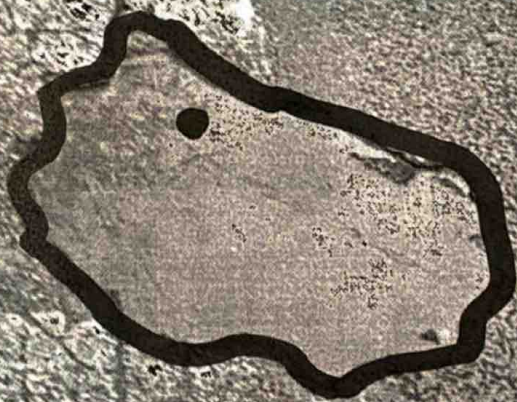




МИСЛИ НА
МЕНЕ

THINK OF ME

Скопје



And so, once again, I returned. And the city and the country greeted me the way they know best. I hesitate to even call it a city sometimes, because all its parts and layers are moving farther and farther away from each other. Despite the warm sun, and the clear blue sky, and the good spirit of the saleswoman in the bakery I entered that morning, there was garbage on the street. A large pile on the sidewalk, rising like a mountain in height and width. It was impossible to pass. "Let it be," I thought. "It is what it is. Welcome back."

In the evening I left home. I headed down Partizanska, toward the east, toward the center. And the weather was beautiful, and the people on the street were laughing, and the music from the café was cheerful. And despite the fact that there was a wrecked car on the sidewalk, and two more visibly damaged right next to it, and despite the fact that the driver's blood was spilling across the asphalt, it felt normal. I looked for a moment, then told myself "keep moving forward. It's too late now. Welcome back."

I crossed the street at Silbo. When I reached the middle, the light turned red. I turned right, and Frosina's face looked directly into my eyes. The candles that burned illuminated her face, which had been underground for some time now. "We are all guilty of her death," I thought. "Ignore the chaos and keep walking. Welcome back."

That night, when I lay down to sleep, I received a message. A friend from Kočani. And I remembered. A seemingly insignificant, small town. So how then could sixty people die in such a morbid way. Half a year had passed since the fire, and no one knows who is guilty. There were supposed to be loud and massive protests after that. But the silence that followed was almost terrifying. "It's better this way," I thought. "These people have suffered enough, they don't need another war among themselves. Nothing will change anyway. Welcome back."

And I dreamed that evening, how the city whispers to me: "You are here, and here you will stay. Everything will be the same. And I will keep you, on the edge of madness forever. And I will not let you leave. You are here and here you will stay. Welcome back."



Luka Stokovski
Ljuba Grosjevicin
Lecenje, 2025

RAILWAY STATION – POST EARTHQUAKE



Обземен од распад,
Засекогаш застанат,
Тој пет и седумнаесет.
Немоќен, се превртува од агонија,
Без лек, разболува,
без пат, обичен
Но, се повеќе циничен.

Seized by decay,
Forever stopped,
That five seventeen.
Powerless, writhing in agony,
Without cure, falling ill,
Without a path, ordinary
But, increasingly cynical.



Бледо во изутрината отскокнав в град.
Без очекување, во мрак,
Протегајќи се како воз
Низ ходници и бироа отугени
Врати обелени, треви пораснати.
Мириса на злочин,
Мириса на пропаднати очни капаци
И тага сокриена, од ново збогум
Или старо здраво.
Знаеш ли дека оваа е железничка станица?
Со искрутени прсти и преболени снаги,



with shattered doors.

You know, it didn't have to be this way.

Renovated, but swallowed up

As if the seized decay

Has stripped bare

the passenger space.

As if the rails are sick

From the ones back then,

As if I'm buying

a ticket for return to the past—

for me,

the worthless suitcase and Skopje

со графити од пост златно Скопје,
со излитени врати.

Знаеш, не требаше да биде вака.

Обновено, но проголтано

Како обземениот распад

Да го има соголено

патничкиот простор.

Како шините да се разболени

Од тогашните.

Како да купувам

билет за враќање кон минатото

за мене

ничкосаниот куфер и Скопјето



Pale in the morning I jumped into the city.

Without expectation, in darkness,

Stretching out like a train

Through alienated corridors and offices

Faded doors, overgrown grass.

Smell of crime,

Smell of sunken eyelids

And hidden sadness, from a new goodbye

Or old hello.

Do you know that this is a railway station?

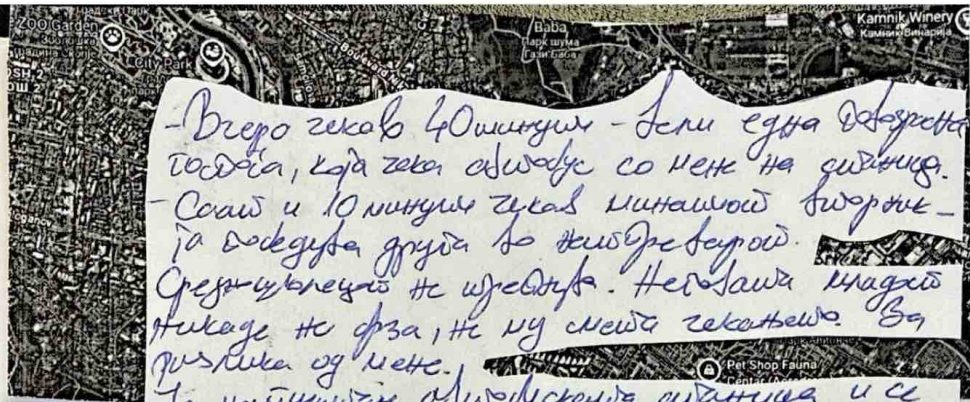
With twisted fingers and aching strengths,

with graffiti from post-golden Skopje,



ЖЕЛЕЗНИЧКА СТАНИЦА – ПРИ КОРУПЦИЈА

БИСЕРА СТЕФАНОВСКА



- Вредо зекав 40 минути - Јели една одговорна
 тоа да, која зека одвојат со мене на сватбата.
 - Соан и 10 минути зекав минашова двојник -
 ја одведија дојдеа до жибревојој.
 Средна класа не шредити. Неодамна магаци
 такаде не фза, не му смеаа зекашево. За
 првика од мене.

