


<p>A STUDY UPON FILIP SHIROKA'S POETIC TRAGEDY</p>		<p style="text-align: center;">Literature</p> <p>Keywords: Observation without background, Evocation, Filip Shiroka, Essence of the tragedy, Longing for mother and homeland, National Renaissance.</p>
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Abstract

When we confront the World of Oneness with the Fictional World, to compare the essence of the tragedy which occurs in separation in both worlds, taking into account the laws of both, we remember that the fictional world belongs to the observation without background, and it is all observed by having the lack of evocation. Whereas, the World of Oneness is the opposite, where every element must be declared through the illusion of refutation, necessarily by being self-proclaimed. We are convinced that both worlds are extensions of each other and by functioning with the same laws; they easily pass their competences to live in the other world. Sadness and melancholy are two of the indicative elements of Shiroka's poetics, which identify his poems. With a literary creativity, not quite outstanding during the period of the National Renaissance, a work which, can not fill the gap of shortcomings that had in the system the literature of that period, but probably, contributed positively to the great cause of all organization of the Albanian patriots, with the help of technique which expresses humble, humility, hope that brings good. Verse of Shiroka, with influences from the most famous author of our renaissance, Naim Frashëri, but with a gentle gheg, which comes with a simple verse, with the rhyme of a beautiful language and equally meaningful messages. The modest human value conveyed by Filip Shiroka's poetics, among the verses in which deep tones of tragedy are distinguished, where longing for the homeland, love for the mother, calls for freedom, in which the feeling of humility prevails, simplicity that stems from the temporal existence of each person.

To prove our consent for the poetics of Filip Shiroka, we refer to the definition of tragedy in our work "Vëzhgim pa sfond": "After defining the essence of tragedy and the possibilities of its occurrence in the World of Oneness we juxtapose it with the World of Fiction and the possibilities of its occurrence in this world. Always maintaining the clarity of the awareness that this world is without background - only observed - without evocation. So in fictional worlds everything is observed – even that thing which happens inside, therefore the confrontation with the tragic must be easy, almost uninterrupted – For all the occasions of what happens in the evocation, it even does not notice the possibility of refutation – it's crash from what happens in the outside.

But we should not hustle, because the contact with the refuted evocation in the World of Oneness is necessarily through its proclamation, by giving the couple in perception both the powerlessness of the inside and the power of the outside, even the illusion of evocation and inerrancy of banality and external fact. Whereas in the fictional worlds we really take part in the experience of the other - together with it without revealing this evocation to the other members of the fictional world, a non-revelation which does not allow the immediate perception of the external refutation from the inside, (while the value of the interior is questioned in advance and appears inferior precisely through it's non-disclosure.) Once we do not reach to perceive tragically this refutation, we have no other choice but to be filled with sadness and regret, grief and

confusion instead of tragedy."¹, on purpose to create an important picture for the way how we should approach the poetry of Filip Shiroka.

Because Shiroka's poetics seems to be a good illustrator of this statement, given that it is confused as tragic but in fact what defines it is the sadness and the melancholy and not tragic indeed. Given that the tragic in works of art goes through experience of the accident, lyrical poetry by definition can not be tragic but just melancholic and sad. The melancholy and the sadness caused by a general confusion that characterizes at all levels the poetics of Shiroka, accompanied even by its modest diction, makes possible as its general characteristic humiliation and humility. And humility is a despised value, especially among elites and cultural workers (in Albanian culture this contempt is mostly of secular origin and in European culture is also conditioned by a modernist discourse) contempt which assumes that humility is an unacceptable expression of acceptance in human impotence, so expression of human beings humiliation and consequently destructive of human possibilities for emancipation and progress. It is precisely within this general cultural context that even in Albanian poetry (therefore not only in prose) there is a lack of appreciative presentation of humility as a human value associated with modesty, solidarity, cooperation and as we said it is presented as a negative, obscurantist, dehumanizing sensation. (Even Albanian poets with clerical origins seem to be distanced from suffering, so that when they talk about the divine and human relations with it, they use pathos and exaltation as a general tone.) Moreover, this attitude towards suffering seems to be finally sealed during the literary period of socialist realism, as it is self-evident. In this sense, the poetry of Filip Shiroka, despite its rhetorical modesty, is a special poetics, as the suffering in it is symptomatic and moreover has nothing to do with the subject treated by the poetic narrative (as happens for example with "Nji gjamë desprimit of Fishta), but is offered as a general condition of discourse and as a general condition of the human situation, despite the modernist emphasis of the 19th and 20th centuries. Our literary texts need the rare and precious presence of that kind of art where even humility is honored as a condition of humanity.

