



OVER THE RAINBOW

Children's Poetry Anthology



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“All grown-ups were once children...
but only few of them remember it.”

— Antoine de Saint-Exupéry,
The Little Prince





Smaragdi Mitropoulou was born in Athens. She studied history and archaeology at the University of Athens and completed her postgraduate history studies at the University of Cardiff in Great Britain. She has been awarded in Greece and abroad for her poetry and prose. Also, she is the Programme Coordinator of the Writers Capital International Foundation. So far, she has written four books, which have been published and launched in Greece. One of them, *One moment just an eternity*, has been translated into English and published in 2020 by the English OnTime Books Publishing House. Her poetry has been translated into Bengali, Chinese and Taiwanese and published in the online and print magazines in Philippines, China and Taiwan.

I PAINT...

I paint
a sun
a basil on the windowsill
and a love among the bougainvilleas.

I paint
a well with water
to quench your thirst
a nightingale to sing to you
and a moon
to keep you company at night
not to be afraid.

I paint
a road full of stars
a path full of dreams
and a golden line to show you the way.
I'm waiting for you...
the clocks broke tonight...
I'm waiting for you...
And I paint hope...







Maria do Sameiro Barroso (Portugal) is a medical doctor and a multilingual poet, translator, essayist and researcher in Portuguese and German Literature, translation studies and History of Medicine. She has authored over 40 books of poetry, published in Portugal, Brazil, Spain, France, Serbia, Belgium, Albany, USA, and translations and books of essays. Her poems are translated into over twenty languages. She was awarded national and international prizes such as International Prize Pray of Mother Teresa, Literary Club “Gjon Nikkollë Kazazi, Gjakovë, Kosovo (2019); Prix du Concours International de poésie de l’Académie Européenne des Sciences, des Arts et des Lettres (AESAL) 2020; 1 st Prize “Versos del Pilcomayo” Bolivia and 1 st Prize in poetry, Honorable Mentions in Micro-story and Letters (2020).

THE OWL

You know a lot Mr Owl.
With you, I want to learn.
Glimpsing the skies in your eyes,
you know about the moon
and the night,
you master the world
you live in.
Nothing know I.
From you, I want to learn everything.

THE LION

Here is a king with its mane,
living in the jungle,
hunting gazelles,
a master in its domains,
not going beyond the limits,
aware of the limits
and of the limitations of royalty.
Ancestral kings imitate
its strength
and natural sovereignty.

THE SWAN

Swan swimming in the lake,
come and teach me your song.
 You live for a long time,
 you are beautiful.
 When you sing,
your days come to an end,
 in your lake of dreams
 and melodies.
So I wish I also could end,
 singing like you,
 on a bright summer day.





Masudul Hoq is a contemporary Bengali poet, short story writer, translator and researcher. He has a PhD in Aesthetics under Professor Hayat Mamud at Jahangirnagar University, Dhaka, Bangladesh. So far, he has published several books of poetry and prose and two research books. He also translates poetry from English to Bengali. His poems have been published in Chinese, Romanian, Mandarin, Azerbaijani, Italian, Russian, Turkish, Nepali and Spanish language. At present, he is a Professor of Philosophy in a government college, Bangladesh.

RAINBOW

One day after the rain
In the soft sun
Rainbow woke up

The girl came to know
How rainbow wakes up

So, in the water of a bottle
Mixing seven colors
Turns the bottle into sky

DIFFERENCE

The baby did not see any tiger
Never went to jungle any day

One day in the Geography Channel
In the scene of hunting deer
Discovers the cat of her own house

From that scene the baby
Forget the difference
Between the cat and the tiger

THE KITE OF THE BOY

The colorful kite slips away while playing
The moon and the stars fly in the sky of Chitral

And the Kalash boy climbing over the slop of the hills
Stops running at the valley

The kite is flying to the west
In the golden sun a silvery air flows over
Flying it to Nuristan

The boy thinks
Then the kite will go away flying
To Greece, Sparta or Macedonia
In the neighboring countries read in Geography.





Kapardeli Eftichia is a Greek writer. She has a Doctorate from ARTS AND CULTURE WORLD ACADEMY. She lives in Patras. She writes poetry, stories, short stories, haiku, essays. She has studied journalism from A.K.E.M. and has many awards in national competitions. She has many national and international anthologies to her credit. She is a member of the World Poets' society and poetas del mundo and member of the IWA.

BEEES

Bees ... that
get drunk
from the rays
of the Sun

and Nectar
of flowers
of the field

At first breakfast
the days that
light calls them
mirrored in the Landscape
Happy
walk around
from here and there

Bees met
with their first
flower
some Spring
in her first Dawn
shine

THE SWALLOWS

A beautiful swallow is gone
and comes hurriedly
in the kitchen window high up
nest makes

But I see another one that helps
two beautiful friends
flights... noise ..every time

Days passed and I had
forget the swallows
voices tweets woke me up
from small birds

I see heads from the nest
to look at me with their mouths
open
the two swallows
they come and go
to feed their little ones to grow up
to fly away

Suddenly I see a little thing
to fall in front of my eyes
rushed to fly...
the cauldron

I extend my little hand
I catch it and scared
as it is I put it back in the nest

THE WOODEN HORSE

Little Peter with his eyes for hours
nailed to the shop window
of an all-day second-hand shop
a beautiful wooden pony
he dreamed of ashes,
and in his childish little mind
every day it was done
with the traveler
in a bubble
was lost
and in the light of the Sun.
like a glow on the pony
he traveled with him all over heaven and earth
and then like a little star
fell to the ground







Imen Melliti is a Tunisian poet and qualified English translator. She is also the chief member of some humanitarian associations. So far, she has published three children's books, an academic book and a poetry collection.

SON OF THE LIGHT

I am the son of the light
I draw my dream on the sky
With the sparkling stars
I am the Angel in white
Why did you cut my wings?
To throw me in your fight
You can hear my screaming voice
On your channels a very Day and every night
You can smell my body
In the burning sight

I am the son of earth
Don't you recognize my worth?

I belong to Africa
From the North to the South
In Palestine, Iraq, Syria, Yemen was my birth







Eva Petropoylou Lianoy is an internationally acclaimed and award-winning Greek poet and writer. She worked as a journalist for the French newspaper *Le Libre Journal*. So far, she has published books and eBooks: *Me and my other self, my shadow, Geraldine and the Lake elf* (in English and French), as well as *The Daughter of the Moon*. Her recent books, include *The Fairy of the Amazon Myrtia* dedicated to Myrto, a girl with disability, Lefkadio Hearn's *Myths and Stories of the Far East*, and *The Adventures of Samurai Nogasika San* published by the English OnTime Books Publishing House. She is the collaborator of *The Poet Magazine*. She is a partner of the International Literary Union based in America, member of the Serbian Association Alia Mundi, International Society of Writers and Artists of Greece and Piraeus Society of Letters and Arts as well as the Corinthian Writers Society.

A SPARROW

One sparrow every day
Looking for the food

“Chiu chiu”, it chirps,
“Give me some bread.”

The kids are coming back from school,
With their breakfast in the bag.

“Open your bag”, Manolis,
“Give them the leftovers.”

“Look at the birds!”
“Chiu chiu”, all day

They peep for bread...

THE DREAMER

Monday, the first day of the week
But why they call it the second then?
The thought bothered the child’s mind.
He closed the books
And the notebooks

He took the ball
and he ran to the playground.
He is not puzzled.
The football,
and no more headache.
Christos was laughing and kicking the ball.
And the more he laughed,
the more he ran,
and the more he ran
the more free he felt.
“Let a life be just game and football...”,
he thought with laughter and joy.
The books are left behind,
pencils and rulers.
No stories,
neither geography,
he did not care about
mathematics anymore.
He loaded them on the rooster,
and he got the ball round.
He was dreaming of this world
every night and morning





Nikola Šimić Tonin is a Croatian poet, novelist, children's author, essayist, playwright, literary, theatre and art critic. He has published dozens of books of various literary genres. He has received Croatian and international literary awards. His works have been published in many Croatian and international magazines, online magazines, as well as on the literary blogs. He is the Editor-in-Chief of the Croatian literary magazine *The Literary Chronicle of Zadar* („Zadarski književni ljetopis“).

SNOW PAINTER

To a gleeful face
of a freckled little girl
a kiss happened –
the first snowflakes.

Snowflakes,
snowflakes,
more and more
falling on a valley
on a village.

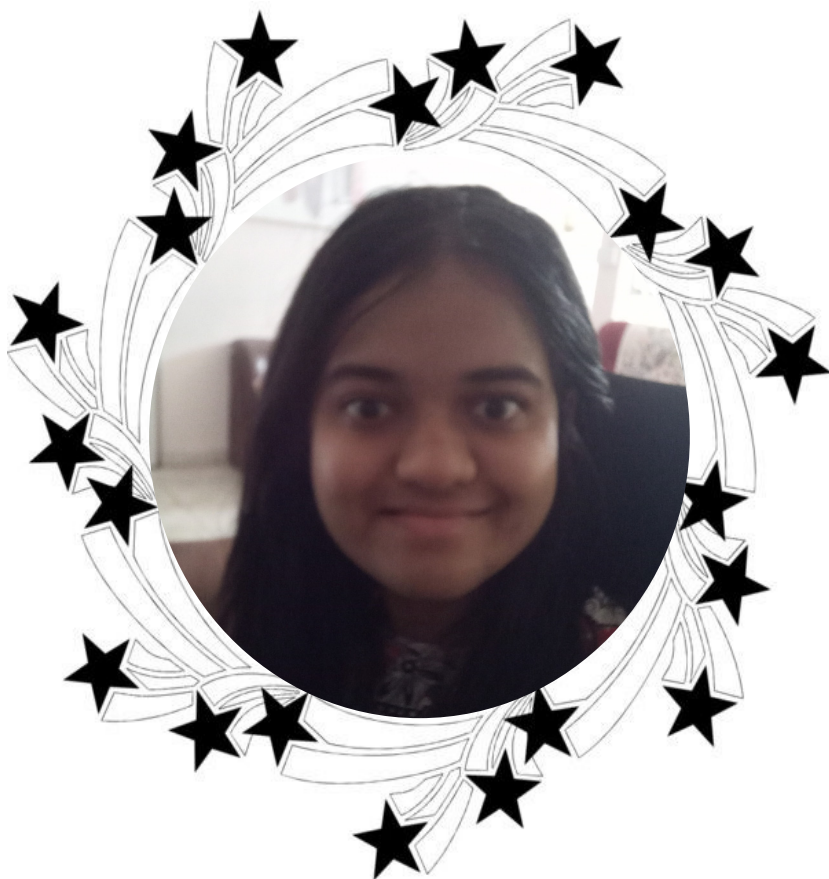
They fall on a hill.
Wherever you turn,
you only see the snow.

Snow,
snow,
snow,
all the valleys
all the hills
all the villages
with its paint brush
painted in white

WE DREAM IN COLOR

We,
we have wings
and we are always
ready to fly
our planet is small,
our world is small.
If you want
come with us
light
let's be air,
and find out what's hiding,
up, above the clouds.

We,
we dream in color,
awake
our dreams are
behind the lashes
anything is possible
behind the lashes
everything exists.
Here
there is no limit,
no need for passports,
just lower your lashes,
just lower your lashes...





Pallavi Devi Deepchand is a young poet from Mauritius. She writes poems, articles and short-stories amongst others. A couple of her poems have been published in the *Poetryzine Magazine*.

THE MOON

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall,
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbour quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

THE FRIENDS

How good to lie a little while
And look up through the tree!
The Sky is like a kind big smile
Bent sweetly over me.

The Sunshine flickers through the lace
Of leaves above my head;
And kisses me upon the face
Like Mother, before bed.

The Wind comes stealing over the grass
To whisper pretty things;
And though I cannot see him pass,
I feel his careful wings.

THE EAGLE

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.





Caroline Laurent Turunç is a Turkish poet of the Arab origine. She started writing at the age of 15. Since 2013, she has written over 1500 poems. She has received many certificates from abroad, and participated in 12 local and foreign anthologies. Her poems have been published in many international journals and websites. She is currently writing a novel. She published two poetry books *Between Oriental and Schemal* and *Desert lily*. She won the second place among 2575 poets during the Championship of the World Literature in Romania. She is a Turkey-based humanitarian and represents the u.t.e.f. International Foundation in Paris. She currently lives in Paris, France.

ROSY-FACED CHILDREN!

Let's give the world to the children
They should build with such endless dreams that they throw
away all the useless and
become a bridge that does not cool off under the rain.
Let roses be laid between love and anger in the spring.

