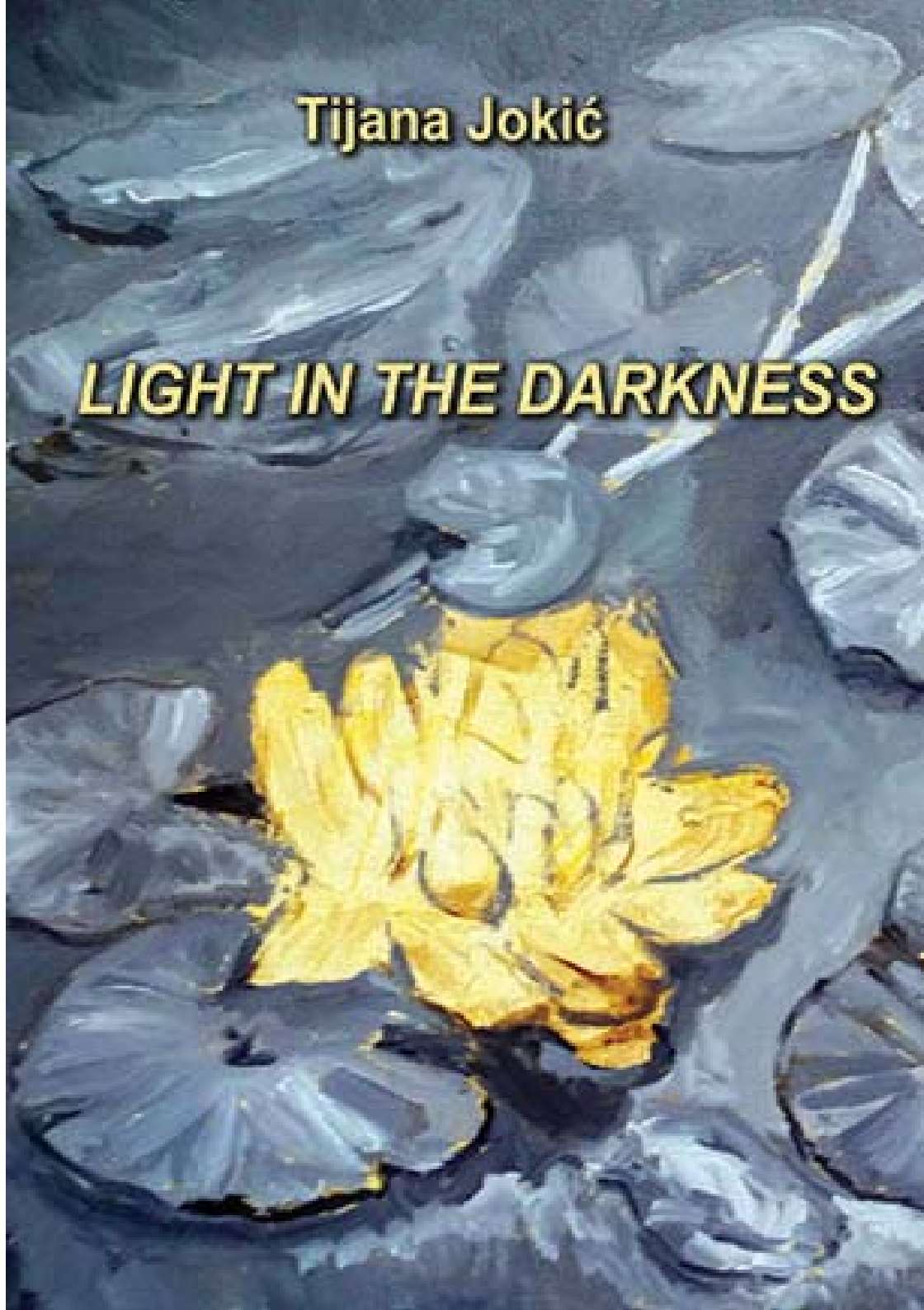


Tijana Jokić

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS



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Studio „Poeta“

Dizajn korice
IkaArt Studio

Tiraž
300 primeraka

Štampa
Dinex – Beograd

Tijana Jokić

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

Belgrade, 2020

Pegasus

I'm having a dream ...
A white horse is drinking water from a spring ...
Such a beautiful horse,
My eyes have never seen before.

It has wings!
It can fly,
It watches the world from the heavenly heights.
Now it is drinking water from a spring ...
I can feel how fresh that water is,
Such freshness I have never felt before.
It must be from a wondrous spring,
A source of inspiration, perhaps.
It's the spring in the mountain,
Where the winged white horse lives.

