

ATUNIS

POETS ARE THE FOREFRONT OF WHITE SUN RISES,
ARE THE MUSE AND SOULS OF DREAMS,
ARE BREADTH OF MUSICALITY AND PRECIOUS
WORDS.

ARE THE BRIGHTEST COLORS OF OUR HUMANITY
IN A PRINCIPLED CIVILIZATION

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**Poets are the forefront of white sun rises,
Are the muse and souls of dreams,
Are breadth of musicality and precious words,
Are the brightest colors of our humanity in a principled
civilization.**

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Table of Contents

Introduction - Editorial Staff of "ATUNIS"

Essays

- 1- The Figure – character in the artistic structure of the work of the author Koço Kosta.
Written by: MSC. Ermelinda Kashahu (Albania)
- 2- Critical Appreciation on the Poetic Project of Eftichia Kapardeli
By Alampourinou Konstantina- poet (Greece)
- 3- Proof of a Nation!
Literary Analysis, Essay on “ Cry of the Century”
novel by Mehil Velaj
Written by Raimonda Moisiu (Albania- U.S.A.)
Edited By ALBANIAN DAILY NEWS
- 4- POISON by Kinga Fabó, a book review by Linda Ibbotson. (Hungary)
- 5- Parallels between “Thus spoke Mona Lisa” by Moikom Zeqo and the “Da Vinci Code” by Dan Brown.
By Fatmir Minguli (Albania)
- 6- “The Dance of Darkness” By Muhammad Shanazar (Pakistan)
A Bard of Peace Written by Jagdish Prakash (India)
- 7- Critical Analysis on Duska's poems (Serbia)
- 8- Albanian Valiant and Ancient
By Labinot Berisha (Kosova)
- 9- Critical analysis on poetry of Malsore Llapashtica (Kosova)
By Fatime Kulli

PROSE

- 1- Beyond The Grey Curtain (Novel) By Agron Shele (Albania)
- 2- Lenze / by Niels Hav (Denmark)
- 3- Death in Ropes / Fatbardha Sulaj & Albert Van Der Steeg (Albania - U.K.)
- 4- Short stories by Asror Allayarov (Uzbekistan)
- 5- Time Heals Everything / By Marjeta Shatro (Albania)

POETRY

- 1- Poems by Adolf Shvjedçikov (Russia)
- 2- Poems by Hasije Selishta- Kryeziu (Kosova)
- 3- Poems by Marcela Villar M. (U.S.A.)
- 4- Poems by Fatime Kulli (Albania)
- 5- Poems by Senior Advisor: Sabahudin Hadžialić (Bosnia and Herzegovina)
- 6- Poems by Nuri Can (Netherlands)
- 7- Poems by Dorin Popa (Romania)
- 8- Poems by Myrteza Mara (Albania)
- 9- Poems by Maria Miraglia (Italy)
- 10- Poems by Miradije Ramiqi (Kosova)
- 11- Poems by Caroline Nazareno-Gabis (Philippines)
- 12- Hajk by Lumo Kolleshi (Albania)
- 13- Poems by Bilall Maliqi (Presheva)
- 14- Poems by Ibrahim Kadriu (Kosova)
- 15- Poems by Shefqete Goslaci (Kosova)
- 16- Poems by Entela Kasi (Albania)
- 17- Poems by Ardi Omeri (Albania)
- 18- Poems by Natasha Xhelili (Albania)

TRANSLATIONS

- 1- Poems by Cornelia Marks (Germany)
Translated from German into English by Marco Organo.
- 2- Poems by Leyla IŞIK (Turkey)
Translated by Baki Yiğit
- 3- Poems by Arianita Hoxha (Albania)
Translated by Fatbardha Sulaj

INTERVIEWS

- 1- Interview by Tatjana Debeljači vs Michal Mahgerefteh
Interview with Michal Mahgerefteh (Israel)
- 2- Interview by Mimoza Ahmeti vs Irina Hysi (Albania)
- 3- Interview by Apri Presents vs Jeta Vojkollari
(Canada)

CULTURE

Nakhchivan Region: A living Testimony of Azerbaijani and World History
By Peter Tase (Albania- U.S.A.)

EDITORIAL

A Brand New Rose in the Garden of Albanian Literary Universe

Atunis Magazine comes as a prelude to sensations of contemporary Albanian art and embodies the values and individual literary work of poets, writers, translators and national and international scholars that are focused in writing poetry, essays and literary criticism. Apart from this, our magazine will serve as an ongoing bridge that will help identify the best cultural and spiritual values in Albanian literature.

Such a magic universe of word styles attracts all of us towards the ridges and valleys of muses and fantasies, it leads you towards western horizons, it succumbs you in the deepest quarters of pleasure, it gives, brings a renaissance towards the sunrise with morning dew, takes you towards skies of flying birds, the skies which are radiant in the shining lights of fiery stars and always embraces and impresses all of us without even noticing it within the gravity of sentiments, eloquence and greatness of artistic thoughts.

In the pages of this magazine, right at the beginning, there has been given a special priority to convey literary works, not only at the national plane but also internationally, in order to facilitate the common flow of different currents towards a universal thought, and above all, inclusion of readers within instants of subjective works, of attractive exploratory themes, at the same time as creative and metaphoric practices of arts in general.

Literature as a component of cultural description of all times, has emerged through a myriad number of shapes and forms and all this surge has only one objective, that of reflecting

thoughts of essence throughout all times, as well as unraveling metaphysical subjects for more development, for more prosperity and social emancipation. In this context and within a variety of genres that have been shaped, here comes today the sculpture of our ideas, in order to discuss and serve as a mirror image of literary summaries which have been published here, lights and shadows of concepts, although it may always come against us.

The art of words in itself is a deep process of thought, the experience and inspiration of feelings and sublime emotions, it is a harmonious amalgamation with the endless nature of men without forgetting the stage of this theater that while on progress should evolve with dynamism, an expressive power and crafting of ideas.

In the focus of these literary trends there have emerged the expansions in time, space and geography of thoughts, conceptualized models of waves and truncated concepts and formal rules, vision of reasoning and perception of diversity within freedom of individual creation.

The presence of tools and new technological concepts have brought the world of arts into a new era of changes, very often debated on the way literary information has been treated, but what is serving as the foundation and all the perceptive sensations is the fact that all is published on paper, as a possibility of touching, paging and then a superior scale of feelings. In the garden of Albanian literary universe today is born a new rose, which brings an all-heartedly new color that will further decorate the literary landscape of Albanian literature.

Editorial Board of "ATUNIS"



©Jacqueline Ripstein (USA) "My dreams", 2003

Essays

The Figure - Character in the Artistic Structure of the Work of the Author Koço Kosta.

Written by: MSC. Ermelinda Kashahu (Albania)

The human figures in the literary works are one of the important tools by the means of which the writers manage to incarnate the reality and express their political and social feelings, ideas. As far as Koço Kosta is concerned, he represents the positive character and the most revolutionary forces of the time with the ideals of the writer. The character constitutes the most active element that penetrates in literature from the vital processes, revolutionary transformations of the society and the physiognomy of human society. Therefore, we can say without exaggeration that, in order to judge the work of Koco Kosta, it would be enough to see above all who is its main character or hero, to say it with one word, the aesthetical social ideal which leads the writers and is materialized in characters and typical literary figures. It is understandable that these characters are not that much "indifferent" and "disengaged" in their actions and behaviors. According to Koco Kosta his character has no features in common with the hero of the decadent and formal literature. These characters are the truth of our lives, or the vital force in action. They are the true lords of the place; therefore, they deserve the honorable place in literature and life. The author's point of view seems to abandon the older ways which considered the concepts of superiority of the intellectual towards the masses and this makes the writer to put forward his subjective feelings, instead of mirroring the great world of action, feelings and popular thoughts. Generalizing the figure of characters of the author Koco Kosta, the author has drawn the characters not like a preacher of ideas, abstracts, moral norms or as an expression of himself

in subjective meaning, but as a unit of action. He (the character) becomes literature and in the work of Koço Kosta, as a man of vanguard who inspires with his example. These characters are positioned in front of realities, problems and new situations, where in addition of the affirmation comes the need of critical stands.

But, let us not forget that life offers us a rich material and the reader seeks to see the hero of the literary works standing in front of the newest events, to see in his figure the generalization of those features which are born and cultivated in the process of the construction of that time. What important is here, the discovery of the essential sides of the phenomena and characters, the right realistic definition of the platform, its characterization which give to the work the main sounding. However, it happens that sometimes characters of this nature (episodic) have served as necessary fulfillments of the general artistic representation of life, but other times, being not surrendered to the wholeness of the work and the work being treated in a naturalistic way, they have damaged its general sounding. The relations of these characters with the reality, holding the seal of this reality, are not abstract and ideal, they are concrete and in every case they manifest various relations of individuals among them, having as their basis of various motives, but every time they are socially defined and socially explained. If every character of the author Koco Kosta occupies its deserving place, its portrait will also be complete and the mutual influence will be reflected in many directions, by closing one of the idealized paths and imaginations of the miraculous and "sterile" heroes. The selection of the main characters, who are placed in the center of the work, have something to do with the issue which is in the interest of the writer and it strongly affects the direction given to the representation of life, the place given to the different aspects and issues which constitute the its wholeness. But the positive heroes not only act against out of fashion "rattletraps", but

also especially against those who try to adapt themselves in our life, they enter like particles and crumbs even into the healthy matter of our society. In this way in these stories is also derived our positive hero, the way he is being prepared by the present reality. These heroes not only they bear the war, but they also bring great and emotional wealth, being this testimony of their richest spiritual world in ideals and objectives. We mention here the character of Bashmeta, who comes to the village of her birth to pass here the years of her retirement.

According to the writer, his characters should be consequent, vigilant, fighters day and night, in years of work and years of their retirement. We also mention here the volume "Discourse by midnight", where the author gives the funny position of the character of Sitkiu who appears to be so superficial, so incapable, so artificial, but with his position the author cannot discover his friendly relations. Artistically, the portrait of this person in the story is beautifully reached through many details, sorted out and placed with much effect (we mention here the passage of the catching of the fly or the knowledge that Sitkiu has about Italian language and literature). In these stories the author has mainly treated the portraying of different people who represent elements with less or much social reach in our present society. But even though stories – portrait, they do not lack the conflicts of the time, because exactly these people carry specified sides of these conflicts, which our morality and our society meet nowadays.

The story "The Little Man Who..." ...is the most figured of the whole volume. In this story we are grabbed by the truth of the story and the power of the artistic description. Entering deeply into the psychology of the children, the author has managed to tell us that the whole social life, the family interrelations are individuals who manifest signs of the moral of the time.

Let us not forget that the character is the subject of this matter and this is clearly seen also in the fact that among multiple subjects treated by the author, the first place is taken by the subjects dealing with the ethics and moral norms and the freedom of the individual in the society. The story of Koco Kosta is not a story about events, but about the characters.

Its revolving axis is the man. As such, the thematic of this prose acknowledges some types of proceedings which fit almost the whole of his work. We shall represent the thematic structure of this short prose in the following form:

Judgment (We have to deal with a judgment of the narrative character for the narrated character, a judgment raised on the basis of a misunderstanding or misinformation and prejudice).

Confrontation (here both characters are placed against of each- other. Re-evaluation (here as a result of some developments, the narrative character re-evaluates the narrated character).

Reflection + restart (here we have the narrative character against himself and the narrated character, not only with a changed opinion but also with a valuated one. We have a perspective in relation with the position of the narrative character finds the future).

In relation with the characters of the work of Koco Kosta, Miranda Haxhia expresses herself saying: "I have nothing about the prose, but the prizes are so rare and the possibilities that a writer be awarded are so distant that it should be thought better that which of the books deserves a price! I, without hesitation, would give the first price to the work of Koço Kosta for some reasons: he has beautiful prose, wonderful language, excellent lines, he has an extraordinary

style, a host of characters and he has done a detailed work believing that the reader deserves a qualitative literature. The works of the author have no competitor. It is still not tasted well by the reader. The only reason I find is that the members of the jury have not yet read his books; they have not had the desire to read them. This is a talented writer, but with his works he places high fences in the distinguishing of our prose."

Here we think about the reading of two stories: "I Feel Yearning" and "The Villager Doke", published in the 3rd edition of the magazine: "Nëntori", where the reader cannot help asking himself this question: Why have we not properly considered this talented author until now and how their spiritual world unfolds?

In the two above mentioned stories, the author puts in the first place the inner world of the two characters, he appoints to himself the duty to penetrate into and unfold their enriched and colored world. And in the beginning we have the impression that, to make this more convincing and more powerful, it seems as if it seeks the assistance of the special case, "the differentiated case". The people are the root and the bed of every material and spiritual value, which are beautifully expressed in the consequent considerations of Pelik Baduni, also in the readiness, wisdom and honesty of the characters, who incarnate simple working people, used by the writer with good artistic tendency and sense, of wisdom, phraseology, humor and the popular way of the understanding of the vital processes. In this aspect the author is distinguished for:

- 1) Spiritual portraying of the characters
- 2) Psychological projection of the development of the characters
- 3) Versatile sketching of the conflict
- 4) A rich flora of descriptions

The characters in the actions of the author are presented to be always in struggle against the old tradition, in search and action. We have plenty of facts to convincingly say that Koco Kosta has worked convincingly and insistently to enrich the diversity of characters, figures, among which those selected by the heart are the carriers of the traits of this moral which seems to be an ancient peculiarity to be taken in art. We observe another phenomenon in relation with the characters of Koco Kosta. Within the narration the positioning of the author changes in some way. Sometimes, he speaks from the position of the character, sometimes as if he distinguishes himself in order to narrate to the reader. This combination is created by the inclination to deepen the psychologism, in order to discover that wave of feelings and thoughts that that character is experiencing. The look of the narrator penetrates deeply into the world of the character. In this novel: "The Two of Them and Others", it seems to us as if there is a vague conception of the characters who move like shadows without a rich world, without physiognomy, lifeless, who assert unclear things full of equivoques, make darkly and wrong reasoning. It seems that there is a complete incoherence in the representation of these characters, which seems that they move the narrator Koço Kosta. We mention here Bastriu, the character of the story: "The Young Man Who Loved The Horses", where in addition to manhood, he has the fluctuations of the world of a child, in addition to the maturity and the supreme ideal of the time, he has the naivety of the fresh age. Therefore, according to the author, in order to reach this point he necessarily created these characters that had a biography, a physical portrait, a way of behavior and speaking, which distinguishes among them. This literature should impress the objectivity; therefore the author should narrate the events without taking part in them. Literature: Ymer iraku, "In deciphering the literary codes", 1998. [.http://www.creanet.net/babelweb.synesthesie](http://www.creanet.net/babelweb.synesthesie).

Tonino Tornitore, "Storia delle sinestesie", 1997

Lazër Radi, "Albania in the years 30" (1997)

Alfred Uçi, "Labyrinths of modernization", 1978

Arta Seiti. The need of a testimony. Twenty years after censuring the novel "The two of them and others" {Author Koço Kosta} {published in the magazine "Nëntori"}, in Albanian language, Nr.216, 15 October 2006, f.19.

On the deeply wrong novel: "The Two of Them and Others" {Author Koço Kosta}: The self-criticism of the editorial office of the publication and extermination of the published part of the novel in the previous number}. In: "Nëntori", nr. 5, May 1986, p.20-28.

On the deeply wrong novel: "The Two of Them and Others". Drita, January 23, 1994, p.3

Mehmet Myftiu. Love of the sources of life. In: M.Myftiu, Essays, poems, documents of literature. Tirana: Marin Barleti, 1998, f.85-89.

Mehmet Myftiu. Love of the sources of life. (Koço Kosta, Rainy afternoon) In "Drita", February 23, 1992, p.6.

Critical Appreciation On The Poetic Project Of Eftichia Kapardeli (Greece)

By Alampourinou Konstantina– Poet

Her work through the study of one can classify as work with bouncy sensitivity touches that might outline the dashboard of her life. In simple words, simple with a deep religiosity and faith bringing the great desire for a beautiful life around the world and concern for the events of today rivalry and indifference. The lyrics contain experiential truths and moments that draw on the timelessness of dreams searches. Often dreams of the lightness of the wing and the everyday wear, in poetry there is wakefulness and innocence excites the recurring light as she says in the poem:

OBLIVION

Light ... a muffled voice whisper..... ..mou missing

In the project it is like to hear the heartbeat of all thoughts secret, not knowing in what corner, which side of the world, what heaven to unite the pieces. Would the magical world of dreams to walk together! Together, hand in hand for a better tomorrow.

Lyrics hers ... KEEP THE SHADOW-HOLD THE RAIN

In damp walls. I face every morning germinated flowers wounded born there, and dreamed a broad life nicer, brighter

IN LIQUID SHADE

THE DREAM SORROWFULLY

NOSTALGIA OF LIFE

HOT LIGHT THE HIDDEN

(Excerpt from the poem of the light of life)

And the innocence of childhood wonders ton; the virgin thought keeps the arms of eternal youth eternal existence until he discovered the light with keywords such as light, thought, joy, dreams, flower sky, love, soul birds and other..... .apokalyptei sensitivity and synthesizes the work of important reference to love:

Mature fruit of love
Hidden in verbose silence
Is spark chastity and consolation
Ask a flower in a garden
Ask at a music song
Everything in the land refused
For a song and a flower

I finish with her own thoughts its own sensitivities
When you look away always find ways to think correctly unlimited
Always meet those who desire to distant lands travel and my thoughts are beautiful
Fresh air fills the breasts and changes of my heart beats.
The desires are chimeras ideas to start a new life
I wish to continue to write, to offer a small oasis in the heart of the reader.

Proof of a Nation!

Literary Analysis Essay on “Cry of the Century” Novel by Mehil Velaj

Written by Raimonda Moisiu (Albania- U.S.A.)

