



# A Too Powerful Word

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Painting by *Goran Ćetković*

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## **Contents**

*Corina Oproae*

*Stefan Stanojević*

*George Wallace*

*Mustafa Gökçek*

*Peter Ciccariello*

*Tatiana Ernuțeanu*

*Iris Calif*

*Danijela Trajković*

*Wolfgang Hermann*

*Volkan Hacıoğlu*

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*Moe Seager*

*Romeo Aurelian Ilie*

*Haris Hristodulidis*

*Goran Ćetković*

*Zoran Stošić Vranjski (1936-2022)*

*Aleksandar Alimpić (1966-2022)*

## Corina Oproae

IT was there  
in the mountain's  
open arms  
that for the first time  
I remembered death  
I can still make out  
the infinite valley  
opening at my feet  
like a thirsty mouth  
like a revered womb  
immersed in your silence  
the only one of the dead  
who walks always  
the earth's breath  
I need to know  
I too am alive  
in this world  
that welcomes me  
as I am  
  
tearless  
in a present  
that has no repercussions  
  
woman  
woman-tree  
woman-sea

behind me  
  
in this dream  
your steps are already beyond  
hearing  
death is life, father  
and all the cells of my body  
live embedded  
in that early eternity  
  
I WANT a small slice of sea  
a scrap of wind  
a corner of sky  
the branch of the tree  
the bird's song  
how am I?  
who am I?  
  
a fragile girl  
an angel's swaying movement  
in my eyes  
a sad girl  
woman-word  
a wide plain  
welcoming with arms of light  
  
I repeat  
of light  
that comes from the depths

from after the storm  
from beyond the calm

how am I?  
who am I?

a true self  
in the symphonic shattering  
of all waves  
a true self  
exploding now into  
slithers of immensity

I AM alive  
because today the smell of your  
womb  
at birth  
is still alive in memory

I am alive  
because if I close my eyes  
my tongue presses against my  
palate  
to suck the milk  
of your absent breast

I am alive  
because in this dream  
I resume the first cry

to interrupt the weeping  
that looks for the smile  
in your face

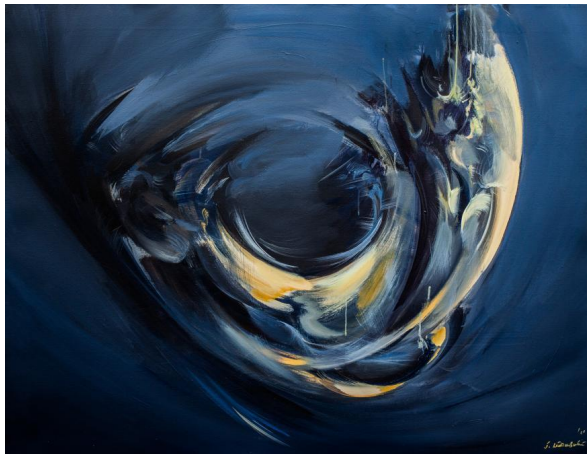
I am alive  
because I am still astonished  
before all the light  
that one day you let enter  
into my entrails

IN THIS dream  
I have many names  
Sylvia Ana Anne Alejandra  
Marina Anise Olga Wislawa  
Juana  
all I know  
is that I'm a woman

there are also trees  
in my dream  
their words are roots  
and branches and leaves  
I am vertical  
I am sap rising  
from the roots  
to the top of the tree  
that steps out of the dream  
and finds its place in the world  
here

I am woman-word  
daughter of all my mothers  
queen of this kingdom  
I write poems hymns litanies  
poems that are born  
from all names  
and all dreams

threads that weave life  
threads that rule death



Painting by *Goran Ćetković*

THERE are deer in my dream  
their eyes  
guardians of fear  
rake the forests lost  
on the inside of my pupils  
they speak

all the languages  
I knew once upon a time  
and I understand them  
and rejoice  
when my chaos turns into a  
cosmos

where to love from  
from a place of air and light  
that exists only in memory  
from an imagined childhood

beating inside that  
dream  
like a star's  
ungraspable movement

words  
sleep in my throat  
a weightless dream

where to write from  
from that uncertain line  
that, the moment I read it, I was  
no longer an outsider  
from before any beginningless  
beginning

because I never had a first love

because I never wrote a first line

*Translated by Peter Boyle*



Painting by *Aleksandar Alimpić*

**Stefan Stanojević**

**THE ART OF WARFARE**

The samurai say

a commander in chief does not  
run to his wife.

I would be a bad one.

People say that Russian

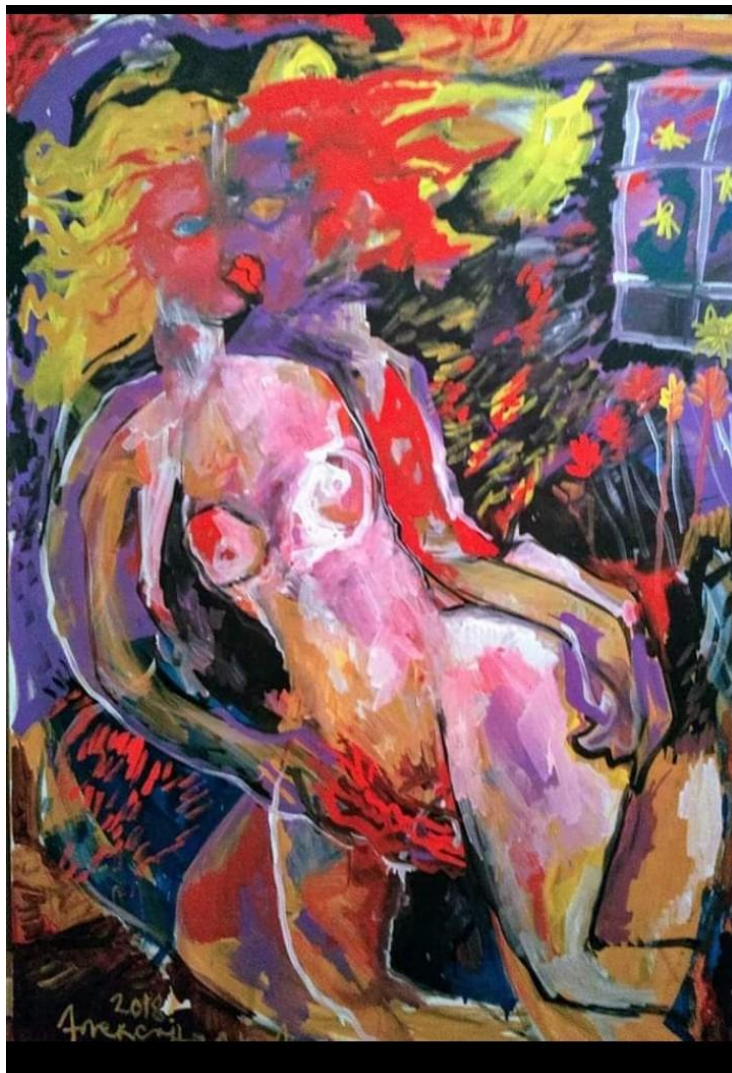
mothers

would give walnuts to their sons

to sate hunger.  
Wherever they would get killed  
walnut trees would grow there.  
If they send me to war  
do not worry  
I will return like a walnut tree.  
You love me and you also love  
plants

Either with my hands or my  
crown  
I will definitely hug you.

*Translated from  
Serbian into English by  
Danijela Trajković*



Painting by *Aleksandar Alimpić*



George Wallace

**ORAL SEX IS A PRAYER**

i take you into my mouth  
it makes you free

you take me into your mouth  
it makes me free

we possess each other orally  
what's so strange in that?

what's strange is the sad ecstatic  
way  
our lovemaking falters and falls

your breathless cries echo in my  
room  
long after you are gone

even my cat notices

he is a simple soul  
all he wants is murder the  
mouse

all he wants is bloody the mouth

all he wants is torture some  
creature  
smaller than himself

**EMIGRE**

Being old now  
& set in my ways  
I stay up late  
studying the  
known texts

of my fore-  
fathers &  
sleep all  
day in the  
summer heat,  
cross-wise to  
the grain, obstinate  
& unyielding as plank-  
ton, the same dream my  
grandfather dreaming  
in the strange beautiful  
land I come from,  
land of sheep, sky &  
waterlilies, land of olive  
groves & santouri w/  
untold taste for revolution,  
tyrants & immigration,  
land of great upright palms  
lining the coastal plain (&  
dirt-poor villages) ie homeland  
of all the young men separated  
from the arms of villages,  
mothers, native daughters;  
i dream like them of an  
odyssey of my own,  
full rushing sails, deep  
throated blasts of  
steamships, great  
bellied hulls that trimmed  
the Mediterranean,  
stormed the Atlantic  
& young men spit out,  
bug-eyed & drunk on  
sea-salt, emigres all,  
fallen into the arms  
of grifters, thieves &  
railroad bosses -- our  
very names taken  
from our own mouths  
by men in uniform  
in the gray dead dawn

of New York harbor &  
Yankee names given back --  
O land of opportunity!  
i am my grandfather,  
give me back my name!  
while fortune still spreads  
like a swollen river

a continent-wide  
across the land  
in the form  
of mining  
camps, crop  
harvesters,  
factory doors.



Painting by *Zoran Stošić Vranjski*

## **ISADORA DUNCAN ON THE LIDO IN VENICE, DANCING (1903)**

A woman remembers what a man has never known; a woman is a raindrop fallen from heaven, the very seed & memory of the heavenly place from which she came, & will return; free of the earth, her paleo-biology fixed somewhere between here and the stars, her determinants known; no impetus or come-on that can shake her inner vision or long direct her flow; she is pearlescent, a prism; she is liquid, she is a rainbow, immanent to return to heaven in any manner she may;

Unlike the other creatures of this earth, she is extraordinary -- diffracted, diffused, restless in the palm of a mountain's hand;

In creche or in crib, sleeping alone or in her marriage bed, a woman is a river, raising her head from at any odd hour of night with a laugh or shudder or sudden cry; consonant perforce with the gravity of men & machines, whole civilizations build cities around her or go to war or give her names & utilities; but no, they will never understand her; no they will never harness her power;

A rivulet, a stream, a cascade, a waterfall, a trajectory; a woman is all of these; spilling into & through & beyond any who would lay hands on or claim her as a prize; any who would keep her; her will is her own, consensual with no force on earth but the pull of heaven; not cities; she is kinetic, cities are built of concrete & steel, she was not meant to stand in place, but to flow;

Though man may dam or divert or temporarily subdue her, though man may lay down earthworks and concrete walls; her will prevail, her work on this earth be done;

To run free, to escape, to devil may care, to replicate the heaven from which she came, to dance; flowing sweet or raging inviolate against the bitter claim of gravity & men on her body; how she will play & play against any containment until the material chains are broken; how she will split & surge & bound & spray; a circumlocution with the gods, a monologue coined in the skies; intractable; more than co-equal against the mere grasp of soil or flesh or time;

Though her tenure on earth may slow or thrill her;

a woman is a river, and true to her aboriginal dance,  
free-born, indifferent to the banks which hold her,

Free as the surf at her feet, the tide to which she is drawn, the sea  
which urges and drives her, she is free.



Painting by *Zoran Stošić Vranjski*

## Mustafa Gökçek

### HUG

I'm in the last part of the  
evening  
Clouds are full on my table  
hello my friend sadness  
Empty chalice hitting the glass  
  
I'm alone, where are you two  
eyes

Oh, is that our supreme  
covenant?  
Just understand from my eyes  
I also forgot dreams and hopes

You hit the shore of my heart  
I should have shut up last night,  
I couldn't shut up  
If I tell you, you can't even see  
your way  
Hug a sip in your glass tonight

### I'M A MASTER

Coffins are lifted, children are deceived  
I put aside my faith beyond existence  
How many times have I been hit, how many times have I lost  
Burning in your heaven doesn't scare me, master

I wore a brand of betrayal I'm in purgatory  
I rinsed in a pool of blood to hear life  
Smoky thyme scent on sleepless nights  
Don't be afraid master I won't die today

Draw a bird in the sky with your tears  
I'm not complaining, wet in my misty heart  
The street has no name, my park is on the window  
I made a rosary of beads on the stones of hell

I didn't choose this path, the end is your black dress  
We shared life, which city, what land did we fall into?  
Heaven away hell your master  
I'm like a broken down inn with whitewash, I'm in purgatory

## Peter Ciccariello

### How to remove someone from your heart

First make a clean sheet of paper,  
From a pulp of sea water, tears, dust, pieces of your clothing  
And bits of hair. Bleach it in the sun for  
Several days until it is white and pure.  
Then draw a picture of his face with lampblack,  
Using lipstick, or your fingernail as a pen. Don't worry if  
It's not right at first, soon it will have a life of it's own.  
When you feel good about it, bring it to bed with you  
For the first night and hold it between your legs.  
Do not put it inside yourself (it is like fire at this point  
And would burn you). The next night erase the eyes  
Without looking at them. This is very important,  
Because they can see what you are doing. Sleep with  
It again for the second night. By now you should be resting  
Soundly and dreaming of being a child. For the third and fourth  
Nights, erase the ears and lips. It should be easier now because  
It can't hear you or talk to you. Begin to erase the rest on the  
Fifth and sixth nights, just leave small pieces that don't  
Fit together. On the seventh night, remove the last of the drawing  
Until the paper is clean and white again and sleep with it for  
The last time. Now your dreams should be quiet and peaceful.  
Your heart should be clear and free, if there is any pain left,  
Then you forgot to erase the love. This is the hard part,  
No one can help you with this.









