

Poetry Series

Agim Bacelli
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Agim Bacelli(03/14/1951)

'After all these years I see that I was mistaken about Eve in the beginning; it is better to live outside the Garden with her than inside it without her.'

-Mark Twain

Agim Bacelli, Nickname - Agideba. He was born and raised in the city of Korcha, situated in the Southeast of Albania near to the border with Greece.

He started writing in verse at the age of 12 years old and even younger. His late father was a popular poet (bejtexhi) . He used to versify easily and recite to Agim. He was very sweet-tongued! He taught his son how to make verse, in poetry, revealing to him its 'secrets'. Sometimes though, Agim failed in creating verse and remained a writer of prose; prosing and writing short stories. Later, poems and prose became his hobby and have remained so for the rest of his life. Agim has published his articles in Albanian newspapers and mass-media. Although he liked the publicity, he was not able to publish his own works due to the Communist regime in Albania. Albanian poets & writers were considered to be 'crazy people' during the Communist regime and many of them ended up in jail. Agim published many publicity articles or short stories and poems, but had not published a book to date. He was wary of any persecution from the Communist regime. In 1991 the door of democracy was opened to Albania and for Agim as well.

He came to America, on May 22nd,1995, through the 'Diversity Visa' lottery with his family; wife Evrion, and two sons named Eralg (Eric) & Erkend (Kenny) . America, the land of opportunity and a free and great country, provided him the chance to publish six of his own works: 1-'The Three-dimensional Beauty', including his verses,2-'This is America', as well as short stories,3-'The Bacellis Bio',4-'Nje kauboj ne nju Jork',5-'Ne carkun e puthjeve' and 6-'The Twins'. With hope, Agim will also soon publish four of his own works: 1 - Poems,2 - Short Stories,3 - Living Stories on the Albanian Air Force,4 - A historical book about Ibrahim Pasha, commander in chief of Mehmet Ali of Egypt.

You can check out his writings on many websites of his compatriots all over the world, via the internet. If you would like to know more about Agim please check out:

A Lady For Us...

Agim Bacelli

A Lady for us...

There's a Lady in our town,
The prettiest Lady around,
Black hair and eyes of blue,
She is for me and for you...

Agim Bacelli

Bacelli's Walnut Tree

Bacelli's Walnut Tree

Not far the corner of my home's knee
Just some yards above the road
Stands on its glory the Big Walnut Tree
Branched right and left over the road
As the years jump on line and the clock ticks
I can see through the epochs and curtain blinds
Babies being born, marriages, deaths, wars and miseries
Misfortunes and happiness experienced by Bacellis
This Big Walnut Tree, the old sincere angel
The witness so fair for a hundred years.

I often come back to this Walnut Tree
I kneel and pray in silence
As a great grandmother in need

I ate the tasty nuts of this tree
As my father, my pop did once
All of them fellows Bacelli
Yes, indeed my sons will try them too
My granddaughters and grandsons
The Walnut Tree fetches, embraces all generations
Keeping inside the live ones and protecting the dead Bacellis

When my father was gone and buried
The Walnut Tree joined me in grieving
Fruit stalled, tears dropped
No leaves, no flowers, no nuts, all disappeared
The Walnut Tree nearly did perish
It dried and vanished like a storm turning greyish

Other times the Big Walnut Tree shed tears
Three times, when Bacellis' house scorched on skies
Humbled disappearing fast through sparkling fires

The Big Walnut Tree of Bacellis
It's my home, my shelter and my roof
When I need to go back to my roots

To meet Bacellis and the dead ones that I miss

On my troubled days of New York
For crashed sweet nuts in my bag I check
With my finger I touch the exquisite silk
Of my Big Walnut Tree at home back

Agim Bacelli

Bacellis

Bacellis

On the joining points of places
of two Prespas streams
Bashing from the crazy run
of the of the forgotten creeks.
Overlooking the lagoon
Just where the bridge of Akili stands
Raises proud from the falling stones
the flour mill of Bacellis.

You can tell a Becelli,
easy as you go,
tall, alive and pinky cheek,
loud voice and echo wispering
like a river of melting snow
You can tell a Bacelli
Easy as you go
from their distinguished long fast steps
lighter than the wind of spring flow
What a man Akili was like
or the great Alexander
You wish to know

Go and meet a Bacelli
and with care examine,

All the heroes of Homer
on front of you will stay on line,
look at them as a Becelli
and you will see them all alive.

Agim Bacelli

Çamëria

Çamëria

A tracòlla il zàino vuoto portando,
Di pegni libero e di casa che fù,
Del mondo nero alle porte bussando,
Çamëri mia amata, hai errato tu!

Come Giordano viva ti bruciàrono,
E da Prometèo pur' t'inchiodàrono,
A te che ad altri libertà donasti,
Spatriata e pur sola rimanesti!

Da lungo sforzo affaticata,
Esausta dalla sete ed affamàta,
Accant' all'acqua agonizzante,
Dallo sguardo d'un'anèlitante!

Nessun' per sposa oramai vuole te,
Nessun si ricorda oramai di te,
Col pianto nell'anima perciò maledico,
Orbo che sia il mond'intero àuspico!

Agim Bacelli

Father

Father

Over me you stood erected like a Giant Maple tree
Above your shadow, only a green fresh sapling, me
Often complaining about you shading, teasing, lighting
The capricious, playing sunrise I needed to see striking

You were on my way when I felt playing with the storm
Never allowed me to size myself with the goddess and horn
You fenced me with your iron reason and so
Your lips pronouncing very often the word 'No'

Father, childishly those moments, sometimes
A little I let my tongue slipped perhaps
You never got tired with me being a firing gun
Sweetly, tirelessly reminding me 'I love you Son'

How would I've known that you were on a way to heaven walking?
Alone, down the hill along Gurra, the light of aurora stroking
The chilly sun of that sad winter still blisters my skin
And the light wind throws me to the ground and makes me spin.

