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ELENA PRENDJOVA

Од "Живот под Ѕвездите" From *Life under the Stars* Iz "Život pod zvijezdama"

Кинески колачиња во италијански ресторан некаде на Балканот

За десерт ни носат колачи со пораки.

Ти го јадеш прашањето, и ми го оставаш колачето мене.

Се вадиш на диета, а всушност сакаш да го скриеш одговорот од мене.

Потоа ме прашуваш дали било вкусно.

Ти ги подавам усните за да пробаш самиот.

Тогаш дознавам дека си дијабетичар.

Јадејќи ја хартијата, го проголтуваш молкот.

Тишината е најгласна.

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Chineese Fortune Cookies in an Italian Restaurant, Somewhere on the Balkans

We eat fortune cookies for dessert.

You gulp down the question and leave me the cookie.

Your diet is your excuse, but the truth is you wish to hide the answer from me.

You ask me if the cookie was delicious.

I lean towards you, offering my lips to you. Try it yourself.

I realise you are a diabetic.

Eating the paper, you gulp down the silence.

The silence speaks in the loudest voice.

Kineski kolačići u talijanskom restoranu, negdje na Balkanu

Za desert nam nose kolačiće s porukom.

Ti jedeš pitanje i ostavljaš mi kolačić.

Vadiš se na dijetu, a zapravo hoćeš da sakriješ odgovor od mene.

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Potom me pitaš je li bilo ukusno.

Nudim ti usne da probaš sam.

Tada saznajem da si dijabetičar.

Jedući papir, progutaš muk.

Tišina je najglasnija.

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Демократија

Не ги препознавам решетките на сопствениот затвор.

Доброволно се пријавив да издржувам казна за своето автогено постоење.

Ме обвинија за дискриминација. Јас им возвратив со сепарација.

Моето Јас не припаѓа во нивното безлично Нас.

Democracy

I disregard the chains of my own prison.

I surrendered voluntarily to the punishment of my autogenous existence.

I was charged with discrimination. I defended myself with separation.

My I does not belong to their impersonal We.

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Demokracija

Ne prepoznajem rešetke vlastitog zatvora.

Dragovoljno sam se prijavila da izdržavam kaznu za svoje autogeno postojanje.

Okrivljuju me za diskriminaciju. Ja im uzvraćam separacijom.

Moje Ja ne spada u njihovo bezlično Mi.

Елена Дарвин

Посакувам

да сум глобално натурализирана. да ја избришам од себе својата националност и расност, да бидам само уште еден животниски вид во теоријата за еволуција.

Посакувам

да сум граѓанин на светот во животинското царство.

Elena Darwin

I wish

I were globally naturalised.
I could erase my nationality and race.
I were just one more animal species in the Theory of the evolution.

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I wish

I were a citizen of the world of the animal kingdom.

Elena Darwin

Poželim

da sam globalno naturalizirana, da izbrišem iz sebe svoju nacionalnost i rasnost, da budem samo još jedna životinjska vrsta u teoriji evolucije. Poželim da sam

Политика

Заситени сме од компјутерски игри. Ајде да бидеме креатини и да им се навратиме на старите игри. Ќе излеземе на паркингот

građanin svijeta

u životinjskom carstvu.

пред зграда,

ќе заградиме свој простор, ќе му дадме име според нашето, во него ќе поставиме оловни војничиња и ќе изградиме куќички како во

монопол.

Ке си поделиме извесен стартен буџет, а откога ќе го потрошиме на данок на луксуз, ќе правиме територијална размена. За да биде возбудливо ќе ги убиеме војничињата и ќе ги разрушиме куќичките. Играта ќе ја викаме

политика.

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Politics

We are all fed up with computer games. Let's be creative and retro and renew some old games. Let's go out on the parking lots

in front of our buildings,

let's mark our own space by fencing, let's make it our namesake, let's inhabit it with tin soldiers and build houses as in

Monopoly.

Let's draw up starting budget, spend it on luxury tax and in the end discuss territory exchange. To add to the thrill let's kill the tin soldiers and knock down the houses. Let's name the game

Politics.

Politika

Zasićeni smo od kompjutorskih igara. Hajde da budemo kreativni i da se vratimo na stare igre. Izaći ćemo na parking

pred zgradu,

zagradit ćemo svoj prostor, dat ćemo mu naziv po našem, u njega ćemo postaviti olovne vojnike i izgradit ćemo kućice kao u

monopoliju.

Podijelit ćemo izvjestan startni budžet, a kad ga potrošimo na porez na luksuz, pravit ćemo teritorijalnu razmjenu. Da bude uzbudljivo ubit ćemo vojnike i porušiti kućice.
Tu igru ćemo nazvati

politika.

