

Poetry

**THE EYE  
OF AN ANGEL**

*(selected poems  
by Bratislav Taškovski)*

*Translations by: Zoran Ančevski (Z.A.), Richard Gaughran (R.G.), Aneta Gjorgieva (A.G.),  
Matt Jones (M.J.), Rumena Bužarovska (R.B.), Magdalena Horvat (M.H.)*

# THE EYE OF AN ANGEL

*(selected poems by Bratislav Taškovski)*

Selection and introduction by  
Venko Andonovski



## Postmodern Poet of the Purest Stamp

Bratislav Taškovski (b.1960) is one of the most prestigious Macedonian poets of today. Having grown up with the brilliant tradition of exuberant Macedonian modernistic writing, he is an important representative of postmodern Macedonian poetic discourse. Weaned on the metaphor of the vivid school of Macedonian modernism – he himself also a modernist in his first publications in the eighties of the past century – he now treads the path of postmodern intertextuality. In that abundant Rimbaud-like modernist school, that kingdom of the metaphor where he first mastered his poetic technique, Taškovski had as his immediate predecessors and interlocutors the poets Blaže Koneski, Petre M. Andreevski, Ante Popovski, Radovan Pavlovski and Vlada Uroševik. This was the context from which he had to break out by the strength of his individual talent.

Taškovski belongs to that ('middle') generation of Macedonian poets who witnessed – and themselves participated in – the overthrow of the dictatorship of the metaphor in Macedonian poetic discourse. The process of deposing the metaphor as the one and only semiotic symptom of poetry began with his predecessors. That impulse is present in the longer poems of the first bard of contemporary Macedonian poetry, Blaže Koneski, and is more clearly expressed in Gane Todorovski and Bogomil Gjuzel (all translated into English and available to the Anglo-Saxon linguistic areas). If one can say that the phase of intensive metaphorisation of the modernist type – so-called 'shock-images', with echoes of symbolism, surrealism and expressionism – was taking place from 1945 to the late 1960s, then the second, the 'metonymic', phase began in the 60s and has continued intensively up to the present day. Taškovski, together with his generation, is characteristic of a third phase which, starting from the 80s, has been enlarging our comprehension of metonymy. This has been not merely a signpost pointing towards 'narration' and 'epic focus' (as in Todorovski and Gjuzel) but also an index in the intertextual sense. Each text refers to another, mostly to the previous one; intertextuality becomes the 'alphabet' of this 'polemical' poetry which seeks to debate with the previous poetry to form a calque, an amendment, a parody - or a travesty. Taškovski is a postmodern poet of the purest stamp.

His principal hypo-text is the Bible. Throughout his entire work the idea has been developing that all our new texts are only a distant echo of the semiotics of biblical texts. From his first to his latest volume this idea has been maturing as a guideline in his poetic world. At first, modestly, only biblical quotations and reminiscences are encountered; then, openly, he starts to 'supplement' the empty or only barely legible places in his biblical palimpsest, always doing so from the point of

view of a Macedonian, or of the Macedonian spirit and mentality. In *The Lack of Good People* we read:

*Some things are eternal.*

*Clearly, when something doesn't work, it doesn't work.*

*To find good people poor Lot*

*offered his two daughters to men not blessed.*

*In vain: but things desired the opposite.*

*In this case it didn't help,*

*Abraham's bargaining with God.*

*The price decreased:*

*from fifty good people to ten.*

*And finally there were none.*

*Then God led Lot outside Sodom.*

*He told him, "Look not behind!"*

*But, for all to be as it is written,*

*Lot's wife fretted.*

*She believed not.*

*Then only the salt spoke.*

***"The next day Abraham looked upon Sodom and Gomorrah:***

***and, lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."***

From annotation to travesty/parody and to commentary: this is the scope of Taškovski's biblical intertextuality. This spectrum is clearly seen in *Jesus' Women*, where supplementation of the hypotext dominates:

*In front of God, in the stall,*

*a fourth wise man kneeled too.*

*He's not mentioned in any Gospel*

*and he doesn't exist.*

*He, in front of the Light, left humanity to Jesus.*

*To be a man among the people.*

*After that poor Veronica*

*Dreamed it all on the holy canvas.*

*Mary Magdalene carried it like a burden*

*And Martha resurrected it as a sigh.*

*But most interesting in this feminist theology  
is the act with the hair in the house of Simon the Pharisee,  
when the Teacher's feet  
were wiped with a woman's hair.*

*Then again, the Bible is literature for virgins.*

Taškovski's dialogue with the Bible is the semiotic and philosophical network of his poetry, in which signs from his own life are also caught and interpreted as if through a mantic grid. In his life, in that world of his, there exist three obsessive themes: love of woman, love of the fatherland and love of poetry. A wondrous synonymy occurs involving these notions of woman, fatherland and poetry. These are remnants of his early, neoromantic impulse, which was later to give way to postmodernism of an intertextual type. As has been said, in addition to the universal messages emanating from his reading and rereading of the 'dark' places in the Bible, Taškovski frequently knows how to implant the 'Macedonian theme', or the theme of an unrecognised people, as in the poem *If There Is One More Time*:

*Teacher,  
when you invent the world again  
remember the years when you forgot us.  
We've spun around enough as a biblical mistake.  
Now, say in time  
For us to get a place on deck on the new Noah's Ark.  
If there is one more time, do that.*

\* \* \*

All great things in art are simple: the simple is the most complex. Thus reads the law of poetry that Taškovski attempts to legalise in all his ten poetic presentations to date, from *Fingers in the Clouds* (his debut), through *Demonica* (one of the finest volumes in contemporary Macedonian poetry) and *The Angel and the Thirsty Muse* to *Naked Earth*, which contains poems on the theme of death worthy of inclusion in any anthology, and *The Great Love Song*, his ode to Eros for which he was awarded the highest award for a new volume of poetry in the Republic of Macedonia, the Miladinov Brothers Award, in 2006. The poet was aiming at and succeeded in reaching that degree of 'the unbearable lightness of being' which can be best described as an elevated poetry, or what in his day Stéphane Mallarmé called 'a state of rarefied air'. When the air the poet breathes is rarefied, only

the distillate remains, only that which is essential to life. The inventory of the poem is reduced to the minimum, only that which is most important.

