Alisa Velaj - Arben P. Latifi

Six Poems

A Projection

Perhaps, fall won't be any more your visiting season;

you might be seeking different sky within yourself.
My love, you now resemble a nocturnal flower,

spreading wildly away from your sustaining soil.
I have nothing else to do this September,

but to watch and wait in the woods at twilight
for that ghost season to hopefully flash by
all of a sudden...

Land of Storms

There's an inherent longing in fall showers, my dear,

an unspoken word, like these undischarged clouds.
Like fugitives out speeding sounds,
we often migrate through azures,
forgetting that you simply loving me,
forgetting that me simply loving you,
is no novelty but an ancient ritual,
like the run of time from one season to another.
I ought to embrace you and love;

you ought to be aflame for love, me, and us both,
same as these boundless skies embrace themselves

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in front of any surprise that nature sows...
You will then realize what longing means,

how risk-free this land of storms is
we will then realize...

Tonight I Love All of My Loves

Tonight I love all of my loves, Maria;

all of my loves.
Waters flow on and on under the bridge of river Lethe,
same as my time and yours does, Maria—
a time surfeited of love and pebbles!
Maria, do you feel that gurgle?

It is my first love, drowsy by these waters;
rather than perceiving me, it gained self-perception...
My last love is that fish under the bridge;

please behold, behold it, Maria!
It did fathom me deeper than all of my loves...
Heat tired it out, though; its body couldn't stand it alone.

Early one Saturday, it jumped into this same river,
leaving me lonely, all by myself, Maria;
love left me all alone...
As I now wander mornings on the bridge,

river Lethe keeps silent and barely besprinkles me.
Still, it sparks in me a light every dusk,
a candle flame to all of my bygones...
Please keep this a secret, Maria, will you?

River Lethe swears that I am his daughter!

Still Life

I am neither leaving, nor coming, my beloved;

I am always there like a tree,
waiting for, and seeing off, every season of yours.
If you come furious like a fall gust,

if you suddenly burst in like a mad winter rainstorm,
my leafless branches will be the sight you'll see!
I have neither left, nor come, young man;

my moonlets hidden amid fog
glow crimson, still, this fiery-tongued spring.
My body bubbles like an overflowing waterfall,

when you neither arrive, nor migrate elsewhere,
but spread through my being like this morning hoarfrost,
dreamy, endless, like the sky over the ocean...

A Prayer

arable land

abundant sun seeds by day
sheer silence by sunset...
o land inseminated with light and salt

bear you a sibling to clarity
before the last of days is over!

Echo

She boasts a crown of white tulips on her head,

a pillow of tulips every time she awakens from sleep;
she is a boat in her aspiration toward light,
an echo encased within a tulip's body frame...
(Sounds of oars stroking the water
reach her I don't know where from...)



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