

# INTERNATIONAL POETRY FESTIVAL



4th Edition

15, 16, 17

September  
2018, Rahovec



**Fondacioni për Edukim Kulturor dhe Trashëgimi**  
**Fund for Cultural Education and Heritage**  
**Fond za Kulturnu Edukaciju i Nasledje**

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### **Festival's team:**

**Visar Korenica-** Logistic and Transport

**Aid Durguti-** Translation

**Fahredin Shehu-** Editor

**Bejtullah Sharku-** Translation and Facilitation



# INTERNATIONAL POETRY FESTIVAL

## Editorial

### Editorial

What an experience we earned in three previous editions making possible of around 100 poets representing 100 countries with unique culture and heritage. The prominent World Poets came and left their blueprints with their originality and outstanding performance. They honored us with their presence whilst to us remain the task and endeavor to maintain and improve our aim of celebrating the beautiful word, good friendship, peace, exchange of experience, cultural exchange and human fraternity.

The feedback we took from poets from previous editions are useful tool to improve our performance as organizer and making the Festival a place for desire to return in future editions.

In this third edition of the Festival we were able to gather around 20 new names, new poets that are in Kosovo for the first time. We were able to bring poets and make bonds to us and to each other. Every year we have new poets because we want to have more new friends in the World, to publish them in Albanian Language and publish our poets in world languages.

We are dedicated to the Festival to preserve its fundamental criteria which is bringing the most authentic and most original poets in the World today. They represent their Culture and in particular their Poetry as extremely intimate and individual act of creation that made their name not only in their respective country of origin but going beyond their borders in a Global Art Arena, respectively.

The Festival every year bring new and dynamic model of organization and implementation. This year for the first time we have also Children literature poets who shall read in a front of juvenile audience. Therefore this festival is so unique and it shall remain so.

We wish you a pleasant stay during the Festival's events and gain the most beautiful human experience promoting beauty of diversity, Peace, Tolerance, Creativity, and promoting our Human Values.

**Fahredin Shehu,**

**September 2018**



# INTERNATIONAL POETRY FESTIVAL

## Agenda 2018

### **Accommodation- Park Plaza Hotel- Rahovec**

**15 September**– Saturday–Venue: Cultural Hall, “Mensur Zyberaj”– Rahovec

**16.00- Opening Ceremony- Fahredin Shehu** ----- Presentations of poets: Bill Herbert (Scotland), Yuki Nagae (Japan), Patrick Lodge (Ireland/Wels), Andrew Singer (USA), Valeria Raimondi (Italy), Hulya Yilmaz (USA), Nikola Madzirov (Macedonia), William S. Peters (USA), Tihomir Jancovski (Macedonia), Ruth Stefanovitz (Montenegro), Ana Kove (Albania), Daim Miftari (Macedonia), Bilall Maliqi (Serbia), Markus Hediger (Swiss), Tanja Bakic (Montenegro), Marilena Zachkeos (Cyprus), Ilir Shaqiri (Kosova)

**Poetry Reading**- Patrick Lodge (Ireland/Wels), Andrew Singer (USA), Valeria Raimondi (Italy), Bill Herbert (Scotland), Nikola Madzirov (Macedonia), Ilir Shaqiri (Kosova), William S. Peters (USA), Tanja Bakic (Montenegro), Marilena Zachkeos (Cyprus)

### **Yuki Nagae (Japan)- Poetry Performance**

**16 September- Sunday - Venue: Caffe Bar “Hardhia- Vine Arbor”**

**12.00** - Xhevahir Spahiu (Albania)-Literary Opus- Fahredin Shehu- Venue: “Hardhia bar”-Guest Speakers Prof. Bedri Zyberaj

**Poetry Reading** - Bill Herbert (Scotland), Yuki Nagae (Japan), Patrick Lodge (Ireland/Wels), Andrew Singer (USA), Valeria Raimondi (Italy), Hulya Yilmaz (USA), Nikola Madzirov (Macedonia), William S. Peters (USA), Tihomir Jancovski (Macedonia), Ruth Stefanovitz (Montenegro), Ana Kove (Albania), Daim Miftari (Macedonia), Bilall Maliqi (Serbia), Markus Hediger (Swiss), Tanja Bakic (Montenegro), Marilena Zachkeos (Cyprus)

**15.00 - Book Launch - “Balkan Anthology” - William S. Peters - Hulya Yilmaz - Fahredin Shehu** - Venue: Youth Center SHL- Kosova

**Poetry Reading** - Bill Herbert (Scotland), Hulya Yilmaz (USA), Tihomir Jancovski (Macedonia), Ruth Stefanovitz (Montenegro), Ana Kove (Albania), Daim Miftari (Macedonia), Bilall Maliqi (Serbia), Markus Hediger (Swiss), Tanja Bakic (Montenegro), Marilena Zachkeos (Cyprus)

**20.00- Poetic Promenade/ Marathon-Grand Reading/ (All Guest Poets)**, Venue: City Park

**Poetry Reading:** Andrew Singer (USA), Bill Herbert (Scotland), Yuki Nagae (Japan), Patrick Lodge (Ireland/Wels), Valeria Raimondi (Italy), Hulya Yilmaz (USA), Nikola Madzirov (Macedonia), William S. Peters (USA), Tihomir Jancovski (Macedonia), Ruth Stefanovitz (Montenegro), Ana Kove (Albania), Daim Miftari (Macedonia), Bilall Maliqi (Serbia), Markus Hediger (Swiss), Tanja Bakic (Montenegro), Marilena Zachkeos (Cyprus)

