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PART 1: GREEK POETS

CHRISTOS BELLES

About the author

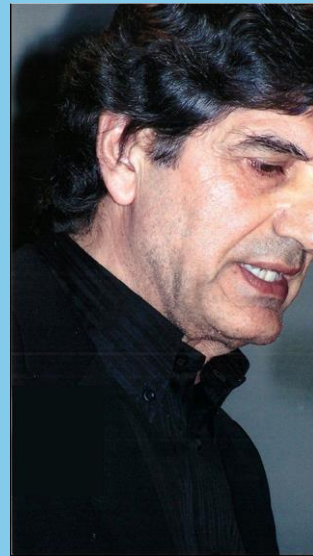
Christos Belles was born in Chios and is a University Professor and Historian specializing in Byzantium and the Frankish period. He serves as the Chairman of the Administrative Committee of the "International Center of Education and Culture 'IONIA'" as well as the Free University "Ionia."

He has an extensive body of work, having authored 17 historical books, 11 of which are original historical monographs of international significance. He has also produced notable studies and numerous scientific articles published in esteemed Greek and international journals. Christos Belles has participated in many conferences both in Greece and abroad.

In addition to his historical works, he has published nine poetry collections ("**Arkyes (traps)**", "**Fryktoria (fire beacon)**", "**Chimerical Stroll**", "

for which he has received many national, pan-European, and international awards.

His poetry is considered a landmark and a continuation of the illustrious tradition of great poets on both a national and international level



GOLGOTHA

Seven million children
die each year from hunger...
Seven million times,
a child, Christ
is crucified anew each year...
Counterfeit coordinates a false and
marketable star, Bethlehem, the
administrative den
of the Praetorians...
For two thousand years God
has been born and has died in the
poor hovels of the world...
Two thousand years to be born...
and to die

THERE IS HOPE

As many times as a child is born
in the neighbourhood, so many times
a Christ is reborn,
rejoicing in the heavens, a Blessed
Virgin Mary.

Be silent. Look up. The heavens
have opened. Cherubim sing
"Hosanna,"

Angels, intoxicated, sing in the
alleys dressed in enchantments...

As many times as a child is born...
If...

If all the children of the world joined
hands, they would embrace the
Earth...

The universe would seem, perhaps,
like a celestial kingdom, the streets
would be filled with heaven,
dreams, light, and wonder... Angels
and children, dressed in
enchantments, counting stars...
playing hide and seek...

I don't know... how to tell you...
if all the children of the Earth held
hands tightly, if they wore around
their necks an amulet,
a watchful Christ.

COUNTERPOINT

Rain converses with the earth,
the river with the sea, the moon with
the Open Sea, love with death,
darkness with serenity, war with
peace...

And I a mere speck in the stern eye
of God, see you coming draped in
the satin of my dreams,

of the stars and the twilight,
within just a drop of rain,
just a tiny... tiny drop of rain...
Within just a drop of rain,
just a tiny... tiny drop of rain,
my entire world:
Existence, Spring, the Virgin
Mary—my Paradise...
Within a single raindrop,
just a tiny... raindrop,
my entire world in eternal harmony
and counterpoint.

CHRYSOULA FOUFA**About the author****PROMISES**

Blue eyes
Hue of the ocean
Painted the letters
You uttered every day
Along with the waves.
Honey, here I am
Ordering my heart
Not to go away from you.
My intimate girl
I promise
Uncompromisingly

Eternal love.
Endlessly yours.

FAR AWAY

There,
in the dark night
your dark thoughts
became light.
Look
a smile on my face
was the smile in your life
forever yours.
Stranger
whoever you are
wherever you are
take my dreams tonight.

SUMMER NIGHTS

Distancing my heart
in the silence of the night
walking along empty streets
void of hope.
Midnight in my heart
brought upon
by your leaving far away
without whispering a word of love.
As the lark perching on trees
my soul had stuck on you
that summer night.
Now all summer nights
follow your path of manly steps.
Oh summer! Brighten my soul!
Oh nights! Solace my thoughts!
I need your love once more!

TONIGHT

Been so loss of words
so frustrated any time you aren't here.

I encompass your lovely words
into my poetic lines.
Inspire me with your passionate
thoughts.
-My sugar girl
-My lovely man
-I will be your air
and squeeze you so close to me
to feel your heartbeat,
the warmth of your body
having your fragrance all over me.

GEORGIA ANGELI'S

About the author

Her name is Georgia Angelia, and she lives in Athens. She is a narrator, a radio producer and an author. She has been broadcasting radio shows since 2013, and she has studied:

1. at the School of Narrative Art for two years,
2. NLP,
3. Phenomenology,
4. Creative Writing,
5. editing and proofreading,
6. and She has probed into folk tales from all civilisations for many years.

Her aim is to disseminate myths and fairytales as well as good books among both adults and children alike.



CENTURIES OF KNOWLEDGE, YEARS OF IGNORANCE

In the age of information,
With libraries vast as seas,
We have come to feel poorer,
With knowledge useless, worn,
Standing before us
Like an empty mirror.
Everyone reads, reads,
Yet the words don't enter the soul,
Just pass over the gaze superficially
And then vanish.
We walk like people of the Dark Ages
Without compass, without
understanding,
And truth seems farther
Then ever,
In a world so full
And though so empty.

We Are Stardust, Freedom of the Heart

We are stardust,
Breaths from the depths of the
universe,
Fragments of the infinite scattered on
earth.
We hold power, my friend,
Stronger than the glow of stars,
And yet we forget.
We've handed over our freedom,
Piece by piece, to powerful hands,
As if we had no soul of fire,
And our light became faint, forgotten.
But it's time to remember,
To lift our voices again,
To find the bond—
Unity, brotherhood, cooperation.
We are waves in the same sea,
Stars in the same dark silence.
And together, we can shine again,
Like truth, like light
No wind can extinguish.

Ποιήματα Αργυρούλας Αγγελή για Αχέρων ARGIROULA ANGELI

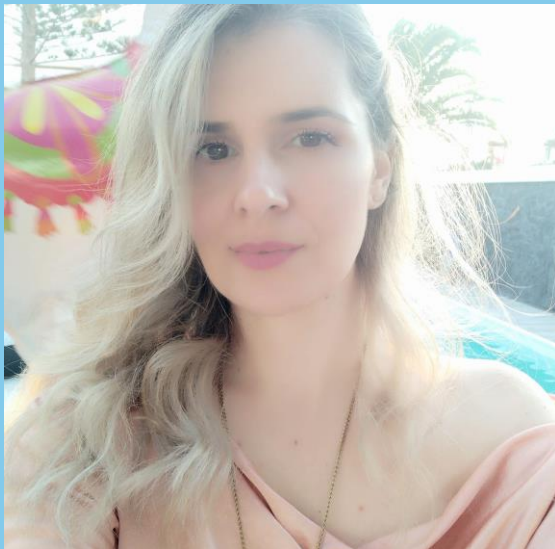
About the author

Argiroula Angeli was born and raised in Athens, Greece. Since 2003, she has been living on the enchanting island of Santorini, which has become a major inspiration for her artistic work ever since.

For the past 22 years, she has been an independent creative artist, expressing herself through poetry, painting, hagiography (iconography), digital art, photography, crafting, upcycling, and a variety of "do-it-yourself" projects.

Her paintings and artistic photographs are often intertwined with poetry, a form of expression she deeply cherishes. In fact, her poems sometimes serve as the very foundation and inspiration for her visual art.

Following the birth of her children, Argiroula has poured her passion and creativity into writing and illustrating children's books, adding a new and heartfelt dimension to her artistic journey.



SANTORINI

Like a black gem, it emerges in the middle of the sea.

Snow-capped with pristine white houses,

Planted as if rooted in the black lava,
Like white lilies in a church.
Darkness and light.
White and black.

Life and death.

One feeds the other.

Daily noise and tranquillity.

You, my wild beauty, wear both.

Until you dive back into oblivion.

Stay with me a little longer.

Don't be angry.

Stay!

Someday you'll set fire to the clamour and bury it in ash.

And I wonder—what will survive from today into tomorrow?

Perhaps that's why you don't erupt.

Perhaps that's why you might.

And the deep blue sea will always be there,

Cooling your every step.

Ready to drown your rage and your cries,

Until, with time, it sculpts your next masterpiece.

LOVE

Love is the Spring of the soul.

How swiftly wings sprout for you to fly!

High! To the very end of the dome called sky.

Then you take a bold, swift dive into the flower-laden earth.

Butterflies have made a home in your stomach,

And sweet dizziness resides in your
mind.
You lose yourself in the abundant
light
That veils your vision like a gossamer
shroud.
Everything around you smell of
jasmine and night-blooming flowers.
You're intoxicated by the sweet
aromas of nature.
You dance to the rhythm of your
heart's drums,
Pounding like spring rain on tree
leaves.
Tremors of pleasure flow through you
like rivers,
Quenching every parched corner of
your body.
Your face tingles at the touch of the
wind—
At times a gentle caress, at others a
playful tousele,
Sweeping your hair hard against your
rosy cheeks.
Rosy, like the poppies in the
meadows.
Hot blood flows through your veins
like the midday sun,
Always ready to turn into a fever.
It's love
Love with nature.

