

THE HORIZON EUROPE

2025
MAY'S

lingering pasts;

πνιχτές αναμνήσεις; suspiros del ayer; tra passato e silenzio; kaj je ostalo; árnyak a múltból; cysgodion a fu; sjećanja koja ne blijede; šepoty minulosti; lastenes skygger; mračne uspomene; senki przeszłości; vetët e së kaluarës; spomini, ki ostajajo; glasovi iz davnina; тихи отзвуци прошлого; jäänyt eilinen; les lueurs d'autrefois;

CONTENTS

2 / EDITOR'S NOTE

4 / THIS GOODBYE

6 / EXTRACT OF MY JOURNAL

10 / WHAT'S THE USE?

12 / DAY-DRINKING

COVER / ANJA LENASI

HEADQUARTER PRESIDENT / NASR AL-AGHBARI

CREATIVE DIRECTOR & LEAD EDITOR / IRIS DIONYSIOU

HR / DIMANA TSVETOGOROVA & SARAH HADROVIC

LOGISTICS / ELISABETH FROHOLDT & SAM BRYCESON

FINANCE / EMINA HODŽIĆ

MARKETING / NEDŽLA ŠAKIĆ



**DEAR
READER,**

SET THIS PDF TO 2-PAGE VIEW,
AND ENJOY READING



Welcome to the May edition of Horizon Europe! This month, we step into the theme of “Lingering Pasts”! As spring deepens and the days stretch longer, what better moment to pause and reflect on the fragments of the past that shape us today? “Lingering Pasts” invites us to revisit the moments, people, and feelings that remain with us, soft-footed but ever-present, this edition captures that ache of nostalgia and the beauty of looking back. May’s Horizon edition is filled with poetry and introspection, a chance to explore the lingering past.

In tracing the past, we come closer to understanding the selves we carry forward, may these “lingering pasts” linger with you, just as the memories linger with us.

If YOU are a European student, or an international student currently living in Europe, you can scan the codes on the last page to have your own work published in future issues! As always, thank you for reading!