### **17 September- Monday**

**10.00- Sightseeing- Rugova Valley** – Buss departure from Hotel Park Plaza Plateau

**13.00- Lunch/ Random poetry reading**

**15.00- Departure/ heading back to Rahovec**

**20.00- Final Reading (All Guest Poets)** - Distribution of the certificats, Venue: Hall of Hotel Park Plaza



## Patrick Lodge Ireland

**Dr Patrick Lodge** lives in Yorkshire and is from an Irish/Welsh heritage.

A retired academic, Patrick now devotes much of his time to writing and to reviewing poetry. His work has been published, anthologised and translated in several countries from the USA to Vietnam. Patrick has been successful in several international poetry competitions and is

the winner of the 2015 Blackwater International Poetry Competition and was commended in the 2018 Gregory O'Donoghue International Competition. He has read by invitation, at poetry festivals in the UK, Ireland and Italy. He is currently working on a sequence commemorating Captain Cook's first voyage to New Zealand in 1769. A poem from that sequence was put to music and performed at the 2017 Leeds Lieder Festival.

His two latest collections, *An Anniversary of Flight*, and *Shenanigans* were published by Valley Press in 2013 and 2016 respectively. His third collection – entitled *Remarkable Occurrences* – is scheduled to be published in 2019 also by Valley Press."

### Eastern Ghouta

She dusts off the wooden box  
her mother gave her  
in another life. A star  
emerges in cellar gloom;  
interlaced strips of trees  
seen now only in dreams:  
peach, apricot, walnut, rose.  
Inlaid is nacre, lustrous  
as brushed hair.  
Look at this, daughter,  
and be calmed, she said,  
on that special day.

She opens the box,  
takes out a lipstick,  
a shard of glass  
from her grandmother's  
mirror that had hung  
for ever in the hall.  
Carefully she paints  
her mouth; rose-lipped wife,  
her husband smiled once.  
If he does not return  
and the soldiers come  
she will use the glass, bloom again.  
I'd give a kingdom for a good poem

I don't need consolation  
so long as the Prompter is giving me  
the verses, line by line."



## Andrew Singer USA

**Andrew Singer** is a poet, editor and visual artist. He directs Trafika Europe (<https://trafikaeurope.org>), showcasing new literature in English translation from the 47 countries of Council of Europe. He has an MA in Writing Poetry from Boston University, where he mentored with Nobel Laureate Derek Walcott. His writing has appeared in such

publications as *World Literature Today*, *Fulcrum*, *Levure littéraire*, *Emanations*, and *Open Letters Monthly*. He believes all things begin and end in wonder.

His two latest collections, *An Anniversary of Flight*, and *Shenanigans* were published by Valley Press in 2013 and 2016 respectively. His third collection – entitled *Remarkable Occurrences* – is scheduled to be published in 2019 also by Valley Press."

### Bookshop in late afternoon

Hot sidewalk faces, done chewing gum,  
shelter in the book emporium:  
under long halogen parallels  
converging at far showroom edges  
afternoon's familiar rituals  
slow near teak book-pyramid ledges,  
perusing the written world's titles  
enshrining our bright, naked and dead  
writers' part-fictional requitals  
in tombs of paper that will be read,  
reviewed, discussed, given recitals  
to couples seated in artful pairs  
(for whom good readings are like jazz riffs)  
fingering tabletop hieroglyphs  
over coconut and almond cakes.  
Please bring purchases to front counters  
where prelates tally the daily takes.  
Bookshop, temple to the printed age  
will soon close -- liberating language.





## Nikola Madzirov

### Macedonia

**Nikola Madzirov** (poet, essayist, translator) was born in 1973 in Strumica, R. Macedonia. Italian composer Angelo Ingleze and American jazz musician Oliver Lake composed music based on Madzirov's poems. His book *Relocated Stone* was given Hubert Burda poetry award for authors from Eastern Europe and Miladinov Brothers award at Struga Poetry Evenings. Other awards include Studentski Zbor for best debut and Xu Zhimo Silver Leaf award for European poetry at King's College, Cambridge. His poems are translated in over thirty languages. Madzirov was granted several international fellowships: International Writing Program (IWP) at University of Iowa in USA; DAAD in Berlin; Marguerite Yourcenar in France.

His two latest collections, *An Anniversary of Flight*, and *Shenanigans* were published by Valley Press in 2013 and 2016 respectively. His third collection – entitled *Remarkable Occurrences* – is scheduled to be published in 2019 also by Valley Press."

### HOME

I lived at the edge of the town  
like a streetlamp whose light bulb  
no one ever replaces.  
Cobwebs held the walls together,  
and sweat our clasped hands.  
I hid my teddy bear  
in holes in crudely built stone walls  
saving him from dreams.

Day and night I made the threshold come alive  
returning like a bee that  
always returns to the previous flower.  
It was a time of peace when I left home:

the bitten apple was not bruised,  
on the letter a stamp with an old abandoned house.

From birth I've migrated to quiet places  
and voids have clung beneath me  
like snow that doesn't know if it belongs  
to the earth or to the air.

