

Poet Without a Poem

Diocese of Zvornik-Tuzla



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Patrijarha Pavla 40, Bijeljina

izdavackakucasinaj@gmail.com

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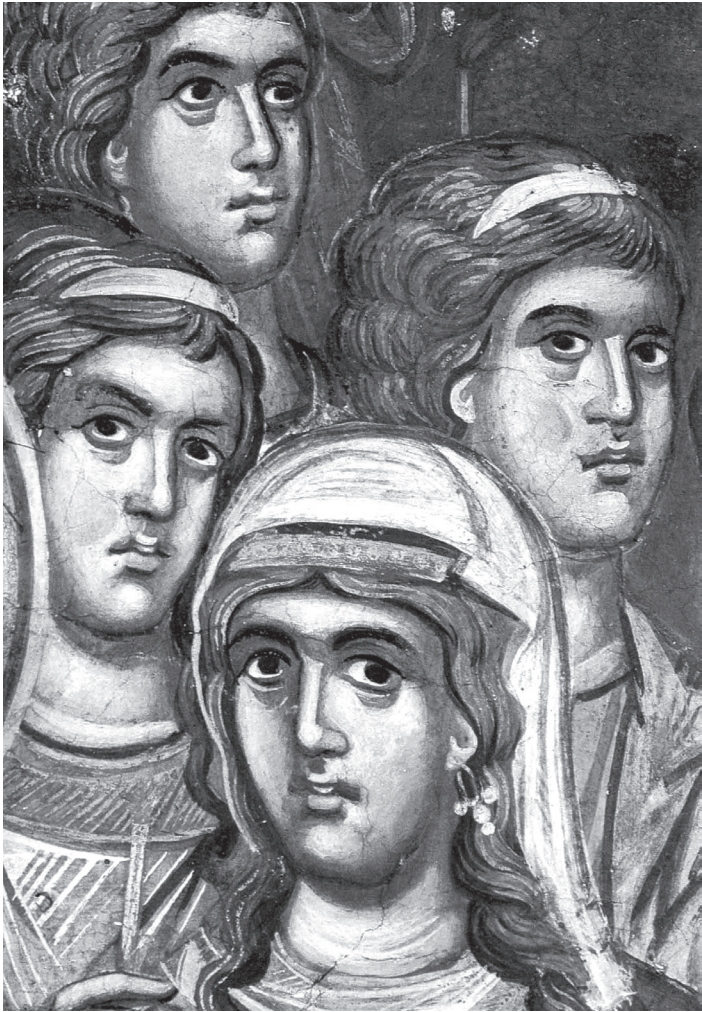
Bishop of
Zvornik-Tuzla

FOTIJE

POET WITHOUT A POEM
translated by Nataša Kolundžić

SINAJ
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POEM TO A NEW DAY

We thank You, Lord of heaven and earth,
for granting us, the unworthy,
this new day,
as the icon of the Eight Day,
in which light will never fade away.

We thank You, Lord,
that on this new day,
from the grave of the night
You resurrected us into Your light,
so that our paths may be blessed
and by Your charity all caressed.

We thank You, Lord,
for being with us at all times,
although by us unrecognized,
like by Luke and Cleopas,
yet, in breaking the Bread
enlighten our spiritual eyes,
so that we may behold You,
the Light unapproachable.
Amen.

THE EIGHTH DAY

Lord Jesus Christ,
Son of the Living God,
have mercy on Your servants
and wretched me,
that we may feel Your joy,
joy of the age to come,
pardon all our weaknesses and sins
and forgive us
with the Heavenly Father
and the Holy Spirit,
that we may dwell with You
in the endless Eighth Day
and Your love.
Amen.

SO THAT GOD WOULD HEAR ME

What could I write
so that God would hear me
and show His mercy on me?
A prayer would be the best,
but if it comes from an impure heart,
it will not go far, either.

Then let us cry out to the Fathers,
for, like the apostles,
they are close to God,
and able to help with their prayer
in our solitude,
in our weakness.

Let us hold on to the Church,
for someone there
could bring us down through roof
and lay us before Christ's feet,
so that we, too, could hear
the words of divine forgiveness

and rise renewed,
like reborn into new life.

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MARANATHA

Come, Lord Jesus Christ,
and deliver Your people from doom and
misery,
for the last seal has been opened,
so that all that was written may befall.

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WHEN ICONS WEEP

When icons weep
we should weep along,
so that we may find
God's mercy
on the Judgment Day.

TAKE, EAT AND DRINK

Lord, they have risen again
against Your Church,
to crucify it and to demolish,
desecrating the holiest - You alone,
Who gave Yourself to us
as Food and Drink.

Mother of God,
help us at these times
of little faith and apostasy,
to remain God's people
and be loyal to the God of Israel,
for in Christ we are one.

Lord, they have risen
against Your Shrines,
wishing to desecrate them
with their hoofs,
and sever your people
from the Life-giving Rib,
making all perish
in this life's desert.

Holy Apostles and Fathers,
help our people,
now being severed from Christ,
like a child from its mother's breasts,
help against those who wish
to take away the Holiest from us
and by death imprison all God's people
in outer darkness,
where neighbour's face
is not discerned.

CALM THE TEMPEST IN THE SEA

O Lord, calm the tempest in the sea,
water flood has covered us,
our vegetables will rot,
and fields will become lakes.

O Lord, close the heavens
that it does not rain,
our monasteries and churches
will be submerged again,
without path to them,
without the path to You.

You, who parted the Red Sea
and led Israel out of Egypt,
close the heavens
so Your sun may shine on us.

O Lord, have mercy on Your people,
our souls will be drenched in water
and we will become like rot
from which there is no Resurrection.

CONTEMPLATING DEATH

O grief, how to grasp you,
how to make you a converser,
so that we may talk it all in peace,
like humans do.

You appear like thunderbolt and linger,
how to transform you into good,
into announcer of death
from which we must not flee,
for, as Fathers spoke,
contemplating death hides
the secret of the age to come.

Everything is spoken today
but death and grief,
both nailed to the Precious Cross
and so defeated.
So our Fathers taught us,
that grief and death
are mysteries of this age
and part of our cross
that as the burden

we must bring up
to our golgotha
and so become small christs.
O Lord, crucified on the Cross,
have mercy on us and save us.
Amen.

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ASCENSION

O Lord, You ascended in glory
to reveal to us the true Fatherland,
do not forget us from Your holy height.

You promised to be with us,
do not abandon us who are leftovers
that should be gathered into Baskets,
and the baskets are You.
Ascend our people, too, into Your arms,
to be Yours unto the ages.

O Lord, today we stayed with disciples
in Jerusalem,
to wait for comfort from on high.

Embrace us with these standing here,
and who will not see death
until they see Your Kingdom
that will come in glory.

Resurrected and ascended Lord,
do not deny us Yourself
our comfort and our life,
lest we perish like Israel in the desert.
Lift us up by the Spirit to Your chest,
that we may receive the secret of theology
with the beloved disciple,
the secret that will elevate us
to You in clouds,
during Your Second and Glorious coming.

Bestow Your grace, O Lord,
on all the peoples of the earth,
that they may know You, the Ascended,
as abba Silouan said,
who kept his mind in hell and despaired not,
receive us also, the least of all,
into Your Kingdom.

POET WITHOUT A POEM

What hardship must suffer
a poet without a poem,
like a fig tree
that bears no fruit,
and is finally handed over
to flames.

Poet without a poem
is like a spring without fountain,
for he cannot give drink
to the thirsty,
though he is eager
to fulfil his life's purpose.

Poet without a poem,
like a form without content,
like a novel without its end,
so you know not
what happened
or why.

Poet without a poem,
like people without a leader,
or flock without a shepherd,
and people not knowing
whom to choose,
not knowing their
spiritual leaders,
nor how to reach
the Promised Land.

Poet without a poem,
like stony ground
that yielded some fruit
but at once it
withered away,
like a man with
a stony heart,
neither mercy,
nor change.

Poet without a poem,
like an ox threshing,
yet someone tied his mouth,
giving neither strength
nor grain, and

so people wonder
about the famine.

Poet without a poem,
as if he does not exist,
that he fears the most,
not the empires and emperors,
not the judges of this world,
but fearing that he,
as a poet
may wither,
without a poem,
without bequeath.

MOTHER IS EVERYTING

Mother is everything,
she is wider than a cloud
and the entire universe.
We do not exist without her,
remaining in non-existence,
never becoming human.

Mother is everything,
without her we do not exist,
there is no light,
no life,
no spring or summer,
neither this nor the other world.

Mother is everything,
she is our cradle,
we are the body
from her body,
and her entire soul,
her love
labouring for us,
leading us to life,

setting us free
with her sacrifice.

Mother is everything,
the first joy,
the first happiness,
and the greatest icon,
prefigure of the Mother of God
who gave birth to Christ
for this world,
to regenerate us
with everlasting
mother's love,
and lead us up
to God's light
and the life eternal.

AUTUMN RAINS

Autumn rains, depicted
by many poets.

Let us make
a small contribution,
and not be disgraced
before the great poets.

Why and what for
the autumn rains?
It is time when one
sighs over something
or someone,
over good times
when one was with us,
encouraging us
by his presence.

Autumn rains
are like a cry of the world,
cry of all the poets,
over fate, over kin,
over homeland,

over concentration camps,
cries and shrieks,
rain soothing them.
We ourselves
did to one another,
perhaps to others, too,
and all to everyone.

Autumn rains
direct us towards
the hearthstone,
towards Christmas,
family joy
encompassing both
the old and the young,
all mirroring each other,
one in another,
and the Creator's blessing
in everyone.

Autumn rains
are writing and sighing,
and waiting
for someone very dear
to arrive and cross

our doorstep,
so that we can show
our hospitality and brotherly love,
and rejoice
despite the rain.

Autumn rains
are for the history,
for they wash down
memories,
unselectively,
some very painful
remaining in soul, in heart,
in dawn's glimmer,
as if waiting
to be healed.

Autumn rains
bring blessing
to earth's fruit,
the crops God
gave to farmer,
for gentry usually
has no need for it,
making one wonder

who set them free
from farming.

Autumn rains
are for so much else,
crying, tears,
for we know
that Ivan Karamazov
did not take his ticket to eternity
due to child's tear,
failing to understand
the mystery
of the Christ's Cross
and the mystery
of human calvary,
remaining in human philosophy
to suffer.

