

Poetry Series

Slobodan Risteski
- poems -

Publication Date:

2007

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Slobodan Risteski(02.10.1980)

Candy News

Humans are very imperfect creatures,

But,

We can only see it in others,

Pure logic,

How sweet.

Slobodan Risteski

Don't Go, What Has Changed

What happens
when you runaway,
what do you become
a cold, cruel murderer
with eyes facing fear,
turning against yourself
with one purpose.
Such petty creatures
we humans are.
I'd like to sit down
my face unwashed,
view of my childhood.
In section of
love being complete
I takeaway anyones right over me
only then
I fall in love completely.
I'd like to stay.
Now everything's changed.

Slobodan Risteski

Love Song

So many flies have mistaken me
for a shit
and now you too
my love

Slobodan Risteski

Mine

In time you have become
my girlfriend,

I know you have many other men

but,

I don't have any other girlfriends.

Who is special?

Slobodan Risteski

Motion

In one moment
I was born,
In one moment
I will die.
Let's go and
Harvest strawberries

Slobodan Risteski

Remove

I'd like not to be shy
when everyone else is,

I'd like to be brave
when everyone's scared,

I'd like to be with you
when I am alone.

Slobodan Risteski

Silent Look

You hit me,
I smiled.
It hurts me,
I am quiet.

You come to me,
I take you without a word.
You leave
I yearn

I understand nothing
Where is this fear from?
I know everything
I am quiet.

Slobodan Risteski

Unreal Happy

When I look at you,
all in love,
happy.
I am like a child
Everything is wonderful,
real,
true.
nothing is as it is.

What if it is?
Then,
you are all I need!

Slobodan Risteski

Wasting

I feel I deserve to die,
Do you?
I feel I will do nothing with my life,
Wasting,
Look at me
You need to love me
Turn your back at me,
Wasting
I am not running for you
Will you try to hurt me?
Who deserves to die?
Maybe the one who has done everything,
Not wasting
Someone sleepless,
Or someone like me
Wasting
Can a life end for nothing?
Can a purpose for living be found in just smiling?
Or crying
Or singing and dancing,
Who decides?
What is wasting?
Who decides?
Which moment is for nothing?
And which for glory,
Wasting
You are not behind me
I am tired of running
Please catch me
I want to waste my life and your life
Together

Slobodan Risteski

Window

I cried today,
who cares.

Slobodan Risteski