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Kafla 34

Inter-Continental



India Inter-Continental Cultural
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AMEYA VIKRAMA NANDAN BHUYAN

(Nalco Township-Orissa)

Voices of Ahalaya-I

As the past
clouds the mind
and your reminiscences
rain down
on the lanes
and by-lanes of fate,
my heart
like a paper boat
suffuses and sinks
in the streaming tear.

Voices of Ahalaya-II

When lips sela the lips
my heart is awakened.
When palms cultch the palms
I spread into the horizon.

I am afraid
if you draw me closer
I'll merge in your vastness
stilled into stony silence
lingering into eternity.

ANN J. DAVIDSON (LONDON-U.K)

Some Haiku

books on the table.
my books in my doghouse, as
it were. Home. Stolen.

a man is coming
to fetch me. Harry Potter,

<Kafla Inter-Continental-34>

old, a superman

generations wait
generations exploiting
the halved of the haves

tiny water drops
a hill of huge evergreens
cut down, leaves dripping

doghouses packed in
densely, like a cattle car
no doors to block noise

enormous branches
giants a hundred years old
earth pays with its life

the elders are stuck
with small roadside garden plots
nature trails were bought

a train whistle sounds
several times daily, at length
howl in the once calm

AYAKO IWATANI (Japan)

She Becomes a Flower

Among various kinds of people
She appears

Without rest
The black wave of people continues

In just a moment

Something half circles
In the darkness behind my eyelids

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It is her scarf ..
Her Serb looking scarf...

then she becomes a flower

When I open my eyes a little
There spreads a flower field of cellophane
Onto the imaginary plain free from memories
She comes down
As if she were something loving
then she becomes a flower

From the painful source of light alone
She is heading this way
I don't expect her to leave any fragrance,
Not anymore

BHARAT BHUSHAN (Delhi)

How will I tell you ?

You are song of my heart
You are music of my life
You are light of my darkness
Your are luck of my destiny
You are path of my destination
You are ocean of my shores
You are religion of my truth
You are prayer of my wish
Your are romance of my love
You are everything for me
My world revolves around you
Because wherever I look
You are the one
I behold
How will I tell you ?
Who you are for me.....

BAJRAM HALITI (Serbia)

India - Our Heart and Soul

India, old but dear land of ours,
The land dear, the land of the wealth,
From your tree and we are the branch,
And we are the children from Hindustan.
The Roma you do not know,
but we well know you,
We think of you, to you we sing.
From Hymalayas to Hindukush
With you dwells our heart and soul.

CHRISTOPHER BARNES (Newcastle-U.K.)

Sirens

"Ballum Rancum - a hop or dance,
where all the women are prostitutes."
- Dictionary of the Underworld

Sally transports the boson's mate,
crystal-gazes between tangos:
her superabundant beergut, dog-ear brown bristles,
carriage of speckled shell-pink
will one day be a figurehead, a mojo on a prow,
a mask to split the wobbly sea
of every skipper's compass.

Betty is a budgetary tart
and every kopek is restrained,
her fan dance is a quickstep of commodity
and the whorehouse she will have in hand
will sing the chimes of moneybags pinging
tremolo on each bed.

Trixie is a gentleman,
in make-up, glitter, red spike-heels,
gropes the trade like any girl,
kneels for love – a bit of rough.

Sister Pose
all sugar and spite
like wheatscars in broth
an old grey 45
scratched, rocked 'n' rolled
and when she laughed
the starch-potato day melted
swelted like pork
spelled port
in a Chinese honey-bun shop
slanting the eye of her purse
she became a coquettish fox
meaty, meaty and singing

then she saw him
all creamed and erect
wearing the same lace-thin tie
gold glinting through lips

walking like Napoleon
she top-hatted the catwalk
of the cheap but nasty arcade
licky-sticking the mirror
of a too, too, sweet memory

DAKSHA HATHI (BANGALORE-KARNATAKA)

The bougainvillea Cottagers

That day when the gruesome gargoyles
Smoked around my silver bliss and
left me robbed and weeping
I met the Bougainvillea Cottagers

A skinny Mommy very worried
Watching to snatch harm away from her thin babies
As they washed each other up
With tender coaxing
Butter-yellow with white dots
The Bougainvillea Cottage cats
Made me forget my
Sunken garden of silver
And my battered bliss, as I heard the story:
Mommy was feeding three forsaken kittens
whose mom had died
So Heaven is rooted firmly in the
Small gardens underground
And will wait for you
Guarded by angels in Bougainvillea Cottages!

DANIEL DE CULLA (Spain)

VASUDAIV KATUMBKAM

(The Whole World is our Family)

In the History of mankind
all over the World
the odor of war and disasters
dilates the nostril
and quickens the heart.
Jack and the Monster
seeks the fast money-recognition-power
existing off
the posthumous journey
of the soul.
What do we are coming
coming to having?
We are of a Time-Holiday for Cynics:
Cannibals, romans, hippocrats, and christians

are some of the real
and potential elements
of the ancient and new
skills of skinning.
Look at the people murmuring:
"Earth laffs.Illumination;
She appears holding
a motherfucker monk
in her hand".
Bad times
thermometer rising Poetry
for Peace and Brotherhood
still wanting to find
the tunnel's End.

DANIEL PENDERGRASS (Dubai-UAE)

The Roman Theater at Iznik, Turkey

There was a local boy who died here.
They say he visited the ruins
often

With his frineds.
It was very sad; even now
One can imagine the tears and wailing.

Why did he have to climb higher
than the others ?
There must have been more to it than that
simple
question.

After the fact, who could think straight ?
And, at the time, the older boys were distracted.
No one ever spoke of a granite hand reaching out,
the spirit of a more ancient frined,
Calling him home.

Poem

O to be gone before the Spring thaw.

O to be for this alive
- Alive for Winter to fall full

across this valley,
to burn orange and red
on fire the mountains

to breathe Winter into my lungs
to breathe out Winter's frozen rings
and enter these silent places that become me.

DENIS KOULENTIANOS (Greece)

The Sea

The sea: A big old lady
Who only lives
For her lover: The wind!

The Secret

A secret I'll tell you,
My dear friend and brother'
The moon drwned the day before,
Into the lake of death.

Virtue

Virtue
Became a prostitute,
For money only ...

The Road

The road is... two passages next,
A few meters, jut a jumping,
But how long that road:

So Much

It's so much
I wanted you to-night.
As the rain, as God,
As the death and more....

