Sabahudin Hadžialić, Bosnia and Herzegovina

Foots

Within the twilight of my memories
footprint of hers resurrections

I am struggling on the run
not getting

The pain is immeasurable
My fault

infatuated

I continue to pray

and love
because she is always here
remains
resuscitate.
Awakening

Reflection
of my own madness
is shining
within the night of my restlessness.
Treating the cries
of human dreams
I cannot do alone.
With whom I will?
And when?
NEBULA OF THE SOUL

I am enlightening the hell of daffodils
while disappearing in loss
of the sense...
me.

Fighting for the incarnation
of the soul is
wooing with the nebula

Whether will survive...the soul?

Or disappear among rocks,
cliffs,
of searching.

Aspiring towards the fall.
SHE...THE POEM
The poem about her
decanted with my tears
through decades
arises

And, within the time of blemching
light flashes
through the distance and intention...

The poem disappeared
with return of her.

Am I wrong,
Or she is my
...poem?
AGORA¹

The place
of personalization of the direct
democracy
and the starting end
of civilization.
Wondering value of try
within the announcement
of disappearance of the species.
Two thousand years
Later.
Today.
Us.

Translated by author

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

¹ The agora (Ancient Greek: Ἀγορά, Agorá) was a central spot in ancient Greek city-states. The literal meaning of the word is "gathering place" or "assembly". The agora was the center of athletic, artistic, spiritual and political life of the city.