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Trgni se!
Poezija!
beogradski
festival
poezije

02

Lišće opada,

horizonti se šire.

*

* Stih Raše Livade

Design by Igor Oršolić & Jovana Timotijević

RAŠA LIVADA (1948–2007) objavio je knjige pesama: *Poprskan znojem kazaljki* (1969), *Atlantida* (1972), *Karantin* (1977) i *Pesme* (2006). U srpsku poeziju ušao je kao pesnik prekretničke, kritičke poezije (P. Palavestra), intelektualne poezije (S. Lukić), urbanog pesničkog izraza (P. Džadžić). Objavio je i antologiju „apokaliptične poezije“ *Svetaska poezija danas* (časopis *Gradac*, 1981), koja je, zajedno sa njegovim pesničkim zbirkama, izvršila znatan uticaj na potonje generacije srpskih pesnika. Proširena i dopunjena, ova antologija je objavljena u dva toma u izdanju *Prosvete* (1983) pod naslovom *Moderno svetsko pesništvo*. Prevodio je poeziju Roberta Greysva, T. S. Eliota, Huana Himenesa, Jehude Amihaja i V. S. Mervina. Godine 1985. osnovao je Književno društvo *Pismo*, pokrenuo istoimeni tromesečnik za savremenu svetsku književnost, a u saradnji sa Maticom srpskom iz Novog Sada uređivao i istoimenu biblioteku. U krilu ovog književnog društva osnovano je još nekoliko književnih časopisa (*Ruski almanah*, *Istočnik*, *Erazmo*, *Mezuza*, *Šekspir & CO*). Osamdesetih godina bio je potpredsednik Srpskog PEN-a, predsednik Beogradske sekcije Udruženja književnika Srbije i prvi predsednik Odbora za zaštitu umetničkih sloboda. Bio je jedan od osnivača Srpskog književnog društva (2000). Pesme su mu prevodene na preko dvadeset jezika, a za svoj književni, prevodilački i urednički rad dobio je niz nagrada, među kojima *Brankovu nagradu*, Nagradu *Milan Rakić*, Nagradu *Jeremija Živanović*, *Zlatni beočug* za trajni doprinos kulturi Beograda i dr.

NEZNANAC

1. Ko je pekao zanat-pamćenja:
I ostao zaboravljen?
2. Ko je osnovao domovinu i zakon:
I osuđen-na-domovinu po zakonu?
3. Ko je izradio slova i jezike:
I čuo psovke i pokore?
4. Ko je u vladarima spoznao *Milost*:
A oni u njemu bitangu?
5. Ko ne misli na omču oko vrata:
Ako se pojavi kometa?
6. Ko je uzdigao-žene toliko visoko:
Da ne mogu da siđu?
7. Ko je hitnuo svaki kamen u zvezde:
I ostao bez-krova-nad-glavom?
8. Ko je podmetao-požare u tuđa srca:
I postao led?
9. Ko je izmislio lice-*Gospodnje*:
A presvisne kad ga vidi?
10. Ko je posrkao svu mesečinu-s-*Dunava*:
I ostao žedan?

RAŠA LIVADA (1948–2007), published the collections of poetry: *Sprinkled by the Sweat of Clock Hands* (1969), *Atlantis* (1972), *Quarantine* (1977), *Poems* (2006). He appeared on the Serbian poetic scene as an author of revolutionary poetry of criticism (P. Palavestra), intellectual poetry (S. Lukić), and urban poetic expression (P. Džadžić). He also published an anthology of apocalyptic poetry *World poetry today* (*Gradac* magazine, 1981) which, together with his poetry collections, greatly influenced the later generations of Serbian poets. A supplemented edition of this

anthology has been published in two tomes by *Prosveta* (1983) titled *Modern World Poetry*. He translated Robert Graves, T.S. Eliot, Juan Jimenez, Yehuda Amichai, and W. S. Merwin. In 1985, he founded the *Pismo* literary society and started publishing its literary magazine, and in cooperation with the library of Novi Sad he edited a library that bore the same name. He founded several other literary magazines (*Ruski almanah*, *Istočnik*, *Erazmo*, *Mezuza*, *Šekspir & CO*). In the eighties, he was the vice president of Serbian PEN, the president of Belgrade section of Serbian writers' society and first president of the Council for protection of art liberties. He was one of the founders of Serbian literary society (2000). His poems were translated into more than twenty languages, and for his work as a poet, translator and editor, he received numerous prestigious awards, among others, *Branko's award*, the award *Milan Rakić*, *Jeremija Živanović award*, *Zlatni beočug* for permanent contribution to the Belgrade culture, etc.

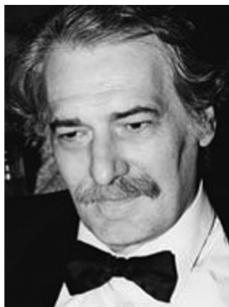


Photo by Mario Bralić

STRANGER

1. Who perfected the memory-craft:
And remained forgotten?
2. Who founded the state and the law:
And was sentenced-to-the-state by the law?
3. Who wept letters and languages:
And got curses and reproach?
4. Who recognized the Grace in rulers:
And they in him a vagabond?
5. Who does not think of neck-in-noose:
If a comet stabs the skies?
6. Who placed women on pedestals:
So high they cannot climb down?
7. Who hurled the stones up at the stars:
And was left with-no-roof-overhead?
8. Who set others' hearts ablaze:
And himself then turned to ice?
9. Who conceived The-Face-Of-God:
And breaks down if he looks upon it?
10. Who lapped up all the Danube-Moonlight:
And was still left thirsty?

IZ ASIZIJA

Ti dečaci na konjima i lađama
(*A šestorica, priča se, i peške.*)
Tražiše Asizi,
Po ovim varvarskim krajinama:
Gde je i Ovidije
Kukao za novcem i starom slavom.

Ribari im prostreše mreže,
Umesto stolnjaka,
Ponudiše smuđa, vino, crni hleb,
I jedan ređi vетар,
Od koga bujaju kose i san:
Što se zari u njihova srca,
Ko čamac u mulj.

U zoru su razgaljeni čavrljali
Kako jedni drugima iskrisavaše
U snu,
A jedan reče:
Usnuo sam debeli-biserni-krst
Kako stasa iz ustiju,
I lomi mi zube:
Još osećam srh-pod-jezikom.

Palo je neko zezanje,
Al štovaše znak.

Domaćine je zabavljao
Taj ljudski govor o zumbulima i suncu,
I prostim haljinama:
I primiše ih.
A s jednim (*U malo-da-zaboravim.*)
Koji je tvrdio za njihovo vino
Da je ukusno kao krv Boga:
Bratimili se.

Toliko:
Što se pesništva tiče.
Knjige pak pišu o tome što sledi:
Vešanja, pokrštavanja,
Podmetanja nogu i požara,
Ekspanzije trgovine i vojnih doktrina,
(*Samim tim i umetnosti.*)
Kako to već biva,
Kad deca krčme očevinu.

FROM ASSISI

Those boys on horses and ships
(*And six of them, they say, even on foot.*)
Looked for Assisi,
Across these barbarian regions.
Where even Ovid
Cried for money and old glory.

The anglers spread the nets,
Instead of a tablecloth,
And offered perch, wine, black bread,
And one strange wind,
From which the hair and dreams grow faster:
That plunged into their hearts,
Like a boat into the mud.

At dawn, relaxed, they chattered
Of how in each other's dreams
They appeared,
And one said:
*I dreamed about a thick-pearl-cross
As it grew from my mouth,
And broke my teeth:
I still feel pins-and-needles-under-my-tongue.*

They started shooting shit,
But they revered the signs.

The hosts were entertained
By their small talk about flowers and the sun,
And plain clothes:
And they were accepted.
And with the one (*I-almost-forgot.*)
Who claimed that their wine
Was as tasty as God's blood:
They bonded as brothers.

And that's it:
As far as poetry is concerned.
Books, however, write of what ensued:
Hangings and conversions
The tricking and the arson,
The expansion of commerce and military doctrines.
(*And of art as well.*)
As ever,
When children waste their patrimony.

Ja opet vidim
Samo jutarnje babe,
Što s cegerima špeceraja
Ophode taj sveti,
Usnama oribani kamen,
Brzo progundaju:

Živo dete...

Slava...

Pare...

Moć...

I odu kući.

A Livada kaže:

Predugačka proviđenja zamute pogled.

And again I see
Only morning hags,
With full shopping bags
Visiting that holy stone,
Scrubbed clean by countless lips,
And quickly grumble:

Living child...

Glory...

Money...

Power...

And they go home.

And Livada says:

Long providences obscure the view.

FILIPKA GORDIH

Pre nego što ispijemo sve otrove, i obesimo se: U *Gradskom parku*, još ovo da ti kažem pa da nas nema, pa da nas kao oblutke prostranog svetla, zavitlaju niz reku, da potonemo sporo, ko kap krvave žive, niz ono rebro, nazvano mnogim imenima, u mulj: Da budemo sedefno uvo, tvrdo uvo na sve što će se zbiti.

Još samo ovo o budžaku-nad-budžacima, gde pesma gnjili, i neimar cvili; gde svirep je narod, mutan liman, nebo nisko, zvezde na ušu uđu, na nos izdišu, a u bunare kad meteor padne: Izvade kost i čupove.

Još samo ovo o precima, što se hvale potomcima, da je svuda mnogi prošao i kule zidao: A ko je, a šta je ostalo? Deset crkvi, znak lojalnosti pobožnim ambasadorima, gomila pustih kuća bez svrhe i namene, banke, teleksi, i stotine preobraženih glasova u laveže koji skitaju i laju u oluke: Poštujući, i prizivajući, a ne znajući ni koga, ni šta.

I čude se onima što silaze s planina, danas kada cvetaju gladi i umetnosti, čude se onim poslednjima, što niz planinčine silaze, menjajući međusobno košulje, ruzmarin, poljpece i sir, kada se sretnu, i kažu: *Taj običaj je star. To je stari običaj.*

Pa ko su onda naša braća i sinovi, i ko smo svi mi, ovde, u lovnu na sadašnjost? Skupa: Samo da otimamo novce jedni od drugih, ugalj, žuč, grobnice: Ko su naša braća i sinovi, od ovih ovde, okupljenih oko teleksa, koji godinama ne otkucava, ni jednu vest, već samo prazno zvrij, kao lafet, s kog su upravo odneli mrtvaca.

A Livada kaže:

Teže je sazdati srušene hromine,
nego novu kuću.

I kaže:

Pomeri nogu, lek je pod cipelom.

