

LITERARNI POPOLDAN LITERARY AFTERNOON

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Lamija Begagić

Jutro, ko je padel Doboj

Nikoli nisem bila tam, toda nekaj sem vedela o njem. Denimo, dolgo je živel v eni tistih anekdot iz otroštva. Govorilo se je o tem in se vtkalo tudi v družinski sleng, da mu je eden od bratrancev rekel Dvoboj. *Gremo v Dvoboj.*

Mi nismo nikoli šli v Dvoboj – na zemljevidih in v učbenikih Spoznavanja narave in družbe sicer včrtan kot pomembno železniško vozlišče s svojim uradnim imenom: Doboj.

No, po tem ga poznam, po tej skrivnostni deteljici, kraju, kjer so se križale proge in smeri takrat živahne železnice, in po tem, da je res zelo veliko ljudi ravno tam stopilo z vlaka, kadar smo potovali k teti v Tuzlo. Vlak se je takrat čarobno izpraznil in končno smo dobili sedeže, da smo se lahko sezuli, dvignili noge in uživali v preostanku potovanja.

Imeli smo teto v Tuzli. Eno smo imeli tudi v Sarajevu. Na obisk k njima smo šli enkrat na leto. In nikogar več, zunaj rojstne Zenice. Zaradi tega nam ni bilo težko, tudi nenavadno ni bilo.

In zakaj bi, smo premišljevali, kdorkoli bil kjerkoli drugje, če je tu tako ali tako vse.

Bojana in Jelena sta imeli skoraj vse sorodnike ravno tam. In zaradi njiju smo vedeli za ta Doboj. Zaradi deda, ki sta ga klicali dedi. In o katerem sta kar naprej govorili.

Dedi nama je kupil, dedi naju je naučil, dedi naju je peljal.

Njima je bil dedi to, kar bi meni zagotovo bil dedek Hazim, če bi bil živ, pri katerem so z žarečimi in nostalgичnimi očmi prisegali starejši bratrance, ki so se ga spominjali. Njihova otroštva je po ćopićevsko zaznamoval. Mojega ni žal niti oplazil.

Čprav sta uživali v druženjih z dedijem, sta ga tudi onidve kakor jaz svoji daljni teti videvali poredko, le med poletnimi počitnicami, ko sta odšli v Doboj in znova spustili ime tega mesteca v mojo drobno intimno geografijo, omejeno z dimniki Železarne na eni strani ter sotočjem Babine reke in reke Bosne na drugi strani.

V tistih letih se ob koncih tedna ni hodilo nikamor. To so bili počasni časi, v katerih sta bila Doboj in Sarajevo daljna kraja, kamor se ni izplačalo potovati za dva dni, četudi sta bila od Zenice oddaljena le kakšnih sedemdeset kilometrov. Naši konci tedna so bili brezmejna svoboda, dolgočasje brez pritiska načrtovanja. Razlikovali smo se samo v tem, kdo bo tisti prvi, ki bo prišel ven, pred blok, drugi pa ga bodo z okna videli in pospešili starševske jutranje procedure, med vpitjem: *Hitro, kaj še moram narediti, lej, Jelena je že zunaj!*

Čez kakšen hip smo se zlivali z vseh strani, od garaž, od trgovine, iz tunela, kakor smo rekli prehodu med dvema blokoma.

Le med tistimi dolgimi poletnimi počitnicami, ko sta odšli k dediju v Doboj, smo potrebovali nekaj dni, da smo se privadili, potem pa smo kmalu spet začeli živeti svoja počasna poletna življenja. Ko je minilo, vedno pa je minilo prehitro, sta se vrnila z zgodbami o novih veččinah, ki jima jih je odkril dedi, mi pa smo se znova privajali, da sta spet tu in da morata

biti del nas, četudi sta izpustili tako bunkerje na garažah kot popraviljanje koles in četrtni turnir v namiznem tenisu.

Kakor se za preobrate tudi spodobi, je tudi ta v tej leni in počasni zgodbi prišel, ko smo ga najmanj pričakovali, neke razcvetene pomladi, zgodaj zjutraj.

Med starši se je že več dni nekaj dogajalo, čistile so se kleti, dežuralo se je pred blokom, moj očka je bil zdaj z Aidinim, zdaj z Bojaninim in Jeleninim očkom, občasno se je vprašalo, kako je družina v drugih delih države, kje je teže, v glavnem pa se je kartalo, igral se je remi in pila se je kava iz termovke.

Oblačila sem se za ven, skrbelo me je, ali me bo zdaj zeblo, pozneje pa mi bo vroče, vse pa mi je bilo nekam prekratko in pretesno. Ko sem brskala po omari, v ozadju ni igrala glasba, temveč je večno majhen prostor dnevne sobe zapolnjeval glas zaskrbljenih radijskih poročevalcev. Tistega jutra so redna poročila prekinili s tistim izrednim: da je padel Doboju.

