

Poetry Series

Vinko Kalinic
- poems -

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Vinko Kalinic(1974.)

Vinko Kalinic was born 1974 in Split, Croatia. He is a writer, journalist and human rights activist. He lives on the island of Vis. He is the editor of the internet portal My island of Vis, which is dedicated to life on the island and the Mediterranean culture.

Also on facebook Vinko Kalinic daily writes his poetic diary, and on his blog

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by Vinko Kalinic

I don't need a title
nor the body of the poem
so the poem can exist
your voice is just enough
that overflows in my head
even when you're miles away
and you aren't here
and when I'm alone
when nothing exists
only the pure thought
which always exists
and which is ME
in which we sail together
through the spaces that exist
and the ones that don't exist
- YOU, who is silent
and ME, who listens to you

Vinko Kalinic

Ballad About A Stinking Flower

I met this flower many times
and every time I touches me
with tousled beauty of its colours,
and also with a sad, untold story
about how people behave
and name things.

If there's a crumb of soil,
as they tell me - it's growing everywhere!
And just because of that
people named it:
stinker!

As if they want to taunt
his non - squemishness.
Simplicity.
Stubborn and defiant will,
that brings forth a life
from a scratch.

And this flower doesn't call itself.

It doesn't need
our words.

Nor it needs our names.

It silently grows
near piles of rocks and dry stone walls.
In a front and behind the houses.
Even there
where house folks
throw their excrements.

Sprouts.

Grows on its own.
Doesn't require our attention.
And it becomes the whole bush of it.

Few rich flowers
blossoms on one little stem.
As it would like to say:
Look, how much of me!
My roots grow from the very heart
of this poor and bare soil.
(Soil that you defiled,
and I adorn it, in spite of you!)
They are bigger, deeper,
wiser and stronger,
than all your
words.

And names!

....

I met this flower many times
and each time I lean over it.

Spontaneously.

Sometimes even against
my own will.

At least as lightly.
Just so that my hand
caresses the leaves.
- Wide green leaves,
full of juice! Leaves that
itself remind me of open arms.
Some ancient, old hands,
with all vessels transparent.

With that spontaneous, uncontrolled,
and totally intimate gesture,
which I sometimes find
quite funny - does the flower understand
our gestures? - as if I wish to
whisper to it: I know! I know!
It is unfair what they are doing,

those who are estranged from the land.

- Do people understand the speech of flowers?
With their stench they marked
one completely innocent being.

Sometimes I also stop.

Intentionally!

In front of everyone I pick
the largest flower in the bush.
(I count, this is the oldest one!
It lived his life away, so I guess
it will not get so angry.)

I smell it!
So that
everyone can see.

Its scent is really gentle.
Quite tranquil.
And mild..
Almost inaudible.

Even its petals
fall by themselves.

Instead of us,
as if they are ashamed
of ruthless
touch of people.

Vinko Kalinic

Decision

In this terribly smart world
I decided long time ago to remain lunatic
I said, let's be at least one
who everyone was laughing at
but no one has ever cried for

Vinko Kalinic

Don'T Know The Answer

you ask me: why I love you? yes, you? to me absolutely unknown being? but you don't ask me how deep are those eyes of yours? and how can a living man not feel what burns inside those eyes? so festive. and warm.

I don't know the answer. I just feel that you and I would understand each other very well. Even when we wouldn't say one single word. just so you lean your head on my chest. the world would disappear. and all that what futile people collect frantically. things they fight for. and drag around, like damned drag their own curse.

without anything. and totally naked. we would be standing silent. amazed. in the cognition. how little is needed to be happy. and that little, how nicer is to give than to take. and that's how we would disappear. lying in one another's shadow. being silent. all questions would be senseless. and all answers useless. that between us would swallow everything that we've ever been. and what we would ever be. what has anyone ever embodied into words. until we would disappear. totally. giving each other the last particle of himself.