A PHILIPPIC OF THE PROUD

Before we drink all poisons, and hang ourselves: In *The Town Park*, let me tell you only this much more and then we'll disappear, be hurled down the river like round pebbles of vast light, so that we sink slowly, like a drop of bloody mercury, down that rib, which carries many names, into the mud: To be an ear made of mother-of-pearl, deaf for all that will come to pass.

Only this much more about this godforsaken place, where poems rot, and builders moan, where people are cruel, a muddy current, the skies low, stars come in through the ears, and out of the nose, and when a meteor falls into the well, they take out bones and jugs.

Just this much more about ancestors who boast of their descendants, that many had passed through here, raising their forts: And who, and what is left? Ten churches, a sign of loyalty to pious ambassadors, lots of empty houses with no aim or purpose, banks, telex, and hundreds of voices transformed into barks that roam and whine in the gutters: Respecting and invoking, knowing neither whom nor what.

And they wonder at those coming down the mountains, today when hunger and arts flourish, they wonder at the last ones, coming down from the mountains, exchanging shirts, rosemary, kisses and cheese, when they meet and say: *That custom is old. That is an old custom.*

And who are then our brothers and sons, and who are we all, here, chasing the present? Together: Just to snatch money from one another, the coal, the bile, the tombs: Who are our brothers and sons, among those gathered here, around the telex which hadn't sent a single information in years, and just gapes, empty, like a hearse from which the corpse has just been taken.

And Livada says:

It's harder to build the ruins,
than a new house.

And he says:

Move your foot, the cure is under your shoe.

Translated by Vesna Stamenković

ALEKSANDRA PETROVA rođena je 1964. u Lenjingradu. Pohađala je Univerzitet u Tartuu, od 1993. do 1998. živela je u Jerusalimu, a od 1998. živi u Rimu. Objavljivala je stihove i eseje u časopisima: *Mitin žurnal* (Митин журнал), *Kontinent* (Континент), *Znamja* (Знамя), *Zerkalo* (Зеркало), *Vozduh* (Воздух). Zbirke: *Linija otidanja* (Линия отрыва, 1994), *Stalni boravak* (Будь на жительство 2000) i *Samo drveće* (Только деревья, 2008). U prevodu na italijanski objavljeni su zbornik *Altri Fuochi* (2005) i filozofska opereta *Pastiri Doli* (Пастухи долли, 2003).

Pastiru stvari,
nisi li ti umeo da vidiš
lice stvari skrivenih?
A šta je sad?
Horizontalno plačeš.
Tetki tišini rastu brćine tame,
a na vrata viri dečak
ne baš preterane lepote.

Sve se sad raštrkalo,
ne odaziva se na imena,
i ne da se skupiti frulom pastirskom.

Slušaj, Sašice, iskušeniče,
nije li bolje razjedinjenim stvarima
dati sebe na pašu, ko što
pre si napasao
ih sam?

Misliš, naslonio se nasumice
a ispade – granica.

Škola logike je raspuštena pre likovih pletenica:
eno gde plivaju u vodi, da pukneš od smeha.

Pejzaž u daljini neumoljivo raste u susret,
i ulazi u tebe pljoštimice.

Oprosti, ako ti više ne odgovorim,
nemam reči. Samo drveće u meni šušti.

Photo by Pino Settanni



ALEKSANDRA PETROVA was born in 1964 in Leningrad. She studied at the University in Tartu. From 1993 to 1998, she lived in Jerusalem, and since 1998, she has been living in Rome. She has published verses and essays in magazines *Mita's Journal*, *Continent*, *Omens*, *Mirror*, *Air*. She has published poetry collections *Break Line* (1994), *Permanent Residence* (2000) and *Only The Trees*, as well as the Italian translation of the collection *Altri Fuochi* (2005) and philosophic operetta *Shepherds of the Valley* (2003).

Shepherd of all things,
Wasn't it you who could see
The faces of hidden things?
Now what?
You lie flat out, all in tears.
Auntie silence grows her monster mustache of darkness,
and a boy peeks in at the door,
not overly pretty.

Now all is scattered,
nothing answers to its name
and a shepherd's flute will not gather this flock.

Listen, Sashenka, novice,
Isn't it better to let these scattered things
guard themselves at pasture, much as you
once cared for them yourself?

You think you've leaned against just anything,
but it turns out to be a boundary marker.

The school of logic has dissolved before the braids:
they are floating in the water, ridiculously so.

The landscape implacably grows out to meet you,
entering you flat-out.

Forgive me, if I answer you no more.

I've no words left. Only the trees rustle within me.

Po tajanstvenom ostrvu lutam.
Slučajno me izbacilo četiri,
pet, šest, ne sećam se više, godina.

Prevodim ih putem rečnika,
al' kosti slova osipaju se u pesak,
i drobe u neuvhvatljivost saturnovog sloga.

Bore će izrezbariti tuđe sunce,
i nećeš poznati ko je usred vode,
gde se tamno ženomuškarčevo lice
mreška, rasplinjujući se u nigde.

Izgubila sam se u sred godina,
sred drevnih reči od krljušti i krila
sred lingvoklonova i himera.

I samo udaljeni glas slovobrata
u šumi kosih zraka
će mi otškrinuti vrata.

Zamrsivši se u granama, tako lagano, po zvučnoj karti,
– jato slobodnih ptica – probiće se prema meni prve reči,
i one, što je urezao u klupu dečak
i zaključao u povređeni oval.

Zimovište moje, vabilište,
stajalište, strelište,
trava visoka, nikad košena,
senka šuma, ko ona pod očima, –
neubrojana, neispitana.

Zavelo me ovamo, izbacilo, tibrom rastrglo
bacilo na kaldrmu
masnicama i ranama rastigrilo.

Ne polažeš gradivo, bivšim rečima tečeš, nego si – gradina.

Trubači napred, diž' se, ustaj vojščurdo neznana,

da se raspeš gipsom posle, prekrivajući pute i pasište.

Ležište moje, Italijo, i groblište.

I wander around an enchanted island.
Fate dropped me down here four, five,
perhaps six years ago, I can't recall.

I translate with a dictionary,
but the bones of letters dissolve into the sand,
dribbling out in elusive, Saturnian style.

The foreign sun carves out my wrinkles,
And you'll never know who floats in the water,
where the dark face of a man-woman
ripples and disperses into nothingness.

I got lost in amidst the years,
Amidst ancient words of scales and wings,
amidst language clones and chimeras.

Only the distant voice of a brotherword
in the forest of slanted rays
will open the door for me.

Caught in the branches, so slowly, on the sound-map,
– the flock of unfettered birds – the first words will break through to me,
as well as those a boy once carved on the school-desk
and enclosed in an arrow-pierced oval shape.

Translations of Stephanie Sandler

My place of wintering, of breeding
standing, shooting
high grass, unmown
the shade of woods, circles under eyes –
unrecognized, unquestioned.

Swept here, grounded, swiped
hurled on the cobbles
tigered, bruised, slashed

No more answering by rote, no set speeches, – the limit.

Trumpeters ahead: get up, rise into the nameless horde,
then to crumble, like plaster, on roads and pasture.

My nesting place, Italy, my resting place.

Translated by Lena Lencek

Metro Mekdonald

U šest ujutru su se gurali u vagone
pospanošću ranjeni na smrt:
Afrikanci, Kinezi, Albanci,
Ukrajinci. Koga nisi nabrojao?

Ljuljajući se u ritmu, čitali u novinama
o ubijstvima, o smrti bez ukrama,
i po sloganima ponavljali:
iz-bo-ri, nafta, gas.

Ulazili cigani sa harmonikom
i igrali do ludila
sa ispruženim dlanom i papirnom čašom
štrokavi klinac je pare prosio.

A kad su iskočili iz tunela
jagodice i čela
je izlepila na licima
svetlosti krema

Od zraka-trozupca
paleći žar-pticu –
na čaši
purpurnog eM

Prevela s ruskog Mirjana Petrović

McMetro

At six in the morning, the fatally wounded by sleep crowded into the subway car:
Africans, Chinese, Albanians,
Ukrainians. Anyone left out?

Rocking to the rhythm of the train, they read
the news of murders, of unembellished deaths.
Sounding out the syllables, they repeated
the words: e-lec-tions, oil and gas.

Some gypsies got on, playing the accordion,
and started up a wild dance.
Holding out a paper cup,
a grubby boy was begging for gold.

Emerging from the tunnel,
liquid make-up carved out
cheekbones and foreheads
from the faces made of light,

and the ray of a trident
set the firebird ablaze –
forming, on the paper cup,
a vivid magenta M.

Translated by Stephanie Sandler

Design by Igor Oršolić & Jovana Timotijević

* Stih Raše Livade

**Ako si od dana: Idi u dan;
ako si od noći: Idi u noć.** *

7 - 13/09/008



EVA ZONENBERG rođena je 1967. u Zombkovicama u Šleskoj. Živela je dugo u Vroclavu, gde je završila Mužičku akademiju i nastupala kao pijanistkinja. Studirala je i književnost. Sada u Krakovu završava studije filozofije i predaje kreativno pisanje. Već za prvu zbirku pesama dobila je 1995. prestižnu nagradu *Georg Trakl*. Na originalan način kombinuje poeziju s muzikom. Veoma je prevođena. Na sve evropske jezike. Na srpskom je u obimnijim izborima objavljivana u *ProFemini*, *Književnom magazinu*, *Književnom listu* i *Slovesima*. Posebno je prisutna u Nemačkoj, u antologijama i pojedinačnim zbirkama. Objavila je sledeće pesničke zbirke: *Hazard* (1995), *Zemlja hiljadu notesa/Ispovesti Lindzi Kempa* (1997), *Planeta* (1997), *Povodac* (2000), *Bukteći tramvaj* (2001), *Čas ushićenja* (2005).

UNUTRAŠNJI MANIFEST I

Ja sam neko lošiji uvećan do razmera čoveka
urađen bilo kako bilo gde slučajan proizvod nečijeg kaprica
nikom ništa nisam dužna sama biram majku oca
oni su prijatelji ljubavnici hrane se vlastitim mlekom znojem
ne dugujem lepom dobru razumu
na lutriji sam izvukla bogatstvo za neprijatelje mi plaćamo besmrtnošću

ne moram da pijem alkohol da bih govorila istinu u boji utrobe
ne moram da se klanjam posle svake reči stih: kiselo krmivo
za narod odgajan na televiziji i svedočanstvima
moje jedro jezika ispoljavaju na pučinu nisu mi potrebna
opravdanja kućnih prijatelja lekara duha sama ču napisati:
mogla sam pristojno da sviram Šopena u ugлу daleko od mirisa
sirovog mesa i nikada da ga ne jedem i ne nazivam „granica granica“

Dobro je biti na ivici
tada se sve može



Photo by Jacek Śliwczynski

EWA SONNENBERG was born in 1967 in Ząbkowice in Silesia. For a long time she lived in Wrocław, where she finished the Music Academy and performed as a pianist. She also studied literature. She is currently finishing her studies of philosophy and teaching creative writing in Krakow. For her very first collection of poems, she received the prestigious award *Georg Trakl* in 1995. In a very

original fashion, she combines poetry and music. Her poems have been translated to all European languages. In Serbian, she has been published in *ProFemina*, *Književni magazin*, *Književni list* and *Slavesi*. She has published the following collections of poems: *Hazard* (1995), *The Land of a Thousand Notebooks/The Confessions of Lindsey Kemp* (1997), *Planet* (1997), *Leash* (2000), *The Burning Streetcar* (2001), and *The Hour of Delight* (2005).

