



## POEMS

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### THE LANGUAGE OF WATER

Water speaks, without words,  
A language as ancient as God Himself,  
An echo hidden in the depths,  
A rhythm that follows the step of creation.  
In every sigh of it,  
There is the sign of an endless call,  
Someone, somewhere, has heard,  
In the deep sands of the centuries,  
When God wiped the clay and created the waves.  
Water is everywhere, without signs,  
In every crossing, every sigh, every wave,  
In the whispers of the mountains,  
In the stillness of lakes that hold mystery,  
And rivers that flow like open paths,  
And springs that pour water like a forgotten tongue.  
Yet man has forgotten how to listen,  
He sees water as a treasure to use,  
But does he understand that every drop,  
Carries the knowledge of heaven and earth?  
In some places, it is missing,  
Missing a simple right—  
For water, for life, for the word of God,  
And the murmurs of despair are felt.  
The missing water becomes a call,  
A sign that destroys,  
Like a storm that awakens the bed of nature,  
In questions that have no answers.  
But when water bursts forth, when it is bitter,  
It flows and destroys everything it finds in its path,  
Like a force that overturns and leaves behind ruin,  
A flood of troubled hearts,  
An anger that springs from the silent depths,  
And we feel it, for water speaks without words.  
In the end, there is a question –  
Can we understand, in this fragmented life of ours,  
The language of water, the language of creation,  
That reminds us that without it,  
Nothing can be whole?

**Tirana, April 10, 2025**



## DREAMS HAVE NO BIOGRAPHY

Dreams have no biography,  
They don't say where they were born,  
Not here, nor in that distant place,  
They don't carry words for schools,  
For work, for teachers  
Who teach the paths of life.  
Dreams are the only ones  
That move without any documents,  
Like shadows that don't know how to ask permission  
From the light that sees them,  
Why they are here,  
Or why they are there.  
In the frozen moment, they catch us,  
In a world without rules,  
Without borders, without norms,  
Without any sign to show  
Where beginnings are and where endings are.  
They lay before our eyes  
The impossible things,  
Telling us that,  
If we dare, we can touch them,  
But when we discover that they are there,  
Inexplicable, immense,  
They vanish in silence,  
Like hopes that die before  
They are born.  
Dreams, with their power,  
Do not ask us to know  
Where they were formed,  
Who let them breathe  
In the air of the mind.  
They give us freedom  
And we, often blinded  
By their undiscovered signs,  
Believe in them,  
Like a child who believes  
In an unknown game.  
But do they believe in us?  
Do they feel  
Our insecurities?  
Do they follow our paths,  
Or, like wild desires,  
Fly over us,  
And watch how we create them  
With the steps of our dreams?  
We live searching for what  
We cannot grasp,



But we move forward,  
Seeking and losing  
Like birds chasing a horizon  
That we never reach.  
In such a time,  
With all we do and seek,  
Dreams remain untouchable,  
Like an explosion that has no time  
To explain to us.  
They are, simply,  
The freedom that cannot be touched,  
Inexpressible,  
Endless and all  
In that single moment,  
When, perhaps,  
We are nothing more  
Than a thought  
That dies  
In the eternal space  
Of the night.

### **WHERE THE TRUTH LIVES**

Where does the truth live today...  
If it still lives?  
Or is it simply in silent escape,  
In some forgotten corner of a book,  
Or in a heart that hasn't yet sold itself?  
I searched for it in the news –  
I found it twisted like a delicate thread,  
Tangled with interests,  
Dressed in titles that do not know its face.  
I searched for it in speeches –  
There it died on the lips,  
Suffocated by applause for itself,  
Not for justice and principles.  
I searched for it on the streets, in cafes,  
In simple words –  
But it hid,  
Afraid it might be used as a weapon  
Against itself.  
And I asked myself:  
Is there a place  
Where truth lives well, as it should?  
Where it stays without distortion?  
Without being forced to change its name?  
They told me:  
Perhaps in some distant village,  
Where the elderly still measure time with honesty



And plant words like wheat for tomorrow's bread.  
Or in the eyes of a child,  
Who hasn't yet learned to hide,  
Who says everything as it is –  
Without fear, without the need to appear otherwise.  
But today, here where I live,  
It – the truth – is like a wingless bird:  
Still breathing, but unable to fly.  
We keep it in a cage  
And ask it to sing in foreign tongues.  
Is there anyone left who feels its absence,  
Not as political words,  
But as a loss of breath, sincerity?  
Is there anyone left who builds it a shelter,  
Without asking for it to be called their own?  
If you see it somewhere,  
The truth, unchanged,  
Tell me.  
Give me a message –  
In a soft voice,  
But pure.  
For I don't seek to become great with it,  
I only want to have it near.  
To have it as a word that doesn't tremble,  
As a light that doesn't deceive me,  
As a path that leads  
To myself.

**April 9, 2025, Gjirokastrë, Albania.**

### **THE POWER OF CLICKS**

Clicking is the new currency of the world,  
The one that measures the value of a person, not by the mind,  
Nor by the soul,  
But by how many times they have been seen,  
Shared, commented on.  
Not necessarily how many times they have been read.  
In this time, where a person's worth is as big as their screen,  
And the wise word dies in silence,  
Those who shout survive more,  
Not those who understand.  
Truth gets lost in heavy traffic,  
Because lies are beautifully dressed,  
They are more "clickable," easier to chew,  
Like a candy that doesn't nourish you,  
But teaches you to crave it again.  
The soul has become an algorithm,  
Love – a notification,



Suffering – content for consumption,  
To be shared, not to be lived.  
And the person...  
The person stays silent,  
Fearing that silence doesn't click.  
They think of themselves not by what they are,  
But by what they seem,  
And they seem only if they appear with noise.  
In this time –  
Where news is born for clicks,  
And where pain is sold more expensively than peace,  
While every feeling is valuable only if liked,  
Life has turned into a screen.  
And when no one clicks,  
You no longer feel alive.  
But what does it matter to be visible to the world,  
When you are invisible to yourself?  
Perhaps no one cares anymore.

**Vjena, March 2025**

### **BRIDGE THAT CONNECTS TWO SHORES – MY NAME AND YOUR VOICE**

You are the word that calls me from beyond,  
I – the step that crosses silence.

Between us lies an unwritten river,  
Turbid water from unsettled memories.

But I am the bridge – built from light,  
From my name and your voice.  
If you speak to me, I will be your shore,  
If I am silent, I will be the wind that seeks you.

Do not pass me without touching,  
For the bridge lives only when it is crossed.

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