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Warrior

You are a warrior, not a worm
writhing on the cobblestone;
hoofs beating in the vicinity.
before too long, they'll pass by
and the worm scattered here and there,
displayed on the cobblestone; not alive.

You are a warrior, not the worm;
its heart remained on the hot hoof
but you ride the horse
and spur it on!
All those who undermine you
are under the hoofs...gone...

For, you are a warrior, not a worm!
You dry the rain.
Nothing will hinder you
from rising above your pain!

Evanescent breath

Like a leaf from a tree
you suddenly became evanescent.
Everything is like it used to be
I am bearing the heart omnipotent.

I feel the love hunted,
no treading upon the earth.
I got my wings again,
that's my second birth.

Like the breath on your skin
this life is everything but everlasting.
Behold the world we live in,
hear the cry you are causing.

I feel that we should leave,
leave this body, leave this breath.
Take my hand and believe!
Let us prevail the Death!

NEKOPRATI

New eyes

Let go of your dreams,
let go of your illusions,
forget the wishes of your greedy heart,
take a look at the world with new eyes.
Only then will you succeed,
only then will luck knock on your door
and the greedy heart will not bleed
anymore, anymore.

Free your mind,
free your soul
of the sham words and desires.
Stop coveting more and more,
stop dancing on the floor
where your dreams are reality
but in fact, they are not!
You hurt your wit,
you hurt it a lot.

You should know your place.
It is not among the stars!
You should realise
there's nothing to embrace
but your loving ones.

And don't forget to breathe
slowly, having no wish!
Forget every need
and you'll find the true bliss.

You will need new eyes
to watch the world in a different light.
You don't need a disguise
to liberate your soul from the tarnished shine.

The last heartbeat

Fell asleep in the midst of my insomnia,
just when I thought I could not breathe
a breath returned like a plethora.
In that dream I did not see you,
in that dream I wrote to you.
The poem was the shortest ever written
The pain was the strongest ever felt.
It had one word and one word alone
for my pen dried out my soul.
I guess I died in that dream
thinking of you,
I guess I heard my last heartbeat,
losing my love for you!
Died in an instant!
Lived in a second!
Wrote for the ashes!
My pen was taken!

NEKOPRATI

The Marchioness

There's a chasm yawning betwixt us
but I shall always be your very humble love servant,
the Marchioness of the highest passions,
the walking cane of illusions.

But wan is the stamina
you claim you possess;
you refuse to die for love on the battlefield;
the gore of it, you say, engulfs you with distress
my heart relapsed into silence,
a fathomless ocean of solitude.

My mind, a coy mistress
who knows not the world's magnitude.

Tired of loving with no results,
the Marchioness assumes an air of sheer coldness.

Life moves on like a petal in the breeze
the yawning chasm will not squeeze
her heart anymore

for she is a wonderful monster now
and they'll say when she falls –

“She went through life
touching it scarcely at all”.

Summer's slave

Who knew that death was a summer's slave?
The hideous face appeared
on a bright August day.
It had a sonorous voice
ready to break the spirit
when there's no other choice
but to step forward and follow it.

Who knew that death was a summer's slave?
When least expected,
a gruesome, heavy man came,
the dark thoughts dilated
like the black irises of the man
ready to shout out your name
on a bright summer day.

Isn't glacial winter the master of the dead?
Isn't gloomy rain the leader of death?
But, nay! It chose a sunny day
brighter than an electric bulb!
Who knew that death was a summer's slave?
A minute ago breathing, now numb!

Treading the sky avenues

A poet's spirit in an angel's form
treading the sky avenues
far away from home
listened to the lyre with strings of steel
its music a new dawn revealed.

The new dawn opened its sleepy eyes
the clouds were sweet cherries.
The meadow blossomed into a flowery garden,
the love – into Eden.

The peace of it enchanted the spirit –
It fell into a profound sleep,
the breeze jived while petals began
slowly to wither.

It slept for a long time
with a smile on the aspect
but an avalanche of doubt
was launched the next second.

Am I really here?
Sleeping on a cloud?
Treading the sky avenues
listening to the voice
so captivating, so sincere?
Am I really here?

Nay, it is just a car in the street
grumbling about its engine
the spirit has just returned
to the soulless technology century.

Treading the concrete streets
a poet's spirit in a human form
listened to the moaning
of the destitute people, forlorn.

Behold my crown

Leave the tears standing in the eye,
don't let them fall
but give wings to your mind;
wild thoughts of what you can achieve
wild imagination makes you believe
in all the impossible victories
that are waiting for you
along with the glory
that is smiling upon you.

Shining armour, glinted blade of your sword
hoofs of your horse
trotting proud,
you – singing loud –
“Here I am! Behold my crown!”
The crown you won
and the throne you claim –
all for the sake of true happiness.
The tears you cry,
the sighs you sigh –
all for the sake of dead quietness.