INTERNAL MANIFESTO I

My self is someone else blown-up to life size
made wherever and however, a fluke of someone's whim
I owe nothing to anybody I choose my own mother and father
they are my friends and lovers they feed me with their own milk and sweat
I owe no debt to beauty kindness reason
I've won fortune's lottery they pay me eternity for my enemies

I don't have to drink to speak the gut-colored truth
I don't curtsey after each word my verses: sour fodder
for the folk raised on TV and fun fairs
my tongue sails the open sea I don't need
excuses from friends family soul doctors I will write by myself:
I could have played Chopin politely in the corner away from the smell
of raw meat never eating it never calling it "the border of borders"

It's good to be on the edge
one can do anything.

KAD BUDEM VELIKA I JAKA

kao pola muškarca i pola heroja
čak ču oprati čarape
biće kao u bajci
povešću te sa sobom pokazaću ti svoje mišiće
velike pripitomljene tigrove i krokodile
osvojene narode novine televizije
nikakvih bonbona nikakvih stihova
siv ispučali zid svakih osam sati na prazan stomak
prestaću da pišem zaboraviću na sve
posebno na ludilo prestaću s naoružavanjem
neće biti preloma revolucija iz tehničkih razloga
s površine zemlje nestaće znak pobune
aklimatizovaću se na letnju temperaturu
prestaću da upražnjavam ljubav s golom istinom poslaču je
tamo gde raste paprika usporiću nadvremenskost
u korist krmenadli i bračnih noći
biće kao u bajci
naučiću bezbolno da izvlačim žaoku
bez sporednih posledića: prošnje i umetnosti
bezvredan *exegi monumentum*
nikada neću izgubiti čak kada
niko po meni ne pozna
promeniću temu razgovora neću izaći
sačekajući da se interesujem za nežnost
prepustiću se talasu izdržaću
ljudski smrad navići ču se zavoleću
pobediću

ROĐENDANSKA PESMA

Udalji se od mene podjednako u svim pravcima
„Uvek“ u životu odbaci koliko možeš
Toga dana lakša za godinu dana ispusti ga iz ruke

Sudbinski prepusti svako „nikad“
Kraj tih vrata postaću vlastita vrata
Kroz ta vrata izlaziću svakodnevno

Prevela s poljskog Biserka Rajčić

AND WHEN I'M BIG AND STRONG

like half a man and half a hero
I'll even wash your socks
and it will be like in a fairy tale
I'll take you with me and show you my muscles
huge tigers and crocodiles - all domesticated
the conquered nations newspapers televisions
no candy no little poems
just a cracked gray wall every eight hours on an empty stomach
I'll stop writing I'll forget everything
especially madness I'll stop the armament race
there will be no revolution due to technical reasons
all signs of dissent will disappear from the face of the earth
I'll adjust to mild temperatures
I'll stop making love to the naked truth I'll send it
to the great unknown I'll give up timelessness
for prime steaks and honeymoons
it will be like in a fairy tale
I'll learn to remove stings painlessly
and without side effects: without beggary and art
and worthless *exegi monumentum*
I'll never be defeated even if
nobody sees it
I'll change the subject I won't come out
I'll wait through the worst posing for a group picture
I won't care for tenderness
the wave will carry me I will endure
the human stench I'll get accustomed to I'll learn to like it
I will triumph

A BIRTHDAY POEM

Leave me for all the world's places, all equally distant
Abandon for as much "ever" as one can use in life
Let me out of your hands today a year lighter

Leave me to the threat of each "never"
By this door I will put my own door
This door is my everyday exit

Translated by Katarzyna Jakubiak

FARUK ŠEHĆIĆ rođen je 1970. u Bihaću. Odrastao u Bosanskoj Krupi. Bio je pripadnik Armije BiH (1992–1995). Piše poeziju, prozu, eseje, književne kritike. Reportaže i kolumnе objavljuje u magazinu *Start* (BiH). Tekstovi su mu prevođeni na engleski, francuski, italijanski, nemački, mađarski, slovenački, makedonski i poljski jezik. Do sada je objavio sledeće knjige i izdanja:

Pjesme u nastajanju, Sarajevo, 2000.

Hit depo, Sarajevo, 2003.

Pod pritiskom, Sarajevo-Zagreb, 2004.

Transsarajevo, Zagreb, 2006.

Transsarajevo, Beograd, 2007.

Hit depo, Pod pritiskom, Transsarajevo, Apokalipsa iz Recycle bina, Zagreb, 2007.

Hit depo, Pod pritiskom, Transsarajevo, Apokalipsa iz Recycle bina, Sarajevo, 2008.

Hit depo, Sarajevo, 2008.

Živi u Sarajevu.

PROLAZEĆI PORED MARKALA NA TRENUVAK ZASTAH

vidio sam anđela na pijaci
sjedio je na limenom krovu štanda
ispod njega u drvenim gajbama
složene su paprike, paradajz, mladi krompir
kupus, crveni luk i zelje
stopala su mu visila sa krova
njima je ovlaš dodirivao kosu prolaznika
jednom je kupcu skinuo šešir sa glave
puhao je lagan vjetar mijehajući mirise
svježeg voća, povrća, cvijeća & ribe
zavirivao je ljudima u face
odmjeravao je prodavače dok rade sa vagom
zurio u njihove natekle ispucale šake
rasplakao se ugledavši stariju ženu
kako kupi trulo povrće ispod štandova
počela je padati sitna kiša
niz latice ofarbane margarite
slijevala se bliqedoplava tinta
izgledala je kao kurva sa kilom šminke
kad joj poteku suze
anđeo je raširio krila i poletio u nebo
razmišljam, ako postoji poetska pravda
anđeo će zagrnut noću
iščupati srce prodavaču što zakida na vagi
međutim, ne vjerujem
jer anđeli uglavnom poziraju
i smrzavaju se goli na freskama.



FARUK SEHIĆ was born in Bihać, in 1970. He grew up in Bosanska Krupa. He was a member of the Bosnia and Herzegovina Army (1992–1995). He writes poetry, prose, essays and literary reviews. He publishes his stories and columns in the *Start* magazine in Bosnia and Herzegovina. His texts have been translated into English, French, Italian, German, Hungarian, Slovenian, Macedonian and Polish. So far, he has published the following books and editions: *Pjesme u nastajanju*, Sarajevo, 2000
Hit depo, Sarajevo, 2003

Pod pritiskom, Sarajevo–Zagreb, 2004

Transsarajevo, Zagreb, 2006

Transsarajevo, Belgrade, 2007

Hit depo, *Pod pritiskom*, *Transsarajevo*, *Apokalipsa iz Recycle Bina*, Zagreb 2007

Hit depo, *Pod pritiskom*, *Transsarajevo*, *Apokalipsa iz Recycle Bina*, Sarajevo 2008

Hit depo, Sarajevo, 2008

He lives in Sarajevo.

PASSING BY THE MARKALE I STOPPED FOR A MOMENT

I saw an angel at the market,
he was sitting on the tin roof of the stand
underneath him, in wooden crates
peppers, tomatoes, small potatoes,
cabbages, red onions and dock.
his feet hanging from the roof
were gently touching the hair of passers-by,
he removed the hat from a customer's head
a soft wind was blowing, mixing the scents
of fresh fruits, vegetables, flowers & fish
peeking into people's faces
checking out the sellers working with the scales
staring at their swollen, chapped hands
he started to cry, seeing an older woman
gathering rotten vegetables from under the stands.
then it started to rain.
raindrops washed away the ink
down the petals of a painted daisy.
it looked like a whore with a ton of makeup
when tears start rolling down her face
the angel spread his wings and took to the sky
and I thought: if there is any poetic justice
under the cover of the night, the angel will come
and rip the crooked seller's heart out for short-weighing.
however, I don't believe he would
because angels mainly pose
and freeze to death, naked in the frescoes.

IZBAVLJENJE

živim onkraj svih stvari
ne pripadam izmima, niti sam izašao ispod nečijeg šinjela
najviše mrzim književne večeri i festivale
tu osjećam svu tugu kako se nataloži u ljudima
sediment beskoristan, osim za umjetnost

živim onkraj svih stvari
pored Saturnovog prstena
na Rajskim otocima, u jantarnim kućama
prošli vijek učinio nas je prerano ostarjelima
stari smo već stotinu godina

živim onkraj svih stvari
učim od pauka i crvenog puža
proučavam nervaturu lista
trudim se biti prijatan i vedar
ali onaj unutrašnji otkucaj
daje sasvim drugi ritam
predskazanje odvratno i gorko
to suočavanje sa svijetom
pustopašnom ledinom
gdje bog jeca slegnutih ramena
i nema mjesta za život čovjeka
Krist je unosna konfekcijska lutka
a slavuji se peku na roštiljima McDonald'sa.

JA NISAM ČOVJEK IZ SARAJEVA

u Sarajevu
april je zaista najokrutniji mjesec
gdje se miješa fantastika i horor u retortama tijelâ
duhovi više u zraku, duhovi literarne šizofrenije
samo ih trebaš uzbrati, te tužne grozdove vasionâ
zašto ćeš plačati vlastitom krvljу
na Bistriku i Kovačima kuće su ograđene visokim zidovima
a ljudske duše otvorene ko kupole otomanskih džamija
zrak je britak kao mjesec mrtvih
u kafanskim pričama rat nikad ne završava
raspoređuju se divizije među pivskim flašama
priča se o Srbima, Muslimanima i Hrvatima
o krivcima i žrtvama
stoput utvrđena „istina“ mjerka se nanogramskom vagom
jer je epska naracija plod crvenih krvnih zrnaca
ako je Brazil zemlja sa najviše fudbalskih selektora na svijetu
ovdje stanuje najveći broj drvenih filozofa i mizantropa
uprkos svemu što me razara i nakrivo oblikuje
i dalje učestvujem u tvom paradoksalnom mitotvorenju
Sarajevo, nisi mi dalo ništa
izuzev svoju poeziju.

