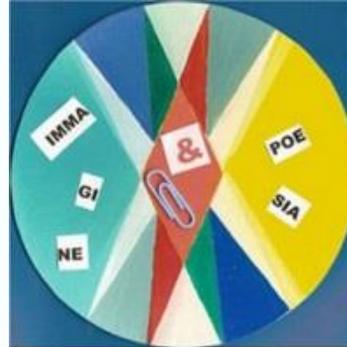


# IMMAGINE & POESIA

**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 Immagine & 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



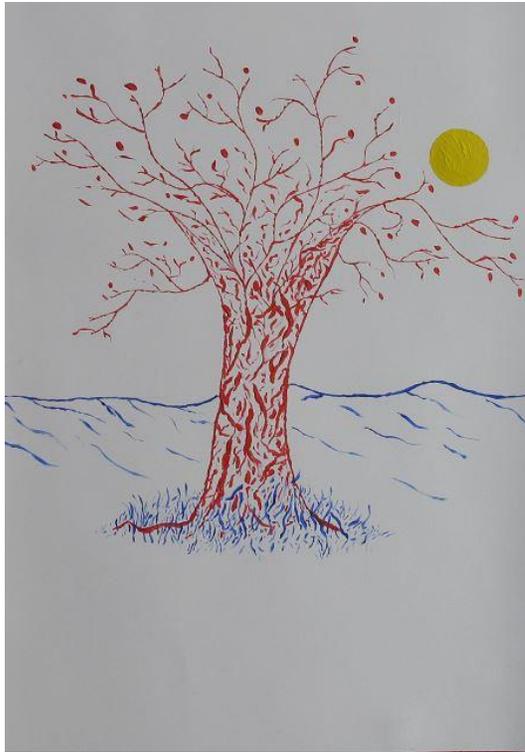
Poème et Image par  
Mariana Thiériot, Canada/Brésil

