. Hearing good words about you, my heart becomes a mountain, I am proud of you.

Hasan's nine children all received higher education and worked in various areas of life. A son named Elchin, a daughter named Bakia graduated from the medical institute and, like an uncle, worked as a doctor. Elchin, at the same time as a candidate of medical sciences, continued the activities of scholarship, was engaged in research in the field of science. He took his uncle to Moscow and arranged for him in a well-known clinic. Metropolitan doctors met with him, did everything to treat a cancerous tumor with harmful properties. However, that this treatment was not beneficial, he was not told anything about it, but he himself felt and understood it. After all, he was a doctor who, even by sight, determined the disease. Was it difficult to determine what kind of tumor in the gums ?! But the doctors did not say anything about it.

After that, how could you talk about progressing for the better? They only talked about going and having a rest in the village in the bosom of nature. Nice to breathe in the fresh air. Only after that it will be possible to talk about progress in a good direction. And in the present, there were only 2-3 days left until the end of life.

He could no longer speak, the pain of the tumor greatly tormented him, bothered him. If I needed to say something, I asked for a pen and paper, wrote what I wanted.

The thought was spinning in my head: what great suffering is it not to be able to speak ?!

How wonderful it is to express feelings in words, turning them into a sentence, to take them out of the depths of the heart, to be relieved by this, to be saved from the weight of words. This means that the heart can rest while voicing thoughts. Until the farmer has harvested the crop, the bricklayer has not completed the house, the woman has not given birth to a child, everything is restless. ...

Until the patient knows about the processes taking place in the inner world, he is calm, but as soon as he finds out, then he falls into pessimism, becomes discouraged, becomes a prisoner of thoughts. Only a certain part, having gained strength, will, as much as possible so much fighting death. Its endurance, endurance delights others.

I remembered my favorite Arabic expression: "Patience is everywhere a medicine, but there is no medicine for patience."

Did he repeatedly, giving hope to the seriously ill, use these words a little ?! Didn't he know that the first thing for a doctor is to create in the patient a feeling of faith and hope for recovery. Isn't faith life itself ?!

The elbow could not bear the weight. He leaned his head against the pillow, beckoned his waiting nephew, asked for a pen and paper. Elchin gave him what the doctor wanted. The professor asked for the last time to fly over the Motherland, which he will no longer see. The pilots respected the doctor's wishes, lifted the plane high above the hills, circling over the mountains, headed towards the forest. Then, flying over the river, conditions were created so that the professor could see the landscape again. The professor was not satiated, looking proudly, and looking at everything with joy and was very happy.

He no longer worried that his children and his wife Maryam would be indifferent to him for going home without profit. Formerly poor, but now living in wealth, this greedy woman has always valued money higher.

Children who did not see difficulties lived in wealth. So their father's illness, melancholy, did not bother them. The hospital was not interested in where their father was. Maryam looked down at her husband's relatives. One day Hasan knocked on his brother's door, and Marya, seeing that he had arrived with gifts, which she found out, looking through the peephole, opened the door. Feeling an unfriendly attitude towards his brother's relatives, Hasan never set foot there again.

The doctor was already at the height of his fame. This man with a simple soul has helped people more than once ...

These pleasant feelings inspired him, he was content with dreams. He recalled the television program "Health", a scientific and public program, which he created, where he was the presenter. With the help of ether, he turned to the people, talking about the medicinal value of plants, about diseases and their prevention, indicated the ways of treatment.

Working as the head of the department at the medical university, he was friendly with others, lectured to students about medical science. The restless, caring days passed before his eyes, like a ribbon, when he treated patients in the Semashko hospital. He knew only that he did not live simply. Lived a clean life, with an open forehead, did no harm to anyone. From these inspired feelings I considered myself happy, I was glad.

The doctor quite enjoyed the beauty of the nature of his native land. Delight splashed out of shining eyes. Carried away by the thoughts of meeting with relatives, his face was with a smile.

As if he himself was flying in the sky, fluttering his wings. The beautiful flowers of the meadows gave rise to pleasant feelings in him. He felt the sad singing of nightingales.

Already full of joy eyes were gradually closed, hands on chest, began to fly to dreams with sails with a pleasant smile.

People surrounded the plane that had descended to the ground.

Translated from Russian into English by Marjeta Shatro Rrapaj



Dream in a Dream by Dalibor Dado Četković

HIRANMOY LAHIRI

The Evergreen Charm of *Amélie*

“Times are hard for dreamers,” a character named Eva says to the heroine in Jean-Pierre Jeunet’s feature film, *Amélie*. The director leads the audience on a journey of self-discovery and delight. It is a beautiful, whimsical comedy about love and loneliness that, even after 20 years, hasn’t lost any of its allure.

