

# ATUNIS GALAXY POETRY

Poetët janë paraprijës të agimeve në zbardhje, janë muza dhe shpirti i ëndrrave shpresë, janë fryma dhe muzikaliteti i fjalës shenjtëruar, janë koloriti më i ndritshëm i qenësisë tonë qytetërim!

Prof. Dr.& Dr. Honoris Causa Sabahudin Hadžialić  
(Bosnia and Herzegovina)

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**Sabahudin Hadžialić (Bosnia and Herzegovina)**  
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Sabahudin Hadžialić was born in 1960, in Mostar, Bosnia and Herzegovina. Today he lives in Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina. He is a professor (two doctoral degrees), scientist, writer & poet (distinguish artist), journalist, and editor. He wrote 26 books (poetry, prose, essays as well as textbooks for the Universities in BiH and abroad) and his art and scientific work is translated in 25 world languages. He published books in BiH, Serbia, France, Switzerland, USA and Italy. He participates within EU project funds and he is a member of scientific boards of Journals in Poland, India and the USA. Also, he is a regular columnist & essayist, since 2014, of Eurasia Review, think tank and journal of news & analysis from USA. Since 2009 he is co-owner and Editor in chief of DIOGEN pro culture – magazine for, culture, art, education and science from USA. He is a member of major association of writers in BiH, Serbia and Montenegro as well as Foundations and Associations worldwide. As professor he was teaching and still does at the Universities in India, BiH, Italy, Lithuania and Poland. Interviewed (2019) for the scientific journal „Głos Uczelni“, from UMC, Torun, Poland – here (in Polish language) and here (in English as well). Detailed info: <http://sabahadzi.weebly.com> (<http://sabahadzi.weebly.com>).

## The snowflake

Love is like an  
avalanche.

Although at the beginning  
it was just a drop of the pure water  
turned into the snowflake.

Being strong and big like an avalanche  
is not enough.

It has to have weight and look of the snowflake  
It has to have tenderness of the snowflake  
It has to have devotion of the snowflake

Until it becomes stronger and focused  
on trust and happiness  
of the trip

towards destruction of the existing emptiness  
and creation of true, sincere love.

## REALITY FILMED

Dismal image  
of my own imprint in time  
that's real  
inside the vision that- isn't,  
is desperately in search for  
Her !

...

Queen Elizabeth,  
Chatherine, Nikolajevna,

Princess Dianna,  
Fatima  
Disappear in front of the eyes  
of wild hordes.

...

I remain alone  
trembling with trepidation  
trying to figure out  
what is it that they want.

...

Virtual reality of a surreal film-world  
is nothing more than  
a treacherous impersonation of a real world  
that deceives me  
a Servile Servant !

..

She's gone !  
Will she ever come back ?  
The question is swept by the wind.

...

I'll wait for the storm to calm  
and try to catch the mistral wind to find a cove,  
and search for the place where I met her.  
Barefoot and naked.  
Back in the day.  
On the stage !

## STRANGE DREAM

Hands buried in sand  
Deep

.....

Blood stained hands.  
Both.

...

I try to reach the bottom of the sand pit  
digging deep,  
feeling pain.

.....

Two blue eyes  
deep dive  
towards you.

Blood shot eyes.  
Both.

Carried on the wave of desperate tears,  
I try to catch a glimpse of you,  
however  
you disappeared behind a horizon.

...

Alas !

You drew near, furtively  
and embraced

The World !

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