

Tŷ y Pobl

Volkshaus

Chi a'n Bobel

Narodni dom

Lëdowi dodóm

The People's House

HOW TO FIND HOME?

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Questions

What is this place?

Am I at the right address?

Why do I suddenly feel nostalgic?

Who are these people?

Are they lonely?

How long does it take to feel at home?

Are there few people here, or is the town
square just too big?

Is it just the right size for its ghosts?

How long does it take to leave a home?

Does the driving school make a profit?

Where do the nuns live?

What vegetables are they growing?

How do Croatians feel about their neighbors?

Do people appreciate each other?

What makes this town special?

Is it right to enjoy indoor smoking?

And dark humor is best, right?

But what do the birds feel?

Why are the cars silent?

How long does it take to make a new
home?

Isn't it weird to leave a beautiful place
behind?

zakaj je tako mrzlo?

A allav ry lousci kernewek yn Croatia?

A des gna wir haddweh heb mabbevant?

De ce mi-e dor de casă, dacă mereu vreau să plec?

Môže Kaszëbóm umówic co le bądź?

And when we're home in...

Un

doi

tri

sxtërë

Pymp

Sase

sedem

òsmië

Naw

Deg

how long until we forget to notice?



mom's
tree

Fields

will I show my
children
this
pathway
too?

Like mom
old?



rivers



ugly
green
house



why did
he choose



dream a little blue
I know you see me

feel my rough hands

smell my unwashed hair

hear my laughter—broken and ugly

and I see you
and the nights we could've been two

the cat fur on your socks

we're miserable

sometimes grotesque

I echo the halls of your sleep
the bed remembers where I lay

feel the sheets crumble

the cotton melting in old dreams

but you're too sleepy to get up
and I'm too deep in thought to sleep

you long for the sea
but you're cold

you cry for help

even the mold in the walls pities you

and the birds are exhausted
'cause you won't let them sing

and the wind stopped blowing
'cause you closed the window

you're mean

you're just a dream

I won't judge you anyway
'cause I'm also just a dream

i see navy blue in you

the sadness

and the hoodie you hold like armour

the stained one that says

"i need a hug and 6 months of sleep"

a stain of coffee in a weird shape

you still wear it
so poetic in your ruin

your melancholy
your improvised fringe

they remind me that

we are equal

the world is terrified of us, knight

we're vain

we're mean

we're just a dream

you're still blue

and your friend's cry won't bring you joy

or cigarettes

'cause you

you're just my dream

fading in spaces that live in between



Dear diary,

earlier today I was walking by the port, admiring the
beautiful bay of Trieste.

Opening the Narodni doms door,

holding my mothers hand,

I could feel the concrete under my shoes soften...

A question came to mind.

Does it have a meaning?

The earth beneath my feet?

Is it dirt?

The mud I used to play with as a little explorer?

The crusty jarina, where I took my first steps?

The freshly cut grass in my backyard,

or the smell of the flowers my neighbour waters every
morning?

Is it the everlasting trees,

the ones that fill my lungs when I'm out of breath?

Is it their branches, that touch the sky?

Do they reach my heart?

Do they reach my eyes?

Is it their roots, the veins of our planet?

Is earth the city noise?

Or the countryside silence?

Or is it my voice?

Is earth the melody of my vocal cords?

The vowels, the words,

the familiar conversations?

Is earth my language, my land, my nation?

Is earth a feeling?

Is it my family's warmth?

Is it really? Is it worth?

Is earth mums hug when I cry?

"Mum, what's happening?

Are we about to die?"

Is earth suffocation?

Or is it the smoke coming in the room?

Is earth domination?

Or is it the fuely poisonous fire,

devouring my corpse?

Is this hell?

Is earth hell?

Who did this to us?

Why did we die?

Why did no one help us?

Could've we survived?

Did we end like this?

Is this a lie?

In our Narodni dom?

V naši hiši?

In our home?

Did you kill me?

Did you destroy my home?

