



Home | Interviews ▾ | Our Anthologies ▾ | Contribute | [f](#) [✉](#) [🗨](#)

Featured Poetry ▾ | Poet of the Month ▾ |

Poetry Profiles ▾ | Poetry Books ▾ | Poet Profiles ▾ |

Articles ▾ | Book Reviews ▾ | Young Poets ▾ |

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## Featured Poetry - JULY, 2022

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### POUR FÉLICITER

By Pavol Janik Ph.D. (SLOVAKIA)

Translated into English by Zuzana Sasovova.

May everyone be happy,  
 who owns love,  
 who is not home alone  
 but surrounded by their family.  
 Enjoy together  
 all festivities.  
 Let the New Year's spirit prevail.

### END

*Pavol Janik Ph.D., is a poet, dramatist, prose writer, translator, publicist and copywriter. He has worked at the Ministry of Culture (1983-1987), and in media and advertising. His works have been published worldwide.*

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### THE HEART OF GUILTY MAN

By Mathews Mhango (MALAWI)

Hands crossed on my weakened and guilty heart  
 As I figure out the loss of love  
 The guilt of my actions  
 Keep playing in the back of my mind  
 Like a horror movie  
 They give me nightmares

### THE JANGLED WORLD

By Mark Evan Chimsky (USA)

You make your uncertain way down  
 the long hall of days  
 as if in a house that belongs to someone else.  
 But when you sit at the piano, your fingers prod  
 the keys and out of the clatter  
 a ribbon of melody floats up  
 like poetry rising from a chaos of words.

Your eyes once held me in dim recognition  
 and I was grateful that my name lingered still  
 in so far a place within—a shining prize  
 in the dark reach of a cave.

I laid out the blue pills and the red capsules  
 as if they were pieces from one of our old board  
 games.

“Give me the nicest ones,” you would say,  
 smiling so I would not see  
 how small choices have their tyrannies.

I think of how you would be  
 in a different century, a jangled world  
 when there was nothing  
 to subdue the nightly terrors  
 or stop the whispers in the mind;  
 a time when sand ticked each second  
 and leeches pricked the skin.

They reality I have to face with no funfair  
 The love I cherished and loved most  
 Keeps drifting away from me  
 As dews on a patch of grass melting  
 To the scorching sun, burning my heart  
 The skeletons in the closet, are really mine  
 And keep scaring me, haunting me  
 A reminder of the pain  
 I have caused in this love journey  
 As I am fighting the demons that keep staring  
 At me when I look at the mirror  
 A true reminder of my actions  
 I am fighting for my redemption  
 To gain the love that I have lost  
 The pain to lose this love  
 Is too much to bear  
 Looking from a distance as it drifts away  
 Like a sun setting in a distance horizon  
 With the spark of love that still remains  
 In my weaken and guilty heart for this love  
 Am fighting for the redemption of this love  
 That I can heal and gain this lost love with you  
 So the pain of your sorrowful heart to all be memories.

END

*Mathews Mhango is an Internal Auditor by profession working in the public sector. He likes to write poetry on different issues that affect society.*

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#### ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE NIGHT

By Eduard Schmidt-Zorner (REPUBLIC OF IRELAND)

One day you wake up  
 and realise you are alive.  
 It is such a mind-blowing feeling,  
 that at first you cannot discern it.  
 Family and relatives enraptured  
 and delighted surround the child's bed.  
 First, I saw only black and white  
 like the fields of the chessboard.

The 'King' and the 'Queen'  
 who looked at me,  
 Then the 'Rooks' and 'Pawns',  
 uncles and aunts,

Now, without the plain count of the daily regimen –  
 blue pills, red capsules – you  
 can't find my name at all  
 and you shudder, cursing the stranger  
 who holds your hand and calls himself your son.

END

*Mark Evan Chimsky's poetry and essays have appeared in publications worldwide. Mark is also a recipient of the Anna Davidson Rosenberg Award as New/Emerging Poet.*

*FB: @MarkEvanChimsky*

#### SECRETS OF LAUNDRY DAY

By Rohan Facey (JAMAICA)

On Laundry day  
 She pulled secrets from his pockets:  
 a forgotten note, a crumpled photo of a woman  
 as breath-taking as the latest model of a luxury car,  
 loose threads; along with candy wrappers.

She saw also - lip prints on a snowy cotton shirt  
 she had pressed two mornings ago

Dirty Linen

tumbled before her -  
 defying the power of detergents.

