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„In a country of hate the most hated one is the one who does not know how to hate.“ Ivo Andrić

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„U zemlji mržnje najviše mrzi onoga ko ne umije da mrzi.“ Ivo Andrić

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MI OBJEDINJUJEMO RAZLIČITOSTI...WE ARE UNIFYING DIVERSITIES

Franc Tominec

Na engleskom:

Insight

That I saw,
I blinked.

That I heard,
I listened to the silence.

That I said,
I first spoke to myself.

That I remembered,
I forgot everything else.

That I learned,
I eagerly listened.

I listened to his heart.

Steps

Inhale desire,
exhalation the step.

Sealed with a kiss,
view raised in the air.

Feel the love in the air,
become a hero himself.

This thing is capable of just about everyone.

Feel gutted,

be aware of.

Able to fulfill all their wishes.

For all that is needed is to:

Inhale desire,

exhalation the step.

Choice

Anger and joy,
sadness and happiness,
courage and fear.

Numbness and passion,
power and powerlessness,
evil and goodness.

Silence and scream
diligence and laziness,

stubbornes and obedience.

All this is in me ...

Among all the choices,
create.

Yes I am what I am.

Rose

How should I word it to make it sound like my deep yearning,
Find words soft enough to suit my blooming rose.

Like you, my dear, it is tender sweet and scented
And both have thorns to revenge my unworthy dids

I want to watch you tenderly from distance
while turning into smile upon my lips
I want to breathe in your smell, adore you,
as when I do my heart trembles with delight.

I want to caress you gently, pass my fingers through your hair
I want to have you, cherish and possess you like I do now, forever..

You know what is your need to stay as you are now,
But doubt that I am as you need me.

I'm overwhelmed by your honesty, your inner beauty,
I'm stunned and at the loss for words,
one word: I love you.

Red edge

Red edge
green path,
blue rivers,
crying child.

Gray Sky
dry tree
empty channel,
ground jail.

Earthquake,
the flood of all,
all is burning,
dying life.

Gold edge sky,
green way around the world,
emerald river,
fresh wind from the hills.

Men and women,
subject standing in the retail world,
voice of the child,
not crying.

Look!

The new world!

Friend of lost souls

You! Look at me.

Those who sell it self to survive, and death take your family away.

Sexual maniac that you do not care how much over pain in love go to the goal.

Long time desperate seeker of love.

Returnee from the beyond.

Trained therapists with their own problems.

You! Without a goal, an alcoholic or a junkie.

Last chance seeker. Murderer or a thief.

You lost in their own identity.

You can find me or I find you.

Who am I?

I am simply a friend of lost souls.

I am

I am start

end

light and darkness,

because I live in duality.

Be an end in itself.

Be the mission of the mission.

Only that we have to be.

As long as I feel anything else than happiness,
is still strongly reflected between the walls of this life.

My mission is "To be an end in itself."

Pain is

If you have not yet tasted the pain you never
from this words understand,
as the water washed off the body,
as well as tears wash their soul.
pain and joy of birth,
and will show you the way,
and the idea is that which knows no borders,
and this song is that something is,
if you write it then,
when you walk along the path of light
illuminating the path of this world.

Dance of life

I can not read notes written on the musical stave.

I am not moving to the beat.

Sometimes even text can not remember.

And yet the concept is I play in this orchestra.

And yet my heart is thumping with delight.

Who says you should learn notes, if I live this song ...

In whose rhythm to live, if not in their ...

Whose song to sing, if not his ...

After all, this is the dance of my life.

NEKOPIRATI

Life is a dance

We are all sent to the dance floor to dance.
And the music of life plays,
full of passion and longing,
evil as well.

During the dance we are also a slight touching.
During the dance, we can embrace with someone, and somebody is avoided.
Each time you can dance, with anyone just a moment to be right.
Each time you can dance, if only that we choose.

Do not forget that dancing is fun.

NEKOPRATI

When love grows old

First at all evaporate the taste.
After a while even the smell goes away.
Picture fades and common habits become alien.
The old things are replaced with new ones.
Friends slowly forgetting and the time bring us peace.

Only music never resolves memory
when love grows old.

Truth

How many years can be isolated flower seeds?

Where all can be found ... from his pocket, drawer, desert, wine cellar ...
When drop of rain reaches a seed finally comes to life.
So the absolute truth waiting for conditions.
With all conditions are met can the truth come to life...

Like flower seeds.

How much?

I do not remember how many books I read ...

I can not remember how much knowledge consume ...

Statistics, in time frozen individual words of "proven" theory ...

And who am I to be fed from the books, the knowledge of centuries?

Poor human being who is looking himself through the eyes of a child and searching his purpose.