DIMITRIS P. KRANIOTIS (GREECE)

Fictitious line

Smokes
of cigarettes
and mugs
full of coffee,
next
to the fictitious line
where the eddy
of words
leans against
and nods,
wounded,
to my silence.

Ideals

Snow-covered mountains,
ancient monuments,
a north wind that nods to us,
a thought that flows,
images imbued

with hymns of history,
words on signs
with ideals of geometry.

GIORGOS I. BOTIS (Greece)

Declaration

I see you and find you fair
Goddess of mind and heart.
Each moment - I hereby declare -
every thought will have you as its start.

Coming of Spring

Your coming in, dear Spring.
Winter scuttling off.
Your angelic world aloft
- Hallowed form of this my world it brings -
your smile by change,
your glance, so life - enhancing.

My Treasure

My treasure so valuable in joy and in sorrow,
my companion and my faith.
My treasure so invaluable your embrace all worlds,
Heaven and Earth linked fate.

(Translated by Phillip Ramp)

GARY LEHMANN (NEW YORK)

In the Drawer

In the drawer
behind the couch
Sigmund Freud
kept a fine fur hat
his father wore
to walk through
the Parks of Vienna.

In the park
behind the wall
Sigmund Freud's father
met a man dressed in velvet
who called him a Jew.
"You Jew!" he said

pushing his fur hat into a puddle.

In the mind
behind the sofa in the drawer
Sigmund Freud
kept his disgust for the father
who did not answer back
and wrung muddy
water
from his fine fur hat.

HRUDANANDA PANIGRAHI (Orissaa)

Kashmir

The apple coloured moon
Is drenched in blood
The green parrots chirp

Is lost in gloom
Guns and daggers dance
In lakes, rivers, petals
Love-lorn eyes choke
In tear, blood, sigh tempests.

The blood-dimmed tide
Sweeps the silent hours
Wind's lullaby fades in
Dark stormy nights of hills
Breathe raw fear, anxiety
Dreadful dance of death
Every where, dark blood, tears

Cannons of 'Terror' roar
of river's streams
Blood runs
In helpless infant's screams
Trees, woods, blossoms bathe
In gusty shower of blood
Corpses of storms scatter
In numb death's terror.

HARMINIO S. BELTRAN, JR. (Philippines)

Bad Eggs

(for George)

We called you "Bad Egg".
Officially, you were Helen
Even as you wore boxer shorts
And sleeveless undershirts
And challenged the boys
To sparring sessions in your front yard
Under the santol* tree where the chickens
Would roost for the night.
When you were 7, your father slapped

That loquacious classmate of yours
 Who revealed to you a story
 She had heard from her neighbors:
 You were picked by a childless couple
 From an orphanage where a victim of incest
 Left you in the care of nuns.
 You declared your new name, George,
 When you started strumming the guitar
 And dedicating your songs to the girls
 Excited at coloring their lips and eyebrows.
 At 15, you began drinking the nights away
 With "brothers" at the town beer pub,
 Exchanging jokes with curvaceous salesgirls.
 At 17, you became a celebrity frequenting
 The town jail after turning your mother's
 Aparador upside down, breaking her chinaware,
 Selling her altar pieces to antique dealers,
 Terrorizing her guests in prayer meetings.
 At 19, you brought home the town pub owner,
 A woman of means who scissored all your boxer shorts,
 Pants and undershirts after she discovered
 You were writing letters to the new nurse
 In the health center.
 The poor woman took a bottle of insecticide
 When the nurse took her place in your love nest.
 At 21, you left everything to travel to the North
 To find that mysterious mother of yours
 Who haunted you in your wildest nightmares.
 You found instead a grandmother awaiting her death
 And after confirming your adoptive father's secret
 Offered to send you to the most expensive school
 That would teach you etiquette, inculcate in you

 Discipline to make you a worthy member of the family.
 Again you packed
 Your boxer shorts, pants and undershirts.
 Home is never without a santol tree
 Whose branches offer hands to hold bad eggs.
 *santol a tree that bears round sour fruits

HANAN AWWAD (Palestine)

The Song of Life

My companion. I am a flower
 In the arena of blood
 I write poetry for my brothers
 In whose eyes the dawn rises
 And heaven rains
 For my brothers
 In whose hearts lie
 The trillings of joy and love.
 And of faithfulness
 For our giving land
 I walk our long road
 We die, but do not die.
 It is the impossible which is dead?

The Last words

Wrap me up oh Courtyards of Al-Aqsa
 Take me with you oh rebellious days
 with redolent martyrs
 With the wounded and freedom fighters,
 Take me with you oh rebellious days
 beautified with glory's scent
 And immortals' aroma,
 Take me with you oh rebellious days ascending high
 Like the motion of prayers in Palestine,
 Take me with you oh rebellious days
 when dew overflows
 The mornings of the children of awareness
 Men of the day preceding the great feast furnish their
 souls
 As a gift to a homeland to which its knights
 are carried in nuptial celebration and return
 Take me and wipe sorrow off my forehead

Bury my sleeplessness, vanish my worries,
 re-gather my charm
 And spread my soul in the aura of Jasmine
 I unite with you, with all moments,
 Oh unity of the soul in homelands
 drawn in the struggle of the Rebellious.
 Oh path of aloof war lovers ascending
 There is a limit for life
 Oh lovers' path to God saying farewell to
 To the world's thrones, its delicacies,
 its gardens heading towards
 A journey for struggle, hurling stones of defiance at
 Those who stood in the way of light
 Please I beg you those righteous
 Muhammads on the heights
 And in the lowly world as well,
 do not turn back the caravan if it seeks refuge with
 You from every wane.
 Take me with you oh days
 Take me with you oh glories
 When your appearances approached,
 I recognized them before they emerged,
 With them I moved before the waves of love of God
 broke out, unified in God
 Towards the sublime homeland,
 you come near the time of travel
 Crossing time, the harbingers of awakening,
 the calls for martyrdom and perils of Pride
 You approach with warmth as a promise becoming
 In the rise of the dawns of our city, you draw near
 The warmth of our revolution burst into flames
 No migration but from you to you
 No reduction but of your time in haste as the
 Pledge is near.
 No departure but for distances towards you
 No expatriation but sailing in your eyes

IFEDIORA OKICHE (Nigeria)

Earthen Pot

Intoxicate me with thy soul food
 Forlorn a wondering heart
 Of subtle substance
 Hung on a tree trunk

 My jar of wit is overflowing
 Across the seven Earth I know of
 Touching them to life
 Now the sacred pipes are let loose

 To tap like never before
 From the enormous tree trunk
 The shanty town of my utmost being
 Like beehive on their newfound prey

 Gasping for breath becomes my lot
 My destiny, our destiny

Katrina

Nature, vex again
 Mortals running around
 ...To death-door again
 Twisted fate around
 Moving: Pillar, post...
 Destroy cedar houses
 Katrina became host
 Dome became houses
 Helpless eyes watched
 Fly this millennium
 White, black died
 Beautiful twisted pendulum
 Man fortold Katrina
 Helpless souls fled-

Were went Tina?
“Many men dead”
Prepare hard always-
New-World rise again
From yesterdays slumbers
Retain glory again.

