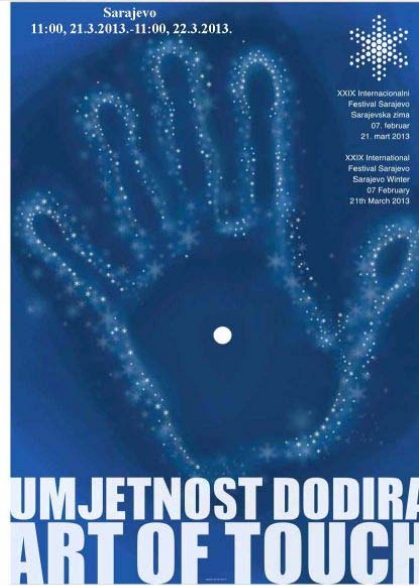


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# DIOGEN TRAŽI ČOVJEKA POETSKI MARATON



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

*Giuseppe Napolitano, Italy*

## **Necklace of words**

Our days, a necklace of words:  
a minuscule gesture, a syllable of yours  
are the pearls and the jewels which set it alight

Papa poet shuffles his cards and rewrites  
for you the game and every rule

but it's impossible not to tell you -  
and save at the same time - the witnessing  
of the magical opening of a cocoon  
in which I was looking imprisoned for an alibi

I did not learn to write  
    who knows  
my masterpiece must be you

From these my words, yours  
    when  
threading necklaces will be you

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## **Time**

You say that it doesn't exist but we are so  
steeped in it that we can't be satisfied  
except by making every moment fruitful

It's true: we are significant  
in the passage of the time we live  
- even if we slow down its rhythm

Time is the measure of existence  
otherwise immeasurable, it is the means  
to enjoy or waste our time

There's what we feel is ours  
when we realize it and just as it's passing  
while we await a stroke of luck

There's a vast time that contains us all  
and it's the simple sum of all the time  
of all those who live and go forward.

## **A Poet's pension**

Impertinent Gabriella asks me:  
can you go on a pension - *as a poet*?  
No – I answer - a poet cannot  
retire: he has an obligation  
to work until death separates him  
from the work which is his life...

and that he must by working speak  
like every artist who doesn't retire  
or he would not only quit being one  
but he would no longer know how to live  
without reproducing a bit of himself for others...  
desirous of enjoying and nourishing themselves  
with those few morsels of life

## **And then...**

My friends from school have grandchildren  
my daughter's age:

I skipped  
a generation and more I cannot recapture  
- not even if I meet again

*in my tomorrows a little from yesterday*

– I've lost trains

that won't pass by again and more I wouldn't know  
how to run after

even if I had the strength for it...  
<http://www.dogclipart.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html>  
which instead I lack like the enthusiasm  
of those adventurous and also timorous  
unsuccessful days: I hated the *no's*  
(embarrassing impediments to be endured)

but fortunately I've lost the last train  
too – and it would have taken me  
who knows where who knows...

## The answer, my daughter

If actually Bob asks how much time  
“how much time you need to be a man”  
you haven’t got an answer and it’s not true  
it is *blowing in the wind* – you lost that  
when you should’ve still had all the time  
to chase even the wind and make it yours  
(now try to tempt *your* fate...)

\*

*Forever young* as long as you’re next to me  
I’ll follow the apprenticeship of your years  
and *sooner or later* I’ll be ready to give you  
the horizon that doesn’t answer you yet

*just like a woman*, know, my daughter  
that it’s not easy with your wiles  
to change the course of events

if a hostile world appears  
to your eyes of a growing child,  
and she has only to expect  
and she has only to believe – in herself