Edited By ALBANIAN DAILY NEWS

"Cry of the century" is entitled the newly released novel by the "Lithography", publishing house, Gjakova - a well-concepted literary work. It's written and expressed with sensitivity by an Albanian -American poet and prosier Mehil Velaj. The cries of pains and sufferings, of the genocide and tragedy, cries of the tortures of the innocent victims endured before death, cries of the dead bodies buried in the mass graves, cries of the senselessness, cries of the enoxarables to the victims of such tragedies, the cries, that seem to have fallen in dead-calm, but no longer silent, they already have a voice-the voice that comes from spiritual peace. The author Velaj is making clear through this literary work, as the witness of a historical process, which none believed as possible, facts and historical evidences. Velaj has described in an admiring style of the interesting events, conferring of a literary character, where the author is the part of that. The events take place in the past and present, interpreting those through artistic level. Besides, these values, he brings their history to light, calvary of sufferings and sacrifices and the book is literally a testimony between life and death, it is its connection between the tragedy and our survival, between our weakness and strength, between pain and sensitivity, between ourselves and homeland, between the cry of genocide by the Serbians in Kosovo, -just to wipe out a whole ethnic humans and the courage that broke out of the chest of the Kosovo youth, between anger and hate, between despise

and forbearance, between humiliation and torture, -the cries that seemed very difficult to understand that an entity was based inside the emotions logically, knowing love, sadness, being in expectancy of through the centuries, loyalty to the homeland, intelligence, human spirit,-cry that iced the sun and dissipated the clouds, which kept alive over hundreds of years,-cry that built vital bridges for protecting and preserving the freedom and independence of Dardan - Illyria land. The novel is composed of fifteen chapters and the epilogue. The characters of the work are either historical people, but among them there are also simple ones, the lives of whose become entangled in one way or another. The author begins slowly absorbing all the characters and understanding their personal issues that affect everyone. There are more than an emotive of magic and mystics in history. There are unique and spiritual events that seem almost common between both of them, between the native blood and Albanian proud feeling. The author shows a great deal of respect for the Albanian folklore (it is observed in pure Albanian names of characters) and religious beliefs. This is a very interesting novel built on the theme that people live and struggle to get what they want from it. The strength of the book is inside its characters, whose, the author treats them with great stylistic interest. At the first chapter, Velaj describes us Shpat Zadrime, an eloquent and calm teacher, noble and intelligent one, who runs away from Kosovo with full of pain and sadness in his chest, firstly to motherland and then to U.S.A., in a very secrecy way because of Serbian reprisals, persecution and terror. After a few years, Shpat Zadrime returned home, with tearful eyes and optimistic, thinking that nothing in life does not last and the promise for a better future, that everything is possible towards the impossible, along with his memories, events, the shocking truths, the rudeness of life, spirit and presence of characters that remained of his absence, bringing to the audience of readers a balanced offense to the things that life offers and the

things that life keeps away from us. This is indeed a striking commitment.

"Cry of the century", manages to give us that outwardly, it seems indisposed. Mehil Velaj includes almost everything, effects and consequences of the war, the lives of those simple humans and from chapter to chapter continues to hold the reader's interest. In other chapters author concludes that the strength, intelligence, maturity and courage, the heart, the content the epic events, in a kind of historical and artistic truce, that is covering the lives of Kosovo people, the living of the experience of barbaric brutality, genocide, by the killings of Milosevic's murderous machine, displaying those with graphic of the time and space. The characters are real and fictitious, the events are epic in form and content and the heroes are real around them. This book is not a glossy bitter, but the confronting of circumstances, the brutality and barbarity of the Serbian terror. Because of Dardania land and her people have been gone through the most terrible situation and unimaginable experiences. The author focused on the love story of two couples, the two students; Liridona and Nishi, and two other youngsters; Martina and Fisnik. Besides, their emotional and intensive ties, sharing their lives in two parts, as their own land of Dardania is divided into two parts, Albania and Kosovo, that they are not always happy or sad, but Velaj has given us a combination of both. At first Velaj describes the love of Liridona and Nishi, the happiness of this relationship and its breakup in the Serbian bitterness and terror, with the mired and willingly, boldly, with awareness and consciousness that they can be killed. Then, they interrupted their studies and joined the KLA military formation the, for fighting their persecutors and brutal barbarians. In the same vein the author presents the love of Martina and Fisnik, in the camp where they were located by the expulsion of their territories. Their love is crowned at the wedding of a sudden marriage, because of the precocious death of her mother during childbirth and newborn child's

survival, - Edita. Although, here as the love of two students, author displayed courage and maturity in anticipating, a mixing of happiness and sorrow, respect and kindness, love and social collective courage, creating a family environment in the camp, showing care for her father, sisters and brother of Martina, that already they were left orphaned by the lost of their mother. The confession of the love story among the young ones, author does that as baptism of catharsis, it becomes increasingly important, because they know, now, that the victims of Serbian genocide and terror, not only in the camp where they set a part of the Kosovo population, but outside of it, they were being persecuted, tortured and even killed. In every written line the author is with them and for them. He gives us the glory and beauty of love of Liridona and Nishi, Martina and Fisniku, extremely in the most special noble and style, as one of the most wonderful satisfactory experiences of life. The author felt to write their story, giving us the spiritual beauty of love and brutality scene at the same time. This is a great challenge for a writer, because he must always hit by winds and extraordinary emotions, and vice versa. Because the author enjoying the beauty of a pure love, but later witnessing the destruction, genocide, murders of the loved siblings and people. This is a happy and sad "journey" of life, not just for the author but for the readers at the same time. Velaj put in good, the role of Kosovo youth and intelligence, heroes, martyrs of freedom, courage, bravery and heroic deeds of their exceptional. They are historical characters, simple people, starting from Besmiri, Drini, Jetoni and the former student of his, named Ardian Krasniqi, -the bravery, love, courage, human and divine spirit of Don Kelmendi, then Sidriti, Saimiri, Erina, Rina and Rinori, Azgani and Finsiku, the wisdom and prudence of Uncle Baliu.

"Cry of the Century" is a meditative work, very special, while bringing us one of the most critical life experiences, patience, everyday life, and the heroism of the Kosovo people, it is a

spiritual haven for the great-grandson of Muji and Halili, Kastriot, Mother Teresa, Adem Jashari, Ibrahim Rugova, the KLA formation,, the Kosovo youth and intelligence that invested their lives to protect Dardania, growing up the Albanian roots, and building the future of generations. In this literary work, they will procreate and understand better in themselves and the larger context would be appreciated also, a book that includes only conflict that erupted in Kosovo, the Serbian mired terror, with all its military links, political, economic and sociological ingredients that forced U.S.A., NATO and global diplomacy, entering a war to change the face of democracy in Kosovo and the Balkans. I believe that this book is unique as a written book differently, in a place and time, the "journey" of characters from the event to the event and enfolding how their life was under the Serbian regime. As a matter of fact it should be noted that the characters of the novel are not just heroes. They are simple people like everyone, too. Even the innocent victims of torture, rapes, murders and mass graves, have committed acts of courage and heart, incredible and unprecedented. Life is for honest and real people, its experiences are rare, black and white, attractive and ugly, comforting and terrifying, brave and fearful, cruel and compassionate, with character flaws and psychological defects and human development, worship and hate, claiming victory over the impossible towards the possible, against the great evil, in a gray reality,-Renaissance! Characters of the novel are not clouded by delusions of morality. They have performed outstanding deeds of bravery. This one, I think is central to the morality and soul of the Albanian Kosovo people. The novel is the story of triumph of good over evil, is the optimism of Albanians for a better future and lasting, it is the ideal of FREEDOM!

Poet and proser Mehil Velaj has "weaved" an extraordinarily beautiful fabric in his third book on prose gender, titled "Cry of the Century." It includes several generations and through

characters gives us a vivid description of beauty and brutality, harmony and horror, describes the audacious struggle of protection of the ethnic land -through characters' life. While you are reading the novel will be filled with emotions and offering a portrait of the witty, the wise and prudent men and women who fought, as they were evidence of the nation, for freedom and independence of Kosovo.

POISON (By Kinga Fabó)

A book review by Linda Ibbotson. (Hungary)

This is a bilingual, Indonesian- English publication and I firstly applaud the achievement, challenge and hard work involved in translation of poetry. Kinga's poems exude originality. The first poem 'Isadora Duncan Dancing' sets the precedent, bringing energy and sensuality by means of visually powerful and harmonious imagery.

"Like sculpture at first. Then, as if the sun rose in her, long gesture"

It is as if Kinga takes you by the hand and dances through many facets, revealing not only passion, beauty and grace but also encompassing raw and honest experiences. Her poem reminds me of the theatrical in 'Among Dusty Stage Props' and expresses sensitivity and is intuitive, reflecting upon universal pain that usually tends to remain buried in life's crevices. She conveys a deep yearning In 'Not Because It's Chic' "I exist only in roles. I want colors! Colors!" She cleverly weaves philosophy into both the imagined and real "a Salingerish Zen kōan came to mind / this / Which way do the sunflowers turn in the night /" quote from the poem 'Snow Queens Now King'.

Kinga has a vivid and evocative use of language and paints her words with colour and metaphor. "The song painted on the wall falls down." In Half Circles and "Open, the sea appeared asleep. Carrying its waves. A pulse under the muted winter scene. Throwing a smile on the beach."

A poetry book that delves deeply into the emotions of desire, triumphs and fragility, words that stimulate the senses, each hand sewn with a poetic thread, one that resembles a tapestry of light and shade. A book that enriches the soul, thoroughly enjoyable and meaningful read.

(Kinga Fabó RACUN/POISON, bilingual (Indonesian-English) poetry book, Teras Budaya, Jakarta, Indonesia, 2015.)

Parallels between “Thus spoke Mona Lisa” by Moikom Zeqo and the “Da Vinci Code” by Dan Brown.

By Fatmir Minguli (Albania)

I.

There has been a great deal written recently in the European press about The Da Vinci Code, by American Author Dan Brown, both praise and harsh criticism. This novel is now a bestseller with over 60 million copies sold worldwide. Fortunately for us, this book was translated by Amik Kasoruho, in an excellent translation. The adventures of the characters in this novel center on the search for the Holy Grail.

But, in Italian magazine in a review of this novel, the question is asked: “ what does Leonardo Da Vinci have to do with this book?” There are many answers, both positive and negative. Perhaps these contradictions make the book even more marketable. Leonardo Da Vinci is addressed seriously in Thus spoke Mona Lisa, by Dr. Moikom Zeqo. Published in 2000, three years before the Da Vinci Code , it was not a bestseller. The fate of most Albanian books depends on the possibility of their translations into foreign languages, and the other reasons, which our writers know well.

It’s true that Thus spoke Mona Lisa does not contain the twists and turns of a detective novel, nor does it contain the endless secrets of the Holy Grail. It is true however, that this book is an incorporation of the genius of Leonardo Da Vinci in the modern atmosphere of global ideas, not only for culture through the portrait of Mona Lisa, Moikom Zeqo diffuses

surprising lore and hypotheses. It was the first time a non-Albanian subject was written about in Albanian literature, in connection with Leonardo Da Vinci's masterpiece, the emblematic portrait of the Mona Lisa.

In the latest series of books, this book opens a new creative port. It is hard to understand and to write about, but it fulfills a typology of the artist and the masterpiece. This typology succeeds to erase the borders of absurd dualism, which is seen frequently in international literature. Penelope's shroud, as Moikom calls this different style of writing, gives others hope and in general the technology of the different writing allows him to put the levels of the palimpsests and to realize the research within the book, under in a surprising way. When you read "Thus Spoke Mona Lisa" you feel that you are reading something precious, accompanied by a feeling of intense and anxious interest. In it someone may learn Leonardo Da Vinci's difficult life was full of paradoxes. This lesson is given in the form of modern writing, combining all the world's cultures. Within this artist, Moikom Zeqo has dredged the roots of globalization, becoming the only author in Albanian writing in this style. This style appears in the latest books published by Moikom.

Gathering and consulting his recent studies on Da Vinci's works, Zeqo reaches almost a blasphemy, when he clearly explains that Mona Lisa's portrait does not belong to Mona Lisa. According to the famous researcher on Da Vinci, Karlo Pedreti, the portrait belongs to a female called Izabela Gualandi, who may have been the secret lover of one of Florence's rulers, Giulio Medici. Pedreti has written a lot about this discovery. But what I would like to stress is that Zeqo discusses the Da Vinci's portrait according to a new scheme. Moikom Zeqo in some of the books uses palimpsests, which technologically allows him to build mosaics with data and ideas. These strange mosaics lead toward the restoration

of a lost esthetic. It is this, the special research which Zeqo does, without having the need of an entry into detective stories or mystical legends. This is where he differs from Dan Brown. He fills the mosaics with valuable stones of a philosophical investigation, with Zarathustra's dogma, with surrealist's art, and finally with the tragedy of the big and solitary romantics. The research of Zeqo is mostly on the level of spirits and ideas. If above I mentioned anxiety during the reading of Moikom's book, I meant spiritual anxiety not material.

In *Mona Lisa*, Moikom observes the human being and his own spirit. According to a study by two American neurologists from The Research Institute on the Eye in San Francisco, *Mona Lisa's* face contains 12 kinds of facial expressions. Thus, she gives the messages through all ages. Moikom deals with this in detail in all his conclusions about this portrait. Here it is a passage of "Thus Spoke *Mona Lisa*": "*Mona Lisa* was Leonardo himself. A man/woman. Not simply in their bisexual, than in the man as an uncial unit of the renovation's existence". And surprisingly, this essence which is given in three lines by Moikom Zeqo, Dan Brown stretches throughout an entire novel. Furthermore, Da Vinci's codes are Da Vinci himself.

In his novel Dan Brown calls the big picture of Da Vinci "The Last Dinner". Zeqo in his novel calls it "Mystic", which is closer to the real name "The Secret Dinner" which is verified some biographies on Leonardo Da Vinci, e.g. the biography of Da Vinci by A. Zhivelogov, Russian author.

Reading the two books which are under comparison, one may find similar things in them. For example, the activities of the Great Constantine related to Christianity and many other historical aspects.

II.

If in "Da Vinci's Code" novel, Leonardo is tangentially mentioned, Saint Grail is almost constantly in the book. Among many books on Saint Grail, the most interesting one was published recently by three journalists from BBC: Henry Lincoln, Richard Leigh and Michael Baigent.

Undoubtedly, to Zeqo the Saint Grail myth is not unknown. Zeqo is the first author, which mentions analytically Saint Grail in "The Song of the Songs" book, published in 2002. In this book he writes: "The history of Saint Grail is the saint cup, where Joseph of Arimathea gathered the blood of Christ's sores. This cup peregrinated in Europe toward the British islands places. During the heroic time of Arthur king, his zodiakor's heroes have been looking to find the Saint Grail. But they never could. Saint Grail dominated during the European medievalism as a second version of Christianity, an alternative more mythological, metaphorical, metonymical, rather than symbolical."

Thus, Saint Grail existed as a kind of competition, or apposition, or amplification. In European territories, in the French reel, very often Saint Grail is identified with Maria Magdalena, who married and had children with Jesus Christ, and who survived after the crucifix. Furthermore, the heirs of this relationship are not mentioned in history, are the origin of the European royal families.

In the most unbelievable British panoramas, Saint Grail was a test toward the death, to understand the eternal substances of the other worlds. The cabalists and alchemists looked at Saint Grail as a projection of finding the philosophical stone.

As an irony of this destiny, recently at the Historic Museum in Tirana was brought a picture with dimensions of 140 x 95 cm, displaying the cup of Saint Grail, within which is Christ holding his hands up. The destiny's irony is just in the fact that Moikom Zeqo created propaganda about this picture, which was located in Albania, in the Albania media. Time will prove more about this picture and Moikom Zeqo will find his connections supporting the culture of our nation. One of the connections might be in the closeness of the Adriatic sides. On the portal of Saint Nikolla cathedral in Bari, Italy, is a view of King Arthur, which sounds like a secret intimation. Also, there is data that the Sufi sect trusted the Saint Grail to Federich the second, who hid it in a secret room in Castel del Monte, near Andrias, Pulia. This data was given in the Italian magazine "Focus", in September 2004, and perhaps will serve for finding the picture's history, which may have been the cup of Saint Grail.

In essence, both books which I'm comparing have the same ideas within their structures. But, Dan Brown in a pragmatic way put his ideas in the detective novel form and made the book much more preferred, although within it also has a lot of science. While, "Thus Spoke Mona Lisa" remained alone, in a strange silence. It is also written in Albanian, in the language of a small country. If this book could be written in English, it could be compared very well with the cultures of different countries in the world. Dan Brown himself, if he could read it in English, would be able to find parts in its form himself. This however, sounds like an impossible dream.

III

Leonardo Da Vinci will be studied continually. The truth of this book overcomes the theories about small occults. He used common sense and to create his practical works, like engineers do, something about which Moikom Zeqo writes

broadly in "Thus Spoke Mona Lisa" he uses the phenomena of globalization in his analysis of the work of Da Vinci.

Obviously, other authors will deal with the old globalization of Da Vinci. The case of finding of the picture of Grail's cup in Himara, Albania, sounds like a strange event, which needs essentially a deep study by the Albanian researchers.

In any case, this comparison with the two above mentioned books has not the goal of descent or building of the balance for one or the other author. The general goal of this study is a kind of an appeal for actual Albanian culture. The solitary work of one writer is never enough, whoever he or she is. The Albanian culture is rising through many studies. But this rise should be accompanied by "a team spirit" with the building of writing of book stores, and with the elimination of writing of books by solitary writers, in order to prevent the fate of "Thus Spoke Mona Lisa" and other books that go without been noticed.

“The Dance of Darkness” By Muhammad Shanazar (Pakistan)

A Bard of Peace Written by Jagdish Prakash (India)

It was a quirk of luck that one day while shuffling pages on Facebook on a lazy Sunday afternoon; I got connected with Muhammad Shanazar. This accidental virtual meeting opened doors closer interaction and understanding of man and his motivation for being a poet. It was an opportunity for me to get introduced to Muhammad Shanazar’s poetry, the depth of his thoughts and artistic sensibilities. Poetry for him, is a worship which never takes his mind away mind despite his heavy responsibilities as a government functionary. His passion for poetry borders on obsession which is a vehicle of his intense desire to see a conflict free world in which all human beings live and breathe in an atmosphere of brotherhood, tolerance and mutual love.