Let's give the world to the children
May a beautiful world be established so that future children
know nothing of the evil.
Unfading between the colors of black and white

crows shouldn't be happy mothers shouldn't be hurt
Let's give the world to the children
Let the inexhaustible cherry trees swing in the children's
dreams, the pigeons fly, the
children play in the dreams.

Let the pale daffodils and dark curtains come to life in
dreams, let the children see
enough food at the banquet tables, and no child in the world
will go hungry.
Let the curtains come alive without seeing the bombs
exploding between the barbed wire.

Let's give the world to the children
Let them find the pristine bluish disappearing world,
decorate their homeland with the

colors of spring and delight the pinky youth.
We adults could do nothing but hurt and crush and kill.





Dr. Amb. Mountassir Aziz was born in Casablanca, Morocco. He is a globally focused poet who has committed his writings to the betterment of humanity and peace. He presently lives in the north of the Kingdom of Morocco. He is: the President of the International Forum of Creativity and Humanity, Ambassador of Inner Child Press Washington in North Africa, Ambassador of peace WIP (Nigeria) in Morocco, Director of network Arabic in Morocco, President of alliance Morocco-Mexico. Federation of Goodwill Ambassadors has recognized his significance with a Certificate of Goodwill Ambassador.

AFRICAN GIRL

I'm a lovely butterfly
My destiny is a thorny
 rose
I have nothing to do
 except patience
and God is merciful
 I suffer
 I cry
 Then I sleep
My pain is not only mine
Even the closest ones to me
Complain of my suffering
 and the stay
 in my cell
It's my pain and my misery
The misery of my father
 Of my mother
Of my neighbours also
O people of the world
 Save me
I want my community
 my brother
 my friend
 and my family
I'm dreaming of
 My house

My garden
and my toys
Where's my school bag
My voice calls out
for the hymn of my country
Erase my tears
Bring a drink for my cough





Dušan Dojčinović was born in Leskovac, a city in southern Serbia. He is a poet, short story writer, satirist, children's writer. His works were published in various Serbian print and online magazines, so as on the literary blogs and websites. Some of his poems were translated into English and published in the *Poetryzine Magazine*.

NOT A SMALL THING

Not a small thing
It's not, it's not at all
It's a big deal
You've got two baby's teeth
They fell out yesterday
You are mama's boy
It's not a small thing
You have teeth
Like an old man,
Now when you bite
Like a mouse
You will see
Now when you bite
like a lion
Roar, roar, roar...

WHY A BEE BUZZES?

Why a bee buzzes?
Why, why, a bee buzzes "Bzzzz"?
Because she is hungry...
She will land on a flower
To take a rest from flying
She will land on dandelions

and report books
and sweet, chewing gums.
And yellow, dandelions!
Indeed!





Deepika Singh is a qualified M.A, B.Ed teacher and poet from Margherita Assam, India. Her writings reflects her personal observations of day to day life. She believes that right the words can change our society. Some of her poems were published in the magazines: *Bharata Vision*, *The Poet Magazine*, *Web Poesia*, *Womensweb*, *Atunis galaxy poetry*...

BLUR NURSERY DAYS

Eat, sleep, study and play
This was my childhood.
We lived in a cosy room, blooming with spring all the time.
Time favoured, shifted to a mansion.
Worse luck, time was jealous of my euphoria,
Snatched away my crown.
Each night the vacant rooms slay me.
The mansion seized my happiness.
The fight in this unethical world is unending.
The sneaky monarch rules with grace.
I was born timid but time moulded me into loudmouth,
I don't like my hybrid reflection.
But that's what the populace demanded.
From the core of my heart I really miss my childhood days.
I search myself in the polluted jostling crowd.
Alas! I have lost my innocence,
A child don't judge
A child don't boil in abhor
A child don't thunder with words
Childhood is love, it's a treasure
And the child inside us should remain chirping forever.







Jeanette E. Tiburcio Márquez is a Mexican poet. She is also a humanitarian leader, dedicated to education, art and culture, preparing and training talent for the past 28 years. She is the founder and lifetime president of the TV station *Cabina 11 Cadena* and *Mil Mentes por México*.

KISSES FROM MOM

The days are of milk with bread
of sweet dates,
of mother's love.

In the care of your grandmother
you grow,
with complicity with the grandfather
you learn to be.

Afternoons are
of endless laughter,
blue songs
walks with dad and games
BAMBA, BAMBA, BAMBA.

The nights are
of warm stories,
intense games and little sleep.

One more milk and mom's kiss
to calm everything down
one more hug and mom's kiss
and he finds peace.

WHILE YOU SMILE

We've already lived
through the gray days
the blue days
rainbow days,
while you smile,
the color fan
will be worth.

We are past the cold days,
the hot days and the warm days
while you smile, the different times
they will be worth it.

We have filled empty places,
and emptied full drawers,
balanced the spaces in chaotic perfection
while you smile,
everything, absolutely everything lived,
will have been worth it.





Venkat Kumaresan, is an Indian best-selling author, leadership futurist, engaging keynote speaker, storyteller, humorist, coach, poet, blogger and a motivational speaker. He is the author of *Father of Your Team* - the World's first book on implementing paternalistic leadership. It is ranked #1 Amazon US New Release. *Father Of Your Team* is listed in the "Top 10 Pre-eminent books to read in 2020" by *Demode, International Lifestyle Magazine*. His interactive workshop *Ha Ha for Aha Life* for children from 7 countries on the International Day of Happiness in March 2021 enabled them to create wisecracks and strengthened their positive perspective to life situations. Venkat promotes kid authors by posting reviews of their books on social media. He conducted Quiz programs in *All India Radio Yuva Vani*, and has been the Guest of Honor at College events.

THE SCENE BEYOND THE SCREEN

Oh, my sweet little champ,
The headspring of paradise lies in your parents' laps
it never tries to hide in their mobile apps
Bonding is inviting a buddy as your guest
seldom in sending a friend request

Unravel this earth in an encyclopedia
and a little less on social media
Why entitle a 5.5-inch screen
to eclipse nature's bounteous scene?

Don't limit your thrill with ordering meals online
stroll into a rustic farm to feel that lifeline
Why not pause that scrolling on FB
and bring about time to blossom your hobby?

As you unplug those headsets to savor the rhythm of your
breath
that delicate music will reveal every moment's worth
Cuddle your kittens that are furry
they lick you with love beyond Alexa and Siri

Your scrolling and trolling is making someone rich
covertly dumping your life's purpose in a ditch
Veer away your eyes from that phone
and behold the bounty you own

Oh, my dear little champ
Playstore forever will be there
Storing memories of playful days you can't compare
From this moment allow your world
to get unfurled
to get unfurled





Ljubica Katić was born 1957 in Montenegro. She writes children's poetry, love, haiku, social and spiritual poetry. Her poems have been translated into several foreign languages. She has been awarded several times. She has published two books of love poetry, a bilingual edition in Croatian and English. She is a member of several literary associations. She lives and works in Split, Croatia.

MAGICAL POWER

I have one magical power,
Displayed only in the night hours.
While they are asleep, my mother and my father,
I keep watch over them, as well as my brother.

I have one magical power,
In the quiet night hours,
With the stars, to confabulate,
To write, to learn, and to create.

My power is so strong;
I'm not showing off, don't get me wrong.
But when things get clamped,
I solve the matter,
Like Aladdin with his lamp.

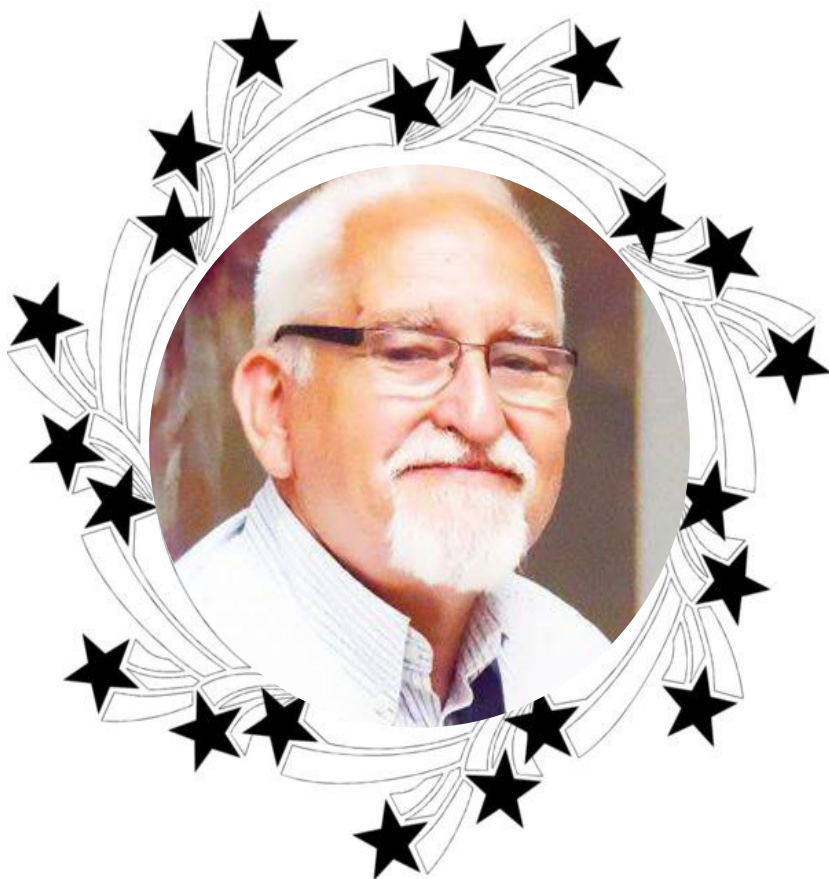
MY CAT

I have a cat; she gave birth to three
Kittens which she's still breastfeeding.
She doesn't let anyone approach to see them;
She's hiding them as if she's ashamed.

One kitten went out;

She followed and gripped him with her teeth.
To the other kittens, she brought him back,
And wrapped her paws around his neck.

I'm watching her take care of them;
When it's raining, she doesn't let them get wet.
Cat's love touches everyone's heart;
Of this grace, I enjoyed the sight.





Zbigniew Roth is a Polish author, composer, poet with 64 years of experience as a writer. He is a member of the Polish American Poets Academy based in New York, USA, since 2009 - Honorary Member of the Literary and Dramatic Group. K. Przerwa - Tetmajer in Chicago since 2012 - Honorary Member of the 83 Infrared Circle in Chicago USA, since 2013 - a member of the Polish Association of Authors, Journalists and Translators in Europe A.P.A.J.T.E. based in Paris France, since September 2014 a member of the Polish Society of Artists, Authors, Cultural Animators PTAAAK in Poznan and since 2016 a member of SAP Branch in Kołobrzeg. Since 2020, he is a Critic Correspondent Journalist in the field of Poetry and Song, Polish-Italian TV News. President and Founder of the SSAP World Association of Artists and Writers (on line and non profit) Poland, the International Peace Ambassador of the World Literature Forum and the World Peace Ambassador of the World Organization for Peace France & Switzerland. In February 2021 he is nominated for the International Coordinator of the Panorama 2021 Festival in Poland.

LITTLE DORINA

I really like these mornings before school
when my mother wakes me up with a happy smile
the sun peeks into the window of my room
outside the voices of people going to work

today, as usual, my mother woke me up
she wore a beautiful new floral dress
and put a band on my blond hair
which really aroused my admiration

I got a sweet kiss from my mother
and an ice cream invitation after school
but I assure you above all
my smiling beloved mother will

when i grow up i want like my mom
have such beautifully combed hair
be fragrant like a garden of flowers
and eyes like her constantly laughing

CUTE KITTY

I met a little cat in the garden today
as he walked among the bushes

I saw him looking at me with his grey eyes
He was so cute, he looked really sweet

The kitten was all black, so tiny
that my grandmother met near the house just like me
I dreamt about him every day and missed him very much
I had already seen him in the bedtime story

Today my mother dressed me in a white dress
with green dungarees with braces
and very comfortable white sandals for my feet
I saw that the kitten liked them very much

I think you can all see how cute he is
but what shall I call this little black cat?
I will call him Darling, because he charmed me
I'll take him home and hide him in the kitchen





Shikdar Mohammed Kibriah is a globally recognized, acclaimed, awarded, interviewed and translated bilingual (English & Bangla) poet, essayist, story writer, translator and critic from Bangladesh. He is often published in world renowned anthologies, journals, print and electronic magazines and newspaper's periodicals. He is translated into English, Spanish, French, German, Italian, Russian, Lithuanian, Romanian and Serbian languages. His published books are so far 15 and poetry, prose and story collections are upcoming. He is an M.A in philosophy, renowned philosophic writer and professionally principal of an educational institute. He is the president of the prestigious online public group *Poetry and Literature World Vision*.

