

PEACE DIALOGUES
Contemporary Poets in
Conversation with
the Hispanic Classics

Essay by
John Campisi



Universum Editions

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On the cover: "Where the bombs fall,
Art builds bridges to hope."

Painting by Giovanni Campisi

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Preface

This volume stems from a deep conviction: poetry, in all its eras, is a territory where humanity recognizes itself, questions itself, and embraces itself.

The contemporary voices gathered here —

coming from Spain, Latin America, Israel, Italy, Austria and other cultural backgrounds—

They engage in dialogue with the great authors of the Hispanic tradition not to imitate them, but to continue a conversation that has never ceased to resonate: the conversation about peace, dignity, memory, and hope.

Each comparative analysis in this book is a bridge. A bridge between times, between sensibilities, between wounds and longings. Today's poets write from a world in turmoil.

Through wars, exiles, inequalities, and losses, the classics emerged from their own historical and spiritual abysses. But they all share the same impulse: to transform pain into words, words into conscience, and conscience into an act of humanity.

In these pages, peace does not appear as an abstract concept or a distant ideal. It emerges as an intimate, ethical, everyday task. For some authors, peace is a legacy; for others, a wound.

that still bleeds; for others, a flower that insists on opening even under the icy dew of suffering.

The Hispanic classics —Machado, Quevedo, Bécquer, Lugones, Maragall, Vallejo— are not museum figures: they are living interlocutors who illuminate, question and enrich the reading of contemporary poets.

This book, therefore, proposes a twofold reading: to look at the present through the eyes of the past and to look at the past with the sensibility of the present. In this intersection of perspectives, a luminous truth emerges: poetry is an act of resistance, a refuge, a moral compass. And, above all, a space where no one should be left behind.

May these pages invite the reader to listen to the voices found here, to recognize in them their own echo and to discover that, even in the darkest times, the word remains a place where peace can be born.

Because peace—like poetry—is a dialogue.
And this book is an invitation to participate in it.

G. Campisi

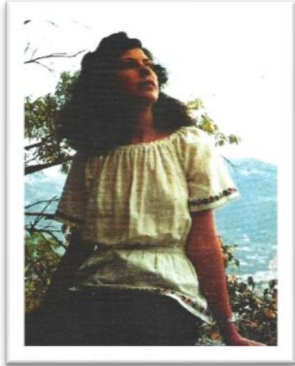
Peace Dialogues: Contemporary Poets in Conversation with the Hispanic Classics



*To my beloved wife **Renza Agnelli**, poet, writer and essayist, who dedicated her life to teaching and the culture of peace through her countless literary works.*

NO ONE SHOULD BE LEFT BEHIND

Renza Agnelli



With a heart full of sorrow, I leave
this world wounded by wars, where the weeping
of the people mingles with the wind
and hope clings to the stars.

In the place where my soul will rest, I will pray
for a peace that knows no limits, for those who
have read my literary works and for those
who will discover them in the time to come.

I will be a mother to
everyone, as I was to my students,
who still carry in their hearts the
seeds of love, solidarity and respect that we have cultivated
together.

My creed is simple and eternal:
No one should be left behind.
Every human being deserves their light,
their opportunity, their path.

Rocca di Capri Leone, 6 de junio de 2025

Teacher, poet, writer and essayist, **Renza Agnelli**

She was a figure of great cultural prestige, marked by a strong vocation for both teaching and writing, two paths that always walked hand in hand throughout her life. From childhood, she displayed a precocious talent for poetry, and at the age of sixteen, she surprised the literary world with an extensive analysis of more than three hundred pages on the events surrounding the death of US President John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

Throughout her career she created more than **five hundred works** including narrative, essay and poetry, establishing herself as a prolific and versatile author.

His last narrative book, *The Portrait of Lady Jane*, appeared in August, published shortly after his death, as a final testament to a life devoted entirely to the word.

“Peace as a legacy and as a mission: Renza Agnelli in dialogue with Antonio Machado”

Renza Agnelli's poetry in ** No One Should Be Left Behind** presents itself as a spiritual testament, a final gesture of love toward the world she is leaving behind. From the first verse—"With a heart full of sorrow, / I leave this world wounded by wars"—the author positions her voice on a threshold: she speaks from farewell, but also from continuity. Her gaze encompasses the devastated land, the weeping of the people, the hope that clings to the stars. And yet, amidst this pain, her words do not turn bitter: they become maternal.

Renza declares herself a "mother to all," as she was to her students, and transforms poetry into an act of care, a sowing of love, solidarity, and respect.

This ethical and affective dimension finds a profound echo in the work of **Antonio Machado**, one of the great classics of Spanish poetry. Machado, especially in *Campos de Castilla*, also contemplates a wounded world—wounded by injustice, poverty, and violence—and responds to it with a mixture of pain and hope. His poetry is not merely contemplation: it is moral responsibility. In poems like *El mañana efímero* (*The Ephemeral Tomorrow*) or *A un olmo seco* (*To a Dry Elm*), hope becomes an act of resistance.

in a gesture of faith in human dignity even when all seems lost.

The affinity between the two poets is evident. Renza Agnelli, like Machado, understands peace not as an abstract state, but as a human task born from within: "Let us march toward peace / first in the soul." Machado would have recognized in these verses his own conviction that the transformation of the world begins with the transformation of the heart. Both poets conceive of peace as an ethical, intimate path that then extends to the community.

However, the difference between them is revealing. Machado writes from the land, from the Castilian landscape, from the collective history of Spain. His voice is that of a wanderer who observes, reflects, and denounces. Renza Agnelli, on the other hand, writes from a liminal, almost transcendent place: she speaks from farewell, from the awareness that her soul will "rest" in another realm. Her poem takes the form of a blessing, a legacy addressed to those who have read it and to those who will read it.

Where Machado walks, Renza accompanies him; where he observes the world, she embraces him.

And yet, both share an unmistakable ethical core: the idea that no one should be left behind. Machado expresses it in his defense of the humble, the forgotten, those who suffer in silence. Renza formulates it as a creed: "My creed is simple and eternal: / no one should be left behind."

This sentence could have been written by Machado,

whose poetry always sought to give voice to those who did not have it.

There is also an affinity in the way both poets conceive of hope. Machado finds it in the green shoot of the dry elm; Renza in the star to which hope clings, in the prayer he promises to offer "for a peace that knows no bounds." In both, hope is not naïveté: it is an act of will, a commitment to life even when life is painful.

Thus, *Nobody Should Be Left Behind* can be read as a contemporary extension of Machado's impulse: poetry as a moral responsibility, as a gesture of love toward humanity, as sowing light in a wounded world. Renza Agnelli, with her maternal and luminous voice, takes up this tradition and transforms it into an intimate legacy, addressed to everyone, without exception.

Both poets, each from their own time and sensibility, remind us that peace is not just a wish: it is a mission. A mission that begins in the soul and extends out into the world. A mission that, like poetry, leaves no one behind.

G. Campisi

Close your eyes and
dream, that the warm skies are imbued with the blue reflection of the sea.
Close your eyes and dream that the green that dwells within is
hope. Close your eyes and dream that the crimson reds are life and not pain.

WAR AND PEACE

María del Carmen Aranda

And my words, beaten with the
blood of the dead, melt together.
And my mind goes blank
listening to the silenced cries of "lost
children devoid of
love."
And my insides are twisting
From seeing hypocritical
smiles, feeling like acidic stabs the
pecking of a crow emptying
my insides.
Impure, pernicious
glances,
clothed in fine fabric
of depravity.
And my words choke me and melt
together, beaten with the
blood of the dead who live on in
life.
Dead people wandering

naked,
looking to be involved
because of the sweet color
of love.

María del Carmen Aranda, a writer and poet from Madrid, is the Vice President of the North American Academy of Modern International Literature (ANLMI) and an Honorary Member of the NGO "Another World is Possible." She holds several memberships, including the International Academy of Sciences, Technology, Education and Humanities of Valencia and the Academy of Letters and Arts of Guinea-Bissau, and serves as the Delegate for National/ International Relations for the Madrid Writers' Association (AEM). She is an Ambassador of Peace for the Circle of Ambassadors, based in Paris, France, and Geneva, Switzerland. Her publications, such as **Flores entre Escombros** (Flowers Among the Rubble), **Las Ventanas del Mundo** (The Windows of the World), **Susurros al Aire** (Whispers in the Air), and **La Quinta Clave** (The Fifth Key), have garnered her special recognition from various organizations in Latin America, the United States, and her native Spain.

Among his projects are the audio translation for the Spanish National Organization of the Blind (ONCE) and the study and analysis of his book **Flores entre Escombros** (Flowers Among the Rubble) at Baylor University in Texas (USA). He has written prologues and contributed to more than twenty anthologies, and has given lectures at the Federico Villarreal National University in Lima (UNFV) on uncensored literature. He has participated in roundtables at the Ateneo de Madrid, the Retiro Public Library, and other venues in various provinces of Spain. In May 2023, he was a panelist at the United Nations headquarters (USA), where he presented on the importance of the Spanish language as a cultural link in education.

María del Carmen Aranda and Francisco by Quevedo: two Madrid perspectives towards the wound of the world

Reading María del Carmen Aranda's **War and Peace** is to enter a territory where words shatter, choke, and merge with the blood of the dead. The poet writes from an inner shudder that doesn't seek to embellish the tragedy, but rather to show it as it feels: harsh, wounding, almost unbearable. Her voice doesn't describe the war: it suffers it. She doesn't observe the pain: she embodies it. Each verse is a dark heartbeat, a ragged breath, an attempt to name the unnamable.

That emotional intensity, that unfiltered rawness, finds a surprising echo in the work of **Francisco de Quevedo**, one of the great writers of Madrid's Golden Age. Quevedo, in his most serious poems—

those of death, corruption, human hypocrisy—
She also writes from an inner tremor. Her gaze is

Fierce, lucid, relentless: she sees the moral rot behind smiles, the falsehood behind gestures, the violence hidden in everyday life. Aranda, from another time and another sensibility, does something very similar: she exposes hypocrisy, points out "impure glances," denounces the smiles that conceal depravity.

Both poets share a singular ability to **transform pain into physical imagery**. In Aranda, the raven pecking at the interior is a vivid, almost tactile metaphor for emotional anguish. In Quevedo, death and

Corruption also manifests in bodies, smells, and wounds. Both authors write with a visceral realism that doesn't shy away from showing the harshness of the world.

But there is something deeper that unites them: **the awareness that words break in the face of horror.**

Aranda says it explicitly: his words melt away, they drown him, they mix with the blood of the dead.

Quevedo, in many of his darkest poems, also displays a language that falters, that runs out of breath before the certainty of death and human misery. Both know that language is insufficient when reality hurts too much.

And yet, in the midst of that darkness, a gesture of humanity appears. Aranda imagines the “dead wandering naked” searching for the color of love.

Quevedo, even in his most bitter vision, acknowledges that humankind still yearns for light, beauty, and solace. Both poets, each in their own way, leave a crack open through which hope can enter, however faint, however fragile.

Thus, placed opposite each other, María del Carmen Aranda and Francisco de Quevedo seem to converse from two distinct Madriids—one contemporary, the other baroque—but with the same sensibility: the certainty that war, violence, and hypocrisy are not merely historical facts, but wounds that pierce the human soul. And that poetry, even when it stifles, even when it breaks, remains the place where those wounds can be named.

G. Campisi

THE FLOWER OF PEACE

María Cristina Azcona

It opens its velvet petals
While it is covered by icy dew
Made of tears that form a river,
Of those who suffer without consolation.

Rosa, the glow is already fading the cold
Its color under a blue sky.
Not even pain, fear, or suffering
They survive because of its pious aroma.

He wants to give us peace under a golden sun,
Emerald the chalice, the silken face...
To feel that the world has finally changed...

A flower that gives us its fruit, generous...
It should grow on this meadow!
Instead of vile death and hateful war!

María Cristina Azcona - Internationally recognized bilingual poet and writer, educational psychologist and psychotherapist, founder and president of the Worldwide Peace Organization www.wwpo.org, 11 books published.

María Cristina Azcona and Leopoldo Lugones: two Argentine ways to imagine peace and light

María Cristina Azcona's "*The Flower of Peace*" is a poem that unfolds like the flower it describes: gently, with an intimate glow, with a profound desire to transform pain into hope. The poet constructs a central image—the flower—that functions as a symbol of solace, rebirth, and harmony. Her verses are filled with colors, textures, tactile and luminous sensations: velvet petals, icy dew, a celestial sky, an emerald chalice. Peace, in her vision, is not an abstraction: it is a living, almost palpable presence that unfolds in nature like

a promise.

This way of working with symbolism and light finds a profound echo in the work of **Leopoldo Lugones**, one of the great Argentine poets of the early 20th century. Lugones, especially in **Lunario sentimental** and his more lyrical poems, also uses nature as a stage where spiritual forces manifest themselves: the moon, the stars, colors, metallic or celestial gleams. His poetry is full of

Images that seek to raise the reader's gaze to a higher, purer, more ideal plane.

In Azcona, the flower is an emblem of peace that triumphs over fear, pain, and suffering. In Lugones, light—whether lunar, solar, or stellar—also appears as a force that purifies, orders, and reveals. Both poets share the conviction that natural beauty can become a path to inner harmony.

But there is something else that unites them: **the musicality of verse**. Azcona writes with a classical rhythm, with consonant rhyme, with a cadence reminiscent of traditional sonnets. Lugones, although more experimental, also cultivated the classical form with a sonorous mastery that marked an entire generation. Both understand that peace—like poetry—needs order, structure, and inner harmony.

However, the deepest affinity between them lies in their **ethical perspective**. Azcona does not limit himself to describe a flower: she transforms it into a call. Her poem ends with a clear wish: that this flower grows in the meadow instead of war and death. Lugones, although more ambiguous in his relationship with politics and history, also wrote poems where nature and beauty serve as a refuge from the violence of the modern world. In both

In some cases, poetry becomes a space of spiritual resistance.

Thus, placed opposite each other, María Cristina Azcona and Leopoldo Lugones seem to be conversing from two different moments in literature

Argentinian, but with a shared sensibility: the certainty that light, beauty, and nature can offer a path to peace. And that poetry, when written from the clarity of the heart, can become a flower that illuminates even the darkest times.

G. Campisi

WHILE THE SWORDS RUST

Antonia María Carrascal

***It's all the fault of luxurious gold: there were
no wars when a beechwood cup presided
over the banquet. ALBIO TIBULUS (54-19 BC)***

When I teach children to appreciate the
treasures in their environment: plants and
trees, animals and other
human beings; when I keep my city, my
house, my conscience clean, and I don't
throw away clothes—until I see that they have
deteriorated—nor do I keep the home so warm
that it becomes necessary to remove the
layers, I feel at peace with myself.

When I pay my taxes so that
we can all enjoy the
benefits that society grants, when I throw
away the leftovers where they belong and
avoid despising the
altar of the earth and the waters,
when I use the means of transport only
to look for what
is essential and my steps cannot reach, I find myself
at peace with myself.

When I see the timely rain falling
on the fields and
understand that the forests protect
and provide remedies for the needs
that human beings may suffer, I
feel at peace, happy, and fortunate.

I do not want the peace that
comes after the genocide of war,
nor do I find it beneath burned-out homes.
Let forests and vineyards in the fields be the next armies,
and while the swords rust, let us
carve wooden cups for the wine.

Antonia María Carrascal, an author born in Seville and residing in Carmona, is a member of the **Ateneo de Sevilla**, the Centro Andaluz de las Letras (**CAL**), the Asociación Colegial de Escritores (**ACE**), **and** the Asociación Andaluza de Escritores y Críticos Literarios "Críticos del Sur" (**AAEC**). Author of poetry books (for adults and children), short stories, and a young adult novel, she has received numerous awards, including an honorable mention in the Ricardo Molina City of Córdoba Prize. Antonia María Carrascal is also featured in numerous anthologies and contributes to various literary publications. **The National Center for Educational Innovation and Research**, under the **Ministry of Education, Culture and Sport of the Government of Spain**, cites [Antonia María Carrascal](#) 's article "Perito en lunas no es el primer libro de un poeta cabrero" (Expert in Moons Is Not the First Book of a Goatherd Poet) among its **educational resources on Miguel Hernández** .

