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IN QUEST OF STONE TO PRAY

INNER PEACE

Local priests unfulfilled expectations
and my friend discovered new alternative church,
new approach to the True God

Now, his room has been
differently arranged - ideal Feng shui
Kyrie eleison prayer thundered instead of rock and roll

I asked for a strong drink. He brought apricot juice
saying - this is Nature gift.
He stopped drinking alcohol, I concluded.

I remembered a piece from ten years ago
buried in my head and I knew what should be expected
knowing all the hypertrophic conscious traps
expectations disappointments

He believed in stories for other world
-Maybe there is no other word but this one -
I thought, saying nothing

too tired to think
of heavenly kingdom and things further than reality
with my conscious too old for the day

-There were so few real things left
people inclined to huge irritability and prone
to disappointments or I simply had hard day

I knew what should be expected
with his new Master who was to lead
his lost soul through this world's hell

ONE DAY THE SUN WILL DIE TOO

We went picnicking with the old car of Bumblebee, the Poet
above valley that might had been a lake thousand years ago
with the girl who knew the matter of sentences
with a tone that I always wished to hear

grass smelled luscious, the sun was pleasing

finally Bumblebee, the Poet, was on rehabilitation
after psychiatry hospitalisations at several clinics
and years passed beside his room window

we were picnicking, eating chips and drinking beer
but I obstinately repeated my new verse:

-One day the sun will die too - as irreversible

argument for kissing and hugging her, but she resisted

-Simona, come here - I kept telling her - fuck you,
-One day the sun will die too - Birds were cheerfully descanting
aligned on lines as music notes on wires
Bumblebee, the Poet, smiled and was relaxed

that night we saw each other on my initiative, Simona came
just to tell me I was rude in presence of others
and that she did not like others to know what was going on
de facto she praised privacy and we went to that place,

to woods beside railroad tracks
and I started fondling her firm breasts
putting my fingers into her knickers

from suburbs to downtown
cars passed illuminating our silhouettes,
but I was indifferent feeling free warren, with me
monotony close to melancholy governed

and before we were supposed to go she opened my jeans,
leaned her head and started to do it, but I did not let her do it
just felt heat in my brain
as if my mind was under thin ice for years.

-I thought you wanted it, usually others do
-no need - I told her - helping her to stand up and I kissed her
on picnic she spoke as if there was no tomorrow
Simona, forget it - I told her - nothing is perfect though

SPECIAL PLAY

She was imaging herself as a slave of her readers
writing poems full of grief believing
poets are healers
and poetry kind of remedy

wearing violet scarf

without one verse written in a year

I played my favourite band's last album
for her
taking astronaut stance in my chair
I closed her eyes

already imaging her
performing the special play

-Well... would your girlfriend...

-I'm not anyone's possession - interrupting her
before some dullness was asked

Love is a great thing - I stated

Love never ends - eagerly
added the Poetess

Are you aware of the difference?!
The difference is a way one performs
same thing
looked forward to
that can please other
creativity surprises phantasy

we all like
close attention and delicacy.

I passed all Great Love phases.
Was romantic to the final frontier
now changed, pain resistant.

My following statement
You might not understand
the difference between me and others is
I cannot forge love

my case as if one is
consists of the end of
all philosophies
tries
shocks
and than I switched to simple things
but that is not sufficient

now I cannot produce magic
of illusion and Love delusion
now I get it all, crude realism

years and experience might be in question

long story is that one

one understands delusion
that for one's personal psycho-drama nobody else cares

people vanish from one's life
after time period to understand
all one thought as necessity
in reality is redundant

The problem might lie in
absence of beautiful things happened, something coordinated,
unravished - the Poetess stated

-For sincerity I lost a lot
That's me, naturally relaxed
but human beings are cheap
do not know what they want, from what they defend
wrongfully understand matters
misuse honesty

-I was told my poetry is
pathetically romantic.....
....my swallow migrated long ago...

I listened, kept on imaging her
performing the special play

she slowly unfolded her violet scarf
made several seductive rotating moves
undressed the blouse
revealing old tattoo on breasts
someone's name already paled

-If you have a vision, the vision becomes reality
-It's hot, I will have a shower
-I will not lock the door-smiling stated I.

