

Just a Slide of the Past

Out of those petty memoires
the muslin of experiences
unfolded, fluttering on
the light wind one could
believe
is a zephyr that
brought
all aromas
of tiny linden
flowers from afar

It is as we all forgot
the bloodshed caused
by human
depositing suffering
preserving it
for another age

. . . and the day will come
for me to stand firm
while the dark wind couldn't
bring down my extremities of gold
I am sure you've heard the story
of immoral queen and
an immaculate who brought for
a man. A mercy for
the Mankind – confused men
among all . . .
and all we need is
awareness and let the singers
sing and get the praise

Aromas of the Past

Summer nights
and the full moon
on the balcony we enjoyed
herb tea and I can still
hear the knocking
of the metallic spoon
on the bottom of
the porcelain mug
mixing honey – stirring with the tea

A firefly landed
on my arm
the right arm with the thrilled
skin, goose bumps and erected hair

I didn't believe in omens
not even today I read
the dreams with the
vocabulary of Men

Beneath the balcony
huge terracotta amphorae kept
the decaying Iris tuberosa
in their sixth year
one more year – one more Me
closing the glass lids above
amphorae and above them
pots of succulents

They were the days
they were the nights when
the life had the human meaning

Fahredin Shehu

Those Beautiful Seconds of the Past

He brought a handful
of Tonka beans for the base

She evaporated all liquids
from the petals of jasmine
and dried pistils of the saffron

I collected the dews early
in the morning,
observed and guessed
which star tonight shall
climb to the sky and
decorate it
darker than the ink it was
in those Times. With what shall I
blur tonight? With what shall I quench
my thirst for knowing
when the dews are dried and
the seconds are counted in vain?

Another Image of the Past

I have forgotten
the touch of wet, freshly-cut grass
and the thrill which runs
faster than a current
from the sole to the top of the head

In this urban desert,
we didn't cool our feet
like swans in the pond
but with the compressed
Nitrogen in our sneakers
with the perfect cushioning

This time, we shall braid
life differently;
so we may later see how
its curls create a texture
for another age

Mists of the Past

A huge mountain shaded
the emerald field with
dandelions like stars
in the sky all over

The work produces a sweet
essence – I got the bee
zooming in on my straight hair,
blown by the wind

Pearls of sweat in my forehead;
some of them dried, fell, blown,
taken afar from the eyesight
. . . and the river nearby,
gurgling, taking away
some light

They said to us: there were
the souls of drowned men,
now wandering in this
vast green field, covered
lightly with the mist

Aromatic Memories of the Past Age

The poppies
even they . . .
made it more beautiful
among the metallic sounds
of golden wheat leaves
on my most beloved July

Oh, at that very age . . .
I stood firm to expel
my inner demons, and
wrote the first verses
with the smell of earth
before it decomposed; bows,
twigs and leaves of ivy
sneaked inside the trunk of oak trees.
A splendid petrichor!

Down there . . . the ravine beyond
my eyesight transported
 all my fears
some demoiselle with metallic
 greenish turquoise bodies
silently copulating to extend
 their lives through
their progenies in another season
long plus millennia they shall live
 in peace, while we
the Human-grind souls
chop hearts and suck the blood of each other

Fahredin Shehu

Remnants of Another Eon

Turquoise ink, I save
to write only about love
and with the blood letters of a promise,
keeping it in the box made of
oak tree wood, copper leaves for its lid
and a splash of heavy lacquer above all
Moschus, sprinkled on my epitaph of Graphene,
light letters, inscribed
with green laser, state:
“herein floats the Soul
of a Light-man – a remnant
of another eon”.

The Bottle of Age

Every time and always,
I recall mossy ruins of my
distant past where the soul
wandered.

. . . aghast by the torments and
ropy desires for the life
yet to become.

Lungs are filled with the odor
of oak moss, and time after time,
with the pine resin fragrance and
iodized air of the sea.

The breeze brought on that time
soul's nacre of my memories
and the gurgling whims of youth.

I pitied them as I do now all
traders who merchandised
their creed for the mustard seed.

Slowly, the bottle of age is getting
filled by the years I have
to always remember and take
in to other dimensions.

. . . layered stripes of memory,
leaving behind the places on the brain,
like bruises turn to yellow.

The Wine Cellar

“Open those eyes given to you
and fuse with the universe
if you open only the mind’s eyes
you will never see the love in full”

Conference of Birds by Attar
Translated by Sholeh Wolpe

. . . keeps centuries of labor
in Grapeland where many have
passed through as conquerors
as those who only wanted to marry
and as those who wanted
to drink the best wine only

in there through millennia,
microorganisms were multiplying
and none of us dared to count them
by number, none by their age

when I opened my eyes and fused
my glance with the luminous star,
undressing her devoré,
I could see her torso and
the fog unfurling from her body,
dispersing across the universe
a singularity in its vastness
spell bounded our vision
I could see none but us

Orionus

There was a cellar up there,
pouring that wine from turquoise
amphora – some said, it was ambrosia
that Illyrian sages extracted from
honey and served in the Delphi Oracle
some said, it was only water
that poured on us mercy, and in it,
the particles of Soul and the fractals
of the life that has yet to come

Fahredin Shehu

The Prayer Rug

With the power of another world,

I borrow the moment

where remembrance and longing

are spun like a silk thread

for a prayer rug.