For a long time he experimented in his poetry with the romantic and symbolist enchantment of sound (the sonnet occupies the highest place in Taškovski's personal poetic hierarchy) on the one hand, and on the other, with attempts to 'philosophise' in his poetry or to transform it into a marble mausoleum of profound thoughts, often verging on an essayistic approach to the world. In other words, the poem was torn between its sound and its meaning, something which is a permanent dilemma even for leading poets in the world who at one moment may prefer Enzensberger's model for a poem which should say something important while at another moment they may consider that such a poem misses the essence of poetry, which is a 'musical art'. Here is a fine example of Enzensberger's essayisation of the poem where the erotic signal has an ideological one grafted on to it, and in the prostitutes of Pigalle from the socialist bloc, one can see an ideological concept:

*Here all women are one.*

*Mythology is symbol, that's the way it has to be.*

...

*Here all people are one – slaves of infinity.*

*and infinity ends at the Moulin Rouge,*

*or a little further down the road*

*where the muses from the east*

*put the holes in socialism on show.*

In the second instance, when the poetry aims to enclose itself in sound, as if in a palace of sound, it can be seen as a supreme achievement of the aesthetic as an end in itself, a kind of musical absence of semantics (and therefore multi-semantic!) which fascinates by its very existence as an *objet d'art*, with its material and sensible nature, as 'matter' that originates from the sound. For understandable reasons such a 'sound poem' by Taškovski cannot be quoted here - all its phonological orderliness would be lost in translation. What matters, however, is that in volume after volume Bratislav Taškovski has not remained resistant to this eternal poetic dilemma but has struggled with the Janus-like nature of the poetic symbol with a hesitating and ambiguous approach to the meaning and the sound of the poem.

A further point seems important as an attribute common to Taškovski's poetry – and again it is connected with the accomplished simplicity and economy of his poetic statement. Nomadism is now a common and consistent feature in contemporary theoretical discourse on literature. It is said, at least in postmodern theories of literature, that the poet is a nomad, without a home, since – as

Kočo Racin says – ‘all the brotherly world is my home’. True poets are at home everywhere, although they are always on the road. Taškovski is a first-rate nomad in recent Macedonian poetry. This is not because he would literally change his fatherland, his home address or the flat he lives in but because, after ten volumes of published poetry, it can be said of him that, on his nomadic journeying, he carries with him *only what is most essential to him*. The nomadic philosophy of life is well known; when they set out with their herds nomads take with them only what is necessary and easiest to transport. Everything else they produce in the course of their journey. Let me refer to Jacob Bronowski’s *Ascent of Man*, where this kind of life is graphically described. Nomads do not carry with them the heavy barrels needed for cheese production because on their long journeys they have opportunities to pick up the quality of wood needed for their production. What they do take with them are the animals that give the milk from which the cheese will be made, the metal hoops for the barrels, their masterly skill in cheese-making and, last but not least, yeast fungus. It is similar with the poet – in his case the essential elements are a notebook, a pen and his craft!



*SEARCHING FOR THE WORD*



## PEOPLE WHO KEEP THEIR PROMISE

My faith is raised by  
old cities, reflections of offspring,  
through a long history.  
I look at the frescoes of the forgotten cherubim,  
layers of time settled down in my soul,  
stone carved by the accursed  
captured in a mad game of hide-and-seek.  
They strike the hammer  
crumbling the salt for a new beginning;  
the word is a great thing,  
because everything begins that way:  
with spirits  
desire  
and that which the bright call character.

## **PUNISHMENT**

*(on the poet's craft)*

My dear friend  
we must write the unwritten  
in order to remain in reality.  
Behold life,  
like red-hot metal  
anger streams down steep paths,  
the siege is laid,  
yet we still remain.  
When we start a long journey  
into the unknown,  
created, we create,  
like the rivers  
we give life.  
One day the sun's horizon  
will touch us  
and then we must decide  
if we should burn  
or resurrect the word.

## LONELY POEMS

Poems always remain in our defeats.  
They remain as a third eye  
you can always rely on and believe.  
In poems even the women love  
and life smells of blossoms and fruitfulness.  
The vastness of loneliness  
recognises no recognition.  
All peaks are highest  
at the very bottom,  
every path taken is a cruel law.  
What remains is a mysterious dust  
and heaps of the unrecognised...  
After defeats poems always remain  
a proof of life,  
a reproach for weakness.

## POETRY

I will love you to the end of life,  
you who create,  
you who are the omnipotent master.  
Shadow of my shadow,  
pupil of my eyes,  
you who destroy me with heavy strokes,  
be blessed in your message.  
Poetry,  
those who create you depart,  
but you remain to create the world.

## **A VERY SILENT POEM**

Look, at the door there is a man  
who doesn't want to speak.  
God, we are so sad:  
to be told that we don't exist  
and to be happy about it.  
We receive even our guests with silence.  
We will go wild with joy.  
Each snowflake is a tear – silence.

Therefore this is a very silent poem.  
There is no sound, only image.  
A little symphony of frightened men, waiting.  
The silence itself is wondering why!

## LITTLE THINGS ALWAYS MAKE THE WHOLE

It has been so before  
and it will be so forever.  
To be itself, the big  
has to rely on the little.  
They tie up the separated things.  
They form the meaning of the word,  
without them there is no poem.  
Imagine what a portrait would look like  
if the small brush hadn't been invented,  
or the human eye  
without the eyelid's caress.  
In those little spaces lies the greatness,  
they are something without which  
the whole cannot be imagined.

## DEFINITION OF POETRY

(After Pasternak)

1

If your friends hadn't thrown away the books you gave them  
then they'd keep the dedication and the autograph  
a little longer.

This is the loudest scream  
of my poetry and work, of course.  
If we discuss the sweetness of the verse  
I can say that I am a bitter author.  
The stars can burst out laughing,  
but the cosmos I create is stone-deaf.  
I make a sound to break the ice  
and to reach the soul.  
What is that: writing or healing?

2

Maybe I'll never cross the field,  
or write a letter in which I refuse the Nobel Prize.  
A host of beasts wait for me here  
and I'll always be too young for this  
and too old for that.  
Poetry is the mind of the universe and its first word.  
That is the best explanation.  
Eighteen billion years old.  
*from bang to genesis.*

## THE PASTERNAK CASE

1

In the beginning a bloody hunt for a trophy beast,  
a tree that falls under the stroke of fearsome steel,  
a flower burned out by the force of a fixed look,  
human malice, the price of blood-stained silver.  
Life's being measured like live flesh,  
reality dances on red scales  
a perfidious dance that dries out the nerves.  
A terrifying voice bellows from the Cheka trap,  
hatred surges like living water,  
something cold stops the blood-flow:  
an apostolic hand slowly tightens its grip around the neck.