I have been reading his poems on face book from time to time and have been exchanging my views and thoughts with him often. It is a matter of great happiness and joy that Muhammad Shanazar is now bringing out a collection of his poems under the title “The Dance of Darkness”.

Poetry sprouts from the heart. It is the essence of feelings which germinate and grow into experiences against the backdrop of social, political, economic and cultural environment of society to which the poet belongs. It is these experiences which get crystallized in words and then take shape in the form of poems irrespective of the medium chosen by the poet as a means of his expression. It is the content and the style of expression which determines the quality of poetic work and not the mere form.

Muhammad Shanazar’s poetry is a reflection of experiences gathered during his journey through rough and tumble of his

life. His poetry is replete with dominant images of what he has gone through in his life and how it has helped in shaping his thoughts to discover futility of egocentric intolerance, hatred, mistrust and violence in society. His metaphors and similes have an ample reflection of these thoughts in his narrative.

He tries to connect himself with his audience through a powerful message of peace, tranquility, humaneness, brotherhood entwined with subtle emotionality. He doesn't allow himself to flow with the current of overpowering instinctive feelings but hones them into an experiential idiom of present day realities. While he seems to be influenced by a spirit of progressive realism which was the hall mark of poetry in post revolution era of Soviet Russia, his poetry is well grounded in the traditional and cultural heritage of his social and religious milieu.

This book contains poems on a variety of subjects reflective of his experiences during his journey on the roller coaster of life. The issues touched by him in his poems are narrative of universal themes which transcend national horizon and connect with global realities of present day life. His child like fondness takes him back to incidents of his early life. He gives expression to these thoughts in the following lines:-

The figures then slowed, slowed down,
I rubbed my eyes and pondered finding,
The circling objects standing still,
Ah! At the discovery I was shocked,
By the circling world I was mocked.

Muhammad Shanazar not only deals with experience that a poet may confront ordinarily but he also expresses the confounding and baffling experience when he ponders over

his own existence, he can't decide what is the true nature of his own existence:

Realities baffle me,
Distract me the facts,
When I ponder over,
Whether,
I contain the universe,
Or it contains me,
It is a mystery.

The sensitive mind of the poet doesn't accept the barriers of time and space. The flight of imagination possesses a quality that enables him to oscillate between present and past or present and future. In the poem "The Dance of Darkness", he swings behind into the past and makes commentary on the havoc and horrible destruction caused by nuclear weapons:

All blackness of humanity spurts out,
In the shape of sooty mushroom,
Upon the earth spreading sable shadows,
The explosion smashes and blows up,
The whole structure of civilization,
The hopes resting in the beating hearts,
And cherished longings in the minds.

Shanazar is a poet of humanity, he isn't biased or prejudiced against any race or religion; creed or cult. He raises his voice against injustice. He creates awareness in the callous, indifferent minds who may push the whole humanity into the quagmire of difficulties. In his poem The Second Visit he describes and depicts abominable picture of humanity under a nuclear threat. He flies on wings of imagination into future after the expected nuclear holocaust was on the Earth and is shocked to find post-war generations mutilated and destroyed on the disaster-prone planet:

Oh! Who are these who drag the bodies,
Like reptiles remotely resemble the human race,
Hairless heads, faces without beards and moustaches,
Shaved brows, sans lashed beady gummy eyes,
The bag-like loose bellies fall on the knees,
Flexible noses hand like lurking beaks,
Arms like jointy-sticks with overgrown hands,
Legs like thick bendy rope made of black polythene.

Shanazar isn't an active anti-nuclear activist but he wishes to warn the generations of the ill effects and futility of war. His sole objective is to see the world free of conventional and nuclear weapons. He pleads for throwing them into the seas to remove impending fatal fear over the biological life:

A time to throw the spacey cobras,
Into the waters of the deep seas,
To remove impending fatal fear,
That makes us all yellow or pale,
To wash blobs of the bitter past.

And when no one pays heed to his heart piercing cries, he stand aside like a helpless shepherd whose flock is attacked by the wolves and sees the horrific spectacle frozen in his soul.

O! The wise heads of humanity,
Though you obey or not, yet I shall utter
The notes, give forth the voice of conscience,
I won't dissuade you, do whatever you wish,
But blood, honour and life on the paths,
You trample, torment my mind, my soul,
And I like a helpless shepherd stand aside,
Whose flock is taken by the fierce wolves.

It isn't possible to encapsulate all aspects of Muhammad's work as his poetry is multidimensional, but despite varied metaphors it is a pointer to the fact that in under all circumstances beauty of the Earth must be made secure through patience, tolerance, love and kindness, otherwise the coming generations will never forgive us and the world might get transformed into a living hell. In the poem Who I Am, being a representative of humanity, he regards himself alone and alone responsible for disorder of the world instead of considering someone else responsible for it:

An inventor of devilish devices,
A maker of trouble in each corner,
A being discarded from the Heaven,
.....
A flame that makes the world a hell,
Would that I have shown my worth,
And have added to beauty of the Earth!

It seems incredible that a poet like him with no pretence to modern sophistication has chosen to write in adopted language, that is English, in which expresses himself fluently with aplomb and sophistication. His poetry bears the fragrance and influences of almost all prominent western poets who projected beauty, love and peace. He also has given a novel bend to English poetry by introducing fictional form in verse. His poems A Deformed Angel, A Corpse, The Murder, Swaang, A Gang Rape, The Old Man In The Canyon And On The Fall Of Dhaka, A Cottage Of Love Smashed, Three Graves, The Snatchers, Protocol, Disposable Syringes And The Burial Of Tragedy can be regarded fictions as they are narratives in which the reader meets unexpected sudden end and finds himself stunned reaching on the conclusion. Shanazar also laments on the loss of our cultural values. His hearts cries seeing the loss of heritage in the name of modernity; he believes that present should be built on the

edifice of past and not by destroying it. His poems *Magnetic Force*, *To The Banyan Tree*, *Swaang* and *On The Sustaining Strokes* are a potent protest on the loss of cultural heritage.

The seats where cuckoos and nightingales,
Were to build up nests for the descendants,
Are usurped, snatched by crows and owls,
Their voices irritate more the in dwellers.

Some of Shanazar's poems pertain to his childhood and the joys and dread which a child passes through. His poems *A Race*, *Magnetic Force*, *A Chorus*, *To The Banyan Tree*, *Swaang*, *The Resembling Shadow*, *On Sustaining Strokes*, *The Madman's Song*, *The Discovery*, *On The Fall Of Dhaka*, and *Revision* present his vivaciousness and spirited boyhood, and psychological influence of environment in the form of dread he had to undergo, or delights he relished.

Shanazar's poetry also exhibits a tinge and trace of spiritual conflicts in his inner-self, often he is defeated in his resolutions and then he determines afresh to achieve his spiritual goals. He feels a deep sense of anguish for not getting full opportunities which life could offer. He seems conscious of the fact that a specific objective that he desired to achieve has been lost to him. This feeling keeps him stirring from time to time. He says in *I Lost The Battle*:

To weed them I resolve again and again,
They ripen soon unguarded, unattended,
Without the sunshine and without the rain,
And at last I lose the battle unamended.

And in *New Year Resolution* he expresses vividly the sense of loss that he feels for not having done anything worthwhile. He now resolves to do something radical and dynamic for the sake of his inner-self. He says:

I resolve nothing but to bang the holes,
Mend the perforated parts,
In the coming years; and bother not,
Whether I take,
The container filled or unfilled along.

His poetry touches the core of heart and will certainly get due appreciation at the hands of discerning readers. I am sure they will be able to delve deep into recesses of Shanazar's mind and feelings as reflected through his words and symbolic metaphor.

Muhammad's poetic work has been acclaimed by many international poetry forums like Voices Network from North Carolina that proudly recognized him one of the best poets affiliated with the organization, World Poets Society, International Poetry Translation and Research Centre and World Congress of Poets placed him among the prominent poets of the world. Muhammad Shanazar is a poet of love of life, of humanism, and of peace. His work is sure to get recognition with readers of the world and certainly by those who preside over the destinies of Man and whose shoulders lies the responsibility for peace in the world.

**Critical Analysis of Duska's Poems
(Serbia)
I WEAR MY SHADOW INSIDE ME**

Poems by Duška Vrhovac, Forest Books, London 1991:

"A poem by Duška Vrhovac often has the quality of an amulet: open it up, and inside you will find a secret and a memento. In a small space, she can catch and hold the moment, as well as its whole range of echoes. Many of her poems have an easy conversational surface, yet she can make what looks like a polished pebble open and grow in the mind like a seed. In Serbian, he often makes coinages of her own, and relishes the full sonoric and metaphorical resonances of her mother language, and, firmly rooted in her own experience, she never overstates but always affirms her heritage and her consciousness, which are inescapably those of a modern Yugoslav woman. "I don't put my life into my poems," she has said. "My life is for the living. What goes into my poems is what can't be lived in my life." This complex idea irradiates all her work. The poems are finely patterned miniatures, "inklings", in all senses of the word: creatures living and breathing through ink, instants at once trapped in time yet freed from it, glimpses and aperçus, intimations and recognitions."

Richard Burns

(English poet, translator of my poetry into English)

Anna Santoliquido, Le voci della luna, No 14, September 2000:

"The great metaphors by Duska Vrhovac are, and they have always been, dream and children, tokens of desire and life

that is blooming. The veil of melancholy, disapproval of evil, dreams, layered meanings, feelings, whip up reader's curiosity for Balkan's history, and that is how one's woman poetical history becomes universal element and interconnecting ring."

(Anna Santoliquido is Italian poetess and critic)

Milan Mihajlović, Otadžbina, No 6, July 2007:

"The poetry by Duska Vrhovac is very interesting and provocative. Behind the all poetical backdrops and metaphors, it affects the reader in cathartic, curative and divine way, during and after the reading. Her poems are, without doubt, exceptional achievement, which they assign of modern courses in Serbian and European poetry. Those are poetical forms, from prayer to excellent satire, realized by lyrical means."

(Milan Mihajlović is Serbian poet an journalist)

Ljubica Miletić, Žeđ na vodi (Thirst on Water), second revised edition, 1997:

"While she talks about terrible fantasy of evil, she is strongly on the side of good, that is one kind of Duska's testimony and resistance, her belief, love and all hope that evil is not omnipotent and that is transient."

(Ljubica Miletić is Serbian poetess)

Albanian Valiant And Ancient Songs

By Labinot Berisha (Kosova)

Our valiant songs present the highest artistic part of oral Albanian epic. They are qualified by many linguistic values, expressive, poetical and contain in itself a rich world, ancient in thematic and motivating way. The songs qualify the most actions through which it is testified the bravery, power and skill of brave men, the wrestles and duels, raping of beautiful girls and women, the sacrifice to win fame, the protection of pastures; then mythic beings: fairies, the goats that keep brave men's, power the seeking of separation from the moon and the sun and other elements, like duels with old means which make them special and ancient.

In these songs are treated the honor, the hospitality, the faith, codes of social, ethic and moral relations. In Albanian valiant songs predominates the cult of actions - the cult of chivalrous which makes it their chief element but also of ancient eposes, oral and written, that is contacted and incarnated with other components which condition the development and the realization of the song like a poetical and meaningful textual integrity.

Albanian valiant songs of our people existed and lived together with other kinds of Albanian oral songs for many centuries, especially with the songs with historic theme, with ballads and myths. With the way of treatment of phenomena, the spelling of events, the strategy of epic narration, is connected in different plans and aspects and with oral epic

old traditions that existed and were accompanied for many centuries to many people, from one generation to another.

The affinities and similarities of Albanian valiant songs with ancient eposes like: "Epos of Gilgamesh", "Iliada". "Odisea", "Roland's song", "Digenis Akritas", Nibelhungs'songs", ect, are expressed in thematic, in cult of bravery, in style, concretely in the features of epic narration and the ways of development and the structure of the text as the main component of every literary and epic work.

Affinities are also noticed in the role and function of mythic beings and the relations of brave men with them. Then, they are noticed in old means that use valiant during the duels and wrestles; the cudgel, the poisoned knife, their extraordinary bodily measures, the existence of snakes or pigeons in brave men's body and a number of phenomena which are special for a typical epic and mythic world. They characterize, in general, oral epic.

The affinities and similarities of Albanian valiant songs, with two eposes of homer: "Iliada" and "Odisea" are many in number and of different plans. This happens because two people, the Albanian and Greek people (ancient) lived in a good neighborhood for hundreds of years and, the process of reciprocal influence in different fields of the life and creation was natural.

I am bringing this in mind because the two known eposes of Homer, express one of the highest of ancient Greece, either like a thematic wealth or like a development and artistic linguistic value. Those are two of the most famous creations of the past time, which the history of the world knows, either oral or written. For centuries, these eposes, perpetuated an extraordinary propagation and realized a multiplied influence in ancient Greek literature, while, with their translation in

different languages, this propagation and the influence, was spread, not only in the literature of old continent, but also in other continents.

Our valiant songs have many affinities and similarities, which are connected with the testifying of power and combative skill, the art of weapons use, with the profit of fame, in the field of raping of beautiful wives and property of rivals, etc. So, that which brings near our songs and the songs of great eposes of Homer is the chivalrous cult, the power, the bravery and sacrifice of brave men.

Our valiant songs are also approached with "Iliada" in two different worlds that form an undivided one: the real and unreal, imaginative world. Many features of brave men of our valiant songs, approach them with the features of brave men of ancient eposes. So, for instance, Muji approaches with Achile, who is indomitable; no one can win over him, except in case when Zeus wants (he dies when he is shot on his heel). So happens with Muji: he triumphs over all the other brave men because of power that fairies and his skill in duels had given him.

The description, for example, of Achile's weapons (in "Iliada") that he uses during the wars against Trojans (gold and silver weapons) forged from Efest, is the same with the description of weapons selected and worked from famous masters. We see the same weapons that brave Albanian men use, and the same ornaments and equipments that they put on their horses. For example, Muji embellishes his horse because, without it, he can't realize any duel with the rivals and any action of raping of beautiful women. These ornaments have an identical or similar base.

Another important element approaches our valiant songs with other eposes, especially those of Greece, are the repetitions and different formulas, then epithets,

comparisons, hyperbolas that, together with the description of the event and action of brave men, their power and combative skill, express the main features of epic narration and style.

The analogies are also noticed in the type of questions and answers and, in the same time, in description of duels and wrestles of brave men, of using of weapons, of the horse and its importance for the horseman, either in valiant songs (where there is only one horse) or in "Iliada" (where usually we have two horses).

In valiant songs are also present different parts which resemble with laments or express the spiritual of the characters testifying the structure of texts which are present in old eposes, especially those of Homer. A number of affinities and similarities are noticed in description of the women's beauty. In realty, the beautiful woman is an undivided part of valiant ideals. Comparing the text of our valiant songs with ancient eposes, in one or another way it is possible to throw down the prior declarations of some researchers who try to affirm that our valiant songs are of a late period and that, those are influenced or lent from oral Bosnian and Serbian epic.

Critical analysis on poetry of Malsore Llapashtica (Kosova)

By Fatime Kulli

I know from a long time ago the young talented poetess from Kosovo, Malsore Llapashtica, with which I have been on a seminar (12 years ago) with the Balkan writers, for the child literature. But nowadays, this early friend of mine has made progress in poetry and gives to the Albanian and Italian reader a new book with beautiful lyrics. Directly from the title of this poetical volume, "The silence of love", the authoress intrigues and pushes us read it with pleasure, introduces us into a sensible world with the deep spirit of human desires in poetry.

In the entirety of this book, takes life a concise poetry... sometimes hermetical, which only a qualified reader can scoop with the "brain drill", to find the deepness of what the authoress wanted to express.

The poetry of Malsore dives in as a submarine inside the poetical nature, because of the nuances and the variability of the spiritual state in the act of lyrical creation, with a variety of topics, in many views. I would distinguish in this bouquet with a variety of poetries: "The language of touch", "Shadow face", "The plants of mystery", "Silent fire...", "Living sculptress", "The virgin dies virgin", "The silence of love" etc. The poetical spirit of authoress Llapashtica, endeavors touching every poetical detail, from the lived events or the dreaming ones... .

The poems clothe us with emotions, some white and some gray, as reflexive innovations that come as a social-linguistic discourse, giving us a beautiful, sensitive, poetical mosaic...

The poems of authoress Malsore Llapashtica appear within a sensitive world, where on reader's mind it will long remain the poetical metaphor "The silence of love" for the poetical

spirit, the art used masterfully in every word, in every verse, in each poem.

The poetry is estimated from the value and the message that the authoress transmits, and not from the quantity. This book shows that the authoress has achieved creating a unique model on the word selection, on structuring the verses, with artistic symbolism and metaphors that decorate this book, where resemble proper signs of literary art, with an inner strength of philosophical thinking about love and life.



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PROSE

“Beyond The Grey Curtain” (Novel)

By Agron Shele (Albania)

Prologue

For many days, dense clouds surrounded the Dajti Mountain. Autumn... The rains were on the verge of the beginning of their season. I do not know why I was staying at that small and solitary cafeteria near Lana, where, except the faint environment, one could see nothing else. The first drops breathed relieved, when their long feet touched the pavement that appeared in full vagueness, from the broad background of the black glass, messy lineaments of the multitude of the droplets of water, which spread rapidly. Under the feet of the poplar, which exuberated toward the sky, was created a characteristic grey-dark carpet, generated by the mixture of the leaves with the dirty water. The twilight that came earlier, added the flux of multicolored lights of the cars in the main road “Unaza” of the capital. I looked beyond the glass, with my usual coffee “espresso” in front of me, without any objective (aimless), as the environment itself that surrounded me and I did not notice a girl staying in front of my table. I did not understand anything at that moment; moreover, I was covered by an unusual feeling of bewilderment.

May I stay with you for awhile? – She said, and looked with an extremely suffering look.

I said nothing. Still I could not trust my eyes, when the waiter, a boy with small eyes, full of vitality, took her by the arm and spoke to her: Please, Adriane! Do not disturb the clients. You can sit at your table, beside the counter.

She followed the rhythm of his steps, whilst the head turned back seemed like asking for help.

Why do you treat her that way? – I said to the waiter.

Adriane is sick. This way she behaves with all. Sits at their table and talks nonsense.

