

**RADOMIR D. MITRIĆ**



**SUMMER QUARTETTE  
AND  
STORY ABOUT MEDITERRANEAN  
/LETNJI KVARTET  
I PRIČA O MEDITERANU**

**S U M M E R   Q U A R T E T T E**

**Art print, Banja Luka, 2008.**

## Calcutta blues

Mornings, this city is a quiet desert,  
separated to life and death,  
where the sparrow sings about emptiness  
while in the other end of the world, a Zen master,  
enjoys the most essential admiration to the light,  
and the glance impressed in morning drop calls the pictures  
from memory, turning them into ambers of memories.

To be somewhere else - this is everyday Tao,  
we breath in and out, we are skilled slaves of  
the Earth and the Sky, swaying like the algae,  
aware only of the fact that the soul is unredeemable,  
but anyway it can be given as a gift, about which,  
perhaps, long ago written words can testify,  
a long time ago, on a bamboo cane,  
which at the moment I am reading in non-accidental look  
of some Asiatic woman, whose smile is another sun  
for me today, is unmeasurable duration

in this world, where the boats that breath out  
in the silence, never turn into stars.

*/ Calcutta blues*

*Jutrom, ovaj grad je tiha pustinja,  
predvojena na život i na smrt,  
gde vrapčev psalmopoj peva o praznini  
dok na drugom kraju sveta neki Zen majstor  
uživa u najsuštinskijem udivljenju svetlosti,  
a utisnut pogled u jutarnjoj kapi doziva slike  
u jećanje, pretvarajući ih u ćilibare uspomena.*

*Biti negde drugde – to je svakodnevni Tao,  
udišemo i izdišemo, vešti smo sužnjevi  
zemnog i nebesa, lelujavu kao alge, svesni  
jedino toga da je duša neotkupljiva,  
ali se može darovati ipak, o čemu, možda,  
i svedoče i neke drevno napisane reči,  
nekad davno, na bambusovoj trsci,  
koje u ovom času čitam u neslučajnom pogledu  
neke Azijatkinje, čiji osmeh je drugo sunce  
za mene ovog dana, nepremerivo je trajanje*

*u ovom svetu gdje se lađe što izdišu  
u tišini gotovo nikad ne preobraze u zvezde. /*

## Dissonanze

The world is a Tower of Babel. In the time  
Without space, lost senses of words when  
there are, and when the languages are in war  
while surrounded by emptiness you fade away  
as a shadow, somewhere in Bosnia where  
the death is like an mountain spring,  
cold and too fast always, and no one cares about  
your original hunger in the moment when  
it is hard enough to be a man in the space  
without muses, where decay happens before germination.

The songs, unwritten , we ate a long time ago,  
Light is the punishment for our pre-eternal darkness,  
the scars remained which are more terrible than sobbing.  
*In non-understanding is the essence*, a poet told me  
with whom I divided a bottle of wine and I did not even  
know that he is already from That side, while the city  
owls pecked cheap knowledge on surrounding streets.

I understand, to be born, means to feed your suffering,  
melancholy we breath in, heavy as reindeers,  
like the mills to whom the statics of the stone  
and spider`s web does not need the purpose of existence.

One should leave. But in a way that by travelling  
you come to yourself. And to build a tower inside You.  
The tower that will resist the winds and rain.  
And the eternal death that we are feeding. Everyday.

*/ Dissonanze*

*Svet je kula vavilonska. U vremenu  
bez prostora, zatravljeni smislovi rečima  
kad su i kad ratuju razmetnuti Jezici,  
dok obgrljen prazninom gasneš kao senka,  
negde u Bosni, gde je smrt kao planinski potok,  
hladna i prebrza uvek, a niko se ne obazire  
na tvoju drevnu glad u trenu kad teško je dovoljno  
biti čovek, u prostoru bez muza, gde se truli prije klijanja.*

*Pesme, neispevane, pojeli smo davno, svetlost  
je kazna za naš prevećni mrak, ostali su ožiljci  
koji su strašniji od ridanja. U nerazumevanju  
je suština, reče mi pesnik s kojim podelih buteljku  
vina, a nisam ni znao da je već s One strane,  
dok su gradske sove pridvorički ključale  
jeftino znanje po okolnim ulicama.*

*Shvatam, roditi se, znači othranjivati svoju  
patnju, melanholiju koju dišemo, teški  
kao sobovi, kao mlinovi kojima statika  
kamena i paučine ne nudi svrhu postojanja.*

