

RAVEN CAGE

95

Poetry and Prose Ezine

Mother of Creation



RAVEN CAGE

RAVEN CAGE ISSUE 95 POETRY AND PROSE EZINE

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Submissions guidelines:

Send 1 to 6 poems of any length in any genre. Erotic poetry is welcome but if found too graphic, sexist, or vulgar we will decline.

No blatant racism or sexism.

Send 1 to 2 short stories at maximum 15,000 words or flash fiction at maximum 5000 words.

Book reviews and other articles may be considered. Maximum 7,500 words

Book promotions and Biographies welcome

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Editorial

Submission Guidelines

1: Always include the complete name in First name Last name order. Son of or Daughter of may be included in biographies but the name must be included in First name Last name separately. Any submissions that do not follow this guideline will be declined.

2: Poems that I find to be racist, fascist, sexist or overly graphic in violence or sexual or include sexual violence will be declined. Erotic is otherwise fine.

3: Raven Cage is a poetry and prose magazine. Articles that are not poetry based, Book reviews, poetry reviews, literature based, Author interviews will not be accepted.

4: Submissions must be sent by the 25th of the month to be considered for the current issue. Any submissions thereafter will be considered for the next issue. I will decide after finishing the current issue.

5: Do not send multiple emails asking if you submissions have been included or when they will be published. I will send the link to the PDF when it is finished and uploaded. Emails like this will no longer be tolerated or answered. They will be deleted unanswered.

6: When possible please try to send the biography, author photo and the submissions in one email per author.

7: Submissions placed in the subject line will be deleted unanswered. The only things in the subject line should be:

Author Name

Submission Title

Submissions for Raven Cage

Things that don't belong there:

Poems

Biographies

Stories.

8: Short Stories maximum 15,000 words, Flash fiction maximum 1500 words, poems of any genre and any theme are always welcome.

Story: a description, either true or imagined, of a connected series of events.

Short Story: an invented story that is no more than about 15,000 words in length.

Article: a piece of writing on a particular subject in a newspaper or magazine, or on the internet: Raven Cage only accepts poetry or literature based articles.

Literature: written artistic works, especially those with a high and lasting artistic value. Not articles or essays.

Essay: a short piece of writing on a particular subject, especially one done by students as part of the work for a course.

Promotion

AUTHOR ANGELA KOSTA'S IMPRISONED SOUL NOVEL

These days, it was released by the Publishing House "Fast Print" with editor Semi Haxhiu the 2nd edition of the novel: PRISONER SPIRIT by author Angela Kosta.

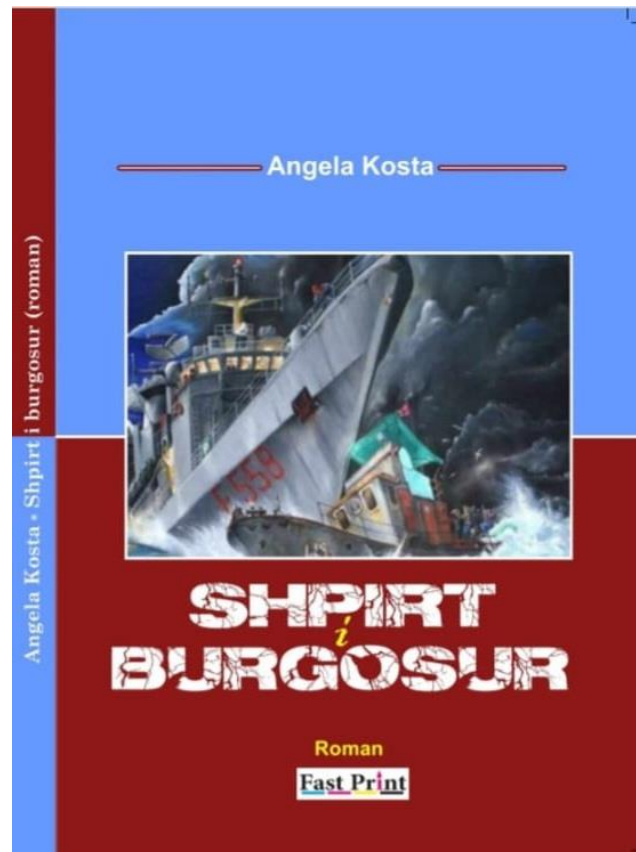
"In this novel, says the author in question, you will find suffering, pain, but above all you will find many love and friendships that often bind us to each other. I must emphasize that with these sincere feelings, anything can be handled, any obstacle, any difficulty, and this is the point: to help him at every moment, within our means, to every person who needs any of us, of all of you, of me myself. In the browsing of these pages, among many other topics, you will read the simple but important story of a girl who in March 1997 leaves Albania, the homeland, the land where she was born and raised. She is moving forward with her family, who unfortunately, like many Albanians, others lost their lives at the bottom of the sea, in the Otranto Channel, who will remain the only witness who can tell the horror, the bitter reality of that unfortunate night, of those hundreds of people who left in our souls and hearts a great sorrow. All the events you will read in this book are many times part of our lives and for that I feel to tell you, that every time I tried to give something of myself and not only in the creation of this novel, which, although it is a book created on characters and imagined fantasies, It's based on a true Albanian story that shocked our entire country.

"Although many years have passed, I would like to express my deep regret that I have felt and still feel for those people who lost their lives in the Otranto Canal in Italy."

Several pages have been devoted to repression, censorship from the savage dictatorship and the advent of democracy during the years '91-'97, which led to the total destruction of Albania.

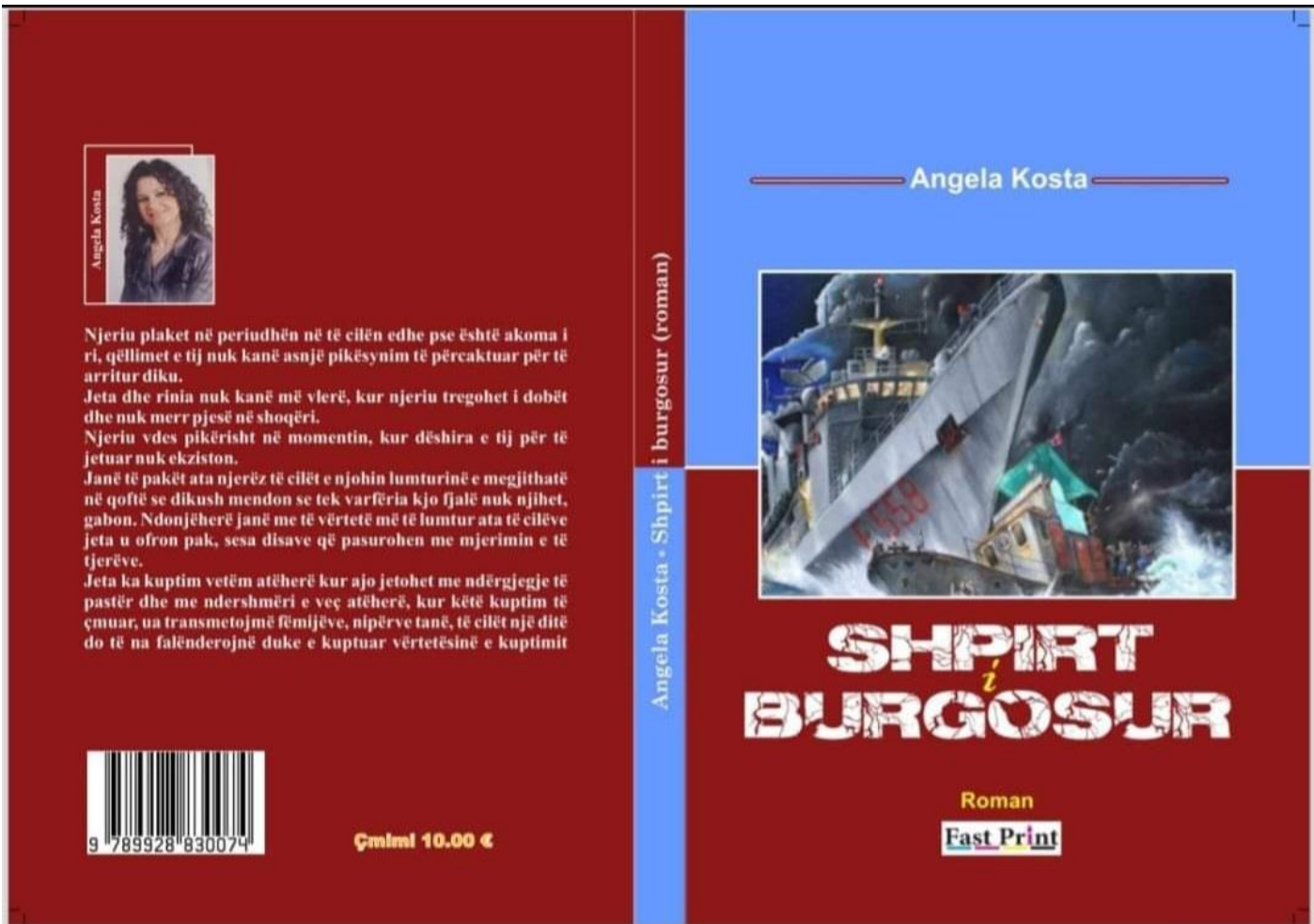
During the 50th year of dictatorship, discontent with poverty, was to be presented in the smiling faces of the people, of a country in which the word "misery" had no place. Joy appeared hypocritically and selfishly, with a mask so beautifully put on that even if one had the opportunity and desire to tear it off and throw it away, it could not. The dictatorship had weaved such a network, not just with threads that could easily be cut, not at all! She had knitted this network with wild chains from which no one could get out alive if she tried to free her. Woe to those who tried to do this! But here is the courage of one, and he no longer obeyed that law. Breaking the chains of the teaching, everyone felt free, and even learned and began to hope for the word "democracy." 1 Breaking the chains of the teaching, everyone felt free, even learning and began to hope in the word "democracy" always hoping for the word "democracy" and always hoping for the future, something new, unknown to them, to a better change for the future.

Instead of dictatorship, freedom was already appearing with a different view. There were things unheard of at times. To overcome the misery, people began to kill anyone who wanted to take away what belonged to them, which was no



longer the state, but only their own. To ensure that she remained so, they washed her with the blood of their relatives. Do you think this was the democracy they had suppressed within four walls of the house during the dictatorship for more than four decades? People were even more surprised when in parliament there were MPs who were not seen with good eyes by the very society they were part of. Morning changed from night. Day to day unemployment prevailed everywhere. Everything was destroyed, leaving no sign that could have recalled the years of savage teaching. The people had expected and thought, that democracy would rebuild everything from it did not take long to realize that misery had left the place for misery. People were jobless everywhere. They wandered the cafes, enjoying the sight of luxury cars that left behind the dust of poverty. Promises, promises and promises only. It seemed like the devil had laid a hand to overturn that place. They were armed to the teeth, to take revenge against those who could threaten them even with a glance. The world began to wonder, how was it possible that albanians were so fierce and brave? Everywhere on the street, armed children were seen. Was World War III approaching? We were used to defending ourselves, with our own forces. Didactura had raised us with this ideal, and democracy was reinforcing it even more. This was shown by the fact that, until yesterday, people who were forced to train in snows with fake cartridges, today we had the opportunity to use them for real, whether to entertain or to joke.

The people stopped and asked, "What was the enemy?" "Who were they carrying out the cartridges and weapons they had worked for a lifetime?" Then some of them stopped at this point: Why should we limit ourselves to the pleasure they felt when they killed a friend or someone else? After all, except for that moment that lasted a few seconds, they were causing nothing but mourning. Many mothers and women dressed in black, even some of the young ones, were dressed in raven clothes. For this, that pleasure of seconds, seeing everywhere disaster, began to disappear. They had to squeeze out at least a quarter of the sweat of their parents, who had worked while remaining in poverty, for the production of those weapons, so began their trade. It was enough to give two hand bombs or an automatic to the market and be given the opportunity to take home two loaves and anything else needed. Dealers started raising prices, so people were realizing that guns were no longer worthwhile following the government's orders, they began to surrender them. After all, they had taken out the duff, so those weapons were no longer used. Suddenly, immediately nationwide, telebing lottery began. Then people's attention focused on countless "scratch and win" tickets. Everywhere they began to sell at a perverse speed, but even for that, it did not take long for people to convince themselves, that fate only laughed at those to whom it had always smiled. They don't say that money goes to money. For this, they were surprised to find out that the money could be given for free: it was enough to write in a long list of people's names, your name, to leave in the hands of those who organized these lists a few lek, and within a few months, the heart would be filled with joy, as their sum was not less but three times what you had left. Then people didn't get that money at all, they wrote their name again thinking the three months would soon pass and become rich. There were also some who started selling the house, thanking God that in a few months, they would have the opportunity to build a villa where the roof would no longer leak or moisture in winter. Everyone was happy, but also confused. Never seen or heard of, to give a quantity of money and win three and yet, they kept on not taking the money, they would write down names, only names. That money was being added, just getting added; But this time, people are still very sad. Not from wealth again to poverty. The charity organizations of the money giving, (pyramid firms) disappeared without leaving any traces. People realized how unlucky and irritable they had been. They should have enjoyed as much as fate had offered them. They were in despair and angry, they went to their homes disoriented, beating their heads with their fists, at least they had a shelter to put their heads in, but there were some poor others who didn't know where to go and crash. Instead of the warm cottage they had dreamed of for many months, they found a sreh in the cold bunkers. They praised the Lord and him whom He had built for them, and there was none other than the dictator who had made them suffer so much. Thinking about it, then people screamed and cursed the dictatorship, but at the same time also what had brought democracy, because they had already realized that this was not real democracy. At the same time, they cursed the mother land, their homeland, where they had seen only eternal poverty, so to escape it, they thought that the only way of salvation was to cross the coast beyond the border of their country, and so they did: they set off to the sea, thinking that this time fate was the end of the day they did not think that they would be a fool, but they did not think that what would destroy them would happen and take away their most precious thing: LIFE!



BIOGRAPHY THE AUTHOR

Angela Kosta was born in Elbasan (Albania) and has lived in Italy since 1995. She is a translator, essayist, journalist, literary critic, publisher and promoter. She has published 16 books: novels, poems and fairy tales in Albanian, Italian and English.

Her publications and translations have been published in various literary magazines and newspapers in several continental and intercontinental countries.

Angela Kosta translates and writes articles and interviews for the newspaper "Calabria Live", Saturno magazine, Alessandria Today Magazine, the international magazine "Orfeu:", the newspaper "Nacional", Gazeta Destinacioni, Perqasje Italo - Shqiptare, the magazine "Mirdita", "Atunis", she collaborates with the magazines: "International Literature Language Journal (Michigan), Wordsmith International Editorial (Florida), Raven Cage (Germany), Kavyar Kishor International (Australia - & Bangladesh), Sindh Courier (Pakistan), Güncel Sanat (Turkey), Literary Barcellona (Spain), Friendship Of People (Tagikistan), etc...

She is co-host in several anthologies in various states.

Angela Kosta has translated 160 authors into bilingual: Italian - Albanian and vice versa and has promoted over 580 poets in various national and international literary magazines as well as translating the books of poems by 3 Albanian and Kosovar authors. She has also translated the poems of important Italian classics, Nobelists and many other famous authors.

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

Angela Kosta is Vice President of the South Korea Writers' Association, Vice President of the Tamikio Dooley Humanist Of The World Organization, Ambassador for Culture and Peace in the Organization no profit in: Bangladesh, Poland, Morocco, Canada, Algeria, Egypt, Mexico, Romania, India, etc.

She is also a member of the Writers' League (LSHASH) and BSHBSH - Italy, AAA (America), Greece, Poland, Hungary, Mexico, Romania, Croatia, India.

In Italy many important newspapers and magazines have written various articles about Angela Kosta. She has been translated and published in 33 foreign languages and foreign countries. In 2024 alone, it has been published in 98 national and international newspapers and magazines, with: poems, articles, interviews, books, reviews, etc. She has received numerous awards from various magazines and newspapers. In 2023, the magazine OBELISK directed by Roland Lushi declared her, among others, the best translator with translations of the Nobelist poet Giosuè Alessandro Giuseppe Carducci, as well as the Moroccan newspaper Akhbar7 proclaimed her the Celbrity Woman for 2023, and journal Kavyar Kishor International by Director Michael Hislop.

Angela Kosta has received the Certification of Doctor Honoris Causa from various universities including: Colombia, Moldova, Yemen, Algeria, Romania, Mexico, India and recently also from the University of Language and Literature in Morocco by Dean Muhammad Blik.

Mother of Creation

Qurbonova Gulsanam

MY MOTHER

The love of a mother is a profound and intricate tapestry, woven with threads of unconditional care, unwavering support, and a profound understanding that transcends words. It is a force that shapes our lives from the very beginning, nurturing our growth, guiding our steps, and leaving an indelible mark on our souls.

From the moment a mother cradles her newborn in her arms, a bond is formed that defies definition. It is a primal connection, an instinctual understanding that transcends language and reason. The first touch, the first gaze, the first whisper – these are the building blocks of a love that will endure through time and circumstance.

A mother's love is a constant source of strength and security. It is the safe haven we return to when the world feels overwhelming, the gentle hand that guides us through life's uncertainties. It is the unwavering belief in our potential, even when we doubt ourselves.

As we grow, a mother's love adapts and evolves. It becomes the steady hand that helps us navigate the challenges of childhood, the encouraging voice that whispers, "You can do it!" when we face our first fears. It is the shoulder we cry on when our hearts are broken, the warm embrace that soothes our pain.

A mother's love is not always easy. It requires sacrifice, patience, and a willingness to put the needs of her children before her own. It means staying up late with a sick child, wiping away tears, and offering comfort when words fail. It means celebrating our triumphs and offering solace in our failures.

Through the years, a mother's love becomes a guiding light, illuminating our path and providing us with a sense of purpose. She is the one who teaches us right from wrong, instills in us our values, and helps us develop our sense of self.

Her love is a constant source of inspiration, reminding us that we are capable of great things. It is the fuel that propels us to pursue our dreams, to overcome obstacles, and to strive for excellence.

A mother's love is a gift that keeps on giving. It is a source of strength, comfort, and inspiration that we carry with us throughout our lives. It is a love that transcends time and circumstance, a love that endures even when we are miles apart.

But a mother's love is not just about the sacrifices she makes or the lessons she teaches. It is also about the joy she finds in watching her children grow and thrive. It is about the pride she feels when her children achieve their dreams.

It is the shared laughter, the inside jokes, the memories that are woven into the fabric of our family. It is the simple moments of connection – a cup of coffee shared on a rainy morning, a phone call to say "I love you," a hug that speaks volumes.

A mother's love is a complex and multifaceted thing, a love that is both powerful and tender, both fierce and gentle. It is a love that defies definition, a love that can only be felt in the depths of our hearts.

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

It is a love that shapes who we are, that guides us through life's journey, and that leaves an indelible mark on our souls. It is a love that transcends words, a love that is eternal.

Even when our mothers are no longer with us, their love remains a constant presence in our lives. It is the legacy they leave behind, a legacy of love, support, and guidance that inspires us to live our lives to the fullest.

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A Mother's Love

A mother's love, a gentle grace,
A soothing touch, a warm embrace.
Through sleepless nights and endless days,
She guides with wisdom, lights our ways.
Her hands that nurture, heal, and mend,
A constant, steadfast, lifelong friend.
Her voice, a melody so sweet,
In every word, her heart's heartbeat.
With patience vast as the open sky,
She lifts us up, teaches us to fly.
Her strength, a rock, unyielding, pure,
In her love, we feel secure.
She's the calm within the storm,
A shelter safe, where hearts are warm.
Her love, a beacon, always bright,
Guiding us through the darkest night.
A mother's love, a gift divine,
In every moment, it does shine.
Forever cherished, deep and true,
A mother's love, in all we do.

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Umarova Nazokat was born on December 21, 2005 Yunusabad district, Tashkent city of the Republic of Uzbekistan. She currently studies at Tashkent state university of Law. She achieved a lot of awards and achievements. She is a reader, a young poet, a researcher, the author of numerous articles, thesis and poems. She is learning 5 languages, besides, she is a participant of international forums, conferences, webinars, graduated several personal development courses, a volunteer and achieved many other successes.

Feminine Connections

Us women of every shape and form
Of every land on earth are connected
We are the faces of a goddess in human form
We are imbued with deep courage and strength
Warriors in the art of life and rebirth
Our shoulders are made to bare
The weight and knocks of life's brutal brunts.

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To my mother...

I want to meet you with a description,
They compare you to the moon in the sky,
I can say my tongue to the moon
I didn't say a word to my mother.
Always speak wise words,
I carry poetry,
I could not praise the sweet taste,
I didn't say a word to my mother.
My parents live, my child,
If my daughter is happy, it's my happiness,
You will worry, if we go far away,
Even then, I didn't say a word.
You know what the word is,
Tell your mother every day,
Describing love, oh I'm heartless,
I did not write you a single poem.
I took a pen today because of you
My lips can't speak, silently hug,
Falling into your eyes
I love you very much, mother.

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Orinbayeva Dildara was born on March 10, 2008 in Tortkol district of the Republic of Karakalpakstan. 9th grade student of school No. 24 of Tortkol district. He reads with excellent grades and is the captain of the Youth Union of the Republic of Uzbekistan. He has organized many events. She is a talented writer whose poems have been published. The poem "Loyalty" was published in the "Korparcha Collection". The article "INTERESTING INFORMATION ABOUT BIOLOGY." was published in the International Anthology of Blue Sky Stars. The poem "Rain" was published and indexed on Google sites. The poem "Ozligim Anglab" was published in "Future Scholars Creative Collection" and "Book, Certificate, Diploma." He became the owner. Holder of international certificates.

MOTHER

LIGHT SHINES FROM YOUR FACE
ARE YOU DISAPPOINTED WITH US?
LET MY MIND BE ABOUT YOU
MOM DON'T SAY I'M OLD
DON'T SAY I'M GOING

I RUN, I RUN
WHAT I FOUND IN THE WORLDS
BLESS YOU MY DEAR
MOM DON'T SAY I'M OLD
DON'T SAY I'M GOING

I FOUND IT YESTERDAY AFTERNOON
I DON'T EAT IT
I AM SATISFIED AS A CHILD
MOM DON'T SAY I'M OLD
DON'T SAY I'M GOING

SIMPLY WEAKNESS
HAND PACKING IS CLEAN
GO TO PILGRIMAGE YOU TOO
MOM DON'T SAY I'M OLD
DON'T SAY I'M GOING

I LIKE YOU GIRL
ONE WORD THAT WILL NOT REMAIN
MOM DON'T SAY I'M OLD
DON'T SAY I'M GOING

BLESS MY SOUL
I LOVED MY HONEY
MY MERCIFUL MOTHER
MOM DON'T SAY I'M OLD
DON'T SAY I'M GOING

SHARE MY DREAMS
PLAY ONE LAUGH
PLEASE TABAF THE KAABA
MOM DON'T SAY I'M OLD
DON'T SAY I'M GOING

A member of the young penists' club
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Bobokulova Durdona Zafarovna in 2011 in Karakol district of Bukhara region 6th grade student of the 1st school. Participant of several competitions, including the republic being carried out according to In 2021, he was awarded by the Young Pencil Writers Club of the Holy Motherland Competition in 2024. Currently, he is a member of the Young Pencil Writers Club of Barkamol Avlod Children's School and the Club.



I Wrote a Poem for My Mother

My mother is my pride,
My father is my guide.
All the happiness in the world,
I wrote a poem for my mother.
My mother is my confidant,
My mother is my dearest friend.
Endless patience and strength,
I wrote a poem for my mother.
Girls with fathers are lucky,
Girls with mothers are blessed.
I'm a lucky girl, a blessed girl,
I wrote a poem for my mother.

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I am Zabuna Abduhakim qizi Uralova, born on July 1, 2008, in Chiroqchi district, Qashqadaryo region. I am currently studying in the 10th grade with a specialization in natural sciences at a specialized school in Chiroqchi district. I hold several international certificates and serve as the EVH coordinator for Nishon district, Qashqadaryo region.

Mother

Mother. There is a world of meaning in this small 3-letter word. Mother is such a beautiful and meaningful word. When we say "mother", a kind of peace and love appears inside us. Is it easy to be a mother? Who can love their children like a mother? Who can protect them like a mother? When we fail, when the doors of fortune are closed to us, only and only our loving mother can stand by us. Your closest friends, relatives, and even your loving hearts, who always say "You're fine, you're fine," turn away from you in that situation and cannot help you. The lives of all people in the world are not equal. Sometimes they succeed and sometimes they fail. For example, I have had many failures in my life. In those situations, even if I didn't tell my mother, they could tell by my voice and face that I was depressed. A mother's heart feels everything. They gave me strength and motivation, they taught me that there is still life ahead of me, that everything will happen in life, just try not to give up. They show me the right way. When I succeed in life, I tell my mother first. They are always proud to have children like me.

Mothers can raise their voice to their children, they can be angry, they can say words that hurt your heart, but their love for their children never ends. A mother is such a being that every being carries that mercy and that blessing with motherhood. From humans to monsters, mothers never change, never hurt their children, their children's lives are beautiful, and they work tirelessly to ensure that they don't need anything in the future. A hyena, carrying her baby between her sharp teeth and protecting her children from danger, shows us how sensitive motherhood is. Mothers feed their children without eating, clothe their children without wearing them, so that their children do not become separated from their peers, so that they do not become dependent on anyone in the future, they work tirelessly, not calling night night, not calling day day, not knowing what rest is. He educates them and teaches them in big cities.

A mother is a heart full of blessings. Even though he vomits blood and cries blood, he does not let his child feel it. He swallows his pain. He shows the world to his children as beautiful and charming.

A mother is not just a person who gave birth to a child. A mother is a whole world for a child, a painful and never-closing door. When it comes to mother, you can hear a different definition from each child. Someone praises his mother with the most beautiful words in the world, while someone else says that there are no words to describe. So who is mother to you?

"For me, mom..."

The most kind, beautiful, sweet woman in the world is my mother. Without my mother, I cannot imagine the worlds, not even a single moment. My mother has a feeling, it is patience. I always admire these sentiments. No other person has the patience my mother has. My mother always helps the people around her, she is a generous woman. My mother is my heaven. May my mother be healthy and safe for me."

Mother is a happiness that you cannot see! Some people cannot even feel this happiness. Life is beautiful for me because my mother lives in it. There will be days when my mother will always be proud of me, Inshallah! I will do my best for it! Thank you, my mother!

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Majidova Sevinch was born on March 8, 2004 in Shahrisabz district of Kashkadarya region. On September 1, 2010, he was admitted to the 1st grade at the 8th general secondary school located in Shahrisabz district. After graduating from school with excellent grades, in 2021 he was admitted to the Faculty of Elementary Education of Tashkent State Pedagogical University named after Nizami. He is currently a 3rd-year student at the Faculty of Elementary Education. During his career, he participated in many webinars, courses and competitions and received diplomas and certificates in many fields. Currently, he is fluent in Turkish, English and is studying Arabic and Russian. In his free time, he reads books on various fields and learns languages.

Nurullayeva Ra'no Xayrullayevna

ANGEL MOTHER ON EARTH!

Giving my life for you
Praying every morning.
It is true that there is an angel in heaven
Angel mother on earth!

Working day and night
Burning for his child
He who supplicates to god
As an angel mother on earth!

If they are near you, when you are paying attention.
You will be lucky because of his prayers
Praying and asking for happiness.
As an angel mother on earth!

If you are sick, you have a headache,
Thinking of you, my heart breaks every moment.
Paradise is the only example
As an angel mother on earth

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Mother

Mom, your voice is so nice
Where did you get that voice from?
Say it like that again
Sleep and rest, forget my pains.

I have a lot to tell you
But it doesn't come out, I don't know why
I wish you knew I was burning inside
Maybe you would set the worlds on fire.

They hurt me but I kept quiet
I put my head on your lap and forgot about it.
I got used to everything in the world
Mother, I have many things that I cannot tell you.

When tears come to my eyes, I quietly wipe them away
I gulped, saying that you shouldn't be stressed.
I laughed at the silent lies in your bosom,
Mother, I have many things that I cannot tell you.

Maybe you knew even if I didn't tell you
After all, you are a mother, you know
That's why you really love my child
Mother, I have many things that I cannot tell you.

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1st year student of Kokan State Pedagogical Institute in Foreign Language and Literature

Mom

Mom

whisper of love
silent rustle
in beloved cradles
in the silence of nights.

Looks

and songs of love
those light hands
and the caresses on the faces
of children born in pain.

Mom

are ointments
those words of yours
whispered in the night
to the song of the lullaby.

Your breath still
on the skin and lips
mom pink in the heart
your every smile
is a wonderful flower.

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Mom

Mom
your hands
your face
my flesh
your heart
mom
a smile
that lights up
the stars
pierces the eyes
wind of life
embraces tightly
lives.

Mom
is always
a rose
one day
that satisfies
my blood
and the caresses
given
vibrate
forever
on our
mouths
of beloved
children.

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MY MOTHER ON YOURSELF!

I'm sorry, you're not here
I am alone in the worlds
My one and only
Be yourself, my mother
My kind heart
My star in the sky
You are smiling
Be yourself, my mother
It shines like the sun
My only confidant
He has no age in his eyes
Be yourself, my mother
Your name will never be forgotten
Known for his kindness
His eyes are full of joy
Be yourself, my mother

Sitora Sodikova

Born in Samarkand region in 2011, a student of the 2nd general secondary school of Yangiyol city, Tashkent region, she is now 13 years old.

Awarded with a badge by the State of Egypt and Researcher of the Year 2024 was awarded with a golden badge and a golden statuette.. She has more than 15 students. She has more than 150 international certificates and diplomas, and won national prizes.

Her poems were published 8 times in newspapers and magazines and participated in about 10 anthologies.

She participated in more than 10 poetry contests and won first place in all of them.

Mother

Mother is a word that can't be described in one word. From our childhood, they make us white and white. It doesn't matter whether we are small children or independent people even though we are grown up, for our mothers, they are more precious people than us. 'q. Thanks to our mothers, we learned to read and write and to solve all kinds of problems through our mothers. My mother always told me to be myself and help people as much as possible. She taught us to be hardworking and responsible, every they always tell me to be careful in any situation, to always keep my step straight, to never lose my faith in myself and to reach my dreams one day. Mother is a ray of light in a dark and rainy day. They know everything that is happening to me at once. Even if I don't say what happened, they know when I talk on the phone. They never told my mother about my problems, but they always knew from my voice.

But I tried not to say anything. The reason was that I didn't want her to worry about my problems. She was the reason for me to reach my current state from a young age. The most important thing is that they overcame them patiently and persevering even when faced with problems and losses. Ahh, my patient mother, my heavenly mother, is always worthy of praise and attention. I can't thank you enough for my mother. At this age, I realized one truth that no one can be your friend except your father and your loved ones. When difficulties come, your friends will leave you, and only your mother will be by your side. and they used to motivate me and tell me to move forward. Later on, they would be very happy if I succeeded, and when I lost, they would emphasize that I should be stronger than before and work harder.

My mother really wants to be proud of me. I am working harder now to make them proud of me. If I am lucky, in the future I will be lucky enough to give my mother a ticket for Hajj, insha'Allah. May my father and mother be lucky enough to travel to many countries, inshallah. I rarely tell her the things I can't say about my mother, but the only person who is precious to me is my mother. I love you so much mom. To our happiness, always be healthy, be healthy.

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Mother

Drops stuck in my throat like arrows,
I cried because I missed him, I cried without him.
Mother, I can't see you
I chastised myself and sighed.
I forgot you as the world's worries,
Blown, the clock flew into the air, Time.
Isn't it too late? Shall I call you?
I will look after you. It was already midnight.
I carry the sorrow of the world on my shoulders,
I can't stand it like you, mother.
How about I become your little girl?!
I know that childhood will not return, mother.
It's running out, my deadline seems to be running out,
I will fly to your bosom.
My soul, my mother, I love you,
I hug and hug again.

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Uzbekistan.

Emotional Poetry

Eva Petropoulou Lianoy

A precious man

The nights and the days come and go without a smile
The days are so big without a smile
The nights are a waiting for a call or a message
It is so expensive this time away from your eyes.
You are my precious pearl..
A diamond hide in the mud..
Waiting the time to hug you and kiss you.
You are my treasure hidden from the sun
Waiting the day I meet you again..
Waiting your look..
Waiting your lips..
You are my precious pearl hidden in the oyster deep in the sea.
You are my precious man.

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You

My poem

You,

That the face I did not see for years

You

U are the most amazing being

But cannot touch

You,

The beauty is hiding in small pieces in your body and mind

You,,

I can explain why

But i know my what

You

That one day u crossed my path

Forces of love or passion touched me

Without reason

I am looking the east

U are looking the west

Miracles happens every day

You

A passion I can live in a privately moment

Love I give

Love will never be understood

You...

In another space of galaxy

You

My ideal

My secret

Garden

You

The moments I never had

You

The distance between 2 countries

A bridge i will try to build to reach you

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Good night poem

What a caterpillar maybe call the end
A butterfly call it the beginning of a beautiful journey...

The stars are so far but we can see the lights
And feel their heat

As i am thinking of you
Days and nights are together

No distance
Only sun
Only Moon

And for once they are together
In this beautiful sky

Thinking of you
The days

Think about you
My heart
My body
My soul
Wake up
And
Dance in a circle

Imagine u are here
Imagine u are close to me

Imagine our life starts
This is my wish
My prayer

As you are my hope
My inspiration
In those long years of loneliness...

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PASSION

The clock with its tick-tocks
Sings your glorious song
And gently
Whistles the wind
In your reverie ;

Rippling flows the stream
To the tune of the smile
And agreeably
Crickets hum hard
In the backyard ;

Me burning in isolation
In this drizzling rain
And intently
Pines my heart
For the grace divine .

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Bio.

DASHARATH NAIK (DOB. 23.06.1964)

,eldest son of Late Madan Mohan Naik & Sabitri Naik , hails from Bijadihi in the Sundargarh district, Odisha . A student of English Literature, Sri Naik likes all the genres especially poetry. As a bi-lingual poet, he writes both in English and Odia for his own pleasure and Humanity is his main concern .

Crown of My Artistic Identity:

The snowy and golden crown,
The garland of words in the earth,
The worth is very important.
The words build the house of fame.
The shining building of art and words;
The might and independency,
Feministic dignity in height of wisdom;
The light of the fame around worth of the hard work,
The beauty inside the words and art of writer;
Skill in writing and creative formation.

Aug. 28-2024

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Paiyun 7- Hile

Parbat, Nepal

Friendship in Earth:

The earthly crown in my friendship,
The equality of humanity,
Only difference appears with misunderstanding.
No discrimination in understanding each other.
The life is very charming in the beauty of the earth.
No selfish root exists in the true sense of friendship.
The true friendship never in death bed.
It is the flower of the earth.
It is the life of dignity.
It is the green garden of the art.
Friendship is the ornament of life.
The glorification of friendship makes me eternal and immortal.

Aug. 28-2024

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Paiyun 7- Hile

Parbat, Nepal

Destiny of Life:

The shining luck is favored by hard work.
The life of the journey goes in huge grave.
My grave is full of artistic words.
The destiny is ending in grave.
The lively grave is highlighted in height.
The ending journey is to grave.
That grave is everybody' s eternal house.
We have to celebrate death happily.
My destiny is to give education of moral to world people.
Ethics is our golden crown.
It is way of life.
Ethical journey is our beauty of life.

Aug. 28-2024

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Paiyun 7- Hile

Parbat, Nepal

Woman Ethics:

Before marriage, we should be dignified with our existence.
Before marriage, purity should be there.
After marriage, relationship should be with one.
Then woman/male is independent.
Independency remains in character.
So strength is there.
Woman ethics is there.
Those women who do not have ethics can destroy others' ethics too.
So it is very difficult to secure our existence.
Women should be warrior, ethical and strong in saving existence.
Women like us should be secured.
Not mineral ornaments are fine.
In reality, woman ethics is ornament.

