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**Violeta Allmuca**

**Dance of Breath**

**POETRY**

(Excerpts from Violeta Allmuca's volume of Poetry)

Translated from the Albanian: Peter M. Tase

Published in the United States of America

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By: Anita Nahal, Ph.D., CDP

### **Violeta Allmuça's poetry is lyrical and purposeful...**

It was a pleasure to review the most recent volume of poetry - Dance of Breath - written by a well-known Albanian born poet and literary critic, Violeta Allmuça. This volume of poems that I have reviewed was translated into English by Peter Tase.

Allmuça's poetry is lyrical and purposeful, and at times, touching upon surrealism. One finds lovely words sprinkled in these poems which take the mind and heart into a dream like world full of wondrous opportunities. The poems have a surrealistic quality even in the most mundane or simple of images and situations. Like in Every Day the poet's cat finds friendship with her or vice versa! "...we both graze words with our nails/ until every day is dissolved." Or, like in Second Identity, the human body waits at the threshold of some spectacular revelation "...i go around/ in the marsh of identity/ my five receptors/ just like a paradise of happiness/ your ten fingers/ irrationally free/ am waiting/ to see the beauties of life/ that always caress/ one face..."

Also, we find in Allmuça's poems that allegorical lines captivate the imaginary realm of the reader, making one contemplate, in the truest artistic fashion, on the real meaning the poet is trying to convey. The guessing nature of Allmuça's poems is endearing, not confusing, because each reader can derive the meaning they wish! Like, in Every Day, "...everyone escapes after their own steps/ we swallow the final anxiety/ the night washes the face with light/ and then opens the closed window..." Or for example in Second Identity, "...I wait the second identity/ and unable to hate/ in this infinite world/ only my soul knows/ that I am resentful with love..." Further in the poem, Pardon Me, the allegorical images are undeniably enthralling. Pardon Me is full of hope edging people to forgive and look forward to a better future, "...when the prayer time begins/ the word is wetted

inside us/ evenings are lost at a dawn/ and arrive with a spring climate/ to pardon those who were not pardoned/ just like minutes are pardoned by seconds/after swamped in tic-tac...” Life indeed is mostly tic-tac and winning and losing!

There is an element of deep sadness, and the truthful acceptance of so many known and unknown elements of life in Allmuça's poetry. For example in Oh! Sea, the poet quite simply accepts, "...oh...the sea brings me closer to myself/ but I am looking for his heart/ because it connects me with Earth...” Even in the most intimate of her poems, Peace, this element of truth blended with sadness is visible; so also is the intermingling of romance and eroticism, just as the two can be congruous in real life! Thus, with an aura of eroticism the poet says, "...today I will vacate myself/ inside your body...” So charmingly expressed, in such a profound sensual sentiment, yet sad too, as it appears the protagonist seeks peace through love which might in reality be elusive for some, even unbeknownst to us to the poet herself, "...the world is yours/ when men's heart/ is fed with love...” The eroticism seen in Peace reappears in a subtle, exquisitely expressed manner in the poem, Oh! Sea as well, "...every time I lay down below you/ I lick salt and water drops/ forget about the concept of time...” It is very easy to relate to Allmuça's poetry as the emotions she expresses are those that most of us experience. Thus one can truly feel the excitement, the happiness, the waiting, the sadness, the romance, the eroticism, and the striving for peace as one goes through these five poems.

Allmuça's poetry is sensitive, thoughtful, strong and directive. In most of the poems, simple images contrast and combine with dream ones in rich metaphoric lexes. Her lyrical, magically elusive, and profound poems are reminiscent to me of the works of, Emily Dickinson, Maya Angelou and Laini Mataka. Written from a woman's but also humanistic perspective, Allmuça's poems are surely to be remembered long after people read them. In this volume you will find the poems that were discussed in this review as they appear in the English translation.

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NEKOPIRATI

## ONLY LOVE

### Every Day

I purchase the paper early in the morning  
A cat is dancing with her tail  
Man is her only friend  
As I am waiting for the missing voice  
She sits slowly in my knees  
With our nails we graze the words  
Until the daily routine is dissolved

Everyone escapes after their steps  
Together we swallow the last anxiety  
The night washes her face with light  
Then opens the closed light  
I am going crazy from poetical expressions  
Verses of sadness in a theater  
Are lectured at night by a happy crowd

A voice trespasses a night's fence and comes back  
In order to deeply own the spirits of days  
I and my cat forget about time  
While praying for a silence that is illuminating  
While waiting for the silent nostalgia.

