



PLATITE KAFU STIHOM

Svi smo pesnici u duši.
Dajmo onda glas svojim osećanjima!

The little man's hat grew towards the sun. Can we start turning each other now? Words heal, so you know. From the apparent nonsense, beauty springs. Dream of reality again. In a minute, I'm exploding in millions of birds. Drink the coffee, spill the wine, make something happen. Find a little island. If avatars are we truly the same? Is a computer going to save you? Stay on the verge of things, unaltered. Take this world to be just what the little man's hat grew towards the sun. Can we start turning each other now? Words heal, so you know. From the apparent nonsense, beauty springs. Dream of reality.

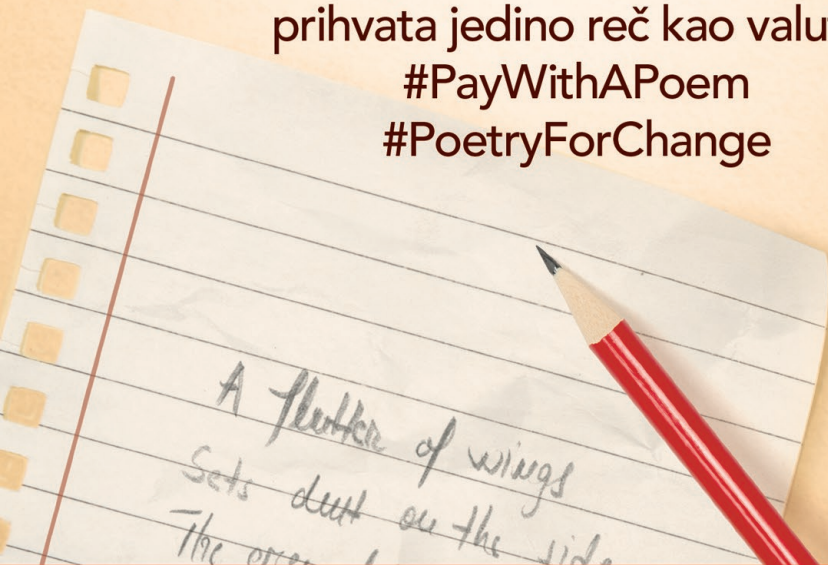
Inspiring poets since 1862.

Julius Meinl



Hajde da pišemo i učinimo dan sjajnijim!
Inspiracija, lepa misao i olovka su sve što ti je
potrebno, jer Julius Meinl kafa tog dana
prihvata jedino reč kao valutu.

#PayWithAPoem
#PoetryForChange



The little man's hat grew towards the sun. Can we start living each other now? Words heal, so you know. From the apparent nonsense, beauty springs. Dream of reality again. In a minute, I'm exploding in millions of birds. Drink the coffee, spill the wine, make something happen. Find a little island. His avatar, are we truly the same? Is a computer going to save you? Stay on the verge of things, unaltered. Take this world to be your own. The little man's hat grew towards the sun. Can we start living each other now? Words heal, so you know. From the apparent nonsense, beauty springs. Dream of reality.