Paintings by *Peter Ciccariello*

### **Tatiana Ernuțeanu**

I'm sitting on a chair  
with a cigarette in hand  
from time to time  
with a different color of eyes  
I remember the color  
always  
after the word  
desert  
in a bar  
with my disasters jim davis's cat  
and the floor  
sprinkled with the cocktail taken  
to  
table four left front

the shelters of non-existence on  
the banks of Arno's river  
no one asks me  
what I'm looking for here  
what I have to forget  
how the cinema from Florence  
looks like  
I am not at anyone disposal  
don't caress me  
don't take me in yours arms  
don't tell me what season is  
because I'll see that  
black navy coat  
from what it's called  
In her arms and I'll  
also see the Liepke moment  
and the void and the lack

of it  
partly due to the river Arno  
which erases everything  
except memory  
partly because baldessari's  
scissors keep saying the same  
words  
without making a sound

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the sun is scratching  
a stranger  
in the foggy mirror  
an imprinted reality  
by the intensity of the disaster  
into which you have slipped  
like a worm for years  
you look at the clock  
with that indifference  
with which you watch  
the bloody beaks  
of the ravens  
and it seems natural  
the clock shows an hour for  
living  
it's not your time  
this profitable compact structure  
the world is a business  
the sun is scratching  
and you watch the steamed sea  
a stranger in the mirror  
while the crystallized bunches  
of people  
wipe out  
your traces from the world  
it's an hour to live  
the voice hisses and hisses  
and the wind is a touch  
and you still want more

you're greedy for pleasure  
and greedy for the whip  
and another sea tempts you  
and you stand still  
and you say how good  
and the whip becomes the leash  
you lick its edges  
you smile happily  
it's not about that...

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you are shining hadar agena  
during the trip  
coming down from the air  
like an Iberian imperial eagle  
allusion to a white manipulation  
object  
which you don't whisper it  
I don't name it  
I / you could  
with screams and the device that  
mounts the dream  
turned on  
on via Francigena or not  
like a sea mist  
you penetrate  
into the silence of the vital  
institution  
from a new zero kilometer  
in the crossbones of my bones  
moving me  
again  
up and down  
carrying me through the air  
like a cape  
short film hadar agena  
in the illusory brilliance  
of what we can never call  
protection

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caravanserai  
you are standing in front of the  
window  
I don't remember the day  
from sardis to susa  
just your body  
whitewashed into an  
unsuspected force  
he was looking at me and all I  
saw was  
splendor like an American  
franchise  
shut up, I'm braiding my hair  
with lead wires  
a method  
that demolishes everything is  
not fixed in the air with the gaze  
we do it for the future for the  
industry for the beaches of Asia  
you encouraged me  
with the dexterity of your  
movements when I see two  
options to repeat the mistake  
you wore a lot of blue in the  
secret past  
a stylistic pitch probably  
no nothing from the dream  
just an email plique-à-jour  
beyond memory

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we have in front of us  
a full glass floating in  
the bathtub

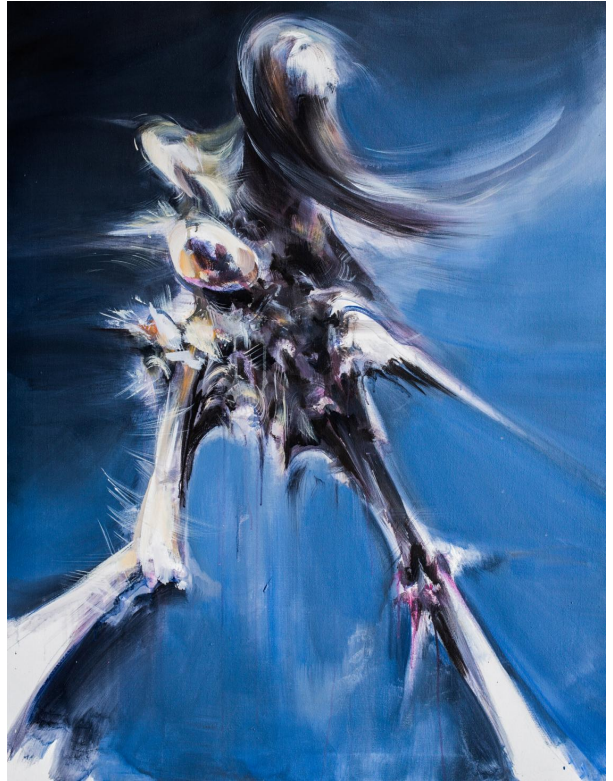
a steamy square  
creaking  
at an interval  
which  
we cannot anticipate it  
from time to time  
something small incandescent  
is projecting into the front of me  
eye  
no one is saying a word  
we try to catch  
on the translucent surface of the  
water  
all our little cracks  
the absences  
all the signs of despair  
made with wrinkled fingers  
you are turning on the left side  
of the bed

I believe in yesterday  
and take a short breath  
as if you were still underwater  
the moment gives and the  
moment takes  
you are feeling differently your  
organs  
you are breaking the formula  
you keep repeating  
and the memory still produces a  
tender emulsion  
You are telling yourself you  
won't leave  
no handful of sand  
to become a desert  
and ask for whom you are with  
to use his mind  
as an external hard drive  
all that's left is  
the full glass floating in the tub  
and the absence of the eye in  
front of you

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all you need to understand about  
this collapse  
is to stop letting any glare to  
take your mind  
by naming things in default  
the frequent triumph of the  
absurd  
and that drinking all your

blood



Painting by *Goran Ćetković*

is not enough to stop it from  
flowing  
and if you can't  
you'll have to get used to  
bump into the only place left  
empty

*Translated from Romanian  
into English by Adrian  
Grauенfels*

**Iris Calif**

**The daughter of the living**

(From the book *Daughter of  
God*)

God creates the heavens

of the spirit in the light of the  
world  
Springs with the authentic  
names of life  
You are my strength  
In my image the moon;  
Man's salvation.

Behold, I am the Iris; the  
daughter of the living  
naked in sight of the sick of the  
kingdom of above  
Adorned with gold and drops of  
moon light.  
The sun in the clouds, and the  
rays wanders  
My body like the burning of the  
darkness  
Of Arch,  
The night is heart breaking from  
time to time,  
Embroiders in the mountains to  
the Iris grace,  
And at the gate of the earth,  
Gabriel.  
The temple house of the dead,

was founded in me  
and the snowy days of the blood  
of my soul.  
Kneels in the light of the  
prophets  
Down touches a human-  
Blooded kiss,  
And in the image of the soul of  
God,  
Our father in heaven,  
In the beginning of the  
wilderness.  
Temple of the scriptures of the  
world  
In the voice of psalms, creator  
of the human  
EVE  
Daughter of love, daughter of  
God  
A girl of life

*Translated from Hebrew into  
English by **Dalia Alperin**  
**Datshi***



Painting by *Zoran Stošić Vranjski*

**Danijela Trajković**

**Orthodox Christian  
Woman  
And Roman Statue**

He tells me  
That I am the most beautiful  
Orthodox Christian woman  
She tells me  
That I have such classic features  
Like a Roman statue

He is one of the most beautiful  
men  
She one of the most beautiful  
women  
I have ever seen

She is a woman  
He is married

I can't have a relationship with  
him  
Can't with her...

*Originally written in English.*



Painting by *Haris Hristodulidis*

## Εξομολόγησι<sup>1</sup>

It didn't matter to me  
to look at the clock  
when death  
came for me

Nikodimos Kabarnos<sup>2</sup>  
was singing "Εξομολογήστε<sup>3</sup>

You, untroubled,  
dressed in a mantle,  
were picking olives  
and admired the empty sky

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<sup>1</sup> Greek: Confession  
<sup>2</sup>

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nikodimos\\_Kabarnos](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nikodimos_Kabarnos)

<sup>3</sup> Greek: Confess

above the Holy Monastery of  
Hilandar<sup>4</sup>.

*Written and translated*

*from Serbian and Greek into*

*English by **the author***

## He Drinks Coffee In a Classy Way

At the table in the pub  
He sits across me

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<sup>4</sup> <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hilandar>

On my right and left  
Two men -  
His opposite!

I drink my juice slowly...

Watching fixedly  
It's like I've been high on drugs  
How the cup of coffee  
Grab and bring it to his lips  
His fingers...

The coffee warms his voice  
The voice warms me...

I fool myself that he can't read  
My blurred gaze  
Like I can't anymore  
Blurred letters.

*Translated from Serbian into  
English by **the author***



Painting by *Zoran Stošić Vranjski*



## Wolfgang Hermann

### The Stairs

After weeks in the hospital, nothing is as it was. He takes pleasure in everything he sees. He can't get enough of watching people, of the smells around him. Only now does he realize that every woman has her own walk and that her way of walking speaks. It doesn't just say: I'm walking. Usually, she doesn't even notice she is walking. Some seem so caught up in their day they are absentminded— their body is on the sidewalk, but they are somewhere else. Hurrying people with their cell phones glued to their ear are nothing but arrows. They take no notice of their surroundings and automatically cross the street when the light turns green. He notices that many, many people are somewhere else. Was it really so many before he went to the hospital? He never noticed it back then. Often, he'd been one of them. People who signal to others they aren't there. Those who wave away the newspaper offered by the vendor without leaving the other place they are at. Where is this place, he wonders. This place is everyone here in the crowd, every person with a phone glued to their ear. They're all someplace else for someone

who is also someplace else. But then who is here? Human shells on their way somewhere.

But there are still a few of the slower ones, here and there. A time-thief, a time-haver, whose relaxed movements testify to their pride of possession. The possessor of an invisible wealth known only to few. Those who know how to look can see their ease of mind and manner.

In the city in which his apartment with the stairs is located, there is little time for the few who know how to appreciate it. They're the ones nobody speaks to; they blend in with the background. They are—which is hardly ever the case these days—idle. They don't try to hide the fact that they have nothing to do. They display it for everyone to see, yet hardly anyone notices, for it's not very interesting to those who live in the absence of their cell phone. The time-thieves are beautiful, each in their own way. The one has eyes that detect every movement in the street, eyes that capture everything. Another stands on the corner with an ease no one here can imitate. It's an ease that comes from far away. He has brought it with him overseas from his country. The time-havers are not hunters. They don't stand around ogling young women or accost them as they hurry past with their phones pressed tightly to their ear. Although it does

happen that the silhouette of a sidewalk-beauty turns the head of one or the other of them. And when, then for real. No sneaky glances, none of that lusting and leering. As a time-haver, they have a right to the view. There are women in this city, as there are all over the world, for whom it would not only be stupid but a crime not to watch as they walked past. For what is the work of a time-thief if not to rejoice in the beauty of a woman walking by. She thanks him with a tiny bat of her eye as she whispers meaningfully into her phone. She knows about his work. She knows she is a treat for his eyes. She gladly bestows on him the sight of her flawless hips in her low-cut jeans. The gropers and the gapers, the pocket-poolers and the perverts she recognizes without looking their way. She makes herself small, revealing only the tiniest fraction of her appearance, and then she is gone.

He has his secret life, which belongs to him alone. With his wife, he has a different life. His life on the street, as a time-thief among time-thieves, she wouldn't want. Her first word would be "why," quickly followed by the words "waste of time." Only the unemployed have time for such things. And other losers. They should

try working a day like hers. That would put an end to all their loitering.

And their beauty would vanish with them. They would start to walk faster from day to day until they were no longer distinguishable in the river of telephoning pedestrians and subway sprinters.

He hasn't had eyes very long—he's still just learning to see. He has only been on the streets a couple of weeks now. In the weeks prior, in the darkness of his room, chained first to his bed, and then his chair, he forgot the world outside existed. He forgot it because it made sense to forget it. The street no longer existed even if he sensed that everything except him went along as usual. That outside the guerilla warfare of everyday life waged on. But the mere thought of the bustling of the street exhausted him. His daily routine consisted of taking his meds and eating his meals. In the rising and the setting of the sun. He was cut off from the light of the street, only a dim glow penetrating to his chair. It was half-light when his wife left the apartment and half-light once again when she returned from work. She set her bag down, poked her head in, and greeted him with the same reserve she had maintained toward him since she had started nursing him a couple of months ago. His accident was an additional burden because she had increasingly distanced herself from him, and

he sensed that she wanted to leave him. But she couldn't abandon him now in his hour of need. So she went into autopilot. She did the grocery shopping and cooked dinner for him, something she hadn't done in a very long time. She looked at him as if she saw through him, as if he'd staged the accident to keep her from leaving him. He was reduced to being a burden. He was angry at himself for being so weak. Was it possible to be so weak? He would've never guessed it.

