

Pisci na mreži / Writers on the net

Listopad 2013. / October 2013.

Job

(hrvatsko pjesništvo devedesetih)

rekao sam mu: pojest će te mrak iz emilijinih očiju
Branko Ćegec: *Stanje stvari*

on, hrvatski pjesnik,
ulazi u sobu i pažljivo zateže
ljepljivu vrpcu na prozore,
prvo križ, zatim pravilne četvrtine,
sunce se u svijetlećim strelicama
prelama, on provjerava rubove i
čvrsto ih steže

ulazi njegova žena, pruža mirno
nogu ispred noge, lijepo je da nismo
morali danas ići dolje, ne usuđuje se
pitati je kako se na engleskom kaže
sklonište. mrtvi mrak sobe pokriva
postelju. on bi joj htio reći spavaj,
ali boji se, na drugoj su strani njezine
uperene oči

sve što imam stekla sam gledajući,
a sad je zamračenje

htio je pisati pjesme gdje bi imena
zvučala kao hot dog u ustima crnkinje

...

*koje nas dodiruje iz sve
dubine tvoga nebeskog mraka*

bože, konačno mir.

gdje je taj svijet. povuci prste
iz tih rana, nevjerni Toma.

mrak.

JOB

(Croatian poetry in the 1990ies)

I told him: the dark from emilia's eyes will devour you
Branko Ćeđec: *The state of Things*

he, the Croatian poet,
enters the room and carefully stretches
the adhesive tape onto the windows,
first the cross, then the orderly squares,
sunlight breaks into shining
arrows, he checks the edges
and makes them tight

his wife enters, puts one quiet foot
in front of another, it's good we didn't
have to go below today, he doesn't
dare to ask the english word for
bomb shelter. the dead dark of the room covers
the bed. he'd like to tell her sleep,
but is afraid, on the other side are her
leveled eyes

all i have i've got by looking,
and now its blackout

he wanted to write poems in which names
would resound like hot dogs in the mouth of a black woman

....

*which touches us from the full
depth of your heavenly darkness*

god, peace at last.

where is that world. pull out your fingers
from those wounds, incredulous Tom.

dark.

* * *

Ustajem u 5
i legnem prije toga
broja.

To možda nije dovoljno
za jednu povijest.

Ustajem u 5
i tražim prije toga
broja – ispod stola
u mlakoj vodi,
između tri vilice –
ta će radost biti
jutro – ta će radost
biti zlatna žličica
– ona nije Jerzy, koja
nije Josip, nije vjeverica,
koja skače u tamnoj
šumi i piše radosne pjesme
za djecu.

Ustajem u 5
i legnem prije toga broja –
to nije lijep rukopis
za Novu godinu ili jesen,
bakarsku vodu, u Varićakovoj,
nad mojom sobom, nadvija se
bijela stijena Krka, muškarac i
žena s košarom na leđima, između
smokava, maslina i bure –
skoro su na vrhu slova A.
(Koje kao što znamo...)

Jerzy, Jerzy, skoči vjeverica
i ugasi svijeću
nad dubokom
vodom Dunava.

* * *

I get up at 5
and am in bed before
that number.

That it may be is not enough
for a history.

I get up at 5
and seek before that
number-under the table
in the tepid water,
between three forks -
that joy will be
morning - that joy will be
a golden spoon
- it is not Jerzy, who
is not Josip, is not a squirrel,
which jumps in the dark
wood and writes joyous poems
for children.

I get up at 5
and am in bed before that number -
that's not fine handwriting
for New Year or for autumn,
for a bottle of champagne, in Vari}akova street,
over my room, looms
the white stone of Krk, a man
and a woman with a creel on her back, between
fig trees, olives and the northerner -
they're almost at the top of letter A.
(Which as we know ...)

Jerzy, Jerzy, the squirrel jumps
and blows out the candle
over the deep
water of the Danube.

* * *

muškarac sjedi u zimskom vrtu
australije i jede naranče. za
sat vremena nastupit će toplina.
ribe u kućnom bazenu. mladić
za uređenje dvorišta. japanac na
putu u novu kuću. hong kong se njiše
kao hong/kong/hong/kong. ako veseli
dječaci izmaknu skele, past će dva
boda. muškarac sjedi u zimskom vrtu
australije i jede naranče. za
sat vremena nastupit će toplina.
– onih nekoliko zatvorenih vrata, oko
njegovih ruku, sličje jatru ptice
koje obilaze umrle negdje na sasvim
drugom kraju šume.

