



POETRY PIECES
OF
EUROPE

Vol. 1

POETRY PIECES
OF
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Anthology of Contemporary European Poetry



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Contents

Claudia Salajan (Romania)	7
Prince Vlad	8
Sleepwalker	10
Ventriloque	11
Introspective Silence Of A Solar Eclipse	13
The Wilderness Of Mirrors	14
Fascination	16
Kingdom Of Heaven	17
 Paola Di Gennaro (Italy)	 19
Thank You, History	20
True Farce	21
A Saga's Table	21
Sharing	22
The Game	23
Creation	24
Raison Perdue	25
Victorian Hall	26
The Usual Plague	27
Sphinx	27
Resolution	28
Grand Piano	29

Sandra Stolnik (Austria)31

What Is It Like To Be Hearing Impaired?	32
Beep	33
Voice Distraction	33
My Hearing	34
Sign-Language	35
Imaginary Friend In My Ear	36
Silence	37
If You Need Silence	38
I Must Hear	39
Valentine's Day Memories	40
One Day I'll Meet A Deaf Man	41
I Will Come Back	42

Sabrina Ferrai (Italy)43

Intro	44
A New Day	45
Banality	46
Worlds	47
Music	48
Seasons	49
Study	50
City	51
Soul	52
Country	53
Away	54
Trip Or Hope?	55

Lionel Daigremont (France)57

Blind And Deaf	58
When 6 Meets 9	59
Brake Down	60
Mind The Gap	62
Idiots	63
Share	64
A Jail Of Letters	65
The Unexpected	66

Hans Saturn (The Netherlands)69

Afraid Of The Night	70
In His Will	71
At The Other End	73
Camembert	74
In The Park	75
A-a-ah-nonymous	76
The Last Sound	77
Ball-Masque	78
Bed Englisch	80

Claudia Salajan



“Writing is who I am, and it’s my personal form of expression when spoken words can’t explain it all.”

Claudia Salajan was born on 28th of September 1983 in Romania. Her early life was affected by the Communist regime. By the age of 15, however, Communism was history, and she was already in search of new adventures and love. This was the time of her first attempts to write love and nature poems. Unfortunately, they appeared to be “too strange” for the school’s paper, and it was not before her joining the college that she gave another try to be published. Studying for a Bachelor degree in International Economic Relations and later, for a Master degree in European Economic Relations and specializing in Alicante, Spain, did not give the chance to her poems to be considered, though. The College’s papers appeared to be no place for poetry but for accounting and statistics. So, she kept writing unnoticed.

After her graduation, she worked as an economist and travelled a lot through Europe. France, England, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Greece and Spain enlarged her horizons, but it was back in her homeland that she rediscovered the medieval history which later influenced her work. More inspiration she finds in nature, which she considers a very important element in her writing process as well as particular places, people, legends, mysteries, paintings, movies, dreams and nightmares. This is Claudia’s début as a published author. At present, she keeps writing poetry and have just started her first novel.

Prince Vlad

“I on my part give up the uncertainty of eternal rest and go out into the dark where may be the blackest things that the world or the nether world holds!”

Bram Stocker, “Dracula”, Chapter 25

At the times of the dark Middle Ages
When humans feared, forbade and chained in a cage
What they couldn't understand,
The truth was covered in blood stains,
And there he was, **Prince Vlad of Vallachia** during daylight,
Ruthless war-lord who forbade justice and Christ,
Dracula, Prince of Darkness during the night,
A thirsty vampire, to whom the blood was sweet bliss –
Two personalities without a past
In a duality of different masks.
He was **Nosferatu**, the first vampire,
The sole ruler of his new dreadful empire.
After stabbing the cross right in its core,
For his wife was murdered, the wife he adored,
He decided to sell his soul to the Devil,
There was only darkness left in this soul of a rebel.
So, he lived within the depths of the night,
Where dreams wandered so hungry,
And death brought him delight.
Immaculate blood drops overwhelmed every boundary,
“Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!”
His food was your blood,
His home was your grave.
Living in darkness, he never knew good,
For he was so brave.
The blackness of his soul
Conquered up his mind,
Blood-thirsty mind.

He lived in a far land, named **Transilvania**,
Right in the middle of **Romania**.

His castle stood on the highest mountain,
Surrounded by cliffs and vultures and fountains
Of blood; there were entire rivers of blood.
There was nothing else left behind these woods
But the souls that he took, for he could.

