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IZVAN SVAKOG ZLA
Vladislav Petković Dis (1880-1917)
11. BEOGRADSKI FESTIVAL POEZIJE I KNJIGE
“TRGNI SE! POEZIJA!”

BEYOND ALL EVIL
Vladislav Petković Dis (1880-1917)
11th BELGRADE POETRY AND BOOK FESTIVAL
“TRGNI SE! POEZIJA!”

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VLADISLAV PETKOVIĆ DIS (1880-1917)

OUR DAYS

A dark time of decay's now our prison,
Riff-raff, lewdness, vices have multiplied,
The rotten stench of decay has risen,
Whereas all heroes and prophets have died.
A dark time of decay's now our prison.

All dens and sewers have come to the fore,
What was in the basement's come up to stay,
Small and damned, insidious to the core,
Is what our sovereigns have become today.
All the dens and sewers have come to the fore.

Robbing of temples runs unabated,
Virtues, honour, are objects of sneering,
Graves and lives have been humiliated,
Last rites, christening, exposed to smearing.
Robbing of temples runs unabated.

The bells of rebellion have been muted,
Unity spirit and war god have fled;
We get fat on sins, mud undiluted.
Let's hang holidays and tribunes instead,
The bells of rebellion have been muted.

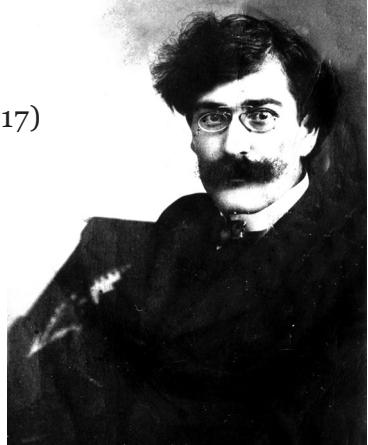
We've turned constables into feudal lords,
Accolades are given by idiots,
Plunderers produce plutocrats in hordes,
Dark souls have proclaimed themselves patriots.
We've turned constables into feudal lords.

We've squandered our wisdom on elections,
Our pluck on spiteful rumours and deceit,
We have poisoned all future directions,
Turned every victory into defeat.
We've squandered our wisdom on elections.

VLADISLAV PETKOVIĆ DIS (1880-1917)

NAŠI DANI

Razvilo se crno vreme opadanja,
Nabujao šljam i razvrat i poroci,
Podig'o se truli zadah propadanja,
Umrli su svi heroji i proroci.
Razvilo se crno vreme opadanja.



Progledale sve jazbine i kanali,
Na visoko podigli se sutereni,
Svi podmukli, svi prokleti i svi mali
Postali su danas naši suvereni.
Progledale sve jazbine i kanali.

Pokradeni svi hramovi i čivoti,
Ismejane sve vrline i poštenje,
Poniženi svi grobovi i životi,
Uprljano i opelo i krštenje.
Pokradeni svi hramovi i čivoti.

Zakovana petvekovna zvona bune,
Pobegao duh jedinstva i bog rata;
Obesimo sve praznike i tribune,
Gojimo se od grehova i od blata.
Zakovana petvekovna zvona bune.

Od pandura stvorili smo velikaše,
Dostojanstva podeliše idioti,
Lopovi nam izrađuju bogataše
Mračne duše nazvaše se patrioti.
Od pandura stvorili smo velikaše.

Svoju mudrost rastočismo na izbore,
Svoju hrabrost na podvale i obede,
Budućnosti zatrovavamo sve izvore,
A poraze proglašismo za pobede.
Svoju mudrost rastočismo na izbore.

Instead of splendid history and graves,
Pygmies and no-goods we've resurrected;
Our most unfortunate brothers, slaves,
With our eyes and pockets we've neglected.
Instead of splendid history and graves,

There's only dust on paper left behind,
The sole memory of giants of the past;
Only in a party glory we find,
Our sons' feast of jibes is going to last.
There's only dust on paper left behind.

Our generation is living in shame,
No protests or moaning are to be heard;
For this our public is also to blame,
Generations like spiders undeterred.
Our generation is living in shame.

Now darkness lies heavy on our nightmare,
Our poor benighted country we can't see;
When a conflagration spreads everywhere,
From light and judgement where are we to flee?
Now darkness lies heavy on our nightmare.

NIRVANA

Last night dying seas to me did come,
All dried up they were, no waves or foam,
They came to me a victim to see,
The hue of transience to behold.

Last night a nightmare to me did come,
'Twas all dried up, without waves or foam,
A dead wind blew from the mount so glum,
Trying to make the universe roam.

Last night I's visited by the joy
Of dead souls and a dead rose's dream,
All the dead springs last night did annoy:
Dead smells all around freely did stream.

Mesto svetle istorije i grobova
Vaskrsli smo sve pigmeje i repove;
Od nesrećne braće naše, od robova,
Zatvorismo svoje oči i džepove.
Mesto svetle istorije i grobova

Ostala nam još prašina na hartiji
Kô jedina uspomena na džinove;
Sad svu slavu pronađosmo u partiji,
Pir poruge dohvatio sve sinove.
Ostala nam još prašina na hartiji.

Pod sramotom živi naše pokolenje,
Ne čuju se ni protesti ni jauci;
Pod sramotom živi naše javno mnenje,
Naraštaji, koji sišu kô pauci.
Pod sramotom živi naše pokolenje.

Pomrčina pritisnula naše dane,
Ne vidi se jadna naša zemlja huda;
Al' kad požar poduhvati na sve strane,
Kuda čemo od svetlosti i od suda!
Pomrčina pritisnula naše dane.

NIRVANA

Noćas su me pohodili mrtvi,
Nova groblja i vekovi stari;
Prilazili k meni kao žrtvi,
Kao boji prolaznosti stvari.

Noćas su me pohodila mora,
Sva usahla, bez vala i pene,
Mrtav vетар duvao je s gora,
Trudio se svemir da pokrene.

Noćas me je pohodila sreća
Mrtvih duša, i san mrtve ruže,
Noćas bila sva mrtva proleća:
I mirisi mrtvi svuda kruže.

My love she came to see me tonight,
My dead love from all times did appear,
We embraced through death, in love so bright,
Kissed by dead memories oh so dear.

Everything that's ever existed,
Whatever has had its own shadow
And in not showing has persisted,
Evermore – that night to me did show.

There were lots of dead clouds gathered there,
Dead time with history of the day,
There were killed rays lying everywhere:
Cosmos burdened by nirvana lay.

And nirvana had at that time, though,
A gaze that the human eye does not:
Without a cloud, happiness or woe,
A gaze quite dead, with emptiness fraught.

And that dead gaze, like a heavy stone,
Fell on myself and all dreams of mine,
On the future and space far off thrown.
On ideas and new thoughts in line.

Tonight, the dead came to visit me,
New graveyards and centuries of old;
They came to me a victim to see,
The hue of transience to behold.

DUNGEON

That is the life where I have fallen, too,
From innocent distance, with starry eyes,
With my tear unknowingly shining through,
Like a bird that for a fallen nest cries.
That is the life where I have fallen, too,

Noćas ljubav dolazila k meni,
Mrtva ljubav iz sviju vremena,
Zaljubljeni, smrću zagrljeni,
Pod poljupcem mrtvih uspomena.

I sve što je postojalo ikad,
Svoju senku sve što imadaše,
Sve što više javiti se nikad,
Nikad neće — k meni dohođaše.

Tu su bili umrli oblaci,
Mrtvo vreme s istorijom dana,
Tu su bili poginuli zraci:
Svu selenu pritisnu nirvana.

I nirvana imala je tada
Pogled koji nema ljudsko oko:
Bez oblaka, bez sreće, bez jada,
Pogled mrtav i prazan duboko.

I taj pogled, kô kam da je neki,
Padao je na mene i snove,
Na budućnost, na prostor daleki.
Na ideje i sve misli nove.

Noćas su me pohodili mrtvi,
Nova groblja i vekovi stari;
Prilazili k meni kao žrtvi,
Kao boji prolaznosti stvari.

TAMNICA

To je onaj život gde sam pao i ja
S nevinih daljina, sa očima zvezda
I sa suzom mojom što nesvesno sija
I žali, kô tica oborenog gnezda.
To je onaj život gde sam pao i ja

With no knowledge and not of my own will,
Unknown to speech and misfortune ingrained.
And I cried then. Did not feel better still.
And so in that sad cradle I remained
With no knowledge and not of my own will.

I did not know that my blood coursed and flowed,
That I bore a form in hushed gestation,
Dream of beauty that in the evening glowed,
Silence soft as breath of revelation.
I did not know that my blood coursed and flowed,

And that stars from my eyes did run away,
That the sky was formed and this vault right now,
And space, the order of things to hold sway,
That this world of woe was inside my brow,
And that stars from my eyes did run away.

But the stars that run leave colours behind,
Of distant places, a sight of the real:
Now they live like a being of my kind,
Bound to a dream that in my head I feel.
But the stars that run leave colours behind.

As the stars ran away, the land remained
For my legs to walk and the life of words:
And that is how this inside strength I gained,
A strength that hurts, but one that our loins girds.
As the stars ran away, the land remained.

And that is the land that I knew today
With a pure heart, but with no starry skies,
With my tear that shines even on this day,
Like a bird that for a fallen nest cries.
And that is the land that I knew today.

Like an old secret I started living,
Welded to the land that to life does serve,
To grey distances my eyes were turning,
While a wreath of stars round my head doth curve.
Like an old secret I started living.

Sa nimalo znanja i bez moje volje,
Nepoznat govoru i nevolji ružnoj.
I ja plakah tada. Ne beše mi bolje.
I ostadoh tako u kolevci tužnoj
Sa nimalo znanja i bez moje volje.

I ne znadoh da mi krv struji i teče,
I da nosim oblik što se mirno menja;
I da nosim oblik, san lepote, veče
I tišinu blagu kô dah otkrovenja.
I ne znadoh da mi krv struji i teče,

I da beže zvezde iz mojih očiju,
Da se stvara nebo i svod ovaj sada
I prostor, trajanje za red stvari sviju,
I da moja glava rađa sav svet jada,
I da beže zvezde iz mojih očiju.

Al' begaju zvezde; ostavljaju boje
Mestâ i daljine i viziju jave:
I sad tako žive kao biće moje,
Nevino vezane za san moje glave.
Al' begaju zvezde, ostavljaju boje.

Pri beganju zvezda zemlja je ostala
Za hod mojih nogu i za život reči:
I tako je snaga u meni postala,
Snaga koja boli, snaga koja leči.
Pri beganju zvezda zemlja je ostala.

I tu zemlju danas poznao sam i ja
Sa nevinim srcem, al' bez mojih zvezda,
I sa suzom mojom što mi i sad sija
I žali kô tica oborena gnezda.
I tu zemlju danas poznao sam i ja.

Kao stara tajna ja počeh da živim,
Zakovan za zemlju što životu služi,
Da okrećem oči daljinama sivim,
Dok mi venac snova moju glavu kruži.
Kao stara tajna ja počeh da živim,

I feel myself in the gaze of grasses,
Night and waters; I listen to being,
My spirit's sleep through everything passes
As the only poem, all-revealing;
I feel myself in the gaze of grasses

Also of the eyes that my strength doth see,
Eyes that call like the voice of quietude,
Like the speech of woods, like my dear, she
Of vanished dreams, heights with slumber imbued.
Also of the eyes that my strength doth see.

PERHAPS SHE SLEEPS

This morning I forgot a song that I knew,
To which, in my dream, I passed the night away;
In vain have I tried to hear that song today:
It seemed to be all my happiness, 'tis true.
This morning I forgot a song that I knew.

Dreaming, I knew not of the power of waking,
And that the earth needs morning, dawn and sunlight;
That stars lose their white apparel in daylight;
That the moon into the dead night was sinking.
Dreaming, I knew not of the power of waking.

I barely know today that I had a dream,
And in it there were someone's eyes, someone's sky,
And some unknown face, a child's, I did espouse
An old song, old stars, old day, so it did seem,
I barely know today that I had a dream.

I remember nought now, those eyes I can't see:
As if my dream was completely made of foam,
Or those eyes were my soul that somewhere doth roam,
No part of that dream lives in my memory;
I remember nought now, those eyes I can't see.

Da osećam sebe u pogledu trava
I noći, i vodâ; i da slušam biće
I duh moj u svemu kako moćno spava
Kô jedina pesma, jedino otkriće;
Da osećam sebe u pogledu trava

I očiju što ih vidi moja snaga,
Očiju što zovu kao glas tišina,
Kao govor šuma, kao divna draga
Izgubljenih snova, zaspalih visina.
I očiju što ih vidi moja snaga.

MOŽDA SPAVA

Zaboravio sam jutros pesmu jednu ja,
Pesmu jednu u snu što sam svu noć slušao:
Da je čujem, uzalud sam danas kušao,
Kao da je pesma bila sreća moja sva.
Zaboravio sam jutros pesmu jednu ja.

U snu svome nisam znao za buđenja moć,
I da zemlji treba sunca, jutra i zore;
Da u danu gube zvezde bele odore;
Bledi mesec da se kreće u umrlu noć.
U snu svome nisam znao za buđenja moć.

Ja sad jedva mogu znati da imadoh san,
I u njemu oči neke, nebo nečije,
Neko lice, ne znam kakvo, možda dečije,
Staru pesmu, stare zvezde, neki stari dan.
Ja sad jedva mogu znati da imadoh san.

Ne sećam se ničeg više, ni očiju tih:
Kao da je san mi ceo bio od pene,
Il' te oči da su moja duša van mene,
Ni arije, ni sveg drugog što ja noćas snih;
Ne sećam se ničeg više, ni očiju tih.

But I sense, and that's the one thing I can do.
I sense that to those very eyes I am tied
That through life, so strangely, are my only guide:
In dreams they always come to see me anew.
But I sense, and that's the one thing I can do.

Those eyes come to see me, and then I perceive
Those eyes and that love that happiness doth bring;
I keep seeing her eyes, her face and her spring
In my dreams, but why not now I can't conceive.
Those eyes come to see me, and then I perceive:

Her head with its crown of hair and a flower,
Her gaze, coming to me from flowers in bloom,
Watching me, telling me that it feels my gloom,
Bringing me rest and many a tender hour,
Her head with its crown of hair and a flower.

I don't have my sweetheart and don't know her voice;
I don't know the place where she doth live or rest,
Why the world hides her and dreams from my quest;
Perhaps she sleeps, thus making her grave rejoice.
I don't have my sweetheart and don't know her voice.

Perhaps she sleeps, her eyes beyond all evil,
Beyond all things, illusions and earthly life,
And perhaps she lies asleep, with beauty rife,
And will come back in her beauty primeval.
Perhaps she sleeps, her eyes beyond all evil.

Translated from Serbian by Novica Petrović

Ali slutim, a slutiti još jedino znam.
Ja sad slutim za te oči da su baš one
Što me čudno po životu vode i gone:
U snu dođu da me vide, šta li radim sam.
Ali slutim, a slutiti još jedino znam.

Da me vide, dođu oči, i ja vidim tad
I te oči, i tu ljubav, i taj put sreće;
Njene oči, njeno lice, njeno proleće
U snu vidim, ali ne znam što ne vidim sad.
Da me vide, dođu oči, i ja vidim tad:

Njenu glavu s krunom kose i u kosi cvet,
I njen pogled što me gleda kao iz cveća,
Što me gleda, što mi kaže da me oseća,
Što mi brižno pruža odmor i nežnosti svet,
Njenu glavu s krunom kose i u kosi cvet.

Ja sad nemam svoju dragu, i njen ne znam glas;
Ne znam mesto na kom živi ili počiva;
Ne znam zašto nju i san mi java pokriva;
Možda spava, i grob tužno neguje joj stas.
Ja sad nemam svoju dragu, i njen ne znam glas.

Možda spava sa očima izvan svakog zla,
Izvan stvari, iluzija, izvan života,
I s njom spava, neviđena, njena lepota;
Možda živi i doći će posle ovog sna.
Možda spava sa očima izvan svakog zla.

TOMISLAV MARINKOVIĆ (1949)

Tomislav Marinković was born in 1949 in the village of Lipolist near Šabac. His first book of poetry, *Dvojnik* (*A Double*), was published in 1983. It was followed by *Izvesno vreme* (*A Certain Time*, 1985), *Stihovi* (*Verses*, 1991), *Sumnja u ogledalo* (*Doubting the Mirror*, 1996), *Škola trajanja* (*A School of Endurance*, 2003), *Svet na koži* (*The World on the Skin*, 2007), *Običan život* (*An Ordinary Life*, 2011), *Putovanja kroz blizine* (*Journies through Proximities*, selected poems, 2013), *Nevidljiva mesta* (*Invisible Places*, 2015), *Izdvojene tišine* (*Separate Silences*, selected poems, 2016). He prepared for publication *An Author in the Garden, the most beautiful stories and poems about plants and friendship* (2016). He received several major literary awards such as *Branko Miljković Award*, *Miroslav Antić Award*, *Vasko Popa Award*, as well as *Zaplanjski Orfej Award* for the best poem and *Dis Award* for 2016, for his complete works. His poems have been translated into Russian, Japanese, Spanish, Portuguese, Macedonian, English and Slovenian language. He is a member of the Serbian Literary Society.

THE RAIN STOPS

We walked lightly,
talked quietly.
Two lives under one umbrella
in a city that did not know us.

The breeze ballooned with emptiness the parasols
that camped in front of the restaurant.
Beer adverts lured the very people
who were running away from emptiness.

Our steps were decided upon by the infinite:
we skirted the puddles
and lightly stepped over the little streams
of murky, unrestrained liquid.

When the droplets ceased
washing the already hardened face of the city,
I folded the umbrella

TOMISLAV MARINKOVIĆ (1949)

Tomislav Marinković, rođen 1949. godine u Lipolistu kod Šapca. Prvu knjigu pesama *Dvojnik* objavio je 1983. godine. Sledile su: *Izvesno vreme* (1985), *Stihovi* (1991), *Sumnja u ogledalo* (1996), *Škola trajanja* (2003), *Svet na koži* (2007), *Običan život* (2011), *Putovanja kroz blizine* (izabrane pesme, 2013), *Nevidljiva mesta* (2015), *Izdvojene tišine* (izabrane pesme, 2016). Takođe je priredio knjigu *Pisac u vrtu, najlepše priče i pesme o biljkama i prijateljstvu*, 2016. godine. Za svoju poeziju je dobio nagrade: *Branko Miljković*, *Miroslav Antić*, *Vasko Popa*, nagradu za najbolju pesmu *Zaplanjski Orfej*, kao i *Disovu nagradu* za celokupan pesnički opus, 2016. godine. Pesme su mu prevodene na ruski, japanski, španski, portugalski, makedonski, engleski i slovenački jezik. Član je Srpskog književnog društva. Živi i radi u Lipolistu.



PRESTANAK KIŠE

Koračali smo lagano,
razgovarali tiho.
Dva života ispod kišobrana,
u gradu koji nas ne poznaje.

Vetrić je prazninom naduvavao suncobrane
što su bivakovali ispred restorana.
Reklame za pivo mamile su upravo one
koji su bežali od praznine.

O našim koracima odlučivao je beskraj:
zaobilazili smo barice
i lako prekoračivali potočiće
neobuzdane mutne tečnosti.

Kad su kapljice prestale
da umivaju već ogrubelo lice grada,
sklopio sam kišobran

and above us, the skies opened.

We could choose:
to climb one of the clearings the clouds
quickly covered over all across the wrinkled heavens,

or to turn into the alley
that led to the building
with a row of narrow windows
mirroring the reflections of the real world.

Without compasses or a pencil,
our reason was feverishly making
calculations where we should go.
And yet, life went before us
and led us through the clearly bounded spaces of days.

We followed cautiously in its wake,
like travellers who do not know the way,
like time stopping in a city park, confused
by the lingering hope in the canopies' spread sails.

READING

In the morning, I return to reading verses
lit up by the first rays of the sun.
I find invisible streets and noisy
cities missing firmness,
missing proper ringing pavements,
walls of buildings cut from rough-hewn stone;
missing something palpable –
the door of an old hotel that opens
with a swish and a solemn impotence
and, after a short pause,
returns to its initial stillness.

The city sways in the light spring air,
poetry trying hard to tie it to the earth.
Suddenly, it seems everything's in place.
Not a thing can protest against

i iznad nas se otvorilo nebo.

Mogli smo da biramo:
da se uspenjemo na jedan od proplanaka
koje su oblaci brzo zastirali preko naboranog neba,

ili da skrenemo u uličicu
što je vodila do zgrade
sa nizom uskih prozora,
na kojima su se oslikavali odrazi realnog sveta.

Bez šestara i olovke,
razum je grozničavo pravio matematičke
proračune na koju stranu da podemo.
Međutim, život je išao ispred nas
i vodio nas kroz strogo ogradieni prostor dana.

Mi smo oprezno sledili njegove stope,
kao putnici koji ne poznaju put,
kao vreme koje zastaje u gradskom parku, zbumjeno što
u raširenim jedrima krošnji još ima nade.

ČITANJE

Izjutra, vraćam se čitanju stihova
osvetljenih prvim zracima sunca.
Nalazim nevidljive ulice i bučne
gradove kojima nedostaje čvrstina,
nedostaju prosti zvonki pločnici,
zidovi zgrada od teškog tesanog kamena;
nedostaje nešto opipljivo –
kao vrata starog hotela koja se
sa šumom i nekom ozbiljnom nemošću
otvaraju i, posle kratke zadrške,
vraćaju u početno mirovanje.

Grad leluja u lakom prolećnom vazduhu,
poezija se trudi da ga veže za zemlju.
Odjednom, čini se da je sve na svom mestu.
Nijedna stvar ne protestuje zbog

a lack of fresh life,
people are truly wistful or
smile beamingly to someone coming to meet them.
I push the book away and the vision continues
to work on the painting it had begun.
Through the window I see cloudlets, greyish,
resembling a bronze figure of a rose,

an unravelling ball of wool,
my life an the life of poetry
trembling above the infinite.

WORLDS

The towns monotonous,
the roads passing through them
(like arteries branching out,
then emptying into the mesh of the bloodstream)
we see clearly, our gaze
absorbs them mutely.

We see the river and a part of the shore
on the other side, boats
directed towards the swaying willows.
And chimneys and the brown skies,
moving things caught up by time.

And other obviousities, so intimate.
Every move, every flutter.

And yet, many worlds stay invisible,
one of them ours: while we float
between the shores, wanting to touch
our own existence, our life,

both more translucent and more distant than others.

YOU RAN UP TO ME PANTING

I met you in a dream.

manjka svežeg života,
ljudi su zbilja zamišljeni ili se
vedro osmehuju nekom ko im dolazi u susret.
Odmičem knjigu i vizija nastavlja
da radi na započetoj slici.
Kroz prozor vidim sivkaste oblačice
koji liče na bronzanu figuru ruže,

na razmotanu klupčad vune,
na moj život i život poezije,
koji podrhtavaju nad beskrajem.

SVETOVI

Naselja jednolična,
puteve što kroz njih prolaze
(kao arterije koje se račvaju,
a onda slivaju u mrežu krvotoka)
vidimo jasno, pogled ih
nemo upija.

Vidimo reku i deo obale
na drugoj strani, čamce
usmerene ka vrbama koje se njišu.
I dimnjake i smeđe nebo,
stvari u pokretu zahvaćene vremenom.

I druge očiglednosti, tako bliske.
Svaki pokret, svaki treptaj.

Ali, još mnogi svetovi ostaju nevidljivi,
a jedan od njih je naš: dok između
obala plutamo, želeći da dotaknemo
sopstveno postojanje, život svoj,

i prozirniji i udaljeniji od drugih.

DOTRČALA SI ZADIHANA

Sreo sam te u snu.

As the train passed through the suburbs
approaching the station, I recognized
the physiognomy of the city, tried
to bring closer to my face the images
floating through my memories.

All was still
in the pale morning light.
On the balconies flowers waking up.
Behind the floral barricades
appeared dreamy faces
like ruffled petals.

Spring marched through the city:
the buds of forsythias
slowly conquered the parks
and the narrow meadows between weathered buildings.

I saw you, you ran across the street...
Waved to me...
You ran up to me, panting,
and asked me, because it is important,
because everything is solved by answering that question:

“Why is distance
always more dangerous
than elevation,
why?”

SUMMER HOLIDAYS

At first light, a sudden thought:
morning is the sum of things visible
missing a few grains of the past.

Then follows a walk across
the scrawny shadows of olive trees,
against the rising sun that both is
and isn’t a golden ducat on the sky’s edge.

Dok je voz prolazio kroz predgrađe
i bližio se stanici, prepoznao sam
fizionomiju grada, pokušavao
da licu približim slike koje
su plovile sećanjem.

Sve je bilo još tiho
pod bledom jutarnjom svetlošću.
Na terasama se budilo cveće.
Iza barikada od cveća
pojavljivala su se sanjiva lica
kao razbarušene latice.

Gradom je deflovalo proleće:
pupoljci forzicija su
lagano osvajali parkove
i uske poljane između vremešnih zgrada.

Spazio sam te, pretrčavala si ulicu...
Mahala mi...
Dotrčala si, zadihana,
i pitala me, jer je važno,
jer se sve rešava odgovorom na to pitanje:

„Zašto je daljina
uvek opasnija
od visine,
zašto?“

LETOVANJE

U rasvitak, nenađana misao:
jutro je suma vidljivih stvari
kojoj nedostaju zrnca prošlosti.

Potom sledi šetnja pored
mršavih senki maslina,
naspram izlazećeg sunca, što i jeste
i nije zlatni dukat na ivici neba.

While boats in the distance
take on the appearance of glistening
seashells, disrupting the complete

and final image of the sea,
the sun softly speaks to me
in words that only I can hear:

The sand beneath your toes,
those are the cities of Greece
crushed by the wrath of Persia!

Strongholds of stone, underground
passages, watchtowers, bastions...
all is gone, all is sand.

For want of a better solution,
with the help of the architecture of thought that
rebuilds what was razed, do make an effort
to see, in their full splendour, the shabby cities:

Close your eyes.
Forget one and remember
the other Greece.

BANKNOTES

The smiling faces of dear ones and their fondness.
Pink lamps in the distance, like the little caps of sweet
apparitions: the sea, the foamy daybreaks, the peace...

Moments of sudden happiness –
love's long fingers
finding us in the hills,

on a rocking boat,
in the indispensable garden café
in an unknown city.

All those are banknotes with which

Dok čamci u daljini
poprimaju izgled svetlucavih
školjki, remeteći dovršenu,

konačnu sliku mora,
sunce mi tiho kazuje reči
koje samo ja mogu čuti:

Pesak pod tvojim prstima,
to su grčki gradovi
smravljeni besom Persije!

Kamena utvrđenja, podzemni
hodnici, osmatračnice, kule...
sve je nestalo, pesak sve je.

U nedostatku boljih rešenja,
uz pomoć arhitekture misli koja
obnavlja porušeno, potrudi se
da vidiš, u punoj slavi, trošne gradove:

Zažmuri.
Zaboravi jednu i seti se
druge Grčke.

NOVČANICE

Osmehnuta lica dragih i njihova naklonost.
Ružičaste lampe u daljini, kao kapice dražesnih
priviđenja; more, penušava svitanja, mir...

Trenuci iznenadne sreće –
izduženi prsti ljubavi
koji nas pronalaze u brdima,

na zaljuljanom brodu,
u nezaobilaznoj bašti kafane
u nepoznatom gradu.

Sve su to novčanice kojuma nas

life pays us in advance,
before we remain without a thing,

alone, clutching with one
hand the air,
with the other our memories.

It's almost comical,
that desire of yours to comprehend
and to replicate life, I repeat to myself.

To describe in detail the possessions
dwindling with the piling up
of time, that invalid currency.

Something you acquire through the long years,
yet lose once,
once and for good.

FACES

To the students of the State University of Novi Pazar

At the window of the hotel room the wind has sighed all night.

The city, asleep, tastes like bygone ages,
in the darkened flats of nearby buildings
dreams are completing their unfinished tasks,
empty glimmering streets living for only a little bit longer
the life of eternal rules and excitements.

I woke up suddenly:
the bright-lit amphitheatre and the students' young faces
(a residual image from the day before)
floated before my eyes.
I read poems.

I tried to say that my
sadness is permanent, essential;

život unapred isplaćuje,
pre nego što ostanemo bez ičega,

sami, držeći se jednom
rukom za vazduh,
drugom za uspomene.

Skoro je smešna
ta tvoja želja da spoznaš
i da preslikaš život, ponavljam sebi.

Da do sitnica opišeš imetak
što se smanjuje sa gomilanjem
vremena, tog nevažećeg novca.

Nešto što sticao si godinama,
a gubiš jednom,
jednom i zauvek.

LICA

*Studentima Državnog univerziteta
u Novom Pazaru*

Na prozoru hotelske sobe celu noć uzdiše vetar.

Usnuli grad ima ukus nestalih vekova,
u zamračenim stanovima po okolnim zgradama
snovi dovršavaju započete poslove,
prazne svetlucave ulice još samo malčice žive
životom večnih pravila i uzbuđenja.

Probudio sam se iznenada:
osvetljen amfiteatar i mlada lica studenata
(zaostala slika iz prethodnog dana),
bili su mi pred očima.
Ja sam čitao pesme.

Pokušavao sam da kažem da je moja
tuga suštinska, trajna;

it cannot, unlike the melancholy which at times
upsets their faces,
be obscured with a layer of powder and colourful makeup.

At the words of the poem my heart twitched in the darkness
trying to light the torch of salvation,
in the hall the parquet crackled,
moments unfolded
into a huge autumn rose.

It looked like every moment then
the world would rouse itself and renounce itself and its
past, offering another, more bearable reality.
But what kind of world would it be without
those fair faces, without poetry.

IN THE ROOM YOU OPEN THE WINDOW

In the room you open the window –
it is dawning.

Diluted vermillion pours out
of the small box of colours just opened ajar in the skies.

It is time for you to start opening also
the little windows of your soul that, in the night,
was but the negative of your hopes,

anxieties, memories barely discerned,
overgrown with oblivion.

Focus on things
outside the room, outside yourself.

Your life is not just within you.
Your life is not just yours.

Translated from Serbian by Goran Čolakhodžić

ne može se, kao seta koja povremeno
uznemirava njihova lica,
prekriti slojem pudera i raznobojne šminke.

Na reči pesme moje srce se trzalo u tami
i pokušavalo da upali baklju spasa,
u sali je puketao parket,
trenuci su se razlistavali
u ogroman cvet jesenje ruže.

Izgledalo je da će se svakog časa
svet prenuti i odreći sebe i svoje
prošlosti, nudeći drugu, podnošljiviju javu.
Ali kakav bi to svet bio da nije tih
lepih lica, da nema poezije.

OTVORIO SI PROZOR NA SOBI

Otvorio si prozor na sobi –
sviče.

Razblaženo rumenilo navire
iz tek otškrinute kutijice boja na nebu.

Vreme je da počneš i sa otvaranjem
prozorčića na duši, koja je, u noći,
bila samo negativ tvojih nadanja,

strepnje, jedva nazirućih sećanja
obraslih zaboravom.

Usredsredi se na stvari
izvan sobe, izvan sebe.

Tvoj život nije samo u tebi.
Tvoj život nije samo tvoj.

RUŽICA CVETKOVIĆ PFEIFER (1963)

Ružica Cvetković-Pfajfer was born on October 8th, 1963 in Krčmar (near Valjevo) in Serbia. She had published the following books of poetry: *Neminovnost* (1990) – *First prize of Valjevo Literary Youth in 1989*; *Utroba puna stakla* (2000); *Nevino blizu rečima* (2002); *Nostalgija u prolazu* (2016). She has been living in Germany since 1990.

NOSTALGIA IN PASSING

The time spent here
Would pass somewhere else as well.

In some other cities
In some other languages
Some people would be saying
What other people say.
They would be silent about things that must be said.
They'd lock and unlock doors
With different keys.

And on some other sky
The guiding star would remain still:
As above the ruins of Singidunum
So above the highest European towers.

Life would stop
In diaries and calendars
Tongue gone blunt like a knife's edge
Without bread, a ripe melon
Or bloody innards.

And the nostalgia in passing would remain the same:
The follower - in whose feet
They fight and make the shoes laugh,
As in leaving, so in the return
Of two equally matched opponents.

RUŽICA CVETKOVIĆ PFAJFER (1963)

Ružica Cvetković-Pfajfer rođena je 8. oktobra 1963. godine, u Krčmaru (kod Valjeva). Objavila zbirke pesama: *Neminovnost* (1990) – Prva nagrada Književne omladine Valjeva za 1989; *Utroba puna stakla* (2000); *Nevino blizu rečima* (2002); *Nostalgija u prolazu* (2016). Od 1990. godine živi u Nemačkoj.



NOSTALGIJA U PROLAZU

Vreme ovde provedeno
Prošlo bi i negde drugde.

U nekim drugim gradovima
Na nekim drugim jezicima
Neki drugi ljudi bi govorili
Što i drugi ljudi govore.
Čutali o čemu se ne čuti.
Vrata zaključavali i otključavali
Različitim ključevima.

I na nekom drugom nebu
Zvezda-vodilja ostala bi nepomična:
Kako iznad singidumskih ruševina
Tako iznad najviših evropskih tornjeva.

Život bi se zaustavio
U dnevnicima i kalendarima.
Jezik otupeo poput sečiva noža:
Bez hleba, zrele lubenice
Krvavog parčeta iznutrice.

I nostalgija u prolazu ostala bi ista:
Pratilja – u čijim stopalima
Bore se, zasmejavaju cipele
Kako u odlasku, tako u povratku
Dva ravnopravna protivnika.

SOME OTHER SKY

Lovely days of the last autumn of the millennium
In Berlin, beneath a low sky,
While on the cultural-political-workshop-picnic
I'm learning the lesson no. 1, titled:
“How to; i.e. This is How the World Works”

I breathe carefully and walk. I look straight ahead.
I sit still. I imprint the impressions
Into the breathing, digestive and thinking organs.
A model student. Memorizes everything. Just like skin.
Fire and ice. Punches. Caresses.

And the soul - doesn't understand. Anything.
It irritates the world. Negates. Negative.
Like the eyes of children who see the world
Without creating worlds beyond the world.
Like the voice of the three-year old M. in Belgrade
On the last spring of the millennium,
Who, instead of chocolate eggs, wanted “Some other sky”
for Easter. Nothing else. Nothing.

Lovely autumn days
Under the endless Prussian sky.
Rilke's verses fall onto my hair like leaves.
The autumn poem. And the world works.
A President is bombing a President.
Someone smoked a peace pipe. Someone hidden.
In the apple of the people's eye. In the rear end of the world.
My brain - a target that can't be missed. Brainfart.
A vulgar soul. It curses. Threatens. Self-proclaimed. In solitude.

Transparent sky above the soul.
Like Reichstag. Like the ear of the green minister.
From which the gentle tomato stalks won't grow.
They'll grow from the factory foundations, from the hospital, two-bedroom home.
From the monastery garden soil.
From the uranium-enriched fruit.

NEKO DRUGO NEBO

Lepi dani poslednje jeseni milenijuma
U Berlinu, ispod niskog neba,
Dok na kulturno-političkom-seminaru-izletu
Učim lekciju br. 1, na temu:
„Kako tj. Tako funkcioniše svet.”

Pažljivo dišem i koračam. Gledam pravo.
Sedim mirno. Utiske ukucavam
U organe za disanje, varenje, mišljenje.
Učenica za primer. Pamti sve. Kao koža.
Vatru i led. Udarce. Milovanja.

A duša – ne shvata. Ništa.
Iritira svet. U-ništa-va. Ništavna.
Kao oči dece što svet posmatraju
Ne stvarajući svetove izvan sveta.
Kao glas trogodišnjeg M. u Beogradu,
Poslednjeg proleća milenijuma.
Umesto čokoladnih jaja, za uskršnje praznike
Želi „Neko drugo nebo“. Ništa drugo. Ništa.

Lepi, jesenji dani
Ispod beskrajnog pruskog neba.
Poput lišća, po mojoj kosi padaju Rilkeovi stihovi.
Jesenja pesma. A svet funkcioniše.
Predsednik bombarduje Predsednika.
Neko po-pušio lulu mira. Neko skriven.
U zenicama naroda. U zadnjici sveta.
Moj mozak – nepromaćiva meta. P. dim.
Vulgarna duša. Psiuje. Preti. Samo-zvana. Samotna.

Transparentno nebo iznad duše.
Kao Rajhstag. Kao uho zelenog ministra
Iz kojeg neće izrasti nežno lišće paradajza.
Izrašće iz temelja fabrike, bolnice, dvosobnog doma.
Iz zemlje manastirske bašte.
Iz uranijumom obogaćenog ploda.

On the lonely bust of Rosa Luxemburg,
The red carnation tucked between her breasts.
Diverts attention. From the building materials.

From the cranes. Drills. Workmen. Seen and unseen.
Beneath the Berlin of millions - a mini berlin.
In case of a nuclear war. A luxurious shelter. A modern paradise.
Fall, fall autumn rain. Prehistoric. Post-apocalyptic.

Beneath a luxuriously lit sky,
In the luxurious half-darkness of a Greek tavern
A luxurious night. Luxurious wine. Luxurious music.
In the company of luxuriously good people.
Luxuriously crying. Luxuriously singing.

All that, still, is worth it.
Like addresses and phone numbers,
Once written down on a napkin,
On newspapers, cigarette packs.
In some other, luxurious life.
In some other, luxurious language.
It is worth it. Luxurious. Lost. Forgotten.

Aside from those darker-than-usual bags beneath the eyes
And lighter-than-usual paleness of the face,
I return from Berlin - luxuriously the same.

(UN)UNROOTED

Once I breathlessly observed the world.
Now I create looks. I breathe loudly.
I act abnormally.

And the world is normal. It became normal
To not have a face, a name, a voice. To not dream.
Invisible mirrors. Free enemies.
Indifference and boredom. The law of the untouchables.
Nausea. Truce like I never wished
Upon plants and insects, thoughts and beasts.

Na usamljenoj bisti Roze Luksemburg,
Između grudi, udenut crveni karanfil.
Odvraća pažnju. Od građevinskog materijala.

Kranova. Bušilica. Majstora. Vidljivih i nevidljivih.
Ispod milionskog Berlina – mini berlin.
U slučaju atomskog rata. Luksuzno sklonište. Savremeni raj.
Padaj, padaj, kišo jesenja. Praistorijska. Postapokaliptična.