JENNY ARGANTE (New Zealand)

In The Beginning

(Jhabulpur, India, 1941)

Her birth? It was no singular event
for he got in the act, that brother:
the male distorting everything she did
with easy patterns she found hard to follow.
She used to grumble,
“I came first, and he
feet-forward, kicking me about,
the way it went forever.”

But the location surely was unique?
The Maharajah, hard-put to maintain
even his dogs and daughters, first off-loaded
the lumbering elephants who boasted rank,
then gave their building to the British Army,
who saw connections, called out men on jankers
to spit-and-polish-up and coat with wash
a stable in the east, but not sublime;
for Daddy was a corporal working up
and Mummy was the regimental belle.

John sickened and grew thin, perpetual male;
always more trouble than they're really worth.
She fell to ayah's care, and ever since
loved dark eyes glinting kindly in dark faces:

it was a passion with her. She would drown
in muddy warrens hollowing her eyes
against the sudden gasp of a noon sun
and catch beneath her lids
the levin of white teeth, the whispering hush
of summer-coloured saris, and the rush
of sandals rapid on a shadowy floor.

Family legend told that on the ship,
borne homeward to a land that never birthed her,
she'd block the gangway, yelling and irate,
and bite great mouthfuls from her milky glass.

This was the first, her Indianmmutiny.

KAMA SYWOR KAMANDA (Luxembourg)

Destiny's Song

I go where the wind of hope
and uncompleted lives might lead.
Destiny's song condemns humanity
With believers' complaints.
Dead man's work, disciples' prayers,
The river carries off my languor.
The drunken master, the crazed commander,
My absolute dream of God,
Grants you, o woman,
A reprieve from immortality.
And the sacred word prolongs your liberty
Where love's truth takes root.
The vanquished soul, laid bare, an abused shadow
Finds refuge in the alchemy of dream.
Alas! I hid my tears in stone
When opening my eyes
To tragic horror as things fall apart.
The vast floods of fate

Inundate me like dark lava
Beneath the cascade's waves.
And back and forth over my body
Pass the waters of History.

Spirit Dance

I come from a country where all is mute !
The stars refuse to shine,
Starving phantoms flee their tombs
Frightened snails
Abandon forever
Their iron shells.
Our children dance
to the rhythm of insects
Overjoyed by mosquito songs.
Out in pirogues
Our women,
decked out in remorse,
Paddle 'cross the river
Toward uncertain shores.
And our old men,
dressed as martyrs
Sit quietly 'neath scorched mango trees.
O my wounded country,
Our paddles through waves push aside
The blood that violence spills.
The spirits,
entranced when thunder rolls,
Drink from our pain!
Worn out from fighting the flames,
I strive to tame
the words of our beginnings
In my oppressed flanks.

(Translated by Lauren YODER)

LEE FUHLER (Australia)

Shadows Of Song

Clouds across the moon
and her hair upon her face.
Days filled with rain
and her blue eyes.

Whispers of grey
and the mood we're in.
The willow tree standing in the yard
and my aching limbs.
A rose upon the window pane
and the touch of her sympathy'
Our symphony of feeling
for the opera of hallways.
The sound of our future
in the shadow of our song.

No Valentine Music

Memory collects,
the tune of change
from the industry of sound,
like the shoreline collects
ripples,
nagging the edge of stone,
Late winter feels out the lay of the land.

The passage of change comes like cold dawn,
like cloud above the rift valley.
There is no valentine music.

Mamory collects
like the shoreline;
stagnant ponds
no utterance of change.

A sky like cold dawn above the rift valley.
The notes of the tune collect in decision.
There is no valentine music.

LEO REBELLO (Mumbai)

Immortal

(A philosophical poem written on 14 April, 2005)

From times immemorial, I have died and
been reborn again and again.
From a hardworking ant, to a hissing snake,
barking dog to a loving dolphin,
menacing monkey to a deadly man,
have evolved.
Having gone through 8,400,000 forms.

2005 years ago I was Jesus Christ.
Studied in a Gurukul, learnt all Siddhis
and ergo could walk on water;
heal the blind and the deformed
with Panch Tatvas in the universe.
My gross body was crucified on the cross
for revealing the ultimate truth -
I am the Son of God; I am part of the whole,
indestructible, never dying, reincarnating light
and love, which my chosen disciples saw.

While meditating in the Himalayas
my body was frozen.
When ice melted after centuries,
body decayed and soul escaped,
only to be entrapped in a mighty oak.
The mighty tree was cut in road widening
and my soul was set free,
ere I would have been entrapped for eons.

Now reborn as Leo Rebello, I tell you once again:
I am the Son of God, part of the whole,
complete and perfect. I am born to disseminate
Light and Love.

Om Tat Sat. Amen, Amin, Om.

LINDA L. BIELOWSKI (U.S.A.)

Tabula Rasa

A time of loss and items tossed
like tough hearts of palm in soul rusting salad,
pieces of self thrown off
like sweaty sheets on searing nights,
limbs of comings and goings
caught in revolving doors of torment.

Skin and scales,
fear and fins,
lipstick and lies,
secrets and sins shatter
like plates of china and glass
against hardwood floors of hurt.

Armadillo layers peeled
like thorn apples,
till all that's left is a blank slate
primed for a freshly chalked lifeline,
that leads to the other side of the cross
like a river of cleansing blood.

Washed over dried bones
rocked and raised,
rubbed together,

like brittle kindling wood
tried in a solitary crucible of grace
freeing fireflies of neophyte faith.