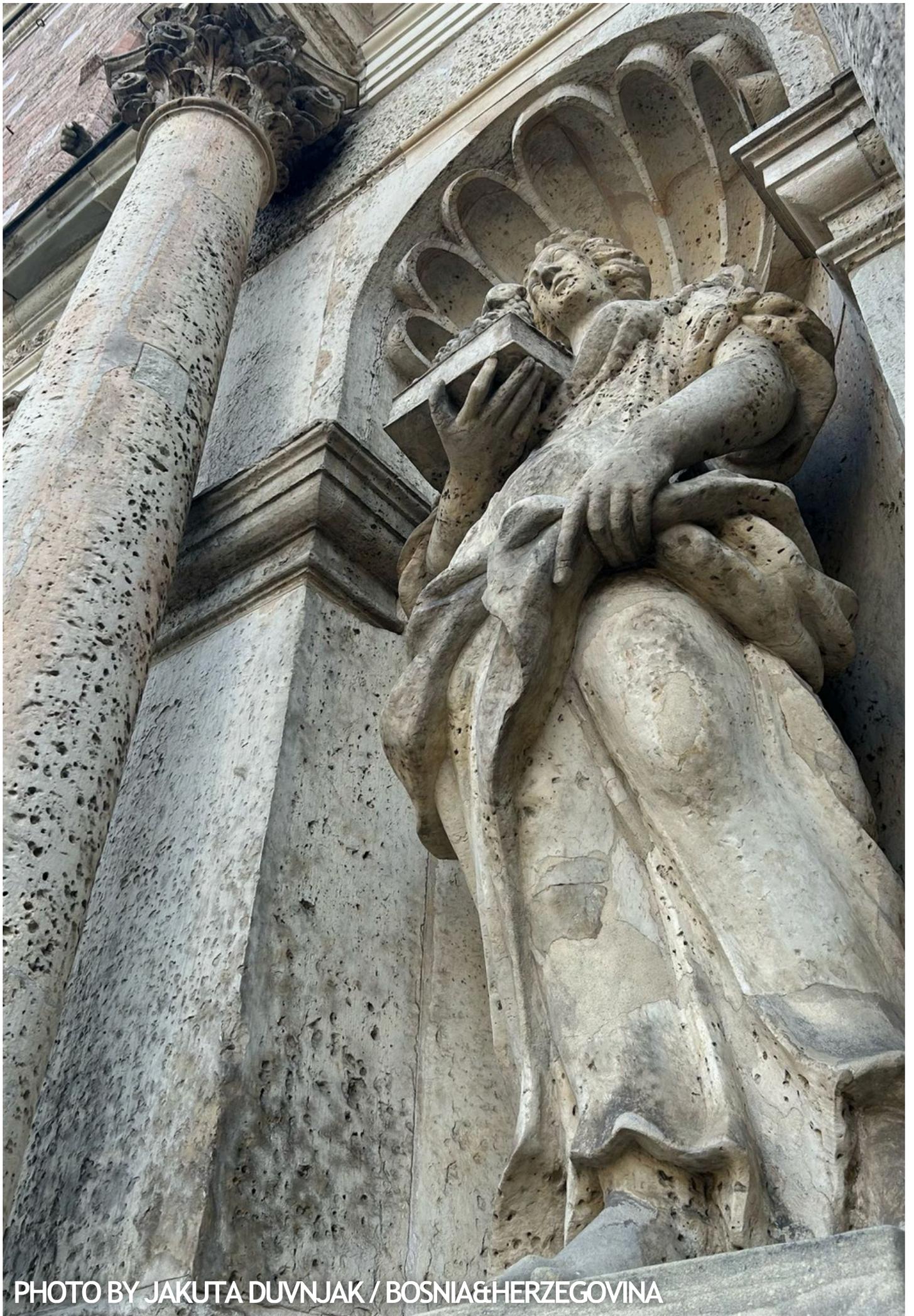


PHOTO BY JAKUTA DUVNJAK / BOSNIA&HERZEGOVINA

this goodbye

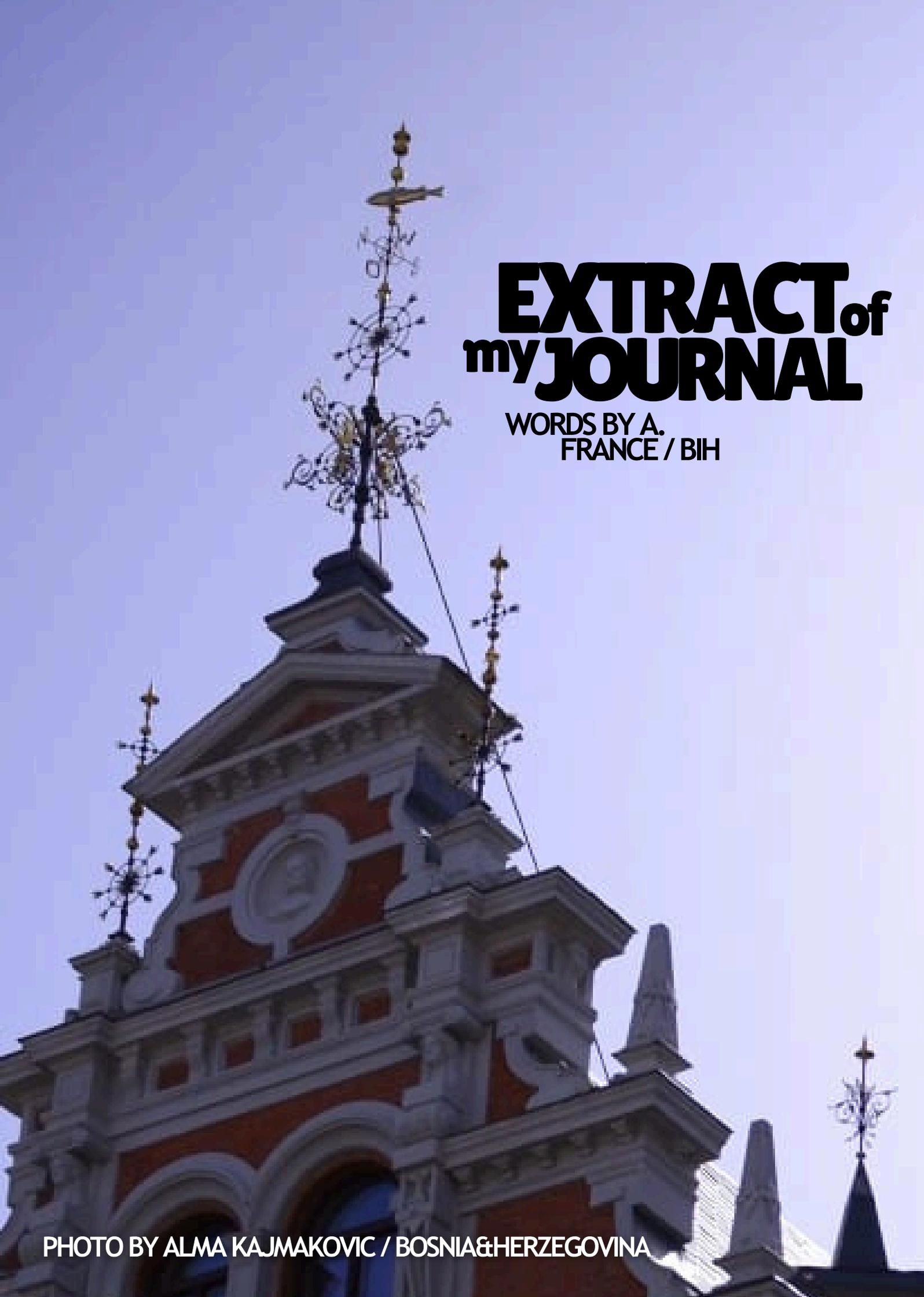
WORDS BY LOU,
BERLIN, GERMANY.

