

Kostis Palamas ([Greek](#): Κωστής Παλαμάς; 13 January [[O.S.](#) 8 January] 1859 – 27 February 1943) was a [Greek](#) poet who wrote the words to the [Olympic Hymn](#). He was a central figure of the [Greek literary](#) generation of the 1880s and one of the cofounders of the so-called [New Athenian School](#) (or Palamian School, or Second Athenian School) along with [Georgios Drosinis](#), [Nikos Kampas](#), and [Ioannis Polemis](#).



The Olympic Hymn

**Ancient immortal spirit, honorable father
Of the Beautiful, the Great and the True,
Come down, reveal yourself and shine
In the glory of your earth and heaven.
In racing, in wrestling and stone-throwing
Shine in the heat of noble contest,
Crown youth with the undying branch
And make their bodies strong and worthy.
Fields and mountains and seas shine with you
Like a great purple and white temple
And to this temple they come as pilgrims,
Ancient immortal spirit, all the races of the earth.**



Gustavo Adolfo Claudio Domínguez Bastida, better known as **Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer** (February 17, 1836, [Seville](#) – December 22, 1870, [Madrid](#)) was a Spanish [Romanticist poet](#) and [writer](#) (mostly short stories), also a [playwright](#), [literary columnist](#), and talented in drawing. Today he is considered one of the most important figures in [Spanish literature](#), and is considered by some as the most read writer after [Cervantes](#). He adopted the alias of Bécquer as his brother [Valeriano Bécquer](#), a painter, had done earlier. He was associated with the [romanticism](#) and [post-romanticism](#) movements and wrote while [realism](#) was enjoying success in Spain. He was moderately well known during his life, but it was after his death that most of his works were published. His best known works are the *Rhymes* and the *Legends*, usually published together as *Rimas y leyendas*. These poems and tales are essential to the study of Spanish literature and common reading for high-school students in [Spanish-speaking countries](#).

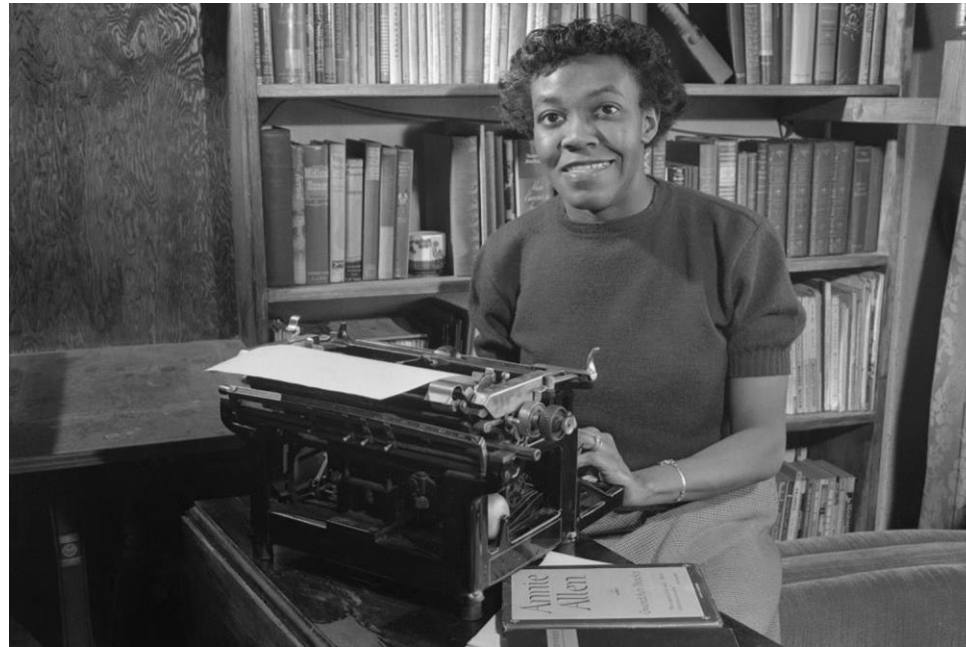
Eternal Love

*The face of the sun may darken forever;
The oceans may run dry in an instant;
The axis spinning our planet may shatter;
Like a brittle crystal.
Yes, all of that may happen! At the end, Death
May cover my flesh with his funeral shroud;
But none of it will reach within my soul and extinguish
The bright flame of your love.*