*Translated by Peggy and Graham W. Reid*



## Tihomir Jančovski

### Macedonia

Tihomir Jančovski, born 1967 in Skopje, Macedonia. A poet, translator and columnist. Before he was 30, he travelled, studied and lived all over Europe: Skopje, Bruxelles, Amsterdam, Skiathos Island, London, Budapest... Worked as a waiter, bar-tender, paper boy, laborer, musician, salesman, teacher, journalist... Studied Literature and History in

Macedonia and Medieval Studies in Hungary. From 1997 he permanently lives in Skopje. Works as a translator and teaches World History. Recently compiled and translated into Macedonian a selection of Rumi's poems "Two Words". One of the most widely read poets in his country. Selections of his poems were published in many international newspapers and magazines (Proglas, Zivot, Ettelaat, Muse India, Borderlands -Texas Poetry review, Voix Vivre...). Insofar, he has published 9 books of poetry and some of his poetic output was also translated in English, Slovak, Albanian, Bosnian, Serbian, French, Croatian, Persian, Slovenian, German, Italian and Georgian. His two latest collections, An Anniversary of Flight, and Shenanigans were published by Valley Press in 2013 and 2016 respectively. His third collection – entitled Remarkable Occurrences – is scheduled to be published in 2019 also by Valley Press." His two latest collections, An Anniversary of Flight, and Shenanigans were published by Valley Press in 2013 and 2016 respectively. His third collection – entitled Remarkable Occurrences – is scheduled to be published in 2019 also by Valley Press."

### LOVE DIES...

Love dies,  
as a dying man  
it falls ill, lies, ails  
looks for a cure, hopes  
gets better and gets worse again  
it can get sick suddenly  
or the illness slowly progresses  
and before the very end, usually  
it raises to its feet and stands up  
to shine with all of its force  
from its good times  
it looks as if healed  
and then it dies, it vanishes  
entirely and for good  
eventually,  
the man who carried it  
buries it inside himself  
and laments it  
Almost all of us  
carry inside  
a graveyard of this sort





## W.N. Herbert

### Scotland

**W.N. Herbert** (born Dundee, 1961) is author of eight books of poetry and five pamphlets, most recently *Omnesia* and *Murder Bear*, both 2013. He is editor of *Strong Words*, an anthology of poetic manifestos, and collections of translations from Bulgarian, Chinese, and Somali. He is Professor of Poetry and Creative Writing at Newcastle University, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. His books have received four Poetry Book Society Recommendations, and he has been shortlisted twice for the T.S. Eliot Prize, as well as for the Forward Prize. In 2014 he received a Cholmondeley Award.

His two latest collections, *An Anniversary of Flight*, and *Shenanigans* were published by Valley Press in 2013 and 2016 respectively. His third collection – entitled *Remarkable Occurrences* – is scheduled to be published in 2019 also by Valley Press."

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# W.N. Herbert

## Scotland

### The Dream of the Airport

The car hire company bestows upon you the great gift of abandoning you to the airport overnight. Returned to the eternal striplights of your early travels, you wrap your head in the checkered pakama, place the green Ethiopian Airways eyemask on your face, and insert the orange earplugs which can't quite block the music of The Continuity out - that shuffling of the less lucky travellers, banging of trays as their diminished possessions are scanned, ping and pronouncement of the missing's names by the same old siren. How many decades have you been passed through here without ever leaving home? Try escaping into your recurrent dream: the one about an airport. Then it's four. Abandon sleep to walk directly through the dream of the airport: its labyrinth as one bright uncomplicating hall. Your Minotaur passes, long horns carved with lists, memoranda, minutiae of the dates he fears. His horns score both walls at once, his hooves click and chip this marble. Here's your chance to miss tomorrow in its role as The Next Episode, to lose the need for such times to pass, that dumb urgency. Go out into the night's cool breezes: be glad the bus which will return you to your place in the action has not yet arrived. Look up: there are still no birds, no stars have been allocated to you. You forget, but this is the hour at which your father died. The night is like a charcoal horse pacing in its ash paddock - it chafes itself away as it walks. Walk back into the long departure hall and pass among the pissed-off officials, the ecstatic sleepers. We are already within Asclepius's temple: look, at the opposite end she's still asleep, the woman you must travel with. The furniture of your luggage surrounds her like a room with no walls. She is sleeping in public: we are all sleeping in public, together, sleeping in public together forever. Go to her and rewind yourself in the shawl and pray, your head to her head. The lights keep burning. Go to her and dream about the airport in the night.



**Tanja Bakić**  
**Montenegro**

**Tanja Bakić**, born in 1981 in Montenegro, is the author of four highly-praised poetry collections, her debut being published when she was only 15, and the last one, *Sjemeidrugepjesme* (The Seed and Other Poems), in 2013. She is also a translator, has an MA in English language and literature, and also writes as a music and literary critic. Her poetry has been translated into 15 foreign languages, presented at festivals abroad, published in international magazines and anthologies. She has been awarded fellowships several times, including Central European Initiative Fellowship for Writers Award (Vilenica Festival Slovenia), International Haus Des Autoren Graz, Slovenian Public Fund for Cultural Activities, etc. The lecture she presented at the Tate Britain in London, entitled "William Blake in the Former Yugoslavia" will be published by Bloomsbury in 2019. Her poetry translations include the works of William Blake, Yeats, Byron, Eliot... and most recently Don Paterson.

