

POETRY PLANETARIAT

Kathmandu/Medellin Volume 11 February 2026



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Editor-in-chief

Keshab Sigdel

Spanish Editor: Alex Pausides

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Cover Photo

N.B. Gurung

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World Poetry Movement

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Respect for Life and Dignity

What is poetry? To this question, France based Turkish poet Caroline Laurent Turunc writes, “I am the scream of every pain!” (“Poet of Light”). A poet can lend the words to the pain, to the grief, which the real victims are unable to. We know poetry has little power to end wars. But we have a faith that poetry restores hope. Japanese poet Hiroko Mizuno writes in her poem “As a mother” what she feels about the children dying in Gaza:

As a mother
I cannot let it pass through.
I cannot just ignore it.

Even if it is caused on the other side of the world,
even if it happens to someone I have never met,
it still stirs my heart as a mother.

Through poetry we hope to restore the scale of a human face. We are witnessing the most difficult time in human history when the killers claim to be the messiah of humanity and the victims are despised. Even if our poetry cannot immediately intervene and alter the situation at the very moment, we can bear witness to the human wrongs. We hope this is the most crucial responsibility that a creative artist undertakes—to bear witness with accountability for the future generations. Canada based Palestinian poet Adam Yaghi takes this responsibility in his poem “Witness with Me”:

I BEAR WITNESS to supremacist horrors.
I choke on my tears
— I can’t breathe. . .

I BEAR WITNESS to a humanity denied;

In this issue, the poets have expressed their love for life and have urged everyone to respect human dignity. Though they speak from different parts of the world and in different languages, the crux of their poetic expression remains the same—stop brutal killing of people in any pretext.

We know there are differences. But these differences have to be treated with mutual respect. Life precedes any kind of ideology. No identity, religion, or historical narrative can justify the systematic removal of the conditions necessary for living. When these conditions disappear, human existence is threatened. Poets speak as guardians to those who have lost their voices.

Our expressions are collective defense of human life and dignity. We insist on the value of each life and we refuse the arithmetic of wars.



ABDULLA ISSA (Palestine)

Strolling in the Gardens of Dead

Strolling in the gardens of the slain:

The postman paid no attention to the late letters in the boxes, which had become old with telegrams mourning those who had gone before us. He found no trace of the addresses that had disappeared, nor the lives of their inhabitants, under the rubble of the neglected houses.

It's as if the last month of October strikes our feet, pushing us to the Wall of Resurrection, brings out the slain from the Old Testament confirming with mud in their mouths and heralding its destruction among the margins of ancient myths, and the rats that dug up the graves of the dead and grows Chisum beneath the claws of the corpses that were soldiers who rained fires and darkness upon us.

I saw a woman who wanted to hide her child in her belly
“Even graves are unsafe,” she cried.

I saw a child who couldn't find the shadows of his arms on his brother's shoulders
in their last embrace.

It was as if the light in his eyes went out.
It was like another shell hitting your entire head.

And a girl crying in front of the cameras about her life:
This is my love. Bring him in the bag.

I don't believe what the dead have said,
The history teacher says
Geography has a benefit in your longing for you, where there
You hold a banquet for the slain in the family,
And chase the darkness
In the wake of those who set up an ambush for our shadows in the travels.
Don't bury the remains of the oleander flower on the edge of that lake,
Don't cry your death before you are afflicted with the crown's thorns,
 waiting for
The resurrection on the way to heaven.

A nun says to a soldier,
She saw the devil's index finger above his trigger.

I am no longer hungry and afraid.
I don't want a hot loaf of bread
Or a glass of cold water.
No shelter
Or a candle
Just a grave,
Let it be collective.

We share the birds that dreamed of trees and rivers that would be our
 brothers,
And the forests that pray in the mountains for us,
And cave explorers who have passed on their lineages to our first
 drawings
And a people between two massacres that curse their killer.

ISSA is a poet, critic, translator and playwright. He has dozens of books to his credit. His published poetry books include: *Ink of the First Sky* (1998), *Resurrection of the Walls* (2001), *Shepherds of Heaven, Shepherds of Oleander* (2013), *My Brothers, Father, Not the Wolf* (2015), *The Ten Commandments of Fawzia al-Hassan* (2017), *There, Where Shadows Groan. Amman* (2021) and *The Sky of Gaza, the Hills of Jenin* (2023). He has also received several awards and recognitions including The Arabic Poetry Award (Syria, 1984), The Poetry Award at Damascus University (1987), Order of Culture, Science, and Arts - Innovation Class, 2015 awarded by President Palestinian President Mahmoud Abbas, and Chekhov Creative Medal (2017), and BRICS International Forum Medal (2024).



ADAM YAGHI (Palestine/Canada)

Witness with Me

Ducking behind a lifeless tree,
I BEAR WITNESS to supersonic shrieks that shatter the crimson skies.
The blood-soaked horizon crumbles.
The rising clouds of fire, debris, dust grow razor-sharp.
The gaping eyes fill the air with muted screams.
— Death reigns supreme.

The torn-open earth reveals scorched bodies, mutilated bodies, bodies
without bodies
— kneeling bodies scattered like seed. . .

Other bodies—famished, diseased, weak—uncover small hands, large
hands, hands clawing at debris
— hands clamping to come out. . .

I BEAR WITNESS to a child's severed hand.

I BEAR WITNESS to unapologetic defense of the cleansing: a chosen
regime's divine right to self-defense,
a heavenly right to exist, a legitimate right to annex, a scripturally-
enhanced colonial right to exercise death by fire, death by mutilation,
death by thirst, death by starvation, death by opioid-mixed flour, death by
extreme fear, death by disease, death by snipers, death by rape, death by
viviseulture, death by weaponized AI, death by this, and death by that
— the skies have become an open burial ground. . .

I BEAR WITNESS to supremacist horrors.

I choke on my tears
— I can't breathe. . .

I BEAR WITNESS to a humanity denied;
yet I'm told to be civil, to gracefully join their flocks of sheep, to pretend
that these horrors are self-inflicted,
—to believe that a child cut off its own hand.

I'm ordered to bear witness to their bloody white-on-white past, but what
about Gaza and the ongoing genocide?
What about what we've read and what we're taught
— to speak truth to power and lend voice to those denied?

I've touched a nerve!
My professor called me an antisemite when I asked, “but, sir, didn't
Europe offload its sins on Palestinian hands? Where should the
Palestinians go after the last sky? Are you saying they should disappear
or die?”

The anointed rhetorician proceeded to pontificate: “it is complicated.”
— Remember the divine promise, remember the holocaust! Remember is
a verb, remembrance is its noun, remembered are those stolen lives....”

In his heart of hearts, our anointed grammarian believes that my
generation are well-intentioned but naively uninformed crowds who
could benefit from more sex.

I BEAR WITNESS to his moral failure.

The severed child's hand, half-open in supplication, awaits patiently for
another to pick it up, to grant it justice,
— unreined freedoms, liberation, life. . .

I BEAR WITNESS to a soon-to-be Palestine, free.
Witness with me.

YAGHI originally comes from Gaza Strip, Palestine. He is a clinical
associate professor at New York University in Shanghai, specializes in
diasporic Arab(ic) and American literatures. He primarily investigates the
intersections of religion, identity, and power. He has published on
Muslim literature in North America, popular testimonial literature by
Americans of Arab/Muslim descent, and Palestinian literature of
resistance.



AHMED AMOR ZAABAR (Tunisia/UK)

The Martyr

Even as you lie in pain,
wounded and groaning
they shall never rest, nor feel secure.
Even if they see you
a martyr, still and shrouded
and tread upon your broken corpse,
or dance and sing above your grave
still, they shall never be at peace, nor feel safe

For you are the certainty that shames their doubt,
the flame of truth that burns through lies.
But they
they are sin, confused within their souls,
entangled in the fog of guilt,
drawn to the hunger of flesh and the lure of desire,
lost in the wilderness of lust and blame,
captive to transgression and shadowed by fear.

And they shall never be at peace or rest.
Even if they bury you deep,
you will rise through the soil
and bloom like roses.
For life does not bow to death,
nor does truth decay.

No matter how they clutch their inner lies,
no matter how they strive,

how fiercely they defend the illusions they believe
They will never feel safe,
They will never rest.

ZAABAR is a poet, essayist, critic, short story writer and media specialist. He was the former Chairman of the Cultural Committee of the Arab Cultural Forum in Britain and the former Chairman of the Media Committee of the Arab Club in Britain. He has published three poetry volumes. His poetry has been translated into French, Spanish, Chinese, Italian, Serbian and English. He has also been featured in numerous poetry anthologies and has participated in several international poetry festivals.



AHMED MIQDAD (Palestine)

My Loyal Cactus

My loyal cactus,
I'm sorry to leave you alone in my balcony
I have no excuse except being forced to go to the south
Under the barrage of heavy bombs,
Frightening explosions and thousands of martyrs.
I'm sorry again to let you encounter the terrible days and nights,
Witness the destruction of my surrounding neighborhood
And let you face thirst for more than a year without a sip of water
But I was there hungry and starving like you.
When I came back
I found you still stalwart
Only some scars on your body
As a testimony on the merciless soldiers.
Let me hug you tightly and console you
Because your thorns more delicate
Than the hypocrisy of humanity.

MIQDAD (1985) is a Palestinian poet living in Gaza. He is the author of three collections of poetry: *Gaza Narrates Poetry* (2014), *Stolen Lives* (2015) and *When Hope Is not Enough* (2019), and he has also published a novel *Falastin: The Hope of Tomorrow* (2018). He's an awardee of Naji Namaan Literary Prize 2025. He has witnessed over three wars and severe aggression by Israeli forces on the Palestinian people since the 1980s.



AAMINA ADIL (Pakistan)

The Deafening Silence

The world turns a blind eye to the horrors unfolding,
The wailings are loud, yet the silence is deafening.

How desensitized and apathetic the world has become.
Bombs pulverizing entire neighborhoods- but it's business as usual for us.

Ceasefire! some say- but it falls on deaf ears.
The narrative is being skewed,
History so easily forgotten and erased.

A new rhetoric is being formed where one, and only one opinion matters,
Those who speak about blatant hypocrisy and atrocities are vilified and silenced.

Freedom of speech- a concept so righteous and so cherished.
However, in a totalitarian world, it has no room and confined to the relics.

They say, we will give a pause to give respite to the people.
Let's take a pause for a moment and think this deeper.

How can killing children, bombing schools and hospitals ever be justified?
Has humanity lost all conscience?
Our inner voice has indeed- died.

When cutting off water, food, fuel and medicines is the order of the day,
And making sure that no ambulances, emergency paramedics, God

forbid!
enter and make their way.

Are we not facing a humanitarian crisis? A genocide?
What other name will you give this? I challenge you. Dare I say.

The end of time is here- it is evident all around,
When the oppressor becomes the oppressed,
and blatant human rights violation incessantly found.

Man is forgetful in nature and hence we easily forget,
The illegal settlements and brazen occupation of lands,
that has driven a people out of their own homeland.

I wonder, what it would feel like to be a stranger in one's own home?
To be given a moment's notice to flee or else be part of the war zone.

The pain is unimaginable and absolutely horrific.
However, in this world of diplomacy not many are able to say it.

The wailings are getting louder, yet the silence is even more deafening.
Is there no one out there who can prevent these voices from drowning?

—

ADIL is an educator and emerging poet whose work explores themes of justice, resilience, and collective humanity. With a background in teaching and community engagement, she approaches poetry as both a creative and educational tool—a means to amplify unheard voices and spark critical conversations.



AISHA HASSAN (Egypt)

Terrorist

You set our lands on fire
Threw our people in graves alive
When I crawled out
You kicked me back inside
Called me vile
Called me others
But it is only one that grits my teeth
Sharpens my hatred into steel
Terrorist
I strain against your boot
Pushing my head down
Pushing my voice
I bite into the soles
I scream into your unblemished feet
If a Terrorist never forgives the blood of my loves
Then a Terrorist I shall be.

It is only us that never die
In our veins, our hatred runs alive
It drags our feet
It protects our teeth
When we bite into your tanks
It lets us sink deep
You will never understand
How we only wish to die
Instead we live

And see death a hundred times
While you sway on stages and sing your words
A lullaby to a crowd that sleeps on peace

You watered your gardens with our blood
Dissected our bodies on your tables
Sprinkled our stones to suit your palate
Every tree that thrusts into the sky
Is a child of our land that could have been alive
Every rose you see on your plate
Could have been the shades of our cheeks in the sun
You heartless kings
You unforgiving rulers
Every time you point your hands at us
Screaming terrorists
Remember
You are the only terrorist
That Chose to be one.

My mother has only seen red suns
I have only seen black skies
Peace is a dream you kill to live
When you wake up
You'll look up
And you'll find us
Finally dead
Finally alive
We will sway
We will chant
You will not turn your eyes away from us
We will dance on this stage of eternity
And your eyes will be on us
Rose cheeked
Soft skinned
Smiles wide.

HASSAN is a young poet. In her own words, she writes to “lend my voice to those who cannot speak”.



ALI ASHHAR (India)

Invincible Faith

The dismal months witness
the unyielding era of human sanctity;
somewhere, down the alley
the invincible faith confronts
the insatiable hunger
the erstwhile razed hospitals give birth to
the eternal spirits of resistance
beyond the dank chapters of
beseiged libraries
there's a lit story
atween the inclement weather
there flows God-induced breeze
of liberty and hope
of love and benevolence
of languages and dialects
of people and tribe

and in between all the rights and wrongs,
the world stands still to the view.

ASHHAR is a poet, short story writer and columnist. He is the author of two poetry collections, *Mirror of Emotions* (Notion Press, 2021) and *Across the Shore* (Zorba Books, 2024). Following the release of his debut book, he was chosen as the Best Debut Author for the year 2021 by *The Indian Awaz* and was the recipient of a *Foxclues India Prime 100 Authors Award*, *Elite Book Awards* and *Rising Stars Award*.



ALSHAAD KARA (Mauritius)

Without Home

What pricks the darkness is no misfortune
Is the distorted humanity I am born into.

Every glance at the sky, every glance at life,
Is a miraculous tragedy.

Do not ask why,
I just know that being alive is another battle.

When words and arms fail,
We need to reflect in our souls,
Where we lost our own land.

Every glance around me, every glance at sight,
Is a miraculous tragedy.

Will I see tomorrow?

I am scared. I do not know.

Perhaps,
These are my last words...

Without darkness, humanity fails,
Without light, humanity exists.

This is today's world
In all its complexity.

KARA is a poet who writes from his heart. He won first prize in the youth category at the 17e Concours D'écriture Sur Les Routes - Gens Du Monde in 2025. His latest poems were published in "The Present Poetry Podcast" and "DO.KRE.I.S".



ALTYNAI TEMIROVA (Kyrgyzstan)

In the Country of War

Embraced by the fatal beauty Death,
"Death's pimps" strolled through on city
in an invisible costume, unrecognized and faceless...
she was the only one they slept with,
only she was handed down,
to each other and to passers-by
marked by the scythe...
"clients" and killers,
sent like "dealers"
her "kisses" were cold...
Those kisses, hungry singing,
leaving a piece of themselves sitting
like masters in someone's body,
dominating someone's soul,
taking away warmth, killing live,
taking life again and again...
And in the planet, they've been guessing
about an evil plague - war for years...
Who are you?!
You're corrupt and cruel,
...clothed in the bitterness of tears...
woven of fear and dreams,
hatred and curses?!
...Fatal, go around?!...
Don't wander in our planet...
Don't put your life on the line for a penny...
"Pimps", go away,

with the murderers,
Let our love return to the planet,
Let love come back... Love!... Let it...

TEMIROVA is a poet, playwright and translator. In 1990, she graduated from the Gorky Literary Institute in Moscow. She is a member of the Union of Writers of the Kyrgyz Republic, International Pen Club and the Union of Cinematographers. She is also the coordinator of the World Poetry Movement in Kyrgyzstan. In 2021, she received the State Prize of the Republic of Sakha-Yakutia (RF) "For Strengthening Peace and Friendship of Peoples" for her contribution to the friendship of peoples and cultural cooperation through her work. Her poems have been translated into several other languages.



AMBILY V. N. (India)

Olive Trees Blooming with Blood

When Time shuts its eyes,
Oh my olive tree,
my poetry used to cry
inside its heart.
Oh Gaza,
my face bore the image of
your bloodied face.
Flames that swallow
even rocks.
My kids slip into slumber
in the tidal waves of bombs.

The holes in their clothes
become installations
of gross violations.
Oh Arabs!
Refugees bearing
the wounds of Naqba,
If one has to die
a mutilated death,
offer my corpse too to them
to build a wall around Gaza.
If it quenches their taste
for blood.

V.N. is a Kerala based poet and rights activist. She regularly writes columns for newspapers. Her poems are published widely. She works for the rights of tribal people in her region.



ANTJE STEHN (Germany)

Wie konnte das passieren?

We who have allowed
the return of the banality of evil
the return of those
who feel no regret in killing
while following orders

We who have allowed the frozen words
of our leaders
wrapped in shreds of half-truth
to celebrate the murderers
of an entire population
in that strip of land
where there is no escape

How will we erase our sins
as history follows us
relentlessly
like an angry dog
with puzzled and
unsettling eyes
that keep asking
How could this happen?
Wie konnte das passieren?

STEHN, member of German Exile-PEN, of the Collective “Poetry is my Passion,” of the direction of the Piccolo Museo della Poesia, Italy. She is

co-editor of the magazine TamTamBumBum and has published five poetry Chapbooks. Her latest poetry book is *Guerra* (2024). Since 2020, she curates the art-poetry projects including “Rucksack a Global Poetry Patchwork.” Her poems are translated into twelve different languages, published in different anthologies and magazines.



ANTONIO ORIHUELA (Spain)
Translated by Filomena Vinagre

Intifada

The year of the Stone Uprising
Fadi Abu Sala was born,

they stripped him of his land
and that was the first thing he saw.

After, they stripped him of his legs
during an Israeli airstrike,

but amid the rubble, Fadi emerged
and continued throwing stones
from his wheel chair.

Today they stripped him of his life.

-Look after the children, he said to his wife
before attending the protest.

Amid the tear gas canisters, Fadi
hurled the last stone over the barbed wire
and an exploding bullet tears open his chest.

Intifada,
to be moved,
to be jolted,
to shake

for as long as stones remain.

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ORIHUELA (Moguer, Spain, 1965) is a poet, novelist and essayist. His literary and intellectual work, markedly libertarian in tone, has been a part of the collective movement of 'conscience poetry' since its emergence at the beginning of the 1990s. He directs the poetry festival 'Voces del extremo'.



ARWA BEN DHIA (Tunisia)

A Disturbing Leader

They say they wanted a man's demise.
They wanted him to vanish in the skies.
A single man. Their archenemy.
A whole horror state's sworn foe.
With impunity, backed by their allies,
They are determined to erase memories,
Tamper history, change geography
And let all records fade and go.
Merely to capture this one man's soul,
Make him disappear once and for all,
They ignored each scream, every tear,
They wanted nothing to hear
But to bomb everything and spread fear.
They ruined land and atmosphere.
They burnt the earth, scorched the air,
Crushed all life, yet called it fair.
They wrecked any life
Allegedly to catch this one man's life.
I do not share this man's creed
Nor do I approve of his ideology,
But I do share his fight indeed—
He stood where I could not be.
He struggled against Zionism while I could not.
He fiercely defended his country and my Mahmoud's
While I solely wrote poetry expressing helplessly
My anger, indignation and grief,
Far away from the battlefield seeking relief.
So, the least I can do today is to write my pain

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For every soul that passed away in vain,
And celebrate this resistance figure and martyr.
I am sure there will be another and still another
To combat injustice, segregation and occupation.
Pray for Lebanon! Pray for Palestine!
Pray for peace and justice in the world!

BEN DHIA was born in Tunis in 1986. She is a doctor in electronics, patent engineer, polyglot poet, translator, and author. She won three literary prizes till now. Her last poetry collection *The Four and One Seasons* got an Honor Prize by the French Poets' Society and was transcribed into Braille. She mainly writes poetry in French, but sometimes in English, Spanish and Arabic. She has participated in many poetry magazines and anthologies and is a member of several cultural associations, including the Society of Literary People.



AZAM ABIDOV [Uzbekistan]

Vultures

Vultures from
The Tower of Silence
Migrate to Gaza forever

ABIDOV is a poet, writer, translator, cultural adviser, and organizer of international literary events. Born in Namangan, he graduated from the Faculty of Uzbek Language and Literature and later moved to Tashkent. He founded Uzbekistan's first independent writer and artist residency program, which has hosted over one hundred participants from five continents. His major works include several poetry collections, translations of internationally acclaimed poets, and the English edition of *Alisher Navoiy's Farhod and Shirin*. A recipient of national literature Olympiad and creative writing awards, he has held writing residencies in Iowa, Berlin, and Hong Kong.



BAL BAHADUR THAPA (Nepal)

To be or not to be

I die a little
Every time my eyes fall on the TV screen
Smear'd with the blood of the children
On stretchers being hurried to hospitals
I can't face those innocent eyes
Asking me a question: Why me?

I die a little
Every time my eyes fall on the TV screen
Wet with a father's tears over the lifeless child
He is holding in his trembling arms
Choked with anger and helplessness
His face poses me a question: Why my child?

I die a little
Every time my eyes fall on the pages of newspapers
Torn with the buildings bombed to the ground
Blazing with gunfire and smoke
The rubble asks me a question: Are your kind sane?

I die a little
Every time my eyes fall on the screen of my phone
Trying to escape my little deaths

My palm trembles with the explosion of
Bombs, missiles and grenades
Thrown at the innocent children, women and old ones
Traumatized, my hand asks me: What about the ones
Facing the unending showers of bombs and bullets?

Should I go on living like less than a human
Dying every day little by little?
Or die once and for all
Braving something,
Something terribly beautiful
For the freedom of my brothers and sisters
Reduced to non-human?

THAPA is a poet and short story writer. His poems and short stories have been published in literary journals like *Bengal Lights* and *Of Nepalese Clay*. He directed August Wilson's *Fences* in 2011 and Marsha Norman's 'night, Mother in 2012. He is an assistant professor of English at Tribhuvan University.



BENGT BERG (Sweden)

Gaza, May 2025

The positions take their positions:
October 7, 2023 or 1948 and the designation
follows from that: Massacre or genocide

One wonders about the exchange rate, the exchange rate
for human life – how many Palestinians
are there in one Israeli?

The emaciated children we saw
when the concentration camps were opened in 1945
are terribly similar to those we see today, in Gaza

It only takes a few billion dollars
to turn desert sand into a beach,
to wipe a people off the face of the earth

They lack everything – water, food, medicine
We lack words, shame has taken over
and while the genocide is going on the government is silent

The children sleep peacefully
under the blanket of death
of cement, soot and dust

Blue and white flutter in the wind
Black, green, white and red are carried forward
as if there was a future and a hope

BERG lives and works in Värmland, western Sweden. He has published more than 50 books, mostly poetry and often in collaboration with various artists or with his own photographic images. Since the poet lives in the forest and lake landscape, nature and landscape also play an important role in his poetry. Added to this are the impressions from his many journeys around the world: India, Bangladesh, China, Vietnam, Latin America and many European countries. Berg's poems have been translated into many languages and he has participated in many poetry festivals around the world.



BHISMA UPRETI (Nepal)
Translated from Nepali by Shyamal

Do Not Kill Us

(For the Palestinian Children)

Arrived recently
We are here.

There is a reason for us
To be here,
Since we wanted to complete the jobs
That you had left incomplete
Since we wanted sweeping out the dust
Sticking in your dreams
Since we wanted shining
The civilization you nurtured
Since pollution is rocketing
And temperature is surely riding up
And nature is at the crossroads
Since we wanted amplifying our life
Dwindling the pollution

Since we wanted dreaming ourselves a little
Just rooting a new plant
Just cultivating a new crop
Just building a new school
Fetching colors from the mother earth
Since we wanted completing the painting
You had left incomplete
Since we wanted to give a Midas' touch to the melody

You had left incomplete

Do not kill us, men!
Do not make us wounded,
Since we are just your clone
Since we are just your blood and the senses
Since we are just the sights of your eyes
Since we are just your future.

Do not kill us!

UPRETI is a poet, writer and translator. His total 32 books (poetry, essays/travel and a novel) have been published. His books and other literary pieces have been published in more than 18 foreign languages from various countries. A Gold medalist of the National Poetry Festival organized by Nepal Academy, Upreti has received SAARC Literature Award twice. He is president of PEN Nepal, a Nepalese chapter of PEN International.



CAROLINE LAURENT TURUNÇ (Turkiye/France)

Poet of Light

I am the scream of every pain!
I can never forget how I crawled through pus-filled wounds without being seen by anyone.
I walked among the dim stars of the light of every day and every darkness, leaving 19 suns behind.
Fatigue was never a problem for me.
Time, me, I was me in time.
At the birth of every universe, I found myself in different hands and with different screams. I was not afraid, I did not rebel.
I watched the stones at the foot of every mountain, trying to exist among the bright sun and the different scents of jasmynes.
It was so beautiful to listen to the sweet conversations of lions and gazelles in the distance about discrimination, superiority and chaos, and to feel the presence of bees happily landing on every flower.
There was unconditional love for those who deserved it in these lands
And me.
I love living with love and respect, loving those who love creation with the grace of the Creator.
I learned from my ancestors to accept every living being in nature unconditionally
I am a person of light
I am a simple person living on the banks of the reeds under the loving sun of the Mediterranean.
Now this shore flows into the unknown
The first light, the first body, the first sun, the first and last of the Second First Holy Day
Once upon a time there was no greenery here, no flowing river, no planted flowers,

Dry soil, dry roots and trees, nectar birds and sun birds floating in the sky.
Created from nothing, rebuilt from nothing.

Forests, trees, pastures were planted

Drought, distance, nothingness were no problem for us, recreating and
breathing the earth was not destruction for us, but rebirth

A hospitable place kneaded with love and patience by history, like the
banks of the Jordan River, like the banks of the Dead Sea, has
become a symbol of existence.

A sun rose in the corridors of darkness and this sun gave birth to
Palestine, its walls were plastered with soil kneaded with the tears
flowing from the eyes of orphans, despite all the pain, every house
turned into a rose garden at sunrise.

In this universe, the name of the place worthy of its name is Palestine.

And then the clouds made the sky cry

The absence of existence screamed

The four walls of Palestine are full of collapses, disappointments,
uncertainties and those who want to uproot every root.

Every street seems to live on borrowed time.

"But there was no greater dream than a peaceful life."

How could an olive tree uprooted know that the sound of bells and clocks
was not the same in every geography?

How could a black fish hiding under a mossy stone know that the color of
the water flowing in every river was not the same?

How could Fatma, Ali, Ayşe, İlyas, İsa, Davut, Yakup, Berivan, Musa,
Hasan, Hüseyin know that everyone who came to their land would
be a toy in the midst of their screams of pain?