His sanctuary was the open graves
Of maidens – his most favourite prey.

**The Thief of the souls,
And you, Night, behold!**

He'd die at daybreak and would live in the night yells,
Inside of his own made Hell.

Son of Lucifer, the Master of Darkness,
Just one bloody moon would be his mistress.
His teeth would be growing along with his passion,
His eyes were the mirrors of lust for his victims' obsession.
To him, the blood had never had a colour, just a taste.
From a distance his fingers each heart could embrace.

His cult was the blood!

Deprived of a soul,
Half a man and half a beast,
How could he suffer when he was deceased?
There's no magic in death!

For centuries you've been cursed to live forever.
And forever hungry for a better faith,
In search of the androgynous soul's cover,
Your salvation is Darkness, your obsession is Light.
To you, Heaven's a lie, and Hell's a delight,
*You're a fallen angel in the blackest darkness,
Ardent lover of the deceased.*

Impatient desire of inflaming sensuality,
You're a spell of charm for the mortal's frivolity.

Decadent spirit of a never-ending sorrow,
The grave is your Heaven; the crosses you follow.
Master of darkness, incarcerated in fear
Of living alone forever, with ghosts that only you hear.
Absorb mortals into your blissful desire,
Inside of that heart that burns in the fire,
Forever cursed to search for the blood line.
Sex symbol of gothic mistresses,
Symphony of horror on violin strings,
Spectrum of mirrors without a disguise,
You'll find your own **Mina** in each century
To heal your loneliness forever to be!

**“My revenge has just begun! I spread it over centuries and time is
on my side! “ Bram Stoker, “Dracula”, Chapter 25**

Dedicated to Vlad Dracula (1431-1476), The Son of the Dragon.

Sleepwalker

The *succulent* perfumes of the night
Absorb my steps through the *sunflowers'* fields.
Dempasar moon brightens my *path* to the valley of death.
There's no-one to make a *conversation* with but my shadow.
The city lights are *catalysts* of the stars;
The wind blows *newspapers* on the empty streets,
While the dawn breaks in the *lounge* of my hunger,
And the *kitchen* is full of light and silence.
Your *coffee* is my spirit's balance;
Two worlds collide in the *therapy* of a sleepwalker.

Paola Di Gennaro



“Napoli is a typical setting for poetic inspiration, one may say. The humid salty air coming up from the sea on hot breezes means more to me than the heavy rains in winter, and the breathtaking views probably are the scenario, on which I recall all the possible nuances of human expressions when I think of home.”

Paola Di Gennaro was born in Napoli, South Italy. At almost her thirties, she considers her homeland as too interwoven in her veins. Keeping sea-scented air in the lungs, Neapolitan voices in the ears and too much in the eyes, she has always dreamed of other soils too, desiring more layers of impressions and build-ups of emotions. She has spent an year in Japan as an exchange student and more than a year in London for a Master degree in comparative literature which is her major ever since her BA and all the way through a nearly completed PhD. She has always tried to learn as many languages as possible as to her, languages were the key for interpreting the world in different ways. This was also how poetry came. Paola has always loved writing but for some reason, she considered that she would write prose. Her first attempts were in Italian, but soon after she has moved to London, she started writing in English as she joined the literary society of her university and happened to realize how comfortable she felt with the newly discovered form of expression.

Paola says that she does not read poetry methodically and reads whatever comes into her hands. She loves Byron, Rimbaud and the symbolist poets T.S. Eliot and Borges. Dylan Thomas keeps a special place. Among the Italians, Salvatore Quasimodo is her favourite, but every single line written by her poet-friends tells her something more about poetry and life and adds other layers of impressions to the build-up of her own verses.

Thank You, History

Thank you, history,
For being as my imagination thought you'd be
When you rocked me in your strange fantasies
I was there, looking silently at you,
Waiting for your smile
To wake me up from my memoir,
You, you were a dream,
I, I was watching.

Thank you, history,
For calming me down
When the rush of the day exasperates my age
And the aggression of the world imposes on me silence
I cannot bear for more than twenty-four seconds
Of desperation, thank you,
History,
For being my sweet companion in the mountains of words
I fancy uttering when the dreams are gone and the sight is short
Thank you, history.
You presented to me my unmemorable mourn

And your sweet mistakes.

True Farce

Your fuller sense
Can only history design,
Reign of dust and incense
At the limits, where seas resign.
Honey, the misery of old times
Has passed and has left no scar
As a prisoner forgets his crimes
And never cries
When he plays his tragic farce.

