

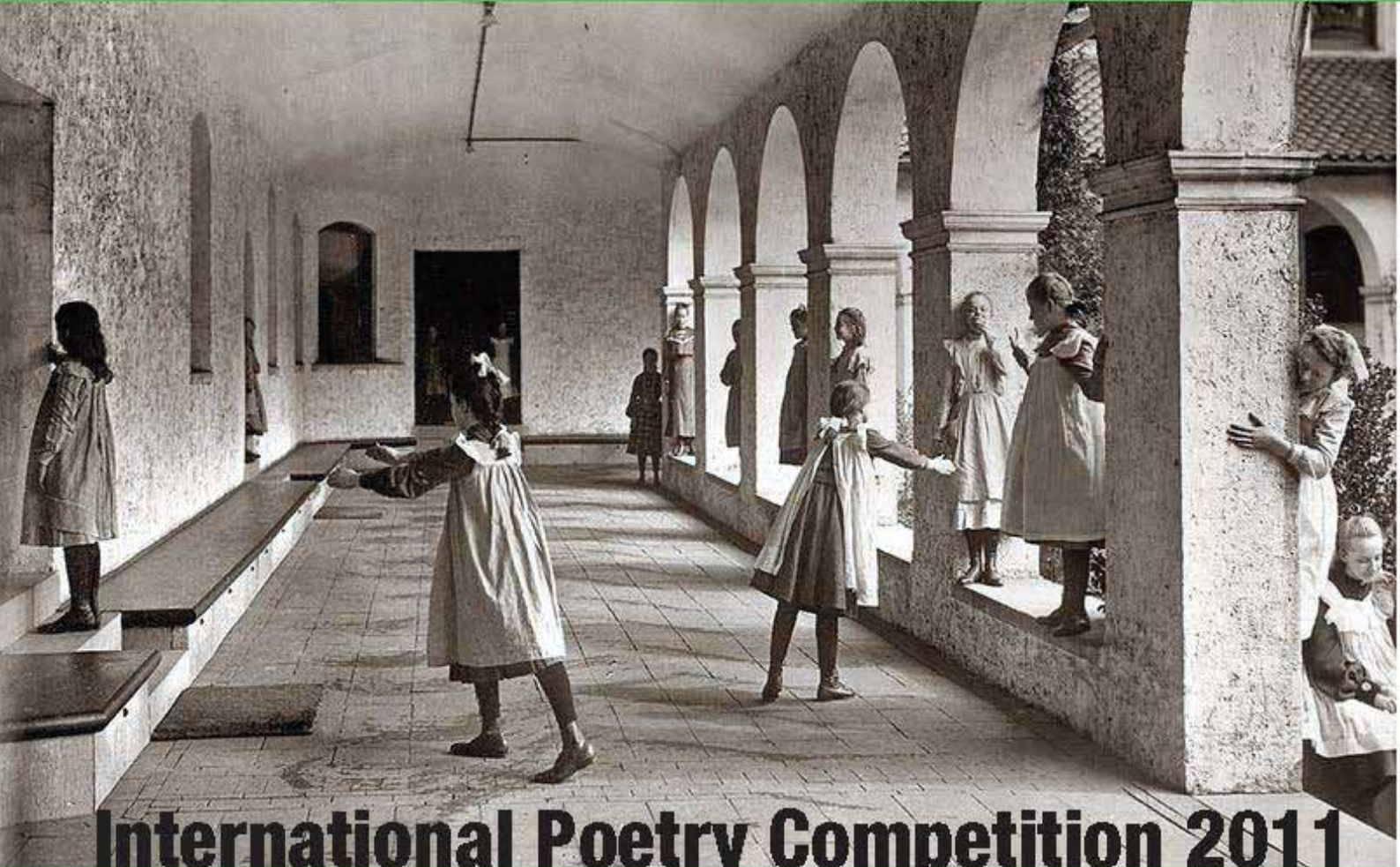
DIOGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

www.diogen.weebly.com

Issue No 19 Broj 19

February 2012



International Poetry Competition 2011

"Seeking for a poem"

(La stanza del poeta, Italy & DIOGEN pro culture magazine, Bosnia and Herzegovina)

**DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...
a month for DIOGEN artist ...
and you ...**



SABAHUDIN HADŽALIĆ, gl.i odg. urednik
(od osnivanja, septembra 2009.g.):
Sarajevo, Bosna i Hercegovina
Editor in chief (since establishment,
September 2009)

Info: <http://sabahadzi.weebly.com/>
<http://dhirasbk.weebly.com/gl-i-odg-urednik.html>



Samira Begman, Zamjenik gl.i
odg.urednika u ime DHIRA, Künsnacht,
Swisse (od 01.09.2010.g.)...Deputy
editor in chief in behalf of DHIRA
verlag, Künsnacht, Swisse (as of
01.09.2010)

Info: <http://dhirasbk.weebly.com/o-nama.html>

Tatjana Debeljački - Zamjenik gl.i odg. urednika (saradnja sa

časopisima & intervjuj)



od 01.9.2010.g., Užice, Srbija ...Deputy editor in chief
 (cooperation with magazines & interviews) as of 01.9.2010

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Dr. Ram Sharma, Zamjenik gl. i odg. urednika za Aziju



As of 02.5.2011..Deputy Editor in chief for Asia

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<http://diogen.weebly.com/india-connection-diogen-pro-culture-magazine.html>

Goran Vrhunc, Zamjenik gl.i odg.urednika (MLADOST ŽIVJETI TRAŽI-

DIOGEN BUDUĆNOST); od 01.09.2010.g., Sarajevo, Bosna i

Hercegovina

Deputy editor in chief (Youth is seeking for
 life- DIOGEN OF THE FUTURE)... as of
 01.09.2010



Info:
http://www.diogenis.0fees.net/autori.author_s.goran.vrhunc_files/autori.authors.goran.vrhunc.htm

Stevo Basara, Grafički urednik, Edmonton, Canada

Graphic designer



Info: <http://dhirasbk.weebly.com/ilustracije.html>

U SETU 25 EURA (plus poštarina) DVA CD- a plus MAGAZIN prvi broj 2009-2010...POJEDINAČNO 10 EURA (plus poštarina) CD odnosno MAGAZIN...
 E- mail: sabihadzi@gmail.com

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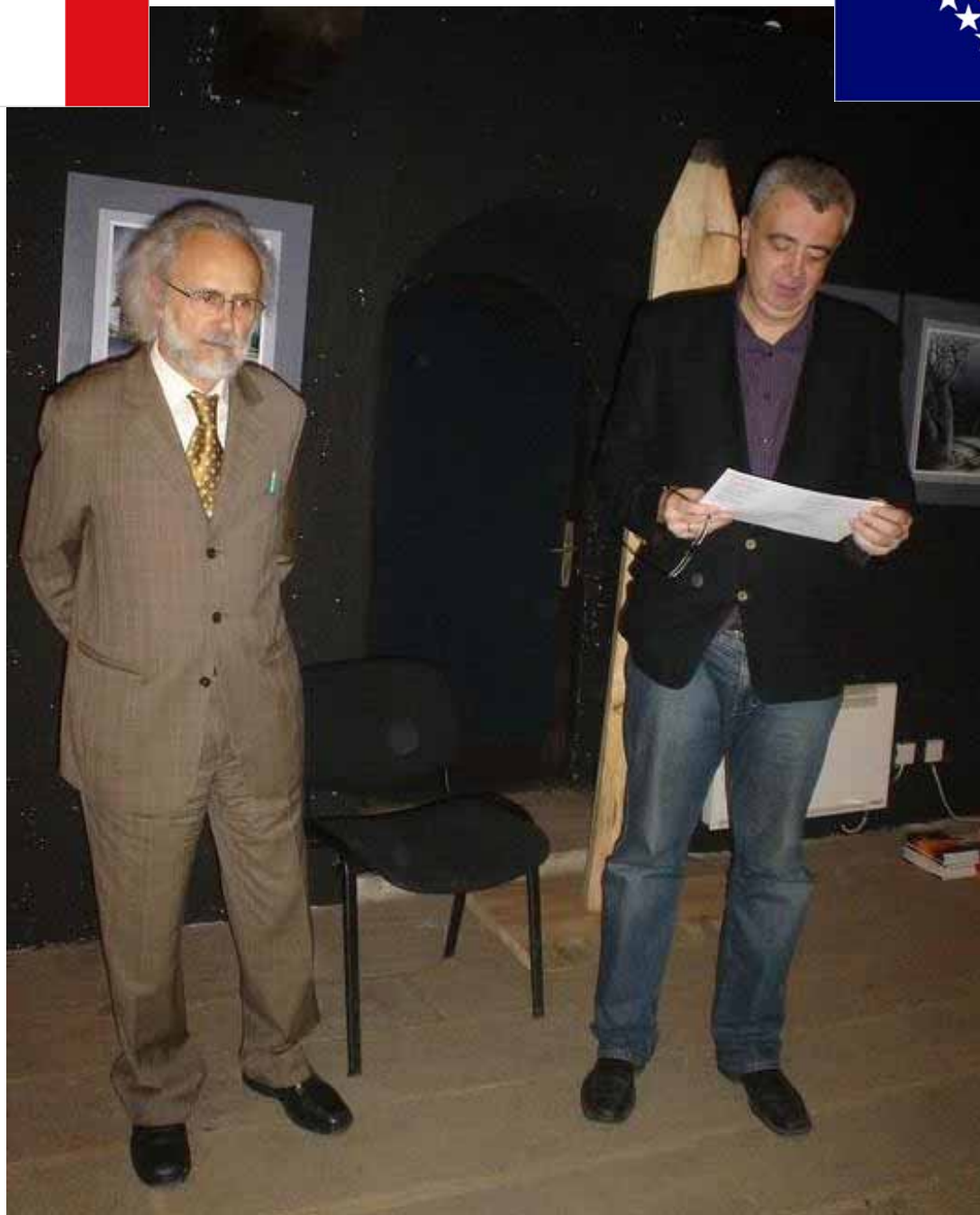
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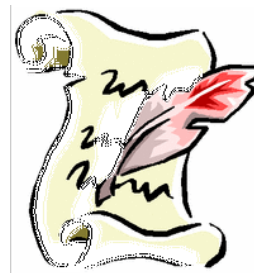


Judges: Giuseppe Napolitano & Sabahudin Hadžialić



Date: 31.5.2011. and until 30.11.2011.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM"



INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

You are invited to submit a poem for the International Poetry Competition "SEEKING FOR A POEM", organized by the Association 'La Stanza del Poeta' from Formia/Gaeta (Italy) and DIOGEN pro culture magazine from Sarajevo (Bosnia and Herzegovina).

Please read 'How to Guide' bellow.

Step One

(1) Submit one poem of your choice and your short Biography, including your photo (*color and/or black-white, 300 dpi, format 1200 x 800 pixels*) by 30/11/2011. *Submission should be sent to seekingpoem@yahoo.com . The results will be published by 31/1/2012.* Please note that you are required to provide a valid email address. All communications with you will be exclusively in writing and via email. It is important that you keep your email address valid and active during the selection process so that we can communicate with you.

Step Two

(2) Your poem will be evaluated by our judges: poets Giuseppe Napolitano from Italy and Sabahudin Hadžialić from Bosnia and Herzegovina. Having read and assessed your poem, the judges will make a decision to either publish it or decline publication.

Step Three

(3) The poems selected for publication will be uploaded on the competition website and the top three poems will be announced. All contestants are invited to visit the website and review the results.

Step Four

4) The top three poems will be also announced on web site of the Association 'La Stanza del Poeta' and DIOGEN pro culture magazine and published in the annual DIOGEN pro culture magazine No. 2. edition in February 2012.

The winners will be offered the opportunity to be the judges for the next year's competition.

Each winner will be presented with the opportunity to publish 20 poems of their choice in the second edition of DIOGEN pro culture magazine.

We would like to thank you in advance for your devotion to the development of creative writing endeavors

Additional Contest Information

Who is Eligible?

Poets of all ages are eligible and all styles of poetry are acceptable.

How and When to Submit?

We ask that you submit your writings by November 30, 2011. Submissions are accepted via email to seekingpoem@yahoo.com

Submission Requirements

Poems must be original works.

Poems should be submitted in English, or the English translation should accompany the original. The poet's full name and email address must be provided.

The poet must be able to be notified via email if their poem has been selected for publication.

Guidelines

The judges will be looking for originality, rhythm, rhymes, and audience appeal.

The judges will be looking for poet's passion about the subject topic of the poem or a novel approach to every day topics.

<http://diogen.weebly.com>

<http://stanzadelpoeta.wordpress.com/>



Date: 31.1.2012.

Pages: 1+5

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Decision of the Jury „SEEKING FOR A POEM“

Among 133 poets and poetess from 37 countries from all over the World, The Jury of „SEEKING FOR A POEM“ (members: Giuseppe Napolitano from Italy and Sabahudin Hadžialić from Bosnia and Herzegovina) unanimously have decided the following:

1. POEM “ Dying and cold coffee“

Dying and cold coffee

*Cold coffee my lips are blue my skin is white,
 the remains of a last night,
 shattered on the floor.*

(It's been a misunderstanding.)

*broken glass, water, sugar, wine
 on the floor*

(It's been a misunderstanding.)

*a vase, glittering with blood
 red blood,
 my blood*

Once it was mine, now it belongs to the carpet.



*Blood stained carpet. In a sterile hotel room.
 It's obviously been a misunderstanding.
 I don't believe it. How could it happen?? How???
 I wouldn't have believed it at all if it wasn't for the cold coffee.
 My lips are blue my skin is white.
 "It's because you're dead since the last night."
 explains God while he pours me another cup of ethereal cold coffee in the Heavens.*

Author: Teuta Butuči, Zagreb, Croatia



Explanation of the Jury:

1. POEM “ Dying and cold coffee“

Teuta Butuči, Zagreb, Croatia

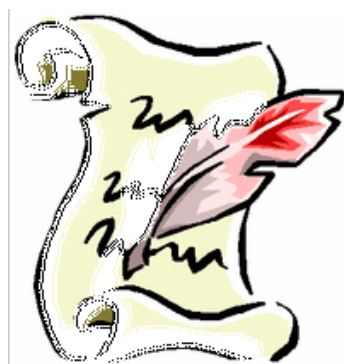
*„The day which we fear as our last is but the birthday of eternity.“
 Seneca*

The story of life within the shortness of living. Being young and brave she can only asks herself the questions of wandering. While drinking eternal coffee. With the God. Her poem is a prose within verses. Of all of us:

- a.) As a warning.
- b.) Or wakening.

Which one of those two?

The answer we will find out within Seneca's words above.



2. POEM „Crossing the Julian Alps“

Crossing the Julian Alps

*The mountains are alive
 they do not spare me one moment.
 I can hear their voice calling me
 coming out from between the deep crevices,
 the echoes reaching high up to the peaks
 and deep down inside myself.
 My spirit drinks from the pure spring waters
 my nostrils breathe in clean air
 my ears feed upon the natural voices
 birds sing their evening prayers.
 I look at the ground as I walk the solitary paths
 and see stones coming out like bones
 roots protruding like aged fingers
 mushrooms, tiny plants and mosses like eczema
 flowers natural tattoos
 on a million-old body of rocks.
 The pines white with snow
 white hair of an aged being.*

*I see bunkers, trenches dug deep
 inside the earth
 cemeteries and monuments for those
 who passed away in vain combat,
 tens of niches with holy images
 hiding in different secret corners.*

*The mountains are alive
 they do not spare me a moment of rest.
 In front of all this I stand in awe
 and let silence speak in whispers.*

Author: Patrick Sammut, Mosta, Malta



Explanation of the Jury:

POEM „Crossing the Julian Alps“

Patrick Sammut, Valletta, Malta

„I am still a keen mountain walker and an enthusiastic glider pilot.“
Paul Nurse

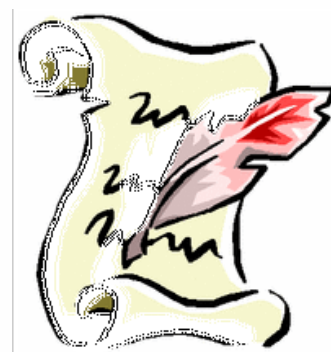
- The poet as the reflection of belongings to the ground of existence.
- The poem as dedication of the living *per se*.
- Experience as the reflection of the soul of goodness, while seeking for the truth.

Which one? Of the eternal truth while „let the silence speaks in whispers“.

3. POEM „Niagara Dreaming“

Niagara Dreaming

*She was born in New York City with a homeless heart
 She was born to die in her quarter life paradise
 She wasn't the stuff of golden conversations.
 With guardian vampires all around her,
 She used to walk through SoHo all night long.
 She got a dream, dream to free fall into the Niagara Falls.
 She was born when Berlin wall was falling down.
 Walls were a fantasy for her with or without wooden frames on.
 She loved to sleep in the closet
 With her green shoes under her head.
 Naked on the balcony
 She always sang for passengers,
 Wondering why they can't fall in love with red leaves.
 She got a number tattooed on her chest,
 But no one knew she cried whenever she touched her heart.
 Like a thunder leaping in her mind
 She had a dream, dream to free fall into the Niagara Falls.
 Then one day she decided not to breathe anymore.
 She went to sleep in the closet
 Holding the Niagara snap on her outnumbered chest
 Cold and bold close to the wall.*



Author: Solmaz Begham, Mashad, Iran

Explanation of the Jury:

POEM „Niagara Dreaming”

Solmaz Begham, Mashad, Iran

*„I dream, therefore I exist.”
August Strindberg, „A Madman's Defense”*

Intensely resisting to the conquered emotions, nothing else was left to her but to leave the message. So strong message that was intoxicated with a dream. The question appears: Were that just an emotions? Or the life itself?

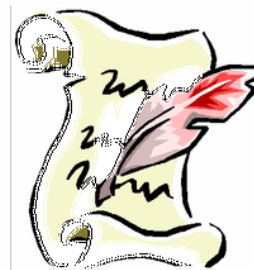
The list of first 25 poets and poetess (SEEKING FOR A POEM):

- 1. Teuta Butuči**
- 2. Patrick Sammut**
- 3. Solmaz Begham**

-
4. Alma Jeftić
 5. Krunoslav Šetka
 6. Diti Ronen
 7. Aleksandra Kovrlija
 8. Julijana Veličkovska
 9. Vernon J. Davis
 10. Ratka Shokleska
 11. Jelena Bogdanović
 12. Maša Prihotko
 13. Lindemberg Pereira da Silva
 14. Vladimir Vukomanović
 15. Gordana Smuda
 16. Styliani Lykogiannaki
 17. Irena Bera
 18. Sanja Muchkajeva-Vidanovska
 19. Aleksandra Čvorović
 20. George Nikolopoulos



21. Nina Zdenjak
22. Hana Volakova
23. Jelena M. Ćirić
24. Dimitris P. Kraniotis
25. Tamara Lučić Dimić



FINAL NOTE: All poems from all the poets and poetess who participated really satisfied our Competition needs. But, some poems has to be better. Just a little bit. Satisfaction for all participants is that this is subjective decision of the Jury. Objective decision will be made by the readers of the poetry. Of all of you who participated.

Awards:

1. The top three poems will be also announced on web site of the Association' La Stanza del Poeta ' and DIOGEN pro culture magazine and published in the annual DIOGEN pro culture magazine No. 2. edition in March 2012. The winners will be offered the opportunity to be the judges for the next year's competition. Every winner will be presented with the opportunity to publish 20 poems of their choice in the second edition of DIOGEN pro culture magazine.
2. Every poet who participated will get Certificate for the participation within the Competition (through E-mail as pdf. file).
3. All participated poems will be published (with photo and Biography of the poet and/or poetess) within Special edition of DIOGEN pro culture magazine in February 2012.

Giuseppe Napolitano

31.1.2012.

Sabahudin Hadžialić

Official WWW sites of the Competition „SEEKING FOR A POEM“:

<http://diogen.weebly.com/seeking-for-a-poem-international-poetry-competition-2011.html>

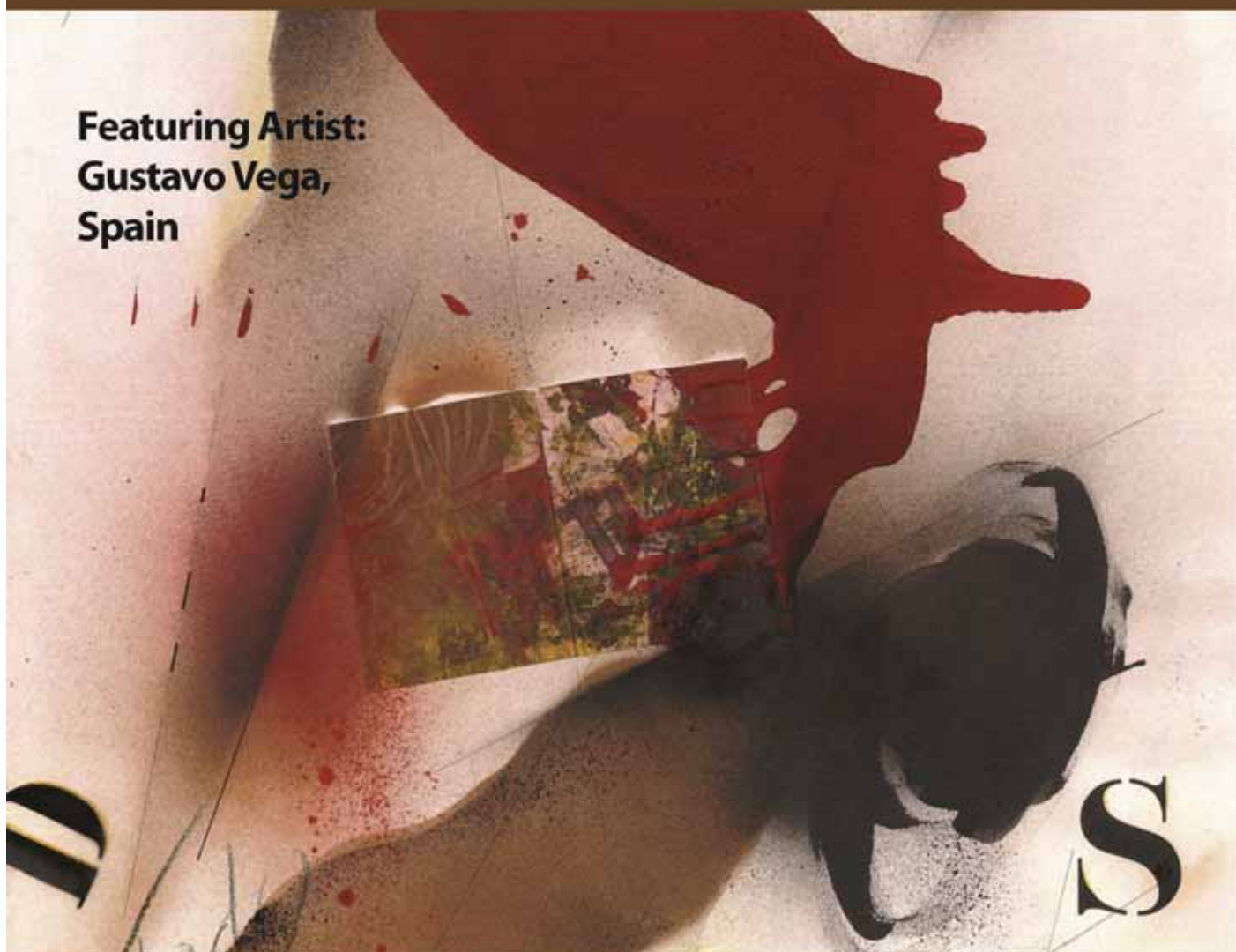
<http://stanzadelpoeta.wordpress.com/2011/05/31/concorso-poetico-internazionale/>

DIOGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

Issue No 15 Broj 15 Novembar/Studenti/November 2011

**Featuring Artist:
Gustavo Vega,
Spain**



**DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...
a month for DIOGEN artist ...
and you ...**

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pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

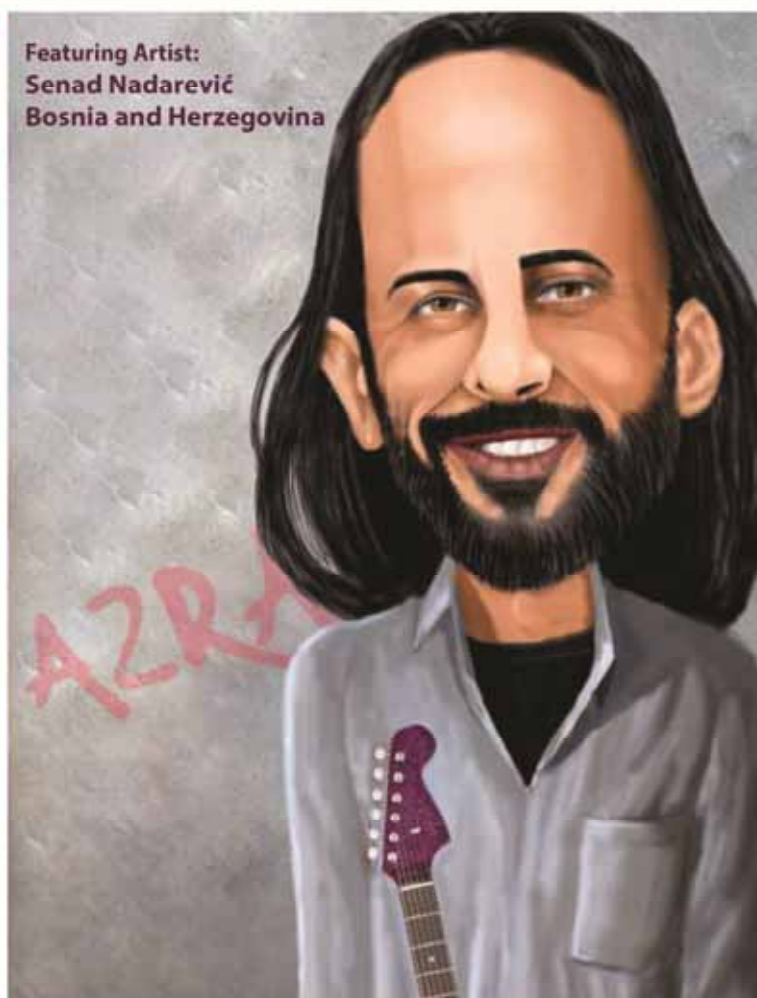
NOVOGODIŠNJE SPECIJALNO IZDANJE / NEW YEAR EVE SPECIAL EDITION

www.dioген.weebly.com

Issue No 17 Broj 17 31.12.2011

December / January 2011/12

Featuring Artist:
Senad Nadarević
Bosnia and Herzegovina



**DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...
a month for DIOGEN artist ...
and you ...**

Ecco i vincitori del Concorso SEEKING FOR A POEM

Possiamo finalmente annunciare i vincitori del Concorso internazionale SEEKING FOR A POEM, bandito dalla rivista DIOGEN e dall'Associazione LA STANZA DEL POETA



I vincitori sono:

1. **Teuta Butući**, Zagreb (Croazia) - con la poesia *"Dying and cold coffee"*
2. **Patrick Sammut**, Mosta (Malta) - con la poesia *"Crossing the Julian Alps"*
3. **Solmaz Beghman**, Mashad (Iran) – con la poesia *"Niagara Dreaming"*



Complimenti e Auguri a tutti: adesso saranno pubblicati su un numero speciale della rivista DIOGEN a cura del direttore Sabahudin Hadzialic (dove avranno un po' di spazio anche gli altri numerosissimi partecipanti da tutto il mondo!)

TUESDAY, JANUARY 31, 2012

Final results of World Poetry Contest "Seeking a Poem" are out

31.1.2012 - DECISION OF THE JURY IS ONLINE...

133 poets from 37 countries Worldwide competed for the Competition "Seeking for a poem" organized by DIOGEN pro culture magazine (Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina) and Association La stanza del poeta (Gaeta, Italy)...<http://diogen.weebly.com/> — with Jury members, writers and poets Sabahudin Hadzialic and Giuseppe Napolitano. Among the participating poets 5 were from the island of MALTA:

Geoffrey G. Attard (<http://diogen.weebly.com/uploads/4/6/8/8/4688084/47.pdf>),

Maria Grech Ganado (<http://diogen.weebly.com/uploads/4/6/8/8/4688084/80.pdf>),

Therese Pace (<http://diogen.weebly.com/uploads/4/6/8/8/4688084/120.pdf>),

Alfred Palma (<http://diogen.weebly.com/uploads/4/6/8/8/4688084/12.pdf>) and

Patrick Sammut (<http://diogen.weebly.com/uploads/4/6/8/8/4688084/100.pdf>).

THE WINNERS ARE:

1. Teuta Butučić, Zagreb, Croatia (Poem: " Dying and cold coffee")
2. Patrick Sammut, Mosta, Malta (Poem: „Crossing the Julian Alps“)
3. Solmaz Beghman, Mashad, Iran (Poem: "Niagara Dreaming")

One can download and read all of the 132 poems and be introduced to all participating poets and poetess, including Decision of the Jury as of 31.1.2012. from the Official site of the Poetry competition "SEEKING FOR A POEM": [http://diogen.weebly.com/ seeking-for-a-poem-international-poetry-competition-2011.html](http://diogen.weebly.com/seeking-for-a-poem-international-poetry-competition-2011.html)

A BIG THANKS TO THE ORGANISERS, SABAHUDIN HADZIALIC AND GIUSEPPE NAPOLITANO

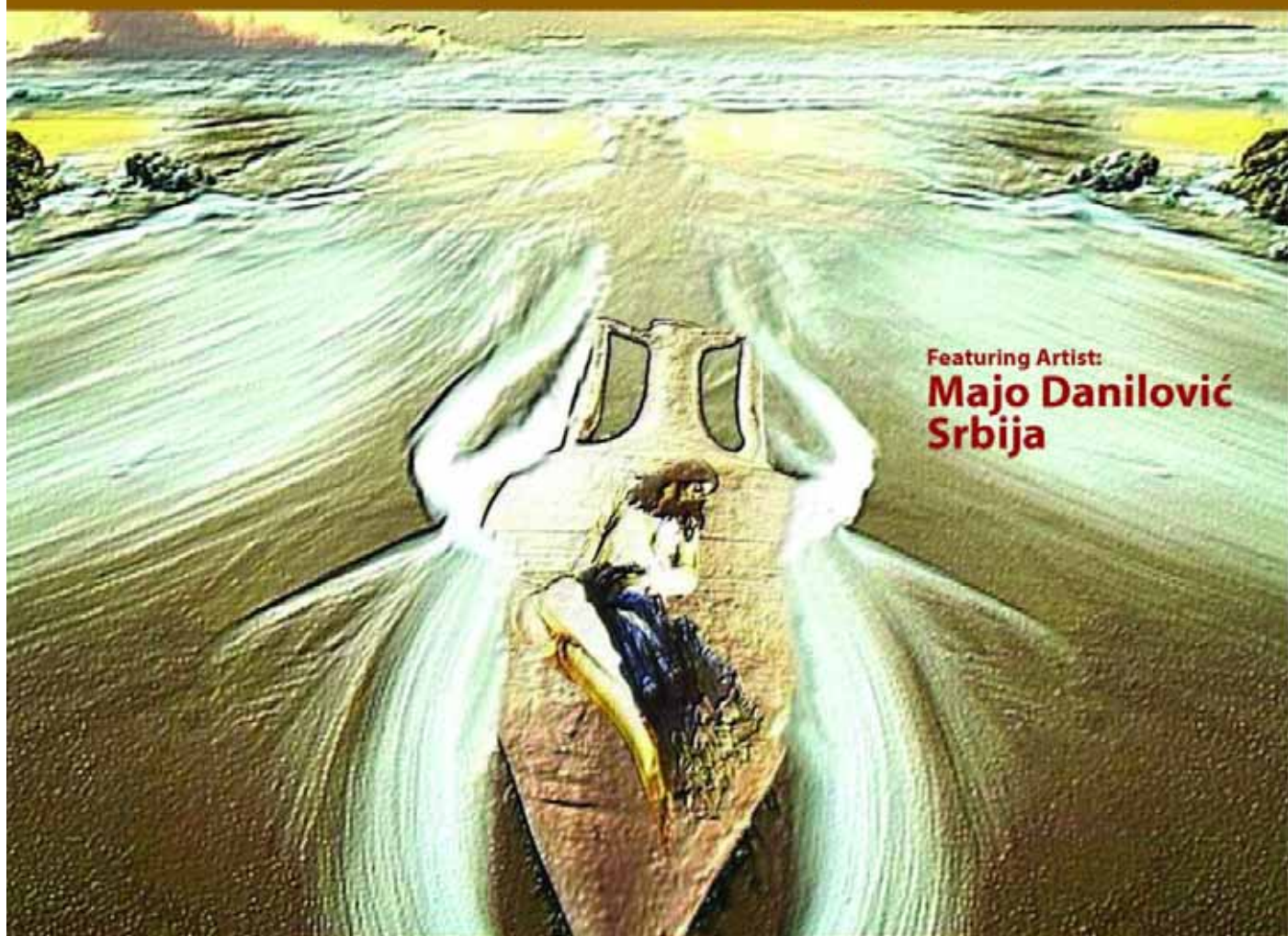
DIOGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

www.diogen.weebly.com

Issue No 16/1 Broj 16/1

January 2012



Featuring Artist:
Majo Danilović
Srbija

**DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...
a month for DIOGEN artist ...
and you ...**



Dying and cold coffee

Cold coffee my lips are blue my skin is white,
the remains of a last night,
shattered on the floor.
(It's been a misunderstanding.)

broken glass, water, sugar, wine
on the floor
(It's been a misunderstanding.)
a vase, glittering with blood
red blood,
my blood

Once it was mine, now it belongs to the carpet.
Blood stained carpet. In a sterile hotel room.
It's obviously been a misunderstanding.
I don't believe it. How could it happen?? How???
I wouldn't have believed it at all if it wasn't for the cold coffee.
My lips are blue my skin is white.
"It's because you're dead since the last night."
explains God while he pours me another cup of ethereal cold coffee in the Heavens.



1

Teuta Butući

Teuta Butući (born 1993, Zagreb, Croatia) is a self-taught artist working mostly in the field of various visual arts and creative writing. She currently resides in Zagreb, Croatia and studies journalism at the Croatian Faculty of Political Science. Teuta is currently participating in the International Exhibition Project «Communication» in Volgograd, Russia (August, 10 – September, 30).

She plays electric guitar and collects tea spoons. And is excessively obsessed with art. She's also really bad in writing her own biography in third person, and she's not the most serious person on the planet as you might have already concluded reading this short bio.

Additional info on Teuta's work:

- won a first prize essay award „Merz“;
- published a short story „Domino“ in Istrakon's book collection;
- participated in an exhibition at the Croatian Museum of

Contemporary Arts with a photography project on the theme of identity; - her artwork was featured on the cover of Red Ochre magazine

2010 - one of five finalists in a literary project „Seven“ (organized by Celber Publishing)

2009 - graphic design for „HomerFest“ concert tickets

- worked at the organization of a humanitarian music festival „HomerFest“ held in Culture Factory, Zagreb

2008 - finalist at the „LiDraNo“ county festival with a piece in travel writing

2007 - designed costumography for a play „Midsummer night's dream“ at the „Vidra“ theatre, Zagreb worked on a design for scenography for a play „Midsummer night's dream“ at the „Vidra“ theatre, Zagreb



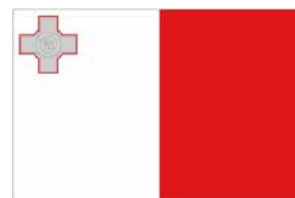
Crossing the Julian Alps

The mountains are alive
they do not spare me one moment.
I can hear their voice calling me
coming out from between the deep crevices,
the echoes reaching high up to the peaks
and deep down inside myself.
My spirit drinks from the pure spring waters
my nostrils breathe in clean air
my ears feed upon the natural voices
birds sing their evening prayers.
I look at the ground as I walk the solitary paths
and see stones coming out like bones
roots protruding like aged fingers
mushrooms, tiny plants and mosses like eczema
flowers natural tattoos
on a million-old body of rocks.
The pines white with snow
white hair of an aged being.

I see bunkers, trenches dug deep
inside the earth
cemeteries and monuments for those
who passed away in vain combat,
tens of niches with holy images
hiding in different secret corners.

The mountains are alive
they do not spare me a moment of rest.
In front of all this I stand in awe
and let silence speak in whispers.

Patrick Sammut



2



Patrick Sammut was born in Malta in 1968. He studied Maltese and Italian language and literature, and History, at the University of Malta, and later obtained a Masters Degree in Contemporary Italian Literature with a thesis on “The Novel of the Resistance Movement”. Between 1994 and 1996 he studied Italian literature and literary criticism at the Università degli Studi of Florence. He teaches Maltese and Italian Language and Literature at De La Salle College since 1992. He is vice-president of the Maltese Poets Association, editor of the poetry magazine *VERSI*, and coordinator of a literary page of a local and virtual weekly newspaper, *Il-Gens illum*. He writes poetry in Maltese, English and Italian. He is author of various publications: literary criticism, poetry and short stories for children. His poems were published in both local and foreign journals and magazines. In 2008 he participated in the

“Progetto Dante” of Ravenna, together with Maltese poet and translator, Alfred Palma, and won a “Special Mention” in the Nosside international poetry contest. In 2011 he participated in the Gaeta Mediterranean Poetry Festival. He keeps in contact with other poets and writers through e-mail and has a personal blog: www.patrickjsammut.blogspot.com. He is married to Rosalie and father of Andrew, Kristina and Matthew.

Niagara Dreaming

She was born in New York City with a homeless heart
 She was born to die in her quarter life paradise
 She wasn't the stuff of golden conversations.
 With guardian vampires all around her,
 She used to walk through SoHo all night long.
 She got a dream, dream to free fall into the Niagara Falls.
 She was born when Berlin wall was falling down.
 Walls were a fantasy for her with or without wooden frames on.
 She loved to sleep in the closet
 With her green shoes under her head.
 Naked on the balcony
 She always sang for passengers,
 Wondering why they can't fall in love with red leaves.
 She got a number tattooed on her chest,
 But no one knew she cried whenever she touched her heart.
 Like a thunder leaping in her mind
 She had a dream, dream to free fall into the Niagara Falls.
 Then one day she decided not to breathe anymore.
 She went to sleep in the closet
 Holding the Niagara snap on her outnumbered chest
 Cold and bold close to the wall.



3

Solmaz Behgam

Solmaz (Fatemeh) Behgam, born in 30 July 1980, is a freelancer Iranian writer, translator and poet. She finished her studying in Bachelor of Industrial Management from a private university in Mashad- Iran but being passionate and sentimental, she left the severe field of management to start experimental and creative modern writing and poetry. She was not fortunate enough for getting her poems published due to some censorship in Iran and that was when she started translating from English to Persian. She has published a collection of translated short stories by Taraneh Publication in Iran, named "two steps to smile" and her second

book which is the translation of the famous Jonathan Livingston The Seagull by Richard Bach will be published by Winter 2012. She is also the lyricist for The PUZZLE (an Iranian alternative Rock Band). She was born in India from an Iranian parents and being fascinated by this incredible country and its culture, she moved to India on March 2011 for starting a new life and career. She currently lives in India- Jalandhar and is a student of Journalism and Mass Communication in Lovely Professional University, the biggest university of India, where she is also working on her first long non-fiction novel in English.



Aditya Katiyar, India



The Dark Cemetery

Death of another day,
Cradles another may,
Under the dazzling stars,
The mother singing lullaby,
To calm the sun dreadful,
Who fed on ambitions, the desires of life,
Dusking it all to none but moon,
Whose shine produces twilight,
A dilemma over beauty divine,
Or darkness that shred our hopes,
Creating a petite era of motionless sinister,
To overcome the pain of eternal struggle,
Invincibly superimposed over our lives.
But there blows the angel,
Making trees rattle over the fields.
Reminding us we are never intangible.
And along vanishing the sweat of metamorphism,
The warm breath, the words treasured within
The glittering dreams, the staggering realities and
The master of the universe, our mind leaves it on
To the dawn.



Open heartedly, this is **Aditya Katiyar (India)**, and I awe the gravity of this opportunity given to me, that's certainly a spearhead out for millions of hearts to be pierced.

Well, I savour this precious moment sharing with you all, my work, actually my life. You know what is common between all of those reading these poems: it's the spirit of being

human, the mysteries of life which everyone pursues, some consciously and others subconsciously. Let me state an example, how many of you have tried closing the door of your refrigerator slowly, trying to discover when the light inside finally goes off?

We all are one or the same, the only things that makes alteration are the decisions we take in different situations, so I hereby again welcome you all to read my work which are mysteries of life and how different people perceive the very situations. Hope you enjoy and pardon my mistakes, because some of you out there will definitely have more experience than an eighteen year old. Love you all readers and UNITED PRESS, simply awesome, anything more will deteriorate the pride. Thanks again.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

DIOGEN
pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

Featuring Artist:
Marcin Boudarzewicz

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la stanza del poeta

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<http://diogen.weebly.com>

CERTIFICATE OF APPRECIATION

This certificate is awarded to

ADITYA KATIYAR

In recognition for participation within
Worldwide Poetry competition "SEEKING FOR A POEM"
2011 - 2012

Signature: [Handwritten]

Adnan Žetica, Bosnia and Herzegovina



Daughter

The coffee pot wouldn't keep quiet, I had a husband,
Brothers, father and mother-in-law, four sons and two daughters-in-law.

I told stories about their photos hanging on the wall, talked a bit about each of them.
Women got bored coming in for coffee and listening to my misfortune,

The coffee pot wouldn't keep quiet and I couldn't speak of anything else.

One son, having survived the march, carried his brother's daughter in one hand,
His intestines in the other.

A true princess, live and healthy, I taught her everything, walking,
Writing, reading, for her I forgave everything, to our enemy and to God.

Other children won't play with her, they say:
She can't laugh. I'll teach her that as well

As soon as I learn myself



Adnan Žetica was born in 1980 (Mostar, Bosnia and Herzegovina).

He won several poetry awards:

TICKET, Aladdin Lukac, Risto Ratkovic and Castellodi Duino for poetry.

Author of the book “People as proverbs”.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



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Adriana Stojanović, Serbia



WORDSWORTH WAS RIGHT

On a little quiet beach there was a grain of sand
That did not dream of living high and grand.

That grain was little, but size is no measure
Small things are sometimes the greatest treasure.

Deep in the shadows of sands and shores
He stayed; and never did wage any wars.

In the mist of the ocean, in the skies of blue
He lived his own life, every day anew.

The neighbours he had were noisy and brash
All around their house you could only see trash;

And how they loved cash! To spend it, of course,
Showing to everyone their power, their force.

And those across the road were quite phlegmatic,
Nothing could move them, nothing made them ecstatic.

Above were the skies, and in them the sun,
Burning like fire, and thus having fun.

The little grain of sand was sad and downcast,
For all is upside down – it had to change, fast!

“My plants are withering, my house is no home,
No longer are we living in a pleasure dome.”

He brooded a lot, and he thought of a plan -
“I shall not die a wretched old man!

Nor shall my offsprings have the life that I had,
They won't think of life as a transient fad.”

He talked to the seas; he talked to the sand,
The sun he asked to lend a helping hand.

With a sneer or two, they discussed the scheme,
Many considered it a far-fetched dream.

Yet, little by little, the spirit did strengthen,
The energy grew, the plot did not lengthen.

From within we must work, from within to think,
For we are the fault and the missing link.

A wise grain of sand the little one was,
He knew how to work for a good cause.

Slowly, he linked the seas and the oceans,
No, he didn't need any magical potions.

No abracadabras, no legs of frogs,
He didn't write any lengthy blogs.

No longer did the neighbours throw around their trash,
And suddenly, the sun shone with a healthy flash.

They started thinking, their grey cells in motion,
For others they even started showing emotion.

How little it takes, to set everything right,
Against ourselves it is in fact that we fight.

That is how a change was brought about indeed,
When togetherness rules, it has to succeed.

This story we end with a quizzical thought,
Are you a grain of sand or - not?

by Adriana Stojanović

**"SEEKING FOR A POEM"
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COMPETITION 2011.**



Adriana Stojanović, Serbia



BIOGRAPHY

Adriana Stojanović was born 5 February 1988 in Jesenice, Slovenia. She currently lives and works in Subotica as a teacher of English language and literature and an interpreter. She has graduated from the Faculty of Philosophy, the Department of English Language and Literature and she is a teacher of English and an interpreter by profession. She has been awarded with St. Sava Award by the Ministry of education for exceptional results and significant contribution to the development of education in Serbia in 2010. She is the champion of Eastern Europe and second in the world in English grammar. She is a member of the Royal Literary Club “Karadorđević” and a participant of many literary contests. She is a regular contributor to the magazine “Prosvetni pregled”, and she also writes articles for the Magazine for English Teachers MELT. She has been awarded with a royal chart “Karadorđević” for significantly contributing to the Serbian cultural

heritage. She has presented in American Corner in Subotica on the subject of modern American drama. Her poems have been published in the Young Talents Anthology and many other youth magazines. She was one of the organizers and a participant in the English Language Poetic Matinee, moderator of the Evening of Ogden Nash, and she has won several English language reciting competitions. Her poems are participating in the project “Neposredna konzumacija kulture” which includes a poetry exhibition in Novi Sad as a part of a global project entitled “100 Thousand Poets for Change”. Adriana writes both poetry and prose in Serbian and in English.

**"SEEKING FOR A POEM"
INTERNATIONAL POETRY
COMPETITION 2011.**



Afolayan Olayinka Idowu, Nigeria



GLOBALIZATION

"Globalization! Globalization!!
This terrestrial ball's growth conceptualization;
Her impact trails across all nations,
Bringing cohabitation of developments and devastation.

She brought us glittery visualization,
But consequent land and character depletion;
Our crux achievement lies in her abduction,
In her conception also lies our incessant confusion.

She has been since the first generation,
And her glory beyond all calculations;
Nonetheless, her havoc above mere speculations,
And her criticisms beyond vague castigation.

Our outside world, she made positive contributions,
Building our lives on solid foundations;
Consequently our inner world's inexorable exploitation,
Like an onion undergoing gradual exfoliation.

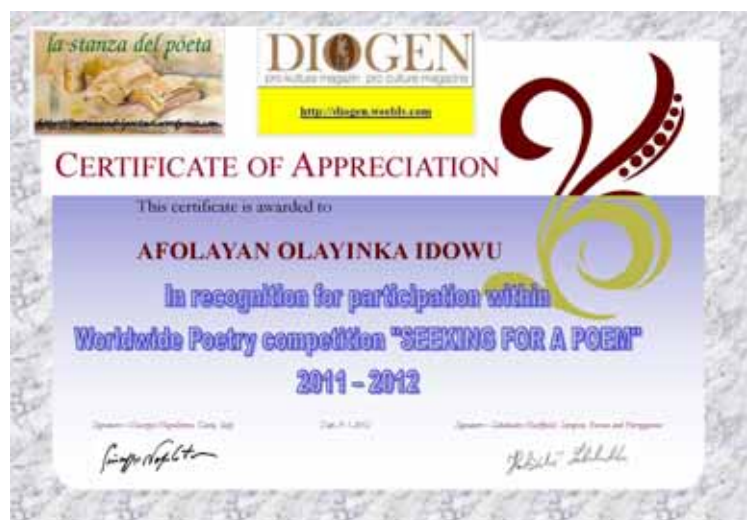
O I wish my imaginations becomes realization,
To see her dwelling amongst us in perfection;
And all her negativism in absolute moderation,
But I fear my aspirations are mere illusions".



My name is Afolayan Olayinka Idowu from Lagos state, Nigeria. I was born on the 7th of April, 1992. I am from a family of six. Currently attends University of Lagos, Nigeria, studying Mechanical Engineering.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Aine MacAodha, Northern Ireland



Invasion

Like an invasion of locust or better still
 the cicadas that came the year we landed in Chicago
 in unison like synchronized swimmers
 the swallows display their tribal dance.
 As swift as they come they disappear in a cloud
 of darkened wings, no crashes; their wings
 bash against the pink horizon
 Seriating the skyline with acrobatic precision.
 Some stragglers loiter to show off as if to say
 That's the last display at the end of day.



Aine MacAodha is a writer and amateur photographer from Omagh, situated in County Tyrone, North of Ireland. Her essays, poems and photographic work have appeared in issues of Luciole

Press and Pirene's Fountain, her poetry has been published in online magazines including Argotist Online, Arabesque Review, Shamrock Haiku Journal, The Herald, Celtic Myth Podshow, Debris Magazine and recently in The Toronto Quarterly, Glasgow Review and the first two issues of <http://soylesipoetrymagazine.com/download-issues/>. which are also translated into Turkish. She has two poetry collections published. collection of poetry.

http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/1188920.Aine_MacAodha

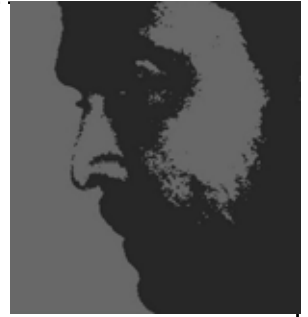
<http://ainemacaodha.webs.com/index.htm>



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Ajith Fredjeev Dinakarlal, India



The Poisonous Mushrooms

Watching from the shore for long,
tides and waves roll with a rhythmic beat all foretold.
New blossoms of temple flowers bloom,

As some did fall face first to the ground in sweet surrender.

“Oh dancing leaves on this rainy day!
Dance how you may lest you sway.”

At the sea’s edge, a rush of wind parts memories left far behind...

With remorse stood I conjuring the self-imposed torture;
with pain that soared with the cross I bear.