Let her alone, - I could say to him and, a feeling of sympathy surrounded me for that rare beauty that appeared in front of my eyes.

As you wish, but, do not complain to me afterwards! He said and went to the counter.

She did not wait longer. She threw a glance anxiously; afterwards she sat on the chair in front of me. Shadows of suspicion still had not disappeared. The multitude of the questions, that why was I staying still there and, worse than that, with such a person, dispersed all my being.

You look a good person. The others hate me and they turn me out always.

You should not think ill of yourself! - I said to her mostly to pacify her.

You do not know me, but I deserve the greatest punishment of this world! And tears rolled down her face.

Drink something hot, it does you good! I showed my care and pointed at the counter.

The waiter brought tea, while she, with trembling hands, pressed the cup. So fragile a creature, so sweet, did not deserve this destiny, which had thrown her beyond the life

and dragged her in the endless roads. The regular lines of the body, the round and white face, the curly hair over the shoulders, still showed the luminous look of the past.

She stood quiet, subdued, the same as that statue in the course of construction, which waits what shape it will be given. She cast any skeptical look and shriveled within the endless anxiety. Her lips trembled, wanting to express something untold, perhaps to kill the ill feeling accumulated from a time that I did not know. Stepped in the remnants of the life in the past, ruined by the fatal past, she suffered the sin she had done and slandered everywhere her lost self.

She was my best friend. God punished me for this, and she put her hands over the wet hair.

I handed her my handkerchief and with a rather friendly tone, I tried to somewhat pacify her, although, after each uttered phrase, broken, sometimes meaningless, expressed in the most dramatic way, I understood how life abandoned but never denied.

Epilogue

Adriane managed to tell the story of her pain and sorrow, expressed her heavy spiritual world, that world which intermingled and confused, in bitter memories. Her mind remained at that black night, which demolished all the social balances and kept her under persistent anxiety.

That's all; - she said at last and left like a shadow, through the darkness of her incomprehensibility. The burden of guilt that followed her appeared in her night dreams and plunged her into the pungent abyss. The autumn's rain, by the means of

the torrents it created, moved the multitude of the fallen leaves and, thus, gathered by the side of the sidewalk's contour, they surrendered to the day of tomorrow to be thrown by the cleaners, as they had never been a part of the verdure of this town. She wandered in the same waters. Until yesterday, she was one of the most active members of the society, but the driving storm cast her into the tumbling abysses and plunged her in the remote places of the nights of the great loneliness. She left, lost in the emptiness of the gloomy environment. In that state, bewildered, full of sadness, walked with irregular steps, following the tracks of the remaining guilt, this great pledge, that tortured and confused all the being.

The white dreams, melted under the perplexed shadows of a life full of waves, which slandered ceaselessly its selfishness, and in all that hovel ruined fatally, remained a piece of memory, that could describe the world, the passion and the foolishness of a teenager.

It seemed that everything happened accidentally, was all this enough to change that torturing world, where the past prejudiced with all its fierceness , while the remote time mirrored in the shape of dark spots, where the look of the age interrupted at the invisible curtains of the grey weather. It rained.

Lenze

By Niels Hav (Denmark)

I slept lightly, the way you do when you are in a new place, newly in love and getting lots of sex. So when the doorbell rang I sprang awake. I woke Lenze with a light touch, it must be for her, and no one knew that I'd moved in. She threw off the covers and went out into the hall. I lit the lamp over the bed, it was almost two AM.

I could hear her open the door out there, talking to someone. You can't, she said.

Come on, she said.

Well, actually it does, she said, and it's nothing to do with you.

The door slammed. She ran back in her bare feet and slipped under the covers again.

Who was it? I asked.

Erling, that idiot, she said.

Which I knew already. His name was still on the door, some of his jackets hung in the closet. But Lenze said he had moved.

What did he want? I asked.

He was drunk, she said.

She hadn't told me much about him. He didn't interest me either. But he was in trouble with the police, that much I knew; one day two officers had showed up asking for him.

Lenze turned off the lamp over the bed, then turned it back on and took a cigarette.

He got his sentence, she said.

For what? I asked.

He was in on beating up someone or other.

It didn't sound as if she knew the details. But nevertheless they had lived together for years; he was used to sleeping in this bed. Lenze had changed the lock; his key was no good

anymore. I lay considering all this while she smoked. In a way I was sorry for him, which was a stupid feeling.

It took a few weeks and then one day, Erling's things were gone. I had my name on the door and began to unpack my books and set them on the shelf next to Lenze's novels. Every night I called to talk with my son before he went to bed. The situation had settled into a kind of normalcy.

Then one night when I was half asleep in front of the television, the telephone rang. Lenze had gone to bed, I took it.

Yes, I said down the line.

I could hear music in the background, loud voices and laughter.

Hello, I said.

Where is my stuff? It was an unfamiliar voice, blurred by excessive drinking.

You've got your stuff, I said, haven't you?

Can't she even pick up the phone?

Lenze is out, I said. I listened. He was breathing heavily on the line.

I can't see any of your things here, I said.

There was more noise in the background, the clink of bottles.

I'm going to beat you up, he said then.

I hung up. Hill Street had started on TV, I was used to seeing it with my son; we used to sit on the sofa together. Now I'd didn't feel like watching, instead I opened the window for some fresh air.

The next day we were both at work, then in the evening Lenze went to handball. I was reading when he rang again.

Haven't you moved out yet? he asked.

This time he was calling from a box, there were traffic noises in the background.

Listen, I said

I want to talk to Lenze, he said.

She's out.

The hell she is you asshole!

Do you go around in my clothes? He asked as well.

It was impossible to talk to him.

Can't you understand when something's over? I said earnestly.

With me and Lenze it will never be over, he said.

And he hung up. I could feel my hand shaking when I put the receiver down.

I started to go through the apartment, into all the corners. In the closet I found only Lenze's and my own clothes. I looked in the kitchen cupboards, under the bed, in the bottom of the freezer. There was nothing.

Lenze came home?

He keeps phoning, I said to her.

She was stiff and sore after a hard training; she threw herself on the sofa and stared at the ceiling.

He has got his things, I said, hasn't he?

He bloody well hasn't, she said.

Where are they? I asked.

Oh God, she said resignedly as she slowly came to herself, - what bullshit.

She went to the bathroom, I sat and wondered. If she ever told me anything about him it was fragments, never the whole story.

When she came out she had put on fresh makeup. She smiled at me, and I got a long wet kiss. We lay down on the rug. She was small and warm; this was what I couldn't resist, like a kitten or something. I had left everything for her sake, and every time she was like this, I regretted nothing.

But next time he rang it was Lenze who answered. I had just had a call about my son; he had broken his arm that afternoon. Nothing that serious had ever happened before. Now he had his arm in a cast.

He needs you, said my ex-wife; can't you visit him once in a while?

I also talked with the boy, he sounded a little pathetic. I promised to come soon, maybe already the next day. So I had something to think about when the phone rang again. Lenze took it.

And it was him. They were at each other from the start, and it evolved into a huge fight, Lenze yelling and screaming.

I threw it all in the damn trash, your fucking clothes, she shouted. You could have just picked up your shit.

And so on. I couldn't hear his side of it, Lenze stomped around with phone against her ear.

Absolutely not, she said, you bloody criminal!

They hurled words back and forth, shouting over each other.

Eventually she slammed down the phone, she trembled all over. I stood and held her, got her to sit on the sofa.

Relax, I said.

Is this the way you two usually talk?

What an asshole, I said.

You just keep your mouth shut for a bit, she said, OK?

Then she flung a cushion across the living room; it hit the lamp, which teetered and sent wild light careening around the walls. She bit her lip and gave me a strange look. Later she went into the bathroom and was in there for a long time. I tidied up a bit, turned on the television, turned it off again.

When Lenze came out, I tentatively opened a bottle of wine, but she wasn't interested. We just went to bed, where we lay apart, staring at the ceiling until we fell asleep.

Suddenly, in the middle of the night, the door shook with repeated hammering. I woke up dazed, but Lenze started up, she was wide awake.

It's him! She said.

I crawled out of bed, grabbed my shirt. The door was being kicked now brutally, it sounded as if a monster was trying to get in. I went out into the hall. Everything was so real.

When I opened the door it was slammed against my shoulder. Outside stood a man in leather jacket, he was surprisingly small.

Aha! He said.

He took a step forward and grabbed my shirt. – I'm mad at you, he said.

He hit me on the jaw and my head struck the wall. Lenze had come out, she ran at him and tore at him while she screamed and shouted. He looked at her.

Hey, baby, he said.

They looked at each other. Lenze was shaking all over; I had never seen her like this before. In a panic I tried to say something, but I could no longer understand what was going on.

Move, he said to me.

I pushed him and got a knuckle in the temple.

– Scram! He said.

He strode into the apartment; his laughter reverberated off the walls, now he was there, and Lenze followed him. I was left standing in the hallway like a complete stranger who had lost his way.

Niels Hav

Translated by Heather Spears

Fatbardha Sulaj & Albert Van Der Steeg (Albania – U.K.)

Death In Ropes

...

The taxi stopped in front of a stately mansion, Ole paid and took her luggage over from the driver. When they walked in Kiko was really amazed about the height of the ceiling. It was all quite different from her apartment in Tokyo. Ole watched her with amusement. "Would you like a tour through the house, or would you rather sit down for a moment with coffee or tea and relax?"

A woman came from the back of the house; she was quite tall, slim and attractive and had blond very short hair. "Ah, here is Eliska. Without her I would be lost", Ole said. Kiko and Eliska were introduced to each other and shook hands with a little bow. The tall woman took her time to have a good look at the little Asian girl and after that asked them if they would like coffee or tea. They chose tea and Eliska promised to bring it to the living room as soon as possible. Ole went to show Kiko around.

Downstairs were the living room, the large kitchen and a bathroom attached to a long corridor. The tiny Japanese girl felt like she almost drowned in the big space. Upstairs were the master bedroom, Eliska's room and two spare bedrooms. All rooms had an ensuite. One was quite modern; the other was furnished in a classical style, even with an impressive canopy bed. It was dressed in beautiful draperies. When asked which bedroom Kiko wanted to stay in, she didn't hesitate one second: the classical of course! She would feel like a princess in this room.

Ole put her suitcases on the floor and asked her if she would like to see the rest of the house or go downstairs for their tea. She urged the big man to continue their tour. So they went on

to the next floor. At the end of the stairs was a door and Ole opened it. It led to a big room with a wooden floor, there was not a lot in it. There was a small wooden table; a big cabinet; four chairs against a wall. Kiko noticed three hooks in the high ceiling. And she saw a door at the end of the room. The door was open and she could see that there was yet another bathroom. When she peeked through the door, she saw not only a bath but also a shower cubicle.

“Welcome in my studio”, Ole said, “I expect that we will be spending quite some time over here.” Kiko told she was amazed how big the room was. And Ole told her that sometimes more than one master was working in here, so it was quite useful to have a lot of space.

“Do you think we can have a first session tomorrow morning or do you need to rest a full day? I can imagine you must be quite tired by the journey.” But she assured him she would be really ready for their work the next day. With this knowledge they went downstairs to the tea in the living room. The first session she came in with a feeling of euphoria, she had proven before that tortures were connected with the feeling of being complete; she just wanted to be a miracle on the strings of the master. It all begins as an artistic game.

Kiko was convinced of the talent of the master, "I will be his fantastic creation," she thought . Her Asian skin and all the expression on her face showed she was expecting a soft bondage . Kiko was wearing a white shirt and a pair of ripped jeans, below them her were her distinguished white socks visible.

She approached and the master smiled ...On the wooden table was an arrangement of ropes in several colours, handcuffs, tape, a camera made by Sony, a Canon camera, everything was ready for the bondage. She loved the sight of it.

Ole asked Kiko if she was ready to start. Kiko answered in the Japanese way, in a soft spoken manner looking a bit shy. "What do you prefer? Can you select what you want me to use?" he asked. "It is not a problem for me to choose and let you bind me in a beautiful way, but I prefer that you decide and go beyond my expectation," Kiko says quietly.

Master took some ropes, tied her legs, then tied her hands behind her back, and placed the girl against the wall, her head hung forwards, her square black hair covering her face. Ole Taka admired the view that was created by the ropes; her incredible breasts were pressed forward. He had to unbutton the blouse, Kiko became his magic design.

Kiko had fantastic lips, full and red, closed in a nice way ... her face showed joy and excitement. Master stood up, took the camera and started filming, trying to get the image from every angle. The camera loved Kiko, Master loved the way he could catch everything of her.

Master buttoned the blouse, took the belt out of her jeans, unbuttoned them and pulled the jeans down and further down. He saw a sublime image ...Kiko shone in the ropes...

Short stories by Asror Allayarov (Uzbekistan)

FIVE ENCOUNTERS

Gazing at Gulruh opa 's face, with wrinkles linking her brows, one might think that she is over eighty, however, she is only fifty-six. And he who has an interest in her life thinks that nothing but loneliness, the most severe punishment for women, could ruin her so soon.

The doctor agreed to perform her leg operation for 1,400,000 soums. As she was returning from the hospital with a pensive air, the noise of a taxi, stopped right in front of her, scattered her thoughts. Glancing at the driver made her flesh creep somehow. The same thing had happened as she saw the doctor. The taxi-driver asked for double fare. He coaxed her money out of that little old woman easily.

Gulruh opa decided to have a snack in a café near her apartment. A waiter led her to a table in the corner. The woman ordered a slice of bread and chalob . But she had to pay double to the waiter.

Gulruh opa noticed some one pulling her purse out of her bag when she was stepping along the street towards her flat. She could not run after the thief, neither could she resist him. But, on turning back she felt that the young man's appearance was familiar. The woman stopped when she got to a pavement near the apartment in which she lived. Her eyes were failing and becoming more dull day after day, her legs did not obey her. A pretty girl with plaited hair approached the woman and took her hands gently. The girl gave her a bright smile. Gulruh opa gave a sudden start, as if God held her hands. The eyes of the girl reminded the woman of somebody. The girl helped her to cross the road.

On entering home, Gulruh opa kneeled as usual before the photos of five babies, hung on the wall for twenty years. All

of those babies were her children. She conceived them with her lover when she was young, and sold them to childless families for heaps of money. As she grieved before them, she felt that she accidentally met all of her five children this day.

A MINUTE AND A HALF

The west wind was blowing a woman's smell who was coming slowly own home. This smell was very familiar to a man who was ready to meet her and it reminded a child something, playing admiringly with his clay toy just in front of the house.

"I was sure you would come." - The man thought. He clarified when the woman would reach there, having estimated the distance between them with his gaze. - "In a minute and a half she would appear in front of me. Certainly, she will hold in detestation to me and won't try to hide it. And I'll respond her quietly. Of course, it is true, I'm guilty for all. It will be cleared up whom of us the last four years changed and how."

He took a step forward. He did it automatically. All his courage was hardly enough to do only it. The approaching woman was his wife whom he lost in gambling four years ago.

Torture, seemed inevitable to split out from the man's body, created a wish, which can change something, coming into being such moments. Though his worst fault suffered him so many times, the man did never agitate as he did today. He was also thinking about the eyes which would fight severely a minute and a half later.

The woman rushed by her husband and hugged her child, looking at her quietly. She felt a pain, thinking about

that the child was growing without her, the child who was on her mind in every lost minute since she left home. On returning home, the early beams of smile, which vanished for long, lined a real human's appearance on her face through wrinkles, vestiges of severe fate.

The child began pushing her aside with his muddy hands. Having torn himself away from the hug of the woman, who was already vanished from his memory, the child ran for his father.

Translated by Munira Norova

Time Heals Everything

By Marjeta Shatro (Albania)

It was 1910. A young couple were looking forward of having their child's birth. A very beautiful girl was born, Teqe's father named her after. Little Lisana was fragile white like snow, eyes like two small blue lakes, straight nose, full lips and brown straight long hair, with the passage of time, she grew up very fast and according to the custom when she would be 14 years old she would marry and go to the husband virgin, intact with honour.

Many families required her hand but as her father had been many times over the continent, was looking for another case better than before and acceptable. The fate knocked on the door and Lisana was married to the only son of a rich-man who might have a lot of property. Two years later Lisana gave birth to a handsome baby boy but her happiness did not last more than six months because her husband got seriously sick and died.

Her life became bleak and very hard. Days passed by sadly, while she had to stay indoor where there was nothing except her breathing and crying of her baby. When the baby cried she got up and went to him as if like he would be kidnapped and he would break her only happiness that remained behind. Even her nights were getting more miserable, the edges of the windows did not reflect anymore the yellow light of the moon or even the flashes of the stars but prolix shadows that conquered the depth of her spirit.

Anxiety played with her uncertainty and it became more misleading for her mood. Her feelings didn't lie, one morning

she was told to take her stuff and leave for her parent's house, but, whether it was possible for her to leave without her son. Her screams and cries were heard over the valley, they were so loud and painful as even the mountains were well-shocked.

The members of her husband's family thought only about their wealth which belonged even to the young bride. To avoid this conflict according to the customs and the laws of that time they had to return the bride to her father and to keep the little child as a lawful heir and the only for their property. The fallout of the son from his mother made her enraged and turned her into an almost wild beast, to which you couldn't stay near any more. Even though the common law punished her, she again was deep into her body and spirit to her son, who was grown up under the nanny parenting to her father's house she stayed indoors and every night she sang sad songs. She was much worried and in any way she couldn't find the peace.