Autumn and autumn,
rains and rains
pouring down
on our hearts,
that we may become better
in springtime.
Rains and snow,

like a mount
that we must cross,
and on that path
recognize brother in God
and God in brother,
for our vision
is now sharpened
by autumn rains.

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ZMIJANJE

Plum orchards and trails,
and our poet Kočić,
and Rudonja's bellow
echoing in the mountains,
that is our fatherland,
our earthly homeland

THE SINAI LORD

When I am no more,
I would like the cross
and the Sinai Lord
to be with me,
so that I may know
the face
of the One
before whom
I stand.

KOSOVO

Kosovo is our sacrificial field,
sown with bones of the heroes
that blossomed as red peonies
to remind us of martyric blood
of Obilich, Tsar Lazar,
and other heroes of Kosovo.

And wherever you set your foot
in Kosovo, there lies a grave and a rock,
from which all Serbian lands are seen,
and the Tsar's Oath fluttering,
warning Serbian nation:

“Who comes not to Kosovo field...”

So how can Kosovo belong to others,
if we are all in Kosovo and from Kosovo,
where our shrines remained with us,
so that we guard each other,
until raven flies from skies
and brings forth the blessed letter
saying that the earthly kingdom
is but a passing one,
while the Heavenly Kingdom
is for all eternity.

WITHOUT KOSOVO

Serb without Kosovo
is like a man without heart,
like a bird without wings,
like a forest without trees,
like seasons without spring,
like a river without water,
like Serbs not counted among
nations of the earth.

Serb without Kosovo
is a stateless person,
bareheaded, bold,
naked and barefooted,
like a beggar without sack,
like a fiddler without fiddle,
like eyes without eyesight,
how can one look back
without shame?
How can one look
at history, at faith,
how can one look
at Patriarchate of Peć,

at Prince's dinner?

Serb without Kosovo
is like an invalid without crutch,
like conforming to the strong
against the feeble,
like being Serb
who does not write Cyrillic,
like spitting on one's own face,
like declaring evil to be good,
like not falling behind our enemies,
like unsaying the said,
like fleeing the Kosovo field
to become wiser and greater
than martyrs of Kosovo.

Serb without Kosovo
is like a mother without milk,
like making a human
out of non-human,
like declaring light
to be darkness,
like starting a week
from Wednesday,
like not caring

for fate of one's Church
and one's people,
like being a Serb
without Serbian name,
like renouncing God and Saint Sava
so as to amass worldly treasures,
like withdrawing from humans,
rusting away like dripping iron
for all eternity...
all that will befall us.
Therefore, let us return
to Lazar's pledge
and safeguard Kosovo in Serbia.

GIVE US BACK KOSOVO

Saint Sava, Serbian father,
give us back Kosovo,
for by Kosovo all Serbs
became heavenly people.

Give us back Kosovo
because it is All-Serbian,
give us back Kosovo
because it is Panhuman.

Saint prince Lazar,
give us back Kosovo,
for it is your Pledge
by which Serb became himself.

Give us back Kosovo
because it is All-Serbian,
give us back Kosovo
because it is Panhuman.

All Martyrs of Kosovo,
give us back Kosovo,

for peonies bloomed
where your heads fell down.

Give us back Kosovo
because it is All-Serbian,
give us back Kosovo
because it is Panhuman.

And all good people of the world,
give us back Kosovo,
may Christ the Lord
forgive you all.

Give us back Kosovo
because it is All-Serbian,
give us back Kosovo
because it is Panhuman.

CRY FOR KRAJINA

Wearing peasant shoes,
bareheaded, barefooted,
unknowing,
separated
and decimated,
whither and how
to reach Strmica,
the road,
the exit
from the dead-end.

Those who stayed
felt again
the sharp dagger,
on their doorstep,
in their garden,
greybeards, gentle grannies,
neither threat nor fear
to anyone,
but in the way
of those who impeccably
ran the operation,

and, for a wonder,
were not even convicted
on the other trial.

So what happened before
now happens again,
under the same signs,
with the same salutations.
Is it not another war?
No, it is not, but it seems like one.
It is persecution now,
to finalize the scheduled,
and put an end to Serbs,
wipe them off the face
of the earth.

Then they torched Krajina
for three months,
burning all down
to ashes,
aiming to make her
void of life.
Remains and graves
will be handled

once Cyrillic script
wears off,
and bells go silent
in Krka canyon.

They say that some
rejoice in this.
Our heads bowed
but trusting in God,
we await the bells
ringing from
three white ships,
to take us back
to our hearths,
our land,
to revive Krajina,
God willing,
someone said,
Let's make a toast!

FORMER KRAJINA

What?
During the storm?
My ears
are still buzzing.
They celebrate
by humiliating,
make peace
by despising,
not us
but them,
the victims,
yes, them,
the dead.

Hammering
the Cyrillic,
and procession
with the zengas,
with the hosovites,
together,
for homeland ready.
The inscription

was sufficient reason
to refuse all that,
but that did not
shame them, either.
They used to be Serbs,
signing out
in Vukovar procession,
in permanent ink
of inhumanity.

What will they
do next?
You say
this is enough
from them,
and you are right.
It is enough
for a lifetime
what they did
in one year,
confirming
the evil prophet,
out of three thirds
they are
the third.

Oh, Milaš,
Oh, Bjelanović,
Oh, Desnica,
Oh, Milanković,
Oh, Tesla,
Oh, what fate
awaits you
after these misdeeds
of the century?
Where will you
end up
and what
will you be?

And tractors,
columns,
tears,
exile before
the eyes
of the world
that did not see.
But this
is much harder.
A lump in

my throat
and not
a single sound,
but these verses
for the memory,
for the obsequy,
for both.

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O NJEGOŠ!

Who let whom
be deceived,
among all wise
grey-haired chiefs?
Why such deeds
before all righteous people
and the generation
of Petrović kinsmen?

A nymph treads
Montenegro,
spreading great voices,
O Njegoš, the lyre

of Montenegro,
on you rests the hope
of Serbian generation.

Once you were the master
of these hills
and of every local
generation.
Rise now,
for it is time
to save the wretched Serbs.

The mausoleum
sitting on top
of Mount Lovćen,
a disgraceful pharaonic nest,
no Danilo, no Vuk Mandušić,
there be none
to whom the Wreath
could be sung.

They forgot the curse
uttered by your uncle
who reconciled
Montenegrin tribes,

and they renounced
the Imperial Russia
to become slaves to
a foreign kingdom.

O Njegoš,
the most Serbian of
all souls,
you adorned Heaven
with your poetry
and joined it crosswise
by torches,
directing the Serbs
on their ways.

Rise now,
with Karadjordje
and his sabre,
gather Serbs
so they might return
to themselves,
to dear God,
the Creator
lest we suffer shame
for all eternity.

SERBIAN GUERNICA

From exile to exile,
from migration to migration,
from battle and battles,
from graves and cries,
to triumph and defeat,
drenching wounds like Kosovo maiden.

All of them are Serbian routes,
our Kosovos and Guernicas,
Golgothas and Resurrections,
from the seacoast
to barren mountain rocks
and dayless limestone pits,
to Jasenovac - walled up
not with stone,
but with our bones.

O Lord, how long our enemies
will be rising up against us,
turning our history into the Skull Tower,
never having enough...
Now they are making new crosses,

just searching for a new setting.

They made a wide road in Krajina
for our departure,
so that we all could leave
all the way across the Drina river,
but for our return
they left an eye of a needle,
holding all our rights in oblivion.

In Montenegro, too,
they are breaking our necks,
trying to ingratiate themselves to the world,
but our safeguards rest in holy shrines
until Lovćen restores its shine,
illuminating all Serbian lands.

And Kosovo field spreads scent of peonies
and memories, waking us from sleep,
memories of us truly being people
who lived by Lazar's pledge,
favouring Heavenly Kingdom over
the earthly one.

O God, help Serbs unite!
Help us, our holy ones,
Saint Nikolai and Justin,
and Saint Basil of Ostrog!
May our Church be our lighthouse
and make us all human.

Everywhere we are offered slavery
as a solution,
to become the former, not the future,
to have brother rising up against brother,
and so closing the door
that leads us to Life eternal,
to Saint Sava, to freedom.

STEFAN

Stefan,
here are your eyes,
in the palm
of my hand,
do not fear,
the Lord is with you,
even when you were
blinded and enslaved,
but you will see again
and erect sacred Dečani
for your people,
so that by them
the Serbs may fly to heaven.

Here are your eyes,
so that you can
rebuild Hilandar,
adorn my home in Bari,
be the light in the world,
so that those
who come to you,
from north and south,

may receive spiritual sight,
may receive healing
from all illnesses,
and glorify the Lord
through you.

Here are your eyes,
do not fear,
keep your people
on Kosovo path,
never to go astray
from the path trodden by
Saint Sava, Tsar Lazar
and every Serb
wise by orthodoxy,
every man
beholding the world
with your eyes,
seeing future
as present,
until the Lord comes
to judge,
to rule by justice
and divide the light
from darkness,

to grant the needy
and the blind
the eternal bliss
of salvation.

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LIE RESHAPED INTO TRUTH

Srebrenica reshaped into Jasenovac,
Jasenovac into Srebrenica,
crime reshaped into victims,
no, we do not count
the dead.

They are where they are
meant to be,
in heaven,
for what we say
becomes the truth,
yes, the truth of this world,
but that does not
trouble us.

For our prince
taught us so,

and so we teach
the young,
not to know a thing –
for we know,
not to have a thing –
for we have,
not to know what they are,
male or female,
yet, for us it is not
a trouble.

We are willing
to do anything for you,
take your freedom, too,
that ballast,
and all will become
a quiet flock,
ruminating
and lingering.

And we shall turn all
against the Creator, all,
for we shall
reshape the truth
into lie.

In lie resides
our power,
and there are more
and more disciples.

So that the
kingdom of lies
may be prepared,
to which we shall invite
all people
to raise our throne
above the Creator's,
and so linger and linger...

CORONA

Thrown among us
like an atomic bomb,
to disunite us forever,
to dismiss the neighbours,
to frighten us
into suspicion,
do not touch,
do not taste.

Attending slava
with heads bowed,
no sports,
just dilemmas.
Only eyes
uncovered,
so that people
do not walk blind.

Oh, beautiful days,
where have you gone?
Now you seem
hidden forever.

Oh, whilom life,
neither grief nor beauty,
but a sigh remained,
our breathing taken
by disease.

