PAKAJČEPIŠEM

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Slovenija in 21. stoletje

Kuga, zakamuflirana v aktivno pasivnost državljanov.

Strupene besede, ki k tlom pritiskajo drugačne,

ki niso drugačni.

So kot jaz in ti.

Kost, koža, kri.

Kaj pomeni ljubiti?

Ali naš narod res zna

le citirati Boga?

Besedilo: Kaja Šoštarec, 4. A
Risba: Žan Zrimšek, 4. E

Svobodna

Tam daleč se je videl soj mestnih luči,
ki so se izgubljale za drevesi,
kjer so se izgubljale najine sanje.
S prstom si pokazal nekam na zahod in pravil,
da je tam kraj, kjer sva lahko to, kar sva.
Lahko sva svobodna,
lahko počneva stvari, ki so prepovedane,
lahko živiva.
Po nebu se je spustila zvezda,
ki je nekje ugasnila,
in zdaj je samo še prah, ki tava po vesolju.

Najina svoboda je kot zvezda,
nekoč bo umrla.
Nekoč se bova naveličala drug drugega,
se razletela v prah in postala prazna.
Iskala bova poti nazaj,
a jih ne bova našla.
A kljub temu sem ti podala roko
in odšla sva nekam, kjer sva bila svobodna,
pa čeprav le za kratek čas.

Besedilo: Mojca Klinc, 2. B
Risba: Žan Zrimšek, 4. E

Včasih,

ko vdihnem,

me postane strah,

da se bom pod tvojimi prsti tako razširila,

da boš končno ugotovil,

da me je preveč

Zate.

Meta Vražič, 4. A

Behind the Masks

Behind the widest smiles,
are the narrowest thoughts.
Behind the brightest eyes,
is the darkness lost.

Behind the shining happiness,
is the deepest sadness.
Behind the kindest faces,
is the deadliest madness.

The face you see, is but a mask,
hiding reality.
It is the light,
made to cover the shadows of one's mentality.

For when a mask falls off, you meet
the horrors, which lurk
underneath.
The true face of insanity.
The face of humanity.

Maske

Za najširšim nasmehom
so najožje misli.
Za najsvetlejšimi očmi
tema bedi.

Za žarečim veseljem
je boleča žalost.
Za prijaznimi obrazi
je smrtna norost.

Obraz, ki ga vidiš, je le maska,
ki zakriva resnico.
Je le luč,
ki razsvetli temno senco.

Ko pade maska, spoznaš
prekriti strah.
To je odraz norosti.
Obraz človeške realnosti.

Žan Zrimšek, 4. E

V svetu sanj

Mračni svet se razlije,
ko luna posije.
Vse življenje izgine,
ko sreča mine.

V snu in svetu sanj
življenja je vse manj.
Ujeta v svetu domišljije
svoje ljubezni misije.

V temni noči mirno spi,
zbuditi se ne želi.
Iz svoje zgodbe se predrami,
ko vonj kave jo premami.

Nanjo sije svetlo sončece,
ko hodi skozi mestece.
V svoj svet vrniti se želi,
v svojih mislih se izgubi.

Klara Krebs, 3. A

A ni to dovolj,
da se sovražim,
ko med nohti držim
kožo svojih bokov
in krvavim med prsti,
ker si ne pustim dihati.
A ni to dovolj,
da se sovražim,
ko dihaš
moj zrak,
ampak se me ne dotakneš,
ker vem,
da sem ostudna.
A ni to dovolj,
da se sovražim,
ko kričim svoje ime.
Opozarjam nase,
ker tonem v pozabo;
med ustnicami drugih
nikoli pomnjena,
nikoli pomembna.
A ni to dovolj,
da se sovražim,
ko se svet
okoli mene vrti.
Vidim samo nepopolnost,
uničujem se
in gorim
pred tvojimi očmi.

Besedilo: Meta Vražič, 4. A
Risba: Žan Zrimšek, 4. E

Kons, ki želi biti haiku

,

kakršnega gradim,

se ruši

in jaz z njim.

Kaja Šoštarec, 4. A

On

Med oblaki
tvoje oči,
zgubljen v njihovi skrivnosti.

Z zemljo
tvoji lasje,
spuščeni v moji roki.

Med zvezdami
tvoj nasmeh,
dan mi razjasni.

V temi
tvoja senca,
v dnevu mi beži.

Besedilo in risba: Žan Zrimšek, 4. E

Utopila bi se v tvojih besedah,
ki ne pomenijo nič -
poleg
nekega sranja,
kvazi ljubezni,
umetne romance,
neiskrene skrbi.

***Ljudje odidejo*,**
mi rečeš,
tik preden se oblečeš
in odkorakaš.

Če bi lahko,
bi se pripraskala
do tvojega srca
in ga razprla
pred seboj,
kot zemljevid
tvoje duše.

Kdo te je uničil
tako surovo,
da niti dihaš ne več iskreno?

Kdo ti je zabil
nož v nedolžnost tako grobo,
da še vedno
krvaviš po meni?

Kdo ti je pustil,
da jih ljubiš
bolj
kot mene?

Meta Vražič, 4. A

Sonce

Mračni dnevi,
temne noči.
Slišijo se boleči,
skrbi polni odmevi.

Hrup in glasnost,
nered v moji glavi.
Nečuteča blaznost
srce poplavi.

Grenki spomini
zdaj pregnani.
Hrupa več ni.
Jasni so dnevi.

