

My own

She is my barren soil

a swarm of crickets on silver mound's branches dry
when the Sun is above high and karst stone is
edged by countless riders,
of people she is betrayed, and of faith, water and hope .

She is my forbidden zone

I yearn to enter
without any announcements
loose from any traits of control
and feelings redundant.

She is the finest and worst of my dreams

that I awake in with lips swollen
and heart aching in my ears,
like drums of war she springs from a time
when I was an arrow of love in her eyes.

She is my precious time lapsed

and the scar I bear
my horrifying weight of truth
void of stupidity and blessing,
she is a preface and nothingness so utter
in my hand, prior to a dream,
like an urge to tell the most hurtful lies
to cheat on her with my self
and everyone I meet.

She is my sermon before the crowd

from within me she cries out
and lets everyone applaude for the
emotional crescendos shed does
in spite of tears that seal them each time
some of them we share
and some of them she dares not to halt.

She is the pilgrimage I dare not to undertake

yet I leaped there and back

from one end to the other
more than once.

She is the foundation of everything essential
and it seems at times that the genesis of her
is in spite infinitely plain
even in the lost sense of humor,
as she turns her head away
to one of few sides of the world
where I cannot be found.

She is so shamelessly mine
and so are the very juices under the
trees standing evergreen and tall
sprung from a fairytale she believes in
and awaits to be awakened with
my kiss, she speaks of.

She holds the rawness of truth
and when she looks at me, she bites her lips
with words of devotion and fervor,
halting them with every waking breath
and teeth so pearly and equal.

She wriggles like an eel
and charges back like a mighty tide
taking over the shore that keeps me stranded
in thoughts of her alone
who she is... what she is...

she is...

I presume....

Soul of my own soul.

(translation: T.K. Matković)

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