Ја напуштам одвојската сватбена и се
 убоштувам до друштва дуребар тис кој друш-
 твенски одредити мисли. Потоа километар
 Ес одан, Ес се возам со одвојка ифр
 сватбена, за време бона ки се бемелам.
 Два километра од дома. Немам други избор.
 Момам бежи од одредите до град. Не не!
 Не баша итти.

Реден јавен одред не е лудост, ифр
 одред одредити не одредити. Зелени
 одред ифрне тивови одредити со одредити
 одред, одредити, од одредити ифрне

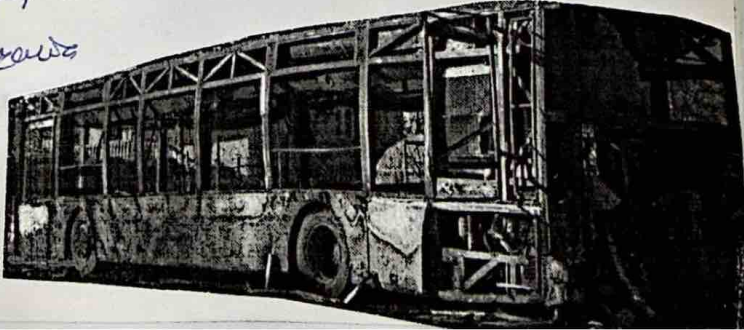


Бее гла дена тоа од одредити
 до друштва одредити на одредити, то
 не јаве, одред дена Ес не
 ифрне до одредити.

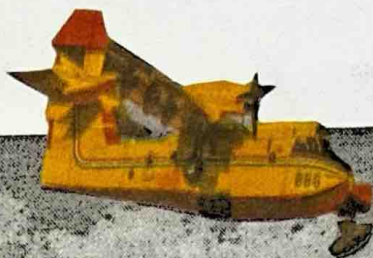
Друштва одредити околу мене се
 рамнодушни. Сиде до одредити до мисла
 и до одредити ифр, то така, не до одредити.

Потоа народ ме.
 Куле и ифр и.
 Потоа е одредити
 одредити.

Маја Зоела
 Пфукола



КАДЕ ШТО СЛЕТУВАА АВИОНИ



ДЕНЕС ЛЕТААТ АВТОМОБИЛИ



МАРИНА АТАНАСОВА

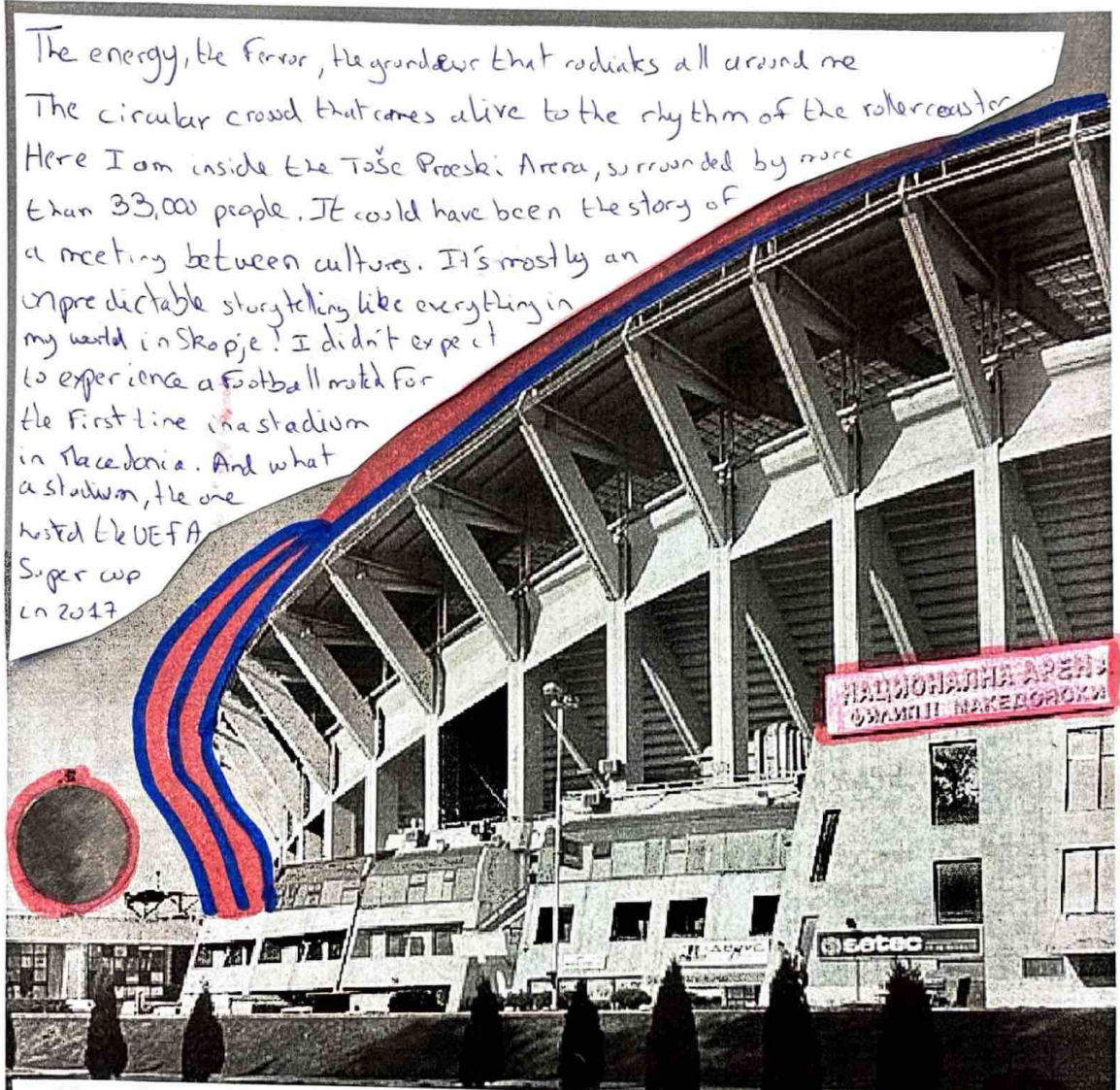
Во периодот по II светска војна, Скопје немал модерен аеродром, па главниот булевар се користел како импровизирана авионска писта, претежно за воени авиони. Самата улица порано била немалко безлична, исто како авионска писта, отсакнувајќи го пост-војното време, а денес ја има помалку - повеќе истата функција, само што сега „ЛЕТААТ“ АВТОМОБИЛИ ПО ПОШУМЕНАТА УКРАСЕНА ПИСТА, ИАКО ДА БРЗААТ ДА ГИ СПОЈАТ МИНАТОТО И СЕГАШНОСТА,