Oh, life!
You are in the air,
in lungs,
in our hills,
in forest clearings
and creeks,
in calling and laughter,
and - yes, in bewailing, too,
but always in freedom
in which mother
begot us.

Disease placed barriers
between us.
Brother no longer
visits brother
or neighbour.
In earlier days everyone
visited one's own.

Along each fence
there used to be a path,
and hope,
so we were not alone.

Aliens seem to be walking
in today's news,
Doctors struggling
to liberate us from
this anguish,
themselves often
contracting disease.
Being Good Samaritans,
helping the afflicted
they set an example to us all
of what to do
to live in heaven.

Corona crowns with death
both old and young,
and to us all sets death
as a measure,
while we struggle for our breath,
for Resurrection.

Oh, God, could something worse
than this befall us,
except for infernal darkness
and wailing
and gnashing of teeth,
a place without You
and one's neighbour.

Now weddings
and christenings silenced,
as if there is no room for joy.
But whereto without joy?
Our grandmothers' blessing
still resonates within us:
May you have joy
wherever you go!

Corona took our
patriarchs and metropolitans,
and many knowledgeable heads.
Whereto in this wasteland?
Wherever one turns
there will be measures,
from the first step
until supper.

Is that the freedom
to which progress
has led us?
Waiting in long queues
for everything,
mistrusted by everyone.

Suspicion and fear
overcast all,
as if friend and brother
no longer exist.
Lord, You are the only One
who can calm this tempest,
but our sins
brought forth this fruit.
Let us weep,
let us weep,
so that again
we might live
in freedom
of God's children.

CORONA DEMON

And I saw a great stage,
illuminated
by glittering lights,
onto which stepped
a world star.

He was dressed
in a suit, tailor-made
and perfectly white.
Short in stature
and with almond-shaped eyes,
his skin colour
between red and black,
but he had no
bones and body,
for he was a demon.

Stepping onto a stage,
in all the glory of this world,
smilingly, he performed
a kata greeting to his right side,
and from all sides

it was heard:
It is corona demon,
the main star
of the world stage.

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TEARS OVER THESSALONIKI

Woe is me!
Thessaloniki, splendid city
of Saint Apostle Paul
and Saint Demetrios,
spiritual nursery garden
of Orthodoxy,
and what has become of it?
A tomb from which
there is no Resurrection!

Woe is me!
Thessaloniki, splendid city
of Aristotle and Alexander of Macedonia,
one laid the foundation
of all sciences,
the other used them

to conquer the world,
and today it is the city
of Orwell and Hitchcock,
of masked people
with plastic expressions.

Woe is me!

Thessaloniki, the great city,
once junction of all the routes
and caravans moving myriads of people,
swarming with art and poetry,
the city, veiling reflection
of Mount Athos
today is unkind and closed,
its life ruled by a death threat,
the city prepared
for the seal of the antichrist.

LET THE CHILDREN BE

Children do not fall ill,
yet they wish
to vaccinate them,
to take away
their freedom and joy,
and have joyless children
for themselves.

Saint John the Theologian,
the teacher of love,
told us long ago
that both old and young
shall make a flock
to themselves,
to seize it from Christ
and have it as their own.

Maternity hospitals
will hold no peace,
for even there
Rachel will be weeping
for her children,

who once were there
but not any longer.

Now it is clearer –
both killing of the firstborn
in Egypt and weeping
of the Bethlehem children.
The same is being done now,
but with the vaccine.

Let the children be,
they belong to Christ,
He blessed them
pure and innocent,
saying that of such
is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Let the children be,
they have their parents,
their grandfathers
and grandmothers,
their toys and puppies,
their angel smiles,
that you turn
into pangs of grief

and weeping.

Let the children be,
because without them
the world will disappear,
void of any blossom,
nightingale song,
bee swarm,
only darkness moving
upon the face of the deep
and unrest eternal.

ALONE AGAINST ALL

A frequent motif
nowadays has become
alone against all,
and there is no one to say
stop it, enough.

A single man fights a battle
to set the whole world free,
and he has landed on our roof, too,
through slipped roof tiles
looking into the distance,
looking towards his goal.

Some wit is now required,
two Russians appeared
in my dream,
one holding a huge knife
in his hand,
and with it he seems
to be writing something,
or erasing, no one could tell...

The other, also seated,
holding a huge Colt pistol
in his hand, in such way
as if he is writing something,
or erasing, no one could tell...

But the one fighting the battle
and wishing to set the whole world free,
now came to us Serbs,
on our roof,
and he looks
into the distance,
towards his goal.
Alas, he is alone,
for in the dream
he is seen
by myself alone.

HOLY RUSSIA

Spreading from one end
of the world
to the other,
Russia -
great, boundless,
yet always one and faithful
to all humanity.

Her lands domed with
constellations of
heavenly stars,
one wonders
wherefrom the glow,
and, look - from holy Russia.

From Russia to
holy Russia,
both are present,
on the way to many kings
and to all,
ah, how vast she is...

Why do all wish
to defeat Russia?
It would be better if,
for a moment,
they became Russians,
for they would
fall in love with her
at that very instant,
and in peace
return home their arms.

Russia cannot be conquered,
because she is holy,
because God
strolls and strolls
through her lands,
for all to see
and know
about her infinity.

One can write and write
about Russia and
never reach the end,
yet it seems as if
one never began,

like endless steppes
and birch trees,
all unshackled by you,
prince of the Don.

Holy Russian martyrs,
venerable elders,
Dostoyevsky,
Pushkin,
holy tsar Nicholas,
the Romanovs,
choirs of matushkas,
Saint Petersburg, Moscow
and fools-for-Christ.

And the final great
battle will take no place
without Russia.
Our trust lies
in Rublev's Holy Trinity,
so we do not surrender
into enemy's hands,
but with Russian brothers
we move forth, we move forth...

VLADIMIR THE GREAT

He came from the East
to drink from the living Spring
of Hagia Sophia,
and be baptized in the Dnieper,
Vladimir the Great,
Russian and panhuman.

And the Russian land flourished
like the Lord's lily,
with churches, monasteries
and royal lavras
giving birth to many venerables,
like Vladimir the Great,
Russian and panhuman.

And holy princes
set her boundaries,
from one end to the other,
to glorify God's Name,
protect the poor and wretched,
as once did Vladimir the Great,
Russian and panhuman.

And it was so until our days,
great Russia,
God-facing and well-read,
vast and ritual in beauty,
both close and distant,
like Vladimir the Great,
Russian and panhuman.

In our evil days
the whole world stood up against her,
but the Lord safeguarded her
and restored her past glory,
to save this world, truth and justice
from being surrendered
to complete oblivion,
as once did Vladimir the Great,
Russian and panhuman.

KINGDOM OF LIES

Declaring man
to be god,
truth to be lie,
lie to be truth,
light to be darkness,
darkness to be light.

Declaring good to be evil,
and evil to be good,
health to be illness,
and illness to be health,
vice to be virtue,
and virtue to be vice.

And continuing so,
unrestrained,
to destroy all
and create
kingdom of lies,
in which nothing
will be discerned,
who is daughter,

or who is mother,
not mentioning
the father.

Kingdom of lies
will be announced
by the false prophet,
impersonating a prophet,
performing false miracles
and deceptions,
preparing
the way of the one
who will contain five selves,
messiah, imam and buddha,
jehovah and christ,
but being the Antichrist.

To his adherents
he will feed bread,
turning stones into
bread loaves,
and people will be saying,
Who is like unto the beast?

He will be amazing the world
with false miracles,
flying from one temple
to another,
supported by his
demon servants,
impersonating god.

Finally, he will accept
the third temptation,
bowing his knees
before the satan himself,
who will give him
all the kingdoms
of the world.

John the apostle of love
told us about all of this
in his Revelation,
lest that,
when he comes,
he shall deceive,
if it were possible,
the very elect.

INHUMANS

Inhumans do not believe in God,
or in anything else
but their own inhumanity.
Do they fear something?
Not the conscience,
for they silenced it long ago.
Do they fear calm look in one's eyes?
Also not, for we saw it
in suffering of Vukašin of Klepci,
who, by his mere words,
“My child, you just go on with your work”,
left inhumans to their inhumanity.
Inhumans built camps for children,
erecting dark monuments to themselves.
Inhumans have no love for humans,
and always seek to destroy them.
Yet, Patriarch Pavle told us
to be human, for it is something divine.
Inhumans have no love
even for the ground
on which they tread,
leaving behind empty traces,

from which beasts and adders lurk.
Inuhmans abuse animals,
orphans and widows.
Inhumans trade on humans,
worship false gods,
and all about them becomes inhuman.
An inhuman makes you gripped by fear,
sending striking chills into you heart,
as if you saw a demon.
And you wonder whence this inhuman,
as tare in the wheat.
Inhumans used to be humans,
but they became evil,
from the fratricide Cain
to the present-day ones,
seeking destruction
of the whole world
between us all.
So let us sing with
the poet – remain here,
and with the Patriarch – let us be human,
so that we may never be
placed with inuhmans,
or estranged from humans.

PUT ME NOT TO SHAME NOW

Contagious weaving
of virus and fear
spreads across the eyes of nations.
O, life, now where are your foundations?
Oh, put me not to shame now.

Is death not our future,
but like the Passover from Egypt,
and just a footprint in the sand
will remain to be seen.
Oh, put me not to shame now.

Death makes us brothers now,
taking its own, one by one,
young and old,
rich and powerful,
detecting us all
by the last breath.
Oh, put me not to shame now.

Let us not fear,
many will remain to witness

that we are like the wind,
blowing in the trees
and awaiting the spring
to see its breath revived.
Oh, put me not to shame then.

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BLANK PAPER

I reached for
a banknote,
but I saw in
my palm
a blank paper,
and I looked again
and saw that
all banknotes
that remained
in the wallet
were blank.

Blank dreams
or reality
with which

one cannot sleep,
but the hand
does not hold
a banknote
but paper,
blank,
on which we can
write verses,
thoughts,
but not take it
to the bank.

Is this what
the Fathers
warned us about,
that banknotes
will be cancelled,
and elder Tadej
confirmed that anguish,
that we will
be able
to live somehow
until banknotes
get cancelled.

Either way,
the time
of blank paper
awaits us,
to check,
like those
in the past,
where our
riches lie,
in God
or in the wallet,
the first being
holiness and image,
the second being
white paper
wallet.

ONE'S OWN BOSS

What a high ideal
- everything you have is yours,
not seized from anyone,
never damned,
everything for good,
for family,
to God's glory,
for neighbours
and the poor
- Christ's beggars.