END

*Rohan Facey is a high-school teacher and a multiple-award winning contemporary poet, songwriter and playwright. He has contributed to both local newspapers and international anthologies.*

*E: PoeticFierf@yahoo.com*

#### OUR SPRING ROMANCE

By Rubilyn Bollion Cadao (HONG KONG/PHILIPPINES)

Flowers bud in thy delight  
 in crimson, radiant and bright.

As flowers bloom with thy sweet smile,  
 my heart flutters not just for a while.

As love blossoms like petals budding,  
 my heart gleams with the grace of Spring.

opened the view to colour  
when snow and ice disappear  
in the coldest month of the year,  
me, born into ruins and poverty  
as a quasi-new beginning.

A fibrillation of hope.  
Shy, peculiar, and quiet  
the little child.  
There are already images  
in the mind  
that are a foundation,  
to build a life on,  
a predestination.

END

*Eduard Schmidt-Zorner is a translator and writer of poetry, haibun, haiku, and short stories. He writes in four languages, and holds workshops on Japanese and Chinese style poetry and prose, and experimental poetry.*  
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#### FAMILY OF TREES

By S. D. Kilmer

Have you never seen  
A solitary tree?  
Even the Joshua Tree  
Is never alone in the Mohave Desert.

There are families of trees.  
They nurture one another.  
They shade the youngest.  
They preserve the eldest.  
Self-perseverance together.  
This is a family whose roots  
Are known, grow deep in the earth.  
They know their place.  
They know their race.  
Roots that are interwoven  
One tree with the other.  
Identity is assured.  
A familial community  
With all the right virtues.

Where might there be

Petals unfold as you hold me close,  
Your tender kiss, gives my heart a dose.

With the silver rays of the sunshine, we slide.  
As the flowers flicker as we dance and glide.

Buds blossom with thy delight,  
and blooms with thy love's pure light.

Captivating my heart to fall,  
with your endearing heartbeat's call.

As the spring grace the season dearly,  
our hearts entangled true and clearly.

Our love prospered as we take a reason,  
flourished through the freshness of the season

Like the bees swamped buzzing over the flowers,  
you conquered my heart, guarding it forever.

END

*Rubilyn Bollion Cadao is Filipino, and works as a domestic worker in Hong Kong. She started writing poems when she was in high-school; writing about love, nature and life's struggles.*

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#### UNTITLED

By Abd al-Karim (NETHERLANDS)

Translated by Catherine Cobham

I want to say here what could not be said there  
In that room where there were three of us  
Refugee, interrogator, translator  
This is the disappointment that precedes regret  
A lesson in extreme eloquence  
That says clearly  
Your arrival at your destination  
Doesn't have to mean you've survived  
It's disappointment whose exact number I don't know  
But it's less than a shock  
After all we're living in Dante's Inferno  
In the time of black comedy  
When nothing is as it should be

A similar family among humanity  
With all the right virtues?

END

*S. D. Kilmer is a retired Existential/Pastoral Therapist,  
Pastoral Care Specialist, and Family Conflict Mediator, and  
has been writing poetry since 1968.*

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*W: www.SDKilmer.com*

WAIT A MINUTE

By Lali Tsipi Michaeli (ISRAEL)

*Translated from Hebrew by Oded Peled.*

I want to release you. I'm not holding you here by force  
but  
Until I get to my place I want to tell you about a place  
without a place  
I want to tell you about the dove I rescued today in the  
stairwell.  
I do not know from which hole she entered to land  
exactly  
On my inherited floor  
but  
I created a momentary conversation with her between  
good friends. Maybe more than that  
She listened to my whispers. You were wounded by  
your death. She stopped flying from height to height.  
Did not move.  
I built trust with you.  
You do not understand what nobility was  
In this painful state  
but  
Before the connection was made she really went  
berserk  
She slammed her head into a grid that caught her neck  
as she came in and out, she went in and out  
Couldn't get out of the trap  
I wanted to hold her softly  
Lower her and release  
but  
Suddenly I saw a hole  
Of poured water  
A large hole blocked in two bricks  
I took out the bricks and using my body movements  
I made her fly there