# Tanja Bakić

## Montenegro

### Together We Started Crying

Together we started crying  
In the wee hours of the night  
While noise was coming from outside  
From people emerging from  
The Rector Street subway station  
When dawn was knocking at the door  
Of your Manhattan flat  
In the street overlooking  
Battery Park  
And New York Harbour.  
Together we started crying.  
First me, then you.  
And those moments  
Of our mutual crying  
Which started for  
Completely different reasons  
Both on your side and mine  
Lasted several minutes  
But the impression was that  
They lasted a new eternity  
About which we knew nothing  
Except that we were in it  
Except that we were no longer us  
But two different people  
Who had just met  
In some other place  
Between dreaming and waking,  
Talking or perhaps  
Staring one another and saying nothing.

About that eternity  
We knew nothing except that  
We were obviously standing in it  
Motionless and eavesdropping on  
The sounds of our mutual crying  
Which seemed like a distant echo  
Of something  
We did not understand  
Or perhaps we did understand  
But only pretended  
We knew nothing about it.

Maybe we could have known  
Something wasn't right  
That day when we went to  
Central Park  
To row a boat  
When we came across  
So many small bridges  
On our cruise on the lake,  
When a heavy atmosphere  
Descended between you and me,  
And I asked you, "Is everything  
alright?" and you told me  
it was, and cast  
your eyes down to one side.  
Perhaps we could have known  
Something wasn't right  
That night we got into  
A broken-down subway train  
In Grand Central  
And I told you loudly:  
"It's not just the subway train that's broken down,  
everything else we have is too",  
And you responded:  
"I think you're right".

.....  
A deafening silence fell between us.  
.....

Everything stopped,  
Seemingly even time.  
All of a sudden there was nothing,  
Not even our crying,  
Not even our mutual tears  
Which you and I had both saved  
For so many years before  
Unpacked in the dusty boxes  
Of life, love, desire, despair.  
All at once we returned  
From crying into silence,  
Into the same heavy atmosphere  
Which we had felt days before  
In our boat on the lake  
in Central Park.

Now I don't want to speak  
Nor even to listen to you talking.  
Just take me by the hand, hug me  
And take me to your favourite  
Gramercy Theatre.  
Everything will be alright once again.



## Marilena Zackheos

### Greece

Marilena Zackheos is a Greek-Cypriot poet, scholar, and music maker. She grew up in Moscow, Beijing, Nicosia, Geneva, and New York City. She studied philosophy, creative writing, and English literature in the USA and the UK. She holds a PhD from George Washington University, Washington D.C. She is Director of the Cyprus Center for Intercultural

Studies and Assistant Professor of Social Sciences at the University of Nicosia. She has published on postcolonial literary and cultural studies, psychoanalysis and trauma, gender and sexuality. Her music album *Oh My* was released in March 2017 under the band name *Grendel Babies*. Her first poetry collection *Carmine Lullabies* was published by A Bookworm Publication in 2016.

#### Bottleneck

*I would not think to touch the sky with two arms.*

*Sappho*

Once again  
the label reads, Drink Me.

She is a rock  
Ritalin-kids like to toss  
into the sea:

much like sight-lovers  
who bear to love a single thing  
the same way twice,  
I hold her up and say, Maybe next time.

I am the one of the prescription  
of perceptible objects  
damn horizon  
too slim to separate air from water.

Loose lips  
sink ships, dearie.  
Dipsomaniac lips whisper,  
There might not be another,

then what difference does it make  
if we do or don't stop now?



**Yūki Nagae**  
Japan

**Yūki Nagae** is a Tokyo-based poet. In 2012, she was awarded the Poetry and Thought New Writer Award. Her most recent collection,  $\sqrt{3}$  (Shichōsha, 2016), employs images from geology, chemistry, and machinery through the full range of Japanese script—hiragana, katakana, and kanji structured in her unique system based on trigonometry. She has recently been invited to Finland, Taiwan, and the US for readings and poetry installations, which frequently involve collaborations with nature and technology. She is developing this off-page poetic work around a concept she calls “Steric Poetry.”



# Yūki Nagae

## Japan

### Absentee Cities

Alternating memories  
Pale blue tinted  
Time goes fracturing on

(Every last flower, every form, gone extinct.  
Pure nostalgia reigns, saturated fragrance  
Drifting through the water surface.)

Morae melt into syllables  
Touched off by fragmented recollections

The gist of reddened bygone days plunged  
down into extremity  
Swaying away  
Waning toward silence

Incessantly  
Born entangled in collapse, one-hundred  
billion molecules grow warm, glow,  
Gather the waves in their methylene blue

(Phosphorescent cerulean glimmerings.  
That would be a dream.  
Unseen by anyone, conserved in a lonely  
purity,  
never drifting away,  
flickering on at the ocean floor)

Eons ago, there was  
A glorious prosperity that often lay down  
Whispers  
Indignation  
All of this now below sea level

The circling recurrence  
The demolishing persistence  
Prepared for the day of its repetition

And the methylene's blue glare. Rolling  
waves.

Now only the shadows  
Remain straight  
Running the water surface

(Between the waves, images wavering  
...Helsinki.....Soul ...Taipei...Kuala Lumpur...  
Krung-thep,Bangkok...New York...  
Mexico,city.....Tokyo .....  
Wrong. That would be a dream.  
Unseen by anyone, so modest.  
Cities and flowers too, innumerable  
abundance,  
Someday, surely,  
Will have gone extinct)



## Lena Ruth Stefanovic

### Montenegro

**Lena Ruth Stefanovic** is an author and literary translator from Podgorica. She holds MA in Russian Literature from Kliment Ohridski University, Sofia, Bulgaria and PhD in Linguistics from Pushkin State Institute, Moscow, Russia.

She's employed by University of Montenegro, Faculty of Philology as Lecturer in Russian Syntax.

