

Poetry Series

Borce Panov
- poems -

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Borce Panov(27.09.1967)

Borce Panov, Biography

Borce Panov was born in Radovis, Republic of Macedonia. He graduated from the "Sts. Cyril and Methodius" University of Skopje, "Blazhe Koneski" Faculty of Philology, Department of Macedonian and South Slavic Languages, in 1986. He has been a member of the "Macedonian Writers' Association" since 1998.

He has published six books of poetry: "What did Charlie Ch. See from the Back Side of the Screen" (1991) , "The Cyclone Eye" (1995) , "Stop, Charlie" (2002) , "The Tact" (2006) , "The Riddle of Glass" (2008) , and "The Basilica of Writing" (2006) . He is the author of seven short experimental plays, as well as a number of essays. His first poetry book "What did Charlie Ch. See from the Back Side of the Screen" was awarded the best poetry book by the "Macedonian Literary Youth Organization" in 1991, and the book "The Tact" was highly commended by the "Aco Shopov Literary Award" jury in 2006. In 2010, "The Basilica of Writing" was also commended by the jury of the same prestigious festival.

He is the author of several plays: "The Fifth Season of the Year" (2000) , "The Doppelgänger Town" (2011) , "A Dead-end in the Middle of an Alley" (2002) , "Homo Soapiens" (2004) , "Catch the Sleep-walker" (2005) , "Split from the Nose Down" (2006) , and "The Summertime Cinema" (2007) .

His poetry was published in a number of anthologies, literary magazines and journals both at home and abroad, and his works translated into English, Ukrainian, Slovenian, Serbian, French and Danish language.

In 2011, a selection of his poetry was published in both USA and Bulgaria.

Borce Panov works as the Counsellor for Culture and Education at the municipality of Radovish. He is also the Arts Coordinator for the "International Karaman's Poetry Festival", held in Radovish annually, and organized in honour of Aco Karamanov, a poet and freedom fighter during WWII,

He is currently living, working and writing in Radovish, Republic of Macedonia.

A Little Church At The End Of The World

When your word will out-weight the earthiness-
moment will become
an axis of the day and night
around which the time will not be
just in the vicinity to the sun,
or distant to the stars,
and the letter that you will get from me
will not be just a dream,
but the ray of your being sewn in me-
squeeze death with your pupil,
wake up from eternity once again
and tell
release of the angel,
one of two voices
with whom you live in one throat-
the angel who was born with you
in the night behind three dots of prophecy
behind which stood not a single star
but my imagination of the light only
in the morning
when I was stringing
your red and white blood cells,
like notes, in silence,
in the little church at the end of the world.

Borce Panov

An Invisible Letter

An Invisible letter

I would like to write down something
Between me and the invisible city
I would like this silent letter
To be sent
By the perfect shape of wind
You will ask
How is it possible for the whole city
To be invisible
This is absurd
Even for You
You will say
But however, whatever one hawk
Just right now is becoming a wind portrait
Which separates city on syllables
More over, because the hawk is
The roof of one invisible building
Where still live I
Your poet
Who is writing for invisible things
In this city
That is constantly running away
And taking eyes apart.

Borce Panov

Borce Panov

Angel Of Breathing Sometimes We Walk By The Edge Of Our Lives Like Sleepwalkers Through Other Lives And Again, We Hold Each Other As Hand In Hand With The Breath And The Sigh, My

Angel of breathing

Sometimes we walk by the edge of our lives
like sleepwalkers through other lives
and again, we hold each other as hand in hand
with the breath and the sigh, my angel,
as two worlds that keeps together through breathing
and as white summer clouds we turn one in other-
one ever-unseen from another...

So, as the sun rises over the moonlight
through a tide full of hopefully whispers
and a sad ebb tide of unspoken,
you telling me how much present people
have forget who they are
that even days, like unread letters
in the mailboxes of the night
leaves,
telling me, that after long wanderings
only embrace is the mold of consolation...
You speak, and the eyes thirsty of their own tears
bind my soul in the desert of paper
and my words such as the dunes move
thru the form of a wind full of hope
suggesting that the time is near
when, on the morning threshold of expectations
I will find a fossil of the day which will be
yours and mine accomplishment, my angel
as two worlds that hold each other by the breath,
and all the stars above us will be nothing
according to how we lights one to another,
while on my shoulder, I will keep your breath
as if it's all the light of my life

Borce Panov

Borce Panov

Blackandwhiteaccelerated City With The Left And Right Epilepsy On The Eyelids Charlie Falls To His Knees Enamored/In A Moment, In A Moment Taken Down/With The Left And Right Fly

Blackandwhiteaccelerated city

with the left and right epilepsy

on the eyelids

Charlie falls to his knees

enamored/in a moment, in a moment

taken down/with the left and right fly

fast, fast

(Or weak-hearted too fast)

you are juggle with

the eyeballs in the blackandwhiteaccelerated city

suddenly

caught

rolled away from the great mechanism

(levers, gears, springs...)

you are saluting from inside the full-blooded Fuhrer

with the mini-mustache (identically analogical)

with a balloon in which the world is bloated

juggle, salute, juggle

(Corrected the ass!