* * *

a man sits in the winter garden
of australia and eats oranges. in
an hour the heat will set in.
fish in the swimming pool. a boy
who trims the garden. a japanese man
on his way to the new house. hong kong rocks
like hong/kong/hong/kong. if the happy
boys move the scaffolding, it will drop
two points. a man sits in the winter garden
of australia and eats oranges. in
an hour the heat will set in.
- those few closed doors, around
his arms, resemble a flock of birds
which circle the dead somewhere
in an entirely distant part of the forest.

FOR SALE

kuće u sumrak. kućama na tragu. kuće na osami.
kuće uz obilaznicu. kuće na rubu aerodroma. kuće
na 500 metara od zadnje benzinske. kuće na
druhoj strani brda. kuće pokraj mehaničkoga
svjetionika. kuće u razini petlje. 3 kuće u brdu.
kuće uz prolazna mjesta vlaka. napuštene kuće,
kuće na prodaju. kuće koje ne daju pričati o sebi.
kuće s dvorištem. kuće s mirisom Etiopije. kuće sa
zvukom pijeska. roditeljska kuća. kuća moje braće.
i kuća moje sestre. udana kuća. rastavljena kuća.
kuća "mahnitog Orlanda". kuća užitka. kuća u
kojoj se jezik bori s vjetrom uspomena. kuća
zločina. kuća u kojoj se dogodila ljubav. kuća
pijanca. i kuća ljubavnika. ljubavna kuća. javna
kuća. kuća s pustim dvorištem.
kuća sa siromašnom djecom. kuća s ljetnim i zimskim ferijama. kuća Čehova i kuća
Gogolja. kuća u
kojoj spava Josip. kuća iz koje bježi Egipat. kuća
ispred koje lijepa žena širi rublje. tajne kuće. kuće
tajne.

kuća – još ću se ja vratiti, dobacuje mi.
izroni onda divlja velika bijela glava
i otjera me ispred tvojih vrata. potrčim.

kuća – još ćemo se mi sresti, poručim ja.
smješten sam u zlatnom trokutu vrapča,
stenjevca i popovače, gdje raste zaboravljena
biljka dobrote.

kuća – još ćeš ti popiti svoj otrov.
terenci su odložili svoje plave bluže. u
autu (1981) ulazim u zavičaj kao u crtež iz
čitanke. samo tako žene mogu biti stare.
samo tako snijeg može biti bijel. samo tako
mogu misliti na jeziku koji protjerao svaku
sličnost sa mnom.

kuća – kojoj ću dati imena mojih prijatelja.
kuća muškarac. žena kuća.
kuća sin i kći kuća.
kuća u opasno nedjeljno poslijepodne.
kuća iz koje netko izleti i vikne mi: hej!

FOR SALE

houses at dusk. on track of houses. out-of-the-way houses.
houses alongside beltways. houses on the edge of airports. houses
500 meters from the last gas station. houses on
the other side of the hill. houses nearby the mechanical
lighthouse. houses at the level of the freeway. 3 houses on the hill.
houses alongside the railway tracks. abandoned houses,
houses for sale. houses which do not allow to be talked about.
houses with gardens. houses with the scent of Ethiopia. houses
with the sound of sand. parental houses. the house of my brothers.
and the house of my sister. married house. divorced house.
the house of “mad Orlando”. house of pleasure. the house
in which language strives with the wind of memory. the house
of crime. the house in which love was committed. the drunkard’s
house. and the house of the lover. love house. a whore
house. a house with a derelict yard. a house with
poor children. house with summer and winter
vacations. the house of Chekhov and the house of Gogol. the house
in which Joseph sleeps. the house from which Egypt flees. the house
in front of which a beautiful woman spreads her wash. the secrets of the house.
the houses of secret.

the house - I will return, it remarks.
 than a wild large white head emerges
 and chases me from your doors. I run.

the house - we’ll meet again, I say.
 I’ve been put into the golden triangle of vrap~e,
 stenjevac and popova~a, where grows the forgotten
 plant of goodness.

the house - you’ll still drink your poison.
 the fieldworkers have discarded their blue blouses.
 in a (1981) car I enter my home place like a drawing
 out of a primer. only like this can women be old.
 only like this can snow be white. only like this
 can I think in a language which has left behind
 all resemblances to me.

the house - which I will call by the names of my friends.
 the house man. the woman house.
 the house son the daughter house.
 the house in the dangerous Sunday afternoon.
 the house from which someone comes and yells to me: hey!