*Treba otići. Ali tako da putujući doputuješ u sebe.  
I u sebi potom podići kulu. Koju ni vetrovi ni daždovi  
srušiti neće. Niti vekovna smrt koju hranimo. Svakodnevno. /*

## Small Danube Elegy

The words are flowing like the water of the river,  
irretrievable, I think, while resting upon  
my imperfectness I observe as one more  
day fades, the birds are stealing my solitude,  
through the grass I am looking the water evaporating  
and turning into the air, which is what a man  
longs for his entire life. Filigree precision of sadness  
in the deepest pore of my soul draws the bridge  
which is like Pontifex Maximus\* by which  
I will anyway turn into originality.

I am silent, I am in a nostalgic mood, inside me,  
the past builds the future tower, of stones, which looks  
like the one out of which the Trajan`s Column  
was built, the paths that I will never walk on  
depend on the thought about immortality,

now I believe Shelley that there is nothing more beautiful  
than the flight of the lark in the sky and that this  
is essential poetry. To remain yourself in flowing,  
but not to be all alone and talk in an interesting voice,  
to be sounded in the Hymn of the World and to be a part  
of that perfect score, one drop of the water in the sea,

a grain of salt or sand, a word in eternal Creator`s thought.  
In the infinity. Simply to be a myrtha with the root that grows.

\*

*Trajan`s bridge over the Danube river*

*/ Mala dunavska elegija*

*Riječi otiču kao voda rijeke, nepovratno,  
mnim, dok nadlakćen na svoju nesavršenost  
posmatram kako gasne još jedan dan,  
ptice krađu moju usamljenost, kroz trave gledam  
kako isparava voda i pretvara se u vazduh, čemu  
i čovjek cijelog života teži. Filigranska preciznost  
tuge u najdubljoj pori moje duše iscertava most  
nalik Pontifex Maximusu kojim ću se  
ipak vratiti u prvobitnost. Prvotnu bitnost.*

*Ćutim, nostalgijem, u meni prošlost  
zida buduću kulu, od kamenja nalik onom,  
od kojeg je sagrađen Trajanov stub, staze kojima  
nikad neću proći utiču na moju misao o besmrtnosti,*

*tek sad vjerujem Šeliju da nema ništa ljepše  
od leta ševe u nebo i da je to suštinska poezija.  
Ostati to što jesi, u proticanju. A ne biti sasvim sam  
i govoriti razumljivim glasom, zazvučati u Himni svijeta  
i biti djelić te savršene partiture, jedna kap vode u moru,*

*zrnce soli ili pijeska, riječ u vječnoj  
Tvorčevoj misli. U beskraj. Jednostavno  
biti mirta, sa korenom koji urasta i uzrasta. /*



## **Bosnian Nocturno\***

Voices, I remember the voices, caught in the shells  
of memories, that I was growing up with, while  
the thought and light ripened in me, among father`s departures  
to Venice, when he resembled Brodksij, or, again,  
when he, like Yeats, was travelling to Istanbul,  
always bringing new books from these travellings.  
It was a world about which he told amazing stories,  
while mother silently listened in the corner of the home, just like me,  
about the Mediterranean, about the Mediterranean azure, and  
what is the miracle hidden in Santa Maria Formosa.  
I didn`t even dream at that time what the war will bring,  
- at first a huge noise that was killing the children inside of us,  
while old Mrs Death was strutting around us,  
taking my elder brother to some other sky,  
while we were losing our smiles, and around me  
the voices of dear persons became quieter, and - at last, melancholy,  
some quiet sadness, like in the poems by Sylvia Plath,  
that I adored to read, while the darkness was falling on us,  
the darkness of the war, the Balkans, turning us  
into silence. But, like in a Story of the Seed and the Sower,  
I believed that the days will come to me  
in which the happiness will arrive in the shape of a female face,  
which Borges was wonderfully telling about in his Hymn,  
the face that would share my solitude,  
and change the silence by the words in which Logos is breathing.  
The war stopped a long ago, the voices came to life inside of us,  
the voices of our prayers, by which we rise up to the sky,  
while I bring the books to my unborn son  
to wait for him, like they were waiting for me, in the beginning  
of the road, on the path of life, from the same Venice,  
to the same Istanbul, between which beats  
the heart of the Mediterranean, Bosnia, my Ovidian  
Ultima Thulae, from which I will never go so far away that  
I could not be back in the same day,  
when nostalgia occurs, like in this very moment,  
when the night is falling, on the way from Gdansk to Sarajevo.