Padel je Doboju.

V prejšnjih dneh in mesecih smo se naučili, da to, ko nekaj *pade*, ni dobro. Ni bilo dobro, ker so starši spet bodisi preklinjali bodisi molčali, ni bilo dobro, ker so neki ljudje nekje trpeli, in ni bilo dobro, ker so reke ljudi prišle v mesto, polnile so se telovadnice, neki otroci so odraščali na parketu, kjer mi spet nismo imeli telovadbe, nismo hodili v šolo in smo se potikali po ulici, ki nam je postala prekratka tako kot tiste demodirane trenirke Yassa.

Premladi smo bili, da bi vedeli, kako sebični in neempatični smo bili v tistih trenutkih, ampak pogršali smo našo telovadbo v telovadnici in našo vsakdanjo šolo, da bi ji dali priložnost, da bi se je naveličali, da bi jo sovražili in preklinjali, ne pa da smo si je, tako povsem nenaravno, vsake toliko časa zaželeli. In smo kmalu sprejeli vse tiste brezdomne otroke, vedeli smo, da nikakor ne more biti dobro, če šola postane tvoj dom, potem so nas pa tudi oni izdali in odšli naprej, ker, se nam je zdelo takrat, vendarle obstaja dlje od tod in vendarle obstajajo tisti, ki bi šli kam drugam in ki tu ne da nimajo vsega, kot smo do včeraj mislili, temveč nimajo nikjer več čisto čisto nič.

Dotlej smo se naučili, da ko nekaj *pade*, to pomeni še en majhen konec.

Toda do takrat, do tistega pomladnega jutra, v katerem sem izbirala trenirko, so padala neznana, brezimna mesta, zdaj pa je padel Doboju. Nikoli nisem bila v njem, toda čutila sem, da je mojeksi od drugih.

Padel je Doboju je bil, četudi v Doboju nisem imela nikogar »svojega«, tisti trenutek, po katerem sem pomislila, da vendarle ne bo vse v redu, samo da smo skupaj.

Nenadoma nisem bila lačna in ni bilo več pomembno, v kateri majici bom šla ven, zadihano sem stekla do petega in jima tolkla po vratih. Odprla je Jelena, zaspana, zmedeno me je gledala.

»A je v redu?«

»Kdo?«

»Dedi! Padel je Doboju!«

Ne spominjam se njenih besed, spominjam pa se, kako me je pomirila s pogledom in lahkotnostjo, s katero je izgovorila nekaj kot *V redu je, vsi so v redu*.

V redu je bil dedi. V redu so, so govorili, bili tudi Damir, Adnan in Alma, ko so na začetku poletja prišli v Zenico, iz Doboja, kolikor si lahko, ko življenje stlačiš v torbo za trening in se odpraviš v neznano: očka proti Tešnju, mama s tremi otroki proti Zenici. Ne bodo dolgo, so rekli, mi pa smo se jim že naučili ne verjeti, vendar jim tudi ne razkriti, kako zelo že vemo tisto, česar sami še ne: bodo dolgo. Nekateri tudi za vedno.

Čez nekaj juter je bil čuden mir, potem pa smo spet začeli hoditi ven. Novo poletje, nove kolopopravljavnice v zapuščenih garažah, turnirji na neuporabljanem rokometnem stadionu ter skrivno Damirjevo in Jelenino »hojenje«, da ne bi nihče izvedel, da ju ne bi nihče, skritih na tribunah stadiona, videl.

V poznejših letih nisem nikoli pisala o njiju in teh njunih izmenjavah stripov in morda, kdove, kakšnega stavka o Doboju.

Odločila sem se, da bom oba obdržala tam, kjer sta ostala za nas, četudi sta oba za vedno odšla. Jelena, s sestro Bojano in starši, že proti koncu tistega poletja, najprej v Dobj, končali pa so nekje v Srbiji.

Damir, Adnan in Alma po koncu vojne nazaj v rojstni Dobj in od začetka.

Jeseni, ki je prihajala, niti navdušenje nad vrnitvijo v klopi ni moglo rešiti. Do konca se ni vedelo, ali pouk bo, in od vsega je ostal samo okus tistega poznega poletja, v katerem je nekega jutra izginilo pol prijateljic in prijateljev iz bloka, vrata njihovih stanovanj pa so bila le kakšno uro zatem polepljena z napisi kot *Zasedeno – VVI*.

Vse, kar je prišlo po tisti jeseni, vse, kar je *padlo*, vse, kar se je *osvobodilo*, smo prenašali bolj stoično, manj zainteresirano, najbrž smo mislili, da smo zdaj veliki in da je to pogum ali modrost. Danes vemo, da ni bilo nič od tega in da bi morali oditi, preden je padlo prvo brezimno mesto, v kakšno še bolj brezimno in od tam pisati o nekih trenutkih, v katerih naj bi se nekaj smiselnega, nekaj lepega, nekaj velikega in pomembnega začelo, nekaterim pa se nikoli ni.