This land should not have been like a village destroyed by a silent
hurricane

Every destruction that tries to destroy existence is an existence that
contains nothingness within nothingness.

Even the thorn on top of the mountain, my land, your land, their land,
stones, mountains, rivers, trees, birds and everyone's private world
would never have occurred to them that they would be lost forever...

How can we know that this land that we thought every living thing
belonged to for centuries is not actually my land, your land or our
land?

Those who destroyed my village are now destroying my people: the
butterflies flying in the sky, the flies buzzing and the sheep grazing.

I am tired of asking myself this question, but I will never tire of asking it
again: How long will we stay here? And what will we subjugate
next?

Ah, ah... time, time that serves the wheel and the power

I know that the darkness of the night is yours

But what you have forgotten is that I am the light that illuminates the day.

And everyone knows that the day is more beautiful than the night.

Many know that the stone of Haifa is like a drop of water on the feather
of a meadowlark,

We are the foundation stone of the Mediterranean coast.

We are the presence of light and the fear of darkness.

Death no longer scares me.

I have discovered a condition more difficult than death: permanent.

Persistence and ignorance destroy the truth.

And I say to you, with the most bitter cries, whether you like it or not, O

Time, be sure that freedom will always live, green, peaceful, in the
trees of the world...

And those who come to kill the Light in the darkness of the night will

drown in their own garbage, in their own rotten minds, in Hell,
where darkness shines brightest.

And I will continue to perish in the Paradise of the Lost, until the demons
of Hell are exhausted.

TURUNÇ is a Paris-based sociologist and poet of Arab heritage from Antakya, Turkey. Since 2013 she has written over 1,500 poems published internationally and contributed to nearly 60 anthologies. She authored the poetry collections *Between the Orient and the North* and *Desert Lily* and is completing her first novel. An award-winning poet in Romania, Lebanon, China, and Italy, she also works in cultural diplomacy and peace initiatives, serving in multiple international ambassadorial and editorial roles.



CHEN HSIU-CHEN (Taiwan)

Translated by Te-chang Mike Lo

Roses and Guns

There's a war in everyone's heart
There is a rose in everyone's heart

I take the ongoing war
To write a heartbreaking poem

Everyone who reads it thinks I'm writing about
The war in their hearts

Guns destroy roses
But roses cannot kill guns

Actually, what I want to write about is roses
Not war

HSIU-CHEN is the author of fifteen books and has participated in poetry festivals in Asia, Europe, Africa, and America. She was awarded with Naji Naaman Literary Prizes from Lebanon in 2020 and conferred with the International Intellectual Certificate of the year 2024 from the International Cultural Forum for Humanity and Creativity in Syria.



DANIEL DE CULLA (Spain)

Our Golden Calf

“All our Love for Palestine”

Like a fairground clown
Dressed as a false pope, king
Or as a fierce Briareus, a Centiman Giant
With fifty heads
The President of America goes
To visit those nations
Who thinks will kiss his ass.
On a well-mounted donkey, his own!
Brave and bizarre
Because they voted for him
A multitude of donkeys and she-donkeys
Without two brain cells
Who adore him as much
As the Arab oil cities
Have proven it.
In his wake, like a cardboard Attila
Or a straw-ripper
Or a bloodthirsty fascist satrap
He encourages criminals and outlaws
To create an all-inclusive resort
In Gaza and all of annexed Palestine
So that it may be the ideal destination
For the most exalted murderers.
What a feast he's having
Just thinking about it!
Climate Change is already unhinged

And Human Rights.
It's already destroying Education
Healthcare and Culture
Not hesitating to humiliate the displaced
Throwing out the Emigration
From their own land of emigrants.
-I'm going to be the most bloodthirsty
He exclaims with impunity
This presumptuous Giant
Who thinks he can make the Earth shake
Shake the sky
Making the stars, planets
Satellites and comets
Fleeing from the firmament.
His deranged rich people
His believers, deluded by his counterfeit currency
And his deranged pimp dance
Exclaim, almost crying
Longing to kiss his ass
As he himself yearns:
"You are our Golden Calf!
Our money-shit god!"

DE CULLA quitted school in a Seminary to become what he calls “a blasphemous clergy,” and then went to Madrid to work. He travelled to England, Holland, Belgium and France to work in hotels to learn idioms. Now, he lives between Madrid and Burgos. This is how he describes himself: “I am old and happy and live in different worlds of poetry and literature able to span the gap with my Muse and my actual state of being.”



DAVID SAMUEL SMITH (UK)

Listen for the whispers / here come the ghosts
of the children / massacred in Gaza
With a similar silvery translucence / to Hiroshima skin
they join hands now / so many around the Pentagon
and they dance / four steps to the left
five steps to the right

A slow orbit theirs
four steps to the left / five to the right

Days all-encompassing grey / sad as the rain
slip by / The ghosts of Gaza mothers
and fathers / older brothers and sisters too
have come crouching to search / the pavements
of Brussels / London and Washington
their ghost heads turned aside / listening

Clouds reach to the ground / black roads unshined
wet legs busily / brush by the searching ghosts
Trouser cuffs get snagged / skirts briefly caught
as bent-over mothers / and fathers peer into
the mortar / between the paving slabs

And around the Pentagon / the ghost children's
slow dance / goes on
four steps to the left / five to the right

SMITH presently lives in Blaengarw, South Wales, UK. Author of several novels, his extant poetry collections include *The Complete Pieces*, *Mirror Mirror*, *Local Colour*, *Speculations & Changes* and *bird in the hand*.



DIMITRIS P. KRANIOTIS (Greece)

The Child of the Red Sky

The child of war
No longer plays
Nor laughs
He doesn't write poems

Hiding from the sun
He mourns
With fairy tales
Without a happy ending

Under the red sky
He doesn't sleep
He paints on the bloody soil
Defeated nightmares

KRANIOTIS was born in 1966 in Larissa Prefecture (Greece) and grew up in Stomio (Larissa). He studied Medicine at the Aristotle University of Thessaloniki. He lives in Larissa (Greece) and works as a medical doctor (internist). He is the author of 11 poetry books. He has won international awards for his poetry which has been translated into 37 languages. He is Doctor of Literature, Academician, President of the 22nd World Congress of Poets (UPLI), President of the World Poets Society (WPS), Director of the Mediterranean Poetry Festival (Larissa, Greece) and Chairman of the Writers for Peace Committee of PEN Greece.



ELISE TYSON (Australia)

Dream for the Children of Palestine

In my dreams, the Global Sumud Flotilla is greeted
On the shores of Gaza by children
With broad smiles and infectious laughter
Who proudly help the crew disembark
Offering their tiny hands to those stepping off the boats
Wading to the sand with nappies and formula in their arms
Treats for their younger siblings

In my dreams, the children of Gaza
Rise from rubble and ash
From beneath the ground
From the shrouds wrapped around their tiny bodies
They return to their parents
The sun in their eyes and
Peace in their ears
No drones circling overhead

In my dreams, they are free
They were always free
They are in school
Protected rather than displaced,
Walking barefoot across a wasteland
Carrying their siblings atop their shoulders

In my dreams, the children of Gaza
Go to sleep with bellies full and hearts free from fear
With bedtime stories and their parents in the next room

Ready to console them when they wake in fright
Shh, my child, the bombs were just a nightmare

In my dreams, the children of Gaza
Grow to become doctors, scientists, teachers
Garbage collectors, lawyers, bus drivers
They fall in love
Raise children
Bring their children to the beach
To the cinema
Wipe their tears away and
Kiss their scraped knees
That bleed from childish accidents
Not concrete breaking apart on top of them

In my dreams, the children of Gaza
Grow up

The children of Gaza grow up
The children of Gaza grow up

In my dreams, we did not fail the children of Gaza.

TYSON is a writer and filmmaker living in London. Her writing has been published in *The Guardian UK*, *Heroica Online*, *The Queerness*, *PRISM International*, among others. Her film 'St Bernie' won Best National Film at Canberra Short Film Festival.



ELLA B. WINTERS (UK)

Every Poem is an Inventory

I can't write about dead children
again. The heart and brain
are both caving in, pouring out, melting
into a collective meat puddle, sizzling
in the scorch of the ruthless
sun. And now, I don't know
what I'm looking at anymore.
Is this an arm or a leg,
or something all together less
mobile, a crush of hope
trapped under the endless
rubble which used to be
shaped like a house, an olive
tree, a mother's hug.

WINTERS is a social worker, writer, and double immigrant, living on the South-East coast of England with her partner and a sausage dog. Her work often explores themes of identity and locating yourself in the world.



FAHREDIN SHEHU (Kosovo)

A Stone That Bleeds Pain

For those who went through the bloodshed,
wars have no diminutives—
not for me in particular,
nor does the pain cease to show any sign of understanding
in the blatant world of arguments.
None can say: we see not the evil,
nor can they hide under the Sun of the Truth.
There's no silence more bitter than indifference.
There's no crime worse than that toward a child.
If one feels the butterfly wings clapping in his land,
yet is indifferent to the thunderous echo of the cry of the child in Gaza,
is he a human when even a stone cries and bleeds pain?

SHEHU is a renowned poet from Kosovo who has authored over 20 books: mainly poetry, essay, and novels. His poetry is translated in around 30 languages and brought him many literary prizes. He was awarded Doctor Honoris Causa and Lifetime Academic in Switzerland and was nominated for Pulitzer Prize in 2017 for his unique philosophical and artistic expression. He is the Director of International Poetry Festival in Kosovo.



FATEN GUEMRI (Tunisia)

I Stand Just Shy of Humanity

I stand just shy of humanity
Only halfway there.
Mist lies ahead... and nothing behind.
Children's laughter barely heard,
As if echoing from a well's deep bottom,
Or trailing remnants of a fading dream.

As if earth groans beneath its ashes
With a muffled cry, a silent volcano.
Everyone stands on a single foot,
Necks straining till veins swell,
Bewildered eyes try to decode the dark.
Why do the innocent die just once
While the living are slaughtered by grief a thousand times each day?

We all spin in the same orbit,
A month,
Then an eternity...
The same pain, from years ago, unchanged.

Time passes like a millstone,
Turning, grinding what remains of hope,
At the very brink
Two steps away from inhumanity.

GUEMRI (1979) is a Tunisian poet originating from the Kerkennah Islands. Through her verses, she delves into explorations of the self and the world, with reflections on life and existence. Her published poetry collection is *Aktubu litarani*. She practices law and resides in Tunis, where she continues to draw inspiration from her surroundings and experiences.

It is impossible not to talk about the killing, even though expressing it may be judged as a political act

FERNANDO RENDÓN (Colombia)



[RENDÓN is the Director of Medellín International Poetry Festival which received the Alternative Nobel Prize in 2006. He is also the President of World Poetry Movement (WPM). He was born in Medellín, Colombia, in 1951. His poetry books include Contrahistoria, Bajo otros soles, Canción en los campos de Marte, Los motivos del salmón, La cuestión radiante, and La rama roja. He has received several awards, including the Arabian Bahrahill Foundation Prize (Saudi Arabia), Rafal Alberti Poetry Prize, Cuba, and Medal Homero for Literature and Art, Belgium.]

Rendón is interviewed in October 2025 by Keshab Sigdel, the Editor-in-chief of the Poetry Planetariat on issues around the global poetry actions and solidarity campaigns in support of the people of Gaza and the future works of WPM to promote justice in the world.]

KESHAB SIGDEL: *In May 2025 WPM announced a virtual “Global Action for Palestine” that brought together 140 poets and contributors from 91 countries, describing the event as a testament to the unifying power of poetry in the struggle for justice, peace and human dignity. How effective has this global reading been in raising awareness and mobilizing support for Gaza, and what feedbacks have you received from participants across the 91 countries?*



FERNANDO RENDÓN: As everyone knows, one or many poetry readings will not eliminate wars. Nor will a great war do it. Even a global agreement has not wiped existing wars from the planet. What these poetry readings produce in the mood of the populations they reach is a greater awareness of the gravity of the circumstances in which we are immersed. These acts are symbolic manifestations of the will of the spiritual forces of the world that desire a deep and definitive peace after so many combative centuries. The poetry readings and poetic actions for Gaza, which have been organized and developed by the World Poetry Movement, have influenced the world so that an increasing number of people are mobilizing in the streets of large cities on all continents.

SIGDEL: *For poets and writers, language is the only instrument of defense at the time of war. How effective is the power of words in a time when life is threatened in multiple ways. And why is poetry a unique vehicle for expressing the sacredness of life and resistance?*

RENDÓN: Although the power of poetic language is relative when life is threatened in so many ways, only poetry can transform the language of everyday war promoted by the media, which leads all peoples to catastrophe, into a language of peace and humanity, proposing other possible ways to resolve the great conflicts of our time, and, above all, reminding the world that life is a superior option to death, that beauty will always oppose the monstrosity of the soul of genocidal maniacs, and that human existence must be redirected toward the purity of its sources, toward the original vision. The sacred nature of

living species and human life must be preserved at all costs, and this is the essential task of poetry.

SIGDEL: *WPM's Global Action for Gaza involved readings and workshops across five continents and highlighted that the Movement is a network of thousands of poets and organizers spanning over 100 countries. What challenges and opportunities arise when coordinating such a diverse, multilingual network, and how do these global connections influence the narratives shared in solidarity with Palestine?*

RENDÓN: I would say that what you call a network is actually a movement, the living expression of the will to act of thousands of poets who raise their voices to the world in solidarity with the defenseless victims of Gaza and other unjust invasions and wars currently being waged on earth. As in any movement, there are many difficulties. There are many ideological, political, religious, cultural, ethnic, and linguistic differences, and these weigh heavily when it comes to acting in unity, even in a specific cause such as the daily genocide in Gaza, which mortally wounds all of humanity. Every child killed in Gaza is our child. Every woman killed in Gaza is our sister. The elderly people killed in Gaza are our grandparents. All the people of that martyred city are humanity. Some people see our action as overly political, but in reality, the struggle we are waging against the Zionist invasion is deeply poetic and human. It is impossible not to talk about the killing, even though expressing it may be judged as a political act. Poetry is life; it is the defense of life. Poetry is the voice of life. Of course, there are many poets in the world who do not share our point of view, among them many European poets who are surely influenced by the apathetic and insensitive narratives of their governments, but our will is to walk toward a new land and a new humanity.

SIGDEL: *One of the WPM's declaration urged international agencies to assume their legal and ethical responsibilities and provide protection and justice to the Palestinian people. What responses, if any, have you seen from these agencies or governments, and how can poets' voices help hold them accountable?*

RENDÓN: Poets do not have the power to change the world; if they did, the world would be a different place. Governments and

international agencies will never be made accountable to poets. Given the ethical and aesthetic value of poetry, poets have been marginalized, persecuted, and imprisoned in many countries for their critical spirit and unconditional loyalty to the struggles of the people. But the words of poets will not lose their relevance, in contrast to the constant devaluation of the ordinary language of most politicians.

SIGDEL: *WPM and other international organizations have collected signatures of hundreds of poets and writers from around the world calling for an immediate ceasefire in Gaza. The petition demanded unrestricted food and medical aid, sanctions on Israel if it rejects the call, and a ceasefire guaranteeing safety and justice for Palestinians and the release of all hostages. Do you think such petitions make any effect at the political level? How do you view the relationship between poetry and political action?*

RENDÓN: I have already spoken about the importance and impact of the actions of the World Poetry Movement regarding Gaza that we have been carrying out since October 2023, expressing that poets influence the decisions of citizens in many countries who mobilize in solidarity, putting strong pressure on their governments in the streets to break diplomatic, commercial, and military relations with Israel. We are now seeing that several European governments, belatedly and hypocritically, are recognizing the existence of the Palestinian State, leaning towards the solution of two states coexisting in the region. Human solidarity actions, whatever their scale, arise from their profound poetic nature. Human beings are one. Although we are divided, we have emerged from the same sacred nature of life. The political events that lead processes towards the transformation of the body and soul of a nation can also be read as poetic events, when they promote the irruption of social justice, dignity, and truth in a nation that lacked them. Many great leaders have acted under political and poetic motivations. However, the World Poetry Movement is not a political force; it is a great force of universal poetry and acts as such.

SIGDEL: *WPM organized a virtual international conference on Palestine in June 2024 that included heads of state, governments, scholars, activists, journalists and poets. What were the key outcomes of that conference, and how did the*

presence of political leaders alongside poets influence the dialogue on Gaza and the broader Palestinian struggle?

RENDÓN: The International Conference organized by the World Poetry Movement in June 2024 opened a dialogue at a higher level between poets, thinkers, journalists, and government representatives committed to the struggle of Palestine and Gaza to end the invasion and open a definitive path to independence and sovereignty for the Palestinian people. The participation of key figures who expressed their thoughts, perspectives, and visions on the most scandalous mass crime of recent bloody times in the world revealed the diversity and convergence of approaches and proposals for a viable solution at this juncture. However, it is unthinkable that a conference of this nature, on its own, could provide a remedy for the violent crisis. It is the governments of the world that must act to bring an immediate end to the genocide.

SIGDEL: *Why are localized, in-person readings important alongside virtual global actions, and how do they strengthen community engagement and empathy?*

RENDÓN: Virtual and in-person poetry readings are necessary, as conditions for holding them vary in different regions of the world. These activities complement each other and have an impact both within and outside each country. In-person readings always encourage audience participation in one way or another, while virtual readings can be seen in many places around the world when broadcast on social media, strengthening the understanding and stance of different audiences who are learning about the reality of the tragedy in Gaza.

SIGDEL: *WPM's solidarity initiatives showcase Palestinian voices like Murad Sudani, Hanan Awwad and Ashraf Fayad. How does WPM nurture Palestinian poets' creative work and well-being amid the trauma of war, and what can be done to ensure these voices reach wider audiences?*

RENDÓN: WPM has promoted the collection and dissemination of the voices of many poets in print, digital, and audiovisual formats that have circulated around the world. At the same time, it has disseminated poetry and promoted the presence of Palestinian poets in resistance at international poetry festivals, connecting

them with wide audiences who can thus learn a profound lesson about what can happen on the planet if the unbridled madness of a deranged army is allowed to kill without restraint and take whatever land it wants at will, without a large global military force putting an end to these criminal actions. All honest and conscious people who have the power to amplify these voices must do so, and this is our call. We will continue to accompany the Palestinian people in every way possible.

SIGDEL: *Looking ahead, what new projects or strategies does WPM plan to pursue to sustain global solidarity with Palestine, increase international pressure for a lasting ceasefire, and promote a world where poetry continues to inspire justice and dignity for all peoples?*

RENDÓN: Every day it becomes more urgent for WPM to convene a new Congress to address this question. We will soon gather the Coordinating Committee to find a date and a place to reflect together on new ways in which world poetry can help peoples in this profound crisis of history, which could lead humanity to its end, while helping to inspire a new beginning for human life and all forms of life on Earth.



FRANCIS KURKIEVICZ (Brazil)

Fleeting Moment

In the park in Tuffah,
A passionate nightingale
sings of the coming of dawn;

In Khan Yunis,
A sycamore tree bears fruit
In an abandoned yard;

In Rafah,
A child picks,
On the tip of his little fingers,
The landing of a *Celastrina* butterfly;

In Ramalah,
A sleepy cat
Finds shelter
In a worn-out teddy bear;

On a beach in Gaza,
An old man recites to the wind
a verse from the Koran:
"...and if someone saves a life,
it will be as if he had saved all of humanity";

In the cemetery in Beit Lahia,
The prescription glasses,
On the grave of a student,

Create a fleeting rainbow on the ground;

For a brief and subtle moment,
Beauty unfurls its golden flag
Over the dawning of Palestine,
But no poet witnessed
The delicate moment;

All poets had already been taken
Into eternity by Israel's bombs.

KURKIEVICZ is a poet and editor. His poetry collection *B869.1 k96* was published by Editora Patuá. His poems are anthologized in *World Poetry Tree* in UAE and *Living Anthology of Writers of the World* in Russia.



FRANK JOHNSON (UK)

A Real Dilemma

‘Gazans being shot as target practice.’
‘Hungry aid staff fainting. Starvation spreads.’
‘Gaza facing man-made mass starvation.’
‘Starvation in Gaza is destroying communities.’
‘Gaza is starving. So are its journalists.’
‘Gazans deprived of human dignity.’
‘Israeli politicians and settlers discuss
luxury Gaza Riviera plan.’
‘Netanyahu jokes about McDonald’s.’
‘80-year old Pro-Palestine protester
detained by UK police while house is searched.’
‘I’ve no idea what they were looking for.’
It’s hard for wealthy countries to decide
whether genocide is genocide.

JOHNSON is a retired university administrator who lives in Coventry, UK. He’s had poems published in the *Boscombe Revolution*, *Frogmore Papers*, *Swerve Magazine*, the *Locofoco Anti-Trump Anthology*, and highly commended AUB International Poetry Prize.



FRANK WATSON (Sweden/USA)

All the More Horrible

A boy, barefoot, a little boy,
feet covered with dust
gone to get food for his family.
Chaos, he fled, his bowl empty
tears down his cheeks
face covered with knowing of his family's hunger.
A grenade, a fragment, he died
just a boy getting food for his family.

It happens every day.
Boots give them power.
Shoes give them the right.
Bare feet show you to be a victim.

Lost in the land of evil,
I should go barefoot all my life
forehead marked with ashes
body cut and bleeding,
could I bring him back,
a boy, just getting food for his family
a victim, it happens every day.

Our feet against the earth
a journey of dust and dirt
will be washed with her tears
dried with her hair
when we all meet

on our barefoot wanderings
as leaves fallen in time
through the waters of life
leaving clear footprints until at last
we reach the other side.

WATSON grew up in Miami, Florida, and moved to Sweden in 1969 and lives in Uppsala. He worked primarily as a photography instructor but have also been active in other ways: He organized (and sometimes lead) photoworkshops, was curator for photo exhibitions in the Ålenius Room at Uppland's County Museum and active in the publishing company BILDIBOK. He taught at Folkuniversitetet at Uppsala University until he started up the photography department at Komvux, a technical trade school. He has also published his poetry books.



GENE GRABINER (USA)

Gaza City

In this photograph,
across the water
across the bobbing,
yellow-striped fishing boats
in the long late light—
we see the gold of Gaza City,
sitting on the Mediterranean—
its sandstone minarets,
concrete apartment blocks,
Byzantine architecture.
And now, amidst famine,
more war is coming.
Omar Mukhtar Street,
is soon to be blanketed
with the gray powder
of exploded and collapsed buildings.
Soon to be
like the rest of Gaza, where
we see thousands
of the strewn dead,
of whom other thousands
are children. And
other thousands of children
are amputees—
maimed children
wander in the dust,
maimed children,

wandering
in the dust.

GRABINER has three published chapbooks: *There Must Be More than Trigonometry* (Foothills Publishing, 2017), *All Eyes Are Upon Us*, (Partisan Press, 2018), and *On The River* (Laughing Owl Press, 2020). His poems have appeared in various journals, including Main Street Rag, American Journal of Nursing, PoetLore, La Presa, The Cafe Review, Blue Collar Review, Comstock Review, Connecticut River Review, J Journal, Jewish Currents, Naugatuck River Review, Passager, Sandhill Review, Slant, and Sojourners.



GEORGE CAPACCIO (USA)

Mother with Child

Seeing them like that,
I felt my heart literally crater,
and I had no ground to stand upon.
I fell, am falling still
among the bloodied shards of Gaza

and the many who are martyred there.

She held him so tenderly
in a close, enfolding embrace,
with eyes shuttered, lips pressed
like the lightest of wings
against her child's brow.

Frail, almost weightless,
not more than a few months old
with the palest, bluest eyes,
he looked up at her, it seemed,
in deep, wordless communion.

And through the silence
of his upward gaze,
I could almost hear him whisper,
"Mama, I'm sorry.
I don't want to leave you.

"Hold me a while longer.

I have never felt so cold
even now in the warmth of your arms
with your breath the softest breeze
I will ever know."

Then I saw how his tiny body
was bound in the whitest cloth
torn open at one end
so she could see her child's face
and kiss him

one last time.

CAPACCIO is a native New Englander. His book-length poetry collection—*While the Light Still Trembles*—took first prize in peace writing from the University of Arkansas. He has written over 30 books of fiction and nonfiction for leading educational publishers. George has published individual poems in *Rough Diamond*, *Books & Pieces*, *The Writing Disorder*, *The American Dissident*, *Left Curve*, and *FutureCycle*, among other journals. As a peace activist, he traveled numerous times to Iraq during the era of economic sanctions to bring medical supplies to public hospitals and to witness the effects of these sanctions on families.



GIOVINAZZO ILARIA (Italy)

Without Memory

Collapse
under walls of lime and stones,
where crackling life gives way
to the deafening silence of the morning

stripped of me. They have given way
the skeletal legs
under the weight of ancient offenses
as the trunk of this olive tree.

Each ring of the tree a fault.
Each ring of the tree holds a hundred of swept-away lives.
Stay and pray with me.
For every life erased, for every child lost.
For my legs that have given way.

We have learned nothing.
We never learn, we only know
how to retrace our steps, without memory.

ILARIA was born in Rome in 1979. She is a figurative plastic art therapist and teacher of Literature and History of Art in high school. She has published four novels *Lost Souls* (Effedue, 2001), *I can't let you go away* (Prospettiva, 2005), *Women of destiny* (Besa, 2007) and three poetry collections: *Like a lotus flower* (Ensemble, 2020) and *The simmetry of the bodies* (Ensemble, 2021), and *The religion of beauty Poetry Plaentariat, Vol. 11*

(PeQuod, 2023). She published the illustrated book for children *Life. Ten important things* (Fuorilinea, 2022). She also translated from English the poems of the Kashmiri mystic Lal Ded in the volume *Pure Light. Mystical Chants of Kashmiri Tantrism* (Jouvence, 2024).



GISELA SILVA-GONZÁLEZ (Ecuador)

A Letter to My Palestinian Friend

Lately, I have heard you speak about how wonderful your life was, about your adventures and the memories that made you smile. Probably and most probably, certainly, your life was better, and you could calmly breathe, you had more certitudes and wealth on your path.

You talk with such passion, that it makes me travel back in time, and I feel like if I was there with you and your family, with your friends and your children, cherishing life.

I know it has been hard to be away from what you love, and that you don't know what to do because life became so uncertain now, but I will tell you a little secret I have learned after all my years as a psychologist: no one really knows... The biggest battle that we face is the one within our own minds, sometimes there is such a big fight in our hearts, but these victories no one will take away, nor the demons or angels, because it entirely belongs to you.

Have you heard about the butterfly effect? That the bat of a butterfly can create a hurricane on the other side of the world. When I see you, I am a believer too...

Despite of how everything happened, it does not matter when or how, sometimes not even the pain it caused on our life, some things just happen and as hard as it sounds, that is also life.

It does not matter how everything happened, the time and the World have confabulated for us being here sharing this moment, in this same space. It

is thanks to these series of events that today my heart feels the enjoyment of sharing your smile, knowing your name, and hearing your voice, not only once but every day.