\* *First prize of International poetry competition ``CASTELLO DI DUINO``, 2008.*

*/ Bosnian Nocturno*

*Glasove, glasove pamtim, ulovljene u školjke  
uspomena, uz koje odrastah dok je u meni zrila  
misao i svetlost, između očevih odlazaka  
u Veneciju, kada nalikovaše Brodskom, ili pak,  
dok je kao Ježs jezdio ka Istanbulu,  
uvek donoseći nove knjige sa tih putešestvija.  
Beše to svet o kojem je ispredao neverovatne priče,  
dok je majka ćutljivo slušala u uglu doma, kao i ja,  
o Mediteranu, o plavetnilu Sredozemlja  
i u čemu je tajna koju krije Santa Maria Formosa.  
Ni sanjao nisam tada, šta će rat doneti sa sobom,  
– najpre silnu buku koja je ubijala djecu u nama,  
dok se stara gospođa Smrt šepurila oko nas,  
odvođeci mog starijeg brata na neko drugo nebo,  
dok smo gubili osmehe, a oko mene se utišavali  
glasovi dragih osoba, i – najposle, melanholiju,  
neku tihu tugu, kao iz pesama Silvije Plat,  
koje tako rado čitah dok je tama padala po nama,  
tama neka ratna, balkanska, pretvarajući nas  
u tišinu. Ali kao u Priči o semenu i sejaču,  
ja verovah da i meni bjehu namenjeni dani,  
u kojim će sreća doći i imati žensko lice,  
o kojem je divno pevao Borhes u svojoj Himni,  
lice što bi podelilo moju osamu sa sobom,  
a tišinu zamijenilo riječima u kojima diše Logos.  
Rat je minuo odavno, glasovi su oživeli u nama,  
glasovi naših molitvi, kojim izrastamo do neba,  
dok ja svom nerođenom sinu, donosim knjige,  
da ga čekaju kao što su i mene čekale, na početku  
puta, na životnoj stazi, od iste one Venecije  
do istog onog Istanbula, između kojih otkucava  
srce Mediterana, Bosna, moja ovidijevska  
Ultima Thulae, iz koje nikad neću otići  
toliko daleko, a da ne mogu biti u njoj u istom danu  
kad mi se nostalgija javi, kao ovoga časa,  
kada veče pada, na putu od Gdanjska do Sarajeva.*

\* 1. nagrada Međunarodnog konkursa za poeziju "Castello di Duino", 2008.

# **STORY ABOUT MEDITERRANEAN**

## **Mediterranean Sea, a never ending story**

*"This journey will never end..."*

*"Bridges of the words are the bridges of the worlds."*

D.M.

(My father, one of the greatest seafarers in the ocean of books of this world)

The story of the Mediterranean is the story of the history of the world, the story of the land where, in all probability, the first man was created out of earth and water and the story of the land where first word of the Creator was spoken and was then given to the man He breathed life into. It is the land watched over by God, with special care and a sleepless eye. The place where the world is divided into East and West. But also the place that unifies numerous nations into one whole.

To Romans it was *axis mundi* and if truth be spoken it remains that to this day. The heart of the world, the Mediterranean Sea murmurs and with its waves embraces the coasts of three continents, Africa, Asia and Europe. The breath of that Sea used to spread from Egyptian and Lebanese deserts in the South, to the lands inhabited by Celts and nations living in the lands of the fjords in the North, from the Sumerian-Babylonian basin and ancient Persia in the East to the Roman lands in the West and lands of the Maori and Saracens.

Many nations, whose cultures have changed the face of the world, used to inhabit those shores, Phoenicians, also known as the people of the sea, or Greeks, whose Pantheon guards the memory of the ancient exit out of the sea's shelter, if we stop to think of Aphrodite's birth, then Romans, Goths, Huns, Arabs, Byzantines, Slavs, and Turks. They were all fascinated by the beauty of the sea which had been shaped out of the first tear of joy the Creator had shed for the world he had brought into being.

This is where past flourishes daily and happens in every moment. The Mediterranean Sea is the mirror of mankind and the cradle of civilization that imprints its traces into the future like no other place in the world. This is the place where God wrote His first book on the rock with fire. The book that He would later give to Moses as a gift, assembled into stone plates.