PANAGIOTIS KOUMPOURAS

About the author

Panagiotis Koumpouras was born in 1953 in Konitsa, Ioannina. Retired teacher, philologist, lives permanently in Akrata, Aegialia.

In 2012, his first poetry collection ANACOMIDI ONEIRON was published by PARASKINIO publications. In 2023, his fourth poetry collection DOXARI PSYCHIC was released by IDYFONO Publications.

He is actively involved in amateur theatre, as an amateur actor and director. His poems are anthologized in many Literary Magazines and Anthologies in Greece and Cyprus. His translated poems are anthologized in international magazines.



PEACE

Sonnet

Angels sleep in ruins of war,
Manad sprouts at the gates of Hades.
Before they dance in the meadow of
love
A blaze of fiery wind reaped them.

What enmity, what hatred,
enslaves, my God,
soul and mind in eternal darkness?
Pilgrimage to graves, the caress of the
sun,
In the soil the pollen, chrysanthemum
flower.

We are begging the world
for peace.
The blood of innocents, the tear of
martyrs,
Love and unity in the land of the
continents.

In Cyprus and Greece, in
the universe, Peace.
Peoples fraternized, never defeated,
free nature, hope rises.

HUMAN ALERTNESS

Ballad

Pile of carcasses around us. Horror of
inanimate bodies,
Mothers with desiccated children in
Hades, they crack.
And the sun fled, death fights him,
The light and the dawn were
extinguished from our foreheads.
But the victim, an innocent refugee,
refuses to mourn
Crossed dreams and Agos skull place.
Purification of tragedy, nemesis
lightning.
Peace, Right, you sparkled. Human
alertness.
What tempest raged the face of the
waves?
What terror suffocated us breath and
breath?

Life was short, needless victims were
lost

The skies cry for them with black
drops of cloud.

Big embrace heart and reason
To revive the joy from the face earth,
The drive of virtue never cooled
down a bit.

Peace, Right, you sparkled. Human
alertness.

On Kalimera they were raped by
hordes of hideous monsters,
love was deprived of the unrequited
kiss.

Veins - streams died, the vigour of the
blood

Thin ranida saved the wound in
nature.

A fissure of patience wide open vigils
to awaken stamina after struggles of
labour.

A night of love is enough for an
eternal morning.

Peace, Right, you sparkled. Human
alertness.

The world expects peace and not
disaster,

Into the planet of mortals and we,
forever

Generations, we build the future,
untamed and upright.

Peace, Right, you sparkled. Human
alertness.

IAKOVOS THERAS
KARAMOLEGKOS

About the author



EVERYTHING AND NOTHING

I'm everything, I'm nothing
 And I need to die one day.
 But I love and this is something
 That reminds eternal May.
 All the people who don't love me
 Have their reasons, good or bad.
 I forgive them while you hug me
 Like my mistress, mother, dad...
 I'm everything, I'm nothing
 And in you I'm always something.

REALLY WANT TO SAY

This is a really crazy globe,
 Full of people who want war,
 Full of people who ignore
 What it means to love and hope
 In a deep, eternal way...
 Our journey is so small,
 But our destiny is tall

Like the Resurrection's Day...
 I just really want to say:
 Love, forgive, hope, hug; and stay.

EVA PETROPOULOU LIANOU GR

About the author

International Poetess
 Multi Awarded Author children
 literary
 Official candidate for Nobel Peace
 prize
 Activist



WOMEN,

They born
 They do not become

They are the pillars of societies
 Or tribus
 They are
 They exist

Women,
Creators of rainbows
Of Angels
Of Gods

Women,
Show them respect
As you respect your mama
Your daughter
Your sister

Women,
We supposed to be all together
But the new societies
Makes us enemies
Cheap
Without care
With sympathy
Without empathy
Without self-respect

If women, they could remember their
purpose
The world it could be different

FORGIVENESS

A word that is coming out from the
brave heart

I am not asking to forgive as a Human

I am asking to forgive as a God
As HE has the kindness and the
generosity to see the human 's
mistake.

I am asking to forgive not a as a man
But as An Angel that every day and
night
Is traveling from Earth to sky....

I don't need any paper
Green or blue

I saw your heart
You had it there in front of me...
I understand that silence
That silver silence

I am damned in sky and earth...
I am just a soul traveling alone...

Seeking for forgiveness

KONSTANTINOS SOTOS

About the author



WORDS

Words are not the beginning...
Neither the actions brought you.

It was only your keen eye.
Your fingers got tangled
In the hair of that night, we never woke
up...
There are also those intersections that
I still wonder where they
lead...
It is also the breath on my transparent
skin
So transparent that you can see my
desires!

PART 2 VIETNAM

1. BUI XUAN

About the author

Bui Xuan is a poet, a literary translator and a historical researcher. Born in 1959, in Quang Nam province, Viet Nam. Published 2 volumes of poems, 8 books of translation work, 1 literary reference book and over 60 local history books. Won 6 literary prizes.



FOREVER

Ancient scriptures teach waves and water are one. Water is the essence of waves. I have always thought so. But I have another thought as well: that in the fleeting moment it exists as a wave, the wave possesses its own unique form.

Just as my body is a crystallization of earth, water, wind, and fire, formed by conditions. I am a combination of

the five aggregates. When the aggregates gather, I exist. When they disperse, I vanish. Form is emptiness, yet emptiness is form. But I must say this: since being born from my parents, I am a human being. No matter how the wheel of birth and death turns; I remain aware of my human existence.

I cherish myself in this human form. I see your soul through the image of

humanity. Happiness or suffering, turmoil or serenity, the human realm remains my homeland.

I am a human being. Forever.

WITHOUT TITLE

Do not doubt or question; just take your bamboo baskets and step onto the boat. The ferryman will take you across the river in time for the market. And along the way, if you look back, you will see joy blooming like those golden flowers along the riverbanks.

Do not doubt or question; just take your bamboo baskets and step onto the boat. The ferryman will bring you back to this shore. But on the way home, if you look back, you will see sorrow filling the boat's hold, and the ferryman standing lonely at the dock.

Do not doubt or question; just go with a carefree heart, and do not look back. In the light of your joyous eyes, there is no trace of my sadness, for it is hidden deep in the faraway sea.

Do not doubt or question, if, upon your return, you see me standing where you once passed.

SUN SHADOW

At noon in the summer, I lay in a hammock under a bamboo grove. The bamboo leaves rustled, and the tall bamboo trees swayed in the wind. The sun shone down from above, filtering through the bamboo, creating sunbeams on the ground. The

hammock I lay in, and even my body, was dappled with sunlight. I smiled and thought: "The sun is dressing me in a brocade shirt." Then I closed my eyes and fell asleep. Under the shade of the bamboo, sunlight was dappled. The hammock swayed with a creaking sound.

Darling, life doesn't offer many moments like that, but those moments will stay with us forever. And you will never be a sad sun. And I will never be a sea of suffering. Because in us there have been wonderful moments, worth living. Under the shade of the bamboo, sunlight was dappled. The hammock swayed with a creaking sound.

EYES

For a long time, in the garden of my mind, sunlight has merged with the late afternoon. The love within me, once a joyful waterfall, has now slowed its flow. My soul resembles a moss-covered rock in the middle of a dry stream.

But why, this afternoon, has the sunlight in my garden suddenly become magical? Your eyes seem to speak to me of old things that remain forever fresh. It feels as though love is reviving within me.

Love is like a fresh stream pouring into my life, making it sparkle and stir once more.

Love makes my thoughts of illusion, impermanence, and selflessness suddenly become light, close.

THE MOON

I often liken myself to the fleeting sunlight and you to the radiant moon. The sunlight, illusory and flickering. The moon, eternal and true.

I grieve for this body of mine, grown frail and gaunt. I am like the late afternoon that has forgotten the rosy hues of dawn, like a dark cloud lingering over a distant mountain range. I am like the cry of a bird lost from its flock, restless and panicked. Yet you, what are you thinking that makes you burst into laughter, bold and bright, sweeping away the perpetual sorrow within me. My body feels reborn. I walk, leaving firm footprints on the earth.

I often think of this life as fleeting, with only impermanence enduring forever. I let myself drift like a piece of wood, a stick, a leaf carried by the river of existence. I think of myself as a bubble, a ripple - fragile and easily dissolved. Yet, you, what are you thinking that your eyes, sharp as a betel knife, cut through the flow of my thoughts, leaving me no time to shake off all my worries before joy has already flooded my heart.

You make me wonder if the moon still lies hidden within me.

THERE

I'm afraid of the lotus blooming in the land to welcome my feet there, my heart is as calm as a lake without ripples

wisdom is like the full moon shining
through green gardens and rocky hills
there, my heart is not broken by chains
my chest is not broken by your
whispers
there,
how can I still passionately call out
my love

2. KIEU BICH HAU

About the author

Kieu Bich Hau, a celebrated Vietnamese writer and cultural ambassador, is a member of the Vietnam Writers' Association. Born in Hung Yen Province, Vietnam, she is a prominent voice in contemporary literature and an active editor for *Writer & Life* magazine (Vietnam), *NEUMA* magazine (Romania), and *Humanity* magazine (Russia).

She has received numerous accolades, including an honorary doctorate from Prodigy Life Academy (USA) for her extraordinary contributions to literature. Recognized internationally, she serves as the Ambassador of Ukiyoto Publisher (Canada) to Vietnam and is the founder and head of Hanoi Female Translators, promoting literary exchange and empowerment.