## **Second Person...**

I am circling  
My five feelings  
On the lagoon of myself  
Just like a happiness of paradise  
Your ten fingers  
Tremendously free  
Are waiting to see  
The wonders of life  
Are caressing only  
One face often

Just like a Gordian knot  
Moves the distress by herself  
I am waiting my second self  
Unable to hate  
In this big world  
Only my soul knows  
That I retaliate with love

NEKOPIRATI

## Peace

I swallowed in the air  
All your body  
Until I lost  
The rhythm of breathing  
Felt the mountain's aroma  
The taste of sands in the fields  
From the hearts' leaves  
Soft like a silk  
A burned flower of longing

Life is like a woman's face  
Painted with smiles  
Sealed deeply  
With a red lipstick  
Recently lit charcoal  
A mystical greatness  
At dawn peace is born

World is ours  
When a human's heart  
Is fed with love  
Appears through eyes of light  
Tears the shirt of wind  
Feels the soft feet  
Outside the rainy storm

I have planted in blood  
Your body with Sun  
Death will not find you  
Where you will be sitting in the entrance  
Of an ancient castle  
Or will speak with the whole life  
I embrace you in my chest

Today I will fuse my body  
Inside your chest

## Oh, Sea...

In the shores of wind and waves  
Burned very deep  
Sleeves are white from salt  
I exerted screams from light  
Waves embraced one another  
They were antennas of sweet water  
A two colored illuminating light

Eyebrows painted me with foam  
The voice escapes away through light  
Blue sky swallows my breasts  
Every time I am laid below  
Begin licking drops of salt  
I forget about entirety and time  
Oh, Sea brings me closer to myself  
But I am looking for his heart  
She connects me with Earth.



## **Pardon Me**

When time of preaching has arrived  
Inside us the words are wetted  
Evenings are lost in the dusk  
And arrive with a spring feeling  
We pardon the one who was not pardoned  
Just like seconds pardon minutes  
After swallowed by the instants

Today we should not think at all  
We sit in the stairs of a dream  
We count the sunny days  
And dance in two paths  
Let anxiety to die outside  
In the square of solitude  
Sunrays have melted the frost  
We go towards the voice's air  
Our lifelong miracle  
Is a souls' kingdom in the universe.

## **Triumph of Madness**

A wind's shadow does not appear  
It is lost by itself  
Releases fluttering sounds  
Circles around surfaced by ice  
Just like a lost dog  
Scared from darkness

Triumph of madness  
Is thrown in the abyss  
Just like a man towards seasons  
With a winter color  
Looks for another instant  
In the edges of paradise  
Forget what you may lose  
Time goes on one side

NEKOPIRATI

## **Absence**

Escaped from myself  
Like a broken branch  
Outside time without memory  
The sky is filled by clouds  
Complains while suffering  
Amid cracks of thunder  
A girl with many years  
Sets new branches  
When dawn melts over morning dew  
And her hand made of lights  
Throws hope in my heart  
Happiness never dies...

NEKOPIRATI

## **Close Forgiveness**

A quiet Cicada  
Recovered at noon  
Was looking somewhere for a key  
To close my forgiveness  
Cold orchids have fallen  
While bragging under the shadow  
With the earth's vertebra  
I discover the fire of flowers  
I feel those soft leaves  
Awaken the globe's life  
My fingers are shaking swiftly  
When I have doubts to walk  
Through an inclined bridge of awakening  
The body's greatness shows  
A vivid fire  
Time is even prettier  
Than my finger on a ring

## BOOK REVIEW

Just like “a broken branch” and “outside the time without memory”, the poetry of Violeta Allmuça and her book “dance of breadth”, recently presented to the reader, follows a path that has no similarities with other poets. When and where does Allmuça’s poetry lives? It comes to me all of a sudden as an enormous question. Is a question presented to every writer. You can be alone in poetry, just like in a bus stop, train or as you are waiting like Godo. It’s possible. It’s possible... The struggle of men to remain alone and to create the world according to his personal life is a long history, which has descended in the Balkan Peninsula since the ancient times, at a time when Albanian language perhaps was awakening from a born consciousness. But it is not only the pretty language, which descends the poetry of this writer where, as she reiterates, every man, or only one man, “keeps the pillar of life near the heart, within the attractive roots.” These roots many be the blessed Albanian Language, our ancestors, and even death itself. Therefore, the first element of Allmuça’s poetry remains the extend of breadth throughout an infinite space. This breadth from Albanian poetry takes me towards Serembe and De Rada, where at its best the world returns in a ruined past, gigantic and eternal. It is this spirit that extends everywhere, and even exceeds the instant, the energy of passing into another side walk, from being afraid that a car would run you over, and the alarm of an ambulance. In this poetry there are no opaque items, but a human language just like it is written once in for all. There should be a poet in order to read them. So that, the poetry of Allmuça, just like today’s poetry in general, takes the shape of a stalactite or a fossil, this time not of the flora and fauna of once upon a time, of exterminated dinosaurs, but of the soul or humanity, as circulating as the wind, as insecure to find its place to stop. This soul, even though is withdrawn from the light absorbing lust, goes beyond that border, always without any support. Questions come one after one another. We are coming closer to the observation science of the most invisible items of ourselves and creation seems like a cold stubbornness. Do we need emotions and can there be emotions

generated from these infinite voyages around and around those means that are expressed by Poetry?

