

Poetry Series

**Aleksandar Sasha
Trajkovski**



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Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski()

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski is a medical doctor, renowned Macedonian poet, translator and interpreter, full member, and a part of the MACEDONIAN SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY - BITOLA. and WRITER'S CLUB 'Kosta Slev Racin'.

Education and working career:

He completed his primary education in the PS 'Goce Delchev', and his secondary education in the HS 'Josip Broz Tito' in Bitola, where he was born on the 28th of March 1985.

He has completed his studies in medicine at the renowned European University of Medicine and Pharmacy 'Carol Davila' - Bucharest, Romania.

He represents the first generation of Macedonian doctors from Bucharest, Romania who completed their medical and master's studies in the Bologna program at the Medical Faculty in Bucharest. There, the 1st and the 2nd cycle of university studies are studied integrated together during the six years, which enable the graduate to obtain the title of Doctor of Medicine and the scientific degree of Master of Medicine.

Literary output:

He is the author of several published books (poetry for adults and children) . One of the poetry books for adults, entitled 'Lyrical Elegies' or 'Lirski Elegii (in Macedonian edition) and 'Poems from the Balkans' or 'Poemi od Balkanot' (in Macedonian edition) were published by the oldest publisher from Bitola - Data Pesnopoј in many languages. Book of poems LYRIC ELEGIES won a price THE SOUL OF THE BAZAR;

The third collection of poetry for the youngest readers entitled 'Short Poems For Youngest Bohemians' was published by the first independent publisher in Macedonia - 'Gjurgja'.

For his poetry, he received the literature award 'Dushata na Charshijata' from the publishing house 'Data Pesnopoј'.

The author has been the principal investigator of many research projects: European Interpretations, The New Image of the Balkans...

Furthermore, he also works as a freelance interpreter and literary translator.

He has translated literary works by prominent contemporary Macedonian writers into Romanian, and also translated for renowned literary organizations, such as the Struga Poetry Evenings.

To Love You On A Piece Of Paper

I looked at her under the light of heaven,
came from the horizon fiery and hot,
and under her lashes shaded
two melancholy eyes,
sweets like blackberries.
Her lush hair was carried by the wind,
like peonies pink on a silk scarf,
stroking the emerald necklace around her neck.
In your contagious sorrow,
I jumped again and again,
hoping to infect me too.
I create as a being tortured and irrational,
in sets of agonizing shadows,
to rationalize you with endless kisses
and tangential views.
Mystical harmony,
something unattainable for my mind,
and enough for soul restlessness,
as much as your longing for greater grace,
and questions invented
which completely exhausted you.
Let me create your poetry
for your heavenly and ureal beauties,
to find them in non-existent words,
just to strip your soul,
on a plain sheet of white paper.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

Suspicion Obvious

Your hair shiny and soft
caresses your big forehead,
nice and smart,
and cheeks blush with a youthful glow
you are dazzlingly transparent,
and above them eyebrows,
like two colorful rainbows.
You present your love in vain as a mystery,
in all its mystery,
as the darkest night
foretells death,
because just one look is careless,
reveals all your erotic passions to you,
and as much as he wants to cheat,
and to cover up,
it ultimately remains the same hypocrisy,
with the same indifference or contempt,
even selfishness or arrogance,
which are your most commonly used masks
on your face divine.
The hardest part is portraying you lyrically,
all confused,
wander at the truth,
and yet, I still do not sense
that I was close to doubt all the time.
You are fatal to me and everyone around,
whose deeds blindly follow her,
your untruth is tempting.
Your eyes are bright and your lips are even brighter,
as a speaker in front of a packed auditorium,
speak with metaphors
and expressed the most divine - sophisticated.
Your soul full of passion and joy,
often given away by graceful movements,
on your body perfectly,
and you challenge it maliciously and experiencedly
touch erotic and synergistic,
before himself being shamelessly offered on a platter.
And I'm still convinced,

that I was not close all the time
to such obvious suspicion.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

Attractivness Untamed

Your mockery of everyone and everything,
clumsily hid your failures.
You are so complex and sweet,
simple and sinister,
you are playing with innocent naivety,
of my love for you.
Melancholy marks you as your property,
your heart is selfish,
overestimates his own happiness,
which he can not enjoy.
As insect bites the flower,
before it blooms,
so our love and sanity
you turn them into hatred and madness.
Slightly deceived, less deceiver,
deceived as a philosopher in his own words,
the devil quoted the bible for his purposes,
turning a divine lie into a real one.
Give up those unbridled passions dear,
for the angels have fallen because of that sin.
In silence dead and serene monastic,
I use every momentum inspiring,
to collect it
your sweet, youthful fruit,
that teenage and blind delusion of the soul,
as to sympathy first,
which disappears from the unscrupulous slaps of
fate.
Your flame in my heart burns me the most,
who from day to day,
it burns more and more all over the body,
in the bones,
and through the veins.
How much confusion and ignorance.
How many sleepless nights you have caused me.
Is there still authority to be despised?