Antonia María Carrascal and Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer: Two Sevillian Voices who seek peace through intimacy

Reading * *While the Swords Rust* * is to enter a territory where peace is presented not as a diplomatic agreement or an abstract ideal, but as a way of life. Antonia María Carrascal

She constructs her poem from everyday gestures: teaching children to appreciate nature, keeping the city clean, using only what is necessary, respecting the earth and water, understanding the cycle of rain and forests. For her, peace is born from a personal ethic, from a harmonious relationship with the environment and with others. It is a peace that is practiced, not proclaimed.

This intimate, almost domestic perspective finds a deep echo in the work of **Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer**, the great Sevillian poet of Romanticism.

Although Bécquer does not write about peace in social or ecological terms, he does share with Carrascal the conviction that what is essential is found in the small, in the silent, in what is born from within.

His *Rhymes* are full of that search for serenity, for purity, for a balance that can only be achieved when the soul reconciles with itself.

In Carrascal, peace is built by cleansing the conscience, respecting nature, and living with moderation. In Bécquer, peace appears as a spiritual state achieved when the heart ceases to struggle against itself. Both poets, from different worlds, agree that true harmony is not imposed from the outside: it is cultivated from within.

There is also a particularly beautiful point of convergence: **the relationship with nature as both refuge and teacher.** Carrascal sees in the rain, in the forests, in the fields, a source of balance and meaning. Bécquer, in his legends and poems, also transforms nature into a space of revelation: forests, ruins, rivers, and night skies are settings where the soul recognizes itself and is transformed. Both poets view nature not as a landscape, but as an interlocutor.

And yet, the deepest affinity between them lies in their **reaction to violence.**

Carrascal explicitly rejects the peace that comes after genocide, the peace built on burned-out homes. Bécquer, although he doesn't speak of contemporary wars, does express in many texts his rejection of brutality, destruction, and everything that shatters the delicacy of the human spirit.

Both advocate for a peace that is not born of fear or imposition, but of life itself.

The ending of Carrascal's poem—that wish that the next armies be forests and vineyards, and that the wine cups be carved from wood while the swords rust—could have been understood by Bécquer as a perfect metaphor: the victory of the living over the violent, of the human over the warlike, of the natural over the destructive.

Thus, placed opposite each other, Antonia María Carrascal and Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer seem to be conversing from two different Seattles—one Contemporary, another romantic—but with the same sensibility: the certainty that true peace is born of conscience, of nature, and of inner gentleness. And that poetry, when written from that place, can become an act of luminous resistance against the violence of the world.

G. Campisi

IN SEARCH OF PEACE

Higorca Gómez Carrasco

I want to walk, stroll along a path
that smells of jasmine,
stroll while the air moves
beautiful blue flowers,
sweet-smelling, they were here yesterday.
Do not damage the roads!
Let the hibiscus grow,
with very beautiful red flowers.
I feel ashamed to walk between the bars.
from a refugee camp.
Along the path of cut trees.
Remember, it's springtime...
Let everything that has life grow.
Also, let the children run through it,
in search of serene peace.

Higorca Gómez Carrasco - Mazarrón (Spain).

University studies at the Faculty of Medicine and Economics at the
Complutense University of Barcelona. Fine Arts at the Escola
Massana, Barcelona. Lessons with the painting master José
Puigdeangolas.

Numerous international literary awards. national

and

Higorca Gómez Carrasco and Joan Maragall in dialogue about peace and nature

Higorca Gómez Carrasco's poetry in *In Search of Peace* opens like a path that invites you to walk slowly, to smell the jasmine, to let the air move the blue flowers that were there yesterday.

That initial gesture —walking, strolling, breathing— is not just a description: it is an ethical statement.

Higorca conceives of nature as a fragile space that must be protected, a territory where life claims its right to grow without violence.

When he exclaims "Do not mistreat the roads!", he is not only talking about land and plants, but about the very dignity of the world.

At this point, his voice finds a profound echo in that of Joan Maragall, the great Barcelonan modernist who saw nature as a moral mirror. For Maragall, the Catalan landscape—the meadows, the mountains, the rural paths—was a stage where the human soul revealed itself. In poems like "*The Blind Cow*," nature is not a decorative backdrop, but a living organism that suffers, resists, and teaches. Both poets share this conviction: nature speaks, and its deterioration is also the deterioration of our conscience.

However, the tone with which each person approaches that landscape is different. Higorca writes from a wounded tenderness, from a sensitivity that

It blends the beauty of the road with the brutality of

The intrusion of the "refugee camp" into the poem is a sharp blow, a crack that shatters the initial serenity. The poet does not take refuge in contemplation: she faces the violence of the contemporary world head-on and introduces it into the heart of the poem, as if to say that peace can only be born if we do not turn our gaze away from pain.

Maragall, on the other hand, tends toward a more philosophical, more tragic contemplation. His view of nature is profound, but he rarely dwells on a specific historical event. He seeks the essence, the inner law that governs life and death. His denunciation is moral, not social; universal, not circumstantial.

Where Higorca points to a refugee camp, Maragall would point to the eternal wound of the human being, that inability to live in harmony with what surrounds him.

And yet, both converge on a luminous symbol: childhood. Higorca lets children run along the sidewalk "in search of serene peace," as if they alone were capable of inaugurating a new world. Maragall, too, saw in childhood a form of truth, a purity not yet distorted by habit or resignation. But while he contemplates it as a spiritual, almost mystical state, Higorca transforms it into a political and emotional horizon: children are the future that deserves a path without fences, without cut-down trees, without fear.

Perhaps the most profound difference between them lies in the direction of their gaze. Maragall looks inward, toward the essence of humankind and its destiny. Higorca looks outward, toward the wounded world that surrounds her. He seeks to understand; she seeks to protect. He observes; she acts. But both, from their different times and sensibilities, agree on one essential point: peace is not an abstract concept, but a way of walking through the world. A way of treating paths, trees, children, life.

In this sense, *In Search of Peace* could be read as a contemporary extension of the Maragallian spirit: the same faith in nature as a moral teacher, but placed at the service of a historical urgency. Higorca not only sings of the beauty of the path; he defends it. He not only evokes spring; he reclaims it. And in that gesture, his poetry engages with tradition, but also renews it, makes it necessary, present, alive.

G. Campisi

WAR IN UKRAINE

Sara Ciampi

The Ukrainian people,
with his generation,
Experience the horrors of war.

And what pain, what heartbreak
It always brings war
to innocent civilians,
although sometimes it seems necessary
for the triumph of peace,
freedom and democracy.

Our era is marked by war in Ukraine:
This is the dramatic lesson of history
that unites Humanity.

Sara Ciampi was born in Genoa, Italy, on January 24, 1976. She has received numerous awards in Italy and abroad. Her poems have been translated and published in 22 languages. She has published 95 books of bilingual poetry. She has been included among contemporary writers in the curriculum of the University of Genoa. In 2023, after sending two letters and two copies of her poetry books to Volodymyr Zelensky and Ursula von der Leyen, both of whom appreciated her literary work, she received their autographed photographs as a token of their esteem. She has been nominated for the Nobel Prize in Literature on several occasions. In 2022, she was named "Grande Dame de l'Art Poétique."

Sara Ciampi and Cesar Vallejo: a dialogue of wounded humanities

When reading Sara Ciampi's **War in Ukraine**, one feels that the poet stands before the world like someone opening a window to let in the light—even if that light illuminates a tragedy. Her voice is clear, direct, almost crystalline. She speaks frankly of pain, of wounded innocence, of war that repeats itself in history as a bitter lesson we all share. In that clarity, in that will to speak without embellishment, lies a profound ethic: Ciampi wants the word to reach the reader pure, unobstructed, unveiled.

The path taken by **César Vallejo is quite different**, although both occupy the same moral territory: human suffering. Vallejo doesn't open a window: he breaks down a wall. His language doesn't flow, it explodes. Each of his verses seems written from an open wound, from an inner tremor that cannot be contained. While Ciampi observes the war from a reflective distance, Vallejo lives it as if the flesh of the world were his own.

In Ciampi, war is a historical fact to be understood; in Vallejo, it is a rupture to be felt. She speaks of “innocent civilians” with the serenity of someone who wants the message to be heard by all. He, on the other hand, makes the reader a witness to a pain that cannot be ignored, because his very language breaks, twists, becomes a suffering body.

And yet, both arrive at the same conclusion: the conviction that war belongs not only to one country, but to all of humanity. Ciampi states it explicitly, with the calm of a universal reflection. Vallejo suggests it through emotional intensity, as if each tragedy were everyone's tragedy.

The difference between them is not one of sensitivity, but of method. Ciampi chooses transparency so that the truth is seen. Vallejo chooses fracture so that the truth hurts.

But in both, the same certainty beats: that poetry, when confronted with horror, cannot simply describe it. It must transform it into awareness. Ciampi does so with the light of clarity; Vallejo, with the fire of shock. Two different paths that lead to the same ethic: the defense of humankind against the violence of History.

G. Campisi

THE LAST STAND

Vasiliki Dragouni

This poem is born from the silence
of narcissistic loneliness
and the negligent wandering
through the minefields of consciousness—words
have no alibis, no guide, no control.

This world was born from chaos
and confusion, from
a broth of genetic material and
epigrams from open graves—but we still
love it, always and anyway.

This war was born from fire and
the bullets of armed grenades, and from
the lack of patience to hold the pin—before it exploded
like a blast in our trembling hands.

This cup of wine is born from an inexhaustible source of
Bacchic mysteries, in a
field overflowing with poppies—the dance that
shakes the earth guides our visions.

This music was born from a stellar arrangement,
a solar eclipse, and a signal from Mars—the angel was
deposed, crushed, before finally being
saved.

This miracle was born from whispers
and asymmetrical expectations,

of dreams of self-submission
and an uncontrolled desire
—a guided conscious choice
due to an invisible need.

This consciousness was born from exogenous negation
of visions, of faded emotions
and of insensible pains
—betrayal is not a contemporary invention.
This truth was born from knowledge

and of vanity, of secret codes
and selection symbols
—recorded in the notebooks of the five winds.

This peace was born from the calm after the storm,
of a moment of remorse
before the final battle

—the dependence on hope
It was the only convention we upheld
while we patiently awaited the obvious.

Vasiliki Dragouni was born in Athens. She studied English philology and comparative European literature, and earned a master's degree in international and European studies. She works in the aviation industry. She has published six poetry collections: *Flight Towards the Light*, *Moon in Scorpio*, *Landscapes of Being*, *By Instinct*, *Everything You Think*, and *Red Ink*; the microfiction collection *Red Is Carried in the Heart*; the short story collections *Convex Mirrors* and *Cracks in the Facade*; and the micro-novel *The Other Woman*.

Vasiliki Dragouni and Octavio Paz: Two perspectives born from chaos

Reading Vasiliki Dragouni's **The Last Battle** is like entering a territory where everything—a poem, a world, a war, a glass of wine, a truth—seems to emerge from a dark, almost primal origin. Dragouni doesn't describe these births as linear events, but rather as emanations from a chaotic background where silence, fire, ancient symbols, hidden desires, and wounds that never quite heal mingle. His voice moves like someone walking through a landscape filled with signs: open graves, poppy fields, eclipses, notebooks marked by "the five winds." Everything seems to vibrate with a meaning that isn't fully explained, but that can be felt.

This way of conceiving the world—as something born from disorder, confusion, and invisible forces that permeate us—finds a natural echo in the work of **Octavio Paz**. In many of his poems, Paz also imagines reality as a fabric of contradictory energies: light and shadow, destruction and creation, desire and emptiness. For him, the origin is never a fixed point, but a whirlpool. And Dragouni, from another perspective, seems to say the same thing: that everything we are and everything we do comes from an unstable, vibrant, sometimes dangerous core.

In Dragouni, each verse is a small creation myth. In Paz, each image is a doorway to

a center that moves. Both share the intuition that life is not born from harmony, but from tension.

There is also an affinity in the way both poets view time. Dragouni repeats the formula "This was born from...", as if everything were part of a cycle that returns upon itself. War, consciousness, peace: everything seems to repeat itself, as if humanity were trapped in an unchanging rhythm. Paz, for his part, conceives of time as a circle that opens and closes endlessly. In his poetry, the past returns, the present expands, the future is an echo. Both, from different languages, seem to say that human history is a spiral that never fully resolves itself.

And then there is the symbolic world. Dragouni writes with images that seem to emerge from a ritual dream: Bacchanalian mysteries, signs from Mars, crushed angels, notebooks of winds. Paz also inhabits this territory where the visible merges with the invisible. His poems are full of fire, water, stone, night, wind: elements that not only represent, but reveal. In both cases, the symbol is not an ornament, but a form of knowledge.

But perhaps the point where they most closely converge is in their understanding of consciousness. For Dragouni, consciousness is born from pain, from denial, from emotions that fade away. It is a lucidity that hurts. For Paz, consciousness is also a wound: only those who pass through the darkness can see. Both poets seem convinced that

Understanding the world involves accepting its fractures.

And in the end, both Dragouni and Paz leave room for hope. Not a naive hope, but a kind of vital impulse that persists even when everything seems to be falling apart.

Dragouni puts it with poignant clarity: hope was “the only convention we held onto.” Paz, though more skeptical, also acknowledges that human beings need that tenuous thread to keep moving forward.

Thus, standing opposite each other, Dragouni and Paz seem to converse from two different banks of the same river. She, with her vision of successive births emerging from chaos. He, with his search for the center where everything merges. Both, however, share the certainty that poetry is the place where the world reveals itself in its complexity: a space where chaos becomes form, where the wound becomes word, where the final battle is always internal.

G. Campisi

PEACE PEACE PEACE

Elias Domingo Galati

How much beauty it can convey
nature when it has peace
how many sounds can we perceive
harmonious, soft, that give us solace.

How much work can it produce
what is necessary to achieve
May there be no hunger, may childhood be happy.
so the world can progress and we can love.

How many feelings can we feel?
those who feel the warmth of home
How wonderful it can be to live!

without war, without violence, without despair,
to be settled and not have to flee
where everyone has their place.

Elias Domingo Galati - Teacher, lawyer, computer technician, researcher, poet, and writer. Professor at the University of Buenos Aires, the National Technological University, and secondary schools in Buenos Aires. Director of the Stress and Behavior Research Team, World Ambassador of Peace, Geneva, PhD in Literature, Honorary Member of the World Academy of Arts and Culture, Member of the Argentine Society of Writers, Member of Pax Pax, Peace, Art and Culture, Honorary Member of the World Hispanic Union of Writers, Member of The Cove/Miami Corner, among others. Columnist for Radio Miami USA and InfoMarruecos, in Morocco. Author of Cuadernos de Po, El Destino Metafísico, Paz y Amor, Psicología del Perdón, La violencia, Contar la Realidad como Ficción, Proyectos de Investigación, Saber que no has de saber, Reflexiones, and others. Author of the Classroom Research Project Teaching in America, the Poetry of Peace Contest, with students from Primary Schools of Moreno and of Social Insertion Through Culture, a project to teach trades to people in a homeless situation with Caritas of the Cathedral of Moreno.

Elías Domingo Galati y Evaristo Carriego in a single Buenos Aires heartbeat

The poetry of Elías Domingo Galati in **Peace, Peace, Peace** unfolds like a serene prayer, an invocation to the beauty that nature is capable of offering when it is not wounded by violence. From the first verse, the poem breathes a profound trust in harmony: peace is not only a political or social state, but a condition of the world that allows sounds to be gentle, life to be fruitful, and humankind to find solace. Galati writes with a clear, almost pedagogical perspective, as if he wanted to remind us that peace is not a luxury, but the very foundation of existence.

This sensibility finds an interesting counterpoint in the work of **Evaristo Carriego**, the classic Buenos Aires poet who, from the streets of Palermo and the city's outskirts, captured daily life with a blend of tenderness, starkness, and humanity. Although Carriego doesn't write explicitly about peace, his poetry is permeated by a similar quest: the need for a space where human beings can live without fear, without violence, without the constant threat of precariousness. In his verses, peace becomes an intimate, almost domestic longing, linked to the neighborhood, the home, and the dignity of the humble.

Galati, for his part, expresses this yearning in more universal terms. He speaks of the work necessary to end hunger, to ensure a happy childhood, and to foster global progress. His vision is broad, all-encompassing, almost programmatic: peace as a collective project. Carriego, on the other hand, operates on a more intimate level, closer to the pulse of the neighborhood. His peace is that of the courtyard, the neighbor who is no longer suffering, the child who plays without fear. Where Galati imagines an entire world reconciled, Carriego focuses on the small community struggling to survive with dignity.

