

Bibliotok
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Library Island

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B I B L I O T O K
—
L I B R A R Y I S L A N D

Odisejevo utočište
—
Ulysses' Shelter

Sandorf, Zagreb, 2022.



P R E D G O V O R

Bibliotok

U brodolomu nade, nakon što se skupina mladih pjesnika razbila o bridi duboke krize i zveketa oružja svjetskih moćnika, svi su poskakali s palube u uzburkano more, a od kišovite noći i visokih valova nisu ni mogli vidjeti koliko je doista udaljeno kopno. Držati se na okupu mogli su jedino dovikivanjem i međusobnim bodrenjem. Najednom su ugledali mračne obrise strmih i šumovitih obala otoka koji ničime nije nudio gostoprimstvo. Ipak su se domogli obale i uspeli na stjenovito tlo.

Svatko je sa sobom donio samo pjesme i priče koje su znali ispričati i koje su često izgovarali naglas kako ih ne bi zaboravili, svatko na svojem jeziku. Tako su za sebe počeli govoriti da zajedno s otokom čine knjižnicu—Bibliotok. Police te biblioteke su šume, staze, maslinici, polja, bridi i uvalice, a knjige na tim policama su pjesnici, pisci i prevoditelji koji ondje pišu, prevode i osmišljavaju povratak u Svijet.

* * *

Projekt ‘Ulysses’ Shelter’ je u svojem drugom ciklusu (2019.–2022.) okupio tridesetak pjesnika, pisaca i prevoditelja iz pet zemalja: Grčke, Slovenije, Srbije, Ujedinjenog Kraljevstva i Hrvatske. Od pet ponuđenih književnih rezidencija (Larissa, Ljubljana, Beograd, Caernarfon, Aberystwyth i Mljet), njih je dvanaestero odabralo Mljet. Prvi su došli prije početka pandemije koronavirusa, neke je početak pandemije zatekao baš na otoku, a neki su se odvažili putovati već nakon prvog vala, iako je otok tijekom cijele pandemije bio relativno siguran, a sama rezidencija na lokalitetu Kulijer nalazi se doslovno u izolaciji od ostatka civilizacije, na sjevernom vrhu otoka, u srcu Nacionalnog parka Mljet, koji je partnerski podržao projekt dolaska mladih književnika od samog početka.

Neki od tekstova pred vama i napisani su na Mljetu, ali svima im je zajednička želja za slobodom i istraživanjem književnih pejzaža, što ovu knjigu čini svježim daškom vjetra s mora, za koji pak nikad ne znate kada će se pretvoriti u orkan.

—IVAN SRŠEN

FOREWORD

Library Island

A group of young poets found itself in a shipwreck of hope, crashing against the cliffs of deep crisis and warmongering of world powers. The poets jumped ship, diving into the stormy seas, but since it was a rainy night and the waves were high, they couldn't tell how very far they were from the coast. The only way they could stick together was by shouting encouragement at each other. They finally spotted the dark silhouette of the steep and wooded shores of an island. It looked entirely inhospitable. Still, they reached the shore and managed to climb up onto the rocky land.

Each of them had only brought along the poems and stories they could narrate. They often said them aloud in order to keep them in memory, each in their own language. And thus they said of themselves that, together with the island, they formed a library—a Library Island. The shelves of that library were the island's woods, paths, olive groves, fields, rocks and bays, and the books resting on those shelves were the poets, writers and translators who write there, translate and plot their return to the World.

* * *

The project ‘Ulysses’ Shelter’ has, in its second cycle (2019–2022), gathered around thirty poets, writers and translators from five countries: Greece, Slovenia, Serbia, United Kingdom and Croatia. Out of a choice of five literary residences—in Larissa, Ljubljana, Belgrade, Caernarfon, Aberystwyth and Mljet—twelve opted for Mljet. The first residents attended before the COVID-19 pandemic, some were caught on the island by the pandemic, and others were brave enough to travel after the first wave, although the island had been relatively safe throughout the pandemic—the very location of the residence, in the locality of Kulijer, literally sits in isolation from the rest of the world, on the northern edge of the island, in the heart of Mljet National Park, which is one of the partners who has supported the project since its very inception.

Some of the texts you hold in your hands were written on Mljet. All of them share the desire for freedom and exploration of literary landscapes. This makes the collection a breath of fresh sea air, about which one can never tell if it might turn into a hurricane.

—IVAN SRŠEN, prevela s hrvatskoga VESNA MARIĆ

ELUNED GRAMICH



Knjižnični otok

‘Naručila sam nekoliko predmeta.’

‘Rukopis ili knjiga?’

‘Rukopis.’

‘Ime?’

‘Greta Davies.’

Novi se dečko okrenuo na peti i nestao u malu prostori-ju iza šaltera knjižnice: *dečko*, jer je jedva bio stariji od dva-deset godina. *Novi*, jer joj nije znao ime. Greta je posjećivala knjižnicu svakoga dana. Bila je jedna od redovitih čitateljica, zajedno s pregršt drugih umirovljenih ili poluumirovljenih istraživača. Bila je među njima jedina žena.