what has it been now
four weeks, five?
and already, i don't want to ever put this behind me.
my heart cramps when i think of how hard it was to leave cape town
but i can not live to imagine this goodbye

part of this is what growing up means i guess
getting older, life becoming more and more of a mess
so many little things i miss
running to school when late, or mom's goodnight kiss
so many big things that are gone
my childhood dog and dancing in the rain in italy
and her, of course

there's one thing i know won't dissolve
like sugar in tea, visible at first, but then
just a hint of the taste of it
and that is the air i breathe
the leaves that come back
it's the waves on the shore
and the warmth of the morning sun.

whenever you feel like there's an
unstoppable amount of change around you,
stand still and sense that everything might
be constantly moving, but
there are certainties around us
grasping for you to notice.



EXTRACT of **my JOURNAL**

WORDS BY A.
FRANCE / BIH

PHOTO BY ALMA KAJMAKOVIC / BOSNIA&HERZEGOVINA

6th of September

So yes, when I applied to UWC, I had some doubts. When I was accepted, I had some doubts. When I was nominated for Mostar, I had a lot of doubts. When I arrived, I had some doubts. Three weeks later, I still have some doubts.

Is that bad? Is it concerning? I don't think so.

Because I believe it takes time to appreciate this new life. It takes time to realize everything it is bringing me. And it takes time to weave real friendships.

This choice wasn't obvious. It wasn't obvious to "go back" 2 years, but that's the choice I made.

So yes, sometimes I have doubts, but this is my road. It includes mistakes, and I accept them, because they help me grow far more than my successes.

15th of March

I don't have any doubts anymore.

Even if it's really far from perfection, I will never regret this choice, at least I don't think so.

But maybe I had the privilege to have some doubts, and I need to be aware of that. This also reminds me that I'm never sure about my choice, and if I am, maybe it's because I idealized it.



PHOTO BY ALMA KAJMAKOVIC / BOSNIA&HERZEGOVINA



Today I wander down roads of endless rain,
Knowing full well that no soul will appear.
For even those who once loved in vain
Would only sneer at my wretched state.