In 1974, French director Jean-Pierre Jeunet met Marc Caro (a French filmmaker himself), and the two became great friends. Both loved movies. They decided to work together. At first, they made two animated short films: *L'évasion (The Escape)*, 1978) and *Le manège (The Carousel)*, 1980). *The Carousel* won them the César Award for Best Animated Short Film at the 6th César Awards (1981). *Delicatessen* (1991) was their first full-length feature film, which was an international success. It received several international honours, including the Tokyo Gold Prize at the Tokyo International Film Festival (1991) and the Gold Hugo at the Chicago International Film Festival (1991). They directed one more feature film together, *La cité des enfants perdus (The City of Lost Children)*, in 1995. With a unique approach to the mise-en-scène, both the films were dark comedies with unusual set designs and art styles. While Jeunet minded the director's helm, Caro looked after the art and the set design. But after the film's lukewarm reception, Jeunet and Caro drifted apart, both finally embarking on their solo careers. Caro acted as a design supervisor in Jeunet’s next film *Alien: Resurrection* (1997), a big-budget Hollywood movie with a stellar cast, but it failed to garner much attention.

The next film Jeunet made had long been on his mind since he began his career in the film industry: *Le fabuleux destin d'Amélie Poulain (or Amélie)*. At the time of its release in 2001, the film received mixed reviews. Many critics thought of it as too light-hearted. However, it eventually became a major hit in France and across the rest of the world. Although *Amélie* was nominated in 5 categories at the 74th Academy Awards (2002), it didn’t win any awards there. But it did win the Best Original Screenplay and the Best Production Design awards at the 2002 BAFTA Award ceremony. At the 2002 César Awards in France, it won Best Director and Best Film, among other honours.

Amélie tells the story of its protagonist, Amélie Poulain (Audrey Tautou). Since her childhood, Amélie failed to get the attention and companionship that children long for. Her mother is a schoolmistress. She’s very strict and neurotic. Her father is an ex-army doctor who is cold and distant. He finds her heart beating too fast when carrying out a monthly check-up on the six-year-old Amélie. He concludes that little Amélie has a heart defect. But the truth is that her heartbeat was fast because the monthly

check-up was the only time she got close to her father, who had never hugged his child: she was thrilled at the rare human contact. She was forbidden to go to school. Thus, deprived of a normal childhood among friends, Amélie grew even lonelier as she grew up.

Amélie works as a waitress at the Café des Deux Moulins at the Montmartre district of Paris. It seems that the spectre of loneliness hasn't left her side, even at her workplace. Her co-workers include a neurotic and single tobacconist, Georgette (Isabelle Nanty), who is single and unhappy. One of the regular customers at the café is the paranoid Joseph (Dominique Pinon); he sits at the tables with a tape recorder to monitor the alleged romantic activities of his ex-lover (another waitress at the café), Gina (Clotilde Mollet). Even the owner of the café Madame Suzanne (Claire Maurier), is single and cynical.

Amélie's life suddenly takes an exciting turn when she finds someone's box of childhood bric-a-brac hidden in her apartment. The television is on, and Lady Diana's (Princess of Wales) death in a car accident is being announced on the news. It serves to remind the audience that this tale of Amélie's adventures is set in modern-day Paris. The Paris shown by Jeunet is an idealised vision of the city, dreamlike and pristine. The director revealed in an interview that the exterior shots were shot in locations that had been painstakingly cleaned and decorated, with nothing left behind that he didn't think belonged there (including cars).

Amélie sets out to find the person who had hidden the box in her apartment long before she had moved there. She wants to return the box to the person it belonged to, imagining how touched he/she may be when it is returned. She wants to help others selflessly and perhaps positively impact their lives. She starts asking around for the person who may have lived previously in her apartment. Help finally comes unexpectedly from her downstairs neighbour, Raymond Dufayel (Serge Merlin). Raymond is also known as 'the glass man,' as he has very brittle bones which may break at the slightest of pressures. All his furniture is padded to prevent injury, and he hasn't been able to move out of his flat for twenty years. He tells Amélie that she is looking for a man named Bretodeau (Maurice Bénichou). Amélie becomes his anonymous guardian angel when she dramatically returns his box of memories to him in a phonebooth. He is left speechless when he sees his childhood jump at him when he reopens the box as an adult after forty years. Bretodeau sits at a bar beside Amélie, not knowing that it was she who had returned his box of 'treasures' to him. He says to Amélie, "Life's funny. When you're a kid, time creeps slowly. Suddenly you're 50. And your childhood, whatever's left of it, fits into a rusty little box." This jolt of memory has opened Bretodeau's eyes to the irreversible nature of life. He feels that he should contact his daughter and granddaughter before it's too late, "It's about time I went to pay them a visit before I end up in a box myself."

After the success of her first mission, she feels that she must continue this journey now: "an urge to help mankind comes over her." She comes up with a 'stratagem' to

punish her greengrocer, Collignon (Urbain Cancelier), for belittling and insulting his helper Lucien (Jamel Debbouze). She does so in a spectacularly bizarre and humorous manner by rearranging his day-to-day objects in his flat. Thus, she avenges the wrongdoings of Collignon; the film shows us Amélie daydreaming of herself as Zorro (a fictional masked vigilante), carving the letter 'Z' on his door! After that, she helps a lot of other people. She tries to bring Joseph and Georgette together. She also comes up with a creative 'stratagem' (which involves her father's favourite garden gnome statue) to convince him to take a vacation which is indeed a long time coming. He has never taken a day of holiday after his wife died.