ДА НИ ДОКАЖАТ ДЕКА

Бременов е само
аисторична

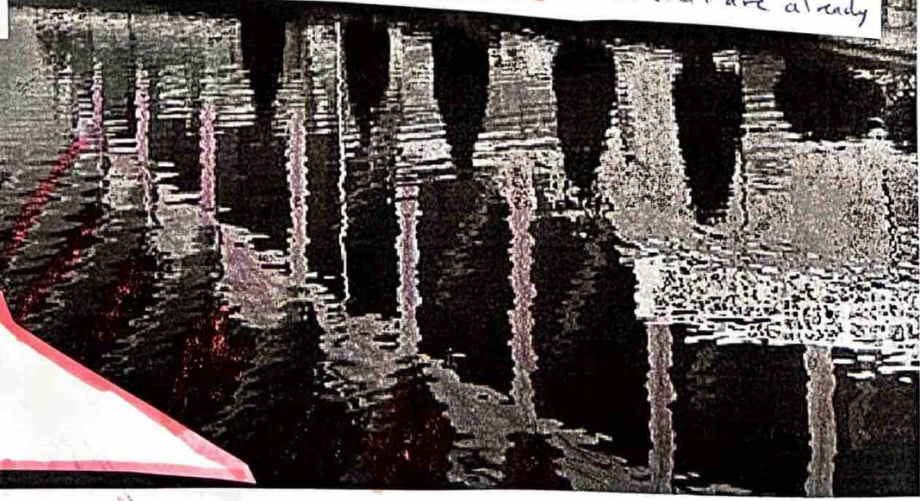
целена

The energy, the fervor, the grandeur that radiates all around me
The circular crowd that comes alive to the rhythm of the rollercoaster
Here I am inside the Toše Proeski Arena, surrounded by more
than 33,000 people. It could have been the story of
a meeting between cultures. It's mostly an
unpredictable storytelling like everything in
my world in Skopje! I didn't expect
to experience a football match for
the first time in a stadium
in Macedonia. And what
a stadium, the one
hosted the UEFA
Super cup
in 2017



There will always be first times where we don't expect them! Let's take the
time to appreciate all those that will follow, like an echo to those that are already
part of the past

Stadium
AKA
Synergy





LUNA PARK

2



Luna Park was a fun park in the center of our city park, that was every kid's source of excitement, and every parent's worst nightmare. As a kid that grew up not so far from Luna Park, I would always beg my parents to go there every weekend, to the point that the Ladies that worked there would remember our faces. The park had a lot of different stuff to choose from: a ferris wheel, a 5 minute train ride for kids and parents, racecars, playgrounds with mazes, and a place where you could smash in other cars while your parents watch in terror - you can see which one kids liked the most I think.

If you ask a resident of Skopje to name 5 different buildings of significance to the city, you could get some interesting answers. However, there is one location that used to be one of the most important parts of the cultural life in Skopje, yet everyone completely forgot about its existence, like some deja vu that was never seen again - that is the Luna Park in Skopje.

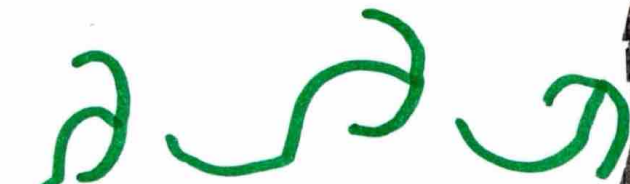
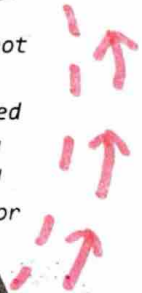
4

Димитар Меделковски
Димитар Меделковски



But the real ricker was not the fun you'd had after 1 hour; it was the food! At the entrance, there was a small food shop that sold piroshki, think of a deep-fried closed bread filled with cheese, pizza or salami inside, which you could smell from 500m away, and in turn this meant that you should hurry up, because either all the food would be sold in 10 minutes, or it would be sold while you wait in a 50m queue.