V moji glavi zdaj ti.
Sonce, ki razsvetli
moje temačne noči.
Svetiš, ko zaprem oči.

Besedilo: Žan Zrimšek, 4. E

Risba: Nina Kranjac, 4. C

Daleč

Daleč, daleč od doma,
na ulicah, ki mi niso znane,
sem našla nekaj, česar ne znam opisati.
Ni bilo bolečine, samote, praznine,
le sreča in veselje.
Za trenutek sem pozabila, v kakšnem svetu živim.
Za trenutek sem bila svobodna.

Zrasla so mi krila in poletela sem v višave.
Letela sem nad mestom in ga smeje opazovala.
Letela sem nad hišami, trgi, parki in opazovala ljudi,
kako so hodili brezskrbno,
se smejali,
zabavali.

Počasi sem se spustila na tla,
za trenutek sem imela občutek, da sem doma.
Za trenutek sem verjela, da je bolečina izginila,
da je žalost izpuhtela,
da so se sence, ki so me držale v preteklosti,
potuhnile nazaj v samoto.
A potem se je vse vrnilo kakor tornado
in sreča se je razblinila v sekundi.

Mojca Klinc, 2. B

Kje si?

Še vedno si *tu*.

Med strganimi stranmi v dnevniku.

V odtoku kadi.

Pod mojo posteljo.

V datotekah na računalniku.

Na dnu omare.

V mojem srcu.

Kaja Šoštarec, 4. A

I. Spomini

Najin zadnji spomin, čeprav prelit s solzami, je lep.
Spomnim se tvojih besed, ki si jih zašepetal -
mogoče v strahu, mogoče ne.
Ne morem pa se spomniti tvojega glasu,

ob katerem sem včasih zlahka zaspala.
Spomnim se tvojih oči, ki so počasi izgubljale barvo,

ki sem jo oboževala.
Ne morem pa se spomniti dotika tvoje dlani,

s katero si mi obrisal solze.
Vem, da sem se nasmejala, ko si me poskušal spraviti v boljšo voljo,

nato pa me raje stisnil k sebi.
Ne vem pa, kakšen občutek ima tvoj objem sedaj,

tvoj dotik, tvoje ustnice ...

Zdaj druga uživa v tvojem objemu ... se počuti posebno in ljubljeno?
Upam, da so ji trenutki s tabo vsaj tako vredni, kot so bili meni.
Mogoče se jih bo kdaj v temni noči spominjala, tako kot jaz.

Adelisa Kazić, 2. A

Goriva.
Po žilah se mi pretaka bencin,
vžigalice so v tvojih rokah.

Prsi ti trepetajo.
Ne boj se,
včasih pekel ni tako grozen.
Kričiva.

V grlu me žge,
vidim, kako odhajaš.

Prosim, izdihni.
Zrak med nama je vroč,
Opekla sem si prste.

Umiram.

Praviš, da nisi navajen,
kako jebeno težko ti je.

Ne slišim te več.

Nikoli ne boš vedel,
kakšne bolečine sem navajena.

Meta Vražič, 4. A
Risba: Žan Zrimšek, 4. E

Enak

V realnosti ni pomena,
nekega "višjega" namena.
Ni res vse tako črno-belo,
tudi če se zdi že zbledelo.

Vidiš To, kar ti obosojaš,
To, kar ti je tuje,
ne pozabi, da obstajaš,
in tudi To resnično je.

Mogoče strah,
mogoče naivnost …
Misliš, da si ti vse? Hah!
Od tebe neodvisna je realnost!

Svoboda je resnica,
realen je svet.
Nerealen – tvoj pogled.
Resnično kruta tvoja je "pravica" –

Žan Zrimšek, 4. E

Moje rane so odprte,
tvoje zakrpane z alkoholom.

Moje čez čas zašite s šivi solz,
v temi noči kdaj odprte kakor včasih,

tvoje ... pozabljene.

Adelisa Kazić, 2. A

Moje kosti razpadajo in tvoj glas ječi med mojimi stegni.
Stegni, obarvanimi v škrlatne madeže.
Včasih si želim, da bi lahko tvoj pogled pila po slamici,
ga izpila
in se opila.
Le to je še ostalo.
Ližem preteklost ob gledanju fotografij,
trenutki z njih se plazijo po mojih venah.

Ljubim in živim,
pa čeprav brez tebe.

Kaja Šoštarec, 4. A

Zabila bi si nož v pljuča,
da bi lažje dihala.

Prerezala bi si žile,
da bi mi srce lažje bilo.

Strgala bi kožo s sebe,
da bi mi bilo bolj toplo.

Strla bi si hrbtenico,
da bi lažje visoko stala.

Polomila bi si prste,
da bi te lažje držala.

Iztrgala bi si srce,
da bi lažje živela.

Meta Vražič, 4. A

Sreča na vrvici –

Prah v pljučih in tema v ustih nalagata sol na stare rane,

ker je zmanjkalo obližev, da bi jih polepšali.
Imena so še vedno tako tuja, kot so bila včeraj, in trava bo vedno rasla po tiho.

