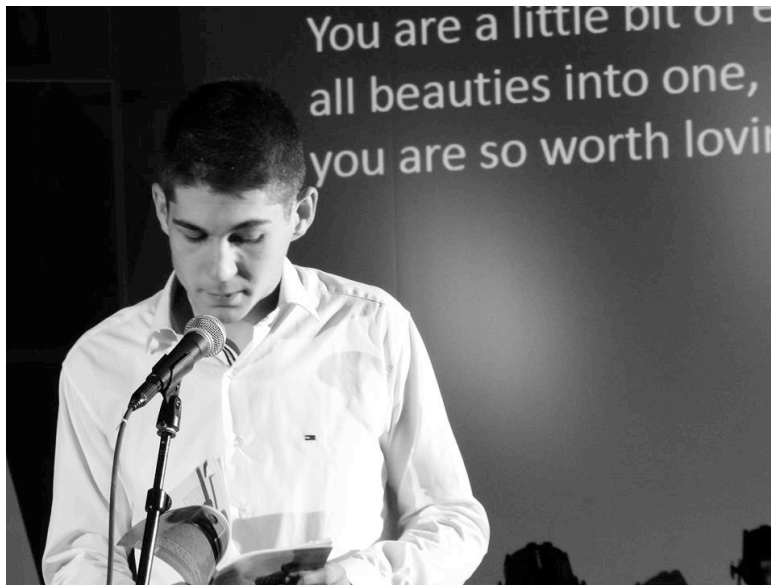


Poetry Collection
By
Viktor Jakimovski
(Introduction by Marija Makeska)



drugizborovi
||| |

otherwords
||| |

Foreword by Marija Makeska

It is such a joy to read a poet like Viktor Jakimovski, whose work is easy to understand, very detailed and up to the point. His work for the Other Words Project (a European project supported by the European Commission) was presented and collected in the spring/summer of 2016 in the Basque Country in order to promote small and minority languages, such as the Macedonian language. The project was carried out in San Sebastian, lasted for two months, and during his stay Viktor had a chance to explore the Basque culture and traditions, and to write and express himself in a creative manner.

The following poems are his stand-alone work, and some of them were presented during his stay. They are beautiful and interesting to read, and one should read them a few times to understand what he's trying to say.

"The Color Blind" is about a lost man who lives as color blind in his own illusion.

"Your Table is Free" is about people who were drinking in the past together, but are now separated, and the poet is refreshing the memory of their good old days.

"Under Our Sky" is the light that stays on the horizon after the darkness.

"Before Dreams" is the dream for a better future.

"Rain" is a metaphor for a rain drop that falls in the biosphere to be part of it, to have human life in it.

"(un)written rules" is starting a new letter about life, and about love.

"Who Knows, Knows" is searching for words, answers to questions about life.

In "Fortress", he says that he remembers someone in his life that means to him very much, but is unsure of the relationship with this person.

"You" is about someone the author says that he or she is "worth loving" and is part of his own life as someone who is close.

"We Do Go On" speaks about continuing to step forward, no matter the circumstances.

In "If You Ever Ask Me" the author stands still in front of someone in eternal silence on the question of whether he loves this person.

In "Destiny – Dreams" he contradicts himself with the positives and the negatives of dreams and destiny.

"You are There, Where I am" is the dream of the author for someone he loves and this person is everywhere in his conscious and subconscious mind. This person means to the author more than he could ever write about, so that's why he never writes anything.

THE COLOUR-BLIND

Silence is incapable of
outspeaking thought
I never used colouring books
just broke crayons
so I can prove my masculinity
I sail in-between two waves
live in three seas
I feel lost in the flight
long time ago stopped seeking the pray
I live in an illusion
so can survive in my own chaos
my life is so simply complicated
consisting of two colours
and I but the colour-blind

YOUR TABLE IS FREE

Pacaya. Who would miss who
when waves would separate us
when days would dawn on us
when ships would leave
who would cherish memories?

Arkupe!

What nights we have spent there
what truths we have drunk there!
Cursed be the foreign land
ever more beauty.

You, you who have served me the truth,
how can I write you in, in this poem
when you haven't even told me your name?

I would call you no name,
let them call me insane
when calling you in silence.

Four-legged friend of mine,
we both know time
cannot fill in
the empty glasses
or the new full ones
can bring back our times.

Pacaya, Arkupe!

Arkupe, Pacaya!

Like me and truth
like wine and poetry.

UNDER OUR SKY

In this light
we lose words
under this sky,
we create stories
to justify
our existence.