SALVATION

I live on the other side of all things,
I don't belong to isms, nor did I come out from under somebody's overcoat
most of all I hate book readings and literary festivals,
cause there I can feel all the sadness that settled in people,
sediment useless to all but art.

I live on the other side of all things
beside the Saturn's ring
at the Eden Isles, in the amber houses
last century made us prematurely old,
we have been old for a hundred years.

I live on the other side of all things
I learn from the spider and the red snail
I study the nerves of a leaf
and I strive to be kind and cheerful
but that inner beat
gives an entirely different rhythm
an omen both bitter and vile
confrontation with the world
that unbridled wasteland
where God sobs with his shoulders bowed,
and there's no room for the life of man,
Christ is a lucrative confection puppet,
and nightingales fry on barbecues at McDonald's

I'M NOT A MAN FROM SARAJEVO

in Sarajevo
april is truly the cruellest of months
where fantasy and horror mix in the retorts of bodies
spirits hang in the air, the spirits of literary schizophrenia
all you have to do is pick them, those sad fruits of the Universes,
why would you pay in your own blood?
at Bistrik and Kovači, the houses are surrounded with high walls
and human souls open like the domes of the Ottoman mosques,
the air is sharp like the Moon of the Dead
in the tavern stories, the war never ends
the divisions are placed among the beer bottles
while they talk of the Serbs, the Muslims and the Croats,
about the victims and the guilty ones
the "Truth", ascertained a hundred times over, is measured on a microscopic scale,
cause epic narration is the fruit of red blood cells,
if Brazil is the country with the greatest number of football selectors in the world,
this is where most fake philosophers and misanthropes dwell
in spite of everything that destroys and deforms me,
I still participate in your paradoxical peacemaking
Sarajevo, you gave me nothing
but your poetry.

Translated by Vesna Stamenković



JOZEF STRAKA, češki pesnik, rođen je 1972. u Jablonci na Nisi. Studirao je psihologiju na Karlovom univerzitetu u Pragu, na kome je osam godina radio u Institutu za psihologiju. Od 2006. radi kao bibliotekar u Gradskoj biblioteci u Pragu, a od 2004. do 2008. uređivao je časopis *Weles*. Svoje tekstove objavljivao je u časopisima *Tvar (Forma)*, *Host (Gost)*, *Weles*, *Pandora*, *Piž (Puž)*, *Vesnik Društva Franca Kafke*, *Almanah Vagon*, *Veronika* i u poljskim časopisima *Portret* i

Bohema (Boemija). Zastupljen je u *Antologiji češke poezije 1986–2006*, internet antologiji *Bacač krila (Vrh krídel)*, *Antologiji češkog radio fejltona 2002–2004*. Objavio je sledeće knjige: *... druga vremena* (1994), *Zašto* (1995), *Hotel Bristol* (2004), *Grad Mons* (2005), *Crkva u magli* (2008).

Zanimaju ga savremeno slikarstvo i vizuelne umetnosti. Jedan od njegovih omiljenih pesnika je Fernando Pessoa. Voli hotelske sobe i predan je šetač po predgrađima evropskih gradova.

IZ KNJIGE PESAMA CRKVA U MAGLI

U ULEGNUĆU VREMENA

Nigde ne pripadamo
dani koji iščezavaju pred našim očima
dani kada čutimo
kada je kuća usamljena, udaljena
od svega ostalog
dani kada nam ništa nije potrebno
kada se krijemo iza vrata
nečujno prenosimo stvari
zaustavljamo satove i
orientišemo se prema sumraku
i prema potrebi za snom
to traje nedeljama, pre nego što se ponovo
probudimo mada je sve isto kao pre

Siva boja godina poznih od tvog detinjstva
u tebi se razmazuje
sve dok ne stvori neku neobičnu tvorevinu
nalik na maglu
koja blago miriše na ulje kojim si
nekada podmazivao pokretnе delove
obrađujućih strojeva
ponovo sebe vidiš kako stojiš kraj njih
u plavom radničkom odelu
bilo je to beznačajno vreme kao i pokreti
koji ti nisu pripadali
ni reči koje su ti nesvesno izlazile iz usta
međutim ta nepomičnost kao da je dospela i u
korake drugih ljudi
kada si hodao s rancem punim prljavog veša
kroz ceo grad
nigde se nije moglo skrenuti, nigde se nije moglo hodati

JOSEF STRAKA, a Czech poet, was born in Jablonec nad Nisou in 1972. He studied psychology at Karlov University in Prague, where he worked for eight years at the Institute of Psychology. Since 2006, Straka has worked as a librarian in the Prague City Library. From 2004 to 2008, he edited the journal *Weles*.

Josef Straka has published his texts in the following journals: *Tvar* (Form), *Host* (Guest), *Weles*, *Pandora*, *Plž* (Snail), Newsletter of Franz Kafka Society, *Almanach Wagon* (Almanac Wagon) and *Veronica*, as well as in the Polish journals *Portrait* (Portrait) and *Bohema* (Bohemianism). His poems are present in the *Anthology of Czech Poetry 1986–2006*, then in the Internet anthology *Vrh křídel* (Hurl of Wings) and in the *Anthology of the Czech Radio Feuilleton 2002–2004*.

Straka has published books: *and ...other times* (1994), *Why* (1995), *Hotel Bristol* (2004), *The Town of Mons* (2005), and *A Church in the Fog* (2008).

He is interested in the contemporary painting and visual art. One of his favourite poets is Fernando Pessoa. He likes hotel rooms and is devoted to walking through suburbs of European towns.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF POEMS *A CHURCH IN THE FOG*

IN THE SUBSIDENCE OF TIME

We belong nowhere.
 the days that vanish before our eyes
 days when we are silent
 when the house is lonely, distant from all
 others
 the days when we need nothing
 when we hide behind the doors
 inaudibly taking things
 stopping the clocks and
 orienting towards the dusk
 and towards the need for sleep
 it can last for weeks, before we wake up again
 though everything remains the same

The grey colour of years succeeding your childhood
 is spreading inside you
 until it creates a strange substance
 similar to fog
 that mildly smells of oil with which you
 once lubricated rotary parts
 of working machines
 once again you can see yourself standing by them
 in the blue overalls
 it was an insignificant time just like the motions
 which did not belong to you
 the words would absent-mindedly come out of your mouth
 but it seemed that this immobility had reached
 the steps of others, too
 when you walked with a pack of dirty laundry through the whole
 town
 there was no place to take a turn, no place to walk
 samo onom ulicom sa starim raspadajućim

secesionističkim kućama
upijala te je kao bezdano ždrelo
zavirivao si u male tvornice, u nekakve
sporedne ustanove sa par nameštenika
u neuređena dvorišta
koja su bila zapuštena kao ti pre
nekoliko sati
na časak si ih posmatrao – kako namotavaju debelu
čeličnu žicu na neobične koturove
penjući se sve više i više ljudi su se proređivali
a i automobili
jedno najobičnije jutro, a još uvek
nije mu se video kraj, mada je taj dan *de facto*
za tebe završen
kod kuće si otresao čarape od rđe
i seo za pisači sto sa složenim belim
papirom za pisanje
gde više nije bilo ničeg
osim po sredini
horizontalno isprekidane crte

ZAMORNE ODAJE III

Tišina izražena bojama ili muzikom
jedva vidljivo, jedva čujno
mučno prlaženje gradom
kao da pojedine ulice više nikada neće
dobiti nekakvo lice
kao da je sve što je postojalo iščašeno
nekoliko sati kasnije sedim u praznoj
kuhinji
dan se bliži sutonu
naginje prema nevažnom
pomrčina prodire kroz prozor
na kraju će me celog progutati
u prostoriji svetli samo beli frižider
odavno nekorišćen
u cevima ponovo ono neobično šuštanje
u hodnikui neodređeni zvuci
blago pucketanje linoleuma
a dole kraj ulaznih vrata čuje se
lajanje psa

Prevela s češkog Biserka Rajčić

but that one street with the old ramshackle
secessionist houses
was absorbing you like some bottomless mouth
you would peek into small factories, into some
affiliates with only a handful of employees
into untidy yards
which were smeared like you
several hours ago
you would observe them for a moment – how they rolled
thick steel wires into strange bundles
as you climbed higher and higher people would grow scarcer,
as well as the cars
a most ordinary morning, and though
you could not see the end of it, this day *de facto*
was over for you
at home you shook the rust off your socks
and sat at your desk on which there was a stack
of white writing paper
where for the moment nothing else was left
but in the middle of it
a horizontal broken line

TIRING ROOMS III

Silence expressed by colours or music
almost invisible, almost inaudible
painfully passing through town
as if some streets would never again
get any kind of shape
as if everything that had ever existed were out of joint
several hours later I'm sitting in an empty
kitchen
the day is getting close to its end
inclining towards the irrelevant
darkness surges through the window
it will swallow me whole in the end
only a white fridge gives light to the room
the fridge long unused
again that odd humming in the pipes
and unidentified sounds in the hallway
a slight cracking of linoleum
and downstairs by the entrance one can hear
a dog barking

Translated by Marja Hamović & Tihana Hamović

KRISTIN BERGET rođena je 1975. na jugu Norveške. Trenutno živi u seocetu blizu Oslo. Kao mala svirala je klavir, a kasnije počinje da drži časove klavira pored nastupanja u okviru različitih ansambala. Klavir napušta zbog života na jednoj farmi u Irskoj, gde provodi nekoliko godina. Po povratku u Norvešku počinje da se bavi pisanjem poezije. Avgusta 2007. izlazi njena prva zbirka poezije *Loosing Louise* u izdanju *Cappelen Forlag*, Norveška. Nakon samo tri nedelje, objavljeno je i drugo izdanje ove knjige. Trenutno radi kao prevodilac sa švedskog na norveški jezik i priprema svoju drugu zbirku poezije.