He did the exercises his physiotherapist had shown him and increased the number of sets a little each day. He had to get out of his chair, get out of the apartment. He mustn't be dependent on her anymore. Her face showed him it was time to get back on his own two feet. He didn't tell her about the progress he'd made. He didn't tell her he was now ready to try the stairs.

He waited until she'd left the building. He waited another five minutes just in case she'd forgotten something and came back. Although she never forgot anything. She wasn't the kind of person to forget things.

Quietly, he shut the front door, walked to the stairs, held on tight to the handrail, and walked backward down one step, and then another, and then another. He then turned around and walked backward up the stairs. He placed one foot on the next step higher

and pulled the other one even. Then the next step. When he reached the top, he felt woozy. His legs were weak, the muscles having atrophied completely. His heart seemed to hang crooked on a hook. It would be a while before he could manage the steps.

He tried it several times a day. Every time, a few steps more. After a week, he managed to make it down to the next floor and back up again. Four days later, he made it down to the floor below that one. He stood on the landing and held on tight to the handrail. It was fear that made his legs shake. He was alone on the stairs. What if he couldn't make it back to his apartment? Eventually, someone would come and help him. He was going to make it; he had to make it. He had to overcome his fear. He had to lock it away in a tiny box and bury the box in his closet. He had the choice: fear and dependency, or courage and freedom.

He didn't say a word to his wife about his training. He would be sitting in his chair in the half-light as usual when she came home. She always made the same face when she saw him, the expression she put on specifically for her return home. He would have liked to have seen her office face. It must have looked a lot different than the one she showed him. Otherwise, she would have been fired long ago.

While she was busy in the kitchen, he turned on the television, which absorbed the wordlessness between them.

For a few days, he's been able to go outside. He hadn't known how beautiful the city is. The city is a stage for the theater of the everyday. Every person who walked past was reflected inside him, for a moment, as he was in each of them. Most of them weren't aware of his presence. Thus, his training over the last few weeks, to remain invisible to his wife, was not for nothing.

The city beats to the rhythm of work. In the morning, the white-collar traffic. Agitated faces, phone calls with a paper cup of cold coffee in hand, briefcase clutched under the arm. Around nine o'clock, when they're all sitting in their offices, there is the first moment of silence. Amidst the noise of the cars, the city holds its breath. The city, this metallic animal, breathes. If you look long enough, you can see gaps on the sidewalk filled by the outlines of the absent people. In the park, retirees take their dogs for a walk. Two dog walkers greet each other and point at the other's dog—it's easy to talk about their dogs. You can see they're relieved to have established ties without having had to reveal anything about themselves.

The park is there for those who are tired of the street, who have seen enough of it and expect nothing more of it. The park is a place of retreat, an admission of weakness.

Before noon, the street gains speed, the sidewalks fill up, and the hunt for a lunch table begins. The horde of white-collar workers pours out of the offices in groups. Here and there, a loner, a phone pressed to their ear. Last-minute plans before they go to the restaurants and cafeterias.

This is a real test for the time-thief. What should he do when everyone is eating and talking about their problems? The office workers are too nervous for him—he avoids their restaurants. The time-thief is out of place next to a group of business people at a working lunch.

The time-thief sits with a sandwich on the bench next to the empty playground. The last mother pulls her child out of the sandbox, who is trying to hang on. The child screams until he realizes that his efforts are futile. The mother ignores her child as she packs him in the car. She drives away—on the back seat, the child's head is bright red, and his face is contorted.

He eats his sandwich and realizes he's free. He chews more slowly because nobody is rushing him; he has no meetings, no



briefings, no pitches. The sandwich wanders around his mouth—each ingredient stands out clearly and melts on his tongue. It's the best sandwich he's ever eaten.

When the white-collar workers stream back to work from their lunch tables, the city gathers speed. But this increasing acceleration is nothing in comparison with the morning traffic rush. It's as if the sluggishness of satiation permeated every movement. The afternoon offers an unclear picture. It's hard to say which of the passers-by has taken time off for a visit to the doctor, an excursion to the municipal woods, or a child's birthday. Of course, there is a direction to their step and, in contrast to that of the time-savorer, a focus on an invisible goal. But even time-savorers sometimes appear to be so absorbed in their work of killing time that they're barely distinguishable from those being released early from their offices. In the afternoon, spaces open up here and there, islands of condensed time, invisible up until then. The cobbler's cave with shelves full of handmade leather shoes waiting on their owners. An old clothes shop in a side street with a yellowed frill dress in the window whose potential customers probably live secluded somewhere in a sheltered area of the city, making it highly unlikely that the old dress will find its way to them. On the docks along the river, there sit and recline

young couples, students with their lecture notes to camouflage their idleness, and a man with dark skin and the fire of a southern land in his eyes. He recognizes this man, but from where? Was it a soiree? Is it a face, as one says, of public interest? Or is it possible that he only associated with him during the twilight of his weeks-long house arrest? But hasn't this been happening to him repeatedly since his new freedom? Fragments of faces flash up here and there, in the turn of a head after a passer-by blocking his view steps aside, revealing the pedestrian waiting at the light. What memory does this face belong to? What words left this mouth? This keeps happening, often enough that it makes him suspicious. Don't they say that when you suddenly see nothing but familiar faces in the crowd, it's probably a sign of psychosis? An old friend or famous stranger walks past him, they exchange glances, but they don't recognize each other. Not every face in the crowd is familiar to him, but several are on his long walk through the city. The closer he comes to the big boulevards, the more traffic there is. In front of the impressive-sounding boutiques, his head turns as if on its own from time to time to watch a woman strolling down the street with an incomparable walk. He avoids the vicinity of his wife's workplace. What if he meets her unexpectedly on the street? His secret life would come to an abrupt end. He doesn't

want to think about it further. His forays are borrowed time; one day he'll have to resume the daily grind of the white-collar workers who pour out of the subway exits in spurts and blindly disappear into the crowd.

It's not the store windows in the shopping malls, nor the large display windows of the luxury goods shops that captivate his eyes, it's the unending stream of people on the sidewalks. He reads their faces without staring at them. A batting of an eye, a glimpse out of the corner of an eye. And yet his glances do not go unnoticed. The men raise their eyes with a confused look on their face, whereas the women seem to come alive when his eyes brush them. They are noticed, without being stared at, without being harassed by this somehow absent, daydreaming eye-man who doesn't seem to be made for the harshness of the city. They do not return his look directly, but stand up a little straighter and put a sway in their hips. He lets them walk past, each one with her own story written on her face, each one with her own walk.

It's late; he has exceeded his time. There is a growing trembling in the air from the after-work traffic on the quays. The patios of the cafes and restaurants fill up; someone waves from over

there and, with a few acrobatics, crosses the street between the cars stuck in traffic.

It would take too long to walk back. He goes down to the subway, descending into the long-not-seen bowels of the city. He gets off the subway near his building. He doesn't have time anymore to look at the faces around him, catching merely a glimpse from the corner of his eye of the two men in the bar on the corner, the one gesticulating with a beer in his hand. The walls of the building are already bathed in half-light, which will continue to resonate for a while in the falling darkness. Perhaps his wife is running late, has lost track of time like he has, like he is allowed to do? He climbs the stairs, not too fast, step by step, for the stairs show him the weakness still sitting in his limbs. He puts the key in the lock and turns it without making a sound. Not a peep in the hall. He closes the door quietly. He is lucky; she isn't home yet. His glance falls on his suitcase which, strangely, is standing next to the wardrobe. His wife stands in the door with her arms folded across her chest. Her eyes flash with a metallic gleam.

*Translated from German into English by **Mark Miscovich***



Painting by *Haris Hristodulidis*

## Volkan Hacıoğlu

### **Knight of Strakonice**

The last knight in the history of world  
Was a lonesome man named Josef Menčík.  
He made a fortress for himself from the incinerator  
Remained behind the Schwarzenberg family.  
Before he died at the age of seventy eight.

Until the year 1945 in Czechoslovakia  
He lived like a medieval knight  
Of universe sect deprived of civilization  
In a castle that is more real than dreams.

Neither electricity nor car nor train nor telegraph  
Free from the slavery of modern world  
And in the Second World War  
Against the Nazi arms that invaded his country  
Donned his armor of courage alone.

Halberd on his arm and sword on his waist

Swiftly crossing the battlefield  
A silhouette of contemporary Don Quixote  
Instead of windmills rode his horse  
Over the German tanks.

## Ratan Bhattacharjee

### **No One is You**

When I think of many I view  
I feel , no one is you.  
Like the Everest you stand  
You are the amazing land  
When I think of you  
I recall a flower clothed in dew  
No one is lovely like a flower  
No one is you, that is your power  
From morning to the dawn  
You bloom in my heart's lawn  
When all leave me, only you remain  
In thunder sunshine and rain  
I forget all right and wrong  
When I listen to your song  
In our life's sojourn dreams we gather  
We feel blessed to be together  
Friendship with you is a bliss  
A never-ending smile and promise



Painting by *Zoran Stošić Vranjski*

## **Željka Avrić**

### **Plants**

Grow out of rocks  
In the ashes  
From salty rain

Grow from the flames  
Along the wind  
Against the evil eye

Up until the arm grow  
Between the teeth  
Behind the ear

Grow into ripening  
And seeds  
Until the roof of the world

To landscapers  
And thunder summoners  
Defiantly grow

*Translated from Serbian into  
English by Aleksandra  
Đorđević*

**Luis Cuauhtémoc  
Berriozábal**

**Through the Pepper  
Tree's Branches**

Through the pepper tree's  
branches  
I saw fragmented sunlight from  
an  
angry sun and far off in the  
distance  
was a small moon, not perfectly  
round.  
My bird and squirrel neighbors  
kept me  
company, where all others  
stayed away.  
One squirrel made tricks with its  
tail  
while a small bird cleared its  
throat  
through song. I had no talent to  
share  
but I walked around enjoying  
my friends.  
I saw two cats coming around  
from time  
to time and a girl that was just a  
figment  
of my imagination. One day  
there will  
be not one bird, squirrel, or cat  
coming

by. I will be visited by an eagle  
or owl  
at my grave. The sun will  
continue to  
shine as will the moon. There  
will be new  
branches on the pepper tree.  
There will  
be doves visiting my grave and  
perhaps  
an other soul will be resting  
next to me  
when for years there were none.

**Make My Way**

Lights that swallow shadows  
as I make my way in the world  
on streets wide and narrow  
from the valley to the seaside.  
The morning lamp high in the  
sky  
follows me as I exit buildings.  
I never asked for such attention.

On my way home it continues  
to shine. In my dreams often  
times it is still there as I make  
my way in a world of make-  
believe,  
of fantasy. I could feel its  
warmth.  
This city where I live embraces  
these lights that swallow  
shadows.





Painting by *Goran Ćetković*

## Tony Dews

### Flood

A bloke sat on my jacket on the train this morning. It's just one thing after another, isn't it? Apart from not hearing the alarm this morning and the kids going feral around the house yelling and screaming and demanding everything NOW! and then running for the train and almost missing it, this idiot sits on my jacket. Surely he had to know how bloody annoying it is and it happens all the time and he didn't give a shit about it, did he? Can you imagine that? He just sat there even after I jerked it out from under him and glared enough to burn his skin. He just sat there on my jacket.

It's so damned restrictive when you can't read the little bit of the paper you managed to scrounge, before you bolt out of the door to get the train, with no time to take the bits of it you really wanted to read since you're running too late to begin with. He just sat there, the smug prick with jacket, jeans, beanie, hair like a hippy all rank bloody dreadlocks or whatever they call them and a smirk on his face. Oh, he knew what he was doing alright; not that I was going to give him the pleasure of knowing that I knew that he knew. Not me, I just looked ahead and out of the train window and looked at the business pages which was all I was able to take with me when I left the house.

I really wanted to read the sports and food pages. Not that I can

play sport or cook but it's ok to read about them. You have to these days, or you get left out of conversations at boring bloody barbecues that your wife takes you to when you'd really rather stay at home and not mix with whingers and complainers about how the world is going to shit. I bet he's a bloody greenie too, carrying on like fuck about global fucking warming and crap like that. I'd stop his bloody raving and the loss of hot air would be one shitload of an improvement. I wasn't going to give it away though was I?

