

A BASQUE POET IN MACEDONIA

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*We frontier folk don't know where
the boundaries are.*

otherwords
||| |

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Spring's awoken again,
its very beginnings,
the start of a sort of certainty,
full of promise and the richness of the season's wonders.

This new year
is a new song,
a teenager who's arrived,
the season to celebrate
ripeness sprung from youth,
it's the start of a wonderful dawn.

Listen to our hearts:
we wish you every happiness.

MACEDONIA FULL OF WORDS
MACEDONIA FULL OF POEMS
A POET IN MACEDONIA, MACEDONIA FOR THE POET
MACEDONIA FULL OF POEMS

MAKEDONIA

I'd make you a fruit salad¹
from the fruit I've seen in the market here,
and summer's ending,
summer's running out
and I'm waiting for the summer of my life,
the kiss-less summer's running out...
but are you sure
you didn't give me a kiss?
Sure?
There are kisses
which never reach your lips...
...my whole body's
covered with your kisses, almost my whole body
kisses from your eyes,
from your fingers,
you remember how our lips came together
Surrounded by saltpetre from the Silver Sea
under that girl's gaze?
So I'll ask you once more?
Didn't you give me a kiss?
where are you "here and now"
I've asked myself,
but perhaps, maybe,
"tomorrow and there" you'll be

¹ 'Mazedonia' in the original, being the same word in Basque for the country and the dish

and I can't see you,
because maybe I'm "yesterday and there".

I don't know if there are any friends,
if there is any love there:

When I remember that voice

I feel alone...

...Can I talk to you about pain?

I don't know if this foolish heart
doesn't feel too much!

I don't know if you're alive,
if this path

will take me anywhere!

I don't know if it'll take me
to your sunlight,

but here I am, under my moonlight.

I don't know why I still write poetry
because poetry's suffering,

but writing this verse

makes me feel I'm with you

in this land of Alexander the Great and Mother Teresa.

You'll have a sweet fruit salad waiting
when you come back, my lost love...

In nights without a full moon

*I'll write love songs.
When you appeared from nowhere back then,
and you filled my nights with moonlight,
with words and kisses of love,
you promised me we'd go together to find the lost golden comb
on the islands on the Silver Sea.
I've been lost since then,
looking for the crack that opens up
the invisible chain of love which tied us together,
when each moment of life blows away like smoke
I want to catch it in the air
thinking I'll find one of your promised words,
in Bitola, or in the band around each cigar
in my dreams.*

HERACLEA

Towards the ancient Macedonian city,
and on the way I go into a large cemetery,
there's an Orthodox chapel there:

Antonio was waiting for me there, *Little Toni* to his friends
and he told me about the chapel in his Macedonian-toned English:
*"Politika is corrupted. Politika is nothing,
but heart and faith is the most important"*.

The Greeks think Macedonia is theirs,
but the Macedonians have Macedonia as theirs,

HEART AND SOUL.

There's something in the air in Macedonia,
there'll be a referendum soon,
to change the name Macedonia or not.

Hearts running full, fit to burst any time.

All of a sudden I think of that in
the ruins of the ancient city of Heraclea:

Alexander the Great's father built the city in the 4th century BC;
not the Romans, or the powerful Greeks,
the Macedon city created itself,
under nobody's rule,

AS POLITICS HAS NO PLACE

WHERE THERE'S HEART AND SOUL.

Where your heart is, your body is,
my body here, my heart's far away.

Less politics, more poetics,
to show the greatness of our smallness?

ZLATEN DAB

*summer's gone by and he hasn't come and my heart's in pain, let autumn come once more and
become spring all of a sudden: I wish you all a good spring...*

GOLDEN ROCK

Whispering to the bird
to do nothing, to drink the wine of life,
to stop and wait for the fruit of autumn,
what was sown in spring will not be lost.
Look at the waterfall,
the water's cold,
swim and lie in the sun.
Then think in silence of your loved one,
even if he's with somebody else, worst luck,
the bird belongs to that oak tree,
and sings in silence it loves him,
it wants to build its nest there...