## 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

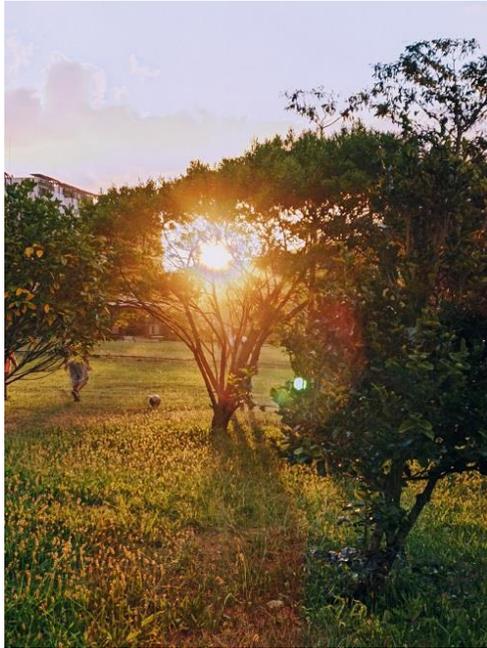
### **VIEW FROM THE WINDOW**

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

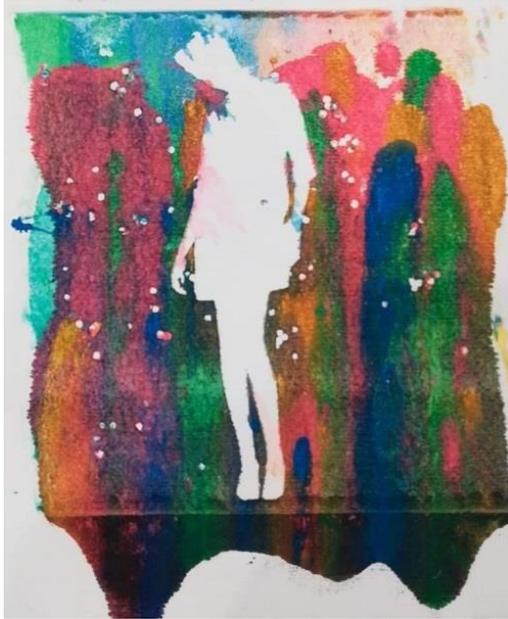


Orbital Resonance

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



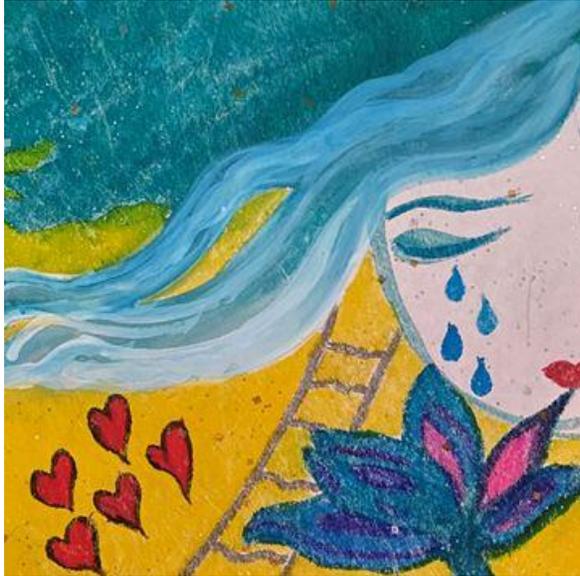
Symbol of Peace

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.



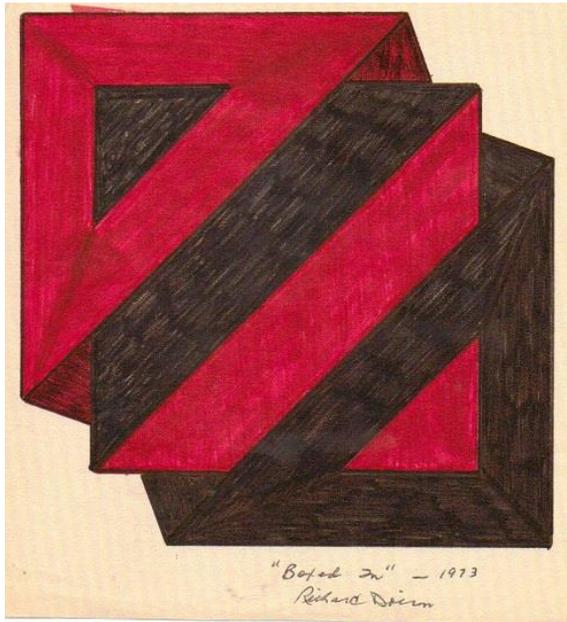
Sometimes

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  
ferlinghetti'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

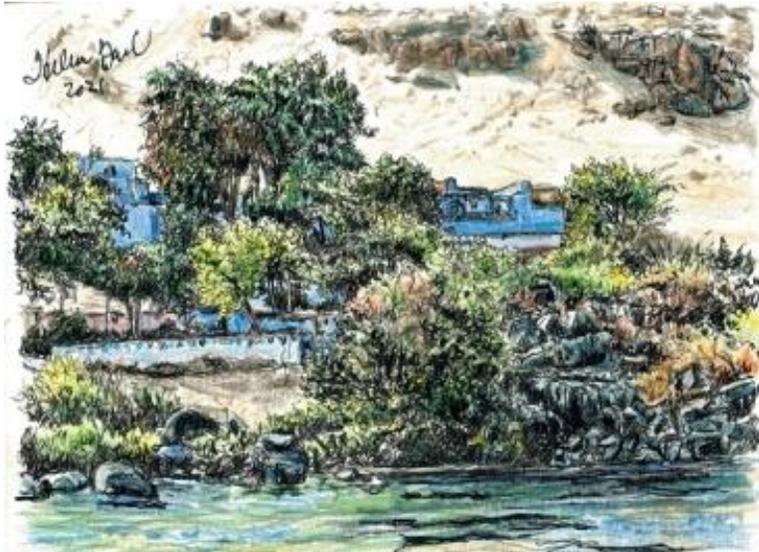
From the writing table  
The eyes awoke at midnight

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 atterrit 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 Valtounc 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.

