



**DIOGEN traži čovjeka**  
**2012.**  
**DIOGEN is seeking for human being**



**Mirzeta Memišević**

**My Fairy Tale is Incomplete**

Name's Mirzeta  
In some collections of names  
It is translated as princess  
So what kind of the princess am I  
And on what kind of a pea  
(It has to be the size of a mountain!)  
My fragile back's been bruised  
For some years now  
Let's not get into that  
(If I am a princess of some standing  
Then I'm bound to be a lady  
And even this lady keeps quiet about her age)  
Who is testing me?  
Neither the prince  
Nor his wise mother  
Do I see in this court !  
Frankly, I don't see the court either!

*(Boris Mrkela)*

## **Alone**

Who am I  
If not  
The man  
Himself

I'm a man  
Yet what is human is often  
Alien to me

I'm a the one  
Who wakes up in his sleep  
And dreams with his eyes wide open

I'm one half of the definition  
For  
Love

I'm just one half of  
The whole!

*(Boris Mrkela)*

## **BUTTERFLY**

Yes, Yes  
After all, you had  
Something of a butterfly in your soul

I know  
You were considerate  
Of everything and everyone  
In your soul  
You had something of a  
Butterfly  
No matter what

In the summer you went to work on your motorcycle  
In the winter you didn't feel like going

When they deprived you  
Of everything you had loved  
You rarely came home singing

You followed me through my dreams easily  
But to parent-teacher meetings  
Not with a ruffle  
Only with a tear

In your soul you had something of a butterfly  
After All  
Yes, Yes.

*Nidara Pašanović*

## DEAR MOTHER, DO NOT SEND ME TO THE WATER

I

Dear Mother, do not send me to the water  
There is no use  
Why am I running between the previous and the next  
Shell  
And what when the previous catches up with the next  
I run into my friend's house  
And why do his parents feed me  
Because you couldn't  
There is no use  
When you are worried why I'm not home  
Fourty-eight hours straight  
If you count days in hours  
If you count hours in minutes two thousand eight hundred and eighty minutes  
Or one hundred and seventy two thousand eight hundred seconds  
A second like a year  
A year like a century  
When at home  
Under shells  
I'm gone  
In vain were the houses and banks  
What I have for the hours and minutes  
Won playing monopoly  
Anyway, I managed to keep just a friend!

II

Dear Mother, do not send me to the water  
For the darling there that stands -  
Isn't waiting for me  
Isn't waiting for anyone  
He is just dreaming  
The steps which he will never hear again  
Because they have always stood  
On that other side  
Of the same Drina that we take from the well

III

Dear Mother, do not send me to the water  
For there is no spring there  
My darling is not there

IV

Dear Mother, do not send me to the water  
I will die before I become someone's darling

V

Dear Mother, do not send me to the water  
There is no use  
Like this song of mine

*Hikmet Karčić*

### **Monument**

I was so afraid  
That only my eyes walked on my feet

I was so hungry  
That I ate myself up from the inside

I was so thirsty  
That I drank a river of tears

I was so cold  
Here I am, turned into stone.

*Translated by Nidara Pašanović*



<http://diogen.weebly.com>