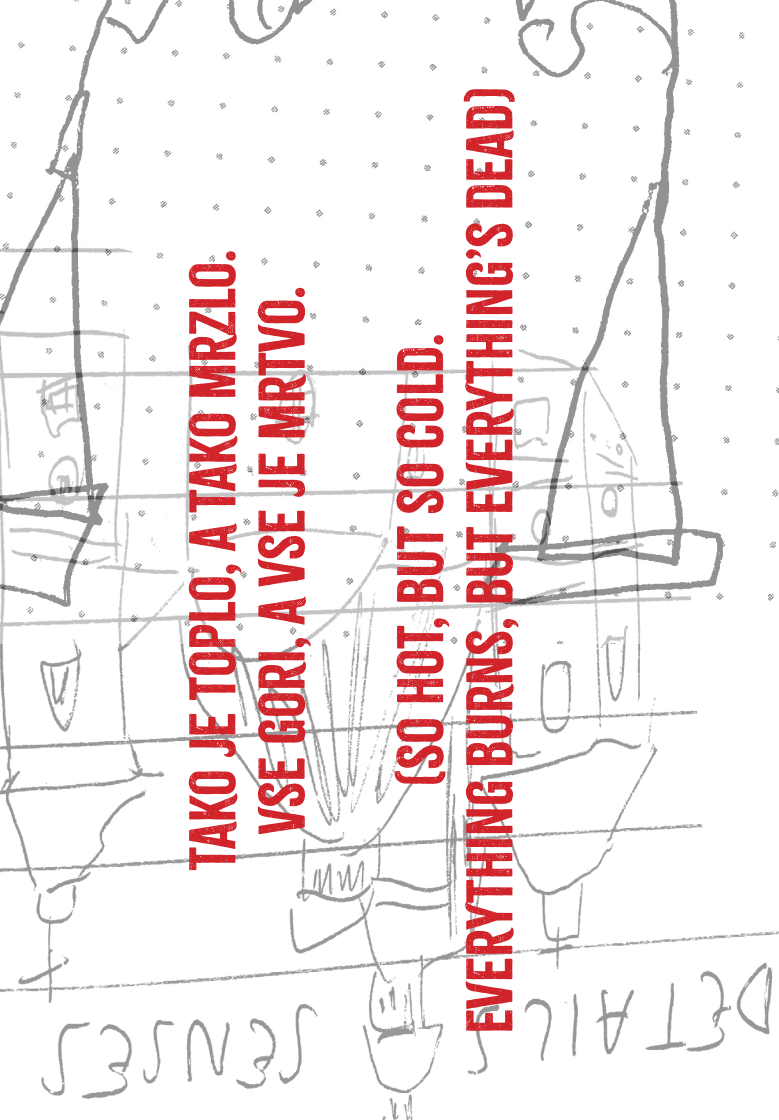
Did you end my parents, my brothers,
my soul?

You killed my knowledge,

you killed my treasure.

You killed my language,

you killed my nation.



**TAKO JE TOPLO, A TAKO MRZLO.
VSE GORI, A VSE JE MRTVO.**

**(SO HOT, BUT SO COLD.
EVERYTHING BURNS, BUT EVERYTHING'S DEAD)**

NO LANGUAGE NO NATION



Bez jezika, nema naroda.
Bez jazyka, nemí naroda.
Nu există limbă, nu există națiune.
Keine Sprache, keine Nation.
Intet sprog, ingen nation.
Cenedl heb iaith cenedl heb galon.
Den heb tavas a gollas y dir.
Bez języka nie ma narodu.
Bez jãzëka ni ma nãrodu.
Hep yejk, brocal abet.
Pas de langue, pas de nation.
Brez jezika, ni naroda.
Senza lingua, non c'è nazione.

Moje gore, moje gore.
My mountains, my mountains.
Rado žive, že od zore,
glowing in the morning sunshine.

Moje gore, moje gore.
My mountains, my mountains.
Ko zaide S[☀]:NCE moje,
they're my tender sunrise.