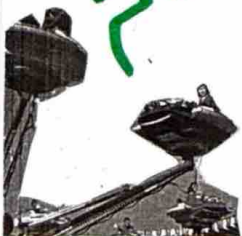
3



1



So, why do I write in the past tense, for a place that illustrated Skopje? It's because the Luna park has been shut for almost 10 years. Once a place to hang out with your partner and family, it has now become a bargaining chip for local elections in Skopje - if you vote for us, we will reconstruct Luna Park. Its remnants illustrate the spirit of Skopje: a city decaying so fast that our memories of the past disappear with the number of locations disappearing as time goes on. Luna Park is that one forgotten memory, but even nowadays walking around the park, I can swear that sometimes I smell the piroshki, walking by the corpse, and it always brings a half-smile to my face.



"It's ALWAYS
A surprise."

"I learned to stay constant, to keep practicing while controlling my frustration. Trying to be responsible while adapting to new countries, languages, visions of life, situations, people, and environments."

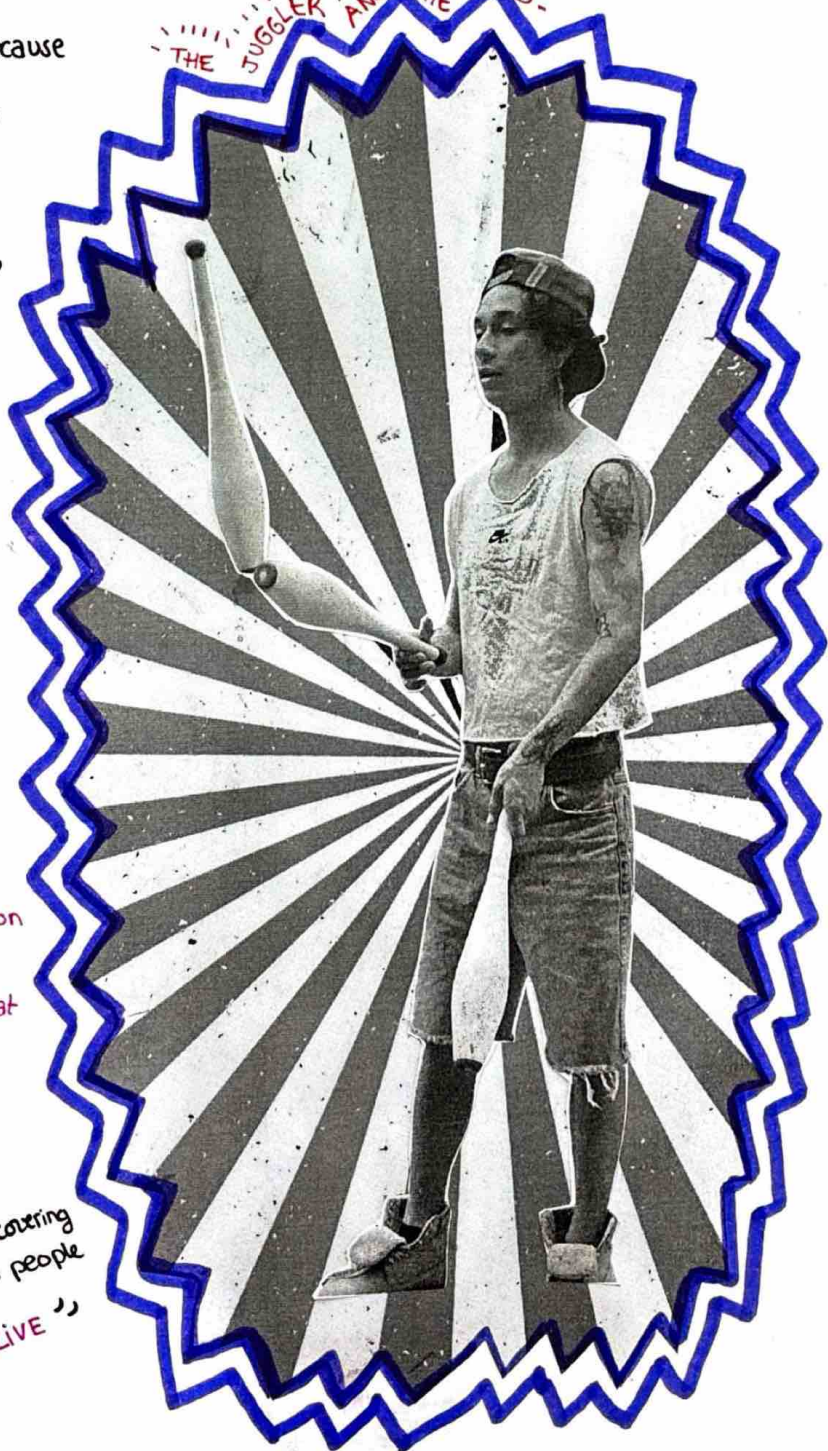
"It's challenging because I live day by day, and sometimes I need the money, so I have to work in hard conditions."

"I think I give them a PERFORMANCE, a spectacle. I extract people from their normal vision of life, especially abroad South America, because it's not something they are used to seeing."

"I can say it helped me grow as a person within my communication and emotions. All of this while doing what I want in life and making decisions for myself."