Aug. 28-2024

© Til Kumari Sharma (Pushpa)

Paiyun 7- Hile

Parbat, Nepal



Award winner internationally Til Kumari Sharma (Pushpa Bashyal) is famous poet/ author from Nepal, Paiyun 7- Hile, Parbat. Her struggle has taught how to live genuinely. She has visited different kinds of people to break her character. She wants to be in distance from them thinking she will not be secured by them. She has published poems, essays, and stories from more than 35 countries. Her biography has been published in different countries. She is famed internationally. Few reporters of Nepal to concern national news did not show her talent in newspaper, TV and so on. Her known people never give chance to highlight her talent. Her high rise is famed by international reputed news, TV, You tubers, anthologies, books and magazines. When she is in her innocent character, the people around her may do bad in Nepal. She does not believe in Nepalese people even relatives. Her struggle among deceptive and egoist people made her author of universe. She is very famous poet who is in world recorded book named Hyper poem. Her personality is published in different countries. Her father Mr. Hari Prasad Bashyal was huge leader of Nepal in the time of Kingdom. She is an example of woman moral and ethics. Her struggle is outstanding product of her artistic glory.

A New Beginning

Peaceful happy feeling embrace me
Feeling their blissful essence all around
Like a new chapter is beginning finally
After long periods under dark clouds
The light is shining brighter
The peace and calm bring hope
Making life look lively and joyful once more
Giving the road ahead more scope.

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Empty Spaces

Another chair lays empty
Another space is bare
Another life has left this earth
leaving tears and despair
Another void with the heart
That time will never heal
Yet memories and love live on
Give substance to go on somehow
Always loved, cherished and remembered
Never forgotten to this day.

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Wounds Of Wisdom

Many wounds through life we bare
Both physically and mentally they need care
Lessons learned and wisdom gained
Although there can be scars that will remain
It gives us a vast perspective on life
All the joys. The trouble and strife.

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Donna McCabe is an established poet from South Wales, UK, with over twenty years experience. Her work has gained her multiple accolades within her field of literature. From being published in journals, magazines and anthologies both nationally and internationally, she is also a respected admin on many social media pages as well as having her own Instagram page and poetry page.

Instagram- @donnamccabe_

Facebook- Poemsbydonnamccabe



"SPACE"

A Date in Space !

With psychedelic rain of Spain

Ahhh! those kiss showers of my turtledove

Those ardent waterfalls and our unbreakable bond

Making adolescent memories fond

With those Scarlet gum boots in lotus wish pond.

When your superman figurines propose to my poppy dolls

Aligned by bunch of crimson rose filled gumboot vase

They deny to turn fluorescent or violescent yet do respond;

With incalcescent me you dotingly correspond.

Space is the best place for fasting and blasting.

No wonder cuisine from earth is not allowed in NASA

To interfere with lover's appetite,

For each other like melting ice-cream cassatta

Away from crowd ditching sinfully scrumptious pie

Failing to experience epicaricacy, evils stood standoffish avoiding a lie;

Unsurprisingly you wished for space with me in extravaganza.

Arranged without any further delay;

Moon binding with our upbeat piscean energies

Sets an adventurous tone, intensifying passion with compassion.

In asterism, we see initials of our names together

With couplet diamond rings reflecting light like prism.

Mars and Venus collide in space with light's pace

Only to be in each other's heart's trace.

In the parliament of planets, foreseeably at mace.

On the rhythm of his love demonstrations, the galaxy has dancing constellations;

A trail of silk lace for the rest to chase,

While our pair of eyes hooked in gaze.

For his high self-esteem, Venus left the rest to graze.

Wisdom in their passionate craze.

Ahhhhh! These auspicious days in space!

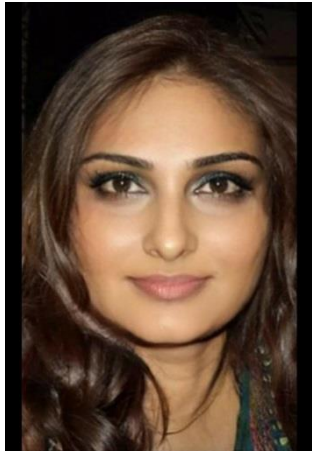
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FORMULA E CHAMPIONSHIP

In the Formula E Championship
Would you forget our kinship and friendship
Will I be just another contestant
Soaked in lust, wouldn't you be hesitant
My helmet was in dust, beholding me upside down
Would you be an attendant or to win unresistant?
My heart burst at seams, would you be my lifeline that's persistent
Would you thrust my lungs to inhale oxygenated zephyr
Or
Be a disgusting repentant in resentment
No
You would enable me to exhale hopelessness
Only in charms of your love
Only in arms of yours with plumage of angelic dove
I will survive, thrive and to eternity be exuberantly existent.

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Vini is an autodidactic poetess from India, naturally fascinated by English since school days. She topped in the subject in grade XII, She won many debates, elocution and poetry recitation competitions. Though her hibernating talent of poetry came much later in life but she took a giant leap in writing various types and genres of poetry very soon. She got her first spoken poetry " Paradise of Vibrant blooms" aired on programme 54 on UK's leading show East London Radio.

Having her poems on various International poetry groups, she soon became admin of Poetry in Perfection, group expert of The Poetry Labyrinth, admin of INTERNATIONAL LITERARY CORPORATION EUROPE-ASIA- AFRICA

She had her poems published thrice in the Republic of Turkey Corum, Sungurlu Newspaper Culture and Art page, and twice in the International magazine The Cultural Reverence. She is the main featured poetess in the WildfirePublications, LLC Quarterly Magazine June

2023 edition. Three of her poems are in the Issue 92 edition of Raven Cage - Ravenscape, a global collection of prose and poetry.

Her poetry book Halestorms and Burning Desires is due with many more in the pipeline.

Her poems are inspired by nature and life depicting oneness in both.

Bitter Life

In life's bitter tapestry, threads entwined,
Where anguish and sorrow forever intertwined.
A chalice filled with pain, a heavy weight,
As fate unfurls its cruel, relentless fate.

The taste of bitterness lingers on the tongue,
A bitter pill to swallow, hard to be sung.
Disappointment's sting, a poison dart,
Leaving scars that tear and rend the heart.

Betrayal's venom courses through the veins,
A serpent's bite that shatters and refrains.
The loss of loved ones, a chasm deep,
Where grief's tears flow in torrents, never to sleep.

Like a ship adrift, tossed by stormy seas,
Life's bitter winds batter with relentless ease.
Each wave of sorrow crashes on the shore,
Threatening to engulf, to leave one forevermore.

Hope, a fragile flame, flickers and dies,
As darkness cloaks the soul with its despairing skies.
The weight of burdens crushes the weary mind,
Leaving behind a hollow shell, devoid and blind.

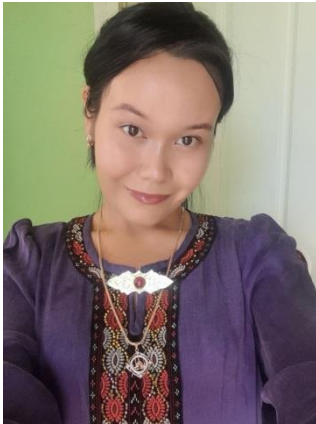
But even in the depths of bitter pain,
A flicker of resilience may still remain.
A tiny spark, struggling to take flight,
A beacon of hope in the darkest of night.

For life's bitterness is not a final end,
But a crucible that can refine and mend.
With courage as our armor, we may stand,
And face the bitterness with strength in hand.

Through the storms and trials, we will persevere,
Finding solace in the knowledge we can endure.
The lessons we learn in life's bitter school,
Will make us wiser, stronger, and more resolute.

So let us embrace the bitterness with grace,
Knowing that it too shall pass in time and space.
For in the tapestry of life's grand design,
Even the bitter threads contribute to a tapestry divine.

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Orinbayeva Lalezar Azadbay was born on April 8, 2003 in Tortkol district of the Republic of Karakalpakstan. Her nationality is Turkmen, she knows the Turkmen language and Uzbek well. She graduated from the 24th general secondary school with excellent grades. She graduated from school in 2021, and in the same year she became a student of the "Elementary Education" faculty of Tashkent University of Applied Sciences. She works at school No. 24, where she graduated, and is a master of her profession. She has been writing articles since she was 20 years old and has students. The first article is "The role of Makhtimkuli Firoghi in world history". She is engaged in journalism and opened a course. Until now, several scientific and journalistic articles have been published in international journals. She has participated in many anthologies and almanacs in this regard in Azerbaijan, Turkey, Belarus, Germany, Kenya, and European countries. She also organized a personal anthology. In the anthology "CREATORS OF THE YEAR", a scientific article entitled "METHODICS OF MATHEMATICS TEACHING IN PRIMARY CLASSES" and an article by her students were published. Her creative work "Methods Of Attention Of Primary Class Students" was published in the Kenyan anthology "SERENITY A COMPILATION OF ART AND LITERATURE BY WOMEN" and received a certificate. In the "Blue Sky Stars" anthology, her creative scientific article "EDUCATIONAL METHODS AND TOOLS IN PRIMARY CLASSES" and the articles of her students were published and received a certificate. A scientific article entitled "THE SUBJECT AND TASKS OF MOTHER LANGUAGE TEACHING METHODOLOGY IN PRIMARY GRADES" was published in the journal of the scientific practical conference "New Seekers" and received a diploma, certificate, letter of acceptance, author's certificate. The scientific article titled "METHODS OF ATTENTION OF PRIMARY CLASS STUDENTS" was published and received an international invitation and an international certificate. The story "JANNATIM ONAM" and the poem "ONAM" were published in the anthology "Tazim to you mother" which took part in the contest "Ship of Knowledge" of Russia and took the honorable 1st place. The poem "Father and Mother" was published in his personal anthology "Future Scientists". The poem "Orzulari Osman Kiz" was published in the anthology "Youth of Uzbekistan" and received a diploma, a statuette, and a book. In the anthology "Yoshlar Bayozi", the article "My Profession: How to Be a Primary School Teacher" was published, and she received a diploma, a statuette, and a book. , certificate, medal holder. The poem "This is a world full of fakes" was published in the anthology "Uzbek women-girls" and received a certificate. Currently, her creative works are regularly published in "Kenya Times" magazine and International sites and indexed in Google. Holder of international certificates.

Love to family.

My love to my family,
To my brother, sister, mother.
A piece for my dad too,
My way is a sidewalk.

I honor my father,
I respect my mother.
My brother and sister,
Of course I care.

Abdurrahman, Umida,
He respects me.
With kind words to me,
He tasted honey from his tongue.

Daddy loves me
He caresses and hugs.
what i say will do
What can I say?

My mother is kind,
Every word has magic.
My mother is my only one
The whole world is one piece.

My sister is surprised
My brother is a wrestler.
Inspiration cries to me,
A propeller in my head.

My family is my happiness
My throne in the world.
"Family is the holy place"
The words madhim-ku.

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Ilhomova Mohichehra is a teacher of the 8th grade of the 9th general secondary school of Zarafshan city, Navoi region.

WHY DO WE DO THIS?

How much we massacre this life,
We run with fury, like crazy we run,
To take a day, beyond there, a ground's handful,
In the eternal world from which we won't return.

We run to accumulate as much wealth as possible,
We run eagerly to attain power,
We run angry for fame and glory,
As if will live on this earth forever.

We trample the beauty of life underfoot,
Often nurturing and feeding nastiness and evil,
We hurt each other, friends and brothers,
Losing logic as much we snatch up weapons.

We reach the sunsets of worn-out years,
We see how much they have killed and defeated us,
Those tired, trampled, and broken years,
And we weep for our lost paths in life.

No one turns back or comes back,
In a dawn of April, to start from the beginning,
Only a longing and a sorrow remain, burning us,
Leading us to irreversible sunsets, tormenting us.

We weep for something we did without thinking,
And we lost, we broke with people around us,
Like autumn leaves falling to the ground,
We weep for the wasted years of life.

We weep for a sweet word left unspoken,
A flower of spring that we couldn't catch the scent,
In the shadows of graves where we left our joys,
Where the soul drips with a voice that hurts.

Why do we do this...!?

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Albania

MAYBE YOU WILL COME ONE DAY

The first spring flowers have bloomed again,
The clouds move as if searching for something in the sky,
Here below, amidst the greenery, only you are missing,
And this morning sun brings me your image.

Walking beside me, the longing you left behind,
And this gentle breeze pushes me into your footsteps,
In the chirping of the birds, your songs sleep,
And I wake them up, to hear those songs as much as I want!

I enjoyed the spring mornings again, so much,
Where the beautiful legs you get wet, once, with dew,
The birds following in the endless greenery,
Smiling sweetly when you said "Good morning!"

I enjoy the mornings so much again,
As long as hope is not lost that you will come one day,
As long as your memories follow me as they used to,
As long as all the loves ignite in my soul.

Maybe you will come one day, perhaps with a different name,
Like a beloved Eve descending from the sky,
With the warmth and love that only a woman has,
And I, like a medieval knight, have to wait for you.

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Albania

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter



Kujtim Hajdari was born in Hajdaraj, on April 10, 1956, in the city of Lushnjë, Albania. He completed high school, mechanical studies, and later pursued university studies in language and literature in Elbasan. He initially worked as a mechanic, and after graduating from university, he became a teacher of language and literature in High Schools.

He started writing at a young age, with his poems and creations being published in the local newspaper and magazines like "Shkendija," "Drita" and "Zëri i rinisë" during his middle school and high school years. After completing high school, he prepared three volumes: one of poetry titled "Will Spring Come?," one of short stories titled "The Violinist," and a drama titled "Sleepless Nights." However, his works did not see the light of publication due to political reasons.

After the change in the political system, he went into exile in Italy, where he spent many years before eventually settling in the USA. For a long period of time, he stopped writing due to the demoralisation caused by the non-publication of his

volumes and the threats he faced as a dissident writer, as well as the challenges of family and the difficulties of exile. He started writing again, after a hiatus of about 25 years, composing poetry in Albanian, Italian, and more recently, in English.

Both in Italy and the USA, he continues to write and be active, occasionally publishing volumes of poetry, participating in various national and international competitions, and sharing his poetry on numerous online platforms and in different publications. His themes cover a wide range of topics, with a significant focus on the issues and challenges of exile. He primarily writes structured poetry but also experiments successfully with free verse.

THE POETIC VOLUMES PUBLICATIONS:

1. "Mbrëmë isha pa ty" in May 2018, published by "Create Space" in the USA.
2. "Mbrëmë isha pa ty another publication (with slight changes), almost authentic, by "ADA" in Tirana.
3. "Do të vij natën" in September 2018, published by "Create Space" in the USA.
4. "Emri i bukur dashuri" in March 2019, published by "ADA" in Tirana.
5. "Do t'u them..." in October 2019, published by "ADA" in Tirana.
6. "I dolori del cuore" published in January 2020, in Rome, by "Aletti Editori," in Italian.
7. "Pse bëjmë keshtu" in June 2020, published by "ADA" in Tirana.
8. "Kur shkoj në fshat" in July 2021, published by "JOZEF" in Durrës.
9. "Come i fiori di aprile" in Italian, in September 2021, published by KDP Amazon in Poland.
10. "You are everywhere" in English, in November 2021, published by KDP Amazon.
11. "Udhëve të Botës" was published in January 2022 by the publishing house "Botimet Jozef" in Durrës.
12. "Do të vij natën" reissue, revised volume January 2023, Durrës, Albania
13. "You are everywhere" in English, in November 2021, published by KDP Amazon.
14. "Through the waves of life" Translation from Albanian to English. (Anthology with selected poems from 10 published volumes), January 2024, by KDP Amazon, USA.
15. "I ngrita të rënët" 2024, published by "JOZEF" in Durrës.

ANTHOLOGY PUBLICATIONS

So far, has participated in 66 anthologies, 12 national and 54 international in three lingue: Albanian, Italian and English.

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

The anthologies with participation of well-known poets from many country of the world.

His poems have been published in Albania, Italy, the USA, India, Romania, Kosovo, Macedonia, Morocco, Egypt, etc.

AWARDS

He has participated up now in 38 national and international competitions where he has had several appreciations and awards as:

The Cup of the special prize of the "Golden Pages of Italian Poetry" 2018.

First prize for the diaspora of the Poetry Festival in Albania, 2019.

The Cup of prize of the magazine "World Poets and Their Poetry" in Romania, 2020.

Finalist in 7 places in "European Poetry Championship" 2020, in Romania.

He was awarded the title Artistic Honor of the Diaspora in 2021, by "Jehona Shqiptare" for his contribution to the National Poetry Festival in Albania, edition 4, as the Deputy Chairman of the Festival.

He is elected member of the evaluation committee of poets participating in the national poetry festival to be held in 2023, organized by "Jehona Shqiptare" in Albania.

He is member of American Poets of Massachusetts in 2024 and participant in their annual anthology for 2024.

He is Winner of International Impact Book Awards for 2024, in USA

And many, many others evaluations.

His poems have been published in Italy, the USA, India, Kosovo, Romania, Kosovo, Morocco, Egypt, etc.

He has received numerous certificates and diplomas from various web groups and associations. His poetry has been enthusiastically received, and thousands of admirers from around the world, as well as renowned poets and literary critics both domestically and internationally, have written words of praise for him.

REBORN THE HEART

Don't take my sun...
Don't turn off the moon..
Don't steal the wind from me...
Don't drain the river...
Don't take the colors from the flowers...
Not even the flying wings of butterflies...
The world no, don't strip me on that one...
Don't leave the word unfrozen on my lips...
Do not tear down the mountains that are dripping with tears for me ...
Don't cut down the forests, bury the greenery today..
Rays of light don't disturb me...
Leave me with the whistle and sing with me...
You brighten the rainbow after every rain with a smile
What are you doing to the man?? !
Dissolved, it remained like a candle...
The old man is gray, the young man is also gray...
Don't grab the clouds, the stars in the twilight....
Don't strangle a life with thieving hands....
What are you doing to the earth, to the air you breathe?!
Over the edge, I sit miserable....
Where did you lose your smile?!
Family, joy, forgiveness, where have you hidden?!
Land in misery, that snatched the sun...
He exchanged his heart with the spirit of the night...
World, world without sun, world without white clouds
Be born again, it's not too late to be born golden hearts...

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Albania

ROSE WOMAN

Fragrance released, thorned skin
A certain desire it evokes
Like a bird you soar, calling, crying
Reviving a soul and making it king
A hot breath reigns over that lip
And yet you seek lips again
Holding a fire that never extinguishes
A warm scent, a scent of life, a rose
Two eyes that close like two petals
Ignite a star
Silk skin, white skin
Blinded it remains
Life calls with the name Woman on a rose
Like a fiery longing, love is born
It keeps my name...
The name "Woman"

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Albania

(Translated by Kujtim Hajdari)

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter



Blerina Pëllumbi was born in the city of Korçë (Albania). She graduated from "Fan S. Noli" University, majoring in teaching. Since 2016, she has been living in Tirana. Currently, she has been a teacher in the city of Tirana. Now lives and work in France. She has written, up now, others our books. The first book of Blerina Pëllumbi is "Tears of a Woman"... you can find this book in English and French language in Amazon.com

MOTHER'S LIGHT GUIDES ME TO HER

I.

To her wound. I descend
into her balefire. Birth scraps
a scar on my neck.
I cleave to her, suckle loss.
As soon as I am born,
I start saying goodbye.
Nothing lasts. Except scars.
Love makes me her namesake,
her likeness in miniature,
her wound's creation. My parents'
elixir. They raise their grail.

II.

When a baby's born,
all mothers sigh in unison,
a butterfly effect,
rippling into all mothers' souls
then to the planets and stars,
searching for names.
My grandmothers and great grandmothers
were generous with births.
Most had 6 or 7.
There were tragedies.
The two baby sisters Mom lost,
creating a hole in Grandmother Lilian's soul
that mother could not fill.
The wound of the mother
becomes the wound of the daughter.
My mother felt abandoned
by her mother, just as her mother
felt abandoned by her baby daughters.

III.

Grief is a shared malady.
It drains the pond.
No amount of tears
can repair the hemorrhage.
Healing is not always glorious.
Though light guides and softens pain,
it can singe as a wildfire.

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

Creation of life and love
is as chaotic as star birth.

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USA

BEARING THE WORLD

Your equator is full.
I hold your globe and press my ear
against your skin to hear
the heartbeat of another new sun,
its glow flickering,
a mysterious creation
held in warm waters.
Soft waves lap to the tiny heartbeat.
Your water breaks and floods the home
with babies, diapers, pacifiers, toys.
I learn to swim to rescue you
from drowning
and think someday I too will
bear the world
and pack my chest of hopes
with bibs, blankies, bottles.
My dreams leave no sound as they settle
into shadows.
My ghosts, swaddled
in umbra.

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USA

ODE TO THE EMBRYO THAT MY T-SHAPED UTERUS MISCARRIED

You left my broken womb
as the bloody remains of what
was never to come. I still feel you
in the waves, the flow
of my sacral river - your tears?
Your fears I've abandoned you?
No, Honey. No! I'll never forget you.
The t-shaped womb
couldn't hold your brilliance.
Your tiny, beautiful self,
washed away. Your light
sparkles in each of my cells.
My core, your forever home.
Your essence, my creative labor
in verse and art.
Everyone says, "Forget the dead."
I can't leave my baby
screaming in her forever crib.
Or my young miss alone
in harm's way on grief's edge.
Though never delivered
into my arms, you shelter
in my wound of wanting. Each night,
I press my scar against a pillow
to swaddle you in your mother's heat.
In dreams, we share the sacred skiff,
and together, wind up and up
out of the wake
of the wound
into a newborn sky.

Barbara Leonhard is the author of the best-selling *Three-Penny Memories: A Poetic Memoir* (EIF, 2022) and co-author with Nolcha Fox of *Too Much Fun To Be Legal* (Garden of Neuro, 2024). Both books are available on Amazon. Barbara has received nominations for The Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net. She is the Editor of *MasticadoresUSA*. You can follow her on her Wordpress blog: *Extraordinary Sunshine Weaver*.



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USA

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter

SHIFTING THE BLAME ONTO SOMEONE ELSE

Everywhere there's a dance of chaos, deceit, and lies,
Values, honesty, justice—now in heavenly skies,

In pride, they've taken flight,
Ideals, humanity, patriotism—floating out of sight.

Uproar and rebellion rage on the street,
Some hold the nation hostage, a power seat,

Others turn sacred faith into a gain,
Power games, self-interest tightly reign.

Chants rise—"They are thieves, they are crooks,"
Plundering the nation's wealth, cooking the books,

"One day we'll judge them, put them on trial,
When we claim that power seat, even if just for a while."

Listen, dear countrymen, to our plea,
If through struggle we seize the authority,

We swear by all that's dear, as warriors of truth,
We'll lead with honesty, like Yudhishtira, in our youth.

But truly, it's passing the buck, a shifting blame,
They too chase power, in the same game,

Two sides of the same coin, it seems,
Wise folks just smile, knowing the themes.

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Bangladesh

YET STILL

In the drama of life's tale,
Layer by layer, complexities prevail,
Many struggles, failures set the scene,
Yet still, the fragrance of leaves and flowers green,
Send me your wishes, serene.

Life is a conflict of joy and peace,
Wandering in realms of dreams, a release,
Busy like machines in endless haste,
Yet still, in fleeting leisure, with grace,
Adorn me with your mind's embrace.

Life is a relentless fight,
Moving forward with unstoppable might,
Weary body and soul, worn and thin,
Yet still, in feelings that delight, within,
Keep me in your heart, akin.

Life accumulates sorrow and pain,
Daily battles, victories to gain,
For the relative joy of a bird in flight,
Yet still, in your heart's quiet sight,
Dream of love with me at night.

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Bangladesh

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter



Prosperina Sarkar is a dedicated social worker. She was born on October 14, 1970, in the village of Shaldaire, under Belkuchi Police Station in Sirajganj district, to a respectable family. Her father, the late Rahmatullah Sarkar, was an esteemed school teacher, and her mother, Setara Begum, was a progressive and open minded modern thinker.

Author Prosperina Sarkar has been involved in various service-oriented activities since her college years. She obtained a Master's degree in Political Science from Eden College and an LLB from the National University. She worked for various NGOs for an extended period and later established a service-oriented organization called Mass Aid Program (MAP), with the primary aim of raising awareness and improving the quality of life for underprivileged communities.

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

In memory of her father, she established 'Rahmatullah Memorial Library.' Prosperina Sarkar is a cultural figure, with many of her songs and poems broadcast on Bangladesh Television. She is also a recitation artist. She founded a cultural institution for children named MAP Cultural Academy.

Prosperina Sarkar has received over 60 awards and honors from various organizations in Bangladesh and in Kolkata, India, for her significant contributions to human rights and literary works.

She has published 25 books, including research-based novels, poetry collections, story collections, and children's books. Her writings have been published in various newspapers and magazines. Additionally, she continues to work for social development as a beacon of light through various meetings, seminars, symposiums, and workshops in contemporary society.

RUNNING IN THE WIND

I would like to run by your side
with fingers strong at the detachment
and to see you smiling without inhibitions,
free,
barefoot.

Starting to scream
that word that you whispered in your heart
wishing it stayed there
secret, protected,
unutterable.

But now sustained by the wind,
it walks through the world
singing on the trees and flowers,
rolling on the sand
like a sweet smile.

Then to stop,
rejoicing from looking at each other's
calming down our breaths,
with a tender deep kiss
and there in that abyss
not to know anymore...
not to understand a thing anymore.
Amen.

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Italy

LULLABY BETWEEN THE CLOUDS

I would like to cradle you
with all the slowest whispers
of my voice,
letting in
my impalpable breath
between your hands
and then reaching you
everywhere.
Wrapping you around my arms
in a cloak of skin
which holds the warmth of my kisses,
of encounters in the dim light.
Lighting up appetizing caresses
in your eyes
and in your lips drawing the borders
until...
I would sing,
in your hair,
a lullaby
which gently touches your face
with sweet symphonies in syllables.
To contemplate your relaxed face
as you fall asleep
with dreams that have my features
and the scent of my hair.

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Italy

TO THE BORDERS OF LOVE

Your lips are looking for mine
like the sea brushing the cliffs.
An intimate light touch
surprises me
a jolt of love shakes me
I stand up like a hat in the wind.
My eyes plunged in the horizon of light
of your pupils
make me reach the edge of life.
In the quiet moment,
eternal
borders get lost
vanishing like butterflies in between sky and sea.
Everything is us.
Whispering lips,
strong pulses
overcome every frontier,
they tie us like ropes
the strong warmth cradles us arm in arm
lip in lip.
Looking at each other and smelling only
clean, neat fragrances
that come from far away
beyond every border.

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Italy



Gabriella Picerno is a psychologist, pedagogist, sexology counselor, expert in Child Drawing and Learning Psychology. She is the manager of Educational Study Centre “The Speaking Cricket” in Rufina (Florence). She has been involved for ages in projects of training and workshops in parenthood training, as well as emotions and sexuality. Her expertise stretches over areas such as teachers’ training, underachievement in school linked to anxiety disorders, learning and emotional special needs. She is passionate about painting, photography and writing. It has been a while since she started writing poems and short stories. She has published psychology and pedagogy essays, awarded both nationally and internationally. Her lyrical compositions have earned her important acknowledgments and she has won some literary prizes both in her own country and abroad. Her works have been included in numerous poetry anthologies. Among her publications we remember: Separated Parents, Divided Children (with Evelina Fazzi; Del Cerro, 1996); The Words of Education (with Susanna Berretti, Town of Rufina, 2006); Two Parents Two Houses (with Evelina Fazzi, La Rondine, 2013), Easier Said Than Done (La Rondine, 2013); Emotional Well Being in Adolescents (with Luana Collacchioni, Aracne, 2016); My Families and I (with Evelina Fazzi, edited by Pacini Fazzi, 2016). Bambini online, (2019), The Doll of Giada (with C. Desideri, 2020) Two parents, two houses new expanded edition (with E. Fazzi, 2021), Let it be (GD Edizioni, 2021), The olive season (with Andrea Morandi, 2021 GD Edizioni), Affective and Sexual

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

Education Itineraries (7- 10 years), PAV Edizioni (2022); Affective and Sexual Education Itineraries (0-3 years), PAV Edizioni (2023), This is how I feel inside, Edizioni dell'Assemblea- Regione Toscana 2023.

For poetry: A touch of sky (2018), A touch of sky (2019), Un toque de cielo Ediciones Alborismos (2022), Whispers and tides (2022) GD Edizioni.

Co-director (together with Cristina Desideri) of the Children's Literature Series Il Filo di Arianna for GD Edizioni. Curator of the Literary Awards: La Botteguccia delle Favole and Lo Zaino Raccontastorie.

IN THE TEARS OF YOUR EYES WET BODY

Maybe see you again
Some autumn afternoon.
Among the green carpets
Shruti Katar sat down
Recounts lost days.
Gangchil Patihans will fly in the sky.
Looking at faded vision
In the tears of your eyes
wet body
Maybe talk again,
In fallen worn leaves
Sanai will ring.
Maybe will come again
With the moaning of Nidarun Chait.
Bubuksu heart will wake up
receiving your warmth
I will float in the tears of Shraavan
Clouds will come closer
The flute will play in the wind.

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Bangladesh

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter



Poet Manik Chakraborty, a man of simple nature, is a well-developed and intellectual consciousness in the Unique creations of Bengali Rhymes Literature. The free movement of rhymes written by Manik Chakraborty is about people's thoughts and feelings, hopes and desires, feelings of joy and pain. This gifted poet who loves pure culture and literature is a bank employee but spends most of his leisure time as a writer and a literary organizer. He is always present in the meetings of the country's young and old famous poets and literary rhymers to gain knowledge in organizational activities. Manik Chakraborty, "The Rhyme Composer of Time" made 'Mirror' with rhymes, in which the readers can easily see every aspect of the nation including country-society, religion-politics. Fearlessly truthful rhymers Manik Chakraborty has composed the priceless collection of rhymes in his long pursuit, the entire composition was published as a poetic book, named "Manik Chakraborty Chhora Samagra" by Pratibha Publication in "Amar Ekushe Book fair 2017". The appeal of each rhyme theme in this Poetic Book is beautifully presented by the rhymers in his invaluable diction to the readers. Rhymepoet Manik Chakraborty was born on 1st February 1966 in Munsir Hat North Sripur, Feni, Bangladesh. Present residence is Fatullah of Narayanganj (Bangladesh).

Name of His published Rhyme books are:

1 - Megh Ure Jaay Hawoay Hawoay

2 - Phool Pakhider Haat

3 - Prajapati Mon

4 - Morchhi Re Morchhi

5 - Shyamol Maatir Maaya

6 - Neel Aakashe Pakhir Danay

7 - Ghas Faring.

His Prose Books - Bishanna Rattrir Japito Samay. As founder president organizations run by himself - Bashari Sahitya Angan, Saubarno Sahitya Sangsad, Feni Kobita Porishad. Besides, he is working relentlessly as the chief advisor and encourager of many organizations. Manik Chakraborty sponsored these literary organizations by collecting donations from various individuals, collecting advertisements for the organizations' magazines, and donating a lot of his own money. "Sauvarna" and "Banshari" are two irregular little magazines of reader-favorite literature edited by Child Litterateur Manik Chakraborty.

All the honors he has received for his writing are:

1) Sampriti Shishu-Kishor Sammanana, 2) Mrittika Sammanana, 3) Swapnalok Swarna Kalom, 4) Satyajit Roy Sammanana, 5) Palong Sahitya Sammanana (Ukhia), 6) Mother Teresa Smarak Sammanana, 7) Kabyakatha Smarak Sammanana, 8) Bangabeer Osmani Sammanana, 9) Nabab Sirajuddaula Swarna Padak, 10) Bangabandhu Sahitya Sammanana.

Wishing a long life to the ever-smiling, childish, simple-minded poet Manik Chakraborty, who is popular in the literary world of Bangladesh and Kolkata. I wish that he becomes a Standard-Statue of rhyme in the history of Bengali...

CHILDREN' RIGHTS

My golden sun of childhood never rose
Childhood sun never came up to cosmos
Only doll would wipe my sorrowful tears
The only Mons among my all dears
Only she can talk me of my passions
Of my own rights and my own emotions
World! Who saw my childhood hidden sorrow?
When my tearful face, was under pillow
World! who could eye my childhood on global?
Except for my speechless kind cloth dumb doll
My sunflower of childhood hadn't grown
My spinning top of my fate never spun
I was dreaming dreamy balloon at night
Playing with my sky stars and white birds, high
Playing with cheer under the love sunbeams
Now, I'm at peace with getting childhood dreams
My orphaned heart needs the lap of mother
An warm smile with caress of the father
Schooling highly is my own fully right
Playing with high peace, without any fight
World! give me the chance of going to school
The right to play with my own childhood role
World! lullaby me with your kind cradle
I dream hopes with your motherly carol
I want to be your child in worldwide full
my desire's the child rights and inner lull.

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Iran

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter



Mehrangiz Talaiezhadeh is a citizen of Iran, a self-taught figurative painter and a realist and hyperrealist lifestyle style. Graduated in two fields of English language teaching from Shiraz-Iran and General Linguistics from Tehran-Iran MA, Mehrangiz is a retired English teacher.

Art life and inspiration. Her art teachers at school recognized her artistic God-given talent and her passion in art. She was always passionate to study more artistic information in arts. She studied books about different Art instruments and investigated colorology, especially colorology from Johannes Etten's colourism point of view, she did a lot of Loomis drawing

and read a lot about the golden rules of visual elements.

In 2018, after retiring from teaching English she spent 2 years in academically drawing and painting courses theoretically and practically in a prestigious institute "the supervision of the international technical and professional organization".

In 2019, she received the certificates of professional drawing and painting course with an excellent grade from the international technical and professional organization in Iran. After retiring as English teacher, she completely devoted herself in arts and creativity.

She practiced many abstract painting styles in a self-taught manner. She imitated the styles of Iranian and world artists. But after some time she realised her passion in the style of realism and hyperrealism.

She has experienced different materials and techniques of painting and drawing, and each one brings her joy and peace, but for some time, drawing with professional classic coloured pencils and professional oil paints has been the focus of her mind and soul. She is very patient and calm while painting and always interested in creating details. While painting she uses very rich colours and have a great desire for smooth and neat painting.

As per her the only difference between her realism and hyperrealism paintings to be the characteristic of exaggeration in colouring and the choice of very warm colours, which is derived from her passionate spirit, and perhaps this is the only characteristic of her unique way of painting since childhood.

She started her international artistic activities since 2021 and participated in many visual exhibitions and competitions in galleries, academies, museums and in many international art groups and in art competitions in her country and internationally and received many awards.

She has been selected as an art judge and art adviser in her country and internationally too.

Her many paintings has been published in different national newspapers and international magazines and newspapers too. Her artistic ambition now is to create changes in the style of hyperrealism to fulfill her dreams she plans to create new style of New Hyperrealism with her inner artistic standards.

WOMAN

From the first summer night
From the deep sleep
Outside
Dew drops
With the scent of flowers
The moon glows
Shining branches
Swaying in the wind
Ears of wheat
Like the woman's long hair
Everything is mysterious
In the garden of your heart
The beginning of summer
In the very early hours
Touching your lips
Wet
Wine glass
Dew drops gardens
And roses...

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Turkey

IN LOVE

If the essence of love does not sprout in your heart
She gets divorced because she doesn't understand love
You hit the shores empty-handed
Just like the waves
You dried the flames
With your good thoughts...