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

Foreign Country

Dark clouds hung over you,
and few flee.
You have been beaten by your own,
no one around greets,
forgotten in the dust of the scattered ashes.
Slowly but surely you wither,
and I with you.
We fade into the cursed unseen,
left to mercy.
And how would she disappear without me?
So you are my origin,
mother and existence,
proof of my existence.
My and your ancestors,
gave life for your freedom..
With clenched teeth,
and eyes watering from the torrent of tears,
I assure myself that nothing has changed,
and that you are mine and I am yours...
I am proud to have served you,
and beaten in blood I fought,
when it was bloodiest and most painful,
and now ready at any time my body,
to suffer again,
if necessary,
and if you call me.
Now I'm going my own way,
and when the storm subsides,
and the hatred between yours will disappear,
along with despair and lies,
then i will come back to you mother,
and now I move on,
in the fight new,
for a better tomorrow for the new generations.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

Atheists In Ester Eve

Skepticism sad,
lack of faith and presence of greed,
spread around agnostics,
suffocating them in their immoral essences.
Hey atheists,
with crosses and sinful desires,
the cross is not just a 'symbol' of Christ,
he acted when the Virgin
remained in contemplation of God,
dragged by wild beasts,
stripped and beaten,
sentenced to the most severe sentence,
died in severe agony,
beyond any notion of justice and law.
Show respect.
The night of God is coming.
Night before Easter!

Lust and selfish passions,
around the old plane tree.
Heaven overshadowed the atheist gathered!
The wind was blowing with all its might with all its rage!
The old and big plane tree fell,
but not the atheists with their crosses,
drowning in his unbelief unwaveringly.
People, women and children with sinful urges.
The life of our Virgin was ascetic.
Show respect.
The night of God is coming.
Night before Easter!
With kneeling and straightening,
with asceticism blessed,
the passions of the wicked were restrained.
Do not live the world consuming,
but eucharistic,
with the motto of the Holy Father:
'Give blood and receive spirit.'
Show respect.
The night of God is coming.

Night before Easter!

The Christians approached
around the Christian tower.

Besides the night of God and the white moon,
purple and dark clouds gathered,
woven into the wreath of pettiness.

Around the tower with the cross,
the spirit of weeping among atheists did not depart,
midnight in weeping and ungodliness did not pass.

Show respect.

The night of God is coming.

The night before Easter.

Egocentrism and self-love
dominated like a stray cloud,
like an abandoned ship,
in the middle of the ocean ravaged by dark wolves,
with red eyes fixed on the atheists
with crosses.

Save us from your unbelief.

The Virgin was compassionate and crucified with Him,
and after His Ascension
carried the Cross of the Church
as a man of righteous judgment,
to recognize injustice.

Show respect.

The night of God is coming.

The night before Easter.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

The Fairy With Angel Voice

Candles were drowning in liquid wax.
Fire was burning the charcoal half-decomposed.
Portraits on the wall,
were the only diversity,
in monotony of black and white.
And I, then, retired in peace,
I was waiting for the fairy with an angelic voice.
With a pen in hand,
I was waiting for the stanza,
in momentum inspiring,
to catch it in flight.
And while my mind was wandering lazy,
for a vague person,
in nuances divine in contemplation,
with a peony some pink,
ready to show it to the world
the beauty ideal of my verse thoughtful,
I wandered again along with the stanza
somewhere through the window.
Tears welled up in my face,
and a drop in the form of a black spot,
which covered my white paper.
Nostalgia deeply intoxicated me for sleep,
I was overwhelmed by a longing for imagination,
combined with mystical melancholy,
from which I shivered.
In the end I could not stand it,
and I surrendered uncomfortably to the tempting dream.
I saw desert islands in emerald lakes,
fairies on unrestrained horses,
how they caress themselves in healing baths,
lilies white from paradise peonies.
And as soon as the fairy came,
the imagination flew out the window again,
as cigarette smoke flew in spirals.
Images were deleted,
thousands of memories surrounded me,
in a portrait cute.
I kept creating,

waiting for the fairy again,
tolyrally paint it over on sheets of paper,
with black spots,
from the tears that dripped,
sitting on a wooden chair,
in the sad house with
window open.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

Morning With Glow Of Rubin

Dawn brazenly hanging over nature sleepy,
of the golden hue of Pelagonija,
fortune teller was the sun sweet,
prophesied delight and heavenly authority.
Like a bat during the day,
and sucked the morning dew on the field fresh.
With June kisses warm,
caressed the spring flowers,
and shepherd on the Pelister slopes is steep,
lazily grazed his flock of sheep.
Lamb sprint on hills was slowly being prepared,
and asymmetrical horse trot in meadows.
And child meekly,
played with his grandmother's spindle,
and naively flew big dragon,
near clear springs
of Kapenci waterfall.
Giant lights unreasonable,
from morning fairy tale,
carried by wind naively,
mystically spread scent of white daffodils,
and cones of Molika.
Nightingale admired her,
sighing at her balm,
rosy and morning.
Wet roses and white lilies,
echoed in the poetic noise,
of dew crystal and silver.
Dragor with his filigree knits,
reflected a gentle silence,
and slowly but surely signaled his departure
at dawn with a ruby glow.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