It has been said that in bulk Shiroka's poetry is permeated with deep tones of tragedy and melancholy, where takes place longing for the homeland or the mother. Against these irreversible and sad things there is no revolt but submission and hope for the better. The whole poem seems to talk about personal experiences, where with sincerity and naivety author thinks that the experiences can be narrated and are simply valuable, and this seems to prevent him asking for more. He seems to be the poet of the inner circle, in a small voice that says what others know, who has no voice to shout loudly but speaks softly and simply what man in moments of melancholy can say to himself without voice. For example, his sadness equates or contrasts losses, changes in nature, temporality. So nature goes through the experientiality of the identity it writes. And after crunch is appeared as wanting the public to know him, feel and believe what the writer feels and believes:

¹ Page 178-179, Vëzhgim pa sfond, "2 Lindje & 2 perëndime" Tiranë 2012.

Por shpresët e mija, ç’se dola prej Shqypnisë,
Si lule e Majit janë bjerrë e kanë shkue!...” Maji

“Prindët më knaqshin – isha i lumnuë;
Por tash po digjem – luleja e shkretë
N’dhe t’huejin tretë!” Nji lules së veshkun

We gave these examples in the context of what we quoted from the beginning and to address a problem related to this type of poetry. Thinking that the experiences are worth telling and are tragic even for others who read them, or as they are tragic for what he writes conveys tragedy, this type of writing is made available to the public, thus turning the author himself into a character; and already not imaginary but a character who makes reference to the World of Oneness. By treating poetry as a bridge between the one who writes it and the one who reads it or between the one who writes it, the one who reads it and the one to whom it is dedicated, this poem transcends the boundaries of the Fictional World, (for example “Një vjershë Jakin Shkodrës”, “Të nderushmit Dom Ndoc Nikaj / Kur më dërgoi diftesën e pagzimit”).

He believes that everything happens outside before the moment the poem appears is important, and loses its importance if it is not told. Because the two worlds are presented as extensions of each other trying to be presented as functioning with the same laws (which is not possible) or if not with the same laws it can be crossed from one to the other without any risk. This is impossible. We can bring a simple example from the existence of reality shows where we have to admit that the existence of such is the same as life outside of it, with the difference that one of these, does not select partially what to show (while poetry does) but with the great commonality that exists and is important only when observation begins.

However, concerning in terms of themes, it is limited to longing and love for the homeland, longing and compassion for the mother, poems dedicated to patriots or friends or any call for freedom, but there are also poems about the passing of time, poverty or temporality that appear through changes in nature.

It is said that Shiroka wrote in a lukewarm period about creativity in Albanian. This is true, but we can say that all the creativity in Albanian until then was small and lukewarm. It has colossus - yes, but the abyss of non-delivery in Albanian could not be easily filled. So even the small voice worths a lot. Moreover, Shiroka's writings help to create a general idea of the work of patriots of that time outside and inside Albania, the relationship between them, the organization or the difficulties.

Here are some reasons why a relatively small poem should be viewed. They give an overview of how poetry begins and ends. A group are poems whose beginning coincides with the title, for example: a) "Bylbylit": "Ç'ke bylbyl tue gjimue ..."; "Vjershtori": "M'thue: ç'asht

vjershtori! ..."; "Shqypnija": "Shqypnija in time to pass ..." etc, however, almost all poems start with a quote (or reference) from another poem which is in Italian or French:

...E deesa una scintilla

Che partita da dio

Nell' alma del mortalchiara sfavilla.

