

Dituri Meçi Dizdari

I found Tírana

poetry

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BOTIMET TOENA

Tirana

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I WAS DRUNK

I was drunk, I was blind drunk,
I could hardly feel my body at all,
I travelled roads bathed in light, untrodden,
And I kept everything inside me unbroken.

CROSSROADS

I am not God to judge you.

There are countless footprints everywhere.
And yet, upon your arrival,
You will find them completely gone.

Large invisible hands
Point to colourless
And shapeless street lines on crossroads.

Shall I follow this man?
Shall I follow this thought?
Shall I follow this soul?
Shall I follow my own soul?

The scorching sun keeps
you company on crossroads!

I walk.
I make street signs out of my soul.
As I step on them,
I do feel their pains.

AT THE TEXTILE MILL

You have the colour of my blood,
The blue colour of sufferings,
The black colour of the death of my dreams,
The sweet colour of pride.

The poems and the poets I abandoned,
The sea waves, the moonlight.
O fruit of the extremely insane man,
You drove me stark raving mad!

Oh, I feel I am turning into a teardrop
Because of everything you killed in me,
Because of the big dreams I lost
And even failed to know how they taste
While I saw others licking ice-cream cones
As if their dreams had again returned to them.

You shattered my dreams when
I knew they were as precious
As the sun that gives life to man.

You did cause my alienation.

LANDSCAPE

Could you see how the heart pounded
When you touched the smile?
Could you see
That my kiss was a pleasant fresh breeze?

Could you see that my eyes had your light,
That I ran my hand through your hair,
That I whispered your name like a small child
Starting to journey through the roads of soul?

Could you see
That I was the sun rising and setting in you?

Why should the evening twilight come on?

When I am no more,
My soul will not die!

Will you ever be able to feel it?

The moon is ablaze with sadness
In the sky of my mind,
My disturbed sleep has scattered
Through floating pieces of broken stars.

THE SEAGULL

Suddenly a seagull
Flew into the sky of my soul,
And I could see her eyes filled with worries,
Her wings fluttering incessantly,
And, without even realizing it,
I fell into her whiteness.

She flitted about restlessly without cessation,
And I was so confused that I failed to invite her to
stay.

But no, this beautiful sky
was not meant for that bird,
The winds of time had blown in it,
So she became a tear running down my face,
Then she suddenly left me and disappeared
As if she had never existed.

TO MY EMIGRANT BROTHER

I ran through mountains of longingness
and reached you,
I crossed rivers of tears to come to you.

For God's sake!
They open our graves here where we were born!

I AM A DEEP WELL

Huge pieces of human tragedies
Covering me.
In the spaces between them,
The sand of joys.
All my life they slipped through my fingers.

Will you be able to get all the pains
Out of me?

The weight of time pulls them in
Its depths.

Will you be able to...?

O God! How I found myself drowned in them!

TONIGHT

I turn my head,
Petals sprout
Writhing.

I tremble.
My love comes to life in me.

A sky with dreams of white clouds
Born
At the same time with my body.

The scent of petals woke me up tonight.

THERE

A sea of desires wakes my soul up,
A sea of stupid desires.

There
I am a child playing with toys.

There
I am a star seeing everything.

There
The roads are clear
And beautiful,
There
The walks are long
And all enchanting.

I have wonderfully arrived
There.

PARTING

The extremity of my love is painful enough
To break the oak branches into pieces,
The days pass by leaving everything cold
and lifeless behind,
I am its bottomless well.

YOU

Thousands of lights set fire to the waterfall,
Thousands of stars light up the sky,
Thousands of dreams slip out of the night's hand,
Thousands of pains invade the soul,
Thousands of kisses come to you,
Sleepless nights rouse days from sleep.

I WANT

I want to borrow time
And build the world in the air
With its foundations laid in my dreams.

Then let the birds take it away with them...

AT LAST

At last
Life deigned to look after me.
At last...

It shattered its rocky stones and sent them
Down into the abyss of oblivion,
Bringing an end to pain and suffering.

Miracles pulsate in my blood,
I am their flag floating from sea to sea.
The poems and the poets I abandoned have become
Verses where the birds sing their songs now.

HELPLESS

I wake up with empty eyes.
Where are the brilliant dawns?

The water of these two lakes is the mirror
Of one single aching soul.

The breeze of the beautiful times
Can no longer kiss the endless depths.

My eyes stay hiding among the teardrop bushes.

I wake up with empty eyes.
Where are the brilliant dawns?

FREEDOM

The strength of suppressed desires, innocence,
Shyness of children that awakens
courage in the adult,
Fresh muscles and minds that want challenge,
Pure souls that feed on courage and justice,
All of them extend their hands
to touch you, freedom,
To embrace you, to feel you.
You are their only dream,
They breathe the air of your absence.

Let freedom, let freedom come to you!
Your minds will light the path,
Your strength will eradicate the wretched
spiritual poverty
Of a world in slavery.
Freedom will give it life, dreamed love, desires
That people never dared even think of.

You yourselves, you yourselves are its freedom!

Do you not see it raped, barefoot and bleeding?
Horrors lie in an ambush for it,
Meanwhile, millions of new cell particles
are born in its wounds...