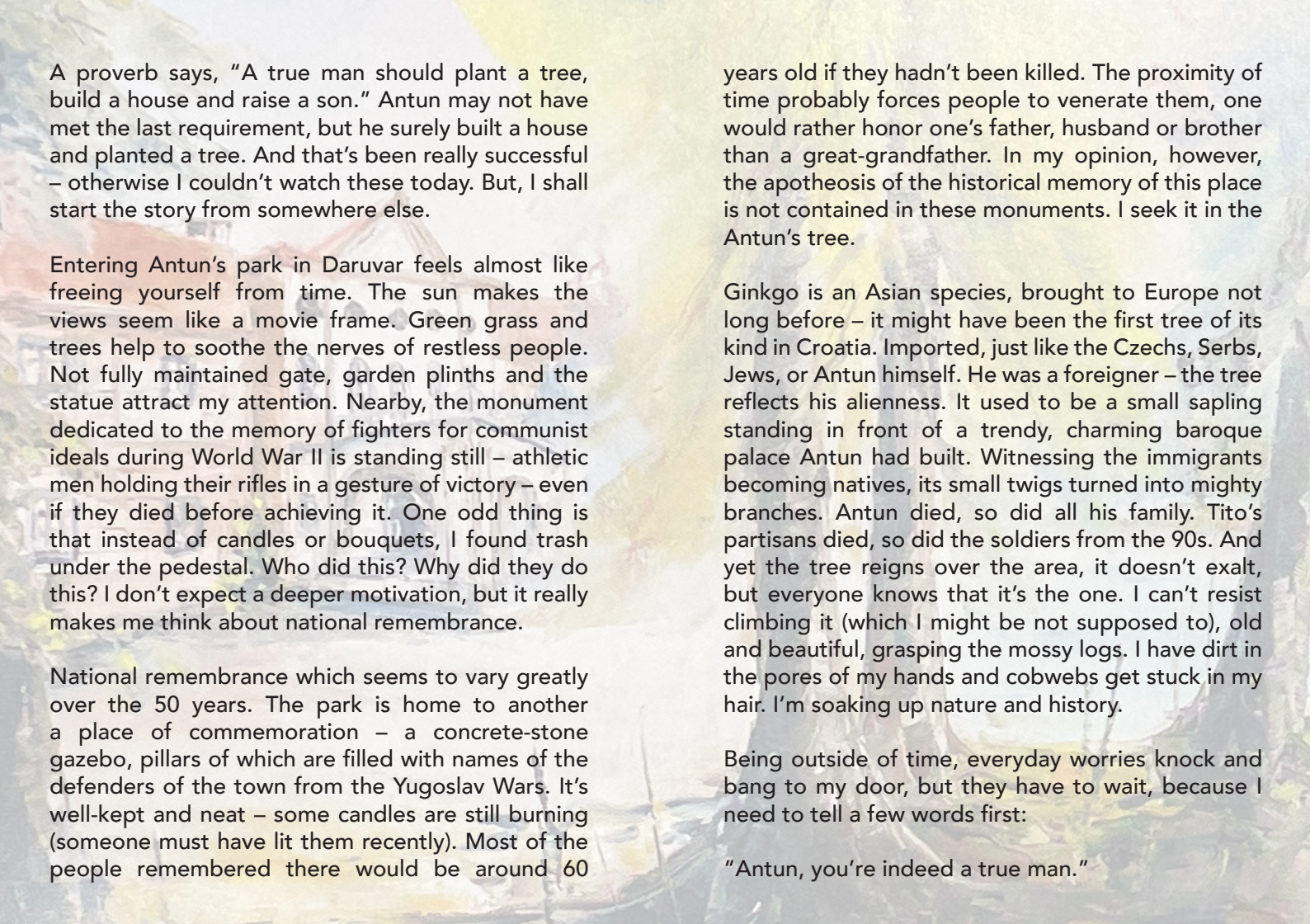


home has no road sings or
numbers. Look out for
signs. Now arrives now the mining
The middle of nowhere is
of everywhere when you're
Cornwall. Take a Stank over
Past the blackberries, our local
sing. But be careful where you
neath you feet giant stones like
never laid. Sits a quiet void,
colabs. NO!! be raining a mizzle
ed flour, not quiet enough for
Dying or even
twyn or gas dynaugh. But perhap
me down by or fellows of the
elching about fellows of the
at the small valley. That's ok
like to be. That's ok
all riches. There's something
ve history. There's something
measuring about underground tre
the inland Cornwall so few wish

