



all poets are my lovers [males /females], they are not to be meagre seeds, but rather some spring sprouts clamouring their vines to reach an endless end; i have a need to hear not only his tickling ink voices, but also to chew the “unreal”, the intractable... i need to be dragged to utterance than into analysis; i need to be bolted dazed into a paralytic plane... when i meet a person, i catch his eyes... read what it says, dissect its movements, imprison its thoughts, dig deeper into its structural despot\_thereby, my imagination starts to paint sculpt draw a discursive portrait! \_MAELAN KOIA SYDNEY 2017

**Maria Teresa** Manta Aradeo (Lecce) Italy, a writer and poet, literary criticism, journalistic collaboration, and radio... subjects with regards to current affairs and culture.

Ins.in pension, she has been writing for over, 5 years on poetry and folktales... published on many anthologies and anthological collections, in national and international magazines, and in many libraries that have requested for it. She does literary criticism, collaborate with some newspapers, and conducts my radio station “Moon Radio Live”—gets invited in many Sky and Earth TV and radio stations.



From 2011 to today published:

OVER THE DIGA OF THE SCLEROSIS OF SENTIMENTI SOPITI, FOR YOUR LUNA, FISSE STARS IN SKY (Poesia and L'Espresso SpA) - THE TIME OF SILENCE Poetry (Ed. Albatros) - RACCONTS and / or MYSTERY short and not only tales, ed. Book Sprint).

Managing Director of: Hawaii - State of Washington - Oregon - California - Nevada - Utah - Arizona - Tennessee - Texas - Florida - General Manager - Vice President of the United States - City of Orlando - Madacascar - India - North Africa - France - Woord Union of

Balcans - World Poet's Union - Mont Blanc and the peaks of Italy - Denmark - Woord Union of poets "Peace ...

- Golden Star at UMP (World Union of poet of poetry poetry, Silvano Bortolazzi (Founder President and International President of the "Poetry School" - SCHOOL OF POETRY - UMP World Union of Poets - Nobel for Literature).

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## MORTO IN MISSIONE "DI PACE"

Quando mi sveglierò  
voglio che sia il sole  
a riscaldarmi ancora.

Voglio prati fioriti e profumi  
e canti di uccelli felici  
e voci di bimbi e gioia  
e non più pianti .

Quando mi sveglierò  
ti voglio accanto.

Ti lasciai troppo presto,  
in silenzio  
e ti voglio felice .

Quando mi sveglierò  
voglio il tuo respiro  
sul mio volto rigato  
dal pianto  
e il tuo petto sul mio  
e gli occhi tuoi voglio,  
dentro i miei.

Quando mi sveglierò  
voglio ritrovarti al  
mio fianco,  
tutto m' han tolto  
uccidendomi,

TUTTO M'HAN TOLTO  
in quel mare di sangue

sull'asfalto di sabbia rovente  
dove son caduto,  
dove son morto  
invocando il tuo nome.

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**[DEAD IN MISSION "PEACE"**

When will I wake up

I want to make the sun  
to warm again.

I want to flower meadows and perfumes  
and happy birds singing  
and voices of children and joy  
and no more tears.

When will I wake up

I want next.

I left too early,  
in silence  
and I want you happy.

When will I wake up

I want your breath  
on my face streaked  
from weeping  
and your chest on my  
and I want your eyes,  
into mine.

When I wake up

I want to find yourself  
my side,

all m 'they have taken away  
killing me,

It sent me ALL REMOVED

in that sea of blood  
on the asphalt of hot sand  
where I have fallen,  
where I am dead  
in your name.

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**“Dead IN MISSION “Peace”**

When i shall be awakened  
i want the sun  
to warm again  
perfumed flowering meadows  
birds singing joy  
children’s voices in joy,  
no more tears **Maria Teresa #1**

i wake up  
easterly wind  
come dancing with joy  
long tresses adorned with flowers  
the sun rays lending  
lively beats of joy  
children singing  
jumping incessantly  
all but laughters  
**#1 Maelan Koia Sydney 2017**

When i shall be awakened  
you will be next to me  
our distance  
that was silenced  
I wish you happiness **Maria Teresa #2**

i wake up  
your arms around me  
i will never let you go  
the mists that has  
gone too soon  
is back  
never never shall  
we part again.  
**#2 Maelan Koia Sydney 2017**

When i shall be awakened  
i want your breath  
on my face  
dried of tears  
and your breast on me  
your eyes will be  
only mine. **Maria Teresa #3**

i open my eyes  
i feel your warmth  
kissing my eyes, my nose, my lips  
i shout in joy  
your shoulders  
have fully  
embraced me.  
**#3 Maelan Koia Sydney 2017**

When i shall be awakened  
i 'll find you  
at my side,  
all that i missed  
that has been taken away  
in that sea of blood  
on the asphalt of scorching sand  
where son fell,  
where dead son  
invokes your name. **Maria Teresa #4**

as translated in English  
by: **Maelan Koia Sydney**  
a.k.a. **∆de caparas manilah**

i am wakened  
our hands on clasped  
our wholeness  
once again in bloom  
those dark nights  
when i used t call  
your name  
has gone forever.  
**#4 Maelan Koia Sydney 2017**

## UOMO

Mi sono svegliata dal buio del mio ventre alla luce del giorno  
e cammino per strade deserte cercandoti.

