

# **VIA POEZIJA**

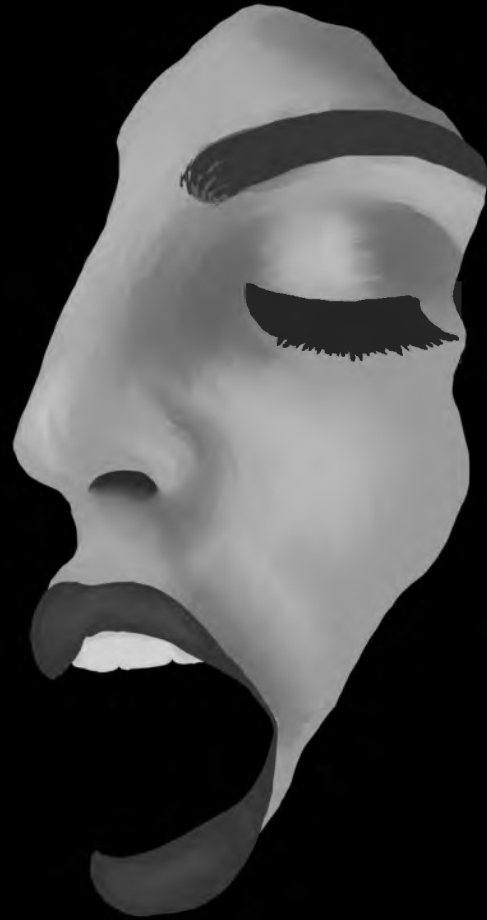
**Tujejezična pesniška in  
literarna revija dijakov  
SVŠGUGL**

La oscuridad es negrura  
y en negrura no podemos ver nada

en el espejo podemos ver todo,  
nuestras reflexiones y el futuro.

pero ¿qué es mejor?, ¿Viendo todo o  
nada?

Maja Krizmanič, 4.e



Oscuridad.

Soledad.

Nadie en ninguna parte.

Sólo yo y mis pensamientos.

Pensamientos en **la luz** en el medio de la oscuridad.

Sólo yo y mis pensamientos.

Nadie en ninguna parte.

Soledad.

Oscuridad.

Rahela Rus, 4.g

## SED DE LUZ

En la oscuridad te encuentro.

Es algo que me atrae,  
y no sé que es.

La noche se hace eterna,  
y las luces del camino casi se apagan.

¿Quién eres?

Estaba volando,  
y me encontré pensando.  
Que me estoy perdiendo,  
más y más profundo,  
por ti, la oscuridad me atrapa.

Eres el viento que vino,  
apagó las luces y se fue.  
La luz se ha ahogado.

Hacia el fondo del mar hundo,  
ni veo, ni oigo.  
Eres el corriente frío,  
que siento cuando fluye contra mi.

Y tú, ¿qué piensas?  
¿Cuál es el motivo por lo hecho?  
¿Tu sed de luz,  
o fue la oscuridad?  
No, no.  
Fue la oscuridad.  
Siempre es la oscuridad.

Iza Lesjak, 2.f

## SOMBRA

Imagina tu vida como día y noche.

Lo bueno y lo malo, tanto lo malo como lo correcto.

Cuando el día ha terminado,

Ves las cosas claramente y no hay duda.

El sol brilla mientras das pasos a la izquierda y la derecha.

No importa el camino, encontrarás el camino a casa.

A veces las noches aparecen en tu vida.

Las noches en las que te sientes perdido, como si nunca encontraras una salida.

Una sombra que llevas, sin saber dónde acostarla.

Pero tú y tu sombra sois uno, y mano a mano caminas por la noche.

¿De quién es esa sombra?

Creo que lo sé. Su propietario es muy feliz sin obstante.

Sara Jurjec, 4.e

Ich sagte mir, dass ich kein Pessimist sein werde,  
obwohl es schwer ist, nicht frei zu sein.  
Stattdessen bin ich in der Schule  
und sehe wie ein Dummkopf aus.  
Jeder könnte das Werkzeug sein, das nichts wert ist.  
Aber das ist dasselbe wie in der Schule zu sein und zu bluffen.

