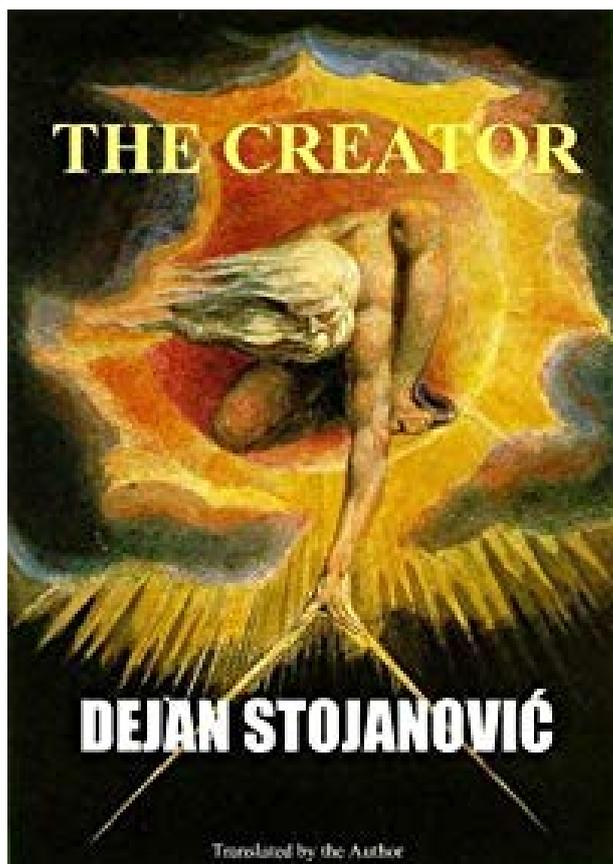


# The Creator



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<b>Language</b>	English
<b>Author:</b>	Dejan Stojanovic
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Poetry in translation. Translated from Serbian by the Author. The Deceived Devil No sound, no light The world beyond existence Dead time No evil, no good Everything sleeps A deceived devil languishes THE LIGHT-BEARER The Light-Bearer I By turmoil into the darkness By a blazing cry By storm and conquest The Creator The Pantokrator The World-Maker The Light-Bearer The Demiurge The Conquistador The Lover Of the emptiness he fills out II There is nothing to move before him As there was nothing before him Noble conquest Fire and growth Toward his self through emptiness he flies Emptiness hovers in him He eats her She eats him The most beautiful face that no one ever saw Too big to be seen His hand touched everything His eyes watched from everywhere III What is the secret What deceit, what shadow What is our delusion about him We are so little with a big desire Still piercingly glimpse We see the surroundings But don't see below We are the fire, the desire Rational nerve of matter What shape and sound are looked for in us What so we look for in them? IV The world sleeps, wakes up, The world hurries, warms up, cools down; The world is a navy in an empty ocean. We are castaways or sailors We look at the outside We look at the sea Not knowing we are divers We game, remembrance, fragrance We spring, bloom We see growth, beauty, torment We decay, reach old age, darkness We are ice in the end Ice to ice Dragon From nothing he comes alone, Fire and sound he is, Passionate and beautiful Assimilates into two worlds Two armies he leads Enchanting With smiles he deceives, Glares and invites With fire, when he awakes. His face, Invisible because of greatness, might, Into a shape he transforms and divides By invisible light that connects and Shapes his nervous system. He nourishes with his bloodstream, Spreading his breath Forceful and passionate he breaks. He is the fire. I am the fire, To his own self he says Fire only listens to fire, Fire is the source of shape I am the source of fire, but

He thunders, flares, breaks His fire will not end When it ends From ashes he rises again    Whispering  
Targets You know good, You know good is not always good. You show both faces And hide them at the same  
time One with one With your target you make the one Your target is your other pole Your target, the Devil's  
intent Born from desire and Formidable Yet too benevolent, immobile If without a target. The biggest good  
sleeps Awakened by fire and the fiery blast Tempest and bustle. Target gives birth to light, Target toward  
which you direct your light; Every birth is painful; The target almost unconquerable. What feeds fire?  
Uprising mass Spins and hovers in space; A dreadful law it hides. Through whispers you maintain Your wide  
expanded self Voracious Ruttish Vibrant toward the target You temper yourself Whisper to yourself Run away  
You know how huge you are What kind of force and law, Lowness and grandeur, a majesty Do shine from  
you. Whispering yet, you soften A faraway way And the target starts to whisper    Flight There is nobody to  
hear you. Is the journey more important than the destination The Ocean or the Shore Await you Confuse you,  
observe. You—the Ocean You—the Shore Before the darkness You fill the emptiness with your voice Echoes  
wait on the way; If they are stronger Journey becomes easier. Letters are guides, swooping birds Guiding you  
with glimmers. You are your own teacher. Moving closer by intuition; It has been long since you sailed But  
still in the beginning; You uttered count letters You talked. Every sound—a new bird. Birds grow with space;  
You follow their chirping; They fly with full force Faithfully waiting for you. You send them ahead So behind  
is always ahead You are closing the circle Continuing the spiral Letters compete in a race, They wave to you;  
Your dream is their truth; Without your dream there would be no letters There would be no harbor, no shore  
Or a true flight    A Curtain of Light A drop of light becomes the Curtain of light. With warmth of drops The  
light retells, reaffirms; By sound and scent From the light Shining pearly fingers call. You are part of the  
image, an effigy You cannot see it, You only follow the shining hand You gaze at one another; Faraway by  
touch, the hand watches you Takes you to carry you Into a vortex. Film of infinity before you was an  
Alternation of untranslatable impressions. Forgetting yourself You submerge into the light.    Pure Light By  
myself By yourself In myself I turn to you Confess You talk Far away Deeper Into myself I recognize the  
resonance I surmise you, I hear your breath, an undertone I see your contours So soft You do create Give birth  
and fix upon return Measure yourself by yourself Your word is your spirit; If only you utter it, It becomes a  
shape One word—a star Another—a bird You have to whisper Lonely and removed, Too strong to show  
yourself entirely To talk with full voice You open up to merit How beautiful you are Yes, you are. Whoever  
denies your beauty Doesn't know himself, denies himself. Farther and farther Deeper and deeper Into myself  
Toward you    Waiting You talk, you create Big, broad, wide, you glow Shine You give, you take Warm and  
kindled You smile by the light coming From the hiding realm of water You come and go Unannounced  
Perpetuum Mobile Reflexes glow Snow Warmth Wakening Clamor Bodies shine under the light Wilderness  
calls Sweet scents She Attracts The wolf Mates of all kinds Children Arrive in the world Cheer Mourn Eat  
Others And others eat them Forget Move forward Pass the law Survive Disappear Evolve Ugly and beautiful  
both The same in the same place With claws Teeth Hard and soft skin With legs, without legs, With wings,  
without wings With lungs, without lungs They move Give birth Die and Continue Survive Disappear  
Transform Gnash their teeth Kiss by poison Attack by scent With big and small mouths Heads Tirely Per tact  
and law Eat, hunt, and mate What propels them? We don't know.    Disorder Huge houses spring up To be  
brought down Soon afterwards By the people Who make roads, and erase them You run Crowd Bypass  
Collide Sounds Sweat Speed Avoidance of meetings Glances So enemies cannot take advantage You have to  
keep up Life in the forest You stopped showing fear Sharpened to wait for the right moment So you can attack  
The Devil and God Fire and chaos Free will and truth Contact, the touch you bestow Break through and  
ascend With masculine power You overpower, conquer yourself Flight and fall Devil and God Two sides of  
the same face