

## POETRY

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Maid Corbic

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### **MEDITATION IN HEAVY BLUE**

I meditate against evil people here.  
Because I want to be free.  
And I consider myself a city's hero.  
Because I live each with my own thoughts.

I think I'm so good.  
Because I enjoy everything.  
My life has some sense again  
When I meditate on the sound of music

Meditation mine is over needed  
To give myself a poltron in everything  
And not to be like other people  
To be grumpy for almost two days

I think that my happiness has calmed  
For me, we are joyful and love people.  
To share with everyone around  
I meditate on bad states and bad genes.

Because the times today have become bad.  
And I just look for the meaning of existence  
That all the beauties and all the bounds of their  
I turn into something the brightest I can  
Because I open space by meditation  
For new love and spaces yours!

### **IF THE EARTH WAS SO BEAUTIFUL**

Not everything we see every day  
People have become very strange about this.  
That they may see the holiness of their day  
And they look for problems in others.

I know the world just needs the best.  
And that every day is special for us.  
The meaning of happiness is in the little things.  
That love does not have its own grammar

Let love be born of every dream.  
The earth is mine that gives everything.  
And we need to keep this faithful  
Which was created just for us

Let love shine with all its glory now.  
Eternity is great for the planet to manifest

We need to understand that we need everything.

That we have our limits and behaviour

Let people understand, and even myself on

Yes, nature is my only sanctuary.

Without her, I would be a dead man.

I know there is a time for everything.

Everything will be fine one day.

Only hopes will be special

Because the planet needs to be guarded carefully

Time is on my side.

The truth is that the country is great.

I should keep and not throw garbage

Because the global climate is very strange

And I'm just looking for a solution for everyone!

### **IT'S BEAUTIFUL IN ALADIN'S GARDEN**

I still watch cartoons

the feeling is never better for me

I live that day as if it were my last

because I was born here to be all that I am

and my place is still illuminated in the heart

even when every winter makes some interruption

so all the places of this pig disappear  
old mythology is never repeated  
where I look at my friend Aladdin  
how he remembers those parts of the dark streets  
because I see myself in him as a ds  
because he's really a good boy

which I have not experienced since the turbulent streets  
that I didn't watch myself one percent  
how it is possible that everyone denies me from life  
just because I am a different person from everyone  
and as if out of the fog Harry Potter appears

ready to destroy me in every sense  
I am only a man of flesh and blood  
so love alone can do all sorts of things to us  
because my life is suitable for the happier ones  
who love cartoons like I love

laughter and jokes are still present in me  
for it is impossible ds to be a man of easy morals  
when we say that I fight for love every day  
the one who became alienated over time  
but I will save her no matter what people say  
because I am a hero who does not like the villains around me

and no way to understand that the shave doesn't go back  
that everything I did until yesterday was imagination  
and that one needs to live only one fine day  
and in that name I should look forward to new developments around me

and that reason is realized after so many years of escape  
of gloomy and unreal truth

traceability is love that is revived  
a kiss can all ds solve those pale memories  
and the cartoon will return to the screens again  
you just have to wait for a new and modern age  
because of course I know only one thing in life  
and that is that mythologists live forever  
although they may not be conquered anymore in every sense  
because time never goes back again!

## **EXPLOITATION IN VIENNA THROUGH WALKING**

In that magical city of Vienna  
Where music and Mozart played  
I was there during the excursion.  
My bap journey starts from here.

Aware that Vienna was cold then  
September, as if everything was gone  
People in jackets grandfather and smoke weed  
Some good brands with the liveliness of passers-by

Some found themselves laughing with me.  
Because of that experience in Vienna  
I realized that no matter what

Music and essence move the whole world

A tour of Vienna, Schoburn Castle

It is my refuge to look at various pictures

Sculptures and that great garden of my life

Who gave me all the beauties of the world?

Although Mozart's ball is six euros

I didn't complain because I liked her.

