

Lulëzim Haziri



social sensibility. With the further poetry collections "Kur dyerthapen me zile" ("When doors open by ringing") (1995), "Daljanga safari" (2005) ("Exiting safari") and "Vetmi e varursinumërnëportë" (2015) ("Loneliness hanging like a door number") he continued to enforce a poetic discourse of everyday urban life full of worry, dilemma and distress.

Lulëzim Haziri has also expanded into writing short stories, essays and commentary, especially on the rock history and wider culture. Some of these writings are included in his books of non-fiction "Rokenrollshqiptar!" (2000) (Albanian rock'n'roll") and "Bardhë e zi" (2010) ("Black and white").

He lives in Gostivar and works as a human rights activist.

Lulëzim Haziri is a poet and journalist. He was born in 1962 in Reçan, Gostivar. He studied at the Technical University in Prishtina, Kosovo, while his first poems were published in the magazines "Zëri i rinisë", "Bota e re", "Fjala", "Rilindja", etc. In 1989 the publishing house Rilindja published his first poetry collection "Këngalindnëvetmi" ("A song born in solitude").

With this collection the poet brought to the Albanian literature poetry with a

Unlike many other poets, Lulëzim Haziri didn't take poetry as a pamphlet written with random reference... He doesn't pretend to change this world, but with his art makes it more beautiful. Haziri gets inspiration from the ugly, about which he writes beautifully. His poetry often looks like prose, but you can find a lot of things there. Ordinary things get a new life in his poetry.

Salajdin Salihu

RHINOCEROS

It stands aside in the savannah amidst the noise of its own kin
It burrows the dry land
the barren field
with the tip of its horn

It painfully digs into the earth like
a possessed archaeologist whose

dream rests in his fingers in his arms
digging deep

It digs...
It burrows... It delves...

In drought in death in barrenness
It lazily raises its head
Looking at the clouds whispering

memories Dreaming of monotonous
summer rain Whichit would first feel
Like tears or sweat
Rather than raind ropson its thick skin
Moving slowly across the savannah Far
from the noise of his kin

All the way to the rainbow, to the river to
drink

MORNINGSONG

Fedup with the nocturne written at mid-
day

I wokeup with the first sunshine
Together with the cockcrow of selfpraise
I opened my eyes and looked through
the window

The fluoescent lightsp read out it sarms
All the way to infinity

The traffic lights winked

The city buses hurried heedlessly

The passers-by carried their severed
heads Their hands searching pockets full
of illusions Newspapers sticking out of
the irrims

As the most efficient cure for the lack of
communication

In this age of eclipses

When the nocturnesare written at mid-
day

The sunhangs at the zenith Marking
the end of the market day When with
darkglasses on my nose I set outsearch
of the singing cocks.

THEBIRTHOF THESONG

The lonely people are like zeros
You add them
You subtractthem

Never One Never Two Or Three

The zero follows them

But theyarent zeros

The lonely people don't eat Time

Dry

They write letters with tearful eyes

And never mail them

Loneliness does not stamp them

It makes you hang yourself on a line
of words And likea scratched record
chants repeatedly *The song is born in
loneliness*

The song is born in loneliness

The songis born in loneliness

.....

BUSTS

The sculptors were not bothered by their
real appearances but the bronze men
were handsom eany way
the leaves above them were made
anxious aswere the freezing lovers
beneath them by their bronzesilence
But the stagecurtain lifts up
and those handsome mena reremoved
on tractors their eyes of metal looking
broken

while watching the streetsand the squares
saddened by the betrayal, the lies, plots
and hatred

The neglected bustsare most attractive
when a pigeon or crowdropsosomeshit
on their regular nose and when
the garbage collectorspayno attention to it
Even myself feel off end ed when wipingit
off

An old man comes along the all eyand
wave shisstick

at the nose of abust,saying: "Thisthief
stole two of my cows!"

translated by Zoran Ancevski