I don't want to think too much about how everything happened, for a moment, our molecules of oxygen have been dancing together, at least for a moment, breathing the same air that keeps us alive.

Despite how everything happened, my life has gratefully changed because I had the honor to meet you, now I know that we exist together, I know your story and I have this deep belief that in the complete opposite side of the place that I recognize as home; there is a magnificent that has cared for me with a cup of tea, now my life is full of Palestinian sweets.

I have heard that you used to go to the theater, how much you loved to dance and that you used to buy sweets for your beautiful wife. But I heard too, that you are not afraid of being or feeling different. I know also that you do not settle down, that you keep dreaming, and still have the courage to start again, from here and now, from what you have this day.

I have seen every day your smile and that one of your child, and I am a witness that is such as beautiful as a Rafah's sunset and is the luckiest kid to call you mom and dad. And believe me my biggest dream is that your child and mine can both fly kites on a free Palestinian Sky.

I can tell that you have lost everything for what you fought for all these years, but still, your kindness is brighter than the sunshine and can warmth even the coldest heart.

Despite how everything happened,

Despite how everything was, I feel the luckiest to have on my mind the memory of your smile and to call you friend, my sweet Palestinian friend.

SILVA-GONZÁLEZ is a psychologist in Doctors Without Borders. She worked in Gaza Strip in 2024 and 2025, and since then poetry has been the way to express all the feelings related to the genocide and siege.



HARILAOS STEFANAKIS (Canada/Greece)

The Name That Must Be Spoken

The hand of a forgotten goddess steadies the land,
and truth, like an open wound,
spills the alphabet of beginnings.

The moon unseams itself,
a silver rupture in the sky's fabric.
Clouds unravel into script,
the caves are naked now,
and the earth gropes toward its own reflection,
struggling to announce itself.

The discarded rise,
their shadows etched in the wind.
They lift the abandoned bones,
engrave them with voices,
turn them into light.

The advent is fire and dust,
a phoenix after the storm.
The pathless kneel, mouths open,
swallowing the sun.

And in the mirror sea,
their eyes unmoor from their bodies,
sailing like lanterns
toward a name that must be spoken

Palestine.

or Home.

—

STEFANAKIS is a Greek and Canadian author. His poetry has appeared in IHRAM literary press, the Mediterranean Poetry journal, and in published books. Through his professional and creative work, he aims to document the human experience while also using words to mend life's fractures and inspire life-affirming possibilities. He resides in Vancouver, BC, with his wife and son where he enjoys the emerald beauty of the Pacific Northwest and frequently travels to his ancestral homeland in Crete, Greece, cultivating a deep connection to his roots.



HIROKO MIZUNO (Japan)

As a Mother

As a mother
I cannot let it pass through.
I cannot just ignore it.

Even if it is caused on the other side of the world,
even if it happens to someone I have never met,
it still stirs my heart as a mother.

I am sure she still holds a little hope—
a little hope for her child,
no matter how hopeless it may seem.

And I will never stop believing
that this hope can be carried,
from mother to mother,
across the world,
until it becomes not only a hope
but also real help.

MIZUNO is a Japanese mother raising a 10-year-old son with ADHD and ASD. Through writing, she seeks to connect mothers across the world by sharing resilience, humor, and hope.



IDRIS AMALI (Nigeria)

Closing in on Gaza*

Like hungry jackals and wolves
Like restless leopards and lions
In their hungry milling numbers
Like trampling company of elephants
Poised for a great offensive battle
Against ants and rats:

The machine guns
The booby traps
The steel-birds of death
The cluster bombs
The rocket propelled grenades
The new weaponry in their maiden outing
The army of infantry of combat terrible
READY
FOR Gaza
Of tortured faith

Closing in on Gaza
They are closing in on Gaza blindfolded
As God watches
The destruction of His immortal hands
By the mortal hands

In this season of death in Gaza of strong faith

*For the army of the gods at the dawn of a new year 2009, Gaza.
Watching live telecast of a massive attack on silent Gaza 2nd January,
2009

AMALI, Professor of Oral Literature, poet, was Head of Department of English, Director, Dean of Arts, University of Maiduguri and Deputy Vice-Chancellor, Federal University of Lafia. Authored many research publications, Amali has to his credit: *Generals Without War, Back Again: At The Foothills of Greed, Efeega: War of Ants, Tears of Desert War* and (Ed) *Let The Dawn Come: Voices From North East Nigeria*. A celebrated poet, first generation of ANA, was National Vice Secretary, Association of Nigerian Authors (ANA) Chairman of ANA Borno, Nasarawa States, and a Fellow of ANA.



IRFAN AFZAL (Pakistan)

Suffering Alone

He was right in asserting
the Old Masters were never wrong about suffering:
how it happened while life went on.

We can see it validated even today
as we shut a window or look the other way
while the cold, callous hand of cruelty
starves, maims, kills an entire population with impunity.
Surely, not anything like apathy
to the mythical fall from the sky.

The question is: who will document this — this fall —
in the books of history,
on the canvass of cultural memory?
The Old Masters, dead and turned to clay.

For this never-before-seen spectacle
we'll need new words, new terms and tropes, new coinages
like 'the Wested interest' or 'trumped complicity',
signifying a tacit licence to look the other way
while the cold, callous hand of cruelty
starves, maims, kills an entire population with impunity.
And the Old Masters, dead and turned to clay.

Which MoMA or Tate will showcase
these souvenirs of suffering, these crimes of hate?
Who will capture the current and concurrent pain of disdain
for the orphans stunned into silence, shunned into silence?

Alas, the sweeping helplessness of these humans
in the face of the Wested interest and trumped complicity.
And the Old Masters, dead and turned to clay.

Alas, the Old Masters, dead and turned to clay.

**Amid Israel's genocidal offensive on Gaza, and the world's 'civilized'
silence and measured empathy - June 03, 2025*

AFZAL is a poet, translator, and communications practitioner based in Islamabad, Pakistan. His debut poetry collection, *Poems Lost and Found*, was published in 2022. His writings and critical perspectives have appeared in numerous national and international publications, including *The News* (Lahore/Islamabad), *Aurora* (Pakistan), *The Internationalist* (New York), *The Looking Glass Anthology* (UK), *Poetry Pacific* (Canada), *The Bridge Magazine*, and *Gentle Visitations* (Pakistan). He studied creative writing at the University of York, UK, and currently teaches English literature at Gordon College, Rawalpindi.



ISILDA NUNES (Portugal)

The Son of the War

You know mother, yesterday I heard you crying.
I was scared, Mom.
I realized that your tears did not augur a good thing.
Dad hasn't stroked my head in days,
nor you sing Nina Nana.
I feel cold, Mama! I feel night!
I can't sleep.
I hear, continuously, thunders that shatter my soul.
Sirens that pierce my body.
Bullets that assassinate my future.
I sink in the anxiety that floods your womb in convulsions.
Your heart seems to explode.
Your body seems to expel me.
I try to hold on to the rope that coils around my foot,
in vain. It slips away.
Mother, I'm afraid!
Afraid of living in Humanity.
Afraid of dying and killing.

Don't you love me anymore, Mother?

NUNES is a Portuguese artist and creative writer. A writer with dozens of literary prizes and recognitions, her writings have been translated into forty languages and published in anthologies, magazines and newspapers in around fifty countries. She is Founder and Vice-President of UMEA, and National Coordinator of World Poetry Movement in Portugal.



JAIME OSCAR M. SALAZAR (Philippines)

To Our Professed Enemies

We have long been held hostage by a government that wants to slaughter us, including the elderly, children, and mothers, in our homes, our beds; invaded community by community, house by house; forced to abduct strength out of brutality, salute cold rubble, embrace endless bereavement. We see those who serve to ensure freedom of massacre: the U.S., France, Great Britain, presidents, prime ministers, people the world over. All we appeal for is continuation, a future without blood or harm, which even a Satan would find challenging to devise. The days ahead and behind hold no promise, but we strive to take faith and our time. We happen. We love, pray, and fight to restore our hearts from condolences, to rescue our common joys—how can this be unbearable victory?

Jaime Oscar M. Salazar is a writer who lives in Pasig City, Philippines.



JOHNSON OCAN (Uganda)

Palestine in Ashes

Olive trees bleed shadows under dawn's pale gaze,
homes hum hollow hymns where children once played.
The streets are silent, yet sirens sing in loops,
their notes curl like smoke in the veins of alleys.
Walls speak in cracks, whispering lost names,
every stone a witness, every window a wound,
and laughter is a memory wrapped in dust.

Flags hang limp, mocking the wind,
their colors soaked in yesterday's fire.
A mother counts the absent,
her eyes like shuttered doors,
the lullaby of bombs outside
turning hope into ash and iron.

The market smells of charred bread,
coins clatter like hollow hearts on cobblestones.
Children draw maps of missing fathers,
their pencils bleeding onto scraps of paper,
soldiers march in iron boots of mirthless order,
and the air tastes of satire, bitter as grief,
even the pigeons hesitate mid-flight.
We watch, helpless, as dignity dissolves.

A mosque's call bends under rubble,
echoes tremble in corridors of fear.
Shops shutter their eyes,

lamps flicker like candlelit lies,
and the horizon gapes,
swallowing every unspoken plea.

Graves bloom with plastic flowers,
the irony of peace written in bullet holes.
Neighbors trade whispers like contraband,
and laughter hides behind cracked doors.
Even the moon seems complicit,
silver tears falling over siege-bound hills,
every glow a reminder of stolen nights.

Streets are rivers of dust and regret,
each step a drumbeat of silent protest.
Bombs compose symphonies in minor keys,
and the irony of survival is perfumed in smoke.
Fathers carve memories on the backs of doors,
mothers fold grief into every meal.

Walls that once held murals of hope
now host graffiti of rage and longing,
a lexicon of absence scribbled in charcoal and fire.
Children's shadows stretch like lost prayers,
and every dawn arrives in camouflaged despair,
while pigeons, grey-eyed witnesses,
circle the city like scavengers of silence,
and no prayer dares pierce the war's thick skin.

Water drips from cracked fountains,
echoing the rhythm of hearts under siege.
Breadlines curve like veins of patience,
and every doorframe a stage for irony's act.
The sky remembers laughter it never saw,
the wind carries songs that no one sings,
and soldiers' boots drum mock marches over memories.

Night gathers its robes of ash,
stars blink in mourning, half-hidden behind smoke.
Olive trees whisper truths to children who listen,
their roots tangled in grief and hope alike.
Every street corner folds the poem of loss,
and the world, distant, applauds in silence,
while life clings stubbornly to the edges of ruins,

the irony of existence, the defiance of dying,
Palestine, still singing, still breathing, still bleeding.
(Johnson Ocan-Uganda 2025)

Ocan is a Ugandan poet and lecturer of Literature at Kabale University, whose work bridges scholarship and creative expression. He is the author of *Utilization of Acoli Folk Tales*, exploring cultural narratives.



JOSH STONE (USA)

Wildflowers for Gaza

I planted wildflowers
and lay in the grass
drinking lemonade
the sun warmed my skin

and Gaza's children burned

I ate carrots, potatoes
roast beef
and took a hot shower
clear water soothed my body

and the innocent in Gaza cried for mercy
receiving none

I crawled into a soft bed
with clean sheets, fluffy pillows,
and warm blankets
cool air from the fan blew gently

and rockets tore through flesh and bone
the scent of death in every home
in Gaza

the part
I can't get passed—
why do I get all of the beauty
while they get all of the ashes?

STONE is a poet and educator from Owensboro, Kentucky. He holds a BA in Education with an emphasis in English and an MA in School Administration from Western Kentucky University. His poems have been published in the Harrow House Journal.



KAMARR A. W. RICHÉE (USA)

When They Change

emaciated and deprived
i'll never forget the sight
stacks of shoes
of hair
of glasses
the glasses stuck in my mind
like a mélange of spider legs and twigs
i went through the barracks
crossed the tracks
beyond the barbed wire
saw the canisters of zyclon B
still lethal and sinister in their silence
it is all still there

so exactly how did things change so much?
how is it that it is they
the victims clearly seen upon the world's stage
who now are so blind
as they seem careless and blithe
willing to do unto others
as they shudder to recall what was done unto them?

emaciated and deprived
i can't escape the sight
stacks of stones
of homes
of streets

the streets stick in my mind
like a macabre maze rising from the haze
where once there was community
and now?
the irony of it all
it would be sublime if not so sardonic
when they change
and become their own nightmare

RICHÉE, born and raised in Southern California, has lived in various parts of the United States as well as four years as an expat in Mexico. Currently a PhD student in Ethics and Public Theology, he also has a Doctorate in Medicine. He has worked in a number of social work fields for several years.

just one more tiny body
flopped down in what once
was a street, one
of so many
 with heads and legs
 crushed in, or missing.

Cities where mothers cannot stop keening,
and children do not break their hearts from
crying, but shatter into many pieces more.

We search for their limbs in rubble.

SOLE is the author of nine collections of poems. *The Blood of Our Silence* (1987) won the Olive Schreiner Prize; *Walking, Falling* (2017) won the South African Literary Award; *Rafts of Skin* (2022) was shortlisted for the NHSS Prize. Individual poems have won the Sydney Clouts, Thomas Pringle and DALRO Awards. He has published many articles and poems in journals and books, locally and internationally.



KESHAB SIGDEL (Nepal)

The Testimony of a Morning in Gaza

The sun rays
entered into the room
through small punctures in the wall
and flooded over my mother's shawl
that spread over my body

The smoke from the clay oven
raised and tossed the walls of the chimney,
and returned to the room, making it hazy,
forming a smoke cloud seeking its way out
through ventilations

The milk kettle whistled, and
the foam oozed out of the lid;
A white stream ran down the kitchen slab
trickling on the floor drop by drop

Whining Malaika, my puppy, wasn't sure
why I didn't join her for the morning game
She moved out of the room
with an apprehensive gaze through her half-closed eyes
She had probably sniffed that something wasn't right

They did it all early this morning
I could not wait to say to her--
I'm sorry

I was dead
but not annihilated

Now is the hour of *Al-Qiyamah*,
the rising of the Dead!

SIGDEL is the author of *Samaya Bighatan* (2007) and *Colour of the Sun* (2017). He has edited *Madness: An anthology of world poetry* (RedPanda Books, 2023). His work of translation *Shades of Color* (Nepal Academy, 2021), is a collection of indigenous Nepali poetry. French translation of his poetry by Alexandra Cretté is published by a Paris based publisher as *Embargo* (2025). Besides poetry, he also writes fiction, literary essays and plays. He is the Editor-in-chief of *Poetry Planetariat*, a global poetry magazine published by World Poetry Movement. He also co-edited *Of Nepalese Clay*, literary journal of the Society of Nepali Writers in English and *Rupantaran*, a journal of translation published by Nepal Academy. Sigdel teaches Poetry, Literary Theories and Practices, and Literature of War, Conflict and Trauma at Tribhuvan University.



LEONORA O'BRIEN (Ireland)

When the Sunbird Sings

From Galilee to the Dead Sea,
where the lowest points meet—
that of Earth and all humanity—
A Sunbird stares, songless,
from her scorched olive tree.

She watches as new brutes are bred;
From Mount Megiddo's shadow
a sidewinder slinks, with a deaf man's head.
Now, preachers spew arrogancies instead,
All hail The Accuser—the law is dead!

Dissent is repressed
as the axis cracks;
Dark armies amass,
and the world stands back
to let the horsemen pass.

The First—a white rider with bow and crown,
pounds the world into a battleground.
Unbridled, he snorts hot air and rounds
the herd into holding pens. His dominion spreads.
We are all Good Humans now.

The Second—a steed as red as blood.
With thrusting blade, its thirsty rider thuds
all stillness from the Earth;

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Haemorrhaging peace from proxy fields,
burning every bond of worth.

The Third—a black nag with its balancing scales,
hoards oil and wine but keeps bread scarce;
The rattle of pots and empty pans drowns a mother's wail—
"How many shekels for a life?" Her weak child
raw-boned. Now the organs fail.

The Fourth—a pale beast, limps through the crowd,
eye pits of endless night and head bowed.
The cloaked rider steers towards morgue-bright light,
as Vultures soar over trucks of shrouds.
Dimmer now the tick-tock hoofbeats sound.

This Hell's force now charts her course,
as the wheel of ghosts inexorably turns—
Yet, as Adam was pulled from the dust of the ground,
so his sons, keys in hand, will return in their droves,
when the Sunbird sings again from the groves.

O'BRIEN, a pharmacist, healthcare innovator and poet, channels her scientific background and humanitarian interests into poetry exploring human connections, social justice, and the natural world. Her work has appeared in publications like the Dark Poets Club and Poets for Science. As a member of Gaza Poets Society, she commemorates the lives lost in Palestine and advocates for peace and human dignity.



LOUISE ELLIS (UK)

A Picture of You

*(Inspired by a photograph captured in Gaza
by Ahmed Jihad Ibrahim)*

I saw a picture of you
I didn't know your name
We haven't met and never will
My heart broke – just the same

Wise, like an old master
...painted with the finest brush
The light that touched your face
Asks us, has the world now seen enough?

Such care has been taken
To tell a story, that is true
...a promise of a future
Which has forsaken you

Just another child
On the wrong side of a war
Just another mother
Wondering what her life was for

Will this be the picture
The one that turns the tide
Will it weaken the resolve
Of those embattled, on both sides?

So much tangled history
Fighting for old land
Might you, put your gun down now
And instead reach out your hand

Or is it just another picture?
That makes us shed a tear and say
That we're glad it isn't our war
As we turn and look away

ELLIS is a graphic designer who has started writing poetry only in the last two years. She has a slot at the Edinburgh Fringe August 2025 (imminent!) and she shares her words regularly at Open Mics (live and online). Though she considers herself a novice, but says, "I just can't suppress the need to express myself."



MARK ANDREW HEATHCOTE (UK)

Heroes

Who, beyond my sporting heroes,
Beyond the relics of the past are my real heroes.
They are the pacifists who realise
There are no winners in a selfish fistfight.
Where people die every single day and night
My unsung heroes are the peacemakers
Of this tiresome world that refuses at the point of death
To shed another's blood. Bludgeon his enemy's wife.
Burn his fear-paralysed children.
In an army Red Cross hospital tent.

The belligerent with their long knives.
Hate my true hero with a passion.
They are bloodthirsty wolves who will stop at nothing.
And would happily kill their brothers and sisters.
Murder their mothers and fathers.
Destroy their temples.
Swallow themselves like a fiery demon pit snake.
Blasphemy: a child of god's name at birth,
And heap shame upon his shoulders.

But these would-be heroes would make
Even poor Sisyphus quakes in his boots.
When these villains heap profanities on their names
Toiling in the field in the dirt and twinning it to shame.
But yet they exhibit no hatred, only love.

For the common herd. Making battle-weary hearts
Out of granite boulders, a porous sponge-like material once again.

HEATHCOTE is an adult learning difficulties support worker. His poems have been published in journals, magazines, and anthologies online and in print. He is from Manchester and resides in the UK. Mark is the author of “In Perpetuity” and “Back on Earth,” two books of poems published by Creative Talents Unleashed.



MAYSARA SALAH EL-DIN (Egypt)

Translated by Yasmin Hussien

The True Friend

If I find the ghoul

I'll put him in the building entrance
In place of the security guy
And dress him in the blue uniform
And the cap with the golden ribbon
Maybe he could collect the maintenance money

And keep the entrance clean
And tame the electricity bills
And the neighbours' ongoing whims
And the sanctity of the school-bus
And the eternal reason the plumber arrives later

Than the time he sets himself.
If I find the phoenix

I'll tether it to the garage in place of the car
Maybe it could transport me from one age to another

And from one feeling to another

And from the hell of questions without answers
To the hell of answers with colours
That flood with questions
If I find the true friend
I wouldn't know

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What to do with him
The only things
I ever did in life

With much love and conviction
Were loneliness and absence.

SALAH EL-DIN has published poetry collections and plays, and contributed to prominent magazines such as *Turath Al Emarat*, *Alam Al-Kitab*, and *Al-Thaqafa Al-Jadida*. His published works include *The Masters*, *Bir Masoud*, and *Misk Al-Layl*. His poetry collection *Secret Numbers* was translated into Spanish. He has also translated literary works including *Shuggie Bain*, *The Letters of Stefan Zweig*, and *The Bell Jar*, striving to build bridges between literary cultures.



MEGAN WER (USA)

Motherhood is a Covenant

you lie in my arms, your bedtime snack
destined for the compost bin, delaying sleep -
again.

anything
for one more moment of consciousness.

but I can still hear you, weeks old,
the pump an ocean between us,
your hollow whimper a scalpel
to the softest part of me.

my blood quickens. a mother's body,
wired for alarm.

a hungry cry, answered.
a frightened hand, held.
rain, shine, or hellfire -
every child belongs to all of us.
this is the covenant.

and now, as hunger sharpens its blade
against sparrow bones, the ocean
that separates us is only
physical.

I can hear their cries across it,
unanswered.

Poetry Plaentariat, Vol. 11

the covenant is broken -
again,
and again,
and again.

WER is a writer in Tempe, Arizona, with a background in biology. She has been writing since childhood, but in recent years, poetry has become her way to endure the weight of raising children within today's political landscape. Her work explores motherhood as a magnifying glass that brings both joy and suffering into sharper focus, and is rooted in the belief that even the smallest acts of creation can open a space wide enough for hope to enter.



MOAMEN SAMIR (Egypt)

Translated from Arabic by Kareem Abozaid

The Taste of Wars

I found a bloodstain
on the wall in my house,
fresh, wide, still pulsing
It whispered nonsense
sighed with boredom
and growled like something half-alive.
A living map
what war's pocket did it fall from?
My old hallway
where spiders have devoured
the last flickers of shadow
how could it handle landmines
rotting in the holiday damp
or a tank wandering beneath my window
forgetting its own name
or a missile
playing with butterflies
hiding in my sister's dress?
My family's been here forever
early arrivals from the unknown
before ghosts stretched and yawned.
They stole a forgotten forest
fed more wood to the wars
until the flames declared:
"I am fate's wisdom"
So
who came back today to gather us up

Poetry Plaentariat, Vol. 11

after our skins had slipped away
after witches crushed us
and Death kept winking and snapping
its fingers in our laps
again and again?
The war that hunts down storms
shiny towers
gods, oceans, mountains
how did it find
our invisible house
our heatless bodies
our breathless lungs?
It must be a trick
A dirty game.
So rest easy, my siblings
watch the days drift over our heads
while we sit here, beneath our helmets.
Taste them
Breathe them in
Gasp
let the days settle inside us
Or let each of us raise
in the quiet of our minds
a story
something big, and warm...
(A Hole in the Wall)
And then—morning
Birds, in their military boots
lined up along the wall
And a body was breaking down
still pushing away my face
as if maybe, just once
a laugh might mean it
and become sky...

SAMIR (1975) is a poet and writer. He has published twenty-three poetic books, four play books, five critic books, a translated book, a text and an autobiographical book. His collections of poetry include *The joy of dying* (2003), *The blind lane of wars* (2005), *Deconstruction of happiness* (2009), *Overlooking the senses* (2010), *Ghost glimpse in afternoon* (2013), *Stuck in the immersion like forest and ancestors* (2013), *The nap of the blind wood man* (2016), *No bread or wine* (2017), *An erotica basket under your window* (2020), and *Voices under the nails* (2020). His texts have been translated into English and French.



MOSTOFA TAREQUL AHSAN (Bangladesh)

Footnotes on Murder

Each murder has a different color, a different hue of death. You cannot easily describe it, poet. Your nerves might tear; you may feel revulsion; you might mix everything up; seeing the horror of a thousand deaths. A girl named Zara screams, calling her father, and with her shattered eyes she says, “Look how we are dying in Gaza.” Jibran searches for his mother, his chest miraculously ceased its shuddering before it was riddled. He no longer dares to look for his father, lost in a pile of concrete. Nafis stands on a lame leg with a bowl in his hand, hoping for a little food. He has become a model for an artist, blended into the slaughter. Do you know the targets, poet, of the missiles that come every day from Tel Aviv to murder people? You can now think of humanity or civilization as a synonym for murder. Don't think that the children who died from starvation suffered any less than being murdered; beg for the rest of the living to be drowned in the Mediterranean. The world, in all its age, has never before seen such clean and unobstructed murder. Take the statistics of murder; you know, everyone here agrees that everyone on this earth should die. Take your notebook and pen and make a footnote, on how many people were murdered, and in how many ways, or will be. No prayer is applicable here; only keep footnotes, so that someone in the future can take a new account.

AHSAN is a poet, fiction writer a Professor of Folklore at University of Rajshahi, Bangladesh. His poetry books include *Jadio Jatishar Noi*, *A Drishya Hammer*, *Kantikiri Rat*, *Megeder Istehar*, and *Kapilabastur Pathe*. Similarly, his works of fiction are *Mahaprasthan*, *Koekty Balokdiger Galpa*, *Mahbuber Kuthir Shilpa*, *Namaskar*, *Kaa Tarubara*, *Abagahan*, *Prajapoti Pakha Malo*, and *Palasher Nesha*. He has received Bangladesh Kabita Parishad Award 2018 and Jibananda Award 2024.



NGUYEN DUC QUAN (Vietnam)

War is Not s Laughing Joke

A mother sitting quietly by the porch
While the wind howling through misty night
Her heart torn in agony
Thinking of her son in the battlefield

He is facing bombs and bullets over there
Each moment passing causes the pain inside
Every gunshot swells her mood
She can't stop worrying, day or night

She doesn't want medals or praise
Her only hope is for peace
For her homeland to gradually heal
And her son to live a full and safe life

The day he left for war, everything went still
Even the sun seemed to fade above the old roof
He walked away carrying a quiet sorrow
Tearing the evening open with his steps

War brings shattered homes and scattered souls
Children cry from hunger in the dust
Broken bricks lie in every corner
Bodies lying still waiting to be found

This mother once held her husband's body
War took her hopes away

Now, thinking of her son at war
She shakes every time she hears gunfire

She only wishes for a clear blue sky
Birds singing in the morning light
No more gunfire, no more goodbyes
Just hearts that remember how to love

We all know war steals everything
All homes and hard-earned savings
Destroyed by bombs and stray bullets
Because war is never a laughing joke

We all know war is hatred and sorrow
There is neither right nor wrong
Neither winners nor losers
Only loss and suffering
Because war is never a laughing joke

—

QUAN (born 1957 in Quang Ngai, Vietnam) currently lives and writes in Quy Nhon. He is the author of three poetry collections: *The Hands That Once Held* (Nov 2023), *In Search of a Trace of Homeland Love* (Nov 2023), and *If Only White Clouds Didn't Drift Past My Alley* (Dec 2024), all published by the Vietnam Writers' Association Publishing House. Between 2014 and 2025, his poems have also appeared in around ten collaborative poetry anthologies and in various local literary journals in Binh Dinh and Quang Ngai. His poetry is reflective, and imbued with a deep love for humanity and homeland.



