

Magazin za kulturu, umjetnost i obrazovanje-Magazine for culture, art and education

„In a country of hate the most hated one is the one who does not know how to hate.” Ivo Andrić

Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Europe

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DIOGEN

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„U zemlji mržnje najviše mrzi onoga ko ne umije da mrzi.” Ivo Andrić

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MI OBJEDINJUJEMO RAZLIČITOSTI...WE ARE UNIFYING DIVERSITIES



Sébastien DOUBINSKY

The mountains are scattered
here and there
like abandoned sacks of
grain and we
drive in silence

thinking about the land

scape

and

its strange possibilities

we drive think

ing abou

t

life

and we wish

we could

come ou

t of the car

and try

the echo

if those

goddamned

mountai

ns

have a

goddamned

echo to prove

that

NEKOPIRATI

yes

we too

are

abandon

ed

and full

of

possibili

ties

RIVER

What flows upwards

Is none of our business

We only care about

What flows downwards

We only care about

What we can catch

IF I

If I didn't say anything

Would anything exist?

NIGHT RIDE

Darkness

Light

Darkness

Light

Darkness

Light

Sleeping safely in the back

Of my father's car

NEKOPIRATI

Rain cannot get to me

Death cannot get to me

Darkness

Light

Darkness

Light

Death cannot

BAUDELAIRE AND FIRE ALARM

Poetry

Deconstructed

By the bell

NEKOPIRATI

I WANT TO SING

To Matt Bialer.

I want to sing a song anybody can sing and hum even those who do not know how to sing or hum

I want to sing about things and stuff you can find if you bend over the sidewalk

I want to sing about dog shits and broken pearl necklaces the smell of sex and the sweet ocean wind

I want to sing of crumpled cigarette packages and the death of heroes that I have chosen to be heroes

I want to sing of words heavy as two kilos of sugar and dark as dark coffee I want to sing about words that keep you awake at night

I want to sing about UFOs ghosts and werewolves about a child that cringes at night and talks to the stars

I want to sing in various languages some of them ancient some of them impossible some of them crazy babble some of them French

I want to sing about women with tight cunts large cunts or no cunts at all

I want to sing about men with tight cunts large cunts or no cunts at all

I want to sing

I want to sing the depth of my voice when it is at rest I want to sing the pitch of my silent scream

I want to sing yes I want to sing a song with no music no words and no rhymes

A song with nothing but itself and me in the middle somewhere singing

Singing as the blood leaves my veins my eyes become distant and poetry a dimming light

Of love

SEASONS

O castles

*

Flat heavy sky

Car exhausts

-Summer

*

A cold breeze

Remember to buy instant coffee

-Fall

*

O castles

NEKOPIRATI

*

Frozen windshield

The laughter of children

-Winter

*

A season in hell

The smell of warmed up pages

-Spring

*

O castles

NEKOPIRATI

SOVIET SUPREME

All systems petrify

Poetry too

Do does

A crack of the knuckles

That's it

BROKEN HEART- TECHNICAL FAILURE

to write is silence

to speak is no silence

to think is silence outside

to no speak is silence outside

to no write is no silence

- to no exist is no write no speak is silence

to exist is noise write/no write speak/no speak

love/no love think/no think here/no here

where there there no nowhere there

right there

KEROSENE AND HONEY

images can scream freely
sometimes
like mad fire-engines

red
glimmering
enchanted

full of exotic smells
and promising combustions
ready to enter
the house of poetry
and burn it down

ashes diamonds ashes

victory red victory

*"sticky and sweet as honey
are the illusions of life"*

PR
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<http://diogen.weebly.com>

NEKOPIRATI