A Saga's Table

Shall I sing to you a lullaby my dear,
Do you want to hear?
I will sing one for you tonight.
And you'll sleep as an old man sleeps
In the corner of sons' smiles
And grandsons' laughter
While the ladies chat
Composedly
Around the table in the middle of a story
Told in the middle of history.

Sharing

Share, my dear,
What we were
Once upon a time:
The dark cave,
Where we were born,
The lullabies – there was
No scorn –
The thorns in our feet
We proudly tore
With mature bites.

The silliness of time
Teaches of its enduring
Straight rails of dust
And roses
Powerful as an old
Cologne bottle
Stuck in a drawer
Among laces
And a small China pillbox.

Catch it, my dear,
Your destiny is upon
That ridiculous
Nothing new.

Sandra Stolnik



“I’ve always enjoyed writing down my thoughts in a journal since I learned how to read and write. It became a real habit when I got my first diary as a little girl. Since then I have always been writing down what was on my mind. When I was attending the business school, I tried to keep a journal in English just for fun, to practice my English. I haven’t stopped ever since.”

Sandra Stolnik was born on December 26, 1985 in Croatia. As a little girl she moved with her parents to Austria, where she lives now. She started writing poetry as a challenge to the “100 Day Challenge”, an online community of like-minded people, where everyone can share their goals and try to implement them for the next hundred days.

In 2009 Sandra suffered the personal loss of her grandfather, and this was when she started looking for poetry on the Internet in an attempt to find comfort. This, in combination with the “100 Day Challenge”, was the beginning of her own writing career.

An year earlier, she received her first acute hearing loss. It played an important role and became her writing theme. She says, she wants to write poems about the challenges she had in her life, being hearing impaired and about what it meant to be different. Writing about these issues is important as she believes it is still an unknown area to many people. Furthermore, she considers that life and experience, no matter how hard they can be, are a source of a sheer inspiration.

Sign-Language

Isn't it amazing, isn't it great
How people with only their hands can debate?
In just one movement I make them "hear",
Adding a few more, and they get it all clear.

Pointing it up or pointing it down,
They distinguish it all - the verb and the noun.
Pointing it left or pointing it right,
The fingers that dance – it's such a delight!

They do not need to hear a sound,
But they understand, despite being deaf profound.
Swaying it here or swaying it there,
Vivid communication takes place everywhere.

To get their attention, don't knock on the door!
You may stamp your feet on the floor.
They'll look upon you and will commend you,
Then you can sign whatever you mean to.

Even though some of them, at some point, could hear,
With one sign they get it, although their ears
Cannot distinguish any songs of the birds
Or the dog's barking or all of your words.

Yet, they live perfectly well without this sense,
And they do not need to take defence.
They're not much more different from you and me,
They're nothing but humans the way they wish it to be.

If You Need Silence

If you need silence
And want some peace,
Just switch off your hearing aid,
And all the distraction will cease.

If you need silence,
Away from all the noise,
Just switch off your hearing aid,
And you won't hear a single voice.

If you need silence
To recharge your mind,
Just switch off your hearing aid,
And silence you will find.

If you need silence
When you want to dream,
Just switch off your hearing aid;
You'll hear nothingness to its extreme.

One Day I Will Meet A Deaf Man

One day I will meet a deaf man,
To whom I will give my heart.
He will take me just as I am,
And we will not tear apart.

He will be deaf completely,
But I will not bother to care.
It matters that he will love me.
We'll grow old while we share.

He'll go on, and I'll be around,
Rejoicing as never before.
It won't matter that I hear and he's deaf profound,
We'll be attracted even more.

I hope that my mother and father
Will tolerate the love that we'll share.
We'll be meant for each other,
We'll be the most perfect pair.

We'll have awesome children one day,
One will be silent, and the other will speak.
I hope they'll grow up in a beautiful way.
Like you, they will be smart and unique.

There will be challenges along our way,
And we'll have to keep self-esteem,
But great things will be waiting not far away,
And we'll make it because I'll love him.

Who says that a deaf man can't live with a hearing wife,
Or that it won't work out for long?
When I find this man one day in my life,
I'll prove them all they are wrong!

Sabrina Ferrai



“It seems hard to explain why I write poetry. When I write, words come themselves, pictures come themselves, everything comes so naturally. I imagine establishing a connection between myself and my inner-self. I know it is hard to believe, but I need a reality that does not differ from a dream, and poetry manages to deliver me this, painting my life with imagination and emotions.”