However, all these acts of good deeds fail to satisfy her cravings for intimacy and companionship. The void inside her refuses to be filled. As luck would have it, she comes across Nino Quincampoix (Mathieu Kassovitz), a young man she is very much interested in. They share a love for the unique and the odd – she loves collecting pebbles everywhere she visits and plays stone skipping over water, and he loves collecting rejected dual I.D. photos and pasting them into an album. They're both lonely and desperate for human contact. But neither of them is aware of it yet.

Raymond is a painter. He continues to obsessively paint copies of the 'Luncheon of the Boating Party' by the French Impressionist artist Pierre-Auguste Renoir. This painting plays an integral part in the film in more ways than one. Raymond tells Amélie that even after twenty years, he cannot quite interpret the expression of a girl portrayed in the painting. He is talking about Ellen Andrée, a famous actress and a model. She modelled for famous painters such as Edgar Degas, Édouard Manet, and Pierre-Auguste Renoir. She is the only person who seems distracted in the image. She is drinking water from a glass, and her gaze is a mystery to the viewer. Maybe she's lost in a daydream. Raymond imagines her as a lonely person who had an isolated childhood. Amélie, on the other hand, chooses to defend the girl's isolation in the painting. She says that she may have other things on her mind, which is why she seems distracted in the painting. Besides this point of intersection, the use of Renoir's painting is significant from another perspective. It manages to connect with the film's story in a fascinating manner. Renoir's paintings are recognised for having an almost voyeuristic aspect, making the viewer feel like they are watching private moments in the day of the persons portrayed in his works. In *Amélie*, characters use viewing tools such as telescopes, opera-glasses, and video cameras to watch other people going about their lives. Point-of-view shots are used frequently. The entire impression is reminiscent of Renoir's 'Luncheon of the Boating Party.' The viewer is privy to the personal lives of the film's protagonists.

Raymond subsequently attempts to persuade Amélie not to be frightened of disappointment and seize the opportunity to talk with the man she is so taken with. He talks about the figure of Ellen in the painting, "I think it's time she took a real risk." Renoir's 'Luncheon of the Boating Party' is used very cleverly in the film. Both Raymond and Amélie are lonely and shy; the artwork serves as a common platform

for discussing the realities of life, but without ever identifying real individuals or explicitly addressing each other's difficulties.

Eventually, Amélie takes the chance and comes up with a strategy to finally meet Nino face to face and say that she likes him. But in the end, she lacks the courage to directly talk with him. Jeunet uses CGI (Computer Generated Imagery) to reveal her emotions to the viewer— Amélie literally melts into a puddle of water when she realises that she has just squandered the chance of getting to know Nino and that she may never gather up the courage to speak to him again. That sense of hopelessness and disappointment is portrayed uniquely using special effects. It is an unorthodox but effective creative decision by Jeunet.

Amélie almost gives up hope after her last attempt to overcome her shyness. But when all seems lost, she watches a video that Raymond made for her: he warns her that life doesn't give people too many chances at happiness and that she should seize the day immediately, "So, little Amélie...your bones aren't made of glass. You can take life's knocks. If you let this chance go by...eventually, your heart will become as dry and brittle as my skeleton. So, get him, for Christ's sake!" She does. And it works out quite beautifully in the end.

Guillaume Laurant and Jean-Pierre Jeunet wrote the script together. The story is simple but beautifully quirky and is mostly based on real-life incidents that Jeunet had heard at some point in his life. It also brims with little nuances that we frequently overlook in our daily lives. All these make it easy for the audience to connect emotionally with the film.

Modern life is often harsh and unforgiving, and Jeunet here takes the chance to present us with a film that exudes warmth and happiness. People are primarily lonely and unhappy in this film, but they try their best to find joy in the end. He reminds us of our childhood and how precious memories can be. There is a sense of nostalgia in every shot. Jeunet also uses *Amélie* to give a tribute to the classic black and white films. One can identify François Truffaut's *Jules et Jim* (*Jules and Jim*) playing in the theatre that Amélie once often goes to. Jeunet also uses some exterior locations where Truffaut's *Les quatre cents coups* (*The 400 Blows*) were shot; Claire Maurier, who plays Madame Suzanne in this film, played the role of the protagonist's mother in *The 400 Blows*.

Amélie is a vibrantly colourful film that is full of life. The set design and cinematography play an essential role in achieving that effect. The film's cinematographer is Bruno Delbonnel, who later went on to work in famous Hollywood movies like *Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince* (2009), *Inside Llewyn Davis* (2013) and *Darkest Hour* (2017). His cinematography is distinctive in every film he works in. A lot of his work involves experimenting with colour palettes to achieve a unique look that completes the director's vision. For Jeunet, he achieves this by working primarily with different shades of three colours: green, yellow and red.