*Smuss, 2.g*



**Die Schule ist die Dunkelheit.**

**Die Dunkelheit ist nicht ewig.**

**In der Dunkelheit scheint immer das Licht.**

**In der Schule scheint das Licht nur, wenn man Freunde hat.**

Maja, Miša, Zala, Tia, 2e

Wenn die Nacht einbricht,  
fügen sich meine Gedanken in die Dunkelheit ein.  
Und mein Körper hält inne.

Maruša, 2.g

*Piégé dans ces murs  
pas de lumière  
je ne peux pas avoir d'amour  
il y a cette grande barrière*

*Il y a cette grande silence  
cette grande largueur  
pas d'innocence  
je deviens un acteur*

*Julija Težak, 3G*





## *La clarté ou l'obscurité*

*La clarté ou l'obscurité j'ai pensé  
la lumière ou l'ombre  
le jour ou la nuit  
à midi ou à minuit  
pourquoi c'est très difficile  
je n'ai pas compris.*

Neli Bedene, 3G

## **L'obscurité**

**L'obscurité est tout autour de nous  
en silence de rêves brisés.**

**L'obscurité est tout ce que je sais maintenant  
c'est ça qui fait partie de moi.**

**L'obscurité me cachera toujours  
Quand les monstres se sentent trop réels.**

**L'obscurité est ça à quoi je pense  
Quand la lumière est trop vive à voir.**

Hana Jurca, Neli Kustec Levičar, Tea Lužar, 3F  
Daša Črne, Karin Smrekar, 3E

*Les gens disent que la douleur disparaît  
et que tout passe.*

*Mais qui garde tous ces souvenirs ?*

*Il est très difficile d'oublier tout  
les beaux moments et  
cette douleur horrible.*

*Ils disent que le temps gouverne  
ces sentiments*

*mais comment puis-je  
oublier une personne qui  
comptait tant pour moi ?*

Nika Juvan, Karin Krmelj, Nina Sovinc, 3G

## **l'obscurité**

Secrets les plus profonds se sont  
couchés dans l'obscurité  
les choses semblent plus jolies quand les  
étoiles brillent et la lune regarde  
vers le bas du ciel nocturne  
de voir l'obscurité n'est pas une si  
mauvaise chose  
l'essence de la liberté vient dans  
l'obscurité  
l'obscurité n'est pas si sombre  
tout ce que je vois, c'est l'obscurité  
et ce n'est pas une mauvaise chose

Lara Frelj, 3F



Солнце садится,  
небо тёмное как ночь,  
мысли грязные.

*Manca Kos, 3.F*

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Наша Марина  
её машина и квартира –  
это грустная сатира.

*Miha Dragan, 3.G*

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Зимой я пью горячий чай,  
солнце светит, когда есть май,  
жизнь – это настоящий рай.

*Gaj Gerkman Salauyov, 2.E*

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Каждый день я смотрю на луну,  
думаю о жизни,  
но никогда не живу.

*Julijan Bratina Zimic, 2.E*



## HAIKU ENVELOPED IN THE DARKNESS

(2.F,G.)

Wind and cold air, with  
his sad eyes befriending me;  
a dark fairytale.

When the night will come  
there will be no us – just you  
in eternity.

Sink into the ground.  
You cannot escape from it.  
It's all over you.

When sun meets the moon,  
the darkness falls on the land,  
crickets hum their tune.

Deep dark sea-darkness  
deep as instagram captions.  
Empty loneliness.

You are standing there.  
My lighthouse in the darkness.  
I now found my way.

Walking in the dark,  
I can feel it here.  
It is chasing me.

As we got older,  
the monsters under our beds  
move inside our heads.

Darkness around me  
I feel. I really am falling  
deep into the night.