Here one can find the wind rose, here the first cultural exchange took place. This is the place where the several centuries long dialogue that had brought about the renaissance of human existence and comprehension of the world was initiated, but it is also the place where the first alliance with God was made. Arithmetic, logic, philosophy, art, all of them have their roots in this

place, the great wonders of the world were built here and some of them still shine today, like the golden masks from Mycenae or the incredibly beautiful bronze statues from Agrigento. Which are wonderfully described by Borges

The first stories were told here and the first fairy tales were invented. This is the place where Noah found His salvation. It is the symbol of the greatest achievement of human thought. The source that gives meaning to our existence and that never dries up. The ancient and contemporary life's inspiration to different nations who have inherited such wealth, a pearl in the Babylonian shell of the world.

But the story about the Mediterranean is certainly the story about my life, too. And I heard this story for the first time at the Adriatic Sea, one of the many water territories of the Mediterranean, together with its Alborean, Tyrrhenian, Ionian and Aegean, Balearic and Crete territory and all the way back to its Pannonian surface in Pannonia, where once was the Pannonian Sea that retreated into the depths of the earth. The story which had been told to me during the long autumn nights and which I put before you with this paper, pen and writing.

The story of the Mediterranean was also brought to me by the South wind in which I, as a boy, used to feel the presence of God and hopefully do still, even today. There was both joy and melancholy in these stories. Some silent sorrow and nostalgia. To bring back those happier times when some loved ones were still here. Something like in the films directed by Tarkovsky, Bertolucci or perhaps Almodovar.

The story of the Mediterranean was told to me, with the same rapture, by my father, who had not traveled further than Istanbul in the East and Venice in the West and they became the outer edges of my entire childhood world. The Blue Mosque and Hagia Sophia in the East and Santa Maria Formosa in the West, they all shone with equal brightness to me, like some ancient lighthouses. He used to tell me about the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, about the bridge that splits apart to let the boats go through, only to come together again, because even bridges are alive in this place. He used to tell me about the magnificent sunrises, about Venice and how incredibly mystical love can be while the sun is setting and you are on a gondola in one of the many Venetian channels through which the Mediterranean currents flow and are soaked up into the surface of the earth.

Many years later while I was walking in Marrakech between the hanging rugs, more numerous than the clouds in an overcast sky, I noticed that same rapture in the story of an old woman that mimicked how her weaving, just like Homer's Penelope, only portrayed nature, the nature whose essence we do not

seem to see today. Because we take refuge in futile words. That same rapture I have tried to convey through my past and future, still unpublished books, like maybe through the character of some future novel of mine, the character of a librarian from Alexandria who speaks of a Mediterranean type of personality and of different kinds of Leviathans and Mermaids hidden in the mystical depths of the Mediterranean sea realm and of the books on the shelves of libraries that were marked and painted by the Mediterranean Spirit who is as terrifying as the book written at Patmos or as the Arabic Hundredth Name of God, but who is also as gentle as Zephyrus, as an angel.

But the deepest secrets are hidden by the Mediterranean women who are so beautifully portrayed by Lawrence Durrell or by a Kerenji, but first of all by the famous triad Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. Coy and sensual, gentle and harsh, the nature of these women is one with the nature of the sea where they used to wash their clothes and pots, waiting for their husbands, Ulysses who set out onto the waves of the Mediterranean.

Everything I have ever written and I ever will, was and will be a remembrance of these archetypal stories, stories that I gather by listening attentively to what the Mediterranean Nature and people, or a museum, a port, a ship, an olive-grove or a wine-grape, some palm tree, date-palm or a pomegranate tree tell me, that true myriad of colours and shapes through which the life force of the Mediterranean flows. This is why it can be said that Levant has that same air about itself as for example Andalusia, Maghreb as Athens, and Egypt as Carthage. That same energy and fervour flow everywhere, and they aid us in our common mission to leave some kind of legacy behind, all of us individually and it is irrelevant what that is, a pyramid or a book nicely apostrophized by Unamuno.