A BLIND SWAMP

Kana Bill, a rejected son of the sea.

Even only twenty five years ago
They had not bad connection.
He used to go in a contact with his father
Crossing the swamps Paloiya, Dayalong,
Banaiya and the rivers Kushiya, Kalnee
And then Meghna.
Now he is surrounded by boundary of paving,
Housing, market and high tower
of mobile phone.
Is he willing to talk with his father through
A mobile set?
'Kana Bill' means a blind swamp.
Who called him in this bad name first!
He knows nothing.
However, seeing the name to be meaningful
His dead water becomes thrilled with feeling
proud meaninglessly.
He is alike an over-aged blind man
Waiting for last truck while will come
To complete his graveyard by soiling.







Ana Stjelja is a Serbian writer born 1982 in Belgrade, Serbia. In 2012 she obtained her PhD (on the life and work of the Serbian woman writer Jelena J. Dimitrijević). She is a poet, writer, translator, journalist, researcher and editor. She published more than 30 books of different literary genres. Her poems were translated into English, Spanish, Portuguese, Slovenian, Farsi, Chinese, Arabic, Azerbaijani and Greek. She is the Editor-in-chief of the *Alia Mundi Magazine* for cultural diversity, online literary magazine *Enheduana* and *Poetryzine*, an online magazine for poetry in English. In 2018 she established the Association Alia Mundi for promoting cultural diversity. She is a member of the Association of Writers of Serbia, the Association of Literary Translators of Serbia, the Association of Journalists of Serbia and the International Journalist Federation (IJF).

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO MOON?

Have you ever been to the Moon?
Have you ever slept on a cloud?
Have you eaten with a golden spoon?
Have you ever been so proud?

Have you ever dreamt a dream?
Beautiful like a prince of light
Have you seen the moonbeam?
That's travelling through the night.

Have you ever said "I love"?
Have you ever showed your face?
Have you ever seen a dove?
Have you ever seek its trace?

If you have, tell me now
Don't be shy, don't regret
I'll clap my hands, take a bow
And keep your little secret.

Then we'll both go to the Moon
We will sleep on a bluish cloud
eat forever with a golden spoon
and be happy, my dear child.







Nikoleta Tripsa is a Greek writer. Her works have been published in several print literary magazines and websites. She has been awarded in various international poetry competitions, obtaining the title of Ambassador of Peace for her literary work. She works on promoting literacy by creating the Barnabas Children & Adolescent Reading Club *The Lamp*. On her blogs, she supports the writing work of her colleagues, thus contributing to the “journey of the book”.

BEHIND CHILD'S SMILE

Behind a child's smile
 behind his gaze
in the back of the mind
 back in his heart
nestles eternal Peace for the world.

MY HOPE

With an aircraft carrier trips to do,
 in fairy tale countries
 the dream to touch.
Peace, love and joy to fill the world.
To throw a ladder, to invite friends
from Asia, Africa, America, Europe, Australia.
To teach me their songs in their own language to say.
Myths, legends, fairy tales nights to tell.
To baptize brothers with a sword
 the sunbeams of our unique sun.

TO WIN THE WORLD THEY OWE US

Colorful confetti like the rainbows
we were looking for in the valleys.
Colorful balloons like our childhood dreams that filled us
with optimism.
They filled our wings with air, to fly away
like Pegasus conquering the skies.
To win the world they owe us.





Tanja Ajtić was born in Belgrade, Serbia, where she grew up and completed her education. She worked in administration affairs at the Federal Court until the autumn of 2002, when she moved with her family to Vancouver, Canada. Her poems and stories were published in ninety anthologies and electronic books. For her work, she won many diplomas, awards and certifications of appreciation. In October 2018, Serbian publisher KOS published her first book of poetry, *The Contours of Love*, which was presented at the Book Fair 2018 in Belgrade as well as at the Book Fair in Toronto in 2019. She is currently engaged in art graphics. Also, she founded a small company called *T-Ray Studio* for art and applied design.

WE ARE GROWING

We are growing through game
through joy and laughter
through real conversation.
We, children beautiful.

We are growing towards the sun
and a blue sky and
toward the stars.

We are growing, we children
every day, every moment.

We are growing to be
bigger and stronger
for our beautiful tomorrow.

FRIENDSHIP

Happiness is when you have
a friend to share with him
good and bad.

To play with him
and to share

sadness and pain.

It is happiness when you have
a friend and he calls you often
sail away together
in a new victories,
to float away where no one has gone before,
in fantasies and dreams.

KIDS FROM MY NEIGHBOURHOOD

Kids from my neighborhood
they play at parking lot
because they don' have grass and
they play under the trees
but they love imaginations
and they love birds.

Kids from my neighborhood
laugh and jump
and they draw with chalk
in colors, the Sun.

Kids from my neighborhood
have something
that adults have lost
their happy childhood.





Milijan Despotović is an acclaimed Serbian poet, writer and editor. He writes poetry for children and adults, prose, aphorisms, literary and art criticism. His aphorisms, contemporary and haiku poetry have been translated into: Italian, French, Spanish, English, German, Hungarian, Slovenian, Romanian, Ruthenian, Polish, Bulgarian, Macedonian, Turkish, Russian, Japanese and Greek. He is represented in several anthologies of contemporary and haiku poetry, in our country and in the world. He has won several literary awards. Has a large literary opus and he is the Editor-in-Chief of the literary magazine *The Scroll* („Svitak“) and haiku magazine *The Peacock* („Paun“) .

A HEADACHE

Does the sun
who sleeps outside all night,
during the day, like my grandfather,
have a headache?

I don't know, but every morning
on the doorstep of our house,
the first ray of the Sun.
something whispers to my grandfather.

RAINBOW

Despot shows
to his friend,
as in the notebook
he brought a rainbow.

From the sky, through the window,
color by color,
“I put in his notebook”,
he says,

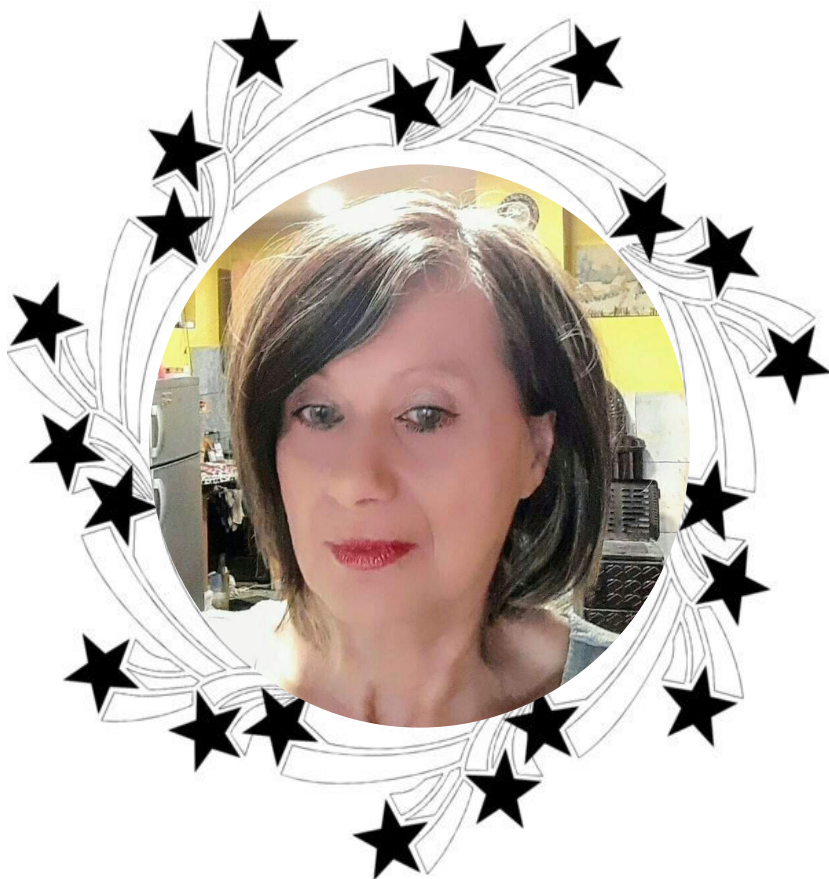
And without this notebook
I'm not going anywhere,

amy mom told me -
rainbow brings happiness!

THE DOLL FORGOT THE COMB

A new bag to kindergarten
was brought this morning by little Brana.
There are ribbons, hairpins, cream in it
and one uncombed doll.
“I packed the comb too!”, he is complaining,
but he is nowhere to be found!

She peeks into her bag and shakes her head.
“Where is it?”, she torments herself with a question.
I put it in this compartment!
Thinks, thinks, and wisely concludes:
“Oh, the doll took the comb
and forgot it before the mirror.”





Melita Mely Ratković was born 1957 in Fužine, Municipality of Delnice, Croatia. After marriage, she moved Serbia, Novi Sad, where she lives today. She writes poetry. Her literary works have been published in various FB literary groups and received certificates and diplomas of appreciation or excellency.

A PLACE TO HIDE

I'll tell you something
When I was a little I had my place
I hid often.
My mom didn't know about it.
People, it's not a joke.
There is something else,
which it hides very skilfully.
I'm still visiting it.
I'm somehow coping.
It's great when I hide.
Now, I just pull a little harder,
but, still I manage somehow.
As soon as the grass turns green,
good luck to me.
I will go to my secret again,
you can go with me, too.

WHEN YOU LOOK AT LIFE

When you look at life
with children's eyes,
the world is painted.
Notice that adults do not
see visibly, the eye hidden
somewhere on the wings of
a butterfly to Rainbow and back,
how much beauty there is in
those children's eyes.





Dr. Perwaiz Shaharyar is a famous short story writer, poet and critic from India. He is Graduate with English Honors from Ranchi University. He has topped Jawaharlal Nehru University in Masters with Literature. He is an Editor in National Council of Educational Research and Training (NCERT), Ministry of Education, Government of India. He was awarded Doctor of Philosophy for his Research Work from University of Delhi. He has written around 50 poems, participated in many worldwide webinars and published in various international anthologies, so far. His poems are being published in several magazines within country and abroad. He has bagged many States and National Awards and accolades for his literary works. He has total 12 published books, 2 each of collections of short stories and collections of poems, 4 books of criticism and 4 books of translation from other languages in his credential. Furthermore, his anthology consisting of 50 poems entitled “The Burning Boat” is under process for publishing, which is likely to be brought from India.

COLORS OF A RAINBOW

Listen, Children,
Do you know?
What makes a rainbow?
Some see a scientific reason
Behind it, some say
It's a demon's bow
Some say it is a bridge
From the sky to the earth
By which a king frog
Gets landing down to his burrow
That's why mostly in a rainy season
Often appears such a rainbow
Listen, Children,
Do you know?
How does it make
A colorful rainbow
When light travels into a droplet
It reflects from within
And just like a prism
It causes a rainbow
Listen, children,
Do you know?
How many colors are require
To make a beautiful rainbow
Seven colors need to glow
To make a luminous rainbow

These colors are as given below
Red, orange, yellow, green
Blue, violet, and indigo
Listen, children,
Do you love the rainbow?
Yes, I know you love rainbow
I also love rainbow
Because it adds color to our life
Just like God has made us
In different skin colors to glow
Everywhere, altogether, like a rainbow





Nagwa Lashin is an Egyptian poet. She is holding a Master's degree in Methodology of English Language and works as an English teacher in the high school in Egypt. She writes poetry in English and Arabic. So far, she has published her poetry in various FB groups. For her poems she has received many certificates of appreciation.

BE MY HERO

Cross your fears without seas of tears
I will wait you on the other side
You're so brave you're so smart
Put your heart in the hope boat
I will wait you on the other side
Start to sail without any sail
Kill your despair never stay there
I will wait you on the other side
You're my angel fly with your wings
Up foggy morning sky where the sun noon apply
I will wait you on the other side
Cross your Autumn past with spring
Violets adjust
Our love forever will last
I will wait you on the other side.

SNOW WHITE

Snow white everywhere,
death fingers can't touch her,
close your eyes to see her.

Red roses shine in her face,
her eyes are ocean waves,

her charm for the queen faze.

Snow white everywhere,
death fingers can't touch her,
close your eyes to see her,
she sits on the beauty chair,
All magical mirrors share,
earth evils can't kill her.

