



DRAVSKI VRTINCI

letnik:

št: 1

Dravski vrtinci, letnik 23, šolsko leto 2018/19

V rokah držim bel list papirja, le kaj bi zapisal? To so se spraševali dijaki Dijaškega doma Drava, ko so izlivali svoja čustva in misli na papir. Vedno ni pravi trenutek za pisanje, vedno ne mislimo enako, vedno ne moremo zapisati vsega. Pa vendarle se je našlo nekaj ustvarjalcev, ki so bili pripravljeni deliti z nami svoje izdelke, pa čeprav anonimno.

Vsak človek je zase svet,

čuden, svetel in lep

kot zvezda na nebu ...

(Tone Pavček)

Urednica
Anja Dolenc

Kot veter

Kot veter je **ljubezen**,
pride, odide.
Kot veter.

Zdaj je, zdaj ni.

Kot veter.

Poboža te po licu,
razmrši ti lase,
a vedno preneha.

Potem spet se prikrade,
počasi, a hitro,
sam nikoli ne traja.
Ostane dotik ti le,
boleč, a čuteč,
a tudi ta slej kot prej izgine.

Kot veter.

- anonimno

UNFINISHED BUT YET ENDED

LONELY AS I WALKED
IN THIS LIFE AND
TEARS THAT I D SHED,
MAKING SOMETHING
OUT OF LIFE, THE
EYES ARE NO MORE RED.

AS I SAW YOU SO FAMILIAR,
THE PICTURE OF PURE LIGHT
WITH SO MUCH INNOCENCE AND
WARMTH THAT IT SEEMED UNREAL,
FOR MY WORTHLESS EYE.
STILL LOOKING AT A SILHUETTE
OF A GREEK GOD...

SPARKS THAT I SAW IN THOSE
MAROON BROWN EYES,
THE OPPOSITE OF MINE,
HOW CAN THEY BE SO FINE?
AND EVERYTHING YOU TOUCH TURNS
INTO ART, TOUCH ME ONE MORE
TIME SO I CAN BECOME YOUR
MASTERPIECE.

GORGEOUS LOCKS THAT
ONLY ANGELS HAVE,
YOUR SOUL AS PURE AS AIR,
COME AND STEAL MY BREATH

AND HEART, SO I CAN BE
A PIECE OF THE BEAUTY YOU
CALL YOURSELF.

BUT STILL INEVER FELT SO
WEAK AND SO FULFILLED
AT THE SAME TIME.
OR SHOULD IT BE LIKE THAT?
OH ... NO ... NEVER AGAIN
WILL I FEEL SO MUCH PAIN
LIKE I DID BEFORE,
OR SHOULD I TAKE THE
RISK JUST ONCE MORE?

AND AS IT WAS, THE PAIN CAME
THROUGH, NO CLUE, WHAT SHOULD I DO?
AFTER ALL THINGS SAID, THE WAY
YOU WILL LEAME ME, WILL BECOME
ONE OF THE MOST MEMOBABLE MOMENTS
IN MY NOW, UNWORTHY LIFE ...

I AM STILL THE SAME, I AM ANOTHER,
THE BEST THINGS END FAST,
SOME FESTER THAN THE OTHER.

- *anonimno*

Ker te ni

*Sonce, ki na nebu plava,
nosi mi tvoje ime,
sidra te v moje srce.*

*Srce trpi, ker te ni
in krvavi, krvavi.*

*Z vetrom pošiljam ti pozdrav,
da spomnim te,
da globoko **ljubim te.***

*Srce trpi, ker te ni
in krvavi, krvavi.*

*Ljubezni bolečino nese me v prostran,
zato puščam vse,
grem naprej.
Srce pa več ne trpi,
ker te ni, globoko molči.*

What is Happiness?

A nice poem
In some exotic language,
But even just in Italian.
Your tired legs
After a race
Following a dream,
But even just after
A banal training.
A forgotten dream,
Then found
In the crypt of the mind.
A cold shower
After having taken the
Sweaty jeans off,
The rain that hits my hair
As if it wanted to go through
And when soaking wet
You knock on the door
Her warm hug dries you.
The oxygen thrown away,
Wasted trying to explain thoughts,
Things that only I
Understood
Just to free up space in the head
And letting more illogical,
Irrational, confused, inexplicable
Ones in.

Catching breath after
A speech said quickly,
Without breathing.
A devoured book,
The reread
That changes meaning every time.
A pair of deep
Eyes, that laugh
And really reflect the soul.

- *Gabriel Maria Fucso*

Imam blokado,
nimam besed,
pisala bi,
a nimam misli za na papir.

Ne morem govoriti,
saj je vrtinec
v mojih čustvih.
Moje misli so valovite,
se ne pomirijo,
so kot nevihta,
ki ji ni konca.

Mislila sem,
da sem našla mir,
a sem na dnu oceana.

Potapljam se...

Vem, da lahko zaplavam,
a me valovi morijo,
prišla sem v globino
in ne morem več na gladino.

- anonimno



Dijaški dom

Tedni prvi za vse težki so bili,
a kljub temu, mi vztrajni smo vsi.

Spoznali prijatelje smo,
ki zdaj, zapustiti jih ne moremo.

A vemo le to,
da nekoč spet srečamo se lahko.

- *Tjaša Sumrak*



*Navade
Črni eliksir,
ki me zmeraj napoji
s kofeinom in z lažnim občutkom sreče.*

*Pralnica možganov,
ki mi s sadističnim užitkom vsakodnevno
povzroča stres in eksistencialno krizo.*

*Beda najstniškega življenja,
katerega rutina me s konstanto
srka, izžema, ubija.*

- anonimno

Življenje

Zazri se včasih v nebo
in pomisli na vse, kar je **lepo**
in ugotovil boš to,
da živeti je lepo.

- *Tjaša Sumrak*

Skozi sivo nebo
poletijo tudi beli galebi.
Za slabšimi,
pridejo tudi boljši dnevi.

Imej se rad,
takšnega, kakršen si.
Mlad ali star,
srce še vedno drhti.

Si vendar kakor roža,
ki mora včasih tudi oveneti.
Saj le tako, lahko ponovno zacveti,
začne žareti.

- Neli Senčar