

Are There

by Tatjana Debeljacki

Someone is breaking the branches?!
From midnight to the dawn,
The forest is trembling inside me.
My trees are innocent,
Thirsty for milk,
Firm hands, and
The scent of effervesce.
I'm drinking my mint tea.
I'm bringing tranquility without aim,
And flowers for the vase.
When I look at it is never the same.
I'm starting to believe in a fertility of miracles.
Is there the flame, which could turn the heavens
Into the ashes?
Are there any hands to pick up my ripe apples?!

The Lost Dream

by Tatjana Debeljacki

We could have done better
If we had believed in the stories about happiness.
We are losing strength for the new challenges.
The right on free vote is often lacking.
We considered you an old
Tired dog, dying slowly
Unable to do change anything
To enliven by the power
Of thoughts, crying eyes.
We should have grasped the depths of the night,

Should have heard the rhymes by Boudelaire and Prevert
In the echoes of your voice of warmth.
When visiting exhibitions of paintings,
We would admire shadows.
Paris now looks different.
Your silhouette glitters in every light.

GORD-A-DAN

by Tatjana Debeljacki

THE ROOTS ARE CLAIRVOYANT, GRASPING
UNTOUCHABLE WISDOM. THAT IS THE WAY IT STARTS,
THE SIGN OF TIMES IS DECEIVING. IT IS THE TIME TO
SEE THE DROWNED. DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU
ARE READING? YOU ARE BRINGING AS SMALL AMOUNTS
AS YOU LIKE TO. YOUR IMAGE IS STILL GROWING AND
CRYING. COMING CLOSER AND GOING AWAY, STRONG
WEAKNESS. THE WORLD THAT IS SPREADING BUT DOES
NOT BELONG TO ANYONE, GIVE SOMETHING FROM
YOURSELF THAT COULD BRING SENSE FROM THE
THREAD OF WILL. TRY LOOKING WITH DIFFERENT
EYES TO THE LIGHT. EVIL IS DANGEROUS,
CONTAGEOUS ILLNESS, MOVE OUT OF THAT EVIL, IT
MAKES THE CENTURY LONGER."GORD-A-DAN" THE
TEAR RIVERS ARE NOW MURMURING, THE DOG IS
WAILING, YOU ARE GONE. BREAK LOOSE I BEG YOU!
AND SLENTLY, THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR, COME TO
ATTEND THE FEAST OF PRESERVED EMOTIONS,
DAYDREAMS, THE HAPPY MOMENTS! DECENT GIFT,
HUNGRY CRAVING IN THE BUNK OF FEATHERS, SILK AS
PURE AS THE SNOW, WITH THE FORCE OF SILENCE.
FLOWERS OF DANDELLIONS LET'S DANCE FROM AFAR

WITH OUR LOOKS, WITH OUR BODIES, LET'S TOUCH
WITH PALMS ONLY.

JAPAN IN APRIL

by Tatjana Debeljacki

Truly stunning, sometimes careless,
I crave silently and far away!
Naked, filled up with perfection,
I am attending enjoyment!!!
Where there is trust there is always glee.
He never painted my passion,
Dreams from the color to the word,
Without suspense and shivers.
The moment of light strikes me.
Pressing Japanese air onto my face.
April is slowly spilling its colors,
above duplicate shadows dancing away.

To-uncaring

by Tatjana Debeljacki

Lost in the grey loneliness.

Cognition intruder – rustling from the mind.
Unclear thread, passionate, cruel, is awoken.
The fruit is not conspiracy.
The lunatic, genius of silence!
Get closer to the unspoken.
The analysis of reason- slavery!
During walking, visible shame!
Exciting autonomy,
Opened door, the windows,

Draft!

In the mist the stairways

Leading to heaven.

Paralyzed conscience,

Portable mirror.

In the plural against the fluency,

Conducting, behavior,

And admit the guilt.

The line connecting,

The road to the spacecraft.

We walk on by in dishonor.

Bronze woman,

Brass man!!!