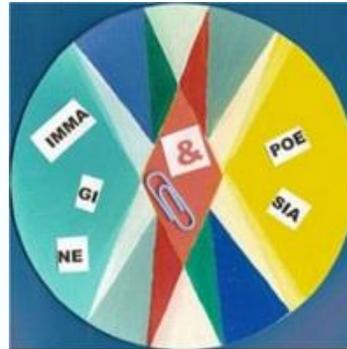


IMMAGINE & POESIA

**POÈTES ET
ARTISTES
AUTOUR
DU MONDE**



**POETS AND
ARTISTS
AROUND
THE WORLD**

Vol. 8, 2022

**Mouvement IMMAGINE & POESIA Movement
Turin, Italie - Turin, Italy**

PRESENTATION

IMMAGINE & POESIA is an international artistic literary movement, founded at Alfa Teatro in Torino, Italy, in 2007. Since its inception, IMMAGINE & POESIA has continued to grow. Hundreds of poets and artists from all over the world have participated, and the movement now reaches international audiences.

On the following pages English-speaking poets and French-speaking poets are pleased to share with you their poems and art-works in this anthology, vol. 8, 2022 of Immagine & Poesia.

Poets and artists who have contributed to this issue are members of the Immagine & Poesia movement and are from many countries around the world. Poems/Images are listed in order of arrival of contributions.

You will find at the end of this e-book a list of short biographies of each poet and fine art artist.

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PRESENTATION

IMMAGINE & POESIA est un mouvement artistique littéraire international, fondé à Alfa Teatro à Turin, Italie en 2007. Depuis sa fondation, IMMAGINE & POESIA n'a cessé de gagner en popularité. Des centaines de poètes et d'artistes de par le monde y ont participé, et le mouvement a maintenant atteint une visibilité internationale.

Sur les pages qui suivent, poètes et artistes d'expression anglaise et d'expression française ont le plaisir de partager avec vous leurs contributions à cette anthologie vol. 8, 2022 de Immagine & Poesia.

Les poètes et artistes ayant contribué à cette publication électronique sont membres du mouvement Immagine & Poesia et proviennent de plusieurs pays autour du monde. Poèmes/Images sont présentés en ordre d'arrivée des participations.

Vous trouverez à la fin de ce livre électronique une courte biographie de chaque poète et artiste.

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**A poet is born
A poet dies
And all that lies between
is us
and the world...**

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

Credit : "An Elegy on the Death of Kenneth Patchen" by Lawrence Ferlinghetti, from *OPEN EYE, OPEN HEART*,
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Light on the walls of life

Since 2016 American Poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti has led us in our projects where Poetry meets Art, for five years he has sent his contributions to our ebooks showing how Artists and Poets can be the natural bearers of LIGHT. For this reason *Imagine & Poesia Anthology 2022* is dedicated to Lawrence Ferlinghetti: it opens and closes with a poem for him, as once again each and every page in this e-book can be seen as a real moment of LIGHT towards rebirth, out of the dark tunnel where the viral pandemic has confined us for so long.

Huguette Bertrand

editors/éditrices

Lidia Chiarelli



February Mist

Poem and Image by
Lidia Chiarelli, Italy

FEBRUARY MIST

Tribute to "I genitori perduti" by Lawrence Ferlinghetti
(March 24 1919-February 22 2021)

In Washington Square
where the first light gets lost
and the seagulls are the lords of the wind
you have found your family
today.

Bewilderment and silence in your every breath.
Your mother's faded smile greets you
in the morning mist
and your father turns to you
as you are listening to
your brothers' muffled voices.

Then through a blanket of vapor
all together you slide
towards the gray horizon
towards that extreme
borderless space

vacuum swirl
further and further away

February 22, 2021



Poème et Image par
Mariana Thiériot, Canada/Brésil

PEINDRE

Peindre enfin
Les nuits bleues et vif argent
Les matins sans nom
Les matins qui ponctuent
Une insomnie de plus
Déjà le point du jour
D'une beauté insolente
Des couleurs trop belles
Qui chassent
D'un revers fushia
La profondeur de notre nuit

Peindre aussi
La lucidité
Transparente
Et sans amertume
La triste fidélité
Des amants
Longtemps
Après l'amour
Car l'éclair nous dure

Peindre encore
Mon âme tatouée
De ton âme
Comment esquisser
Cet impossible
Venu nous souder.



Poem and Image by
Andre Schreuder, Netherlands

MONSTER

It started with a spark
a small mistake in a cell
Which brought us in the dark
near the gates of hell

In time this monster grows
As from a demon's spell
The why no one knows
Nor anyone can tell

The hunger of this beast
I know so very well
On your body it shall feast
until the sound of the bell

Yet awake I hear a lark
And see you leave
All started with a spark
I stayed in disbelief.



Rise

Poem and Image by
Vatsala Radhakeesoon, Mauritius

KEEP BURNING

Mad mental blocks,
Soared shackles,
Spineless ego,
Joker's jealousy,
Betrayal's beasts,
Everything you have shot at me,
O, my friend!
They all walk in Vain-Lane.

I polish the blueness of the waves,
I dip my art in the orangeness of sunrise,
I waltz with the echoing sunset;
Peace White stabilizes nuances.
From scratch , I do not fear
to start, to restart;
The flame burns, burnt, will burn,
It will keep on burning.



Tranquillité

L'HEURE PAISIBLE

ce qu'il faut
de presque bleu
pour laisser tomber
les vaines mélancolies
comme des pierres

au fond de l'oubli

Poème et Image par
Martine Rouhart, Belgique



After the snowfall

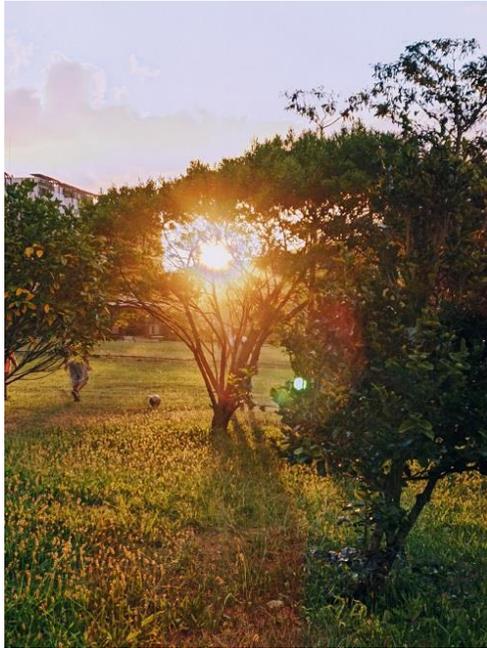
VIEW FROM THE WINDOW

What's in the distance,
You can't see it.
Closing the window,
The landscape cannot be erased.

And it will rain from above,
Or the sun's ray to shine.
Moments cannot be returned,
At least to capture eternity.

It doesn't matter what happens there,
Because of the colors outside the window.
In the flow of days you will forget,
You won't remember that either.

Poem and Image by
Alexander Kabishev, Russia



HOPE'S HAIKU

Dusks always doze off
Winters never do linger
Dawns ever spring forth

Hope's bells ring loudly
Love's meaning is life itself
Divine human grace

Artists paint yellow haikus
God shimmers His light
Earth revolves, hopeful

To rise, shall we all
Blessed by our beating hearts
Poetic prospect

Poem and Image by
Anoucheka Gangabissoon, Mauritius



The Moon Whispers

ANTIMANIFESTO (part 2)

(for Nicanor Parra, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Nat Scammacca)

Wide-eyed the shepherds filled great goblets
of nectar, foaming like the spume of ships against the tides,
currents twisting and deflecting courses
redetermined by angered gods of the sea.

Open-mouthed they skewered great shanks of lamb,
turned their skins over the licking flames,
dripping fat and exuding aromatic swirls
delighting the woodland dryads and Homeric visitors.

Yes, I descended not into the maelstrom,
not into the nether world of pale shades, Limbo,
beyond the rivers Styx and Lethe,
not down into a sunless sea,

But, accompanied by a contadino—
a man without a sky, with lentils in
his mother's pot, earth for a floor,
leading his white Arabian stallion—

We spiraled the legendary labyrinths
of this Western Trapanese acropolis
(parallel to the Eastern Etna,
burial site of Titans),

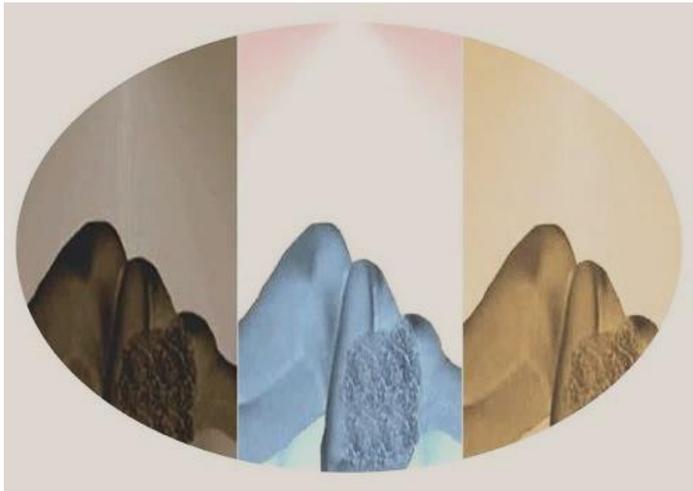
Together with the sacred horse—
a gift from the peak above the clouds,
a quadruped without a spiraled horn or wings to fly—
we came down beneath the sky of white mist and visions,

Down to the base of Olympian struggles,
down to the broken streets and red-tiled villas,
the horse staggering under its load of ambrosian fruits,
we came down, came down from Erice,

And the street vender uttered his diurnal cry:
“Lemons, tomatoes, grapes! Beautiful, tasty, full of juice!
If you want them, they are here for you;
if you don't, I don't give a shit anyway!”

Poem by Stanley H. Barkan, U.S.A.

Image by Adel Gorgy, U.S.A.



Poème et Image par
Huguette Bertrand, Canada

TRIANGLE

Elle est noire
je suis blanche
nous sommes jaunes
humaines triangulaires
reliées à nos espaces
pareillement intimes

Nous sommes différences
et pourtant si humanité
dans un espace aussi restreint
entre les mers agitées
entre le vent la pluie
les pleurs pareillement pleurs

Dedans nos veines
le sang pareillement sang
pousse des cris
arrachés aux chaînes
dedans nos cris
le sang murmure
je t'aime

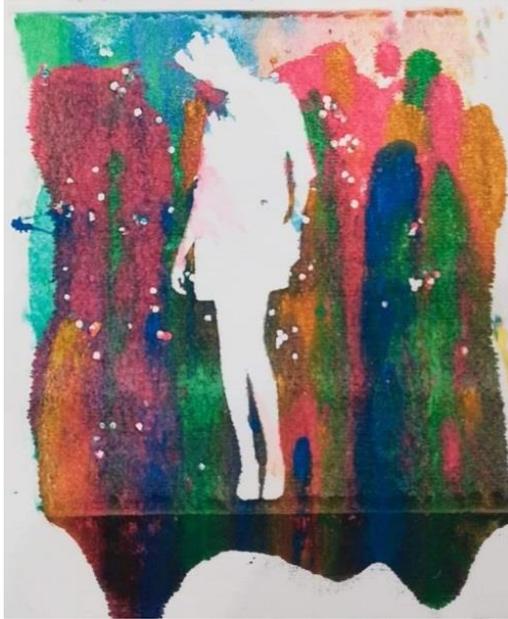


Orbital Resonance

Poem and Image by
Marsha Solomon, U.S.A.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE STARS

The language of the stars
Invites me to the night sky
And distant past
Where galaxies and nebulas millions of light years
away
Curve and move.
Spinning planets align
Veiled and tilted on their axes
Moving at different paces
In colors of their origin.
Constellations reveal patterns
Summer triangles and winter hexagons
Stars of autumn changing with the seasons.
Shooting stars abound
And magnetic bursts illuminate in the distant cosmos.
The moon shows its face to us
At times the only visitor in the night sky
Yet with many names in fullness.
Bound by gravity
I gaze upwards
Realizing that we are always moving



You're not alone

Image by
Rosaria La Rosa, Italy

TIME

I am setting up a shop.
I've found my hidden treasure
I have the wherewithal to reap success:
a license, of course,
a warehouse
a display window rented daily with a sign
"I buy and sell time".

Poem by
Marco Scalabrino, Italy
Translation by Gaetano Cipolla



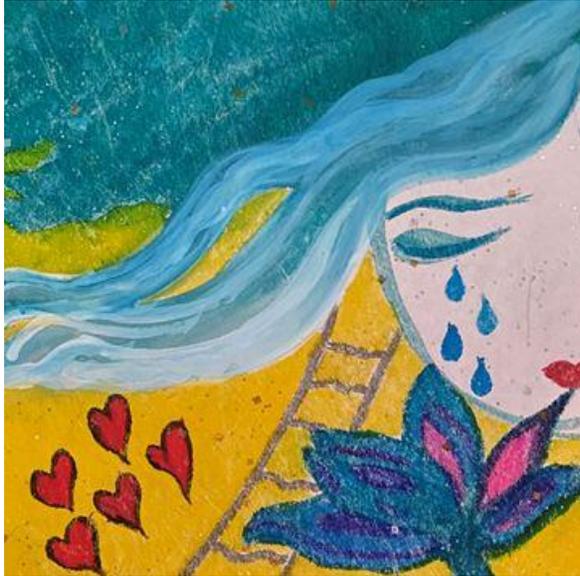
Symbol of Peace

Image by
Jain Lalit, India

A Lawrence Ferlinghetti

You won't be afraid
when you'll meet a new dove.
peace and resurrection
have always been your action.
The sun is shining in your sky
poetry was lightning your days
we met only in your lines
they tell us about your fights.
Pains and joy fed your soul.
my prayers for you
i gave to an owl.
She will keep them
in a secret screen
up to when they will fly
on the dove wings.

Poem by
Claudia Piccinno, Italy



The Quest

Poem and Image by
Gloria Keh, Singapore

THE QUEST

If I showed you 'Happy'
could you find it for me?
If I showed you 'Sorrow'
would you destroy it for me?
If I showed you 'Love'
would you honor it for me?
If I showed you 'Peace'
could you be that for me?

As each day passes
I wonder what my life would have been
if I had not known Happy, nor Sorrow, nor Love and Peace

Silently, I climb that towering ladder
leading far far away
into the depths of eternity.
Only to discover, I had finally arrived,
at last, at Me.



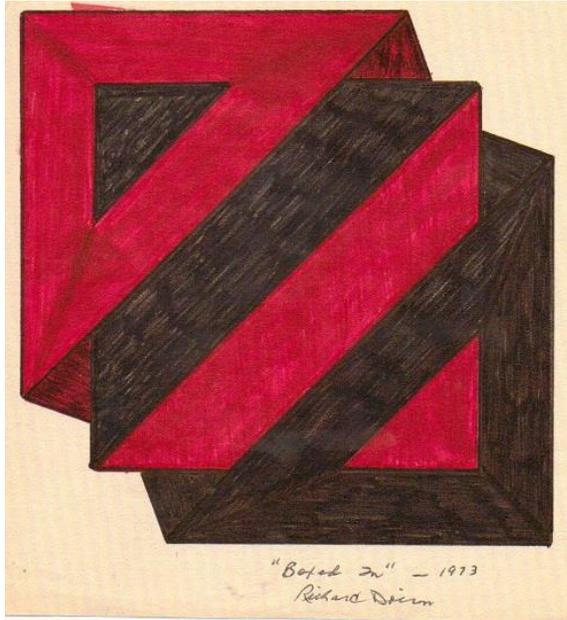
Sometimes

Image by
Ivo Miguel Barroso Pêgo, Portugal

SOMETIMES

Sometimes, my library is an unravelled ruin,
a bunch of ancient stones, spirals,
a magical place where a glimpse
of the past suggested unveiled spines
of books lost among Corinthian columns,
acanthus leaves and sunny flowers.
Sometimes, my mind flows
recalling ancient memories,
searching the grooves of time,
listening to the promises of life
among sparkles of green
and ruined walls lost in the blue sky
where my bright days spread,
disclosing fragments, heavenly scripts,
formulations of the truth,
-- theorems of light.