Vinko Kalinic

Forgive Me, If You Can

by Vinko Kalinic

S. - To the most beautiful boy in my town

I wanted to write you a song, most beautiful verses
that has ever written any poet

for days I've been searching for words where I would hide
my deepest thoughts, I've overturned every stone
I was squeezing my heart like a lemon, like a pomegranate
and I was straining my soul, to clear up and to fill up with wind,
like the ancient fishermen when they used to spread
white sails of their boats

but all letters were not enough
all world languages were too miserly

I wanted to write you a song, I really did
some pure song, clear as a morning
white as a milk from the fig tree
gauzy and gentle, smart, simple
and silent - like a moan of the bell and the shore rustling

hundred times I wanted to write that song,
the song about the most beautiful boy in town
- this, you really were! - and you always remained
a jug of dreams, a bucket full of moonshine,
some sensitively long note on the silky string
which smells of love and invites to the childhood

believe me, I really wanted and I still would like
to carve that verse, to write that song
but I'm afraid, when I shut my eyelids
and concede myself to the zephyr's flow
- I'm not even some poet! -
every word in my hand crush
when from the darkness of impassive mind
your face emerges full of light

and lights up those gates,
like in the rooms of our grandmas,
where those lips
and those eyes
only angels have
and saints too

however, I have never given up to write that song
though, I think more and more, actually, that
I will never complete it

perhaps this is a curse of poets and humans:
we are punished to stand speechless
beside the most beautiful things

like the soldiers on the death-watch
like the boys before the clouds

forgive me, I beg you
as I can't transfuse my heart
into words
- although I would like to!

forgive me, if you can
for I will love you silently
forever

Vinko Kalinic

Half A Song

I woke up this morning with half a song in my head
I remember, I dreamt about you - yes, those were your lips
and hands! and nose! and ear! - and I could write a song
some absolutely dreadful song, decent and passionate
let's say, about a man who died in his dream, while kissing you
but I don't know how to transfuse your eyes into words,
those enticing eyes which bisect me in two all over again,
to a me that would die for them
and to a me that would die without them
- those eyes, in front of which no song
will ever be sung till the end

Vinko Kalinic

Instead Of Farewell

tell all those who you will love after me that your eyes have already conquered the world once. and also that your hands have split the ocean, dividing it in two.

to those who would be kissing you in those sleepless nights, tell them: I have already passed through the flooded land. and I saw the face of drowning man. his body was slender like the little tern's. but his heart was a bonfire. tell all those who would be listening to you, about the fountain of the lepers. about the nest where we refused to grow up. about the mountains that many are climbing, but the peaks could only see the ones who are chosen. about the flowers, talk about the flowers we planted in the hidden ravines. also, how large and cruel is breathing of the land. and also about how vainly is to defy solitude of the grasses.

I wonder intensively when and why we stopped believing in fairy tales?

And if sometime again, in the nights of twilights, freezing zephyr awaken your melancholic thought, don't doubt: I will be yours until I'll be there in the contours of your shadow.

Vinko Kalinic

I've Dreamt Of Dreaming 'Bout You

I've dreamt of dreaming 'bout you
And in the core of that dream
There I stood

The dream was blank

The sky was empty
and all the skies
were devoured by the dark

Your lips were the only thing
shivering in the dark
loose as the soil
fervid as bread

I don't know, that dream,
perhaps I was a human
or maybe just a ghost

I can only remember
just how much a soul
thirsty
could be

and that sigh
- oh, God!
that keeps awake
the feeling in my brain
the scent of your skin

Vinko Kalinic

Lets Go

Give me your hand, lets go, lets get out of this banality
- true, we might never be children again
whose faces glow of innocent carelessness
but we still can be people
totaly extraordinary, and totaly different
we can still avoid rail tracks and evade the roads
we still can...we still can...
all that never could do any child

give me your hand, lets go, it's crazy to live withot imagination
- we will walk in silence, with faces turned towards the Sun
we'll only follow Hís trace, and keep dissapearing
until we dissapear in it's integrity
until we become same as the wind, cloud and storm
until we arrive to the other side of the world
where time is not measured by the ticking clock
where all is meaningless, what is not woven
from pure unselfishness, misgiving
and the most intimate human beliefs

come, give me your hand, lets go
we'll take off these masks and we'll remain worthy of ourselves
we will both lay down on the mute and bare soil
we will listen how silences are multiplying
how impossible things become possible
we will create some, entirely our own, nation and religion
whose flag will be the sky, and it's anthem your restless eyes
I will sing it, from day to day, without stoping
soundless, like you sing the most holiest prayers
but we will cry together

give me your hand, lets go, lets get out of this language
let's leave the words, let them grow themselves, past us
instead of them our crossed fingers will speak out
by to the wormth of our palms we'll recognise
more intensely, and better than according to the moss
how the day turns into the night, and night into day
all we need to know we'll find out
in the pulsating of our own blood