NANNA AZZAM (Palestine/Denmark)

Quietly Enough

Take a break from the news
light a candle
drink some tea
take a breath
while children are pulled from the rubble
with no breath left to take

Take a break from reality
scroll past the blood
mute the word Gaza
make your feed soft again
follow a dog account
breathe in
breathe out
pretend your lungs aren't on fire

Take a break from the truth
don't call your grandmother
don't ask if the roof held,
if she dared shower
or stayed dirty
so the blast wouldn't find her naked

Take a break from the numbers
they're just data now
the dead don't need your grief
they're already quiet

Take a break
your body wasn't built for this
but theirs was
theirs was built to burn
your therapist said boundaries
your friend said wine
your yoga teacher said light
your government said silence

Take a break
it's too much for you
they'll still die
whether or not you're informed
have a glass of wine
kiss someone
post a sunset
teach your children to recycle
the planet is fine
the next generation will fix it

Take a break
your rent is due
you can't stop the bombs
the email needs a response
you can't feed the babies
your friend is going through a breakup
you can't even look at the pictures
without shaking

Take a break
you're tired
you need rest
and they
they only need
to die
quietly enough
for you to sleep at night

AZZAM is a Palestinian, born in Denmark. Her writings grapples with what that means but refuses to let any one story confine her. Her writing moves through loss and love, the defiance of survival, and the quiet truths we carry even when the world tries to erase them. It is about the

intersection of identity, the weight of history on the personal, and the refusal to separate the universal from the specific. Her poems do not exist in isolation; they insist on the fullness of being Palestinian; not just in struggle, but in the quiet moments, the resilience, the love, and the contradictions of living with both grief and hope.



NIDA YOUNIS (Palestine)
Translated by Mokhtar Zagzoule

Sweet Madness, Sir

Sweet madness, sir—
I wrote about you
without grafting a lizard's arm
onto your strangeness,
or adding a butterfly's foot
to your rocklike body.

I only trimmed the grass
around your mouth,
while my fingers moved
between a muscle in your arm and the tendon,
then traced a circle —
as if summoning a secret.

You never understood, sir,
the link between the way I dissected your body
and the music
that rose from touching your skin,
nor the violence hidden
in the grace of ballet,
nor the way you altered
the angles of my body, my tears,
my blood, my madness—
stirring, without meaning to,
this reckless mood.

Sweet madness, sir.
I held you
without removing the thorns
from our bodies.
Don't worry—
I won't speak of time,
or distance,
or the invisible,
or longing,
or desire,
or that warmth spread
over half a centimeter of skin—
the space your finger once claimed.

Nor of other things
that spread like bitterness in my mouth.
I won't mention osmotic pressure,
or the little girl who asked:
"God belongs in the religion book,
so what brought Him
into the Arabic language textbook?"

Sweet madness, sir.
These things seize me—
by the throat,
the chest,
the limbs—
then turn their heads
a full circle
and smile.

Sweet madness, sir.
I won't speak of my lunar moods,
mixing your absence
with darkness.
For you are like all the wolves
I claim to love:
you can smell the drunkard's mood
in my words,
hear Edith Piaf's sadness
in my tongue,
and feel Dalida's songs
rubbing against my skin.

And this delirium I call poetry—
it's only to prolong the pleasure,
sir,
the pleasure not found
in Eleven Minutes,
but in words — always words —
before, after, with, within,
behind, ahead—
words, sir,
perhaps seven years
of astonishment.

Sweet madness, sir.
I spoke of you
without adding spices to my speech,
without drugs, without artifice.
And still, you were the cause
of my poisoning —
a mix of red wine and white.

The doctor in the ER didn't believe me,
nor my friends at the café,
nor even the taxi driver,
when I swore I hadn't drunk.

And you, sir, insist
that all you did
was move God
from the religion class
into the Arabic language lesson.

Sweet madness —
so very sweet, sir.

YOUNIS is a Palestinian poet, journalist, and translator with a PhD in Media and Communication. Between 2014 and 2024, she published eight Arabic poetry collections, several of which were introduced by the renowned poet Adonis. Her work has been translated into French, English, German, and Italian, with notable publications including the French collection *Je ne connais pas la poésie* (Al Manar, 2022) and the upcoming *Sur des bords tranchants* (Éditions LansKine, France) and *Two Bodies / Zwei Körper* (Koenigshausen & Neumann, Germany). She is

also preparing her Arabic collection *Cha. Younis* curated the two-volume anthology of Palestinian women poets—*That Sacred Word* (2024) in Arabic and *Une Terre Fragmentée* (2025) in French—featuring 115 poets. She is currently working on an anthology of Palestinian prisoners’ poetry. She is a recipient of the Jerusalem Festival for Art and Culture Award.



NIKHIL AZAD (India)

From an Exile

Among the trees of Garhwal
an exiled bird sings—
a raag of forgotten loss.

Or so my mother told me
while crushing cardamom
with her identity
for a Kashmiri lover.

My mother—
now a Kashmiri—
remembers Garhwal:
the long tresses of Amlesha,
and the myena chirping to her mother,
“Kaafal paako, maina chaakho.”
The kaafals are ripe—
but I couldn’t taste them.

In a distant land,
mothers bleed genocide

while children learn
the hunger of waiting
for history.

Palestine—
your sun will rise
despite the massacres.

AZAD is a young poet pursuing his bachelor's degree in Journalism and Mass Communication. His writings reverberates issues of identity, exile and cultural loss. His poem “Maybe” is published in *KashmirLit*.



NIRMAL SHRESTHA (Nepal)

Defeated Humanity

Blood-drenched infants,
seeking mother's milk
from bosoms torn to shreds,
trampled by spiked combat boots,
cry out – “Mama! O’ Mama!”
But you try to drown that cry
beneath the endless thunder
of your guns.

What voice, I wonder,
are you longing to hear?

O beasts in human skins!
Perhaps you have forgotten
your own first cry –
and now revel
in tyrannic laughter,
a sigh that echoes
with the stench of blood,
the sigh of grief,
and the scream of rage and hate.

By drenching the present in blood,
by turning homes and hopes into rubble,
you call it seized land,
you call it a war won.

But it is all delusion –
a mirage of madness.

You can never kill a soul,
nor conquer conviction,
by exploding bombs
and shattering shells,
by riding the shoulders of so-called power
or dancing atop the heaps of dead.

So go on –
celebrate your hollow victory,
leaping upon this sacred soil.

But know this:
each drop of your blood,
each beat of your breath
will one day
burn in the blaze of repentance.

For true victory lies in winning hearts,
in earning trust.

What do you gain by spilling blood?
What do you win by seizing land?

You lose –
to history,
to humanity.

SHRESTHA (1969) is a Nepali poet and a retired civil engineer. Born in Baglung in the Western Hills of Nepal, he has published three poetry collections: *Dastavej*, *Tongba ka Magharu - Jindagiharu*, and *Desh Kal Paristhiti*.



OBEDIAH MICHAEL SMITH (Bahamas)

A Bouquet of Carnations

any color skin,
a million million
times better than when
the skin of children is skinned off

when bombs are dropped
upon the black-black people
of Nubia in ungodly civil war

images of children, burnt by bombs,
dropped, make you cringe,
make your skin crawl...

you squeeze your eyes shut
or you turn your head away
from what is going on
on your laptop screen

from what is going on on earth,
around the globe, as it spins,
as if backwards

rubbing children the wrong way
rubbing their so very dark,
so very beautiful skin away

injuring, wounding, exposing
what is not intended to be exposed

those blown to bits, worse off,
just their blood soaking
where they were lying
when civil war visited

bombs, the unholy gifts
dropping from on high, from the sky

sky to which we pray,
expecting good fortune,
expecting blessings but,
instead, these bombs

women and children, on foot,
fleeing to shelter in caves

for some, holes they hide in
become their graves,

their bodies mutilated

SMITH (1954) has published 33 books. He has participated in writers' workshops at University of Miami and at UWI in Barbados. He has participated in poetry festivals in Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Kenya, Mexico, Nicaragua and Romania. His poems are included in journals and anthologies around the world.



PILAR EUGENIA RODRÍGUEZ ARANDA (Mexico)

In despair & disbelief & despite the undeserving...

How can anyone call themselves “a believer” & be convinced
that defending means killing, not one, but thousands
that to protect their own they must torture, jail, starve & rape
I cannot fathom considering another human being as savage or lesser
how can there be those who arrogantly imagine themselves as chosen &
superior
I wonder what they see when they look at the mirror —through what lens,
in what color
specially if they truly believe that, being “favored by God” gives them the
right
to mockingly destroy someone's home or fire 300 bullets to purposefully
kill one child

I keep asking, to no avail, & then I remember, their god is vengeful!
“An eye for an eye,” he once said & they followed—blind & accursed
& those who still see, have tunnel vision & can't focus beyond their
denial
As children, they were surely punished "for their own good", slaughtered
their self-love
As grownups they play the role of victims & feel entitled to revenge
Affirming themselves as untouchables, they threaten, wishing to be feared
Their reasoning has shrunk into a bubble which they inhabit—
“deservingly”
As if they were the only ones with the right & privilege to decide over the
fate of millions

They are a cult of Death while the World is ready to burst forth with Life
So listen well, & beware!

The bubble in which these heartless people float—feeling “elevated”—is
a tumor

A burning emptiness where the Wetiko Virus boils

A fever which has infected generation after generation of greedy
daughters & sons

They should feel & know, deep in their bones, that their end is near

I did not decree it, but I write it here. I claim it, I proclaim it—& I
tremble

Millions of us flood the streets, why haven't we stopped them?

Our so-called rulers are mere puppets who pretend to ignore our numbers
Well groomed actors fooling us into the void of war, the most obscene of
businesses

Compassion is not power, but surely money is & dressed in mirrors,
Avarice is Queen

Such a tale have we swallowed! Taught to yearn for money & pleasure—
even if it means to hate & lie— Told to dream the impossible, that we
could become

—a millionaire star! Learned to desire a life of luxury at the expense of
others

Same others who come from faraway lands—displaced by our greed^[{}]

Daily, streaming live, we bear witness with inexcusable naïveté

We tweet, we denounce, we march...Some of us live in permanent
outrage

& some others have abandoned immobility rooting ourselves in rage
screaming ourselves hoarse & yet... Outrage is not enough, rage is not
enough

Those in charge are not deaf, they are cruel & I feel ashamed for them

It is imperative to stop this collective delirium of a few, or soon

we will find ourselves—all of us—maimed & orphaned, among ruins &
flames

But, even then, don't lose faith, because the bubble will burst
& truth will prevail

...Palestinians, We All Are!

—

ARANDA is a Mexican poet, writer, translator, and multidisciplinary
artist. She has participated in festivals across the Americas, Europe, and
the Middle East, and her poetry has been translated into six languages.

Aranda was named International Beat Poet Laureate – Mexico in 2021. Her videos have received international awards and were the focus of a 2019 retrospective in Madrid. She is co-founder of 100 Thousand Poets for Change – Mexico and currently works on a hybrid book exploring the life of her 19th-century great-great-grandmother.



RACHEL BARI (India)

Gaza

Atop the heap of dead bodies
and in between
lies strewn tender limbs and torsos,
an innocent face bloodied
a headless torso
waiting to be matched
with a limb somewhere
and perhaps a face
to be someone,
a human being.
an arm mutilated reaching out
perhaps to a mother
a father, sister, a brother
dead, half dead, dying.

A mother's wail for her unborn child
a newborn's tender entrails hanging out
the silence of the anguish
when words no longer emerge
the stillness of the body
in shock and grief
as fire burns tender bodies
into cinder and then ash
so easy to burn, scorching flesh
born of a union of love
all that remains is the colossal

collateral damage
compassion...

BARI retired as a Senior Professor of English from the Department of Post Graduate Studies and Research, Kuvempu University, Karnataka, India. She has published her essays, poems and short stories in Poetry Globe, Poetcrit, Poetry Planetariat, Poetry Globe Anthology, The literary Criterion, and Muse India to name a few. She has penned two monographs and edited more than 10 books in English and Kannada. She is the author of a poetry book *Body, Mind and Other Poems* (2020). Her critical writings include *Paradoxical Women: Irigaray, Femininity and Eugene O Neill*, *Gender and Politics in Nayantara Sahgal*, and *Discoursing Minority: In text and Co text*.



RATI SAXENA (India)

Waiting for that Day

Translated from Hindi by Pooja Priyamvada

There's neither a Gaza strip in my country
Nor the toxic smoke of burning homes
I want to empty the shells of bombs
And a few seeds be scattered in them
And then be sent to those people
Who think war is a sport.

Children sobbing, waiting in a queue
For a piece of bread
While a soldier rests the gun on his shoulder
And pushes a ham burger in his mouth
How is it possible, that he didn't receive
The taste of the wetness of tears

The poet says the kids of my country
See burning homes & dying people
only in their phone screens
I am scared for the future
When they will grow up
Will they be able to forget
The clamor of people's crying?
The past of this country
Is concerned about its future
But there is no effort lost
In the attempt to erase it
Can any culture thrive on the ashes

Of another country?

There is blood dried up on its pages
And poet scatters the fragrance of poetry on it
Am I able to mix their pain
In a pinch of ink?

I find my poem meaningless
Gaza, can your pain be written
On any pages? Which ink
Shall be able to write it?
When will the day arrive
That your children have smiles
On their faces, schoolbags on their shoulders
And mothers' lullabies in their ears

Waiting for that day
I am inking this paper!

SAXENA is a poet, translator, an editor, traveler as well as an academic scholar of Vedic and ancient literature. She has seven collections of poetry in Hindi and six in English, She has translated 25 books. Her poetry is translated and published in book form in many languages, including English, Italian, Vietnamese, Spanish, Estonian, Serbian, Turkish, and Uzbek. Her awards include a fellowship from the Indira Gandhi National Centre for Arts (2004-5), the Sahitya Akademi Award for Translation (2000), Rajasthan Sahitya Akedemi Award (2023), and Kerala Sahitya Akedemi Award (2024). She is founded *Kritya* web journal in 2025, and also the Festival Director of Kritya Poetry Festival.



REHAM HASSAN BILBEISI (Palestine)

A Door to Hope...

A small door to life...
A small door to hope...
A small door to salvation!
Some flowers
A garden,
or an oleander!
O life..
All I ever wanted
A small house!
or a narrow house,
A house for me!
O life..
All I ever wanted,
A door of hope
To open the day.
Not to test the
death in my hunger!
No tent
To carry out the cries of hungry children In the middle of this night!
O life..
A small house or a narrow house,
A house for me.
And to live.
Not hungry,
Not afraid,
Not a refugee!

I am not the Christ!
But now I am being crucified
In the presence of the witnesses!

BILBEISI is a Palestinian poet. She was born in Gaza City. She teaches at UNRWA school in Gaza City. She writes poetry because, in her words, “it is all I have left to document my pain.” She says, for her, poetry is not a luxury; it is my last cry for survival. She has a poetry collection titled *My Face Waving at Me*. She has published many poems in local and Arab newspapers and have won several local poetry awards.



RUPAK SHRESTHA (UK/Nepal)

On the Judgment Day

The great Mantras
Printed in gold
In the sacred Vedas and the Holy Bible
Tora, Talmud, and the Tripitak
Hadith, Quran, and Purans
The words from Brahma and Buddha
Jesus and Mohammad
Repeat the truth, time and again
To cherish love, kindness, and compassion
By chanting the Mantra of Humanity
“Live and let Them Live!”
“Peace Be Prevailed upon the World!”
The Sumeru thoughts
Of human civilization.

Listening the celestial voice for epochs
We Bhashmasurs, Mazdas, and Angulimals
Neither could chant ‘Ahm Brahmashmi!’
‘I’m with the God!’;
Nor could say ‘Appa: Deepa:!’
Or ‘I’m enlightened!’
But,
Before the golden ink
On the holy scripts dried;
We began the games of
Avenge and revenge
Causing ourselves drown

In the crimson Volga and the Ganga
The Jamjam and the Tigris
Of disgusting deeds of our own
Longer than the Nile.

Our deadliest sins
Have made the Mt. Everest weep hiding her face
The bottom of the Pacific boil
The whole water has been red
Like the Red Sea washing our blood
That we committed against humanity
Witnessing all these deeds
In our own vicinity
I've been thawing in shame!

Oh Farista!
How will I dare to show my face
To the Chitragupta
On the Judgement Day?
Let me just chant
Peace Be Prevailed on the Earth!
Shanti! Shanti!! Shanti!!

SHRESTHA is a well-known literary figure among the Nepali Diaspora in the UK and beyond. Originally from Pokhara, he moved to London 25 years ago. His creative writings have appeared in different literary forms including poetry, gazal, lyrics, muktak (quatrains) and haiku. His published works include *Big Ben ra Samay* (Poetry collection, 2011), *Pokhtak* (Muktak collection, 2014), *Butte Kimono* (Haiku collection, 2017), *Rupak* (Song Album, 2018), *Chausul* (Muktak collection, 2026) and English translation of *Pokhtak* (2026).



SAHAR AMANI FAKHRUDDIN (USA)

Al-Nasr Children's Hospital

Lights flicker before
Turning black.
Little ovens
Holding little lives:
Switched off.
The air is stale,
Stinging cold.
Lungs decompose.
Oxygen depletion
Over blasted limbs?

Little Lives ended
Before they begin.

FAKHRUDDIN holds both a bachelor's and master's degree in Medicine, Health, and Society from Vanderbilt University. She has worked as a Program Analyst at the National Institutes of Health and in value-based healthcare research at Change Healthcare. She enjoys taking fiction workshop classes at The Writers Studio in New York. Her poetry has appeared in IHRAM Press.



ŞENOL ALÇINKAYA (Turkiye)

Palestine

In Palestine, the sun rises, burning our souls.
Mothers with hennaed hands and wounded hearts cry.
Children have died in Gaza, consciences ache.
They've become angels, winged, soaring to the heavens.
The Creator's justice rains down as light upon the innocent.
The heartless watch, hands playing in delight.
One day, in the path of truth, at the time of reckoning, their souls will
burn like embers.

ALÇINKAYA was born in Istanbul. He is affiliated with several cultural and social organizations including Turkish Volunteers for Kidney and Organ Transplantation, and Modern Literature, Culture and Arts Association. He also served as the publishing manager of *Kardelen* (Snowdrop) and *Edebiyat Gezgini* (Literature Traveler) literary magazines. His published books are *Poems Under the Rain* (2016) and *Sadness Street* (2020)



SINEAD O'ROURKE (Ireland)

Witnessing

I sip my tea
as a human burns

heat scalds
my throat

chatter, laughs
—joy—
echoes to my office
while a school room is charred

—they had no time to scream

a pale face
eyes closed now
wrapped in a pristine white shroud
in a room sprayed with red

six months old
—perhaps—
could be two or three

—does it matter less if thirty-three?

a child
whole
or

in
pieces reconstructed
from rubble

one of too many
one is too many

“Every child in Gaza is the enemy,”
—*they say*

Not genocide
but justifiable revenge
—*they say*

the child dead, born
after others’ sins

i don’t want to bear witness
—i cannot bare witnessing
i must bear witness

can words capture this witnessing?
when those witnessing with their words
burn

O’ROURKE is a poet from Dublin, Ireland, currently based in Doha, Qatar. Her work engages with motherhood, disability, migration, state violence, and the emotional cost of witnessing conflict—from Ireland to Palestine. She writes with formal restraint and emotional urgency. Her poetry has appeared in *Rise Up and Repeal: A Poetic Archive of the 8th Amendment*.



**SOBHI AL-ZOBAIDI (Palestine) &
HARILAOS STEFANAKIS (Greece/Canada)**

Our Holocaust: A Poem in Two Voices

Our Holocaust doesn't end, it is recorded in the dust of UN reports,
between headlines scrolled past on a lunch break, buried in the pauses
between one cease fire and the next.

It is no secret, no disguise; our catastrophe has a long memory, like the
olive tree cut down, burned, yet still alive in a child's mind.

A child who never saw its shade but tries to read its history, the kind no
one wants to teach.

Every three minutes and thirty seconds, a child burns. Not metaphor. Not
poetry. Just gone.

A small sun swallowed, like the sky that forgets its light.

What remains when tyrants speak of peace with honey on their tongues
and knives in their hands? What remains when they polish their boots
with our history books?

When they rewrite memory? When they rename the murdered? When
civilization becomes infection, and even dreams become a kind of threat?

Still, we waited, as people with no choice, for God to speak before we
disappear completely.

We wanted someone to remember our names, the sound of mothers
calling us home from fields with the sun on our backs before it all turned
to rubble and ash.

We waited for a divine word in formal Arabic, or in the buried letters of
ancient Greek, buried like us,
or even just a human voice with weight enough to matter.

But God was late, humanity was silent, and the fire came early and often,
descending like a truth you do not want to hear.
So we raised our phones like relics, filming the vanishing of ourselves.
I looked into my son's eyes, mirrors of my homeland; he looked into
mine, and we wept.
We went silent. No time for goodbye. Only smoke where a name once
was.

My brother, my voice rises, though late. I hear your words, your report
from the front lines of forgetting.
They taste of ash and waiting, of salt without water, of a home that
vanishes the moment it is named.
I see in your lines the unwashed truth: bureaucrats build tombs with
speeches, and children become statistics in someone else's peace treaty.

You have carried the burden of memory well through this endless, slow-
burning and televised forgetting. This "Holocaust" is not theirs; it is
yours. You said clearly what others only breathed through smoke: history
can be sacred and erased in the same breath.

You waited for God. You spoke to Him in the many tongues of those who
have suffered, and even your silence is multilingual.

Your phones have become the new holy books of grief and we are not
just mourning the dead but our failure to mourn them properly.

If I could place a hand on your shoulder, I would say this: if but one
flower remains, one olive tree unburned, one poem still spoken, then even
in ruins, beauty is a form of resistance.

AL-ZOBEIDI is a Palestinian filmmaker, artist, and scholar. Educated at
Birzeit University and NYU, he has created award-winning
documentaries, short films, and multimedia works, and has been active in
Palestine's independent film movement. He has taught at Birzeit and Al-
Quds universities, written widely on culture and politics, and is currently
pursuing doctoral research on dispossession and memory.

STEFANAKIS is a Greek-Canadian poet whose work appears in
IHRAM, Mediterranean Poetry, and several books. Based in Vancouver,
he writes to document the human experience, mend fractures, and offer
life-affirming possibilities.



SUAD AL-KUWARI (Qatar)

Translated by SG

Stop

1

Stop. Take a step back.
The birds that once filled the trees with song
Have fled — frightened by your endless barking.
The butterflies, hoping to migrate north,
Were scorched by flames before they could escape.
Even the walls have collapsed — one by one.
So stop. Step back.

2

We will not let you advance a single step.
You — the curse that has haunted our bodies for eternity.
But it was us who allowed this to happen,
We who surrendered to death,
Who opened the doors of sin
And fed the innocent to it.
It was us who blanketed the old city
In empty, worn-out slogans,
Who agreed — silently —
To let Palestine be buried
In the soil of forgetfulness forever.

3

Can the world really accept such injustice?
As people being slaughtered mercilessly,

Children left to wander with no shelter,
While war burns in plain sight?
Can we dare to speak of peace
While flames are devouring freedom itself?
So stop. Step back.
Let the sun rise again.

AL-KUWARI is a Qatari Poet. Her published literary works are *My Soul Never Was* (2000), *Heiress of the Desert* (2001), *In Search of Life* (2001), *A New Door to Enter* (2001), *Queen of the Mountains* (2004), and *Rubik* (2024). She has participated in numerous international festivals, including Doha Cultural Festival, o Al-Khansa Festival (Oman), Gulf Cultural Forum in the UAE, Al-Mutanabbi Festival (Switzerland), Al-Bajrawiya Festival (Sudan), and Medellín Poetry Festival (Colombia).



SUMAYYA GOGA (South Africa)

Souls, bodies

I am scrolling through my Instagram, between posts of travel, fitness, and recipes, I see—

Kids, like mine, but dusty, with empty eyes, pleading, finding solace in their emaciated cats

Starving donkeys and beaten down cars heavily laden with people, dead and alive

Rows of men praying behind a dead baby wrapped in white on the hard ground

A man in the front row drops to his knees, weeping, grieving, confused

Bodies, people, under bombed homes and schools they call rubble

Journalists and doctors crying, mothers defeated

Countless without an arm or a leg, or both

It's complicated they say, they debate on TV

I wonder what it feels like to starve

To collapse on the earth of hunger

To eat flour mixed with sand

To tie bricks to your tummy

To die like this

Are we the same, those that make decisions, that fly the planes, that drop bombs, that starve people?

Do we share the same earth, the same humanity, the same souls?

Why are their eyes so cold, why are they laughing?

Have souls died before they killed bodies?

GOGA is an economist by profession, currently working at a university in South Africa. She is interested in issues of development and justice. She has published various academic pieces, including journal articles and has co-edited a book.



SWEE ANG (UK/Malaysia)

Return to Gaza, O God

My God, my God, why do you forsake Gaza?
The broken heart of Gaza cries out to you from the abyss
Of darkness, death, despair and desolation

Do you not hear the cries of the mothers
Weeping for their children
Bodies crushed under the rubble
Incinerated to ashes, torso torn apart
Eyes mingled with sand

The orphans with no surviving parents and family
Too frightened to cry, too shaken to eat and hope
Will you gather them like a hen does to her chicks
Will you heal their trauma and their wounds
Give them love and a future?

You created this beautiful piece of coastal land
You blessed this land and made it
Awash with fishes and now with fuel oil
Planted it with olives, dates, grapes, and jasmine
With fruits vegetables and herbs, oranges and lemons
With the fairest and most fragrant flowers in the Levant
Where peacocks, doves and sunbirds
Dance and sing in harmony and in sequence

Where food is plenty on land and in the sea.
The land on which the indigenous people live for millennia

Where civilization, culture and trade flourished for millennia
Enriched by respect, tolerance, generosity and hospitality
Where the children of Ismail and Isaac lived under Your wing

Now you have allowed it to be laid waste
Death, desolation, and despair through massacres
Manmade hunger, famine and disease
Have decimated the natives of this land

I have called for those who murdered tens of thousands innocent
To face Your judgment for genocide and obliteration of the land
I have pleaded with you to spare the lives of the defenseless

I bring before You Your own promise that You will honour
Your pledge to Hagar to save and prosper the descendants of Ismail
Do You remember opening the spring of life for them
Telling them that their descendants will always live on this land?

Almighty God, our hearts are dying, there are no tears left
Hope is faltering, and words are failing
We know the hearts of kings and rulers are in Your hands
And You direct them in the way You desire

Take away their hearts of stone
Give them new human hearts, hearts of flesh and compassion
Let Gaza live and rescue humanity from this abyss.
Merciful and compassionate and loving God so we pray.

ANG started as the first female consultant orthopedic surgeon at Royal London Hospital. She was born in Malaysia and later moved to exile in London. She is Co-founder and Patron of British Charity Medical Aid for Palestinians. Dr Ang is co-author of *War Surgery* and also of *Acute Care of the War Wounded*, in addition to other orthopedic publications, also wrote *From Beirut to Jerusalem* documenting her experience in the Palestinian Refugee Camps in Lebanon and Gaza. Dr Ang told her personal story in *Making a small difference*.