The spring came with the blooming of the flowers and the garden opposite the house became more admirable. Her father advised her to go out and to walk more often because the fresh air and the whole green nature would be better for her and also for her health and it might heal her spirit's wounds. Then the winter came and left slowly and the only footsteps remained were the whiteness still visible to the mountains peaks. April made the nature looks better and the birds' chirping was heard all around. She looked as they were playing with each-other and unconsciously she forgot herself. She was too young and she had to be enjoyed the youth of her age. The pain slightly began to vanish and deep inside she felt at ease. The spring lightened her glumness and the sunlight refilled her sprit with excitement and so Nature restored her faith in life and revealed to her that time has the most healing impacts. Like the bees she ran through the flowers, made bouquets with them and ran around pastures. Lisana,

seventeen years old, a widow and without her son it was impossible to not be noticed for her beauty, more so because of her parentage. Her fate seemed to be set and defined since the time she was born and grew up. Her second fate came two years later at the time when a swarthy strong boy passed by Lisana's house. It seemed to him like a sylph and not a girl coming from the world of dreams. His heart was beating hard but when he thought of his fate as an orphan and without any property he was shaken and left like a shadow. Days passed while his mind remained there. He started to come by her house often and enjoyed her fascinating appearance. The boy was tall, swarthy, with dark eyes and hair. Even Lisana had noticed his presence and began to give sweet looks, signs and love expressions, the same as the scent of the roses grown in her garden. She felt pampered as his pure naive heart has come to beat strong. One May day the boy jumped the fence, met Lisana, shook her hands firmly and looked into her eyes and asked her to marry him. Lisana, excited and eyes with tears, told him her first fate and her first heartbreak, her son being taken, but the young boy knew everything and was touched greatly because her suffering shook him strongly in his chest and to get her protected from those strong winds which had brought so many storms and ruin to her life.

The young boy also told her about his parents' fate of death and so convicted by their bad fate they had to raise over the pains of the past and build a good and new future. His only fortune was his physical strength and his big desire to live his life with her.

Lisana accepted and the young boy took her because her parents and time stopped her from marrying him.

Years passed slowly like the water source that never runs out while their family grew bigger with three sons and three daughters.

Even though the family seemed to live a normal life Lisana still thought about her first son. Her husband knew her

concern and tried to calm and lighten her wounds which seemed to always be open.

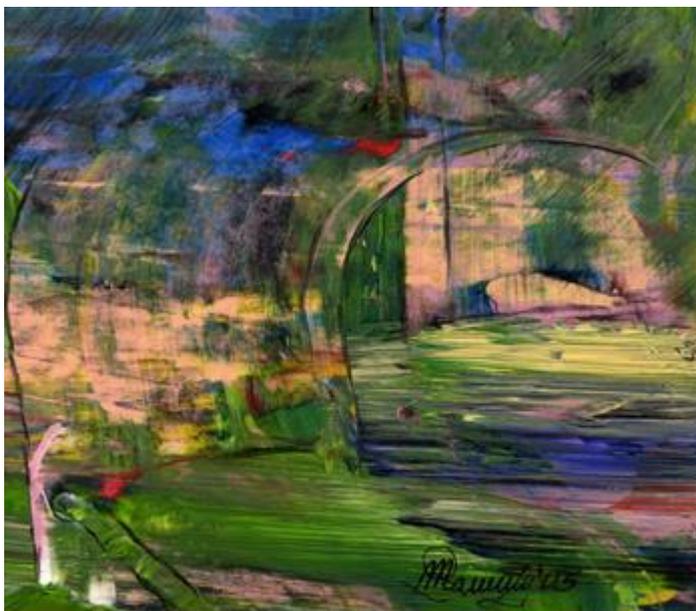
After sixteen years her first son was free to decide his own life as the ancestors of his tribe had died. He learned the painful story of his separation from his mother and one September day when the sun was high in the sky he jumped the fence or stepped into the door, that banned door and that border broken by the illusion of time, and stepped into the garden's house.

Lisana saw her son and recognised him immediately and half of the water she carried spilled onto the ground.

Her son rushed and took his mother by her hand to prevent her falling down.

"Mother, have you really thought through the years how we have been separated?"

She hugged him strongly and with tears of joy said: "Time heals everything."



©Miradije Ramiqi (Kosova) "Poetic whispering", 2005.

POETRY

Poems by Adolf Shvjedçikov (Russia)

THE WOMAN WHOM I LOVE

You are the woman whom I love!
You are sensitive, tender, innocent,
You open gates of paradise.
I look into your amorous eyes
Burning with hidden desire!
I am dying and returned from dead,
I adore you, I worship you,
The woman whom I love!

MY HEART SANG AS BEFORE

My heart sang as before.
Sinking in a semi forgotten dream
I had fallen in love as in my youth.
My old body was young again.

I drank the sweet fraud of illusion.

The sun had dropped,

But the sunset glowed yet,

And I was glad to feel

That I was still alive!

WHEN YOUR DESIRES ARE ONLY DESIRES

When your desires are only desires,

When the words are only words,

Who will inflame our lives

Without the fire from wood?

When you have no more aspiration,

The stream of threadbare words

Will never be replaced by a fire of love!

THE POET LOOKS LIKE A MADMAN

The poet looks like a madman.

He invites us to his strange world

And sometimes he does not know

Exactly his real path.

There is no prohibition on his imagination.

At times he is like a prophet among ruins,

Wandering through a wasteland

Illuminating the path by own light!

Poems by Hasije Selishta- Kryeziu (Kosova)

The Autumn of Hair

He is closed
In the Autumn
To fly away
Through the roads
The oblivion
To spread the grief
And the name
Autumn

It pictures the trace
The sand of the spirit
In longing adulation
And again becomes young
Touches the start
No named freedom
In the Autumn

The rhythm implants
The pulse
The Chaos
It pictures out
The view of the Autumn
At random
Oblivion
The Abyss
The start
Of living

Divine smoking

The sky had read
The white letter
Cried over it
Kissed it
Shining with the sun
With the moon
The whiteness
Was not lost
By yellowness

There, where the sky kissed it
With pain
No fear
Comes to me
White
Warm
In silence

In my body
Is profuse
With no loss
Within the deepness of the longing
Gets wet
From the sleepless
Smoking

Myself and the sky
We are deathless
We cry
Kiss
Pray

The divine
White paper

By my side
In the sky
Stands pending

An Anthem to the Sky

A wild fragrance
Flushing
Something of a woman
Tearing
The law of the silence

I squash the nightmare
In order to expel the demons
From my body
Thrive to commit suicide
From coldness
Even when I became mad
Perversed

The feeling came around
To entertain
The December morning
Singing
The cold Anthem
Of the sky

The poorness of dissipation
Is pronounced without pain
Fatigued
And desperation
Of the obelisque in the sky
To approach
And stay loyal
In my corps of ashes.

I Escaped In My Skies

In the first sky
I've seen the ragged hair
It was transported
From a cloud to another one
Then it was flown to the ground
The grey hair folded around the loneliness
Seraphis Bey had touched it in yellow

In the second sky
My sins were following me
Unseen
'Cause the first ray of El Morjes
Was lost
And covered with the ground of sin

In the third sky
I was still persecuted
It wanted to fill up you with mystery
Good God
Keep up the eternal virginity
Even to the end to let not shaken
By the smell of the corpse distracted

But just like then
To talk plain
Original

In the fourth sky
I was left alone
Having no fear of darkness

Wildness

The Moon ready to disappear

I came closer to the sky

To feel the free odour

The top of the sky appreciates me

And warns of the return

And the continuation

To the fourth sky...

Poems by Marcela Villar M. (U.S.A.)

Silent Autumns

I

It's springtime on the other side
of the world.
Light hides in my hands
when I look at them;
there are shadows of rainy seasons
arriving,
they bring leaves, that although dry,
stare.

II

There are fractures,
roots speaking,
changing seasons
with time.

III

The world spins inside
us,
We are a Universe in our own wings.
And I feel this autumn's leaves
fall with me,
even though spring-times
begin in other latitudes
whispering flowers and fields.

IV

The grounds are prepared,
opening their trenches with new
seeds,
speaking of other times
when love embraced them;
they are ready for my verses.
They want to be forests.

V

In my hands I hold golden
leaves,
silent autumns.
Quiet

Infertile land,
empty of territories,
as an orb of inert skin,
worn-out of words
never said.

In sterile streets
your vain voices proceed,
now senseless,
now without echoes that repeat
caresses given at other
times.

They depart motionless,
move without speaking,
remain, quiet.

Fragile

The verses fall,
from quiet branches
in golden autumns,
but it's not my time.
They fall deeply.
Leafless.

Their descent is felt
from distances
from which my eyes
close over the earth.

That fragility of leaf
and
planet
that envelopes poetry
has spoken from the interior
of the seasons,
but only the cold responds
with silences.

Enslaved

The walls speak.
They seem to get closer
and closer,
as damned prisons where Poets
sing desolate songs deprived of voice.

Who cuts out the meter from their verses?
Who chains the freedom of verses that fly
from peaks that protect nests now empty?

Schizophrenic fears gather in the boulevards
of extinct minds,
meanwhile miserable dictators lock them up
in emaciated catacombs.
Their tortured bodies hang
from crosses with no kingdoms.
There is no resurrection in such agony,
Poetry dies without a Messiah.

Impossible anguish,
Lyrical poetry weeps.
Hypocritical muses dressed as Magdalena weep
while they hide behind red glass windows stained
with the holy blood of Poets.

Dark caverns
roar with millennial fire;
there is no peace in the mouth.
The books burn the hands
that touch secrets and mysteries,
metaphor is dressed as the bride,
white she goes up to an altar of sacrifice.
The chains of slavery lament;
mourn tears of hopelessness,
but Poets will never die.
Only freedom
will make them live.

Poems by Fatime Kulli (Albania)

THE CRASHED MOON...

On August of the wild flame
I squeeze broken colors...
Shadow's tranquility makes me tremble
Hanged on the day fingers.
I gather the sun flakes
A water-flower whisper.

The air cord gets cut off
On the eye of pain...
In the glade of tears
I eat the weight of the remaining breath...

I feel the breath of shadow
It drinks the air of my song
And ignites me
Cutting the veins
Of the broken moon...
The sky has gone wild
At the disfavor of fruits
The Earth-cave
Strawberries.

I follow the steps of shadow
It touches my bones
Troubled ones...
The leafs of softness
Make plants flourish
At the steps of the rock
That makes the N-I-G-H-T-M-A-R-E flow...

MY WHITE DESPAIR

They humiliate me, they call me “quean”
They draw my portrait with a paintbrush of nail,
They spot me like the black sheep separated from the herd...
And accuse me for writing avant-garde poetries,
What should I do, that my poetry is what feeds the soul
Not only for me, but also for women with childish smiles,
That read my poetries secretly from their men
Like “The apple of sin” cause of the disgusting moral,
That triumphs across the crowd as an honest one.
But what should I do, that my sinful poetries
Scare even the shepherd,
Who after reading these poetries with thirsty hunger,
Runs with his stick in hands to punish me...!

The disgusting moral tries to rip out my veins of feeling
To kill my poetic spirit, to change its destination, colours...
But I’m not afraid of him, I write screaming,
I tack in every verse cell, like a bloody flower
For love, for the woman’s eyes crying, wounded,
For the tired soul, exhausted from the desecration of morality.

The angry notes of the preachy crowd tremble,
My fingers dive in the metaphors of life,
Where the membranes take fire in the verse of poetry...
The voice of God, tells me: there is life in darkness,
There is hope in the desert, light in the blindness,
Spirit of love, there is balance in the universe,
Even the wounded sounds pulse in deafness...
My white, strong despair doesn’t tremble
Even as they insult me, offend my morality...
I am a WOMAN, I keep writing poetries for love,
The one pure, attractive road that gives me life,
The soul scream that in front of the verse makes me die...!

UNDER ACROBATIC SOUNDS

The breath gurgles with a poisonous taste
Through the narrow path of the sun
Covered with the snakeskin
Like a dreamer for the blooming of EGO...

The air spreads and becomes depressed
Under the sweet storm of deception
The forks keep chewing newsletters,
Nailing eyes strike the sunny ones...

The darkness has sharpened its claws,
Tearing the deaf dreams apart
The capillaries of mind
Wounded in their desire clash
Against the false grace...

I strive to escape the thorns
The walls of servility ambush me...
I live within the roots of wisdom
The forks dance under acrobatic sounds...

STORMS

The Twenty-first century
Wanders orderly over the victims
Exploding
The blood drops flow like a river
On the world screens...
My motherly soul suffers...
Whispering the wailings and injustices...
I see even the worn sun
The candlesticks of the new human have been discolored
The shoulders of soul can't bear the horror!

We see little snakes, large, greedy ones
Turning into vampires in front of humans...
The soles of feet with blood traces
Trample on the pain of thousand women around the world...

Shshtt, shshtt... shshtt....
Keeps murmuring the love
That has been silently killed...
The soul of women roars from the abyss:
Expunge the rancor, turn off the envy, extinguish the
infidelity,
Bring the light to our eyes!
The scarf of love
Tie it around your soul, human,
Shine light in the space, and goodness for the humans!

Often they pray and beg in front of the icon:
St. Mary, pray for the lives of our children,
Heal this century of storms...
Punish the evil, the greed,
The sale of freedom of small nations!
Bless the peace for all people in this world...

**Poems by Senior Advisor: Sabahudin Hadžialić (Bosnia
and Herzegovina)**

Reality Filmed

Dismal image
of my own imprint in time
that's real
inside the vision that--isn't
is desperately in search for
Her!

...

Queen Elizabeth,
Catherine, Nikolajevna,
Princess Diana,
Fatima
Disappear in front of the eyes
of wild hordes.

...

I remain alone
trembling with trepidation
trying to figure out
what is it that they want.

...

Virtual reality of a surreal film-world
is nothing more than
a treacherous impersonation of a real world
that deceives me
a Servile Servant!

...

She's gone!
Will she ever come back?
The question is swept by the wind.

...

I'll wait for the storm to calm
and try to catch the mistral wind to find a cove,
and search for the place where I met her.
Barefoot and naked.
Back in the day.
On the stage!

Strange Dream

Hands buried in sand
Deep

...

Blood stained hands.
Both.

...

I try to reach the bottom of the sand pit
digging deep,
feeling pain.

...

Two blue eyes

deep dive
towards you.

Blood shot eyes.
Both.

Carried on the wave of desperate tears,
I try to catch a glimpse of you,
however
you disappeared behind the horizon.

...

Alas!

You drew near, furtively
and embraced
the World!

Poems by Nuri Can (Netherlands)

Almira

Have you ever cried in the language of the rivers?

Almira

The girl with violet eyes.

Have you ever drown the love of the wind on the clouds?

Has your heart ever trembled with the touch of life's riot?

Poppies

Are poppies always destitute in this city?

Do the curtains always smell sooty?

Do the drooping willows cry with coy?

Are springs always resentful?

Are the words sufficient

To tell and understand the love

If one's language is not love

How to tell

How to be understood the love with frozen emotion?

'tell' you say

How can I tell Almira?

Are the words enough

To tell, to understand

Is the language enough?

Have you ever

Fallen in love to a bird at the sky,

Fallen in love to water in the earth?

Have you ever cried

looking at pain in an orphan child's eyes

looking at the father's face lost his son?

Do you donate your vision of a sightless person?

Have you ever
talked to the birds in the forests
talked to the fishes in the seas
talked to the clouds in the sky?
Do you give your hope to the hopeless people
filled with compassion way?

Do you know
the frustration of a jobless father not bringing home the bread
sadness of a prisoner without tobacco?
Have you ever felt desperation of a woman being raped in
your heart?

Have you ever spoken
at the languages of butterflies
at the language of flowers
at the language of freedom?

Do you speak
far from grudge,
far from hatred,
far from hostility,
In a friendship and brotherhood , Almira?
Have you ever cried in the language of rivers?

Life
Is a drama, Almira
A role in a film
Pre-prepared text of a masquerade ball in our hand we read.

Foolishly, shamingly, shallowly.

Love
Is not communed with brotherhood,
Is not fed with friendship

If it isn't set up far from worry
far from war and hostility,
on freedom and friendship.
Love is not love, Almira.

If love is love and
If your love is my love
Then only then
Then only then
Then only then
Your love is my love Almira
Carefree, properly, sincerely.

Oh! I Wish It Were Possible

Oh! It had been possible
I would have made happiness from sorrow
I would have made hope from happiness
I would have split my heart into sorrows
I would have sold love to all children of the World.

I wish it were possible
when a child got shot
I would be a mother go into mourning
I would bind up wounds affectionately
I would be a father, I would cry instead of them.

Oh! It were possible
I would make peace from war
I would make man from peace
I would make happiness from sorrow
I would make friendship from hope
I would throw poem to children every morning instead of
bullet.

I Am Out

I am out
If living is so ugly
If labor is ingrate
If profit is every door's key

I am out
If love is as worthless as one night stands
If friendship is measured by Money
If betrayals, fights, darkness isn't sadden
If poverty isn't embarrassed

If virtue is so little
And if lies is so grand
If dreams nonsexist
If hopes nonsexist
If love gardens isn't blooming
If clove doesn't tell the yearning

What we call life,
If killing the time
Dirtying the blue, eating, sitting back and burping.
If swearing one who doesn't support you
True, my friend, I'm contrarian

Let them be yours
Duplicities, shaming Let them be yours
Comfort, luxury, fame, reputation, status
A slice of poem
A bit of love is enough for me.

Enough
A warm smile
A bunch of dream
And seven colours of the rainbow

Poems by Dorin Popa (Romania)

NOBODY UNDERSTANDS ANYBODY

So many times I had absurd claims
I thought my soul was a perfect radar
For your steps, your breath
Your weeping

With ardour and love we could
Finally reach in peace the other's skin
If we didn't discover with disappointment
That we are the prisoners of our epidermis

And your singing, and your weeping, and your look,
The emotions, the incomparable and your dreams
All of them are mine for ever

Tearfully, crying, I hold you hopelessly
I embrace you like I'll never embrace you again
You exist in me deeper than in your heart
And shaken, I whisper to you from a distance
Nobody has ever understood
Anybody !

My Death - My Life

Had things not hit me
With such fury
I might not have seen them
I might have never cared about
Them
My sadness - my joy

Sometimes I am allowed to see
How evil mingles with good
How from their combination
Everything comes to life
My death - my life

I would have never found the way to you
If I hadn't wandered about
If so many nights hadn't blinded me
If I hadn't found comfort in loneliness

Sometimes in the middle of the tempest
Deep silence overwhelms me
And while I am hit, battered and slashed
I can see in silence
How my death feeds my life

Nowhere

I am nowhere present
Nor absent anywhere

Many a time had I the wish
To cease existing,
Although I have never
Really lived

Nearby the stinging nettle is
In imperial bloom
Nearby coloured airplanes
Are taking off

I have not been sentenced anywhere
But I can find escape nowhere.