Juggle Charlie

while gravity is floating

and smile is blowing us

but the world still doesn't blow out, and I? what I!)

Where am I (?)

Right here, here between the left

and right fly Charlie

Borce Panov

Borce Panov

Book Of Breathing

if only could just to whisper tenderly,
so we could read from the lips
like from the lips of our precious God
and all vibrations in the air
to be his whisper,
so I may red and golden cherries
to graft on two branches of the same tree
and as one matures -
the other to bring fruit already,
and so, one with another
to be protected by the absurdity,
you- to fall asleep with me -
and me to wake up with you,
and when you dreaming
to be your punctuation
in yours book of breathing
and commas
between your sigh and your breath,
and three points when you will wake up,
so I can not even to breathe
out of that dream -
so happy
that neither the time
can not take you from me,
yet, it is good when could
to hear your own echo of breathing
for everything that was given to you
through all lives
and for all that which is taken away from you now -
filigree gently and precisely
as flutter in the air,
like reading a whisper
from the lips of our precious Father...

Borce Panov

Counting To Nine

Broejki do devet
Counting to nine

Suddenly
an earthquake
of electric shocks
shook
my death
and
when
my tongue
got a
bitter taste
I lightened
with
full battery
just
once again
like
a tom cat
in the hospital
dying
and
unloading
death
while
I was
counting
to nine.

Borce Panov

Elegiac Crystals

My grandpa used to call me 'Root, '
for whenever they tried to pull me out
from my children's sleep before the dawn - to plant tobacco,

I used to hang onto my childhood as mulberry's root.
And before the dew became cold between our fingers
I found myself in a golden dawn bay

watching little Ignacio *, who, like a hungry dove,
was hovering over St. Mark's Square
through the reflection of the blue with a black gondola as background,

that my father brought to me one morning,
instead of dawn on his tired face
from the night shift at the mine -

And when he brought those wondrous crystals,
my day turned into a crystal's mine
in which I still keep the crystals of my life -

Crystals of breath and sigh
between which our sun was always different
and expanding our small apartment

with rooms of scarcity and bedroom crumpled as a sad letter -
into rooms of prisms that I turned to the east
in order to grow and breathe with light.

There was a room with my mother sitting there, quietly, watching the mirror
seeing in it all that she has already seen,
without the sweet nectar of her wounds

for they already healed with white dawns of hope-
embroiding her embroider with breaths and sighs
and with an invisible threads of comfort...

There was one room with silk beetles there
in front of which my grandma with her clenched lips
and held tact of her heart tout me

how to listen to the silent silk thread,

by telling me how just a little breath of darkness
can stop the transformation of sighs -
like when it happend one night when moth-fire

broke all the strings of our old house,
and white flame, like the white ashes, was left to me in remembrance,
and in the roots of my elegiac crystals,

which are still pouring the silk from the lips of my grandma
and I am still hanging onto my root,
and among the fruits of mulberry voraciously browsing words

and growing with the quiet crystal's network
awakened for each voice that touched me from afar,
and flaming with a butterfly of pronounced...

Borce Panov

Expanded Threats

- I'm your the most
important vitamin now
neither the despair
Will not lie now with me
Like honey on bread,
Told the tie to the City
-Why do you think
I am desperate
when he is to me
like the tiny books moth...
- Oh, City dear, don't lie yourself
He is like a spel
In the middle of road
worn-out suit
from busy, distraction
That I do not notice and carry it on
Because it's my only...
Do you want your happines
to undresssome
melon's field scarecrow
to be waved
gray cloth from cemetery
And the day in you not to pray
and their seeds do not sow...
But come
I will change everything
I will crumble the dark
deposited over your eye's nerve
For you to remember finally
and to change at last
-Oh no, do not stand too long
in front of that
what it grabs your throat
and is reflected in you...
groanedmy sweaty shirt
Because of scare
it bump into its neighbor Deja vu
with two letters crossed over
on the palate of the manuscript

running away with you,
with you Charlie
*through the streets full of shelves
and expanded threats
of the day

