



Sarajevska zima 2012

DIOGEN traži čovjeka

2012.

DIOGEN is seeking for human being



Dimitar Hristov

Dream

Sleep, for a little at last,
have a rest
in the strained
oppressive expectation.
Dream me
as I come to you
meek
having crossed
the barriers and time.
Swing as a field
with coarse corns,
whisper to me in your dream,
don't wake up ...
If you awake,
I should have returned
and it will be not necessary
for you to dream.

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Shock

How many lonely people
there are in the vast city.
They go through the throng
and proudly creep their hunger of soul.

They go through the crowded dread
and don't arouse an interest - not a jot,
they drag their needless fat
and hide their endless shock.

How could we forget about them?
Our conscience sank into a dust

Indifferently they pass beside us
and we are already just like them!

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

Guitar

The guitar saves me again
from black thoughts and silence,
its voice, raised or stifled
rings like a ring or a bell.

It sounds with the unpredictable rhythm
of my heart and doesn't forget
to whisper in the rumble of the days
and to turn every chord into a trigger.

In a lull the guitar will shriek,
in the scolding its voice will sink,
for joy it will begin to cry in a tender song
and for pain will laugh loud and long.

Somebody else will hardly be able to have it
without me it will be empty and sad.
Then, let my darling
kiss it and to caress it.

And the guitar will begin to play aloud,
a tear will shine on the chords
and our dear song will sound
which says "The love doesn't repeat itself".

Ballad for the Sin

My sad girl, forgive me
for the boyish audacity!
I didn't remember your name –
I was afraid of myself.

With a glowing forehead I was falling
to an unknown abyss with you
and under a stake was waiting us
with a healing fire.

We both sank to the bottom
careless and delighted,
but after that, drunk and sleepy
we caressed our shadows.

Without memory I have been alone
I spread wings and soared
but under, your plaits remained
among ashes and wails.

When I stopped I looked for you,
we both to spread wings together
but it was already late for us
so as it was early yesterday!

Translation: Anna Petrova

WRECKAGE

*

Use to be as birds –
eat some grains
but fly so high.

*

A writer is like a camel –
had to bare thirst, hunger and a long way.
All the rest is a cause of a talent.

*

Fun
can't go on for a long time,
because it becomes dangerous.

*

When a woman cries
a man suffers...
When a man cries, a woman is glad.

*

Thoughts
are wings for hardworking person
and fetters for a lazy.

*

A direction
of the wind
is always ahead.

*

A top
is often the beginning
of a gulf.

*

Fallen in love is blind
but courageous:
doesn't hesitate.

*

The difference between a birthday
and a death
is in chronology.

*

God
is only one
but people are different.

*

The highest top
of life way
is called Love.

*

The wind is unforeseen lover
either pollinates
or ruins.

*

Each parting
proves
that each love is sole.

*

Love is neither saved
up nor accumulated.
The more you give
the more you receive.

*

Stop, turn around, listen to your heart
and if there is no drop of love
in it don't go on this way.

*

When we have a lot of opportunities
we look for impossible love.

Translation: Oksana Bagryantseva



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