



Sarajevska zima 2012

**DIOGEN traži čovjeka**

**2012.**

**DIOGEN is seeking for human being**



**Marina Kljajo Radić**

**Then You Will Be Able  
Call Me Darling**

If you ever  
Hear the voice of a sea  
Listen  
What it talks to a reef...  
If you ever  
Halt  
After hearing  
Singing nightingale  
Catch him  
And give it  
To me...  
If you ever  
Hear the cry of a river  
Ask her  
For the pain of a birth!  
Then you will be able  
Call me darling  
And the lovability will spread  
To distances...  
In the word Darling  
You will hear the primeval world  
Sound of a flute and the cry of  
A Newborn child.

## **Two Words**

I know  
Once we will meet.  
Among two seas and two  
blueness.  
And two words will roll down  
And echo  
In the pass.  
And none will be there  
Two strict cliffs  
For always separated  
Will watch each other  
In the mute duration.  
A Legend said to folk:  
Do not dream  
The cursed place is there!

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## **With The Wind Of The Spirit**

*To Saint Father Ivan Paul II.*

He spread the mercy of the  
suffering  
And the allure of a death  
With the wind of the spirit  
The secret of an eternity  
Was discovered like  
The dried up spring  
With the wind of the spirit  
The love has taken off  
From dewy eyes  
Despair has retreated  
Before the commitment  
To the letter of the gather  
He fall asleep in the sanctity  
In the lights of assumptions  
With the wind og the spirit

*02th April 2005*

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

## **Between**

Between that which I am  
And that which I must be  
A sea is wide  
On it paper boat sail  
And the scream of lonely words  
Between that which I am  
And that which I must be  
An olive is black  
With tburn moon at the heart  
The unstoppable sailing to the sky  
Between that which I am  
And that which I must be  
A heated iron boils  
The safe hand  
Forms the metal in the cross  
destiny  
Between that which I am  
And that whichI must be  
I want hide my selfe  
But nevertheless be  
Petrify firefly

*Korčula, 30th August 2005*

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## Abortion

After of the conception of the  
life  
Mother throws the child  
In hands those which  
Will alter it  
To the blame  
And the fear  
To hallucinations  
The thrown child after the  
conception  
Lives  
As a largest obstacle  
To the life  
Which would flow at rest  
Without it.

*April 2006*

*Translated by Žarko*



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