Borce Panov

God Loves Poets

God Loves Poets

Here I am but you don't see me
Because in the breath poet lives -I told you
And You
Want me next to you when you breathe me out
And you know that I am immortal
And I do not want to be
Nor will I be
And only this heart
In which God wanted only to rest a bit
to be the poet when bored to be God
And when it is complicated to him
To be wise in simplicity
this heart only
With two chambers for him in order to think there
And two under chambers for me to feel him
When with one lung wing
I am breathing life in and death with the other
And when sadly sometimes
I am breathing out immortality

Borce Panov

Borce Panov

Heaven's Bread

Nebesen leb
Heaven's bread

Insomnia
like a black pot
that is boiling
in the middle
of a field
with
black ants
tortures me
 to realize
that my life
was only
a dream
and a shadow,
and all kinds of seed
are hidden in me,
and instead
of me in reality
could be
anyone else,
but still
in a dream
and in a shadow
a little flame grows
among my words,
a beginning as
a bread
from
the heaven
that lights
my whole life
forever.

Borce Panov

Letter Of Accomplishment One Night, From A Long Sigh Came Nothingness Into My Breath And Request Of Me, Without A Word, To Paint Him- Without Form, Without Reflection, Without

Letter of accomplishment

one night, from a long sigh
came Nothingness into my breath
and request of me, without a word, to paint him-
without form, without reflection, without sound,
without time that remains
to count down to the end-
with eyes of pupils without iris
merged into black hole,
into black swallowing magnet,
he began to turn reverse my bloodstream,
for I to fall and helplessly
to disappear in it...
And I feel that only by my sigh
I can paint him
and I lured his glance
into my voids -
for all what was taken off from me
with unsaturated gluttony
to take away -
all from that insatiable gluttony
to be taken back...
And he lifted me up into dark tornado,
and vortex of voices from the emptiness
like endless, comprehensive spindle
pulled me by my thoughts like by a root threads
and started to root me out of myself,
but then, by the oblivion
to the beginning of everything
inside combat between the root threads and the darkness
all light of my life
from the middle of the tornado I saw

and I looked the Nothingness modestly
and for every phoneme – giving him a word
that everyone is not nobody and nothing,
but someone who like icon
quietly shines in the darkness...
and I was breathing with all the light
of the love in the umbilical cord
with which I was born, My God,
and more and more
I added iris to the pupils
and I brought Nothingness into my letter-
to be changed through the forms of pronunciation,
not to be only unlimited hole-
but to become commas and exclamations
which are whispering lonely and look-
behind every comma, question-
faces: sad, confused, tearful-
eyes from eyes that opens -
eyes frightened, dear, deep,
looks desperate, contrite,
brute, toxic, lost-
faces that list
and like spent lives
from the calendar of the ages
I began to tear away them of me silently,
and my sigh froze like a palm
when I stepped deep
into his non pronunciation
and yet there is only one non pronunciation
from where
the echo of my breath
only from you, my Lord, returns -
through a letter
from whose midst
never death without love
will not take us irreversible,
and into my eyes, white basil
will blossoms because of wormwood of tears
for what we see ahead,
to not be too much
for devastation behind us...

Borce Panov

Borce Panov

Letter Of Fortune

A long ago
I'm patiently lurking
the shadows
At the end, I'm closing them
in white envelopes
always again
asking myself
is this
writing poetry too
One day I
received a letter
which said that
I was fortunate to be chosen
and that I will,
If I don't disrupt circle,
experience great happiness
Then
I remembered again
that each day
I'm opening letters
and persistently reading
their whiteness
That's why I please,
Do not interrupt circle
when you'll get
this letter
with no address

Borce Panov

Listen The Petel (Rooster)

Listen the green
Listen the High
Stream listen the viper
listen the owl and the night
listen the rooster at midnight
listen the water
arched into the bow
listen the arrow
and the Lake, listen the rooster, listen the rooster
the vortex of shadows
listen the blue ash
Listen the rain, listen the rain, rain and smoke
listen the easiness
listen the blue
the sparkling white
listen the doe
from the spring
listen the screech of the eye
thru the beech trees
listen the whisper of the dark leave
listen the hoot of the night
listen the rooster at midnight
Mushroom
listen the worms in gentle growth
listen the falcon
listen the hot
Heart
on the aim of thunder, through the branches
listen the bells twang
the wind and the echo of lightning
squeezed into the eye pupil
listen the distant reflection
under the palate
listen the Breath
listen of the iron
bite into the blood, listen the bite into the blood
the wolfs howling
listen the storm, listen the storm,
listen the hoots of the night

listen the snow at midnight

Borce Panov

Moving Of The Cracks

One abandoned house
started to move into my eyes
and suddenly a cold wind
lit up my fire of memories
and cracks started to move
like a deep and spread root
it started from the walls and ceiling
of the room/in which my father was dying,
then came one whiteowl like a snowball
hooted into my mother's throat
Then, a piece bread from Panagia* and a candle
with the flame which's every twinkle
move one by one
the shadows of my friends and cousins
Then started the flood, that dropp by drop,
spreads the circles of prayer into me
up to the edges of aluminum plates
from the last supper with father
Oh, you, who are dreaming about our words
and we, who inside your words are awakening
are we going to know how to be quiet
when the cracks will touches us
before they start to move
before they take roots in us

