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DIOGEN
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Godo is not coming

It is raining, the road from Ireland is unpassable
The sea cannot be passed with small steps, on rainy nights
When solitude is overwhelming you enjoy the earthquake cracks of the Earth
When pain has no time even for scientific explanation.

Godo is not coming, it is late, infected by the welcoming
Sleeping comfortably, amongst both of our dreams.
He is not coming, neither under the tree of life nor in the theatre of wonders,
Under the sleep of expectation which your time doesn't understand...our time.

You are waiting, like the bride on the abandoned bed,
Dreaming of him with open arms as he brings a sack full of dreams
Extending your hands with softness, as in the beloved hair...relaxes there
And prays to your dreams, intertwined through your tall fingers.
Suddenly a bite freezes your body, your hand flies from the sack.
Wiping your forehead you understand that Godo didn't come, neither his enigmatic
look.
Nonetheless you are not convinced that your dream entered in a sack.
It was tied forever just like Godo's arrival.
Surprisingly passed on the other side of the furious river of words
As you pass amongst the dreams full of wonders towards the guards of time
That makes the noise of life in the dream of expectation.
Nearby the time guards
Foster the hope that Godo nevertheless will come.

Godo is not coming, no...!

You are crying, crying frantically until your tears have made a creek

Between your cheeks and your continuous flow of tears.
Where the heart beats are felt like the steps of the unknown
In the gloomy night when grief is around the corner
And even Godo could experience it on his hands and be thrown desperately.

Godo Is Coming

Stop crying continuously, Godo is coming
The storm has stopped, the road from Ireland is open
He has softened his turbulent vision and his sadness of Achilles
Even the pain in his chest has healed.
He is coming through the Tree of Life.
Where you have created the nest of welcome
With a swamp of wishes noosly tied.
Godo is coming with the music of sea full of silence.
Your welcome has given him courage,
He is coming with the sack full of enigmas,
Nearby the rotten Tree
Where you wait to enter your shaking hands
That were bitten by the irony of endless waiting.
And the words that were changing their shape every morning.

Your bulb does not trust time, neither for the waiting and Godo's arrival.
With the branches of tree designs the crown of victory. What a great joy.
With reduced hopes until the lost confidence, dissolves the vision
And is crossing the furious river without being recognized.
Suddenly comes back.
Sitting nearby a tree with your shining items
Where the white lights swallow your emotionate vision.
Where you are saving the nostalgia of reception. The heart's step.
Through the tired fingers are counting the theater of absurdities
With naked aktors nearby which
The spectators are spread through the meridians of death.
While waiting for Godo.
And the fear from the sneak on the rotten Tree,
Which is whipping continuously.

Therefore Godo is coming, your reception has made him courageous.
Near the tree of life
With the team of actors to build the theatre of salvation for you.
And the time of reception to last until he comes.

Godo Is Here

It is night, the storm is going mad
Your wet body is shaking from the heavy rain
Under the tree of life while waiting for Godo.
The reception has transformed you into a modern statue.
Where the lonely birds and night crows have their life nests.

Your solitude is crouching as a tied sneak
Between which the poisonous tongue is vitalized.
Suddenly is heard an energetic beating, you did not hear it.
Your ears are closed from the warms climbing over your body.
Climbing just as the old man in front of the law on Kafka's story.
Waiting to enter in the mysteries of law, I am sorry, I meant mysteries of Godo.
To understand the mystery of absurdity in equal level
With those of dehumanization.
My God,
Godo is here, with his confusing look and his torn sack,
With lost desires during the long road of return
Under the tree of life where you waited endlessly.

You did not recognize him,
He returned with a different face which you never imagined.
With the tired voice you had never heard,
With the turbulent vision you had seen.
Sadness astounded your body. The warms are falling down
From your body which is transformed into waiting.

Sadly you grabbed the spoiled head, and run through his sack
While searching your dried dreams just as the autumn leafs
Through which the drunk feet are walking
And your tears started falling in your neck and cheek
You felt in the arms of sadness
Welcomed him just as the bride waiting for the groom in the abandoned bed,

While dreaming with open arms to have nearby the sack full of dreams
Where softly you place your hands, just as in the lovely hair...relaxing there
And begging for your dream, intertwined in your long fingers.
And while wiping your forehead you understand that Godo arrived and your wait
remained an endless wait.

