

Milica - White Angel



Like rusty iron rain fall on Serbian homes poisoned arrows of death. And they demolish Priam's small cottages for heaven birds. In one of them lived little Milica Rakic, city Batajnica, street Dimitrija Lazarevica 8. That street is now tearful of deluvium of pain. Because little Milica can' t no more with singing child's fondness to hug spring that flied to meet her, full of ardour. Poisoned arrow was ambended by our enemies, far away from here, in world of dark, Satanist's American States. Pontius Pilatus, evil-doer Adolph Clinton, washes his hands with mixture prepared by First witch of Magbeth, from evil winds, cloned Lucifer's creature registered in 9th circle of hell by name of Madeline Olbriht. When she was a year older then Milica, as a four year old girl Goodzila Olbriht with her father Joseph Corbell, exiled Chess Jew, used hospitality in Serbian family Popcic, in Vrnjacka Banja. But 6 decades later this night progeny, with capuche of dark, old woman-sheep, black haldeian, ambended arrow of death on Milica Rakic, who as a second Serbian White Angel, raised in the eternity. Brick of latest star turned off without pain, and never again in window of Milica's house will go astray morning as grey Swallow. Because that's judged by NATO- dark souls, hypocrites. She, chests of empty heaven, hearted with tiny needle of her pure soul. Will she achieve stars if on mine fields her soul rushs? She flied away on mother-of-pearl's bow of silc, tighten threads, and now she swings to us with her white wings. Warm fear emoraces us, and sadeness overflowed us. That's because Serbian enemies again sacrificed as a Lamber, innocence and beauty of life and world. And this century, at it's own end, swings blue wave with human pain without medicament. It is as like as we with Milica Rakic, three year old girl from Batajnica, buried the Sun, for the first time I say this blessed, senceless word, here blindly. I know that on her grave flowers will blow deathlessly. And her mother, Dusica, while she was still giving signs of life, like she was whispering

to her poet's words: "Take happiness from my palms of the hands, Little Sun and sweet honey, Like it was ordered by Percephone's bees" - It's hard to solve where reached those whose sails sheltered gold of the Saint. It is certain that the night butterflies are fasten to the branch of dream and any power can not now separate them from dreams that are deeper and deeper. Milica's soul is limpid star, wandering fire and oversee how they prepare in the Black house to celebrate the day of the black roses, how the choirs of shadows exercise to talk, on the ghostly scene that hardly glimmer. NATO- evil-doers, evil spirits, Huns and Avaries, poisoned even the pollen dust of our worker bees. But our bees will change honey into the Sun on Serbian meadows. Blue star will spread its brightness on Serbian heavens. I already see miraculous ship of salvation that is running on a terrific altitude and its big wings are widening. I see on a stone tower cuckoo Olbreit who is lamenting. And a black fire in the middle of the day and a funerary flambeau of our enemies that is burning. And how with wild and sleepless passion they try vainly to catch Black Sun that is sinking over the Black house, while they are celebrating the dusk of freedom, big year of twilight. While in my breasts hate is hotly boiling our enemies are with their own noise and rage even the Black Sun smeared. And toward to our souls fly fluffs of black roses and birds of death and sobbing, vainly trying to cover curtains of our memories. And luxury of their covers and decorations, own's glittering emperor's stairways of shame, because already in their homes starts insane confusion of blood.

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See also:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2M4FXxt7314>

<http://www.czipm.org/sv.milica.html>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kX9mrFVMOWs>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BiPPN6I2cQM>

http://dan-veterana.blogspot.com/2011/03/blog-post_24.html

http://members.tripod.com/sarant_2/ks12milica.html