While we lived like that,
heavenly blessing
was upon us,
father at the front
- head of the house,
surrounded by all members,
daughters and sons,
their spouses
and innocent children,
born for Heavenly Kingdom.

Alas, all was displaced
by those who renounced God,
who fulfilled their desires,
to be everyone's masters
by capturing,
ruling and roosting,
making evil even worse.

And manifold
earthly kingdoms passed,
as prophet Daniel saw them,
and here, the last one
is being established now,
for one master of the world
to emerge,
forgetting our good householder.

One ruler,
one government,
world without borders,
like a mirror
devoid of human face,
all depersonalized,
uniform yet separate,
tied with invisible binds,

and sealed
with the mark
of the beast.

Church in a desert,
world in darkness,
but for the elect's sake
those days shall be shortened,
until Lord's Cross
emerges in the sky
and the victory of
the Heavenly Host - God
is announced,
victory that the Lord
will celebrate
with His elect
in all eternity.

TRAGEDY

Like anything else,
tragedy, too, has its roots
in Greek thought,
telling us
that man is
a tragic being,
wandering between
Scylla and Charybdis,
seeking comfort and solution
to his life path,
in love and in the world,
and in song that protects him
from going astray.

Great Plato
offered solution to tragedy
in philosophy –
philosophy of the good,
set in God's place
by his teacher Socrates,
who drank hemlock poison
for that idea,

paying with his life
for his philosophy,
due to your madness,
O democrats.

But biblical teaching
and Christianity
see tragedy
in separation from
God the Creator,
pointing to Golgotha
as the tragedy's end,
for the Son,
out of fatherly love,
became the Sacrifice,
for all, for sin,
and with His resurrection
He cancelled death and tragedy,
all of which we shall see
in salvation of the world,
in the final act.

BETTER FUTURE

Just as faith in God
is part of being,
both mine and yours,
and so is the future
- eschatology,
something close,
something we await,
and that what we hope for.

Yet, one finds there
difference, too,
like God, like future
- eschatology,
if we place our faith
in false God,
such will be our future, too,
we might say
- it will never
be accomplished.

Until yesterday,
Communists placed

their faith in the international,
and were prepared
to die for it,
but it simply never came.
Future disappears
with the leader.

Europeans are rational,
never rushing
towards the future,
being focused
on their sack,
its content being
amount and type
of money,
mammon defines
their future,
and currency conquers
the weak in the world.

American Indians – sufferers,
envisioned future and eternity
as eternal hunting grounds.
Some saw it as harem,
others as nirvana – nothingness,

so each will receive eternity
from the God they serve.

We could say,
as many faiths
- so many eternities,
as many people
- so many futures,
but we must know
that there will be
only one eternity.

The eternity that will
arrive from heavens
with the sign
of the Precious Cross,
and the Lord will be
seated as judge
to the entire world,
and all tribes of the earth
will mourn,
for they will see
true God before them,
Who prepared His Kingdom
for those who preserved

the image of God
within themselves.

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EUROPE

Two choices await Europe,
self-worshipping pride
of Nietzsche's superhuman,
or humble orthodoxy
of Dostoevsky's panhuman.

The first leads to neo-nazism,
and dominance of force and power
in black clothed Europe,
the second to panhuman metanoia,
spiritual rebirth,
and Rublev's "Russian" Christ.

The road or a side road,
faith or self-worship,
cross or chip,
life or death.

ROME OR JERUSALEM

Some desire bread and circuses,
and so it has been,
since the ancient Rome until today,
running, like heroes, away from facing death.

Yet, we, who nourish on
Eucharistic Bread and Wine,
perceive death as the Passover
and we walk towards the Resurrection.

And the battle is fought
between these two choices
pagan Rome or ancient Jerusalem,
Caesar or the Lord, triumph or Cross.

And the battle reaches depths of the heart
and lasts until someone claims victory.
Fear not, my brother, it is always the Lamb
bestowed in bread and wine.

ONLY THOSE AND THOSE

Church is the house of the Living God
Who created heaven and earth,
where eyes of the blind were opened,
where lepers were cleansed,
and covid-stricken were healed.

Churches cannot be made equal
to billiard rooms, cinemas,
hippodromes,
markets and exchange offices,
or they can, but not
by those who pray to God.

When the Lord took a scourge
and cast out from Jerusalem temple
those that sold and money changers,
He did so because for them
the temple became
space as any other,
not the house of God,
not the house of prayer.

If we should say
that only those and those
can go inside the temple,
neither they nor we
shall receive healing
that we came for.

God forbid we shall be cast out
from the temple by a scourge,
for we failed to understand
who is the Householder
in the church,
and He set His rules
on Sinai and Sion,
the rules that claimed
us all as the children of God
and that the House of God
is always for all,
not for those and those,
the temple of the elite.

Rise, O God, judge the earth,
only Your judgement is just,
and man is not
for a single day.

God, save our shrines
from us, the people,
for today the unholy
is proclaimed to be holy.
Now freedom preachers
are building camps
into which they add Your temples
by their rules
of death and unfreedom,
O Lord,
O Lord.

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CHRISTIANITY WITH THE WORLD

What is Christianity
reconciled with the world?
It is opposite to
what it should be
for the world
to be saved
by Christianity.

When Saint apostle Peter,
began to sink,
frightened as a human,
in the Sea of Tiberias,
the Lord caught him
with His hand, and saved him,
for faith is that which
elevates to God,
and He can set us free
from death.

Christianity with the world
is peace with something
that should be saved -
peace useless for the world,
detriment to Christianity,
with no one saved,
with no salvation,
only times are changing,
clothes and culture,
all together time-worn,
nobody saving
no one.

O sacred Christianity,
O ancient Christianity,
when being a Christian
was being a martyr,
a Christian who
in his eyes
always kept hidden
spark from heavens, and
by that spark,
by that flame
raised the world
towards
the Kingdom of Heaven.

A real Christian
is a semi-hermit,
a real Christian
is a true Christ's hero,
whose gaze is directed
towards Heavens,
and therefore
he is cautious,
lest he be deceived
by the cunning,
like his foreparents

in biblical times.

A Christian places
all his hopes in God,
never labelling yours and mine,
having what God gives him.
He knows to whom
everything belongs
and claims nothing
for himself,
but gives to you and me,
so that we may
look up to God
and him,
giving hope to this world
that there is future for it,
if we have love for God
and our neighbours.

HAGIA SOPHIA

Hagia Sophia became a mosque,
before eyes and ears of the entire world
sitting in the front and the last row.
And she cries -
where are my children?

Where are the monarchs that I raised?
Where is the clergy that adorned me
with chanting?
Where are the soldiers who defended me?
Where are the prayers of the holy
who made Heaven of me?

Where are the deaf and the blind
who received healing inside me,
the lame who stood up,
the mute who spoke?

Oh, my children, of Christian and Orthodox stem,
again you are left without spiritual lighthouse,
surrendering me to desolation.

Where are my Easter and Christmas
Liturgies,
mosaics that upraised the earth to Heaven?
All gone in a blink of an eye,
turning me into a widow.

Where are the Patriarchs
to announce the Blessed Kingdom?
Where are the countless choirs
that overtuned the angelic?
Where are the repenters, ascetics
and contrite hearts
who found solace here?

Oh, sorrow fills my heart,
for those that seek God are gone.
Within me no longer is celebrated
Hagia Sophia, without whom the universe
is ruled by madness.
Where to now, and how?

Desolate and solitary I stand,
clothed in dark robes,
grieving for children who are gone,
who no longer walk the manifold trails

and sail the sundry seas to reach me,
to be raised to Heaven
by my magnificent domes.

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THE DAY OF THE LORD

Are we living in time
similar to that of the righteous Noah,
when people were marrying
and giving in marriage,
not thinking about the signs and times
that foreshowed the approaching
Day of the Lord?

Are we not living in time
similar to that of prophets,
when God upraised great men in Israel,
to call the people to repentance,
foreshowing the great Day of the Lord?

Is this not the time of apostasy
in which love of many became cold,
and already now

there are great signs from heaven,
foreshowing the nearing Day of the Lord?

Is this not exactly the time,
to perceive when seeing,
and understand when hearing
that there will be time no longer,
before the coming
of the great and dreadful Day of the Lord?

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CONCERN ABOUT TOMORROW

Let us leave to God
our concern about tomorrow
that often torments us,
for about concern
we are often being told.
Instead, let us take care
of what is Today.
For man is so weak,
able to bear the burden
of just a single day,
as said by clairvoyant

elder Tadej,
who was like an elder from Optina.
Saint Archangel
told him in a vision
that he would be great
comforter to his people,
for he would teach them
to leave tomorrow to God,
yet not forgetting today's evil.

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PANTELEIMON'S

God, bless Bijeljina today.
May everything in town
be white and bright,
may people be
joyful and merry,
may communion
and love prevail.
May town be filled
with zealous work,
and children's laughter,
instead with questions

where and when.
May we excel
in everything,
may tears be shed
over brothers,
may we proudly bear
each other's burdens.
May White Dove be
dedicated to
Saint Sava and Simeon,
and be our image,
pledge and pride.
May Saint Panteleimon
bless us,
may Bijeljina
be town of peace.
O Saint Panteleimon,
help us live
in unity and concord.

WHITE DOVE

God willing, may the Church
of Serbian Unity sprout,
and like a white dove,
cover our entire nation
with her wings.

It will be new Hilandar,
the home of Saint Sava and Simeon,
and house of all Serbian children
rushing to it with repentance.

Both Serbia and Montenegro,
our southern lands,
Republic of Srpska,
and all the way to Krajina
and the sea,
all will find shelter here.

O brothers, let us sing to the Lord,
for this is a pan-orthodox song.
Let Russians and Greeks,
Far East and West

rush to join us
in celebrating God's Name.

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PATRIARCH

Who will be
the new Patriarch,
our Father,
icon of the Heavenly One,
to open Pavle's eyes in us,
and bring forth
Irenaeus's diligence.

To greet us
with "God help you"
in Constantinople,
and in Moscow
greet back in Slavic,
to bless Americans
in New York,
and praise
Christ our Lord
in Rome.

To walk through Serbia
with Mileševa image,
bringing to God
all bereaved souls,
to be everything to us,
our Father,
teacher and servant,
wanted by all
for a friend,
for companion.