Published writings include two collections of short stories, several novelettes, two collections of poetry, and a novel – “The Daughter Of The Childless One”. She's included in numerous poetry and prose anthologies, among them: Anthology of Contemporary Montenegrin literature in English language [Katedrala, 2010] ; First Anthology of Montenegrin poetry written by women: Koret on the Asphalt [Zagreb, 2013]; Best European Fiction 2014 [Dalkey Archive Press, USA]; Poetesses of Montenegro 1970-2015 [Ratkovićeve večeri poezije, Bijelog Polje].

# Lena Ruth Stefanovic

## Montenegro

### Ka'atas

*(Chaos magick)*

I don't exist  
I am not a mother, wife, and not even  
somebody's son  
I am no one's groomsman, brother, or  
brother in law  
I am not bridesman  
Not an old city dweller  
Not a "ma'am"  
Neither a number  
Nor a circle  
Even less so a vicious one  
I am not a catch  
And even less so 22nd  
(whatever that is )  
Or vortex  
I am neither ashes  
Nor a star in the sky  
I am not a triangle  
Either love one  
Or the Bermuda  
I am not a toy of gods, stars and  
serendipities  
I am not your electoral statistic  
Not a consumer's basket  
I survived the fall  
Mine  
Yours  
And that of the fake idols  
Prejudices  
Patronizing  
Aggrandizing  
And the worst of it all-  
Flattery  
I survived systems, ideologies and faiths  
And all their false prophets  
I think and feel  
And I know that you do too

And I cover my eyes  
Like a child  
The reality ceases existing  
That reality they tailored for us  
It isn't there anymore  
They can't climb on the top of us  
And sit on our heads  
I remove mine  
(head )  
With both hands  
And I fasten it to my waist  
In its' place  
I put bleeding heart  
Torn out from my chest  
They can't sit on it  
It's too slippery

And the methylene's blue glare. Rolling  
waves.  
Now only the shadows  
Remain straight  
Running the water surface

(Between the waves, images wavering  
...Helsinki.....Soul  
...Taipei...Kuala Lumpur...  
Krung-thep,Bangkok...New York...  
Mexico,city.....To, ky o .....  
Wrong. That would be a dream.  
Unseen by anyone, so modest.  
Cities and flowers too, innumerable  
abundance,  
Someday, surely,  
Will have gone extinct)



**Anna Kove**  
Albania

**Anna Kove** is a well-known poet and translator from Albania. She graduated at 2001 at "Goethe" Institution, Germany, with the Diploma "German as a foreign language in theory and practice". She continued her Post-University (Master) studies at the European University of Viadrina in Germany (2002-2004) in "Media and Intercultural Communication" (2002-2004). She also graduated in "Albanian Language and Literature" at the University of Tirana (1986-1990).

Anna Kove is author of many poetrybooks, such as "Shën Valentin ku ishe", "DjegëUjërash", "Nimfa e pemës së humbur" and has been awarded with many prizes, in different competitions in Albania and Kosovo. She is one of the most distinguished contemporary authors in Albania, having the attention of the critics, researchers and journalists, who have been continuously writing about her works.

Her contribute in translations is even wider, we underline the translation of "Mohn und Gedächtnis" by P.Celan (Toena Editions, supported by Traduki) and the Anthology "German short stories". Many of her translations, such as "Hast du einTaschentuch?", "Dorfschronik" and stories from "Niederungen" by H. Mueller and different works by S. Kirsch, R.Auslaender, M. L.Kaschnitz, B. Brecht and I. Bachman, have been published in different Albanian literary magazines.

# Anna Kove

## Albania

### Pirate passions

Do not ask for my name, Captain!  
Robinj am called,  
like all women forgiving hearts.  
Garments had teared up the pirates  
dressed in the sea  
and blue dreams of robbery,  
when the cave of thunder sank;  
rattling grabbed me  
cruising with his body;  
tides and refluxes of passions  
and twilight waves  
poured over my skin.  
Never dare to stop me  
when I struggle for treasures, he told me.  
Then, with the pearl between the teeth  
he struggled as his breath stopped

and the body was painted like gold  
Do not ask me for his name, Captain  
The pirate is called – a light-blooded cub  
from lure without limitation of desire.  
Every time love is Pirate , Captain,  
and a blue dream of treasure robbery.



**William S. Peters Sr.**  
**USA**

**William S. Peters Sr.** aka “just bill”, is a Pulitzer Prize Nominee for 2016, Poet Laureate for The Kosovo International Poetry Festival, Public Speaker, Humanitarian Activist and a devoted writer who has been committed to the path of poetry and writing since 1966. At present Bill is a published author of over 50 books personally. He has also been featured in over 200 additional publications globally which consist of his writings in a variety of anthologies, newspapers and literary magazines. Since the day of his commitment to the creation and public-sharing of the poetic art, Bill has been a devoted supporter of the venue of Creative Expression –regardless of form. His conviction that the human countenance through the written art is a necessity reflects in his capacity as an activist for the progression and evolution of humanity and its innate love of each other.

In September 2015, Bill was honored to be named the “Poet Laureate” at the Kosovo International Poetry Festival where his book, *The Vine Keeper* was showcased. He was also awarded The Golden Grape Award. Being so inspired by this communion of poets, Bill went on to pen the book, *O Sweet Kosovo . . . Dreams of Rahovec*. This work has been since translated into Albanian by Fahredin Shehu, the esteemed poet and scholar who incorporated it into the Rahovec School System in 2017.



