

Special Guest of the Chief Editor for the Issues of this Year's Volume

*Zorica Sentić*¹ – Poetry



the news about time

my
seconds
are
minutes

minutes
are
stretching
into hours

my
hours
are like
a day

my days
last
for
months

h
c
t
a
w
y
m
I

t
s
o
l
e
v
,

I want
months
that are
years

the years
that
would
taste
of forever

my
nights
are
mine

they
have the
flavor of
the infinity

I want
moments
to the
taste
of eternity

where
everything
is allowed

my
clock
stopped

is it
that
the time

the news about time

¹ *Zorica Sentić* originates from the territory currently called Serbia of the former Yugoslavia. She now lives in France. Her poems written in Serbian and French have been translated into several languages. Her poetry of “cosmicity”, or rather “the phenomenological Other”, lacking any kind of mannerism, calls upon and questions us all as You, in second person singular, with a feminine universality. **Contacts:** E–mail: zorica.sentic@gmail.com **Web Addresses:** <http://zoricasentic.blogspot.com/>, www.darujmorec.com, <http://www.facebook.com/zorica.sentic>

être un mot

je voudrais être
un mot
compiqué
impossible
à mettre au pluriel
être rare
le mot unique
dans ton dico
je voudrais être un verbe
que tu ne
conjuguerais
qu'au présent
et au futur

français: **Zorica Sentić**

somewhere

I'm somewhere here
between the words and tomorrow
somewhere where I'm sitting
nothing stops me
but I'm staying
speechless
waiting
for my words to begin
somewhere
still waiting
between the words and tomorrow
for these words
just born
and not yet spoken
I am here
but I would prefer to be next to you
and to fly
only to land on your shoulder
on your tomorrow
somewhere
on your land
i gave birth to these words
still speechless
If you would only
whisper

translated by **Jelena Pavlović**

to be a word

I would like to be
a word
complicated
impossible
to put in the plural
to be rare
the single word
in your dictionary
I would like to be a verb
that you only
would conjugate
at the present
and with the future

translated by **Paul Dauwe**

she was lost

under the umbrella of hope
while standing on the tedious balcony
under the shower of accusation
on the bench of assumption
on the path of wondering
on the rim of a well
I have found madness
in the pool of light
on the tracks of memory
I have lost all illusions
and have looked for the victories
on the tracks of life
I was lost and I marvelled
the wheat fields
and the many paths
leading to the gardens of Eden
to the valleys covered with snow
right to the top of the highest mountain
I will look for you
I might be destroyed
yet I could conquer it
and if I find myself
I will write to you

translated by **Jelena Pavlović**

éteins le silence

éteins le silence et tais toi
ferme les yeux et regarde en toi
si t'aperçois l'ombre d'une lumière
si t'entends un bruit, un cri ou un éclat de voix

t'as encore foi
tu saisiras l'essentiel
et peut-être
verras-tu l'invisible
dans cette multitude d'amas
dans ce tas de pourquoi
des pépites perdues
des réponses-questions

si tu discernes en toi
dans la pénombre d'un de tes pourquoi
la lueur d'un éclat
une empreinte qui traîne en toi
sans doute un cri, un mot que t'as pas compris
dans cet immense magma
lors de l'explosion des réponses sans questions

une âme amie plane la nuit
du côté de chez toi
ne sois pas surpris
si un peu d'elle, tu discernes en toi

si tu la discernes en toi
tu pénétreras et percevras
les certitudes de tes doutes d'autrefois
ai foi au moins en toi
si t'as pas en elle

parle toi
tu apercevras des pluriels de comments

il n'est jamais trop tard

un soir
tu t'écouteras
un autre
tu t'entendras

elle
elle sera toujours là
alors, souvent, regarde en toi
ferme les yeux et tais toi
tu trouveras ta vérité
elle
c'est peut-être moi
éteins le silence