

<p style="text-align: center;">THE ART OF THE POET OF THE POETIC WORD MEDITATION ON THE POETIC VOLUME “TE VORRET E KSHEVËS” BY POET NDUË SINISHTAJ</p>		<p style="text-align: center;">Literature</p> <p>Keywords: freedom, impact, national, poetic mission, spiritual drama.</p>
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<p style="text-align: center;">Abstract</p> <p>The work we have at our hands “Te vorret e Kshevës”, is a collection of poems where the author, Ndue Sinishtaj, expresses and reflects the colors of the time, life and her frauds, that derive sweetly and artistically from the inspiration of the poet. The landscape of creativity and poetry of Ndue Sinishtës is wide and deep. Poetry for the poet, in every verse of Sinishtaj's poetry, is the art that ennobles the soul and makes you love it with your whole spirit. The diminished homeland is his poetic drama, drama that hurts, and the fire that burns his verses. The past that has escaped, the present that exists, and the future that has not come yet is the studio where Ndue Sinishtaj creates. This poetic mission of his for freedom and literature makes this poet almost national, son of art and literature.</p>		

His work is a collection of motives, inspirations and diverse themes, from the fact that they reveal the act of birth, homeland, childhood dreams and childhood, homeland absence, love, dedication to people of his land, his blood, the sacrifice for the freedom of the country, where he masterfully poetized:

O ish-gjaku im,
pa dhambë ke lind
e t'lypet me jetue
s'bashku me ujq¹

In Kshevë, in his homeland, where even the graves are holy, divine poems of the environment that will be at every moment of life with you.

U larguem prej tejet
si frute t'nji rastit të vebër
e kocat na i bren pamëshira
si gëlbaza mushknit e berrit²

The work “Te vorret e Kshevës” opens with the poem “Metamorfoza e gjakut tim³”, which is at the same time, prologue and key, among other things is written:

¹ O ex blood of mine / without teeth you have been born / and you are asked to live / together with the wolves.

² We went away from you / as fruits of a blinded case / and our bones are eroded unmercifully / as the spit does to the sheeps lungs.

³ Metamorphosis of my blood

Gjysmaku im
mes Dje dhe Sot
qëndron një urë zjarri
ku vjet për vjet
përzihen e ndahen
liritë dhe vargonjt ⁴

When we talk about poetic verse of poet Ndue Sinishtaj, we must have in mind that we are dealing with a literal creator, who in contemporary Albanian literature is the fruitful creator, where the beautiful poetic word is cultivated.

Poet Sinishta with great diligence, devotion, passion, love, and inexhaustible energy is dedicated to poetry. With unremitting work and tremendous contribution to the advancement of the national and social cause, the poet requires from all a lot of work, understanding, love, harmony and dedication in building the new country and state, in the consolidation and advancement of the homeland, because according to the poet sleeping does well to nobody.

The verse that Sinashta writes beats strongly with his hometown, Kshevë. The roots of his poetic verse are digged from the north to the most southern tip of Albania, up to the Ionian Sea, so that his poetry is liked everywhere where Albanians are.

The key word of our poet's poetry in the poetry volume "Te vorret e Kshevës" are precisely his closest people, the most beloved, his blood ties, the visible and invisible yarns that connect the poet with the individual and his birthplace. Father, grandmother, brother, teacher, co-villager are the lyrical heroes who take proportions close to the extraordinary in Sinishtas poetry. They gave it a sense, Ndoka returned them the charm.

They gifted him the philosophy with their innocence, the poet sparked them the desire to feel better, to understand more beautifully: they gave unwittingly inspiration and feeling, frenzied in their own sorrows, the man of poetry transformed them through verses, in perfection, and authority. They gave him the tribune, the glory. He inherited them the nobility of pride for the poet; they gave poetic politics, which turned into reason. Most of the poems have a devotion to what the author's well-conceived poetic credo shows. Thus in the poem "Tim At⁵" the author expressed

O babëlok,
Ka do gjana që i prekë
Veç dora e syni ⁶

⁴ My half / between yesterday and today / stays put as a fire bridge / where year by year / are mixed and separated / freedoms and chains.

⁵ To my father.

⁶ O father / there are somethings touched / only by the hand and the eye.

Or through it, he also points to the struggles of his Lada (nanny). Charged with the heavy burden of all jobs like all of our country's women in the tedious upswing.

Në perëndim
Kalojshin gratë malësore
Tue u kthye nga pazari
Të ngarkueme me harxh
Të veshuna me xhubleta
Tue u kapë përpjetë malit
Pikë të zeza
Në horizont ⁷

From a careful reading, you can also notice thin marks of protest. Thus, it is clearly seen in his creativity, and his voice of protest is displayed with marks of compassion and toughness and he tries through these verses to get in the minds of those who knowingly open indescribable wounds in human life. At most all this is almost insensitive, but reverberant in the subtext. The poems of this poet are written with artistic language that seduces the reader and the works are raised at an artistic stage. It is this level of poetry of Ndue Sinishta that obliges you to first pass through the filter of thought and the word, written by him. Every single word he has written in his poetry books, of course he has "carefully weighed" within himself the thought of the word, then he has written it on paper. He traces like a hawk among the secret cries of thoughts and devours them within the soul. Then, as an ironworker, he squints the water of the soul on the paper of the pain of the absence, the tear and the happiness. With his creations, the poet Ndue Sinishtaj has formed his "lake" with the beautiful Albanian word. He is distinguished for the "migjenian" verse and is sometimes closely related to Camaj in his airtightness or symbolism.

Qielli i shpirtit tim
A i moti para shiut
Ku dejkat fluturojnë
Kryq-tërthuer në ajër
Se mendimet e mia

Sinisma poems are simple for the reader and for every simple reader. They have a clear fluency when reading, but you will feel legitimate and divine pride that ignites a fire.

Ndue Sinishta's poetry blossoms like flowers. The poison of the poet's chest is smoked, the poet Sinishtaj is in constant battle for the ungodly, for the unprofitable of the whole. In conversation with the flag, the poet Sinishta takes the amanet from our honorable flag, that freedom and homeland are the two most precious things for my soul and being.

⁷ In sunset / highland women passed / coming back from shopping / loaded with spendings / dressed with kilt / grabbing by the mountain / black points at the horizon

Në gjirin tonë do të flakojë
Flamuri- Kuq e Zi⁸

As the dream in the night of the age the word is lifted up, the eternal spirit of the earth and the mountains, awakens the greenery of the fields and mountains, the purple rays of the sun, and the waves given to us by the river are the word that got out of the troubled spirit of the poet. Word that never came to be.

The creativity of Ndue Sinishtaj is wide and profound. In the poetic landscape of Sinful's poetry, there is not only the lands of Ksheva, or the chaos of suffering and pain, but it has an abyss of self and thunder. The poet's sky continues to be altered as in the epos of the legends in the infinite world of creation, the tear of the heart is depraved, a relative hero of human plays. Human freedom begins with work. As human drama begins with love, pain and sorrow. Making a book and its publication is the space of freedom and the art of being.

Bad realities, chaos and anarchy are the museums where the writer and poet receive the harvest.

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⁸At our breast it will burn / red and black flag.