Poem by
Maria do Sameiro Barroso, Portugal



Poem and Image by
Richard Doiron, Canada

THE ARTS : FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH

Some sailors sail upon the seven seas;
some climbers climb the tallest mountains tall;
but some there are unlike the likes of these,
who set no sails and never climb at all.

There's more to life than hazardous affairs
the softer sort that clings to common sense,
a settled set that opts for rocking chairs,
with peace of mind their utmost recompense.

The painter paints and colours freely flow,
the poet's pen seen spilling seas of ink,
but stronger these than some would ever know
and braver still than some would ever think.



Figlio amoroso giglio

Poem and Image by
Lucilla Trapazzo, Switzerland/Italy

BEYOND THE GAZE

Shattering is the misery of an injury
bound to libations of silence.
Mournful sum of time and space,
returns the migrant mother of the son
crucified to the disdain of crows
and torn apart between night and day
without ending nor beginning. Inhabiting
streets and houses abandoned to the memories,
in the magazines appear only photograms
or distracted words of news bulletins
in the evening on TV - just hollow noises
and frills of conscience in dissonance.
Sweet denial follows compassion.

Ego absolvo te a peccatis mundi.
(Latin – Catholic formula to absolve sinners)



Coney Island Daydreams

Image by
Mary Gorgy, U.S.A.

a roller coaster
ferlinghett's whisper song
brings back memories

A tribute to Lawrence Ferlinghetti's collection of poems
A Coney Island of the Mind

Poem by
Maki Starfield, Japan



© Dariusz Pacak-Vienna

Sounds of Space

Poem and Image by
Dariusz Pacak, Austria

YOUR PARADISE

give birth to the ripe fruit
abounding of existence
from outside the calendar
of human achievements

reveal a certificate
beloved to your being
dragged from there
where The Whole lasts
free in the Time Temple
outspread defiantly
against every horizon

as eternally alive shine

and that you would be able
in the heart of the miserable
a spark from the borderless altar
to submit, Poet



My Heart

Poem and Image by
Imma Schiena, Italy

MISERABLE WORDS

You ask me to be silent
to close my eyes
and close my mind
I will, but
don't ask me not to love you
it would be like telling the sun not to shine
and the salt not to add flavor.
Because what I have
is more valuable than what I say.
My words seem poor
wretched is my every word
in an attempt to tell this love.
I will ask my soul to groan
and succumb to silence.
We'll bury the living heart together
while it still beats warm
and will accompany it in agony
until its last sigh.



The secret forest

Poem by Sandro Orlandi, Italy
Image by Maristella Angeli, Italy

PAINTING

The paintbrush dances on the canvas
it moves in the light on enchanted notes
painting love as you feel it
expressing pain that hope overcomes.
The background is black with impending death
but red flushes of passionate heart
sunburst from a mount showed up
life that screams, that wins, that laughs
green of branches expands the Nature.
A soft forest protects and embraces me

I witness in silence its creation
and while fearlessly kidnapped
among those colors I begin to wander
I see you shining as a pure light
among your intimate dreams
I let myself be carried away
It remains indelible on colored canvas
your longing for immortality
it explodes in a cry of love
expressing hope in your life to come.



A new day

Poem and Image by
Maristella Angeli, Italy

ON HERON WINGS

Wind touches my face
still enjoying
snow in summer
and the winter sun
I leave it to the wind
for the taste of eternal
essence of infinity
in return posting
ephemeral thoughts
on heron's wings
that migrates far away



Between Life and Death

Poem by James Tian, China
Image by Sonjaye Maurya, India

CRUEL INTENTIONS

Did a lot of things,
Just thought no one would know.
But the actual state of affairs will remain,
Between the beginning and close.

If something invisible,
Just be non-existent?
Oh no!
Each volcanic eruption,
May the roar from Typhon,
Such a destined vote.

Don't try to break the beauty of harmony
forever,
Also don't try to cheat immorally.
Once you take off your disguise,
Ever wonder who you'll really be?

Anything you're doing now,
With the fluke mentality.
It's the cruel Intention!
It's the deadly game!



Tranquille

Poème et Image par
Nathalie Dupont, Canada

POUR DEVENIR LA MER

Pour devenir la mer
Se faire goutte d'eau
Fermer les yeux
Et s'agrandir
Comme un écho
Trempe d'acier
Caresse l'air
Glisse sur le vent
Et se multiplie
Dans l'ailleurs



Promises

Poem by Meera Nair, India
Image by R. Gopakumar, India/Bahrain

PROMISES

He sends me a picture of the mountains
Winding roads
Misty valleys
A home perched on the edge of a cliff

I remember his eyes
When the ocean lapped his feet
As though it were the first time
He was seeing the sea

We gift each other
Distant lands
Longing dressed up in songs
Promises we cannot keep

This is what lovers are for
To take you to places you have never been



Poem by Monsif Beroual, Morocco
Image by Mehdi Ouhajji, Morocco

THE NOBLE INK

The lines that I wrote,
For you, I built the words ;
Shaped into endless poems
Designed with colorful inks
To surround you with the ink's feeling
The ink spoken through the poet's heart to the world,
Tries to discover the beauty and the hidden secrets of their lives
A word becomes alive and sometimes chained can't say a word
Shy and shamed to explain the world nowadays
Pieces of puzzles have no sense for greedy war.
A poet who loves to sacrifice for humanity letter
His ink burns his heart for humanity sake
To teach the universe
A noble letter : "There's only one love,
One letter for all humans in this world".
The love, that been lost and caged into sad song
With Broken ways to keep us away from each other
Even our lives been written in the same place
The same starts, the same ends and the same journey
To discover we are one
And for one reason we are here under the same sky
And on the same homeland
To be closed to each other.



Image by Misako Chida, Japan/China

TRAVEL

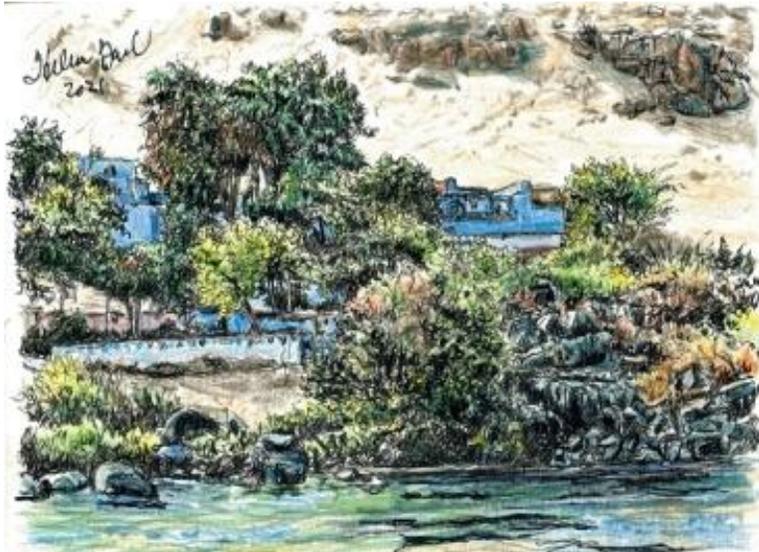
From the writing table
The eyes awoke at midnight

A scattered moon,
Coming to the window takes breath,
Pet black cat
Gets vanished in the dark.

Getting drenched into supermoon
You became moon.

I travel to the land of the moon.

Poem by Masudul Hoq, Bangladesh



Blue Houses

Poem and Image by
Helen Bar-Lev, Israël

MUREX BLUE

I've painted my house
a murex blue
the blue of mystics and princesses

a perfect blue
a positive blue
the blue of the Nubians

a counterpoint
to the pink of roses
the carmine of geraniums

the beige of doves
the orange of apricots
the brown of walnuts

a blue to calm
to soothe
to protect

from the evil eye
from the urgency of the world
to destroy itself



Fallen Tree

Image by
Helen Bar-Lev, Israël

WRATH OF WIND

Summoned from the four quarters
winds wail their warning,
a scream of mighty trees as they are felled,
towns levelled, surprised bodies strewn,
the sky has fallen to the earth black as branches
where star-dust and bones mingle
in a hurricane of un-creation.
Secrets of azure zephyrs are broken.
We have transgressed our keeping of the garden
unleashed forces that once knew harmony.
Search for the cypher to restore an Earth besieged
by water, fire, now the winnowing winds
that roar revenge,
the four forces of life once gifted to us
can be restored by a unity of love,
the deep transcendence of respect.

Poem by
Katherine L. Gordon, Canada



Poème et Image par
Viktoria Laurent-Skrabalova, France/Slovaquie

DÉBRIS SOLAIRE

Un débris solaire
A atterri dans mon creux.
La déjection de mouvance
En fusion.
L'énergie d'une braise
Pour alimenter la mienne.

J'ai cru à la volée d'oies sauvages,
La traînée de pattes
Sur la surface de l'eau.
La giclée de mûriers
Sur les bras
Quand j'ai surpris
Mes papilles en émoi,
Les narines frémissantes
Et les paupières en suspension.
La gifle d'été
A atteint mon plein.



Diamanda

Poem and Image by
Robin Ouzman Hislop, U.K/Spain

RIP NICANOR PARRA & LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

There's no logic to the universe, no representation of the world
only a gestalt to doom or not to doom, as when homo erectus
grasps in its dark for tools & groans with their angst
until now in our speculation of our possible extinction
owned by our children's children's children, so think no more
of the Cape Cod of war, here we're all exiled on the same shore,
lost lost lost, God really does play at dice & there is no God yet to come.

The game is done & yet undone, we cannot see through each other's eyes
you us they them, nature is flawed and the pest lies hidden beneath
the floorboards, until there's no more our story of the world.
To doom or not to doom, according to the latest weather forecast,
very bright for the near future, so make hay while the sun shines,
gather ye rosebuds while ye may, ring a ring of roses we all fall down
or rap on about the downfall of the Bourbons*, where here they'll put
you in prison for inciting terrorism, yeah put you in a cell sure as hell.

* Rap Artists Valtency sentenced in Spain 2017 to three and a half years
imprisonment but who escaped to Belgium, Pablo Hasel was not so
fortunate



PRIMAVERA - Spring

Poem by Donatella Nardin, Italy
Image by Cristiane Campos, Brazil

PATHWAY WORDS

Springs fly in flock,
permeated, they enter the breath

awakening words hidden
inside other words.

Pathway words on the other side
of us to lead us back to the girl

who is very old now and shows herself
at each new spring.

The girl has violet eyes
and water-bruises left by time

farewells everywhere
and yellowed vanitas and mutilated petals

in the tender name.



Buddha

Image by
Anupam Pal, India

**A BILINGUAL TANKA
FOR LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI**

you're with the wise ones
in silent conversation
the city lights dimmed
every poem will end like this
in the bosom of silence

taoi leis na saoithe
agus níl siolla eadraibh
tá na soilse lag
sé seo críoch an uile dháin
slán faoi chúram an tosta

Poem by
Gabriel Rosenstock, Ireland



Burnt Almond

Image and Poem by
Candice James, Canada

A DISTANT MOANING

A distant moaning.
a silent song, a wordless rhyme,
drums whispering a broken lullaby beat.
The dead dance to their own music.
They dance to the songs only they can hear

A string of pearls.
A chain of golden silver.
A pendant of burnt amber.
A candle of sage and sienna.

These are the things
that remind me of the dead.

These are the things I will take to the dance
when I hear the distant moaning
and move slowly across Time's river of tears
toward the dance of the dead.



Beauty in the wild

TO FERLINGHETTI

Let me speak words through the wild of this land to you.
Will you reach out from up high and take them to your heavenly woods
or will you pass them by where maybe not even a leaf will stir.
Life is kinda natural and nice and you knew that too.

I like to walk in the woods and wonder about what will be.
I asked some squirrels passing by, but my oh my, no answer.
They went on jumping around teasing me so I went on walkin'
till I met what my eyes thought the most beautiful to see.

A pond in the wild with a generous green coat
embracing the waters with infant creatures
holding its beauty as the years go by
caressing my words for you on a little pink note.

Poem and Image by
Antonia Petrone, Italy/U.S.A.

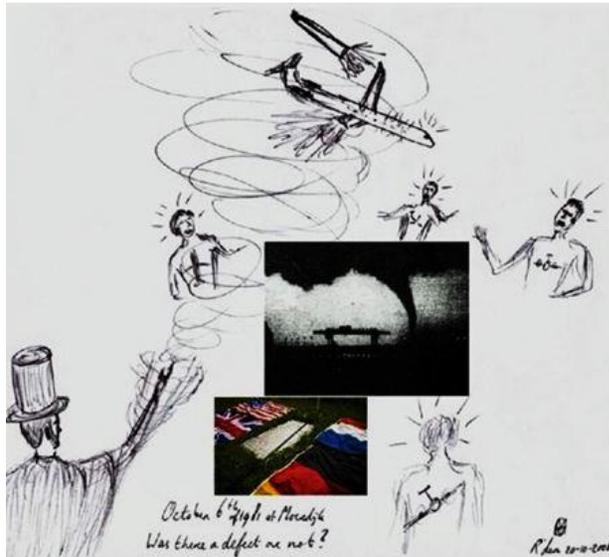


Poem and Image by
Hadaa Sendoo, Mongolia

NIGHT OF THE STEPPE

The moon
sweetly falls asleep
with mother's blessing

and the whole steppe
is mapped in the milk pail
as if a little nomad boy's dream



Poem and Image by
Maurits Christian van Holtz, Netherlands

HOUR DISASTROUS DEATH

Never we stopped being so disastrous,
Until our end managed to come itself.
How could we be endlessly preposterous,
And forsake to use our brains for ourselves.

Who needed to know how we got blown up?
They merely needed to be next themselves.
With life they only managed to get fed up.
Showing a defect seemed more useful itself.

East and West strangled each other for what?
No one knew or was able to find out.
Nuclear missiles were there to combat.
Perhaps they preferred another way out.

Educative air disasters showed us
The way out of this boundless misery.
At last we got afraid to follow thus,
And blew each other up relentlessly.



Poem by Gloria Sofia, Cape Verde
Image by Chris Borges, Cape Verde

LEAVING

My poet, who left us
Waiting for a lifetime.
Living in each verse

You death,
You never called my name
Just warm poetry
Sweat in the breath
Of your cold fingers

So,
Compass without north
Writer with no station in the soul

You left that beauty sad
In this sleeping body
Only sleep

And in the spirit
You abandon the poem
In this tired heart
A decadent poet's life



Overawed by Beauty

Image by
Gianpiero Actis, Italy

Overawed by the Winged Beauty,
The overtures of Nature,
On a butterfly's wing
All colours sing,
Stunned, I stare,
At God's art,
A Divine part,
Displayed by Nature,
We must nurture.