William S. Peters Sr.  
USA

Which ones do you feed?

I peeked under the skirts  
Of our construct  
And I saw the unabashed nakedness  
Of 'Reality'  
Dancing in circles  
Frolicking in the grass  
With Truth, Deceit, Light and Darkness,  
Love and Hate  
Indifference and Compassion  
Charity and Greed

I was a bit confused.  
I asked my self  
"How could this be"?

Is this what 'Reality' is,  
Or is it as convoluted  
As i?

I being challenged  
By this disturbing sight,  
Had to sit down  
And ponder,  
Inspect,  
Examine,  
Think about  
This denial

Was this an  
'Epiphany',  
Or just an illusion  
Challenging me  
To think outside  
Of the box

What is going on, I mused

As I sat in an  
Agitated repose  
Evaluating,  
Deciphering,  
Weighing,  
And Discerning  
This glimpse,  
This peek,  
A small voice  
Began to speak,  
Whisper  
Ever so softly  
Into the ears  
Of my disturbed consciousness

The voice was soothing  
And gentle,  
Warm and embracing,  
Yet firmly assured  
In its evocations

I sensed something,  
A presence,  
An authoratative One,  
That was greater  
Than what  
I have ever  
Witnessed or experienced before,  
According to my now faint  
Memories

This voice,  
This presence  
Commanded my attention,  
And I could not divert myself  
From it

William S. Peters Sr.  
USA

Was this the voice of reality  
Or something greater  
And beyond  
The context of  
My perception

Yes, I must admit  
That I am but a  
Grain of sand  
Upon the beach  
Of existence,  
For in my past,  
Everywhere I looked  
Creation  
Seemed to expand.

Whenever I saw  
The offering of knowledge  
Upon the tables  
That adorned my 'Life Path'  
I voraciously ate  
As if it was my  
'Last Supper'

Well this Voice that spoke  
Superceeded  
My feeble and finite  
Faulty, flawed understanding.

I ... my 'I AM'  
Realized from a spiritual sense  
That I was already consumed  
As i submitted my essence  
To the mesmerizing moment  
Where I was swaying  
Due to an unquantifiable  
Inebriation....  
Yes I was drunken  
Beyond the beyond

There was a distant light  
Sitting daintily  
In my horizon,  
And i could hear it  
Calling my name ....  
Needless to say,  
I began to walk towards its  
Lore

The whispering in the mist  
Became more prolific  
And spoke to me,  
Through me  
Of certain things  
Of my evasive familiarity  
Such as  
Duality,  
Dichotomy,  
Diversity,  
And Deference

'IT' said to me  
That 'Coexistence'  
Was an inevitable Law  
That was the very foundation  
Of all of Creation

This made sense!

This Voice went further in  
To explain to me  
And my yet fully un-opened  
Door of understanding  
That one could not be  
Without the other

# William S. Peters Sr.

## USA

I ask,  
"Is this like the two wolves story?"  
And I felt a smile  
Envelope my countenance ...  
The Voice said yes,  
Which ones do you feed?  
And I cover my eyes  
Like a child  
The reality ceases existing  
That reality they tailored for us  
It isn't there anymore  
They can't climb on the top of us  
And sit on our heads  
I remove mine  
(head )  
With both hands  
And I fasten it to my waist  
In its' place  
I put bleeding heart  
Torn out from my chest  
They can't sit on it  
It's too slippery

And the methylene's blue glare. Rolling waves.  
Now only the shadows  
Remain straight  
Running the water surface

(Between the waves, images wavering  
...Helsi,nki.....Soul ...Tai,pei...Kual,rampul...  
Krung-thep,Bang,kok...New,York...  
Mexico,city.....To, ky o .....  
Wrong. That would be a dream.  
Unseen by anyone, so modest.  
Cities and flowers too, innumerable abundance,  
Someday, surely,  
Will have gone extinct)



**Hülya n. Yılmaz**

**USA**

Born and raised in Turkey, **Hülya n. Yılmaz** [sic] is a seasoned college professor who has recently retired from The Pennsylvania State University, USA. After earning her doctoral degree from The University of Michigan, she has settled in North America. Her service for academia spans over forty years. hülya is a published writer, Co-Chair of Inner Child Press International and the Director of the Department of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International and a literary translator between English, German and Turkish. She has authored *Trance*, a collection of poems in English, German and Turkish ), which incorporates her own translations of her non-English poems. *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* is a book of poetry she has co-authored with Demetrios Trifiatis, a retired professor of Philosophy from Greece. Hülya's latest solo-book, *Aflame. Memoirs in Verse* has traveled with her to appearances at numerous celebrations of poetry in various world regions.