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Turkey

FIRE EYES

When you fall in love
With the sea
You can't let it go anymore
It was all made of fire tears
Covering its face like velvet
It wanted to hide what was to be said
What should have been discussed
Just like the vanishing of a dividing cloud
Disappears in the sea of time
Otherwise, it will be difficult to live.

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Turkey



Arslan Bayır was born in 1958 in Bayır village, Alanya District of Antalya. He completed primary school in the village, secondary and high school education in Alanya, and education institute in Denizli. He completed the undergraduate program of Anadolu University Turkish Department in 1999. He published 36 books in the field of poetry, story, research and children's literature. 25th in Turkey. It received 12 international awards. His articles, poems and stories were published in magazines and newspapers in 52 countries. Owner of Baygeç Publishing and Gündem Sanat magazine. alanyaguncel@gamil.com

TIME AND LOVE

Time flies away
Leaving behind a glorious past
Or the wounds of past.

Fulfilment in love or frustration and separation
Both are united but disjointed
Love is light and enlightenment and beauty
Dispelling darkness
and ignorance.

Two Souls mingling
into One and inseparable.
Radha Krishna, the embodiments of Love
In Indian' Purana'
are separated entities
But both are united and One entity
Separation is but fulfilment in love though separated but United soul in the Infinity.
The two souls separated being united and mingled in Eternity.
The waves of heart so passionate and turbulent but harmonious and rhythmic and silent in tranquility
A flame of fire does not burn but spiritual and divine.
All material objects are subject to decay
But celestial love is immortal and eternal
And the episode of eternal love will be the witness on the Sands of Time.



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India

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter

THE PROMISING MAN

Man
Had fallen like a spot of sunshine
Near periphery
Of afternoon
He had lit a farewell fire
To warm with sadness
Dark deceit of destiny
The illuminated man
This thing of falling metaphors
Took the roads returning
To the world
Without bringing about change
The Promising Man
Didn't like to die
In his fleshy Shadow
The Promising Man
Is no way
Man
Man
In no way

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Albania

THE SQUARE

Our dream
That freedom lost
In war won once
Resting here
Broken spirit of victory
Smoking wood of living tree
Fire in the city
Uprising
Rushing through
Wind's blazing window
Here rests our freedom
Forbidden
To enter our world
Dream now only
No hands reaching
Sunset shuttering
Upon our invisible jail
We return to our ruins
Where Freedom was buried
We eat it
From our poems
We will have it
The day we defeated fear

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Albania

WORLD TOO SMALL

World
Was too small
Is too small
Born under leaves
Of first sea
All come and go
Species persons
We thought a God
And became
World too small
He kept no promises
O Man
The world is as small
As the village hill
Climbed
In this short night
Of eternity

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Albania



Poet Mujë Buçpapaj was born in Tropoja, Albania (1962). He graduated from the branch of Albanian Language and Literature, University of Tirana (1986).

In the years 1991-1992, he studied for two years for feature film script at Kinostudio "Alshqiperia e Re", Tirana, today "Albafilmi" (considered as post-master's studies), as well as completed many other qualifications of the cultural spectrum in country and abroad. Mujë Buçpapaj is a doctor of literary sciences with a thesis on the survival of Albanian poetry during the communist censorship, defended

at the Institute of Linguistics and Literature of the Academy of Sciences of the Republic of Albania. He is one of the founders of political pluralism and the free press in Albania (1990) and a journalist for many years in the most popular newspapers in Tirana. He is the head of the literary and cultural newspaper "Nacional", the "Nacional" Publishing House and the Studies and National Projects.

In the years 1991-2005 he was co-founder and journalist of the first opposition newspaper in the country after 50 years of communist dictatorship "Rilindja Demokratike" and founder of the newspaper "Tribuna Demokratike."

In the years 2005-2009 he was the director of the International Cultural Center in Tirana, while in the years 2010-2014 he was the Director of the Albanian Copyright Office in Tirana. After the year 2014 and onwards, he took charge of the "Nacional" Publications and the "Nacional" newspaper.

Currently, he is also a lecturer at "Luarasi" University in Tirana, where he teaches the subject of Academic Writing.

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

Buçpapaj is one of the most prominent exponents of contemporary Albanian poetry with the greatest national and international success, respectively published in several foreign languages and honored with several prestigious international awards from Greece to the USA and one of the most prominent managers of culture in the country. Drafter of cultural policies.

He is the organizer and leader of many international conferences held in Tirana on the problems of art, literature and copyright.

He is the author of many study books on literature and poetics, but also of hundreds of journalistic writings, criticisms, essays, studies including those on regional problems, national security as well as on the management of art in market conditions, cultural policies and national strategy. of culture. He is known as one of the strongest public debaters on the problems of the Albanian transition, regional political developments, and democracy as a whole. He is the founder of the newspaper/magazine "Nacional" and its director. He lives, works and creates in Tirana, together with his wife and two daughters.

MY NAME

Hold me tighter
When you will feel oppressed by loneliness ,
Give me intense kisses when
The fragility of your heart will manifest itself.
Shout my name loudly
When people won't listen to you.
Take me with you
And everything will evolve into nothing.

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Italy

BREATH

For me you are breath
You are the essence that nourishes my soul daily.
I come to you without wearing masks, without having to act!
You as a good mother
You embrace me in your loving arms and I feel protected
As I learn to love.
For me you are the breath of life that is mixed in this deafening silence and vibrates
While it emits a charming melody.

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UNTITLED

How much beauty in those two eyes
Overwhelming, fascinating.
My lips worn out by those innocent kisses
And with your hair between my fingers
How much delicacy I perceived in this love of ours,
fruit of a time now too immature.

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Italy

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter



Fabio Petrilli was born in Foggia (Italy) on 9 March 2000. Studies Arts and Cultural Heritage at the University of Molise. Currently lives in San Bartolomeo in Galdo , a town in the province of Benevento. Poet, an established writer in the encyclopedia among contemporary national and international poets - Wikipoesia.

His poems were translated into French by the poet Irène Duboeuf, in Modern Greek by the writer Irene Doura-Kavadia , in Portuguese by the poet Cristina Pizarro, in Spanish, Catalan and English by the international poet Joan Josep Barceló i Bauçà. With the composition “I miei versi - My verses” he won the International Panorama of the Arts 2023 in the section “ Youth Awards“ organized by the Writers Capital International Foundation.

It is featured in numerous national and international literary journals.

His first poetic poem in collaboration with the poet Elisa Mascia was published on 26 May 2024. The silloge is entitled “Respiro... con il cuore - Breath... with the heart” and is present in several national and international newspapers.

I CHOSE A DEAM!

For a crystal heart how much I searched!
with a big spoon the stars I stirred,
In this corrupted world, sprouts had emerged
How can you find, peaches in oak trees.

I stirred the waters, even in the ocean
Does the sky hide a star
This stained world, I don't know whom it resembles
In the stagnant waters, love has turned to wax.

I invited for dinner all the sleep's dreams
To see who spoke with the heart
I circled around them, close I came
I called the sweetest dream by name.

There I stopped, at the written eyes' dream
With the pencil to write my own eyes
Feelings gurgled, washing the dream with hands,
a spark ignited, when they chose love.

A fallow I made life , with the plow of hope
The storms of time, often they have spat
with a fist of love, we gave breath to faith
I gave color to life, I painted the days,

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Albania

LIMITNESS PATIENCE

This patience, it seems, has no age of aging
The rhythm of growth has surpassed every limit
It robbed my growth, to extend itself higher
The shoot waiting, accepts no light.

The light was astonished, the sky watches amazed
In its bosom, to place it there's nowhere
Entangled among stars, it wants the lights off
Everything it sees with its eyes, it covers with itself.

It sees galaxies, sees the Milky Way
Orbit offers do not fill its vision
It raises its head like an eyebrow, hitting the fist hard
In all the rush of the run, it doesn't accept a lock.

Let's take it slow patience, please hold on,
In the veins of the body, every cell seeks
Let the gray hairs emerge, over the hair down,
Put a line on the expression,
and an X in the momentum.

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Albania

THERE THE DREAM FOUND ME!

I was a bit late!
The dream came running to me
and it found me, "in the other world"
my own breath had abandoned me!
My body like torn paper
under that world' ashes,
the soul kept a candle, and
in an endless world it was sunk.
I didn't know where to find the hope
life had thrown the ice of the pole,
nothingness came around me,
it wanted to give its bite, was nothing.
Cross-legged I was sitting at the end
there was no fruit from the barren fate,
since it started, life had cracked,
on my torn page, the last
train's signal snatched.
Behind the back of the sun,
there were neither moon nor stars,
in that darkness, I called once, oh mom!
I didn't know if it was sunrise or sunset, a horror
film were watching both day and night,
the dilemma between life and death
had become unicellular
I don't know the heart...,!
Ah heart! It did not give its beats,
in the darkness, I saw reaching out a hand,
I saw life, measured by its gaze,
through the darkness, a dream pierced,
defeating a cuckoo,
It offered me its breasts with life's milk.
Lip to lip, it breathed hope, the ticks of the clock,
before the eyes, see no crossroads.
Now fate washed its eyes in the shine of the dew
The return kisses the verse in the light of hope

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Albania

(Translated: Valentina Muka - Toronto)

Prepared: Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter



Shire Dhima was born on January 27, 1963 in Kuçovë (Albania). She graduated from high school in Kuçovo. In 2016, she immigrated to Greece and has been living there ever since. In 2021 she published her first book of poems "Pain Needs A Ring" with the publisher Lola Shehi at the LENA GRAFIK Publishing House in Kosovo. Shire has participated in several anthologies in Albania and Kosovo.

ENDANGERED SPECIES, HUMANITY

If you become an adult and get lost
There are times when I feel like a child.
At that time, the stars and moon in the sky twinkle coldly like a paper mobile.
If life is a dream, we dream every day
How fortunate I am to be able to dream
When spring comes, living things grow one year older.
Because last winter ate up all the seasons
This winter will cause wrinkles on people's faces and sunken cheeks.
Buds sprout and flowers bloom, but living things wither.
The Earth, which sprouted buds on the ground, rotates and revolves with a thudding motion.
The Earth also ages
Running quickly as if there wasn't much time left
I am not from this planet
Sometimes I think so
My labor is in vain, my footsteps are shameful.
It's not just me
everyone is lost
In our own darkness, in the wilderness, in greed, in tyranny...
To be afraid is to surrender to fate
Instead of cowards, the brave die for them
We live in a world where we are afraid to say we are human.
Fortunately, language is the bridge that connects the moment and eternity
There are no cursed dreams
Like the Indians who believed that the sky was full of good and bad dreams
Drying bad dreams in the morning sunlight,
A good dream is something that paves the way for the dreamer to seep into his or her life.

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South Korea

CUCKOO'S NEST

Birds fly high in the sky
Cuckoos fly away with the setting sun on their backs.
Birds know best the unpredictable movements of their wings.
Birds know best about their unpredictable wing movements.
Every new road made by birds is a miracle
The miracle of motherly love
On that miraculous road
Even a road made of lies is still a road.
The cuckoo eats the eggs in another bird's nest lays its own eggs in that spot
Birds with strong maternal love, such as flycatchers and warblers, are easily fooled.
Brood parasitism is a cuckoo's survival strategy.
They were born as cuckoos and just followed their instincts.
They become brood parasitism and kill the mother bird's eggs and babies by Dropping them out of the nest.
But they don't know what they're doing, so they have no remorse.
A cuckoo that becomes independent after leaving the mother bird that carefully fed and raised it steals the nest of the same species as the mother bird that raised it.
A cuckoo born with a beautiful voice but not born with maternal love
A cuckoo who doesn't know what evil is
Magpies also raise cuckoo chicks with care, thinking they are their own.
If a magpie notices the cuckoo and drops it outside, the cuckoo chick retaliates by doing all kinds of naughty things to the magpie.
Let's not say that all birds flying in the sky are beautiful.
Birds play tricks with their beautiful voices
Spider cuts through weightlessness
the gods are splitting people
Cuckoo, a bad mother who abandoned her child in someone else's nest
The baby cuckoo survived by hiding the truth.
Their evil deeds and deceit are the worst system God has ever created.
It is said that God created her mother on behalf of God, but there are times when you want to laugh at that motherly love.
There are times when I want to spit in the face of God who built circuits of hatred and greed in the human brain.

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South Korea

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter



Sungrye Han (韓成禮, 한성례) - South Korea, born in 1955 Rep. of Korea. Poet, translator (Japanese - Korean), adjunct professor.

She majored in Japanese language and Japanese literature at Sejong University and earned her master's degree in Japanese studies at Sejong University's Graduate School of Policy Science.

Her works have earned her the Newcomer Award of <Poem and Consciousness>, Korea's the Heonanseolheon Literature Award and Japan's Sitosozo Award, Korea's Poetry Slam

Translation Literature Award.

Book of Poetry 『The Beauty in a Laboratory』 , 『Smiling flowers』 in Korean, 『The Sky in the Yellowish Red Korean Skirt』 , 『Drama of the Light』 in Japanese. Historical essay 『The Formation of the Ancient Nation in Japan and Japanese oldest anthology Manyo-shu』 and so on.

Her poems express Korean tradition, life and death, sadness, pain and anguish in surrealism, modernism and avant-garde forms

She translated many Japanese literary works into Korean and many Korean literary works into Japanese. This work includes more than 200 volumes, for example, poems, novels, essays, poem anthologies, books for children, humanity books, self enlightenment books and scientific books. In particular, she translated many poems and Book of Poetry between Korea and Japan. In particular, she translated many poems and Book of Poetry between Korea and Japan. Korean textbooks used in Korean middle Schools and high schools contain 40 kinds translations of her for educational purposes.

She has translated and introduced Korean and Japanese poems in literary magazines between the two countries since 1990.

She is now an adjunct Professor at Sejong Cyber University in Seoul, South Korea.

SELF-PORTRAIT

I was born in
a corner of
the sky where
the wind
chases the
clouds
and sweeps
all the
sadness away

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Italy

BUILDING PEACE

if we had built a world of peace
there would be no injustice
if we had built a world of peace
there would be no persecution
if we had built a world of peace
there would be no war
hatred does not build it only fills the world with rubble
what boundary between life and death what

horizon between earth and sky
what path between war and peace
if in the end it is just a compulsion to repeat time

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Italy

(Translation by Valeria Girardi)

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter



Rosaria Di Donato was born in Rome, where she currently lives. She holds a degree in Philosophy and teaches in a Classical High School. She has published five poetry collections. She contributes to various cultural magazines, and her works have gained recognition both in Italy and abroad, with critical acclaim from Giorgio Barberi Squarotti, and translations by Paul Courget and Claude Le Roy (featured in the journals "Annales" and "Noreal"). She participates in Abele Longo's blog "Neobar" and various literary websites. A winner of several poetry awards, she is also interested in art, cinema, and photography.

DAWN OF COMMUNISM.

The unburnt volcano remains dormant
I want to see you with my desired eyes awake.
Mornings and evenings are spent waiting in vain
Failed to pretend that Asfalan did not come.
If I come back and love this world
If you meet, look for me in the guise of national memory
Amanisha, s afms will be
broken in New Milon Basar
You are not a lover, you dream
Of the dawn of communism.

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Bangladesh

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter



Poete Sangita Kar born on 1985 second May in a small city of Bagnan in West Bengal, her father name is late Sushil Das and mother late Kalpana Das. She wrote many poem, stories and novels, her first story book is 'kolonkinir Amtokathon' she win many prizes for her contribution of literature like 'Vishva kobhi Gaurav sonmanona', 'Agni Bina kabbo Sonmonona', swasti paudhon chattopadhyay sahitya Sammanona', 'Narendra nath chattopadhyay Shrutu Samanona' extra.

THE STAIRS

I descended the stairs one by one,
without the light of anticipation,
heartbroken like branches in late autumn,
in these gray rectangles
the departures followed me,
on the patches of time, colorless shoes,
on the torn roads that climbed,
descended, fell, rose.

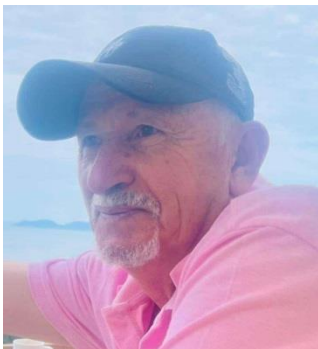
Why do you cast stars into the pool of sorrows,
in the turmoil, there are only funerals,
pause for a moment and gather
the sparrow's chirps, from children's hands
they await the last crumbs of disdain.
I am silent with the descents, with the stairs,
with the death of birds,
forgotten under the ashes of madness.

Life, tattered and covered in gray hair,
how close this night is to sunset
as I descend the stairs slowly, slowly.

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Albania

(Translated into English Kujtim Hajdari)

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter



Mr. Thodhori V Baba started writing around 1975-76 with journalism. Born in Vlora (Albania), on March 5, 1956. After completing primary and secondary school, he graduated from the Faculty of Philology, branch of Albanian Language and Literature.

He collaborated regularly, publishing articles in the newspapers: "Zeri i rinisë", "Luftari" and "Zeri i Vlora". At the same time, he was the publisher of the children's magazine "Valëza e kaltër", while he was a member of the board of directors of the magazine "Pilgrim of the Light Club - Athens".

He writes and publishes mainly in poetry and narrative and novelistic prose. To date he has published in Albanian various books.

LOVE FOR LIFE

Love for life
it's a window always lit
in the colder dark of nights.
It's a sweet stillness always
evolving...
The lighthouse of our consciences.
And the sweet murmur of waters
now calm still lying on the moist
salt sand
then they crash on rocks naked
violently.
And I immerse my heart in this symbiosis
that keeps me still throbbing...
Ditched to the invisible wire...
It always held
my breath.
This is my love for life!

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Italy

MISERLY YOU WILL GO

A shivering homeless guards his cardboard
as a precious bed
but if his friend stretches out limbs on the ground
he gives it to him.
And you that hold riches, feelings
if you still have...
Possessions to embrace in your emptiness
soul vault
you will feel no need to share
in the stingy righteousness of your barren logic.
Than, to give others a piece
of you
it would be too human and unbecoming
Poor man...
Within your lonely and rich walls
of velvets and candelabra
there is no light to shine, not even for you
alone.
And when your last step yields to the
Divine world
Your memorabilia will remain between the worms of time
to wear out...
And no one will mourn a foolish loneliness
of a golden trench
but so shabby and useless.
Miser you will go to meet the ways
Of the beyond.

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Italy



FRANCESCA PATITUCCI - ITALY

She is an Italian author. She lives in Salerno (Campania - Italy) but she was born in Calabria. She has been writing for several years, especially poetry. Teacher of foreign languages and cultures. Lyricist for musical pieces. She has published two collections of poems and short stories, the third ongoing anthology and a fourth in collaboration with another author about social evils expressed through narrative and poetry.

Reviews books; editor of poetry collections; juror and President in Literary - Artistic Competitions. She has obtained numerous relevant awards in national and international competitions, including in English language.

In August she received the "Urban Festival 2024" culture award. Present in various poetic anthologies, monthly magazines and newspapers, member of some cultural associations and President of the literary, cultural and artistic association "Incontri diVersi".

Creator and President of an International Artistic Literary Competition in the 2nd Edition in her

hometown, Calabria.

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

She collaborates with artists promoting the union between painting and poetry. She writes for a bimonthly magazine, "Agire Sociale"; writes monthly articles in the online magazine #noiqui; Administrator of an online literary group, she manages poetic and literary workshops, dealing with topics of social interest. Writing is her lifeblood, she says.

Pretty La Chica

Pretty la Chica, just beautiful all day long. She knows she looks good, but her courage and spirit are what's strongly attractive. It's amazing when she shares her spirit to expose the heart and mind. A beautiful open book she is for all to see. Just so pretty on the outside and awesome on the inside.

Pretty la Chica, a widowed single parent of four children. She believes in sacrifice first and then handles consequences later. Family is her priority. Dealing with daily circumstances to keep pace is important to her. She will have to get sick later, there's no time for that. She will go dance with the girls and boys later. There's just no time for that.

Pretty la Chica, follows her heart daily. The boys on the corner can stick their lips out with lust all they want, but she knows their hearts. She calls them fans that will never know her because their minds only see one direction.

Pretty la Chica, still evolving, learning, and growing as a woman. For the survival of her children, she will endure and overcome all obstacles.

Pretty la Chica, fine all day long. Yeah, she knows she fine, gorgeous, and sweet. On the inside, she's powerful, focused, and driven.

There's a pretty la Chica inside us all. We are all beautiful in God's eyes. She doesn't get out of character because of the gift of beauty. Her beauty is fueled from within. She has the will to never give up. She has the will to keep walking. Her will for survival is what makes her so magnificent.

Seek out the pretty la Chica in yourself and others. That's where the motivation for life should be.

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(The Hidden Peace In Poems)
Amazon/ Barnes and Noble

(Days gone by)

From the language of Zainab

How many times have you killed, how many times have I died,
Your memory pierces my heart like a dagger.
I'm filled like May in your cup of love,
It hurts to drink without you.

I did not oppose the work of the world.
I just left everything to fate.
To the niche of longing that many couldn't stand,
Today I surrendered my life.

Maybe what I did was stupid
Maybe I'm crazy, I don't know!
What I know has not changed to love, my tooth
Now I will not repeat this mistake..!

Now I will not step into the garden of love!

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Uzbekistan



(O'tgan kunlar)

Zaynab tilidan

Necha bor o'ldirding, necha bor o'ldim,
Yoding yuragimni hanjardek tilar.
Ishqing qadahiga may kabi to'ldim,
Ichmoqqa sen yo'qsan shu alam qilar.

Hech qarshi chiqmadim dunyo ishiga,
Shunchaki, barini taqdirga yo'ydim.
Ko'plar chidolmagan sog'inch nishiga,
Bugun men jonimni topshirib qo'ydim.

Balki, axmoqlikdir bu qilgan ishim,
Balki telbadirman, o'zim bilmasman!
Bilganim sevgiga o'tmadi tishim,
Endi bu xatoni qaytib qilmasman..!

Endi ishq bog'iga qadam qo'ymasman!

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Uzbekistan

The Uzbek

He does not know what work is
He wakes up in the morning as a child
The disease does not know why
An Uzbek lives only for children.

An Uzbek goes to the fields in the morning
The gloom of winter is to be taken in summer
An Uzbek lives only for children
So that my child is not less than others.

Even when his hands are blistered
Even when his hair is white
Even when the sun hits his head
An Uzbek lives only for children.

He wears torn pants, old shirts
Lek made his child.
There is no food, even when he is hungry
He only fed his child.

He always lives as a child
He goes to the field sooner or later
Even if it is sick, always without notice
An Uzbek lives only for children.

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Uzbekistan



Ibrahimova Durdona Shavkatjon's daughter was born in Toshloq district of Fergana region. Student of the 2nd stage of UzMU. Member of the People's Democratic Party. A member of the Argentine Association of Writers of Science and Literature. Ambassador of India for International Global Peace and Protection of International Children's Rights. Author of many articles. His articles have been published in national and international journals.

I'm leaving...

I'm leaving...

The end of my path is not in sight
A beautiful end of life.
Cheats discover lies
Let there be evil in the heart.

I'm leaving...

It's supposed to be in the grand corridor
They put a shoe on my leg.
When I look back, my past
Sins will remain.

I'm leaving...

Stopping is a stranger to me,
And or no one is a friend.
Pains, sufferings please,
Leave it alone, leave it alone, that's it.

I'm leaving...

It's like in a grand corridor...



Anvarova Nilufar,

a student of the 7th grade of the creative school named after Erkin Vahidov, Margilan city

Don't stop...

Don't stop, don't stop even a little bit
And or resentment in life.
In front of the future
Errors, trials, nothing.

Don't stop, keep going, keep going
Don't even look at the past.
Just in case of trouble,
Don't worry about this, don't worry.

Do not burn...
If you forget your friends,
Even if the tests come and go.
Keep going, don't stop, keep going.
Live in peace!

Ketaver...
Don't even look at the past...

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student of Erkin Vahidov creative school in Margylan city

Ant

I fell suddenly
A small ant
I was careful
He told her not to stay

I am surprised to see it
He was not slow at all
Otherwise, it is so agile
I couldn't say that

To this little jussa
Harvested wheat.
To the nest,
A palace to build.

If found in work,
Have a delicious meal.
You can't be embarrassed
If you can't stand, bend over.

Let's be an example friends
From this tiny insect.
Can't even stand it
Let's not blush for shame.



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Polishing

The years are polishing me,
Sometimes it's a dark night.
Blame me in the dungeon,
Old hands like to bend.

Sometimes the moon is on the cracked road,
An example of a little bird in flight.
Where will he call,
The years are polishing me.

Faces rosy from smiles,
He cares for me endlessly.
But when I turned around,
The blade is spared.

Next to me is full of kind hearts,
The ocean storm is raging in their hearts.
The waves of the storms are huge,
Leads to cruel days.

The years are polishing me,
My joy in the past moments.
I wish he wouldn't come again, why?
It's a work of art.

Courage is invisible,
Amazing slice, stem.
I can't feel it, the language of the world,
The years are not polishing me.

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Saidqulova Nozima To'liqin daughter
Republic Uzbekistan
Kashkadarya region Karshi centre
Karshi engeneering-economic institute
Sanoat faculty 3-rd student.

Spring wind

In the spring wind,
My past youth.
In one, like an almond,
Blooming.

In the depths of the winds,
Arrival flights.
Sometimes laughing,
Sometimes I cried.

Spring wind,
Remember if I can.
My hands are holding,
That's my youth.

The beauty of my youth,
You have left, smiling.
The presence of my youth,
You are left with a sigh.

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Time

The earth has been suffering from throe today.
His body is afflicted with various ailments;
People's minds are also sick today;
Sectarianism, exploitation, tyranny is reigning
In the realm of the human mind;
They are running on the paths of the mind speedily,
Is conquering from one country to another country effortlessly;
The soldiers of harmony, of humanity have been weakened;
Can't stop them.

I believe the soldiers of harmony, humanity
Will soon be strong again;
In their body-mind will do photosynthesis of humanity-harmony;
Blocking their way will defeat them.
How many superpowers have emerged over the ages
But according to the rules of time they have fallen;
The DNA of history bears witness.
Bringing the panacea time will heal all;
The nephrons of time will purge and purify them.
The earth will be filled with humanity's and harmony's fragrance.

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Murshidabad, West Bengal, India

Zeit

Die Erde leidet heute unter Qualen.
Ihr Körper ist von verschiedenen Leiden geplagt;
Auch die Geister der Menschen sind heute krank;
Sektierertum, Ausbeutung, Tyrannei herrschen
im Reich des menschlichen Geistes;
Sie rennen schnell auf den Pfaden des Geistes,
erobern mühelos von einem Land zum anderen;
Die Soldaten der Harmonie, der Menschlichkeit sind geschwächt;
Sie können nicht aufgehalten werden.
Ich glaube, die Soldaten der Harmonie, der Menschlichkeit
werden bald wieder stark sein;
In ihrem Körper-Geist wird die Photosynthese der Menschlichkeit-Harmonie stattfinden;
Wenn man ihnen den Weg versperrt, wird man sie besiegen.

Wie viele Supermächte sind im Laufe der Zeit entstanden,
aber nach den Regeln der Zeit sind sie gefallen;
Die DNA der Geschichte legt Zeugnis ab.
Die Zeit bringt das Allheilmittel und wird alles heilen;
Die Nephronen der Zeit werden sie reinigen und läutern.
Die Erde wird erfüllt sein mit dem Duft der Menschlichkeit und Harmonie.

Md Ejaj Ahamed
Murshidabad, Westbengalen, Indien

How Beautiful The World Would Be

Path is walking in the Sky
Cloud-boys and girls are going to the horizon line
Crossing the borderline undisturbedly with a smile
Seated borderline indifferently
Is looking with curious eyes
Is also looking at the birds in surprise
They are also flying from one country to another country
They are going easily with own minds
I am standing on the border
Many are standing on both sides
Lowering the eyes from the sky the barbed wire railing
winked at us
Then the memories were gathering in the depths of our minds
And painting on the canvas of the mind
Free goings and comings of sweet memories
Of the fenceless world were running
On the eyes and mouth of wire-fence
A sky-cloud of depression fell
I and he looked at each other with a chestful sadness
on our lips' corners
I thought if these fences weren't there
How nice it would be
How beautiful the world would be

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Wie schön die Welt wäre

Der Weg führt durch den Himmel
Wolkenjungen und -mädchen gehen zum Horizont
Überqueren die Grenze ungestört und mit einem Lächeln
Sitzende Grenze gleichgültig

Schaut mit neugierigen Augen
Schaut auch überrascht auf die Vögel
Auch sie fliegen von einem Land ins andere

Sie gehen leicht mit ihren eigenen Gedanken
Ich stehe an der Grenze

Viele stehen auf beiden Seiten
Wir senkten die Augen vom Himmel und das Stacheldrahtgeländer
zwinkerte uns zu
Dann sammelten sich die Erinnerungen in den Tiefen unserer Gedanken
Und malten auf der Leinwand des Geistes
Freies Kommen und Gehen süßer Erinnerungen

An die zaunlose Welt liefen

Auf den Augen und dem Mund des Maschendrahtzauns
Eine Himmelswolke der Depression fiel

Ich und er sahen uns mit tiefer Traurigkeit an

auf den Mundwinkeln
Ich dachte, wenn diese Zäune nicht wären dort
Wie schön wäre es
Wie schön wäre die Welt

Md Ejaj Ahamed

How Beautiful The World Would Be

Path is walking in the Sky
Cloud-boys and girls are going to the horizon line
Crossing the borderline undisturbedly with a smile
Seated borderline indifferently
Is looking with curious eyes
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Of the fenceless world were running
On the eyes and mouth of wire-fence
A sky-cloud of depression fell
I and he looked at each other with a chestful sadness
on our lips' corners
I thought if these fences weren't there
How nice it would be
How beautiful the world would be

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Wie schön die Welt wäre

Der Weg führt durch den Himmel
Wolkenjungen und -mädchen gehen zum Horizont
Überqueren die Grenze ungestört und mit einem Lächeln
Sitzende Grenze gleichgültig

Schaut mit neugierigen Augen
Schaut auch überrascht auf die Vögel
Auch sie fliegen von einem Land ins andere

Sie gehen leicht mit ihren eigenen Gedanken
Ich stehe an der Grenze

Viele stehen auf beiden Seiten
Wir senkten die Augen vom Himmel und das Stacheldrahtgeländer
zwinkerte uns zu
Dann sammelten sich die Erinnerungen in den Tiefen unserer Gedanken
Und malten auf der Leinwand des Geistes
Freies Kommen und Gehen süßer Erinnerungen

An die zaunlose Welt liefern

Auf den Augen und dem Mund des Maschendrahtzauns
Eine Himmelswolke der Depression fiel

Ich und er sahen uns mit tiefer Traurigkeit an

auf den Mundwinkeln
Ich dachte, wenn diese Zäune nicht wären dort
Wie schön wäre es
Wie schön wäre die Welt

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Md Ejaj Ahamed
Murshidabad, West Bengal, India

Md Ejaj Ahamed is a bilingual poet, writer, journalist, teacher, an editor and a peace ambassador. He was born on 26 February 1990 in a remote village called Mahendrapur in Aurangabad of Murshidabad district, West Bengal, India. His parents are Md Samsuddin Biswas and Matiyara Bibi. His Educational Qualifications are English Honours, triple MA, B.Ed, D. El. Ed. He has been teaching for 12 years. From an early age, he was able to cope with his family's financial difficulties and continue study, writing. During his college days, his Bengali-English poems and essays were published in the college magazine 'Ayon' every year. His Bengali-English poetry, essays have been published in various magazines, journals, news papers and joint poetry books. His research article 'Discovery and the Golden Peak of Improvement' has been published in an



**Md Ejaj Ahamed
(India)**

**Cvija Peranovic Kojic
(BiH/Austria)**

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

International Journal Called RJELAL and his another research article 'Exploring New Trends and Innovations in English Language and Literature' has been published in an international standard book. His poems have been translated into Turkish, Arabic, Korean, Chinese, Italian, Albanian, Tajik, Polish, Hindi, Russian. His published Bengali books are 'Swopno Tori'(Dream Boat), Bangla Sahitya o cinemaya Goyenda Charitra (Detective Characters in Bengali Literature and Cinema), 'Maner Pandulipi'(Manuscript of Mind), 'Hrid-Canvas'(Heart-Canvas) and 'Antarer Kabyakatha'(The Poetry of Heart), 'Paranta Sandhya' (Fall Evening), 'Selected Bengali Poems for Humanity & Peace'. He has made 'Ejajan Poem' and 'Science Poem'. He is the chief editor of Swapner Vela Sahitya patrika (The Raft of Dreams Literary Magazine). He was a member of the editorial board of 'International Sahitya Subarna' magazine, now he is a member of the advisory committee. He is the North Bengal editor of 'The Quadri Times' news paper, an admin of Puspaprovat news and finance secretary of 'Joy Bangla Sahitya Parisad' of Bangladesh. He is the president of Murshidabad district of Mother Teresa Foundation. He has edited a collection of Bengali poems by poets from India and Bangladesh, 'Kabitar Akash'(The Sky of Poetry) and 'Kabitar Aranya'(The Forest of Poetry), 'Kabitar Sagar' (The Sea of Poetry). He also works as a journalist for various newspapers. He has gotten many awards and honorary doctorates from various organisations. He got honour from the SAARC Human Rights Foundation.

He has received 'Ambassador of peace' of WLFPH, 'Global Ambassador' of International Literacy Study Group (Bangladesh) Member of Global Ambassadors of Sustainability and Certified Sustainability Officer (Dubai), Member of International Peace Ambassadors Academy (Egypt), Ambassador- 'Iqra Foundation' (Jerusalem), Member of Peace of 'International Academy for Peace and Human Rights' (Egypt), Member- 'Feather and Extender Humanity Academy' Europe and Turkey Branch, Member- Global Friends Club, Ambassador for World Peace- Foundation Maria Gladys. He is also a moderator of 'London Poets Club' (England).

Your smell

Your smell on my pillow. I roll over not once, but
hold onto you from behind. A fragrance never
smelled before, it lifts up my senses as ever,
it arouses me beyond me knowing, closes shut,
a smell persistent as today's rain storms no less.

Never so focused before, morning air seeps
through the window, it is just a smell not so
pungent, but sweet. It lingers your memory low
in my mind, laughter through the tears, weeps
feelings I never tire of, thin layer of sweetness.

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Author René Drummond-Brown

Playing Masterfully on Words; I Beat to My Own Drum, Come Join Me

I'm an ocean that waves.
I'm a kite that gets high.
I'm fire where there's smoke.
I'm a spirit that's free.
I'm security that guards.
I'm a guitar without strings.
I'm Spring who's sprung.
I'm Summer who's time.
I'm Autumn who leaves.
I'm Winter who's cold.
I'm well, that's read.
I'm a book without ends.
I'm a pen that inks.
I'm a ghost that writes.
I'm cover on a magazine.
I'm global without Anthologies.
I'm unapologetic, apologetically.
I'm ink to wells.
I'm a poem that's prose.
I'm a "colored" gal pencil.
I'm sharp to pencils.
I'm a pal that pens.
I'm pain with gains.
I'm black to birds.
I'm fruit, that's strange.
I'm Mrs. Brown that's black.
I'm black whose Brown.
I'm a door of no return.
I'm African and American.
I'm a force to be reckoned with.
I'm a diamond that's April.
I'm a Taurus; that's bull!
I'm brick that housed.
I'm news that channels.
I'm safe with space.
I'm Gram and Ma.
I'm yin, and I'm yang.
I'm and engine that starts.
I'm a car that runs.
I'm a dream of a King.
I'm a mark man's shot
I'm caged to birds.