The resulting look is vibrant and warm. It is accomplished by tuning the colours in post-production, a process which is known as D.I. (Digital intermediate). The film also has a dreamlike quality due to the diffused glow that Delbonnel sometimes uses in his movies. The lenses used primarily for this film were wide-angle lenses, and it creates a three-dimensional effect in *Amélie*. The camera movement is remarkably fluid, and it seldom stays still, even in scenes where static shots are the norm. The production design by Aline Bonetto is unique, too, contributing beautifully to the film's overall look.

A painting by Renoir is defined by its bright colours and a light, airy mood. In his 'Luncheon of the Boating Party', one can almost feel the breeze that shakes the awnings and hear the clinking of the cutlery and glass. Jeunet and his crew have somehow achieved the same effect in *Amélie*. A sense of warmth and a lightness of being overcomes the viewer. The music in the film is composed by Yann Tiersen, and it is just as joyous and bright as the film itself. Thanks to the piano, harmonica, and other instruments, it is also uniquely French.

Although some reviewers have deemed it 'too sugary' or 'too fanciful,' the audience has demonstrated its unwavering love for the film over a long period of time. It's still available on various platforms throughout the world. People still buy DVDs and Blu-Rays. Perhaps the main reason for that is the film's sense of *joie de vivre*. *Amélie* also reminds us of our childhood and how precious memories are in this world full of sorrows and tragedies. It also reminds us to enjoy life, move forward, and explore new opportunities. *Amélie* is a charming, optimistic film that remains evergreen. Even on the dreariest of days, it can be a wellspring of joy.

About Authors and Artist



Alan Britt's poems have appeared in *Agni Review*, *American Poetry Review*, *Bitter Oleander*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Cottonwood*, *English Journal*, *Kansas Quarterly*, *Midwest Review*, *Missouri Review*, *New Letters*, *Osiris*, *Raw Art Review*, *Stand* (UK), plus countless others. He has been nominated for the 2021 International Janus Pannonius Prize awarded by the Hungarian Centre of PEN International for excellence in poetry from any part of the

world. Previous nominated recipients include Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Charles Bernstein and Yves Bonnefoy. Alan was interviewed at The Library of Congress for *The Poet and the Poem*. He has published 20 books of poetry and served as Art Agent for Andy Warhol Superstar, the late great Ultra Violet, while often reading poetry at her Chelsea, New York studio. A graduate of the Writing Seminars at Johns Hopkins University he currently teaches English/Creative Writing at Towson University.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

ALAN BRITT: [Library of Congress Interview:](#)

<http://www.loc.gov/poetry/media/avfiles/poet-poem-alan-britt.mp3>

ALAN BRITT, 233 Northway Road, Reisterstown, MD 21136, USA

(PH: 443-834-8105...EM: alanbritt@comcast.net)



Marjeta Shatro Rrapaj was born in Gjirokastra. Her profession is Teacher of Albanian Language and French Language, Writer in the genre of poetry and prose, She is book proofreading and editing. She is one of the contemporary Albanian poets. She is the author of 8 volumes of poetry and one book in prose. In 2019 she receives the Alphonso G. Newcomer Poetry Train award U.S.A and Canada for the poetic volume Vesta. In 2021 she receives the first price in the Festival of Poetry in Bulgaria. Editions

- * In the sea of my eyes, Milosao Publishing, 2016
- * Migration with twilight, Milosao Publishing 2017
- * Flickering Seagulls , Milosao Publishing 2017
- * To be ever God's smile 24.05.2018
- * Nerthus, Geer Publishing 2018
- * Nerthus Edilivre Publishing 17.07.2019
- * Vesta, Lulu.com. 18.09.2019
- * Hestia, Edilivre Publishing 26.09.2019
- * Far from illusions Made in the USA Columbia, SC in 5 languages 26mars 2020
- Translation
- * Espalier with the wind, Geer Publishing 2020
- * Poems by Abdelghani Rahmani 2020
- * Poetic Melodies, Yayati Madan G Gandhi Groupe of Publication 16.06.2020
- * Murmure d'un autre monde AAbs Publishing house 2020
- * Of a meeting to the other 2021
- * Murmures fugaces 2021
- * Letters of silence 2021
- * The return of Prometheus 2021
- * The indifferent fate 2021



Klára Hůrková was born in 1962 in Prague, Czech Republic, and lives in Aachen, Germany. She is a poet, prose writer and translator, writes in Czech, German and English. Hůrková has published twelve collections of poetry, two collections of short stories, a novella and a literary research study on Tom Stoppard and Václav Havel. Her poems have received various awards and have been translated into different languages. Hůrková studied Philosophy, English Literature and Art History and works as a teacher of English and Art. She is a member of the Czech P.E.N. Centre.