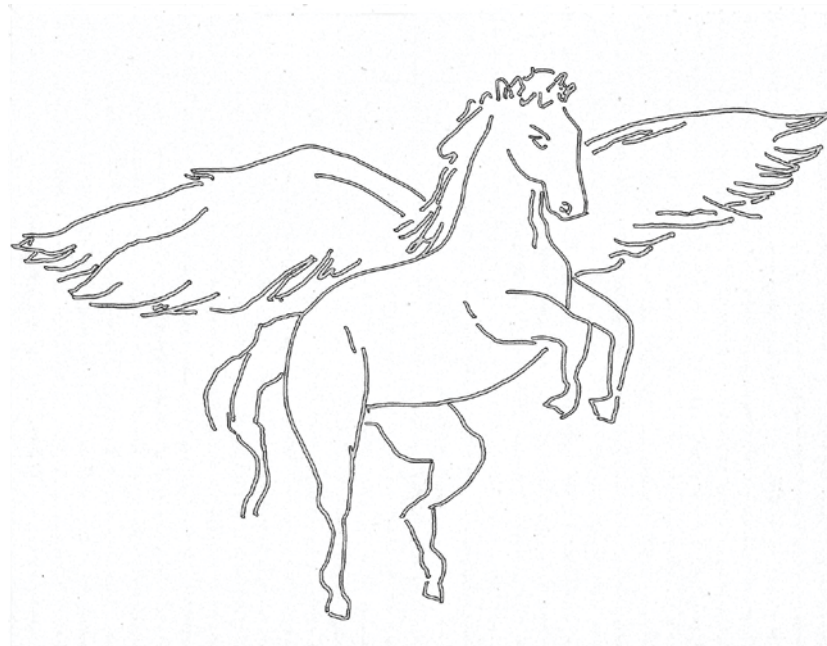
Ah, what a beauty, what a marvel!
My white horse drinks water from a miraculous spring!
A white haze surrounds him ...
Through the haze I can see,
Vaguely, but I can see,
The beauty of the mountain where the white horse lives.

I would approach it,
But I do not want to disturb its peace.
I just stand there,
Fascinated ...
I feel the power, strength it is sending me,
Inspiration it gives me,

But it is only drinking water and standing still.
It is not easy to express such feeling,
But I will keep it forever to myself.

I have to leave slowly,
This wonderful world of serenity and beauty,
But now I know
Where the beautiful winged white horse lives,
It will remain in my soul forever,
With that knowledge as a gift.

It may have been a dream,
But I know I didn't sleep!



For a moment at least

The way that verses are born -
That is the beauty, the splendor,
Purity of the world!
They come to the greyness of our world,
From the ancient spring
Washing off the dirt from the hearts
Giving them true purity.

The poet,
He likes to drink the water from the ancient spring,
Empowering himself with the force of creation,
He likes the beauty that the verses come to our world with,
He likes purity of this primal, eternal spring
That verses bring with them.

The poet receives as a gift,
For a moment at least,
To be connected with that wondrous world,
Its primal force,
To be surrounded with the purity
In endless, mute silence.

The ability to leave his own body,
His mind,
To rest, in the magical silence of our universe
From every sound,
To surrender his entity to the higher force,
To write wondrous verses with his hands.
Then to come back

Bringing these verses to the people.

It is hard for a poet to come back,
To descend from the heavenly heights back to earth.
It is hard to forget
The never ending vastness of silence
And the spring of inexplicable light and color

But verses are powerful,
Because they bring messages from the other world
Filling souls with strength.

And the way that verses are born
That is joy and splendor,
True beauty and purity!

Who are you?

I am looking into your eyes...
There was nothing between us,
But there was everything.

Who are you,
And why am I looking into your eyes?
What do I see in them?
What am I looking for?

Maybe an unearthly white rose,
From the unknown expanses of the universe,
That brings love to the earth.
When I wanted to touch her,
It disappeared in a white mist.

Maybe I saw butterflies,
That bring eternal spring to the heart.
A butterfly flew out of your eyes,
Then around me.
When I wanted to catch it,
It returned to your eyes,
It flew away from me.