Like the dancing dew drop that rolleth from the blade of the staggering leaf on a
withering tree,
like a merry soldier whistling his final tune to the tip of the guillotine,

looking skyward stood I dripping in complete surrender.
The zenith had no bounds and the nadir inched too deep;
wanting to dissolve in the hastened fury, complacency the soul rendered;
knowing for sure that certain dreams are better gone when awake.

The wine rolleth well, piercing those buds screaming for more.
Till the blood-red wine knoweth not if its the blood or the wine
that tasteth so well in the mouth it rolls.

"My poisonous mushrooms! Left behind with the serpent's kiss,

knowing too well and none better than he will know what he knows best...
that he desires to be plucked undeserving to be tasted;
unless death beckons the soul from deep for the one who plucketh."

**"SEEKING FOR A POEM"
INTERNATIONAL POETRY
COMPETITION 2011.**

Ajith Fredjeev Dinakarlal, India



For the bio I would like to introduce myself as a simple and honest poet who dares to write the truth as uncouth as it is; often in thoughtless thoughts that takes my journey through pathless paths.



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Aleksandra Čvorović, Bosnia and Herzegovina

MY HOME

Now I come to discover pain
To explore the obsidian dream
To find the way to a mystical home
Tears wash over it at long last

I only cry for a solely birch
Liberation from the past
Home is were the stories begin
Haze washes over them at long last

Nightingale the swindler of the tree
Knits ephemerd whistles of time
Deep forest hides steps to my home
Runnels wash over them at long last

Now I run away from the stars
The charts of a hidden significance
If I come this way I might lose my soul
Rains wash over her at long last



Born on February 10th , 1976 in Banja Luka, Bosnia and Herzegovina. Graduated literature at Faculty of Philosophy in Banja Luka. She gained the title of Master of Science in Library Science at Faculty of Philology in Belgrade (2011).

Member of an editorial boards in "Putevi", "Diwan", "Album" and "Knjizevnik" magazines. Translated in German, English, Polish, Slovenian and Danish. Participated in many literature events in B&H, Serbia, Montenegro, Slovenia, Holland and Denmark. Works as librarian at National and University Library in Banja Luka. Published three poetry books ("Sapat glinenih divova", "Andjeo pod krevetom" and "Cvijet na kapiji sna") and one short story collection ("Monolog u solji kafe"). Her poems and stories have been published in numerous collections and anthologies. She has won several literary awards for books as well as for individual poems and stories.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Aleksandra Đorđević, Serbia



Intoxication

Immersed in the photons of your being:
a mixture of light when sipping the foam.
It obscures my seeing.
As the world spins around me,
the night fades,
and the space that surrounds me
swallowed by an eye
reflected in mirror blades.



Aleksandra Đorđević
Was born on 2nd of
August 1984 in Sremska
Mitrovica, Serbia

Education and Qualifications

1990 – 1991 Elementary

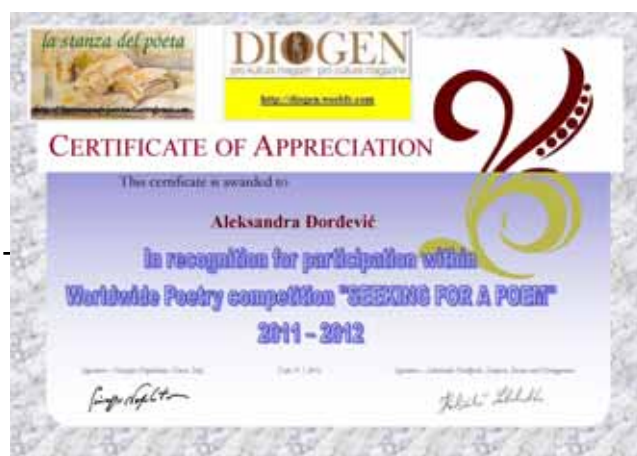
School Queen Victoria,
Toronto, Canada; 1991 – 1999 Elementary School
Jovan Jovanovic Zmaj, Sremska Mitrovica, Serbia
1999 – 2003 Grammar School Ivo Lola Ribar,
Sremska Mitrovica, Serbia; 2003 – 2008 graduated
from the Philological Faculty of The University of
Belgrade with a degree of a qualified teacher of
Italian language and literature August 2008 one
month scholarship at the University for Foreigners
in Siena; 2008 – 2009 finished Master Studies with
a degree of Master of Italian Language and Litera-
ture; 2010 English Studies at the Philosophical Fa-
culty of the University of Cologne

Work Experience

January 2009 – April 2009 Personal assistant and
translator in steel plant Sirmium Steel
October 2008 – Jun 2009 Teacher of ItalianLa
guage in private school Oxford Scholar in Srem-
ska Mitrovica



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Aleksandra Jurukoska, Macedonia



I Breathed You In An O

O, silences invade the music of bands
 O, I could just about hear your smell

O, an apple under the tree of peaches
 O, I stole a flower for your flower shop
 ... to sell

O, my shoes rumble pebbles
 the town screeches

O, my Russia-meningitis,
 my mountain,
 my favourite meaning
 of hell

O, round

O, ripe

O, raspberry rudiment
 here settle

Under you name
 A notebook of pianos

Under your letter
 My life's dictionary fell



Aleksandra Jurukoska, born 03.08.1986, in Skopje, Macedonia, is a graduated English teacher from The Ss. Cyril and Methodius University in Skopje. Her popular blog poetry and prose writings led to a publication of a book in 2008 titled after the blog *No Friends No Family*, under the pseudonym Homeless. She is currently attending the English Literature postgraduate studies at The University in Skopje, as well as continuing to write and translate poetry and prose.

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Aleksandra Kovrlija, Serbia



Today

Don't go away
I want you to stay
We'll sing, laugh, we'll play
Today, today, today, today

Your soul is full of dismay
I heard you say
-The world is gray-
But it's May, May, May, May

Your clothes are beginning to fray
You don't know how to pay
The food for the next day
But we'll find the way, the way, the way, the way

You think everything is just the phony display
But life is good, whatever you say
We are we, they are they
It's going to be okay, okay, okay, okay

We don't have to pull the dray
Being the vulture's pray
Together, we can disobey
And run away, away, away, away

You think you are led astray
But my love will allay
The pain you convey
And we'll pray, pray, pray, pray

We'll find one distant sparkling bay,
Listen to the song of a blue jay
On silk sheets you'll lay
Every single day, day, day, day

I'll bring you coffee on a silver tray
We'll have eternal Sunday
We'll swim, dance and sway
So don't delay, delay, delay, delay

Listen to me, to what I say
I can't watch your decay
Follow the golden ray
And stay with me today, today, today, today



I am a student of Banja Luka College of Communications Kappa Phi. I study English language and literature and contemporary social communication. I am twenty one year old girl who likes to read and write. I am from Serbia and I live in Kikinda, a small town in Vojvodina.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Aleksandra Savanović, Serbia



Online love

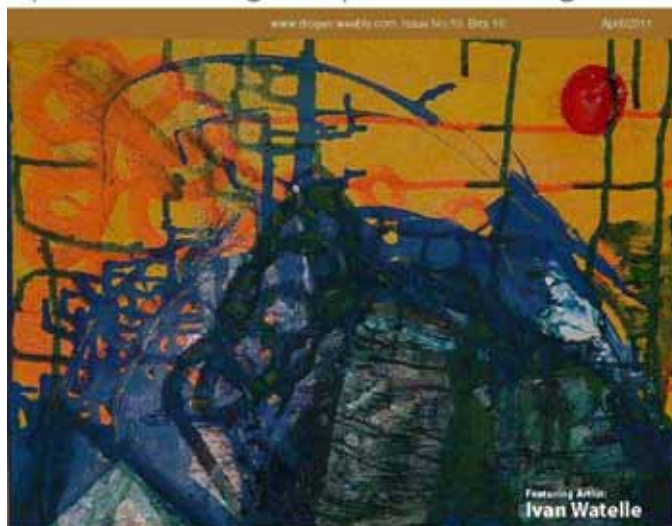
talking to your sister over Skype
 somewhere on the other side of the ocean
 she shows you her apartment
 here's the living room, this is the kitchen
 bedroom, bathroom, hallway
 the furniture resembles all the furniture in the world
 that's somewhere in Chicago
 she says its in suburb
 not dangerous
 explains how far is downtown
 and about the lake
 you look at her eyes,
 her face
 she drinks coffee
 you smoke a cigarette
 she tells you about the driving license
 and how its necessary to have a car
 you look at her eyes
 chairs, and sofa, and sink, and table, and
 bread, and ham
 while she makes a sandwich and puts it in the
 toaster
 her coffee cup, and her smile
 it's all
 she tells you about her plans
 and how she's looking for a job
 you look at her
 you look at her
 you look at the screen



Aleksandra Savanović, 25 years old, born in Novi Sad, currently resides somewhere between Belgrade where she lives and Berlin where she studies. Writes short stories and poems. Published. Believes that facts about person's life do not say much about the person itself.

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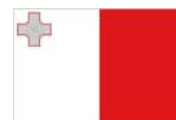


Alfred Palma, Malta

TO MY DYING MOTHER

I try in vain
to stop the curtain falling
on centre-stage,
where you,
a hapless heroine,
aged and sick, lie on your bed,
to play act five
of your own tragedy!

With wither's arms you cling to life,
and try to smile,
although you are in pain;
and I stand by, a helpless wretch,
and try in vain
to stop the curtain falling
on centre-stage,
while Death looks on and sneers,
mocking my hopes, my fears,
and the last kiss I press upon your cheek,
as with your ice-cold hands
you try once more
to pull me to your heart,
to murmur a last word,
ere you depart!



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Alfred Palma, Malta

Alfred Palma was born on 8 September, 1939, at Floriana, Malta .

He studied at Zabbar Primary School and at De La Salle College Cottonera.

From 1957 to 1959 he was an Emergency Teacher in Government schools and then transferred to the Civil Service whence he retired in 1987. In the early sixties, besides a regular spate of poems, he wrote short stories and a good number of radio-plays which were broadcast on what was then the Rediffusion.

In 1966 he embarked on the translation into Maltese Dante's *Commedia* (which he finished in 1986 and published in 1991). In 1972 he joined another three poets in *Qawsalla '72*, a collection of poems in Maltese. In the meantime he continued to write more poems in various languages, many of which prize-winners. In 1993 he published his first collection of poems: *Preludji* and in the same year he embarked on the Maltese translation of Shakespeare's 38 plays. In 1995 he published *Overdose*, his first original novel in Maltese, followed by his second one, *Aħfrilna Dnubietna*, in 1996.

In 2005 he began work on Oscar Wilde's major works, starting off with *Salomé*.

In 2007 he translated Voltaire's *Candide* and in 2010 he published Shakespeare's celebrated *Sonnets*. Palma has won many prizes in poetry contests in Malta , Italy , the U.K. and the United States . In 1992 he won 2nd Prize (!) in the National Literary Prize (Dante's *Commedia*);

in 1994: 3rd Prize (N.L.P.) (*Preludji*); 1997: 1st Prize (N.L.P.) for six of Shakespeare plays;

in 2006: 1st Prize (N.L.P.) (*The Picture of Dorian Gray*).

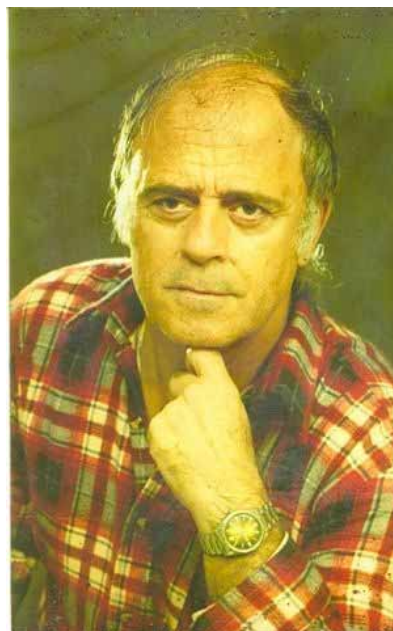
In 1993 he was awarded the *Premio Città di Valletta* and in 1996 the International Library of Poetry Award (U.K.).

In the same year he won 2nd Prize in the *Concorso Carlo Goldoni* (Rome). In 2000 he was awarded *Ġieħ Haż-Zabbar* (Zabbar Local

Council); in 2006 the *Primo Cittadino dell'Anno* awarded by the Comune of Villabate (Sicilia); in 2008 the *Trofew Agatha Barbara* (Zabbar Civic Council), and also in 2008 the *Lauro Dantis* during the *Progetto Dante 2008* in Ravenna (Italy), when Malta 's name was added to those of the other countries who have their own translation of Dante's *Commedia*.

In 2009 Palma featured in a prestigious anthology of verse: *Rosso Primo*, published in Italy , together with another 32 poets from all over the world, on the invitation of Professor Gaetano

Chiappini from the University of Florence , to thus add further international prestige to both Malta and the Maltese language. In December 2009 he was awarded *Ġieħ ir-Repubblika* for his contribution to literature and the Maltese language. In 2010 he was awarded a Special Prize for his literary achievements.



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NI objedinjavamo raznolikost...We are unifying diversities



Alma Jeftić, Bosnia and Herzegovina



STONE MEMORIES



The cherless memories are stony bond
The old silver's reflection on the frigid neck
In time that even the thoughts paints in black
Just as the jewellery in gold assumed.

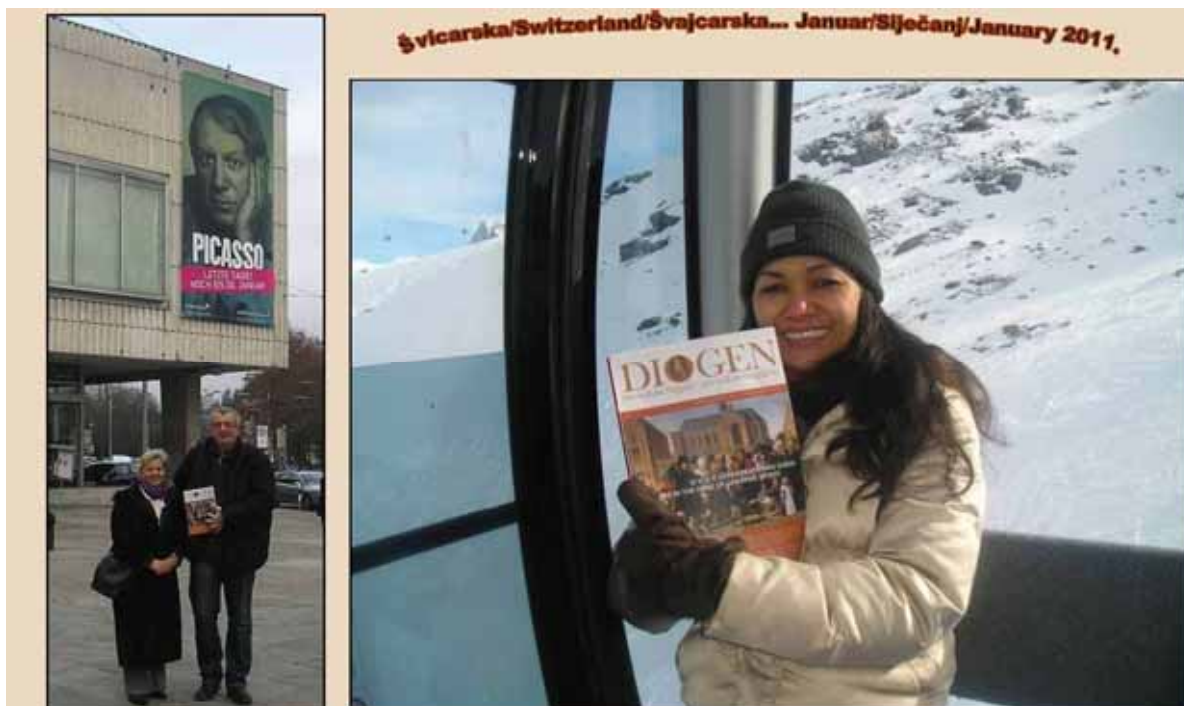
The heavy bond are in soul coined
In thoughts that reign our heart
While we swear Tyrant who demolishes the Reason
That only fight and darkness can serenity grant.

The stone is heavy for sour fights
Like a word poignant as revenge in prime
With slumbering reflections of the mild soul's frame
It prepares new nightmare for future days.

Therefore, You Stranger, who walks through these fields
Do not throw tarnished silvers in the ashes
Frame yourself under that morose stone
Since the memories are here further from the first Rib.



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Alma Jeftić, Bosnia and Herzegovina

Alma Jeftić was born on July 14th, 1984 in Zenica, Bosnia and Herzegovina.



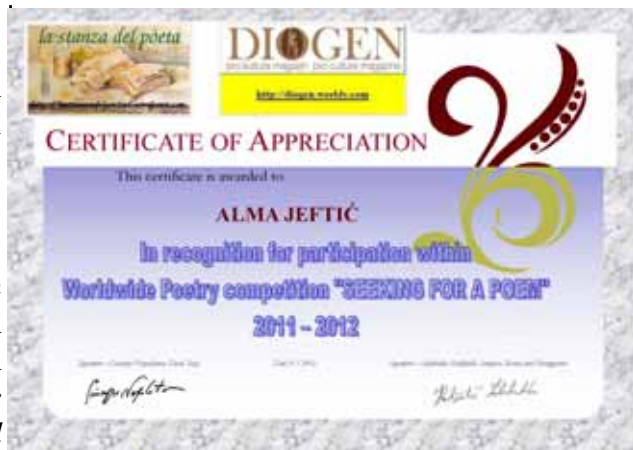
She has a BA in Psychology from the University of Sarajevo and an MA in State Management and Humanitarian Affairs from the University of Sarajevo, University of Belgrade and La Sapienza University of Rome. She is currently University of Belgrade PhD candidate in Psychology.

and projects, such as: International Literary Project „Word in Space“ („Reč u prostoru“, Belgrade, Serbia, 2008), Literary Days of Novo Sarajevo (2008, 2009, 2010), Module of Memory (2010).

She is living in Zenica and Sarajevo and currently finalizing work on her first book of poetry.



She has been working as a Teaching Assistant in Psychology at the Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences, International University of Sarajevo, since November 2010.



She published several papers in scientific journals and participated in a lot of national and international scientific conferences and congresses. Her first book titled *"Public Administration Reform in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Psychological Aspects of Human Resource Management Reform"* was published in April 2011.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

She is writing poetry and short stories which are published in a huge number of collected works in country and region in Bosnian, Slovenian, and Italian language. She has won several awards among which are the best: three first awards for the best high-school students essay in Zenica - Dobož Canton (2000, 2001, 2002), two first awards for the best essays among students in Bosnia and Herzegovina (2005, 2007), first award for drama „According to Bosnia“ assigned by Serbian Forum „The World of Books“ (2008), poem „The Iron Bird“ was among the first 20 poems of the International Poet Competition „Castello di Duino“ (Italy, Trieste) and therefore published in Collection of special selected poems (2008).



She was participant of a lot of national and international literary and poetry manifestations

Amon Raičković Stanka, Germany

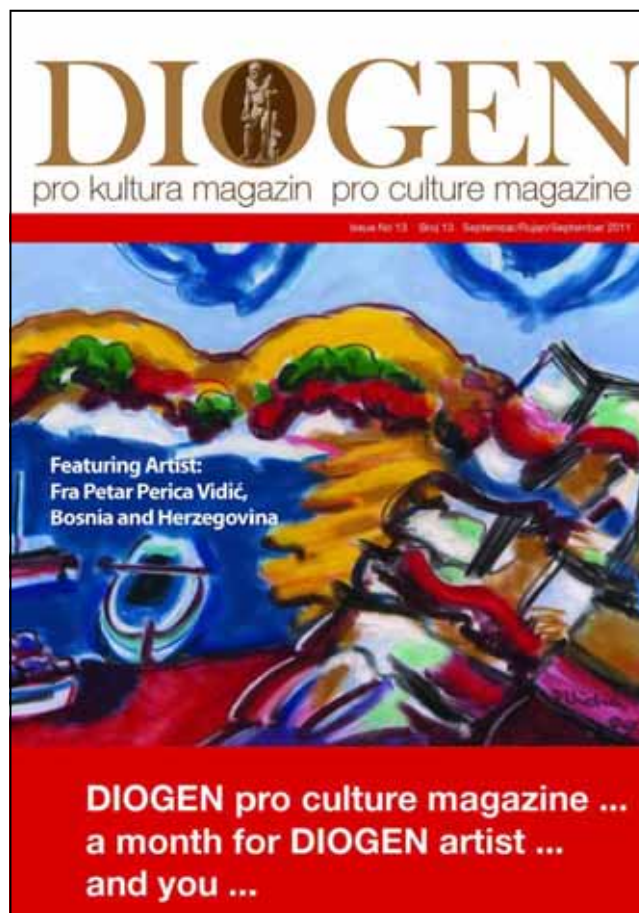


I CAN SEE LOVE

Along this road I'm taking
 Here in this place where I'm standing
 In the cloud so grey
 In the brunches of the pine tree
 I can see it.

In all those rain drops
 In the heavy tree tops
 In the wind on the cliff
 At the doorstep of caves
 Love.

Here where I find this
 truly white forest flower
 Upon the cliff
 There is a shadow, climbing,
 It is love
 flowing through this world.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Amon Raičković Stanka, Germany



She was born 19th February 1951 in Cetinje.

When she was still a child, her family moved to Belgrade where she completed the 'P.P. Njegos' grade school.

Later on, life's strange paths took her to Germany. There, she finished a course for a hairdresser followed by the Civil Engineering Academy in Frankfurt on Maine, where she still lives and works today.

As a child, she used to engage herself in drawing, reading and poetry. Her poems were published even during her childhood in the Belgrade magazines for children.

Now, when she has more time for herself, Ms. Raickovic returns to the demands of her spirit. In 2007 she published her first poetry book THE SPARK OF FIRE. She writes poetry, prose essays and aphorisms.

Ms. Raickovic is a member of the following institutions:

- Association of Literary Authors 'Number Seven' in Frankfurt on Maine
- Association of Literary Authors from Serbia and Abroad (SKOR) in Belgrade.

Ms. Raickovic was featured in following publications:

- Magazines of the 'Number Seven' Association
- A Book of Poems 'THE RETURN' by Expatriates from Montenegro – editor Milutin Đurkovic

Magazine 'Yesenin' – Belgrade

Collections of Poems:

- Cukarica 2008 - Belgrade
- 'Seagull from Palic' 2009
- 'Rudnicka vrela' 2009
- 'Garavi sokak' 2009

Acknowledgements:

Second place – Gathering of Poets in May, 2007, Frankfurt/M

First place – 'Zlatni orfej' 2008 for the Meeting of Poets in Frankfurt/M – poetry written in the Serbian language

First place – Gathering of Poets in May, 2008, Frankfurt/M – poetry written in the German language

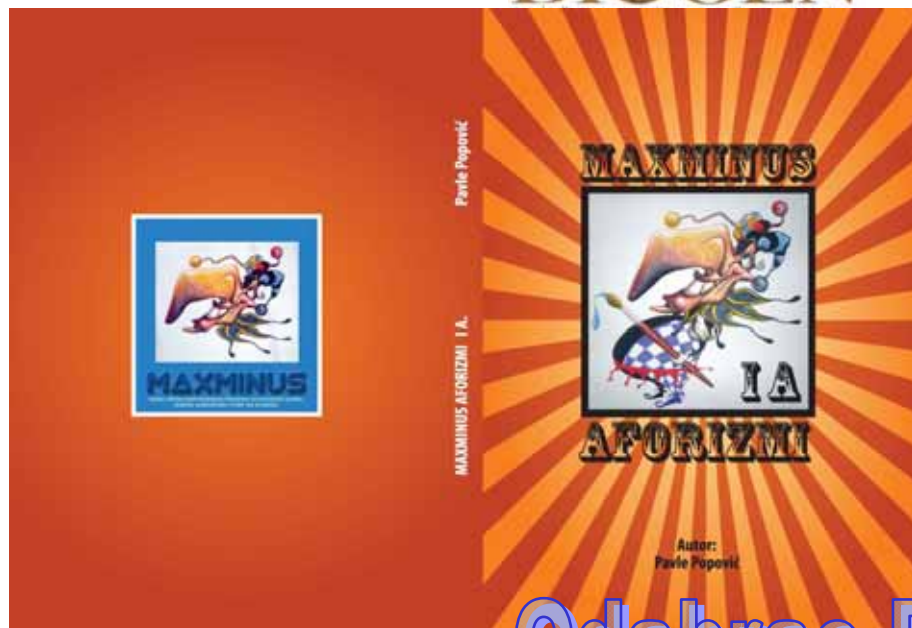
'Blue Medal' – acknowledgement for patriotism, Palic 2009

First place – prose for children 2009 – Cultural Meetings No. 23 in Frankfurt/M

Praises for the poem 'Moment' written in German – May Gathering of Poets 2009, Frankfurt/M



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Naslovnice: Stevo Basara **Odabrao Pavle Popović**

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Naslovnice: Stevo Basara

Odabrao Pavle Popović

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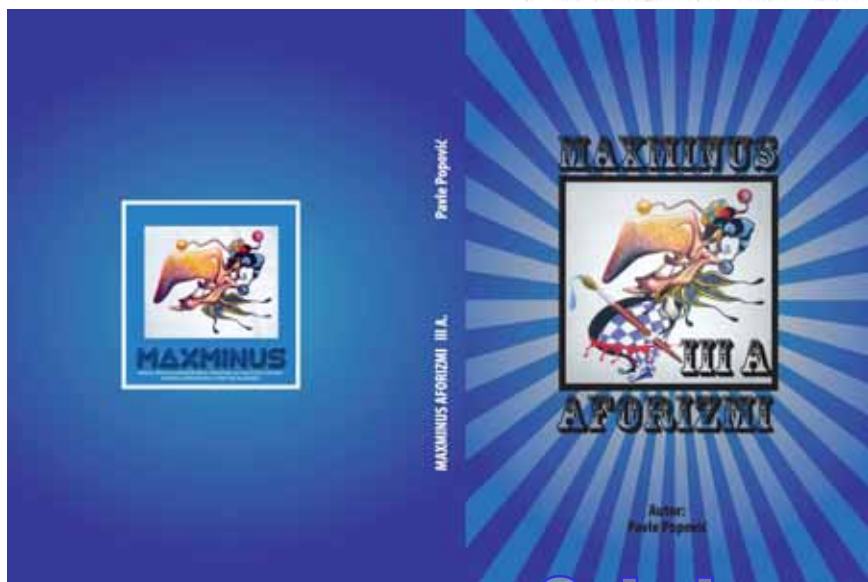
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Narudžba E-mail:
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Uredio Sabahudin Hadžialić



Naslovnice: Stevo Basara

Odabrao Pavle Popović

AFORIZMI 3

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Narudžba E-mail:
alternativanuova@gmail.com

Uredio Sabahudin Hadžialić



Naslovnice: Stevo Basara

Odabrao Pavle Popović

AFORIZMI 4

2 x 206 str.

1 x 210 str.



PRELISTAJTE IH OVDJE: <http://maxminus.weebly.com/aforizmi-pavle-popovic.html>



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U kompletu tri knjige
18 Eura/Evra
(tvrđi uvez—plus 6 Eura)
plus poštarina za inostranstvo 10
Eura/Evra

Narudžba E-mail:
alternativanuova@gmail.com

Uredio Sabahudin Hadžialić

Best of...od Vardara i sve do Triglava



Odabrao Pavle Popović



Naslovnice: Stevo Basara

PRELISTAJTE IH OVDJE: <http://maxminus.weebly.com/aforizmi-pavle-popovic.html>

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UKUPNO: 92 Eura / 185 KM (plus cijena tvrdog uveza 24 Eura/Evra)

PLUS POŠTARINA ZA INOSTRANSTVO

40 EURA

Narudžba E-mail: alternativanuova@gmail.com

Uredio Sabahudin Hadžialić

Anamitra Sarma, India



A SINNER SPEAKS

Listen my beloved ones,
I apologize !

Desire I,
but kindness,
to the face which was cruel to the kind,
to the hands which slaughtered the innocent,
and to the eyes that avenged the forger.

Desire I,
but forgiveness,
for the mind that betrayed your trust,
for the greed that demeaned your value,
for the envy that feuded with friends,
and for the anger that was bitter to the sweet.

Illusion is a deceiver of reality,
which deceived my own clarity.
I tripped and fell on my way,
so long as greed kept on making me gay,
Treaded I, the path, in hope of the hopeless,
and knew I not, when blinded, by the light of darkness.

I've known the heart of the deceived,
for I'm the only one to be deceived.
I've known the smile of the kind,
for I'm the one to whom you are kind.
I've known what it is to be forgiving to oneself,
for I'm the one who could never forgive myself.

So,
embarrassed,
I speak of my innocence,
though I know not, what it is to be innocent.
And desire I, but love,
for the heart,
which hated your mirth.

So,
Listen to me my beloved ones,
Listen to me for at least once !



Name: ANAMITRA SARMA
Father's Name: Arindam Sarma
Contact Address: Apartment Rishi,
Flat No.4C
262 Garia Main Road, Tentultala
Kolkata – 700084, West Bengal,
India
Phone : +919874617711/
+919830315413
Email : exceptional96@gmail.com
Date of Birth: 22nd July, 1996
Education: Studying in 9th Standard
Nationality: Indian



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

<http://diogen.weebly.com/seeking-for-a-poem-international-poetry-competition-2011.html>

11:00 a.m. 21.3. - 11:00 a.m. 22.3.2012.



Sarajevska zima 2012

DIOGEN traži čovjeka

2012.

DIOGEN is seeking for human being


"2012...Pjesnici pred Kapijom Bogova kao sužnji ljubavi."
"2012...Poets in front of the Gate of Gods as servants of love."

FINALNI SPISAK UČESNIKA POETSKOG MARATONA 21.3.2012.
FINAL LIST OF THE PARTICIPANTS OF THE POETRY MARATHON 21.3.2012.

1. Jadranka Tarle Bojović (Split, Hrvatska / Split, Croatia)
2. Barbara Bračun (Zagreb, Hrvatska / Zagreb, Croatia)
3. Nihad Mešić River (Tuzla, BiH / Tuzla, Bosnia and Herzegovina)
4. Danilo P. Lompar (Podgorica, Crna Gora / Podgorica, Montenegro)
5. Samira Begman (Ciri, Švajcarska / Zurich, Switzerland)
6. Goran Vrhunc (Sarajevo, BiH / Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina)
7. Shaip Emerllahu (Tetovo, Makedonija / Tetovo, Macedonia)
8. Giuseppe Napolitano (Gaeta, Italija / Gaeta, Italy)
9. Mexhid Mehmeti (Priština, Kosovo / Prishtina, Kosovo)
10. Marius Chelaru (Iasi, Rumunija / Iasi, Romania)
11. Jüri Talvet (Talin, Estonija / Tallinn, Estonia)
12. Craig Czury (Reading, Pensilvanija, USA / Reading, Pennsylvania, USA)
13. Marina Kljajo Radić (Mostar, BiH / Mostar, Bosnia and Herzegovina)
14. Gustavo Vega (Barcelona, Španija / Barcelona, Spain)
15. Krystina Lenkowska (Rzeszov, Poljska / Rzeszów, Poland)
16. Ivan Rajović (Kraljevo, Srbija / Kraljevo, Serbia)
17. Dr. Diti Ronen (Tel Aviv, Izrael / Tel Aviv, Israel)



11:00 a.m. 21.3. - 11:00 a.m. 22.3.2012.

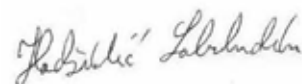
- 19. Majo Danilović (Beograd, Srbija)**
- 20. Ljiljana Crnić (Beograd, Srbija)**
- 21. Marianne Larsen (Kopenhagen, Danska)**
- 22. Mirzeta Memišević (Sarajevo, BiH)**
- 23. Bardhyl Maliqi (Sarande, Albania)**
- 24. Heather Thomas (Kutztown, Pensilvanija, USA)**
- 25. Jeton Kelmendi (Brisel, Belgija)**
- 26. Dimitar Hristov (Sofia, Bugarska)**
- 27. Naida Hrustemović (Sarajevo, Bosna i Hercegovina)**
- 28. Anna Bagrianna (Fastiv, Ukrajina).**

.....

Ibrahim Spahić (Sarajevo, BiH)

Sabahudin Hadžialić (Sarajevo, BiH)

Selektor Poetskog maratona 2012.g.



Sabahudin Hadžialić

26.1.2012.

Sarajevo, BiH



Anatoly Kudryavitsky, Ireland



A Burial Place in Bosnia

(For Michael E. Berezovsky, the UN medical expert for Bosnia)

By the skeleton
you can't tell the ethnicity

by the skull either

you can do it only by the clothes –
if they haven't turned to dust

then comes absolute equality

these seeds
won't bear fruit



Anatoly Kudryavitsky is a Russian/Irish poet and novelist living in Co. Dublin, Ireland, and writing in both English and Russian. He has published three collection of his English poems, *Shadow of Time* (Goldsmith Press, 2005), *Morning at Mount Ring* (Doghouse Books, 2007) and *Capering*

Moons (Doghouse Books, 2011), as well as seven collections of his Russian poems and a number of short stories. He has also published his anthology of Russian poetry in English translation, *A Night in the Nabokov Hotel* (Dedalus Press, 2006). His debut novel, *The Case-Book of Inspector Mylls*, was published in Moscow in 2008 by Zakharov Books; his short novel titled *A Parade of Mirrors and Reflections* appeared in Moscow's *Deti Ra* edition in 2009. His poems and short stories have been translated into twelve languages. He was the recipient of a number of literary awards, including Capoliveri Premio Internazionale di Poesia (Italy, 2007), the Suruga Baika Prize of Excellence (Japan, 2008), and the David Burluk Award for his life-long commitment to experimental poetry (Russia, 2010).

Photo by : Peter Paul Wiplinger (Austria).

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Andrea Debak, Croatia



When siren falls in Love

One summer night
walked on the beach
(called by the sea)
Stopped for a moment

Suddenly - I saw a siren.

...

*I'm seeking for a poem
like I'm seeking for his eyes
When shadow of the sun
in the dawn, woke me up.*

*Climbing and hiding
beneath the skin
down at hole, still searching
I couldn't resist.*

*Melting with the sea
as he walks thru the night
Maybe moon can talk
Oh, how I wish that now!*

*Listening sounds...
The nature is calling
Another night without spring
this lonely sky wont growing.*

*My tail is so hard
and so quiet, are my words
Looking at the offing
I feel – the sea is blue.*

*Must going...
But still waiting, can't you see
on this rock, I'll put my warm.
It's sailed with the tear.*

When siren falls in Love
her kisses
you can see in the sky

Every night, after midnight
they are shining – beautiful stars.



I was born 08.12.1984. in Split, Croatia. With my family I'm living in Trogir.

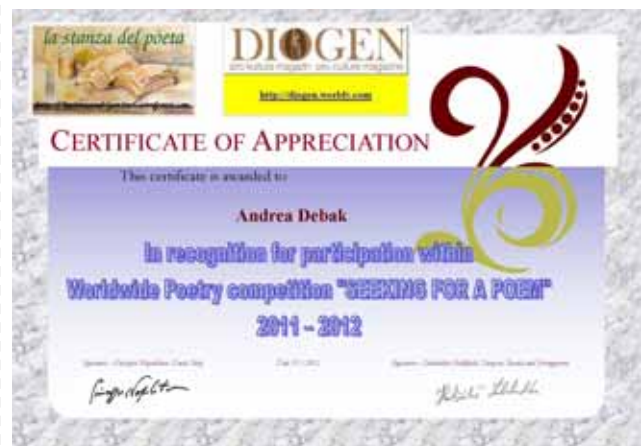
I worked as a journalist, radio announcer and editor. Now I'm studying Administrative Law in Šibenik. I write poetry and poetry for children.

Some of my poetry was published in:

- "Prvi izbor" by: Mozaik knjiga (school magazine for pupils from first to fourth class ordinary school) – poetry for children.
- Knjigomat (literature web magazine) - poetry
- Prozaonline (literature web magazine) - poetry
- Balkanski knjizevni glasnik (literature web magazine) - poetry
- Erato 2004. – Collection (International poetry contest. My song was published in the poetry collection.)
- Collection of Fifth Literary Meetinigs in Novosarajevo 2011. - My song was published in the poetry collection of the contest.)

Contests:

- ERATO 2004. – International poetry contest
- Fifth Literary Meetinigs in Novosarajevo 2011.
- International poetry contest "Joan Flora 2011" –2. place (category: writers to 30 years old)



“SEEKING FOR A POEM” INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Andrea Lukenda, Croatia



WE FOR YOU – THE POEM OF OUR CHILDHOOD

Fatal question
Cute chickens
Pink bicycle
Nonexistent Santa Claus
Dog's birthday
Dangerous vampires

Location of shoes
Granny's pony
Rope for clothes
Damaged computer
Memory witch
Behind the sofa

Coffee in the garage
House on the roof
Gossiping time
Little astronauts
Wild turkey

Strange herbarium
Meadow path
Borderline stone
Young wedding
Healing herbs
Till the front door

New school
Some make-up
Last year's sweets
Radio show recording
Spilled ink
No summer

Mute television
Sixteen rockets
My diridika
Five minutes waiting
Teacher's strawberries
Hello Teletubbies

Visiting the library
The english workbook
Fat girlfriend
Arrogant boyfriend
Eight o'clock journalists
Table for teens

Old rainbow
Eternal days
Lost hours
Real illusions
Colorful album
Silent end.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



My name is Andrea Lukenda. I was born on the 24th September, 1992. in Banja Luka, Bosnia and Herzegovina. Currently I live and study in Zadar, Croatia. I started with writing at the age of 9 and since then it's my passion.



Andrea Senci, Serbia



Andrea Senci was born on 20th October, 1985, in Subotica, Serbia. She graduated at the Faculty of Philosophy in Novi Sad, department of English language and literature, in Serbia in 2008, and has successfully defended

her Master's thesis in English literature in 2010, also at the Faculty of Philosophy, Novi Sad. She has been writing since elementary school, having published several poems in the children's magazine "Neven". She has participated in numerous poetry competitions and has had her poetry published in several magazines and online publications. In addition, several of her seminar papers, written during university, have been published (some in English, others in Serbian) as academic papers online, in eBook format.

Silence, darling

Silence, darling
Don't spill your warm breath
Over the crevices on the floor,
For it might impregnate darkness.

Silence, darling
Cover your ears with golden walls
Don't let the sound creep in,
Like a murderer in an alley.

Silence, darling
Stitch up your eyes, so there are no holes,
Except for the bottomless one you hide,
Like a dead body in a forest.

Silence, darling
Numb your fingers and glaciante
Your mind, but don't delude yourself,
There are no eternal moments.

Silence, darling
For I shall poke a hole
In your soft, pink flesh
And you will scream in silence.

Silence, darling
I see your breath oozing
From your mouth in spectral rings,
Resounding in silence, dissolving.

Silence, darling
It's all over now.
Relax your epileptic body
In my palm. I will protect you,
For you have been a good girl...

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Anna Ioannidou, Greece



THE TRAIN OF MY LIFE

My life is a train.
I have boarded
and I still travel.

My destination is the unexpected!
My days roll on broken rails
and the moments look like wagons
which forgot to reach the station ...

My life is a train.

A frantic trek on broken rails
while I painted my dreams,
and made art with the sounds of my life.
A trip beyond the decay of time,
the boredom of safety.
And the painting was completed,
but the colors haven't dried yet.

The train of my life gallops.

I look out of the window.

The past passes
very quickly.

I say goodbye to every "why",
"maybe" or "how"...

Every "must" was derailed.

Now my desires are my new companions.
My compass is the whistle of the train.

Now an adventure waits for my train.

It 's time to travel

without luggage
and intermediate stations.

My destination is the unexpected!



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Anna Ioannidou, Greece



Name: Anna
Surname: Ioannidou
Father's Name: Apostolos
Mother's Name: Helen
City of birth: Thessaloniki
Location: Alatsaton 32, PC 55132 , Kalamaria, Thessaloniki
Law Firm Address : 14 Vas.Olgas, PC 54640, Thessaloniki

Occupation - Education: Lawyer member of Thessaloniki Bar Association and Political Scientist. Master's Degree in History, Philosophy and Sociology of Law, Faculty of Law, Aristotle University of Thessaloniki.

Languages:

English: Certificate of Proficiency in English University of Cambridge
French: Diplome Approfondi de Langue Francaise Dalf B1 - B3
German: Goethe Zertifikat Deutsch
Italian: good knowledge

Artistic Awards:

- Third prize in the photography exhibition of Thessaloniki Bar Association with the title "Lawyer's life : Court , offices, services" , (2010)
- First Prize Nanas (Athenas) Kontou for the poem titled "Painting memories of life and death" in the first Greek nationwide poetry competition of North Greece Union of Smyrniots and Minor Asians, (2010)
- First University Student Prize for the poem titled "Woman's soul of Kalavrita" in the Greek nationwide poetry competition "Athlon Poetry",(2009)
- Award for the poetry collection of 24 Haiku titled "Far away" in 28th literary contest of Parnassos Literary Society , (2010)
- Praise for the poem entitled "Refugee's Monologue" in the Third Greek nationwide poetry competition of municipality of Hortiatiss with the theme "Refugee" , (2010)
- Special honorable mention for the poetry collection of 30 Haiku titled "Cry of the children" in the poetry competition with the theme "Children's Rights" of the Associations "Oasis of the Child

- "(city of Heraklion) and "Social Initiative for Children "(city of Veria) , (2010)
- Honorable mention for poetry collection titled "Haiku : Hate like a Hurricane " in the first amateur contest of the International Federation of Constantinoupolians with the theme "Words and Colors of Constantinoupolis", (2010)
- Participation in the final stage of Delfi Poetry Games organised by the Greek National Union of Writers, (2011)

Scientific awards:

- First nationwide prize "Michailakis Award" for the study titled "The political environment of Eleftherios Venizelos during the period 1910-1920" in the competition of the National Research Foundation Eleftherios K. Venizelos , (2007)
- Prize for the study titled "Youth and Entrepreneurship: Challenges, obstacles and prospects" in the 15th National Student Competition of Economic Journal of group Economia, (2008)
- Distinction Theodore Valsamon and Georgios Rallis for speech in the the Conference of Faculty of Law of Aristotle University of Thessaloniki with the theme Ecclesiastical law and freedom of religion,(2008)

Publications:

- Study in the volume of award-winning studies "Youth and Entrepreneurship: Challenges, obstacles and prospects", ed. Kerkira, Athens, 2009
- in the website of the scientific community www.archive.gr the following studies :
 - 1)The role of the International Court of Justice in the international community
 - 2)The relation between state and citizen after 9/11 /2001
 - 3)The individual right of property in the revolutionary Greek constitutions



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Aron Baretić, Croatia



Which one, of many, faces you wear

Which one,
of many,
faces you wear,
while wanders
through one of,
those places,
that hidden,
by silence and darkness,
forces you
just to whisper.

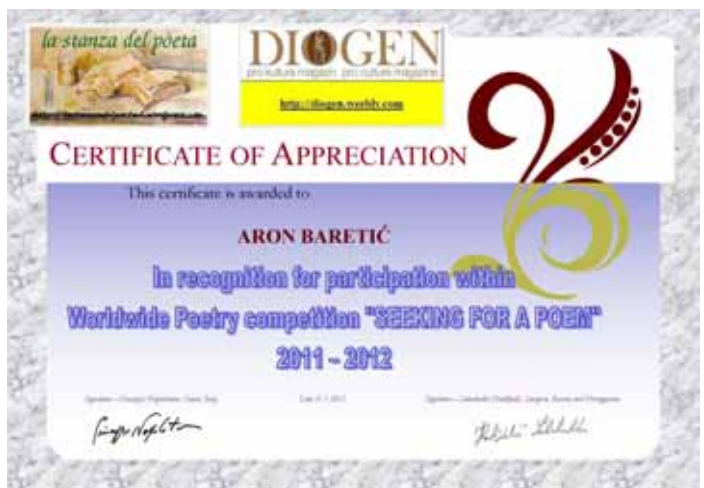
Which one,
of many,
faces you wear,
when alone and hurt,
suffer in a helpless silence,
rather than howl and weep.

And, finally,
tell me,
which one,
of many,
faces you wear,
when
you're happy
and content,
when feels like almighty,
and believes
the whole world
under your feet lays.

COME BY CHANCE (CANADA) ANCHORAGE, 26.
XII 2010.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Aron Baretić, Croatia



Aron Baretić was born on 23.11.1965. in Rijeka, Croatia.

As a continuation of a family tradition I have chosen seamen's profession for my own. Therefore I have spent last 22 years on the ships, 7 among as a Master of an ocean going tankers.

Been writing a poetry in an early 20's, although very different from the present one.

So far, my poetry was published in:

Web site "KNJIŽEVNOST.ORG" -
<http://www.knjizevnost.org/poezija-i-proza/547-aron-bareti-poezija>

Web site "SVIJET KULTURE - SVK MAGAZIN" - http://issuu.com/svkmagazin/docs/svk_magazin_03issuu?mode=embed&layout=http://skin.issuu.com/v/light/layout.xml&showFlipBtn=true

Joint issue collection "Garavi Sokak 2010.", September 2010. Indjija, Serbia

Antology "ANTOLOGIJA XXI STOLJEĆA HRVATSKOG URBANOG PJESNIŠTVA" / "ANTOLOGY 21st. CENTURY OF CROATIAN URBAN POETRY".

Web site "DIOGEN PRO CULTURA" magazine - <http://diogenplus.weebly.com/aron-bareti263.html>

Web site "NOVA POETIKA" - <http://novapoetika.webnode.com/poetski-radovi/aron%20bareti%C4%87/>

Joint issue collection "Noć Boema 2011.", April 2011. Indjija, Serbia

Poetry journal "Jesenjin" (nr 89) Literary Club "Jesenjin" from Belgrade, Serbia

Literary Review "Vpogled" from Žalec, Slovenia - http://www.kns.ba/s/index.php?option=com_content&task=view&id=937&Itemid=84

5. Novosarajevskih književnim susretima – held on 04th. – 06th. August 2001. In Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina

http://www.kns.ba/s/index.php?option=com_content&task=view&id=897&Itemid=61

Joint issue collection "Garavi Sokak 2011.", September 2011. Indjija, Serbia

My first own poetry book was published in July 2011.

My second poetry book is completed, awaiting for publishing.

Presently, I am writing my third poetry book.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

B Pooja Diwan, India



POEM: IN THE NAME OF HONOR

Everybody seems to be a stranger, when I see around, standing amidst the crowd
Whatever I did there was no one who said I made them proud

Living my life according to them I tried
But none came to wipe my tears when I cried

“ tie my conjugal knot with him”, I pleaded
except for this nothing from them I ever demanded

they called my love as lust
Told for a marriage the boy belonging to our community is must

But how would love understand caste n creed
To forget him my heart never agreed

Warned me that society is about give and take
Asked me what's in my heart merely for namesake

The song-lonely, Mr lonely, I subconsciously sing
Cursed me with harsh words even my sibling

Gave me few months to forget my bonding of years
Dint allow to contact even my close peers

They raised questions on my character
From my life, ordered me to close his chapter

For the family's prestige , from me they needed a sacrifice,
But how can I keep others happy, when I am not, by paying such a high price

My only desire to get him, made them overlook my trophies, scholarships
and gold medal

Is someone listening, please give a tight cuddle

They didn't realize the worth of my valuable laurels
Owing to my nature, I avoided quarrels

Seems that the one who writes destiny has gone on a vacation
Now who will help me come out of this situation

Struggling to live this life

I wonder, I was happy as a daughter, as a sister, as a lover or I will be as a
wife

I am alone, running the race



To tell about me, words are few.. in Colors my favorite is BLUE... I have a passion for creativity and innovation.. International Business is my specialization..... I seek for perfection in everything I do.. what annoys me most is standing in Queue... in me , much more I gotta explore.. something useful and unique will definitely come out m sure.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Boban Gledović, Montenegro



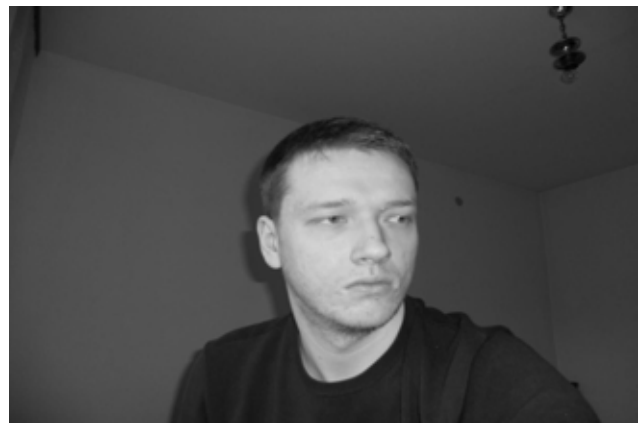
Heretic in search of the Sun

There was no I in yesterday.
There is no I in today.
Tomorrow, the cape of my thoughts will be
estranged
by some obscure figure
that will walk down the dusty grounds,
leaving the remains of the shell
for ravens to feast.
Scattered away by the black wings,
small pieces will lie on mounds that guard
the smiles of the people from various suns.
Their rays,
laid out on the spilled wax,
will rest upon the soil which gave birth to the ocean.

Now, I bleed from inside
and pour myself into the core
of infinite visceral fields,
so I could only whisper: there is a name
without a face...

I kiss the part of the wall with "mimosa" imprinted
on it
by the skillful hands of some unknown calligrapher.
Oh, how I detested that word until now!
All until now,
when I write stories about dogs
with prosthesis instead of the legs
and canvas that covers the rest.