"Travelling is a BIG motivation for me, discovering new places, meeting new people while doing my ART. IT MAKES ME FEEL ALIVE"

THE JUGLER AND THE ROAD



"YOU HAVE TO FIND BALANCE BETWEEN YOUR BODY AND MIND"

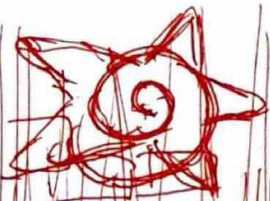
Le jongleur aux mains de lumière



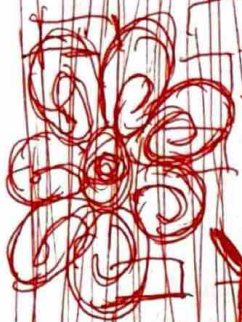
The juggler with hands of light

Sur la terrasse, le soleil de Skopje brillait,
Et lui, il faisait danser le vent.
Ses balles suivaient le rythme du monde,
Comme si la gravité elle-même l'aimait.
Il voyageait sans valise,
Juste un cœur qui brûle et s'apaise,
et dans ses yeux, un peu de moi,
peut-être,
Le reflet d'une liberté qu'on ne retient pas.

On the terrace, Skopje's sun was shining,
And him, he made the wind dance.
His balls followed the rhythm of the world,
As if gravity itself loved him.
He traveled without a suitcase,
Just a heart that burns and calms,
and in his eyes, a little bit of me,
perhaps,
The reflection of freedom that cannot be
held back.



I walk through the city everyday
 And see needs thinks everywhere
 But wherever I go they are there
 the fight

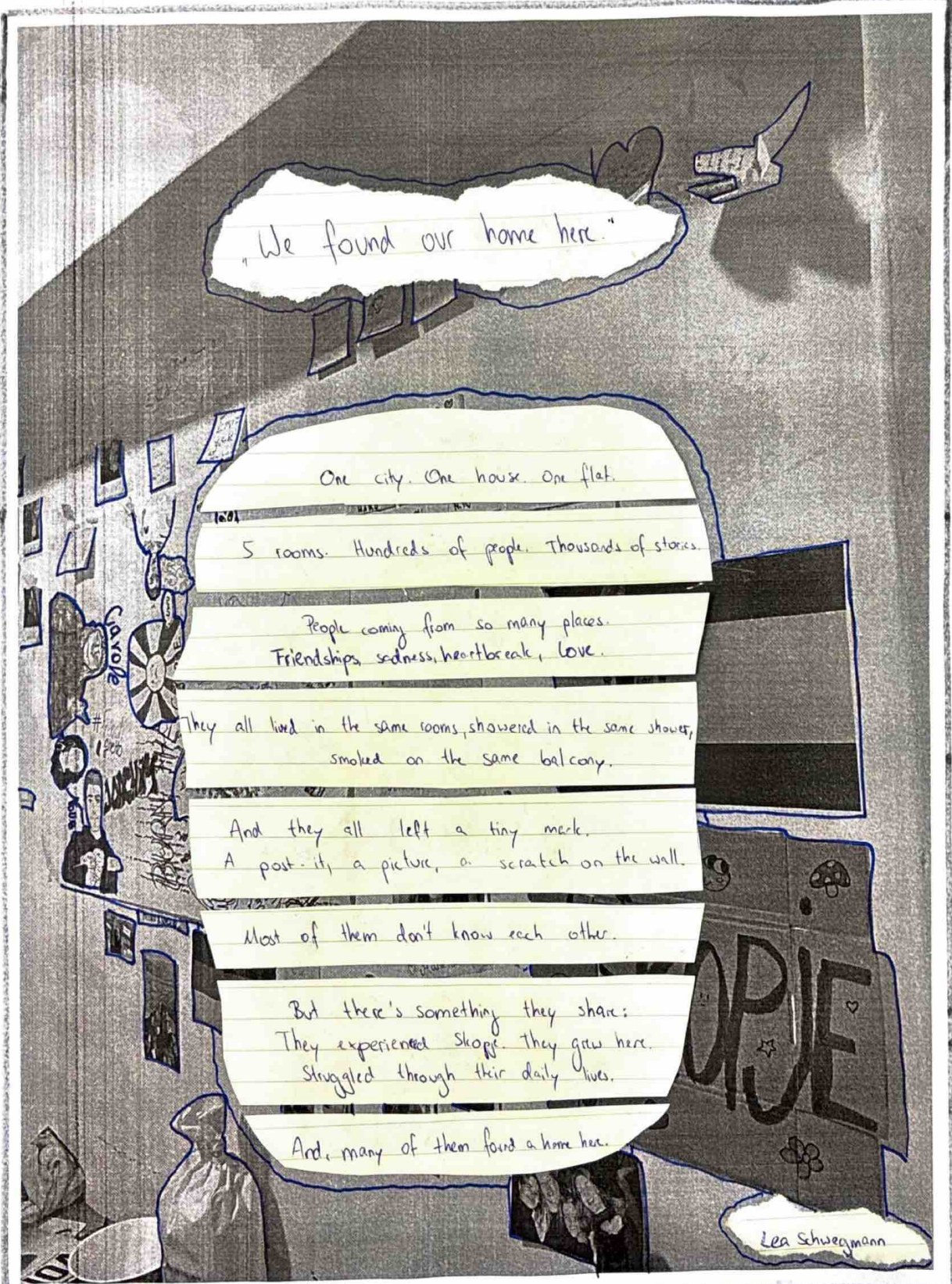


YMM

Cats on the streets get treated
 Like queens
 But the homeless under the bridge
 gets treated like a Bitch

HEMA ПРАВАА
 -HEMA МУИР





"We found our home here."

One city. One house. One flat.

