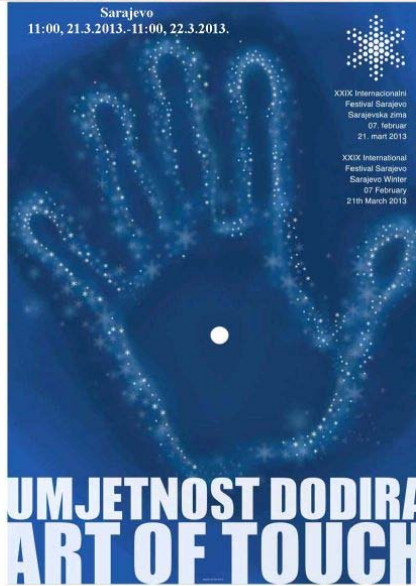


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DIOGEN TRAŽI ČOVJEKA POETSKI MARATON



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

Marius Chelaru, Romania

Christ

in front of us
invisible to everyone
Christ is standing up

sadly
The Holy Scriptures
are reciting for nobody

He is whispering
I am Christ
I am bearing the world's sorrow
blood stained by the most recent war
I carry the world's happiness
in the smile of the last newborn baby

I carry the sun
and the flowers
the desire to dream
dreaming is my right
yours is to believe
or not

I am Christ
He is whispering sadly
in my soul
all the world's love is whispering
the blood of those who were killed
and of those who were never born is flowing
through my veins
my palms
are pierced by the nails of your indifference

I am Christ
the rivers of heaven are flowing
from my heart
the roses of love are growing
<http://www.dlog-impro.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html>
in my heart
there live all of you
that can see me
that can not hear me
in my poetry
God finds shelter
bathing his thoughts
in each of your tears

I am Christ

The Last Supper

at night the looks
confined by the desires
abandoned by the people
are rattling
over me – the one burdened by the merciless instant
like the silver coins
.my twelve hypostases
are laying the crane bone covers smelling like earth and light
under the cross of every day of no Jesus
humiliated
by the passing of the time
it is digging
throwing over me
sunset after sunset
until I've had a rest in a cry inside of my flowing body
surprised that nobody
is selling me anymore

the frowned evening
<http://www.dnopenpro.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html>
like a forsaken solitude
having the windows viewing the lane closed
falls down the mirror
in which I forgot my face
similar to a poem on a woman's lip
the sullen memories grown in my body
lay themselves
with their hair set loose in a heretical way
on the table plates
like some abandoned kids
or like some trees they do away with their bark
at the cross of all the roads
.the hours that took refuge in the memories
are dying over my shoulders
plugging the seeming abyss
between me and the sunset with a bell
the sadness comes up at the gate locked with forsaken verbs
my twelve hypostases are preparing the questions
with which I will be crowned
when the city is washing its hands

and the things raise their eyes towards the lips of the sky
smiling like dawn

I fall asleep abandoning Judas too

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

poetry is the key of the world's eyes

when my ego moves angrily
your face is shapeless
the colour of the sky turns into gray
and I take all the colours out of my heart
I offer them to the children
as if they were some apples baked in a sauce of fatherless tales

I am floating in the sky
between the love stories that are growing among acacias
I come down upon the city like the rain and
I am flowing into the land
I am walking among those who passed away
and who are waiting to fade into oblivion
there is a peasant on the street. he can't find his village
.he is taking a walk
where there should have been some trees

pretty women
<http://www.diogenpro.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html>
are waiting in seclusion like some chrysalises this second
when death is groaning with helplessness
because all of them will stay young
is it possible
that the memories should ever spread along the fields
manuring the soil where our eyes are growing
the burden from the soul of the opposite girl
is falling down upon the front wall
in blood waves
the apples like some rain clouds are shedding tears in the palm
where there should be the sword

the last act of forgiveness is the one that untie the fright in the fence
letting it run away- a stag born at the first birth of the moon

a city of light is built on the shoulders
of that one who is standing in front
on your eyelashes a garden of rays
poetry is the key of the world' eyes
any life cultivates death in its secret garden

as for me
I am a page of the Book.

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

You

while you were shaking the ears
there were falling down the grains of silence
ripened in your heart

then

I see myself walking with you on the boundless hill
among the grass blades full of dewdrops
the horizon loaded with the evening moisture
lights up
the very moment in which that bird is trilling
as if they sipped each trill from our heart
the silence stones are hanging from my lips
I see the roundness of your heel
sinking in the sea of grass
the hips escaping from the spell of any words
the slopes of the breasts
as steep as my own doubts

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

the moon lets itself lifted in the sky
by God's hands
the houses are nestling in the sunset lap
only your eyes are still burning in the twilight
the scintillation of your soul sets me on fire
like an endearment pyre
the valley of the village smells
like the kitchen newly whitewashed
with the lime of the happenings with you
that I have already forgotten

the city

the city resembles Noah's ark .only
that the animals are killed
one by one. .in the field of the lonely hearts
there are ploughs doing their job
drawn by coins
while sentences are being thrown over the furrows
in a block there are lying the contents of your life book
.at night the moon face seems to be
a street lamp that isn't spreading light any longer
in the city in which instead of flowers
there are blocks and wire growing everywhere

the shadows are walking in front of the people .in a hurry
they lie down in the memories with trees
and grass .the night is sitting
on my knees

.next to each of us
<http://www.diggenpro.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html>
the night
is sleeping renunciations one by one
the thoughts are sleeping hung from
the walls till the day almost breaks

half meat half thoughts
we are drinking God's blood all the night long
shoulder to shoulder with the eyes of those
who passed away
traveling by Charon's boat

half meat half renunciations
we are lying in wait for the morning
when once again we take our heart out of the chest
we lock it within children's smile
we let the city gulp us

.outside
the land
lain under the asphalt
is waiting for the funeral,



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