Depressive Thoughts

Guests uninvited,
nested slowly were leaving the houses,
guessing bad for them,
and for us cold days of winter.
Leaves like torn from hope,
from the promises human fell into a coma.
It was autumn, winter was coming!
Like scary dragons in children's stories,
black, dark,
buckets of sky filled with fog,
killed sun in a sense,
with its icy shower.
Meadow, beaten by the ice,
looked bloody or maybe rusty,
and its freshness green,
was in clinical death without pulse.
Flocks of birds,
as drawn in pencil,
in flight symmetrical on white paper,
wandered in search of their own miserable longing.
Crows hungry for a corpse,
they crackled the frozen air,
while the day was getting shorter.
It was autumn, winter was coming!
The dogs are barking,
oxes roared like young bulls,
sober cried,
drunk sang,
donkeys ate a lot...
Wind was blowing through chimney of the house,
and spread sorrow, horror, and fear.
Thoughtful,
I warmed myself by the fire in fireplace,
waiting for snowy desert.
It was autumn, winter was coming!

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

Pain, Death And Morning After

Morning after death,
always a little mystical and unknown...
A light that shone to death,
light eternal after death.
Light soft and good,
weak and dark...
I wake up disoriented,
in space and time,
not sure it's morning or night.
I dream like the birds,
they do not just die in flight,
but fall under right angle,
some painlessly on the branch dry,
some where the beam of light,
caresses them through the metal bars.
The morning after death,
always a little blurred and uncertain...
A light that shone until death,
light eternal after death.
Usually when I'm silent with a pen in my hand,
or create melancholy,
I leave the word,
to clear the hatchery of sorrow and despair...
When there is someone else's pain greater than mine,
and there is no cure for it,
I always find solace in short.
I dreamed of a captured nightingale in flight,
from a bird armed with claws,
how the pupils of his eyes widen,
his bitter longing for freedom
slowly fades.
Smoldered in the sea,
he fought eagerly,
day and night,
to die in cage,
and to discover eternity.
Morning after death,
always is a little different and unknown...
A light that shone to death,

light eternal after death.
Begging for a little stronger light,
and I lie on the bed narrow,
with eyes closed,
until the new morning after death.
Full of many lives surviving,
tired of the various lights,
became a figure of darkness.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

About The Winter Beauties Of Bitola

'City of Consuls' in winter under moon,
is like a saint in white in front of an altar,
from church half-lit.
Snowy winter soaked Bell tower,
with all its snowy beauty.
Snowflakes flutter and float in the air,
in the shape of white butterflies,
like soldiers through their Golgotha
conquered every inch of land.
Cold fever was spreading,
on the shoulders white on Shirok Sokak.
Sound of the bells frozen,
from monasteries and carriages echoed
and wandered wildly through the park,
through alley 'at the bell ringers' and 'at the blacksmiths',
through Drven Pazar and Zhitnipazar,
Mast pazar and At pazar...
Snow magic on floor mosaics in the basilicas,
around shops of the guilds and abadji,
woodpeckers and grocers,
the meanders, the shoemakers and the silversmiths...
Monastery, decorated with a pearl silk scarf,
of thousands crystal exhibits,
of which only the highest accumulated
were exposed for sale.
They decorated small basilica,
and filigree frozen in Dragor
sneaked into longes,
like passions youthful in a dream of old age.
Pearl flowers on windows,
without leaves, stems, flowers and sun,
decorated old balconies of Bitola,
as portrait galleries
in a some kind of silvery hue.
New sympathies were inspired,
in snowy space
on romantic Tumbe - cafe,
and monumental Heraclea.
Full moon has set,

and 'city of consuls' still remained,
like a saint in white in front of an altar,
from church half-lit.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

The Three Trees

Do you look at trees,
or their intoxicating odor,
attracted me more,
remained an unanswered question,
throughlongtime,
in eternal silence of unbroken silence.
Those enigmas of pleasure are miraculous,
so tempting,
as childish infatuations with greatest passion.
From my character as a whole,
wandering home on hot asphalt,
boiled most inexperienced,
impatient part.
With tired eyes and eyelids with shadows,
I hallucinated ghosts,
on the trees greenish and thin.
And slowly inexplicable gripped me,
and an increasingly mystical feeling,
always different and new,
which is not described in an appropriate word.
Just to see my three trees,
so colorful, luminous and fragrant...
Smell of linden blossoms,
carried me so I do not get lost,
and like meteor with weather changes
I dealt with surge of memories.
Just to see my three trees,
those strange mysteries of delight and passion.
I wandered consciously on the hot road,
on the path I chose as a child,
and a pack of dogs followed me,
from the park I gathered.
After passing the famous Gradcheto Pejton,
and a few small alleys,
I was surprised by the trees growing and straight.
Shy and curious,
with the twigs hiding in each other,
and the dogs next to me were hysterically barked.
Just to see my three trees,

they are primordial and holy,
natural features.

And when I am far from my homeland,
will keep them proud forever,
memory of me and my legacy.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

The Holly Spirit

In the temptations of hostage
of ghosts and darkness black,
you were the only one next to me,
my halo shiny,
in the madness of golgothas,
and while I was drowning in my own blood
was my sanctuary eternal,
savior and guide.

I was left with curses and unrest
swamp of lethargy,
blackness and pain,
and I found peace in your enlightened expanse,
in my pantheon of eternal hope.