The light is long gone  
below magic horizon,  
come back, father Sun.

All the lights went out,  
only the night stars remained  
to show us the way.

I still search for you  
in every star in the sky,  
but you won't come back.

Black blood fills my lungs  
as the river flows away  
still I swim, I float.



## MUERTE DE LA OSCURIDAD

Mirar la oscuridad.  
Estamos perdidos en ella.

toda la **N**egrura,  
toda la **n**Egrura,  
toda la **ne**Grura,  
toda la **neg**Rura,  
toda la **negr**Ura,  
toda la **negru**Ra,  
toda la **negrur**A,  
todo lo malo y el mal.

La sombra de ti,  
es lo que veo en la mañana  
cuando la oscuridad comienza a morir.

Ema Levec, 4.e

## SU NEGRURA

La negrura de tus ojos,  
suave y cálida,  
calma mi alma inquieta,  
dulce y lenta.

La negrura de tus ojos,  
oscura y apasionada,  
despierta un gran fuego en mi,  
impredecible y fuerte.

La negrura de tus ojos,  
peligrosa y necesaria,  
la única negrura que yo necesito,  
por siempre y para siempre.

Megi Oblak, 4.g

**Draußen war es hell,  
aber wir saßen in der Dunkelheit.  
Die Sonne erstahlte in meinen Augen,  
aber du sagtest,  
dass da immer die Dunkelheit war.**

Živa, Blažka, Manca, Nika, Eva, Aja, Maja, 2.g



**Mein Herz ist dunkel.**

**Mein Körper will, dass du auch dunkel wärest.**

Živa, Blažka, Manca, Nika, Eva, Aja, Maja, 2.g

Wenn es dunkel ist,  
munkeln die Kinder.

Wenn das Licht an ist,  
sehen die Kinder Batman.

Wenn die Nacht ist,  
ist das Licht auf der Yacht.

Wir fürchten uns nicht vor der Dunkelheit. Wir  
sind Eitelkeit.

Ema, Oliver, 2.g  
Tin, Tit 2.e

· REFLEJO · DE · LA · OSCURIDAD ·

Ce despiertas en la tormenta de la oscuridad  
Sus astillas te pican en la mano  
Su aliento te da escarcha a tu corazón  
Tu alma está llamando a la salvación

Sientes cómo se te acerca  
La huesos, la oyes  
Sientes cómo está aumentando su grandeza  
En la mano, en la pierna  
Sientes

La oscuridad te quita el aliento  
Y estás mirando al vacío  
Y estás bebiendo el barro negro  
Como si hubiera luz en el suelo  
Y antes de llegar allí,  
El barro obstruye la tráquea

Estás buscando la luz,  
pero tu alma sabe que ahora es demasiado tarde para el perdón  
Y cada pensamiento está atrapado en la red de oscuridad  
Y adondequiera mires  
Adondequiera sea que pisas  
El rayo se fue

Y la oscuridad se refleja de tus ojos  
Te empapa los ojos  
que sólo se ve la sangre  
y la luz se apaga en ellos

Tus recuerdos se están perdiendo  
Memoria tras memoria  
Están perdidos en la oscuridad profunda  
Y el rayo se está perdiendo  
Sólo oscuro oscuro oscuro

Tu llama se va a extinguir  
En un minuto que viene  
Tus palabras no dichas  
En los segundos que vienen  
Tu cuerpo frío  
En los momentos que vienen

Y mira, ahora estás parado justo frente a mí  
Aterrorizado y asustado  
Delante de mí, que la tengo en la mano.  
Enfrente de mí  
la Dueña de la Oscuridad

Nika Veena Crdin. 4.f

**Wenn die Nacht einbricht,**

**ist die Dunkelheit nicht das Licht.**

Luka, Črtomir, 2.g Aljaž, 2.e

## Les trois haïkus anonymes

I.	II.	III.
la fin est proche loin est la lumière je repars sans toi	calme en hiver sombre pendant quelques mois soleil au printemps	peau de banane est allongée sur le sol la fille tombe

## Les ténèbres

Tout semble sombre  
Le voyage et la lumière  
Pas de racisme

Je vis la nuit  
Les réverbères sont brillants  
Je joue dans le noir

LA NUIT EST SOMBRE  
ET PLEINE DE TERREURS

Maja Kunaver, 4F

Was ist die Dunkelheit?