I am a boat from the third world  
A boat that shows signs of sinking  
A thread shaking in the womb of a needle  
A poet who has built his ruined world in instalments  
In streets where dogs die of heart attacks  
In poems always selected for rejection  
In demonstrations that I escaped from alive by sheer  
chance  
On posters that read "Tomorrow will be ours"  
In the drawings of Van Gogh that icon  
Who experienced another kind of pain when he cut off  
his ear  
As a reaction to bouts of hysteria  
In bars where we forget everything  
I'm a poet  
Who writes to mountains that show signs of withering  
Who plays tunes that rustle in the ear of dying flowers  
Plays madly  
On a matchbox  
The matchbox where thirty or more streets have  
settled  
A poet  
Who believes to some extent in the sanctity of colours  
that vanish one after the other  
In the resurrection of rivers subjected to arbitrary arrest  
And believes more in Cavafy's terrifying words  
Since your life is ruined there it's ruined everywhere  
Nothing can resist this absolute refusal  
I realise that or almost  
But something had to be said  
It was possible the pain would be excised here  
It was possible that tomorrow  
Would be an extraordinary day  
And it was possible  
That I would gain a little peace of mind so I could  
shout  
Through loudspeakers I've done it  
But  
This place is not mine  
There's another country involved  
And Dublin is the holy god of fingerprints  
As you say  
These evocative words do not change fates  
But they do what they can and more  
I accept the refusal but I cannot accept the reason ...

The stream of air that drew her  
 She went in and got stuck in the middle. A real  
 purgatory  
 And out of fear that she would regret it  
 And come back  
 I laid down a first brick  
 From the repulsion she flew  
 I immediately laid down the second brick  
 And I wanted to cry with great happiness that I  
 succeeded in this delusional situation and with great  
 sorrow  
 For the eternal moment between me and her  
 I was released.  
 that's it. I bought candles in Jaffa.  
 I can grieve now.

END

*Lali Tsipi Michaeli has published six poetry books, has  
 attended a number of international poetry festivals, and  
 was part of a residency program for talented writers in New  
 York.*

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WHAT ARE THE CULTURAL AND LITERARY  
 IMPLICATIONS OF  
 COEXISTENCE WITH FOREIGNERS, RELATIVES AND  
 OTHERS?

By Douglas Colston (AUSTRALIA)

To give,  
 in addition to minute talent,  
 coexists with the optimal potential of each emerging  
 moment –  
 education harmonising the humanities is significant ...  
 'to be' is something!

Participation or interference  
 (including agreement, supporting, befriending,  
 fighting, coping, comparing, electing or choosing),  
 alienation, distance and exclusion  
 is scattered everywhere.

Physical, psychological and moral qualities or  
 conditions  
 together with cherishing, harbouring or retaining

END

*Abd al-Karim is currently seeking asylum in the  
 Netherlands.*

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WELCOME TO THE WORLD. SORRY ABOUT THE  
 MESS

By Lawrence Hopperton (CANADA)

smile and look to me  
 shudder and ecstasy

sing your worried  
 grey-green moods

back-lit, wind gold  
 cradled and skies

roil, rain drives  
 synchronous tree-bent

cadences and nuzzles  
 this private crook

END

*Lawrence Hopperton is the retired Founding Director of  
 Distributed Learning at Tyndale University in Toronto. He  
 has had a number of books published, and his work has  
 appeared in literary journals worldwide.*

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BLACK HOLE

By Janelle Finamore (USA)

Rushing towards extinction on a Ferris wheel of doubt  
 The heavy night air like an elephant thickens my heart  
 with lust

You look in the mirror at the unmasked moon and beg  
 for its glow

The wind clothed in desperation and desire striving to  
 become a quiet monk

clarity, truth and certainty  
repeatedly changes and transforms  
(in short, it is 'enlightenment' or 'civility').

Gentle, kind, peaceful and temperate patterns  
(including writing, social phenomenon and etiquette),  
learning, knowledge, meaning, sense,  
charity, freedom, justice and morality  
are perfect  
and miscellaneous.

Tiny and insignificant groups of poems  
(or people [including troops])  
are artificial –  
they are made by humans, false, misleading and  
unnatural.

Anticipating or expecting repetition  
to add up to commodities or currency  
conceals the 'target'  
(the optimal potential  
of each emerging moment).

Existing with charity, love and kindness scattered  
everywhere  
alienates conflict.

Fighting foreigners, relatives and others rapidly causes  
–  
respectfully –  
castration (metaphorically).

'Being' is the goal.

Patterns become echoes.

Patterns realising, learning, comprehending,  
understanding and studying  
sense, meaning, and right conduct  
are perfect ...  
of course!

END

*Douglas Colston holds a BA, a BSc and a post-graduate  
Psychology qualification. His poetry, fiction and non-fiction*

You strangle the wind while the circles whirl, us a  
tangled mess

Licking my wounds as the darkness swallows us into  
it's mouth.