Greta je sjela na svoje omiljeno mjesto u stražnjem di-jelu Sjeverne čitaonice. Odatle je imala pun pogled na prostor: veliki, teški stolovi od hrastovine i neudobni drveni stolci sa sjedištima od crvene kože; knjižnični stol s premladim asistentima koji jure naprijed i nazad s knjigama i sivim kutijama i fasciklima i svicima velluma; statua Sir Jo-hna, osnivača knjižnice, ispred visokih prozora, i kroz visoke prozore, naziralo se bijelo-plavo nebo.

Dr. Sherman sjedio je dijagonalno od nje. Njegova tanka leđa bila su svijena nad sudskim spiskom. Jolyona Shermana poznavala je, naravno, sa sveučilišta. Prije svog umirovljenja bio joj je nadređen; nije joj se tada previše sviđao i bila je zadovoljna kad je otišao. A sad je, igrom slučaja, svaki dan svojevolumeno provodila s njim u istoj prostoriji. Nosio je svoj uobičajeni smeđi tvid—ispod lakta nalazila mu se rupa.

Dijete-knjižničar donijelo joj je rukopis na kojem je radila—MSS broj jedan dva jedan sedam s Velikog Suda. Uze-la je malene utege i smjestila ih na prvih nekoliko stranica; stranica koje je već bila transkribirala prethodnog dana. Pogurnula je naočale prema gore; pokušala je vratiti paučasti crni tekst u fokus. Bilo je tek deset sati, a glavobolja se već obznanjivala, izoštravala se između njenih očiju.

Bila je prošla kroz već popriličan broj svitaka iz arhive, strpljivo bilježeći, prevodeći latinski koliko god je mogla... ali joj je koncentracija u zadnje vrijeme bila manjkava. Prethodnog je dana bila otišla iz knjižnice ranije nego inače te je sad, ovog jutra, osjetila kako joj želja za čitanjem splašnjava.

Ušle su nove čitateljice—dvije djevojke. Jedna s pletenicama, druga s tamnosmeđom kosom svezanom u visoki rep. Bile su odjevene u šarenu odjeću koje se sjećala iz vlastite mladosti—ljubičasti *tie-dye* uzorak, traperice na zvonno. Jedna od njih—djevojka s dugim pletenicama—preuzela je knjige od knjižničara za pultom. Greta je pokušala pročitati naslove, ali bila je predaleko: sjajna, tanka izdanja sa zapanjujuće apstraktnim naslovnica. Poezija? Djevojke su zavjerenički šaptale dok su se uspinjale stepenicama

do prvog kata gdje su mogle učiti i čavrljati daleko od vrebajućih očiju knjižničara.

Bilo je nečega u načinu na koji su othodale uz stepenice što je navelo Gretu da se zaustavi u svom odrađivanju sudskih dokumenata.

Skinula je naočale i naslonila se na drveni stolac. Pomislila je na to da je, u mladosti, iz gradske knjižnice bila posudila osam knjiga poezije i ponijela ih sa sobom u Pariz te ih onda sve izgubila kad je ostavila torbu u metrou, jednog jutra nakon što je bila popila sve to fino vino, jeftino vino. I nije jela, samo je pušila, i bila je s ljudima koje je tad intenzivno voljela, a sad im se ne može sjetiti imena...

Jacqui je bila tamo. Jacqui koja se u Parizu preimenovala u Jacqueline. Bilo je neobično da se Greta u tom trenutku sjetila svoje stare prijateljice, ali možda to i nije bilo *toliko* neobično. Tog je jutra bila vidjela njezinu objavu na Facebooku, nešto o slici, i to je bilo popraćeno fotografijom plaže, sunca, kamenite sjenice.

‘Gospođice Davies. Oprostite što smetam.’

Dijete-knjižničar bilo je kraj nje i držalo svitak velluma. ‘Biste li voljeli ovo pogledati sada ili kasnije? To je broj osam kroz četiri dva jedan?’

‘Kasnije, hvala vam. Mislim da bih mogla otići na kavu.’

‘Oh, nema problema. Pričuvat ću vam ih za kad budete bili spremni.’

Greta se provukla kroz automatska vrata pokraj knjiga o povijesti obitelji, niz crveni tepih, a onda ponovno otišla do mjesta koje su nazivali kafeom ali koje je, budući da su, kako se činilo, tamo jeli samo knjižničari i istraživači, bilo više ili manje kantina za osoblje. Naručila je kapučino i tortu

od limuna te sjela pokraj prozora s pogledom na grad i more. Izvadila je mobitel i počela *skrolati* na Facebooku, popuštajući potrebi da vidi Jacqui, da prođe kroz njezine fotografije i vidi može li i na jednoj od njih prepoznati svoju anksioznu, mrzovoljnu prijateljicu; prijateljicu koju je poznavala na koledžu i fakultetu, desetljećima prije. Ali ne. Jacqui—stare *Jacqueline*—nije bilo nigdje. Samo ta blistava žena s kožom preplanulom od sunca, uvijek u nečijem društvu, uvijek negdje što dalje od Sutton Coldfielda. Sad je živjela na otoku u Hrvatskoj—u mjestu bez auta. Safirna jezera. Zeleno lišće. Bijelo-zlatne boje mjesta osvjetljenog suncem.