Die Schule oder

die Schwangerschaft oder

die Socken oder

der Mensch oder

die Haare oder

der Tod oder

die Blumen oder

der Tunnel

oder so etwas?

Die Dunkelheit bin ich.

Lana, Tinkara, Lara Ss.,3. h



## THE BIRTH OF DARKNESS

There was once this thing called Life. It gave birth to two beautiful children, the first was named Light and the second who came right after, was named Dark. They were both to inherit half of this planet called Earth, each having a fair share. Therefore as children, they were sent there to make it their own. Light took it upon herself to protect and guide her twin brother, even if she was only a few minutes older than he was. They made the planet their new home. Even though it was just the two of them, they never got bored. As children, they would run around and play until they got tired, then it was time for a nap. They explored the vast grounds of this humongous new world and ate all sorts of mysterious plants.

One day, Dark decided to seek the wonders of his home by himself. Not waiting for Light to wake up, he snuck off, seeking his own adventure. He loved his sister, he, however, wanted a taste of independence. He wanted to show Light he was capable of taking care of himself. The air was warm and the water was inviting, he took a swim and after tiring himself out, took a short break under a nearby tree, which offered a fair bit of shade.

He hadn't realized he had fallen asleep until he was woken by the ground shaking beneath him. He jumped to his feet, his heart in his throat, he was unable to move. He was unable to move, watching as the world collapsed around him. The birds were fleeing from their nests, flying as high as their wings allowed them. Dark's only wish at that moment was to become a bird if only to save himself from the upcoming death. He closed his eyes, unable to take in all the destruction and waited for what he knew was coming, yet it never came.

The ground stopped shaking and he cautiously opened his eyes. He slowly realized he was unhurt and the danger had passed. Relief sipped into him in steady waves. He was looking around now and noticed a figure slumped to the ground. The fear struck him again, however this time, it didn't stop him from moving. He ran to the person as quickly as he could and crouched down beside it. The odd thing was, they had a sort of familiarity to them. "Light?!" he screamed in horror. The body didn't move. Tears started dripping down Dark's cheeks as he tried to call her back to life. "Light... wake up... please," he said, barely above a whisper. He examined her body and found a long stick piercing her back, blood trickling from where it made contact with her body. "No, no, no, you can't be..." he didn't finish the sentence, loud sobs escaping his lips. He shakily stood up, "I have to fix this... I have to save her..." And with that, he gently picked her up, barely able to support her weight and set off to nowhere in particular.

After a few minutes of wandering around, Dark encountered a small village. He quickened his pace and reached the middle of it in mere seconds. Every eye stopped to look at him, they were the eyes of creatures he'd never seen before. He set his sister on the ground and then fell on his knees, "please, help her, I beg of you." The strange creatures all looked at each other, doubt evident in their eyes. Then an old woman hurried forward and laid a gentle hand on Light's wound. "Bring her to my tent!" she snapped and rushed towards a tiny canvas a few yards away. Dark took his sister in his arms once

more and hurried to where the old woman disappeared. He reached the inside and the woman was already preparing all sorts of plants and water at a small wooden table in the corner. "Set her down there," she ordered as she pointed to a pile of fur. He did as he was told and went to assist the lady. "How can I help?" he asked, hoping for something that'd distract him from his own torturous thoughts. "Shut up and stay out of my way," she said calmly and went back to work in silence. He wanted to protest but knew the woman was doing him a favor. He settled himself beside his sister and took her hand in his, closing his eyes and hoping he would somehow get his sister back.