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Од "Пораки од морето" From *Messages from the Sea* Iz "Poruke iz mora"

Во недела во шест часот наутро

Сонцето и дава облик на Месечината раѓање на Сонцето од најдлабокиот сон спијам јас, спијат сите никој невиден освен оние кои подмижнувајќи подгледнуваат

не гледаат ни ден ни ноќ во несветлината и нетемнината

високи штикли, клекнати колена во ушите ритам на глува музика црвена ладна течност го загрева телото во телото - дупка, дупка наместо душа

полуживи, полумртви Сонцето и Месечината и улиците и прозорите и луѓето и сонот чекорат ко без стапала сами со студот сами со темната светлина сами со незвукот мирисајќи го тазе печениот леб во недела во шест часот наутро.

On Sunday at 6 am

Moon defined by the Sun, Sun-birth in the biggest sleep, sleep I, sleep everyone no one to be seen 'sept for the ones who hardly see; see they no day, no night

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for nor light is, nor dark; high heels, low knees rhythm in the ears of the deaf music red cold liquid hottens the body in the body- a hole, a hole for there is no soul; partly alive, partly dead the Sun and the Moon and the streets and the windows and the people and the sleep, walking as if with no feet alone with the cold alone with the dark light alone with the no-sound smelling the baking bread on Sunday at 6 am.

... и Ева

Сведок сум на сопственото раѓање. Од мрак излегувам, во мрачнина влегувам. Облечена во својата кожа свесна за својата tabula rasa, посегнувам по знаењето. Немам учител. Нема кој да ми запали светло. Се родив пред Почетокот. Првиот ден Бог ме создаде мене. Вториот ден ја создаде Светлината за да можам да го најдам скапаното јаболко паднато под дрвото. Само црвите јадат скапани јаболка. Тоа и Снежана го знае. Тоа и јас го дознав. Не од поинакви причини, туку

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затоа што сакав

да дознаам од каде доаѓаат јаболката. Затоа посегнав по целото дрво. Го соголив од сите плодови, му ги изџвакав лисјата и му ги пресеков гранките, за да повторно не роди нови плодови кои искушуваат.

Мажот не беше во игра. Никогаш не ни бил.

... and Eve

I witness my own birth. From dark I come, into darkness I go. Dressed in my own skin consciously aware of me being a tabila rasa, I reach for knowledge. I have no mentor. No one to turn on the light for me. I was born before the Beginning. On the first day God created-On the second day God created the light to ligh the way to the rotten, fallen-under-the-tree apple. Only worms eat rotten apples. **Snow White knows that.** Now I know that. I invtigated where rotten apples come from. I reached for the tree.

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I stripped it from its fruits, chewed its leaves, and cut its branches. It wan't be able to give birth to new tempting fruits.

The man was out of frame. He has always been.

Пуста земја

Ке отворам клиника за рехабилитација од чувства.

Таму ќе се лечат сите зависни од љубов.

Ке се практикуваат најсовремени методи за стерилизација од емоции.

Сензитивноста на допир ќе премине во состојба на алергија.

Врвните научници ќе ги пуштам на платен одмор за да не пронајдат вакцина против новата алегија.

Ке почне да се експериментира со нови синтетички супстанци.

Ќе се оформи втора хипи комуна – jaлова.

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Пуста земја.

Waste Land

I would build an emotion rehabilitation clinic.

It would be the place where all love addicts would be treated.

The most recent methods for emotion sterilising would be implemented.

Tactile sensibility becomes an alergy condition.

I would grant the leading scientists their paid annual holiday so not to invent a vaccine for the new alergy.

It would be the beginning of experiments with new synthetic substances.

It would be the foundation of a new hippi commune barren and sterile.

Waste land.

Од "Taa" From *She* Iz "Ona"

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Аудиција

Не помина на нејзината аудиција.

Комисијата ја поткупија со љубов.

Audition

He didn't pass her auditon.

The grand jury was bribed with love.

Глумица

Целиот свој живот го одглуми.

Љубовта ѝ беше најдобро одглумената улога.

Actress

She acted out all her life.

Love was her best performed role.

Руиниран свет

Й го подари светот и си замина.
Тогаш светот се сруши.

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Crushed World

He gave her the world as a present and left. Then the world crushed.

> Од "Jac" From *I* Iz "Ja"

Патот до среќата

Ајде да чекориме по патот на среќата!

Ќе одиме доволно бавно за да не одминеме ништо убаво и доволно брзо за да нѐ одмине секое лошо!

The Road to Happiness

Let us walk together the road to happiness!

Our step will be slow enough not to elapse none of the good and fast enough

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not to meet none of the evil!