BUKOBO

IN THE BIRCH WOOD.

In the red pepper town
I should use today,
hope being my fellow traveller,
experience along my back-bone and
prejudices in my pocket.
The day ends in the red pepper town,
and, following the past,
I didn't know how to love,
and that's why he left me.

HAPPINESS

Full moon nights are good
for filling gaps in your heart with poetry;
clear autumn nights
looking at the moon
I'm silent
finding my happiness
after drinking a BOZA²,
that Macedonian soft drink,
I lift my voice up:
'Have a good autumn!'
summer's gone by
and he hasn't come
and my heart's in pain,
let autumn come
once more
and become spring all of a sudden.

AIR!

Life's a dream, LET'S DREAM!
But life's like a dream
it's a blink of the eye and
going forward's the only way
to move ahead.
Hope my fellow traveller,
experience along my back-bone
and prejudices in my pocket.

² In Basque 'poza' means 'happiness', and 'boz' is a word for 'voice'.

CMETKA.

We ask for the bill
and go somewhere else,
to live in somebody else's skin,
in front of a large screen,
because I don't want to face up to today,
my heart's tired and stressed
as we ask for the bill
when we leave the restaurant
we go to the film festival
looking for another challenge
walking into the screen
and diving into an unknown situation,
living outside myself
a chance to live inside.

HVALA.

THANK YOU. Many thanks. A thousand thanks.

I always carry what I love and miss around with me,

because I remember what I love and miss,

I'm whole, alive,

with all my senses.

If only! Inshalla!

As if he were here with me,

and everything we've gone through and gone through together

is the past and we'll take next step

with greater certainly

if he promised me that.

Flying together,

making this world more poetic.

Because I miss you

when I'm with others

if you remember how much I love you

and soon I won't miss you,

because we'll be together. Inshalla! Amen!

So be it...

JA SUM...

Ja sum Ainara.

I am and I have not.

I am what I am

a tearful poet

a woman in love waiting for his return,

who, one day, you will see turn into a joyful singer.

If they tell you not to cry, (what the hell, just go on)

if they promise you they'll come back, (promises are shit³)

one day (guten morgen)

a joyful singer (ahí te quiero ver⁴)

PERSON

Woman or man,

girl or boy,

I'm a PERSON above all else,

this person in all languages,

and I don't want to pay too much attention

to mere details,

keeping your distance is best

to lessen the distance between us.

Because life is no dream,

but life is like a dream,

it disappears in a blink of the eye,

and even if what I'm living right now is real

it sees nothing if I don't see

whoever's next to me.

I am a person

with all my inner angels and devils.

³ In English in the original

⁴ In Spanish in the original: 'I'd like to see you in that situation'

VERO.

There's a lot on offer at the market,
the sea's full of fish
and I'm HOT⁵ as I dive into the sea of desire inside me.
Those of us who haven't yet had the chance to be mothers,
we have to chance to travel and dream and write about being mothers.
Those of us who can't wait to be mothers
ask our cowardly partners to be braver.
In fear of getting lost in everything the market has to offer
we drown in the sea of our own love.
And I say "hot" not wishing to cool your desires and dreams,
not to dampen you before what you might say to me.
With a cold head and a warm heart,
trying to find balance in life.

ZDRAVO.

HEALTH, love and money.
Those are the priorities in life.
We live to eat and drink in health,
to love each other in health.
I greet each new day in health:
HELLO!
I want to travel towards each night in health.
Health, they say, is the most important thing in life,
but what would health be without love?
Illness and death.

⁵ 'BERO', the Basque word for 'hot'

BELIMACE. *Constantin Belimace (July 1848–1932) was an Ottoman-born Romanian and a Yugoslavian poet.*

POET'S SILENCE IN THIS WORLD OF BEAUTY

My parents say our

ancestors destroyed everything

in a big fire.

We were left with no army

almost without strength

and we were tamed

from being firm patriots,

patriots in co-existence.

Clouds murmuring together

have brought bitter rain:

there is regret at home,

the poet's tongue has spoken too much,

and his down-trodden language

has turned fire into gold:

and we take a seat

and calmly talk.

