

# PILVAX

---

Issue One February 2005

**Albjona Hyseni** is a short story writer, essayist, and poet. She was born in Peje, Kosovo in 1977 and lived in Belgrade for sixteen years, where she finished elementary and secondary school. She speaks six languages including Hungarian and English. She has lived in Budapest for seven years.

**Carlos**  
by Albjona Hyseni

## I

A day of falsehood and fraud, a day foul and fully lived,  
A day eyeless earless handless footless disjointed and dumpy,  
All my losses and glooms massed together and all my chaos  
And the adventures I lived through for so many millenia,  
My glooms and my chaos of millenia massed together,  
Massed together by a slow process, man for man, death for death,  
So many suns, so many sea-snakes, and so many systems.  
I am entitled to sea and moons and to skirmish and despair.  
For no reason suddenly I liken blue to someone.  
I recall and revoke the mouth of fish for no reason;  
That's how I cool off. I had planned on three places, all three suitable for you and me,  
One among the sunflowers, one thirty years old, don't ask about the third.  
Don't ask me about the third, someday I will tell you myself.  
If I can muster courage and tact, I'll probably tell you,  
But first let's shed light on this heart-broken darkness.  
Let's build new cities just like the ones we have.  
Let's start anew with sesame and bread and overseas and love affairs.  
Let us go and return.  
Perhaps some place in a seed or in a state perhaps,  
Perhaps that sound or that gulp or soft couches or the greenest green.  
I could haul rocks invincibly or shovel mud or pave a road.  
You never can tell, maybe we shall find happiness; let us go and return.  
I shall not shirk, I shall haul rocks and shovel mud  
What's more you have tumultuous rumbling hair anyway . . .

## II

I want a country  
I want a country, let the sky be blue,  
the bough green, the cornfield yellow, let it be  
a land of birds and flowers.  
I want a country, let there be no pain in the head,  
No yearning in the heart, let there be an end to brothers'  
quarrels. I want a country, let there be no rich and poor,  
no you and me, on winter days let everyone have house and home.  
I want a country, let living be like loving from the heart; if there must be complaint, let it  
be of death . . .

### III

The sea floated up the rivers to the sky,  
something presumed eternal, something like childhood is gone.  
Our days—now slipping you dive, you forgot the day,  
these days—our days, those green,  
those blue, those berry-like days are long gone.  
Cars are stuck, collapsed are the bridges, all ships hurled ashore,  
burning down to ashes, and gallows are made from the remaining trees . . .

### IV

Do seagulls ever live on the ocean?  
Maybe on the shores . . .  
I am approaching your endlessness shore by shore.  
Endless faraways we shall reach by the skirts.  
Afterwards? A legend.  
The sun bleeds on me.  
Shadow of purple on white,  
The island flower's  
Whiteness dazzles my eye.  
Are you alight as faraway as  
Time, away from years gone by?

*More of Albjona Hyseni's poems can found in the JANUARY 2005 issue of PILVAX.  
Locally available in Budapest.*