

Those afraid of tomorrow should skip it Dragan 🖐️📧📧🔹🌀📧

In this world, where 📧📧📧📧 is the one and only measure, a man feeling at least a tiny need for something spiritual will become unhappy and discontented if he fails to build his own parallel universe as a shelter. As I believe nothing in life happens by chance, I began building my shelter some 15 years back when I agreed to leave quite a comfortable situation where my job was only a few floors away, and move to Boljun, 25 kilometres away, to run a small post office. Such decisions are not made level-headedly, but are prompted by an inner drive, something springing from one's being and yearning for inner balance. In a time as crazy as this one, being normal is in fact a madness in its own right. In many people's opinion, a man is normal when he fulfils the norms imposed by the society he lives in. In my view, a man is normal when he is in balance with himself and his environment.

For a long time I nourished the need to express myself in ways other than this so-called 📧📧📧📧📧📧📧📧📧📧📧📧📧📧📧📧. All these poems I have been nesting inside me found a way out on a blog I launched on the web. I called the blog *Boljun* and it was left empty for a long time... for months. One evening I wrote a poem on this pristine virtual wall. It was about a man sitting by a black hole and waiting next to this "singularity washing machine" for time to start turning back so that he could make up for his mistakes. This man was me: the man who persistently followed imposed norms at the expense of his own being. The man who that way brought himself to the brink of depression, and was left with two choices: you will either write poetry, or you will sink down with depression. By choosing poetry, I cured myself. I am currently working on my fourth collection and I agree to be it all... a poet and a postman... a husband and a father... completely 📧📧📧📧... and completely normal.

A poem as an ending:

Master of Time

In this post office, on this hill, I am the master of time and although the strict rules of my service do not allow me to ante-date those who want to go back to their youth should pick a date those afraid of tomorrow should skip it

madam, you who like to remember your wedding 4 October 1969... there... it's only a matter of seconds to me you are young and beautiful again, your husband desires you, and on Saturday mornings he buys you roses

I see disbelief in your eyes and you are asking me if it works of course it does, madam, I am the best example you only need to believe, the magical stamp does not work without faith

what about you, dear child?... your dog died? this is but a tiny thing to us... when the stamp number turns a puppy will cry in a cardboard box

Translated from Croatian by Ivana Ostojčić