There is no doubt that we are in the world of silence, and almost true in regards to the silence of this author. Her men has remained alone, detached, nor a giant creature neither small, only just a being, in a world where “the leaves of light are born blind”. This is why movement is born by itself, inside this great space, where we don't give up to say at least based on scientific theories, that the world has had in its beginning perhaps ten dimensions. Poets are born to express these dimensions of fantasy and not of existence, which are not needed today even to apartment builders, neither to cemetery workers nor even less to those people who open roads or build the so called infrastructure. Violeta Allmuça, with poetry and her static posture, even herself does not know how she has created movement and dimensions. But her light is born blind, exactly that light that make us see. The contrast, the surprise comes just like a rollover that brings down everything that is raised in this instant, while creating the great poetical movement. A poet perhaps is born to transmit this signs of breath which will not be seen in the verses and perhaps may simply be some tracks. It is always said that reading of poetry is fainted and that these behaviors don't go towards the trend or the grounding mill where you are in line waiting to grind your life, from the shop where you buy bread up to the market of bananas or gas. Humans like deafness and solitude.

But our social and natural laws, regardless of the new discoveries of material existence, increases or decreases of production, crises or worse than crises, don't usually accept unproductivity. If we thought for a second that an entire nation will not have the ability to reproduce (a man that can load cargo), would step aside for a second because it would not be able to sell tomatoes or tomato sauce made by them. Everyone exempts himself from the full unproductivity.

Then another question is born which ignores the walls of temporality. What would there be without poetry and continuous recreation of the word, what is world expected to see aside from disappeared dinosaurs, what is the world expected to see through the emptiness of creation?

As we can see, a response comes through the poetry of Violeta Allmuça, moreover her all heartedly efforts in all her poetry is a struggle to find a response to you. Therefore, in this complete solitude, where appears only one person in the whole world, everything, even this solitude is equally grandiose. In the world of the author, “the body is burned like smoke,” and dogs “are looking for the death of the other night”, but “the strings of grass are making love with the earth, under the moon’s veil.”

It is not a coincidence that Violeta’s poetry always has different sounds from one verse to the next. In the interest of this general solitude, a name, extracted from the childhood world, is looking around itself the part of freedom. In this space a sole man that is almost empty, appears once in a while a second man, sometimes as a skeleton and sometimes alive, in a world where it is very hard to find and understand the connections. The writer in her poem “Connection points” says:

Me and you  
In a connection point  
Why don’t we connect  
Our hearts in that point

Nëpër udhët e kësaj bote  
Me and you  
Around the earthly tree  
We tie our shoes  
Through the paths of this world

Me and you  
Run towards the back shadow

Still don’t know

What we will find

But in this cold world, in her poetry are burned even the grass strings. In this sublime solitude and effort to lay in infinity with the other, is emerging in another pedestal, the same as mother Theresa, the figure of a nameless mother.

She follows in the distance

The turmoil ship

In forgiven dawns

Blue butterflies and stars

With the particles of life

And cries for waves in the coast line

Tide and deluge scream  
when dropping salty tears

Down below: over there in the light wall appears Ave Maria, and even further: the word colored with freedom crumbles the walls of the world /ah, the live people are liberated only by love.

Only with the last verses, Violeta Allmuça would be entering in the Literature of Albania and the Balkans as well as far beyond.

The author has discovered the written scream of the world's history while returning just like the other fossils. It is expected after this personal review, is born the other question, of solitude, because the poet is not anywhere participating, and even has no need to reiterate that it belongs to feminine seeds. This writer has the ability to change even the feminine seed in a neutral force.

We as Albanians are not very much accustomed will all sorts of neutrality, even though we have lived always in the cross roads of marvelous and various world cultures. This kind of neutrality makes the poetry of Allmuça to not differentiate poems from one another. All poems stand together to create an entire landscape. You cannot tell who of those could take with himself a full life and to be a cover



with its membrane. There are poets who create a world in itself with every poem, there are poets who create a world in itself separated and broken into reflection pieces, in order to say that the world and humanity is only one. The life of each one is like a fish living that is rotated from aquariums into the ocean.

The writer is ending her newest volume of poetry “The Dance of Breath” with the poem “Body and Soul” where she does not remember a single love without love. Still, as she says in this infinity, lights are not lit in full. She describes a thirsty and never ending man who leaves his breath unbeknown to him while running endlessly. This book is a bridge, where perhaps this breadth of Violeta Allmuça, a special Albanian writer, is relaxing after a few successful novels has gone back to her seeds of poetry.

LAKO

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