

Poetry Series

**Pere Risteski**  
**- poems -**

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## Pere Risteski(13.7.1977)

Working like a school teacher in Ohrid, Macedonia () .2012 year is particularly fruitful in the field of literature and poetry back the old meaning and nice chorus.

# A Body

A soldier in front of a guard house  
under a golden castle  
with stairs on which stick out  
empty chambers  
it is in no other place  
on Planet Earth  
I wonder, round around  
? your body.

A marble monument  
that attracts curious  
hairy and bold  
to photo  
to touch  
to pet  
to admire to  
?your body.

I'm a wonderer  
blacken from the sun  
once I wanted to talk  
and now with my head up side down  
on a pillow  
with a speechless mouth  
? about your body.

Pere Risteski

# A Face

There was a face lowered,  
tearful under the eyes,  
mornful and deaf  
full of rage on the inside.

There was a face creased  
snot under the nose  
bitter and blind  
full of despair  
There was a face lowered,  
tearful under the eyes,  
mornful and deaf  
full of rage on the inside.

There was a face creased  
snot under the nose  
bitter and blind  
full of despair in the inside.

From the birth wandered with no educational goals  
with an attitude of unyieldingness  
to the Old Testament  
to Bachus  
to Shakespeare.

With a folk dance  
under the feet stepped that las piece  
of moral that was hidden inside  
as a slave of the ambitions  
from birth.

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# A Touch

The whole blood in me freezes  
in this century  
which speaks so responsively  
about the human soul  
about the internal life  
I want to shout  
to stop the wind  
    ? from your touch.

I'm wide eyed  
because I learned to love you  
the apples of my eyes are widened  
because I learned to love you  
the body in cold sweat  
a guitar is heard  
    ? from your touch.

I'm waiting the raindrops  
in my hands  
today I want to tread on tiles bearfoot  
to give a sigh to the thunder  
    ? from your touch.

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# A Voice

love trapped of youn guy

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# Desserts

Travels, adventures, distant  
    ? desserts  
scattered suitcases  
wet handkerchieves on a wooden table  
writing diaries  
passion for a writing machine  
eyebrows go up and down  
although there's nothing else to be seen  
except  
sky, sand and desserts.  
Life is a journey  
without draft  
without a stapler  
only a desire to conquer distances  
thirst to see the golden dunes  
    ? in the desserts  
the passerby writes diaries  
conquers the distances  
refreshes himself with oranges  
mineral water and so on  
he leaves on his tiptoes secretly  
he knows from what he runs away  
he knows why he runs away  
    ? in the desserts.

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# Destiny

Neither scale of this world  
can not measure  
the suffering of my life - the victim of his own  
? destiny.

Ever changing chameleon  
constantly paint on his face  
in front of my life - the victim of his own  
? destiny.

Happy, but sad,  
rich, poor, and still,  
loved, but hated his life - the victim of his own  
? destiny.

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# Eternity

It sounds odd  
but it can't be stolen  
you can be desperate about it  
it has it sense  
its truth  
a clock that ticks  
in every life  
(as in mine)  
and it announces-eternity.

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# Freedom

In the white nights I was looking for rest  
in the madness and licentiousness,  
making dirty everything by touching someone else's sweat.  
With preasts,  
in exclusive brothels,  
drunk on glass tables  
argentinian tango I danced.  
Pride was my luxury,  
and the lies accord of repentance.  
With slander I killed innocent souls,  
so that is why freedom will not be reached.  
I won't be able to see it with my eyes.  
In an ecstasy with a white handkerchief  
I waved to God-I am coming.

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# I

I without love  
from a woman to a woman  
have lived  
    ? my life.

Life had no dignity  
I have entirely given my self to sorrow  
about a hundred years  
and she made desperate  
    ? my life.

Desperation was overclouding my mind  
and lindless I lived  
    ? my life.