I hear something but when
can't identify it



maybe one day
in 2m older,
Wales will have something like
this?

A background image of a park with a stone monument and trees. The monument is a low, rectangular stone structure with a plaque on top. It is surrounded by green grass and trees. The image is slightly blurred and has a soft, ethereal quality.

A proverb says, "A true man should plant a tree, build a house and raise a son." Antun may not have met the last requirement, but he surely built a house and planted a tree. And that's been really successful – otherwise I couldn't watch these today. But, I shall start the story from somewhere else.

Entering Antun's park in Daruvar feels almost like freeing yourself from time. The sun makes the views seem like a movie frame. Green grass and trees help to soothe the nerves of restless people. Not fully maintained gate, garden plinths and the statue attract my attention. Nearby, the monument dedicated to the memory of fighters for communist ideals during World War II is standing still – athletic men holding their rifles in a gesture of victory – even if they died before achieving it. One odd thing is that instead of candles or bouquets, I found trash under the pedestal. Who did this? Why did they do this? I don't expect a deeper motivation, but it really makes me think about national remembrance.

National remembrance which seems to vary greatly over the 50 years. The park is home to another a place of commemoration – a concrete-stone gazebo, pillars of which are filled with names of the defenders of the town from the Yugoslav Wars. It's well-kept and neat – some candles are still burning (someone must have lit them recently). Most of the people remembered there would be around 60

years old if they hadn't been killed. The proximity of time probably forces people to venerate them, one would rather honor one's father, husband or brother than a great-grandfather. In my opinion, however, the apotheosis of the historical memory of this place is not contained in these monuments. I seek it in the Antun's tree.

Ginkgo is an Asian species, brought to Europe not long before – it might have been the first tree of its kind in Croatia. Imported, just like the Czechs, Serbs, Jews, or Antun himself. He was a foreigner – the tree reflects his alienness. It used to be a small sapling standing in front of a trendy, charming baroque palace Antun had built. Witnessing the immigrants becoming natives, its small twigs turned into mighty branches. Antun died, so did all his family. Tito's partisans died, so did the soldiers from the 90s. And yet the tree reigns over the area, it doesn't exalt, but everyone knows that it's the one. I can't resist climbing it (which I might be not supposed to), old and beautiful, grasping the mossy logs. I have dirt in the pores of my hands and cobwebs get stuck in my hair. I'm soaking up nature and history.

Being outside of time, everyday worries knock and bang to my door, but they have to wait, because I need to tell a few words first:

"Antun, you're indeed a true man."

Bal

Pón Midas pòszedł na bal,
bónerków tam nie przedôwół,
wino pił i schnaps téż bół,
to dało pèszną zòbawã.

W krãcëszkù, zgwarze, tuńcëkach,
w głowie cepło sã zacząłò:
grużdżił sã, zwrôcół pèrznã,
w zalë rokòkò nastało.

Wzãlë pana, bë szedł rum!
Stojã zestëdlé szaturë,
Złoté scanë, nawet strop,
mòzni jak w banie Hitlera.

W dzele architekturé
leno niedoszłi do se chłop,
a wkół złotò pòmiéra,
biwsi ósmé cëdo swiata.

Kò nen detal, kò nen łisk,
atmòsfera, wòrtnosc, skala!
A pón Midas dëcht nick,
z żalu leżi dót na zalë...

Ball

Sir Midas went to a ball,
Charming the ladies, he won them all,
He drank wine, and schnapps was there,
This sparked a merry affair.