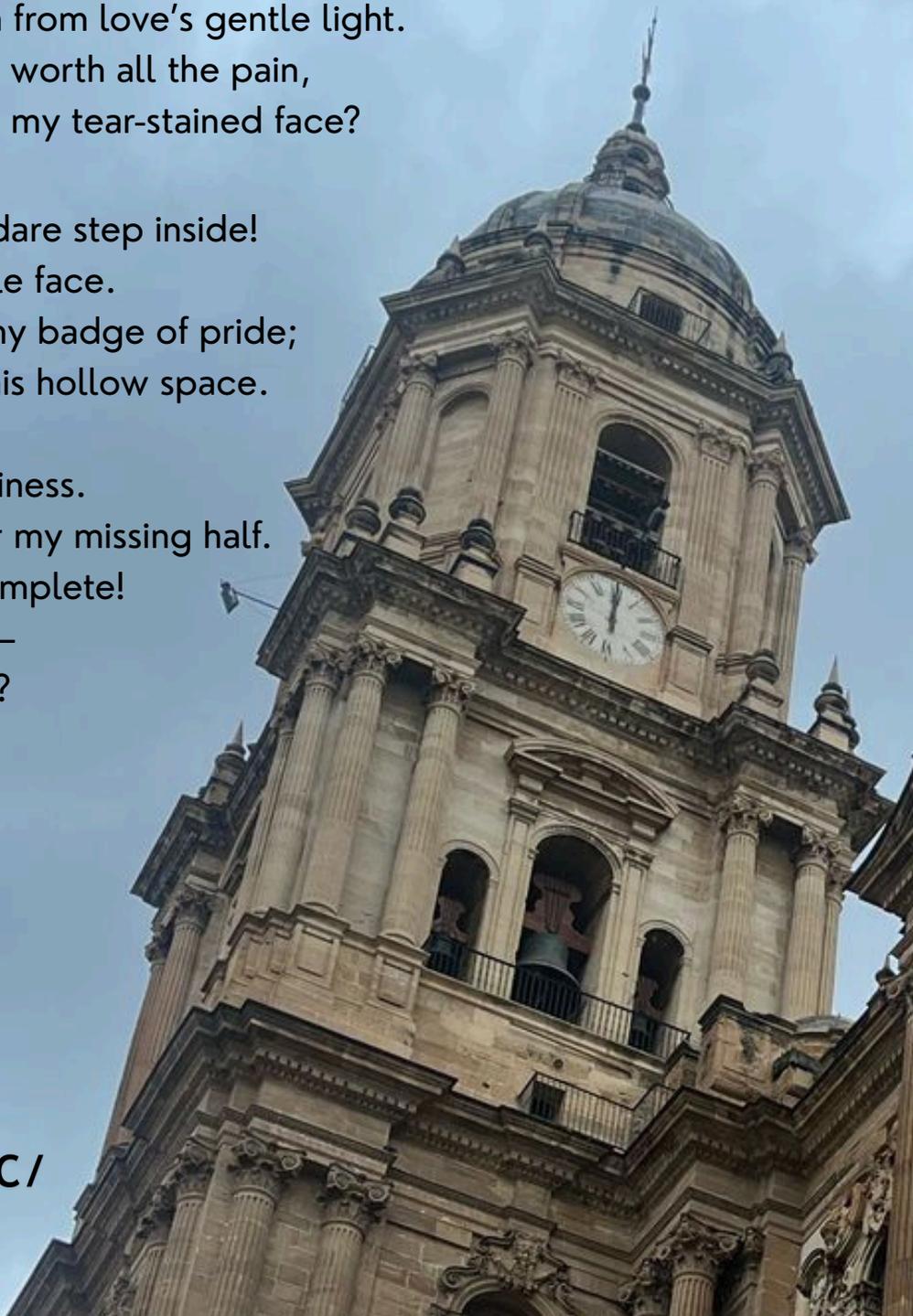
Yet those who left me bereft in emptiness
Never paused to listen as I fell apart;
Had they only known each moment's preciousness,
They would have opened to me their long-sealed heart.

"Don't love me!" I cried, even as I craved your embrace.
For I have always hidden from love's gentle light.
Yet tell me truly—was it worth all the pain,
your spotless hand upon my tear-stained face?

I locked the door—do not dare step inside!
I want no visitors, not a single face.
I'll wear loneliness now as my badge of pride;
Come, books, and satiate this hollow space.

Yet I never truly loved loneliness.
I always searched in love for my missing half.
If only I had found a love complete!
I would seek nothing more—
enough now, what's the use?

**PHOTO BY SELMA VINKOVIC /
BOSNIA&HERZEGOVINA**





Enough Now, What's the Use?

WORDS BY
LILFY - ESER ÇALIKUŞU
BIH / CYPRUS

WORDS BY ALTHEA
/ DENMARK

Day Drinking: Scarlet Eyes.

Scorching liquor burns its way down, settling in my stomach.
It warms the decaying remains inside me.
A feeling I've been missing since we last parted.

Although I'm alone, the screeching sound of my own voice
drowns out my loneliness, wrapping me in a dark blanket of unawareness.
My performance—a little too loud—alarms my neighbors,
though my blatant ignorance overwhelms their pounding complaints.
Stuck in my own world, I don't feel suffocating.