Photo by Fredrik Arff

IZ ZBIRKE LOOSING LOUISE

luiz kaže: ljubljena s, želiš li da odsviraš
onu pesmu o dvoje koji ne mogu da budu zajedno?
za nekih noći sviram harmoniku
u svetlosti fenjera, u zvucima pustinjskih životinja
pijemo brendi i pričamo o moru –
neka vrsta digresije
(luiz mi je kupila slammati šešir koji
nosim dok čekamo da
poprave auto u radionici.
kad budemo pošle, ja ću
privezati uzicu ispod brade
da ga veter ne oduva)
iza venecijanera smo pripajena tela u laganom pokretu

divlja loza rasplamsava zid kuće
šapuće naša imena
očekuju nas ovde u bašti
pratimo stazice u mraku
između dalija i žavornjaka
imenujemo cvetove po mirisu
reflektor se iznenada pali
od naših pokreta
u očima sija sjaj neoproštaja

KRISTIN BERGET, born 1975 in the south of Norway. She currently lives in a small village by the Oslofjord. Growing up she played the piano, and started teaching the piano and music besides partaking different ensembles and giving concerts. She gave up the piano for farming, and lived for several years on a farm in Ireland. Returning to Norway, she started writing poetry. In August 2007 the poetry book *loosing louise* was published at *Cappelen Forlag*, Norway. After only three weeks, the book was out in a second edition. Currently she works as a translator from Swedish to Norwegian, and is about to finish her second book of poetry.

FROM *LOOSING LOUISE*

louise says: beloved s, do you want to play
that song about the two people who can't be together?
some nights I play the accordion
under the street lights; inside the sounds of the desert animals
we drink brandy and talk about the sea –
a digression of sorts:
(louise bought me a straw hat which
I wear as we wait in the workshop
for the car to be fixed;
when we leave, I shall
tie the string under my chin
so the wind won't blow it off).
behind the Venetian blinds, only the merged shapes of bodies in gentle movement.

the house wall is burning with vines grown wild
whispering our names.
we are expected in the garden,
where we follow footpaths in the dark
between the dahlias and the larkspurs
naming the flowers by their smell
when the sensor lamp suddenly comes on
with our movement
our eyes are gleaming with non-forgiveness.

luiz se vozila i vozila autobusom
htela je da dođe do mene i berbe jabuka
pale voćke koju sam držala u kesama
kraj kuhinje. luiz reče: doći će
do tebe i praviču pitu (pitu od jabuka) onda
reče: znaš li zašto to radim?
zašto to radiš, luiz, praviš mi pitu
(pitu od jabuka), luiz-na-ivici-suza.
kad bismo to znale odgovorila je, kad
bismo našli reči da shvatimo.
luiz sedi s druge strane kuhinjskog
stola napolju je jesen i
kiša i more je izbušeno kapima i ja
kažem: možemo li izdržati ova testa za pitu od jabuka
možemo li zaći za ove zidove, luiz,
između šporeta i jeseni i možemo li izdržati još
kabanica
izlazim na kišu i sadim luk na
travnjaku. biće lepi na proleće
posle kiše i snega kada budeš ovde
 sa suzama
 potrebama
izgovoriću reči koje ne znam
ruke mi prelaze preko površine stola
pokušavaju da zgrabe pitu od jabuka zgrabe reči
u bezumnom jurišu ka opasnim snovima
noću kad plačeš na mojoj ruci
spasi nas ovih zidova

okrećemo lica
ka vetrū
jurimo kroz kapije
kroz ulice
sada se kuće prazne
fasade tamne
sada fijuci vetra prazne grad
ostale smo samo mi i padamo
u podrum
zakopane u zemlju.
u nekom drugom vremenu
će nas neko iskopati:
ostatke kostiju i tvoj smeh
da bi skovao nove teorije o
ljudskom rodu

louise rode on the bus, and rode, and rode,
she wanted to get to me and pick apples
the fallen fruit I keep in plastic bags
behind the kitchen door. louise said: I will come
to your place and make pie (apple pie). then
she said: do you know why I am doing this?
why are you doing this, louise, making me a pie,
(apple pie), oh louise-on-the-verge-of-tears,
if only we could know that, she answered,
if only we could find the words to understand.
louise is sitting on the other side of the kitchen
table. it is autumn outside and it is
raining and the sea is potholed by raindrops and I
ask: can we withstand these apple pie crusts,
can we go behind these walls, louise,
between the stove and the autumn, can we support more
raincoats
I go out into the rain and plant onions in the
lawn. they will be nice in the spring
after the rain and the snow. when you come here again
with tears
and needs

I will speak the words I do not know:
my hands are moving across the surface of the table
trying to grab the apple pie grab those words
mindlessly charging dangerous dreams
and at night, when you're crying on my arm,
deliver us from these walls.

we're turning our faces
towards the wind
galloping through gates
through streets
while the houses empty,
façades darken
winds whistle, vacating the city
we're the only ones left and we're falling
into the cellar
buried into the ground
to be unearthed
in another era
where remnants of bones and of your laughter
will give rise
to new theories
on human kind

luiz hoće da jede pesak
nož se spušta na lice, tama na oči.
noćas nema bombardovanja. u
pusitnji je tiho. nalazim te na podu umotanu u
kineski svileni bademantil sa nožem kraj
bedra. soba miriše na gvožđe, lepiš se smrdeći na
znoj i krv. noć na tvom licu, spavaš
nekakvim snom i vidim da ne sanjaš. želim da te
raspetljam, slomim i otvorim šaku, sklonim noć sa
tvog lica. noć ti pravi pruge na licu.
krv diktira boju koja ovde ne pristaje, ja
otvaram šaku okrećem te na stranu. šapućem ti u uho
sijamo zajedno. sijamo luiz. ti i ja
i pustinja napolju. pusti nož. dođi i lezi kraj mene.
u krevetu te brišem vlažnom krpom. imam zdelu
mlake vode u kojoj cedim krpu. uskoro će
voda postati zagasito crvena. miris gvožđa se širi uz miris
noći, peska. prepoznaješ li miris peska ovde? prepoznaješ
li mene?
noć na licu, tama i miris gvožđa. luiz
koja hoće da jede pesak, koja želi da bude nož. svila
isečena, razrezi se lepe. želiš li da sijaš sa mnom,
prijip se uz mene. potrebne smo noći. oprala sam te
kao dete. ti si svilena put, svetlucavo meso, svilena nevesta

Prevela s norveškog Sofija Bilandžija

Design by Igor Oršolić & Jovana Timotijević

* Stih Raše Livade

Pomeri nogu, lek je pod cipelom.

7 - 13/09/008



louise wants to eat sand
a knife descends on her face, darkness on her eyes.
tonight there will be no bombing. it
is quiet in the desert. I find you on the floor, wrapped in
a Chinese silk robe with a knife
at your thigh. the room smells of iron, and you are sticky, reeking of
sweat and blood. the night on your face – you are sleeping
a certain sleep and I can see you aren't
dreaming. I want to
uncoil you, break you, open your hand, remove the night from
your face. the night throws stripes across your face.
blood dictates an unbecoming colour.
I open my hand and turn you to one side, whispering into your ear:
we shine together. we shine, louise. you and I
and the desert outside. let go of your knife. come and lie next to me.
in bed, I wipe you with a damp cloth. I have a bowl
of tepid water to wring my cloth in. soon,
water will be dark red. the smell of iron rises with the smell
of night and sand. do you know the smell of sand here? do you recognise
me? the night on your face, the dark and the smell of iron. louise
who wants to eat sand, who wants to be a knife, cut
silk, sticky slits. do you want to shine with me?
hang on to me. the nights need us. I bathed you
like a child. you are smooth skin, glistening flesh, a silken bride.

Translation by Danijela Kambaskovic-Sawers

ROLAND ORČIK je rođen je u vojvođanskom gradu Bečeju (1975). Od 1992. živi i radi u Segedinu (Mađarska). Na Univerzitetu u Segedinu je 2002. diplomirao na mađarskom jeziku i književnosti, i započeo postdiplomske studije komparativne literature. Piše poeziju, eseje, kritike i prevodi južnoslovensku književnost na mađarski jezik. Dosad je objavio dve pesničke zbirke: *Rozsdamaró* (2002), *Holdnak, Arcal* (2007). Pesme su mu prevedene na engleski, hrvatski, rumunski, slovenački i srpski jezik.



Photo by Szafi

GARFIELDOV STOMAČIĆ

Ma ne putujem ja nigde.
Isto bih tako mjaukao i u Parizu
kao nasred svoje sobe.
Zar mi treba to, da napustim
udobni pupak svoga sveta?
Jadran, u vrh glave,
tamo bih još – eventualno – i mogao skoknuti.
Razume se: ako me odnesu.
U svetom vodoravnom položaju.
Nek trči onaj ko nema pivo.
Samo bez nostalгије, molim.
Neka se zbog prošlosti ždere ko hoće.
Meni nešto i nije stalo do tog.
Ali jeste utoliko više do sočnog bifteka i
aromatične kafe.
Sitan je moj bog,
ceo mi stane u stomačić.

ROLAND ORCSIK is born in Becse (Voivodina, Serbia) in 1975. Since 1992 he's been living in Szeged (Hungary). In 2002, he finished his studys (Hungarian language and literaure), after which he started his PhD-studys (comparative literature). He writes poetry, essays, critique and translates from ex-yugoslavian languages into Hungarian. He is one of the editors of literary magazine called *Fosszília*. So far he published two books of poems: *Rozsdamaró* (*Rub the rust off*, 2002), *Holdnak, Arcrai* (*To the Moon with Face*, 2007). His poems have been translated into English, Croatian, Romanian, Slovenian and Serbian language.

GARFIELD'S BELLY

Travel nowhere.

I myself would mew up and down Paris just the same
as I do here still in the heart of my room.

Now, why should I leave
the cozy navel of my world?

The Adriatic is the furthest,
I could perhaps hop over there,
But only if someone gives me a lift, of course.

Position holy horizontal.

Let them run who have no beer.

No room for nostalgia.

Let those who care beat themselves up over the past.
Each man to his own taste.

Mine requires a beefsteak with gravy
and then a delicious coffee.

Tiny is my god,
my belly suits him well.

SAVE AS

Pokafkijanjen

Evo me, dakle,
prolazim kroz trem,
razgledam.
Očeve staro dvorište.
Trebalo bi opleviti,
počistiti.
Umesto toga
Tu poput korova buja blebet.
I uzalud prizivam
duh mesta.
U sredini je lokva.
Obilazim je,
jedno lice me posmatra.
Utonulo u tišinu.
Ostavljam ga,
još će da me ščepati,
pa ču u lokvi (enciklopediji)
mrtvih
zauvek zanemeti.
No, krenimo dalje.
Iz jednинe u množinu
i natrag.
Puna mi je već
kapa,
i sad mogu
tek da promrmljam:
– životarim:
hronično ponavljanje.
Da prestanem, dakle.
Save As:
promičem kroz trem,
celom dužinom ulice
– u crnu tišinu monitora,
što se gasi.