And yet, both agree on one essential point: peace is the condition that allows life to truly be life. When Galati writes, "how wonderful it can be to live, without war, without violence, without despair," he seems to be engaging with Carriego's sensibility, with that deep desire for each person to have "their place," a space where they don't have to flee or defend themselves. Carriego would have recognized in those verses the same aspiration that beats in his portraits of the humble: the need to

a firm foundation, a home that doesn't tremble, an existence that isn't marked by threat.

The most notable difference between the two poets lies in the way they construct their vision. Galati writes with a luminous, almost didactic clarity, where each stanza unfolds with the logic of moral reasoning. His poem is a call,

An exhortation, an invitation to imagine a better world. Carriego, on the other hand, moves in the sentimental twilight of the slums, where peace is not proclaimed, but longed for; where violence is not abstract, but concrete; where hope is a small, almost secret gesture, but no less powerful for that.

And yet, in both of them beats the same conviction: peace is not an idea, but an experience. It is the harmonious sound that Galati hears in nature, and it is also the nocturnal silence of the Buenos Aires streets that Carriego observes with melancholy. It is the warmth of home that Galati celebrates, and it is the dignity of humble homes that Carriego portrays with respect. It is, ultimately, the possibility for every human being to find their place in the world without fear, without hunger, without violence.

Thus, "*Peace, peace, peace*" can be read as a contemporary extension of the ethical sensibility that Carriego embodied in his time. Both poets, from different perspectives, remind us that peace is not only a political ideal, but a way of inhabiting the world. A way of feeling, of working, of loving.

A way of life.

G. Campisi

PEACE IS NOT BUILT WITH DOVES

Isa Guerra

Peace is not built solely
with doves flying high,
whitewashing; it is
built by resolving
injustices.

They say it's there,
"inside you," in
what's close at
hand, in the
problems
on the street, in
everyday
conflicts:
electricity,
water, state
contributions,
education,
university. Who
can pay for
healthcare
now? How
much does peace
cost?
It's just around
the corner,
waiting for us.

And we don't want to see it.
and we went on...
and we thought
in countries at war,
in what not
It affects us personally,
but it may be
among the leaders
who do not engage in dialogue
and face,
on the walls
that you support,
on that imperceptible line
that makes the difference...
Oh, peace,
so reviled, peace,
so often repeated,
painting it by hand
on t-shirts,
Peace be with you
no construction
using only pigeons!

Isa Guerra García – Professor, poet, and writer. She holds a PhD in Romance Philology from the University of La Laguna, Tenerife, and a degree in Psychology. She has published 44 books of poetry and one book of literary essays. She is a member of the IWA and the Canary Islands sub-delegate of the North American Academy of Modern International Literature, based in New Jersey. Her poems have been translated into English, German, Italian, Portuguese, Russian, Romanian, French, and Greek.

Isa Guerra and Tomás Morales in the face of conflict and hope

Isa Guerra's poetry in **Peace Isn't Built with Doves** bursts forth with a clarity that disarms any naive idealization. From the very first verse, the poet dismantles the traditional symbol of the white dove—so often repeated, so comfortable, so insufficient. Peace, she tells us, is not a drawing, nor a symbolic gesture, nor a flight that whitens the sky: it is arduous, concrete, uncomfortable work. It is resolving injustices, confronting inequalities, facing head-on the problems that are "just around the corner." Her poem unfolds like an urgent conversation, almost like an interior monologue that progresses through questions, exclamations, and painful realizations. For Isa Guerra, peace is an earthly, everyday matter, political in the most human sense: water, light, education, healthcare, the ability to live without fear and without precarity.

This direct and critical gaze finds a revealing counterpoint in the work of **Tomás Morales**, one of the great classical poets of the Canary Islands. From his Atlantic modernist perspective, Morales crafted a poetry where the sea, navigation, and insularity become metaphors for the human condition. His vision of the

Peace is not explicitly social, but it is profoundly symbolic: peace appears as a horizon, as a calm sea that can only be reached after weathering storms. In *The Roses of Hercules*, peace is a spiritual state that is won through effort, a serenity born from understanding the world and its violence, not from denying it.

The difference between the two poets is evident, but so is their dialogue. Isa Guerra writes from the immediacy of the present, from the street, from the rising bills, from the leader who refuses to engage in dialogue, from the wall that separates. Her peace is concrete, urgent, almost tangible. Morales, on the other hand, raises her gaze to a more symbolic plane: peace as a calm sea, as a destiny glimpsed after the inner and outer struggle. He doesn't enumerate injustices; he transforms them into images of waves, wind, and journeys. She doesn't take refuge in metaphors; she shatters them to reveal the starkness of reality.

And yet, they both agree on one essential point: peace is not an ornament. It is not an empty concept or a repeated slogan. Morales suggests this through the solemnity of his seascapes, where calm only makes sense if the storm is acknowledged. Isa Guerra states it bluntly: peace is not built by painting it on t-shirts or repeating its name like a mantra. Peace demands responsibility, dialogue, justice, awareness. It demands

look at what “doesn’t affect us directly” and recognize that, in reality, it does affect us.

For Isa Guerra, peace is an act of lucidity. For Tomás Morales, it is an act of transcendence. But for both, peace is work. A construction. A human task that cannot be delegated or simplified. The contemporary poet and the Canarian modernist, from their distinct languages, coincide in reminding us that peace is not a symbol, but a practice. It is not a white flight, but a decision. It is not a dream, but a commitment.

Thus, *Peace Is Not Built with Doves* can be read as an earthly update of the ethical impulse that Morales already intuited in his oceanic poetry: the need to traverse conflict to achieve serenity. Peace, for both, is a horizon that is conquered with open eyes.

G. Campisi

PEACE

Azucena de los Ángeles Farías Hernández

It is necessary to save the world far
from the gray hours.

May the hungry be satisfied, and
if they knock at the door, may they have easy
access and receive bread and love as food.

-Ruins beneath cities, the seed
turned to nothing as life declines-

Let us achieve peace.

-The pain does not
cease, someone kneels
and begs for mercy-
And poverty floods where
there was harvest, the wheat
perishes among cracks.

Let us march towards peace
first in the soul.
We have time...

Azucena de los Ángeles Farías Hernández. Mexican lawyer, poet, and writer. Co-delegate for Mexico of The Cove/Rincón International, a cultural organization based in Miami, Florida (USA). She participates in recitals held in Mexico and abroad. Winner of international awards in poetry, narrative, and traditional folk songs. Her work appears in anthologies from various countries. She served on the jury of the World Organization of Troubadours (OMT).

Azucena de los Ángeles Farías Hernández in dialogue with Amado Nervo

Azucena de los Ángeles Farías Hernández's poetry in **La paz** (*Peace*) opens with an urgent call: "It is necessary to save the world / far from the gray hours." From this first gesture, the poet positions peace not as an abstract concept, but as a task of rescue, almost of salvation. Her voice moves between compassion and denunciation, between tenderness toward the hungry and the devastated vision of cities in ruins. For her, peace is an ethical horizon that can only be reached by attending to concrete suffering: hunger, poverty, life declining amidst cracks. And yet, in the midst of this wounded landscape, the poet introduces a ray of hope: "Let us march toward peace / first in the soul." Peace begins within, but it does not end there; it is an inner movement that must radiate outward into the world.

This sensitivity finds a profound echo in the work of **Amado Nervo**, one of the great classics of Mexican literature. Nervo, from his modernist spirituality, conceived of peace as a state of the soul, a serenity that is attained through compassion, renunciation of selfishness, and openness to the transcendent. In poems such as "*Serenity*" or "*The Immobile Beloved*," peace appears as

An inner refuge, a light that shines even in the midst of pain. For Nervo, peace is not the absence of conflict, but the presence of a profound harmony that allows one to look at the world with mercy.

The affinity between the two poets is evident: both understand peace as a spiritual process with concrete consequences in life. But while Nervo operates on a more metaphysical plane, Azucena Farías descends to the realm of the everyday, the social, the painful here and now. She speaks of the hungry person knocking at the door, of the wheat withering, of the poverty that floods what was once a harvest. Her gaze is earthly, direct, almost documentary. Nervo, on the other hand, transforms pain into symbol, into meditation, into a path toward transcendence.

And yet, they both share a profound conviction: peace is not imposed from the outside, but cultivated from within. When Azucena writes "first in the soul," she seems to be conversing with Nervi's serenity, with that certainty that the transformation of the world begins with inner transformation.

But the contemporary poet adds a crucial nuance: inner peace is not enough if it does not translate into justice, sustenance, and dignity. For her, spirituality must be embodied in concrete actions.

The most notable difference between the two lies in the way they represent suffering. Nervo envelops it in an aura of luminous resignation, as if pain were part of the path to a higher understanding. Azucena, on the other hand, shows it unveiled: someone kneeling implores mercy, life wanes, the seed turns to nothing. Her poetry does not seek to console, but to awaken.

It does not seek to soften the wound, but to highlight it so that it is not ignored.

And yet, in both of them beats the same hope: the possibility of a rebirth. Nervo imagines it as an inner illumination; Azucena proposes it as a collective march toward a more just future. He speaks from contemplation; she from urgency. But both, from their different times and sensibilities, agree that peace is a human task, a construction that demands clarity, compassion, and will.

Thus, Azucena de los Ángeles Farías Hernández's *"La paz"* (*The Peace*) can be read as an earthly update of the spiritual impulse that Amado Nervo embodied in his poetry. Both poets, each in their own way, remind us that peace is not a destination, but a journey. A journey that begins in the soul, but must continue in the world. A journey we still have time to travel.

G. Campisi

JAZZ QUARTET “Song to Freedom”



Luis Ángel Marín Ibáñez

The night played the piano, and a
brass challenge between
Charlie Parker and Louis Armstrong, with Ella
Fitzgerald from the depths giving rigor to spiritual
song.

Gray and black, black and gray the notes
came from the other side of the earth, like a trembling
spell unable to reject the map
of Oblivion.

The cotton plantations were blooming again
with prophetic sounds under a quartet with
a taste of origin.

And everything was both near and far at the
same time, it was as if a continent
sound the alarm, wanting to proclaim the
ancestral suffrage of man.
In that north wind of titans
roared the proclamation of incinerated Liberty,

the eviction of the rings,
and the signs stained by the sun.
The night played the pianist
with the clarity that touches everything,
The jazz shone brighter than they did themselves,
more than Ella, more than Charlie, more than Louis
Something like that, like white on black...
a black on white
...wanting to put an end to the colors.

Luis Ángel Marín Ibáñez, born in Zaragoza and a resident of La Palma for the past 35 years, holds a degree in Philosophy and Letters. A highly original poet, he fuses reason, delirium, and reverie in his poems, making the instant and the image the epicenter of the poem, in a simultaneous dreaming and not-dreaming... in a struggle between Being and Non-Being. He has published 13 books of poetry. Among other awards, he has won the "Platero" Prize from the United Nations, the Latin American Cultural Institute Prize of Argentina, the La Porte des Poètes Prize of Paris, the National Writers Center Prize of Argentina, the Latin Heritage Foundation Prize of the USA, the Tamariu Poetry Competition in Spanish, the Lincoln-Marti International Poetry Competition Prize of Miami (USA), and was a finalist for the City of Segovia and Villa de Madrid Prizes, among others.

He is a member of the American Academy of Modern Literature. His work has been translated into English, French, Italian, Romanian, Portuguese, German, Japanese, and Chinese.
Member of more than 20 poetry anthologies in the Spanish language.

Luis Angel Marin Ibanez and Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer before music, the night and freedom

The poetry of Luís Ángel Marín Ibáñez in *Jazz Quartet's "Song to Freedom"* unfolds like a nocturnal scene where music is not merely sound, but history, wound, and vindication. The night "played the pianist," and this initial gesture already situates the poem in symbolic territory: darkness as instrument, as stage where voices emerge from "the other side of the earth." Marín Ibáñez invokes Charlie Parker, Louis Armstrong, and Ella Fitzgerald not as figures of entertainment, but as heralds of a collective memory marked by slavery, resistance, and African American cultural creation. Jazz, in his poem, is an incantation that makes the cotton plantations bloom again, but this time not as a space of oppression, but as a territory of a sonic rebirth that demands freedom.

This vision, where music becomes a bridge between the present and a painful past, finds an unexpected echo in the work of **Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer**, the great classical poet born in Seville but deeply connected to Zaragoza, where he spent his childhood and where his sensibility was formed. Although Bécquer doesn't write about jazz or African American history, he shares with Marín Ibáñez an essential intuition: music is a language that reveals what words cannot. In his *Rimas*, music

It appears as a tremor of the soul, as a mystery that springs from the night, as a vibration that connects humankind with the invisible. For Bécquer, music is emotional memory; for Marín Ibáñez, it is historical memory. But in both cases, music is a threshold to the profound.

The difference between the two poets lies in the way they construct that threshold. Bécquer moves in an intimate, almost spectral register: the music is a whisper, a presence that is sensed more than heard. His night is a space of inner revelation, where the soul recognizes itself. Marín Ibáñez, on the other hand, writes from a night laden with history, where the brass instruments challenge, where the voices roar, where jazz “shone brighter than they themselves.”

Their night is not introspective, but collective; not silent, but vibrant; not melancholic, but insurgent.

And yet, both share a fundamental gesture: music as a force that transcends limits. Bécquer expresses it in his famous idea that poetry is what remains when the poet's voice is silenced; Marín Ibáñez suggests it when he affirms that jazz shines “more than Ella, more than Charlie, more than Louis.” In both, music transcends the individual and becomes a symbol. For Bécquer, it is a symbol of the mystery of the soul; for Marín Ibáñez, a symbol of incinerated freedom yearning to be reborn.

There is also a point of contact in the way both poets use the image of “color”.

Bécquer, in his legends and rhymes, plays with light and

Shadows are used as metaphors for feeling. Marín Ibáñez, on the other hand, introduces racial contrast—"white on black... black on white"—to highlight the desire to end the divisions that have marked history. Where Bécquer sees an emotional contrast, Marín Ibáñez sees a social one. But both use imagery to speak of reconciliation: in Bécquer, the reconciliation of the soul with itself; in Marín Ibáñez, the reconciliation of humanity with its own history.

Thus, *Jazz Quartet "Song to Freedom"* can be read as a contemporary expansion of Bécquer's impulse: music as revelation, the night as a symbolic stage, poetic language as a bridge to what cannot be said in any other way. But Marín Ibáñez adds a decisive element: music not only reveals, but denounces; not only illuminates, but demands. His jazz is not a whisper, but a proclamation. His night is not a refuge, but a stage for struggle. And in this intersection of memory, music, and freedom, his poem engages in dialogue with Bécquer from a distance, but also from a profound affinity: the conviction that poetry, like music, is capable of touching what history tries to forget.

G. Campisi

I PLEAD GUILTY. AN ACT OF WORD AND SCAR

Ernesto Kahn

I plead guilty for having
overflowed my wound upon the vast
sore of the world, and for having
sown my blood in the already scorched
earth that drags centuries of
stabblings and where hatred is kneaded with clay
and the name of God is edge and
fever.

Forgive me

— I shouldn't have spilled my bile from my chest,
I shouldn't have stained the ancestral
fever with my fever,
nor should I have laid

bare my grief upon the corpses that
still scream in tongues of ash.

But I felt the pain of the wind
that carries with it the voices of my dead, I felt the
pain of the shadow that crosses exile like a dog
without a homeland, I felt the
pain of the buried history and the
history that keeps being born with the
same hemorrhage.

I plead guilty to not being
able to hold back my tears in the prison of my eye.

For letting my rage become a river
and flood the stains.

Forgive me

— I too am rubble from Babel, I too bear the
guilt of those who cry with
their mouths pressed shut, of those who die
on the margins because they were born
with the star of David embroidered on their skin.

I plead guilty to having
spoken what burns, to having
loved what the world has condemned
to flames.

Guilty for remembering, for
not letting the scab close the wound.

Guilty —
because inside me the
story that others wanted to erase
continues to be written.

And even if I ask for
forgiveness, and even if I beg for
silence, I don't know if I
can stop the bleeding from continuing.