Joy endless,
emotion shines on grace,
mother and queen of the primordial,
and the mediator of the nations
for unity of faith,
you are the only creator
for inspiration of life after death.

Divine perfection,
your gift of nature,
incarnate with her and with earthly lives,
you've been sent to pursue
most charitable and grateful deeds.

Divine fathers teach us
of diversity in unity,
in our life biologically, earthly,
and that you are in each of us,
both for good and for bad,
until and after transition of doom hour.

Pentecost,
that treasury consecrated and enlightened,
of new and eternal life,
you give salvation and eternal life,
and in temptation hard,
left to mercy and ruthlessness,
calm us down.

You are unifier of humanity,

you reveal easily
human mysticism,
and bring us closer to the sacred.
You inspire Christ in our souls,
you offer us mercy,
without dividing us towe and they...
The ministry proudly echoes your holy name,
with the blessing of the 'King of Heaven',
Our Savior,
the Christian gift of God
our 'King of Heaven'.
Taking throne of Savior,
portrayed in 'The Comforter',
ascended to heaven,
testifying of the Son and the Holy Spirit,
the divine 'Spirit of truth'
you are a faithful servant of your faithful beings,
and his holy creations.
The prayer says:
'Who are you everywhere,
wherever I go,
whatever I do,
you follow me and watch me,
in your soul,
with the omnipresence of yours '
The Holy Spirit did not leave anyone out
and to every believer, atheist and sinner
you forgive all the mistakes of life,
but only sincere repentance is needed
for sins light and heavy.
Through the mystery of Baptism,
The Holy Spirit begets us as sons of God,
and through Anointing of the Holy,
strengthens our faith,
and through repentance,
comforts us andsave us from suffering.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

For Great Macedonia

My language,
is relic of my world,
my lend divine,
fact undeniable of my existence,
different with own analytic -declinastic characteristics,
enlightened and sanctified through the centuries from centuries immemorial,
a lodging of curses and blessings,
clashes and riots.
Like any normal being,
with its own inhaling and exhaling,
life principles and ideals for freedom,
existing,
I create my legacy,
my creations for the future generation.
My being is more defined by ability,
to write and create,
on my language Macedonian.
my dear mother and saint of prim,
with Macedonian Cyrillic letters and its Macedonian studies,
left in trust our,
from verbs and nouns, adjectives, prepositions, adverbs,
pronouns, exclamations...
proudly carried and preserved in its own shed.
Oh, all of that Macedonian culture!
We read, learned and told stories
For famous heroisms,
of Goce Delchev and Dame Gruev,
Chento and Kuzman,
Apostolski and Brashnarov,
Tatarchev and Pavel Shatev,
Hristo Uzunov, Chakalov, Sandanski...
and many more,
known and unknown,
heroes and fighters,
insurgents of Ilinden and ASNOM,
who stand on the pantheon of freedom.
For independence and sovereignty of the Macedonian state,
years and decades before,
and always there was knightly courage,

with upsurgent spirit,
Macedonianization in the soul
and the heart with disobedience and perseverance.
You exist and testify Macedonian,
will we remain faithful and united,
to break that overnight place
from persecution and discord,
in these uncertain times,
of temptation and hostage-taking,
and whether we will finally untie the knot,
full of secret ghosts that mystically lurk.
It all depends solely on
only from us Macedonians.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

My Dragor!

Makofro trough Bitola,
engraving monumental through the centuries,
from Sapunchica, LakPotok, Klisurica, Crvena Reka,
trough villages Dihovo and BratinDol,
up to CrnaReka.
Proudly bears tradition of people from Bitola,
from waterfall Kapejnci,
you transfer packages from wood
with messages dear,
your waves mystical and divine,
in riverbed cobblestone they make love,
like in dream in middle of night.
My Dragor,
you were left at the mercy of God,
from antiquity to futures,
and trough Drven Pazar,
next to Bell ringers and, , Blacksmiths,
with waves clear from spring,
the secret of luxury,
of workshops from charshija,
proudly you bear it inside.
Come one now, people of Bitola, my dears,
from shore of your Dragor,
with ship supposedly and old to sail,
trough enlighten precise filigree,
old craftsmen to greet,
and with some starogradska song for our river to cheer.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

Lyric Elegy For Eli

I measure the syllables, I create moment
from them rhyme began,
after came stanza,
lyrically depicting that ambrosia beauty,
immortalized forever,
in my psalm prayer

The Lyrical Elegy for Eli.

Thinking subconsciously in restless sweet,
will I succeed creating,
with the most perfect, core
sence of word,
following the Gods' providence,
semantically verbally in delight and with passion,
like Sljavjanka of Zhukovski,
to plant you in my creation,
The Lyrical Elegy for Eli.

I tend to guess the most complicated,
to inspire that magnificent grace
on a sheet of white paper,
to open the jigsaw puzzle wide
and unsolvable plots,
for the mystery of feminineferiocity
you possess to the heights most sublime
and fully embodied in his own mind,
with inexhaustible imagination,
like P.M. Andreevski in his Denicija,
I created my
Lyric elegy for Eli.