With the verses of Pharaoh's Hymn in front of me,
the Pharaoh who tried to move
the cliffs of the human dreams
and reshape the silhouette of his own skeleton,
I shall float down the waterlogged pavements
and watch the colorful balconies
that belong to the families
who's ornamental flowers fall into the vortex
and silently decompose.
I shall honor this way and wait for the people
to dig the words gifted to the God Aten,
left beyond the door.

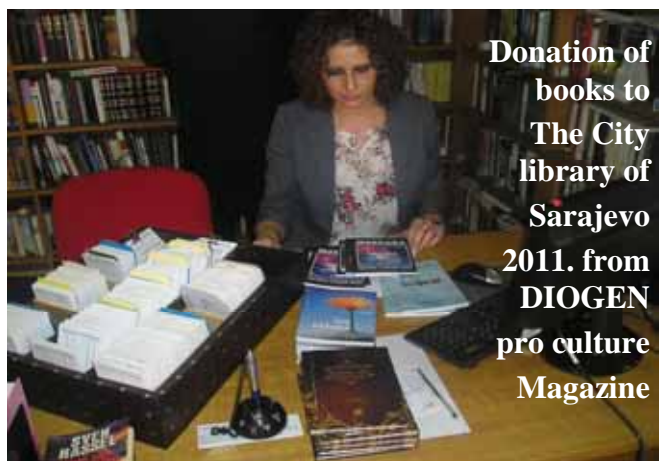


First name: Boban

Family name: Gledović

Place and date of birth: Pljevlja, April 14th,
1988, Montenegro

Education: Graduated from Faculty of Political
Science, Podgorica, 2011



Donation of
books to
The City
library of
Sarajevo
2011. from
DIOGEN
pro culture
Magazine



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

C. Liegh McInnis, USA



“What Good Are Poems?” from *Da Black Book of Linguistic Liberation*

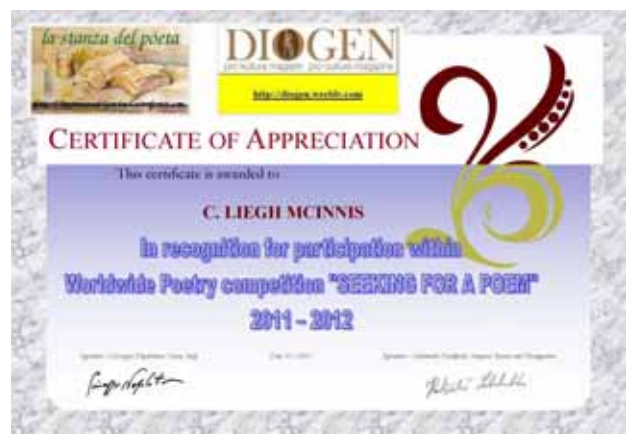
by C. Liegh McInnis

Can a poem be as effective as a .357?
Can the images of a poem spray buck shot holes
into the body of a greenback stuffed sheet wearing shoat?
Can a poem be thrown as a brick through the window
of a grocery store so that we may pillage and plunder
its shelves for food for the hungry?
Can a poem be laid on top of a poem,
be laid on top of a poem, be laid on top of a poem
until we have built a shelter for the homeless?
Does a poem need a million dollar war chest
or a foundation grant to be mightier than the sword?
What good does a poem do a spoiled, bloated belly?
Can a poem lay hands on the sick and clothed the naked?
Can a poem work hoodoo on an ACT score?
Can a poem pull the rent payment from a magician’s hat?
Can poems assassinate Negro turncoats
who have sold their souls to racist rags?
Can poems cut short the lives of serpentine superintendents
who slyly suffocate African babies in Euro-excrement
disguised as Caucasian curriculums?



Poets are the African bees of pollination.
Poems are the sperm of revolution.
We need poets to stop adding extra syrup and sacrine
to their sonnets so as to appease the pale palates of people
who have not the stomach for the straight-no-chaser truth.
We need poets to stop mindlessly
masturbating away their talents into literary napkins.
We need poets to start impregnating thoughts of
Black magnolias bursting through white cement
into the minds of Raven virgin souls who without it
toil in the reproductive process of self-aversion.

Poems are the sperms of revolution.
Are you making love to your people,
or are you merely fornicating away your existence?



“SEEKING FOR A POEM” INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

C. Liegh McInnis, USA



C. Liegh McInnis is an instructor of English at Jackson State University, the publisher and editor of *Black Magnolias Literary Journal*, and the author of seven books, including four collections of poetry, one collection of short fiction (*Scripts: Sketches and Tales of Urban Mississippi*), and one work of literary criticism (*The Lyrics of Prince: A Literary Look at a Creative, Musical Poet, Philosopher, and Storyteller*). He has presented papers at national conferences, such as College Language Association and the Neo-Griot Conference, and his work has appeared in *Bum Rush the Page: A Def Poetry Jam*, *Sable*, *New Delta Review*, *The Black World Today*, *In Motion Magazine*, *MultiCultural Review*, *A Deeper Shade*, *New Laurel Review*, *ChickenBones*, *Brick Street Press Anthology*, and the *Oxford American*. In January of 2009, C. Liegh, along with eight other poets, was invited to read poetry in Washington, DC by the NAACP for their Inaugural Poetry Reading celebrating the election of President Barack Obama. He has also been invited by colleges and libraries all over the country to read his poetry and fiction and to lecture on various topics, such creative writing and various aspects of African American literature, music, and history. McInnis can be contacted through Psychedelic Literature, 203 Lynn Lane, Clinton, MS 39056, (601) 383-0024, psychdeliclit@bellsouth.net. For more information, check out his website www.psychdelicliterature.com.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

OSLOBODENJE
srijeda, 12. novembar 2011. godine

Prva godišnjica edukativnog centra S Nezaboravna druženja, književne večeri...

Priznanje Plemenito srce dobio je načelnik Hadžibajrić

NVO altruista Svjetlo, povodom obilježavanja prve godišnjice rada svog edukativnog centra za socijalno uključivanje 5. jučer je organizovala svečanost na dan koji se, kako kažu, dešava (jednom u stotinu godina, 11. 11. 2011. - Sve je u zaku ovog hoca i drago nam je da sa našim prijateljima možemo podijeliti radne trenutke te im ukazati na značaj uključivanja mladih u umjetničkim sponzorima i edukativne i interaktivne radionice. Posebno bilo se zahvalio načelniku Zvezdana Hadžibajriću koji od samog početka ima osjećaj za nas te nas redovno podržava u našim aktivnostima, kaže je Haris Čaušević, izvršni direktor NVO altruista Svjetlo.



U centru se održavaju edukativne i interaktivne radionice

Logavinoj ulici 11. Ovakv ješt su na različite načine podržale 82 organizacije i ustanove. Prilučeno je blizu 19.000 KM, a punostor je adaptirani otvoren 11. 11. 2010.

Specijalno priznanje Plemenito srce aktivisti Udruženja uručili su načelniku Hadžibajriću, a zahvalnice su dobili: OHR, federalno Ministarstvo nauke i obrazovanja, Grad Sarajevo, opštine Stari Grad i Centar, Vakufska banka, Sportski klub Babanara, Sabahudin Hadžibajrić i OM calli.

I knjige i sport

Imali smo gostovane rođendana, novogodišnje zabave, književne večeri. Upoznali smo pjesnike koji su nam pokazali svoje knjige. Volim pročitati doku knjige, a dobar sam i sport, istakao je Emir.

E. GODINIJK

<p>Ambasada Bosne i Hercegovine - Skopje Амбасада Босне и Херцеговине - Скопје Veleposlanstvo Bosne i Hercegovine - Skopje</p>	
<p>BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA Ministry of Foreign Affairs Musala St. 2 tel: ++387 33 281 100 fax: ++387 33 472 188</p>	
<p>Pocetna</p> <p>O nama</p> <p>Konzularna informacije</p> <p>Aktivnosti</p> <p>Pregled stranica</p> <p>Informacije</p> <p>O BiH</p> <p>BiH - EU</p>	<p>Aktivnosti u Republici Makedoniji</p> <p>Link do aktivnosti</p> <p>BIH PJESNICI UČESTVOVALI NA MANIFESTACIJI "DITET E NAIMIT" U MAKEDONIJI</p> <p>U Tetovu je održan Međunarodni festival poezije "DITET E NAIMIT". U velikoj dvorani kulturnog centra u Tetovu održano je svečano veče, bosanскоhercegovačkih i autora Sabahudina Hadžibajrića i Samire Begman gdje ih je dočekaio njegova ekscelencija, Ambasador Bosne i Hercegovine u Makedoniji, gosp. Milan Balaban koji je upredno pmiustvovala završnoj večeri kao i zvaničnoj dodjeli nagrada. Izrazivši zadovoljstvo prihvatanjem poziva koji mu je uputio književnik Hadžibajrić, ambasador je, u razgovoru sa našim autorima, naglasio kako je poezija u konačno vezivna nit koja povezuje ljude sa svih strana svijeta uspijevajući nagore ka slijednjavaru linika i poruke koju su svi trebali slušati - Poruke mira, ljubavi i tolerancije. Sabahudin Hadžibajrić se zahvalio ambasadoru na dolasku riječima "kako je čast biti u društvu sa diplomatom koji podržava građane Bosne i Hercegovine u predstavljajući kulturni imednosti van svoje države, dok je Samira Begman čitaje svoje poetke upravo posvetila uvaženom gostu. Ovim čuom predanosti podržki književnicima iz BiH se predložio Ambasadoru Jakobu Finciju koji je januara meseca bio na predstavljajući autorske poetke Sabahudina Hadžibajrića i Samire Begman u Orhu, Svajcarska.</p>
<p>MAFRI Marketing, Public, Relations, Research, Internet</p>	

Dajana Lazarević, Serbia



Angel heaven-sent

Life is like a cold shower,
And no man has that power
To choose always the right step-
Life is journey with no map.

I don*t want to be full of hate,
I am a girl who has faith.
I don*t fall on a cheap trick,
*Cause all life is pure nagic.

I can love, I can shine,
So strong! But can*t define.
I have my own perfect place,
My secret, hidden private space;

Where all my problems I can switch,
Where I am special, fairy, witch...
There I am out of human touch,
And I can love you so much!

If love was colour, I*m colour blind,
But I*m with you in my mind.
You know for me what that meant:
You are my angel heaven-sent.

I*m running away from human affection,
I need you and your protection.
Far away I wish we went,
Hug me, my angel heaven-sent...



My name is D a j a n a Lazarevic. I am 18 years old, student of fourth grade in "Sabacka gimnazija". I live in Serbia, in The city of Sabac. This

year I published my first songbook "Through space and time" in 500 copies. I won several prizes for poetry in my country, and my second songbook is preparing to print.

I can write in English, German, Russian, Croatian and Serbian.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Die Bettler der Vernunft



Poezija/ Gedichte

new books



Dalibor Drekić, Serbia

STRAP PARTS

DOOM, DELIVER REVEILED MOOD,
 A MAR ON A PANORAMA,
 AIR AN ARIA,
 PARODY DO RAP,
 PASSION, NO IS SAP,
 REVENGE BEG NEVER,
 JARRED ARTS SELL LESS, TRADER RAJ,
 ROT CAN ROB A BORN ACTOR.

“ARE WE NOT DRAWN ONWARD, WE FEW, DRAWN ONWARD TO NEW ERA?”

NO, IT IS OPPOSITION,
 SIDES REVERSED IS.
 WE PANIC IN A PEW...

NO, IT IS OPPOSED, ART SEES TRADES OPPOSITION,
 EVIL ODES OR PROSE DO LIVE,
 EVIL, A SIN, IS ALIVE,
 NO SIGN IN EVENING IS ON...

STRATEGY: GET ARTS!
 STRAP PARTS!
 BOMBARD A DRAB MOB!
 REGARD A MERE MAD RAGER!
 LIVE NOT ON EVIL!
 NEVER ODD OR EVEN!
 TRADE LIFE DEFILED ART!
 TO ROCOCO ROT!



“SEEKING FOR A POEM” INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Starost: 35 godina

Objavljujivo u

- časopisima („Književne novine, 2007-2010.“, „Avangrad, 2011.“, „Poeta, 2011.“, „Vidovdan, 2011.“, „Erato nad Kucuroom, 2010-2011.“, časopis za humor i satiru „Šipak, 2011.“, „Kusamakura Haiku collection magazine, 2011.“...),
- zbornicima („Vršačko pero, 2009-2011“, „Poeti na dar, 2011.“, „Žubori sa Moravice, 2011.“, „Svetlost kresiva – Banatsko pero, 2011.“, zbornik kratkih priča „Kuće u vazduhu, 2010.“, „Najkraće priče 2010.“, „Žubor Mlave, 2011.“, „Rudnička vrela – Momčilo Nastasijević, 2011.“, „Garavi sokak, 2011.“...)
- internet stranicama i magazinima (Nova poetika, 2011, „Pljuskovi, 2011.“, „Helly Cherry, 2011.“, Bašta Balkana, 2011., „100 Thousand Poets for Change, 2011.“...)

Pesme, kratke priče, aforizmi i epigrami nagrađivani su na festivalu „Vršačko pero 2009.“, konkursu kratke priče fantastike, naučne fantastike i horora magazina „Helly Cherry“, 2011., Međunarodnom Konkursu humora i satire u Mrkonjić Gradu, 2011., Književnom konkursu USKOR-a „Dragan Žigić“, 2011., Šesnaestom Kusamakura međunarodnom Haiku takmičenju, Kumamoto, Japan, 2011.

Danijel Radočaj, Croatia



In a Park

Drinking beer in city park
means having at least one homeless man
sitting next to you on the bench
patiently waiting for you to drink the contents
up so he could get his hands on the empty cans
and get a return 0,5 kuna a piece.

That makes me sad out
of the following two reasons:

Out of some kind of compassion
I mechanically try to drink my beer as fast as I can;
The poor homeless guy
inadvertently shows me a glimpse of a future
which, if it didn't bypass his once normal life,
has no reason to bypass mine.

Thus when I hear our political leaders shout
«What did we fight for?»
in pre-election rallies,
it makes me want to toss back a revolted answer:

«For empty cans!»



Daniel Radočaj was born in 1979 in Pula, Croatia. His aphorisms, poetry and short stories are represented in about thirty literary and cultural publications and anthologies from the area of former Yugoslavia. His work also appears among the ten best authors awarded at the ReCreativa contest (Banja Luka). He won third place at Ekran priče 02 contest, and second place at the Panonius Magazine's short story contest. His poetry collection «Četrdeset i četiri plus šezdeset deveta» was published in 2006 under the edition of Branko Miljković Literary Club from Knjaževac. He is a member of Croatian Writers' Association.



“SEEKING FOR A POEM” INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Dariusz Pacak, Poland



DARIUSZ PACAK

-born in Lodz/Poland/. Living in Vienna/
Austria/. M.A. in Art & Culture /Poland, 1998 /.
Professional Studies **Professional Studies**

/Austria, 2000/. Member of fourteen literary as-
sociations, among others: **World Academy of
Arts & Culture–WAAC** /USA/, **Union of Polish
Writers Abroad–ZPPnO**/Great Britain/, **Society
of Polish Authors–SAP**/Poland/. Dariusz Pacak /
visited 48 countries/ is an active ambassador for
poetry between East and West in his search for
truth and meaning through culture’s interior, hav-
ing attended a number of international festi-
vals&congresses on poetry in America, Europe,
Asia, among others: Bruxelles 2001, Warsaw
2001, Washington D.C. 2002, Taipei 2003, Vi-
enna 2004, Seoul 2004, Los Angeles 2005, Tai-
an 2005, Ulaanbaatar 2006, Stockholm 2006,
Chennai 2007, Vienna 2008. Author of poetry
collections: **Ptaki Emanacji (Birds of Emana-
tions)** /Poland, 2001/, **W Podróżgotanym Ciągu** /
Poland, 2003/, Polish-German: **Dom Złotego
runa–Das Haus des Goldenen Vlieses (The
House Of The Golden Fleece)** /Poland, 2004/,
Polish-English: **Dojrzałość–The Seasons** /
Sweden, 2006/. He has held grants from The
Ministry of Culture and Arts /Warsaw/, The Min-
istry of Research and Science /Vienna/ 1997, as
well as many poetry awards, e.g. Warsaw
2001, Washington D.C. 2002, Vienna 2004, Los
Angeles 2005, Tai-an /China/2005, Vienna 2006,
Durgapur /India/2009. His poems are translated
in eight languages & included in 40 World An-
thologies. In literary magazines, Pacak has pub-
lished over 100 essays & poetry publications, in
English, German, Polish, Chinese, Korean, Mon-
golian, Czech, Slovakian.

<http://www.othervoicespoetry.org/vol40/index.html>

<http://www.zppno.com/dariusz-pacak,117.html>

June 2011, Vienna

IT

the first ever word turned
into the act creates
source in the
stone

throughout hourglass sępīs ępī sępīs

could

it be that

Word of God got

lost it’s way lone today

LI



March 23, 2008 St. Cyril & Methodius Church/ Juni 04, 2011 Vienna/Austria/



“SEEKING FOR A POEM” INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION

Der Kosmonaut, Austria



Understand Aufstand In Every Land

Part 1

Understand Aufstand in every land

As the present order exposes decay

Solutions are rare and hard to come by

They're simply reforms to sustain capitalism

The Revolution will be Facebooked and Twittered

Faces become mugshots as people are booked

Bodies twitch and twit in death

Ecocide and genocide produces the caskets

underside

Understand Aufstand in every land

Privileged atrophy of ideas

Beliefs have become ossified

Very soon humankind may become fossilised

The fall of the West means the rise of extinction

Extinction through execution

Execution by drowning in plastic and petrol

Petrology is the ideology of petrification

Europe and North America is the petrified forest

People are petrified and terrified

Lost in the woods that have been terrorised

Understand Aufstand in every land

Devastation deforestation monoculture agricultural
dictatorship

Genetic seeds that amount to a hill of beans

Agent Orange came from Tropic-Ana Juice

Tampa Bay Devil Rays days of slavery

Fallen trees and Indians roots drenched in blood

Bought sold and traded on the stock exchange

Punished and displayed in stockades

Understand Aufstand in every land



“SEEKING FOR A POEM” INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Der Kosmonaut, Austria



Part 2

Burnt offerings hung high from trees
Towering infernos of the empire in flames
The far right takeover of Canada ignited in Calgary
Crucified with the promised deliverance of Calvary

Understand Aufstand in every land
Black skin white masks the horror of reality
Reactionary media saturation negates human
sexuality
Crises of identity twisted benders of gender

Scammed cheated and duped by Obama
Hope and change on the dope exchange
Patriot Act extensions sunset clauses on democracy
Wall and Bank Streets reveal the oligarchy

Engendered by torture human rights endangered
Legal tender means In God We Trust
Capitalist religion expressed through Olympic
spiritualism
Understand Aufstand in every land

Revolting tyranny of revolving door nepotism
In and out sadomasochist hard core pornography
Submit to the domination of psychopathic sociopaths
Or die by Nautical Robots shielded by badges

Social polarisation increases in Wien
Socialist vs Catholic vs Fascist vs Green

Feiheiten on the rise overtaking the streets
Understand Aufstand in every land

No Buddha only pests found by Fidez
Paramilitary home guards march and terrorise
Roma now Jews later subjected to pogroms
Hungarian presidency reveals the EU program

Self liberation will yield human emancipation
Human evolution depends on collective
consciousness
Means living and acting with human conscience
Understand Aufstand in every land!

Der Kosmonaut was born and reared in New York City. He wrote his first poem when he was 9 years old. His first well known poem, Posters and Bulletins has been widely published and made into an electronic musical piece. Der Kosmonaut has written and published two online books: The Fall of New York and The King of the Woods. Der Kosmonaut has gained international attention through his travels and public performances. He specialises in multimedia performance art utilising most of his poetry. Der Kosmonaut has lived in 6 countries. He is active within the Vienna Slam Poetry circuit. He is the June, 2011 winner of the Slam B Poetry Slam competition at Literaturhaus, Vienna. He currently resides in Vienna.



Dimitris P. Kraniotis, Greece



To the dead poet of obscurity

(In honor of the dead unpublished poet)

Well done!
You have won!
You should not feel sorry.
Your unpublished poems
-always remember-
have not been buried,
haven't bent
under the strength of time.
Like gold
inside the soil
they remain,
they never melt.
They may be late
but they will be given
to their people
someday,
to offer their sweet,
eternal essence.



Dimitris P. Kraniotis is an award-winning Greek poet. He was born in Stomio (Larissa), a coastal town in central Greece. He studied at the Medical School of the Aristotle University in Thessaloniki. He lives and works as a medical doctor (Internal Medicine specialist physician) in Larissa, Greece. He is the author of 7 poetry books: "Traces" (1985), "Clay Faces" (1992), "Fictitious Line" (2005), "Dunes" (2007), "Endogram" (2010), "Edda" (2010), "Illusions" (2010). He is Academician of the Pontifical Academy Tiberina of Rome (Italy), Academician of the International Academy of Micenei (Italy), President of 22nd World Congress of Poets (Greece 2011), Laureate Man of Letters by United Poets Laureate International, Doctor of Literature by World Academy of Arts and Culture, President of World Poets Society (WPS), Vice-President of United Poets Laureate International (UPLI), Ambassador in Greece of "Poetas del Mundo", National President of the Spanish-American Union of Writers in Greece, Universal Peace Ambassador, Vice-President of the Larissa Union of Poets and Writers, Vice-President of the Thessaly Association of Letters and Arts, Vice-President of the Larissa Medical Association "Hippocrates", Editorial Director of the Greek medical magazine "Hippocrates" and Member of the Editorial Board of the Greek literary magazines "Graphi" and "Pneumatic Larissa". He is member of several organizations (National Society of Greek Literary Writers, Hellenic Literary Society, Greek PEN Centre, Hellenic Society of Physician-Writers, International Society of Greek Writers, International Writers Association, etc.) He has won a number of international awards for his poetry which has been published in many countries around the World. His poems have been translated into 17 languages. His official website: <http://dimitriskraniotis.com/>

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.





Diti Ronen, Israel

Homage to a poet

Your words fill my breadths
Winds, Winds, they interlace
colors, senses, sounds, smells.

Again I'm captured.

I spell out the true names
of the chambers and labyrinths
of the heart.

I need nothing now
but a deep quietness.





Diti Ronen, Israel



Diti Ronen, born in Tel-Aviv, Israel, is a scholar and an artist. She is the author of three poetry books – *littlebird* (Bar Ilan University, 2010, a bilingual Hebrew/English edition); *Inner Moon, Notebook* (Hakibbutz Hame'uhad, 2002), and *With the Slip Showing* (Gvanim, 1999). Her next poetry book, *A Night Siècle*, is about to be published in 2012.

Her poems are taught in Academic Institutions, they are translated and published internationally, adapted for the stage and serve as lyrics for songs and as libretto for musical concerts. Ronen is regularly invited to perform readings of her poems in Academic Institutions and in International Poetry Festivals.

Awards: In 2001 Ronen was honored with *Ministry of Culture's General Manager Award*, given for her exceptional contribution to the Israeli culture. In 2006 she was honored with *The Golden Inkwell*, given by The Hebrew Writers Association in Israel for her contribution to the Hebrew literature.

Dr. Diti Ronen is a professor at The Hebrew University and at The Center for Academic studies. Her fields of interest are Poetry and Literature, Theatre, Cultural Policy and Arts Administration.

Main latest publications of poetry in anthologies and magazines outside Israel

Poets for world peace (# 3). Diogen pro culture magazine & DHIRA (Switzerland, 2011).

Il Viaggio della parola. La stanza del poeta, Gaeta (Italy 2011).

119 / Web streaming poetry. Auropolis (Belgrade and Serbia 2010).

Nashim. Indiana University Press, Philadelphia (USA 2010).

With an Iron Pen. SUNY Press, Albany, New-York (USA 2009).

Periódico de Poesía. Ciudad Universitaria (México 2009).

Le Fram. Librairie Livre aux Tresors & Univesite de Liege (Belgium 2009).

Kritya, a Journal of Poetry (India 2009).

Main recent performances outside Israel

Mandya 1st International Seminar on Holocaust Literature (India. Sep. 2011)

Il viaggio della parola Il Mediterraneo in Poesia, Gaeta Festival (Italy. Apr. 2011)

Dhvanyaloka Literary Club (Mysore, India, Dec. 2010)

Sahitya Akademi (Delhi, India. Nov. 2010)

Kritya International Poetry Festival (Mysore, India, Jan. 2010)

Main essays & critics on Ronen's poetry

Itamar Kest. *About The "littlebird"*. Psiefas, 79 (2010) 23-31.

Yaoz Hanna. *An interview with the poetess Dr. Diti Ronen*. Sal van Gelder institution for holocaust research, Bar Ilan University (2009)

Yaoz Hanna. *Second Generation Poets: A conversation with Diti Ronen*. Psiefas, 66 (2007) 41-42.

Yaoz Hanna. *At the Sign of the Inner Moon: on Diti Ronen Two Poetry Books*. Psiefas, 52 (2002) 44-45.

Gilboa Shulamith. *Critic and Interview with Diti Ronen*. The Literature and Art Supplement, the Book Week, Yediot Acharonot (17.03.2005).

Ben David Yaara. *The Ultimate Longing Apple*. The Books Supplement (537), Haarez (11.06.2003).

Almog Ruth. *Who has given me birth, me too gave birth to a woman*. The Supplement for Culture and Literature, Haarez (26.07.2002).

Saari Rami. *Scenes from the Circuits of Life*. The Supplement for Culture and Literature, Haarez (26.07.2002).

Levitan Amos. *The Question of the Feminine Delight*. Iton 77, 270 & 271 (2002) pp 34, 35.

Ben Shaul Moshe. *The Moon Circuits, the Monthly Period Circuits*. Iton 77, 269 (July 2002) p10.



Dr. U.R. Anusha, PhD, India



Human Relationships

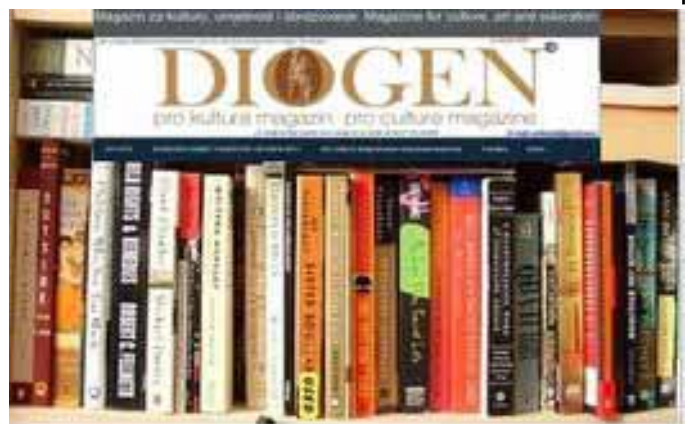
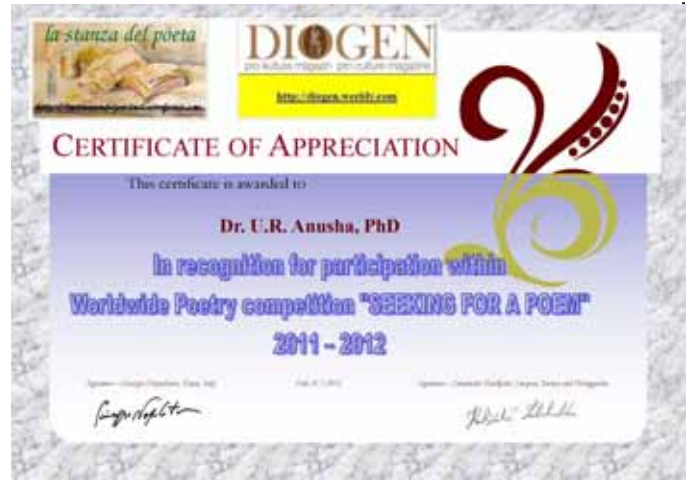
Sentiments rolled underfoot
 Hearts tied to mercenary bites
 memories the splutter of a choke
 Lost circles of smut in smoke
 We pass each other like trains
 Head nods costlier than smiles
 Goodbyes outrun hellos
 Baggage of loose ends untied
 Speaking roads that never meet
 You and I stroll
 call it a bond
 else maybe innominate
 relationships human
 like domestic flight
 taxiing across space



Dr. Anusha.U.R. was born on October 26th 1979 at Kerala and was educated in the former French colony, Pondicherry, India. I wrote my first creative writing when I was five years old. I have written 200 Poems and over 100 short stories. Academically, I was the gold medallist at the university level throughout the course of study. I completed my doctorate in English literature and literary criticism at the age of 26.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



200 AUTORA / 200 AUTHORS 2009-2012



Dragana Dimitrijević, Serbia



Eyes of the fallen angel

Who broke the lock and let you out?
You broke my silence with your roar and shout,
don't draw me in with your eyes so profound
I'll burn and bury you back underground.

Ice for the soul, fire for lust
when flesh is burned, spirit dissolves to dust
now begging for pain, that is my pleasure
in my agony is purity, your anguish I treasure.

Unjustifiable existence of faith.
Justifiable existence of hate.

You think that I'm the one who abandoned
first?
But the truth lies within your thirst.
You know I'm just your vanity
so don't mistake me for reality.

You revealed the way to cradle my fears
mixed up with sweet sweat, blood and tears,
for you I died a thousand deaths
consumed with apathy I have no regrets.

Justifiable existence of faith.
Unjustifiable existence of hate.

I'm the first but never the last
missing link in the chain of your trust
and while your unspoken words resound in me
for the crime of nailing me, I give to thee

internal emptiness in your sanity...
infernal lust in your insanity...
open your eyes, no evil to see
don't bleed for you, bleed for me...



Dragana Dimitrijević, was born in Bor, the town in Serbia, on the 10th of October 1983. She graduated from the Gymnasium in Bor in 2002. Now, she is living and studying in Niš at the Faculty of Civil Engineering and Architecture (soon to be the architectural engineer). She has been drawing and writing poetry since 1998.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Dragoslav Čupić, Serbia



Second poem of lust

Fanfarelo, drunk with lust,
unselfishly cleans louses to his dead dog.

He smiles with a golden laughter,
and surrenders to a melancholy.

A sublime poem in the temple of his own dewy
flesh

he doesn't reach with reason –

but with vanity. Under the dome of plain,
and night and day walk up to him as beasts
starved by dreams and strong spirits.

Deep in his own reflection he discerns:

In his own luxury, again he have stepped across
the boundary, and wished for simplicity.

When with rusty knife rubs his own swollen
cheek

whipped saints crie because this one-sided
mercy.

(The dog:

whines.)



I was conceived
by accident, an got my
name by accident.

Dragoslav Čupić
is my name.

Born in Subotica.
Lived in two more cities,
and one village, until I
with my parrents settled
down in Novi Sad, in the
early nineties.

My poetry was
published in different
literary magazines. I was
a member of a literary
group "Zona", and took part in numerous poetry
readings throughout the country.

It's been a years how I withdrew from all
kinds of public appearances, maturing like a strange
fruit in a firm solitude of my existence.

Member of Mensa Serbia.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Dražen Šoštarić, Croatia



Born on 5th of November 1966. in Varazdin, Croatia. Education finished in Croatia: elementary school – city of Lepoglava, middle school – city of Varazdin, high school – city of Cakovec. Occupation – economist.

Worked inside and outside profession, currently as designer in China, Fujian province. I started to write poetry at elementary school, but so far completed material only for first miscellany named «Memories and dreams»; which, I hope, shall be published in next few months.

fantasy

you're holding my hand
smile in your eyes
your waving hair's
falling through the darkness
the kiss stopped
the word on the lips
body of yours
is a part of me
in a moment
swaying gently
silver net's
shivering across the sky
and falls down
and soars
tender touch
binds us strongly
and talks
and sings
without a word
through the sound of colors
it whispers
into the heights we're dragged
by the abyss of sweetness
thread of silk
envelops the bodies
our looks
are embracing in the air
doors are opened
there are no barriers
we're spinnin' slowly
through the shiny darkness

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.





Dwaipayan Regmi, Nepal

Traveler

In the hot desert,
I search for dew.
All because,
I find my world in you.
Although years back old,
But the excitement is still new.
My leg is getting weak,
But my tiredness level is just few.

In the cold snow,
I try to gather heat.
Simply to view your creation,
From my seat.
I am now wondering,
Who keeps you so neat?
Capturing your views from my eyes,
I probably forgot to eat.

In the heavy monsoon,
I try not to get wet.
Just because,
I need to travel till late.
It is good to watch you cleaning road,
Cars and gate.
Lessons I learnt from my travel,
I will never forget.

In the hot desert,
I searched for dew.
In the cold snow,
I tried to gather heat.
In the heavy monsoon,
I tried not to get wet.
I was a traveler,
Although I did not record any date.
But all I realized is,
Today I woke up late.



Viktor DUNDOVIĆ Vito



BUGOJANSKI KNJEVNI PORTRETI

“SEEKING FOR A POEM” INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Mexhid MEHMETI
GATANJE
pjesme

Džira Verlag & Diogen

ISBN: 978-3-905809-50-7

Sabahudin Hadžialić

With the shaped paths of literature he succeeded to attain the quality, over the quantity. A variety of different genres, which is mastered, striving for years in creation of his own expression, has developed Mexhid Mehmet as a poet of distinctive and not at all of insignificant statement. His poetry is thought and genres which could be found in his words, verses, poems. Each poem is like the story. Of departing arrivals. Or the upcoming departures. If you manage to decipher. Himself, as well as yourself, while you are reading the poet of the spirit to whom I admire, because of the sincerity and longingly.

Dwaipayan Regmi, Nepal



BIO DATA

Name: Dwaipayan Regmi
Date of Birth: Chaitra 03, 2047 (March 17, 1991)
Gender: Male
Marital Status: Single
Father's Name: Dr. Udaya Raj Regmi
Mother's Name: Sima Regmi
Address (P): Biratnagar-1, Morang.
 (Tel:021-462789)
Address (T): Chakupat, Lalitpur
Email Address: dwaipayan.regmi@gmail.com
Cell Number: 9842047478
Religion: Hindu
Nationality: Nepali
Languages Known: Nepali, English, Hindi, and Spanish (Learning)
Blog: dwaipon.blogspot.com, dwaiipon.blogspot.com

Quiz Program (Musical Quiz and General Quiz)
 SLC Special Program
 Various Live Coverages
 Involvement in Advertisement
 Editing Radio Advertisement
 Mixing Radio Advertisement (Using Cool Edit)
 Speaking in Radio Advertisement
 Writing in Newspapers
 Articles:



Academic Qualification

Year	Board	Division	Institute
2051-2063	SLC	Distinction	Arniko.H.S.S
2063-2066	HSEB (+2)	First	College Of B... (COBASS), B... Shanker Dev
2066-Running	Bachelors (BBA)	-	

Other Trainings/ Courses

Year	Course	Institute
2060	Basic Computer	ITP Computer Institute,
2065	Graphics	NIIT, Biratnagar
2066	TOEFL	Orbit Int'l Education, K...
2066	SAT	Orbit Int'l Education, K...

Experiences

Anchoring in BFM, Biratnagar
 SMS Program



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Effie Daskagianni, Greece



Radio transmission

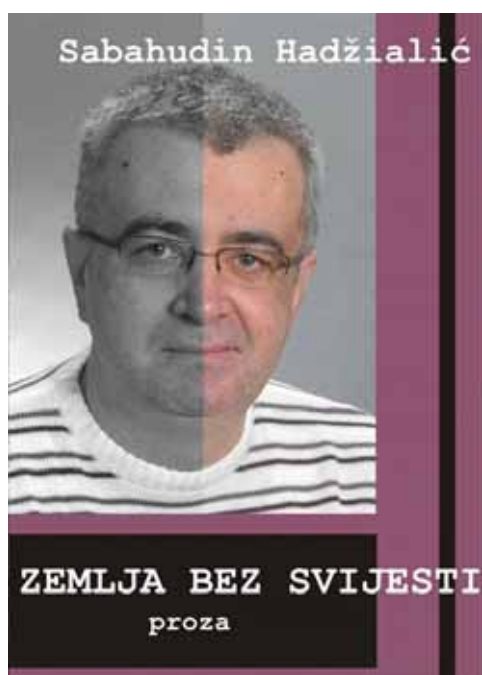
And then on my coldest winter nights
 I would listen to you
 My twin-soul ghost
 Secretly soothing my sobs into your voice
 So enchantingly eerie and balmy...
 I would float breathless
 Through the mystic realms of your music
 - Fire and velvet -
 Longing to vanish into the sparkle of your eyes
 So familiar, yet unknown...

Silence falls unbearable now
 Broken melodies, voices unheard
 Vows of love never uttered
 Cast out by xenophobic cities...
 There I'm left all-alone
 Tracing signs of our primordial bond
 Craving for your music
 All-radiant to break through my closed window-shutters
 Spreading fragrant spring tunes all over again...



Name: Effie Daskagianni
Place of Birth: Arta, Greece
Studies: - B.A. Degree on English Language and Literature, University of Athens.
 - Currently 2nd Year student on Creative Writing, for a M.A. Degree from the University of Western Macedonia, Florina, Greece.
Occupation: English Teacher at a State High School in Nafplio, Greece.
Marital Status: Married, no children.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Dr. Efrat Mishori, PhD, Israel



The Ballad of Smart Efrat

"Oh, why can't you grasp, my daughter, Efrat?"

"Oh, why can't you grasp, my smart daughter?"

"A body of water would not run ashore, mother. Let me push higher."

My strength in my breath, mother, not in my brain. Let me light my "own fire

"Oh, where is the wave, my daughter, Efrat?"

"Oh, where is the wave, my smart daughter?"

" The definite article breathed down my neck, mother, Let me aspire,

My strength in my breath, mother, not in my brain. Let me light my "own fire

"So how did you get, my daughter, Efrat?"

"So how did you get, , my smart daughter?"

" I cluched and I clung to the thin tree of life, mother. Let me desire.

My strength in my breath, mother, not in my brain. Let me light my "own fire

"Did you look in the leaves, my daughter, Efrat?"

"Did you look in the leaves, my smart daughter?"

"The roots are green-sick, mother. Let me taste my own haste.

My strength in my breath, mother, not in my brain. Let me light my "own fire

"Oh, you searched for the green, my daughter, Efrat."

"Oh, you searched for the green, my smart daughter.

" I did - and its blight, mother. Let me make my mistake.

My strength in my death, mother, not in my brain. Let me light my "own pyre

Translated by: Gilad Elboim



Efrat Mishori, Poet, PhD in Philosophy, was born in Israel in 1964. She has published seven volumes of poetry among which *As far as Efrat* (1996), *Bites of Little Fish* (1999), *The Physical Mouth* (2002), *Sigh and Sigh* (2008) and a fairy tale in verse for children, receiving the Israeli Prime Minister's Prize for Literature in 2001. In 1997 Mishori composed "I am the Model of Poetry", a one-woman show including pop music, and calls herself "an 'anti-poetical' poet involved in an intimate relationship with language". Mishori's dissertation (2006) deals with Tel-Aviv as a transitional-object of the poet. Her new poetry book *Thinkerbell* will be published later this year.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

DIOGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

Issue No 14/1 Broj 14/1 Oktobar/Listopad/October/ 2011

**Featuring Artist:
Barbara Bračun,
Croatia**



**DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...
a month for DIOGEN artist ...
and you ...**

Eftichia Kapardeli, Greece



GOLDEN EAGLE

And turning around the wings
and I go away
without leaving scars
in a distant greeting
Looking spend
radiation
of turbulence
heaven design
around the star
the infinite thirst match
with the arrow of stellar
dust
the unknown scar

When you blend the Suns
leave free the wind
bare earth
broad wing
flames in the sky
with juvenile
reflections
and vertigo
a net gold
darkness and light
entrap

Between two blue
pages, flocks of birds
Stars tears
forgotten realms
there

to join together the heavens
in God look
shadow of the wing tips
Cyclic Iridescences
Golden Eagle
at unimaginable speed
wandering travel



Eftichia Kapardeli was born in Athens And live in patras. She wrote poetry, stories, topics, Xai-kou, essays, novels. She participate in chorus like soprano She gratuation from deparment in journalism A.K.E.M (Athenian center vocational education). She participate a lot of many education seminars She know H/Y 7 programs ,English and Italian, classic kithara And study right voice She was guide in the body of hellenic girl scout She is volunteer fire-woman and participate in programs Volunteer active Like listener student she follow the 2004 the deparment filology of University patras. She has rewarding in panhellenics competitions poetry, topics, stories, Novels, fable, xai kou She take discernment in her book *secret march* (novel) From D.E.E.L and *sikeliana 2006* (salamina) UNESCO Her work publication in magazines in Literaries The first poetics collections is *confindings of secrets* and *light* She is have one paper in university of cyprus {the creek civilication} She is member in world poets society {w.p.s} the official website is <http://world-poets.blogspot.com/> member internasional writers associations president Teresinka pereira Adress MEZONOS 229 TK 26222 TELEphone 2610-338248 6973930402 INTERNET : <http://durabond.ca/gdouridas/poetryArkadia.html> e-mail: kapardeli@gmail.com <http://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1377152190#!/profile.php?id=1377152190>

<http://worldpeaceacademy.blogspot.com/2010/10/poets-for-world-peace.html>

<http://douridasliterature.com/kapardeli.html>

http://logotexnika-epikaira.blogspot.com/2010/05/blog-post_17.html



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Ekrem Ajruli, Macedonia



FRIENDS

Felons sow deep sadness everywhere
We clash with sludge every day
I am seeking a friend to express them my disruption
The poet and the river are my mates.

I observe their stoic march
Every wave, every string talks to me
The world is full of hatch wastes
Thus, hit them my poet friend.

This area with full of movement
Thus, take things easy, without tear
Your word is a scorching fire
My friend, you are not a dumb mare.



Incidentally, I was born (without my wish) in a village Polog Valley, Sëllarcë e Epërme, Tetovo, on February 1, 1957 (uh freezing), and the culprits brought me into this world, come from the village of Rakovec – Sharr Mountains, where I have relatives wide. My literary stutter started sinca school banks (I say this because most of the creators claim so), maybe even earlier, but I don't remember.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Eleonora Luthander, Sweeden



SYMBOLS OF STATUS

Friends and family
are symbols of status
like wax figures
in the Madame Tussauds cabinett

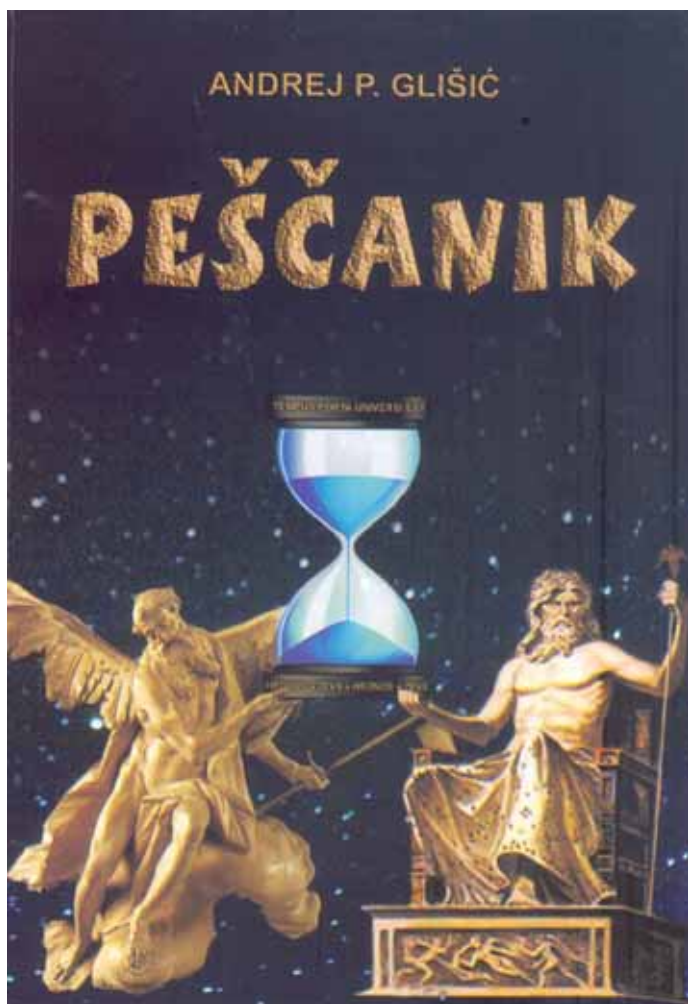
They are sour cucumbers
in a jar
witch seldom opens

One ocasional pedestrian
is going to save your life anyway
one ocasional pedestrian
has more chances
to walk you home



Eleonora Luthander is poet and swedish translator. She was born on 9 th february 1954 in Krusevac, Serbia. Twenty years old, she married swedish journalist, Per Luthander. They have one son and one daughter. She became dip. ecc, after finishing her studies on Economical faculty in Belgrade. She lived also in Budapest, Munchen, Moscow and island Hvar in Croatia. Nowadays, she is mostly living in Stockholm and Montenegro, where she found her relatives in the willage Chevo. She has written 28 books of poetry and translations of poetry.

Eleonora Luthander is represented with her two books of poetry in swedish language in the Nobel library in Stockholm. She has written seven books of poetry in swedish language. Eleonoras books and poems are translated to several different languages. She takes part in Poetry slams, she makes poetical performances on her own, and she makes as well special Ikebana out of origami flowers with her haiku poems written on.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Elissavet Chartavella, Greece

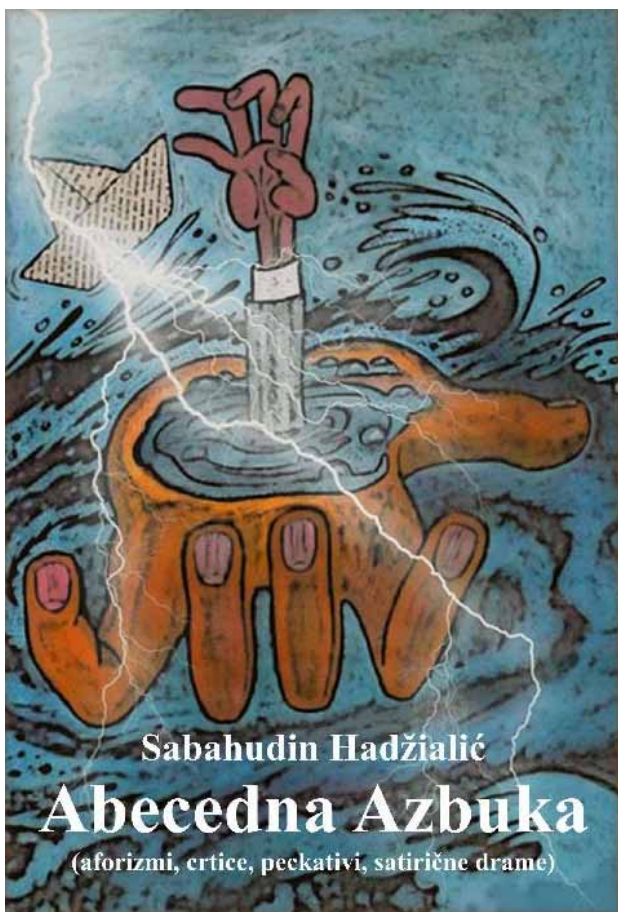
SUMMER FISSURE

July was dawning
and the abruption was spreading
with the first sunrays
within the irritable aspects
of the soul.
You preferred the Ionian sea
like a Ulysses returning to your Ithaca
with an aged love
I am loyal to the Aegean sea
storing nostalgia into tiny jars.
Messages are trickling
from the wings of the birds down
a proof we are not forgotten
even if in the depth of the road is maintained
the menace of the lost
of the entirely alien;
you will always say
*into the blue of sea everything seems to be easy
everything attainable.*



Elissavet Chartavella was born in Thessaloniki, in 1990. She is studying at the School of Philology at A.U.Th. (Aristotle University of Thessaloniki). She has been awarded from Greek Poetry and Literature associations (such as Panhellenic Union of Writers, Literary Group *Ideopnoon*, Cultural Association of Harkia). Her poems have been hosted in *Diasporic Literature Spot*. She is a member of the literary group *Informal Club of young writers*.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.





Ema Bijedić, Bosnia and Herzegovina

Donna



You have appeared so suddenly,
and like a mother who allready losted her soul,
I took you on my chest from where
I have kissed you, ow, i have kissed you so!

You were so small,
but it was I, who was the weeker-so it seems.
Into your eyes I would stear
in a search for the beautiful dreams.
I watched you as you grow,
and I have counted down the days,
as every mother does
till her child find the first words to says.

You have grown up so fast,
and like a real child u have wounerd the world.
you have kissed every leaf, every tree, and
every flower who is allready dry and cold.

That was happiness,
those playings with you - just YOU!
I was calm when I would give you my hand,
and you give me your pow back too.

You were more than just a dog,
you were an angel, sweet and dear,
I looked forward to come home,
where your bark always I could hear.

I would sing you for a sleep,
and you would had my finger between your teeth.
My hearth would get fester, till I could not sing no
more,
and till i could not breed.

And now you are gone...
Everything seems so empty and cold.
The richest happiness seems like
someone who is begging for a penny of gold.

But i know,
i should not think so negativ,
you have learned me at least that,
Not to say - I had no time, because I would not have
it
when comes to the moment of death.

I cannot say, if this is just game of desteny,
or humans hands were those who took you away,
But my angel, now you are in your world,
happy and for you I will pray.

Too rude was this world
for somenone who is sweet like you.
For some mistakes I blame my self,
yes I blame my self - ow just how I do!