With 28 published works spanning prose, poetry, and essays, Kieu Bich Hau's creative achievements have been widely acclaimed. Her works have been translated into 20 languages,

including English, Italian, Korean, and French, amplifying Vietnamese literature globally. She has also earned nine prestigious literary awards, such as the *ART Danubius Prize 2022* for fostering Vietnamese Hungarian cultural ties and the *Great Award of Korea 2023* for promoting Vietnamese poetry and prose internationally.

As a cultural representative, she has participated in numerous global literary events, including the ASEAN-China Writers' Forum (2019, China), the International Poetry Festival - Europa in Versi (2023, Italy), and the World Writers' Meet (2024, India).

Kieu Bich Hau's storytelling captures profound human experiences, blending Vietnamese traditions with universal themes. Through her tireless efforts as an author, editor, and cultural advocate, she continues to enrich global understanding of Vietnamese literature and culture.



NO REASON FOR WAR

No reason for the blood to fall,
No reason for the children's call,

For mothers crying in the night,
Their sons won't come back from the
fight.

No reason for the bombs to soar,
Transform the pain—no more war,
Let bombs become books in the sky,
And war be words where poems fly.
No reason more for hearts to break,
In peace, let the healing paths we
take.

Where once was grief, let joy be
felt—

A poetry festival where love is dealt.
Being together, we are poets
Writing poems we create a global
network

Transform fights into festivals
Transform wars into words
Connecting each other, we make
friends

Supporting each other, we are ONE
Transform conflicts into cooperations
Transform sorrows into success
No reason for war...

ESCAPE

No more input, no more gain,
No more KPIs, no more endless
chains.

No more salary, no more stress—
I let it go, I could care less.

Release my monster, let it roam,
Naked foot wandering, far from
home.

Jumping freely in the West lake,
I don't care what I lose or take.

This crazy world spins and twirls—
Escape, release, no need for pearls.

I break away, my spirit flies,
Release the mini monster, I rise.

FOR THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS ABOUT THE UNKNOWN

In deep shadows where secrets lie,
Where whispers drift and echoes die,
A soul alone in silent flight,
Knows the dark beyond the light.
Through veils of mist, past time's old
thread,
You wander paths where none have
tread,
The unknown bends to your quiet gaze,
Revealing truths in endless maze.
For only you, who dares to see me,
The hidden realms of mystery,
Hold the keys to what's not shown—
For you alone, the Unknown in your
soul.

3. NGUYEN THI MY OANH

About the author

Nguyen Th  My Oanh

Year of Birth: 1975

Hometown: Di S , M  H o, H ng
Y n

Member of the H ng Y n Literature
and Arts Association

Member of Facebook Poetry Group

Current Occupation: Literature

Teacher in Hanoi

Published Work: Time drops – Gi t
th i gian (Poetry – Published by the

Vietnam Writers' Association
Publishing House, 2020)



LONELY JOURNEY

To wander and think that one day
If I owned a castle of myself
Magnificent, yes, I know this fact
But it is so lonely and lost.
To think and feel about home – the
one and only
A place of struggle, scarce and bare
Where chaos brews, with quarrels and
care
Better than luxury's hollowed lair.
A tower stands stronger with two, my
dear
No lone dove braves the skies
Here I am, in a distant place
Alone in the crowd's vast – lost in the
dark.
Cherishing all that's ours today
Though life's burdens weigh upon
shoulders
May these shared moments forever
stay
In peace and love, may time gently
flow.

REBIRTH

I am no longer who I was,
No powder lightens my skin's hue
No hurried blush like I used to
Different now, glowing anew.
No longer am I as before
Slender fingers are all gone
The ivory ankles they admired
My middle age replaces them all.
I am no longer as I was,
Time weaves through my dreamlike
strands.

Traces of age mark every line,
Beside the brown patches of age
spots.

I am no longer my old self
A fleeting glance into the mirror...
Farewell, to youth I entrust:
Admiring my child's beauty.

UNSPOKEN DESIRES

There are still unspoken desires
Veiled moons clouded in restless
night
Things I want to say
Waves surge densely within the chest.
There are memories
Like wine that never numbs the mind.
Your bright eyes still there in the past,
While silver threads weave through
your black hair.

The innocence once softly bloomed,
The dreamy soul of a maiden
Passions faded away
Will it carry on to the next life?
Some goodbyes stretch through
endless years,
Longer than a single life.

We drift through time's unyielding
tide,
A life of lost and fragile.
Dreams of youth still haunt the soul,
Mourning youth, so brief, so frail.
Clouds conceal storms of the fading
dusk,
While winds howl with unquenched
desire.

WHISPER MY NAME

I hide the crimson flame of summer,
In distant memories of youth.
I tuck the purple blooms of days,
Within the bloom of youthful days.
Oh, those words in faded ink,
From a time before 4.0.
How precious they still seem,
Treasured through the years.
I remember my beloved school,
Teachers and friends from far and
near
I love the small and quiet town,
Though it was never home.
I freeze these memories in time,
And store them in a corner of my
heart.
So, when exam seasons return,
I hear the whisper of my name!

TEARS

Autumn's hair falls like yellow
leaves,
The season bends like a twilight
moon.
Counting drops of time, endless and
deep,

Lost and adrift in a desolate tune.
In the middle of season shrouded in
mist and rain,
Escaping from the realm of
uncertainty
Feet falter in the alleys,
Echoes the song "Half a soul in pain".
Daisies paint white the streets
While sparrows gather sunlight with
cheer.
Beneath the green arch of tender
solace,
Tears glisten in eyes so sincere.
Memories linger on distant lips,
Ripe and red like a sweet cherry.
The old path waits for footsteps in
vain,
While leaves are crying in the old
garden.

4. TRAN HUNG

About the author

Poet Tran Hung whose birth name is Tran Xuan Hung was born on December 4th, 1957, in Nga Quan, Tran Yen District, Yen Bai Province, Vietnam. Now living in Cao Bang city, Cao Bang Province. Tran Hung started writing in 1981 and is a member of Vietnam Writers' Association. He has won several Vietnamese and international awards, including the 2015 Vietnam Writers' Association Award for his collection of poems "Night Garden", 2017 Southeast Asian Writers award for the collection of poems "Night Garden", and the 2022

Vietnam Literature and Art Awards for outstanding literary work.

Tran Hung's works include the following:

- Call friends, collection of poems, Thanh Nien Publishing House 1991
- Village Dream, collection of poems, Publishing House of Vietnam Writers Association, 1998
- Tham Thac, collection of poems, Publishing House of Vietnam Writers Association, 2015
- Night Garden, collection of poems, Publishing House of Vietnam Writers Association, 2015
- Collection of Tran Hung poetry, Publishing House of Vietnam Writers Association, 2018
- Far Season, collection of poems, Publishing House of Vietnam Writers Association, 2019



A STAR RISES

You bring many daisies
You pin many yellow leaves
Fall way is tingling
Way of memory in each blue night

And each night is blue with memory
A bike at the old wall
Where did you go
Clothes are dried for years when
sunsets
I dream of you with veiny hands
I dream of you with skinny breast and
thin scarf
A star rises from your lips
A red star
Flies into the night sky.

CALLING GREEN

my love
I have the remains of a bitter leaf
I have a herd of night leaf remains
I have a lifetime of moonlit remains
a life that goes for no season
a season of going high
a season of the flight of green kites
a season of noisy red boats and
yellow cows
a season of bright virgin bamboo
holding hands and letting hands go in
the voice of night
my love's tears a diamond, on the
proposal
an intact keyboard, overwhelmed with
waves
that sing a song of no shore
I sing a song of no season
pave onto his heart a green but bitter
leaf
slab on his lips a moon and leave him
away

THE DEPRESSED WOMAN

I wish I was there in that moment,
bringing an antidepressant dose
or a hopeful dose,
but it's too late,
There's a depressed woman.
How did she bring her baby out of the
dream?
How did she care for the slender
fingers,
those angel fingers that suck the
mother's breasts,
the pink folding with all the germs
and baby leaves.
How did she kiss her baby
if she does not soften her lips with
white milk?
Night after night she bangs her head
into the night.
Her baby is slim and soft.
How can she bare the pink and soothe
her baby?
Why doesn't the baby follow her
when she flies down to the abyss?
The farther she falls, the more she's
cold and clean.
Baby, don't leave,
these are your Icarus wings.
She drops her baby to fly and she
follows.
She chooses the quiet time.
She and the water look at each other
in the night
then she looks at her baby in the dark
sky
there is no sound of falling mist but
the sound

of a soft invitation from the abyss.
Is there any cradle that's milder than
water,
any pain that milder than water,
any milk fuller than water.
She chooses for her baby this water
flower
to put in its pretty lips.
You do not have to breathe anymore,
Or smile in your sleep anymore.