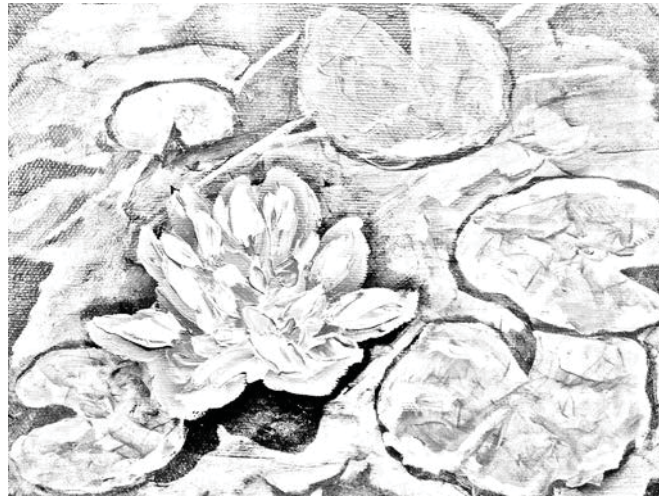
Maybe I have noticed
A celestial star in your eyes.
It ignited a bright spark in them,
A spark that illuminated me.
When I wanted to touch the star,
It was as if it has burnt out.

But now, they are all gone.
No white rose.
No butterflies.
There is no celestial star.

Once I encountered them all in your eyes ...
But it seems to me, it was a long time ago.
And now I don't know
Who you are or who you were!
All I know is that there was nothing between us,
But there was everything.

Maybe I'll meet your eyes again,
Or maybe it never will never happen.

Who are you?
Are you from this world?
Or did I just dream of you?



Waiting for you

Darkness...
I'm waiting for you...
The darkness surrounds me.
I'm waiting for you silently,
Cold and shivering.
With arms stretched I'm waiting for you.

I stopped, time stopped.
In silence, in darkness,
Nothing is seen, nothing is heard.
With my arms outstretched, I'm waiting for you.

I know you'll find me!
I know you're looking for me!
You just have to withstand that darkness,
Cold and shivering.
Just hold on!

Waiting for you,
My heart knows, feels,
That you are looking for me,
That you will find me,
It's just a matter of time.
With that sense, I believe that I will endure!

But over time, that is likely to change.
The strength is leaving me.
With outstretched arms in the darkness I tremble,
I can barely stand.

I think, I won't withstand,
But your hands,
Find my, outstretched,
Trembling.

You light a candle,
Scatter the darkness,
You take me in your arms
And hold me in your arms for a long, long time...

It was hard waiting for you,
But I believed, that you would find me.
And you found me!

Without you

Without you ...
Would I have become wiser?
I don't think so.
If I hadn't met you
And saw the spark of wisdom in your eyes,
Would I become wiser?
I don't think so.

You know,
We didn't meet by chance ...
That was fate!
At that moment a star shone in the sky.
That was fate!
It brought you into my life,
And you brought love,
Then the heart began to beat faster.

I'm in love,
I have fallen in love with your wisdom,
I saw a star in your eyes,
Under which, when it appeared in heaven,
There was an intertwining of our destinies,
The meddling of two souls, two bodies,
Warmed up by love.

We have lost our minds to love,
In the embrace of passion, we dreamed of eternal love ...
All around us the light has shone,
In the white mist of happiness that hugged us,

As in a dream we walked together,
We loved each other very much, passionately...

But the difficulty of life has overshadowed us,
Torn the white mist of happiness,
Driving us to the way of worries and hardships.

Then, as always, you held my hand,
You never let go of my hand!
And now you're holding it
Teaching me wisdom!

You say:
“Wait, everything will soon be a bygone!
The pain will go away, happiness will return!
You know I love you
And that I will never let go of your hand! ”

If I hadn't met you,
What would have happened to me?

I do not know!



Who am I?

When I wake up in the morning,
I often don't know
Who I am?

Am I the one that lived in the dream,
Or am I the one that has just woken up?
I lay with my eyes wide open,
I ask myself a question:
Who am I?

Sometimes I have a feeling,
That everything that happened in the world of awoken,
Is just a dream.
Like I wander all day through fog,
I don't know where I live,
In reality or in dream?

Maybe the reality is hiding in illusion,
Not letting us see it clearly, understand it.
It plays with us like with children,
Knowing, probably, that we still need to grow up,
To be able to recognize and accept it.

Who are we?
Who am I?
I sit like a bird in a cage,
I can't fly with my own wings,
That's what makes me sad every day!

If I could open the cage door,
If I could fly freely,
I would definitely fly to heaven,
To the shiny sun,
To warm up my soul,
Tired from earthly worries.

