



ZONI

My village, you are small, picturesque, hamlet
in the edge of Gortynia.
My eyes fill with tears when I look at you,
I mourn for the devastation
that I see everywhere,
when I see your houses,
wandering in your streets.
Your vineyards have become barren,
your olive trees don't bear fruit
and in your yards flowers do not bloom
in the flower pots.
It was, in the past, the blessed years,
when all your windows were wide open.
Now, my beautiful village,
your roads are closed
and a small number of villagers
walk in your places.
Bitter memories in my mind
and how can I heal them?
But I wish you, my village Zounati,
to come to life again.
To open your houses again,
make your yards green
and fill your streets
with children's voices.

ZACHAROULA GAITANAKI (Greċja)

FEET

Within the twilight of my memories
footprint of her resurrections

I am struggling on the run
not getting

The pain is immeasurable
My fault

infatuated

I continue to pray

and love

because she is always here
remains

resuscitate.

**SABAHUDIN HADZIALIC (Bosnja-
Herzegovina)**

I CAMPANILI PENDENTI DI FERRARA

Mi guardo allo specchio e cede
qualche crepa del suo congegno,
passo un panno sulla superficie
ma non è una macchia,
non va via,
è davvero una vena del vetro
sorella di alcune crepe del pavimento
nel salotto, di tanti piccoli terremoti
mai percepiti
che hanno assestato la città
fondata sull'acqua.
I campanili qui pendono tutti,
il Po ha lasciato un letto
sotterraneo
che non può sostenerli
e li invidia e se li mangia.
Opera vana e coraggiosa
alzarsi in questa città.

ROBERTO PAZZI (Italja)

FORGET ABOUT SADNESS

Forget about sadness, life is in blossom,
It is full of joyful, cheerful sunny days,
Oh, let me kiss your ample lovely bosom,
Lo! My beloved, it's fragrant, balmy May!
I'm not nocturnal marsupial opossum,
I like mad wind and quivering sunlight,
Oh, let me touch you, bosom-upon-bosom,
And let us glide like a Chinese kite!

ADOLF P. SHVEDCHIKOV (Russja)

IN THE DARK WE CRUSH

In the dark we crush
crab apples for the sound of it. Light cannot
be bitter. The backyard licks us.
Blue like kindling, the fox we caught with
a shoebox. Your shirt is a constellation
in the tent of recovery. If you release the hand
you relax the animal. Bookshelves hold up
the moon. I sweep your fur into a feeling.
I put you into my memories on purpose.
Moss smuggles stars into your cheeks.
Inside your body's future, bravery turns to pulp.
The flashlight pendulum. Your face sounds like
that
record player. Electric & spinning.
Let's grow old together. Don't be scared
of Gertrude Stein. Be brave.

JULIA COHEN (U.S.A.)