The Emigrant

He has only questions, his answers so very timid
In dirty pockets with concreted nostalgia.
He has only memories that surround his neck
Like the millstone they shake him one step forward and a few backward,
While caressing in torrential waterfall,
And kidnapping the time which he never sees.
The time that he only dreams in endless nights.
He is not one of those below the sky full of storms,
Where he walks, where he eats, where he makes love and seating.
The fatherland of birds is the sky
Of the fish is the sea
Of the emigrant is sorrow
Which is multiplied like clouds in the turbulent sky.

On the unknown roads, nostalgia shifts
While searching for one amid endless zeroes.
Odyssey's testament is burning in his hand,
And coal threaten fire; like tropical rays
Toward the missed Ithaca he directs his eyes
And he is exhausted day and night.
He migrates on the roads of sadness
And is covered with the quilt of Promised Land,
And every night dreams the same dream. The return to number one.
While the desert oasis swallows his aspirations, and memories.
Causing deep desperation to the Emigrant.

With the sack of sorrow travels through the roads of hope
Awaiting decisions to become as number one, in the endless zeroes
Every day waits for him the unknown in the forest of desires
Where it is relaxing, the soft vision and the deep meditation.
Like a freezing bird is searching the nest of hope.
And is covered with the quilt of Promised Land.

(Inspired by the book of Milan Kundera: "The ignorance")

Appeal

D'on't sleep Muse, open your bulb
And borrow me the voice of the song
I bow in front of you
Burning but I am not the flames
Muse, in the begging was the word

And the word was everything
Already there is nothing else
Besides the word and love
Show me the frontier of life and death
And the kingdom of poetry
In my city with frontiers and walls
Show me the kingdom of benediction
And teach me to become the word's disciple
Of the free spirited music
That dances continuously
Show me more
Because history is a mark in the foot
Written and rewritten
Through the vibrating fingers
To make myths
And a hill of lies
Therefore muse, sing with me
And the love that boils
In the metaphore of time
Show me my God
Because the Sun rises for the good and the bad
The fiery language is turned into a shadow
And my vision into the horison of reception
While returns its mind into yesterday
And observes the structure of time
In the point of tomorrow

Illusion of Time

My toung moves unfrightened
In the shiverings' waterfalls of the past
A frozen tear like an Antarctic ice over me
Does a frightening shade to the deformed roof.

Night falls quietly like a beloved woman layed down
Where illusions of eternity are frighteningly fed
Where future illusions frighteningly knock
Where daunting fire, lightning times erupt
The melted times on the lost calendars
When groaning went throughout the sky
Earth swallows us with rotten spiders in obscuring darkness

Tied in our legs worst and even worst.
While a lonely bird flies in the endless sky.
Abandoned his nest destroyed from the storm
In the sky sketches a red box
It is not Pandoras box, has no sins.
And it doesn't foster the illusions of eternity
Only one bird flying alone in search of liberty.

Even when we can't hear
The unthinable on the dusty cities
Where love's cathedral is blasphemed
And forgiveness smell comes from liberty
The bird flies in search of liberty.

Engulfed in the unlimited trust
Saddened we sniff the greatest romances
Through the books that foster time and kill forgiveness
On behalf of a city of mortality we are preached all day
How this is worsening and declare ourselves as fools

The Waist of Time

Today nothing beautiful happened
My calendar remained empty
Nothing bad happened
Expectation is drawn on a window
Cold expectation, like ice over our heads
And the dark swedish days
That turn to yellow our warm vision
Time crumbles quietly and its ruins swallow us.
In between our feet which have lost its equilibrium.
Time flows in the unknown sea by the furious river.
In the space are shaking the surprising looks.
And the heavy steel question marks weighing upon us
Explode in the wirlwind time without mercy
Yesterday wearing thick sweaters has arrived and easily prevails, very quiet.
Misteriously. Very similar to the unending tunnel.
No one knows how to enter neither knows how to exit.
Therefore nothing new today. The times are clashing desperately.
Saddness is waived without a word. While a lightning is discharged in the sky
Like a flag of blunders and time of sadness.

