



POEMS AND SHORT STORY WRITTEN BY ZDRAVKO ODORCIC

THE MOMENT OF KNOWING YOU

I don't ask anymore from where you arrived
And why our eyes saw each other
That moment of glance in the depth of soul
We all come from the energy of the universe
We only need to recognize each other

The body is only the shell
This life we heavily bring through
But not birth nor death
Is owner of our eternal souls
Unbreakable by knowledge try centuries

And while with earth it melts till dust
Soul is moving to another shell as Universe gift
Keeping the gene of remembrance in subconscious Mind
And so through the eternal circle of perfection
Till moment we recognized ourselves

Makers of our souls put us on the Earth

Where our souls live like parasite for a moment

But not the makers even know

that on this planet the soul gives birth to the love and passion

And remembers it so stubbornly and returns to it always

They poison us and wound our souls with giving us

Shells without souls that bring only evil

Hate, envy, greed, famine and wars

They give birth to many petrified bodies

Killing this way our noble emotions

In this vertigo of degradation and death

The fortune of this world is just to meet you

Connect with you in words of past and future

Knowing we existed and we will exist

Changing with love forms, times and world's

(Translated by Zana Coven)

THE PLANET OF DEATH

Since its nascency like a waste of sun
or
by will of God
it doesn't matter
With its spin
It grinds
mercilessly
It devours and swallows
all around it

I suppose we are parasites that walk on it
so it gives us birth and dies
it buries us into the land
we are spread by worms in rotting
it crushes itself
and there are more of us

undeclared war
between Planet and humans
has been around since time immemorial

The man is digging and poisoning it
and it takes revenge
by Earthquakes
by Hurricanes
by Floods

Life and death
they are the essence of existence
it eats us dead

But to us
Mouths are full of land and
Dead human bodies

As in any war
We eat ourselves

Translated by Zaynab Miličević-Nevenka
(Nevenka Arsenović)

YOU ARE NOT LIKE HER

you can't go
hand in hand
with me,
with poem
with my experience
and with the richness of my mind.

you are a lady
and it is not for you
to walk with me
wrapped in expensive curds

embraced by my hands of experience
you can't go with me by foot
because inns are home to poets
it is difficult to walk on high heels
here on Gornji Grad
where up hills are made of stone cubes

the air that is ripped up by the poems of the poet
is full of smoke
and it's stuffy
but you have gentle lungs
your lips are so soft
and my kisses so rough to lips

you don't understand what we sing

for the pain and suffering of the soul

can only sing

the bohemian symphony of mad poets

you can hear just the sound of my voice

but not crying of my soul of poet

for the one who heard love in my poems which went barefoot

in summer blue dress

because she was shot by the emotion of reality in the forehead of illusions

I can't kill you that way

and I can't love you as I loved her with my soul

Translated into English by...Zaynab Nevenka

NEKOPIRATI

KEEPING YOU UNDER MY SKIN

Come and sneak,
You are right under my skin
Under my ribs
Are you ready to listen to heart's beats
coated with you
Stars are shining in a different way
Moon has a silvery smile the same like mine
And the wind make us feel fresh with its warm, gentle touch.
I don't hide you
Just proudly carry in side me
I will cry from happiness on a thirsty grass for water
Wash you early morning with the freshness of the
bedding scent
So beautiful
I will breath in and breath out
Look at yourself
I keep you under my warm skin.

NEKOT

THE SCENT OF HOLOCAUST

For a long time I have been digging the hardness of the ground
With my nails I touch the paleness of the skin unknown
Wondering how they are my unmoving neighbours
Coldly rigid laying or curvelly dead

I don't know where you arrived from and when the death touched you
I feel your closeness from lands away
Pain and suffering still screaming from your mouth
The strongest is the scent of holocaust of your burned souls

I count the pellets in a number of holes in head
Blood has already dried in empty eyes
With your bodies the earth is covered
As the food to some better words

Man is anyway the only being
That cruelly destroys himself alone
Hopefully from these dead bodies new ones could born
As these did not deserve this world.

NEKOPRATI

LOOKING YOU BLIND

Shoe less and poor I will wonder through streets
From square to square
Perhaps like Homer, blind will talk poems
For few coins, with my soul voice
I'll pass the feelings

With hope that you will hear my painful singing
And take me blind.