Prevedla Đurđa Stirsoglavac

Iz antologije *Trenutak kad je meni počeo rat* (Beograd, 2022), str. 32–37.

The Morning Doboј Fell

I'd never been there, but I knew a bit about it. Let's say that for a long time, it existed in one of those childhood stories. Rumor has it that one of my relatives called it Dvoboј – “duel” – and this even made its way into my family's slang: *We're going to Dvoboј.*

We never went to Dvoboј. On maps and in social studies textbooks, though, it was labeled as an important railway hub under its official name: Doboј.

So I knew about it from that ominous loop, where the tracks and lines of the railway, so lively back then, split off. Also from watching so many people pour out of the train right there on our way to visit our aunt in Tuzla. The train would magically empty there and we would finally find seats, take off our shoes, put our feet up, and enjoy the rest of the trip.

We had that one aunt there in Tuzla. We had another in Sarajevo. We would go visit them once a year. Otherwise, we didn't have anyone outside our hometown Zenica, which was neither a problem nor unusual for us.

Besides, we told ourselves, what could we want anywhere else when we had everything here anyway?

Bojana and Jelena had pretty much their whole family right there. It's through them that we knew about Doboј. Through their grandfather that they both called Đed, the one they never stopped talking about.

Đed bought us this, Đed taught us that, Đed took us there.

Đed was to them what Deda Hazim would have surely been to me if he had still been alive: all my older relatives who remembered him gushed about how great he was, their eyes filled with emotion and nostalgia. They described their childhoods as if he were that grandpa from Branko Ćopić's stories, but unfortunately, he had had no impact on mine.

And even though they loved all their get-togethers with Đed, they rarely saw him, just like me with my faraway aunts. It was only during summer break that they would leave for Doboј and once again place that tiny town on my mind's personal map, bounded by the chimneys of the Željezara iron works on the one side and the confluence of the Babina and Bosna Rivers on the other side.

In those years, no one went anywhere on the weekends. Those were slow times, when Doboј and Sarajevo were faraway destinations that weren't worth visiting for just two days, even though they were a mere forty-five miles from Zenica. For us, weekends meant endless freedom, idle hours unburdened by the pressure of planning. The only difference from one weekend to the next was which of us would be the first to go out in front of the building while those of us still in the house watched from the window and rushed their parents through the morning routine, shouting, *Hurry up, what else we gotta do? Look, Jelena's already outside!*

In no time at all, we were pouring out from every side: from the garage, from the market, even from the tunnel, as we called the passage between two buildings.

It was only during the long summer breaks, when the two of them would leave to visit Ded in Doboj, that we would need a few days to get used to the change, but then we quickly went back to our slow summer routines. When summer was over, though, it always felt too fast: there they were again with their stories about new things Ded had taught them how to do, but we soon got used to them being there again and they reminded us that they belonged there with us, despite missing out on our garage bunkers, bike repairs, and neighborhood ping-pong tournaments.

And, as is fitting with twists and turns, in this slow, lazy story, it also happened when we least expected it, on a budding spring day, early in the morning.

Something had been going on between our parents for days: the basements were being cleaned, my dad was on duty in front of the building, sometimes with Aida's dad, sometimes with Bojana and Jelena's, asking how family in other parts of the country were doing, places where things were more difficult. Most of the time, however, they just played card games like rummy and drank coffee from a thermos.

I got dressed to go outside, and Dad worried that I might be cold now and hot later. Everything had become sort of slim and tight on me. There was no music playing in the background as I rummaged through the closet, but the ever-too-tiny living room was filled with the voices of worried radio reporters. The regular programming was interrupted that morning with extraordinary news: Doboj had fallen.

Doboj, fallen.

We had learned in the days and months leading up to that moment that when something *falls*, it's never good: it couldn't be good because my parents were once again either swearing or absentmindedly silent, it couldn't be good because people were suffering somewhere, and it couldn't be good because droves of people were coming to town, gyms were filled, some children were growing up on those wooden floors where we used to exercise, and we weren't going to school and instead were hanging around in the street, which seemed to shrink just like our old-fashioned Yassa tracksuits.

We were too young to know how selfish and unempathetic we were in those moments, but we missed our gym classes and going to school every day. We wanted the chance to get bored, to hate and curse school, not to have this unnatural desire to always want to go there. Soon, we accepted all those homeless children; we knew there was no way it could be good for school to become your home, but then they betrayed us too and moved on because, as we thought back then, evidently you could even go past here, and there were even people who would go to those places and who not only didn't have everything here like we thought everyone did until yesterday, but who no longer had anything anywhere.

By that point, we had learned that when something fell, that meant yet another small ending.