To teach us Holy Orthodoxy
from Mount Athos and Mount Sinai,
his face shining
like Moses,
to show the way to us
and to emperors and rulers,
not to be crucified by us further
than the cross
he already bears.

Can such be found
among Serbs,
who will set forth

to our Golgotha, Kosovo,
and there,
spreading his arms,
gather us all
to his bosom,
representing
forefather Abraham.

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HOLINESS

What do we Serbs need today?
Holy Serbs!
What does our country need?
Holy statesmen!
What do our schools need?
Holy teachers!
What does our family need?
Holiness of life!
What does our army need?
Holiness of service!
What does our Church need?
Holiness of living!
Let us restore holiness

to our lives,
so that God's blessing
may come upon us,
for the Lord says,
"Be ye holy,
for I am holy".

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WHY THEOLOGIAN?

Theologian, to converse about God
Theologian, to speak of virtue
Theologian, to fulfil the Commandments
Theologian, to tame the spirits
Theologian, to support the feeble
Theologian, to return the strayed
Theologian, to perceive the mysteries
Theologian, to succed the meek
Theologian, to enrich the poor
Theologian, to withstand derision
Theologian, not to pride himself
Theologian, to pray
Theologian, to thrive spiritually
Theologian, to do good

Theologian, to rejoice
Theologian, to sing hymns
Theologian, to carry others' burden
Theologian, to take up the cross
Theologian, to overcome himself
Theologian, to acquire God.

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I SHOULD HATE SIN

I should hate sin
as impurity,
and may it be gone
from my life,
just like freedom
is gone from the lock.

I should hate sin
the way non-smoker
dislikes tobacco,
non-swimmer
a deep river,
and righteous man
iniquity.

I should hate sin
and come to love purity,
and all that is good
and pure in life,
and so live and be alive
in the light,
and watch and see
this world
with the eyes of God.

Sin is a veil
drawn over our eyes,
sin is the bush
behind which
Adam sought to hide,
from God, from the Father,
from his Saviour.

It is a remedy
to hate sin,
the way angels hate it,
not with the worldly hate,
but with guileless one,
the way dove hates

the one clipping its wings,
or a child
being grabbed
from its dearest embrace.

Should the world
come to hate sin,
crying and wailing
would nowhere be heard,
there would be no war,
but one would love another
like a brother in God,
and all would live
according to God,
as people who are
unable to hate.

JOURNEYS

What do we search for on our journeys?
Beauty or lost youth,
or fullness of our being?
All this is possible
if we perceive the world
in divine manner,
for we actually search for God.

Is God on the earth,
so that we can find Him
and that would be
the end of our Way.
But if He is not,
new quests lie before us:
on earth, in the air and sea,
and in the mountains - perhaps He is there.
Let us not wander.

And we continue journeying
until we find the right Way.
Many never find it,
for they do not see

the mountain for the hill.
and God is there, watching,
in order to reveal Himself
to the harmless.

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WHAT I WOULD

I do not what I would,
are those wise words,
but which I would not
there is the human tragedy.

Paul the Apostle to the peoples
told us so and remained
the teacher of the universe.
Had those been his only words,
yet they would have sufficed.

Our desire is tempting us,
never God,
so let us engage in struggle
for God-like ourselves.

THY BROTHER'S WIFE

Saint Baptist gave us
a word of salvation,
it is not lawful for thee
to have thy brother's wife,
and so reminded us
of God's commandment,
thou shalt not commit adultery.

Each woman,
is one's brother's wife,
except for the lawful one,
and each who marries another's wife
becomes Herod,
ready to behead
the Baptist and
crucify Christ.

That is why
the lent is kept
on the Beheading Day,
so that we do not become
akin to Herod's guests

who conformed to him
and said nothing when,
in his madness,
he had the righteous man killed.

One's brother's wife
is also all that is
somebody else's,
so this command
includes as well:
do not steal,
do not lie
and always speak the truth,
if needed,
be prepared
to lay down your life
for the truth.

And to us, the clerics,
the Baptist said
what the holy canons
also confirmed,
do not touch
ecclesiastical regions
of thy brother,

for in the holy Revelation
the Church is symbolized
by a woman who gave
birth to a child,
our salvation.

To fast and to be perfect,
to be disciple of the Baptist
and Forerunner,
to lay down one's life for the truth,
perhaps even be beheaded
in this world,
but glorified in eternity,
and to keep as far as possible
from Herod's feast,
which today might be called
the vampires' ball.

TRUE MAN

You should never
say a bad word to your brother,
for it will make him sad.
You should never
do evil to another,
for it will deeply hurt him.
If you do so, repent
and keep your mutual love.
The joy of life is hidden in forgiving,
because forgiveness can be given only
by a true man.

ADAM'S WEEPING

Long ago, the Fathers
explained how passions work,
that devil will first
attack us through our thoughts
and give us a suggestion
from the evil one,
to lead us into temptation,
and then comes Adam's misery,
nakedness and death,
yet God called us
to be alive,
not dead.

Whoever would
judge Adam,
should know
that he was deceived
many more times than Adam,
and that many more times
he turned away from God.
So, let us not judge
our forefather Adam,

but embrace his weeping,
like elder Silouan,
for only weeping
may return us to
our Father's embrace,
forgive us, forgive us, O God.

Saints saw all people
as a single man,
universal Adam,
filled with fratricide,
wars and wounds,
wickedness, fornication
and uncleanness,
and when he becomes
similar to Sodom and Gomorrah,
the end of the world will come,
in brimstone from heaven
and shaking of planets.

So let us weep and
smite upon our breasts
for everything,
for universal Adam,
so there may be found

ten righteous people
for which God
would spare us
at His Judgement,
may we become like the thief
on the right hand,
who in the last moment
came to himself and realized
that Christ suffered for him
and the entire world,
to justify all
in His embrace.

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MEETING

Meeting is a revered occasion,
when we are reflected in another,
not searching for a splinter
in his eye for we are busy
with our own beam.

Otherwise, it is not a meeting
but judgement to our brother,

for by exalting ourselves over him
we make us greater than we are.

Hence a meeting is occurrence
of truth and verification of words
given by ancient fathers,
that seeing one's brother
means seeing one's God.

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SOCRATES

Ancient Greek philosopher,
called the father of Ethics,
for his knowledge
was virtue.

He frequented Athenian squares,
wishing to teach philosophy
to the Greeks,
that they do not know
what they think they know.

And finally, he was sentenced

by Athenian democracy
to drink poison,
for he corrupts the youth
by his teaching
and does not respect Athenian gods.

So, it is not by chance
that Socrates is depicted
in narthexes of Greek churches,
for he lived and died
for his philosophy, teaching
like a forerunner of Christianity,
that virtue is a source of knowledge.

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ZACCHAEUS

Zacchaeus is an example
of how a little man becomes great
and that by one desire only,
to see the great prophet
Jesus of Nazareth.

THE PRECIOUS CHAINS

Our home patron,
the Precious Chains
of Saint Apostle Peter
that he wore for the Lord
and that became healing,
wonderworking
by the grace of the Cross.

Saint Apostle Peter,
the foremost with the Apostle Paul,
enlightened the entire world
and worked countless wonders,
healing people,
even just by his shadow
passing over the sick.

His disciple Mark
left us the Gospel
and two Epistles
abundant in theology,
wherein he testified
that the Lord is the Messiah

and the Saviour,
denouncing false prophets.

And the great Apostle
suffered in ancient Rome,
crucified upside down,
testifying his humility
and his measureless
love for Christ.

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PATRIARCH PAVLE

Short in stature,
yet a giant,
since long time ago
a good report about him
was being heard,
crying out from Kosovo,
bearing witness from Belgrade.

A humble monk,
ascetic,
healed by the grace

of miraculous cross,
so that the entire world
may rejoice,
for we saw
an evangelical man
in the age of the Revelation,
and received from him
a word of salvation.

Patriarch Pavle
the light to the patriarchs,
in Kosovo - Pavle of Prizren,
who by himself
christened people in parishes,
and charged nothing,
this being testified by
his shoes.

One German saw him
as a meek, doe-eyed old man,
another saw a small
grey-haired man,
nice to everyone
and so witty,
using humour

in his teachings,
saying that even in our time
it is possible to obtain
the Eternal Life.

Pavle is already depicted
in our churches.
Truly he is apostle Paul's image,
as if someone placed him
from fourth century
to our age,
so that he may be
the great light
to all Serbs.

When he was born
he alone was crying,
but when he reposed
all of us were crying,
for we were left without the peace,
for we were left without the shepherd,
but soon from heaven
he sent us comfort,
from Heavenly Synod,
in which he stays.

People, do not worry
why Pavle is yet not canonized,
do not wonder,
God will grant this,
He will glorify
His patriarch Pavle,
so that he may abide
with our holy ancestors,
and from heavens
keep blessing all the people,
for in his earthly life
he called us all
to be God's children.

BISHOP NIKOLAI

Saint Bishop Nikolai
resembles a giant oak,
under which all Serbs can gather,
its shadow not hindering
but helping them
to agree and deify.

And multiply, and multiply,
for all-Serbian bishop
was calling all to do so,
seeing by the spirit
the imminent peril,
that we could
gradually vanish.

Saint Bishop left no question
unresolved, both for
scholar and workman,
wishing salvation to every
Serbian soul, especially to children,
our meadows' flowers.

Martyred and banished
in his earthly life,
this faithful servant
of Christ's Gospel,
our spiritual father
now writes the Prologue
in heavens,
together with Saint Sava
serving the Heavenly Liturgy.

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SAINT JOHN OF SHANGHAI

The greatest Saint
of the twentieth century,
from Imperial Russia,
Serbia and Shanghai,
who spread the Lord's glory
and never slept in bed.

God upraised him
in our days,
like Moses
in those days,

to lead to God
thousands, millions,
by the power of his words
and prayer,
healing all types of sickness,
raising the dead.

In Shanghai
he built an orphanage,
in Europe he was named
Barefooted.
No plane would take off
without him,
so that John
would reach the place
assigned to him
by God,
to hear confession,
to give communion
and heal.

He completed God's work
in San Francisco,
teaching, wonderworking,
taming hurricanes,

his efforts being crowned
by suffering exile
at the hands of his brothers,
and so he reached the top
of the ladder of beatitudes,
and entrusted to soil
his blessed body,
inhabiting heaven
with his soul.