WALK, WALK...

Walk, walk...
With your charming high hills,
and hold my hand tight.
You are full of youth desire
Inside me, still my old heart beats.
Walk, walk...
Our souls are touched
With my age experiences and your young excitement.
Walk, walk...
With your dreamed body
Hidden under the coat
With your head leaned on my chest.
On the next love intersection
No mater how heartfelt would be
We'll kiss as long as we could
And than walk away in separate ways.
And, we are so interesting (special) couple...
Curious side walkers
Don't know if I am your father or grandfather
Walk, walk..
maybe we will meet while still young
Recognize ourselves after our hearts beat
In some other shape
On some other planet
In some other world....

A SPASM OF TRANQUILITY

Exposed souls lacking attire,
wrapped in silk-woven cloths,
passionately suspiring congested by fervour
through a touch of skin,
tangled by fingers
in a spasm, seeking the very last alleviation
by soft lips
imprinting the imperceptible
print marks,
stopping
the Earth and moving it
off the orbicular course.

The crack opening up
along stitches of barren furrows,
flooded
by creek water flowing fiercely like an ocean,
spreading liquidity
and returning it to caves that are nurtured by magma –
then all erupting
like a volcano hidden under a
duvet.

Author: Zdravko Odorčić
Translated by: Vanja Rendulić Medvešček

HE RUN OVER THE ANT

He was mobilized in the military unit that fought for their place. And all of them were fighting and dying for their places. Houses were ruined. Burned. Devastated. From both sides. They even forgot why and when their bloody dance had started.

Criminals became heroes, but heroes died in the battle or after battles they never finish the war. They leave the seed of hate for the next war.

Not to be killed one has to kill. And to burn. And devastated the home of others. They killed somebody's son who himself killed the son of somebody else. This was the chain. The war support took himself too. It transformed the man who was defending his place to the bloody beast that fight for his existence.

In the battle the granary thrown him on ants nest. Ants went around into his hair, underwear, nose, eyes, ears. He couldn't move. He was looking to the ant on the top of his nose and annoying him. He even could not scrub himself.

He was gazing at the ant for hours and the ant was looking at him too while other ants were running up and down along his body and arms. The rain started and it was raining so hard. Ants disappeared in a glance. But the stubborn one was still dancing with his slim legs.

The rain stopped. He moved the palm of his hand and with reflex of his nerve he free the ant from his nose, it fell just under soldier's sight point. The ant was moving his legs and it seems to the soldier that it was shouting to him. As the ant was cursing him.

He got up slowly from the wet ground that became a mud. The ant was still moving desperately. The soldier got nervous and he moved his feet and stick with the sole the poor ant. He stayed this way with his boot on the leaf. When he moved the leg the ant was laying dead.

He sit next to the ant and started to laugh loudly to the dead little animal. He continued to laugh till the night. All the night till morning. The next morning with the first sun rays he looked better to the little dead insect in front of himself. He saw his soldier's and enemy soldier's. And he saw all dead around. He saw himself and the ant, they were from nobody.

The ants in lane tried to bring their dead friend. He didn't permit it with the stroke of the wood. He blow to them, tried to touch them to frighten them. He took the box of matches and put the poor ant in it.

As other ants could not see their friend anymore that went away. He opened the box and gazed to the ant. He felt the bitterness of the drop of sweat that was in his eye. Then the other eye started to pinch too. The saltiness of tears aged his eyes and they burned his face by skidding from his eyes. Drops became the stream and he burned into strong cry.

Loudly mourning. Complaining because of pain in his chest. The idea that he killed the ant blocked his muscles. He was shouting. Then he bested his head against the rock. The blood was squeezing on the ground and on the cloud. The sky became red.

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His vein broke because of the strong pressure on the box and his head fell down because of strong beating against the rock.

The earth opened and they fell inside in deep nothing. The stone covered the hole.

He felt the cold with his open eyes, his mouth full of sand. His arts became like rocks. And his glance disappeared in that stone. He himself became the stone together with the box of matches.

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Translated into English by Zana Coven

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