Vinko Kalinic

Media Canción

Me desperté esta mañana con media canción en mi cabeza
Yo recuerdo, soñé contigo - sí, esos eran tus labios
y manos! y nariz! y oreja! - y yo podría escribir una canción
una canción absolutamente horrible, decente y apasionada
digamos, sobre un hombre que murió en su sueño, mientras te besaba
pero no sé cómo transfundir tus ojos en palabras,
esos ojos tentadores que me dividen en dos nuevamente,
a en mí que moriría por ellos
y a en mí que moriría sin ellos
- esos ojos, frente a la cual ninguna canción
será cantada hasta el final

Vinko Kalinic

Metà Canzone

Mi sono svegliato questa mattina con la metà della canzone nella mia testa
mi rammento, ho sognato te - sì, quelle erano le tue labbra
e le mani! e il naso! le orecchie! - e potrei scrivere una canzone
una canzone alquanto terribile, dignitosa ed affascinante
ad esempio, di un' uomo morto nel sonno, baciandoti
ma io non so come riversare i tuoi occhi nelle parole
'sti occhi terribili che mi fanno dividere sempre in due
a me che morirei per loro
ed a me che morirei senza di loro
- occhi, dinanzi ai quali nessuna canzone
sarà mai cantata fino alla fine

Vinko Kalinic

Mi Ha El

Do not worry, I haven't forgotten you
even though we haven't heard from each other for centuries.

At some hollow time of the night,
I'm still poetry writing because of you.
And during the day, drinking often
from that same invisible fountain,
which makes me behave
totally childish.

It happens at some blind time,
when you are entirely at the other end of the world,
it happens, I can see you quite nicely:
like a shadow in the mirror broken -
that you're so light like a cloud! - like a ray of sun,
trees naked, in the tree top disengaged.

Through the crowd, buzz and noise
when city walking -
you are here. Totally close!
Always in the corner of the sky.

Even the soul when it needs you,
I climb down to the shore
in the twilight, in the morning -
fishermen when departing the harbour,
I'm listening how you're dreaming,
then we're breathing as one,
with the winds roar.

Every day i watch your photos
on the Facebook.

When sitting in my room,
through the window, through the wall, through the mortar,
my dreams are touching you.

I always find some new way,
some hole, some pore, some wrinkle,

in cosmos, in the brain, on the ceiling,
to return to you, to fly away,
like a seagull, always returning to the sea.

And, it happens, always from the beginning,
not knowing what gesture,
lost and without a goal
we are walking along some road,
which doesn't lead anywhere and nothing's on it,
where only nettle grows, blackberry and twigs.

And when my thoughts are madly scattered like a fish,
although my voice is not touching you,
regardless, I am whispering to you, out of pleasantness.
Sometimes I even scream wildly, on top of my voice,
after we climb up somewhere there, where everything is naked,
where nothing exists, not plants no vegetations,
somewhere totally up there, on the hill,
above the brain cortex, on the carrousel,
under the same that shell
where peace and anxiety tremble,
together where the whole cosmos
is spinning
and my fantasy.

And I could be telling you like this for days -
and even more!

Serious!
It's happening!

I find myself - during day or night,
for no reason soaring, disappearing, staying awake.
And when I open or close my eyes,
like some transparent, sleepless bird:
where the sun and the stars are,
I can see your face.

I see you through my eyelashes!

You stop for a moment and wave from a distance,
no logic - more distant, and more and more bigger and taller.

Your fingers scattered across the whole sky,
your hand is swaying, completely white and soft,
like leaves when shiver in the autumn rain.

Do not worry,
I haven't stopped loving you.

I hear your every step!

And when the life is bitter,
crazy and empty,
and unbearable
like eskimo's winter,
and when the heart shrinks,
like a hedgehog when it rolls into a ball,
when he can't care less,
it is just enough
to whisper your name to him.

I know!

No one is like God!
Maybe God doesn't even exist,
it might be all illusions,
and maybe even I am superstitious.

However, I love everything of yours.
Even those, who are kissing you
instead of me.

It doesn't matter where you are,
Moscow, London,
New York, Paris, Qatar
...it's all the same.

Important is that YOU ARE!

Not important at all is, who are you with.
Black, yellow, white...in your shadow
all people are beautiful.