The poet's desperate tongue's on fire.

The first spark of the fire

is in our ancestors' hearts,

grandma's speaking,

our hope is in the dream of dreams.

Will socks made my mother's mother
warm our naked feet!
God and the Old Laws⁶ have fled
to look after a different flock!
The poet is silent in his grave,
our ancestors are cold by the fire-less chimney
because we have forgotten their stories and legends
and we no longer believe in anything.

BLAGODARAN.

THANK YOU,
I'm grateful
and I'm not looking at that valley.
Even if your heart's on that hill,
girl,
I'm here, poet!
I'm grateful to life,
grateful my darling
loves me so much
I'm here, looking out,
looking for reason,
hunting for poetry.
I'm grateful my darling
loves me so much
I'm writing this poem for her.

⁶ In Basque, 'Jaungoikoak eta Lege Zaharrak', the Basque Nationalist Party's slogan

SHIROK ROPES.

A WIDE STREET.

Up the street, down the street,
it seems we're moving freely
clack-clack in high-heeled shoes
we seem to leave our trace wherever we go.
Up the street, down the street,
it seems we're moving freely and with no ties
openly and not holding hands
between the people, in the centre of the city
we leave our trace wherever we go
I've realised I'm not that free,
even if there are no ropes or chains
isn't there some invisible thread that ties us up
wherever we are?

KACA.

CACK?

Flowers spring up anywhere,
but the most natural ones, the ones I love the most
are in the trash, in cack, they spring up there.

On lawns, in gardens artificially
watered every day and pampered flowers
don't seem natural to me.

I admire them in trash,
roses and violets which spring up there.

Poetry, too, can be found anywhere,
but the finest poems are those which come from pain,
I've often heard that,
and this wounded heart,
which, too, has moved through cack and puddles,
has brought out some flowers,
naive and innocent,
do I write poetry because I'm still suffering
or because I want to go on suffering?
Is poetry naive, therapy for those in love,
words which nobody is interested in,
and that's why I have to stop writing poetry?

As I'm a grown woman,
should I start writing prose?

I admire those fine flowers which spring from cack
even though they're far from where most people look,
most people pay them no heed.

MONASTIR.

We were looking for a wood
on the way to the MONASTERY, to the city of Bitola,
but we didn't want a wood to get lost in,
we wanted one we could find each other in,
ourselves,
our stories and
our memories
like a road roller
to find those of the women who had passed by there.

HOOK.

The hook's hanging from the late
mother's pot,
by shaking her broom
the late mother from Oitz
she kept the house clean and tidy,
but until now I've never met a cheese maker like
the mother from Amaiur!
There are no hooks in my kitchen,
and being the oldest, house-less daughter
I take care of no house,
nor do I make cheese,
but wherever I go
I leave my trace in the world
I am because they were –
Ainara, seamstress of words.

RAKIA.

ELIXIR OF LIFE.

Let's drink life's magic potion
until we're full, before the fountain of love
runs out.

Let's drink life's magic potion
until we're full, as time never stops
and let's drink, let me get drunk,
dance and sing
until life ends.

T'GA ZA JUG.

SOUTHWARDS.

If I had an eagle's wings

I'd take flight

a fly to our coast,

to our environment,

to see Istanbul, to look at Kukux,

and see the dawn:

Is Dismal there? Or here?

If the sun is still coming up,

if it comes across me here or there,

I'll get ready to travel further afield,

I'll go to see some other coastlines,

to where the dawn says goodbye to me

clearly, simply,

and where the sky winks at me with the stars.

It's dark here, I'm surrounded by darkness,

dark mist covers the earth;

there's ice here, snow and dust, nothing else.

Mist everywhere, frozen ground,

and my chest is cold,

my thoughts are dark.

No, I can't stay here any longer, no,

I can't look at any more ice.

Give me wings and

I'll fly away,

away to our coast

once again to our places,

to Ohrid or Struga.

The sun warms my soul there,

dawn breaks on sunny peaks;

there are many gifts there

given by nature's force.