2

Then fear transforms the bones into air,  
a black serpent makes the doors unreachable,  
a granite curse orders life in layers  
And the heart, like overheated metal, breaks at its ends,  
and heavily-poisoned arrows are stacked up  
for the truth – not to be the truth.  
Life crumbles in silence like a porous stone,  
chains hang, light tears the eye,  
times – wild horses –  
speed through the steppe.  
The hand swells like a roasted chestnut,  
a sediment of pain stops the breath,  
the moment arrives quietly, more quietly than death,  
the Party interprets the world through heavy books.  
And then the candle is extinguished on the skin,  
the magic of the master tightens the rings around you,  
sight is reflected back helplessly wherever you look –  
they groan frightfully before the fallen beast in the trap,  
Interrupted by force, the flight is over.  
One must flee from word to word.

Like pearls on a thin waxed thread  
the nights follow one another on the doorstep of home,  
in anger the maddened mob breaks the bread in pieces,  
bones and incense smell from the wolf's pit,  
they measure the sin of the one they hunt,  
banished like a plague-stricken sheep with the face of Judas.  
You can feel how the world is defiled,  
truth is alone, left for better times!  
Then peace,  
calmly walking in front of the raging mob,  
upright in the face of evil and the falling sword.  
Flight is treason, the end must come here!  
Then writing and a new dimension –  
the field has been crossed.

March, '90.

## BEHIND THE WORDS

There is somebody there.  
Sleeping  
words are his progeny  
he'll sell them only for a good poem.  
In this space  
he keeps a unicorn he feeds with verse  
he is the protector of the throat  
that begets letters and alphabets.  
He heals old names  
and fathers pictures  
that will never have a canvas.  
Here is praised  
all that's to be born.  
There the conquest begins,  
as he sleeps  
trading words for a good poem.  
One vowel one lira,  
and so on through the ages...

## AND SO EVERYONE'S WRITING POETRY NOW

Damn,  
chaos reigns in the temple of the Muses.  
Scribes, the damned Caiaphases,  
have gone in too and now they're bargaining:  
a lira for a word;  
ten for a laurel.  
History is shifting, enraged.  
I know poets with palaces  
and poets without pay  
and ones who have nothing.  
I also know a dog that writes sonnets  
aspiring to be Hamlet.  
Misery and grief all round him.  
And then there we are, the Barbarians.  
We wait and we observe  
how they milk other people's eyes.  
The eyes of those tribesmen  
who graft filth into the Book of Prayer.  
Damn,  
what a moment I've chosen: Biblical.  
At a time when everyone wants to write poetry,  
I've taken on a nine-headed dragon,  
a viper,  
a gang of scorpions,  
with no shield, alone with my word.  
There beneath the stars,  
with my guiding star:  
the star of Bethlehem!

## SEARCHING FOR THE WORD

My friend,  
the words have hidden  
like subterranean rivers  
and here have I been seeking them for years  
like a bold mariner  
sailing down the deepest of wounds.

My friend,  
the words in my language  
have created an immense yearning,  
they tremble in the sun, in the full udder,  
like creators of this land.

Everything further away is weak:  
great is the force of the river  
that erodes the banks,  
strange is the desire  
between the water and the stone,  
but everything changes,  
turns into a deluge  
that discourages me on my journey  
to the rivers.

*I BELIEVE AND I CAN*



## THE LACK OF GOOD PEOPLE

Some things are eternal.  
Clearly, when something doesn't work, it doesn't work.  
To find good people poor Lot  
offered his two daughters to men not blessed.  
In vain: but things desired the opposite.  
In this case it didn't help,  
Abraham's bargaining with God.  
The number decreased:  
from fifty good people to ten.  
And finally there were none.  
Then God led Lot outside Sodom.  
He told him, "Look not behind!"  
But, for all to be as it is written,  
Lot's wife fretted.  
She believed not.  
Then only the salt spoke.  
*"The next day Abraham looked upon Sodom and Gomorrah:  
and, lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."*

## TABITHA, ARISE!

Provoked, Jesus drew himself up and said:  
"Believe!"

Then he pondered the reality  
that he lived with the disbelieving.

Then he asked them:

"Why do you cry over such a dream?"

and they shouted together with the demons:

"She has died!"

Then the might of the Creator spoke:

"Tabitha, arise!"

Once she arose, the future disciple of Jesus,

all said, it will be our secret.

And finally all ate and drank

and of course all wondered who had said "Believe!"

## SOLOMON'S RESIGNATION

For the tribe's future  
Solomon relinquished the brothel,  
and for the sake of peace of the home sought providence.  
From that hour the body of a woman  
for him was merely nature.  
He began to smell of almonds  
and saw salvation in everything.  
He murdered dream and speech.  
For days on end.  
Till he justified his own existence,  
and his place in Scripture.  
Then he rose from the wondrous nature of the Queen of Sheba  
and with a leader's demeanour passed judgement:  
"My dear, history beckons.  
The fate of a whore's son is in my hands."  
And he departed to slice the dilemma.  
Then wars erupted,  
the centuries vanished  
and from the brothel and resignation only a story remained.  
So one bastard saved the king  
from historical marginalisation.

## **I BELIEVE!**

I believe in the unity of the perfect thing.

I believe in life and in creation.

Who can explain it?

Who can retell it?

I believe that the sky is the home of all homes,

I believe in the water and in the seasons,

I believe in colours, beauty and fruits.

Who can say how they arose,

without an "if", or without an "or"?

I believe in love, in the scents and the senses,

in the gift of reason, in the gift of love.

Who can explain that?

## JESUS IN THE CIRCLE

In order to save us  
The Teacher drew a circle with his little finger.  
Then he answered  
and all who listened got up from the sand.  
one like snake, one like bird.  
And all of them wanted it to be that way.  
He closed his eyes and more certain than ever  
he said the prayer:  
"I will never renounce you, father!"  
Then he saw everything: the treason and the crown of thorns,  
but that's the way it had to be.  
Lazarus and Mary Magdalene waited for him.  
And John, who spoke with the locusts.

## JESUS' WOMEN

In front of God, in the stall,  
a fourth wise man kneeled too.  
He's not mentioned in any Gospel  
And simply doesn't exist.  
He, in front of the Light, left humanity to Jesus.  
To be a man among people.

After that poor Veronica  
dreamed it all on a holy canvas.  
Mary Magdalene carried it like a burden  
and Martha resurrected it as a sigh.

But most interesting in this feminist theology  
is the act with the hair in the house of Simon the Pharisee,  
when the Teacher's feet  
were wiped with a woman's hair.