When I'm telling you

only what I want,
without even Globe
wouldn't have sense,
is the smile
on your face,
which is touched
by some invisible hand,
thin, stretched,
like the lyra string.

From it, man can sense
depredation and insomnia,
in the head, in the brain, in the soul,
than listens and keep quiet,
and from desire burning
to bi born again,
without delay, without dilema,
in any other place,
at any other time.

When I can not take any more,
when you are too far from me,
I study Hebrew.
And I articulate onomatopoeic way!
Instead of you, I'm listening
how words are echoing.
And always from the begining
I find something of your own
- in those most beautiful ones!

Amabiel, Amitel, Armisael
Asariel, Boel, Comissoros, Darel
Egibel, Elemiach, Enediel
Gabrijel, Guabarel, Hagiel
Israfel, Lailah, Lalahel
Librabis, Mehabiah, Rahmiel
Spugliguel, Talvi, Tezalel, Uriel...

Above everyone MI CHA EL
- angel of victory!

In the shadow of that sacred word

nothing can harm me
neither defeats nor the slanders.

Lo, let the Globe rotate
the way it wants it.

Just walk wherever you want.

In my heart, anyway
how it was, will stay that way:
you always stand on the same place.

Totally same, endlessly and clear,
in the centre of everything -
I will love you until your existence.

Vinko Kalinic

My Angel's Face

All my life I was searching for the corner of the universe
where I would bury the pitcher of my turmoil
-and I didn't find it

I have walked the whole Earth
across and all over
many towns I came around
and was lost amongst the people
I visited remote villages too
and those totally forgotten

I've seen many treasures
got to know greediness, fame and power
felt the odour of stench
ran away from the silhouettes
of empty abyss-like faces

I have met real heroes
who have won all, even the impossible battles
and lunatics who discovered many secrets
who reached deep wisdom
and acquired great knowledge

but I haven't found the answer
nowhere was any
that would petrify the eye

I have learned that everything of value
was always hiding within us
that it was here from primordial time
in hand's reach
but that too, as man climbs higher
he sees clearer that the chasms become
more deeper and more darker

not even recently, when still believed in fairy tales
and had heart totally innocent
I couldn't stop a breath
and fall asleep of calm soul

something always pushed me further

not even then, when I was at the Origin
-and I was fairly close, so close
that I was One with man that I loved-
I still haven't felt fulfilled

I don't know where the end of the path is
and is there any sense
to search for serenity
for human souls

or it is all
just a morbid game
a fatal mistake

...

there where the last
nugget of sanity is thawing
only Your face remained
pure, childlike

only in front of him
I forget for a moment
where I came from
and where I'm going

and I'm more and more certain
that the evenings and the mornings
are just a pale reflection
of Your blushing cheeks

Vinko Kalinic

My God

by Vinko Kalinic

When I look for You
I don't look
at the sky
heaven is the shelter
of the cowards

escape and the excuse

when I look for You
I don't go
to the temple
in there,
they made You
into a merciless killer

merchant and usurer

scarecrow
for people

when I look for You
I run away
from all rules
customs
laws and forms

all of that
made sorrowful people
out of
their own fear

when I look for You
I don't fear
the Hell
vengeance and punishment
nor I bid
on the salvation

of my soul

if I'm sure
of anything
then I know
You are the one
who governs
from the other side
of fear

when I look for You
I don't think
about o tome
who's what
who was before
and who was after
nor who does
know You
according to what legend

when I look for You
I sit in the park
on the bench
or on some bare stone

-
regardless in
what city I am!

-
and I listen
how the life flows

when I look for You
I get down
and I mix with people
observing
and browsing
through their faces

big ones
small ones
unusual
every day ones

shallow
deep ones
foggy
clear ones
real
imaginary ones

all our secrets
are written on them

all our sacraments
are hidden in them

turning through
their shadows
every one hides
some faith

I putter through
their wrinkles
every one of them hides
some disappointment

I turn through
and read
like gauzy
pages
of some large
and sacred
book

when I look for You
I always find
thousands of your photos

and on every one of those
You are totally different

and on every one of those
You are sincerely the same

one

and mutual

when I look for You
I don't look for answer
there is no
sealed destiny

in every one of us
are implanted
fate
and salvation

every one of us
was created
to be
the creator
of his own falls
and his own growth

the biggest truths
hide
in the detail

when I look for You
I look for
only
new
opportunity
a chance
and a reason
to create a sense
out of nonsense

