

Zaklina Mihajlova



B  
L  
O  
S  
S  
O  
M

俳句  
HAIKU

CONTEMPORARY MACEDONIAN POETRY

Zaklina Mihajlova

# Blossom



БРАН

Published by: "Bran" - Struga  
Republic of Macedonia  
E-mail: ezerostruga@yahoo.com

2014

**Zaklina Mihajlova**

# **Blossom**

Bilingual edition

**Published by:** "Bran" - Struga

**For the Publisher:** Petko Shipinkarovski

**Technical editor:** Jove Stojanovski - Mac Print & Graphics

**Reviewers:** Hristo Petreski, Ph. D.  
Trajce Kacarov, M.A.

**Translated from Macedonian by:** Lidija Berberu

**Sponsor:** Gjorgji Mihajlov - "GMP Consultants" Sydney

CIP - Каталогизација во публикација  
Национална и универзитетска библиотека  
"Св. Климент Охридски", Скопје

Михајлова Жаклина  
"Цут" / Михајлова Жаклина  
Скопје  
2014. -

ISBN-13 978-608-65724-0-2  
COBISS.MK-ID \*\*\*

Copyright by: Жаклина Михајлова  
[www.zaklinamihajlova.com](http://www.zaklinamihajlova.com)

1

Water is flowing, you know,  
it lives in the soul,  
flowing and pulling everything!

2

The sun shines, hey,  
total darkness inside me  
stands upright like a king!

3

Captivating infinity,  
nature, its own  
queen of the world.

4

Cosmos deepens,  
yearning deeply dark,  
savaging everything!

5

Lightening and thunder,  
the storm is bubbling,  
the cry is, only, human.

6

Self-obsessed,  
the yellow flower withered -  
narcissistically.

7

Green grass,  
a bed entirely soft,  
eagerly awaited.

8

A desire lives  
its life in the clouds.  
With the goal ahead!

9

Goodbye, baby, bye,  
the yellow butterfly  
crawls on me!

10

I am a furtive woman,  
deep in the forest I like to  
take a breath of fresh air.

11

Fire and ember,  
everything turned into ash...  
look, Phoenix is rising!

12

Everyone is sleeping,  
I am the one drawing  
a dream out of reality!

13

The heart has  
its own mind which leaves  
space for life!

14

There was an earthquake,  
I seethed with  
frustration, too!

15

The heart is  
a solid limestone,  
tough, but it hurts!



16

The sky is  
a space without borders,  
a woven, infinite peace.

17

At midnight, silently  
comes the fear,  
pressing until swooned!

18

Like sole tree  
standing in the desert,  
love is rare!

19

Through nettle  
true love passes,  
worms in the soul!

20

The Pirej\* has  
the same desire for life  
as love!

21

Fleeing south  
birds in the fall,  
they win over love!

\* Pirej - wheatgrass

22

Love speaks  
through the eyes,  
the natural reigns!

23

Thunder does not listen,  
boldly it commands,  
same as love!

24

The music is  
the grain of love,  
it captures the joy!

25

The aspens,  
they always quiver.  
Poor souls!

26

Fragrant odours,  
I am a red rose  
in the hot summer.

27

The red poppy  
dismembered it dies,  
the heart cries!

28

The ocean,  
the deep soul of  
a dowry chest!

29

Whistles around eaves,  
snow melting sadly,  
new spring!

30

Eucalyptus tree,  
a protected icon,  
but still it dies.

31

The snow was falling...  
And covered her body.  
God bless her soul!

32

Wandering blindly  
through dense fog,  
life without a soul!

33

Tiny tortoise  
pulled itself into its shell,  
as a real debtor!

34

The stork came back  
to its old nest in spring,  
the nostalgia is killing!

35

Kibela\* today  
is angry, her kingdom  
we've destroyed!

36

Environment is  
eternal while it lasts,  
so is love!

\*Kibela (Cybele) - Macedonian Goddess of Nature

37

To the night and  
the dream, reality is  
black and white!

38

Magic rainbow,  
as a missed opportunity  
disappears quickly!

39

Destiny is in  
in everyone's character,  
a green forest!