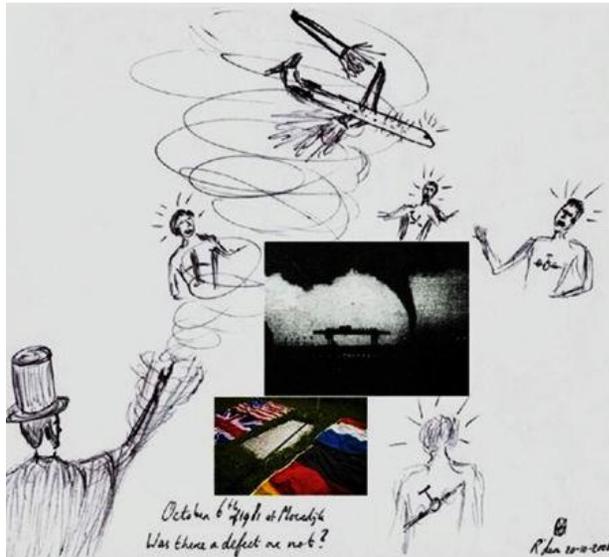


## **NIGHT OF THE STEPPE**

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  
Hadaa Sendoo, Mongolia



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

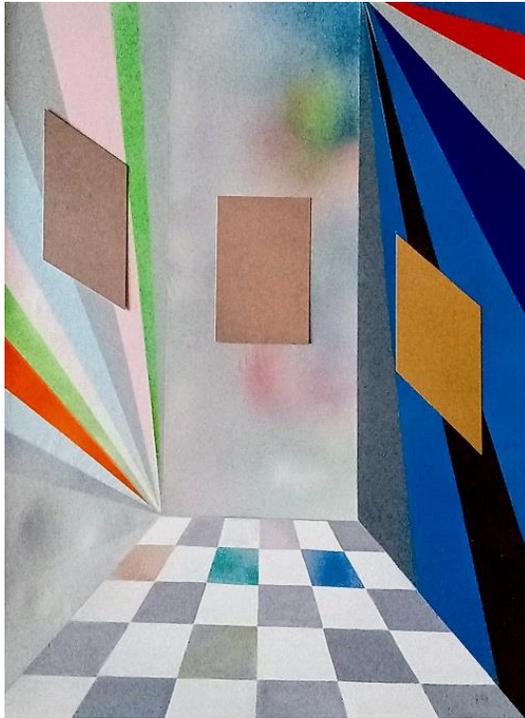


The Black Bird

### **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

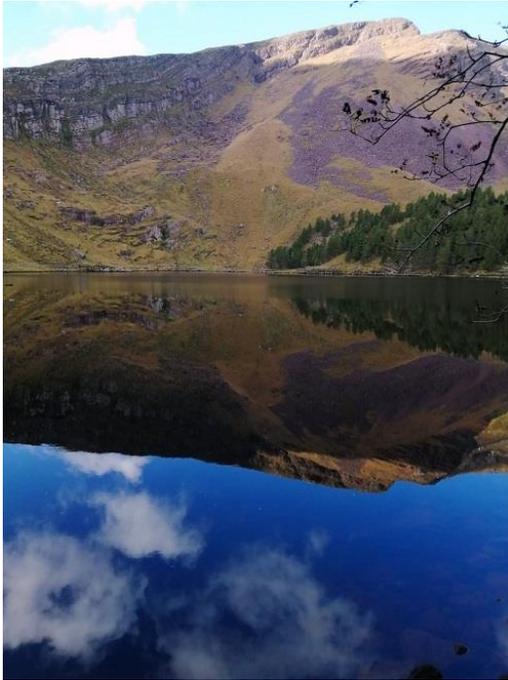


Séraphin

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**.