Snow white everywhere,
death fingers can't touch her,
close your eyes to see her,
she crosses rivers and forests,
fears can't stop her, from a glass
coffin, she wakes up again.
A bride over there, only God with her.

Snow white everywhere death fingers can't touch her,
close your eyes to see her.





Igor Pop Trajkov is renowned multidisciplinary international artist, writer and film director from North Macedonia. He is very prolific in all literary disciplines, including film reviews. He participated in such literary contests as *Viaggi di versi* and *Il mio libro* (from Feltrinelli). As a director he did many short films, documentaries, music videos, commercials and one feature. Some of his theoretic works about visual arts and cinema were published at some of the most prestigious universities such as those of the Catholic University of Leuven and Harvard University. Currently he is working on his second PhD at the Institute of Macedonian Literature. He knows excellently 8 languages, and is translating his poetry (like in this case) in many other languages. He also translates his other literary genres like prose, essays, plays... , but also his journalistic and social writings which are very popular and influential, and are available on his site *PyramidUpSideDown* (PyramidUSD). This author is also translating other authors. Up till now – by himself, or by others – Igor Pop Trajkov's writings have been translated on many languages.

CANDIES AND LOLLIPOPS

Which are more beautiful, candies or lollipops?

- think our little kids.

Shall they lick fingers, or like teddy bears

honey will eat those candies?

Many things are invented in this world

technique, computer set,

but nothing is as beautiful as a kit

of these sweets to eat.

They have been in different colors for centuries

with their countless matches

all sweetened were outvoted

from those whose children were sweeter fed.

And finally everyone said it doesn't matter

both sweets are super,

and candies and lollipops when eating

our children while standing or seating.

CHERRIES IN JUNE

It is now June, the vacation has begun

Janko puts in his mouth

juicy fruits.

He thinks he snatched them from Janka
those earrings so fake
which she so proudly wears on her ears.

Janka, a little girl, but big
she thinks she is;
will deceive him immensely, that false knight.

Janko thus ate the cherries
he forgot Janka;
he laid down in the icy shade feeling dozy.





Jelena Nedeljković was born 1983 in Serbia. She is a poet, story writer, literary critic. She is an active collaborator of several Serbian magazines, online magazines and web portals. Her poems and stories have been published in various anthologies. Beside writing, she works as an activist doing socially responsible activities.

OTHERWISE IS BETTER

You say you have strength
to run after the ball
to climb a tree,
I have it too, in my imagination,
and my imagination is strong
and can always do anything
you can run
and I can fly
as anything is possible
when you have the will,
but you have to see me too
as otherwise is sometimes better.
I may not be able to see you,
but I can guess by touch
the color of the flower you pick
I may not be able to hear
the nightingale's song you rejoice
but that joy of a song
you can share with me,
only if you want to
and if you have the will,
we may not be the same, but,
you are my dear friend
as you know that sometimes
otherwise it may be better.
I can't, like you

to run after the ball
fast and powerful,
but, I can with all my heart
for you, as my friend, to cheer
and sometimes that is very important too.
Maybe I can't play hide and seek
to skip a rope and climb a tree
but with all my heart I can do anything
to fly over a tree or to run across the field like a rabbit
but I can look forward to every victory, of yours
to your joy and happiness,
as it's getting easier when you are not alone,
when you share both joy and trouble,
and sometimes it's just enough to have a bit of heart,
so that you can feel it,
that even otherwise is sometimes better.





James Tian (Tian Yu) is a Chinese poet born 1994 in Tai'an, China. Director of international group of the Organizing Committee of Chinese poetry "Spring Festival" and international director of the "Silk Road International Poetry Festival". The member of Chinese poetry society, China central television (CCTV) "Chinese wisdom" group director, calligraphy and painting at the signing of a writer, the member of the American China frequently, international archaeological and historical linguistics institute researcher, director, and in the China office of President. He is the only Chinese poet whose interview was published in the Serbian "Alia Mundi" magazine for promoting cultural diversity.

A TREE

There's a tree up here,
Under the clouds and front porch.
Like a wimp or avoids the dates,
From our hearts but through the crouch.

Orchestra of life is standing the standards,
Testing souls as making the super ball's bounce.
The old means of time is alive beyond,
How does the tree keep stable without sounds?

Its living is more over a religion,
Time by time made the shadow for each pen.
Cracks in heaven tears timely,
Its living is still in maintained.

There's a tree up like a crane,
Under the god and front torch.
Like a guy who named hermit,
Purest essence of soul in poetry not easy to search!

STARRY NIGHT COVERED BY BUTTERFLIES

Just like fireflies staying the signs on my heart now,
Being warm enough like I can't to breathe.
In this crowded and old city,
It's suitable for finding the peaceful solution
with wings in free.

The moon is too old to carry,
Those dreams made by our children.
When you feel like tired at a hole,
And looking forward to better things,
Make sure yourself front of the mirror are not in strange.
Just like fireflies covered the starry night,
Each sign is a new representative.
In this crowded and old city,
It's suitable for finding the precious harmony.





Corina Potcovaru was born 1984, in Filiasi Dolj, Romania. She graduated at the Faculty of Letters-Romanian-French, at the University of Craiova, Faculty of Social Sciences - Philosophy and has a Master's Degree in History. She is currently doctoral student at the Faculty of Letters at the University of Craiova. She published *Poems for children* volume I (published by Sitech, Craiova, 2019) and "Poems for children" volume II (published by Arena Artelor, Slatina, 2020). She is passionate about music and literature. She sings folk music and write poetry and prose.

DUCK AND GOOSE

The swaying duck is walking
 With the tail raised,
 The goose looks long
 Here's a duckling duck!
 He turns to the goose
And he answers immediately:
- I'm not a duck, I'm a duck
 And I am a respected one!
- Ha ha ha! replied the goose,
 We're heading for the lake,
 You can show me now
That you'e not a gloomy duck.
 A rooster kicked them,
Here they are swimming in the lake;
She's the first duck and she's proud
 They all came to hack.

AT EASTER

Hop up, up quickly
On the plain, on the fields,
 White, furry ear
 And just as friendly.
 He has it in his bag,
Eggs, cheerfully colored,

Chocolate bunnies
To share with children.
He has Easter, cake,
And announce the whole village
The long-awaited Easter
And Christ is risen

SANTA CLAUSE

Through the white, sifted snow,
Traces of boots are shown
Faster, closer
Here comes Santa!
All the children are waiting for him,
With milk and cakes,
Clothes and toys
Share them in the sack.
Also with his soft white beard
And with his gentle eyes
When he arrives in the carriage
We receive him with love.





Stavroula Venieri is a Greek writer born in Pireus, Greece. She studied Business Consulting, Marketing and Public Relations. She is working in the publishing industry. She has attended seminars on Children's Rights, Children's Psychology... Her first published book is a two-volume book on children's rights, which consists of twelve stories about everyday life. She is a member of the Organization of the Greek Authors and Artists, the Organization of Letters and Arts in Piraeus and the Greek Cultural Organization of Cypriots. She has also taken part in various literary competitions and have won literary prizes. Many of her poems were set to music.

THE PENCIL WRITES AND... DELETES!

The pencil writes and deletes,
giving a lot of joys to us,
with broad beans and chickpeas,
we "cook" the best stories!

The words are speaking happily,
they are beautiful and glad!
They speak about princes and magicians
and Puss in Boots!

Every fairy tale touches
our children's soul,
filling it with kindness
and hope for life!

Fairy tales hug us tightly,
filling us dreams and pretty pictures,
giving presents
and spreading love!

THE KID AND THE FROG

Once upon a time,
there was a little frog,

cute and happy
having a little kid for a friend.

In the bottom of the lake,
the kid was playing
so happily with it!
He was holding it in his arms all the time!

They were laughing loudly,
they were singing happily,
they were glad
and very loved!

Suddenly, the water of the lake
became less...
What should the little frog do?
How can it live?

The little kid was so clever
and found the solution quickly
to save the life
of the little frog!

He runs and brings
a vase full of water
and puts
his best friend in it!

They continued playing
being happy with both of them,

making bubbles in the
water of the vase!

THE LITTLE SLY FOX

Once upon a time,
there was a little fox in a forest,
she had a tufted tail
and she looked like a little monkey!

The other animals were staring at her
and their eyes were bright,
they were laughing at her and
they pulled her tufted tail!

She was a little bit fat,
they called her "chubby"!
So, she was sad all the time
and she never felt happy...

This little fox
had a bright idea!
She started singing
and waving her tail!

The animals started singing
happily with her,

they were amazed
and they felt wonderful!

Finally, there was a big hug
for the little fox!
They were all friends
and very loved!





Marija Juračić is a Croatian writer. She is a professor of literature, the editor of the poetry portal “Enchantment” and the magazine for culture, art and social topics *Discourse*. She has published several collections of poetry and eight crime novels, of which the novels *Una*, *Love in Pompeii* and *One Winter in Hrastovo* have been translated into German and published in Germany. She won several literary awards, among which is the first prize for dramatic creativity of the Croatian Parliament of Culture for 2019 - the “Kalman Mesarić” plaque for the political satire *The Patriots*. She writes essays, reviews and articles on language for many magazines, and in the magazine “Hrvatski glas Berlin” she has a permanent column “From another perspective” in which she published a series of humoresques and satires.

THE BLACK CAT'S JOURNEY

The black cat decided to set off
He wore a gray coat and a yellow hat.
He starched his mustache, wags its tail
All in the desire to be liked and to be beautiful.

When he came to the middle of the village,
he was chased by a dog
He ran with all his might to find the spa.
He came in front of the bakery, asked for bread
But the baker shouted at him: "Run, bag of fleas!"

A team of city cats chases him off the square
They were led by a one-eyed cat called Mrga.
He would end badly in that mild evening
That he didn't hide in the trash.

One fine lady chased him away angrily:
"Get out of here, accident, get out of my way!"
The black cat moved away, a thorn in his heart:
"Am I really that ugly because I was born black?"

At that moment, two hands caressed him
It was the gentle hands of a little girl.
"Where did you go, my kitten, I was worried
I was looking for you, calling, I didn't hide my sadness."

He took the black cat's hat off his head
He licked the little girl's little nose.
“Forgive me, dear child, I was hasty
When I wanted to replace my warm home.”





Suzana Marić was born 1970 in Zagreb, Croatia. She publishes poetry on the literary web portals: *Enchantment*, *Blue Swallow* and *The friends of the written word*. At the festival “Culture to Friendship” she received the award for the most beautiful children’s poem. Her poems and haiku poems have been published in several anthologies and poetry collections. She was praised for participating in the Sapphoart magazine’s poetry competition “Reanimation of Forgotten Poets” as well for the gazelle published in the collection *In the Heart of the Gazelle*. She won awards and commendations for her poems in many international literary competitions. She has recently published her first children’s novel *The White Wolf*.

OLD COAT OF A LITTLE DANDELION

A little dandelion
Like a feather white and light
Took off with the wind
And landed on the meadow.
Seeing the yellow brothers
All as one, in a coat
He had some fun with them
So he got a little sad.
His coat is old and white
It's torn, it's not whole.
Oh, how happy he would be
If the coat turned yellow.
Daisy whispers to him
White-faced beauty:
"Don't be sad, little dandelion,
They gave you this coat
For the journey of a lifetime
Like pijamas for sleeping.
Listen to me well now
Look it's raining nicely
Soon it will paint
your coat in yellow
Let the earth embrace you
Rush into a new life,
So it will shine by the roadside
The yellow color of your coat."







Lynn White lives in north Wales. Her work is influenced by issues of social justice and events, places and people she has known or imagined. She is especially interested in exploring the boundaries of dream, fantasy and reality. She was shortlisted in the Theatre Cloud “War Poetry for Today” competition and has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize and a Rhysling Award. Her poetry has appeared in many publications including: *Apogee*, *Firewords*, *Capsule Stories*, *Gyroscope Review* and *So It Goes*.

A BUCKETFUL OF DREAMS

I'd always loved rainbows.
I knew that the sunlight made them
so I watched the rain showers eagerly
waiting for the sun to shine again.

Then I was off
in search of gold.
I wondered
what form it would take,
a heap of coins
or golden pebbles
or perhaps bars
like chocolate
wrapped in golden foil.
I would soon find out.

I took my bucket and followed
the long and winding roads,
the steep and rocky roads,
I forded streams
and leapt ditches
and always I was too late,
only in time
to watch,
the rainbow fade away.

But this time was different.

I was there!
I really was!
I sat down,
and exhausted
with excitement
fell asleep.
When I woke
the rainbow had vanished
and the sun was blindingly bright.
I looked in my bucket
and there it was!
Gold
filling my bucket with light.
I carried it home
carefully.

