



Петар Хр. Илиевски
1920–2013

Gratias agimus tibi, professor Petre Ch. Ilievski

HE WAS

He was
Where the white daffodil blossoms with squalor,
And the godhead silently watches without a bang,
Where the perfect one, prostrate, eats off the world,
Where the word beholds the face of the age.

He walked
Through the wide Ocean with restless prance,
From a land where order is crushed by mighty Disobedience,
He walked through the sky holding the sun,
But he did not know he was caressing Her.

He lived
Where the feeble long for respect,
And rivers of blood roll bodies in their ripples,
Where the mute one fills his mouth with desire,
And mind does not rule over free people

He was, is, and will be there
Where his thought sails forever.

Ratko Duev

Skopje, 2 July 2013