40

Hard stone  
is like a stubborn man,  
it's hard to break it!

41

Live honestly,  
the sunlight  
is your happiness!

42

After the rain  
even the soul smells of ozone,  
what purity!

43.  
It was raining,  
his music,  
my muse!

44  
Torrents outside  
torrents create,  
floods inside!

45  
Beautiful example:  
After the rain the  
golden sun always appears!

46

A wishful dream:  
As a lightning I wish  
to light you up!

47

The life is  
a meaningless drop  
in the ocean.

48

A fragile hope,  
the spring leaf  
lists a story!

49

The man is like  
a flower – a Pheasant's eye,  
he blooms and withers!

50

The happiest is the one  
who has raised many  
to the sun!

51

People falling,  
vertiginously falling,  
as hail from the sky!

52

Like a soul in fasting,  
the sun and the rain  
are gifts from heaven!

53

Much ado about nothing,  
that's man's dignity  
today.

54

The threshing floor  
in winter is like  
a man's soul without love!

55

Early autumn,  
I am ripe on the inside,  
same as the nature.

56

The waves are blue,  
the old ages' sound  
spreads away!

57

Let me drink the  
splendour of Autumn,  
let me be drunk!

58

The nightingale sings  
at night, awakening  
the nightingale in me!

59

As a canyon,  
the scar you caused in me,  
is deep.

60th

After us - silence,  
it has dried up  
our river.

61.

As the thunderstorm –  
I shamelessly stole you  
a moment to remember!

62

The kookaburra  
was screaming over  
the dead eucalyptus trunk.

63

The cockatoos  
mourned the cut tree,  
what a grief!



64

Your promises  
failed in shallow water,  
I know!

65

A poppy wakes,  
shamefully wrinkled and  
shamelessly red!

66

Grieving for the tree  
the birds sing sadly,  
protesting.

67.

The silence in  
the ocean whispers  
magically, secrecy!

68.

Regretful was  
the wind for blowing in vain,  
there were no people.

69

Yearning after  
crying is a rainbow,  
the power of love!

70

If you marry  
young, a swarm of flies will  
crawl on you miserably!

71

The horse won,  
the people lost money,  
or their mind?

72.

Dze\* follows me,  
the story about him  
needs to be told!

\*Dze (Zeus) - Macedonian God of Gods, Ruler of Mankind

73.

Eros shot me,  
the wound is bleeding  
persistently, painful!

74

It's pouring,  
as if in buckets,  
Heaven is enraged!

75

The road built  
in hope, not in despair,  
is easier!

76

After this hill,  
it will be easier, I know,  
another one is impending!

77

Respect is  
the key to our infinite  
friendship.

78

From branch to flower,  
it transformed itself  
into a butterfly.

79

Planting young trees,  
your lungs will breathe  
clean air!

80

Love is, you know,  
day and night, reality and dream,  
sunflowers faithful!

81

Sunflowers we are,  
beaming the sun-soaked road  
we follow!

82

White snow  
covered the shores,  
what a treasure!

83

The winter breathes  
down the neck of the naive,  
people are freezing!

84

The alluring sun,  
luxuriously golden, magnificent,  
it catches the heart!

85

Golden autumn,  
bountiful crops  
and soul!

86

The morning dew,  
an early-rising witness,  
the water, the creator!

87

An idler it is,  
the spider weaves webs  
its entire life!



88

Behind a good horse  
dust - cloud black,  
suffocating!

89

The spring breeze  
breathes in new joy  
in the old heart!

90

White winter,  
white is inside  
my body!

91

Apple blossom,  
delight to the eye,  
feeling of goodness!

92

Early frost  
blighted everything alive, you know,  
damage unwanted!

93

Icicles in winter,  
hang off the roofs and  
pierce the soul!

94

Whispering forest,  
rustling leaves on the ground,  
man's life passes by!

95

A kangaroo jump in  
an abyss is the migration,  
alienated man!

96

Tough is life,  
ups and downs  
are natural!

97

White snowflakes,  
brilliant shapes lost  
in one breath!

98

The city in spring  
flowery, verdant,  
it suffers from hail!