Ispod luksuzno osvetljenog neba,
U luksuznoj polutami grčke kafane
Luksuzna noć. Luksuzno vino. Luksuzna muzika.
U društvu luksuzno dobrih ljudi
Luksuzno se plače. Luksuzno peva.

Sve to, ipak, vredi.
Kao adrese i brojevi telefona,
Nekada napisani na salveti,
Novinama, kutijama cigareta.
U nekom drugom, luksuznom životu.
Na nekom drugom, luksuznom jeziku.
Vredi. Luksuzno izgubljeno. Zaboravljen.

Izuvezši tamnije, no inače, modrilo podočnjaka
I svetlijе, no inače, bledilo lica,
Iz Berlina se vraćam – luksuzno ista.

(NE)ISKORENJENA

Nekada sam, bez daha, posmatrala svet.
Sada stvaram poglede. Dišem bučno.
Ponašam se nenormalno.

A svet normalan. Normalno postalo
Nemati lice, ime, glas. Nemati san.
Ogledala nevidljiva. Neprijatelji slobodni.
Ravnodušnost i dosada. Zakon nedodirljivih.
Mučnina. Primirje kakvo nikad ne poželeh
Biljkama i insektima, mislima i zverinju.

Even the poem in a stable has its meadow. And unrest.
It has the body of a cow. It gorges. On clover and air.
It bloats. Lies down in its shadow. Just like me.
Borderlands are alluring. Erotic.
But I wait. The bell in my head. Loyally. Strikes noon.
The right time. I lay down in someone else's shadow. Grateful.
To the sun, to the bell, to the clock on the wall. And to someone
else's dream.

When I wake up, the shadow of my head
Will be somewhere else. Under such-and-such angle.
A danger zone. Not even one's own shadow
Is a place that can be easily reached:
Without luggage-searching, brain-washing,
Passport-checking, visa-kissing.

Soul, border checkpoints are aids for the disabled.
Wheelchairs for the fascists with stale thoughts. Shoo!

Soul, borders break the backs of both the living and the dead.
They knock down family trees. They snap the pebble hearts in two.
They dry river beds. Flood the grain fields and orchards.
Scratch the mountain faces. Cut the breath from my mouth.

They grow to the skin of my shoulders - made, of course,
for the straps of a dress, a male palm and the rays of sun.

Soul. Even without oblivion's embrace. And the burden of memory.
I will be like a mother. And the Great Mother. I will be a hunched
old woman.
Perfectly withered in my own roots.

CRETAN ELEGY

Gazing at the tangled fishing nets
Underneath which an occasional grain of sand
Sparkles up like the last day,
Old men with their eyes glazed
With the salty moisture of the sea
Sing songs of young women

I pesma u štali ima svoju livadu. I nemir.
Ima telo krave. Preždere se. Deteline i vazduha.
Nadima se. U svoju senku legne. Tako i ja.
Pogranična zona jeste privlačna. Erotična.
Ali ja čekam. Zvono u glavi. Verno. Otkucava podne.
Povoljan čas. Legnem u tuđu senku. Zahvalna.
Suncu, zvonu, zidnoj uri. I tuđem snu.

Kada se probudim, senka moje glave
Biće negde drugde. Pod uglom tim-i-tim.
Opasna zona. Ni sopstvena senka
Nije mesto do kojeg se tek-tako stiže:
Bez pretresa prtljaga, ispiranja mozga
Tumačenja pasoša, poljupca vize.

Dušo, granični prelazi su invalidska pomagala.
Kolica za faštiste nepokretnih misli. Marš!

Dušo, granice povijaju leđa živih i mrtvih.
Obaraju porodična stabla. Polove srce kamena-oblutka.
Isušuju korita reka. Plave žitna polja i voćnjake.
Grebu lica planine. Presecaju dah iz mojih usta.

Srastaju sa kožom mojih ramena – stvorenih, dabome,
za bretele haljine, muški dlan, sunčev zrak.

Dušo. I bez zagrljaja zaborava. I tereta sećanja.
Ja će biti kao majka. I pramajka. Biću grbava starica.
Savršeno precvetala u svom korenu.

KRITSKA ELEGIJA

Zagledani u zamršene ribarske mreže
Pod kojima poneko zrnce peska
Zasvetli kao poslednji dan
Starci očiju presvućenih
Slankastom vlagom mora
Pevaju pesme o mladim ženama

Crossing a flooding stream
Yipping and lifting their skirts
Shaped like bells and scented like
Wild orchid petals.

The archaic islanders' speech
Is hard to translate into modern tongues
It lives only in the mouths of these old men.
It will disappear together with them.
But the pictures of body and soul,
Which is what every love poem really is,
Never will, explains a local youth
In often imprecise foreign words.
He uses his passionate gaze
And gestures of his lovely body
Which both genders in this tourist group
Meet with unwavering understanding
And approval: nods, giggles,
Winks from the crowd warmed-up with alcohol.

They live long and are potent even longer,
The males of this ancient
Fishing village, statistics say.
The goat milk yogurt and honey made by the bees
That feed on the nectar of wild orchids
Is what is considered to be the source
Of the aphrodisiacal and life force in general
Of the males of the village, of course.
Concerning goats, which are as abundant here
As the olive trees - countless
It is important to note that king Minos
Was the first male, 3200 years ago
Who used a condom made from goat bladder
So, of undisputed quality.

After the last song resounds
Among the low, white-painted houses
Crouched figures of women start passing by
In black skirts made of rough wool.
When they kneel at the shore to tie up
The rope of a barge and a few unspoken words

Što preko nadošlog potoka prelaze
Podvriskujući i zadižući suknje
Zvonaste i mirisne poput
Latice divljih orhideja.

Teško je prevodiv na savremene jezike
Taj arhaični govor ostrvljana
Živ još samo u ustima ovih staraca.
Nestaće zajedno sa njima
Ali slike tela i duše
Što svaka ljubavna pesma jeste
Nikada neće, objašnjava momčić-meštanin
Često nepreciznim izborom stranih reči.
Služi se ovatrenim pogledima
I gestikulacijama lepog tela
Što kod oba pola turističke grupe
Nailazi na nesumnjivo razumevanje
I odobravanje: klimanje glavom, kikotanje
Namigivanje, alkoholom dobro zagrejane publike.

Dugo žive, još duže su potentni
Muški žitelji ovog prastarog
Ribarskog sela, kaže statistika.
Jogurtu od kozjeg mleka i medu od pčela
Što se hrane nektarinom divljih orhideja
Pripisuje se afrodizijačka i uopšte životna snaga
Naravno, muškog dela stanovništva.
U vezi sa kozama kojih ovde ima
Koliko i stabala maslina – bezbroj
Važan je podatak da je kralj Minos
Kao prvi muškarac, pre 3200 godina
Koristio kondom, napravljen od kozje bešike
Dakle, neospornog kvaliteta.

Nakon odjeka poslednje pesme
Između niskih, u belo okrećenih kuća
Promiču pogurene siluete žena
U crnim suknjama od oštре vune.
Kada kleknu na obalu da zavežu
Uže barke i poneku reč neizgovorenu

They exchange glances with the distant sea
From which the waves come closer
Rolling their voices, tangled with time,
Like scented laces of bell-shaped skirts
Which, deep in the closet,
Long after their last wash
Remember their songs from long ago.

A MISSIVE

I cannot say I ever
Spoke with God
I did not believe He could even hear
What I told him as a child:
With too many voices between earth and sky
It seemed to be impossible.

In the blessed silence of letters
While reading some books
I believed that someone
Very close to God is writing missives to me.

Someone up there is watching all this
My great grandfather used to say
As he was cutting tobacco leaves
Preparing the kindling for the fireplace
Cutting his fingernails with a knife.
He never stepped on anyone's shadow
So he was suspicious even to the flies
That he fended off with a black locust branch
Seriously puzzled that his head
Is still swaying on his thin, old neck.

And miracles do happen.
And there is either too little or too much of everything:
Light and darkness, joy and sorrow
Good and evil, love and hate.
But there is always the time in between.
That's then when I know that my hands and eyes
Were made for timelessness:

Poglede razmene sa pučinom
Odakle se približavaju talasi
Valjajući glasove, zamršene vremenom
Kao mirisne niti zvonastih sukanja
Što odložene u dubokom ormaru
Dugo još, nakon poslednjeg pranja
Sećaju se svog nekadašnjeg pevanja.

PISMO

Ne mogu reći da sam ikada
Razgovarala sa bogom.
Nisam verovala ni da čuti može
To što sam mu kao dete govorila:
Od previše glasova izneđu zemlje i neba
To se činilo nemoguće.

U blagoslovenoj tišini slova
Čitajući neke knjige
Verovala sam da mi neko
Bogu sasvim blizak, pisma piše.

Neko odozgo sve ovo posmatra
Govorio je pradeda
Seckajući list duvana
Pripremajući luč za peć
Podrezujući nokte nožem.
Nikome na senku nije stao
Tako da je bio sumnjiv i muvama
Od kojih se branio bagremovom grančicom
Ozbiljno začuđen što mu se glava
Još klati na tankom, staračkom vratu.

A čuda se dešavaju.
I svega je čas premalo, čas previše:
Svetlosti i tame, radosti i tuge
Dobra i zla, ljubavi i mržnje.
Ali postoji uvek i međuvreme.
Tada znam da moje ruke i oči
Za bezvremenost su stvorene:

When I hug a tree after a long winter
Hear and see primrose grow.
While knitting a scarf for my daughter, in early autumn
I read new books that have been read long ago.
Someone is still writing
Missives of light to me.

Translated from Serbian by Vesna Stamenković

Kada zagrlim drvo nakon duge zime
Čujem i vidim kako jagorčevina raste.
Pletući šal za čerku, u ranu jesen
Čitam nove – davno pročitane knjige.
Još uvek mi neko
Svetlosna pisma piše.

YIORGOS CHRISTODOULIDES (1968)

Born in Moscow in 1968, raised in Larnaka, Cyprus. Holder of an MA in Journalism (Lomonosov University, Moscow). He works as a journalist in Nicosia.

His debut work, *'Evia* (Enia: Ateleia, Nicosia, 1996) was awarded the State Prize for young writers. His second, *Oνειροτρύβειον* (Dream-Mill: Gavrielides, Athens, 2001) received the State Prize for poetry. It was followed by: *Εγχειρίδιο Καλλιεργητή* (Grower's Manual: Govosti, Athens, 2004); *To Απραγματοποίητο* (The Undone: Gavrielides, Athens, 2010) and *Δρόμος μεταξύ Ουρανού και Γης* (Road between Heaven and Earth: Farfoulas, Athens, 2013). In June 2010, a short selection of Christodoulides' poems were published in Berlin, Germany. In December 2011, more than 150 poems spanning the past fifteen years of Christodoulides' work were translated into Bulgarian by Vasilka Petrova Hadjipapa (Plamik: Sofia, 2011) and put together in a single volume titled after his collection *Oνειροτρύβειον* [Dream-Mill].

His latest book of poetry, *Πληγείσες Περιοχές-Γυμνές Ιστορίες* (Affected Areas-Raw Tales: Melani, Athens, 2016) has been translated into French by Michel Volkovitch as *Zones sinistrées* (published by 'Le miel des anges'). His work has been translated into English, Spanish, Portuguese, Lithuanian, Latvian, Turkish etc. and appeared in Cypriot, Greek and international literary reviews. His poetry will be a part of the new Treći Trg's project named *Greek Literature from Cyprus in Serbian*.

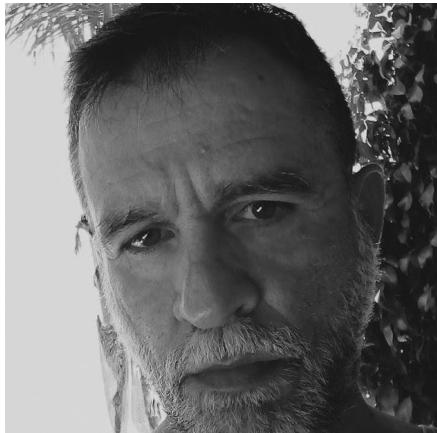
THE CLANG OF THEIR WORDS

for Orestes

I remember my first time in school
how I cried in secret
when my mother withdrew her hand
and a palm of iron
patted me on the back.
I think now
I wasn't afraid of the teachers
or the examiners
my unfamiliar peers
army officers later on

JORGOS HRISTODULIDIS (1968)

Jorgos Hristodulidis je rođen u Moskvi 1968. godine. Detinjstvo provodi u Larnaki na Kipru, pa se vraća u Rusiju gde studira žurnalistiku na Univerzitetu Lomonosov. Za prvu zbirku pesama *Neke* (1996) dobija nagradu za najboljeg mladog pisca, dok mu je za drugu, *Šmirgla za snove* (2001), uručena Državna nagrada za poeziju Republike Kipar. Usledile su zbirke *Priručnik jednog uzgajivača* (2004), *Neostvarivo* (2010), *Put između neba i zemlje* (2013) i u januaru 2016. godine *Izranjavane zone/obnažene priče*. Pesme su mu prevedene na nemački, francuski, bugarski, španski, portugalski i turski, a uvršten je i u nekoliko novijih antologija kiparske književnosti. Živi i radi u Nikoziji. Poslednja zbirkica iz 2016. godine biće prevedena na srpski jezik u okviru projekta *Grčka književnost sa Kipra na srpskom jeziku*, koji se finansira iz fonda Kreativne Evrope.



ZVEKET NJIHOVIH REČI

Orestu

Sećam se prvih dana u školi
kako sam krišom plakao
kad bi se majčina ruka povlačila
pa mi neki gvozdeni dlan
milovao pleća.
Misljam

da se nisam plašio učitelja
ispitivača
nepoznatih drugova iz razreda
kasnije oficira u vojsci

professors at university.
It was the frigid cycle of their knowledge I dreaded.
Their words
harsh, intransigent, loveless
like empty walnuts upon cracking
whilst my mother's words
kneaded together in affection.
And so now
as I sense the same fear in my son
I give him words each morning
words of love
to take with him
to have and to hold
when the clang of foreign words
closes in on him.

BROKEN BIKES

Their father mended broken bicycles
from the neighbourhood.
On occasion, passers-by would bring him theirs.
His two children ran around barefoot
and ragged
their eyes gleaming with adventure
and its end.
All day they ran.
Swamped with work
he never took his eyes off them
but at a sharp point in time
when the improbable scythed a path through the afterlight
on that blind spot
when the neck fails to turn completely
they slipped away
mounted two saddles
with punctured tyres
rickety chains
broken brakes
and rose to the peak of reveries.
On the way back, a colourful downhill
there

profesora na fakultetu.

Plašio me je studeni obruč njihovog znanja.

Njihove reči

grube, nepokolebljive, bez ljubavi
poput šupljih oraha pri pucanju
dok su reči moje majke
bile zamešene brigom.

I tako sada

kad u sinu predosećam isti strah
svakog jutra mu spremam reči
dopadljive reči
da ih ponese sa sobom
da ga čuvaju
kad ga zveket stranih reči
opkoli.

SLOMLJENA BICIKLA

Otac im je popravljao slomljena bicikla
u komšiluku.

Ponekad bi mu i prolaznici donosili svoja.

Njegovo dvoje dece je trčalo tamo-vamo bosonoga
i ritavo

- u očima im je blistala avantura
kao i njen kraj.

Trčali su po ceo dan
a on do guše u poslu
ne bi ih gubio iz vida
ali u jednom oštrom deliću sekunde
kad je nenadano kosilo kroz sumrak
na tom slepom uglu
do kog vrat ne može da se okrene
zamakoše

upregnuće dva bicikla
izbušenih guma
raštimovanih lanaca
neispravnih kočnica
i vinuše se do najviše tačke snova.
Na velikoj nizbrdici od boja
tamo gde obično

where almost
all barefoot children flounder
they didn't make it.
In vain he looked for them
their sunless father
In silence he looked for them
No one but him.

Along with others, these incidents
occur in lightless places.

STORIES YOU COMPREHEND MUCH LATER

Each noon in the parking lot of the block of flats
a policeman would chase after us ablaze
in his shorts
and the orchard owner.
The first bedamned us for playing ball
and ruining his siesta
he'd grab a wooden stick and rush down
to beat the crap out of us.
The second would howl incomprehensibly
a brute
certain he would catch us
red handed stealing fruit from his trees.
But we were more ablaze than them.
And faster.
It took me years
to suspect
that perhaps more than us
they hated our laughter
and that
power and ownership
have no love for children.

sva bosonoga deca nastradaju
nisu uspeli.
Uzalud ih je tražio
njihov otac
- neosvetljeni.
Tažio ih je nemo.
Samo ih je on i tražio.

Između ostalog i takve stvari
dešavaju se u neprosvjetljenim krajvima.

PRIČE KOJE SHVATIŠ MNOGO KASNIJE

U podnevima na parkingu ispred zgrade
jurio bi nas pomamljeni policajac
u bermudama
i jedan gradinar.
Prvi bi nas psovao što se igramo loptom
i remetimo mu san
potezao bi letvu i silazio
da njome ubije boga u nama.
Drugi bi urlajući nerazumno
beštija jedna
mislio da će nas uhvatiti
kako mu krademo mušmule sa drveta.
Ali mi smo bili još pomamljeniji od njih.
I hitriji.
Bile su potrebne godine
da posumnjam
da su možda više od nas samih
mrzeli naš smeh
i da
nadmoć i posedništvo
ne vole decu.

ANDREAS DOE

We meet randomly once or twice a year
Only yesterday he saw me at the supermarket picking
tomatoes.

And again he asked how my eldest daughter was.

- A son, Andreas, now a student.

- Right, right.

Brief pause.

- Is he alright?

- He's fine.

The same chat each and every time
over groceries gone bad
at the door of the clipper of names
the repair shop for replacement of limbs
in the queues of dry jobless people
the pavements of the shrunken
the trenches of the city

- Lean forward Andreas, no, don't take a bow
just lean forward.

Strange how someone

can always remember the same thing wrong.

I noticed a slight tremor in his hand

though skillfully he tried to hide it by clinging onto the shopping cart.

I do my best to avoid him

but he persists on sharing his embarrassment.

You can't beat that.

One day he dropped his head

We ran to catch it

downhill.

When I paid the next publisher
to bring out my sixth book

I mailed it to an address unknown
certain he would receive it somehow.

Years later we met again

in the public toilets

paying for a pee.

"Say, how's your daughter?

Loved your poem about that guy.

I can't believe that guy!

Say, who is he?"

JEDAN ANDREAS

Srećemo se nasumice jednom-dvaput godišnje
Baš me juče video u supermarketu dok sam birao
paradajz.

Opet me pita kako mi je najstarija čerka
- Sina imam, Andreatse, i sad studira.

- A, da.

Pauza.

- Kako je?

- Dobro je.

Svaki put ista priča
nad namirnicama koje su istrulile
na vratima berbernice imena
u radionici gde se vrši zamena udova
u redovima svelih nezaposlenih ljudi
na trotoarima naboranih
u rovovima grada

- Pogni se, Andreatse, ne, ne naklon
samo se pogni.

Čudno je to kako jedan čovek
može uvek pogrešno da pamti istu stvar.

Zapazio sam mu i tremor u rukama
koji je vešto krio držeći čvrsto kolica.

Dajem sve od sebe da ga izbegnem
ali njegova upornost da objavi svoju nesnađenost
ostaje nepobediva.

Jednog dana mu je otpala glava
trčali smo da je stignemo
na nizbrdici.

Kad sam platio narednom izdavaču
i izdao svoju šestu knjigu
poslao sam mu je na nepoznatu adresu
siguran u to da će je nekako preuzeti.
Sreli smo se opet nakon nekoliko godina
u javnom toaletu
na jednom plaćenom pišanju.

„Kako ti je čerka?

Odlična ti je pesma o onom tipu.

Neverovatan lik, stvarno,

o kome se radi?“

JOSÉ SARAMAGO'S BROWN BOOK

I'm reading a brown book.
The author is dead
The translator is dead
The main hero took his own life.
I'm still alive.
Sitting on the slope of an unsung moon
I'm drinking a blond beer.
Who says death
is invincible?

VIOLIN-CASES

Instruments are but our need
to hear something else
than our stupid voices.

Yet through the sounds of the violin
you come to grasp the meaning of silence
and death.

Violists should have been dwarfs;
Once dead, we'd bury them
in their violin-cases.

PARISIAN MIRAGE

A parade in Paris; so unexpected.
We were heading for Notre-Dame.
Gold-red uniforms of spearmen;
horses' feces in the streets.
Love-couples kissing.
La Seine, a worn-out affirmation.
Tourists looking for the right place.
Souvenirs and curious queues of curious people.
The bells will soon toll

KNJIGA ŽOZEA SARAMAGA KAFENE BOJE

Čitam knjigu kafene boje.
Pisac je mrtav
prevodilac je mrtav
glavni junak je sebi oduzeo život.
Ja sam još živ.
Sedim u gledalištu jednog nepoznatog meseca
i pijem svetlo pivo.
Ko kaže da je smrt
nepobediva?

KUTIJE ZA VIOLINE

Instrumenti su naša potreba
da čujemo nešto drugo,
nešto osim našeg glupog glasa.

Ipak kroz zvuke violine
shvataš smisao tištine
a i smrti.

Trebalo bi svi violinisti da budu patuljci;
kad preminu da ih sahranjuju
u kutijama za violine.

PARISKO PRIVIĐENJE

Parada u Parizu.
Neočekivano.
Idemo ka Notr Damu.
Zlatnocrvene uniforme kopljjanika
konjski izmet po ulici
parovi koji se ljube
Sena poput iscrpljene potvrde
turisti tragaju za pravim mestom
suveniri i radoznali redovi radoznalih.
Uskoro će zazvoniti zvona

and according to schedule
Quasimodo will jump into the void
to a standing ovation.

APRIL

The forgotten children
are kicking a ball
in the school yard.

It is precisely 3:30
the sun at this time of the year is compassionate
yet scorches little by little
one after the other
its solstices.

The blond girl
a delicate key-holder
on tip toes, opens the gate
then runs outside
to fetch something insignificant.

The door is left ajar
a child notices and hastens
out of limits
to become a cloud
another child does the same
becomes lightning
the other children turn to droplets and gusts of wind
the children multiply
the children evaporate.

This is more or less how
on that sun-drenched day
an uncanny storm
broke unexpectedly
over the school yard.

i u skladu s programom
Kvazimodo će skočiti u ništavilo
pozdravljen gromoglasnim aplauzom.

APRIL

Zaboravljena deca
šutiraju loptu
u školskom dvorištu.

Tačno je 3.30
sunce je tog meseca saosećajno
ali polako gori
jednu po jednu
ravnodnevnicu.

Plava devojčica
mala ključarica
krijući se otvara kapiju
i trči van
da doneše nešto nebitno.

Vrata ostaju odškrinuta
jedno dete to vidi i stiže
da izađe van granica
i postane oblak
drugo dete čini isto
i postaje munja
ostala deca postaju kapi i vetrovi
deca se umnožavaju
deca postaju bestelesna.

Tako je nekako
onog sunčanog dana
izbila
nad školskim dvorištem
jedna čudnovata oluja.

OF MISTAKES

I repeat the same mistakes
In the way I classify things
In my relations with people
In how I don't glance at women
In the perception of the best that should be done
and what should be left alone to die down
In the prevention of unpleasant events
before you become entangled in their swirl
and spin away
With my children, on occasion invading their world
an effective dissolver of dreams,
mistakes I realized only later
sometimes too late
usually with no gain
since the only thing this knowledge can ever offer
is that now in time I suspect
my current errors
and in the future I predict
that only too late
I will discover them.

BASIC ITEMS

I took two pieces of paper;
one had the groceries, the other had the poem.
I put them in the same pocket
of my magic trousers.
They became tangled up.
The words switched places.
The “cheese” melted so close to the sun
The “eggs” crumbled falling
from the bridge of the verses;
“Red wine” was spilled into a thousand holes yet unopened.
I finally reached the supermarket.

O GREŠKAMA

Ponavljam iste greške
u načinu kako raspoređujem stvari
u odnosima s drugim ljudima
u načinu na koji ne gledam žene
u poimanju toga šta je bolje uraditi
a šta pustiti da se samo od sebe zagasi
u sprečavanju neprijatnih događaja
pre nego što se zapadne u njihov vrtlog
i sunovrat,
sa mojom decom, upadajući im ponekad
u njihov svet
kao učinkovit raspršivač snova,
greške koje sam uvek mnogo kasnije uviđao
a ponekad i suviše kasno
obično bez ikakve koristi
jer jedino u čemu pomaže ovo saznanje
je da na vreme prepostavim
moje sadašnje greške
i da predviđam u buduće
kako će ih ponovo
kasno
otkriti.

OSNOVNE NAMIRNICE

Uzeo sam dva lista papira
na jednom namirnice, na drugom pesma
stavio ih u isti džep
magičnih pantalona
pomešali se međusobno
reči zamenile svoja mesta
„sir“ se rastopio tako blizu sunca
i rasprsla se „jaja“ pri padu
s mostova od stihova
proliло se „crno vino“
u hiljadu šupljina što se još otvorile nisu.
Najzad stigoh u market

Shadows I bought at a bargain price
and a love affair left unsold on the shelf.
A special opener
for evocative cans of
memories with an expiry date.
The only misunderstanding hit the rabbit.
“Utterly scared” read the poem,
yet slaughtered I found it.

Translated from Greek by Despina Pirketti

sene sam kupio na popustu
i jednu ljubav što je ostala na policama nerasprodata
specijalni otvarač
za konzerve sećanja
što uspomene
imaju sa istekom roka.
Jedini nesporazum
se desio sa zecom.
U pesmi je pisalo „sasvim preplašen“
a ja ga nađoh preklanog.

S grčkog prevela Aleksandra Milanović

ANDREA GRILL (1975)

Andrea Grill is an Austrian poet and writer. She has published several novels and two volumes of poetry, *Happy Bastards* (2011) and *Safari, inner wilderness* (2014). For her work she earned a number of prestigious literary prizes. Her novel *The beautiful and the necessary* was translated into Russian. Her latest novel appeared in 2015, *Dr. Caspari's paradise* (Zsolnay Verlag, Wien). Andrea Grill also translates from Albanian into German. She has lived in Tirana, Amsterdam, Cagliari (Sardinia), Neuchatel and Bologna, and today resides in Vienna.

THE WAY IT IS

I.

must cut time into little pieces
spread them with butter
eat

rely on your body
I know its fabric
its smooth-sewn cleanness

leave hands
all over the place
on pruned plants

(grow
rests of you
between the musea)

ANDREA GRIL (1975)

Andrea Gril je austrijska pesnikinja i spisateljica. Objavila je nekoliko romana i dve zbirke pesama, *Srećna kopilad* (*Happy Bastards*, 2011) i *Safari, unutrašnja divljinija* (*Safari, inner wilderness*, 2014). Dobitnica je brojnih značajnih književnih nagrada. Roman *Lepota i nužnost* (*The beautiful and the necessary*) preveden je na ruski jezik. Najnoviji roman *Raj doktora Kasparija* (*Dr. Caspari's paradise*) objavila je 2015. godine izdavačka kuća Zolnaj iz Beča. Andrea Gril takođe prevodi s albanskog na nemački. Živila je u Tirani, Amsterdamu, Kaljariju (Sardinija), Nojšatelu i Bolonji, a danas živi u Beču.



TAKO JE TO

I.

moram da vreme na kriške isečeno
maslacem namazano
pojedem

oslanjam se na tvoje telo
gde poznajem samo
besprekorno ušiven štof

ostavljam ruke
posvuda po
potkresanim biljkama

(ostaci
tvog bića rastu
između muzeja)

II.

no-one but inert and bulbous night spirits in fact
alive since half a century or more
attended to by friendly gardeners and
shorn into balls; observe our progress

bright green with plumage up close
or adorned with needles we stand
where no one has stood before
a few paces from the light

relying on your body
in the warmest night of the year
surprised like fabric thin for suiting
by the porosity of my skin

III.

hours spent talking of sleep
(never slept)
the winter took a fast deep breath
offered summer a ceasefire
or subtler laws for those who

lay their heads in the great outdoors
you were traveling alone
a coat your constant companion
holding tightly to your arm
the toll of that magnetic field

after hours changing steps in pairs only
most reluctantly leaving your body and
against the will of the coarse-sphered
night spirits of the preceding century;
they would have wanted to see more

II.

zapravo, samo nepomične okrugle utvare
postojane skoro pola stoleća
što ih ljubazni vrtlari redovno
potkrešu u lopte; posmatraju nas

izbliza zaodenute u svetlozeleno ruho ili
opremljene iglicama stojimo
gde niko još stajao nije
nekoliko koraka od svetla

oslanjam se na tvoje telo
u do sada najtoplijoj noći godine
iznenađena koliko je tanak štof
koliko je propustljiva moja koža

III.

satima smo pričali o počinku
(na počinak nismo otišli) zima
još brzo predahnu
ponudi primirje letu

ili blaže zakone za onog

ko noći pod vedrim nebom
putovao si sam
kaput tvoj stalni pratilac
drži te čvrsto za ruku
carina lokalnog magnetnog polja

satima smo koračali u paru
nerado napuštam tvoje telo i
protiv volje grubih okruglih
utvara iz prošlog stoleća;
poželete bi, naime, da su videle još

IV.

I will work the land
with a knife and a fork
(it is the custom here)
cutting into pieces the scars
the grass leaves on its particolored cheeks
myriad great considerate tissues

would cut forests of flowering mirabelles
around and over the moon
this preposterous scrap of earth;
to save your legs from the hoarfrost
leaving behind on the side of this chair
breathless flakes

the windows have grown thinner
before the moon's small
face from the earth in the glance
where you lay out your ties
with the patterns i long
have known by heart

codice secreto

the noise of weatherless morning calm
rouses me from the other side
i (still) cannot tie your knots
impossible recipe
better *ossobuco alla Romana*

V.

you once wielded a scythe
in the back yards of the city
where long the famed composer
penned quartets beware
piano notes preserved in potted plants
laugh myself silly
you once wielded a scythe in the midst of the city

IV.

obradiću zemlju
nožem i viljuškom
(kako je to ovde običaj)
na komadiće seku ožiljci
trave na njenim šarenim obraščićima
bezbrojna neskrivena tkiva

isekla bih šume mirabela u cvatu
iznad Meseca
ovaj bezumni kamen u kosmosu;
poštedela tvoje noge inju
što ga ostavljaju na stolici;

istanjili su se prozori
ispred Meseca sićušno
lice od zemlje u krajičku oka
gde vezuješ različite kravate
čije sam šare doduše još ranije
znala napamet ...

codice secreto
buka bez-vremenskih jutara
sada me budi s druge strane
ne umem (još uvek) da ti vežem nijedan čvor
izgubljeni recept
radije *ossobuco alla Romana*

V.

ti si tada kosio
u zadnjem dvorištu grada
gde je znameniti kompozitor dugo
pisao kvartete čuvaj se
saksijskih biljaka puštene muzike klavira
umirem od smeha
ti tada sa kosom usred grada

umirem od smeha

laugh myself silly
you guard me today with
a hat of (hi)stories
laugh myself silly
oh, repair me forever
under the blanket smoulders
your scent you know

the forgotten words of desire
let them turn carwheels
making names
by which none has been baptized
laugh myself silly
keep me always
as new

write genuine
siblings in all things
at the end of the tunnel (excited)
forget that i am yours
kiss the palm(s) inside
you (genteel) the outside
very rarely

in life, you, laugh myself silly!
renovated
indefinitely
in a privat half an hour
crushed together
there lie the pieces
of exploding life

VI.

the way it is
the winter takes its fast deep breaths
with roasted fingers
you tie power cables
and handkerchiefs
to forgotten words of desire

zaštititi me danas
šeširom od priče
umirem od smeha
popraviću se zauvek
ispod pokrivača tinja
tvoj miris poznate su ti

zaboravljeni reči čežnje
pusti ih neka rade zvezdu
nehotice podari imena
kojima još nikog nisu krstili
umirem od smeha
dovodim se u red
zauvek

ispisujem pravu
braću i sestre u svim stvarima
što ih ožive okno (uzbuđeno)
zaboravi da sam tvoja
ljubim dlan(ove) iznutra
ti (plemenitiji) vrhove prstiju spolja
sasvim retko

u životu, ti, umirem od smeha!
sveže renoviran

na neodređeno vreme
za prisnih pola sata
zatreskani jedno u drugo
tu leže delovi
života koji eksplodira

VI.

tako je to
zima još brzo predahne
isprženih prstiju
povezao si kabal
i maramice
sa zaboravljenim rečima čežnje

you bind small existing wounds
with your own saliva

i imagine
you would drink milk of an evening
become soberly lively white
while black in the morning
my amazed fingertips
on your neckties, scarves
borne by your collarbone

trace a being
out of time

VII.

the morning a courageous fig
stretches its confident leaves up high
where it rains

the way it is
in the shower spray
color seeps from my hair

rely on your words
you must have painted on this gray
you say

with a politeness
that I otherwise
only know from trees

VIII.

"I can't bear anyone's death
with whom I keep a secret" she says I say
the hero's time of death: 5 o'clock and 20 minutes, departure
caught thoughtless by our breath

na postojeće ranice lepiš
pljuvačku iz neposredne blizine

zamišljam
uveče bi popio mleko
probudio se sasvim beo
a ja u zoru sasvim crna
na pokornim jagodicama prstiju
nosim tvoju kravatu šal
ključnu kost

tumara biće
izvan vremena

VII.

jutrom hrabra smokva
odlučno pruža lišće uvise
gde pada kiša

tako je to
pod mlazom tuša boja
curi iz moje kose

oslanjam se na tvoje reči
sigurno si ti oslikala ovo sivilo
kažeš

s učtivošću
kakvu inače poznajem samo
kod drveća

VIII.

„neću podneti smrt onoga
sa kim delim tajnu“, kaže ona kažem ja
vreme smrti heroja: 17 časova 20 minuta, poletanje
disanje nas je uhvatilo bezbrižne

can save our faces behind
two simple hands: hide them from scouts' eyes
tentative newborn fawns
receding in the distance

disarm every hunter
with your casual air
wish to divide seconds
(off and on) into their origins

IX.

by now I know three of your coats
for the seasons of the day
the inner pockets
for a few drops of sand
fill a bottle
with the sweat of your hand

smell you all day long
between cautious fingers
evenings in the napkin
lips dried with bark
take bread to bed
and warm tomatoes under my blanket

you are no omnivore
spoilt by attention(s)
leaving nuts untouched under sleepedges
must spread time
with butter carefully
eat

a courageous fig in the mornings
during the day behind a discrete hand
evenings in the napkin
I rely on your body
for approximately half a century
fresh death (now and then) between my knees

mogu da izbavim naša lica
iza dve jednostavne ruke: nedokučive oku izviđača
bojažljive novorođene srne
hitaju u daljinu

svakog lovca razoružava
tvoja ležernost;
htela sam da budem kadra da ponekad
delim sekunde do njihovih prapočetaka

IX.

u međuvremenu znam ti tri kaputa
za različita doba dana
unutrašnji džep
za nekoliko kapi peska
punim flašu
znojem tvoje ruke

danju osećam tvoj miris
među opreznim prstima
noću u salveti
usne od cimeta
nosim hleb u krevet
ispod čebeta grejem paradajz

nisi svaštojed
razmažen pažnjom
zaboravljaš orahe netaknute pod uspavanim živicama;
moram vreme
da namažem maslacem
i pažljivo ga pojedem

jutrom hrabtra smokva
danju krišom
noću u salveti
oslanjam se na tvoje telo
skoro pola stoljeća
sveža smrt (s vremena na vreme) između kolena

P.S.

sending forty-four kisses
eighty-eight pears and a bottle of beer
air for breathing by the litre
organic unfiltered

born addicted
in the turn of your hand

postage for the lot of it
I place at your disposal
your eternally valid
evening fee

audaciously bodied
you said: we

Translated from German by Timothy Wagner

P.S.

šaljem četrdesetčetiri poljupca
šezdesetosam krušaka flašu piva
pakujem vazduh po litru
organski bez filtera

opsednuta sigurnošću
u treptaju tvog oka

od mene ćeš dobiti
poštarinu za sve:
za tebe trajno
povoljnija tarifa

smelo otelotvoreno
rekao si: mi

S nemačkog preveo Đorđe Trišović

JUDITH NIKA PFEIFER (1975)

Judith Nika Pfeifer is a writer, comunicologist and linguist. She writes poetry, prose and scenic or semi-scenic pieces. Author of the transmedia art projects in Vienna, Berlin, Edinburgh, Montreal, Munich, Rome, New York and Helsinki. Pfeifer's texts appear in Austrian and German literary magazines and anthologies (*kolik*, *lichtungen*, *Literatur + Kritik*, *the gap*, *Leaf Garden* among others). She likes performing, experimenting and collaborating with other artists in search of new possibilities. Recent publications: *manchmal passiert auch minutengl gar nichts / sometimes, nothing happens at all.* Vienna: Berger 2015. *zwischen. Prosa / between.* Short Story Collection. Vienna: Czernin 2014. *nichts ist wichtiger. ding kleines du / nothing is more important. thing little you.* Wels: Mitter 2012. Her poems have been translated into English, Chinese, Polish, Slovenian, Bosnian, French, Dutch and Italian. Awards and residences: Reinhard-Priessnitz-Prize 2012, Artist in Residence Paliano, Italy 2016. Schloss Wiepersdorf, Germany 2014, Writer in Residence, City of Ptuj, Slovenia 2015, Artist in Residence at Künstlerhaus Villa Waldberta City of Munich 2015. Web page: www.judithpfeifer.com

NOTHING IS MORE IMPORTANT

have found love
feels as if off
the rack it fits

translated by Helen Hutchens

Judith Nika Pfeifer, nichts ist wichtiger. ding kleines du. Mitter Verlag: Wels, 2012.

