



Sarajevska zima 2012

DIOGEN traži čovjeka

2012.

DIOGEN is seeking for human being



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ICECREAM

And yet we will meet on a Sunday,
time will be five minutes to four
you'll walk with her alongside the quay
and I'll be just strange silhouette
where your loud laughter will fall
as a busy passerby
and in that moment she will propose:
"Let's have vanilla ice cream?"
Maybe you will decide it's different
the thrill is a new one and good
but the cycle turns and here it is -
vanilla ice cream and void ...
And it is already late,
Sunday is going across -
now it is five minutes to four,
do not look at me -
I am another
and do not even like ice cream.

<http://diogen.weebly.com/>

MUSE

It is ginger and crazy,
defiant and true
as if someone invented it now.
It is morning splashing
into the window sleepy -
poetic and elegant sigh.
And the artist in love
lifelong in paintings
emerald lips painted
and those blue eyes in which
sank and has not emerged.
At the corner for a moment
life got them together -
brief moment forever condemned.
The artist continues
to seek in the paintings
the muse to whom his heart he gave.
It's ginger and crazy,
rebellious beautiful
and really believes in the stars -
will find the artist
who is constantly painting her
and in her sleep casually comes.
And in some street
in a small gallery
red-headed young lady
smiles thoughtfully
standing in front a portrait of "Muse"
who resembles her granny.

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And let all stations get deserted,
shunters stop all trains
don't leave tonight, I love you
stay, another moment hold my hand!
I didn't ask where you are going,
passing by my bed,
expecting nothing for tomorrow
tomorrow is the time we part.
And I know takes longer to collect
the pieces of a broken string
because I'm a pebble on the road
on which your love had stumbled.
And if you ever go again,
across, just right through the heart
somewhere along the way we'll meet -
for you I'm just a little flower blue ...

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RAIN

Any rain that falls in July suddenly
reminds me there might be love -
inevitable, incinerating, crazy and beautiful
unique, like a breath of life.

In July is the rain endearing and whimsical -
a rainbow is rising and yet
look, bellow a boy and a girl kissing -
that was formerly us.

Any rain that comes uninvited into the windows
reminds me that there is sadness,
which shed only when
love touches you again.

And probably any rain in July invites you
to escape for a moment the world,
to love, to be a moment away
from the universal vanity.

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CONFESSION

Because you kissed me differently
amidst the splashing rain in July,
because you made me fall in love
in your lips just at once,
because you didn't dare lose me
of the summer in the pocket torn,
for a while I just wanted to have you,
but It seems like eternal love.



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