Going with life for more than two decades, missing you
Realizing, a father could be only one like you
Accepting that sun, light and air for me were you, dad
And being a fool not thinking life continues without you, sad? !

Agim Bacelli

Human And Water

Human and water

Twins are together
human and water
as they would be created
from the same womb

Human and water
Getting shaped from the nature
Chanaging the flow as they move
Cleaning and purifuing as they flow
Finding shelter where they can
Uniting with the others as they grow
To reach the strength and kindess

Agim Bacelli

Il Vero Buono Solament' È Colui...

Il vero buono solament' è colui...

Solamente colui è Il vero buono...
Che del rancor non ne fa un tuono,
Che'l dolor mai in tristezza fa trasformare,
E la di lui fúria sa come placare,
Solamente colui è il vero buono...
Che distanzia'l cor suo dal tuono,
Caldo nel gèl'e freschezza d'estate,
Genera Lui da gran magnáte!

Solamente colui è il vero buono...
Quand' ognun' nel di lui rifùgio,
Ritrova se stesso senz' indùgio,
E pregan' in pace non peccatóri soltanto,
Come nessun regn'ó stato farebbe alquanto

Agim Bacelli

In Primo Luogo Figlio D'albania

IN PRIMO LUOGO FIGLIO D'ALBANIA

Nulla di male considero... a cambiar fed'e profèti,
Stesso parere riguard'a politici com'anche a partiti.
Prim'accetterei la fame dilaniass' il mio corpo,
Invece ad'essere lo spergiuro della Patria mia!

Madre mia m'istilló col di lei puro liquido dei suoi séni,
L'amor Pàtrio nell'essere fedele a vita all'Albania.
Fin'a morte mia, fedele a tal giuramento restar vorrei,
Fedel' di quest'unica Madre andar'in Ciel' aspirerei!

Agim Bacelli

Live On - Dear Uncle - Ilve On!

Live on - dear uncle - ilve on!

To My Uncle Bacelli

The journey was long with sorrowing days
Raging waters, battering waves.
Soon I'll set foot on the sandy shore
This tiny Island so distant from the land
You adore!

At your final resting place I knelt
Saddened heart and tearful eyes, I felt
A longing to speak to you...
Though you're no longer in view.

Upon this site which seems so cold
I reflect the warmth of your inner soul.
Though far away for many a year
Your Albanian Heritage remained so near.

With strength I no longer cry.
For your spirit remains alive
In the vision of your son,
Flesh of flesh you now are one.

Live on - Dear Uncle - live on!

Hobart, Tass. May 2002

Agim Bacelli

Mother's Joy

Mother's joy

-.-

My arms got strong my mom,

I am fluttering up in the sky,

I am not any more your baby-bird,

Who's falling down the nest some day!

-.-

Pecking everywhere through the world,

Getting very tired of it, my mother,

Here, I am back again.....

-.-

I found you talking to the God!

At my lovely corner where I used to sleep,

You're carving in my absences.

-.-

Just you saw me at the door,

Your face got cheerful and delighted,

Throwing away the loneliness and embarrassments,

Overjoyed as you were a young woman,

Saying with warmth: Let's dance, My darling son!

Agim Bacelli

Only One Mother

I agree to switch prophets and all believing,
Politics and parties I agree I can change,
I will even go hungry all night until morning
But, Albania I will never agree to exchange.

Bearing the name of a son full of faith
As from my MOM to me once was given
Her son let me be up until death
As only one mother for the good man has been.

Agim Bacelli

Sola Una Madre

Solo una madre

Accetto di cambiare fede e proffetti,
di cambiare politici e partiti
Accetto la fame divorare mio corpo
Ma mai accettero di negare la mia Patria.

Tuo figlio fedele mia cara Albania
Un dono prezioso regalo materno
Tuo figlio fino alla morte essere vorrei
Un vero uomo, figlio di un' unica madre

Agim Bacelli

The Deth Of Pilot

The Deth of Pilot

Open your angel eyes
don't get lost in the sky
shake all the stars from your hair
come on ground don't stay there!

We have been close friends
we plaid on beach of sends
we were one, always same
please, come down
and don't let my tears to be rain!

Agim Bacelli

The Kiss

Prenditelo questo bacio fino a non respiro!
Non avere paura il bacio e un sogno!
Restituirmelo di nuovo non ti scordare,
Da quel bacio uscirò più nuovo.

Io ti regalerò la medaglia d'oro
Tu mi doneresti baci passionali
Non avere paura se ti bruceresti,
Per te il suo fuoco io spegnerò!

Agim Bacelli

To My Son On His Wedding Day

To my son on his wedding day

My dear son, you getting married
no gold or money for you
a word from me to be remembered
your wife to be has to be cherished

Never forget my dear children
While you will be part of this world
A moment of love
Is precious than the brightness gold

This was all I had to say
I, your father
nothing else I have to leave
this will be my inheritance

Agim Bacelli

Trust In America

If you want to be left in PEACE,
You have to be able to defend yourself.
To defend yourself you have to be attend
And concurrently,
You have to be AMERICA's best friend,

Probably the most pro-American today
Is minute, the beautiful Albania.
Look in her heart, please don't delay,
There you can see an American-mania!

Why does The Land of Eagles stand stout?
Why couldn't, she like others have avoided that?
Or why hasn't she dropped out
As others have done against and combat?
The answer is not difficult to find;
If you believe in freedom,
Believe in fighting for it and not be blind.
If you believe in fighting for freedom,
You believe in America-Mania.
If you trust in Americas freedom,
Your name is ALBANIA.

Agim Bacelli