from nothing
to create
something

to be
similar
to You

to fulfil

the will
of the Mission

when I look for You
I only want
that the whiteness of the paper
(which) You gave me
stays always
flawlessly
clean
and that it
doesn't have
neither mine
nor anyone else's
blood

when I look for You
I know
that on this world
I'm not alone

although I am
one
and unique

when I look for You
I look for someone
whom I will give
with whom I will share
complete me
to be born
new again

but then
when You
are not here
I know
You are
that
Light
pure
at the beginning

and at the end
of the way

warm thought
which warms up
equally
all
four sides
of the world

but in vain those
who trade
with Your
dead body
and like, at the market
redeem
and sale
human souls
I know
my God,
you can't buy him
and He is not for
sale

when I look for You
I don't know
who You are

every time You are
someone else

and different

thousand names
people
gave You

and everyone
prays to You
or curses You
only
in some

their own way

but
I know
that You exist

I feel
that You are

that You are the reason
of my sorrow
and my happiness

exactly the same
like this
anxiety

totally real

like this
hope

written
in the sacrament
of my own
soul

Vinko Kalinic

Pure Call Of The Wilderness

Sometime I have a feeling that I've lost myself long time ago
on this world and that everything is being wrongly set:
towns names, the streets names and the people names,
signs on the roads, birth certificates and the flags colours.
That we learned wrong subjects from the textbooks,
and that professors had to be the students
and learn from us who were the children,
and that we should have stayed state in
disinterested for the sides of the world,
for statistical data on economic growth
and when was what battle fought.

It seems to me that we would have been smarter
with that smile of the boy who
relentlessly grins in front of a world map
placing Africa where should be
America, and Europe where Asia is.

And also, if the wagging school was wiser,
than boring formulas of Physics and Chemistry.
Whereas - it's like that sometimes in my head -
it seems to me when people wouldn't know
anything about chemical compounds and the laws of physics,
they would still be living in the cave
and they would still be playing mums and dads.
And that without the TV news, Internet and daily newspapers
they would better get to know each other. And how tears drop,
and how laughter thunder. And also how the heart sometimes squirm
past all laws, in front of things people
most often don't think, things that
never existed in the textbooks.

Sometimes I really feel that I've lost myself.
And what is left, it seems to me that should be right,
and what is right, that it should be left,
and what is up, that should be down,
and vice versa. And so, I would mix up all of that.
Because it seems to me sometimes, that people
love and hate each other by inertia and habit.

And that they do everything just because someone told them
it was good to do just that
as they taught them to do,
but actually is not, because it could be otherwise.
And everything methinks so, and vice,
and sometimes predicts, and really it is exactly
as in that prophecy, and not the way they told us.

Strange thoughts seize upon me. As I got older even more.
And sometimes I'd be really sorry that I have never lived in a cave,
without refrigerator, microwave and remote control.
Imagine that every morning you have to strike the stones together
to light a fire, chase the wild boar or catch a fish?
What thoughts would you then be having in your head, and whether your hands
would have the same sense for things?

Well, OK! - I admit, it would be hard. Thus it is much easier.
But what about the sense of things? Is our hunger the same
as it was the hunger before? And that fire, is it the same as this microwave one?
Does the domestic pig grunt the same as the wild one? Or we all have got lost
among all these countries, languages, cultures, technical
and mental aid tools? And whether that was wild just because
we were spoiled, and we are wild, we who didn't have enough
just fish for lunch, so we built a ship and factory, and so...
we just drew Europe, America, Asia...

- If I could get into your head, I think I would have felt like Alice
in Wonderland! - my sister once said to me.

And she wasn't too far from the truth!

On this planet of wonders, if you were not here,
My love, I do not know where I would go.
Nor what would I do, anyway?

I think about it when I look at your face.
Face nobody told me anything about,
and on which is written absolutely everything
that is important.

Pure call of the wilderness.

Requiem For Two

I can not write anything tonight.

As the moon and the stars and the whole sky
on this night are nothing else
but cosmic panthomimes
from an unsuccessful magician's trick,
sarcastic graphic signs of our civilisation,
inarticulated sounds
from which is imposible to read anything
about perspectives of the mute universe.

And the Earth,
dry as a gunpowder,
on this night,
is standing still.

Like a dot.

