

Poetry by Agron Shele, Albanian poet.

Translated from Albanian to English: Peter M. Tase

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Agron Shele was born in October 7th, 1972, in the Village of Leskaj, city of Permet. Is the author of the following literary works: "The Steps of Clara" (Novel), "Beyond a grey curtain" (Novel), "Wrong Image" (Novel) and "innocent Passage" (Poetry). Mr. Shele is also the coordinator of International Anthologies: "Open Lane," "Pegasiada and Open Lane," is a member of the Albanian Association of Writers, member of the World Writers Association, in Ohio, United States, and the coordinator of the International Poetical Galaxy "Atunis". He is published in many newspapers, national and international magazines, as well as published in many global anthologies: Almanac 2008, World Poetry Yearbook 2009. Currently Resides in Belgium and continues to dedicate his time and efforts in publishing literary works with universal values. Has been an active member of the civil society in Albania while receiving training from USAID, UNDP, UNICEF. Is the chairman of the Societies "Environment and Community" and "Children and youngsters". Is the recipient of various literary prizes in Albania.

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White Light

A white light,
Wakened in the waters of my soul,
Over the wings of a flying bird
Just as once before...
A mirror of a reborn life in turmoil
Just as today...
Kidnapped from warm verses in rebellion.

White hope,
A voice of life colors without borders
An open canvas of colors brighten
Beautiful
Just as dreams of nights of no return
Thunderstorm,
Of a burning star, steaming hot.

White word,
Raised in the high benches of thoughts
Carved in ancient mythology of trust
Poured,
In fiery horizons of the west.

White life,
a broken mirror of crossed fates
a deep sea of kidnapped sorrows
just as snow...
Dissolved in the first rays of craziness
Just as a leaf...
Lost in a freezing autumn universe.

2 My muse!

What beauty do you hide inside sunsets?
What dreams resurfaced beyond freedom?
What song is playing through an abysmal terrain?
What rays is it demanding in the darkening evenings?

My muse!
Remained on top of a silent abyss,
I am attacking silence through a dissolved eternity.
everywhere I see an elderly dusk
appears on any corner a revitalised sunrise.

My muse!
Years and grey hair just like giant rocks,
Are whitened in hidden clouds.
Carved soul from a dried pen,
Is shaken, torn apart, away in the unknown.

My muse!
Perhaps you arrived as punishment within drunkenness
Or as a shivering game of dizziness?
I breathe girl's eyes hidden in you
And tears returned into a topaz.

My muse!
As a blessed breath pressing in forgiveness,
Since we awoke as poets in a sun rise.
Peaceful Sun sets brewing life
Days are going faster with a fast track...

3

My dreams are there

Pieces of words have shaken the soul...
My dreams are there,
Just like thousands of icebergs in an endless ocean.
Mind penetrates all the way flying,
In other skies, trips “endless”.

My dreams are there,
In spring skies, with many stars
Pieces of feelings crumble a soul
And turned magic into a cloth.

My dreams are there,
Just like light whitening, in sun rise.
With longing of autumn in a chest
And ...points of rain – sorrow.

My dreams are there
Over rainbow arches, colors of thoughts;
A white day, hope and happiness,
Trenches are twisted, poetry rebellion.

My dreams are there
Formatted in a great feeling...
A view thrown in a dark sky
Breathing margins – a statue shape.

4 **Whitening of angels**

Demons violently
 Abandoned,
The dark drapes spread in “scene”
Disappeared,
Were lost in their own distant self.

the sky was shining
angles where whitened
the darkness of space,
dead souls were whispering,
as they were forgotten;

Steel bars were being reshaped,
Flew in peaceful skies.

5 **In Olympus justice is established**

Zeus promised the long lasting justice,
Hidden,
Forbidden for centuries, and centuries

Evil doers caught evildoers themselves
The most cherished gift, for the fearsome “Had”.
Everywhere sympathizers screamed stupidity
And everywhere caught chains of innocence.

6 **October**

Thousands of killed leaves touch the sidewalk,
a crazy wind is pushing even further,
the distant forgiveness waits for the city,
in order to, kidnap even more, ...

Initiated sins are not ending here;
The last birds expels from the house,
When the morning throws the first stick,
The suffering tears sensing the asphalt

The furious wind is heading towards the lake,
Is staring at the tracks of memories with its naked nails,
Yesterday says farewell with its broom in hand
Gathered anxiety; in the belated nights.

7 **In the lake side**

Autumn would forget the lake, and not me.
I arrived always near you,
In bare foot,
Feeling more your warmth

Below the knees are dropping the waves,
Shaking, whispering;
They are looking again on the other side,
Are extinguished in the deep darkness

Doves escaped,
Humans did the same,
Only the voice of diamond doves
And my lonely steps.
(Memory is written in papyrus,
in order to refresh the past memory...)

Extension of exhausted waives,
A dawn over your glass,
Shining ribbons, cut,
Thoughts that depart far away,
Thoughts that are never going to stop...

We poets!

We poets!
...of the word and pain of earth.
Active in turbulent days.
Birds of a thunderstorm are raised suddenly.

We poets!
Of the word and muse of soul.
A flame of passion burned in the heights.
A flower blossoming in depth.