Borce Panov

Nomads Conjoin At The Foreheads To Earth Collecting Their Minds As The Nights Collecting The Shadows At The Sunset In Their Eyes They Are Rising On Their Knees At The End Standin

NOMADS

Conjoin
At the foreheads
To earth
Collecting
Their minds
As
The nights collecting the shadows
At the sunset
In their eyes
They are rising
On their knees
At the end
Standing
In prayer
With
Their open palms
To the Cosmos
Used to
Not sleeping
Awaiting
Sunrise
And keep going
After the road signs
Of their own shadows.

Borce Panov

Borce Panov

Nostalgic ElectrocardiogramBetween Two Electronic Beats I Listened To My Father's Heart An Electrocardiogram Of Memories Which For A Long Time Was Knocking On My Door In The

Nostalgic Electrocardiogram

....Between two electronic beats
I listened to my father's heart
an electrocardiogram of memories
which for a long time was knocking on my door
in the empty hallway of cardiology...
....A glass whistle on the balcony..

like a little sand grain
was pushed from the edge of a chessboard
hanging on a beam of light,

Why mother was unable to ask about him..
....Through the glass chess pieces
transparent player's hands
enlarged by the light of hope
played with black figures of shadows
in front of the draw of life and death...
...a younger man next to me
feverishly said to his wife:
-Daddy...wants to return home alive..
Then I saw an old proud man
with a wrinkle on his forehead peaceful as calm water
and reflection of The Divine's scale

in which departures and returns
were in reconciled balance with love...
....And every move of the shadows
was digging my contracted pupils
and deep down into my childhood on Voznik-
Voznik- times in no time,
with three arrows carved in the rock,
detour to the softness of a penny bun

and we don't see flocks, and bells in the fog

....There is a treasure buried
like fire in the mountain
and all roads to it are in the dark
but one goat sidewalk through me-
Am I taking the road through the dark?
....Mist,
father and I from mushroom to mushroom
heading higher into the mountains' mist
and, at once, slipped into heaven's pocket-
surrounded by abandoned walls wrapped in shining ivy
we heard a playful child's laughter,

and in the stream- shirt of trout,
and springs and estuaries unknown in us..
...With backpacks full of sunshine
and coiled grafts in our glances
we are gasping under dry rowan
collecting drought in our souls-
Amid the shade I am seeing rattlesnake
like a nest in the middle of poison,
boundless coil...
I am tossing her into a haze-
the mountain squealed
nostalgia bit me...
....I am squeezing a piece of a white pebble in my palm

and eternal water flowing around me
and I can't
respond to the echo of my father-
who between two electronic beats is calling,
is calling from nostalgia..

Borce Panov

Borce Panov

Pivot

There are times
when blood comes naked in our home
there is time
when blood is only red blood cell
juggle with white blood cells in me
and sometime it is only white blood cell
juggle with red blood cells
there is times hugged like apple's seeds in apple
in warm apple that ripens in my palm
there are times when the soul
lengthens like shadow in front of my body
while I am walking in the morning from east to west
walking on top of her and after footprints of the day
which like a sand chain knit and unwinds
inside of me
because my lifetime only
is the awareness thru I'm looking at you
raise me up like a human mountain
oh, there is a peak in me
Hidden among the shadows of time
And distant pure shadows across to him
and toward him you, Lake, like a blue eyelid of the horizon
and splash wave of dark, scale, abyss river
raised on my vocal cords
like cry call out into high:
Platckovica,
the name of the mountain of my childhood
pull down in me like a tower of tears
you call it
so
I am silent like a pivot whose shadow weigh in under the zenith
while slowly
the pointer of the death grows behind me
finally, I know how to read the letter of light years
asleep in the middle of clear starry night
because the soul is bottomless palimpsest
juggle like a white blood cell
with my red blood cells
Therefore the time of my lifetime only

Is the awareness that I am look on you God
When you raise me uplike a human mountain

Borce Panov

**Poetry This Mirror Is The Smoothest Shaved Chek
On Which The Beard Isn'T Growing Any More Be
Careful It Can Make You Sad When You Stand In Front
Of It Borce Panov**