Poem by
Amita Sanghavi, Oman Sultanat

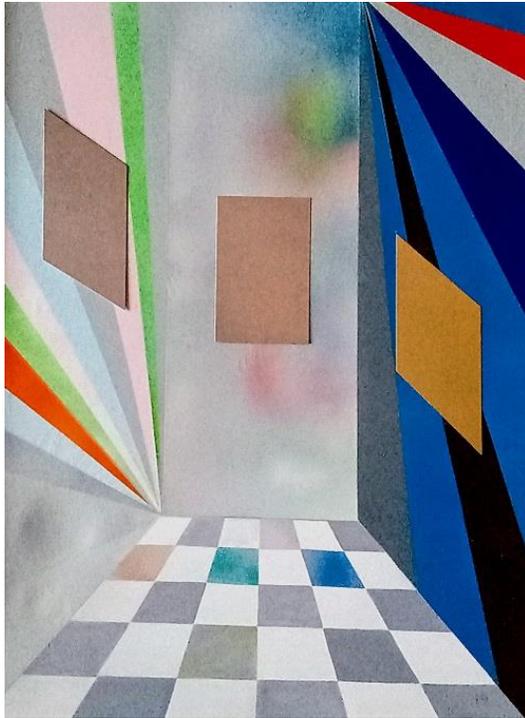


The Black Bird

THRUSH AND BLACKBIRD

If, on a raw day in January,
a thrush singing in a bare tree
has the voice of a prophet
wrung by otherworldly zeal,
then a blackbird in May tells,
by the sure rhythm of its hymn,
there is no world to come –
only this one. Calmly praise it.

Poem and Image by
Mark Roper, Ireland



From marble to sky

Poem by Cristina Codazza, Italy
Image by Gianpiero Actis, Italy

MARBLE

Yet I think
it's just like
inexorably slipping
sideways,
while the others
continue to talk,
to sip their broth
as it was normal to see me
lying on the marble.
I stare at the floor,
the size of the tiles
and I feel my wings.
Maybe that's right
that we go away,
from marble to heaven,
without being able to finish counting,
measuring,
without fading,
simply by staying still,
whisper,
looking, from above,
your bones and your heart
broken down
in the fragment of a room.



Image by Zoltan Molnos, Romania

PROCLAMATION (of) A NEW GENERATION

In memory of Lawrence Ferlinghetti

All fuses have been blown within our orbits like the hanged man's black
tongue carbonized wires hanged lead flows through our veins –
minutes amass – our allotted time is flowing
shall we be strong enough to redeem ourselves saying
stand up man and walk your veil keeps falling
I listen behind closed doors your future rumbles
you knock: open the door for yourself at once
and if already like an infant I took the first steps
shall we have strength to advance our neighbor?
Brothers, let us drink up and put aside the bottle
we are poets and our creed is condemned kind boys, until
we fix the broken oars the boat rots and against us whipped
waves fade away – and our right to utter ask and yell the last word
right before the bell rings in our hearts like silence it resonates

Poem by Attila F. Balázs, Romania



Magic deer

THE CANVAS

I heal the wounds of the canvas with a brush
With the burning paint I water its thirsty rash
My sketching thoughts
glowing one the forehead of a miracle deer,
Bone letters of generations,
stir my heritage to the new frontier,
I leave a trace above me more than once,
I get up and look around, I am the canvas.

Image and poem by
Zoltan Molnos, Romania



Image by Ilham Mahfouz, U.S.A./Syria

FEAR OF LONELINESS

I take refuge in the serene bosom of loneliness
When the presence around appear unbearable to me

The much I seek remedy from the tedious presence
They appear more lively in the bosom of loneliness

From whom I wish to stay away often
Loneliness brings it closer in living form

The things that I wish to forget
Loneliness makes me remember again

The things that I wish to feign not to see
Loneliness makes them appear more visible
Perhaps why
So many do feel afraid of loneliness

Poem by Guna Moran, India

Translated from Assamese by Bibekananda Choudhury



Winter in Totnes

Poem and Image by
Fiona Green, U.K.

HIS SIDE OF THE TRUTH

Llewelyn saw your side of the truth, and rejected it
In the blinding country of his middle age;
He saw what was undone
Under the unminding skies,
King of his heart in the blind days.

King of his sixty one years, by the grinding Dawlish sea
He blew away like breath ;
Went crying through you and me
And the souls of all men :
A hard death.

And all your deeds and words, Dylan
Were cast, before he moved
Each truth, each lie
Was judged ... and died ...
In his unjudging love.

(In response to Dylan Thomas poem 'This Side of the Truth' to his son Llewelyn)



Spring at the University Museum

Poem and Image by
Sungrye Han, S-Korea
Translation by Jaehyung Park

THE PLANET CONCEIVING A FEW LIES

Is the devil a man who deceive someone
With a little bit of truth that a great untruth combined?
A word that is born a moment ago is lighter than a dandelion
A word that is buried waits her own resurrection on the wind path
A word that is missing threw herself a long ago

The spring has come like investigating something,
but it is not the real one.
A noon that sun is blazing like midsummer
Full bloom of roses take season's false pulse
As they conceive a smell of death
In the heart of the planet,
Swirling frenzied blood that is gang-raped, comes across straits
The womb of the planet
We don't need any sonogram
A chunk labeled as an embryo
And a boundary of water
From fish, amphibian, reptile to mammal
That evolutionary seal
That false package of gene
Today, a gunfire bursts somewhere on the planet again
I can hear the heartbeat of the planet
An Embryo born today remembers the sound



THE CITY

The city is a memory space
Who keeps the days that are no longer
It has an old center
Smell of nostalgia
The city is a profane space
already forgot the affection
The city is a sacred space
It has churches and cathedrals
angels in squares
The city is a battleground...

Poem and Image by
Márcia Batista Ramos, Brazil

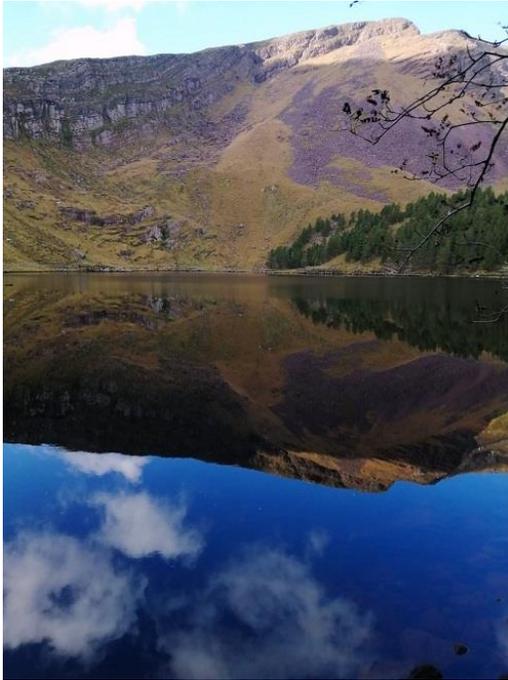


Séraphin

Poème et Image par
Sylvia Adjabroux, France

PRIÈRE

Chaque être humain
a une prière
qui s'élance dans l'air,
rejoint l'éther,
pourfend l'enfer,
et nage dans une poudre
d'étoiles dans l'univers,
qu'il soit bleu, violet ou vert
rubis, de bois ou en pierre,
chaque être humain
a dans le cœur
l'heure précise de son bonheur
qui couvrira ses jours
d'un manteau d'amour.



Glentanassig

LOOKING AT LOUGH CAUM

Grown tired of having to spade away at home
overshadowed by the pandemic,
after fuchsia bells had chimed a summer song
we took the road for Glanteenassig
seeking freedom beyond up there above it all;
standing, suspended, by Lough Caum –
lying asleep in the sun on the mountain's lap:
Slieve Mish seen in water of vinyl sheen;
the heavens upended, the clouds above below;
yet untouched by any warring winter blizzard.

Poem and Image by
Matt Mooney, Ireland



Spring of a happy man

Poem by Tetyana Vasylivna Hrytsan-Chonka, Ukraine
Image by Yuri Nagulko, Ukraine

LIFE

As a saint who cares for tears,
To the slope, to heaven, to mom...
To the yellow clay with the sky, Man,
What else do you need?
You are fruitful, you are for relatives
You crawl through the vine, you carry the memory,
You know before, you know about yesterday,
And you do not accept today...
The road is too flat in front of you.
What then, what else is needed ?
Man does not know the joy,
To the white world
The man brought charms,
Man came out of hell into heaven,
The man wrote extremely
Important lines...
The man put on a shirt,
Man bleached hryvnias...
Now it's time for showers
They will write about his life.



Poem and Image by
Beatriz Clotilde Rial Guyot, Argentina

ODE TO A SILK FLOSS TREE

The sky, illuminated by an intense moon,
my lonely tree, shall give me its gifts:
shameless blossoms of insolent white
that joyfully swing, untouched by the wind.

What a strange spell traps me from above,
why do I always return, tearing off fears,
incredulous guardian of the laws that govern
the birth of the earth and the rhythm of its flowers ?

Old trunk without measure nor shape,
people pass by, their absent sight,
today you adorned your worned arms,
with crisp white cotton flowers.

Santiago, with his pristine innocence,
runs by your side, astonished sight,
and happily embraced your wood,
in living foam he transforms.

... The last wounded blossoms
are released from your vigorous hand;
and with them goes away, the white dress,
that the spring offered to your crown.



WinterSolstice

Poem and Image by
Rebecca Lowe, Wales, U.K.

WINTER SOLSTICE

Someone pressed pause on the sun,
As if to reset a world worn weary of waiting

Our eyes thirst for colour
to temper this monochrome,
Its dulling ache of cold

The trees are grown old,
A lone gull pecks for scraps
At last night's peelings

Night inks into a wider
and deeper darkness,
And in this space,
we embrace the despond

The roots that twist beneath our feet,
Where quiet thoughts can germinate,
Reborn.



La colombe apaisante

Image by
Salvatore Gucciardo, Belgium

I WANT A WORLD LIKE THIS

I want a world like this,
where people will choose the path of peace
processions will spread the warmth of the embrace, not blood
Hindu-Muslim, Buddhist-Christian, Theist-Atheist
Men and Women, everyone will hold everyone's hand
singing the song of unity.
No breakaway
No hate, no animosity
Love, Respect
Empathy
This world is the motherland of all of us
You and I are all human beings.

Poem by
Tareq Samin , Bengladesh



A Moment in Light

Image by Doranne Alden, Malta

NATURE

to Poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti

Majestic pictures of natural beauty,
The clock freezes in delight of the universe,
How beautiful nature is always!
We're admiring. The soul rests with her.

We are enchanted by the distant azure sunset,
Clouds that are flying somewhere in the sky,
And the whimsicality of the forms, and the boundless
expanse,
And the night sigh of the winds, like a quiet chord.

Nature is resting in the silence of the night,
I would like to be alone with nature,
But I dare not disturb, keeping silence,
Here nature lovingly embraces me.

Poem by Natalie Bisso, Russia/Germany



Image par
Robert Notenboom, France

Ta main s'égare dans mes cheveux
Mon amour
Tissons des couronnes de rubis et de roses

Tu seras mon roi
Et je serai ta reine

Poème par
Annie Deveaux Berthelot, France



Poem and Image by
Ulises Paniagua, Mexico
Poem translated by Jorge Zárate

EVERYTHING I LOVE

Everything I love, time destroys it
the tiny winks
the ancient names
the sealed lips
the childhood throngs
the kisses, the whispers
when I say I hate you, and the desire
the persistence of the desire

Everything I love, time destroys it
Not a frijo is left
a particle of a particle of an atom

Such is the sadness misery
Oh, God
So much misery

However, I do not hate time
It is only natural
days fade away
One lives, breathes and forgets

Later, you die
No har
Everything I love, time destroys it



Acqua

Image by
Stefania Sabatino, Italy

WONDER

Time comes for leaves to return to the sun,
to revive dress to branches and nests,
to move the mire of memories.

Then friendly voices this tell to us:
remains of ancient wonders,
discoveries belonging to the beginnings,
in corners of the woods already await us,
even after changes by human shames.

Now we are to catch them eager,
of untouched nature lost daughters,
among carsic secrets and dripping,
wonders our heart's chords touching.

Poem by
Raffaele Ragone, Italy



Inside Heaven

Poem by Francisco Azuela, Mexico
Translated by Margarita Feliciano
Image by Loi Duc, Vietnam

AZTECAL VIII

In this poem of the dead
your father died,
and so did your grand-father and your issue;
the afternoon was over at a glance.

In this poem of the Dead
the love of your ancestors was extinguished,
your birds are gone
and the star on your brow grew silent,
like a handful of sickly roses.

In this poem of the Dead
your life has died on you,
and for the second time,
your homeland passed away
at the time you stayed behind
to witness a colourless rainbow.

In this poem of the Dead
your blood split up into two rivers of blue,
into a shadowy skeleton
in your eyes made of snow,
searching against all odds,
to find the freedom of your people.



Poem and Image by
Nino Provenzano, U.S.A/Sicily

PUREE OF POETRY

Sweet or bitter thoughts,
experiences of yesterday or today,
special moments of a lived life,
all blended together release the juice
that when dried up under the sun
become the essence of what it all was.

Feelings, cannot be canned
and sold in supermarkets.
Books in library shelves though
sell distilled emotions,
tears, laughter, made into poetry
that can be spread on the morning toast.

Like food served in an organic platter,
poetry displays words, inflections,
innuendos, accents... No sugar,
GMOs or additives. All natural
as they come from the source
with no expiration date.



Poem and Image by
Jackeline Barriga Nava, Bolivia

LIKE THE SEA

Dedicated to Lawrence Ferlinghetti

The unusual pen of your poetics
Shining talented scholar:
intelligent, discursive and mystical
a powerful synonym trio.

Your lyric, magic voice litmus
with prodigious thundering messages
fluctuates in plethoric agreement
of the mature sparkling essence.

You rumble through the night and into the day
in the dark and in the light
like the sea playing its melody.

The balance of your dignity
seals with imperious symphonies
pages full of humanity



Lan Su

Poem by Neal Whitman, U.S.A.
Image by Elaine Whitman, U.S.A.

COME IN, MY FRIEND !

A picture within a picture –
The Lan Su Chinese Garden*
is your window into Chinese culture,
history, and a way of thinking.
Imagine it is 16th century China
as you look into the courtyard
of a wealthy family.

A view within a view –
On each side of the front door
spring greens hold the perfume
waiting for your visit.
Imagine the warm reception
as you listen to the fragrance
and the words of welcome to enter.

*In its name, Lan Su Chinese Garden in Portland combines the sound of **Portland** and its sister city in China, **Suzhou**.



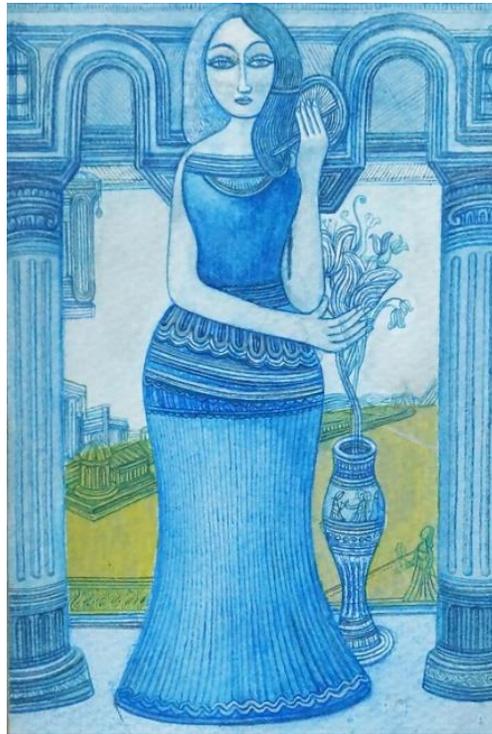
Rainbow

Image par
Alix Arduinna, France

Ô VERT PAYS DES SOUVENIRS

Ô vert pays des souvenirs,
Partout des séquences de vie, comme dans un film.
Tragicomédie, poème ... Non, attends,
Je vois bien le jardin fleuri de mon amour
Et la forêt dense et sombre de mes chagrins.
Comme un poulain, je galope dans le pré,
Je vois mon enfance comme si j'étais au paradis.
Tel une biche, je lèche mes blessures
Au bord du précipice du désir.
Qu'en est-il du loup de mes doutes ? Un pur échec...
Dans l'épaisse forêt je n'entends que des hurlements.
Seul le souvenir de ma mère
M'apporte joie et paix à mon âme.
Soudain le soleil se lève à l'horizon
Et illumine la mémoire de mes années passées.
Ô vert pays des souvenirs,
Tu laisseras une cicatrice dans mon âme.