In chatter, dance, and revelry,
His head began to warm with glee:
He stumbled, turned with flair,
A rococo scene filled the air.

They took the man to kick him out!
The statues stood, all stiffly stout,
Golden walls, even the ceiling,
Like Hitler's golden train reeling.

In the work of architecture,
Only this lad fell short, poor creature,
Surrounded by golden splendor,
Outshone, the eighth world's wonder.

Oh, that detail, oh, that gleam,
The atmosphere, the worth, the dream!
But sir Midas, dead from grief,
Lies lifeless now, beyond relief...

Rhag dy gywilydd di
Ymfalchiwch yn eich hunaniaeth unigryw
Take pride in your unique identity

For shame

Ti'n gwybod da ni gyd yn siarad Cymraeg yma
Take pride, you know we all speak Welsh here
We live in a spectacular place, just look how how
the tourists are moving here



Rhag dy
gywilydd di

Bod yn
diolchgar
Be grateful
For Broken
glass
For Poverty
For plenty of drugs
The stench of our Welsh slaughterhouse gently
wafting through the air

**Uffar o le del
Hell of a pretty place**

**Our beautiful Welsh farms, the smell is in your
classroom, it's in your eyes, it's everywhere,
on everything**

**Our children have no park
Burned and destroyed, not once but twice**

**Our filthy river full of broken shopping carts, broken
from the start**

Hungry children, gaunt and pale

Blue school clothes now grey and worn ragged

**But wow what a coastline, they envy us you know
Ymfalchiwch**

**We have small grey houses just perfect for our
small grey lives**

Iceland for us, Waitrose for them

Ymfalchiwch

Prison or poverty, take your pick washi

Owain Glyndŵr is at the job centre

**Llywelyn ein llyw olaf is on his knees
cleaning their Airbnb**

**Gareth Bale, oh what a hero!
Adrodd, Eisteddfodau, Da ni yma o hyd**

**But why aren't you proud!
You are our future, everything depends on you
You know, we all can speak Welsh here
Peidiwch â gadael!
Don't leave!**

Ymfalchiwch Take pride

Ymfalchiwch Take Pride

Ymfalchiwch Take Pride

Cornish *Yn Daruvar*

Autumn began in Daruvar.

We were welcomed here by the Czech minority
under tiled roofs and the gentle
descent of leaves. We savoured the sunshine

'Yma howl ow splanna!' But aware
of the changing breeze on our cheeks

*Meur ras dheugh hwi
Kothmans. Yma lowen dhyn
dhe vos omma.*

We are told that Cornish won't take us anywhere. "It's a
dead language". *Mes*

do I look like a zombie? Unable to travel free.

Eus bewnans ragon ri?

yma! There must be life. If we

Kowse! in the *yeth* every *dydh*

Especially in the *tavern*

Welsh, Cornish & Bretons together

Brythonic humor doesn't seem to matter

Here in a bar beside Balkan blasphemy.

We breathe. A little easier.

Even amongst the cigarette smoke.

Hag... yma pintys rag 3 euro 20!

Gwra eva korev The locals say it's good for you.

I sit on my stool. Piggv in the middle.

Cymru to the *gleth*. *Breizh* to the *dyghow*.
England isn't my home.

Across the street, a statue.

A plinth for bronze rifles.

Our Pan-Keltic revolution not yet realised

Hireth haunts us Celts with its nostalgic ties

Writers may say "my language is a weapon"

But in Daruvar, on the lawn,

there are no metaphors.

Weapons are weapons.

So here we are, the next generation.

Organising ourselves for National Liberation

But I ask apprehensively, how do you feel?

Violence in the struggle will take time to heal.

Today in Daruva we came under one roof.

A house of nations - living proof.

To find our next steps, solidarity calls.

Like the seasons we may change

But we stand together, *Onan hag oll*.

HARTA ARABU NOI



Jowan Nute



Brianne Marie Bonis



Joë Mischariök



Petra Štrajn



Aaron Cheryl Jones



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