‘Mogu li ti zasmetati, Greta?’

Ok, Bože, pomislila je. ‘Naravno, Jolyone. Molim te.’

Odložio je svoju crnu kavu na stol i približio svoj stolac bliže njoj. ‘Nadam se da ne zamjeraš, Greta, ali nisam mogao ne primijetiti da si se ozbiljno bacila na kolekciju.’

‘Ne bih rekla.’

‘Što planiraš s njom? To je za knjigu?’ Jolyon je privukao stolac malo bliže pa je Greta mogla detektirati slab pljesnivi miris koji se širio iz njegove jakne od tvida. ‘Jesi li pronašla išta novo? Možeš mi reći. Znaš da ti neću ukrasti ideje.’

‘Nisam pronašla ništa novo’, rekla je. ‘Pronalazi li itko išta novo?’

‘Koja je onda tvoja perspektiva?’

Odjednom je osjetila veliki umor. ‘Nisam sigurna što točno misliš, Jolyone. Nemam još ideju za knjigu, a čak i kad bih imala, nemam želju da napišem još jednu.’

‘Ne vjerujem ti!’ nasmijao se Jolyon. ‘Ne pokazuješ karte koje imaš u ruci, ha?’

Odmahnula je glavom.

‘Zašto onda tako žurno prolaziš kroz kolekciju? Sigurno je dio nekog projekta.’

‘Zato što me zanima’, rekla je i osjetila kako joj očajna niskost ulazi u srce i podiže se. Ali ne posve. ‘Zato što je zanimljivo’, ponovila je. *To je ono čime se bavim*, pomislila je. Što bih drugo radila? Išla po svijetu kao Jacqui. Živjela na otoku! Ali, naravno, to nije bilo moguće; nije željela napustiti grad u kojem se udomaćila. Grad s knjižnicom. Sad je bila drugačija osoba, osoba kojoj se nisu pretjerano sviđali trud i strahovi povezani s putovanjima.

Jolyon je govorio o nečemu što je otkrio. Oporuka umetnuta u set dokumenata o imovini; kako je u oporuci sve bilo ostavljeno kćeri i drugoj ženi, a supruzi nije bilo ostavljeno ništa osim seta knjiga u kožnom povezu.

‘To su ti muževi’, rekla je Greta.

‘Haha’, rekao je Jolyon, koji nikad nije bio u braku.

Greta je jednom bila udana kad je imala dvadeset i jednu godinu. Živjeli su zajedno četiri godine u Birminghamu. Brinula se o kući, čekala da zatrudni, dok se jednog dana nije vratila iz posjete roditeljima u Suttonu i vidjela da su sve stvari nestale bez ikakve poruke objašnjenja.

‘Čini mi se da te nešto brine’, Jolyon je nastavio. ‘Ako smijem reći, djeluješ poprilično rastreseno.’

‘Ne, uopće’, odgovorila je Greta, koja je malom vilicom metodično rastavljala i jela svoju limun tortu. ‘Dobro sam.’

‘Nizak šećer u krvi?’

‘Možda.’

Situacija sa žaljenjem je takva da ga ne bi trebalo biti. Ili, ako ga ima, treba ga se brzo riješiti. Žaliti je besmisleno. Ako žališ za nečime, trebalo bi s time napraviti nešto

pozitivno—na primjer, putovati oko svijeta, čak i ako ne želiš putovati oko svijeta u svojim godinama. *Mojim godinama*, pomislila je. Šezdeset i osam.

‘Imam tu prijateljicu’, rekla je Jolyonu Shermanu, za kojeg je znala da uopće ne mari za njezin privatni život, ili, općenito, ni za čiji drugi. ‘Živi na otoku i piše poeziju. Veoma je uspješna i karizmatična. Možda si čuo za nju—Jacqueline Marais? Ne. Uglavnom, kad sam je znala iz škole, bila je Jacqui Brown i nikad nije progovarala ni riječi. Bila je potpuno nijema, kao miš. Čak je i izgledala poput miša. Bila je mršava i nosila kosu ošišanu na zdjelu... Uglavnom, ne bih htjela biti zlobna. Jednostavno je bila takva. Bile smo dobre, bliske prijateljice cijelo vrijeme u školi. Odlučile smo zajedno ići na fakultet. Obje smo otišle na Cambridge, samo što je bilo tijesno hoće li ona upasti. Na kraju su je stavili na listu čekanja i već je planirala odgoditi studij i raditi godinu dana. Ipak je došla sa mnom. Čak isti koledž. St. John’s. Sve smo radile zajedno; otišle u Pariz zajedno. To je tad bila velika stvar. Nije da smo imale novaca. Uglavnom, uvijek se jedva provlačila kroz ispite i imala je problema s tutorima. Sjećam se da joj je bilo užasno teško. Fokusiranje, predavanje eseja, čitanje knjiga koje je nisu zanimale. Nikad nije bila napisala ni jedan jedini stih. Ili mi to barem nije bila spominjala. Uvijek sam ja bila pjesnikinja. Prijavljivala sam se na sve one natječaje i objavljivala pjesme u studentskim novinama. Čak su jednu od mojih pjesama pročitali u Formal Hallu!’