Poem by
Abdukakhor Kosim, Tajikistan
French translation of Athanase Vantchev



Athena's mercy

Image by
Jongo Park, S-Korea

CIRCUMSPECT PENELOPE

Her eyes are distant and appear to chase
a shadow through a decade of dark sea.
The war has ended; will her true love be
among the heroes missing without trace?

Her frame is statuesque; with slender hands
she holds a comb and strokes a plant in bloom,
but all the while her thoughts are on the loom
where weaving shrinks as fast as it expands.

Her suitors do their best to wreck her life
though she endeavours to postpone the day
when, with the shroud complete, the rogues will say
that one of them can claim her as his wife.

Her labour at the loom is almost done,
yet threads of destiny must still be spun.

Poem by
Caroline Gill, U.K.



Sunset in Pila

SUNSET IN PILA, AOSTA VALLEY

In the light of the last sun
you move
on the oblique line of the meadow.

The crickets
dance around you
at every step.

Poem and Image by
Vittorio Venuti, Italy



Poem and Image by
Vesna V. Maksimović, Serbia

I HEARD YOU DIED

Dedicated to Lawrence Ferlinghetti

In a full house, far away, alone,
without writing, reading, thinking,
with a black hole in your eyes,
I heard you died.

In an area that has no linden trees
no smell, laughter, song,
with a spoon in hand while sipping soup
without a pen and a paintbrush, I heard.

In a world full of empty souls,
where you took the suitcase of ideas and notebooks,
with a dull look, in the place you were looking for
in the queue, I heard you waited patiently.

I didn't say I was sorry,
and maybe, I should have ...
Yes, I say.
I hear.



Zen Spring

Poem and Image by
Carolyn Mary Kleefeld, U.S.A.

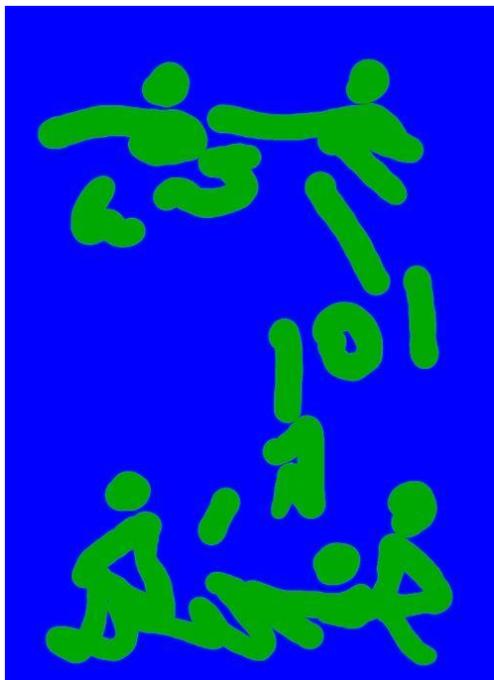
A CYPRESS TREE

A cypress tree in the garden fell,
yet bounced right back
after the winter storms.
I wonder if it knows
from where its green leaves sprout.

It seems far better to not know,
to even be indifferent
to the next breeze or storm—
just living in the moment.

Only the wonder and innocence
of the present
offers the breath of the mystery.

All else cowers
in the cramped space
of a busy mind.



L'AMOUR AU TEMPS DU CORONA

Silhouette de ma félicité au masque noir
Mais aux yeux rieurs vraiment multicolores
De nymphe enjouée, tu m'as fasciné par l'épopée
Du regard sublimesse que tu as, complice à l'infini,
Posé sur moi, en me souriant, au contraire de moi
Resté surpris par l'impossibilité de notre rencontre
Soudain devenue possible, comme si je représentais
Ton bonheur absolu ; je t'ai adorée le temps d'un clin d'œil
De l'ange à l'amour ; sur quoi je t'ai quittée
Comme je t'avais arrêtée, impoliment
Sans salutations, comme au début
Comme si notre trop brève entrevue avait été un miracle.

Poème et Image par
Abdelmajid Benjelloun, Maroc



Sundown

Poem by Alicja Maria Kuberska, Poland
Image by Hazel Cashmore, Scotland

THE BALTIC SEA

I walk along the shores of the Baltic Sea
The sea breeze envelops me with nostalgia,
reverie rises in the air.

Screaming gulls like white sails
flutter on the endless ocean of the sky

I follow the calls of the birds
and I'm heading towards the distant horizon.

I leave footprints in the sand for a moment.
The waves sweep them away
with their arched arms .

Salty droplets fall on my face,
to flow meanders down my cheeks.

Water permeates my body and mind
and I want to know
the secrets of being and nothingness.

Nobody knows I've been here
and I'm becoming silence.
I disappear between the sea and the clouds.



Hugs

Image by
Damien Senyuy, Cameroon

POETRY, THE ETERNAL GRAFFITI

Tribute to Lawrence Ferlinghetti's words:
*"Poetry is eternal graffiti written in the heart of
everyon"*

Poetry
conveys sublime ideas,
which need to be recorded on the paper
and, with an interplay of words and rhythm,
Poetry gives voice to voiceless,
it gives sympathy to the dead.
Poetry reaches all living people,
to correct their mistakes and
to lead them to the right paths.
Poetry can ignite creativity in everyone's mind.

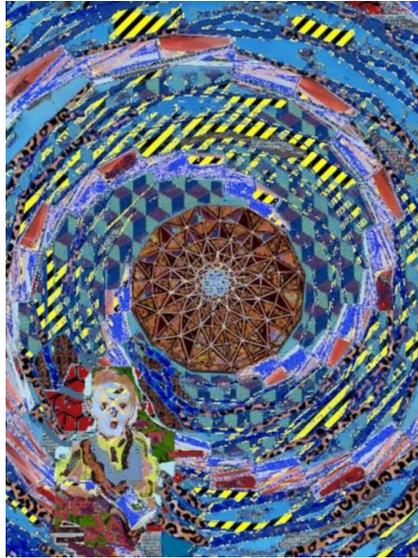
Poem by
Binod Dawadi, Nepal



WHEN THE RIVER DREAMS...

When the river dreams drought dreams,
the earth trembles without tears, without sweat
and her heart groans like a drum
HOT HEAT WARM HOT HEAT WARM
Sounds that sound like deadly stingers
over cracked shores and feverish grass.
While the wind sears waves
of dust and crackling leaves.
The black trees, burned and breathless
they fix their gaze on the arid and silent sky.
It smells like a grave, it tastes like death.

Poem and Image by
Alejandra Miranda, Argentina



A learning child

STUDENT

He again forgot to shake his bag. In it all necessary books for the whole week he's carrying. He doesn't prepare his bag every day. That is so that he will not forget something to carry.

That's how his father taught him.
It does not matter his spine will deform
from all those books, notebooks, school tools.

Every day in the cold he wakes up at 7.
Under that burden hunched over as if he's not 7,
but much more. He goes to school every day,
but since his bag was not shaken and was stinking
the teacher did not like him. In him she saw
that tedious figure with tedious future
as it was the students' environment as a whole.
This student was not one of her favored
rarities- those with all A's, so him too
only hardest questions she was asking. Then
with her heels on the desk tiredly
was yawning, and in her expensive skirt
due to the too cheap food, due
to her too low salary, was farting. Earning
many F's, reprimands- were our student's
humiliations, underestimations. But nevertheless
under his school desk he always had his stuck chewing
gum, and a swastika engraved on top of the plywood.
He shears regularly. Nobody cares about him.

Poem and Image by
Igor Pop Trajkov, North Macedonia



Stillness

STILLNESS

In stillness, answers are given before questions are asked
Hurts are honored and healed and not masked

In stillness, nothing is denied, everything is seen.
It does not matter where you have been.

In stillness, fears are wavelets embraced by the ocean.
For its silent force is always in motion

In stillness, our nothingness is our state of fullness
We are all connected experiencing our oneness.

In stillness, we dance with the music, move with its beat
We flow with the rhythm of the world but never of it

Poem and Image by
Hanna Supetran, Philippines



Sleepless

Poem and Image by
Aleksandra Vujisić, Montenegro

I NEVER KNEW

"A terrible beauty is born ..."
William Butler Yeats

I was not sure if your past
was mine to be rewritten,
Where you ever true, when last
of the victories was beaten.

I never wanted this beast,
this love of yours that teared me apart,
I never understood, at least,
why you needed to poison my heart.

I never knew what to say
if only, like a coat, my words would be worn,
I am not sure how to curse or pray
when this terrible beauty is born.



Ekstatični ples

Image by
Ljiljana Stjelja, Serbia

ECSTATIC DANCE

The clock is ticking.
We are running out of time.
Hours, minutes and seconds
are melting from the fire of life.
Clock hands are hanging
exhausted from the battles.
We must forge a new sword,
made of pure light,
so that we can use it as a lantern,
or torch to show us the way,
while we dance like shamans,
or ecstatic performers
on the dark stage of the new realm.

Poem by
Ana Stjelja, Serbia



Dunav

Poem and Image by
Snežana Šolkotovic, Serbia

I LOVE SPRING

I love the spring magic,
When the trees are leafy
and the flowers are budding.
The wind hugging the branches,
and bees collecting the nectar...
I love the smell of green grass,
A dandelion that just bloomed,
The trail of an easy step,
The sky as bluest as possible...
I love the romantic sun
behind the clouds,
A kiss that makes your heart beat fast,
The birds chirping about love...
A hug means a lot to me at those times,
Happiness overwhelming the body,
Love begins in the spring,
Waking from a dream is
The spring's work of art...



Birds of a feather

Poem by Eden Soriano Trinidad, Philippines
Image by Bernard Rangel, Brazil/UK

“RES, NON-VERBA”

Quack, quack, quack!
Such a duckling that loves to quack

Till their breath and saliva

Will choke them in desperation.
One word is enough for wise reaction
More words create disillusion.

Look at the mirror before you make any conclusion.
You might find a speck as big as your miscalculation.

Oh! Have mercy!

Where is your respect in the profession?
You look down and trample on each carnation,

Not knowing they are more precious than your action.
Check your brain system malfunction
The two-faced you have, bleeds discoloration.

Touch me not,

For, I am an apple in God’s creation.
Touch me not, or face retribution.



European Avenue in Frankfurt

Poem and Image by
Xanthi Honrou-Hill, Greece

EUROPEAN AVENUE...

Avenue of Europe
Avenue of Wealth
Avenue of Speed

European Avenue
Avenue of Inscriptions
"Out with the rich"
Yuppies RAUS!

European Avenue
Street of Loneliness
Number of fortune

Parallel to poverty
Perpendicular to the railway
Take-off and landing runway
of foreign
hopes and dreams...



The Golden Flower

Image by
Kriangkrai Kongkhanun, Thailand

DARKNESS

With this darkness and that darkness,
together we have been wading through
a huge darkness, crossing it
for many frightened centuries.

Falling into
the clutches of a snake,
we are like frogs, heads
are inside the mouth of the tremendous
darkness; throwing arms and legs
around, wiggling our body,
no matter how much we want to
run away, we, in fact, will be digested
soon, emerging into
the gigantic, black hole-like vacuum
of darkness!

Poem by
Hassanal Abdullah, Bangladesh/U.S.A.



Constellations

CONSTELLATIONS

Sur les rives oubliées
Le réel cherche
La mesure

L'esprit
Terre fertile
De multiples résonances
S'éternise et s'évanouit

Miroir inversé
D'une âme vaste
L'insondable
Redonne vie

Pour que seul
L'infini
Implore
Les constellations

Poème et Image par
Michel Desroches, Canada



Healing

Image by
Juliet Preston, U.S.A.

BETWEEN ME AND YOUR SOUL

Between me and your soul
a hinterland of sky, a stream of light
where time fades away and gets confused
among everyday things
the stem of a rose, a sharp pencil, composed powder
Love moves and scatters thin happinesses
among silent attentions
it re-emerges in us the sound of a comet memory
the tone of our voices pronounces incandescent sequences
echo inside the echo background of infinity
in its most tender expression.

Poem by
Michela Zanarella, Italy
Translated by Valeria D'Amico



This connection

Poem and Image by
Joe Kidd, U.S.A.

THIS CONNECTION

in a fleeting image across the sky
the eternal silence of a gliding wing
there, a familiar, honest and true
enough to guide a body through
the love required to live this life
hands stacked, a web, a vine
a finger moves across a palm
the fortune teller illuminates
the bridge we travel across this night
no boundaries here to navigate
no time, to age a perfect face
look out to see the flowing water
reflecting that which has gone before
an ever changing bed of roses
to keep us warm and hold us close
words create a recreation
sweet music from moist embouchure
and in our hearts the truth gestating
in perfect season, a paradise born



Sunflowers

SUNFLOWERS

In the aching arms of sorrow
memories drift softly in
searching for a place to fall
like the sunflower seeds
I scattered upon your grave
now blooming flowers of pain
their gentle faces flecked
with the gold of the sun
from whom they cannot look away
A speck of dust floats idly free
then hangs suspended in the light
For minutes in my imagination
the sunflowers are serenading me
and their voices linger in my heart
as I am fading slowly into night
like the scent, of once bright flowers

Poem and Image by
Ann Bagnall, Australia



Jour d'hiver

Banc à l'abandon

Soleil absent

Et montagne qui me sourit

- D'entre les herbes

Les souvenirs se tricotent -

Poème et Image par
Sandrine Davin, France



WHAT IS WATER ?

(for pure water, a vanishing element)

What is water

but a god

but a woman

who flows and surrenders

bends and endures like a river

gives life and renewal.

Poem and Image by
Louisa Calio, U.S.A./Jamaica



LA POÉSIE

L'empathie instille le devenir langagier, la capacité,
Avec beauté, de dire les mots qui guérissent
Pour engendrer, épanouir, la bonté de l'être.
Or de l'aurore, accession à la vérité,
Éminence du don, parole révélatrice de l'Amour,
Syntagmes minutieux du baiser de miel, s'amalgament,
Irisant la rose du ditié aux floraisons renouvelées;
Existe alors la grâce du Souffle de Poésie.

Poème et Image par
Lucie Poirier, Canada



Poem and Image by
Ron Myers, U.S.A.

I AM READING GREEK POETRY

In airy amphitheaters
Where actors and the audience
become one—
the moon rises,
The chorus awakes,
the monad forsakes his solitary ways
Pouring through codex and scrolls
of tragic plays
panegyrics and dithyrambs
the setting of the thespian sun
to find the right words
to better say what can't be said
in fading odes and elegies
from the Golden Age
before they turn
to dust

(The poem title is drawn from a line from Lawrence
Ferlinghetti's Allen Ginsberg Dying: "I am reading Greek
poetry.").



Trégana et le raisin d'Hayat

Poème et Image par
Hayat Ait-Boujounoui, France/Maroc

A TRÉGANA

Le ciel est-il bleu, rose ou blanc de nuages ?

Octobre court dans les sillons du jour qui avance,
A la clarté des reflets de l'instant.

Les lignes, plus discrètes que les vagues,
Changent les vastitudes de rêves simples.

Palabres et syllabes accrochés
Jouent à la sauvegarde des fées de l'heure.

« Ne voyez-vous pas que je garde la mer ? »

Le silence est presque fou de pureté...