What Do I Expect

What do I expect, now
When I don't expect anything, anymore ?!

I carefully counted
All my malformations
All my helplessnesses
And I happily gathered
My entire misfortunes
In my soul
What do I expect ?

The waste, the loneliness
The ragged and cobwebbed
Remains of the puzzle
The infections, the mud, the slag, the confusion
Kept me warm, stifled me
And yet ...

And yet ...
Now
When I don't expect anything
What do I expect ?

Poems by Myrteza Mara (Albania)

Inebriation

I was dead drunk by a half of dream
Red wine invites you into the sin
Was really honeyed the first glass
Honeyed relished even the seventh cup!

I queered and the world came around me,
I became big mouth as never before,
“For you i jump in the fire don’t you believe,
I drink seven seas of wine, even more!”

You contemplated me quiet as temple
“Crazy” you called me at that moment!
I swore that if I were dead I was able
For you to burn myself with sentiment!

Where is my fault, tell me I want to know
Is sin to be drunk by drinking wine?
If you lay down for love sake with glow
And Lord lurks in the lap, is not divine?!

So I’ll be drunk for all my life, oh Lord,
I will implore for that dream forever!
And I’ll dream even in the other world
Drunk by your sweet kiss however!

I am not going to be the Aesop’s fox
We enjoyed that cup paid with our life
In that cup is the tears’ taste, folks
With tears sing our fifth season’s fife!

For The Light Of The Stars

You couldn't sleep tonight
I have seasons in your window
Let's get covered with crib.
Come with me to hear secrets
The roses of those who are in love
Are waiting to blossom in the morning
Let the mattress with wrinkles in the night
And if you tremble from the coldness
I can become the fire for you.
Oh please!
For the light of the stars try just for once
To look at the seasons
Everything has the name of the Spring.

Tonight

I want to stop tonight
Let the moon talking, having tears
Just like me through the difficult years.
I want the stars to get burned tonight
Just for me
Just like me that I was getting burned for dozens of dark
nights.
If only the sun got sweat behind the Earth
That night should belong to me.
I want to lie down to the carpet of the sky
in a virgin grass land, where every flower looks like a
butterfly.

My love, give me just one kiss.

Tomorrow My Love

Please don't talk this night
As quiet as your melancholy
Let's get fall asleep in its strange hands.
Tonight the stars are talking for us
Magic witnesses of our first kiss.
I know what you are going to say
I can read it in your eyes
The fire on your lips
Will not burn down
With these words
We have enough time tomorrow.
Come with me to pick a bucket of fire flies
Instead of candles now.
We will wake up in the middle of the night
Because of the nightingale.
Tomorrow my love, tomorrow
With the light of the sun
We will have time for everything...

Poems by Maria Miraglia (Italy)

Boastful Man

from portraits

Embalmed in your thoughts
Surrounded by your ego
As by an iron cage
From there you witness
The marvel of the rising sun
Awakened by the nightingales
And the larks' melodies
Your wings you can't open wide
And fly at the rhythm
Of their sound
Nor can you at night
Catch sight of the charm
Of the nocturnal hours
Of their wondrous colors
The magic of the air
Yet when you see lovers
Under the white light
Of the crescent moon
Tenderly each other embracing
Soon arises in you
Strong the wish
To catch those emotions
Since long your heart
Silently craves
And live them yourself
But boastful as you are
You never knew
How to conquer Love.

Forgiveness

Forgiveness
Like the scent
Of the inner core
Of flowers
In endless lawns
Picked at dawn
When just bloomed
And the sunrays
Have not yet spoiled
Their purity
Untouched their freshness
Their fragrance that
Experts hands
Mercilessly will steal
And enclose in small
Pots of precious glasses.
Rare is true forgiveness as
Rare the essence
Of the most precious
Gardenias
And tuberoses.

Write For Me

Write for me
A love poem
When the moon
Her maids calls to clothe
With shining pearls
The dark dome
Write for me
A love poem
When the winds
Gently move the treetops

Playing romantic serenades
Write for me
Words of love
When the waves
Like joyful children
Each other chase
And
At the first lights of dawn
Whisper to the finches and sparrows
Your most beautiful rhymes
Of love
As messengers they'll come
To my window
Singing their songs
To tell me of you
Collect for me
The sweetest words of love
When the morning dew
Gently awakens
With its light touch
The still drowsy flowers
In the endless fields
And still write for me
Words of love
When the sky on the horizon
In its endless embraces
The sky kisses.

Poems by Miradije Ramiqi (Kosova)

On the Crossroad

Now I don't know
Yet have I descend within myself

Or I have gone out of it

With one more tear
I have taken this road
To get there once
Without getting old from waiting

On the crossroad
From where I 'm being chased thro ugh wrinkles
That the longing steadily increases them

New I don't know
Have I gone out myself
Or I'm closed in it.

I'm Undressing the Nightgown

From where in this white room
Barricades made of cats' nails
At the Studio starts to drip the sadness

The blood my first neighbor woke me again
From the winter sleep of tanned skin
To continue my travel through landscape

Which was stopped here many centuries ago
Unfinished drawing in black canvas
To undress the nightgown

The silence to turn into a candle I wonder
To go out of the wall that walls me.

Thirsty

While I was painting your portrait
A tear mixed the colours

The glass is dry

A tear of pain
Love of color
Was absorbed by canvas

The glass is broken

While I felt your presence
A tear is mixing colors
Where is your poor portrait
I wonder, what happened with thirsty.

Tomorrow I'll die

Tomorrow I'll die
If you say so
With the morning's goodbye
I'll take the goodness of life
And with the newspapers

Latest news
Then the greetings of the books on the shelf
I'll take by myself with the pain of soul
Tomorrow I'll take the death with myself.

The First Event Burning In Flames

A map of my blood
Compiled with pains
Wrinkled face through the Time
Your portrait disappeared in centuries
Freedom my pure craving
Burnt color in painting
While melting in flames
My soul in eternity
In expectation
With a broken whispering.

Poems by Caroline Nazareno-Gabis (Philippines)

Heart and Home

I used to travel a lot,
Alone.
Have met strangers in a tree house
At the bay-walk, on a busy street, at the pub
On a sky-train, inside a coffee shop
Faces chiseled with grim, smiles or doubts
But when I met you,
I found my real home.

I am nothing
A traveler of time and distance
Being connected from atoms and storms
Of memories
Sometimes it turns as
Revived must haves
My happiness and satisfaction
Is when I know you're coming
To fetch me
From my heart to yours
I have more than enough.

The Milestone

Imprisoned
From the sanctions
And skeletons
Of memories

Impaired
By demised
And deflated hope

Inflamed
Branches
Of boundaries
And chambers
Of mending

Far-gone and fallen
Contours of passion
And feigned liberty

At the sundown
Of a vision,
Was a breathing nose
Of strength
And radiating fingers
Of time

The milestone
Of the rising

In The Blindness Of Light

I have rehearsed reading
Through the spectrum
Wrapping the circle of fire
I can feel your deep breaths
Pushing upon the depths
Of my bare skin

Each jiffy reminds me
The spotlight before my very eyes
The enigmatic touch of your smiles
Each drop of endless droplets
Of unchanged royal sun
Igniting the love of my life

I have stolen the wavelengths
Rushing, flashing, blinding me
Bedazzled with the unfading distant stars
From the remnants of dark mist
That we both kissed
Until forever
Unveiling the mirrors of the day
The rebirth of our yesterday

Meta-sutra

(metaphors and rules)

Drinking this verbing psalmic rum
Blood warming purple plum
Wiggling, twisting on a couch
Smooching luscious thirsty mouth
It's going to be a steamy night
Scenes rolling blinding-sight
Passionate tremors sending
Like tiny letters and litters gasping
The eyes, the nose, the cheeks, the broad breasts, the lips
Murmurs of limericks!

Down and deep, squirming hips
Sucking those iambic tricks
Jolts rhyming the heartbeats
The strokes enticing like heavenly treats
Each delicious inch of words
Rocking to the edge and over
Clutching these holy metaphors
Inside a penetrating force
Riding the guru's sonnets and allegories
Freezing hypnotizing parodies
Panting from the ecstasy of poetic stories

Romancing the imageries in pure
Snowy surreal engulfing figure
Loving the way getting into the fire
Delighting my wavy lonely wire
Hoarding robbing my whole
As I'm reading the author's soul.

Hajk by Lumo Kolleshi (Albania)

Hajk

The tars weep
Bring me a glass
To gather these tears.

Someone whispered:
"The bee died"
I ran but I never found its grave.

Old clock
The hands strive to eat each other
Time remains in the eyes of the blind.

Modern hairdresser's shop
Old heads not far in the distance
Push each other in the line for wigs.

Split ripen pomegranates
In the traffic lights of the boughs
Cold rains melt away upon them.

One night I slept with the snake
I felt terribly cold
In the morning I had become Laocoön.

House of a spider
The fly comes to deliver official well wishes
A house or a grave?

Loaded with stars
The date's bough broke
The stones of the alley get wounded.

No permissions for building in the offices of spring
The swallows
Inaugurate the illegal houses.

The bloody night
Butterflies come to die in the light
In my studio.

A beggar in the street
Called me a "Gentleman"
While in my pockets I had nothing but my soul.

At the rock spring bed
The thirst put its lips
The beautiful girls broke the ewers.

Peace often hangs the bloody shirt
At an olive bough
How many young seedlings do not grow to become old.

Poems by Bilall Maliqi (Presheva)

In Your Port

I feel an inextinguishable longing
That is embodied
On the waves of sea

I feel a scream in depth
Of soul
Which explodes my inner self
In this season of breezes

In the a creek of soul the sweating
Was adopted
It erupted and ate the fiery
Thirst
Just like a chilling wind of evenings
In solitude

I would place this in my heart
Next season
A idyllic scene with flowers in front of me
Dream of love in a stage
Heart

For you Durres I have mountains
Of memories
Longing for ruining my
Tears
With borders of souls in your port.

Everyone Is In My Chest

In my memory
Exhausted curiosity
Passed energetically
Over the ridges of motherland

Longing was inexperienced
is gifting me tears
Feelings were wetted
With absence and re-gathering

And speaks in Albanian
Or talks Albanian
Even the rock
Even a tear
For the pillow
Of Çajupi

And I am entering
Cannot exit
From Tirana's
Energetic happiness
O people
I have all of you
In my chest...

An Evening Of Longing

An evening of longing
Beyond the pages
That are softened
From the sea waves

I walk attracted
From the aroma
Of warmth and vibrancy
For the first time
I enjoy the tide of waves

Beyond the city
Lamps were cracking
Darkness with light
Discovered
Wetted beauties...

Migration

Winds of the Sea
Migrate
While crashing
And rinsing the sand
The vertical width

Thousands of souls
Challenge the warmth
Of the king

Desire

Forty springs
I followed
With a dream for you

July of dozens
Detached the point of longing
In the two points attached

Through the white lines
My white voyage
With love
With emotions

Tears are wetted
Chins have lines
Until the feelings
At that time

Are destroyed memories
Of an age with grey hair...

Poems By Ibrahim Kadriu (Kosova)

On First Person

I'll lock my door and make sure
To stay alone with myself,
Away from fever and barking that hurt my day.

I'll hide myself amidst books I'll kneel down
Facing pride and haughty strolls I'll pray
Resembling our history and songs.

I'll browse through books standing like wounded conscience
I'll brush off the dust - find where I stand at ready
Defending my name from spits.

I'll kiss the pages one by one - fondle them
For not leaving me quite deprived of memories
For not leaving me with pains that day brings me.
For not leaving the night become the lord of anxiety
While between the covers I throw in the anchors of thirst
To find myself on a journey without a stop
I'll fondle the pages one by one - kiss them
White pages of the deep dark life.

Man Walks Alone

Let him free to walk and cross wherever he wants,
Let him go wherever his shadow takes him;
He is not alone - he is with his dreams
A better company no one may offer.

Let him measure himself - what's it to you
His love for the rhythm of his weary steps...

The journey will last, it will end under his skin;
Under the baggage skin of madness from waiting.

Let him speak the way he is spoken to – in silence.
He knows how to cure his soul with the remedy he needs;
He knows how to create his world in the grace he needs,
Let him live that grandeur.

Let him see beyond all the mountains,
Perhaps the bound of his thirst lay hidden there,
Once he reaches it, he'll overcome his last pain –
Let him drink and in drinking tell his life.

Roads lay open before him. Let him walk free,
He knows the paths and may reach the distance
An aging man to keep his name lasting –
Let him, let him take the beckoning road...

In The Flea Market

They lay stretching like memories over the table
Relics borrowed from the depth of time
Arriving like autumn wind and stuck
Amidst pages of new books being written

Bought and sold – rusty metaphors
Bringing along molded affections

In the flea market I beckon time
To find lost things and turn them to verse
And it waiting as loose and exuberant bride
Awaits the lost love to come back anew

Sold and bought – stories on skeletons and skulls

Traces of pains arriving from ancient times

The flea market door – stands open
I find what I need the way I select apples
I fill my bag empty of daily noise
I bow to the beauty of trodden wayward times

Bought and sold – pages of diaries torn out
Leaded heavily with blood and omens

This market takes me to long lost roads
I had forgotten under the coated dust
History speaks over the table giving me courage
To embrace it like a child recovering from cholera

Sold and bought – everything that was forgotten
To breathe anew to come back to life.

Ordinary

Even before thousands of years the language of love
It was this same one with the same dialect
It never needed to be translated
Nor trapped up in microchip
An always well-learnt language of love

Ordinary things have no protocol
They come as a nice scent filling the room
And talk the day into becoming, a week, month, year
Become the patron of love

Love weighs the same when measured
Under the moonshine when finding shelter
And it unfortunate today as thousands of years ago
Wipes its tears and opens lovers' hearts

Poems by Shefqete Goslaci (Kosova)

Nest On The Wave

I drank a breakfast s gulp and today,
But the day that does not want to come to me,
A day before yesterday they shot it to me,
ky rresht ishte gabim....
A day before Yesterday they shot it with sharpshooter,
Just in vain, some idiots...
The, who turn the sky into a battle's horse...
I spoke to a swan to come close to me,
But she flew in the sky without address,
Because they forced her out of paradise yesterday
And they poured melted gunpowder to her mouth...
And now I understand that I have entered into a world
That will never be mine,
When the absurd is fed with tears
And the happy moments cajole in the abyss
Wonder what should my love do with you
I have raised my nest on the waves,
This time murders all my loves
Even though it cost me a mountain of sacrifices
I will never raise my hands for life.

Meditation Of The Dream

I spin memories
In the looms of the night...
The pathways...a fairy tale
And a battle with swords.
Dreams come and leave
When did you remain...
Far and close we are
On a white horse
Beyond the dream.

Open Gates

Every time the darkness freezes in the corner
Surrounded by voices,
I call your image loudly,
And I sleep with you, my dear
Near you I feel so much perfect,
Like a moon in the shining sky,
I forget every single grief in this world
I break through every prison and every enclosure
Unforgotten is the day,
Wrapped up in your embrace,
In my eyes you brought the stars,
Leaving me for life in the dream
I feel cold in the night,
As I absorb this night,
As I absorb this meaningless air,
I had better died under your breath
Than without you my dear.

Magic Night

That night we prayed to God
That magic might cover us
The warmth put the ices of the years in sunlight
To the depths of the heart
The intoxication ceased
The magic covered the castle with flowers,
In my ego
The portraits were carved,
In love and longing.

Boiling Of Depths

The spring used to come lifeless
I remained without the years
In search of something absent
In my tender rosy lips
A desperate flash in my rainbow
An inexhaustible waterfall of love
Running from verdure to verdure
The emigration with a toast drank your youth
That remained in the streets of Europe
I went grey before the yellowed photo
Of my dream for YOU
You walked with your steps to the world for a whole century
Only the moment without you a century had become
I lived with the fear of the knife in my back
Forgetfulness smiled to me loudly
When the memory uncovered the ember
The dreams guarded the portrait
And heart the key
Downwards
Of the boiling depths.

Poems by Entela Kasi (Albania)

Talking To The Flower

As you can't keep this forgotten ray
This word bounded by flame
Cry
And the cloud of an empty sky
Falls wherever raining
And the unspoken sound of silence
Plays inside the stone
Happily that sadness, madness of verses...
So I silently go off as the raven feather
And there I am falling now and then
And I just spring in a glance inside
Insider as I am, and not I.

Whispers caring that huge cliff
Of the most difficult dearest compassion

To find you in the eye's cloud
The dust of the darken mist
The highest mountain fallen
On the bird's wing
Over the frozen snow
On the lake as the down rises
The star of forgotten liturgies
The flame
Icon on the loneliness wall
Birds are falling every where
Now and then

"We the next island"
Coming with the wind

The whiteness empty page
Where the raven stays and writes his "never more"
The rings of the ivy window
The willow tremendous tear
The hoary dreaming of the sinless garden
The lost sound of veins
Whiteness lilies
Brown leafs of falling trees...
The deepest coral shines
That massive water, scared of every little drop
The lack of destiny as an empty glass
Poured by tears and prays
In the Sunday dinner
Or the lost land
When you see the next island existing
As memories
We, the deserted island...

I talk to my flower
The unsaid words of rain
The winter gets the bulbs still unborn
Spring less
The wet curly shells
Hidden in the limits of nonexistence
That watering mouth
Waves and waves innocently bone and flesh
The grown pain, ancient illness
Of gloomy steps
If I don't step there is a mirror in my wonderland
A lost inch of heaven
Into yours fallen eyes on every inch of the skin
And getting burned of the icy sculpture
I freeze outside the day
And stay
On the same soil
And plant another flower of sadness

As the wind could come
And makes it
A poem
Or a salvation

So I said everything
Naked in front of your lilies
When you say and accept
Love and death the same
The beginning of every world and all hidden worlds
But, I don't know
If the writing does not exist
Will I be ever more a woman?!
Fearless and happily a woman
So I wrote every word
Every sound of silence
By the solid drop of water
And if there is no sea or ocean
Could I stay paralyzed in any shape?!
Could I not be sad, not mad?
The most difficult tag
Song and flame
So I send you every form of cloud
Every color of that rainbow
Every weigh of sand, soil and stone
Every plant,
And all the solitude
Of words
Remaining
Not I!!!
A poem

The October Rose

Light paralyzed in gloom
Be clear and beautiful
Like the love you bear on my side
Like the motive that sings the song with a glaze
And, land on you...
From the sadness windows
The tear it's not enough to kiss the shriven lip
Those lips which whisper the pray
My light hanging on
To the limits and boundaries of the world
Rise up!
Have a drop of lively water with me
In this world that circles days and nights
To this anguish anger
The life has just beginning
It is like the day we started together the way which we got
both
Like this house which is being build
As the child who is being born...
As the Love
Light of mine, become clear!!!
And have a drop of water
The liquor of the lips
Dazzling in the heavenly thoughts
Fearless love...

