

Poetry Series

Jeton Kelmendi
- poems -

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Jeton Kelmendi(27.11.1978)

Jeton Kelmendi is an author who, in writing a tri-dimensional poetry, entwines the modern with the actual and communicates it in an original as well as a traditional way. The literary critics have valued his verse for its clear, powerful and artistically accomplished messages. The language of Kelmendi is individual and is quite naturally conveyed to the readership, as a pleasant and appealing form, due to, perhaps, its touching complex and figurative concepts. The essence of his poetry is the vertical narration and the selective subject matter, with which he plays in time and space.

The Albanian poet Jeton Kelmendi was born in Peja in 1978. He attended primary school and secondary school in his native town, and then he studied at the University of Prishtina. He is the correspondent of several Albanian (Kosovar and Albanian) media and cooperates with a number of others abroad. Kelmendi is a quite familiar name to Kosovar poetry readership since 2000. He is also renowned as a journalist covering political and cultural issues. Kelmendi's poetry is translated in several languages and is included in a number of anthologies. He is a member of several international poets' clubs and he has contributed to cultural magazines, especially in English. The essentially poetic thought of Kelmendi is the subtlety of expression and the care for the word. The themes that dominate his creations are love and the raw realities of the political situation, quite often permeated by feelings of disappointment for the current state of affairs.

He is a war veteran of UCK (Kosovar Liberation Army) . Kelmendi is currently settled in Brussels and he is a member of the Professional Journalists Association of Europe.

The work

The century of promises,1999 (poetry)

Beyond the silence,2002 (poetry)

If it is noon,2004 (poetry)

Give me some homeland,2005 (poetry)

Where are the comings heading to,2007 (poetry)

Mrs. word 2007 (play)

Ce mult s-au rărit scrisorile (how infrequent have the letters become) personal

Anthology of poems in Romanian 2007.

Chatting With My Brother In Arms

Jeton Kelmendi Translated by Fredi Proko)

CHATTING WITH MY BROTHER IN ARMS

Before I have a chat with you
I would like to ask you about the highlands

The torrents which used to rush in the past springs,
How's been the weather like this year

I far away, and you close by

The word has gone cold
The summer doesn't feel like staying with us

Where the slate pierced by the dropp dwells
Who is singing on the slopes

How early we've set out
And we're not nearly there yet

Brussels, 20 February

Jeton Kelmendi

Illyrian

POETRY by JETON KELMENDI

ILLYRIAN

Your body weight
Your air power
The speed slowdown
Are immesurable
There are no limits to your light
Either
There is no measure of your radiance
Or
You are superlative that exceeds all dimensions
I swear to my word's soul
You're
A crumb of forgetfulness
Beyond the ear or the eye
For hundreds and thousands of years
You're
A bright thought
And never
Has anybody ever been able to appraise you
My god given homeland that conferred me my name
Albanian

Auderghem, February 2007

Jeton Kelmendi

Poems From Jeton Kelmendi Albanian Poet

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POETRY by JETON KELMENDI

poem1

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poem2

FOR ENCOURAGEMENT

One day
My day will come
If indeed it's true that
Every dog has it's day,
And I will know how to welcome it
Then the soil will be as bountiful in bread
And the spring in water
That it will fill all the gaps
But alas
What are we to do with you
Distrust in tomorrow,
Deplorable is that day

Vienna, summer 2006

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poem3

MISS WORD AND MR THOUGHT

1.

I've spoken rather
Differently
Too triumphantly
Miss
I hope
You take no offence
They are after all
Merely a poet's words
And you know that it's permissible

To strip the dressed thoughts
Stark naked
And the bare ones
To dress with suits I fancy
Or
Has it been just as well for you
That I simply tell you I love you
The words everybody tells
To anybody
As a husband to his own wife,
Miss
I beg to differ

2.

Well
Thought is no good without the word
Or the word
Means nothing if mind is not engaged
You are such a dear,
You are Miss word
And I Mr. thought
This is how I've always seen it
Myself with you and yourself with me
Even
This love formula
Anywhere
If at all it survived
Modernity

So Miss word, you are attractive
When Mr. thought
Lends you his charm

3.

Come on
Let's make up 'cause
Silence
Is anxiously watching
What's gonna happen with us

Anyway
Miss word
I feel like giving you a kiss
Only one
As I'm not sure how
A second or third may come
Let freedom live unfettered

Let the word
The mind
Speak whatever
They want

I now want
The first kiss

Paris, July 2006

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poem4

UNDER MEMOY'S SHADE

I'd told you something forgotten
That which can't be recalled not even tomorrow
Forgetfulness grows ever older
When silence travels
I'm waiting for you
At the sun-dried oak
In que with the verse
Hung on the tip of my longing
Where one normally waits for his sweetheart
I sat down to rest
Till autumn runs out and light wears on
I attempted
To tell you but something.

June,2004

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poem5

THE WORD SIDESTEPPED SILENCE

I used to keep silent
Yesterday
In order to speak a bit
I've inhaled sorrow's breath
I've always set off
To remote regions
Towards your eyes
To you
To quietly speak to you
To tell you
About you
And me
I've endeavoured
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That you're
The bread of lines
The water of the word
I for you
The most sung song
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I wanted to keep silent
To scarcely speak
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To prevent the sun's light
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And I've seen
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Closer to you
Soon or later
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To enjoy to the fullest

May 2005, Prishtina

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pem6

MOMENT

Were I to be rain
Tonight
I'd sprinkle a dropp
On your face
And such a dropp
That rolls down gently
The look in front of you
What are you doing with this moment
I leave again surreptitiously
You better think about the next moment

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poem7

CADENCE

I recited to myself
The severed threads of the saga

It's good
To hold them in our hands
Fairminded lady
Who all stays alone,
Repose by the fireplace sometimes.
You've never looked like today
In the blink of an eye
A word
Sprouted on the soil of the tongue
And grew up to the sky
And put down roots to the depths of earth
Today looks after tomorrow
Behind us new waters and lands.
A poet's lines
Together with his solitude
Hello Drin, cold water river
I'll see you some day
Between your banks.

Brussels 2007-02-27

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poem8

HER RITES

After all
It's a fresh start
And there's no way how you can go in silence
No way leads me to you
Sooner than today
My star set
And the higher I go
The lower does the fog take me
Oh, had I experienced a genuine love

I'd dread nothing
And it's not a bad thing to dream
Do consider this mate,
A platoon of efforts
A prophetic thought
Whirling
Bring me to you
Doesn't matter that you are wrapped in your word
Make some room for me
At poetry

Vienna 2006

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