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BARDHYL MALIQI, Albania

THE ANXIETY OF STATUES

A poema

Butrint,
An ancient amphitheatre with new tragedies,
filled with bloody sorrows,
inherited by the flounders, anxieties and silences.
I touch your stones and the earth shivers,
I touch the mosaics and dawns awake,
I touch your bleachers and sunsets groan.
Butrint,
your statues migrate across Europe,
and through my fingers the storms ride,
the night becomes just the day
for “Charter” aircrafts
to return again the statues!
The Zeus head doesn’t know what to think
Doesn’t think where it is.
It has many years gone,
may be at Athens, at Rome, at Istanbul, London or New
York,
there where the art of marble heads or
heads put in the basket have their value!
That point out...
The Ali Pasha’s head and Zeus head.

Ah, the statues, heroes and the heavens,
the Gods with our human faces,
filled with charms and madness,
with wars and loves
all those covered under dusts and molds of forgetful,
and silenced a long time in the clay of not return’s,

dragged across the centuries with effort and laziness
and asked for help from depths,
thither where the storms have plunged
as to shut their mouth,
as to bury their histories
under ruins of thousands of years
as to speak for Hellenic and Roman help
Forgetting thousands of prehistoric years
Of oge walls of Pellazgs,
our great-grandfathers,
of the Albanians!

Butrint,
my Epirus pride,
you, metropolis of the Kaon tribe of Prasajbs
you, hospitable land for Enea
and the muse inspiration for new Eneiada,
but, where are the ancient inhabitants of the city?
Why the archeologists show us only invaders stories,
and bothersome speakers say tales filled with the same
lies?
Thanks you Kont Ugolin
and you humanitarian Lord,
and you gentlemen that come from UNESKO
but where are buried
the ancient writing-stones?
Or do you want to say that here
there were never native inhabitants?
But only Greeks, Romans and Venetians,
and even Huns?!

The Crest upon there
at Konispol,
our precocity witness
twenty seven thousands years old
that speaks with data
that speaks with facts...
But there will come a day
for the graves of the graven marbles to open,
and the statues
to wake up
to clean
to get away the gray anxiety of waiting
and grayish pelerine of mud,
to run in muse.

“We are late – they say,
But so fragmented we have what to say
our modern visitors,
so,
you can put and our account!”

I follow by summer’s nights
under stars lamps
the ancient tragedies with new actors,
into tens languages.
They transmit human emotions in ether,
and strong monologues of Prometheus,
and nightmarish dialogues of Antigone,
and the truth apology of Socrates,
through the wind it rolls in.
Roll in at area around us
and it enters in our soul,
Butrint awakes every night
and departs new spectators.

Meanwhile,
spectators immured into statues
tell us for past biblical events,
for the people that are sitted to bleachers
since the antiquity ages.
Their ghosts seem to run out of night,
they watch us behind the trees,
and whisper us to our ears
the ancient nightmare:
Live up your life,
because you before eternity, you live only a moment.
Heigh, people, make your moment nice,
without tragic phobias
that is put to your blood
by the bastard politicians
and heartless militaries!

Look out the Lion Gate,
Baptistry,
Basilika,
Bride well,
Mosaics,
Ancient chapel,
a little away stays the place of baptism
and public thermal bathrooms...
A little away is the pagan hill of Saint Delia

where Martas and Mrikas
prepare artistic gifts
and gymnasia girls
young speaker girls
follow numerous visitors under green curls
of the trees of a giant wood.
Astonished tourists open their eyes
And dream for statues rampancy
in February's rains
or July's heat.
Tonight,
from summer sun
the amphitheatre's stones yet are warm,
as they want to soften a little the cold effects
of the screen's tragedies.
Shush....!
It is the voice of Evgjenia in Aulide,
Briseida's voice or Andromaca's or Elena's.
"For what Irene are you speaking? an inner voice tells me."
Helens and Irene's are interweaving my images
Eh, how sag my dates those blond haired!

I cheer the last act.
How many people I like
with blood and bones
Through the centuries have cheered,
chieftains, archons and soldiers
With war dressings and lances and helmets,
coming to hold their breath hanging
on the stones of these footsteps.
A nicer catharsis have not,
for their traumatized souls
in anxieties.

I see the screens of old tragedies
and me seem that the dates be repeated,
under the cataclysm ruins
do not stay the old dates, but new anguishes:
and in vine's drain, of the water and of the milk,
in the old tubes
snore the wounds of the new dates,
these fly around
crust,
and get blood!

On the misunderstood Dea's head

the scholars put the Apollo crown,
and Dea gets sad
and her name baptizes the storms
and hotels along the sea-line of Joni.
Certainly, we erect
the marble statues that
from years have filled Butrint changing it
every night into
a white and blinding lights mosaic
for the unfortunate human smile.
Every time that I open my eyes these lights are present
to the night that beside the love you think not for a thing
And these remember you that every trust is an illusion,
convincing you that every hope be of no value
besides the war reality, the anxiety and departure
and this mosaic that changes faster then the moon
this colored mosaic that fade and display
under displaced sand by the passersby steps.

Certainly the statues get disgust
by our small human intrigues
(You Butrint's inhabitant, do not see out, that is worse than
the war because the war kills only when you are miserable!
So cries once to the podium the ancient mayor)
Hundreds of lovers along nights of years
that believed that just to close the eyes
the amphitheatre of the statues of Butrint will disappear
and together with it will forgive all the earth's pains
and I closed my eyes knowing the world and so
I covet the spread crest horse's running,
horses with spurs, with blinkers and hobnails
or the streets where perfume of the bloomed jasmines
replace the light of the nice human pain.
But it is the lovers on beaches, so
fortunately the light not turned off or at least no
nor in that hope city and disillusion
and marble Goddess,
and careless women tourists
like gymnasium girls,
the nice teenage girls with disturbed brain
get together to the bus windows to see towards the sea
They get late to the entrance
may be have no money for the regular show,
but the money are not needed for them
it is enough their facial beauty
like entry ticket

They ought to be tonight present in that show
because that show exceeds the screen and that is why
when I meet old anxiety young spectators on street
and I jiggle puzzled, or
really suspect:
If their eyes from the forehead to the ground fall?
Or sew like buttons on young divinities face?!