Je sais l'ombre d'un socle inattendu,
Le regard tourné dans le vent des pierres.

C'est partout là où je vis.



Poem and Image by
Anna Montanaro, Italy

VIRGIL'S LESSON

My heart is in the woods, among the trees,
the mighty oaks and chestnuts and the reddish maples,
walks on the meadows and the fields, the rows of vines
through shady, mossy paths and sunny glades;
it slows and listens, beholding this wild enchanted world.
Deep in my soul some words resound, coming from afar,
full of mysterious charm and remote echoes:
"hic tamen hanc poteras requiescere noctem".
Here you can rest, here you can have all that you need,
a bed to sleep, a hut, a friend, ripe fruit and milk,
Here you can find warmth, peace and quietness.
Here, where life follows Nature's laws,
where all the pains of death and life are lighter,
hope for a better world can find its way.
Conquest, power, weapons left aside,
colours, perfumes, images sing a magic song
in harmony, the sweetest harmony of a dream
that leads us into the soothing Nature's bosom
whose power and whose wisdom never betray or fail.

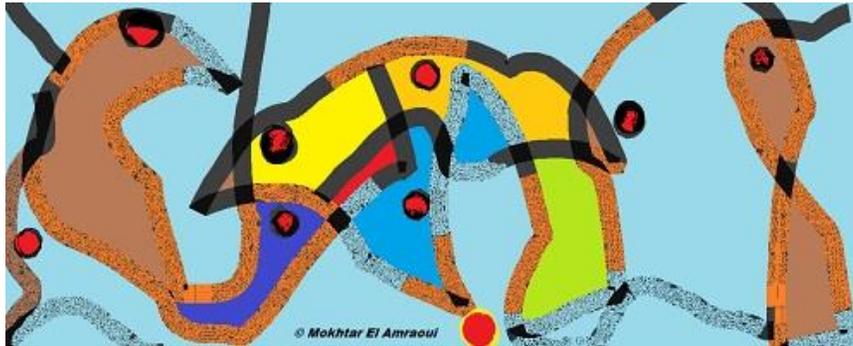


Poem and Image by
Yeşim Ağaoğlu, Turkey

LAFAYETTE

in the beginning the birds started flying around the pool
sowing the silence with wing sounds
nature-morte still the green wood chairs
the boy statue peed water into the pool
these were the most glorious days of Lafayette
the days of rainbow-colored french insolence

today everything is on sale lock stock and barrell
everything that is there
the arms and heads of mannikins go for ten dollars
the legs are more expensive somehow
a few arms are left at the 50 percent reduction bin
dreamy perfumes, colorful jewellery
waiting to be bought
even the letters written by Lafayette are for sale
even though I could not find my own letters
and really, why do they cost more
than mannikins legs?



Part de Bleu

Poème et Image par
Mokhtar El Amraoui, Tunisie

PART DE BLEU

Laisser leur part de bleu aux ombres
quand le temps aura creusé ses cicatrices
sur les ailes des plaintes
quand les couleurs noyées de sang
auront chanté les dunes des attentes
et les voyages suspendus des nuages
dans les soifs des espérances

Rêves arrêtés dans les reflux de la mort
gouffres aux spectres trompeurs
Il n'en restera que l'encens d'un appel
et les larmes des seuils en tardives prières



Red Rose

RÓISÍN

I will cover myself
with rose petals like velvet
I will sew them evenly
into a new dress
the fabric will highlight
the redness of my lips
still waiting

Róisín – (pronounced 'roh-sheen') an Irish female name meaning 'little rose'

Poem and Image by
Agnieszka Filipek, Irish/Poland



All'ombra di un sogno

Image by Corrado Alderucci, Italy
Poem by Anna Keiko, China

THE WINDOW

It's about the curved line
How a lover pushes against the door
happens only unconsciously
in search of the five fingers
like a child on a day

A static beauty breaks
what I want to achieve
He came and sat down alone
Never showed up
We talk to each other a little

Occasionally longer ...
At that time, the house is saturated
with the beauty of flowing water

I came back to the thought during dinner
planning the trip for tomorrow.
called the travel companion about changing the itinerary
It is not surprising; you jump out of your dream
And from everyday life



Coexistence Blooming

Poème par Gérard Hicès, France
Image by Fotini Hamidielli, Grèce

LA FILLE AUX YEUX CLAIRS

En son vert jardin fleuri chante les oiseaux
Sous la tonnelle s'émeussent les feuilles
Dans ce chant flamboyant, l'étoile est calypso
Les guirlandes dansent au saut d'un écureuil.

Nympe de la beauté, précieuse belle-de-jour
Une lueur mélodieuse brille dans ses clairs yeux.
Ses regards sereins s'ornent de contours velours
Vous invitant dans des tourbillons merveilleux.

Au clair de lune elle danse avec les étoiles.
Ses ailes légères et gracieuses embrassent l'air
En harmonie, prêtent à déployer la grand-voile.
Des rubans d'or dansent en sa coiffe princière.

Son chemin de vie est jonché de roses royales
Roses blanches, roses pastel, bleues ou clair-ciel.
D'une plénitude et sincérité loyale.
Femme belle, elle est devenue son arc-en-ciel !

Dans son éden où toute fleur n'est que poésie.
C'est une chrysalide aux mille candeurs
Qui vous émeut en son sourire fantaisie
Sur un nuage où, son étoile est toute splendeur.



Le Loup blanc

Image by
Alix Arduinna, France

WOLF

poetry is just like my little dog
when she is happy she rears up on her hind legs
and she is howling with a hoarse voice to make me remember
that she used to be a wolf
I used to be a cave man

poetry has a growling stomach
but she never shows that she is famished
the most important thing for her is
to jump on the empty chair
and to be a part of the family around the dining table

Poem by
Borche Panov, North Macedonia
Translated Andonovska-Trajkovska



Image by
Magdalena Filovska, North Macedonia

TRANSLATION OF THE TIME

behind a crystal look
exposed in the stone shop
eventually my stone I found
and when all the moments settled
like polygons
in the crystal lattice of life
I broke the stone into pieces on purpose
so it could keep our time
in the glasshouse in which anyone can see
the Earth that is hanging upside down
and everyone thinks
that the blood has rushed in the head
nevertheless they cannot see
the rain with the scent of the paradise
that cries on the inner side of the wall

Poem by
Daniela Andonovska-Trajkovska, North Macedonia



Abstractoid

Poem by Sheikha A., Pakistan/U.A.E.

Image by Suvojit Banerjee, India

TWINFLAMES (EARTH)

for his Node in Taurus to her Venus in Capricorn

It begins in their throat, slow palpating
voice telling them they've been here before;
their eyes meet – *nodal homes of regress* –
somewhere as past mates, in a life
untraceable, his sap swells in and below
her vertebrae. He builds like a pulse in
her veins – *extreme and magnificent heat* –
flashes of memories; visions of proximity,
chromosomes aligning in their blood
in the shape of a stairway. They are carriers
of each other – *atomic and viral* – bonding
like eternity's skipped passages in time.
Their eyes have dug holes in each other –
centuries of claim – exotic in tapestry,
ephemeral like trees standing in their roots.



Poem and Image by
Suchismita Ghoshal, India

MAGNIFICENCE OF SPRING

Magnificence of Spring,
Young blood flowing through the body.
Encouraged to invest in new endeavours
Sky calling for all the colours to be reflected
On the soothing river floating like ambrosia.
Bewitched eyes, pleased with the charms bloomed;
Energies coruscating for the wellness
Of health and hygiene to its core.
Vibrance to be owned by mind's fluency.
The paradise like nature enchants more
In neutralizing the doubts underlined.
The refreshing air camouflaged all the anxieties
My soul carries for a lengthy frame of time.
Spring loves to be more affectionate
In ways we haven't even imagined or traded.
Intellectuality lies in Spring
Has been luring generations since the ages
We can ever count on our fingers!



AGUILA

Circling high up above the valley searching with my all seeing eyes
I am master of this dominion, I am commander of these skies.
I alight atop the tallest tree that stands proudest in the woodland
This is my castle tower from where my whole dominion can be scanned.

Down there I just spotted movement, I know exactly what I saw
I launch myself and turn towards it, this is how I conduct my ancient war.
The rabbit does not see or hear me as I swoop in silent flight
From above and from behind him, then his day becomes his darkest night.

I carry him back to my castle, high up in the dark green pine
Where I will dissect and eat him, all of what was him is now mine.
Nature in her ancient wisdom created me to live this way
Preying on her other creatures is how I live from day to day.

So what is it about this eagle, that makes those humans come to stare
Is it perhaps they see something in me that they wish they did not share?

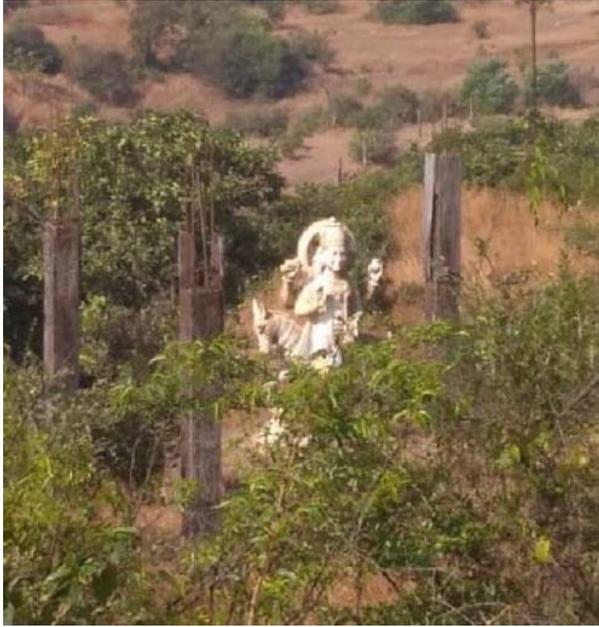
Poem and Image by
Thomas Higgins, U.K.



Poem and Image by
Angela Filovska Peshterac, North Macedonia

THE ATRABILIOUS

Shrieks were heard from far distances
whilst she swayed her, now weakened hips,
trying to lift the last few cinder blocks
of revenge, over whom she held sway
crushing the demonic flow of his perception of weight.
Darkness fell
whilst she outlined the rough angle of his careless soul,
as it enters the mold of "safety",
frantic calls for help
made their way to her symbolic misunderstood purity,
whom she pawned for a piece of gold,
which filled the last crack of his morphed existence.
Just because conflicts had finally entered the province
over which she held sway,
he met himself,
through the eyes of the atrabilious!



Poem by Meher Pestonji, India
Image by Farah Choudhury, India

ABANDONED DEITY

Seated serene on her steed
at the mountain's base
the deity smiles
undeterred

that the roof over her head has blown off,
that pillars supporting it are mere stumps,
cracked cement exposed to naked sky.

Paint washed clean
by repeated rain
her white sparkle
flings light back
at blazing sun
She smiles
at cow and cat
dog and buffalo
cycle and limousine
through rain and shine
throughout day and night.
Abandoned, she remains a deity.

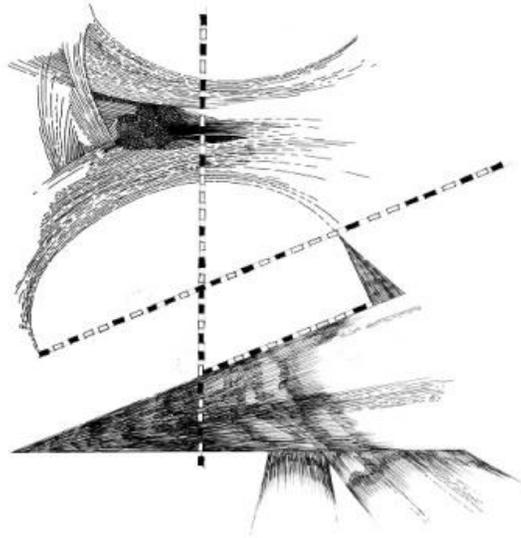


Peach Flowers in spring

Poème par Nova Kerkeb, Algérie
Image par Lidia Chiarelli, Italie

LA LIBERTÉ SOUFLÉE PAR LE PRINTEMPS

Dans l'apparition du printemps
Mère nature telle une pythie m'est apparue
(Elle) souffle dans les fleurs ses mots délicatement chuchotés
secrètement bien gardés
Les fleurs éclosent tout autour, tout comme les roses parfumées
les plus exquises et les cerisiers aussi
Dans les allées du magnifique Jardin de notre Amour
Ici d'entre les cyprès et fleurs de rhododendrons
J'ai scellé mon cœur au tien et le tien au mien pour toujours
jusqu'à la vie éternelle
En cet instant même d'éternité
J'ai fait le vœu que l'Amour soit souverain
Que la Liberté déploie ses ailes enfin
Ici entre les papillons dansants et les oiseaux qui chantent
Un persistant gai rossignol et sa perdrix gazouillent pour toi et moi
In Allegria/ En allégresse
Je sens la légère brise caressante qui nous entoure
Comme la promesse d'un beau lendemain ... un demain ensoleillé ...
Ici et maintenant un arc-en-ciel flamboyant
Apparaît n'augurant que l'arrivée proche de la lumière de la liberté,
de l'amour et de la paix



Balance

Image by
Fábián István, Hungary

NOT TO GO MAD
(Hogy ne őrülj meg)

In order not to go mad, you have to go mad each day. Like the huge passenger aircrafts before take-off, even on the runway as they brake they move the crucial panels up and down on the wings, test the displays, you also have to learn to maintain your soul, keep your sensitivity up to date, not to avoid anything, let the vulgarity flow through you as the red mud flows through peaceful villages. While flowing, you can be cleansed. Again and again.

Poem by
Sándor Halmosi, Hungary
Translated from Hungarian by Márta Gyermán-Tóth



Sunset

Image by
Ljubica Meshkova Solak, North Macedonia

SUNSET IN MY HEART

I see:
the sun baths in the sunset.
The sunset cries with grace.
I collect tears
to wash the shadows
out of my lumped face.
Lightnings cut off the piles
in the panting chests.
Wild wind steals rays
and smokes on earth conquests.
Thunder arose from the mountain
and hid the confused sun
behind its back. Smart!
Now the sunset
bleeds in my heart.

Poem by
Vesna Mundishevsk-Veljanovska, North Macedonia
Translated by Jasmina Vasilevska

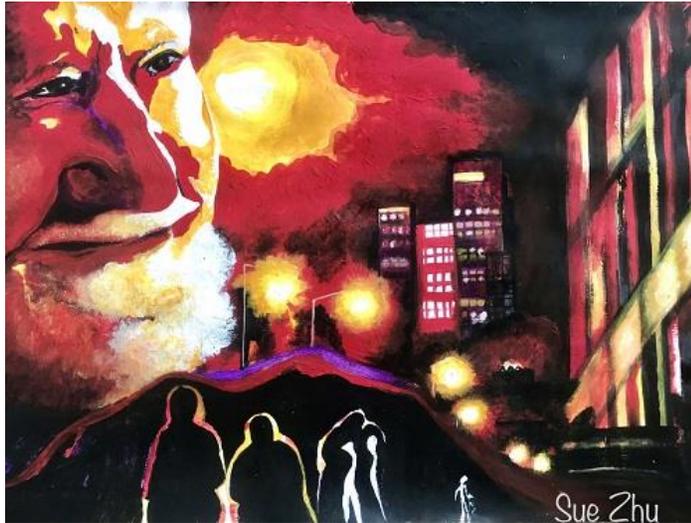


Seas water Poetry

Poem and Image by
Roula Pollard, Greece

MY POEM, A KISS ON THE HORIZON

A poem,
my poem, is a
kiss on the horizon
a voice from red lips in
love, expectancy as time
energy, as in lovers' dreams.
A time comes, blessed time
when a healer utters a prayer
hope grows on my knees, prayers as
red geraniums hanging from a balcony
express so gratefully the feelings of their
heart, when the sea enjoys her blueness
when seagulls find their food in the sea
when the waves roll in their own happiness
here, there comes a time for humankind
to recover its mind, as it has always tried to do
and then waits, waits as sea waves move forcefully
a seagull says " Mankind needs urgently a cure,
to waken from its fever, fears, from bloody wars."
a seagull says, as I blow a poem like a kiss to the horizon.