99

A cloud travelling  
through the blue above,  
it's lonely, too!

100

The sky's an expanse,  
endless and free,  
foreign to me.

101

A baby in its pouch,  
it is a role model for men  
- the seahorse!

102

Butterflies in  
the chest lurking, is it  
love or fear?

103.

I'm a wild sea,  
secrets to the surface  
I take secretly.

104

The green black locust  
stood upright,  
whispers from the childhood.

105

Rows of poplars,  
shapely lines they  
touch the soul!

106

It's spring here,  
autumn gold at home,  
inside me pain!

107

As soft as eiderdown  
are the cloud's soul and body,  
it feels like love to me!

108

Leaf after leaf falls,  
Autumn is in me as well,  
years quench!

109  
Pollution  
in us, in the environment,  
isn't it everywhere?

110  
Pelin\* is a cure,  
Pelin is an evil disease,  
I don't get it!

111  
I trundle over  
through time, time through  
me is flying!

\* Pelin - Wormwood plant



112

I walk gently  
through the clouds always,  
will I ever land down?

113

Colourful peacock,  
bird of paradise on earth,  
proud king!

114

Gift from heaven,  
the sun and rain  
- the soul in fasting!

115

The earth breathes,  
Garden of Eden it is,  
breathing more laboriously!

116

**Molika\***

Pleading for mercy  
the magical Molika,  
sweet mystery.

117

**Lilly Pilly**

Purple flowers  
at the top of the tree above,  
delight for the soul!

\*Molika - Macedonian pine

118

**Rainbow**

A sickle or an arch,  
divinely painted colours  
of a rainbow.

119

**Volcano**

Erupting from  
its bowels,  
the soul is burning!

120

**Grapes**

Divine juice  
savoured by the lips,  
succulent is love!

121

**Pomegranate**

Full of seeds,  
red, juicy, sweet,  
healthy blood it makes!

122

**Health**

Sunflower – it's healthy  
to be a sunflower faithful  
daily, they say!

123

**Dew**

Drop by drop,  
every morning secretly  
my soul is dripping!

124

**Frost**

The early frost  
blighted all my crop  
at my nadir.

125

**Seeds**

The seed we  
sow determinedly,  
there is no fruit ...

126

**Palm Tree**

Sprawling crown  
of the palm tree,  
like life itself!

127

**The grape vine 1**

Thin string stretched  
out from time, immemorial  
grapes on it.

128

**The grape vine 2**

Its roots are  
distant, but its fruit  
is eternal, mine!

129

**Restlessness**

Blue skies  
reflected in the lake,  
an eternal restlessness.

130

**Sparrow**

In the hand  
he held its scarred  
body, shaking.

131

**Autum**

The autumn weaves  
a rug of vivid colours,  
in me fairy tales.

132

**In a hurry**

On the celebrity road  
I walk fast, sharply,  
time is running!

**Hristo Petreski, Ph. D.**

**Blooming in her own "BLOSSOM"**

Today haiku is one of the leading creative gains not only to the Japanese but also to the world literary works.

In contrast to the other artistic genres, haiku is a rare example of the understanding of the genesis from the elite to the massiveness. As a lyrical miniature, haiku shows the contrasts and the tones, the vividness and the thought, the reality and the moral.

Haiku poetry today is a global cultural phenomenon, and research in both this area and our own environment is more than necessary, not only because there is a large number of Macedonian haiku poets but also because haiku is becoming one of the most dominant and most respectable literary genres in the world.

Only in Japan, millions of haiku poems are created every year, and even more are written outside the borders of the land of the rising sun. Because of its territory and the popularity of haiku, the Macedonia is one of the world centres of it. Haiku surely penetrated in the Macedonian cultural and spiritual space in the last decades of the last century. One of the newer haiku writers is Zaklina Mihajlova, who is offering us her haiku poems. Her short (haiku) poems reflect her world view, her personal and emotional sensations, her observations of everyday life, her meetings with nature and people, the love, the urges, the passion...