Surely, many would fly away,
They would never look back,
Wanting to rest from earthly worries.

But we are not given that,
In a cage, on the ground,
There we are left to live.

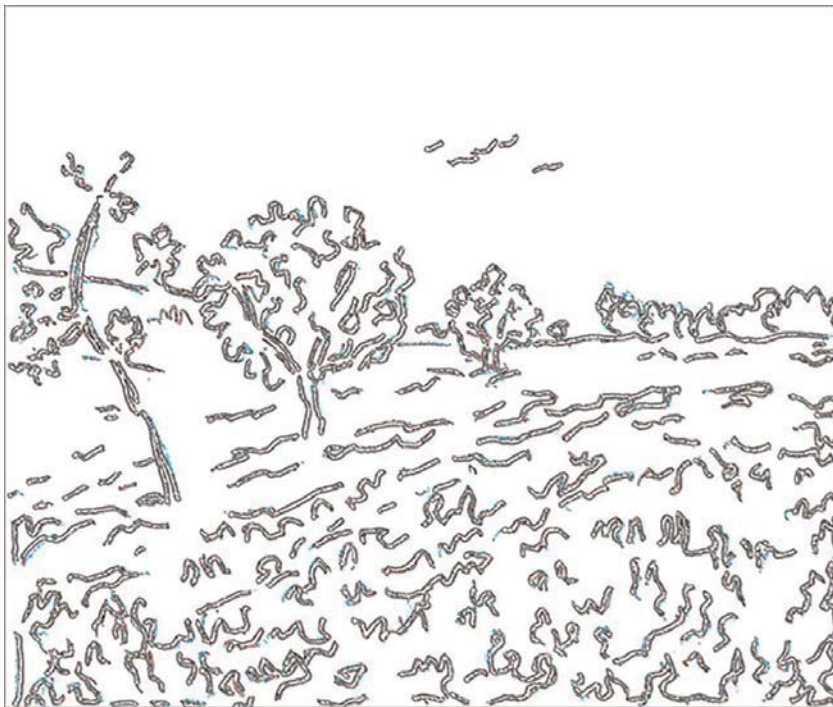
Maybe each of us,
Sitting in a cage, needs to change ourselves,
To wait patiently for the day,
When we open the cage,
Fly with our wings,
Then we would feel, that by changing ourselves,
We can transform the whole world,
Get the joy of heaven on earth.

Maybe then a dream will become reality, realizing,
That we have grown,
It won't play with us anymore,
It will no longer deceive us with its illusion.

Maybe the dream will look like reality,
And reality will be an illusion.

Maybe I'll stop feeling sad,
And stop seeing the world as a cage.

Who am I? Who are we?
What is a dream? What is reality?
Maybe I'll find out someday!



Butterfly

I caught a butterfly!
It was flying around me,
I held my hand out,
It landed on my palm!
I watched it carefully,
As it laid on my palm,
It enchanted me with its beauty.
Then, all of a sudden, it took off,
Landed on my chest,
It seemed to have flown into my heart.

And I don't see it anymore!

But I feel a butterfly
Living in my heart now,
It gives me its wings,
I can observe the world from above.
I fly on its wings,
In the spring I embrace all hearts,
Which the butterfly flew into,
And adorned them with his beauty.

Hearts flying on butterfly's wings,
Recognize themselves,
Together they discover a new world.
The more hearts are given to butterflies,
The faster and easier,
For the whole world will be to fly away like a magical butterfly,
Where only love reigns

And gives us eternal spring,
Where only love can touch hearts
And where all the butterflies will arrive.

Why haven't I met
My butterfly before?

Maybe he wasn't there before!
I was looking for a butterfly,
And I got a caterpillar!
I didn't want a caterpillar,
I wanted a butterfly.
But when I fell in love with the caterpillar,
It turned into a butterfly!

But now I doubt,
Have I ever seen or caught them,
Or it was all just a deception.
Maybe they never even existed!
Maybe that caterpillar was me,
That has now become a butterfly!



I will lose!

You know what!
I will lose in this game!
Consciously! With full responsibility!
I will lose this game!

Victories, I don't need any!
I can't enjoy winning,
When in the game of life
When one wins -
Others lose.
One is a hero -
The other is worthless.
First one is proud -
The other is ridiculed.
They raise one to the stars -
They burry the other to the ground.

You know what, I'm tired of it all!