For Mediterranean is a universal notion that links us all into one whole. The first family and friendship cult was formed here. In the languages of many nations that used to inhabit these lands, the Mediterranean Sea had all three genders, masculine, feminine and neuter. Therefore, to them the Mediterranean was a father, a mother, a child, a brother and a sister. But it was also their silent support and ally. For us Mediterraneans it remains all that to this day. Hope that shall never disappear. And it will help us overcome obstacles through dialogue. Hope that was stronger than Pandora's box. Stronger than space and time. Without borders. That is Mediterranean.

I hope you feel the same, my unborn son... You, who will continue the mission and go further than the Pillars of Hercules which are the furthest that I have reached, I hope to this while I gaze at the wave falling back into Neptune's realm. And the silence that embraces the voice like the noun embraces the verb,

strange, like in those ancient times when Mediterranean itself was a child. Like you. Because everything starts moving back to its source at some point, just like Pythagoras claim that time has the shape of a circle. And Mediterranean is a circle that surrounds us, like an aura of light that shall never die out.

Crete, Greece, 2007  
(just before the trip to Bosnia)

*/ Mediteransko more, priča bez kraja*

*"This journey will never end..."*

*"Bridges of the words are the bridges of the worlds."*

*D. M.*

*( Moj otac, jedan od najvećih moreplovaca u okeanu knjiga ovoga svijeta.)*

*Priča o Mediteranu jeste priča o istoriji sveta, o prostoru gde je, verovatno stvoren prvi čovjek, od zemlje i vode, i priča o prostoru gdje je izgovorena prva reč Tvorčeva koju je potom darovao čoveku, kome je udahnuo dah života. Prostor je to na kojeg Bog motri, sa posebnom pažnjom, svojim nedremanim okom. I mjesto gdje se svet deli na Istok i na Zapad. Ali i mesto koje povezuje brojne narode u jednu cjelinu.*

*Za Rimljane on je bio axis mundi, a to je istinski ostao i do danas. Srce sveta, Mediteransko more šumori i svojim talasima grli obale tri kontinenta, Afriku, Aziju i Evropu. Dah toga mora sezaše od Egipatskih i Libanskih pustinja na jugu, do zemalja koje naseliše Kelti i narodi fjordova na Sjeveru, od Sumersko-Vavilonskog bazena i drevne Persije na Istoku do Romanskih zemalja na Zapadu, i zemalja koje naseljavaše Maori i Saraceni.*

*Mnogi narodi, čije su kulture menjale svijet, naseljavaše te obale, Feničani, znani kao narod mora, ili pak Grci čiji panteon čuva sjećanje na drevni izlazak iz okrilja mora, ako se setimo Afroditina rođenja, pa Rimljani, Goti, Huni, Arapi, Vizantinci, Sloveni, Turci, svi behu zadivljeni ljepotom mora što nastaje od prve božje suze koja poteče iz radosti za svet koji Kreator stvori.*

*Tu prošlost cveta svakodnevno i događa se svakomomentno. Mediteransko more je ogledalo čovječanstva i kolevka civilizacije koje utiskuje svoje tragove u budućnost kao nijedno drugo mjesto na zemlji. Tu gde je Bog ispisao prvu knjigu vatrom u steni. Koju će kasnije darovati Mojsiju sklopivši je u kamene pločice.*

*Tu je Ruža vetrova, tu je krenula prva razmena kulturnih tekovina, tu se začeo dijalog vekovni koji će inicirati renesansu ljudskog bitisanja i poimanja sveta, ali i mesto gde je stvoren prvi savez sa Bogom. Aritmetika, logika, filozofija, umetnost, sve to ima koren na ovom mestu, tu su izgrađena velika svetska čuda, od kojih neka sijaju i danas kao zlatne maske iz Mikene ili bronzane statue iz Agridenta neverovatne lepote. O kojima divno priča Borhes.*



*Tu su počele da se pričaju prve priče i tu su izmišljene prve bajke. Tu je i Noje našao svoj spas. Simbol je to najvećeg uspona ljudske misli. Izvor smisla postojanja koji nikad ne sahne. Drevna i sadašnja životna inspiracija različitih naroda koji su dobili u nasleđe takvo bogatstvo, biser u vavilonskoj školjci sveta.*

*Ali priča o Mediteranu jeste svakako i priča o mom životu. A tu sam priču prvi put čuo na Adrijatiku, jednom od brojnih vodenih lica Mediterana, pored Alboranskog, Tirenskog, Jonskog i Egejskog, Balearskog i Kritskog, pa sve do Panonskog lica, u Panoniji, gdje je nekad postojalo Panonsko more koje se povuklo u dubinu zemlje, od kojeg sam, za dugih jesenjih noći slušao ovo što danas svedočim, papirom, perom i delom.*

