

Poems by Tatjana Debeljacki

Not a Word, Nor Sufficient Moment

The moon of butterflies
Pure thoughts
Hidden moans of love
Poor musical note,
Sentenced lullabies,
Unfaithful and naked
In the sea of jealousy.
Come back sometimes
Under the different name.
In the nest evil women sleep
They're in hurry false-true,
Certain woman
Instead of your blood the mud is boiling!
Where is love?
In the voice!
Soaking curiosity with eyes
Hiding evilness with eyes
And between the two of us,
What was a lie?
That thing before,
Or this thing now.

FOREWORD, FOREFINGER

Accept or
discard
that writers and poets
when losing do not seek for faith
Those who bite nails
Mainly forefinger
Finger-foreword
Does not tell a word, does not show
For the reasons such as who or what
Is responsible for the present state

They let the time, time lets the poem
Poem opens for another poem,
In the words of colours
From-to short sleep
Inspiration is one of the threads in night.

MY GOD

Thank you God for my existence,
Thank you God for my ability to love,
Thank you for believing in me,
Thank you for all the right things,
Your slave is now ready for the punishment.
Thank you for my mother, father, sister,
For every pure word,
Reason, view.
Thank you for my strength, will,
My persistence.
For the will of those around me,
For those who could surround me,
Love me, for those surrounding me and do not love me.
For all my friends, acquaintances
For the future ones who could handle me
And those who couldn't.
At least there was some, at least there was a try.
Thank you for conquering the tears,
My pain in short lone moments
Which I would never notice again,
Because I am full of life poem and
Love for everybody.
Thank you for letting me read all these
Contents in the people, you the same as I do
Remember all actions. Thank you.
Dear God why do you smile out just as I do?
One Šarlo Akrobata,
One man from Valjevo,
One man from Montenegro,
One warrior, one false lover
One frontiersman, one writer,
One girl, one friend.
For one poem,

For one glory.
Than k you for one woman, mother, friend
Who understood me.
For helplessless, untrust
As the power of trust.
And I do believe in my God.

Tatjana Debeljacki, (born 1967, Užice), writes poetry, short stories, stories and haiku. She is a member of Association of Writers of Serbia -UKS since 2004 and Haiku Society of Serbia - HDS Serbia, HUSCG – Montenegro and HDPR, Croatia. She has published four collections of poetry: *A House Made of Glass*, (ART, 1996, Užice); *YOURS* (Narodna knjiga, 2003, Belgrade); *VOLCANO* (a collection of haiku poetry, Lotos, 2004, Valjevo). A CD book *A HOUSE MADE OF GLASS* published by ART in 2005, bilingual SR-EN with music, AH-EH-IH-OH-UH, published by Poeta, Belgrade in 2008. Her poetry and haiku have been translated into several languages.

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