



**Daniel Jakopovich, Zagreb, Croatia**

**Children of the Unlucky**

Filthy cats share their private solitude,  
and dream marks perish with the stream unseen -  
the bluntness of the character or the storms within.

“The barren bags of our parents bring us only lead!”

Sunken shipyards,  
jungles of despair,  
and the outward tapestry.

Decay their early breakfast.



NEKOPIN

## Montaigne's Library

The flames of the hearth cannot yet thaw; they burn rime to circumvent.

Words devise the hallowed murmurs of a hermitage consecrated through the cult of good books; the conviviality of the Ancients. Ashen folios, erased from later memory, shield their dogged outcasts amid angry centuries' din.

The walls must hold,  
for in their cavities  
the blacksmiths of horizons are still at work.

The monastery of the owl, and of the nightingales withdrawn, glimmers and sings its wintry tunes cloaked by the tempest's roar.

Still uninvited, Aurora awaits, blazing where there is scope.

NEKOPIRATI

## **The Bellow of the Black Grease**

Each morning, over tea, to glimpse the entombment of charity,  
Is to read rags with crutches for bigots to pace and patches to see,  
Bearers of herd-like unanimity  
That bind dark blood to its sharp sheets, sheets of shattered olive trees,  
Leaden from the bruising caverns of soliloquies.

Quarries of guiltless stone,  
Chivalrous slayers of doubt,  
Always the first to smoke-out  
The fallen, the hunted, alone.

Polluted minds, polluted hearts  
Must abide by the ravening wants of Baal's;  
They cannot envisage divergent parts  
Delayed in their corrals.

## **A Young Plant at Khyber Pass**

Be they a hundred years old,  
Patriarchs of conquest cold  
Nodding on thrones of porphyry,  
Never have they seen, like Mehri at ten,  
What she had witnessed then,

When metallic brutes of prey  
Stole her father's breathing dear,  
Bedimming the daylight's way,  
Bloodying her beauty clear.

In the playground of oligopolies,  
Of dirty old orders of war which sear small birds still,  
Ambulant, benumbing hostilities  
Ravage the biophile ethic of Summerhill.

The loess of bellicosity  
In Badsha Khan's tenacious hills  
Obscures such archaeologies  
Which bring forth nobility  
Through solar, gentle pedagogies.

In a lair as blind as this,  
What could she have learnt of art, and logic, and peace?

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