How helps me all the knowledge of this world, when I walk with their own feet.

How helps me an experience recorded centenarians in the enormous thick beech, but when the fire burns me that it does not touch in the future?

Why I write songs of their experience, they burned with a pen in time?

For whom, when must each of us with their feet to march through their time ...

To the searcher of truth

I was searching for it everywhere.

I was searching for at wise Man and saint.

I knocked from door to door.

From each I faithfully listened.

I tried this route and tried in vain.

I found it much later, somewhere deep within me.

The word

When the words formed in my head,
something stop it before my tongue speak.

This is my soul,
which translate and compose this word.

Then appear before me,
recognize that it can be.

Then my tongue can shut it out.

The word is strong and mighty,
as a charge in the gun.

Frankly it should be recognized and processed in any direction,
before we shut the bullet .

After all, this "gun" stands for me.

Na Slovenskom:

Ego otrok

Naš ego je,
kot majhen otrok.

Povsod hoče biti prvi in vse želi prijeti,
pritisniti in v roke vzeti.

Brbotavo nastopa,
blebeta,
prijemlje v roke,
odpira in sprašuje.

Ne zaveda se posledic,
ne zaveda se napak.

Naš ego je,
kot otrok,
ki brez izkušenj raziskuje svet.

Prime kačo v roke in v usta da smeti.
Teče k privezanemu psu in mačko za rep vrti.

Mi skrbimo, da naš ego ne steče prvi do vrat,
da ne prime vročega lonca življenja ...

Mi sami smo starši svojega ega.

Bit

Bit je vsakomur svoja.

Kar koli počnemo,
si želimo,
hrepenimo,
smo v tem edinstveni.

Dokler se ne začnemo primerjati z drugimi.
Brez primerjave smo popolno človeško bitje.

Vsak je sam sebi največji dragulj.

Vsak od nas je unikat.

Živoda

Le kaj pričakujete od mene?

Le kako naj vam ugodim?

Saj le živim po svojih najboljših močeh,
prepričanjih in morali.

Zakaj me ne pustite živeti?

Zakaj me pustite kričati v tej mračni kleti?

Kje se skriva svoboda?

A jo kdo sploh našel je že ...

Uvid

Da sem ugledal,
sem zamizal.

Da sem slišal,
sem poslušal tišino.

Da sem povedal,
sem najprej govoril sebi.

Da sem si zapomnil,

sem prej vse drugo pozabil.

Da sem se naučil,
sem zavzeto prisluhnil.

Prisluhnil sem svojemu srcu.

Vrtiljak

Moj okus, otip, sluh in vid, iz kje to izhaja?
Domuje v mojem fizičnem telesu.
Občutek, čustvo, ki se mi ob tem poraja, od kje to izhaja?
Domuje v mojem astralnem telesu.
Vse znanje, vedenje tega, od kje to izhaja?
Domuje v mojem mentalnem telesu.
Vsota izkušenj teh treh teles prav ta trenutek je plod moje preteklosti.
Vse to se nenehno giblje in vrti v vrtljaku kaosa prepričanj.

Moje misli so končno izbrane in ne uhajajo mi več v center vrtljaka.

Oziram se na sled svojih preteklih korakov in vidim, čutim, vem o sebi in tem, kar do sedaj v meni spremenil sem.

Mir, ki se je vame naselil, je srečen.

Ob vsem tem vem, da srečo sedaj je potrebno negovati, biti z njo in z njo sodelovati.

Nimam več potrebe bežati v center vrtljaka.

Ta se nenehno vrti in me čaka,
da me ulovi in zabriše trenutne sledi sreče,
mi postavi temelje in do golega me sleče.

Ne pustim se mu več ujeti.

Raje držim svoje sreče vajeti.

Vrč in vsebina

Najtežje je sprejeti človeka takšnega,

kot je v celoti.

Najlažje se je obrniti in oditi.

Najlažje je biti ljubljen in razvajan.

Najtežje je vračati ljubezen in ljubiti.

Najtežje ... je biti tak, kot si.

10. Tezozaver (ilustracija)

Dolgčas ...

Zdolgočasnost, potem smrt.

Vera ...

Religioznost, potem križanje.

Pot ...

Hoja skozi življenje.

Ne, kaj hočem!

Temveč, kam me vodi pot!

Je cilj ...

Reinkarna

V tebi je nekaj skrivnostnega.
V tebi je zamolčana resnica.

Skrivnostna si a tako odkrita.
Vse vidim, kadar zreš mi v oči.

Z resnico zreš vame in ne rabiš besed.
V tebi je nekaj, kar ve veliko več, kot ti.