Sabrina Ferrai is 22 years old student in Foreign Languages and Literature (English and French) at the University of Trento, Italy. She defines herself as an emotive person, sometimes moody, very fond of love and friendship, sensitive and melancholic too. Originating from the small village Telve Valsugana near Trento, she points out beautiful Italian nature as a first source of inspiration for her work. Cats, reading, music, computer technology, photography and sports are other topics she is interested in, besides poetry.

Sabrina finds herself strongly influenced by Romanticism in general, and by Baudelaire, Wordsworth, Leopardi, in particular. John Keats’ verses and the depth of emotions in William Shakespeare’s and Kahlil Gibran’s work also affect this talented young poetess with regard to love poetry.

Her homeland means to her the future as she thinks that people must have a world to fit their dreams and ambitions in, whereas everyone has the right to hope. There will be nothing more naïve (and thus beautiful) than a world that is the way we wish it to be.

Worlds

Progress is the truth you can trust.
Politics, economies, societies are your faith,
But I have questions, doubts. I must!
Oh, all is simply lying, nay?

I've seen a factory in the middle of production.
Smoke and air were making love in a rush,
But now the engine is no longer in action,
Failed, failed! How many goods? Time's passed.

The city is the bearing column of our properties. It's so mean!
Cement is covering spaces with gray; there's no more green.
Work is giving certainties, it seems,
But why do we have to be the prey?
Money, oh, The Master, and we pay!

On the other side, there's a sea,
Affected by mysticism.
Nature is the winner! She has the key!
She wins every competition but not by favouritism!
Villages are browning under the mild sun;
Everywhere I look, I breathe the primitive perfume of Man.

Soil is growing,
And planted grass is all around.
Hands are roping
And building love and friendship on a fertile ground!

And I, a little foreigner,
I'm listening to this enchanting lullaby,
I'm a solitary Mariner,
I live while everything is passing by.

Music

My ear is singing with its own voice.
I have to graze this melodic sound,
I have no choice.

It's a burning essence, I've found,
Awakening my inner eye.
Music please, do speak and fly!

Kissing somewhere, an echo of love;
Crying somewhere, the struggling of rage;
Sleeping somewhere with the peace of a dove;
Silence, Nowhere, Nothingness, Cage.

And I? I'm just here, quivering to contemplate.
Music, do I dare dive within your state?

Anyway, the time is done,
The print of memory follows.
Fast and deep, your soul is gone,
My ear your absence hollows.

Study

Have you ever imagined the life of a book?
It's a world in a bit of sand that you took,
And this world seems to be so alive!
Thank imagination, if it's still able to survive!
Survive to what if not the truth's bone,
But what's the important is the milestone.
It's the value of nothing that people place
Or the price of everything that one can face¹?

Have you ever cared for a book's emotion,
Or is it so dreadfully hard to reserve it devotion?
I hoped you could, maybe, enjoy!
It, defeated, cries but leave it alone,
You seem to be annoyed!
Out of anguish, maybe, you prefer to be a friend.
The book's atrocious, despotic, with a black flag at the end.
Ah! Dissembler reader²! You are an opportunist!
You let your mind sail onto a blissful mist.

Have you ever figured me with
My long court of foolish feelings?
Ah, I prefer rest! I'll leave this world dreaming
Until my mind will require to be stopped,
And the last flux of my heart will be dropped.
So, I remember this abyss's sweet caress,
And the shipwreck in this sea is also sweet³. Oh, yes!

1 Oscar Wilde, 'People know the price of everything but the value of nothing' ("The Picture Of Dorian Gray")

2 C. Baudelaire, 'Ah, Hypocrite Lecteur!' ("Au Lecteur")

3 Leopardi, 'El naufragar m'è dolce in questo mare.' ("Infinito")

Lionel Daigremont



“My goals as a poet are to share words, to share love and to share fun. As long as there is something to share, I’ll continue writing and sharing my passion with all my followers.”

Lionel Daigremont is 27-year-old French computer science engineer who lives and works near Paris. He is fond of music, sports and photography, but above all, his greatest passion is poetry. Lionel performs on poetry slam sessions and by now has the impressive amount of about a thousand of texts written in French, English and Spanish.