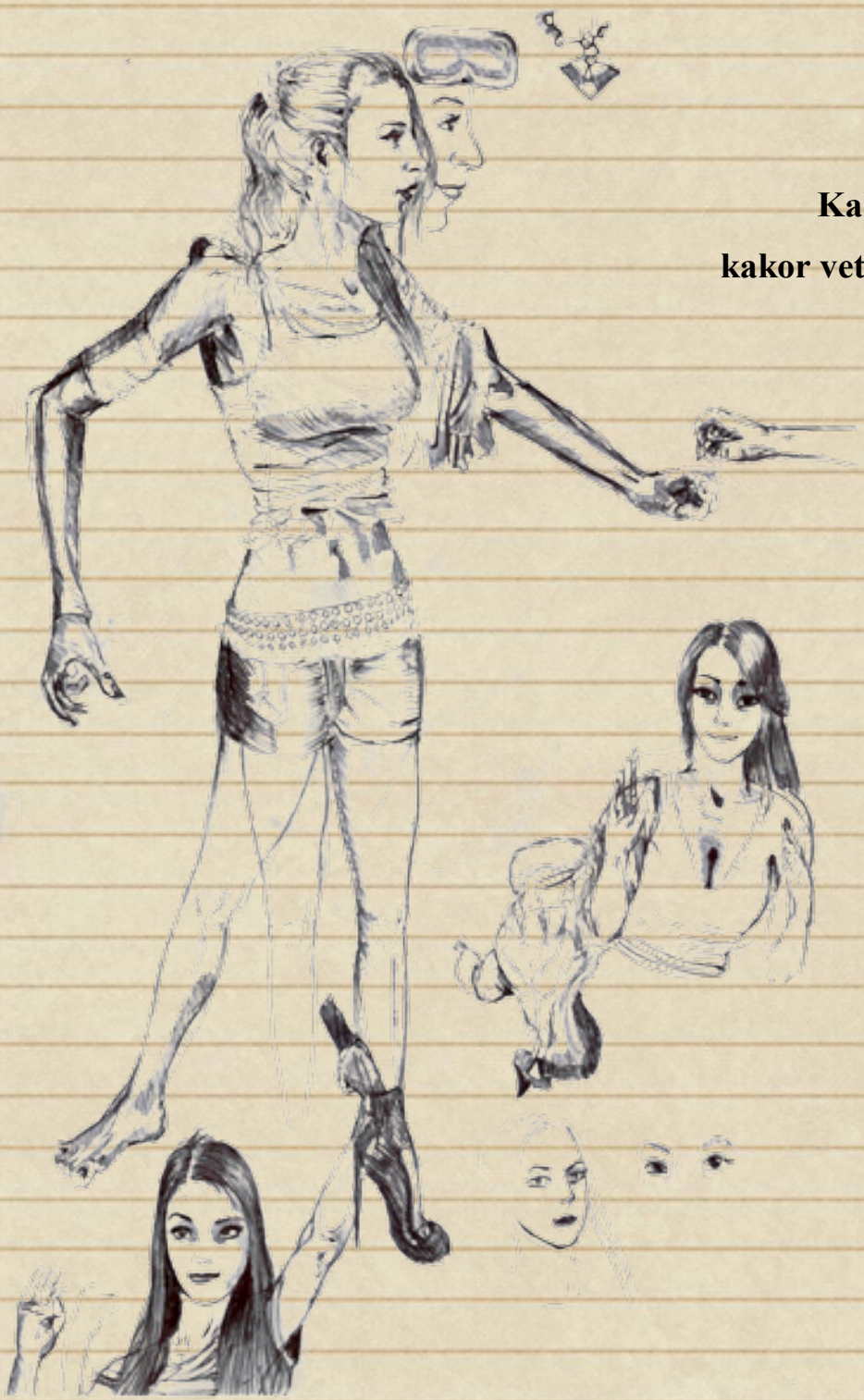
Reka spominov steče po venah ob tvojem imenu.
Luči se prižigajo in ugašajo,
zvonec ne dela.
Obrazi se sesedajo, medtem ko se ustvarjajo nove maske.
Kako sploh še vemo, kakšne podobe ustvarjati?

Policisti so napovedali stavko in mladi zopet iščejo službe.

Predpasnik se zatika med kolena,
prav tako cigarete.
Prepotene dlani iščejo sveže prste, mlade prste, ki hlastajo za zrakom.

Tvoje oči so se vedno moj dom. In jaz ... še vedno iščem.

Kaja Šoštarec, 4. A



***Pošast* – kje? Kaj? Zakaj?**

Pošast si ti,

ki skriva se v meni,

ki ponoči mi miru ne da,

ki ob trenutkih takih

ne pusti mi spati.

Kakor duh skrivaš se podnevi,

kakor veter priplaziš se v misli moje.

Pošast – jaz ...

Besedilo: Adelisa Kazić, 2. A

Risba: Luka Jurše

Roller-coaster » *Life* «

Sad.
Happy!
Mad!
Moody …

Get high!
Fall low.
Touch the sky!
Grounded now …

Ups and downs,
Goes around.
Feel the wind!
Stop and spin!

Rollercoaster »Life«:
Hated, liked,
loved, despised.
Life's delight!

Vlak »življenje«

Žalost.
Sreča!
Svoboda!
Ječa ...

Greš gor,
Padeš dol,
Dotakneš se neba,
Zdaj trda tla.

Gor in Dol,
Povsod Okol'
Veter Piha,
Zemlja Niha.