5. LE THANH MY

About the author

Born in Chau Doc, An Giang,
Vietnam

Member of Vietnam Writers
Association

Published works:

- Poetry book DREAMING OF FLOWERS (1992)
- Poetry book FOR AN ALWAYS DISTANT PERSON (2000)
- Poetry book LEAF FATE (2002)
- Poetry book IN THE HOUSE OF MEMORIES (2005)
- Poetry book FLOATING (2007)
- Poetry book THE VOICE OF SILENCE (2011)
- Poetry book PICKING UP (2015)
- Epic FROM RIVER TO OCEAN (2017)

- Poetry book **BELOVED ONES
JUST WERE WALKING
ALONG HAND IN HAND**
(2018)



MISSING YOU

I miss you
and it goes round and round
I probably can't escape
you threw a net around my thoughts
tied up
it seems my breath smells of smoke
glancing up into the clouds, I saw
myself flying
days are so far away
months are so far away
years are so far away...
I counted both even and odd numbers
in my blanket and pillows
curled my fingers around them and
found ninety-nine million galaxies
all strange places
the ant wanders around in a closed
loop
oh yes, she would be crazy to miss
you!

FLOWERS WE PICKED

The flowers that emerge in snow
bloom audaciously and
I think about how we'll live tomorrow
how can we bud in this faded
passion?
you, my darling, my beloved one,
the flowers we picked
from the soul of day and spirit of the
night
why don't we love those with
everything of our hearts
why don't we worry about the long
months and years
when passionate eyes fill with doubts
lay your trust in me
kiss your forehead softly on evenings
believing it's that thoughtful wind
every sorrow from the past
I will face
searching for the yellow light fuller
than the moon
searching for the waterdrop bluer than
hope
to quest
does my heart have strength?
maybe my written verses play on
words
they may fade in the bright sun one
day
they may blow in the wind one day
the last thing I see
should be the doorstep and me within
your arms.

THE SCENTED MOONLIT NIGHT

It such a long time since
I saw the scented moon with you,
the lotus leaves concealed us in the
lake, and we whispered
our vow
together you and I weather the storms
of life, won't you
together you and I keep our promises,
won't you
you braided my hair with a pink
Antigone flower headband
and the late afternoon yellow
summer's light illuminated downcast
eyelashes
and the more we drank from our lips,
the more we were drunk
in that love, the more we gave, the
more we flourished
I wish I was the wind
blowing your worrying thoughts away
turning your mind to longing
I wish I was the grass
as green as this moment now,
it will dry yellow tomorrow,
longing and thirst entangle in a drop
of water,
please don't be the ocean,
a drop will make me overflow
for one night.

6. VO THI NHU MAI

VO THI NHU MAI was born in 1976
in the tranquil city of Dalat, Lam
Dong. Her journey as a writer began
alongside her career as an English

teacher in Ba Ria Vung Tau, where
she spent five years shaping young
minds. Seeking further growth, she
moved to Australia to earn a Graduate
Diploma in Primary Teaching and a
master's degree in Literacy. Since
2004, she has dedicated herself to
teaching primary school students in
Western Australia.

Writing is a passion that brings her
joy, and her literary work reflects her
love for language and life. Her
published poetry collections include
Tan man (Scattered, 2009), *Ben kia tit
tap Dai Duong* (On the Other Side of
the Far Away Ocean, 2011), *Vuon co
tich* (The Fairy Garden, 2015),
Reflections on Poetry (2010),

Beyond the Vast Ocean (2011), *The
Fairy Tale Garden* (2015), and *Let
the Day Be Short* (2022). Her
upcoming work, *oh, that's true, I am
waiting*, promises to continue her
exploration of emotion and
experience through verse.

In addition to her personal poetry, VO
THI NHU MAI has contributed to
numerous bilingual publications,
bridging cultures with works such as
Bilingual Poetry of Võ Quê, *Bilingual
Poetry of Nguyễn Thanh Kim*
(published in Romania), *Bilingual
Poetry of Nguyễn Quốc Học*,
Bilingual Poetry of Vũ Thuy Nhung,
Bilingual Poetry of Tran Quang Đạo
(published in Canada), *Nhịp Điệu
Việt: The Rhythm of Vietnam*
(Anthology of 307 poets from
Vietnam and abroad), and *Bilingual*

Poetry of Hoài Thu. She is also working on the upcoming Essays of Nguyễn Đức Tùng.

Her poetry and translations continue to connect voices across borders, resonating with those who seek beauty and understanding in both their native tongues and beyond.



A WOMAN'S BEAUTY

(Vo Thí Nhu Mai)

It's inner and outer beauty
It's the innermost feeling of
compassion
her kindness and sympathy seems to
be a bit much
But her personality is like waves of
clouds
Her nature is as nice as the day
With bright face and shining eyes
Appreciate herself
Accept and value
Learn to love
even the sweet imperfection
Leisurely walking on the gravel road
Her kindness is nurtured
Through years of learning

Resilience shining from within
She might go through a life of
hardship
Or simple happiness in the middle of
stormy seasons
Her beauty is the bright moonlit night
Is the joy or the pain
Mysterious and miraculous
the thought is improvising
the faith and love is attractive
Her beauty is the seasons of old
flowers
The spinning world weaving into
poems
The sea sparkling though its rays
could be dim
Quietly lit for a traveller's journey
A woman's beauty
Not decided by his brown eyes
Her grace and her original charm
Shining for many years later
He might be walking on fire
When he could not approach her
No matter how hard he performs
She is a flower in the desert of the
day
A night symphony with thousands of
sparkling stars
She is a radiant ray of morning
sunlight
the future, the past, the pink waltz
He will be able to hold her hand
through many winters
If he remembers to cover her slender
shoulders with a warm scarf
He will be deeply loved by her
If he learns to cherish and appreciate
on moonlit night

He will be deeply loved by her
 If he learns to cherish and appreciate
 her soft soul
 There will be times when she is sad
 and weak like a snail
 Remember to care for and look after
 her her
 With your intelligence, loving heart
 and sincerity
 There will be times she needs sweet
 passionate words
 Or a cosy hug from behind
 Please stay by her side without
 hesitation
 If you are a bit clumsy, a bunch of
 flowers, and she will forgive
 Her beauty, oh well, the heart of a
 woman away from their country
 Always shining fervently and soft as
 clouds
 Please come to her, and dance
 through the night
 Holding her hands walking to the
 fairy land
 V.T.N.M.

LIFE'S GENTLE REFLECTIONS

(Võ Thị Như Mai)
 The greatest enemy in life
 is none other than ourselves
 The whirlpool of lies and ignorance
 is a blind road
 leading us into dreams with no way
 out
 Arrogance only brings failure
 pulling us into deep suffering
 Jealousy, a quiet sorrow

is like a sharp thorn
 silently piercing the heart
 Mistakes make us lose who we are
 turning life into a dark, starless night
 Neglecting our parents is a heavy sin
 as burdensome as a thousand
 mountains
 weighing on the soul
 Self-doubt is painful and sad
 like a bird with broken wings, unable
 to fly
 But from every fall
 we can rise again
 like trees growing through rock
 like light breaking through the
 darkness
 Despair may feel endless
 but hope is a steady star
 always shining in the sky
 Health and wisdom
 are treasures more valuable than gold
 Feelings are life's debts
 sometimes as light as a passing breeze
 sometimes as heavy as unforgettable
 memories
 Forgiveness is the greatest gift
 bringing calm in the middle of the
 noise of life
 Knowledge alone isn't enough
 A kind heart
 and a gentle soul
 are what truly define us
 Giving and comforting
 are like drops of honey
 soothing the pain of the world
 V.T.N.M.

THE BOOK OF SEASONS

(Võ Thị Như Mai)

A book lies open
its pages alive with blossoms
their hues shifting from black and
white to radiant colour
each stroke of ink, a whisper of an era
Here, seasons unfold in cycles of
brush and verse
cherry blossoms scatter as hopes for
renewal
fallen leaves echo retreats into
solitude
and the moon rises, a silent witness
to centuries of longing
The weight of tradition presses gently
layered meanings drift like petals in
the wind
plum for passing beauty, pine for the
everlasting
The borderlands between village and
forest blur
where foxes haunt the edges of
knowing
mystical, in-between
To look upon a garden
is to see history breathing
a pine's shadow carries the chill of
distant winters
while lanterns reflect moons long
gone
yet present still in gleaming silk
This is not nature untouched
but nature shaped, revered
held both close and cautiously distant
a mirror for the human soul
seasonal cycles

woven into the fabric of living
And in the end
the cherry blossom
is never just a cherry blossom
it is a thousand years of seeing
a transient breath
the pulse of eternity
V.T.N.M.

7. DO THUONG THE

Đỗ Thượng Thế is a prominent young poet from Quảng Nam, known for his creative and symbolic writing style. He has published four poetry collections: “Trích tôi”, “Như cỏ dại/như lá úa/như cây xanh”, “Dưới tấm trần rỉ mưa”, and his fourth collection, “Trên lá sâu vẽ bùa”, earning numerous awards both locally and nationally. His poetry often delves into social issues, reflecting the pain and losses in life, while also embracing tender and lyrical verses. His latest poetry collection, “Trên lá sâu vẽ bùa,” released in 2024, presents intriguing discoveries with fresh and unusual imagery. Alongside his poetic career, Đỗ Thượng Thế has dedicated 20 years to teaching, balancing both his love for writing and education. His poetry resonates deeply with readers, capturing the essence of life, time, and love.