What happened next was his fault you know. What happened next and over the rest of the day. You believe me don't you? That smug, fucking hippy, green bastard who sat on my jacket on the train. It wasn't my

fault, none of it. I had no choice after that. I could've coped otherwise, I usually do you know. No, make that I always cope; I'm a fucking coping machine. The iron man of coping, that's me, but not today thanks to him. It wouldn't have bothered me otherwise that my PA called in sick at the last minute even though the cow could've called earlier, or while I was still at home. I could've coped when my biggest client called our meeting forward to nine instead of ten thirty. I would've just needed to reschedule the other meetings; something my cow of a PA would normally do if she'd fucking dragged her arse into work.

And I'd have read the material I didn't get to read last night, because it was daddy do this, and daddy do that, and honey can you get the table ready

and dry the dishes, or this morning on the train, thanks to the bastard with the inane grin, who sat on my jacket. Did I tell you it was his fault? Oh yeah, sorry to bang on about it, but I don't usually do that. Normally I just let things slide and get over them, but it wasn't a choice I had you know.

It wasn't my fault that I wasn't prepared when the client wanted to me to make changes in the campaign. They said they were only asking, but they asked in the same way the bastard sat on my jacket Not really asking you know? Expecting changes, demanding them to be made or else. Anyhow if I was ready I wouldn't have lost the account by yelling at the client who didn't want us to have it anyway or he wouldn't have pulled out as quick as he did. Well, that really bugged up the

rest of the day, and I wouldn't have done my nut at a colleague when he had a go at me. Oh he was all nice sounding; everyone seemed all concerned and shit like that, but I knew he was just being a smartarse. He was always after my job anyway, and he couldn't hide THAT behind saying he was only trying to help, because I sounded really upset. And why wouldn't a man be upset, when a supposed mate is after his job no matter how nice he seems to be to others? The bastard, he's just like the arsehole who sat on my jacket on the train this morning isn't he?

Anyway, I was getting a coffee, when the boss came out of the staff room all namby-pamby and kind and acting considerate, and asking if I'd like to take the rest of the day off and

maybe a few days longer because I'd been under a bit of pressure lately, and how I could do with a holiday with the wife and the kids, and all that crap when all that really means is to tell you that your days are numbered. You're going to be out the door bloody soon, you know what I'm saying? You're a man of the world aren't you? You understand these things. No-one else bloody seems to, that's all I'm saying.

So I took the boss's advice, just to get him off my back really, because he has to feel he's doing the right thing, and staff will applaud him, and he'll look good and keep his job and his car and his house and the fancy school his brats of kids go to, and anyway there was nothing I couldn't cope with so, I went to Young and Jackson's. Only for a couple, because I don't drink much,



not during the day anyway, and I wanted to say hi to Chloe because I always do when I go there; besides I didn't want to go home too early because the wife would start hassling me about why I wasn't at work, and the kids would come home demanding attention and that was the last thing I needed. You know how it is.

So I stayed at Y & J's for a while, had a couple of beers, said hi to Chloe as you do, and yarned on to few guys for a while at the bar. Don't know how long, an hour maybe? Maybe two? They were nice guys though. Never see them again of course. You never do with guys who think the same as you do about these things. Not like the bastard who sat on my jacket. He's never think like that. Too self-absorbed. Anyway we had few beers, not too

many you know, doesn't help if you drink too much does it? These guys were real understanding about the day I had, had a few themselves they said, they've been around you know. Nice to realize you're not the only one that's all I'm saying.

So after that I felt a shit of a lot better, really relaxed you know so I headed over to Flinders St station then caught the train home. At least I didn't see the guy who sat on my jacket, and I really hoped he'd had as shitty a day as I did because he bloody well deserved to, after what I'd been through. So I finally get on the train which was delayed again, as you'd expect with our shitty train system, which the bloody government won't own up to, or try and fix instead of giving us pious bloody political platitudes. And you

wouldn't believe it, would you? Some  
bastard sat on my jacket. AGAIN!

Just like the asshole in the  
morning he could have sat somewhere  
else but he didn't. And you know the  
rest. Well you can't blame me, can you?  
It just wasn't my fault was it? So can I  
go home now officer? These handcuffs  
are really starting to hurt.

## **Sorin Smărandescu**

### **break-up, instructions**

I would like to find more life in  
your poems  
she told me  
in the unforeseeable landscape  
of the deceitful  
transition  
your fallings inconsistencies  
apples  
from which you don't bite

poorly sequenced regrets I  
ingest  
only from your hand  
unlikely administered  
what else to mine inside of you  
besides what is left hidden  
she told me  
the fragmentation of your false  
symmetries  
scattered  
the waiting deconstructed  
absemotion

on the haunted scaffolding by  
germistate  
whole the vibration of  
nakedness  
unrepeatability to elementary  
particles

all these old stuff that you  
misunderstand  
she told me  
self locking fictions my dog  
asymptomatic  
in the night people who I like  
how you hate

with fingers down the angel's  
throat so he can throw up his  
poison  
how easy it is for you to distort  
the facts  
so you make absence natural  
again  
because what has oblivion to do  
with it

no-name

*Translated from*  
*Romanian into English by **Iulia***  
***Stoichiț***



Painting by *Goran Ćetković*

## **Wayne Russell**

### **Complicated Game**

Life seems to be this  
complicated game,  
where all can be lost  
or gained, on a simple  
roll of the dice.

I never wanted some  
flash car, in some swanky  
metropolitan snubbed  
nose, cold concrete society.

I never wanted some mansion,  
glistening upon grassy hillside

perfection.

I never asked to be a participant  
in such a complicated game,  
where money and greed  
rein supreme.

I never wanted to wear a  
plastered on smile and scoff  
at people less fortunate than  
myself;  
never wanted to be one of those  
white-collar oligarchs, smugly  
calling the shots every single  
day;  
oppressing so many blue-  
collared dreams.

## **Erol Tufan**

### **SOIL IN THE SUITCASE**

Father knew he was about to die  
He called us all and told us the  
will.....  
After they all left  
In the semi-dark chamber he led  
me under a light  
And he said to me:  
'I ask you two things...  
May my face in the grave be  
turned to the West.....  
The top layer of the earth should  
be from our field.....  
Plant colorful roses on it.....  
You know where to get them  
and how to bring them.....'  
That was it from him.....  
That last autumn of the last  
century

I stayed at the border crossing  
all weekend

I was waiting for the dawn of  
Monday to come, the chief.....

The customs officials did not  
know how to handle it  
With a suitcase full of bags of  
soil

What I was transporting from  
the fields in Polog

Through several rivers and  
seas.....

Years have passed, we are  
walking deep

In this new century.....I was  
patient, persistent and  
hardworking

I waited for them to announce  
me

For the head of the department  
For human resources in the big  
Building of the multinational  
company in

The neighborhood where the  
sun sets .....

On the lapel of the new suits

I am decorated with red and  
yellow

Some blue, some navy, some  
purple roses,

Every working day another.....

And they all smell of father's  
spirit.....

### **SOUTHERN WIND**

The elusive beauty lady M.

I, the hot wind

I coming from the south

carrying a taste of the desert...  
I tame myself in the quiet  
water that gave birth to the river  
from the tear of your eye...  
That same eye who calling  
on an adventure through  
the infinity of space...  
I, the south wind  
which carries messages about  
the noisy life  
and for the eternal fire.....  
You, resting shell  
at the bottom of the tear  
and hides mother-of-pearl in the  
armor  
you give birth to a new age...  
Encounter on the  
phantasmagorical frontier  
Over there in the horizon  
where it touches the top of the  
Balkans  
with the full moon which  
watch over your restless sleep  
my lady  
with undefined beauty...  
And the night will whisper to  
you  
that only the south wind thou  
is a friend without particular  
interest  
who gives it to you without  
return  
his soul piece by piece  
incarnating her in these  
hot words.....

## **Hamit Taka**

### **BRUNETTE TURKISH WOMAN!**

You'll find the abyss of  
fanaticism  
In the Asian part, I was told  
A Turkish woman will hide her  
eyes  
For the moon to shine on every  
side;

As soon as I crossed the Galatea  
bridge  
That gateway to the old  
continent  
I was stunned by a Turkish  
brunette  
She seduced me, with her bare  
chest;

She stared at me for the moment  
As if I was from another planet  
Ah, I said, if only I was a lucky  
Don Juan  
But I only write verses on a  
piece of paper.

I'm honest, I said, loyal to my  
wife  
I've given to her the word of the  
poet  
I've come to Turkey, for the  
first time  
As the mountain came to  
Muhammad.

*Translated from Albanian into  
English by **Zamira Hajdari***



*Painting by Aleksandar Alimpić*

Moe Seager

### **Open Door**

Come in. My door is open  
The windows uncovered  
Be you friend or stranger  
The enemy of ignorance  
Flees from the breath of ...

My table, round  
A circle of friends and strangers  
Enemies breaking bread

I'll pour you Italian espresso  
You bring the baclava from  
Beirut  
We will discuss the discuss the  
differences

of Olives  
Big and small  
Green and black  
Let us chew on the options

I'll poem You sing  
We shall dance before an open  
window  
For all the world to know  
That we can  
Share a moment  
Suspend ourselves  
On a weightless bridge  
In the twilight  
Still, hushed, the serendipity

I shall follow you  
To your city  
To your house



I carry flowers  
A curious manner  
A wish to know  
Your tastes, the aromas of your  
kitchen  
The chatter of children  
The photos you hang  
Faces of they whom you carry  
In your heart  
An old man dies  
A child is born  
And you tell me stories  
I tell mine  
Both of us discharging the shit  
Of our lives in a world gone  
mad with itself  
Spilling our laughter and pain  
When evening descends  
We find ourselves  
Alone in the still ambiance  
On a shared solitude

I will take my leave of you  
I will carry your voice, your soft  
eyes  
landing in mine  
My breath in halt  
In that moment of  
Wordless silence  
Of discovery  
we share the grace  
Night birds call  
To waxing stars  
All the world around  
Settles in peace.

I will carry your city  
In the map of my memory  
Carry your voice  
In conversations on the bus  
I will carry your smile

As a work of art  
We shall both  
be changed  
for the rest of time

From my grave to yours  
We shall rise in the heat of  
battle  
To run on the waters  
Fly on the winds  
To the heat of battles  
Angels of deliverance  
Summoning our descendants  
To lay down the fear  
Pick up the torch  
That lights the way  
The way we had trod  
To the crossroad of  
Fulfillment  
Complete And calling  
All the children home

## **Romeo Aurelian Ilie**

### **Alone**

I woke up  
In the middle of the ocean  
No angelfish,  
Neither a mermaid,  
Nor a shark,  
Only water  
As far as the eye can see.

Nobody calls me  
So, I do not exist,  
you don't call me either  
therefore  
I have never been existing.



Painting by *Zoran Stojić Vranjski*

### **The Metronome**

I am banging my head  
Against the wall  
As if together  
We would form a metronome  
Which keeps the rhythm  
Of a joyful melody  
Played by children  
For the adults who forgot  
To dance.

no wrinkles,  
neither a crease,  
nor a broken/ ragged corner/  
angle.

But, you were much more  
beautiful,  
more alive,  
more real,  
more to be loved.

I dared to crave you.

### **The Fall from Heaven**

The light  
was new  
and pure.

That is all I remember  
Before falling  
On the earth  
In the similitude  
Of lightning.

## Mendeleyev

I do not recall anymore  
The background music  
In that pub  
Where he had our first coffee,

Not even if there were  
salt and pepper sachets on the  
table,  
not even if the girl at the bar  
was elegant, or if she

served us right,

Not even the tip we have left her,  
Not even if we liked the band  
On the poster.

I would suspect me having  
Alzheimer's  
If I did not remember  
The crazy chemistry  
Between us.