Then again, the Bible is literature for virgins.

## **SUPPER**

I break the bread in four:  
for you,  
for me,  
for love  
and again for love.  
Then there's a smell of incense  
and I hear how the wings  
beat a path through the night.  
We wake up older than yesterday.  
The Lord's Supper is on the table.  
Love breakfasts within us.

## **I BELIEVE AND I CAN**

It cannot be crafted by any artisan  
who conjures birds from air.  
There's no black magic to it.  
It's purely a fusion of the secret and the spirit  
of those who believe they can.  
Innocent as a child's kiss.  
The servant lives with shame and yet believes.  
Here, I've made a bird with my hands  
because I believed.  
No one can bind my eyes  
to make it otherwise!  
I projected it on your face  
in the morning, when the sky is bluest.

## **WE WILL SIT ON BARE EARTH**

We aren't yet quite dried out, our hands still have strength,  
but we left you behind on the riverbank.  
O land, another soul now sleeps in our body.  
It's as if we have been locked up for centuries,  
all of us first-born and united, all of us brave only when at home.

We will sit on bare earth today,  
we, the tribe you favoured so much,  
to weep over betrayal,  
to sob over unrest, words, and fear,  
over life and salt dissolving.  
Let's demand a key, and not go to the locksmiths!

## PSALM

*For thy mercy is great above the heavens. – Psalms 108, 4*

If they happen to prove  
that we didn't eat angelic bread  
and that we fell from the sky,  
like springs streaming forth from a rock,  
oh Lord, which route should our memory take?  
When we can tell the truth only in a poem  
(we have neither the strength nor the will to take up the sword),  
who's to say that we are what we are:  
those who haven't died by the sword  
but by a brandished word that launches a legion of curses?

And this land is your body,  
and our sweat is your salt.  
If we are far away, draw us closer – humble us if we are proud.

## NO, I'M NOT HERE

Tonight the angel knocks on the wrong door.  
No, I'm not here tonight  
to be his host.

Now I think about the beginning of the sky,  
about the particles that gave it birth.

So, move away from the doorstep,  
let the star find its way alone.

I'm not afraid of that road sign.

My fear has crossed to the other side  
of the road I've known since long ago.

Just like the eagle above the rocks.

Alone, hungry, but unreachable.

## **THERE IS NO WAY OUT**

We are in the circle: we weave a rope of tears,  
but where can we hang it?  
What have we done wrong – instead of thunder  
we ride the dust?  
We will fail Teacher:  
you will never be able to resurrect us.

We expect to hit bottom  
we dream about love,  
we have become a sick tribe.  
There is no way out!

## THE AFTERNOON OF AN OPTIMIST

Only God is flawless.  
Therefore in this life sin lives with us.  
I've sinned as much as the others.  
And the shame is the same – Babylonian.

There is nothing worse than the modern Pharisee,  
the pillar to which all of us are tied.  
Therefore I believe only in my colour,  
I don't believe that's the way it had to be,  
and if life created sins,  
I don't want to be God.  
To the pillar  
I will tie me with my own rope!

## ONE DAY AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS

After all, when the waltz is the last one,  
Will anyone remember us?  
And who will read poetry then?

One day, after a hundred years,  
When we'll be only moisture under the naked earth  
We'll wait for a root, like a lift  
to take a look above.  
To see if we are still here.  
If there is no root  
We'll stay on as guardians of the naked earth.  
From underneath.

## **IF THERE IS ONE MORE TIME**

Teacher,  
when you invent the world again  
remember the years when you forgot us.  
We've spun around enough as a biblical mistake.  
Now, say in time  
for us to get a place on deck on the new Noah's Ark.  
If there is one more time, do that.

## **BIOGRAPHY OF THE LIVING**

It is time to consider a new beginning.

We,

the remnants of the phalanxes, legions, tribes,  
cannot wait any longer.

Hope is a dangerous illness.

The white bones are our share in the roulette,  
the round-table game of History,

Announcing a flood from a great distance.

Who are we waiting for, when no one will come?

Since we're here already

scattered in the dark spaces

of unintelligible tongues and colours,

it should be pointed out

that still we exist.

We, the living damned who lie buried outside the town,  
like fauna threatened with extinction.

*ALWAYS THE SAME PASSION!*



## SONG OF FRIGHT

My dear one,  
(the angel said)  
with whom should I speak today,  
as the fallen ones of yore call on me?  
But I know not whether you are near,  
to wish you unease in your bed  
and desire in your eyes.  
(the angel protested)

O, God, my good friend  
forgive her all her sins;  
don't you see:  
that with my hands I am shaping her body,  
I, an angel of Christ's age, I understood:  
(staunchly the angel affirmed)  
love is an empty tomb,  
repose in great spaces,  
a dispute with one's own soul  
(the angel said)  
and he flew like Icarus towards the sun.  
God!

## ARROGANCE

Four friends discuss the sky  
and the lack of moderation  
in the approach to the stars,  
wishing  
to emphasise the necessity of restraint.

Suddenly She appears.  
The discussion loses its dimensions,  
the presence of the woman limits the horizons;  
now everything is routine  
and unbearable expectation.  
How long is the instant  
in which something must done,  
the woman lights a cigarette,  
blows out three little circles of smoke,  
obviously pleased;  
because she believes in chance  
and in her arrogance as a beautiful woman.

## AN AMULET, OR THE TERROR OF THE ANGEL

Listen:

the heavenly cotton billows  
in my eye  
and soon I should go.

Listen:

I, master of my body  
with the verses I saw far off,  
must trust:

You no longer dare to exist.

(the angel leaves)

Did you hear me:

hands tremble,  
words crumble,  
my wings fall off,  
I grip the cross, balm for the soul,  
because I never received  
a charm from you.

Did you hear me:

I am leaving for even farther away  
so that I can attain eternity,  
over which

words will wage war before God's staircase.

Did you hear me!

## SPRING MOTIF

Saturday. Early morning. Three girls drinking coffee.

Morning rosiness;

a cold drink and wormwood in the soul.

Suddenly the invisible city is unveiled;

people heading somewhere,

the city breathes.

The girls are playing with destiny in vain:

beautiful women yet so simple

in colour, behaviour and their haughtiness.

They left embraced,

evidently in love

with the existing truth of opposites,

which distinguishes them so

from the other guileless Venuses.