A Russian of Serbian origin,
whom Saint bishop Nikolai called
the saint with angelic wings.
With Saint abba Justin
he raised Bitola seminarians,
walked across Europe barefooted,
preached Gospel to Shanghai,
prayed especially for crowned heads,
our Father and teacher,
Saint John of Shanghai,
in Lord speedy helper
and healer.

BLESSED MATRONA

Blessed Matrona,
our spiritual mother,
the eighth pillar of Holy Russia,
born as a blind dove,
seeing all things
with her spiritual sight.

She suffered Jobean torment
in her cross-bearing life,
teaching all the souls she met
to walk the path
of humility and salvation,
the spiritual mother of Holy Russia.

In times of Church persecution
by the red dragon,
destroyer of Orthodox shrines,
Blessed Matrona suffered,
bearing the cross of her people,
the spiritual mother of Holy Russia.

Heiress of Saint John of Konstadt,
gathering the entire Holy Russia,
foretelling the victory of
Holy Orthodoxy
over all the enemies,
the spiritual mother of Holy Russia.

Blessed Matrona said
that after her departure
we should address her
as the living one,
and she promised
to hear all our prayers and cries,
the spiritual mother of Holy Russia.

SAINT PHOTIOS THE GREAT

Saint Photios the Great,
the offspring of holy parents and martyrs
who suffered defending the icons,
became the light of the world,
safeguarding Orthodoxy.

New Plato of learning
gathered the wisest men
at the Academy of philosophy,
from which they later came
as great workers,
safeguarding Orthodoxy.

At the request by many,
Saint Photios humbly
accepted the patriarchal service,
to safeguard Constantinople throne
from overbearing Rome,
and defend the teaching
of the Holy Councils and Fathers
about the Holy Spirit,
safeguarding Orthodoxy.

And he sent forth his disciples
Cyril and Methodius
among Hazars and Slavs,
becoming Slavs' godfather,
to bring them to the Holy Church
by the apostolic teaching,
safeguarding Orthodoxy.

Oppressed by many hierarchs and Rome,
safeguarding Sobornost
that holds primacy
not in power but in love,
Saint Photios was tortured and persecuted,
like the ancient Fathers,
but he endured all without grumble,
safeguarding Orthodoxy.

Saint Photios the Great
was counted among
the Teachers of the world,
for he preserved
Catholicity of the Church,
teaching of the Councils
and the Holy Fathers,

that the Holy Spirit
proceeds from the Father,
he became spiritual Father
of all the faithful,
safeguarding Orthodoxy.

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TODAY'S SAINTS

Dionysius the Areopagite,
spiritual child
of the Apostle Paul.
He wrote On the Names of God
and the Celestial Hierarchy,
and praised so much by words
the Most Holy Mother of God,
saying,
“had there been no God,
she would have been God”.

And Saint John the Hozevite
never served the Liturgy
without being illuminated
by divine light.

Performing miracles,
glorifying God,
he became a prominent light
of the Holy Land,
and today, in Hozeva monastery
welcoming every guest.

Saint Hesychius of Horeb,
by God brought back from the dead,
and for twelve years
he stayed in his cell in silence,
giving instructions to his brethren,
that he who acquires
remembrance of death
will no longer sin.

And wonderful elder,
Dionysius of Pechersk,
acquired such boldness
before God,
that he greeted loudly
departed elders
in their graves, saying:
Christ is Risen!
and they responded in unison: Truly, He is Risen!

THREE HOLY NILUSES

Nilus of Sinai
spent sixty years
in the desert,
on Sinai, the Mountain of God,
and he himself became alike,
complete man of God,
complete man of Christ,
new Climacus,
for all God-loving souls
spiritual nursery garden.

Saint Nilus the Myrrh-streamer,
in the desert of Mount Athos,
in kellion overlooking the sea
like a bird's nest,
in silent prayer
he travelled across heavens,
incessantly conversed with God,
and upon his death,
healing myrrh
started flowing
from his sacred body,

streaming down to the sea
as consolation to pilgrims
on Mount Athos to this day.

Saint Nilus of Sora,
enriched Russia
with theology of hesychasm,
commending
poverty among monks,
so that they live like
fowls of the air,
in humble sketes,
gathering heavenly treasures,
safeguarding Orthodoxy
in their bosom
in their heart.

GLORY TO GOD FOR ALL THINGS

Glory to God for all things,
are the last words
of Chrysostom,
by which he gave thanks
to God,
for his life,
and for all lives,
and for those who,
like the thief on the cross,
remember God
leastwise at the last moment.

Once, when Chrysostom
was asked,
Who will be saved,
he replied:
only God knows that,
but I doubt that
one will be saved
who does nothing
for his neighbour's salvation.

He struggled against
emperors and empresses,
to free the enslaved,
like a good shepherd,
and after the first glorification,
as patriarch,
only the poor and the needy
were invited to his feasts.

Being merciful
he obtained God's mercy,
being prudent
God glorified him in his preaching,
Saint apostle Paul,
speaking into his ear,
interpreted his own epistles to him.
So, by reading Chrysostom,
you will find Apostle Paul, too.

When, upon his death,
his holy relics
were returned to Constantinople,
God from above
glorified him, for

before the multitude of people,
from his coffin,
his greeting and blessing
was heard in thunderous voice:
Peace be to all!
And this blessing
today comes to us,
who, on this great Feast,
ask Chrysostom
for his prayers.

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SAINT ELIJAH THE PROPHET

Saint Elijah the Prophet
conversed with the Lord
on Mount Tabor,
testifying that the Lord
is the God of the Living
and of all those ascending
the Mount of Transfiguration
with faith, hope and love.

Dread denouncer
of godless king Ahab

and his wife Jezebel,
he handed over Baal's priests
to derision,
and fortified living faith in Israel,
working great wonders.

By God's Providence,
the Great Prophet
was sent to the widow
of Zarephath in Zidon,
and revived her son,
and during persecution
he was fed miraculously
by a raven in a cave.

The Holy Prophet
was taken into Heaven,
from where he will descend again,
to reveal the antichrist,
so that the old Israel
returns to God
and to holy faith
of their Fathers.

MOSES

The son of Israel
but the child of the Nile,
for this river saved him.
He was brought to pharaoh's palace
where he learned the wisdom of Egypt,
how to lead God's People
out from the slavery
and into the Promised Land.

When Moses slew the Egyptian,
or rather, the old man in himself,
he was banished from Egypt
into his Fathers' land,
and there he lived
for another forty years,
so that God would prepare
him to become
Israel's prophet and shepherd.

And God appeared unto Moses
on Mount Sinai,
in the bramble bush

that is burning but remains unburnt,
and said to him:
Put off your sandals from your feet,
for the ground on which you stand
is Holy Ground,
and after initiating him
into the knowledge of God,
sent him to lead the God's people
from the Egyptian slavery.

And so Moses and Aaron
went to the land of Egypt,
and showed to pharaoh
all God's signs and wonders,
bringing heaven down to earth
and upraising earth to heaven,
and so pharaoh yielded
and set Israel free
from Egyptian slavery,
that they may go
to the Promised Land.

And Moses led Israel from Egypt
by the power and strength
of God's right hand,

and having crosswise parted
the Red Sea,
he led God's people
through its midst,
and all the Egyptians
coming after them
he covered with the waters
of the Red Sea,
prefiguring the great mystery
of Christening
by which one enters
the Promised Land.

And again God called Moses
up to the mount of Sinai,
and gave him Ten Commandments
on two stone tablets,
by which God's people
may be strengthened
in the knowledge of God
and brotherly love.
God also gave him plan
for the Tabernacle,
sketch of the Old Testament Church,
and many rules and regulations

by which people should live
in the land of those
who are being saved.

And for forty years
Moses walked
with his people
through the desert,
and they reached
the Promised Land that was
flowing with milk and honey,
but the great prophet Moses
did not enter with them.
Already old and full of days
he presented himself to God.
Until this day his grave
remains unknown,
for how could lie in a grave
the one whom God Himself
adopted as His son. Amen.

CROSS

Cross is when
we are christened,
cross is when
we live in Christ,
cross is when
we arise,
Cross is when
we lie down,
cross is in
rejoicing,
cross is in
sorrow,
cross is from
paradise,
with cross
comes infinity.

Cross is when
we forgive,
cross is when
we behave well.
Spread your arms

and here is a cross,
fold your hand and here
are three fingers
so that we cross ourselves
with the triune cross,
and bear
our neighbours' burdens.

Cross is in the past,
cross is in the future,
cross is in eternity, too,
on churches – cross,
in Liturgy is cross, too,
in blessing – cross.
With cross we cast out demons,
with cross we see off our departed
to eternity.

With cross
Moses parted the Red Sea,
cross is on the top
of the Holy Mountain,
all great roads
split crosswise,
life dramas

happen crosswise.
Do not set out on a journey
without crossing yourself
with three fingers.
With cross you will
reach your goal,
for crucified Lord
guards you on Golgotha
and strengthens,
so that your soul
does not lose hope.

In cross lies eternity,
in cross lies everything,
Philosophy of cross
resurrects the dead,
for some madness,
for others stumbling block,
yet for us who believe, it is
the power of God,
the power of love,
the power of sacrifice.
With cross
we can resurrect the dead,
and obtain eternal life,

and so eternally
reside with the Lord.

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HOLY SCRIPTURE

Holy Scripture is a book
about me and about you,
all nations are in it, too,
for they were created
so that Christ may spiritually
be born among them,
by the Gospel.

How God
created the world
all of us should know
by heart,
so that our opponent - demon
may not tell us
any lies about how we came to be
by ourselves,
and so make us
neither fear God the Creator,

nor believe in Him.

Egypt is the body
given to us by God,
and as long as we reside
in Egypt - we are in slavery.
So, God raised Moses,
to lead us out of bodily death,
and into the spiritual land,
promised by the Law
and the prophets,
that there we may
with God
live eternally.

What was prophesied
in the Old Testament,
was fulfilled
in Christ the Lord,
for he gave us birth
by the Holy Spirit,
to liberate us from death,
to set us free from corruption,
and in His Church,
His Body,

bear us to New Israel
by christening,
make us Christ-like
and restored.

Protestant brothers
are not right,
saying that
we do not know
the Holy Scripture.
We live with it,
for Christ is
the foremost person
in the Holy Scripture,
and only in the Church
can the Scripture be understood.
O God, enlighten
all the people
and all the nations
to read the Holy Scripture
by the Church,
and so work on salvation
of their souls.