V tebi si ti, ki brodiš tisočletja in
me srečuješ molče.
Veš, da dražiš me ...

Lahko bi te ljubil že v prejšnjem življenju.
Lahko bi te ljubil sedaj ...

A ti veš veliko več kot jaz,
ki pišem to, kar govori mi srce.

In vame zreš ...

Bolečina je

Če še nisi okusil bolečine, je nikoli iz
besed ne boš razumel,
da kakor voda umije umazano telo,
tako tudi solze umijejo dušo.
In bolečina radost rodi
in volja pokaže ti pot
in misel je tista,
ki ne pozna meja,
in pesem je ta,
ki nekaj velja,
če pišeš jo takrat,
ko hodiš po poti svetlobe,
ki osvetljuje poti tega sveta.

Smisel

Večno tehtanje med svetlobo in temo,
med pozitivnimi in negativnimi občutki.
A ni vseeno, kaj je prej?
Vse se slej kot prej obrne.

Prav ničesar ni v vsem veselju,
kar ne bi večno tehtalo
med svetlobo in temo.

Lov

Lovec sem, lovim.

Lovim tisto, kar je očem skrito.

Lovim včasih tudi tisto, česar se bojim.

Lovec sem na življenje.

Lovec na hrepenenje.

Lovec, ki svojo srečo lovi in ji nastavlja pasti.

Moj plen je pretkan.

Moj plen je vase zaverovan.

Moj plen je zame življenje.

Moj plen je moje hrepenenje.

Sem le lovec na lastno srečo.

Midva

Ustnice me tvoje vedno zwabijo v mokri objem.

Sprejem izziv in že objemajo me tvoje radovedne roke.

Prepuščam se tvojemu raziskovanju in začnjam te posnemati.

Ne mine dosti časa, ko leživa eden pred drugim gola objeta, kot kača okrog veje drevesa.

Strast zamegli vse miselne zapore in že se ljubiva kot, da se ne bova nikoli več videla.

Vihar spremljava in umirjava se z njegovim odhodom.

Nežno se ujameta najina pogleda, ki povesta vse.
Brez nepotrebnih besed ...

Nisem - Sem

Nisem popoln a se še vedno učim.
Iščem smisel življenja in pravi začetek konca.
Našel sem te in našla si me.
Oba sedaj razmišljava, če tisto to je končno ... vse!

Ujemanje

Nikoli ti ne bom mogel biti blizu,
kakor si ti meni daleč.
Privlači naju različnost, ki naju odtuja.
Boli naju sreča in osrečuje bolečina.
Tako blizu si mi, kot jaz tebi daleč.

Življenje

Lepota združena v ljubezen je notranjost, ki kipi na plan,
kot izvir studenca.

Lepota je kakor mavrica na obrobju horizonta,
ki ponuja upanje.

Upanje na ljubezen do vsega, kar se nam ponuja.

Ozreti, sprejeti lepoto ljubezni in z njo živeti!

To trohni v nas, kot stvari v mračni kleti.

NE KOPIRATI

Na Južnoslovenskom policentričnom jeziku (bosanskom, srpskom, hrvatskom):

Koraci

Udahnuti želju,
izdahnuti korak.

Zapečatiti poljubcem,
pogled gore u zrak.

Osetiti ljubav u zraku,
sebi postati junak.

Svega toga sposoban je svak.

Osetiti utrobu,
osvestiti se.

Ispuniti svoje želje sve.

Jedino za to,
što potrebno je:

Udahnuti želju,
izdahnuti korak.

Treptim

Duboko u meni trepti slika Ljubavi,
kao buket nepotrebnih reči.

Reči,
koje su samo mali deo osećaja u izvoru sopstvenoga Sebe.

...

Trepti mi Biće brzinom otkucaja vlastitog srca.

Trepti u meni sve,
što nešto vredi.

Trepti šapat misli duboko negde u utrobi.

Trepti život,
koji iz mene bukti.

Živote...
Volim te!

Zapamti me

Ljubavi zataškana,
kad prolećiš nad mnom u visinama.

Čežnjo,
koja se kriješ u brdima pokrivenim šumama,
plakajući u suza rekama.

Željo,
kroz sve živote na ovom svetu mrtva a rođena.

Upamti me ...

Ja jedino gazim po ovuda po svetu,
hodam kroz šume,
brodim kroz mora i reke,
gledam i slušam ptice koje duž oblake lete.

Rođen sam i umret ću - bez sumnje.

Ovde,
sad,
licem u lice.

Ovde,
sad stojim sasvim sam.

I ako me možda nadgledaš samo,
zadirkuješ me,
al' se ne usuđuješ ništa više od toga.

Upamti me,
jer ja sam taj.

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