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DIOGEN
pro kultura magazin pro culture magazine

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1st of june

Not yet dry behind the ears,

The face cream of the childhood.

Salomé

The mind is saying mass

In the bosom of the sleeping moon.

John, your closed eyes

Are the hidden sky

I want to kiss your lips

Till full simplification

To the nucleus of all metaphors

About love

Moments in a match-box

The fig jam –

It is “only for weddings and funerals”

I took off my garland

Is the Death frightening?

Oh, what beautiful verses

Describe her.

There are no more matches

The Hungarian dictionary is useless

It’s raining again

I will hang the yellow balloon

To the chandelier

Because there is no sun.

* * *

Gone missing
With the notebooks,
The haiku,
He has passed through the shortcut
Choosing a distich
Waiting for the death.

* * *

The one who doesn't have what to write

Read the spaces between the lines.

They tell some stories

Short as fag-ends,

The stone-cutters

With bended heads

Above the eternal stone

* * *

Not Golgotha,

The blueberry's hill

Is what I want to climb

* * *

There are no traitors,

There is no cross to bear,

Only a crown of thorns.

I am skillful as my father
I model his name every day
Like him, I reiterate myself "Nobody could take away my mind!"
Before the whole mentality
Becomes in the shape of a pottery
And I have to daily mould myself from it.
I love the skillful people
The sculptured bodies
The molten words.
My hands are alive
Covered in plastic clay
Sculpturing precisely.
I am like my father –
I play with clay,
With forms
Laying the contours.

It is an art to be clay-made

No one would take the clay away

The mind has gone to hell
And it burns there,
Where the plastic clay is getting cool
In the shape of...
In the name of...
Where everyone is a creator.
Because the wheel never stops its movement
And
We mould lengths,
An empty revolutions.
We are reciprocal only in our motion,
In our sculpturing.
Who would dare to take away my hands?

I am writing like my father.
I am his suppressed
Chaotic handwriting.
I am writing on behalf of The Father
I am create on behalf of the clay,
Where he is cold,
Eternally sculpturing,
Without his hands.

(inspired by René Magritte)

This is not a truth.
This is not an imitation.
This is not a dream.
This is not that.
Art with a reversed sign.
The reciprocal of the imagination.
The line of the scheme.
This is me.

La carte postale

The history is frozen in its ikebana.

A postcard without scenery.

A document as a souvenir.

Hi-ro-shi-ma.

The missing town, with seal: 1945.

NEKOPIRATI



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