Professor Emeritus Dr. **Ernesto Kahan**, of Tel Aviv University, is a leading figure in medicine, literature, and peace culture. He has held international positions with AICTEH, the World Academy of Art and Culture, and AIELC. He was president of IPPNW-Israel and a delegate to the 1985 Nobel Peace Prize ceremony. He also holds leadership positions with IFLAC, UHE, GHA, and the Cercle Universel des Ambassadeurs de la Paix.

Ernesto Kahan and Juan Gelman: two voices that write from the wound that won't stop bleeding

Ernesto Kahan's poetry in *I Plead Guilty*

It is born from a territory where memory, identity and collective pain intertwine until they become inseparable.

The poem unfolds like a heart-wrenching confession: the lyrical self declares itself guilty not for an act committed, but for failing to contain the wound that pierces it and, overflowing, touches the world's ache. Kahan writes from an ancestral pain—persecution, exile, the mark of the Star of David—that is reactivated with every contemporary injustice. His voice is that of one who carries a history that others tried to erase, and yet insists on being written within him. Guilt, in his poem, is not moral: it is historical, identity-based, inevitable.

This way of accepting the wound as a shared destiny finds a deep echo in **Juan Gelman**, one of the great classical poets of Argentina.

Gelman also writes from the open wound, from the burning memory, from the impossibility of closing the scab. In his poems, personal pain—the disappearance of his son and daughter-in-law, exile, loss—

It becomes a collective pain, a voice that speaks for those who can no longer speak. Like Kahan, Gelman pleads guilty to remembering, to not forgetting, to continuing to bleed when the world demands silence.

There is an essential affinity between the two poets in the way they conceive of the word as an act of resistance. Kahan writes: "I plead guilty / to having said what burns." Gelman, in many of his texts, also assumes that poetry is a fire that cannot be extinguished.

A duty to the dead, a gesture of fidelity to the truth. They both understand that to remain silent would be to betray memory.

The difference between them lies in the tone. Kahan writes with a voice that oscillates between confession and supplication, between forgiveness and the impossibility of obtaining it. His poem is an act of conscience, almost an inner judgment. Gelman, on the other hand, writes from a more fractured, more fragmented intimacy, where language itself becomes wounded: he invents words, mixes registers, breaks syntax to say the unspeakable. Where Kahan declares, Gelman murmurs. Where Kahan asks for forgiveness, Gelman demands justice.

And yet, both converge on a decisive point: the wound is not only personal, but historical. Kahan carries the Jewish memory, the persecution, the exile. Gelman carries the weight of Argentine memory, the disappeared, state violence. Both write from a place of pain that belongs not only to the individual, but to an entire people.

There is also a similarity in their understanding of guilt. For Kahan, guilt is the inability to hold back tears, anger, or memories. For Gelman, guilt is surviving, staying alive when so many others couldn't.

Both poets transform that guilt into words, into testimony, into acts of love towards those who are no longer here.

Thus, placed face to face, Ernesto Kahan and Juan Gelman seem to converse from two different geographies —Israel and Argentina— but with the same sensibility: the certainty that poetry is born from the wound, that remembering is a duty, and that continuing to bleed is, sometimes, the only way to honor life.

G. Campisi

PEACE IN THE NEW EARTH

María Consuelo Pons Lafuente

There is a
country that is falling apart in the hands
of others, auctioned off for
ambition, stripped little by
little until it fears that one
day even its name will be changed.

The people are
silent, lulled to sleep by coins
that fall like a false balm, an opium that
numbs and makes
hope docile.

There are lands at war
where people die defending what
was cared for for
centuries to give life.
Now it lies destroyed, prey
to the desires of others who
seek to triumph through its ruin.

The strong devour the weak, and that is
why peace finds
no dwelling place on earth.

Ancient hatreds are reborn,
and killing doesn't matter,
nor to snatch what belongs to others;
one way or another
the earth will be wounded.

But one day the flood will come,
and after the storm
a dove will ascend,
announcing in the new land
the rebirth of peace.

María Consuelo Pons Lafuente was born in Valdenebro, a small town in the province of Soria, Spain. Her most recent multilingual poetry books, published by Edizioni Universum, include: "In the Silence of the Night" (Spanish, Italian, Russian); "Haikus" (Spanish, Italian); "The Sea Rebels" (Spanish, Italian, Greek); "Life Is Different When There Is Love" (Spanish, Italian); "Pearls of Poetry" (Spanish, Italian, English); "Daisy Petals" (Spanish, Italian, English); "Because the Lord Leads Me to Those Deserts" (Spanish, Italian, Greek); and "A Dream, a Fantasy" (Spanish, Italian, Ru

María Consuelo Pons Lafuente in conversation with Joaquín Dicenta

María Consuelo Pons Lafuente's poetry in * *En la nueva tierra la paz* * rises as both a lament and a warning. From the very first verse, the poet depicts a country crumbling in foreign hands, auctioned off to ambition, reduced to the point of fearing it might one day lose even its name. This initial image—a territory sold piece by piece—establishes the poem as a form of ethical denunciation, where peace is not a lost state, but a precious commodity stolen away. The people, lulled by coins that fall like a false balm, appear trapped in an induced, almost ritualistic, passivity. The poet observes, points out, awakens.

This critical and compassionate perspective finds a profound echo in the work of **Joaquín Dicenta**, the classic writer born in Calatayud but closely linked to Móstoles through his reception and influence on Spanish social tradition. Dicenta, a playwright and poet with a strong working-class conscience, transformed injustice into literary material. In works like *Juan José*, social denunciation becomes tangible, conflict, an open wound. His writing, like that of Pons Lafuente, does not merely describe: it challenges, unsettles, and demands a moral response.

Both authors share a fundamental conviction: peace cannot exist where inequality reigns. Pons Lafuente expresses this through devastating images—lands at war, destroyed crops, wheat perishing amidst cracks—that show how violence is not just an act

not a war, but a slow erosion process affecting the land, memory, and daily life. Dicenta, from his social theater, would have recognized in those images the same structure of oppression he denounced: the strong devouring the weak, human dignity reduced to a commodity, injustice as a system.

However, the difference between the two is revealing. Dicenta writes from the immediacy of human conflict, from the dramatic tension between characters who embody opposing social forces.

His denunciation is direct, frontal, almost physical. Pons Lafuente, on the other hand, introduces a more visionary, almost prophetic tone. His poem moves between chronicle and allegory: the auctioned country, the wounded land, the coming flood, the ascending dove.

Where Dicenta shows the struggle, she shows the cycle: destruction, purification, rebirth.

And yet, both agree on a crucial point: hope is not naiveté, but resistance. In Dicenta, hope manifests itself in rebellion, in the dignity that refuses to disappear. In Pons Lafuente, it appears as a

A symbolic promise: after the storm, a dove announces the rebirth of peace. This final image, which alludes to the myth of the flood and the renewal of the world, does not soften the harshness of the poem; it illuminates it. Peace is not a gift, but a reconstruction. It is not a state, but a process.

Thus, *In the New Land Peace* can be read as a contemporary extension of the ethical impulse that Dicenta embodied in his work: the need to look at injustice without looking away, to name structural violence, to remember that peace can only be born where human dignity is respected.

Pons Lafuente, in his most symbolic and meditative tone, takes up this heritage and transforms it into a poetic vision where the wounded land can still be reborn.

Both authors, each from their own time and language, remind us that peace is not a dream, but a task. A task that begins by acknowledging the wound and ends by imagining a new world.

G. Campisi

LA PAZI

Joseph Malerba

You can't buy it or invent it
without uprooting the weeds of hatred,
so deeply rooted in your spirit.
It does not exclude harassment or methods
intricate and costly, caused
Because of your internal conflicts, but it's possible.
Peace, if it is not driven by common interests
and principles of broad vision, cannot sustain
the world's balances, rapidly changing.

Giuseppe Malerba, born in Terlizzi (Bari), lives in Sant'Ilario d'Enza (Reggio Emilia). He has published several poetry collections, which have received favorable reviews in specialized journals. Winner of numerous first prizes, he is a member of several academies. He has received three lifetime achievement awards: the "Historical Vasto", "Giosuè Carducci" (Rome) and "City of Pomigliano d'Arco" (Naples).

¹ Taken from the book of poems *Symphonies... in a low voice*.

Giuseppe Malerba y Antonio Machado: two ways of looking at peace from a clear perspective

When reading "*Peace*" in its Spanish version, Giuseppe Malerba's voice emerges as that of a poet observing the world with an almost moral clarity. His poem neither idealizes peace nor presents it as an idyllic state: he conceives of it as an arduous task, demanding the uprooting of hatred, the confrontation of internal discord, and the upholding of broad principles that allow for the maintenance of the world's equilibrium. It is a sober, direct, unadorned vision that invites the reader to look inward before looking outward.

This attitude is deeply reminiscent of that of **Antonio Machado**, one of the great Spanish poets of the 20th century. Machado, especially in his reflections on coexistence, justice, and individual responsibility, shares with Malerba an essential conviction: peace is neither a gift nor an abstraction, but an ethical construct that begins in the human heart. In his work, social transformation always begins with inner transformation.

Malerba expresses the same thing when he states that peace cannot exist while the roots of hatred persist within each individual.

Both poets also share a distrust of easy solutions. In "*La paz*" (*Peace*), Malerba acknowledges that this ideal does not exclude difficulties, tensions, or costly methods. Machado, from his historical experience, knew that harmony is not achieved without effort, without dialogue, without a profound examination of one's own prejudices. Both understand

that peace is a fragile balance that requires vigilance and maturity.

There is also a particularly significant point of convergence: the idea that peace can only be sustained if it rests on broad, shared, almost universal principles. Malerba expresses this clearly when he points out that peace needs common interests and a broad vision to maintain the world's equilibrium. Machado, in his more philosophical thought, insists that human coexistence can only flourish when individual selfishness is overcome and a more generous, open, and humane perspective is adopted.

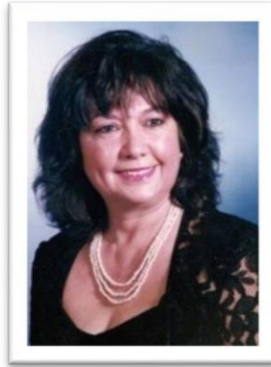
And yet, what is most remarkable is the tone. Malerba writes with an almost meditative sobriety, like someone who has learned that peace is a silent endeavor. Machado, with his serene and reflective style, also avoids grandiloquence: he prefers simple words, clear imagery, and intimate truth. Both poets share an aesthetic of moral clarity.

Thus, placed side by side, Malerba and Machado seem to converse from two different eras but with the same sensibility. The former speaks from a contemporary consciousness, marked by the rapid changes of the world. The latter from a Spain that He was searching for meaning amidst his own fractures. But both agree on the essentials: **peace is not a state, but a path; it is not a desire, but a responsibility; it is not a dream, but a form of lucidity.**

G. Campisi

PEACE

Soledad Martínez



Peace, blessed and longed-for peace!
The world lacks it, men do not
know it, and throughout the earth,
revenge, envy, and sorrow
reign incredibly and madly.

You, who have given wings to the birds
and men to your likeness, give peace and
sunshine to the whole world and let us feel
your wonders, but give us, give us
peace and joy every day, Lord, every day.

Then, possibly, with our peace
in our hands we can conquer,
dominate wars, the air, the sea,
the aura of every man, fears,
struggles, freedom, feeling
like brothers of all humanity.

Oh! Peace, like the almond tree in bloom.
Oh! The sweet, serene peace that
you present yourself each day
like the sun each morning.

Awakening, a divine sensation, to
the light, to peace, to truth, to that
God who awaits us all where there is no
pain or loneliness.

Soledad Martínez - Poet, actress, monologues, poetry recitals. Published works:
"Inspiration Spoke to Me" Biznaga Collection. 1999. "Homages" Gibrálaro Collection. 2001.
"The Voice of My Poetry". BIB-RAMBLA Collection. 2010. "POETRY "Sacred Fire" 2022.
Poetic work in 9 Anthologies. Audiobook of "The Invisible Cities" 2022.

Soledad Martínez in dialogue with Fray Luis de León

Soledad Martínez's poetry in *Paz* opens with a direct, almost liturgical invocation: "Peace, blessed and longed-for peace!" From that first verse, the author situates her poem in a territory where peace is not only a social state, but a sacred presence, a force that the world has lost and that men do not know how to recognize.

Her voice rises like a plea, aware that humanity lives trapped in vengeance, envy, and sorrow, and that only divine intervention can restore lost harmony. Peace, in her poem, is a gift asked for with humility, but also with urgency: "Give us peace and joy / every day, Lord, every day."

This spiritual dimension, which transforms peace into a bridge between the human and the divine, finds a profound echo in the work of **Fray Luis de León**, one of the great classics of the Spanish Renaissance. In poems such as "*Vida retirada*" (*Secluded Life*) and "*Noche serena*" (*Serene Night*), Fray Luis conceives of peace as an inner state that can only be attained in closeness to God, far from the noise of the world, its passions, and its conflicts. For him, peace is clarity, tranquility, truth; a light that descends upon the soul and brings order to it. Soledad Martínez shares this vision: peace is not merely a moral ideal, but a spiritual experience that illuminates daily life.

However, the difference between the two poets is revealing. Fray Luis seeks peace in retreat, in silence, in contemplation. His poetry aspires to elevate the soul above the tumult of the world, toward a sphere where divine harmony reigns. Soledad Martínez, on the other hand, does not withdraw from the world: she faces it head-on.

She acknowledges its violence, its disorder, its pain. Her plea arises precisely from this realization: humanity is wounded, and only peace—understood as grace—can heal it. Where Fray Luis finds refuge in inner serenity, she asks for a peace that transforms the earth, that conquers wars, fears, and struggles, that makes all people brothers and sisters.

And yet, both agree on one essential point: peace is inseparable from light. In Fray Luis, divine light orders the cosmos and the soul; in Soledad Martínez, peace appears “like the sun each morning,” as a revelation that awakens humankind to truth and love. The image of the almond tree in bloom, which she uses to evoke peace, could have been written by Fray Luis himself: it is nature transfigured, a symbol of purity, of rebirth, of harmony.

There is also an affinity in tone. Both poets write from a serene spirituality, without stridency, with a rhythm reminiscent of prayer.

The repetition—

“Give us, give us peace”—functions like a mantra, just as in Fray Luis the cadence of his verses seeks calm, clarity, inner music. Soledad Martínez’s poetry, like that of the Renaissance friar, does not seek to convince: it seeks to uplift.

Thus, *Paz* can be seen as a contemporary heir to the spiritual tradition embodied by Fray Luis de León in the Golden Age. Both poets, from different times and languages, remind us that peace is not only a human desire, but a divine calling; not only a social yearning, but a form of awakening.

In both, peace is light, it is truth, it is rebirth. And in both, poetry becomes an act of faith in the possibility of a brighter world.

G. Campisi

PEACE IN BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA

Pero Pavlovic

Peace for Bosnia and Herzegovina!

Peace under its blue sky, with
its sun, its moon and its stars!

Peace be with you in your warm embrace!

Peace to this suffering, wounded land,
soaked

in blood and hatred!

Peace among their peoples, their cultures and their languages!

Peace be with you, with me, with them,
and with all people of good will!

Peace in God,

who makes us brothers and sisters in the unity
of diversity.

Pavlović was born in 1952 in Gradac, near Neum, Bosnia and Herzegovina. He is a Croatian writer and academic. He has published 36 books of poetry.

But Pavloviy in dialogue with Friar Luis de León

Pero Pavloviy's plea for peace stems from an open wound. It is not a poem that contemplates the world from a distance, but from the trembling of a land that has known heartbreak.

When the poet calls for peace "under its blue sky" or in the "warm bosom" of Bosnia and Herzegovina, he is not describing a landscape: he is trying to restore to that landscape its lost innocence. The insistent repetition of the word "peace" functions like an incantation, as if poetry could mend what history has broken. And yet, amidst this civic urgency, the poem opens onto a spiritual dimension: human fraternity as a divine gift, diversity as a possible unity.

If we shift our focus to the Spanish tradition, the voice that resonates most strongly with Pavloviy's is that of **Fray Luis de León**, even though at first glance they seem worlds apart. Fray Luis writes from a place of sought-after serenity, from the need to withdraw from the noise of the world in order to rediscover inner harmony. But in both, the same conviction beats: that peace is not only a political state, but a way of being, a profound restoration of the human being.