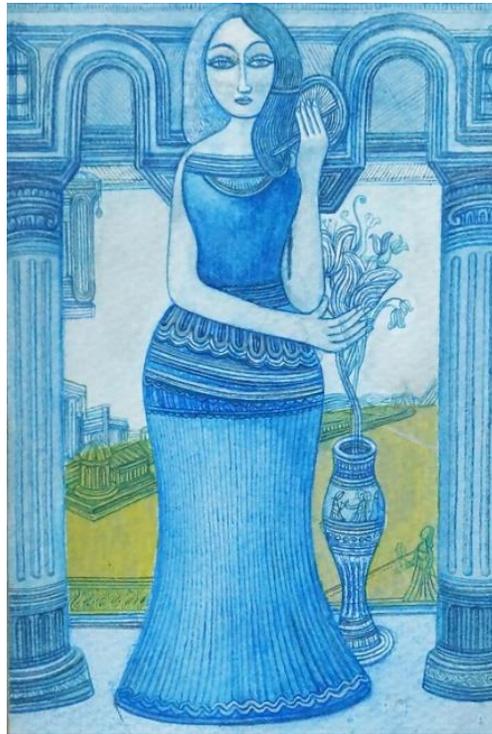
Rainbow

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.

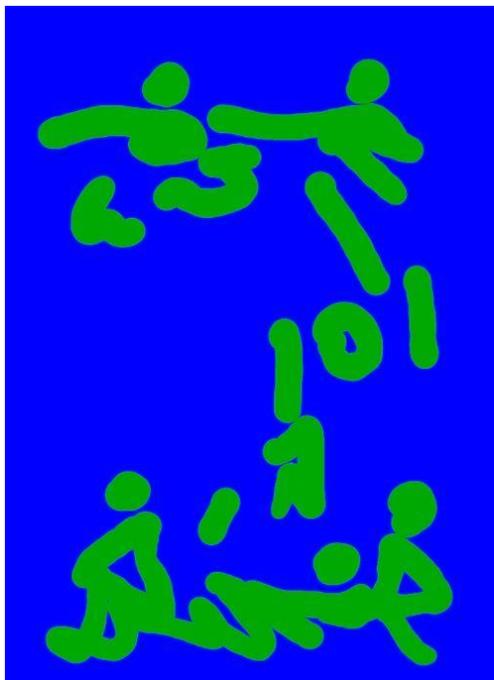
### **A CYPRESS TREE**

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 sublmissime 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.