Sofia, March 1993

## I WILL GO FAR AWAY

You will never understand death,  
that white girl  
who sleeps on my breast like a doe.  
Someone set the city on fire  
to initiate a doxology;  
bridged the river,  
and stopped the flow of time  
for a new beginning.  
Someone cast a spell on the land  
with heavenly promises,  
with such sweet words;  
and you ask with a woman's frankness:  
what is its colour?  
You will never understand death,  
the secret whirlwind  
that drifts like a storm in the eye.  
It is a sign inscribed  
on the heart fettered in hatred.

## FOR THE WATER

O Muse,  
you dark-eyed companion.  
Even the water is not your equal  
when it caresses your thighs.

Magic created you  
and you'll always remain as you are:  
unreachable.  
You deceive,  
nature is your ally.

## **ALWAYS THE SAME PASSION!**

Beautiful women  
are allowed to do everything they like.  
They do not have to think about  
the trivialities called – actions.  
I've read somewhere that the Ottoman Empire fell  
for two pairs of French boobs.  
That is a dilemma for a Sultan;  
space for ennoblement  
of highly respected vice.  
According to Henry Miller,  
an appropriate dimension for women's things  
is the beds that smell of them.  
Everything else is a celestial scheme.  
The difference between the Balkan's lustful Muses  
and the salon boobs of the little whores in Pigalle is  
minimal  
almost impossible.  
It is always the same passion.

## I SURRENDER

I surrender entirely to the verses,  
wishing they sensed my presence,  
to the colours, wishing they might show me  
As I am.

And to the sound, to carry me on  
after I part  
from my tired body.

I give in without a fight,  
and I lie down like the sun in your arms.

I bequeath my word to you  
everything I've created so far.

It is not much,  
but it's me for sure.

## **YES, THAT'S RIGHT!**

Nature,  
thank you for creating me  
the way I am.  
To love and desire,  
to feel  
and in decisive moments  
to say "yes" or "no".  
Creator,  
I will always be humble  
because you've even allowed me to write a little,  
to believe and love;  
because I can feel beauty with my hands  
and passion with my eyes.  
I am especially content  
because you've created me with flaws  
that make me no different from the others.  
I thank you for many other things  
but most of all because you've made me the way I am –  
weak and helpless in the face of beauty.

## **I AM A HERB**

I know that in your eyes  
I am the smallest grain.

Forgive me  
for stealing words  
and because I want to write like you.  
You are always here  
but I am present as long as you want me to be.  
I am small and in my smallness  
I'll always be  
in love with your most beautiful creations.  
Nothing more.  
I live like the others  
and I don't ask a lot:  
just love and sunshine.  
I am a herb in your garden.

## **PIGALLE, BREAKING THE MYTH**

Here all women are one.

Mythology is a symbol, that's the way it has to be.

Everyone says that art was born here,  
but in fact...

In fact all one can see are fillies,  
frenzy and biting lust.

They point out the mane of a Moroccan.

They say: there one can find the Kingdom of Tranquillity.

But I'm afraid, I'm still only passion of the Sun.

Infinity is a terrible thing.

Here all people are one – slaves of infinity.

And infinity ends at the Moulin Rouge,

or a little further down the road

where the muses from the east

put the holes in socialism on show.

## THE YELLOW STARS IN OUR ROOM

When there is no sun  
it is the light and the warm breath of the stove  
that unfurls them.  
I watch them living  
in this narrow confine called a vase.  
Like all living things  
they, too, struggle for a little air.  
And so I thin them out each morning  
giving up the wilted ones to history  
and nurturing those that remain.  
I recite to them  
(they are especially keen on Lorca)  
and give them aspirin  
to overcome the pain  
of their rapid ageing.  
For they add another dimension  
to our dwelling  
and to the taste of Turkish delight with walnuts  
and a sip of decaffeinated coffee.

## I, THE MASTER

You come to me  
as if you'd never seen me before.  
Your shawl is the infinite blue  
wherein I shall play the eternal Icarus.  
Yes, I truly love those things  
that take me back so forcibly.  
The child has become a tin soldier,  
and I a master of whiteness.

You turn around,  
and as I fix the collar  
of your pink shirt with the care of a renegade of love,  
I know it's you I've always been waiting for.  
And I don't need to be a scholar-poet  
to prove it.  
It would be enough if I made a mosaic of words  
that could never be expressed.  
You turn around and with a smile  
you lock the gate of our home.  
This day will be full of love!

## OF OBJECTS AND ETERNITY

These objects, if we do not move them,  
will always be here.

Why? You say.

Because that's how things stand right now,  
though in a thousand years  
some new Newtonian law might shift them.

I have no time to demonstrate  
that bodies can move even when inert.

If I do not write

what I bear within me,  
how can I justify my coming here,  
into this room,  
under this sky  
into your life.

*THE GREAT POEM OF LOVE*



## ENIGMA

I and only I  
know the secret of my love.  
More and more I seem like a messiah  
who shoes horses  
and sups on light instead of wine.  
Ink is my sabre,  
this is my enigma,  
this is the sonnet I should complete  
that I started long ago  
at a station in the north of Italy.  
This is why I know so well how to sense,  
to seek and to find  
where new love has arisen.

## WHAT IS LOVE?

Loving needs no grand words.  
Phrases full of verbs  
are pointless.

Perhaps  
we can describe it as a mega-event  
in which we alone take part,  
but the question will always remain:  
what is love?

The answer lies all about our home,  
even as you come to me slowly,  
even as you leave me in a rush.  
The answer lies where all centuries converge  
and all great loves meet.

If this were not so, all would be inertia and emptiness.  
That's why Shakespeare created Juliet,  
why Pasternak wrote to Olga  
and Baudelaire was in love with a whore.

I see all of this  
in the red apple I slice in two,  
the toast I'll soon spread  
with butter  
and in your eyes that tell me  
I've gone slightly over the top.

## THE BASILICA OF SAN CLEMENTE

There I saw the most beautiful Roman girl.  
Not Moravia's, wild and full of passion.  
She was alone, she smelt of the sea  
and wore a shawl as green as the forest.  
I learnt later she was a Slav,  
that we believed in the same things.  
We did not speak of politics or morality,  
but of the triumphs of architecture,  
the Caravaggio exhibition  
and other familiar things.  
After Mass we visited the catacombs  
and concluded that our homeland  
had long since faded into history.  
Then she took me to the Spanish Steps  
and in the Campo d'Oglio we sighed over the sea.  
That evening we lamented:  
I for her not being Roman,  
she that I was but a Slav.  
The next day at San Clemente  
we stood on opposite sides.