I look into the round, shattered mirror.
My lips twitch into an unknown position.
An unfamiliar face stares back at me with scarlet eyes.
I can see their exhaustion. Their sorrow.
Their heaviness pulling the surrounding sin into valleys of flushed flesh.
It's like they're begging me to stop.
But stop what?
My blemished, grey skin is as sunken as always,
and my unkempt hair shines with grease, just like it did yesterday.
Nothing has changed?

I drag myself to the living room, my balance a little too steady.
My body becomes one with the half-rotten sofa as I slump into its stained,
green
cushions.
I take the half-empty glass on the floor, and down the yellow-ish content.
The liquid is too thick, but I don't care.
I've long lost my sense of taste.
The dimming familiar buzz comes back to me, all traces of thought
disappearing.

I slump back further, feeling light as a feather yet heavy as stone.
The yellow smoke-stained ceiling pulls my gaze towards it.
I find a small, black spot—fly dung—and it refuses to let me go.
I don't know how much time passes..
A minute? An hour? 4 hours?
The world around me has faded to nothing.
A new sensation flushes my body.

Water rushes down my cheeks, but why?
A far-away memory lingers in the dark.
A moment that once meant everything to me is no longer more than a speck
of dust in
the back of my mind.
Why did it mean so much to me?
I don't remember.
Only the hopeful and happy memories remain,
a small flicker of light in the otherwise empty space.
I keep staring.
Why can't I remember?
It's mine, isn't it?





PHOTO BY SELMA VINKOVIC /
BOSNIA & HERZEGOVINA

A sudden feeling of determination takes control.
Stumbling off the couch, I crawl to the kitchen.
Where is it? Where is it? Where is it?
There.
I take the big, purple bowl of plastic.

Is it mine?

I pull myself to the sink.
Turning on the cold tap—surprised it still works—I place the bowl under the
running
water.
It's filled with dust. I don't care.
I stare at the bowl until it spills over.
I pull it towards the floor, sitting back down on the creaking wooden planks.
I throw my whole head in the bowl, drenching my shirt, my hair, my feet.
I don't care.

Is it mine?

10, 11, 12. Hold it.
22, 23, 24. Not enough.
41, 42, 43. Where is it?
56, 57, 58. It's mine, isn't it..

I fall to my back.
Nothing.
I have nothing.
I need to find it.
I haul myself in the direction of the bathroom.
All light is gone. There's only me.

It's hauntingly quiet.
Finally feeling the ice-cold tiles beneath me, I allow myself to exhale.
Please.

I grab the stained towel, pulling myself up.
It rips in two.
I thought it was mine?

I feel something sharp, then a sudden wet, warmth.
I seize the shattered glass, looking at the scarlet eyes once again.

Tell me. It's mine, right?
Why aren't you saying anything??
What is this feeling?
Tell me! Tell me! TELL ME!

nothing.
I have nothing.
I thought it was mine.. But I don't even remember.
Remember the feeling. Remember the memory.

It's gone.
How could they be mine if I don't even remember them?
There's nothing but a cold, blank space inside of me.

The bathtub—always filled—embraces the entirety of my body.

Is that even mine?

I don't bother filling this body with air.
The water swallows me whole. I let it.
It's dark. It's cold. It's quiet.

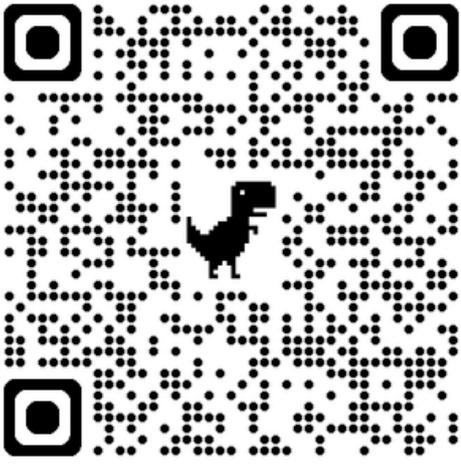
And I finally understand.

Even the scarlet eyes were never mine.
I was on borrowed time.

Nothing is mine.
Not even me.



PHOTO BY ANJA LENASI / SARAJEVO, BIH



SUBMIT YOUR OWN WORK