Where is the love ?!
Where is the compassion ?!
Where is the care ?!
Hot air in the world's desert!

How to live on?

Suffer,
Until it passes.
While the brutal force,

That makes wolves out of people,
Doesn't go away.
Do not sleep,
Because you can become a wolf, too!

That's why, I'm going to lose,
Wishing the winner luck!

I am already used to being silent

I am already used to being silent,
To keeping my words to myself,
To tell nothing,
To live in my thoughts.

Why spend words, when you are not understood,
Sometimes you are even judged.

Your words shouldn't be given to everyone,
Not every man can understand them.
They should not be thrown around,
If a man is asleep and cannot hear them,
Let the men sleep!

Because words are expensive,
And if they cannot be heard,
Why spend those beauties!

It's better to keep them in your thoughts,
Console yourself with them, if the heartaches.
If the soul cries,
Take comfort in the words you could not say,
Be quiet and wait.

Wait for the one who will understand your words,
Who will wait for them impatiently.
Then you will talk together
Creating harmony between you, decorating the world.

Therefore, be silent and wait,
Keep your words within you.
Do not say,
You are already used to being silent,
Because when the time comes,
That habit should be changed fast.

So, wait for the time when the words,
Born inside you,
Will speak for you,
And when they will start
Decorating the world around you.

Forgive me

Forgive me,
My dear soul
Because I'm often
Unnecessarily disturbing you!

My mind deceives,
Questions me:
"What are you doing?", it asks.
"Do you have a goal in life?
Set it for once! "

When I hear the stern voice of my reason,
A bunch of questions come up,
What I am doing, what will be tomorrow ...
Then my heart is overwhelmed with worry,
It starts kicking fast, hitting,
Restless peace haunts,
The joy of life disappears,
Fatigue, endless fatigue fills me.

My mind needs to stop,
I should not allow it to create such thoughts.
Thoughts that torment my soul,
That don't allow me to live in peace.

Why should I set goals in life?
Why should I think about it?
All those goals, plans for the future
Are just funny

Because they are designed by reason.

What will happen,
I cannot know that!
I am not God, our creator,
The only thing I can do now,
Is live.

And tomorrow,
Tomorrow may not arrive for me,
No one knows when their last hour will come.

And if it is tomorrow,
Let it be!
Let it be tomorrow and the day after tomorrow ...
Just don't think about it!

You just live!
Live now
Do what your soul tells you!
And let go of that worry for once,
It has already bored you and your soul!

And if your soul wants
You to write,
Then you write!

And I will write ...

You forgive me, my dear,
Forgive me!

No encounter happens by accident

There are no accidental encounters!
All encounters in our lives are predestined,
Written down, like in a journal.
Every page holds another encounter.
As the life passes,
The wind of destiny,
Turns the pages,
A new encounter awaits on our path.

What that encounter will be like we do not know.
What is happening in that moment,
We do not understand.
Who and why are we meeting,
We do not think of.
We simply live fulfilling our destiny.

And encounters...
They are various,
Sometimes sweet, sometimes bitter,
Shallow or deep,
Unforgettable or soon forgotten,
Lovers or friends,
For a moment or a lifetime...

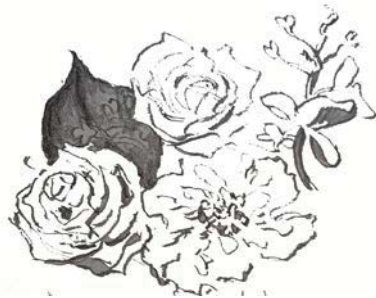
But the important thing is that encounters happen,
Changing our life every time.
Whether we know it or not, doesn't matter
When eyes meet during the encounter,
They exchange lights of some world unknown.

Then, interweaving,
Till the very moment of encounter of eyes unknown,
Destinies are intertwined.

Those who meet discover new worlds.
Sometimes they realize it, sometimes they don't.
During the encounter,
In the soul of those involved,
Something changes,
New horizons arise.

From every encounter a lot can be learnt,
Especially if one is not asleep, but pays attention to it.

Even if encounter brings sadness instead,
Even then, be grateful for it.
Never forget -
No encounter happens by accident.
There only exist those,
That are written on the pages of our life,
With the ink of destiny!



City lights

City lights are all around,
But in the soul the dark havoc reigns.
What to say about nowadays?!
Decorated cities are everywhere,
Lights are bright, illuminating all around.
The heart is silent in the dark,
Lost in the spiritual desert!