## **IN LOVE ALWAYS A WARRIOR**

To make my last breath better heard  
I shall write until I cease to breathe.  
Like a knight without his armour  
I shall fight for beauty.

Life is a celebration,  
and love is light.  
I can't act otherwise. It's forbidden!  
I believe, I love, therefore I am!

## THE GREAT POEM OF LOVE

### 1 SEA

This furious existence  
the future will measure  
in light-years.  
In perspective, always you  
and your name in infinity.  
Life's a circle  
in which our sea rolls its waves.  
There we are, grains asleep  
on God's eyelids.  
Love is water to be conquered,  
it must be sailed upon.  
Magellan is grateful to us  
for breaking the curse:  
Navigare necesse est!  
Vivere non est!  
The same goes for love:  
Loving is necessary,  
living is not!

### 3 FIRE

I entered the word as a stranger,  
as if it weren't my creation,  
as if it were another's breath  
I'd inhaled on the way.  
I burn, oh my song,  
darkness sleeps within me,  
I could water the desert with my sweat,  
I could fill a sea with my tears.  
Farewell, my shadow,  
do not give flowers,  
or perfumed female breezes.  
The fire is fierce;  
it cleanses love of sin,  
and lovers of the fire.

## 5 THE ANGEL

This love  
is a sinner  
born of the bliss that chose me.  
I am weak now, so it seems,  
and you are a body  
which flees from love into dreams.

I watch you dreaming,  
we're strangers already...  
The angel paused,  
folded his wings  
as long as the night.  
Then departed,  
before the sun's disc emerged in the sky.

## 6 JOURNEY

And when the disc shaped up,  
its glow unfolded a new verse.  
The poem smoulders,  
and the angel makes little angels from the smoke:  
three girls are having coffee,  
blush of dawn  
and wormwood in the soul.  
Suddenly the invisible city opens.  
People hurry somewhere,  
the poem breathes:  
the girls play with their fate in vain.  
Beautiful women, yet how ordinary  
their aspect, behaviour and arrogance!  
And then they leave, embracing,  
obviously in love  
with the existing truth of opposites  
that distance them so much  
from other simple-hearted Venuses.  
The door closes,  
he exhales and disappears.

## 9 UNREST

Who shall I talk to today?  
I don't know if you're near enough  
to wish you unrest in your bed.  
Oh God, my chief,  
forgive her sins.  
Don't you see how with my hands  
I mould her body.  
I, an angel the same age as Christ, have learnt  
that love is one great quarrel  
with one's soul.  
Thus spake the angel  
and flew off towards the Sun.

## 10 STRATEGY

I see you,  
you've become a strategist  
of amorous manoeuvres.  
But you trust me again,  
like Mary Magdalene  
you flinch  
from fear, not to hurt me  
with a thoughtless act.  
You know that  
sins are forgiven by another,  
even if I wanted to, I couldn't change that.  
All that follows is history,  
a picture postcard  
with lots of snow,  
memories and morality.  
If that still exists at all.

## 11 FEAR

You poem-maker,  
I have exhausted my wings to reach you.  
It takes more than a wish  
to understand.  
Therefore I vanish,  
fearing I might drown  
in my own poem.  
I withdraw  
to the depths of the album.  
I'll look for you in the sky  
to see you  
and to draw your image by hand.  
I know you will be a wide meadow  
and only an angel  
will be able to paint you.



*MUSEUM*

*FIELD, MACEDONIA*



## **DON'T SHOUT! THERE'S NO ONE TO LISTEN!**

We have reached silence.  
It is strange to talk with silence even without speaking one knows  
when one has been stung.

We have long been a mute tribe.  
We dance by habit  
and sing from memory  
not to forget the song.

When in the silence a stone falls,  
for lack of a mountain it is the high point.

We walk silently, like mastodons in a glass shop.  
The creaking is not what it is,  
therefore silence, hush ...  
And don't shout, there's no one to listen!

## INDEPENDENCE

1991

Our ship too kissed the water.  
The mast is up and time is being measured.  
In the world there have always been the smaller.  
Therefore – don't rush – we are late anyway,  
the land is a hand without fingers,  
the throat is dry as a desert.  
Slowly,  
so we are not blamed for impatience!  
There is no going back now.  
The rope is equally tight for every one!  
This is a time of madness  
There has not been such love for centuries.  
We are the new courage  
and we must transform the silence into a song!

## **SIMPLY, JUST A DREAM!**

Muse!

Forge a new bed,

and draw a trap of passions.

For the dream to bring a new woman,

unknown,

who will never wait for anyone.

I will pay for it with three expanses of love.

Give alms to the angel

and always believe in that.

If you wish to carry me

lay me down on your pillow,

to watch how the tear becomes a river!

## FORBIDDEN TOPICS

You should never write  
about something that should not be known.  
You were born in a century, a surrogate of the previous one,  
and for you and your country they seem not to exist.  
Therefore it will be the same for a long time yet.

As long as the inquisitors  
only change the colour of their uniforms,  
forget it.  
That's the way it has to be.  
Therefore stay away from the decay.  
In Macedonia everything is relative,  
even the Macedonians.

## OUR COUSIN EUROPE

*(After Czeslaw Milosz)*

No, we'll never be brothers.  
There is no place for bosom friendship either.  
She is our distant relative  
but she doesn't like these descendants.

There is no hope there,  
nor sentimentality here –  
the horse is harnessed  
threshing for someone  
dancing for someone.

I believe in miracles  
but I believe more in perfidy.  
The most dangerous one – the family one.  
The same as if you were adopted into a family of the deaf.  
And you sing and dance so beautifully.

## **AUTO-DA-FE**

We've reached the point of no return.  
Beyond the face an abyss of stars.  
Beyond the word a thousand eyes.  
Now I'll go to the end  
and am the source of fire,  
because there are days when I burn out alive,  
then I can touch the universe  
like an angel,  
like a death-throe.  
Then, bit by bit  
I fall through the dark.

I've already been burned a hundred times  
though it would take much more for me to disappear.  
It's not all over yet, the volcanoes are resurrecting,  
I can understand the language of flowers  
the whip is cracking  
and a thousand whys, but only one no!  
Simplicity starts here  
and the long climb onto the cross.  
Birth is but the beginning of death.  
New lives await me.

## FIELD, MACEDONIA

(Hell begins there)  
but this is a beautiful country.  
My dear friend  
Its simplicity consists  
of the following:  
I can long for the mountains forever,  
but you've never thought about that.

Beyond the field  
(It can be crossed in seven days)  
once again I have a thought for you:  
what do you think,  
am I sad now?  
When you've found out the truth,  
that it's not rubbish  
what your newspapers say?