All I did was for love  
I met women and  
they were pointing fingers at me  
in hotels and restaurants  
on a Sunday evening  
it in tears and fury I lived  
    ? my life.

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# Kisses

An echo that lasts forever  
a song unfinished-  
are your kisses  
joy to my youth  
meetings on balconies  
and a naked woman  
are your kisses.  
Our lips are joined in one  
two lovers lengthened  
wine flows and sweetness in my mouth  
mouth of rainwater  
from your kisses.  
Naked truth  
from which you hear a scream  
from your carelessness  
from your kisses.  
Oh, my darling, I forget sorrow  
she's in bed  
it's not coming any more  
on this midnight  
I find peace in hope  
from your kisses.

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# Luck

Changable and unstable  
holly terror  
of bankers and politicians  
    ? is my luck.

And yet, people were envious on my happiness  
I gave too much, and didn't want anything  
the tips of my fingers  
with a needle I thorned  
as a huracane  
as an earthquake  
I wandered and roamed in the world  
draging my self drunk  
as someone who has forgotten that he lives  
and that was beared  
    ? by my luck.

As a bird I held you  
gently in my arms  
so you can be free like  
    ? my luck.

Only once I spoke  
and one more day  
and I will not know what is dissapointment  
now on my mount there's only laughter  
    ? for my luck.

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# Luckies

MyLord,

let the day when I was born

and the night when I met her

be honorable

at the flee alley

with broken traffic lights

peopleless

alone,

so I could shudder under

her knees.

Eyes filled with joy

youth and foolishness became brothers

like a hysterical climber in

the mountains

where the wind soughs

and it says hi

to the first randezvous

a Holliwood story

transparent-a white drama

for us two luckies

? my Lord.

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# Nature

Look at that lonely boy  
he didn't know what to look for  
so he went outside in the countryside  
where there's no jumping  
boats that float.  
Fish in the water dance  
and yell The End!  
Only one thing he looked for, poor thing  
consolation from suffering  
and rapture from the inclement moods  
lonely boy has gone crazy  
the whole world blames him  
swiftly he looks at the watch  
tick-tack time flies  
but there is no mercy  
? in nature.

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# Neverend

Immortality and freedom  
hidden and secretive in me  
wait for their release in  
                  ? neverend.

In me it is hidden the end  
of all neverend  
hidden  
      ?in neverend.

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# Peace

The clothes that I patch all the time

ubearable tatters  
throw me into the silence  
in stillness  
in peace  
in my pain  
to yell at every  
offence and humiliation

so I would earn the mercy of freedom

in the silence  
that threw me  
in stillness  
in peace.

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# Praise

On the ant. the grasshopper. the spider

On the badger. the spider. the ant

On the ant. the badger

On the spider. the badger. the grasshopper

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# Shiver

You are a woman jealous to another woman  
or maybe you are Andromachas  
unfaithful seducer?

From which

? I shiver.

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# Silence

The valerian spreads his scent  
In the air of our chest  
In silence

Swams and oceans immersed are silenced  
In the space of our thoughts  
In silence

The fish in their silence  
Are the messengers of joy  
In the silence

The garbager and the poet  
Are hiding behind their tongues  
In silence.

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# Wine

red wine-white women  
boozed,  
undermined in their eyes,  
tumid swollen in the lips  
in the breasts that shake  
for needs that know not of fear  
and shame.

Everywhere around me I see  
stretched lips  
in a wonderful drunken smile,  
they act inosent victims  
of their passion-temptation  
they offer licentiousness  
as the only solution  
of their existence.

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# Wishes

My eyes to pick you

? is my wish

with my hands to carress your lips

? is my wish

as a snake to cowl around your hot body

as an eagle to fly in front of your red eyes

? is my wish.

To be strong to bear the clouds

and as fire to burn woods

? is my wish.

I was created just for you

poor me, I would like just one kiss

look ate me one more time

you can't love anyone like me

I was made to be a slave

to your love

? is my wish.

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