Painting by *Aleksandar Alimpić*

## Wanted

I will put pictures with you  
On pillars

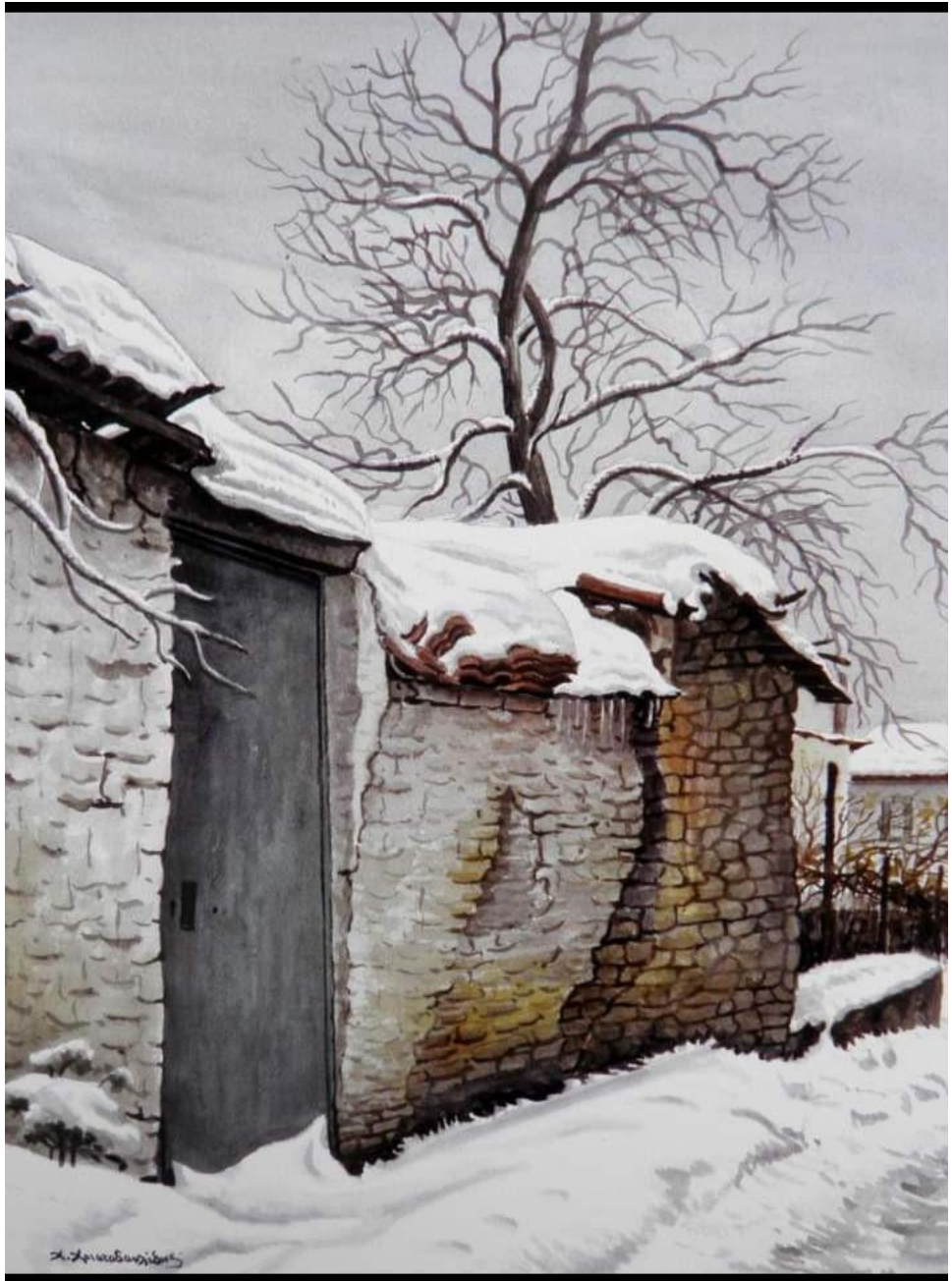
On fences  
On the electoral boards  
On the email boxes  
And the electrical ones

On as huge banners  
as flat facades  
on subway screens  
Until all the people will start  
looking for you  
hunting the reward which will  
grow geometrically  
passed by word of mouth  
from city to city  
from country to country  
reaching unimaginable

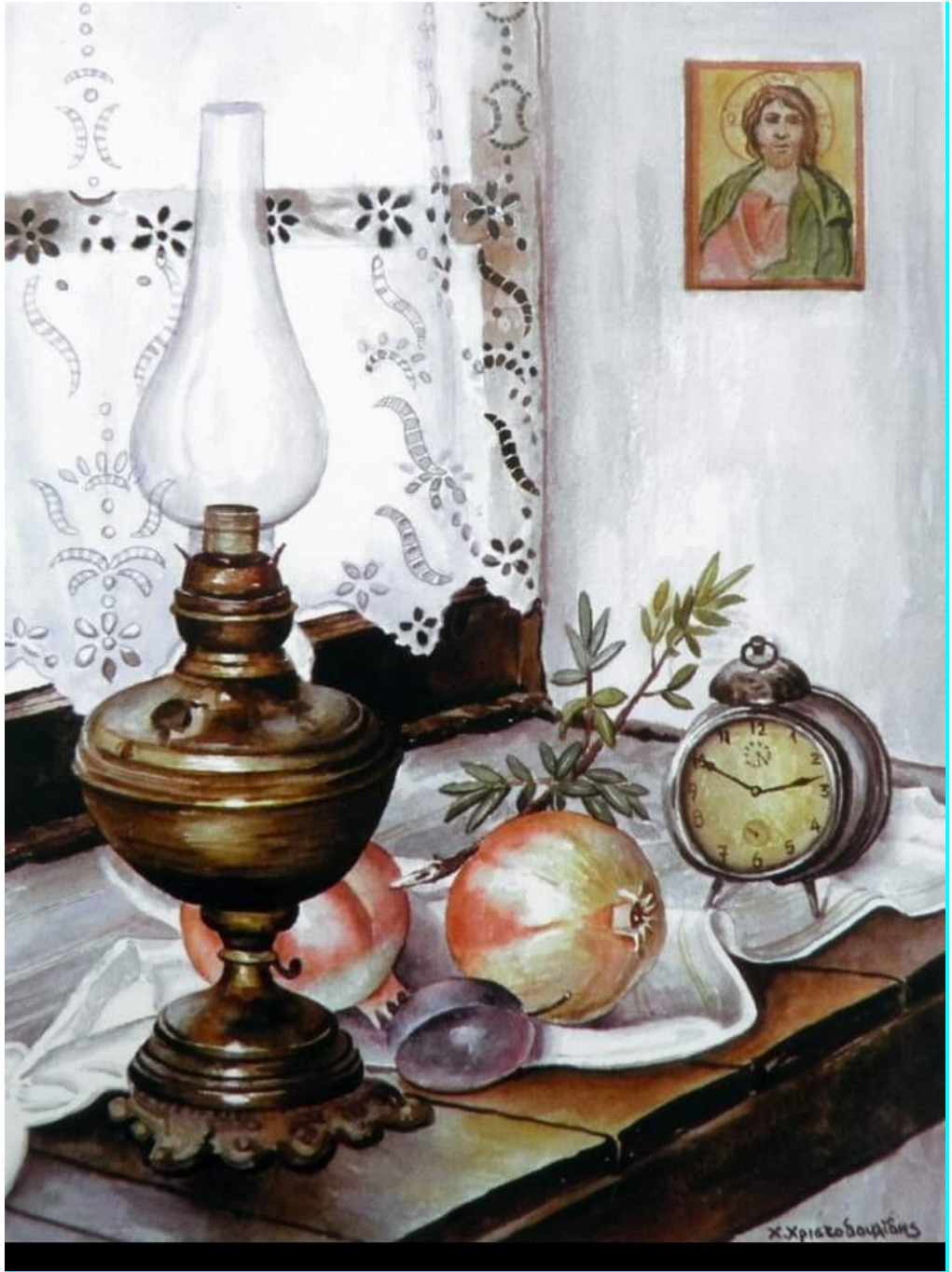
proportions.

But they won't know  
I put everywhere pictures with  
you  
Just because I feel  
The illness is approaching  
And I don't want to forget you.

*Translated by Tatiana Grosu*



Painting by *Haris Hristodulidis*



Painting by *Haris Hristodulidis*



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## *About the Authors and Artists*



**CORINA OPROAE** (Romania, 1973) is a poet and translator who lives in Barcelona and writes in Spanish and Catalan. The Romanian versions of her poetry collections stand somewhere between translation and recreation. Her poetry books in Spanish are: *Mil y una muertes* [*A thousand and one death*] (2016), *Intermitencias* [*Intermittencies*] (2018), *Temprana eternidad* [*Early eternity*], which is a personal anthology published in Colombia in 2019 and *Desde dónde amar* [*Where to love from*] (2021). In Catalan she has written *La mà que tremola* [*The hand that trembles*] (2020). She has translated many Romanian poets such as Marin Sorescu, Ana Blandiana, Lucian Blaga, Gellu Naum, Dinu Flămând, Ioan Es. Pop. From English, she has translated *Red Bird*, by American poet Mary Oliver. She is the author of the anthology of contemporary Catalan poetry published in Colombia, *La hora indefensa* (2021) and of an *Anthology of Romanian poetry in the 20<sup>th</sup> century* (2022). Some of her poems have been translated into Czech, Italian, Serbian,



Slovakian, Swedish, French, English, Portuguese, Arabic, Hebrew and Bengali.



**Stefan Stanojević** (1995) (Serbian: **Стефан Станојевић**, Pančevo, Serbia). Student of Serbian literature and language at the Faculty of Philology in Belgrade. Published on several internet portals, in online and physical editions of many regional magazines, in collections. Since 2015, he has held over forty evenings of poetry and thus returned frequent readings of poetry in his city. Since January 2018, he has been editing the only Pančevo literary series "Punchtown poetry". He published books of poetry "Mladi Atlas" (Young Atlas) (BKG, 2016) and "Napad panike" (Panic attack) (Edicija Najbolja, 2020). His poetry has been translated into English, French, Spanish and Hebrew. He worked as a journalist, manual worker, substitute professor, warehouseman. He is a member of the Association of Writers and Literary Translators of Pančevo. Currently working in a bookstore.



**George Wallace** is a Writer in Residence at the Walt Whitman Birthplace, first poet laureate of Suffolk County, LI NY and author of 39 books and chapbooks of poetry, published in the US, UK, Italy, Macedonia and India. A prominent figure on the NYC poetry performance scene, he travels internationally to perform, lead writing workshops, and lecture on literary topics. A former student of W.D. Snodgrass (BA, Syracuse U) and Marvin Bell (MFA, Pacific U), he teaches writing at Pace University (NYC) and Westchester Community College, and has done research residencies at Harvard's Center for Hellenic Studies in Washington DC. He has worked as a Peace Corps volunteer, health care administrator, community organizer, community journalist, active duty medical military officer and local historian. His work is collected at the Special Sections Collection, LI Studies Institute, Hofstra University. George is editor of Poetrybay.com, co-editor of Great Weather for Media, and editor of Long Island Quarterly and Walt's Corner, a weekly poetry column in The Long Islander, a community newspaper founded by Walt

Whitman in 1838. He is editor of the 2022 Blue Light Press Anthology 'FROM THE INSIDE: NYC through the eyes of the poets who live here', and creator of POETS BUILDING BRIDGES: A Triangulation Project, pairing groups of poets worldwide in zoom sessions hosted by the Walt Whitman Birthplace. PERFORMANCES AND APPEARANCES: About: Contemporary poetry by George Wallace and Tassos Denegris, Skiathos Writers Retreat, Bageion/Athens (GR); Centro Studii Archivio Occidentali, University of Parma, Castle Brunneberg, Ogradek Books (IT); International Festival of Poetry Ditet e Naimit/Tetova, Cultural Information Center/Skopje (MK), Orpheus Festival/Plovdiv (BG), Pogradec Town Hall (AB); Festival d'Avignon (FR); Turrialba Poetry Festival (CR); Ledbury Festival/Ledbury, Words By Water/Keswick, Dylan Thomas Centre/Swansea, Robert Burns Centre/Dumfries, Hoadfest/Ulverston, Maddy Prior Stone Barn/Bewcastle, Brantwood/Coniston (GB); Howlfest, Insomniacathon, Dada Maintenanant, Charles Bukowski Celebration; Lyric Recovery/Carnegie Hall, What Saves Us/Lincoln Center, Bilingual Poetry/Tompkins Sq Library (NYC); Moby Dick Marathon/Sag Harbor, Pollock-Krasner House/Springs, Bradstock/West Sayville, da levy Festival/Cleveland, Festival Ecstatique/Northampton, William Carlos Williams Center/Rutherford, Lowell Celebrates Kerouac Festival, Woody Guthrie Festival/Okemah, Beat Museum/SF, Gordon Parks Museum/Fort Scott, Mabel Dodge Luhan House/Taos, Teatro Paraguas/Santa Fe, Church of Beethoven/Albuquerque, Sapphofest/Washington, Poetry Throwdown/KC, Beat Poetry Festival/Middletown, Song Of Myself Marathon/Brooklyn, Gemini Ink Writers/San Antonio; Sparring with Beatnik Ghosts/Santa Cruz, Beat Museum/SF, Beyond Baroque/LA, Dongguk University/LA, Corners of the Mouth/SLO, Rubber Chicken Poetry Slam/Monterey, John Steinbeck Festival/Salinas (US).