Look at the clear, almost white lake

or the blue-darkened winds,

look on plains or over hills:

the triumph of beauty's everywhere.

My troubled heart takes joyful breath everywhere"

Oh, let the sun hide away

and let me die there!

(Konstantin Mladinov, Macedonian poet, 1830-62)

LETO.

SUMMER'S over and
love in Montevideo
was a summer's night dream;
the sun seemed to bow over,
my caring lover lost his heart and became afraid.
Dreaming's free
and I'm free because I dream.
This autumn night
I want to dream
and see my caring lover,
his arms open,
and we're together once more.

DRAGOR.

The dragon's asleep. Or dead, I don't know.

The leaves keep falling off the trees on the riverbank
and they can't go back to the tree, and they fall on the ground,
and they can't go up, you can't fall upwards.

Dead, dead leaves pile up on the ground
and I don't know if the dragon's asleep,
perhaps he's dead and that's why he doesn't realise
the summer's gone
and his fire has to cure my wounded heart.

Perhaps the dragon's asleep
and perhaps the sound of the river
or the birds' singing
will wake that sleeping child.

But perhaps the dragon is dead
and the trees on the riverbank are stripping themselves in front of me.

MED.

They've told me HONEY's best
for keeping away from the doctor,
it makes all ills sweeter,
those of the heart too.

Does the doctor know
what heartburn is,
it's not heartache?

I've been with my darling,
and it's impossible.

I'm missing the summer at the start of autumn
the summer's gone and the warm sun
strokes your skin in a different way
there's the smell of autumn in the wind,
and the wind's been stroking me the autumn way,
so's the sun.

The sun strokes me softly
and I love feeling the air,
it's like licking honey from your fingers.

STRUGA.

Following a long EEL
we come to a CROSS
with our dark thoughts
and mixed emotions
THE WIND BLOWS softly
and sometimes cold
on the side of the lake
and we sit down in Venecia Square
to have coffee at dawn
before we do anything else.
I'm in Pablo Neruda Street,
in Venecia Square,
sunny and romantic,
during this long day
I can write the saddest verses,
perhaps I don't love you
but how much I have loved you,
in this poetic, romantic city
I remember you, my caring oak tree...
I miss you...
perhaps I don't love you, that's true,
how short love is and how long forgetting it...
but maybe I still love you...

DRIM.

*Dream*⁷

Dream

Life's just a dream,

the poet said,

and the world is an illusion.

Falling in love was a dream,

and making love because you loved me.

Anyway, the world is an illusion

*and have a nice trip!*⁸

I wish you the best, darling,

I'm the best for you too,

but do what you want.

Walking by the DRIM RIVER

I dreamt I was holding my darling's hand

Dream, everything is dream

*and the love is also a nice dream.*⁹

The whole of life is like the river,

whether a dream, illusion or reality,

we flow from the source to the sea,

flowing along and waiting to pour

ourselves into the sea.

⁷ *In English in the original.*

⁸ *In English in the original.*

⁹ *In English in the original*

KALIXTA.

Perhaps tonight

I'll write you the saddest love poem

because you're not here with me

in this poetic, sacred city.

Perhaps tonight

you'll write to me in Basque again

to say you love me,

to build our bridge.

Maybe.

Maybe?

Inevitably

otherwise right here

in this lake monsters

will hook me

and drag me down.

KRUXEBO.

Leave me if you want to, my darling,
remember I miss you.

Nothing happened as we expected,
nothing ever happens as we expect,
the future's ours

but right now you're not with me

and I've asked for a spoonful of sugar
with a little milk

I've added the sugar

and said goodbye to you tonight

with the hope that tomorrow morning you'll wake me
saying "good morning, love".

In fact, the world's an illusion

and life's like a dream

a blink of the eye

and I miss you when I go to bed

I miss your kisses;

in fact, how well you kiss my lips,

as if you had been born to do that!

I miss you

I love you, my caring oak tree.

MAKEDONUM.

*In this world... for this world...*¹⁰

In this world

I'm writing poetry,

I'm writing this world.