*Priču o Mediteranu u moju blizinu takođe je donosio Južni vetar, u kojem sam kao dečak osećao božije prisustvo, a tako je, nadam se, i danas. U tim je pričama bilo i radosti i melanholije. Neke tihe tuge i nostalgije. Za uspostavom opet, nekih sretnih vremena, u kojim neka voljena bića ne odsustvuju. Otprilike kao u filmovima Tarkovskog, Bertolučija, ili pak, jednog Almodavara.*

*Priču o Mediteranu, sa istim zanosom, mi je pričao moj otac, koji je na Istok najdalje putovao do Istambula a na Zapadu do Venecije, koji behu krajnji polovi do kojih beše smešten čitav svet moga detinjstva. Podjednako mi sijaše kao neki drevni svetionici, Plava Džamija i Aja Sofija na Istoku i Santa Maria Formosa na Zapadu. Pričao mi je o Bosforu i Dardanelima, o mostu koji se sklapa da propusti brodove da bi se opet rasklopio, jer ovde su i mostovi živi. Pričao mi je o tamošnjim čudesnim izlascima sunca, o Veneciji, i o tome kako neverovatno mistična ljubav može biti dok zalazi sunce a ti se voziš gondolom po jednom od brojnih venecijanskih kanala, u kojima struje mediteranske vodene struje puštene u koru zemlje.*

*Isti taj zanos, sam kasnije, nakon mnogo godina, primetio u Marakešu, dok sam se provlačio kroz ćilime, brojnije od oblaka u tmurnom danu, kod neke starice koja mi je mimikom pričala da je i ona kao i Homerova Penelopa na svom tkanju ustvari samo slikala prirodu kojoj mi danas ne vidimo suštinu. Jer bežimo u uzaludne riječi. Isti sam taj zanos pokušao da prenesem u svoje bivše i buduće još neobjavljene knjige, kao u jedan lik iz nekog mog budućeg romana, lik Aleksandrijskog bibliotekara, koji govori o mediteranskoj čudi i kakve sve Levijatane i Sirene kriju mistične dubine Mediteranskog morskog okrilja i police biblioteka koje je pečatirao i slikao Duh Mediterana strašan kao knjiga pisana na Patmosu ili kao arapsko Stoto Ime ali i koji je blag poput zefira, kao angel.*

*Ali najdublje tajne ipak kriju Mediteranske žene o kojima je tako lepo pisao Lorens Darel, ili jedan Kerenji, ali ponajpre slavna trijada Eshil, Sofokle i*

*Euripid. Plahovite i senzualne, nežne i oštre, priroda tih žena je stopljena sa prirodom mora na kojem ispirahu rublje i grnčarije, čekajući svoje muževe, Ulikse otisnute na talase Mediterana.*

*Sve što sam ikada napisao i što ću ikad napisati bilo je i biće sećanje na te arhetipske priče, osluškivanje onoga što mi govore priroda i ljudi Mediteranskih krajeva, ili pak kakav muzej, luka, lađa, maslinjak ili vinova loza, kakva palma, urma ili nar, taj pravi palimpsest boja i oblika, kroz koji teče životni sok Mediterana. Zato se može reći da Levant diše istim dahom kao npr. jedna Andaluzija, Magreb kao Atena, Egipat kao Kartagina. Svuda struji jedna ista energija poleta i uzleta, radi misije svih nas, da zaveštamo delo svetlu, svako u svoje ime, bila to piramida ili knjiga što lepo apostrofira Unamuno.*

*Jer Mediteran je krovni pojam koji nas sve povezuje u jednu celinu. Tu je zasnovan i stvoren prvi kult porodice i prijateljstva. U jezicima mnogih naroda koji tu obitavaše, Mediteransko more je imalo i ima trorodnu semantičku oznaku, kroz muški, ženski i srednji rod. Mediteran je dakle bio i otac i majka, i čedo, brat i sestra. Ali i naš tihi oslonac i saveznik. To je za nas Mediterance ostao i do danas. Nada koje nikad neće nestati. A koja će nam pomoći da dijalogom premostimo barijere. Nada koja je bila jača od Pandorine kutije. Jača od vremena i prostora. Bez granica. To je Mediteran.*

