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DIOGEN
pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

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A City Slowly Comes to Life

*by Thomas Carty (Tomás Ó Cárthaigh)
Translated to Croatian by Zanina Bilic...*

A city slowly comes to life
As the morning has begun
And I the task for to bask
I have started in the sun.

The world goes by in from of my eyes
All in a rush and frantic
I, the poet, prefer to take my time
I like it slow, more romatic.

Its not what you have that you enjoy
Its what of it you make
And I shall enjoy the day
Purely for its own sake.

Grad Polako Biva sve življi

Grad polako biva sve življi
otkako je jutro otpocelo
i ja za zadatkom svojim idem
kojeg zapoceo sam na suncu.

Svijet prolazi pred mojim ocima
sav užurban i nemiran
ja, pjesnik, više volim protok polagan
volim mir, spokoj ljubak .

Nije užitak u onome što posjedujemo
vec u onome što to za nas znaci.
I ja cu uživati u danu
samo tako, zbog dana samoga.

Be A Bard Like A Bird

Natures song is one of joy,
Each singing birds a bard
He celebrates each and every day
Be it of ease or hard

Let us men be like the bird
On days both short and long
Hard and easy, pleasant or cold
Let us greet it with a song.

The Tramp in the Townhouse

The rain keeps on coming down
As if God himself is crying
And I, to keep myself warm
And to get some sleep am trying.
There is no roof to hide the stars
Or to keep the water out
Long fallen to the ravages of time
Since people here ran about...
And though no home I may have
As the rain keeps coming all down
And no roof is over my head tonight
I sleep in the biggest mansion in town!

Shakespeare's Signature

I lately on the paper read
That when great Shakespeare was alive
He spelled his name not one way, it said
Not two ways, no, but five!
And I who at spelling am bad
(Maybe as bad with grammar too!)
About my error I wont be sad
For about spelling the Bard gave cares few!
The Bard great poetry did write
Though his own name he could not spell
I can spell my surname all right
And write poetry, so all is well!

I will never as a writer be as good as he,
But sharing his weakness, contented I'll be!

=====
All Gone... Home?
=====

While on holiday in Serbia, in Banat our car drove through village, and we were told it was once a totally German village, and now home to 26 nations.

**Those who held the land
Who built a Reich proud and true
Are like their great state..**

**Where are those today
Who here lived before the war?
All gone... home... they say.**

**There is no German now
Heard spoken on the street:
Echoing the air**

On leaving the village of the twenty six nationalities, by its complexity being the exact opposite of what it was, it stayed in my brain that the monoethnicity of its origins was reinforced.

=====
Love of God, Hatred of Man
=====

Monasteries in Kosovo hold some of the most militant churchmen, who pray to the God of love, and then preach war and hatred of their neighbour.

**Singing choirs sang
Songs of praise to the God they love
And hate fellow man**

**History hatred bred
And hatred breeds nothing
But more of itself**

**So they sing to God
And worship Jesus on high
And hate fellow man**

Three Men Dead

On listening to a talk about three men killed by firing squad in Birr castle in 1922 during the Irish Civil War. They were killed for breaking and entering, not as a combatant element.

*No poems written, no ballads sung
Yet feted as hero's, from life's bottom rung
Shot as criminals, three men so young
Their names largely today forgot*

*In Birr Castle shot dead
As a warning, so others instead
On the homes of the wealthier dare not tread
And against others daren't plot.*

*Bought back as hero's laid in grave
Names in honour as died their land to slave
Shown to be actions of a knave
Who after their names denied*

*From the role their names in time were taken
Their valor once praised - all now forsaken
As to their criminal deeds now others awaken
As still their mothers cried.*

*A fourth spared the fate of death
Who for being guilty the same should have been set
Being of stock of not a kinder fate met*

And lived to tell the tale.

To be derided at the door

Of the families of comrades dead before

That he should to be dead, was heard the roar

Over a heartbroken mothers wail.

Another tragic tale of a tragic fight

Where both were wrong and both were right

Where to live was the only thing in these men's sight

It was not a crime of greed.

And the war in which they were killed

To be a lesson for others, by an army willed

Who of freedom to be slaves so much blood was spilled

A freedom that answered no mans basic need.

After the War

After all the bullets were fired
And buried were all of the dead
The hatred in hearts on it lingered
More with each generation - led
By the memories of the fallen
And broken hearts, families and dreams
Broken promises when ideals were tarnished:
Principles sullied, besmirched by schemes
All was won, all was lost, all proved as nothing
But cloth on a stick, and on a map lines

All that was real was won was tears and was hatred
All created was a thousand more martyrs shrines.

Learning their Lesson - Citizens of a Free Land

Their families for generations paid taxes
They study so as useful citizens to be
They protest as is every citizens right
In America, land of the free

But the only lesson that today they learned
Is that it don't matter what you think, that you fight
The state does not care, as it tears by the hair
A professor for exercising her right

A right taken for granted under Obama
Under whom we thought change would come
All that changed was the masters we served
And less free America would become.

Police are there to control, not protect you
They impose theirs, not serve your will
When that lesson's learned, the right we'll have earned
To fight and to win to begin.

Sure, there are worse countries out there like China
But brutality seems to be like an infection
That America has caught as to survive it has sought
The state is moving in a Chinese direction...

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