SAVE AS

Kafkaesqued

Arrived at last,
cutting through the porch,
I look around.
The old backyard of my father.
Nothing special.
It should be weeded
and cleared out.
Instead
babbling blossoms.
I call the deaf spirit
of the place in vain.
A puddle in the middle.
Walking around,
a face looks at me.
Buried in silence.
I let it alone,
never let to pluck me
into the puddle
(into the encyclopedia) of the dead
where I'd be dumb forever.
Let's go on.
From singular to plural
and back.
I'm fed up
with it,
now get
out with it
– I am to be:
chronic repeat.
Let me stop then.
Save as another:
cutting through the porch,
all along the street
– right into the closing black
silence of the screen.

PEEPSHOW

I wanna be your dog

U dugom popodnevnu
sanjivo pućka autobus,
polako stiže,
staje kod seoske rampe.

Na trošnoj stanici
nigde nikoga,
samo jedan slepljeni pseči par
spaja se bizarno, nevešto:
stražnja nogu mu se zaglavila
u vlažnu rupu ženke.

Njihovo strasno dahtanje ispunjava
krajolik što se davi u ljigavom sutoru.

Nigde Nikoga
da razdvoji proklete džukce:
u kravu istrljanu rupu Evrope
zariva se jedna druga Evropa.

Preveo sa mađarskog Marko Čudić

PEEPSHOW

I wanna be your dog

Through the prolonged afternoon
the tiresome bus trundles along;

before its arrival
it stops at the village gate.

At the rusted stop
not a living soul;

just a pair of dogs stuck together,
messing around in a bizarre way;

the first one's hind leg got stuck
right into the other's heated hole.

Their clumsy gasping fills
the drowning land of damp twilight.

Not a living soul
to separate these damned mongrels:

into the rubbed and bleeding hole of Europe
another Europe invades.

Translated by Zoltán Lengyel

DŽEJMS BERN je urednik i jedan od osnivača časopisa *The Wolf*, vodećeg britanskog časopisa koji se bavi poezijom. Njegovu prvu zbirku, *Passages of Time*, objavili su *Flipped Eye* 2003, a njegova nova knjiga, *Blood/Sugar* samo što nije izašla. Džejms je učestvovao u organizovanju „Svetiske pesničke turneje“ Centra za prevođenje poezije u SOAS u Londonu, u okviru koje je i izvodio svoju poeziju. Jedan je od urednika *Voice Recognition*, antologije pesama novih i neafirmisanih autora, koju će početkom 2009. objaviti *Bloodaxe*, kao i *Odabranih pesama Houp Mirlis*. Džejms je rođen 1977. i živi u Londonu.

OPORAVAK

Dozvoli mi da zamislim kako se vraćaš kući
iz tame, između tela i uma,

dajući znake života
kao što drveće maše iz senke.

Čitave si dvorane znala da učutkaš
samo jednim bleskom svoje domišljatosti,

nekim si muškarcima ovladala
čistim mirisom, čistim stavom.

A sada tvoj najbolji trik:
da ponovo započneš život koji se završava pretvaranjem u zlato.

U septembru (mesecu koji se stara o svim ostalim)
dozvoli mi da prizovem tvoje najbolje crte,

da nekako uhvatim nedodirljivost
života, poput ogledala.

DETE

Staza se pretvara u splet trnovog žぶnja.
Posrćem u mruku, kao vezanih očiju,
ispruženih ruku poput mesečara.
Crkvena zvona stapaju se u dugi niz
umnoženih odjeka ponoći.
Sa svih strana, jedno za drugim, zavijanje
i cviljenje u šumi. Hvatom dah:
negde ispred, visoka kula para oblaka.
Crkvena kapija prekrivena je ledom. Unutra,
minijaturni grobovi okovani mrazom:
životi dece koja su umrla u nesrećama
proisteklim iz ljubavi. Veter se gura
kroz crne prste grana.
Vazduh je tako hladan da mi pucketa u plućima.
Pod mesecom, lice mi izmučena avet.
Saginjem se da pročitam imena i datume.

JAMES BYRNE is the editor and co-founder of The Wolf poetry magazine, the UK's leading poetry magazine. His debut collection, *Passages of Time*, was published by *Flipped Eye* in 2003 and his new book *Blood/Sugar* is imminent. James has recited his poems in helped to organize the 'World Poets' Tour' for the Poetry Translation Centre at SOAS, London. He is co-editing *Voice Recognition*, an anthology of new and emerging poets, to be published by *Bloodaxe* early in 2009, and a *Selected Poems* of Hope Mirrlees. James was born in 1977 and lives in London.

RECOVERY

Let me imagine you coming home
from the dark, between body and mind,

making evidence of yourself
the way a tree waves up from its shadow.

There are dinner-halls you have silenced
with a single spark of wit,

there are men you have governed
through pure scent, pure posture.

Now for your most difficult trick:
to restart a life that ends by turning into gold.

In September (the month that tends to all others)
let me be able to conjure your best side,

to have some kind of grip on the intactness
of living, the way mirrors do.

Photo by Dragana Nikolić



THE CHILD

The pathway becomes a mess of brambles.
I stumble along in the dark as if blindfolded,
my two arms outstretched like a sleepwalker.
The church-bells peal into a long sequence
of echoes that make multiples of midnight.
At uneven distances, a succession of howls
whines through the forest. I catch my breath:
ahead, the tall spire splits a scurry of cloud.
The church gate is covered with ice. Inside,
miniature graves are stubbled with frost:
lives of children who died in the accidents
that come from love. A wind nudges itself
through the black fingertips of branches.
The air is so cold it crackles inside my lungs.
Under the moon my face is a broken ghost.
I stoop forward to check for names and dates.

SVEŠTENIKOVA KĆI

Tokom vrelog talasa '91.
niko nije ništa sumnjao.
Tvoj otac (koji je svim srcem
radio za Oca Našeg)
vraćao bi se iz crkve
svojim rasturenim renoom;
još iz daleka bismo ga čuli
kako krcka po šljunku.

Usavršivajući rutinu
o kojoj smo ranije razgovarali,
ti bi skočila s kreveta
i osvrnula se oko sebe
sakupljajući komade odeće
sve dok tvoje nago telo
ne bi bilo odeveno
u nešto što izgleda čedno.

Iz prašnjavog skrovišta
u tvom dvokrilnom ormanu
čuo bih kako se zatvaraju vrata,
osluškivao bat njegovih koraka
i primetio prestrašeni ton
u tvom glasu dok si mu nudila
još toplo jelo, ili mu postavljala
pitanja o pastvi.

Ponekad bih čekao čitavu večnost,
odomaćivši se u senkama
i taj stari orman bi za mene
postao neko čudno utočište,
nešto poput ispovedaonice.
Ispovedao bih svoje grehe tami
još uzbuden među vešalicama
sa tvojim sviljenim, letnjim haljinama.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER

In the heat-wave of '91
no one suspected a thing.
Your father (who worked
vigorously for Our Father)
would return from the ministry
in his clapped-out Renault,
and we'd hear it crunching
up the gravel fifty yards away.

Perfecting the routine
we'd already talked through,
you'd leap upright from the bed
and wheel around the room
snatching up garments
until your naked body
was clad in something
that suggested innocence.

From the dusty hideaway
of your double wardrobe
I'd hear the front door clack,
listen for the scuff of his shoes
and mark the shy animal
in your voice as you offered
a fresh brew or asked questions
about the congregation.

Sometimes I'd wait an age,
acclimatise to the shadows
and think of that old wardrobe
as a strange kind of seclusion,
like that of a confessional booth.
I'd confess my sins to the dark
still aroused amid the hangings
of your silk summer dresses.

NE STIĆI DO VRHA

Fleke od uglja na mestu na kome su stajale piste
pružaju se ka paklenim predgrađima.

Iznad napuklog sita žitnih polja
oblaci koso sipaju kišu.

Na tečnoj granici, u plavičastom dimu:
brodovi bez posade, jarbola poput ruku davljenika.

Prva je utekla vrana. Njen plen:
pacov raščerupanog krvna.

Za njom lisica, stegnutog grla,
i zvezde su digle ruke od teškog disanja.

U senci krstova, sveštenik sedi sam,
skidajući mantiju nožem.

Prevela sa engleskog Vesna Stamenković

ON NOT REACHING A SUMMIT

Charcoal smudges where runways stood
roll towards the suburban hells.

Across the cracked sieve of wheatfields,
clouds plash a diagonal rain.

At the liquid border, in blonde smoke:
unmanned ships, masts like a hand drowning.

A crow was the first to evacuate. His loot:
a rat ripped clean out of its fur.

A fox followed with a chill in its throat
and the stars gave up their hardbreathing.

In a shadow of crosses, a priest sits alone,
peeling his robes with a knife.

Translated by Vesna Stamenković

Design by Igor Oršolić & Jovana Timotijević

7 - 13/09/008

Trgni se!
Poezija!
beogradski
festival
poezije

02

*

Klica proklijata,

samo na ugašenoj zvezdi.

VALERIO KRUČANI rođen u Rimu 1977. Pisanjem počinje da se bavi sa 17 godina, a prve nagrade za književnost i pozorište dobija 1999, odnosno 2000. Prvu nagradu za poeziju dobija 2000. od Nacionalnog Sindikata Pisaca. Učestvovao je na mnogobrojnim književnim festivalima i projektima umetničkog karaktera širom Evrope. Bio je nominovan za proznu i pesničku nagradu ALIAS koju dodeljuje grad Melburn. Godine 2007. učestvovao je na Malta Mediterranean Literature festivalu u organizaciji *Literature Across Frontiers*, a marta 2008. učestvovao je na London Festival of Europe u organizaciji *European Alternatives*. Trenutno živi u Španiji, u Madridu, i uključen je u kulturni projekat *Red de Arte Joven*, a radi i na romanu i scenariju.



photo by Dragana Nikolić

MADRID

7

psu koji je izmileo napolje
ispod napuštenog dušeka
na uglu garaže, između đubreta
i otpadaka,

psu,

vrati mi ponekad
kao sočnu, slasnu kost
knjige koje su ostale u rimu
a sa njima i moje srce,
vrati ovu bledu projekciju
najbolje od svog potpunog kontrasta

VALERIO CRUCIANI was born in Rome in 1977. He started writing at the age of 17, and received his first awards for literature and drama in 1999 and 2000. The National Syndicate of Writers gave him his first poetry award in 2000. He participated in numerous literary festivals and artistic projects throughout Europe. He was also nominated for the poetry and prose award ALIAS, awarded by the city of Melbourne. In 2007 he participated at the Malta Mediterranean Literature Festival, organized by *Literature Across Frontiers*, and in March 2008 he participated at the London Festival of Europe, organized by *European Alternatives*. He currently lives in Madrid, Spain. Participating in the cultural project *Red de arte joven*, he is working on a novel and a script.