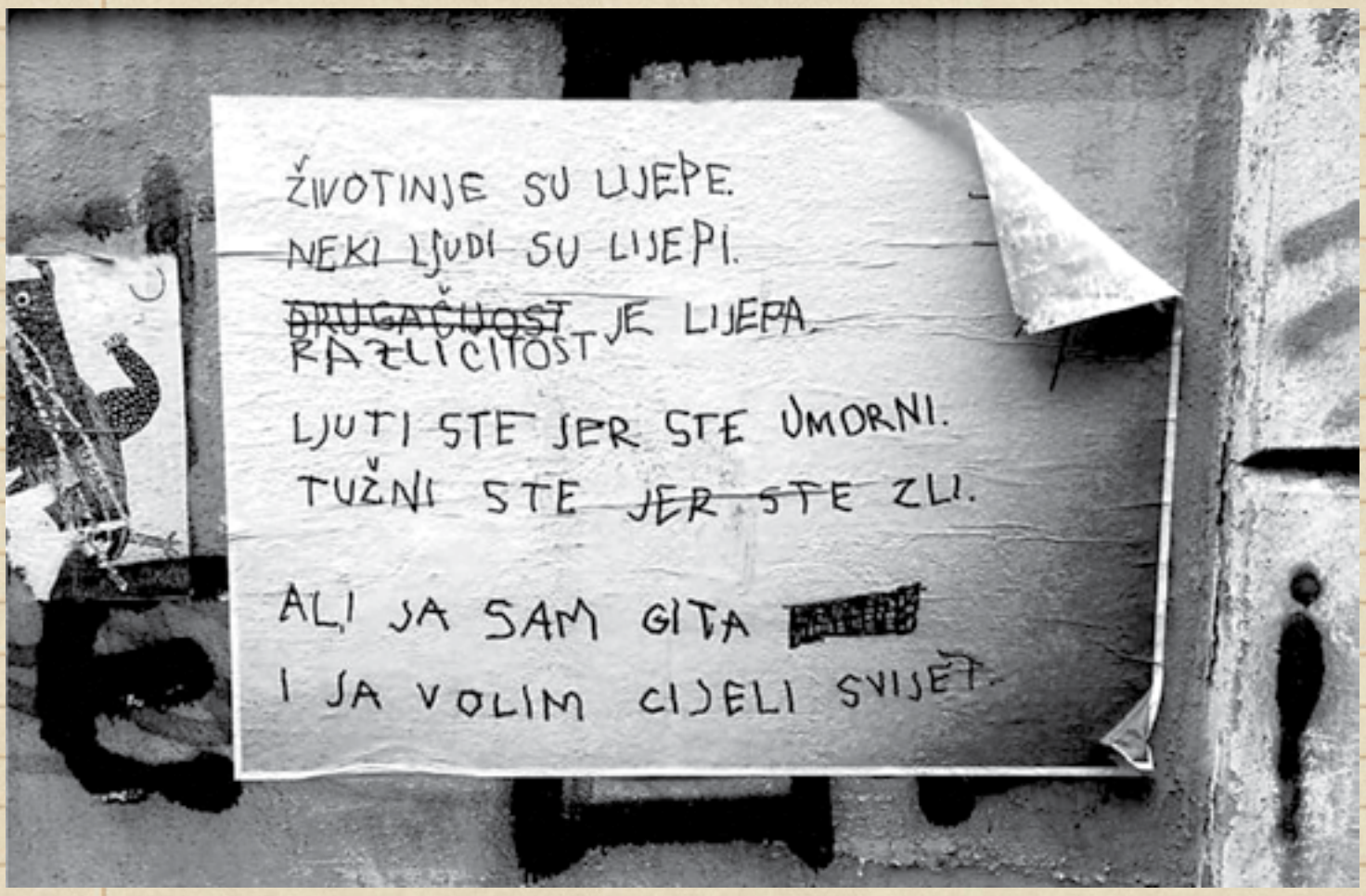
Vlak »Življenje«:
Ljubi, Sovraži.
Ljubezen, Trpljenje,
Življenja Veselje!

Žan Zrimšek, 4. A

In še naprej bom pisala pesmi o pogubljeni, prepovedani ljubezni
in zacelila se bom.
Ohranjala te bom živega v svojem spominu
in na papirju
in skupaj bova odkrivala
grdobije sveta in lepote Zemlje,
poslala pozdrave Budi in jedla testenine iz vinskih kozarcev z vilicami s
Kitajske, v garsonjeri velikosti čevlja, ki naju bo ponesel v Rim.
Brala bova ljudi in si ogledovala knjige v Berlinu, ljubila bova
kalejdoskopske ulice Istanbula in avstralske zvezde, pod katerimi bova
ljubila
drug drugega,
in obljubila si bova vesolje, kaplje, besede in dejanja, jagode in mozaike
Vzhoda,
izdelovala sveče in pihala steklo,
se poljubila na najvišji stolpnici v Parizu in tik pod konico Eifflovega stolpa,
obrnila bova posteljo na glavo in seksala na tleh,
svet pa nama bo nagajal s šumenjem besed,
ki bodo visele nad najinima glavama.

Pretvarjala se bom in gledala romantične filme,
klišejsko jedla neklišejsko planico
ter prebedela številne noči.
Ne bom se učila za izpite,
kajti fatalna, destruktivna ljubezen je najčudovitejša ljubezen,
morala bi biti glorificirana.
Rane, povzročene mojemu telesu
in srcu
bi morali preoblikovati v nagrobnike,
celemu svetu v vpogled,
kako močno sem ljubila,
in kako globoko vase sem te spustila.
Kako v resnici nisem želela nikogar
kot tebe.

