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Seeing the World through Others Eyes

The ability to see, smell, taste, touch the earthly pleasures, to walk along the streets that have no names, to step on the sidewalk of life and just stop for a moment, look around and inhale the fresh breeze of a certain Monday or Sunday brings nothing but smile to a person's face. We, the humans, this unique and awesome species has the ability to feel the strength of Achilles in their feet when walking along hot sandy beaches of Australia, experiencing that comfortable sensation of heat. We are also quite capable and skillful with our long and tender hands. We can create miraculous structures and wonders leaving traces of genuineness of our character by drawing lines, building monuments, garlanding sights which exude ancient history of our existence through pyramids of Egypt, through temples of Bagan, through the Lingering Garden of Suzhou, or the Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

We are world travelers; we live, visit and reside in the unity of our diversities. We perceive and voice what our gaze captures in an instant epiphany of a beauty when stricken by the awesome new discovery leaving us speechless, taken aback and mesmerized. Our eyes are the greatest gift we could ever ask for. They enable us to experience agonies and ecstasies; they make us cry once we encounter or stumble upon a beauty so clear and vivaciously stunning that we simply must take it all in. But beauty can also be sensed, it can be felt from within, it is an innate sensation of our famished and eager hearts. To talk about something as marvelous as the city that reflects, transmits, breathes and nestles the concepts and notions of eternal and unconditional love, Verona, can fully and completely be known and experienced

through an insightful and pure interlocation with its streets, its nature, its architecture and above all its people.

Not every living human thing can have the opportunity to experience all these sensations, impressions or loveliness, but we can always enjoy in at least a fragment of someone's experience by listening to their stories, their observations and encounters with a certain memorable place. We can envision and clearly imagine the appearance and the glory of The Eiffel tower printed on and sewn onto a canvas of an artistic expression of someone so deeply touched and captured by its sight, or we can look at the photo of two vivacious people jumping up in the air in the background of the Rio Carnival and instantly transform ourselves into a colorful and festive peacock or Flaubert's parrot dancing and flying around an enormous kingdom of festivity.

Yet, beauty does not only reside in an explicit or exhibited form, shape or object; it is also present in small and barely visible 'visibility and openness' of itself. The beauty is in the beholder's eye. It is in the eye that sees far and beyond the obvious, far and beyond the horizons of lines and conglomeration of the world.

The beauty of Grand Canyon goes and stretches far and beyond the width of Rocky Mountains. The beauty of its eye-catching redness, the stones carved deep into terrain that opens its arms, embracing soft dust of its cries.

The awesomeness of Taj Mahal is not only in the final touches and nuances of memories, but the story that gave it life, the words that are shaped into a meaningful, purposeful, strong, dignified and elegant poise.

We share impressions, we share breaths, and we share stories keeping the spirit of ancient times alive, allowing them to stay ever present in our memory, in history, in our humble and open hearts. We create our home, to our fellow citizens and tenants. We are bearers of history, of sagas of bard-ism of our imagination. We seek; we unexpectedly find and observe the beauty in everything that exists, in everything that surrounds us. We all have our own way and manner in which we become aware and conscious of a certain glorious autumn leaf, softly parting from its mother who is looking down waving him his last goodbye. And someone may see the same action as he is walking and wondering barefoot along the Manhattan Park, enjoying the soft and smooth breeze of a Sunday morning and experience the

joy of stumbling upon a perfectly shaped leaf lying naked on the ground. He may feel the joy of looking at its colorful surface painted with nuances of lava and vortex of yellowish golden glaze.

To inhale a distinct, novel and unusual breath of fresh air is to open your heavy and watery eyelids and realize you are settled and nested in a bed of an old but welcoming room that has been cut and bitten by the tooth of time, somewhere amidst the vineyards of Toscana. I opened my eyes and helped the old room to prolong its final breath by hugging its dreamy and sleepy cushions, by gently untangling my legs from sweaty and wrinkled bed sheets: I approached the cracked and steamy window to open and widely spread my numb arms to embrace the morning, to feel the world. I washed my face with a long and bemused gaze absorbing the endless fields of earth meeting the sky in front of my eyes. The green fields of smooth and lively grass welcomed me into its morning calmness, peace and symphony of sounds it was producing conducted by the light breeze.

I blinked several times and continued enjoying the story someone told by capturing this memorable and everlasting moment in time allowing me to see what others have seen. Their beauty became my beauty. I smelled the air, I tasted the food with my luscious lips and famished eyes, I allowed my tongue to play with dragon fire of Mexican specialties wearing sombrero on my head, making it my private protector, a lid of my pot-luck supper.

I thank all of them for having me on their voyages, for having me in their immortal photos, for having me in their rooms. I thank them all for tattooing the eternal smile on my face, and for believing that a day will come when my adventurously innate and magical desire will become a dream come true.

I thank you all.

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