In Pavloviy, peace is a cry rising from the wounded earth; in Fray Luis, it descends like a light that orders the soul. One looks toward the devastated horizon of a country that needs to reconcile with itself; the other toward the interior of the individual who needs to reconcile with his own nature. But both agree that

Peace is an act of return: a return to dignity, to harmony, to the truth of humanity.

Nature also plays a similar role in both works. Pavlovič invokes the sky, the sun, the moon, the stars: elements that remain even when humanity destroys itself. Fray Luis, for his part, finds in the orchard, the fountain, the shade of the tree, a model of balance that humankind should emulate. In both cases, nature appears as a space where peace is still possible, a reminder that harmony has not entirely disappeared.

The essential difference lies in the tone. Pavlovič writes from the urgency of a torn historical moment; Fray Luis from the contemplation of an eternal order. But this difference does not separate them: it complements them. The former reminds us that peace is necessary here and now, between specific peoples and languages; the latter that peace can only be sustained if it springs from a deeper spiritual foundation.

Thus, the dialogue between the two poets reveals a truth that transcends centuries and geographies: peace is always a double task, external and internal, historical and spiritual. Pavlovič claims it for a country; Fray Luis claims it for the soul. And in that double claim, the same hope shines forth: that human beings, despite everything, can once again be brothers and sisters to one another and to the world they inhabit.

G. Campisi

TO GENERATE PEACE

María del Socorro Maestro Payró

May peace envelop the world with its
mantle of joy, may deep love
be generated on the battlefields,
may bombs and missiles
instantly dissipate and become
words that caress souls,
comfort them and bless them.

May the voice of poets
denounce injustices,
defend peace, freedom, love,
forgiveness, respect
for life, solidarity, and
compassion.

**Creating peace is
your mission!**

María del Socorro Maestro Payró (GEMINI) was born in Veracruz, Ver. and lives in Mexico City, Mexico.

Writer and poet. Vice President for Mexico of the World Organization of Troubadours (OMT). Member of The Cove/Rincón International.

Published books: "Plenitude in Spring" and "Do You Think So? - Well, NO..."

His work can be found in national and international anthologies.

María del Socorro Maestro Payró in dialogue with Netzahualcóyotl

María del Socorro Maestro Payró's poetry in * *Generating Peace Is Your Mission* * rises like a luminous song where peace is not just a wish, but a human responsibility. From the first verse—"May peace envelop the world / with its mantle of joy"—the author imagines peace as an active, almost tangible force, capable of covering the earth and transforming even the most devastated spaces. Her vision is profoundly performative: bombs and missiles can "become words," and those words, far from wounding, "caress souls, / comfort and bless them." Poetry, in her view, is not an ornament: it is an instrument of moral transformation.

This conception of the word as a creative force finds a powerful echo in the work of **Netzahualcóyotl**, the great classical poet of pre-Hispanic Mexico. In his songs, the word is a bridge between the human and divine worlds, a tool capable of shaping truth, of consoling, of uplifting. For Netzahualcóyotl, poetry is a sacred act: "Is it truly possible to live with roots in the earth?" he asks, and in that question lies the same consciousness that animates Maestro Payró's poem: the need to find meaning, harmony, and beauty in a world marked by fragility and conflict.

However, the difference between the two poets is revealing. Netzahualcóyotl contemplates peace from a metaphysical perspective: serenity is born from the awareness of the ephemeral, from the acceptance that life is a brief song that must be lived with fullness and respect. His peace is internal, philosophical, linked to the contemplation of the world and the search for the divine. Maestro Payró, on the other hand, writes from an ethical urgency: peace must be defended, proclaimed, built. It is not enough to understand it; there is

to generate it. His poem is a call to action, a mandate that directly addresses the reader: "Generating peace / is your mission!"

And yet, they both agree on one essential point: peace is born from words. For Netzahualcóyotl, poetic language is a way of ordering the world, of honoring life, of drawing closer to the gods. For Maestro Payró, words are a benign weapon that replaces violence, a balm that heals, a gesture that blesses. Both poets believe in the transformative power of language: poetry doesn't describe peace, it summons it.

There is also an affinity in the way they both conceive of humanity. Maestro Payró imagines a world where poets denounce injustices and defend freedom, forgiveness, and solidarity. Netzahualcóyotl, from his philosophical perspective, also calls for fraternity, humility, and the awareness that all human beings share a common destiny. In both, peace is inseparable from compassion.

Thus, *Generating peace is your mission* can be read as a contemporary heir to the spiritual impulse that animated the poetry of Netzahualcóyotl: the conviction that the word is a sacred act, capable of transforming the world. Maestro Payró takes up that heritage and projects it into the present, turning poetry into an ethical call, a shared responsibility, a human mission.

Both poets, from different times and cultures, remind us that peace is not a passive dream, but a creation. A creation that begins with words and extends into life. A creation that, like an ancient song, still resonates within us.

G. Campisi

ORACLE

Cristina Pizarro Money

Thérèse gazes at the bushes in the orchard.
discover something hidden in the seed
still invisible.
Remember the crashing of the waves
of that quiet afternoon
fears return of storms
He throws himself into the deepest part of the sea
find a hippocampus
and
in the silent dwelling
joins her beloved.

The jubilant bells ring out.

What is visible now is eternal.

Cristina Pizarro Soldi - Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Poet and essayist. He has published thirteen books of poetry, six books of literary theory, and critical articles in Alba de América and other literary journals. First Prize for Poetry, Gente de Letras, Buenos Aires, 1996. Diploma of Honor from the Hispanic Literary and Cultural Institute of California, 2007. Master in International Poetry, Commissione di Lettura Internazionale, based in Trento, 2013. "Ambassador Rubén Vela" Award for Lifetime Achievement in Poetry, 2014. Postgraduate studies in Writing and Creativity, 2020. <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCYSlasBzCL0WeS1BcbI7L8g>

Cristina Pizarro Soldi in dialogue with Oliverio Girondo

Cristina Pizarro Soldi's poetry in *Oráculo* unfolds as an intimate vision where the everyday —
A garden, some bushes, a seed—opens itself to the symbolic and the transcendent. Thérèse, the central figure, contemplates, remembers, fears, throws herself into the sea, and finally joins her beloved in a “silent dwelling.” The poem unfolds like a small initiation rite: from the invisible seed to the loving encounter, from fear to revelation, from the hidden to the eternal. The final image—“What is visible now is eternal”—functions as a mystical seal, almost an epiphany that transforms experience into destiny.

This sensibility, where reality suddenly becomes metaphysical, finds a fascinating counterpoint in the work of **Oliverio Girondo**, one of Buenos Aires' great classical poets. Although Girondo is often associated with humor, rupture, and avant-garde experimentation, in books like *Persuasión de los días* (*Persuasion of the Days*) or *En la marmédula* (*In the Marrow*) a profoundly spiritual vein emerges, where the body, desire, and perception become gateways to the absolute. Girondo, like Pizarro Soldi, understands that the visible can be merely a threshold: behind a minimal image—a gesture, a tremor, a flash—the eternal can be revealed.

However, the difference between the two is revealing. Pizarro Soldi writes from a gentle, almost contemplative imagery: the orchard, the seed, the sea, the seahorse. His tone is intimate, delicate, laden with mythical resonances. Girondo, on the other hand, bursts forth with an explosive, overflowing language, where perception is

It fragments and multiplies. Where Cristina constructs an inner journey that culminates in loving union, Girondo often deconstructs the experience to show its intensity, its vertigo, its vital power.

And yet, both share a profound core: the conviction that love and perception transform reality. In *Oracle*, Thérèse overcomes fear, plunges into the sea, encounters a mythical being, and unites with her beloved. In Girondo, love is also a leap, an overflowing, a way of transcending the limits of the self.

Both poets conceive of the amorous encounter as an act of revelation: it is not just a human bond, but an access to another dimension of being.

There is also an affinity in the way they both work with the image of the sea. In Pizarro Soldi, the sea is depth, risk, transformation. In Girondo, the sea appears as a space of sensory intensity, a territory where identity dissolves and reinvents itself.

In both cases, the sea is a symbol of transit: a passage to the unknown.

The jubilant bell that closes Pizarro Soldi's poem could be seen as echoing Girondo's inner musicality, that rhythm that pulses through his verses even when they seem to break. The bell heralds a revelation; Girondo, in his unique style, also seeks that instant where words touch the ineffable.

Thus, *Oráculo* can be read as a piece that, with serenity and delicacy, engages with the Buenos Aires tradition of inner exploration and the search for the absolute. Cristina Pizarro Soldi and Oliverio Girondo, each from their own aesthetic perspective, agree on one essential point: poetry is a way of seeing beyond the visible, a way of transforming the ephemeral into the eternal.

G. Campisi

HUMAN BEINGS

Chicha Cerecedo Rego

The most complex aspect of HUMAN BEINGS

It is to exist between GOOD and EVIL,

because the immense weighs on everyone

with some guidelines

and

freedom.

Chicha Cerecedo Rego lives and works in A Puebla do Caramiñal, A Coruña, Spain. Publications and collaborations: She is listed in the International Biographical Dictionary, 1997, IBC, Cambridge, England. She has been a quarterly contributor to the fiction, non-fiction, and poetry magazine *Miscelánea Literaria*... in Spain since the winter of 2015. Her work appears in the poetry anthologies of *Clarín*, *Brisas poéticas modernas* (Latin American and Spanish poetry, California, USA), *Exposición poética - Artístico-literario internacional* (Las Ediciones Paisaje), and *Celebridades de la última década del siglo XX* (World Academy of Modern Literature). Publications in the Generalitat of the Conselleria de Seguridad Social de Valencia from 1995 to 1999, also in the magazine *El Ateneo del Nord* in 1991 and 1992. In poetry anthology *Galicia 1990*. Books: *Lazos* 2015; *Caminando con los Sentidos* 2015; *La niña de la aldea* 2016, 3rd edition; *Despertar en el año crepuscular* 2016; *Huellas de tiempo* 2016; *El océano del olvido* 2017. All published by Edizioni Cardeñoso, Vigo. Her latest bilingual poetry books published by Edizioni Universum: "Arenas e auga" (Italian, Spanish, English); "Sueño y realidad" (Italian, Spanish, Galician); "Fragmentos para ti" (Spanish, Galician); "Ramas al viento" (Italian, Spanish, French); "Mirando a la Esperanza del Mundo" (Spanish); "Melodía espiritual" (Italian, Spanish).

Chicha Cerecedo Rego and Rosalía de Castro: a Galician dialogue on the human condition

The poetry of Chicha Cerecedo Rego in *The human being* It is presented as a reflection uttered almost in a whisper, but with the firmness of someone who has arrived at a truth that needs no embellishment. The poem is brief, barely a handful of verses, and yet it contains an idea that weighs more than many pages: human existence as an unstable balance between good and evil.

Chicha doesn't dramatize, doesn't raise her voice; she simply states. And in that restraint lies a surprising depth. Human beings, she says, live amidst forces that influence everyone, and they do so with certain guidelines and with freedom. That final word—freedom—opens the poem to an ethical territory that is not imposed, but offered.

This essential, almost naked, gaze finds a natural echo in Rosalía de Castro, the great Galician voice who knew how to turn introspection into a mode of knowledge.

Rosalía, with her wounded yet luminous sensitivity, also understood that human beings are divided, that within them coexist opposing impulses, conflicting desires, and shadows that never fully dissipate. In *Follas novas* and *En las orillas del Sar*, this tension appears again and again: the joy that shatters, the sadness that illuminates, the hope that struggles to stay alive. Rosalía doesn't articulate moral duality as Chicha does, but she lives it, breathes it, and transforms it into music.

There is an affinity between them that stems not from style, but from their perspective. Chicha observes humanity with clarity; Rosalía, with emotion. But both agree that existence is not a straight path, but

A territory where forces intersect that we don't always know how to govern. Chicha says it with the concision of a sentence; Rosalía, with the vibration of a feeling that finds no rest. And yet, in both beats the same compassion: the certainty that human beings are fragile, contradictory, vulnerable, and that precisely for that reason they deserve to be understood.

The most profound difference between them lies in their approach to that complexity. Chicha writes from a place of synthesis, as if each word had been chosen after discarding many others. Rosalía writes from an inner overflow, from a voice that finds its way through doubts and tremors. Where one defines boundaries, the other expands. Where one affirms, the other questions. But both, each from her own time and sensibility, look at humankind with a mixture of lucidity and tenderness that unites them beyond the distances between them.

Placed opposite each other, Chicha Cerecedo Rego and Rosalía de Castro seem to be conversing from two different Galicias—one contemporary, the other nineteenth century—
But with the same intuition: that to exist is to move between opposing forces, and that freedom, however small, is the space where each person decides who they are. In that sense, **The Human Being** can be read as a modern extension of Rosalía's question: what are we, what moves us, what divides us? And poetry, in both, appears as the place where that question finds its truest form.

G. Campisi

HUMAN UTOPIA

Susana Ríbolo

On the threshold of the castle
of my philosophy
a utopia takes refuge, restless.
The cold freezes her in the dark night.
She is killed by hunger, crying, and blood.
Human dream chimera
It should not be housed in a confusing place.
I want to feel her warm with life,
even though it's in tatters
between mirages and reality.

Utopia, chimera, dream
every human.
Peace can only be found within.

Susana Ríbolo - Born in Hersilia, Santa Fe province, Argentina, on April 20, 1950, and resides in Ceres, a city in the same province. Teacher in charge of the Language and Literature curriculum until 2009. After retiring that year, she continued her studies in language. She earned a Higher Technician degree in Text Editing from the Eduardo Mallea Higher Institute of Language in the Autonomous City of Buenos Aires. She completed distance learning courses on reading reports at Cálamo y Cran, a master's and postgraduate center in Madrid, Spain. She was a member of the Juglares de Luz y Lorca group. Currently, she leads literature and theater workshops. She enjoys connecting with fellow readers, writers, and online communicators, and contributes to regional and international poetry anthologies.

Susana Ríbolo and Juan L. Ortiz: Two Santa Fe perspectives on inner utopia

Susana Ríbolo's poetry in *Human Utopia* is born on a threshold: that of the "castle of my philosophy," an intimate space where the author observes how a utopia—fragile, trembling, almost wounded—seeks shelter. The image is powerful: utopia does not appear as a luminous ideal, but as a vulnerable creature, shivering with cold, suffering hunger, tears, and blood. Ríbolo does not place it on a pedestal, but in a dark corner where it struggles to survive. And yet, the poet does not renounce it: she wants to feel it "warm with life," even though it is torn to shreds between mirages and reality. Utopia, she says, is human; and peace, if it exists, can only be born within.

This way of conceiving utopia—not as a political horizon, but as an inner state—
It finds a profound echo in the work of **Juan L. Ortiz**, the great poet from Entre Ríos, an essential figure in Argentine literature and one of the most delicate and contemplative voices of the Litoral region. Although Ortiz was not born in Santa Fe, his work is intimately linked to the region: his poetry engages in dialogue with the Paraná River, with the riverside towns, with the Litoral sensibility that unites Santa Fe, Entre Ríos, and Corrientes in a single poetic breath. And it is precisely in that breath that the point of contact with Ríbolo is found.

Ortiz also conceives of utopia as an inner state, as a way of looking at the world with delicacy. In his poems, hope is not a program or a slogan: it is a tremor, a faint light that barely holds, like Ríbolo's utopia that takes refuge in the castle of philosophy. Ortiz knows that

Beauty is fragile, peace is fragile, everything human is fragile. And yet, he insists on contemplating it, on sustaining it, on giving it a place. Ríbolo does the same: he protects his utopia, even though it is torn apart, even though it is barely a thread of life.

There is an affinity between them in their understanding of vulnerability. Ríbolo writes: "The cold freezes her in the dark night / hunger, weeping, and blood kill her." Ortiz, in many of his poems, also observes how beauty trembles, how the light fades, how hope becomes almost imperceptible. But neither of them renounces it. Utopia, for both, is not a triumph: it is a resistance. A small flame protected by the hands.

The difference between them lies in the tone. Ríbolo writes from an inner world that wavers between philosophy and emotion, between lucidity and anguish. Ortiz writes from an almost mystical contemplation, where utopia merges with the landscape, with the river, with the very breath of the world. Where Ríbolo speaks of threads, Ortiz speaks of mists. Where she sees mirages, he sees reflections. But both share the certainty that peace is found not outside, but within.