Visions of Paullina, Iowa

Behold the red sun
with ripe corona and radiant vestment,
A blazing ball bouncing lyrical reprise in scripted reflection:
word for word, shade for shade
Skywriting the liturgy of the hours, the hope of the heart in
vigil lights over fruitful fields
Where wheat wisps waltz to cornstalk crackles
while soybeans lay low as sleeping hens
Next to tractors, timid and tentative Deere idling
near Black Angus, tarpaper cutouts stuck to horizon fences
Family farm folk pass Communion bread
from generation to generation
Heaving beneath a yoke of burdens and a pile of debts,
the faithful plant seed money in sacrosanct soil
baptized by tears of toil
Keeping and tilling, bending and yielding to the will of something larger
Looking up to see the message, to swallow the magic and
choke back the wonder
Taking direction from the four winds

LUCIANA DE PALMA (Italy)

Poem-I

I find
Impressed in me
The tracks of your steps
And
When some nights
The moon soothes
Behind black clouds

I
Hear them resounds
And the stomach hardens
Out of the fear
To be illuded
Again

Poem-II

If you knew
If you
From your ancestral distance
From far spaces
That crowd between us
Misty lands
Had eyes to see
How I roll every day
Inside this body
Whole papyruses of stormy passions
You'd cover with religious silence
All this harsh sharpness
Allowing comes to me
The rhythm of your breath

And I'd lull sweetly
Soothed in the thought of you
Who stir singsongs on my soul

Poem-III

Each night
It happens
To fall on the bed
Withered
Cut by the day
Endless
I sink among the sheets

And shatter

And shattering
I crumble
I flake

And yet
This shattering
Makes lighten the soul
And life becomes palpable
Feverish its hidden ecstasy

And falling asleep this way
Is like a warm weave
That swashes foam
And brightness
Under the white moon

LUIS BENITEZ (Argentina)

One Heron in Buenos Aires

Some paint brush described a
thin and white letter S
on the brown water and there
suddenly was the heron,
the tourists did not see her,
but she did see everything and everyone,
quick and motionless on the miracle of the water.
A mirror in the middle of the negligent city, transparently
painted,
an open buttonhole that she fastened at a sole moment,
all garments dressed by the winter.
She kept at the fatal shore of her own Amazon,
the contemptuous foot fold over and over against her
own body,
as to say my balance is done

of a perennial profile
and of a perennial way that do not recognize them.
It was a patient harpoon only paying attention to the
calculus
between the playful shriek of the domestic ducks,
only she is precise like a tiny scythe
at the Japanese Garden that merrily exposed her
graces,
with that eastern serenity that knows nothing
of the brutal murders of a hungry heron.
All have left, but equal way I have seen nothing:
a second has been missing among the things, I be-
lieved;
an instant at the following instant
was bloodily jumped over,
but when the heron flew away
another life than hers at the pond was missing.

MARINA TRUMIC (Sarajevo-Bosnia & Harzegovina)

House

I will build a house made
of streaming smoke and the blink of a dream
and the wind that spreads smoke
the water that puts out fire
the booming rustle of the forest and spruces' secrets
and sparks that start a great fire
of jack-o'lantern blazing in the heart
the heart like a beetle turned on its back
ridiculously wriggling on
its last breath in the hands of skillful surgeon
the heart of helpless little bird that's fallen out of
bosom's nest
of the pain and of the self-grown dream

and even more and even more
I will build you a house, my darling,
for our love to be a silent refuge.

Waiting

Completely turned into
waiting
I opened the door of my home
The windows wide open
my body cramped
lips silent hoping for
words
still legs readily awaiting
walk
hands stretched down the body
wings anticipating
flying
body's tense like strung up
arch awaiting
movement
and the old soul is chuckling
inside
while on the outside it sees that impatient
waiting.

MARY BETH (USA)

For Amina Lawal & Child

Amina Lawal
with a baby to nurse,
wishig not to enthrall
a victim of a horrible curse.

I frist watched you

through the
Human Rights Watch window.
You and your daughter
perched in my inbox,
birds caged by words
willed to falter,
a cure for liberty detox.

I could not eat
the sandwich in my hand,
I was at anxiety's command.
I prayed in your behalf,
"where on earth is God's staff?"
Then I emailed your current bio
to Dr. Angela Mayou.

Her secretary wrote back,
"she is aware of this fact."
Thank God.

Amina,
I saw you
in the New York Times today,
freedom is God's pay.
Amina Lawal and daughter,
drink a peaceful journey
of shade and water,
earth's blessed attorney.

ODE TO ELEPHANTS

So frail a thread,
the time you have
as a good luck charm
the three ring circus
would be sober and wrong without
and pure and adulterous women
could not learn to walk without.

Your precious dignity
hangs by a hair
and looses the battle
with armed hands
that won't allow
your existence to speak freely
against the murderous plot
aimed at your worthiness.
They take your two white
God-given defenses
to town and jewelry makers
while leaving you behind
without a proper funeral
or fortress for your earthly body.
Dead as a carcass,
my virtuous friend
with fearful dusty eyes that see
your last vision:
the sore of destiny
soon to be feasted upon
by birds of the air
and maggots of the dead
living in accordance with nature's remedies
that don't concern
your precious ears and trunk anymore.
You're doomed and I'm sad.
Your life is slighted
and I am without skill
to protect you.
I'm sorry you amounted
to a naughty trade
filling pockets with
violent coins and bills.
Immortal justice will
come calling later
for eyes that beg to differ.

MÜESSER YENIAY (Turkey)

The Meander

line gaps empty, words picking their syllables
in louse palace set a table, doors waitress
night flows like an ink over day
day, falling like a femme over night
roses shaking of their soil, crying
moments are life auditor setting
clocks to death. my heart still beating
heartily, what is that under your coat
beside coincidence and hymns
hush! bury this world into your heart
my mind, my loss, cause an defect
never adjusted the clocks, sleep not fermented
blood distilled its red, drops disassociated
yesterday was the day before
today, after 'yes' they set
secrets betrayed themselves in a night
music listened to a cassette player peeled
onion accused its odour, sniffed
Haliç regressed back in every stroke
inside a lair, designated the fate of a well
all other locks died of an attack awhile
human was the ugliest shape
and of least regret
bruised nature ruined and shocked.
like squadrons autonomous,
words never obeyed the command 'stop!'
mines blown up in their fieriest times
to hear my voice was an excuse to silence
life was a gap ought to be filled
a notch, unexcused stalagmite
a flow, rain was my soul
which is to be drained

alluvion, oblivions added
while drawing zigzags,
they were the legs
set for escaping
out of the self.

committed suicide a river
with a swordfish in a side
bleeding eyes were compass
ionate for an arid death

regressed
regressed
and.