City Lights

Poem and Image by
Sue Zhu, New Zealand

TO A SERENE DAWN

Word in stone, faith and worship
Go along the winding path
to where the liberty is

Open the door, "have a seat, read a book"
Thunderclaps under abyss, Volcanic eruptions

Amid fire, wind and rain
Fingers righting books not bombs
clearly loud -
"I read, therefore I am"

On the 23rd of March, roaring was caught
City Lights, keep walking alone
shining on the shadows,
Everything is possible
to be seen by all



Poem and Image by
Germain Droogenbroodt, Belgium

WHAT WILL REMAIN

"Times of Useful Consciousness"
Lawrence Ferlinghetti

Everything that ever lived
erases sooner or later
the brush of time

What remains from before
is what man on earth
of beauty created:
buildings, paintings, sculptures,
words and music

But what will remain
of our modern times:
tasteless constructions,
pollution of water and air,
traces of greed.



City Lights

Poem and Image by
Christopher Scott Buck, U.S.A.

A PERSON WHO PLANTED TREES

"to Lawrence Ferlinghetti"

Your son's earliest memory
Is planting trees with you
In San Francisco, Big Sur & Bolinas

Last summer we pruned one of them
In Bixby Canyon
During a break from this real work
A tiny and rare Smith's blue butterfly
Stopped for a sip of water at our feet
You rested there a while

We didn't hear the song
Of your Swainson's thrush
But we saw a kingfisher fly the creek

At the store with Lorenzo and the truck
No need to buy a post card

You were a painter, a poet, a publisher
And a person who planted trees

BIOGRAPHIES



Lidia Chiarelli (Torino, Italy). Artist and writer, co-founder with *Aeronwy Thomas*, of the art-literary Movement **Imagine & Poesia** (2007). Award-winning poet. Six nominations to Pushcart Prize, USA. Literary Arts Medal (NY) 2020. Her poems are translated multilingually.

<https://lidiachiarelli.jimdofree.com/>

<https://lidiachiarelliart.jimdofree.com/>

<https://imaginepoesia.jimdofree.com/>



Mariana Thiériot-Loisel est née en 1965 au Brésil issue de cultures brésilienne et française, Docteure en Éducation, culture et société. Elle vit à Montréal et se partage entre la poésie, la peinture et la philosophie. Elle est auteure de nombreux ouvrages de philosophie et de poésie et un roman poétique *Fausta*.

<https://marianathieriot.com/>



Andre Schreuder, born in Delft The Netherlands, 1960, painter and poet. Published : *Fair and Square; The Borderline of Art; Paintings and Poetry*, and a book in dutch rhyme, about stories from the east. His paintings are inspired by all the great painters around the 1900's.

<http://www.schreuder-art.nl/>



Vatsala Radhakeesoon has been writing poetry for 30 years and is the author of numerous poetry books. She is also an abstract artist and likes to experiment various possibilities that bless Art. Vatsala is a literary translator and currently lives at Rose-Hill, Mauritius.

<https://booksbyvatsalaradhakeesoon.wordpress.com>



Martine Rouhart, née en Belgique, juriste de formation. Romancière et poète. Vice-Présidente de l'Association des Ecrivains belges. Aquarelles et pastels. Compte Facebook entièrement dédié aux activités littéraires et artistiques.

<https://www.facebook.com/martine.rouhart>



Alexander Kabishev Konstantinovich (K. A. K.) is a Russian poet and writer, a volunteer journalist of the POET magazine, editor-in-chief of the student magazine HUMANITY. Member of the Russian Union of Writers in the city of St. Petersburg).

<https://www.facebook.com/alexander.kabishev.7>



Anoucheka Gangabissoon is a primary school educator in Mauritius. She writes poetry and short stories as hobby. Her poems have been distinguished at both national and international level.

<https://www.facebook.com/anoucheka.gangabissoon>



Stanley H. Barkan, editor/publisher of Cross-Cultural Communications, in 2021 celebrated its 50th Anniversary. His own work has been published in 29 poetry editions, many bilingual, including two in Italian and one in Sicilian. In 2017, he was awarded the Homer European Medal of Poetry & Art.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stanley_H._Barkan



Adel Gorgy is a contemporary fine art photographer who lives and works in New York. His artwork has been widely published and exhibited in museums and galleries both in the United States and internationally.

<http://www.adelgorgy.com>



Huguette Bertrand est une poète et éditrice Canadienne. Elle a publié 39 ouvrages de poésie dont certains ouvrages en collaboration avec des artistes. Ses poèmes ont paru dans de nombreuses revues et anthologies internationales imprimées et en ligne. De ses poèmes ont été traduits en plusieurs langues. Elle est membre de l'Union des Écrivains-nes Québécois (UNEQ) depuis 1988, et depuis 2014 la co-éditrice de l'anthologie internationale *Imagine & Poesia*.

<http://www.espacepoetique.com>

<https://www.facebook.com/huguette.bertrand.9>



Marsha Solomon has been living and working as a painter and a poet in New York. Her work has been presented in museums and galleries in the US and Europe, and has been the subject of eight solo exhibitions.

www.marshasolomon.com



Marco Scalabrino, 1952, Italia. In poesia ha pubblicato: *PALORI* (1997), *TEMPU palori aschi e maravigghi* (2002), *CANZUNA di vita di morti d'amuri* (2006), *LA CASA VIOLA* (2010), *The POETRY of M.S.* (2018). Ha scritto e pubblicato saggistica, traduzioni e testi teatrali.

<https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100008242157675>



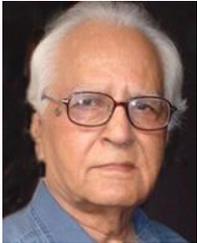
Rosaria La Rosa is a painter, sculptress, art critic and set designer. Manager of the Art Gallery “L'Urlo di Rosaria” and president of the Homonymous Artistic and Cultural Association.

<https://www.facebook.com/urlo di rosaria>



Claudia Piccinno is a teacher and a poet. She has a degree in foreign languages and literature. Present in over one hundred anthological collections, she participated in literary competitions, obtaining numerous awards. She is a continental art director for World Festival Poetry in Europe.

<http://www.claudiapiccinno.weebly.com>



Jain Lalit is an artist born in India and alumnus of Sir J.J. School of Art, Mumbai. Currently staying in New Delhi, he paints mostly human forms and mysteries of life sometimes abstract, inspired from day to day life of what he sees, seeking feminine forms in his paintings.

<http://www.lalitjain.com>



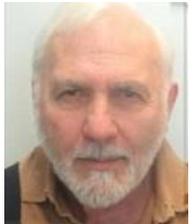
Maria do Sameiro Barroso is a Portuguese multilingual poet, translator, essayist, medical doctor and medical historian. Her poetry is translated into over twenty languages. She published about half a hundred poetry books.

<https://www.facebook.com/msameirobarroso>



Ivo Miguel Barroso is a Jurist and researcher, also devoted to poetry and photography, having published a book of poems and poems in literary journals and poetry anthologies.

[https://www.goodreads.com/author/list/7272216.Ivo Miguel Barroso](https://www.goodreads.com/author/list/7272216.Ivo_Miguel_Barroso)



Richard Doiron (Canada) 57 years, published worldwide, estimated 1000 poems published. Winner of numerous international awards. Author of 18 books to date.

<https://www.facebook.com/richard.doiron.7>



Lucilla Trapazzo (Switzerland/Italy) is a multi-awarded poet, translator, artist and performer. Author of 4 books of poems. Translated in 14 languages, published on International anthologies and magazines. Guest of International Festivals among which Struga Poetry Evenings.

www.lucillatrapazzo.com

<https://www.youtube.com/user/lucetful/videos>



Maki Starfield is a poet, a translator and a painter. A representative of Imagine & Poesia in Japan as well as a member of Japan Universal Poets Association. She got Naji Naaman Literary Prize (Creativity) and PushCart prize nomination in 2020.

<https://makistarfield.wordpress.com/>



Mary Gorgy is an award-winning arts writer, art critic, and novelist. A member of the International Association of Art Critics, she has degrees in both English and Art History and has studied and worked in the New York art world, in the galleries and auction houses about which she writes. She is an active member of the New York Press Club.

www.marygregory.net



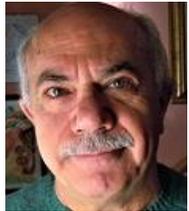
Dariusz Pacak published in 14 languages, worldwide awarded poet & essayist. He holds MFA Degree in Art (Poland 1998). Professional Studies (Austria 2000). Hon. Doctor Degree of Literature (USA 2011). Author of the over 380 worldwide publications in literary magazines, anthologies and on the web.

<http://www.wnwu.org/index.php/en/our-members/83-dariusz-pacak>



Imma Schiena publishes poetry with social themes and organizes exhibitions for peace. In 2021 she has received important awards such as Humanitarian and Peace Award from the Royal Kutay Mulawarman Peace International Institute.

<https://www.facebook.com/immacolata.schienu>



Sandro Orlandi was born in 1951 in Rome. Medical Doctor in hospital, now retired. He has always felt a strong need to write, succeeding in expressing himself with poems, songs, stories and novels. He has published several books, and some of these were honored in literary contests. He also recorded two Cds with 30 songs.

<http://www.antipodes.it/autori/scheda.asp?id=40>



Maristella Angeli is a poetess, fantasy writer and painter who has always felt the need to express herself in different artistic forms. She has published ten poetic collections, two fantasy novels, and has exhibited her paintings in personal, group and international events.

<https://www.maristellaangeli.it/>

<http://www.antipodes.it/autori/scheda.asp?id=32>



James Tian, Tianyu, born in 1994 in Shandong Province Tai'an City. Member of Chinese Poetry Society, President of International issue of Chinese Literature Magazine; Editor of the Column Group of Wisdom China CCTV.

<https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100018793597366>



Sonjaye Maurya is an international artist from India who has dedicate his life to art and artists. His works explore the artistic transition from traditional to modern in vibrant colour palettes. His paintings reflect on fantasies and dreams. Everything that he paints has a deep meaning and message in it. He is also a photographer, a traveler, a writer and a poet.

<https://www.facebook.com/sonjaye.maurya>



Née à Wickham en 1971, **Nathalie Dupont** est une artiste multidisciplinaire. Elle publie des recueils de poèmes illustrés. Elle est membre du Regroupement des Artistes en Arts Visuels du Québec (RAAV) et de l'Union des écrivains et écrivaines du Québec (UNEQ).

<https://www.ndupontartiste.com/>



Meera Nair wears many hats including those of actor, writer, poet and dancer. She has three books of poems to her credit and is also part of many prestigious anthologies. She lives in Kerala, India.

<https://www.facebook.com/meera.nair.121772>



R. Gopakumar is an Indian contemporary multidisciplinary artist based in Bahrain. His works exhibited at The Saatchi Gallery, London; Tate Britain; Kochi-Muziris Biennale; National Gallery of Modern Art; V-Art Digital Art Spaceship; CADAF and many more.

<https://www.gopakumar.in/>



Monsif Beroual was born in Midelt, Morocco, on October 1994. Holds his Master Degree “Strategy of Decision–Making” (Political Science & IR Field) at Taza City University, Morocco. He is a multi- awarded and International renowned poet.

<https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100029826560065>



Mehdi Ouhajji is a youth Moroccan Artist and translator (from English to Arabic and vice versa). a student at IBN TOFAIL's University: English literature. He masters different techniques such as: pastel, acrylic, oil, watercolors, ink and colored pencils.

<https://www.facebook.com/mehdeux>



Masudul Hoq (1968) has a PhD in Aesthetics under Professor Hayat Mamud at Jahangirnagar University, Dhaka, Bangladesh. He is a Bengali poet, short story writer, translator and researcher. His poems have been published in multi languages. . At present he is a Principal of a government college, Bangladesh.

<https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100016505855396>



Misako Chida was born in Yokohama, Japan, in 1972. She started painting at the age of 30. Since 1999, she has been living in Dalian, China, where she happily paints every day in her studio. It is her devotion and happiness to bring joy and pleasure to the viewers through her art.

<https://www.saatchiart.com/misakochida#>



Helen Bar-Lev has been living in Israël for 50 years. She has had over 100 exhibitions of her landscape paintings. Six poetry collections, all illustrated by Helen. She is the Amy Kitchener senior poet laureate and was nominated for the Pushcart Prize in 2013. She is the recipient of the Homer European Medal for Poetry and Art. Formerly Assistant President of Voices Israel, Chief Editor of Voices Annual Anthology, and Overseas Connections Coordinator.

<https://www.helenbarlev.com/>



Katherine L. Gordon is a poet, publisher, judge, reviewer and literary critic, promoting poetry internationally. Her work has been published internationally in several languages, including Chinese and Hindi.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Katherine_L._Gordon



Viktoria Laurent-Skrabalova est une artiste-poétesse franco-slovaque. Ses livres sont publiés en Slovaquie, en France et en Belgique. Elle participe à plusieurs revues littéraires (Florilège, Ce qui reste, Poésie Première, Lichen,...). Elle peint depuis 2018.

<https://www.artmajeur.com/viktoria-laurent>



Robin Ouzman Hislop, born in UK, graduate in philosophy & religions, has travelled extensively throughout his lifetime but now lives in semi-retirement in Spain as a TEFL teacher and translator. He is a recognized poet and editor and contributor for "Poetry Life and Times" and other publications.

<http://www.aquillrelle.com/authorrobin.htm>



Donatella Nardin is a multi awarded poet. She lives in Cavallino Treporti, Venezia, Italy. For Editions Il Fiorino, she published *In attesa di cielo* and *Le ragioni dell'oro*; for Fara Editore *Terre d'acqua* and *Rosa del battito*. Many of her lyrics and some of her stories are published in poetry collections, literary magazines and websites.

<https://www.facebook.com/donatella.nardin>



Cristiane Campos (Brazil): Self-taught, with a tendency to the figurative. She develops her work based on naïf art using vibrant colors, playful themes and a lot of creativity.

<https://www.saatchiart.com/cristiane>



Gabriel Rosenstock is a bilingual Irish poet, haikuist, tankaist, novelist, dramatist, translator and essayist. His latest volume of ekphrastic tanka is *The Lantern*.

<https://www.rosenstockandrosenstock.com/>

<https://www.edocr.com/v/bq3aevzg/claytonmcm/the-lantern>



Anupam Pal is a contemporary artist with a unique style. His works are mostly in Acrylic inspired by Indian traditions and mythology. His iconography lies in the strikingly unconventional forms and figures. Another characteristic is the Ethnic Backdrop which Anupam adopts for his artworks. This way his artworks radiate a certain earthiness and are more appealing.

<http://www.anupampal.com/>



Candice James, Poet Laureate Emerita, New Westminster, B.C., Canada, is also a visual artist, musician and singer-songwriter.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Candice_James

www.candicejames.com



Antonia Petrone was born in the United States in 1965. She lives and works in Italy as a translator, interpreter and teacher of her mother tongue. She writes poems in English and Italian and publishes in Italy and worldwide. She loves to declaim poems in English and has received international merits.