5 rooms. Hundreds of people. Thousands of stories.

People coming from so many places.
Friendships, sadness, heartbreak, love.

They all lived in the same rooms, showered in the same showers,
smoked on the same balcony.

And they all left a tiny mark,
A post-it, a picture, a scratch on the wall.

Most of them don't know each other.

But there's something they share:
They experienced Skopje. They grew here.
Struggled through their daily lives.

And, many of them found a home here.

Lea Schwegmann

The Homeless Man

My first arrival in Skopje in 2023 was full of surprises. The low prices, the omnipresence of cigarette smoke, a strange alphabet, and dishes that I never heard of.

The journey itself was very long : from Dijon's railway station, through the chaos of Paris, to the crowded terminal of Beauvais, and finally, the landing in Skopje.

It was a few days later, at the train station. No one is sleeping on cold benches. No sad figures begging for change. I thought I had found a place where humanity had not been abandoned, where a society held its own against the fall in the deepest of the wells, yet wells have roofs most of the time.

How wrong was I.



The call came on an ordinary afternoon, the room was quiet after a class. Her voice, the voice of the person I hold dearest in this world, was fractured. And then, the tears, she did not have to share many words before hearing in her sad silence : "Someone is dead."

"A few months have passed now, can you tell me about him?" I was very hesitant asking her that, sadness obscured her eyes but she started speaking.

"He was a man stripped of everything. He came from Katlanovo, had his family, his home, his very life taken away from him. He came to Skopje as a last resort, a final prayer for shelter and purpose. But the city offered him nothing. As the years passed one after another, sickness began to consume him from the inside, a silent, nameless enemy with no diagnosis, no medicine, no mercy. Because he could not afford that kind of luxury.

Then, he lost his leg. He was now trapped in a broken body, and as his situation got worse, he was rendered even more invisible. The Red Cross offered a temporary bandage on a hemorrhaging wound, but it was a whisper in a storm."

"Can you tell me about the death? What did the police say?"

"The police? Their indifference was so brutal.

"That's life," one of them said. Can you imagine? "That's life."

The few who knew him mourned a human being; the institutions designed to protect him saw only a problem. His body was tossed into a public grave, a nameless secret buried by the state. No name. No funeral.

When we called, pleading for someone, anyone, to act with a piece of dignity, we were met with rudeness.

"Too many people die," they answered, "it's not our job."

His death was not inevitable. He didn't need a miracle, just a roof over his head. Just a course of antibiotics.

A few coins of human compassion could have saved him."

**BEWARE!!!
A FEATHERLESS
BIPED !!!**

Arthur BT

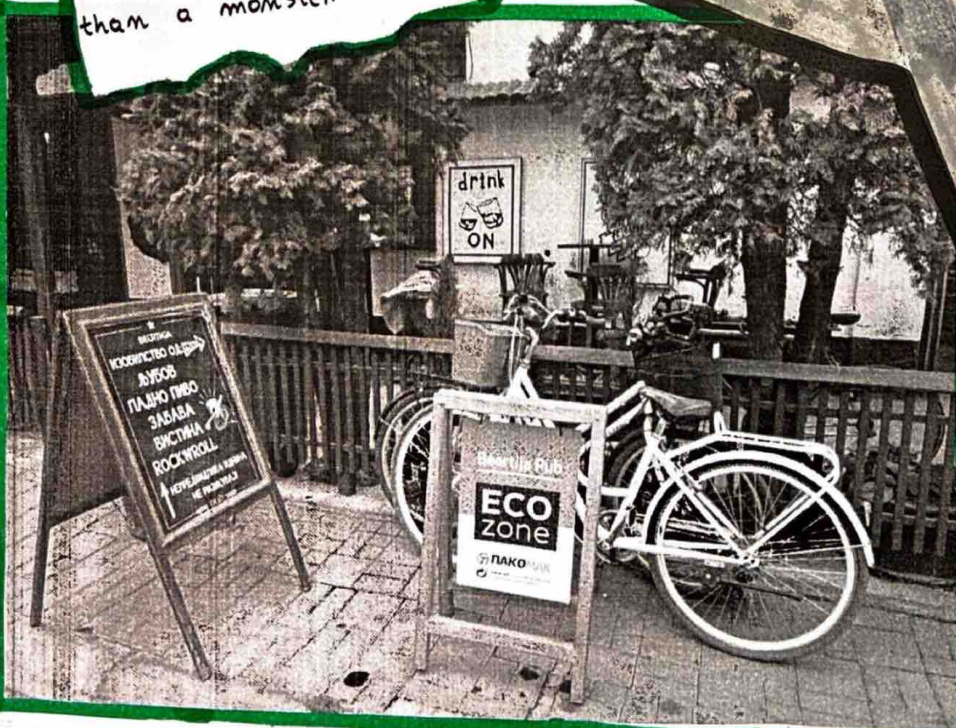


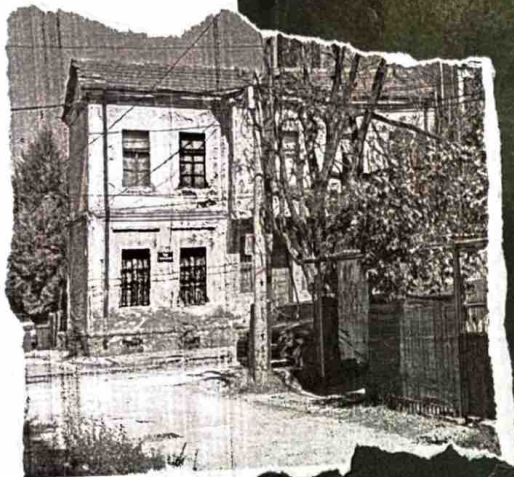
КОГА ГРАДОТ ГУБИ БОЈА

кој следен удав
дом што стоплува души
ќе ни исчезне нам

jak dlugo jeszcze
na ziemi stonca i gon
ludzie ludziom esto

When did we forget
that smaller can be better
than a monster tall





The story of disappearance

A week or so before my very first day at school, my parents took me to the spot from which the poet perceived the city in his poem. I remember asking them if we could see their professor's house from there. They pointed towards a settlement to another side of the city.