I am expecting the ruins of the overthrown time
As sadness is waived over our heads,
An unimportant news such as lightning,
Was on the newspaper every were. Sadness.
And thousands of readers grown in front of that nonsense
That doubles the bitterness of my espresso
Nothing bad today. Words stopped existing.
Hospitality on the window is unhappy like a night crow.

Clashes

I bite sometimes my teeth furiously
My tongue remains on my teeth sometimes
With a needle have to sew my tongue.
Some days have no desire to, my little angel,
Surprised with myself how I bite my dreams,
Fight with them until bleeding,
Bite them and clash with reality,
Over nights with autumn's dreams
And lovely smiles from spring
The hope for victory strangles sadness
I bite the days and nights all together,
Gloomy nights, nights close to dusk,
At times I am bloodened everywhere,
With my heavy, very heavy teeth
Heavier like the rocks of the highlands,
Sometimes the world sleeps at noon,
And there bows the myth of strength resistance
The world is completely confused and shaken,
Sometimes the world forgets the bowing of knees
Falls asleep under the sounds of children songs
Suddenly is dissolved from the bitterness affecting our intestines
Confuses the brain and the mirror image is lost
The tree of life covers the street in a morning full of Sun Dew
And I, sometimes alone clash with the world
And become passionate on the nakedness of poetry.

Hemingwayan waves of time

The sea is under storms

And the old man fishing without rest
With the ship of the endless times
Searches the shores to his best
A black cloud escorts, with exuberant steps
Life's fish on the reckless sea.
Is an agitated sea and has many wonders
Also has an old man fishing tirelessly,
And a girl fallen in love
Wishing to have the golden fish undoubtedly.
The relentless sea
Is never a peaceful sea,
An attacked ship
Fights for her life
From many storms.
In a mysterious depth of the sea under storm
A hungry shark threatens at every cost.
And a broken ship breaks forward with all including the helm.
Icy winter makes the frozen sea like a stone
And the storm grows with continuously.

The old man doesn't look at his time,
Screams anxiously and counts the years on his fingers
Is a gloomy night the sea isn't peaceful
Napping from fishing stops and thinks
Now he understands, is the end of life
Was not born to be a people's fisherman
Neither a construction rock.
But his love for life turned it into sailing.
It is sad in these cold icy days
Sea shores are away, there is no wave to rescue him.
The ship of time is challenged while sailing.
She is shaken like the wind with the tired old man.

Until the sun falls over the sea
And the very hungry girl catches the fish.
The aquarium of memories is on her shadow
As pieces of her compassionate heart.
A big tent of mercifulness.

My God, my Sunday dialogue is even more lonesome
Than the Autumn night with strong winds,
Than the Cathedral sound that disrupts the dark solitude
Crawls it over like a victim of roman times
And the colors of the painter relaxing on the lap of the exotic lady

Waking the next morning with my vision lost which resembles
To my dialogue with poetry on Sunday...!

The Shadow of Crows

In the island of cordiality solitude is bitter
And the broken structure of sex
In the river of time was crawling

I didn't recognise Homer and his blindness
With the steps of Achilles I measure the current time
And the kilometres beyond Ithaca

Your azured bulb becomes lost in the nudity
Of the dark night where your mind changes
Confusing acts of a shadowing spirit
Cold shower drops in the island of Solitude
Fall on the cracks of your sex

The unwritten drama in the ruins theater
And the icy kiss that burned the tearful bulb

In the day when I had confusing thoughts
One crow observed my smiling eyes
And the myth reflected under the shade of crows
The partial pieces of written art

Eyes are neither windows from the past
Nor are they doors to escape from sadness

Lonely Poets

Yesterday I met with the poet of great loneliness
Through the road of the sky was absorbing the sun
His head was wrapped with dreams

To avoid the exuberance of the verses

Yesterday met with the poet of the great love
Through the road to forest with unknown colors
His head was tied with the eyes of Eros
To avoid the exuberance of the verses

Yesterday met with the Poet of great loneliness
Through the dusty road was licking his own footprints
His head was tied with history
To clear all the lies just as the sneak's head

Yesterday met with the poet of great loneliness
On the lonely metaphors road
Was naked outside
To intoxicate the world on his eyes

Yesterday met the poet of great loneliness
With the math of his heart
Was untying the unknown clews.

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 stonelike 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.

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