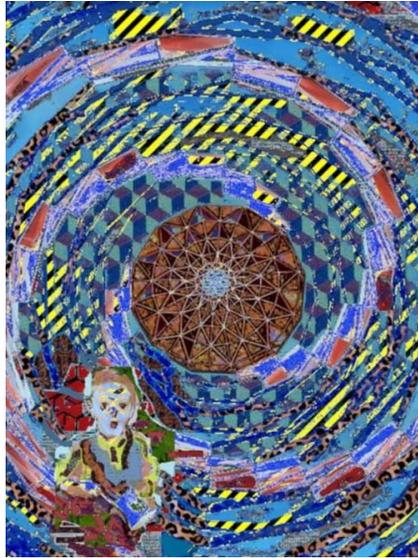
Poem by  
Binod Dawadi, Nepal



### **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.

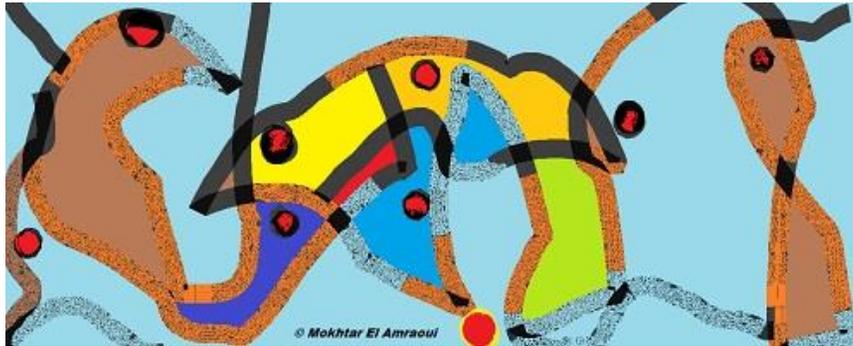


Poem and Image by  
Yeşim Ağaoğlu, Turkey

## 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

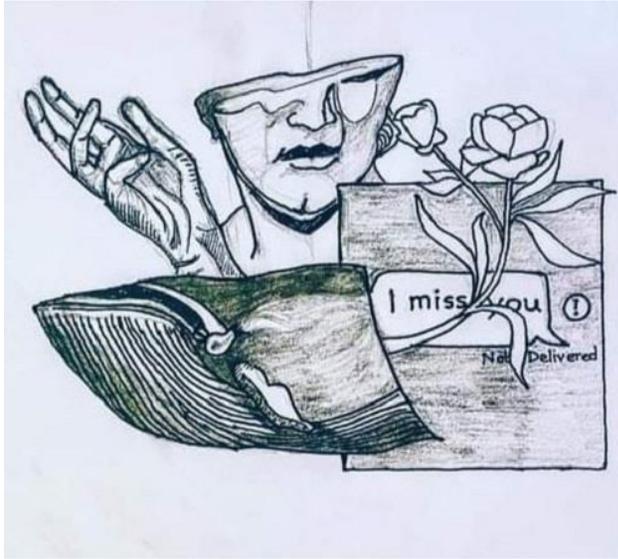


Image by  
Magdalena Filovska, North Macedonia

### **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?

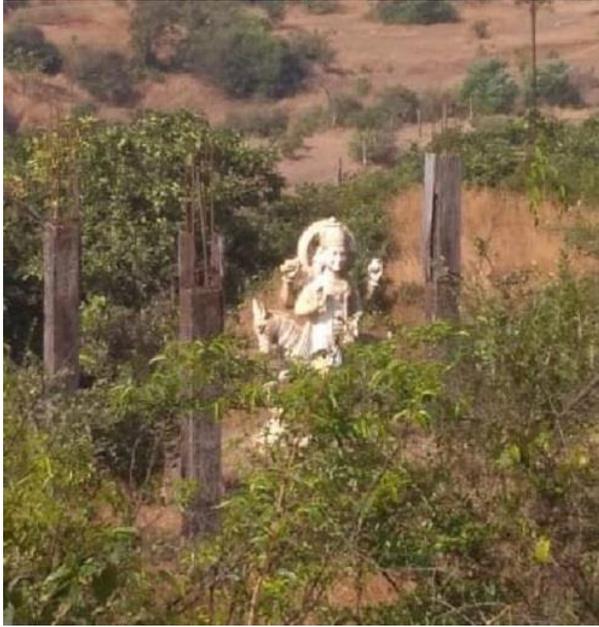
Poem and Image by  
Thomas Higgins, U.K.



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.

