

Poetry Series

**Ilire Zajmi**  
**- poems -**

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## **Ilire Zajmi(16.10.1971)**

Ilire Zajmi studied mass communication and alised diplomacy and political scienes. She is a writer, journalist and trainer of television journalism in the Kosovo Media Institute. Ilire works as professor of communication in Prishtina. She is also Head of Education at the Kosovo national public broadcaster Radio Television of Kosovo (RTK) .

Ilire writes poems, prose, essays. She is also very much engaged in the studing and writing for media issues in Kosovo and abroad.

Ilire won special poetry prize in the international contest in Milan, Italy, in the 20 edition, held 2011.

Her poems and books are traslated in Italian, English, Romanian. She is member of Kosovo PEN and Asociacion Poetas del Mundo.

# Desideri

I desideri sono bambini che non crescono mai

Bolle galleggianti in aria

Barche annegati in mare

Seduzione a godere la mela del peccato

Abbandono della memoria. Cenere trasformato a esca

I desideri sono come geroglifici antichi del mondo. Messaggi in bottiglia

Veri desideri sono quelli

che non gli conosciamo ancora

Poiché non abbiamo coraggio ammettere a noi stessi

E in fondo negli angoli più distanti

chiudiamo gli occhi al buio della stanza senza finestre

Ci chiediamo cui desideri sono davvero

nostre o le ombre che ci circondano.

Desideri sono uccelli timidi migratori

Provengono da luoghi sconosciuti. E tornano ai luoghi sconosciuti.

Ilire Zajmi

# I Want

I don't want to walk on the same roads  
Repeat slandered rituals  
To drink big black coffee without taste  
At the most frequented bar in the city  
To speak with shadows of the past  
Hostages of the present  
Losers of the future.  
I do not read brainwashing newspapers and watch television  
Nor suffering from the latest fashion trends  
Hair color, sex appeal, make up of Hollywood style  
And to wear shorts pants  
Latest creation of an old fashion designer  
Who was killed by a mentally ill man.  
I do not want to be like anyone  
I want to reveal myself  
In this global labyrinth  
Where we still don't know who we are  
I do not want to die slowly being erased to live  
I want to live just like I want.

Ilire Zajmi

# Public Auction

They trade with my dreams  
training their skills  
They shop with my temper  
dabble their patience  
They bet for my breast  
Measure their libido  
They drink for my health  
get drunk with their money  
They are sleepless  
Concerned about my problems  
They hire a private detective  
to write my black biography  
counting my lovers.  
For all the time  
For them  
I'm at the public auction  
And they try to steal my eye  
To rape my dream  
to push me in the hinterland.  
And to play, play with me.

Ilire Zajmi

# Too Early To Die

Give me your hand, when I won't be able to stand on my feet  
Give me a childish smile when the first wrinkles appear on  
my forehead  
Give me a fervent kiss on my bruised lips  
shroud me with the warmth of your body  
when cold turns me on ice  
lodge me on the sweetness of your heart when I lose faith in  
love

keep me alive in the most extreme edges of memory  
when because of sclerosis I will forget my own name  
Give me spirit to revive my Odysseus  
when death embrace me as a mother does a child

You do not let me die so early  
I don't want to become a shadow of remembrance  
Penelope on the island forgotten by the world.

Ilire Zajmi

# Vanity

All day long  
I stare at people walking by  
I drink bitter coffee, smoke cheap cigarettes  
In front and behind my back I don't see anyone  
I flirt with boys that I don't like  
Tell jokes and don't laugh  
Write poems in the moonlight  
And rip them under sunlight  
Give promises in the morning  
In the evening I forget.

I walk away from life and she taunts me  
I'm frightened from forgetfulness  
More than I do from the fire  
And I feel lonely  
As a wounded beast in the cage.

Will I be completely  
Dead when I die?

Ilire Zajmi



# Wishes

Wishes are children who never grow up

Bubbles floating in the air

Boats drowned at sea

Seduction to enjoy the apple of sin

Abandonment of memory. Ash turned to bait

Wishes are like hieroglyphs of the ancient world. Message in a bottle

True wishes are those

we don't recognize yet

Since we do not have the courage to admit to ourselves

And deep in the most distant angles

we close our eyes in the dark room with no windows

We wonder whose wishes are really

ours or the shadows that surround us.

Wishes are like timid migratory birds

They come from unknown places. And go back to unknown ones.

Ilire Zajmi