C.T.Scotti Bukurija e vjershës

We can talk about a classifying feature such as the unity of the one who writes with a bird, thing that brings him closer to oral creativity for example:

"M'qaj bylbyl, o mbret i kangës

Se n'dhe t'huej kanë me m'vorrue!"

"Bylbylit";

"Me m'shkue n'Shkodër fluturim,

Me m'j'u fal gjytetit t'im?!..."

"Dallëndyshë eja!"

We can also notice the way in which poems are mostly closed, for example: a type of closure is one that draws attention to the author outside of poetry:

"Por shpresët e mija, ç'se dola prej Shqypnisë,

Si lulet e majit janë bjerrë e kanë shkue!..."

"Maji"

"Se n'andër u shof, o vendet e dashnue,

E prej mallit zemra e ime gjak loton!..."

"Maleve të Shkodrës"

Another closure seems to be that of universal value:

Oh! Por jeta e nierit ne mbarim kur mrijnë,

Edhe bora e pleqnisë flokt e kres i zbardhë,

Prendvera që prap vjen, jetën s'e përtrinë!"

"Dimni"

Or closures that end with a tip:

Me lot për faqe, me lypun bashkim

Për komb të dashtun qi gjimon n'mjerim!..."

"Vjershtori"

"Se përdëllimet, o vllazën, pëlqehen

Prej Zotit t'gjithsisë qi gjithkund Perëndon,

Dhe gëzon bamirsin qi t'vobtin e gazmon!"

"Kallnori"

Or closure in the narrow context of the topic or person:

“Nër luftarë t’Europës unë jam luftar i parë!”

“Gjergj Kastrioti”

Shiroka's verse is simple, with rhyme and refined. His poetry has similarities with oral creativity and the influences from Naim Frashëri are clear. But the language is beautiful, a soft gheg that creates rhythm and avoids procrastination with the lack of ë-s. ., It's common the choice of being the verb at the end of string, verbs which in standard end with -ar in gheg are -ue, for example: for example

çuar - çue
Lotuar – lotue,

The presence of these vowels in the end do not drag the verse, but give rhythm, make the verse closed and sweet. But not only that Filip Shiroka brings us a verse that is melodic with minimal vowels, for example: At t’mjerë qi nen bårre t’njaj fatit t’zi rrzohet; within a verse three apostrophes avoid three vowels, or: Se n’ander u shof, o vendet e dashtnue, where one ë replaces the apostrophe and two other vowels (which by default would be) in the word dashtnue.

We can bring other examples of this nature but it would be enough to say that Filip Shiroka is the poet with soft gheg and with soft messages where: we were angry, crying, longing, complaining, dying, all these are in man because he is incomplete even from suffering, old age, poverty or longing he is submissive and hopeful but has no hatred. These are not even seen as personal injustices, but it is a suffering like many others. If poetry would have the sensitivity and attention that an elaborate string attracts, with selected words, morphology or superlatively new syntaxes, unwritten or heard, we could not see perhaps how easily subjugated the man is, and that this is part within the rules of existence. Even mourning does not destroy the cosmos but it is in the same rhythm with it. Poems are simple, so the new reader in his literary formation should be offered such a creation, simple in idea, theme or in the way of writing. These familiarize him with poetry that is known to have a few readers and with gheg which will constantly provide very good poets. The creativity of Shiroka is part of the Albanian history and literature of the difficult years of 1900.

These creations are within the general spirit of that period and we can not ignore them, we can mention poems such as “Bukurija e vjershës”, “T’vishtirat”, “Shko dallëndyshë”, “Dallëndyshë eja!” that we have to offer to new readers.

Propozim për antologji

Bukurija e vjershës²

...E deesa una scintilla
Che partita da dio
Nell' alma del mortalchiara sfavilla.
C.T.Scotti

POMENDIM I PERLOTSHËM VJERSHËTORIT, Z.ÇAKO, VDEKUN NË MISIR

Sà e bukur je o vjershë !... Zëmra gjithë m' depërtohet
Kur një vjershë t' bukur m' qillon me kenduel
Gazmon shpirt' i im edhe atherë naltohet,
Harron ket botë t' mjerë, fluturim tueshkue
Mërrin në një at shtë t' anshëm, mbushun tânë me gzim
Kû, prej një flak's âmbël, ndezet gjith n' dashtnim !