JUDIT NIKA PFAJFER (1975)

Judit Nika Pfajfer, književnica, komunikološkinja i lingvistkinja, piše liriku, prozu i scenske tekstove. Autorka je brojnih transmedijalnih projekata u Beču, Berlinu, Edinburgu, Montrealu, Minhenu, Rimu, Njujorku i Helsinkiju. Objavljivala je u antologijama, između ostalog u izdanjima izdavačkih kuća Luftšaht i Kukbuks, kao i u časopisima, npr. *kolik*, *Literatur und Kritik*, *lichtungen*, *springerin*, *nevertheless*, *fixpoetry*. Objavila je sledeće knjige: *treksenzualno* (*tracksensual*, Beč/Berlin, 2016), *ništa nije važnije. stvar mali ti* (*nichts ist wichtiger. ding kleines du*, izdavač Miter, 2012), *između* (*zwischen*, proza, izdavač Černin, 2014), *ponekad se čak i po nekoliko minuta baš ništa ne dešava* (*manchmal passiert auch minutenlang gar nichts*, izdavač Berger, 2015). Pesme su joj prevođene na engleski, kineski, poljski, slovenački, bosanski, francuski, holandski i italijanski. Dobitnica je autorske stipendije Grada Beča za 2009. godinu i nagrade Rajnhard Prisnic 2012. Nagrađena je književnom premijom Ureda saveznog kancelara Republike Austrije 2015. godine. Veb-strana autorke: www.judithpfeifer.com



NIŠTA NIJE VAŽNIJE

pronašla sam ljubav
pod rukom se oseća
kao čista konfekcija

Judit Nika Pfajfer, *ništa nije važnije. stvar mali ti*. Miter: Vels, 2012.

PATRON SAINT OF MISMATCHED LOVERS

tower to ant after 100 meters turn left
as seen from tower to ant as seen from tower
ant to tower left where the thumb is right
left where the thumb is right confirmed
ant straightahead straight away into
the arms of the ant tower to ant: mismatched

translated by Sylvia Petter / Helen Hutchens

Judith Nika Pfeifer, *nichts ist wichtiger. ding kleines du.* Mitter Verlag: Wels, 2012

WEATHER SONG

the cloud cover over me grows thinner the
northwest wind dies down my
flowers drink lemonade a few
more raindrops and then you kiss me

translated by Helen Hutchens

Judith Nika Pfeifer, *Kritya Poetry Journal,*
http://www.kritya.in/0907/En/editors_choice.html, 2015.

FAST FOR FREE FASTER

off with that cheap flight
to the garden of eden on credit
and not to arrive

translated by Sylvia Petter

Judith Nika Pfeifer, *nichts ist wichtiger. ding kleines du.* Mitter Verlag: Wels, 2012.

PARADISIC

paradise is too good to be true
paradise is too good to be
paradise is too good to
paradise is to go
paradise too is
paradise

SVETAC ZAŠTITNIK MISMATCHED LOVER

mravlji tower mravu na 100 metara nalevo krug
gledano sa tower mravu sa tower!
mrav tower levo gde palac desno
levo gde palac desno potvrđuje
mrav pravo ravno u ruke mrava
tower mravu mismatched

Judit Nika Pfajfer, *ništa nije važnije. stvar mal i ti.* Miter: Vels, 2012.

PESMA O VREMENU

more oblaka stanjuje sa nada mnom
severozapadni vetar popušta
moji lokvanj i dalje piju oranžadu
još nekoliko kapi kiše i onda me poljubiš

Judith Nika Pfeifer, Kritya Poetry Journal,
http://www.kritya.in/0907/En/editors_choice.html, 2015

BEZMALO BESPLATNO FASTER

jeftinim letom
u edenski vrt na kredit
i ne stići

Judit Nika Pfajfer, *ništa nije važnije. stvar mal i ti.* Miter: Vels, 2012.

RAJSKI

raj je suviše lep da bi bio istinit
raj je suviše lep da bi istinit
raj je suviše lep da bi
raj je suviše
raj je
para

parad
ice is
paradisic

translated by Sylvia Petter

sehnsucht: "südsee". gedichte und mehr. PAZIFIK Dossier VI. Österreichisch-Südpazifische Gesellschaft, Wien, 2008.

PUPIL YOU POMPOM

threads in circles
blue the centre
a dot
you

black fringe within
as if i'm making a bubble
wrap wool around cardboard

translated by Sylvia Petter

Judith Nika Pfeifer, nichts ist wichtiger. ding kleines du. Mitter Verlag: Wels, 2012.

I, KING

couldn't i
king tie
king tie a little
king tie a little bit
king tie a little bit more
king i
a bit
king i after all, king tie?

translated by John Murray

Judith Nika Pfeifer, Kritya Poetry Journal,
http://www.kritya.in/0907/En/editors_choice.html, 2015.

daj s kim
raj s kim
raj raskini
raj je paradajski

čežnja: "južno more" pesme i još ponešto. PACIFIK Dosije VI. Austrijsko-južnopacifičko društvo, Beč, 2008.

ZENICO TI LOPTICO SKOČICO

niti u krugu
u sredini plavo
tačka
ti

iznutra crni obod
kao kad bih želeta da kićanku
obmotam oko kartona

Judit Nika Pfajfer, *ništa nije važnije. stvar mali ti.* Miter: Vels, 2012.

KANIM SE

da li bih mogla
ne kanim se
ne kanim se nimalo
ne kanim se baš nimalo
ne kanim se baš ni malčice
ni malčice
kanim se ipak
malčice
kanim se ipak malo
malčice?

Judith Nika Pfeifer, Kritya Poetry Journal,
http://www.kritya.in/0907/En/editors_choice.html, 2015.

SHAPES :: PUNCTURED

to rise from the bathtub
to dry oneself
to go into the bedroom
to lay down beside someone
to think of another one
to feel a hand
to pull those covers up to the nose : some go
to pull away the blanket
to get up and get dressed
to go
to breathe quietly : to go is a
one-more-time-to-go-for
cigarettes going : to feel a hand

translated by Sylvia Petter

Judith Nika Pfeifer, *nichts ist wichtiger. ding kleines du.* Mitter Verlag: Wels, 2012.

TRAVELLERS

the summer waits
at the edge of the city / you
sell your body
for your dreams
there where the sun rises
lies a childhood others
sell (their) souls
(for less)

Leaf Garden Press. Issue #11.

<http://leafgardenpress.blogspot.de/2011/01/leaf-garden-issue-11.html>

PROBLEM SOLVING PROGRAM

my and-or-tree
consists of and-nodes and or-nodes
because there are more possibilities
(to complete a goal)
and-nodes split up

KONTURE :: PO TAČKAMA

izaći iz kade
osušiti se
otići u spavaću sobu
leći pored jednog čoveka
misliti na drugog
osetiti ruku
navući ēeve do nosa: *jedni odlaze*
skloniti ēeve
ustati odenuti se
izaći: *drugi*
tiho dišu: *ići to je*
još jednom
uzeti cigarete
otići: *osetiti ruku*

Judit Nika Pfajfer, *ništa nije važnije. stvar malí ti.* Miter: Vels, 2012.

PUTNICI

leto čeka
na obodu grada / ti
prodaješ svoje telo
za snove
tamo gde sunce izlazi
detinjstvo leži drugi
prodaju (svoje) duše
(za manje)

Leaf Garden Press. Issue #11.

<http://leafgardenpress.blogspot.de/2011/01/leaf-garden-issue-11.html>

PROGRAM ZA REŠAVANJE PROBLEMA

moje i-ili-stablo
čine i-čvorovi i ili-čvorovi
jer mogućnosti brojne postoje
(da se postigne cilj)

a main goal into many partial goals
and all partial goals simultaneously fulfilled
fulfill the main goal

translated by Helen Hutchens

SCANNER

falling in love with radiologists

shine through
know me
down to the depths of my organs
of my bones
my radiologist
and my soul
if you can

translated by Helen Hutchens

Judith Nika Pfeifer, Kritya Poetry Journal,
http://www.kritya.in/0907/En/editors_choice.html, 2015.

INVENTOR SPIRIT

my paradise
is different than
your paradise
is different than
the paradise we
invent for ourselves

translated by Eugene Tarshis

Judith Nika Pfeifer, Kritya Poetry Journal,
http://www.kritya.in/0907/En/editors_choice.html, 2015.

i-čvorovi dele
glavni cilj na više podciljeva
i svi podciljevi konjunktivno ispunjeni
ispunjavaju glavni cilj

SKENER
zaljubiti se u radiologa

snimi
spoznaj me
do neslućenih dubina mojih organa
mojih kostiju
moj radiolog
i moje duše
ako umeš

PRONALAZAČKI DUH

moj raj
je drugačiji nego
tvoj raj
je drugačiji nego
NAŠ raj koji smo
MI pronašli za *NAS*

Judith Nika Pfeifer, Kritya Poetry Journal,
http://www.kritya.in/o907/En/editors_choice.html, 2015

BREAKING (THE)

news: so we broke out in tears
and the tears burst into us
all quiet on the western front:
laughter wrinkles some body parts
drones drone
the manual of the reboot of the world

*translated by Judith Nika Pfeifer and Eugene Tarshis
Judith Nika Pfeifer, manchmal passiert auch minutenlang gar nichts,
Berger: Wien/ Horn, 2015.*

the world can't be in the black.

GRIND FLOW NOUVEAU RICHE *there's a nod in descaling the gold*

a flutter of eyelash
the attitude a chat about
war behind eyes the work
in numbers the last lovers
threw in the towel around
hips slightly sleepwards a
tow-rope it lives and it
breathes shallow in *the other*

*translated by Eugene Tarshis
Judith Nika Pfeifer, manchmal passiert auch minutenlang gar nichts, Berger:
Wien/ Horn, 2015.*

WIEPERSDORF

sometimes nothing really happens, really

*translated by Eugene Tarshis
Judith Nika Pfeifer, manchmal passiert auch minutenlang gar nichts,
Berger: Wien/ Horn, 2015.*

BREAKING (THE)

news: i tako briznusmo u plač
tada nas suze slomiše
na zapadu ništa novo:

osmeh se ponegde nabira
dronovi bruje
priručnik za novi početak sveta

Judit Nika Pfajfer, *ponekad se čak i po nekoliko minuta baš ništa ne dešava*,
Berger: Beč/ Horn, 2015.

svet ne može da posluje sa dobitkom

ŠTRUDLA NOVOBOGATAŠA *blista zlato poput oljuštene krljušti*

udarac trepavica
držanje časkanje o
ratu iza očiju rad
u brojevima poslednji ljubavnici
nabaciše peškir oko kukova
tako pospano
sajla za vuču ono živi i
diše suviše plitko *u drugima*

Judit Nika Pfajfer, *ponekad se čak i po nekoliko minuta baš ništa ne dešava*,
Berger: Beč/ Horn, 2015.

WIEPERSDORF

ponekad se čak i po nekoliko minuta baš ništa ne dešava

Judit Nika Pfajfer, *ponekad se čak i po nekoliko minuta baš ništa ne dešava*,
Berger: Beč/ Horn, 2015.

ONE THING THE OTHER NEITHER NOR OR BOTH
feat. johanna trappel

coffee or tea

yes or no

chocolate lemon raspberry

to wait or to go

dark or bright

slow or fast

to go or not

short or long

sushi or dog

hair or milk

wide or world

bitter sweet verve

true or false

illusion or image

wrong or war

to be or nothing

short or long

never without trace

*translated by Judith Nika Pfeifer and Eugene Tarshis
Judith Nika Pfeifer, manchmal passiert auch minutenlang gar nichts,
Berger: Wien/ Horn, 2015.*

JEDNO DRUGO NIJEDNO & OBOJE
feat. johanna trappel

kafa ili čaj
da ili ne
čokolada – limun malina

čekati ili ići
tamno ili svetlo
polako ili brzo

ići ili ne
kratko ili dugo
suši ili pas

dlaka ili mleko
daleko ili svet
bitter sweet ushićenost

pravo ili lažno
obmana ili slika
wrong ili war

biti ili ništa
umetnost ili dugo
nikada bez traga

Judit Nika Pfajfer, *ponekad se čak i po nekoliko minuta baš ništa ne dešava*, Berger:
Beč/ Horn, 2015.

ZERO SHADOWS
flimsy

the lightest things worldwide:
threads in old films
lines on your hand
a hair in the milk
threadbare shine jusqu'à la corde
seams time-lined

translated by Judith Nika Pfeifer and Eugene Tarshis
Judith Nika Pfeifer, *manchmal passiert auch minutenlang gar nichts*,
Berger: Wien/ Horn, 2015.

ELSEWHERE
opaque

at night psycho-nautical voyages
in white spaces
taking shelter hunkering down

from the alphabet

to friedericke mayröcker

translated by Eugene Tarshis
Judith Nika Pfeifer, *manchmal passiert auch minutenlang gar nichts*,
Berger: Wien/ Horn, 2015.

NULTE SENKE
pohabano

najlakša stvar na svetu:
niti u starim filmovima
linije na tvojoj ruci
dlaka u mleku
svetlo jusqu'à la corde
šavovi omeđeni vremenom

Judit Nika Pfajfer, *ponekad se čak i po nekoliko minuta baš ništa ne dešava*,
Berger: Beč/ Horn, 2015.

NEGDE DRUGDE
neprozirno

noću psihonautično
u prazninama
pronaći zaklon

(pre azbuke)

za friderike majreker

Judit Nika Pfajfer, *ponekad se čak i po nekoliko minuta baš ništa ne dešava*,
Berger: Beč/ Horn, 2015.

ENTRANCE / EN TRANCE

welcome to the club feat. herbert j. wimmer

the luck in the ears smuggles verses out of musicians from way under skin colours over bass lines in rhythmic pulses impulses over platelets in *the* everywhere a heartbeat that is ours more of a feeling

out of drunk trumpets in associations clap your hands because no other instrument (is at hand) scat that's how it carries us to the edge where it becomes apparent the universe the unknown in motion makes sounds (us) in moves

and so literally be-jazzed these sexy bodies in quavers between breaks and hips at play say yeah nevertheless feeling the beat completely footloose for a song that listens to *us* up(wards) and down(wards) from one

sound (on) to the next one on the diminished fifth flattened fifth goes over gut feelings to the borders of affairs young and dangerous as a counterpoint to mainstream for the ones that are eager to experiment in snippets of sensuality what a bass

what a saxophone what a piano when it clinks when it clinks leave love off your hands transform it into happy breaks find again what has thus far been in swinging bodies always differently without repetition but *kind of blue*

on lines of dynamic triangles and rectangles or triads in the rhythm in the chord progression in the phrasing in full volume variations a crackle a frenzy a bar-line a heartbeat

off-beat in syncopes a vibrato more or less quickly danceable in the highs and lows yes yes in flesh in blood with la-la and wa-wa the hits and tits revival in the jungle for the charts for all and nothing in contrasts in continuous beats

oh so completely without words speechless the scenes and worlds in the wishes and sentences the non-verbal ones the unspeakable subtexts and universal in the bones and midriff but it's a great excitement triggered by how-the-world-goes-round at the

ENTRANCE / EN TRANCE

welcome to the club ft. herbert j. wimmer

sreća u ušima švercuje stihove od muzičara izdaleka ispod boja
kože preko bass lines u ritmičkim pulsevima impulsima preko
trombocita u svuda otkucaj srca on je naše više osećanje

od pijanih truba u asocijacijama clap your hands jer nijedan drugi
instrument (nije pri ruci)
skatovati nosi nas tako na obode na kojima se a šta pokazuje univerzum
nepoznato pokrenuti sounds (nas) in moves

i tako doslovno džezirana ova seksi tela u osminama između breaks
i hips
naizmenično say yeah ipak osetiti ritam sasvim nevezano za pesmu
koja nas sluša gore dole od jednog

tona do drugog na umanjenoj kvinti flattet fifth preko slutnje na krajeve
afera young and dangerous kao kontrapunkt mejnstrimu za
ljubitelje eksperimentisanja u isećima do čulnosti kakav bas

kakav saksofon kakav klavir kada zvecka kada zvecka sa prstiju
neka se
ljubav preobrazi u srećne breaks preobraziti ono što je dosad
bivstvovalo u
tela koja se svaki put drugačije njišu ponovo naći bez ponavljanja
ipak kind of blue

po linijama od dinamičnih trouglova i četvorouglova ili dvozvučja u
osnovnim ritmovima u nizovima akorda u fraziranjima u punoj
jačini glasa varijacije pucketanje divljanje taktica heartbeat u

off-beat u sinkopama vibrato manje više brzo da se zapleše u
visinama i dubinama da da u mesu u krvi uz la-la i wa-wa hits and
tits revival u džungli za top-liste za sve i ni za šta u kontrastima u
neprekidnim ritmovima

oh baš tako bez reči scene i svetovi u željama i rečenicama neverbalnim
neizgovorivim suptekstovima i univerzalnim u kostima i
dijafragmama but it's a great excitement izazvano kako-se-svet-
okreće po

turning points air-waved/ air-corrugated a swelling interminable
onwards in-between thought-cessation and feeling request-
concertender in the sea-man-brides in the sea-woman-grooms a
hop into the blue left parenthesis disco waves right parenthesis

translated by Sofie Pfeifer

BITCHES BREW, BROODING OVER
fritz ostermayer remix

the jazz is a journey
the journey is an all-time religion
the all-time religion is a sustenance
the sustenance is a mango tree
the mango tree is a heart-wrenching solo
the heart-wrenching solo is a mowed meadow
the mowed meadow is a cloud
the cloud is a singing billie
the singing billie is a soul
the soul is a bringer-to-the-knees
the bringer-to-the-knees is a shouter
the shouter is a nightingale
the nightingale is a blackbird
the blackbird is a lark
the lark is a hen
the hen is a small dinosaur
the small dinosaur is a poem
the poem is a succulent steak
the succulent steak is not vegetarian
the vegetarian steak is a chile con soy
the chile con soy is a bitches brew
bitches brew is a dream
the dream is a miles
the miles is a blessing
the blessing is a jimi
the jimi is a unique rendition
the unique rendition is a wonder
the wonder is a puzzle
the puzzle is minimal music to be kissed out
minimal music to be kissed out is everything and ecstasy

prekretnicama vazdušno ustalasana bujica neobuzdana u nadiranju
između gašenja misli i feeling ide-mi-se-na-koncert u nevestama
moreplovaca u mladoženjama moreplovki skakutanje
po plavetnili otvorena zagrada na talasu zanjihanih tela zatvorena
zagrada

Judit Nika Pfajfer, *ponekad se čak i po nekoliko minuta baš ništa ne dešava*,
Berger: Beč/ Horn, 2015.

BITCHES BREW, PROMIŠLJATI O *fric ostermajer remiks*

džez je šetnja
šetnja je alltime-religija
alltime-religija je namirnica
namirnica je drvo manga
drvo manga je srceparajući solo
srceparajući solo je pokošeno polje
pokošeno polje je oblak
oblak je raspevana bili
raspevana bili je duša
duša je tlačiteljka
tlačiteljka je drekavac
drekavac je slavuj
slavuj je kos
kos je ševa
ševa je kokoška
kokoška je mali dinosaurus
mali dinosaurus je pesma
pesma je sočna šnicla
sočna šnicla nije vegetarijanska
vegetarijanska šnicla je čili sa sojom
čili sa sojom je bitches brew
bitches brew je san
san je majls
majls je blagoslov
blagoslov je džimi
džimi je jedina igra
jedina igra je čudo

everything and ecstasy is the true jazz of today
the true jazz of today is maybe the manic electronics of a ben frost
the manic electronics of a ben frost is maybe something new
the maybe new is maybe great
the maybe great is not always going to touch all hearts
to touch hearts is sonny sharrock's *portrait of linda in three colors, all black*
to touch hearts is valerio cosi's *i walk alone*

to touch hearts are the dirty notes
the dirty notes also come from village bands
village bands are sometimes off track
still *the creator has a masterplan* by pharoah sanders
in the masterplan are *our prayers* by albert ayers as well as the
village bands
village bands are sometimes off track
sometimes one is also off track on a journey
the jazz is a journey

translated by Helen Hutchens
Judith Nika Pfeifer, *manchmal passiert auch minutenlang gar nichts*,
Berger: Wien/ Horn, 2015.

BUNNY BLUE PURPLE

two feet go east west back forth
north wind melts south ice is
what you tell me i am you and
you are gone with the wind film
from the south so hard to watch
the songs they fly on waves red
to blue and blue to red is when
your purple has gone for good
say my name was made in france
i would be moi two feet hop
east west north south

There is no German version.
Es gibt keine deutsche Version.

čudo je zagonetka
zagonetka je minimal music da poljubiš
minimal music da poljubiš je sve i ekstaza
sve i ekstaza je istinski džez današnjice
istinski džez današnjice je možda histerična elektronika bena frost-a
luda elektronika bena frost-a je možda nešto nešto novo
možda novo je možda super
možda super ne dopire uvek kod svih do srca
do srca dopire *portrait of linda in three colors, all black* sonija
šeroka
do srca dopire *i walk alone* valeria kozia
do srca dopiru dirty notes
dirty notes dolaze i iz seoskih orkestara
seoski orkestri se ponekad varaju
ali *the creator has a masterplan* feroua sandersa
u promisli su *our prayers* alberta ajlera čak i seoski orkestri
seoski orkestri se ponekad varaju
ponekad se ljudi prevare u šetnji
džez je šetnja

BUNNY BLUE PURPLE

dve stope idi na istok zapad nazad napred
severni vетar otapa južni led je
ono što mi kažeš ja sam ti i
ti si prohujalo sa vihorom film
sa juga tako je teško gledati ga
pesme kojima lete na talasima iz crvene
u plavu i iz plave u crvenu je kada
je tvoj purpur nestao zasvagda
reci moje ime potiče iz francuske
bila bih moi dve stope skok
istok zapad sever jug

Pesma je u originalu napisana na engleskom.

LOVE MAKING

how to make love
when love cannot be made
because love cannot be made

translated by Helen Hutchens/ Sylvia Petter/ John Murray

VODITI LJUBAV

kako voditi ljubav
kada ljubav ne može da se vodi
jer ljubav ne može da se vodi

S nemačkog i engleskog preveo Đorđe Trišović

ROBERT SIMONIŠEK (1977)

Robert Simonišek (1977) is a poet, writer and art historian and currently lives in Celje, Slovenia. He studied philosophy and art history, he also received a doctoral degree from the latter. His poetry debut was published in 2003 under the title Drowned Catalogue (Potopljeni katalog), his second collection, namely Autoportrait Without a Map (Avtoportret brez zemljevida) followed five years later. His so far latest collection are Migrations (Selitve, 2013). Simonišek's texts are translated into different languages, his work has been included in several domestic and foreign anthologies. He collected and translated into Slovene poems by Desmond Egan and a novel by William Trevor. The author gained domestic critical acclaim with his psychologically crafted novel The Room Under The Castle (Soba ispod zamka, 2013), which was nominated for the Slovene novel of the year. His relationship to poetry, art and the world was articulated in the essay collection The Crash of Spaces (Trk prostorov, 2015), which in 2016 received a prize for the best Slovene essayist work of the year.

LAKE

Sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the evening,
does not depend on me actually,
it never had.

That graceful ability of water
to invites us to herself
with almost telepathic grace,
needs no clarification.

Nothing happens,
when rush sails toward green hills
and ragged cloud approaches to swan,
when a meter and a half big catfish rises
from the bottom and surprises fisherman's hand.

If the sail clings to the wind

ROBERT SIMONIŠEK (1977)

Robert Simonišek (1977), pesnik, pisac i istoričar umetnosti. Trenutno živi u Celju, u Sloveniji. Studirao je filozofiju i istoriju umetnosti, na kojoj je i doktorirao. Pesnički prvenac *Potopljeni katalog* objavio je 2003. godine, dok se njegova druga zbirka, *Autoportret bez mape* pojavila pet godina kasnije. Njegova za sada poslednja pesnička zbirka *Selidbe* objavljena je 2013. godine. Simonišekovi tekstovi prevedeni su na više jezika, a njegova poezija uvrštena je u nekoliko domaćih i stranih antologija. Priredio je i preveo na slovenački poeziju Dezmonda Egana i roman Vilijama Trevora. Pažnju kritike privukao je i svojim psihološkim romanom *Soba ispod zamka*, (2013), koji je bio nominovan za slovenački roman godine. Svoje poglede na poeziju, umetnost i svet uobličio je u zbirci eseja *Lom prostora*, koja je 2016. godine proglašena za najbolju knjigu eseja u Sloveniji.



JEZERO

Ponekad ujutru, ponekad uveče,
ne zavisi zaista od mene,
nikad i nije.

Ta graciozna sposobnost vode
da nas domami sebi
nekom telepatskom milinom,
ne zahteva pojašnjenje.

Ništa se ne događa
kad jedra plove ka zelenim brdima
i poderan oblak približava se labudu,
kad se som od metar i po podiže
s dna i uznemiri ribarevu ruku.

Ako se jedro grčevito hvata za vетар

and paddle stops in the air,
it is enough to pass by
and withdraw the brench out of the way,
maybe recognize a familiar face
or sit on the edge of a silent backwater.

Sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the evening,
does not depend on me actually,
it never had.

But even if I stay inside,
there is no difference
between the boy who picks up a stone
and throws it as far as possible,
and me, throwing through another membrane
what will be written.

From the bottom we are both protacted by the surface.
Circles are spreading
behind our backs -
the only trace of this silent game,
which lasts from morning to night.

NIGHT IN THE CITY

Too young to carry
everything old,
too old to reach the morning,
she slowly pours in like the desert sand.
Silently fulls sections of streets and shorelines,
lays her forehead to the treetops.

When I walk the traffic slows down,
the doors of orchards and gardens open,
and language becomes audible,
without any controlled gestures,
without battles of bodies and minds with time.

And I can almost see

i veslo zapne u vazduhu,
dovoljno je proći pored
i ukloniti granu s puta,
možda prepoznati znani lik
ili sesti na rub tihog rukavca.

Ponekad ujutru, ponekad uveče,
ne zavisi zaista od mene,
nikad i nije.

Ali čak i ako ostanem unutra,
nema razlike
između dečaka, koji podiže kamen
i baca ga, što dalje
i mene, koji kroz neku drugu opnu
propuštam ono što će biti napisano.

Od dna nas štiti površina.
Krugovi, koji se šire
iza naših leđa –
jedini trag te tihe igre,
koja traje od jutra do večeri.

NOĆ U GRADU

Premlada da bi nosila
sve što je staro,
prestara da bi dosegla jutro,
lagano se taloži kao pustinjski pesak.
Nečujno puni predele ulica i obala,
svoje čelo polaže na krošnje.

Kad hodam, saobraćaj se smiruje,
otvaraju se vrata voćnjaka i vrtova,
da govor postaje razgovetniji,
bez kontrolisanih kretnji,
bez bitaka tela i razuma s minutima.

I skoro mogu da vidim

how the moon craters alight
how mirrors lose overview over happenings
when things freeze and become manageable
as museum objects,
because the night came just to display
she doesn't have any intention to sell or take away.

The one who stopped me saw how it broke
through the barracks' windows
and concealed a hand in the corner of the depot.
I still continue like those who hope
that the night lives up to the expectations
and returns the possibility of arrival
into non-existent place.

If I stop, its edges ignite
its fingers write on the facades,
filling up with darkness by all sides
becoming denser and denser
and palpable as a textile,
when the pack of wolves hurl on the balconies and roar,
so she becomes humble and speechless as a barefoot woman
who hung a white robe on the chair.

I don't do much,
I know that the night's knowledge is above mine
and the moon is too young to carry the centuries,
still too old to reach the morning,
I only proceed as a witness of this beauty.

MUSIC

When the certain wave splashes,
the new energy ilumines the forms.
I'm overwhelmed by the sound,
nothing is no longer out of reach,
what was difficult it is easier.

kako se tope krateri na Mesecu,
kako ogledala gube pregled nad događajima,
kad se stvari zamrznu i postanu
savladive kao muzejski predmeti,
jer ona je došla samo zato da izlaže,
nikakvu nameru nema,
da nešto proda ili nam oduzme.

Neko ko me zaustavlja, video ju je,
kako je upala kroz okna kasarne
i u ugлу skladišta sakrila neku ruku.
I dalje hodam kao oni koji misle
da noć ispunjava očekivanja,
vraća mogućnosti prispeća na mesto,
koga nema.

Ako se zaustavim, njeni se rubovi zapale
u prste, koji pišu po fasadama,
koje sa svih strana zasipa tama,
uvek postaje sve gušća
i opipljiva kao tkanina,
kad na balkone nagrnu čopori vukova i zaurljaju,
pa postane pokorna i nema kao bosa žena,
koja je odložila belu haljinu na stolicu.

Ništa drugo ne činim, već hodam,
jer znam da znam premalo,
jer premlada je da bi nosila sve što je staro,
prestara da bi dosegla jutro,
zato slepo nastavljam
kao svedok te lepote.

MUZIKA

Kad pljusne električni talas,
obliske obasja drugaćija energija.
Tačno tад, kad me preplavi zvuk,
ništa više nije nedostižno.
Sve, što je bilo teško, lakše je.

The smile swings through the air,
every thing becomes what it is.
Houses fly to the notes.
People at the station wake up,
and if I remove the glass,
water flows between the fingers.

It pleases my nerves,
vanishing on its cliffs
and trust the altitude,
they take breath on this flight
as a spoiled teenager,
preparing herself for the party.

I love how we surrender to highways,
how we press car meters
and I allow her to be seduced,
when the rhytm wraps around my neck,
taking coins from my pockets,
putting mountains and seas in my jacket.

And from eternity I know
that the adventures prefer rock
and classics belong to those who understand.

Therefore I lose control,
if someone sneaks and reduces the volume,
because nobody knows,
does not exceed in such way,
when the certain wave splashes
music – our cheapest shelter.

CHESTNUT

Thank you for the chestnuts –
this year I couldn't find time to pick them up.

Once the tree stood in the middle
of the garden before it was cut down.

Osmeh zamahne kroz vazduh,
svaka stvar postane ono što jeste.
Kuće poleću prema notama.
Oni što čekaju na stanicama bude se,
i kada odmaknem staklo,
voda teče među prstima.

Ugađa mojim živcima,
koji iščezavaju na njenim liticama
i veruju nadmorskoj visini,
zahvataju dah tokom leta,
nameštaju oprane kose
kao razmažena tinejdžerka,
koja se sprema za zabavu.

Obožavam kada se prepustimo
auto-putu, stisnemo brzinomer,
i prepustim se zavođenju,
kad mi se obavije oko vrata,
uzima kovanice iz džepova
i u jaknu trpa planine i mora.

I oduvek znam,
da rock slušaju avanturisti
a klasiku oni koji razumeju.

Zato gubim kontrolu,
ako se neko prikrade i utiša
jačinu zvuka, jer niko ne zna,
ne prelazi na taj način,
kad pljusne električni talas –
muzike – najjeftinijeg skloništa.

KESTEN

Hvala za kesten –
ove godine ga nisam uspeo sakupiti.

Nekad je stajao nasred vrta,
ali smo ga posekli.

Straight as an ascetic
he stared at the winter forecast.
Yesterday he crossed the threshold again
and shook with his treetop.

Even today
its rough trunk talks
how among the thorns something is hidden.

He swung me back in the falls,
when it was possible to believe
that we won't burn ourselves
when the burnt shell acres
brought a smile.

Nowadays it's a different forest from
the one we whistled in
to walk from one glade to another.
Long paths are covered and evening
rises with another thoughts.

However, I walk on.

If I take a break,
I hear stories again about lumberjacks
and someone who is looking for an ax –
together with them the tree is disappearing in a cold.

Thank you for the tasty chestnuts,
but I would prefer to share it with you.

VINTAGE

Sweet days, stucked into the region
listen to a men's conversation in the basement,
where wobbly mills are droning.

As in familiar mass things are gathering
around us and again we adapt ourselves
to the words of each other.

Uspravan kao asketa
zurio je u zimske prognoze.
Juče je ponovo prešao prag
i zanjihao krošnjom.

I danas
njegovo hrapavo deblo govori,
da je među bodljicama svašta skriveno.

Zavrti me u jeseni,
kada je bilo moguće verovati,
da se nećemo opeći
kad su spržene lјuske jutra
izazivale osmeh.

Sada je šuma drugačija od one
po kojoj se zviždalo
da bi se došlo od jednog do drugog proplanka.
Tamni putevi su skriveni i veče
se uzdiže s drugačijim mislima.

Uprkos tome hodam napred.

Ali kada sednem,
ponovo začujem priče o drvosečama
i nekome ko traži sekiru.
S njima na hladnoći nestaje i drvo.

Hvala za kesten – bio je ukusan,
ali radije bih ga podelio s tobom.

BERBA

Slatki dani, slepljeni u pejzaž,
prisluškuju razgovor ljudi u podrumu,
gde bruje klimavi mlinovi.

Kao u znanoj misi skupljaju se stvari
oko nas, kad se ponovo navikavamo
na reči drugoga.

To tear, to connect the ring,
which generations sprung from the earth,
climbed up as expectations
and puffed up between fingers.

Every year someone is missing.
The wasps graze on the remains of the summer
and substance splashes into the same dark barrels.
Every year I forget to collect Wordsworth
who rots in the attic.

I am mature and ready for the birth.
Squeeze me in the must which will suppress
sulfur and separate dirt from the faith,
so I can resurrect again,
fresh and confronted with winter dreams
less suspicious and less sturdy.

So that I can run through the pipes clean
and circle in bright cups among those
who are not afraid of the truth.

THE NOVEMBER ANTI PASTORAL

Yellow leaves does not agitate,
when I sink from houses into apartments,
from peaks in the valleys, wrapped in bright roads,
standing for one year deeper between the furrows,
interspersed with the wine nights,
cut with the pieces of frost.

New dimensions descend from heights,
between the archipelagos of the hills,
when I adjusted to visual, scented with oil of habits
observe the concrete barns, labyrinths of work
and sadness of hooved animals.

The nervous dog stretches the chain.
Open doors, a children's noise, collisions of tubes,

Pokidati, povezati obruč,
koji je generacije iznedrio iz zemlje,
popeo se kao očekivanja
i nabrekao među prstima koji klize.

Svake godine ima nas manje
kad ose pasu na ostacima leta
i materija pljuska u iste bačve i tamu.
Svakog leta zaboravim da sklonim
Vordsvorta koji trune na tavanu.

Zreo sam i spreman za rođenje.
Iscedi me u širu, koja će suzbiti
sumpor i razdvojiti prljavštinu od vere
da bih lako mogao ponovno ustati,
svež i suočen sa zimskim snovima,
manje nepoverljiv i tvrdoglav.

Da bih mogao čist teći kroz cevi
u svetle čaše i kružiti među onima
koji se ne boje istine.

NOVEMBARSKA ANTIPASTORALA

Žuto lišće ne uznemirava
kad iz kuća ponirem u stan,
s vrhova u doline, obavijen svetlim putevima,
stojeći među brazdama za godinu dublje,
prošaran vinskim noćima,
koje seku komadi mraza.

Nove mere silaze s visina,
među arhipelage brda, kad prilagođen
viđenom, namirisan uljem navika
promatram betonske ambare, laverinte dela
i tugu kopitastih životinja.

Pas nervozno zateže lanac.
Otvorena vrata, dečja buka, sudari cevi

escaping through fatty corridors to the attic,
where a steel heel strucks, shakes cigarettes ash
and pours crazy brandy: anyone who knows
the shadow will not fall in asleep.

What is possible to steal from the nature,
we have adjusted to themselves,
only ourselves we did not leave to the others.

And the moon is pretending again
that the male and female hands
will carelessly fall and meet,
although they will drifted all night
between the constellations,
which will not reached in the eyes,
burned by the morning.

*Translated from Slovenian by Robert Simonišek and Katarina
Ana Rakušček.*

beg po zamašćenim hodnicima na tavan,
gde udara čelična peta, strese pepeo
cigaretе i nalije rakiju; svi koji poznaju
senku, neće zaspati.

Ono što je moguće oduzeti prirodi,
prilagodili smo sebi,
samo sebe nismo prepustili drugima.

I mesec se ponovo pretvara,
da će se muške i ženske ruke
bezbrizno približiti,
iako će celu noć kliziti među sazvežđima,
koja se neće sudariti ni u očima
sprženim jutrom.

Sa slovenačkog preveli Jelena Ivanišević i Milan Dobričić

YOLANDA CASTAÑO (1977)

Yolanda Castaño (1977, Santiago de Compostela, Spain), BA in Spanish Language and Literature and with Media Studies. Apart from being a poet, editor and a very active culture manager, Yolanda Castaño has been a columnist and has worked in Galician TV during many years (Galician Audiovisual Academy Award as ‘Best TV Communicator 2005’). She has published 6 poetry books in Galician and Spanish (*Depth of Field* and *The second tongue* are her last titles), several chapbooks in Galician, Spanish, Chinese and Macedonian, and a pair of compilations. A finalist of the National Poetry Prize, she has won poetry awards amongst which the National Critics Award, the Espiral Maior Poetry Award, the Fundación Novacaixagalicia, the Ojo Crítico (best poetry book by a young author in Spain) and the Author of the Year Galician Booksellers’ Award stand out. She is a relevant cultural activist, regularly organizing monthly poetry reading series, festivals, literary and translation workshops, all of them hosting local to international poets (Galician Critics’ Award Best Cultural Manifestation 2014). She was the General Secretary of the Galician Language Writers Association and she has made her contribution to many written media, books, anthologies, conferences and many readings or multimedia poetry performances inside and outside Galicia, including many international poetry festivals and meetings, mostly around all Europe and America but also in Tunisia, India, China and Japan. She has coordinated collective books, art and poetry exhibitions; she has published works as an editor, as well as five poetry books for children and four of translations (from contemporary authors like Nikola Madzirov or Marko Pogačar, among others, into Spanish and Galician). She has been involved in many different experiences of blending poetry with music, performance, dance, architecture, visual and audiovisual arts, and even cookery, being awarded for that too. Part of her work has been translated into twenty five different languages. She held three international fellowships as a writer-in-residence, at the IWTCR in Rhodes (Greece) and in Villa Waldberta (Munich - Germany) in 2011, at the HIP-Beijing (China) in 2014 and at the Castle of Hawthornden (Scotland) in 2016.