Mihajlova is urging us to think creatively and metaphorically about the concepts in her haiku poems. Although this is her first book of haiku poetry, Mihajlova religiously follows the syntax and the basics of this type of poetry, capturing her experiences intensively, precisely, and at the same time, philosophically thinking of them. Out of every experience, she creates a story about revelation which is an essential element of haiku and in close connection with the way we perceive the world.

This revelation depends on our new perception, the way we see things as for the first time and at the same time, it depends on our feelings that once we've seen it, we know that this observation is real, as if we have always known it, and that it's also reality (which will last) forever. In "Blossom", the poetess presents 132 'blossoming' haiku poems, illustrating subtly on paper the messages between nature and man's soul.

Mihajlova, the poetess, surely enters the haiku world and cleverly she brings the wisdom to the surface as a flash of witnessing the haiku moments as well as giving a lesson to and opening the eyes of the reader.

Introspectively outstretched between life and nature, she exclaims: "Grieving for the tree/ the birds sing sadly/ protesting", and she notes: "I trundle over/through time/ time through me is flying!" Different themes are shown through her haiku poems: about love: "As the thunderstorm –/I shamelessly stole you/a moment to remember!" about sadness: „Torrents outside/torrents create/floods inside!"; and about pain: „ A kangaroo jump in/an abyss is the migration/alienated man! “

Haiku tends to objectify the reality and look at it from the outside not from the inside, something that is evident in Mihajlova's haiku poems. Because of this, we welcome Zaklina Mihajlova in the world of haiku and sincerely recommend this book of poetry to you, the readers.



**Trajce Kacarov, M.A.**

**IN THE FORM, THE SOUL**

(To "Blossom", the new book of poetry by Zaklina Mihajlova)

They are sitting at the dining table. They come from all walks of life. Some know each other. Some see each other for the first time. However, they are all sitting at the dining table, drinking, having fun and discussing on themes they initiate themselves. And the themes are related to life, they are about everything that makes life. But, someone needs to bless the food, at least that's what is done according to our Christian religion. This is often done by the most senior person, but it's not rare to be done by the person who because of certain merits has been given the honour to bless the food. He stands up, raises his glass and on behalf of everyone present there at the dining table, he blesses the food and indicates the beginning of 'pigging out', sorry, I meant, the feast. This is how a fragment that I've read in "The Feast" by Ernst Jurgен, a German writer and philosopher, can be somehow explained.

However, all the above would be meaningless, if I don't tell you what I was most impressed by reading this fragment in the Jurgен's story. I think I'll always remember the discussion at the table. First, they talked about wine, and then they discussed the art, the theory and the instinct and their influence on the creation of art.

Nevertheless, we shall begin with the wine. In his story, Jurgен writes: „Ortner was assigned to bless the food. He approached the table where there was a glass pitcher full of wine shining in it and he was the first to taste it... First, according to the rules, we'll drink three glasses together and then we can talk about anything except politics. "

This is how the feast started where while raising their glasses with wine, people commented: "The wine hovers as if it's been poured in something invisible which holds it invisibly in its pure essence, in its pure form. The glass is a body; its content is the soul."

Proposing toasts to each other, the discussion didn't go far from the art, so they told each other that: "There is no art without a calendar". Or, that the theory of art and instinct affect the art work as if being grammatical accuracies and splendid poetry in an absolute sentence, in other words, the art or creating art is a primitive act and it resembles blood transfusion.

Anyway, what I wanted to say when referring to the fragments from "The Feast" is the syntagm: "A work of art is created when the infinity meets the epochal, same as the wine in this glass".

And now, the reader rightly may ask why I start the review of a poetry book with a reference to wine and what has been said during a feast. It's because I believe that poetry is:

-a primitive act and nothing else than blood transfusion.

-to what extent is this a theory or practice, it's also an instinct.

They cannot exist without each other. The feast, the sitting and dining at the table are also practice and instinct. Life is nothing else but attending a feast, sitting at the table where one can see many things which can satisfy our natural hunger as well as our hunger occurring from living in a society, or from the gains of civilisation.

For me, the verse, the poem is a glass in which the soul, the eternal, has been poured. In it, the word, the content seems to hover as if contesting the gravitation, as wanting to say, 'here I am, the one that can conquer the space as well as the time'.