Po vjershë, jë e bukur !... Fjala jote e veshun
Gjith bukuri âsht, kând e kând lulzue mun ;
Hërë si ditë vërë, gjithë gaz e gaz e qeshun,
Hërë si nâtë dimni me trishtim rrethue mun :
Gjith hër e bukur, m' gazmend kur kendon
A kur derptue prej mjerimit, gjimon !

Ku këndon ti mallin thue s' edhe natura
Qeshet, dhe zëmrat me lkûndë t' ep dhântinë ;
Prej kângës s' ate te gjith kuqet ftyra
E çup's qi ka nisur me kuptue dashninë ;
E një mall i rij shpirtin j' a përkèt
E... një dishir vaji ndinë n' zëmër t' vèt !...

Ku qán ti njerin qi gjimon n' mjerime,
Prej fjalve t' ueja zëmra gjith trazohet,
E qá edh' ajo, t' rrethue nër ngushtime,
At t' mjerë qi nen bárrë t' njaj fatit t' zi rrzohet ;
Se me ty qan zëmra kur mbi t' mjerët ajnton ,
E me vaj t' ând vajin e vet bashkòn !...

² Pg. 32-35, Filip Shiroka "Vepra" Toena, 2006.

Edhe pr'ânë nj'aj vorrit, kur ti tue vajtue
E qân përmâllshëm at qi nesh âsht dâmun ;
Trishtimit zêmra, n'faqe t'dék's përshekue,
N'at vâj gjith shkrihet, e me lot tue qamun
E dishmon at dhemben qi për njeri t'vêt
Ka zêmra at hérë kur n'vorr t'saj kush përkèt !

Mninë kur m'a difton, at herë t'tânë rândsimi
Shpërthehet me duhmen e qestisë tmerrue ;
Prej fjalve t'ueja, thue se t'tânë idhnimi
I tamthit cilrron, gjith kâh tue pikue :
E ai gaz i thërshëm, që për pâlc derpton.
Si vneri i gjarpnit zêmren e helmon !...

E kur n'idhnim ndese, e rréptë at hérë ti jè
Si vala e prronit qi rreth sjell rrênimin ;
Tânë ethet e luânit n'gjuhen t'ande i ké,
Jé si bishë mali qi âsht tërbue ûnshmit,
Jé si bréshn' i rreptë, qi prej rêvet vjen,
E shkretnon fushën me duhi kû bièn...

Por...Atdhenë kur m'a këndon, kânga jote atherë
Me një flakë t'fuqishme ngrofë Atdhé-dashtninë;
Ashtu si ngrofë dielli natyrën ne prendverë,
Kur nisë me xé token e boren e shkrinë,
'Dhë njallë n'mjes voesa bimën kur rigtòn
E mali e fusha kand e kand bleròn.

E kur n'rrezik atdhèu lypë ndimë e fuqi,
Prej tejet kombi me guxim m'kâmbë çohet;
Nâna j'a njëshë armët djalit me trimni,
E nisë me luftue,'dhë n'zêmër nuk ankohet:
Zêmër' âsht për kombin, e kâ për gjytèt
Dashtni, si luâni për shpellë t'vet.

Vjershë !... kur lumninë m'a këndon, e pushtetshme jé,
Se ti e njáll burrin n'fushë t'ushtrisë te rrxuemun:
Ti e çon prap prej vorrit' dhèi nep një jetë t'ré,
Një jetë t'pâ dekun, t'bukur e t'nderuemun;
Se ti emnin e tij me një t'madh lumnim,

Me at kângën t'ânde, e rrethon n'shkelqim!

Po, vjershë, jé e bukur, me përmallim t'ândin,
Kur me këndon kângen e ambël të dashtnisë;
E bukur kur ndezun n'trimni e çon zânin
Me kendue kombtaret kângët e burrnisë:
Gjith her' e bukur, n'gazmend kur kendon
A kur trazue loti n'faqe t'shkon!
A kur trazue loti n'faqe t'shkon!