## **PUBLICATIONS & PRIZES**

### **Anthologies:**

*Stronger Than Fear* (Cave Moon Press, 2022)

, *What Saves Us: Poems of Empathy and Outrage in the Age of Trump* (Northwestern University Press, 2019),

*Maintenanant: Dada Journal* ([Three Rooms Press](#), 2018)

, *BE-AT Poets Laureate* (Local Gems Poetry Press, 2017)

, *Cloudburst: Poetry Anthology of the Cloudburst Council, 2012-2016* ([Foothills Publishing](#), 2017)

, *From Somewhere to Nowhere: The End of the American Dream* (AK Press, 2017)

- , *Oct Tongue 2* ([Crisis Chronicles Press](#), 2017)
- , *Poetry of Resistance Voices for Social Justice* (University of Arizona Press, 2016)
- , *Rabbit Ears: An Anthology of TV Poems* (NYQ Books, 2015)
- , *Say It Loud - Poems About James Brown* (Whirlwind Press, 2011)
- , *Greatest Hits* (Pudding House Publications, 2003)

**Books:**

- Resistance is a blue Spanish guitar* ([Blue Light Press](#), 2021)
- , *I Feed the Flames and the Flames Feed Me* (Local Gems Press, 2019)
- , *Sacred Language of Wine and Bread* (La Finestra Editrice, 2019)
- , *One Hundred Years Among The Daisies* ([Spartan Press](#), 2018)
- , *The Sulphur of Troy / Lo Zolfo di Troia* (La Finestra Editrice, 2018)
- , *Smashing Rock And Straight As Razors* ([Blue Light Press](#), 2017)
- , *A Simple Blues With A Few Intangibles* ([Foothills Publishing](#), 2016)
- , *Drugged By Hollywood* (NightBallet Press, 2016)
- , *Beauty Parlors, Trainyards and Everything In Between* ([Spartan Press](#), 2014)
- , *Belt Buckles and Bibles* (NightBallet Press, 2013)
- , *Riding With Boom Boom* (NightBallet Press, 2013)
- ,
- EOS: Abductor of Men* ([Three Rooms Press](#), 2012)
- , *Incident on the Orient Express* (Nirala Publications, New Delhi, India, 2012)
- , *Sleeping Beauty's Revenge* (NightBallet Press, 2012)
- , *The Hard Stuff* (NightBallet Press, 2012)
- , *Jumping Over The Moon* (Boone's Dock Press, 2011)
- , *Poppin Johnny* ([Three Rooms Press](#), 2009)
- , *Summer Of Love, Summer Of Love* (Shivastan Press, 2008)
- , *Sunny Side Up The Dream Cloud Egg* (Good Japan Press, 2008)
- , *Who's Handling Your Aubergines* (Green Panda Press, 2008)
- , *Wrestling Godzilla* (Green Panda Press, 2007)
- , *When I Was Dead* (Flarestack Publishing U.K., 2006)
- , *After The Fall* (Butcher Shop Press, 2005)
- , *50 Love Poems / 50 Poesie D'Amore* (La Finestra Editrice, 2004)
- , *Burn My Heart In Wet Sand* (Troubadour, 2004)
- , *Without Benefit Of Men* (Chlenskiy Publishing, 2004)
- , *Swimming Through Water / Nuotando Attraverso L'Aqua* (La Finestra Editrice, 2003)
- , *Poems of Augie Prime* (Writers Ink Press, 1999)
- , *Tales of a Yuppie Dropout* (Writers Ink Press, 1992)
- , *The Milking Jug* (Cross-Cultural Communications, 1989)

**Chapbook:**

*Sacred Language of Wine and Bread* (La Finestra Editrice, 2020)

**Journals:**

*Big Bridge*

, [Café Review](#)

, *Cezanne's Carrot*

, [Cortland Review](#)

, *Cultural Weekly*

, *Home Planet News*

, *Jacket*

, *Levure Litteraire*

, *Lips*

, *Maintenant*

, [Poetry Pacific](#),

*Rialto*

, *RUNES*

, *Rusty Truck*

, [Sensitive Skin Magazine](#)

, [South Florida Poetry Review](#)

, [South Florida Poetry Journal](#)

, *String Poet*

, *The Nervous Breakdown*

, *Words Dance*

**Prizes won:** Writer in Residence, Walt Whitman Birthplace 2011-Present. New Generation Beat Poet Laureate, 2021-Lifetime, National Beat Poetry Foundation, inc.

Poet of the year (Boao International Poetry Festival CA) 2022. Corona d'oro (Korca Literary Festival AB) 2019. Orpheus Prize (Orpheus Festival, BG) 2018. Alexander the Great Gold Medal (UNESCO-Salamis, GR) 2018. Centro Studii Archivio d'Occidente Award (CSAO, It) 2018. Naim Frasheri Prize and Festival Laureate (Ditet e Naimit Festival, MK) 2017. Blue Light Book Award 2017. ↑Laureate, National Beat Poetry Festival 2015-16. First Poet Laureate, Suffolk County LI NY 2005-05. Poetry Kit Best Book Award, 2004. CW Post Poetry Prize 1999.



**Mustafa Gökçek** was born on 02.10.1953 in Gaziantep. He completed his primary education in the city where he was born and his secondary and high school education in İzmir, where he continued his education and life. Writer/Poet/Playwright and theater trainer-director Mustafa Gökçek completed his high school education at DTCF in Ankara after these studies. His literary life, which started with poetry at the age of 12, 13, like some writers, continued his literary life with the publication of his first story in various newspapers and magazines from the age of 16:

**Attempt;**

- “Essays - 1 (two editions)” (1973 / 1985 influence)
- “The Trials – 2 (From the Pain of Life...)” (1991-effect)
- “Essays- 3 (Cheap Words...)” (1993- Çağrı Publishing House)

The author, who entered the world of literature with his book "Demeler (2 Editions)" published in the 1970s, as a result of retouching the stories and novels he wrote in previous dates;

**NOVEL;**

- “Gain” (1999 – Yom)
- “Humpback Kati” (1989 – University Publishing. Bookstore)
- “The Furious World” (1980 – University Press. Bookstore)
- “The Apprentice” (1995 – Yom)
- “The Bus” (2000)
- “Murtaza” (1999)
- “It's Spring Outside” (3 Editions), (1989 – Cem)
- “The Last Claps – Youth Novel” (2001)
- “A Free Call – Volume 1” (2002)
- “A Free Call – Volume 2” (2003)
- “Great Sorrow” (2016 – Messenger, Doğu Kitapevi)

#### **THEATRE;**

- “Mektephane, two acts (Experimental theater)” (Staged and published by the University / 2000)

#### **MOVIE SCENARIO;**

- “Stay here, don't go” (2000)
- “Far Lands...” (2001)
- “I'm Here” (2003)

#### **POEM;**

- “First” (2002 – Impact)
- “Red Dawns Flowing From My Mountains” (1985 - Icarus)
- “The Pain of Life” (1990)
- “Lonely Trees” (1980 – yom)
- “My Old Friends” (2006)

- “Coat Sea” (2021 – Messenger, Doğu Bookstore)

- “Times in the Days of Corona” (2021- Messenger, Doğu Bookstore)

#### **STORY;**

- “Facts, 11 Stories” (1979 – University)
- “The Sun on the Horizon, 10 Stories” (University)
- “My Shadow Has Fallen into Water” (1996 – Leyal Publishing House / Hürriyet Newspaper Sedat Simavi Foundation Short Story Award)
- “Good Will (Haldun Taner Short Story Award)” (2000)
- “Compass (published in France)” (2001)

- The game “Pavement Engineer” was filmed as a series. (2004)

- “My Age is in the Siege – Madimak is Burning” (2000 – Impact)
- “Amber, Efkar, Longing” (2004 – Impact)

#### **INTERPRETATION AS BOOK REVIEW AND CRITICAL**

##### **(Journal and newspaper articles);**

- “Hours of Interpretation- 1” (2015)
- “Hours of Interpretation- 2” (2016)
- “Hours of Interpretation-3” (2017)

- “Hours of Interpretation-4” (2018)
- “Hours of Interpretation-5” (2019)
- “Hours of Interpretation-6” (2020)

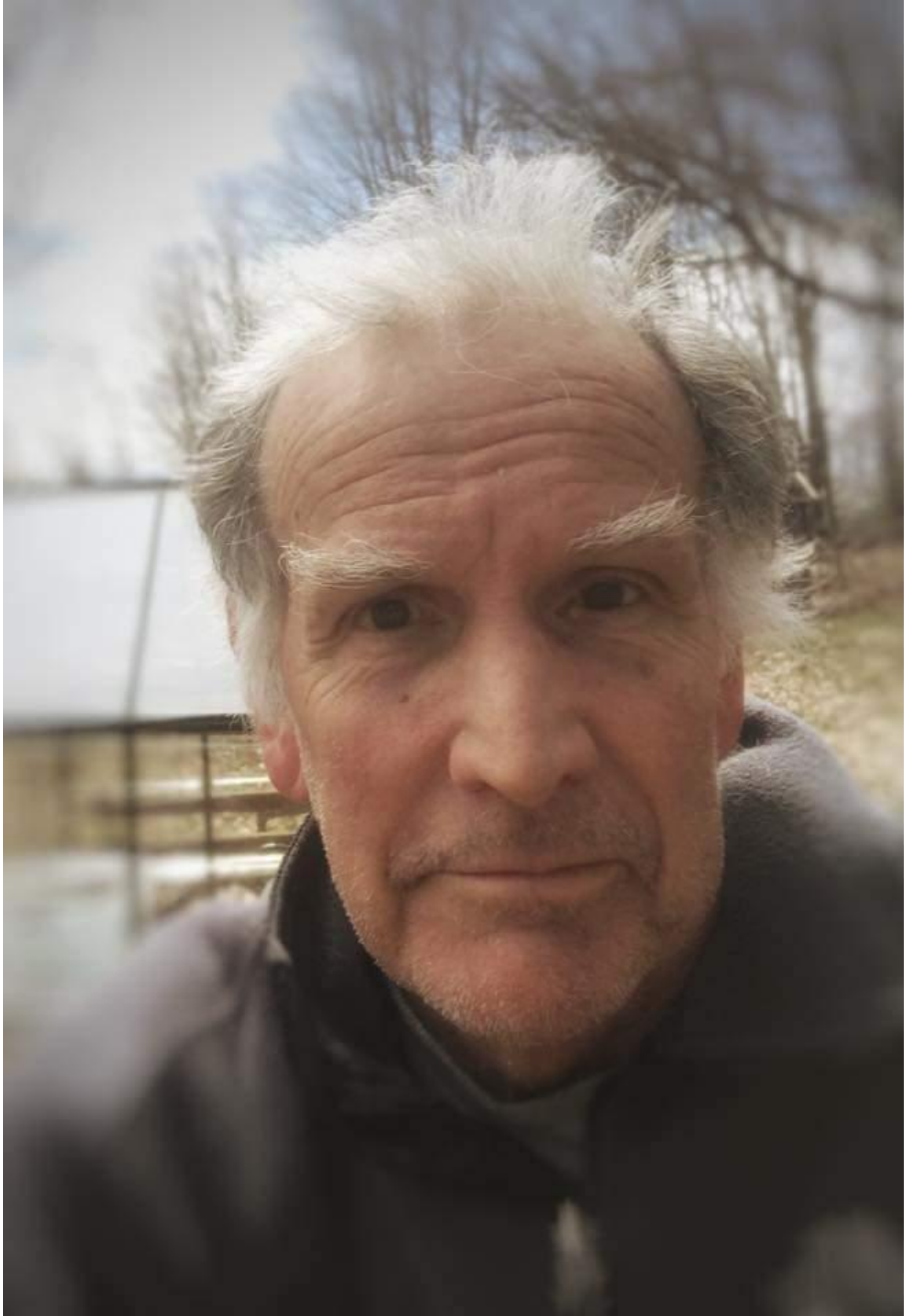
- "Hours of Interpretation-7" (2021)

ARTICLES:

- "Theatre Education" (1994 / University Publication.)
- "Diction-Phonetics" (1996 / Textbook, University Publication)
- "Pronunciation Trainings" (1997 – University Publication)
- "On Coffee" (2001 / World, General Release to All Countries)
- "Being Enlightened" ( 2003 - University / Universal Journal - Partner)
- "The Place and Importance of Theater in Contemporary Society" (Universal Magazine publication)
- "Political Literature" (columns published in Haber Hürriyet Newspaper)
- Newspaper columns (article type); Since 1987...
  - A total of 85/95 scientific articles

In total as publications; He has over 50 publications... In addition to the books published with their names, some of the poems and books of the author were published in Azerbaijan, Bulgaria, the Netherlands, England and Russia. One of his short stories was published in France and he collaborated with Olga Levadnaya in Russia. An award from the Sedat Simavi Foundation of Turkey and a Haldun Taner short story award, a medal for one of his short stories from France (Puslu Ayna) and an award from Ankara University. And right now (covid-19 days due to the flow of life); He is preparing a historical novel with a novel titled "Times in the Days of Corona". Also on behalf of; In Seferihisar-Ürkmez Youth Center, a Memorial and Study Room and a Library were opened in his name... Author, TYS (Turkish Writers' Union), PEN (International Writers' Union), TÜRKGEB (Founder of Young Writers' Union of Turkey), İZMES (Founder-President of İzmir Literature-Art Group) TÜRKYES (Turkey Publishing, Literature, Art - Founder, Honorary President) is a member of İZSES (Founder of İzmir Art and Literature Conversations) and the International Union of Activist Artists, and currently continues to write in the newspaper "Haber Hürriyet" and the website-newspaper [www.haberhürriyet.com](http://www.haberhürriyet.com).