THE MACEDONIAN REVOLUTION

broke out in the village I'm in,

Macedonia's a free nation now

and I've taken a photo of this world,

I'm writing to this unique, plural world,

the one we're all together in,

but sometimes my own identity's

denied

other times silenced

and I wonder if they're Macedonian or Albanian,

but now I plagiarise Mother Teresa's words:

I'm not anybody's

but I believe in people,

in God,

in Christ's sacrifice,

and I have Love for humanity

for all humans.

¹⁰ *In English in the original*

But I was born in Irun
and I'll always be a citizen of Irun
above all boundaries or religions
I'm Basque.
In this world
drinking from this world
I write to this world.

WATER.

MOCT in Macedonian

The Basque word ZUBIA¹¹

is WATER in Albanian.

Water is my source of life;
that is my heart's darling.

It spoke to me and invited me
to make a bridge

for love's live waters to feed us daily.

To do that, all we had to do was choose the words well

but I don't know what happened,

although I wrote love letters and poems

I don't know why, we couldn't hold onto our love,
for our bridge to stay standing. TO LIVE.

¹¹ Meaning 'bridge'

It's water in Albanian,
what's 'bridge' in Basque
is 'water'
the bridge between him and me.

PEPERUTKA.

BUTTERFLY.

Half dead, half alive
in the middle of the street
touch the autumn
in this summer
I stop to look at southern leaves
the soft wind barely moves
I pause
in this ceaseless life.
A Bitolsko, please,
to celebrate life
in all the seconds we're dying,
in all the minutes we're coming to life once more.

ZMEJ.

KITE. DRAGON.

The dragon's appeared to me once more.

I never made a kite when I was a child
I never played with kites either;
we had other toys.

The kite's taken me back to childhood
I made it myself
and I've seen everything clearly:
adults' love isn't fair, it isn't clear,
there are always interests there.

IT'S NOT FAIR LOVE

IT'S NOT FAIR THE WORLD¹²

and we live to clear
the world up with a child's look, point of view.

I looked with a child's innocent, simple gaze
at the small, dreaming, caring kite.

At the age of 42

I come across a bit of childhood I never had
and I'm not nostalgic
because it's something new.

At 42 I'm reconsidering life,
thinking about things again,
life blows have worn out my optimism,
but I'm learning to look at the good side of everyday things
with a child's point of view.

¹² In English in the original

MASS.

How fine it was

the love you had for me!

In this world

the only thing I hope for

is you,

I need you

to go forward in this life.

How fine it is

the love I have for you!

I pray at the bar's MASS

for you and for me

for us;

I know I don't have much money

but if I had

I'd buy a house for us both to live there,

I know I don't have much to offer you

apart from my limitless love,

and this poem.

This poem is for you

for you I have lost

this world is wonderful

because you are in it

and this poem is yours, my darling.

KAMEN.

The people that bow down to nobody,
the STONE which survives in this land
energy.

Big men
with the stones in their hands
attack their enemy.

Daring women
fought
for this people
to achieve independence
the stone and energy people
like Basque stone
will stay on its feet.

KOZARA.

I'VE LOVED YOU FOR A LONG TIME

I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU.

Staying at home

and the desperate words of love from

the single, widowed girl.

The boy left home

to fight, to Kozara,

and there was a terrible battle there

during Second World War

to free Yugoslavia.

At the same time

and the desperate words of love from

words of love are those.

I'VE LOVED YOU FOR A LONG TIME

I'LL NEVER LOVE A HOMELAND

BUT I DO LOVE YOU

AND I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU.

I went to the

clean source,

there was fine water there,

and I swam in it.

I'VE LOVED YOU FOR A LONG TIME

I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU.

Under a chestnut tree
I dried myself,
on the highest branch
a nightingale was singing.

I'VE LOVED YOU FOR A LONG TIME

I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU.

Sing, nightingale, sing
with your happy heart
with your laughing heart
while I cry.

I'VE LOVED YOU FOR A LONG TIME

I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU.

I've lost my friend
without deserving to
because of a bunch of roses
I didn't want to take.