Oh po je e bukur ti !... âmbelcime m'ké
Porsi zâni i çupës kur kendon dashtninë,
E bukur si zâni i miqsisë ti jé,
Si zân' i burrit qi n'luftë kendon burrninë:
Jé porsi zâni t'âmbël gjumin fmis n'prehën t'vet! Tetuer 19

Nji lules së veshkun

Lulja e bukur – keput kush te ka,
Prej shoqesh tueja – kush te paska nda?...
M'je vyshke e thamun – lulja e shkrete
Qysh se te kane tret
Se ti dhe une – nda prej shoqenise
Larg prej qytetit – tim, prej Shqiperise
Si ti u dogja – lulja e shkrete
Ne dhe t'huejin tret
Ti, ne kopsht tandin – ku ke lulzue
T'ka ushqye voesa – dielli t'ka gzue
Por tash je veshkun – lulja e shkrete
Tash qi t'ka trete!
Edh' un, n'dhe timin – gjith i gazmue
Prindet me knaqshin – isha i lumnue
Por tash po digjem lulja e shkrete
N'dhe t'huejin trete 1899

Maleve të Shkodrës

Aue me veux – tu chere fleurette
Aimable et charmant souvenir
Demi-morte et demi- coquette
Jusqy' a moi qui te fait venir?

A De Musset

Gjith here n'mend u kam, malet e dashtnue,
E zemra e ime n'dhena t'hueja keq lengon;
Tridhete vjet te gjata, o male, kam kalue,
Tridhete vjet qi zemra ime po u dishron!
Po, gjith here u kujtoj! . . . N'at kohe kur prendojne
Hyjt, edhe kur dielli malet i praron!
Dhe, kur zogjt ner gema t'lisave kendojne
Kangen aq t'bukur qi n'a permallon! . . .
Po, gjith here u kujtoj! . . Me u sose kur t'jet nisun
Dita, edhe kur dielli mbas malit kalon;
Kur hana e bukur, si nuse stolisun,
Del, e me drite t'sajen Shkodren e zbardhon! . . .
Oh! gjith here u kujtoj! . . Kur nise me dale vera,
Mal e çuka e kodra kand-e-kand lulzon,
Kur vjen vapa e gushtit – edhe kur at hera
Vjen vjeshta e bekueme qi me peme n'a gzon! . . .
Po, gjith here u kujtoj! . . Dimni kur afrohet,
E kur n'voter t'eme zjarmi flakuron;
Tham: n'Shkoder me bore tash mal e koder mblohet,
Fryjne me duhi ernat e uji akullon! . . .
Dhe naten kur bota n'gjume asht tue pushue,
Shkoj me fjete, por mendja atje fluturon;
Se n'ander u shof, o vendet e dashtnue,
E prej mallit zemra e ime gjak loton!

1922

Shko dallëndryshë...

T'u vedrai lontane arene
Nuovi monti e nuovi mari,
Salutando in tua javella,
Pellegrina rondinella.

T. Grossi

Udha e mbarë, se erdh prendvera,
shko dallendyshe tue fluturue,
prej Misirit n'dhena tjera
fusha e male tue kërkue;
n'Shqypni shko, pra, fluturim,
shko në Shkodër, n'gjytet tim!

Shndet prej mejet të m'i falesh
saj' shpis' vjetër ku jam le,
me ato vende rreth t'përfalesh
ku kam shkue kohën e re;
atje shko, pra, fluturim,
fal me shndet gjytetit tim!

Shko n'at shkollën ku jam msue
me shokë t'mi, shokt e fmnisë,
shko n'at Kishë ku kam urue
t'parën Uratë Perendisë,
atje shko, pra, fluturim,
fal me shndet gjytetit tim!

Me ato male, me ato kodra,
me ato prronje rreth t'përfalesh;
n'ato fusha qi m'ka Shkodra,
të lulzue, aty t'ndalesh,
tue këndue me ambëlcim:
fal me shndet gjytetit tim!

T'mujshe edh' un me fluturue,
dojsh' edhe un me u nisë me ty,
dojshe n'Shkodër me kalue,
m'e pa prap at vend me sy!...
Por... ti shko atje fluturim;

e ti qajma fatin tim!...

