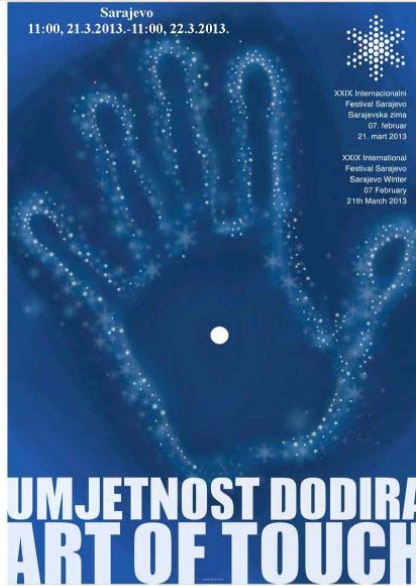


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DIOGEN TRAŽI ČOVJEKA POETSKI MARATON



2013-Umjetnost dodira unutar odjajaja pjesništva

2013-Art of touch within the reflection of poetry

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

IRENA GJONI, Albania

Translated in English by: Peter Tase

THE MOUNTAIN'S SHADOW IN A ROSE'S PETAL

There is no ship for the eyes
They remained at the same harbor

With only one wealth in their hands:
A rose petal with two sides,
Where on one was kept
The shadow of the mountain
In the morning, noon,
Dusk, midnight....

And on the other side of the petal,
Was carved just like in a papyrus:
“The greatness of endurance
Measures with the spaces
Of the invaded dreams.”

Will there be possible in every season,
A petal of a rose
Will be able to extract the mountain's dream
From all her bloody tenderness???!!

There is not a single ship for the eyes
Remained at the same harbor

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

GOD, VITALIZE those DANCES

Beetles had many ages without having a visit
In the world and lives of people.
The curiosity of dancers begins its path
With white ancient skirts,
That intertwined ages, and rumors...
... ..

Opened their eyes
In the awakened breadth of each-other,
Just as many beauties, would have the same thought.

Remembered the trips
Knotted in the realm of ages,
Anecdotes.
A meting with a wounded soul,
At the moment when there was left
Invisibly a tattoo of deception
And from pain hysterically screamed the wounded.

<http://www.diogenpro.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html>
The sorrowful beetles,
Saw this much in the people's world
In a visit,
Even shorter than the path.

Everything appeared a nightmare,
A nightmare of light,
Embodied at a blond girl just like the beetles,
Sat under the shadow of the housewives,
While knitting collars of deceptive tattoos
Left over from the night before,
While waiting the "MORNING" of the Beetles.

While she was their mirror image,
Washed her body with a gulp of air,
With the tall eyebrows combed her hair.
Voices and lights prepared a mantle,

While making her their sister.

Under the rhythm of beetles:
“Revive the dances God,”
the Young Beetle was dancing
While entertaining the tattoo of deception...

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

THE DARK CLOTH LADY FROM THE SHORES

The dark rag of the lady from the shores,
Is kidnapped from one angle by the crazy storm,
Even though it is heavy from the weight of the “load”
Made more sustainable thanks to her,
(An old tradition, when she had someone for a gift).

The other angle of the rag,
Tangled in a pile of dark firewood,
Who knows how many winters they were abandoned,
Since there is no one to burn them in the fire place.

Tries to bring her out of her solitude,
With the irreverence of mumbling:
“Hope that you would never tear apart!”

With the lips that vibrate,
Poured like a cross, was hanged over the shoulder.
Without it would not begin “the longing of oneself”
Seen from beyond the life, from outside of time....

MY OAK TREE

You have the smell of an oak
Where above you a bird with a human's voice,
Articulated the discourse
Since there should have been raised an oracle to Zeus.

You are alive in the oak's soul
Since the world placed the first stone.
I eat thanks to you my *Pelasgian* God
Almonds and juice from your dreams.
Chew and grind them with the teeth of my soul
In order to live thanks to your wheat
And mixed the bread of the Sun.

The scroll of the water's creek,
Are the tears of breath
And the murmuring of your leaves,
<http://www.digsculpture.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html>
Which meditates even in the dead languages
Hugs of branches and roots in the distance.

And the articulated fate through their resonance,
It says that even when you won't be,
You will continue to grind almonds of dreams with me
And arrives with the odor of the oak...

FROM A TIGER CAGE HANGING IN THE SKY

From a tiger cage hanging in the sky,
In this carnivore night of dreams
Before *Jon* with its ancient longing chorus of waves,
Feel the wind that enters frivolously
Through the tiger's respire.

With her tongue tries to dry her tear,
A tear that has made
Her road of years and years in order to appear once
And it needs centuries to dry),
While raising discourses by mountain peaks.

O darling, on what side are you looking at the moon today?
Or from what side is she looking at you?
On the sword of the soul, she saw her broken limbs
And blind eyes from your absence.

The dark cloth of the sky is turned into
An unbroken crystal, unpunctuated
For taking – giving divine discourses...