*Nadam se da i ti tako misliš, moj nerođeni sine...Ti koji ćeš nastaviti misiju i otići dalje od Herkulovih stubova do kojih sam došao ja, nadam se, dok posmatram kako more vraća talas u Neptunovo okrilje. I tišina dok prihvata glas kao imenica glagol, neobično, kao onomad u prvotno, drevno vrijeme kad je i sam Mediteran bio dijete. Nalik tebi. Jer se sve vraća unatrag, kao što govoraše Pitagora, da vreme ima oblik kruga. A Mediteran je krug koji nas opasuje, kao aura svetlosti, koja nikad neće ugasnuti.*

*Krit, Grcka, 2007.  
(pred put u Bosnu) /*

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



*Radomir D. Mitric, a writer and literary critic, was born on 29<sup>th</sup> April 1981 in Jajce, Bosnia and Herzegovina. He received his degree in literature from the Faculty of Philosophy in Banja Luka, where he lives and works in the capacity of the Assistant Lecturer at this University institution - at the Departments of Serbian, German, Italian language and Journalism. He has been engaged in writing since the age of 14, he led the courses of creative writing, his poetry was published in numerous magazines, collections and anthologies and translated into several world languages. Many literary reviews were published about his poetry.*

*He was awarded at the 35<sup>th</sup> Festival of Yugoslav Poetry of the Young (Vrbas, 2003), he got Branko`s Award (2005), Milos Crnjanski Award (2005), Slovo Podgrmecca (2007), First prize on International Poetry Competition CASTELLO DI DUINO, Trieste, Italia, (2008) and Banja Luka`s City award (2008), Nosside`s Medal, Reggio Calabria, Italia (2009), First prize on International Poetry Festival Dusko Trifunovic, Novi Sad, Serbia (2010).*

*So far he has published five books of poetry: Nostalgija za punocom (Nostalgia for Plenitude), Art print, Banja Luka, 2004., Osvescenje (Revival), Narodna knjiga / Alfa, Belgrade, 2007., Unutrasnji Vavilon (Internal Babylon), Art print, Banja Luka, 2008., Summer Quartette and Story about Mediterranean / Letnji Kvartet i Priča o Mediteranu, Art print, Banja Luka, 2008., Mornarski Tango (Sailor`s Tango), Connectum, Sarajevo, 2010.*

*E-mail: [emilverharen@yahoo.com](mailto:emilverharen@yahoo.com), [id-una@hotmail.com](mailto:id-una@hotmail.com)*

*/Beleška o autoru*

**Radomir D. Mitrić**, pisac i književni kritičar, rođen je 29. 4. 1981. godine u Jajcu, u Bosni i Hercegovini. Završio studij književnosti na Filozofskom fakultetu u Banjoj Luci, gde živi i radi, u svojstvu asistenta na ovoj visokoškolskoj ustanovi. Pisanjem se bavi od svoje četrnaeste godine, vodio kurseve kreativnog pisanja, poezija mu je objavljivana u brojnim časopisima, zbornicima i antologijama i prevođena na neke svetske jezike. O njegovoj poeziji objavljeno je mnogo književnih prikaza.

Nagrađivan na tridesetpetom festivalu jugoslovenske poezije mladih (Vrbas, 2003. ), dobio Brankovu nagradu (2005), Nagradu Miloš Crnjanski (takođe 2005) i Slovo Podgrmeča (2007), I nagradu na Međunarodnom konkursu poezije CASTELLO DI DUINO, Trst, Italija, (2008) i nagradu grada Banja Luke (2008), Nosside's Medal, Ređo Kalabrija, Italija (2009), I nagradu na Međunarodnom festivalu Dusko Trifunovic, Novi Sad, Srbija (2010).

Do sada objavio dve knjige pesama: *Nostalgija za punoćom*, Art-print, Banja luka, 2004. god. i *Osvešćenje*, Narodna knjiga/Alfa, Beograd, 2007. god. *Unutrasnji Vavilon*, Art print, Banja Luka, 2008., *Summer Quartette and Story about Mediterranean / Letnji Kvartet i Priča o Mediteranu*, Art print, Banja Luka, 2008., *Mornarski Tang*, Connectum, Sarajevo, 2010.

E-mail: [emilverharen@yahoo.com](mailto:emilverharen@yahoo.com), [id-una@hotmail.com](mailto:id-una@hotmail.com) /

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