

Poetry Series

Dimitris P. Kraniotis
- poems -

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Dimitris P. Kraniotis(15.07.1966)

Dimitris P. Kraniotis is an award-winning Greek poet. He was born in 15 July 1966 in Larissa (Greece) and he originates from Stomio (Larissa) in central Greece. He studied Medicine at the Aristotle University of Thessaloniki. He lives in Larissa (Greece) and works as a Medical Doctor (Internal Medicine specialist physician) .

He is the author of 9 poetry books: "Traces" (in Greek, Greece 1985) , "Clay Faces" (in Greek, Greece 1992) , "Fictitious Line" (in Greek, English and French, Greece 2005, "Dunes" (in French and Romanian, Romania 2007) , "Endogram" (in Greek, editions Malliaris Paedia, Greece 2010) , "Edda" (in French and Romanian, Romania 2010) , "Illusions"(in Albanian, Romania 2010) , "Leaves Vowels" (in Italian, Pluriversum Edizioni, Italy 2017) and "Tie of Public Indecency" (in Greek, Kedros Publishers, Greece 2018) . Also he is the Editor-in-chief of the international anthology in english "World Poetry 2011" (205 poets from 65 countries) .

He was invited and he has participated in several International Poetry Festivals. He has won many international awards for his poetry which has been translated in 25 languages (English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, Italian, German, Polish, Dutch, Serbian, Albanian, Romanian, Arabic, Chinese, Bulgarian, Turkish, Czech, Japanese, Bengali or Bangla, Persian or Farsi, Gujarati, etc) and published in many countries around the World. He is one of the 76 co-authors from 26 countries of the Global Harmony Association's book "The ABC of Harmony" (candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize 2013) . Also he is one of the 174 co-authors from 34 countries of the Global Harmony Association's book "Global Peace Science" (candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize 2017) .

He is Academician of the Academy Tiberina of Rome (Italy) , Academician of the International Academy of Micenei (Italy) , Doctor of Literature (Litt.D.) by World Academy of Arts and Culture, elected President of 22nd World Congress of Poets (Larissa, Greece 2011) by United Poets Laureate International, Founding President of World Poets Society (W.P.S) , Director emeritus of United Poets Laureate International (UPLI) , President emeritus of the World Congress of Poets, International Director of the World Union of Poets (WUP) , Director for Greece of Writers Capital International Foundation (WCIF) , Chief representative in Greece of World Nation Writers' Union (Kazakhstan) , Ambassador to Greece of Poetas del Mundo (Chile) , Universal Peace Ambassador by the Universal Ambassador Peace Circle (France) & the Universal Peace Embassy (Switzerland) , former Professor of the Department of Nursing in the University of Applied Sciences of Thessaly (TEI of Larissa) , Vice-President of Thessaly Association of Letters and Arts, former Vice-President of Larissa Union of Poets and Writers, former Vice-President of the Larissa Medical, former Editorial

Director of the Greek medical magazine "Hippocrates" and former member of the Editorial Board of the Greek literary magazines "Graphi".

He is member of several literary organizations (National Society of Greek Literary Writers, Hellenic Literary Society, Greek PEN, World Poetry Movement, International Writers Association, etc) .

Ashes

The fireplace
was eager
to put a fullstop,
in the sentence
where the road
of my dreams
stuck
upon the word of happiness
with sparkles
of wet logs
I collected
from the inside of me
that I dared
to turn to ashes.

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Denials

A roar of cars
seals the dawn
with short-cut answers,
with unyielding denials
that are repeated
explicitly
every sunset.

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Fictitious Line

Smokes
of cigarettes
and mugs
full of coffee,
next
to the fictitious line
where the eddy
of words
leans against
and nods,
wounded,
to my silence.

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Ideals

Snow-covered mountains,
ancient monuments,
a north wind that nods to us,
a thought that flows,
images imbued
with hymns of history,
words on signs
with ideals of geometry.

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Illusions

Noiseless wrinkles
on our forehead
the frontiers of history,
shed oblique glances
at Homer's verses.

Illusions
full of guilt
redeem
wounded whispers
that became echoes
in lighted caves
of the fools and the innocent.

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Limits

Fragments of glasses
in the empty room
of the inarticulate whispers,
bleed
our limits,
fill
with sores
the caress of our soul.

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Maybe

The cloud struggled
against the sand
underneath the rain
of 'no' and 'yes',
forcefully treading
on the rationale
that obeys
the impasse of 'maybe'.

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

One-Word Garments

Waves of circumflexes,
storms of adverbs,
windmills of verbs,
shells of signs of ellipsis,
on the island of poems
of soul,
of mind,
of thought,
one-word garments
you wear
to endure!

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Repetition

In the middle of the road
I came across
an old mistake of mine
and I went past it.
I rushed
to repeat myself.

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Rules And Visions

Life counts
the rules;
the sunset, their exceptions.
Rain drinks up
the centuries;
spring, our dreams.
The eagle sees
the sunrays
and youth, the visions.

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

The "don'ts" And "zeros"

The night
that strangled
the endless moments
I had wished
to live,
passed by
without my lighting up
the candle
I had longed
to warm up
all the "don'ts" and "zeros".

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

The End

The savour of fruits
still remains
in my mouth,
but the bitterness of words
demolishes the clouds
and wrings the snow
counting the pebbles.
But you never told me
why you deceived me,
why with pain
and injustice did you desire
to say that the end
always in tears
is cast to flames.

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

They Called Her Crazy

She loved
the flowers, the trees.
She kissed
the poppies, the lilies.
She played
with animals, like a child.
She adored
the humans, the birds.
She would sacrifice herself
for the life and love.
They called her crazy!
But why?

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

To The Dead Poet Of Obscurity

(In honor of the dead unpublished poet)

Well done!
You have won!
You should not feel sorry.
Your unpublished poems
-always remember-
have not been buried,
haven't bent
under the strength of time.
Like gold
inside the soil
they remain,
they never melt.
They may be late
but they will be given
to their people
someday,
to offer their sweet,
eternal essence.

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

To You I Speak

To you I speak,
do not show indifference.
This moment
to me
is mighty.
I am happy.
These words I uttered
and all were sad.
They left,
heads down.

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Victory

Short

is the life of victory.

Stuck

on the mud of the mistakes,

on the mud of the tarmac.

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

What I Ask

A ball of threads
my prayers
whisper
frightened.
Foolish "I"s
are choked
without you ever
knowing
what I ask.

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