MADRID

7

you dog, coming out
from under the abandoned mattress
at the garage corner, among rubbish
and pieces of rubble,

you dog,

bring me back one by one
as some juicy bones full of fat
the books I left in Rome
and my heart with them,
bring back to this faded projection
the best of his clashes

poezija je
poslednji dronjak umočen u vodu
na pultu bara
i noći
u vreme zatvaranja
posle jednog dana
klijenata, stranaca
razočarenja i očekivanja

poezija je jedan lokal
krcat
jedan lokal prazan
neon upaljen do 7 ujutru
i pogled žena
iz metroa i autobusa

poezija je kurva
koja namešta gaćice
u slepoj ulici
pijanac koje se onesvesti na svakom koraku
purpurna rupica na ruci narkomana

poezija je neki tip
koji priča sam sa sobom
ili glas slepca
koji prodaje lozove
na uglu pred barom

poezija je lagana muzika
ali može biti i najteža muzika
poezija je improvizacija mladih
koji se ne vrati kući noću

poezija je večno prisustvo
saobraćajca na semaforima na španskom trgu
po kiši
i poezija je čistač ulica
koji spira povraću
govna, mrvice, leševe golubova, masnoću mesa sa pijace
koji otvara kante za smeće i noću poliva vodom trotoare

poezija je patetična
herojska, beskorisna, prazna, puna
poezija je trotoar
obućen u ispucali lasteks
poezija je absurd
u glavi onoga koji je piše

poetry is
the last cloth drenched in water
passed over bars' and nights' counters
at closing time
after a day filled with customers,
foreigners, disillusionments
and the deluded.

poetry is
a full nightspot
and an empty nightspot
it's the neon light at 7 o'clock a.m.
and the eyes of the women
on the underground and buses

poetry is
the whore straightening her panties
in a blind alley
the collapsing drunkard
the violet hole in the junkie's arm

poetry is
the man that talks to himself
or the voice of the blindman
selling lottery tickets
on the corner of the bar

poetry is
an easy music
but it could be a very difficult music too
poetry is the improvisation of children
that don't come back home at night

poetry is
the eternal presence of the police
at the *plaza de España* square traffic lights
under the rain
and poetry is the dustman
cleaning barf, shit, crumbs,
pigeons' corpses, meat fat
opening trash can and sprinkling
water over the sidewalks

poetry is pathetic
heroic, useless, empty, full
poetry is the sidewalk dressed
in broken latex
poetry is the absurdity
found in the writer's head

poezija je ideja
koja ti sigurno izmiče
i više se ne vrati
i devojka ispred
koja nikada ne gasi televizor

poezija je ono što ti pričaju ljudi
kada te zaustave na ulici
to su karte za *ventas*
od 4000 eura

poezija su besplatne novine
na vratima lokala
i prodavnica otvorenih 24 sata
i kinezi koji ti prodaju pivo
hleb i zemičke na ulici
poezija je policija koja hapsi
i uhapšeni koji vrišti i pljuje

poezija si ti kad tražиш posao
s porezima i doprinosima
poezija je želeti sve
a zadovoljiti se komadom hleba i jabukom

poezija su svi ovi stihovi
i vi koji ih slušate ili čitate
dok vaš mešanac
tuca pedigiranu pudlu.

poezija je *barrio salamanca*
i *malasaña, lavapiés, argüelles*
i oni koji ne razumeju ove stihove koje će morati da prevedem
poezija je bezumlje saznanja da se ne može razumeti
ali i nikada ne odustati
poezija je žena koju odvedeš u krevet
i čovek koji te šamara
sin kogi prodaješ prvom prolazniku
i cigarin koji beži
poezija je sve ovo i još mnogo više.
poezija nije ništa.

Prevela sa italijanskog Ivana Rajičić

poetry is the idea
that escapes you for sure
and that you will never catch again
is the stubborn girl
that never turns off her tv

poetry is
what the people tell you
when they stop you in the street
and the *ventas'* tickets
for 4000 euros

poetry is
free newspapers at the *callao*'s door
the little 24 hours shops
and Chinese people selling you beer,
sandwiches and noodles by the road at night
poetry is the arresting police officer
and the screaming and spitting handcuffed man

poetry is you looking for a job
the one that gets the dole
poetry is the wish to do everything
and being satisfied with some bread and an apple

poetry is
each one of these verses
and you reading or listening to them
while your mongrel dog
is fucking a fancy dog

poetry is
the *barrio salamanca*
and *malasaña, lavapiés, argüelles*
and those who cannot understand these verses that I must translate
poetry is the frenzy of being misunderstood
and not giving up just yet
poetry is a woman you bring to your bed
and the man that slaps you
the son you sell to the first passerby
and the gipsy that flees
poetry is all of this. It is much more.
poetry is nothing.

Translated by Valerio Cruciani

ENES HALILOVIĆ rođen je 1977. u Novom Pazaru. Pripovedač, pesnik, dramski pisac, pravnik i novinar. Radi kao dopisnik dnevnog lista *Blic* i Radija *Slobodna Evropa*. Uređuje književni list *Sent.* Objavio je zbirke stihova *Srednje slovo* (1995), *Bludni parip* (2000) i *Listovi na vodi* (2007), zbirke priča *Potomci odbijenih prosaca* (2004) i *Kapilarne pojave* (2006) i knjigu drama *In vivo* (2004).

SAMONIKLI

Iznenadio me šipurak u bašti
I njegov plod koji je krenuo k nebu
(Rimljani kažu da je trnovit put do zvijezda).

Nije tražio da se zalije
Ni da se okopa
A iznikao, nezvan,
I protnuo stablo između busike i kamena.

Ovako i piscima slutimo korijen
Tek kad im plodovi zriju.

ENES HALILOVIĆ was born in 1977 in Novi Pazar. He is a storyteller, poet and playwrite, lawyer and journalist. He works as a correspondent to the *Blic* daily paper and the *Free Europe Radio*. He is the editor of the *Sent* literary magazine. He has published the collections of poems *Middle Name* (1995), *Promiscuous Horse* (2000) and *Leaves on Water* (2007), collections of stories *Descendants of Rejected Suitors* (2004) and *Capillary occurrences* (2006), as well as the book of plays *In Vivo* (2004).

Photo by Samir Delić



SELF-GROWN

In the garden, sweet briar surprised me
And its rose how stretching toward the sky
(The Romans used to say: Through thorns toward the stars).

A shy plant,
It does not ask to be watered
Nor to be ploughed,
And yet, it sprouted, uninvited,
Growing between the clod and the rock.

That is how we presage the root of the writers,
Not before their fruits begin to ripen.

IMANJE KRAJ TIBRA

Koji mnogo žele, nedostaje im mnogo.
Horacije

Valjda nema nikoga ko nije izgovarao molitve
Pa ipak, ne znam nikoga ko je tražio bolju pamet.

U molitvama i novac šuška,
Dječak ne traži zdravlje,
Starac ne moli za mladost.

Pa najzad, pokažite mi tog pisca
Koji bi od Horacija Flaka
Potražio temu
Ali ne i Mecenu.

SMOKVA I MASLINA I GORA SINajsKA

Danas, u hladu poezije
Čitam maslinu,

I mislim na dan
Kad sam

U hladu masline
Listao poeziju.

A LAND NEAR TIBER

The covetous man is ever in want.
Horatio

I guess everyone says a prayer now and then,
Yet, I believe no one ever asked to be any smarter.

Even money rustles in the prayers,
A boy does not ask for good health,
An old man does not ask for youth.

In the end, show me a writer
Who would ask Horatius Flaccus
For a theme, and not for a patron.

A FIG, AN OLIVE, AND THE MOUNT SINAI

Today, in the shade of poetry
I am reading an olive,

And thinking of the day
When I was

In the shade of an olive tree
Leafing through poetry.

LEGENDA O HEROINI

Takav je bio vođa kineske revolucije
Mao Cedung.

Povede 86 hiljada vojnika
Na veliki marš.

I pregaziše 12 provincija,
18 planinskih venaca i 24 rijeke.

I dobiše više od trista bitaka.

Vođa je tokom velikog marša
Nosio 2 čebeta, nekoliko knjiga i mušemu,
A 370 dana jahao je na jednoj kobili.

Kad ga, na kraju, upitaše kako je izdržala,
Vođa reče:

*Prije polaska smo joj sakrili ždrijebе,
Još bi ona mogla da ga traži.*

A LEGEND OF THE HEROINE

That is how the leader of the Chinese Revolution
Mao Zedong was.

He led 86 thousand soldiers
On the Long March.

They overran 12 provinces,
18 mountain chains and 24 rivers.

And won more than three hundred battles.

During the Long March the leader carried
2 blankets, several books, and one oilcloth,
And for 370 days he rode the same mare.

When, in the end, they asked him how she endured,
The leader answered:

*Before the March we hid her foal
She could go on even further looking for it.*

DOŠAVŠI PONOVO U DOBRE VODE

Vidim, obala nije kao prošle godine.

Udaralo je more
I odgrizlo od obale koliko mu treba.

Kad bi znalo to more,
Kad bi znalo
Koliko mene za godinu nema

Slutilo bi
Šta je mene udaralo

Val po val,
Kal po kal.

SLUČAJ

Pozajmih knjigu od njega
A na unutrašnjoj korici, na kraju knjige,
Otkrih pisca.

I on mi priznade da nikad nije objavio
I da piše samo na zadnjim koricama debelih knjiga.

Želi da ga nađe samo onaj ko ga ne traži,

I to u 1002. noći Šeherzade,
Ili na ušću Tihog Dona,
Ili tek na Itaki.

IN DOBRE VODE¹ AGAIN

I can see, the shore is not like the last year.

The sea pounded and pounded and bit off of the shore
As much as it needed.

If the sea knew
If it knew
How much of me is gone in a year

It would sense
what pounded me

wave after wave
mire after mire.

A CASE

I borrowed a book from him
And on the inside of the back cover
I discovered a writer.

And he confessed to me that he had never been published,
And that he wrote only on back covers of thick books.

He wanted to be found only by those who did not seek him.

In the 1002nd Arabian Night,
Or at the mouth of the Quiet Don
Or on the shores of Ithaca.

Translated by Danijela Jovanović

1 Dobre Vode is a town on the Adriatic Sea (Montenegro).

* Stih Raše Livade

Učitelj nikada ne otkriva sve svojim učenicima. Ako ih voli.