Attraverserò paesi stranieri, incontrerò nuove genti, diverse da me  
all'apparenza forse ma uguali.

Tra foreste e deserti poserò i miei piedi e te uomo cercheranno  
i miei passi e i miei occhi.

Più in fretta camminerò e per sentieri sconosciuti, andrò avanti  
così, per le strade del mondo, sempre in cerca di te

E cammino, cammino, cammino , dove mi porteranno i miei passi?  
Chi mi offrirà un sorriso e una parola buona, dove albergherò la mia  
solitudine e il mio pianto chi allevierà?

Chi asciugherà le mie lacrime, chi mi offrirà una parola, chi quieterà  
la mia nostalgia ?

Dove ti troverò uomo, dove si fermerà il mio cammino?

E cammino, cammino, cammino, ancora e ancora e ancora,  
attraverso foreste, deserti, pianure, città ...

Volti, volti, volti, quante genti, tante genti: bambini tristi e donne  
sole e vecchi rugosi e stanchi e uomini scalzi e di ogni età.

E cammino, cammino, cammino e non mi stanco di cercare,  
di guardare, di capire ...

Cercherò altri mondi, altre genti, altri pensieri così lontani dal mio  
e così diversi ...

Sempre in cerca di te, uomo, scalerò le montagne, attraverserò  
le strade del mondo del rumore e del silenzio, degli uccelli e dei pesci,  
del giorno e della notte, della luce e del buio ...

Raccoglierò il mio coraggio, poserò lo zaino delle mie conoscenze e  
ti abbraccerò , uomo, diverso e uguale a me , come me, come me!!!

Qualunque sia il colore della tua pelle, la tua religione, la tua lingua,  
come me, uguale a me, nato dallo stesso Padre, SOTTO IL MIO STESSO  
CIELO SEI, SUL MIO STESSO PIANETA, nato dalla nostra stessa madre Terra  
GRAVIDANTE VITA, riscaldata dallo stesso sole, bagnata dalla stessa  
infinita e profonda acqua, illuminato dalla stessa mia luce notturna lunare,  
trapunta di infinite stelle a mostrarci il cammino, come me, UGUALE A ME,  
FRATELLO MIO, come me, uguale a me, cittadino dello stesso  
"NOSTRO", infinito, meraviglioso identico mondo.

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[MAN

I woke up from the darkness of my belly in the daylight

And walk for deserted roads by searching for you.

I will cross foreign countries, meet new people, different from me

Apparently perhaps the same.

Between forests and deserts I will lay my feet and you will search

My steps and my eyes.

I will walk faster and by unknown paths, I will go ahead

So, in the streets of the world, always looking for you

And I walk, walk, walk, where will my steps go?

Who will offer me a smile and a good word, where I will stay mine

Loneliness and crying who will relieve you?

Who will wipe my tears, Who will offer me a word, Who will silence

My nostalgia?

Where will I find you man, where will I stop my journey?

And I walk, walk, walk, again and again and again,

Through forests, deserts, plains, cities ...

Faces, faces, faces, how many people, so many people: sad children and women

Sun and old wrinkled and tired and bare men and of all ages.

And I walk, walk, walk and I do not get tired of looking,

To look, to understand ...

I will look for other worlds, other people, other thoughts so far away from mine

And so different ...

Always looking for you, man, I'll rock the mountains, I'll cross

The streets of the world of noise and silence, birds and fishes,

Of day and night, of light and darkness ...

I will gather my courage, I will lay the backpack of my knowledge and

I'll hug you, man, different and equal to me, like me, like me !!!

Whatever the color of your skin, your religion, your language,

Like me, equal to me, born of the same Father, UNDER MY SAME

SKY SEE, ON MY SAME PLANETA, born of our own Mother Earth

GRAVIDANT LIFE, heated by the same sun, bathed by the same sun

Infinite and deep water, illuminated by my own lunar night light,

Quilt of infinite stars to show us the way, like me, SINGLE TO ME,

MY BROTHER, like me, is the same as me, a citizen of the same

"OUR", infinite, wonderful, identical world.]

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## Man

i woke up from the darkness of my womb in the light of day  
walk on deserted roads in search of you  
crossing foreign countries, meet new people  
differ in appearance but we are all same human beings  
Between forests and deserts i lay my feet  
and you seek my steps and my eyes.  
i walk on some unknown paths, i move faster  
the streets of the world, i search for you  
walk walk walk where will my steps lead me?