VO THI NHU MAI (Vietnam/Australia)

The Shape of Sorrow

You light a candle in Sydney
I light one in Da Nang
While somewhere in Gaza
A mother cradles her child near the flames

We do not speak the same language
But your tears fall where my heart aches
My country has burnt like yours before
So i know the shape of your sorrow

A kite rising into the evening sky over Khan Younis
Held by a boy whose name is now carved in stone
He might be singing with the wind above
Or a poem that arrived too late to save his smile

My country flames in summer and drowns in spring
Yours shakes under sirens and falling stones
But across oceans we feel in the same ache
Lines of poetry passing gently between us

War is a mouth that never stops chewing
We care for each other in our very own way
We carry hope the way children carry songs
In that moment, peace feels so close to touch

NHU MAI is a poet, translator, and educator based in Australia. Her poems have appeared in WA Poets and other national and international publications. She is the author of four poetry collections and has translated numerous literary works across languages. As an editor of several major anthologies featuring over 250 poets, she actively promotes cross-cultural dialogue through literature. In recognition of her significant efforts in using the written word to bridge communities, she was awarded a Cultural and Literacy Award by the Consulate in Australia in May 2025.



YOUCEF LASSAKEUR (Algeria)

Oath of the Blaze

O Moufdi, voice of sacred flame,
Who sang the truth and bore the name.
The noble ones who stood so high
Still lift the banner—never die.
Attend my words—they burn and flow,
From veins that only martyrs know.
I came with fire in June's hot breath,
Where hope was born in face of death.
A homeland weeps and sings through scars,
Yet reaches ever for the stars.
Its steadfast will, like rooted tree,
Stands firm through storms, unbent and free.
When honor calls, its sons arise,
With sparks of dawn within their eyes.
They crush the foe, unmask the snare,
And face the tyrants in their lair.
O wound that bleeds through every age,
Your Prophet weeps with sacred rage.
O Quds! O soul in chains and flame,
They sold your truth, then spoke your name.
They knelt and kissed the liar's hand—
While Gaza burned, they made no stand.
They prayed with blood upon their skin,
Yet wore the mask of saint and kin.
Still stands the child through bomb and fire,
His voice unchained, his gaze is higher:
"I will not bow, though death is near—"

The crown is mine—I hold it clear!"
These words I write in blood and pain
Are sparks that rise and rise again—
A vow we swore with fearless breath:
To guard the path with life or death!

LASSAKEUR (1971) is an Algerian poet and writer from the M'zab Valley. He works as a director at Radio Ghardaïa. Deeply rooted in Amazigh oral tradition, his poetry blends philosophy, memory, and heritage. He is the author of *Ilan* and *What Remains of the Yet-to-Come*, and creator of reflective series like *Tissensa* and *Tamughli / Vision*, often weaving Arabic and Mozabite Tamazight into lyrical and contemplative texts. In 2011, he published *Anthology of Mozabite Literature*, a landmark work preserving the literary heritage of the M'zab region.

Gaza massacre has surpassed the limits of imagination

MURAD SUDANI (Palestine)

Murad Al-Sudani is the Secretary General of the Union of Palestinian Writers and Literature and former president of the Palestinian House of Poetry for a decade. He also served as Secretary General of the Palestinian National Committee for Education, Culture, and Science.

Murad Al-Sudani (born in 1973 in Jerusalem) is a Palestinian poet, critic, and cultural figure. He studied Arabic Literature at Birzeit University, graduating in 1995, and later completed a Master's degree in Contemporary Arab Studies there in 2012. He taught at Bardaj Academy and Birzeit University and worked as an editor at Al-Ayyam newspaper. He later served editor-in-chief of The Poets Magazine, Aqwas Magazine devoted to young voices, and Prisoners' Magazine.

His poetry collections include Ragbot (1998), Signs of the Narcissus (2002), The Morning of the Pothole (2009), The Lamp on High (2009), The Place of the Deer (2018), and Murad's Stone (2025).

Al-Sudani is interviewed in October 2025 by Keshab Sigdel, the Editor-in-chief of the Poetry Planetariat on issues around the deepening humanitarian crises in Gaza and the literary activism in mobilizing support for the people in Gaza.



KESHAB SIGDEL: I welcome you to the special volume of our magazine dedicated on Palestine. Though there are attempts being made for a truce, I want to begin with the strategically designed bombing of civilians and their shelters, and forced starvation that is unfortunately killing thousands of people in Gaza. This crisis surpasses the extreme forms of inhumanity in the human history. My first question to you is how is hunger and death shaping daily life for Palestinian families, both in Gaza and in the diaspora?

MURAD SUDANI: Gaza is being subjected to a genocidal and cultural extermination unprecedented in history: siege, starvation, thirst, and the erasure of an entire people. Yet, the collective will of the Palestinian people and their determination to live stand firm against the massacres and brutality of the occupation. This will is rooted in the strength and depth of Palestinian resistance culture and in the sacrifices made by the Palestinian people over the past century. For the Palestinian people, the homeland is life itself, and their defense of it is a defense of freedom, justice, and life across the world.

SIGDEL: UN agencies say that over 86 % of the Gaza Strip is now within Israeli- militarized zones or under displacement orders, forcing millions of people to flee since the beginning of the war. How are repeated displacements affecting community cohesion and the preservation of cultural and literary traditions?

SUDANI: Since the beginning of the barbaric war against our people in Gaza, the occupation has carried out a systematic destruction of geography: it has demolished hospitals, universities, schools, mosques, and churches, turning Gaza into a barren land unfit for life. Our people were forced to flee, and during their displacement, they were relentlessly targeted and bombed. Wherever they went, the occupation struck again—thousands of martyrs and wounded fell during this forced displacement, in an attempt to uproot and exile our people from their land. Yet these attempts failed, as our people in Gaza remained steadfast, clinging to their land and rejecting expulsion.

Once again, it is the will to survive, to persevere, and to challenge the occupation. Many families have been torn apart, and countless children have been orphaned. This, of course, affects the social fabric—precisely what the occupation seeks:

to dismantle the structure of Palestinian society. But it has failed, thanks to the social solidarity and mutual support among the people.

All this, however, has not silenced the creative spirit of writers and intellectuals. On the contrary, they have continued their work, raised their voices to the world, and documented the occupation's daily crimes.

SIGDEL: United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees in the Near East (UNRWA) notes that acute malnutrition among children under five more than doubled from March to June, with around one in ten children screened classified as malnourished. What stories are you hearing from families about children's health and education amid this crisis?

SUDANI: The brutal war on Gaza has targeted the educational infrastructure by destroying universities, institutes, and schools, bringing the entire educational process to a complete halt. Survival itself has become the foremost concern. People have been forced to eat animals, tree leaves, spoiled food, and barley instead of wheat—under inhumane conditions. Hundreds of children have died of hunger before the eyes of their families, who could do nothing to save them. The whole world witnessed the image of a child, not yet ten years old, carrying his little brother on his back, crying and pleading with the world—indeed, the Gaza massacre has surpassed the limits of imagination.

SIGDEL: The International Federation of Journalists reports that more than 50000 Palestinians have been killed and at least 188 journalists and media workers have died since the war began. What does the loss of so many journalists and storytellers mean for Palestinian society and for the documentation of its war history?

SUDANI: The occupation has assassinated more than 250 journalists since the beginning of the war, along with over 50 writers and creative artists, and more than 100 academics, university presidents, and intellectuals. Their goal is to silence the truth so that the occupation can impose its false narrative and lies. Journalists and writers are the guardians of truth, which is why they were deliberately and systematically targeted. The occupation is skilled in falsification, deceit, and in misleading

the world—but the power of truth and justice on the ground is what will ultimately prevail.

SIGDEL: Doctors Without Borders notes that over a thousand health workers and hundreds of humanitarian workers have been killed and that Israeli forces have repeatedly attacked health workers and facilities. How does targeting those who provide care affect the morale and resilience of Gaza's communities?

SUDANI: Many hospitals have been targeted, medics assassinated, ambulances attacked, and doctors arrested as hospitals were stormed. What can the doctor say who received the bodies of nine of her children as martyrs—along with her husband—leaving her with only one surviving son? How can anyone endure such pain?

The whole world saw the blood and the wounded filling the streets and hospitals, while ambulance crews were unable to provide treatment because of the overwhelming number of casualties. Amputations were performed without anesthesia due to the shortage of medical supplies. All of this unfolded before the eyes of the world, broadcast on screens everywhere—yet the UN Security Council and the United Nations remained motionless.

SIGDEL: According to Palestinian Ministry of Culture, 45 artists, writers and cultural activists were killed between October 2023 and February 2024. Why do you think writers and poets are being targeted in this war, and what is lost when their voices are silenced?

SUDANI: The number of writers, poets, and artists assassinated—most of them members of the General Union of Palestinian Writers and Authors—has reached fifty. The aim is to eliminate the cultural and creative elite in order to obscure reality and truth, for the occupation is addicted to deception, lies, and the concealment and falsification of facts and crimes, including cultural genocide. It does not want the truth to reach the world.

For over a hundred years, the occupation has targeted Palestinian writers and thinkers. Former Israeli Prime Minister Golda Meir even drew up a list of Palestinian writers and journalists to be assassinated, and the founders of the Union of Palestinian Writers and Journalists were killed across the world. Writers in Gaza and throughout Palestine

are literally writing with their blood—hence the motto of the General Union of Palestinian Writers: “With blood, we write for Palestine.”

Despite the constant targeting of our writers in Gaza, they have continued to write and create under fire and bombardment, resisting assassination with the power of free words and the spirit of resistance literature. I say: whoever writes, resists; and whoever resists, triumphs. Our writers are triumphing over death itself through the power of creativity, life, and unwavering will—because silencing the writers means silencing truth and life, both of which are guarded by the writers and creators.

SIGDEL: The same report notes that cultural institutions like museums, the Gaza Central Archive and the Great Omari Mosque have been deliberately targeted and destroyed. How does the destruction of tangible heritage affect the intangible heritage of language and poetry in Palestine?

SUDANI: The occupation has destroyed all libraries and museums, looted archives, obliterated murals and memorials, and demolished publishing houses, cultural centers, ancient churches, and the Great Omari Mosque. Long before this, when it occupied Palestine in 1948, it looted public and private libraries and archives; it did the same in 1967, and in 1982 it stole the Palestinian Research Center from Beirut and transferred it to the Israeli National Library in Jerusalem.



The occupation seeks to erase Palestinian identity, memory, and history—to create a people without roots, as it strives to falsify the narrative and replace Palestinian truth and justice with a fabricated, distorted narrative of occupation. When the occupier attempts to impose its own consciousness, it aims to erase the very idea of Palestine. Yet Palestinian culture endures, for it is profound and deeply rooted in the soil of consciousness itself.

SIGDEL: Different writers’ organizations including World Poetry Movement have mourned the loss of Palestinian authors, poets, artists, journalists and ordinary people, and called for an immediate ceasefire. Some other organizations have

documented writers who have been jailed or detained for expressing themselves. How would you describe the current state of free expression for Palestinian writers in Gaza and in exile?

SUDANI: The global poetic movement has played a significant and active role in exposing the occupation's crimes, organizing dozens of events across the world in support of Palestine and in solidarity with Palestinian writers and poets. It has repeatedly called for an end to the brutal war on Gaza and the West Bank and demanded the release of dozens of writers imprisoned in the occupation's jails.

It can be said that there is no freedom of expression in Palestine—the occupation uses silencers against the freedom of the word. Writers are arrested because of their writings, and some are banned from traveling. Fifteen years ago, I myself was banned from traveling for five years. Yet, despite all these restrictions and pressures, the writers of Gaza have continued their creative resistance, as have the writers of the West Bank and Jerusalem. For there is no alternative to freedom—except more freedom and the unwavering insistence upon it.

SIGDEL: What practical and psychological challenges do Palestinian writers face when speaking about their reality, and how can international networks better support them?

SUDANI: It is essential for the Palestinian writer to express their lived reality and expose the ugly face of the occupation. International institutions and cultural networks must support and stand by the Palestinian writer, breaking the siege imposed on them by translating and publishing Palestinian literature so that it reaches the world. Palestinian writers and intellectuals should be invited to international festivals and conferences to present their creativity and narrative to the global community, for we want Palestinian creativity to be present on the map of world literature and art.

Likewise, writers, artists, and intellectuals from around the world must visit Palestine to witness the Palestinian cultural scene firsthand—to see the West Bank, Jerusalem, the settlements, the apartheid wall, and the more than one thousand military checkpoints—and to observe how Jerusalem is being Judaized and its features falsified day after day.

SIGDEL: At the International Poetry Festival of Medellín in July 2025, forty-six poets from around the world signed a statement denouncing what they called the cultural and physical genocide in Palestine, noting that Israel's war had killed 58479 Palestinians and injured 139355. How important is international solidarity from poets and writers to the morale and political voice of Palestinians?

SUDANI: The festival was remarkable. Our dear friend, the great poet Fernando Rendón, along with fellow poets, played a vital role in supporting and standing with the Palestinian cause and in rejecting genocide. More than sixty-four poets signed a declaration denouncing both the physical and cultural genocide and calling for an end to the daily massacres against Gaza and its people. This had a profound emotional impact on the writers and intellectuals of Gaza and all of Palestine—for every word, every poem, can stop a bullet from reaching a Palestinian child.

This profound and genuine solidarity shown at the Medellín Poetry Festival, as well as at the Venezuela International Poetry Festival, was essential for the world to say to our writers in Gaza and throughout Palestine: “You are not alone—the free people and creators of the world are with you.”

International solidarity, popular movements, and the stance of the world’s free people alongside our people have been a key factor in halting the war. This means a great deal to our nation and to our writers. The brutal war has exposed and unmasked the true face of the occupation, which it had long tried to conceal. The living consciences of the world have been of immense importance and significance to the intellectuals of Palestine.

Writing is an act of complete freedom—and free writers must stand with the freedom of peoples and their right to self-determination. This is what we see today across the globe: millions taking to the streets, with poets and writers at the forefront, leading the way. These movements and waves of solidarity have played a crucial role in uplifting the spirits of our people and writers, strengthening their steadfastness on their land.

SIGDEL: The same statement condemned the targeting of schools, universities, publishing houses and libraries, and highlighted

that the West Bank is choked with around 898 checkpoints. What impact do such restrictions have on the freedom of movement and creative work of writers and artists?

SUDANI: The presence of more than a thousand occupation checkpoints has prevented events from taking place across the governorates of the homeland, especially as the occupation carries out daily raids on cities, villages, and refugee camps. This poses a major obstacle to cultural activities and initiatives, as the occupation has effectively turned the cities into isolated enclaves, separated from one another.

SIGDEL: UNRWA reports that at least 851 people were killed and 5 634 injured trying to reach food distribution points since 27 May 2025. What do these “death traps” reveal about the humanitarian response, and what alternative systems of support would you like to see?

SUDANI: The occupation has turned access points for food into death traps, bombing and targeting those who try to reach them—so that simply obtaining food becomes a deadly risk. This is the height of savagery and an assault on the lives of innocent people seeking sustenance for themselves and their families. Even the Freedom Flotilla was targeted, and those responsible for it were arrested. All of this occurs amid international silence. There must be a clear declaration of a boycott against the occupation and its institutions.

SIGDEL: The U.S. Congress’ research service notes that by May 27, 2025, the United States had dispatched 800 transport planes and 140 ships delivering more than 90 000 tons of armaments and military equipment to Israel since October 2023. How do you respond to governments that continue to supply weapons while the humanitarian crisis deepens? How would you comment on the recent developments on US designed framework of peace negotiation between Hamas and Israel?

SUDANI: The United States is the source of the calamity; it shelters the occupation and supports it by every means, providing destructive weapons and backing. The United States continues to exploit oppressed peoples and plunder their resources, while escalating its actions against the Arab world as well as against Venezuela and most Latin American

countries. America is a partner to the occupation in all its crimes, and we must confront American imperialism and global Zionism. Palestine will not raise the white flag and will not accept surrender.

SIGDEL: Western media often emphasize the perspective of Israeli forces while underreporting Palestinian suffering. What would you like international journalists and media consumers to understand about life under siege that is missing from mainstream coverage?

SUDANI: Amid modern media, all of the occupation's crimes have reached the world, despite the distortions of American and Zionist media. Yet every truthful—or even neutral—media outlet has been able to convey the massacres, brutality, and inhumanity taking place. This, of course, has led to actions on the ground and a growing alignment with Palestine and its just cause.

SIGDEL: As the Secretary General of Union of Palestinian Writers, how have you been mobilizing literary voices and activism to respond to the deepening crises in Gaza?

SUDANI: Since the beginning of the war, we have been in contact with the global poetic movement, the International Writers' Assembly in Russia—which includes 54 unions across the Russian Federation and the world—the African Writers' Union, comprising 42 unions across Africa, as well as all Arab and international unions, cultural institutions, and actors in the global cultural scene. We have also collaborated with the Medellín International Poetry Festival and the Venezuela International Poetry Festival, working to establish a global cultural front for Palestine to rally all the free people and intellectuals of the world in support of Palestine and its resilient culture.

The world, including the United States, has effectively turned into a company of weapons and destruction; instead of a dialogue of civilizations, there is now a clash of civilizations. As long as America continues its wars around the world, it, along with its allies and Israel in its orbit, will continue to impose conditions for a ceasefire in Gaza—a ceasefire dictated by threats of force and the logic of power.

SIGDEL: Finally, how does your own poetry advocate for freedom and the rights of the Palestinian people, and what message would you like to send to readers of Poetry Planetariat about the role of art and literature in resisting oppression and building a just peace?

SUDANI: My message to poets, writers, artists, and academics worldwide: Palestine has remained occupied for a hundred years. The Palestinian people were displaced since the Nakba of 1948 and to this day the perpetrators reproduce massacres against our unarmed people while governments, the Security Council, and the United Nations remain silent. Palestine must return to its people and those uprooted from their homes must be restored to where they were. Palestine belongs to its people, and there can be no safety or security until our people obtain their rights on their land. No matter what massacres they commit, our people will not leave their land and soil; Gaza — as a new Troy confronting the new Spartan occupation — will remain Palestine, and the invaders will depart. This is the logic of history, and Palestine will triumph because it is truth and justice.



ABDUL HADI SADOON (Irak)

Supongamos

Supongamos que habéis borrado este país.
Supongamos que habéis logrado borrar por completo este país.
Supongamos que, en lugar de cincuenta mil víctimas, o cientos de miles,
habéis exterminado a todos los demás
miles de personas que quedaban aquí,
y que habéis conseguido aniquilar el país entero.
Supongamos —como de hecho hacéis—
que habéis destruido todo rastro de lo que fue llamado “el país”,
y que habéis podido construir encima, sobre él y sobre sus ruinas,
ciudades y pueblos con nombres que vosotros mismos habéis inventado,
y que habéis dado por concluida su historia por completo y para siempre.
Supongamos que todo eso es posible (posible para vosotros),
que el país, todo el país, no les pertenece,
y que está disponible para quien de vosotros lo ocupe
y se asiente en él, como hacéis desde hace años.
Supongamos, como dice el señor Trump,
que os lo concede después de borrarlo de la faz de la tierra,
que lo purifica, y os lo ofrece en bandeja de oro.
Supongamos que todo eso es posible,
y que ya no queda rastro de este país que destruíis,
ningún rastro de este país con su sol, sus naranjas y sus almas profundas.
Supongamos todo esto,
y que creéis que la victoria está de vuestro lado,
y que la gente, toda la gente, olvidará la historia de ese país,
y que nadie la recordará después de un tiempo.
Supongamos que todo se ha hecho como queréis,

como pensáis, como creéis,
supongamos que el país es vuestro hoy, y que todo está a vuestro favor,
supongamos todo esto...
Pero yo solo os recuerdo aquí, y os hago saber,
quizá no hoy exactamente, ni mañana, ni pasado,
pero llegará, un día llegará,
y veréis que bajo el país que nos arrebatasteis,
bajo losas de vuestras casas fabricadas,
bajo las piedras del suelo de vuestros jardines,
bajo vuestros pies firmemente asentados,
resurgirá ese brote tierno,
pequeño, quizá como un grano de arena invisible,
y hará temblar la piedra bajo vosotros,
y apartará todo en su camino,
todo lo que tenga delante,
y asomará con su cabeza como un rostro radiante,
abrazando con ternura la historia de esta tierra, y os recordará,
y volverá a recordaros,
su historia que supusisteis que habíais borrado,
que habíais enterrado,
y os la recordará y a sus primeros habitantes,
a sus verdaderos habitantes,
apenas asome su cabeza, como un tono doliente, como un brote,
que os anuncia con toda claridad: que todas sus suposiciones son erróneas
y todas son ilusiones
dentro de ilusiones...dentro de ilusiones.

SADOUN (Bagdad, 1968) es escritor e hispanista. Vive en Madrid desde 1993. Actualmente es profesor de lengua y literatura árabes en la UCM. Es autor de una larga lista de libros, Atanto en árabe como en español. Entre sus publicaciones más recientes en español se encuentran: Siempre Todavía (2010), Campos del extraño (2011), Memorias de un perro iraquí (2016), Todos escriben sobre el amor menos tú (2018) e Informe sobre el robo (2020). Es editor de las siguientes antologías de poesía iraquí en español: La maldición de Gilgamesh (2004), A las orillas del Tigris (2005), Otros mesopotámicos raros (2009) y No son versos lo que escribo: El canto popular de la mujer iraquí (Lo que escribo no son versos: El canto popular de las mujeres iraquíes, 2018).



ALEJANDRO ZAPATA ESPINOSA (Colombia)

Primer cuarto de siglo

Repite la catástrofe su lunar-derrota,
las multitudes y el gran murallón,
barro colapsado, funeral de provincias, tañido rupestre de medio a lobo
la occidental escarba los mares
en laguna del por ellos creído,
alimentándose de vísceras, palco a la vergüenza secular,
telescopio al temblor humano,
es trayectoria, serrucho de la lengua esclava,
bienestar de diablo gigante, amazón,
lagarto uncido, el condecorado ataviándose en terroristas,
él y su causa divina a favor de los rieles infernales, del grotesco lujo
sobre el otro, la canalla reverenciada
como el lado bueno-macabro,
mixtura del amo y sus loas aprendidas, socavadas al demonio
engendrando sus azotes, eslabón que revive y compite
el éramos perseguidos, la aventura de la especie a menos,
terribles como solos pateadores de su indignancia.

ESPINOSA (Itagüí, Colombia, 2002) es miembro del Comité Editorial de Contacto Literario (Armenia, Colombia) y ganador del Premio Impulso Literario Universal (FEMALPC, Perú, 2025).



AMALIA GARCÍA FUERTES (España)

Sabiduría Popular

Nos dicen
que si el egoísmo,
que si la ambición,
el espacio vital y
los elegidos,
que la condición humana.

Que no te engañen:
El paraíso
son siempre
los otros.

FUERTES (Veguellina de Órbigo, León), licenciada en Filología Inglesa e Hispánica por la Universidad de Salamanca, trabaja como profesora de educación para adultos en Burgos. Ha publicado *Ya no bebo más agua de tu tinaja*, en colaboración con Conrado Santamaría (Las hojas del Baobab, 2020); *Todavía no somos piedras* (Ediciones Cimarrón, 2024); y el libro de bolsillo *La fragilidad del trino*. En 2023 recibió el premio Antzinako Bihotz (Corazón Arcaico) en los encuentros “Voces del Extremo” de Moguer.



ANTONIO CRESPO MASSIEU (Spain)
Translation Iria Domingo y Cristina Domingo

Gaza. Los niños, las niñas

*Niños del mundo,
si cae España- digo, es un decir
(...)
¡Cómo vais a bajar las gradas del alfabeto
hasta la letra en que nació la pena!*
César Vallejo

Niños del mundo
si cae Palestina- digo, es un decir-
si cae
quién habitará los sueños imposibles,
quién alzaré la voz como un presagio,
quién bañará en el mar el oleaje del desconsuelo.

Ah, sí, los niños,
las niñas,
siempre los niños.
Los que Norman Bethune recoge y lleva en su camión,
carretera de Málaga a Almería, febrero 1937,
niños descalzos, desharrapados, hambrientos,
bajo las bombas – crucero Canarias, Baleares,
aviación italiana, alemana- cientos de niños
Bethune, Hazen Sisey y Thomas Culbert Wosley,
los alzan, cogen en brazos, llevan a Almería,
día y noche, bajo las bombas, 30 o 40 niños
en cada viaje, tres días y tres noches.

Sí, las niñas,
los niños de Gaza,
los operados sin anestesia,
los prematuros sin derecho a incubadora,
los escuálidos niños de Gaza.
Hospitales Al Shifa, Martires de Al Aqsa, Nasser, Al-Ahili, Kamal
Adwan,
y de nuevo bajo las bombas, día y noche, exhaustos
Bethune, Size y Worsley, están. Permanecen.

Ah, los niños, las niñas, de Gaza,
los de Málaga, los hambrientos sin número,
los siempre extraviados- perros perdidos sin collar-
en todas las guerras, en todas las huidas.
Ah, los niños de Gaza,
los del Madrid asediado del 37 y el 38 y el 39.

Si cae Gaza,
si cae – digo, es un decir-
*Cómo vais a bajar las gradas del alfabeto
hasta la letra en que nació la pena.*

Niños del mundo,
niñas del mundo,
si Palestina cae – digo, es un decir-
salid a buscarla.

MASSIEU es autor de En este lugar (Fundación Kutxa, Donostia, 2004, ganador del Premio Ciudad de Irún), Orilla del tiempo (Germania, Valencia, 2005), Elegía en Portbou (Bartleby Editores, Madrid, 2011), Los regresados (Ediciones 4 de Agosto, Logroño, 2014), Obstinada memoria (Amargord, 2015), Memorial de ausencias. Poesía 2004-2015 (Tigres de papel, Madrid, 2019), Compartir (Las hojas del baobab, stablestudillo, Cádiz, 2021) y El dolor que amamos (Bartleby Editores, Madrid, 2022). Ha publicado la colección de relatos El peluquero de Dios (Bartleby Editores, Madrid, 2009). Su poesía ha sido traducida al portugués, inglés, francés y esperanto. El libro de relatos El peluquero de Dios ha sido traducido al finés.



AZARI HÉCTOR RODRÍGUEZ (Cuba)

Canto a la paz en Palestina

Demasiados nombres para caber en titulares.
El pueblo de Jesús
pueblo de muerte clavada bajo el polvo.
Su historia un cráter en la tierra.
Huesos quebrados
de niños como aves que no pudieron volar.
Todos miembros de un cuerpo que no existe
las lágrimas rojas
mojando plantas que no nacen.

Hoy escribo con dedos temblorosos
como el anciano que busca en la arena
lo que fueron casas
para vivir de nuevo entre los suyos.
Hoy los escribo
para que esta muerte no tenga la última palabra
para que se levante el mundo
en un abrazo
para gritar
"¡Vida!" .