Gwendolyn Elizabeth Brooks (June 7, 1917 – December 3, 2000) was an American poet, author, and teacher. Her work often dealt with the personal celebrations and struggles of ordinary people in her community. She won the [Pulitzer Prize for Poetry](#) on May 1, 1950, for [Annie Allen](#), making her the first [African American](#) to receive the Pulitzer.

Throughout her prolific writing career, Brooks received many more honors. She was appointed [Poet Laureate](#) of [Illinois](#) in 1968, a position she held until her death, and what is now the [Poet Laureate Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress](#) for the 1985–86 term. In 1976, she became the first African-American woman inducted into the [American Academy of Arts and Letters](#).

Brooks was born in [Topeka, Kansas](#) and at six-weeks-old was taken to [Chicago](#), where she lived the rest of her life. Her parents, especially her mother encouraged her poetry writing. She began submitting poems to various publications, as a teenager. After graduating high school during the [Great Depression](#), she took a two-year [junior college](#) program, worked as a typist, married, and had children. Continuing to write and submit her work, she finally found substantial outlets for her poetry.



To be in Love

To be in love / Is to touch with a lighter hand.

In yourself you stretch, you are well.

You look at things / Through his eyes.

A cardinal is red. /A sky is blue.

Suddenly you know he knows too.

He is not there but /You know you are tasting together

The winter, or a light spring weather.

His hand to take your hand is overmuch.

Too much to bear.

You cannot look in his eyes /Because your pulse must not say

What must not be said.

When he /Shuts a door-

Is not there_

Your arms are water. /And you are free

With a ghastly freedom.

You are the beautiful half /Of a golden hurt.

You remember and covet his mouth

To touch, to whisper on.

Oh when to declare /Is certain Death!

Oh when to apprise /Is to mesmerize,

To see fall down, the Column of Gold, /Into the commonest ash.

Nichita Stănescu (Romanian pronunciation: [niˈkita stəˈnesku]; born Nichita Hristea Stănescu) (31 March 1933 – 13 December 1983) was a Romanian poet and essayist. Stănescu's father was Nicolae Hristea Stănescu (1908–1982). His mother, Tatiana Cereaciuchin, was Russian (originally from Voronezh, she had fled Russia and married in 1931). Nichita Stănescu finished high school in Ploiești, then went on to study Romanian language and literature in Bucharest, graduating in 1957. He made his literary debut in the Tribuna literary magazine. Stănescu married Magdalena Petrescu in 1952, but the couple separated a year later. In 1962 he married Doina Ciurea. In 1982 he married Todorîța "Dora" Tărâță. For much of his career, Stănescu was a contributor to and editor of Gazeta Literară, România Literară and Luceafărul. His editorial debut was the poetry book Sensul iubirii ("The Aim of Love"), which appeared under the Luceafărul selection, in 1960. He also was the recipient of numerous awards for his verse, the most important being the Herder Prize in 1975 and a nomination for the Nobel Prize in 1980.[1] The last volume of poetry published in his lifetime was Noduri și semne ("Knots and Signs"), published in 1982. A heavy drinker, he died of cardiopulmonary arrest.



Field in Spring

Green rings around the eyes, this grass in vibrant
motion

arcs tenderly about you, at a distance-
you summon it, then fling it round, broken
by your laugh of youth and innocence.

Stretched under you, this curling dome of grass
would sound its voices in the gravel-
but you are unaware - and now you pass
through foreign stars, a fool.

<Reference>

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