I try to solve the eternal mystery,
like a pursuit of the world,
rushing to her womb,
to find the plant of life,
I dream with the most devotion,
through poetic evocations,
with spices exotic in portraits essential,
to capture it surrealistically
that love of ours blessed by God,
in contemplation that overwhelmed me completely
in Lyric elegy for Eli.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

Angel Of Prayer

A nap fell on the lashes like a sound,
so easy there is no end.
Steps are fading in the distance,
like fantastic Sirius,
leading in eternity.
Like huge white pearl
from God revived,
I see the endless sky
and towards the church dome,
dreaming to fly to me again.
You are an eternally triumphant Azure monarch,
with arrogant grace,
to the starry Stratus and back.
A gigantic source of Renaissance beauty,
aura charismatic to hallucination sublime,
immortalized by time and century,
world and space...
As an imaginary prayer angel,
in human form,
you sail superiorly to your halo,
golden shining and saintly,
or like some poet,
who found peace sacral
in words of poetry...

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

Sad Faces In Sad World

Sad faces in world,
ironies bitter,
indifference,
lethargy and melancholy.
Hungry and sick,
naked and barefoot,
bloody hands and cracked heels,
oppressed and suppressed by
your thoughts rebellious on hollow minds.
Faces sad in world hungry,
with rains dry and poisonous,
faith lost and sickness without medicine.
Bitten and stabbed,
butchered and bloody.
This is the world of pharisee,
Where plagues do not choose anyone,
there is no means, not even for necessities.
Faces sad in world dark,
under stratuses in black,
wander aimlessly for some longing,
for a little peace and tranquility.
World of desert drought,
with purple imaginary rains...
And buds on branches are dried,
without oro, dance and laughter,
world destroyed of Mesia,
prays for mercy,
for little happiness,
for little life.
Endless bottom,
Messiahs on trailers bring own slaves.
?oo much recklessnessand despair,
and golgothas bloody,
an obsessed world of collapse and hypocrisy,
trapped in absurdity and nihilism.
Enough.
Parusia is built.
Here comes Lords salvation.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

For The Language

Macedonian language,
is an source inexhaustible,
of ancient poetry Pelagic. □
Recital theatrical on the world stage,
concealmentof linguistic treasury,
as an endemic precious mineral,
from a crushed quarry,
and light rays from candlestick to the road eternal.
From the poetic work of Shopov and Prlichev
Janevski and Racin,
And other big glorious poets,
up to Macedonian study of Koneski and Misirkov,
Pulevski and Ulchar.
Let us raise his glory to skys,
and his patron will be forever to celebrate,
revive the speech,
and be pride, Macedonians.
Home eternal of generations ours,
which though centuries dwell,
and just lift rock precious and glow,
lyrics wonderful and fresh will be shed,
from fantastic minds new,
from poets, prose writers to Macedonian contemporaries.
Shield eternal,
of our property,
roadmap of past
and mirror for predestination of yours.
Our Macedonian language.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

World Crazy With Springs Purple

(the best poetry is best written in moments of biggest sadness,
under influence of strongest emotion,
in the least silent mortal silence)

Curse you, crazy world...
Arrived breathless and crying,
and I see world seaming to a carnival of clowns...
What human kind to expect,
Which drowns in matte tar,
and restlessly is convincing to believe
everything is good around us,
catch us under its paw unwashed...
blurred our minds,
put on throne illiterate,
and, in the end, conquered us,
wearing on ugly face
plastic smiled mask...
My eyes did not dare,
for long time to open, from horror and fear.
Last I could see blood,
shed from most innocent.
You made us enemies to ourselves,
like birds predators,
which do not even know their loot...
Scent of death around me,
clogged blood,
and smoke from matches cheap.
I curse you mad world...
All of those who subdued
in fact, and what else have left to them,
knowing that are on the edge of trailer,
which is galloping towards "kingdom" of his
All know that the spring do not gives flower in feces...
and I only pray,
to stop the rain torrential from...tears.
I started less to feel,
agony from hurt bodies,
which in clay dissolve alive,
inanimate in own unknown eternal dwellings.

I curse you, mad world...
Go on with game bloody of yours,
in the theater false
as long as you still have clowns,
desperate for your command new.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

Kiss Me

Light candle on window
and say prayer,
nightingale in silent night will come,
to sing us in his song.

Close your eyes, wet from crying
and let flame in them to go off.

Seek to forget my dear,
but found pain,
and sun kissing the sea
even not yet came the sunset! !

Kiss me and undress me with lips,
teach me to fly,
to reach your highs.

You come with wind south,
through leaves crunched, scattered,
like a tone melancholic from crickets of spring,
to give the stories new,
eternal life.

Kiss me,
Because sparkles last of life,
are drowning in speed sand,
from tar and marine foam.

Kiss me,
And again and give me your hug,
I promise I will keep her,
Like sacrament sacral.

And I am still scared of this deadly deafness of silence,
like the breath before dead of the soul mortally calmed,
or like some pain unsupportable,
for close person on deathbed,
like a rhapsody last with sound untuned.

Kiss me,
because something is poisoning me!

It suffocates me!

I feel, fortune tellers unknown have already told my fortune.

My dear,

I leave now,
tormented with hopes drowned,
in tar in ruins...