A SEASON OF WONDER

(Do Thuong The)

drowning the sun beneath the bridge's
arch
who still sees the trees igniting their
fire
the fishbone road pierces into the
silence
rushing with the bats' shadows
sweeping across the blackened
rooftops
faint dots of light in blades of grass

hiding the round cheeks
and dimples being madly loved
a thousand miles drift away
what is seen in each step hollowed by
termites
the heart's blood entrusted to distant
oblivion
tilting the cup, pouring out a weary
soul
the tree of thoughts leans deep into
the night
a night of autumn
expectant with a season of wonder
pure as a single leaf

singing softly to the yearning sky
never... to fall.

Đ.T.T

HE STANDS THERE, MOSS-COVERED

(Do Thuong The)

He stands there, moss-covered
How many seasons have leaves
drifted by?
How many wings have flown, then
broken
Falling with the dusk, where echoes
lie
The grass once gleamed in tender
green
The sun once bathed the world in gold
Paths of joy now fade unseen
Each step feels lost, unsteady, cold
He stands there waiting, moss-
covered
White clouds drift, soft and pale
Cicadas cry, the cotton flowers are in
flame
The rain lashes dry, a long, fierce tale
Flowers fade, their youth now
mourning
Scents call home on the wind's
embrace
His chest holds storms in silent
warning
His soul still roars for passion's chase
He stands there, moss-covered
The train departs with a trembling
sigh

A midnight whistle, faint and
haunting

Echoes the ache of love's first
goodbye...
Đ.T.T.

THE PUFFED RICE CAKE

(Do Thuong The)
The puffed rice cake Mother gave
A taste of childhood
I ate and ate... yet New Year seems
stay long
Sweetness born of a poor land
Where baskets brimmed with sweat
And charcoal mounds glowed embers
of quiet fever
I am a skylark at the edge of the sky
Dreams fragrant and stirring
Words unfurled like clouds
Billowing in white, restless smoke
Day by day, hands shaped those cakes
Cakes spiced with ginger's bite
Cakes steeped in tears
Day by day, the boiling churned
Competing with the rushing waters
Faces bent over the bubbling heat
Nights burned late; the fire unyielding
Often the wick flickered, weary
Yet I tasted the sweetness of caramel
smoke
On New Year's Eve in Mother's
kitchen
The fire chuckled softly
And the lightness of puffed rice cakes
Lifted the fading day
Đ.T.T

8. TRAN THI THUY VY

About the author

Trần Thị Thùy Vy, a poet from Quảng Nam, offers readers a space filled with delicate emotions and profound reflections. Her debut poetry collection, “Cả những ngày đã quên” (Including Those Forgotten Days), is a journey of exploring

memories, loss, and the flow of time. Each poem is a fragment of Vy's soul, capturing simple yet deeply meaningful moments. The title of the collection evokes curiosity and a sense of longing, inviting readers to immerse themselves in the verses. Vy's poetry is honest and refined, with each line fostering a powerful connection. Her work reflects her persistence and love for words, a passionate devotion to poetry. Vy has earned several small awards and has had numerous poems published in newspapers and magazines, marking the beginning of a promising poetic journey.



HEARING THE SOUND OF THE TIDAL CRAB

The seaside evening is empty without
you, the wind blowing backward
The sea, forever salty, why does the
wave lose its way?

The coastal town lacks words of
affection; wind-swept crab ignores
the sand

Leaning into the evening, my heart
burns, as the sea deepens, waves
crashing white

The seagull flies to some unknown
place, its wings swaying, catching the
sunset

WHICH WAY FOR ME?

What did you say to make the sea
angry, keeping me from sleep?

The winds whisper, tangled in
dilemmas

The bird sings the song of the
changing season

Singing when the leaves fall

The coat of late winter, the road
splitting, which way for you?

I READ YOU LIKE YOU READ ME

We are woven through the shifting
winds, the rivers' rapids, the changing
shores

Reading in the evening light, in the
early dawn's new sun

Reading beneath the hasty rain,
innocent in its rush
March sun and cold winds, tangled in
wild hair

I want more from our conversation,
reading each other, piece by piece

A TTHREAD OF SUNLIGHT, UNSTEADY

One day, a thread of sunlight
wanders, soaked along the bare trees
On days where the truth blends with
illusion

The thread of light shatters, bathing
new dreams

The turn of a body calling out the
seeds of love

The lost thread of sunlight, counting
time down the streets

WE GROW OLD TOGETHER

Our eyes will blur, and all that's left
is the window

I count the days passing, casting
shadows on the edges of the house
Beside the village well, memories
flutter like dragonfly wings

The bucket falls into the depth of
childhood

As we age, dreams return,
murmuring, stammering

BEHIND THE WINDOW OF ALL SEASONS

A woman travels alone, her journey
fragmented
Rippling with the churn of memory,
breaths warped and bent
The window feels all seasons—the
heat, the cold, the mist—coming and
going
The woman, scarred, resides within
Her laughter crisp, even in the midst
of pain

FORCE OF PROPULSION

As the year ends, the sun rises late
Draped in the melody of time
We meet in Saigon, with pretty bows
and letters
Our rosy lips sing with the white
rabbit, a smile of reunion
The taste of Tet fills the air, ringing,
when will you come back?

IN the DARK, THE HOLLOW GAZE ECHOES WORDS OF LOVE

The wound ripens, and the wind
blows from the sea
The wound shudders, breaking wide
open
The screech of car horns, sudden
brakes, unfamiliar faces

The clink of glasses, laughter
colliding
Terrifying, the woman, lost, runs
toward the sea
T.T.T.V.

9. TRẦN BĂNG KHUÊ

About the author

LITERATURE REVIEW OF TRẦN BĂNG KHUÊ'S SHORT STORIES

(Written by Võ Thị Như Mai)

Trần Băng Khuê's short stories are an intricate web of human emotions, existential dilemmas, and poetic introspection. Her writing is both hauntingly beautiful and painfully raw, reflecting a deep engagement with the human condition, loneliness, and the ephemeral nature of dreams. Through fragmented narratives and dreamlike sequences, Khuê crafts a literary world where sorrow, nostalgia, and fleeting happiness coalesce in a symphony of words.



THE INTERSECTION OF REALITY AND DREAMSCAPES

Khuê's stories, particularly *THE DOG IS SAD, WHILE THE CAT IS LONELY*, explore the delicate intersection between reality and the subconscious. The story is seemingly simple, focusing on the daily observations of a corgi and a calico cat, yet it transcends its premise to become a meditation on solitude and emotional displacement. The animals serve as metaphors for human isolation, embodying the sadness and loneliness that pervade modern existence. The narrator's preoccupation with these creatures, rather than personal or familial issues, highlights the tendency of individuals to project their inner turmoil onto external symbols.

The narrative takes a surreal turn as sadness and loneliness are

anthropomorphized, embarking on an existential journey through the night. Khuê juxtaposes the ordinary with the extraordinary, blending waking life with dreamlike imagery, where a banana leaf transforms into a symbol of longing, and the crescent moon becomes a burden of existential weight. This blending of reality and dreams is a hallmark of Khuê's storytelling, as she invites readers to question the boundaries between the tangible and the imagined.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EXISTENCE AND MEMORY

Khuê's characters are often introspective, burdened by memories that refuse to fade. In *NETTING*, the protagonist is plagued by hallucinations of nets, which become an allegory for entrapment—both physical and psychological. The nets appear and disappear, representing the ephemeral nature of dreams and the struggle between liberation and confinement. This thematic preoccupation with entrapment recurs in Khuê's writing, as her characters grapple with invisible forces that shape their destinies.

Her prose is imbued with existential musings, reminiscent of Camus and Kafka, where the search for meaning is an ongoing struggle. The protagonist

in *A DARK NEIGHBOUR* finds himself confined within an urban landscape that feels both familiar and suffocating. The night, streetlights, and shifting shadows create a backdrop for self-reflection, where memories of childhood and familial relationships emerge unbidden. Khue masterfully captures the weight of nostalgia, illustrating how the past continuously intrudes upon the present, shaping identity and perception.

The Interplay of Light and Darkness
Light and darkness are recurring motifs in Khuê's stories, serving as both literal and symbolic elements. In *ALL THE SHINING GREEN STARS*, the narrator fixates on the concept of stars, representing hope, destiny, and the unattainable. The contrast between the dazzling stars and the enveloping darkness underscores the tension between aspirations and limitations. The narrator's relationship with his father, a man who once dreamed of greatness but succumbed to alcoholism, reflects this dichotomy. The father, once a shining star in his youth, is now consumed by the shadows of his unfulfilled dreams. This interplay of light and darkness extends to Khuê's exploration of fate and free will. Her characters often ponder their purpose, questioning whether their paths are predetermined or shaped by their choices. In this story, the protagonist confronts his own existence, tracing the shadows of his past and seeking answers in the voice

of a mysterious figure. The story becomes a meditation on identity, legacy, and the weight of familial expectations.

KHUE 'S NARRATIVE STYLE: A POETIC, FRAGMENTED AESTHETIC

One of the most striking aspects of Khuê's writing is her poetic, fragmented style. She often eschews traditional narrative structures in favour of lyrical, stream-of-consciousness prose that mirrors the fluidity of thought and memory. Sentences flow like verses in a melancholic poem, with repetition and imagery reinforcing emotional depth. Her use of parentheses, ellipses, and abrupt shifts in perspective create a sense of disorientation, drawing readers into the characters' psychological landscapes. This fragmented aesthetic is particularly evident in *THE DOG IS SAD, WHILE THE CAT IS LONELY*, where shifts between the mundane and the surreal occur seamlessly, blurring the boundaries between reality and imagination.