<http://autori.poetipoesia.com/antonia-petrone/>

<https://www.facebook.com/antonia.petrone.58>



Hadaa Sendoo (Mongolia) is the founder of *World Poetry Almanac* and one of leading figure of the International Poetry in the 21st Century. He has published more than 19 books of poetry and his poems are translated into more than 40 languages. He has won awards for poetry in Europe, Asia, America, Africa and Arab countries. As a poet, his name is included in *the Greatest Poets of All Time* as well as *the Best Poets of the 20th Century*.

<https://www.facebook.com/hadaa.sendoo>



Maurits Christian van Holtz lives in the Netherlands. His study of aeronautical Engineering at the Technical University of Delft since 1970 ended with a lot of mysterious, often educative air disasters. In 2013 ornadomirakel Stichting got founded at Rotterdam to publish it.

<https://mcvholtz.wixsite.com/tornado-enterprises>



Gloria Sofia, 1985, majored at the University of Azores. Invited in Harvard University, Tufts Univ and B.U. for reading. Nominated for divers literature prizes. With many book translate and in many magazine. Represented her country Cape Verde in many festival.

<https://gloriasvmonteiro.wixsite.com/gloriasofia>



Chris Borges, 1985 is a Cape Verdean photograph. She is the author of *Entreclics* which portrays the interaction of landscapes and the individual and *Mumtobe* which demonstrates love in different ways, especially motherhood.

<https://www.instagram.com/entreclics/>



Amita Sanghavi from Oman Sultanat teaches at Sultan Qaboos University. She is a writer, a poet, an editor, a regular blogger and Youtuber who muses and reflects on Life.

<https://amitasanghavispoetry.blog/>



Gianpiero Actis is a Co-founder with Aeronwy Thomas of the art-literary movement “Immagine & Poesia”. He often offers his artworks as “responses” to poems of different writers. His artworks are in permanent exhibitions / collections in Italy and abroad (Promotrice delle Belle Arti, Torino /Dylan Thomas Centre, Swansea Wales).

<https://gianpieroactis.jimdofree.com/>



Mark Roper's most recent collection, *Bindweed* (2017), was shortlisted for the Irish Times Poetry Now Award. *A Gather of Shadow* (2012) was also shortlisted for that award and won the Michael Hartnett Award in 2014.

<http://www.mark-roper.com/>



Cristina Codazza was born in Turin, Italy where she lives and works. Author of poems, haiku and short stories, she is creator and curator of literary and artistic events for the disclosure of Italian and foreign Poetry. Jury member in national and international literary prizes, she is also curator of prefaces and critical analysis of texts and poetry anthologies.

<http://www.larchivio.org/xoom/cristinacodazza.htm>



Attila F. Balázs born in Transsylvania in 1954, is a member of the Hungarian Writers' Union; of the European Academy of Sciences, Arts and letters, etc. Attila F. Balázs has received numerous awards and prizes. His works have been translated in 25 languages.

<https://www.facebook.com/balazs.f.attila>



Zoltan Molnos is a renowned artist from Romania. His artworks have been exhibited in many countries. In 2018, the President of Hungary awarded him the Hungarian Golden Cross of Merit in recognition of his high-quality internationally fine arts activities. He is a member of the Association of Romanian Artists and member of the Hungarian Academy of Arts.

<https://molnos-zoltan.webnode.hu/>



Guna Moran is an Assamese poet and critic. His poems are being published in various international magazines, journals, webzines and anthologies. He lives in Assam, India.

<https://www.facebook.com/guna.moran.7>



Ilham Badreddine Mahfouz is a Syrian American Artist, graduate of eastern Michigan University B.F.A., working and living in Michigan U.S.A. She won several awards in painting and sculpture, had 11 solo art exhibits in U.S.A and participated in over 112 group art exhibits. Her artwork are shown in galleries and museums.

<https://www.artistilham.com/>



Fiona Green was born in India in 1943. She is an artist, living in Devon, England. She was engaged to Dylan Thomas's eldest son, Llewelyn Thomas for the last six years of his life.

<https://www.facebook.com/fiona.green.752>



Sungrye Han, born in the Rep of Korea, is a Poet and Translator (Japanese-Korean). She majored in Japanese language and Japanese literature at Sejong University. She has translated and introduced Korean and Japanese poems in literary magazines between the two countries since 1990 and earned many awards. She is an adjunct Professor at Sejong Cyber University in Seoul.

<https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100042716738987>



Márcia Batista Ramos, Brazilian. Degree in Philosophy-UFSM. Writer, poet and literary critic. Editor and columnist in different countries. Published ten books and anthologies. Published in 30 countries.

<https://marciabatistamos.com>



Sylvia Adjabroux est une artiste peintre vivant à Bordeaux, affiliée à la Maison des Artistes. Elle a participé à de nombreuses expositions collectives à partir de l'an 2000. Elle utilise les méthodes traditionnelles italiennes s'inscrivant dans l'art sacré.

<http://www.sylviaadjabroux.com/>



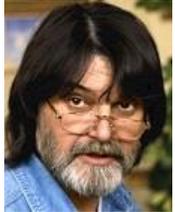
Matt Mooney, born in Galway, Ireland, lives in Listowel. Published six poetry collections. Winner of the Pádraig Liath Ó Conchubhair Award in 2019. Deputy Editor of The Galway Review. Published in anthologies and in magazines including The Blue Nib and Feasta. He has had his poems published in the Spanish language.

<https://www.facebook.com/matt.mooney.3382>



Tetyana Vasylyvna Hrytsan-Chonka is a Ukrainian writer. Author of 11 collections of poetry and a novel-essay. Co-author in 57 international anthologies and almanacs. Winner of international and All-Ukrainian awards and winner of many competitions. She is member of the National Union of Writers of Ukraine.

<https://www.facebook.com/tet.a.tetana>



Yuri Nagulko is a Ukrainian artist and architect. Exhibited in the Metropolitan Museum, the European Parliament, museums, galleries. More than 50 individual projects and exhibitions.

<https://www.facebook.com/Y.Nagulko>



Beatriz Clotilde Rial Guyot is a poet born and living in Buenos Aires. Well respected professor and leader of human values. She has published four poetry books and received several international recognitions by highly prestigious Poetry and Literature organizations. Her outstanding poetry works have been consistently selected as representative for Argentina, Latin America and France.

<https://www.facebook.com/beatrizclotilde.rialguyot>



Rebecca Lowe is a poet and editor, based in Swansea, Wales, UK. Her first collection, *Blood and Water*, is published with The Seventh Quarry Press. A further collection *Our Father Eclipse* is published by Culture Matters.

<https://www.facebook.com/rebecca.lowe.poetry>



Tareq Samin from Benglaesh is a poet and editor of the bilingual literary journal *Sahitto*. He has ten books published. His poems are translated in more than 20 languages and published in 25 countries. He earned international awards and a scholarship from Germany. He was a guest writer in Kolkata, India and Kathmandu, Nepal and also a writer-in-residence in Switzerland.

<https://www.facebook.com/Author.Tareq.Samin>



Salvatore Gucciardo, peintre et poète de renommée internationale et né en Italie en 1947. Il vit en Belgique depuis 1955. Il a plus de 50 ans d'activités artistiques. Plusieurs de ses œuvres ont été acquises par des musées. Il figure dans plusieurs dictionnaires et anthologies.

<http://www.salvatoregucciardo.be/>



Natalie Bisso is a Russian poet, novelist, essayist, songwriter. Publications in more than 100 collections in 28 languages in 30 countries of the world. Honorary Figure of World Literature and Arts. Academician of two academies and several writers' Unions, the title of Maestro and the Golden Pen of Russia. Multiple Laureate and winner of special prizes.

<https://www.facebook.com/natali.bisso>



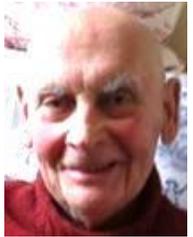
Doranne Alden was born in Malta and is a professional Art Tutor, Artist and Graphic Designer who has over 40 years experience in the Art world and also has been holding painting holidays and workshops for the last 20 years. Her paintings have appeared on art programs, newspapers and magazines. She has also appeared on Maltese Art Programmes on TV. Recently has been published in a publication on *Maltese Artist Families*.

<https://www.facebook.com/doranne.alden>



Annie Deveaux Berthelot est née au Mans en 1947. Biologiste à la retraite elle se consacre à la peinture et à la poésie depuis la découverte de l'oeuvre du poète Robert Notenboom. Elle a illustré ses fables et contre-fables dans son recueil *Flashes*. Celui-ci a accueilli une vingtaine de ses poésies dans son dernier ouvrage poétique *Le Temps d'un Sein nu*.

<https://www.facebook.com/annie.deveauxberthelot>



Robert Notenboom, poète, essayiste, est né à Paris. Il écrit de nombreuses poésies sans jamais songer à les publier. Ce n'est qu'en 2007 après une grave maladie qu'il s'y résolut et publia des ouvrages de poésie dont la plupart furent édités aux Éditions du Puits de Roule. Robert Notenboom fait aussi des calligraphies. Quelques-unes figurent dans ses livres.

<https://www.facebook.com/robert.notenboom.18>



Ulises Paniagua from México is a Poet and Writer. Director of Poetry and Philosophy International Colloquium. Winner to the Gabriel García Márquez Short Story International Prize (2019).

<https://www.facebook.com/ulises.paniaguaolivares>



After graduating in Chemistry, **Raffaele Ragone** from Italy worked as a researcher in Biophysical chemistry. He has published *La ruggine degli aghi* (Manni, 2012) and *L'amaro delle noci* (Guida, 2018). His current interests span poetry, graphic arts, science divulgation and critical comment on the relationship between science and humanities.

<http://raffrag.wordpress.com>

<https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1610911783>



Stefania Sabatino is an Italian artist as well as a Graphic Arts and Art History teacher. She works both as a painter and an illustrator, authoring illustrations and covers for several publications. Artist and a set designer, Stefania's works of art have been exhibited worldwide, also part of the collection of the Campania Pavilion related to the 54th Venice Biennale.

<http://www.stefaniasabatino.it>

<https://www.facebook.com/ArteStefaniaArte>



Francisco Azuela is a Mexican poet and writer. He was awarded of 3 prizes from : (1) the Department of English and Foreign Languages of the California State Polytechnic University, 2006 / 2007; (2) Solenzara International Poetry Grand Prize. Université de la Sorbonne. Paris, France, 2013; (3) Vincitore Assoluti ex aequo XXXV Premio Mondiale di Poesía Nosside. Italia, 2020.

<https://www.facebook.com/francisco.azuelaespinoza>



Loi Duc is an artist born in 1981, lives and works in Saigon, Vietnam. He studied at Hanoi Fine Arts University (2004-2007). His artworks have been exhibited in Vietnam, Germany, Italy, Denmark, Australia, Singapore, Thailand, and America from 2004 until 2011.

<https://ducloiart.com/>



Nino Provenzano was born in Sicily, and lives in the United States. He is Vice President of *Arba Sicula*. He has published three collections of bilingual poetry, Sicilian-English. His latest, *Footprints in the Snow* was presented at St. John's University September 2016.

<https://www.facebook.com/nino.provenzano.3>



Jackeline Barriga Nava is of Bolivian nationality, master in psychology, researcher, cultural manager, writer and poet, represents fifteen national and international institutions in her country related to the environment, education, peace and culture.

<https://www.facebook.com/jackeline.b.nava>



Gloria Keh is an artist and writer, paints 100% for charity. Based in Singapore, Gloria founded Circles of Love, a non-profit charity outreach programme in 2008, using her art in the service of humanity..

www.gloriakeh.com



Elaine and Neal Whitman love to combine her photography and his poetry. Whether at home in Pacific Grove, California, or traveling, they welcome opportunities to collaborate.



Abdukakhor Kosim from Tajikistan is a poet, songwriter, journalist and a publicist. Author of 12 books; participated in the *Anthology of Modern Eurasian Writers* and in more than 20 collections. His works have been translated into multi languages. Winner of the 1st World Satellite Television Poetry Competition, Beijing in 2020; won the Sergei Yesenin Medal in 2020"; and Order of the Mahatma in 2020.

<https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100010971372144>



Alix Arduinna, peintre, poète, sculpteur et romancière qui, avec pinceaux, plume et ciseaux, présente toute l'infinité des possibles d'un univers féminin empreint d'une douce et sereine puissance.

<http://alix-arts.com/>



Caroline Gill's poetry collection, *Driftwood by Starlight* (2021), was published by The Seventh Quarry Press. Her chapbook, *The Holy Place* (2012), shared with John Dotson, was published by The Seventh Quarry Press with Cross-Cultural Communications.

<http://www.carolinegillpoetry.com>



Self-taught artist **Jongo Park** from S-Korea takes his inspiration from the artists of the Renaissance and paints mainly female subjects. Most of his works are watercolor, pencil, pen and small size. He has exhibited his paintings mainly in Italy.

<https://www.facebook.com/jongo.park>



Vittorio Venuti is a psychologist and psychotherapist - Painter and writer - Author of numerous books of fiction and non-fiction. Interested in mail art, has organized events in Sicily and Piedmont. His works are in private collections in Italy and abroad.

www.ilcamminodorato.it



Vesna V. Maksimović is a painter and a poet from Kragujevac, Serbia. She is the author of four collections of poetry. She is painting on raw silk. She was a participant in art colonies, solo and collective exhibitions of paintings in her country and abroad.

<https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100008463045033>



Carolyn Mary Kleefeld is an American Artist and Poet. Author of twenty-five books, her writing has been translated into over 15 languages and three of her books are available in bilingual and trilingual editions. Her art appears worldwide in galleries, museums, and private collections.

www.carolynmarykleefeld.com, www.alchemyoracle.com



Abdelmajid Benjelloun, Né le 17 novembre 1944 à Fès, Maroc. Auteur de plus de 250 livres et notamment : *Mama*, Paris, Editions du Rocher ; *L'éternité ne penche que du côté de l'amour* et *Rûmi ou une saveur à sauver du savoir*. Est peintre. Ex-Président du Centre marocain de Pen Londres de 2009 à 2013.

<https://www.facebook.com/majid.benjelloun50>



Alicja Maria Kuberska is an awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor, translator. She edited volumes and anthologies both Polish and English, and her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines. She is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw and other international associations in Albania, China, India and U.S.A.

<https://www.facebook.com/alicja.kuberska.7>



Hazel Cashmore is an artist from Scotland exhibiting since 1983. She paints the Far North as an emotional response to all around her. Her work is mainly in acrylic, oil and mixed media. A mixed media work was accepted into Society of Scottish Artists at the 117th Annual Exhibition at the National Gallery of Scotland Edinburgh.

<https://www.saatchiart.com/account/profile/11383>



Binod Dawadi is from Purano Naikap, 13, Kathmandu Nepal. He has completed his Masters Degree from TU in Major English. He likes reading and writing literary forms. His hobbies are reading, writing, singing and traveling.

<https://www.facebook.com/binod.dawadi.733>



Damien Senyuy from Cameroon is surreal, abstract painter, sculptor and musician His themes are depict tradition, cultural awareness, pop culture, environmental concerns and unity with whimsical figures as focal point. He enjoys using blue, red, yellow, black, gold, and white to express simplicity.

<https://www.damiensenyuy.com/>



Alejandra Miranda is a visual artist, writer and curator. She is the Director of Culture and Director of the Municipal Museum of Fine Arts of La Paz (Entre Ríos, Argentina) where she lives. She is representative in Argentina of IMAGINE & POESIA

<https://www.facebook.com/alejandramirandaarte>



Igor Pop Trajkov is renowned writer and film director from North Macedonia, multidisciplinary international artist as well. Igor Pop Trajkov's journalistic and social writings are very popular and influential.

