

<http://maxminus.weebly.com>



DIOGEN
pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

<http://diogen.weebly.com>

Eaten moon on the lake (Translated into english by Ermira Babamusta)

Sadness captivates my eyes
a lunar appearance drifts upon my skin.

I am cold
cold as ice.

It's freezing,
no place to warm up,
standing alone at the lake.

Cold autumn
My soul is like the eaten moon on the lake.

In Ohrid (Translated into english by: Ana Topencarova)

In the quiet lake North Wind rages,
Above us a chilling voice indolently's felt.

Little waves,
Collide with the cold walls of the shore.

In this January without snow
the lake has cought a layer of cold
North wind blows over the scuffed faces
over disillusioned souls.

One lonely boat
over there in the corner hangs on swaying.

From far away, there from the Fortress

The lake reveals sleepy Ohrid with party of splendors.

Its word pierces the murky cold
The night overnight promotes bitter over us.

Heavy air, waves of late hours
Banks start to boom in the wall.

A wave is repeatedly going along us,
a new sorrow inviting the poets.

Ohrid this January
Sorrowfully soothes us.

Hungarian Song

grandmother, Jolana

Where roots have the same name,
the sky with the only soul changing.

Danube late evenings are the shares,
where the dome lights down town as issued.

This will calm voice throughout Hungary,
cities will pronounce your name.

A blood clot have both
although separated.

You Do not recognize, never
nor I thee,
or too little.

At night when the sky meets the heroes square
I would gazes beyond
you see I be.

In your grave to be cut smooth,
will there ever boast in Bratislava.

And only you do not have to feel ever;
I swear to mother!

You'll have me so close,
one would have.

In plastic art galleries Rembrandt down,
eyes lit me with tears of these images
that are invitation condolence to us.

I am and will be here, perhaps without you,
with the same beautiful name you remember.

Few of your soul,
today I am everywhere.

Even though you did not notice, or Do not you see
believe me that you will feel more of Reality.

Mother do not be afraid of loneliness,
to stand proud and do not sit crooked.

I will be with you,
my love will have support.

Budapest, Brno, Bratislava,
are within an unknown spirit, never
where it remains otherwise want to inspire.

Jolana,
within your image,
I am.

You will find here my word
and I thee: in the beautiful paradise.

Monasteries

Silence!
But not the bells!

Ancient stone walls,
with the ancient mystical figure.

Inside there comes the sun
heated with fire and candles.

Swear for sins,
crossed in front of the crucified prophet.

The ancient dome,
oval shape of raised above the sky.

People perform rituals,
beg walls
and the figures inside.

The architecture of the soul - superman

Translated into english by: Lorena Vangjeli

I

Furious squall, autumn wind,
you and your shadowy drawing in nature
you dance in the sharp eyes of a superman.
With the autumn leaves, fantasy turns into emotion
and the kingdom of thoughts is the enlighten mind.

Feelings are brown and soft
in solitude they balance with poetry,
you can't challenge the experience, the emotion
it is a Baronial or Shelleyan earthquake.

The threads, dying twice with difficulty and struggle;
two strong and big angels needed
to tear apart the soul completely
because this soul dies hard.

Vast soul, you travel wherever
a whore or a virgin: you rule with intelligence like a tyrant
and in the end, when death will come by: you will die like a man.

You knit your crystal blanket
with the white color of the snow, changing...
the hidden place of the soul is shaped with baroc architecture
and the shape of the soul is called: superman.

None is afraid from your voice
because you are not a ruler of generations,
but a hero for the ones to come
you wake them up from the deep sleep of the seasons.

II

You poured sadness and strived
how much autumn leaves suffocated you?
But you conquered ice and frost
how much you bled! Anybody saw you bleeding?

You, blue and white soul
don't get frozen
give power to thoughts
lifeless in this cold vacuum
with the help of the sound of these verses.

Classic piano, you should play the best sonata
and bring again the autumn wind among us
with the architecture of the soul- Superman.

Stones

Grinding stone.

No moving of earth,
supposedly do ire.

Passion of the round,
The gray, selfish unmatched.

Jealously guards inside,
has reel to be vacuum.

Grinding stone,
strong, enigmatic form.

Evenings on Earth,
face reveals,

discolor slightly.

Grinding stone,
a rare mystical ire.

Gold Leaf (Translated into english by Ermira Babamusta)

Gold leaf,
I see you amongst others on the branch.

Gold leaf beyond the window,
All bitter.

In deep thoughts, silent and unhappy,
Indifferent of the bright sun.

Gold leaf,
Intelligent but hopeless.

Everyone watching,
Is making fun of you.

Autumn leaf with faded colors,
People's colors change too.

Rocks (Translated into english by Ermira Babamusta)

Heavy rock.

It is not moving,
pretending it is mad.

With lifeless passion,
It lies there all gray, egoistic and alone.

Overtaken by jealousy,
surrounding its every inch.

Heavy rock,
Strong but mysterious.

When the dusk falls,
Its face it reveals,
Becoming pale.

Heavy rock,
Lying there, mystic and resentful.

COPY



DO

PR

DIOGEN pro kultura
<http://diogen.weebly.com>

MaxMinus magazin
<http://maxminus.weebly.com>