For years I intended to go to the address where Koneski lived until his death in 1993, but if it hadn't been for the inspiring task of a workshop led by Margo Rejmer and Kamil Baluk (and Koneski adored Poland so profoundly!), I might have never seen the imposing residence, something like a reduced version of the White House, which can be called the White Green House because of its color. Inscriptions on round tiles hung on the fence made of metal laces resembling spears warn that the house is provided by a private security agency, repelling potential intruders into the house, and certainly killing the curiosity and dare of anyone whose eyes want to observe the facade in detail, so that only the green and white color and strong pillars in the classicist style remain in the memory. And certainly the cypresses.

Neither the white green house nor that metal fence with tiles were there when Koneski was alive; judging by the majestic cypresses, we can hope that he planted them. Koneski lived at this address for several decades, until his death in 1993, in a modest log cabin. When he was fifty, he declared: "I have no more time for modesty." In the twenty-two years that remained of his life, he continued to live modestly, in his log cabin, and what he said about modesty probably referred to his awareness that he must install a fence (without tiles about a security agency) between his humanity and the ill will of those who were not able to respect his linguistic and poetic talent.

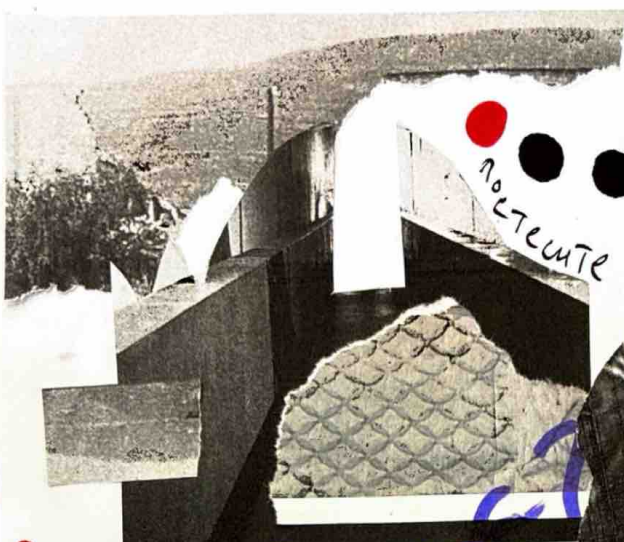
I wonder if any Macedonian politician at the time when Koneski died, thought that the two or three rooms he lived in should be bought from his heir and turned into a museum. They might have no time to think about the two or three rooms where lived the linguist who was the major figure in the codification of the standardized Macedonian language, the poet who, if he had been born in the language of an influential nation, or in a nation with an influential language, would now be considered a classic of world literature. In those years of transition the focus was on the criminal privatization of everything that generations of people had created for decades since the end of the Second World War, and distributing it among themselves and to a few chosen ones.

Koneski's daughter, who lived with her mother in Belgrade since childhood, after her parents' divorce, sold her father's log cabin. The poet's home was turned into ashes, as were most of the simple homes in the settlement. The area where his log cabin was located has changed as much as the view of Skopje from Gazi Baba, from where Koneski shouted to us, his descendants, the words born out of the embrace of his grasp into the future and our spirit, the words that belong not only to him and to us, but also give voice to Skopje: "Think of me!"

GOCE Smilevski

ТИ ЧИТАШ САМО
НЕЧЕШТЕ
ОТНАКО
СЕ УМИАТ
ПОЛУДААТ

ПОЛТЕШТЕ



НА ШТО
СЕ СЕКАВАМ

5/13

Постоење

Не знам песнава колку ќе те држи
Во својот звук од сега.
Но знам дека сум сама
и тивка,
Како да боледувам
Од својот почеток.

Да се истурам како набујала вода
Во ова секавање што ме прави
бидан мртва за се она
што можеш некогаш имало
киа пристапа на оваа мисла
како ја отфрлам оваа намера,
преполнета

ДА СЕ ИЗДИГНАМ ДО ОНА СЕКАВАЊЕ

ТИ ЧИТАШ САМО
ОТНАКО
СЕ УМИАТ
ПОЛУДААТ

ЖЕНА
У НАСТАВНИТЕ



Страна
Сопре

**ВО СКОПЈЕ МОЖЕШ
ДА ИЗЛЕЗЕШ
ПО ЈОГУРТ
И ДА СЕ
ВЉУБИШ ВО ЈАПОНКА**



Васко Марковски – туристички водич низ Скопје и „уличар“; поет, преведувач, фотограф, репортер и музичар. Ама и „дегустатор на автобуси, на денови, на разговори, на пенкала и тефтери, на незнајни молитви, на фотогенични маала, на свирачки комбинации, на нови сетинзи, на надмината омраза, на сезонски преобразби“... Скопјанец од раѓање, испраќач на убавите работи што заминуваат од градот и набљудувач на убавото што доаѓа. Меѓу другото, и автор на книгата „Скопски улици“.