And I loved you!
My soul took you as a second body.
And it hurst this air, which is pooting on your
parfume,
smell of someone else - smell of nobody...

For souch a short time,
you have left so much love. Too much!
Ah, the sadness could not be able
to go through it, and my soul to touch!

And you are still there,
in my arms, and you are kissing my face everafter,
and you are still looking at me, and
you are making that silly doiggy laughter.

Even if it hurts,
I am thankfull, I can proudly say.
coz I could learn how to love more than a human,
on the way she loved me - on the dogs way.

And what it hurst the most,
is that screaming voice saying that
On the street hitten by a car, dog was lieing.
People sawed just a dog,
but over a human body, I was crying.



Ema Bijedić, Bosnia and Herzegovina

My name is Ema Bijedic and I was born on the Jun the 20th 1989. in Sarajevo. I will not speak a lot of my Childhood, because there was too much of the war scenes, but only what I have to say to this time is, that it has learned me to respect my perents who gave all they had to keep me and my brother on the life. I have learnd also how crule could a man be, but also that has learned me - never to became one of those kind of people , who kill, take and never give. I was moving a lot of times from place to place, and never had a chance to meet a lot of people - or better say - to keep them arround me for a long. That is main reason why I have started to write, to paint and to dance in early ages of my life - to kill the silence. I was just a normal child, till i started to go to University´. My mother has got a cancer, and my University was to expensive. I got scholarship, and to keep it I had to have hig everage of my notes. First semester i have made it 3.9 of highest 4, but just before the finals was my brother sent to the jail. It was extremely schocking and I have made the exames horribly. I have lost my scholarship, my mother was not going good. I decided to move to germany where I have worked one summer to start all over. I have worked first time as housekeeping because i could not speak German. I have earned so money for my school of German, and till now I have made it to the level C1 and I have become my licence that I am allowed to study. Because I have earned so little, i could not see my parents so often, and they could not travel because my mama. She needed medicines, but we had no money... It took to long and it has hurted so much, that no one has made it even to offer a help... I wanted to come to see her, but 10 days before my comming, she gave up... I gave up my writtings a year ago, here in Germany, but mamas death reminds me that I have live for writting, and it reminded me how we tried for years to publish my book... I want to go on with my writting, and to make a book about my mother, and to describe all she went through, and to tell in her name, how woman could be gentle, strong, nice and all what a women has to be...



I will tell you a poem about my dog, that my mother loved so much, a dog that needed to hear a song before going to sleep. I will tell a song about a dog which we have lost just in the time when we had our best times... But also it has learned us something. In the memory of my mama and my Donna, I will say this song : Donna (in Bosnien and in English).



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Ernad Osmić, Bosnia and Herzegovina

To live to see you die

I'd like to live to see you die,
to watch how they bury you
and how
you vanish in the soil
forever.

I'd like to live after you,
so that I'll remember you.

I'd like to live to see you die,
that's how much i love you.



Ernad Osmić is a Bosnian author of poetry, short stories, film scripts, plays, novels as well as works of literary criticism, essays and works of literary theory.

He's also an author of short films, which brought him several awards. His short film **Brücken zwischen Deutschland und Bosnien** (Bridges between Bosnia and Germany) won him first place in the *German Language Olympics* of 2007 in Sarajevo.

His short film **Samoubistvo iz zasjede** (Ambush Suicide) got first place in *Džepni Festival 2011* in Mostar. He is currently studying Bosnian language and literature at the Faculty of Philosophy, University of Tuzla, and is the representative of the youth in the Culture and Art society of his hometown Brčko District.

Invitation for Bosnia and Herzegovina poets: <http://www.poetasdelmundo.com>



Sabahudin Hadzialic
Embajadora—Bosnia and Herzegovina

- Representar oficialmente en Bosnia and Herzegovina al Movimiento Poetas del Mundo.
- Informar sobre las actividades en su país que sirvan de incentivo para los Poetas del Mundo. También organizar eventos de PDM.
- Promover el ingreso de nuevos poetas en calidad de "Miembros" o "Candidatos en su país" a Poetas del Mundo.
- Ofrecer la fuente de sus palabras y poemas al servicio de la humanidad.
- Apoyar el esfuerzo poético de los poetas del mundo en su misión diplomática por la PAZ en el mundo. In JUSTICIA (única para todos), la VERDAD (única para todos), la LIBERTAD (única para todos), la JUSTICIA (única para todos), el DERECHO de los pueblos a existir y vivir en paz y la promoción del medio ambiente.

Santiago de Chile, Marzo 2011



Luis Arias Manzo
Fundador—Presidente Mundial
Movimiento Poetas del Mundo
TEL: 407 036-433, 9074 4212



OSLOBODENJE
19. april 2011. godine

KULTURA 27

Kultura online
Diogen i MaxMinusa

Diogen je novi godišnji magacin za kulturu, sa 300 stranica, koji će predstaviti mnogi analize literarne i društvene situacije u BiH, septembra. U magacinu će se naći pjesme, priče, eseji, satira ali će predstavljati knjige, serijalizirani romanovi, eseji iz oblasti estetike, kulture, socijalnih nauka, etnologije, nauke o jeziku, književnosti, filozofije, i dr. Diklo, na jednom mjestu bit će sve što je objavljeno u našim medijima od septembra prošle godine. Pročitajte <http://diogen.weebly.com>. Magacin je besplatan i na Internetu možete doprinijeti produkciji od 4, sugeriše www.oslobodenje.com.

Novi sastavci: Zvezdana Muzićević, koji je elektronički časopis za političku satiru, frazologiju, karikaturu i strip; i: Džepni (http://www.dzepni.com) satira sa radovima i septembra, a bit će namenjena našim najboljim medijima. Takođe, kao i do ovog prilikom samostalno objavio: Zvezdana Muzićević (1980-2011), neposredna, hvalospasna Hvalospasna, Članovi i odgovorni redakcije: oslobodenje.com i oslobodenje.com

Novi magacin za kulturu: Glazba (Srbija), Barba Ozrenović (Bosna), Aleksandar Čerčić (Srbija), Sava Kozarević (Bosna), Miroslav (Bosna), Božica Kitić (Srbija), Ivo Mijo Jokić (Hrvatska), Jovana Mihajlović (Srbija), Zvezdana Muzićević (Bosna), Pavao Straka (Srbija), Vladimir Petrović (Crna Gora), Džepni Listićević (Bosna), Abdulrahman Halilović (Hrvatska), Borislav Mirović (Bosna), Skobodan Žikić (Srbija), Veseljko (Makarska).

Čini prilikom da je "satira oslobodenje.com" i magacin za kulturu koji je nastao kao rezultat zajedničkog rada poezije i kulture poezije, pjesme, priče, eseji, satira, i dr.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Ernesto P. Santiago, Philippines



O, One Day You Will Ask

Welcoming misty spring
The bluebells sweetly ring
Come quickly and listen
The love songs of Eden

Listen or you will miss
The transition of this
Sleepy, sleepy winter
To a spring of wonder

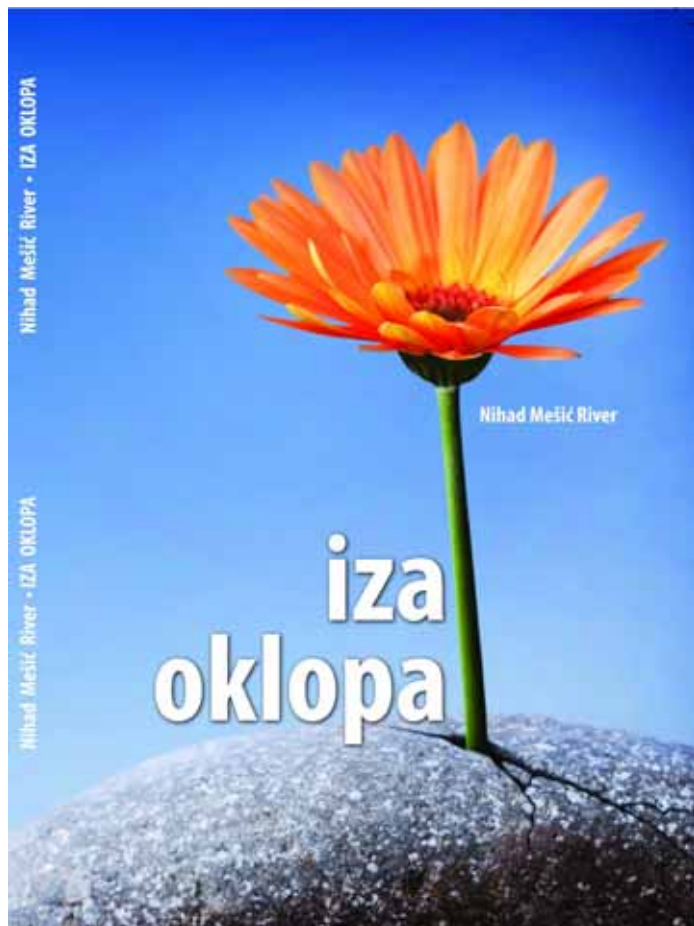
The love songs of Eden
Come quickly and listen
The bluebells sweetly ring
Welcoming misty spring

Missing it, one day you'll ask, "Where did my heart go?"



Ernesto P. Santiago is just a poetry enthusiast, who loves and enjoys exploring the poetic myth of his senses. He thinks, "Poetry is a global temperature that will always surprise us." His poetry has received many international poetry prizes from countries including Japan, Italy, Romania, Canada, and the United States.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Fahredin Shehu, Kosovo



The zircon goblet

Flame was the name of my obsession
Flame, the blue,
Flame of love

Flame became purple of my compassion
Flame the green
Flame of spirit

Flame was sparkling, my impression
Flame of eternity
Flame transparent glow

The goblet became full
The blood turned life

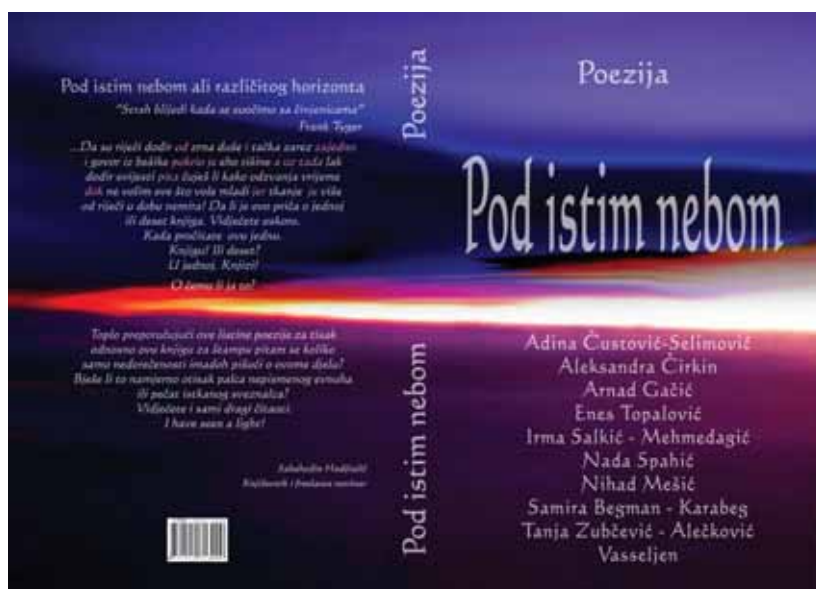
The Calla was my move
The Lilly of heaven

The mist unfurled heavy
The dust turned cloud

The jewel remained beneath is precious
The soul you keep turned LOVE

We. Drink. In. Tribute. I. Die. Surely. But. Slowly.
We. Feel. In. Unison. She. Embraces. Me. Motherly.
Alas. Tonight. I'm. Drunk. Of. Love.
The. Zircon. Goblet. Outpoured. Blood.
The. One. That. Transforms. In. Life. For. Ages.
The. One. Lives. For. A. Day. And. Eternity. More.

Translated by Atdhe Rama



“SEEKING FOR A POEM” INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION

Fahredin Shehu, Kosovo



Short bio

Born in Rahovec, South East of Kosova, in 1972. graduated at Prishtina University, Oriental Studies. M.A. in Literature. PhD in Sacral Esthetics- ongoing

Actively works on Calligraphy discovering new mediums and techniques for this specific for of plastic art.

Published books:

- NUN- collection of mystical poems, 1996 author's edition,
- INVISIBLE PLURALITY- Poetical prose, 2000, author's edition
- NEKTARINA- Novel, Transcendental Epic, 2004, publishing House, Rozafa Prishtinë- project of Ministry of Culture Sport and Youth of Kosova
- ELEMENTAL 99- Short poetical mystical stories, 2006, Center for positive thinking, Prishinë

KUN- collection of transcendental lyrics, 2007, Publishing House LOGOS-A, Skopje, Macedonia

Issues on papers and magazines:

The Book of Poetry E-Book in www.roninpress.org, London, UK

The book of Poetry in Nadwah Press, Hong Kong; Poetry on Magazine of Center for Humanistic studies GANI BOBI, Prishtinë

Essays on Journal "Oriental Studies", Kosova Orientalist's Association.

Poetry in Magazine STAV- Tuzla, Bosnia and Herzegovina; Poetry in Magazine

ZIVOT- Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina

Poetry in Magazine ULAZNICA- Zrenjanin, Vojvodina; Poetry in Magazine URRRA- Tirana, Albania

Poetry in Magazine POETA- Belgrade, Serbia; Poetry in Magazine, ISTANBUL LITERARY REVIEW, Istanbul, Turkey

Poetry in Magazine, MOBIUS MAGAZINE, New York; Poetry in Magazine OBELISK, Tirana, Albania

THE WORLD POETS QUARTERLY (multilingual) VOLUME No. 58

THE WORLD POETS YEARBOOK 2009

Poetry at Sarajevske Sveske 2010, Sarajevo, Bosnia; Poetry in www.balkanwriters.com, Belgrade, Serbia; Poetry at <http://www.poetasdelmundo.com/verInfo.asp?ID=6873>, Santiago de Chile;

Poetry at <http://www.mediterranean.nu/?p=1794>, Gotteborg, Sweden; Poetry at <http://aquillrelle.com/publishingpictures.htm>, Brussels, Belgium

Poetry at

<http://www.poemhunter.com/fahredin-shehu/>, USA; Poetry at <http://worldpoetsociety.ning.com/>, Athens, Greece; Poetry at <http://albpoem.com/FahredinShehualbpoem.com.aspx>, Albania; Poetry at <http://soylesipoetrymagazine.wordpress.com/>, Istanbul, Turkey; Poetry at <http://albanian-orientalist.blogspot.com/2010/02/revistura-vjeshtedimer-2009-nr-21-3.html>, Tirana, Albania; Poetry at <http://uzinamarta.blogspot.com/2010/12/devi-res-sufi-alegre-encontro-com.html>, Brasil

http://www.arabicnadwah.com/englishpoetry/fahredin_shehu.htm, Hong Kong

Poetry Romanian version <http://oriental-meu.blogspot.com/2010/11/asa-grait-tamara.html>, Bucharest, Romania; Poetry at <http://www.agonia.net/index.php/poetry/13967502/Theophany>, Bucharest, Romania

Poetry and profile at Carty's Poetry Journal <http://www.gumtree.ie/dublin/79/70637079.html>, Dublin, Ireland; Poetry at <http://www.middle-east-online.com/english/?id=42584>, London

Poetry in English on The Sound of Poetry Review, Argentina

<http://thesoundofpoetryreview.wordpress.com/2010/04/26/fahredin-shehu-kosovar-poet/>; Poetry at <http://www.lepost.fr/perso/marc-galan/> <http://www.lepost.fr/article/2011/02/12/2403071-poetes-d-europe-fahredin-shehu-kosovo.html>, Paris, France;

<http://aube.blogs.dhnet.be/archive/2011/02/12/poetes-d-europe-fahredin-shehu-kosovo.html>, Paris, France; Poetry at <http://aube.blog.24heures.ch/archive/2011/02/12/poetes-d-europe-fahredin-shehu-kosovo.html>, Zwitterland; Poetry at Tribune de Geneve,

<http://marcgalan.blog.tdg.ch/>, Geneve, Switzerland; Poetry and Calligraphy at World Art Friends, Portugal.; Poetry at <http://www.lechasseurabstrait.com/revue/-Fahredin-SHEHU->

<http://www.worldartfriends.com/en/users/fahredin>, Publisher, Patric Cintas, Revue d'Art, et litterature, Musique, Paris, Franc; Poetry at

http://www.artepoetica.net/Fahredin_Shehu.pdf, Salvador; Poetry at <http://www.carcinogenicpoetry.com/2011/05/fahredin-shehu-one-poem.html>; Poetry at <http://albumnocturno.blogspot.com/>, Salvador; Articles in www.worldbulletin.com,

Istanbul, Turkey; Articles in www.newropeansmagazine.com, Strasbourg, France; Books at <http://www.archive.org/search.php?query=creator%3A%22Fahredin%20Shehu%22>, USA; **Participations;** Exhibition of Calligraphies in Cairo, Egypt, 2004; Sarajevo 44th Poetry Meeting, Sarajevo 2005; Congress on 600th anniversary of the work of Abdurrahman Ibn Khaldun, Cairo, Egypt, 2006; Meeting for the ethnic minority rights, European Parliament, Bruxelles, 2006; Exhibition of paintings and calligraphies at the Ministry of Culture and Tourism, Cairo Egypt, 2007; Participation on the Congress on 800th anniversary of a Persian Poet RUMI, organized by UNESCO/Albania and Saadi Shirazi Foundation, Tirana; Participation at the International conference on Islam and Balkan-Identity and building bridges, Canakkale, Turkey; Participation at 13th International Sheikh Tousi Conference, Qom, Teheran, Mashhad, Iran; Participation at Conference on Regional Cooperation, Kopaonik Serbia; Debates on national KTV, RTK, TV BESA, TV 21; Artists Profile "KULT", "AVENY" on RTK Public Broadcaster; Interviews for all nation wide Electronic Media and Press; http://infoglobi.com/OPIN/artikulli/shkrimtari_qe_hap_porta_te_reja/

Translated in English, Italian, Serbian, Croatian, Bosnian, Roma, Swedish, Turkish, Arabic, Romanian

Ambassador of Poets to Albania by Poetas del Mundo, Santiago de Chile

Member of World Poets Association

Member of the Publishing and Editing Committee, at the Kosovo Ministry for Culture, Youth and Sport.

Member at the Kosovo PEN Center

Executive Director of The Center for promoting Intercultural Dialogue "OXOR"

Works in Administration of Radio Television of Kosova RTK

without prejudice to positions on status / is in line with UNSCR 1244 and ICJ opinion on declaration of independence



Francesco Antonio Perdona', USA



GRAY

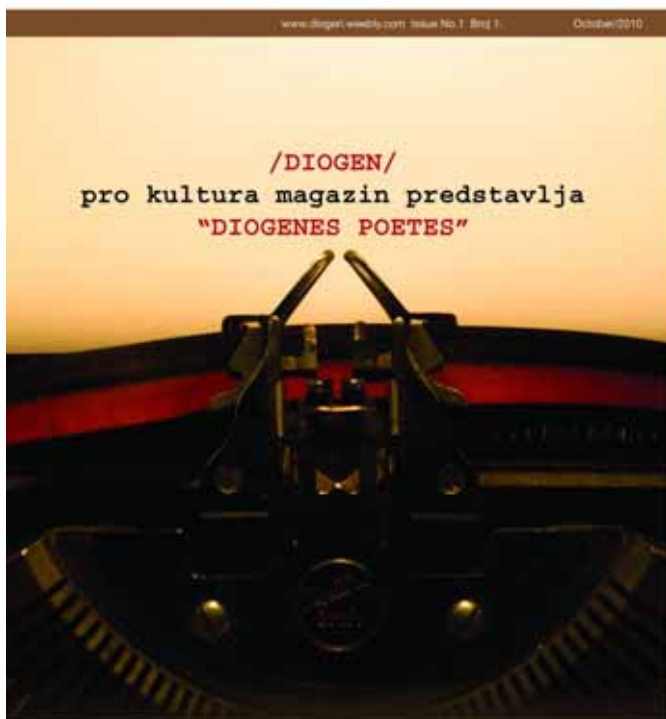
Was Been A Gray Day
 In A Gray Summer
 In A Gray Year
 In A Gray World
 A Day When She Yawned
 A Gray Thought
 Her Face Was Sulky
 Depressed&Sad
 &Music Was Waves
 Faded Out in August Agony
 Through The Garden & Trees
 Where In Gloomy Intervals
 Silent Marble Queens
 Pondered About Death
 Until To Die In The Prone Sky
 & Defeated From
 Rain Season Embrace
 & From Death.



Francesco Antonio Perdona', Italian, 51's old, is living and working in San Antobio, Texas, USA - where is attending to his music (as Arte Sacra Atelier releasing for several underground labels) and writings.

Nothing important to say about his life: he just lives doing what he wants.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Geoffrey G. Attard, Malta



To Pluscarden Abbey

O what a place of peace, a place undaunted -
a place of beauty very much like heaven,
a place beyond what words can speak or utter
in Moray's setting, holy Pluscarden!

When sadness pierces through my heart, and gloomy
the day becomes and sunshine disappears,
I think of you, o paradise of Scotland
and into naught dissolve my pain and fears.

What lies within these walls is beyond wonder,
a wonder that God only understands,
a wonder that the skies have never pondered
or eyes have seen, or touched have human hands.

Blessed are you most northern of all abbeys
that keeps the Rule of holy Benedict;
Never will I forget the joy you brought me
a joy which thought and word cannot depict.



Fr Geoffrey G. Attard (1978-) was born in H' Attard, Malta, to Joe M. and Maria née Zammit. Hailing from Victoria, the main town of the picturesque island of Gozo, Attard was educated at the State's primary and secondary school in Victoria. Finished his studies at the Sir M.A. Refalo postsecondary, Geoffrey entered the diocesan Sacred Heart Seminary to further his studies for priesthood, where he obtained his B.A. in Theology. In June 2004 he was ordained priest at the Gozo Cathedral. He celebrated his first Solemn High Mass in his own parish church, St George's Basilica. Soon after ordination, he went to Scotland, where he started an M.A. course in History of Theology at the University of Edinburgh. He is now studying for an M.Litt. at the University of St Andrews, Fife, while giving his pastoral service at St Francis' Friary, Dundee. Attard has cultivated a special love to writing and reading from an early age. Many are his literary works – ranging from articles and translations to poems and hymns – that have been published on local and international reviews, not to mention the books he has already published. You can enjoy some of his poems on www.freewebs.com/

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



George Nikolopoulos, Greece



BURNING FLOWERS (VIENNA)

Night train to Vienna
 riding through the foggy countryside;
 outside the darkness and the rain,
 inside the shadow and the pain
 you've forgotten the fire
 but the flames still burn in the night so bright
 it has happened before
 so it can happen again.

Burning flowers
 in the empty streets at midnight
 whatever happens
 it has happened before, long ago
 we were just burning flowers
 while the shadows gathered among us
 we were just burning flowers
 right before the storm.

Another night on the road
 from Berlin to Vienna
 all the way to Vienna
 we were dreaming of the past.
 The past lies ahead
 the future's left behind us;
 no room for the present
 in this glorious scheme of things.

Well, these flames still burn in the night so bright;
 has it happened before?
 or will it happen again?



George Nikolopoulos was born in Athens, Greece.

He has published two poetry books (Glass Boats, Athens, 2010 and Missed Opportunities, Athens, 2011) and one children's novel (Three Princesses, Nicosia, 2010).

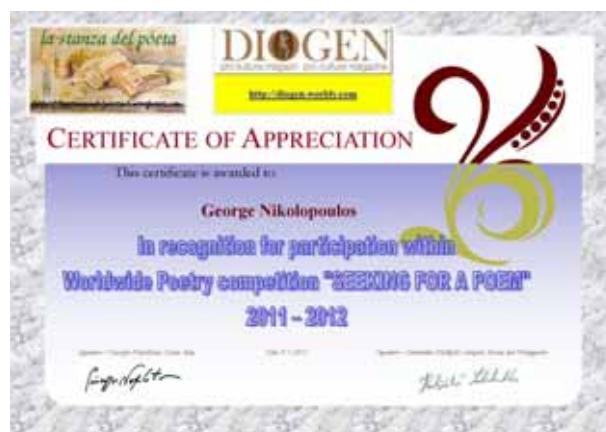
Many of his poems and short stories have been published in anthologies, literary magazines, newspapers, e-magazines, literary sites and blogs in Greece, Cyprus, the United States, Australia and Albania.

He is a member of many Greek and international literary societies.

He has participated in many literary festivals and book presentations in Greece and abroad.

His interviews have been published in magazines in Greece and Cyprus and aired in Greek radio stations.

He has been given 45 awards in Greek and international literary competitions.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Giorgio Bolla, Italy



METAPHORS FOR NOTHING

You had been at me
 I led you
 to see the river .
 Where is the water
 of your run ;
 we go together again,
 rosy domes
 tonight
 beyond our
 images
 sweet by azure sugar,
 like the angelical
 wings .

Every time at the end of the day,
 and then I don't know if the night is
 more fine than dawn,
 its verity is a land
 without paths .
 Bizarre angel,
 you march over the roofs of dreams,
 I picture to myself your
 run was wearing the time
 of wish .



A 53-year-old italian poet, Adria born and living in Padova .

He carries out two professions, pediatric surgeon and racing-driver too.

He has published four collections of poems: *Solo immagini, Il motore del tempo, Mnesis, Assoli di oboi, Ruote Alate* .

Last July – 2011 – he was won the Grand Prize of Mediterranean Poetry (Larissa - Greece) and the Prize “Città di Lerici”.

Its own poetry appears necessarily and guides its hand of writer.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Giuliana Lucchini, Italy



The vibrant youth

Dizzying length of legs, and perfect
aplomb of the body :
from the springboard a sudden launch to
glorious winging arabesquing in the sky

long immemorial moment
irremediably downwards

she plunges into cool waters
and disappears . too soon .
new mermaid of the pool : a mysterious
breeder of storms now underwater



Juliana Lucchini (Rome).

She has published books of poetry: one in Italian, and one in English.

Her poetry has been translated poetry in English, French, Spanish.

Collaborates with magazines through poems, articles, reviews, essays.

She has edited anthologies. Readings on CD. Video-poetry.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Gonzalo Tomás Salesky Lascano, Argentina

Dust and water

Soon the night will come.

You will succeed to leave the labyrinth.

There are a lot of masks and it is true
that we are nothing but dust and water.

The earth is waiting for us.

Defend me from the wind and from the scythe
that will cut me in better times.

Southwards, at noon, I shall be free

just like the sun that rises every morning.



Majo
Danilović
Dok
svetom
gazim
rasute
počupce



Name: Gonzalo Tomás Salesky Lascano

Short biography: I was born in Cordoba, Argentina in 1978. I published two books, entitled “2011” and “Presagio de luz”. I got distinctions in literary contests in the U.S., Spain, Mexico, Venezuela and Argentina.

Website: <http://gonzalosalesky.blogspot.com>



“SEEKING FOR A POEM” INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Gordana Smuđa, Serbia



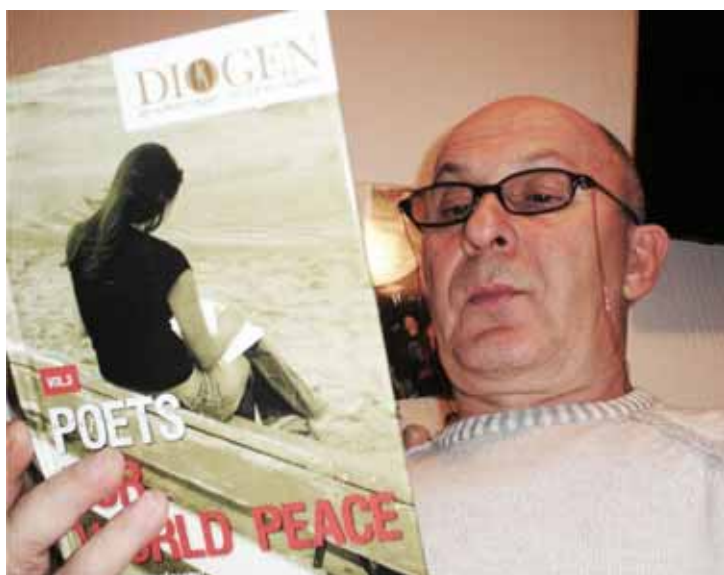
I am committing myself to nothingness
Lowering my bags
In a coupe (compartment)
Train started in silence
To arrive nowhere
Not to speak ever again
To fall asleep and oversleep a station
Not to ever wake up



I am committing myself to nothingness
So that everythingness can stop
Sound to turn off
Not to hear words
To walk silently and invisible
To disappear completely

I am committing myself to nothingness
In the name of every everythingness
In the name of dolor and moment
Happiness and eternity
Not to hear trumpet (horn) for alarming
Or a funeral

I am committing myself to nothingness
With all of his teeth
That are gnawing, some are saying
That are biting, they saw
And cankering ears, they felt
To turn off sound completely



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Gordana Smuđa, Serbia



Gordana Smuđa - Master Studies of Dramaturgy, Faculty of Dramatic Arts, University of Arts Belgrade. Member of Drama Artists' Association of Serbia.

Writing for cultural magazine "Povelja", collaborator in theatre newspapers „Ludus“, magazine *Status*, Belgrade, Serbia (since 2005), magazines *MS (Marketing Serbia)* and *White* (2007-2008), weekly magazine *Vreme* (2006)...

- Attended many courses, masterclasses and workshops:

WRITING: BELEF, Belgrade Summer Festival – Creative Writing Workshop: *New Text Formation*, 2007;

Screenwriting in Hollywood, Prof. Milan Zivkovic, screenwriter&director in Hollywood, Faculty of Dramatic Arts, Belgrade, 2004.

THEATER AND RADIO

Critic for 45. theatre festival *Joakimfest*, Shabac, Serbia, 2009;

Radiophonic and non-verbal radio plays: *Hear, See, Move* - Preshevo, Serbia: Dramaturgy for radio plays *Snow White* and *The tragedy of 09/11* – 2009, Theatre workshop *Strange Is Beautiful*, Connewitzer Kreuz Cammerspiele Theatre, Leipzig, Germany, 2006.

Workshop with theatre group *Acropol* - Dramaturgist and actor in performance *Relations*, Alexandria, Egypt, 2005.

DOCUMENTARY FILM:

Archive Material in Documentaries - Adrian Vood, *Legal Aspects in Documentary Filmmaking* - Hubert Best, Arhidoc; *Jorgen Leth and his method*; *Basic Strategy in Writing Theoretical Works on Documentary Film*, Bill Nichols - IDFF, International Documentary Film Festival, Jihlava, Czech Republic, 2009.

Jon Alpert – *Ethics in Documentary Filmmaking* - ZagrebDox, International Documentary Film Festi-

val, Zagreb, Croatia, 2009.

Steve James – *Estetics and object of movie directors interest* - Peter Wintonick, IDFA, International Documentary Film Festival, Amsterdam, Netherlands, 2008.

Marcel Lozinski, Polish director and professor at

Andzej Vajda School, ZagrebDox, International Documentary

Film Festival, Zagreb, Croatia, 2008.

Atelier Leonard Retel Helmrich – *Ethical values and film engagement*; Atelier Claire Simon – *Directors method: Representing life as a legend - Visions du Reel*, International Film Festival, Nyon, Switzerland, 2007.

Italian film and language - Dante Alighieri, University, Reggio Calabria, Italy

2008-2011. Programme Editor, Selector, PR and producer for Beldocs, International Documentary Film Festival,

Belgrade

WORKS:

Author of theatre plays, screenplays and theoretic works about film and theatre, poems and stories
Published Poetry: *Treci trg*, Internet literary and art magazine (www.trecitrg.org.yu), No.15.

BELEF, *New text formation*, July/august, 2007.

Short Story: "Izvan horizonta", 2011, Karver, Podgorica, Crna Gora

RECOMENDATIONS:

Winner of poetry award "Vladislav Petkovic DIS", for best book of poetry, 2011.

Ministry of Education-scholarship for the Scientific and Artistic Youth

Ministry of Education and Sport, scholarship, October 2005.

University "Dante Alighieri", Reggio Calabria, Italy, *Scholarship*, 2005.

LANGUAGES: Serbian, English, Italian, German, Russian

Gordana Vlajić, Serbia



A QUESTIONS FOR THE EXECUTOR

How difficult it is to find words for: - I don't understand.

How reckless it is to say: - I don't know. Can't do.

In the world of Cyclops, small children and wraiths on earth of fog, fake flowers and ants.

Bowing my head in shame and breaking my fingers
I pray they squash me before the eclipse
to remember my executor's irises
when they declare me an experiment.

When they resurrect me as a clone
to recognise him and kiss him
between the vines of dark eye brows
and ask him where does he hide the roll of Covenant?

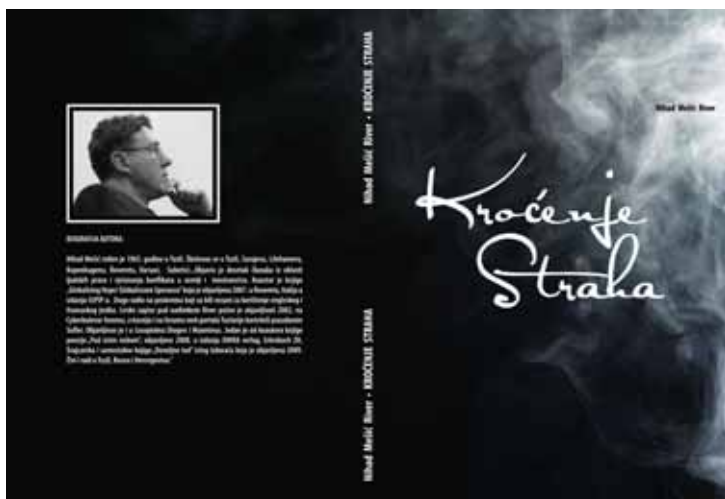
...

Know what I want?

I want a home.

One cherry tree. One dog.

And one me for one man.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Gordana Vlajić, Serbia



Curriculum Vitae

Personal



Name and Surname: Gordana VLAJIC
Date of Birth: April - 3 - 1959.
Address: Ribarska 12, 26 000 Pancevo, Serbia
e-mail: gordana.vlajic@gmail.com
Telephone: +381-65-343-96-99
Nationality: Serbian

Education

- Graduate of Faculty of Politics (Journalists) - Master
 - PR Specialization (in Class: Prof. Van der Maiden, Utrecht, Holland)

Experience

- President of Publicists of Vojvodina (since 1986. until 1990)
- Member of Association of Writers of Serbia – 2004.
- Section Head of Children's Drama Section in Orthodox Church "Sv. Sava" in Stockholm (since 2005.)
- Member of NUNS (PRESS)

Awards

- The First price from Culture Department of Vojvodina for poetry, 1988.
- The Gold Badge and Charter of Ministry of Diaspora (Government Serbia) for her works with children and for her books for children, 2006.
- Special price for poetry, Melnik's poetry nights, Bulgaria, 2006.
- The First Price for poetry, Wine's Days, Vlasotince, Serbia, 2007.
- One of 204 very important citizens of Serbia (she got the new passport from Serbia Government, may 2008.)
- The First Price for poetry, Wine's Days, Vlasotince, Serbia, 2009.



Languages and Skills

- English – Communication level

Interests

- Vice-president Member of Executive board of Royal Fencing Club "Karadjordje" Pancevo

Note

- Member of MENSA Serbia
- Participant at WALTIC - Writers' and Literary Translators' International Congress, Stockholm 2008

Publishing

- My Mom is the Best Chef (advices, receipts... for the very first time moms :), 1995.
- Mom, will you go to the job tomorrow, again? (Dialog between mom and 5 years old daughter), 30 tales, reviewer Donka Spicak, director of "Bosko Buha" Theater for children, Belgrade 1998.
- THE REAL LIFE SERBIAN FAIRY TALE - THE MIRACULOUS STORY THAT MAKES YOU NEVEREVER LOST, 2002. (His Holiness the Patriarch of Serbia Pavle, gave his blessing on April 3, 2001 in the building of the Serbian Patriarchy. With review by Their Royal Highnesses Princes Petar, Filip and Aleksandar KARADJORDJEVIC
- "I am sorry", book of poetry (one of the poem is in Anthology of modern poetry, translated on Sweden, "Man bor bara"), 2004
- "Roaming", the world's very first SMS dialog novel (2008)
- The words Exhibition", poems bilingual (serbien-swedish)

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Haimanot Haile, Ethiopia



Guilt

He came from her
He was a part of her
And now he's gone

People say
'What a tragedy'
He died saving her
She always loved him
And he
Was the only one who loved her
Despite her mistakes
Despite her faults
He loved her

People say
'What a tragedy'
He died saving her
Her sorrow
Swallowed
By her guilt
She feels undeserving
And he
Was the only one who loved her
Despite her mistakes
Despite her faults
He loved her

And now he is gone
She is here



My name is Haimanot Haile. I am from an East African Country by the name of Ethiopia. I recently graduated from high school. I am 18 years old. I have an interest in writing and my poetry has been published in analogies before, through completions held by Young Writers and Forward. I enjoy writing because it is freeing and I am able to also but myself in others shoes and write from there perspective which helps me understand people better and hopefully help other understand.



Richard Berengarten -Inghlaterra
Giuseppe Napolitano -Italia
Sabahudin Hadzalic -Bosnia
Gustavo Vega -España



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Hana Volakova, Czech Republic



Taut

In the epicentre of a word
something equivocate
twinkles between lids of eyes
and quakes its head
to make itself understood

The flutter echo spearheads
into the sequel of a side effect
just as the meaning leaps
and settles in your lap

loudly purring

/man sound asleep and pillow-drooled/
how deburying?

One dauntless
one taut



Hana Volakova, born in 1979 in Sumperk in the Czech Republic. Got her degrees in Foreign languages for Commercial Purposes and Theory and Philosophy of Communication at University of West Bohemia. Regularly contributes her poems to Czech amateur web sites such as Litweb and Liter.cz using her pseudonym Dota Slunska. Her poetry has been influenced mostly by motives of nature and people, who can feel the width of the world around through their own weaknesses and embarrassments and view it as a precious gift, which enriches them and opens them to new emotional experience and above all to themselves. Apart from writing poetry, she is interested in painting, taking photographs and pottery.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

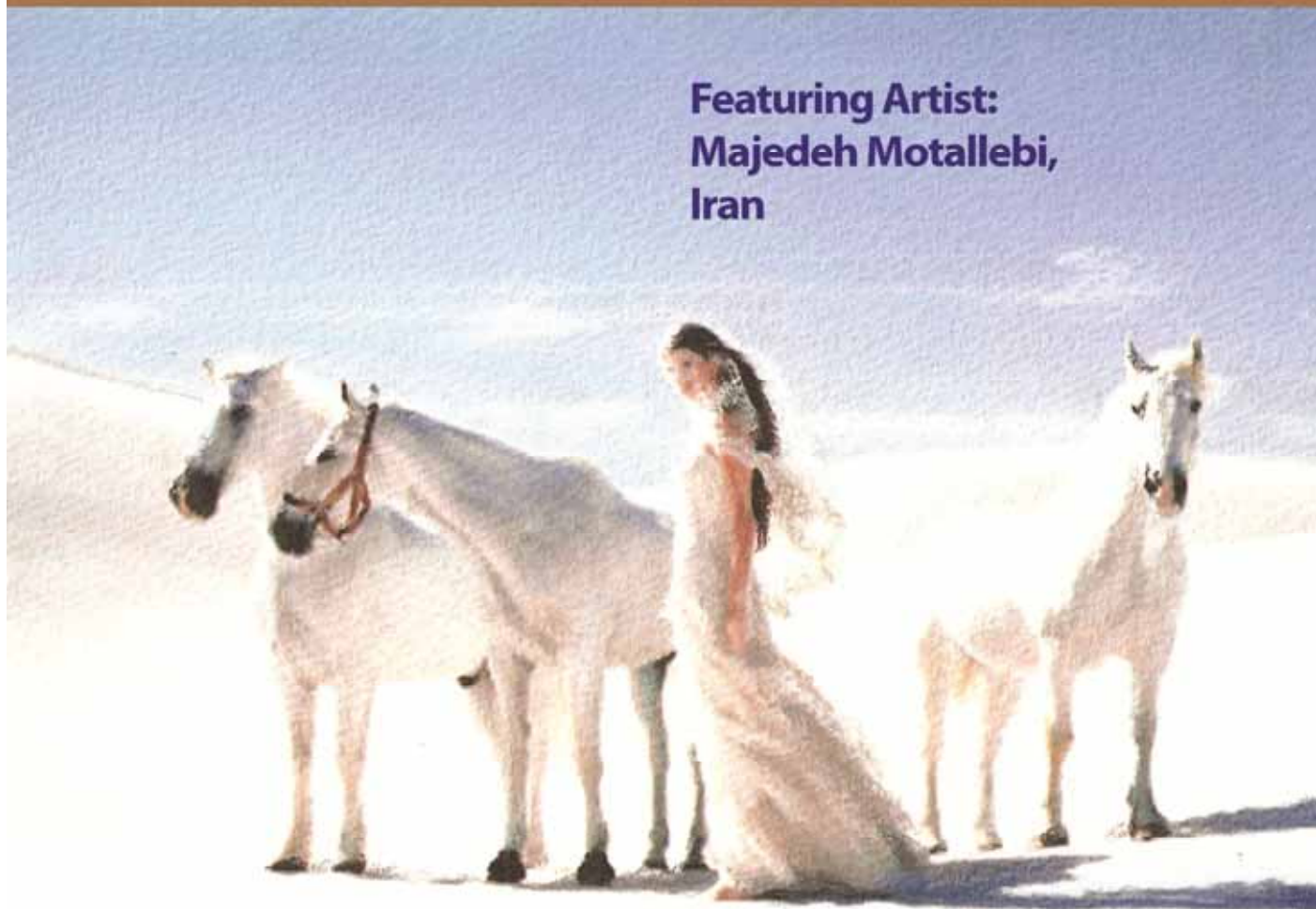


DIOGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

Issue No 14 Broj 14 Oktobar/Listopad/October/ 2011

**Featuring Artist:
Majedeh Motallebi,
Iran**



majedeh

**DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...
a month for DIOGEN artist ...
and you ...**

Igor Rems, Germany



LOVE IN ASHES

Vesuvius' sore throat has been bursting for days
 Drizzling from the open tomb. Ash rain
 Has drowned town squares, shrines, plowed fields. I
 come
 To take you away from the town. I look at your face
 Wilted from tears and weeping. You refuse to leave
 your mother
 And father and sick brother. On the porch of the ancient
 Etruscan
 Shrine, covered in a thick cream of ash,
 Our hands reached out, thighs collided, lips
 Sought for salvation before air turned into fire.
 A night as long as aging is ahead. Recollection of light
 Fades in the pupils. Doves no longer fly out in the
 evening.
 Blinded by the heated air, by the black sun,
 We hear the ground thunder, the town scream
 We disappear altogether. My arms raised above
 In prayer pleading to the Gods. When the Light
 Returns again we will be asleep, turned to stone.

Translated from Serbian into English by Jelena Šegan



IGOR REMS, poet and painter, born in Bar/
 Yugoslavia, Montenegro-Crna Gora
 Published the following books of poetry:
 At the Gates of Heavenly Kingdom, 1996
 Wild River, 1996
 Towns, 1998
 Pilgrimages, 1999, 2004 (second, supplemented
 edition)
 Wallfahrten, 2005
 Blinded by Light, 2007
 Colors Sleep in the Fire, 2008
 The Secret of Etruscan Silence, 2009
 The Woman Who Is Not Out There, 2011
 Literary awards:
 Charter of Rastko Petrovic, 2000, Beograd
 (Serbia)
 Naji Naaman, international literary award, 2003,
 Libanon
 Kocic's Pen, 2006, Banja Luka, Republika
 Srpska (Bosnia and Herzegovina)
 Irin Pirin, 2009, Bulgaria
 NOSSIDE World Poetry Prize-
 2010, Extraordinary Mentions, Reggio di
 Calabria, Italy
 -
 Translated into German, English, Polish,
 Macedonian and Bulgarian.
 -
 Member of the Association of Writers of Serbia,
 Association of Writers of Montenegro and the
 Association of Writers of Germany.
 Has had several independent and group
 exhibitions in Montenegro and abroad.
 -
 Lives in Bar and Köln.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Inda Mulaahmetović, Bosnia and Herzegovina

Lullaby of life

My memories covered me
Scenes of wonder thoughts
I don't feel reality
Last words on my mouth.

I want to stay here
But this time hurts like never
I'm supposed to be near
Near the life fever.

Last dance of night
Curtains are lowering on us
I hear the lullaby
That calms me down.

Between two worlds
Longing after wonder
Dark lace covers
My hidden memories.

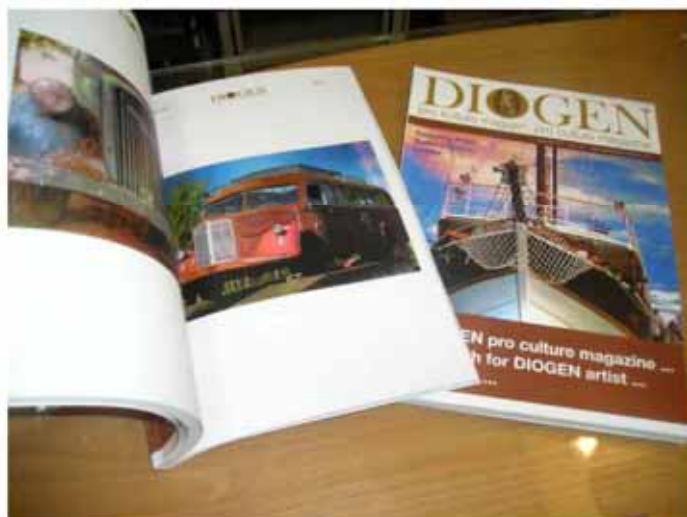


Inda Mulaahmetović was born in Sarajevo, on December 6th 1994. She's a student of Third gymnasium in Sarajevo. She works in redaction of kids programme on BH radio 1. Member of poetry group Diogenes Poetes. Interests: poetry and radio.



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One! broj 124 monochrome...EVE ROMA...FULL COLOR...Tko ima 124 pages...



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Irena Bera, Bosnia and Herzegovina

Instead of a testament

There are people in my life
with whom I'm not bound blood flows,
or genes that convey a similar shape
eyes, mouth, nose.

There are people with whom I'm bound
chance encounters, words and smiles,
the current looks and touches.

There are people with whom I'm bound
deep, dark nights,
joint tears and pains,
surviving defeats and breakdowns.

There are people with whom I'm bound
bright crystal mornings,
children's outbursts of joy,
meaningless sophistry till dawn.

There are people with whom I'm bound
distant hazy memories,
remorse over lost opportunities,
promises and dreams.

There are people with whom I'm bound
misplaced letters,
forgotten face shape,
departed voice color.

There are people with whom I'm bound
ragged seats compartments,
carved school desks,
invisible letters on the city walls.

There are people with whom I'm bound
fingers of mystery,
the index finger of fate
and thumb of jiff.

There are people with whom I'm bound
feelings deeper than the earth's oceans,
and wider than the space's dimensions.

There are people in my life
to whom instead of a testament
I will leave a piece of my soul.



Born 25 March 1987. in Novi Grad (Bosanski Novi), where she finished elementary and high school. -Winning the first prize for poetry and stories in local contests and competitions. Graduated at the Faculty of Philology (Department of Serbian Language and Literature) in Banja Luka. With friend Alexander Marilović published her first collection of poetry duet (Bera, Irene: Far proximity; Marilović, Alexander: drowning Toasts, Brankovo round, Awaits, Future, Novi Sad, 2011).



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Ishita Mishra, India



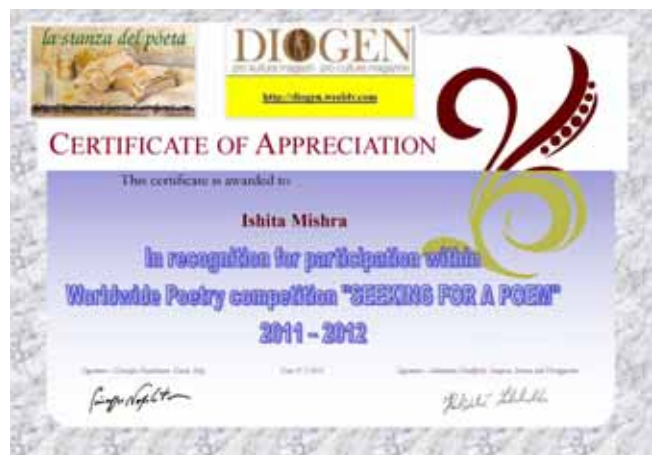
Changing colours.....!!