The Year of the Poet, now in its fifth year, is an international anthology to which hülya contributes every month with her poems. Her poetic work has been published in an excess of fifty-five anthologies of global endeavors. On May 25, 2018, hülya has been honored with the prestigious WIN Award –Writer's International Network of British Colombia, Canada. hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper sense of self and writes creatively to attain and nourish a more comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

# Hülya n. Yılmaz

## USA

### Naren

the other day  
i met AnjanaBasu  
online  
following a forgotten vision  
one i had  
most likely  
eons ago  
if  
my unexplainable  
however reliable  
instinctive being  
is right on the dot that is  
at any rate  
i pursued her  
inquired about her life  
even traveled to Allahabad  
to see if her town of birth  
resembled mine  
i took a connecting flight to London  
where she had been schooled

within a couple of hours  
i appeared in Kolkata  
at her doorstep

a gracious hostess

she invited me in  
her home was grandiose  
not in an empirical sense  
oh no!  
she knew  
what alone had mattered in life  
love and light shone out loud  
through every nook and cranny  
of her otherwise humble abode

she served us tea with milk and honey  
it was prepared in a colonialism-free  
manner  
true to her upbringing true to her  
mother-culture

she had placed  
rashly-improvised store-bought  
delicacies  
(i had after all showed up unannounced)  
a delicate modest-in-size-tray showed  
them off

the plane food made my fingers think  
again  
they resisted reaching out  
with a strong will  
much stronger than my eyes' appetite  
so, i declined with my utmost proper  
nay-say-gratitude

we talked and talked  
actually, she talked and i listened  
to her mesmerizing novellas  
her Black Tongue  
the novel for which she had been  
recognized  
as the winner of the Hawthornden  
Fellowship  
(in Scotland)

her successful endeavors in script-  
writing  
and more . . .  
details about her accomplished self  
she had no intention to reveal to me  
had i not done my homework right

# Hülya n. Yılmaz

## USA

the subject then came to "Naren"

an epic story-teller at its best  
disguised as a poem in free-verse  
and thus, began Anjana Basu:

The words I have for Naren are purely  
prose.

Prose. Prose of a chest  
A mat of hair against the sun.  
Sometimes

It's counting the tiles on a floor  
Held down. Or a bed field of crumbs  
And a dirty foot. Even greying underwear.  
Sometimes an evening spent in hatred  
Following in one's head the footsteps of  
a whore  
Down some dark lane or a street of  
crumbling houses.

These are words for Naren.  
Perhaps a synonym for rage or hate.  
Or even an undefinable word called love  
That you could find in rage or hate.  
There are other meanings - even other  
shades

Left out. Footsteps of a child or whore  
Or other women deliberately taken  
And then the running back to a familiar  
bed.

I called it lost child.

There were other words too –  
Lover, Boyfriend, ex-Husband, boy-  
husband.  
It meant keeping company in an empty  
room  
With haunted corners. With shame

And a telephone wire.

Company against reason or sense  
Or the blotting out of a curtain –hiding  
From pigeons or from seeking eyes.

These were words for Naren.

Are still perhaps.

Pretended love made in a mirror,  
A shuddering belly and tonsils hurt  
The way a face may flush or voice darken  
Denying everything but lust or hate, or  
accidental love. Naren's words.

when this wonder-filled wondrous  
woman  
of unforgettable demeanor ceased her  
voice to be  
her tangibly exquisite  
enriching enchanting exfoliating  
purity-extracting plate of human-ness  
took the external load off of her  
and lain there for me to devour

plenty of leftovers gathered up in an  
orderly row

i am on my way to bring them over to  
you

As I sat in an  
Agitated repose  
Evaluating,  
Deciphering,  
Weighing,  
And Discerning  
This glimpse,  
This peek,  
A small voice



# Hülya n. Yılmaz

## USA

Began to speak,  
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Calling my name ....  
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And the methylene's blue glare. Rolling  
waves.  
Now only the shadows  
Remain straight  
Running the water surface

(Between the waves, images wavering  
...Helsinki.....Soul  
...Taipei...Kuala Lumpur...  
Krung-thep,Bangkok...New York...  
Mexico,city.....Tokyo .....  
Wrong. That would be a dream.  
Unseen by anyone, so modest.  
Cities and flowers too, innumerable  
abundance,  
Someday, surely,  
Will have gone extinct)



## Daim Miftari Macedonia

**Daim Miftari** is born in 1979 in Gostivar, Macedonia. He holds a masters degree in Albanian language and literature at Skopje University. Currently he lives in the multilingual city of Skopje, where he

has worked as journalist, translator, and teacher. A number of published books in both Albanian and Macedonian, as well as poetries translated and published in anthologies, newspapers and literary magazines in Macedonia and abroad, have earned him acclamation by the literary critics. In April 2017 Miftari was granted literary residence POETIKA in Tirana, Albania.

His two latest collections, *An Anniversary of Flight*, and *Shenanigans* were published by Valley Press in 2013 and 2016 respectively. His third collection – entitled *Remarkable Occurrences* – is scheduled to be published in 2019 also by Valley Press."

### There May Come a Day

there may come a day when I cry out  
kind of annoyed  
to hell with all my poetries  
written and unwritten  
I'm so tired of them  
putting each word on its proper place  
in each sentence  
much like a kid lost in his gaming world  
and I sure was happy just as one  
each time I believed that I had made it  
and then just like a kid respawned  
thinking sure  
I could be doing something else  
easier perhaps or more useful  
than wasting my time like this  
but simply realizing  
I am not really skilled to do anything else



## Bilall Maliqi Serbia

**Bilall Maliqi** is a writer, poet and publicist, was born in on 08.04.1969 in a village ElezBali, municipality of Presheva. He writes poetry and prose for children and adults, h e deals also with literature critics. He is the

critics. He is the author of 29 works: poetry for children, for adults, prose for children and adults, journalism and literary critics. Anthologies: the magazine Panorama by the authors of South East Kosova " Sigh for Earth " by the author Hysen Keqiku (2004) ; In lexicon " authors of Albanian Literature for children and adults 1886- 2009" by prof. as.dr. Astrit Bishqemi; in poetical antology Albanian- Swedish "Fillamande Ballad" by Sokol Demaku (2009); In poetical anthology "The Echo of Centuries"by Sokol Demaku, (2010). In International Poetical Anthology "Open Lane "by Kristaq Shabani (2012); In poetical anthology by dr. Fatmir Terziu " Virgin Tears, (2012); In Belgium Poetical Anthology French-Albanian " Anthologie de poètes Albanophones(2012); Maliqi is a founder and editor in chief of the magazine "Qendresa" which is published in Presheva Valley. Maliqi is a president of association of Presheva writers; Maliqi is a member of League of Writers of Kosova; Member of the board " Atunis" President of "Atunis Lugina" in Presheva.