RODRÍGUEZ (2005, Matanzas) es una poeta con formación en escritura creativa en español e inglés, traducción y lingüística. Es miembro del I Taller Universitario Experimental de Traducción Literaria Juan Luis

Hernández Milián de la Universidad de Matanzas, del Taller de Escritura Creativa Pablo Neruda y del Taller Literario Ricardo Vásquez de Matanzas. Ganó el Premio de Oro en el Festival Provincial de Artistas Aficionados. Fue finalista en el Concurso de Debate José Jacinto Milanés 2025.



CONRADO SANTAMARÍA BASTIDA (España)

Canción De Corro Del Niño Palestino

Quiero, madre, quiero,
nunca me das nada,
quiero, quiero, quiero,
quiero una granada.

Las piedras,
mi madre,
las piedras
no sirven,
las piedras
no valen,
las piedras,
mi madre,
no matan
soldados
ni paran
los tanques.

Las piedras,
mi madre,
son sólo
miseria,
son muerte,
son cárcel,
las piedras,
mi madre,
tortura,
son sangre.

Las piedras,
mi madre,
no matan
soldados
ni paran
los tanques.

Quiero, madre, quiero,
nunca me das nada,
quiero, quiero, quiero,
quiero una granada,
que abraza los tanques
que todo lo abrasan.

BASTIDA (1962) es licenciado en Filología Clásica por la Universidad de Salamanca. Ha publicado *Y no cejar / E não recuar. Antología bilingüe 2011-2021*, Caraba Ibérica, 2022, *Salario (Rensaku de explotación)*. La Maldita, 2022, *Totalitaria*, (Ediciones del 4 de agosto, 2021.), el poemario infantil *Canciones y revuelos de Pillín Pilluelos*, (Amargord, 2019), *Lóbiter (Archivo de crisis)*, (Amargord, 2019), *La noche ardida* (Ruleta Rusa, 2017), *De vivos es nuestro juego* (Ruleta Rusa, 2015) y *Cancionero de escombros con hoguera* (Trabuco ediciones, 2014).



ELENA ROMÁN (España)

O no se escucha

Se escucha la sangre,
el arrastrarse para oler el pan.
Se escuchan los disparos,
el celo en los drones,
los muertos hablando al unísono.
Se escucha el llanto en cada
subterráneo de la oscuridad.

El esqueleto de un niño
vuelve a ser asesinado
cada vez que alguien,
para no escuchar,
se tapa los oídos
y los ojos.

Mientras, en otro sitio,
alguien recrimina una masacre y le dicen
que por qué no se lleva a su casa
a los masacrados,
si tanto le duelen.

Ya no se crece.
Ya no se duerme.
Se escucha esta notable diferencia entre usted
y su vecino.
Ya no se baila.
Se escucha todo menos la música.

ROMÁN es una escritora con veintidós libros publicados de poesía y ficción. Ha ganado premios en varios concursos literarios nacionales e internacionales. Ha colaborado con textos y reseñas en diversos medios de comunicación y ha sido traducida al francés, rumano y árabe.



EMANUELA MAGGINI (Itala)

Trama Sutil

camino el sendero sutil
del ser invisible
cuando el verso cae sobre el alma gota de rocío sobre la hierba húmeda

El goteo erosiona la roca

devasta el amor perdido
las estrellas observan
la historia siempre se ha repetido
llueven misiles sobre Gaza
franja de tierra desgarrada
Palestina, nunca más tendrás paz

MAGGINI es poeta y artista, y es conocida popularmente por su seudónimo Melita Ruiz. Colaboró con el editor y poeta Bepoe Costa, quien produjo varios videopoemas escritos por ella e interpretados por el propio Costa. Fue invitada a participar en el programa de televisión «Poeti e poesie», organizado por el crítico literario Plinio Perilli. Combinó con éxito el tango y la poesía, convirtiéndose en la comisaria del evento poético «Amori e passioni».



GUSTAVO GAC-ARTIGAS (Chile)

Hoy es Gaza...

Hay veces que me canso de ser hombre...
y me cuestiono si podemos seguir llamándonos humanos.
Mientras escribo, otra bomba cae sobre la cabeza de un niño en Gaza y un
silencio atronador cae sobre el verso.
Mientras escribo, un poema muere bajo las ruinas en Gaza.
Mientras lees, otra niña muere de hambre en Gaza.
Mientras escribo, la humanidad se cansa de ser humana
los tanques y las bombas arrasan Gaza
y el silencio recorre el mundo acallando las conciencias
ocultando los gritos de dolor
hoy es Gaza
¿mañana?
mañana los muertos se levantarán y poblarán nuestros sueños
al amanecer nos preguntaremos
¿somos nosotros,
los que guardamos silencio
los genocidas?
mañana nos levantaremos diciendo
hay días en que me avergüenza ser hombre
hay días en que hay que gritar el dolor ajeno

GAC-ARTIGAS (Chile, 1994) es poeta, novelista, dramaturgo, director de teatro y guionista afincado en Estados Unidos. Es miembro de PEN Chile y PEN America, y corresponsal de la Academia Norteamericana de la Lengua Española (ANLE). Sus obras han sido traducidas parcialmente al inglés, francés y rumano. Ha participado en numerosos festivales

internacionales de poesía, ferias y lecturas. Última publicación: Si lo hubiera sabido... (Valparaíso, Granada, 2024). Premios más recientes: Ganador del American Legacy Book Award 2025 por su novela Y todos éramos actores (Premio ILBA 2018) y dos menciones finalistas por una colección de poesía y un libro de no ficción creativa, finalista del International Book Award 2025 por su colección de poesía Confieso que escribo/I Confess That I Write. En 2023, la 17ª Feria Internacional del Libro Hispano/Latino de Queens le fue dedicada.



JOEL LINARES MORENO (Venezuela)

El olivo habla en medio del campamento

abre al universo su entraña carbonizada
entierra sus garras leñosas
en el vientre del mundo
bebe los jugos del fuego
el oleaje de la memoria

Sus hojas respiran en medio del humo
en obstinación que hierve
procura la última gota de la noche
su floración perfuma -otra vez- la mañana
y espanta el hedor de la fosa

Dentro de la tienda
una mujer tiene dolores de parto

MORENO (1973) es poeta, educador, teólogo, mediador cultural y activista internacional. Es autor de dos libros: "Memorias del Escombros" y "Obumbrata". También es director general del Encuentro Poético del Sur y fundador de la Plataforma Cultural Nuestraamericana Abya Yala. Ha participado en festivales, ferias y encuentros literarios en América Latina, el Caribe, Asia Central y Europa.



JOSÉ AGUSTÍN GERMÁN HERVIS (Cuba)

Un Pedazo De Tierra Prometida

En la casa del hijo mayor de Noé
se han mofado de Balfour
llueven sangre y alaridos
esquirlas y jirones de piel
en las paredes de Dios
carcomidas ruinas de la Tierra Santa
los muertos cabizbajos
acero de turbantes masacrados.
No hoy noches para judfos
cristianos y musulmanes
todo tiembla
rojo crepúsculo incendiario
caen la túnica y la cruz
el credo y la religión
huyen los ángeles y santos
no hay perdón
los gritos de tierra filistea
se ahogan en el destierro
claman por su Jesús en la Capital
Sagrada
suya por antigüedad
por antonomasia
por un minúsculo hogar
tranquilo y eterno
mío, tuyo, suyo.
Se inmolan las bombas
granadas humanas

ruegan las dunas y las pirámides
el sepulcro profanado
las mezquitas desoladas.
Cada grano de arena
se nombra Alá
Hasehm
dioses desconocidos
a la razón de hienas.
Nadie responde
solo se escucha
un eco
que se pierde
en el desierto.

HERVIS (Cárdenas, Matanzas, 1962) es una escritora cuyos poemas y relatos cortos han sido publicados en diversas revistas y antologías de Alemania, México y España.



JOSÉ DORIAN VILLA SÁNCHEZ (Colombia)

Malaquias

*“Día de ira aquel día, día de angustia y de aprieto,
día de alboroto y de asolamiento, día de tiniebla
y de oscuridad, día de nublado y de entenebrecimiento”
Sofonías1, 15*

Convertidos en producto para el rating
O en imagen fotográfica
para premios periodísticos,
los sobrevivientes husmeamos
entre escombros aún tibios,
contemplando el fantocheo de la muerte
en las calles bombardeadas
y en los cuerpos desgarrados,
mientras el emisario de un dios
que persiste en rumiar el odio
de pasados tiempos
va llenando con barbarie
el vacío que deja el exilio.
Somos dolor acumulado
que, sin embargo, cada día
reconstruye las ilusiones
y cada noche reinventa los sueños.
Nos congregan el silencio,
el miedo y la soledad,
pequeñas dosis de rabia
y un destino
-el punto ciego en el que vuelve a comenzar la historia-

Presenciar cómo se disecciona la esperanza
en ese insaciable altar en el que
los adoradores de la guerra
entonan sus luctuosos cantos.

DORIAN VILLA S. es poeta y escritor de ficción. Licenciado en Filosofía por la Universidad Nacional de Colombia y en Lingüística y Literatura por la Universidad Distrital Francisco José De Caldas, ha sido profesor en todos los niveles educativos, desde primaria y secundaria hasta cursos universitarios de grado y especialización. Es autor de la colección de relatos cortos *La mirada de Teichmüller*.



JULIO CÉSAR PÉREZ VERDECIA (Cuba)

Rapsodia Para Un Hombre Triste

A Palestina.

Sé del sístole,
sé que cambio como cambia la hoja de Dagame después de la lluvia.
No creo sea posible escribir solo de amores,
puritanas historias y Elfos,
ahora que le he visto a ese hombre la tristeza
como fiera asomada a los ojos
con un raro susto de finales
signo de muertes pasadas y futuras.
Un hombre asomado en mi televisor
con un niño entre los brazos
y dos ojos enormes.
Un hombre cual isla
hundido poco a poco en mi rutina
en mi felicidad de gente ajena
de cocoteros y novias académicas;
así de simple como si no importara.

En el televisor una muchacha cósmica
de blusa almibarada y cejas rojas
ha dicho que el matador se cree inocente,
solo fue un daño colateral;
algo así como un error cabalístico,
un desacierto de Dios,
un mal teclaso.
La escucho mientras me agito en el sillón.
Cerca los tranquilos butacones,
la fría mesita de noche,
el viejo librero dormido.
¡Pero es un niño, me digo!
Palma caída,
gorrión de ala rota;

y brota entonces desde la garganta este grito mío,
para que la tristeza de aquel hombre
no sea solo su tristeza,
porque un niño muerto
no es un piano que se calla y ya.

VERDECIA es poeta y profesor de filosofía en la Universidad de Matanzas. Es presidente de la sección de literatura de la UNEAC en Matanzas. Entre sus obras se encuentran las colecciones de poesía *Cánticos del agua* y *Palabra de Ángel*. Su obra ha sido publicada en varias revistas y antologías de diferentes países. También tiene un libro digital, *Balada del Alba*.



KAREL LEYVA FERRER (Cuba)

A Palestina

Sobre el escombros y la sangre
bajo la niebla del fósforo asesino
hay una voz que lucha
que persiste en alzarse
quince lustros después de inaugurada la ignominia.

Cada día la muerte se ha cebado
con la apatía y la complicidad
de esta urbana ceguera,
laberintico byte en el que se agota Heba Abu,
los desmembrados cuerpos de la infancia,
el ojo acusador
y la esperanza de un camino a
Rafah, a Jericó, a Gaza,
Nablus, Jerusalén, Tiberias, Haifa
libre al fin del temor
libre y en calma

FERRER es escritor y promotor cultural; vicepresidente del grupo literario Aladécima del Centro Iberoamericano de la Décima y el Verso Improvisado; presidente de la Sección de Poesía de la UNEAC, coordinador del Festival Internacional de Poesía de La Habana y del Movimiento Mundial de Poesía para Cuba, coordinador para Cuba de la Unión Hispanomundial de Escritores. Ha publicado los cuadernos *Ágape Inconexo* (Edit Hipocampo 2001), *Cambios de marea 2* (Ediciones Naderau 2005 y Santiago 2008), *Escenas cotidianas*

(ediciones Colección Sur 2010), Sucesiones (colección La hoja murmurante, editorial La tinta del Alcatraz, Toluca México, 2015), Vitral (colección Sur, 2020), Herencias (Stockholm Project, Amazon 2023); El arte de juntar las partes rotas (Fundación Ebjed para la Traducción, Publicación y Distribución, Irak 2024), El don y la presencia (Ediciones Otrazplan, Hidalgo, México 2024); En la hojarasca mi voz vi multiplicada (Centro Cultural Tina Modotti, Italia 2024); Nautic@s en coautoría con Frank Upierre y publicado por Extramuros, La Habana 2025. Fue galardonado con la Distinción Gitana Tropical de La Habana en 2019 y la Medalla del 45.º Aniversario del periódico Trabajadores en 2020, entre otros.



MARCELO FAGIANO (Argentina)

Genocidios

"No más poesía después de Auschwitz".

Theodor Adorno

Más poesía después de Gaza
con agujones en cada palabra
y curvos renglones de doble filo
que nos duela la vista
al levantarla del papel o la pantalla
que al finalizar la lectura o escucha
sucumba la abatida médula del mundo
junto a la vandálica
y atroz costumbre de crear infiernos.

Más poesía después de Gaza
que sacuda el cubilete cerebral
y lance la mala muerte
hacia otros destinos
reconozca la explícita
ausencia de los dioses
el abandono cómplice
de los títeres de turno
la parálisis global de los sentidos.

Más poesía después de Gaza
que sea lacerante dejar de leerla
por la estética encriptada en su lenguaje
por la ética inundando territorios
por la humana dignidad clonada de belleza.

Poetry Plaentariat, Vol. 11

(Habr  que inventar
ins litas coreograf as
que sin tapujos ni simulacros
hagan danzar por igual
a todos los cuerpos de la Tierra).

M s poes a despu s de Gaza
que acabe con el sue o colonial
de opacas neuronas envejecidas
que cauterice las llagas de los escombros
y busque en ellos la temblorosa mano
de la especie humana aniquilada.

FAGIANO (R o Cuarto, C rdoba, 1959) es poeta, narrador y dramaturgo. Es doctor en Ciencias Geol gicas. Ha publicado seis libros de poes a, uno de ficci n y un libro de obras teatrales. Ha colaborado en diversas antolog as y ha obtenido premios y menciones honor ficas en concursos nacionales y provinciales. Gan  el primer premio en el Concurso de Publicaciones Teatrales (C rdoba, 1993), el primer premio en el Concurso Internacional de Cuentos Fant sticos Terra Ignota (M xico, 2001) y el primer premio en el Concurso Internacional Un Poema por la Paz (Cuba, 2025). Ha publicado su obra en revistas de Argentina, M xico, Venezuela, Guatemala y Espa a.



MARCO GODOY TORO (Chile)

Economía de guerra

Hay que escribir peligrosamente
Sobre dos hojas en el viento
dos manos que rezan
dos desiertos, hijos e hijas
No cubre a la bestia la luz de su símbolo
lejos, detrás de la humanidad
los perros dan flores de meteoros a los conejos
 como si quisieran llorar cantos
que recen en la arena
El ángel del tiempo muerde la muerte
a nadie le falte su pan
a nadie le falte su Madre
a nadie le falte su Padre
a nadie le falte una mesa
una estrella que salga de su boca
La poesía está contra ustedes:
a los ladrones de vidas, a los traidores, a los jefes. a los ricos, a los
injustos de corazón
un nuevo cuchillo de sueños
que los haga llorar de vida

TORO (Santiago de Chile, 1998) es poeta, editor y gestor cultural. Fundador de la revista Sinfuturo, ha promovido espacios para la difusión de la poesía experimental y las nuevas voces latinoamericanas. Estudió publicidad durante tres años y su escritura combina referencias bíblicas, políticas y mediáticas en una crítica al capitalismo y la identidad contemporánea.



MIGUEL GIL CASTRO (Perú)

We Are Not Numbers

*“How long shall they kill our prophets,
While we stand aside and look?”*

BOB MARLEY

Despoj ado de su rostro
un cobarde ha decidido, otra vez,
asesinar a un poeta.

Ha decidido escribir tu nombre,
Refaat Alareer, en un misil.

Decidiste quedarte en Gaza.
Decidiste quedarte en casa.

Días antes del ataque
te preguntó Linah, tu hija:
-¿Pueden destruir nuestro edificio si se corta la luz?

Debiste decirle la verdad.
-Sí, pueden vernos en la oscuridad,
nuestros corazones brillan.

Despojado de su rostro
un cobarde ha decidido, otra vez,
asesinar a un poeta.

Ha decidido escribir tu nombre,

Refaat Alareer, en un misil.

Decidiste quedarte en casa.
Decidiste quedarte en Gaza.

Quirúrgico movimiento,
el segundo de tres pisos,
destrucción exclusiva.

Quien fuera el primer hombre
y dijera: no mueras, te amo tanto.

Es hora de irse, Refaat.
Ha venido Federico García, desde el cielo de Granada,
a llevarte de la mano como a un hermano pequeño.
Están esperándote allá arriba.

-Y es que yo ya no soy yo,
pero Gaza siempre es Gaza.

Este poema, que es también cometa blanca
hecha con tela de tu kufiya olvidada,
vuele alto llevando tu nombre en ella.
Descansa.

CASTRO (Lima, 1987) es poeta y antropólogo. Su obra explora la memoria, el duelo y la resistencia desde una perspectiva poética y crítica. Ha publicado *Parábola del pájaro amarillo* (2024) y *Cinco días en Huarochirí* (Premio Copé de Bronce 2022), entre otros títulos. Su trabajo aparece en revistas de Perú, México y Estados Unidos. Ha sido jurado en concursos literarios y colabora como investigador en temas de historia y cultura andina. Cree en la poesía como acto de dignidad frente a la injusticia y escribe en solidaridad con los pueblos que resisten.



MÓNICA LANERI (Paraguay)

El grupo de WhatsApp estaba en silencio

El grupo de WhatsApp estaba en silencio-
pero ese silencio no traía calma-
era torturante-
Nadie hablaba en el grupo de WhatsApp-
nadie oraba- nadie reía-
nadie más lloraba- nadie decía que lo extrañaba-
ya no había “memes” ni fotos familiares-
ningún tiempo pasado que sirviera de consuelo-
ninguna esperanza de futuro a la cual aferrarse-
En el grupo de whatsApp
ya nadie reportaba la guerra-
esos reportes que lo inquietaban en la distancia-
también le daban una extraña calma-
la certeza de la vida-
Cuando el grupo de WhatsApp se calló-
se desmoronó su mundo-
ese silencio sonaba a muerte-
ese silencio martillaba sus sueños-
ese silencio gritó tanto-
que lo despertó a la madrugada-
Eran las 4 de la mañana
cuando Ahmed ya no pudo
seguir durmiendo-
“Tengo una cama”- habrá pensado
mientras su ciudad se debatía
entre bombas y escombros-
Tal vez se sintió un poco culpable

por tener una cama y un techo
tan lejos de la guerra-
En Londres- la guerra hubiera sido
apenas un triste relato-
si él no hubiera nacido en Gaza-
y si en esa ciudad-prisión
su familia no estuviera atrapada-
Seguramente le llegaron
recuerdos del último regalo
que hizo a sus sobrinos-
una cabaña y días en la playa-
las caritas pequeñitas
tratando de hacer presencia
en la última videollamada-
Su hermano menor
con una beca en Australia-
su hermano enojado
ante la indiferencia de Occidente-
su hermano negándose a abandonar Gaza-
Su hermano que aún sigue en Gaza
bajo montañas de escombros-
Su hermano que ya nunca
abandonará Gaza-
Sus sobrinos que ya no irán a la playa-
el tío Ahmed que ya no podrá consentirlos-
Dos días antes- su hermana Wallah
le contaba de la destrucción de su casa-
de la mudanza familiar al hogar paterno
en el medio de la franja-
un lugar en donde estarían seguros-
nunca fue bombardeado-
Dos días antes- agradecían a Ala
que los hubiera salvado-
Es probable que dos días después-
y ante tanta tragedia-
Ala ya no diera abasto-
Dima de 10- Tala de 9-
Nour de cinco- Nasma de dos-
Eslam y Raghad de 13 - Bakr de 11-
Eslam y Sarah de 9-
Mohamed y Basema de 8-
Abdullah y Tamim de 6-
Ellos son los pequeños mártires
de su familia-

Tal vez un día se callen las bombas
y ellos renazcan como flores
entre los escombros-

LANERI es periodista, poeta y profesora de Arte Dramático. Ha publicado varias colecciones de poesía, entre ellas *Tumbas que cantan*, *Razón Psiquiátrica* y *Divague Interruptus*. Ha recibido premios como el *Premio Naranja* en la categoría *Mujeres Artisanas del Cambio*, otorgado por la Dirección Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual de Paraguay (DINAPI). Es coorganizadora del Festival de Poesía Ombligo Lírico Paraguay y coordinadora de WPM en su país.



NICOLÁS ANTONIOLI (Argentina)

La realidad palestina no cabe en tu pobre imaginación

En la abrupta herida de la noche
en la abierta comisura estelar
sangra el clima
llora el rumor
del polvaredal
una tormenta
un estallido/ brama la desolación
de arena y pánico
llueve el exterminio
no doblegarán
sin antes
triturar la carne viva
de nuestras convicciones

en este rincón el amanecer resiste
minúsculo
hasta el añico

nadie imagina
muerto el sueño
cómo es
la constante persecución de muerte
el terror percusivo de un disparo

tu último día
en el mundo de los vivos

Poetry Plaentariat, Vol. 11

ANTONIOLI (Buenos Aires, 1985) es profesor de Literatura, escritor, editor y gestor cultural. Sus obras publicadas son *Se necesitan ojos* (2005), *Muñecas/maniquí/muñecas* (2009), *Mansalvar* (2012), *Mano emplumada* (2013), *Monólogo alucinado e interminable del sargento Cabral* (2013), *Las carnes ayunas* (2017) y *Cosmografía marciana o polvo suspendido en un rayo de sol* (2022). Ganó el Premio Binacional de Poesía ArBol 2014 del Ministerio de Cultura de Argentina y el Ministerio de Cultura de Cochabamba (Bolivia). Recibió la Beca de Creación en Literatura 2021 del Fondo Nacional de las Artes (Argentina). Algunos de sus poemas están traducidos al quechua, inglés e italiano.



NORMA FLORES ALLENDE (El Salvador)

Hanan, mira que tu pueblo regresa

Hanan, me dijiste que los olivos
traían flores
Que tu tierra es ceniza
de pedazos de niños
Hanan, yo condeno aunque no condenen
Aunque el miedo les carcoma
Condeno el genocidio
El silencio de los intelectuales
El silencio de la sociedad de escritores
Que no condena el genocidio de tu pueblo
Que normaliza el genocidio de tu pueblo
Que ignora el genocidio de tu pueblo
Yo te abrazo, Hanan
Yo te abrazo aunque no te abracen
Yo te sostengo
Mis pies, mis manos, mi boca
Son tuyos
Son de tu pueblo
Ahora Gaza es nuestra madre
Gaza que no dejará de revivir
De la sangre de tu pueblo
Del verde de tus lirios
De la esperanza del poeta
De las llaves que retornan
Los niños correrán siempre
Los adultos amarán siempre
Es tiempo de que el caballero triunfe, Hanan,
Mira que tu pueblo regresa

Poetry Plaentariat, Vol. 11

La tierra de tus ancestros regresa
Y serás libre
Pronto
Tu pueblo será libre

ALLENDE (El Salvador, 1989) es una escritora de origen paraguayo y argentino. Ha realizado presentaciones en las Ferias del Libro de Montevideo, Buenos Aires y Córdoba. Fue coordinadora en Paraguay del concurso Premio Itaú de Cuento Digital entre 2020 y 2023. Obtuvo el segundo lugar en el Concurso de Poesía Carmen Soler (2022) y el tercer premio en «Cuentos en Red» de la Red de Centros Culturales de España (2021). Su última colección de poesía, *Veo el volcán que siempre se aleja*, fue publicada por el Proyecto Editorial «La Chifurnia» en 2024. Es miembro del Colectivo Asunción Flores.



PRISCILLA GAC-ARTIGAS (Puerto Rico)

Carta a una madre

Hoy cumpla dieciocho meses
dieciocho lunas desde que abrí los ojos para grabar en mi corazón tu
imagen
por los tuyos brotaba un río transparente de alegría
y un mar salado y tempestuoso que arrastraba los cuerpos
de 6150 niños fallecidos en Gaza

yo tuve suerte, te tenía a ti
otros 12100 quedaron sin amparo
flotando en las tinieblas de aquel nefasto cielo
donde van los que quedan sin sus padres

hoy cumpla dieciocho meses, mamá,
y pido me perdonen

no me verás correr a darte un beso
no me verás abrir cajones y vaciarlos
ni buscar lo que esconde el firmamento

no me verás jugar al escondite
ni me oirás decir mamá, cuéntame un cuento

no me verás jugar a pretender
ni a pintar corazones en tu pecho

no me verás de la escuela volver
a decirte mamá, cuánto te quiero

Poetry Plaentariat, Vol. 11

me agotan estos meses que son siglos
no quiero que por mí sigas sufriendo
no me llores al fin nada nos queda

sucede que me canso de ser hombre
aunque en el fondo
jamás llegaré a serlo

tú lector que mi foto absorto miras
contando los nudillos de mi espalda
yo ya no volveré
aún te escribo
mi silencio te seguirá envolviendo

haz algo con tu llanto, te lo pido
que mi corto existir no sea olvido

GAC-ARTIGAS es escritora y traductora y reside en Estados Unidos. Es becaria Fulbright, miembro de la Academia Norteamericana de la Lengua Española (ANLE) y corresponsal de la RAE, además de profesora emérita de Literatura Latinoamericana en la Universidad de Monmouth, Nueva Jersey, EE. UU. Ha recibido premios por sus traducciones conjuntas con Andrea G. Labinger: finalista del Premio Internacional del Libro (2025) por Confieso que escribo/I Confess That I Write, y mención honorífica del Premio Internacional del Libro Latino (2024) por hombre de américa/Man of the Américas y por Confieso que escribo/I Confess That I Write.



WALDO LEYVA (Cuba)

¡Cuánto Dueles, Palestina!

La guerra, siempre la guerra,
La ambición y la conquista,
Dolor y muerte a la vista
Ensangrentando la tierra.
El poder siempre se aferra
Y todo lo contamina
Hasta la luz, asesina.
Duele el aire hecho jirones,
No hacen falta otras razones
Para hablar de Palestina.

Por dónde andará Rachid
el amigo de mi casa
¿Será otro muerto de Gaza?
¿Lo habrá matado David?
¿No recogían la vid
En cierta estancia vecina
Juntos los dos? ¿No ilumina
El mismo sol de la estancia?
¿Por qué han borrado la infancia
De tus hijos, Palestina?