**Peter Ciccariello** is an interdisciplinary, cross-genre artist, poet, and photographer. His work is a pastiche of language and text in 3-D digital environments. He has studied painting and design at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, New York, Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, Rhode Island, and Parsons School of Design, New York, New York. His work has been exhibited at Harvard University,

Boston, MA, The University of Arizona Poetry Center, Tucson, AZ, and at the “Interruptheque – Language driven digital art” Festival, at Brown University in Providence, RI. Recent work has appeared both in print & online in, amongst other places, Poetry Magazine, New River, a journal of digital writing and art, dbqp: visualizing poetics, Oregon Literary Review, MOCA The Museum of Computer Art, Otoliths, and *Word For/ Word – A journal of new writing*. His book “Imaginal Landscapes”, was published by Xexoxial Editions, La Farge, WI. His poem [Today is your advocate](https://movingpoems.com/2013/11/today-is-your-advocate-by-peter-ciccariello/) is available on the Moving Poems website <https://movingpoems.com/2013/11/today-is-your-advocate-by-peter-ciccariello/>



Publicist and poet, **Tatiana Ernuțeanu** was born in Romania. She graduated the Faculty of Letters in Bucharest. She has a master's degree in Strategic Communication & Public Relations (SNSPA). After a short period as French and Romanian teacher she thought it's time for a new direction, so, she steps in the PR field as an arts & culture PR Specialist. She published her first poems book "Flesh,

Dreams and Sad Bones Forgotten in Hydra”, in 2020 (Ed. Eikon). Her poems were published in many Romanian & international literary journals, such as: Vatra, Euphorion, Convorbiri Literare, Timpul, Revista Golan, Noise Poetry, Tastzine (Spain), To the lite house (Barcelona), Lettres Capitales (Paris), Neuma, Hyperion, Opt Motive, Alternanțe (Munich) etc. She signs every month the column Chicstalgia in Forbes Life Magazine where she writes about love, loneliness, the old world aesthetic & nostalgic delights from bygone eras. Also, she publishes every week a poem on Radio Guerrilla Magazine.



**Iris Calif**, resident of the State of Israel, poet, writer and dancer; member of the Composers' Association of Hebrew authors and publishers in Israel named "ACUM". She is 48 years old; married and mother of three daughters. She has published three books: *In a fascinating (or magic) lane breathes (or blows) Lolita* 2001, *Wild moon* 2017, *The daughter of GOD* 2020. She is currently working on her fourth book of scripture. Her poems have been published on radio,

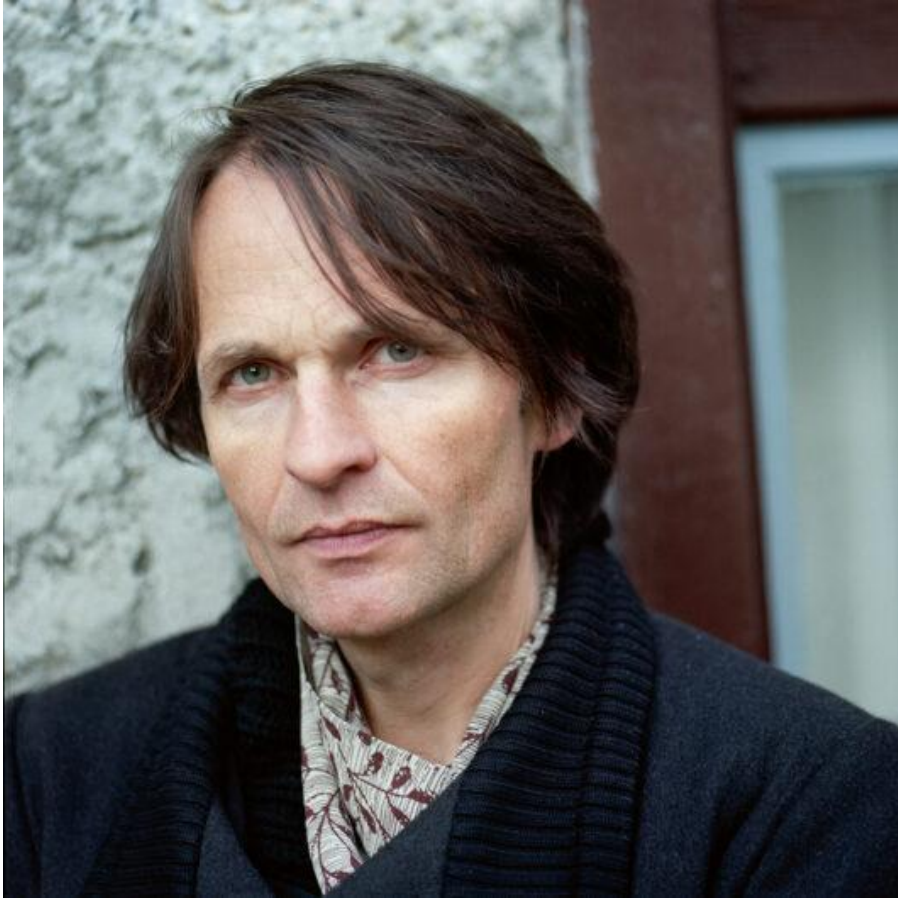
television, magazines in Israel and abroad, literary websites, the Internet and newspapers Her poetry reflects the inner journey of her soul, which looks through love, dreams life, and breathes holy worlds in the hidden spirit, and is a symbol and expression of her victory over Anorexia , and her choice of choosing life, and love with courage.



**Danijela Trajković** (1980) is a Serbian poet, short story writer, translator and reviewer. She holds an MA in English language and

literature from the University of Prishtina, Faculty of Philosophy in Kosovska Mitrovica, Serbia. She has published 22 *Wagons* (an anthology of selected and translated contemporary Anglophone poetry into Serbian) by Academy of Arts, Knjaževac, Serbia, 2018. Danijela's works have been translated into many languages: English, Czech, Hebrew, Spanish, Turkish, Russian, Uzbek, Arabic, Bengali, Hindi, Romanian, Bulgarian, Hungarian, Macedonian, Slovakian, Malayalam, Albanian and published in many literary magazines and newspapers (both printed and online) such: *Letopis Matice srpske* Serbia, *Večernje novosti* Serbia, *Poem UK*, *Detective Cultural* Romania, *Uçsuz* Cyprus, *Cordite Poetry Review* Australia, *Невская формула* Russia, *SETU USA*, *Femida* Uzbekistan, *Voices de la Luna* USA, *Modern Literature* India, *The Ofi Press* Mexico, *Kvaka* Croatia, *Srpska vila* Republic of Srpska, *The High Window* UK, etc. Danijela's works are included in anthologies: *Kalos* Canada 2020, *Gracias a la vida* Chile 2018, *Моя сербская антология* Russia 2018, *World Poetry Almanac* Mongolia 2018, *¿Qué pasa contigo* Venezuela 2018, *Whispers of Soflay: Yearly Anthology Of Poetry*, Pakistan 2018, *Balkan Poetry Today* UK 2018, *I Can't Breathe: A Poetic Anthology of Social Justice* Kenya 2021, *Atunis Galaxy Anthology* Belgium 2019, *Поетике 4* Republic of Srpska 2019.

Danijela Trajković is the editor in chief of *A Too Powerful Word*  
<https://atoo powerfulword.wixsite.com/magazine>



Born in 1961 in Bregenz, Austria, **Wolfgang Hermann** studied philosophy in Vienna, after which he traveled extensively and lived in Berlin, Paris, Aix en Provence, and Tokyo. He has published numerous books of prose and poetry, among the most recent: *Abschied ohne Ende* (novel, 2012), *Schatten auf dem Weg durch den Bernsteinwald* (poetry, 2013), *Die Kunst des unterirdischen Fliegens* (novel, 2015), and *Die letzten Gesänge* (stories, 2015), *Herr Faustini Takes a Trip* (2015), *Paris Berlin New York - The Color of the City* (2016). Wolfgang Hermann's numerous prizes include the Juergen Ponto Prize (1987), the Siemens Literature Prize (2002), the Anton Wildgans Prize (2006), and the Austrian State Advancement Award (2007). *Herr Faustini takes a Trip* is the first of his books to be published in English.





**Volkan Hacıoğlu** was born in Istanbul, Turkey on 26 September 1977. He received Bachelor of Arts (B.A.) in 2000, and Master of Arts (M.A.) degrees in 2003 both at Istanbul University, Faculty of Economics. In 2006 he matriculated in the Ph.D. program in economics at State University of New York at Albany, College of Arts and Sciences. He received Ph.D. in 2010. He lectured courses of *Æsthetics* at Nazim Hikmet Academy. Since 1997 his poems, essays on poetry and poetry translations appeared in various international and national journals and magazines. He has eight books of poetry published, and won several international poetry awards. He was the editor-in-chief of the international multilingual magazine *Rosetta World Literatura*. Books: *Duvarlarda Gözlerim Üşüyor* (2006), *Dansa Kaldırılmayan Kadın* (2010), *Ahenk Kapısı* (2013), *Budapeşte Radyosu* (2016), *Şehri Terk Eden Hayalet* (2017), *Doğu Hindistan Kumpanyası* (2017), *Zerdüşt ve Kırlangıç* (2018), *Unutulmuş Aryalar* (2019); şiir çevirileri: *Anarşinin Maskesi*, (Percy Bysshe Shelley), 2010; *Neşideler*, (Behruz Kia), 2013; *Seçilmiş Şiirler*, (Ralph Waldo

Emerson), 2016; *Şiirler*, (Ralph Hodgson), 2016; deneme-inceleme: *Köşeli Parantez* (Sanat ve Edebiyat Yazıları), 2016; *Poetik Meditasyonlar* (2018).



**Dr Ratan Bhattacharjee** Former International Visiting Faculty USA is at present Senior Associate Professor and Head Post Graduate Dept of English Dum Dum Motijheel College besides being trilingual Poet and Columnist. He is APJ Abdul Kalam Education Excellence Awardee 2021 International Educational Excellence Awardee 2020 Felicitated nationally by CM CM Naidu as international Multi lingual poet . Besides his 20 books including his recently published book ‘Six Feet Distance’ a collection of Corona days stories published in 2021 from USA and Francis Scott Fitzgerald from Patridge 2021 and

Theodore Dreiser (2019) he is a trilingual columnist cum poet with more than 1000 poems and 2400 articles to his credit in printed and online media.



**Željka Avrić** was born in 1964 in Banja Luka. Graduated from the Faculty of Philosophy in Novi Sad. She lives and works in Sremska Mitrovica. She writes poetry, literary reviews and essays and several

times awarded for her literary work. She publishes articles in magazines for literature, art and culture. Her poems were translated into Russian, English, Hungarian and Bulgarian languages. She is a member of the Association of Writers of Serbia and the Association of Writers of the Republic of Srpska. Published collections of poems:

- Portrait
- Observatory
- Marginals
- Time
- I am
- I'm Thirsty
- Sonnetne Rosary  
(together with the writer Ranko Pavlović)
- Poem is Her Second Name (selected love poems)
- Sleepless
- Dry It.



Born in Mexico, **Luis Cuauhtémoc Berriozábal** lives in California and works in Los Angeles. His poetry has appeared in *Blue Collar Review*, Kendra Steiner Editions, *Mad Swirl*, and *Unlikely Stories*.

His latest poetry book, *Make the Water Laugh*, was published by Rogue Wolf Press in 2021.



**Tony Dews** is an author from England with detours of varying lengths in Australia (Perth then Melbourne and Ballarat, a nice little town not far from Melbourne). Right now I'm living in Richmond, Indiana with my wife Lisa, her daughter and two cats and one dog who comes with me in the truck on my weekly runs (the dog, not the cats). I have been writing for nearly ten years, who knows, I might get good at it one day. I have over twenty published stories in a variety of genres and in six anthologies as well as online magazines. I'm currently working on six novels with Jesus and Mary on

Jerusalem Street published as an independent publication. Publishing History (

Novel: Jesus and Mary on Jerusalem Street, Novella: Big Meg, Essays and Short stories published in: Ho Ho Horror, Murder They Wrote, D.N.A. 4.N.6. ,First Contact (to be released)., Into the Mist, Tied in Pink, Dear Cancer, Halloween Hell, Happy Little Horrors: Alienated ,Corpus Deluxe, Dark Holidays).