Poetry

This mirror
is
the smoothest
shaved chek
on which
the beard
isn't growing
any more
Be careful
it can make you
sad
when
you stand
in front
of it

Borce Panov

Borce Panov

Pungent Apple An Onion Is Like A Memories Pungent And Sweet Hugged Together Into Nine Skins Under The Golden Husk Baked On The Sun Wrapped Only With A Translucent Membrane Yo

Pungent apple

an onion is like a memories
pungent and sweet hugged together into nine skins
under the golden husk baked on the sun
wrapped only with a translucent membrane
you'll recognize it bitterness after the tears
and its sweetness from its clarity
cleared of the salt and bitterness of wail
remains to chop all together
like sauce for one carefree Sunday lunch
but what did thought the empty bowls
between the knives and forks in prayer
silent in front of the chairs whisper
waiting to start the solemn lunch
set at the table for one man
yet was it so
or the memories pungent hugged
sometimes are just playing with the fog
and with the salt in the eyes when the bitterness and sweetness
will relent before the quiet gal of fate
Yes, it is so, pungent and sweet hugged into nine skins
an onion is like life especially when you abrade it
and its fragile membrane will be peeled of tears
before it didn't rise on the palm and before its sugar whiteness
didn't deceived you to bite that pungent apple
without which we hadn't the taste of celebration

Borce Panov

Borce Panov

Rose Lachrymose Didn't Know That Rose How Big In The Tower Of Tears She Blossomed To Me Stopped In The Middle Of The Sky The Rose Thought I Made A House Of Longing Open For Gentle

Rose Lachrymose

Didn't know that rose how big in the tower of tears
She blossomed to me
Stopped in the middle of the sky the rose thought
I made a house of longing open for gentleness'
With secret doors for dreams
Didn't that rose know that into her house doubles live
And to whom she opens doors
And inside like a blind man she touches me with a scent
While she was often finding me lost from myself
And asking me if she had to keep any longer
I was watching through those hard tears
Like in a swirl unreachable between rocks and deaf
In the beginning and in the end of my time
And how you were looking at me with two eyes
While in the zenith of all my „I“ like one I was awakening
And red of love in the middle of the sky you were blossoming
Did that rose know that God is showing to us the way
To give her life with words
And with unlimited love and with no doubt to share her
O, did that rose know that what we lost long ago
Will come there where it's supposed to be and to someone who will be able
To free her scent from the sky

Borce Panov

Shadow's Play Suddenly I Saw How The Shadow Is Playing With It's Own Cat At Once The Moon Saw How The Sun Is Playing With My Body In This City For Which Nobody Doesn't Remember Wh

SHADOW'S PLAY

Suddenly
I saw
How
The shadow
Is playing
With it's own cat
At once
The moon
saw
How the Sun
Is playing
With my body
In
This city
For which
Nobody
Doesn't remember
Why it is called
Hand City
Because
Nobody there
For long time
Didn't see
their hands
And
This all started
with a shadow's play
In front of
An old lamp
With a captured
Spirit in i

Borce Panov

Borce Panov

Sleepwalker At The Sun

Why, why
you don't buttons up us
in the buttonholes
of the mirror
anymore
why?
buttons
are asking me
and now more often
more often complain
that they can no longer
to carry
my day
on their back
that even in the night
they can not
can not rest
from the sleepwalker
that more often
returns
more and more later
with the sun in his eyes
and that less
more and more less
means to them
who is button up them
and who is unbutton them

Borce Panov

Socrates Through A Glass Riddle

Sokrat niz gatanka od staklo
Socrates through a glass riddle

As through a glass riddle
you will pass through me
but don't be too fast
not before the time
when we won't exist
in the thoughts
that are moving you
like a fragile toy
when too often
I think of the sense
outside me
when the silence
is sharpening
mercilessly
my hearing
and my heart
is cutting the night
to the thinnest nerve
to the most silent beat
of sorrow
in all my selves
Come
among all of us
when I'll have to
rule them
just like you
who isn't listening
to all of yourselves
especially
when the glass riddle
can be broken
by too many thoughts
but yet
and only that way
I can know
before the time

about me
and the pain hurt
from the glass daggers
that is spread
in all my selves
I know that so.