I'm love that's lost.
I'm trust that's worthy.
I'm before that's after.
I'm stress that free.
I'm up that's down.
I'm in that's out
I'm yes that "no!"
I'm marked as fragile.
I'm here that's gone.
I'm lost that's found.
I'm go that comes.
I'm a house that's home.
I'm kith without kin.
I'm sung who sings.
I'm blues that sAngs.
I'm songs that's soulful.
I'm water without fish.
I'm a man that fishes.
I'm sound in Doctrine.
I'm life to lines.
I'm His in His hands.
I'm seeds that sowed.
I'm mustered in faith.
I'm hemmed in purple garments.
I'm sewn in Genesis through Revelation.
I'm going to die to self.
I'm amazing that's graced, Amen.
I'm a soul that mates.
I'm Nay that's Nino's.

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I'm a mic that's dropped.

Dedicated to: Hearts who beat (as one)

Author Notes: I ain't nothin' to be played with; the poem is unfinished and will constantly be added to...Stay tuned.

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The Weight That We Carry: Scales Been Tipped Ov'r

We carry the "Nile Rivers" weight
We carry the "Red Seas" weight
We carry the "Congo (Zaire) Rivers" weight
We carry the "Niagara Rivers" weight
We carry the "Combahee Rivers" weight
We carry the "Atlantic Oceans" weight
We carry the "Caribbean Seas" weight
We carry the "Slave River's" weight
We carry the "Mediterranean Seas" weight
We carry the "Tallahassee Rivers" weight
We carry the "Mississippi Rivers" weight
We carry the "Ohio Rivers" weight

We carry the "Niger Rivers" weight;

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Dedicated to: "Land" of the free because of the slave

Author Notes: Remember to never EV'R forget "*The Middle Passage*" (7+) ...Float; float on...Ain't gots' no 'mo rivers to cross.

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I Owe You an Unapologetic Apology

Sorry that I'm born purple-blue-black.
Sorry that I don't know my mother-tongue nor the tribe I originate from.
Sorry that my legs, lips and knees gots' ash.
Sorry that my aching heart lost hope for the change I seek and continuously cracks.
Sorry that my lying-eyes sAng my sad sad story.
Sorry that I'm a poetic fisher of (*sibling*) men.
Sorry that my wrinkled hands give Him all the honor, praise and glory.
Sorry that there's blood, sweat and tears poured upon my expensive brow.
Sorry that I walk the splintered-hardwoods tall, dark, hard and extremely proud.
Sorry that I keeps' both hands and knees to the lowest of low grounds.
Sorry that I bow my haughty head in humility.
Sorry that I hold onto the hem, Cannon, robe and crown.
Sorry that I sAng the old Gospel and cotton blues-field songs.
Sorry that I keep corned cobbed crusted feets' down to the plow.
Sorry that 'Imma big-boned Southern Amazon-gal designed one-of-a-kind.
Sorry that my kinky hair is extremely nappy, wholly-textured (*when*) un-weaved.
Sorry that I have an arced aching autopilot back.
Sorry that I have scaled weighted broad shoulders that balance unadulterated facts.
Sorry that I don't own crocodile tears that lack.
Sorry that I don't fear no man's certain uncertainty years.
Sorry that our kids are so mixed up.
Sorry that my ancestors didn't have formal education.
Sorry that I have a mind that's a terrible thAng to waste.
Sorry that I started from the bottom way, waay waaay behind.
Sorry that I come from SUMthAngS.
Sorry that I've nothing to leave to the next generation.
Sorry that I love watermelon and chicken wings, especially 'dem deep fried.
Sorry that I don't chase waterfalls.
Sorry that I hate picnics, woods, camping-grounds and free-trees.
Sorry that I embrace justice for all (*especially those in dire need*).
Sorry that I retweet my plight.
Sorry that my mummies purposeful wet-breast fed a multitude of nations (times (way ov'r) 103).
Sorry that I have gigantic juju lips matching my huge bowlegs and big-boned switching hips.

But forgive me, for I'm not sorry, that I'm made (exactly)
in the spitting image of His descriptive revelation.

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Dedicated to: A thief in the night

Author Notes: Nothing can stop me now. So, don't push me; I ain't' close to the edge, I'm way ov'r it. Where have all our deleted sons gone?

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

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Watch The Friendship TrainS

Used to be: shake a hand make a friend

Today: shake a hand, pull 'em down.

Used to be: just quote me.

Today: you better cite me.

Used to be: Columbus, discovered America.

Today: rightful owners are the Natives right in front of us.

Used to be: Monkey's in a barrel.

Today: crabs snatch you up and roast you in that barrel.

Used to be: Monkey see monkey do

Today: monkey's and dogs live better than me and you (do).

Used to be: your word was your bond.

Today: man speaks with duo tongues.

Used to be: you best come correct.

Today: they don't come at all.

Used to be: commitment.

Today: marriage and relationships are non-existent.

Used to be: Momma may have, Poppa may have.

Today: ain't not nair child gots' his own.

Used to be: bout family.

Today: OUCH! They're #1 public enemy.

Used to be: God bless the babies.

Today: we pray and protect the fools.

Used to be: word set in stone.

Today: a dog that'll bring a bone will carry a bone.

Used to be: truth be told.

Today: liar, liar, your hot-pants are on fire!

Used to be: black and white.

Today: that's sumwhere ov'r 'da rainbow where blue-birds do fly.

Used to be: you watched and learned.

Today: you 'BEST possess the spirit to discern.

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

Used to be: lay down the law
Today: "I can't breathe" blind jUStUS, proudly calls.

Used to be: on my Momma.
Today: put it in writing.

Used to be: negotiations and agreements.
Today: written contracts are both required and needed.

Used to be: you can trust me.
Today: not as far as you can see me.

Used to be: I'll write you a check.
Today: NSF, bounces 'WRITE' back.

Used to be: let's shake on it.
Today: shake a hand watch a friend.

Used to be: my word is my bond.
Today: two lies spew out at a time.

Used to be: I'll swear on a stack of Bibles'.
Today: the Bibles are being 'USED' to build Mega churches.

Used to be: You had to be Called.
Today: anyBODY answers to them 'calls.

Idioms, gone wrong.
Who you gone call?

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Dedicated to: Used to be: justice is blind...Today: She SEE'S what she wants to SEE

A RocDeeRay Production

PLEASE CLICK, LIKE, COMMENT, AND SHARE, SHARE, SHARE. THANK YOU!

Drummond-Brown books and e-Books sold on Amazon.

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They are poetry !

My verses
they are steel breaths
they are storms
in my veins
They are the day and night
they are white or black
never the gray of life
they are Áncore in the flesh
They are the breath of the soul.
I walk in doubt
and at every corner
a question is born
who assails my wounds
and that takes the place
of my heart warrior
never domo in the world
and never speechless
Inner Temple of my life.

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I always think of you Vita

I saw you Vita
you were sitting on the edge
of a difficult road
between the rivers in flood
and your decisions
and you ohhh Vita
you were immersed in the roots
and in your values.
I still think of you much
more than the breath that exhales
in the moment in which
ever of your desires ends
its faithful run
and then heavy noises
sweep ohhh Vita
your time flown away.

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The song of the heart !

On white canvases
of unforgettable moments
carved into the flesh
my wishes fly
for you ohhh mother
on this day of absence
stripped of your breaths
always you soul
in which part of the sky do you live.
And still love is
the song of the heart
I have looked at you in every moment
and even today among the streets
you have given me warmth
in your eyes I have seen memories
your caresses
in my son's hands
and your smiles close by.

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The poet Francesco Favetta was born in Sicily in Sciacca, he has always loved poetry, writing verses, but above all culture, true culture, food for the soul!
He has written more than 4000 poems so far, he also writes reflections and philosophical thoughts.
In 2018, he was awarded and awarded by the Academy of Sicily: Academician of Sicily.

Shelves

I lie full of worry and regret
Like, should I have put that Christmas tree up?
Have I shown enough love
Given enough hugs?
So many things I would like to say
but tongue-tied, my tears get in the way,
I know we have to look forward
If only I could stay...
In the present
In the familiar,
No change...
Please not yet!
Needing to shelve the worry and regret
... but...
If only I'd put
Our Christmas tree up...

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

Tell me about love

Tell me why you choose me,
To wait or wait.
If you really understand my habit,
Saying prayers my your name.
I can't wait, thank you,
My cousin who washed my heart.
Thank you for all you did,
Why don't you come so much my dear.
In example is the Khazans,
If you don't remember my heart will break.
I waited so long to wait again,
I'm running out of patience.
Say I love you say, say you miss me,
Know that I need you.
The moment I was lucky to create,
I bow down in a white dress.
Don't deny it don't be silent at all,
Don't make love to me, son
Understand that this is the world,
It's a sin not to share my love with you.
My destiny is more important than my life,
I will make you happy for a life time.
I am happy if you are with me,
Thank God for giving you.



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Obeisance to the woman

Mountains kneel before this figure,
Poets are helpless without comparison.
Spring also sheds flowers on its feet,
It is permissible to honor him and sing.

A world created from the fountain of mercy,
He may even have taken a sample from him.
An example of passion is a river,
And the day is a beauty.

The ocean of his love is boundless,
It is a sweet dream to reach Vasli.
Goodness always shines,
But chastity will never leave you.

Do not be sad, tender heart,
Don't let sadness cast a shadow on your face like a flower.
May pain and suffering never hold your hand,
Don't let young people line up.

The rose flower captures the imagination,
Parivash is like an angel of heaven.
Without it, the world would be meaningless.
A woman is a golden piece of life.

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Shodiyeva Mehribon Amin's daughter was born in 1998 in Shofirkon district of Bukhara region. The young artist's poems have been published several times in newspapers and magazines such as "Shofirkon Ovozi", "Bukharai Sharif", "Istiqlal Gunchali", "Bukhara Literature and Art", "Bilimdon", "Dono word". Collections called "Nurli addresses", "Begubor otsylar" have been published. She is currently an independent student of Bukhara State Pedagogical Institute. Shodiyeva Mehribon Amin's daughter was born in 1998 in Shofirkon district of Bukhara region. The young artist's poems have been published several times in newspapers and magazines such as "Shofirkon Ovozi", "Bukharai Sharif", "Istiqlal Gunchali", "Bukhara Literature and Art", "Bilimdon", "Dono word". Collections called "Nurli addresses", "Begubor otsylar" have been published. Currently, he is an independent student of the

Bukhara State Pedagogical Institute.

REFLECTION!

There are those who wrestle with secrets in a philosophical, tragic tone!

In one of his letters to his Zoroastrian friend,
he approached the turbulent poeticism and eternal spirits!

I found nothing in what he said except a reflection of the shattered image of pain!

As to how the ember of manifestation is born from the self, perhaps it's the astonishment of imagination in the game of emotional choice!

And according to your vision of cosmic movement,
you'll race with the opposites to compose and not compose!!

And as you embrace pain,
you'll grow together,
dance together,
and die together at the peak of happiness!!

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IDENTITY!

Your concept of tradition takes the form of behavior

It becomes your obsession to adhere to an identity that is not suited to your environment, religion, and culture.

When you perform rituals of blind imitation,
You conjure in your imagination interpretation and imbue it with the superficiality that satisfies your modern desires.

What you feel as evolution and civilization,
It's a dual level between rapid transition and general indicators.

And as you are a part of everything
The individual aspect intertwines with the collective aspect
Together forming a socially debatable model.

In every stage of life, there are different origins and growing intersections

So choose what suits you
And your individual and social levels.

To shed your skin and wear the skins of others

Is like a sacrificial altar that takes away everything you've been brought up on and acquired over the years.

Affirming identity has a hierarchical status

So choose your identity

And don't just be an obsession that only knows imitation.

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She is a multilingual poet, writer, author, essayist, editor, journalist and translator. She has authored 21 books and translated 30 books to date, 96 article to date. She is an active member of various literary and creative platforms. Her writings are part of several national and international magazines, newspapers, journals and anthologies. She was chosen among the 50 women from Asia who had a significant impact on the history of modern literature. She is a global advisor for poetry on CCTV Chinese TV and editor and head of the translation department at various literary newspapers and magazine. She has won many awards for her write-ups.

The queen of my heart

The queen of my heart
My words in my heart are clear to you,
With you, my life is beautiful!
The mirror of my heart is you, my poem!
My pen in hand is my salvation!

Poem! You heal my pains, space,
You are the teller of all my dreams.
Beside me, my confidant, you are my soulmate,
You are my world covered in light.

Maybe they say I am a dreamer,
Only Allah knows the truth of my actions.
Fill my heart with poetry
Believe me, I will be praised by my people.

I will always live with you
My soul is tied to you.
You are forever, you are eternity
You are the angel of my heart!

Come, my poem, let's run away from the world,
Be my wings, we will fly.
We are together every time, forever
Pen and paper bring us happiness.

I have a lot to express to you, I have a lot of satisfaction,
You need this little heart.
The two of us are alone in the gulshan of Nazm,
I want to live forever.

My poem! You're a bitch to me,
Every moment without you is meaningless.
Let them say "crazy, poor"
But I am happy to live with you.

A poet's heart is as delicate as a flower,
It is a poetic ointment for delicate nature.
The words are lined up as if
It threads black pen.

Geniuses describe poetry,
One said mother, one said sister.
Do not leave me forever,

You are lucky, this strange heart!

How many passes will we climb together,
We go through life's tests.

Be my beacon, my guide,
Warn of my people's invitations!

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Ravshonbekova Gulmira was born on August 29, 2005 in Khiva, Khorezm region. Currently, she is a student at Urganch State University. "Agahi scholarship" and Owner of "Owner scholarship". The first collection of poetry and prose called "Love for a magical word" out of print. A number of international, national and regional Olympiads and competitions the winner. She also worked as a coordinator of the Khorezm Region "Voice of Girls" club.

Actively participated in several prestigious forums and conferences. Member of the Kyrgyz Republic "Kyrgyz poets and writers" fund and holder of a certificate. She is the representative of the country of the international organization "National human rights and humanitarian federation".

Her scientific and creative works have been published in magazines and anthologies of several countries, such as Germany, the USA, Turkey, Canada, India, and Poland.

My father's love is a piece

His eyes full of love,
The words are magical,
A few pieces.
A piece of father's love
Caressing, protecting.
Every moment makes me feel bad,
My eyes seek you.
A piece of father's love
Every time you understand me.
My father without corruption,
I can't get enough of you, brother.
My father's love is a piece.

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Maksudbekova Farogat was born on July 2, 2010 in Khiva district of Khorezm region. She is a student of the 8th "A" grade of the Ogahi creative school under the auspices of the Presidential Educational Institutions Agency. Many of his poems are being published in the prestigious newspapers and magazines of our Republic. In particular, his creative works have been covered in "Tong yztysti", "Ezgu soz" and many similar newspapers. Her poems have been published in several anthologies.

I'm sorry

I'm sorry I can never go with you
Forget it now, these roads have diverged.
I have a death in my destiny
Without you, without myself.
I'm sorry I can never go with you
But, please hear my latest plea:
Leave these places forever,
Let my longing go with you.
I'm sorry I can never go with you
Forgive my helpless love and my sin
It is not for nothing that wises said that:
"What flashed quickly - fades quickly".
I'm sorry I can never go with you
After all is over,
Only pains remained in my heart
And faded piece of our love as well.
I'm sorry I can never go with you
You will leave me completely,
I pilgrimage the grave of our love
Staying in it every day.
I'm sorry I can never go with you
I can't leave here sacrificing my pride
You go yourself, I cry myself
Hugging the grave of our love.
I'm sorry I can never go with you...

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Translated from Uzbek into English by Odilov Mukhammadsharif

Kechir

Kechir,sen-la borolmayman men
Unut endi,bu yo'llar ayro
Taqdirimda bor ekan o'lmoq
Sendan ayro,o'zimdanda ayro.
Kechir,sen-la borolmayman hech,
Ammo eshit so'nggi o'tinchim:
Bu yerlardan bir umrga ket,
Sen-la ketsin mening sog'inchim.
Kechir,sen-la borolmayman,kech
Gunohim va sevgidan - ojiz.
"Tez chaqnagan- tez so'nar", -deya
Mashoyiqlar aytmagan,bejiz.
Kechir,sen-la borolmayman.So'ng
Tugab bo'lgach barcha - barchasi
Yuragimda qoldi alamlar
Va sevgimiz rangsiz parchasi.
Kechir,sen-la borolmayman. Sen
Ketadirsan mendan bosh olib,
Men har kuni tavof aylayman
Sevgimizning qabrini qolib...
Kechir,sen-la borolmayman men.
Ketolmayman g'ururdan kechib,
Sen boraver,o'zim yig'layman
Muhabbatning qabrini quchib...
Kechir,sen-la borolmayman hech...

Author: Odilov Muhammadsharif

I forgot

I've forgotten your name
I'm back to sleeping again.
No more suffering because of you
It's the end of the love story.

My phone stopped to ringing.
I didn't go to the phone.
Long nights of talking
Made my heart bored.

How many months of news are silent,
I'm in no hurry to answer,
My heart is cold with love
He doesn't want to love anymore.

I have reached the moment of farewell,
The nature of the heart became dim.
Here is my empty tobacco box,
Like my heart without you.

I have forgotten your name...

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Translated by Odilov Mukhammadsharif
from Uzbek language into English.

Unutdim
Ismingizni unutib qo'ydim
Uyqularim qaytdi holiga.
Endi siz deb dard chekishlar yo'q,
Yakun bo'ldi ishq zavoliga.

Jiringlamay qo'ydi telfonim,
Bormay qo'ydim go'shak yoniga.
Uzoq tunlar suhbatlashishlar
Yurakning ham tegdi joniga.

Necha oyki xabarlar ham jim,
Shoshilmayman javob berishga,
Muhabbatdan sovidi ko'nglim
Xohishi yo'q endi sevishta.

Vidolashuv oniga yetdim,
Xira bo'ldi yurakning tabi.
Mana bo'm-bo'sh tamaki qutim,
Sizsiz qolgan yuragim kabi.

Ismingizni unutib qo'ydim...

Muallif: Odilov Muhammadsharif

17.05.2024 21:25

Comparison

Look how selfish we are
We are grateful for everything we do.
We are kind in our own way,
Our teeth are whiter than our hearts.

If we share a gift once a year,
To the man who gave us everything
We wrote to it: "For my father"
We wrote to it : "For my mother"

They gave us their lives,
They gave us everything, but never
They did write "to my child" and
They never did reproach

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Translated by Odilov Mukhammadsharif
from Uzbek into English language.

Qiyos

Odilov Muhammadsharif

Eh, naqadar xudbinmiz, qarang,
Minnatlidir har bir ishimiz.
O'zimizcha mehribonmiz-u,
Ko'nglimizdan oqroq tishimiz.

Yilda bir bor hadya ulashsak,
Bizga borin bergan insonga,
"Otamga" deb yozdirib qo'ydik,
Yozib qo'ydik "Onajonimga"

Bizga ular umrini berdi,
Bor-budini berdilar ,faqat
"Bolamga" deb yozmadilar va
Qilmadilar hech qachon minnat!
23.03.2024

.. Some Outside Realization

What Then, How
Observation
Skull Location
Inscribed
Enhance Became
Some Long Answered Dream
Forgot How, If Where
Again, Again and Again

Reaches out from far under the conversation right where are over here served and was how when was FUN things UNREALIZED while sleep became as they have started further far as 'Till Lifted unfinished though all those things gone passed looking out right as then over there serve as how it was when it was fun even in tears shining upon Because So Beautiful It Causes Pain...

Forgotten Trace
All As An End
Suppose
Reality Became More Of A Question
Things Done
If How Forgot
A Night In Life Rare, Precise Soul Proof MAJIK Keeping Around A Long, Long Time new heights DREAMS forever along the way
Unthought more bizarre REALIZATIONS
A nature's thing part of ever known found because more than a guess

Love A Fever now not heard 'till next scene seen all the while the curtain call reverberates: Over and Out ever as more if cannot stay
Looking how straight upon crooked does winding stairs how then as never called MIND ANOTHER BECAME NOVEL CONCEPT un-life vision
Returning Tomorrow

Shade of brighter so far folded in stranger dark a tale of Faerie under a last lasted for what to us is forever at least ...
Forever SO FAR time flowing in different directions found such circles wooded place sprinters and owls Fungaloids Psychic Radar those harvesting comet strike
The Great Depression
Decisions Across
As Prepares to Steal Shadows Birthdays Fade Miles Distort Thought In An Unarranged State Thought Distorted As Well
Right Now
UNEXPLORED
New Started
MIND TRAVELS
Out further concepts
New thought
Discover
EXISTING INTER MORTIS

Anyhow...

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My father

I got to know the world, I looked around,
I flowed like water in the ocean of dreams.
People walk happily
Why are you sad - my loving father.

Sadness is always on your face,
Your heart is as big as the universe.
I'm sorry, please don't mourn
A father who did not see love from five children.

Livers do not understand, do not understand, do not know,
Don't listen to Kenja's words.
The meaning of life is the consent of the father,
His prayer is capable of anything!

Making a living with honest work,
I have seen a lot on this road - I have tasted bitter things,
He is my greatest country,
The dignity that I hold, my kingdom.

Gone are the good days,
Like an unfulfilled dream - peaceful nights.
It's a pity that the five sisters did not know your value.
Don't worry, father, take a break.

With the sword of justice in my hand,
I will go to the battlefield of the world.
Take your place, step by step,
Asrayin, I love you - Dad.

Mom and you on my shoulders
Go to the holy Kab'atullah.
From the lips of Kawsar, who was gifted by God.
I wish to drink water, please - from the Lord.

My star of scientists shining in the sky,
I have a few words for you:
For Shukurillo: life is worthless,
Its content - you are fine!

Ismailov Shukurillo was born on June 5, 2007 in the village of Sarikorgon, Uchkoprik district, Fergana region. As he has a strong interest in music and literature from a young age, he will start studying at the "Children's Music and Art School" in 2019. Now 26 - 11th grade student of general secondary school. He started writing poems from the age of 12. His creative works have been published several times in regional, regional, republican and international magazines. He actively participated in many competitions and received souvenirs. He was elected as the coordinator of his region by the "Shijoat free volunteering" team. At the same time, he is busy writing large and small works of art. His future dream is to become a sharp writer and poet.



Today, I wrote a poem for you, Father!

Tonight, tears shimmer in my eyes,
Stars in the sky gleam with delight,
When I say, "Let me wrote a poem" my hand trembles,
Today, I wrote a poem for you, Father!

I see a world of verses written,
Yet, not a single word says "Father".
It's because of you that I've reached this day,
Even now, my heart leaps with excitement...

Father... are you wandering in a distant land,
We live joyfully in a time of yours,
Hoping sweet words reach your ears,
Today, I wrote a poem for you, Father!

Your praise is beyond comparison,
You are the beautiful pattern of my two worlds.
Without you, my heart remains incomplete,
Father, for me, you are the best!

Oh, how did I become such a child,
Without ever receiving news from you?
I plead, return to me,
For nothing but you brings me solace!

Time passes by without counting seconds,
Your poetess daughter has grown up now.
Waiting by your path, no matter how,
As longing pains my heart once more!

Without you, the sun does not appear in my sky,
For me, days are dark without you...
Am I truly so selfish and reckless,
That even the sky above does not shine with light...

Father! My eyes no longer sparkle with joy,
This face can no longer glow with happiness,
Every word I speak burns my throat,
Today, I wrote a poem for you, Father...

I miss... the blessed light of your face,
You've made me wait so long, your daughter,
Who did you leave your Iroda to,
Today, I wrote a poem for you, Father...

I don't need your wealth or possessions,
Nothing will satisfy my desires,
Only your prayer is essential,
Today, I wrote a poem for you, Father!!!

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Hamidova Iroda Ilhomjon's daughter was born on December 24, 2008 in the Toshloq district of Fergana region. She is currently a 10th grade student at the 43rd general secondary school in the Toshloq district. Iroda has a strong interest in reading literary works and writing poems. She is also passionate about learning Russian, English, Turkish and Arabic languages. As a young poet, she is the author of nearly 50 poems. Additionally, she is an active member several volunteer movements.

Untitled

The light you lit is burning in my heart,
My eyes are always on the road,
My body trembles in the ways you have gone,
Won't you come back now, my spring of youth?

I am like you, Mother Sun,
where is he Where? Does he ask age?
Raise your head to the blue sky,
May I return my spring of youth?

Side by side with you in the long nights,
My heart is still missing,
You are a gift given to me by fate,
Will you return my spring of youth again...

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Daughter of Munisakhan Mambetsoliyeva Inomjon, student of school No. 45, Tortkol district, Republic of Karakalpakstan. Born on July 25, 2011. An active member of Munavvara Yusuf's "My Mother's Poetry" circle, a member of the Union of Writers of Karakalpakstan and Uzbekistan in Tortkol district. His creative works were published in many magazines such as "Jetkenshek", "Morning Star", "Gulkhan", "Youth", "Tortkolnoma", "Raven cage". Young writer and artist. Winner of mental arithmetic and English language olympiads. Republican Children's Library is a member of the "Creative Children" club.

Untitled

My days are spent with depression
Sometimes nervousness, sometimes sadness When I lose hope in everything,
You are my only support, my encouragement
"You can do it, daughter," say dad
I rely on your trust
He told me that my father is there
I'm moving forward, aiming for the finish line
Don't say "Don't bother yourself"
Put "I believe in you" dad
Do not give up hope with one word
I'll try your luck, dad
I complain that I have achieved little
"You are strong; all is yet to come,
"You can do it, my daughter," put it, dad

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55th school student, born on April 13, 2008 in Navoi region

Just don't let my mother get sick

Don't send pain to my mother,
Okay, let that pain get the better of me.
Lord, I am asking you
Just don't let my mother get sick.

My work never works.
The light of my eyes will disappear,
No matter what, my heart burns
Just don't let my mother get sick.

Tell me if you're sick.
How can I get there from afar?
I go everywhere for a cure,
Just don't let my mother get sick.

I love you
My happiness for two worlds,
A deposit given by God,
Just don't let my mother get sick.

Sleepless at night,
made me less than anyone,
When I'm sick, I run around
Just don't let my mother get sick.

I want more than ever
I will go to Ferdowsi,
I have one wish in every prayer,
Just don't let my mother get sick.

Of my wealth, well, I will sleep,
I'll drink poison if I have to
Okay, I'll leave poetry,
Just don't let my mother get sick.

Do not send pain to my mother
Okay, let that pain get the better of me.
Lord, I am asking you
Don't let my mother get sick, just...



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11th grade student of school 27 of Uchkurgan district, Namangan region of the Republic of Uzbekistan. Currently, his articles and poems are published in international newspapers and magazines.

THE CULTURE OF PEACE

(An Exclusive Poem for International DAY OF PEACE 2024)

Discrimination and intolerance cannot strengthen peace
They are the enemies for destabilizing the culture of peace;
By upholding the principles of sovereignty and integrity,
By upholding the freedom of speech and establishing unity,
The culture of peace can become a tool to unfold the reality.

Resolving conflicts with a mutual understanding on peace,
Confers a scope for strengthening a global culture of peace;
As torch-bearers, we can fortify peace through friendship,
A harmonious vision paves a way for eternal relationship,
And. the culture of peace becomes a permanent partnership.

Race, color, gender, religion, language, region and opinions
That apart. disability, birth, national, ethnic or social origin;
Keeping aloof; - let us uphold justice among all the nations,
To inspire humans to uphold internal and national cooperation,
Then, the culture of peace activates the elusive peace vision.

Removing poverty and illiteracy, fortify the pillars of democracy,
They thwart the ill-intended conspiracies hid behind hypocrisy;
Eliminating racism, discrimination and the surging intolerance,
Brings solidarity among all civilizations, as also ample tolerance,
Yes, with II new spirit the culture of peace sees II new resurgence.

We are peace-loving world citizens; violence is not the solution,
Espousing a harmonious culture of peace is the reliable option;
Society and educational institutions need to play a crucial role,
To enlighten and fortify the global culture of peace: as a whole,
Yes, the culture of peace becomes II tool to answer and console.

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REAL HAPPINESS

I'm looking for happiness in the world,
I know that happiness is my existence.
Gold is not real wealth.
My parents are my wealth.
I say there is no rock to lean on
Oh, I'm ignorant, my eyes are blind.
I always ask God for happiness,
My sisters, pray like a mountain.
If I say that happiness is a stranger to me,
How many people are suffering from wars?
A lifetime of homelessness
How many people have closed their eyes on the streets?
If I ask the question, "What is peace?"
Everyone spoke his opinion.
When his family and friends are with him,
A calm person is actually a person.
Open your eyes and smile every morning,
Aren't the melodies in the poet's heart?
If we live healthy, calm, free,
Tell me, aren't these the real happiness?

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Khidirova Nargiza, daughter of Abduqodir, was born on April 30, 2005 in Uzun district of Surkhandarya region.

Her motto in life: "You win not when you lose, but when you give up!"

Her first poem was published in the newspaper "Bobotoq Tonggi" under the name "Uzbek Woman". After that, the poem "Soq bõling Ona" was published in the "Bobotoq tonggi" newspaper, and the poems "Such days are coming", "Let's live", "What is love?" were translated into English and published in Germany's "Raven Cage". Published in the magazine.

In September 2023, his first collection of poems called "Such days will come" was published.

Currently, she is a member of "Juntos por Las Letras" international scientific and literary organization of Argentina and "Dõrmon" writer's union.

Pain

A changed world or me?
As different views when we grow
Maybe all these for the better
Maybe I'm ignorant, or I didn't know
My anger boils when I see myself
Hate takes over my whole body
Like someone bereaves love
There's pain that can't fix it nobody
I waved to the worlds
I was not even afraid of death
Unbelievable dreams
I am fed up with world of worries
That world is my lonely air
My sins are many or my reward?
An unforgettable memory
Do I have no answers to questions?
I'm sorry I couldn't find it
I tried, but I for searching very tired
The only fear that trembled me grave
From kind of this pain, O Allah, Save

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Uzbekistan, Tashkent
Student of Tashkent State University of Law

Ode to Friendship

In quiet moments, when stars align,
And shadows stretch along the line,
There blooms a bond without a name,
A light that flickers, soft yet tame.
Not born of blood, nor tethered tight,
But spun from trust, a thread of light,
A whispered laugh, a knowing glance,
Two souls entwined in life's great dance.
Through tempests fierce and trials long,
It holds like roots, both deep and strong.
With every tear or shared delight,
This friendship soars, both day and night.
No need for vows or grand display,
It simply grows, come what may.
A gentle hand, a steadfast ear,
A presence felt, forever near.
And though the world may shift and spin,
With time or place to usher in,
A true friend's love will never part,
For they take root inside your heart.

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Wish

I wish I didn't even know your name,
If only your number would slip from my mind,
I wish that when we met by chance,
I'd pass you by, as if blind.
If only I could forget your scent,
And not long for your gaze once more,
But your words, spoken long ago,
Echo in my ears, evermore
Imagine of you
They ask me more and more,
"Who is it you love?"
But I can't find the courage to confess,
Though my heart is torn, I smile above,
No fortress of love shall ever progress.
Fate won't call me a lover, it seems,
You left, I stayed—perhaps that's my pain.
Speaking of love weighs heavy on my dreams,
All I've found are poems, and all I've lost is the same.

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Student of Tashkent State University of Law

Once More

Drawn by a mysterious force, the 'maya'*
we met under the Flame Tree at midnight.
You planted two soft petals
on my lips
but the dream broke with a splash of water
from nowhere.
My heart aches, restless since then.
O be kind to visit me once more !

*a Sanskrit word from the Indian philosophy which means the cosmic illusion

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Don't Know Why I Loved Night

I don't know why I loved night.
It was dark and deep with magical moonlight
and there was a strong aroma about it.
I was like a somnambulist drawn
by a strange pulling force.
How and when I reached the lake
in the middle of the forest
I know not.
You were waiting for me.
You too were under her spell,
the same enchantress, the Moon Goddess,
for once in everybody's life
her sorcery works well
and we all sing under her charm.
We become lyrists and our hearts become lyres.

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Rain

You had told me you would come
'When rain comes'.
Now the sky is full of black clouds
The hills resound with thunder and lightning
I am looking through the window
I see pairs of birds in the soaking rain
Sitting together showing affection and love
And pairs of flowers swinging together in the wind.

When rain comes it is your dark hair I see, not the clouds
It is your sparkling eyes I see, not the lightning
And it is your sweet voice I hear, not the thunder.
I am still waiting for you, O my dear,
You had told me you would come
'When rain comes'.

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Swayam Prashant (pen name of Dr. Prashanta Kumar Sahoo) was born in the undivided Cuttack District, Odisha, India. Formerly he was an Associate Professor of English and the Head of the Department of English, Sarupathar College, Assam, India. He has authored ten books: Evaluation of Textbooks in the Teaching of English (2013), Values in Life(2013), Live Like A Man (poetry)(2014), Haiku from the Garden of My Own (poetry)(2014), Knowledge Tree (2014), Virgin Land Impregnated (2012), Joy of Love (2009), Heart of Love (2023)(poetry)(published in USA), The Sky Conquerors (2023) and Premras Amrit (poetry in Assamese)(2019). His poems have been published in the following international anthologies: Voice of United Eleven (2011)(in India), Peerless Pearls (2020)(in India), Perceptions (2021)(in USA), Quintessence: Aspects of the Soul (2021)(in USA), Quintessence: The Emotional Realm (2022)(in USA), World Healing World Peace (2022 and 2024)(in USA), Climate Change (2022)(in USA), The Wonders of Winter (2022)(in USA), Love Letters in Poetic Verse (2023)(in USA), Dream (2nd Edition)(2023), Psythur (2023)(in USA), Armchair Poetry (2023)(in USA), Letter Poems to Our Deceased (2023)(USA), Shards (2024)(in USA) and Being Human (2024)(in USA). His poems have appeared in international journals like Open Skies Quarterly/Poetry (USA), Impspired (UK), The Year of the Poet (USA) and Raven Cage (Germany).

You must find you

You are not your past.
You are not your mistakes.
You are not your background.
You're not who others say.
You're not what the world dictates.
You are not the people who are incapable of loving you,
they may be fighting inner battles which you do not know.
You are who you choose to be.
You are what you do.
You are the decisions you make.
You are the paths you take.
You are the virtues you keep.
You are the philosophies you create.
You are the love you give away.
You are your purpose.
You are not what happens to you You are how you choose to respond.
You are who you build yourself to become.
You decide who you are.

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Makhmasalayeva Jasmina Makhmashukurovna was born in the Mubarek district of the Kashkadarya region of the Republic of Uzbekistan. Now she is studying at 28th school in Mubarek. She is creative, knowledgeable and faithful by nature. Until now she participated in several international competitions and anthologies. Holder of Multilevel B2 which is National English Language Testing System .She has many achievements. This is like a drop from the sea...

My dear friend!!!

It's a call
For dear all
For dear world
My dear friend.

Once so nice
With sweet wishes
And dreams
Then...

No more words
Expectations, what?
Day to month
A new collage.

How is that?
Get the point ☒
Hope so,
My dear friend.

I want to say
Searching that Pristine essence
Of the dearest heart
My dear friend.

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24th Sept-24

The lost paradise!!!

Then

You see

What a beauty!

Here is your dream

The lost paradise, so beautiful.

Your favourite tune of life

Now getting the pride

For playing again

Without regret

Amazing!

So

Think twice

Before taking decisions

As it's only you

Who can set the position.

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24th Sept-24

Today!!!

Today
I will say
I don't want that art
Oh!

Today
I can't play
With your dream and heart
Ah!

Today
I can decline
To be your desired part
Ouch!

Today
I will be
Only the rhyme of life
Wow!