THE DOORWAY IN MY EARS by Trần Băng Khue is a poetic odyssey that delves into the intersection of the external world and

inner consciousness. The sounds that enter the ear are not merely physical vibrations but echoes of memories, unspoken words, and the deepest repressed emotions of the soul. This door opens to receive, but it can also close to separate, trapping people within nostalgia or silent pain. Trần Băng Khuê's writing is gentle yet haunting, like a breeze passing through the mind, leaving behind moments of quiet contemplation. Reading this story feels like stepping into a space between reality and dreams, where emotions flow naturally like breath, and where every sound carries an untold story.

Conclusion: a profound exploration of the human soul

Trần Băng Khuê's short stories are not merely narratives; they are experiences that demand introspection. Her ability to weave philosophical musings into everyday moments, to transform the ordinary into the extraordinary, and to navigate the labyrinth of human emotions makes her work deeply resonant.

Her stories linger in the mind long after the last page is turned, echoing with the sorrow of lost dreams, the weight of memory, and the beauty of fleeting moments. In a literary landscape often dominated by straightforward storytelling, Khuê's evocative, dreamlike prose stands as a testament to the power of literature to explore the depths of the human soul.

10. POET NGUYEN NHO KHIEM

About the author

Nguyễn Nho Khiêm – Poet, Editor, and Cultural Advocate

Nguyễn Nho Khiêm, born on December 1, 1963, is a member of the Vietnam Writers' Association and the Vietnam Journalists' Association. He served as the Chairman of the Da Nang Writers' Association for ten years (2008–2018) and is currently the Vice President of the Union of Literature and Arts Associations of Da Nang, as well as the Editor-in-Chief of *Non-Nuoc Magazine*.

Originally from Bong Lai Village, Vinh Dien Ward, Dien Ban Town, Quang Nam Province, Nguyễn Nho Khiêm pursued his education at various institutions, culminating in a bachelor's degree in literature and a master's degree in Linguistics from Hue University of Sciences. Additionally, he completed advanced political theory studies at the Political Academy of Region III.

Throughout his career, he has held numerous positions in cultural and governmental organizations, including roles at the Department of Culture and Information of Dien Ban District, the Committee for the Protection and Care of Children in Quang Nam – Da Nang, and later at the Propaganda

Department of the Da Nang Party Committee.

Since 2008, Nguyễn Nho Khiêm has been actively involved in literary and cultural leadership in Da Nang, serving as Vice President of the city's Literature and Arts Union and Editor-in-Chief of *Non Nuoc* Magazine. He was also elected Chairman of the Da Nang Writers' Association for two consecutive terms (2008–2018). Furthermore, he contributed to public service as a member of the Da Nang People's Council for two terms (2011–2021) and held advisory roles in cultural and social affairs.

Published Works

- *Khói tỏa về trời (Smoke Drifting to the Sky)*, Da Nang Publishing House, 1994
- *Bên ngoài cánh đồng (Beyond the Fields)*, Da Nang Publishing House, 2003
- *Nắng trên đồi (Sunshine on the Hill)*, Da Nang Publishing House, 2011

Awards & Recognition

- Quang Nam Provincial People's Committee Literary and Arts Award (2009–2013)
- Da Nang City Literary and Arts Award (2010–2015)

Nguyễn Nho Khiêm's poetry is known for its depth, reflecting themes of nature, life, and human emotions. His

contributions to literature and cultural development continue to shape the literary landscape of Vietnam.

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MAGNOLIA

In the room corner of spring, magnolia
blooming

Their soft lilac petals spreading to the
garden

The shadow of love, the violet sky's
embrace

I could imagine the purple scent of
early season

The room corner is filled with fresh air

The clouds brushing past your hair's
soft hue

A whisper of waiting for tomorrow
and the next day

Magnolia blooming in the long night
of spring

++++

DIARY

I open the window

A rush of fresh wind spills into the

room

Sweet air swells within my chest
Eyes closed, I hear dawn awaken
I open the window
Morning light shining on the treetops
The flocks of birds leave their nests
Vanishing into the endless blue
The river softly flows out there
Carrying mountain rains to the
waiting sea
Where love tastes of salt
I close the window
Turn back to the quiet room
It seems a door is open
for the lingering scent

+++

LA VANG DIARY

In the garden of La Vang
Young grass glows green
A white stone statue whispers of
legend
Drifting clouds, marvellously
hidden and shown
A white flap of áo dài floating above
Gliding along rivers and mountains
In the garden of La Vang
The old church scarred by bullets
In my photograph I took today
Holds echoes of emptiness
La Vang
The new church, white walls, a
sapphire roof
Its doors seem ever-closed
While sacred sunlight warms the
garden leaves

+++

MEMENTO

The old house stands, its relics remain
But where have the footsteps gone?
Thạch Hãn River flows, unceasing
Where does its memory rest
In faded pages, shadows stretch
Fresh wreaths casting upon the waves
The town rises, houses reaching
skyward
Peace drapes the blue, red cotton trees
are burning bright
Yet childhood summers of fire and
war
Linger in verses, ferried through
hearts
Before the monument “Quảng Trị’s
heart”
North and South, blood once streamed
as one
Before the river, beneath the endless
sky
Mementos branch and bloom in
time’s gaze

PART 3: FORE

CHARLES LIPANDA

MAHIGWE

About the author

Charles Lipanda Matenga was born and raised an orphan and he is now a refugee in Dzaleka Refugee Camp, Malawi. He was born on 2nd July 2005 in Rwenena, Sud-Kivu, DR CONGO. Charles is a student. He is one of the slam poets around the world. He has brought poetry around

the world by his performances of national and international events like Our Talents, Our Advocacy Festival, Tumaini Festival, Zomba city Festival, United Nations Day Commemoration 2023, National Youth Policy Launch, 5th World Poetry Conference India where he was conferred as the Master of Creative Consciousness, Inspired Poetry corner Canada. Charles is a published and multi awarded Poet, Writer, performer, Editor and Author of Being Refugee Wasn't a Choice Anthology and Our Voice Is Our Catalyst. Charles is the founder and president of African Youth Artistic Poetry - AYAP based in Dzaleka Refugee Camp, Malawi. Where Poetry and English are

taught to orphaned refugee children and youth. The author is actually open for every opportunity that will come across him so that he can achieve his dream and help young poets to do the same as well.



IN THE RAIN, WE DANCE

Like doves above
 Our hearts entangle
 What a voice, sensational one
 Whispering in the cardiac
 She gave me a no look
 But inside her,
 She carried all the missed memories
 Her eyes touched my lips
 All my instincts broke my purpose
 And led me to her path
 I said "HELLO "
 She was about to explode
 AS endless wars in Congo
 She gave me a smile with no look
 Yet the rain brought us together
 After the splits of Africa
 There was no shade

But only where rain couldn't kiss
my forehead

I trembled all the fears of guns and
shades of blood

She held my hand and let me dance
in the rain



JASNA GUGIĆ

CHRISTMAS

December
Advent time
And the time of warmth.
Everything is
Splendid.
Glitter
and warmth of heart.
And families together.
They say in this time
Miracles can happen.
For this Christmas,
I, too, want a miracle
long awaited,
wrapped
by the silk of my heart.
This Christmas
I want snow
As it once was
in old albums.
I want
A pure white heart
In the blackness
Of the world.
December.
Time of new birth,
new hopes
and new loves.

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Barbara Anna Gaiardoni

Gaiardoni received the Grand Jury Prize at the “Ossi di seppia 2024” international poetry competition. She earned two nominations for the 2023 Touchstone Award and another nomination for the 2024 Touchstone Award and has been nominated for the Sundress Publications Annual Best of the Net Anthology (2025).

She was recognized on The Mainichi’s Haiku in English Best list for 2023 and the Haiku Euro Top 100 list 2023 and 2024.

Barbara obtained Honorable Mention at the 2024 edition of the Fujisan Tanka Contest.

Her Japanese – style poetry has been published in 230 international journals and translated into 12 languages.

She has published two origami micro-chapbooks: “Untitled” in 2023 and “Eating Haiku” in 2024. The latter was shown at the “Artfarm Pilastro,” an exhibition of contemporary art and performance.

Drawing, swimming in the sea and walking in nature are her passions.

“I can, I must, I will do it” is her motto.

HYPERLINK

<http://barbaragaiardoni.altervista.org/blog/haikuco-2/>
<http://barbaragaiardoni.altervista.org/blog/haikuco-2/>

HYPERLINK

<https://www.facebook.com/barbaragaiardoni/> \n

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HYPERLINK

<https://twitter.com/BGaiardoni> <https://twitter.com/BGaiardoni>

<https://www.instagram.com/barbaragaiardoni/>

In the ocean

Whale glides

Through the water

Breathe this fresh air

Take in this view

*

Shepherds caring

For bonfires to warm

Themselves

Seeing the sunrise

Over the mountains



Gurdeep singh

Personal Biography

Name	Gurdeep Singh.
Location	Jammu & Kashmir, India
Profession	Working as a banker
Educational Qualifications	Graduation from Government Degree College, Udhampur Bachelor of Education, Udhampur
Status	Married
Interests & Hobbies	Keen on writing poems. Since my college days, I have been inspired by John Keats and John Donne
Goals and Aspirations-	I consider humanity as a universal family and believe we all descend from only one Power. Universal love and

	brotherhood are what I look forward too. I believe peace must prevail in the world
Goal	Publishing a book on Poetry, which I'm also currently pursuing.