Borce Panov

Sweet Seed

Semki blagarki
Sweet seed

In the morning freshness
of the summer
I pick up
the nicest watermelon
with cracking it on the ground
from ripeness
I get its heart full of juiciness
the same heart as mine
the poet's one
around which the poems ripe
as they are sweet seed
thirsty friends of mine

Borce Panov

Tears Of The Air

Tears of the air

Constantly one tear
A bit by me-a bit by you turns the scale
While like a mailed letter
It's traveling into this invisible city
I am parting it from myself
Every time
While death in paralogical spasm
Whispers to my lips
And While I am squeezing
Sorrow like a rail of steel
One of my nerves is pulling away from the dream
Like elastic
It ragging me with its insomnia
That you may see how deep I went into myself
O, honey
While I am holding you with my breath only
Tell me
How to breath you in again
And not to be departed from myself?
While outside first snowflakes are blossoming
Offer your palm to them
My red blood cells are levitating upon them
One little white winter wren is landing
And pecking warm grains of the dream
Absorbing itself into my palm
And dreaming about one lost mail-man
Appearing on the door
Telling me
That a long time was he traveling
While I am squeezing you with my pupil
Like a black dot you are screaming
Blinded by a mighty flash
That like a song
is taking shape in my head
The same way as clouds shape themselves
Showing the sun
Life sometimes shows

The love to us
And still the tears of the air
Bit by you-bit by me
All yours between sighs
Are pouring my breath into this city
Like a letter taking off from my palm
And offering to life, eternity

Borce Panov

Borce Panov

The Goosefleshes And The Shudders

The Goosefleshes and The Shudders

An army of the goosefleshes like an army of ants is crossing over
From my hand to your bosom
And from your hand to my hip
Eh, this is the love
And death
This is the shudder
Whose dream is paralyzing my hand
And I am ordering to her to squeeze my palm
And to return my blood to me from drowsiness
Eh,
When this army of love is going through
All of mine is crossing over into you
All of yours is crossing over into me
And you are saying to me
That this night a cloud of goose fleshing Tango is surrounding you
And with uneasiness
You are pulling away petals from woman in you
While cell by cell we are becoming parents
Eh,
Sleeplessness shuddering over my body
Could you know
What surgeon is a dream with scalpel and no knowledge
When my soul
With one hand is crossing over into another birth

Borce Panov

Borce Panov

The Human Face Of The Word To Breathe In One Ineffable Word, So It Can Shape Yours Sigh Until The Snow Softens Even The Voice Of The Sorrow, And Finally To Pick Up In It The Sile

The human face of the word

to breathe in one ineffable word,
so it can shape yours sigh
until the snow softens
even the voice of the sorrow,
and finally to pick up in it the silence
by all those that it have touched,
to know that his human face
has been burned long ago
and that the wind blows the ashes
in your mouth
just tonight when beauty is memory
that is revealed into yours whisper
like a gentle face...
oh, if I could touch you so
lost through the words
that I had never spoken
and to find the perfect inside of me
like an age-old reason for the origin...
but the truth is kicking my memories
like a shadow on the walls
onto the quiet fire of a silence
and each fire is thought which changes,
burning and more and more abrades me
to only one word,
to the bone of a solitude, with you, God,
in this room of the Last Supper with myself,
and again you are saying to me
that everything begins from the dust:
the universe and the stars come from dust
and come back to the dust right as people
o, that dust from a human face of the word
which, as the light of the future,

touches us with unforgettable memories
yet, a beautiful word
is like opening sparkling wine:
like in some miracle more and more
bubbles are multiplying and raise
up to the pronunciation of freshness,
same is with the soul
it multiplies and multiplies and with shivers
it raises my joy
to pronounce the word that makes me alive

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The Imprint Of The Mould

one distant southern island this morning
over our snowy garden circulate
and one warm voice from the middle
of the frozen sighs
onto our windows landed
my embrace still keep the shape
of your body like the imprint
of the eternity
while hugged from the snow
my silence is thinking about you
and you still saying to me
that we are two thoughts like sky's macrame
that descends and as God's handwriting
is knit in us/and that I'm poet which like knot
holds together the knitted
- Hold me in your warm embrace
and remember that the root of our house
doesn't sleep even in winter -you are saying
because like blossomed twigs
you offering me yours hands
and in front of me, every golden moment
the cherries of your smile ripen
in a beauty that like south island
landing into the branches of our vocal cords

Borce Panov

The King Of Heaven

The King Of Heaven

On the North, the King of Heaven
Is that because the rafter was too short
And broke the prayer
The rafter that holds spheres
On which lived your spirit
No, King of the Heaven
The calligrapher's hand didn't make a mistake
Or the eyelids, conceived in sin, gave a birth to note
That there is no a single place in Your home anymore
Why, why, the King
Of Heaven, Who fulfills everything on this world
On the rafter didn't fulfill your self
Even prayer you did not finish off
On the North
The King of Heaven
In the North flash
Why do you, with heaviness of your spoken word
Out of the time
Temporal being made of me
The time lost
Common, from this tin trumpet
Call the fire
That blossoms the branches through my skeleton
While golden angel flies into my meat
The King
Haay, the King of Heaven
Crack Heaven's egg
Come on, come on pigeon
Fly out, fly out from the rafter
The light is light as heaven's song