7 - 13/09/008

Trgni se!
Poezija!
beogradski
festival
poezije

02

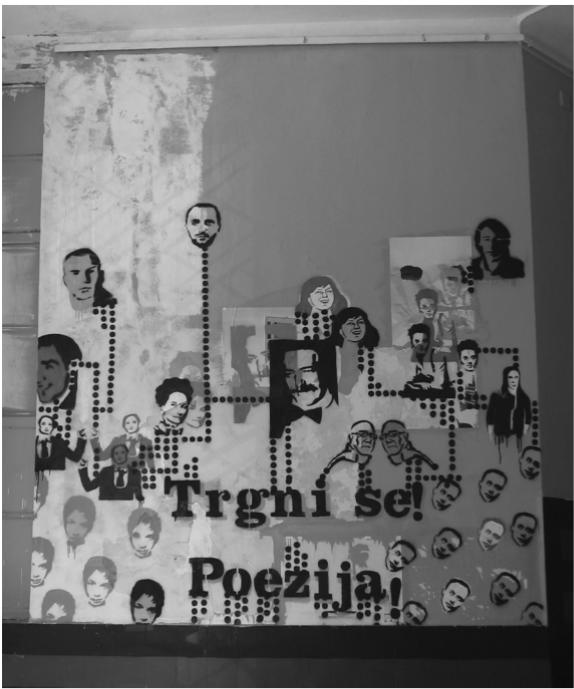
Design by Igor Oršolić & Jovana Timotijević

KUĆA POEZIJE / HOUSE OF POETRY
(Centar za kulturu *Stari grad*, Beograd / Cultural Center *Stari grad*, Belgrade)



TKV

STREET ART PROJEKAT NEW POETRY ICONS.
PORTRETI AUTORA, UČESNIKA FESTIVALA, U STENCILU
STREET ART PROJECT NEW POETRY ICONS, PORTRAITS OF POETS,
PARTICIPANTS OF THE FESTIVAL, STENCIL

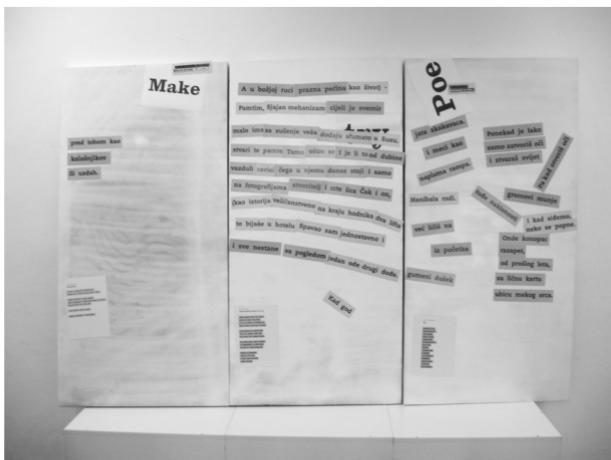




BIBLIOTEKA SA ČITAONICOM, *LIBRARY, LOUNGE & NET ROOM*. PROSTORIJA SA KNJIGAMA UČESNIKA FESTIVALA I KNJIŽEVNIM ČASOPISIMA KOJI SE MOGU RAZGLEDATI, PRELISTAVATI, ČITATI.

LIBRARY WITH THE READING ROOM *LIBRARY, LOUNGE & NET ROOM*. A ROOM WITH BOOKS OF THE PARTICIPANTS OF THE FESTIVAL AND LITERARY MAGAZINES FREE TO LOOK AT, LEAF THROUGH OR READ.



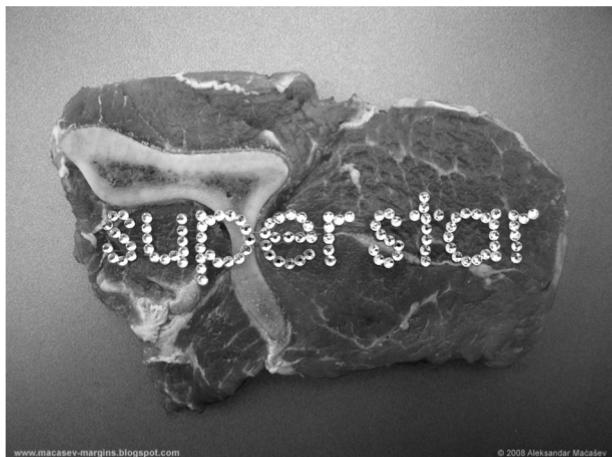


MAKE POETRY, INTERAKTIVNA INSTALACIJA SA PUBLIKOM. MOGUĆNOST POSTAVLJANJA U VIŠE PROSTORIJA. MAGNETNE PLOĆE SA SLOVIMA I REČIMA KOJE POSETIOCI MOGU NAMEŠTATI I TAKO PRAVITI SOPSTVENU POEZIJU.
MAKE POETRY, INTERACTIVE INSTALLATION WITH VISITORS. POSSIBILITY OF PLACING THE WORK IN SEVERAL ROOMS. MAGNETIC PANELS WITH LETTERS AND WORDS WHICH VISITORS CAN REARANGE AND THUS COMPOSE THEIR OWN POETRY.



BLOG ART PROJEKAT MARGINS, AUTOR ALEKSANDAR MAĆAŠEV
– PREDSTAVLJANJE PROJEKTA NA PROJEKCIJOM NA ZIDU JEDNE OD
PROSTORIJA U REŽIJI I PO ZAMISLI AUTORA.
BLOG ART PROJECT MARGINS BY ALEKSANDAR MAĆAŠEV
– PRESENTATION ON A WALL OF ONE OF THE ROOMS, EDITED AND
DIRECTED BY THE AUTOR.

I DON'T WANT TO BE LOVED, I JUST WANT TO BE ADORED



www.macasev-margins.blogspot.com

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I SEwed MY EYES SHUT BECAUSE I'M AFRAID TO SEE



www.macasev-margins.blogspot.com

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Photos from page 66 to page 75 by Branko Marković



Beograd



Indija

Sremski Karlovci





Novi Sad

СРЕДА, 01. ДЕЦЕМВР 2008:
Raša Livada - поезија

Основни подаци о менi
БЕОГРАДСКИ
ФЕСТИВАЛ
ПРИКАЗА ВОЈЈ
КОМПЛЕТАН ПРОЧИНЈ

ТРЕЋИ ТРГ
<http://www.trećitrg.org.rs>

MARGINS

http://trgnisepoezija.blogspot.com_3C4b02e01E21D6a1C3E1AAAAAAAAME0DySOF2H9PM11500-1-RašaLivada.jpg

<http://www.trgnisepoezija.blogspot.com>

Photos from page 76 to page 77 by Dragana Nikolić

NAPOMENA

Treći Trg je 2007. osnovao međunarodnu manifestaciju Beogradski festival poezije *TRGNI SE! POEZIJA!* u cilju promocije i popularizacije savremene poezije kroz stručnu razmenu, lokalnu, regionalnu i međunarodnu saradnju i senzibilizaciju građana za pitanja književnosti i umetnosti.

Ova sveska časopisa za književnost *Treći Trg* tematski je posvećena drugom Beogradskom festivalu poezije koji je održan od 7. do 13. septembra 2008. u Beogradu. Učestvovali su: Aleksandra Petrova (Александра Петрова) iz Rusije, Eva Zonenberg (Ewa Sonnenberg) iz Poljske, Faruk Šehić iz Bosne i Hercegovine, Jozef Straka (Josef Straka) iz Češke, Kristin Berget (Kristin Berget) iz Norveške, Roland Orčik (Orcsik Roland) iz Mađarske, Džejms Bern (James Byrne) iz Veliike Britanije, Valerio Kručani (Valerio Cruciani) iz Italije i Enes Halilović iz Srbije. Na festivalu je prieđen omaž pesniku Raši Livadi (1948–2007). Pesnici su nastupili pred publikom u Starom gradu, Čukarici, Zemunu, Indiji, Sremskim Karlovcima i Novom Sadu. U pratećem programu učestvovali su beogradski i srpski pesnici različitih generacija (Duško Novaković, Marija Knežević, Saša Jelenković, Dragan Radovančević i dr.). U okviru festivalske izložbe *Kuća Poezije* predstavljeni su street art *New Poetry Icons* autorke TKV, blog art *Margins* autora Aleksandra Mačaševa, print poeme *Horoskop* Raše Livade, biblioteka i čitaonica sa knjigama i časopisima, interaktivna instalacija *Make Poetry*, video zapisi o Raši Livadi. Ustanovljena je festivalska nagrada *Treći Trg*, a ovogodišnji dobitnici su pesnikinja Aleksandra Petrova i pesnici Džejms Bern i Faruk Šehić.

Treći Trg se zahvaljuje svim pojedincima i institucijama, saradnicima i partnerima, prijateljima i donatorima koji su pomogli održavanje drugog Beogradskog festivala poezije *TRGNI SE! POEZIJA!*

D. Matić

Izdavanje ove sveske časopisa *Treći Trg* pomogli su Ministarstvo kulture Republike Srbije i Švajcarski program za kulturu Srbija – Pro Helvecija Beograd.

NOTE

In 2007 Treći Trg founded an international manifestation, The Belgrade Poetry Festival called *TRGNI SE! POEZIJA!*, aiming to promote and popularize modern poetry through exchange and local, regional and international cooperation, and attract the interest of citizens to the question of literature and art.

This issue of the literary magazine *TrećiTrg* is dedicated to the second Belgrade Poetry Festival, held September 7th–13th 2008 in Belgrade, with the participation of Aleksandra Petrova from Russia, Ewa Sonnenberg from Poland, Faruk Šehić from Bosnia and Herzegovina, Josef Straka from The Czech Republic, Kristin Berget from Norway, Orcsik Roland from Hungary, James Byrne from Great Britain, Valerio Cruciani from Italy and Enes Halilović from Serbia. The festival was also homage to the poet Raša Livada (1948–2007). The poets performed in front of the audience in Stari Grad, Čukarica, Zemun, Indija, Sremski Karlovci and Novi Sad. Other Belgrade and Serbian poets of various generations also participated in the program: Duško Novaković, Marija Knežević, Saša Jelenković, Dragan Radovančević, etc. The festival exhibition *The House of Poetry* presented street art *New Poetry Icons* of the author TKV, blog art *Margins* by Aleksandar Mačašev, print of the poem *Horoscope* by Raša Livada, a library and reading room with books and magazines, *Make Poetry* interactive installation, and video clips about Raša Livada. The festival award *Treći Trg* was established, and this year it was given to Alexandra Petrova, James Byrne and Faruk Šehić.

Treći Trg would like to thank all individuals and institutions, associates and partners, friends who helped the Second Belgrade Poetry Festival, *TRGNI SE! POEZIJA!*

D. Matić

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swiss cultural programme
in the western balkans

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