I'VE LOVED YOU FOR A LONG TIME

I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU.

I would have wanted the rose
to become a rosebush,
and I would still love
my darling.

SLOBODA.

FREEDOM

Oh, poet,

how difficult freedom

is for you!

I read that in

Xabier Lete's work.

In fact, for me

love is the greatest thing

and without it

freedom's cold and sad.

Oh, poet,

you dream of your people's freedom,

but you don't want your own,

you don't want to be alone and cold.

In the name of freedom

thousands of hearts stopped on the battlefield

without giving love

and without writing love letters.

Oh people,

how difficult freedom

until you get

love!

BURE.

BARREL.

Cider hotel.

I'm in the inn of

beer

looking at the barrel.

My body has emptied

as the moon has grown.

My body is empty

and my heart full of feelings and experience.

Looking at the barrel

I ask myself:

is it full?

I feel that

the barrel's sad,

so far from my darling

but we both see the full moon

wherever we are

even if we apart.

The barrel being empty's poetry;

bringing two words together which would never join is

writing mysterious poetry.

The reader has to decide what that mystery is.

Can the barrel be sad even if it isn't empty?

MOCT.

Cut off and start again.

The full moon's rope

is bright

but painful.

The moon's light

cuts deep wounds

and we have to let the dead go

so that we can live.

BRIDGES have been built

to keep up relationships

and keep on standing up straight,

not cut off.

PELISTER.

We head off up the mountain

to escape from the crude reality beneath.

Running up the hill,

others walking,

and sometimes looking at the frozen lake in the heights,

thinking of lost loves.

Running up the hill,

I'm the last to reach, PELISTERKA!

There is it: 2,600 metres above crude reality.

I've found my dream:

I would like to be a mother

with my lost love;

I would like that if the siren will help me find

the lost golden comb.

I would like...

and, all of a sudden, back down to reality,

to the city.

SRCE.

HEART

Malfunction

is just not functioning.

And that's next to nothing.

Malfunction's a vice,

an anomaly,

a lack of skill,

a lack of strength,

a trauma,

agony...

It's a health problem which comes along all of a sudden

and your life changes,

the main problems in daily life:

the image of a usual family becomes blurred,

children face traumas

and children's daily failings come to light.

Some people change a bit

and commit treason metaphorically;

others act the life they would like to have

without really changing anything.

Malfunction is in our hearts,

on this world's stage.

And there are no secrets between us,

because we're all spectators and actors at the same time

on this world's giant stage.

Everything's clear. The pain of behaving well.

Welcome to my poetry!

PRILEP.

The city of beer and smoking,
scenery to take your breath away.

Markovi Kuli, a UNESCO

heritage site,

walking and walking

through the nature park

your eyes wide open

towards the monastery;

but I need the greenery and humidity

of the Basque mountains

to draw breath,

that green gives me life,

this brown, dry colour takes my breath away.

But I offer my life, breath and poetry

to these rock-filled mountains,

their dry, brown earth,

for a moment.

At Treskavec monastery,

following the religious tradition,

I light a candle to God's Mother,

and ask her for my lost love to appear

and me to get pregnant.

DRUGIZBOROVI.

More than words,

love.

I can't stop saying

I love you.

 You're so fine and great

 like a great oak tree.

I need you.

My heart needs

your Basque words of true love.

I need those OTHER WORDS.

JUGOESLABIA.

The Slavonic lands are wide,
from the north to the south,
from the west to the east,
they are limitless in this old Europe of ours;
there are many Slavonic languages,
and how can you limit Europe?

In the south of the Slavonic lands
there are Balkan people, mountain people;

Strabo once described

us Basques as
people from the woods
because in general he couldn't understand
what people living the woods said,
and we were woods people for him

wild and natural

from the woods

Basque.¹³

Nor can I fully understand

this Balkan, mountain people

in Yugoslavia

the southern

Slavonic region.

¹³ 'basoko', from the woods; 'basko', Basque.

SARMA.

It has a special CHARM for me

the tapas bar,

I've gone in there

because the chef's

a favourite of mine.