French culture helps him much to see life as an infinite poetry, something that he adopted also as his motto. French songs by artists such as Serge Gainsbourg, Michel Berger, Daniel Balavoine or Francis Cabrel manage to make much sense to him, containing rich vocabulary and keeping at the same time rhythm and harmony. Lionel gets inspiration from French literature as well, especially from legendary poets such as Charles Baudelaire and Paul Verlaine.

He considered the First European English Poetry Book Competition a great and exciting challenge as a large collection had been expected, whereas he had just a dozen of English texts. While writing poetry in English in order to participate, he preferred searching new directions, using the specifics of the language instead of trying to simply translate his work. This young French author presents here his love poetry, which is unique itself as another value of his home country, quite inseparable from poetry, is love. After all, it is a strong symbol that the intro of “All You Need Is Love” by The Beatles had been taken from the French national anthem.

When 6 Meets 9

Mister 6 was a lonely man,
Drinking, working and lacking fun.
Mister 6 was a horny man,
The body - on fire, but no firewoman.

Lady 9 had the moon for her smile,
The sun on her skin, radiating nine miles,
All we expect from an Inca queen
With eyes as lovely as those of a cat.

Two Bodies, Two People, Two Numbers,
Two Universes both unlike the other;
Between them - all the oceans on Earth;
Two Digits, One Number, Two Lovers.
When 6 meets 9, when 9 meets 6,
When all is fine, all day and night,
When 9 meets 6, when 6 meets 9,
You read "Fire" between the lines.

Mister 6 is not the same man,
Now Lady 9 became his sun.
Lady 9 is just the girl that was born from fire,
And her body cries "6" with desire.
He feels like an artist; she's his #1 fan.
Lady 9's flower and Mister 6's gun,
Guns and Roses team for a little more rock
On their love which is a kind of a big block,
Unbreakable, Invincible and Eternal.

Two Bodies, Two People, Two Lovers,
Together, they became the Number of Lovers.
Horny Honeys, a duet of singers
To sing the song of the flowers.
When 6 meets 9, when 9 meets 6,

When all is fine, all day and night,
When the tenderness is alright
You read "Love" between the lines.

6 and 9 have been united since they had the sign,
Since they felt they could share their curvy lines.
They flipped, then flopped; 6 became 9; 9, 6 and 2 became 1.
Two Digits, One Number, Only One, Just One,
The Number of sensuality. They became each other,
A symbolic figure, the opium of the crazy lovers
And dreams spread across the Universe.

I'm still Mister 6, she's still Lady 9,
But since she's mine
There's an eternal sunshine, an eternal sun mile,
And everything goes fine,
For it is magic when 6 meets 9,
Magic when kisses shower in the night
Because we read "Us" between the lines.

Brake Down

We lived all fast full-throttled life.
We burnt all out on the fast lane.
We burnt our fuel, our energy of life,
We ran so fast, it became insane.

You drove me mad, I made you bad
Because I felt like there was no speed limit.
Love was such a powerful engine. I was glad
To run and run and reach the infinite...

Now our road faded. It's sad
Because it was a stroke of a storm like in a short circuit.
Cut off, powered down, broken up, broken down,
Tumbling down, upside down.

I pushed the accelerator
And clutched up on every steps.
Passed life geared to go faster and faster,
I reached the top speed to curb the regrets.

Fast, wild and furious, I passed all stunts,
The 101 stunts of our dangerous love
From the loops of your curves to dirty runs,
To the chase of the 7th sky above.
Never a road seemed too tricky for us.

I was the driver; you were my Carrera,
My flat 6 boxer engine, great and generous.
We had the control, there was no danger area,
But roads of love are sometimes vicious.
I had to slow down, I knew it...
Feelings are sometimes sharp and malicious!
I had to slow down, I knew it...

I drove too fast! I didn't see the curve,
And I forgot that life could be violently steered.
Time to brake, to stop, to have a break,
All happened to me so suddenly!
I've lost control, I've lost my common sense.
Wanting to turn left wasn't right.
I passed the limits, I hit the fence.

Whatever the direction should have been, I wasn't right.
Blinded by Love's haste and Speed's demon,
You've left me - all my hopes were gone.

I had to brake, and you broke it all down.
You broke *me* down, leaving me alone.

I let you go, rewriting my future.
My speed was about 88 mph
When I hit the wall of loneliness.
And I drive now with no car and no parking brake.
I'm driving to nowhere, now face to face
With the road of sadness and the sorrow of that break.