We fear a black hole ending  
As we move recklessly, sliding down the throat of the  
night sky.

END

*Janelle Finamore is a musician, poet, teacher, and fairy-  
tale writer. Her writing is inspired by the beat poets, and has  
published internationally.*

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LONELINESS

By Francisco Azuela (MEXICO).

*To the Tarahumara, indigenous Rarámuris from northern  
Mexico.*

*Translation from Spanish by the poet Reynaldo Marcos  
Padua.*

Now that the song of the birds is gone  
And at night, the storm  
Has a pitiful and lonely barking of dogs,  
And love has withered.  
Loneliness I know you, at last.

Goddess of silence and of a hollow branch,  
Ere once the birds wove their nests.

Great deaths appear to my mind,  
Immense characters  
And their glorious times.

Kings, poets and warriors,  
The freedom of the nations has been very high,  
Blood has flowed  
As much as the rivers that flow into the deep sea.

A strange insect has prowled your soul  
And you have gone with him  
In an act of devotion so similar to an absence.

You've already forgiven great injustices.

*has been published online and in print, in addition to appearing in a number of anthologies.*

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#### OUR SPRING ROMANCE

By Rubilyn Bollion Cadao (HONG KONG / PHILIPPINES)

Flowers bud in thy delight  
in crimson, radiant and bright.

As flowers bloom with thy sweet smile,  
my heart flutters not just for a while.

As love blossoms like petals budding,  
my heart gleams with the grace of Spring.

Petals unfold as you hold me close,  
Your tender kiss, gives my heart a dose.

With the silver rays of the sunshine, we slide,  
As the flowers flicker as we dance and glide.

Buds blossom with thy delight,  
and blooms with thy love's pure light.

Captivating my heart to fall,  
with your endearing heartbeat's call.

As the spring grace the season dearly,  
our hearts entangled true and clearly.

Our love prospered as we take a reason,  
flourished through the freshness of the season.

Like the bees swamped buzzing over the flowers,  
you conquered my heart, guarding it forever.

END

*Rubilyn Bollion Cadao is Filipino, and works as a domestic worker in Hong Kong. She started writing poems when she was in high-school; writing about love, nature and life's struggles.*

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The mutilated men claim  
Their right to be heard,  
And only you can feel a bitter wind  
Breaking your heart in the deserted mountains.

Be brave, comrade of the dawn.  
It ´s not far the awakening;  
You can interpret all the illusions of these people,  
This village immersed in the poverty of life;  
Make sing again the white blackbird of old solitudes,  
Make it be heard the song of the goldfinches  
And of the troubadours,  
May the world turn it ´s face  
To be grafted onto the afternoon spike  
Where a sun dreaming of hope is setting.

Make that dawn chant and so with it your soul.

END

*Multi-published, multi award-winning Francisco Azuela is a writer and acclaimed poet. He served as a diplomat in the Mexican Embassy in Costa Rica, and later in Honduras.*

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#### THE HUMAN PROMISE

By David Sparenberg (USA)

When the Human Promise shut her eyes  
she saw what was unseen – heart  
of the human heart – soul  
of the human soul. Light  
like the softness of flowers shone  
around everyone whose task in  
life was truth and within  
every deed done for sake of the  
goodness of life. Keeping the Possible open.

When she opened her mouth  
a river flowed out  
joining the ocean of light. In  
the melodious waters of  
life a river of fire  
turned pain into smoke. Anguish  
of cruelty was washed to ashes.

When the Human Promise opened her eyes

**BROKEN**

By Kathy Sherban (CANADA)

Fam Jam  
 intricate beast  
 fire breathing  
 tricky peace  
 One, two  
 gut punch luv  
 tongues workin  
 push 'n shove  
 Twisted sista'z  
 rank 'n file  
 prodigal son'z  
 apple child  
 Madd clan  
 pedigree plus  
 blood transfusion  
 parental bust

END

*Kathy Sherban is a poet and author, and her work has been published in several global anthologies and international literary magazines.*

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**AT FORTY**

By Heidi Seaborn (USA)

I found failure or it found me  
 like moths to cashmere.  
 There's running and then  
 there's running away.  
 I perfected both.  
 You could tell by the way I laced  
 up my sneakers, set my iPod to Seal.

It was a time when I flew everywhere  
 but felt wingless. I look back and see  
 the sun had already burnt a hole  
 in my horizon at forty. Scorched  
 the garden but left the zinnias

she saw the person beside her  
 simple and smiling and  
 quietly responding in talk of peace – a  
 sounding of intimate dialogue, spontaneously  
 ignited between them and us  
 with the freedom of laughter.

