



Poetry

Maria A. Miraglia

I AM SOMEWHERE, AND THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH

I am somewhere, I live somehow
beyond the point of remembrance
in the unspoken sentence of patience.
I dwell somewhere at
the end of self,
down there if the meaning recognizes me, I
am happy.
I find myself
within my tired sorrow,

previously unseen
not even in a dream,
I saw time sliding from my hands and I
was convinced
that my absence does
not exist
so that I look everywhere to
find myself.
I have no more qualms,
I know you took all its
traces with you

and since I don't have any questions,
it suffices that
I remember your name. Taranto,
Italy, October 4, 2019

THE ROUGE OF THE SOUL

You fear exposing your soul
its truths
and look in the mirror
staring at your image
but almost frightens you
to investigate to the bottom

Your soul is there
well hidden
you can hardly
recognize it and
soon realize of it
you feel a little ashamed
so immediately get organized
to find remedies
not to make it come out
as it is
and invent strategies
to cover it with rouge

you dress your face with smiles
your language becomes courteous
and polished
your lips always open to compliments
or in defence of the weakest
always the first to condemn injustices
and hypocrisies

You love applauses
and for this
take care of appearances
but sooner or later
you'll find again alone
with your Self
@Maria Miraglia

NEW FEARS

Mirroring yourself
on the pond of time
you look at your face
Your white hair
and the wrinkles on your forehead
that as if they sculpted
mark it
Many starry skies or
storms that
scored your path, and
in the evening now
you feel the fatigue
of the day of the
slow steps that
bring you to the alcove
where Morpheus struggles to arrive

your dreams have no more the
colours of the dawn
The smell of the pure morning air on
the new day

to live in joy
but gloomy
they turn to the twilight hours and
with pain
you think of the time that fled
which like poison
infects your mind
afflicts your soul
and you feel strange fears you
didn't know before
Maria
Miraglia -2022



Maria A. Miraglia

Maria Miraglia is a bilingual poet, essayist and translator. Member of the European Academy of Sciences and Arts - Strasburg, literary director of the Pablo Neruda Cultural Association, vice president of the International Writers' Association - Kosovo, honorary member of Naciones Unidas de las Letras - Colombia, member of the Galaktika Poetike Editorial Council Autunis -Belgium, of the editorial committee Ourpoetry Archive- India, President of the Organization Mundial de los Trovadores for Italy-Chile. Miraglia is the representative of the Union of Writers of the World Nations for Italy, and a member of several international editorial committees. She has published 24 anthologies, her poems are present in over one hundred international anthologies and in magazines around the world. She is a peace lover and the founder and president of the World Foundation for Peace.E-Mail: <editorpoetcrit@gmail.com>