Wind Rite

simplified, expelled out of the meaning of word
begged to the ground, changed cash my body earth
my voice.. heard the unnecessary me
I've read.. my mind reflected on eyes
letters rarified sentences
grew metaphors on high of mountains
a verb was I without tense
rejected brat reason holed
sun coloured to my eyes
lost my paint paled, of burnt
stinking the sky, was not blue romantique
its dizziness was of nausea not of dance or grace
gone mad a horse with its serenest kicks
horseshoes were passionate for ground
wings for the sky
the wind was a birds' rite
earthquake was of a horse

surrounded, stoned
pebble was I
t h r o w n t o a r o c k.

MARYSE SCHOUELLA (São Paulo-Brazil)

A Marathon with Poets:

Poets love to be with amateurs,
Poets love to be with agents,
Poets love to be with associations,
Poets love to be with beginners,
Poets love to be with nice chaps,
Poets love to be with direct deputees,
Poets love to be with good examples,
Poets love to be with fabulous federations,
Poets love to be with gorgeous gossipers,
Poets love to be with humorists,
Poets love to be with involved illuminators,
Poets love to be with jesters,
Poets love to be known keepers,
Poets love to with good leaders,
Poets love to be listeners,
Poets love to be with moderate missions,
Poets love to with noble novices,
Poets love to be good observers,
Poets love to please,
Poets love to be quackers,
Poets love to be graded readers,
Poets love to share poetry,
Poetry love to be claimed as talented,
and be known as a Community.

SILENCE

Silence is Golden,
In the quietness of,
The soul,
The simple act of,
Breathing transmits,
Its' power of
Existence,

Silence is in the mind,
And thoughts,
Expressing rest/
Peace of the mind,
Silence is a great virtue,
Covering secrets,
Avoiding conflicts,
Preventing sin,
In most circumstances, Silence is vital,
Appreciated everywhere.

MEKHLED AL-ZAZA (London)

WE Are All

Here My memory is empty
The heart of the poor people
Is bleeding as my soul
And thereâ•!therey night is as long as darkness
My stars without motherhood and breasts
As far as the sky
But, my moon is crying
Here
And there
We are all strangers

Here, I am abroad
And there
My existence is dissolution
Thus,
Where am I?
From a world
That does not hear the proclamation
Where am I?
From a civilization
Killing man without shame
And the truth dissolves

My dreams are underfoot, here
And my wishes there
Solitary are
the tears
From their eyes
Though,
Where am I?
From the history of
Inequality, sadness
And negated of the weakling
Where am I?
From the time of servility
The goods of
Slaves and the street walking

We are here
Searching in the air
And here
Our selfsame
To set sail with the
Breezes of lovers
Here
And there
We are all strangers

Monica de Camargo (Brazil)

Family

I ran into a stranger as he passed by,
“Oh excuse me please” was my reply.
He said, “Please excuse me too;
I wasn’t watching for you.”

We were very polite, this stranger and I.
We went on our way and we said good-bye.

But at home a different story is told,
How we treat our loved ones, young and old.

Later that day, cooking the evening meal,
My son stood beside me very still.

When I turned, I nearly knocked him down.
“Move out of the way,” I said with a frown.

He walked away, his little heart broken.
I didn’t realize how harshly I’d spoken.

While I lay awake in bed,

“While dealing with a stranger, common courtesy you use,
but the family you love, you seem to abuse.

Go and look on the kitchen floor,
You’ll find some flowers there by the door.

Those are the flowers he brought for you.
He picked them himself: pink, yellow and blue.

He stood very quietly not to spoil the surprise,
you never saw the tears that filled his little eyes.”

By this time, I felt very small,
And now my tears began to fall.
I quietly went and knelt by his bed;
“Wake up, little one, wake up,” I said.

“Are these the flowers you picked for me?”
He smiled, “I found ‘em, out by the tree.

I picked ‘em because they’re pretty like you.
I knew you’d like ‘em, especially the blue.”

I said, “Son, I’m very sorry for the way I acted today;
I shouldn’t have yelled at you that way.”
He said, “Oh, Mom, that’s okay.
I love you anyway.”

I said, “Son, I love you too,
and I do like the flowers, especially the blue.”

FAMILY

Are you aware that if we died tomorrow, the company
that we are working for could easily replace us in
a matter of days.

But the family we left behind will feel the loss
for the rest of their lives.

And come to think of it, we pour ourselves more
into work than into our own family,
an unwise investment indeed,
don’t you think?
So what is behind the story?

Do you know what the word FAMILY means?

FAMILY =
(F)ATHER
(A)ND
(M)OTHER
(I)
(L)OVE
(Y)OU

Don’t ignore and God will bless you.

ONYEKA NWELUE (Nigeria)

Luscious Lost Land

Luscious lost land
Limping, longing, lepers
Wage war wildly
Bombs buckled bucket

Luscious lost land

Caging children chiefly
Maiming mobs mockingly
As assaults arise

Luscious lost land
Rising, rising, rising
Like leper's lumps
Kidding kindled kestrel

Luscious lost land
Guns groaning greatly
Waning, waning, wilfully
Like littering leathers

Untold

a jar; a mug
littering the rug
are shattered bones
pools of blood
on the floor, empty stretcher attracting flies
the hall,
bodies lie uncovered on tables:
a man
with a broad mustache and
a slashed throat
found naked under a pile of garbage
in a middle-class district;
a man
with a gunshot wound in his head
his blue
eye open and filmy;
the small,
blackened corpse of a badly burned
woman:
amid the gloomy chill of the refrigerated

room,
six other naked bodies lie
sprawled
on the floor, two women and
four men
one of the women believed to be
a prostitute
had being shot through the
nipples
by a relative in the mud.

PHILIPOSE MICHAEL (Kerala-India)

Phoenix

Deep in my frozen and
lifeless heart
A phoenix bird to hatch
Looked up into the
highest and prayed,
"Father, if it be your will
take this cup from me."
On hearing this, hungry
beasts and cruel vultures,
Tore open its heart
and sucked its warm blood
in a haste,
Wolves howled to its peak
saying
"BURY HIM"
"BURY HIM"
My melting thoughts still
kept weeping,
:I am innocent in this blood"
"I am innocent in this blood"

PALLAVI (Chandigarh)

Being Feminine

Subtle morning
subdued hues
winds blew
and away with them
I flew
-a lorn leaf
once a part of a tree
adorning it, loving it
now I lay detached
no where to belong to.
Once high in the sky
now I seek ground beneath.
A few more stumbles
and I get entangled again...
not in love or belongingness...
but in some desires
The harsh sun rays
and the strong desires
scorch me of my life.

