



DIOGEN traži čovjeka
2012.
DIOGEN is seeking for human being



Anna Bagrianna

A YARN

I pull the sky by a white cloud
and a trickle of light
flows out between fingers
the white thread becomes gold
it sets out
for the horizon

o'er there beyond the skyline
You
observe
how
the white cloud
is melting and diminishing
suddenly it completely disappears

while traveling
the golden thread
begs Your heart
to let it in

I've no one to talk with
about my cagey yarn
except you

Translation: Yuri Lazirko

IT IS APPROXIMATELY THERE...

it is approximately there
where God ran out of threads
where land is not sewn to the sky
and dangles
as a teddy bear's torn paw,
another bit of someone else's childhood

it is approximately there
where the Lord's hand
doesn't touch the shadow of a lonely tree
felled by human hands
just before the Holiday

this is something like
as if the sun knelt
and beseeched forgiveness
from you
and me
for
warming
our hearts
belatedly

Translation: Yuri Lazirko

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INCEPTION

in the beginning there were wounds
and the sky poured out of them
lymph nodes appeared in the heavens
which tied together
all those
chaotically
wandering in the sky
chimerical orbs
(what's their origin?..)
then the nodes kept expending
and growing heavy
like stones
and
as stones
crumbled down
creating something similar
to those (already tied) orbs
each named after a god
to become one
for they thought
that there is no one
in the heavens
(just having forgotten
about the wounds
of the Universe's inception)

Translation: Yuri Lazirko

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do not forgive me
the green eyes
(that's a grandma sin)

have no forgiveness for
too weak arms
(it isn't too soon to rely on them)

have no forgiveness for
the silence
(as long as I'm silent)
and laughter
(when my tears are in it)

have no forgiveness for
the song o'er songs
not Christ crosses
sloppy thoughts
and the time
wasted
on the way led to You

just forgive me
my youth
(it will pass away)

Translation: Yuri Lazirko

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AUTUMN BUTTERFLY

It's not love.
It's a flutter in flame
Disguise for changing roles
It's reluctance to loose,
To interfere in somebody's being
And to drink from the bowl of somebody's soul...
But life is so non-eternal,
Like my foolish butterfly
Of Autumn
Like feminine and masculine,
Plait into common streaks of gray...
Sometimes I want to disappear
With no return.
Like everyone.
For keeps.
Then you forget about dream
Then you crash bowls
Then understand,
That line of life
Which is on hand
Too long to be
The butterfly of autumn...
And, uncomfortly-perplexed, in the darkness
Like abandoned daughter
Along with other unloved children
You set out in search of the sun.
And when after long wandering
Finally you find luminescence
And the light, when you do not feel cold any more
Like autumn-butterfly
Without hesitation you fly
Because you don't know
That the light is from fire...

Translation: Andriy Svarga



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