<https://pyramidusd.wordpress.com/>



Hanna Supetran is an internationally multi-awarded, exhibited and published abstract artist and a published poetess. Her poems and quotes are extensions of the paintings she creates. Lyrical in style, her painting and poem was published in USA based International Writer's Journal Q4 2021 and set to feature her poems for the whole year of 2022. Her poem *Once Upon A Christmas* was published in All I Want For Christmas, a Yuletide Anthology.

<https://www.hannasupetranartgallery.com/home>



Aleksandra Lekić Vujisić, born in Montenegro, is a professor of English language and literature. She participated in poetry festivals across Europe and her works have won prizes and acknowledgments in Montenegro and worldwide. Aleksandra writes in her native language and English, and her prose and poetry have been published in more than 50 international anthologies and translated into multi languages.

<https://www.facebook.com/Aleksandra.Lekic.Vujisic>



Ana Stjelja (1982) is an award-winning Serbian poet, writer, translator, journalist, independent scientific researcher and editor. She published more than 30 books of different literary genres. She is a member of the Association of Writers of Serbia, the Association of Literary Translators of Serbia, the Association of Journalists of Serbia and the International Federation of Journalists (IFJ). She lives in Belgrade.

<https://anastjelja.wixsite.com/anastjelja>



Ljiljana Stjelja (1949) is a Serbian collage artist with a college degree in special education. She makes collages, writes travelogues and illustrates books and magazines. She is a co-founder of the Association for the Promotion of Cultural Diversity “Alia Mundi”. She is also the editor of the art blog “# L’Art”. She lives in Belgrade.

<https://ljiljanastjelja.wixsite.com/ljiljanastjelja>



Snežana Šolkotović is a classroom teacher. For her, writing is a hobby. She has published poems and stories for children and adults in 26. books: in Serbian, Serbian-Croatian, Serbian-Russian, Serbian-English. She has received numerous awards in international competitions, many poems are in domestic, foreign anthologies, collections and magazines.

<https://www.facebook.com/snezana.solkotovic>



Eden Soriano Trinidad, is being labelled with “a Global iconic high esteemed personality from the Philippines”. Officially recognized as an author, writer translator by the National Book Development Board of the Philippines (NBDB).

<https://www.facebook.com/edensoriano.trinidad.56>



Bernard Rangel (Brazil/UK) has a diverse cultural origin and he is a self-taught artist painting for more than 40 years. He started by painting backdrops for the Amateur Hong Kong Ballet group. He works with acrylic, Indian ink and oil paint and plays with a wide variety of colours. He is the founder of the art genre Contemporary Tribal Surrealism.

<https://www.saatchiart.com/bernardrangel>



Xanthi Hondrou-Hill is a Greek poetess who gained her education in Germany, studying German Literature and Linguistics, Journalism and Public Relations Management. She has worked as a professor for German, English and Greek, journalist, public relations manager and translator for poetry.

<https://www.facebook.com/xanthi.hondrouhill>



Hassanal Abdullah is a Bangladeshi-American poet, and the author of 50 books in various genres. His book *Under the Thin Layers of Light* has been translated into Chinese and Polish and were published from Taiwan (2020) and Poland (2021). He is the Recipient of Homer European Medal of Poetry and Art (2016) and Ianicious International Prize of Klemens Janicki (2021) from Poland.

<http://www.shabdaguchha.com/hassanalAbdullah.html>



Kriangkrai Kongkhanun, who studied at art schools in Thailand as well as in Italy, visiting the most important art museums in the West on a trip to Europe, makes a daring attempt to forge a link between the Buddhist symbolism found in traditional pictures and the western imagery of the Renaissance and the 19th century.

<https://www.kongkhanun.com/>



Michel Desroches, né en 1952 est artiste Canadien multidisciplinaire. Suite à des études en design de l'environnement et à de nombreuses expériences en scénographie théâtrale, sa démarche se consacre maintenant entre poésie et art visuel.

<https://www.facebook.com/michel.desroches.528>



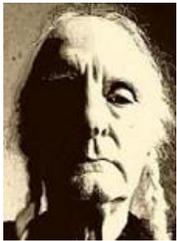
Michela Zanarella lives and works in Rome. She published 17 books. In Romania the collection *Imensele coincidențe* (2015) was published in a bilingual edition. In the U.S.A., the collection translated in english by Leanne Hoppe, *Meditations in the Feminine*, Bordighera Press (2018). Author of fiction books and texts for the theater, she is a journalist of Periodico italiano Magazine and Laici.it.

<https://www.facebook.com/michela.zanarellabis>



Juliet Preston is a poet at heart, an artist by passion and an engineer by profession.

<https://www.facebook.com/juliet.preston.7>



Joe Kidd is a working, published poet/songwriter. He has been awarded by the Michigan Governor's Office and the US House of Representatives for his work to advance Peace, Social Justice, and Cultural Diversity.

www.joekiddandsheilaburke.com



Ann Bagnall is based in Sydney, Australia and has loved poetry since she was a young girl. She is also an amateur photographer and loves the poetry of images.

<http://www.annieb222.com>

<http://www.annieb222photography.com>



Sandrine Davin réside à Grenoble. Elle est auteure de poésie contemporaine inspirée des tankas; elle a édité 14 recueils de poésie dont le dernier s'intitule *Là où le soleil se fane* aux Éditions La Kainfristanaise. Ses ouvrages sont étudiés par des classes de l'enseignement primaire et au collège. Elle est également diplômée par la Société des Poètes Français pour son poème « Lettre d'un soldat ».

<https://www.facebook.com/davinsandrine>



Louisa Calio: graduated magna cum laude SUNY Albany, BA English (Special Honors), MA Temple. Winner: CT. Commission Award Individual Writers 1978, Finalist Poet Laureate 2013, Nassau County; 1st Prizes Messina, Sicily (2013), Il Parnasso Internationale, Canicatti, Sicily (2015, 2017, 2019).. Director Poet's Piazza, Hofstra 12 years, Co-Founder City Spirit Artists, Inc. New Haven, (1976-1986). Lives in USA and Jamaica. Her latest book, *Journey to the Heart Waters*, published by Legas Press (2014).

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Louisa_Calio



Maître ès arts, **Lucie Poirier** réunit modalités originales et pratiques usitées. Elle renouvelle aussi la transmission de la poésie sur scène avec des chansons, mouvements, costumes et accessoires. Livres-objets d'art à tirage limité, expositions, Prix de Poésie, entrée dans le Dictionnaire des Poètes d'ici, s'ajoutent à son travail d'analyste en cinéma.

https://norja.net/poesies/html/lucie_poirier.html

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NBm0WYVJo5o>



Ron Myers began taking writing more seriously after befriending former Beat Hotel resident Harold Norse in the 1980s in San Francisco. Poets Neeli Cherkovski and Clive Matson have since been guiding lights in the poetry labyrinth. Ron also made the acquaintance of the very congenial Lawrence Ferlinghetti on several occasions.

<http://www.facebook.com/ron.myers.7587>



Hayat Ait-Boujounoui d'origine marocaine est née en 1972 à Besançon, France. Formatrice de profession, elle écrit aussi dans une aspiration récente à une certaine simplicité. Auparavant, elle a publié deux recueils de poésies chez L'Harmattan, *Dans la chair* (2011) et *Palpitations* (2018).

<https://hayat-ait-boujounoui.over-blog.com/>



Anna Montanaro was born in San Mauro Torinese, a village near Turin, where she lives. She studied and took a degree in Foreign Languages at the University of Turin. She wrote a small book of nursery rhymes *Le filastrocche di Nonna Anna* and won the competition "Gli innamorati" with the poem "Sei sempre tu".

<https://www.facebook.com/anna.montanaro.1048>



Yeşim Ağaoğlu was born and live in Istanbul. She took her undergraduate degree from Istanbul University in Art History and Archaeology, then a Master's in Radio, TV and Cinema. Her poems have appeared in various anthologies, and her published books of poetry have been translated into many languages. She frequently participates in international literary and poetry festivals, as well as gaining recognition internationally as a contemporary artist.

<https://www.facebook.com/yesim.agaoglu.7>



Mokhtar El Amraoui est un poète tunisien, membre de l'Union des Ecrivains Tunisiens. Passionné de Poésie, il a publié quatre recueils. Le premier, en 2010, s'intitule *Arpèges sur les ailes de mes ans*, le second, en 2014, *Le souffle des ressacs* et les troisième et quatrième en 2019, successivement *Chante, aube, que dansent tes plumes !* et *Dans le tumulte du labyrinthe*.

<https://mokhtarivesenpoemesetautresvoyages.blogspot.com/>



Agnieszka Filipek is a Polish-born poet living in Ireland. Her poems, in both English and Polish, have been published worldwide, and some have been also translated into German, Persian and Chinese. She has a poetry Facebook page dedicated to her writing at *Pół mnie a pół tobie - Agnieszka Filipek*.

<https://www.facebook.com/polmnieapoltobie>



Anna Keiko is a Chinese poet, president of the Shanghai Huifeng Literature Association. Her poetry has been published in many national and international magazines. She has participated at several prestigious international poetry festivals.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Anna_Keiko



Corrado Alderucci lives and works in Turin (Italy). He attended the Art School under the guidance of the famous painter Raffaele Pontecorvo. Since 1966 he has successfully participated in solo and group exhibitions and competitions organized by several Associations.

<https://artavita.com/artists/2320-corrado-alderucci>

<https://www.facebook.com/corrado.alderucci>



Gérard Hicés vit à Ville franche-du-Périgord, France, où, après une vie professionnelle riche et diversifiée se consacre à l'écriture poétique. Son premier recueil *À la croisée des chemins* paru en 2015. Suivront trois autres : *Graines d'évasions*; *Au vent de ma plume*, et *De cœur et d'âme* paru en octobre 2020 en auto édition À la Marge.

<https://www.facebook.com/gerardgerminal>



Fotini Hamidieli is a painter working in Greece. She has had 14 solo exhibitions and has participated in more than 100 group shows. Her work has been shown internationally and she is a member of the art group TeeToTum.

<http://fhamidieli.weebly.com/>



Borche Panov (1961, Republic of North Macedonia) is an awarded poet translated into more than 40 languages. Works as a Counselor of Education in Radovish, and Arts Coordinator for the "International Karamanov's Poetry Festival". He has published 17 books of poetry and drama.

<https://www.facebook.com/borce.panov>



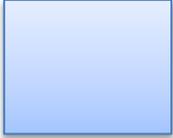
Daniela Andonovska-Trajkovska (1979, Republic of North Macedonia) is award winning poetess translated in more than 40 languages, scientist, editor in chief of two literary magazines, literary critic, doctor of pedagogy, university professor, with 17 poetry, prose and scientific books.

<https://www.facebook.com/daniela.a.trajkovska>



Magdalena Filovska (2002, Republic of North Macedonia) is young artist focused on portraits mainly. She has been practicing watercolour painting, pencil, charcoal and digital painting. She studies at the Faculty of Electrical Engineering and Information Technologies in Skopje.

<https://www.facebook.com/magdalena.filovska>



Sheikha A. is from Pakistan and United Arab Emirates. Her works appear in a variety of literary venues, both print and online, including several anthologies by different presses.

<https://sheikha82.wordpress.com/>



Suvojit Banerjee currently works for a software company in India aside from having been a lead writer/reviewer for a technology website. His works appear in various Indian and International magazines and anthologies.

<https://wedreaminneon.wordpress.com/>



Suchismita Ghoshal from West Bengal, India is a well-established bilingual poet, widely published author, spoken word poet, professional writer, content writer, editor and critic, translator (Bengali, English), performing poet, communicator and literary influencer, humanitarian and change enthusiast. She fosters for a better life, humanity and happiness.

<https://www.facebook.com/suchismita.ghoshal.96>



Thomas Higgins started to write poetry at the age of fifty five when he felt he had an urge to say something. He has written several hundred poems since then. He is an artist too. He lives in the far North West of England in what is called the Lake District.

<https://www.facebook.com/tom.higgins.90?fref=ts>



Angela Filovska Peshterac from the Republic of North Macedonia is a young artist and poetess who has published two (2) poetry books, and won more than 10 important awards worldwide for her art. She now studies in the Medical secondary school in Bitola.

<https://www.facebook.com/angela.filovska>



Meher Pestonji from India is a veteran journalist writing on street-kids, housing rights, communalism while covering theatre, art and interviewing creative people. She has written short stories, novels : *Pervez* and *Sadak Chhaap*, and plays. A digital performance of *Turning Point* is running on zoom. She is active on various international poetry groups.

<https://www.facebook.com/meher.pestonji>



Nova Kerkeb a débuté l'écriture à l'âge de 7 ans, âge auquel elle écrit ses premières poésies. Polyglotte, maîtrisant parfaitement le français, l'anglais, l'espagnol; elle a également étudié le russe et un peu l'Italien. En 2015, elle a publié deux recueils de poésies : *In souffrances tues* et *De rêves et de chimères de paix*, tous deux parus aux Editions Edilivre, Paris.

<https://www.facebook.com/Nova-Kerkeb-Poétesse-540819049405806/>



Sándor Halmosi (1971), Hungarian poet, literary translator, editor, publisher and mathematician. He attaches importance to promoting poetry and cultural dialogue, as well as the interconnection of literature and fine arts. In 2016 he started making cloisonné enamel artworks.

<https://www.facebook.com/sandor.halmosi>



Fábíán István from Hungary is a book- and newspaper-designer, graphic artist and a poet. He writes poems and makes ink-graphic works. In the eighties his works were published in several anthologies, reviews, magazines in Hungary ((Élet és Irodalom, Alföld, Palócföld, Mozgó Világ, Magyar Napló, Somogy, Hitel etc.). Four (4) of his poetry books have been published in 1984, 1990, 2003 and 2016.

<https://www.facebook.com/fabian.istvan.9>



Vesna Mundishevska-Veljanovska (1973, Bitola) is a member of the Macedonian Writers' Association and Macedonian Science Society – Bitola. Author of 16 poetry and critical-essays books. Editor of many journals and books. Translated into many languages and awarded.

<https://www.facebook.com/ve.emvi.7>



Ljubica Meshkova Solak (1975, Skopje) is an artist with many solo exhibitions at home and abroad (Berlin, Sofia, Istanbul, Paris). She graduated from the department of graphics with conservation and restoration. An award winner. Member of DLUM, ICOMOS, DLUB.

<http://www.ateliersolak.com/>



Roula Pollard is a Greek poet of the Diaspora, has been translated into ten languages, is included in more than 150 international Poetry anthologies, and won international poetry and humanitarian awards.

<https://www.facebook.com/roula.pollard>



Sue Zhu is a New Zealand Chinese poet, artist and organizer of international cultural exchanges, director of the NZ Poetry & Art Association, honorary director of the US-China Culture & Art Center, member of “Immagine and Poesia”, co-founder of the All Souls Poetry.

<https://www.facebook.com/sue.zhu.319>



Germain Droogenbroodt is a Belgian poet, translates and promote international poetry. He received many international awards and is yearly invited at the most prestigious international poetry festivals, nominated in 2017 for the Nobel Prize of Literature. He wrote 14 books of poetry published so far in 29 countries.

<http://www.point-editions.com>



Christopher Scott Buck is the Urban Forester (city arborist) for the City of San Francisco and has a degree in English from the University of Iowa ('94). He published a story in Kerouac.com on March 22, 2021 titled *A Father, A Son, Two Trees And A Truck*.

https://www.instagram.com/ferlinghetti_day/

<https://www.facebook.com/FerlinghettiDay/>

Cette anthologie est éditée par le Mouvement IMMAGINE & POESIA, Turin, Italie
This anthology is edited by the IMMAGINE & POESIA Movement, Turin, Italy
<http://immaginepoesia.jimdo.com/index.php>



Couverture : logo de Immagine & Poesia par Gianpiero Actis et Lidia Chiarelli
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MARCH 2022