INSTITUTE FOR HUMANISTIC STUDIES

vlak ide. vlak ide. vlak ide. vlak ide. na
rubu poljane gdje jedan muškarac tri
žene ljubi. vlak ide. vlak ide. vlak

ide. u noć u čijem dnu rastu mali skakavci
i svjetlo dopire do tvoga oka. vlak ide.
vlak ide. vlak ide. vlak

ide. tamo gdje sebe učim misliti o svome
lijevom i svome desnom palcu. vlak ide.
o grču i podnevu. o radosti. vlak ide. vlak

ide. gdje se marija miluje vodom. i govori
poezija u prenoćištu. vlak ide. vlak ide. vlak

ide. kao napjev kaznionice. kao povijest
prostitucije. vlak ide. gdje se presvlače žena
i muškarac. vlak ide. vlak ide. vlak

ide. gdje ćeš pružiti ruku i reći brdo je
upaljeno kao tijelo. bijelo stijenje visa.
šaptat ćeš bradat kao svraka crn. vlak

ide. šaptat ćeš kao ljubavnik sa srednjim
prstom u ženi koja hoće te. vlak ide. vlak
ide. vlak ide. vlak ide. vlak

ide. na rubu poljane gdje jedan muškarac
tri žene ljubi. je li to umjetnost. je li to
umjetnik. je li to? vlak

ide. vlak ide. vlak ide. vlak ide. čitajući
pjesme američkih pjesnika znam da postoji
poezija koju bih želio pisati – vlak ide. vlak

ide. vlak ide. kao tekst pokreta na tekućoj
vrpci – jer, na drugoj strani mi uporno
stojeći starimo. vlak ide. vlak ide. vlak

ide. ali i čemu san o promjeni: vlak ide.
vlak ide. gdje volim kraj njemačkog filma.
vlak ide. jer ima glazbu vječnosti. vlak

ide. vlak ide. vlak ide. Stipanova je kosa
na balkonu zajedno s vjetrom. vlak ide. vlak

ide. s Lukinom rečenicom o ribi i ptici... vlak

ide. vlak ide. vlak ide. & sjedeći prepoznajem.
vlak ide. & dvije žene u sjedalima ispred mene.
vlak ide. & znam priču o njihovoj patnji. vlak

ide. vlak ide. & što je mala riječ za vrata
kroz koja su prošle. vlak ide. vlak
ide. vlak ide. vlak ide. vlak ide. vlak

ide. – ali, znam li misliti. vlak ide. kao voljeti.
vlak ide. i nadalje o poeziji. o lyn. vlak ide.
u prozi bi pisalo: žena pored mene. vlak

ide. daje znak ljepoti. vlak ide. vlak ide.
zelenila oko nas. ali ni ja ne bih o vjeri.
vlak ide. u riječ. vlak

ide. ne bih ustuknuo pred ribarima. vodonošama.
poštarima. vlak ide. vlak ide. ali smijem li
sklopiti oči. ili nastaviti čitati. vlak ide. vlak

ide. & kao da se ništa nije dogodilo.
hoću li ustati. vlak ide. i reći, nešto o patnji &
o njihovim tijelima. ili šutjeti. vlak

ide. vlak ide. vlak ide. & zelenilo traje
& žene, ispred mene, listaju prospekt
& *wir bauen zügig*. vlak

ide. & smiješe se, razmjenjuju sitne pažnje...
vlak ide. vlak ide. na rubu poljane gdje
jedan muškarac tri žene ljubi