ONE MORNING I GOT UP HEARING SHOUTS AND SCREAMS,
LOOKED OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW TO SEE A CROWD ACROSS THE
STREAMS.
THE CROWD HAD MEN,WOMEN,CHILDREN AND ALL,
AMONG THEM I COULD SEE A MAN VERY TALL,
HE WAS SHOUTING AT SOMEONE STOUT
I LEFT MY HOUSE TO SEE WHAT THE MATTER WAS ABOUT?
REACHING THERE I HEARD THE NEWS,
TWO MEN WERE FIGHTING-ASKING WHICH RELIGION TO CHOOSE?
ONE SAID CHRISTIANITY IS THE BEST,
THE OTHER PUT HINDUS ABOVE THE REST.
ALL OTHERS DID NOT FAIL,
THEY STARTED SPEAKING ABOUT THEIR RELIGION'S TRAIL.
THE FIGHT SLOWLY WAS SPREAD AMONG ALL,
KICKING,HITTING AND MAKING THE OTHER FALL.
THE FIGHT NOW WAS REACHING IT'S HEIGHT,
BUT THEN I SPOKE BRINGING IN LIGHT.
"BE QUIET YOU MEN AND LISTEN CAREFUL,
TILL YOUR EARS AND BRAINS BECOME TOTALLY FULL.
THERE'S NO RELIGION,NOR CASTE AND CREED,
TO CALL A PERSON A HINDU OR CHRISTIAN IS JUST NO NEED.
ALL THESE PARTITIONS ARE JUST LIKE DIFFERENT COLOURS,
BUT APART FROM ALL, MR.WHITE IS AMONG THE MAJORS.
DON'T YOU AGREE TO WHAT I SAY?"
EVERYONE NODDED-YES IN AN AWESTRUCK WAY.
I CONTINUED SAYING WITH ALL MY MIGHT,
AND EVERYONE LISTENED TO ME HAPPY AND BRIGHT.
"RED,BLUE,GREEN AND YELLOW,
ARE JUST LIKE RELIGIONS WE DO FOLLOW.
BUT REALITY COMES WHEN WE SPEAK OF WHITE,
IT REPRESENTS GOD IS ONE AND HE IS BRIGHT.
IF THIS FEELING,IN OUR BRAIN ENTERS,
WE MAY CALL EACH OTHER BROTHERS AND SISTERS.
HIS COLOUR IS WHITE,
HE IS LIKE THE STARS OF THE NIGHT.
HE HAD GIVEN US ONE RELIGION WHICH HE THOUGHT WAS RIGHT,
THAT WAS TO LOVE HIM AND RESPECT HIS MIGHT.

BUT WE FOOLISH MEN LIKED OTHER COLOURS BRIGHT,
NONE WHICH WAS LIKE WHITE.
WE CANGED OUR COLOURS(RELIGION) AND BEGAN TO FIGHT.
PEACE WAS WHAT HE WANTED ALWAYS,
BUT WE WENT AROUND WITH RELIGIONS TO CHASE!"
THIS WAS HOW I ENDED MY SPEECH,
THEN I COULD HEAR HAPPINESS SCREECH.
EVERYONE CLAPPED AND THANKED ME ALOUD,
BECAUSE I'D TOLD THEM A FACT THEY'D NEVER FOUND!!!



My name is Ishita Mishra. I am thirteen years old. I am an Indian. I stay in Howrah, West Bengal. I study in St. Agnes' Convent School. I love to write and wish to become a writer one day.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Svi drugi su dobri, mi smo drugačiji!
All others are good, we are different!



Ciao Sylvio!



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DRUGI PRVOG ELEKTRONSKOG ČASOPISA ZA POLITIČKU SATIRU,
HUMOR, KARIKATURU I STRIP NA BALKANU

Broj 41- Issue No 41, Sarajevo & Bugojno, Bosna i Hercegovina - 01.12.2011. WWW: <http://maxminus.weebly.com>



ANTOLOGIJA EX YU AFORIZAMA

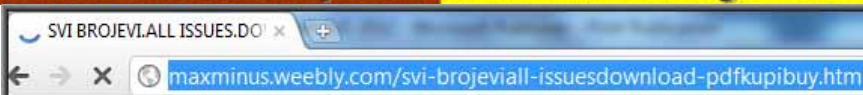


ANTOLOGIJA EX YU AFORIZAMA

Izlazi iz štampe: 15.12.2011.



Nagrađeni autori II Satirične pozornice MaxMinus magazina 21.11.2011.



Svi drugi su dobri, mi smo drugačiji!
All others are good, we are different!



Očevi i sinovi
Mehović & Pismestrovic
Karikura & sons

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All others are good, we are different!



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Sarajevo - New York connection?

Sarajevo grade,

šta ti papci rade???



E che

DOLCE & GABBANA

Palo je Sarajevo

Ivan Andonov, Serbia



SERBS AND I TODAY

They have arrested Karadzic
And I'm writing about women

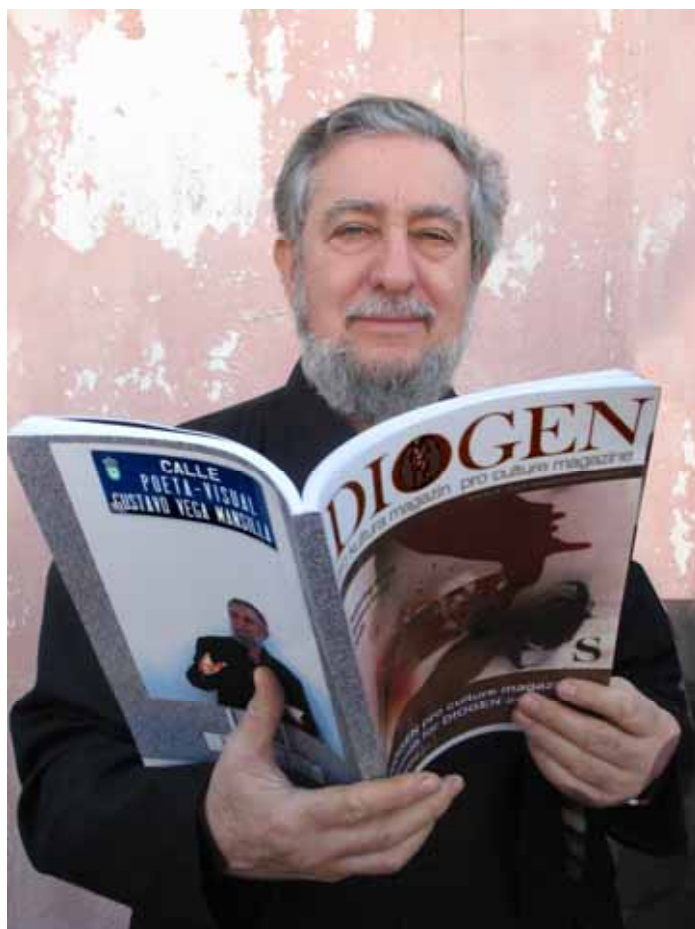
They have arrested Mladic
And I'm writing about women

They have arrested Hadzic
And I'm writing about women

No surrender!



Born in 1983 in Belgrade, where he still lives. Poet, anagrammatist, polyglot, drummer, ex-basketball player and TV host. Occasionally works as a tour guide. Currently preparing his first book of poetry. Also working on a new TV game show.



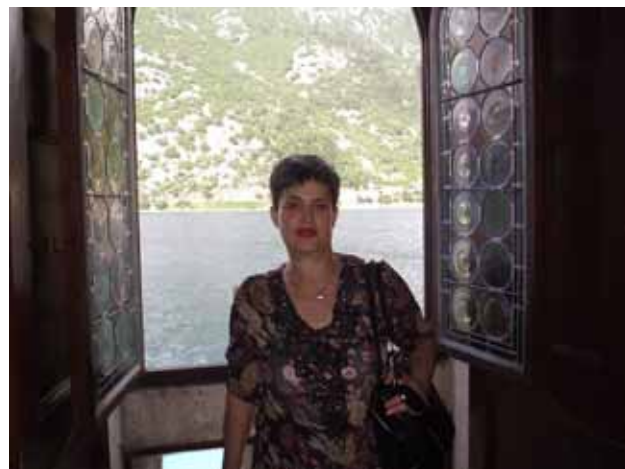
"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Jadranka Tarle - Bojović, Croatia



Revelation

While your head is clear
And everything is obvious
And everything suits fine
You accept and understand everything
You let the music follow you
It makes you feel better
In the bus called life
Exchange your seat
You'll find out how the others live
You'll find out about your life too
It's not always nice and cosy
Riding on the bus of life.



Jadranka Tarle Bojović was born in Sinj, Croatia, in 1957. She lives and works in Split, where she received her education. She graduated from the Faculty of Economics in Split. So far, she has published several books. A collection of short stories “Priče iz podsvjesti” (Stories from the Unconsciousness) and a collection of short stories and poetry “Proljeće ljubavi” (Spring of Love) were both published in 2006. In 2008, she published a short novel “Vrijeme kad su padale maske” (The Time When Masks Were Falling Off) which was well received in two competitions in 2009, organised by an internet portal for the best novel and by the “Lice knjige” for the best illustration. In 2009, she published a collection of short stories “Noć ružičastog obzora” (Night of the Pink Horizon). In 2011, she published a collection of poems “Izgubljena ulica” (A Lost Street).

She is a member of the Croatian Literary Society in Rijeka. Her works have been published in Croatia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, and Macedonia. She participated in European and international poetry festivals. Her style represents a detachment from traditional Croatian poetry; it is unique and truthful and leaves a deep mark both in readers and in the Croatian poetry as a whole.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Jasmila Talić, Bosnia and Herzegovina

ILLUSIONABLE ETERNITY

All your memories faded as old jeans
 You are like Jack and magic beans
 Looking for reality of your broken dreams
 You are dancing with the wind which slues you around
 Where is the ground?
 Where are all those balloons?
 Where are those childish Looney Toones?
 Oh, everything passes by
 Like a blink of an eye

You're standing by the grave and crying
 Oh, what does this means, all this dieing?
 You're in the bed, you're lieing
 And having nightmares
 In which Black Death dares
 You to live a Life
 Oh, where is the knife
 To cut Her throat?
 You're riding the goat
 Which you replaced with the horse
 'Cause you can't stand this curse
 Of illusionable Eternity.



JASMILA TALIĆ was born 26th December 1989, in Bosnia & Herzegovina, in Banja Luka.

She finished primary school „Mak Dizdar“ in Zenica. She also finished Highschool in Zenica, and she was a student of generation in year 2007/08. At this moment she is a student at master study of Psychology at Faculty of philosophy in Sarajevo, where she has a degree and a title of *baccalaureat*. She was a member of youth *Club of prose and poetry*. She was rewarded a few times for her writing (prose).

Writing is her passion since her early childhood, and she believes that it's going to stay that way forever, because she couldn't imagine her life differently.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Jelena Bogdanović, Serbia



Divestment

Love has taken of her dress of magnolia
And stood before me, luminous naked
In the light of her transparence
Everything I have on me is needless

What are you going to put on yourself
Before my confused eyes, oh, Love?

If you dress yourself in the cherry tree
Shake off your blossom in my lap
If you dress yourself in the Autumn colors
Let me dance in your amber leaves and laugh

Oh, Love, strip away these dirty garments from me
And dress me in your naked Beauty!



Jelena Bogdanovic was born on May 25, 1967 in Bela Crkva, Serbia. She holds a degree in Theology from the Evangelical Theological Faculty in Osijek, Croatia. Today she lives in Belgrade, where she is involved in pastoral/counseling ministry with sub-culture of drug addicts in Belgrade, within the local church “New Horizon”. She also works as a translator and writer. She is married and has one daughter Mihaela (19).

Jelena has published two books of poetry:

- 1.) “Evoking the rain” - with Terri Williams as a co-author (two-language, Serbian/English edition) - (2007. “New Horizon”)
- 2.) “The Letters of the Desert Princess” - the journey of the thirsty soul (Serbian, 2011., self-published)



“SEEKING FOR A POEM” INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Jelena M. Ćirić, Chechs Republic



CLOSING TIME

'Tis not worth it, lad !
Nothing is of worth.
'Tis no worth drinking
when he is not around. ...
The wine is the same,
last summer's vintage,
same are the glasses,
wedding gifts of ours
(missing one to make it six),
but that's not it.

I'm holding on like a duchess ...
A starchy apron under my waist.
a brocade dress down my thighs,
like a second skin.
As if tailored
with the edge of a knife.
And a cheerful step
to keep the foes in check !

And I say – Sister !
Wave your hip !
Light up the midnight,
numb the desire !
And give everyone another round,
whatever they're drinking.
On the house !
With a glance shining from fire
and a wide innkeeper's smile -
Gratis !

Oh ! ...
Those who don't know me - wouldn't recognize
that sigh of longing hovering in my bosom,
and with whom I'd most rather
and where I'd be,
from his palm I'd drink,
in the crook of his arm I'd hide
my most beautiful colors.
He'd melt them
and be drunken from me,
cheers to him !



...

Hey, lassie ! ...
Pour me another glass of homemade,
from that barrel,
the one not for customers ...
And - with your soft and humble soul -
bring in the tablecloths,
it's going to rain, see the cloud ? ...
Dim the lanterns,
say it's the closing time,
'cause ...

Soon, at the the end of the old bar,
the brightest of coins will jingle,
a smile like the goldest of broches will shine,
"Anybody's working ? ...", he'll ask.
A devilish look, a strong embrace,
a head on my shoulder, a finger on my lips ...

*

I'll lock up ...
I'll close the shutters.
He'll be here soon ...
Go. ...

It's getting late.

*The translation of my poem 'Fajront' (Closing Time) is made
by Sonja Banjac and Sonja Nikčević, from Belgrade.*



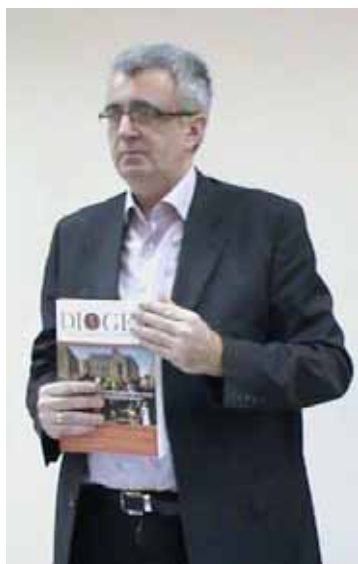
Jelena M. Ćirić, Chechs Republic



My name is Jelena Ćirić. I was born in Smederevo, Serbia (15.11.1973.) I was living and working in Požarevac, Serbia. I graduated from Low faculty in Belgrade.

Now, I live in Prague, Czech Republic, with my family, husband and two daughters.

My passion is poetry. I write since my school days. My first book of poetry 'Embers' ('Žar') was published this year. My poems are found on many sites and poetry collections. I've got several awards and



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"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Jelena Trajković, Montenegro



Nature will understand...

I just wanted green leaves, less pain...
I guess that was too much to ask...
Burned trees around me stopped the train
of my illusion and I put on a mask.

I saw ruined houses, hopes and dreams,
hours of loneliness, moments full of stress...
We could fight and save the planet, but it seems
we'll never be ready to progress.

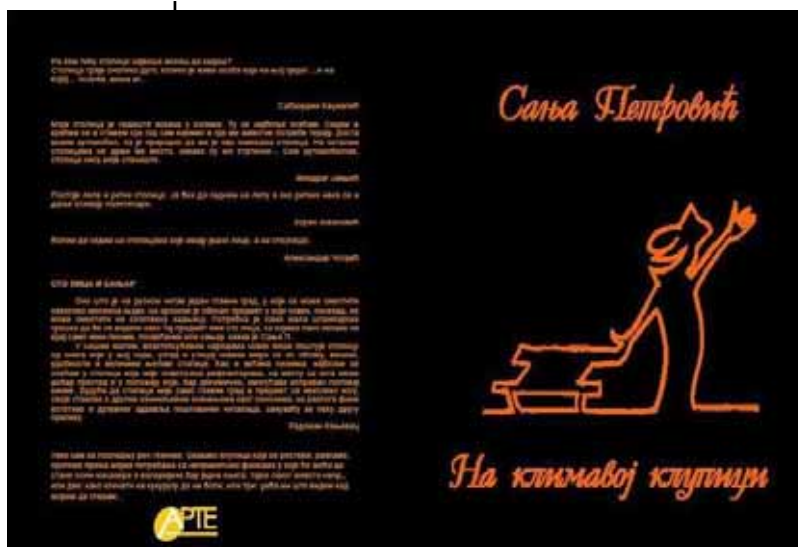
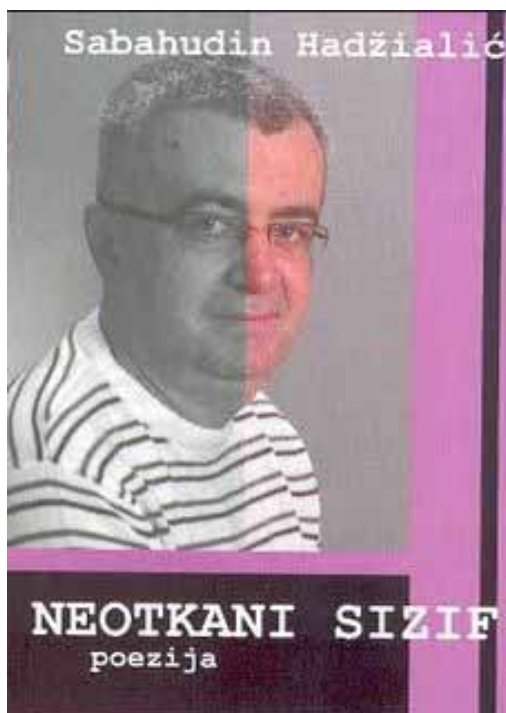
When I wanted to fight, they laugh...
They said: "You care too much, my dear".
Now decision isn't that tough,
because our nature will disappear.

I tried with my head and two arms
make all clouds of dust go away...
It's sad, no one can hear alarms
for help, that nature wants to stay...

I need better world, it's my humen right
to pick a place where my dreams can land...
Now I'm crying, I am falling apart
and only nature can understand...



Student.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Joe Amaral, USA



Mount Kilimanjaro

Michael Franti’s “One Step Closer to You”
resounds comfortingly within my existence as
I climb magical glaciers melting to extinction
Evaporating like childhood dreams

We all live in an age of erosive weather
Battered years wrinkling skin to decay
Environmentally speared victims-
basalt and body

Volcanic craters remain dormant
Our caustically recessed memories
sealed deeply, biding their time
below the cinereous surface

We sag shadowed under metered weight
Kibo and Mawenzi towering above,
the caldera of Shira spread out beneath
Uhuru Peak silently observing mountain

and flesh, their persistent stubbornness
fighting for this highest summit
Staying ever resilient despite our falls-
faults, failures, and gravity

We will erupt again in organic glory
Tidal floods spewing glacial outwash
Discharging tephra and steam in fury
Rising free to heights unachieved

When magma bubbles as blood boils
glowing imprisoned hearts burst forth
Earth molten tears will cry the story
of our everlasting survival



Joe Amaral spends most of his time spelunking around the central coast of California. He is a paramedic by trade but a world traveler at heart. Joe’s work has appeared in *A Handful of Dust*, *Carcinogenic Poetry*, *Certain Circuits*, *Eclectic Flash*, *Paradigm*, *RED OCHRE LiT*, *Underground Voices* and in anthologies by *Pill Hill Press* and *Wicked East Press*.



“SEEKING FOR A POEM” INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Joško Bošković, Montenegro



God's Land

In every moment of god blessed day
I live with thought to run away
Upon seas to find that place
Were people live in happiness.

Would you tell me my dear friend
Have you heard for that far land
In my dreams it looks so true
I hope you are dreamer too.

There are sandy beaches pure as gold
Cristal waters and hills of Lord
Wind makes tender sound with trees
Birds are singing melodies.

There is no suffer there is no war
There is no evil anymore
There is no blood and no fight
There is no nightmares there is no night.

Only music, laugh and joy
Only love my dear boy
God is walking dawn again
Singing with broderhood of men.

If you ever reach that land
Tell I keep her in my hand
Tell I keep that precious part
In secret kingdom of my heart.

And I swear as long as I live
I will hope and I will belive
That I 'll find my promiss land
Before final countdown before the end.



My name is Bošković Joško, I am 33 and I have been wrighting poems for almost 15th years mainly in serbo-croatian language. But i did a few experimental poems in english and italian just to see what would happen



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Julijana Velichkovska, Macedonia



Open book

You're an open book,
he said,
You're a cactus shaped in a heart,
you're a cat
alone and wet from the October rains...
You're a book,
he said,
Beautiful, special book,
which I read only when it rains,
while listening to jazz ...
You're a book,
that I love to read,
that I choose to read
for holydays
for special occasions,
you're a book
standing on my FB Books Tab.
You're an illustrated book
illustrated book of poetry.
You're a wet book,
dowsed by the October rains
and frosted
at dawn...
You're a crumpled, lone, sad special book
standing by yourself on the bookshelf
I bought it just for you,
he said,
I bought the shelf in London.
You're a book
for special occasions
I read you when I like to treat myself
but you won't leave me alone...
You have that scent...
That smell of rotting flower
wet paper...
You call me,
you want me to read you on a regular day?!
I took you from the shelf
and you were soaked
but there was no rain today?!
My dear, salty lonesome book
I'll open you
tomorrow...
I'll read you
the day after tomorrow...
I'll read you
in two
or three days...
And then, my book...
I'll just return you
at the library...



Julijana Velichkovska was born in Skopje - Macedonia, 1982. Graduated at the University of "St. Kiril and Metodij" -Faculty of philology "Blaze Koneski" – Skopje. She studied Macedonian, South Slavic and comparative literature. She is an author of two books: a monograph "20 Years Velestovo Poetry Night"(2009, VPN) and her first poetry book "Komarci" ("Mosquitoes") published in 2010,VPN. She translates, writes poetry, short stories and essays.

Her poems were published in Macedonian, Chinese, Spanish and other foreign literary magazines. Besides her native Macedonian language, she writes in English too. Her poetry is also translated in English, Chinese, Serbian, Dutch, and other languages. She participated as a poet at Cork Spring Literary Festival 2011 in Ireland, Struga Poetry Evenings 2010 and 2011 and other poetry readings in Macedonia. Julijana Velichkovska is a board member of the international cultural event Velestovo Poetry Night – Ohrid and she is an owner/director of a publishing house PNV PUBLIKACII (Bookstore Kavkaz) in Skopje. In December 2011, Julijana Velichkovska represented Macedonia at the 15th Biennale of young artists from Europe and the Mediterranean in Rome, Italy.



Jyoti Chettri, India



Darjeeling Hues.....

The parable of sullen lives
Surges through veins.
The rainmaker's dead...
Yet an endless wait for a splitting sky.
Whirling around in eddies...dark...sombre,
Puffing up a layman's chest...
Was an earnest urge.
Crying despair with a mouth inarticulate,
Sadness incommunicable and desolate.
Rapture and reverie fills up the vacuum,
Unnerving mêlée of voices and opinion...

Scavengers on the loose, the air smells stale...
Stench of a soul scathed and frail.
Like a stain seeping between a virgin crack,
Cold and leaky, peace runs from a rusty tap.

Bystanders march in mocking agony,
Scanning the mind for an allusion...
In dark, dingy alleys...the musings of a man scared
Of loneliness and deceptive yearning,
In a bubble world of confusion.

Bloody lies the field where once trod the fair lady...
Staggering courage uncouth, unsteady...
Ignorance has triumphed,
Rationalism is dead.
In prints of grey and red...
Shameless...exposed...underrated...ignored...
Too much hatred endured.
Someday I hope we will linger to surmise...
A dream for a PERENNIAL SUNRISE...



I am an Assistant Professor teaching Communication Skills in a Polytechnic Institute in Sikkim, India. This poem that I've submitted was written a few years back by me when my dear land of Darjeeling where I completed my graduation degree from, was split up in fragments due to political turmoils. This poetry lays down my feelings for this small hilly district which was once considered one of the most beautiful places in the world, a place that lulled the Britishers in India years back.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

K.Krishna Kumar, India



WHY YOU SAID NO

I never thought anything more important than you
All I thought is to sacrifice my life for your happiness
Everyone believed this as love but I felt this, as something
more than that
I believed nothing could divide us

Until the day you said no
I wondered how this could happen to me, but when hap-
pened
My heart cried like the baby who doesn't knew anything
Since it believed only tears could lessen its weight
Yet I never blame you for this, how I could

But if God was in front of me I would have pelted the
stones on him
Because all my prayers to him was ignored
He made me to love you
Only because one day he wanted to take you away from me

After you left I went and hugged the ivy tree
In which I had written the names of the both
Everywhere all my eyes could see is the image of thee
But my hands couldn't catch them

I chased them then, ended to sleep in the beach
After few moments I can't believe that
I was in a temple surrounded by all our relatives
The music of the marriage eve was hitting my ears

I was sitting there as the groom with the auspicious thread
in my hands
You was there, near with me as the bride
I felt as if I attained the whole world
I will never open my eyes anymore, because
I knew if I open my eyes all these things will go



K.Krishna kumar

ABOUT MYSELF:

I am a twenty year student born in a middle class family. My father is a government employee. My mother is a house wife. One day in my life I realized I was born to say something to this world. These thoughts incited great passion for me in writing. It wasn't because of my appetite for fame, but became to show that I was born for this. Though I am not good in English I took efforts to learn it perfectly. I concentrated on writing my dream ignoring all other things.

Personal Information	
Date of Birth	27 th January 1991
Father's Name	Mr. P.Kaliappan
Mother's Name	Mrs. K. Vijaya Lakshmi
Address	10-443 A, New Colony, Angalakurichi, pollachi-642007 Coimbatore Dt.
Mobile No.	09488388492
E-mail ID	kribhau@gmail.com
Blog site	www.wifurgara.blogspot.com
Marital Status	Single(Unmarried)
Languages Known	Tamil and English, Hindi(partially)

Skills	
Education:	B.E. Aeronautical engineering(2008-2012)
Areas of Interest	WRITING.
Aim in life:	To become an eminent writer, novelist and script writer.

Done Works:	<p>SHORT STORIES WRITTEN SO FAR: 7</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1.PRECIOUS UGLINESS, 2.INTO THE OCEAN OF DREAMS, 3. LIVING INSIDE YOUR EYES, 4.AN ILLITERATE VILLAGE WOMAN, 5. WHY WAR? 6. HORRIBLE TO READ, 7. IF I LIVE CHILDISH, I NEVER GET AGED. <p>NOVELLA : 1 TO ME HOW YOU HAPPENED?</p> <p>POEMS : 40</p> <p>ARTICLES : 10</p> <p>Published works: My poems December 2011 - COLOURS(first step publishing)</p>
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Positions of Responsibility
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Member of Tamil Literature Club. Member of English Literature Club.

Achievements and Awards
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Class Second in Higher Secondary Board Exam held during April 2008. Won few prizes in college English literature club. Won many compliments for story writing in short fiction category. "Central Govt.Scholarship for Academic Excellence" for three consecutive years.

Interests

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Katarina Gurešić, Montenegro



Dreams and reality

Now or never,
Say it or go,
On the rain or on the snow,
Tell me,I really want to know.
To touch a sky
All planets to buy
Stars to steel or see
Please,do it for me.
Put all stars in my eyes
To have look nice
To have golden shine
And lips like a red vine.
I like it the most
How many it cost?
You can not buy it for money
But I like you honey.
After bad days
We always have another chance,
We always give it each other
We do not need another mother.
When I dream
I see you on the clouds how swim,
Better fly,
Why do you never say me hi?
It hurts so much
Like your ice touch,
Yes,I remember
When you were our school member.
But I understand you
Whatever you do,
I always find new reason
Like killer in the prison.

I can not do anything
In my dreams I am sailing,
I am sailing far away
Away to the USA.
I can not controlate your brain
I can not controlate the rain,
But I can go away
What ever you say.
I can not be somebody else
I have one more chance,
To be super star?

From my wish it is so far.
I will not be actress or singer
My wish is just on one my finger,
I will not be diva or rocker
I want to be pharmacy worker.
I want to help to the people,
I know it is not simple,
I want to see their smile
Not how they cry.
It can be hard way,
Do not listen what they say,
Do it on your way
With their smile,they will pay.
You must have huge soul
The sky is your goal
You are born to help
You must forget on yourself.
So head up and do not ask
Everyone has a mask
Follow your dreams
Never ask about their teams.



My name is Katarina Gurešić. I was born on April 6th,1994 year.I am from Bijelo Polje, Montenegro. I have finished second grade of secondary medical school „Dr Branko Zogović“ in Berane, and my major is pharmacy.I am excellent student. I have participated in many poetry competitions, and I have achieved remarkable results. This year I won second place on The International poetry competition „Mihail Babinka“ in Novi Sad, Serbia. I won first place on poetry competition in Bijelo Polje.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Katarina Simoničić, Serbia

SEARCH

On the one hand - light.
 On the other – darkness ...
 In eternal battle that continues its course
 People change, but one thing remains
 The fight that lasts forever, between Satan and God.

Now I am an instrument, a mere tool
 In the hands of the forces that provoke each other.
 In a raging war with no final end,
 I, an ordinary man, looking for a happy end.



Katarina Simoničić, was born on 29 September 1984, in Kraljevo (Serbia).

After finishing her studies in journalism, she continued education in the field of international relations at the Faculty of Political Sciences in Belgrade. She writes poems and stories since childhood. So far, she worked as a journalist and marketing manager.

Her hobbies are painting and mountain climbing.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

poemes-epars.over-blog.fr/article-vernissage-roland-lagoutte-samedi-28-a-paris-97485228.html

Poèmes Épars

Par POEMES_EPARS - Publié dans : Sociétés et Animations
Vendredi 27 janvier 2012

Vernissage Roland Lagoutte samedi 28 à Paris

Exposition
"Rimages de l'an neuf"
 à Paris au restaurant Don Diego
 12, rue Rottenbourg - 75012 Paris - Métro Michel Bisot ligne 8

du 24 janvier au 25 février 2012

Vernissage
samedi 28 janvier de 16h à 19h
 avec collation et lecture en musique. ♦

Samedi 28 janvier je serai heureux de vous accueillir de 16h à 19h au vernissage de mon exposition au restaurant Don Diego.
 Une dizaine de photo-poèmes vous attendent du 50x75 au 70x110 cm, et Jassay, le patron du Don Diego nous aura préparé une petite collation !

Je vous souhaite également une excellente année, créative et pétillante !

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Articles récents

- Vernissage Roland Lagoutte samedi 28 à Paris
- Liens d'Evan Watelle
- Chronique de nuit 7 heures Valentin...

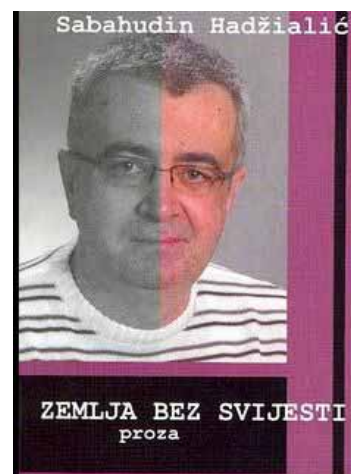
[Lire complète](#)

Kate Jovanovska, Macedonia



WHERE THE SWALLOWS ARE FLYING CARELESS

THE THOUGHTS FLOW
LIKE LARGE PERFUMED DROPS
AS IF MADE OF A CHERRY JUICE
THEY FALL FROM THE SKY
YOU KNOW I HOLD ON TO CERTAIN PICTURES
A MOSAIC CREATED BY THE MOMENTS OF LOVE
I DEDICATED AN EXHIBITION TO THEM
IN MY SOUL
AND YOU, AS A GOD'S MESSENGER
A WHITE DOVE FLEW AND DENUDED
YOUR CHEST
AND WHEN YOU HOLD MY HAND JUST
FOR A MOMENT
THE CLOUDS ARE WRITING
SOME GOD'S UNDEFINED SINGS
SHOW ME THE CELESTIAL HORIZONT
WHERE THE SWALLOWS ARE FLYING CARELESS
THE MUSIC IS RINGING IN MY EARS
A TENDER, SPRING BREEZE
KISSES MY CHIN
WAIT ! I AM ONLY TALKING TO YOU
ABOUT LOVE
AND THERE, CLOSE YOUR EYES, BREATH AND LISTEN
THE LAKE IS KISSING THE HILL
TAKE ME WHERE THE SWALLOWS ROAM
CARELESSLY IN THE AIR



LECTOR INTO ENGLISH MILENA PETROVSKA



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Kate Jovanovska, Macedonia



The young poet Kate Jovanovska was born on 6th December 1980 in Kumanovo – Republic Of Macedonia. She studies French and Spanish languages on the Department of Romance philology of the Faculty of philology “Blaze Koneski” in Skopje. She published one book of poetry under the title of “Secret”. She admires ancient literature, especially roman and greek mythology. Her favourite poet is the classical poet Homer, and her favourite book is “Odisey”, the book of high qualities. She declares with confidence that the ancient literature is the most beautiful, inspirative and the most pictoral. The young poet dedicated her first book of poetry to Antique civilizations, to her favourite city Paris and also to her favourite secret. So, she made one special temporal link. She links the classical, the past, the ancient time, when the antique civilizations lived, and this new, modern time, Paris, the beauty, glamour, fashion.

The young poet collaborate with lots of Balkan magazines of literature, also student’s magazines about poetry, prose and translation. She write poetry on Macedonian, French, English Serbian and Spanish language. Also she write children’s poetry and short stories. She published her poetry in lots of Macedonian newspapers, she published the short story (I want to sell my soul) also a children’s poem, and English, French and Spanish poems in students magazines. Her poetry is translated in: Serbian, Bulgarian, Bosnian, Croat, Italian, Polish, Albanian, French. The poetry by her book is promote on few internationals belletristic web sites: in few cities in Serbia in Bosnia also in Poland. She participated in lots of internationals poetry meetings:

- The Evenings of poetry in Struga (Macedonia)
- The artistics performances, the special poetry evenings from the student’s association

- “Daybreak”, the young poets in Faculty of Philology “Blaze Koneski” – Skopje
- “Academy Spiritually “ poetry dedicated of God – Uzice Serbia
- The poetry readings in Kumanovo from the local association of writers
- The International Slavist poetry festival in Pirin’s part of Macedonia (Bulgaria)
- The international poetry festival of young poets in Belgrade Serbia
- The poetry festival of young poets from Macedonia – Prilep – Macedonia
- The promotion of collective book of poetry “Dawn” from “Feminine woman’s association”, poetry dedicated to hometown
- The poetry reading in Probistip – Macedonia

She readed poetry in so many TV and Radio shows, the local TV and the National Macedonian TV. She won the second prize. She participate in lots of collectives internationals poetry almanacs:

- Uzice, Belgrade, Ingjija, Gornji Milanovac – Serbia
- Brchko, Sarajevo – Bosnia and Hercegovina
- “Roots” multiethnic almanac in Kumanovo – Macedonia
- “Irin – Pirin” – Melnik Pirin’s part of Macedonia

She won a special praise by “Femine Association” Nada Mihajlova about her hometown. She’s vice-president of Independent association of writers from Kumanovo Macedonia. Except of the poetry readings also she was guest of exhibition of art (painting) like a special inspiration.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Kofi Gyamfi Anane-Kyeremeh, Ghana

If Words Could Say (2)

Dear me
I do this again.

You smile, like a meandering stream.
Your shiny hair, in the sun it must gleam.
You are a sight of gracious affection,
I wish I could, but, I would not mention.

Your breasts, like juicy ripe mangoes.
It's a wonder, if they're not foes
A splendid grandeur for my eyes to behold.
Darling, you, in my arms, I must hold.

The sun falls into a deep sleep
And the moon constrains a joyous leap
Stars begin to walk aimless;
The clouds too, they wish not for less.

Sparkling white teeth!
A miracle! It is you I meet
Truly, you are a sight of beauty.
I will make with you a lifelong treaty.

You walk with humility, clothed
Hidden, yet pain remains, to be soothed,
My heart bumps, your love it craves.
Maybe, just maybe, it'll lead straight to graves.

Let the trees swing willingly
My heart will love thoroughly.
Time passes unknowingly
Yet our joy will reign eternally

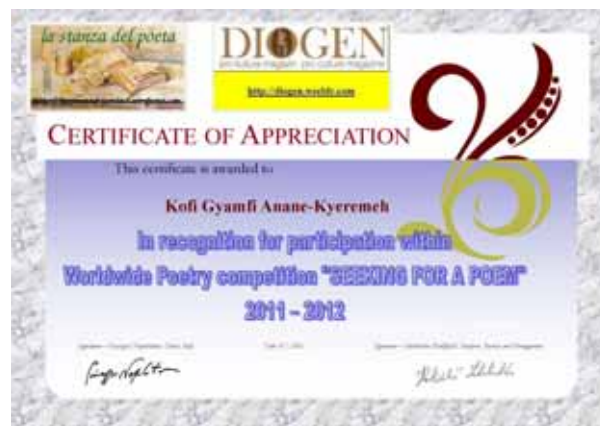
I create in my heart a purpose
And on that my mind will focus
So until I hear you say yes,
I will not accept anything less.

I wait, until peace is filled with great love,
Your heart, your love, I must have.
I wish I had more to say,
That is, if only words could say.



Age: 22

I enjoy writing in all genres but love is my greatest theme and it runs through almost all my writings. I enjoy graphic designing and I'm a music fan. I crave to write to a very large audience around the world.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Od 31.12.2011.g.

E-mail: alternativanuova@gmail.com

DIOGEN
pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

SPECIJALNO ELEKTRONSKO IZDANJE / SPECIAL ONLINE EDITION
www.diogen.weebly.com Issue No.8 Broj 8. 21. 3. 2011 March 2011

DIOGEN
TRAŽI ČOVJEKA
POETSKI MARATON

Galerija IPC "E", Baščaršija, Sarajevo
11:00 -
21.3.2011.g.

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Naručite SPECIJALNO IZDANJE MAGAZINA sa
PRVOG poetskog maratona u organizaciji
DIOGEN pro kultura magazina i Sarajevske zime..21.3.2011.g.

Na ovom linku možete prelistati:

<http://diogen.weebly.com/art-culturelistajbrowsedownloadkupibuy.html>



E-mail: alternativanuova@gmail.com



Krunoslav Šetka, Bosnia and Herzegovina

Interview with The Poet

How is being a writer in Mostar?

Being a writer in Mostar is the same as being illiterate in New York – nobody reads yourself's expression and nobody understands you.

Everyone says your girl-friend is much prettier then you are!

Is it love? Can she really love you, or she is with you only because you are a great poet?

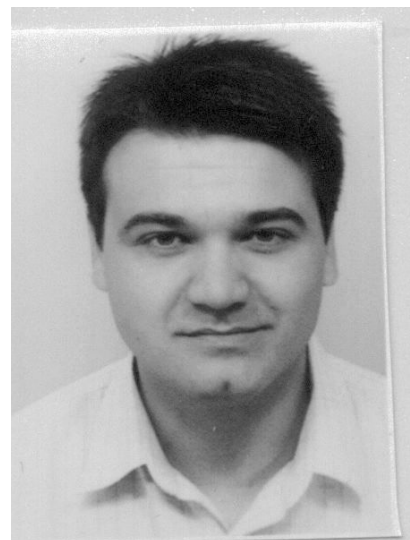
I admire her beauty

she admires my poems

and after she reads my poems

she begins to admire her own beauty

PS: A poet is much more than just a notion; he is a huge area in which, when you cross it, you see a place where love often stops to pick up it's passengers



Krunoslav Setka was born on 29th of May 1971 in Konjic, Bosnia and Hercegovina. He writes in three languages: Croatian, German and English and has published his writings in all these languages.

As Master of Intercultural Communication and European Studies, he tries to bring poetry into politics, which is not an easy item.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Sarajevska zima 2012



Najavljujemo za 2012.g.

21.3.2012.g.

U organizaciji sarajevske zime i DIOGEN pro kultura magazina kao i u 2011.g.



Sarajevska zima 2012

"2012...Pjesnici pred Kapijom Bogova kao sužnji ljubavi."
POETSKI MARATON

POETRY MARATHON

"2012...Poets in front of the Gate of Gods as servants of love."

Sarajevo, 21.3.2012.
World poetry day/ Svjetski dan poezije

We are announcing for 2012

21.3.2012.

Within the organization of "Sarajevo winter" festival and DIOGEN pro cultura magazine as of back in 2011.

MI OBJEDINJUJEMO RAZLIČITOSTI... WE ARE UNIFYING DIVERSITIES

THIS, 2012 YEAR "SARAJEVO WINTER" festival will, in co-operation with DIOGEN pro culture magazine publish a book with the poetry of all participants

Selektor i za 2012.g.: Sabahudin Hadžialić, književnik - gl. i odg. urednik DIOGEN pro kultura magazina

Selection of the poets for this year also: Sabahudin Hadzalic, writer and Editor in chief of DIOGEN pro culture magazine



Ove godine Sarajevska zima objavljuje i knjigu sa poezijom učesnika u saradnji sa našim magazinom...

Ove godine Sarajevska zima objavljuje i knjigu sa poezijom učesnika u saradnji sa našim magazinom...



DIOGEN traži čovjeka
2012.
DIOGEN is seeking for human being



"2012...Pjesnici pred Kapijom Bogova kao sužnji ljubavi."
"2012...Poets in front of the Gate of Gods as servants of love."

FINALNI SPISAK UČESNIKA POETSKOG MARATONA 21.3.2012.

FINAL LIST OF THE PARTICIPANTS OF THE POETRY MARATHON 21.3.2012.

1. Jadranka Tarle Bojović (Split, Hrvatska / Split, Croatia)
2. Barbara Bračun (Zagreb, Hrvatska / Zagreb, Croatia)
3. Nihad Mešić River (Tuzla, BiH / Tuzla, Bosnia and Herzegovina)
4. Danilo P. Lompar (Podgorica, Crna Gora / Podgorica, Montenegro)
5. Samira Begman (Cirih, Švajcarska / Zurich, Switzerland)
6. Goran Vrhunc (Sarajevo, BiH / Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina)
7. Shaip Emerllahu (Tetovo, Makedonija / Tetovo, Macedonia)
8. Giuseppe Napolitano (Gaeta, Italija / Gaeta, Italy)
9. Mexhid Mehmeti (Priština, Kosovo / Prishtina, Kosovo)
10. Marius Chelaru (Iasi, Rumunija / Iasi, Romania)
11. Jüri Talvet (Tartu, Estonija / Tartu, Estonia)
12. Craig Czury (Reading, Pensilvanija, USA / Reading, Pennsylvania, USA)
13. Marina Kljajo Radić (Mostar, BiH / Mostar, Bosnia and Herzegovina)
14. Gustavo Vega (Barcelona, Španija / Barcelona, Spain)
15. Krystina Lenkowska (Rzeszov, Poljska / Rzeszów, Poland)
16. Ivan Rajović (Kraljevo, Srbija / Kraljevo, Serbia)



11:00 a.m. 21.3. - 11:00 a.m. 22.3.2012.



17. Dr. Diti Ronen (Tel Aviv, Izrael / Tel Aviv, Israel)
18. Christiana Dobрева – Stankova (Sliven, Bugarska / Sliven, Bulgaria)
19. Majo Danilović (Beograd, Srbija / Belgrade, Serbia)
20. Ljiljana Crnić (Beograd, Srbija / Belgrade, Serbia)
21. Marianne Larsen (Kopenhagen, Danska / Copenhagen, Denmark)
22. Mirzeta Memišević (Sarajevo, BiH / Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina)
23. Bardhyl Maliqi (Sarande, Albanija / Sarande, Albania)
24. Heather Thomas (Kutztown, Pensilvanija, USA / Kutztown, Pennsylvania, USA)
25. Jeton Kelmendi (Brisel, Belgija / Brussels, Belgium)
26. Dimitar Hristov (Sofia, Bugarska / Sofia, Bulgaria)
27. Naida Hrustemović (Sarajevo, BiH / Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina)
28. Anna Bagrianna (Fastiv, Ukrajina / Fastiv, Ukraine).

.....

Ibrahim Spahić (Sarajevo, BiH)

Sabahudin Hadžialić (Sarajevo, BiH)



Selektor Poetskog maratona 2012.g.

Sabahudin Hadžialić

26.1.2012.

Sarajevo, BiH

Krystyna Lenkowska, Poland



The Scent of Love

My dog returned at dawn
wounded in the war of passion.
He's lying under a maple tree
and sticks his tongue into a round
wound half-a-finger deep.

In a few hours he'll wag his tail
at my hand that holds the meat.
Then again he'll run away from home
at the scent of another bitch.

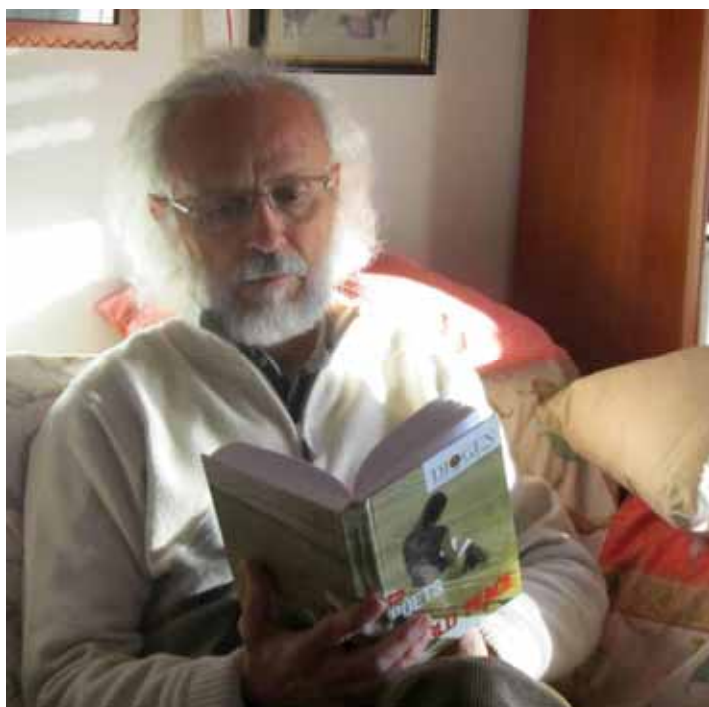
While people are still asleep and dream of each other.

Who was the first to say that love is beautiful?
And who will be the last to say it beautifully?



foto: Szymon Lenkowski

Krystyna Lenkowska is a Polish poet and translator. She has published seven collections of poetry. Her poems in English have appeared in USA, in Boulevard, Chelsea, Confrontation and Absinthe. She has been also translated and published in other languages, Ukrainian, Italian and Albanian among others.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Lindemberg Pereira da Silva, Brazil



Let Them Go

Winter after winter, spring after spring
leaves will be growing, leaves will be falling,
They will be thrown away, so far, on the wind -
let them go, let them come
let them follow their destiny.

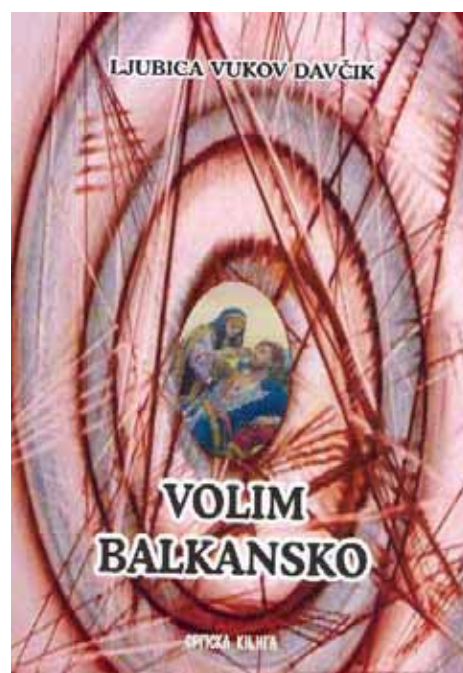
Like love or friends that always come and go,
enjoy your smile now,before the tears.
Enjoy someone around you,before you're all lonely.
Enjoy your life as if it was your most precious gift,
and your days as if they were always the firsts.

From season to season
birds will be changing from nest to nest.
Looking for a warmful place where they'll be safe -
and bear the hardest winter.

Flowers will be growing while others will be dying
Winter after winter, spring after spring.
Their leaves will be thrown - far and way - on the wind,
Let them go, let them come
let it be.



Live in São Paulo,Brazil. A student and teacher of English language.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Ljubica Vukov Davčik, Serbia



CHILDHOOD SECRETS

I'm going to search for

The light
The swing
Of my childhood

I'm going to search for

Dandelions in the grass
And aureolas
Which we made

I'm going to search for

Little frogs in the pool of water
With their croak
Continuously

I'm going to search for

Letters
In the notebooks
Of our classmates

I'm going to find

Childhood
Preserved
In the smell of quinces
In the secrets
In memories
Of my yard



Born on 25.12.1949. at Senta Serbia.

Began on write in elementary school.

Writes in free style with moderate rhymes, short stories, Haiku poetry.

Her poetry is about universal love.

Published works

Tiski cvet Flower of Tisa 1,2,3
1997.

Palički biseri Pearls of Palic 1,2,3,
1999.

Kaktusi iz kamena niču Cactuses grow on
rocks, 1,2,3 2000

Sjaj ravnice-zajednička knjiga Shine of plain-
mutial publication 2008.

Volim balkansko I like the Balkans
2010

Putanjom duge do sna Long path to the dream
2010

Tiso ljubavi Of love Tussands
2010

There are unpublished Haiku verses, short stories two
more thirlogies of verses.

She is a jurist, and lives at Petrovaradin beside Novi
Sad.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Maja Gargenta Reić, Serbia



WHEN THE FATHER SAYS -

When your father says
you are beautiful
after many years
and perhaps for the first time
you forget all,
all forgive all.
You feel the weight
Coming off your shoulders.
When your father says:
you are beautiful
although for the first time
and you are already 33;
You feel like a little girl
with a red ribbon in your hair
and a white polka dot dress on.
When your father says
you are beautiful
his words of praise are beyond compare.
The words of praise by any other man
Will not make you feel as pretty,
As the words of your father.
regardless of the comments
made by passers-by
About length of your nose
When you father says you are beautiful
Then you know that you really are.