‘Da, sad je ona pjesnikinja, a ti si povjesničarka.’

Začepi, Jolyone, htjela je reći. *Nisam završila*. ‘Bila je ta stipendija. Stipendija za pisce s koledža. Jednogodišnja plaća osobi koja je nedavno diplomirala da jednostavno piše.

Priče. Romane. Poeziju. Idi, putuj i piši. Naravno, prijavila sam se. Pa se i Jacqui prijavila samo zato što sam i ja.’

‘I onda ju je ona dobila, a ti ne? Loša sreća.’

‘Ne’, polako je rekla Greta. ‘Jesam je dobila. Objavili su imena prijavljenih po redu i objesili ih na oglasnu ploču zajedničke prostorije i ja sam bila prvi izbor.’

‘Razumijem. I otišla si?’

Greta je odmahнула glavom. ‘U to sam se vrijeme viđala s nekim. Nekim tko je mislio da sam poprilično dobra i zatražio me. Bio je odvjetnik i već ga je bio čekao posao u Birminghamu. Pa sam odbila stipendiju i Jacqui je otišla umjesto mene. Bila je druga na listi. Išla je u Francusku, Španjolsku, Italiju, Sloveniju, Srbiju, Hrvatsku, Grčku. Otišla je i više se nikad nije vratila.’

‘Nisam znao da si udana’, rekao je Jolyon.

‘Nisam.’

Greta je bacila pogled na Jolyona. Činilo se da ga je ispad malo zbunio, čak uznemirio.

‘Oprosti’, rekla je odsutno.

‘Nema smisla zdvajati nad time, zar ne?’ rekao je. ‘Donijeli smo mnoge loše odluke.’

‘Oh? Koje su tvoje?’

Jolyonova su se usta stanjila. ‘Kasno je. Subota je, knjižnica se danas rano zatvara. Bilo bi najbolje da se vratimo.’

‘Da. Dobra ideja.’ Ali Greta ga nije slijedila. Nastavila je sjediti na svojem omiljenom mjestu, nadgledati grad i more, razmišljati o svom žaljenju, trljati ožiljak.

Napokon, ustala je i vratila se u čitaonicu. Na izlasku, prošla je kraj dvije mlade djevojke—jedne s tamnom kosom visoko podignutom na njenoj glavi, druge s dugim pletenicama.

Na pultu knjižnice bile su dvije sjajne, tanke knjige koje su bile čitale. Dijete-knjižničar ih se baš spremalo vratiti kad je Greta rekla:

‘Oprostite. Mogu li ih pogledati?’

Knjižničar joj je predao knjige. Jednu je bila napisala autorica za koju nikad nije bila čula, drugu Jacqueline Marais. ‘Mogu li ih pročitati?’

‘Naravno. Biste li također voljeli vidjeti broj osam kroz četiri...’

‘Ne, hvala’, rekla je uzimajući zbirke poezije i zaputila se—ne prema rukopisima—nego prema malenom zakutku iza statue Sir Johna. Daleko od vrebajućih očiju knjižničara i Jolyona Shermana, gdje je mogla sjesti u fotelju i čitati o otocima i sunčevom svjetlu. Gdje je mogla čuti glas svoje prekrasne prijateljice koja se promijenila kako je doziva sa stranice.

—prevela s engleskoga MARIJA DEJANOVIĆ

Library Island

‘I’ve ordered some items.’

‘Manuscript or book?’

‘Manuscript.’

‘What’s the name, please?’

‘Greta Davies.’

The new boy turned on his heel and disappeared into the little room behind the library desk: *boy*, because he was barely more than twenty. *New*, because he did not know her name. Greta visited the library every day. She was one of the regular readers, along with a handful of other retired or semi-retired researchers. She was the only woman amongst them.

Greta sat down at her favourite spot at the back of the North Reading Room. From here, she had a full view of the space: the large, heavy oak tables and the uncomfortable wooden chairs with their red-leather seats; the library desk with the too-young assistants, scurrying back and forth with books and grey boxes and folders and bundles of vellum; the statue of Sir John, the library founder, in front

of the high windows, and through the high windows, she glimpsed the blue-white sky.

Dr Sherman was sitting diagonal to her, his thin back curled over a court roll. She knew Jolyon Sherman from the university, of course. He'd been her superior before his retirement; she did not like him much then, and had been pleased when he left. And now, by chance, she was willingly spending every day in the same room as him. He was wearing his usual brown tweed—there was a hole beneath his elbow.

The child-librarian brought her the manuscript she was working on—MSS number one two one seven from the Court of Great Sessions. She took small weights and placed them on the first few sheets; sheets she'd already transcribed the day before. She pushed her glasses up; tried to bring the spidery black writing into focus. It was barely ten o'clock and a headache was already making itself known, sharpening between her eyes.

She had worked through many several bundles from the archive, patiently noting, translating the Latin as far as she could... but her concentration had been lacking lately. She'd left the library earlier than usual yesterday and now, this morning, she felt the desire to read ebb away.