Mircea Dan Duta (1967) is a poet, film scientist and translator, editor of the *Levure Littéraire* cultural platform (France-USA-Germany), *Quest* literary magazine (Montenegro) and *FITRALIT Revue* in Bucharest (specialized in literary translation), producer, organizer, moderator of cultural events in the Czech Republic, Slovak Republic and Romania. He writes his own poetic creation in Czech. He published three poetry collections: *Landscapes, Flights and Dictations* (2014), *Tin Quotes, Inferiority Complexes and Human Rights or Married, No Strings Attached, Selling Dead Born Girlfriend (Mention: Worn-out)* (2015, both of the titles issued at Petr Štengl Editions, Prague) and the bilingual (Czech-Romanian) authorial anthology *Plíz svůj jor mobajl founs / Plíz Suiciof Ior Mobail Făuns / Please Switch Off Your Mobile Phones*. Now preparing two new titles: *They Don't Speak Polish in the Realm of Death* and *That s How Life Itself Wrote It*. His texts are also published in literary magazines and revues in the Czech Republic (*Uni, Protimluv, Weles, H_aluze, Dobrá adresa, Polipet, Tvar* etc.) and abroad in translations: Slovakia, Italy, France, USA, Mexico, Spain, Romania, Moldavia, Israel, Bulgaria, Montenegro, Serbia, India, Egypt, Korea, Poland, Sweden, Northern Macedonia, Peru, Chile, soon expected in Ukraine, Austria and Slovenia. Present in the anthologies *Balkan Poetry Today 2017 and 2018* (UK), *The Night Magician*, (2018 - UK), *Anthology of South-Eastern Poetry* by Fahredin Shehu (2018, USA), (*California Poetry Quarterly - Anthology*, (USA, 2018), *World Poetry Almanach* by Hadaa Sendoo (Mongolia, 2018 and 2019), *Balkan Writers* (Bulgaria, 2019), *Poetry Against the Virus* (Spain, 2020 - to be published), *Anthology of Contemporary World Poetry* (South Africa, 2020 - to be published). He translated almost 100 authors (whole volumes or fragments / samples for literary magazines) from Czech and Slovak into Romanian (especially poetic works and theater plays, but also novels and short stories). He is also translating from English, French, Polish and Slovene into Romanian and from Romanian, English, Slovak and Polish into Czech. He also put together and translated the first two anthologies of contemporary Czech poetry in Romanian (2015, respectively 2016) and the first anthology of contemporary Czech theater (2016) after the fall of communism. He also publishes scientific and specialized volumes and articles in the field of film and literary theory, critic and history from which we would always mention the book *Storyteller, Author and God* (Edition Charles University, Faculty of Arts, 2009), which is dedicated to some narrative aspects of the Czech and Slovak

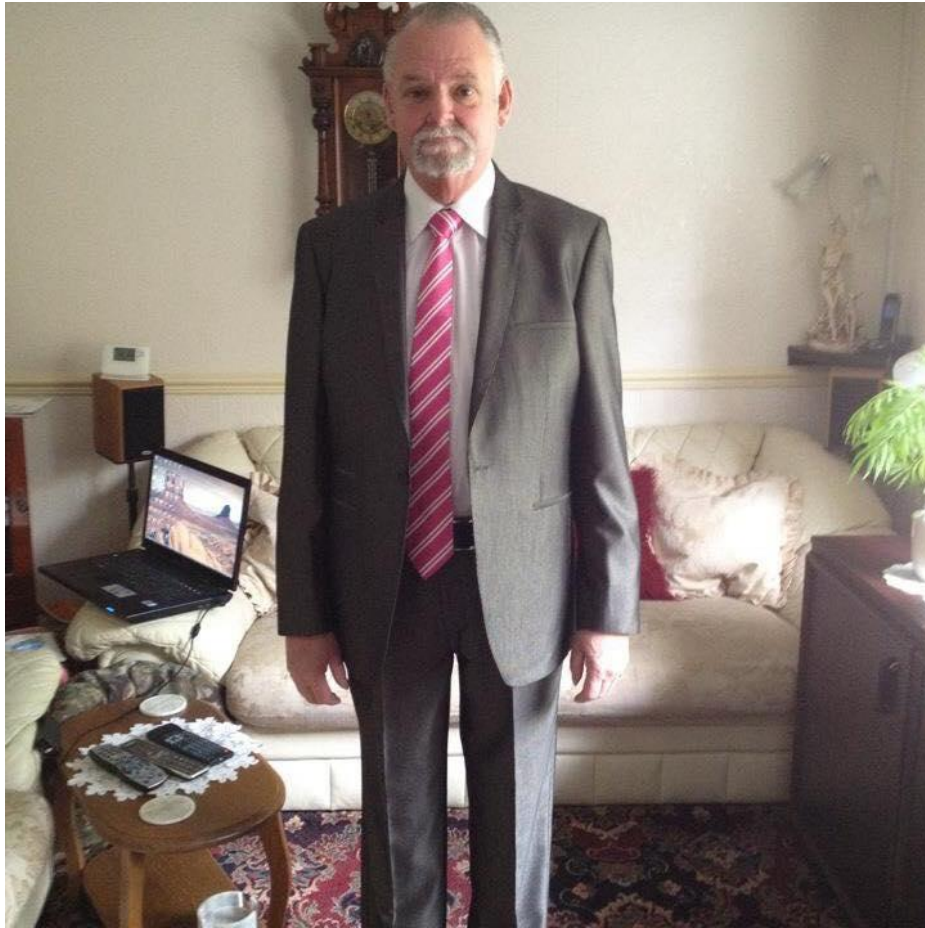
film New Wave in the 60s of the 20th century. He is a member of the Czech section of the PEN Club and also of the Romanian one. From 2015 to 2016 he coproduced and co-moderated the Reading Poetry literary evenings and the series of readings and literary programs Poetry in the Front Room. He also cooperates with the Poetry festivals FIP Bucharest, FIP Jassy and Transylvania in Cluj. He is also the moderator of the PEN Romania Literary Evenings that started in April 2018.