But by that moment, by that spring morning when I picked out my tracksuit, nameless, unknown cities had fallen, but now Doboj had fallen. I'd never been there, but I felt like it was more mine than other places.

Doboj had fallen. Even though I didn't have anyone in Doboj, in that moment I thought: Things aren't going to be okay; hopefully at least we can stay together.

Suddenly, I wasn't hungry, and it no longer mattered which shirt I was going to wear outside; out of breath, I ran to the fifth floor and knocked. A sleepy-eyed Jelena opened the door and looked at me, pale.

“s'he alright!?”

“Who?”

“Ded! Doboj has fallen!”

I no longer remember what she said, but I do remember how much her look calmed me, the ease with which she said something like, *Oh, he's fine, everyone's fine.*

Ded was fine. Damir, Adnan, and Alma were also fine, they said, when they came to Zenica from Doboj at the beginning of the summer, as fine as you can be when you've put your life in your gym bag and traveled into the unknown: their dad toward Tešanj, their mom with all three children to Zenica. They wouldn't stay long, they said, though we had already learned not to believe them, but also not to let on the extent to which we knew what they hadn't yet figured out: they would be staying a long time. Some of them forever.

A few mornings later, there was a strange peace, and then we started going out again. A new summer, new bicycle repair shops in abandoned garages, tournaments in the unused handball stadium, and Damir and Jelena secretly dating, so that no one would notice, so that no one would ever see them, hidden in the stadium bleachers.

In the years that followed, I never wrote about the two of them and those alleged comic book exchanges, and who knows, maybe they even exchanged a few words about Doboj.

I decided to always think of the two of them as still being here with us, even though they were both gone forever. Jelena, along with her sister Bojana and their parents, had left later that summer, first to Doboj, to later end up somewhere in Serbia.

Damir had left with Adnan and Alma for his hometown Doboj at the end of the war: a fresh start.

Not even the excitement of going back to our old school benches could save the upcoming fall. Until the very last moment, no one knew if there would still be schools, so we were left with only the taste of that late summer when half of our friends disappeared from our building one morning, and just a few hours later, the doors of their apartments were plastered with notices like, *Occupied – Disabled War Veterans.*

Everything that came after that fall, everything that *fell*, everything that was *liberated*, we faced it all with stoicism, more disinterested, thinking, I guess, that we were big now and that it was courage or wisdom. Today, we know that it was neither of the two and that we should have left before the first nameless city fell and gone to an even more nameless one, and from there, we should have written about those few moments when something meaningful,



Ikar 2.0 Icarus 2.0



something beautiful, something big and important was about to happen, but for some people,
it never did.

Translated by Shaydon Ramey

From the book *Trenutak kad je meni počeo rat* (Belgrade, 2022), pp. 32–37.



Lenka Kuhar Daňhelová

[Če naj kaj ostane za nama]

Če naj kaj ostane za nama,
naj ostane najin smeh.
Veselje naj napolni ozračje.
In ne kakšna žalost.
Bila sva tukaj, bila sva tako tesno skupaj,
da niti pajkova nit ne bi mogla med naju.



[Ob sedmih zjutraj]

Ob sedmih zjutraj
cerkvena vrata in seks šopi
na široko zehajo.
Tesnoba se zrači.
Cerkovnik v vedru
prinese
odpadli omet.
Prodajalec pomete
in zaklene za sabo.
Živiš v mojih besedah. Živiš z njimi.

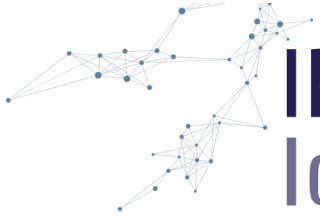


Ikar 2.0 Icarus 2.0



[V vsakem mestu kdo čaka nate]

V vsakem mestu kdo čaka nate.
Zjutraj petje v kopalnici za tenkim zidom.
Nizek let ščinkavca.
Para iz hladilnih stolpov
se zrašča z oblaki.
Vsak jezik je tvoj.



Nad paglavci

Blato se je izsušilo.
Zle ptičje stopinje,
zlovešče znamenje,
da so na kratko bili tukaj.
Med nama ni nobenih skrivnosti,
ljubi moj.
Pa jih še vedno toliko ostaja.



[Nihče ne bi rekel, da gre za pokvarjenost]

Nihče ne bi rekel, da gre za pokvarjenost.
Resnica je, da se je za zagrnenimi zavesami
vedno bleščala izzivalna svetloba
in z dvorišča je zvenel smeh,
medtem ko je v temi okoli hiše
lajala žalostna tišina,
medtem ko so ulične luči
razblinjale temo
in brezosebno brenčale.
Nihče ne bi pomislil
na karkoli nepoštenega.
Nihče ne bi razmišljal
o koncu.