Like a big black holl
in which i'm laying belayed
- redundant and final!
- like before, full of unrestrained sense,
when lying
on the glade
of your navel.

I will never climb up to the tip of your nose,
neither will I jump from one eyelash to another.

I will never again be bathed by the look
which used to wake up all of my fairy tales.

No mornings will ever risen totally inocent,
without blurry memory.

Some wind has taken away even the last part of you,
and nothing of me has remained at all.

I will never be

in just one single touch reborn again,
and rocked away in the cradle of your lips.

The hart is hopelessly following the clock.
There are no us.

I can' t hear your voice,
or your blood throbbing.

Not even there where things lay dead
we haven' t left not even our grave behind.
Not even our bones.

What has left was only some empty eternity:
mute and lingering existence.

Only dead letters,
only empty words.

Scattered thoughts float, humid steam flashing
over the cliffs of precipitated dreams.
Piles of petrified sensoring shells
echoing and yawning like destroyed city walls.

This night is blind.
This night is mute.
This night the poetry is dead.

Tonight all that is alive
- is hollow as an abyss.

Vinko Kalinic

Sea God And The Wind Rose

You live inside my head
and I know that
I even remember the moment
when you stopped to be a woman
and became my destiny

carelessly you passed through my morning
flirty, fragile, wild and happy,
with a smile, contagious like a plague

you have passed through,
like winds which come
and pass by,
and come again
unknowingly
nor what their names are
neither why they blow
nor where they go

and me, I was standing
as I am standing now
soundless
and still
watching you growing
and how you became much bigger:
bigger than the street you were walking down
bigger than the harbour that embraced you
bigger than the sea which was returning
the echo of your divine voice
bigger than the sky which was bowing
to you
and to your shadow
-bigger than everything
that has ever been
and that will ever be

you live in my head
and I know that

you just appear like a shadow
flirty, fragile, wild and happy,
like has never been nor will ever be
any other woman

and you grow
until you grow up bigger than everything
what is live in my head

when you are quiet like the summer mistral
and when you're wild and cold like a storm
and when you're crazy and warmer than a scirocco
-it's always the same rose

the one that passes through some of mine
ancient flowed mornings
with a smile, contagious like a plague
wild and happy, the one that offers hands
so it could create some form from nothing
to create some meaning from total senselessness

and I'm standing - standing the same way
I was standing still like a statue
that ancient flowed morning
-morning that was more solemnly than any other! -
I'm standing still today as I will be standing
even after three million years

you live in my head
and I know that

the same way I know
-if anyone will be ever searching for me? -
they will find me one morning
in the thousand particles of the petrified brightness
in the shadow of your shadow, in the red hot ashes

like some crumbled
ancestral sea God,
like the sand
I will be everywhere,
where, on that morning

your foot was stamping

Vinko Kalinic

See, How I Love You

See, how I love you: like birds
which get on the trip over the oceans
not counting the time and the distance
not even how much energy they would need
to cross the open sea
not worrying about the rains, storms and the winds anger
not even where would they sleep, or what would they eat
not even if they will survive the dawn alive

see, that's why I love you: because you awake
that unspoken in me, and stronger than life
what also forces them to raise to the sky
more than anything, longing just the warmth
without mind, without score, without the security
like one, the whole troop goes-

they just spread their wings and fly into emptiness
passionately, just like me into your eyes
looking only at the mute blueness
and they fly, believing
that they will arrive
to the end of the
world

Vinko Kalinic

We Woke Up

See, just like that, we woke up one morning
not even thinking about what was happening yesterday
and what could really be tomorrow
on some wet ground, beneath the naked stars
we woke up, bro, on flagging grass, completely naked
no underpants and no feathers, like two crazy confused herons
who haven't even managed to build their nests

and there was scirocco blowing, or something else that was
or one or the other, don't know what to say
it was blowing forcefully, but that was less important
because the face I was holding in my hand was so warm and soft
- was mine like that too, who would have known?
dreamily, she reclined her head on my thigh
waving it with no words - bit closer, bit further
as an ancient boat carried by its sail -
and I was complete, God forgive
as I fell down from the pear tree