Kaja Šoštarec, 4. A



Fotografija: Kaja Šoštarec, 4. A

Girl of darkness

Girl of darkness,
covered in a shroud of mystery.
Looking so innocent, making you careless.
The blackness in her soul you don't see.
Girl of black.
In an instant she'd snap your neck.
Destroy everything for which you care,
And fill you with despair.
Girl of the shadows.
Slowly taking all.
All you see will fall
Into the pit, from which she arose.

Girl of pain.
When you're within her grasp,
not even your suffering gasp,

Nothing will remain.
The fallen one,

from inside your forgotten heart,
holding the gun,
waiting to tear you apart.

I am like broken glass you see
clearly through.
Like a sunny day that freezes you.

Like the madness that makes sense.

Like the silence that makes you dance.

I am.

Žan Zrimšek, 4. E

I met a wonderful girl once.

Her name was Diana.

She too, was a princess.

Risba: Žan Zrimšek, 4. E

Besedilo: Kaja Šoštarec, 4. A

A critic

A true critic by heart,

I often fall apart,

every time my mind compares art to a body part.

Depend on impression,

I feel ill of depression,

when my image comprehension leaves me without protection.

The struggle for perfection becomes an infection,

I'm looking for connection,

waiting for affection.

Nina Kranjac, 4. C

(The) kisses you left on my neck burn,
like the (cigarettes) you had hidden,
but nowhere as much as,
the words are (burnt)
into (my) heart
and into my (soul),
as your (I love you's)
turned into
I (don't) care's
and my cries of laughter
turned to tears,
as I watched you (forget)

(me).

Adelisa Kazić, 2. A

Sometimes I feel like I'm suffocating,
but the only one that has a hold of my throat
is me.
And sometimes I feel like I can't even speak,
but it's me
biting my tongue.
And I feel like I can't even function,
because the hatred envelops me.
It sinks its nails right into my skin
and the blood sips
like I wish my fear would.

I feel so terribly afraid of myself
and what I am capable of.
How much am I truly willing
to hurt myself.
I feel so horribly afraid
how far I will go to feel my ribs.
How long
until I hear myself scream
for mercy
from my own hands,
as I sink even lower

cutting my skin
with my own blades
and my own tongue.

Meta Vražič, 4. A

Cold

Cold as a plant
In the dark
On my hand
Blood made its mark

All life left me.
Time passes by.
In the dark I can't see
The light isn't mine

As I lie on the ground
in the cold white snow
and to life I am bound
with blood - that I know.

Besedilo: Klara Krebs, 3. A
Risba: Žan Zrimšek, 4. E

Photograph.

A darkened night.
A black canvas
to be painted by light,
to show the world your might.

A galaxy divided in half.
Not knowing how to cope
with the splitting of hope.
Immortalized in a photograph.

With the blinding blink
the depths of minds are seen.
And the hope within.
Forever the smile, in ink.

To capture the aspiration
of an unlimited creation,
the feeling of wanderlust.
The beauty of stardust.

Žan Zrimšek, 4. E

On top

Social spotlight is his terrain,
but how did he gain his domain?
Some choose to entertain,
rather to act humane,
they have their reputation to obtain,
so they will indict to others pain,
they will cause you a mental strain,
they will drive you insane,
push you under the train,
this power they contain,
they will wish it to maintain,
no need to explain,
don't want to be plain,
no matter the pain,

here they want to remain.

Nina Kranjac, 4. C

She was a poet

The time passed
with no allowance whatsoever,
as she sat on the rusty stairs behind the old library
smoking cigarettes chained one to another,
holding a fresh poetry book in one hand
and her breath in the other.

Kaja Šoštarec, 4. A

Puppet show

You pass it by with no delight, your look upon it is full of fright. What makes you look so many times? Haven't you learned yet? The reflection always troubles the mind.
An array of faults, you don't know where to start nor choose. Which one do you prefer to lead, which one will make you bleed? It's but a string tied to your hand, you have no realization you are no longer in command.
Spilling your feelings out is not supposed to end in blood; but yesterday you did it once, today you repeated because you felt hurt, tomorrow you will deny the addiction, while you won't notice the extent of your infliction.
You start to loose all feeling, does it all have any meaning? Your life has become a show; as a puppet, you now only wait for the curtain to close.

"What? No applause?"

Nina Kranjac, 4. C

I am not the girl you think you know.
I am the girl they never ask
because she bites and she rips,
she doesn't need the stitches.
I am the girl they never speak of.
Because she built walls and tore down fortresses,
a walking masterpiece.
I am not the girl you speak of.
Fingers I did not know the name of
have been on my skin
many more times
than you have layed your eyes upon me.
I am not the girl you wish to have.
I have cried bitter tears and bit spiteful words into my hips.
The scars on my skin are not honorable nor pride worthy.
I am not the girl you dream of.
I've spit blood in the faces of people whom I loved and I ripped their veins
out, laughing.
I am not the girl you want to own.
I will bring shame to every atom of your being,
regret will fill your lungs as contempt always walks along me.
I am not the girl you need.
Wreckage makes home between my ribs and I smell of catastrophes.
Gasoline is my perfume, please, set me aflame.
I am not the girl who wants to live.

