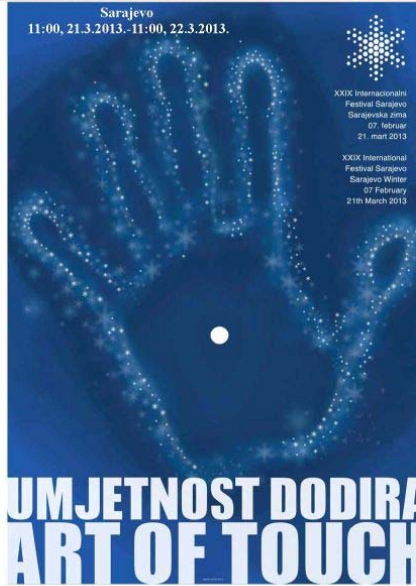


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DIOGEN TRAŽI ČOVJEKA POETSKI MARATON



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

Samira Begman Karabeg, Switzerland

The view

thee
who grabbed my hand ...,
sank into the eye
and cheered;
now I know
that bush
the flame will flare up ...

Carers

they are coming
in dresses
made of corn silk,
weaving virginity with
pollen without
that embroidery
beyond all bylaws is
shelter of the gloom in you;
Hurricanes are invoking you
naked breasts are your sails
full of wind who pushes you
to slice sea waves

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those heavenly reapers

know my secret,
weakness of mine
my own living force from the origin
I love ...
I love ...
I am sailing through the astral ocean.

The way in which true love exists

(to Sabahudin Hadžialić)

You, the Asclepius, hutch the hope
everything that river takes
will not bring back
new wind
from the bottom of Pandora's box
howl on the moonlight
will you know
to dance to a new rhythm
forgiveness is not enough
renewal should be necessitated
it is the way
in which true love exists.

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Emerald Board¹

(to Zlata Žunić)

Do you know, Asclepius, when
we walked barefoot
over the red-hot stones
and recorded only one track?

when we did not carry
browsed temper
and its fruits
good-bad, deplorable-bonnie?

how that
we feel the burns now
track is covered
<http://www.diogenpro.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html>
and about the wholeness of temper less we know

do you know,
that in partition
existing and being is painful?
(so many bogeys, and destiny is still hungry)

how is it possible that hurts
(oh, the pain makes day longer)
just the eliminated side?

how is it possible,
that love and time are in conflict
and cloven being more settled?

¹ *“Tabula smaragdina“ is the title in BHS Language (translation from Latin in English in this case for Tabula is: board)*

...

I've followed the stars
on the emerald sky
for you, the sky was a cave

I, now, through the pain, conceiving
that your and my sky is
Emerald Board

But soon, I know
(because, what is the time in relation to eternity
where the soul is settled)

soon ...
<http://www.diogenpro.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html>
when the comets fraternized

and into the new planets oneness bends ...

When Prometheus ignites the fire
from the civilization into the culture
The death of you and me when they hug ...

then, Asclepius,
within your and my death
Trismegistos will be born

...

A sound
and that Single one,
soundless-

touch
in the perfection of the serenity

A time
and that Single one
timeless
erases the thought

forms in pupil of the eye,
nevertheless
reveal
that Single one
hidden

comprehensive prism
of the cohesion-
<http://www.diogenpro.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html>
that Single one

amalgamation
absorbing by
the inner eye
opened with
divine vision

continue your trip
pilgrim



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