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

Game Entropic

Butterflies conceived like in game entropic,
attack the lips of yours not fresh.

With touches exotic,

I ask for a kiss my dear and
you will hear me glorify you.

Keep me in yourself,

like prayer yours,

when you ask for the mercy of God,
and put the medicine magic over the wound
to heal...

Like a fish in foam crude thick,

I bounce like a wave lost in the sea,
striving for that love sacral eternal...

I melt in consistency of eco of silence,
celestial latitudes without limits of yours,
encourage me to breathe new life in myself,
even tired from many lives survived
and incarnations of all kinds.

In rainbow painted from my hand,

I am incarnate completely,

in his colors tempting

and erotic which keep the soul awake.

I feel like a nightingale put in a story,

with wings that without problem fly through winds and storms,

and like butterfly conceived in game entropic

that caress thorn and lily white,

I caress you.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

For Us

Years are in a gallop they pass quickly...
oh, how is short that string,
between life and death.
We can hardly enjoy the dawn
and her dew morning,
in evening already arrived
and already other day began and fastly pass by.
"Yes"..
Moment will come,
when we will come to end of walk together,
through this earthly life,
together ready for the next, eternal...
Lights all one day will go out,
and we two will be rays of sun
of new tomorrow...
This life is worthless to spend in fear,
deprived of the honorable presence of yours,
every moment with you is inspirative,
a treasure trove of abundant spiritual graces...
Sad is to let,
even smallest acceptance for hard divisions,
because it is too thin the life line,
not to be together happy,
serene in the heart,
tranquil in the soul...
Cohesive in your venter,
I smell the scent from etheric oils,
from garden of heaven,
drink from fountain with holly water,
which licks flows inexhaustibly,
ennobling me with eternal divine love.
You blink like a firefly in the dark night,
silently and innocence,
but most glowly and most brightly from all,
aware of days together
created for admiration.
To repaint life in poetry joint,
in rhyme poetic on white paper...

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

Bad Dream

(Can Not Run Away From The Inevitable For Fatal Even In A Dream)

Bad dream
and thought sad,
in night dark and moist.

The draft blows me,
in the darkness deaf,
in nightmare ugly,
death was foretold.

Bad dream
in skin compacted thorn,
and here landed also the black raven.
Accelerated from some forbidden entrance
came one unrestrained and stray dog.

In darkness ugly,
more and more closer came death.

From the tense rage,
howled hungry dog,
raven was drinking something,
and the soul did not sleep.

In twilight ugly,
more and more it smelled like death.

Heart was boiling,
And face in tears was washing.

In dawn deaf,
with item blunt and hard
blood was shed.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

I Will Wait You Until The End

If you look for me outside of yourself,
you won't find nor the road I followed,
maybe just dust foggy
from monotony of my soul.

Let love,
to flood your heart and mind.

The battle of your ego with its apparition,
is like fight between mind and heart lost,
seeking the meaning in the labyrinth without exit,
anchored.

My dear, lets together,
overcome the ego,
and leave dirt behind.

Do not look only forward,
you get easily tired,
because there is only restless storm,
shattered continuously by cold winds,
which never came from behind,
or from the other side where I stand.

Thoughts of brain of yours are often fooled,
and you feel the love incomplete,
why don't you want to see in all her shapes.

Life is beautiful my love,
if you let to flow continuity,
and not only for your thirst,
freely she makes
her deepness until eternity.

Close your eyes,
touch the ground,
leave ego for a while,
not to fall even deeply.
I will wait for you until the end.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

Uncertain Times

Cloudbursts come with the storm,
and from time to time destroy everything standing on their way...
I wait the rain in the angle of the street to stop,
but it rains heavily and without stopping...
Over the hill again,
burn forests until they become ashes,
...in terror and without mercy...
and love slowly fades irreversibly,
and becomes cold and glowless...
Faucet from stone and tears leak without stopping,
dropping sadly and soundlessly...
New encounters with new streight are coming again and again...
and again disappear in the dark...
Frightened, insecure people wander around,
hopelessly...
Diseases and plagues mow relentlessly,
Kill hurtfully and slowly...
The wars spill blood, they do not choose,
the ground in mortal roar is shaking,
And the rightful will be blasphemed from the world
that changes...

Cloudbursts come with the storm,
and from time to time and destroy everything standing in front of them!

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

I Seek Her Again

(You Do Not Have Right To Judge Me)

Ill from love and crushed from sorrow,
went on long journeys to find you,
to kiss you,
mark from tears I left behind you,
to see you once more, at least.

I admit I made a mistake my prayer angel,
they misused my nativity,
and I broke my given word,
I am outlaw.

My life is destroyed from terror,
and chills bring me pain
from thousand stabs on the whole body...

My soul still is scattering,
with bitter tears on the road I go,
and she is deserted and I am alone.

For years of so insecurity,
difficulty and fear,

I have lost my mind,
my dear,

I can pay myself off with blood,
but that is not accordance of Lords' will.

I did not know how appreciate the grace of your innocence and
obedience,

but today I am only soul burned and empty.

We sailed on the stormy sea.

Divided the same road on two parts,
climbed the same mountain together alone and barefooted.