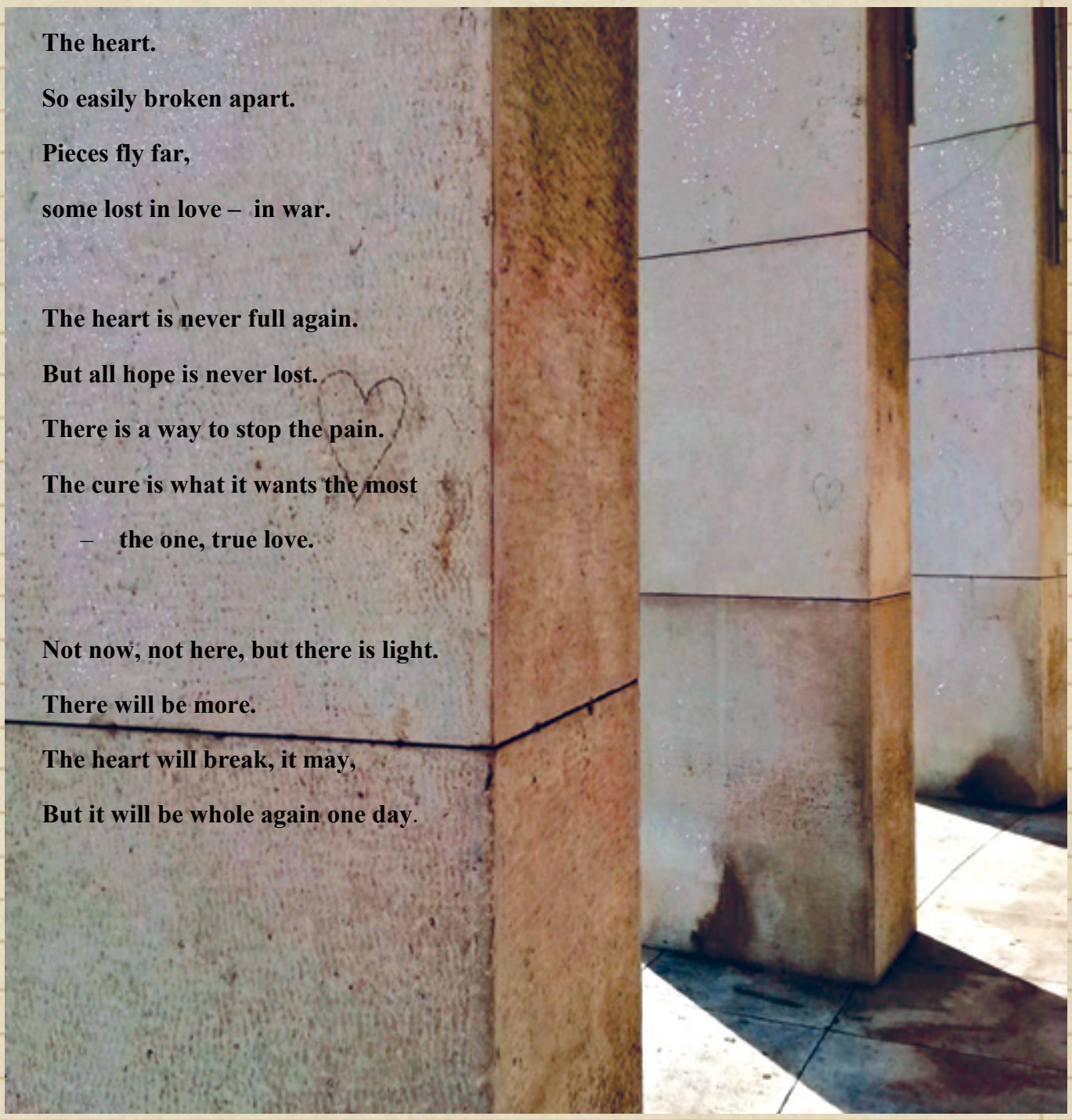
Meta Vražič, 4. A

Raw

Tonight it's hard to resist earths appeal,
I want to be part of nature's ideal,
if earth is prepared to strike a deal,
I will finally give in to the feeling of steel.
This metallic smell is my companion for the night, earth will welcome a new burial site,
the rotting smell will soon pass by,
left behind will be my muffled goodbye.
Will I ignite my soul in order to conceal?
Will I leave behind the need to heal?
Will you ever hear my word of farewell?
Either way, I will soon see you in hell.

Nina Kranjac, 4. C

Heart.



The heart.

So easily broken apart.

Pieces fly far,

some lost in love – in war.

The heart is never full again.

But all hope is never lost.

There is a way to stop the pain.

The cure is what it wants the most

– the one, true love.

Not now, not here, but there is light.

There will be more.

The heart will break, it may,

But it will be whole again one day.

Besedilo: Žan Zrimšek, 4. E

Fotografija: Kaja Šoštarec, 4. A

Waiting for Godot

The air was wrapped in cigarette smoke and dimmed light,
so the tired summer evening forgave him when he yawned.
The sky was painted in greatest colors of Royalty,
but his mood was absent, despite the elegance that was hanging above him.
It was 11:43 and he'd been waiting.
Waiting since this morning the gold touched his skin through loose blinds in his room,
since his new colorful ball got stuck in the neighbors' tree while he was playing fetch and catch with himself at the age of six,
since high school when everything he heard every day was metal bending behind his back and everything he felt was ice-cold rainbow dripping down his face,
since his eyes turned colors from mighty green to sadness.
He'd been waiting.
He'd been waiting for so long that his heart felt as dry as the neighbors rusty mailbox,
for so long that he forgot how to spell the word of the waited,
so long, he could taste the bitterness wrapping around him like poison ivy, that consumed him day by day.
Yet still he kept his patience in place.
He was waiting.
A thought ran across his mind.

A question, actually.

How long?