Certainly every night the mosaic of Butrint shines for us
(Do it call really Butrint, that madmen amphitheater,
that rolls in the air with ACC against the mosquitoes?!)
60 years have passed from the Hurshov's visit,
60 years have passed from snakes poison
but these clematises on the tree
are like their lively image.
Why remind me perhaps the snakes,
snakes, Hurshov and Laokont?
Maybe because regular show is "Trojan women"
Or maybe "Andromaca", unlucky widow of Hector,
that here indeed lived the anxiety of a tragic passion
when the son of her husband's killer, Achilles,
Pirro,
drowned into the poison of a luckless love,
drowned and the three thousand years old spectator
varied in an indelible image of nostalgic memory.
At the moment I wavered and when
after the cataclysm and the renaissance of the world I
opened my eyes
suddenly the Butrint amphitheater lay on the other
side.
It has changed its seat as the moon and I immensely
astonished
and will see you on your eyes
but your eyes I never find and so
I start to ask for the sea like Odysseus
at the eternal search of my Itaka.

Ah, Butrint parkland,
so much famous as these antic buildings,
so much seduced for the tourists eyes
as those giant walls,
as this two-way flow
of the freshwaters and brines that one
inside the other interpose
like the depth's beauties
with surface!

Ancient Butrint!
Clasped by corpse claws,
you stay silenced under cupola of sky,
the dew slips and garbles
through labyrinths of thousand years bodies,
broken statues,
cutting statues leaved in silence,
as in hour-hands that oxidize.
They enter loudly, and go out from you
the sights that share two worlds...,
the sights wrote on paper,
compressed in stoning memory
A voice booms away from
the depths, and there rattles into “brides well” ...,
It resounds among the olive’s boles
under the leaves lap, the white peace
and from the branches filled with
tear’s crystals involved by the longing to the throat!
Rocky footsteps putted in rows,
loading with thoughts steps!
Anxiety remained in the dismay of
solidity beyond the no waved sea!
Leaving statues, tired
under shadows by remained years...,
And how much?!
The statue had not age,
that tall body antiquity not bends and not does gray,
that is why their anxiety remain
on my white letters!

Translated into English:
Kujtim AGALLIU

BIRDS EMPIRE

Missy,
Last time you asked me for the birds
For their childish chirping
For the joy blooming on our faces

Beholding them flock-flocking
Trespassing the celestial spaces

My heart,
Birds have their own empire
Their empire of air and light
Their empire without boundaries
Without throne and hierarchy despotism
For the birds, my Goddess are beings free
Like angels with wings
Flying in paradise skies,
To new horizons
There, where the Sun is baptized every morning
There, where new Moons get baptized.

Yea, light of my eyes
Birds have a more ancient existence than ours
Therefore we are jealous for their height
For their screams, dancing and their celestial joy,
That's why we embroider fairytales of flying carpets
With myths of Dedalus and Icarus
And surely, legends of girls transformed into cuckoos
Never cease we dreaming of their flight
Thus, planes, charters, and cosmic rockets build
Oh, my lassie
You have heard the songs of the birds
When, in the fever of creation, with their chirping

Compose unsung melodies

And compose endless recitals,

'Where our Mozarts and Chopens stand,

Where to our ancient poets could be,

When the birds write in their pre Arcadian alphabet

The epic of the imperial bird of Sun

And coral lyrics in papyrus of feathery clouds?!

Oh, my goody,

Birds have millions of years

With their beaks carving

Their pagan codices.

You asked me for the Bible of the birds

Their religion and their Koran Mecca

Hadji, I believe, every year the birds are baptized

When they pilgrim in warm countries

Trustful to nature, liberty adorers are the birds

Sons of the Sun they are,

That more than anything the cages hate.

I've told you my sweetheart

The birds have the privilege of handsome beings

To thy childish beauties only compared

As for the variety of forms, arched flying, voices and colors

They are their ID-is their biometrical passports,

Though, they need not visas or customs

For Lords of the sky they the only are,

O, Their mythic empire

Aha, there came the day we join in
The celestial Empire of birds!
The day has come...

LIKE ISLES SORROW SET APART

Like isles sorrow set apart,
From the earthy body Greece
Such is my pain for you Eli
my solitude how can I subdue.

The Greek I like just for you
You are Greece for me
Oh my Eli, my sweet angel
Like a bird you swing in my chesty

It`s not the shriek of the wind that runs
But my voice reaching thee
Waves of pain in furious sea
Space anxiety along the rainy

It`s my broken heart
Tear of the soul crushed
Like a bird I hold in hands
It`s my regret, Eli for thee!.

THE MIRRORS

The mirrors are capricious girls,
Naïve, nasty and timely nervous.
In the bright, delicate thin skin,
The soul...in traps of ilusions caught.

The morrors are like females : always liars,
In deceitful forms, convex, concave.
And should you like to know all the truth
Throughout your life in their eyes yourself look.

In intimate moments, beauteous, not real,
Pleasant, true, as they are they are appear ,
With all weaknesses and human virtues.

Females !

Oh females,

Capricious mirrors!.....

Translated into English:
Mihal DHIMA

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