Do not judge my offences,
you can not see my wounds bloody
in the soul hurt,

nor demons with the demons with whom I ruthlessly fight.

I go forward with my head high,
convinced that in this manner,
the hustle of chaos will clear up,
and my struggle with heat,
will ignite the fire of our love.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

Time For Wonders

Two lives,
On the road of love and passions uncounted,
Make two souls which burn,
and road between them defined with your love
and passion sick toward you.
You are melody joyful in the world of sorrow,
a prayer of morning in moments of sad though,
or rime glorious in the world of poetry.
Watching the rain outside,
I want to be a drop of rain which falls,
and caress the body of yours in hot summer,
ray of light which enlighten moon,
where your eyes constantly gaze...
I want to carry you,
like secret most secretly in my soul,
like first dew morning on meadow green...
I seek you like prayer in moments of disappear,
like old known lyric,
and will guard you like a pearl in a shell,
like pomegranate that bears its seed...
I want to hold your warm held,
in my cold hand,
like the flowers bearing their scent...
Call me on those highs of yours,
with erotic deviations,
to see together moon from close,
and to inhale myself in your rainbow,
eternally enlightening your dark moments
with bright pastel colors.
It is time for coup long expected,
of story uniform,
and less monotone.
The eternity is on our reach,
still we need to stretch our hands,
for not to slip away.
Nothing less from end sacral with wonders,
do not deserves the story ours...
Both holy and eternal...

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

Was It A Dream Or Reality

Was it in dream or reality...

confident in feat to reveal the unsolvable,
dream or reality seemingly unresolvable,
of my soul lead through highs steep and dark,
from guides blind,
through the whole ignorance until
last unconvincing recognizing.

On the shoulders again the luggage same,
this time from stones precious useless,
and this time I do not wonder lead from recognition partly,
also guides silent are guiding me.

I climb slowly on the rocks steep,
and behind me I leave,
warm ponds of blood on the rock cold,
and wish to catch them from the back bloody,
and to throw them on slopes.

And all around seems to me so real.

The fear from unresponsiveness eternal,
that I won't find you,
returned me again from the intention

to release myself from excess,
and the weight was more and more bigger and heavier.

Confusion undurable,
my mind was clouded by excessive anticipation.

I felt that I am at edge of forces,
bloody,
and slowly started to give up at downs,
but completely,
on the light with passion.

The glow intense suddenly faded again,
and like always she appeared,
in a form of a fairy,
and for a second disappear in the unknown,
like expected without mercy this time again,
and mountain humongous I left behind me,
with enigma unresolved.

Was it dream or real...

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

The Little Church Near To Road Cobblestoned

In the little church near to road cobblestoned,
next to enlighten candle drowned in hot wax,
murmured my soul prayers,
with silent muffled voice.
Power to seek you in dream long time faded.
I lied that night,
viciousI half-closed the eyes,
to encrypt the memory for you
with letters in lyrical verses on paper.
I decided to perpetuate,
your divine nativity in my heart,
because swallowed memory for us,
from nothingness of the Satan,
will make us in item of the Wrong one
or some illusion of misery.
I enlightened my mind,
with words of you letter...
and I prayed for advice,
for mercyfor that night,
to solve the riddle for loneliness deaf in the soul...
I gave the sense for mysticismand
flawless symetry of your mosaic,
like some endemic medicine,
for my heart to mend it again...
Obedient on every your demand,
like to psalm in Holly Book,
persistentlyI followed our joint path,
until eternal love, sacral...
My dear,
I prayed for our love,
like long ago when I knew to do in most sincere way...
Remembered our first kiss,
when she sounded like a little bell sound in the sky,
so I could sense it from all sides
even If I could not hear it.
Unreal ecstasy of respect one to another,
sometimes and self-sacrifice of the self-living wave,
fear of the re-secession of our souls,
in sudden storm,

forgotten by the sea whirlpools,
I inhaled our Golgotha sweet, loving,
in rhymes lyric on the paper,
like psalm in Holly Book,
nailed to eternity,
sat on stool broken,
in the little church along the path cobblestoned...

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

The Old Wooden Box

Memories with desires unfulfilled and painful,
locked in the old wooden box,
and engraved with words on paper,
for mercy ask me very shyly,
every time I open it...
In those tons of texts obsolete,
lay many hopes empty,
and reading them cautiously,
always I am embodying in them,
like I read psalms from Holy book,
or like I open,
an eternally closed hiding place of wisdom of life.
Most frequently desires unrealized and tumbled,
Are written between empty lines,
of white paper...
And those poor leaves of paper,
long years were rippled,
from waves of torrent of tears,
and I really do not have enough wisdom,
to figure out how much are
sad, empty and unimportant.
And again starts that hope,
which always dies last,
I am even more convinced
that your flame of passions
still burns,
burns so strong that no word
can resolve it.
And in the end,
again remain the same empty lines,
lost on the white paper...
and strongly I console myself that those writings,
are illusion imprinted on papers,
will disappear if I decide not to open again,
the box old and wooden
and leave it forever closed.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