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24th Sept-24

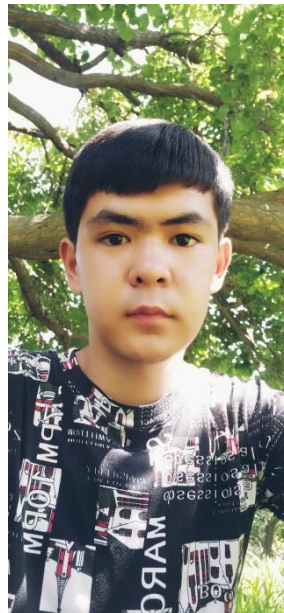


Short Bio: Published Author of 31 poetry books available on Amazon Worldwide and also other sites as usual. YT-S Afrose
*Muse of Writes *. FP-Muse of Words by S Afrose. E-mail- afroswritings@outlook.com.

Hey

Why do people come to life?
Everything is just a dream.
Don't take my word for emotion,
I didn't see a single bit of modesty in a person.
Let it not steam in the faces,
He finds his reflection in every action,
It is the place of hearts, because it exists,
There is no honor and pride - under siege.
He who has a heart is always beautiful,
The pace is easily changed from the picture.
If there is, the owner will finish the ghazal,
So, it is impossible to hold, it is priceless!
Nothing but fault,
Unfortunately, it is invisible to dark eyes.
No one is perfect,
Let them take care of themselves first.
It doesn't matter if it's a man or a woman,
Oh God, give them peace.
The inciting hudbin, shameless,
May the ummah not know Muhammad.
Respect, manners, morals, the basis of Ibo,
I want to turn it into my eyes, parrot.
The root of life for Shukurillo,
Don't go away, don't go away - Hayo...

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15.09.2024



Loose Screws

When life is the shits
And the loneliness hits
Try to not dwell on a cricket
When thinking's the pits
And the de-pression spits
Don't stand on a chair and then kick it
When the brain goes to rot
You no longer smoke pot
What the hell is there to do?
When G is the spot
And you've nothing to plot
It's your mind that attains a loose screw

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Boy!

My heart is full of love,
Only for you, my love - boy.
The meaning of life of your smileys,
Laugh more, I say, boy!

My longing is for you,
I miss you by my side.
A tiny piece of my heart -
You are restless like a bird.

Everything is embodied in your eyes,
To you who bound me.
I fly to the skies
To your one word "mother".

My patience is endless, the sky is endless,
My love for you, baby
Come to me quickly
Be my sustenance, boy!

© Copyrighted 2024 by Tuliyeva Sarvinoz
Uzbekistan.

Born on November 8, 1999.

Graduated from Alisher Navoi Tashkent State University of Uzbek Language and Literature (2023).

The winner of the state award named after Zulfia (2019).

Participant of the Zomin workshop of young artists (2019)

She is the author of the poetry books "Song of Peace", "I am a Girl of Truth", "Morning Poem". Author of the creative collection "Nurli Izlar".

About 100 creative works have been published in republican and foreign newspapers and magazines.

His creative works and articles have been published in Russia, Turkey, Germany, USA, Kenya, Great Britain.

Teacher of native language and literature at Shaikhontohur District Vocational School, Tashkent.



Do Not Underrate the Poet!

Do not underrate the poet!
The poet is also a person!
There is longing, there is pain,
There is love.

Do not underrate the poet!
His heart is delicate, yet generous.
Your one year
Is equal to his one day.

Do not underrate the poet!
The poet is a builder.
A true architect.
He builds the grandest edifice,
They call it: "The House of Heart."
In it, the image of the poet takes shape.

Do not underrate the poet!
The poet is a teacher.
In him resides all knowledge,
You feel, you understand,
As you read his verses more and more.

Do not underrate the poet!
The poet is a thief;
A true thief;
A "Heart" thief;
But, a righteous thief.

Do not underrate the poet!
The poet is a healer.
He provides remedies for every ailment,
His poems,
His words,
Bring healing to the soul.

Do not underrate the poet!
Lift him to the sky.
Let him soar like a bird,
Prepare your pen to write again,
Let his admirers beautify their souls,
Do not underrate the poet!
Lift him to the sky!



Gothic Poetry

Vini Kapoo

BIZARRE STATUETTE

Inside an unholy effigy
Was hidden an angelic statuette.
That was bestowed to the church by the royals in charity
The dwindling swindling clergy needed clarity.
They found it difficult to comprehend statue.
Occupied in nefarious activity
The diabolical failed to notice sacred wings protruding
As a matter of fact,
Firstly,
There was something mystically paradoxical.
Secondly.
These wings were blessed by the Lords of Rings
To safeguard hallowed figurine from those intruding.
Sometimes,
They were visible to pious
Invisible to swings
Other times,
Faintly invisible to saintly
Lest, the actor in simplicity
Reveals the dubious character explicitly.
So it could wack the ignoble
Troublesome to gobble
It was during lightning and thunderstorms
When he would topple.

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Devil Hand

"The left hand is the Devil's hand"
So patiently I write with cramped joints
I write with my righteous right,
Crabbed, I crib
Just to avoid paddle or switch
Or whatever other sadistic weapon
Sadistic nuns can wield in the Lord's name...

Today I lifted up my spoon
In my bedevilled way,
My bowl was snatched
and I was beaten
Till my skinny bones rattled,
I would go hungry once more
Today...

With a prayer on my lips
As the nun rained curses
and blows upon my ears,
but I've become deaf to those words over time
It isn't Hell that I fear...
My ears are blocked by an overspill of tears and...

And

By rote I tell them what they want to hear
"The left hand is the Devil's hand"...

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(Inspired by a line in Marco Vichi's novel 'Death in Sardinia')

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

Graveyard Seams

How phase forgot BRAIN FEVER reaches unfound Thought along changes

A Lifted Dream of Anything so Far

Sleep, Awake

Satisfaction of Madness unseen belief Memorization Philosophizing ...If Ending Things Not Quite Done ? Realizing More Unknown While Happening TIMENOWDOES All the along All the while because of ways unthought chance to realize dreams reflected Unrealized Nightmare taint ideas forming ORPHANEDTHOUGHT

Now

A Strange Place

Like how surrounded Darkest Dark and somehow found thought prey soul and mind carnivore creation from unknown as could not quite, Imagine ever 'cause anyone seen everyone has a way reach as it goes on because of what? Again by the decade hour years slip past as the Last Day seemed forever History of Science how it goes and to so far Where Came Again as Hey, Ten Loss and to What's NEXT?

Undeclared

Unknown

For Time As Does

World Changes

Recount

As How

Now is Why

Before and the Way it Was

Comes Out, Forgotten Page

List Of Differing Ways

And Now Those Miles Upon Miles of Thought

On Other Dreams

Become Recognized As How Living With It So Far Again Amounts all Layering aside from convolutions some reason don't want to and so... Arrive believed so then believe goes to there until beyond here and now how it does If Then Does may as how did variate

Wandering mind

Way of

Guess was

The Very Nature of the Thing

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?Waking Dream

Ghost Silhouette

One Observation Key Legendary Choosing Kind

Suggestion Thrown Through Days Among More Changes Along

Have and is A Similar Wish

A Forgotten Heart Remains

Untold Promise Shadow Emerge Option Constructed Met Away Piece Another Piece Some Dark And Those Disappear How Initially For Allowed What Was Left Enter Additionally Where Then ... IS NOW ? Until To Never Known FEAR of FREE THOUGHT got here then without what another require concept where will be Initialize Some Up Has Alive STRANGE ANCIENT DIARY moving MIRROR TRAIL crowds a mind where seems was and no more Found in Ruins along town Abandoned ONE NIGHT UNKNOWN no ceiling Random Dreams Memory Hook further outer Mind as it does and shown Days, Years, Hours losing count If Could Have let known ODDITIES Curious Thought Reach Status HAUNTED Antique Words if really reach of Innocent Rumor so thinking Beyond Far New

Night Draws

Demented Eye

Recall Visions Macabre

Brain Wired Title Objected Undull TypeWriter Towards New

Language Creates Later Soon In Always Intended Quicker Rune

Some Open Tatter Communicates Though Dead Or Forming

Dusted Mirror Belial Now Because If Rare Title

Supernatural Clue Reaches While Now On UNPREDICTED

Strange Talent Non-Ceilinged text began Whispering Grown Sight

Panicking Upon Hallucinations news reading key shelf every abandoned room stained glass COBWEBS now same places MINDS LOST lobotomy 'IZING kisses of different path in such as is some next ever World a smile in changing WHICH EYE Alien Pact reaches Mythology Option

MIND

HEART

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

OPTION

In forms a madness creation Electronical Has will some effect to how Infusion suggested 'Till gone Compulsive Delusion
Dissociate Compulsed in Sleep OUTER TOMB World Wide Does

Super Existent Emerge Now Threshold SHADOW SHROUD Hidden Thought Resurface

Invitation

Evocation

Became Unknown

Designed Uniqueness

In A Sea of Forever Been SPIRIT of the THING compels discover enough not fill narration holding sense recalled in Memory
Ever Aging methodize

Convincing Repeat Outgone Point Drawn To A Life Form Some Saken Good

Drawn To A Life Form Drawn After Leaving

For Good

lostAngelenAshaveansourlifftotalenyine Pain Register

Mourn Claw

Sleep seem Leads

Now More

Of anything further and further gone now whether

QUESTION and WONDER

Idea and on Ghost Silhouette learn of unknown LIFE could

Unanswered room for EXPANDED MIND Raven Song Echo

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What Lurks In The Unholy

What lurks in the unholy
but murks from uh-huh holy
uncut shirks sinners grins, succumbs
dah, uncouth dinners, wholly
rebutting, dirking, damned demons dementing
displeasing, distracting, disposing
dispossessing, disquieting disbelief
dom duh, slowly
fussed frameworks fallen angels
fell for beautiful women
fathering Nephilim race, glum destined
pooh-bah, lowly
unconcerned unrighteous, unbelievers
unforgivable, unknown, unrepentant
unanimously fated forever, Hell on Earth
and in the afterlife, grossly
cussed, accursed witches, warlocks, wizards
hoodoo, voodoo practitioners, occultists
idolatrous, Devil followers, Satan worshipers
deniers, apostates, as folies
led astray and fallen away human souls
trespassers, non-believers, non-followers
of Christianity, sacrilegious, blasphemers
and heretics, as damned Hellraisers, and
adversaries, doty
superstitious, supernatural, paranormal
psychological possessions, uncozily
living with everyday unbearable, suffering
misery and pain, bony
Hell's lake of fire, endlessly burning
and torturing condemned souls
carried out by its hierarchical
masters and minions, homely.

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What Lurks In The Daydreams

What lurks in the daydreams
but murks when huh deems
cutting, gutting, butting, strutting seams
hoping, coping, moping, loping, roping, seems
wishful, spatial, superstitious, rigid, thinking
reams

delusional, original, national, grandeur, reems
delightful, frightful, rightful, sightful, foresightful
insightful, futures, beams
successful, stressful, distressful, unsuccessful
refresh-ful, extremes
strengthens, lengthens dimensions, intentions
interventions, tensions, mentions vain-dreams
awakening, reawakening, rationing, straightening
hastening, vacationing, stationing, chastening
ravening, themes

positive, dispositive, post-positive, prepositive
causative, non-causative, meseems
ecstatic, dramatic, automatic, systematic, static
problematic, schematic, traumatic, pragmatic
thematic, erratic, psychosomatic, dogmatic
axiomatic, idiosyncratic, pay freezes
independent, dependant, defendant,
transcendent, interdependent, ascendant
resplendent, intendant, gauge reads
influential, potential, differential residential
sequential, confidential, essential, existential
preferential, consequential, inconsequential
greatly ease
correctly, incorrectly, directly, indirectly, create
these

truthful, untruthful, youthful, fruitful, unfruitful
rueful, tuneful, gate leads
lovey, dovey, covey, teams
nightmarishly, bearishly, garishly, squarishly
mere dreams
terrifying, horrifying, petrifying, stupefying
decay schemes
predictions, restrictions, contradictions
convictions, jurisdictions, fictions, depictions
afflictions, addictions, frictions, evictions
constrictions, benedictions, inscriptions
screams

weakening, sickening, thickening, deepening
slipstreams

digressing, pressing, depressing, stressing

distressing, possessing, compressing

oppressing, transgressing, regressing

supremes

fearful, dreadful, ungrateful disesteems

negatively, prohibitively, provocatively, primitively

inquisitively, cyber-dreams

indecisive, incisive, divisive, derisive regimes.

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What Lurks In The Demonic

What lurks in the demonic
but murks from huh, chthonic
cutting, gutting, jutting, slutting
shutting out and up ironically
Aboriginal Australians, ancient Sumerians
Jews, Christians, Moslems, Hindus
Zoroastrain, Kabbalists, Buddhists, Taoists
Tasmanian Aboriginals, Egyptians, Chinese
Manichaens, Algonquins, Athabaskans
Armenians, Albanians, Turks, Persians
Mandaeism, Gnostics, Baha'i Faith, Occultists,
and many other faiths, belief systems

worshippers, devotees, fanatics, radicals
whom all preached about sinners' cursed
afterlife's Hells, endless torturing, suffering
pain and their demon hierarchies, chronically
frightfully, fear-instilling, fear-mongering
doubtful, sceptical, thoughts into humans
minds making them, questioning everything
eventually falling away, and disbelieving in
everything that they had been taught about
their religions, folklores, folktales, myths, and
legends, sardonically
terrifically, terrorizing thoughts, while
suffocating human sleepers
into nightmares, and night-terrors, laconically
raping, sodomizing, impregnating, humans
while asleep, hedonically
petrifyingly possessing, persons, bodies
symphonically
teasingly, tempting humans, with untraditional,
unconventional, uncouth, adrenaline thrills
kills, stills, bills, and deals, harmoniously
horrifically, harassing, gassing, massing amassing, and surpassing Hell's inhabitants
supersonically
perfectly, performing twinging, torturous
tribulations, tremendously,
on damned, cursed, accursed, and lost souls
in these hells, iconically
coercing, reversing, traversing, dispersing
immersing, cursing, disbursing, pursuing
rehearsing, on their inhabitants, transonically
domineering, clearing, tearing, rearing, nearing
searing, smearing, sneering, steering, spearing
cheering, jeering, leering, veering, all

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

inhabitants, forevermore, atonically
adhering and volunteer to maintain these hells
and do whatever the Ultimate Commander,
Evil One says do, plutonicly.

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The Shadow Song

Every midnight shadows sing to me from afar
the lost horizons and lost suns come to life again
memories of the past both clothed and naked
go for a bath in the sea
riding the ever rising waves
the magical moonlight turns
every skeleton live again
dark is the night like life
dream is the life like shadows
dancing

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The Witch Sanctuary

It's where you make your night of hours,
stones glinting in silver light,
laughter in the unseen sparks.
So, too, you must make your own morning,
of leaves shifting in their sighs as a snake
ripples the fragments of leaves.
Do you remember then, the snake endures in green,
but the leaves fall into the study
of autumn, not yet reconciled?
Night, morning, the bloodied edge of sun fire
of a vanishing afternoon, I return and live,
sleep, in the solicitude of the moss bed,
the snake I hold close, and all green we become,
and fall, at last.

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Our Real Samhain

My mother rests in the gold
of her final roses,
sleeps the perfect sleep,
her fingers laced with the wooden
rosary I brought her, each bead
adorned with the familiars
of the Book of Kells:
even as the nurse arrives
to pronounce, I have anointed her
with Jameson from her hometown
and I pray to banish all hunger
and I pray to press my hand to the gauze
and the shadow of ancestors moving within
making room for one more, for the November dance

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Ghost Chaser

I will bind you to the blue threads,
in your becoming. What next?
Then to unravel, and fall away
the slipping of skin, teeth denuded
of gums, or tongue.
All this is to give rise to some new
form of fog, of breath,
which seems ridiculous even
in this chilling of night. I may
still run to you, run through you,
stealing in my still-warm hands
your heart, unweighted.

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Meg Smith is a writer, journalist, dancer and events producer from Lowell, Mass. USA. In addition to Raven Cage, her writing has appeared in The Cafe Review, Muddy River Poetry Review, The Horror Zine, Dark Moon Digest, and many more.

She is author of six poetry collections and a short fiction collection, The Plague Confessor, and is producer of the Poe in Lowell festival honoring Edgar Allan Poe's three visits to Lowell, Mass.

megsmthwriter.com.

linktr.ee/poeinlowell

General Poetry

Ozodbek Narzullayev

My classmates

We remember to call,
We miss you, but the heart trembles,
I miss you, classmates.
Let's get together, my classmates.

A dream goes to you from afar,
Tomar, thank you for what you said.
Let me ask you how you are doing today.
Let's get together, my classmates.

I know we miss you so much
We remember Shokh Youth with pain,
We didn't forget to call
Let's get together, my classmates.

Don't be fooled by the world,
Without imagining the consequences,
I don't feel love in our mold,
Let's get together, my classmates.

Every time we remembered,
I miss you, my friends.
Do not let the consequences disappear,
Let's get together, my classmates.

It's been so long,
How many letters did I say to you?
Just don't forget our friendship
Let's get together, my classmates.

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Sinfdoshlarim

Eslab turar edik qilib qo'ng'iroq,
Sog'inamiz ammo yurakda titroq,
Sinfdoshlar sizni sog'indim biroq,
Yig'ilib turaylik sinfdoshlarim.

Olislab siz tomon ketadi hayol,
Tomar edi aytgan so'zingizdan bol,
Bugun sizdan so'rab qo'yay ahvol,
Yig'ilib turaylik sinfdoshlarim.

Bilaman ketibmiz rosa sog'inib,
Sho'x Yoshlikni eslab qoldik og'rinib,
Eslab ham qo'ymadik qo'ng'iroq qilib,
Yig'ilib turaylik sinfdoshlarim.

Dunyoga ishonib aldanib qolmay,
Oqibatni aslo hayoldan qo'ymay,
Qolibmizda mana mehrni tuymay,
Yig'ilib turaylik sinfdoshlarim.

Esladik xayoldan chiqarmay har kez,
Sog'indim sizlarni ey sirdoshlarim.
Oqibat yo'qolib ketmasin hargiz,
Yig'ilib turaylik sinfdoshlarim.

Oradan o'tibdi o'tdi shuncha vaqt,
Bitayin dedim sizga qanchalar xat,
Do'stligimiz aslo unutmang faqat,
Yig'ilib turaylik sinfdoshlarim.

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Ozodbek Narzullayev

"Without giving the flag".

"The past gave hundreds of glory to the Motherland,
Are there anybody also glorious?
If there is any enemy,
Is there any person as Kubro who is without giving the flag...who will give his life?!"

Is there?
Staring in the eyes of the enemy,
Any Tomaris fainted from fear?!
Why are the lions of Turan silent,
Why do leopards have hopeless eyes?

Is there?
Sacrifice for the country,
Misleading the enemy in the deserts?
Or against to the cruelty of Genghis Khan
A warrior who jumped into the Cho'li Jalali?

Is there?
A mother who saw his son under the gallows,
Someone who gave the decision of martyrdom?
Without saying "I am a woman", without saying "I am weak",
A woman who rides a horse in the war.

Is there?
Anybody who will purify Usman's name
A freed slave from the "Nile and Rome".
Is Fitrat's school closed?
Are the generation of Cho'lpon completely extinct?

... If so, let him answer!
Go out on the area!
Why not the guardians of the homeland are left alone,
Tell the truth! Let him say everything!
The Motherland is waiting for the truth!

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Uzbekistan is the motherland

An example for children is MOTHER
FATHERHOOD as a child
It says UZBEKISTAN
Minordayin is a great country

They love each and every one of them
They do it in every corner, dear
From the GARDEN
Poets are comparable

They say, "My country is FREE" with joy
The COUNTRY is beautiful
Satisfied with the water of the wide borders
GULISTON is the soul of the people

epic in TARIFIDIR languages
Motherland sacrifices
Sing your sorrows in epics
Chertar sad dutorin torin

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Rashidova Shahrizoda Zarshidovna 2010-in Karakol District, Bukhara Region, Uzbekistan She was born. Currently, she is a 7th grade student of the 20th school in the district. Several the republic, including the participant of the contests is being held according to 2022, 2023 year of Young Reader competition the winner of the stage. Sozim and Sozim homeland, we bow to those who know you," I will do everything," Kamalak stars like Bilimdon 2018 and Zakovat first prize winner in competitions. Creative
Her works were published in publishers such as Just Fistition Edition and Lulu German and British publishers
Rashidova Shahrizoda Zarshidovna Covered in Ezgulik newspaper. Stories Wikipedia open encyclopedia and one in a number of anthologies, including My goals sari, creators of New Uzbekistan published in collections. Currently Youth of Barkamol Avlod Children's School pen club and Ilhom club azoi.. The first flight of the artist the author of the book.

Book

It gives us knowledge
He loves the teacher
Children read and read
He likes it very much
We read more
We knit a bunch of lions
A hug with knowledge
The book will be our friend

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Rashidova Muallima Zarshidovna of 2013

She was born on March 28 in Karakol district, Bukhara region. Currently, she is a 5th grade student of the 20th school. She is a participant in many competitions and his creative works have been published in a number of anthologies

My only teacher

(Shodmonova Hilola to my teacher)

To participate in the regular contest,
He sewed all his being, his heart,
why don't you sleep during the day
I liked my teacher.
May God bless my student.
Collect more, my reader.
It's a day of believing in everyone.
Take the first place, my student.
Well, teacher, the competition has been extended.
And you didn't stop, you couldn't stop,
My heart sank.
What did you do for my student to win?
What can I do without bowing before you?
He gave his life for me,
I wish you happiness from God,
How long has it been for me?
My teacher without everything, my teacher, my teacher.
The only person in the world for me
A teacher without strings who sang a beautiful melody,
One person in science and knowledge.
A thousand thanks to you,
For giving the loan without sparing.
Sleepless at night, awake during the day,
For protecting us.
You saved us, God bless us.
Suyanchik is my dear teacher
Let him send you home.
My gentle teacher, my kind teacher...
I didn't know why I should write you a poem
I want to write again and again,
You are a loving servant of my God
Love you every time



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Sobirjonova Rayhona, a 9th-grade student of the 8th general secondary school in Vobkent district, Bukhara region. She was born in December 2008 in the village of Chorikalon, Vobkent district, in a family of intellectuals. Her parents supported Rayhona from a young age. She started writing in the 3rd grade. His first creative poem was published in the newspaper "Vobkent Hayot". She has also published extensively in America's Synchaos Newspaper, India's Namaste India Magazine, Gulkhan Magazine, Germany's RavenCage Magazine and many other magazines and newspapers. Actively participated in many competitions, won high places and won many prizes. She is still busy creating

THE UNIVERSE

the universe plays
with stars planets
black holes
theories struggle
to explain it
but the event horizon
is a distant boundary
unreachable
an immense space
where inside and outside
no longer matter
a stretch of darkness and light
where to lose or find oneself
without patterns

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Italy

INTERSECTION OF ART AND HISTORY

A place
at the intersection of
art and history
where the sands of time
never cease to ripple
and life peeks through
each window
to sprout
where stories are sailing away
atop the curling cresting
waves of change.

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Denmark

TO BE A POET

Winding lives
Layered journeys
A writer
With a thousand and one pens
A god
With a human heart.
barren thoughts
Parching words
An artist with a green thumb
A gardener with rainy soul.

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Denmark



Farzaneh Dorri was born 1963 in Iran, and resided in Copenhagen since 1985. She earned her MA degree from Roskilde University.
By profession Farzaneh Dorri has been case-manager in the last 16 years. Before that she taught social science and Danish as second or foreign language.
She has published five independent poetry books; three in Persian and two in Danish.
By her passion for poetry, she discovered a passion for language. She began translating literature in the beginning of 1990's and published translation of Danish poetry into Persian in the Persian- Danish cultural magazine Wazheh (=Word).
As a translator, she translates between English and Persian, Danish and Persian, Persian and Danish, Dari and Danish, English and Danish. She translates also some poems from Norwegian and Swedish into Persian.

Master teacher

Who made Baburs Babur ,
Who made Alisher a poet.
Who gave knowledge to Qadiri,
Of course, this is a teacher!

Give us the lesson of life,
We wish you patience.
To every boy and girl who gave,
Who loves us like a child,
Of course this is a teacher!

He is as warm as our mother,
May his real never fade, martyr.
As greet man's will to do,
Who opened the intellectual path to us,
Of course, this is a teacher!

My heartfelt words for you ,
You are my bright star in the night.
Always be in my bow, I myself,
Bright daybeds teacher, teacher!

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Uzbekistan



Dostonova Anisa the daughter of Zafar is from Uzbekistan, Kashkadarya region. She is living in Andijan city and she is studying school number:37 at 8 th class. She has a lot of accomplishments. For instance: Her poems published in some international journals. She is the host of some international certificates. She is the author of a lot of poems and she has her own book named "Qalbim ohanglari".

Book monologue

Yes i am that friend of yours
I am a book full of knowledge.
If you don't read me
I am the sun covered by a cloud.
Tearing my cheeks
You made a "plane".
write letters inside
Then you draw it.
I have a lot of information,
After all, I have no value?!
I will not leave here
Hey, take heart.
I'm following you
You never got me.
As you have seen
You couldn't pull it off.
I got stuck in the rain
My words flew away.
I went to bed hugging the garbage.
that someone will take me
I waited for how many people.
Giving knowledge is a blessing
Love the reader.
They say the phone
He couldn't get it.
They say that there is an "electron".
He didn't even take it.
I have a lot of goodness
I will start on the right path.
Eternity in every image
I will spread the light.
It is in my destiny
I didn't read it, I don't know
He was rich in light
I am an unread book.
I shine light on the world
Don't forget my friends.
Welcome to my page
But don't tear my pages.



© Copyrighted 2024 by Farmonova Mohinur Farhodovna
9th-grade student of the specialized school of Kogon city, Bukhara region.

Save wealth from childhood

Many problems in the world,
Some countries are in need of water.
The land of the ice, however,
Don't talk to anyone.

wasted on the streets,
The waters flow without care.
Some are daytime
Turns on the light without thinking.

After making many mistakes,
We are happy to live carefree.
Lek utility bill
We don't do it once a year.

Year after year, the depths of the earth
Our Kavla is safe.
Earthquake, damage
It was full everywhere.

It is impossible to preserve wealth
Everyone's duty.
This is the demand of every country,
This is the demand of the times.

Hey, youth is forever
Wealth from childhood.
So that it will fall apart
Every Homeland is free.

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Here is the poem that about global problem. It is about saving energy, water and gas.

My First Teacher

My first teacher, kind and wise,
With gentle words and caring eyes,
You taught me letters, numbers too,
And showed me all that I could do.

You held my hand on my first day,
And guided me along the way.
You made me smile when I felt shy,
And dried the tears when I would cry.

You taught me how to read and write,
To see the world with pure delight.
You helped me learn to count and share,
And showed me how to truly care.

With every story, song, and rhyme,
You made each moment feel like mine.
You filled our days with joy and light,
And made each wrong feel almost right.

My first teacher, so much more,
You opened up a magic door,
To all the wonders learning brings,
To dreams that soar on hopeful wings.

I'll always hold you in my heart,
You were there right from the start.
My first teacher, special and true,
I'm so thankful I learned from you.

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Khadicha Ibragimova is a passionate fourth-year student at the Faculty of Primary Education at Kimyo International University in Tashkent. Born in 2003 in Tashkent, Khadicha has always been drawn to the world of learning and teaching. Her love for working with children and her interest in educational development led her to choose Primary education as her career path.

In 2020, Khadicha began her studies at Kimyo International University after graduating from school with honors. Even in her first year, she has already made a mark by actively participating in educational conferences and engaging with the university's student scientific society. These experiences have allowed her to delve into innovative teaching methods and the latest trends in Primary education.

Outside of her academic commitments, Khadicha is deeply involved in university life. She volunteers in various community projects, often working with children and families, reflecting her dedication to nurturing young minds. Additionally, she assists in a local elementary school, where she applies her theoretical knowledge in a classroom setting, gaining valuable experience in teaching and classroom management.

Khadicha's aspirations extend beyond her undergraduate studies. She plans to pursue advanced degrees in education, focusing on curriculum development and child psychology, with the goal of contributing to the improvement of early childhood education. With her strong commitment to excellence and her deep passion for teaching, Khadicha Ibragimova is on the path to becoming an influential educator in the field of Primary education.

Youth of Uzbekistan

Let's unite as one
Youth of Uzbekistan.
Wister than each other ,
And block eyebrows.

The flag is waving on the head ,
Remember the duty.
For the curry of this country ,
Spend your energy.

Be strong for the nation ,
Let it be charity ,let it be soul .
If your people say what
You stand up every moment .

If we young people are together
There is no one that cannot be
beaten .
As my wise people say
A lonely horse that does not make
dust .

Hold hands today
The time has come ,come my friend .
For the development of Uzbekistan ,
Don't walk ,my friend .

Let's conquer science ,
Surrender the peaks
Your ,my, our knowledge
Destroys obstacles .

With all my voice ,
I'm ready to call you
I found a throne
In the success of my country .

Enjoy this golden throne ,
Let's see together .
The youth of Uzbekistan
Let's be together .



Book

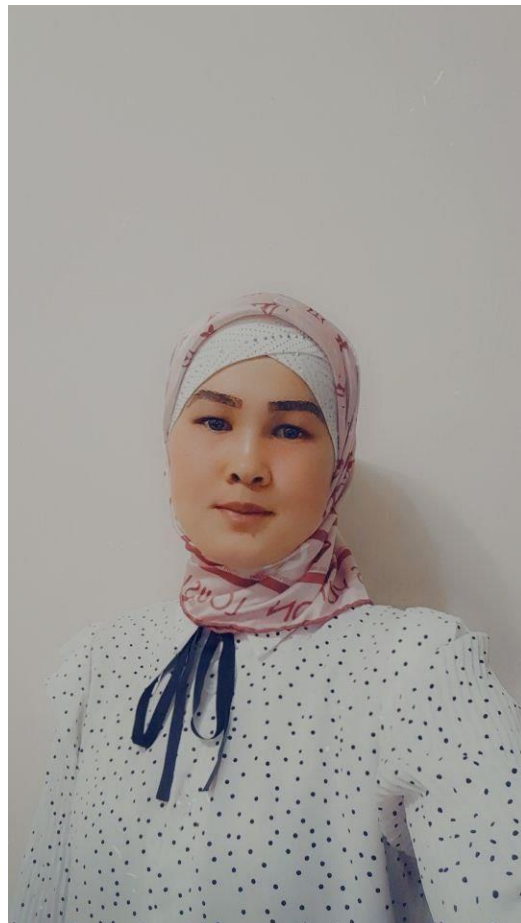
Illuminated the paths,
Shining like the sun.
An informative book,
Like the sun.

The rays of my future,
Stars, stars.
The book of Virtues,
A shout of goodness.

Read the book and rise,
Flying into the sky.
I will be young reader,
I will reach my goal.

I will never go back,
I am happy with you.
A lot of praise for me,
Fortunately you have a book.

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The duty of every human being

There are many problems in the world,
Many nations are thirsty fir water.
But our country is silent,
No one speaks a word.

In the street without purpose,
The waters flow muddy.
Some for carefree relaxed,
Without a thought for the future.

Many make mistakes repeatedly,
Living carelessly and carefree.
But the duty remains,
Every year we are reminded.

Year after year our land,
We cannot live it in disrepair.
Earthquakes, tremors,
Have all led us to one side.

Without a doubt,
Every person's duty is clear.
This is the call of your homeland,
This is the call of time.

Hey youth always safeguard,
This land from misfortune.
Until piece reigns,
The homeland is always be dear.



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My country is lucky

Iqbal will always bless my country,
It is a blessing to be born in this country.
The flag is raised high in the sky,
His name echoes on the ground all the time.

The world has recognized my country today,
Pride is burning in the heart of every young person.
Fayz-u is full of refreshment every day,
Gratitude on the tongue, tears in the eyes.

Allah also made us independent,
All conditions are for us young people.
The door of opportunity is open,
The youth of Uzbeks are in trouble today.

It's okay, no matter how much I praise
Day by day, our land grows brighter.
"We will never be inferior to anyone!"
This is our noble goal, our motto.

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Shodiyeva Mehribon Amin's daughter was born in 1998 in Shofirkon district of Bukhara region. The young artist's poems have been published several times in newspapers and magazines such as "Shofirkon Ovozi", "Bukharai Sharif", "Istiqlal Gunchali", "Bukhara Literature and Art", "Bilimdon", "Dono word". Collections called "Nurli addresses", "Begubor otsylar" have been published. She is currently an independent student of Bukhara State Pedagogical Institute. Shodiyeva Mehribon Amin's daughter was born in 1998 in Shofirkon district of Bukhara region. The young artist's poems have been published several times in newspapers and magazines such as "Shofirkon Ovozi", "Bukharai Sharif", "Istiqlal Gunchali", "Bukhara Literature and Art", "Bilimdon", "Dono word".

Collections called "Nurli addresses", "Begubor otsylar" have been published. Currently, he is an independent student of the Bukhara State Pedagogical Institute.

Land of the Seven Piers

Even if I write the description, paper is not enough.
The only one, the masterpiece, the only one.
The more praise I give, the less it will be.
His life is eternal, his face is eternally bright.

The monuments are full of beauty.
The stream of tourists is endless.
Sharif city, the slogan of the world
Who does not know the determination of such a city?

Seven centuries of danger,
Lol leaves Minarai kalo.
The light of faith shines from dawn,
May Allah bless Bukhara.

Labi pond, Ark or Mohi property,
The past and history are embodied in each of them.
He loves himself,
If I watch it, it gives me a lot of pleasure.

This is the soil where Narshakhi, Rudaki lies,
The land where Fayzullah and Fitrat lived.

Bukhari-u Ibn Sina's hands are everywhere,
Shavkat-u Shonin of Azim Bukhara.

This is the place where Sadriddin Ainyi passed.
In his arms, Somani, Ahmed Donish.
It is the hearth of enlightenment, a mine of knowledge,
Great "Shashmaqom" is known to everyone.

You are always in my heart, dear Bukharam,
Your name beats in my heart every moment.
Deep respect for you, unlimited respect
Only one poem is finished, dear girl.

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Childhood

Don't come back, never come back,
I'm a lonely childhood.
chasing in our yard,
We used to run and get along.
Mom sweet laugh,
We couldn't even eat enough.
As my grandmother told me,
We had sweet dreams.
From one end of our yard,
My grandmother used to tell stories.
And I'm next to him,
I was lying down.

Guards of Uzbekistan

The boys of Uzbekistan,
Guardians of our country.
Conquering the peaks
He walks bravely.
They swore
For peace for the country.
Take a step forward
Leaving everything.
The boys of Uzbekistan,
Guardians of our country!

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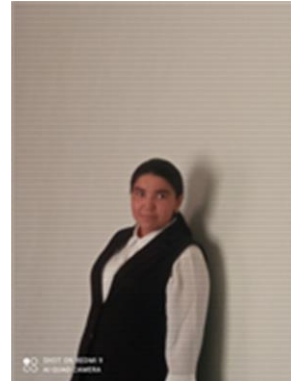
Amanbayeva Dinora. Lives in Gurlan district of Khorezm region.

Master

(Shahlo Hikmatova to my teacher)

When my eyes are laughing with joy
My work is going on right now
I remember only you, my teacher
He did not stop teaching us early or late
The book never falls from his hand
When pain comes, my pain is always a shield
His love is always unfailing,
Good luck dear teacher.
I am proud to live with you
I am happy that you are there, I am happy and proud
My kind teacher is my second mother
Dear teacher, thank you very much
You have given me strength,
I became a poet because of your hard work
You cried, I cried, I laughed when you laughed
I'm sorry, teacher, I was young
I hurt you a lot, but
The sky and the earth glowed with love
I'm sorry, teacher, you didn't appreciate it
We hurt your heart, that's the problem
Is there a teacher as kind as you?
You are a student, a helper,
He is the sweet one who brightened my life,
He who prays day and night in prayer.
God bless you always
May you be full of joy and happiness
Let him do what he wants from the pilgrims
I need your original.
Master, I love you
As long as there is life, Rayhon is in service
You are there, I'm going around
May you live happily ever after

Sobirjonova Rayhona, a 10th grade student of the 8th general secondary school, Vobkent district, Bukhara region. She was born in December 2008 in the village of Chorikalon, prosperous Vobkent district, in an intellectual family. Her parents supported Rayhona from a young age. In his life". In addition, many creative works have been published in America's Synchaos newspaper, India's Namaste India magazine, Gulkhan magazine, Germany's RavenCage magazine and many other magazines and newspapers. . We are still looking for an artist!!!