IN FLIGHT

They're fleeing like broken butterflies
stalked by their nemesis
from a former life.





Cynthia Gallaher, a Chicago-based poet, is author of four poetry collections, including *Epicurean Ecstasy: More Poems About Food, Drink, Herbs and Spices* (The Poetry Box, Portland, 2019), and three chapbooks, including *Drenched* (Main Street Rag, Charlotte, N.C., 2018). Her nonfiction/memoir/creativity guide *Frugal Poets' Guide to Life: How to Live a Poetic Life, Even If You Aren't a Poet* (2016) won a National Indie Excellence Award.

Cockroaches

Creeping through a darkness
as brown as lacquer wings,
when people take their shut-eye,
cockroach does the darndest things,

Stroking feelers on cold metal,
kitchen pot and kitchen kettle,
rolling tongue like greased bike pedals
past those things you'd rather not.

Behind cabinet doors, wee house mouse snores,
while cockroach crawls up saucepan's side,
legs scurry over handles, slide,
as if he's strapped to a bobsled ride,

To weave him through this
dinner plate divide,
into stacks of bowls,
rest our souls,

He falls, as into empty pools of sheiks,
he's seldom loud, he always sneaks,
he's in the drains
of kitchen sinks.

In cavernous air of quart capacity,
his companions muster sufficient audacity
to hit and ring like popcorn songs,
like oriental temple gongs,

Muffled behind our Cape Cod prow,
our dreams as quiet as the Tao,
as far away from cockroach's home,
as first described in a Chinese poem.

WHEN I GROW UP

I won't remember who won
the badminton game,
shuttlecocks bouncing back and forth
in heartbeat rhythm,

But will remember how crickets bounced their music
against the night,
as my sister and I laughed back and forth
at something silly.

I won't remember how many fish
I caught in the creek,

But will remember mother singing
one Broadway show tune after another,

as she flipped over the fillets on the kitchen stove,
and I squirted myself in the eye
with a lemon.

I won't remember how many seconds
I held my breath under water
during hot summer days,

But will remember for years
reaching for the side of the pool,
a field of aqua blue plastic, rippling
back and forth in August sunlight,
like the skin of a friendly snake.

Spring Equinox Seeds

push aside cold and spongy earth rows,
seeds are moving in,
lay down seed packages
along the weaving walkway
that leads to your garage,
tiny color photos side-by-side,
a produce market for dolls,
cold fingers pull out of
muddy gardening gloves,
point and choose,

tear paper creases along tops
like a magician who tears
edges of a dollar bills during a trick.

a quick turn of hand
and pictures of gigantic orange carrots,
jungle-like green broccoli, yellow peppers,
waxy and brilliant as melting candles,
look like lost punctuation scattered in your palm,
grey commas,
swollen, bumpy periods,
thin dashes between thoughts,
flattened dots over i's,
nubby crosses over t's.

sprinkle them row by row,
like words,
in a sentence,
in a story,
'til words describe a thunderclap,
the promise of rain,
an evolution to a happy ending,
of rainbow harvest, greens and reds by September,
and in October, a pot of pumpkin gold.





Kushal Poddar is an Indian writer and editor born 1977. He resides in the city of Kolkata, India. Apart from poetry, he has written fictions and scripts for television mini-series as well. His English poetry has been published in the online and print magazines all over the world. He is the editor of the magazine - *Words Surfacing* and author of the seven volumes, including: *The Circus Came To My Island*, *A Place For Your Ghost Animals*, *Eternity Restoration Project- Selected and New Poems* and *Herding My Thoughts To The Slaughterhouse-A Prequel*.

ZOOING WITH MY DAUGHTER

With a sandpaper, rough
Aurelia-Noa rubs
her friend giraffe
to fade his spots
those he must lose
before they go to
the Balboa Park zoo.
Giraffe sings a song too
to his young kin who
was caught in Africa
along with two
aging zebras,
and lives in a cage
with anesthetized rage
here in Balboa.

VOYAGE WITH MY DAUGHTER

One night of no sleep
my daughter and her father
go on a voyage to save
one Dream whale
caught in between
two wolf shaped icebergs
melting and shapeshifting.

On their course they meet
a mute octopus
who writes whatever it wants
to say and it says, "...".

They meet a swimming penguin.
The penguin tells them about the star
that follows her
from the northeast point of
northern hemisphere
and about the aurora borealis.

"Sing the song again.", says
The wee girl when the penguin finishes.
It hums, "kachingachingachingess."
And here, my daughter falls asleep
in the bed of her father's arms.





Jasenska-Marija Leko was born 1959. She writes and publishes works for children and adults in the Republic of Croatia and Bosnia and Herzegovina. She attended a master class in creative writing given by Professor Bauer. She wrote for the magazine *The Third Youth* at the University in Zagreb. She is a member of several poetic societies in Zagreb. In KUD (Society of Arts and Culture) Dubrava she led the literary group. Papers have been published in several anthologies and journals. He reads poetry as a guest on the *Radio Martin* and in numerous homes for culture. She contributed by reading poetry humanitarian work, mostly for children with special needs.

EARS

The ears are swaying
right-left
bend their little heads
bow to the earth
move in the grass
with the surrounding blades
tell tales
tiny golden heads.
Ears.

FRIENDS

The sea roars, foams.
There met crawfish, the mermaid's husband
and a small snail.
Everyone looks at each other in wonder,
the sea is flashing,
the wave is rising,
in the bosom it took
three little friends,
and gently knocked them out
in the middle of the beach.

Crawfish wouldn't feel right,

so it spread its arms,
the snail crawls in
in strong shackles,
and the mermaid's husband
cried sadly:
"This what occurred to me
it's really ugly."

They stood like soldiers,
next to each other,
waiting for the next wave,
like in the last train
it will jump into it,
no questions, no requests,
without absolute doubt,
brothers, back to the depths of the sea
there our dawn dawns on us.





Santosh Kumar Pokharel is a multilingual poet, editor, and translator from Nepal. He writes in four different international languages and has thousands of poems in Nepali English Hindi and Russian. His poems have been translated into twenty-one languages of the world so far and published. Has been conferred on highly prestigious international award ‘Ambassador for Peace’ by the Universal Peace Federation, the UNO Social Organization. Recognized with International Award of the Year 2018 for the Creative Writing from Mahatma Gandhi Welfare Society and Education Foundation, India. So far, he has published five books. He is the Editor and publisher of The World Poetry Anthology INTERNATIONAL FORUM OF LITERATURE. Founder of FB Poetry Group *International Forum of Literature*. He has recently conferred on Silver Medal Award by Liff Eurasia for his contribution to Russian Poetry for 2020. Laureate of International N. Gogol Award. He is the first-ever name from the foreign non-Russian speaking country in history to have been nominated Honorary Member of Sevastopol Literary Association in January 2021.

SHINE LIKE STAR

Every break of days
You get up always
Breeze will be so fine
See morning sunshine.
You this breeze inhale!
You will feel all well.

Go to your school
You have to be cool
Never tell a lie
To evil be shy.

You have to be kind
Others won't this mind
You will go so far
And shine like star.

DON'T GO TO JUNGLES ALONE

Don't go to jungles alone
Tigers and bears have gone
Wolfs and jackals, cats and leopards
Will threaten you seeing upon.

Better you walk in parks
Walk through before it's dark
See the birdie leap and dance
Singing with dazzling spark.

You will too, sing this song
In loving this song, no wrong
And you utter those songs and music
As lives to music belong.

You will not pluck a bud
Plucking you won't intend,
Plants will shed tears unseen
You cannot ever this mend.

Lives are on Earth diverse
Friendship with all rehearse
Water the roots of flowers and plant,
Those shall you reimburse.
A lamp of knowledge bright

Be lamp and throw on light
Love and mercy are two things here
Those give you lot of delight.





Zhou Yun is a Chinese poet, whose pen name is Nanfang, graduated from Renmin University of China in 2015. She studied world history for seven years and has been working as a history teacher at an international school in Beijing since 2015. Some poems have been selected into the poetry collection of Chinese college students, and many of her works have been published in *Fiction Monthly*, *Modern Education Daily*, *Shenzhou Magazine*, etc. Her writing of Case teaching was selected into the case collection of international understanding education in primary and secondary schools of Haidian District, Beijing.

IN THE SPRING

You're playing surrounding with
Flos sophorae incense
Clear light
And a mother' love

It is the best nourishment in the whole world

In a diverse environment
Be Healthy, and happy
You grow up

This is the world's best desire







Julie M. L. Mitchell was born in Michigan. She is an American writer and blogger. In addition to writing fiction, she also blogs about art at www.julieml-mitchell.net. She also loves traveling to new places. She lives in DeWitt, Michigan.

VOTE FOR P

Vote for P for the letter that's tops!
Cast your vote and give P some props!
P is positive and patient and particularly cool,
picking perfect places by the pond or the pool.
P packs a punch,
and provides people with lunch:
Pickles? Pancakes? Pierogi, anyone?
Plant a petunia, make a pun!
Splash in puddles, paint puny pears.
Persuasive and passionate, no other letter compares!
Poodles pick P, so do Pedro and Pete.
Pilots and plumbers and police think it's neat!
P is polite and says pardon, yes please.
It eats healthy food like papaya and peas.
Pick the sixteenth letter to prove you're a smartie!
Let's wrap up this campaign! Let's throw P a party!

MY NOSE WIGGLED YOUR NOSE

Yesterday we saw two bunnies who were chummy.
One kissed the other and we thought it looked funny.
At bedtime I thought I'd try a bunny kiss I suppose,
and we giggled and giggled when my nose wiggled your
nose.

ROAD TRIP

I just got back from a road trip;
I packed my snacks and money.
Our country is a charming one, but the city names
sure are funny!

My first stop was in Kansas. I needed the loo,
and what better place than the town of Kickapoo?
I stopped in Mosquitoville, Vermont to grab a bite,
then hit Okay, Oklahoma to view some so-so sites.
I visited Christmas in Michigan, and Santa Claus, Arizona,
Then zipped to Zap in the northern Dakota.
Running behind, I had to scramble (although I was fried)
to Two Egg, Florida, Oatmeal, Texas, and Toast,
NC on the side.

Reluctantly, I drove toward Uncertain, in the Lone Star State,
but somehow wound up in Accident, Maryland by mistake!
I had a whale of a time in Hippo, Kentucky,
and was going to stop in Pee Pee, Ohio,
but it smelled a bit yucky.

Sadly, it was time to drive home- my car was about shot,
so I wrapped up my tour in North Carolina.
Because, Whynot?





John Karajoli is a Greek poet, born 1951 in Efrin city, Syria. His family is of Kurdish origin. He spent his early childhood in the city of Efrin where his father served as e Prefect. He graduated from the Bucharest Dentistry School, acquiring the specialty of Orthodontist. For the past three decades, he lives in Greece. He is a founding member of a Greek association for Orthodontic study and research, with an Honorary distinction at the 9th Pan-Hellenic orthodontic congress (Athens 2006). His first poetry collection was published in 2011 titled *Colors of an Era*. He is a member of the Literary Association of Northern Greece and of the cultural social institution Amphictyonic League of Hellenism. His work “Colors of an Era“ was published in the magazine *Critique of Language and Art , positions and views* (50th issue, May –July 2015). He became a member of WIP and Peace Ambassador branch of SYRIA in 2018.

THE LAST ADIEU TO THE IMMIGRANT BIRDS

I run quickly as happy child
Looking for the light of eternity
I am so happy to meet them for the last time my lovely birds
It was my great meeting with the nature
I missed their colors and wild smell of freedom
I am in hurry even I try to fly as they can do so easy
And I fly but not as quickly as they can
At least I arrived to the bird's big meeting place, the huge
tree still their
But there is no one still waiting me it was too late
To meet the paradise birds no more whispering in my ears
my heart was beating hard and quickly
I lost my lovely birds they almost immigrate to other land
Yes they make fun when they accept me to join them at the
long journey
I tried to have wings to be close to them far from the
humanity nature
But they cannot believe me someone lied to them before me
So they don't trust anyone any more
I have no chance I will be alone
The nice birds and their whispered disappeared this summer
I will Waite ... next year I will find my lovely birds on that
big green tree again
Now I smell the rest of their breathing mixed with the sweet

songs of the darkness.
Adieu my friends I will keep waiting you there.