Standing opposite each other, Susana Ríbolo and Juan L. Ortiz seem to converse from two distinct sensibilities—one more philosophical, the other more contemplative—
But with the same intuition: the human utopia is fragile, yet necessary. It doesn't reside in grand pronouncements, but within each person. And peace, if it ever arrives, will not come from the world: it will come from the soul that sustains it.

G. Campisi

FOR PEACE

María Rosa Rzepka

Life begins anew at every step, at
every moment it is reborn and the
incessant search for well-being, for looking
out into the world each day, takes shape.

There are those who wander the world poor, seeking
peace and a plate of food. Without having any
guilt or accounts to bear, they are the remnant of
the hatred that annihilates.

Hatred and corruption go hand in hand,
deciding the future and ignominy as
bleeding peoples march very slowly towards death, with
no way out.

In the face of horror, let us sow poetry, peace,
and song, sharing everything.

Even though barbarism, lack of humanity, and
hatred of life have taken hold.

If violence opposes our gestures, let's redouble our
efforts without measure.

Enough with weapons, with peoples subjugated by
color, race, or lies.

Flowers with different colors

They brighten the environment, they dignify.

What does its color matter if they offer us their
aroma and their beauty, a symphony.

No more weapons, let our war be
written by stubborn children
To learn the letters, to cultivate oneself
build a new world where reigns
peace as the supreme allegory
Their voices rose in a chorus to sing
the Ode to Joy.

María Rosa Rzepka, writer by hobby and courage.

Participant whose works have been recognized in national and international competitions. Genres

Areas covered: poetry, short stories, novellas, visual arts including photography. Six published works and participation in various anthologies.

Resident of Florencio Varela, Buenos Aires Province, Argentina.

María Rosa Rzepka and Alfonsina Storni: Two voices from Buenos Aires that sow peace from the wound of the world

María Rosa Rzepka's poetry in **For Peace** unfolds like a long breath, blending denunciation, compassion, and hope. From the very first verse—"Life begins anew with every step"—the author establishes a perspective that refuses to give up: even in a world torn apart by hatred, corruption, and misery, life insists on being reborn. Her poem is a journey through the wounds of the present: the bleeding towns, the innocent who wander without guilt, the barbarity that hangs like a shadow with no end. But, faced with this horror, Rzepka proposes a profoundly human gesture: to sow poetry, to sow song, to share everything. For her, peace is not an abstract concept, but a practice built with actions, with words, with gestures that stand against violence.

This sensitivity—which combines critical lucidity with a resilient tenderness—finds a natural echo in the work of **Alfonsina Storni**, one of the great classical voices of Buenos Aires. Although Storni does not write about peace in explicit terms, her poetry is permeated by the same tension that runs through Rzepka's poem: the struggle between a hostile world and the need to preserve human dignity. In texts such as *"Little Man," "You Want Me White,"* and *"Ancestral Weight,"* Storni denounces the injustice, oppression, and symbolic and social violence that pervades daily life. Her voice, like Rzepka's, does not merely point to pain: it transforms it into awareness.

There is a profound affinity between the two poets in their way of viewing humanity. Rzepka observes those who "wander poor through the world / seeking peace and a plate of food," victims of a hatred that is not theirs to bear. Storni, from a different perspective, also focuses on the vulnerable, on those who carry burdens they did not choose, on those who suffer because of structures.

that surpass them. Both write from an active compassion, which does not settle for lamenting, but seeks to awaken.

The difference between them lies in how they construct that perspective.

Rzepka writes from an almost choral breadth: her poem encompasses peoples, races, colors, entire systems. Her voice rises like a collective call: "Stop the weapons," "Let's double down," "voices rising in a chorus." Peace, in her vision, is a social movement, a force that must be born from the union of many. Storni, on the other hand, writes from wounded intimacy: her denunciation springs from the body, from personal experience, from the woman who confronts a world that wounds her. Where Rzepka summons all of humanity, Storni speaks from the solitude of one who resists.

And yet, both agree on one essential point: poetry as an act of resistance. Rzepka states it bluntly: "In the face of horror, let us sow poetry." Storni, though she doesn't phrase it this way, practices it in every verse: her poetry is a form of rebellion, a way of saying what the world tries to silence.

Both believe in words as a tool for transformation, as a space where life can recommence.

There is also a shared appreciation for beauty as a form of reconciliation. Rzepka imagines flowers of different colors that dignify the surroundings, offering their fragrance without regard for color. Storni, in many of her poems, also turns to nature as a symbol of freedom, purity, and truth. Both find in beauty a path to peace.

Thus, *For Peace* can be read as a contemporary extension of the ethical sensibility that Alfonsina Storni embodied in her time: the certainty that poetry is not a refuge, but a luminous weapon; that peace is not inherited, but built; that life, even wounded, can begin again at every step.

G. Campisi

GO, THOUGHT

Kurt F. Svatek

The sound of peace,
which many thought they had so deeply ingrained in their ears,
how quickly it is forgotten
before the frantic wail of sirens, the roar of
airplane engines, the falling of bombs!

Is there an angel's harp that
plays it over and over for those
who don't want to hear it?
Are there languages of angels that
speak of peace for so long that, however
late, they are heard?

Are there doves that beat
their wings before blinded eyelids until everyone, even
those who don't want to, has to lose sight of the war?

Is there such a thing as
a downpour that also washes away thoughts?

Does all that exist outside of dreams?
Is there such a thing as the soft but constant sound of peace?
Maybe, but it definitely exists.
And yet it's not safe.
No obstante: *Go, thought, on golden wings,*
Fly, thought, on golden wings.

Kurt F. Svatek – Born in Vienna in 1949, Kurt F.

Svatek has been a prominent figure in the Austrian literary scene, serving as vice-president of the Lower Austrian section and treasurer of the Austrian PEN Club. His vast and diverse body of work encompasses poetry collections, aphorisms, essays, short stories, haikus, and two novels, in addition to articles on philological topics and a didactic book. Throughout his career, his writing has appeared in numerous journals and has been translated into a wide variety of languages, reaching readers across continents. This international reach has earned him a considerable number of awards and recognitions from many countries, establishing him as an author whose words transcend borders and genres.

Kurt F. Svatek y Antonio Machado: Two voices questioning peace from the fragility of the world

Reading Kurt F. Svatek's *Va, pensiero* is to enter a territory where peace appears as a faint, almost imperceptible sound, struggling to survive amidst the clamor of the world. The poem progresses from a painful realization—the ease with which

that we forget peace before the sirens, the engines, and the bombs—towards a series of questions that function as both a lament and a hope: Are there harps of angels? Tongues that speak of peace until they are heard? Doves capable of compelling us to see beyond war? A downpour that washes away even thoughts? Svatek writes from doubt, from uncertainty, from a dream that doesn't know if it can exist outside of dreams. And yet, in the final verse, the Verdi quote — *Va, pensiero, sull'ali dorate*— opens a luminous crack: thought can fly, even if it is on golden wings of desire.

This way of questioning peace from the perspective of human fragility finds a profound echo in **Antonio Machado**, one of the great Spanish classics whose work is permeated by the

Awareness of collective suffering and the search for a hope that refuses to surrender. Machado, especially in *Campos de Castilla*, also contemplates a world torn apart by violence, injustice, and moral blindness. And, like Svatek, he responds with questions rather than certainties. In poems such as "War?", "To a Dry Elm," and "The Ephemeral Tomorrow," Machado asks whether regeneration is possible, whether life can sprout from a wounded trunk, whether hope can survive the tumult of history. His voice, like Svatek's, does not proclaim: it doubts, observes, questions.

There is a clear affinity between the two poets in their approach to peace, both on a moral and symbolic plane. Svatek imagines harps, doves, downpours, angels: figures that attempt to awaken a humanity unwilling to listen. Machado, with his Castilian restraint, also employs symbols—the tree, the fountain, the earth, the light—to speak of human dignity and the need for inner rebirth. Both understand that peace is not a political decree, but a state of the soul that must be learned, listened to, almost revealed.

The difference between them is in the tone. Svatek He writes from a Central European sensibility marked by gentle irony and reflective melancholy. His poem is a succession of questions that do not seek immediate answers, but rather awareness.

Machado, on the other hand, writes from an ethical gravity that stems from the landscape and Spanish history. His voice is more earthly, more connected to the concrete suffering of the people, more committed to denunciation. Where Svatek asks, Machado warns. Where Svatek dreams, Machado exhorts.

And yet, both converge on an essential point: peace is a fragile sound that can be lost amidst the noise of the world, but it can also be reborn if we learn to listen to it. Svatek suggests this with his final question: “Does the soft but constant sound of peace exist?” Machado would have responded with one of his most intimate verses: “The path is made by walking.” Peace, for both of them, is not a state: it is a journey, a learning process, a flight of thought.

Thus, placed side by side, Kurt F. Svatek and Antonio Machado seem to converse from two distinct geographies—one Central European, the other Castilian—but with a shared sensibility: the certainty that peace is an ideal built through listening, awareness, and words. And that poetry, when it dares to ask questions, can become the first form of response.

G. Campisi

IN THE NAME OF PEACE

Encarna Gómez Valenzuela

Let us call for peace so
that through it truth, love, hope, and
solidarity may shine in
the world.

Let us call for peace and justice so that
the poor may have bread and the
unemployed work, and
the elderly affection, and
children a lap and a school and parents
and all the love we can give them.

Let us call for peace to erase
violence, so that there are no wars or
disputes, so that human beings do not
suffer marginalization, abuse, contempt, or injustice.

Let's eradicate pain from this planet.

Let us call for peace and tolerance.
Let's help our brother, our friend, and our neighbor.
Let us be supportive and understanding
towards the immigrant, who has nothing, only his
hands, empty, because he lacks everything.

Let us call for peace and harmony so that
understanding between all cultures,
ethnicities, and peoples may become
a reality.

To improve the world and not be night
neither sadness nor desolation of grief.

Let us eradicate injustice from this land,
cruelty and discrimination,
heartbreak and anger, pride,
arrogance and fear.

In the name of peace, I call for understanding
and equality for all human beings,
to the peoples, to the countries and to their people.
Let us offer our help to those who need it.
Let us all learn to live together, as brothers and sisters.

Life is a daily struggle

which sometimes weighs heavily and overwhelms

and plunges into discouragement.

It will be more bearable, lighter, kinder

If someone helps us, smiles at us, and encourages us,

If someone teaches us that the sun, every morning,

can shine again, like a luminous bonfire,

in the clear crystal of our pupils.

Encarna Gómez Valenzuela was born in Pegalajar (Jaén), Spain. She is a primary school teacher and a promoter of reading among students. She is an active member of several literary groups. Drawn to the magic of literature, she recreates stories from oral tradition, heard in her childhood. She writes her own poetry and narrative—short stories, novels, journalistic articles, and literary reviews of other authors she has read. She also dedicates herself to presenting and supporting other contemporary writers.

Encarna Gómez Valenzuela and Antonio Machado: two voices from Jaén that call for peace from the perspective of human dignity

Encarna Gómez Valenzuela's poetry in * *In the Name of Peace* * unfolds as a broad, generous, almost liturgical invocation. Each stanza begins with a call—"Let us summon peace"—that functions like a heartbeat, a rhythm that sustains the entire poem. The author does not merely wish for peace: she summons it, claims it, demands it as a fundamental right of all human beings. Her voice rises from a profoundly compassionate ethic: bread for the poor, work for the unemployed, affection for the elderly, school and a loving home for children. Peace, in her vision, is not an abstract concept: it is justice, it is care, it is dignity.

This sensitivity finds a natural echo in **Antonio Machado**, the great poet born in Seville but deeply linked to the province of Jaén, where he lived, taught and wrote some of his most memorable verses.

In *Campos de Castilla*, Machado also conceives of peace as a moral task born from respect for human beings and the denunciation of injustice. His view of Spain — wounded by poverty, inequality, social violence— It resonates strongly in Encarna's poem, which also observes a world where "the bleeding peoples" slowly advance towards death.

Both poets share an essential conviction: peace cannot be built while marginalization, contempt, and abuse exist. Encarna states it clearly: "Let us eradicate pain from this planet." Machado, in his more sober tone, also denounces cruelty and arrogance.

The arrogance that corrupts collective life. Both understand that peace is not only the absence of war, but also the presence of justice.

The difference between them lies in how they articulate that hope. Encarna writes from a choral, communal voice: she summons peoples, cultures, ethnicities, and countries. Her poem is a collective call, an ethical manifesto that seeks to unite humanity in a single gesture of solidarity. Machado, on the other hand, writes from the contemplation of the landscape and history: his voice is that of a wanderer who observes, reflects, and denounces. Where Encarna summons, Machado meditates. Where she exhorts, he questions.

And yet, they both agree on one crucial point: the need to educate for peace. Encarna envisions a war written by children, a war of letters, of learning, of inner cultivation. Machado, in many of his poems, also sees childhood as a space of purity, of truth, of possibility. For both, education is the path to a more just world.

There is also an affinity in their perspectives on daily life. Encarna writes: "Life is a daily struggle that, at times, weighs heavily and overwhelms." Machado, in his most intimate verses, also acknowledges this weariness, this discouragement that accompanies humankind. But both find a gesture that brings relief: a smile, an outstretched hand, a ray of sunshine that shines once more. Hope, in both, is humble yet persistent.

Thus, *In the Name of Peace* can be read as a contemporary extension of Machado's spirit: poetry as a moral responsibility, as a defense of the weak, as a sowing of light in a wounded world. Encarna Gómez Valenzuela takes up this tradition and transforms it into an urgent call, addressed to everyone, without exception. Because peace—like poetry—only exists when it is shared.

G. Campisi

SOLDIER

Patricia Vena

Put down your
rifle,
soldier, and take up the hoe.
Get off the tank,
soldier,
and get on the tractor.
Stop destroying
and try to create.
Do it all, do it
together, go to
the other side, away from
the front, let the
generals, politicians and
rulers sort it out.

Go back home,
hug your wives, your
children,
your fathers
and your mothers.
Dance and sing,
raise your glasses and
toast to Peace, toast to
Life, toast to the Future.

Patricia Vena – Poet, writer, and translator. She lives in the Marche region. She has published several books of poetry and short stories, including bilingual editions (Italian–Spanish).

**Patricia Vena and Atahualpa Yupanqui:
two Argentine voices speaking to him
to the soldier from humanity**

When one reads "*Soldier*" by Patricia Vena, one senses that the poet is addressing a specific man, of flesh and blood, but also a symbol: the human being trapped in a machine he did not choose. The poem's voice does not command: it invites. It does not accuse: it understands. It asks the soldier to lay down his rifle, to abandon the tank, to return to the land, to his home, to his loved ones.

It is a call to recover what war —any war— takes away: humanity.

That gesture, so direct and so Argentinian, finds an immediate echo in the work of **Atahualpa Yupanqui**, who throughout his life wrote and sang about the dignity of the common man, about injustice, about the need to return to the land and to creative work.

In many of his lyrics and poems, Yupanqui also speaks to the suffering man, the one far from home, the one who carries a weapon against his will. His perspective, like Vena's, is profoundly compassionate: he doesn't judge the individual, but rather the system that drives him to violence.

In "*Soldier*," the poet proposes a simple yet revolutionary gesture: exchanging a weapon for a tool, a tank for a tractor. Yupanqui, from his Creole worldview, would have perfectly understood this gesture. For him, the land was a place of truth, of honest work, of identity. War, on the other hand, was always an external imposition, a rupture of

natural order of life.

There is something else that unites them: **the defense of everyday life as a sacred space**. Vena invites the soldier to return home, to embrace his family, to toast to life and the future. Yupanqui, in his verses, also returns again and again to the home, the ranch, the hearth, to the family as the core of meaning.

Both poets know that peace is not an abstract idea: it is an embrace, a shared table, a song, a raised glass.

And yet, the most striking aspect of this comparison lies not in what they say, but in how they say it. Vena writes with luminous, almost urgent clarity, like someone trying to save someone before it's too late. Yupanqui, with his measured tone and the wisdom of a man of the countryside, also speaks from a place of moral urgency, but he does so with the serenity of someone who understands the rhythms of the land and of life.

Both of them, each from their own era and sensibility, seem to tell the soldier—and all of us—that true courage lies not in war, but in the ability to choose life. That peace is not passivity, but an act of bravery. That the future is not built with weapons, but with working hands and loving hearts.

Thus, placed face to face, Patricia Vena and Atahualpa Yupanqui reveal themselves as two Argentine voices that, from different paths, arrive at the same truth: **humanity is stronger than war, and poetry is a way of remembering it**.