Kaja Šoštarec, 4. A

My secret

The students came one by one in front of the class, each telling their own little secret."A game that encourages communication", the teacher said.

A shy little girl steps up, so hunched together there's barely anything to see and says:"My secret is I'm tired." Everyone laughed and made fun of the girl.

They said: "That's not a secret; everybody is tired sometimes and you don't understand the game." ... But in fact it was them, that didn't understand her. The next week everybody came to school and their teacher was waiting for them with tears in her eyes. She told them all that was left behind was a note saying: "I'm tired ... of living".

Nina Kranjac, 4. C

So simply

A baby learns to breathe so simply,
Learns to eat, sleep, and cry.

A kid rides a bike so simply,
Can kick a ball, and climb a tree so high.

A teenager loves so simply,
Knows math, surfs the net, and reaches for the sky.

A man works so simply,
Washes clothes, makes food and ties a tie.

A senior regrets so simply,
Lived - not living, fearing the day when he will die

A human forgets so simply,
Loses the sparkle in his eye.

A human dreams so simply,
Hoping that one day he will fly.

Žan Zrimšek, 4. E

Violin

Like a violin that gives no sound,
one suddenly gets relieved of his duty,
a purpose once lost is never again found,
it starts to corrupt one's inner beauty.
To be marked as broken in a world of perfection is as deadly as being called a rejection;
one must become the king of deception
in order to achieve some sort of affection.
Every face today is hidden behind a mask,
no truthfulness can be found in this pile of mess, creativity should not be reduced to a choice,
be brave enough to show your voice.

Nina Kranjac, 4. C

My body is a crime scene
and your fingerprints are evidence.
There are no forensics.

Kaja Šoštarec, 4. A

I want to get drunk
and drown
in my drunken thoughts
'cause they never seem
as harsh and as dark
as they are
when you are here.
I want to breathe fire
and suffocate
in this heat
that makes me feel
as fierce
as I feel cold
when you look at me.
I want to cut myself,
open up my soul
to feel bare,
maybe even free
as I do
when you hold my hand
But you cage me
when you open that mouth
of yours.
I want to scream,
be loud
as my fears are
when you laugh sarcastically
at my bare skin.
I want to hide,
feel safe and warm
as I did
when you didn't know

I even existed.

Meta Vražič, 4. A

Knife

The knife is sharp
like a brink of light
cutting trough the dark.
Cut by cut, the darkness gets tight.

The blade slips from point to point across the skin,
not really having a reason.
Just slips, tears apart all within.
To stop it would be treason.

Despite the pain,
a feel of delight, hurting,
self inflicted suffering,
Somehow has a gain.

Every pierce, every rip–
Happiness, stinging like a whip.
Love the knife is called.
The victim is your heart.

Žan Zrimšek, 4. E

Apple

Cutting an apple is a sort of art,
a canvas that you tear apart.
But instead of a brush the artist uses a knife,
it's just an apple's way of life.
And from the color scheme the artist only gets one theme.
A stream of red the apple bled,
across the canvas the artist spread.
The cuts form art, which few get to witness,
as the life of an apple is too short for exhibits.
But some still trace their carrier,
their scars now mark a warrior.

[Monologue]
This is bad.
When did I turn so sad?
How long have I been turning mad?
When did I make that cut?
It’s not yet shut.
Stop it.
It’s only an apple.

Nina Kranjac, 4. C

Dream

A drop of water
Waiting to splatter
On the leaf.

Drops fall,
Cleansing all.
You, looking stiff.

The rain drizzling,
Sounds fizzling.
You, on the cliff.

The thunder strikes,
Rips the skys,
And you leap.

The clouds dissolve,
The Sun resolves.
You, as you awake.

Žan Zrimšek, 4. E

A letter from heaven

Dearest Kevin,
I'm 17 now.
Somewhere.
You were
my first recognition of a revelation of who I am.
Someone who made my 3 seconds per day brighter than usual but other 6 hours, 59 minutes and 57 seconds of my teenage life awfully bitter.
The looks were deceiving the first time and hard to explain but with each day they became something so beautiful,
only for me.
I was sad.
I wanted you to show people who you really are.
But your
varsity jacket and your pumped up kicks in combination with your alter ego obscured your insecurities into a crumpled paper like the ones you'd toss in my way in every class you sat behind me. It took me a while to realize every single one of them had its own message.
I never knew I wasn't alone in the locker rooms that day.
My birthday.
You gave me the best gift than anyone ever could.
You allowed me to touch your soft side, to smell the green in your eyes and read the word love off your lips.
I saw you, you were the same.
You said it yourself,
that you are the same.
You also said,
that this could never happen.
We
the word so distant, so unreachable and so forbidden.
You said.
So two weeks later I made up my mind.
I wanted to be with you willing to do whatever it took.
And I did.
I'm waiting for you.
It's nice here.
I met your grandma,
we both want you soon.

Yours, always.

Kaja Šoštarec, 4. A

Darkness

People walk past me

Most not even noticing,

Those who do, however

See me smiling.

They see the darkness - never.

They see me from afar,

Bright, with a happy grin.

They never see the hidden scar.

Unaware of the darkness within.

What they see is hope and will.

All I see is the darkness that makes me ill.

I see no one.

I feel no one.

I am nothing.

All I see is the darkness tightening.