Do not stare at external lights!
Look inside yourself!
When you see darkness there,
Seek light,
Look for anything to inflame
And enlighten your soul.

Don't look at the shiny cities!
Look inside yourself!
If you find light there,
You have found true happiness and beauty,
You have found your true self!



Independent people don't exist

Independent people do not exist.
There are just those
That dream about their independence,
Having only a feeling,
An illusion of independence.

An illusion that deceives them,
That lives in their dreams solely,
And brings fear,
Fear that in any moment they can lose
Everything they've been creating for years,
In attempt to get their independence,
To try not to live dependent on others.
That kind of fear, fear of losing independence,
Is the fear of encounter with your soul
And of accepting your destiny.

They do not understand,
That the whole world was made that way.
For a man to search for his independence,
To wait for it impatiently,
To expect peace and tranquility,
To see as his reality
And not to think of it,
Not even for a second, as an illusion.

If the men sees his independence,
With the eyes of heart and soul,
Then he understands that without others' support,

He cannot overcome difficulties in life
He knows that without others' help he cannot survive
That he cannot love himself nor others.

We are all connected and must live together.
If someone would stand in vain
Looking at us from above, today,
Maybe they would be the ones begging for help tomorrow.

When they would realize,
That independence,
Lives only as an illusion among us,
They would always help others
With words or deeds.
They would see every man as their brother,
They would forget about their dreams of independence,
They would be happy to be connected with others.

Then the whole world would glow,
And the people would love the people, forever.

A man

Oh, man...
Who are you, man?
Your existence isn't quite clear.
You are deceived very often,
It is hard for you to tell the illusion from truth,
Still, you think that you know everything.

You think that life is only hard on you,
You pity yourself and envy others,
You think you know everything,
But you know nothing, man!

You don't know how hard life is,
For the ones you envy.
You don't know how painful it is,
To carry the earthly weight and sadness.
You don't know how their heart cries,
Wounded in life's struggles.
You don't know it, man,
You don't know it,
Because they are silent!

They carry a wounded heart in their chest,
Trying to mend it,
Trying to lessen the pain the soul feels...
But you don't know it, man,
Because they don't talk about it,
And you envy them, men,
Oh, man...

Oh, man...

You envy their wounded heart,
Their bruised soul...
Not knowing why you envy them, man.
You think it's easy for them,
And hard only for you.

Think about someone else,
For a moment,
Think about someone but you.
You will realize that everyone,
Carries sadness with them.
That every man is a soldier,
Fighting his own fights
Getting wounded,
Then healing...
Maybe getting wounded
More severely than you do,
But you don't know it, man!
My advice for you, man, is:
Don't envy!
If you are unhappy with your own life,
Search for satisfaction within you.
Maybe you can even find something -
A grain of wisdom, truth...

Oh, man...

Passerby

Every passerby
That appears in our life
Fulfils a certain task,
Not even knowing it.

It seems like passerby comes to our life's journey,
All of a sudden, unexpectedly,
Out of nowhere.

We don't even think that
Destiny might have sent them
To us,
At that exact time,
To change the course of our life,
To teach us something,
To send us in a completely different direction.
Where some new tasks await us,
Where new circumstances fulfill our life.

Then, the passerby,
As a rule,
Disappears from our life,
Making our heart sad.

But, you, heart, do not cry,
The passerby had to leave
We must continue our life,
We must let passerby go.
New passersby will come,

Bringing new ideas with them.

Every one of us, at some point

Becomes a passerby for someone else,

Starting a new circle of events.

Over and over, as one passerby completes his task,

Other begins,

While destiny changes our lives for evermore.

The past years

Where did all those years go?
At one point, all of a sudden,
Like from a dream,
Each of us wakes up.

When we look behind us,
We see years that have passed.
Those forgotten on the path of life
Waiting for someone to remember them ...

Realizing,
That everything that once was, is now gone,
That it is time to say goodbye to the past,
Heart mourns
Tears in its eyes shine,
And its lips whisper:
"Is it all over, is this it?"

Yes, yes, it's all over!
Unnoticeably!
It brought sorrow to my heart,
grief for the happiness of the past years.

And what to grieve for is not clear.
It was never easy.
And memories, they trick us!
But still, the heart mourns,
Because the time of parting has come,
Because you need to part with former self,

Leave your youth forever,
Past is all you have now.

Where did all those years go?
They just passed ...



Tijana Jokić

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