Kupček perja

Strah se seseda,
petje v vejah
že brez tistega glasu.
Čez gozd povleče veter,
prinese dež.
Peresce se ujame
v tvojo mrežo.

[Podorana slama tako grenko zlata]

Podorana slama tako grenko zlata,
kakor poletje izginja, zori,
sonce prezrelo bilke srebrni,
s krikom črnim sliko
prestriže prhutanje vrane –
preostanek jate si na polju
z vrabčki poslednja zrna deli.

Prevedel Peter Kuhar

[If anything is to remain after us]

If anything is to remain after us,
let our laughter remain.
Let the atmosphere fill with joy.
And not with some sorrow.
We were here, we were so close together
that no spider's thread could have come between.



[At seven in the morning]

At seven in the morning
the church gate and sex shops
hugely yawn.
Anxiety airs itself.
The sexton brings
in a pail
the crumbling plaster.
The salesman sweeps the shop
and locks it.
You live in my words. You live with them.

[In every town someone is waiting for you]

In every town someone is waiting for you.
The morning song in the bathroom behind the thin wall.
The low flight of the finch.
The vapour from cooling towers
is merging with clouds.
Every tongue is yours.

Over the Tadpoles

The mud has dried.
Evil bird tracks,
an ominous sign
that they have briefly stopped here.
There are no secrets between us,
my love.
And yet there remain so many.

[No one would have called it corruption]

No one would have called it corruption.
The truth is that behind drawn curtains
a heady light was always shining
and laughter rang from the backyard
while round the house in the darkness
a sad silence barked,
while street lamps
dispersed darkness,
humming impersonally.
No one would have thought
of anything dishonest.
No one would have considered
the end.



A Handful of Feathers

Fear crumples together,
the song in branches
already without that sound.
The wind blows through the wood,
bringing rain,
A little feather clings
to your web.

[The ploughed-down straw grows, bitter gold]

The ploughed-down straw grows, bitter gold,
ripe as the summer fades,
an overripe sun paints silver the grass blades,
with a black cry, the picture
is ripped by a crow's flaps –
the rest of the flock is in the field,
sharing with sparrows the last grains.

Translated by Nada Grošelj

Monika Herceg

Marjam Mirzahani na kruh ob sir in majonezo položi tri brezmejnosti

Dolgo sem bila deček boječ se svojih stegen,
prikrivala geografijo telesa
pod ohlapnimi majicami
botanika v bohotni rasti
V tvojih dojkah ugašanje dneva
nabreka kot nevihtno oblačje,
brez razmišljanja prižigaš glavo kot svečo
in jo polniš z Riemannovimi ploskvami
zavedaš se da poletje pogreva tumorje,
da se matematika razodeva vztrajnim
in vseeno če se glasne geometrije
kmalu preselijo v kosti

Še vedno pred predavanjem iz kvantne mehanike
splášeno odstranim žensko iz sebe
in s Heisenbergom se ure in ure pogajam
o nedoločenosti prsi
ki jih puščam pred vrati

Ti pa, Marjam, tvoja nepokrita glava
po selitvi v črne kronike iranskih časopisov
ostro zre v moške
užaljene zaradi prekratkih las
in polni njihovo moškost
do poslednje kapilare
z vertikalno enačbo poraza

**1940. Nada Sremec piše, da ženske
po vaseh umirajo zaradi splava
nenadzirano kot v Afriki**

Za doto dobijo preprih kletke in dolgo, dolgo iglo ki,
prišepne stara mati in mežikne, ni za pletenje
Ko rdeča zatrese čela v sunek na seizmografu
spremenjene v duhove skušajo
vstati v grlih sosedov
in prosijo za zdravnika
Od klofut se kosti udrejo v lica
Če zmorejo druge, lahko tudi ti

Ne štejejo več, vsaj enkrat julija ali avgusta
izpraznijo kozarce nezdrave rdeče pese
Teptajo jo moška kopita, krdela neobrzdanih čevljev
skrtačenih kot proge tigra, z enako močnim ugrizom

Pogosto odidejo na vrt in se nikdar ne vrnejo

Šolarke brez mater pihajo v trobentice
tako spretno da preluknjajo spomin
skisajo dolg zimski nahod
stresejo tanke in granate
gole kot platane

Po vsiljeni amneziji
ponekod oživijo matere in nematere
iz pomivalnega korita in pečice,
nebogljena kolonija krtov
pri luči dneva
Grlo polno drobcev šrapnela



Evropa nikdar ne govori o prestanem nasilju

Po bodeči žici pesem
zlahka oživi
v nespečni noči
Vendar ne govori drugim
o strahu pred nepismenimi moškimi
Ko se ti približajo z rokami mesarjev,
ne bodi prevzeta kot dekletce
od srečnih koncev

Boga boš spoznala
preodetega v bika
kot ime v katero si se izselila
loveč se za humor
pod trpežnim površjem
mršavega trebuha