After what felt like hours the woman spoke again, "you can open your eyes now." He opened his eyes and saw his sister lying motionless on the pile of fur, without the stick this time. Bandages covered most of her torso and there was an unusual assortment of leaves on her forehead. "She's not moving," he said accusatory, staring up at the old lady. "Give her some time child, wounds like this take up a lot of energy and time to heal. She needs a lot of rest, she won't be moving for a few days at least.

So he waited, minutes turned to hours, hours turned to days and when a week has already passed, there was still no sign from his sister. He took her hand once more and pressed her palm to his forehead. "This is all my fault if I wasn't a stupid little brat this wouldn't have happened," he uttered in frustration. "I can't go on without you, please, just wake up!" he was screaming now, begging for any kind of sign. His voice dropped to a whisper "I'm so sorry Light..." That's when he felt his hand being squeezed. He immediately opened his eyes and saw a pair of golden eyes staring right back at him. He couldn't believe what he was seeing "Light?" he asked to make sure he wasn't dreaming. "You're an idiot." were the first words that came out of her mouth and they were the most beautiful thing Dark has ever heard. He leaned forward and hugged her, careful not to hurt her. "I missed you so much! Don't ever leave me again!" he sobbed in her ear. "We'll always be together, no matter what." was her response as she embraced him as well.

After that, Light grew back to her full health in a day or two. They both thanked Narra, the old lady who saved Light's life. They were about to head out when people all through the village gathered in front of Narra's tent. They wanted them to stay, claiming that Light is a goddess, sent to them from the forces above. Dark was skeptical about the situation but didn't want Light to get hurt again, thus deeming it best to stay put. They got their own tent, with their own table and a pile of fur and so much more, since the villagers kept bringing gifts for Light all the time.

The village grew so fond of their new goddess, that they'd build her a statue that was spitting image of Light herself. Meanwhile, Dark was getting ignored, pushed over or in extreme cases spit on. He didn't know why this was happening and why all the people, except for Narra, seemed to be angry with him. He tried covering it up because Light seemed so cheerful. His efforts showed fruitless when a rock was thrown at him right in when he was taking a walk with his sister. Fortunately, the rock missed him, but the intent was obvious. That's when Light went furious, she called for everyone to join us at the main fire, wanting to set things straight. "Why are you treating my brother with such disgrace? What did he ever do to you?!" she screamed, frustrated with all of them.

Nobody answered her at first, then voices echoed "He's dangerous," and "He hurt our divine goddess of light." More murmurs were heard and they all stated the same, Dark wasn't welcome in the village because they were afraid of what he might do. "You're wrong, all of you. Dark saved me, if it weren't for him, I'd be dead right now." There was silence once more. From the looks on their faces, it was evident that they didn't believe what she was saying. Light continued her speech "Me and my brother, we come in a package. You want him gone? Then you want me gone as well." she stated, staring at each and every person standing there. They gave threatening looks at Dark, but all agreed to let him stay, for the sake of preserving their goddess. Light gave a curt nod and grabbed Dark under the arm and dragged him to their tent. "Do you want to leave?" she asked tentatively. Dark looked at her, seeing her gentle honey eyes. "Maybe... we could take a trip in the morning? We don't have to leave forever... just until things cool off?" he replied, more of a question than a statement. Light smiled at him and nodded "tomorrow it is then." With that, they both went to sleep.