His two latest collections, An Anniversary of Flight, and Shenaniganswere published by Valley Press in 2013 and 2016 respectively. His third collection – entitled Remarkable Occurrences – is scheduled to be published in 2019 also by Valley Press."

### LONGING FOR FATE

Fortune of mine only you know my pains  
I revealed and had inside me  
When sleepy loneliness overtakes me  
The memory is linked strongly with longing  
My longing is stretched in belly of time  
For the moisture fate in the edge of soul  
I never give up to annoyance  
Neither to storm that takes a bunch of memories  
My saturated fate in a pond of tears  
My hope left in a dirty midnight  
My desire for you as the wide fields  
From where came the first word of love  
My song for you was transformed into a ballade  
Together with damned landmarks  
Upon our sights fell out darkness  
And put us into legend  
Now in the nest of ruined fate  
Remained a hope which will never disappear



**Valeria Raimondi**  
Italy

Lives in Brescia. Part of the Movimentodal Subsoil Society, includes the poet and the artist in Montichiari (BS).

In 1991 she gave life to the project of the Palazzolo Sull'Oglio (Brescia) Literary Group of Meteora, with whom he cooperates today for the design of the self-produced "Leaflet", which includes poems and stories from local authors. Since 2007, she started attending and active co-operation with undercover authors at the Galêter Café in Montichiari and in 2010 participates in the "Literary Manifest by the Underground", thus adjusting her position! In 2009, with the actress Bruna Bottesini and the musician Gerardo Ferrara, he proposed a spectacle built with the lyrics of each ones, with music incursions and sounds and traditions: "Noise of Poetry".

In 2013, she cares for the organizing of "SCONFINA (and) MENTI", a festival of cultural heritage with the University of Kragujevac in Serbia. With the Donne A (t) traverso in 2013, she proposes the theater recital (Prigioniere delle trame, liberate dalle Reti"). "Prisoner of the plots, freed from the Networks". Some of her poetic texts have become part of anthologies: Sotto il cielo di Lampedusa; Voci ell'Aria; Signornò: voci contro la guerra; 100mila Poeti per il Cambiamento. In 2011 she publishes the first siloginy IO NO (Ex-io), Thagma ed., Republished in 2015 by ed. Pellicano. In 2014 she publishes "Debito il Tempo", Fusibilia ed., Collection of the poetry of prize-winning poetry in the "Eros of Cairo" Competition, currently published by Pellicano. In 2016 her poems have been translated by Valbona Jakova in the Albanian language together with the poets Beppe Costa and J. Hirschman: Poetry II: The Wave Inside (Gilgamesh ed.) Anthology presented in the main cultural centers and Universities of Albania.

# Valeria Raimondi

## Italy

### For Egidia Beretta Arrigoni

*(Mother of Vittorio Arrigoni: Italy 1975- Gaza, 2011)*

How many times have I tearful and breathe  
to bring you into the world, yet again, forever.  
How many times have I searched through the words  
or within your own eyes so similar to mine.

Thousands of times I said why  
I have been angry with the peaks of years  
up to the chest, up to the inhaled milk  
up to the first, that time, your weeping  
in the latter I did not console,  
up to the little finger holding my finger.

Stay for a while my son,  
I'll teach you to tie your shoes  
shouting the wolf, getting up if you fall.

Forget what you learned in Gaza  
Forget that you've grown a lot

And please, be good, son  
Have mercy on the cry out of me  
comes into your empty room sometimes when the evening comes,  
for that prophetic name you had,

now that others touch you  
and I envy their hands upon thee,  
your love for them, theirs for you,  
while mine I sacrifice it all  
while mine seemed too much.

Have mercy on the cry of a mother, son,  
that blesses the crazy passion for life, for peace,  
the seed of love for the Lady Justice  
since my land for you I know that today has flourished.



# Valeria Raimondi

## Italy

I look for your eyes but clashing only in two

I look for your eyes but clashing only in two  
one over the horizon and the other hanging from mine  
bow and seeks down the table the essence  
pushes heavily into the cup the wretched anger  
being depicted describes a sea that does not exist  
weeps a father who never knew to be a father  
or calling the mother who has created unsafe traits

To love (each themselves) just as the icons are loved that do not resemble.

We hate (this in common) for the mockery of not being reciprocal.

In this call the flight to the ground where the cause kills the cause  
thus it's a suitable creation of a scenario and director keeps us united  
not to leave or to dislike to exhaustion  
to sit behind his back and ready for a possible duel  
just as if love (or its long shadow)

not to secretly claim under the counter between two defenders or two silent killers.

Image of Previous Edition  
International Poetry Festival 2017

# INTERNATIONAL POETRY FESTIVAL



4, 5, 6

September, 2017  
Rahovec

3rd Edition



# INTERNATIONAL POETRY FESTIVAL

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