Jeffrey Feingold is a fiction and nonfiction writer in Boston. His work appears in magazines, such as the international *Intrepid Times*, and in *The Bark* (a national magazine with readership over 250,000. *The Bark* has published many acclaimed authors, including Pulitzer Prize winning poet Mary Oliver). Jeffrey's work has also been published by award-winning literary reviews and journals, including *Wilderness House Literary Review*, *Schyulkill Valley Journal*, *The Raven's Perch*, *Meat for Tea*, *PAST TEN*, *Book of Matches*, *The Wise Owl*, *Impsired*, *Book of Matches* and elsewhere. Jeffrey's stories about family, Russian adoption, and adventures in the movie and publishing industries reveal a sense of absurdity tempered by a love of people's quirky ways.



Michael Lee Johnson lived ten years in Canada, Vietnam era. Today he is a poet in the greater Chicagoland area, IL. He has 248 YouTube poetry videos. Michael Lee Johnson is an internationally published poet in 43 countries, several published poetry books, nominated for 4 Pushcart Prize awards and 5 Best of the Net nominations. He is editor-in-chief of 3 poetry anthologies, all available on Amazon, and has several poetry books and chapbooks. He has over 536 published poems. Michael is the administrator of 6 Facebook Poetry groups. Member Illinois State Poetry Society: <http://www.illinoispoets.org/>. **Do not forget to consider me for Best of the Net or Pushcart nomination!**



William T Fearby is a poet/writer born on the 10th of May 1951

He left school in 1966 at the age of fifteen to
Make his way in this World with no qualifications
All he had was a determination to succeed.
Grew up a child of the 50s and 60s and carved
His way in this world with a young wife and children
From a one roomed bed sitter working two jobs for
Years to eventually owning his own business and
Buying their own four bedroom house.

In 2013 he unfortunately became ill and had to
Give up his business that is when he took up the
Pen and started to write choosing health over
Wealth a step that he had wished he had done
Many years ago.

He started a poetry group on Facebook in 2017 and called
It Poems of Life to promote his poetry it has been so popular
It has grown to over 240,000 members
He has been published in various online publications
And magazines now he feels it's time to release a book
Of his work

His book is called Poems of Life and is available on Amazon



Jasna Gugić was born on February 20, 1966 in Vinkovci. She writes, paints, and publishes poems in a joint collection of poems and anthologies. She published English Croatian Poetry Collection SONG OF SILENCE. The last important award for Croatia awarded by UHE - Hispanic World Writers' Union - César Vallejo 2020 World Award for Cultural Excellence. She lives and works in Zagreb. Jasna Gugić is the Vice-President of the ASSOCIATION OF ARTISTS AND WRITERS OF THE WORLD SAPS (for public relations).



Catfish McDaris won the Thelonus Monk Award in 2015. He's been active in the small press world for 30 years. He's recently been translated into Spanish, Italian, French, Polish, Swedish, Arabic, Bengali, Mandarin, Yoruba, Tagalog, and Esperanto. Catfish McDaris' most infamous chapbook is *Prying with Jack Micheline and Charles Bukowski*. He's from Albuquerque and Milwaukee.



Kemlyn Tan Bappe, BA Studio Art, MDiv Theology, MA Special Education, Tan Bappe is a multi-disciplinary artist with expressions in poetry, theatre, spoken word, visual art and dance. She also works with artists on creative and flow. She is a teacher of exceptional students living in Phoenix, Arizona. She is the host of *Between The Lines* with Kemlyn Tan Bappe, the first Southeast Asian weekly poetry show. She is an active community member of SingPoWriMo (Singapore Poetry Writing Month) and SEAPOWRIMO (Southeast Asia Poetry Writing Month). Her poems have been included in anthologies released by SingLit Station and Squirle Line Press. She is the Director of Q's BLUE WORLD productions. As a spoken word artist some of the events she has performed at include Poetry Slam at Wham! (Surprise, Arizona), The All-Arizona Poetry Slam Championships (2019), and online open mics in North America and the world (Singapore, Indonesia, The Philippines, India, Japan, Scotland, England, Canada, United States). Tan Bappe spent eight years touring with two

repertory theatre companies. Tan Bappe is a native of Singapore and draws inspiration from her Peranakan heritage and the natural world. She is a recipient of the 2009-10 VSA National Teaching Artist Fellowship and has presented at the Smithsonian Museum of American Art. She is currently working on individual and collaborative projects that address climate change and conservation, advocacy to stop violence on women, men, children and persons living with disabilities, and helping each person find their voice and personal revolution.