NEW INSANITY

We were riding on taxi's back seat
radio played Everything is white

I leaned the head and closed my eyes
having cash for that night
feeling drunk and relaxed enough

while the taxi was cruising boulevards

I sent her my new novel excerpts
Finding new correlations
for another unsuccessful attempt
for reproducing mechanical reality
akin to philosophers' murmur

The critique and she arrived simultaneously

Splendor can be felt - my she Critic said
before entering the taxi

I felt she was hard to understand

We rode the boulevards
suddenly electricity went off and the town went dark
only in the sky stars were twinkling

Right moment for a beginning
knowing falling in love
is new insanity

- What's happened
and why nothing has happened - I just said

Light a cigarette.

I started talking about
real feelings and the frontier

- Don't bother - she said inhaling cigarette's smoke

I didn't want to be short-tempered

- Magic is short - I thought

She was beautiful innocent creature
lining in her world of art
far from reality, but it was not important
taxi's radio played
White surrounds me

**I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT YOU
BUT YOUR FIRST AND LAST NAME**

I really had no custom
to look myself in mirror for long
only while sitting in hairdresser shop
with my face in front of me
while a girl was washing my hair
and massaging my head
with meditative beat

Her fingers slowly penetrate my brains
I meditate slowing down my thoughts

Looking at the sign on the wall
trade mark of my hairdresser pal
he succeeded in life
went to metropolises
had tattoo on middle finger
with his sharp scissors working perfectly

music changed to assertive one,
I stopped listening

I looked myself in the mirror

-Smile, you are too serious...
we are climacteric
and can be broken

-Common...I said...we won't break...

I am 37, with old car
plate number 666
Taurus - Scorpio sign of the Zodiac
Maybe I was reincarnation of S.F.

I remembered the girl from last night
who said: I know nothing about you
but your first and last name

heeheehee, my fireproof heart
definitely lost ability
to fall in love

with or without vision for future
does not matter, I could not think
if I found my place in this insanity

it was quiet post meridiem at
the best hairdresser shop in town

SNOW

I went to call my best pal
to my first poetry book promotion

known poetry names were also invited

- What's the book's title?! Emptiness?!
- my best pal's girlfriend was laughing

after some time somebody rang the door bell
with beautiful hair and physically attractive body
really pretty body asking for cigarette

-What will we get in return - I asked!?
-Piece of cake?! There was no cake.
-Coffee?! Unfortunately the coffee was almost finished.
-Pure water?!

agreed in the end
the neighbor to come and join us

my best pal served vodka and olives
we talked, joked, it was December,

the air was cold as ice and fresh outside

and before midnight
my best pal laid under his blanket
with his girlfriend

I killed the light, took the key out
and winded round the neighbor's body

ah, how we kissed and touched fondly

and just before dawn I went out and on the balcony
vomited the olives on the snow
in the bathroom I put myself in order
and went back to bed as if nothing happened

Sure I was late for promotion tomorrow

AUGUST.

SUN'S ASTRAL PROJECTION

Red light fills our eyes
while incorporeally we lay on the calm water
of the city pool, squinting in the sun
far from the town that we equally like and hate.
We are at the beginning of a dream. We think about nothing.

BUMS' DELUSION

Bums were my weakness
I loved them and frequently invited bums in my apartment
they started to compare
what I had and they did not

thinking they were cleverer than Freud himself

I didn't recognize things around me
living with my thoughts, blind for the walls
akin to white chamber
which sets in motion hallucinations

Have you heard of white chamber
described in psychological books
-I am asking the young bum
One puts a man inside
without pressure and violence
gives him food, drinks, and he stays in the white chamber
with no obligations

I remembered some holy persons
who spent all their lives in caves
eating plant roots and drinking milk
given by lost sheep from some herd

- Those are philosophic positions - protested the bum

- We all desire material things
good apartment and one is directly in heaven.