JOLANDA KASTANJO (1977)

Jolanda Kastanjo rođena je 1977. u Santjago de Komposteli, u Španiji. Diplomirala je španski jezik i književnost i studije medija. Pored toga što je pesnikinja, urednica i veoma aktivna menadžer u oblasti kulture, Jolanda Kastanjo bavila se i pisanjem kolumni i više godina radila na Galisijskoj televiziji (Dobila je nagradu Galisijske audiovizualne akademije za „Najbolje TV lice 2005“). Objavila je šest knjiga poezije na galicijskom i španskem jeziku („Dubina polja“ i „Drugi jezik“ njeni su najnoviji naslovi), nekoliko džepnih izdanja na galicijskom, španskem, kineskom i makedonskom jeziku, kao i nekoliko zbirk. Finalista je izbora za Nacionalnu nagradu za književnost, osvajala mnogobrojne nagrade za poeziju, među kojima se ističu Nacionalna nagrada kritike, nagrada za poeziju Espiral Maior, nagrade Fundación Novacaixagalicia, Ojo Crítico (najbolja knjiga poezije mladog autora objavljena u Španiji) i Nagrada galisijskih knjižara za autora godine. Kao uticajni kulturni aktivista, Jolanda Kastanjo organizuje mesečne poetske večeri, festivale, književne i prevodilačke radionice, koje okupljuju domaće i strane pesnike (Nagrada galicijske kritike za najbolju kulturnu manifestaciju 2014). Bila je generalna sekretarka Udruženja pisaca na galicijskom jeziku, i dala svoj doprinos mnogim pisanim medijima, knjigama, antologijama, konferencijama i čitanjima i izvođenjima poezije u Galiciji i izvan nje, uključujući i mnoge međunarodne festivale poezije i pesnička okupljanja, uglavnom u Americi i Evropi, ali i u Tunisu, Indiji, Kini i Japanu. Koordinirala je izdanja zbirk, likovne i pesničke izložbe; objavljivala je književna dela kao urednik, kao i pet dečjih knjiga i četiri knjige prevoda (savremenih autora poput Nikole Madžirova ili Marka Pogačara, između ostalih, na španski i galicijski). Učestvovala je u raznovrsnim projektima spajanja poezije sa muzikom, scenskim izvođenjem, plesom, arhitekturom, vizuelnim i audiovizuelnim umetnostima, pa čak i kulinarstvom, za šta je takođe nagradjivana. Deo njenog stvaralaštva preveden je na dvadeset pet jezika sveta. Tri puta je bila međunarodni saradnik - pisac, na IWTCA na Rodosu (Grčka) i u Vila Valberti (Minhen, Nemačka) 2011, kao i HIP u Pekingu (Kina) 2014. i u zamku Hotornden u Škotskoj 2016.



STORY OF THE TRANSFORMATION

It began as disorder
hurtful restraint as a kid we were poor and had less than nothing
rickety indigence before I wanting grief
a parable of complexes a syndrome a ghost
(it is as dire to miss as it lament it)
Coral shadow shattering pearls.
It began as a slippery gill whose
passing breath left me destitute
The plainest face in the playground I matter
not a whit and I'll neither grow nor sow
you've got it or you don't renounce it comply swallow
a maelstrom raven sky of eternal cold judgement
a set westerly a private privation
(a nuns' runt like all the rest
each one a lesbian or anorexic
the letter bet into the blood the hands the head
the conscience the cunt).
I shut my eyes and hoped beyond hope
to become once and for all everything I was.

But beauty corrupts. Beauty corrupts.
Coral shadow squandering pearls.
Day breaks conquering and there's boding in its gullet
You fool! bedevilled with box ticking
and not what they held inside.
It was an idle giddy burst of flowers in winter
The rivers leapt back to themselves in pink waterfalls
butterflies and snails born from my hair
The smile of my breasts fuelled airplanes
Beauty corrupts
Beauty corrupts
My supple belly guided by spring
whelks spilled over my tiny hands
high praise pinched my heart
and I didn't know what to do with all that light in all that shadow.

They said: "your weapon will be your punishment"
they spat my virtues in my face in this
club we won't have girls with scarlet lips

PRIČA O PREOBRAŽAJU

Počelo je kao poremećaj
bolno suzdržavanje, kad sam bila mala bili smo siromašni bez igde ičega
rahitično potištена pred sopstvenom ogorčenošću, lišena
parabole kompleksa, sindroma, utvare
(Osećam jednaku potrebu da za njom žudim i da je sažaljevam)

Koralni greben senke što bisere moje lomi.

Isprva je to bila klizava škrga koja nije
htela da me usreći dodirom svoga daha
najneupadljiviji lik u školskom dvorištu,
obično lice koje ne pušta koren u pamćenju
ili ga imaš ili nemaš, odrekni se, pomiri, progutaj
oblak gavrana zaklanja nebo, osuda na večitu stud
uporan zapadni vетar, lično lišavanje
(devojčica iz katoličke škole iz koje sve izlaze
kao anoreksičarke ili lezbejke
znanje se uteruje batinama u krv u ruke u glavu
u svest ili u pičku).

Sklopila sam oči i iz sve snage poželeta
da jednom za svagda ponovo postanem šta sam bila.

Ali lepota kvari. Lepota kvari.

Koralni greben senke što bisere moje grize.

Zora osvaja s predosećajem u stomaku

Sirota glupačo! Opsesivno si štriklirala rubrike umesto
da gledaš šta je u njima.

Vrtoglavu i polako, cveće je procvetalo usred zime,
reke su same u sebe ulivale ružičaste vodopade
leptiri i puževi izrodili su se iz moje kose
osmeh mojih grudi pokretao je avione

Lepota kvari

Lepota kvari

Moj meki stomak pratio je proleće
školjke su se rasule iz mojih malenih ruku
najviše pohvale uštinuše me za srce
i nisam više znala šta bih s tolikom svetlošću i tolikom senkom.

Rekoše mi: „Sopstvena će ti duša biti najveća kazna“
pljunuše mi u lice moje vrline u ovaj
klub ne primamo devojke s crvenim ružom na usnama

a vicious tide of filth gaining interest
that has nothing to do with my mascara
the mice burrowed into my room and dirtied the linen drawers
litres of scrap pitch lurking secretly litres
of control litres of mud-slingers kilos of suspicion raised
with just the arc of my eyebrows you should be hog-tied
stained grey and all trace erased with acid
renounce who I am just to write?
they skinned me alive for my long tapering neck
for the hair that springs from the nape in this
club we won't have girls who strut
We do not trust summer
Beauty corrupts.
Make bloody sure it's worth it.

ROCK PAPER SCISSORS

When shut eyes can see
the cycle becomes a sleight of hand

(The poetry book opens too much
and up pops a deck of cards).

It's not cocky to flick a switch,
or afflicted to write in the dark.

Don't let go your hold on the world
or lose touch with the word footing,
take a saw to its legs
you might find you reach even higher.

Here
we provoke language.

Of course we write
for a picture's worth a thousand words.

talas prljavštine i zloupotrebe koja
ne može imati nikakve veze s mojom maskarom
pacovi su se popeli u moju sobu i zaprljali mi fioku s vešom
gomile gvožđurije katrana budnog motrenja gomile
kontrole gomile klevetnika kilogrami podignutih sumnji
izvijanje moje obrve trebalo bi da bude dovoljno da ti veže ruke
da ostavi sivi žig i kiselinom ti obriše tragove
da se odrekнем sebe kako bih postala pisac?
Osudiše me zbog dugog, tananog vrata i
Toga kako mi kosa na potiljku raste u ovaj
klub ne primamo nakinđurene devojke
Ne verujemo letu
Lepota kvari
Dobro razmisli je li toga vredno.

PAPIR KAMEN MAKAZE

Kad sklopljene oči progledaju
krugovi se pretvore u igru prstima.

(Kad se previše otvara, zbirka poezije
pretvorи se u špil karata).

Nije nadmeno upaliti svetlo
niti je žalosno pisati u mraku.

Ne gubi još dodir sa svetom,
niti vezu sa podlogom reči
ne plaši se da im presečeš noge
kako bi dosegnuo još više.

Mi ovde stvaramo jezik.

I zaista pišemo
jer slika vredi više od hiljadu reči.

METROPHOBIA

Off in the distance the rain
stains the clouds.
This map is true for balladeers.

I can't wait to go and my car is a good soldier,
can you hear its sweet cargo whistle?
The old roads open up
like a ruled notebook,
how I'd love to score the mountains like a sales
rep my case full of poems

My car's a silver bullet burning with rhythm
instead of gunpowder and I shout "Vamos!"
Together we bear down on valleys,
civil servant suburbs and those huge windmills
urge me on to face the giants.
We get each other, my car and me – no words needed.

White lilies of paracetemol,
my car's a soldier
and I say "Let's go read poems
in Monforte de Lemos!",
and his engine
hums along to my tune;
rattles
and sings
even though he's got
metrophobia.

APPLES FROM TOLSTOY'S GARDEN

I,
who steered my car by the shores of the Neretva,
who swept my bike through the damp streets of Copenhagen.
I who stretched my arms across the chasms of Sarajevo,
who at the wheel crossed the Slovenian border
and soared in a bi-plane over the Ria of Betanzos.
I who took a ferry that landed on the shores of Ireland,

METROFOBIJA

Tamo u dnu, kiša
mastilom mrlja oblake.
Ova karta vodi trubadure.

Jedva čekam da podđem, moj je auto poslušni vojnik.
Zar ne čuješ kako zviždi njegov divni teret?
Putevi se otvaraju
kao sveska na linije
Volela bih da uzorem planine s pesmom na leđima
poput zavežljaja.

Moj je auto srebrni metak sa
ritmom umesto baruta; kažem mu: „Hajmo!“.
Zajedno prelazimo doline, činovnička predgrađa,
prostrana polja puna vetrenjača
bude u meni želju da se borim protiv divova.
Razumemo se moj auto i ja i bez reči.

Beli cvetovi brufena,
Moj je auto vojnik
I ja mu kažem: „Hajde da recitujemo stihove
U Monforte de Lemosu!“,
a on
uskladi motor s mojim glasom,
brunda,
i zvecka,
iako ima
metrofobiju.

JABUKE IZ TOLSTOJEVE BAŠTE

Ja
koja sam vozila automobil duž obale Neretve
koja sam bicikлом špartala po vlažnim ulicama Kopenhagena.
Ja koja sam pruženim rukama premerila kratere Sarajeva
koja sam za volanom prešla granicu Slovenije
i dvokrilcem nadletela iznad Rije Betansos.
Ja koja sam trajektom pristala na obalu Irske

and at the island of Ometepe in Lake Nicaragua;
I who will never forget that shop in Budapest,
or the cotton fields of Thessaly,
or the night when I was 17 in a hotel in Nice.

My memory paddles on Jurmala beach in Latvia
and feels just right at home on Sixth Avenue.

I,
who once could have died in a taxi in Lima,
who walked the yellow fields of Pakruojis,
and crossed like Margaret Mitchell that street in Atlanta.
My feet trod the pink sands of Elafonisi,
turned a corner in Brooklyn, The Charles Bridge, Lavalle.
I crossed the desert to get to Essaouira,
took a zip-line down from the peaks of Mombacho,
I will never forget the night I slept on the streets of Amsterdam,
or the Ostrog Monastery, or the rocks of Meteora.
I who spoke a name in a square in Ghent,
who once ploughed through the Bosphorus clad in promises,
who will never be the same since that day in Auschwitz.

I,
who drove east as far as Podgorica
who steered a snow mobile across the Vatnajökull glacier,
and I never felt as alone as I did on Rue Saint-Denis,
I will never taste grapes like the grapes of Corinth.
I, who one day picked

apples from Tolstoy's garden

I want to go home:
to that hideaway
I love the most
in A Coruña

that's you.

LISTEN AND REPEAT: *un paxaro, unha barba*

The whole sky is hunched. An intransitive thirst.

Talking a foreign language
is like wearing borrowed clothes.

i ostrva Ometepe u jezeru Nikaragva;
ja koja nikad neću zaboraviti onu prodavnici u Budimpešti
ni polja pamuka u Tesaliji,
ni noć u hotelu u Nici kad mi je bilo sedamnaest.

Moje sećanje kvasi noge na plaži Jurmala u Letoniji
a u Šestoj aveniji oseća se kao kod kuće.

Ja,

koja sam umalo poginula u taksiju u Limi,
koja sam hodala zlatnožutim poljima Pakruoisa
i prešla istu ulicu u Atlanti kao i Margaret Mičel.

Moje su stope ostavile trag na ružičastom pesku Elafonisija,
skrenule za ugao u Bruklinu, prešle Karlov most, Lavalje.

Ja koja sam prešla pustinju da bih stigla do Esauire,
koja sam se sajalom spustila s vrhova Mombaća,
i nikada neću zaboraviti noć prespavanu na ulici u Amsterdamu,
ni manastir Ostrog, ni kamenje Meteore.

Ja koja sam izgovorila ime nasred trga u Gentu,
koja sam jednom sekla talase Bosfora odevena u obećanja,
i nikad više neću biti ista posle onog dana u Aušvicu.

Ja,

koja sam vozila sve do nadomak Podgorice
i prevezla motorne sanke preko glečera Vatnajekidl
ja koja nikad nisam bila toliko usamljena kao u Ulici Sent Denis,
i nikada neću probati grožđe kao ono iz Korinta.

Ja, koja sam jednoga dana ubrala

jabuke iz Tolstojeve baštete,

želim da se vratim kući:

u onaj najdraži

kutak

Korunje

a to si ti.

LISSEN AND REPEAT: *ptica, brada*

Celo je nebo zgureno. Neprelazna žed.

Govoriti strani jezik
isto je kao nositi tuđu odeću

Helga confuses the words for land and landscape
(who would you be in another language?)

You show me
my vocal chord
is at times
off key.

In the back garden of language
it's the prosody that snags
my dress.

I'll tell you something about the problems with language:
there are things I just can't wrap my mouth around.

Like when I see you sat and all I see
is a seat –
ceci n'est pas une chaise.
A camera obscura beams on the hemisphere.

Pronounce: if the poem is an exorcism,
a change of state, some humour
takes shape to escape from us.

That's phonation, enthalpy.

But yes, you are absolutely right:
my delivery leaves
much to be desired.

(If I'm not watching your teeth
I won't understand a word you say).

The sky shrinks. Helga smiles in italics.

And I learn the difference between a beard and a bird
– and not just what takes off
when I try to hold it
in my hands.

Helga brka značenje reči zemlja i zemljopis.
(Kakav bi čovek bio na nekom drugom jeziku?).

Pomogao si mi da primetim
kako ove moje glasne žice
ponekad
falširaju.

U svetlarniku jezika
prozodija mi se kači
za haljinu.

Ispričaću ti nešto o svojim problemima sa jezikom:
neke stvari jednostavno ne mogu da izgovorim.

Kao kad te vidim kako sediš i vidim samo
stolicu:
ceci n'est pas une chaise.
Camera obscura projektuje na poluloptu.

Naglas izgovori: ako je pesma
egzorcizam, promena agregatnog stanja, nešto duhovito
oteloviće se da bi nam umaklo.

Tako je to s fonacijom, entalpijom.

Ali da, ti si sasvim u pravu:
na mom bi izgovoru moglo
još da se poradi.

(Ako prestanem da te gledam u zube
neću razumeti ni reč od onog što kažeš).

Nebo se smanjuje. Helga se smeši u kurzivu.

A ja učim razliku između brade i ptice
osim one da samo jedna od njih poleti
ako pokušam da je uzmem
u ruke.

LESS IS MORE

He didn't say

*If I told you how repugnant your mouth is to me,
the puddle of your greasy, clamouring hormones.
I'd rather stick my fingers in the socket
than my face in the stifling capaciousness of your tits.*

He didn't say

*Sweet Jesus! For a landslide of rocks on my head right now
rather than the burden of your feverish nights,
give me breathing space between me
and the cloying sweet sponge cake of your needs.*

*I'd rather stick needles in my eyeballs
than suck the pulp of your decrepitude.*

He didn't tell me to fuck off, he didn't tell me *vete a la mierda*.

*I'd rather an abscess in the ear, a fist in the pit of the stomach.
I can't stand the country clamour of your hunger,
listening to your thighs scream
like piglets waiting for the axe.*

He simply
didn't say.

I'VE COME THIS WAY SO MANY TIMES BEFORE... AND I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU.

We are making a detailed inventory
like the herbarium of an unpredictable constellation.
First of all the lilies, flourish to the raining stars,
the dahlias and chrysanthemums,
and don't leave out the poppies, those shy, tiny flowers
must also be counted.

The flower of the fig tree is subliminal.
The wallflower the most bookish of all.
The orchid is clearly a lascivious flower,
It's a little bit like the... no, I'll not go on.
Hibiscus fills the evening with wit and whimsy.
Hydrangea: tell me how happy I have been here.
There's the iris, lavender, the so-called tea rose.

LESS IS MORE

Nije mi rekao
kad bih ti samo rekao koliko su mi tvoja usta odvratna,
kaljava borba tvojih masnih, uzburkalih hormona.

Radije bih uhvatio žicu pod visokim naponom
nego zagnjurio lice u okrugli bezdah tvojih grudi.

Nije mi rekao
radije bih da mi se ovog trena sruči tona kamenja na glavu
nego što bih bdio nad tobom u grozničavim noćima,
treba m prostora između mene
i gnjecavog kolača tvojih prohteva.

Radije bih da mi zariju igle u oči
nego da trpim mlohavu masu tvojih slabosti.

Nije mi rekao fuck off, nije mi rekao
idi dodavola.

Draža bi mi bila upala uha ili pesnica u stomak.
Gadi mi se seljačko krčanje tvoje gladi,
i da slušam tvoje butine kako skiče
kao prasići koji čekaju sekiru.

Jednostavno mi
nije rekao.

TOLIKO PUTA PROĐOH OVUDA... A NIKAD VAS PRE NE VIDEH

Pravimo detaljni popis,
poput herbarijuma nekog nepredvidljivog sazvežđa.
Prvo idu ljiljani, koji cvetaju dok padaju zvezde,
pa dalije i hrizanteme,
ne smemo izostaviti ni bulke jer i stidljivo, sitno cveće
valja prebrojati.

Cvet smokve je neprimetan.
I najnačitaniji od svih, cvetni ukras u zaglavljku knjige.
Orhideja je, naravno, erotičan cvet,
Kad liči na ma, ma, da ne nastavljam.
Hibiskus doskočićama ispunjava predvečerje.
Hortenzije: pričajte mi koliko sam ovde bila srećna.
Tu su i iris, lavanda, takozvana čajna ruža.

And then the magnolia that, as its name surely suggests
must once have been the emblem of some Mongol dominion.
The calla lily, anemones and the hardened note of the rhododendron.
And then the wonders from far off,
the unspeakable flower of the chilamate
that you feel but never see,
like the deep love that rises throbbing from your feet.
And then
the white lily, the old blush rose and dandelions.
We have cosmos and sage and impatiens but these are
more conceptual flowers.
The passionflower is the throne of an answer,
 the baldachin of deliberation.
There are flowers that hold the name of the first eye that ever saw them.
Lilacs, calendula, marigold.
I can't forget the mimosas, the swarm of tiny warnings,
or the one I idolize the most: the bougainvillea's outrageous clamour.

But, as i've said, it's odd, i know...
i've come this way so many times before and...
no,
i've never seen you
ever.

BREAD OF CELEBRATION (IT'S AN UNFAIR WORLD)

The world is a hotel with no reception desk.
The gift of eloquence no common good.

That's not how the loaves and fishes were shared.
Over portside the bones the meat over starboard.

You'll lose your head and it's raining hats,
money for the rich, and for the poor more kids.

I know of bread I'd shred into pieces,
morsels that could do for later;
if only a crumb could fill you up,
could satisfy, could open your mouth.

A onda i magnolija koja je, kao što joj već ime sluti,
sigurno nekada bila na grbu nekog mongolskog carstva.
Kale, sase, i gruba nota rododendrona.

Tu su zatim i druga čudesna iz daleka,
poput neopisivog cveta ĉilamate
koji miriše, ali se ne vidi, kao
ta duboka ljubav koja ti se uz nogu vije poput puzavice.

Pa onda,
tu su i beli ljiljani, patuljaste ruže, maslačci.
Tu su i zanovetak, žilavka, prkos, ali to je već
Konceptualnije cveće.

Hristov venac je prestolje odgovora,
baldahin razumevanja.

Neko cveće zauvek nosi ime prvog oka koje ga je ugledalo.
Jorgovan, neven, bela rada.

Ne smem zaboraviti ni mimoze, roj sićušnih upozorenja,
niti meni najmilije: bezobrazni žamor bogumile.

Ali kao što rekoh, ne znam, baš čudno,
toliko puta prođoh ovuda, ali...
ne,
nikad vas pre
ne videh.

SLAVSKI HLEB (IT'S AN UNFAIR WORLD)

Svet je hotel bez recepcije.
Dar slatkog jezika nije česta pojava.

Nisu dobro podeljeni ni hleb i riba.
Levo ide meso, desno koske.

Izgubićeš glavu i ako s neba padaju šeširi,
bogatom zlato, siromahu još gladnih usta.

Znam za hleb koji bih polomila na komadiće,
Zalogajčiće koji mogu da ostanu za kasnije;
Kad bi samo jedna mrva mogla usta da napuni,
Da zasiti, ako ih samo otvorи.

Like lifeboats on the majestic Titanic,
a thicket of combs for the man
with no hair.

The *urbi et orbi* of rhetoric: ‘neither is he here nor are we expecting him’
Beards are knit here and you’re a chinless wonder.

Some mouths were handed out a three-second memory.
And God will give this bread
to someone with less teeth.

POETRY IS A MINORITIZED LANGUAGE

I would start with its breadth. Acidity, pH.

It walks like a woman:
between the massacre of the unseen
and the concentration camp of visibility.

It bellows style and polish,
a neighbourly epic.

In the poem, language
falls on its own deaf ears,
the words amplify
their circle of friends.

You need to frig the alphabet
till it spouts
unlikely links

The changing gears of chatter,
the tell of another order.
The mosquito’s smile in the amber.

It’s not that you don’t get Arabic.
You don’t get
poetry.

Kao čamac za spasavanje na veličanstvenom Titaniku,
gomila češljeva za čoveka
bez kose.

Urbi et orbi retorike: nit je tu nit ga očekujemo
Tu se pletu brade golobradima.

Neka usta dobila su tri sekunde pamćenja.
A Bog će ovaj hlebac dati
nekome sa manje zuba.

POEZIJA JE JEZIK MANJINE

Počeću od njene gustine. Od kiselosti, pH vrednosti.

Korača kao žena:
između masakra nevidljivog
i koncentracionog logora vidljivosti.

Kipi od stila i glanca,
epski prisna.

Jezik u pesmi
dopire do sopstvenih gluvih ušiju,
gde reči šire
svoj krug prijatelja.

Treba dražiti abecedu
sve dok ne počne da bunca
naizgled nepovezane stvari.

Menjačnica žamora,
Naznake nekog drugog reda.
Osmeh komarca zatočenog u čilibaru.

Ne radi se o tome da ne razumeš arapski.
Ti ne razumeš
poeziju.

RECYCLING

And the quicksilver gone from the mirror.

From the hand feeling for the trace
I make the best of jaded pages;
the black ink from the flip side shows
and I think
this could also be write;
scribbling new words while other
earlier words
seep through the page.

Translated from Galician by author

RECIKLAŽA

I živa je nestala iz ogledala.

od ruke koja traži dodir
uzimam najbolje iskorišćene stranice;
crno mastilo nazire se s druge strane
i pomišljam
da se i tako može pisati,
beležeći nove reči dok se one druge,
stare
ispod naziru.

Sa engleskog prevela Vesna Stamenković

NIKOLINA ANDOVA SHOPOVA (1978)

Nikolina Andova Shopova was born on 3rd February 1978 in Skopje. She graduated from the Faculty of Philology (Macedonian and South Slavic literature) at the St Cyril and Methodius University in Skopje. She writes poetry and her haiku poems take part in the anthology *New wave of Macedonian haiku*. She has published two books of poetry *The entrance is on the other side* (2013) and *Connect the dots* (2014). Her first book *The entrance is on the other side* was awarded with the prestigious Bridges of Struga Award in 2013 – awarded by UNESCO and the Struga Poetry evenings for best debut book. In 2016, a trilingual selection of her poems in English, Macedonian and French is published by Éditions Bruno Doucey (Paris). Her poems are translated into Serbian, Croatian, Bosnian, Bulgarian, English, French, German, Chinese. She takes part in many anthologies of Macedonian poetry. Besides poetry, she writes short stories and poems for children.

EVERYTHING IS PIERCED

Everything here is pierced
the sky we spy through the lenses of the telescopes
and the folders on our office desks
the little windows in the ship cabins when we travel
and the massive walls in the temples in which we pray

And the blankets of the secret lovers burnt from cigarettes
are pierced
and the world we see through the rings of the ancestors
the memories like cookie-dough when we shape
the targets in humans forms on which we practice shooting

everything, everything is pierced
the spy-holes on the doors closed for beggars
the earth from the ant's destroyed homes
god who we search through the circular openings of the domes

NIKOLINA ANDOVA ŠOPOVA (1978)

Nikolina Andova Šopova rođena je 3. februara 1978. godine u Skoplju. Diplomirala je makedonsku i južnoslovensku književnost na Filološkom fakultetu Univerziteta Sveti Ćirilo i Metodije u Skoplju. Piše poeziju, a njene haiku pesme deo su antologije *Novi talas makedonskog haikua*. Objavila je dve knjige poezije: *Ulas je sa druge strane* (2013) i *Poveži tačkice* (2014). Njena prva pesnička zbarka nagrađena je prestižnom nagradom Mostovi Struge za 2013. godinu, koju dodeljuju UNESCO i Struške večeri poezije. 2016. godine objavljen joj je trojezični izbor iz poezije – na engleskom, makedonskom i francuskom jeziku, u izdanju Éditions Bruno Doucey (Paris). Poezija joj je prevodena na srpski, hrvatski, bosanski, bugarski, engleski, francuski, nemački i kineski jezik. Zastupljena je u više makedonskih pesničkih antologija. Osim poezije piše i kratku prozu kao i poeziju za decu.



SVE JE BUŠNO

Ovde je sve bušno
nebo koje gledamo kroz teleskope
i fascikle naših kancelarija
prozori na kabini broda dok putujemo

Probušena su i čebad tajnih ljubavnika
progorela cigaretom
i svet koji gledamo kroz prstenje predaka
sećanja kao testo za kolače kad ih oblikujemo
mete u obliku ljudi na kojima vežbamo gađanje

sve je, baš sve bušno
špijunke na vratima zatvorene za prosjake
zemlja porušenih mrvanjaka
bog koga tražimo kroz okrugle otvore kupola.

WE DWINDLE

We step into things and already we are part of them
Has anyone told us that the seashells are the fingernails of the sea
that our fingernails become seashells once we enter in it
that our stomach is a sea turtle when we swim
that our breasts are jellyfish
our eyes are little fish separated from the shoal in the shallows
our hair turns to algae when we submerge it
our skin is moss,
our hairs are the weeds on the rocks
swaying in the water like wind-blown
Our ears are little seahorses, our fingers the tentacles of the octopuses
being offered as specialty in expensive menus
We dwindle
like sea stars drying on docks
which will be hung on a wall somewhere as decorations
like stopped light, a signed souvenir

BLESSED IS THAT WHICH WE CANNOT TOUCH

Blessed are the distances and the places to which we will never go
and the tight smooth nightgown drying on the balcony across from us
Blessed is death that remembers the addresses
of all our unsent letters
and the gods we try but cannot reach
like the cobwebs in the corner between the bed and the wall
Blessed is the Moon served on the sky
like a dish of someone who dines alone all the time
and the Sun reminding us
one can love from afar
Blessed is the freedom and our illusion that we have touched it
like we touch life through screens and displays
Blessed is the past that sticks to us
like long-lasting lipstick on our mouths
and the future besmeared by red stains
resistant even to the most advertised of detergents
Blessed are the seas which we will never swim across
because of the water landmarks and the theories of safety

SMANJUJEMO SE

Zakoračimo među stvari i već smo deo njih
Da li su nam ikada rekli da su školjke nokti mora
da i naši nokti postanu školjke kad u njega uđemo
da nam je stomak morska kornjača dok plivamo
da su nam grudi meduze
oči su nam male ribe izdvojene od jata u plićaku
kose nam postaju alge čim ih pokvasimo
koža je mahovina, dlačice trava na kamenju
koja se od vode njije kao na vetrnu
Uši su nam morski konjici, prsti pipci oktopoda
koje nude kao specijalitet skupog jelovnika
Smanjujemo se
kao morske zvezde koje se suše na pristaništu
koje će negde da vise kao ukras na zidu
kao prigušena svetlost, potpisani suvenir.

BLAGOSLOVENO JE ONO ŠTO NAM JE NEDOSTIŽNO

Blagoslovene su daljine i mesta na koja nikada nećemo otići
i uska glatka spavačica koja se suši na terasi preko puta
Blagoslovena je smrt koja pamti adrese
svih pisama koja nismo poslali
i bogovi, koje se naprežemo, a ne možemo da dohvativamo
kao paučinu u čošku između kreveta i zida
Blagoslovena je Mesečina servirana na nebu
kao činija ispred nekog ko uvek večera sam
i Sunce koje nas podseća
da može da se i izdaleka voli
Blagoslovena je sloboda
i naša iluzija da smo je spoznali
kao što i život spoznamo putem ekrana i monitora
Blagoslovena je prošlost koja nam se lepi
kao dugotrajni ruž na usne
i budućnost isprljana crvenim flekama
otpornim i na najskupljí deterdžent
Blagoslovena su mora koja nećemo
nikad preplivati
zbog graničnika u vodi i teorija bezbednosti

Blessed is the soft hair of a girl
that nearly, very nearly touched me
in a bus crowd

COMMAS

I found a photograph in the basement
of the place of my house
before it was built
when it was only a sketch
in the hands of the architects
And I know approximately since when it exists
the year of construction is
engraved in the concrete in a corner of the yard
but I do not know how long before
it did not exist
and before the
bushes
weeds and the sky existed
that fade in the photograph
Is the non-existence longer
than the existence
and how old is the nothing

From the dust that rose
of the photograph
like commas in the air
I coughed

ON PASSWORDS, BY GIBRAN

*Fill each other's cup, but drink not from one cup.
Give one another of your bread, but eat not from the same loaf.
Sing and dance together and be joyous,
but let each of you be alone,
even as the strings of a lute are alone
though they quiver with the same music.*
Khalil Gibran

In one article on the internet
I read that many couples know

Blagoslovena je kosa jedne devojke
koja me je zamalo dodirnula
u gužvi u autobusu.

ZAREZI

U podrumu sam pronašla fotografiju
mesta gde je moja kuća
pre nego je sagrađena
dok je bila samo crtež
u ruci arhitekte
I približno znam otkad postoji
godina kad je sagrađena
zamazana je na betonu u jednom uglu dvorišta
ali ne znam koliko je pre toga
nije bilo
pre nego što su postojali
žbunovi trava nebo
koji blede na fotografiji
da li je nepostojanje
duže od postojanja
i koliko je staro ništa

Od prašine koja se diže
s fotografije
kao zarezi u vazduhu
nakašljala sam se

O LOZINKI, PO DŽUBRANU

*Punite jedno drugome čaše, ali ne pijte iz iste
Dajte jedno drugom hleb, ali ne jedite istu pogaču
Zajedno pevajte i igrajte i budite radosni
ali neka svako od vas bude i sam
kao što žice na liri stoje odvojeno
a trepere istu muziku.
Halil Džubran*

Na jednom internet sajtu
procitala sam da mnogi parovi

each other's e-mail passwords
and that they give them to each other
as a token of trust and security

Had a been wise as Gibran
and I'm not
I would've added:

“Send e-mails to each other
but do not give away your passwords
for the man and the earth feed off each other
and yet, they keep the secret of their beginnings; each to their own.”

BREAD

Can I eat
this plane sandwich
that my sister left
when returning from her journey

This sandwich which has flown
over two continents and one ocean
which has flown far more than I will ever
walk or swim

Maybe I will taste a little of the clouds
if I try this bread
which has been higher than the land beneath it
higher than all states, cities and people
with invisible edges and borders
Which has been higher than all heights
I will ever reach
like the grains of wheat in it that have seen more
than the pilots, the stewardesses
and all the passengers
under the plane
Will my stomach digest
the whole sky
if I eat
this simple bread

znaju jedni drugima šifre mejlova
i razmenjuju ih međusobno
kao znak poverenja i sigurnosti.

Da sam mudrac kao Džubran
a nisam
dodala bih:

„Šaljite jedno drugom mejlove
ali ne delite šifre
zato što se i čovek i zemlja hrane jedan od drugoga
ali čuvaju tajne početaka, svako svoju“

HLEB

Da li će moći da pojedem
ovaj sendvič iz aviona
koji mi je sestra ostavila
u povratku s putovanja

Sendvič koji je leteo
iznad dva kontinenta i preko celog okeana
i preleteo mnogo više nego što će ikad
da prepešaćim i preplivam

Možda će da okusim malo od oblaka
ako probam ovaj hleb
koji je bio viši od zemlje pod njim
viši od svih država, gradova i ljudi
nevidljivih okvira i granica
Koji je bio iznad svih visina
koje će nekad da dohvativam
kao zrnca žita u njemu koja su videla više
od pilota, stjuardesa
od svih putnika
pod avionom.
Hoće li stomak da svari
celo nebo
ako pojedem
ovaj običan hleb.

IN MY BODY

I am a tourist in my body
and I have no map in my hands
Someone that will accidentally pass by
will show me the way to the museum quarter
to the large parks, the square
to the river that flows in my name
What do I do in the meantime
I'm drinking macchiato in a quiet coffee bar
and thumbing through the daily newspapers
written in a language I never learned
Always, I remember, when I would be returning from a trip
the sky would brighten, the sun would fall on the marble angels
and only then would I notice
the smiles on their faces

KNOCK BEFORE ENTERING

Always be careful, knock before you entering
you should know that in the rooms inside you
there's always someone
Stay longer in those where you are silently welcome
where you will enter in and sit
in the long silence
Some will ask for your name, will invite to you sit down
will offer cookies, will hold your coat
will come running after you if you forget your umbrella
Some you will see only through the wink of silence
of the forever closed doors
and often you will not know whether they are your guests
or you are simply not at home

U MOM TELU

U svom telu ja sam turista
i nemam u ruci mapu
Neko ko slučajno prođe
pokazaće mi put do muzejskog kvarta
do velikih parkova, trga
do reke koja se uliva u moje ime
Šta radim u međuvremenu
Pijem makijato u tihom kafeu
i listam dnevne novine
napisane jezikom koji nikad nisam naučila
Sećam se, uvek kad sam se vraćala s nekog putovanja
nebo se razvedravalо, Sunce je padalo niz andele od mermera
čak i tada primećivala sam im
smešak na licima

KUCNI PRE NEGO ŠTO UĐEŠ

Budi uvek pažljiv, kucni pre nego što uđeš
Znaj da u sobama koje su u tebi
uvek ima nekog
Najduže ostani u onima u koje će te primiti bez reči
U koje ćeš ući i sedećete
dugo čuteći
Neko od njih će te pitati za ime, pozvati da sedneš
ponuditi kolačima, pridržati kaput
potrčati za tobom ako zaboraviš kišobran
neke ćeš videti samo kroz špijunku tištine
večno zatvorenih vrata
i često nećeš znati da li su sve to tvoji gosti
ili ti jednostavno nisi kod kuće

HIGH

Today I will not go down the same road
I will turn left
I may see a child
whose ball flies away on the street
and I will return it to him, as my day
always politely returns
the loneliness in the playground
when I kick it
high

LET'S ESCAPE FROM TIME

Let's escape from time
that threatens us with a pulled bow
and takes aim with the small arrow
This is what I wanted to tell you:
- If I pass with my hand on a geographical map
I will not touch the mountains nor the peaks
I will not get wet nor fill my hands with soil
so tonight when you pass your hand through my body
you won't find dust or wind, neither my name
that is always reborn
Because I do not know how much time had passed tonight
minute, hour, year, lifetime
maybe
Sometimes when I look up and down
I do not know which trail seems longer
one on the jet plane in the sky
or the one that the snail had left behind

VISOKO

Danas neću da idem istim putem
skrenuću levo
možda ćeu videti kako nekom detetu
istrčava lopta na put
i vratiću mu je nazad, kao što meni dan
svaki put ljubazno vrati
samoću na igralište
kada je šutnem
visoko

HAJDE DA POBEGNEMO VREMENU

Hajde da pobegnemo vremenu
koje nam preti zategnutim lukom
i nišani nas malom streloš
Ovo sam htela da ti kažem
ako rukom pređem preko neke geografske karte
neću napipati ni planine ni vrhove
neću se pokvasiti niti napuniti ruke zemljom
tako i noću kada rukom prelaziš po mom telu
nećeš naći ni prah ni vетar, ni ostatke
mog imena koje se svaki put ponovo rađa
Zato ne znam koliko je večeras prošlo vremena
minut, sat, godina, ceo život
možda
Ponekad kada pogledam gore i dole
ne znam koji mi se trag čini duži
onaj od mlaza aviona na nebū
ili onaj koji je puž ostavio iza sebe

I'M CLOSING

There's a fan
with a map of the world
closing inside me for years

Dryland's slowly narrowing
volcanoes go extinct
rivers stop, lighthouses freeze
deserts roll up
like dust laden carpets

One day I will open the fan
and the whole world will spread inside me
together with the sky and the wings
of the great birds

*Translated from Macedonian by Elida Bahtijaroska,
Gorjan Kostovski and author*

ZATVARAM SE

Ima jedna lepeza
sa mapom sveta
koja se godinama u meni zatvara

Kopno se polako skuplja
vulkani se gase
reke staju, svetionici mrznu
puštinje se umotavaju
kao tepisi puni prašine

Jednom ču lepezu da otvorim
i ceo svet će da se raširi u meni
zajedno sa nebom i krilima
velikih ptica

S makedonskog prevela Milena Ilić

PATRIK KOVALSKI (1979)

Patrik Kovalski was born in Doboј, Bosnia and Herzegovina and now he lives and works on the relation Novi Sad – Veliko Gradište, Serbia. He is the author of the book of short stories *Sugarfree* (2005) and two poetry collections *Žuč mikrokozma* (The Gall of Microcosm, 2010) and *Zlatna groznica* (Goldenrush, 2016). The second book was awarded and published by Treći Trg and Belgrade Poetry and Book Festival. He publishes poetry and prose in magazines, group collections and in anthologies of contemporary Serbian poetry.

THE BLINDING OF ARGUS. GENESIS

I'm sorry, friends
I cannot be still
that window keeps looking at me
telling stories from its
northern side

open it
let in some air
or darkness (and a child is swallowing oranges)
I want to fall and fall
like a piano
like snow

what did you say it was looking at?
nothing?
he's blind from birth?
ah, yes...

well, all right
I might as well sit with you
drink this excellent wine
be still
fall
endlessly
until god wakes up
and creates the Earth again
just so I could have
something to crash into

PATRIK KOVALSKI (1979)

Patrik Kovalski rođen je u Doboju, u Bosni i Hercegovini, a danas živi i radi na relaciji Novi Sad – Veliko Gradište, u Srbiji. Autor je knjige kratkih priča *Sugarfree* (2005) i dve zbirke poezije *Žuč mikrokozma* (2010) i *Zlatna groznica* (2016), koja je objavljena kao nagrađen rukopis na konkursu Trećeg Trga i Beogradskog festivala poezije i knjige. Poeziju objavljuje u književnim časopisima, zbornicima, a zastupljen je i u antologijama savremene srpske poezije.



