



Sarajevska zima 2012

DIOGEN traži čovjeka

2012.

DIOGEN is seeking for human being



Jeton Kelmendi

Somewhere Outside

A performance of enormous shapes

I have decided
The proper way
In one mind
To cross the long roads
Until the road of your Spirit
And you can make me a *Konak*

If I am caught by the warm Summer
Of yours
Open a little the window of your heart
To enter a little cool wind
Of words
If you want to make room for me
Please do
To be a little comfortable
And not only to house my head
In the mirror of the eyes
As the star of the sky
I appear On your thoughts
Perhaps
They say that the breath
Enters through the ear of the needle

If you believe this
Close the door of your spirit

Write with red letters

My name and place it in your spirit

Then we know that the tower
Has one owner.

The Stop At Point Zero

I manifest on Sundays
I crack two thoughts as two glasses
One for you and the other for myself
Yours
Is trespassing and returning again the sorrow
Of my Sundays with a few
Quarter of memories

In order to know the game of cracks and honesty
Time is alarming me
After twelve o'clock
For an instant with you and like Sundays
They have all disappeared

I count only the days
From your week
Are emerging one thousand and one
Thoughts
Towards your direction
You are far away right now

I am happy during Sundays
I read my joy with your letters
That I took a little from you
When I will have in my hand
The key to your heart

I will open the door of time and you and
I Will be together
Under the moon

I Recognized The Thoughts

I gathered the words of the soul
In a hand bag
And left them only in one side
Leave me alone now
Some people
Nearby my shadow
Came after the shadow
The others arrived
In front of me
At my bed where they also sleep
I counted the departures
And the arrivals also
I equalised them
You either take me or bring me here
What is your plan
I noticed the ideas
Located as white color over the hair, for only one day
And arrived together with my dream
In the meeting with the girl
I want to hug you, my dear, for today
I closed the ears of the eyes,
I slept
So the vision could not nervously hear.

Instant

Had I been the rain
Today
So coincidentally I would place my drops
In your cheeks
Indeed
It would be a drop that flows slowly

In the vision in front of you
What are you going to do with the instant
I am escaping secretly again

You have to think for the other second

Arrival

They accompanied up to one point
From the big fear from herself

The day and night
Expedited her walk

Gathered with her
Everything that was for arrival

Which from here and in the end of departure
Is waiting for someone who has never arrived

Translated by: Peter Tase