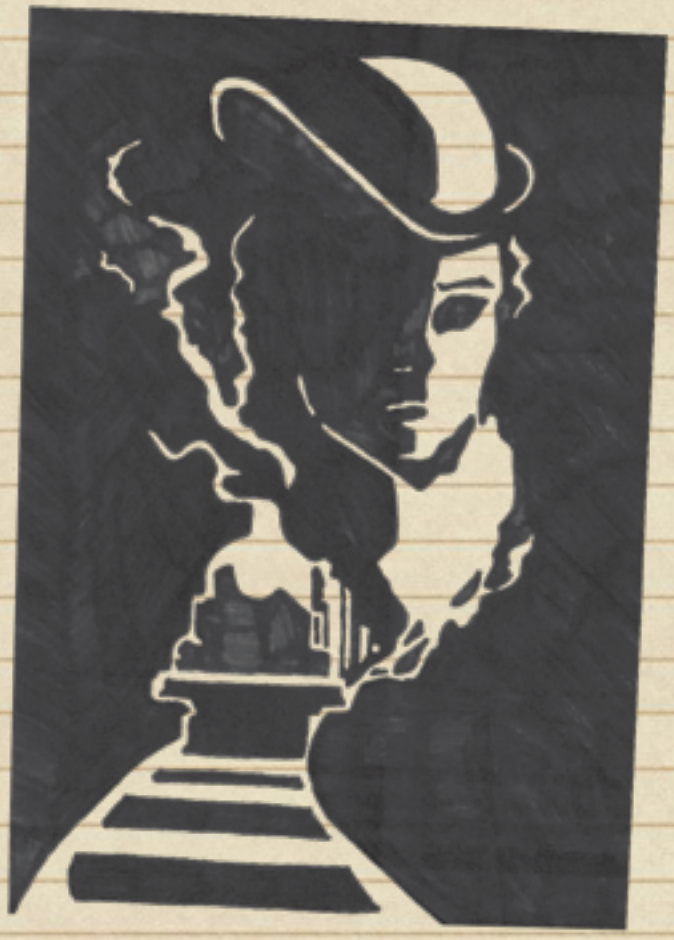
Besedilo in risba: Žan Zrimšek, 4. E

I would do anything

To feel your lips on mine,
I would let pain doom my soul.
To see your eyes looking into mine,
I would spend eternity by Devil's side.
To touch your skin,
I would let a knife dance on mine.
And to see you smile,
I would carry the weight of the world
on my shoulders.

Nina Kranjac, 4. C

Kill



The darkness or the light?
What's better you ask?
To be forever lost in the dusk,
or be blinded by something so bright?

The answer is not complex,
Both are the same hex–
they hide reality.
Both project a good dose of lethality.

See, my point? There's no doubt!
It's not dark or light
that you should worry about.
The question you should be asking with fright,
is »who is behind you, when you turn on the light«?!

Besedilo: Žan Zrimšek, 4. E
Risba: Nina Kranjac, 4. C

The hunter

My uncle is a hunter.

I have seen guns many times.

A bullet soars through the air leaving lines;

a fascinating array of emotions at times,

but this leaves a hole without any signs.

I've never seen words as bullets before,

some can never miss the core;

I wish you swore, I needed more.

I think I left you on the floor, then why am I, whose heart is soar.

I am not.

Your pain extends my own times three,

these chains of hurt slay you and me;

if only I could make you flee,

but a hunter never lets pray free.

Nina Kranjac, 4. C

Reality

It seems more like a nightmare, the more you think about it.
It gets darker, more depressing, horrifying really.
But it’s not all bad, you know.
Yes, things go bad, break, fall apart.
But honestly! So what?!
Make them good, fix them – use duct tape,
and fix the problems,
don't just procrastinate!
The more you think, the worse it gets.
You forget you're human!
You worry, get lost in regrets …
But you're just a speck in space and time, don't forget.
You're unique, but not unlimited.
You can do all you can,
but you are grounded.

You're not a God nor can you fly,
but you can make a rocket go to the sky!
Stop looking for the reasons.
Don't ask “why” for all that goes wrong!
Ask how to fix it! Don't think about what it will take or how long.
Just do what you want, not what you think you need to.
For reality doesn't give you a meaning.
Just a beginning.
You need to find the tools and make it work for you.

Žan Zrimšek, 4. E

Blue is cold,
cold like the wind on a winter night,
the sea early in the morning,
it's cold when you hold ice for too long
it's starts hurting.
But between the shades of blue,
I found shades of gold,
in the cold I found the warmth,
in the pain I found;
at least there is something,
filling the empty space.
Can you scream out so loud,
loud enough to rip your lungs apart,
not for the people,
but your own consciousness,
so loud,
it makes you deaf.

The illusion

Forgive me Lord for I have sinned,
yet does it matter,
my wrists are pinned.
Forgive me Lord for I have done wrong,
yet does it matter,
I don't belong.
Forgive me Lord for I hate,
yet does it matter,
it's just a gate.
Forgive me Lord for I don't believe,
yet does it matter,
you just conceive.

Shana Simič, 2. A

1+1=♡

We were up until 04:53
talking about everything and
I honestly think,
that when the night slowly started to turn into a day, there was a spark
making its way from
his wandering mind to mine
and at the same time we realized
we bit into a forbidden fruit
that will not kill us but on the contrary-
if we only let it linger in our stomachs until there is no feeling of butterflies
left from our poisoning
with fruit called lustfulness
that got in our bellies
and into our brains
and will not let us rest
until it is gone.

Mojca Zara Radkovič, 4. A

Fotografija: Kaja Šoštarec, 4. A

MJESTO
ZA
LJUBLJENJE