Hans Saturn



‘Being Dutch, with my German accent, does not not always make it easy to transform the words that come to me into English language. Often they drop out in a bit of a strange way but to those who read them, may I just say - these are words from the heart, words from just me, just words that might eventually tell things.’

Hans Friedhoff was born on January 27th 1959 in the Netherlands. For almost 7 years now he has been living in Germany. As an active blogger and an Internet-user, for over 2 decades, he has been popular with his nick Saturn, which he also uses as an artistic name. Hans describes himself as a dreamer who loves to watch the sky, the planets and the stars, being one with unconditional love to music and romance.

His educational background includes a middle graduation in Economy and Computer technics, and he has been working as a computer specialist for the biggest part of his life. He has been writing poems in Dutch for 35 years. His English poetry has been dating back since 1975.

He finds his home country, The Netherlands, a wonderful place to be, but he is also grateful to his second home, Germany, after years spent there. He finds both countries enough different from each other to give him inspiration in his daily life and in poetry.

He believes that words come together in lines to tell things far beyond the words themselves. He hopes he will be able to give his readers the ‘Yes-I-Know-This-Feeling’ moment.

Camembert

I open the door and let you in.
Come here, I have a nice warm place for you!
Make yourself comfortable and warm up a bit!
Take your time, I have all the time that you need.

I look at you. Your curves amaze me!
I think about how long I should wait
Before I can take a step further.
It's a matter of time – neither early nor late.

I think you're ready now, I will wrap you out.
I know you don't mind, you don't even shout.
You smell...
M-m-m-m...
So swell!

A-a-ah, this is way too nice!
I take my knife and cut a slice,
I open my mouth and let you in.
I'm out of control - a heavenly sin!

I slice some more. That's what I like the most.
I put you on some fresh burnt toast.
I pour in a glass of wine.
You and me, now that's just fine!

I don't need anyone from anywhere -
Just you, my smelling

Camembert!

In The Park

I am sitting in the park.
The wind is still chilly,
That's why I chose the sunny side.
The air blows a shadow
Beside me along with my thoughts,
Thoughts with no worries and fears.

The city's nature excites me!
Strawberry - lemon,
I'm licking my ice-cream,
Sweet and sour, wrapped in a crusty cake!

A balloon that is flying away
Is followed by a little girl.
She's running, and her tears are flowing.
So much sadness about some wrapped air!

I look at both of them.
It is an unfair match.
Sometimes, I catch the world,
Revealing my deepest feelings,
Regarding who wants to understand whom.

Bed Englisch

Hello everybody,
As you kan see
I em righting in english too thee!

And thats my porblem
becourse I can speak
Pretty good,
But when I right
It all goes wid the wrong foodt.

I lack the words of your bootafull language;
The grammar is givving me a fantastic heddage.
I get sleeples nights about it,
And when I see a misstake, I think "Oh, sh...!
THAT word I kould korrekctly write!"
Budd further,
My english is a reel this-ass-ter.
It is my personal dilemma,
It is my private drama!

What I share with you in dizz poem
Is that it is not my fault -
Englisch is not the language that I normaly spreek;
I am Dutsj, and I can speak Deuts too.
But here there's nothing I kann doo?

I do hope though, yoo dont mind
All de misstakes you vind
Because my enlizz might be bed
But your Duts is not muts better, I bet.

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The idea of an English language anthology to represent the new European poetic scene through authors, whose mother tongue is not initially English, came naturally along with other suggested tendencies of development that the Eminor group gathered through its first year of existence as an entity.

This book is a result of joint activities of people all across Europe who engaged themselves in its preparation, according to their own field of specialization. Authors, designers, proof-readers and editors, all having English as a second or even a third language, have been brought together, led by one common idea - to spread the variety of European cultures in a literature product, presented in an international linguistic tool.

We strove to preserve as much as possible the diversity, which emerged in the written work of our poets as a result of the specifics in their own mother tongues. We were willing to give them the freedom to experiment with their English verses even when this was not entirely correct in terms of grammar. However, we really do hope that this ended to be an unconventional read for anyone who may have interest in it. For us, personally, there was nothing more exciting than to read the story of Count Dracula told by a Romanian poet, the contemplation at history written by a representative of the cradle of history, Italy, and love verses delivered by a French author. This was a unique experience, and we would like to thank all our writers for joining this initiative with their talent and courage. We wish them much success in their career and are looking forward to new opportunities and projects, where we can work together again.

The Eminor Team