In ne boš jokala
saj je to poslovni svet,
tvoja toplota
za kolesje
s katerim so te prenesli
v pustoto
tujega jezika

Evropa, raztegnjena do sesutja bližine
Evropa, v rani bi se morala končati pesem,
v mrtvo plavajočem dečku
ki ga na gladini morja drži
vojna lažja od slane vode,
vojna na drugem koncu sveta
kjer nismo delali otrok
ker nas nenehno opazuje
bog ostrostrelec
bog ročna bomba

Definicija pesnice

Nadzorna točka je polnoč, pisala bom o tem kako
nam je pred nekaj leti padel v juho ta samostalnik
ki je razgalil Pepelko, pisala bom o izmišljanju otroštva
na desetih kvadratih, o svežih kumaricah v akciji,
grenkem okusu v katerem smo se kopali
kot da nas bo nahranil s poletjem

Ponudiš mi smetano, v mrazu se utaplja zelenje,
naše prve kumare po vojni, ampak le medlo se spomnim
Pripoveduješ mi da sem bila klepetava in nenasitna,
da nisem znala reči hvala ali nehati,
da smo lačni sveže zelenjave
pomanjšali noč in ji sedli v naročje kot mačji mladiči

Moji strahovi so bili vedno popleskani z enakim beležem,
razjedajoča, potihnjena brezna
Vsa tema ki sem jo imela v laseh je padala v obroke,
nisi je znala počesati, nisi je znala izcediti,
in leta sem mislila da je dno blizu,
vedno v brezkončnem padcu
Zadnje čase pred spanjem
pridre vame tisto morje
ki smo ga nekoč spoznali
Imam kopalke z delfini ki lahko požrejo
vse zlonamerne poglede iz globine

Na smrt me je strah ko spoznam
da sem daleč od obale,
da sem pika sredi modrine
in nikdar se ne bom ubranila
velikega prostora

Še vedno včasih pred pesmijo
lebdim v mokri temi
ki se mi zdi
da je katerikoli del polnoči
ko z lahkoto preslepiš lakoto,
a nikdar ne opustim
poskusov da bi se
odrinila
v absolutni nič

Prevedla Sonja Polanc

Maryam Mirzakhani Puts Three Slices of Infinity on a Toast with Cheese and Mayo

I've spent years being a boy, frightened of my thighs,
hiding my body's geographies
under baggy clothes
botany was burgeoning
In your breasts the extinguishing day
swells almost like storm clouds,
yet you, without a second thought, fire up your mind like a torch
feeding the flames with Riemann surfaces
well aware that summer's heating up the tumors,
that mathematics reveals itself to the persistent
so who cares if the noisy geometries
soon spread to the bones

Before my quantum mechanics class, I still
fearfully resect the woman out of myself
then spend hours on end discussing with Heisenberg
the uncertainty of breasts
which I leave at the doorman's desk

But you, Maryam, your uncovered head,
now from the obituary section of Iranian press
fiercely stares at the men
offended by your close-cropped hair,
and fills their manhood
to every last capillary
with equations of vertical defeat

In 1940, Nada Sremec Wrote the Number of Maternal Deaths Caused by Abortion Across Villages Was Growing as Uncontrollably as in Africa

For dowry they get the birdcage draught and a long, long needle, which,
whispers the old woman and winks, is not for darning
Once the red quakes their foreheads to the braking point of the seismograph,
transfigured into apparitions they try
to rise in the throats of neighbors
and beg to see a doctor
The smack makes the bones sink into cheeks
If others can do it, so can you

They've lost count, at least once every July or August
they spill the jarfuls of unwholesome beets
On them trample the man's hooves, the herds of unbridled boots
groomed like the tiger's stripes, whose bite is just as sharp

They often walk out into the garden and never return

Schoolgirls without mothers blow on primroses
so ably they hollow out memories,
pickle the persisting winter sniffles,
make the tanks and shells shiver
naked like plane trees

After the imposed amnesia
in some places the good and bad mothers resurrect
from the kitchen sinks and stoves,
a helpless colony of moles
in broad daylight
Throats stocked with bombshells

Europe Never Speaks of the Violence Suffered

After the razor wire, the poem
easily resurrects
in someone's sleepless night
But don't you go telling anyone
you fear the illiterate men
When they come close to you with their butcher's hands,
don't get carried away, like some silly little girl,
by happy endings

You'll meet god
in the guise of a bull
meet the name you emigrated to
hanging onto humor
beneath the durable skin
of your malnourished rib

And you're not gonna cry
because this is a business world,
your heat
that turns the wheels
on which they brought you over
to the wasteland
of a foreign tongue

Europe, vicinity stretched to the point of collapse
Europe, the poem should end in a wound,
in a floating boy
kept on the sea surface
by a war lighter than the salty water,
by a war on the other side of the world,
where we'd never make children
always watched over by
a sniper god
a hand-grenade god

