



DIOGEN traži čovjeka
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DIOGEN is seeking for human being



Danilo P. Lompar

We took a notion - God's hand heals us

Language – the Cause of existence

1.

«Language is the cause of everything, not the activity.»
Sophocles

You have tried, in vain, to escape
from the life –
inseparable from the poem

you have accepted a sorrow
as the necessity of the man
who meditates in verses

just now you begin to live
to be able to write
*(at the beginning you wrote
to be able to live through the pain of everyday life)*

understanding
the impossibility of the man
to be simultaneously present
within the different places worlds times:
you realized that it can be done only by the Poets

2.

Your resistance for
the fact that man will cease to exist
*(Nor does on the
dusty shelves of city libraries)*
invoked repeatedly
cogitation about the Vestige
and the Language

since then you write
knowing
that the Language
is the main cause
of the existence

and the reason
to withstand – to live through
singing in his honour

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Tempting inscrutability

«Panta rei»

And behind everything always
remains three dots
(*fortunately for the Poetry*)

God...Death...Ecstasy
and always re-opening
Roads...Signs...Images

hope that you are awakening
because of the beautiful woman:
Poetry
who does not befool you
being inscrutable

you are observing colors steady
with amazement
and fear

as a matter of fact
it is impossible to know
whether the Blue one drags you towards the Black
or vice versa -

like when it is gloomy
and you are looking at the sky
will the rain imbue the ground –
with the vestige...
three dots does not allow you to sleep tonight

«Panta rei»

but the desire for repetition of ecstasy
even the inscrutability
makes tempting...

To be able to look at each other eyes

appease the suspicion
in my words –
benevolence for
revelation of time

do not proclaim
accentuation of the emotions –
for madness
*(love has to be
articulated
about her must hear
even those who hate
wouldn't they change their mind)*

becalm the ire
when I condemn the injustice
lie
or
greed...

It is admonition
of my own –
necessity
to be able to look at your eyes

mitigate the fear
because I will confess your sinfulness
*(sufficient
for you not to be scared
from my detachment)*

I'm here
on the ground
with you

and time
will respond
that I wanted
to recall

needfulness
for the feelings
*(to be able to look to
each other eyes)*

to love
even when we find out
about those
who does not speak out(in) love

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TEMPLE OF ASCENSION

1.

*«Being sad, I have learned a waiver:
there is nothing where the word is missing.»*

Stefan George

will even pass the last day
as this day passes:
with which I will come vain in front of death,
I patiently have to wait to come

verse through the night in which I must,
to be able to focus, be alone
– temporary solitude is the key of all dawns
in which inhabit: Poetry – Temple

since the beginning of time visited by the dreamers of the letters
syllables and stars of the language of worshipping
people with poltergeist Without its own roof
over their head. Just the sky. Temple of Words – of Ascension

2.

which is the secret of eternal speech?
silence is my most painful distance!
where endless aphasia leads
whether the hiatus? – punishment of the earthly act

therefore do not undress your poetic toga!
I have told you „abjure and will be happy“
return to the Temple with gratefulness to God –
who made possible that you are not absolutely mopish

PROVIDENCE II

there is nothing beyond disbelief
except Crucified God
and the words in the form of omen:
that the fortune is rarely following a good one

should I, my Lord, prematurely find out
for the shallow intentions of the human backlash
and then after every truth I will remain alone
till I make through the word of Sacramental – The Secret of Your Passage

and then, when I think that I have said it all
you are discovering to me one more secret,
indicating that the verses are the greatest prayers –
for the good man – endless word

without records the world would be justified scaffold
and life is reduced to bare futile pain
that is why we have kissed a Poetry – salvation dreamed for (finally)
within the words we have perceived the only get over

we knew that temptations exists
to invoke the silence and words
we have nominated a power of creation: providence
we took a notion - God's hand heals us

Translated by: Sabahudin Hadžialić



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