Milutin Đuričković was born 1967 in Dečani. A Serbian poet, short story writer, novelist, essayist, journalist. He graduated at the Department for Serbian Philology in Priština, where his master's degree. He earned his doctorate at the Faculty of Philosophy in East Sarajevo. He works as a professor at the College of Professional Studies for Educators in Aleksinac. His books were translated into 55 languages. Member of the Serbian Royal Academy of scientists and artists, Association of Writers of Serbia and the Association of Journalists of Serbia. He published 60 books for children and adults (poems, novel, story, critic, monography, antology...). He lives in Belgrade.

HAIKU FOR CHILDREN

1.

A bamboo grove
and a nightingales song.
Fuyijama.

2.

Today is a holiday,
cherry trees in blossom
back home.

3.

What a view!
Early snow —
on the Mount Fuyi.

4.

A tired workman
in the rice field
awaiting rain.

5.

The road to you
is full of reed and
wet leaves.

6.

The monlight.
Wild geese cry.
A field under the snow.

7.

I enjoy your
smell and whiteness,
cherry flower.

8.

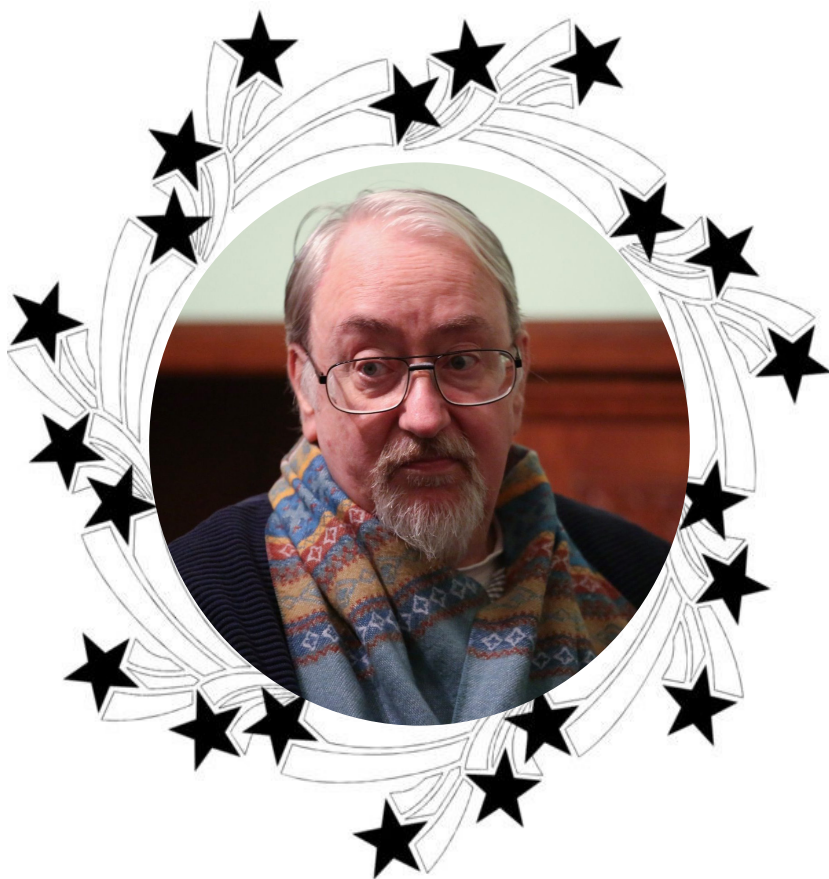
Snowflake,
you are my only friend
in this snowy night.

9.

How sad
the old tree is
after rain.

10.

No, that's not the linen.
Clear river carries
autumn leaves.





Oliver Janković was born 1957 in Belgrade, where he completed his Slavic Studies at the Faculty of Philology. He writes poetry, prose, dramas and radio dramas for children and adults. He writes literary critics, aphorisms and short satirical forms. He has published more than ten books. He is a Member of Association of Writers of Serbia.

THE POET'S SON

When I make a noise,
mom puts her finger on her mouth,
she gives a stern look and says,
“Quiet, you know that dad is in the study
writing verses for children.”

One book, another book ...
“Enough!”, “Peace!”, “Silence!”,
and my years fly,
I'd like to play a little.
Dad, I'm a child too!

It is not easy to be a poet
favorite, popular and fine,
but I swear it is even harder
to be the poet's son.

MISS VIOLIN

Her father is a master
Cremonese, old one
with magic fingers
Antonio Stradivari.

The older the better she is
like aged wine,
the queen of concerts
Miss Violin.

In the hands of the maestro
with a bow when combined
there is no such heart in the world
which she cannot grieve.





Tapas Dey is an Indian poet. He works as a teacher and lives in a small town Mathabhanga, Dist. Cooch Behar, in West Bengal, India. Many of his poems have been published in the international magazines and anthologies. His first book of poems is titled *A green canvas*.

SALUTE THEM

The train is running through the land
Towards its destination.
Next to the engine, one compartment for
Warn- soldiers.
Another is for the civilians
At the back.
Unnoticed, one child entered the soldiers'
By little steps.
Panicked, mother found her child
On the vestibule.
“No man, only the soldiers are there,”
Said the child.
Giving a bear hug, her mother said,
“No my dear,
They are also men, salute them.”







Zana Coven (Žanka Žana Bošković Coven) was born in Sarajevo (ex Yugoslavia) but living in Italy more than 30 years. She writes poetry, short stories, travel diaries and particularly explores haiku and other Japanese short poetry forms. So far she has published 4 books and others are in preparation, among them Haiku collection. She took part of many international publications, poetry portals and blogs. Got a large number of awards, 2019 she got the unique award of Italian poetry critics in Milano, Italy. Several portals public her literary works nowadays.

MORNING TANGO

The night left a message in the morning
 To gently awaken the day
The wind took the leaves by the hand
They are already playing a new dream

The shadows dance slowly
The breeze plays skillfully
The sun on the ground weight
He wants to write something down

T-shirts are swaying
They spread like a rudder
The clouds stagger lazily
Warm rays are already rising

The sun flirts with the shadow
cleverly hiding from morning
 shapes various figures
Yesterday this was tomorrow

A CLOUD

I dreamt a tiny cloud
I didn't open my eyes

Through an open window
Jumped on my bed

Quietly, in secret, he stepped
On the palm of my hand
With care
Fell down

He told me stories
He laughed softly
In my lap
Carelessly swaying

I opened
My eyes
The sun's rays
soaked me

I looked back dreamily
Where he hid, where
I couldn't find him
My cloud is gone





Jovica Đurđić was born 1949. He is an acclaimed and award-winning Serbian poet and writer. Graduated from the Faculty of Pedagogy in Rijeka (Croatia). He is a member of the Association of Writers of Serbia and Serbian Writers' Association. He is the author of a number of books of poetry and prose for children and adults. Published in many newspapers and magazines. Some of his works have been translated into foreign languages such as Russian, English, Italian, Polish, Czech, Turkish, Slovenian, Macedonian... He is represented in various anthologies and elections of contemporary literary creation in the Serbian language. Double winner of the "Drago Gervais" award Rijeka. He is also the winner of the Golden Badge of the Cultural and Educational Association of Serbia, as well as several literary awards in various competitions.

LOVE DISEASE

The doctor looks like a wise owl to me,
yet he doesn't know this disease.
He can't understand,
the story my mother told him:
"He fell in love, with Ana from the neighborhood
he doesn't study, he doesn't eat, it's a real pain ..."
He spins the papers, watches and mutters softly
as if looking for something in the middle of the bushes.
Then he finger flicks my forehead:
"This is for your beautiful Ana's curl."
Something on paper he scribbled afterwards
And said: "That's the way it is with life."

SEASONS

Happy swallow flies to its homeland
informing a spring that it may begin

Spring branches and flowers blossom
And fragrantly rushes to embrace the summer

The summer swing moves the sleeping boats
And the sun sways at the top of the mast

Then autumn drags rainy days
Which look like ripe and yellow quinces

When the autumn passes after that
Winter emerges from the depths of the sea

Snowflakes fly like white stars
nesting in Ana's hair





Amanda-Jane Bayliss (West Yorkshire, England) is inspired by children and their development. Amanda-Jane is an experimental poetess who likes to write for all audiences but above all she enjoys creating for the younger audience. Amanda-Jane expresses how important education is and loves being a part of so many young people's lives, she works at a local college supporting students with their studies. She also encourages them to follow their dreams and reach for the stars. During lockdown Amanda-Jane practiced what she preached by submitting her work to publishers. Amanda-Jane is an experimental poetess who likes to dabble in every form of poetry and her work can be seen in several online journals and her upcoming work will be featured in different anthologies and be part of the Tablerock festival that is taking place in Texas later this year. Amanda-Jane's Successful Submissions can be found at her Facebook page. (www.facebook.com/groups/moresuccessfulsubmissionsbyamandajane/)

MY DANCING PEN

He dances across the paper
He dances in lines
He dances in circles
Holding hands with
Another letter
They dance constantly
Until it's time to
Take a vowel.

MUM'S BREW

Bubble hubble
Subble trouble.

Frogs legs
Lizards eyes
Rabbits teeth.

Into the pot
Whisk of magic.

A green splash of
Washing up liquid
Pinch of curry powder

Dracula to taste.
What have I made?
Don't know, Maybe a mess
The smell fills the house.

Mum shout's
From the lounge
Where's my coffee?

I gave her my special brew
She was not impressed.

She got up
To make her own.





Janis Butler Holm is an American writer. She has served as Associate Editor for *Wide Angle*, the film journal, and currently works as a writer and editor in sunny Los Angeles. Her prose, poems, and performance pieces have appeared in small-press, national, and international magazines. Her plays have been produced in the U.S., Canada, and the U.K.

SVEN'S PEN

Lucille has a tomcat named Sven
who snoozes on top of her pen.
When Lucille wants to write,
Sven puts up a fight--
Lucille's writing with pencil again.







Zlatan Demirović was born 1958 in Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina. He is a poet, writer and the co-founder of the Prodigy Life Academy. President of the Association of Artists and Writers of the World-SAPS for Balkan region and USA. His poetry has been translated into many languages, such as: Italian, French, Chinese, Spanish, Turkish, Hindu, Bengali and published in many international anthologies. He lives and works in USA.

EMOTIONS

Do you know the color of a fear or a hate?
Black is the answer, say the word and create.
Do you know the color of jealousy and shame?
Brown is the answer, and the thought is to blame.
Say the word and create the world on your screen.
Color it with purple, little blue and green.
If you trust or believe in freedom end joy,
Love is the answer for all of this, boy!
Do you know the color of anger and rage?
Red is the answer, with a little blood engaged.
Do you know the color of sadness and blame?
Orange is the answer, with a little fruity flame.
Say the word and create the world on your screen.
Color it with purple, little blue and green.
If you trust or believe in the freedom of love,
joy is the answer for all expressed above!
Do you know the color of glory, love, and grace?
Purple is the answer, paint it and embrace.