New readers came in—two girls. One with braids, the other with dark brown hair tied up into a high ponytail. They were dressed colourfully in clothes she remembered from her own youth—purple tie-dye, bell-bottom jeans. One of them—the girl with the long braids—collected books from the librarian at the desk. Greta tried to read the titles, but she was too far away: shining, slim volumes with startlingly

abstract covers. Poetry? The girls whispered conspiratorially as they went up the stairs to the first floor, where they could study and chat away from the prying eyes of the librarians.

It was something about the way the two girls sashayed up the stairs that made Greta pause in her tackling of the court documents.

She took off her glasses and leaned back against the wooden chair and thought about how, in her youth, she had borrowed eight poetry books from the town library and taken them with her to Paris, and then lost them all when she left her bag on the metro at one in the morning after she'd had all that nice wine, cheap wine, and not eaten, just smoked, and she'd been with people she had loved intensely then and now she could not remember their names...

Jacqui had been there. Jacqui who renamed herself Jacqueline in Paris. Strange that Greta should be thinking of her old friend now, but perhaps not that strange. Only this morning she had seen a Facebook post from her, something about a painting, and there had been an accompanying picture of a beach, sunlight, a rocky alcove.

'Miss Davies. So sorry to disturb.'

The child-librarian was next to her, holding a wad of vellum. 'Would you like to see this now or later? It's number eight slash four two one?'

'Later, thank you. I think I might go for a coffee.'

'Oh, no problem at all. I'll keep these for you when you're ready.'

Greta made her way out through the automatic gate past the Family History books, along the red carpet, then left again to the place they called a café but which was more

or less a staff canteen, as only librarians and researchers seemed to eat there. She ordered a Cappuccino and a lemon cake and sat down by the window with the view of the town and the sea. She got out her phone and started to scroll through Facebook, giving in to the urge to see Jacqui, to go through her photographs to see if she could recognise her anxious, frumpy friend in any of them; the friend she knew at college and university, decades ago. But no. The Jacqui—*Jacqueline*—of old was nowhere to be seen. Only this radiant woman with sun-kissed skin, always in the company of others, always somewhere that was as far away from Sutton Coldfield as possible. She lived on an island in Croatia now—a place with no cars. Sapphire lakes. Verdant foliage. White-golden colours of a place illuminated by sunlight.

‘May I make myself a nuisance, Greta?’

Oh God, she thought. ‘Of course, Jolyon. Please.’

He put his black coffee on the table and inched his chair closer to her. ‘I hope you don’t mind, Gret, but I couldn’t help but notice that you’re ploughing through the collection.’

‘I wouldn’t say that.’

‘What are your plans for it? For the book?’ Jolyon shuffled his chair a bit closer so that Greta could detect a faint musty smell emanating from his tweed jacket. ‘Find anything new? You can tell me. You know I won’t steal your ideas.’

‘I haven’t found anything new,’ she said. ‘Does anyone?’

‘What’s your angle then?’

She suddenly felt very tired. ‘I’m not sure what you mean, Jolyon. I don’t have an idea for a book yet, and even if I did, I don’t have the desire to write another one.’

'I don't believe you!' Jolyon laughed. 'Keeping your cards close to your chest, eh?'

She shook her head.

'Why are you racing through them, then? It must be a part of some project.'

'Out of interest,' she said, and felt a desperate lowness enter her heart, and lift again. But not entirely. 'Because it's interesting,' she repeated. *It's what I do*, she thought. What else would I be doing? Going around the world like Jacqui. Living on an island! But of course this was not possible; she didn't want to leave the town she had settled in. The one with the library. She was a different person now, a person who didn't much like the effort and fears of travel.

Jolyon was talking about something he'd discovered. A will encased in a set of documents relating to property; how the will had left everything to the daughter and another woman and left the wife with nothing but a set of leather-bound books.

'That's husbands for you,' Greta said.

'Haha,' said Jolyon, who'd never married.

Greta had been married once when she was twenty-one. They lived together for four years in Birmingham. She'd kept house, waiting to be pregnant, until one day she came back after visiting her parents in Sutton to find all his things gone and with no note of explanation.

'Something seems to be worrying you,' Jolyon carried on. 'You seem quite distracted if I may say.'

'Not at all,' Greta replied, who was methodically dissecting and eating her lemon cake with a small fork. 'I feel fine.'

'Low blood sugar?'

'Maybe.'

The thing with regrets is that you're not supposed to have them. Or if you do have them, you're meant to dispose of them quickly. Regrets are pointless. If you have a regret, you're meant to do something positive with it—like travel around the world, even if you don't really want to travel around the world at your age. *My age*, she thought. Sixty-eight.

'I have this friend,' she said to Jolyon Sherman, who she knew couldn't care less about her personal life, or anyone else's for that matter. 'She lives on an island and writes poetry. She's very successful and charismatic. You might have heard the name—it's Jacqueline Marais? No. Well, when I knew her at school she was Jacqui Brown and she never said a word. She was completely mute, like a mouse. She even looked like a mouse. She was skinny and had this bowl-cut... Anyway, I don't want to be mean. It's just how she was. We were good, close friends all the way through school. We decided to go to university together. We went to Cambridge, both of us, only it was touch and go whether she would get in, and in the end they had her on a waiting list and she was already planning to defer and work a year. In the end she came with me. The same college even. St John's. We did everything together; went to Paris together. Quite a thing, back then. It's not like we had any money. Anyway, she was always scraping her exams, and getting into trouble with the tutors. She found it really difficult, I remember. Focussing, turning out essays, reading books she had no interest in. She never wrote a single line of poetry. Or, at least, she never told me about it. I was always the poet. I entered all these competitions

and had my poems published in the student paper. They even read one of my poems out at Formal Hall!