You say it's funny,  
but you still look down from the window.  
Below is the beautiful country.  
We'll land soon  
and for days on we'll quench  
your Scandinavian thirst for beer.  
(But be careful, people drink fiercely here).

## THE EYE OF THE ANGEL

(Hagia Sophia – Istanbul)

The arabesque hides the eye of the Angel.  
He may have been the first victim after the fall of the city.  
Now the conqueror gives him back his freedom with a chisel.  
On his face is the plaster of rage  
and the smell of ostrich eggs.  
But his beauty was  
untouched by infidel prayer or rage.  
His eye caressed the altar every morning.  
It must have seen even in the dark.  
God, what a love that was.  
Then I open the book and read:  
*“Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord  
is with thee: blessed art thou among women.”*  
Suddenly the green turned into red  
And I saw the angel moving on the vault,  
fleeing before the sharp chisel of his rescuer.  
Then he fell into the arms of the Mother of God,  
where all the angels sleep  
and together with the angel from Kurbinovo  
blessed the offspring in her womb.

## DEMONICA AND THE SEASONS

### 1 WINTER

After Twelfth Night Demonica heals.  
With an icy shirt she keeps vigil over the rivers  
and wears small pebbles around her neck.  
Then she writes poems  
and castrates the water buffalos,  
at noon she crumbles the air  
and gilds the windows.  
She travels in a boat of dreams and gives gifts  
to the newly-weds in the woods:  
bestowing rings of liquid crystal,  
waking them into desire,  
and so, belly-naked, sends them down  
to the meadows.  
She looks at morning through heavens' sieve  
and when it dawns,  
creates mountain strongholds  
and spits pearls and dry basil.  
Then the carollers  
and lesser servants joy in her.  
She is warm and trembling.

## 2 SPRING

Her breath withers the daisies  
and in May all Mayas curse her.  
She hates green  
and, out of habit, adds darkness to the colours.  
She is born by the hundreds  
in the sheepfolds  
and arrests the rivers in the ravines.  
Then she falls in love with Summer  
and strings the souls of the blue-eyed.  
She starts all her wars with a smile,  
and the angels put their trust in her  
as in a sister.  
Poor Demonica,  
Demonica in love.

### 3 SUMMER

After St. Peter's day  
Demonica reigns in the graveyards  
and smokes out the mounds with incense.  
Then all flee.  
She melts the blue  
and cracks the distance.  
Before the Maccabees, she is a black stallion  
and the Lord of the waters.  
She caresses Summer at dawn.  
Then she multiplies like weeds  
and becomes the eye of the dark.  
In the end, she explodes with anger  
and curses in the mountains.  
Then she is called a martyr.  
Birds carry her  
from grave to grave,  
they give her as food for the soul.

## THE ADVENT OF AUTUMN

Unknown horses have dispersed the summer  
turning infinity into a gallop  
and a circle for escape.  
rain interrupted the morning,  
bells wrote a psalm on the door  
to fellows chasing August.  
There was no time for preparations,  
space turned into silence  
and helplessly we built barricades,  
wishing the impossible.  
Then a roar was heard from the summer's mountains,  
the eye began to re-measure,  
beauty became cursed matter  
and the circle slowly closed.  
And so autumn returned!

*VARIATIONS ON RESIGNATION*



## THE FIRST COLD DAY

We've forgotten the summer my friend.

Look:

the rain murmurs

and insects are helplessly dying

on the outside of the window.

We are captured by cold darkness

biting us

and it will be like that for long.

The wind is coming on black horses,

someone's paw beats under my heart,

the scent of quince is crumbling the stars,

restlessness

like a wounded beast sleeps under the eaves.

## PLANTING A TREE

*(inscription)*

This tree will be home one day.  
On the presumption  
that it will not meet  
the destiny of the fig-tree  
of Jerusalem,  
we can hope  
that soon we will savour  
the fruits.  
If the following winters  
permit,  
my effort will bring satisfaction.  
Otherwise  
we will use its dry trunk  
as a stake for a stronger

and more domesticated sapling,  
used to anger.  
Quince, for example,  
so that all winter  
my room will smell of autumn.

## THE WAYS THROUGH HEAVEN

It is useless to search for a wall  
when everything is out of reach.  
It is the same if whether we fly,  
or our legs have atrophied into roots,  
my dear Angel.  
What are you seeking now?  
The ways here and up there  
are exactly the same  
(they differ only in their lightness)  
and you cannot help it.  
Do you need me  
to open the gates  
(a little luck and a smile for those who believe)  
and so ends the act  
of the necessary sacrifice.

You convince me  
that you are not behind all this,  
but I have been awaiting you for many years  
and it is not fair of you to promise me heaven now,  
when it belongs to me anyway  
(whenever).

## DEATH'S WAITING-ROOM

Poor you,  
you couldn't immediately enter  
even the waiting-room of death.  
Did God want it to be that way,  
or hadn't we enough money,  
so that you waited for two days  
for your death-bed bier.  
Before that you had to warm the marble  
for them to change your blood and rummage in your soul.  
Thus they prepared you for a new beginning;  
until someone in the white room became a sigh,  
so like a birth cry.  
What could you do,  
there were rules even there,  
so you had to wait before becoming transparent  
and a mere identity number,  
brought from the waiting-room at the end of the corridor.

## **A HOUSE - A EULOGY - AN AUTUMN**

When you enter the house  
of your pain  
you create a memory  
and leave the rooms  
to scream abroad to eternity.  
When you step  
like truth  
through your empty pages,  
you allow the autumn  
to caress you  
with the scent  
of a green heaviness.  
Then you step aside  
and like a criminal  
steal a glimpse of the stars,  
looking for that piece of time  
that once wrote a eulogy  
on the wall with a trembling hand.

## **FORGET THE PROPHETS**

*(Essay in verse)*

1

The philosophy  
of our insignificant life  
makes us different from the others.  
We have enough power not to want,  
but to love, strongly,  
like those burned out long since.  
Always as if for the last time.  
In the solitude,  
I was looking for an answer to the question:  
how do they love, those who know not  
how to do it?  
Or better said –  
those who dare not love any other  
Than God?  
Is there a difference between that  
and this earthly love?  
Imagine, passion enclosed,  
like a ship in a bottle  
which will never sail the sea.