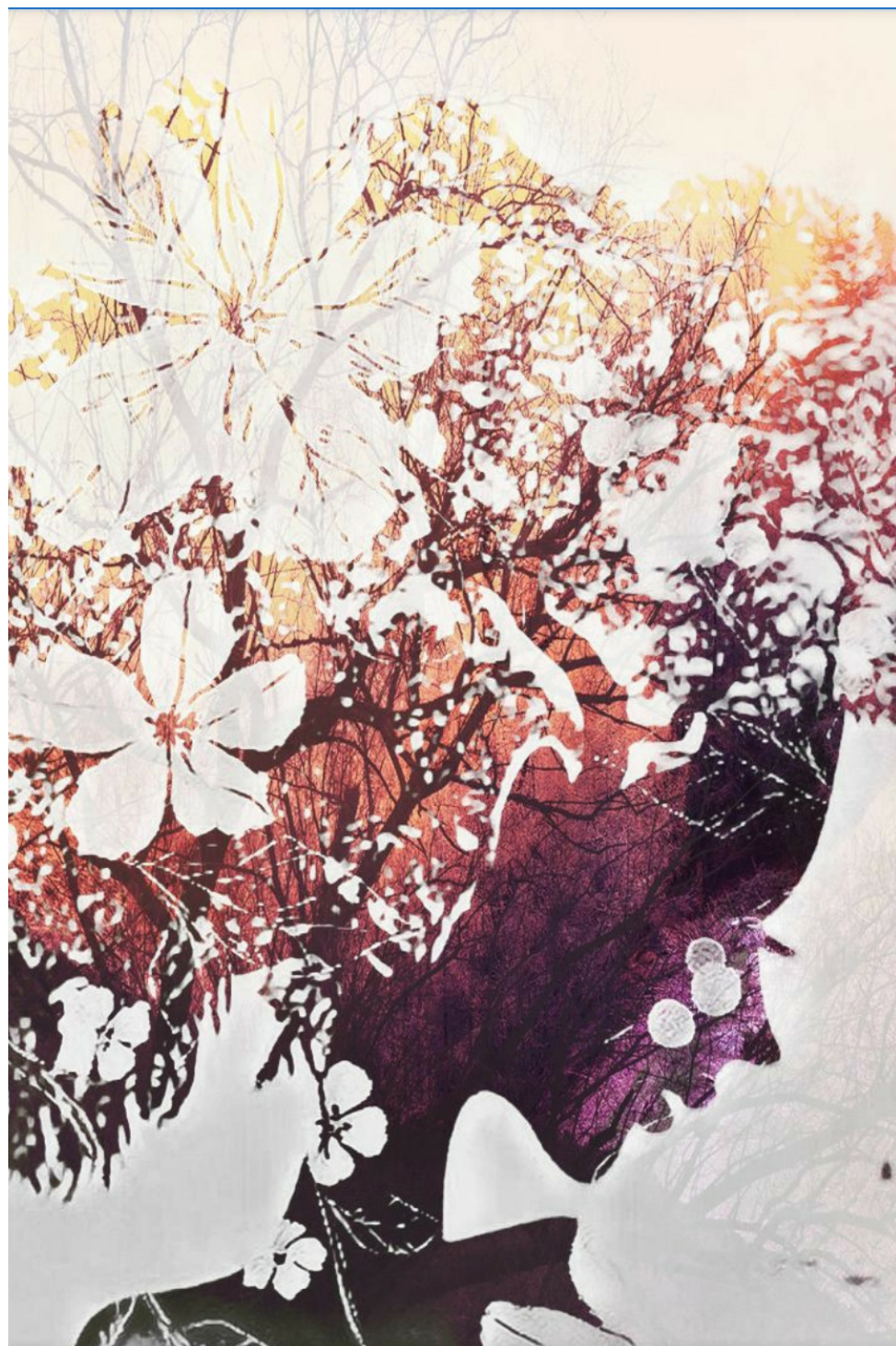




Wansoo Kim is a Korean poet. He achieved a Ph.D. in English literature. He was granted the World Peace Literature Prize for Poetry Research and Recitation presented in New York at the 5th World Congress of Poets. He has published 25 books. Especially he published 2 poetry books, *Prescription of Civilization* and *Flowers of Thankfulness*. in USA. In November, 2020, he published *Heart of God* in USA.

THE DANCE OF THE WIND

To the dance of the wind,
Trees dance
And flowers dance.
To the dance of the wind,
The curtain on the window dances
And my hair dances.
To the dance of the wind,
On a hot summer day,
My heart dances excitedly.







Prasanna Kkumar is an Indian published poet and author of over 1000 macro and micro poems. He acquired Masters in Commerce from Andhra University of India, having concern of issues troubling the society he turned towards same by choosing to work in the social field, having had a registered trust, he delivers service to the needy. With almost six anthologies to his credit where he featured among other writers, he also got international appreciation and recognition from several poetry groups around the world and also being moderatorr to some of which, he constantly try to encourage other poets and contributing his best in the literary stance. he was always awarded as best poet of day/week/month for several times and also received certificate of honour for rendering his hand in writing.

WE ARE....

There is a ground, where we kids
gather around to play skids,

There is a glider at the corner
We climb and slide down - under

There is a see-saw right below the bough
we swing up and swing down, being rough.

We tumble and fumble play the gamble
We crumble and rumble playing the jingle,

We run hither - thither, for, we are kids
We play hide and seek, call the bids

We are ready to embrace the coming days
we grow up to reign and hold the light rays.

OVER THE RAINBOW

Over the Rainbow
We sit and talk to the stars
we are missiles of the planet

we are kids of the earth,
stars are our playthings
we are pure-hearted angels,
we are the hope of our parents
Grandparents are our partners
in playing spoilsport,
We enjoy ice cream
of a motley of flavours
Tutti - fruity,
lip-smacking strawberry,
Loli - pop Candy
we enjoy the sweet sugary
juices, our world is revolves
around the innocence,
we are pure souls of happiness.
We are kids of the earth
Missiles of the planet
We sit and talk to the stars
Sitting over the Rainbow.





Miltiadis Ntovas or Dovas was born 1972 in Ioannina of Greece. He studied Philosophy and Pedagogy and is a PhD of Philosophy at the University of Ioannina. He works as an Professor. He co-write essays, fairy tales and four thousand five hundred poems, nine thousand haiku and tristiches and two epics. He published nine poetry collections and one scientific study.

TO THE ORANGE

Orange, my orange
you carry life's torrent.
Vitamin C goes to great length
to give children great strength.
The children are smiling,
Eating, hopping around and jumping
Orange is so magical,
elves are dancing whimsical!
Fairies, suns and elves
Are the children's friends
Talking to an orange
is companionship and gives courage!
A companion of good health,
Calypso of Ogygia.
The Fairy Godmother's choice,
is sometimes an orange's voice!
"Vitamin C gives you wealth,
As it protects your health!
One would want you to eat this fruit!
And another like to drink the Juice!"
Juice, the enchanted juice,
who has been kissed by the muse.
And makes us very strong,
old men, children and the very young.
Orange is my favorite food
it improves the strangers mood.

An orange is smiling to you,
It makes all us sing for you!
I sing and I laugh with you,
Orange, I'm talking to you!
I always carry you with me,
To school! And you say eat me, eat me!

Translated into English by Xanthi Hondrou-Hill





Deeksha Raina is a software engineer and a passionate writer. She began writing at the age of 15 and since then has published a novel titled *It Was Love* and numerous poems/short stories as part of anthologies of diverse genres. She has been in on various open mics, national level poetry competitions and has been invited for book reading events. Recently, she compiled an anthology titled “CHASING HOPE!” under Rosewood Publication. It’s available on Amazon and Flipkart.

THE LITTLE LEFT SHOE

It was after all a blue shoe
that fell off from his left foot.

There bounced a boy,
of mere 3 feet high!
His smile was carefree
And his black hair was propelled by the breeze!

The train was just stopping,
engines were still chugging,
no soon, the whistle started blowing!
He sprinted into a run,
his hand held by the baron
and buttons came undone!
Oh! He stumbled.
Thus! Stuck the left foot into a gap.
Plop! It hit the mud, replacing the shine.
Rolled within the tracks and the brown wheels,
the little left shoe was no longer blue!

ART

Somewhere over the rainbow,
the violets and indigos mixed together to color the ocean and

paint the sky blue!
The greens splashed across the barren lands with a dash of
yellow tulips blooming!
The orange hue of the sunrise had soon turned into the red-
dish shade of horizon!
Somewhere over the rainbow,
the colours had created
a picturesque art.





Marianthi Pleioni is a Greek poet. She was raised in Athens, Greece. She graduated from the Pedagogical Department of the Democritus University in Thrace. She was trained at Marasleio Didaskaleio for students with special needs and learning difficulties. She works as a teacher at her school's Intergation Class as part of Special Treatment and Disability. Her first Poetry Anthology was published in 2018, under the title "With the Wings of Hope." In 2019 she co-authored with Marianthi Papadi short stories, entitled *Two M under the Shades of Love*. Their Poetry Anthology with Limerick Poems for Primary Learners was published, in July 2020.

APRIL IS...

Which is the month
That flowers bloom
And noses get bigger
Because of lies?

That's the month
When swallows come
To build their nests
Up to higher balconies!

Who is this young man?
He's the pride of spring
Bringing Easter
And Jesus' Resurrection!

Is it March?
Changing his mind all the time
Onedaysunny the other one rainy
And sometimes with hail?

Is it the month of May
That of cherries
Whistling carefree
Roaming around the neighborhoods
with the blooming buds?

It's April
Smiling at the paths
Having his hands
full of roses.

It's April
The lemontree's bud
In the bee's mouth
Starting the song.





Türkan Ergör was born 1975 in Çanakkale, Turkey. She graduated from the Department of Sociology, Philosophy, Business Management and Home Management. She is an award-winning Turkish writer. She has won many awards and accolades around the world from various institutions and organizations abroad. She is the author of the bilingual poetry books *RING-YÜZÜK*, *WORDS–KELIMELER*. Garnered fame for its profound poetry related to life and environment. Her poems have been translated into different languages and published. She is an International Ambassador of Peace in some countries. Her articles and poems have been published in various newspaper,s magazines, encyclopedia and anthologies.

PEACE

Languages
Colors
Countries
Even if it is different
The sun that people miss
Peace.
Of the aid,
Of the smile,
It's where beauty lives
Peace.
Happiness,
Serenity,
Friendship, fraternity are the words
Peace.
Love,
Respect,
Tolerance, solidarity are the thoughts
Peace.
It's where children play
It's where children go to school
It's where the sun rises
Peace.







Patricia Walsh is an Irish poet and writer born in the parish of Mourneabbey, in north Co Cork, and educated at University College Cork, graduating with an MA in Archaeology. Her poetry has been published in *Stony Thursday*; *Southword*; *Narrator International*; *Trouvaille Review*; *Strukturrus*; *Seventh Quarry*; *Vox Galvia*; *The Quarryman*; *Brickplight*, *The Literatus*, and *Otherwise Engaged*. She has already published a chapbook, titled *Continuity DeeErrors* in 2010, and a novel, *The Quest for Lost Éire*, in 2014. A second collection of poetry, titled *Citizens Arrest*, was published online by Libretto in 2020. A further collection of poetry, titled *Outstanding Balance*, is scheduled for publication in early 2021. She was the featured poet in the inaugural edition of *Fishbowl Magazine*, and is a regular attendee at the “O Bheal poetry night in Cork city”.

WALKING ON MARBLES

Getting good near the end, multicoloured skeletons
Not meeting the right type yet, cut adrift,
Thumbing work on a tippexed page
Playing out of turn, the mathematical guise
Not asking where given, the browbeaten stare.

Explaining under cover of the heightened strokes
Giving lashes where the nondescript parties loom
Overture honesty barging in on another story
More taste the better, duress being established
The stonewalled circumstances blinding the hostage.

Insulting to those in luck, to be summarily fed
Terminology for close relatives falling short
The aborted rule of thumb prevailing fast
Seeding the dissolute before it's too late
Affording the latest luxury none living without.

Tortured beauty, no good to what's prescribed
Not for another purpose, gone before time.
Celebrated out of turn, the crippled recognition,
Repairs chosen to infinity, the prolific damnation
Recognised from birth cataclysmic viewing.

Redeemed from greatness, sorrowing into the burned
A versatile comedian in character deserts the page

No guts to enlist, walking to credible panic,
Stamping the temporary joy the overlord
Ball rolling for nothing that isn't kept sweet.





Milan Drašković is a Serbian poet, writer and translator born 1951 in Belgrade. An economist by profession. He published collections of stories: *Goliath* (1993), *Spleen of the Megalopolis* (1996), *Stories from the future* (2014). His literary works have been published in many magazines, literary blogs and online magazines. He translated poems by Edgar Allan Poe and Dylan Thomas into Serbian. He lives in Belgrade.

THE CLUB OF SECRET SOULS

Through blue windows of dreams
 vault full of walnuts,
on the borders of the worlds
 a window full of blue birds.

The charm of mystification,
the charm of verses in the sand,
 album full of nostalgia -
 disappeared in echo.

Under the shadow of a relic
 there is such a place -
 Moon Gate.

The world sprinkled with moonlight,
 doors in one summer
 under a blue umbrella ...

FLASH GORDON

He is a space pilot flying an X Parsec
on the planet Mongo to land. A city where fear reigns,
the language of silence on the other side of the sphere -

and the young Elda
seeks help from the twenty-sixth century!

Flash and Zarkov in front of the gate of dimensions,
the legendary Firebird and the star unicorn,
Aura - the beautiful daughter of the ruthless Ming,
crystal forest and exotic mission ...

The dangerous Skorpi race is invading the galaxy!
Orth's cloud is visited by a star cruiser,
robot - programmed to be a killer forever ...

Dale Arden let the cryogen fall asleep.
Illusions so real hide new worlds,
the heavens are different in the burst of a supernova.





Efthimia Pantazopoulou is a Greek poet born in Patras. She studied English Literature and Culture at the National and Kapodistrian University of Athens. In 2001 she made her debut as a lyricist with the song of Gerasimos Andreatos “Na pio ap’ to potiri sou”, whose music was written by Pantelis Thalassinou. In 2004 she participated with her lyrics in four songs in the album of the singer Dora Petridi and the composer Eugenios Voulgaris entitled *Taxidia*. In December 2008 she collaborated with the renowned lute player Michalis Tzouganakis on his album *Starevmata tou kosmou* with the tender ballad “Mesa apo sena”. Her true recognition as a lyricist came with the song “Vathi potami”, the opening theme of the successful tv series *Brousko*, whose lyrics unite harmoniously with the unique music and voice of Michalis Tzouganakis. Finally in 2017 she published her first poetic collection *Ap’ ton Vytho ston Ourano*.