Some accept different forms just because of this role of the verse or the poem. I will again return to "The Feast". In this story, one of the persons drinking wine wanted it to be poured in a clay glass. His excuse was that he wanted the wine to be poured in a glass made of earthy material and to drink it because 'we, people are born from earth and we return to it'.

So, it's not rare for people who write poetry to choose different forms. Some write sonnets, some write ballads, and some haiku. Our poetess, Zaklina Mihajlova, has chosen the haiku as a form for the spiritual content. She raises the haiku high and toasts not only with its colour, nor with its form, but with its soul. She toasts loudly saying: "Everyone is sleeping,/I am the one drawing/a dream out of reality!

" ... " There was an earthquake,/I seethed with /frustration, too!"... " Like sole tree/standing in the desert/love is rare"... "Through nettle/the true love passes/worms in the soul"... " Whistles around eaves/snow melting sadly/ new spring

"..."Early autumn,/I am ripe on the inside./same as the nature..."..."White snow/covered the shores, /what a treasure!"..."Leaf after leaf falls/Autumn is in me as well/ years quench "...Volcano - Erupting from/its bowels/the soul is burning

..."Grape vine - Its roots are distant/ but its fruit is/eternal, mine... "

And with these poems we contribute to the understanding of our perspective that poetry is related to the instinct, the soul, the spirit, and same as without having a glass, the form or the theory, if you want.

Our poetess has written herself that she is an ocean, a volcano. There is restlessness and fire in her womb, and she also has the power and courage to show this to the world, in other words, to seek witnesses of her spiritual act or to start to transform the infinite into epochal.

With this book of poetry, she presents herself as a gourmet with discriminating taste in words and poetic speech as she puts the verses in a form which far and widely show their essentialism. Therefore, I can easily say that this book of poetry by Zaklina Mihajlova is a result of strong, healthy and fiery speech. A divine drink she offers, the one whose glass is only a casual form that does not lead her to infinity.

## **A Note about the Author**

Zaklina Mihajlova was born on the 10th of March, 1964 in Kochani, Macedonia. She has lived and worked in Sydney since 1990. In 1984, Zaklina completed the Teachers Academy in Skopje, and in 1986 graduated from the Faculty of Philology, at the Ss Cyril & Methodius University, majoring in "National Literature and Macedonian Language".

She has been promoting literature and culture since childhood. Zaklina was a member of the Children's Radio Drama at the National Macedonian Radio and acted in roles in several radio plays and television series. She later worked as a reporter and a television host for the National Macedonian Television Channel. She was also a high school teacher of Macedonian language at the Rade Jovcheski Korchagin High School in Skopje. Zaklina worked as a Macedonian correspondent for several newspapers and magazines around the world, and also as an editor and presenter of the Macedonian radio programs Macedonian Pearls in Wollongong and Macedonian Voice in Sydney.

Today she works as a Macedonian language teacher at Carlton Public School, Sydney. She is one of the founders and editors of the Macedonian Telephone Directory for NSW and Canberra – the most published directory in the Macedonian language outside of Macedonia. Zaklina Mihajlova is an activist and humanist who promotes the Macedonian language and culture and who voluntarily works on organization and creation of events that encourage preservation of the Macedonian culture and traditions. She is the initiator, and for more than 20 years the organizer, of the Macedonian Business and Professionals Ball. Furthermore, she was an organizer of a number of amateur music festivals in Australia, as well as two children's music festivals in Sydney, 'Makedonche' and 'Golden Nightingale'.

Zaklina has also published poetry and literary texts in various literary magazines and newspapers around the world. She has published the poetry books "Walking on a Wire" and "Clon", as well as a book for children, "Santa's journey". Zaklina is a member of the Literary Association of Macedonia, of the Association of Journalists of Macedonia, the president of the Macedonian School Council of NSW, a committee member of the Federation of Community Languages in New South Wales, a member of the Modern Language Association of NSW, a member of the Macedonian Literary Society, Grigor Prlicev, in Sydney, a member of Australian Macedonian Theatre, and a member of several welfare organisations.

