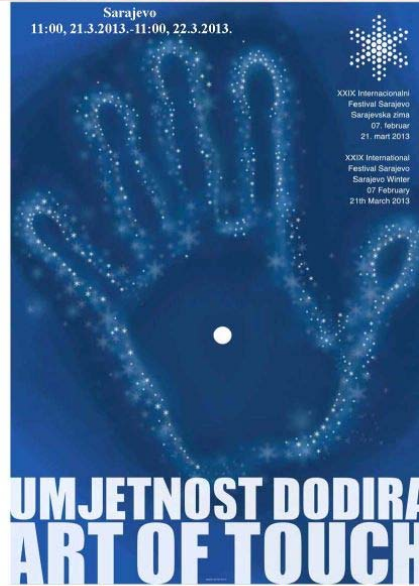


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DIOGEN TRAŽI ČOVJEKA POETSKI MARATON



<http://www.diogenpro.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html>

Dalila Hiaoui, Morocco

An Endless Love

I love you as you are...
Why this hanging look?!
Why this silence?
Just let my will mould you
and you will see what a work of art you become.

Be wise,
be educated,
be pious,
be religious
and kneel down asking my blessing
by affirming that only now
you have embraced Islamic religion

Be innovative, oh woman,
be a warrior against injustice,
but surrender to me within the borders of my land
with the witness of my relatives

What about your past?!
I swear, I do not care,
Why this strange look, oh my beloved?!
I will draw a whip,
a hell and a severe judgement
because of your misfortune since you were born.

Oh queen of my pride and caress,
is your beauty a certitude?!
or only imagination?!
Oh damned eyes, but are these men blind?
Get ready my darling!
I will let you forget all your fears
if you had not ridden the waves of dissension
in my sea
certainly you should cover yourself by the veil of silence

Don't say anything my darling
please
your silence is the most sweet answer,
I know well as you
that you did not live
in such a merciful heart as mine

As a child

As a child they taught me
And that advice is like an inscription
On the rocks
They taught me that the success,
All success
that my ambition do not walk over my sight
that my thought do not fly in the sky of his thoughts
Because it could be a source of danger
And that my tongue do not pray for anybody
Except Adam
Because life without him chases away Eve from
The battalion of human
As a child they taught me
But they forgot
That pride is a spark
Even with holy prayers of rain to extinguish it <http://www.diogenes.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html>
In a moment it kindles hells
To destroy me with them
As a child they taught me
But they forgot that God
Had not written °female° along the pages
Of my destiny.
After the childbirth breaks my back
I offer her the womb of discrimination
Only to give them some pleasure
They taught me.... They taught me
As a child.

Oh sea

That's enough sturttng in front of me without considering,
the stiffing of my steps, my time and path

Gaeta, asleep or fluttering

Along the pages of my journeys

I am like you, oh sea

I am calm.... calm as a rebel

I weave clothes trough nice weather for my tempest

by the foam I carve charms for my ankle band

and amulets for my ring and bracelet

I am like you, oh sea

my cheeks are covered by shyness

every time the sun comes to visit me.

I am like you, oh sea

I am pregnant of secrets, persistently hidden by my heart

they are hidden from my breast and looks

even if everybody exalt the removal of the veil <http://www.diegopetro.com/3123013---world-poetry-day.html>

I am like you, oh sea

my waves are too little for some ships

they are bridges to connect and approach peoples and lands

and I embrace, in eternity, from the deep of my tranquillity

every disharmony to reach my sublime musicality

I am like you, oh sea

As you I do not repress even sadness

Unbreakable passion

Here I am, coming back to you, oh marvelous love
To live your passion from Monday to Friday
How much I missed your words, while struggling between bottleneck and
wide stretch
In front of the children I appear a lion while they study and revise
But behind their mum I am a gentle lamb even submissive
An adjective and a preached an oblique case an indirect object of company
and mean
The silence of your phone is so sweet, so marvelous and creative your
calmness
It is like a note. Oh enchantress, I know but unfortunately I cannot hear it
Remain sweet for me, giving me life, support me
Love me, love me, I am not a fool to break such a thread of passion.

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Weekend

Oh mother
Do not be astonished
Do not worry for me.

Like in a dream,
when they asked me my age, I answered them:
a weekend.

So serious your smile
It had foreseen a close destruction
and a forbidden conquer.

Congratulations to your perception
I announce you my death
between the weekend news.

<http://www.diogenpro.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html>

Oh mother
that was my life and this is my death
and at least my heart, satisfied.

Fate is God will
my pages
are offered to the line of destiny
in surrender and submission
Oh mother
within me I was fool
of love
my eyes poured of passion
my eyes poured of tears, so affected.

Oh mother
my eyes did not ask for
the same passion
oh forbear of this love
maybe from it we will see the flowering of some sprig.

Oh mother
my eyes just need one look
he appeared to me as a moon before a day of celebration,
as the orphans pray for her coming.

Few moment of livableness' would have been enough
as a ceremony
in which the heart danced
and the ribs sang
Oh mother

Every happiness
always finishes with a thunder
it flashed, revealing the truth
around me
a barren desert.

Oh mother
so unbearable the globets of my loneliness
It is a dagger that stain with blood my hip.

<http://www.diogenpro.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html>
The fear to appear in my company
as if I were a dishonor
to hide it at the shadow of the curtains
by candlelight.

Oh mother
The honesty of reality is so cruel
and you, oh mother, you know your daughter and her mercy
so do not deny me
if I break the mirror of disgrace
by kneeling down with the incensory in my hands.

Oh my dear, come to say goodbye to me
and throw me with my grow-worms crown and my pen
into a dark ocean with no return.

Be a witness of my ignorance and madness
In front of my people and to the people of my epoch
Oh yes, it only lasts few weeks, my life.



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