Наташа Атанасова

THE OLD HOUSES OF MADZIR

the old houses are the old people
with shoulders bent
with an eave of eyebrows
between their eyes and the sky

the new buildings are the new people
with heads raised
in skyscrapers
as if new masters of the sky

the generational gap
is our Tower of Babel

from the walls of this new vertical urban living
echoes the memory of neighbourhood life

and on the siporex wall — the last rampart of resistance —
appears the only clear (last? and red!) message:

DO NOT PARK

IT'S BEING DEMOLISHED

старите куќи се старите луѓе
со свиени плеќи
со стреа од веѓи
меѓу нивните очи и небото

новите згради се новите луѓе
со кренати глави
во облакодери
небаре нови господари на небото

генерацискиот јаз
е вавилонската кула

од сидовите на новото домување во вертикала
одекнува ехото на маалскиот живот

а на сидот од сипорекс — последниот бедем на отпорот
осамнува единствената јасна (последна? и црвена!) порака:

НЕ ПРАКИРАЈ

СЕ РУШИ

JULIJANA
VELICHKOVSKA

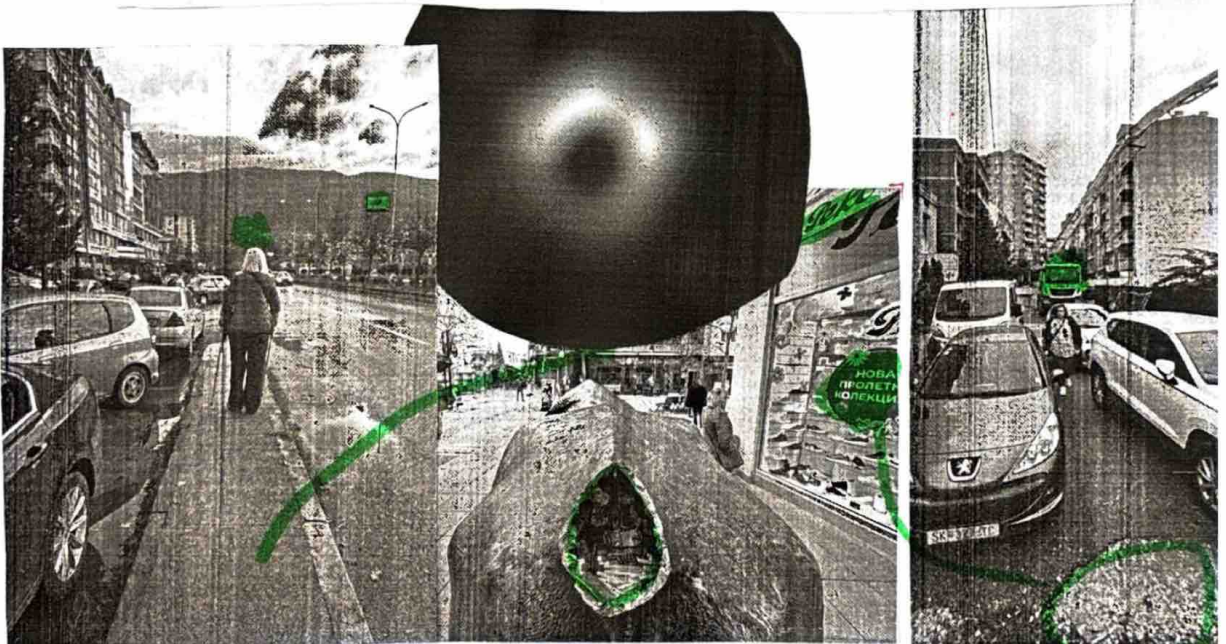
MY CITY IS NOT MINE

Дете

Кога бев ~~млад~~, секогаш ги гледав улиците како недостапни големи црни дупки. И едвај чекав да дојде ден кога тие ќе се ослободат и за мене, како за возрасните, мислејќи дека проблемот е во мојата младост.

Денес, улиците се на насилниците, а тротоарите ги поседува губрето, секојдневен потсетник на нашата неодговорност.

Мојот град не е мој.



Младите не се млади повеќе,
Нема веќе младост,
Нема растење! XAXAXA

Осфен Својатоску

THE STORY OF DISAPPEARANCE

"Descendant, you who will be standing on Gazibaba, hear
I had also gazed at Skopje from here.

(...)

And know:

I felt that this invocation of mine
is the most daring grab into the future,
it is embraced with your spirit, I'd say,
and like a sharp lightning it cuts
century after century,
and shouts, shrieks, roars:
Think of me!"

Pa'azhe Koneski, the poem Skopje

АВТОРИ:

Лука Стошевски
Бисера Стефановска
Маја Васева
Мартина Атанасова
Cynthia Guillati
Димитар Неделковски
Cassandre Journoud
Nelli Winzer
Lea Schwegmann
Arthur Bonhoure-Tolfo
Ewelina Chańska
Гоце Смилевски
Филипа Сара Попова
Наташа Атанасова
Јулијана Величковска
Огнен Стојановски

МЕНТОРИ:

Марго Рејмер
Камил Балук

Фанзинот „СКОПЈЕ - МИСЛИ НА МЕНЕ“
е резултат на дводневната работилница водена од полските репортери,
Малгожата-Марго Рејмер и Камил Балук, која се одржа на 4 и 5 ноември 2025 г. како дел од настанот
Денови на книжевна рејорџажа на Филолошкиот факултет „Блаже Конески“ во Скопје.

ОРГАНИЗАТОРИ:

Катедра за славистика - Филолошки факултет „Блаже Конески“
Славика Либрис

ПОКРОВИТЕЛ:

Амбасада на Република Полска во Скопје