Mahmud Darwish, que tristeza,
sin luz, se nos muere el trigo,
y se ha vuelto tu enemigo,
¡qué dolorosa sorpresa!,
él que apoyó su cabeza

en tu pecho y hoy camina
por tu patio, por la esquina
que los vio juntos jugar,
pero ahora viene a matar.
¡Cuánto dolor, Palestina!

Ayer la prensa contaba
Que un médico cirujano
Cortó con su propia mano
El pie de un niño y que estaba
Llorando mientras cortaba,
Y la sangre pura, fina
Rodaba hasta la sentina
En que convirtió la guerra
Lo más puro de la tierra.
¡Cuánto duele Palestina!

Por qué los hijos y nietos
De los reos del horror
Imponen tanto dolor
A otros hijos y a otros nietos.
¿El síndrome de los guetos
Lo más noble contamina?
¿Da el trigo una amarga harina
O es la ambición quien la amarga?
Duele esa pesada carga
En tus hombros, Palestina.

¿Arrancarán los misiles
De raíz a tus olivos?
Tus hombres duros y altivos
están muriendo por miles.
Hoy, tus mujeres gentiles
Forman parte de la ruina
Y tu noche se ilumina
Con el fuego y la metralla
Por qué el mundo se nos calla
Ante este horror, Palestina.

Por Rachid alzo mi voz
Y una cólera sin fondo
Pues me duele en lo más hondo
Que nos maten a los dos.
En el nombre de qué Dios

Qué razón los ilumina
Para convertir en ruina
Madres, padres, niños, casa
Todos morimos en Gaza
Para volver, Palestina.

LEYVA (Remates de Ariosa, 1943) es un escritor, periodista y poeta cubano. Sus obras han sido traducidas al portugués. Su primer libro se publicó en 1974. Impartió clases de estética y literatura cubana e hispanoamericana. Fue fundador y editor de varias revistas, entre ellas Del Caribe y Letras Cubanas, por citar algunas. Con su obra El rumbo de los días ganó el X Premio Casa de América de Poesía Americana en 2010, y en 2012 le fue concedido el Premio Internacional de Poesía Víctor Valera Mora del Centro Rómulo Gallegos de Estudios Latinoamericanos (CELARG) de Venezuela por su antología Cuando el cristal no reproduce el rostro . Con más de 30 títulos publicados, es uno de los autores más reconocidos en el campo de la poesía en Iberoamérica, proclamado autor del año por la Colección SurEdiores en 2023 y ganador del Premio Nacional de Literatura de Cuba en 2025.



ALAIN RAIMBAULT (France/Canada)

les bestioles

les bestioles perdent leurs rotules
leur gras
leur langue
à bout d'eau
s'éteignent
entourées par
le mur
la guerre menée sans âme par
des descendants de bestioles
emprisonnées
affamées
génocidées
qui n'ont rien compris à l'humanité

et nous assistons sur des écrans
outrés
scandalisés
grognants criants manifestants menaçants
impuissants
au spectacle insupportable des fins de Gaza

nous étouffons de honte
courons nous cacher
calons nos écrans sur des compétitions sportives
Victoria Mboko en demi-finale
Summer McIntosh quatre médailles d'or une de bronze

nous pouvons respirer elles ont gagné ELLES ONT GAGNÉ
ce soir concert de Linkin Park au centre Bell oh yes
je m'habillerai en noir crierai à l'unisson sans réfléchir une seconde
What I've done

bonne question

RAIMBAULT est un écrivain et enseignant franco-canadien. Né à Paris en 1966, il a émigré au Canada en 1998. Auteur de 6 recueils de poèmes, 4 romans, 2 recueils de nouvelles et 23 ouvrages de littérature jeunesse. Il est lauréat de trois prix, dont le prestigieux Prix Émile-Ollivier, décerné par le Conseil supérieur de la langue française du Québec. Alain Raimbault est également chroniqueur littéraire dans des revues et participe activement à de nombreux événements autour du livre.



ALEXANDRA CRETTE (Guyana)

Requiem

Peut- on regarder la guerre
traverser le ciel?

Un homme peint
l'ombre d'un oiseau
sur un mur et son trait se réplique dans
la trajectoire d'une balle qui lui traverse
le dos.

Peut être n'a t- il pas eu le temps
d'achever le v particulier des ailes
sur le fond clair, ou peut être est- ce
la dernière chose parfaite que ses yeux ont vu.

La violence comme un rai de soleil
qui détruit la particularité du monde
et la mort dans un refrain de pleurs
qu'on adresse aux passants
qu'on ne reconnaît pas.

La chasse et la traque qui tombent du ciel
à nos pieds sans pieds.

La paresse impossible car il n'y a plus rien
à ne pas faire
Il n'y a plus rien lorsque la poussière
des os est collée sur nos langues.

Le cri lui même n'est plus le cri.

Sur la place, l'aube du jour se lève
dans son panier bleu. Elle ne sait
pas encore que ta sœur et ta mère
sont mortes. Ou, qu'un peu plus loin,
le corps du voisin qui aime les cacahuètes
ne bougera plus. Lui aussi.

L'aube ne sait pas depuis combien d'aubes
les mines et les obus explosent
car les humains n'ont que des pièges
à offrir à d'autres humains.

Ici.

Où la guerre n'a pas de nom.

Si les bords sont gris et droits
la forme presque rectangulaire
Fermée de toute part – hermétique
sans air et sans son -
Cela signifie t-il que Gaza
est un cercueil ?

Y a t-il un cimetière assez grand
sur cette petite terre pour accueillir
tous les corps?

Les tombes peupleront
les plaines vertes qui s'étendent
au delà des murs et cette forêt
sera plus dense
que tous les mots pour en
dire la mémoire.

Comme devant tous les grands charniers.

Tous les linceuls poursuivront dans leur blancheur
l'annihilation du gris
des poussières et des cendres
du noir vers la blancheur
en un keffieh funèbre et
infini
un orgue de douleur tissé entre la terre et le ciel.

CRETTE, née à Aubervilliers le 17 mai 1978, est professeure de littérature moderne en Guyane française depuis dix-huit ans. Syndicaliste, anticolonialiste et féministe, elle est la fondatrice et directrice de la revue littéraire Oyapock depuis 2020. Elle est coordinatrice pour la Guyane française du Mouvement mondial de poésie depuis 2022. Elle a reçu une mention spéciale du Prix international de poésie Balisaille pour son recueil *Par le regard de ces autres mal nés* en mai 2023. En novembre 2023, elle a publié une anthologie de la revue Oyapock avec les autres auteurs de la revue. Son deuxième recueil de poésie, *Panoptica Americana*, a été publié en septembre 2025 aux éditions Atlantiques déchaînés. Elle est également la traductrice française du recueil de Freddy Nanez, *Album de Lluvia*, et la traductrice du recueil de Keshab Sigdel, *Embargo*.



KHADIDJA ATTOU (Algérie)

L'épée et la feuille

Va,
Sois notre voix brûlante,
Notre souffle brisé,
Nos âmes dispersées dans le vent du Sud.
Va,
Franchis les montagnes d'ombre,
Traverse les mers de sel,
Sois une veine cachée sous le sable du désert,
Et parle — même si personne n'écoute.
Va,
Sois cette feuille fragile
Portée par la caresse du vent,
Sans racine, sans patrie,
Mais que chaque rive devienne ton abri.
Va, et vis —
Même là où l'on interdit de respirer.
Va,
Sois la vie née du deuil,
Sois notre lumière dressée dans la nuit,
Élève notre drapeau comme une prière,
Sois la clé rouillée qui force les serrures,
Et crie —
Crie pour ceux qu'on a fait taire.
Fier, libre,
Marche sans courber l'échine.
Que la mémoire de tes ancêtres
Soit l'épée qui brise l'oubli.

Et ris —
Même si le monde détourne les yeux.

ATTOU est enseignante en sciences politiques à l'Université d'Oran 2, en Algérie. Auteure de "Double standard et indifférence: les femmes palestiniennes en première ligne", Ses travaux et publications sont principalement de nature académique.



MÜESSER YENIAY (Turquie)
Translation by Metin Cengiz

Autre

Je suis enterré dans ce que je vois
Une fille à Gaza
« Je veux déjà mourir », dit-elle

tout ce qui le rend différent
et tout le monde est venimeux
religion, état, race, lignée

et un gros voleur
pilleur de conscience

tu es responsable
aucun enfant
ne devrait savoir ce que signifie la mort

YENIAY est une poétesse, essayiste, journaliste et traductrice turque née à Izmir en 1984. Diplômée en Langue et Littérature Anglaises de l'Université d'Ege, d'une maîtrise en Littérature Turque de l'Université de Bilkent, son œuvre comprenant, elle est auteure de six recueils de poésie et de trois essais. Elle lauréate de trois prix littéraires majeurs. Elle a participé à des programmes d'écrivain en résidence aux États-Unis, à Hong Kong et en Belgique ; rédactrice au magazine littéraire Şiirden.



PHILIPPESON JUSTE (Haïti)

Ô Palestine

Une rose - poème
cueillie
au jardin des cicatrices bleues

Ses pétales en semence sur ta paume
ton front baigné de sa présence
quand le soleil refuse d'ouvrir les yeux

De ma terre lointaine
portant dans ma voix l'écho des ruelles
le secret de l'igname dans sa chair
la lame qui seule en connaît le prix

Il est des jours sans mots
des nuits de phrases déchirées

Aujourd'hui
j'enfante un poème aux trois visages
il dit que le chasseur aura son crépuscule

que la boue qui souille tes pieds
n'est pas ta peau —
ni tes bottes
ni ton souffle

Ô peuple debout
ta dignité étendard
ton sol —
mémoire de tes pas

Le monde entier porte
désormais
ton histoire en héritage

JUSTE, connu sous le pseudonyme de Mapou Libelibè, est un poète haïtien dont l'œuvre est un vibrant témoignage de mémoire, de lutte et de transcendance. Médecin de formation et photographe, il déploie sa voix poétique entre Haïti, Cuba et la Caraïbe. Il écrit en créole et en français, sondant les blessures sociales, les exils intérieurs et l'espoir ancré dans les racines populaires de son pays. Il est l'auteur du recueil *Bout Souf* (2024), l'un des premiers ouvrages en créole haïtien publié à Cuba. Son travail est salué et couronné de distinctions, notamment: *Prix de poésie Plougasnou* (France, 2024); *Prix Découverte Élise Bisschop* (France, 2024)



علي العامري فلسطين- الأردن.
ALI AL AMERI (Palestine /Jordan)

غزة

(1)

كلُّ شيءٍ هنا قاتمٌ
ما عدا حجراً في الطريق
يُنكِّرُنا بالأمل.

(2)

النهارُ يتيمٌ هنا
والظلامُ يعضُّ الظلالَ التي انحسرتْ في رُكامِ البيوت.

(3)

لم يُعدْ في المكانِ مكانٌ لهذا الزَّمان.

(4)

يوسفُ القُدرةُ الآن يخرجُ من خيمةٍ في العراقِ،
يشيرُ إلى كوكبٍ نازحٍ في سماءِ الدَّخانِ.
شاعرٌ
حول خيمتهِ يزرعُ البامياءَ،
وفي قلبه يتفتَّحُ معجمُ نارٍ.

(5)

غزّةُ تفتُحُ عينَ العالمِ.

(6)

البيثُ الأبيضُ
مملوءٌ

بسخام الحرب وأوسمة عمياء.

(7)

في غزّة

صاحّ الطفلُ محمدَ الدّربيّ:

مشيتُ ثمانِي ساعاتٍ

من أجل طحين،

لكّني، عُدْتُ لأأكلَ هذا الرّمْل.

(8)

أكفانٌ بيضاءٌ نلّفْتُ بها الشهداء،

وأقمطَةٌ بيضاءٌ لأطفالٍ وُلدوا تحت القصفِ هنا.

نمشي أو نركضُ بين الموت،

ولكنّ، لا نرفعُ راياتٍ بيضاء .

علي العامري شاعر ورسّام فلسطيني مولود في الأردن. صدرت له أربعة كتب شعرية، ومختارات من قصائده. تُرجمت قصائده له إلى 12 لغة، وصدر كتابه "خيط مسحور" بالإسبانية عن بيت الشعر في كوستاريكا. فاز بجائزة فلسطين الدولية للأدب، ونال وسام أندريس بيّو من الدرجة الأولى من فنزويلا.



رائد أنيس الجشي -السعودية
RAED AL-JISHI (Arabia Saudi)

على قدر ما بالقهر من أحرف الصمتِ
لثغث بتأريخي
على صفحة الوقتِ

تجاريثُ حتى جف دمع مؤجل
ومشقةُ الأحبال
تختالُ
في أنشودة السكتِ
والصوتِ

لنا كل ما في الأرض حتى جذورنا
تغذت من الأسلاف
تحى من الموتِ

وحتى الحجار ال رمت
نبض دورنا
لها مثل ما للقب من عُصاة النبتِ

لذلك لو يرمي بها الطفل قلعة من الظلم
زادت بالكثافة أنفسًا
ودكت جدار الوهم والزيغ والمقتِ

فصاروخها طفل المقاليع قد نمت
كما قد نمت شيخ المفاتيح مبعدا عن البيت
لكن قلبه في
فم البيتِ

لنا أن نموت الآن حتى نزيد من
كرامة هذي الأرض سمغًا

وأن نشعل الدنيا الظلام مشاعلا
فكل شهيد قد تفجر أضلعا
من القصف والتكيل
أنس ناره
وعاد بينير الدرب من قلب جذوة

وحيدا كثيرا مذ تمزق وانتنت
تسيرُ به الأشلاء في شكل ثورة

عصي على الموت السكوت وريما
(فلسطين) من قبل الممات تَسَطَّرْتُ
على لوح طين القدر في جوف نقطة

وما صُحِّفْتُ لكن أراد لها الهوى
بأن تُحتوى
في عين
نقطة
(عزّة)

رائد أنيس الجشي -السعودية

شاعر ومترجم سعودي

- حاصل على شهادة زمالة فخرية في الكتابة من جامعة أيوا - أمريكا
 - محرر دولي في مجلة (حوارات معاصرة) تصدر عن جامعة بينولا -مقدونيا الشمالية
 - عضو مؤسس نادي تمانم أدبية.
 - و محرر قسم الترجمة في مجلة سماورد
 - حكم مسابقات محلية وعالمية آخرها القسم العربية بجائزة توليولا الإيطالية الدولية 2020
 - صدر له أكثر من 20 عنوان أدبي بين التأليف والترجمة آخرها (clay tablets in Nietzsche's Cave).ترجمت كتبه وقصائده إلى لغات عدة منها الصينية والإيطالية والاسبانية والبرتغالية والأوزبكية وحصد العديد من الجوائز الدولية
 - عين غزة
- رائد أنيس الجشي



مبروك بالنوي-الجزائر
الشاعر الصارخ.

MABROUK BANNAOUI (Algeria)

آخِرُ الْمَشَاهِدِ لِمُخْرَجِ غَائِبٍ

أَعْتَادُ مَا تَعْتَادُهُ لُغَةُ النَّقَاءِ
أَعْتَادُ مَا الصَّحْرَاءُ تُبْدِي فِي الْخَفَاءِ
أَعْتَادُ دَوْمًا مِنْ شُوبِ الرُّمْلِ مَا
يُبْتَلِي. مَا يَقْدِي بُحْلَ السَّمَاءِ
قَلْبِي تَنَامِي عَنكُورًا نَاسِجًا
فِي الصَّدْرِ بَيْتًا لِلْأَسَى حَتَّى الدِّمَاءِ
مَا أَوْهَنَ الْبَيْتَ الَّذِي سَكَنَ الْهَوَى
مُنْجَاوِرًا مَعَ نُبُضَتَيْنِ مِنَ السَّقَاءِ
دَوَارُ أَسْئَلْتِي عَلَى فَوْضَى الْخُطَى
يَقْتَاتُ أُغْنِيَةَ اللَّذَى وَبِلَا عَنَاءِ
الْوَجْدُ فِي رُؤْيٍ، شَرِيطُ عَالِقٍ
فِي آلَةٍ مَعْطُوبَةٍ مُنْذُ الرَّوَاءِ
وَالْجُرْحُ آخِرُ لُقْطَةٍ فِي مَشْهَدٍ
كَانَ اخْتِصَارَ الْإِهْ فِي قَلْبِ الرَّجَاءِ
وَالْقَلْبُ لَا أَبْوَابَ فِيهِ سِوَى صَدَى
تَسْتَأْفُهُ أَدْنُ الْمُرَائِي فِي الْمَسَاءِ
بَلْ بَارِدٌ مَمَشَى مَسَارِي فِي كُوكْبِي
لَا ظِلَّ لِي فِي صَحْوِ رَابِعَةِ الْفَضَاءِ
هَذَا أَحْتَقِي بَعْدَ الْمَسِيرِ مَعَ الشَّجَى
مَا خَلَفْتُ سَهْوًا الْقَابِلُ فِي اجْتِرَاءِ
وَمَعَ الرُّكَامِ عَلَى بَقَايَا جُنَّةِ
مَا خَلَفْتُ عَمْدًا صَوَارِيحَ السَّخَاءِ
تَمْتَارُ بِالْبَيْسِنِيَّةِ فِي مَحْوَهَا
أَوْ مَشْهَدًا فِي شَائِسْتِي دُونَ اسْتِنْهَاءِ
فَحَدِيقَةُ الْأَعَابِ تَنْفِي طِفْلَهَا
مَهْمَا تَسَلَّلَ مِنْ مَسَامَاتِ الْبِلَاءِ

مَا زَالَ يَرْتُو خَالِمًا لِلسَّيْنِمَا
 يَفْتُنُّكَ مَشْهَدَ رُعبِهِ دُونَ أَفْتِرَاءِ
 يَا سَيِّدِي، صَافَتْ مَشَاهِدُ عَرَبِيِّي
 هِيَ دُونَ مُوْتَنَاجٍ وَلَا أَدْنَى صَفَاءِ
 إِنَّ الطَّرِيقَ هُنَا مَمْرٌ ضَيِّقٌ
 لَا بَابَ يَفْتَحُهُ الحَنِينُ بِلا عَنَاءِ
 أُرْتَابُ فِي تِلْكَ التَّوَافِدِ كُلِّهَا
 فِي نَاطِرِيكَ هُنَا مَرَبَعَةُ الهَوَاءِ
 مُخَصَّرَةٌ الأَهْدَابِ فِي إِغْوَائِهَا
 وَالدَّائِرِيَّةُ مَشْهَدًا مِثْلَ العَرَءِ
 فِي بُعْدِهَا رَنْتٌ مَلَامِحُ أَمْسِيهَا
 تَبْتَزُّهَا الأَبْعَادُ فِي رُوحِ العِنَاءِ
 قُلْ لِلهَوَى اللَّيْلِي: لَا أَحَدًا أَنَا
 فِي عَالَمِي تُعْتَالُ أَرْمَنَةُ البِقَاءِ
 وَهَنَاكَ حَسَّاشُونَ مِنْ رَمَنِ الرَّدَى
 حَتَّى السَّكَارِي حَرَبَتْ صُبْحَ النَّمَاءِ
 بَلْ هَامَهُ بِنَ مَرَّةٍ تَفْتَأْتِي
 صَرَخَاتُهُ طَيْرًا عَلَى لَيْلِ المَكَاءِ
 عَيْنٌ تُسَيِّرُ بُولْفِيمُوسَ انْتَشَتْ
 دَهْرًا تَلْجَفْتِي عَلَى زَهْوِ الخَوَاءِ
 يَا أَيُّهَا السِّكْلُوبُ، قُلْ كَيْفَ انْتَهَى
 كَابُوسُ عَرَّةِ وَ الطَّرِيقِ بِلا ضِيَاءِ؟
 مِنْ عَالَمِ المَوْتَى أَتَيْتَ نُبُوَّةً
 مِنْ بَعْدِ أودِيسْيُوسَ فِي بَحْرِ القَنَاءِ
 لَا، مَا اسْتَطَاعَتْ سِيرُسُ إِغْوَاءِنَا
 لِلْبَحْرِ حُورِيَّاتِهِ دُونَ انْتِقَاءِ
 يَنْسَجِنُ لِي ثُوبَ العَوَايَةِ مُعْسَبًا
 وَعِنَاؤُهُنَّ يَصْنَدُهُ سَمْعُ الوَجَاءِ
 مَنْ يَقْتُلُ الخُطَابَ قَبْلَ مِلْمَةٍ
 لَوْ عَرَّشَ بِنْيِيلُوبَ جَفَّ عَلَى الوَفَاءِ

ميروك بالنوي

الشاعر الصارخ.

ميروك بالنوي شاعر من الجنوب الجزائري من مواليد 1972/07/09 المؤهلات ماستر أدب
 عربي يعمل مستشار في قطاع الشباب والرياضة منشط في الموسيقى أب لخمسة أبناء له دواوين
 منشورة مطبوعة منها من أغاني الطاسلي وكذلك ما تبقى من الظل الأخير وكذلك من طواسين
 الجنوب



سوسن بوذراع نوري -الجزائر

المستوى الأخير

SAOUSSEN BOUDRA NOURI (Algeria)

هنا
لا تعرف المكافآت معنى
المنطقة المحظورة.
جمعنّ النقاط من خراف
تُدبح خطأً
وأصدقاء يُحذفون دون
إنذار،
قفزتُ بلا مظلة،
أحمل حقيبة ظهر خاوية
إلا من بعض الرقصات.
قالت اللعبة: أهلاً
بك في غرة.

في مركز الدائرة
كان الطبيب نسخة من
أبي،
ينزف من عينه اليمنى،
ويعالج الموتى بمراهم
افتراضية،
قال:
أنت مجرد مشروع لم
يكتمل،
والوحوش لا تخرج من
بيتها في هذا المستوى.

النسخة فشلت.

الإنزال أيضاً.
كلّ طفل أعيد تحميله
كان يحمل ندبة جديدة،
وذكريات لا تتطابق.
قال النظام:
الذاكرة تالفة،
جرّب إصدارًا آخر من
هذا الشهيد.

أحد الأصدقاء ترك لي
سلاحًا
قبل أن يُحذف من اللعبة.
قال:
اجمع عشرين نقطة دم
وستفتح غرفة الشاطئ
السري.
دخلتها،
فوجدتُ حذاءه
حذاء يطفو على سطر أزرق:
(الصديق غير متاح
حاليًا).

كلّما متّ،
عاد أصدقائي أقلّ وضوحًا،
أكثر كذبًا،
أشدّ صمًا.
في النسخة الأخيرة
كانوا جميعًا ضدي.
أطلقوا عليّ الرصاص
وصاحوا:
هذا اللاعب لا يفهم
اللعبة.

حين وصلتُ إلى النهاية،
لم أجد وحشًا،
لا مفتاحًا،
ولا خيارًا للنّجاة.
وجدتُ فقط أمي
تمسح لوح المفاتيح
وتقول:
انتهت اللعبة...
كيف ينسى ابني إغلاقها؟

لا أحد ضغط على زرّ

الحفظ،
أو لعلّ أحدًا
أهمل إشعارات تحديث
الجهاز.

سوسن بوذراع نوري - الجزائر

نشرت حتى الآن أربع مجموعات شعرية:

كاريزما؛

يدان تمسكان السماء أن تسقط في الوحل؛

كاستينغ؛

عجائز الموبت شو.

رئيسة مكتب بيت الشعر الجزائري بقسنطينة ورئيسة تحرير المجلة الإلكترونية "ميتافورس"
لمجموعة "مجانين قصيدة النثر".



رضوان قاسم- فلسطين
RADWAN KASSEM (Palestine)

اشعل فتيل الروى

يا قارض الشعر هل خانتك أقلام؟
أم أن وحيك أحلام وأوهام؟
الشعر يا منشى الأبيات عذبنا
ما كنت تدري بأن الشعر آلام
لو كنت تبصر ما في الأرض من دمنا
كأنما دمنا للموت أعلام
ما جئت في غزل للحب تغزله
ما فاز في الشعر خواض ونظام
بعض من الشعراء اليوم عن دمنا
ما استشعروا ألماً صم وأصنام
لأحمر الشفتين العين مبصرة
لأحمر الدم في العينين أختام
الحب في الشعر لم تنكره قافيتي
فكل من كتبوا الأشعار قد هاموا
لكن عشقي في الأشعار لامرأة
أحلى النساء بلاد قدسها شام
جود فلسطين وانشدها مرتلة
كل الحروف لها في النطق إدغام
للأرض سيده بالخصب حاملة
للحب موطنه للشعر إلهام
ولادة الشهداء لم تحصم عددا
إن أنجبت ولدا فالطفل ضرغام
هذي فلسطين للمحتل مقبرة
في كل شبر بها داسته أقدام
في كل سنبله صمام قبيلة
وكل زيتونة في الأرض ألغام
صور فلسطين إسقاطاً بقافية

ما بينَ قوسينَ أعنابٌ وأنعامٌ
 فيها رجالٌ هيَ الخنساءُ أمهُمُ
 ما أنجبتُ مثلهم في الناس أرحامُ
 منَ الدمارِ أقاموا صرخَ مجدهمُ
 منَ الرمادِ كعقواء الردى قاموا
 هم مارِدُ الموتِ ما طالتهُ أعينهم
 قاماتهم للعللِ والجندُ أقزامُ
 حتى هنالكَ تحتَ الأرضِ لو كمنوا
 فالكلُّ يعلمُ في الأنفاقِ أهرامُ
 إنَّ المسافةَ صفرٌ حينَ ملحمةِ
 البياضةِ الشعرِ جزائرُ وأغنامُ
 ما قيمةُ الصفرِ لولا أنَّهم جعلوا
 من صفرهم عدداً تخشاهُ أرقامُ
 أم هل جهلتِ عكاظُ الشعرِ غرَّتنا
 فيها القصائدُ ياسينُ وقسائمُ
 يا غرَّةَ العزِّ إنَّ النصرَ موعدنا
 غداً سترفعُ فوقَ القدسِ أعلامُ
 غداً سنكتبُ للتاريخِ قصتنا
 دمَ الشهيدِ لنا حبرٌ وأقلامُ
 فاشعلُ فتيلَ الروى في ليلِ غربتها
 إنَّ القوافيَ لأجلِ القدسِ إضرامُ
 واجعلُ دماءكُ للأشعارِ محبرةً
 واقرعُ حروفكُ أجراساً لمن ناموا
 صوتُ البنادقِ للأشعارِ إلهامُ
 ودقتُ الشعرِ للثورِ أنعامُ
 ...

رضوان قاسم- فلسطين
 من مواليد مخيمات الشتات في سوريا، درس وتعلم في مدارس وكالة غوث اللاجئين الأونورا.
 حاصل على ثانوية صناعية، عضو اتحاد كتاب فلسطين. شاعر ملتزم بقضايا الوطن والإنسان
 ويكتب الشعر العمودي والتفعيلة. صدر له 3 مجموعات شعرية:

1_ إفاء أنا؛

2_ علمني كلام الماء؛

3_ قم واعتر للبرتقال؛

حاصل على عدة جوائز في مسابقات شعرية والعديد من التكريمات، له الكثير من المشاركات
 الشعرية على الصعيد المحلي ومشاركات دولية.