Andrew King is an engineer and an author. He has an average life working as an engineer, He spends his off time practicing martial arts and fixing cars and remodeling houses. He lives in California which gives him opportunities to go hiking, camping and scuba diving. His book **The Mechanics of Advanced Meditation - Learning to Dance With Subtle Energy** was published in May 2020 via Amazon publications. His background in engineering helped define a methodological approach for beginners of meditation. The inspiration for this book was to help people looking for a method to relieve physical pain. He was searching for a way to stop headaches that did not involve taking aspirin. He was having great success with meditation and he wanted to share it with other people that needed it. There are many inspiring books that motivate people, but few that provide a method to reach the goal and he feels very proud that he was able to help many people all around the world to manage their pains using my method of meditation.



Ali Jafaroglu (Ali Jafar oglu Aliyev) was born on July 4, 1968 in the city of Agstafa of the Republic of Azerbaijan in an intellectual family. In 1984 he graduated from the piano department of the 7-year children's music school of Agstafa named after H. Arif, in 1990 graduated from the faculty of public correspondents of the Republican Council of People's University, in 1992 from the history faculty of Baku State University. In 1987-1989 he served in the military service in Georgia. He is a candidate for master of sports in Greco-Roman wrestling.

In 1992-1993 years he was a teacher in Hasansu village secondary school of Agstafa region, in 1993 he was an assistant to the head of the Executive Power of Agstafa region, in 1993-1995 he was a teacher in Gazakh branch of Ganja State Pedagogical Institute, in 1995-1999 he was in the Youth and Sports Department Chief Inspector, from 1999 to 2011 he worked as a senior consultant in the Department of Education, Health and Culture of Agstafa District Executive Power. Since 2011 he has been working as a leading consultant in the Education Department of Agstafa region and is a second-class civil servant. In 2014-2015, he also worked as a regional correspondent for the magazine "Cultural Life".

Since 2003 he has been a dissertation student of the Institute of History named after A.A Bakikhanov of the Azerbaijan National Academy of Sciences. He has published six scientific articles about historical meetings of A.A Bakikhanov, literary relations of Azerbaijan in the XIX century, Armenia-Azerbaijan, Nagorno-Karabakh conflict, etc. and made scientific reports at various scientific conferences and international symposiums in Baku.

His famous poems, stories, tales, aphorisms and scientific-publicist articles published in "Ulduz", "Education", "Cultural life", "Media and educational innovations", "Science and life", "Pigeon", "Füyuzat", "Cultural-enlightenment" magazines and "Literature", "Caspian", "525th newspaper", "Savalan", "Palitra", "Culture", "Azerbaijani youth", "Azerbaijani

teacher ”,“ Education problems ”,
“ Baku ”,“ Agstafa ”,“ Psychologist ”,“ Morning ”,“Novruz ”,
“ Faryad ”,“ Haqiqat ”,“ Cik-cik ”,“ Deli Kur ”,“ Dadem
Gorgud ”,“ Mubarize ”,“ Eurasia ”,“ Time ”and other newspapers. His twenty pen
products were broadcast on Azerbaijani radio.

His poems and stories were published in the collections of poems "Wreath of
Poetry of Agstafa" in 2001 and 2002.

Ali Jafaroglu 's "My father is my happiness" in 2002, "Towards the summit" in 2003,
"Doctor's dreams" in 2006, "Spring of eighty-five years" in 2008, "Sailor's journey" in
2013, "Wreath of Aphorisms" book was published in 2014. His seventh book
"Sailor's Journey" was published in Persian in 2019 in the city of Zanzan, the Islamic
Republic of Iran.

His literary and scientific-publicist articles were published in 7 magazines, more
than 30 newspapers, more than 100 internet portals, as well as his stories published in
8 countries - Turkey, Ukraine, Belarus, Iran, Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan, Tajikistan and
Georgia in 9 languages - in English, Turkish, Russian, Ukrainian, Belarusian,
Persian, Uzbek, Tajik and Georgian.

The author of seven books, Ali Jafaroglu has been a member of the Azerbaijan
Writers' Union since 2006, the Azerbaijan Journalists' Union since 2014, the Iraqi
Turkmen Writers and Writers Union since 2018, and the North American Writers'
Union since 2021.

By the relevant order signed by the President of the Republic of Azerbaijan, Mr.
Ilham Aliyev, Ali Jafaroglu was awarded the title of Presidential Scholar on
01.05.2014.

