

ANA ROKAVEC, 1. letnik VS

VRATA V NEZNANO

Odprta vrata so v neznanu
pa ne morem stopit skozi njih,
pred njimi se riše tvoja senca,
a me ne gleda v oči.

Če stopim naprej, ali izgineš iz dlani
ali me najdeš tam, kjer najina zgodba še živi.

Mineva čas, mineva mesec
brez tvojega pogleda.

Mineva dan, mineva noč
brez tvojega objema.

Odšel je glas, ki šepetal le tvoje je ime,
sanje rišejo obraz, ki pozna le tvoje ga srce.

Mesec žari, ko izgubim se med tišino,
misli padajo počasi kakor kaplje v globino.
Čutim veter v laseh, pod majico, na dlani,
ta noč potiska mi srce, da zopet me premami.

Sledi, ki kazale so pot,
izgublajo korak.

Sledi, ki vodile me nekoč,
se vzpenjajo v zrak.

V sebi skrivajo vprašanje,
odgovore, ki nikdar jih nisi slišal,
a izgublajo to moč,
kot most med nama, ki z vetrom bo izginjal.

Sva duši, ki v življenju sta prekrizali poti,
energiji dveh teles, ki redko se zgodi.
Ljubezen je obema segla do kosti,
kot dih, ki se ob srcu mirno pomiri.

Nasmehi na obrazih me gledajo povsod,
pa ne morem skozi vrata, da pobegnita bi od
tod.

Te narejene maske, ki nadene si jih vsak,
da bi pred drugimi izpadel kot največji naš
junak.

Tudi ti prijel si masko,
si nadel jo na obraz,
da vsak človek ti verjel v lažen bi tvoj glas.
A je to življenje, ki zdaj sama ga živiva,
najina resnica, katero svetju jo deliva?
Če je laž postala maska, ki je res več nočeš
snet,
potem jaz sem tista zgodba, ki je nočeš več
imet.

ANA MARIJA PAPAŽ, 3. letnik VS program

EVERYTHING PASSES

Sun is shining towards my shadow. I can feel the temperature rising outside as the droplets of water fall from my skin. The sounds of beach waves are echoing like a distant melody, but they are in front of me. That is weird. I open my eyes and I finally see the bright blue sky coloring the horizon. When I tilted my head, I saw the sea in front of me, wide open ajar. There were no people at the beach at the moment, so I quietly enjoyed the music that the waves made just for me, it felt so special. So I closed my eyes again.

I started to think about the moment I got my wings for the first time. I was a teenager, so I didn't know what they were meant for. At that time, I thought they were on my body just for decoration, but nevertheless I liked them. As time passed in my early youth, I started to unravel that they were meant for me to fly away and discover my freedom. I didn't know what freedom meant, but I still kept pushing to discover what that weird word meant. It sounded silly, but it kinda started to challenge something deep within my soul. As time passed (eventually), I started to carefully touch freedom with the tip of my fingers. Freedom responded that this will pass eventually too. This moment, time, and date. I didn't think much of the response at that age. But I still recorded that in my brain and left it deep into my subconsciousness.

In a blink of an eye, I am in my early twenties. Life feels like twenty something soldiers piercing my heart, but at the same time it feels like colorful sprinkles the chef puts into the birthday cake to make it more colorful. That's weird, isn't it? I didn't use to feel this way in the past when I first met freedom. Now I own freedom, but I can't just boss it around. I named freedom Artemis. I like how I can drink red wine with Artemis together at the bar behind my apartment at 10 pm, we play cards together now, go together to discover the world, we ate apples together, because apparently they rot faster than any other food. Weird fact, huh? Together we just spend so much time together, grew together. We also joke about the time when Artemis told me that everything passes. I know Artemis means that seriously, but I never took it that way in my early youth. Not until now.

I lost the precious apple that grandma gave me from her garden. I didn't lose it intentionally, it just rotted on its own and perished. I told Artemis that my apple rotted, and surprisingly she wasn't sad at all, but put on a beautiful smile, bright as a golden arrow, and told me that this will pass too. I just nodded my head, knowing that she always says this. I hate how she is not empathetic with me, it hurts me deeply, but what can I do? Dwell into the loss of my apple? Suddenly, subconsciously, it hit me like a truck. What if... what if Artemis is right? What if eventually everything passes? Like the times at the bar, the card games we played together, our first encounter, and even this, the loss of my precious glossy apple. I feel like I got enlightened at the time, like I am meeting a visible string that has been there all along. I realize that the good memories and the bad ones go hand in hand together. They pass eventually too together with time. I smiled widely as I looked at freedom, so-called Artemis, deep in her eyes. I thanked her as if she widely opened my eyes to see the truth, the reality, the visible string that was there all along. She put her hand on mine and said that this will pass too, because everything passes. As Artemis muttered those words, she perished I just like a beautiful sunny day in February, leaving the warmth of her hand on mine for a moment longer than expected. I never saw the freedom again. I never saw freedom again.

I open my eyes and I observe that I am still at the beach. The waves are crashing, I can smell the sand between my toes, pulling me back to reality. I feel relieved that I got to reminisce about such times when we were together with Artemis. I reach to grab my water and I see that I have an apple beside me. I take it in my hand, looking at its glossy finish, smiling. I take a good bite from it, tasting its small sourness. I like it, and I am gonna bite again, again and again. Because everything passes.

VLADIMIR NIKONOV, 1. letnik VS program v
angleškem jeziku

I used to think the world
Had never changed at all.
The air around felt old,
Though time had flown so tall.
I never meant to see
How fast the moments fall.
But memories now don't hurt—
I breathe in fresh, free air.
I close my eyes and fly away,
The wind runs through my hair.
I follow where it leads,
Along the sunlit way—
The path of truest life,
Where light forever stays.

Tell me why I don't get that kind of love?
Tell me what I've done with my life above.
Tell me what I may have done wrong—
What can I do to start again, be strong?
But I know that once in time, it's true,
You have been in love once too.

Forgive me.

I took your life—

Forgive me, dear.

I never meant to let you down,
Yet I ordered my men to strike you down,
For you were my greatest fear, my deepest
threat.

I know now how wrong I was.
It haunts me, knowing I killed you.
Forgive me, my dear friend.
May God grant you peace
And welcome you home.

The power you wield,
To spread your shameless abuse.
You drain my strength, just like juice,
While your soul laughs and rejoices.
Tell me, does your abuse taste sweet?
Or can your tongue still sense the pain?
The torment you inflict on me
Is no candy—but a plague.