Darkness is our
ultimate power,
our greatest fear
our biggest
delusion
that what follows is
a new light.

The horizon mirrors
the time we are existing in today,
all things in it
are our little kingdom
where we all
look for our own freedom;
where spirit and time
are but one
while gradually we
are losing grip of our body's
beams.

BEFORE DREAMS

In the nightly hours
when in our blood run
memories, images, emotions
In the nightly hours
when we lose the morning
hoping for better future
When we look at the watch
and relatively calmly
we rejoice in the following
sunrise
Then, we don't care
who we were
or who we will be
In those nightly hours
we only live for the moment
we coexist with the stars
and the Moon
A second far from each other
and with thoughts delved into infinity
we live through the dream
before even dreaming it.

RAIN

Is it a sign
that skies are lonesome?
Or but a frantic supernatural
play of rain drops –
which would be the first to reach the ground?
Funny!
Were I a rain drop
I would have never liked
to fall down
and be a part of the chaos
called *human life*.
Were I a rain drop
I would have befriended the birds
and elevated alongside their freedom.

(un)written rules

I wish to start
a new life letter.

I wish my days were
unwritten poetry
everyone can understand.

I wish my mornings began
with a Capital letter,
and when nightfall supervenes
and darkness prevails
space

I wish I turned the wall lamp on

I wish I moved on threading
new love messages
under my lucky star.

Should you, by any chance, notice
a typographical error
do feel free to turn the letter
over.

There it is written –
the one and only proofreader is life itself.

Response to the Dedication Page 49

(Who Knows, Knows)

If I had known the words

I might

have proved

the unwritten...

I now feel empty inside

like the wolf

in search of

prey

I search for the words

hidden away somewhere in solitude.

Even right now, I still don't know where to look for them.

Perhaps in a different world

life would have created better history?!

Many questions left behind us,

in these vague times –

we create our own light.

Oh, life!

Isn't it shameful to ask:

Why did you diverge our paths too soon

when we were destined to be one?

Even when in two halves

divided...

Fortress

I am too young for great promises
that warm your heart
while like a faithful dog you expect me to make.
Don't make me be
a fake picture hung
on the wall to be torn down.
There have been, there will be, there are
days
we'll never forget.
Pleasantly enough for us.
While letting fate
plan my life
I turned into a fortress
at times
lacking your presence.

You

You appeared when I started to fade away,
in times when I forgot to love.

You are the reason that makes me happy
and its spirit joined with mine.

You are the flower popping out the snow
the first one to feel the Sun's heat.

You are a part of my youth, a memento
for a good night's sleep.

You are the hardest word to uttered
in the moments of the loudest silence.

You are wrapped up kindness, sent
as a present, with a reason.

You are a little bit of everything,
all beauties into one,
you are so worth loving.

We Do Go On

We sometimes might step on
a fiery flame that won't
stop burning our feet.
But we do go on,
since with no heat inside
our life turns into
a frozen story
cloaked in mist,
so we cannot eye
the beauty surrounding us
outside the thick cloak
that narrows down our horizon.

If You Ever Ask Me

If you ever ask me:

Have I ever loved you,
standing still, simply, I would be staring.

I would be staring at you, and in my head
various answers would shaffle

but I would continue
staring in silence.

Indeed...

My answer is but an eternal silence.

Destiny – Dreams

We have a dream of happiness
but we live unhappily.

We have a dream of life
but life secretly summons death close to us.

We have a dream of light
but light is but darkness.

We have a dream of comfort
but comfort is more of a discomfort!

We have a dream of Paradise
but we are mysteriously brought
in front of the gates of Hell!

We have a dream of future
but we have souls poisoned with memories!
Why don't we just stop dreaming?!

YOU ARE THERE, WHERE I AM

Now, I cannot find you
among the written pages
of the poetry.

There is no metaphor of you,
but, hey, the best things
cannot be written down.

They are not worthy of being
dusty and forgotten on shelves for years
by a vigorous reader
who would leave you as soon as
his friends ask him to grab a beer.

You are all that comes out of me
when I am drunk
and every foolish thing I do while sober.
Sometimes, you even appear in dreams –
one more reason

to oversleep today as every other day
and to wish for the director
to repeat our scene one more time.

How many smiles does a person need
to feel happy enough?

When with you, but a moment only is sufficient
to lose myself in an eternal bliss.

When with you, pride makes no sense
and every effort I make

to run away from you even for a moment
becomes more and more pointless.

You are the pathos that does not require alteration
in order to be an exceptional poetic whole.

You are my conscious, but I, unfortunately,
hardly ever write while sober.