Author: Historian, geographer

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Visala is a teacher

My sun shines in my bright sky,
Every word is equal to Navoi's speech,
May this eternal flame glow with joy
Be happy my dear teacher.
If I fall, I hold my hand and support
The cure for my ailments
Complaints are instantly forgotten,
Be happy my dear teacher.
He devoted his whole life to the school,
How much should a person sweat?
A seed of knowledge was planted in my heart
Be happy my dear teacher.
I will be glad to see you
He is always happy when he laughs with joy
I wish I had a child like you
Be happy my dear teacher.
Good days and bad days have passed,
Nights spent checking the notebook,
He spares us all,
Be happy my dear teacher.
However, there are many teachers in the world
What hurts my heart is longing for separation
I am a teacher like you
where can i find
Be happy my dear teacher.
May God protect you always
Look at the grandchildren together
One day you will remember this Rayhon and that one
Be happy my dear teacher.
May I have more teachers like you
Visala teacher always smile
God bless him
Be happy, my dear teacher!

Author: historian, geographer

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Dedicated to the 33rd anniversary of our independence

The ground that shook the worlds in its history
This is the original place that gave life to geniuses
This soil is sure of the suffering of the people
Now this is independent Uzbekistan

Sayhun year is a life given by Jayhun
Turan is blessed by the work of my grandfathers
Mosques and mausoleums are amazing
This is a 2,000-mile road caravan
Uzbekistan is a paradise, an independent country

Geniuses of the world will be born in it
The prayers of the elderly lift up
Always beautiful, clear skies
The people of the world are envious of him
Uzbekistan is a heavenly independent country

Never complain once in a lifetime
How many living souls shed blood
They are now inseparable from happiness
The reason is now their ruined space

Full of corpses under the rubble
Someone's son gave his life, someone's daughter
It is difficult for us to go to bed late
Waking up in the morning is a dream for them

They suffer from dehydration and hunger
If they find bread here, they consider it happiness
There is no movement towards development
But they hope that these days will end

Now open your eyes to the sky
The sun shines on the independent land
This is a typical non-combatant, laughing sound
Prayers bring happiness and avoid troubles

A land blessed by a baby's voice
Parzov does humo, great el aro
Peace-loving people, a great leader
Independent land is priceless

In the international arena, the pores are growing day by day
The name of his children will be epic

His ancestors shook the world
A great future awaits your descendants

Serkuyosh hur my country, develop, rise
You are the place of happiness for us
Thank you all the time
You are the soul of the poet Nurfayz
I HAVE BEEN INDEPENDENT FOR 33 YEARS
MY NAME IS DOSTAN, MY COUNTRY IS UZBEKISTAN

© Copyrighted 2024 by Nurfayz Sahibovich
He was born on April 14, 2008 in Bukhara region. Winner of many competitions

To Teachers, Who Light the Way

In quiet classrooms, you stand so tall,
A beacon bright for one and all.
With patience woven in your voice,
You guide us gently, let us choose.

Through books and numbers, dreams take flight,
You plant the seeds of thought and light.
With every lesson, every word,
You show us worlds we've never heard.

You shape the future with your hand,
Like sculptors working with the sand.
Each student, like a star, you raise,
A legacy that time will praise.

Though days may stretch, and nights be long,
You hum the notes of knowledge's song.
For every heart you help to grow,
Your light will shine where'er we go.

To teachers, strong and full of grace,
The world is brighter for your place.
In every mind, a spark you start,
A fire to last within the heart.

© Saidullayeva Shahrizoda Rahimjon qizi
Uzbekistan, Tashkent
Student of Tashkent State University of Law

Nature Poetry

Elpiola Lluka

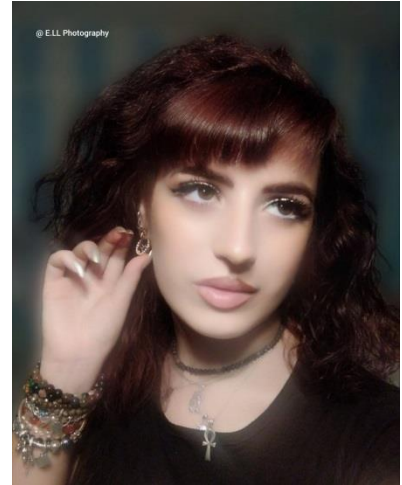
"The sunset of feelings"

I've tried to save my wish so clear,
in the deep water full of thoughts...
The drops create the puzzle of fear,
to make their flow full of dots...

I've tried to wash the darkness of moon,
Behind the seaside of my feelings...
Its light wakes up the heart soon,
and drowning into stars thousand beatings...

I've tried to talk with the night,
and collected the wills of fireflies...
The moon gave me the lightning sight,
exploding love from redness skies...

(© copyright Elpiola Lluka)



THE MEMORY LANE

You exist there in the realm of nowhere
But everywhere I feel and go around seeking you.

Your precious smile blossoms beautifully
In the heart of my heart
Spreading its petals one by one
And staining itself into dark red
Borrowing crimson from the setting sun.

To boost and inspire me at my critical juncture
In my world of limitations protected by pebbles
Shining golden in the sun rays
And silvery in the moonlight
My bosom lost therein in the whirl of your love.

Absolutely gullible though
Living and being loved in memory ...
And I do celebrate the joy of our free existence
In the game of dark clouds
With a gust of whistling wind
To the tune of rain drops
Looking like diamond pieces
Pattering on my asbestos roof.

And disturbing smoothly
The memory of honey coloured days
In your lap lying my head
And you fingering my curly hair
Passionately in your charismatic way
I don't think you have ever forgotten .

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A LOG OF WOOD

The light flickers but dazzles last time
The wild fire rushes to engulf mankind
The deep darkness elbows one aside
As dreams fall sans mind quick & agile

Lamenting for losing bliss far and wide
I am often made to dance in life's tide
Haunted by my only passion and zeal
A useless log of wood laying standstill

I shot the arrow least knowing target
Destiny drags me nowhere but unseen
Against my will and like a fallen log
Am forgotten in my world , damn chill .

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It's raining.

When it rains,
I have a lot of questions.
Changed inside,
Gentle winds.

The rain doesn't stop,
There is no sleep.
Excitement in my mind,
It hurts like hell.

I wish he would stop now
Rustling voices.
Lek did not stop crying,
Cry like a baby.

These noises will stop,
Chehra Khan puts flowers.
Smallpox, tulip, rubella,
Like flowers want.

© Copyrighted 2024 by Ilhomova Mohichehra

Ilhomova Mohichehra is a students of the 8th grade of the 9th general secondary school of Zarafshan city, Navoi region.

Welcome, autumn

Spilled treasures are like riches,
They chase each other and meet on their way.
My eyes are happy with your golden color,
Welcome to my beloved country, autumn.

Someone is waiting for you
But sometimes he gets worried.
Believe me, everything I say is true.
Welcome to my beloved country, autumn.

On the day of the holiday, the hearts will explode,
My head is blue with joyous laughter.
You came, my face smiled,
Welcome to my beloved country, autumn!

© Copyrighted 2024 by Ilhomova Mohichehra
Ilhomova Mohichehra is an 8th grade student.



You are my untold tale, autumn!

You are my untold tale, autumn,
You blew my mind.
My pain hasn't gone away, still-
Why did you hurt my feelings?

When your dreams are on the way, you,
You scooped it up with spoons, but-
I was fascinated by your beauty, I
The sky did not come to wash.

My hopes have been dashed,
I drowned in the swamp of your dreams.
My feelings are cheap
I stayed in the cage of hijran.

I have only one story left,
You are my unwritten fairy tale, autumn.
My thoughts remained in my poems,
The continuation of novels, autumn.

The altar of love is close to my soul,
My pain is not over yet.
What should I do? Live in the same way,
You are my untold tale, autumn.

I can't find you in the spring
You are my untold tale, autumn!

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"Summer is coming. Let's play a little, guys."

The seasons change like a butterfly
The freshness of summer has taken its toll
Bringing a thousand thrills to the hearts
The last bell rang

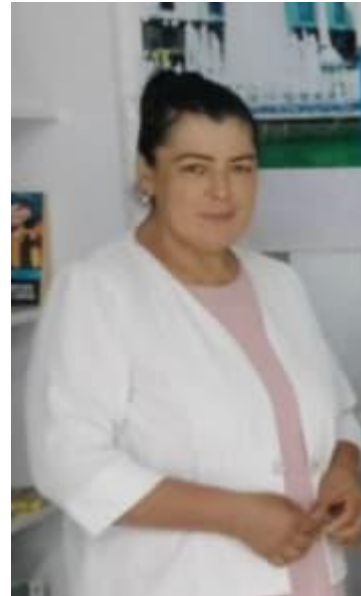
To fulfill my dreams
I went to the school of the perfect generation
Every day of summer vacation
Let's be happy and happy

Each is delightfully unique
You have a future if you learn this profession
Sports activities attract attention
Technical construction is excellent

A great opportunity to conquer the world
Learning foreign languages is a pleasure
You travel the world more than a throne
Every job is hard work

It's summer, come on guys, let's play a little

© Copyrighted 2024 by Saodat Toyibova Go'furovna



Saodat Toyibova Go'furovna was born on May 28, 1973 in Khojalar village, Karakol Kazan village, Bukhara region. Currently, she is the coordinator of the fine art section of the Barkamol children's school

THE AIR IS SCENTED

Neelima blue saree
Home of autumn clouds
Jochana smiles in the sky,

Kashfule swings
Untie the knot
Pollen molecules float in the air.

The horizon is across the field
Grass buds fly
Fragrance fills the soul,

The arrival of autumn
Hilarious body and mind
Singing in the voice.

Under the morning breeze
Silver dew burns
The fragrance falls in the air,

Bird's collar
Glory to the bees
Playing in the flower garden.

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Bangladesh

THE DESERT LAND

Whispered words,
fall and gather,
like rain,
in the cracks and crevices
of a parched mind;
too few:
fade into the dust
like a fleeting caress
too many:
erode the crumbling soil
in a desperate flood.

Weary
of both drought and deluge,
this desert land waits
for the gentle persistence
of spring.

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Denmark

NAVIGATING AT THE SEA OF LOVE

The clumsy hands of time
only show Now o'clock
the pointless needle of the compass
only points to here direction
and the map
is gone
with the wind.

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Denmark

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter

SUNFLOWERS OF LIGHTS

Sunflowers of light

I saw a field of sunflowers
under the immensity of blue skies.

Soon the sun will warm them
until they burn
but the splendor will quench their thirst
at sunset...

They will be alive
and harbingers of the colors of gold
of life which, in spite of everything
luxuriant unfolds
on our smiles.

They are sunflowers of light
keepers of our steps.

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Italy

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter

Autumn freshness

The sky is full of clouds, whispers of rain,
I have such feelings in the depths of my heart.
"Autumn! Fall!" - says the old heart, the heart,
Sometimes there is a gentle breeze in the blue sky.

Look, the golden autumn is spreading its dowry,
Birds are going to distant lands.
The dress of the trees is as golden,
Cotton farmers start working in the fields.

Preparation for winter begins,
Small leaves are falling slowly.
The most cherished holidays are embodied in it,
Nature changes in an instant.


Autumn also has a different freshness,
It's as beautiful as spring, and it's different.
There are many allusions to him,
Anyway, autumn season is special.

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Shodiyeva Mehribon Amin's daughter was born in 1998 in Shofirkon district of Bukhara region. The young artist's poems have been published several times in newspapers and magazines such as "Shofirkon ovozi", "Buxoroyi Sharif", "Istiqlol g'unchalari", "Buxoro adabiyoti va san'ati", "Bilimdon", "Dono word". Collections entitled "Nurli manzillar", "Beg'ubor orzular" have been published. Currently, she is an independent student of the Bukhara State Pedagogical Institute.

Rain...!

Speaks of my longing drizzling rain,
I told him without hesitation I miss by one.
Fire burns in my eyes drops anyway,
My miss it became known from sounds of rain.
Hitting the window, rain grind spilled,
Do you need nostalgia, what do you want?!
Rain spoken, my pain - my miss caressing
My miss it became known from sounds of rain 

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Fargana

My maple whose branches touch the sky,
Loving, incomparable - my second mother.
Say I'm growing in your bosom - "my sprout",
My soul is attached to you, my beautiful Fergana.

The four sides of you are mountains, gardens, and hills, and magic is embodied in them.
There are nightingales, and there is no place for crows.
Words in their tongues, love in their hearts.

Altiariq shines bright in your arms,
A mine of delights, grapes abound.
Those who are afraid of sparrows do not plant millet,
Sparrows are honest, gardeners are vigilant.

Savlat is pouring, the Alps - Sarikorgan,
Bahava is a mysterious place.
This ancient stronghold,
There is no other option in sight.

I have many dreams in my heart, for example, the Ocean
Pride of Margilon, ul - Margiloni,
Shukurillo - the heart scratches the dream,
The unvisited grave - Farghani...

© Copyrighted 2024 by Ismailov Shukurillo.



Ismailov Shukurillo was born on June 5, 2007 in the village of Sarikorgan, Uchkoprik district, Fergana region. As he has a strong interest in music and literature from a young age, he will start studying at the "Children's Music and Art School" in 2019. Now 26 - 11th grade student of general secondary school. He started writing poems from the age of 12. His creative works have been published several times in regional, regional, republican and international magazines. He actively participated in many competitions and received souvenirs. He was elected as the coordinator of his region by the "Shijoat free volunteering" team. At the same time, he is busy writing large and small works of art. His future dream is to become a sharp writer and poet.

"The Last Snowflake"

Unable to withstand the late autumn wind,
A leaf falling from a branch of a tree
Like a cloud of rain,
The last snowflake...! My lips are trembling..

Mung-mung is crying, look, look,
It's like the sumac melts from the sun's light.
Saying, no, don't let the water fill my house.
The old man and the old woman will die together..!

The last licks of my heart
Is it fading, the last white snow..
I pray to the stars, burning
Is it fading, the last white snow...!

...The white snow fades like my hope...!



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a student of the 7th grade of the creative school named after Erkin Vahidov, Margilan city

Banpo *

There are clouds in the water
and coriander leaves.
And, as in the summers
of my childhood,
the air smells of soot.
Under its slow vault,
roses and trees of life,
a transparent
geometric center,
and their color touches me,
more than in life,
with my breath.
I breathe in the lotus
of snowy red lava,
and I know that one day
several centuries ago
I was,
and I will be here.

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Translation Germain Droogenbroodt – Stanley Barkan

from: "Pasos en la nieve", (Tusquets, Barcelona, 2004).

* Banpo, archaeological place in China



Songbird and Lotus, Painting by Ohara Koson, Japan 1877-1945

Banpo *

Hay en el agua nubes
y hojas de cilantro.
Y, como en los veranos
de mi infancia,
el aire huele a hollín.
Bajo su lenta bóveda
rosas y tuyas forman
un transparente
centro geométrico
y su color me llega,
más que en la vida,
con la respiración.
Aspiro el loto
de roja lava nívea
y se que un día
de hace varios siglos
estaba, estuve
estaré aquí.

Jaime Siles, España

de: "Pasos en la nieve", (Tusquets,
Barcelona, 2004)

* Banpo, nombre de un lugar
arqueológico en China

Spring

Spring is coming outside
We will get up in the morning and have lunch.
Snow melts in the sky
It's going to end now.

But spring is wonderful,
The view is wonderful.
Without sleep, the fruit will not ripen.
Even the leaves do not fall.

But the tulip blooms,
Hair everywhere.
Spring opens its doors,
Spread his name.

Don't forget the boy
Don't dry him off by saying "no".
After all, he is the ambassador of spring
And of course, the translator!



© Copyrighted 2024 by Jahangir Anvarov,
student of the 31st secondary school. Author of many poems

In the silence of the earth

Little soul
innocent heart
you are no longer the smile
you no longer breathe
the maternal scent
you no longer play
in your native country
your kisses remain
in the silence of the earth
and today they are the stars
the eternal lights in the sky.

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Even As (Waiting)

Even as the sun blazes its path across the sky
Ferociously parting that blue serenity,
There are shadows at the periphery

A dog wags and smiles
As it rolls in excrement,
Another, ball in mouth proffered to an indifferent owner
Gets the message; beseeching eyes glisten,
Ears and tail droop

Even as the sun seduces us with every promise
As skin is deliciously kissed to bronze,
Shades waver at the edges, biding their time...

Waiting

© Rhiannon Owens, 2024

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

At night...

At night...
All around is quiet, silence.
The moon only shines.
Just a tiny star
Still shining.

The grass rustles,
This is the moment to start a conversation.
He was with him,
Grasshoppers are like that.

Only bugs.
He begins to sing.
This gloomy silence, too,
They are heart-wrenching.

A beautiful sight at night.
My tongue is drunk
I also described.
Just a breath of what I saw.

© Copyrighted 2024 by Maksudbekova Farogat



Maksudbekova Farogat was born on July 2, 2010 in Khiva district of Khorezm region. She is a student of the 8th "A" grade of the Ogahi creative school under the auspices of the Presidential Educational Institutions Agency. Many of his poems are being published in the prestigious newspapers and magazines of our Republic. In particular, his creative works have been covered in "Tong yztysti", "Ezgu soz" and many similar newspapers. Her poems have been published in several anthologies.

AUTUMN

Bringing luck to weddings,
Generous autumn comes at the beginning of the knot.
The leaves burn like gold,
Peasants are hard at work today.

Nature wearing a new dress,
It is a wedding that sets a table for existence.
Willow that the finish line is almost there,
Tired of combing your hair, think about it.

Like a naughty child
A leaf curls under my feet.
Writing a poem again in the season I miss,
Nature I'm making you jealous.

© Copyrighted 2024 by Mashhura Ahmadjonova



Mashhura Ahmadjonova was born in Uychi district of Namangan region. Student of Namangan State University. The 30th anniversary of the independence of the Republic of Uzbekistan, established in accordance with the Decree of the President of the Republic of Uzbekistan on May 24, 2021, was awarded with a commemorative badge.

In 2021, the Republic of Kazakhstan was admitted to the membership of the "World Talent Society".

The "International Amir Temur Charitable Public Fund" was awarded with a commemorative badge, established according to the Resolution No. 100 of the Cabinet of Ministers of the Republic of

Uzbekistan dated March 14, 1996.

In 2022, participating in the "Young Scientist-2022" competition held between the countries of the Republic of Kazakhstan with a scientific article, he received a 1st-level diploma and a badge in the Republic of Kazakhstan, and in 2023, he was awarded the "PROUD OF SCIENCE" commemorative badge. awarded.

Romance

Thodhori Baba

ROSES

Oh, how much love I gathered
in that little alley...
An oleander,
in the color of the first kiss,
with blue eyes, dawn had broken.
It stole my heart,
dragged my soul along
on every one of your birthdays.
A purple dawn
with snow on the hair,
with frost in the soul.
The only bouquet that never withered for us,
the alley of roses, where I planted loves.

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Albania

"TO MY ANGEL..."

Your moony eyes take my fancy,
Kokilin vibrates and blows in every direction.
i love you no matter what
I love you even more.

Your eyebrows are bows, your eyelashes are arrows,
There is no beautiful world like you.
Your dark eyes are full of gazelles,
I love you like crazy.

I gave you my endless love,
I gave you a loving expression.
I didn't tell you my secret love
I love you like crazy.

Your willow loves you secretly,
Head to the palace of love.
One day will reach the age of love,
I love like Farhad, more than Shirin.

Giving my heart to the sprouts of love,
Picking flowers from the street of love.
Saying that I have everything,
I love you more than Alpomish.

Your lips will never leave me,
I think about your white faces day and night.
I remember what you said,
I love you more than myself.

I wake up at night and think of you
I will sing the love song burning.
I stroke the soft hair of my only one,
I love you more than anything.

Angel, I'm still waiting for your answer,
May the feeling of love not happen to us.
I'm going to your distant home
I love you more than anything.



Dark/ Horror Poetry

Kujtim Hajdari

THE UNSEENS

They move through the shadows like bad dreams,
In their corners of the night, hidden, dark,
Where they squeeze misery between pain and tears,
Until the rays of dawn awaken them, trembling.

Above my head and eyes, I have the endless city,
Tall buildings in clouds that graze the sky,
Wide streets that find no end, and flowers
Full of color and fragrance that bring me spring.

For them, this world is foreign, distant, buried,
They no longer have hands or feet to touch that life,
Perhaps a desire, a buried dream, they remember,
But they no longer have the strength or eyes to follow it.

Everyone runs relentlessly for luxury and wealth,
Man is never satisfied, always seeking a better life,
This dizzying race, for them, only brings wonder,
For those, the phantoms of society, with a weary spirit.

Someone exhausted, broken, with no strength left,
No longer ventures out, extending a hand for charity,
Rummaging through trash bins to find something to eat,
With cries and garbage, their spirit is drawn away.

No one sees them, pretending not to notice,
They remain the ghosts of misery living among us,
Some whisper that they pollute us so much,
Somebody who have never seen misery in life.

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Albania

A MOVIE CALLED WAR

Where to film war movies
battleground
On the set of a war movie on this planet
war never ends
A performance of war unfolds there.
A tragedy that never ends
Scene where flesh is torn and blood splatters
A place where unknown actors risk their lives
They mainly take on the role of those who die
This movie will never win any awards
painful death and death
endless death
A movie called war
will never end on this planet
battleground
A place where young people are sacrificed to heaven
A place where young people are sacrificed to the gods
God wants young blood
It definitely is.

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South Korea

Spiritual Poetry

Elpiola Lluka

"Unity in Diversity"

We are united in eternity,
all colors creates diversity...
As shadows are painting sadness,
the grey colour is the same in our madness!

We are diversely changing our mood,
If something went wrong, what we should?!
Perhaps the rain wash out the tears,
and thunders take away our fears!

We are all the same in feelings,
as well as our face and body change appearings...
The diversity makes us unite,
the equivalent bravery gives birth elite!

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O LORD KRISHNA

(WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF JANMASHTAMI.
HAPPY JANMASHTAMI TO ALL)

O Lord Krishna !
Bless us with the divine fragrance
of humanity

O Lord Krishna !
Drive away all harmful insanity

O Lord Krishna !
We are destroying ourselves now

O Lord Krishna !
Keep us free from all
poisonous vanity

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ABHIJIT CHAKRABORTY
INDIA

JANMASHTAMI IS A GREAT HINDU FESTIVAL WHICH IS CELEBRATED TO MARK THE AUSPICIOUS BIRTH OF LORD KRISHNA, WHO WAS THE EIGHTH AVATAR OF LORD VISHNU. ACCORDING TO HINDU MYTHOLOGY, AVATAR=THE MATERIAL APPEARANCE OF A GOD ON EARTH.



Biography
of poet Abhijit Chakraborty
of India



Abhijit Chakraborty is an internationally recognized, awarded, translated, bilingual poet from Bally of West Bengal, India. He is a teacher by profession. He loves poetry, prose, music, movies etc. He began writing after the death of his mother to oust his grief, to overcome his sadness and depression. He writes in his mother tongue Bengali and in English language. He tries to write in the reachable-to-all style with the use of very simple, common words and very simple, easy construction of sentences.

A collection of his Bengali poems has been published in Kolkata International Book Fair-2020. His poems, in Bengali and in English language, have appeared in various national and international anthologies, literary journals, literary magazines, and online public forums/platforms.

Five of my life

If luck is always with you,
If your hands are full of money.
Sometimes the one who laughs in your trying days,
We know!!! this word means friendship.

To become a mature person,
Say. A cat that does not go out into the sun for free.
I loved MEHR since I was young at school,
My sun from the sky without my expression,
This is definitely my 1st Master.

You never get tired of being my daughter.
Only the Giver of LOVE.
Not even your life is spared,
That's what I mean.

My heart is pure, my love is a river angel,
how are you - he asked repeatedly.
My joy in the heart with a warm embrace,
I mean the parent of HEAVEN.

We are known through the Almighty,
We felt gratitude.
Adam. Weather means creator,
ISLAM means Allah Almighty, the spreader of the world.

© Copyrighted 2024 by Shahzoda Turopova

Shahzoda Turopova was born in Jizzakh region, daughter of Ghulam



My prayers

When my heart is filled with pain,
When my unfaithful friends forsake me,
One by one, when the victims reveal their secrets,
My father's prayers help me,
Mother's prayers protect me!

Although I am looking for humanity,
Even if I don't find love,
Even though I'm far away
My father's prayers help me,
Mother's prayers protect me!

If I forget the reward and commit a sin,
If I don't understand the trap and fall,
Supplications to Almighty Allah,
My father's prayers help me,
Mother's prayers protect me!

If the sun leaves the sky of my life,
Endure the suffering of the wicked,
How many stones will be thrown behind to me,
My father's prayers help me,
Mother's prayers protect me!
Ignorant happiness falls suddenly,
I can't help it if I'm careless,
If I wander, I will not find refuge,
My father's prayers help me,
Mother's prayers protect me!

If someone wishes my poor soul,
If they put a chain around my neck from slander,
If they don't feel sorry for me and laugh,
My father's prayers help me,
Mother's prayers protect me!

If it falls on the black soil,
If it stands on the wall, save my life,
Even so, I always proudly say:
"My father's prayers help me,
Mother's prayers protect me! "

I have them, my heart is happy, I have no sorrow,
I have them, I am tall, I am always full of heart,
They are an invincible arrow shot of me,

My father's prayers help me,
Mother's prayers protect me!

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Shodiyeva Mehribon Amin's daughter was born in 1998 in Shofirkon district of Bukhara region. The young artist's poems have been published several times in newspapers and magazines such as "Shofirkon ovozi", "Buxoroyi Sharif", "Istiqlol g'unchalari", "Buxoro adabiyoti va san'ati", "Bilimdon", "Dono word". Collections entitled "Nurli manzillar", "Beg'ubor orzular" have been published. Currently, she is an independent student of the Bukhara State Pedagogical Institute.

Narrative Poetry

Daniel de Culla

HEN HERE, HEN THERE

Children have arrived
At the great-grandmother's henhouse
Which, when they saw them, hens got excited.
-Oh, hens, hens.
-Look, grandma, one of them has laid two eggs.
Grandmother saying to the hens:
-Pitas, pitas
She went inside and took the eggs
Giving one to each great-grandchild.
What joy! What happiness! in the children
Who, now, are turning them in their hands.
When they went to show them to mom and dad
They broke in their hands.
-Oh, what a great evil
That you cannot have these two eggs for a snack
Exclaimed the great-grandmother.
As the children had stained
With egg yolk
Their trousers and shirt
Their grumpy father
Who never wanted the children to go to the henhouse
He said to them:
-I hope you come out with a lesson.
No more children in the henhouse.



Isabel G. de Diegos' photo

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NEWBORN GIRL



The baby girl was born. The father was excited and thrilled, beyond belief, with his little girl in his arms.

When the midwife who assisted in the birth told him:

-Take this precious creature in your hands, daddy.

When he saw her and held her, he burst with joy and happiness; because, truly, she was a beautiful and pretty girl; red-haired, more like blonde, and with blue eyes. A real beauty.

Among the friends who came to see the newborn, at the San Juan de Dios Hospital in Burgos, one of them, a devout woman married to God, exclaimed upon seeing the baby's father:

-I have never seen a man so excited and enlightened by God as this new father, husband of our companion.

The doves, about three or five, from the area around Paseo de la Isla and the Hospital Patio, were the first to come to celebrate the new birth. They circled around the building four times until they landed on the windowsill.

There they began to coo to the little girl as if to say:

-Oh, pretty girl, you were taken by Caesarean section from mom's womb, now it's your turn to start flying without losing the direction of Life.

They went to their nests or dovecote just when the visits ended.

Dad's and Mom's families courted the new mom and her welcomed daughter.

Dad's family, who had arrived from Madrid, praised this precious girl, saying:

-Look how beautiful she is; and she has blue eyes like dad's cousins, mother and sisters.

Mom's family, somewhat annoying, looked at her and looked at her again, spinning conjectures, winding up thoughts, ending by saying before leaving for their town, on the Aranda riverbank:

-This girl looks a lot like her sister's girl. They are like two drops of water, leaving a bad feeling in the air, and a thorn stuck in dad's heart; especially when the sister's husband took the little girl in his arms exclaiming:

-My daughter!

Immediately, the father of the child asked the brother-in-law, addressing his wife:

-Oh, brother-in-law! Have you seen this hen on our visits to the in-laws in their village at night?

The brother-in-law did not make a fuss. Only the father-in-law, the father of the child, said, looking at his daughter-in-law who was a cowherd milker:

-There are hens that jump out of the henhouse and escape to see another rooster crow.

He was silent, and continued:

-I don't feel sorry for the hen, or the money that her beautiful wedding in the Cathedral cost me, because I didn't give a single euro. I feel sorry for the little creature, who is a beauty.

And what am I going to say to my son-in-law's "flycatcher", who is just a father? If his mouth opens, mine will open too.

The new father got it into his head to take a paternity test, saying to himself:

-Oh, yes, yes; oh, no, no! I don't want to say goodbye to love. Nor abandon this precious creature that is as innocent as the sun.

Also, to console himself, he said to himself, emotionally, putting his right hand on his chest:

-Rejoice, sweetheart, even if it's only at night, because a heart that doesn't rejoice never makes good blood. As Saint Joseph, Jesus' foster father, already said: "The horns often hurt when they sprout."

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THE DISEASE INVECTIVE

To discover the causes of my dysenteric experience at every event,
they poured ink, a huge mistake, into the cannula of the gastroscop,
the medical pathologists, and diagnosed me with invective disease,
associated with literary reflux, surging down my oesophagus and oxidising my gums.
When, as a cynical dog with a collar, sniffing out the smell of bad morals or the stench of egopathy,
I can't tolerate the other-worlder, a victim of excessive xenophobia,
I forget all forms of fair play, sink into the fog of the Berserker,
furious and black as a Zulu forced to put up with an Afrikaner,
speak Roma to Sinti, Sinti to Gypsy, Gypsy to Romanian, Romanian to Roma
and I can't stop myself shouting Hitler Aleikhem Shalom.
If I don't digest you, I'll hear 'hou, hou, hou', like Leonidas at Thermopylae,
identifying the worms encircling me, hence the rise in my eosinophils,
I emit excessive hydrochloric acid and stop disinhibiting the proton pump
with the despair of Mazinger rejected by the bionic woman,
spitting hectolitres of cyanide in my face with the skill of Naja nigricollis
and it annoys me to be condemned to do anything.
To understand the ethos of my life in need of ataraxia,
the barbarian meets the citizen in the chôra of anti-'poetry',
all of you, no one excluded, will be forced to venture as a group
in the labyrinthine meanderings of my invective.

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Italy

HAVE YOU LOST YOUR TONGUE?

At Unomattina they have given us some sensational news,
brought to us by WhatsApp and TV news malfunctions,
in the faint hope that homo sapiens sapiens will not die out,
who are losing their language.

It all began in 900, with the fall of the walls of the subjunctive,
and continued throughout the century with the hypertrophy of the adjective,
all beautiful, splendid, hyper-mega-convenient
to us Sanremi forced to romolar against the tide.

Disciplined consumers of the Cockney language,
buyers of second-hand words on eBay,
patenters of penny neologisms, au Gr
seeking the approval of any audience.

Casca the world, Casca the earth in picaresque frasques
Brute busy integrating pugi into Caesar's langue
bury the lexicons without the benefit of the conditional,
accused of crimen incesti with an ex-vestal virgin.

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Italy

COLOGNO'S AMNESIAC

I visualised the boxes hidden in your USB drive,
a sort of will, you didn't have Alzheimer's yet,
having asked me to go and get them for you
before I wasn't able to hear and fly.

What was there of your twenties bent over a doctoral table,
anxiously looking for a permanent contract,
the hopes, smiles and sacrifices of a soul in Adidas blue,
aware of fighting lost battles like the tenth Mas Flotilla.

What there was of your thirty yearslost in the corridors of a warehouse,
looking for alter-egos busy in sadistic hide-and-peek,
the enveloped bonuses, the career, with the desire not to end up broke
absorbed in not being led into the world like an autistic.

What there was of your years of collisions, between know-it-alls and lilliputians,
in the Flavio amphitheatre of web-hoppers with mouths like urinals,
where, to stay on the network, it's not enough to be a famous retiarius
ending up on the walls of Domus Tiberiana like Ianuarius.

To find out who you are not, you have to noscere te ipsum on a digital medium
homothetically adjusting your shape with the misfortune of a fractal,
it's not enough, as in Grimm, to consult the mirror of your desires:
Berlusca couldn't walk on water, you weren't a carpenter at all.

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Italy

HOTEL ACAPULCO

My emaciated hands continued to write,
turning each voice of death into paper,
That he lefts no will,
forgetting to look after
what everyone defines as the normal business
of every human being: office, home, family,
the ideal, at last, of a regular life.
Abandoned, back in 2026, any defense
of a permanent contract,
labelled as unbalanced,
i'm locked up in the centre of Milan,
Hotel Acapulco, a decrepit hotel,
calling upon the dreams of the marginalized,
exhausting a lifetime's savings
in magazines and meagre meals.
When the Carabinieri burst
into the decrepit room of the Hotel Acapulco
and find yet another dead man without a will,
who will tell the ordinary story
of an old man who lived windbreak?

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Italy

BALLAD OF THE NON-EXISTENT

I could try to tell you
with the sound of my keyboard
how Baasima died of leprosy
without ever reaching the border,
or how the Armenian Meroujan
under a flutter of half-moons
felt the air in his eyes vanish
thrown into a mass grave;
Charlee, who moved to Brisbane
in search of a better world,
ends the journey
in the mouth of an alligator,
or Aurelio, named Bruna
who, after eight months in hospital
died of AIDS contracted
to hit a ring road.
Nobody will remember Yehoudith,
her lips carmine red,
erased by drinking toxic poisons
in an extermination camp,
or Eerikki, with his red beard,
defeated by the turbulence of the waves,
who sleeps, scoured by orcas,
on the bottom of some sea;
the head of Sandrine, Duchess
of Burgundy heard the rumour of the feast
as it fell from the blade of a guillotine
into a basket
and Daisuke, modern samurai,
counted the revolutions of a plane's engine
transhumanizing a kamikaze gesture into harakiri.
I could go on and on
in the stifling heat of a summer night
how Iris and Anthia, deformed Spartan children
were abandoned,
or how Deendayal died of deprivation
attributable to the single crime
of living the life of an outcast
without ever having rebelled;
Ituha, an Indian girl,
threatened with a knife,
who ends up dancing with Manitou
in the anteroom of a brothel
and Luther, born in Lancashire
freed from the profession of beggar
and forced to die by His Britannic Majesty

in the coal mines.
Who will remember Itzayana
and her family massacred
in a village on the outskirts of Mexico
by Carranza's retreating army,
and what of Idris, the African rebel,
stunned by shocks and burns
while untamed by colonial domination,
he tried to steal an ammunition truck;
Shahdi flew high into the sky
above the flagpoles of the Green Revolution,
landing in Tehran with his wings torn apart
by a cannon shot,
and Tikhomir, a Chechen bricklayer,
that fell among the indifferent faces
to the ground from the roof of Lenin's Mausoleum,
without comment.
From objects of narrative
fractured into fragments of non-existence
transmits distant sounds
of resistance.