However, neither of them knew there would be no trip in the morning, as a group of villagers crept into their tent in the middle of the night. They covered Dark's mouth and took him outside, he struggled all the way, but to no avail. Outside a man pressed the tip of his blade to his throat "leave or be killed," he said as he spits at the ground in front of him. "Just let me go back to my sister, I mean you no harm," he begged, trying to negotiate with his captors. "Like we'd believe anything that comes from your filthy mouth, you demon," said another man, standing behind the one with the blade, "go back to where you came from." Dark's head fell, "please..." he tried once more "I just want to spend my life with the person that means everything to me." He felt a surge of pain in his right shoulder and saw blood coming out of it and a blade making a huge cut. He cried out in pain. There came another stab, this time in his left shoulder. The group all laughed when it hurt Dark the most. "Stop... why are you doing this?" he pleaded with them, "we can still make amends." The group, however, didn't pay attention to his words, their eyes following the steady flow of Dark's blood from both his shoulders. After two there came a third stab, and after that a fourth and after a fifth, he was stabbed so many times he lost count, yet the pain kept multiplying. It came to the point where he couldn't bear to take another one, "STOP!" he yelled at them. "Or what? You're going to show us your true nature?" said the man with the weapon. Right, when he was about to strike again, something within Dark erupted and he didn't try to stop it. Whatever it was, it killed all the men that were trying to kill him seconds ago. There were a few short screams before they all took their last breath.

The commotion had woken up the whole village and soon everyone was gathered at the massacre, including Light, who came running out their tent. The people saw what they saw and blamed the most obvious person there. "Look at what he's gone and done. Killing fine men for fun," said one, "MONSTER!" said the other. Everyone was shouting at him except Light, who was looking at him with fear in her eyes and somehow that hurt more than all the stabs he had endured. He couldn't take it anymore so he stood up and made a run for it.

He had gone as far away from the village as possible and slumped against a tree in the middle of the forest. He was panting, he wasn't used to running around much anymore. He thought back on the power he felt right before he killed those men, he thought of the hateful words of all the villagers and lastly, he thought of the frightened look on Light's delicate face. He couldn't take it anymore, for the first time in days, he was truly and utterly alone. He let guilt and shame consume, not wanting to fight anymore. He wrapped his arms around his knees, sobbing quietly. The plants around him started to

whither away and all the animals in the area began running in the opposite direction. Everything around him was dying, falling apart. When he noticed what was happening, it was already too late, the power was out and he had no way of controlling it.

"DARK!" he heard a voice call out to him. "Dark, you have to calm down!" he heard it again, he looked at the direction which it was coming from and saw Light, wrapped in all the chaos he created. "N..noo.. stay away from me! You'll only get hurt. I can't hurt you again... not again.." he screamed back at her. She didn't listen to him and continued her course towards him, slow and steady. When she finally reached him, she took his hand in hers, "Narra told me what happened," she said. Dark studied her face, there was no trace of fright on her face now. She squeezed his hand and he returned the gesture. "I think it's time we leave this place," she said with more confidence than she felt. She took both his hands in hers and concentrated "I have enough power to get us both out of here," she murmured and they both smiled at the thought.

Just then a spear cut through the wind and the madness and hit Light right where the old wound used to take place. She cried out in pain as the villagers behind her called out to them "Witch!" and "You're just like your brother!" The life from Light started to fade away and Dark caught her before she could hit the ground, both now on their knees. She gripped his arms and started concentrating again, "No, Light stop. You're too weak to do it now. We need to run," declared Dark, but she ignored him. She started shinning all over and soon they were both engulfed in light. "I only have the strength to save you and I intend to do so," she stated. Dark looked at her, tears in his eyes "you can't do that. Don't sacrifice yourself for me. DON'T LEAVE ME!" he was screaming in the end. She grinned at him "We'll always be together, you dummy, no matter what," with that, Dark disappeared from the face of the Earth and Light was lying dead on the ground.

Her soul, still full of power and light, became the Sun and Dark was now a resident of the Moon. That was why now the Moon had phases of darkness. Dark handled Light's death poorly, yet she was still with him, the light of the Sun that gave light to the Moon helped Dark in a way. However, every month, on the day in which Light's death occurred, the Moon would turn completely black as a result of Dark's pain.

That is the story of Light and Dark who became our Sun and Moon.

Daša Črne, 3E

Grafično gradivo str. 2, 8, 8, 13, 15, 19 .....

Neža Jakšič, 4E

Grafično gradivo str. 11.....

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