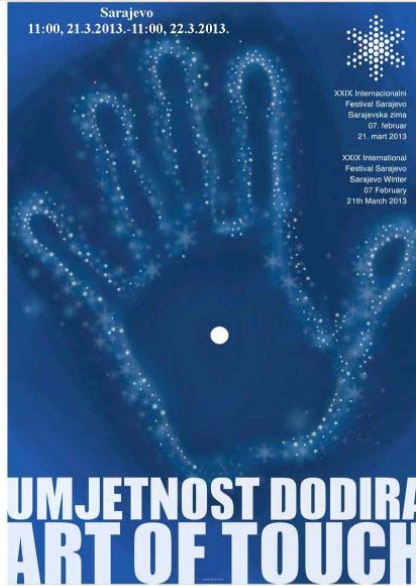


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DIOGEN TRAŽI ČOVJEKA POETSKI MARATON



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

Jennifer Greene, USA

Somewhere

Somewhere, there is a man who has stood in bare feet beneath the stars,
and he has hummed songs about love I haven't heard yet.

Somewhere, there is a man who doesn't want to be a boy.

Somewhere, beneath this pulsating sky, he is breathing.
I don't know if he is asleep or awake or what his face smells like right now.
His hands are waiting to reach for me, and only me.
Someday, he will write my name on paper.

Deer

At night, I lie beneath the stars, year round.
I smell like open sky, snow, and lake water.
Nobody has to tell me my face is holy and beautiful.

I dream in a language your people used to know.
Woman, I see you and your children looking at me
through car windows and house windows.
I smell your children's breath when they step outside.
The blood in your veins is not so different than mine
that pulses warm on moonlit winter nights
as you listen to your offspring breathing.

We are not so different. We both gave birth.
We both smelled danger in a man's angry voice.
We both know when to run and when to hide.
We both know how to kick with our strong legs.
We both know we are the ones on which someone else depends.

We are the ones with the power of moonlight in our hair.
We are the ones with the beauty of this land imbedded in us.

My wild horse of a heart

My heart was born into this world
with the strength and beauty of a wild horse,
and she has needed every bit of that strength
to pull me through nights when I led us astray.
I have been lost in moonless lands
where my bearings swam away from me,
but in the stillness of canyon deep sorrow,
she heard me breathing.
In my times of debilitating fear,
my wild horse of a heart could see
what I could not.
I trust her knowing eyes.
Her back is strong enough to carry me home
again and again.

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All I can give you is this

If I could, I would put a purple lilac in your hand
so you could put the smell of something tender against your face one more
time.

I would give you something beautiful that's already dead.

You gave me your youth as faithfully as May flowers leap from the earth to
the sun,

and I loved every single petal of you.

Each night beneath the stars with you used to feel like a gift.

I used to want you to embrace me one more time and kiss my hair like
moonlight,

and now I don't. I'm sorry for each terrible second of everything that
happened

to you that made you feel so unworthy of me, long before my hands touched
your face.

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Lilac

In the winter, I dream powerful earth prayers.
On the tip of one branch I hold the memories of a thousand years of days.
In the deepest bitter cold and winter darkness, I live my life.
I survive until spring and open my purple hands to butterflies and bird wings.
People can smell my love songs in the spring.
Then my hands wither come summer, and I get ready for my long sleep because I have important dreams to dream.
Long, dark times taught me how to pray,
how to gather my strength, how to savor every touch of your hand.