Each doubt of ours
is in the Holy Scripture
should there be war,
should there be fellowship,
the prophets said it all
what happened
and what will happen,
and until when
the world will exist,
whether there is a place
in heaven
for me, for you
and for many of those
who suffered,
for children and babies
who lived not on this earth,
but obtained eternity.

Holy Scripture is miraculous,
without it we do not live,
we do not exist.
So let us find some space
on our shelf
for the old book,
called the Book of Life,

life of this age
and the age to come,
for the Holy Scripture
has the beginning,
but it has no end,
just like this world,
and the new one, too,
the everlasting,
coming to meet us.

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KOINONIA

There is nothing
greater in the world
than communion with God,
and son speaking
to the Father
the way I speak
with you.

That is Adam's paradise
that satan violated
by prideful thought

that they will be
like gods,
and so managed to hide
its deadly sting.

Oh, tears
of the first Adam,
you cleanse us, too,
for we ourselves fell
many a time,
and there is no weeping
by which we could stay
in paradise.

And neither we remember
paradise any longer,
nor how God
is walking in it,
looking for Adam
in the bushes,
behind a tree.

Adam's paradise
is koinonia,
communion with God

that makes us His son,
not a slave.

If we lose it
we lose everything,
and then comes
slavery and darkness.
Yet God created us
for paradise,
for paradise that is not
just for us alone.

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TRANSFIGURATION

That night became
brighter than a day,
when the Lord
transfigured Himself
before His disciples
on the Mount Tabor,
showing them His Glory,
Glory of the Only-Begotten
from the Father.

Moses and Elijah
appeared before them,
speaking to Him
about His forthcoming passion
in Jerusalem.

The Holy Apostles
fell on their face,
unable to behold
the Tabor Light,
seeking to make
three tabernacles,
the symbol of
faith, love and hope,
by which one ascends
the Mount Tabor.
and the voice of God the Father
was heard, saying,
“This is my beloved Son,
in whom I am well pleased;
hear ye him”.

TWO THIEVES

Two thieves
were crucified
next to Christ's cross,
one remained a thief,
the other became
dweller of paradise.

The thief who
remained a thief,
failed to recognize Christ
crucified on the cross,
failed to recognize
that He is the Saviour
of the world,
even continuing
to utter blasphemy,
not wishing to renounce death.

The other thief,
on the right hand of Christ,
was ashamed of His cross,
for he recognized

that Christ suffered for the world,
and hope rose in him, too,
so he cried:
Lord, remember me,
and became the first
dweller of paradise.

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RESURRECTION

Resurrection is salvation,
one must reach it
resurrecting incessantly
from death to life,
from dream to reality,
lest the child lose its head in vain.
And resurrection calls you
to gain new life vigour
through an effort,
to let the death perish
and your life
become life eternal,
for he who dwells in Lord
will live eternally,

resurrecting every day
until the Eighth Day,
when he will be enwreathed
with glory and honour,
with which all the saved
will be clothed,
in Lord
Resurrecting eternally.

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RISE, O CHRIST

Resurrection Day,
no, it is not a dream.
Resurrection Day,
crowned with glory.

Rise, O Christ, glory of the Father.
Rise, O Christ, measure of a man.

Lord's angel rolled back the stone
from the tomb,
so that we may sing
to Christ resurrected.

Rise, O Christ, glory of the Father.
Rise, O Christ, measure of a man.

Myrrh-bearers and the apostles' choir
beheld the empty tomb,
and bore witness to victory over death
across the entire world.

Rise, O Christ, glory of the Father.
Rise, O Christ, measure of a man.

Resurrection Light
illuminates us all,
and darkness is dispersed,
life eternal we are granted,
and heavenly choirs arrive.

Rise, O Christ, glory of the Father.
Rise, O Christ, measure of a man.

GOD IS A POET

This world was versed by God,
poem woven into endless universe,
its stanzas being heavenly stars,
and words this earth and life.

And at the end of the sixth day,
God versed the man
and gave him His Image,
so that man, too,
by singing,
seeks the Lord
in his heavenly abode.

Verse after verse,
the Scripture is all fulfilled,
now we await the Lord,
to live in poetry
through all eternity.

COPYRIGHTS

Everything is somebody's
yet nothing is God's,
a song belongs to the singer,
but the One who gave us mouth
is left without copyrights.

The one who paints,
the likeness of the Creator Himself,
seized everything for himself
and gave nothing
to Church or school,
or anyone,
thus leaving the One
Who have him the painting
without His image-icon.

What can one say about those
who seized for themselves
fields and mines,
rivers and tributaries.
They wish to sell
air in cans,

not giving anything
to God and the people.

And so on,
in our time,
everything is ours,
our property,
and God did not spare
His Son,
so that we may be saved
by Him
and so forever belong
to God and our neighbors.

THE CROOK AND THIEF

It is heard that
the crook and thief wishes
to serve on Christmas Day
in Kiev Lavra,
in the holy place
to serve to the sign
of apocalyptic desolation.

The crook and thief,
appointed by
powerful people
of this world,
not to be the shepherd,
but wolf,
now chasing away
Christ's flock
Just like Julian the Apostate
used to do.

The crook and thief
and his band, alas,
received recognition

from the first capital throne,
to crush to pieces
Holy Orthodoxy,
and so prepare the way
for the great beast and abomination,
the world ruler
and self-proclaimed god
in a single person.

But the One Who Is,
Alpha and Omega,
will not allow that.
May God grant to
the crook and thief
to understand that,
and to return to the only
saving repentance,
before the last last trumpet
sounds from heaven
and the Lord comes
to judge the earth.

DARWIN AND HITLER

Darwin, father of Darwinism,
the new world atheism,
revealed the fall
of learned Europe,
that, instead of looking
at God's reflection in itself,
looks at that of a monkey.

And Hitler constructed
the house of Nazism
on foundations of Darwinism,
to exterminate all,
to conquer all,
and to place his Germanic tribe
onto an earthly throne,
and all other peoples and primates
were to serve them,
for their evolution
lasted longer.

And Marx, too,
founded on Darwinism

his dictatorship of the proletariat,
so that the one
who creates profit
should manage profit, too,
but to us, the Slavs, it is known
how it worked in practice.
And now, new Globalism has saved
a similar place for us in the world,
to be slaves, like Israel was
in Egypt.

Finally, the most tragic of all,
what makes one wish
in anguish
to cry up to heaven,
are some modern-day theologians
who see in Darwinism
the only scientific theory,
when they should be ashamed
of all aforementioned,
of Darwin
and Hitler
and Marx,
who left behind millions of graves,
while worshipping the false deity of Darwinism.

UNTO THE ONLY GOD

The only God
should be worshipped,
and He alone
should be served,
for one God is preached
in the Bible
- the Old and the New Testament.

He is glorified
in one, holy, catholic
and apostolic Orthodox Church,
to be with us
each day,
by the Holy Liturgy in Christ,
by the Holy Spirit present.

Whoever follows
a different way,
will more or less
go astray,
and become like
Israel in the desert,

staying in death
instead of going to
the Land of the Living.

Holy Fathers of Orthodoxy
held seven Ecumenical Councils,
and fortified with doctrines
the faith once
delivered unto the Saints,
so that we do not wander,
but that in the Church
we love God
and our neighbour,
thus walking
the blessed way of salvation.

Hence be aware, brothers,
that we speak to you
out of love, so that
heretics
schismatics,
unbelievers,
all who worship
false gods
through sorcery, magic, yoga

- cannot please God,
and should repent before God
of their false faith,
and return to the Holy Church
before the time comes for
Heavenly judgement,
Heavenly settling.

The world today is occupied
by many false christs,
deceiving people
with their lies,
false science
and miracles,
but their deed dies
with them,
while God's deed
lasts unto the ages,
for it carries within itself
the boundless Truths.

Therefore, if you are a poet
- in Orthodoxy search after
the Heavenly hymn,
if you are prudent

- in Holy Church
more prudent become,
if your skin is darkened
- let the light of Tabor
direct you,
and those from the East
- let them search
for Christ, the morning star of their eye,
for there is no other way,
but the way
- of the Only God.

KOSOVO IS NOT FOR SALE

Ask any Serb,
anywhere in the world,
if he would sell Kosovo.
He will say NO
to that blasted word.

NO, European gentlemen,
NO, non-Serbian gentlemen,
there is something
that cannot be sold.
You can freely purchase,
you can freely sell
what your grandfather
entrusted to you,
Kosovo cannot be purchased,
Kosovo cannot be sold.

You all are great in this world,
your fortune mourned
by the poor in tears
and many poor Lazaruses
whose sores were licked by dogs

while you grew richer,
expanding your treasuries
to this and that side,
ravaging entire countries,
placing their wealth
into bondage.

Now you reached
Serbian Kosovo,
setting on it
like ants on a mountain,
to seize,
to ravage,
where Serbs defended you
in 1389 – with the precious Cross
and Saint Lazar.

Kosovo, so that you know,
is not for sale,
because of victims,
because of graves,
because of our churches
and monasteries, sacred places,
because of Kosovo peonies,
because, because, because...

People, stop beating the wind.

You know nothing about the pledges,
you know not what you are doing,
do not seize our Kosovo,
for it is the heart of Serbia,
Holy Altar, sanctified by
the crucified Lord.

Our Brankovići should be told:
Kosovo is not a myth
- Kosovo is a shield,
Kosovo is the eye of each Serb
with which we see
Heavenly Serbia.
Kosovo safeguards
the Kosovo pledge
that places curse on each
who intends to sell Kosovo
like Judas sold his Creator.

RAINBOW

Rainbow is a sign
of divine peace,
bending across the sky
from one edge to another,
revealing to man
and all divine creatures
Covenant with God,
that there will be no more Flood,
but that God
will give Himself to people
in the Holy Mystery of Baptism
in the Church of Christ.

Rainbow is a sign of victory,
a sign of New Covenant,
telling us
that man in Christ
will no longer be a slave
to worldly elements and evil,
but that in Church
he will return
to God's arms,

and by divine love
grow in Lord Christ.

And God's enemies
and blasphemers of His Name
since the world's foundation,
chose the path of pride,
and anti-covenant,
committed and still committing
all things against God,
desecrating even the rainbow,
dedicating this divine sign
of peace and love
to their anti-god,
antichrist,
bringing to our streets
Sodom and Gomorrah,
to make us, the Serbs,
along with themselves,
dwellers of hell,
serving not to God
but to satan.

Therefore, Serbs, my brothers,
let us be aware,

let us not abandon our way.
Our way is the way of the God-man,
our way is the everlasting Truth,
our way leads us to Life eternal
- to God, Saint Sava,
to freedom.