Eyes of concord shone  
 with a poem of letting go  
 in poetry of belonging, letting  
 be. Poems repeated, chanted  
 to keep the Possible open.

When the Human Promise opened  
 her heart  
 thorns that had been the  
 source of suffering  
 became roses. Every rose  
 flowered into a tree of life. Every  
 tree took root  
 in a cornucopia of compassion. Compassion's  
 fruit is justice. The fruit-seeds fall  
 onto the grounds of salvific orchards.

Rivers meander gently, slowly, natively  
 unobstructed through valleys of  
 black soil. Sun has become the tenderest lover.

Those who but sought  
 power amid trash amid trinkets knotted  
 in the clasp of death were  
 surrendered to death. Those who built  
 tabernacles in the wilderness of  
 love gathered at the prayers of life.

Allegiance holds fast  
 to bring love home at last -at last!  
 to the scorned and the scorched and the homeless  
 Earth

END

*David Sparenberg is an author and internationally publishing essayist and eco-poet, living in the Pacific Northwest.*

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to the buzz of teens. How alive  
the hive of us. The five of us.  
Or so we seemed to passersby.

But I'd already lingered too long—  
past the happy hour's fading smile,  
past the bartender's knuckles  
rapping Last Call, gotten sloppy  
on the hard liquor of our marriage.

I had only wanted to keep drinking  
the champagne of my children,  
bubbles rising.

END

*After a raising three children and a long business career, Heidi Seaborn started writing poetry in 2016. Today, she holds an MFA in Poetry and is an award-winning author of a number of titles.*

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## A HORRIBLE HIDE AND SEEK

By Vanessa Caraveo (USA / MEXICO)

A child sobs into her cell phone,  
sending one last text home.  
In the background, gunshots,  
as a disgruntled student roams.

Whether you blame it on stress,  
lack of guidance, or bullying,  
the end result is all that matters.  
And this end will be worrying.

How many dead and gone today?  
Less or more than tomorrow?  
Families wait outside in horror  
for news of fresh scars and sorrows.

She never gets to finish the message  
and a few words are left unsaid.  
It's hard to comfort your mother  
when you're already dead.

END

## FEBRUARY ICE

Dr. Thomas Reed Willemain (USA)

After they buried her first-born  
in the frozen earth  
her second-born saw her become  
a small birch that had borne  
too much ice

bent way over  
staring into the ground  
as if she'd forgotten  
where they'd lain the body.

Her husband remained rigid,  
a maple with strong branches snapped,  
ragged stumps in their place,  
a broken symmetry.

The surviving son,  
pulled from the passenger seat,  
spent his life in futile repair  
trying to straighten and mend,  
ignoring their resentment  
that he was the twig  
neither bent nor broken.

END

*Dr. Thomas Reed Willemain is former academic, software entrepreneur and intelligence officer. His poetry has appeared in numerous journals and publications.*

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## THE MAN

By Sanda Ristić Stojanović (SERBIA)

*Translation Sonja Asanović Todorović*

The man,  
protrudes into the idea of heaven as a register of pain,  
he is palpated by the kinship of pain and chaos,  
spawn by tectonic disturbances of words at  
the plateaus of battles, sense, survival.

The man,  
squeezed between two ideas of life and death,

*Vanessa Caraveo is an author, published poet, and artist who has a passion for promoting inclusion for all and helping others discover the power within them to overcome adversity.*

the girdle of darkness tightens him, anticipating the protruding position of the word freedom.  
Assaults of the afternoons, centuries, falls, seas summarize him into themselves.  
Uprisings of words, centuries, furrows of our speech flow down the face of the revolution.

The man,  
bold as blood and all what blood utters,  
face to face with the metaphysics of tearing,  
vower of the last surrealism of life,  
filled from top to bottom  
with honed symbols of earth and sky.

The man,  
The node of the tide of the unspoken,  
the flywheel of the diamonds of his own ruin,  
removes the crown from the head of registrars of everything and  
treads like fixing the gaze of angels and demons.

The man,  
arose from the invention of time  
organizes the metaphysics of rebellion in the dense content of angels and demons

END

*Sanda Ristić-Stojanović graduated in philosophy, and is the author of 15 poetry books. Her poems and short stories have published in numerous collections of contemporary literature, and in several anthologies of poetry of the twenty-first century.*

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