



Fahredin Shehu

Short bio

Born in Rahovec, South East of Kosova, in 1972. Graduated at Prishtina University, Oriental Studies.

Actively works on Calligraphy discovering new mediums and techniques for this specific for of plastic art.

In fifteen years he operated as Independent Scientific Researcher in the field of World Spiritual Heritage and Sacral Esthetics.

He won many literary awards in Kosovo and abroad.

He is Laureate of Gold Medal for Poetry as Bridge to Nations- Axlepin Publishing- Philippines.

He is Director of International Poetry Festival in Kosovo

He wrote many blurbs, reviews for the worldwide poets. Appeared in dozens of World Anthologies

WHERE IS THE HEALER?

From the stars

Echoes are bringing your name

To my soul

The sky turned scarlet

As lips of the virgin and

The corrals are necklace releasing

Sounds on every move of yours

From the womb of heaven

A pearl felt in my curved palm

Beneath my feet the earth liquids

Are moving in velocity

As blood in veins of the runner

Who shall heal my headaches and

My right leg hit by a crazy

Taxi driver while I seclude

From the world- waiting to get

The celestial message and

Who shall read my lines?

When Poetry became a mere

Description and taught

As driving license manual

You see when you ignore that
I stand between world and the Worlds
And the Worlds settled
In Heavens and Earth are only
Pitying why I still wander
Among Men
When long time ago Men started
Eating flesh and bones of the fellow
And designing man- shape
Out of Mugwort for destroying
Another by sowing this effigy
Under the rooted tree- and
The other sows the beans in the scull
Of Cat- bearing under armpit
With hopes to gain invisibility

Who shall heal my Insomnia?
While I repent for what Men
Does to other and what
The sky has to utter- on long
Night hours
It'll rain for forty days and
In the state of insane Men will
Say: this is our summer
There's no water on the other half
Of the Globe- who shall obey my thirst
For Love since I knocked on

The Door of Knowledge, times and times

Ago- I knocked on the Door of Destiny

Long before I got a Man- shape so

To scare plants and birds when I

Encroach

The emerald grass

With the pearl- dewes decorated

Who shall heal my Sciatica

When the cord that binds

To heaven has stretched the nerves

In thousands knots knotted

Waiting the lunar phases pass

By every step- to salute death

My cell phone rings nostalgic bell tune

To remind me the old school

When I queued in line with fellow

Pupils before we jointly enter

The classroom on September the 1st

I must buy milk for my son

In the shop next by- the cell phone

Tells the anger of my wife- as I'm

Absent home

Wandering in the open book of Universe

Who shall heal my heartache?

When I love and it takes me
Away as tornado to dismantle
Each extremity what ages?
Built up throughout aeons

To me remains the question
Are you my healer my Lord?