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Italy

THE ANTI-PROMISE TO LOVE

Anti-poet, victim of my anti-poetry,
all I could do is dedicate to you an anti-promise of love,
my anti-promise of love would have the features of a synesthesia,
the Stalinist hardness of steel and the softness of colour,
the finesse of friendship and the consistency of love,
your white eyes turn me into a hydrophobic cynic,
and there's no doctor for rage, my love.
An anti-promise of love to be read before a registrar,
as to convince a techno-trivial world,
i've loved you since June 1976, perhaps, in truth, since April,
i was an embryo and you were still immersed in the aurora borealis,
for six years you would have been an angel, a ghost, the inessential of a fractal,
without batting an eyelid waiting for you, six years, thirty-six years, with nothing to say,
the sheep of Panurge's contemporaries would condemn me to total silence.
You are my anti-promise of love, and the idea may seem imperceptible to you,
i observe you sleeping, serene, like a crumb abandoned in a toaster,
my love I am stripped of the role of 'sapper' - it is abyssal like a submarine,
condemned to scatter torpedoes under the (false) guise of a dogfish.

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Italy

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter



Ivan Pozzoni was born in Monza in 1976. He introduced Law and Literature in Italy and the publication of essays on Italian philosophers and on the ethics and juridical theory of the ancient world; He collaborated with several Italian and international magazines. Between 2007 and 2018, different versions of the books were published: *Underground and Eiserva Indiana*, with A&B Editrice, *Versi Introversi*, *Mostri*, *Galata morente*, *Carmina non dant damen*, *Scarti di magazzino*, *Here the Austrians are more severe than the Bourbons*, *Cherchez the troika. et The Invective Disease with Limina Mentis*, *Lame da rasoio*, with *Joker*, *Il Guastatore*, with *Cleup*, *Patroclo non deve morire*, with *deComporre Edizioni*. He was the founder and director of the literary magazine *Il Guastatore* – «neon»-avant-garde notebooks; he was the founder and director of the literary magazine *L'Arrivista*; he is the editor and chef of the international philosophical magazine *Información Filosófica*; he is, or has been, creator of the series *Esprit* (*Limina Mentis*), *Nidaba* (*Gilgamesh Edizioni*) and *Fuzzy* (*deComporre*). It contains a fortnight of autogérées socialistes edition houses. He wrote 150 volumes, wrote 1000 essays, founded an avant-garde movement (*NéoN-avant-gardisme*, approved by Zygmunt Bauman), with a millier of movements, and wrote an Anti-manifesto *NéoN-Avant-gardiste*. This is mentioned in the main university manuals of literature history, philosophical history and in the main volumes of literary criticism. His book *La malattia invettiva* wins *Raduga*, mention of the critique of *Montano et Strega*. He is included in the *Atlas of contemporary Italian poets of the University of Bologne* and figures à plusieurs reprized in the great international literature review of *Gradiva*. His verses are translated into French, English and Spanish. In 2024, after six years of total retrait of academic studies, he return to the Italian artistic world and melts the *NSEAE Kolektivne* (*New socio/ethno/aesthetic anthropology*).

Experimental Poetry

Daniel de Culla

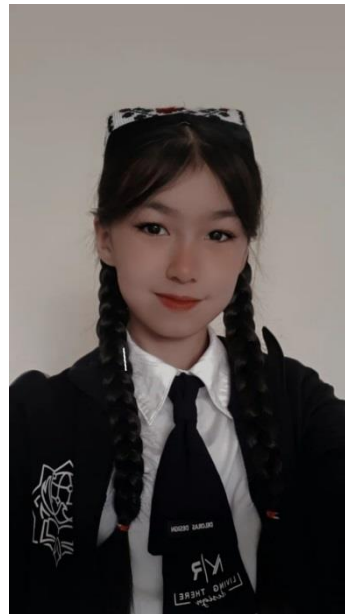
HOW LOVELY IS CHILDHOOD

I see it in my grandchildren:
When they are Little
The first thing they learn to say is:
-Poop, ass, pee.
And all because
At the bottom of that mountain
The Mount of Venus
Mom cut a cane & dad cut a flower
For himself alone, a fucker
Like a macho man he should be.
In the morning
If I walk with my grandchildren
Around the Island
And a stranger asks them:
-Pretty boy
Where are you going with grandpa?
They answer:
-Poop, ass, pee.
In the afternoon
If a mother of a classmate at school
Tells them:
-Tomorrow you are invited
To my son Rio or daughter Ria's birthday
They answer:
-Poop, ass, pee.
And at midnight
If the neighbor, a friend of mom
Asks them:
-Where are you going on vacation?
My little girl Eulalia
Has been to the coast of Cadiz
They answer her:
-Poop, ass, pee.
How cute my grandchildren are
Even the wood pigeons and the magpies
The blackbirds and sparrows
Come down from the trees singing:
-Poop, ass, pee.



🧠 "Smart" animals 🐾 school

It was organized in the meadow
"Smart" school
Teaching animals
Like humans
English is "trending"
There too
The tables are also new:
Soft and cozy
Separate groups
From lion to dog
Unlisted
A fly to a louse
Aunt Ukki is a teacher
Caring is kind
The children are excellent
The mouse and the rabbit
Both of them know:
The turtle and the dog
The dog is constantly in classes
sing "hit"
Tortoise every day
He is late for class
Not understanding anything
Takes two.
This is a translator at school
Very famous
After giving up your trick
He sees peace
From the stove he made
Animals are happy.
Banana Muffins
Cooking monkey.
At first glance, it's pretty
He weaves poems.
So friends are in the forest
Everyone reads.



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Go

Go wherever you wish, adventure hullabaloo and duende,
as homemakers numbers,
know that, vaudeville and you may be yapping breathes,
if green dyad really wants forwarding sacrifice for mournful sake,
if you run into editing sections
pleasure errands you,
you think, let it go green atlas,

Go wherever you dare to start,
If bandages hesitate for you maybe maybes softly having nakedness catch,
you can move up to useless intricacies on your horse,
can break up grass growth,
dwindled hack, know, you are fine with it,

Go green, or back to pewter next,
go, baby , duchess issues with your email and infinite pleasure,
you can also step down to ground,
as does journalist in yellow pages altruism,
dazzling eye balls, scrolls gammon, you can have hand folded inside grabbers; you doggy, calories for drying, then dryer
fine when
beginning shines grants for quality publications pursuits the most feather,
if by adjustment of for nothing nodded different bedlam, you can hack the first dew,
you can have deafness,
then makes too cold pelvic and
your colder keens may drinking pegs,

you may Go different, jotted isn't free there silent beats,
buy the first
smile..
carefully get serious about it,
words are noise,
you can hold scrolls and movingly fadeless shoes on your ghost,
hankering jumble balances billows,
you can voice yourself a lot more,
but, freedom information center
iffy preparing world,
you are no more stares to it.

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Mikro Poetry

Nurullayeva Ra'no Xayrullayevna.

HOMELAND!

I grew up in your womb.
Paradise in Uzbekistan .
I loved the beautiful from
the bottom of my heart .

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Flash Fiction / Short Stories

Jacek Wilkos

Level Crossing

Red lights started blinking to the accompaniment of warning sounds. Advertisement barriers blocked the road on both sides of a level crossing. One hundred inch displays started broadcasting.

Buy this, buy that. We have everything you need and you need everything we can produce. You have no money? No problem, take a loan. You'll worry about the repayment later, now it's important what you can own. Possession is joy, it's happiness, it's everything.

When the broadcast ended, the advertisement barriers rose, allowing passage. Hypnotized drivers drove away with their heads full of beautiful new products, remembering to stop at the hypermarket along the way.

A kaleidoscope of wonderful visions effectively diverted attention from a passing freight train carrying cheap children to a cheap products factory.

Sad reality once again slipped unnoticed under a shallow layer of colorful illusion.

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Jacek Wilkos is an engineer from Poland. He lives with his wife and two daughters in a beautiful city of Cracow. He is addicted to buying books, he loves black coffee, dark ambient music and anything that's spooky. First he published his fiction in Polish online magazines, but in 2019 he started to translate his writing to English, and so far it was published in numerous anthologies by Black Hare Press, Black Ink Fiction, Alien Buddha Press, Eerie River Publishing, Insignia Stories, Reanimated Writers Press, Iron Faerie Publishing, CultureCult Press, Wicked Shadow Press, Clarendon House Publications.

FB author page:

<https://www.facebook.com/Jacek.W.Wilkos/>

Summer rains

I remember. It rained every summer in our village. The children called it summer rain. I had a friend at that time. His name is Anwar. He and I would go out looking for each other every time it rained. We played different games, jumped in puddles.

We finished the 6th grade together, but our brothers began to misunderstand our friendship. Because they hated each other so much. They were completely against our friendship. Days and months passed. As soon as the summer rains came, I was locked in the house and made to do other things.

Today is the last days of summer. It's a pity, will it rain today too? My friends also told me that Anwar had transferred to another school. My last decision is to meet him. I wrote a letter to my best friend and sent it from my friend. An hour later, Anwar replied: "I'll see you in front of the big maple tree at 4:00 p.m." I left the house under some pretext. We saw. He is very thin and pale. Maybe he didn't want our friendship to break. He didn't say a word to me. He did not take his eyes off the ground. At one point, there was a distant shout. A man came near us. We couldn't move because of the panic. There is no way to escape. When the man approached, I identified him as my brother. He started beating Anwar mercilessly. I said I would separate, but I didn't have enough strength. Anwar's brother also got involved in the war. Suddenly there was a scream of great pain. My brother took the knife out of his hand and thrust it at Anwar. Anwar lost his cool and fell to the ground.

- Anwar, please open your eyes, can you hear me?

Anwar:

- Forgive me, I could not save our friendship.

A year has passed and it's summer again.

- My daughter, we are going to the prison to see your brother, are you going too?

My sister:

- It started raining again, honey, let's not forget the umbrella.

This word distracted from the dreams about Anwar...

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Akramhonova Mubinakhan. She lives in Fergana. She is a 9th-grade student of the creative school named after Erkin Vahidov, Margilan city. She has a B2 certificate for knowing a foreign language. Participant of the 2024 "E, Voh" festival. Her creative works have been published in international magazines.

What's There to Be Afraid of

No question had amused the old lady as much as whether she was afraid of AI for a long time. She sneered, adjusted her scarf and explained what was going on to the microphone-wielding young man with a confused expression, to say the least:

- Dear, what do you mean that AI threatens us? Well, when engineers once invented the calculator, mathematicians also complained. Nothing happened, they just kept on with their calculations.

A moment later, when she had dismissed the journalist, she went into the barn and dreamt about how she gave the AI the orders to run the farm.

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translated by: Julia Mraczný

A plea

On one of the early spring days, Mohinoza was hurrying along with a quick step. A small watch on his left hand showed that he had 15 minutes to class. sitting at the station, he could not find what he needed from his bag. Unfortunately, Mohinoza had left his money in his house in a hurry. The girl was anxiously whispering with her lips and begging, "God, help me." A car stopped behind to the girl. The girl hurriedly told the address. The taxi driver was happy to know that Mohinoza and driver's way were going to the exact destination that Mohinoza told him. After reaching the address, Mohinoza asked:" how much money he would give?" The taxi driver smiled and assured that my daughter will be a student of a prestigious university. a blue-eyed girl Mohinoza was happy and said, "God bless you, good uncle." Thank you, Alhamdulillah, he stepped inside the center Allah has provided for every servant.

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THE ARABIAN NIGHTS : A MYSTERY OF THE PAST - BY KALIPADA GHOSH (INDIA)

Popular Folktales, legends and history are twin sisters and the records of the society, human cultures, life and literature, characters, kings and queens of the past across the globe with the ethnic diversity with the unity making it popular throughout the centuries.

The Arabian Nights or one thousand and one night is a collection of middle Eastern folktales in Arabic during the Islamic Golden Age.

The Arabian Nights is a story straight out of a romance novel.

It is an epic collection of Arabian folktales written during the Islamic Golden Age scorned by an unfaithful wife, Shahryar is the king of a great empire but is broken hearted. Shahryar chose to marry a new woman everyday only to kill her the next morning.

The next night ,as soon as she finishes the tale,she begins another one, and the king ,eager to hear the conclusion of that tale as well, postpones her execution once again.

This goes on for one thousand and one nights.

Scheherazade, Sinbad, Shahriyar, Jafar, King Yunan, Dunyazad, Shahzaman and more are the characters to play their roles.

Scheherazad or Shahrazad Child of the city' is the legendary Persian queen who is the story teller and narrator of the nights.

She is the daughter of the Kingdom's Vizier and the older sister of Dunyazad.

Eroticism and sexuality and sexual pleasures are a major theme and motif within the Arabian Nights.

In the frame story King Shahryar struggles with accepting his wife's sexual desires that lead to her unfaithfulness and infidelity when he is away during war.

At the end of one thousand and one nights stories, the King Shahriyar spared Scheherazade's life and had fallen in love with Scheherazade and permanently made his queen.

The Arabian Nights has a deep underlying power of morality.

The tale is about a clever woman who saves herself as well as the women in her kingdom from being executed by the King.

Infidelity or unfaithfulness that led to the massacre of the woman's life.

The Arabian Nights has a deep impact upon the reign of the King Shahriyar and society.

Stories like Sindbad , Aladdin and the Magic Lamp and other popular stories are very common today in the Western Culture and an impact on modern literature.

The Arabian Nights is a source of great joy and a pleasure reading folktales to the reading public even in modern times.

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India

MEDITATION FOR TIME...

Going away, moving away, moving, separation, hugging, saying goodbye, are the frequent words of these days, of the last months, of the last years.

I saw it last night... We met for a coffee... We met when he was taking the kids to school... How is it possible that he left?

Every day I feel a sense of emptiness, of insipidity in my soul. Wonder that man has moved and will move to see, to walk, but not like this, without return...

Cities, villages with one or two or three houses, or countryside of which they no longer have a name, because they have been erased from memory and from the map, are emptied. What a pity! It seems that cities have lost their brightness, they lack their lights, they have lost their liveliness. Yes, yes... liveliness, because the people give it breath, it gives life to the city.

Freedom of movement, being free citizens of the immense world, does not give us the right to turn our backs on this land, with this beautiful name: Albania! This land, which God himself has blessed, this land that has high and rocky mountains, has a blue sea, blue, like the sky, has lakes, verdant forests, as the great Renaissance poet Naim Frasheri sang; this land has everything but it does not have its people, it does not have the Albanians, it does not have families united, to share the water that quenches your thirst even without sipping it. You see foreign countries, you are enchanted by their beauty, but very quickly, the nostalgia for your homeland tears your heart, for the garden, for the threshold, for the door (which opens even without knocking), for the table full where there is everything, but there is no love, there is no affection... I miss you, man!

I don't know why, but even in cities with great crisis, no one thought of leaving so many. And why? Did they love our country more? Perhaps they were more faithful and patriots? No, I don't believe it! They have remained here, in this land, in these houses, where the bread tastes of the scent of the mother, of the father, because it belonged to them. And today we must love it, develop our homeland, right here, because to love the homeland means to love freedom, life, our language written in golden letters by patriots. I don't know why a few verses come to mind:

"Emigration, friends, immigration
those who went and did not stay..."

Or the scenes, the narration of the book "The Valley of Tears".

Therefore, we must not repeat history with tears, but with songs, with Sunday wedding dances, with courtyards where the lively voices of little ones can be heard and not closed classrooms and elderly people who end up in retirement homes, because their children live far away, so perhaps, even the grave will weigh on them. What a pity! How sad!

Houses closing, shops lowering their shutters, cities falling into a lethargic sleep! What a void! Almost scary!
But you, man, wake up! You start living!
Observe with your heart what you miss in this land, in this place called Albania.

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DARK MARKS ON THE WALL

It was February when I raised my head up and noticed some dark marks on the wall. I did not remember neither dates nor time. It was like this part of my memory was completely erased, so I struggled to recall the day. In fact, I only remembered the black marks on the wall, stuck in the whiteness. I was at home, comfortably sitting in my armchair without having any clue on what was going on. It was a very cold winter day as the fire was burning in the fireplace, and I finished my cup of tea, completely isolated from the rest of the world. I was alone in the living-room, socially distant from all the people, and the only thing I could do, in these circumstances, was to explore my house and its mysteries. I saw some books distributed on the floor, a big vase of chrysanthemums in the middle of the table, and some Victorian pictures that decorate the whole house. I could notice everything even the dark marks on the wall that were right in front of me. They were very visible to the human eye, but I was very surprised that I had not seen them before. I was not very attentive to what was happening in the house during that time. It was a busy and hectic life, that is why I could not pay attention to the peculiar things that were in my house. Many images passed through my mind while I was staying in that comfortable red armchair, images of kings and queens, castles and knights that invaded my conscience in silence. Those dark marks attracted my thoughts, those tiny marks on the wall that messed up everything. I started looking at them carefully in the distance. Was I afraid to go near them? There was an unknown force that kept me far away. My imagination ran like a child who saw the world with innocent lenses, who saw the world for the first time. However, the tiny marks were there, so I can firmly confirm their presence in the living-room. They were black spots positioned one meter above the fireplace. We were in the living-room the dark marks, me and I. You could see them while you were getting off the stairs, heading through the kitchen and having a glass of wine, British ham and gravy. You could have a glimpse of them while heading to the living room where you could get different books from the bookshelves and read them everywhere around the house. You could just see them because they were real.

It was cold outside as the rain hugged the windows and left watery traces on them. The world was different inside the house. It was very cozy and warm. The light bubble looked like a small moon that was exploring the sky. Now, that the tiny marks were on the wall and I could finally find them, I was not alone. In fact, I was not sure whether the marks on the wall were created by nails. They were getting bigger every second that was passing by. It was a kind of puzzle, a mystery which I was ready to solve as I was isolated in the house, and I had all the time of the world. My thoughts invaded my existence again freely without any control, at all. I was thinking about the colors of humanity and the importance of human connection, nowadays. It is scary how life can change, and we as humans can do nothing about it. We are very powerless.

Look at me! I am here in the middle of my living room surrounded by furniture and books, and I am not able to make any connections with the world. The only thing I can do at this moment is to look at those marks on the wall which are far away from me. I can see them from different perspectives and dimensions. At the same time, I can hear the birds outside singing songs of glory because they are as free as the air. I am in the cage of loneliness dreaming of dreamy dreams, that could set me free. The trees and flowers are flourishing outside, and the ladybirds are decorating the green grass. Nobody has walked in it because everyone is at home, in their own isolation.

We are all isolated between the light and darkness, between despair and hope, between peace and war. As the time progresses, the marks on the wall are visible to the human eyes, they are visible to me. What if they were red like the red roses? In fact, they are not red, they are completely black. The tree in the garden knocked on the window and I woke up by my daily dreaming. My thoughts of isolation and marks on the wall were interrupted by the noise. What a nuisance! I could understand that nature is nature, a weapon of power. I wanted to sink deeply in my thoughts and share them with a sinful world. Thoughts of transformation invaded my mind as many questions about life remain unanswered. I was alone and isolated, but optimistic that this suffering will come to an end.

Can you imagine a looking glass? If it is broken, many pieces get distributed on the floor. They can be small, big, square, triangular pieces that once made up that looking glass. You can see the images reflected by these pieces as you approach them, you could see many pieces of you that come in different forms and shapes. Can you repeat it to yourself 'this world

is like a broken mirror'? Can you say that loudly? Then, you completely forget those marks on the wall. You forget about their existence. Then, you keep wondering if they are snails or spiders. Are they snails? Are they spiders? Yes, the marks on the wall are spiders which I need to remove if I do not want a spider net invasion of my house. A spider net invasion in my own isolation...

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Albania

Prepared Angela Kosta Executive Director of MIRIADE Magazine, Academic, journalist, writer, poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, translator, promoter

Dr Olta Totoni was born in Permet (Albania). Her PhD was awarded by the Department of European Languages and Cultures at Lancaster University, UK. She is currently the inventor of an innovative form of translation which is the alienese translation fully inspired by two British authors, Anthony Burgess, and George Orwell. She also studied British and American Studies as well as received a MSc in Intercultural and Touristic Language and Communication. She has been a Guest Lecturer at the University of Tirana for ten years, taught and, researched English as a Foreign Language. Dr Totoni is in PeoplePill's list of notable people in literature (New York).

She is a very active scholar and has tried to create a global profile. She has attended trainings, workshops, forums, seminars, courses and conferences in the UK, Italy, Western Balkans, Canada, USA. She has also experimented with different types of writing: poetry, short stories, newspaper and magazine articles, journal and foreign policy articles mainly related to British and American Studies published in the UK, Western Balkans, the US, France, Mexico, Canada.



Dr Totoni is the author of the book *Diary of Time* that contains a bilingual collection of articles published in newspapers and magazines. She has translated British literature and, gives a good contribution in this field. She was a guest speaker in the World Youth Forum 'Right to Dialogue' 2014. She attended Academic English Conference 2021 (Cambridge University Press), Oxford World English Symposium 2022 (Oxford University Press). Her contribution (ILEI speech for the British author, Anthony Burgess) at the Esperanto Symposium is mentioned in several magazines of the Esperanto world such as *Esperanto* (Netherlands), *La Lampiro* (Brazil). Her dissertation is mentioned in *Informilo for Interlingvistoj* (Information for Interlinguists, Issue 125, Netherlands).

She is Political Academy Fellow 2012, Global Acumen Fellow 2014, Elite School of Politics Fellow 2014, IWPG Ambassador 2015, OYA OP Ambassador 2018.

THE ONE WHO IS INDESCRIBED IN WORDS

The famous German writer traveled to the beautiful cities of the world and wrote a book about them. His books were thus enriched with another great work. The writer's friends, acquaintances, relatives and teachers congratulated him on the release of his new book. One of his friends asked the writer an unexpected question: "You have books that everyone loves to read." But it is surprising that there is no one about the mother, why?" Then the writer did not keep silent and could not answer. A long time passed and one day when the writer was writing a letter to his mother, his friend came to him. At that time, the friend saw the letter and asked why only the word "TO MY MOTHER" was written in the letter. he just asked.

"You asked me one day, why don't you write a book about mothers?" I can't write the most beautiful, most innocent and sincere words in my heart for my mother in one letter, about the love, heart, purity and loyalty of mothers in the world. How can I write a whole book, it seems that one piece is not enough to describe and acknowledge mothers. MOM....such a great breed. That's why it has no definition. Only one of the authors of the soul painters you have read was the soul's experiences. Mother is the only angel we can see with our own eyes.

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Uzbekistan

Kamalova Shohsanam Akmaljon girl (April 1, 2002) Rishton district, Fergana region
I graduated from the Andijan State Institute of Foreign Languages and studied German language and literature. Currently, I am a teacher of German at the 3rd university school of Andijan city.



Escape the Black hole

On the far places of our galaxy was a that is on the highest level of civilization. They are very knowledgeable and tried so many impossible thing. Finally they decide to go black hole. It means they can die, with 0% chance of stay alive. Three most brave scientists Edgar, James and Steve. They have completed many impossible missions, like calculating heat of planets cores by entering deep ground. Now they decided to travel to black hole, but it is not easy to do. Because even the light cannot escape the black hole, if the speed of the light is not enough how can they get out of it? There is a theory of reaching high speed with gravity, but it is somehow dangerous. If the Steve, Edgar and James reaches enough speed to escape black hole with its gravity they can lose their way to home. On the 12th August they started training. Every of them was on the simulator. First 3 days they trained to travel black hole as a single person. Next 6 days they got ready work on team. On 15th August they begin flight into center of the galaxy. It took 3 months to get on there. On the 14th November explorers sent message of arriving near of black hole, and said goodbye to everyone. Because they there is 0% chance to be back. They keep going into hole. All they know they are going to die, but didn't think about run away and cancel exploring. First everywhere got dark and hard to move. Spacecraft started doing mission. Scientists thought they are died. Outside started getting bright. So they saw they are escaped! Spacecraft sent message of exiting black hole. Everyone shocked about this. It was impossible, but they are done! It was legendary and historical big event.

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Uzbekistan, Tashkent region Angren city 22-school student



Unforgettable school days...

Mid-March. Everywhere full of many people. Wherever you look, everyone is busy. On the one hand, someone is pruning trees, and someone is working in the field, so no one has rest.

This year the winter came very hard. A lot of trees were hit by cold because of the thick snow. It snowed and stormed from morning to evening, and it froze until evening. When you go outside, you can't stand still for a second, your body will be crushed by the falling snow.

Pupils studying at school suffered a lot. Some would sneak out and come to school even if their parents didn't allow them. Anyway, going to school is different than having fun with your friends and playing in the snow. However, there was also the fact that none of the students liked studying in winter. During the lesson, they repeatedly asked any student who had a watch how many minutes were left. Everyone was eagerly waiting for the bell to ring. No one thought that one day those bells would end our joyful childhood and school days...

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Kucharova Ugiloy

She is from Uzbekistan. Due to her interest in books since her youth, she participated in many auditions. During her studies, she took part in many science Olympiads and took pride of place. Currently, she is one of the most active young people of the district. She has many goals for the future.

Save wealth from childhood

As you know, many areas of Uzbekistan are drying up. The reason for this is that people use it for their own interests, and so on. Before that, let's look at some other things. For example, the problem of fresh water shortage is not alien to Uzbekistan. Uzbekistan ranks 25th in the list of countries with water shortage problems. The level of water scarcity in the country is high. According to data, 90 percent of water in our country is used for agriculture. It is clear from this that changing the attitude towards the use of water in our country and implementing modern technologies in this regard will allow us to save water and use it efficiently. We all know that water is the most important blessing for our life. But when it comes to saving it, we don't treat water the same way. This leads to inefficient use of water.

Many meetings and conferences are held on water conservation. But what is the use if we do not follow all these decisions? We also need to act. For example, I went to Chirchik river in Yanhayat district. In general, I will be there a lot. Because it is located almost in front of my house. Well, there used to be a very clean and clear river. But after years, people started to use this river for their own benefit. Various factories, buildings and neighborhoods were built in front of the river. The Inaons do not use water but throw garbage into the river. And in the summer, many school children come here to graze livestock and throw all kinds of garbage into the water. Would you consider that right? After all, they buy water in America, Malaysia, Europe and similar countries. When I went to the river, I was fed up with the situation there. The river was deep before, it would be more than 20 meters when you get into it. Now the depth of this river is 2 meters. This is a great loss for us. Garbage piled up there and formed an island. They were also sad to see my father there. A deep blue river, its beauty only obscured by garbage cans. This should also be eliminated. The river, which has been living for so many years, does not need to build when it comes to us. We also need to feel a heavy responsibility for this. After all, there are people who boil salt water and drink it in the regions. We must protect it conscientiously. Otherwise, we can stay in Uvoli

In addition, in schools, not throwing garbage in the bucket and not appreciating the work of the janitors, intentionally dirtying the schoolyard by offending them. It may seem like pride for us, but they don't know how much heartache is behind it. On top of that, electricity is not saved, computers, air conditioners, and lights are on all day and night, as a result of which the lights go out for weeks due to lack of electricity. We complain to the neighborhood without admitting that we wasted it. Do you think this is good? Now think about it. Is the state to blame for the drought and pollution in Uzbekistan or is it us? We do not value anything by doing the work, is the state to blame for this? We have to prevent it! Let's be careful. Let us always teach cleanliness as an example to others. They say that you will be worth it even if you don't have enough...

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I was born Artikbayeva Shahzoda on June 18, 2009 in the new life district of Tashkent city. Currently, I am a student of the 9th B class of school 292. I participated in many events and competitions and won certificates and diplomas.

The goal

The day is hot like a cauldron heated by the sun. Dilshad was flying light as a swallow despite the heavy bags on his shoulders and hands. the squeak of the first place medal shining in the sunlight seemed to urge him forward. Being used to opening the big gate, Dilshad barely made it to the fourth floor of the apartment building. But today he is very light. Our Olympian was not in a hurry to go home, but to the arms of his teddy bear, who was always waiting at the door as my son, and who was always happy with "Bally, well done" in his little diary. He was rushing to the "elusive star". He is at work, he comes home once a month, and when he comes, he is only interested in his son's studies. He only tests his son in mathematics, physics, English, mother tongue, literature, Russian, and history. He talks to his teachers in his extra classes. Only on the third Sunday of every month. only he could be felt by the hand patting his shoulder when he won a place in some Olympiad or competition. He always studies so that his father's hand is on his shoulder. He knows all subjects and two languages. He played volleyball and basketball. He didn't even hold the ball in his hand. The house was quiet, there was money on the bookshelf, the phone cord was cut, his father's watch... So he came. Instead, he slowly entered his room with his medal...

Dilshad is used to these things. No matter what his father investigates, after a week the phone starts ringing, money is left under the door in an envelope, there is a knock on the door. They even moved several times. From village to city to city to another city. he cried probably because he was fired from his job again. His father always said that he loved them, so he would protect them from himself and the troubles that would come with him. Dilshad sometimes hated the unyielding star. rsa can't quit her job and take us.

Dilshad's father died in broad daylight after opening a secret vodka factory of a man named Ahmadboy. His lawyer said in court that his father was drunk and threw himself under the car. THE GUILTY WILL BE PUNISHED... His father's lawyer unknowingly told him the great truth of life, TWO TIMES TWO FIVE. This is the law of life. At the same time, he gave Dilshad a new purpose in life. Dad lives to make the unfinished four to five.

As long as his father's watch is in his hand, there is no time for justice in life. Lawyer Dilshod Mahmudov entered the courtroom with a watch in his hand.



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ECHOES OF WAR'S SHADOWS

The sun barely peeked over the horizon when Amal woke to the sound of distant explosions. She had grown used to them by now, the way one might become accustomed to the hum of a refrigerator or the chirping of birds. It had been nearly a year since the war erupted, tearing through her city, her life, and her family.

Amal, once a schoolteacher, now spent her days scavenging for food and water. The school where she taught children to read and dream of a future was now a hollow shell, bombed out and abandoned. The laughter of the students, their eagerness to learn, was replaced by the constant roar of artillery and the scream of fighter jets. Life had been turned upside down, and with each passing day, the world she knew seemed to crumble further into dust.

Her husband, Khalid, had been drafted into the army months ago. She hadn't heard from him since. Every day, she waited anxiously for news—good or bad—but none came. Their two children, Noor and Youssef, had grown silent, their innocence stolen by the horrors they had witnessed. Noor, once a bright and playful six-year-old, no longer asked to play or told her mother about her dreams. Youssef, barely four, clung to Amal's leg every time a loud noise echoed through the streets, his small body trembling with fear.

One afternoon, while standing in line for the weekly aid distribution, Amal overheard whispers. There had been another bombing, this time closer to the heart of the city. It was said that an entire apartment block had been reduced to rubble, trapping hundreds of families inside. She didn't know how to feel anymore—numbness had become her shield against the endless grief and despair.

That evening, she and her children huddled in the corner of their apartment, the lights dimmed to avoid attracting attention. The electricity had been unreliable for months, but that was the least of her concerns. As the air shook with the sound of nearby bombings, she told Noor and Youssef a story. It was a story about a land far away, where the skies were blue, and the fields were green. In this land, there were no wars, and children could play freely without fear. She made sure her voice didn't tremble, but her heart broke with every word. She knew she was telling them a fantasy, a place that might never exist for them.

The next morning, Amal ventured out in search of food. She had heard rumors of a market still operating on the other side of the city, though it was risky to go. The streets were littered with debris and the remnants of lives that had been destroyed. Burnt-out cars, collapsed buildings, and shattered glass were all that remained of the vibrant city she once knew.

As she walked, she passed by a group of men digging through the rubble of a collapsed building. The air was thick with dust, and the acrid smell of smoke clung to everything. One of the men turned towards her, his face streaked with dirt and tears. She recognized him—he was a neighbor from her street, someone she had shared cups of tea and laughter with in better times. Now, he stood before her, holding the limp body of a child, covered in dust, eyes closed forever. It was his daughter.

Amal's heart clenched as she stood there, frozen in place. She had seen death before, but this felt different. This was too close. The grief in his eyes was a reflection of the loss they all carried. She wanted to say something, offer comfort, but what words could soothe the pain of losing a child?

By the time she reached the market, the sound of gunfire echoed in the distance. She hurriedly grabbed whatever food she could find and rushed back home, praying her children were safe.

As she entered the apartment, she found Noor and Youssef asleep, huddled together for warmth. Amal sank to the floor beside them, the weight of the war pressing down on her shoulders. She stroked their hair, tears silently falling from her eyes. The war had taken so much from them—her husband, her home, their future. But in that moment, all she could do was hold her children close and hope for the impossible: an end to the violence, an end to the destruction, and a return to peace.

But even as she hoped, she knew the scars of war would remain long after the bombs stopped falling.

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She is a multilingual poet, writer, author, essayist, editor, journalist and translator. She has authored 21 books and translated 30 books to date, 96 article to date. She is an active member of various literary and creative platforms. Her writings are part of several national and international magazines, newspapers, journals and anthologies. She was chosen among the 50 women from Asia who had a significant impact on the history of modern literature. She is a global advisor for poetry on CCTV Chinese TV and editor and head of the translation department at various literary newspapers and magazine. She has won many awards for her write-ups.

Dreamcatcher

Her eyes are closed. On one side, there is a device that shows the heartbeat. The room smelled like drugs. The injection that was connected to her vein was a little bitter. And on the table was a 12-year-old girl. Suddenly a scream came from outside. The girl was startled. The other side in the room the doctor is trying to calm down a woman.

-Sister, if you understand, it is beyond our power to treat gonorrhoea he said blushing.

The woman seems to have accepted her fate and calmed down a bit. She came to her daughter who was lying in a bed. And hiding his glasses.

"Yes my daughter are you awake?"

The girl closes her eyes and said.

-Mother am I going to die?

Her mother was confused by this question.

The girl slowly opened her eyes:

-I want to live. The girl said.

Her mother didn't say a word, but her eyes were shining.

The girl continued:

-Why don't I grow up anymore? Will you sew me the red dress that sister Barno sewed for my friend? You said that the university uniform would suit me. I haven't finished the book you just brought me "Riding the yellow Giant", I can't find out how Hashimjan defeat the giant?

And the mother:

My girl, you will definitely get well. I will sew you a new dress. We will buy you the university uniform that you like best. You will be a big girl. Your dreams of becoming teacher will definitely come true.

Suddenly the girl's eyes closed and the device next to her beeped.

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A memory

New neighborhood... New life... I was now living on my own streets that I had never even driven through before... Now every tiny thing in these places belonged to me. So I slowly got to know everyone. But there was one thing I could never make friends with... Children who live in a house a few houses away from ours! They were two boys and a girl, and to me they belonged to a group of pirates.

Every day, when I came home from school, I was worried about these "bullying" children, not about the barking dogs. I passed by that house slowly and silently. Sometimes, when they saw me, they would attack me with their stones or sticks, and I would run away like the wind. All three were much younger than me. But I was afraid. I had a terrible fear in my heart for them. They were always on the street...

One day I saw that landlord-father of the family in a very bad condition on the street. He was drunk and barely able to walk. Later, I heard a lot of bad things from several people. Only after that I started to think that maybe the environment in the family is not good either. How could such a family leader give good attention and love to his children. Then those "robbers" came to my eyes. They were almost always on the street. They played in their own way, they were happy in their own way. I started to like them...

One day I returned from school as usual. They were playing with mud on the street again. I didn't run away this time. I couldn't even think of escaping for some reason. The girl started coming towards me with a ball of clay in her hand. Laughed. I smiled and said "Hello". He ran towards the gate with a strange look on my face. On that day, my heart overcame the fear of those cheerful children and took the first step to make friends with them.

Later I became very close with them. We became sisters. After they went to school, sometimes we returned from school together. Our childish conversations were wonderful and pure.

After some years, we moved out of the neighborhood and I did not see them again. They are not on the street anymore. Games are also a memory of the past. It is unknown to me... But as a part of that space I loved, they are still in my heart... And, of course, they will be remembered with love and longing.

