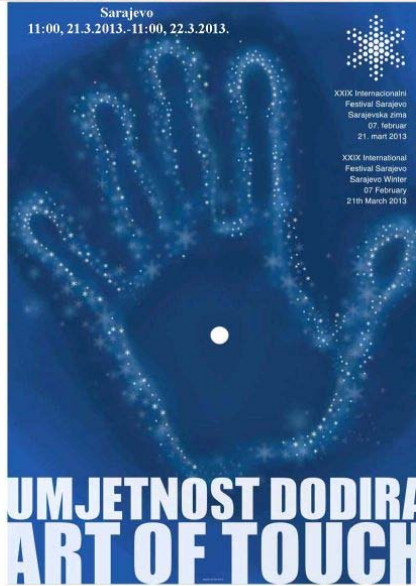


SARAJEVSKA ZIMA
<http://sarajevskazima.ba>

DIOGEN pro kultura magazin
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DIOGEN TRAŽI ČOVJEKA POETSKI MARATON



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2013-Art of touch within the reflection of poetry

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

Franjo Francič, Slovenia

Confidences

I have finished my fifth year of high school, my father is such a cunt, in autumn I met a two years older guy, I dreamt about him, mother is not much better, since I study dancing he noticed me quickly, I have no idea what they do together, he had a girlfriend in his town and I was hurt when he denied everything, this weird coxless pair, when he was supposed to be at the lectures I saw him with a schoolfriend, they were sitting in front of the TV and staring without a word, staring, he was hugging her and looking deep into her eyes, these two weirdos, staring and staring, without a word, now I don't know how I am going to survive, I feel so hurt, staring and staring, without a word, without a word.

Mirrors

I gather them, these sheets, in the crushing time, I don't have masks any more, all the letters have been sent, the way I was building the shed, the way I was waiting for the sunny daughter, the mornings are sloughing into evenings, hope without dreams, the way I was running away before a winter in the blood, wrapped in a daze, there is no sun left in the hands, no moon in the hair, sometimes the scars smart, just enough for me to catch breath, the poor say the rich are happy, the rich claim the poor are happy, both say that God is happy, what's happening with him, is he tired? One am, the sharp edges of the disappearing world in the dark, I run naked into the landscape, green how I hate you green.

New Age and Reality

You choose a tree, approach it and greet it, you ask it for permission to come closer and enjoy its shadow and protection, you sit with it and keep it company, you can imagine your body similar to the trunk of the tree, your legs turning into roots,

They are getting heavier and go deep into the ground, and your arms are like branches, you indulge in the peace and fill up with the energy of the tree, slowly you start to become aware of your body, you stretch and open your eyes, thank the tree for its kindness and support, but then some cunt comes and cuts down the tree and three more that you had planted, you approach him, you don't ask for permission to come closer and be in his company, you imagine your arm heavy, you concentrate the whole weight of the tree into the punch, you cut him down with the first well aimed blow, you cannot really do more for the protection of our planet.

Issa

A morning in spring, you and the butterfly go hunting, the silence of the moon, the rainbow of the night and the call of a jay, the ground is breathing, the sea is sleeping, the miracle of birth, white childhood like a knife, like a cry in the night, an exhausted face, the evening a treasure, my child is sleeping, in the centrifugal dance of the masks, the glow of parting.

Succession

I buried a boat in the ground, sprinkled soil into the boat, I planted a tree in the clearing,
there is wind in the sail, seed in the wind, life in the seed, in the morning the blossoms of
the waves, a quay in the dreams, there is charm in the time, power in charm, in the
ground a white, white night.