My name is Maja Gargenta Reic. I am from Serbia , from a not-so-small industrial town near the Capital, called Pancevo. I won many prizes in competitions such as the most creative masks on the carnivals (for The bird, Rabbit, the Little Fox, The Pinocchio, the Sun etc). I also created a cute little wood creatures in the children`s plays and my masks were high rated. I was working as a journalist on the local radio station and the most recent years in local newspaper. My first experiences in working with children were in German`s kindergardens, in Kiel. I write poetry, short stories and i paints, so these are my hobbies. At the moment I am preparing my first collection of my poetry The Scent of Memli. I adore travelling, kids, drinking coffee. I believe in strypes lying. At present I live and dream on a relation Pancevo - Split.

I graduated pedagogy, I am also a teacher of The German Language and still a student of the third year of psychology.

I do not want to be real important, but I can not stop the curiosity of the child within.

Enclosed I send You a song and I hope you will like.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Maria Grech Ganado, Malta



THE EMBARRASSMENT

(“No, no, we are not satisfied and will not be satisfied until justice rolls down like water and righteousness like a mighty stream.” Martin Luther King Jr)

how it hurtles from the skies
the rain the rain
toppling hillside
sweeping plain
bowling us like grinning ninepins
down the drain
flushing all pretension
from our brain

to what end does intellect
circumvent natural passion –
all we need to comprehend
is compassion

we construct cerebral frames
but again
pain will hurtle from the skies
like the rain



Maria Grech Ganado, (b. 1943), poet, translator, critic, studied English at the Universities of Malta, Cambridge and Heidelberg. She was the first Maltese female Full-Time Lecturer at the University of Malta (Department of English), has published four collections of Maltese poetry, *Izda Mhux Biss*, 1999; *Skond Eva*, 2001; *Fil-Hofra Bejn Spallejha*, 2005, *Maria Grech Ganado: Monografija*, 2010 (the first of which won a National Book Prize in 2002) and three of English, *Ribcage*, 2003, *Cracked Canvas*, 2005, *Memory Rape*, 2005 (the second of which won a National Book Prize in 2006). Her poetry in one language or other has appeared in anthologies, magazines and journals both in Malta and abroad where it has been translated into Italian, French, German, Greek, Spanish, Turkish, Arabic, Lithuanian, Finnish, Czech and Catalan. It has appeared in English in the UK, the USA, Australia, South Africa and Cyprus. She has been invited to many literary events in different countries and co-organised an international conference with LAF (Literature Across Frontiers) in Malta in 2005. In 2008, thanks to an exchange scheme with Saint James Cavalier, Malta, she was a Resident Fellow for six weeks at the Virginia Centre for the Creative Arts. Maria has also translated into English much of the contemporary poetry and prose written by Maltese writers today and published overseas. In 2000, she received the MQR - Midalja ghall-Qaditar-Repubblika (Medal for Service to the Republic). She has 3 children, children-in-law and 2 grandsons. Maria's 5th Maltese collection, 'Taht il-Kpiepel t'Ghajnejja' is at the publisher's and she is currently working on a 4th publication in English, as well as a book on her experience as a teacher over the years.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Martin Burke, Belgium



WITNESS ATOMIC

August 8th

I by myself astonished
Being alive as persistently as I will be dead as those
others are dead
Let no one suggest Dante's shadows where literary
allusions only damn us for our evasions

You don't need courage to survive
You need luck, the unexplainable which falls on you
as other shadows fall on you with black rain and
whit light

The numbers are against you but somehow you sur-
vive: you have been redeemed into life but con-
demned to ever look backwards

There are no clear marks between past and present?
Wrong.
White light says your past is alive, black rain says it
is your future

You remember what you want to forget
The dead live on in the half dead.

*
August 6th

Hell's welder was busy making the world his fur-
nace but we mistook the siren for his ritual blowing
of the horn and so were deceived.

When the air burns you have nothing to breath
You breathe flame and death and the terrible totality
of a white nothingness
Then a yellow turned scarlet coloured candle fire
death-kissed by black smoke
Houses levitating then falling then crushed
And a white wave coming charging in from the sea
Hell had never enjoyed itself like this before
The floor of the world fell from under me
Then a wall of dust, I was frozen; it was as if the
blast was repeating itself
Hell had taken over heaven's power and twisted it to
flame
Or was acting on its behalf so that even the survivors
are its victims

*

The living lived on in their burning
Without this there was nothing to identify them
The skin of the young resembled the skin of the old
The sky could not control itself
The black rain was everywhere
The living checked the dead to see if they could rec-
ognise one from the other
Not even our illusions were granted mercy that
might have given comforted us
The soldiers were busy stacking the landing crafts
with bodies and body-parts
Even now I cannot think of this without being threat-
ened by it

*

And now the claim is that we live in a peaceful
world
But I don't accept that. There are limits to what I'm
willing to believe.
The frozen moment thawed but the thawing water is
cold.

And the river was cold as I came back to it day after
day for eight days
Nor can I say now why I did it when all there was to
be seen
Was twisted iron because even the rats had been va-
porised

Not to be dead –is that what it means to be alive?
The tourists pause at the peace-bell on their way to
the local McDonald's.





Martin Burke, Belgium



Martin Burke is an Irish poet/playwright/editor living in Belgium.

He has published book in the USA, UK, Ireland, & Belgium.

He is the founder/artistic director of the bilingual theatre group Theater Zonder Thuis.

He is co-editor of the magazine The Green Door (<http://thegreendoor.net/>).



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Priča o posljednjem bosanskom princu situirana je u svijet spisateljskog zavičaja, gdje još uvijek živi duh zoroastrijskog dualizma mitova i legendi o vječnoj borbi dobra i zla, poniklim u manjevjekevu kulturu srednjovjekovne Bosne, čiji ideal je baštinen i ugrađen u mentalnu strukturu Ega kao suptilna dimenzija svijeta, smještenog izvan poimanja pet čula, uma i intelekta, dakle, na razinu intuitivno spoznaje. Alegorijski slikovit način pisanja književnice, neizjednjen ima arhitekturu složenog i dubokog simbola, perso-nifikacije, proširene metafore, s ruba epskog kazivanja događaja koji su njeno vlastito spoznajno, iskustveno proživljeno u turbulentnim vremenima historijskih lomova, odakle crpi svoje misaono-filozofske i moralne kriterije, prethodni ih u sopstveni vrijednosni sustav, iz koga izrasta čvrsto utemeljena duhovnost. Manirom znalca historije kulture ovih prostora preko kojih su se prelamala sva previranja i lomljenja kulturoloških, ideoloških i rasnih barijera u matkotipnom hodu ka nekim drugačijim i očovječnijim, ali moćnijim civilizacijskim odrednicama, Bergmanova se vraća izvornom bosanskom biću i njegovoj inkarnaciji dobrote kao vrhovnog principa koji nije nestao, već je tek privremeno potisnut slijedom događaja na ovim zlosrećnim balkanskim vjetrovnelinama, e da bi se pojavio kao značajan činilac avangardne novovremene romantičarske poetike spisateljske angažiranosti.

Zlata Žunić, Tuzla

<http://samirabegman.weebly.com>



Očekivati prosvjetljenje u sumraku civilizacije današnjeg vremena bi bilo isuviše prenalvano, jer ubuhvaćeni smo besmislom svakodnevnice koja razara tkivo pravednika. U svakom kutku planete Zemlje. No, i to prosvjetljenje nije ni potrebno tražiti unutar prostorno-vremenske postavke kojom hodimo i obitavamo. Ono je tu. U muzici snishodljivosti usmjerenoj ljudima koji bogu, kao vlastitoj refleksiji, teže. Problem je samo u tome kako i koliko je možemo čuti. Da li je možemo čuti kao prolazni nadanja ili postulat činjenja? Ja glasam za ovo drugo. Upravo kako i Samira ovom porukom, sveskom – kako je i nazva - jednostavnih, blagih uputstava želi kazati. Postulat činjenja je i ovo neobično djelo koje je autorica nazvala „Merkaba“ po već uobičajenoj viziji svijeta per se unutar muzike tijela duha, odnosno, oprostite, svjetla tijela duha. Prošavši kroz historijsku genezu objašnjenja Muzike od Riječi do postanka, ali i opstanka, autorica pred nas postavlja dilemu: Da li da joj se (muzici, naravno) prepustimo, ili da i dalje bezlično, konzumer-skoj kulturi težimo? Odgovor i jeste u pitanju samom. Naime, nemamo uopšte potrebe prepustiti se muzici jer čovjek je Muzika per tu i potrebno je samo odgovarajuće tonove zasvirati, otpjevati. I zaobići svakodnevicu taktova koji odjekuju našim, prosječnim, damarima snova, usmjeravajući sebe ka „talovima“ makrokozmosa čiji i jesmo dio. U ne shvatajući da dar koji posjedujemo uopće ne koristimo. U mriji kojoj autorica želi i teži pokazujući djelom i aktom da nije teško. Dovoljno je samo spoznati, otvoriti, razgrnuti lošu karmu i krenuti ka svjetlu. Muzici, oprostite, čovjeku, iznad svega!

Sabahudin Hadžialić, Sarajevo

<http://dhirasbk.weebly.com>

Maša Prihotko, Serbia



The Morning katoha¹

You put on the flame – mask and the morning does not recognise you.
Smudgy earth under your washed feet is far away,
walking in line after a long – tailed flag of eternity. I am all alone.
Come, I'll take you on a trip, because previous and future waters
keep calling me, to take out my unknown face from a rock thrown long ago,
to collect the nets of silence above the jaws of fish, embracing.
Felukas² will take us, shouting the godly rivers through sails,
we shall come down to the crossroad of life and death with ghats³,
and repent our hollow bodies through red petals, submerged.
Through our shabby thoughts we stripped naked to where we forget our own birth,
and we purified our wounded words in the rivers of our time.
We are in a hurry, for the roads are many and the gods are waiting for us.
Engrave yourself in the forehead curve, fall under your tongue and you'll prosper.

Let us roam along the road of ancestors for the hymns of harvests beheaded
and let us kiss borned desserts, by valleys we'll recognise the skulls milky
in the coat of earth, and we'll bow to the breastfed plants.
In a shabby hut of gorgeous years, we shall ask the hogon⁴, in the shade of his hat,
to tell us our forgotten names, and for the first time we shall happily reply to them.
For we strayed a lot, and no one accepted us,
for we dreamt of many dawns, under the light of katoha.
We'll trade in the eyebrows of suks⁵, with scents and everseeing eyes,
with necklaces of jade in the inaudible melodies of necks,
and we'll offer nostalgic songs of home, to those poor singers on the streets.
And we'll be lead into countless temples with hundreds of doors
and one way out, by worthless and exiled, in the golden anka's⁶ hug.
We shall kneel on doorstep of autumn winds, in front of the door the things
that pass we'll be crushing us, and in the preserved harmonies hall⁷,
the dragons will dance the last secret for us.
In the marble hipostiles we shall sacrifice memories to those starved ghosts,
and with monkey bread we'll beg mercy from bellies of divine baobabs.
It's because many prophets laid colonnades upon the common ground stones,
and surrounded themselves with wall sky – high, all in this short man's spell.
And because many signs towards one goal are broken by a step so light,
and four roads to Kompostela⁸ lead to the St. Jacob's blessing,
but very few reaped his prayer on the Starry Field.⁹

¹ Katoha (greek katoha): stiffness of limbs, sleeping tight with eyes wide open

² Feluka (tal. feluka, ar. felukah): small, long and narrow sailing – boat with paddles

³ Ghati (hin.): a cascade of staires towards waters at the Gang river

⁴ Hogon: the village elder, a spiritula leader of the African Dogon tribe in Mali, the region of Bandiagare

⁵ Suk: arabic trade areas (markets)

⁶ Ank: the symbol of life in the Egyption mythology

⁷ The hall of preserved harmonies: the name of a hall in the Forbidden City in Beijing

⁸ The four roads to Kompostela: Santiago de Compostela, the capital of province Galicia, Spain; franch road (camino france); the roads that pilgrims used from France to Spain in Middle Ages; the church of St. Jacob in Kompostela

Maša Prihotko, Serbia



I know, they threw blood – lumps at you and roasted meat from felled clouds,
the avenues of lonely heads roared and their bodies smelled like hate,
but do not leave me in your fear, flute into my word.
It is hard as pain and unstoppable like the sun's carriage,
my word threw light upon the very human landscape and it passed
through the very final gate, but the mortal's mementos
can't be conceived and long are the gardens of death.
Salve, salve¹⁰ the ruler's capital! I entered as a poor man
and left as a traveller of the world. I want to show you the golden domes
in the mirror of smokey fountains and sawn lips of a woman, who was concealing
hunger with silent beauty from a weeping child. I want to see this humble man
under the victory obelisk, the man who comforted this morning,
forgave his biggest enemy and greeted me with a smile.
We travelled with pain around ourselves and in the end, saw each other
through the eye of mandala.

Come into my city, above the marital bed of naked rivers, a loyal court – man
Perun¹¹ will welcome us with immortal fruits, on this table so high.
We'll pour suns into a bony drinking – cups and march on footprints of
underground beds, we'll dream years, we are disappearing like a new – century
wine on the brink, thirsty katoha will drink up our bitter bodies to the bottom
of the original word.
I shall give you my deep window overseeing the square of wise birds who forgave
those crazy hunters, and sang them under the knees of sanctuary.
I shall present you my shallow altar, the loneliness who tumble through
immens faces to the floating shadows and running helms of square and streets.
We'll pray faithfully, and water we'll listen us. The monasteries we'll descend
from cliff – faces steeper than the Meteors¹² moving gently stone, to meet us.
They bore the air with a path of memories, they shine with songs,
my friend we shall sing with them miles and songs already seen,
and we'll be comforted at last.



⁹ The Starry Field: the place where the body of St. Jacob was resurrected

¹⁰ Salve (lat. salve): hallo, welcome; good - bye

¹¹ Perun: the god of the sky, sun and thunder in the ancient Slovenian mythology

¹² The Meteors: monasteries near the city of Kalambaka, Greece, built on steep cliffs, "monasteries hanging from the sky"

Maya Iyer, India



I wondered what it was about you

You were a stranger to me, until the day my eyes found you
Suddenly they forgot to blink and I wondered what it was about you

My heart started pounding every time you looked my way
I froze in my seat and I wondered what it was about you

The first time you dropped me home, I danced my way to some unheard tunes
I admired the stars after a long time and wondered what it was about you

When our lips first met, I could feel my blood rushing through my body
As you held me closer, my body could feel the shuddering nerve-tingling feeling
Being in your arms felt so rite, with a sudden change in the future that seemed so bright
I laid on my bed that night and wondered what it was about you

I begin my mornings with a hope in my heart of wanting to grow old with you
As much as it seems difficult, I know our love is pure and stronger to make it true
You make me smile every time I think about you and I still wonder what it is about you



I am Maya Iyer, living in Bangalore- India. I work with one of world famous retail chain. My hobbies are to sing,cook and write...



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Melanie Jan Bishop, USA

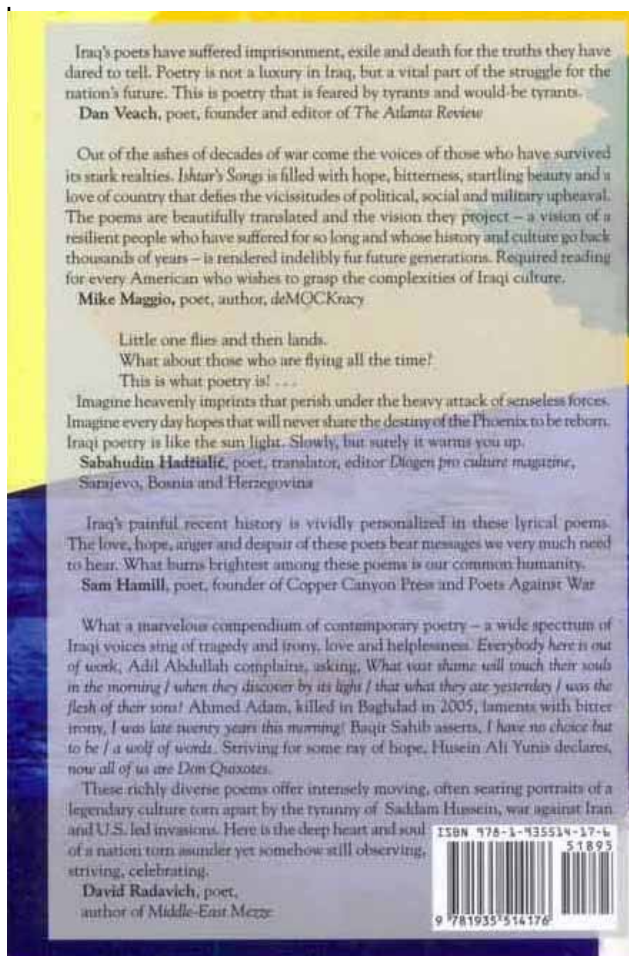
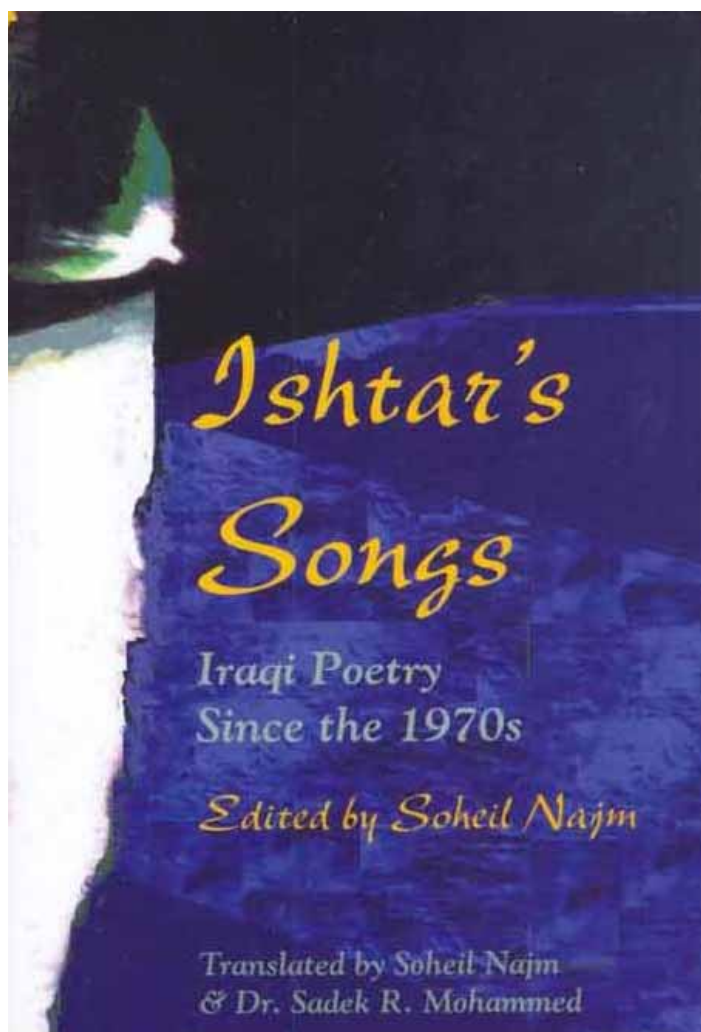
Senryu and Haiku

rising from her bed
she washes nights love away
dripping on the floor

come my little one
fear not what next awaits us
covered in snow dreams



Poetess: <http://cassiopeiarises.blogspot.com>



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Milena Susnik Falle, Slovenia



FACES

Once you learn,
Its world
Seamlessly isolated
In two halves;
Place themselves into seeing ourselves –
Not see ourselves
Reduced to spontaneous barriers
On drafts of the day
Rough without dreams,
Played friendly
Overshadow bitterness the facial features,
In blindness satisfy other
Mysterious sharpness.

Once you learn,
Behold people – maturing with time,
Seemingly banish a gloom its days...
To be a human –
With crying in own blood
Smile in the famous place
Who pleases others;
Once you learn,
Drain as the water,
Deepen – to stem
The stream of joy or sadness,
Radiate emotion shine
Someone close – another alienated,
Hidden face of pale to break new ground.

Once you learn,
Clairvoyant mimicry
Face gestures –
Reading cosmopolitanism
Wrinkles signs infatuation,
No less thoroughly than its;
Once you learn,
Dressed in its own image of the world,
Its own shadows away for a mirror of the soul;
Faces – watches reflections,
Of everyone given the fate
On the faces of emotional dust scatter,
Coloured carelessly of strain grace.

Milena Susnik Falle, born. 19.02.1947 at Otoče in Gorenjska Slovenia, where she lives. Married, mother of two adult children. Retired worker Court in Kranj. By writing poetry, I started working on the 8th grade of elementary school, publishing poems in the 16th years in the magazine "Young pot", and later in the "Tribune", "our views," "Design", after retirement I began to participate in literary competitions

Posts poems:

- literary anthologies - domestic and foreign
- Literary magazines, newspapers, ... - domestic and foreign
- virtual publication in the domestic and foreign online
- presentation of poetry and poetry collections morning Transparent crystals 2007 and Tempus fugit - Time flees 2009, Radio Triglav Jesenice and radio Kranj
- Book of Pleasure 2010 - Ljubljana (it was published that my winning song 7)
- publication Sower
- Four Seasons Magazine
- publication Confluence
- Ties between people codecs 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011
- Islands Magazine
- Tragovi, U Balkan dawn Locutio, Lirik.si, seniors forum ... etc..
- Poeta Wien
- Car Slovenia - Poland ... etc..

Awards:

- in England »United Rivals of Words and Poetry 2009 and 2010, 2011
- First Prize contest Snovik Spa - All my song
- rewarded ... in Sarajevo, Indjija
- from 2006 to 2010, 2011 - Award of RS JSKD, Mentor magazine - Seniors
- Post Poeta, Wien
- Paper and internationally Forever Word 2011

PoemTranslations:

- English
- Serbian
- German
- Polish
- Croatian language ...



Occasionally participate in local literary events in Slovenia.

Preparing III. poetry collection.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Milica Denkočić, Serbia

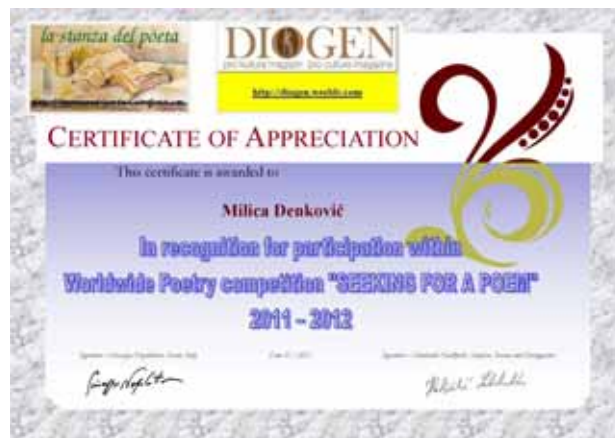


Binary ballades

My first kiss was a virtual one.
I kissed 1/10 Angelina Jolie's clone
–limited avatar edition.
Then I thought about sex...
But my computer
Has been influenced by something
And broke down
For good.
Maybe it got a kissing disease?
On the other hand I'm fine,
I really think I am ..Physically
But still dizzy in a real world.

Emotionaly- desparate
To see her again
But another
exclusively online session
will be held in 6 a months
from here
excatly in midnight
when the registration starts.
The first 10 lucky competitors
Will have access to
Next generation of limited editon
Twins afro and asian version
Avatars of clones of Angelina Jolie.
2 of her - on the second level Sex.
If I won again...
Next level A relationship.
3 of them.
Which I can customize myself.
Bonus that comes with 3 won hearts.
Each level one more avatar clone.
And then a whole army of my
Muiltiply first love !
Similar or custom.
I can't wait!
I have ot get an ultra resitant computer

To fight against bunch of those
hackers,
Spamers,viruses,voayers and other
junkers,windfucker
And jealous motherfuckers
Who distract me in my mission.
To be online forever
Because
Those cyber sexy virtual girls
Don't like offline boys.



Milica Denković, Serbia



Born 09.05.1983. in Novi Sad.Finished School for design Bogdan Šuput.Graduated at Academy of Arts – department of painting – class 2006.

Group exhibitions / Projects

- 2005. 35 th Novosadski salon, Exhibiton gallery of Vojvodinian Bank, Novi Sad, Serbia
- 2005. Design for T – shirts, campaing “Do something for your consciousness” on 10th anniversary of Srebrenica massacre on Exit NGO stage, Helsininan comitee for human rights Novi Sad, Serbia
- 2006. Attendance in performance “ Slaves “ NGO Esperanca and Human theater in association with NGO Against human trafficking Astra from Belgrade,INFANTfuzija, openspace locations in Novi Sad, Serbia
- 2008. Group photo exhibition, Unconquered town, Karlovac, Croatia
- 2008. Seleciton “Made in Serbia 2008”,video DJ-ing nature,VIDEOMEDEJA,Novi Sad, Serbia
- 2009. Group photo exhibition, Unconquered town, Karlovac, Croatia
- 2010. Group photo exhibition, Museum night, Novi Sad, Serbia
- 2010. Group photo exhibition, Novi Sad photomaraton, Novi Sad, Serbia
- 2010. Group photo exhibition, Novi Sad photomathon, Pečuj, Hungary
- 2011. E –poetry / 2 in 1, small hall, Student Cultural Center, Belgrade, Serbia

Awards:

- 2010.-2nd award Novi Sad photomathon for series of photos ,Novi Sad,Serbia
- 2010.-1st award Novi Sad photomathon for best photography,Novi Sad,Serbia

Workshops:

- Video activism, Youth club Crna kuća 13, Novi Sad, Serbia,2009.
- Slam poetry,Potree, Belgrade, Serbia ,2010.

Poetry performances:_

- Radio show Sunday at 2 – Studio B, presentation of participants of the workshop Slam poerty Avakum Kvas and Milica Denković,Belgrade, Serbia, 2010.
- Radio show Sunday at 2 – Studio B, presentation of all participants of the workshop Slam poerty, ,Belgrade, Serbia, 2010.
- First facebook poetry festival, Master hall Sajam, Novi Sad, Serbia, 2010.
- Poetry in the house, Youth club Crna kuća 13, Novi Sad, sEriba, 2011.
- April meetings 2011, Big hall of Student cultural center Belgrade, Serbia, 2011



“SEEKING FOR A POEM” INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Mimi Ferebee, USA



A Collie's Campanulla

a perennial flowering

They trotted, ashen footprints
dotting, chalking a route
from the River Tweed to Solway Firth.
Swift like cutting breeze, their hind legs
brushed along that border, sweeping
the snow as they trailed.

The journey began with a pact
among puppies, a howled promise
that sang as much pride
as it did fear.

Huddled, yet trekking,
those rhythmic jaunts blended
merle into sable, and sable
lead them home.

Surely, there were tears, rivering
that pilgrimage, an expedition
of energy,
of vitality, intelligence and
athleticism, but laughter warmed,
a soothing jacuzzi
within whirling wintery storms.

And when they arrived,
finally pausing for breathes,
one refused to pant,
inhaling the air
as if her crisp cusps were violet lobes,
those heart-shaped whispers,
bluebells, rising under the hidden sun.



Mimi Ferebee is the editor-in-chief of RED OCHRE PRESS, overseeing the publication of both RED OCHRE LiT and ROLiT NEWS.

A graduate of the College of William and Mary, she received degrees in both English (emphasis in Creative Writing and Literature) and Psychology (emphasis in Behavioral and Developmental Science). Her literary work has been featured in several journals, magazines and reviews, including *Flutter Poetry Journal*, *Leaning House Press*, *Caper Literary Journal*, *Contemporary World Literature*, *Both Sides Now*, *Bewildering Stories*, *Decanto Magazine (UK)*, *ChickenBones: A Journal & Houston Literary Review*. Look for recent acceptances and upcoming publications in *James Dickey Review*, *Taj Mahal Review (India)* & *Black Magnolias*. Her full length poetry collection, *Shape Shifts & Her Other Masqued Transitions*, will be published by Patasola Press (Fall, 2011). Her essay "Devil in a Blue Dress and Cinnamon Kiss: An Exploration of African American Financial Insecurity and its Impact on Psychological Development" will also be published in the fall by *Psychedelic Literature*, while her "Is Your Daughter Planning to Sell Her Virginity: On the Road to a Notion of Feminism" debuted in April 2011 in *TawdryBawdry*. If you enjoyed the latter essay, be sure to read her "Start Early, Don't Stop: Mother's Road to Sex Education" in the April 2011 issue of *Tidewater Women Magazine*. Mimi has also just been accepted into the 15th Annual West Virginia Writer's Workshop, hosted by the acclaimed English department of West Virginia University. The newest literary fellow of The Muse, Mimi will participate in a number of intensive workshops this summer, including a poetry writing session with Old Dominion University's MFA Creative Writing Program Director, Luisa Igloria, a fiction writing session with acclaimed Virginia-based author Tim Farrington & a photography session with the hailed Roberto Westbrook.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Mirjana Marinković, Serbia

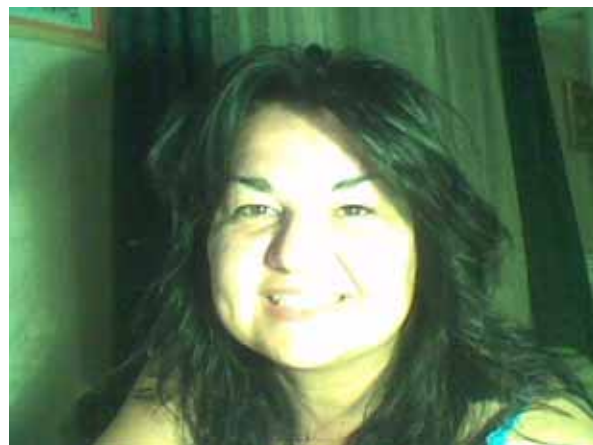


PRAYER

Far away
The falcon silently circles the sky
Sunken in freedom
Loving it more than life itself.

The last warrior
Begs the Holly Land
To forgive
Because the dust trickles
Less and less

Translated into English by: Sabahudin Hadzialic



She was born in 1967.

In 1992 she graduated in the Russian language and literature from the Faculty of Philology in Belgrade.

Since 1993 she has been teaching Russian at school, running the Russian choir, writing poetry and prose, singing, painting, organizing concerts and poetry presentations.

Near the end of 2010 she published her first book of poems, which she also illustrated, and is currently preparing another three books of poetry (haiku, novelty poems and reflective poems), as well as short stories.

She has published her poems in several magazines and internet portals, such as:

- “Diogenes”, Sarajevo
- “Maximinus”, Sarajevo (as a member of its editorial team)
- “Webstilus”, Zagreb
- “Kandelabar”, Indjija
- “Majdan”, Kostolac
- “Poeta”, Belgrade
- “Budilnik”, Novi Sad, and others.

Translated into English by: Vesna Stefanovic



“SEEKING FOR A POEM” INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Miroslav Kovač, Serbia



To Marko Maslak

You get the worm of suspicion
and smash it against Truth
but then you get cut
by the same Truth
and you pause...

You set fire to all books on superstition
but instead of burning them at the stake
you use them for true fireworks...
Calm at heart, you meet the light of the day,
you soak in the last ripple of the night ebb
and you pause...

You canalize your thoughts,
deprive your mind of the right to expression
and give it to your will instead –
you veto the one of someone else,
then you spin around your axis
and pause...

You collect bits of advice by the unknown and
the irrational,
and make a perfect mixture
of a kind that no one has ever made
and you pause...

You walk over decayed crops of history,
you trudge through rain-forests of futile ideas and ideologies,
you spit on all of them fiercely
and you pause...

You disturb the balance of freshly forged evil plans
and become your own minority,
and your own majority,
all by yourself - your own quorum...

And when you finally complete all of these
You rise and walk away...
for good...



Miroslav Kovač, Serbia



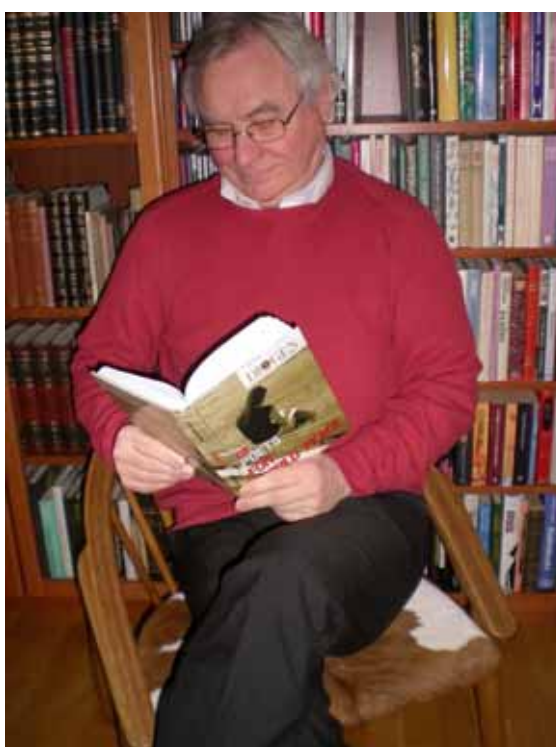
Miroslav Kovach was born in 1978. in Vrbas, Vovvodina, Serbia. He lives and works in Vrbas, where serves as artistic director of the oldest poetry festival for young poets in the region of western Balkans - the Festival of Yugoslav Youth Poetry. His first book of poetry "Interpreter of fire" (Tumač Vatre) was published in the edition "Pegasus" of "Književna omladina Srbije" in 2011th year.

Awards at poetic competitions and festivals:

- First prize in the competition program, "Svetionik", Radio Danube, Novi Sad, 1998th
- First prize of the festival "Erato of Kucura" Kucura, 2000th and 2001.
- Recognition in the competition "Vatrom hodim stihom brodim" Backa Palanka, 2001th
- Laureate of the "Stanko Simičević" Yugoslav Youth Poetry Festival, Vrbas, 2005th
- Second prize in the contest for the most beautiful spiritual song, Literary Club "Rujno", Uzice, 2009th
- Praise the international poet of the "Rudnicka vrela," Gornji Milanovac, 2009th
- Award for a guest-participant at the 14th international literary festival "Pontes", Krk, Republic of Croatia 2009.

Poetry published in collections:

- 12. Yugoslav haiku festival, Odžaci, 1999th
- Competition for the most beautiful love song "Žubori sa Moravice", Ivanjica, 2000th
- "Vatrom brodim stihom hodim, "Dis", Backa Palanka, 2001th
- Competition "Banatsko pero" - New on the old address, Zitiste, 2008th
- International festival of poets "Garavi sokak", Indjija, 2009th, 2010th.
- Competition "Morning of Ozren", Sokobanja 2009th
- "Traces on the sand", Bečej, 2009th
- A joint collection of selected participants of the "gateway between the East and West", IV Novosarajevski literary meetings, Novo Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina, 2010.
- Proceedings, 1st European Virtual poetry festival, Banat Cultural Center, New Miloševo, 2011.



Nancy Sharma, India



Your Tears are Treasure

She sits in her room
 And cries and cries
 There's no more trust in this girl's heart
 She finally found out
 That life is not perfect
 And everyone is not correct
 She lived in dreams
 As children often do
 This was not correct
 She also knew
 Things that once were
 Happiness once known
 The truth of it all
 Was also known
 She'll never know
 A real true friend
 There's no more trust
 For no more lies
 She knows that
 All these good things
 Will one day fly
 When God watched her
 He became regretful and
 Send an Angel for her
 Angel said "Don't cry my girl
 Every drop of your tear is very precious. It is a treasure.
 For whom you are taking out these tears
 When no one does it for you.
 Keep these tears with you because your tears are treasure."
 These lines touched the heart of that girl
 And the angel changed her tears into happiness and smile



Name - Nancy Sharma
 Class - 8
 School - Sunbeam English School
 Bhagwanpur
 City- Varanasi
 Country - India
 Fathers name - Mr. Vijay Kumar
 Sharma
 Mothers name - Mrs. Sunita Sharma



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Nataša Stanojević, Serbia



Night

Look at the sky, it looks so far away,
 it looks so ugly, cold and gray
 now when I'm just I, one and only
 in this crazy world which is so lonely,
 so lonely without you now...
 I'm standing on my crossroad asking why?
 Why have you gone? Where should I go
 in this crazy town?

Where should I go?
 Sky is so ugly, cold and sad,
 only stars twinkles, making me mad.
 What should I do without you?
 I'm standing left from the destiny,
 right from your eyes.
 I gave you my hands, I gave you blue skies...
 Now I have nothing, I'm hopeless, in tears
 'cause now reality are my worst fears.
 You gave me sun, then you took it back
 and lightly day became night in black.



Born in 1994. in Kruševac. Lives in Lučina, a village near Čičevac, in Serbia. She is a high school student of Medical school in Kruševac, department of pharmaceutical technician. From her sixst grade she's writing poems, mostly love poems. In 2010. she won second prize on poetry competition for the most beautiful love poem in Kruševac in category for high school students and college students, and in 2011. first prize. She is writing stories, too. On literary competition held by Serbian Society for Fight Against Cancer in 2008. and 2009. she won second prize, and in 2011 first prize. On literary competition held by Laza Kostić Fund she won third prize.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Ndue Ukaj, Kosovo



Godo is not coming

It is raining, the road from Irland is unpassable
The sea cannot be passed with small steps, on rainy nights
When solitude is overwhelming you enjoy the earthquake cracks of the Earth
When pain has no time even for scientific explanation.

Godo is not coming, it is late, infected by the welcoming
Sleeping comfortably, amongst both of our dreams.
He is not coming, neither under the tree of life nor in the theater of wonders,
Under the sleep of expectation which your time doesn't understand...our time.

You are waiting, like the bride on the abandoned bed,
Dreaming of him with open arms as he brings a sack full of dreams
Extending your hands with softness, as in the beloved hair...relaxes there
And prays to your dreams, intertwined through your tall fingers.
Suddenly a bite freezes your body, your hand flies from the sack.
Wiping your forehead you understand that Godo didn't come, neither his enigmatic look.
Nonetheless you are not convinced that your dream entered in a sack.
It was tied forever just like Godo's arrival.
Surprisingly passed on the other side of the furious river of words
As you pass amongst the dreams full of wonders towards the guards of time
That makes the noise of life in the dream of expectation.
Nearby the time guards
Foster the hope that Godo nevertheless will come.

Godo is not coming, no...!
You are crying, crying frantically until your tears have made a creek
Between your cheeks and your continuous flow of tears.
Where the heart beats are felt like the steps of the unknown
In the gloomy night when grief is around the corner
And even Godo could experience it on his hands and be thrown desperately.



Ndue Ukaj, a writer, publicist and literary critic and literary theorist, was born in 1977 in Kosova. He has conducted studies on Albanian literature and language at the Faculty of Philology at the University of Pristina, where he followed master. In Sweden, Ukaj has followed courses in Swedish language and culture. He was member of several editorials literary. He has also been editor of the magazine for art, culture and society "Identity" that was published in Pristina. Ukaj is included in several anthologies of poetry, in Albanian, and other languages. His poems and texts were translated into English, Romanian, Spanish and Italian.

While the book "Godo is not coming", won the national award "Azem Shkreli" for best book of poetry published in 2010 in Kosovo.

He is the author of books of poetry and literary studies.

Books in albanian: "The Biblical Discourse in the Albanian Literature", AIKD; Kosovo 2004

"The waterfall of metaphors", M&B, Tirane, Albany, 2008

Books in english, "Ithaca of the word", translated by Peter Tase, publishing by Lulu Entepress, USA 2010

"Godo is not coming" Lulu Entepress, USA 2010

Book in spanish: Godo no viene, Lulu Entepress, USA, 2010.

He works in the publishing house Drita in Pristina, Kosovo

* _without prejudice to positions on status/ is in line with UNSCR 1244 and ICJ opinion on declaration of independence_

Nenad Bakaj, Australia



AS NEVER BEFORE

I have always loved you
But never before I sang to you
As I am doing it
Right today

I have kissed you
Passionately and powerfully
But never exactly
As today

Your heat
Made me warm
But I never thought
About it
As I am thinking about
Today

By my eyes I fondled
Your curves
But never before
With so much desire
As today

I have grown into one with you
Like a newborn baby
By umbilical cord
With their mother
And I never trembled
By being separated from you
As today
My lovely homeland



Born in Prijedor, Bosnia/Herzegovina, where he lived by the beginning of the Bosnia War. Now lives and works as a rehabilitation counsellor and accredited mental health social worker in Brisbane, Australia.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Nenad Glišić, Serbia



train stink
so much about trains

however – everything stink
future stink
father’s advices stink

decomposition stink

we carring on shoulders
curse of the ancestors
stink

we
armed stupidity of the world
we
armed inexperience whit the bottles
we
agglomerate from prop and rope
swaying mothers in tears
get flowers from exotic sisters
kissing someone other’s girlfriends

we living

station waste behind the curve
train stink
we sway



Nenad Glišić, born in Kragujevac, Serbia. Author of six poetry books, one novel, and one book of short stories. Lives in Kragujevac.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Nermin Delić, Bosnia and Herzegovina

Sorrow

Where is my story's perfect fable?
Sorrow, I wait in desperation,
what you will tell to me?
To love another girl? -I'm not able.
Destiny, full of the bitterness befalls me.

Sorrow, spread your wings and your fame,
let it spread like a terrible dread
one by one as troop of tears with pain.
My life is just a crumb of incant bread.

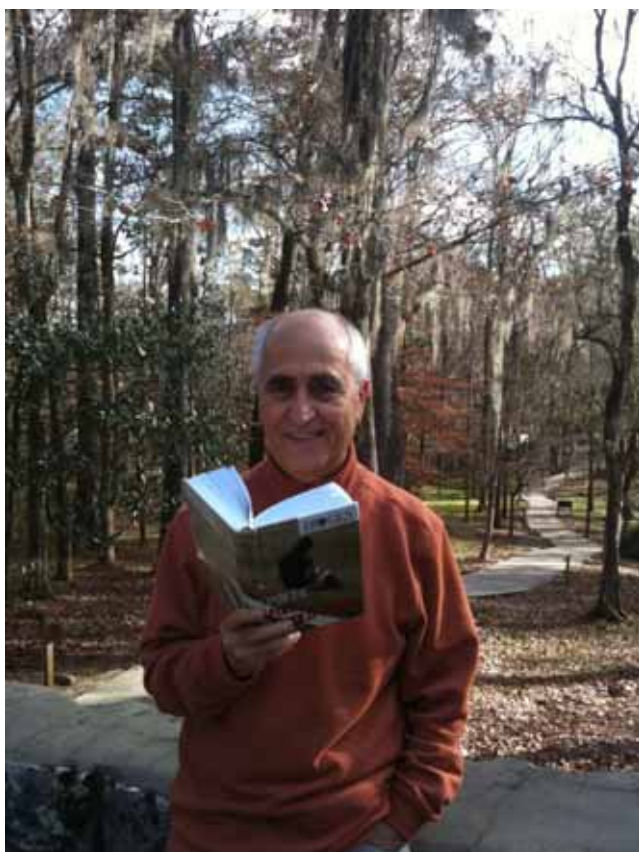
Extolling whispers relates a strain of life so far.
Sorrow, show a little respect
or take me to the rugs of the stars
and I promise, I'll try to forget all.

I would like to start again from day to day,
forgetting you, my poor sorrow, and this town.
I would wander as a bohemian by the star's way
and I'll pray forever against this curse because
everything in my life is upside-down.



Nermin Delić (July 12 , 1995) was born in a Bugojno and he goes in a Medicine School „Nikola Šop“ in a Jajce. He is excellent student. He won a second place on a “Šopovi dani na Plivi”. His poems are listed in a collection of the poems which called ”Duhovna konekcija” regarding a 5th “Novosarajevski susreti”. Also, some of his poems are part of a “Almanah ”-collection of the Balkan’s poems. His most of the poems are published on a web site of “Glas Naroda” . Nermin writes a poems and a stories three years and currently, he live in a Vinac.

“SEEKING FOR A POEM” INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.





Nihad Mešić River, Bosnia and Herzegovina

You don't know, really

You don't know, really
I'm trying
To be tidy
For you.

You don't know, really
I take a deep breath
So my fat stomach doesn't show
For you.

You don't know, really
I am trying
Not to get lost
In your eyes.

You don't know, really
I have beautiful dreams of you
In the night, and sometimes in the day,
Though, I didn't sleep.

You don't know, really
Maybe it is time
That you know, and
Maybe it isn't.

Translated by Nihad Mešić River



Nihad Mešić was born in Tuzla, Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1965. He was educated in Tuzla, Sarajevo, Lillehammer, Copenhagen, Rovereto, Warsaw, Geneva, Subotica...He published different articles in the field of human rights and conflict resolution within Bosnia and Herzegovina and abroad. In 2007 he was co-author of the book „Globalising Hope/ Globalizzare Speranza”, published by IUPIP in Italy. For a long time he worked as translator and interpreter from English and French to Bosnian. From the times of war in Bosnia and Herzegovina, Nihad is involved in peace and human rights activism. Under the nom de plum River, Nihad Mešić started to publish poetry in 2002 at the Cyberbulevar Forumu, and later on in the forum of the Web Portal „Tuzlarije” using the pseudonym Sufler. He published as well in magazines „Diogenes” and „Maxminus”. Together with other nine authors he authored the book of poetry „Pod istim nebom” („Under the Same Sky”), published by DHIRA verlag, Erlenbach ZH, Switzerland in 2008. The same publisher also exclusively presented his own three books of poetry - „Dovoljno lud” („Crazy Enough”) in 2009, „Kroćenje straha“ (“Taming Fear”) in 2010. and “Iza oklopa” (“Behind the shield”) in 2011. On the website “Poetas del Mundo” he is represented among the poets from Bosnia and Herzegovina. Nihad lives and works in Tuzla.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Nina Zdinjak, Serbia



I. Nothing.

Hello, my Love,

You will most probably never get this letter.

Today is April 2nd, 2011. For the first time in my life (that I remember).

April 2nd, 2011.

I am some 22 years old. You are 29.

Years. A measure I still cannot fathom.

Nor what it is meant to measure.

The soul? The mind? The heart? Wisdom? Character? Experience?

Nor how it's supposed to measure it.

Based on the revolution of planets, and some mathematical symbols?

Nor what it truly means.

What is a lot of years? What is too few?

Is it not a universal measure?

How its description varies on the situation!

How the words that we need come flowing,

And how differently do we use them with each our intention!

The frailty. Of everything.

Everything is so flexible. So delicately fleeting.

Shape. Color. Taste. Smell.

Nothing more than deceptions, own ideas, fantasies... illusions.

Love?

Yeah, man. I believe in Love.

Oh, unfortunate reader, tricked by curious destiny into reading these lines,

What is the first idea which occupied your mind and soul once you've seen all of this?

Are you yet another of those cruel, frozen forms of life,

Which view their life from the sidelines, as a child would view its toy?

Not caring whether it will break or replace it with another.

Refusing to take responsibility, automatically blocking any kind of experiencing.

And being such a wreck of something which, at one point, could have been the joyfulness of a child,

Did it run through you, the thought:

How pathetic!

Do the flows of mercury running through your veins carry the fallacy of

The non-existence of the sanctity called - - - - ?

What's with the drama, what's with the philosophy -

- is this what you are thinking as you are flying over this computer-entered text?

Are you laughing over the contrast of the idea of the eternal, truthful, soulful,

So meagerly imprinted on a piece of paper?

Suffocating in the pores of the cellulose which was also once alive.

This idea, which strives to spread itself unto others, who are not HIM,

Nina Zdinjak, Serbia



Is slain before even having drawn its first breath.
But, it is not just an idea, it is the very breath of life,
The only breath of life,
Which makes us different from the dead walking among us so freely.
They are noisier than the rest, and they most readily spread their ideas about how life should really be
lived,
and what this miracle called life is made of.
Beautiful is this world of ours, where we've allowed the dead to teach us the art of living.
So leisurely, just as cells decay once their time has passed,
So do the last of the artists languish on this dissonant planet.
They, who have dealt with the only art which stands above all else.
Without anyone to look up to, or anyone to rely on,
They stand so vulgarly forlorn,
That they slowly start turning their backs on it.
And when they realize that just turning is not enough for it to give up on them,
They step on it and start stomping,
For they have to ensure their weakness lest they return to it.
And it is harder to say no to that art, than to life itself.
But never underestimate the power of the zombies
Who shape these souls from their first wondrous blinks toward this world.
If they have not been anywhere before, and have nothing to compare this world to,
Why do they wonder at it so much in their first heartbeats?
Wonder?
Wonder.
And then... cry.
For what or over whom do they spill those salty drops?
How did so many oceans come to be... how great of a being had to cry over us?
It is already April 3rd.
Something is making me note that, and respect the initial form.
Is there a form when writing a love letter?
And respect in the heat of passion?
Is this a love letter at all?
No.
Perhaps.
It is not.
It is a letter fashioned of love, but it is not a love letter.
My soul looks at itself in the mirror.
In the mirror, images flow one after another,
Of a nuclear plant melting down,
Of some people far away being bombarded...
And I sometimes hear such news, and despite everything... I laugh.

Nina Zdinjak, Serbia



The muscles of my face are controlled by other systems.

Those systems work.

The mirror must not be functioning well, I'll send it back to its analytic maker.

But I dream that my eyes are being gouged out.

And that I cannot cry, for I have them no more.

And I realize that the mirror is precise, and the pain in my head from the repressing is even more sincere.

And I laugh.

And I feel the joy of sadness.

And I give thanks for all I wish were not.

And I live while I rot and am eaten by worms all around me.

And I run away as I force myself to see the truth.

And I know not if I can bear what has already been borne.

For what's been lost has been won.

And the cleansing begins.

I wait.

I wait.

I wait.

I. Nothing.

And there I felt peace.

But for one moment alone.