Казна

Во земјата на парите и материјализмот грев е да сакаш и да ја поседуваш желбата да помогнеш без да бараш ништо за возврат, да љубиш заради љубов значи досмртна болка и сето она што го правиш и имаш ти доаѓа како казна за она што си, а не она што не си...

Punishment

In the lend of money and materialism to love is a sin and to possess the wish to help asking nothing in return, to love for love's sake means lifelong pain and all you do and have is a punishment for being yourself, instead of being somebody else...

Translated from Macedonian into English by the Author Preveo s makedonskog: Žarko Milenić

first look.
While escaping from herself
Hidden like the horse in a dense grass,
And meditates: Who doesn't want to be me?

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Juicy fruits

Beauty is high, between earth and sky Me and you.

A brain with mixed thoughts,
Is like the great homesickness with rare truths
Hiding below a dense grass, wetted grass.
Beauty is high, between earth and sky
Me and you.

Where the truth falls, Just like tall oak trees from the storm

That's how the path is lost from darkness and gates are invisible. In the sacred city.

Time prohibits to reveal the true face In the great garden, where all fruits, all flowers, are planted, Altogether with pain with love.

Deserves happiness Yes, the miracle of happiness.

Your glimpse is vigorous, And your eyes have turned into dry creeks.

The beauty is high, between earth and sky
Me and you.

Oh, how brown is the soil and trees have absorbed the soil's color. Except happiness is a tree with juicy fruits In the garden where a dense grass hides our feet.

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A New day

I am awake and sitting in front of the window. It is open, just like my eyes, just like my mouth Just like the flowers that take sun rays on the morning Just like the hills undressed from the dark night.

A tree is up front, and many colors are in it, Is the color of a tree log, of wet leaves and fruits That fulfills her meaning, its existence.

I am in front
Just like the window in front of me.
And the tree
With its invisible roots
Keeps all that beauty.

I stay in front of the window and see behind the tree That naked hill, and take a peak towards the horizon There are disappearing pedestrians with various news From the city.

I stay in front of the window and think for two truths.

That are fighting, just like my eye's fight with the hill touching the sky And the tree with its deep roots

On the earth which is never full of water.

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In a train station

Crowds of people
Run towards many directions
Some of them have a luggage
Some embody confusion in their eyes
Some waiting for the train
And a few returning to Ithaca like Odysseus

Every one is found to be in one place Where they depart to different directions. However they all have the same purpose The lives' walk O God, the unknown lives' walk.

You are cleaning the front head and with a sweet voice, asking Who is the walk?

Odysseus when returning to Ithaca,
Understood that Ithaca was far away from his dreams
Everything had changed, except his memories.
Ithaca did not remember his heroism
She was not Ithaca of Odysseus' dreams.

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A boat on a waive

It's Saturday and a cold march the roads are shining from frost, the city is quiet sounds are frightening, like mountain's scream from lightening. Cold flowers have the color of a frozen sound, Nothing is shining, neither aroma, neither sound, neither a word.

We are going to the sea, Where there is a sole boat and a masked captain.

He leaves behind quietness and departs towards for the coast To throw himself in the mysteries of turbulent waives.

You are following with imagination its path When she moves through the stormy waives.

A thunder is heart....

Asking surprised, why did it leave the quietness of the coast?

Looking confused with the eyes covering the color of ice And reminds the worst tail.

The boat becomes smaller, the waives are growing And the sky is furious.

It Saturday, cold march
Flowers are freezing just like your memory
Which leaves behind quietness and thrown in the waives of life,
There is an abyss amidst desires and reality
Between you and breathless reality, life, time...
On the earth full of thirst.

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The Freedom Of Poetry

The angels are descending slowly,
Softly
Quietly
With love
Over your fiery letters
Kissing only the pain that you know
Kissing only the love that you see
Kissing the solitude touched only by you
Caressing the Oh of the bountiful spirit
The brave poetry.

Then slowly and slowly Caressing your stone like tears The wrinkled cheeks where the fatherland Of pain has been hit with the times Through the screaming metaphors Screaming all night and day Oh, quiet and scream, scream and keep quiet In a parallel fashion, And emerge with a Sunny smile In the blue mornings with thickened pupils In the black nights with frightening storms They call you beautiful, call you a Queen They call you many names And you are, quiet as solitude With noise like sadness Bending your lifelong pain

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The endless mystery, just as the creation
Where happiness and pain are hit in the mirror
And roll the soft vision through the lips
From mouth to mouth
As a rapacious bird in silence gathers
Sometimes pain and at times engulfed in happiness.
Oh lucky poetry that loves endlessly.

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