That taste of chocolate that was in them

He got drunk on his way to the first cafe

Where a good Coke was offered

And good women around my desk

And I was aware that ethnography

It is a phenomenon of life that I have felt

For seven days in a great city

Where we talked to passers-by about life

And everyone said they love tourists.

And I walked around the city like a stranger.

All the way to Deichmann and the nearby square

Where freedom honourably defended Germany

Cold Vienna, but the emotions are still pure

My heart is big and bright when

From a distance on the largest lookout

I look at all that city in a gloomy gloom.

I watch and think of only one thing.  
Does Vienna have poetry composers?  
Because the greatest personalities were born there  
There in the same place, where my heart beats hard

Vienna is my ticket to eternity.  
Where the people of gold in the square stand frozen  
They are a joy to my dreamy eyes  
Because one youth was lived right there!

### **XXI ALLEY OF FAMOUS**

Grandly spreading his arms devoutly in the blue sky  
Our years are quoted; three lines that determine destiny  
We are fighting for supremacy that we have been leading bravely all our lives  
Without a single bullet fired!  
We are silent and torment our agonies in the dark night itself  
Which is as cold as the rain that falls in the Amazon forest

We would like to take a nostalgic step back  
At least for a millisecond, but it doesn't go so easily  
There are certain rules for everything in life  
Which we must adhere to with great respect  
Although we may not even think about it at the moment  
We continue to strive for perfection in an imperfect world!

Our cries echo even miles away  
And no one touched us, not even with the slightest pinch  
Because our skin receives shapes and blows from Mother Nature  
For everything we do to her dishonestly, we have become dishonest  
And we are destroying everything that has been lent to us  
And which generation will follow us after us? Young?  
At what footsteps? Positivity?

We cut off contact with everyone around us a long time ago  
They turned to themselves, became selfish and sloppy  
Resent the world that is really good  
If we make it a habitable place  
Not to look for all possible flaws in it

We still stare at each other and use mimicry skillfully  
To express our feelings - we became silent in words  
Because something prevents us from realizing it; past difficult  
Which was done to us by non-humans and under that we lead our lives  
Miserable and sloppy, glassy

Keruša with seven little dogs survived the adventures  
She had the soul to express her emotions, no matter what  
As much as they were incomprehensible to us

The life cycle is interrupted when a person disappears  
He is taken by illness or suffers in the greatest pain  
He lives in an idealized world and believes that everything is flat  
And so much is hiding right there, behind a rainbow of bright colors  
Which always gives a smile, even to a serious man



We live at a fast pace of life and stagnate in reality

We are just people turned to the dishonourable, the noble

XXI Alley of Fame.

## About the Poet

Maid Corbic from Tuzla, 22 years old. In his spare time he writes poetry that repeatedly praised as well as rewarded. He also selflessly helps others around him, and he is moderator of the World Literature Forum WLFPH (World Literature Forum Peace and Humanity) for humanity and peace in the world in Bhutan. He is also the editor of the First Virtual Art portal led by Dijana Uherek Stevanovic, and the selector of the competition at a page of the same name that aims to bring together.

Many works have also been published in anthologies and journals (Chile, Spain, Ecuador, Bosnia and Herzegovina, San Salvador, United Kingdom, Indonesia, India, *Croatia, Serbia, etc.*) as well as printed copies of the anthology of poems, "*Sea in the palm of your hand*", "*Stories from Isolation*", "*Kosovo Peony*" and others.

He achieved with his hard work numerous acquaintances around the world, and in 2020 he was proclaimed a poet in the Indo-Universe group, which is also involved in charity around the world. He has been writing for over twelve years, and the beginning is based on elementary school when they are professors recognized the enthusiasm for the written trail that was initially guided by the competition competitions, and later with the development of technology outside their country in an online format. The author is also even representative accordingly to represent his country in a variety international competitions of the written trace, and soon his works will be translated into several languages of the world (Chinese, Italian, French).