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Publisher online and owner, Sabahudin Hadžialić, MSc

E-mail: contact_editor@diogenpro.com / WWW: <http://www.diogenpro.com/>



NUDE UKAJ

Utopia

Everything is different, in the horizon the Sun is crumbled
The crumbles remained on the earth's heart like triumphant arrows.

We can't recognize the colors through the wind caressing the memory
We do not read poetry in the universe of foolishness
Where relations between darkness and light
Appear just like relations between the wall and thought.

Behind is played the surprising game, just like before
Birds are falling in the ground, just like in times when hell was written,
Oh God, everything has changed,
At a time when a small fence is darkening our our big eyes.

The moon finds a path through mummy hands remaining like arrows towards the sky
And the sun dissolving just like a candle through tired eyes
Who can't see anything in the blue sky, except a small cloud
A cloud darkening everything

Therefore vision is coiled in space
Just like the wind creating its avalanche
Then many faces appear.
At a night, when everything is different,
Containing inside the borders within your head

When you feet walk through illusions
And squeeze their bad dreams
For the time that isn't
For the time that wasn't
For the time that will not come
For the time that goes with the wind.
Utopia struggling against reality
Her dreams hiding at the corner of secrets
Are swallowed

Modern Odyssey

Through dreams makes love with Penelope,
The road to Ithaca is longer than its distance
Between the dream and reality...where the tired vision
Explodes in search of Ithaca
And returned to the word in the traditional nest.
At the swamp full of memories
Where their roses are falling apart.
And take the colour of Autumn. Tragically.
Is stepped over them, just as in lost grounds.

Without a brake opens its minimized eyes
Its tired eyes, faded from the endless search.
In trouble he is descending the stairs of memory
And opens the pages of nostalgia. Full of passion.

In the roads of the world is criss-crossed his confused search.
While with nostalgia is searching a small place to take a break
Nervous from the tempted cruiser of life
In the waives of memory dissolved just as the Sun dew.

Odyssey died in antiquity.
In the lap of Penelope is relaxing
With the mountain of memories that are fading,
Every time that Troy is burned.
And Penelope in the window is drawing the reception.
Welcome as large as longevity
And the letters of this poetry
Extending their voice up in the sky.

Sensing the aroma of myself

She demands an answer
For the great dilemmas as big as insuperable mountains.
Sitting in an open window, and looks above
Very high over “Mother Theresa’s Square
Where European and Asians walk together.

Suspension has shaken her
The same as a man shaken by a nightmare
In the dark room, with implanted identity

She looks like a portrait full of mystery
And demands the passionate response
For the daily questions:
Who am I, Me, Is it me?
Or the head’s shade falling over me
Colors, homesickness, love, longevity
And the abyss staying nearby her feet.

The window is closed, her eyes enclosed
Europeans move quietly
Through “Mother Theresa” square.

Albanians skeptical in the middle of white and black.
She enlightens the great wall of dilemmas
And sadly demands, who am I?
She cannot find herself in the century of screams,

Goes through the book of memory,
Just like going through a naked book revealed on a first look.
While escaping from herself
Hidden like the horse in a dense grass,
And meditates: Who doesn’t want to be me?

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.

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.

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.

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.

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
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.

Ndue Ukaj's poetry was translated from Albanian to English by Peter Tase.

About author

Ndue Ukaj (1977) is Albanian and Swedish writer, publicist and literary critic. He was member of several editorials literary. He has written four poetry books, including "Godo is not coming", which won the national award for best book of poetry published in 2010 in Kosovo. He has also won the award for best poems in the International Poetry Festival in Macedonia "Days of Naim".

Ukaj also won the award PRIZES 2013 from: The International Best Poets, Translators, Critics, and Poetry Magazines, Selections of Poems, IPTRC'

His poems and texts are translated into English, Spanish, Italian, Romanian, Finish and Swedish, Chinese. Ndue Ukaj is a member of the Swedish PEN

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