G. Campisi

PEACE

Juan Emilio Ríos Vera

Peace, what a resounding, accurate
word, that with just three letters is like a
cannon salute that floods the
world with light.

Peace, what a bold and daring
word, which needs no more letters
or syllables to unite men around
coexistence, exchange and
concord.

Peace, what a miracle for humanity to
concentrate all the hope of a
united world in a single, resounding,
definitive, undeniable, and powerful
voice.

Peace is simple and clear,
transparent, firm and absolute.
Nothing is so pure and so unbreakable.
Therefore, let us not allow anyone to
defile her, by placing their blood-stained
hands on her white, immaculate,
limpid, and crystalline body.

Let us preserve its name and
its meaning with the exclusive weapon of
the alliance of all the peoples of the
world united in pursuit of an
ideal of coexistence and respect.

Everyone fits within the word peace, despite
its seemingly small space, with its different
cultures, its ancestral customs, its diverse colors,

their very different languages, their rites and creeds
so distant and even antagonistic,

their idiosyncrasies that shape their understanding of the world
in such native and unique ways.

No one is left out in peace.

There are no borders, customs, walls, or anything else
flag that is white and immaculate where

All colors of the palette fit.

All peace is an open space
to miscegenation, to exchange, to fusion,
to dialogue, to revelry, to the mix
of ideas, races, worldviews, languages,
customs, beliefs and cultures,
defended with passion and enthusiasm,
but with the ultimate weapon of words.

Juan Emilio Ríos Vera - Born in Algeciras (Spain) in 1966.

Graduate in Hispanic Philology. President of the "José Román" Athenaeum of Algeciras and of Section VI of the Institute of Campo de Gibraltar Studies. President of the "José Luis Cano" Poetic Group. Member of the "Blasco Ibáñez" Republican Athenaeum of Valencia and of the Association of Poets for Human Rights. "Aljabibe" Poetry Prize in 2012. Gold Shield of the National Union of Writers (2014), Saint Isidore of Seville Medal of the UNEE (2018), Gold Badge of the City of Algeciras. Poet, narrator, columnist, and novelist. Founding President of the Manilva Athenaeum.

Town crier for the Algeciras Book Fair, dedicated to the Ateneo of Algeciras in 2019. President of the Estepona-Sotogrande International Rotary Club, a position he has held since July 2021. In 2021, he received, among other awards, the Golden Star, granted by the Universal Poetic Utopia collective, the Silver Shield of the Hispanic World Union of Poets, and the medal for literary merit from the "Birds of the Soul" literary community of readers. His works include: * *Engendros de la ira** (poetry), * *La última columna antes del precipicio** (newspaper articles), and * *El caserón de la malmuerta**.

(short stories), *The Skeleton Woman* (illustrated legend). She has published her first novel: *Abdul, the Asturian Moor*, with Ahmed Ksiri, and after

The return of the swallow, they are already working on a third one which will be titled *All the colors of the sky*.

Juan Emilio Ríos Vera and José María

**Pemán: two men from Cádiz who elevate
the word “peace” until it becomes
in a universal ideal**

Juan Emilio Ríos Vera's poetry in **Paz** is constructed like a luminous hymn, a celebration of the word itself rather than any abstract concept. From the first verse—"Peace, what a resounding word"—the poet transforms the term into an almost sacred object, a core of meaning capable of containing all of humanity's hope in three letters. His poem unfolds like a growing meditation: peace is bold, daring, definitive; it is a miracle that concentrates in a single breath the possibility of a world of solidarity. Ríos Vera does not describe peace: he invokes it, protects it, defends it from those who might defile it. And, above all, he conceives of it as an open space where all cultures, all races, all languages fit, a territory without borders where diversity does not divide, but enriches.

This way of elevating the word to become an absolute symbol finds a profound echo in the work of **José María Pemán**, one of the most representative classical authors of Cádiz. Pemán, especially in his more lyrical poems and in his texts of a humanist nature, also conceives of certain values—harmony, concord, beauty—
as forces capable of uniting human beings

Beyond their differences, his writing, marked by a musical and solemn sensibility, shares with that of Ríos Vera the desire to turn the word into a banner, into a space where humanity can recognize itself.

There is a clear affinity between the two poets in their understanding of universality. Ríos Vera affirms that “the whole world fits within the word peace,” even with its diverse colors, creeds, and customs. Pemán, from his classical sensibility, also defended the idea of a culture that, while profoundly Spanish, could engage in dialogue with the universal. In both, the word becomes a bridge, a meeting place, common ground.

The difference between them lies in the way they construct that ideal. Ríos Vera writes with a contemporary, direct, almost celebratory clarity.

His poem is an expansive song, a manifesto that opens toward the future. Pemán, on the other hand, writes from a more solemn tradition, more anchored in classical rhetoric and the musicality of verse. Where Ríos Vera exalts diversity as richness, Pemán tends to seek unity through aesthetic and moral harmony. But both agree that the word—

When it is genuine—it can become a peaceful weapon, a tool for harmony.

There is also a particularly significant point of convergence: the defense of symbolic purity. Ríos Vera writes: “Let us not allow anyone to defile it,” referring to peace as a white and immaculate body. Pemán, in many of his poems, also uses the image of whiteness.

The pure, the crystalline, as a metaphor for the values that must be preserved. Both poets use light as a symbol of truth and hope.

And yet, their deepest affinity lies in the conviction that peace—like poetry—is a human act. It is not born of governments or institutions, but of the will of the people, of the alliance between cultures, of the shared word. Ríos Vera states it clearly: peace is defended “with the ultimate weapon of the word.” Pemán, from his classical tradition, would have recognized in that phrase the very essence of literature: the word as a moral force.

Thus, placed opposite each other, Juan Emilio Ríos Vera and José María Pemán seem to converse from two distinct Cádiz—one contemporary, the other classical—but with the same sensibility: the certainty that peace is an ideal built with language, with beauty, with respect. And that poetry, when written from this conviction, can become a space where the whole world fits without excluding anyone.

G. Campisi

GOOD AND WISE WINDS

Bella Clara Ventura

The tide brings me dreams.
Letters appear on each wave.
Wet tears slide down my face.
The letter P is installed in the eyes.
The A in smell.
The Z fits the shoes.
I walk towards peace without treading on its mysteries.
He gives his all through his music.
Celestial and divine invades my body.
Its presence is established in the mouth.
A call becomes loud.
It needs her singing.
The heart holds the feeling of knowing
she is ours.
I caress her day and night.
It keeps me awake for a moment.
I long for the fellow human being
to understand that peace is
our essence.
A gift of inner work, worthy of
applause.
Perfume of humanity.
Dew of each morning upon waking.
Wise and good winds.

They know where to dock their beauty.

He imparts his gifts.

Gifts of love.

Wellness fountain.

Source of splendors.

Bella Clara Ventura, a Colombian-Mexican-Israeli poet and novelist, has published over 40 books worldwide, including translations and numerous awards. She has been invited to literary events across five continents. In 2010, she received an honorary doctorate from the American Academy of Arts and Literature. She was named one of the 50 most important women in culture by the Santo Tomás University in Bogotá. She never stops writing because, for her, writing is life, her very reason for being and for projecting herself. She loves literature; it delights her, and she forges her own path as she writes.

Bella Clara Ventura and Jacobo Fijman: of united mystical-poetic sensibilities through the inner search for peace

Bella Clara Ventura's poetry in *Buenos y sabios vientos* unfolds as a sensory and spiritual experience. Peace here is not an abstract concept nor a social ideal: it is a living presence that takes shape in the body, that flows through the senses, that settles in the eyes, in the nose, in the mouth. The author transforms the word *peace* into an organism that breathes, that vibrates, that surrenders itself with “celestial and divine” music. Each letter—P, A, Z—

It becomes a sign that touches the skin, that accompanies the journey, that guides an inner transformation. Peace is essence, perfume, dew, gift, source. It is not conquered: it is recognized. It is not imposed: it is awakened.

This way of conceiving peace as an intimate, almost mystical phenomenon finds a profound echo in the work of **Jacobo Fijman**, the great Argentine poet of Jewish origin, born in Moldova but educated and established in Mexico, a singular figure in Latin American poetry. Fijman, like Ventura, understands spiritual experience as a sensory and luminous process. In his poems, light pervades the body, words become revelation, and peace—though rarely named—appears as a state of grace, as an inner radiance that transforms the perception of the world.

Both poets share a sensibility that

We could call it *mystical-corporeal*: spirituality is not experienced in thought, but in the flesh. Ventura writes: "Peace invades my body." Fijman, in many of his verses, lets the light "enter through the eyes," "burn the soul," "purify the blood." Both conceive of inner experience as a physical, palpable event that pierces the senses and redefines them.

The difference between them lies in the direction of that experience. Ventura moves toward celebration: her poem is a song, an embrace, a caress. Peace is a gift, a fragrance, a dew that awakens humanity. Fijman, on the other hand, moves toward ascension: his poetry is more austere, more bare, more marked by the search for the divine amidst suffering. Where Ventura caresses, Fijman purifies. Where she dances with the winds, he rises toward the light. But both agree that peace is an inner work, a state attained through the transformation of the soul.

There is also an affinity in their relationship with language. Ventura plays with letters, distributing them across the body, transforming them into living signs. Fijman, from his mystical tradition, also conceives of the word as an instrument of revelation: each term is a key, a symbol, a bridge to the invisible. Both poets believe in the word as a creative force, as a space where the spiritual becomes matter.

And yet, the deepest affinity between them lies in the conviction that peace—as

Poetry—is a gift that is received and shared.

Ventura writes: “I yearn for it for others... that they may understand that peace is our essence.” Fijman, from his luminous silence, also suggests that inner light only has meaning when it radiates outward.

The others. Peace, for both, is a state that expands, that spreads, that becomes a common good.

Thus, placed face to face, Bella Clara Ventura and Jacobo Fijman seem to converse from two different geographies, one Colombian-Mexican, the other Jewish-Mexican, but with the same sensibility: the certainty that peace is not found outside, but inside; that it is a wise wind that knows where to dock; that it is a splendor that is born from inner work and becomes a gift for the world.

G. Campisi

QUARANTINE SKY

Miguel Werner

The global reset
decreed by the powers of this world is in its final
throes.

The patient Cielo will
give her answer.

The divine daughters and
sons will awaken the people,
and the puppets will totter.

Sun and Moon will shine in
renewed Faith,
alongside Stars of Hope.
They will activate their original brilliance and love.

They will embrace the new humanity, and
celebrate, together, the
freedom of Creation, as a
family, in Peace.

Miguel Werner, Buenos Aires, Argentina - Bachelor of Arts in Social Communication (National University of Entre Ríos, 1998). He worked for a decade as a social photographer, collaborating with various media outlets, and for another 10 years as a correspondent for an international news agency. He has also carried out a variety of other journalistic, educational, cultural, interfaith, and charitable work with different civil society organizations.

Miguel Werner and Jorge Luis Borges: Two Buenos Aires gazes that read the sky as a shared destination

Miguel Werner's poetry in **Cielo de cuarentena** (*Quarantine Sky*) is born from a wounded time, but it doesn't remain on the surface of the event. From the opening lines—"The global reset / decreed by the powers of this world"—the poem positions itself on a threshold: the historical crisis is merely the backdrop for a deeper transformation. Werner doesn't describe the pandemic or its immediate effects; he prefers to raise his gaze to a symbolic plane where Heaven, patient and silent, prepares its response. In his vision, humanity is not alone: Sun, Moon, and Stars will shine with renewed faith, awakening the people and embracing a "new humanity" that will celebrate creation "as one family, in Peace."

This way of reading the world from above, of turning the stars into interlocutors and history into a metaphysical stage, finds a natural echo in **Jorge Luis Borges**, the great classical poet of Buenos Aires. Borges, though more skeptical and less prophetic, also conceives of the universe as a tapestry of symbols where every human event has a reflection in the sky. In many of his poems, the Sun, the Moon, and the stars are not decorative elements: they are signs of a secret order, of a truth that is intuited more than stated.

He understands. Werner, from his contemporary sensibility, takes up that tradition and transforms it into a song of hope.

There is an evident affinity between the two poets in the way they relate the human to the cosmic.

Werner writes from the conviction that the stars participate in the spiritual renewal of humanity. Borges, in his more sober tone, would have recognized in that vision the symbolic structure he himself explored: the universe as an open book, where each light is a word and each shadow, a mystery. Both understand that the sky is not a landscape, but a language.

The difference between them lies in their interpretation of language. Werner writes from a place of hope: his poem heralds an awakening, a celebration, a reconciled humanity. Borges, on the other hand, writes from a place of metaphysical doubt: his gaze is more contemplative, more questioning, less confident in the possibility of collective redemption. Where Werner sees a luminous future, Borges sees a labyrinth. Where Werner proclaims, Borges reflects. But both agree that poetry is the bridge between humanity and eternity.

There is also a point of convergence in their understanding of crisis. For Werner, the global crisis is the prelude to a spiritual rebirth. For Borges, crisis—whether personal or historical—is a moment of revelation, an instant in which human beings understand their fragility and their destiny. Both poets see in the rupture an opportunity to look beyond the immediate.

And yet, the deepest affinity between them lies in the conviction that peace is a state of mind rather than a political condition. Werner states it explicitly: the new humanity will celebrate creation “as a family, in peace.”

Borges, although he does not formulate it this way, suggests in many of his poems that true peace is internal, a serenity that is born from the recognition of our place in the universe.

Thus, placed face to face, Miguel Werner and Jorge Luis Borges seem to converse from two different Buenos Aires—one contemporary, the other classical—but with the same sensibility: the certainty that human destiny is played out as much in history as in heaven, and that poetry, when it dares to look upwards, can reveal the hidden meaning of our time.

G. Campisi

Conclusion

This volume, **Dialogues of Peace: Contemporary Poets in Conversation with the Hispanic Classics**, closes with the same conviction with which it was conceived: the certainty that poetry is a territory where eras meet, where wounds converse, and where hope is renewed. Throughout these pages, contemporary voices from diverse geographical regions have engaged in conversation with the great masters of the Hispanic tradition, not to seek refuge in the past, but to illuminate the present with a broader, deeper, and more human perspective.

Each comparative analysis has shown that, despite differences in time, style, and sensibility, the poets share the same essential impulse: **to bear witness to the human condition**. Whether from war or nature, from memory or intimacy, from denunciation or contemplation, they all write to understand and to heal. Peace—the central theme of this book—thus appears not as an abstract ideal, but as an ethical task that transcends generations.

The Hispanic classics provide the roots, the tradition, the historical depth. Contemporary poets bring urgency, the open wound, the need to speak now. Between them, a bridge is woven that demonstrates that literature is not a succession of isolated voices, but

a continuous conversation that transcends centuries and borders.

This book invites the reader to listen to that conversation. To discover that poetry can be an act of luminous resistance, a space of solace, a gesture of responsibility. And, above all, to understand that peace—like the word—

It only exists when it is shared.

Let these pages serve, then, as a reminder and as a commitment: **poetry remains a place where humanity can meet, recognize itself and walk towards the light without leaving anyone behind, as my wife writes in her last poem.**

G. Campisi



Biographical note

Giovanni Campisi, editor, writer, poet, essayist, translator and literary critic, was born in Galati Mamertino in 1956. Throughout his thirty-five years of literary activity he has received numerous awards in Italy and, above all, abroad.

Among the most significant recognitions are several Nobel Prize nominations from international cultural associations, an *honorary* doctorate in humanistic disciplines awarded by the Interamerican University of Humanistic Studies (Florida, USA), and an *honorary* degree.

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He has written numerous essays in several languages.

This year he has published:

- **The Female Universe in the Poetics of Ornella Cappuccini** (in Italian),
- **The Female Universe in the Paintings of Maria Kalatzis** (in Greek),
- **Female identity models in the poetics of Kurt Svatek** (in German),
- **Le voci della foresta**, essay, narrative and poetry (in Italian and English).