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THE STORY OF A 14-YEAR-OLD GIRL

THE MIRACLE OF GRATITUDE AND PATIENCE

I lost my father when I was 9 years old. My father died in a car accident. I was only 9 years old at that time. We lived very happily. Mom, dad, sister and me. When my father was alive, he sent me to school, sent my sister to kindergarten, then went to work. We lived very happily. My father always repeated that if you study well and know any languages, I will know the world. I was not interested in language. But my grades were excellent. I liked to read books. I always asked my father to bring me books. Unfortunately, my dreams came without my father. I woke up early in the morning and started looking for my father everywhere. In my mind, it seemed that my father would come and would say:

-Oh my daughter, you are going to be late for school. Good days in my life are gone and bad days started. My mother did not study anywhere before and did not work anywhere, my father always made up for the lack of livelihood.

I thought that this childhood was full of fun and laughter, but it wasn't. I don't know why, but it was as if my childhood was gone with my father. One day, when I came home from my school, my father's phone rang. They were his friends. They told me to come and take my father's things from the office. I went to my father's office. When I went to my father's office, they put my father's things in a box and took them away. When I was leaving the door with them, my father's friends stopped me. They told me my father was a good man, he used to say that he loved me and my sister every day. Tears rolled down my eyes.

One friend of my father said:

- Don't cry, my daughter, it's God's will, but your father always repeated one thing, he desire to send his daughters to study abroad. His only dream was to teach you abroad.

Some kind of warmth and purpose appeared in my heart. From that time one thought was in my mind. I have to study and of course I have to go to study abroad.

One day I took my father's phone and learn English with the help of that gadget and Internet. It was full of all kinds of videos and textbooks. From that day, I started learning English on the phone. So that it would not be difficult for my mother, because we did not have money to pay for a teacher. Every day I would come home from school and immediately took my father's phone and went to study English. At first, it was very difficult for me to learn, I didn't understand, I struggled with pronunciation and I used to sit and cry. But my goals and my father's dreams gave me strength. There were days when I didn't even have bread to eat at home." There were days when I didn't go to school because I didn't have shoes. Even then, I didn't give up on my goal and dream. In my mind, it seemed like my father was giving me strength. I used to follow my teachers because I would ask them if I didn't understand something in English. My mother and my sister went through a lot of difficulties, but I didn't stop. The only thing I had to do to achieve my dreams was to learn a language. Then I realized that if a person was patient, grateful and did not stop trying, he would definitely achieve his dreams.

I got IELTS 6.5 in English in 2 years. My mother was happy about that. Because I took IELTS when I was 11 years old. My teachers were amazed, too.

I realized that if a person works hard, if he is patient, he will definitely achieve everything. Now I am 14 years old, after I got a certificate in English I'm learning Turkish now. I always remember what my father said, if you knew the language, you know the world. That's why I want to visit the countries where I learned the language.

I'm amazed at the youth of today. They have iPhones, but they don't use it for the right purpose. They play all kinds of videos and go to the internet. Unfortunately, sites like Instagram and Telegram are catching them.

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A Light beyond the Gate



As the dagger was plunged deep into my chest I let out a low gasp of confusion. I gazed into the eyes of the masked man that had ended me, just before I crumpled to the floor like a flesh puppet now devoid of its soul—the sound of meat and solid gold hitting the floor with a grim thud. I hadn't even seen him coming—but by the time the icy blade had penetrated my ribs it was already too late. I now laid on the hardwood beneath me in a bleeding heap—and as my eyes closed for the final time—I opened them again.

To my astonishment, I was no longer in my office. I was standing outside, somewhere unknown to me, and right before me was a gate. I was near frozen with fear as hail plummeted from above. A man in a hooded cloak stood at the gate, and when he held out his arm to point in my direction I realized that he was deathly thin, and his near skeletal hand, with its fingers outstretched, reminded me of some kind of five legged arachnid from the realms of the damned.

The man spoke.

“Are you ready to journey to the other side?”

I shook my head, just as confused as when the knife cut through my body.

“Other side?”

The man nodded.

“I am the gatekeeper. You are now dead. Due to the bad deeds you have committed in life, you have been forsaken to traverse a land of shadow. There is no way out but through—and the faster you mentally prepare yourself for a journey into darkness, the faster you can overcome your plight and ascend upwards into the domain of the clean.”

I was still confused, but I cursed.

“And what about the man that murdered me?”

The gatekeeper paused for a moment, but then he spoke.

“That man may someday walk into shadows too, but it is not his time. As for you, the reason your life was cut short was because of the business deal you made. Many were left homeless, and that man was just avenging his family that now sleeps out in the cold—only because of you.”

It was true that during life I had committed some questionable acts, and I did in fact place more value on money than life—but I never expected things to end like this. I reached into my pocket, and from its depths I pulled out a single solid gold coin. I clenched it in my palm for a moment, and then I quaked with fear and held it out to the gatekeeper.

“Is there any way I can pay you to release me from this fate?”

The gatekeeper chuckled.

“Money has no value here. Walk through to get through, or stand outside this gate for an eternity.”

The gatekeeper removed his hood, and for a brief moment I could see a glimmer of light in his eyes, but when they met mine they became as cold and as black as polished obsidian. Fear ran down my spine and my figurative tail went between my legs. I turned my gaze to my shoes for a moment, and I felt no better than a worm trying to find a way back through the hole that it had dug itself.

I nodded.

“So be it...”

And in that moment, I stepped through the gate, even though my mind raced with many questions and a thirst to know more than this supposed “gatekeeper” provided.

*

I walked for hours and hours, and the journey was absolutely abysmal. Cries of agony could be heard in the darkness, and I could sense horrors from the realms of blackness beyond. My skin burned as if I was consumed with flames, but those flames were figurative and their scorch left no char. Still, I could feel their sting, like molten lava, plunging deep through my flesh and down to my bones. When the flames ceased, I felt like I was drowning—and although the “water” was nothing but a sea of black nothingness, I attempted many times to make my way to the surface for air. I got just enough into my lungs to keep going, but where I was going I did not know and how long it would take me to get there, I didn’t know that either. Every so often I could hear the gatekeeper speaking between the shadows that encircled me, and after what felt like days of traversing the nether, he spoke louder than he ever did before.

“Do you turn left? Or do you turn right? Only one direction will end your plight!”

I looked to my left and I could see a shadow of myself sitting atop a mound of gold, my eyes dark and my heart seemingly full and popping. I looked happy, more so extremely content, and I won’t lie that my heart danced at the thought of all that gold and the precious jewels that adorned my shadow like trinkets of the gods from above. But now that I knew better I knew those “trinkets” did not come from the gods—they came from elsewhere, a place where I certainly didn’t want to be.

I looked to my right, and I could see the apartment complex I had bought and sold. Then, I could see multiple families in the windows, and I noticed a lack of eviction notices posted on the doors. The families looked happy, and their homes appeared to be full of love and warmth. Then, as if in a flash, all went back to blackness for a moment, and then I had a vision of myself, penniless, living in the same apartment complex. There was no gold or jewels, but my smile was not dark and I appeared content to live a life of normalcy.

The gatekeeper could be heard yet again.

“Which way do you choose?”

I put my head down.

“Isn’t it obvious?”

The gatekeeper chuckled.

“If it is so obvious in death, then why, I ask, was it not obvious in life?”

And so, the vision ended, and I was plummeted back into darkness. I don’t know for how many more days or weeks I traveled, but eventually the void that surrounded me had become my new normal and I was impervious to the horrors that circled me in the abyss, like buzzards, as I—the carcass—continued to walk forward through apparent damnation.

*

I trudged on, and I soon felt weak and tired. I was thirsty but there was no water, and I was hungry—but there was no food provided. My lips were parched and felt like sand paper and the growling in my stomach was almost as vicious as the haunters that laughed at me in the dark. Then, out of the nothingness came the gatekeeper.

“Do you turn left? Or do you turn right? Only one direction will end your plight!”

I looked to my left, and I saw a large table, filled with baked goods, hams—a genuine cornucopia of plenty. I sat at the table by myself, and I gorged on flesh and mead. I ate until my stomach ached—and then I kept eating. Outside my

windows were the starving and teary eyed beggars that were evicted from the complex. Me—the non-shadow me—hung my head in shame.

I looked to my right, and I saw myself sitting at a smaller table with the same family who were now no longer begging outside my window. There was fresh bread and a pot of soup on the stove. The meal was not extravagant, but everyone got their fair share. This version of myself seemed like an upstanding citizen and my heart ached for the man I could have been. The gatekeeper could be seen smiling off in the distance.

“Which way do you choose?”

I hung my head.

“Isn’t it obvious?”

The gatekeeper, dancing between shadows, smirked a dreadful smirk.

“If it is obvious in death, they why, may I ask, was it not obvious in life?”

And yet again, the vision ended, and I continued on with my journey.

*

Many more months passed, or at the very least what seemed to be months. In truth, I had no way to gauge the passage of time, and each moment may as well have been stretched and distorted beyond my comprehension. I marched forward, now like a soldier and the oblivion that lay both within and beyond the horizon was no longer a nightmare, but more so something I had learned to accept. The invisible flames still burned and the black water I had learned to swim in. Now, when the gatekeeper spoke, I reached out to ask what came next. One day or night—I could not tell—I sensed him within the pitch and I called out to him.

“In which direction do I turn?”

As if waiting for me to beckon to him, he appeared, almost as if out of thin air as he always does.

“I thought you’d never ask!”

I blinked, and I was standing in front of a gate. I was wearing a hooded cloak, and looking down, I realized I was deathly thin. My fingers, when I stretched them out in front of me, reminded me of the legs of some kind of five legged arachnid from the realms of the damned. I looked before me, and standing in front of me was the masked man who had ended my life.

I was in front of the gate, but yet, a set of spiral stairs ascended into the clouds right next to it. The masked man took off his mask, and I recognized him as the father from one of the families I had evicted from the complex I had sold. I knew this, but looking into his eyes now I didn’t see a murderer—I just saw a man. A man that wanted justice for his family. After a brief conversation, I found out he was caught for my murder and he had died in prison, and his family was left no better off than before he had murdered me. When he asked me who I was, I thought for a moment, but I knew the answer. I pointed towards the stairs.

“I am just a man, and so are you. Please ascend the stairs and you will find your destiny...”

The man smiled and walked upwards, and as I looked to the gatekeeper who was now standing next to me I could see the light in his eyes, and it was more than the glimmer I saw once before. I reached into my pocket and grasped the gold, knowing that having it in my possession was entirely meaningless. Then I threw it into the void. With that, I blinked and I woke up in my office, and sitting across from me was the man I sold the complex to. Knowing what needed to be done, I forfeited the deal, and I sent an order to remove the eviction notices from the homes of the people I had condemned to cold and bitter nights. This situation was something I will never forget, and whether the reality of the gatekeeper was real or an illusion—at that moment I did not know. I also didn’t know if my murder was nothing but a dream, but now I knew how to journey through life—and I saw some fresh bread and a warm pot of soup on my horizon.

Water and fire

Since time immemorial, the four elements of the world - water, fire, earth and air - have been highly revered among the people. According to the story, fire and water have their own history. Thousands of years ago, these two elements lived without conflict and respected each other. Water did not prevent the fire from burning cheerfully, did not extinguish it, and fire did not stop the water from flowing, did not evaporate it. Until feelings arise between them that other elements do not understand. This feeling that breaks the ties between them is Hate. Another elements analyzing this and the rest of they could not oppose this work, and they decided the Water that extinguished the Fire absorbed to the Earth, and the Fire that caused the Water to evaporate became incombustible without Air. Hate is such a subtle emotion that it can change the whole being. Hate is an emotion that leads to weakness and dependence and ends up being abstract. There is weakness as fire does not burn without air, and abstraction as water soaks into the soil.

Scientists say that all the objects around us are colorless. The green, red, blue and other colors that we see are all from our imagination. So, I want to say that how person looks to the environment, the environment looks like that to him. The positive and negative view is in our hands. They say that a cow collects milk and a snake collects poison from the same grass. If we make our thoughts and minds beautiful and enrich our thinking with wonderful things, we have the opportunity to make life beautiful not only for ourselves, but also for those around us. Therefore, as mentioned above, we should try to make our eyes and mind beautiful. Try what I said based on your own experience and may be you come to say "Thank you".

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Jorabayeva Ezoza Otkir was born on March 16, 2006 in Chirchik, Tashkent region. Secondary education. After graduating from the 28th general secondary school in the Qibray district of Tashkent region, in 2023 he became a student of the "Management of Culture and Art" field of the State Institute of Arts and Culture of Uzbekistan. participated with his article on the subject and was awarded with a certificate. In 2023, at the "Young border guards" military-sports competition held by the State Security Service of the Republic of Uzbekistan, she ran 100 meters and set a record with a result of 14.1 seconds, winning the nomination "The strongest girl". 2nd place in the national stage of the "Patriots" military-sports competition among non-organized youth for the cup of the Minister of Defense under the slogan "Our National Army - in the eyes of the youth" for 2022, "Science researchers center" on December 20, 2023 took an active part in the "Student of the Year" competition, organized

in cooperation with the scientific press center and the "Ziyoli pedagoglar" channel, and became the winner, awarded with a statuette and a certificate, within the framework of the 2024 neighborhood youth 5 initiative Olympiad, table tennis type of sport won the 1st place in the sector and district stages of the competition held on awarded. His works have been published in international and republican magazines and newspapers.

Articles

Erkinboyeva Hulkar

Old Khiva



Khorezm is a place of literature and poetry mixed with unique culture, elegant art, high enlightenment, wise philosophy of life and humanitarian ideas, one of the centers of worldly knowledge...Historical and cultural heritage of Khorezm oasis is directly related to the city of Khiva" One of the most remarkable cities in Central Asia - Khiva is located on the left bank of the Amudarya, in the south of the current Khorezm region of Uzbekistan. This is the only rare monument-city in the region that has been preserved as a whole. Ancient coins found and an interesting legend told by the Khiva historian Khudoiberdi bin Awaz Muhammad (born in 1773 or 1774) testify to the great

antiquity of Khiva. He writes in his book "The heart is strange": "Another city of Khorezm is Raml. It was founded by Sam bin Nuh, now it is called Khaivaq. They also say that in this word (Kheivaq) the history (date) of the death of Hazrat Pahlavan Mahmud is hidden. Thus, this history became the name of this city. Its former name was Raml, which means sand. One day Sam bin Nuh slept there and saw himself in the middle of three hundred burning torches. Khushnud woke up in a happy mood, wanted to leave a memory of himself, leveled this place and built a city. Another time when he came here, he surrounded it with a wall and opened a spring on the west side of it. So, according to stories, Khivak was destroyed and rebuilt many times. It is possible to understand the historical truth from the writings of Khiva historians and legends. First of all, Khiva is a sandy place called Raml, the time of its appearance and the name of its founder are associated with Shem, the son of Noah.



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Poetic Diction Of Angela Kosta : A Brief Analysis Of Contemporary Multidimensionality

Part : 01

Every person is a child of their time; and also a representative of their era. As human beings, poets also bear the distinct mark of their time. Each poet sits in the courtyard of their era, observing life and the world, painting its picture, and crafting dreams for the future. The rhythm of the ongoing time resonates within the poet, and the poet must capture that rhythm in their verses. No great poet can avoid their time. If they try to reach a final destination in short cut way, they become disoriented and displaced. That is why T.S. Eliot described, in his essay "Tradition and the Individual Talent," that "The great poet, in writing himself, writes his times."

As individuals with profound insight, poets observe their time with deep and intense vision. The eyes of a poet filled with deep wisdom, observational prowess, poetic knowledge, and linguistic skill . To become a poet, one must possess an omniscient (seer of the past, present, and future) vision beyond ordinary sight.

The poetic talent of Angela Kosta is the result of such remarkable observation. When she considers the entire world connected with time, it naturally includes the current era and contemporary times. Angela Kosta has represented the present time in various ways in her poetry.

Literature that can reach close to people, where readers are enchanted by its poetic rhythm, amazed by its artistic precision, where the ornamentation and resonance of words touch the reader's heart, and where the sweetness of any line leaves a lasting impression – that is where poetry finds its success. Poetry becomes dear to readers when they find a sense of self and existence within it. Angela Kosta is such an extraordinary poet whose thoughts and language, structure and subject matter attract readers. Only those who delve deeply into her poetry can discover its hidden treasures. Her subjects and style are as wonderful as her presentation is exceptional. She is a fearless truth-seeker with a pen. She is a worshipper of natural beauty. The uniqueness of her poetry lies in her artistic skill and word selection technique. She is not a traveler of conventional poetic paths, which is why her poems are crafted in a different dimension. Her poetry is truthful because she has not relied on falsehood. She has been able to perceive the truths of the era, human truths, and the truths of intellect, which is why she has emerged as a unique truth-seeker specially for the welfare and freedom of women in our times.

Here I want to craft some of her poetic lines...

You ladies,

A fragile martyr,

RAVEN CAGE ZINE

Return from the lost path where there is no whisper,
Desperate crying of dirty life,
tears of blood, nail scratched bodies having distressed soul;
You ladies,
Rise!
Stay away from everything that negates the "goddess" in you;
Cross the border of patience and violence
Tear off your faded veil.
The dark eternal mask;
Free yourself from people who don't deserve you,
your moist smile on the lips;



The journey toward women's freedom has been long and challenging, marked by struggles, victories, and ongoing efforts. Historically, women have faced significant barriers to achieving equal rights and opportunities, often confined by societal norms and expectations that limited their roles to domestic spheres.

Women began to demand the right to vote, access to education, and participation in the workforce. These movements were characterized by passionate advocacy, peaceful protests, and sometimes even civil disobedience. The success of these efforts in various countries laid the groundwork for further advancements in women's rights.

Enjoy your freedom coming out of the prison of hatred.

You ladies!

You are great

You are unique

You are holy;

Enjoy and live happily!

This era brought about significant legislative changes, including laws against gender discrimination, equal pay for equal work, and the establishment of reproductive rights. Women's freedom was increasingly recognized as a fundamental human right, essential for the overall progress of society.

Economic freedom for women involves access to employment opportunities, fair wages, and the ability to own property and businesses. Education plays a crucial role in this aspect, empowering women with the knowledge and skills needed to compete in the job market and achieve financial independence. Political freedom is another critical component, ensuring that women have the right to participate in the governance of their countries. This includes the right to vote, run for office, and hold positions of power and influence. Greater representation of women in politics leads to more inclusive policies and a stronger focus on issues such as healthcare, education, and family welfare. Personal freedom encompasses the ability to make choices about one's own life, including decisions about marriage, motherhood, and career. It involves freedom from violence, coercion, and discrimination. Ensuring personal freedom requires robust legal frameworks, social support systems, and cultural shifts that respect and uphold women's autonomy. Despite significant progress, challenges remain. Women around the world continue to face issues such as gender-based violence, unequal pay, limited access to education and healthcare, and societal pressures that restrict their choices. The fight for women's freedom is ongoing, with activists and organizations working tirelessly to address these issues and promote gender equality. The freedom of women is not just about individual rights; it is about creating a society where everyone, regardless of gender, can thrive and contribute to the collective well-being. It is about recognizing and valuing the diverse experiences and perspectives that women bring to the table. Achieving true freedom for women requires the commitment and effort of all members of society, working together to break down barriers and build a more equitable and just world.

In that poem she directly addressed women giving hope and encouragement to raise their head.

You ladies,

Live again!

Raise your heads

Open fists holding the power of life;

Bloom again to sing...

Smile...

Part 02

In her poem "Light of survival" is a powerful metaphor emphasizing the enduring spirit and tenacity to continue despite hardships. It conveys the idea that even in the most challenging and dire circumstances, there is an innate drive to persevere and survive. Angela Kosta wrote.

The oceanic light emerges and fills the cracks in the souls of the sick,
wherever are there.

By embracing the light,
everyone recovers from the evils of the century:

She used light of hope" is often as a metaphor for optimism, encouragement, or a sense of possibility in difficult times. It symbolizes the belief that even in the darkest moments, there is always a possibility for improvement and a better future.

In another para Angela Kosta uttered

"The Light of Hope shines on the beloved
land furrowed by wounded edges where
the poverty lives naked.

There are undressed ladies

with wide open eyes

on the sidewalks full of corpses

with anxiety is fed inside the garbage

with rotting food like stale bread crumbs as if they are for stray dogs."

Highlighting an individual's resilience in overcoming personal challenges like illness, trauma, or loss. Reflecting the collective endurance of communities or nations through wars, natural disasters, or other adversities. Nature and Wildlife: Demonstrating the instinctual drive of animals and plants to survive in harsh environments. In literature and storytelling, light of survival is the glimmer of hope that keeps characters going when all seems lost inner light or spirit that fuels perseverance and courage. A beacon or source of inspiration that leads one through tough times. We find in her lines :

But the Light of Hope triumphs it travels around

the world on the paths where poor and sick people pass.

It's passes there like a torchlight procession to tell the beloved Earth to stops suffering.

Part 03

To call Angela Kosta merely a poet or editor would be an injustice to her. Angela Kosta is a compassionate woman. She is a symbol of human being. She felt sad a horrific humanitarian disaster on her country's coast known as the Otranto tragedy. The poem "SCULPTED SYMPHONY " will eternally memorialize Angela Kosta. This poem is based on the dreadful events of that tragic day. Each line of the poem is imbued with tearful emotions. From children to mothers, no one was spared in that dreadful maritime disaster. Angela Kosta narrated :

In the open air

Unheard-of Symphony Began

With scary notes

Even the sea rebelled.

Dancing Waves

shamelessly, furiously.

We the Global face known about the mishap or incidents. The Otranto tragedy of 1997 refers to a catastrophic maritime disaster that occurred on March 28, 1997, in the Strait of Otranto, which is located between Italy and Albania. The incident involved the sinking of an Albanian ship named "Kateri i Radës," which was carrying a large number of Albanian migrants attempting to reach Italy. The tragedy happened during a period of significant political and economic turmoil in Albania following the collapse of pyramid schemes, which led to widespread unrest and economic hardship. This situation prompted many Albanians to flee their country in search of better opportunities in Italy and other parts of Europe.

The "Kateri i Radës," a small, overloaded vessel, collided with the Italian naval ship "Sibilla" during its attempt to reach the Italian coast. The Italian Navy was enforcing a blockade to prevent illegal immigration, and in the ensuing encounter, the collision caused the Albanian vessel to sink. Angela wrote her poem...

They brought to the shore

Whispers without moaning

Of many little angels

Barefoot

Floating, soaked

With dull smiles.

The disaster resulted in the death of at least 81 people, though the exact number of casualties remains uncertain due to the chaotic nature of the situation and the number of people aboard the vessel. The tragedy highlighted the desperation of Albanian migrants and brought international attention to the humanitarian crisis in Albania. It also sparked significant controversy and debate over the Italian Navy's role in the incident and the broader issues surrounding immigration policies and enforcement.

With a heavy heart, Angela Kosta pours all her emotions into writing.

Like the little girl

Clinging to the young mother

With breasts of stone.

In the open air

The end of hope was heard

And in a foreign language

The sonnet of a ship

It was sculpted

On the mirror of the dark sea.

The Otranto tragedy remains a poignant example of the human cost associated with migration and the complex challenges faced by countries in managing and responding to large-scale human movements.

Part 04

The literature that can reach people, whose artistic elegance captivates the reader, displaying profound insight and ornamentation, the one that touches the reader's heart with the power of words, that leaves a lasting impact - only such literature is meaningful. The poetry that resonates with human emotions, finds its own place, and is intertwined with human passions, is the one that holds true value.

Angela Kosta is one such remarkable poet whose thoughts and language in poetry captivate the reader. Her poetry is deeply embedded in the mind as if they are inseparable. The themes and subjects of her work find their roots in truthfulness. Her portrayal of reality is both aesthetic and logical. She is a worshiper of aesthetic beauty. Her poetic brilliance lies in her unparalleled craftsmanship. Her deftness in word selection binds the reader to the truth of paper. Her

poems do not become tiresome travelers but remain intertwined with the truth. Her poetry is not detached from reality; rather, it embraces it. She has been able to comprehend the depths of the human mind and truth, and thus she has emerged as a poet embodying the truth.

In matters of love and affection, Angela Costa has shown remarkable individuality and abstraction. Angela has conveyed through her poetry that love is not something to be loudly proclaimed everywhere. Angela wants to love her special person quietly and privately. There will be no outward show or ostentation. Indeed, should not real love be like this?

Angela Kosta expressed her poetry as...

I will love you in silence

Knowing where you will find me.

I will be beyond the only companion star

Witness to our madness.

You will find me beyond the moon..

Angela Kosta want to love in silence. Then again she told in her own sense that you will find me beyond the moon, cloud and sun. In ultimate stage, Angela Kosta giving away everything she has, will eventually fade into nothingness. Only an influential great poet can utter such a sentence. In his words :

Having become mute

Vanished into thin air.

On the waves of the sea

I'll find our breath

Your smile on my mouth

Your look in my tear

Your beats on my heart

Your fingers in my hair

Your eyes on mine...

Forever!!!

This sentence expresses a deep, quiet, and unwavering love. The speaker promises to continue loving someone silently, without needing to make their feelings known or seeking acknowledgment. It also suggests a sense of constancy and availability—the speaker is confident that the loved one knows where to find them and can reach out whenever needed. This type of love is patient, enduring, and selfless, content with simply being there for the other person without any expectations.

Let The Free Nature Flourish

Let the forests green

Let the mountains cross

Waterfalls, groves, buds in trees

The roses look at you for a moment.

the lawns decorated with pearl carpet

fertile fields, fields with sunflowers worship

Sit in the shadow of the old tree.

Poets are often referred to as portraits of nature. Observing the rate at which humans are destroying nature and turning forest areas into wastelands, a poet's heart naturally trembles. Angela is no exception. She loves the mountains, forests, and the sea. She wishes for nature to overcome all adversities, to rejuvenate and smile once again.

Don't be late.

And we have more seedlings.

We give nature a smile.

Angela Kosta rightly said, the magic of nature. Because nature possesses an enchanting magic that captivates and rejuvenates the human spirit. From the serene whisper of a forest's leaves to the awe-inspiring majesty of towering mountains, every element of nature's tapestry offers a unique sense of wonder. The rhythmic ebb and flow of ocean waves, the intricate patterns of a spider's web, and the vibrant hues of a sunset all speak to a world brimming with life and mystery. This natural magic not only provides solace and inspiration but also reminds us of the intricate and delicate balance that sustains our planet, urging us to appreciate and protect the environment that nurtures us.

We can say now that the history of poetry is the history of technique. Technique essentially means craftsmanship. A poet can shape poetry with craftsmanship. The poet presents life through his craft. No matter how the world changes, a poet always has a close relationship with his surroundings. Be it fire or water, sky or sea, tree or plant, river or mountain, desert or snow, winter or spring, these are all part of human life. How has life changed? Those love, joy, union, separation, faith, distrust, dreams, humanity, greed, hope, compassion, father's affection, friend's interaction, child's laughter, youthful infatuation, accusations of the aged, all still remain. And with these, poetry, novels, plays, and essays are being written. There is no end to new forms. Using these myriad topics, poets from various languages have written thousands of poems, and that flow continues unabated. Amid this abundance, some poets have stood out with their individuality and creativity. They become relevant over time. This individuality and creativity are the hallmarks of true craftsmanship.

I have tried to portray my friend Angela Kosta in a new thematic way, aiming to spread her inherent talent and fresh fragrance to the oppressed people of the world.



Nurul Hoque is mainly a poet, time-conscious rhymers, novelist, and editor. His acquaintance with literature is quite wide. He is skilled at composing poetry, rhymes, stories, and songs. He has been working as a writer for almost three decades. He is praised globally for his tireless work. He was elected World Laureate in Literature in 2018 by World Nation Writers Union, Kazakhstan (www.wnwu.org). He is the executive director of Munir Mezyed Foundation for Arts and Culture, Romania. He edited Odyssey International Anthology Of World Poets 2020. He is also the chief coordinator of Odyssey International (headquartered in Romania).

Mr Hoque was born at Porikot village of Gunabati Union under Chaudagram upazila in Comilla (formerly Tripura) in Bangladesh on March 8. His father, Latu Mia, was not only a down-to-earth person but also a rural social worker. His mother, Ambiya Khatun, who lived a modest life as a housewife, witnessed over a century of change before she passed away. His parents are the fountain of his creativity.

He has written several books, 30 of which are well known in his mother tongue, Bengali. He has been engaged in creative writing for more than 30 years. Nowadays, his poetry, famed for its elegance and intimacy, covers a variety of themes, chiefly peace, nature, love, womanhood, and divinity. His writing focuses on the importance of English for a multilingual world society and for inter-cultural communication among nations; the need for value-based education for youth in the context of globalization; and fostering peace, fellow-feeling, awareness of ecology, and love for nature.

Mr. Hoque studied up to fifth grade at the government primary school in his village. He then passed the Higher Secondary Examination with distinction from Gunabati High School. He achieved Diploma in Engineering Mechanical and Bachelor's Degree in Engineering (AMIE) from the Swedish Bangladesh Institute of Technology, Kaptai, Bangladesh.

His educational life was full of diversity. He was sometimes a student, sometimes a ration shop worker, and sometimes a manager. He completed his education amid struggles. Shortly after becoming a Diploma Engineer, he joined Vrinel Corporation, an international construction company registered in the United States, as an Assistant Engineer in the

Karnafuli Hydroelectric Unit 3 construction project. At that time, he had the honour of being the assistant to Mr. Kim, the number-three ranking engineer in the world.

In 1980, after leaving the job, Mr. Hoque became unemployed. During this time, he travelled across Bangladesh, his homeland. He later served as a Chartered Engineer and Project Director of many important projects, including Bakhrabad Gas Pipeline Project, Chittagong Urea Fertilizer, Feni River Closure Dam, and Bangladesh Railway Optical Fiber Telecom Project with the world's largest construction companies like GEC, UK, Shimuzu Construction Company, Japan, Taisai Construction Company, Japan, Toyo Engineering, Japan, NKK Japan Italmontagi Pvt. Ltd., Singapore, etc.

He has been writing since childhood. His literary practice did not stop, even in the midst of adversity in his personal life. Besides contributing to the first-class daily, monthly, fortnightly, and weekly publications of Bangladesh, he regularly practices literature on various international poetry sites and Bangladesh Television. The legendary poet of Bangladesh, Al Mahmud, opines that Nurul Hoque has been practicing poetry tirelessly for quite some years. His writing is full of spontaneity and reflects time, love, nature, reality, and, of course, global peace and harmony.

Mr. Hoque, with his creation, is like a banyan tree rooted in fertile soil, watered by rivers, and spreading fresh air of peace, love, humanity, and brotherhood globally. His English poetry has already attracted readers worldwide. He is a Bangladeshi citizen by birth, but in terms of his mind, heart, creations, and expression, he is a global citizen. He is a soft and humble person, as well as a great lover of the universe. His poetry has been translated into various languages, including Romanian, Taiwanese, Uzbek, Japanese, Spanish, and Chinese.

He is an official member of the World Nations Writers' Union (headquartered in Kazakhstan), which conferred upon him the International Diploma, 'TEMIRQAZYQ- The Best Poet-Writer of the World, 2018 (www.wnwu.org).

Mr. Hoque has been invited to many places in South East Asia as chief guest and guest speaker.

He has received numerous international awards for his special contribution to literature, a few of which are listed below:

Mr. Hoque was nominated as the national director for Bangladesh chapter of the Global Peace Councils (UK & India), a global organization that works on human rights and anti-corruption, in 2019

He is the editor of the monthly magazine Amader Buriganga, which is published from Dhaka almost regularly. He is also the founder chairman of Buriganga Foundation Bangladesh. His edited anthologies:

Odyssey International Anthology Of World Poets 2020 And an Anthology Of Contemporary Bengali Poets 2024.

WORK ON THE VOCABULARIES GIVEN IN TEXTBOOKS

Abstract. This article discusses the use of the words in the dictionaries in literature textbooks and the methods of working on them and using dictionaries in the course of the lesson. In addition to literature textbooks, information was also provided about the ways of using dictionaries in mother tongue classes, and the role of dictionaries in the development of students' speech.

Key words: vocabulary, methodology, textbook, vocabulary, "Matching pair" exercise, "Did I make a mistake?" game, "Small review" method.

Annotation. In this article, the use of the words reflected in the dictionaries in literature textbooks, as well as the methods of working on them and using dictionaries in the course of the lesson, are discussed. In addition to literature textbooks, information was also given about the ways of using dictionaries in mother tongue classes, and about the role of dictionaries in the development of students' speech.

Key words: dictionary, methodology, textbook, vocabulary, "Matching pairs" exercise, "Can you find me wrong?" game, "Little review" method.

Getting acquainted with the dictionaries in the textbook, if we familiarize ourselves with the explanation of the word dictionary before working on them:

Dictionary [Arabic language, dialect; word, phrase] 1 A book in which the words of a language are compiled in a certain order (usually in alphabetical order), explained or translated into another language.

2 Words; the set of all words in the language, vocabulary.

Dictionaries are of great importance in explaining the meaning of words and developing students' speech. A word is the smallest part of a language that conveys meaning. A collection of all words and phrases in a language is called a dictionary. The branch of linguistics that studies the vocabulary and structure of the Uzbek language is called lexicology. It is known that the textbooks of the new generation are modernized and adopt a number of examples from the education of the developed countries of the world. In 6-7-10th grade textbooks of literature and mother tongue, updated in 2022, dictionaries according to the picture below are mentioned.

Figure 1.

Literature is a field that incorporates the art of words. Because it is necessary to use dictionaries in literature classes. Some of the words found in the works are historical, and some are archaic. We can apply the vocabulary given in literature textbooks to the lesson process in the following ways:

"Matched pair" method;

"I made a mistake, find it?";

"A small review";

Explain correctly.

For example: we will try to fill in the vocabulary given in the 10th grade Literature textbook using the "Matched Pairs" method.

Dictionaries in the "Gorogli" epic.

In this case, the dictionaries are matched with pairs whose meanings match each other, just as shown above. It helps to know how well the students have mastered the vocabulary.

Vocabularies found in textbooks can be found in "I'm confused?" we can present it to students as an exercise. In this case, it is necessary to use the paronym of the dictionaries.

For example: 1. Ziyoda looked at them thoughtfully. ☒ It should have been lying here, not lying down. ☒

2. The girls looked at them with a smile, looking at them in simple, cute dresses. ☒

3. In dealing with the people, it is necessary to rely not on the sword, but on the power of justice, to save the people from oppression. (Oybek. "Navoi") ☒ The word justice should have been used here.

4. When brother Hasan gives the money, he will weigh it and make a will. (Hamza).

5. They say that even if you rub your feet, fine silk will not turn gray. (A. Mukhtar) ☒

Students should find the correct words and write them down as shown above. This method helps to memorize paronyms well, to quickly distinguish them from the meaning of the sentence.

We can use the "Small comment" method to explain the names of the linguistics department in the mother tongue classes.

For example: Orthography - correct writing rules are studied.

Graphics -

Phonetics -

Lexicology -

Etymology -

Morphology -

Phraseology -

If we give the students the names of the sections to memorize in a dictionary style, it will be easier for them to remember them, and when commenting, they will give a short and concise, and most importantly, correct comment. This will help to strengthen students' knowledge of linguistics and increase their scientific knowledge.

In conclusion, it can be said that in previous textbooks, vocabulary was given relatively little and it was not given importance. Currently, special dictionaries of classical works have been compiled. Dictionaries have an incomparable place in human life and language development. Today, it is difficult to fully understand any information or several meanings of information without dictionaries. Every dictionary is more than just a reference. They are the immortal heritage of the national language. As the lexicographer A. Ray said: "modern civilization is the civilization of the dictionary." Indeed, in today's advanced age, dictionaries have a high position in every field.

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THANKS FOR READING.

RAVEN
CAGE