‘Yes, now she’s the poet and you’re the historian. I see.’

Shut up Jolyon, she wanted to say. *I haven’t finished.*

‘There was this scholarship. A writing scholarship from the college. One year’s salary to a recent graduate to simply write. Stories. Novels. Poetry. Go, travel, and write. Of course, I applied. And so did Jacqui, just because I did.’

‘And then she got it and you didn’t? Tough luck.’

‘No,’ said Greta, slowly. ‘I did get it. They published the names of the applicants in order and pinned it to the common room noticeboard and I was the first choice.’

‘I see. And so you went?’

Greta shook her head. ‘I’d been seeing someone. Someone who I thought was quite nice, and he’d asked me to marry him. He was a lawyer, and he already had a job waiting for him in Birmingham. So I turned it down and Jacqui went instead. She was second on the list. She went to France, Spain, Italy, Slovenia, Serbia, Croatia, Greece. She went and never came back.’

‘I didn’t know you were married,’ said Jolyon.

‘I’m not.’

Greta glanced at Jolyon; he seemed a little disconcerted by the outburst, alarmed even.

‘Sorry,’ she said perfunctorily.

‘No use dwelling on it, though, is there?’ he said. ‘We’ve made plenty of bad decisions.’

‘Oh? What are yours?’

Jolyon’s mouth thinned. ‘It’s late. The library closes early today as it’s Saturday. I’d best be heading back.’

‘Yes. Good idea.’ But Greta didn’t follow him. She continued to sit in her favourite spot, overlooking the town and the sea, thinking over her regret, rubbing at the scar.

Finally, she rose and returned to the Reading Room. She passed the two young girls on the way out—the one with the dark hair piled high on her head, the other with the long braids. On the library desk were the two shining, slim books they had been reading. The child-librarian was about to put them away when Greta said:

‘Excuse me. Do you mind if I have a look at those?’

The librarian handed them to her. One was by a poet she hadn’t heard of; the other by Jacqueline Marais. ‘Can I read these?’

‘Of course. Would you also like to see number eight slash four...’

‘No thanks,’ she said, taking the poetry volumes and heading—not to the manuscript side—but to the little nook behind the statue of Sir John. Away from the prying eyes of librarians and Jolyon Sherman, where she could sit in an armchair and read about islands and sunlight. Where she could hear the voice of her changed, beautiful friend, calling to her from the page.

S T E V E N H I T C H I N S



Mesaiokeras hurei

S blatnoga dna
zajednica zooplanktona iz Velikog jezera
istrzava svoj drhtavi ples.
Informacije o mezokeratidima su oskudne.
Glavnina noćne populacije
uvijek se nalazi u dubokoj zoni,
oportunistički filtraši
među preostalim vrstama:
kristalična uš,
želučani sok svijetli u kapsularnom tijelu;
staklasti lutalica s izvanjskom lubanjom,
nano-ruke rotiraju eone;
bušitelj tame,
ticala pretražuju električnu oseku.
Mi smo čitači valovitosti
prevodimo podvodni žamor,
brajicom ispisujemo magnetske poruke,
tanašne niti plime.

—preveo s engleskoga IVAN SRŠEN



Mesaiokeras hurei

From the muddy substrate,
the zooplankton community of Veliko jezero
jitter-jabs a shiver-dance.
Information on the Mesaiokeratidae is scarce.
The bulk of the night population
is always found in the depth-zone,
opportunistic particle feeders
among the relict taxa:
crystalline louse,
 gut-juice fluorescing in capsule body;
glassy exo-skulled drifter,
 nano-arms rotoring the aeons;
murk-burrower,
 antlers dowsing electrified ebb.
We are undulation-readers
translating submarine murmur,
brailleing magnet-threads,
tenuous filaments of tide.



Pendar

‘Budući da nema izravnih dokaza o tome gdje se nalazi Pendar, mnogo se toga mora prepustiti nagađanju.’—Thomas Gray, *The Hermitage of Theodoric & The Site of Pendar*

Tri vode označavaju teritorij: *Fruitsanant et Cleudat et Nantclogenig*. *Fruitsanant*, Ffrwd, izdiže se iz središta i juri istočno, preko vrha Ynysybwlā da se pridruži Clydachu, *Cleudacu*, sjevernoj granici, koja je našla svoj put oko Llanwynnoa preko vodopada Pistyll Goleu, a zatim dolje prema južnoj granici, *Nantclogenigu*, Nant Cyninu (Llys Nant), koji meandrira oko Gloga da bi nas ponovno doveo do Clydacha pri dnu Ynysybwlā, kraja ceste Darren Ddu.

potok žubori
put kroz paprat

ka sjeveru
sivi se kumulusi mrgudi
nepomičan

ka jugu
oštra brda
spokojna

Pratimo cestu do Llysnanta. Muharice Netko Vas Promatra. Otpad prekriva padinu: ormarić, hladnjak, vrata, plastični spremnik. Bujica se stuštava u kanjon Cynin. Kaplje tapšaju kameni bazen. Pastirica¹ preskače izbočine. Pjenasti mali slapovi među deblima bukve. Srebrnkasto mreškane premrežuje kamenje. Sjedimo na zidu i jedemo rižine krekere i pijemo čaj od pepermintu iz pljoske.