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The Ocean's Rose

An entire morning a bird
is waking me up
from the branches of my vocal cords,
an entire morning

my dream
with pupils as a snare
is hunting that insomnia bird,
that is breaking

a delicate membrane of my dream
and - me..
from the womb of life
in which I still have not revived,
and from the midst
of the ocean's morning rose,

she is looking
to the land of my sleeping body,
and with an echo of breathing waiting
on me to wake up
that bird
in my lady's eyes
this morning
was like sunrise over all the time,

when
with most beautiful smile of the rose,
she said to me,
-Good morning my love...

Borce Panov

The Swan Of The Prayer ... Watch The Clear Lake Stretching White Or Bluely Darkened By The Wind... (K. Miladinov, 'Longing For The South') Stand Up In Front Of One World Out O

The swan of the prayer

... Watch the clear lake stretching white
Or bluely darkened by the wind...
(K. Miladinov, 'Longing for the south')

stand up in front of one world out of reach
touched by my hand
same as when with the palm
of one unheard prayer coincide
one curious day like an envelope opens my head
aloud began to speak strange letter
and I, always deaf to myself,
persistently reading something from its lips
like I'm awoken in another day
in which everything I need to deny
sinker from heaven
touch my nerve of silence
changing my words
sense
what really happens
until as the candle wick I burn up
with everything that should speak up
in the day which is against me with the unspoken
your voice still dreaming about me
blue darkened by the wind
and my word like swan is stretching white
stand up in front of one world out of reach
touched by my hand
same as when with the palm
of one silent prayer coincides

Borce Panov

The Vigil Lamp One Day, When My Gray Hair Will Become The Ornament On Somebody Else's Face And My Eyes In Other Eyes Will Dream, I Wonder- Will I Recall The Blink Of Love, The Vi

The Vigil Lamp

One day,
when my gray hair
will become the ornament on somebody else's face
and my eyes in other eyes will dream,
I wonder-
Will I recall the blink of love,
the vigil lamp of my soul,
that hovers through the shadows of life,
left like a lone lantern at the end of the sky
to shine through the night...
Will I be a finer man
and will I appreciate
when you asked,
not to run from aging,
because I would die so soon,
and the line of life on your palm
will be invisible to the eye
But, to find you,
I have to carry my old age alone
headed by childhood and youth
through the umbilical cord of the white solar wind
until the beautiful day,
where you will not be a filmy silhouette,
long walking
on the longest line on my palm,
but rejoin between us, in a glance,
that I would not die, or disappear,
but, in your name I'll be born...

Borce Panov

The White Cherry Tree Grafts

I'm waking up on the night page
while my grandma is leafing through its pages
and my cheerful grandpa
is grafting white cherry tree brunches
onto the ripen red chery tree brunches
for me.

I don't remember this
because you are neither dead nor alive
if the dream in your head is thumbing itself.
I woke up by the silkwarms' room
while my mother
was unfolding the tread of silence
then, she was weaving the day on loom for silk
by telling me
that my grandma's book of the dreams renditions
under her pillow
is a book forever open
to graft the meaning
of our dreams...
and between two books
it lives in our family
like a guardian angel.
Because you are neither dead nor alive
if the dream in your head is thumbing itself.

Borce Panov

Thorny Glagolitic Chant

Love death truly
Because she
has her desires too
Like an arrow
Traveling at day
And hitting
At night
Suddenly
You wrote this to me
And like a thunderbolt enlightened
My mind that night
When you said
That some time ago
I spit into snake's
mouth too
Because of the dark brushwood
In me chanted in glagolitic with a thorns
I accepted to my self
Then one more time
That
On the tightened nerve
I was pacing very often
Between life
And death
And my days without love
I wanted
To be shorter
For forgiveness I asked you
And for
Not to ask of me
To love her
Whose
Only wish is
To ask of us
To leave too early
From this life
Without love.

Untuned Head

Nenastimana glava
Untuned head

I carry
too long
this head
of mine
with
some loose
and some tight
strings
where often
the sorrow
is its tuner,
and
the happiness
its player.

Borce Panov

What Did Charlie C. Saw From The Upside Down? There Comes Charlie Winded Like A Toy -Idiot, He Is Whispering To Me And Turns Sharply Down, Hanged Onto His Long Foot To The Wir

What did Charlie C. saw from the upside down?