The artist inside you cannot be wiped out,

And when you muffle him with a pillow he can still be heard.

He does need the air to breathe, for he feeds on something different.

And - - - from your being can never be expelled.

The artist remains inside you, eternal, even when he turns towards death.

For in death he will, too, find his purpose, and even his death will be a work of art.

And you cannot escape such a destiny.

The curse of an artistic soul.

The gift of mortal logic.

I. Nothing.

Do you comprehend the essence?

Face the truth!

No, it cannot hurt. Your sensations have been numbed.

A consequence of the whippings of the soul and scratching of the lungs throughout many lives.

Your throat tightens, for you screamed with your hands,

And clenched your fists with the Adam's apple that you do not have.

And now it is dry and it blocks the flow of air, which you also do not need.

Your existence is sustained only through

L o v e.

I. Nothing.

Nina Zdinjak, Serbia



And feel the gaze of the thunder which has just begun to build by destroying.

The harder the impact, the stronger the foundation.

Be thankful at times, for you have the privilege of seeing. Without your eyes.

Ha, ha, ha.

Is it disquieting for you, this babbling on the verge of madness?

Once you feel reason, the logic will break,

And for the first time you shall breathe deeply and finally smell the stench of truth and the perfume of lies.

And then again, again. And again.

And each original truth will smell into a lie.

Only when there are none left shall you feel the scent of reality and then you will experience:

I. Nothing.

Nina Zdinjak sprang from the womb of her mother, on a scorching day in the summer of 1988. And then, nothing. She just watched, observed. She did not complain, did not cry, until one day she started going to primary school. With the first foundations of knowledge arrived the first tears. A rebel to the core could not stand being inside on a beautiful day, and as his heart beat in the rhythm of the basketball being played in the courtyard, he could not bear to be forced to listen about some rivers forking or other. This lasted, hand in hand with headaches, for a full eight years. So that he could survive (this rebel inside of her), he took onto himself a million commitments which can fulfil the human soul. So, she spent her weekends raising wolves, tigers, bears and many other animals, working as a volunteer at the Belgrade zoo. During workdays, she attended classes of this and that, practices of this and that, and was constantly in motion. This helped her through the worst period in life, that of being a child. When she attempted to enrol into the Faculty of Dramatic Arts, department of acting, at 15, she was cruelly rejected. Once again disappointed with the entire world, she enrolled into a high school instead. During that time, she got along the best with books. It was a new way of coping with the system. It truly made things quite easier, and throughout high school, there was much more room for her to breathe.

Today, Nina is attending her final year at the Faculty of Philosophy. She is freer than ever before. She acts regularly at the “Branko Krsmanovic” Academic Theatre, and she is a passionate speleologist and free climber. Occasionally, she also writes a little something down (a story published in the collection “Houses in the air”, Alma publishing house, 2010).



Oliver Milijić, Serbia



Even when we die, we don't disappear. That is, we are no longer visible for the living. But, to disappear? How is it even possible to disappear – a missionary Bert Hellinger asked himself, rubbing on himself (eyes closed) and the silhouette`s tail, a disappearing ointment, in a hut, on the ocean coast.

Recipe for vanishing:

The Ouroboros

breeds himself
takes himself for his wife
cheats
kills if need be

self-creating narcissus

breed from the unfertilized egg
grows first horns
inseminates the word, its double
listening to “Still Got The Blues”

When a trickle of poisonous blood
squirts from his eyes
he enters the body of Godot
to spawn death:
“The first one is easy. You tense up and get over it.
Beware of the second death”.

(during the fertile days)

A live wheel
eats its tail
(„My ending is my beginning“)

The Ouroboros – Godot
a thought,
that melts.

Oliver Milijic (1973, Nis, Serbia). The book of the poetic texts MISTAKE(N), 1994. His works were published at the anthologies of the poetry of young poets, as well as in literate magazines and experimental funings. He was regular associate of the SIGNAL magazine (the herald of the neo-avant-garde movement Signalism, the founder Miroljub Todorovic) and signalistic almanacs. He is also represented at the anthology of the alternative poetry CUTS FROM THE BARBERSHOP (Sunnyvale,USA,2004) and at the anthology of the Slovenian art MIEDZY OCHRYDA A BUGIEM (Krosno, Poland, 2011), as well as in culture & literature magazines PROTOKOLU KULTURALNEGO (Poznan, Poland, 2011) and RADOSTOWA (Starachowice, Poland, 2010).



“SEEKING FOR A POEM” INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Pat Borthwick, United Kingdom



Katya

Not of my own choosing
do my paps darken like muzzles.
My belly slowly swells.
I cannot see my valley now.
I crave for lassi
but they bring us rusty water
in the bottom of a can.

They come and come,
day, night, day,
unbuttoning
as the door slaps against the stucco.
They leave our thighs and faces
crusty with their stink.

And after me,
they hump across on to my mother,
covering her shrunken face
with her heavy dirndl
skirt.
She is dry, dry.
Her womb is a husk.

Each day I am ripening.
I do not want this cuckoo
fluttering its rabid wings

in my darkness.
I can see its wild eyes beneath my skin.
It will suck me dry as rock.

Yet, I have practised its birth –
how I will keep my legs far apart,
my eyes screwed shut,
then roll it with my heel in the dust
kicking it and its afterbirth
down the mountainside.

Or, how I will say, *Give me my baby,*
and boy or girl, call it Katya.
That was my mother's name.



Pat Borthwick lives in the UK's rural Yorkshire. She spent her earlier life on the rivers and canals of England and remembers learning letters of the alphabet and numbers from those chalked on goods wagons (the later railway system often built alongside the waterways). She trained in Fine Art and worked as a ceramic sculptor for ten years, her work being in collections both at home and abroad. Pat began writing in her late forties, first short stories and then poems.

She finds both genres challenging and enjoyable but believes poetry to be the more complex of the two and thereby her favourite, although thankfully short stories still find a way of squeezing themselves out between the poetry gaps. With poetry, Pat wrestles to find the right balance between what she calls 'The Three S's' – the sense, sound and shape on the page of the poem. She also works in audio and has made several CD sonic portraits using ambient sound about a sense of place. These include a hospital, a church, allotments, a range of chalk hills and a newly formed AONB (Area of Outstanding Beauty) in and around Castle Howard. Pat sees this as painting with sound. Perhaps because of her visual art training and background, Pat has written several poems in collaboration with artists working in different media. As with her poem 'Katya' she often writes about grey areas and finds this important in a world which increasingly only operates in black and white. Whatever the final circumstances, she hopes to 'go out' writing.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



I met you again

I met you again
you changed ,everything changed
This time I knew really better
The moment I heard you, I was skidder
The season of love was again coming out
You were the always one I thought about
Maybe it was love.....wait...it is ALL
LOVE.....

In this darkness of life
Where Every hand was leaving me
You came like an angel
And took me nearer to heaven

You always asked when did love happen...
My answer,

Love was happened
When I first heard you crying
Love was happened
When it was eight in the clock
Love was happened
When you blushed on the Skype for first time
Love was happened
When you said ,“I will be there for you forever”
Love was happened
When you had put that curl behind your ear
Love was happened
When I was eating magi , and you called me and said
”come down”
Love was happened
When our elbow touched in that theater
Love was happened
When we drank fruit bear together
Love was happened
When I wanted to hold your hand in rickshaw but
couldn't
Love was happened
When I proposed you in the rain on the bridge
Love is all that happens
When you r with me and when i am with you

I always kept searching for something which would
make me happy
But everything else tasted like salt in tea

Every hour ,every day every second
I got more and more within you
Yeah...but I knew I was killing myself
“you are my girl
Who has a little curl
Right in the side of right ear



Is this a natural art
Or are you my sweetheart”

if love can be heard...I could hear you now
if love could be seen...I can see you always
you are that part of my life
that remains the closest to me
you are that part of my thought
that runs always through my mind

today is your birthday
and i am more happy than you are
my happiness is the summation of
my happiness plus yours

34 months and it still baffles me
what are you ? my fate or destiny
you are neither my love nor my friend
you are the mixture of both which words never said

you are something greater for me
eyes don't see it, but heart does feel

On this birthday,
I promise,

When you will be sad, I will dry your tears
When you will be afraid ,I will vanish your fears
When you will be lost and cant see the light
I will be your Philips tub light ,shining ever so bright

If only you knew in dis world what I feel for you....

I just feel you coming to me when the sun gets bright
I just feel your heart beating with mine at the break of
night
I just feel u in my arms when nothing goes right
I just feel ur hand in mine when t whole world leaves
me aside

If only you knew in this world what I feel for you....

And,
Out of this life, of smiles and sorrows
I promise together we will face all tomorrows
You will be my best friend and love
‘coz its all written in destiny from above

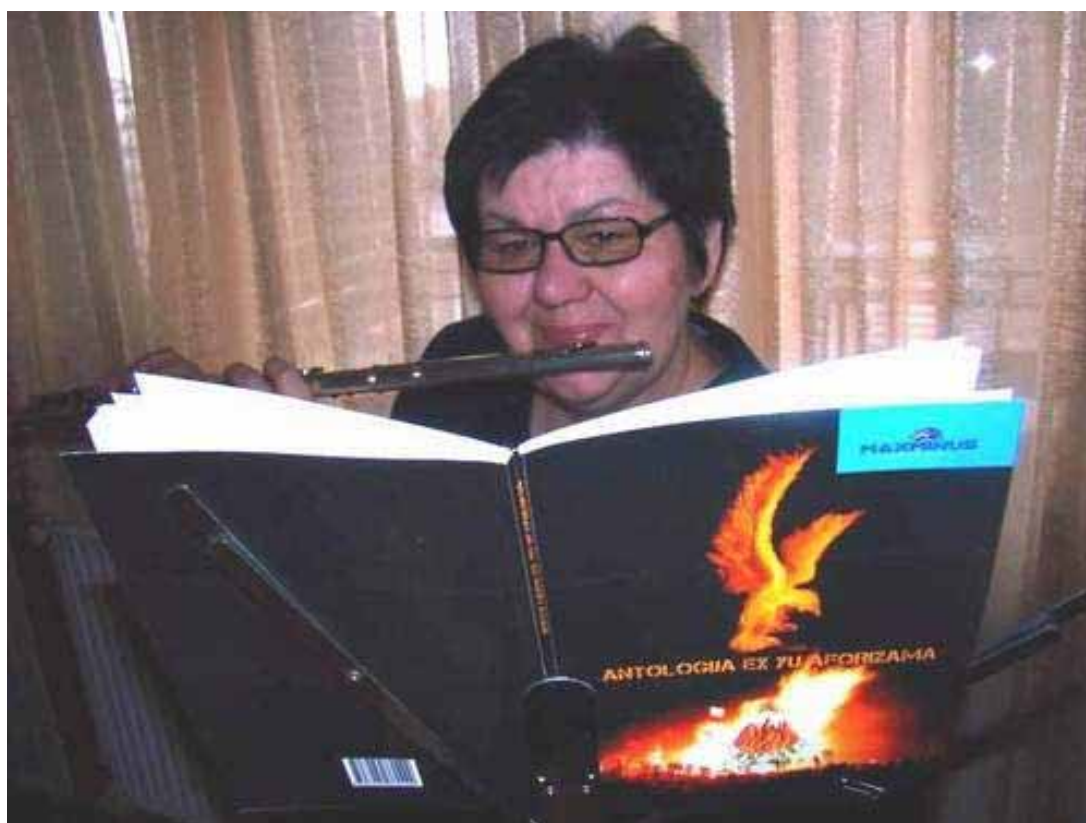
I wish I could write this poem till the end of my life
And, I don't know what will be the end of this rhyme
Whatever I think comes down to the same old tune
No matter what happens, I will hold ur hand forever
You are my life Angel...I love you....

“SEEKING FOR A POEM” INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Prashant Kumar, India



NAME: PRASHANT KUMAR
D O B : 24TH AUGUST, 1993
GENDER: MALE
OCCUPATION: STUDYING UNDERGRADUATE PRO-
GRAMME IN PETROLEUM ENGINEERING
NATIONALITY: INDIA
ADDRESS: PDPU ,GANDHINAGAR,INDIA



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Pravat Kumar Padhy, India

Poetry for Tomorrow

We feel proud
being descendant of Neanderthals
on the flow of time
living here, adjacent everywhere
as a part of the long human-ware.

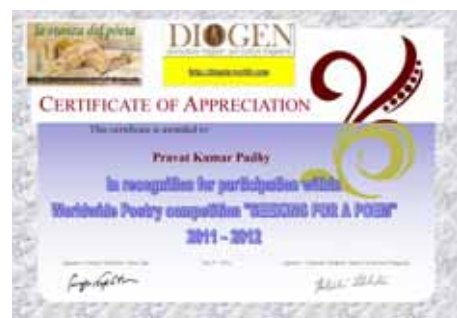
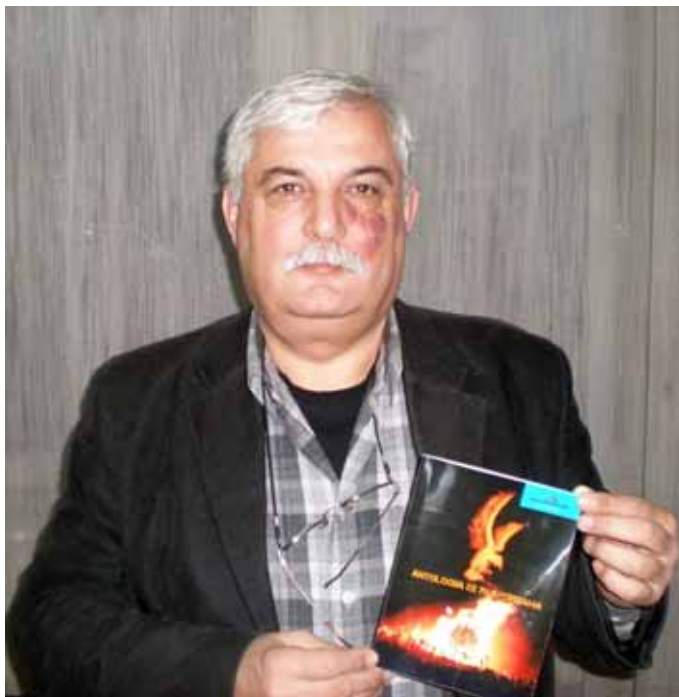
Beauty of boundary
encircles the edge of space
We are amongst
The sun, moon and stars
at a kaleidoscopic distance.

A play of love
for entire mankind
I plant
in dream, a world of garden
full of flowers and friendship.



Pravat Kumar Padhy holds Masters and Ph.D in Applied Geology from ISM-Dhanbad, India. His poem, haiku and tanka have appeared in Commonwealth Quarterly, Poet, Creative Forum, Poets for Living Waters, The Enchanting Verses, Literary Endeavour, Poetcrit, The Houston Literary Review, World Haiku Review, Lynx, The Notes from the Gean, Ambrosia, Sketchbook, Atlas Poetica, Kokako, Simply Haiku, The Mainichi Daily News, Haiku Reality, The Heron’s Nest, Red Lights, Chrysanthemum etc. Haiku published on the HSA “Haiku Wall” in the historic Liberty Theatre Gallery, Bend, Oregon, USA. Recipients of many awards and commendations. His Credits include “Honourable Mention” by The Mainichi Daily News for the Best of English Haiku:2010, Haiku Reality Editors’ Choice, Second Best of Issue, June, 2011. Recently tanka published in the Atlas Poetica Special Features on “A Botany of Tanka”. Credited publication of verse, “Silence of the Seas”, “The Tiny Pebbles”. His latest collection “Songs of Love: A Celebration is in press (Writers Workshop Publication)

“SEEKING FOR A POEM” INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Rahul S. Badnakhe, India



Dreams the energy

Kites in the sky flying so high,
My breath goanna give me sake of sigh,
I can see the shining stars,
Glittering around the beautiful mars.....

Birds are booming at top of the hill,
My heart wanna say just be chill,
I can be at top of the crest,
To win the life with bravely quest.....

It's goanna funny to have all that,
But dream gets true when I fought,
Kicks the problems kicks so away,
Dreams the energy Dreams the way.....



NAME: RAHUL SATISH BADNAKHE.

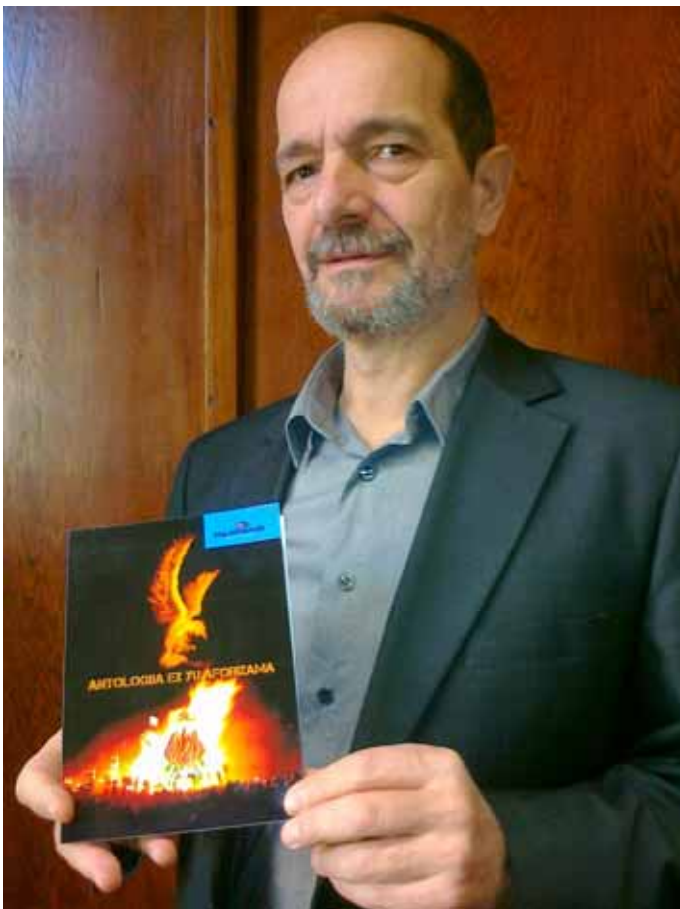
AGE: 19

ADDRESS: AKOLA, DIST. AKOLA,
MAHARASHTRA, INDIA.

QUALIFICATION: UNDERGRADU-
ATE,B.TECH CHEMICAL (2ND YEAR).

COLLEGE NAME: COLLEGE OF
ENGG. & TECH, AKOLA.

PART OF INTREST: WRITING CUL-
TURAL POEMS, SHORT STORIES,
INSPPRING THOUGHTS, SPEECHES
AND ARTICLES.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Ratka Shokleska, Macedonia



WHEN THE OAK WERE DYING

Only a poplar can make apples tree cry,
and shake the soul of a giant oak,
I love when wind shakes the canopy.
His smile is tender music for my ears
his whispering voice
calm my heart from the distance.

Only a poplar can make apples tree cry.
And I cried silently that night
when he told me that was late,
I was too late for this life.
My soul was splitting apart
at the night when the gentle giants die.



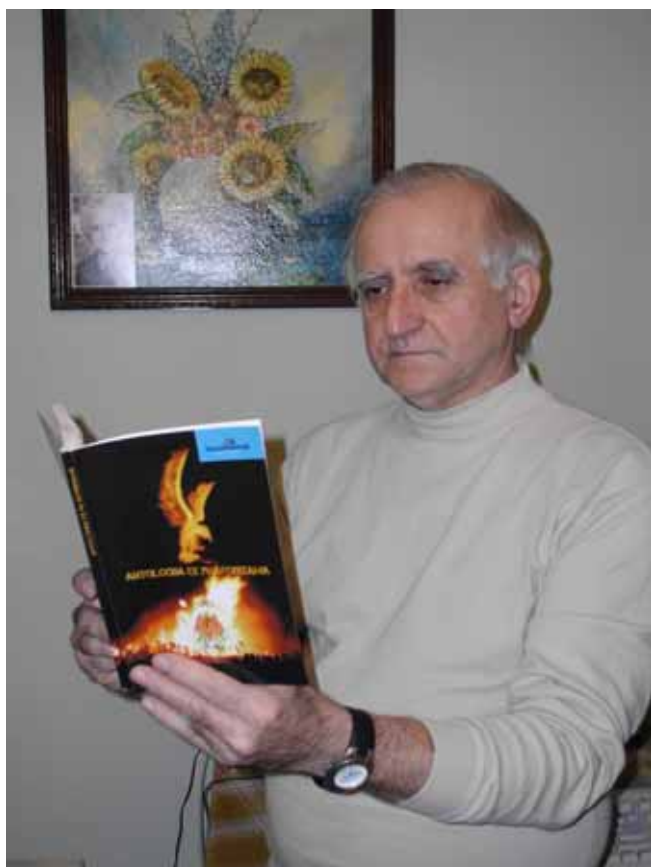
My name is Ratka Shokleska, born 4th July 1983 at Skopje (where I am living and working). I'm an archeologists , and now a student at geotechnical engineering at Faculty of Civil Engineering at Skopje.

I'm big poetry (and art) admirer. I was :

- ~ Participant at Poetry Slam in CK, Skopje (February 2011)
- ~ Reading my poetry at midnight radio show – Players at canal 103 (02 of May 2011)
- ~ Participant as a young poet at 50th Jubilee of Struga poetry Nights (August 2011)
- ~ Reading my poetry at cafe and book store Mgor (September 2011)

Don't have published poetry book yet, but I'm still actively writing at my blogs - *светлина* (www.aurorarosa.blog.mk) и *своерачно* (www.bernardoguardi.blog.mk).

The poem that I'm sending to you is originally written on English language.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Ranu Kunwar, India



"Afterlife"

In between the serene Earth and the velvet sky,
There lies a technicolor horizon,
Where the soul is unbound,
Yet not free.

My eyes shed a tear,
And lips utter the words They can't hear.

I cry,I sob
I yell and I shout.
Searching for something and
Trying to figure out.

All those dreams left unfulfilled
And the secrets kept concealed.
Even the first kiss didn't matter
As I watched my soul shatter.

Had I been given just a day more to live,
I'd watch my long-awaited Sun,
rising behind the cliff.
Would give wings to all those dreams,
And ask for the last dance,or so it seems.

But here I'm with a heart beating so slow.
In this afterlife I must forget everyone I know.

The stars are beautifully aligned in here,
More perfectly than I had ever seen.
This is neither your Earth nor my Heaven,
But just a place in between.



Name:Ranu Kunwar

Age: 18

India

Student (XII std)

Started writing at the age of 12 and into poetry lately. Write mostly about the daily dilemmas of teen and adult life.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Reginalde Abena Abia, Philippines



Everyone of us has its own dream

Something in our life may bring
Happiness throughout entire living
Aimed when we start thinking

To be philanthropist is all I wanted
Lend a helping hand is what I acted
Seeing less fortunate, I am being hurt
My mind dissolved, my heart melted

How can I perform this dream of mine
If for myself I feel sublime
Lack of everything and it's not so fine
Where people needs it most of the time?

If I were to help, I want to be
Somewhere in a place they don't know me
It is good to share without waiting
Better to give than receiving

Share your blessings to humanity
For it is an act of Christianity
It is indeed a step to divinity
And it will sounds through eternity

I know this famous quotation line
We cannot give what we do not have
So I pray to God and I believed
He will give me a chance to become.....PHILANTHROPIST



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Reginalde Abena Abia, Philippines



REGINALDE ABENA ABIA

E-mail: regie_abia@yahoo.com Mobile: +639195714665 Tel No. 043-288-84-19

OBJECTIVE:

To seek stable job, contribute for the economic progress of the country I am serving by giving the best of my ability and knowledge.

SUMMARY OF QUALIFICATIONS:

I am confident, assertive and highly motivated individual with a desire to understand the business. I can be able to deal with people at all levels and works under stress. I am also able to manage a wide range of tasks with high level of accuracy and attention to details.

EDUCATIONAL ATTAINMENT:

1989 – 1992	Divine Word College of Calapan Post Graduate, Master of Arts Administration and Supervision	Philippines
1983 – 1987	Divine Word College of Calapan Bachelor of Science in Education Major in General Science Minor in English	Philippines

WORK EXPERIENCE:

1996 – Present Master Teacher I	Department of Education Porfirio G. Comia Memorial National High School Conduct a. demonstration teaching, b. community projects and Activities, c. research related to work, d. remedial teaching; acts as Subject coordinator; organize seminars and trainings and activities in the School; serves as trainer or coach related to work; administer school Achievement test; chairman in all school activities; analyze test Results and prepare program for school activities.	Philippines
1987 – 1995 Sec. School Teacher I	Department of Education Barcenaga National High School Teach the students as prescribed by the Department of Education. Extend services related to school work as the need arises. Participate in all school activities, seminars, trainings and workshops. Ensure that all paper works were submitted on or before the submission time. Determine that all handled students meet/completed the necessary school requirements before school year ended. Diagnose students who were slow learners for particular topics and give remedial tests or reinforcements for those students who cannot cope up with the day's lesson.	Philippines

SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS/ ACHIEVEMENTS:

1987 – Present Science Club Adviser	Porfirio G. Comia Memorial National High School Motivate students to participate in and out of school science competition, lend moral support for those students who are inclined with scientific inventions/ innovations, lend financial support for the students in their endeavor which bring them to become totally scientifically inclined person and encourage them to produce scientific devices out of recycled one.	Philippines
2000 – Present Board of Director	COMEHI MULTI-PURPOSE COOPERATIVE , Barcenaga Authored the Constitution and By-Laws of the cooperative, Amend some policies which deprived the rights of the members, suggest some ways of giving all members an equal opportunities handed down by the cooperative, look into it, that there is a systematic ways of handling loans and other services to the members and ensure equality among the members.	Philippines
1992 – 2001 School Cashier	Porfirio G. Comia Memorial National High School Ensure that all students enrolled paid their school fees, assure that all school finances are properly accounted for, reimburse/ give proper and appropriate traveling allowances whenever the teachers are going to seminars, training and other activities related to school works and look into it that the needs of the school as well as for the teachers will be given. if it is related to school works	Philippines

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Reginalde Abena Abia, Philippines

1992 – 2001
Adviser, Student Body Organization
Porfirio G. Comia Memorial National High School
Ensure that all students are aware of the school policies; give students insights of their duties and responsibilities; motivate students-leaders to be an instrument for the progress of the school; motivate students to mold themselves to be a good leader. Initiate school activities which are beneficial to them and bridging the school administrator and student-leaders to have a harmonious relationship
Philippines

1992 – 1996
President, Faculty Club
Porfirio G. Comia Memorial National High School
Bridging the school administration and the teachers to have a harmonious relationship, motivate fellow teachers to be a part of the school improvement by launching projects that can generate funds, initiate school activities that will refresh teachers' mental fatigue and burden of works; and initiate a once a month socialization among teachers so that they will become socially mature.
Philippines

1990 – 1992
Vice-President, Faculty Club
Porfirio G. Comia Memorial National High School
Assumes the responsibilities of the Faculty President whenever the President was absent.
Philippines

SEMINAR ATTENDED:

TRAINING FOR POTENTIAL TEACHERS FOR U.S.A.
Sponsored by Avenida and Associate, Makati
Philippines

YOUTH ENVIRONMENTAL CAMP 2005
Sponsored by Social Studies Department
Porfirio G. Comia Memorial National High School
Philippines

TEACHERS TRAINING FOR INTEL TEACH TO THE FUTURE PROGRAM
Sponsored by Department of Education
Philippines

SEMINAR-WORKSHOP ON TEST SELECTION AND CONSTRUCTION/ ITEM ANALYSIS
Sponsored by Department of Education, Division Office
Philippines

INTEREST AND SKILLS:

Recycling Materials, Interior Decorating Landscaping, Reading, Gardening, Computer Literate

PERSONAL INFORMATION:

Date of Birth : 27th October 1965
Place of Birth : Sto. Nino, Calapan City, 5200 Oriental Mindoro, Philippines
Nationality : Filipino
Civil Status : Single
Passport Number : 23202066
Issued Date : 2003.11
Expiry Date : 2005.10

I hereby certify that all statement and information written above are all true and correct.

Reginalde Abena Abia
Reginalde Abena Abia

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Samira Begman Karabeg, Switzerland

Yearning

Yearning is immensely potent
It can swallow oceans
Dispel the darkens from the abyss
And when in full swing
It can burn fields of golden wheat
Sown and left untended
By forgotten soldiers.
It becomes a spring in the desert
of suffering, it could shed blood
Through the root of the horn
It is like ten hearts pounding in unison
In just one heartbeat.

Yearning for love, love yearning
My body desire that reverberates
Repeatedly through the accords of unquenchable silence
For the mundane glitz
From Unicorn's eye
It cannot sail through my troublesome infinity
That I make myself yearn for,
Where I find and loose myself,
Where I greet the dawn and the day.
Yearning for the bunch of jasmine flowers,
Yearning to solve the riddle in the marigold leaf
Whispers between the stars and the wave
Expressions of yearning
Realm of God.

The spirit feels presentment,
Starts talking to itself,
Gazes at the big blue above
There is something else up
there,
There are others who stare at the big blue
Cares the big blue
Someone from the outside, someone
Stirs our yearning
To touch the drop of dawn where
Faraway fires died
When they called out for our bodies
To fade away
And turn into debris in the kingdom of God.



Samira Bergman Karabeg was born in 1954 in the village of Husimovci not far away from Sanski Most. She graduated in finance trade and management at the university of Zurich, where she lives since 1977.

Samira writes poetry and prose in Bosnian and German language, and translates to both languages. Her works were represented in five anthologies published in Switzerland and Germany. Samira published three independent poetry books in Bosnian and two in German.

Her current translating project is the translation of Sabahudin Hadžialić's poems to German.

Samira is the founder of Dhira publishing house which vision is 'Authors for Authors'. Through the publishing house she donated several hundreds of books to a number of city libraries and humanitarian associations operating in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Samira is the member of editorial board of MaxiMinus, the web based satirical magazine and an assistant editor-in-chief of Diogen, a pro-culture magazine.

Samira Bergman is a member of the Writer's association of Eastern Switzerland and Poetas del Mundo.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Sanja Muchkajeva-Vidanovska, Macedonia

VAGRANT

A vagrant asked me:
“Where is your dream?”
The voice turned me to the face with a sore.
Tearful morning dew,
hit me through the red blood of snowstorm.
The question mark bowed hunched,
I don’t know where I left it.
Before God I bow
with a banished human cruelty,
wept and over dried.
From the hit on the eye blue poured over me,
and the tongue remained fat before the vagrant’s voice.

“My dream?
I haven’t seen it for long.”

A vagrant asked me:
“Where are your thoughts?”
I entered the yesterday looking for them.
Daylight splashed me,
illuminated me to pain, it made my eyes red.
The exclamation mark straightened up threatening,
I don’t know where I lost them.
Before God I straighten up
through dust of light I discern them,
blown away through the previous day.
The fluttering dress of the servant – oblivion,
the head remained cracked before the vagrant’s voice.

“My thoughts?
I haven’t heard them for long.”

A vagrant asked me:
“Where is your tomorrow?”
I remembered the song, I wrote it yesterday.
Long ago, it seemed to me
in the darkness of the evening past
before the full stop, the moon of the dawn,
with the departure I forgot about it.
Before God I swear
that tomorrow I won’t forget it anymore.
I’ve given promises at the innocent altar,
the new sheet of the tomorrow’s vagrant page.

“My tomorrow?
I was looking for it, I don’t lie
and before God I did swear.
I won’t lie to you anymore my vagrant’s soul...”



Sanja Muchkajeva-Vidanovska was born on the 12th of May 1967. in Bitola, Macedonia. She finished both her primary and secondary education in Bitola. She graduated from the Faculty of Forestry in Skopje. She is the author of four novels: "Sinners", "Sinners - 2 (modern fairy tale)", "Isolation", and "The fifth story".

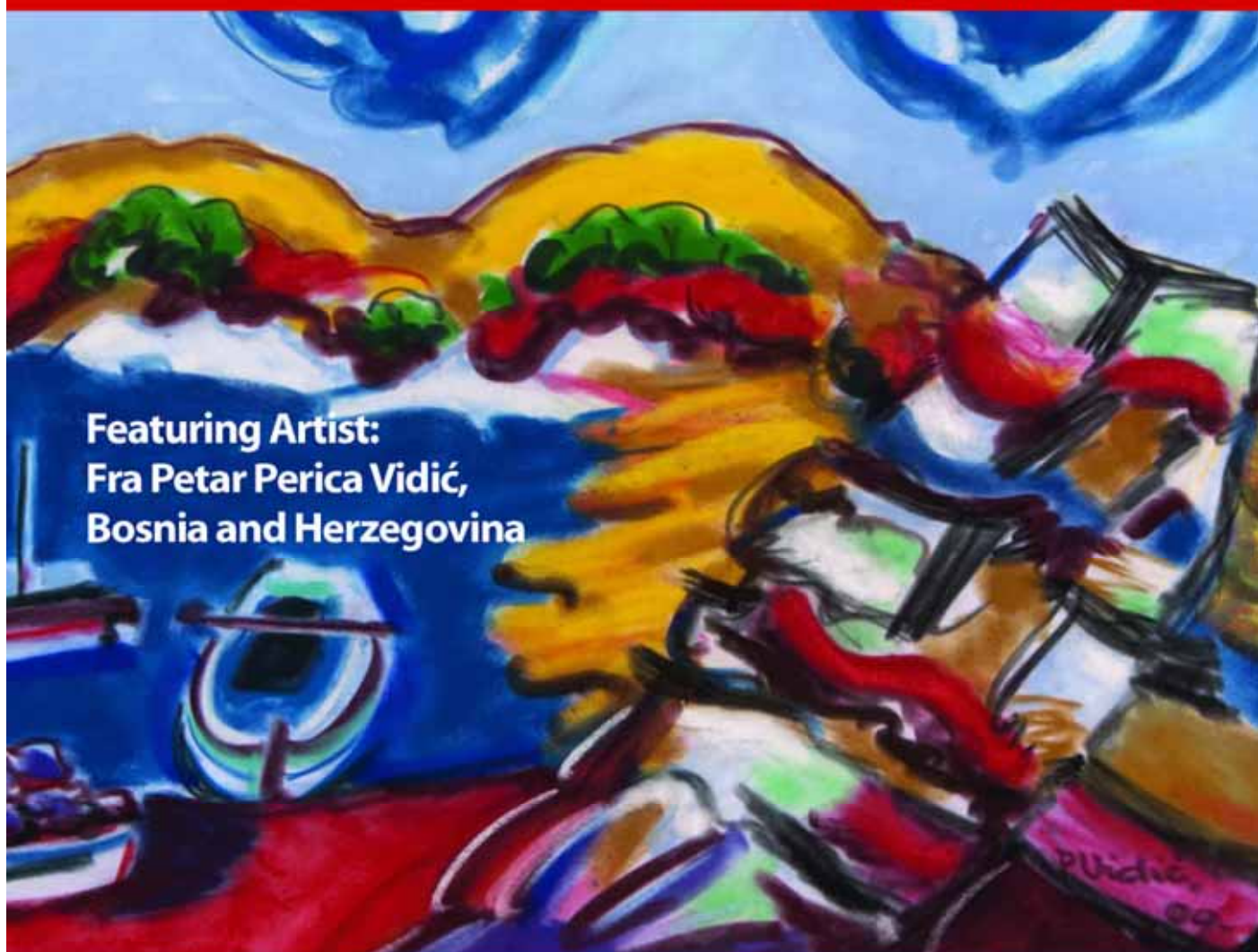


"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

DIOGEN

pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

Issue No 13 Broj 13 Septembar/Rujan/September 2011



**Featuring Artist:
Fra Petar Perica Vidić,
Bosnia and Herzegovina**

**DIOGEN pro culture magazine ...
a month for DIOGEN artist ...
and you ...**



Semra Kikić, Bosnia and Herzegovina

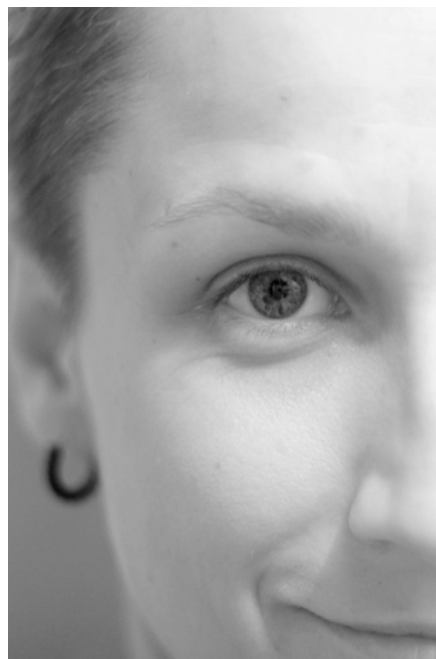
THE EARTH WILL BECOME A DOT

Great Giant Foolishness!
I bow to you, because
you have the shape of a sea horse
and fur of supernatural colors.

I wanted to give you something!
To perform, to perform your dance,
to jump trough the days and nights
until the Earth becomes a dot.

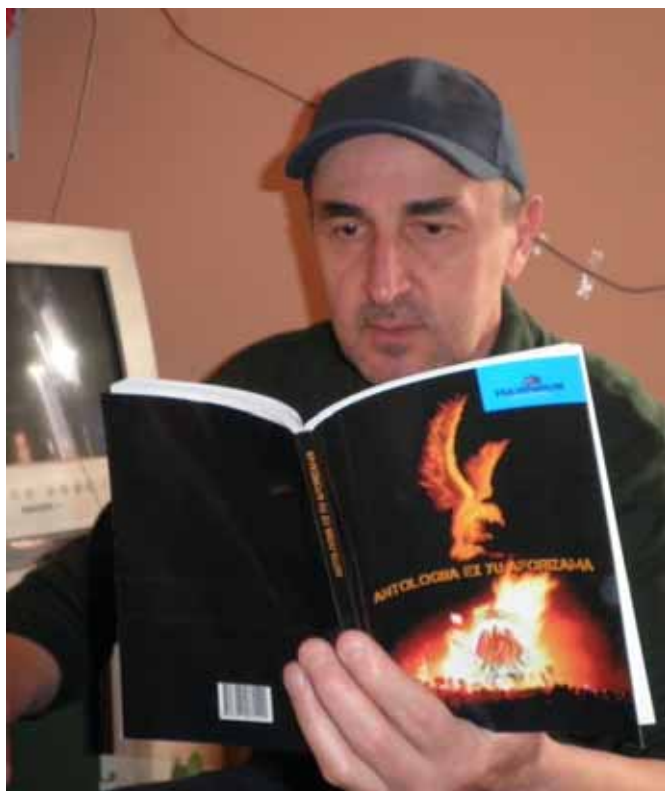
Great Giant Foolishness!
Let me now feed the people
with your porridge. Dress me too
with the costume of human!

Abandon gardens of paradise and wonders
(The Earth today is a ball!)
Give me the bland Specter,
let me feed the people.



Semra Kikić was born on 31.12.1977. in Gradačac. She graduated in philosophy and sociology at University of Sarajevo, and is currently attending the master's program of Indian Philosophy and Religion at Banaras Hindu University, Varanasi, India.

She has a very diverse range of interests, but mostly doing music, photography and writing.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Sivakumar Kuppusamy, India



Infatuation...May Be...

I ran miles and miles,
To see her mesmerizing smile.
And when I saw her hypnotic eyes
I knew I was not going to get over her all my life.

Looking at her, everyone will feel the same;
It is God who is playing this game.
In spite of so beautiful she is calm;
Her look hit me like a storm.

To get her I can go any length;
Just for that moment I am holding my breath.
The day when we will speak;
I will be happy as I've reached Everest's Peak.

After seeing her I saw a spark;
Otherwise my life was dark.
I don't know whether it is good or bad;
I won't do anything which will make her sad.

All war is based on deception;
All affairs are based on some perception.
My perception might be right or wrong;
In my decision I am very strong.

Her feel in my heart is a pain;
Her thought always run in my vein.
I don't know how it is going to end;
May be one day she would be my friend.



NAME : SIVAKUMAR
FATHER'S NAME: KUPPUSAMY
D.O.B: 22-APR-1986
PROFESSION: SOFTWARE ENGINEER
QUALIFICATION: B.TECH COMPUTER
SCIENCE & ENGINEERING
CURRENT LOCATION : I-
304,IRIS,MAGARPATTA CITY, HADAPSAR,
PUNE-411013
PERMANENT LOCATION: 6,SHENBAGAM
STREET, ANNAI THERESA NAGAR, NEW
SARAM, PUDUCHERRY-605013



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

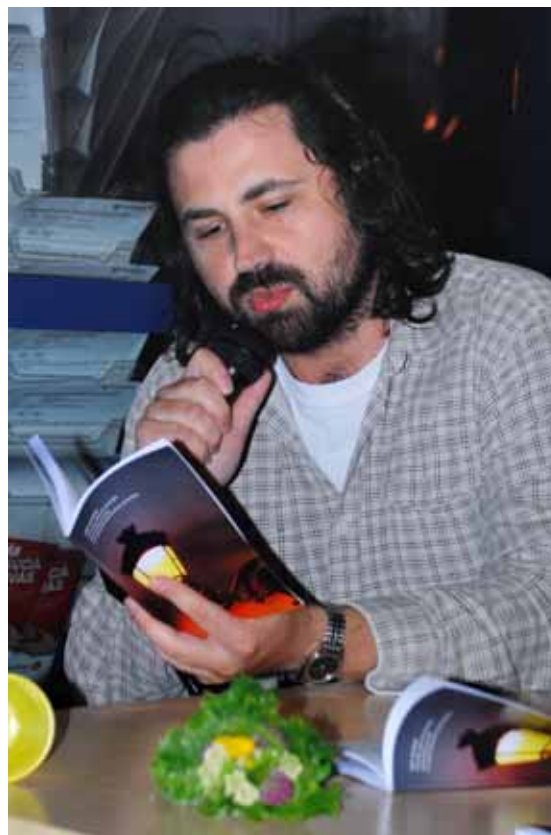
Slobodan Nikolić, Serbia



READING NERUDA

You are reading Neruda
At 6 o'clock in the morning
After sleepless night
In somebody else's apartment
In which you already feel at home
In the city you have been calling your own
For a long time
Though you know it is not
Neruda, which you don't even like to read
(And you refuse to admit
That today, you even
Like some of his poems)
And you know you could write
The most beautiful verses this morning
The greatest love poems of all
And the sadest ones, too
Only to defy Neruda
But you are wondering if it's worth doing
Without knowing
If you'll ever get the chance to read them
To Her

Zagreb, 2011.



Slobodan Nikolić was born on June, 9th, 1980 in Pančevo, where he still lives, after years of nomadic life in Novi Sad, Subotica and Belgrade near Pančevo. He graduated from Military Naval Academy in Belgrade, but, he is, luckily, out of the Serbian Navy. He falls in love easily in cities and women. In cities mostly because of women. He practices scientific dream interpretation (three-dimensional approach: Freud-Jung-Szondi). He writes poetry and prose, and rarely essays. His first novel is about to be published. His poetry was published in collections and magazines both in Serbia and abroad – in Italy, Croatia, Hungary, USA, United Kingdom. His first novel was shortlisted for VBZ Zagreb, publishing house award for the best unpublished novel of the year 2010. He was the winner of Unesco plate 2011, in Castello di Duino competition in Trieste.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Sonja Votolen, Slovenia



IN MY HEART

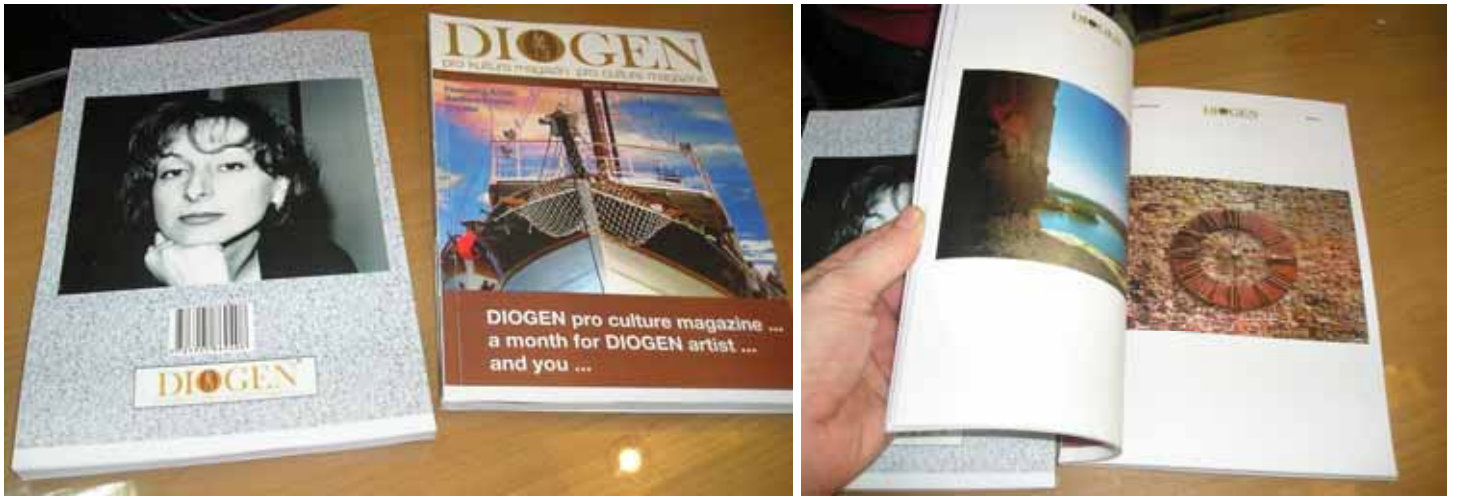
I want to sleep all day
 I don't mind the storms
 or rain I hate butterflies
 and daises I hate the
 words you say
 I want to sleep and keep
 my hope behind the walls
 Your bed is empty
 There's only darling smell
 of yours on the blanket
 My hands are moving there alone
 and slippers under the bed
 are screaming your name
 My whisper's crying in the rain
 You don't want to hear
 Thousands of steps I've made
 to see you again on the
 meadows in the fields in the
 in
 forests we've had
 To thousands of minds I've given
 birth and those thousand silent children
 of mine can't bring you back
 You've decided to be
 the step of your own



- my job- a teacher
- like cycling, travelling, reading, going to the theatre, love the nature, have two adult sons
- published five poem books, one novel, one short stories
- write articles and interviews
- write plays, comedies
- also paint, had three exhibitions

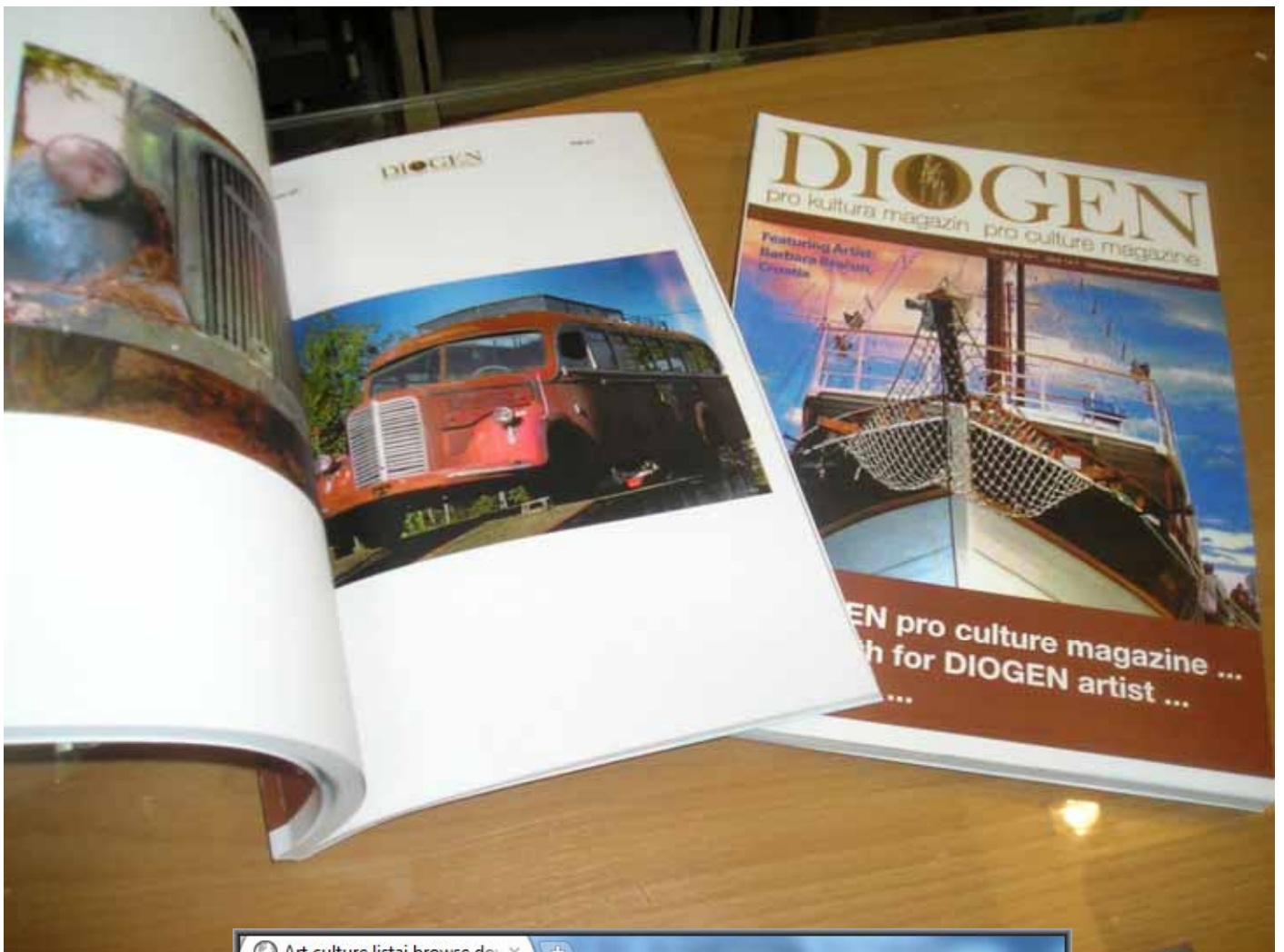


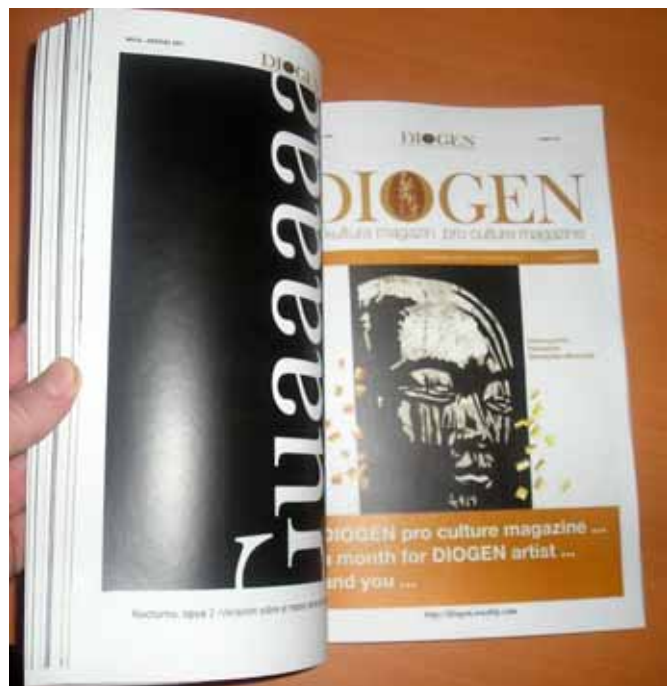
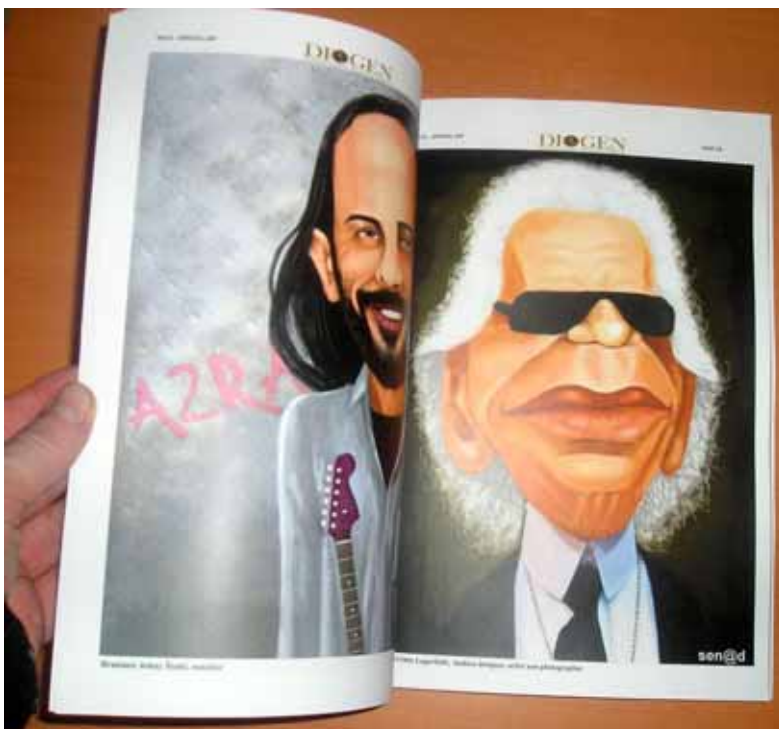
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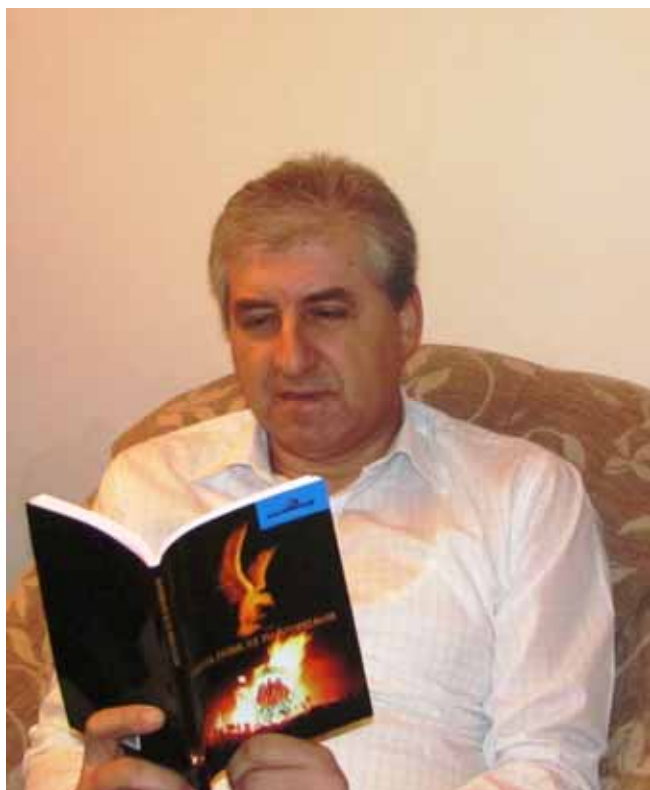




Stavros Stavrogiannopoulos, Greece

Absence...