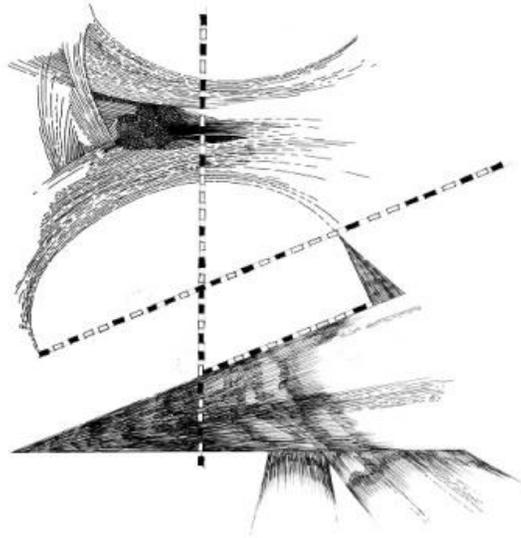


Peach Flowers in spring

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

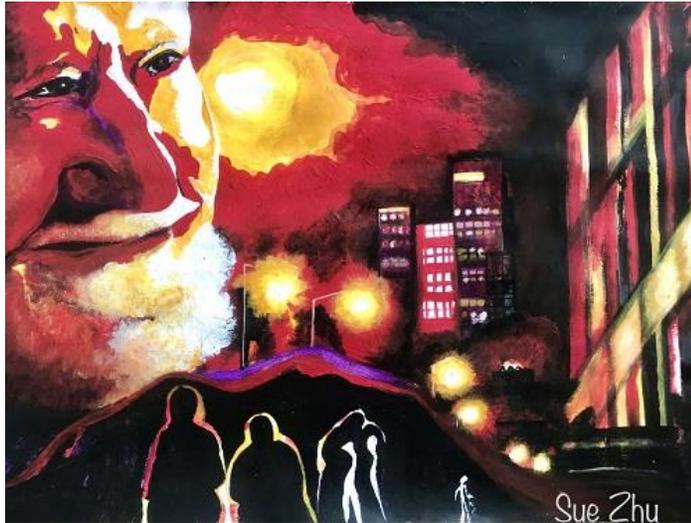


Seas water Poetry

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](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](http://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>



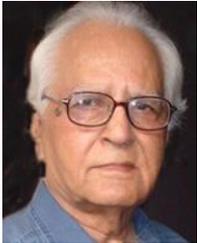
**Rosaria La Rosa** is a painter, sculptress, art critic and set designer. Manager of the Art Gallery “L'Urlo di Rosaria” and president of the Homonymous Artistic and Cultural Association.

<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](http://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](http://www.marygregory.net)



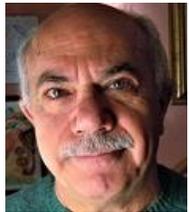
**Dariusz Pacak** published in 14 languages, worldwide awarded poet & essayist. He holds MFA Degree in Art (Poland 1998). Professional Studies (Austria 2000). Hon. Doctor Degree of Literature (USA 2011). Author of the over 380 worldwide publications in literary magazines, anthologies and on the web.

<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/>



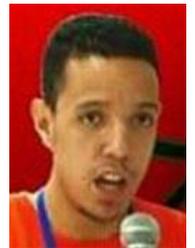
**Meera Nair** wears many hats including those of actor, writer, poet and dancer. She has three books of poems to her credit and is also part of many prestigious anthologies. She lives in Kerala, India.

<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](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](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Candice_James)

[www.candicejames.com](http://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://marciabatistaramos.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/>



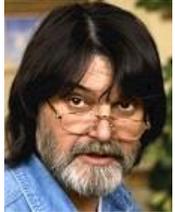
**Matt Mooney**, born in Galway, Ireland, lives in Listowel. Published six poetry collections. Winner of the Pádraig Liath Ó Conchubhair Award in 2019. Deputy Editor of The Galway Review. Published in anthologies and in magazines including The Blue Nib and Feasta. He has had his poems published in the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

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



**Tetyana Vasylivna 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>



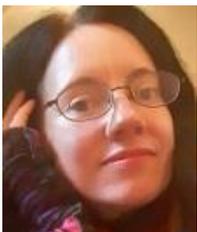
**Yuri Nagulko** is a Ukrainian artist and architect. Exhibited in the Metropolitan Museum, the European Parliament, museums, galleries. More than 50 individual projects and exhibitions.

<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>



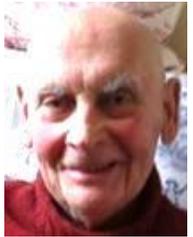
**Doranne Alden** was born in Malta and is a professional Art Tutor, Artist and Graphic Designer who has over 40 years experience in the Art world and also has been holding painting holidays and workshops for the last 20 years. Her paintings have appeared on art programs, newspapers and magazines. She 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](http://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](http://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](http://www.carolynmarykleefeld.com), [www.alchemyoracle.com](http://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](http://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; 1<sup>st</sup> Prizes Messina, Sicily (2013), Il Parnasso Internazionale, 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](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://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](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>



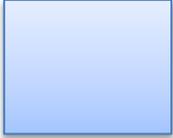
**Daniela Andonovska-Trajkovska** (1979, Republic of North Macedonia) is award winning poetess translated in more than 40 languages, scientist, editor in chief of two literary magazines, literary critic, doctor of pedagogy, university professor, with 17 poetry, prose and scientific books.

<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.instagram.com/ferlinghetti_day/)

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

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