I sit next to the golden oak

and try to savour what I have

until I get what I want.

The rice with grape or pumpkin leaves

is charm,

it has special charm for me

the tapas bar,

a place where they cook with love

and I love this place I live,

the bridge between two hearts.

The bridge which links two sides of the ocean

with the strength of both sides' hearts.

CUCKOO.

My dear witch,

they say October's us witches' month.

Frogs' eyes, toads' eyes, good luck all week!

Bat's wings, worms' skins, be happy today and tomorrow!

Dragons' horns, so nobody's heart dries out!

A sharp broom, a big broom, may you be prettier from year to year!

Small chain, big chain, give me lots of coins!

October's over,

and here too they want to celebrate Halloween

because of globalisation,

weakened by globalisation,

inevitably learning whatever you see.

But I've been playing cuckoo

SAVED BY CHILDREN'S GAMES

hide-and-peek from one place to another

wanting to flee the world

I hide amongst people.

ZAR SAMOIL.

I live

in the Bulgarian czar's street,

I feel almighty

when I write,

and from the Bulgarian czar's street

with Prilep's homeland in mind

I place myself in the 10th century.

In the Bulgarian czar's times

I feel like nothing

in the middle of his mediaeval empire

and then

I come back to the 21st century.

Today I get lost in globalisation

and I feel like nothing,

even when I write,

even if I see the sun setting behind Prilep mountain,

I would never have thought that Bulgaria's prophet and czar

could have been more powerful than the Byzantine and Roman empire

and as the sun falls to the earth

in its golden chariot,

saying this to Caesar's great soul:

The Danube (Bulgaria) takes

the crown of Rome for itself.

PELLA.

A mother's tear can wipe out ten thousand letters.

I went to the ancient capital of Macedonia,
Alexander the Great's birthplace,
and his father Philip II gave him a kiss
as he got off his horse and said:

My child, ask for the kingdom you deserve
Macedonia isn't enough for you.

Aristotle was his teacher when he was young
and he said to him once:

behave like a leader among the Greeks
and a conqueror among the barbarians.

Alexander the Great's pride

wanted to overcome God:
Zeus, you can have Mount Olympus;

I'll have the Earth.

As well as being a warrior,

there are many sculptures, paintings and letters in his heritage.

A mother's tear can wipe out ten thousand letters.

THESSALONICA.

The capital of southern Macedonia

is in Greece now, but the feelings, language and culture are the same

even if there are different flags

which come down and go up every day;

you are my capital, my darling,

the rest of you have feelings too

it's not just me

and I have to give them a chance for you all,

not be an egotist.

I know that,

but I get hurt

and it's hard to live without my love,

he's owned me since long ago.

ALPHA.

Alpha, the first letter.

The start's the end too,

everything that starts ends

today's time and the past's time

perhaps they're both today in the future,

and the time of the future has

the time of the past within it.

If all time's present for ever,

time cannot be bought.

Today's for ever.

From the start of the alphabet

to Omega,

from life to death,

today is

tomorrow, the day after and yesterday.

OHRID.

THE CITY OF LIGHT.

There are 350 churches

and on the hill there's

a mediaeval fortress

to protect the city's sacred place:

in 3 religions' sacred place

a holy cross and a swastika

symbol of eternity and happiness.

And in the middle of the sacred place

Ohrid's Saint Clement's tomb,

the miracle-doer.

I've asked for a miracle

and if that takes place,

I'll thank Peska,

a wise, charming woman and my

very own tourist guide

for giving me a new miracle from Saint Clement.

City of 350 churches,

sacred city, Ohrid,

Lychnidus in Greek, city of light

a sacred place

for cleansing sins.

From Saint Jovan church

there's a beautiful view of Ohrid lake

and I've taken a photo of it in my mind.

From the most beautiful place on the lake
you can see Saint Naum
and on the other side of the mountain
mythical Prespa lake,
higher up than Ohrid lake
and Prespa feeds it with its water
transparent, clean Ohrid.

The point where sky and land combine,
the point where history and myth mix,
lake, invisible horizon.

Paris is not the city of light;

Ohrid is.