Skakavci zuje
svoju klik-glazbu
šaputavo metalično predenje
prelistavanje
papirnati obrnuti satni mehanizam

I tu je Glog. Lubanja koja se pjenu crnogoricom vrvi ovcama, češlja oblake, ljubi nebo, kao prskalica na torti. Zborski vibrato preko rujanja udaljenog škanjca. Polja ovih bijelih sisavaca koji pasu. Kao *marshmallowi*, kaže Lucy. Njihov drhtavi cerek. Tri se vrane sruče na polje i onda podignu u sjajno-mračno drveće. Tri čudne sestre. Njihovo pridavljeno kvakanje. Na vrhu Gloga koji se nazire, silueta ovce hoda po kamenom zidu kao po užetu.

1 vrsta ptice

terarije,
glas ti je kiša
hodamo po tvom plućnom krilu
ovaj prozračni organ
porozno zatvara
duboko ukopano korijenje
poput prstiju
roni

Dok planinarimo nazad preko Gloga, polje je blatno. Sve su rute pregrađene bodljikavom žicom. Silazimo kroz močvaru prateći potok i kiša počinje padati jače. Eto romantike za valentinovsku šetnju, kaže Hanna. Drveće u daljini blijedi u monsunskoj izmaglici. Prelazimo potok preko daske iz ograde.

hrast venski kostur
urezan na razrijeđenim brdima

tir hywel laythog
prsni koš borova

blato zdrobljeno automobilskim gumama
bakreno-žičani spletovi paprati

Staza Darren Ddu ubrzo postaje potok. Poskakujemo uz plitki kameniti put natopljen vodom. Desetljeća čizama marširala su kroz ovaj stari rudarski drum. Grube šljunčane ogrebotine kao od kugli za snooker. Sjenoviti tunel između osunčanih polja. Lisnati prozori prema svjetložutoj

livadi, dok je ovdje sve podvodno smaragdno subakvatski
mračno. Staza se sužava, kupine mi zapinju za jaknu. Pa-
prat mi pljuska kišne kapi preko čela. Čovjek nas pretekne
sa svojim psom. Nekad ti je do koljena, smije se.

—prevela s engleskoga MARIJA DEJANOVIĆ

Pendar

‘Having no direct evidence as to the site of Pendar much must be left to conjecture.’—Thomas Gray, *The Hermitage of Theodoric & The Site of Pendar*

Three waters mark the territory: *Frutsanant et Cleudat et Nantclokenig*. *Frutsanant*, the Ffrwd, rises from the centre and rushes eastwards past the top of Ynysybwl to join the Clydach, *Cleudac*, the northern boundary, which has made its way around Llanwynno over the Pistyll Goleu falls, then on down to the southern boundary, *Nantclokenig*, the Nant Cynin (Llys Nant), which meanders around the Glog to bring us again to the Clydach at the bottom of Ynysybwl, the end of the Darren Ddu Road.

the brook guzzles
a path through ferns

to the north
grey cumulus ruffles
motionless

to the south
crisp hills
placid

We follow the road around to Llysnant. Flytippers You Are Being Watched. Rubbish litters the slope: a cabinet, a fridge, a door, a plastic container. Torrent rushing down in the Cynin canyon. Drippers patting rockpool. A wagtail shuffle-hops the ledge. Frothy cascades between beech trunks. Silvery ripples webbing out between rocks. We sit on the wall and eat rice crackers and drink peppermint tea from the flask.

grasshoppers whirr
their click-music
a whispery metallic purr
riffing
papery clockwork in reverse

And there is the Glog. Conifer-frothed cranium teeming with sheep, brushing the clouds, kissing the sky, like sprinkles on a cake. Vibrato choir over distant buzzard jeer. Fields of these white mammals grazing. Like marshmallows, Lucy says. Their tremulous chuckle. Three crows hawk down into field then lift off into shiny-dark trees. Three weird sisters. Their strangled quack. Atop the looming Glog, a silhouette sheep tightropes the stonewall.

terrarium,
your voice is rain
we walk your lung

this airy organ
porously enclosing
roots dug deep
like fingers
snorkelling

The field is boggy as we trek back across the Glog. All routes barred and barbed. We follow the stream down through swamp and the rain gets heavier. There's romantic for a Valentine's walk, Hannah says. Trees in distance faint in monsoon mist. We cross the stream on a plank of fencing.

vein skeleton oak
etched against diluted hills

tir hywel laythog
a ribcage of pines

tyre-scrunched mud
copper wire tangles of fern

The Darren Ddu track soon becomes a stream. We hop along shallow stony waterlogged path. Decades of boots have marched this old miners' holloway. A rough pebbly scufflike snooker balls. Shady tunnel between sun-beaming fields. Leafy windows onto bright yellow meadow, while in here it's all underwater emerald subaquatic dark. The trail narrows, brambles snagging my puffa. Ferns slap raindrops across my forehead. A man passes us with his dog. It's up to your knees sometimes, he laughs.