2

That is the dilemma. Why?  
Whether the greatest ascetics  
remained virgin only from fear  
of falling in love with something  
other than God?  
Something never seen but present,  
much more than the passion we set in motion.  
Somewhere we will read  
of some unusual attempt  
by forbidden groups at a wider love.  
Then what?  
Except to confirm that love  
achieved one more victory  
and was again supreme.  
In this case, like heresy, even above Him,  
above the altar in which  
until that moment, as in a blind force,  
they believed.

3

And then, liberated,  
like people born again,  
they will start to live their lives  
making up for the lost time,  
repeating the philosophy  
that makes them so different from the other  
living creatures.

The triumph is here –  
love cannot be stopped.

Truly,  
even in the holy books there are secret places,  
unspoken, where the compiler left room  
for a possible,  
different interpretation of the prophets  
and their path towards love.

4

In that spirit,  
once more, the evangelists intervened  
and invented forgiveness.

That so desired forgiveness  
which allows love's sins  
not to be sin.

Therefore in the name of the psalm  
and the eternal echo of the cymbal,  
the defence of sinners in love,  
victims of passion, is always the same:  
"If I have not love, then I have nothing..."  
That is worth living for.

## HÖLDERLIN, ALWAYS ALONE

Before he went mad he wrote a hymn to the bread and the wine.  
Thus he became one with God.  
Through a sacrament of word and sound.

They reprimanded him for a lack of metre,  
insufficient vision,  
Germanophilia and atypical behaviour.

Then, in that state,  
in that emotional setting,  
is there anything more logical than the question:  
"Why poetry in hard times?"  
Before he dried up  
he hurled the poetic spear – always alone!

## PICTURE ON A WALL

Someone's hand has given life to the wall.  
Only yesterday the limestone was bare.  
Now an image has formed beneath the eaves.  
Who knows what it is –  
perhaps the reflection of a frightened creature;  
perhaps an egg caught in flight.

The fat cat lies on the tin roof,  
writing a review of a new book.  
She's a distant relative  
of a Tennessee Williams heroine  
and, in fact, this is the best part  
of the morning's performance.

## THE CONFESSION OF THE PHARISEES

We are an evangelical rigmarole  
like a golden bough,  
a mistake that glares and exists.  
We are forever seeking the same thing.  
If needs be, from the blood of the sun,  
we shall create a flower for your garden  
and draw a path to the heart of thunder,  
only that we might be a measure of the truth.  
We have always been there.  
Even at the breaking of the bread  
and the crowing of the cock,  
even as the silver was being counted.  
And if you look more deeply,  
even the nails for your feet were forged by our smiths.

# Contents

*Translations by: Zoran Ančevski (Z.A.), Richard Gaughran (R.G.), Aneta Gjorgieva (A.G.), Matt Jones (M.J.), Rumena Bužarovska (R.B.), Magdalena Horvat (M.H.)*

## **Preface: Venko Andonovski**

POSTMODERN POET OF THE PUREST STAMP (A.G.)

## **SEARCHING FOR THE WORD**

People Who Keep Their Promise (Z.A.)  
Punishment (Z.A.)  
Lonely Poems (Z.A.)  
Poetry (Z.A.)  
A Very Silent Poem (A.G.)  
Little Things Always Make the Whole (A.G.)  
Definition of Poetry (A.G.)  
The Pasternak Case (A.G.)  
Behind the Words (Z.A.; M.J.; R.B.; M.H.)  
And So Everyone's Writing Poetry Now (Z.A.; M.J.; R.B.; M.H.)  
Searching for the Word (Z.A.)

## **I BELIEVE AND I CAN**

The Lack of Good People (R.G.)  
Tabitha, Arise! (R.G.)  
Solomon's Resignation (R.G.)  
I Believe! (A.G.)  
Jesus in the Circle (A.G.)  
Jesus' Women (A.G.)  
Supper (Z.A.; M.J.; R.B.; M.H.)  
I Believe and I Can (Z.A.; M.J.; R.B.; M.H.)  
We Will Sit on Bare Earth (Z.A.; M.J.; R.B.; M.H.)  
Psalm (Z.A.; M.J.; R.B.; M.H.)  
No, I'm Not Here (Z.A.)  
There Is No Way Out (A.G.)  
The Afternoon of an Optimist (Z.A.; M.J.; R.B.; M.H.)  
One Day after a Hundred Years (Z.A.; M.J.; R.B.; M.H.)  
If There Is One More Time (A.G.)  
Biography of the Living (A.G.)

## **ALWAYS THE SAME PASSION!**

Song of Fright (R.G.)  
Arrogance (A.G.)  
An Amulet, or the Terror of the Angel (R.G.)  
Spring Motif (A.G.)  
I Will Go Far Away (Z.A.)  
For the Water (Z.A.)  
Always the Same Passion! (A.G.)  
I Surrender (A.G.)  
Yes, That's Right! (A.G.)  
I Am a Herb (A.G.)

Pigalle, Breaking the Myth (A.G.)  
The Yellow Stars in Our Room (Z.A.; M.J.; R.B.; M.H.)  
I, the Master (Z.A.; M.J.; R.B.; M.H.)  
Of Objects and Eternity (Z.A.; M.J.; R.B.; M.H.)

### ***THE GREAT POEM OF LOVE***

Enigma (Z.A.; M.J.; R.B.; M.H.)  
What is Love? (Z.A.; M.J.; R.B.; M.H.)  
The Basilica of San Clemente (Z.A.; M.J.; R.B.; M.H.)  
In Love Always a Warrior (Z.A.; M.J.; R.B.; M.H.)  
The Great Poem of Love (Z.A.; M.J.; R.B.; M.H.)

### ***MUSEUM***

#### ***FIELD, MACEDONIA***

Don't Shout! There's No One to Listen! (A.G.)  
Independence (A.G.)  
Simply, Just a Dream! (A.G.)  
Forbidden Topics (A.G.)  
Our Cousin Europe (A.G.)  
Auto-da-fe (A.G.)  
Field, Macedonia (A.G.)  
The Eye of the Angel (Z.A.)  
Demonica and the Seasons (Z.A.)  
The Advent of Autumn (A.G.)

### ***VARIATIONS ON RESIGNATION***

The First Cold Day (Z.A.)  
Planting a Tree (Z.A.; M.J.; R.B.; M.H.)  
The Ways through Heaven (Z.A.; M.J.; R.B.; M.H.)  
Death's Waiting-room (Z.A.)  
A House - a Eulogy - an Autumn (Z.A.)  
Forget the Prophets (A.G.)  
Hölderlin, Always Alone (A.G.)  
Picture on a Wall (A.G.)  
The Confession of the Pharisees (A.G.)