### Maria Teresa #5



from time of birth  
my eyes have roved in search of man  
nations countries of native and foreign lands  
i've wandered and looked  
various terrains of  
mountains forest seas deserts  
where my steps lead me  
i don't know!

### #5 Maelan Koia Sydney 2017

Who will lend me a smile, a good word,  
which will take out my loneliness; relieve me of my sadness?  
Who will wipe my tears away, who will give me a word,  
who'll silence my nostalgia ?  
Where will i find you man... when do i stop my journey?  
walk walk walk... again again and again,  
through forests, deserts, plains, city ...  
faces, faces, faces, many people, many nations: sad children and women  
old wrinkled and tired and Discalced men and of every age.  
walk walk walk, an endless untiring search,

### Maria Teresa #6

i miss the smiles, the loving words  
i walk alone in loneliness  
who will pat my shoulder  
who will quench my thirst



my endless walks, again again and again  
how where when do i find you  
empty faces everywhere  
but sees me not  
ahhhhhhhhh... i am tiring!  
**#6 Maelan Koia Sydney 2017**

to watch, to understand ...  
I will try other worlds, other peoples, other thoughts  
so far away and so different ...  
in search of thee, man, i scale mountains,  
walk through the streets of the world... of the noise and of silence,  
birds and fishes of the day and night ... of light and darkness ...  
I will gather my courage, carry the backpack of my knowledge  
and hug you man, different race but we are equal, alike,  
the varied colours of skin, different religion, different languages,  
but of the same Father, under one sky, same planet,  
born from our own mother Earth,  
GRAVIDANTE LIFE, heated by the same sun,  
bathed by the same infinite and deep water,  
illuminated by the same my nightlight lunar, infinite number of stars  
to show us the way as me, EQUAL TO ME, MY BROTHER,  
like me, equal to me, a citizen of the same  
"OUR", infinite wonderful identical world.

as translated in English by: [Maelan Koia Sydney](#) a.k.a. ade caparas manilah

**Maria Teresa #7**



in traverse of all weathers  
comb every mountains  
cross every seas  
kiss all nations  
hug all nationalities  
we belong we belong together  
one sky one Father  
same sun same moon and stars  
we are but one race: the human race  
let's love let peace clothe us!  
**#7 Maelan Koia Sydney 2017**

## A Note

by Dr. Jernail S. Aanand

President/Founder . PHILOSOPHIQUE POÉTICA [De-Aanand]



Maria has been writing frequently in these columns in themes which assert essential humanism and peace to the world. A GLYMPSE welcomes such impassioned poetic creations battled in love for creation. Maria tries to transcend the linguistic barriers and succeeds in conveying her essential message. Dead in

Mission Peace is a sentimental poem which evokes need for human love in a land overgrown with lust hunger and terror.

I welcome Maria to A GLYMPSE and express my thanks to Ade for putting into lime light poetic talents which otherwise could have been like Roses which blossom in barren lands and die unseen and un-admired.

## A Critical Analysis

by Cijo Joseph Chennelil

Director/Administrator. PHILOSOPHIQUE POÉTICA [De-Aanand]



The poem titled "Dead In Mission Peace" written by Maria Teresa Manta is a poem signifying the conflicts we human beings wage in the name of religions and Gods. The usual things of life should go on maintaining the status quo from head to foot. When it comes to normal things of life, they are about the singing of birds, the co-existence of all creatures

here on earth, the loveable environment prevalent in this world and the people enjoying happiness and joy from tiny kids to the elder members of the society. Here in the poem, the peace is intermixed with love and the lover yearns for the beloved. The relationship of the lover with the beloved is unbreakable, unshakeable and enduring. Here in the poem, there is a projection of a normal family but that peace is shattered by the vituperative and vitriolic elements in the society trying to vitiate the atmosphere. At the end of it all, we human beings resort to acts of highly violent nature which would plunge this world

into wickedness. These violences are committed by the ideologies and divine elements in the world. Kudos to you for composing such a poem of magnificent nature.

Written by **Cijo Joseph Chennelil** All Copyrights Reserved@ On 27th June 2017.

## A Note

by **ade caparas manilah a.k.a. Maelan Koia Sydney 2107**

Co-Founder PHILOSOPHIQUE POÉTICA [DE-ANAND]



this isn't an interpretation nor analysis... but rather a **'touch of drama'** for the selected poets and selected poems... thanks my dear poets! **\_ade c.**

my utmost thanks to you Maria Teresa, i wish you more success, God bless you.

prepared by: **ade caparas manilah a.k.a. Maelan Koia Sydney**  
sydney nsw australia

-END- 28 june 2017 wednesday 10:26am