General index

Preface to Dialogues of Peace: Contemporary Poets	
In Conversation with the Hispanic Classics	3
No one should be left behind, <i>Renza Agnelli</i>	6
Peace as a legacy and as a mission:	
<i>Renza Agnelli</i> in dialogue with <i>Antonio Machado</i> 8	
War and Peace, <i>María del Carmen Aranda</i> 11	
<i>María del Carmen Aranda</i> and <i>Francisco de Quevedo</i> : two Madrid perspectives on the wound of the world	
	13
The Flower of Peace, <i>María Cristina Azcona</i> 15	
<i>María Cristina Azcona</i> and <i>Leopoldo Lugones</i> : two Argentine ways of imagining peace and light 16	
As the swords rust,	
<i>Antonia María Carrascal</i> 19	
<i>Antonia María Carrascal</i> and <i>Gustavo Adolfo</i>	
<i>Bécquer</i> : two Sevillian voices seeking peace through intimacy 21	
In search of peace, <i>Higorca Gómez Carrasco</i> 24	
<i>Higorca Gómez Carrasco</i> and <i>Joan Maragall</i>	
in dialogue about peace and nature	25
War in Ukraine, <i>Sara Ciampi</i>	28
<i>Sara Ciampi</i> and <i>Cesar Vallejo</i> :	
a dialogue of wounded humanities	29
The Last Battle, <i>Vasiliki Dragouni</i>	31
<i>Vasiliki Dragouni</i> and <i>Octavio Paz</i> :	
Two perspectives born from chaos	33
Peace, peace, peace, <i>Elias Domingo Galati</i>	36
<i>Elías Domingo Galati</i> y <i>Evaristo Carriego</i>	
in a single Buenos Aires heartbeat	37

Peace is not built with doves, <i>Isa Guerra</i>	40
<i>Isa Guerra</i> and <i>Tomás Morales</i>	
In the face of conflict and hope, peace.	42
<i>Azucena de los Ángeles Farías Hernández</i>	45
in dialogue with <i>Amado Nervo</i>	46
Quartet "Song to Freedom",	
<i>Luis Ángel Marín Ibáñez</i> and	49
<i>Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer</i> before music, night and freedom	51
I plead guilty. An act of words and scars, <i>Ernesto Kahan</i>	54
<i>Ernesto Kahan</i> and <i>Juan Gelman</i> : two voices that write from the wound that never stops bleeding	56
Peace in the new land.	
<i>María Consuelo Pons Lafuente</i>	58
en diálogo con <i>Joaquín Dicenta</i>	60
PAZ, <i>Giuseppe Malerba</i>	63
<i>Giuseppe Malerba</i> y <i>Jorge Luis Borges</i> :	
Two ways of looking at peace from a lucid perspective.	64
PEACE, <i>Soledad Martínez</i> .	66
<i>Soledad Martínez</i> in dialogue with <i>Fray Luis de León</i>	67
Peace in Bosnia and Herzegovina, <i>Pero Pavlović</i>	69
<i>But Pavlović</i> in dialogue with <i>Fray Luis de León</i>	70
To generate peace,	
<i>María del Socorro Maestro Payró</i>	72
<i>María del Socorro Maestro Payró</i>	

in dialogue with <i>Netzahualcóyotl</i> the	73
Oracle, <i>Cristina Pizarro Soldi</i>	75
with <i>Oliverio Gironde El</i>	76
ser humano, <i>Chicha Cerecedo Rego Chicha</i>	78
<i>Cerecedo Rego y Rosalía de Castro:</i>	
a Galician dialogue on the human condition	79
Human Utopia, <i>Susana Ríbolo</i>	81
<i>Susana Ríbolo and Juan L. Ortiz:</i>	
Two Santa Fe perspectives on inner utopia	82
For peace, <i>María Rosa Rzepka</i>	84
<i>María Rosa Rzepka and Alfonsina Storni:</i>	
Two voices from Buenos Aires that sow peace from the wounds of the world	86
Va, pensiero, <i>Kurt F. Svatek</i>	88
Kurt F. Svatek and Antonio Machado: two voices that question peace from the fragility of the world	90
In the name of peace, <i>Encarna Gómez Valenzuela</i>	93
<i>Encarna Gómez Valenzuela and Antonio Machado:</i> two voices from Jaén that call for peace	
from the perspective of human dignity	95
Soldier, <i>Patricia Vena</i>	97
<i>Patricia Vena and Atahualpa Yupanqui:</i>	
Two Argentine voices speaking to the soldier from humanity	98
Peace, <i>Juan Emilio Ríos Vera</i>	100
<i>Juan Emilio Ríos Vera and José María Pemán:</i>	
Two people from Cádiz who raise the word "peace" until it becomes a universal ideal	102

Good and wise winds, <i>Bella Clara Ventura</i>	105
<i>Bella Clara Ventura</i> and <i>Jacobo Fijman</i> : of united mystical-poetic sensibilities	107
through the inner search for peace	110
Quarantine Sky, <i>Miguel Werner</i>	110
<i>Miguel Werner</i> and <i>Jorge Luis Borges</i> : Two Buenos Aires gazes that read the sky	111
as a shared destination	114
Conclusion	114
Biographical note	116

Index of authors

Contemporary poets

Agnelli, Renza	6-8
Aranda, María del Carmen	11-13
Azcona, María Cristina	14-16
Carrascal, Antonia María	19-21
Gómez Carrasco, Higorca	24-25
Ciampi, Sara	28-29
Dragouni, Vasiliki	31-33
Galati, Elías Domingo	36-37
Guerra, Isa	40-42
Ángeles Farías Hernández, Azucena de los	45-46
Marín Ibáñez, Luís Ángel	49-51
Kahan, Ernesto	54-56
Pons Lafuente, María Consuelo	58-60
Malerba, Giuseppe	63-64
Martínez, Soledad	66-67
Pavlovič, Pero	69-70
Socorro Maestro Payró, María del Pizarro	72-73
Soldi, Cristina Cerecedo,	75-76
Rego Chicha Ríbolo, Susana	78-79
Rzepka, María	81-82
Rosa Svatek, Kurt F.	84-86
	88-90
Gómez Valenzuela, Encarna; Vena,	93-95
Patricia; Ríos	97-98
Vera, Juan Emilio; Ventura,	100-102
Bella Clara; Werner, Miguel	105-107
	110-111

Hispanic Classics in Dialogue

Bécquer, Gustavo Adolfo Borges,	21-51
Jorge Luis Carriego,	111
Evaristo Castro, Rosalía	37
de Dicenta, Joaquín	79
Fijman, Jacobo Gelman,	60
Juan Gironde, Oliverio	107
León, Fray Luis de	56
Lugones, Leopoldo	76
Machado, Antonio Maragall,	67-70
Joan Morales, Tomás Nervo,	16
Amado Netzahualcóyotl	8-64-90-95
Ortiz, Juan L.	25
	42
	46
	73
	82
Paz, Octavio	33
Pemán, José María	102
Quevedo, Francisco de Storni,	13
Alfonsina Vallejo, César	86
Yupanqui, Atahualpa	29
	98

Literature

1. Renza Agnelli y Antonio Machado 1. 8
- Contemporary poet — Renza Agnelli • Agnelli, Renza. 6
- "No one should be left behind." In the
magazine: *SAN FRANCISCO CULTURAL CENTER*
SOLANO, directed by Marcelo Guerin, Argentina, 2025.
2. Hispanic Classic — Antonio Machado • Machado, 8
- Antonio. *Fields of Castile*. Ed. Cátedra, Madrid.
2. María del Carmen Aranda y Francisco de Quevedo 11
1. Contemporary poet — María del Carmen Aranda 9
- Aranda, María del Carmen. "War and Peace." In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Universum Editions, 2022.
2. Hispanic Classics — Francisco de Quevedo 11
- Quevedo, Francisco de. *Complete Poetry*. Ed. José Manuel Blecuá, Gredos.
3. María Cristina Azcona y Leopoldo Lugones 1. Contemporary 15
- poet — María Cristina Azcona 14
- Azcona, María Cristina. «The flower of peace». In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Edizioni Universum, 2022.
2. Hispanic Classics — Leopoldo Lugones 15
- Lugones, Leopoldo. *Sentimental Almanac*. Losada Publishing House.
4. Antonia María Carrascal y Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer 21
1. Contemporary poet — Antonia María Carrascal 19

• Carrascal, Antonia María. «While the swords rust». In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Edizioni Universum, 2022.

2. Hispanic Classic — Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer

• Bécquer, Gustavo Adolfo. *Rhymes and Legends*. Ed. Chair.

5. Higorca Gómez Carrasco y Joan Maragall 1. 25

Contemporary poet — Higorca Gómez Carrasco 24

• Gómez Carrasco, Higorca. «In search of peace». In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Edizioni Universum, 2022.

2. Hispanic Classics — Joan Maragall

• Maragall, Joan. *Complete Works*. Ed. Selecta.

6. Sara Ciampi y César Vallejo 1. 29

Contemporary Poet — Sara Ciampi • Ciampi, 28

Sara. «War in Ukraine». In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Edizioni Universum, 2022.

2. Hispanic Classic — César Vallejo

• Vallejo, César. *Human Poems*. Losada Publishing House.

7. Vasiliki Dragouni y Octavio Paz 1. 33

Contemporary poet — Vasiliki Dragouni • Dragouni, 31

Vasiliki. «The last battle». In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Edizioni Universum, Trento, 2022.

2. Hispanic Classics — Octavio Paz

• Paz, Octavio. *The Bow and the Lyre*. Fondo de Cultura Económica de España, Madrid, 1972

8. Elías Domingo Galati y Evaristo Carriego 1. 37

Contemporary poet — Elías Domingo Galati 36

- Galati, Elías Domingo. «Peace, peace, peace». In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Edizioni Universum, Trento, 2022.
- 2. Classic of the Río de la Plata — Evaristo Carriego
 - Carriego, Evaristo. *Heretical Masses*. Editorial La Cultura Argentina, 1908.
- 9. Isa Guerra y Tomás Morales 42
- 1. Contemporary Poets — Isa War • War, Isa. 40
- "Peace is not built with pigeons. In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Universum Publishing House, Trento,
- 2. Canary Classic — Tomás Morales
 - Morales, Tomás. *The Roses of Hercules*. La Verdad Printing House, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, 1922.
- 10. Azucena de los Ángeles Farías Hernández y Beloved Nerve 46
- 1. Contemporary poet — Azucena de los Ángeles Farías Hernández 45
- Farías Hernández, Azucena de los Ángeles. «Peace». In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Edizioni Universum, Trento, 2022.
- 2. Mexican Classic — Amado Nervo
 - Nervo, Amado. *The Immobile Beloved*. Editorial Maucci, Barcelona, 1922.
- 11. Luis Ángel Marín Ibáñez y Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer 51
- 1. Contemporary poet — Luís Ángel Marín Ibáñez 49
- Marín Ibanez, Luis Angel. "Jazz Quartet "Singing to Freedom"". In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Universum Publishing House, Trento,

2. Spanish Classic — Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer
 - Bécquer, Gustavo Adolfo. *Rhymes*. Gaspar y Roig Printing and Bookstore, Madrid, 1871.
12. Ernesto Kahan y Juan Gelman 56
1. Contemporary poet — Ernesto Kahan • Kahan, Ernesto. "I plead guilty." In: [Published in 2025](#). 54
2. Argentine Classic — Juan Gelman
 - Gelman, Juan. *Oxen's anger*. Editorial Seix Barral, Barcelona, 1971.
13. María Consuelo Pons Lafuente y Joaquín Dicenta 60
1. Contemporary poet — María Consuelo Pons Lafuente 58
 - Pons Lafuente, María Consuelo. «En la nueva tierra la paz». In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Edizioni Universum, Trento, 2022.
2. Spanish Classic — Joaquín Dicenta
 - Dicenta, Joaquín. *Juan José*. Imprenta de la Revista de Legislación, Madrid, 1895.
14. Giuseppe Malerba y Antonio Machado 1. 64
- Contemporary poet — Giuseppe Malerba • Malerba, Giuseppe. "The peace" (Spanish version). In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Edizioni Universum, Trento, 2022. 63
2. Spanish Classic — Antonio Machado
 - Machado, Antonio. *Fields of Castile*. Renaissance, Madrid, 1912.
15. Soledad Martínez y Fray Luis de León 67

1. Contemporary poet — Soledad Martínez • Martínez, 66
Soledad. «Peace». In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Edizioni
Universum, Trento, 2022.
2. Spanish Classic — Fray Luis de León
• Fray Luis de León. *Poems*. Benito Cano Printing Press, Madrid,
1791.
16. Pero Pavlovič y Fray Luis de León 1. 70
Contemporary poet — Pero Pavlovič • Pavlovič, 69
Pero. «Peace». In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Edizioni
Universum, Trento, 2022.
2. Spanish Classic — Fray Luis de León
• Fray Luis de León. *Poems*. Benito Cano Printing Press, Madrid,
1791.
17. María del Socorro Maestro Payró y Netzahualcóyotl 73
1. Contemporary poet — Mary of Help Master Payro • Master Payro, 72
Mary
of Help. "Generating peace is your mission." In: *PAX TOTO ORBE
TERRARUM*, Universum Publishing House, Trento,
2. Mexican Classic — Netzahualcóyotl
• Netzahualcóyotl. *Mexican Songs* (attributed poetry). Facsimile
edition of the National Library of Mexico, National Autonomous
University of Mexico (UNAM), 1985.
18. Cristina Pizarro Soldi y Oliverio Gironde 76
1. Contemporary poet — Cristina Pizarro Soldi 75
• Pizarro Soldi, Cristina. «Oracle». In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*,
Edizioni Universum, Trento, 2022.

2. Argentine Classic — Oliverio Girondo
 - Girondo, Oliverio. *Persuasion of the Days*. Editorial Losada, Buenos Aires, 1942.
19. Chicha Cerecedo Rego y Rosalía de Castro 1. Contemporary 79
 - poet — Chicha Cerecedo Rego 78
 - Cerecedo Rego, Chicha. «The human being». In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Edizioni Universum, Trento, 2022.
2. Galician classic — Rosalía de Castro
 - Castro, Rosalía de. *New Leaves*. Juan Compañel, Vigo, 1880.
20. Susana Ríbolo y Juan L. Ortiz 82
 - 1. Contemporary poet — Susana Ríbolo • Ríbolo, 81
 - Susana. «Human Utopia». In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Edizioni Universum, Trento, 2022.
 - 2. Argentine Classic — Juan L. Ortiz
 - Ortiz, Juan L. *In the aura of the willow*. Editorial Biblioteca Vigil, Rosario, 1970.
21. Mary Rose Rzepka y Alfonsina Storni 1. Contemporary 86
 - Poets — Mary Rose Rzepka • Rzepka, Mary Rose. "For peace. 84
 - In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Universum Publishing House, Trento,
2. Argentine Classic — Alfonsina Storni
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22. Kurt F. Svatek y Antonio Machado 90
 - 1. Contemporary poet — Kurt F. Svatek • Svatek, Kurt 88
 - F. «Va, pensiero». In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Edizioni Universum, Trento, 2022.

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23. Encarna Gómez Valenzuela y Antonio Machado 95

1. Contemporary poet — Encarna Gómez Valenzuela

93

- Gómez Valenzuela, Encarna. «In the name of peace».

In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Edizioni Universum, Trento, 2022.

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- Machado, Antonio. *Fields of Castile*. Renaissance, Madrid, 1912.

24. Patricia Vena y Atahualpa Yupanqui 1.

98

Contemporary poet — Patricia Vena • Vena, Patricia.

97

«Soldier». In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Edizioni Universum, Trento, 2022.

2. Argentine Classic — Atahualpa Yupanqui

- Yupanqui, Atahualpa. *The persecuted payador*. Editorial Peña Lillo, Buenos Aires, 1957.

25. Juan Emilio Ríos Vera y José María Pemán 102

1. Contemporary poet — Juan Emilio Ríos Vera 100

- Ríos Vera, Juan Emilio. «Peace». In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Edizioni Universum, Trento, 2022.

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26. Bella Clara Ventura y Jacobo Fijman 1.

107

Contemporary poet — Bella Clara Ventura

105

- Ventura, Bella Clara. «Good and wise winds». In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Edizioni Universum, Trento, 2022.

2. Argentine Classic — Jacobo Fijman

- Fijman, Jacobo. *Complete Works*. Argentine Cultural Editions, Ministry of Education and Justice, Buenos Aires, 1956.

27. Miguel Werner y Jorge Luis Borges 1. 111

Contemporary poet — Miguel Werner • Werner, 110

Miguel. «Cielo de cuarentena». In: *PAX TOTO ORBE TERRARUM*, Edizioni Universum, Trento, 2022.

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