CHARACTERS CHANGE

Get up a painful heart
 Your role is big, time is short
 Awake and see all around
 Happiness is only temporarily bound
 Pain dies with the ultimate end
 Nothing changes the vicious trend
 Pain is there sooner or latter
 May be a bit coated on a platter
 The world is smitten with distress
 Happiness comes soon to regress
 A long sleep is always on wait
 Darkness comes out of the gate
 The silence pervades over the noise
 This is only the lasting choice
 The puppet has to cease its dance
 Melting away from the glance
 The world is just a transient stage
 Life sustains turning the page
 The final chapter draws the curtain
 When life is seeded, end is certain
 The characters change, roles are the same
 The pictures are new in the old frames

- *Gurdeep Singh*

A JOURNEY OF LIFE

A rapturous moment is thrilled
 A new life is filled
 A beautiful flower comes to bloom

A tiny body begins to groom
 Gathering mass and body figure
 Mother's milk spikes the vigor
 Love and care make a difference
 Habits and diet make sense
 The babe develops into an infant
 Uttering sounds of indistinct cant
 The brain develops with a proper care
 Confidence is highly dare
 Adolescence is the flower of teen
 The wings of vanity begin to preen
 Career and dreams come of age
 Romance begins to open the page
 Ups and downs are the order of the day
 Games to settle begin to play
 The life is racing on a trail
 Through rough weather and smooth sail
 Everything has a time
 The journey is on a down climb
 The wheel of power derails
 The systems of body begin to fail
 The flower falls, petals apart
 A faltering life gasps to depart
 The moment of life that gave the soul
 That moment is back to end the goal

- Gurdeep Singh

STILLNESS

Don't think I am in tears
 My eyes are wet because you are near
 Don't think I don't grieve
 Lonely shadows help me to sieve
 I live because I dream
 The pages of memory flow from a ream
 I breath in order to sustain

My predilections have learned to refrain
 The winter has turned its tiring page
 The spring is excited to open the grace
 I don't notice the changing scene
 I am used to living in serene
 I have lost the words to criticize
 I do not prefer to think a bit wise
 I surrender to the state of affairs
 Having suppressed the instinct of flair
 I don't crave for life
 I seek no opportunity to gripe
 I lean on the edge of a precipice
 Without fear of a deep crevice
 How long this monotony will go
 Until the end to keep the show
 Stillness spread its quieting wings
 The requiem sounded through the strings
 No one is there to pray for us
 for years we have been under the dust
 Two flowers have bloomed on our side
 To give by passers some delight

- Gurdeep Singh

EWITH BAHAR

About the author

**SILENCE**

In silence,
I find my truest self
Celebrating the tranquillity
Within the thin shadow of certainty
I whisper God's name
in a solemn chant
to conquer the enigmatic life
Crushed in my palm
Bronzy sky turns darker
As the grave-like quietness
Silencing my thought
And I feel my real existence.
(Ewith Bahar)

EYESIGHT

Capturing things with blind mind
Like the open eyes
seeing no tints and hues
undisguised but meaningless
We learn genuineness

from righteousness and wrongness
We walked through life with closed
eyes
see everything with heart's sensitivity
and we sometimes need no eyes

because the mind
keeps the sterling eyesight most.
(Ewith Bahar)
A BROAD ROOM IN A HEART
In my heart,
only one season stays for you and me
With this fair weather
enabling us to pick roses everyday
to dress the porch
where we sit alone cozily
with the rosy petals, two wooden
chairs,
accommodate our bad and good times
Like the porch, we aged,
unswervingly
because time,
a thief that kidnapped our youth
moving noiselessly,
brought from us many:
strength, endurance, stability, beauty
we grow in darkness and in light
in laughter and in tears,
separated and reconnected
but we never really leave each other
a broad room in our hearts
where the crazy memories reside
draw us to come again,
celebrating each and every inch of
this life.

(Ewith Bahar)

TAGHRID BOU MERHI**About the author**

(Foz Do Iguaçu, Paraná, Brazil) She is a Lebanese Brazilian multilingual poet, writer, author, essayist, editor, journalist and translator . She has

authored 24 books and translated 43 books to date, 112 article to date and some of her literary works have been translated into 48 languages. She is an active member of various literary and creative platforms. Her writings are part of several national and international magazines, newspapers, journals and anthologies. She was chosen among the 50 women from Asia who had a significant impact on the history of modern literature. She was selected as among the top 20 international journalist's From LEGACY CROWN. She was chosen among 12 Elite Members for year 2024 From Prodigy Life Academy-USA. She is a global advisor for poetry on CCTV Chinese TV and editor and head of the translation department at various literary

newspapers and magazine. She has won many awards for her writeups. She speak 5 languages.



IT IS THE NIGHT

It is the night now; is this the right
time to pause?

To reflect on all that has passed?

Is it the time when the night reveals
our hidden secret,

And we find what we lost amidst the
chaos of the day?

Can I truly hear the echo of my
thoughts

When everything around me quiets,

Or am I merely escaping a
confrontation with myself?

Do I need this silence to hear the
voice of my soul,

Lost amidst the whispers of days,

Or am I wandering in the darkness for
something undefined,

As though searching for an answer to
calm me?

It is the night now,

When tranquillity seeps into the
corners of the world,

Washing away the final whispers of a
day gone by.

The noise of life fades,
And the stars become silent tales,
Telling the universe's secrets to the
soul's ears.
Night is the moment when time
collapses,
Wounds rest,
And worries retreat into deep silence,
Where one meets oneself in the
presence of the infinite.
Am I merely a passerby in this vast
universe,
Or am I part of something deeper and
greater?
Is this night my true mirror,
Or am I lost in my pursuit of an image
I cannot grasp?
Was this surrounding darkness, in
truth,
The shadow of myself, which I fear to
see as it is?
Can I face it now,
Away from the lights that blur my
vision?
At night, existence becomes clearer,
Not in its tangible form,

But in its internal features we often
neglect in daily clamor.
Here lie the great questions—
And the small ones lingering in the
heart's corners unanswered.
Are we merely wanderers in this vast
space,
Or does each of us hold a hidden
purpose
Behind the dark veil of reality?
Will I ever understand the secret of
this world,
Or will I remain a prisoner of endless
questions?
Is the night the answer I have always
sought,
Or just another phase in an unending
journey?
Can I hear the truth my soul seeks,
Or is this darkness the only truth I
see?
Night is not just a passage of time,
But an extension of the inner universe
within,
Where doubts meet faith,
And safety wrestles with fear.

In these moments, we cease to run,
 Allowing our thoughts to appear from
 afar
 Like dreams floating in a sea of
 shadows.
 It is the night now,
 The time we live between
 wakefulness and stillness,
 Between the scattered truths in the
 dark
 And hopes too timid to step into the
 light.

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 LEBANON - BRAZIL**

"The Women of Brewster Place"

A literary novel that won the 1983
 Nobel Prize in Literature, exploring
 the lives of a group of African
 American women in the Brewster
 neighbourhood.

Written by TAGHRID BOU MERHI
 | Lebanon / Brazil

"A man is not judged by the colour of
 his skin, but by the content of his
 character." – Martin Luther King Jr.

Racism and color discrimination have
 historically existed for a long time,
 but they became more pronounced
 during slavery and its aftermath in

both American and global history.
 During this period, racism and color
 discrimination were used as tools to
 justify and legitimize the system of
 slavery and racial segregation.

With the development of social
 movements and the struggles of Black
 people and human rights advocates,
 signs of rebellion against societies
 that ostracized Black individuals
 began to emerge towards the end of
 the 19th century and throughout the
 20th century. Anti-racism protests and
 demonstrations increased, along with
 calls for equality and an end to racial
 discrimination in various fields such
 as education, employment, social life,
 and housing.

For example, the Civil Rights
 Movement in the United States during
 the 1950s and 1960s included
 numerous protests and demonstrations
 against racial segregation and
 discrimination. The modern era has
 also seen increased awareness and
 activism against racism, as well as the
 rise of organizations and movements
 demanding the end of racial injustice
 and discrimination.

"The Women of Brewster Place" by
 American author Gloria Naylor, who
 won the 1983 Nobel Prize in
 Literature, is one of the most
 significant novels exploring the lives
 of African American women in the

Brewster Place neighborhood. It highlights issues of identity, relationships, and the social struggles these women face. The novel is distinguished by its elegant style and its ability to create vivid and realistic portrayals of characters and situations

The story deeply explores the experiences of Black individuals, contributing to a greater understanding and appreciation of their challenges and hardships. As a result, the novel serves as an important contribution to shedding light on Black issues and improving public awareness of their experiences and struggles, helping to reshape international perceptions of Black people in some societies.

In "The Women of Brewster Place," Gloria Naylor presents realistic portrayals of the lives of African American women in Brewster Place, highlighting the significant challenges they face due to the color of their skin. These challenges range from racial oppression, poverty, violence, and lack of opportunities to social and workplace discrimination.

For example, the book tells the stories of women who struggle to gain recognition for their worth and competence due to their skin color. They face discrimination in various aspects of life, including employment, where they struggle to secure equal opportunities compared to their white

counterparts, and within society, where they experience isolation and marginalization.