MY PLEA

My nearest and dearest, you that have gone
out of the gates,
Do escape from the prison of your own
selves as well!
Blinded by the light still unfamiliar to you,
Your gummy eyes show deep disappointment.
Do not shine falsely, clammily,
Remove your fears as if they were ragged clothes,
Do pluck up courage!

The world of light will definitely be born from you,
Do burn everything old...

The sun no more rises there,
It is there where the sun sets!

Do you not see the Millennial Reign of Jesus Christ?
Jesus Christ is resurrected!
Jesus Christ is awakened from death!
Jesus Christ is wearing the covering
of his upper blood
That once dried to wake up today...
His eyes are seeking human beings
That have souls and lights rather than beating hearts,

That have sun epilogues in their brains,
That have starry eye corners,
His eyes are seeking
Dreams of new galaxies...

WOMEN OF ALL THE WORLD

Your souls, tears of pain.
Your souls, tears of love.
All the waters of the earth.

Without women, humanity is heartless.

Even the stones weep stealthily
Watching women
Buried in insults,
Assaulted with violence.

The ungrateful devils
Do not even let you cry.

O women! O pains of pains!
You know how to avoid sinking into misery!
O women! O loves of loves!
You know how to avoid sinking into happiness!
They both are dangerous killers.
Heartless humanity can never
Ever feel or realize it.
You are born to fight!

O women of all the world!
I am Joan of Arc waging the 21st century wars
Inside your souls!

ON THE SKIN OF POSSIBILITY

Fear routine and its lies,
Vigilant illusions, laziness,
Praises that lull you to sleep,
Ordinary soft-eyed glances,
All-encompassing apathies
That look like shellfish shells,
Fear them all!

Fear permanent pretentious ethics, untruths,
Wandering vanity, utter confusion
That covers naturalness
As if nothing has ever happened...

Action has its own laws,
Time... place.
You can never go wrong,
You should not.
(Nature never ceased to be!)

Like every norm, it has its circle
With a certain framework of possibility,
Intersecting circles
Of other moral
And freedom norms...

And these touch other circles of norms
Like fixed interstate boundaries.

Possibility lies on its skin,
Including the amount and limit of movement.
Fear the slightest impossibility
Of this possibility.
Movement is inevitably compensated.

IN DELIRIUM FOR FATE

To feel completely free from you,
From the shackles that made me writhe
and squirm so desperately,
That I had perhaps shackled my being
with so incomprehensibly
At another time when dreams were as big as the sky.

MY CITY AND SNOW

A dawning deck uncovers the green legs
Of the snow-capped mountain
Once covered by a sky water mirror.
My city built of legends
Wakes up there.

I touch the whole of it with the fingers of my dream.
The eyes of desires have long been
sleeping in blindness.

I see the cobble pebbles
Of the old neighbourhood sleeping...
As a child, I failed to know that snow
would not be eternal.
Like dreamed freedom,
Its splendour gradually tries to move around the city,
Flowing through promenades as large and cold
As impossibilities,
Where revolts,
Glories,
And stories sleep and wake up...

Light snow dies in its placenta.

O season, your fist wearing a glove of nerves,
Of incendiary loves,
Of lightning souls,
Why do you not dress my city
In your white bridal veil?

TO THE TEARDROP...

O God!

Fix the magic of the teardrop
That flowed down the face of the earth,
Making the human soul live through
And suffer from a lot of pain.

Fix your magic...

Spread the fabrics of rainbow colours,
Of your suns hidden in faraway worlds,
Of your life-giving moons...

Tell your slaves that you love them,
that you have not abandoned them.

Show them and me your point of support
That is nothing but
The turning point of our walk
Towards zero
Where we will revive the dream
And find our own selves.

FACE TO FACE

Wings of dreams snatch me, lift me up,
Happiness blooms with stars
In the heavenly gardens.

O man, here is the full armour
I am bringing down from there for you to put on.

THE EYES OF LOVE

The eyes of love wake you up, and you feel the splendour of another world.
Everything around you laughs
and plays with the dream,
Understanding where you have been, where you are,
And you, my darling, know
That the echoes of your laughter
Scare the bosses of money, the holders
of top positions,
Who have ragged rags instead of souls,
And stones instead of hearts.

They do not know love, gratitude, kindness.
Homo sapiens, alienated creatures regarding the eyes
of love as means to an end,
And hypocrites swearing by the eyes of love...

The eyes of love wake you up, and you find the
meaning of another world.

A RITUAL

I have the right to judge
When I am judged.
I judge,
And my judgement is as harsh
As the harshness of the blow I suffer.

You beat a humiliating retreat.
Huddled in the fiery whirlpool of guilt,
You pull yourself together and calm down.
You understand the extreme attraction,
The action that reveals you.

And this is an end from where a beginning begins,
A beginning that will arrive at another end,
An end that will arrive at another beginning...
The earth's rotation
Around its own axis.

We know well
That nothing matters now,
That time stays hanging on the hook of the absurd.

Departing from opposite sides,
We both will meet again at our destination point.

It will be the beginning...