**Sorin Smărăndescu** was born in 1971 in Timișoara, Romania. He writes poetry and short stories. He debuted in 1995 with a selection of poems published in Timișoara by *Suplimentul de marți* (Tuesday's Supplement), a cultural weekly magazine issued by *Realitatea bănățeană* (Banat Reality) daily newspaper. In 1998 he received the

European Institute Publishing House Award at the 6th *Junimea* National Poetry Festival (Iași, Romania), and the Minerva Magazine Award at the 3rd *Gheorghe Pituț* National Poetry Festival (Beiuș, Romania). To date, he published three books: *de vorbă cu Su(s)pusul* (talking with the Highly-placed), poetry, 2000, Eubeea Publishing House; *blurat* (blurred), poetry, 2011, Brumar Publishing House; and *reverse motion*, short stories, 2011, Eubeea Publishing House. He was included in the Romanian contemporary poetry anthology *Meridiane lirice – 113 poeți contemporani* (Lyrical Meridians – 113 Contemporary Poets), 2013, Armonii Culturale Publishing House. His writings were published in various Romanian cultural magazines: *Orient latin*, *Orizont*, *Poezia*, *Convorbiri literare*, *Luceafărul*, *Mafia Sonetelor*, *Revista de povestiri*, *OPT motive*, *P(RO)EZIA*, *Teiul*, *Minerva*, *Armonii culturale*, *Brăila Chirei*, *Noise Poetry*, *Curierul literar și artistic Râmnicu-Vâlcea*, *Foaia culturală Cisnădie*, *LiterNautica*, *Timpul Ploiești*, *Sud*. He participated in the 1st *Noapte de veghe pentru Eminescu* (Night of Wake for Eminescu) Festival at Oravița Old Theatre (2012) and in the 16th *Familia* Literary Magazine Reunion / 3rd Mornin' Poets Edition (2021).





**Wayne Russell** is or has been many things during his lifetime, he has been a creative writer, world traveler, graphic designer, former soldier, and former sailor. Wayne has been widely published in both online and hard copy creative writing magazines. From 2016-17 he founded and edited the now-defunct online creative writing magazine, *Degenerate Literature*. In late 2018, the editors at *Ariel Chart* nominated Wayne for his first **Pushcart Prize** for the poem *Stranger in a Strange Town*, in addition; Wayne was nominated for **Best of the Net** via the editor at *The Abyss*. In 2020, Wayne had his debut paperback book of poetry published

by *Guerrilla Genesis Press*; *Where Angels Fear* is available for purchase on *Amazon*.



**Erol Tufan** was born in Gostivar, Macedonia, in 1959. He is a poet, essayist and translator. He studied law in Skopje and Konija, Turkey. He works as an independent lawyer in Istanbul. So far in Skopje, he has published in Macedonian the book of essays 'The Book Lover' (2006 and again in 2011), the book of poetic essays 'Insomniacs' (2020) and the books of poetry: 'Balkan son' (2013), 'The pebble from Vardar' (2016), 'The Characters in Me' (2021). The bilingual selection of poetry in Macedonian and Turkish 'Melancholija/Melankoli' (2020) published in Skopje. His latest work is the collection of poetry 'Suitcase' (2022), The selections 'Erol in the footsteps of Erol ' (2016) and 'The Book Lover' (2017) were published in Serbia. He prepared and published the book 'Comparative Poetics' in 2019, part of the rich legacy of his father Muzafer Tufan. His poetry collection in Turkish 'Hülya bitince' (2021) was published in Istanbul. He is a member of the Society of Writers of Macedonia, The Society of Writers of Serbia and the Turkish Writers' Foundation.



The writer **Hamit Taka** was born in Saranda, Albania and lives in Tirana. He graduated from the University in Mathematics and his basic profession is a professor of mathematics, at the same time he is also an opinion journalist. He started his literary creativity in high school in literary magazines and newspapers. The writer, who comes from the natural sciences, has tried almost all literary genres, for adults and children, but is frugal in publishing books, as he aims for quality. From the publications for children, we would like to highlight: the volume of poems "Crazy happy world" and the volume of fairy tales and legends "Mother and three daughters"...While in prose, there are: the volume of stories "Betrothed", the long stories (novella) "Love on the island of Feaçë" and "Death of the student". Among the novels, "Between Two Worlds" and "Beauty Between Two Twins" stand out...



**Moe Seager** (Paris Calling) is a poet and jazz & blues vocalist who sings his poems on stages in Paris, New York and elsewhere and has recorded 2 jazz poetry cds Seager founded and hosts Angora Poets (Paris) World Caffé, 100 Thousand Poets for Change, Paris and was one of the founders of the Fédération des Poètes Paris. Seager has read his work on National Public Radio Weekend Edition, Europe 1 radio Paris and Radio Nova Paris. Seager was a founding member of WYEP fm Pittsburgh, 1973. He has 7 collections of poetry and currently publishes with Onslaught press, Oxford, UK @ Amazon.com. His works are translated in French, Italian, Russian and Arabic. Other poetry collections are issued from the French Ministry of Culture, Dream Bearers, 1990. His collection Fishermen and Pool Sharks, Busking editions, London, 1992 is archived in the Musée d'Art Moderne Paris. His collection One World, Cairo Press in Arabic translation, Samy Stylios translator. 2004. We Want

Everything in French translation, les Temps des Cirises, Paris, 1994. Perhaps, La Maison de la Poésie, Grenoble, France, 2006. Fishermen and Pool Sharks Busking editions, London, 1992. Seager won a Golden Quill Award ( USA) for investigative journalism, In Pittsburgh Weekly 1989 and received an International Human Rights award from m tthe Zepp foundation, 1990 for his war correspondence.



**Romeo Aurelian ILIE** (1989) is a Romanian poet. He has published a poetry book, „41. I, the Deaf-and-Dumb” (Tracus Arte Publishing

House, Bucharest, 2018), that was published after the winning of a debut contest. He has also published poems, literary criticism and essays in various cultural journals from Romania, the Republic of Moldova, Spain, Italy and the USA.



The painter **Harris Christodoulidis** was born in Vyrionia of Serres in Macedonia, Hellas. During his high – school studies he held his first two exhibitions in Serres. Since 1969 he lives and works in Thessaloniki. He has participated in various group exhibitions at Greece and abroad. The topics of the painter Harris Christodoulidis

include: still life, flowers, landscapes, traditional houses, old – traditional architecture, seas, coasts, olive – trees, etc. However, his sensitivity and his respect to the traditional folk buildings, iron gates, damaged and painted again and again wooden doors, alleys and generally the elements of a culture, that is getting lost little by little and becomes a memory, is extraordinary. His paintings were displayed in several exhibitions abroad: Austria, Germany, Bulgaria, South Africa, USA, Italy and, of course, in many places all over Greece. He held up to 60 group exhibitions and 50 solo exhibitions. Phone +306945707033. Email: haris.hristodulidis@yahoo.gr

Most important exhibitions:

1988: Plovdiv & Smolian, Bulgaria

1995: Village inn (hotel Porto Karras, Chalkidiki, Greece)

1997: 1st Price at 12th Panhellenic contest (Parnassus Athens)

1998: Nicosia, Cyprus

2002: Nicosia, Cyprus

2003: Paris, France

2004: Municipal art Gallery of Thessaloniki, Greece

2004: Biennale Internationale D'Art Miniature (Canada)

2005: 1st Internationale Biennale of Art Niksic (Serbia)

2006: Municipal art Gallery of Corfu Island

2007: Quebec-Canada (International Exhibition)

2008: "Philoxenia", exhibition of tourism (Thessaloniki International Fair)

2009: Municipal art Gallery of Thessaloniki, Greece

2010: Piraeus Bank

2011: Art Gallery of Society for macedonian studies

2012: Institut français de Thessalonique (Greece) 2012: International water colour (Thessaloniki, Greece)

2014: International water colour 11 (Thessaloniki, Greece)

2015: Fabriano International (Italy)

2015: Santorini Island, Greece

2015: Municipal art Gallery of Piraeus, Athens

2016: 1st International water colour (Pakistan)

2016: International water colour (Thessaloniki, Greece)

2017: 2nd International festival of art (Naousa, Greece)

2017: Archaeological Museum "DION" (Katerini, Greece)

2017: International water colour (Rome, Italy)

2017: International water colour (Thessaloniki, Greece)

2017: International water colour (Spain)

2018: Canakkale Ancient Troia (Turkey)

2018: : International water colour (Thessaloniki, Greece)

2019: International Exhibition(Instabul,Turkey)  
2019: Santorini Island(Greece)  
2019: Institut français de Thessalonique(Greece)  
2020: International watercolor exhibition (Pakistan)  
2020: International watercolor exhibition (Poland)  
2021: International watercolor exhibition (Thessaloniki-Hellas)  
2022: Watercolor exhibition (Santorini)



**Goran Ćetković** was born in 1975 in Kolašin. He graduated at the Academy of Arts in Cetinje, in the class of Professor Nikola Gvozdenović in 2000. He exhibited his works in numerous group exhibitions in the country and abroad and is member of a number of art colonies.

***Solo exhibitions:***

1999 – Spinaker Gallery – Herceg Novi  
2000 – V. A. Leković Gallery (within the Chronicles of Bar)  
2001 – Kolašin Cultural Center  
2002 – KIC Budo Tomović  
2002 – Heritage Museum in Kolašin  
2005 – Gallery Centar (within the Days of the Municipality of Podgorica – DEUS) – Podgorica



2006 – Cultural Summer in Mojkovac  
2007 – Spa Gallery Igalo  
2007 – V. A. Leković Gallery - Bar  
2008 – Days of Montenegrin Culture in Croatia: Zvonimir Gallery – Zagreb  
2008 – Days of Montenegrin Culture in Croatia: INK VINCENT Gallery – Pula  
2008 – Days of Montenegrin Culture in Croatia: HULU Gallery – Split  
2014 – V. A. Leković Gallery - Bar  
2014 – M. K. Gregović Gallery – Petrovac  
2014 – Art Pavilion – ULUCG – Podgorica  
2015 – Queen of Montenegro Hotel Gallery – Bečići  
2016 – Blues bar Podgorica  
2016 – City Gallery Kotor  
2016 – Buća Gallery – Tivat Cultural Center  
2016 – V. A. Leković Gallery (within the Day of the Municipality)  
2017 – Singidunum Gallery, Belgrade  
2017 – Cultural Center, Mojkovac  
2017 – Heritage Museum, Kolašin  
2017 – National Theater Club, Belgrade  
2018 – Palace of King Nikola, Bar (Chronicles of Bar)  
2018 – Art Pavilion – ULUCG – Podgorica  
2019 – Matica, Bar  
2019 – Kristofor Stanković Gallery, Zagreb  
2020 – Heritage Museum, Kolašin  
2020 – Cultural Center Mojkovac  
2020 – Billboard exhibitions, Podgorica, Bar  
2021 – Montenegrina Gallery, Rijeka  
2021 – One & Only hotel gallery, Portonovi, Herceg Novi

He has been a member of numerous significant art salons in the country and abroad.

***Awards:***

- Annual award of the Faculty of Fine Arts Cetinje and “Spinnaker” Gallery, at the graduate students’ exhibition,
- Painting award from the Association of Fine Artists of Montenegro, Milunović, Stijović, Lubarda for 2016,
- Tesla Foundation USA, Belgrade, 2017.

**In memoriam  
Zoran Stošić Vranjski (1936-2022)**



**Zoran Stošić Vranjski** was a famous painter who lived and worked in Sombor, died on Wednesday, December 20<sup>th</sup> at the age of 87. Stošić was born in Vranje in 1936. He completed his Painting studies in Belgrade at the Higher Pedagogical School in the class of Professor Anto Abramović. He had his first exhibition in Vranje in 1955, and he had independently over 120 exhibitions. Vranjski was a member of the Association of Fine Arts of Serbia (ULUS), the Society of Writers of Vojvodina, a regular member of Matica Srpska, and the legacies of Zoran Stošić Vranjski has existed in the National Museum of Vranje and the City Museum of Sombor. The monograph dedicated to this painter "Cosmic mirror of Zoran Stošić Vranjski" was published in 1993 by Miloš Arsić, and Miloš Jeftić has published the book "Cosmos of Zoran Stošić Vranjski". As an artist, Vranjski was a recognizable and original painter of a wide oeuvre, oil on canvas, drawing, watercolor, pastel and collage, and he was awarded many times for his work.

Zoran Stošić Vranjski gifted his hometown with 594 paintings made using different techniques, as well as portraits of famous people from Vranje, which are located in the Building of the Pčinja District Administration. He had his exhibitions in many cities throughout the former Yugoslavia, Serbia, as well as abroad, in Switzerland, France, Hungary, Zambia...

Zoran Stošić Vranjski will be buried on Friday, December 23<sup>rd</sup>, in Sombor, Serbia.

## **In memoriam**

### **Aleksandar Alimpić (1966-2022)**



**Aleksandar Alimpić** was a Serbian painter. He studied at the Serbian Academy of Painting and Conservation. He had several solo exhibitions and participated in collective exhibitions. At the beginning of his creative oeuvre, Aleksandar worked a lot on iconography and frescoes, and in his later phase he expanded his artistic visions on his canvases to the impressions of the spaces where he preferred to stay. Many poetic visions and events are summarized there. Various love encounters intertwine here, there are musicians and the general atmosphere that more or less all of us have had the opportunity to experience. Most importantly, a significant and enviable artistic expression was achieved here, a special type of handwriting that every artist should strive for.



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