Now again the wind blows,
along with I flow.
The cool breeze livens me...
The chirping birds remember me...

The one on whom
they perched once
But the tree still stands there -
indifferent and cold...
waving to me what he still owns.
A bird picks me up
takes me along
to be part of his nest

<Kafla Inter-Continental-34>

sits on the same tree
to build his rest..
I am a part of the tree again
but have chosen a different world.
I have put together with him
bits and pieces of our own.
Today I have made a home
and have thus known
the deep feelings sublime
what it means
to be really feminine...

In Silences

Often in the silences
a world dwells
a world of dreams
and of desires
of living thru' those desires.

And often in the silences
some thoughts dwell
thoughts of fear
and of apprehensions
the ones that threaten
to crumble my world of silences.

But more than often
in the silences
some hopes reign
of power and of strength
that I'll conquer the fears
and shall live happily
in my world of silences.
And someday
this world shall be shared

by many others too
who
like me
sit and weave
the dreams
in deep dark silences.

PANAGIOTA CHRISTOPOULOU ZALONI (Greece)

By Fire

Your courage went to
the limits of craziness.
You decided mindlessly
to ruin <<those statues>>
<<by fire>>

You committed
an unworthy act...
I didn't have time to hide the statues
Least of all the one of **Motherhood**
You destroyed it awfully
<<by fire>>

DECEMBER 2001 (a war situation)

Ours dreams
From The, strong, North Wind.
To the dark blue of the sky
Are waving in the wind.
Tearing the depths
Of the Horizon
They fray...
Rags falling to the ground.
Still, I 'd dreamt this earth was
Oh... Kind of different.

They will Descend, The Moons on the Earth

Locked the hearts
And the keys are rusted
Our leaps are locked
Our dreams inside the prisons
Our hands are reaching out
To seize the smiles of children
There they are, up right !
They are hanging from our thousands of moons
Children's smiles !
How are we going to descend on Earth ?
Filling our lonesome hearts
From children's happiness
To melt away our bitterness....

(Translated by : Maria Zaloni and John Francis Missett)

PAUL MURPHY (N. Ireland)

Sketch of a Tractor in Bavarian Landscape

I am a Munich street artist
spawned by our great father
the father of all street artists.
I paint from postcards
scenes of the Dom,
little sketches of the dancer
Lola Montez and portraits
of Cosima and Richard Wagner.

I am a Munich street artist
I look at his terrible flowers
everyday.
at Odeonsplatz I throw
my coat on the ground

at the space he fell
I can't see the spaces history
falls into, but I can see
his face, the terrible flowers
that rise up out of cracks
in the pavement, that fell
where he fell, terrible
flowers that yawn and devour
men. in the Haus der Kunst
a waving woman
on the landscape
a tractor is thrumming

I am painting the tractor
the terrible flowers
the waving woman
the dancer Lola Montez
Richard and Cosima.
Nietzsche is dying
Achilles is born.
Mars and Venus masturbate

the flower stems
the terrible tractor
the waving flowers
the thrumming woman
the thrumming waving woman
the stems of the tractor
tyre metal steel plastic leaf oil
observe the terrible
thrumming woman

so that the tractor is born.

PAVOL JANÍK (Slovakia)

Astonishment

I stretch out the water
in which you are reflected.
With a shout to stop
all possible outflows.

I address you by breath
such release of speech.
Until you are glassy with ice before me
as before a draught.

Tirelessly you quiver under the numb surface
and on the bottom for a moment gleam
so that I glimpse the day,
which will only light up in you.

Kosovo

A burning
paper Goethe
prays
in Serb
for four hundred dead children

In Schiller's stone eye
gleams a tear of mercury

There's a Gypsy weeping
for a little Romany fairy
at the bottom of the Adriatic

Blood
has an irresistible color
of the bluish dusk of the sky
from which falls
light and glitterings
like a gust of May rain
to fertilize the wounded earth.

(Translated by James Sutherland Smith)

POTIS KATRAKIS (Greece)

I Feel You in Me

I feel you
circulating
in my blood
swinging my mind
playing in my dreams,
living
in the temple of my soul
If you withdraw
your presence
I'll remain
a piece of marble
to decorate
the park of sorrow.

You are the Miracle

You sigh
and the sea calms.
You smile and the stars
come down to my yard.
You talk to me
and flowers
sprout in my soul.
You kiss me
and
the Paradise's door opens.
You are
the world's mirace
which was born for me.

(Translated by Martha Papageorgiou)

RAJKO DJURIC (Serbia)

The Knife "Made in Solingen"

When you take a knife in your hand
Think of the Roma children
Slaughtered in Jasenovac.
With a knife "made in Solingen",
A friar killed the children
Day and night.
After the morning prayer
He butchered seven hundred and eighty.
After the evening prayer
He slaughtered four hundred and sixty children
And burned them in the forest.
The knife "made in Solingen"
Was bloody, day and night.
Eight thousand Roma children
Slaughtered by the knife "made in Solingen".
The masters from Germany knew
In whose hands to put it.
The knife "made in Solingen".
Butchered when the sun awoke.
The knife "made in Solingen".
Butchered when the sun was at its zenith.
The knife "made in Solingen".
Butchered when the sun went down.
It was a bloody butchery,
Carried out by the knife "made in Solingen".
Between the stream and the neck
Was the knife "made in Solingen".
Between the throat and the skin
Was the knife "made in Solingen".
Between life and God's word
Was the knife "made in Solingen".
The color of the sun butchered

By the knife “made in Solingen”.
The color of life cut apart
By the knife “made in Solingen”.
The color of Being murdered
By the knife “made in Solingen”.

RAY SUCCRE (U.S.A.)

Chronology

He balds and he applies,
then, spooning his arms around a tall building,
and effeminate pulsing his charms for the progress,
waves like a flag in the windy morning.

The creatures what sugar his blood are loves,
and else performs his replenishing acid.

he works, and he saves,
and he wilts,
and he dries.

Every long ware of the peopled Earth
is built for he and his, the
critical trophy great silver rings,
the purling feats of our
waterly
adaptation.

