

Poems by Zvonko Taneski

Room

Why didn't they let me change the room
and make me feel better,
now that even the critics are allowed to change their views
and earn more space in the magazines?

They all went for large and bright rooms
with evidently functional furniture,
and I didn't even complain about the only one new, but hard armchair,
no trace of the second one, though there should've been a pair,
just like literature is inseparable from the science about it.

Why was I not standard guest when choosing the bed,
and was so resolute in my desire to experiment?

Literature needs fresh love masks for modeling:
a water-bed, an exotic partner with different skin color, faith,
an unexpected adventure...

But not much depended on, I thought, what view the window had,
everything depended on where and who she'd look at
and who she'd recognize.
"Each room has a mirror", so I hope mine would have one too,
for it shouldn't, by any means, be an exception to the rule.

Why does my head look like a syntagmatic axis
though it is laid softly on the pillow,
and becomes a hypertext when it sinks in deep sleep?

Shouldn't they have let me change my room?

I Wanted To Write

I wanted to write you a poem -
to strip you of all the metaphors, metonyms and epithets,
so that you be the naked truth,
official and recognized by the authorities
as a conclusive proof in self-defence

I wanted to write you a message
to describe you descending towards me
with a collected look,
without looking round
in case you're being followed by anyone
untamable or indecent

I wanted to write you an e-mail,
to arise in your virtual tenderness,
and spend the 'ntire night lonesome in front of a running monitor -
so that my eyes don't burn out in the dark -
before they get to see you in person
after a longer while

I wanted to write you a letter,
to reward you with mercy
so that you have it in reserve or in surplus
whenever you forget to smile
when greeting

I wanted to write but I've changed the plan.
So I further continue to want.

Bio:

Zvonko Taneski (1980) – Macedonian poet, literary scientist, critic, translator and editor. He graduated in General and Comparative Literature at the *Blaže Koneski* Faculty of Philology in Skopje. In 2007 he defended his doctoral thesis at the Department of Slovak Literature and Literary Theory of the Comenius University in Bratislava, and then another doctorate at the Department of Translatology and Interpretation at the Faculty of Philosophy of the *Constantine the Philosopher* University in Nitra. He has worked at the Institute of World Literature of the Slovak Academy of Sciences in Bratislava and also as a university professor on Faculty of Foreign Languages at FON University in Skopje. Now he works as a Senior Scientific Researcher (Comparative Slavic languages, literatures and cultures) on Institute of Cultural Heritage of Ss. Constantine and Methodius on University in Nitra. He is a regular member of the Independent Writers Club in Slovakia and Macedonia, the first Macedonian regular member of „Authors and Publicists International Association” (MAIII / APIA – Riga, Latvia) and also the honorary member of Slovak PEN Centre. He has authored five books of poetry (Open Doors – 1995, The Choir Of Decayed Leaves – 2000, The Ridge – 2003, Chocolate In Portfolio – 2010, Affections Without Warranty – 2012). He is actively translating works of Slovak literature in Macedonian and vice versa. Author of scientific monographs: *Metaphorical Models Of Figurativeness In The Poetry Of Jan Ondruš* (2008), *Slovak-Macedonian Literary And Cultural Ties* (2009), *Macedonian-Slovak Comparative Views (Studies And Interpretations – 2012)*, *Slovak – Macedonian Dictionary* (2014), *The Space Of Texts* (2015). He is the editor of several international academic and art publications. His works have been translated in English, Italian, Slovenian, Serbian, Bosnian, Croatian, Bulgarian, Esperanto, Russian, Polish, Czech and Slovak language. He is also a World “Poet Laureate” from Manila (Philippines, 2013).