Poetess Defined

The checkpoint is midnight, I'll write about that time
when a few years back the noun that stripped Cinderella bare
dropped into our soup, I'll write about make-believing a childhood
in a ten-by-ten room, about the cucumbers bought on sale,
the bitter taste in which we bathed
as if it could nourish us with summer

You pass me the sour cream, the chill sucking in the green,
the first cucumbers we've had since the war, but to me it's a faint memory
You tell me that I used to be chatty and insatiable as a child,
that I never said thank you or knew when to stop,
that our hunger for fresh vegetables
shrank the night and like kittens we rested in its lap

My fears have always been evenly coated with lime,
the abrading, stifled sinking creeks
All the darkness I've kept in my hair was coming loose, trickling into my plate;
you didn't know how to comb it off me, or squeeze it out,
and for years it has seemed like I was nearing the bottom,
trapped in an endless fall

Lately as I drift off to sleep
the sea we once got to meet
engulfs me
The dolphins on my swimsuit can eat
any menacing eye gazing up from the depths
I'm terrified, knowing
that I'm too far from shore,
that I'm a dot amid the blue,
and I'll never fend off
the vast space

Sometimes before the poem begins I still
find myself adrift the wet darkness
which might as well be
any bit of midnight
time when hunger is easily tricked,
but I've never given up
trying
to push myself
against nothing at all

Translated by Marina Vevevec



Petr Hruška

Mačka

Živali obvladajo bistvo geometrije veliko bolje.
Črna mačka kmalu najde
osišče situacije,
središče prostora,
zlati rez dopoldneva, in leže vanj.

Sredi noči se dvigne,
izboči svoj obris
in ugotovi,
da nikamor ne sodi.

Market v Frankfurtu

Napad obupa jo je zvil v nakupovalnem centru.

Z vso težo se je morala opreti ob polico,
roke pa zakopati v špagete,
začeli so se pahljačasto usipati na vse strani neba.

Vztrajala je,
čeprav ni imelo smisla.

Telo je prenehalo zanikati
popolno zapuščenost.

Ogrlica se je prevesila v prazno lepoto.

Na dan so prilezla leta,
kakor rebra,

v trgovini s popolno razsvetljava,
ki ne meče senc.

Prodajalec je prišel dopolnit jastoge.

Stala je,
visoka in nepremagljiva,
pod njo divja zvezda
razsutih špagetov.



Videl boš

Ozri se tja
kjer si včeraj spal
in videl boš absolutno začasnost
tenko mrhovino odeje
pomečkan prostor delovanja
vodo v lončku zlovešče staro
videl boš kako si se trudil
biti
in prestat
kako je s teboj za hip
hodil sen
kako se je na vse strani
od tvojega ležanja
ves čas širila pustota
kako si se izkopal
in znova vstal
proti strašljivi hitrosti svetlobe



Steber

Železobetone je železobetone.
Bledi steber meri trdno
navzgor,
predreti nizkost.
Spodaj, ob vznožju divje cvetoča
podrast grafitov,
fleki od scaline,
nervoza listja.
Toda steber se dviga više in više,
izgublja se pred očmi
v umazanih krpah meglice.
Železobetonski hlod,
ki ustreza naši dobi,
ne objame pet mož.
Tam zgoraj nekaj je.
Mora biti,
če pa tukaj stoji
tak steber.



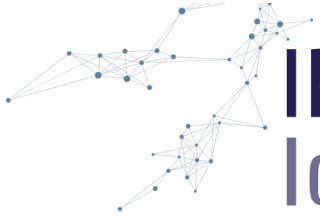
Cvetličarna v Livornu

Ustaviš se pred cvetličarno v Livornu
in vidiš –
popolnoma nepomembno je.

Dan se težko nagiba k tovornemu pristanišču
oblega vojaško trdnjavo
resno se vzpenja po stopnišču mestne hiše
po stopnišču zvonika

Vstopiš
sence listov drsijo po telesu
zaslišiš svoj dih
misliš na teh nekaj ljudi
katerih dih
si kdaj slišal

Stopiš noter
v lastno popolno nepomembnost



Hala

Graditi so jo že začeli.
Velika bo,
mnogi pravijo, da največja.
Iz tankih, hitro rastočih sten,
ob katerih poleti
rahlo šelesti trava.
Razprostira se sivkasto vse do hribovja.
V njej se skrije karkoli,
za dolgo časa.
Če je treba,
karkoli in vse obenem.
Zagrne kar največ.
Klic na drugo stran
niti ne dospe,
oslabi že nekje spotoma.
Končno bo torej tukaj
zares velika,
večnamenska hala,
primerna naši dobi.
Graditi so jo že začeli.