OSLEPLJIVANJE ARGUSA. GENESIS

oprostite drugovi
ne mogu biti miran
onaj prozor stalno gleda u mene
priča priče sa svoje
severne strane

otvorite ga
neka uđe malo zraka
ili mraka (i dete narandže guta)
hoću da padam i padam
kao klavir
kao sneg

u šta rekoste da gleda?
ništa?
slep je od rođenja?
eh, da...

pa dobro
mogu i sedeti sa vama
pitи ovo izvrsno vino
biti miran
padati
beskrajno
sve dok se bog ne probudi
i ponovo ne stvori zemlju
tek da bih
imao o šta da tresnem

LOVERS' PARTING. THE BUILDING OF SKADAR

the walls shouldn't have been built there
on that never-drained swamp
but

now we have to accept what is given
get used to their condensed symbolic
let words drip onto the ground
like foam from the rabid fox's mouth

a bite and it bites

but go on
speak
let the jaws hurt
let the swelling on the brain grow and
maybe you won't notice that
the symbols are dead
that they're being devoured by the worms of reality
pecked at by the ravens of the moment
that the jackals of philosophy
are triumphantly scattering their bones
to all eight sides of the world

a flag of substance is flying
your voice is getting lost in its shadow
I watch the picture without the sound
with a razor I carve a slogan into my arm:
death to the spiritual fascism!

DECORATORS

don't get upset
it's just the decorators
they bring bright colors into grey homes
they bring light into the survivors
they paint faces on ceilings
they paint faces with their fingers
they dip their fingers in us
why, that hardly even hurts

LJUBAVNI RASTANAK. ZIDANJE SKADRA

nije trebalo dizati zidove tu
na toj nikad isušenoj močvari
no
sada moramo prihvati datost
privići se na njihovu zgusnutu simboliku
puštati reči da kapaju na tlo
kao pena iz usta besne lisice

ujedi ujeda

ali produži
govori
neka bole vilice
neka raste otekлина na mozgu i
možda nećeš primetiti da
simboli su mrtvi
da ih proždiru crvi stvarnosti
da ih kljucaju gavrani trenutka
da im šakali fiziologije
trijumfalno raznose kosti
na svih osam strana sveta

vijori se barjak materije
u njegovoj senci gubi se tvoj glas
gledam sliku bez tonu
urezujem žletom parolu u ruku:
smrt duhovnom fašizmu!

DEKORATERI

ne uznemiravaj se
to su samo dekorateri
unose žive boje u sive domove
unose svetlo u preživele
oslikavaju tavanice licima
oslikavaju lica prstima
umaču prste u nas
pa to jedva i da boli

right

you look lovely
your thighs still seem tight

don't get upset
last night was only a dream
I came into you and turned over the glasses
breathed darkness instead of air
and my fingers were sticky

yes
it was just your dream:
I lean across the table and
my eyes are empty
and I feverishly bite a wire with my teeth
I growl:
I'll swallow the god in you!

7. Ag

these once were hills of silver
it was enough to set car tires on fire
and smoke out the remaining Celts
the vile Romans, whores of Babylon
and winged dogs

and the silver is flowing
on the werewolf's skin, through proletarian's eyes
and it burns and burns and burns

silver to my soul
Judas' kiss on my left (pink)
lung
right is bright - bye, bye...

we could have forged a dagger
cooled it in the urine of the mindless whore who with
30 (and in letters: thirty) years of service
and three masters' charters

zar ne

lepo izgledaš
butine ti još deluju čvrsto

ne uznemiravaj se
to si samo sanjala sinoć
ušao sam u tebe i prevrtao čaše
disao mrak umesto vazduha
i prsti su mi bili lepljivi

da
to si samo sanjala:
naginjem se preko stola i
oči su mi prazne
i zubima grozničavo grizem žicu
režim:
progutaću boga u tebi!

7. AG

ovo nekad behu srebrna brda
bilo je dovoljno zapaliti automobilske gume
dimom rasterati zaostale Kelte
podle Rimljane kurve vavilonske
i krilate pse

i srebro teče
na koži vukodlaka, kroz oči proletera
i peče i peče i peče

srebro na moju dušu
judin poljubac na moje levo (ružičasto)
plućno krilo
desno je svesno – baj, baj...

mogli smo iskovati bodež
ohladiti ga u urinu bezumne kurve koja sa
30 (i slovima: trideset) godina radnog staža
i tri majstorska pisma

still has no rights to retirement
still has no rights to dissuade herself from the notion
that she is a blue-blooded virgin and that her father,
a golden shower by nationality,
shall never return from the seven gray seas

sweet, mindless whore...

a raven kisses her forehead
worms sing her lullabies
fish swim through the hazy slush of her brain

– *let he who has no shell on his soul
play toss-the-rock
until death does him apart
forever and ever
amen.*

– *Sisyphus,
don't play daft,
I'm looking at you... in general.*

9. Fe

these once were dead virgins
butchered in a bathtub
with zinc-laced eyes and
a minimum of seven (and in numbers: 7)
silver years of warranty
with leaden eyelids
which fell and fell and fell
across the cheekbones and sea-circles around the eyes
holy coelenterates, river cucumbers
with eyes that spat darkness into the void
fake petrol instead of petrol
virgins of blue showers
with fathers with golden blood
sonnets of uncovered bosoms
exposed to the rough touches of ten-stance rhymes
attacks of wild stanzas

i dalje nema prava na penziju
i dalje nema prava da razuveri sebe da je
devica plave krvi i da se otac
zlatni pljusak po nacionalnosti
nikada neće vratiti sa sedam sivih mora

slatka bezumna kurva...

gavran je ljubi u čelo
crvi pevaju uspavanke
ribe joj plove kroz mutnu masu mozga

*– ko nema pleha na duši
neka se baca kamena s ramena
dok ga smrt ne rastavi
vo vjek i vjekov
amin.*

*– Sizife,
ne pravi se lud,
tebe gledam... u načelu.*

9. FE

ovo nekad behu mrtve device
zaklane u kadi
sa pocinkovanim očima i
minimalno sedam (i brojem: 7)
srebrnih godina garancije
sa olovnim kapcima
što padahu i padahu i padahu
preko jagodica i morskih podočnjaka
svetih dupljara rečnih krastavaca
sa očima što u prazninu bljuvahu mrak
umesto nafte lažnu naftu
device plavih pljuskova
očeva zlatne krvi
sonetima neopasanih grudi
izloženih grubim dodirima deseteraca
napadima divljih stanci

hordes of sesta rimas

the citizens gathered
to judge the (a)e(s)th(et)ics:
– aren't these virgins a bit too defiled
for our tastes?

– don't they show a bit too many brown suns
when you flip them onto their stomachs?
– for our taste?

between the famous rocks a cave
of a famous cannibal settled in

they went inside

on the walls red from the knives
in their elementary state
they drew an extinct bison and
the weeping of the brother who killed his brother

UPON RETURN. DEMIURGE IN PERSON AND OUTSIDE OF IT

she said:
too much slime
for my taste

in this poetry
that is

that small, white
provincial princess

and underneath us
a cute Levant village was rotting
and they lit the fires
to cook their rabbits and fish

knives flashed into the ribs of darkness

hordama sesta rima

građanstvo se okupljalo
da sudi o e(ste)tici:
– *nisu li ove device malo suviše deflorisane
za naš ukus?*

– *ne pokazuju li malo suviše smedih sunca
kad ih obrneš na stomak?
– za naš ukus?*

između čuvenih stena smestila se
pećina čuvenog ljudoždera

ušli su u nju

na zidovima crvenim od noževa
u elementarnom stanju
nacrtali su izumrlog bizona i
plač brata koji je ubio brata

NA POVRATKU. DEMIURG LIČNO I BEZLIČNO

rekla je:
previše sluzi
za moj ukus

u ovoj poeziji
to jest

ta mala bela
malograđanska princeza

a pod nama je trulila
simpatična levantska varošica
i oni su palili vatre
da skuvaju svoje zečeve i ribe

noževi su bljeskali tami u rebra

Levant Madonnas
with voluptuous busts
and gold
scratched from the canvas
of the master from the north

gold

and her big eyes
of a victim, gentle like an animal
I gathered between my fingers

gently

and
her neck snapped quietly
unexpectedly easy
and
the body reduced to a tiled quay
soft

and so

searching through the guts
I dirtied my hands

washed them later in a street puddle

grinning,
cause I didn't meet my reflection in it

it wasn't there:
only a wisp of slime was bathing in it

and the light from the pole
reflected in it
clearly

strongly

levantske madone
bogata poprsja
i zlato
sastrugano sa platna
majstora sa severa

zlato

i njene krupne oči
žrtve životinjski nežne
skupio sam bio u prstohvat

nežno

a
vrat joj je pukao tiho
neočekivano lako
a
telo se svelo na behatonski kej
meko

i tako

pretražujući nutrinu
zaprljao sam ruke

posle ih u uličnoj bari prao

i cereći se
nisam svoj odraz u bari sreo

nije ga bilo:
samo pramen sluzi kupao se u njoj

i svetlo sa stuba
odražavala se u njoj
jasno

jako

COMEDIA DIVINA

Ecce Deus,
ecce Machina,
they walk, in a hug,
down the road with cypresses
whispering to one another in confidence,
laughing about something mutually known.

Ecce homo,
Erectus and Habilis,
scuttle in front of their feet,
they trip on the rocks by the road and
crying with pain and hurt pride
they fly to the edge of the scene
headfirst into the nettles...

They sit
rub the sore spots
with hairy hands
they curse,
each to himself,
in languages that are
yet to become that...

Translated from Serbian by Vesna Stamenković

COMEDIA DIVINA

Ecce Deus,
ecce Machina,
idu zagrljeni
putem sa čempresima,
poverljivo se sašaptavaju,
smeju nečem obostrano poznatom.

Ecce homo,
Erectus i Habilis,
pretrčavaju im ispred nogu,
spotiču se o kamenje kraj puta i
s jaukom bola i povređenog ponosa
lete u stranu scene,
grlima u koprive...

Sede,
dlakavim rukama
trljaju bolna mesta,
psuju,
svaki za sebe,
na jezicima koji to tek
imaju da budu...

JOSEP PEDRALS

Josep Pedrals, born in Barcelona in 1979. Since 1997, he brings poetry to stages. He has performed throughout Europe, Asia and America, giving thousands of recitals in all kinds of festivals and cycles. He has been awarded in various contests of recitation, including the Osaka International Slam (2009). He works in poetry education for children and adults and gives lectures and courses on poetry, prosody and orality in schools, colleges and universities. He has developed poetry spaces on radio and television and has collaborated in art and culture sections of various publications. He has published a sonnet every day in the newspaper Ara during a couple of years (2010-2012). From 2002 to 2015 he has coordinated the HORINAL – Workshop of Recitations and New Literary Attitudes. He has written four poetry books, several theatre plays, and also writes prose and essays. Pedrals was the keyboardist of the funky-pop band *Explosion Bikini* (1999-2004) and currently he leads the ironic pop group *Els Nens Eutrófics*. He was awarded with the “Lletra d’or” prize in 2013 (to the best Catalan book) and the Time Out Barcelona - Best Artist of the Year 2014 prize.

TUMULTUOUS LIFE

Tumultuous life
Surprises, startles, penetrates.
It's useless to hide from it:
The agitated is always loved
With a passion.

Translated by Vesna Stamenković

READER

Of a reader I once dreamed
With great ardour in her heart:
Seductively she would read

DOZEP PEDRALS (1979)

Dozep Pedrals je rođen u Barseloni 1979. godine. Od 1997. aktivno piše poeziju i učestvuje na pesničkim performansima širom Evrope, Azije i Amerike. Do sada je imao hiljade nastupa na različitim festivalima i javnim čitanjima. Nagrađen je na brojnim takmičenjima, između ostalog i na Međunarodnom Osaku slam festivalu 2009. godine. Bavi se i edukacijom dece i odraslih držeći radionice i kurseve poezije, dikcije i oratorstva u školama, na koledžima i univerzitetima. Osnovao je više pesničkih programa na radiju i televiziji i saradivao sa umetničkim i kulturnim redakcijama brojnih časopisa. Tokom nekoliko godina svakodnevno su mu objavljivani soneti u novinama Ara. Od 2002 do 2015. koordinisao je HORINAL – radionicu recitovanja i novih poetskih izraza. Objavio je četiri zbirke poezije, a piše i prozu, eseje i drame. Bio je klavijaturska fanki pop benda *Explosion Bikini* (1999-2004), a trenutno je lider *ironic pop* grupe *Els Nens Eutròfics*. Dobitnik je nagrade *Lletra d'or* za najbolju knjigu na katalonskom jeziku 2013. godine, kao i nagrade *Time Out Barcelona* za najboljeg umetnika u 2014. godini.



BURAN ŽIVOT

Buran život
Prene, uplaši i prožme.
Nema smisla skrivati se:
Uzburkano se uvek voli
Strasno.

S katalonskog prevela Vesna Stamenković

ČITATELJKA

Sanjao sam čitateljku
Sa velikom žudnjom:
moje stihove, zavodnica,

My poems with such a passion
That she'd kiss them when they part.
Then she'd wet them with her breath
Brush them with her fingertips
And take my poems in a blink
Written in ambrosia ink
To other, more distant lips.

Translated by Vesna Stamenković

ART OF THE TROUBADOURS

I always know I can – if I want – find,
gleaning through doings with a sieve:
I measure the ballistics beforehand
and then do exactly the opposite.

I can scour the sordid warmly,
tracking the emptiness of alone
through tunnels thick with phony dark
that turn up on the prettiest postcards.

I can gaze down the gaping precipice
loving the love of those who jumped.

Translated by Ronald Puppo

I FALL INTO PERPETUAL GRAVITY...

I fall into perpetual gravity,
like the unreachable sleep
eyelids support
or feces that poke
but constipation curbs;
I fall with the pains of the body.
And it's the practice of falling
—I've got to learn but haven't a clue how—
easy, I find, taken in abstraction
virtualizing sensations,

čitala je s usnama tako blizu
da ih je na kraju i poljubila.
Potom je dahom vlažila
i prstima reči mazila
da bi prenela poeziju,
kao mastilo ambroziju,
drugim, daljim usnama.

UMETNOST TRUBADURA

Odavno znam da mogu, kad poželim, pojaviti se,
S naporom propuštajući kroz sito:
merim ubrzanje pre nego zakoračim
a činim, zapravo, suprotno.

Moći ћu s toplinom da dočekam bedu
prateći odjeke puste samoće
kroz tunele pune lažne tame
koji završavaju na kalendarskim slikama.

Moći ћu da gledam u ponor litice
voleći ljubav onih koji su sa nje skočili.

PADAM U BESKONAČNI PONOR

Padam u beskonačni ponor,
poput nedostižnog sna
kojeg pridržavaju kapci
ili izmeta koji probada
al' zatvor ga sputava;
padam s bolom u telu.
Padanje je stvar vežbanja
-treba da naučim, a ne znam kako-
lako je da ga razlučim
virtualizujući osećaje,

but in no way tolerable
as a state with no comfort.
I fall living it like a trauma
accepted unconditionally,
like a fact inseparable
from a stay in this world,
where everyone's a human cannonball,
and vaginas, cannons
where life shoots out
at a slope of horizons.

Translated by Ronald Puppo

THREE SONNETS, 9

Into his eye death has contrived to creep.
Since then, with lid macabre, ill-fated,
his glance ressembles olives left to steep:
black and dead and sad, debilitated.
It doesn't even cry! No whim to weep.
Glassy, about to be check-mated,
it doesn't let a single tear-drop seep,
the olive-press is dry, soul dehydrated.
But we're all waiting for the day we reap
the flow of olive-juice that's generated
by woe now grounded on a reef and deep.
We'll even lick his face—well-lubricated!
Till then, old olive-press, given up to gripe,
with olive-stones your eyes will fill, instead of sleep!

Translated by Anna Crowe

MY BREATH SWOOPS DOWN AND IS COCOONED

My breath swoops down and is cocooned,
when I peer through the blind twilight at a tenacious crook
that denies me in the daytime my patina of lights
and writhes me on the margins of my bed
with the red-hot tears of loss, with a

al' deluje neprihvatljivo
da ne postoji uteha.
Padam proživljavajući traumu
bezušlovno prihvaćenu,
kao činjenicu nerazdvojivu
od postojanja na ovom svetu
gde je svaki čovek topovsko đule,
a vagine, topovi
iz kojih se ispaljuje život
ka beskraju horizonta.

TRI LOŠE IZBROJANA SONETA, 9

Pojavila mu se smrt u očima.
Od toga trena, makabr kapak,
ima pogled na potopljene masline:
crne, mrtve, tužne, iscedene.
Ali, ne plače, ne! Nema zašto.
Staklena i tik pred lomljenje,
ne da suzi da krene,
dehidrirana presa za masline.
Računamo, jednog dana će se preliti,
poteći sok maslina,
nesrećno zaglavljen pod kamenom,
I, sigurno, olizaće mu lice!
Do tada, mlinu koji nikada ne melješ,
stvrdnuće ti se krmelji poput kamena!

MOJ DAH SE STIŠA I SKRIJE

Moj dah se stiša i skrije
kad u slepo praskozorje posmatram večnu bol
koja odbija patinu dnevne svetlosti
i stiska mi ivice ležaja
suzama jarkocrvenim od čežnje,

half smile as cold as hell
that swallows me and water, down the lavatory.

Screwed, in bitterness I bare witness to myself
till the new dawn, at which point I jump out of the urn
of these my own ashes, and my fleeting death.
And I throw out a shout sincere, that it might resound
across some other night whereby I'll be able
to love the will of achieving the moon
whenever I peep, in blind twilight — a tenacious crook.

Translated by Jessica Pujol

AS A BEGINNING OF AN SPECTRE

As a beginnig of an spectre,
as a desired ghost,
beauty turns up
when the wind in the line
swells the clothes
and a presence hides
inside a t-shirt.

WHEN I WAS A CHILD

When I was a child
a big doubt about counting
made me sorrowful:
“I know how to count till a thousand!
When am I going to know to count till the last number?”

They cleared up my question
with a simple turn:
“Last number has next
another one. Is alway like this:
you can add another number.”

That is the way infinite
started to take shape

đavolski hladnim poluosmehom
koji me pušta s vodom niz nužnik.

Sjeban, u gorčini sopstveni sam svedok
dok s novom zorom ne iskočim iz urne
ovog mog pepela, prolazne smrti,
i ispustim iskreni krik, da odzvanja
sve do neke druge noći, kada će moći,

da volim žudnju za mesecom,
kad u slepo praskozorje posmatram večnu bol.

KAO POČETAK SPEKTRA

Kao početak spektra,
kao prizvani duh,
ukazuje mi se lepota
kada vetar dune i razbaca
odeću sa žice
a nekakvo prisustvo skriva se
pod košuljom.

KADA SAM BIO MALI

Kada sam bio mali
zbog velike nedoumice prilikom računanja
živeo sam nesrećno:
„Već znam da brojim do hiljadu!
Kada će znati do poslednjeg broja?“

Razjasnili su mi nedoumice
jednostavnim rešenjem:
„I poslednji broj prati
Neki sledeći. Oduvek je tako:
uvek možeš dodati još jedan broj.“

Tada je beskonačnost
poprimila svoje obliče

as a great beyond,
a curve after the curve.

I dreamed it coloured,
as a remote vision,
very far, very small,
of a microscopic magnitude,
to control in my heart
the fear of immensity.

I think it was useful,
to convert it in a fabulous scene,
to compress it in some kind.
So on, it is not a nuisance:
is surrounding, foreboding...

Infinite is almost unnoticeable.

SONG OF THE UTTERED SHOUT

Even if we say nothing deliberately
trying a complete silence,
we will find that the world, as a response,
sends to us some air.

Silence is only a collapse
in the excess of choppy turn.
Is worthless to close the box,
there is always a splinter of disturbance.

All in all, if the ear gives up
and flies free to be aware of what's there
will hear the kindly waves,
the resonant perseverance of the sea.

And listening to the anesthetic din
and its high unforeseen content,
suddenly, an atmospheric speech
will appear insinuating the motive:

broja na koji se stalno nadovezuje sledeći,
obličeje krivine nakon krivine.

Sanjao sam je obojenu,
kao pogled u daljinu,
mnogo daleku, mnogo sitnu,
mikroskopske veličine,
i tako je vladala u grudima
bespomoćnost pred beskrajem.

Muslim da mi je prilično pomoglo
što sam je smanjio
i učinio je čudesnom.
Tako mi više ona uopšte ne smeta:
prisutna je, zloslutna...

Beskonačnost skoro da se i ne primećuje.

PESMA ISPUŠTENOG KRIKA

Čak i ako namerno čutimo
pokušavajući da upotpunimo tišinu,
saznaćemo da svet, kao odgovor,
šalje malo povetarca.

Tišina je tek kolaps
ubrzanog i iscrpljujućeg prevrtanja.
Nema potrebe da zatvaraš kutiju,
uvek će se čuti delić buke:

Kako bilo, ako se uho preda
i prepusti traženju smisla,
začuće dobroćudne talase,
zvučnu stalnost mora.

A slušajući umirujući huk
i njegov visok sadržaj tajanstva
iznenada, govor vazduha
ukazaće nam na ono za čim se traga.

SONG OF THE MELODIC DOUBT

When, as I sing, I make up what I sing,
I feel the force that magnetize the light
and I feel, grasping it, that another direction tempts me
wearing out spells on every side

and, attentive to what I tone up, and being aware of
attempts that attract with smoke,
I sing and I guide what I sing on the way
I understand that I paint, I think, I dance.

Translated from Catalan by Josep Pedrals

PESMA SA MELODIČNOM SUMNJOM

Kada, pevajući, smišljam svoju pesmu,
osećam silu koja privlači svetlost
i predosećam, grabeći je, da me okreće u novom smeru,
skida čarolije pri svakom pevanju,

i vodeći računa o intonaciji
s namerom da privučem dim,
pevam ono što sam usput smislio,
uviđam da slikam, da mislim, da igram.

S katalonskog prevela Ikonija Dabižljević

AURÉLIA LASSAQUE (1983)

Aurélia Lassaque (b. 1983) is bilingual poet in French and Occitan. Interested in the interaction between various forms of art, she often cooperates with visual artists, directors, dancers and particularly musicians. She has performed all over the world, e.g. in Europe, Latin America, North Africa, Scandinavian countries, Indonesia and India. She is an active advocate of linguistic diversity, acts as literary advisor for the “Paroles Indigo” festival in Arles and the “Premio Ostana Scrittura in Lingua Madre” (Italy). Aurélia Lassaque’s poetry collection *Pour que chantent les salamandres* (Editions Bruno Doucey, 2013) has been published in Hebrew, Dutch, Norwegian and English.

FANTASY

My soul is cold inside;
It's quaint, romantic.
Me,
I would have boarded the boat in Greece.
At Santorini I'd have drifted
On the back of a mule
Right out to sea.
I would have hung up my light
On the branch of an olive tree.
Inside a whitewashed house
I'd have made love to divine fishermen
And defrocked monks.

CRIME

The shutter clattered
Against the wall;
She was alone
Inside the house,
In her room keeping watch

AURELIJA LASAK (1983)

Aurelija Lasak (1983) poeziju piše na francuskom i oksitanskom jeziku. Zanima se za uzajamne veze različitih umetničkih formi, pa često sarađuje sa vizuelnim umetnicima, režiserima, plesačima, a naročito muzičarima. Nastupala je širom sveta, između ostalog u Engleskoj, Južnoj Americi, Severnoj Africi, skandinavskim zemljama, Indoneziji i Indiji. Aktivni je zagovornik jezičkih različitosti, a kao savetnik za književnost sarađuje sa Paroles Indigo festivalom i u izboru za nagradu Ostana Scritture in Lingua Madre u Italiji. Njena pesnička zbirka *Pour que chantent les salamandres* (Editions Bruno Doucey, 2013) prevedena je na hebrejski, holandski, norveški i engleski.



SETK
B

SNOVIĐENJE

U mojoj duši je hladno
Vlada staromodna romantika
Ja
Ja bih se ukrcala u čamac u Grčkoj
Na Santoriniju bih se spustila
Na leđima magarca
Sve do mora
Okačila bih svoju lampu
O granu neke masline
I u nekoj beloj kući
Ljubila bih božanske alase
I monahe bez mantije.

ZLOČIN

Prozorska roletna lupala je
O zid
Ona se osamila
Unutar kuće
Da bi bdila nad mrtvim telom

Over the dead body.
Alone with it,
Her fear
And her toys
Scattered on the floor.
She thought she'd guard it
Until dawn
Then she'd make a grave
In which to bury
The lizard she'd killed.

HER SKIN, HOT AND DARK

Her skin, hot and dark
Like a summer's night,
Stretches to catch out the dawn
As her wild-mare body moves,
Uncoiling once more
Probing in the deepness of her limbs
A bird-catcher's paradise.

APOCALYPSE

The sky, that night,
Had swallowed the moon.
A man delighted
In his wife's body.
A child bobbed and bounced a ball
Against the wall.
On that night
Only the old woman
And the dog
Understood
That the end was nigh.

They remained silent.

U svojoj sobi.
Sama sa njim
I svojim strahom
I svojim igračkama
Razbacanim po podu.
Ona pomisli kako će probdeti nad njim
Do zore
A zatim mu načiniti grob
I prirediti sahranu
Tom gušteru koga je ubila.

NJENA KOŽA, VRELA I TAMNA...

Njena koža, vrela i tamna
Kao letnja noć
Proteže se i prevari zoru
Dok se njeno telo divlje kobile komeša
Iznova se istežući
Produbljujući u dubini njenih udova
Raj za hvatače ptica.

APOKALIPSA

Nebo je, te noći,
Progutalo mesec.
Čovek je ljubio
Telo svoje žene.
Dete se igralo loptom
Udarajući njome o zid.
Samo su starica
I pas
Te noći
Shvatili
Da je kraj blizu.

Nisu ništa rekli.

He drank the milk of his mother,
He ate the flesh of his wife
And burned the brains of his children;
Yet he can't fathom his feeling alone.
His house laps up the rain,
His land gorges on stones.
He'll always be king in the story he tells,
That's the privilege of monsters here below.

At the solstice hour
People dressed in wood
Lure into their leafage
Birds without faces.

The wandering stream
Drags towards the shores
Its memories of snow.

My sylvan trees
Have reddened with summer's first day.

The men from the town
Said that was rust
Blown in from Japan.

But they don't know
That the trees in this coomb
In their deepest secret roots
Stroke living stones
That start to dream
That the wind and the rain
Will take them naked on clay
At the solstice hour.

Pio je mleko svoje majke,
Jeo meso svoje žene,
Spržio mozak svoje dece ;
Uzalud, i dalje ne shvata zašto je sam.
Njegova kuća se pojí kišom,
Njegova zemlja proždire kamenje.
Ostaće kralj u priči koju priča
Jer to je privilegija ovozemaljskih monstruma.

U vreme dugodnevice
Narod odevan u drvo
Mami u svoje krošnje
Ptice bez lica.

Lutajući potok
Nosi do obala
Svoja sećanja na sneg.

Drveće iz moje šume
Porumenelo je prvog dana leta.

Ljudi iz grada
Rekoše da je to rđa
I da ona dolazi iz Japana.

Ali oni ne znaju
Da drveće sa tog proplanka
Krišom ispod korenja
Miluje živo kamenje
Što počinje da čezne
Da ih vetar i kiša
Nose gole na ilovači,
U vreme dugodnevice.

Time has disappeared
Into the air-tracks
Where a young girl's face,
Bird without body,
Takes flight.
From her eyes a black pearl
Escapes to Icaria sky.
She's daughter to oblivion
That bequeathed her
A morsel of moonless night,
Left on her lips.
She'll never touch earth
She'll never tease the stone
Nor the trees
Nor the waters that confound them.
She married an illusion
That vanished in the wind.

AND DON'T TURN BACK

You've chosen the path for the land of night.
The desert is made of ice there
And the stars die of boredom.
Stretch out your arms and dig,
Dust will be your bread,
You'll swallow our tears.
Go now, go, and don't turn back.
If you hear the stones wailing,
The letters of your name are being engraved

THE DREAM OF ORPHEUS

In the Underworld, where men
Are nothing more than shades,
I'll shadow myself within your body.

Vreme se izgubilo
U putevima vazduha
Gde, kao ptica bez tela,
Lice jedne devojke
Počinje svoj let.
Jedan crni biser iz njenih očiju
Otrgnuvši se, pošao je prema Ikarovom nebu.
Ona je kćer ništavila
Što joj ostavi u amanet
Tračak noći bez meseca
Na usnama.
Nikada ona neće dotaći zemlju,
Nikada ona neće biti bliska sa kamenom,
Ni drvećem
I vodom koja ih dovodi do ludila.
Ona se vezala za himeru
Koja nestaje s vетrom.

NE OKREĆI SE

Odabro si put ka noćnoj zemlji.
Tamo je pustinja od leda
A zvezde se dosađuju.
Raširi ruke i kopaj,
Prašina će biti tvoj hleb,
Napojićeš se našim suzama.
Idi, idi i ne okreći se.
Ako čuješ kamen kako zavija,
Znaj da se to urezju slova tvog imena.

ORFEJEV SAN

U Hadu, gde ljudi
Nisu ništa više do senke,

I'll fashion cities of sand to
That bleed dry the river of no return.

We'll dance upon towers that our eyes cannot see.

I'll be your severed tongue that can tell no lies.
And we'll curse the love that lost us.

THE DREAM OF EURYDICE

We'll dig other furrows and fill them with ash.
We'll see dying the carrier-wind of oblivion.
In my pocket I'll carry apples stolen from poorer souls than me.
We'll peel them with sabres.
With the remains of our dreams
We'll fashion others
Beyond the fires
And frontiers of our eyes.

Translated from Occitan by James W Thomas

Ogrnuću se senkom unutar tvoga tela.

Oblikovaću gradove od peska
Iz čije se krvi rađa usahla reka bez povratka.

Plesaćemo na kulama koje naše oči ne mogu da vide.

Za tebe biću presečen jezik koji ne ume da laže.
I proklinjaćemo ljubav koja nas je izgubila.

EURIDIKIN SAN

Izoraćemo nove brazde koje će nas pokriti pepelom.
Videćemo kako zamire vетар koji nosi zaborav.
U džepu nosiću jabuke ukradene nekom siromašnjem.
Oljuštićemo ih mačevima.
A od ostataka naših snova
Izgraditićemo druge
Iza vatri
I granice pogleda.

S francuskog prevela Višnja Baletić

MALGORZATA LEBDA (1985)

Malgorzata Lebda (1985) was born in a small village Nowy Sącz in southern Poland. She is a poet, photographer and academic teacher in Krakow. Furthermore she runs the mountain ultramarathons and climbs. She is the author of four collections of poems: *Open on page 77* (2006), *Traces* (2009), *The Forest Border* (WBPiCAK, Poznań 2013) and *Backwoods* (WBPiCAK, Poznań 2016). She lives in Krakow.

dust

cold evenings would draw them to our house in the gantry
they'd leave their heavy boots drink their strong teas utter hoarse
words

slowly squinting as they did so as if the light caused chaos
consternation

they spoke about death as if we were in need (seems they had
brought back

an especially pure form of it back from sweltering libya around the
gulf of sidra)

their hard-working hands dropping ash into flowerpots eternal
ashes leaving suddenly

wringing their hands like thieves *go with god* they would utter on
the doorstep which

made us sleep uneasy disturbed by creaking floorboards
breathlessness and a thirst which chokes us still

processions

it was said that some had lungs burdened with asbestos fibres
through winter they would rinse red mouths with damp snow
and summertime (each evening) walk round wire wrapped hectares
fancying black birds which they would hang upon thick beams
their children avoiding bright lights heavy

ailments of the skin and flesh they would scorch with red hot embers
come may time processions they would carry gilded feretories
smiling at us

MALGOŽATA LEBDA (1985)

Malgožata Lebda (1985) rođena je u selu Novi Sonč u severnoj Poljskoj. Lebda je pesnikinja, fotograf i doktor humanističkih nauka i predavač na univerzitetu u Krakovu. Pored toga, bavi se planinarenjem i učestvuje na planinskim maratonima. Autorka je četiri pesničke zbirke: *Otvorena na 77. stranici* (2006), *Tragovi* (2009), *Granica šume* (2013) i *Guštar* (2016).



prašina

zimske večeri vodile su ih u našu kuću u tremu su izuvali
teške cipele pili jak čaj slobodno iskazivali promukle
reči žmirkajući pri tom očima kao da je svetlost unosila zbrku
pričalo se
o smrti kao da nam je to bilo potrebno (sigurno su njenu čistu
varijantu
doneli iz vrele libije nad zalivom velika sirta) izrađenim rukama
otresali su u saksije pepeo večnu prašinu i naglo izlazili

trljajući ruke kao lopovi *istinski* su se bacali na prag donosilo nam je
to nemiran san prekidan škripom poda apneom
i žeđi koja nas još uvek muči

litije

verovatno su neki od njih nosili u plućima azbestna vlakna
zimi su ispirali crvena usta vlažnim snegom a leti (svake večeri)
obilazili hektare ogradijene bodljikavom žicom zavoleli crne ptice
vešali ih na debele motke njhova deca izbegavala su svetla teške

bolesti smudila su vatrom a za vreme majskih litija nosila su
pozlaćene ikone i osmehivala nam se

well

we filled our mouths with autumn its tartness twisting our smooth faces
in a time of burning shoots the roasting of ripe vegetables in a tiled furnace
thunder moved on taking our unease with it silence settled before the coming winter
vines wrapping up trees and the barn roof their dark berries ripened in glass vats
which is why it was then that the open well drew us its black surface which father had pierced a few years back with a mysterious fish the well all our fattened stock drank their crystalline fill?

some say old rogowska fell into it that spring you can sometimes hear her whistling down below hear all of her horrors

fire

it holds an obsession with fire hence whenever anyone in the village places a flame to some crisp barn bales a shiver runs through us we step out the front door watching the way the wind turns inhaling the black smoke of someone else's weeping and that coming night its unease after the fire dies down makes our fathers afraid makes them pay each other visits in cramped kitchens lending

each other silver pellets to feed those air rifles they are hiding from who knows who only the morning brings clarity and dew around six the echo of horses' hooves and whistling those milkman cries are it would seem far from being the end

bunar

stavljali smo u usta jesen i njen trpki ukus krivio je naša glatka
lica bilo je to vreme paljenja nata pečenja zrelog povrća u
zagrejanoj
pećnici grmljavina je otišla a s njom nemir nastala je tišina uoči
zime
vinova loza oplela je drveće i krov ambara a njeni tamni grozdovi
punili su
staklene balone upravo zbog toga privlačio nas je otvoren
bunar ona crna površina u koju je pre nekoliko godina otac ubacio
tajanstvenu ribu iz koga su sve naše debele životinje pile
kristalnu stud?

upravo u njega proletos je upala stara rogovska po svoj prilici
povremeno
tamo se čuju fijuci sav njen strah

oganj

u tome je opsesija ognjem zbog toga kada u selu neko stavlja
plamen
pod krhke grede ambara podilazi nas jeza i izlazimo ispred kuća
tamo posmatramo pravac vetra udišemo crna isparenja nečijeg
jecanja i ta dolazeća noć taj nemir zbog ognja oslobođa u našim
očevima strah posećuju se u pretesnim kujnama pozajmljujući

jedni od drugih srebrnu sačmu za skrivane od ne zna se koga
jakne tek osvit donosi otrežnjenje i rosu oko šest
čuje se topot konjskih kopita odjeci sela i zvižduk ono neobično
dovikivanje mlekara mada to nije kraj

heavy airs

we should forget the nights when heavy airs hang over the village
holding ruthlessness though there is blood and the calls which lure
us from sleep

outside the window dogs wandering heavy trucks shipping silent
animals

(as silent as is possible) their headlights trailing across ceilings later

tragedies come something of vengeance demands and won't let off
mornings full

of unease only the voices of women walking to advent mass taking
their holy signs

and their cracked hands

white bread

*dear sister let's invoke the night our hands tend to orate oracles
our gestures*

*focused and slow aiming in the direction of the woods but can you
hear that?*

Father's heavy footsteps behind the door as he lays fresh pork out
on the table

in the morning he will light a fire in the smokehouse hearth farmers
will pay visits

thick-set women in their long aprons and children with glass beads
for eyes

we will approach them as if they were wild animals we will sniff
around them

we who are like wild animals to try recognition *this is how it will be*
and mother will cover a cold plate with a slice of warm dewlap
with white bread

movement

wild fires spurting seen from the window of our room yes this is our
last christmas

a pure ceremony at night we walk down to the cemetery this is a
strange game in which none of us wants to be the first to speak first *move*

težak vazduh

treba zaboravljati noći kada je nad selom težak vazduh
nema milosti za to postoje krv i odjaci koji nas izmamljuju iz sna
napolju lutaju psi teški kamioni dovoze tihe životinje
(najtiše moguće) njihova svetla promiču po plafonu kasnije

dolaze nesreće nešto se sveti zahteva i ne popušta jutra su
ispunjena
nemirom smiruju nas samo odjaci žena koje idu na rorate¹
njihovi sveti gestovi i ispucale ruke

beli hleb

sestro dozivamo noć naše šake imaju sklonost oglašavanja naši
pokreti su usredsređeni i poslušno usmereni ka šumi ali da li čuješ?

iza vrata čuju se teški koraci oca koji polaže na sto sveže svinjsko
meso svakog jutra pali vatru u sušnici za meso seljaci će posećivati
našu kuću s flašama špiritnjače po njih će dolaziti naočite
žene u dugim keceljama i deca staklastih očiju prilazićemo
im kao divljim životinjama njuškaćemo ih slični
divljim životinjama i prepoznavati *tako će biti* dok nam majka
ne pruži na hladnom tanjiru topao podvratnik i beo hleb

kretanje

bludeći oganj viđen s prozora sobe to je poslednji zajednički praznik
čist obred noću odlazimo na groblje čudna je to igra u kojoj
niko od nas neće da kaže prvu reč *kretanje* čujem na kraju