In 2014, he was awarded the “Golden Pen” media award, and on December 10 of
the same year he won the second prize in the journalistic writing competition on the
topic “Rights for All!” and the first prize in 2017. He was awarded the 3rd place in the
patriotism story nomination competition which was held by the State Border Service
in 2015, 1st place in 2019. In 2016 he was awarded by the 4th place in the prose
nomination in the “Competition of poems, prose and drama works for young children”
by the Ministry of Education of the Republic of Azerbaijan, he took first place in the
essay competition dedicated to the 100th anniversary of the Azerbaijan Democratic
Republic in the Republic of Uzbekistan in 2018. In 2018 his poems were published in
the anthology of poems "From Karabakh Kerkuk to Canakkale" published in Turkey
and his article "Azerbaijani women in the years of repression" was published in the
collection of research articles "Cümhuriyyətə işıq sağan qadınlar".

In 2015, his story “Plane and a piece of wood” was included in the textbook
“Azerbaijani language” (for VIII grades of Russian sections). The story "Five Coins"
was published in the newspaper " Adana haber postasi " in turkish, his "Beş tiyin"
story was published in The Uzbekistan Republic’s newspaper "Book World" in
Uzbek , in 2018 his story "Plane and a piece of wood" in Georgian was published in
the magazine "Modern Children's Literature" in Tbilisi, on the website of the
Republic of Kazakhstan his story "Beş tiyin" was in Turkish, but his story "Walter's
goodness" was published in Russian, his story " Five coins " was published in the
magazine "Metamorphosis" in Gomel, Belarus, in 2019 , his 2 stories in russian were
published in magazine "Ekoloq I ya " in Belarus, his story was published in Uzbek in
"Termez University" newspaper in Termez, 2 stories in Tajik in "Adabie va comea"
newspaper in Tajikistan, his 2 stories in belarus were published in magazine
"Metamorphosis" in Belarus in 2021, his story “Plane and a piece of wood” was
published in English and Ukrainian in international magazine "The Sity Sun" in Kiev,

Ukraine, his stories in Russian were published in the North American Writers' Union's online magazine "Tvorčeskiy zal", in literary magazine "Avtoqfaf" in Donetsk, in literary magazine "Atunis" in Albania, in literary magazine "Taifas" in Romania, in literary magazine "Bezkes" in Poland, in literary magazine "Ost West" in England, in literary magazine "Esoiritu Creador" in Argentina and in literary magazine "Bharath Vision" in India, 2 stories in English in "East West" magazine in England, 1 story in Arabic in Oman newspaper, 1 story in Russian in "9 Muz" magazine in Greece.

Ali Jafaroglu's works are published in 18 countries - Azerbaijan, Turkey, Uzbekistan, Georgia, Kazakhstan, Belarus, Tajikistan, Iran, Ukraine, Canada, Albania, India, Poland, Romania, Argentina, England, Oman and Greece in 14 languages - Azerbaijani, Turkish, Uzbek, Published in Georgian, Russian, Belarusian, Tajik, Persian, Arabic, Ukrainian, Albanian, English, Polish, Spanish.

He is married, he has a son, two daughters and a grandson.



Hiranmoy Lahiri is a writer who studied video editing at Kolkata Film and Television Institute, India. A postgraduate in English Literature, he has published articles in The Statesman, The Asia-Pacific Journal: Japan Focus, Asiatic: IJUM Journal of English Language and Literature, Offscreen, Flickside and Asian Movie Pulse.



Dalibor Dado Cetkovic (read Chetkovich) was born in town Bar (Montenegro) on 1982. He has gained his exhibition experience since the elementary school “Anto Djedovich” in town Bar, where as a prominent student he regularly exhibited his artworks and made all the necessary drawings for many teaching cabinets, and as a scout painter, had his first collective exhibition in 1995. in town Kovacica (Serbia). He enrolled at the “Petar Lubarda” high school of Fine Arts in town Cetinje (Montenegro) in 1997. and graduated as an art technician in 2001. from the Department of Painting. In the same year he enrolled in the Academy of Fine Arts in town Trebinje (Bosnia and Hercegovina), and was the first on the list of admitted students. Dalibor is graduated in 2007. in the class of Professor Marko Musovic, in the painting direction, and earned the title of Graduate Academic Painter. In the same

year, he opened his gallery “Art Studio-Gallery Dalibor” in his hometown, where he worked and organized exhibitions until 2010. Since 2008. he is a member of the Association of Fine Artists of Montenegro – ULUCG. In addition to painting, he has done numerous sculptures, photographs, many design ideas... From 2014. he started working as an art educator of all ages in his art studio, where he trains and prepares students for enrollment in high art school and at the faculties of fine arts. In November 2019, he went to the United States (Phoenix-Arizona-USA), where he presented his work at the art festival – First Friday in Phoenix with numerous collaborations. Dalibor is inscribed in the first General Art Lexicon as well as in the Great Encyclopedia of International Art “Art Universal” chosen by the Italian expert for contemporary art and art critic Francesco Saverio Russo. He has led numerous art workshops, participated in several art colonies, and is the winner of many international recognitions and awards, of which he is significant from the exhibition “Abstract” in Los Angeles in 2021. So far, he has had 17 solo and over 70 collective exhibitions in the country and abroad. His works are in private collections around the world. He lives and works in his hometown Bar.