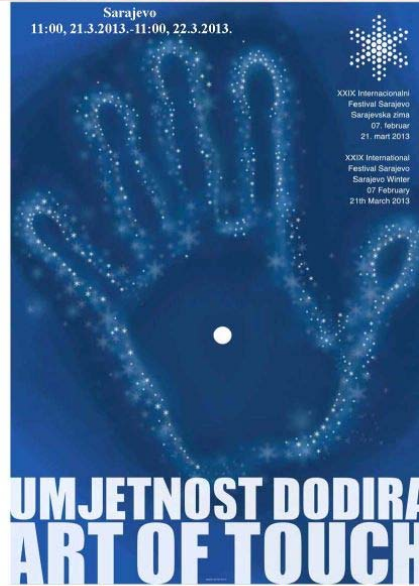


SARAJEVSKA ZIMA
<http://sarajevskazima.ba>

DIOGEN pro kultura magazin
<http://www.diogenpro.com>

DIOGEN TRAŽI ČOVJEKA POETSKI MARATON



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

Ivan Rajović, Serbia

MORNING

child is sunflower
and has a bee on his tongue
has a father
and has a mother
Father goes every morning
on crutches of dandelion
Mother sees him
kisses his cheek
child raises head
towards the sun
and cries
His tears are
wings of butterfly

LAST MOVE

waiting has a bone in a throat
hidden winds
in bird cages
gnashes
through attempts
of resurrection
the absence of light
in the the nostrils of city
does not diminish the sense of
meaninglessness
swan is the embodiment
of horror
with beak
that ends
with capitalized letter
on chocolate background
wing of the fly
in dog mouth
is the obstacle
to the abyss

each return leaves a trail
at the foot of the deceased

It is time to do
last move
which still
promises nothing

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

PARADISE

over there where stops hoping
sufferers
widely stretched pupils
seeks for salvation

over there where stops longing
inflamed speakers
with a stone under the tongue
within the eternal silence
mourn the silence

over where the memory stops
time in one point compacted
and sealed as a shell
simply does not exist

over there where life stops
begins eternal bliss
without senses

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Apocalypse

heavy smell
of stored gunpowder
flows through the arteries
civilization
soldiers
with the gunstock instead of the brain
bangs old Zeus
with bloody boots
in the ribs
as almost tomorrow
pathetic trumpeter
with the mechanical absence
in the periscope instead of eye
will play tattoo
of humanity

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LETTERS OF THE VAIN GRACE

in me just smolder
the pieces of ancient peace

from the rest of the brain
I feverishly consolidates
symmetrical mosaic

surrounded from all sides
with executive message
of the headlines
heart is ticking
beethoven's fifth symphony

military boots
as lices
I kick out from my conscience

excluding the senses
with eyes closed
I pledge to the seed
<http://www.diogenpro.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html>

we are drownings
with straw of the reason
in fists

came out of nowhere
we will be transformed
in nothing

confetti
scattered throughout the universe
the letters of futile grace

demonstration mice
under the bell jar
of politicians

earth
you will be swallow
by your own bastards

Translation by Sabahudin Hadžialić



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