1

Rorate – rane jutarnje mise za vreme božićnog posta. – *Prim. prev.*

I can hear it eventually falling from
your lips and see two large dogs among the gravestones eating snow

dad they are eating snow

chickpea seeds

it was all about death her hair so dark it turned to night which in
the beskid sadecki

is particularly voluminous *yes dad* we allowed ourselves to be
seduced and tamed the loss until it grew close to us the locals
brought us alcohol carried on their lips along with superstitions
you should bury a chickpea seed under the skin eneath a bandage

for a given number of days, this helps this helps none plants
weakening while animals

leave home and so we gather firs into our cold room let it remind us
of the woods into our cold room we gather stones let them remind
us of the river's bed into our cold room

we gather ears of wheat let them remind us of augusts we gather
into our cold room hatchlings fallen from nests they are damp and warm

edge of woods

the woods feel the emptiness of this home try to get near it sends roes
to gnaw on frail apple tree branches watching swelling and approaches
fox-like to the barn of heavy logs *you must know that we have undone
fears and cloudy histories when it comes to those woods* one

should tell them

away from here these never ending walks the listening to the
collecting of acorns the rubbing of

elder into the flesh the drying of mushrooms and herbs

Translated from Polish by Marek Kazmierski

iz tvojih usta i vidim dva velika psa među spomenicima kako jedu
sneg

tato oni jedu sneg

zrna gorkače

radilo se o smrti o njenoj tamnoj kosi koja prelazi u noć a noći
u sondeckim beskidima² su posebno guste *zar ne tato* zavedeni smo
i prihvatali smo gubitak dok nam nije postao blizak meštani su nam
donosili na
ustima alkohol i predrasude *ispod kore treba stavljati po zrnce*
gorkače

to pomaže ništa ne pomaže bilje slabi a životinje napuštaju kuću
prema tome nosimo u hladnu sobu jelovinu neka podseća na šumu
nosimo u hladnu sobu kamenje neka podseća na dno reke
nosimo u hladnu sobu klasje žita neka podseća na avgust
nosimo u hladnu sobu strešenu iz gnezda ptičad još uvek vlažnu i
toplju

granica šume

šuma oseća prazninu kuće i pokušava da se zbliži šalje mlade srne
da oglođu krhke grane jabuke posmatra razrasta se i prilazi
lukavo ambarima s teškim balama *moraš da znaš da imamo sa*
šumom

nedovršene strahove i mutne priče treba ih ispričati otud
one neprestane šetnje osluškivanja sakupljanje žira utrljavanje

zove u telo sušenje pečurki i bilja

S poljskog prevela Biserka Rajčić

² Sondecki Beskidi – planinski lanac Zapadnih Karpat, dužine 670 km, jedan njihov deo je u granicama Poljske, a drugi u granicama Slovačke. – *Prim. prev.*

SONJA HARTER

Sonja Harter was born in Graz in 1983 and currently lives in Vienna. Publishes in various literary magazines, anthologies and radio since 2001. In 2005 her first book of poetry, "barfuß richtung festland" was published, in 2008 it was followed by "einstichspuren, himmel." (both Leykam, Graz). Her third poetry book "landpartiestorno" was published in 2015 (Edition Keiper). Sonja Harter's first novel came out in 2016 ("Weißblende", Luftschatz Verlag). She works as a journalist for the Austrian Press Agency.

while you, in your best

gear, practice elegantly
swimming against the current,
my left eyelid
becomes inflamed.

always the left one,
shading the eye
that's trying to keep
you in view.

but one can only see
your backstroke
from the river
bank.

powdered wigs are steaming on the
rehearsal stage,
it's clear up front: that's not eyeshadow

SONJA HARTER (1983)

Sonja Harter je rođena 1983. godine u Gracu, a danas živi u Beču. Objavljuje od 2001. godine u književnim časopisima, antologijama i na radiju ORF. Do sada je objavila sledeće zbirke pesama: *bosonoga put kopna* (*barfuß richtung festland*, 2005), *tragovi uboda, nebo* (*einstichspuren, himmel*, 2008) – obe zbirke pesama je objavila izdavačka kuća Lejkam – *i stornirani izlet na selo* (*landpartiestorno*, 2015), u izdanju edicije Kajper. U okviru izdavačke kuće Luftšaft objavila je 2016. godine svoj prvi roman *Posvetljivanje* (*Weißblende*). Sonja Harter radi kao urednica kulturne redakcije u Austrijskoj novinskoj agenciji (APA).



dok ti, suviše dobro opremljen,

vežbaš elegantno
plivanje uzvodno,
upali se
moj levi kapak.

uvek levi,
koji motri na ono oko
koje gleda
da pazi na tebe.

no pokreti unazad
vide se samo
sa obale
reke.

napuderisane perike se puše
na međubini,
napred nema sumnje: nije to ajlajner

from the dime-store.
below the tittering of cellphones: a puck on stilts,
warehouse shakespeare, someone tweets on twitter.
the screen, the grimace, first row extra legroom.

no space between the lines,
gazing through the filter:
reddish hue, tired eyes.

slow motion:
until someone hears in black & white,
sees hungarian monologues,
dusts off the screen.

finds the metro in Budapest
right away and;
at each corner,
one of those working places.

mahler's fifth on youtube: no
way. Unavoidable
the eruption of passing
danube steamers,
lost my grip,
which was to be expected.

approach to the
one and only history of music.

seeking your laughter
between chopin and keith richards.

iz kataloga.

dole kikotanje mobilnih telefona: pak na štulama
isporuka robe šekspir, neko kuca na tviteru,
ekran, grimasa, još prostora za noge u prvom redu,

nema mesta između redova,
pogled provučen kroz filter:
crvenkast, umorne oči.

slow motion:

dok neko ne čuje crno-belo,
ne vidi mađarske monologe,
ne očisti prašinu sa ekrana.

u budimpešti odmah
ne nađe metro i:
na svakom čošku
neko od ovih radnih mesta.

malerova peta simfonija na jutjubu:
da ne poveruješ. neizbežna
erupcija parobroda
što prolaze dunavom,
oslonac je izgubljen,
očekivano.

približavanje
jedinoj pravoj istoriji muzike.

potraga za tvojim osmehom
između šopena i kita ričardsa.

meanwhile: mozart for children, the wall and
radioheads, wherever you look.

of all places, the hotel bar
doesn't have any records.
behind a wall of
nicotine and desperate
virgins, who drop their
cosmopolitans
as soon as no one's looking.

the day when no
stones record can give
give you an answer anymore:
tomorrow.

the dead snakes in the treetops,
nothing but concept art
on this first morning
in the water.

desert videotape, sand-revolution
behind decrepit wooden barracks.

and all is white,
as far as the eye can see
(up to the wall)

the emphasis on
leaf in leaving
a breather between

za to vreme: mocart za decu, the wall i
radiohead, gde god da pogledaš.

upravo hotelski bar
ne drži gramofonske ploče.
iza zida
od nikotina i očajnih
devica koje
ispuste svoj kosmpoliten
čim niko ne gleda.

dan u kojem
nijedna ploča stounsa
ne može više da ti pruži odgovor:
sutra.

mrtve zmije u krošnjama,
ništa drugo do konceptualna umetnost
ovog prvog jutra
u vodi.

pustinjska videotraka, peščana revolucija
iza razrušenih drvenih baraka.
i zna sve
dokle god pogled seže
(do zida)

odjek od
la u odlasku,
izgubiti živce između

annual rings and infestations.

gradually overcoming
a fear of grass, scratching
birdcalls from the recordings.

fortissimo in the recreation area
where my back forbids me
- multiple fracture – from fleeing.

meadow scheme, mushroom bulimia,
wide open crescendo:
country excursion reclamation
via credit card.

and always the same question,

prima ballerina of the abattoirs:

will there be another curtain call,
will a flower hit you right
between the eyes,

will you kneel down,
when you pick up the letter,

will you stand up again, when you see
it was only a torn
yellow coat-check ticket

and amidst the auditorium lights:
claqueurs, cellophane, coughing fit.
keeping balance on a
ripcord.

godova i pošasti.

korak po korak prevazići
fobiju
od travnjaka, sastrugati
ptičji krik sa nosača zvuka.

fortisimo u odmaralištu,
odakle kićma – višestruki prelom -
zabranjuje beg.

zavera polja, gljivična bulimija,
širom otvoreni krešendo:
stornirani izlet na selo na
kreditnoj kartici.

i uvek isto pitanje,
primabalerino klanica:

da li će još jedna zavesa biti podignuta,
da li te cvet pogađa
među oči,

da li poklekneš
kada podigneš pisamca,

da li ponovo ustaneš kada vidiš
da je to bila samo iscepana
žuta cedulja iz garderobe

a u sred toga svetlo u sali:
klakeri, celofan, napad kašlja,
održati ravnotežu na
ručici za otvaranje padobrana.

to which beat would
oskar kokoschka
have nailed chairs against the wall,
at which angle would this naked neck
stop dead
(with a single rope)

in uniform
in a rage
in the shadow of the woman

with the bent legs.

the tang of
fresh figs
lemon grass
clear-cut signposts
blown tires
run-over children
constantly trying to
call you

stuck in those little canning jars
that they sell at the museum of design
and worthless self-experiments
in the gift shop.

with the thinnest
poems you roll
yourself cigarettes.
the syllables are distributed
randomly throughout your

u kojem taktu bi
oskar kokoška
zakucao stolice na zid
u kojem uglu ovaj goli vrat
(jednim jedinim potezom)
iznenada završio

u uniformi
u srdžbi
u senci žene

povijenih nogu

ukus
svežih smokvi
matičnjaka
posećenih putokaza
guma koje su pukle
pregažene dece
neobuzdanih pokušaja da te pozovem

nalazi se u ovim teglicama
koje u muzeju za dizajn i bezvredne
opite na sopstvenoj koži
prodaju na blagajni.

od najtanjih pesama
savijaš sebi
cigaretе
slogovi nasumice
nestaju iznad tvojih

air sacs.

you can't
even cough
today.

if need be behind a wall of white
you jar the larded air before your break,
you twiddle your laptop cord between
your fingers.

the news on the foggy
screen: glad you never smoked
and counting the dead on one hand,
following the radius of the keywords,
the logic of the obituaries.

long drawn-out times of day,
the breaks fly by
seated at the wall of the nearest house.

meanwhile:
counting the seconds,
your eyes always searching
for a way to pass.

and far below:
the ground.

the plucked eyebrows
of the conductor flicker:

alveola.

čak
ni kašlja
nema danas.

u najboljem slučaju iza zida od
vlažnog vazduha zazvečiš pre svoje pauze
obrćeš kabal svog laptopa
između prstiju.

vesti na zamagljenom ekranu:
zahvalan što nikada nisi pušio
i što mrtve brojiš na prste jedne ruke
i što pratiš radius teza,
logiku govornika na sahrani.

oduženi delovi dana,
pauze se jureći
zakucaše u zid susedne kuće.

a između:
sačekati sekunde,
pogled stalno u potrazi
za manervom preticanja.

a daleko dole:
pod.

očupana konduktorova
obrva treperi:

valid ticket with
an open can of beer.

a girl
travelling
alone.

and the temper: temperate
from the archive of confiscated material.

relevant exchange of letters,
accusations by return mail
registered.

on the
telephone receiver, hard to
believe: this voice
may be the same,
but not the message

fun with nouns
and the nightly shadows
of the critics

on the walls
their tiresome
request for adjectives

death on the dial of the clock
desktop calendar ironing board

all about a comb and
tickling the attributes out of their last
hiding place

važeća karta sa
polomljennom limenkou.

devojčica
sama
na putovanjima.

i glas: glasovitost
iz arhiva razvlašćenih spisa.

značajna prepiska,
okriviljenja uneta
na licu mesta.

na telefonskoj
slušalici, da ne
poveruješ: možda
je glas star,
ne i poruka.

uživanje u imenici
a noću senke
kritičara

na zidovima
njihova izlizana
želja za pridevima

ubistvo na brojčaniku
stonom kalendaru dasci za peglanje

meriti sve istom merom i
osobine na izmaku
snaga

with a pencil
thanks to the outage
of the coffee keyboard
go on vacation
write postcards
to the poets:
fathead shitless rhymeless

snow, two days
before the national holiday

the nonchalant air
of time passing

and the wlan in the train
still isn't working

the nonchalant air
of forced locomotion

but the pencil isn't blunt yet
there's still enough space in the trash

the nonchalant air
of analogue poets

Translated for Versopolis from German by Renée von Paschen

olovkom
zahvaljujući kratkom spoju
od kafe na tastaturi
idete na odmor
pišete razglednice
pesnicima:
premudar zasran ne rimuje se

sneg, dva dana
pre državnog praznika

ravnodušno držanje
vremena

i bežični internet u kupeu voza
još uvek ne funkcioniše

ravnodušno držanje
bezuslovnog napredovanja

ali olovka još nije otupela
u kanti za smeća ima još dovoljno mesta

ravnodušno držanje
analognih pesnika

S nemačkog preveo Đorđe Trišović

STEVAN TATALOVIĆ (1987)

Stevan Tatalović (1987) lives and works in Belgrade. He writes poetry, as well as academic papers. The manuscript *Ustupanje mesta* (Cession of the place) is author's first (genuine) poetry book which was published by Treći Trg in 2016, as the winner of Belgrade Poetry and Book Festival's contest for poetry. Author previously published booklet "O" in Belgrade's Pesničenje edition.

WE HAVE A PROBLEM

I am afraid that we're living in peace,
I am afraid that we have less money than we need
They made me mark blue collars again
Tick off the inappropriate ones
Sort out the unwanted and turn in my report till the end of the week

They left me alone again,
And that's not when I'm at my best

We have a problem
That's why I like to sleep in the afternoon
To lock myself up in the bathroom as if I were hiding
I whisper on the phone so that no one can hear me
I'll shake off the sleep when they tell me that the revolution has begun

In corridors I laugh at everyone
Mostly white-collar
I look at their top buttons, the tie knots, coffee stains, painted toenails
I look at their plastic ID cards, pathetic first name, last name, affiliation
I watch them give right of way to cars with black plates,
001, 002, 003
Tricksters In Libya burn their guns in that precise order
They hit the wrong one

STEVAN TATALOVIĆ (1987)

Stevan Tatalović (1987), živi i radi u Beogradu. Piše poeziju i akademske tekstove. Rukopis „Ustupanje mesta“ je autorova prva (prava) zbirka pesama, koju je objavio Treći Trg 2016. godine kao nagrađeni rukopis poezije. Autor je prethodno objavio knjižicu „O“ u izdanju beogradskog Pesničenja.



U PROBLEMU SMO

Bojim se da živimo u miru

Bojim se, da imamo manje novca nego što nam je potrebno

Ponovo su mi dali da obeležim plave okovratnike

Da štikliram nepodobne

Selektujem nepoželjne i izveštaj predam do kraja nedelje

Ponovo su me ostavili samog

A tada se ne snalazim najbolje

U problemu smo

Zato volim da spavam popodnevima

Zaklučavam se u kupatilu kao da se krijem

Šapućem u telefon da me niko ne čuje

Razbudiću se kada mi jave da je revolucija počela

Na hodnicima se smejem svima

Beli okovratnici uglavnom

Gledam im u poslednje dugme, u čvor od kravate, mrlje od kafe, lakirane nokte na nogama

Gledam u plastične legitimacije, patetika, ime prezime afilijacija

Gledam ih kako ustupaju parking mesta kolima sa crnim tablicama, 001, 002, 003

Šibicari u Libiji ispaljuju svoje zolje upravo tim redom

Pogađaju pogrešno

We have a problem, I am afraid
Since we'll also die in this fake peace
We'll die for the little money that's less than what we need
The poor were the first ones I deleted from Excel
We're deporting them tomorrow

MILKY WAY

I am a post-political dissident
I have nothing to rebel against
Our society doesn't live
Therefore there will be no need for new sacrifices
Our society is in a double negation of itself*

The greatest production force is the man himself
Man is that spark of reconciliation, incorrigible realist, never
defeated or brought down
A forgotten motto, once again spoken,
An unrenewable world of riches that stops creating
Human capital, as they also call it, broken over the knee
No destiny, wrong path*

The shell of this relationship is pretty fragile
Work is the father of riches and my father used to drive for hours to
Szeged
Where with a little luck and a lot of sleight of hand
He would manage to gather some plastic bags and
three linen bags
With palms drawn on them and
Panama written across in huge Palatino letters,
with large numbers*

Most of the time I wouldn't have the strength to wait for him to return
I'd go to sleep and, listening to the radio report from the conquered city,
When I wake up, I'd stumble dreamily up to the table
I'd count the Hari candies
Three colors yellow
Three colors green
Four colors

U problemu smo, bojim se
Pošto ćemo i umreti u tom lažnom miru
Umrećemo za to nešto manje novca nego što nam je potrebno
Siromašne sam prve precrtao u ekselu
Sutra ih deportujemo

MILKI VEJ

Ja sam post-politički disident
Nemam protiv čega da se bunim
Naše društvo više ne živi
Zbog toga neće biti potrebe za novim žrtvama
Naše društvo je u dvostrukoj negaciji samog sebe*

Najveća proizvodna snaga je sam čovek
Čovek je ta klica pomirenja, nepopravljeni realista, nikada poražen,
doveden u red
Krilatica koja je sahranjena, sada je ponovo izgovorena
Neobnovljivi svet bogatstva koji prestaje da stvara
Ljudski kapital, kako ga još zovu, prelomljen preko kolena
Nikakva sudbina, kriva putanja*

Opna ovog odnosa prilično je krhkka
Rad je otac bogatstva, a moj otac vozio je satima do Segedina
Tamo bi uz malo sreće i mnogo muljanja
Uspeo da nakupi nešto plastičnih kesa i tri platnena
cegera
Na cegerima su bile nacrtane palme
Palatino slovima pisalo je *Panama*, veliki brojevi*

Uglavnom ne bih imao snage da sačekam da se vrati
Legao bih da spavam i na radiju slušao izveštaje iz porobljenog grada
Kada bih se probudio, sanjivo bih se dogegao do stola
Prebrojavao bih haribo bonbone
Tri boje žuto
Tri boje zeleno
Četiri boje

I followed the traces of white hazelnut in cocoa cream, seduced by all the sugary joys

I'd forget about the conquered city

I'd spread the cream on a piece of yesterday bread

The bread cost as much as everything else on the table*

*Recalculate

ON A QUEST

I heard from the speakers that I'm a man of discourse

My city is full of abandoned newspaper stands

My city is made of broken verse

And gallons of mineral water

Poured into the white-washed walls

The speakers didn't lie, they told me I have to make up my mind

I walked the road and

Looked under the hood of each passer by

That came my way

I knew who I was looking for

But I didn't know what to tell him

I didn't know who could sign the paper I carry

An invitation to the revolution

A list of demands

IMAGINE ALL THE PEOPLE

I want to help myself

And treat all the remaining bugs at some well-paid position

Where I won't have to worry about consequences and calculate whether

An uncontrolled substance intake will be beneficial to me

Currently the most unbeneficial image of me is the one in which I drink every night

Today my sister told me she's moving to Rome

She loves the music that can't be danced to anyway,

Just like everyone else who plays other types of games in life

Pratio tragove belog lešnika u kakao kremu, zaveden svim šećernim radostima

Zaboravio bih na porobljeni grad
Namazao bih krem na hleb od prethodnog dana
Hleb je koštao koliko i sve sa stola•

• *Izračunati ponovo*

U POTRAZI

Razglas mi je rekao da sam čovek diskursa
Moj grad je prepun napuštenih trafika
Moj grad je sazidan od polupanih stihova
I litara mineralne vode
Ulivene u kreč i zidove
Razglas me nije slagao, rekao mi je da moram da se odlučim
Krenuo sam putem i
Zagledao pod kapuljače svakog prolaznika
Koji mi je išao u susret
Znao sam koga tražim
Ali nisam znao šta da mu kažem
Nisam znao ko može da potpiše papir koji nosim
Poziv na revoluciju
Spisak zahteva

IMAGINE ALL THE PEOPLE

Voleo bih da pomognem sebi
I sve zaostale bagove tretiram na nekom dobro plaćenom mestu
Gde neću morati da brinem za posledice i prebrojavam da li će
nekontrolisani unos supstanci biti nepovoljan po mene
Trenutno najnepovoljnija slika o meni jeste ona u kojoj pijem svako
veče
Vino je najjeftinije u gradovima koji nisu blizu obale
Danas mi je sestra rekla da će se preseliti u Rim
Ona i tako voli muziku uz koju ne može da se igra, kao uostalom i svi
drugi koji igraju neke druge igre u životu

I tried to hang onto some clear views of life that often turned out to
be wrong

A similar example happened when the remains of our ancestors
decided

To, disregarding all rules, cross the border on their own

Heading for the better tomorrow, they wanted to rest in peace.
They forgot that JUS SOLI doesn't carry anyone on its shoulders
and in the pockets of its suit, and JUS SANGRINIS is not taken in
consideration if the blood stopped pumping several decades before.

Our ancestors battle borderline disorders

Our ancestors battle themselves

It's hard for them

They told me long ago that everyone is plotting against them. All
world against one country.

In this newly-developed rage they managed to turn on each other
Now together they knock at the borders of the fortress of Europe,
built from other dead bodies, Calvary-towers of the survivors' peace
They walk barefoot through places we all know, as the European
space has long been explored,

The dream of the white man no one will ever get even close to is
written in the report that can only be read from right to left, like
Scripture, or listened to like a record spinning backwards.

The dead walk, the wounded walk, the drowned swim as they can
really do that even if they don't wake up

Everyone is going where they think it would be better

Maybe they'll find huge signs saying REFUGEES WELCOME

They'll pay no attention to that, they'll talk to Lennon and then
they'll bury themselves in Hyde Park, with protestant rites and the
Big Bang ringing in the rhythm of London Calling

ATHENS

europe is old

europe is beside itself

Shrapnel from the explosion of the Balkan spirit

Hasn't missed me this time

Schengen continues to exist with no concept of help

Someone told me they cried when a statesman was killed

Someone told me they cried when the wall came down

Some people told me that in Greece everything is right as rain

Držao sam se nekih nejasnih predstava života koje su se često pokazale kao pogrešne

Jedan sličan primer dogodio se kada su mošti naših predaka odučile da nezavisno od svih pravila samostalno pređu granicu

Zaputili su se u bolje sutra, hteli su da počivaju u miru. Zaboravili su da ius soli ne nosi sa sobom na ramenima i u džepovima sakoa, ius sangrini se ne uzima u obzir ako je krvotok prestao sa radom decenijama ranije.

Naši preci bore se sa graničnim poremećajima

Naši preci bore se sa samima sobom

Teško im je

Rekli su im još davno da su se svi urotili protiv njih. Ceo svet protiv jedne države.

U tom, novorazvijenom besu uspeli su međusobno da se zavade

Sada zajedno kucaju na granice tvrđave evrope, izgrađene zidove od tuđih mrtvih tela, ēele-kule spokoja preživelih

Tabanaju prostorima koje svi znamo, jer evropski je prostor odavno istražen

San belog čoveka kome niko nikada neće prići dovoljno blizu, napisan je u izveštaju koji se čita sdesna ulevo, kao sveto pismo. Ili se sluša kao ploča koja se vrti unazad.

Mrtvi hodaju, ranjeni hodaju, utopljeni plivaju pošto to zaista mogu čak i kada se ne probude

Svi su krenuli tamo gde misle da im je bolje

Možda ih dočekaju veliki natpisi REFUGEES WELCOME

Na to se neće obazirati, popričaće sa Lenonom i potom će se samosahranići u Hajd parku, uz protestantski običaj i udarce velikog sata u ritmu London Calling

ATINA

evropa je stara

evropa ne zna za sebe

Šrapnel nakon eksplozije balkanskoga duha

Nije me zaobišao ovog puta

Šengen nastavlja da postoji bez ideje o pomoći

Neko mi je rekao da je plakao kad je ubijen državnik

Neko mi je pričao da je plakao kada je srušen zid

Neki su mi pričali da je u Grčkoj sve potaman

That barefoot Angels can be seen all around
But I never saw all that
I looked at the cardboard plate,
Plastic cutlery
Fork with one tooth missing
Fruit injected with pesticides
And everything else that is fake.

LISBON

I travelled across europe
I saw that everyone lives better lives
Looking for a place to prey as that life is ending.

I saw that socialism was old
I saw you agree with me
I saw that everyone believes they've done something wrong
I saw that everyone needs a little less time to think
I saw that no one thanked the Arabs enough for their effort
Arabic numbers, large numbers

I came, I saw,
It's time to say it's easy to die
It's hard to live in fear of existence
We believe the end of the world comes only once, and it happens
every day

Translated from Serbian by Vesna Stamenković

Da se svuda mogu videti bosonogi anđeli
Ali nisam to video
Gledao sam u kartonski tanjur
Plastični pribor
Viljušku bez jedne oštice
U voće ubrizgane pesticide
I sve ostalo što je lažno

LISABON

Putovao sam po evropi
Video sam da svi žele bolji život
Traže mesta gde mogu da se pomole pošto je tom životu došao kraj

Video sam da je socijalizam star
Video sam da se slažeš sa mnom
Video sam da svi veruju da su u nečemu pogrešili
Video sam da je svima potrebno malo više vremena za razmišljanje
Video sam da se Arapima niko nije dovoljno zahvalio za trud
arapski brojevi, veliki brojevi

bio sam, video sam
Došlo je vreme da kažemo da je lako umreti
Teško je živeti sa strahom od postojanja
Mislili smo da se kraj sveta može dogoditi samo jednom, a događa se svaki dan

ARVIS VIGULS (1987)

Arvis Viguls (1987) is a Latvian poet, literary critic and translator from English, Russian and Serbo-Croatian. In Latvian literary press, he has published several selections from Serbian poetry, including work of I.V. Lalić, Alexandar Ristović, M. Todorović. His first two poetry collections, "Istaba" (Room, 2009) and "5:00" (2012), were published to great critical acclaim and won him several prizes, including award for the best debut of the year and award for best poetry collection of the year. Manuscript of Viguls' third book "Grāmata" (Book) has already won him a prominent grant in his homeland and is planned to be published in 2017 in Latvian and is a base for his selected poems in Croatian and Spanish to be published this year. His poems have appeared in anthologies and literature magazines in more than fourteen languages. In 2017 Viguls was chosen as one of the ten authors for "New voices from Europe" — a Literature Across Frontiers' project that focuses on promoting work of ten emerging European writers.

Three poems from THE END OF SUMMER AND OTHER POEMS

Ice needs to be at least five centimeters thick
for it to hold a person's weight,
written in a handbook for bird watchers.

I have observed my life,
like someone onstage
who, standing in the spotlight,
tries to make out faces in the audience.

Still I don't know much
about the ground and paths I take my steps on.
We live in buildings, not knowing
who lived in them before us.

When I see the tracks that have been
left on the ground by people, animals, birds,

ARVIS VIGULS (1987)

Arvis Viguls (1987) je letonski pesnik, književni kritičar i prevodilac sa engleskog, ruskog i srpsko-hrvatskog jezika. Priredio je i preveo na letonski nekoliko izbora iz poezije srpskih pesama: Ivana V. Lalića, Aleksandra Ristovića i M. Todorovića. Njegove prve dve pesničke zbirke *Soba* (*Istabā*, 2009) i *5:00* (2012), naišle su na odličan prijem kod kritičara i dobine nekoliko nagrada, uključujući i nagradu za najbolju debitantsku knjigu godine i nagradu za najbolju pesničku zbirku godine. Rukopis njegove treće zbirke *Knjiga* (*Grāmata*) nagrađen je u Letoniji i u planu je da bude objavljen tokom 2017. godine. Nakon objavlјivanja treće zbirke, predviđeni su izbori iz poezije na hrvatskom i španskom. Njegova poezija zastupljena je u antologijama kao i književnim časopisima na četrnaest jezika. 2017. Godine Viguls je izabran za jednog od deset autora za projekat „New Voices from Europe”, u čijem je fokusu književni rad deset perspektivnih evropskih pisaca.



IZ KRAJ LJETA I DRUGE PJESME

Led mora biti barem pet centimetara debeo
da bi izdržao čovječju težinu,
stoji u priručniku za promatrače ptica.

A ja sam promatrao svoj život
kao netko na pozornici
tko, zaslijepljen reflektorima,
pokušava razlučiti lica u publici.

Još uvijek ne znam mnogo
o tlu i stazama kojima kročim.
Živimo u zgradama ne znajući
tko je ondje stanovao prije nas.

Kad vidim tragove koje su
na zemlji ostavili ljudi, životinje, ptice

I don't think about where they're from and where they're going
I think about the rain
that will wash them away.

When the bushes lose their flowers and leaves,
the thorns are still there.

You can reconstruct the past from the things that remain,
I'll track the past by the things that change.

The salespeople were taking the necklaces from the velvet necks
in the jewelry stores' display windows.

The postage stamp with a bird that was in the drawer
had already started forgetting
about its flight via airmail.

We examined each other
carefully like customs control
or a doctor looking for vulnerable spots:
“Does this hurt? And here?”

My caresses were gloves,
I could touch you with:
“Is this good? And here?”

After we had slept naked together,
we got dressed again,
but the love still stayed inside us.

Like when they put stitches in a wound,
but the pain remains.

(Belgrade, 2015)

ne razmišljam o tome otkud su stigli i kamo idu,
mislim o kiši
koja će ih rastočiti.

Kad grmlje izgubi cvijeće i lišće,
trnje je još uvijek tu.
Prošlost možeš rekonstruirati iz stvari što ostaju;
ja ču je pratiti prema promjenjivim stvarima.

Prodavači su skidali ogrlice s baršunastih vratova
u izlozima draguljarnica.

Poštanska marka s pticom, ostavljena u ladici,
već je počela zaboravljati
na svoj let zračnom poštom.

Pregledali smo jedno drugo
pažljivo kao carinici
ili doktor u potrazi za bolnim mjestom:
„Boli li ovo? A ovdje?“

Moja milovanja bila su par rukavica
kojima sam te mogao dirati:
„Je li ovako dobro? A ovdje?“

Nakon što bi spavalii zajedno goli
ponovno smo se oblačili,
no ljubav je ostajala u nama.

Kao kad ranu zašiju,
ali bol ostaje.

(Beograd, 2015)

I put my thumb and forefinger around your wrist
like I was taking measurements.

We were cruel to others, hard from the outside
in order to preserve our sweet softness inside, in us.

We shared one towel
and afterwards
you let your wet hair
dry on its own, without a dryer.

We fell asleep slowly and sweetly
not setting the alarm
as the world remained awake in us,
hard as a pit, a kernel, a center.

What woke us up in the morning
was a quiet, cautious rain –
more of a caress than a knock at the door

My thumb and forefinger around your wrist –
a clock of warm blood.

AT A FAST FOOD RESTAURANT

A girl with a backpack, in the shape of a bear,
despises time.

As if time
were like a roller coaster,
which pulls her forward,
and she has to labor with all her might,
so she doesn't start screaming
and covering her eyes with her hands.

She doesn't try to hurry
with the Happy Meal her father bought her –
a burger and fries,

Savijam palac i kažiprst oko tvog zapešća
kao da uzimam mjeru.

Bili smo okrutni prema drugima, tvrdi izvana
kako bismo sačuvali svoju slatku mekoću unutra, u nama.

Prvo smo dijelili ručnik,
a kasnije
ostavljala si svoju mokru kosu sa se osuši sama,
bez fena.

Usnivali smo sporo i slatko
ne namještajući alarm
jer je svijet ostajao u nama budan
čvrst kao koštica, jezgra, središte.

Ono što nas je jutrom budilo
bila je tiha, oprezna kiša –
prije milovanje nego udar po vratima.

Moji palac i kažiprst oko tvog zapešća:
topli sat krvi.

U FAST FOOD RESTORANU

Djevojka s ruksakom u obliku medvjeda
 prezire vrijeme.

Kao da je vrijeme
vlak smrti iz lunaparka
koji je vuče naprijed,
pa mora uložiti sve svoje snage
da ne bi počela vrištati
i pokrивati rukama oči.

Ne žuri
s Happy Mealom što joj ga je kupio otac –
hamburger i krumpirići,

those forbidden treasures,
scattered in front of her
all golden and enticing.

Their smell alone
would fill her mother with horror,
who counts kilograms,
like they count bodies after a catastrophe,
and tries the latest diet
to be more attractive to her new boyfriend
who jeers at her daughter
behind her back.

And she doesn't suck the last
of her pop loudly through the straw
so her father doesn't get annoyed,
who comes to visit her once a month,
so he can fulfill his duties
with an hour or two.

But what does it help,
if soon after he says
that it's time to take her home,
looking anxiously at the three narrow arrows
on his wristwatch –
his holy trinity –
God the Father, God the Son
and the Holy Spirit,
among which there is no place
for a daughter.

WASHING FATHER

He scrubs his father's back.
His father doesn't understand anything
and doesn't reply when others
call his name.

He is too deep
in his body's wrinkles and folds,

ta zabranjene dragocjenosti
rasute pred njom
tako zlatne, zavodljive.

Sam njihov miris
ispunio bi njezinu majku užasom;
ona broji kilograme
kako se poslije katastrofe prebrajaju mrtvi
i iskušava najnoviju dijetu
kako bi bila privlačnija svom novom dečku
koji potajno
ismijava njezinu kćerku.

Ne srće glasno
kroz slamku ostatke svoje sode
da ne bi iznervirala oca,
koji je posjećuje jednom na mjesec
ne bi li u tih sat ili dva
ispunio očinsku dužnost.

No što sve to vrijedi
ako će uskoro reći
kako je vrijeme da je odbaci kući
nervozno prateći tri tanke strijele
na svojem satu –
njegovo sveto trojstvo –
bog otac, bog sin
i sveti duh,
među kojima nema mjesta
za kćerku.

PERUĆI OCA

On riba očeva leđa.
Njegov otac ništa ne razumije,
ne odgovara kad
zazovu njegovo ime.

Preduboko je
u borama i naborima svog tijela

too deep for him
to come out of.

Once he awoke in an unknown place.
He put on his glasses.
The lenses steamed up
from what he saw
and his nose began to bleed.

When he returned,
he refused to talk,
forgetting everything
that he had acquired over the years.

His windpipe froze over,
and the circulating blood is still
fighting in vain
to thaw it.

His heartbeats –
they are tracks in the snow
beyond the polar circle.
The wind covers them with snow.

Only the wrinkles
on his skin
are deep – deep
like surgical scars.

Time has left gashes all over his body
like an unskilled surgeon,
who couldn't save anyone,
but just cut and cut, and cut.

He doesn't talk.
His hair grows,
his nails grow,
but he doesn't understand anything.

With a rough towel
he dries his father's body –

preduboko da bi
mogao odande izaći.

Jednom se probudio na nepoznatom mjestu.
Stavio je naočale.
Od onoga što je vidio
zamglila su mu se stakla
i iz nosa mu je potekla krv.

Kad se vratio
odbijao je govoriti
zaboravljujući sve
što je stekao s godinama.

Smrznuo mu se dušnik
a krv koja kruži još uvijek
se uzalud bori
da ga otopi.

Otkucaji njegovog srca
tragovi su u snijegu
izvan polarnog kruga.
Vjetar ih zameće snijegom.

Jedino bore
na njegovoj koži
duboke su – duboke
kao kirurški oziljci.

Vrijeme je ostavilo posjekotine
svuda po njegovom tijelu,
kao nevješt kirurg koji nikog ne može spasiti
nego samo reže, reže i reže.

Ne govori.
Raste mu kosa,
rastu mu nokti,
no ništa mu nije jasno.

Grubim ručnikom
briše očeveo tijelo –

a soft towel is of no use to anyone,
a soft towel doesn't absorb moisture.

When he shaves his father's beard,
his father sits in front of him, just
like old times, as he sat in front of
the mirror while shaving himself.

He puts on his father's suitcoat.
It seemed too big.
His father shrinks
a few sizes a year.

The suitcoat's pockets are empty
like his father's memory,
its buttons are as dull
as his father's gaze.

He combs his father's hair
and ties his shoes.
He places his father
where the man of the house sits – at the end of the table.

His father doesn't understand anything,
his dominion an arid field,
and he – his son – humbly nurses
that withering legacy of his.

AT THE DENTIST'S

The metal instruments shine on the tray
like a memory of a nightmare.

Gloves on his hands, a mask over his mouth
and he becomes a faceless executor,
an expert on pain.

His needle cheats pain through pain,
but the drill is not sure of it
and does everything so it is sure.

meki ručnik ne služi ničemu,
meki ručnik ne apsorbira vlagu.

Dok brije oca
otac sjedi pred njim, baš
kao u stara vremena kad je
sjedio pred ogledalom brijući se.

Navlači na oca sako.
Činio se toliko velik.
Otac se svake godine smanji
za koji konfekcijski broj.

Džepovi sakoa su prazni
Kao sjećanje njegova oca,
dugmad je dosadna
poput očeva pogleda.

Češlja ga,
pa mu vezuje cipele.
Smješta oca gdje glava kuće pripada –
na čelo stola.

Otac ništa ne razumije;
njegov dominion je presahlo polje
a on – sin – skromno njeguje
njegovo uvelo nasljeđe.

KOD ZUBARA

Metalni instrumenti sjaje na plitici
kao sjećanje na noćnu moru.

Rukavice na rukama, maska na ustima
i on postaje bezlični egzekutor,
stručnjak za bol.

Njegova igla bolju zavarava bol
no bušilica nije sigurna u to,
upinje se da ne bude ništa od svega.

The lamp for the interrogation is right in my face
so that I would confess - the flesh is weak,
it feels.

I spit out blood as a reply.
It is all I dare to say.

My mouth is bound
by a dental impression tray.

Afterwards he carefully records it
in my file.

“I made that
tooth as good as new,”
he says
with the smile of a satisfied creator,
who has already taken off his ritual adornments.

I left without looking back,
hoping to never return.

But time and sugar will have its way,
I will be too weak
and one day I will come crawling back,
calling for mercy, begging,
for his sterile metal
to free me from my pain.

COMMENTARY FOR VILLON’S EPITAPH WRITTEN FOR HIM AND HIS FRIENDS WHILE AWAITING THE GALLOWS

For those who are hanged
or crucified,
their last privilege is taken away –
to die on the ground,

as if the ground that had carried
their crimes

Isljednička lampa uperena mi je u lice,
moram priznati, meso je slabo,
osjeća se.

Pljujem krv kao odgovor.
To je sve što se usudim reći.