Dhe kur t'mrrish në Fushë t'Rmajit,
dallendyshe ulu me pushue;
kam dy vorre n'at vend t'vajit,
t'nans e t'babs qi m'kan mjerue:
qaj me za t'përmallshëm shqim
nji kangë tanden gjith vajtim!...

Ka shum kohë qi s'jam n'Shqypni
n'ato vorre me vajtue,
ti dallendyshe, veshun në zi,
ti aty pra qaj për mue,
me nj'at za t'përmallshëm shqim,
kangën tande për vajtim!

1898

Dallëndryshë eja!

O rondonella che di la dal mare
Torni l'antico nido u ritrovare
Dimmi...
Dall' Ongaro

Mirë se vjen, me krahë te letë,
Dallndryshë, tui fluturue!
Mirë se vjen! M'ket ânë te xetë
T'dheut t'Misirit me dimnue:
Eja, prá, ktu fluturim,
M'gzò me at zâ gjith âmbëlcim!

Kur jé nisë t'kam porositun
Atje larg t'shkojsh kah Shqypnija;
M'difto pra, kur ké shetitun
A t'kan ra n'mend fjalt e mija,
Me m'shkue n'Shkoder fluturim,
Me m'j'u falë gjytetit t'im?!...

Atje malet n'i paç pá,
Jânë prej boret nalt zbardhue:

N'ato fushat ne paç rá,
Janë me lule lulëzue
Atje n'paç vojtë fluturim
Aty është gjyteti i im!

Barit t'njomë gjith atje veshen
Çuka e kodra, e atje ndinë
Tue këndue blegtoreshe
Qi kullotë rreth bagtinë;
Atje n'paç vojt fluturim,
Aty është gjyteti i im!

N'Shkodren t'ime te Shqypnisë
Burrat lejnë qi s'dijnë ç'është friga,
Çupat e bukra t'urtisë
Atje lejnë qi s'dinë ç'është flliga;
Atje n'paç vojt fluturim
Aty është gjyteti i im!

Dishroj shum, por...nuk po dij
A kam prap fât t'mirë me shkue
Nji herë tjetër ne Shqypni,
N'Shkodren t'ime me kalue...
Atje dù t'shkoj fluturim,
T'vdes aty n'gjtetin t'im!...

T'kam pas thënë... se n'Fushë t'Rmajit
Kam dy vorre t'dashtunisë,
Nënë e babë kàm n'at vënd vajit,
Qi m'kanë lânun t'vorfenisë;
Me zënë t'ând t'përmallshëm shqim,
A m'ke bâ mbi' tà vajtim?!...

A u kè thënë se un t'kam çue
Prindët e dashtun me m'i qà?!...
A u kè thënë sà kam lotue
Kur t'kam nisë vorrin m'e pâ?!...
A e kè thënë, t'përmallshme shqim,
Kângen t'ânde gjithë vajtim?!...

A u kè thënë se zëmra e ime

N' dhenë t' hueja keq u shkri,
Se s'ka gzim, as s'ka ngushllime
Se po digjet për Shqypni?!...
Me zânë t'ând t'përvajshëm shqim,
A e kè qamun fatin t'im?!...

Prà dallndryshë, kah kè shetitun
Gjytetin t'im a e kè pà?!...
N'ato vênde kû kè rritun,
N'mënd për mue a te kà rà,
Me m'shkue n'Shkodër fluturim,
Me m'j'u falë gjytetit t'im?!...

1898

1859 Born in Shkodra

1878 The first poem published was All'Albania all'armi, all'armi at the Catholic Observatory in Milan

1880 Exiles to Egypt after taking part in the war against the Montenegrins

1896-1903 His poems, written over the years, were published in the Albanian newspapers of the time

1900, with his wife returned to Shkodra

1920-24, together with Luigj Gurakuqi and others, supported the democratic opposition

1933 Returns to the homeland, under the care of Dom Ndoc Nikaj publishes the volume Zani i zemrës, Tirana Gegë Postriba and Ulqinaku, is the author of at least 60 poems, three short stories, articles and several translations, especially works for the Catholic liturgy

1935 Dies in Beirut, Lebanon