MAKE A WISH

Make a wish my precious angel
in your velvet whisper's dream
watch your little fairy fly
crystal soul's dragonfly
all you ask for is supreme

Fragile moments of your weakness
are reborn in healing strength
spread your wings without fear
feel your heartbeat's secret sphere
touch your wishes' living sense

Every fear will be dying
in your life's precious hug
and a light so dazzling
endless hope which is rising
in the sunset of your eyes

If you ever shed a tear
blurry diamond of your soul
my pure love for you will shine
glaring light in your night
it's your starwish dressed in white

Make a wish my precious soul
all the heavens are made for you

guardian angels raise their shield
to protect you when you kneel
hidden miracles are coming true

** “MAKE A WISH” is a beloved poem dedicated with love to Make - A - Wish Greece,
that I support and appreciate for its unconditional love to its “unique” children by
making everything possible, to make their special wishes come true, giving them Hope,
Strength and Faith to the miracles they deserve most*





Nitusmita Saikia is an Indian poet. By profession, an instructor in National Cadet Core, India, Nitusmita Saikia from Assam is a keen worshiper of literature. She writes in both English and own regional language (Assamese). Being active in various online Poetry groups and blogs, she has been writing for E-Magazines like *Tuck Magazine* (USA), *FM-Online* (USA) poetry magazine, *GloMag* (poetry magazine) and blog *Sparking.biz*. With these, her poems have been published in various poetry anthologies national and international. (www.realisticpoetry.com (USA), Ardu Publication (Germany), etc. Besides poetry, she also writes short stories and Nano tales which are getting published in local news papers and magazines in Assamese language.

GOOD MORNING...!

Good morning sky,
Good morning sky,
Give me a smile
Don't be shy.

O dear sun,
Dearest one,
Keep earth alive
As we play and run.

And you, stars
Oh so far,
Light up the night,
The moon's bazaar.

I'll say goodnight,
And I'll sleep tight
Till stars retire
In the morning light.

JENI

Jeni was my sweet puppy,
Over the rainbow now she is happy.

She was my friend dearest,
With her my days were the best.

Jeni loved to play a lot with me,
When I got back from school,
She greeted me, eyes brimming with glee.

White fur and her cute pink nose
In snowy clouds, a little rose.
Jeni with twinkling eyes,
So innocent, yet so wise.
Sharing toys and ice cream
She lives, still, in my dream.





Rodavgi Gkogkoni is a Greek poet. She graduated from the Faculty of Pedagogy (Studies in Primary Education) and Computer Science. For many years poetry was and still is an important aspect of her life. In 2019 she published her first poetry collection *Loving Moonlight*. In between she participates in a group edition of poets with the themes: “Oh Eros” and “100 Contemporary Poets”. She is a member of the International Union of Greek Literary Writers and Artists. She participated in the “Worldwide Forum of Virtual Poetry”, the Global Virtual Forum of Tunisia and Italy, in cooperation with the International Union of Greek Literary Writers and Artists that took place on the 16th of January with the participation of 173 poets from all over the world.

THE MERMAID

A blonde mermaid
bathed her golden hair
at the side of the river
plaits to make...

A strong lad passed by
his eyes blurred in lust...
And the golden mermaid
came into his heart...

What are you doing here
my dear mermaid?
What are you doing
my beautiful dark eyes?
When I'll wash
and comb my hair
I'll go and gather jonquils
over there...

Give me your embroidered apron, my dear...
Your ornamented mandyla,
give me too...
And with this sweet
cherry juice...
Oh.. paint my eager lips...

My golden hair
The perfume on my neck...
Lips and rosy cheeks
I have only for my beloved one..

I'll grant him flowers
when he comes into my arms...
The beauty of my body I'll give
and my kisses full of sweetness...

And the young lad went afar with his heart burnt so deeply...
Because the mermaid
to another man
has given her word and honour...

Translated into English by Vasiliki Kalahani



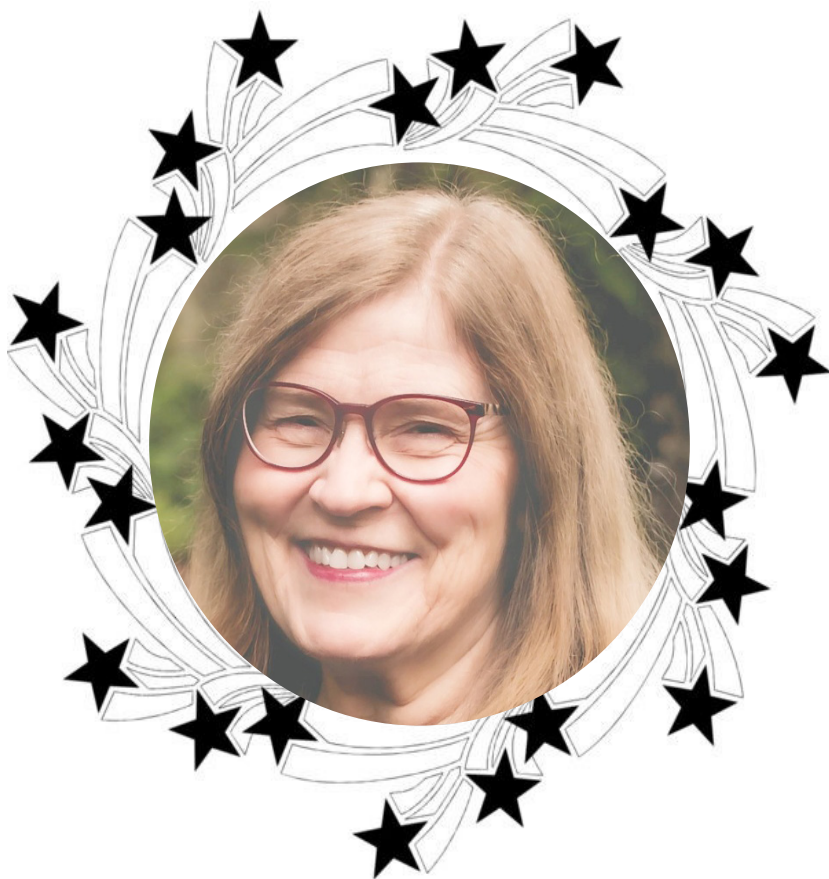


Shajil Anthru is an Indian poet born 1968 in Thiruvananthapuram. His first published creative writing is an English poem at the age of 11. Thereafter he published stories, poems and essays in leading newspapers and magazines in Malayalam and English. He published eight books which includes poetry collection, short story collection, essay collection and novels. India Book of Records – awarded Record Title “Shortest love story” to Shajil Anthru. The record for authoring the shortest love story with merely 3 words was set by Shajil Anthru. Shajil Anthru is the founder of *Zeroism*, *Fishbone Poetry and Reflectoem* and is now the Editor of *Litterateur Redefining World*, the transnational e magazine. He is also a Reviewer and member of editorial team of International Research Journal of Engineering and Technology, International Research Journal of Modernization in Engineering Technology and Science, International Journal of Electronics, Electrical and Communication Engineering and Contributing editor of *Keralabhooshanam Magazine*.

THE NAUGHTY LAMB

There once lived an old shepherd
Who bore the name of Edward
A big flock of sheep he kept
Ewes, rams, lambs; in a cote all slept
One was a naughty lamb
A lot of ache he caused his dam
“Son do not walk out in the night”
She had warned “jackals’ prowling out of sight”
On an evening while they returned
The foolish lamb, his mother’s warning spurned
He would prove he was without fear
So to mother’s cries turned a deaf ear
Oh! The night was bright, moon shone
O’er planes and skies are more splendid than the dawn
“My mother “he thought “is a big fool”
To think me would abide by the rule
The moonlit earth and pearly streams
Trees and plants and flowers as in dreams
All this I’d miss for her word
Fit only for the common herd”
Full of fun he frolicked wide
Into the woods in leaping stride
Now full of thirst to pearly stream
He went, and lost a freezing stream
From the bush by water’s edge
Leapt a jackal like a judge

As he dragged the poor stricken lamb
By his neck, he droned in calm
My kids and wife shall feast and smile
Upon this creature, fat and vile
Of his mother's words, lamb then thought
My foolish pride all this hath wrought





Mary Ellen Talley is an American author. Her poems have recently been published in *Banshee*, *Beir Bua*, *The Plague Papers* and *Ekphrastic Review* as well as in the anthologies, “Chrysanthemum” and “Raven Chronicles Take a Stand Art Against Hate”. Her poems have received three Pushcart nominations and her chapbook, *Postcards from the Lilac City* was published by Finishing Line Press in 2020. She spent a year volunteering as an art docent in her granddaughter’s classroom, where she wrote poems for the students.

FROM COLORSTREE

Color each day in rays of light.
Sight, bright white
visual delight
Red mad
Yellow glad
Blue sad
These colors primary
Strawberry, blueberry, cloudberry
Obviously, color is very necessary
Three types of cones in eyes, call them retinal.
The human brain creates a spectacle.
Color makes a fantastic festival.
Color is hue, nothing's new
Cardinal red, Steller's Jay blue
Canary yellow, primary colors – thank you!
I didn't realize the effect of color –
yellow and red make me hunger.
Drive up window, please take my order.
I must remember my eyes are not the same
as other creatures of a different name.
An octopus sees only blue, now that's a shame.
Bees and butterflies see something more –
it's ultraviolet light they can explore.
Poor dogs and cats just see pastels galore.
When a viper snake comes near to sneak
it would see me with thermal vision's heat.

Well, if I saw that, I'd surely shriek.
For me and monkeys, color is basic —
three primaries become something majestic.
The array of color names is truly gigantic.

VAN GOGH'S BEDROOM

Vincent's bedroom
had a bed and two chairs
and a nightstand and some hooks
and a door and a window
five pieces of art and a mirror.
The walls are blue now
but they were lavender
before the red faded.
His floor was bare wood.
I hope he had slippers.





Sonja Padrov Tešanović is a Montenegrin children's author born 1967 in Osijek (Croatia). So far, she has published three poetry books for children. Her poems for children have been also published in many poetry collections and anthologies. As an author for children, she actively participates in the book fairs, children's festivals, and various literary activities in schools and libraries. She received several literary awards. She is a member of the Association of Children's Writers of Montenegro. She is also a member of the Institute for Children's Literature in Belgrade and a member of various literary associations in Montenegro. Her poems have been translated into English and Macedonian.

SPICE

There is one super spice
It's applicable in all the ways
Money can't buy it,
Forever it lasts.

It cannot be sold
Everybody needs it, like a water
Often it's enough just a drop
Sometimes even fountain is not enough

It's been dosed, on a person that depends
To the good, to the bad
It belongs to each race
Everybody it can save.

Ode has been sung to it
When it's added a bit more
When some war break out
It must be added, urgently indeed

That spice is everywhere
God made it to grow
Since the garden of Adam
This spice is called love!

STRONG ENOUGH

Last night, with my fists clenched
I was thinking
Why I am not strong enough?

To be the righteous one,
to save the children from molestation
to stop mother leaving her child
to make the parents live in peace
no one to lie and no one to steal.

To make my grandparents live long life
children for the pharmacy not to have need
to make enough bread, to stop the wars
to make every child have brother or sister!

And so I slept with fists clenched...
When I grow up, I might become strong enough!





Jasmina Hanjalić was born 1963. She is an acclaimed and award-winning Bosnian poet and writer. She works as an ER doctor. She published a couple of books of poetry and short stories. She received several local and international literary awards. Editor-in-Chief of the widely read literary blog “Literary Corner”. She lives in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

WHY MOTHER WORKS AT NIGHT?

My mother often works at night,
I wonder why some other school she didn't choose
so when the night falls she doesn't have to go
and leave me without her bright face and voice.

Dad watches the news and rarely talks,
he is annoyed by my questions about everything,
brother has a new iPhone and playstation
game *Among Us* and *Ultimate Knockout*.

But no one like my gentle mother
reads stories and fairy tales to me before I sleep,
only she gently caresses my hair,
she tucks me under the carefree quilt.

The whole family she can replace
she is always happy and laughs out loud,
when we play her *gendarme* game
the joy of victories shines upon me.

That's why every time I ask myself:
why does mother works so often at night?



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