INSTITUTE FOR HUMANISTIC STUDIES

train goes. train goes. train goes. train goes. on
an edge of a field where a man makes love to three
women. train goes. train goes. train

goes. into the night in whose depth small grasshoppers grow
and light reaches your eye. train goes.
train goes. train goes. train

goes. to the place where i teach myself to think about
my left and my right thumb. train goes.
about cramps and afternoons. about joy. train goes. train

goes. where mary caresses herself with water. and poetry
is spoken in the hostel. train goes. train goes. train

goes. as the penitentiary chant. as the history
of prostitution. train goes. where the woman and man
change clothes. train goes. train goes. train

goes. where you will extend your hand and say the hill
is on fire like the body. the white cliffs of the island of vis.
you'll whisper bearded and black as a magpie. train

goes. you'll whisper as a lover with his middle
finger in the woman who wants it. train goes. train
goes. train goes. train goes. train

goes. at the edge of a field where a man
makes love to three women. is that art. is that
an artist. is that it? train

goes. train goes. train goes. train goes. reading
the poems of american poets i know there's a
poetry i'd like to write - train goes. train

goes. train goes. like the text of movement on an assembly
line - because, on the other side we, upright, stubbornly
grow old. train goes. train goes. train

goes. after all why dream of change: train goes.
train goes. where i like the endings of german films.
train goes. because it has the music of eternity. train

goes. train goes. train goes. on the balcony
Stephen's hair is one with the wind. train goes. train

goes. with Luke's sentence on fish and birds ... train

goes. train goes. train goes. & sitting i recognize.
train goes. & the two women in seats in front of me.
train goes. & i know the story of their suffering. train

goes. train goes. & what is the tiny word for the door
through which they've passed. train goes. train
goes. train goes. train goes. train goes. train

goes. - but, do i know how to think. train goes. like how to love.
train goes. and furthermore about poetry. oh lyn. train goes.
it would be written in prose: the woman next to me. train

goes. gives the sign to the beauty. train goes. train goes.
of greenery around us. but neither would i about faith.
train goes. in a word. train

goes. i would not yield before fishermen. water-carriers.
postmen. train goes. train goes. but can i
close my eyes. or continue reading. train goes. train

goes. & as though nothing happened.
will i arise. train goes. and say, something about suffering &
their bodies. or keep quiet. train

goes. train goes. train goes. & the greenery continues
& the women, in front of me, are leafing a booklet
& wir bauen züzig¹. train

goes. & they laugh, exchanging small civilities ...
train goes. train goes. at the edge of a field
where a man is making love to three women

WHAT DO YOU DO IN CASE OF FIRE

jedan se starac spušta autom
niz ljetne ceste otoka i
sve je tu: more i prašina,
sunce i sol, on neumorno
plovi i nevidljivi megafon
ispunja jaru jeftinom
malteškom pjesmom, on
se spušta niz otok
u jednoj brzini
I am Lawrence of Arabia
– ali što ometa tu
vedru sliku u trajanju
i otkud znoj ispod
bijeke košulje

WHAT DO YOU DO IN CASE OF FIRE

an old man descends by car
Down the summer island roads and
All's there: the sea and dust,
Sun and salt, he tirelessly
floats and the invisible megaphone
fills the glowing heat with cheap
Maltese songs, he
descends the island
at one speed
I am Lawrence of Arabia
- but what disturbs this
bright picture as it lasts
and where did the sweat come from
underneath the white shirt

PSALAM, PJEV TAMNOG ANDELA

ja samo znam da na mjestu
gdje si gola ušla u praznu
sobu i rekla nije dobro
baviti se morem, sada rastu,
katedrale i gromovi,
glazba i planine

PSALM; THE SONG OF THE WHITE ANGEL

I only know that on the place at which
you entered naked into the empty
room and said it was not good
to deal with the sea, now grow
cathedrals and thunder,
music and mountains

HVAR / GLAGOLI

muškarac ulazi u vinograd,
sjeda i plače na rubu otoka,
gdje Bog više ne čeka zvijezde
da bi se objavio moru,
žena ustaje i skače u more,
Jedan i Drugi šute

ja sada znam da se nije moglo
dogoditi ništa: skok je skok,
more samo more, jedna zvijezda
samo Bog, koji uopće i ne želi
da ga se, sada, bilo što o tome
pita

HVAR / VERBS

a man enters the vineyard,
sits and weeps at the edge of the island,
where God no longer awaits the stars
to reveal himself to the sea,
the woman rises and jumps into the sea,
One and the Other are silent

i now know that nothing could have
happened: a jump is a jump,
the sea merely the sea, a lone star
just God who doesn't want to be
questioned about this thing
at all