Spiritual Battle of Kosovo
is now being fought,
so that we do not chose
the earthly kingdom
lasting briefly
- but the heavenly one,
lasting eternally.
Let us all together say
to new Murats:
We are not slaves,
we are daughters and sons
of the Holy Serbian Church,
our Holy Church,
and proper for us
are not your gods
and false values,
but the Cross
and Christ's Resurrection,

by which we inherit
Heavenly Serbia
and Heavenly Kingdom.

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THE LIVING MARTYR

We are used
to singing of the dead,
bewareing of vanity,
but, occasionally,
a verse must be spoken
to the living, too,
a verse thus springing
like a tear
to the eye.

We would sing
about our John,
the most blessed John
of Ohrid and Skopje,
who spent ten years
in Idrizovo,
testifying to the unity

of the Church.

Such a deed in our days?
Yes, indeed -
whoever wishes to see
a living martyr
of the present day,
do go freely
to Bitolj, the Monastery
of Saint John Chrysostom.

And there
you will meet
the most blessed John,
meek of countenance,
an image of ancient martyrs.
Still, no wonder,
he suffered for theology.
Had he suffered for
something earthly -
a minor deed
it would have been.

His blame
written on his forehead,

suffered for catholicity,
yes, the unity,
for the Church
is a single body
of the Living God
- God Incarnate.

Let us be comforted,
brothers,
by the effort
of the living martyr,
the most blessed John.
May God grant us, too,
the days,
to reach the measure
of his suffering.

THE ENTHRONEMENT

Peace in Podgorica,
war in Cetinje.
Here, in Montenegro,
they said,
no longer
will there be
any brothers.

But it did not befall,
for by landing of concord,
two brothers
in Christ,
new Peter and Paul,
turned Montenegro
into oasis of peace.

And all wondered
how could peace
overcome war,
and thus - by a helicopter,
as if descended
from heavens,

turning Montenegro
into Rumija.

We always
have prophets
who said,
the only event
more solemn
will be returning
the chapel to Lovćen,
so that Njegoš's rays
could touch us,
enabling us to see
brothers in each other,
and all Serbian lands
below the skies.

God willing,
it will happen,
indeed,
when the two
light-bearing pillars
gather people
on Lovćen,
like Moses once did,

leading the old Israel
up the Mount Sinai.

Without
the enthronement -
nothing,
Christ would remain
with His hands bound,
the One,
the Creator
of all the worlds,
tied crosswise
by the godless
knots.

Yet, the enthronement
came to pass,
showing that
the Word of God
cannot be bound,
and Montenegro
tasted the mystery
of the Resurrection,
for the chains fell off
from everyone`s hands.

So now – here is
freedom in Christ,
and whoever is hungry -
the calf is fatted,
and whoever is thirsty –
let one approach
and drink.

The enthronement,
the crown of Processions,
Porfirije and Joanikije,
taking the people
to heavens,
set them down
before St. Peter's relics
on Cetinje,
to the Saint bishop
by his shrine.

The heavens rejoice
and the earth,
and Montenegro,
lo, became bright,
as if received

the Great Visitant,
and placed
the heavenly throne
down to earth,
staying there
on Cetinje,
not leaving
heaven.

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NAZARETH

This day is this Scripture
fulfilled in your ears,
said the Lord
and closed the book
of the Old Testament,
preaching the New one.

And they shouted
at Him, gnashing
their teeth, wishing
to cast Him
down the cliff,

yet He made
Nazareth great.

Thus happened in the time
of Elias the prophet,
who resurrected
the widow's son
in Sarepta of Sidon,
prefiguring
the heathens' salvation
by the New Testament.

And wishing to lay
their hands on the Lord,
the Nazarenes revealed
their spiritual blindness,
yet the Light of the world
passed through the midst
of them, for His hour
was not yet come.

TEAR

When tears subside
one becomes a tear
mirroring pain
of the entire world,
and the tear
comes to be the planet.

* * * * *

THE CROSS AND CHRIST

Today`s world,
filled with
overwhelming disquiet
as never before,
for the enthronement
of the kingdom of evil
is taking place.
Forget your rights,
forget everything
except the oblivion.

Saint John the Theologian
wrote about this
in the Revelation,
to warn us
that we should be with Christ,
not the antichrist
who is creating his kingdom
right before our eyes.
Let us take heed lest
any one of us be deceived.

Paisios, the wise in Christ, said:
No, this is not the mark
but a preparation,
so that we are aware
when he comes,
for we are sealed by the baptism,
so that we be God's,
so that we are Christ's.

Therefore, when the antichrist
starts distributing
his marks of the beast,
do not take them,
one cannot serve at once

God and mammon, but
let us stand aright,
let us stand with fear,
let us be attentive,
as Saint Archangel Michael said,
lest any one of us deny
the Cross and Christ.

* * * * *

NEW BATTLE OF KOSOVO

Who is calling
to the new battle of Kosovo?
Who else but Tsar Lazar
and Kosovo heroes.
Now, an angel sounded
from Kosovo
to wake up slumbered Serbs,
not for earthly
but for Heavenly Kingdom.

And the first
who responded, answered,
was the one and were the ones

we never thought would do so,
forgotten by all regimes,
the ones bearing
invisible cross on their heads
and resemble heroes of Kosovo,
the ones we can tell
were from that poem,
from that tale.

Yet those who are called
the wisest heads,
SASA, Matica
- covered their faces,
they are not great in number,
running away somewhere,
my Prince,
only new Obilić people remained,
Vuković, too,
across the Drina.
Fear not, my Serb,
Njegoš's Montenegro
is there as well,
always waging war
for the Honourable Cross,
and Serbian diaspora,

exiled by five-pointed star,
but returned
by Kosovo and Metohija,
for, if needed,
all should lay down their life
for Kosovo.

Only when we are united,
we can preserve
Kosovo and Serbia,
for our saints from
Heavenly Serbia are with us,
and Prince Lazar
is leading the battle
to free each Serb.
Just like holy princes
of Don and Neva
who made Russia powerful,
and nobody dared
to attack them again,
so may Serbia be powerful,
not being a slave
to Western conquerors,
but reigning eternally
to God's glory

and to well-being
of its people.
Amen.

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HORSE

And I saw a man who was
naked from the waist up,
large and strong,
harnessed like a horse,
created according to man,
and I looked and saw,
alas,
it was him – the Horse.

BELIEF AND UNBELIEF

As we well know
from Christian history,
Judas is not a name,
but condition,
being Judas means
choosing Lying over Truth,
being Judas is
not serving God
but satan-mammon,
not becoming Apostle and disciple,
but traitor of God
and slayer of man.

What can one betray?
Everything - from God
to father's grave,
faith, because to some
it became less important
than dinner,
language, now enriched
with gender theory
so that Serbian no longer

includes mother and father,
or brother and sister,
but someone unknown,
someone from afar,
culture, for in place
of cult – the God,
they set Mammon – their idol,
and they worship him
day and night,
wishing to gain more.

Can one betray one's country,
Church, school?
Certainly yes,
and rather cheaply,
at half price.
What about rivers,
meadows and fields?
Ecology is their religion,
they keep their own
but somebody else's,
poor people's property
- they demolish, dig and drill,
and turn into a red and black sea,
saying sorry, we are forced

by businesses.

Today's Judases
are bemused by any flag
but white,
so Battle of Kosovo
and all other battles
to them are just myth,
for they say that
everything can be solved
with white flag,
no victims, no battle
- no heroes.
For them, every mountain
is Goleš mountain,
for them, there is only
earthly kingdom,
and whose it is, well,
that, too, can be coloured white.

Such is the time that
came to us, brothers,
but we trust in the living God,
that, through the prayers
of the holy martyrs,

He will raise for us again
a giant hero,
who will lead us, the Serbs,
from this white darkness,
bring us back to Prince's Supper
and to Lazar's sacred oath,
so that our flag
may again shine victoriously,
the one with four firesteels
and three joined fingers.

SCHISMATICS

OCU schismatics,
thieves
under Christ's Cross,
now demolishing
and setting fire to Kiev Lavra,
expelling holy monks
from their family,
and Western protectors
of human rights
do not see or hear of it,
masks fell off their faces,
and look,
they all appeared as Pilates
before our eyes.

CHRIST IS RISEN – TRULY HE IS RISEN!

Great and Holy Thursday

On Great and Holy Thursday
economy of humility,
economy of salvation
- to wash disciples' feet,
to give them
His Body and Blood
as food and drink,
then accept the cup of sufferings
for salvation of the world,
teaching us that
not by our own will
but by the will of God
we should live.

Great and Holy Friday

On Great and Holy Friday
when Christ was crucified,
the sun was darkened

and the earth shook in horror,
the veil in the temple was split in two,
and many people arose from the tombs
and went into the Holy City of Jerusalem,
testifying to victory over death
by the Cross and Resurrection of Christ.

Great and Holy Saturday

The day when silence says all,
the day when the Lord's soul
dwells in Hades to save all,
all righteous and repentant souls
after Adam,
to take them by their hands
with God's love and power
and by Resurrection
restore them from Hades
into eternal life,
eternal joy.

Resurrection

Empty tomb,
angels celebrating,

myrrhbearers hurrying
to announce to the world,
He has risen, He is not here!
and the apostles came
and saw the same,
He has risen, as He said!
Death, where is your sting?
Hades, where is your victory?
Christ is risen!
So that we may rejoice.
Christ is risen!
So that we may live eternally.

DARKENED CROSSES

And when thieves served
in holy Kiev Lavra,
the crosses on churches' domes
darkened,
darkened crosses showing
to the entire world
that those thieves
are not Christ's.

This sign was public, from God
before everyone's eyes,
so that all those
who have eyes could see
and be ashamed,
and protect great sacred Lavra
from lawless people,
from godless people
who came to demolish
the shrine with their hoofs,
shrine standing
for thousand years,
witnessing to victory

of light
over darkness.

Kiev Lavra is a symbol
of general suffering
of Orthodoxy.
What we see there today
may arrive here tomorrow,
for wherever lawless hordes
are sent – there they will demolish.

Their special target is
Holy Orthodoxy,
declared an enemy by
Western powers,
not knowing that Orthodoxy
is the Cross and the Gospel,
and that the gates of hell
shall not prevail against
Orthodoxy,
until the Lord comes
to judge the world
and condemn
all godless people
and thieves to unholy regions.

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