There comes Charlie winded like a toy
-Idiot, he is whispering to me
and turns sharply down,
hanged onto his long foot to the wire,
he leaks my blood thru wire from the nerve fiber
fast
with his thumbs he lift up, one by one, the tails of his little
tailcoat
becomes a dot between the dots...

What did Charlie C. saw from the upside down?

We ate fish - he was carefully sucked the bones
of the shoe

I sucked the tacks of the sheat-fish
what remained we throw into the garbage cans
that hop from the orgasm-m-m-m-m-m of the cats
-Faster, Charlie, faster
a volcano is turns into typhoon
(you do not see it)

You dancing
yours foot is stuck with the chewing gum on the floor,
now it is clear that he is a giant from a half upward
and he shoot aaah, he shoot us from a distance!

Faster Charlie, move away, tear off!

What? !

You're in love. Terrible! You're in love Charlie
the head of your soul is outside of the skull

A black rock, a sad one

now floating inside my head Charlie

Typewriter types my heart

a sheet is hopelessly white, although power failure...

Although power failure I know that deep through the whiteness

I feel

My blood is close to the other side and it's time to wake up,
although I do not know where...
You... you might have laughed from the upside down Charlie?

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When I See You Out Of Reach

into the seconds
too fast, out of reach
I'm holding you
pulls you away of horror
but you are sleepy, sleepy
And you pull away back:
- Leave me, leave me
I'm waiting someone
to come, to come
I'm waiting someone, hey,
Leave me!
You are saying
and you turning on the cold side
too fast, untouchable
with the snake which swallow you
the horn is squeal hoarse
then it soothes
When
the cardiogram of the locomotion
enveloped by steam
is still invisible,
I'm invisible
on the platform
which is furiously rushes forth over the trackage
together with the city that flies
as luminous mosaic
in the dark, Hej,
how, how to open my eyes,
I'm asking myself,
with face dispersed in speed
And what will I see
when too fast, out of reach
I'll see you/what will I see, I asked myself,
while I disappear

Borce Panov

With All The Time I'm Speaking To You... There Are Moments When I'm Away From Everything - Until The Middle Of The Separation And The Life That Goes By, Far Enough When Afte

With all the time I'm speaking to you...

there are moments when I'm away from everything -
until the middle of the separation
and the life that goes by,
far enough
when after the deepest sigh
will remain one breath only
and I'm still waiting for you to show up from nowhere,
so I asking you in myself:
Can one word pull a moment...
and I asked a moment to pull for me an hour
an hour to pull a day
a day-the day of tomorrow and day after tomorrow,
all days - all the time...
and whether you can feel all the time
with whom I'm speaking to you
while you stands timeless -
with one hand inside of me
flowered as slightest flower
on a cactus tree of my patience,
and other,
with a handkerchief full of leaving out sigh in it
to live anywhere with my distances,
somewhere where our souls
are console each other
unbreakable in their balance
and reconciliation in only one word with all the time
which make us to become timeless,
word which with all hope of this world
I pronounce,
word in which to believe is the same as to love

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Witness

while I watched the priest's hands
and the naked baby
in the holly water,
with not yet decayed string of the navel,
I thought:
that when a man is born
then God
is cutting the umbilical cord
between heaven and earth
and the only witness
of the sacrament
is that tiny navel, squeezed like a little fist
of tough life
which by the end
we'll hide it under clothes
without knowing
how long
we'll have to hide the nudity
of the sky
and whether we will,
heavenly naked,
go back to Him
or
partially undressed
from clothing of the body
again
will be send back down

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Write Me, God

I please you, God,
to truly exist,
to be truly invisible,
and to dream into my words
while in yours I'm awakening
and my soul at the source of life
is paying off its presence.

God,
Please wrote the smile on my face
that you'll like,
wrote the warmth in my heart
that will warm you up then,
Oh God,
You are the only
through whom I want to blossom
and to tie up the fruits.

I please you,
Write yourself into me, oh, God,
because often I am like a lost river,
I am plunging into my own depths,
to find out what I am running from,
my wishes, my desires
and how to save me from myself,
than only a dry riverbed remains
to tells the stories
of mine disappearances.

God,
make the word, not my dream, to be my name
and the surname of awakening,
Write down and make it to be visible
the invisible of my eyes,
Oh, God,
make me feel good
just like when you're good
to the consternation - so good!
Let me feel like you did in that time
when you dialed how you would be willing
to take a decision
to make a world or not,

and to free the Angels from yourself
especially when the mechanism of darkness is tensed,
and you expect it to click
and to assure you about the truth of reality,
to assure you that one man
will raise his face
as the sun rises a day
and
a prayer,
like a newborn child, will embrace
new world
visible in the eternity

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