

REVIEW

-Sanja's moments without breath-

To refine and to awaken humankind, God - from time to time sends to us mortal people, somebody as noble as Sanja Kačan. A woman of passion, pain, love and longing, Sanja is a modern poet with a soul so warm and old-fashioned. She is searching for human value that can't be destroyed and narrowing the circle compressing the emotions in the mould of her own heart. She is looking for an exit, and the exit for her is art - poetry. As she steps out from this, she is saying "with false purpose coloured grown up world."

Sanja's new book is putting her heart onto the palm, the talk of a deep thinker, but passionate woman, which life didn't spare from hardship and she instinctively knows that talent without cruel honesty is - one big nothing. We can't not be moved by her pictures of the pain, if "even a little bit of that soul" is left in us, the soul is what all the big artists are talking about.

Despite the fact that her poetry is not religious she respects the principle of Christianity, and she is giving and not asking to be given back, and says: u I am giving my soul on the stake the only pledge I am having". If God is love, and he is, then our Sanja, in her own poetic way is telling the deepest truth "To what people are praying through centuries is only to love."

Even though she is talking about herself, she is not eccentric, because she is penetrating the mind of people around her and is discovering the defeating truth that the people around her are "one big line of nothingness."

Sanja Kacar is deeply analysing the essence of 21st century man, which still didn't lose its humanity and emotions. Her heart is a phoenix, and poems are volcanos full of embers made from the outcomes of different life explosions that she experienced and is still experiencing on her life path.

In a time when people don't care one for another, when not even by coincidence they glance at each other while passing by, Sanja is observing people with all her being. She is diving in the personality of coincidental women, the woman from the train ("Her from the train") recognising in her a sad clown of present days. Sanja is a proof that people who will look at us with genuine but sharp eyes do exist, to strip you and to remind you that honesty towards yourself is the most important thing. In this book, verses are sliding one after another and are forcing you to read further and further.

Sanja is building towers from verses, and then she is breaking them with sentences that are worthy to be put in the best anthologies of aphorism, keeping the reader always highly focused. The hunger for love, and dreams about happiness, as the main motives are creating anguish in the author who is aware of "the time that will be pulled out", the passing of this earthly life and in a very good philosophical way, she is realising that a human being is thrown on his knees, but the fight continues, as long as the heart is beating.

As in early books, the poet is stepping out this time in an even more mature way from the monotone reality in the deepest lagoons of her own soul, in the brave way searching for the answer to the question: "Who am I, what am I, and where am I going?"

Sanja's sentences are rich, passionate, full of metaphors with multiple meanings, and the language is simple, in harmony and recognisable. The poet is longing to "tie up her boats with tight knots in quiet lagoon", but usually finds a '... noisy exhausts - the kisses of modern times."

The loneliness, that sad condition of the time we live in pervades as a motive through her verses, as the outcome of disappointment of people that are rough, fickle with no feelings.

However, pessimism is not victorious in this book. If colours are the interpreter of our thoughts and feelings, then the red colour is certainly dominant, the colour of love, blood, battle and life. Sanja is staying loyal and she is confirming the life philosophy even in the highest spheres of poetry, making "fiery decisions", so is choosing fire, and not ice - the truth, and not the lie; dying in action, rather than disappearing in passive stillness.

And perhaps in the entirety of the book, the strongest essence can be found deep in its verses. "Where from this point", which are sending a timeless message: "When everything is torturing us/ and we are still not torturing back/ when everything is cruel/ and we are still the teachers of mercy/ that is where strength is my darling."

And it should be that way.

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