Furthermore, the novel highlights the psychological and emotional consequences of this discrimination, as African American women live under constant stress and anxiety due to the racism and unjust treatment they endure.

Thus, the novel illustrates how skin colour can become a significant barrier, leading to marginalization and exclusion, making people outcasts in their communities due to the racism and discrimination they face.

The book's title, "The Women of Brewster Place," symbolizes the Black women of the Brewster neighbourhood and reflects their experiences and stories within their society and culture. It underscores the importance of understanding their realities and challenges in a world marked by racism and discrimination. The novel addresses various social and cultural issues affecting Black women in America.

Key Characters in "The Women of Brewster Place":

1. Mattie Johnson – A strong, kind-hearted woman who manages the home where Black women gather in Brewster Place. Mattie embodies faith and optimism despite life's

challenges. She serves as a spiritual leader for the community, offering support and guidance to the women in difficult times.

2. Lennox Samuel – A character representing youth and ambition in the neighbourhood, striving to achieve her dreams and aspirations. She faces challenges while living in Brewster Place but remains determined to reach her goals, whether in education or building personal relationships.

3. Peggy – A young woman who struggles with life's hardships, including domestic violence and poverty. She fights for survival, safety, and independence, expressing her desire for a better and more stable life despite the difficulties she faces.

The Black women in "The Women of Brewster Place" endure various struggles, including:

Physical and emotional violence, leading to psychological and physical consequences.

Poverty and economic marginalization, as they live in difficult financial conditions with limited economic and employment opportunities.

Discrimination and oppression due to their skin colour, resulting in unjust treatment and marginalization in

society and various fields such as education and employment.

Lack of social and communal support, causing feelings of isolation and disconnection from society, with insufficient resources to help them overcome their challenges.

In "The Women of Brewster Place," Naylor focuses on themes of deferred dreams of love (both familial and romantic), marriage, respect, and economic stability, while also conveying the recurring message that poverty breeds violence, true friendship and affection transcend gender, and that women in Black urban ghettos in America bear their burdens with grace and courage.

All the characters in "The Women of Brewster Place" are fictional. However, these fictional characters reflect the real-life experiences and struggles of Black women in society, representing genuine issues and challenges faced by African American women in urban America.

By using these fictional characters, Gloria Naylor provides a realistic and profound depiction of Black women's lives in Brewster Place, allowing readers to empathize with their experiences and understand their struggles. Although the characters are not directly real, they convey authentic truths and lived realities for women in American society.

As modern social and cultural developments progress, the movement toward equality and social justice appears to be ongoing and inevitable. However, achieving fundamental changes in societies requires continuous and multi-dimensional efforts, including legal reforms, education, awareness, and cultural transformation.

True equality and the elimination of racial discrimination require a comprehensive shift in social and cultural awareness, alongside effective legislative and political measures that protect minority rights and ensure equal opportunities and fair treatment. In the long run, these combined efforts can reduce racism and achieve true equality among all individuals.

However, it is essential to understand that achieving this goal takes time and continuous effort, and numerous obstacles and challenges may arise along the way. Nevertheless, consistent work toward building more tolerant and just societies can lead to positive transformations, allowing people to live with equality, free from discrimination based on race or skin color.

In her novel "The Women of Brewster Place," Gloria Naylor does not offer a definitive solution to the lives of Black women in Brewster Place, but she presents their

challenges and hardships with realism. Nonetheless, the

story leaves room for hope and belief in the potential for change and improvement.

The novel keeps the door open for optimism and progress, showing how Black women learn from their experiences and continually reconcile with their challenges. Despite all difficulties, these women exhibit willpower and determination to overcome obstacles and build better lives for themselves and their families, leaving readers with a sense of hope and faith in the possibility of transformation and improvement in difficult circumstances.

About Gloria Naylor



Gloria Naylor was an African American novelist best known for her debut novel "The Women of Brewster

Place," which was adapted into a 1984 film starring Oprah Winfrey.

Naylor won the National Book Award for Best First Novel in 1983 for "The Women of Brewster Place." Her later novels included "Linden Hills," "Mama Day," and "Bailey's Café." In addition to her novels, she wrote essays and screenplays and founded One Way Productions, an independent film production company.

A graduate of Brooklyn College and Yale University, Naylor received numerous honorary awards, including Resident Scholar at the University of Pennsylvania, Senior Fellow at the Society for the Humanities at Cornell University, the President's Medal from Brooklyn College, and Visiting Professor at the University of Kent, Canterbury, England.

Naylor was also awarded Guggenheim and National Endowment for the Arts Fellowships for her novels, along with a New York Foundation for the Arts Fellowship for Screenwriting.

Her work provided a powerful and vivid portrayal of key social issues, including poverty, racism, homophobia, sexism, and social

marginalization in African American communities.



MA YONGBO

Ma Yongbo's bio

He was born in 1964, Ph.D., representative of Chinese avant-garde poetry, and a leading scholar in Anglo-American poetry. He has published over eighty original works and translations since 1986 included 7 poetry collections. He focused on translating and teaching Anglo-American poetry and prose including the work of Dickinson, Whitman, Stevens, Pound, Williams and Ashbery. He recently published a complete translation of Moby Dick, which has sold over half a million copies.

THE TRANSPERANCY OF AUTUMN

The autumn with all superfluities cut
free

Is not just the desolation within the
harvest,

The silence of the choir of birds
 On bare branches,
 But also, you're turning around,
 Towards your declining body without
 hesitation,
 Towards the path cloaked in deep dusk
 Your soul embarks on alone
 No longer need to say anything
 No longer need to witness anything
 No longer need the reluctant reality
 No more false relationships
 No longer need anyone or anything
 To testify for your soul
 What you can trust
 Is but the belief in beauty within your
 soul,
 As for beauty itself, it's nowhere to be
 found.
 People that seem to exist
 Things that seem to happen
 All vanish completely from your mind.
 To the sincere past, you now return
 With double the sincerity, which has
 changed colour.
 Roses turn into paper flowers; no
 funeral or farewell is needed.
 Turn around, no further connection
 remains whatsoever
 Between this life and the next.

Cast it all away, march on alone like a
 warrior,
 Leave
 Including those volumes that
 documented you everything of the past
 behind devotion lifelong.
 They are but temporary trophies,
 You cannot carry those burdens
 forward.
 Worldly fame is in itself a fleeting
 illusion,
 Worldly love always ends up hurting.
 Cast away all and everything behind and
 hit the road alone.
 This is the autumn of Our Lord,
 The call of Our Lord, He has already set
 the sundial
 On your pathway of righteousness
 THE WIND BLOWS SILENCE
 No matter which road you take, it
 eventually leads to silence
 The sunlight shines on red, blue, and
 brown roofs
 Illuminating the village roads
 where the headscarves of
 chrysanthemums flash and vanish
 It seems like no one has visited this
 village for ages
 Every rear window is open, sunflowers
 peeking out

The quilts on the kang are neatly
stacked

No one is in sight, no barking of dogs

The honking of geese comes from the
far end of the village

Only the sunlight, motionless

Beating on the sultry forests, crops, and
dust

And the white beehives in the yard
gradually cracking

A sixteen-year-old sister is thinly
dressed

She works in the fields, the crops
growing taller

The wind blows from the bright silver-
like horizon

Blowing against her slender youth

Occasionally revealing her hot waist

The sixteen-year-old sister is immersed
in labour

When the fragrance of the sunset wakes
her abruptly

The fields are empty, silent

She squats in the furrow, as wind blows
over the earth

Over her squatting on the earth and
gazing about

The shadows of dusk quickly spread

The low-lying village seems to be sinking
into the water

The human world is silent, the human
time is long

The sixteen-year-old sister is alone

Left behind in the fields, the crops rustle

Quickly growing taller than her, taller
than the swirling starry sky

HAPPY VAPOUR: TO ELDER SISTER

She gets up habitually early, as she
used to in the country

Or when it was all dark outside

Her busy rustling in the kitchen can be
heard

The usually cold kitchen getting warm
gradually

Soon, the windows are covered with
vapour

These white appetizing spirits

Concentrate, keep rising higher and
higher

Upwards till they pass through the
ceiling

And meet the frost on the roof and take
the wind

Then rise towards treetop, or bluish
dark sky

These days she has to get adapted to
the ambiguous expression of this city

Freezing cold water biting into the bone
and dust in clusters

Adapted to my sleep putting off
breakfast till noon

Letting her streaming labour get cold
again and again

Adapting to my remaining silence, like
me reading with the TV on

First, she checked Yong Ping's poems
corrected a few mistaken facts through
memory about carrying water

Carefully hiding her expectations for
what is unwritten

A lot of things have slipped my memory

As I lean against the doorframe,
watching her busy working

Asking about childhood incidents

Like placing five greenish potatoes on
the windowsill

Sometimes elder sister, brother and I sit
in the room chatting

While chatting, many more incidents
came to our minds

Like root vegetables produce shining
white sprouts in a cellar Like father is
smoking next door, writing reports

Mother is frying potatoes in the kitchen,
oil sizzling in the pot

Sometimes she shows some uneasy
apology about her less satisfactory
cooking skill

Now through the clouds of vapour, my
elder sister

Somehow looks more and more

Like my long deceased mother



ACHERON

GREEK-VIETNAM

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