

Sober thoughts

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Prologue

On July 12th 1995, I was born in Kosovo. In 1998 my parents, little brother and I moved to Belgium because of the war. We integrated real quick and it started feeling like home real soon. Despite the fact that I was a happy child and felt loved by both of my parents, I was insecure and I felt like I never fitted in. I remember myself looking out the window and watch all the children play and not daring to go play with them.

Instead I would rather sit inside and read a book or write stories. I was insecure about the fact that I was different and that was the reason I couldn't easily make new friends.

You can tell writing has always been a big part of my life since I was afraid to talk about my feelings. It was a form of therapy for coping with things that were going on. For me, it was like talking to a friend knowing that he wouldn't make fun of me.

Growing older, I think I developed my own style of writing and that's what makes me want to do this. I gathered some of my writings in here, to give you an idea about what I'm always writing in my notebook.

The reason why I picked the title 'Sober Thoughts' is because I don't think I'm a poet and I don't consider my writings to be poetry. I'm rather a thinker and that's what I write about. I get inspired everywhere I go and by people I have never seen before and I believe that that's the beauty of it. Since taking pictures of random people is illegal, writing about them won't let you forget them either. So perhaps, you'll find yourself in my words.

I don't wish to be a famous writer because no matter how many people read my stuff, nobody will ever take writing out of me. I just wish to be seen otherwise than I already am.

Deniza Miftari

Unique

Her being weird
was the reason she enjoyed being alone.

There and then
she could be herself without being misunderstood
for the way she felt about life and love.

He was the only person
who saw the real her.
and how lonely she felt
surrounded by people
that cared too much about things that don't matter
to be happy.

He could see how her face lit up
when she had pen and paper.

His heart knew
She wasn't weird.
She was unique
and unique,
was beautiful.

Moonchild

If the moon was a person
It would be this hopelessly
romantic girl
beautiful
but insecure
hiding from everyone
and going outside
only when she thought
she was alone
while the world was sleeping
she would be dancing
outside in the rain
and singing a song
only our dreams can hear

Insanity

I'm standing in the middle
of an empty field
screaming

I feel my lungs shrink
the veins around my neck
come to the surface
and I keep my eyes closed

If someone hears me
they'll think I'm insane
what I am
at particular moments