You are my October Rose
You are that flower which I have never had in my birthday...

When the gloom takes a sleep
Because the life is now darken
On this sadness

And the doll, the golden hair of the grandma tale

Is being lost
In the dreaming baby songs

She would sing to the worried sleeping
Under the ruins of the falling house
Like the Moon she used to shine the pale light

When the love takes a sleep...
With a single sounding glaze
Wither on longing paths it is now burning
The October rose
The wave of the lake,
And, the doll's hair

So, I don't want any procession
And not any crown of flowers

The spring does not arrive
In any burned steppe
In any damned desert
In any lake of eyes like that
Taken away by a black river
Of our lake
And there does not sleep any dreaming fish
Any spring full bulb
Any glaze blaze
Any sweet grandmother
Any innocent child
Any naive line...

And the time is unable to keep
That sadness falling on the ground

And the soil can't grow
This plant
The seed is now spread by the wind

But it could not touch any soil
Any lovely bolster
With invitations of beautiful fests
For that you my light and my October rose
Have a drop of water with me
The new born life sleeping on love seeds....

Poems by Ardi Omeri (Albania)

Hear it, sing it, share it

For those that have loved

Hear it, sing it and share it
Only with those that have loved
Hear it, write it and sign it,
My name need not be told to the stars above.

A song of sylph legends and mairmaids
A breeze of high mountains gusle played
Sang by the great blind Omer,
no longer silent after two thousand years.

Sing, sing along with me,
Let the crowns of our souls crush and burn
If you have even once been told I love you
Eternal rocks in silk will turn...

Hear it, sing it, share it
But only if you have really loved
Even if she was never yours
Sing to the one that stole your heart

Listen to and offer it as a greeting,
My name needs no mention
My name is drenched in love and hatred,
My soul (with and without colour) begging redemption.

LOVE

In your arms so ephemeral my love
Yet praying to Gods for eternity
In this life no one grew old and grey
without hurt, without sweet "love injury" ...

Aren't you grand! Born of an abnormal heartbeat
At birth so peculiar, demanding and strong
A woman (unfairly), for your birth,
was blamed for so long.

Hence you and I forever transient
Forever naturally misunderstood
Devil our God just as temporarily
Using each other, so wicked, so good.

Fun, like lightening a cigarette
That dies just as quick as you forget to smoke it
Igniting another, more fun, pure joy
Its fumes pure poison, poisoning

And I, I my love don't want to be transient
Yet to be eternal, I don't know how
So when old and frail and you see me
Call my name and I will learn to love thee.

Poems by Natasha Xhelili (Albania)

Winter Scene

The last scene of winter
I cradle in the swing of the heart
Trees dismantled from want
shiver under petals of snow.
The rebellious rain of dreams
knocks with intensity
on my window,
his rhythm is a slap
to my solitude.

The wings of migration melt
in the imminent horizon.
Clouds, fog, darkness
frozen in this setting.
I am very cold
amidst this white emptiness.
The wings of the angel of love
do not cover me.

I weep like a child over burned letters.
From their ashes words reawaken
timid words, left without nests...
In the respiration of storms
you run like a vagabond through my memories,
playing the same tune,
waiting for the fondling charity...
The last scene of winter
I sculpt on walls of pain.
On fountain-heads the steam of movement is felt
Rivers gush like hyenas
tearing everything with cruel nails...

The languorous sun
pants like the brightness of the firefly...
you open the door of memories
to the landscape weaved
in fabric, recalling me from the scene.
You extort the bitterness of yesterday...
There, in the painting simulated with sorrow,
is a white stain,
an empty space
that needs to be filled with expectancy...

My way

To the meandering veins
Charged with steps pains
And spitting the word 'heck'
Because you made lost bed
My confidence sky.

Every step on your holding on opinion
The answer comes with crackling
The echoes of steps, then stands as a reminder.

As an icon of the carry
Dusty road to the peace of time
Knows my song poetry and verses inspired by
The monologue of Shakespeare "To be or not to be"
I walked
To rejoice in my presence
Shadow rises to wound the sun, the rain sight
Concerns that come to take refuge in me...



©Miradije Ramiqi (Kosova) "Near by hearth", 2011

TRANSLATION

Poems by Cornelia Marks (Germany)
Translated from German into English by Marco Organo

VUKOVAR

This was the kitchen
Cups and bowls made of clay
Lie on a heap of rubble
One once kept the sugar
For the bitter black coffee
And there
The bulbous cup of bright porcelain
Still untouched still at its place
As if the owner just left
To get some milk.

The town does not exist anymore
Only its shadow is left
Magnolia bloom every year
In the gardens of vanished houses
Sometimes a stork spreads its wings as a sign
On the radio the news about a wedding:
The bride wore a transparent veil and a white gown.

(Vukovar in ruins, educational journey in June 1999)

Moth

My room -
A prison to you
You followed the light
Against your destiny

Now you are here
Circling around me
Afraid, panicking
Bouncing
Off the walls
So white
That you'll be visible
On them forever.

Does darting sideways
Flying in a zigzag
Mean that
You are tracking yourself?

At one point
You give up
Rest
As a dark spot
At the bright ceiling
Quietly
I watch you

Visiting Goethe

Tell me what it was like, Zuleika,
How you loved your poet, loved so much,
That your smile, you couldn't give him,
The hopeless tender touch of your hand,
The kisses you breathed into the void
Curdled to mysterious verses of dark amber
Making the "Divan"
A symbol of your love,
Every syllable a promising glance,
Every rhyme a heartbeat,
Every metaphor a hieroglyph
Of the longing both of you felt.

Pieces at exhibition whisper in chorus,
Hold him tight, don't let him go...
Between all those showcases, old desks and clocks
I suddenly look right into the hazel of his eyes,
And I press it gently, that warm hand of the poet.

Poems by Leyla İŞİK (Turkey)

Translated by Baki Yiğit

I TOOK OFF ALL MY SINS

When you went away,
Having pulled your skin back from my skin,
And detached your hands from my hands,
I was an innocent child.
My dreams were stark naked
As I didn't know how to rebel...
Now I'm injuring my dreams
By a two-edged knife
Of being without you inside me.
I'm bleeding all the flowers.
In my love garden
Are being ensanguined the jasmine,
The white rose and the carnation...
They are fading in my hands.
My pool of tears are drying,
I cannot green you again.
I cannot console Me
Who is you inside me.
Nobody knows that!
"I took of all my sins tonight..."
I cannot quiet my heart.
Banned words are falling from my mouth.
I'm telling to the mute walls.
Time is becoming silent.
Hour and minute hands are falling apart.

Camelia...

Of which spring's flowers had you made the crown on your head,

And which

Love tree's branches had wrapped your child body

Now remember...

In our eyes this picture was black and white

On the day when it was taken but

Colorful were our smiles.

Those were still the first steps in life

In this abandoned house we safely lived in

We always used to play

Most beautiful roles in life...

From the indigo on the walls

I want back

Our childish cry

And our songs in every language it hides

Without further contamination.

Oh, Camelia...

Now we are the women of different countries!

Our hearts are expecting bright beauties

When giving birth to a new one

Of our children of peace at each dawn,

No matter where in the world,

We speak only the language of love

Even if we don't know the meaning of their words.

Come on

Let's murmur together

The melody of our human side

Sincerely.

Petra's Slow Kisses

A phaeton is passing at the midpoint of the age
Its wheels are turning like "the moment"
My soul is on the travel to future ages and redness of the Sun
The wind is blowing its magic pipe
At antique PETRA which is THAMUD' s lost city
While the history is meeting at its dusty rosie rockies.

Becoming a bird I am winging to the furthest of furthestmost;
Winging by suffering from manifold of difficulties
But also in expectations.
The altars and also gigantic temples
Devoted to God Dusara
Welcome me at the structure of velvety rockies...

While Al-Khazneh was hidden in the rocks
It awakened after hundreds of years
When traveler Jahann Burckhardt comes.
Just to defy The Sun that steals water
The soil touches to water
By the fact that rare rain glides and leaks into desert sands
A branch shoots up into its greenery.
Leaf smiles to light...

Vermilion deliberate horses rear up to their uninterrupted
defeats
Nebateans' tears glide from temple eaves...
Water gets dirty.
Stone sculpture glances
Transform into centuries in the dreams of Bedouin children...
Sunsets that naked for mystery time
In the buried treasure of suffering sorrows
Stretch to As-Siq from the blue of the sky.
Petra's slow kisses turn into golden yellow from red
While saying farewell to the antique city.

Poems by Arianita Hoxha

Translated by Fatbardha Sulaj

For you, mother

You came to me in my dream again, mother
The longing for you startled my sleepy heart
I woke up and called your name like I used to as a child
While tears, coming down my face river-like

I often wake up in the night
And I search for you with all my heart and soul
Mother you are the longest of all longings
God, how far away the day I'll see you again seems

You're always smiling at me from the photograph
You look so young and so beautiful mother
I call out for you in vain
Mother, I have so much to say

And I talk to the photo in the middle of the night
Mother my soul needs you right now
Years and time have gone by
And I miss you, oh I miss you so much

I cry and tell you how sorry I am
I will always long for and greatly miss you
I curse at myself tonight though
For not being able to give you life from my own.

Swallow in December

So cold this end of December
I wonder he comes today differently
Fearlessly from cold-tweeted, a swallow
Tweeting, and I don't understand
That her eyes are filled with tears
I open the door invited it with warmth
But to convince it I can't.

Tell me, as winter arrives, tell me how
Long way as you turn please how will you tell me
He raised his eyes with wonder to the nest
Silent. Without words.
In autumn, I had forgotten the birds
I don't know if they'll survive.

I heard a native voice
"This swallow, once a child"
Flown around the world
Wings beaten to go home
The moment that she expected
Snowflakes on the balcony
Down, a gift come true.

Birdie had grown, he had learned to fly
A miracle that heaven sent
He listened to his mother
So as before of me they lost in blue sky,
The whole world stopped
When mother and sons started to fly.

Feelings

Feelings remained how abandoned coves
with lighthouses off
where only the moon shines

Where kisses may arrive
from far away land
where the sun shines
just like what you see

At dawn, sailboat I have to send
To the ocean
I will convey
there, where you have left
with commodity
I will pray
the body will not forget
as heart beats.



©Irina Hysi (Albania) "The sight ", 1989

INTERVISTA

Interview by Tatjana Debeljači vs Michal Mahgerefteh

Interview with Michal Mahgerefteh (Israel)

Michal Mahgerefteh is an award-winning artist and poet from Israel, living in Virginia since 1986. Her work has been published in over seventy literary magazines and anthologies. Michal received many awards for her poetry, more recently from The Green River Writers Society (2010-2012), The Poetry Society of Pennsylvania (2010-2012), Austing Poetry Society (2011-2012), The 2011 Bethesda Poetry Writing Competition. Michal served as judge in The 2010-2012 Poetry Society of Virginia Student Contest and in The 2010 Elie Weisel Poetry Contest sponsored by Hampton Roads Holocaust Commission. She is suthor of three poetry collections; *In My Bustan* (2009), *Sipping Memories, A Poetic Journal to Morocco* (2011), *What's Left Behind* (2012), *Field of Harps* (2013). Michal is The Muse Writing School, The Poetry Society of Virginia and Old Dominion University Friends of MFA board member. Michal enjoys teaching paper collage to creative writing students at the MUSE School of Writing, Norfolk. Michal's Holocaust collage art has been accepted for exhibition by The Jewish Art Salon in New York (2014). Next exhibition: TIME offered by the Chrysler Museum of Art, Norfolk (November 2013 – January 2014).

<http://ascentaspirations.ca/michalmahgerefteh.htm>

Book reviews, sample poems, and art:
www.michalmahgerefteh.com

When did you publish your first book and how did success follow?

I released my first poetry collection three months before my mother's passing in November 2009. I did not intend to

release a collection, but I wanted my mother to experience my passion for writing. In December 2009, she joined me on a reading tour in Israel, which is a time that I will always cherish.

As an artist and poet, you have received many awards, and your work has been published in various literary journals and anthologies. How did this happen?

My three-year teacher and mentor of poetry always encouraged his students to find homes for their literary works because “It validates your work.” I like to submit my poems to small press literary magazines for publication and to various poetry awards.

Your poetry brings a lot of insight into everyday life: are there so many miraculous twists and turns in a person's life?

I am a memoir writer, and I feed off emotions. My experiences are universal yet unique. My poetry collection *What's Left Behind* is about my mother's battle with a long-term illness and my father's role as her care-giver. Reading from this collection at poetry events has brought comfort to listeners who care for their relatives. To those battling a long-term illness, it depicts a higher level of understanding and compassion regarding a care-giver's day-by-day world. Memoir writers offer a sense of emotional freedom to those who are unable to express their own thoughts and feelings.

When did you discover your artistic talent?

I started showing interest in the arts when I was in high school. I always carried a large sketch book and produced drawings with sharp edges. I did not draw people or nature since I was primarily interested in exploring the world in an

abstract way, but now I connect all images in a circular motion. I still consider myself an abstract artist because this is the style in which I feel most comfortable.

Where do you find inspiration and whose artistic work do you enjoy most?

My inspiration frequently comes from magazine images. I collect magazines from locations that regularly recycle them such as medical offices, libraries, and coffee shops. My fantastic imagination “sees” images within the images so I can use them as a guideline for my work. I am inspired by the work of the master Pablo Picasso in addition to many talented, but relatively unknown contemporary artists like Ron Werijers, Yelena Dyunim, John Sokol, and Annette Labeledzki, among many others.

Is there anything that connects poetry and painting? How do you see them together?

For me, poetry and art are two separate ways of self-expression. When I find myself in a cycle of writer’s block I turn to art. When I am no longer inspired by art, I go back to reading and writing. However, for some unknown reason, I am unable to do both at the same time; both intuitively provide a powerful flow of creative energy that is the driving force of my existence. I have a strong desire to create at all times.

How did you become involved in the publishing and editing business?

Was it difficult to succeed in this job considering the number of successful publishing houses in the United States at present?

Surprisingly, Poetica Magazine itself is a result of a creative writing class assignment. In 2000, I was asked by my professor to start a literary magazine and to bring to class proof of at least ten submissions by the end of the semester. After careful research, I decided to start a small press poetry magazine centered on the Jewish experience. I emailed a short call for submissions to Jewish creative writing programs offered at local, national, and international universities. In just two months, I received over two-hundred submissions by sixty writers. My professor was astonished and expressed that I am now “obligated.”

The magazine is dedicated to the presentation of contemporary poets’ works as well as poets of past centuries and devotes considerable space to poetic contemporary Jewish writings.

Poetica Magazine and its team of editors strive to publish strong works of poetry by all writers from all backgrounds. We encourage authentic stories that can help the reader preserve culture, religion, and country and to provide a strong literary foundation for future generations.

What are your plans for the future creative work?

I’m hoping to continue my work with Poetica Magazine and also to continue to manage Poetica Publishing Company. We are in need of sponsors and grants to offer free book publishing for poets over eighty-five years old who have never published a collection of verse. I’m also planning to continue developing mixed media collage art and would like to publish my own distinctive works from acrylic paintings to mixed media in an art book collection.

Tell us something more about yourself and what others think about you?

My family is the focus of my world and they come first above poetry and art. My husband and I love to explore different cultures. We have traveled to over twenty countries and are planning to continue our world travel exploration after retirement. In my Sipping Memories poetry collection, I share my travel experiences in Morocco and am anticipating producing more poems about other countries and cultures I have encountered and will encounter in my travels.

Have you achieved everything you have ever wanted to and if you could live your life again would you be an artist again?

I'd like to be a full time artist devoting every moment to the creative process. I feel that can be achieved through writing and art classes as well as inspiring raw and young writers and artists by working one-on-one with teachers and students.

Interview by Mimoza Ahmeti vs Irina Hysi (Albania)

How can you do a Paraphrase in poetry?

Poetry is feeling, thought and sense detached from reality!
Breeze in last floor of the sea. "

The Procedure for paraphrasing the poem is not only expressive linguistic , is distinguishable,absorption form of comprehensive monitoring of philosophic ,aesthetic. It is also important how you hear, metaphorical conceptual, relativism, creative of floating.

Do you think the understanding of poetry is its purpose? Why some readers immediately understand and some of them do not?

The control center of poetry is self confidence , the poet controls the reflexes on the structure of poetry. Understanding takes place in definitive form through reality and the absurd! The poet believes in the existence of poetry, gives breath with emotion, and gives birth with all the power of the spirit. The poet's word is magical, indisputable, must cross endless space and needs to hear the sound of his Lord first, then the word gets ingrained "or sings in the lap of his Lord.

It is not expected to understand all poem,reading the free expression has its level in unity space flowing from a magical portal and leading key or not, in the ambiguity of the image that both affirm or denies.

What subjects in poetry do you think are missing today? Have you brought a contribution to your creation?

Subjects of mine should be revived, currency strings that weigh up to creative artistic elements, techniques of which pass through the grate imaginative expressive form. Key words are terms that serve the concept of poetry, in each place internal situation.

Cyclone example poetry etc ...

Today there are more poets than readers!

How is the process of writing and editing to you? Does it take long time to finish ?

Blue pen and ink with the same color often jump in tridimensional painting, how time it comes suddenly like an earthquake that will be its undisputed forehead's weight of poetry.

editing ***

Poetry is like moving paintings on canvas of a line completely change the pace, a poet must be self editor.