We poets!
Of the word and vibrating time
A leaf of autumn ruined intentionally.
Spring blossoming returned again.

We poets!
Of the word and white dawn.
Adjacent to the plane absorbed in kilometers of heights.
Swallowed around torn skies.

We poets!
Of the word and undeclared dream.
Thunderstorm of stars shaped in disorder
And drops of rain in sorrowful evenings

We poets!
Of the word and lost in meditation.
An open canvas, traces of colors scintillating
Migrants of the so called "cosmopolitan".

Light shades

The west is dissolved far away in the infinite
Slowly the night is descending in the border,
And even the girls, on the occasion lay in bed,
Some of them dreaming, another is passionate and others cry.

Surprising quietness is overwhelming,
Under the roving steps a belated day,
Over the turbulent rivers cannot be happy
Pain of tears has the valley below.

Who stabs a knife to the heart...
What is needed more for him and this dark life
She left. And now the poor guy!
Just like "Romeo" is praying on his knees.

The unlucky does not want to wake up,
Left asleep, dark like no one else
In the dark night, an infinite loss
The white soul sends far away.

Wait to take shape this blasphemy against you:
Quietness of a grave, an evil half smile
Night disappeared, if you wait for a new day
Wake up pleased, enter in the happiness.

10

Return

I condemned the rain for the expelled dream,
The sleepy eyes were looking for your hair,
Smile,
Irregular steps
Your shadow was dissolved in a belated night.

I looked for you everywhere in the traces of life,
Some where you are lost,...
Where?...
Perhaps in my longing
You were hidden in silence.

11

Innocent Passage

Gone Passage, a configured face
A girl's face,
Sweetly in love
A deep sea,
Its shape without boundary,
A longing hidden with pain,
Innocent passage.

Over passing the Sun, light rays.
A rapidly stolen vision,
Slavery of a soul.

An entire world of feelings,
An instant of happiness
An everlasting longing, crazy life

The world is twisted just like it was a toy.
Bowing and descending,
To the senseless emptiness
Nymph that is shaking the Gods and sky,
Sent to the altar,
The days of the west

Beautiful and soft
And always dreaming,
Marvelous creatures, flight of white birds.

A spring chill leaves of roses
A reflection of aestheticism
A crown of love.

Waves with vapor,
Below the observable shores
Horizons were broken,
The grey hair were unrooted,
In deep dirt were lost.

The peaceful cleanness beyond the blue
It ironically smiled the immaturity of males
And gifted the modern stubbornness!

14

Far away

A voice on the phone wishes from far away,
Another glass is chocking even far away.
For me!
Everyone is happy,
Celebrating in happyness
Of course for me!

But you did not ask this fall of evening,
Neigher for the city did not say a sole word..
You did not unroot our solitude but were afraid
From the roots in bundles in a ruined night

You continue to celebrate for us,
without us...
I am surprised even myself for the felt ice.

15

On top of the white rock

Over the wild rock,
Tall,
Is reigning fear
Between the extended terror is detached the snow,
Storm is screaming.

A sorrowful scream tears apart quietness,
Screams the lost fate for years,
With tired eyes is grappled
After the darkness without showing the end

Echoes are screaming far away
Mixed within pain, tears,
Sorrowful musical notes
Exhausted,
Overwhelmed,
Old

Looking to relax his soul

In a dream has arrived the voice of friends,
To shake from the infinite sleep,
The first to go into the storm,
To fight and return as a winner

To rise in the white rocky gorges
To begin his fearful scream
Clouds, it's possible,
Every one of them, to swallow!

16 **Apocalypse**

For the soul,
Emerged from everywhere the evildoers...
But the unfortunate,
Could not detach from the soul

17 **A begger**

“Poor guy”-
Is saying a walking pedestrian
“Too Bad”
Continues the play of words a boy,...
This is how a woman would express herself later,
Meanwhile a girl has changed the road.

Many others,
Even more people are talking.
The begger is waiting with frozen hands.

18 **Monastery**

Bells were chiming again...
“Again has died another person?!”
The last words, the only ...
Monastery had “hidden” everything,
Returned, in an instant, as speechless.

19 **Cohesion**

Its true!
How close we were yesterday!
Surprise!
How far away we run today!

20 ***
How many wounded hearts,
How many sad spirits,
How much tears and longing,...
Is stopping the greatest intersection.

21 **Welcome**

When bells are chiming in the door,
Is known that an alarm just happened at home,
For the importance of a guest who just arrived,
A mimic shows what he is.

22 **On the 'Sivenston' Park**

In 'Sivenston' Park is quiet,
silence,
 abandoned,
Lost benches in a heretic time.
A frozen lake and forgotten wings
Of white swans dissolved in migration.

On 'Sivenston' park is cold,
Freezing,
 wind is blowing.
A snow that feels with crystallised snow flocks,
Steps are knocking, slow motions
Flip flaps of enlarged shadows.

'Sivenston' park, a broken vision,
Worlds are crossed,
 Awaiting for water flows,
Shapes of symbols painted on lips
Mirages and dreams of broken memories.

"Sivenston' Park an infinite vision
Whiteness,
 a thrill of fates.
Among clouds and nights an icy longing,
Sleeps below the forest naked and alone.