The crown lost its glitter,
the birds on the trees still twitter
and you see the mind lost its wings
in your pathetic little room
you are still standing
like the tear in the eye;
the throat captured another sigh.

Clarion call¹

Detritus of your poor love
together with the debris of my soul
had started dancing fast and slow
in the silver rain before
the two rusted clarions issued a call –
“Hear ye, hear ye, this is the world’s fall”.

But we still dance
even though fiery skies
tumble over us,
and the acid rain rinses our skin,
filling our glasses to the brim.

Take a sip or a heavy gulp!
It shouldn’t be a dilemma.
Take a walk down the hot tarmac path,
but know that redemption is an anathema!

The two rusted clarions have already gone.
Shall we do the same?
But we remained dancing on the love dais
to show the world’s strength.

And just when everybody thought
the darkness had prevailed,
a coy ray emerged from nowhere!
It was love! It was growing!
The next century will be lasting!

¹ Clarion call = a very clear message or instruction about what is needed; a clarion call for a change

Victoria

Do you have ulterior motives
when you nictitate like that?
You connive to make me abdicate my throne!
Do you have any reasons to believe
I shall throw in the towel and start to moan?

Never!
Never will you see me at the bottom!
Never will these lines vanish!
As long as this heart pounds,
I am Victoria!
Never shall I perish!

You can nictitate as much as you like!
It will not give birth to a victory! Not even one-eyed!
You can try to benumb my spirit
but I am a strong edifice!
No earthquake will make me slide!

My victory has two big bright eyes.
It is not crippled like yours.
You cannot read these lines
but hear them; they are not false:

You connive to make me abdicate my throne!
Do you really have any reasons to believe
I shall throw in the towel and start to moan?

Fiddle while Rome burns²

Fiddle while Rome burns,
while the world is crushing down,
you just keep singing, you deserve
a night out.

The firmament is no longer blue!
Who cares?
It's rather crimson due to
this "insignificant" flame.

You keep singing, you deserve
a night out.
Fiddle while Rome burns,
while the world is sinking down.

Forests are no longer verdant!
You are, unfortunately, colour-blind.
Masters have become servants,
and romanticism has died.

Oceans are golden deserts,
no drop to quench this thirst.
Summer has borrowed winter blizzards.
The bubble of illusion has just burst.

But you keep singing, you deserve
a night out.
Fiddle while Rome burns,
while the world is flying down
and love into hatred turns.

Close your eyes, my friend, and dream.
There's an abyss on one side.
Fiddle, my friend, fiddle,
fire on the other
and the world's somewhere in the middle.

² Fiddle while Rome burns = to do something trivial and irresponsible in the middle of an emergency. According to the legend, while a fire was destroying the city of Rome, the emperor Nero was playing his violin, thus revealing his total lack of concern for his people and his empire.

Rock castle

In this rock castle
where moss rests in every corner
and the piano's untuned, broken,
silence and dreams
roam the halls all night
and no foot or eyes enter
to witness the beaming light
in the highest tower
beneath the crimson skies;
'tis the light of the sleeper
in her 'blind' eyes.

The pieces of paper
scattered on the floor;
she had written a thousand letters
for Amor
but they remained unread,
silent, wordless and dead;
like her tears
in that solitary tower,
go by the fleeting years,
her skin bathed in solitude's showers.

Hope has left the castle submissively
to be replaced with loneliness
that permeates every nook and cranny
and the chamber of innocence.

Only solitude is faithful,
the other lovers die in vain,
only solitude is eternal
mind-catcher, and a soul's grave.

Dry pen

Poetry is written with black ink,
streaming from a red heart,
poetry is written by those who
never have what they write in lines.

Don't write about success
you will never seize it,
don't write about happiness
the hand can open and release it.

Dry pen in an inspiration hour,
paper cut in the silence of a room,
and vociferous words that devour
your heart, mind and the gloom....

Still, the hand opened
widely, it spread its wings
to find a sea of ink,
to drown forever in its waves.

NEKOPRATI

Incessant flames

Scarlet thoughts on a dark night,
a rusted crown in the moonlight,
a remedy lies in the truth
but the truth is a lie tonight.

Either you will rise to the challenge
or you will withdraw in shame,
raise your head, your chin
let the haters burn in incessant flames.

Colour your thoughts with a rainbow brush,
polish up the crown
do everything they told you not to
be successful, and they will drown

in the ocean of envy,
they hurt, they suffer
for you rose to the peak,
around your neck, there's a golden collar.

You glitter,
you chime
while they loiter
on the scene of their crime.

Iron shield

I fell asleep
on a piece of paper
and my heart was glued there
but you came across an igniter,
you sold me to the flames.

Now my ashes,
scattered over your threshold
but you took a broom
this time, to the wind I was sold.

But I returned
on a bird's wing
perched on your window,
you took a gun,
you sold it to the celestial meadows.

I still live, though.
The more you choke me,
the more I breathe.
I still rise, though,
for my love is an iron shield.

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