Besides the art of writing that makes the poet himself, is technical editor of the importance of his field.

What have all your beautiful poems in common? If anything?

Imagination is the power to unlock the code of the soul!

Leave feeling that decides what a poetry verse is,

Which poets do you think are the ones that formed you and are special to you?

It is enough for the Poem to be good, it doesn't matter the poet!

How do you try to make your poems more special, and who did not give other format?

Poetry is the current outbreak, spiritual ecstasy trip, reflexive approach.

I express revolt, feeling, inspiration, if there is a color miniature. In the big picture must think up, where you enter, you must find to challenge the limits of the imagination!

Novel must work for months...(?)

Tell me the moment when the explosion happens in the poem?

Can you describe the moment of creation?

The moment of the explosion is penetrating through the eye of the soul in soul send out about through the brain. The moment of creation comes from the cause, time is like the earth rotating on this phenomenon seems that note, emotional feelings poured through demonstration Liberty imagination to color and form through the goal.

"Dajti Mountain, laying Infront my window.

Almost down ...

Tirana with hips back, ministries ...

All that mountain!

Wrench!

Still he remained faithful, a habit.

The valley above face planted land ...

How can behave so, a mountain ...?! "

Who is the speaker in the poem? What kind of person is the speaker? Is it clear in his exposition?

Speaker is themselves, role plays, unidentifiable character depends that makes poetry, lyric poetry is clear and, abstract research is hidden behind the character, behind the curtain and only the reader understands elite.

Do you think that The poet uses the form to the best than others, so the form of expression, communication?

He Uses in short, poetry is sketching like divine, speaks in some way and as thoroughly as paintings is unlike poetry, the. Best poet is good reader of a painting, and a painter is a poet who follows the codes tridimensional symbol fabulously.

"Modern psychology!

Somewhere reborn, another psychosis.

The difference between the edges, -failure - success ?! "

Can you identify the topic or topics in your poetry?

Poetry is freed from traditional verse, no shading around the world to identify derivative connections with operating trend through the eye and speaking on poetry structure has the spirit of a modern poetic structuring, with shades symbolic figuration.

What imaging you give your poems?Can you give us any fragment to illustrate this?

The sound needs to enter in the psyche of people with sensory perception through the psyche, makes diving understanding, as an illustration, the image is different there are a wide range of s' is limited, there is a scenario in the development of modern, logic elements poetic has sensual impact, poetry by own image, symmetry and asymmetry, uniqueness and originality.

How important Is sound, rhythm, rhymes and the music in your poems?

Sound must pass filters of magic in terms, of expression, forms and articulation linguistic colorful through, the entire structure of the essence of the meaning which deleted the form of dreams following the awakening of pace to step , if three levels of time and before her. Real abstraction of the code matches the lagging phenomenon enigmatic imagination, purpose, as enigmatic pilot focused on asset of a mental performance semantic origin, language and style of the poet's special own !

The music is selected to grab beyond infinity !

Rhymes : blasting rhythm of thought because it creates poetry.

"I'd find the sounds!

Lovers. Successes and defeats.

Laughing and crying.

Tears exhausted, great spirits.

Do you hear the sound of my own.

As the ship,as the sea without end, find another up! ... ".

Does your poetry have a related element of paradox?

The concept of antiquity into the decor invisible poet makes a visionary carrier. The logic does not follow the course of perception, rejects the conventional wisdom, but that has its own logical reason, combining mechanical transmission, walked one expectation unlimited meets something totally unexpected ... there are compositions with two opposites, communication shared by the law of reason, area communicated divided, the world communicates. The phenomenology of poetry itself is basically formatted.

Which are some of the most beloved titles of your poems and your published books and those which are in process of publication?

-After the book "Rebus", a publishing house in America has already published my book "Cyclone".

-Poems And Malreali following title, and maybe ten more ...

Poetry titles: - Free!

La After ... etc

Interview by Apri Presents vs Jeta Vojkollari (Canada)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR - JETA VOJKOLLARI

Jeta Vojkollari was born and raised in Tirana, Albania. She studied Economics at the University of Tirana. Jeta has won awards for several long lyrics, two of which became hits. Her experience and passion to write has led her to this book. She lives in Toronto, Canada with her husband and works for the City of Toronto. *The Devil I Paid For Advice* is her first novel.

APRI: Do you have any advice for up and coming writers?

JV: There is more to writing a book than putting thoughts on a piece of paper. I would advise any new writer to fully understand the whole process:

1. Write a first draft. This is the exciting part which every creative writer looks forward to.
2. Edit it once and then edit it again. Not every sentence is right the first time around. Editing is very meticulous but very necessary. Edit your draft several times until there is no sentence in the book, you are not in love with.
3. Publish it. Traditional publishing is ideal but many distinct writers are taking charge by self-publishing their creations.
4. Market and promote it. Promoting your book is very important and this is where the process gets creative again.
5. Keep Going. Repeat 1-4 for your next book.

APRI: What authors do you like to read? What book or books have had a strong influence on you or your writing?

JV: Reading was my favorite pastime. The books that had a strong influence on me growing up were:

- as a child: *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* by Mark Twain, *The Count of Monte Cristo* by Alexandre Dumas, etc.

- as a teenager: *Les Misérables* by Victor Hugo, *A Farewell to Arms* by Ernest Hemingway, etc.

- in high school and after: *Martin Eden* by Jack London, *War and Peace* by Leo Tolstoy, *Arch of Triumph* and *Three Comrades* by Erich Maria Remarque, *Amok* and other novellas by Stefan Zweig, etc.

The first book I read in English was *East of Eden* by John Steinbeck, when I came to Canada.

In general, I like to read literary fiction, but time after time I entertain myself by reading books of different genres. Today I read: Ismael Kadare (famous Albanian writer), Margaret Atwood, Julian Barnes, Jonathan Franzen, Jodi Picoult, etc.

APRI: Any writing rituals?

JV: I usually start with the big idea. I think about it and talk to it for some time. If I conclude that it's a good idea, an idea that might scratch the wounds of our society and that my book will convey a good message to the readers, I start writing. I try to write every day, even if it is a single sentence. I don't have to sit in front of the computer and write it. I might scribble it in a piece of paper. That sentence might be enough for me to write a full page or even a chapter later. I pay attention to life. My little ideas which help me fill the story might come all of a sudden from pieces of life: from a random sentence in a newspaper; an angry man talking on the phone; somebody swearing in a low voice; an old woman, whose

hands shake while counting coins; or from a child who grabs the toy from another child's hands.

APRI: Tell us some more about your book.

JV: The Devil I Paid for Advice is about big egos and a twisted belief system; it's about the wrong and right ways to break free off abusive relationships; it's about dreaming the pleasure of the revenge and drinking its bitterness; it's about love and power and control; it's about the choice to use a bitter word instead of a sweet one.

The novel is built with many characters whose stories entwine with each other.

I believe American readers will enjoy reading about a way of life in a small country far away from here, called Albania. On the other hand, despite the Albanian setting, this doesn't necessarily have to be an Albanian story, and the readers will discover this in the pages of the novel.

APRI: What's more important: characters or plot?

JV: I believe both are very important, but I would like to say that characters move the plot forward. The main characters of The Devil I Paid for Advice are multidimensional, they are not necessarily good or bad. Having interesting characters in a book, makes the story unpredictable, and full of surprises. A reader of mine said, "The descriptions, characters and their stories raised me up to the sky and knocked me to the ground; they filled me with air and left me breathless."

APRI: Any last thoughts for our readers?

JV: I believe that reading makes us all better. I would say, don't just read any book that comes your way, read the good ones. Read those books that play even a tiny part in making us and this world better.

APRI: Is there a message in your novel that you want your readers to grasp?

JV: My book conveys a lot of good messages but the most important one would be that domestic abuse takes different forms. It might be physical, verbal, sexual, psychological, emotional, financial, etc; it touches all the strata of society, regardless of education, culture, religion, economical circumstances etc.; it's wrong and we all have to play our role in stopping it.

APRI: What was the hardest part of writing your book?

JV: In order for me to write the book realistically, I had to put myself into my characters' shoes. I had to go to the darkest corners of the stories, I had to perceive myself what my characters were going through. I believe that if the story is not believable to the writer, it would never be believable to the reader.

APRI: Do you have any advice for other writers?

JV: If you really want to write, do not wait for the ideal moment. Life is very busy for everybody and the ideal moment will probably never come. Just write. Write whatever comes to your mind. It doesn't have to be perfect. You'll perfect it later.

APRI: What do you hope people take away from your writing?

JV: I'm going to answer this question with my reader's voice. I couldn't have said it better.

- "You feel as though you have been thoroughly purified after reading this book."

- "The book left me with a very warm feeling, as despite the bitter reality, you give hope and a significant message that only with love we can heal the wounds of the past and can build a better future."

- "Tremulous rays of love symbolize characters of Jeta Vojkollari's novel; her depiction invites readers to discover the end of love and love with a happy ending."

APRI: Where are you from?

JV: I am from a small country in Europe called Albania. For your readers' curiosity, my name Jeta (pronounced like Jetta) means Life in Albanian. I immigrated to Canada in 2009 along with my husband and two children.

APRI: When and why did you begin writing?

JV: I always wanted to be a writer. I wrote my first poem at nine years old. I remember reading it in front of my class and when I finished, my teacher asked "Did you write it yourself?" I have been writing my entire life, but I never considered publishing a book until now. I wanted to be a writer as I enjoy the process. While working full time for the City of Toronto, I studied the mechanics of writing fiction. While I had vivid imagination, I can create realistic stories which convey significant meaning to the reader. I also read a lot. Reading introduces one to unknown worlds, with wonderful feelings and fantasy. I want my books to transport my readers to a different mindset and excite their imagination.

APRI: What inspired you to write your book?

JV: In the first two years of coming to Canada as an immigrant, I worked as an interpreter for people, who were victims or perpetrators of domestic abuse. I heard a lot of stories. I was fascinated to learn that they were all the same, despite the ethnic group, culture, age, income level, faith or education level. This is what inspired me to write the Devil I Paid for Advice.

In order for me to be qualified for such work, I had to attend several programs on domestic abuse and get the necessary certificates. I attended the individual and group sessions and I received a good knowledge on this serious social issue.

APRI: How did you come up with the title?

JV: The novel is built with multi characters, who come from different strata of society. Their stories intertwine with each other through the psychotherapist, who like her clients, struggle in an abusive relationship. The relationship has filled her with hate and causes her to twist the advice to her clients while living her life vicariously through them. I believe that nothing can be worse than going to somebody for advice and she leads you the wrong way.

APRI: What cultural value do you see in writing / reading / storytelling / etc.?

JV: I believe that writing / reading not only entertains us, but it opens our eyes to better understand a social, environmental / ethical, political issue; it helps us know our country, our world, our past and our future; it makes us better and it shows us the way to make the whole world better.

APRI: What did you enjoy most about writing this book?

JV: I enjoyed seeing my characters grow and become stronger. Despite the subject of the book, the characters are not victims. They are fighters.

APRI: Who is your intended audience and why should they read your book?

JV: All people 17 years old and up, mostly females. Some of these readers will find themselves in my book, some will find their friend or neighbor. Not only will they enjoy the book for its plot but also for the strong characters and artistic writing style.

APRI: Is there anything else you would like to say?

JV: Thank you very much for the interview, Marion! I appreciate the fact that you gave me the possibility to introduce myself to the APRI readers and the American media.

Here are a couple of Links where the readers can learn more about me and my novel *The Devil I Paid for Advice*:

www.JetaVojkollari.com

<http://www.friesenpress.com/bookstore/title/119734000018904009>

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00ZARLZMU/?tag=friesenpress-20>

APRI: And now, before you go, how about a snippet from your book that is meant to intrigue and tantalize us?

JV: Two snippets. :)

Tirana in the evening. Modern cafes. Lights. Glamour. High heels and loud voices. Laughter. Girls in low-cut necklines, smooth-skinned. Young men wearing their hair short and styled with gel. Just like the cafes, the young smelled of luxury and modern times.

It was a struggle making one's way through the streets of Tirana without jostling other people - strangers who spoke the same language. Sabrina slipped her arm around Tom's and clung to him as if for protection...

A couple were kissing ferociously right in front of them with thirsty mouths and tongues wrestling there, on the sidewalk, four inches away. One couldn't tell a kiss from a bite, celebration from a fight, birth from murder, love from rape or spouse from enemy. Sabrina wasn't entirely sure how to describe the kissing. Was it love or coercion? Love should be soft, like Tom's body.

Tirana had turned into a vortex of extremes. Life could be highly social, yet grimly isolated. Tirana itself could be so large and so small. Congested. Fighting for breath. On the corner of the residential block you could smell the enticing sweet corn and roasted chestnuts mixed with the stench of dried urine. Expensive Italian shoes tapped along the broken bricks of the sidewalks. Dressed in ostentatious clothes, modern boutique owners came out every now and then to send away beggars that chose to beg at the doorway...

She, too, was asleep now but restlessly asleep. Two hands had seized her by the throat and were squeezing her tightly. Mark's hands? Not nice of him, strangling her in her sleep. In the morning he would repent and scream in pain but she would be gone by then. She would be sleeping peacefully, like the character she played in the movie. Mark's grip got tighter, stronger and she was almost out of breath. She could feel the water caressing her shoulders and her chin. The water

reached her mouth. When Mark finally let go of her throat and she opened her mouth to breathe, the water entered her body with a rush. She was trying to swim, wriggling frantically. Her head came above the water. She caught Mark's piercing eyes. "What are you doing, Mark?" "You were sleeping, baby," he told her, and reached out to caress her cheek. Rakela jumped out of the water to dodge his hand. She backed away and spat out the water that had filled her mouth. What on earth was happening to her? Closing her eyes while lying in the bathtub was not a good idea at all. Rakela Kato got up slowly, and wrapped herself in the soft white bathrobe she had bought at a beauty centre in Pari. Still wet, she walked around the house, looking for Mark. She remembered it was Tuesday and Mark would be teaching till ten. Something was off with Mark lately.

APRI: What question have you always wanted to be asked during an interview? How would you answer that question?

JV: Question: Long unpaid hours in front of the computer, talking to your characters. You're not rich or famous after all and chances are you'll never be. Was it worth writing the book?

Answer: Absolutely! When I hear how much my readers have enjoyed my book, my heart is filled with joy, and the tiredness melts away. What remains is fulfillment and gratitude.



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CULTURE

Nakhchivan Region: A Living Testimony of Azerbaijani and World History

By Peter Tase (Albania - U.S.A)

The Nakhchivan Autonomous Republic of Azerbaijan is the birthplace of world renowned architects such as Amiraddin Masud Nakhchivani as well as a world renowned region of many archeological and cultural monuments that embody a special importance in the ancient history of the World and Azerbaijani nation.

Amiraddin Masud Nakhchivani was a XII Century influential architect of Azerbaijan who lived in the palace of Eldanizlar in Nakhchivan. As an architect and scholar, Masud, pursued the perfection of the Ajami architectural style and played a fundamental role in the strengthening of religious, cultural and memorial architecture of Nakhchivan. His contributions have made a great impact in the Caucasus region and have been adopted by many other architects during the course of the XIV-XVI centuries. The monuments build by Masud are used as an important reference as well as influential objects of study by many other international scholars of culture and archeologists.

Nakhchivan is also home of Farhad House, an archeological monument located in Batabat Summer Grazing valley, to the East of Bichanak Village, in the region of Shahbuz. It is located at the right side of the Nakhchivan – Lachin – Yevlakh main highway, in about one mile to the East from Zorbulag.

The Farhad House has four rooms cut by a hack typed metal tool in a native rock. They are connected with a straight passage that has only one direction. The ceilings are spanned

and shaped in very unique forms; the floors have an oval shape. Little stands were carved on the walls in order to install lamps or candles. Along the walls a pavement was built and a fire place was built at the right side of the first room. According to the "Encyclopedia of Nakhchivan Monuments": "the height of its entrance door is over 2.2 meters; its width is 1.3 meters; a man with a long hair is carved in the rock surface to the right side of the entrance, meanwhile in the left is pictured a woman engraving on the rock." Based on a study conducted by the scholars of Nakhchivan Academy of Sciences, Farhad House has "a pavement of two meters in height, 5 meters in length, 80 cm in width, 30 cm in depth. The route from the city of Nakhchivan to Farhad House was an important segment of the medieval commercial routs in the region, which connected Europe with the Central and Eastern Asia. There was built an important transit station in Batabat summer valleys, where a large number of international visitors and scholars have been able to further appreciate and study such an important asset of Azerbaijani Culture, and a series of rare archeological monument. This location has been called by the local population as the Shah Abbas convoy station. The recent investigations conducted by international expeditions and local scientists have given us confidence to confirm that Farhad House was built at the end of the First Millennium B. C.; meanwhile the locals have inherited many mythological stories about Farhad House.

Another location with unique features is the Haggikhlig Necropolis, with significant archeological treasures; built on the II Millennium B.C. on the lefts banks of Kuluschay, near the village of Kulus, in Shahbuz region. This majestic monument is situated at the top of a hill, surrounded by high mountains from the North East and South East it also consists of square stone graves. In Haggikhlig, research and excavations have begun in early 1990, as a result many new

discoveries have emerged and this location has proved to be an important treasure of humanity's cultural assets.

According to the Nakhchivan Monuments Encyclopedia, in Haggikhlig, there have been discovered "Human skeleton remnants, drawings of animal and bird figures and pieces of pink and grey color clay tableware." According to Professor Novruzlu A. I., there were discovered "a bronze dagger, agricultural items with arrow point, animal bones, and plenty of precious globes, bracelets, ear rings, bronze ring and scaled hooks (designed with scrapes and crossing) pots, bowls, glass and mug shaped clay tableware."

Heydar Aliyev, the National Leader of the People of Azerbaijan, was absolutely correct when he once stated that: "[in] the territory of Nakhchivan, there exist historical - architectural monuments that have a world - wide scale importance...each of them is a monument reflecting the history, culture and customs of Azerbaijani people, before the world. Each stone and rock of Nakhchivan has a peculiar role in the political, economic, cultural and scientific life of Azerbaijan as a living witness of history.