Enough And I Am Done

Enough and I am done,
in hurry passes my time short.
Put a shield on my heart,
hurt, offended, bloody.
Without surplus of power,
to be again victim individual,
of collateral damage,
today I lead the last battle with you.
I patch all rags,
from soul butchered,
and finally come rain pouring,
for this eternal drought.
I have built a fortresses from rocky walls,
for little peace and quiet,
put a shield in defense of your whim.
Enough you tortured me, my dears,
I will fight with all my force!
I will ??? all and everything,
compensating moments lost,
with help of meaning sacral,
of the my gift from the Lord.
And no, I will not play the role of yours,
to obey of the need,
even when I deny it.
Once already forgotten form of human,
knows exactly how to conquer your mind.
I promise I will take you into the inconsolable,
like in the labyrinth without exit,
and on your shadow,
will lack space too
to come one to another.
From today on I am careless like nightingale wild,
without death over my innocence,
with opened doors for the predestination of my own.
I am not slave of innocence of mine,
today leaks last tears of mine.
Enough and I am done,
in hurry passes my time short.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

For Life, Virus And Solitary

Solitudes of death
or deadly solitudes...
I waited that morning to show,
like the morning before,
to knock on the door
and to enter without asking.
Sensed that I have not seen her since a while.
In fact I have not seen her a whole week,
to appear in front of door old,
or maybe I have just dreamt it...
Today I got to know that she passed away,
but she did have no one, not even to share
what she got left from the last holiday in the plate...
I went to see her,
but in vain,
no light vivid in her eyes.
I sensed pain great in my chest...
The virus was to blame,
but I can not tell if more for her death,
or the pain in my chest,
it did not even matter now...
I thought if she could go out,
where she could go?
Even in cemetery were far away...
She did not have no acquaintance,
who was still among the living,
and even less now like this, dead and tranquil,
there was no crying in the house...
Only there was,
science in the house old,
poor and solitude deathly...

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

Insatiable Need

An insatiable need is here
for resurrection of respect
and dignity toward individual,
piety with awe for everyone,
and inevitable characteristics.
For true apologies,
for letters for the admiration that today in progress,
sadly fade.

For the morning "Good morning",
hello for everyday of mine,
towards known and unknown,
old and young,
wise and unwise.

Today are more and more unknown indifferent,
without a desire for any salute,
and even less for some kind of conversation...

I also need burned slices of bread,
from my deceased granny,
for which I never knew what is better,
to eat or to smell them.

I need idle of winter,
with kids with slides gliding on the frozen alleys.
I need inspiration for creation,
more often slipping of my hands,
disappearing consciously and in unglory manner.

I need you,
intoxication of your scent magically,
mysticism of passions unrestrained,
in your love deviations...

Loaded with deprivation of necessities,
this poem is lyrically simple,
let it remain a lyrical anthem,
which testifies to a unpleasant time,
without you....

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

I Don't Miss Anything

I don't miss anything!

Maybe your word a little and little time,
to understand and figure out why there is not,
....so I can move on!

Or maybe not....

I don't miss anything!

Maybe only your word unsaid,
yet so expected!

Or the power to understand why he is not here!

But no!



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I don't miss anything!

Maybe sometimes word 'daddy' in the light of the first
dawn!

No.

I am sure,

I don't miss anything.

And what should I be missing? !

I have wrinkles....and white hair....

more weight and high pressure

to prove that...

I am fine!

But tell me son, sincerely...

with your look, kiss, tear or hug...

When you see me, do you think that something is
missing to me? !

To ask you,

wondering what and if I desire for something...

could you fill the voids in my soul? !

No!

And then why should I tell you anything? !

And so, for me...

Everything is just right...

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

Sad Nose

The story for the sad nose,
little teary and moist,
starts usually morning every,
And on the end of
hash golgota, but every,
spiced with some strange salt spacy,
ending with the same end
and the same way.
The nose of the baby,
barely with whisper says to us,
that carries heavy weight of hot bags,
of bright springs
and salty reavers.
And noone is dearing to carry,
from the cry which like a storm,
all in front of him cuts,
even the donkey refuses to carry,
with hooves nude and bare.
For scent magic of salt,
with some schade odd.
of colour yellow,
nor great nose of wolf,
does not dare to swallow.
And there is no carriage that can drives,
that load which its own scent can proudly wears.
So the story for the nose sad,
the hero our, important and dared,
Wisely and in glory ended
In granny's handkerchief
Scentsy and humid.

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

Two Hungry Roosters

Our two heroes
Like soldiers loyal and brave
Didn't fear the cruel duel
So, they started the scary fight
That evil and dark night.
Both roosters proud and white,
offended by the first sight
like in a fake sketch,
started the duel,
before the start of the official match.
These roosters so beautiful and bold,
with dangerous hobby and life goals,
were seized by a severe hallucination
and fear,
so one rooster to the other,
look like a scary lion, oh my dear!
And the brave chicks were so scared,
that they no longer knew how to pronounce
even their own names.
And finally,
They found courage and strength,
These poor birds so dear,
immediately left the heated circle
looking at each other with great fear.
And it's good that these roosters so famous,
in the end t did not die as heroes
but went home happy saying happily cheerio!

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski

?????? ??? ???? - ?-? ??????????? ???? ????????????

...

Aleksandar Sasha Trajkovski



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