



Sarajevska zima 2012

DIOGEN traži čovjeka

2012.

DIOGEN is seeking for human being



Majo Danilović

AGAIN, POET...you are day dreaming

This poem,
wind blows across the sand -
you are day dreaming, poet.

The reality that, by you,
if it is the ideal one-
again, you are made of the clouds.

The nights does not want me for the mate!
They say, sadness kills the darkness of theirs.

Neither white dawn does not like me.
From my sorrow they got sick,
and after that- a day got sick as well.

<http://diogen.weebly.com/>

TRAIN WAS DRIVING

With a pure indiscretion, a train was driving to Venice
Me and officially - Mrs. Stimac,
beautiful Lucretia.

Cabin No six, of the sleepers -
unashamedly she stripped bare.
Under obscure ceiling neon light ,
For the start, We made love standing up.

Warm and all made of miracles,
kissed without a rubber and prejudices.
Nails all over my shoulders,
all over the face with a trace of lipstick,
cheating herself and her nice husband.

The railway winds, and we are all around: left and right,
up and down, north, east,
rear, front and on sides.

And all night long carried me within her,
defied life or her husband.
Tear hanging from windows,
in the coupe finally the dawn entered.

We smoked last cigarette.
Rosy, with smeared makeup,
descended in Portoguardo,
with a light step - like in some kid.
There, just after Trieste
gave me a kiss at the end of a finger,
until she became a point -
and for her a train like a toy.

Discerned the outlines of Venice in front of me
all over me the smells of Lucretia.
she will tell her husband that she did not sleep
all the time, during the travel.
Revilers tracks, railways he will blame,
his wife struggled insomnia.

All what remained of Lucretia
Plum in the neck (I will have to tie a tie).
Totter feet, I am barely trailing,
I guess I will pull up to Verona.

I - rolling pet,
officially – of Mrs. Stimac

TALL UP TO THE CLOUDS

Awfully tall was Aida,
like it is not given birth by mother, but brought by the storks.
And beautiful like a fairy tale,
no matter that she is a little bit a snob and a slave of fashion.

I asked her open minded, Aida does not give!
Viewing from above, from the perspective of the stars.
Neither grams of hope, smiles enigmatically,
I'd like to take her to my nest.
My wish, for her, under my stomach is rippling.

C'mon, painfulness, Aida, do not be somebody wrong, grant to the poor one!
Lean on mine your soft mouth
Let's go to my apartment,
I live near the stars.
I'll kiss you in the world of wizards,
my room, will be upside down for you:
earth will be above, the stars below - festive sparks
moon would be happy to be under your nightie.

My midnight rider,
your stars in my eyes,
you are shaking up because of the fever,
we are think about the same – you tall one, a little minx!

She, the wise one, is observing silence - not to be confused at all
bothering me, rack me, as if would like to punish me.

She was smiling in a strange way
while she was scratching my head.
By the side of god Eros being occupied,
uttered Aida - *I want to give myself to you.*

Glad, a rocker, I do not know where I'd started,
hit to the right, hit to the left,
Like young fly, with a puzzled face.
Somehow we found our way to the apartment,
in fact the studio.

Stars – it is closing time! Quench the heavenly lanterns!
Let it be as the light in the dark, with all of her shame,
light up until the morning, tall, beautiful, Aida!

The Assumption of Illusions

I do not fear The One above me! He is rightful and a tough.
I am afraid of people! Afraid of myself – a miserable one!

I am afraid of the dark and the height.
And we, who are, with a smile, to another one striking the cleats in the back.

And those what was and what will be!
Would I ever meet, I do not know, man in us to recognize?

I loathe the envy and vanity, of the people – who watch from above.
Arrogance, without coverage at all, apathetic of human being.

Ordinary lie and truth on duty!

I am most afraid of myself? And afraid, obviously, of you!
I who lives humbly life on knees, in front of you stand upright,
with the hope that you will be marveled with my phylum.

I am running away in my dreams and cutting out a bad poems!

Life, than death, I am afraid more!
More and more I am empoisoned with it: Cursing and cursing,
increasingly blame others – I exist, but I am not living.

And none that goes down in my suburb,
that tells me that the correct form of the verb *to be* to create myself,
a not to kill a human in me.

I'm afraid of loneliness! As people rush heedlessly into the new!

Force you steal, while they friendly embrace,
deep water, too much freedom, lack of space and width, I'm afraid!

I am not looking back, while we are leaving.
While we are wading over the neighbors and over the ancestors!

We do not know, simple ones as we are, when we spit the other one, we spit at ourselves,
when we killed the other one, we killed ourselves!

Within the illusion of the assumption, we are sinking! Blind seeing, silently listening!

I am afraid of the dark, Mom!

Under the old mulberry

Hear ... it is like the sea is singing!
While I am sitting in the shadow of an old mulberry tree,
the waves play in the rhythm of dalmatino.

Poet, you are dreaming again!

At you are back on your own.
A little of something was inspiring,
almost anything obsessively,
not even you are in love
- and you are not lost any more.

Hope on the horizon!

In this sunny *mattino*,
within the abloom of the lavender seem
purple from the female eye
in dehiscence pomegranate
- the vigor of a woman,
Now when you are creating singular again,
look like you're not alone.

And I'll be and I was, and I am.
- here and now!

In the shade of an ancient mulberry
raising up your view, enhance your head
and looking into the distance.
In the white froth, rolled by the sea,
naval *fiesta*
- bride in white,
Sailors heavenly nuptials.

Two clouds, two pillows,
two soft kisses,
the smell of salted anchovies
and the blue bottle of wine -
for a long time I will not go from here.
By the side of the the water I will sing in dawn

... all the birds from the forest ...

Let see the Gull, the carrier of the bora
that the poet rises again!

Under the old tree - I am dreaming again.



<http://diogen.weebly.com/>