the Moon was still full, diffused and dense
it was dawning - see, don't even know which day,
everything was orange, and up so high
the sky, land and the dream mixed
don't ask me brother, what was prettier, her eyelids or her eye only
- I still wouldn't know
I don't remember that I've ever seen anything so gentle
not even when I was a child, I wasn't that young
inside me the hoar frost has fallen, and all was snowy
behind drawn eyelids, I saw
soaring blizzards and fallen rains
some horrible rains, madly and heavy rains
and it looked - like a crazy swing
the whole world was swinging in those eyes
again, as soon as she opened her eyes, you could hear it so close
- those eyes, they had such power! -
where seashore is rustling and the sea is breathing
looks like days change into nights in there
suddenly, who knows where from, it would come to me too
to jump, to swim, to get wet

to dive into that foamy iris
just like that, see - after the strong winter
summer would shine again

we woke up, brother
she and me - as two poor, penniless thieves
that climbed down, who knows from where
whether from Triglav or from Carpathians
no citizenship and birth certificate
our only witness was the dew
in every drop, like in the mirror
our clean faces glittered
like thousands flags,
only our hair was waving

see, we woke up that morning
crazy and funny, like Buga and Tuga
and everything was, God forgive
like the Earth was mocking the sky
bro, we woke up somewhere
where joy and sorrow wake up together
unnamed - we were waking up the same way that butterflies,
caterpillars and creepy forest worms do

who knows what language her lips spoke then
even without any words they were warm, red end full of blood

we tangled up our tongues and whispered something
about sorrow, happiness, love and pain
and like Eskimos we were rubbing noses
drawing hieroglyphs and making funny faces
like Japanese and Chinese, knowingly and skilfully
although those languages we never studied at school

ancient like a cypress, playful like a cloud
she was raising like a dawn, you could hear the heart jumping
always new, fluent and endless, unreal and light
but still elementary - when she laughs and when she cries
like an aria distant, and her echo -
thrown as a curse in my hand
she was murmuring like a stream and overflowing like a river
and me, like a Charlie Chaplin in his own anguish

I was funny to myself
-oh God, you, who created her "in your own image"
be merciful and say - I was calling up God -
what should I be kissing, because I don't know,
which part was even nicer on her: her navel or her foot

who knows what country that was
who knows what time that was

on some lawn we were standing
-her and me

she - the most gentle woman of all women
like the resonant bell gong

inside of me there are still thousand screaming beasts
and each of them is preying their own peace of skin

-oh, God!
I really don't know why we did wake up at all,
because when we were asleep we felt
quite nice

this way, when all other things become irrelevant for me,
all inside me will be thirsty just when she looks at me

brother, my bones are still painful
from that awakening
and God forgive,
since then,
on this Earth,
we just remained guests

Vinko Kalinic

You, Who Have Dreamt On My Mother`s Heart

- To Dina, my sister

When I say out you name, volcanos thunder in the earth bosoms
the time stops, the rain bursts and clouds go numb
in some meadow - long, immense -
far away from the world, from people common and quotidian
suddenly the heavens unfold,
and like through some old rusty door
I enter into the temple of my tenuous memories
- I see our grandpa's hands, how he peels the apple
and the sun how it's spreading, how the light is crackling into the beams

when I see your face, I see horses galloping
and I hear low rolling thunder, angels choirs I hear
and the voice of our grandma, ambiguous, euphonious
embroiled into prayers, and at the bottom of the sea, thundering howl
in the early mornings when the Titans wake up - I listen the shore rustling
and swallows chirping, the Earth, how it breads - and I wish again
to climb on the top of the hill where tulips grow
and where heavenly fairies dance

when my mind takes me to your pillow
I feel the lilac scent on my shoulders, and they are here again
all those lost things dear to the heart, even those
which we have only dreamt, but they really never existed

do you know, I have never stopped believing in fairy tales

I'm still big playful child,
that same child who wanted
with his arms to embrace the whole world
and only thing I cry when I pray to God
I say: I don't need anything
- God, let me dream!

when I meet dear people, I love them
purely, unreservedly - my heart is like that
bare like stone, thirsty like sponge
and when I write songs, I only want

to stop the time, to conquer the solitude
- I would like everything I have to hide into words
to carve letters out of my own dreams
to distribute myself, like grownups
when they give away lollies to children

I have never written a song to you

and I did dream about you
I dreamed about you thousand times
I dreamed how we stood on the road
on the road without the end
alone - you and me

me and you

you, the largest of all titans
you, more gentle of all fairies

and me, who would like, always from the beginning
with my babyish hand to caress your white face

you, who have dreamt on my mother's heart

Vinko Kalinic