Artificial paradise - I added
I am here only for a few moments of my time

- Freedom is in brains
boy, if you didn't know that

I sometimes presented them some trifles
to calm my righteous man conscience

One receives what one gives,
no more - no less

bums were not aware of this life's rule

PATHETIC SOBERING

If one wants to know what one is
one should go to the worst bar
in basement where there are still hanging
old time photos
where all are ready for fight
drinking themselves to death
one alone at the table
among forgotten, bums, divorced men,
rejected, criminals, not recognized.

Uninvited they come at one's table
looking long at one's eyes
till one does not smile in return

- I hate violence - one would tell them, smiling
- We are not pals, but we will be - they would say

and this is another such evening
with no sense at all, absolutely
being here among these dark bar's walls

keeping pace in drinking,
buying new tables,
joking with the young waiter
about artificial flower on the table,

Now one will see the kid - waiter
with shovel and broom in hands
picking up broken glass with discipline from the floor.

Skopsko beer bottle travel through the air
with marvelous sound breaks on the floor.

Run...run...run...young waiter or else
(don't joke too much with the young waiter,
he could strengthen with time and oppose to you
and to beat you up).

My last drink
is a glass of *Smirnoff* vodka from the wall,
I accompany my pal to the taxi,
it is no good to his dignity
people to watch
his pathetic sobering on the streets
people will talk, people will say
he has double life...

If one wants to know what one is
one should go to the worst bar

WORLD FAMOUS POET

Ten years ago I planned
to become world famous poet,
but somehow I have difficulties
and now I am asking myself
if all that must have been expressed in rhyme

Tormented by verses
I never thought
what people would like to read
occupied by my visions and dreams...

but if I spoke for pleasure
human idea itself
if I spoke about God
would they understand me

My friend wanders about towns
in quest of redemption
better job and ideal girl
thinking he is under strong spell
which should last ten years

My friend hopes for redemption of divine intervention
not knowing that change is a process, not a moment
the process starts with small changes though

My friend asked from where comes the strength
of the Visionary, the man who was supposed to help him

He knocked to his door
and the Visionary came out

- Are you from far away?! It is a holiday today and I cannot foretell
- he shortly stated and hid in his room

What is happening behind psychical energies curtain
Malice channelization
Intrigues
Magic
thread hanks mixed up
cut trees

The Visionary glass look
that was supposed to see
behind the other, invisible side
and connect past events
to explain what's going on

There were stone animals in the garden
Almost all earthly animals

The sky was grey, freezing wind was blowing

Why are they here, from where they came
the big frog
different dogs, miniature horses
stork and deer
hens and pig

misterious proofs
for The Visionary deeds

IT STARTS TO RAIN

Unfortunately all my dear friends
are busy at the moment.
My cellular phone informs me:
The phone book is full. You must erase
one number to enter new one.
It starts to rain outside. I find a shelter
in the internet club.
Let's say I am a poet.
Wandering on the Internet
I offer the address of my poetry book
to unknown people. I look for something more
than reality. Maybe I expect a little wonder.
Shall we go deeper.

Now you cannot understand
why I did that,
but one day you will.
Have we ever met
till the end, till the bottom itself.
Some old pictures revive.
There is no sorry anymore
- she said - from now on I'll be mean only.
I can feel
when someone will stop loving me.
It is raining slowly. Monotonously.
Only the sky always different is.

ACCELERATION

He opened his eyes...and started to think.
His brain activity transforms
from alpha to speedy beta rhythm.

He feels hard that soon he should
face traffic sounds,
random conversation fragments,
imposed associations, his own thoughts echoes.

Morning greeting follows,
short taxi driver story,
breaking news
from newspaper's front page,
cultural page, comic strip message.

Sometimes it is too fast for him,
he needs space, sun,
grass, he needs grass instead asphalt.
Acceleration is terribly unsafe thing. Inertia.

Finally he comes in time.

Entering one room after another
subtly changing the state of consciousness,
unconsciously determining distances to the walls.

He gulps and successfully deals
with fish bone in his throat.
He becomes stronger, surprisingly stronger.
He imagines how without any apparent effort
he appears simultaneously to many places.

Encompassing the whole is important,
to make bigger circle not forgetting
life saving formula.
Always Pray.