Relish

Short on the timid breasts of feebs,
and short at that earlier, primitive lounge innard,
their vinegar,
then you wake and leave it mid-sting,

pillbugging into clothes and
you’re to pour yourself onto the times and
over every person of the times.

Small, you’ve earned your name, blushing a weed
by the fence. Now you’re to garden, some cuts about
trees,
slip into a hammock between the grass blades and
sway and see people, wave out and then snore,
the dreamingest olive to catch a bird’s eye.

R. S. TIWARI (Agra)

Need we another Kurukshetra

Need we another Kurukshetra today,
but not in any state or country,
rather within our own heart and mind
so as to be just, judicious and kind.

Horror and havoc they are spreading all over,
but more pricking is sufferer’s response,
as, oft, are we so selfish and suicidal
that hardly do we wink within the criminal.

Leaders and builders of the world-trade
are hard of hearing and blind to the history
of heinous hoarding of blood-shed and blast,
comprehending well, they won’t long last.

Being Dhritrashtra can’t resolve the issue,
unless or until do we join together with
the spirit and esteem against the roots,
being watered and nourished for pernicious fruits.

Let us be free from lust and lunacy

to enrich with the pearls of peace and pleasure,
so as to broaden the boundaries of humanity,
free and far from disquiet and duality.

Let us be true and tireless missionary
against all evils, disparity and dual games
to usher in an era of love and loyalty
and succeed in universal Brotherhood-treaty.

REAS ZOGARI KAPORDELI (Greece)

Your Arrival

You came ! So unexpected,
all around gleam,
my breath.

Even if downpours went by
our hopes are steel. Now,
it is calm after the storm....

Faraway

Blue dream
as I navigate in your waters
I'm enthusiastic for your caress
and I look for faraway trips.
I want to raid ethereal hopes
of past times
in an old ship to imprison them.

(Translated by Zacharoula Gaitanaki)

RAMESH KUMAR (Yamunanagar)

The Red Cactus

Am I supposed to be a mere
Withered blade of grass
Whose being, under its very eyes,
Can be trampled upon by
The hoofs of wild horses.....!

And be called a poor orphan
Despite milk-laden breasts of my own mother
Before me!!
No, no, that is sheer treason
that is sheer treachery.

Am I presumed to be an earthen pot?
Bound with a scared crimson thread
Hanging from a forlorn branch of a "peepal" tree
In some desolate cremation ground!

Oh! What a curse to the holy Palestinian blood.

No, no, I will spring up
In the very forehead of a Bunyan tree,
As Red Cactus
And vibrate as a musical note
Dancing on the rainbow wings of every butterfly.

For that I long, for that I yearn.

.....being called an orphan before
the milk-oozing breasts of my mother?
—————that's sheer treason!
—————that's sheer treachery!!

RAM MEHTA (Vallabh Vidyanagar - Gujarat)

An elegy to a family house

Why should I remain a family house
If I am dilapidated, shattered and tattered
In this summer of old age.

Why should I remain a family house
If the house garden bears a barren look
Tearing away its leaves and flowers.

Why should I remain a family house
If the birds do not build their nests
Migrating to some other places.

Why should I remain a family house
If I don't have to wait for birds' return
In the lonely colourless evenings.

Why should I remain a family house,
If the inhabitants are in the outhouses
Dangling like a jaundiced curtains.

Why should I remain a family house.
If I am not cheered by the chirping
And joyful songs of my little birds.

Break of the day

To me, yea, Iris is invisible,
the scent of yours all pervading,
Behold your face all-rich,
When I close my eyes.
Wordsworth's daffodils to me,
Membrane of the eyes,
that gives light to me,
Light that misleads the morn.

You are the genus iris,
with sword-shaped leaves,
Showy coloured flowers,
displaying rainbow colours
Your eyes green and deep,
Deeper than the depth,
Stilled waters at even,
those eyes, break of the day.
I see a heart full of love,
with the gentleness of a dove,
Feel in her eyes March,
September in her heart.

SUKUMAR BHOI (Bargarth-Orissa)

Tree

You give us food and shelter,
Peace and prosperity & water
But , we kill you, just to prove,
that we are superior & none should improve.

Autumn

The earth sleeps
in the lap of
silvery light
of autumn moon
peacefully like
an innocent child,
Don't disturb her.
let her sleep naturally
till the morning
with the bright sun
to aspire.

Guest Of Rainy Season

After a good rain,
Clours of rainbow dance in my eyes
I'm drenched in water and the scent of the earth
Dreams seek rooms in my apartment
Now I have to be ready for their treatment.

You

In the winter
I need your warmth
of love, smooth and soft care,
Whenever i need you,
i always find that You are always then & there.

SAL AMICO M. BUTTACI (U. S. A.)

To a Woman Worthy of Love

I

What is it about poets
that they save
love words
for paper,
Let sentiment glide
from line to line
in loops and flourishes,
but cannot speak
them to the lover's ear,
tongue tied, wordless,
dumb to speaking out
exactly what
love means?

II

Who ever said love was easy?
Who was that wise man
opening up that treasure chest
and sighing
at the beads of color,
the pirate silver,
the blinding slices
of little suns?

III

It s not too late.
We can still make
love grow stronger.
We can still feed it
food of the gods,
nectar from the streams
of our daily sailings.
It s not too late
to dream
the breathless kiss.

THEODORA KOUFOPOULOU HELIOPOULOU
(Greece)

Sweet Odours of Thoughts

Feeling joy and pain of life
a divine ambrosia for me.
To live on, to grow big, to ripen.
Chaos and order,
in sweet odours of thoughts
to transubstantiate.

Sweet odours are born for dream,
for life are born the thoughts.

N O T

I saw you and I admired you
I got to know you
and I felt sorry for you
in your solitude and your loneliness.
Oh ! Human soul
you are absent from your conscience
as if happiness, when you go astray
from the divine ?
No.
Don't betray yourself
don't get lost in the night.
It's beautiful to be,
to love.

(Translated by Zacharoula P. Gaitanaki)

T. ASHOK CHAKRAVARTHY

(Hyderabad-Andhra Pradesh)

Ruthless Destiny

Oh Humans !!!
What sort of life?
Is bestowed upon.
At one end or the other,
Life is compelled
To relentlessly fluctuate
With ruthless emotions,
And uncertain fractions.

Snatched untimely

<Kafla Inter-Continental-34>

Are some dear ones
Shattered abruptly
Are some near ones.
Holding an emotive ache,
Of unbearable brunt
Every heart is broken,
Every hope lay weaken,
Leaving us ultimately
Midst untimely frustration.