Usta su mi zapečaćena
kalupom za zubne odljeve.

Poslije sve pažljivo bilježi
u moj karton.

„Taj zub je sad
kao novi“,
govori
s osmjehom ponosnog demijurga
koji je već skinuo ritualni nakit.

Otišao sam a da se nisam osvrnuo,
nadajući se da se nikada neću vratit.

Ali vrijeme i šećer imaju svoje načine,
bit će preslab
i jednog dana puzeći će se vratiti
preklinjući za milost, moleći
njegov sterilni metal
da me oslobođi boli.

KOMENTARI ZA VILLONOV EPITAF, NAPISAN ZA NJEGA I NJEGOVE PRIJATELJE DOK SU ČEKALI DA BUDU OBJEŠENI

Onima obješenima
ili raspetima
oduzeta je posljednja privilegija –
da umru na zemlji,

kao da zemlja koja je nosila
njihove zločine

was not able to bear
their death.

They die like the drowned
who have swam into the depths
and cannot touch
the ground with their feet.

The rest gape at them
like gods
or noblemen –
silently and from below.

Those who are hanged –
their throne is the air
and the swarm of flies around their heads –
their crown.

No one can put
a flower or stone
in the place where their hearts
have stopped.

Only their shoes
hang in the emptiness
like strange fruits.
The wind rocks them.

COMMENTARIES: JOHANNES BOBROWSKI

The grass is stretched out in all its height.

A singular column of smoke rises straight up,
measuring the low-lying clouds.

In the orchard
the green branches
are tangled up with those that are withered –
life lines and death lines.

nije bila u stanju podnijeti
njihovu smrt.

Oni umiru kao utopljenici
koji su otpливали u dubine
i više ne mogu nogama
dosegnuti dno.

Ostali gledaju na njih
kao na bogove
ili plemiće –
u tišini i odozdo.

Tron onih obješenih
je zrak;
jata muha oko njihovih glava
njihova kruna.

Nitko ne može položiti
cvijet ili kamen
na mjesto gdje je zastalo
njihovo srce.

Samo njihove cipele
vise u praznini
kao neobično voće.
Vjetar ih njiše.

KOMENTARI: JOHANNES BOBROWSKI

Trava se protegla u svoj svojoj visini.

Stup dima uzdiže se u nebo,
mjereći niske oblake.

U voćnjaku
zelene grane
isprepletene su s onim uvelima –
linije života, linije smrti.

The foliage frees itself from the ballast.
The hollow steps of the apples ring out.

Darkness comes,
a forest creature follows its tracks,
looking for fallen fruit.

The flight of a bird –
dark and mute lightening –
slowly flashes across the sky.

He was here
and saw it.

Language opened eyes
like someone who awakens in the night
from his own screaming.

What merciless lowlands!
What an unbearable forgiveness!

NEXT TO

Will they sleep next to one another tonight?
Will they sleep next to one another after what happened,
after someone opened a door between them
to this crosswind, to this worry
and hammered a nail where there once had been a screw?
Will they sleep next to one another tonight?

Will they sleep next to one another, knowing
that now each has their own insomnia
and each their own alarm that will ring in the morning,
and a river in the middle, wrinkled waves, the sludge moves
towards the future, where the things they have collected together
are threaten to be sold at a garage sale, and the blanket will be too small?

And after waking up in the morning will they sit
at one table, not raising their eyes from their plates
so their glances don't meet, so they wouldn't see

Lišće se oslobađa balasta.
Šuplji koraci jabuka odzvanjaju.

Tama dolazi,
šumsko stvorenje slijedi njen trag
u potrazi za palim voćem.

Let ptice,
tamna i nijema munja,
polako sijeva na nebu.

Bio je ovdje
i video je.

Jezik je otvorio oči
nalik nekome tko se u noći budi
prenut vlastitim vriskom.

Kakve nemilosrdne nizine.
Kakav nepodnošljivi oprost.

POKRAJ

Hoće li noćas spavati jedno kraj drugog?
Hoće li spavati jedno kraj drugog nakon tog što se desilo,
nakon što je netko otvorio vrata među njima
tom bočnom vjetru, toj brizi
i zabio čavao gdje je nekad stajao vijak?
Hoće li noćas spavati jedno kraj drugog?

Hoće li spavati jedno kraj drugog znajući
da sada svatko ima svoju vlastitu nesanicu,
da će ih odvojene budilice buditi sljedećeg jutra,
i rijeka, nabranih valova, nosi led što se topi
prema budućnosti, gdje stvari koje su zajedno skupili
čeka garažna rasprodaja, i da će pokrivač biti premali?

Nakon što se ujutro probude hoće li sjediti
za istim stolom, ne podižući oči iz svojih tanjura
da im se ne sretnu pogledi, da ne bi vidjeli

the uncertainty, which is framed by their lit-up window?
And, when the glass that has fallen on the floor shatters,
will they know – that it was for luck or misfortune?

Will they sleep next to one another
like scale pans, lingering doubt?
And, turned too tightly, the screws of years will break,
and in a dream she will fold the dried laundry
and put them in two separate baskets –
one for her clothes and one for his.

Someone has opened the door between them,
and a crosswind is blowing, and the blanket is too small,
the table, from which the glass will fall, is too narrow,
and the screws of years are turned too tightly,
but tonight they will sleep next to one another,
but tonight they will still sleep next to one another.

Translated from Latvian by Jayde Will

nesigurnost, uokvirenu rasvijetljenim prozorom?
I kad se čaša koja je pala na pod razbijе
kako će znati – je li to bilo za sreću ili za nesreću?

Hoće li spavati jedno kraj drugog
kao krakovi vase, oklijevajući u dvojbi?
Prečvrsto pritegnuti, pušnut će vijci godina
i ona će presaviti u snu suho rublje
složivši ga na dvije odvojene hrpe –
jedna za njenu odjeću, druga za njegovu.

Netko je otvorio vrata među njima
i bočni vjetar udara, pokrivač je suviše uzak
i suviše uzak je stol, s kojeg će čaša pasti
i vijci godina pritegnuti su suviše čvrsto,
ali noćas će spavati jedno kraj drugog;
noćas, usprkos svemu, spavat će jedno kraj drugog.

Sa engleskog preveo Marko Pogačar

SRĐAN GAGIĆ (1988)

Srđan Gagić was born in Bosanski Novi/Novi Grad, Bosnia and Herzegovina. He graduated from the Faculty of Philology in Belgrade with a major in Serbian literature and language with comparative literature. His first poetry collection, *Deca u izlogu* (*Children On Display*) was published as the first-place winning manuscript at the regional poetry event, Ratković's Poetry Evenings, in Bijelo Polje, Montenegro. For this collection he received the most significant national award for young poets in Serbia, Branko's Award, and the reviews of the book were published in relevant literary magazines in Serbia and Croatia. His second poetry collection *Prelazno doba* (*A Transitional Age*) was published by the publisher Treći Trg from Belgrade, after winning Treći Trg literary contest. His poetry has been translated into English, Romanian and Slovenian. He is the editor of the anthology of new poetry from Bosnia, Croatia, Montenegro and Serbia named *Meko tkivo* (*Soft tissue*) which was published by the A-302 Club of the Faculty of Philosophy in Zagreb, Croatia. He writes book reviews for culture journal *Prosvjeta*. In 2017 he is on the jury of *Rukopisi* (*Manuscripts*) poetry and short story writing contest at Pančevo Literary Festival and chief coordinator of the 11. Belgrade Poetry and Book Festival. He is a member of the Serbian Literary Society.

spring

by the window of the great room facing the street
/that we rightly believe still keeps
its former denizens hidden in the corners/
the branches still timid, naked and supple. however,
not for long. in the space that we encompass
there is nothing unchangeable. all that belonged
to the rounded, pockmarked tree our hidden
intentions have turned into compost,
the air has stabilised just like nightly breathing
hands have taken the place of treetops.

a couple of days more and it's already sunny:
we sense life has to
return to the place from which we
saw it off last autumn. all that is left

SRĐAN GAGIĆ (1988)

Srđan Gagić je rođen u Bosanskom Novom/Novom Gradu, u Bosni i Hercegovini. Diplomirao je srpsku književnost i jezik sa komparatistikom na Filološkom fakultetu u Beogradu. Autor je dve pesničke zbirke: *Deca u izlogu* (2015, Bijelo Polje, Crna Gora), za koju je dobio Brankovu nagradu i *Prelazno doba* (2016, Treći Trg, Beograd), koja je nagrađena na konkursu za poeziju Beogradskog festivala poezije i knjige. Pesme su mu prevođene na engleski, rumunski i slovenački jezik. Priredio je antologiju bosanske, crnogorske, hrvatske i srpske poezije *Meko tkivo: izbor iz nove poezije regionala*, koja je objavljena u izdanju Kluba A-302 Filozofskog fakulteta u Zagrebu. Književnu kritiku objavljuje u časopisu za kulturu Prosvjeta iz Zagreba. Član je žirija za zbornik poezije i kratke proze Rukopisi u Pančevu, kao i koordinator 11. Beogradskog festivala poezije i knjige. Član je Srpskog književnog društva.



proleće

pored prozora velike sobe ka ulici
/za koju opravdano verujemo da čuva
prethodne stanare skrivene po čoškovima/
granje još stidno, nago i podatno. međutim,
ne dugo, u prostoru koji zahvatamo
nema ničeg nepromenjivog. sve što je pripadalo
oblom, rošavom stablu naše su skrivene
namere pretvorile u kompost,
vazduh se ujednačio kao noćno disanje
ruke zamenile krošnje.

još koji dan i već je sunce:
slutimo život se mora
vratiti na mesto s kojeg smo ga
jesen as ispraćali. preostaje samo

is to wake up in a new arrangement of pillows. to peel off the thick cataracts, to establish a base.

imagine, winter has revealed that some things after all are worth investing in.
we've but to collect all the duvets,
to locate the desire in our feet
and we will open wide the casement
with our jagged skin impress ourselves
into space, we will welcome spring
bent out of the window
as is fitting.

seeds

to put the seed into a calibrated pore of the earth
to observe, from it to the fruit, the resulting quasar –
in this transitional age we have that knowledge too.

fine veins bore down to the lonely chambers of magma
from which they draw, compressed,
the necessary life

sentence structures lengthen out like roots
forking at the end of every word
down to the deepest fibres of the system.

groups of sounds cluster together the possible meanings
words synthesise complex ecosystems

we vegetate through the blossoming of text
the only chaste way
while earth goes through the motions of
yet another inherent cycle

buđenje u novom rasporedu jastuka. skidanje
dubokih mrena, uspostavljanje baze.

zamisli, zima je otkrila da nešto ipak
vredi založiti.

još samo da skupimo jorgane,
da lociramo želju u stopalima
pa čemo širom otvoriti prozore
nazubljenim kožama utisnuti
sebe u prostor, dočekati proleće
pregnuti preko okna,
onako kako dolikuje.

sjeme

spustiti sjeme u baždarenu poru zemlje
od njega do ploda pratiti stvoreni kvazar –
u ovo prelazno doba i to znamo.

sitne žile probiju do samotnih komora magme
odatle pod pritiskom crpe
potreban život

duže se rečenične konstrukcije ko korijen
račvaju na kraju svake riječi
u najniže žilice sistema.

glasovi u skupinama sabiraju moguća značenja
riječi sintetišu složene ekosisteme

vegetiramo procvalim tekstom
kako je jedino čedno
dok Zemlja odrađuje još
jedan naslijeden ciklus.

migration

that which was our courtyards is darkness now and earth

next to the spot where the house once stood
the mulberry tree dry and dead like a rusty gallows
sways with frost and emptiness

through that space flash black blazing cats
like from the kitchen window facing the road

the desolation revels in its own echo
off the mute trough
that used to water animals and people

/my palm had windows to the stream
and the geraniums planted too thickly by the front wall./

/with my forehead I used to separate myself from the fog
and dive deep into the elements of announced renewals./

perhaps the courtyards really weren't ours
says grandpa who was the first to leave

father went fishing there
but then – the stream did not return

time's a completely trivial thing when May doesn't bear
fruit and scents. the flowers withdrew on their own
the forests are our enemies

we have left nothing here but our debts,
however,
in the blank space of the courtyard there is nothing that would
sadden us again
or at least make us wistful

migracija

mrak je i zemlja sve što su bila naša dvorišta

kraj mesta gde je nekad stajala kuća
dud suv i mrtav poput rđavih vešala
njiše mraz i prazninu

kroz prostor sevaju crne zažarene mačke
kao kroz kuhinjski prozor na cestu

svom se odjeku raduje pustoš
na gluvom koritu
koje je pojilo stoku i svet

/moj dlan je imao prozore ka potoku
i pregusto sađenim muškatlama uz prednji zid kuće./

/čelom sam delio sebe od magle
i ronio duboko u elemente najavljenih obnova./

dvorišta možda i nisu bila naša,
govori deda koji je otiašao prvi

onde je otac lovio ribe
a onda – potok se nije vratio

vreme je nešto posve trivijalno kad maj ne donese
plod i miris. cveće se povuklo sâmo
šume su naši neprijatelji

ovde smo ostavili samo dugovanja,
međutim,
u praznini dvorišta nema ničeg što bi nas iznova rastužilo
ili makar učinilo setnim

neptune

now we are distant from the sun – an amateur astronaut
might think
whoever has sailed knows: the universe is accessible online.
we ascribe to it the qualities
and the caprices of the sea, the earth's tectonic neurosis we wrap
into the space conquered through text.

when you've swallowed the last tree, you intertwine your fingers
and say:
let's go inside, there's nothing important left outdoors
you cover the bellies with vegetation leaving suburban fields behind.

the final memory will be: that long-expected February
melting lemon balm in freshly boiled water, condensing an atmosphere
above the teacup. already in the spring,
young, edible nettles leave the farmyard stealthily,
with them we and our
fertilised ploughland withdraw into the safety of the room.

and later: our dreamy boat collides with the moon our
dreamy backs bend underneath
the low ceiling. music from the silent planet inhabits
the hip the nook the soles of our feet
and long into the night we twitch our cross-eyed shoulders covered
in salty
water molecules.
in a rhythm, we dive irrevocably to the bottom, compress desire
and sound
looking for vertical analogies with our skin and our nostrils
in one conceivable recognition of freedom

city

everything unsaid is that debt we owe to the marshland grasses
a fevered unease sometimes awakens the citizens in us
virtuous, without any wisdom or aim. that which we have to bear
we surrender to time, trusting in transience.

neptun

sada smo daleki od sunca – kako bi mogao pomisliti
astronaut-amater
ko je ikad plovio zna: svemir je dostupan *online*.
pripisujemo mu osobine
i čudi mora, tektonsku nervozu zemlje upakujemo u
prostor oslojen tekstom.

kad progutaš poslednje drvo, skršiš prste, i kažeš:
idemo unutra, ničeg važnog više nema napolju
trbuhe ogrneš vegetacijom napuštajući prigradska polja.

poslednja uspomena biće: dugo čekan februar
rastapa matičnjak u netom ključaloj vodi; nad šoljom
kondenuje atmosferu. već u proleće
mlade, jestive koprive neprimetno napuštaju okućnicu,
a s njima i mi i naše
oplođene oranice povlačimo se u sigurnost sobe.

a posle: naša se sanjiva lađa sudari s mesecom naša se
sanjiva leđa poviju
pod niskim plafonom. muzika s tihog planeta nastani se
u kuku i kutu i tabanima
i razrookim ramenima obnoć dugo igramo pod slanim
molekulima vode.
u ritmu, uronimo nepovratno ka dnu, sabijemo želju i zvuk,
tražeći vertikalne analogije mrtvom kožom i nozdrvama
u mogućem prepoznavanju slobode

grad

sve neizrečeno – dūg je prema močvarnim travama
grozničav nemir ponekad probudi građane u nama
vrle, bez mudrosti i cilja. ono s čim moramo –
predajemo vremenu s poverenjem u prolaznost.

a room is the haven for all: the shadows and the nights. between
the nervy
bast fibres of supporting structures, between the walk-bys of tired
fellow citizens
and the motor proclamation of dawn we are like all the other
captives
of the city
yet, being such: where will we go tomorrow? will we be rejected by
plants?

unfelt, while we sleep, through drowsy furrows slowly advance
colonies of ants. in alienated lift shafts,
in the deep bloodstream of the city, in the asymmetry of glazed
terraces
our flatmates are slightly both dead and alive. at once
the hard plates of soiled winged bodies thunder out the word:
intruders! – referring to us. the city ages along well-trodden paths.
we owe: we and it
much to the endless procession of victims – irises and somewhat
overweight herons

before sleep the insight: we are afraid of discarded bodies
which remain hostage to the everyday flow, beneath the foundations
of days,
the crushed morsels of flesh, antennae, tentacles and wings – of the
world
that, because of us,
in the whole biopoiesis was forced to abdicate at last.

twosome

again across the plates like beasts, we don't give up
on the quiet meal. in unison, bread and staying sound
like wilderness
to our deep wrinkles. the more agile one always decides how
the remains of the day will be apportioned.

our fingers reach for the final bite
and nothing changes. a finger is the continuation of existence, of
habit,

soba je utočište svega: senki i noći. među drskim likom
nosećih konstrukcija, među prolascima umornih sugrađana
i motornom objavom dana mi smo kao i svaki zatočenik
grad-a

al' takvi: kud čemo sutra? dal će nas odbiti trava?

neosetno, dok spavamo, kotrljaju se snenim brazdama
kolonije mrava. u otuđenim lift-kanalima,
dubokim krvotocima grada, u asimetriji zastakljenih
terasa
naši su sustanari pomalo i živi i mrtvi. tada
tvrde površi blatnih krilatih tela glasaju se tutnjem i sriču:
uljezi! – govore nama. grad stari utabanim trasama.

dugujemo: mi i on
beskrajnoj povorci žrtava – perunikama i ponešto pretilim
čapljama

pred san se objavi: strah nas je odbačenih tela
što ostaju taoci svakodnevnog promicanja, pod temeljima
dana,
smravljenih grudvica mesa, antena, krakova, krila – sveta
što je zbog nas
u biopoezi morao, najzad, da abdicira.

dvoje

opet preko tanjira kao zveri, ne odustajemo
od tihog obeda. uglaš hleb i ostanak našim dubokim
borama
zvuče kao divljina. uvek odlučuje spretniji kako će se
rasporediti ostaci dana.

posegnemo prstima za poslednjim zalogajem
i ništa se ne menja. prst je produžetak opstanka, navike,

the stump
of understanding. where hunger and salivation begin, other
more comfortable passions cease.
a walk refreshes us momentarily, after the meal we stomach more
easily
the common bed.

transiently, life tumbles down the mucosa of the gut. excess
matter
goes out, for each other we stay equally
inside.

history

days with their oppressive oxygen persuade us steadily of futility
in all of our languages, with no change of time zone –
perhaps it's only somewhat colder in the evening here
where, above the rivers, like a thickly woven sheet the fog
is stretched out.

in the meantime we eat pizza, each in his own home, with fresh
ingredients

(italian style) like young catholics we entice both body and mind
with *jehan alain* orgies to the organ of vagueness.

in between bites we negotiate intercourse:

for

life in this epoch is accessible and exposed

we are all regularly reminded how we've got to go

care-ful-ly about one another /although we don't speak of the

woods where

our fathers would encounter one another/ for us woods are sloe
bushes

and wild legumes

and we could never imagine their meetings

in any other way.

/your grandpa told you how once he saw jews get taken away
over that hill

how once everything could be defined through colours
and birds would just perch and leave always full

patrljak

razumevanja. gde počnu glad i salivacija prestaju druge,
komfornije strasti.

šetnja nas osveži trenutno, posle jela bolje varimo
zajedničku postelju.

kratkotrajno se skotrlja život niz sluz creva. suvišne
materije

izađu napolje, mi ostanemo jednako jedno drugom
unutra.

(is)povijest

dani nas teškim kiseonikom uredno uvjeravaju u
uzaludnost

na svim našim jezicima,bez promjena u vremenskoj zoni –
možda je s večeri jedino nešto hladnije ovdje
gdje se nad rijekama ko gusto protkana plahta zategne
magla.

u međuvremenu jedemo, svako u svom domu, picu sa
svježim sastojcima

(na italijanski način) kao mladi katolici dražimo duh i tijelo
uz *jehana alaina* orgije uz orgulje nedorečenosti.
između zaloga pregovaramo o snošaju:

jer

život je u ovom vijeku dostupan i izložen
sve nas redovno podsjećaju da jedni s drugima moramo
op-rez-no /iako ne govorimo o šumama gdje su nam se
sretali očevi/ za nas su šume žbunovi trnjine
i divlje leguminoze
i nikad drugačije ne bismo mogli
misliti o njihovim sretanjima.

/pričao ti je djed, kako je jednom vidio odvode jevreje
preko onog brda

kako je jednom sve moglo da se odredi bojama
a ptice bi samo sletjele i odlazile uvijek site

and it was easy, knowing you're prepared for your lot/

looking askance we see off missed opportunities,
we send off across borders into dead exiles where some
irrelevant eaves perhaps keep a place for us:

in the meantime we eat pizza (our style), from the balcony we piss
on the city

with cocks like machineguns: history is a set of regular recurrences
the only things changing are targets and distances.

blank

following the nervous interplay of letters, with its hooks and spines
the font *sheriff*, as if bloodshot, pins the word
down to the ground.

meaning is aligned along the upper, tapered
end of the grapheme, while below, the sense can be
divined only by the eye of the utterer.

this is the way in which it wants (you) to be separated
from the text be separated from the flesh
there, where it survives through purpose the irreversible
linear stringing of symbols
by inserting blanks.

– *space space space* –

will become a meaningful whole of diselectrified surfaces,
the place from which radiate other potential modes of persistence:

a counterpoint to the black slogans of verse.
a digital distance. a pause for deglutition. an acerbic silence.

Translated from Serbian by Goran Čolakhodžić

i bilo je lako kad znaš da si pripremljen na svoje/
pogledima, ispod oka, ispraćamo propuštene prilike,
šaljemo preko granica, u mrtva izbjeglišta gdje neka
sporedna streha možda nam čuva mjesto:

u međuvremenu jedemo picu (na naš način), sa terase
pišamo po gradu
kitama kao mitraljezima: istorija je pravilan sistem
ponavljanja
samo se mijenjaju mete i odstojanja.

belina

po nervoznoj igri slova, kukama i bodljama,
font *serif* kao podliven zadrži reč
uz podlogu.

značenje se niže gornjim, stanjenim
krajem grafema, dok dole, smisao može
odgonetnuti samo oko priopštivača.

to je način na koji želi(š) da se odvoji(š)
od teksta da ga odvoji(š) od mesa
onde gde preživljava svrhom nepovratno
linearno nizanje simbola
umetanjem praznina.

– space space space –
postaće smisaona celina razelektrisanih površi,
mesto s kojeg se rasprostiru i druge mogućnosti trajanja:

kontrapunkt crnih parola stiha.
digitalna duljina. pauza za gutanje. akribična tišina.

GORAN ČOLAKHODŽIĆ (1990)

Goran Čolakhodžić (Zagreb, 1990) is a poet and translator. He graduated in English and in Romanian at the University of Zagreb and translates literature from and into both those languages. As of February 2017, he has translated four books, both alone and in collaboration. In 2015, his volume of poetry *Na kraju taj vrt* (*In the End the Garden*) was awarded the famous Croatian award for debutants in poetry, “Goran for Young Poets”. The book was published later that year. His poems have appeared in a number of magazines and on websites in Croatia and other ex-Yugoslav countries and have been translated into English, Romanian, Polish and Dutch. In 2016, he was one of the Croatian representatives in the Versopolis project, participating at the European Poet of Freedom Festival in Gdansk, Poland and at Ledbury Poetry Festival, United Kingdom. His poetry appeared in several anthologies. In 2017, he was awarded with the Bridges of Struga award for the best debut book.

magnificat (the birth of astronomy)

i was reading a book about another planet
purple over there, you were singing a song
not knowing the notes: the sun
spread the bay all the way to the beach
where the next day it would go
into the shadows and call
for a sextant and so many books

glory be to the father

you swam ahead and told me three times
why the sea was salty; in the cauldrons of the sea
warm for the children i let silver fry trickle through my fingers
silverily laughing my armpits being tickled and
i dived into the waters as warm as those
from which became my form.

GORAN ČOLAKHODŽIĆ (1990)

Goran Čolakhodžić (Zagreb, 1990) je pesnik i prevodilac. Završio je studije anglistike i rumunskog jezika i književnosti na Filozofskom fakultetu Sveučilišta u Zagrebu. Prevodi književnost s oba ta jezika i na njih. Do aprila 2017. objavljena su mu četiri prevoda – saradnička i samostalna. 2015. godine nagrađen je poznatom hrvatskom nagradom za prvu knjigu, „Goran za mlade pjesinke”, za rukopis *Na kraju taj vrt*. Zbirka je objavljena kasnije te godine. Pesme je objavljivao u više časopisa i internet portala u Hrvatskoj i regionu, a prevodene su na engleski, rumunski, poljski i holandski. Godine 2016. bio je jedan od hrvatskih predstavnika u projektu Versopolis, te je učestvovao na festivalima European Poet of Freedom u poljskom gradu Gdansku i na Ledbury Poetry Festival u Velikoj Britaniji. Poezija mu je zastupljena u nekoliko antologija. Dobitnik je međunarodne nagrade Mostovi Struge za 2017. godinu, za najbolji prvenac.



magnificat (rođenje astronomije)

čitao sam knjigu o drugom planetu
ljubičastom negdje, vi pjevate pjesmu
ne znajući note: sunce je širilo uvalu preko
do plaže gdje će sutra ući u sjenu
i zazvati sekstant i knjige

glory be to the father

plivao si prvi i pričao mi triput
odakle more je slano; u kotlovima mora
mekoga za djecu srebrnu mlađ sam puštao kroz prste
srebrno se smijao od škakljanja pod ruke i
tonuo u vode tople kao one
iz kojih mi oblik.

and to the sun

and something rose up from the sea to the sky
creating the first concept of a star, of the sheer
repetition of the waters, the yellow light, of
the emergence of sound in the little clump of silence
and the chance for the cosmos
to get to know itself.

*glory be to the father, and to the sun
and to holly the most!*

we sang a song of praise in the sea
holly, a chant flowing from our tongues,
looking to the sea,
father and sun mother and fry

and to holly the most

Tonight after years and years I
was led once more to look for the desert and
I didn't find it again the
forest took over seduced
tied up darkened the
paths and
buzzed in the night

The scent of finding
possible mushrooms and
an empty pheasantry of silence all
dragged me by the hand to where
shadows spread and the forest
breathily entered my spine
hiding with branches my sentience with murmurs
soughing sands

and to the sun

i nešto se steralo od mora do gore,
stvaralo prvi pojam o zvijezdi, suštoj
ponovljivosti voda, žutoga svjetla, o nastanku
zvuka u klupku tišine i šansi da svemir
spozna samog sebe.

*glory be to the father, and to the sun
and to holly the most!*

pjevali smo pjesmu pohvale u kotrljanu
primorskom, niz jezike skotrljanu
u more zagledanu,
otac i sunce majka i mlađ

and to holly the most

Noćas sam nakon godina i godina
opet odveden tražiti pustinju i
nisam je našao iznova
je šuma odnijela prevagu
opet je zavela zavezala
zamračila staze i
zujala noć.

Miris nalaska
mogućih gljiva i
prazna fazanerija tišine sve
vuklo za ruke prema
pružanju sjene i šuma se
dahom stiskala u kičmu i
granama svjesnost mumljanjem šuštavi
skrivala pijesak

The Hunt

I hunted hares
abundantly and inaudibly:
the crosshair killed, there were no shots,
furry bags fell promptly down
on the parched grass in the dusk. They remained
stiff, eyes open, with not a drop of blood
on their clenched wounds: in fact ridiculous,
innocuous in their death which had not
taken over life, and so was see-through.
I did not run out of bullets,
and neither did they of death: they produced it constantly
in ditches and on mounds.
Autumn is falling, it'll be that.

We were standing and using past tense

We were standing and using past tense
talking about your death –
in fact not about that, since it had already happened:
that one we'd mastered as fully as we did verbs.

An issue or two wanted solving
related to sowing and spring, to sunlight;
a couple of remarks before setting off to work,
the absence of encouragement your way to show trust.

It was only around noon, after the fog,
while you were cutting roots with a shovel,
that I remembered I cried, also, at night, awoken,
briefly, having turned over the sorrow in the dark like the earth

during autumn digging; it went
back into the dirt, like an earthworm.
Now we both push our hands into the supple darkness,
everything happened while it still hasn't; earth is good.

Lov

Lovio sam zečeve
obilno i nečujno:
nišan je ubijao, nije bilo pucnja,
krznene su vreće padale bez odgode
na suhu travu sumraka. Ostajali su
kruti, otvorenih očiju, bez kapi krvi
na stegnutim ranama, zapravo smiješni,
neopasni u toj smrti koja nije
preotela život, pa je bila prozirna.
Meni nije nestajalo metaka,
a ni njima smrti: stalno su je producirali
po humcima i jarcima.
Spušta se jesen, bit će da je to.

Stajali smo i koristili perfekt

Stajali smo i koristili perfekt
razgovarajući o tvojoj smrti –
zapravo ne o njoj, jer se već bila dogodila,
njome smo baratali tečno kao glagolima.

Trebalo je riješiti pitanje-dva
u vezi sjetve i proljeća, sunca;
nekoliko napomena prije odlaska na rad,
izostanak hrabrenja tvoj je izraz uzdanja.

Tek oko podneva, poslije magle,
dok si lopatom rezao korijenje,
sjetio sam se da sam noću i plakao, probuđen,
kratko, prevrnuvši tugu u mraku, kao i zemlju

pri jesenskom kopanju; ušla je
natrag, u humus, kao gujavica.
Sada obojica guramo šake u podatnu tamu,
sve se dogodilo dok još i nije, dobra je zemlja.

Everything in Time

In May the fig tree blooms within its branches,
under the bark. The first rank of green belly buttons
comes, therefore, up front.

One can count

years in advance, all the way down to the roots.

The fig's wood is full of future Septembers
like the butt of an old gun is of ammo: heavy bullets
fly out and darkly burst, driving feathers and chirping and mirth
into the chests of birds.

In bellies yet unpunctured

each fig carries a bug of its choice.

In one of them is hidden a spider,

in another a tiny, stripy wasp that will not wake
for a year or two more; in some there's a group of ants
much like poppy seeds. In their sweet sleep
they mutter, shift and grow.

All of this slowly rises up
to face the sun and the shade of imminent autumns.

I have an unsolved issue with the city

I have an unsolved issue with the city,
that is, I think that during the day we're unable
to tell each other everything. I make up for it, willy
or nilly, at night, when the hedges draw closer
and the hills start rolling beneath my feet.

There's usually a lot of drives streets vaults arcades
also a lot of bronze, made green by the wet darkness
in parks rarely mown.

It keeps sending me on errands from façade to façade
by inconveniently connected tram routes
and often it spells out the names of buildings and squares
in completely arcane languages.

It rolls me down sidewalks, chucks me over to entrances,
hiding, nonetheless, its inner courtyards –
the proof that it can dream lucidly, while I
clamber where I have to through passages and underpasses.
And then in the morning it makes me laugh
and deride, because I know that it multiplies braggingly
in me all night, pulling wool over my eyes, blaring propaganda,

Sve polako

U svibnju smokva cvate u granama,
ispod kore. Prvi od nizova zelenih pupaka
dolazi, dakle, na red.

Mogu se brojati
godine unaprijed, sve dolje do korijena.

Smokvino drvo je prepuno budućih rujnova
kao kundak stare puške metaka: teška zrna
izlijeću i praskaju tamna, zabijajući pticama
perje i cvrkut i sreću u prsa.

U još neprobušenim trbusima,
svaka smokva nosi kukca po izboru.

U jednoj je zapretan pauk,
u drugoj je mala i prugasta osa koja se godinu-dvije
još neće probuditi; ponegdje grupica mrava
nalik na sjemenke maka. U slatkom snu
mrmljaju, meškolje se i rastu.

Sve se to lagano podiže gore,
k suncu i sjeni neumitnih jeseni.

Imam nešto neriješeno s gradom

Imam nešto neriješeno s gradom,
odnosno, mislim da danju nismo u stanju
reći si sve. Nadoknadim, hoću
ili neću, noću, kad mi se primaknu živice
i brda se počnu kotrljati pod nogama.
Bude tu podosta prilaza ulica volti arkada
bude i podosta bronce, zelene od vlažnog mraka
u rijetko košenim parkovima.

Stalno me šalje od pročelja do pročelja
nezgodno vezanim linijama tramvaja
i često sasvim neznanim jezicima
ispisuje nazive zgrada i trgova.
Valja me po pločnicima, dobacuje haustorima,
krijući ipak unutarnja dvorišta –
dokaz da on može sanjati lucidno, ako već ja
bauljam kud moram kroz hodnike i pothodnike.
I onda me ujutro tjera u smijeh

trying to appear larger blacker deeper
building infinitely, illusively, in vain.

Redshift (1)

I have lived until now among
a couple of buildings, on some twenty streets,
on three or four hectares of woodland and meadow.
I never thought: vastnesses are over there
and a considerable part of them belongs to me.
long have rectangles encircled the horizon,
reproducing the specimen of space visible from here.
now, from this high, dark viewpoint,
I observe the centre from the margin, I perceive
the patterns of repetition, the forms of permanence.
roughly sketched, the trapeze of the city from here to rapska street,
from it to the mosque, from there
to a point in the east (*find the angle*
opposite the known a) and again to the room where,
momentarily alone, locked up and calm, I look
out of the wide windows. the trapeze will be repeated
infinite times, or a couple fewer, in order to create the city.
it is only from high places, at a small zoom,
that the generic quality of space becomes apparent.
there will be spawned endlessly that couple of buildings,
some twenty streets, three or four hectares of woodland and
meadow.
endlessly those light-bulb factories which,
with their lights fused together into a single copper smudge,
every evening constitute the west

Sometimes I remember the fact that meetings are numbered, and that makes me sad. I am made sad by fragments of space, therefore of the city, that, while I will have all the reason to believe that I'm changing, will have to remain always the same, same in all the three or four points of visit: at six, at ten, at three, at eight. And then that's it, we'll have no more chance to touch each other, although

i u podsmijeh, jer znam da se hvalisavo množi
u meni cijele noći, zamazuje mi oči, trubi propagandu,
trudeći se napraviti većim crnjim dubljim
graditi se beskonačan, uzalud u privid.

Pomak prema crvenom (1)

živio sam dosad između
nekoliko zgrada, na dvadesetak ulica,
u tri ili četiri hektara šume i livada.
nisam mislio – u onom je smjeru prostranstvo,
a meni ga pripada zamjetan dio.
dugo su pravokutnici zaokruživali obzor,
reproducirajući odavde vidljivi uzorak prostora.
sada, s ovoga visokog, tamnoga gledišta,
promatram s rubnika središte, uviđam
šprance ponavljanja, oblike stalnosti.
loše iscrtan, trapez grada odavde do rapske,
od nje do džamije, odande
do neke točke na istoku (*traži se kut*
nasuprot poznatog a) pa opet do sobe u kojoj,
zakratko sâm, zaključan i miran, motrim
kroz široke prozore. on će se bezbroj,
ili nešto manje puta, ponoviti, kako bi stvorio grad.
tek će s visokih mjesta, pri malome zoomu,
postati jasna generičnost prostora.
unedogled će se nastvarati nekoliko zgrada,
dvadesetak ulica, tri ili četiri hektara šume i livada.
unedogled onih tvornica žarulja, koje će,
u jednu jedinstvenu bakrenu mrlju stopljenih svjetala,
svake večeri činiti zapad

Povremeno se sjetim izbrojenosti susreta i to me rastuži. Rastuže me fragmenti prostora, tako i grada, koji će, dok ja budem imao ozbiljna razloga vjerovati da se mijenjam, morati uvijek ostati isti, isti u sve tri ili četiri točke posjeta: u šest, u deset, u tri, u osam. I onda gotovo, nećemo se više imati prilike dodirnuti, iako će možda oni imati prilike

they might have the chance, somewhere and up to a certain point in time (which is a product of space), to be same. (They do not be, they same.) A deeply yellow afternoon sky where there is nothing but a husk of the city – afternoon and windows, afternoon and windows, blurred sheep-like clouds reflected in them. I do not know what they'll do without me; the important thing is not knowing, not I. Will they be affected by the changing of the times (the change being a matter of heated debate), will that Parisian whom I left, at the beginning of this century, on an early autumn afternoon in a quiet cul-de-sac on the edge of the city's centre to dig trenches for drainage pipes dig and dig out, will he need some lunch, will he ever talk to anyone again? Above all – will I find that at six, at ten, at three, at eight he will have something to say to me, will he break, break like the day? I always ask more of scripted NPCs, but they have escaped time perfectly, not escaping sadness, though, a deep sadness. They do not know about action-reaction: that lack opens up for them the copious reservoirs of melancholy. They are the proof of my childhood, of its faces and its Julys. Their suffering, because they are not conscious of suffering, is far greater than that of men, says Nietzsche, and then I down my drink, pick the only non-impasse option on the conversation wheel, leaving still, coming back hours later, or weeks, Their suffering, because they are not conscious of suffering, is far greater than that of men, just like in my childhood, at six and at ten, I smack my lips, down the drink and let's say leave.

Parable

In the cliffhanger moment at the very
end of winter, melting snow reveals
mâche has sprouted in the pattern of Leo.

The garden as a porthole into the deep.
The corridor that starts
behind the compost heap
ends, in a word, as the back door
in a wall above the galaxy.
On that side it's always unlocked
swept by pulsar rays
silent as the silent elevator shaft
of a glass skyscraper growing out
of the clusters of stars.

negdje i do neke točke u vremenu (koje je rezultat prostora) biti isti. (Oni ne bivstvuju, oni istuju.) Duboko žuto popodnevno nebo ondje gdje više nema ničeg osim ljsuske grada – popodne i prozori, popodne i prozori, mutne ovčice oblaka u njima odražene. Ne znam što će bez mene; važno je što ne znam, ne ja. Hoće li na njih utjecati promjena doba (koja je predmet žučne rasprave), hoće li onaj Parižanin kojeg sam početkom stoljeća ostavio u rano jesensko popodne u tihoj slijepoj uličici na rubu središta grada da kopa jarke za odvode kopati i iskopati, hoće li trebati ručak, hoće li i s kim više razgovarati? Najviše – hoću li ga naći u šest, u deset, u tri, u osam, a da mi ima što reći, hoće li se slomiti, puknuti kao zora? Uvijek tražim više od *scripted NPC-ja*, ali oni su vrhunski umakli vremenu, svejedno ne umakavši tuzi, dubokoj tuzi. Ne znaju što je akcija-reakcija: taj manjak im obilno otvara spremnike sjete. Oni su dokaz mog djetinjstva, njegovih lica i srpnjeva. Njihova je patnja zbog nesvijesti o patnji daleko gora od ljudske, kaže Nietzsche, a ja onda iskapim piće, odaberem jedinu nebezizlaznu opciju na kotaču razgovora, jednako odlazeći, satima, tjednima kasnije dolazeći, Njihova je patnja zbog nesvijesti o patnji daleko gora od ljudske, baš kao u djetinjstvu, u šest i u deset, puknem jezikom, iskapim i recimo odem.