Prevedel Peter Kuhar



A Cat

Animals grasp the essence of geometry much better.
A black cat soon finds
the fulcrum of the situation,
the centre of the room,
the golden ratio of the morning, and lies down in it.

In the dead of the night she rises,
arches her silhouette
and realises
that she belongs nowhere.

A Shop in Frankfurt

The rush of despair engulfed her in a shopping
mall.

She had to lean her full weight on a shelf,
burying her hands in spaghetti,
which scattered like a fan in all directions of the sky.

She persisted,
although it was no use.

The body stopped denying
its complete abandonment.

The necklace tilted over into empty beauty.

Out crawled the years,
like ribs,

in a shop with perfect lighting
which casts no shadows.

A shop assistant came to restock lobsters.

She stood there,
tall and invincible,
under her the wild star
of scattered spaghetti.



You'll See

Glance at
where you slept last night
and you'll see absolute transience
the thin carcass of a blanket
the crumpled place of activity
water ominously old in a mug
you'll see how you struggled
to be
and to endure
how for a moment
sleep walked with you
how wasteland spread all the time
in all directions
from your lying there
how you dug your way out
and rose again
towards the terrifying speed of light



Pillar

Reinforced concrete is reinforced concrete.

The pale pillar firmly points

upward,

to pierce through lowness.

Beneath, at its foot, the rampant

undergrowth of graffiti,

spots left by piss,

nervousness of leaves.

But the pillar rises higher and higher,

fading before our eyes

into the dirty rags of mist.

The reinforced concrete trunk

that matches our era

can't be embraced by five men.

There is something up there.

There must be

if here stands

such a pillar.

A Flower Shop in Livorno

You stop outside a flower shop in Livorno
and you see –
it's all totally insignificant.

The day leans heavily towards the port
lays siege to the fortress
gravely climbs the stairs of the town hall
the stairs of the belfry

You walk in
leaf shadows glide over your body
you hear your breath
you think of the few
whose breath
you have ever heard

You walk in
into your own total insignificance



Hall

They've begun to build it already.
It will be big,
many say the biggest.
From thin, fast-growing walls,
by which the summer grass
softly soughs.
The hall stretches, greyish, up to the hills.
Anything may hide inside,
for a long time.
If necessary,
anything and all at once.
It floods as much as it can.
A call to the other side
doesn't even arrive,
it fades somewhere halfway.
So here will be
a really big,
multi-purpose hall,
suitable for our era.
Construction has already started.

Translated by Nada Grošelj

Muanis Sinanović

Poem to my Brother

Brother, since you
departed,
just as you'd feared
you would,

I no longer see you,
the way I might.

I'm just a shadow
behind the sun,
and you dwell behind
the sun's back.

Bright light
blinds me,
yet I'm not afraid to be a shadow

and you said
you'd been
my shadow
when you were still here.

When I address you,
I don't think that
you'll hear my words
or have any use for them.

I'm merely telling my shadow,
that it is my companion
and that I don't fear it.

If only you knew
how the sunlight seeps
into this narrow mining valley
that's no longer mined.

It was once burrowed
by our father,
who left before both of us.

Half of this life of mine
ago.

Since you left, I've been disburdened
of words
and poetic mysteries.

Softly do my fingers
land.

I sense your joy
and knowledge, and my
false erudition

with which I always covered
you as if with a steel blanket

no longer bothers me
when I go to sleep.

How much longer? Another half of life
before the last time?

Before I'm merely
still awake,
like you,
who were beset by nightmares.

You know, brother,
sleep is the cousin of death.
That's why I like going to sleep.

I don't see you in my dreams,
but sometimes it's as if I feel you
brush up against me.

And then I go for a walk through
the mining valley,
where the sun shines again
after several months

and count
the times I've smelt
the lush soil



Ikar 2.0 Icarus 2.0



which is destined
to remain here after the last
of us,
and cannot be
burrowed,

it just rises,
like us.

You have a whole poem,
and I but a snippet.

What Did I See?

Sunny days, flicker of leaves on the ceiling,
flutter of fresh washing, sweat wrung from muscle
like juice pressed from grapes.

Hours when light hovered above us like a
thin billowing bed sheet.

Clocks, whose dark corners stretched across
whole settlements, great big grasshoppers
hopping out of them with masks on their human faces.
Fear that spread like laughing gas,
the racket it caused for some reason,
and plagues that arose for all the wrong reasons,
like man sprung from a drop of seed.

Full of faith, I cast anchor into the sky,
and I felt when it caught.

The House With the Old Wardrobes

It was a house
with large wooden
wardrobes.

All the clocks
had stopped long
before. One showed
correct time each time
you were there.

Through the window you
heard voices as if
through water.

You couldn't make out the words.
By the sound of them you knew it was
your language.

Each time
night fell for ever.

Each time
a new day dawned.

Translated by Mirza Purić