Torturing humanity at will
Creating conflicts at will,
Lives in thousands
Are untimely executed.
Provoking nature's fury
At regular intervals,
Devastations are enforced
Leaving millions astray.
Whom to trust?
Whom to rely upon
To unfold the mystery.

Lo, imperceptible destiny,
How to cope the torments?
How to cope the uncertainty?
Within you, is there no mercy?
Upon whom do you shower?
Your blessings of clemency?
Speak, Oh ruthless destiny.

Without Selfish Motives

Humanity is butchered on the streets,
The thought of love and brotherhood;
Seems buried and bulldozed in hearts.
The enemy should entirely be eliminated.

56

<Kafla Inter-Continental-34>

To save mankind from the fanatic grapple,
With vengeance and spirit of martyrdom;
Courageously you keep the flame of struggle,
Staking lives, to hold aloft human wisdom.

Oh! Peace building, peacekeeping warriors
Aiming to transform wars into peace zones,
You shoulder tasks midst conflicts and wars
Fighting for a cause, ignoring your dear ones.

To cultivate peace with a patriotic fervor,
To glorify peace and its resultant outcome,
Without motives selfish, you struggle forever
Imparting love's essence to unfurl a dream.

Flowers shower from the warriors' heaven,
Cool breeze flows from the valiant horizon,
A rainbow reflecting peace is set to adorn,
Wish, we humans unite without any friction.

USHA KISHORE (Isle of Man-U.K.)

Diaspora

Living in the in-between
zone of two cultures,
Flying through the
air-spaces, that illumine
the backyards of
colonialism,
my life is a hectic
time-schedule that
flits between two
opposing wavelengths -
The mornings are white,

lit up by a grey sky and
Shakespeare -
The evenings are dusky,
enchanted by oil lamps
and the fragrance of
Kanakadhara...

Somewhere in the
wheel of *Karma*,
I have floundered -
to live in exile and
longing -
I take up my pen,
and fall into the
rainbow realms
of the diaspora -
My aesthetic is
neither here,
nor there...

***Kanakadhara* - Sanskrit prayer/hymn to Lakshmi,
Goddess of Fortune.**

Emptying the mind

Emptying the mind
of dark memories -
painful...

To start again on
a clean, white sheet -
agony...

Ache, hurt, woe -
A woman's eternal
obsession...

Tears that flow -
catharsis of past,
present and future...

Looking back in
anger – an endless
ritual...
Life, without
grudges –
meaningless.....

Should you ever let go
and float like a feather
in the blue void

or drop down like light
from the grey sky and
drown the air?

VERICA •IVKOVIAE (Belgrade-Serbia)

HIAKO

The grass wears
the moon's shirt -
A sickle in a shirt.

I wave my hand
to the sky: Dandelion white
lowers a cloud.

The sky is a messenger.
I write you with a rainy feather:
Walk through the rain!

Mirror in the rain:
In a raindrop the sky
and the mirror.

I throw mountains
over the sky to you:
I hear you climbing...

Barefoot Gipsy boy-
shaking snowmelt off his bread
he whistles

Storm crosses
the traveler's shadow -
he marches on

Downpour ends--
a single raindrop
ripples the sky

WOJCIECH PLOCHARSKI (WARSAW POLAND)

Between

Luxor - the place where history flows easily,
Some thousand years has settled
along the river Nile,
Narrow bazaar streets,
wide smiles of hucksters,
High towers of mosques
and low backs of donkeys.
The palm-trees -
green columns of Egyptian sky,
Karnak's pillars -
stems from a desert,

Tomb's graffiti, stalks'
ornament on newspapers,
Sphinx paws above
Hatshepsut temple
On the other hand...

.reyarp eht rof gnillac si nizzeuM
The carter is calling for a drive -
'Five pounds. Three pounds!
One pound!!...
- shouting desperately.
The night's smiling crescently.

The desert -
the place where history flows slowly,
Source of religions. Nomadic nirvana.
The mountains give you wide perspectives,
The camel's hump - narrow cradle.
Water is very low, the windlass highly,
Neighbouring tops -
big canine teeth glitter at sunset,
The desert wind strays amid reed shanties,
Goat manure underneath. The sand...
From a building-site.

Our 'Ramses' is calling for a dinner,
The driver is calling for return,
Music on radio shouting desperately,
Constellations are flashing anciently.

Big teeth in Giza. 'Why?' -
A question of a guide.
Temples of work?

Scare-crows?
Immortal cabs?

Give us a reason,
Egyptian sky.
Between turquoise and gold,
the day
Before yesterday
And today,
Between milk-teeth
and wisdom-teeth,
Time gives a reason to construct.
Mud-huts and pyramids
decorate the landscape.
Both edifices are immortal. Time
Is on their side.

Egypt - the place where time flows variously...
'It was nice to meet you. Have a good time' -
we are saying kindly.
The door's crack. Touring-
car is leaving.
Days between gold and turquoise. .noisiv a tahW

ZANNETA KALYVA - PAPAIOANNOU (Greece)

Nostalgia

On bed of pain,
alone, a night,
I wish I had
your touch.

I feel nostalgia,
I'm scared of the lust
and with a big pain
I cry your name.

Loneliness

I was walking alone, an evening,
on Paros' island
and my mind was seeking you
for love and a touch.

Looking at the sea
I saw your face
and shook me
your sweet and warm breath.

I felt you by my side
holding me in your arms.
Maybe because I expected
... to feel tenderness.

(Translated by Zacharoula Gaitanaki)

ZAKHAROULA GAITANAKI (Greece)

Parts of Life

There are some parts
of life
that they shed tears
in my eyes.
There are stories
and memories
that you can't forget.
Mind's are thoughts
and uproar, curse
of an unvindicated death.
There are some hours
in our life,
fertile like autumns' rain.

A Wish

Inside me a grief fades away
a heartbreak flickers,
as my dream's light
shades leaves behind it.

It is dawning
in the poor heart's
aching shoulders, my worries
took foreign streets.
And in the dawn of the NEW Year
I anticipate the LOVE
to crown victors
the laughter and the teardrop.

A Crack

Shades that mark the corners
and whatever has remained
don't become you.

Look up
give wings in your look
to fly on the uppermost.
Wherever leads you the heart,
in any harbor and arms
anchor and rest.

When you will see a crack,
go there to get
near your dreams.