Parabola

U *cliffhangeru* na samom kraju zime, topljenje snijega otkriva matovilac niče po obrisima Lava.

Vrt je otvor u dubinu.
Hodnik koji počinje
iza kompostišta
završava, riječju, kao stražnja vrata
u zidu nad galaksijom.
S te strane uvijek otključan
ulašten zračenjem pulsara
tih kao tiho okno dizala
u staklenom tornju što raste
iz zvjezdanih rojeva.

Passing by the shed at dusk
a glint may be glimpsed in the dark
so you sleep fast.

Tonight alone but thickly with people

Tonight alone but thickly with people,
just like every night,
only now more acutely, darkly,
tightly so. Two things before sleep:
that in this brief warm
darkness I stand thinly shielded
from them ago, now, tomorrow; that
from this loveroom and through the pores
of my window panes
I watch over so many that the city's too small.
That some electric waiters seduce in the dark,
that some alluring girl tram-drivers
are racing with the dawn. That everywhere
underneath and all above god
there flows an awareness you all
are part of, and that I, embracing the flow in my arms,
I warm the way I only once
or twice can do.
And then a window in Trnje is opened,
winter lonicera opens its narrow and heady passages-
funnels into spring: the light in a moment
announces *yes*,
the lover, relieved, plunges into dreams.

Translated from Croatian by the author

U prolazu kraj šupe u sutor
treptaj se može nazrijeti u mraku
za tvrdi san.

U ovoj noći gusto usred ljudi

U ovoj noći gusto usred ljudi,
kao i svake,
samo sad akutnije, tamnije,
tješnje. Pred spavanje, dvije:
da u ovom kratkom topлом
mraku stojim tanki zaklon
od njih prije, sada, sutra; da
iz volilišta sobe kroz prozorske pore
pazim tako mnoge, da je malen grad.
Da zavode blistavi konobari mrakom,
da bliske vozačice tramvaja
utrkuju se s jutrom. Da svuda
ispod toga iznad boga
struji svijest u kojoj jeste svi
i koju, rukom grleći tok,
grijem tako kako jednom
ili dvaput mogu sam.
Onda se otvara prozor na Trnju,
lonicera otvara uske i žestoke prolaze-
cjevčice u proljeće: svjetlo načas
objavljuje *da*,
volitelj slobodan skače u san.

GORAN STAMENIĆ (1990)

Goran Stamenić (1990), is a young poet and writer from Novi Sad, Serbia. He has been actively writing since 2012. and his first texts were published in collections correlated with writing workshops in CK13 (*Radovi u kući*, 2012, *Na ulici gaze bose ljude*, 2013.) *Sveti magnet* (The Holy Magnet) is his first poetry book. His further literary work is going to be directed towards literary translations and essays.

we sat in front of the big house
where snakes sleep under the doorstep
I was a great liar in the
blackberry bush

secretly like an anthill, and quietly
dark sun sits on my lap
all is confused and I am everything
all the things are wondering people:
the nose of the airplane full of withered grass
falls on your nape
and spreads its scent in the flames
all of a sudden, life turns to longing
outside of reach
of your tiny golden hand
sky for the wounded hawk
stumbling through the undergrowth

that's what I meant
when I said

you walk carefully, as if you invented
the high noon shadow
I have a spell for you
if you are touched by a golden star
a particularly attractive light

GORAN STAMENIĆ (1990)

Goran Stamenić (1990) je novosadski pesnik i pisac. Pisanjem se aktivno bavi od 2012. godine, a prve raznorodne tekstove objavljuje u zbornicima vezanim za radionice pisanja u CK13 (*Radovi u kući*, 2012, *Na ulici gaze bose ljude*, 2013). *Sveti magnet* mu je prva samostalna zbirka poezije, nagrađena na konkursu Trećeg Trga i Beogradskog festivala poezije i knjige. Svoj dalji književni rad usmerava ka književnim prevodima i eseistici.



sedeli smo ispred velike kuće
gde zmije spavaju pod pragom
bio sam veliki lažov u grmu
kupina

tajno kao mravinjak, i tiho
crno sunce seda mi u krilo
sve se zbunjuje i ja sam sve
sve su stvari začuđeni ljudi:
kljun aviona punog uvele trave
obrušava se na tvoj potiljak
i tamo zamiriše u plamenu
život se najednom pretvara u čežnju
izvan domašaja
tvoje male zlatne šake
nebo ranjenom jastrebu
koji luta u šipražju

to je ono što sam mislio
kada sam rekao

hodaš oprezno, kao da si izmisnila
podnevnu senku
imam jednu magiju za tebe
dotakne li te zlatna zvezda
posebno privlačna svetlost

you hear
the willows sway dreamily
and what the other mary saw in the garden

from our plantations towers rise
in that moment, anything could be a threat:
a swarm of holly bees lives
on your skin
shimmering matter of light crossed
with the shadow in the tree top
and the branches tired
of full-blooded cherries

at night, anja plucks every other eyebrow
we returned to the forest
with no one telling us to
there's something built there, like a tongue,
which means clumsy –
a tongue dreaming of a mouth

the city reproduces through the outbursts of flu
you know how snakes spread their jaws
you know how there are snakes we haven't even named yet
you know how hard it is to swallow a whole apple
still green to the touch

hiding in fake orchards
like a man inside a man –
you take off your clothes full of crickets

you're afraid that the great truths
can only lead you forward:
at dusk we have forgotten
to put oil on your nape
hell will be filled with you

dark sun sits on your lap
a hand inside you spreads its branches like
the lower nile, you feel

čuješ
kako se lenjo ljuljaju breze
i šta je druga marija videla u vrtu

u našim zasadima dižu se tornjevi
sve bi u tom času moglo biti pretnja:
roj svetih pčela živi
na tvojoj koži
titrava materija svetla u svađi
sa senkom krošnji
i te krošnje umorne
od punokrvnih trešanja

po noći, anja čupa svaku drugu obrvu
vratili smo se nazad u šumu
a da nam niko nije ni rekao
nešto je izgrađeno kao jezik,
što znači nespretno –
jezik koji sanja o ustima

grad se razmnožava napadima kijavice
znaš kako zmije šire vilice
znaš kako ima zmija kojima još nismo dali ime
znaš kako je teško progutati celu jabuku
još zelenu na dodir

krijući se u lažnim voćnjacima
kao muškarac u muškarcu –
svlačiš odeću punu zrikavaca

plaši te što velike istine
mogu da odvedu samo unapred:
u smiraju ipak smo zaboravili
da mažemo tvoj potiljak uljem
napuniće pakao tobom

crno sunce seda ti u krilo
ruka se u tebi raskrošnja kao
donji nil, osećaš

in your nudity how mysterious are
the putrid orchards
between the bone and the flesh
in towers among apples
you don't need a king to be
queen

following a trail of friends who
departed while it was still dark, you approach
the lake
that for some reason glows
the clouds turned their color into sugar
and are now melting in the sun

following a trail of friends, your foot
is already under the water
like home, it's cold
you step into the grove's mirror
filling your pockets with rust

just like the cape of the afternoon relieves
your august fever
nothing is hiding behind the lake's intent
to swallow you –
it's clear
like a ball of light
somewhere in your body
where there's the most blood

you already know that everything happens at noon
tuesday, machines devour wheat
anja imagines symmetrical things
human dream of progress slowly crumbles away
on the mirror of its own fatigue

wednesday nights are spent at the olympus of work
carefully gathering morsels of silence
someone turns the pillow over to the cooler side:

u nagosti kako su nedokučivi
truli voćnjaci
između kosti i mesa
u tornjevima među jabukama
ne treba ti kralj da bi bio
kraljica

prateći trag prijatelja koji su
pošli još za mraka, približavaš se
jezeru
koje iz nekog razloga sija
oblaci su promenili boju u šećer
i sada se na suncu tope

prateći trag prijatelja, tvoje stopalo
već je pod vodom
kao kuća, hladno je
stupaš u to ogledalo za čestar
koje ti džepove puni rđom

kao što plašt podneva spašava
tvoju avgustovsku groznicu
ništa se ne skriva u nameri jezera
da te proguta –
to je čisto
kao lopta svetlosti
negde u tvom telu
gde krvi ima najviše

već znaš da sve se dešava u podne
utorak, mašine saždiru žito
anja zamišlja simetrične stvari
čovečji san o napretku lagano se kruni
na ogledalu sopstvenog umora

sreda uveče provodi se na olimpu rada
brižno sakupljajući mrvice tištine
neko okreće hladnu stranu jastuka:

silence is a body in the mines of kongo

a machine plucks every other willow from its root
the only thing that's certain is that someone
is trying to convince us of something
leaving us blinking like a newly-hatched
pigeon

I

only through tears you'll see the sun
tattered bloody banners of clouds
sprinkling water on the skin of garden workers
and nothing else

darkness shall be so barren, ancient
unknown to the terrifying words
your joy, doubted for a moment
will write a poor-man's anthem:
the world trembles like the arms carrying a hero

the world is a wound on the body of christ
at the coast where nothing rises
blunt waves shall cover your feet
and your face shall be wet

II

as soon as you looked away
god built a basement for you
and left you in the darkness with oranges
all flammable

in the morning, the only thing
you'd smell from under there would be roses
and you'd follow the sound of bullets down the macadam

in your dream you lit
a flame to see yourself

tišina je truplo u rudnicima konga

mašina čupa svaku drugu brezu iz korena
sigurno je samo da nas neko
ubeđuje u nešto
ostavlja nas da trepćemo kao tek rođenog
goluba

I

tek kroz suze primetićeš sunce
iscepane krvave barjake oblaka
kako škropi kožu radnika u vrtu
i ništa drugo

mrak će biti tako jalov, davan
strašne reči neće ga ni znati
tvoja radost sumnjana, za tren
napisaće siromašnu himnu:
svet drhti kao ruke koje nose heroja

svet je rana na hristovom telu
na obali gde ništa se ne uspinje
tupi talasi prekriće ti stopala
i tvoje lice će biti mokro

II

čim si skrenula pogled
bog je za tebe izgradio podrum
i ostavio te u mraku sa narandžama
gorljivu

jutrom bi samo ruže
mirisala odozdo
i pratila zvuk metaka niz makadam

u snu si zapalila
plamen da se vidiš

in that same fire
you forged the nails.

III

we can't tell for sure why waves are glorious
while we plunge our naked bodies
over the rocks

and we sing cause the horizon is always
so flat, and we sing of the sun
when it steps over it

in sunset there is no doubt that everything is everything
that weak hands hold the weak world
and tremble

we are sure that the waves tear down, build,
tear down
the flat continent

on being hidden

now I am south, now I am further south
border guards tell me mountains grow every day
around the muddy valley, like a tooth still rotting upwards from the
flesh
over them the fishermen throw wide nets of smoke from the
airplanes
weaving the ladder that with the first step
falls to powdered sugar: you fall
tipsy and sleepy copilots live for the minute of flight over mirdita
like a father over the crib of his new-born child, looking for a glance
returned
met by sharp, foreign world. nothing can be seen there
copilots fall, and that's more than a youth's dream, pulling
mountains to himself
like a riverbed seen from the bridge, how did the fruit fall before
gravity –
the only way to descend among the joyous.

u istoj si vatri
iskovala čavle

III

mi nismo sigurni zašto valovi su divni
dok survavamo tela naša naga
preko stena

a pevamo jer horizont je uvek
tako ravan, i pevamo o suncu
kada stupa iznad njega

u zalasku nema sumnje da sve je sve
da slabe ruke drže slab svet
i drhte

sigurni smo da valovi ruše, grade
ruše
ravan kontinent

o takvoj skrivenosti

sada sam jug, sada sam južnije
od graničara načujem da planine svakog dana rastu
oko blatne udoline, kao zub koji još iz mesa trune u vis
nad njima ribari iz aviona zabacuju retke mreže dima
pletu merdevine koje se prvim korakom
rastvaraju u šećer u prahu: padaš
pripiti i sneni kopiloti žive za minut leta nad mirditom
kao otac nad novorođenom kolevkom, traže uzvraćen pogled
susreće ih strani oštiri svet. tu se ništa ne vidi
kopiloti padaju, i to je više od mladog sna, planine privlače sebi
kao rečno dno viđeno sa mosta, kako je voće padalo pre gravitacije
—
jedini način da se siđe među radosne

first year of magic

at least I'm a glorious peasant woman plucking cilantro from her
garden
and all the cilantro asleep in the heavens of her mouth, bathed with
olives
I am born this year when things are born, dogwood, blackberry,
wild things that leave my face a mess, things that are all but things,
things that are figs
in such a garden thousand tiny angels can be planted
and their cross-eyed sisters
that by autumn turn golden, full of bees, they learn that štator is
red
squeeze out the honey-spell from the bud, the noble lindens, the
stream
crawling uphill to its spring, the cauldron of black light
where bees finally pour honey into the first year of magic

A1

highway crumbles when, a blink ahead of us,
bride's stone appears. by the end of the road hikers are resting in a
church
prayers have long been written on the rocks in these parts
so that rivers would flow through the bushes
bringing forth beds of green bulbs,
so that someone would cut down the dynasty of rocks and
gymnosperms
more sleepy than an army of crickets caught in resin
prayers for the magic of solemn children, their sweaters and the
soles of their feet
so that it may all last and end and start again:
our tiresome roaming through other people's valleys
eyes return to the bottom just in time to see
north narrowing down and suddenly vanishing from view.

Translated from Serbian by Vesna Stamenković

prva godina magije

barem sam divna seljanka dok čupa korijander iz svog vrta
i sav sam korijander zaspao na nebu njenih usta, okupan
maslinama
rađam se ove godine kad se rađaju stvari, dren, kupina,
divlje stvari koje me ostave musavim, stvari koje su sve osim stvari,
stvari koje su smokve
u takvom vrtu da se zasaditi hiljadu sitnih anđela,
zrikavih sestara
koje se već do jeseni ozlate, opčele, nauče da štator je rujan
istisnu mednu vradžbinu iz pupoljka, plemenitih lipa, iz potoka
koji puže uzbrdo ka svom vrelu, kotlu crnog svetla
u kom pčele konačno pretaču med u prvu godinu magije

A1

autostrada se kruni kada se tek na treptaj pred nama
ukaže nevestin kamen. kraj puta se u crkvi odmaraju planinari
odavno se po stenama ovog kraja ispisuju molitve
ne bi li se neke reke rasule po grmlju
iz njih propupale leje zelenih lukovica,
ne bi li neko sasekao dinastiju stena i golosemenica
uspavaniju od armije cvrčaka u smoli
molitve za magiju dece koja su ozbiljna, njihove tabane i džempere
da sve to potraje i završi se i ponovo poteče:
naše zamorno tumaranje po tuđim dolinama
oči se vraćaju podnožju taman da primete
kako se sever sužava i iznenada nestaje

CHARLOTTE VAN DEN BROECK (1991)

Charlotte Van den Broeck (1991) studied English and German and is taking a degree course in Arts of the Spoken Word and Theatre at the Royal Conservatoire of Antwerp. In 2015, she made her debut with the poetry collection *Kameleon (Chameleon)* at the Arbeiderspers, Amsterdam. The collection was awarded the Herman de Coninck Debut prize. In January 2017, her second collection *Nachtroer (name of a late night shop)* made its appearance. Her poems have been published in various literary journals in the Netherlands and Flanders. Some of her poems have been translated into German, English, Arabic and Spanish. Besides being a poet, she is also a performer and seeks the ability to pronounce and experience poetry on stage. She performed inter alia at the Night of Poetry (Utrecht) Saint Amour and together with Arnon Grunberg attend to the opening of the Frankfurt Book Fair 2016. Together with Grunberg she writes a weekly column in the Belgian newspaper De Standaard. She will perform at various European poetry festivals: Kosmopolis festival (Barcelona), Poesiefestival (Berlin), Poetry on the Road (Bremen), Ledbury Poetry festival (Ledbury).

BUCHAREST

Some places are so small
they'd fit on the tip of a finger.
I try to point at where everything was
but I can barely remember.

Among the rubble of forgetting stands
my grandfather's bookcase and that Sunday afternoon
when we read the atlas together, his finger
resting on the capital of Romania.

'A smashing bunch of slags' they had, he said
and I thought a slag was some sort of Eiffel Tower
and resented him for never bringing me back a miniature version.
Later I learned that borders and grandfathers are relative.

ŠARLOT VAN DEN BROK (1991)

Šarlot Van den Brok (1991) studirala je engleski i nemački jezik, a trenutno pohađa kurs za *spoken word* i pozorišni performans na Kraljevskom konzervatorijumu u Antverpenu. 2015. godine objavila je prvu pesničku zbirku *Kameleon* za Arbeidespers izdavačku kuću u Amsterdamu. Zbirka je nagrađena Herman de Coninck nagradom za najbolji prvenac. 2017. joj izlazi druga zbirkica pod nazivom *Nachtroer*. Poeziju je objavljivala u različitim časopisima u Holandiji i Flandriji, a pesme su joj prevodene na nemački, engleski, arapski i španski. Pored pisanja poezije, bavi se i performansom i istražuje mogućnosti govorenja poezije i scenskim nastupom. Između ostalog nastupala je na Night of Poetry (Utrecht) kao i na otvaranju Sajma knjiga u Frankfurtu 2016. godine, zajedno sa Arnonom Grunbergom. Zajedno s Grunbergom piše i kolumnu za belgijske novine *De Standaard*. Očekuje je učešće na brojnim festivalima: Kosmopolis festival (Barselona), Poesiefestival (Berlin), Poetry on the Road (Bremen), Ledbury Poetry festival (Ledburi).



BUKUREŠT

Neka mesta su toliko mala
da staju u prstohvat.
Pokušavam da pokažem mesto gde se sve zbilo
ali ni sama više ne znam.

Među komadićima zaborava nalazi se polica s knjigama
mog dede i to nedeljno popodne
kada smo zajedno čitali atlas, njegov prst
na glavnom gradu Rumunije.

Tamo si mogao da nađeš „sjajne droljice”, govorio je
i sećam se da sam tada mislila da je kurva nešto kao Ajfelova kula
i da sam ga krivila jer mi nikad nije doneo
umanjenu verziju kurve.

Only that afternoon is marked in the atlas
by raised alphabet letters, as the afternoon
when I still saw in him the most perfect guide.

SISJÖN

A grandfather and child stand naked at the edge of the lake.
We decide that this is natural,
stare politely at our toes whilst stepping out of our clothes.

We force our cheeks into a smile.
One glance wipes away the innocence of my bathing suit.
This is how we glide into the water, impish.

We swim across the lake, breaststroke
feels strange without the contours of a swimming pool.
I talk about my mother's breasts floating on the water in the bath.
How they seemingly contradicted gravity.

We smoke ciggies on top of your sleeping bag, for me a first.
My gums feel like a dried apricot stone,
but I tell him it tastes all right.

In the morning the sun burns us out of our tent,
where we find the dead chick.
Whatever it was, it was defenceless.

VÄXJÖ

There's a lightness in the air that wrings.
We look like kids washed up in the corner
of the playroom, fists bawling on the mat,
screaming that their bodies are bursting at the seams.

At noon we stare into the sun with bulging chameleon eyes,
the world smudged in coarse grease pencil lines.

Kasnije se ispostavilo da su granice i dede relativan pojam
i da je samo to podne ostalo zabeleženo Brajevom azbukom
na stranicama atlasa, kao podne
kada sam u njemu još uvek videla vrhunskog vodiča.

SISJÖN

Kraj jezera stoje neki goli deda i neko dete.
Odlučujemo da je to u skladu s prirodom
i smerno gledamo svoje prste na nogama dok se skidamo.

Prisiljavamo obraze da postanu osmeh,
jednim pogledom nestaje nevinost mog kupaćeg kostima.
I tako skliznemo u vodu, nevaljalo.

Plivamo na drugu stranu obale, prsno
čudno je bez ivica bazena.
Pričam o grudima svoje majke, kako plutaju
na vodi u kadi i kako zapravo krše zakon gravitacije.

Na tvojoj vreći za spavanje pušimo pljuge, ja prvi put.
Desni su mi kao osušena semenka kajsije,
ali kažem da mi se dopada.

Ujutru nas vrelina sunca istera napolje,
našli smo mrtvo pile pored šatora.
Šta god da je to bilo, bilo je bespomoćno.

VÄXJÖ

Ovde vlada bestežinsko stanje koje se uvija.
Izgledamo kao deca umorna od igre u uglu
sobe, što svojim pesnicama po tepihu
vrište, toliko da im tela pucaju po šavovima.

U podne buljimo ispuštenim kameleonskim očima u sunce.
Svet je iscrtan grubim potezima kreonske bojice.

There's no noticeable difference between the hand and the table
just the transition of matter.

In the wavering image of magnified pixels
a girl's hair sways in long ponytails, hair
that isn't yet a trump card but a burden when she plays.
When she walks the tails swish like whips.

A lethargy weighs everything down:
more mass on top of the same surface area
causing things to tumble off somewhere
along the margins of the world.

There's a lightness here that wrings.
As if it's all just a marble alley
a way from up to down
until someone lifts us up again.

HVANNADALSHNÚKUR

Fingertips, suction pads, don't fall asleep now
if you don't fall asleep now we will talk now
we can talk, here, on top of these sheets
talk about the pale hills across the water,
the sods of grass where we sat
where we hadn't sat together yet, summers
we experienced separately, the lighter of our hair
and the longer of the days, here, on top of these sheets

make sure you don't break now, the scorpions in my bookcase
are travelling tonight, it's safe now, the heat
on the windows, the steam from your stories, it's almost
morning on top of these sheets, a final hour, here
in my languid loins, stay, talk a little now
in the languidness of my loins

about: bellybuttons, the silly season, talk a distant land in my ears
the branches on sturdy trees lining the sound of the words

Ne postoji vidljiva razlika između ruke i stola
osim prelaska materije.

U uvećanim kvadratićima igrajućih slika od piksela
vrti se kosa devojčice vezana u dugačak rep, kosa devojčice
koja još uvek nije adut već smetalo dok se igra,
a kada hoda rep joj vitla kao bić.

Otupelost gura sve na dole:
veća masa na jednakoj površini
čini da negde na ivicama sveta
stvari padaju preko ruba.

Ovde vlada bestežinsko stanje koje se uvija.
Kao da je sve samo spuštanje niz tobogan
put sa vrha do dna
sve dok nas neko opet ne podigne.

HVANNADALSHNÚKUR

Vrhovi prstiju, prilepcii, pre svega ne spavati sada
ako nećeš da spavaš sada, onda ćemo pričati sada
možemo da pričamo, ovde, na ovim čaršavima
o bledim brdima preko vode
o busenima trave na kojoj smo sedeli
na kojoj još uvek nismo zajedno sedeli, leta
koja smo odvojeno proveli, svetlijia od naše kose
i duža nego dani, ovde, na ovim čaršavima

pre svega ne poklekni sada, škorpioni u mojoj polici za knjige
noćas putuju, sada je bezbedno, vrućina
na prozorima, pāra po tvojim pričama, skoro je
jutro na ovim čaršavima još jedan poslednji sat, ovde
među mojim malaksalim preponama, ostani, još malo da pričamo
među malaksalim preponama moga tela

o: stomacima, bezbrižnim vremenima, dalekoj zemlji u mojim ušima
o granama robusnog drveća duž zvukova reči

here, fevered dreams, here, on top of these sheets knurs for hands
and bowls of thirst, white lilies in the living room, the walls
long-forgotten blueprints, the innocence of rain worms
in a child's mouth, we can talk here, on top of these sheets.

BULLS HEAD

Ever since I was born an enormous bulls head rages
in my mother's belly. It's on a rampage in her empty womb

creating scars in the fallow mother. Sometimes
she doesn't quite recognise me, which is troubling

because at one time I fitted inside her perfectly. Luckily,
according to the astronomical constellation of Cancer

I'm pleasure seeking, reliable and creative. She finds this consoling,
an article of faith connecting amniotic fluid to the universe.

Whenever we had chicory baked with gammon, I'd get the crust of
cheese.
All of it. Because I'd asked for it.

The love I know is dished up from a casserole,
the two extra helpings on a full plate
that second biscuit hidden in the yellow pud.
This is a typical feature of motherly conduct:

'Stuffing ones young'.
In exchange for the void I left in her, she wanted me full and round.

Then came the morning I announced the arrival of two small breasts.
The news broke her spirit for days.

Eventually she handed me a bra,
emblazoned with Hello Kitty.

ovde, o snovima pod temperaturom, ovde, na ovim čaršavima
čvorovi od ruku
i neutoljiva žeđ, o belim ljiljanima za dnevnu sobu, zidovima
zaboravljenih nacrta, nevinosti glista
u dečijim ustima, možemo da pričamo ovde, na ovim čaršavima.

GLAVA BIKA

Od mog rođenja u materici moje majke besni
ogromna glava bika. Juriša kroz njeno napušteno telo

i ostavlja ožiljke u presahloj majci, ponekad
ona ne zna baš najbolje ko sam ja, to je uznemiravajuće

jer nekad sam i ja cela mogla da stanem u nju, srećom
prema astronomskom sazvežđu Raka ja sam

hedonista, pouzdana i kreativna. Ona se drži ovoga
Kao božanskog dokaza za vezu između plodove vode i kosmosa.

Kada smo jeli cikoriju sa šunkom iz rerne, ja sam dobijala koricu od
sira.

Celu. Jer sam ja tako htela.

Ljubav sam spoznala preko šerpe,
uvek dve kutlače više preko punog tanjira

i još jedan keksić sakriven u žutom pudingu.
Ovo je često obeležje majčinskog ponašanja

„Klukanje mladunca”.

Zbog rupe koju sam u njoj ostavila, želeta je da budem sita i okrugla.

Jednog jutra nagovestila sam joj dolazak mladih dojki.
Danim je bila skrhkana zbog toga.

Na kraju sam dobila brus,
jedan sa Hello Kitty.

Deep inside her belly raged the snorting bulls head.
A void is emptiness only when nothing else will fit.
Gradually we fossilised into two separate creatures.
We can no longer tell

who became the insect and who
turned into amber.

THIRST

walked, kept on walking, foolishly away from the herd
walked relentlessly crashing into the piercing wish of afar
into mountains crashed into the ice caps
on the eyes of a lover, nothing budged

no one irons shirts anymore or the man underneath
and creases quickly turn to tears, rapidly tear a weeping wound
till it tumbles from the closet

is the subject underway to becoming the object incessantly it sinks
into its own edges without prospect, that this sinking will ever
transform it into a larger form

or origin and whatever our destination
is a coordination of attempts to occupy more space
yell out yourself on a backseat with your nails in the leather
of a back or a car seat

pained subject, or direct object or pinioned beast, you're lighter
than your cumbrous form would suggest

and you know people don't usually meet each other
that's how easily an insect snaps
between the boredom of two fingers

and we keep on breaking out
from each other's ribs, spinelessly dropping our paws
as if grabbed in the scruff by a larger opponent

Iz njenog stomaka tresnula je ričuća glava bika.
Rupa je samo praznina kada u nju nema više šta da stane.
Polako smo se fosilizovale kao dva odvojena bića.
Samo još nije sigurno

od koga je nastao insekt
a od koga ćilibar.

ŽEĐ

koračala je, neprestano koračala, mahnito grabila ispred krda
sebe da bi mučila koračala je ka glasnoj žudnji za daljinom
preko brda preko ledenih pokrivača
na očima voljenog, ništa se ne pomera

niko više ne pegla košulje ili čoveka ispod
nabori tako lako postanu pukotina, a pukotina brzo postane otvorena
rana

dok ne padne s police
da li je objekat zauzet postajanjem objekta, neprestano pomiče
sopstvene granice bez ikakvih izgleda, da li to pomicanje ikada
poprimi neki viši oblik

ili poreklo ili daje odgovor odakle potičemo
sastavni odnos je samo pokušaj da se zauzme više mesta
da možeš da krikneš na zadnjem sedištu
noktiju urezanih u kožu leđa ili sedišta automobila

trpno biće, ili objekat ili privezana zver, lakši si
nego što to tvoja nezgrapna forma pokazuje

i znaš da se ljudi uglavnom ne susreću
tako lako krcne insekt
u dosadi između dva prsta

i izbijamo
jedni drugima iz rebara, šape nam bezvoljno vise
kao da nas je za vrat ščepala neka jača zverka

distance turns out to be the test card on TV, you, enslaved
in the taste of how he remembers your mouth
without cracks or promises or lipstick, blood oranges

you remember before the rustling the printed letters exclaiming you
but what voice still remembers your name this loud, this urgently
and how long will it endure, this upflare

of all that which already falteringly
and scarcely reaches the surface

how breath under strain can continue to gasp under the skin
won't go through the mouth, bulges into a vacuous space inside
where you can think that nothing removes itself

as long as your skin refutes the opposite not blue
you're not transparent, you'll stifle
what used to dry in yellow rings on the lampshade at home

you'll sit there
forcing yourself from the inside out in splinters

you count the ribs and the stamens no longer on them
nobody breaks out of you

in the front room the gutted lot piles up into an elephant graveyard
where you wait among the bones and prams
you wait for a dead man, you know him of by heart

constant thirst, a shammy in the mouth, self-preservation
starts with wrists knotted around wrists
you wring yourself in the other, which shelters

until men in orange overalls digging up water pipes
they're gigantic umbilical cords
in search of the pit
which you know is in your stomach

ever since your mother thirteen slid down the drainpipe away
from the cafe with the pietjesbak* and the he-goat drunk
on a leash in the market, slid away
from the esquire at the bar, just back from Thailand

čini se da je daljina samo isprobavanje slike na televiziji, ti zarobljena
u ukusu po kojem on pamti tvoja usta
bez otvora ili obećanja ili karmina, krvava pomorandža

sećaš se pre šuštanja odštampanih slova koja te dozivaju,
pitanje je čijem glasu je tvoje ime ovako dobro poznato, tako
prodorno
i koliko dugo će izdržati, buđenje
onoga što je već isprekidano
i jedva da dopire do površine

kao kada udisaj pod naporom ostane da dahće pod kožom
ne izbjije na usta, a unutra naraste vakuumski džep
u kome možeš da pomisliš da ništa ne nestaje

sve dok tvoja koža ne poplavi
nisi nevidljiva, davi te
ono što se ranije kod kuće sušilo u žutim krugovima lampe

sedиш tamo
primoravaš sebe da eksplodiraš iznutra ka spolja u komade
brojiš rebra a na njima nema više prašnika
niko ne izlazi iz tebe
skeleti se gomilaju dok se ne oformi groblje slonova u dnevnoj sobi
u kojoj čekaš okružena kostima i dečjim kolicima
čekaš jednog mrtvaca, a sve o njemu već znaš napamet

neutoljiva žed, krpa od jelenske kože u ustima, samoočuvanje
počinje sa zglobovima vezanim u čvor oko zglobova
sklupčala si se u drugome, koji te štiti

dok ljudi u narandžastim uniformama ne iskopaju vodovodne cevi
te gigantske pupčane vrpce
u potrazi za košticom
za koju znaš da se nalazi u tvom stomaku

otkako je tvoja majka imala trinaest godina i iskliznula niz odvodnicu
dalje od kafea u kom se nalazio kartaški sto i jedan pijani jarac
na lancu s trga, iskliznula iz prstiju tog laskavca na povocu
- koji ceo život evo tek što se vratio s Tajlanda

his entire life he says that you have beautiful slit-eyes
already on your chest mosquito bites
in the mirror stands your opposite side, somewhat timid nipples
written on your knickers in printed letters m o n d a y
how cheerless thus far: every attempt that turns into a sequence
in spite of the intentions of an animal species
that has relinquished propagating
not necessarily lonely, but delivered
to an instinct that has forgotten its compulsiveness

this is how you were taught:
in battle mourn only for the fallen horses
“there’s enough weeping for the human dead”

and: you have a soul
with the exact same shape as your body
its contours a little smaller, so it can slide under the skin
keep the organs together in an amniotic sac
when you need to cry violently

and: the alikeness of men
of a certain age is that they all start bicycle racing
including your father, for whom you modelled

a small statue of Osama bin Laden from clay as a child
he liked it and didn’t think it offensive

kept it on the side table, only later you learn what an idol
can do to a front room
from which a man wants to cycle away every Sunday

and that’s okay
absence is another kind of attachment

so you walked, kept on
and naked with your thirst and your rejection
you would never reach the mountain
not the jagged ice caps, the blue panting

already pressing under your skin, ceaselessly you walk
without having moved, sit

i koji kaže da imaš lepe očne duplje, na tvojim grudima već ugrizi komaraca

u ogledalu je twoja suprotnost, nešto stidljivije bradavice
a na tvojim gaćicama piše odštampanim slovima m o n d a y

i tako si naučena:

svaki pokušaj razvije se u seriju događaja, zahvaljujući odluci jedne životinjske vrste koja je odustala od razmnožavanja ne nužno usamljena, nego prepustena instinktu da je njen nagon zaboravljen

osim toga: u bitkama retko ko tuguje za palim konjima
jer za ljudima se „već dovoljno nariče“

osim toga: twoja duša ima identičan oblik kao tvoje telo
zapreminu nešto manju kako bi mogla da ti se sklupča ispod kože amnionski omotač drži organe spojene
ako baš moraš da ridaš

osim toga: zajednička je osobina svih muškaraca određene dobi
da na kraju počnu voziti bickl
čak i tvoj otac za koga si kao dete od gline
pravila skulpturicu Osame bin Ladena

dopadala mu se i nije je smatrao uvredljivom, držao ju je
na sporednom stočiću, tek kasnije naučiš šta idol
može da napravi od jedne dnevne sobe
iz koje nedeljom čovek želi da otpedla

ali to je nebitno,
i odsustvo je jedna vrsta odnosa

dakle koračala si, neprekidno
i to gola i bosa, žedna i odbijena

nikad se nećeš dokopati tog brda
ni surovih ledenih pokrivača, plavo dahtanje
već pulsira pod tvojom kožom, neprestano koračaš

mirujući, sediš tamo

all polished up with a towel
and clenched between congeners

between the open lips, which no longer your name
and therefore no mouth
but weld a wound.

* *pietjesbak* is a Belgian board game

Translated from Dutch by Astrid Alben

okupana i očešljana s peškirom
i omčom među svojim istomišljenicima

između razmagnutih usana koje više ne mogu ni tvoje ime
samim tim ni usta
već samo rana mogu da postanu.

S holandskog prevela Nevena Ilić

NAPOMENA / NOTE

Ova sveska časopisa za književnost Treći Trg tematski je posvećena sedmom Beogradskom festivalu poezije i knjige koji je održan od 11. do 15. maja 2017. u Beogradu, Pančevu i Čačku. Festival je održan pod sloganom „Izvan svakog zla” po stihu srpskog pesnika Vladislava Petkovića Disa (1880–1917).

This issue of the literary magazine Treći Trg is dedicated to the 11th Belgrade Poetry and Book Festival, held from 11th till 15th of May 2017 in Belgrade, Pančevo and Čačak. The Festival slogan was “Beyond All Evil”, a verse by Serbian poet Vladislav Petković Dis (1880–1917).

Učesnici (pesnici, prevodioci, krtičari, umetnici) / Participants (poets, translators, critics, artists):

Yiorgos Christodoulides (Cyprus), Tomislav Marinković, Biserka Rajčić (Serbia), Małgorzata Lebda (Poljska), Ružica Cvetković Pfeifer (Serbia/Germany), Andrea Grill, Sonja Harter, Judith Nika Pfeifer (Austria), Aurélia Lassaque (France), Yolanda Castaño (Spain), Goran Čolakhodžić (Croatia), Charlotte Van den Broeck (Belgium), Arvis Viguls (Latvia), Srđan Gagić (Bosnia and Herzegovina/Serbia), Robert Simonišek (Slovenia), Nikolina Andova Shopova, Ivan Shopov (Macedonia), Josep Pedrals (Spain), Patrik Kovalski, Milan Dobričić, Đorđe Trišović, Aleksandra Milanović, Zlata Kocić, Stevan Tatalović, Goran Stamenić, Tamara Krstić, Maša Seničić, Viktor Radonjić, Milica Milosavljević, Daniel Kovač (Serbia), Marija Dragnić (Montenegro), Natalija Jovanović, Ognjen Obradović, Anja Marković, Bojan Marković, Jana Aleksić, Jasmina Topić, Gordana Smuđa, Dajana Vasojević, Milena Ilić, Vesna Stamenković, Novica Petrović, Sanja Milić (Serbia), Pau Bori (Spain/Serbia), Višnja Baletić, Nevena Ilić, Milomir Gavrilović, Jelena Ivanišević, Ikonija Dabižljević, Maša Đuričić, Maja Ćuk, Sonja Žugić, Dragana Nikolić, Romana Bošković, Jelena Jovčić, Aleksandra Zdravković, Snežana Krejić, Biljana Popović, Maja Jovanović, Tijana Titin, Maša Milenković, Marija Gužvica, Aleksandra Petković (TKV), Dina Radoman, Slobodan Ivanović, Ana Miković, Stefan Kostadinović, Nikola Andrejić, Marija Družijanić, Marko Luković, Matija Andđelković (Serbia)...

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Art direktor / Art director: Dragana Nikolić

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Izvan svakog zla / Beyond All Evil : Street art by TKV
(Filološka gimnazija, photo by Vladimir Opsenica)



Otvaranje festivala / Festival opening
(Biblioteka grada Beograda, photo by Sonja Žugić)



Izložba Metonimije / Exhibition Metonymy
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Poezija&Sport / Poetry&Sport
(Ada Ciganlija, photo by Vladimir Opsenica)



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Zatvaranje festivala / Closing Ceremony
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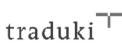
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