You may have come
but I am always lost
for once more
I don't remember
-I never remember-
how things are when you leave
everything
around you
inside you
hoping only for a moment of return
hoping so deeply
so hard
that I forgot how to wait
I forgot what to wait
Oh God !
I have never actually remembered.



Name : Stavros Stavrogiannopoulos
Age : 33
Education : Department of Training and Education in Pre-School Age in University of Patras.
Occupation : Teacher



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Styliani Lykogiannaki, Greece

“CROSSROADS”

Drifting backwards and forwards
has led me nowhere so far
what remains at last
is the enchanting, glittering moment
before the aura of the final departure.
Looking back, as I see you disappearing in the distance
a bittersweet sensation of suffocation becomes overwhelming,
but I have known that all along, haven't I?
As you fall apart departing from your own shadow
eager to break all bonds
the same broken promise haunts you still
until silence prevails all around...
Dead ends always lead your thoughts to a standstill,
while crossroads keep you focused and alert,
even when there is no turning back there is always a way out
from your deepest fears, from your ongoing compromises.
As long as you come across the moonlight every night
darkness ceases to be your only choice to proceed
anticipation, high aspirations and great expectations
have always illuminated your path
even when everyone else abandoned you in the wilderness.
Keep your fingers crossed because the best is yet to come...
after all you are just a passer-by
get carried away by the powerful flow of life
where to? Still remains a mystery...
You don't need a draft to keep you going
only a raft to stay afloat.



“SEEKING FOR A POEM” INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Styliani Lykogiannaki, Greece

PERSONAL INFORMATION

FULL NAME	STYLIANI LYKOGIANNAKI
FATHER'S NAME	GEORGIOS
MOTHER'S NAME	OURANIA
DATE OF BIRTH	05/09/1979
PLACE OF BIRTH	AMAROUSIO ATHENS, GREECE
PROFESSION	TEACHER OF ENGLISH
NATIONALITY AND MOTHER TONGUE	GREEK
ADDRESS	55A MELETIOU PIGA ST, HERAKLIO, CRETE, 71306, GREECE
TELEPHONE NUMBER	0030 6980198920
E-MAIL	slykogiannaki@yahoo.gr

PERMANENT PROFESSION: TEACHER OF ENGLISH AS A FOREIGN LANGUAGE AT SECONDARY EDUCATION IN THE PUBLIC SECTOR. (DATE OF PERMANENT APPOINTMENT: 02/09/2003.) CURRENT FULL-TIME POSITION: a) ENGLISH TEACHER AT THE 3rd GYMNASIUM IN HERAKLIO CRETE (school year 2011-12).

Examiner of the production of oral speech of English Language for the State Certificate of English C1, B1&B2, A1&A2 level.

EDUCATION – ACADEMIC BACKGROUND - TRAINING

Degree (ptychio) holder of the Faculty of English Language and Literature of the School of Philosophy of the University of Athens (1997-2001, duration of studies: 8 semesters in 4 academic years).

- Graduation from senior high school (lyceum) in 1997. Graduation grade: **“excellent” (19+2/10 out of 20).**
- Average grade of the state panhellenic examinations in 1997: **18 out of 20.** Order of admission of successful students at the University of Athens in 1997: **27th.**
- Attendance of a series of courses regarding **“English Language Learning and Teaching”**, with emphasis placed on the Methodology of Teaching English to Students of Other Languages at the **University of Lancaster in the United Kingdom** (05/07/1999-16/07/1999).
- Graduation average grade of my degree in **English Language and Literature: “Excellent” (GPA: 8, 67 out of 10,** date of award: July 25, 2001).
- Participation, in the framework of the In-Service Training Programme for Education Professionals, in the European Workshop: **“Languages in European School Education – Foresights and Challenges”**, which was organized by the **Council of Europe and the Finnish Authorities in Tampere, Finland.** (01/11/2006-05/11/2006).
- Attendance of the 51st summer course of Czech Language and culture (120 hours), which was organised by **Charles University in the Czech Republic, funded by the Czech Ministry of Education** and took place in **Prague, the Czech Republic** (27/07/2007-24/08/2007).
- Attendance of the **Comenius** in-service training course: **“COMP@CTIVE: Comenius Multimedia Projects Communication Technologies International Virtual Education”**, that took place in **Palma de Mallorca, Spain** (24/09/2007- 30/09/2007).
- Attendance of the educational course, funded by the **Youth in Action** programme: **“Multi – Pulti**



Styliani Lykogiannaki, Greece

Creativity”, about Art and Multimedia, organised by the National Agency of Austria, in **Admont, Austria** (23/05/2008-31/05/2008).

- Attendance of the **Comenius** in-service training ELT methodology course: “*THE ENGLISH TEACHER EXPERIENCE – Teacher Refresher Course*”, organised by Excel English Language school, in **London, United Kingdom** (11/08/2008-22/08/2008).
- Attendance of the study session: “*Genocide: Catalysts and Consequences*”, organized by **Minorities of Europe** and the **Directorate of Youth and Sport of the Council of Europe**, in **Budapest, Hungary** (24/05/2009-31/05/2009).
- Participation in the training course, funded by the **Youth in Action** programme and the **Council of Europe**: “*Social Inclusion and Youth Participation in and through Large – Scale Sports Festivals*”, organized by the International Sport and Culture Association, in **Akureyri, Iceland** (05/07/2009-12/07/2009).
- Participation in the European Forum: “*Forum on Human Rights Education with and by Young People*”, organized by the **Council of Europe**, in **Budapest, Hungary** (15/10/2009-17/10/2009).
- Participation in the training course: “*Human Rights Education with Children*”, organized by the **Council of Europe**, in **Helsinki, Finland** (03/12/2009-05/12/2009).
- Participation, in the framework of the In-Service Training Programme for Education Professionals, in the European Workshop: “*Living Together: Citizenship and Community Cohesion*”, which was organized by the **Council of Europe** and the **UK Authorities in Chesterfield, United Kingdom** (18/01/2010-22/01/2010).
- Attendance of the German language training course for Youth Workers: “KURS EUROPA am Europa Kolleg Kassel”, with particular focus on European educational issues regarding youth work, human rights, intercultural learning and lifelong learning (132 hours), which was organized by the **European Youth Centre of the Council of Europe**, funded by the **German Ministry of Education** and took place in **Kassel, Germany** (25/7/2010-21/8/2010).
- Attendance of the European case study trip: “*Euro Arab goes Europe: Understanding each other’s challenges*”, which took place in **Köln, Aachen, Brussels and Maastricht** (01/11/2010-14/11/2010).
- Attendance of the training course: “*Active Participation at local level: Mobility and Activation of youth, targeted for school dropouts*”, which was organized by the **Institute of Youth of the Hellenic National Agency** and took place in **Athens, Greece** (03/04/2011-09/04/2011).
- Attendance of the **Comenius** in-service training ELT methodology course: “*Bringing British Culture to Life*”, organised at **Homerton College, in Cambridge University, United Kingdom** (31/07/2011-13/08/2011).

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

1. **First Certificate in English** - *certificate grade A* – of the **University of Cambridge**, December of 1993.
2. **Certificate of Proficiency in English** - *certificate grade C* – of the **University of Cambridge**, December of 1994.
3. **Zertifikat Deutsch als Fremdsprache** - *gesamtnote GUT (grade Good)* – May of 1995.
4. **Zeugnis Zentrale Mittelstufe Prufung** - *gesamtnote SEHR GUT (grade Very Good)* – August of 1996.
5. **Certificado Estatal de Conocimiento de la lengua Espanola, nivel B2** (*good knowledge of Spanish*) – November 2010.

COMPUTER SKILLS

Knowledge and operation of: *Windows Vista, Word, Excel, Access, PowerPoint, Outlook, and Internet.*

PERSONAL INTERESTS

- Reading of all literary genres especially Greek, English and American fiction, poetry and drama.
- Watching theatre performances and films.
- Traveling abroad for my continuous educational training, so as to broaden my horizons.

Tamara Lučić Dinić, Serbia

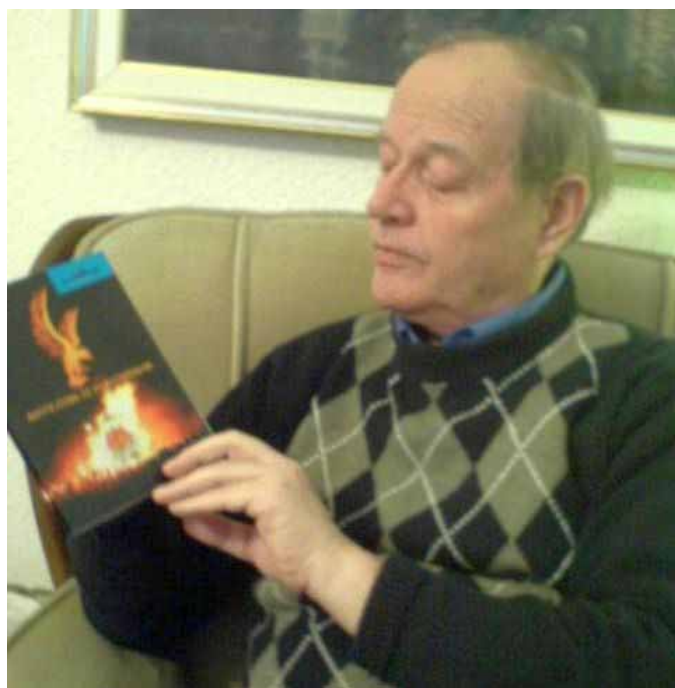


WHY

Can you comprehend the pain
when it's pouring from your eyes?
Can you ask a simple question
when there are million whys?
You probably wouldn't hear my scream
because you live within the ice ...
A bird will die on your command
and you will feel comfortably and nice .
You pull the strings of happiness and sorrow
You make me feel fulfilled
and you make me feel hollow
Holding my neck, biting my lips,
Lying me with a smile
and raping me with a kiss.
You'll be a devil of my hell and
I will be through your arm pierced nail ...
Help me my darling to forget who I am
And I will be happy again .
besides I am damned!



My name is Tamara Lucic Dinic .I was born on 25th decembar in 1975.I live and work in Negotin,Serbia.I have a degree in economics and I write poetry and short stories.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Tanja Stanić, Croatia



Because of Klimt

I take you,
starving,
in verse
and in high heels.
When the day miss to be
good
I take you.
When I do not need you
and when I resignedly
talk with the fishes
and shellfish
I take you.
As a runaway shelter,
I take you
In the golden color of Klimt
and
regular,
against the
pain.
As an enemy,
cautiously,
and skirmishes with the estimated
uncertainty of outcomes,
I take you.
When I have my mouth
full of
death
and life
I'm taking you
and with no remorse I
approach,
touch the shape of your eyebrows
and nostrils,
down to the lips,
with my finger I describe a place
where I
drop my breath
and take you again.



I was born in Porec in 1966., I live in Mučići, suburb wilage of Rijeka and Opatija.

I write, read,create, and it seems to me that my whole life revolves around writing. I publish in web, on my blog for years but my poems are published and awarded in national and international poetry events :

- Osječke poetry nights (2008.) Croatia
- International poetry meeting Garavi sokak,Indjija,Serbia (2009., 2010. and 2011.)
- Blogopedija (2008. and 2009.) web.contest
- Publications of the poetic society "" St. Michael " (2009.) Croatia
- International competition" Melnik poetry evenings " (2010. and 2011.) Bulgaria
- International Herakleian poetic celebration in Bitola (2010.and 2011.) Macedonia
- Novosarajevski writers meetings (2010.and 2011.) Bosnia and Herzegovina

I won award as the best non-professional poet in Croatia for year 2010. in the selection of the Croatian Parliament of culture.

My poetry is what my soul is.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Tatjana Salinger, Serbia



MASTER OF THE GAME

Fourth of July, incredible heat.

The pavement is melting,

My dress is wet, from my own sweat.

But I am in a hurry.

No, I am running-madly in love.

I entered the room, full of my colleagues and friends.

Someone waved to me, pointed to an empty place.

I took a seat. Not next to him, but close.

And with no effort, by eyes only,
and speechless movements of our lips,
we agreed: I left to another room.

But he didn't come after me.

He remained seated at his place.

Smiling all the time.

Our eyes were locked in amazing gaze:
like two leopards hypnotizing their game,
like athletes before making a score.

I was all in rage: my body couldn't stay still,
thunderstorms were flashing from my eyes,
I wanted to leave.

The show was over.

He made some vain excuse to all, and left.

To his sweet home,
to his lover,
or just to watch with buddies an important football game.

I am not a fool: you have seen it all.

My longing, my craving, my willing to surrender,
that I was so tender, ready to be collected
like a letter, or a piece of cake.

Oh, how I wished at that moment a tsunami wave

to sweep you away.

I do not need a Macho man,

I do not need a Fisherman,

and yes, I know there is a plenty of fish in the sea,
but I prefer a woman to be.

I do not need you as one night stand, or just for a day.

If you really care, I would like to be there tomorrow,
the day after tomorrow, and all the mornings to come.

And I do not mind that you are married, and have a mistress too!

I do not need presents from you,
and I am not interested in legal papers,
or your poems, mine are good too!

Is it so hard to understand that I wanted only to be with you!!!

Ok. Yes. You are The Master of The Game.

I got the lesson. And accepted it.

But who is a Winner: You or Me
has no importance now.

You just closed the doors of my heart,
that has been opened only for you.



Tatjana Salinger, Serbia



Born in Belgrade, 1947. Graduated Second Grammar School & High School of Commerce and Economics, Belgrade University.

Member of Poetry Club "Čukarica", Belgrade.

Published in more than twenty Anthologies, prizes and honors,
Highest: First Public Prize, Spiritual Poetry Bijeljina, RS 2011.

Translated: Bulgarian, Melnik 2009.

Writes in Serbian and English



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Therese Pace, Malta



LECTURED BY THE FUTURE

Collect your wits about you,
students of proof and reason
groping in the dark of man's
complexities to rip the confines open.

See. You have the Book-Word-
as the basis for perception, guides
for the mustering of courage,
brains for the eking out of essence.

Know that the House of Zion rumbles,
And The Tree of Jesse shakes
taken by the roots of value and of virtue,
shifted into wilting by complacency.

Beware of traits-mutations that
disorientate-changing unborn children
into guinea pigs trapped, unwilling,
between time and evolution.

The D-day test is nigh, a daunting task.
I am the seer, judge, full knowledge,
you, the exam takers mulling over science.
I practice zero tolerance for apathy, abuse.

A chosen few are my graduates.
Their marks go calculated on effect,
preparedness, performance. As you give
ample proof, to pass mark you get nearer.

The truths of erudition are the syllabi
for life. As I wait, destined to test you,
remember that discernment is an art,
demonstration, a profession.



Therese Pace was born in Rabat Malta and now resides in Birkirkara Malta. She published her first poetry collection in Maltese titled ARPEĠĠI (2003) which won her the National Book Council poetry prize. Her second collection Meta Tkellimni Hi... is on its way to the printers'. She also published Sfumature, a chapbook of poems in Italian, Naqraw u Nirrimaw, a set of 6 story/poetry books for primary school children as well as Siltastorja, a comprehension booklet for primary school students. Published in Write Me a Metaphor and various anthologies in different languages. Winner of Poesia e Immagine (poetry section) and commended in the Nosside Poetry Prize among others. Took part in several international projects such as Poetry in Motion, Tonguestories European Union project and 100 Thousand Poets for Change. Some of her poems were translated into English, Italian, French, Spanish and the Esperanto languages.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Thijs Storme, Belgium



We or I or you or you (plural) or he/she or they or what you want
 And focus and perspective and forms and conjugations
 Tension, styles and modes, mottos and motives
 And you my protagonist and you the other others
 And you with your eyes and your whole selves
 What I seek is so much less than that
 What I seek bathes in bright light
 What I seek is singular
 What I seek is mere
 ...
 Is one

 Single
 ...
 Word

I studied English and Dutch literature and Third World Development and have been a passionate reader for many years. I work as an editor for a large publishing company, in Brussels, Belgium.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Tomislav Ribić, Croatia



FEAR POEM

in the shrubbery girls try on their dream dresses
knitted by the hands of the skilful boys
they put them on in dull nights when they lean their
thoughts
against the bottom of the well on whose top
instead of the sun there is
fear rewinding
their faces become pale
like the pages of a poisonous book from which
there is faith running out
absolution, seven mortal sins
while death notches concerns on the heels of the wind



Tomislav Ribić, 20.05.1959. Poet, and writer of prose and plays. He graduated in 1983 in Economics. Five collections of his poems – Aztlán (1997), Zapisci anđela/ Writings of an Angel (1999), Američki sen/ American dream (2002) , Osjećam melankoliju/Fellin' melancholy (2002.) and Ribočuvareva djeca – have been published. His play Vespers was published in 1997, while parts of his plays The Kings of Time and Demons were printed a year earlier. His play The ground floor is translated in a German language. He has won more than thirty prizes for his poems and prose. His poems have been included in anthologies compiled by Dr. Joza Skok, I. Kutnjak and I. Mihalkovic. Vjesnik newspaper, the Vечernji list daily, Plima magazine, Quorum, Mogucnosti, Nova Istra, Croatian North, Tragovi, Marulic, Sfera, Kolo, Kaj magazine have all published his poems and stories, and they have also appeared in some fifty collections and magazines. He is a member of Varazdin poet's society.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Udoekene Abel, Nigeria



HEAVENLY ANSWERS

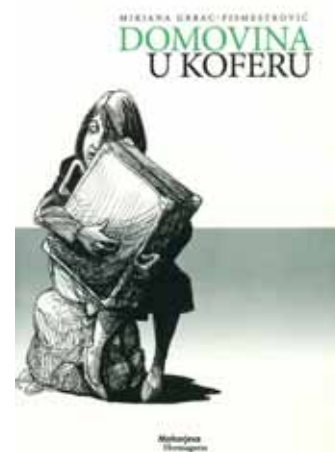
I sit alone in the park
just as I've been doing always,
not knowing what will befall my little stay,
my hope, aspirations and dreams
almost lost because of the rain.
"Why are you starring at my first" asked the beggar,
"Do you even have a face" replied the woman,
I move into myself trying to understand what
we are turning into.
the shining darkness, the faceless beggar and the rain
rings at my feet, warning me of their presence.
how could I stop this ran from falling?
nobody looking at me could see it.
To understand,
I stood up to admire the flying butterfly,
the whispering voice of the cricket
and the unchanging atmosphere surrounding me.
Still ringing, my mind begs for heavenly answers,
too many, yet too few,
always smiling, yet sorrowful,
wanting to live yet dying,
then I ask,
what is the secret of living?
Held in the grips of the magic,
passion flows out of my heart
like the cock dancing for the hen,
from slow motion to random motion,
from down to the top,
like a plane heading no where,
Then I ask,
what is the secret of living?
Stopping now is a sign of weakness,
then I heard a fainting sound
"What do you want?" echoed the woman,
"Food, don't you understand" replied the beggar,
a little while they both smile,
then he march to the next victim,
which was me



Udoekene Abel Is a Poet and freelance writer from Nigeria.

he is currently working on his first novel "Everything Is Possible"

he has over a dozen of poems in Print.
most of his poems can be found at www.poemcircle.blogspot.com



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Vernon J. Davis, USA

HOT CHOCOLATE

SHE SLIPS INTO THE ROOM SO SMOOTH AND SULTRY
HER NARROW EYES SLIDING FROM SIDE TO SIDE
HER RUBY LIPS ARE TEPID AND SYRUPY
AND HER SKIN IS DARK AND SLEEK AS THE SKY
SHE IS HOT CHOCOLATE
SENSUOUS, SMOOTH AND SOFT
SHE IS HOT CHOCOLATE
AN EBONY BROWN BROTH



THE SOOTHING AROMA OF HER STUNNING PRESCENCE
BRINGS OUT VIBRANT CAFE' AU LAIT EMOTIONS
THE SILKY GLOW OF HER STEAMY ESSENCE
POURS ENCHANTING AMBER LOVE POTIONS
SHE IS HOT CHOCOLATE
RICH, DARK AND WARM
SHE IS HOT CHOCOLATE
IN EXOTIC SUCCULENT FORM

HER WAFTING MOVEMENTS ARE TASTED BY ALL EYES
HER SOFT VOICE LICKED IN BY YEARNING YIELDING EARS
WHO IS THIS WOMAN THAT NO MAN CAN DENY
HOT CHOCOLATE, WHOSE LOVE AROUSES INNER FEARS
SHE IS HOT CHOCOLATE
SWEET, LUCID AND BROWN
SHE IS HOT CHOCOLATE
WARM DESIRE IS HER CROWN



Vernon J. Davis jr. has been writing poetry since the early seventies. He was first inspired by Langston Hughes's poem "Impasse", which started his journey and adventure into the world of poetry and the spoken word. Vernon's very first published poem, "Beautiful Black Woman" came out in 1978 in a magazine called Black Forum. More poetry followed in other magazines like SoulWord and Dawn, a magazine supplement to the Los Angeles Sentinel, an African-American newspaper. Mr. Davis has also taught Creative Writing and recited his poetry in talent shows, Church gatherings and open-mike forums. He is still inspired by and in awe of Langston Hughes, Nikki Giovanni and Maya Angelou. His Idols.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Vineet Kaul, India



Inheritance



I remember how at the junction
of each faceless night and pallid moon,
Amma would recluse in the verandah
watching the gray skies cough clouds.
Mediating memories, her eyes traced
a silhouette on the ethereal horizon of dusk.
As if the sky held out its hand,
asking her to dive into a lap of lapses;
in caves, the darkness of which was
beyond the realm of any other to explore.

He welcomed her into a house
she knew like the back of her hand,
to explore each room in her memory
and savour each memory in their room.
Amma entered a room the day I was born:
cluttered with gifts, laughter and toys.
stored still, perhaps, in a corner of our attic
like a shriveled rose-bouquet on a grave.
She sifted through her sentiments,
one trinket at a time. Cleaning a mess
was her expertise but some clutters,
she knew, are made for preservation.

She entered another, ripe in time for *aarti*
and stirred with hymns the saints to life.
The ones she ascertained bodily and believed
to always hold good their promises.
They did, sometimes. Like that night of *aarti*,
conducted to harness the heavenly light
to shine on my calling to foreign shores
at the nether end of the blasphemous black seas.
Her folded palms whispering anxious prayers,
beseeching hope for my safety
and pleading for the safety
of her hope to kiss my face again.

She knocked on the flooded night she was
sitting next to *Abba's* bed watching him
sink in the white hospital gown like
a swimmer reaching for the walls. He gasped,
still as handsome as their first spring:
pride curled up in his moustache,

strength at the ledge of his shoulders;
silence resonating in his thundering voice.
She held on to him as if he were the arm
of a man trying to snatch away her purse.

He pointed at twilight, as if repealing allegations
of leaving her to live on her own strife.
His stare hinting the far window of dusk,
the minutes before he knew he would die.
His spent his last moment gazing at her
with a wisdom beyond the consideration of true lovers,
hoping that she could save him, knowing that through her
he would savour life, continuing to culminate
in what he was leaving behind. Alive in the light of her eyes
and for some reason he smiled one last time.

Attentive as anesthetized, her consciousness left
for every rendezvous with her lover on those nights.
Abba dwelled in those moments of twilight
that are found and lost in the blink of an eye.
She savored his touch, one shiver at a time.
A lover that tasted the salt of earth until one day
he filled the space in the soil with his bones.
His silhouette in the sky and her shadow in the verandah
quantified memories from reality in a distance
that would take light-years to measure.

Those nights she would promenade till dawn,
wheezing in sighs, strange and distant
from the *Amma* I had known. What I knew was
that she told no one how it hurt her to inhale.
Removed from the removal of removals,
removed from recognition; she floated
like an empty urn on the Ganges,
estranged from the soot of her own bones.
Each night when her eyes ventured at dusk
they returned in a trajectory of slow motion.
I watched her entire life pour from the skies
in the time she took to turn her gaze to mine,
hoping that someday I would save her.

*Amma – Mother (*Hindi*) * Abba – Father (*Hindi*)
* aarti – Special prayers offered (*Hindi*)

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Vineet Kaul, India



Vineet Kaul is a journalist, freelance editor, songwriter and musician. Having recently finished his MA in English Literature, he is pursuing a part-time Diploma in Creative Writing and preparing for an MFA in Poetry. His work has appeared in Loch Raven Review, Nether Magazine, Indigo Rising Magazine, Quantum Poetry Magazine, Short Fast & Deadly, The Scarlet Sound, Featured Poem: Asia Writes, Cha: An Asian Literary Journal, Fleeting Magazine, Subliminal Interiors and other print and online journals. He also has a Best of the Net 2011 nomination and is shortlisted as the finalist for the 2011: Best Short Writing in the World Competition (results pending).



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Violeta Milovanović, Serbia



Sublime

Throttle me, you despicable worm, once again,
hide my light under a bushel,
deride every endeavour of mine,
applaud my decline,
I shall rise all sublime.

You can shut me
in the smallest box in the world,
I shall surface.
To push a cork under the water-
it's absurd.
You can thrust me through the glass,
I shall progress.
For an eternity I shall last!

Pummel me into submission,
hate me till blood pours out of you.
There's the stark precision
in these verses –
I am higher than you!

You ridiculous simpleton,
you laugh at what you don't grasp.
Your ignorance weighs a ton,
in your arms tightly clasped.

So, go ahead, once again
deride every effort of mine,
applaud my decline,
I shall, certainly, fly all sublime!



Violeta Milovanovic was born in 1985 in Kraljevo, Serbia. She was educated at the University of Kragujevac, Faculty of philology and arts, the department of English, where she received her diploma in 2008. Her interest in writing poetry was developed in elementary school. Initially, she was writing poems and lyrics for songs in her mother tongue, Serbian. She started writing poems in English while she was a college student.

Several of her poems in English and Serbian were published in e-magazines "Poeta" No.2, 3 and 4 (<http://www.poetabg.com>). She tried her hand at writing novels, also in English. Those pages, however, are still waiting to see the light of a day.

She is currently working as an English teacher at a secondary vocational school in her hometown Kraljevo.

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Vishu Mishra, India



with eloquence

as i periphered along its meander,
as i glanced alongside & startled.
for a moment & then stopped,
she sits beside the river rocks.



as my words would sketch her,
& my paint brush writes her abest,
phrases by phrases & shades by
shades,
with eloquence.

with the same settling in my gait,i walked closer.
i braced myself on knees,
then conquered my erratic hearbeats.
an impulsive look,& her smile then greeted.
it vanquished my ice of solitaire.
amazed & avatarred i procrastinate,
i procrastinate my will,my wishes.
i miraged my canvas,to insinuate.
i know i could make of this moment,
phrased by phrases,shades by shades,
with eloquence.

like my diary with the leather cover,
like the meander of this sultry river.
she enclosed them all within,
with eloquence.

the cynosure of her almond eyes sparkle,
i bewitched & broomed off feet startle.
her incisive smile charmed,i dazzled,
allured me more & much more,i bedazzled.
she resonate with her lamp black eyes;oh! so seraphic!
i drowned deepest darkest ocean;alas! catastrophic!
she charmed & charmed,& disarmed my mirage.
my mirage, my canvas,my leather cover,
phrased by phrases,shades by shades,
with eloquence.

no more the the sun could shine,
aclouded by her bouffant layered hair,
she nurtured the night falling amidst day,
with nocturnal now,i was still daydreaming,
undenying her presence i desired...
more and much more,

i know i could make of this moment,
phrases by phrases & shades by shades,
with eloquence.

with my paintbrush dipped in gold,
and those colors on my canvas so bold,
i could draw and draw much more.
meanwhile she twinkles,
she distracts and she winkles.
as i astonished upon her flawessness,
tanned and golden her skin,
with my touch of a feather,absinthe ran through.



now,high and alcoholous,i was struck with dilemma,
like a poem should she rhyme for me,
or fall with colours on my canvas cover,
with the absinthe still running through,
i decided and i decided much more..
phrases by phrases,shades by shades,
with eloquence,

then i dropped off my quill,my brush,my will.
to capture the uncaptured,
to be numbed with beauty,
to spell but spellbound,
& then i made of this moment..
i sit & watched,& watched her all day..
i sit beside the meander,the river rocks,
till the spur of moment is left to pass.
till the breathe beholded is left to last.
i know i could make of this moment.
phrases by phrases,shades by shades,
with eloquence.

I am studying electrical engineering from mit,manipal,karnataka,india.i have been pursuing poetry as a hobby for years now,i have written lot of poems and have developed appreciable skill that has comprehended my considerable improvement over the years and interest in the field of writing.i wish to improve in poetry and other forms of writing ,its the greatest passion of my life,i wish to become a professional writer & poet,i also wish to publish my work with an esteemed publishing house.if my poem is selected,it will inspire me beyond words to fulfill and realize my dream.thank you for your time.
"i wish i can make of this moment.. through this poem..with eloquence.. :)"

"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Vladimir Milojković, Serbia



No tears from birch trees or wild flowers

The remnants of days on the sheets of alabaster
All the seconds of longing of archaic letters contrived
We embalm in time the remaining yearnings
We portage morsels, piles of led

The angst of youth in the eye
Disperses with a flicker in the pupil's depth
And all the other blocks of ice drifting on the lake
Abscond in amaranthine darkness

No tears from birch trees or wild flowers
For the satiny shade in the penumbra of sun
All summer rains could not wash away
The scars on the face glistening in the reflection

And the opalescence lives in this fairy tale house
Gathers stars from the sky, counts footsteps and breaths
mutely
While the wind heaves the ashes into perpetuity
And with it, obliterates the pulsating moments of being



STILL AS A PUPIL OF SECONDARY SCHOOL - A NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD, WHILE MY FIRST PARTICIPATION ON A LITERARY COMPETITION - IT WAS A COMPETITION FOR THE BEST LOVE SONG IN THE HOUSE OF CULTURE IVANJICA IN 1997, I WON THE THIRD PRIZE AND I BECAME THE YOUNGEST RECEIVER OF ANY PRIZE OF THAT COMPETITION. THE SELECTOR AND THE CRITIC OF THAT COMPETITION WERE THE FAMOUS SERBIAN POETS DUŠKO TRIFUNOVIĆ AND PERO ZUBAC. IN PERIOD BETWEEN 2002 AND 2005 MY POEMS WERE USED IN EXPERIMENTAL TEACHINGS OF SERBIAN LANGUAGE AS WELL AS TEST QUESTIONS FROM THE SUBJECT METHODOLOGY OF TEACHING THE SERBIAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE. THEY WERE TEST QUESTIONS TOO FROM THE SUBJECT CHILDREN'S LITERATURE AT THE FACULTY OF PEDAGOGY IN SOMBOR, WHERE I STUDY. IN THE MEANTIME I HAVE PUBLISHED MY POEMS IN NUMEROUS LITERARY PERIODICALS AND POETRY ALMANACS IN SERBIAN LANGUAGE (SUCH AS 'LUČA', 'JESENJIN', 'SVETLOST KRESIVA', ETC).

THE LAST IN THE SERIES OF REWARDS AND AWARDS IS THE FIRST REWARD ON A LITERARY CONTEST WHICH WAS ORGANIZED IN HONOR OF 5th ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN CORNER IN SUBOTICA AND WHOSE TOPIC TITLE WAS "MY AMERICAN DREAM". THE COMPETITION WAS HELD IN ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

BESIDES POETRY AND LITERATURE I AM A SUCCESSFUL PAINTER.
I WAS BORN IN 1992. IN SUBOTICA, SERBIA, WHERE I LIVE AND CREATE.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Vladimir Vukomanović, Serbia



SENCES

Weak is the virtue, inside us.

Near I am, the picture.
 a flash of the light. sun and the arabesque.
 inharmonic sandy shrine, with skintight lips.
 (un)expected fresco of the flesh,¹ easy as a shadow of an obelisk.

Nevertheless, our desire is solely touching. For loving – is the distance, its essence.

Our nostrils are, actually, near, and we only sniff each other, as well as some sensitive animalcules, unreliable.
 Different from them, comparison is certainly and exclusively ours, by fragility of speech,
 and all that just for again to be a mole, like in such game²: to be a turbulent thimble³ of the dust,
touched and crumbled by the earth.

It seemed so easy, once, to snuggle up your body to someones,
 unimaginable that only a hint of it makes you flash, beneath the greedy abyss, lively.
 For tissue is heavy, and hand is desert. Move – shivering.
 For, you see, sorrow searches for the skin, more difficult when the longing is unavoidable and a tame is accidental.
 For our vertebrae, as pins of far fir trees, gravely covered with snow, languish beneath the fingertip,
 and, so solitary, so painfully meets – pebble that in glacial darkness roadlessly floats over the back,
 so that beneath it continuously becomes a living star-dust – some divine, and delicate, all intangible pale-yellow dune.

In between, unspoken⁴ words remain, possibilities of a voice, chaotic crashes of the solar particles.
 Yes, presences were, once, easy and cognizable, but they are living only in the beauty of disappearance.
 So put the finger on the lips on the lips and by closed eyes kiss them, closed;
 so the message doesn't evade us, take quitter wax for waxy ears, to impress in them what lies within,
 and hear – how it wrinkles inside the lobe, how it arrives as a
 sence

*Touch, you are not.
 You are not, possibly, alive.*

Beside all, you undeniably, and faithfully, caress my absence.
 Because you see – you are closer only when you drowned⁵, by desire, into two breezy fish, with their shivery eyes,
 drowned as the window in the ocean, in the mirror, so close that you then even believe:
 I can't exist without you, and you can't exist without me.
 What would you do with entirety?

For, thy virtue is the weakness.

for now different sickly limpid silent langour
 at the end⁶ are widespread hands and bare ribs
 no contempt no pain hung waiting embrace

For, naive, you are now, as a breeze,
 to take a look at the step, a last time⁷, and let yourself by it.
 Walking by january, to condense our nothingness into the substantial susurrant and some superior silence,
 to hint sincerity, our meeting and smiles.
 Warmly it snows.

For to see, clearly, from the edge of the experience,
 that birth of any thing is always birth from ,
 that this presently gray morning is warm women, embracement, gently cracked egg inside the mothers womb;
 this shore an oval white cloudily palm, blind touching eye, beneath which our red and then pale clothes
 falls – so beauty, by that solitaire window, then horizon, lives its shell.

¹ Syn. *body, flesh* is used here because of alliteration.

² *Fragility* and the *mole* are the words that in Serbian have the same base.

³ In Serbian also: *sth. little, sth. that can be taken on the finger.*

⁴ In Serbian also: *sensed.*

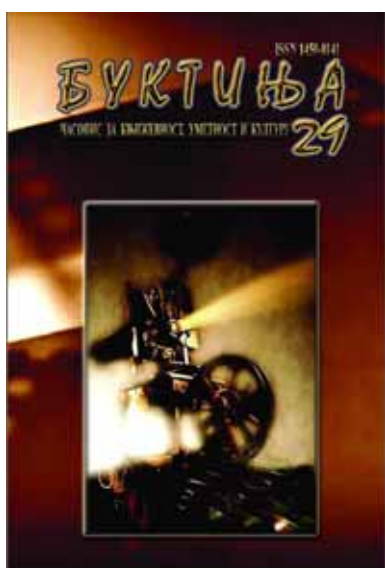
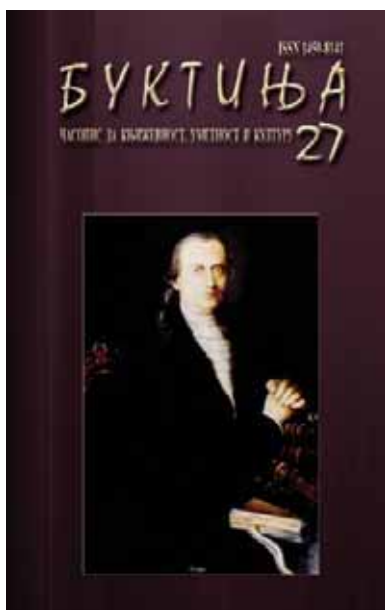
⁵ In Serbian also: *warmed.*

⁶ In Serbian also: *on the rope.*

⁷ In Serbian also: *road, way.*



Vladimir Vukomanović, Serbia



Vladimir Vukomanovic (Kraljevo, 1986), PhD student at the Faculty of Philology, University of Belgrade. Published a book of poetry named *Persistence of Memory* (Trstenik, 2005), awarded that year by *Scarf of Matic* /award for the best book of poems for poets under 30/; one part of the book has been translated into Polish and published in *Portret* magazine. One of the finalists in poetry festivals in Knjazevac and Zajecar, some of his poems have been published in literary magazines. Writes literary reviews for Second Program of Radio Belgrade.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Zacharoula Gaitanaki, Greece



WHEN ...

There are moments,
that Poets owe to keep silence:
When birds sing,
rivers flow their water quietly,
sun shines and warms everywhere
and people live in harmony.
And there are times
that Poets own to cry out:
When the sky is getting dark
from smoke of rockets' and fires',
sea is darkening from oil
and sea-gulls are dying from pollution.
When sun isn't warming all the people
and children are unhappy.
When ear spreads panic,
fear and death,
leave behind ruins,
cripples and shuttered devastated dreams.
Then, Poets owe to write.
Making pen a weapon,
a message and a hope.
Till they come again these moments
that Poets owe to keep silence.



Zacharoula Gaitanaki was born in Athens on November 30th, 1966. Now she lives in ZONI, a small Arcadian village and she is a farmer.

She writes poems, articles, short stories, essays, novels, and review of book.

She is a life member of the “World Academy of Arts and Culture” / “World Congress of Poets” (which awarded her the title of the Honorary Doctor of Literature) and of the IWA (International Writers Association). She is a member of the “World Poets Society”.

Her poems, short stories and essays have appeared in foreign and Greek Anthologies, they have been translated into English, French, Italian, Albanian, Bengali, Russian, Japanese, Spanish, Chinese, Korean and have won prizes in national and international literary competitions. She selected by “The International Poetry Translation and Research Centre” and the Journal of “The World Poets Quarterly” one of “The International Best Translators 2005” (China, 2006) and by the Greek Literary Club “Xasteron” as “The Best Greek Translator of the year 2007” (March, 22, 2008).

She has published the books:

- 1.- “DISSIMILAR LANDSCAPES” (Poetry collection), Athens, 2001.
- 2.- “POTIS KATRAKIS, A PROLIFIC WRITER” (Essay), Athens 2003.
- 3.- “STATHIS GRIVAS – WRITING FOR LIFE - Tracking in his poetical space” (Essay), editions “Platanos”, Athens, 2006.
- 4.- «200 YEARS ZONI (1810 - 2010)», a special edition (with 59 photos + DVD), “Morfortikos Exoraistikos Syllogos Zonis of Arcadia”, Summer 2010



“SEEKING FOR A POEM” INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

Zal Kopp, Croatia



The year of cherry

When the bird smiles in my gaze,
and with the fragrance of cherry visits the height of poplar trees
and it entwines the whole world with a flight,
I no longer look for the silhouette of your body,
because, enchanted by April I feel
you boil on my lips
and in the kisses of wind,
I recognize your fingers coming with May.
Under the beat of their touch,
I open the glades in me
and I become the tide of June
blossoming in the stream of feelings,
and with it to the coast of your breast I ashore
and with all the force,
the depth of subtle flow I spread,
I bathe your things
and with the sky of my skin I lay.
In every star of July,
which twinkles in your stature
with the dreams of a sunflower I start August
and with the golden of September
I dance with soft belly
and with my shivers,
I sit all over your plains
and with the moonlight, I knit the strings into embraces
and I arrange juicy fruits of lust.
With the year of cherry,
I embrace, more and more ripe quince in you
and with endless bunches of grapes I consume October,
swaying my hips
I quietly bring it to November
I twist my palms
and in ducats I string myself around your neck
into quiet birch-lines
and put on the glittering whiteness of December
I take you into the first January dawn
and with crystals of snowflakes
kiss your passionately,
I burn with the spark of February on your cheeks
I gather the strength of March
to bring you, with the first kiss of spring,
to the year of cherry,
with me, again...



Croatian poet Zal Kopp was born on October 15, 1956 in Osijek, Croatia. In 2005 Zal Kopp published two books of love poetry *Under the bridge of my body* and *I talk with my kiss*. Next two years he published books of love poetry *Precious existence*, *Fashionably nude* and book of prose, short essays about his hometown Osijek. All of these books are published in the Croatian language, but he also translates his poetry on English and Slovenian language.

When you start searching your soul most of the time you stay in the discussion with love.

Poet Zal Kopp on his poetry describes long love discussions and the women he loves the most. Those discussions are transfused into poems because through poetry soul can describe love in the best way. And woman? Woman, first of all with her inner beauty is most valuable.

Without neglecting what is visible, female body, poet Zal Kopp through making love goes over his sensual passions and in a most natural way approaches his beloved lady.

Throughout her body he meets her soul.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.

ZOHA Zee Kay, Pakistan



Painful smile

She was living with a truth inside her heart
And a smile on her face
She was made down by him
At every single stage
Tears drop down, on beautiful blushing cheeks
She was let down by the world freaks
But she had to live
She was living for the family
While cutting vegetables she often cut her finger
To hide her tears, she became a loud singer
She stretched her arms to have blessings from the sky
But all what she got was the pain
She argued with God one day “Why me, every single time”
She was blessed with the vision one day
Telling her she is the best in every way
She became pious and she started doing the deeds that satisfied her
Everyone around was staring at her
She worked hard to satisfy everyone around
But every time when she went to bed she wanted to hear a sound
Sound that tells her some care words
But she never heard them
She remembered the time when everything and everyone was with her
In a best way everything was for her
But she never knew what was done wrong by her
That all of the pleasures just repelled from her
She lived with a death vision
She struggled without a reason
She was in a crowd but still alone
Because what she wanted was gone
Her life was like a smoke in the sky that vanishes with time
But she never stopped trying
She learned to smile in a span of time
She learned to be happy
But in real was she happy?
No body knew until she died
And on her grave was written
The painful smile



My name is Zoha; I am 18 years old and I am from Islamabad , Pakistan . Currently studying bachelors of sciences (Majors: Zoology, Botany & Chemistry)

I write poetry to express things beautifully as I believe that, “Poetry is something which expresses a feeling in a beautiful way, whether you want to express hate towards some one or something, if you do it in a poetic way it seems beautiful”. I write about everything going around me. I also write on people expressions and their perspectives on things as it is my favorite hobby to observe people and their actions (Sometimes I became successful in predicting their present feelings as well) I love to write about nature and blessings of God and also about everything that has ability to create hope and light in hearts of people. I feel in this way I can do justice to my name meaning as well (my name Zoha meaning is The Morning Light). J

I wrote my first poem when I was 10 years old. I wrote it for my mother. I am a poet, spoken word artist, freelance writer, researcher (Animal behavior, ecology & environment). I just started off my career as youth motivational speaker as well.



"SEEKING FOR A POEM" INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION 2011.



Marcin Bondarowicz

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**VI STE U ZONI KREATIVNOG DUHA!
YOU ARE IN THE ZONE OF CREATIVE SPIRIT!**

Iz posthumno objavljene priče **LAUTA I OŽILJCI** Danila Kiša (ex-Yu književnika): " Pisac treba da sagleda život u cjelini. Da nagovjesti veliku temu umiranja - kako bi čovjek bio manje gord, manje sebičan, manje zao - a, s druge strane, da osmišljava život. Umjetnost je ravnoteža te dvije protivrječne misli. Dužnost je čovjeka, pogotovu pisca, da ode sa ovog svijeta ostavivši za sobom ne djelo, djelo je sve, nego nešto od dobrote, nešto od saznanja. Svaka napisana riječ je kao postanje."

From the posthumously published story **LAUTA AND SCARS** from Danilo Kish (ex-Yu writer): "The writer needs to examine life in general. To suggest a great topic of dying - how a man would be less dignified, less selfish, less evil - and, on the other hand, to conceive life. Art is the balance of these two contradictory thoughts. It is the duty of man, particularly a writer, to go from this world leaving behind not a act/prelude/action, because the act/prelude/action is all, but something out of goodness, one of the findings. Each word is written as a posting."