سعاد زكراني- المغرب
SOUAD ZAKARANI (Morocco)
حتى لا ننام

أخاف أن أغمض عيني يا أمه
رمشك يطرح سؤالاً بعد سؤال
في عينيك حديث قولي
تنتأب الكلمات في فمي
فقد سكنت فيه بما يكفي
انطلقى أيتها الأتقاض اخرجني مني
لا أريد أن أحنو عليها أكثر
ربما استطيع التنفس
بجسد متحرر من الأكفان.. أرسلها خارج بيتنا
هل لنا أن نرتب البيت مرة أخيرة قبل أن ننزح
هل لنا أن نصوره للذكرى
و نخزن كل ضحكاتنا و بكائنا و صراخنا
ثم ننزح
أيها البحر المتراص أماننا كعناق خجول
في عالم ليس لنا
هل لك أن ترسل صداننا المحيطات المجاورة
عل حوتا عملاقا يضرب قاعدة المحتل
هل لنا أن نبتدع أبجدية جديدة
للخوف و الألم و البيت
حتى يصل العالم ذلك الصوت الرمادي المستمر فوقنا
طيران طنان هدير الصواريخ
فوق اخضر... فوق دمار
فوق شاهد قبر مكتوب بفحم بيت محترق
أثر حزام ناري
لن نقول لهم قلنا... وقلنا لهم
ألف مرة ترتشف العيون من السماء
و نحن نبحث عن دفيء ياخذنا
بهدوء إلى النوم تحت شرفة بيتنا

نوم متصل يدغدغ النجوم
أريد... أن أثنأب
أريد... أن أنام
حلمت أن قائدا ما يتحدث
تسمعين يا أمي
أراكم تمرحون بإطعام العصافير
أراكم تضحكون باللعب في أرجوحة الجنة
تشع ألوانا فزحية في نوم ملون
كزجاجة ترتج فتختلط الأحلام
يا أمي أقسم أنني رأيتك
كفن واحد في غزة يحمل أجساد ثلاثة شهداء
فبت جسدا منهكا متقلا بين الجراح.
أريد ان اسمع نبض الشمس
او نبض القلب..تلك الإسفنجة التي أصبحت قاسية
هكذا نمشي نحن على ريش إلى أن نصل قمة التعب
وضح النهار ونقول
يا مسيح...غدا سوف نحيا هنا.

سعاد زكراني- المغرب
شاعرة ومترجمة من المغرب. طورت كتابتها من خلال تجربة النشر الأولى. تكتب بأربع لغات،
مستغلة لحظات التأمل الناعمة في أسلوب يمزج الجماليات التقليدية مع الحساسيات
المعاصرة ساعية دوما إلى الكشف عن الاستثنائي في ما هو عادي. نشرت مجموعات شعرية في
هولندا وألمانيا وإسبانيا:
- همسات عبر اللغات؛
- مختارات ربيع 2025 ؛
- في مرمى النماذج الأصلية، حكايات خرافية، الجنس والجندر؛
- أوراق الغار الغنائي 2025 مختارات جزيرة قوس قزح.
فائزة أربع مرات بالنشر في جمعية برنتانو، مكتبة فرانكفورت.



محمود أحمد البسيوني- فلسطين
MAHMOUD AHMED BASSIONI (Palestine)

حديث الأنامل

الجَزَافَةُ تُكَشِّرُ عن أنيابِ مِسْطِهَا
تُرِيدُ فردَ حُصْلِ الحديدِ
وفتَحَ ممراتٍ للضوءِ
الشمسُ تدمعُ على مَنْ علقَ بينَ أسنانها
أولئكُ من خبَاهمِ الحصى والسوادِ
متى تلَعقُ السماءُ رائحةَ الدماءِ
وتمسحُ عن قلوبنا ذنوبَ الأملِ في الخلاصِ؟!

رحلَ المارونُ في أوقاتنا
القابعونُ فوقَ بندولِ حكاياتنا
العالقونُ بينَ السنةِ الرجاءِ

يا يوسفُ
الطائراتُ غارتُ على إخوتك الكبارِ
الحربُ ابتلعتُ ابنَ أمك في مخاضها الأخيرِ
حاصروا الحصارَ بالقنابلِ
زرعوا الألغامَ في الحناجرِ
فجَروا السمانَ العجافِ
لسنا من أولي العزمِ
ولا ريحُ تُبَشِّرنا بعدَ الفراقِ
وحده أنينُ الدعاءِ
من يؤنسُ وحدتكُ تحتَ الركابِ

الذئبُ يا ليلي
يعشِقُ الكعكُ يفوحُ من بينَ أناملِ براءتكِ
مخلصٌ هو في الغايةِ
خانئُ حينَ يعثلي شوارعَ المدينةِ

ماتت الجدة ولم تخبرنا
أين خبأت ليلي أساور قلبها؟
وأين طار منديل رأسها
أكان يُغطي شعرها المجذول بالحقيقة؟
سينام الذئب مطمئناً
حين تخلو المدائن من ليلي
ولا جدة في المدينة تروي قصص الأبطال

حديث الأنامل بعضه لبعض
ماتت أمي...
ومات أبي...
ولازال إخوتي تحت أنقاض البيت
هل لازلت تصطف في طابور الخبز؟!
من ستطعم بعدهم؟
سأطعم الركام علّه يستحي
يلفظ من بين الدمار أحد اخوتي
أو يترك لي صورة تجمعني بهم
وحدها السماء من تستحي
حين نصبح أكبر من حجم القنابل
سنطعمها بأصابع قلوبنا صور الأحياب
ولن تعيد لنا من ذاق حلاوة النهر
وأكل من تقاحة الجنان

نسمع حسيب من طوت أسماءهم سجلات الموت
نضرب كفاً بكف الأهات
كلما مرت صور العابرين في مخيلة الأمس
هل سنخيظ فجراً يدلنا عن بزوغ شمس غابت بهم؟!
نحن الغارقون بدماء من سقيناهم حليب آمالنا
نحن الناجون بدماء من أطعمناهم خبز الأمانا
سنبقى نكرر التراب
وندفن حرفاً بين الحاء والباء

سنبني الخيام
فوق رؤوس أحلامنا
نشد منزر الحنين إلى البلاد
ونمشي في ممرات الدعاء
نقلب صور الحكايات
نجمع حطام الذكريات
ونبكي نهراً مالخاً
يغسل جسد السراب
ويكشف درباً بين أحضان الضباب

محمود أحمد البسيوني- فلسطين

شاعر وروائي فلسطيني من غزة، صدر لي عدد من الدواوين والروايات، شاركت في عدة مبادرات ثقافية مثل "أقلام في خاصرة النزوح" وكتبت مسرحية "شظايا". أكتب عن المقاومة، الحب، الحرب، والمعاناة الإنسانية، وتعرضت للنزوح أكثر من مرة، وأقيم حاليًا في خيمة مع أسرتي نتيجة تدمير المنزل بسبب الحرب.



دلِيل أحمد- الجزائر
AHMED DALIL (Algeria)

قصيدة "الشاهين"

مهداة الى حمزة ابو حليلة، الأسير الفلسطيني في الصورة الأيقونية التي هي موضوع القصيدة

أغمضت عيني مرة أخرى فكان مكانه،
لم ينطلق،
لم يحترق،
لم يضطرب مما يراه أمامه،

وفتحت جفني كي أحاول من جديد،
فرأيتَه مازال عار في الحديد،
نظراته كفرت بذل الغاصبين وماله،
كالأمس يجلس دون هندام ولا أسمال،
لكنه مثل الرجال،
وأمامه وقف المجند في صفوف الإحتلال.

أغمضت عيني كي أنام ولا أنام،
أمّ تضم رضيعها تحت الركام،
طفل بلا رأس ولا حتى عظام،
وأب تتأثر باحثاً عن بنته حورية العينين روح الروح يا مسك الختام!

أغرقت عيني باكيا في صمت.
ما كل هذا الصمت؟
أغمضتها دفعا لبأس الصمت،
ورأيت صورته هناك ككل ليله،
تروي حكاية ألف ويله،
وودت لو أني أنا الكرسي حتى أحمله،
وأقول له:

إن كنت تجلس فوق كرسي الأسير مكبلا،
فلقد رأتك عيوننا ملكا على عرش الإباء مسربلا
بالفخر والعز الذي لا ينحني،
كالند، كالجبل الذي لا ينثني.

هل مسني
مما رأيت عيناك فيك طلاس سلبت من العين المنام،
نور تلالاً في الظلام،
شيء تنهض للقيام؟

هل أرسلت نظراتك المألى بالآف الحروق
غيما تخلل قطره بين الشقوق،
نارا وطوفانا تفجر بالعروق؟

إن جردوك من الثياب،
أو دربوا فيك الكلاب،
أو عذبوك وأرهبوك ولا طعام ولا الشراب،
فلأنهم لم يستطع منهم أحد،
مهما أعد من العتاد أو العدد،
تجريد أبناء البلاد من البلد.

كل شيء فعلوه كان في بحرك نقطة،
مثل من يزرع من غرة نقطة.

مثل طير طار حرا في سماء أكبرته فاستحلت زرقة الجدران خلفه!
مثل شمس كان في عين السماء،
زارعا فيها الإباء،
يرسل الرفيض شعاعا ذهبيا طاف بالجدران حوله.

وقف الجندي في بزته ألف سلاح،
بارد الخوذة، عطلانا كآلة،
هل رأى في وجهك العز فهاله؟
أم ترى أدرك ما يعني الكفاح؟
كل هذا فيك لاح!

أيها الصامد يا وجه الصباح،
لم أعد مقتنعا أيكما كان الأسير؟
أنت في قيدك حر مثل شاهين يطير،
بينما الواقف سجانك في القيد حسير!

نظرة النصر بعينيك صمود،
أبدا ما ضرك الخذلان من قومك والقوم قعود،
بعضهم خان فأغنى فتجلى أنهم صاروا قرود!
أدرار في 2024/10/10.

أحمد دليل - الجزائر

أديب جزائري، من مواليد عام 1979 بأدرار - الجزائر.
أستاذ جامعي، صدر له:
رجل من أرض الحلاج (شعر، دار الأوطان 2014)
الطائر الزجاجي (رواية لليافعين، دار الأوطان 2016)
بائع الياسمين (قصص قصيرة جدا، دار خيال 2024)



عبد القادر رابحي- الجزائر
ABDELKADER RABHI (Algeria)

مثلما كنت صبيًا

مثلما كنت صبيًا..
مثلما لا زلت..
في أصقاع هذا الكون
مفتونًا بظلال هارب من غبطة المنفى..
حري بالتي تنسأك أن تنسأك..
في لون المسافات
التي لم تعرف الأنواء منفاها
و أن تبتني
على أنقاض مغناك انهيارات التأي..
ooo ooo

بخطى مسرعة تنجو من الغارات..
تصفي بعض ألقاب على زئبقك المائل..
تحمي ما تبقى من فئات
رقعته الريح من هذا العويل..
ooo ooo

وحري بك أن تسقط في أول حرف
مثلما يسقط هذا الحرف
في شبر الترحي
مد تبتته المرأيا
و بكى في لوعة الدمع
على أسلايه هذا الصهيل..
ooo ooo

وحري بك أن تسمع لوز الجرح يلهم بيداء
لم تكن في آخر الأمر سوى نافورة
تمتد في غيمة عشق
راهن الأثون أن تمطر في جوف إناء
قارغ المعنى..

وَلَمْ يَفْتَحْ لِعَيْنَيْكَ السَّبِيلَ..
○○ ○○

هَذِهِ الْأَرْضُ الَّتِي تَتْعَاكَ..
هَذَا الْمُنْتَهَى..

هَذِي الْقَوَارِيرُ الَّتِي أَفْرَعْتَ
فِي مُنْتَصَفِ الْأَخْرَانِ..

هَذَا الْمَوْجُ..

هَذَا الشَّجَرُ السَّائِلُ مِنْ وَرْدَةِ صَبَّارٍ وَجِيدٍ..

...

كُلُّهَا أَوْصَدَتِ الْأَنْهَارَ فِي وَجْهِكَ..

وَأَزْتَاخَتْ عَلَى أَمْنِيَةِ الْعُودَةِ لِلْجُرْحِ

وَلَمْ تَتْرُكْ لِعَيْنَيْكَ الدَّلِيلَ..
○○ ○○

سَلَسْبِيلاً..

كَانَ هَذَا الصَّدَأُ النَّائِمُ فِي مِعْصَمِكَ الْمَكْسُورِ..

وَالْمَعْنَى..

يُنَادِي صَفْتِكَ الْهَادِرَ..

هَلْ لَدَتْ بِأَشْكَالٍ

بَكَتْ يَوْمًا عَلَى مَا خَبَّأَتْهُ الْأَرْضُ

فِي بَارُودَةِ الْأَنْسَاقِ؟

هَلْ أَصْغَيْتِ لِلأَرْضِ الَّتِي غَادَرَتْهَا

مُنْذُ انْعِلَاقِ الْمَغْبَرِ الْمَعْقُوفِ فِي سَبَابَةِ السَّاسَةِ؟

هَلْ أَحْرَقْتِ هَذَا الْجَبْرَ

فِي مَا عَلِمْتِكِ الْأُمُّ أَنْ تَسْفَى بِهِ؟
○○ ○○

قَدْ يَمُرُّ الْيَوْمُ فِي خَاطِرِكَ الْمَكْسُورِ خُرْنًا دَافِعًا..

وَالْوَقْتُ -حَتْمًا- يَنْتَقِي مِنْكَ

الَّذِي يَبْقَى عَلَى قَارِعَةِ الصَّمْتِ..

وَحَتْمًا..

تَكْبُرُ الْأَوْطَانُ فِي أُغْنِيَةِ

رَدَدِهَا الْمَدْبِاعُ فِي لَيْلَةِ سَوْقِ

لَمْ تَمُتْ بَيْنَ يَدَيْكَ..
○○ ○○

رُبَّمَا أَغْرَاكَ هَذَا التَّرْدُ بِالْخُرْنِ

عَلَى أَلْقَابِهَا طَبِيئَةً هَذَا الْعُمْرِ..

أَوْ ذَكَرَكَ التُّلْفَارُ بِالْجُرْحِ السَّرِيرِيِّ الْمَسْجَى

فِي بَقَايَا خُطْوَةٍ كَانَتْ تُعْزِيكَ..

حَرِيٌّ بِالَّتِي تَنْسَاكَ

أَنْ تَبْكِي عَلَيْكَ..
○○ ○○

وَ حَرِيٌّ بِكَ أَنْ تَسْأَلَهَا

عَنْ بُرْتُقَالِ الْخَبِّ فِي يَافَا

وَ عَنْ نَافُورَةِ السُّوقِ الَّتِي تَرَكُضُ فِي عَيْنَيْكَ

عَنْ بَعْضِ ثُرَابِ عَالِيٍّ فِي وَجْتِنَيْكَ ..
ooo ooo

هَآ هِيَ الْآنَ تُنَادِيكَ بِأَعْلَى حُرْنِيهَا:
لَا تَتَّبِعْ عَلَيَّ كَثِيرًا
كُنْ بِقُرْبِي
مِثْلَمَا كُنْتَ صَبِيًّا
مِثْلَمَا لَا زِلْتُ ..

...
تَسْقِي حُلْمَهُ الْفَارِعَ
كَيْ تَرَرَ عَهْ فِي سَاعِدَيْكَ ...

عبد القادر رابحي- الجزائر

شاعر و أستاذ جامعي جزائري- نشر العديد من الدواوين العشرية و الدراسات النقدية.



محمد عكاشة- مصر
MOHAMMAD OKASHA (Egypt)

ترنيمة لحشائش النار

1/ قتلا قتلا

من رفسة أتان في ضحى المدقات الساخنة لطعنة الغدر في قبيلة الأيام
كانت القرى تكنس الثرى وتعجن التراب بالدم في عصر يوم هزه انفلاق الأرض أسفل قدم أبي
وهو يلوح بعصاه في وجوه قراء الآيات

كنساً كنساً
الصبية يصنعون المحاريث والبنادق ويشدون سياجا حول الأرض التي تتمايل مع صوت أبي
وهو يتلو قصص الماضي السحيق
صنعاً صنعاً
والفلاحات يشكن من الطين جنوداً مدججين كاظمين
يحكن لهم سترات من نار وخوذات كاقبية أفران حرق
شكلاً شكلاً
وكان أبي يزرع السحب في الحقل وهو يتلو أورد الصباح ربما تحجب البراكين التي نمت على
صدور الرجال في غفوة من الزمن
أو تملأ أرحام النساء بالماء فينتفخن كغيوم يفتتها الهواء
زرعاً زرعاً

من نطحة الثور في المدار الساكن لطلقة الثأر في الليل القليل
كان أبي يتلو آيات الحرب وهو ينثر حبوب الكتان على رؤوس عيال الكُتاب فتتمايل عيدان
القصب مع ابتهالات الفجر ومع تلاوة العيال الصادحة
نثراً نثراً
فينمو العشب حول أبي وعلى جلود المصاحف وبين أحبار ألواح الماضي المكتوب
وكان الأطفال يحشون ظل الأشجار و ظل العابرين وهم يُسمعون أبي الماضي السحيق
حشاً حشاً

وكانت القرى تلم ظلال القوافل العابرة وتدق الخيمات على ناصية الأرض

ولمأ لما
وكانت بيوت القرية تبلع خائنيها في قبولة نائمة أو في ليل قتيل
قتلاً قتلاً

XXXXXXXX

ولما /2

ولمأ تجمع الأرض حصاها وتعفر ترابها يتمدد العلق في أحشاء نساء القرى .. حتى إذا انفلق
الحرث وابتلع قدم أبي بكت السماء من فرط سعادتها وحملت النسوة حملها وتمخض الطين حيا
يصرخ في رحم الثيبات حيث الأجنة يقاومن وحل المسافات ويأكلن الحشرات الهاربات من
انهيار الردم في الحقول.. تغوص قدم أبي في طمي المطر فيعرف مكنم النطفات الملصقات في
جنبات الغبراء وتستلقي الذرات لحفيه الخفيفين

المشققين بحشائشها

المفطحين بحرارتها

الموشومين بعدد أنفاس الغيطان

لأبي المنى وللأرض العلق

للأرض المضغات ولأبي الماء

للتراب الدماء وللطين الأجساد

يا أيها المملأ أوقدوا الحمأ بوهج الأرواح النابتة في شعيرات الجسد

في استدارة النهود

في ثنايا الغبار وقت المغيب

طين ممزوج بعشب هو فروة رأس

تراب مخلوط بتبن هو جسد يتمدد

صلصال وخليط من ورق شجر هو

أنامل تعزف للإعتراب

يا كل الطيور التي تعلم موعد سقوطها في فم الأرض

ارسموا وجه أبي في فضاء الكون

يا كل الديدان في جوف اليباس

ارسموا الأعين والنشأة

يا كل اليرقات في جنور الأشجار

ارسموا الأنوف بزلال من نار

ارسموا وجوه الأطفال في لحاء الشجر

يا أهل القرى كان أبي يضم التراب بين إبطيه فيتوهج جسده مضيئا في جنبات الأرض وتتناسل
الكائنات وتنتثر الأجدات أهلها

محمد عكاشة

مصر

محمد عكاشة- مصر

محمد عكاشة

عضو نقابة الفنانين التشكيليين

عضو اتحاد كتاب مصر له العديد من الجوائز

الإصدارات : صدر له 8مؤلفات مابين الشعر والقصة والرواية وترجمت نصوصه الشعرية

للفرنسية والإنجليزية



تماضر سعيد عودة – فلسطين
TAMADOR SAID ODEH (Palestine)

... هي فلسطين ...

تُوشِكُ الأَرْضُ أَنْ تَخْرُجَ مِنْ صَمْتِهَا،
تَنْفُضُ عَنْ كَتِفَيْهَا الغُبَارَ،
وَتَضَعُدُ فِي دَمْعَةٍ أَمْ تُحَيِّئُ أَجِنَّةَ الشَّهَادَةِ.

فلسطينُ تُزهَرُ فِي الجُرْحِ،
تَنْبُتُ مِثْلَ الرِّمَانِ عَلَى جِدَارِ الغِيَابِ،
وَتَمْشِي... كَمَنْ يَسِيرُ عَلَى جَمْرِ اللّهِ وَيُبْصِرُ الجَنَّةَ.

كُلُّ لَيْلَةٍ فِي فلسطينِ قُبْلَةٌ،
كُلُّ صَبَاحٍ يَضْحُو عَلَى صَوْتِ بَايَعَةِ الرِّعَاثِ،
وَحُبْرُ المَرْجِ يُدْفِقُ صَفَا مِنَ المُقَاوِمِينَ.

لَهَا اسْمٌ يَشْتَعِلُ فِي الحَلْقِ،
إِذَا نَطَقْتَهُ...
عَادَ المَاءُ إِلَى قِمِّ النَّهْرِ، وَاسْتَيْقِظَ العَارُ عَلَى كَتِفِ مَرْثَمٍ.

فِي قَلْبِهَا تَعْرِفُ الطُّفُولَةَ طَعْمَ الرِّضَاصِ،
وَيَكْتَسِبُ الوِزْدُ وَصِيَّتَهُ عَلَى نَصْلِ الحُلْمِ،
ثُمَّ يَمُوتُ وَهُوَ يَبْتَسِمُ.

يَا أُعْيِ، فلسطينُ أَجْمَلُ مِنْ صُورِ التَّقْوَى،
فِي شِعْرِهَا تُحَيِّئُ اللّهُ نَفْسَهُ،
وَتَمْشِي عَلَى خَافَةِ المِلْحِ كَأَنَّهَا سَيِّدَةُ النُّبُوءَاتِ.

هي لَيْسَتْ وَطْنَا،

إِنَّهَا أَنْتَى تُرْتَبُ فَوْضَى الْعَالِمِ،
تَغْسِلُ الْوَقْتِ بِمَاءِ الْيَاسْمِينِ،
وَتَخِيْطُ مِنْ لَحْنِ الْأَذَانِ رِدَاءَهَا.

عِنْدَمَا يَسْقُطُ شَهِيدٌ،
تَمُدُّ فِلْسُطِينَ كَفَّهَا،
تُعْطِيهِ بِقُبْلَةٍ، وَتَقُولُ: "هَذَا ابْنِي."

تَعْرِفُ الْأَعْيَابُ مَخَارِجَ أَسْمِيهَا،
وَيَفْهَمُهَا الصَّوْءُ، وَيَتْلُوهَا الْمَطَرُ،
وَكُلُّ حَجَرٍ فِيهَا يَخْفِظُ فَصِيدَتَهَا فِي ذَاكِرَةِ الظِّلِّ.

فِي الْمَخَيِّمِ، تَنْبُتُ شَجَرَةٌ،
لَا تُشْبِهُ شَيْئًا...
إِلَّا عَيْنَ جَدَّتِي وَهِيَ تُصَلِّي بِلُغَةٍ مَقْهُورَةٍ وَلَا تَخْطِي.

مَنْ يَقُولُ: "فِلْسُطِينَ بَعِيدَةٌ"،
لَمْ يَقْبَلْ وَجْهَ الصَّبَاحِ عِنْدَ بَابِ الْعَامُودِ،
وَلَمْ يَسْمَعْ الْأَسْرَى يَهْتَفُونَ فِي الْحَلِيمِ.

نَافَذَتْهَا تُطِلُّ عَلَى اللَّهِ،
وَعِنْدَ حَاقَةِ الْعُرُوبِ،
تُرْتَبُ نُجُومَهَا وَتُسْرَعُ فِي الْكَلَامِ.

هِيَ فَصِيحَةٌ...
لَا تَتَكَلَّمُ، لَكِنْ...
كُلُّ نَبْضٍ فِيهَا يُفْصِحُ عَنْ ظَهْرِ السُّجُودِ وَقَسَمِ الْفِدَاءِ.

الطُّبُورُ تَحْفَظُ حَرَائِطَهَا،
تَعْرِفُ مَسَارَ الرِّيحِ وَخُطُوبَاتِ الْقُدُومِ،
كَأَنَّهَا تُهَاجِرُ مِنْ أَجْلِهَا وَتَعُودُ لِتَمُوتَ فِي عَتَبَاتِهَا.

لَا مَاءَ يُشْبِهُ عَيْنَيْهَا،
وَلَا جَبَلٌ يُشْبِهُ عِنَادَ صَدْرِهَا،
حَتَّى الْقَمَرِ... يَتَعَلَّمُ مِنْهَا كَيْفَ يُشْعِلُ السَّمَاءَ.

إِذَا كَانَ الْوَطَنُ أَنْتَى،
فَهِيَ الْمَثَالُ الَّذِي خُلِقَ قَبْلَ الْحُرُوفِ،
وَعَلَّمَ النَّخِيلَ كَيْفَ يَنْحَنِي لِلْعَاصِفَةِ وَيَظِلُّ وَاقِفًا.

فِلْسُطِينَ...
هِيَ لَيْسَتْ قَضِيَّةً،

بَلْ نَفْسٌ يُعِيمُ فِي الْوُرُودِ وَيُصَلِّي فِي الدَّمَاءِ.

فِي كُلِّ مَرَّةٍ يَطْنُ الْعَدُوَّ أَنْهَا انْتَهَتْ،
تَضْفِغُهُ بِشَاعِرٍ جَدِيدٍ،
يَكْتُنِبُهَا بِلُغَةٍ لَا يَفْهَمُهَا سِوَى الْأَخْزَارِ.

تَبْكِي فَلَا تَحْسَرُ،
تُقَاوِمُ فَلَا تَلِينُ،
تَزْرَعُ وَجْهَ الشَّهِيدِ فِي جَبِينِ الزَّمَانِ،
وَتُزْهِرُ فِي جَلِيدِ الْعُزْبَةِ.

فَلَسْطِينُ...
تَجْمَعُنَا كَالصَّلَاةِ،
وَتُقِيمُنَا كَالْحَقِّ،
وَفِي كُلِّ نَفْسٍ فِيهَا...
يُولَدُ الْوَعْدُ، وَيَبْقَى النَّشِيدُ
تماضر سعيد عودة

تماضر سعيد عودة – فلسطين

شاعرة وصحفية عملت بمجال الصحافة أكثر من 25 سنة والآن متفرغة لكتابة الشعر والرواية
حائزة على جائزة الاونوسكو بمجال الشعر بلبنان عام 1996
حائزة على جائزة القدس العالمي بمجال الشعر المرتبة الثانية 2004
صدر لي مجموعتان شعريتان
الأولى غيم على ذهب القدس
والثانية للنوافذ غايات أخرى
والثالثة قيد الإصدار أقصى شرفات الروح
ورواية بعنوان السقوط ما قبل الأخير.