The birds of Ohrid want Ohrid

and I've appeared in Ohrid,
suddenly in the warm heart of Macedonia,
reflected in the transparent water.

Me.

You.

Us.

Paris is not the city of light;

Ohrid is.

Place of clear water, cleansing water,

Ohrid's Saint Clement

the miracle-doer.

PLAOSNIK.

PLACE OF PURIFICATION.

In the sacred place of miracles

I've asked for a miracle to take place

In front of Ohrid's Saint Clement's tomb,

with all my faith.

I've put all my faith into it

for the bridge of love to be repaired and reinforced

and me to get pregnant.

I have the finest view of Ohrid lake in front of me

above the fishermen's houses

under the fortress.

I've gone down to the town

and had a coffee,

the coffee inspires my life

the coffee takes from life.

STOBI.

...Stobis, vetus urbs..."

as the Roman historian Livy named it,

at the confluence of rivers Crna and Vardar, was the largest city in the northern part of the Roman province Macedonia, later capital city of the Roman province Macedonia Secunda, an important urban, military, administrative, trade and religious centre of two large empires: Roman and Early Byzantine¹⁴

...Stobis, vetus urbs..."

STOBI, AN OLD CITY

after I drink wine I get drunk

after smoking I go crazy

courting I'm embarrassed

what will my life be like?

But what has happened isn't old,

what lasts long is,

and the past isn't dead.

Because the past and right now

are in the future too.

¹⁴ In English in the original.

SFEST.

From FESTIVAL to festival
and party to party
we go looking for inspiration
to dive into Macedonia.
Coffee inspires me
under the bridge

in the artistic bar under the bridge
and I start writing poetry;
in fact, Shakespeare got it:

TO WRITE OR NOT TO BE¹⁵

to write or not to be

that's the essence of life!

to write or not to be

I have no other path

to move forward

writing to you

on a blank piece of paper

waiting for you to fill it up.

¹⁵ In English in the original.

BENERA.

This cold autumn
needing to go down
VENUS is my north at night
my heart guides my life
and it took me to you
our lives crossed;
with a fine, heartless man

materialist and selfish

I fell in love

He let me fall

and I got hurt.

Then you came along,

I saw you

and I saw that you were alone,

and the words of your heart's love

led me to

believe in true love once more.

I don't want cheap embraces or false smiles;

I want to know the truth about you.

I love the imperfection of your perfection

the roses which come out in spring look perfect

but they're imperfect because their petals fall over time

though their essence is within.

I wasted time waiting for you
and I'm still waiting for you.

The time for true love has come
and you've arrived,
take a deep breath
shake your wings
sing your songs

You aren't like other men
Wake up
find yourself deep down.

PRIATOR.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN.

I know we'll meet again.

Why do I have to write
a sad song about you?

You were fun and nice;
you were happiness itself;

your smile had the power,

your hands full of clovers,

limitless

you shared them with the rest of us

and you took care of the rest.

Your positive vibrations make us laugh again.

I lost a friend,
lost my twin soul,
the best lover,
and faith fills up
my lonely days,
along this dusty road.

Memories only affect my liver,
and because I lost a friend
I know we'll meet again.
Only God knows!
And that's why I won't get any sadder.

Your angel will guide me
and show me the right way.
Finding peace and love in heaven once more,
its full of music, paintings, poets and verses.

You are my dream from day to day
we'll meet on the other side.

I know we'll meet again.,
only God knows!
And that's why I kick all my sorrows out.

I'll try
not to cry any more,
your soul will always be there for me
because you haven't died,
and we'll always be together,
no goodbyes!

PRIATOR.

Till the next one!

When we return coffee is our strength

our ritual

our passion

it guides us

and inspires us.

how fast time goes by!

and I have no desire

to take part in Basque language activities and local democracy...

my heart only wants to be happy, with its darling...

like time lost with my lost love...

here I am "in the capital of love"...

Recently arrived from Macedonia's "city of light"...

melancholy at the end of this afternoon...

reflecting

waiting for the plane.

Waiting for love.

In the waiting room.