



DIOGEN traži čovjeka
2012.
DIOGEN is seeking for human being



Bardhyl Maliqi

COMPLAIN OF THE DOUBLE FRONT GATE OF TOWNHALL

The double front gate of the town hall complains

why the new springs cry;

but no oiling they ask but

seeking oil lamps for graveyard.

Who is dead, I dare ask

no one knows,

perhaps the shelter policies,

Employment, social service or else, I don't know!

The Town halls double front gate complains

For in and out come Associations, Parties,

Chairmen, red and blue

Gejsa of politics and rovers

From stake to stake to...

WHO ARE YOU?!

I don't know who you are
But dressed in southern winds you look
Your breasts have the shape and scent of quinces
Your eyes are like Drinos valleys
Sometimes grey, damp from tears, frost and fog,
Sometimes green like grain grass fields in spring,
Sometimes blue like deep sea water, like skies

Ah, your eyes
Hidden behind glasses
With a thin and golden frame,
Your eyes, lyric eclipse of Misses
The guys lose their heads

2

A slim body,
Some energetic and graceful movements
Pretty profile, curly chest brown hair,
Shivering voice with expressive tone
So luring that
Make us all envious
 And your friends
 Surly students
 Students I know not where....
They are your slaves
Slaves of your beauty
Of your voice
Of your words
Otherwise how could they surround you
With such love and care
Lost in their feelings
In fervor
In drunkenness

They approach you
As nearing fire
To get warm
But not be scorched from it.
No one has more courage than needed
No one has your passion in chest.

3

Ah, in their shoes if I were
To set up traps with foxy words
For you, little Greek, are really cunning
But not more cunning than a forty year rascal
That plays with the words as his bird of pleasure likes
And the human soul in the cup of lips he drinks,

With his luring flare,
In scorching thirst.

I really don't know who you are
But surely, like black birds grown up
In a cobbled path village
Laid in heavy stone plates.

Just like black birds you are, vigorous girl
Grown up in seed pecks of trap dangers
In winters snowing in palm parcels,

Could I move from my place,
(though the professors mantle hinders me)
At your seat to rest
To unbutton your blouse,
And all thirsty to view
The hidden beauties of the crazy girlhood,
And your lips to kiss with fervor, till pain
But never hurting your pride.

Tirana- Saranda, December 1998

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WHEN SORROWS GLOW

Summer migrated. October has come
Like night with a large umbrella in hand, Hotels scintillate
The promenade pitch dark,
The municipality like the sky spares, spares and
In the table of scrums us invites.

In the promenades of Saranda the wind turns all bare
And anxiously the waves splash on the shore.
Rarely girls like meteors
lighten the sorrows

Even friends become rare,
The feminine ambers
Warmer than the words,
In the lonely streets no one, but poets
Cops, people in plight and the crazy.

In boulevard
The miniskirts grow rarer,
But casinos full are with vagabonds
The taxi drivers curse the ferry boats
That don't come,
And the streets
In a wet glow their solitude hide.

Around us, the mountains cornered
Like beasts in caves
And roaring sleep
Under the woolly overcoat of snow
While the pensioners dig in the pockets for pence
And hold them tightly like pearls
In the palm of their hand
A coffee less, a coffee, but not almost
Counting the money
And life
Is covered under the black mud.
I don't know
Why the money of the coffin
The expenditures for burring
The post funeral lunch
The purse for after the forty (days)
Anniversaries, the marble memorials

Necrologies, ah, why they don't
Pay them cash?!
Later, after death, God has,
Let them put in sea caves
Wreaths....

Philosophers and poets have two thousand years of long meditation
"Is it better live or forgotten die"?!

In Falls Saranda feels sad
Poets and
Cypresses
Murmur
In solitude

Saranda, October, 4-th of October 2008

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GRANDMA...

Granny beheld the open sky

like a vessel

full of star grains

like white butterflies

remnant from the grainy loaf

of Sun,

Over there, in the mid of night, Corfu scintillated.

And we dipped our bite in the shade of an oil lamp

and the Moon combed the yellow hair over the Narta mountain

In the reflecting Ionian mirror

And the forsaken desires of our cry drowned

in the crystal clear water of the well

hoping for tomorrow

tomorrow.....

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DEATH NARRATORS

Like these beacons
that show the ships sunk,
the path of death
where no alive should pass;
on earth stuck
like death narrators stand
..... Statues of Generals!



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