

~ Hana Vuga ~

## ODTEKANJE

Tokrat sedim na levi strani  
in gledam svet skozi levi zorni kot.  
Za ogledalom se riše novo ozvezdje,  
na mojem desnem kolenu  
pa se dela stara modrica,  
ki ji napovedujem napredovanje.

Če odrastem, bom boginja Nutelle, vseh mozoljev in tulipanov.

Svoje ozvezdje bom poimenovala adflictio,  
po poznanstvih.  
Modrica bo dobila končno obliko,  
spominjala me bo nate.

Ko odrastem, bo moja bolečina nosila masko ljubezni,  
nežno bom nagovorila svojo dilexio...



~ Neli Pisk ~

## LIVING TO ITS FULLEST

Look!

He's dancing along the city.

Along the big dark soulless city.

Where the streets are quiet and people are dressed in black.

Now he's singing!

»He's mad«, they say, »he's crazy, normal people don't do that.«

The word 'normal' echoes in my ears.

»He's making a fool of himself«, they keep repeating.

He doesn't mind.

He's dancing and singing.

I smile.

He looks and smiles back.

We both know he's not mad.

We just know the secret of living.

Living to its fullest.