DIMITRIS KARAKITSOS



Don Poručnik

nadrealistički kriminalistički roman

(U trećem dijelu romana, glavni lik Astolfo Varnakompoumpo, čekajući vlak za Salamcu, ubacuje novčić u spravu za proricanje budućnosti Thumalakaregi. Proročanstvo počinje)

Thumalakaregi ga naglo prekine:

‘Oh, duboko me dirnulo to izravno *ljubavi moja* koje ti je Matilde uputila. Da nisam tek zupčanici i metal, sad bi mogao vidjeti rijeke koje bi se slijevale niz moje obojene, okamenjene obraze. Molim te, moja priča neće tvoje visočanstvo koštati ni novčića, Astolfo—da počnem pripovijedati?’

‘Pretvorio sam se u uho, Thumalakaregi. Hoću reći, Zorovavel—oprosti.’

‘Hvala. Zvala se Gospođa Zeta. Znao sam da dolazi. Demonski duhovi su me bili obavijestili. Neki su je radnici donijeli ovdje u kamionu još 1914., popodne. Model iz 1896., jedan od onih trinaest iz britanske radionice Webster and Smithson. Gospođa Zeta, uvijek tiha iza stakla. I ona je mogla predviđati budućnost. Točno onako kako sam vidio: ludo ćemo se zaljubiti, prvi i posljednji put u našim životima. I biti iznenada

razdvojeni, zauvijek, samo zato što su tako htjeli naši šefovi. Trebala im je cijela večer da je postave. Nakon toga, šef stanice odveo se biciklom i ostavio nas same. *Tako sam sretan što si ovdje*, rekao sam joj. Ponestajalo nam je daha, plakali smo kao par zavarenih vrabaca. Oči uma bile su izgubljene u nadolazećim poljupcima, u ljubakanju stakla i obojenog drveta, i onda, baš kad je počinjao najbolji dio, sve je pocrnjelo, ispralo se brutalnom fotografijom rastanka.

Stajali smo tihi na praznoj stanici. Pijanac je gotovo stao na nju, ja sam poludio, *gubi se odavde*, povikao sam, i on se toliko prestrašio da više nikad nije popio ni gutljaja. Dani su prolazili. Promatrali smo kako iz vagona mašu svojim rupčićima. Njihove suze inspirirale su mnoge napisane pjesme. Kiše, oblaci, sijanja sunca, vjetrovi. Suze, smjehovi, tuge i otkucaji srca. Jednog su dana došli po nju, oh, moju prekrasnu Gospođu Zetu, ali nitko od nas nije prolio ni suzu. Radni dan navečer, stanica prazna poput trulog sanduka. Smijali smo se—o da—počeli smo se iz sveg srca smijati. Smijeh nalik potoku koji odnosi blato i slomljene grane. Jer, što smo, ako ne harlekini vremena, Astolfo, prijatelju? Što smo, nego zelenkaste marionete zaborava?

‘Kakva s r e d r a p a j u ć a priča, Thumalakaregi, nisam znao da imaš osjećaje!’

‘Ipak nam je ovdje potrebno nešto više kako bi se zupčanici nastavili okretati, nije li tako?’

‘Apsolutno. Nego, hoćemo li nastaviti?’

‘Svakako, Astolfo, samo mi daj minutu da se saberem. Kad razmišljam i govorim istinu, duhovi mi to uzmu za zlo’

—prevela s engleskoga MARIJA DEJANOVIĆ

Don Lieutenant

a surrealist crime novel

(In the third part of the novel, protagonist Astolfo Varnakompoumpo, while waiting for the train to Salamanca, tosses a coin into the Thumala-karegi fortune-teller machine. And the prophecy begins)

Thumalakaregi abruptly interrupts:

‘Oh, I was deeply moved by that most straightfor-ward *my love* Matilde shared with you. If I wasn’t just gears and metal, you would now be seeing rivers flowing down on my painted, petrified cheeks. Please, my story won’t cost your majesty a penny, Astolfo, shall I begin narrating?’

‘I’m all ears, Thumalakaregi. I mean Zorovavel—I’m sorry’

‘Thank you. Her name was Madam Zeta. I knew she was coming. The demon spirits had given me a notice. Some workers brought her here in a van, back on a 1914 afternoon, 1896 model, one of the thirteen ones by the British workshop Webster and Smithson. Madam Zeta, always silent behind the glass. She had foreseen the future, too. Just what I had seen: we will fall madly in love, for the first and last

time in our lives. And will be suddenly separated, forever, just because our bosses wanted to. They took a whole evening to set her up. Afterwards the station-master rode his bike and left us all alone. I am so happy you are here, I told her. We were short of breath, crying like a couple of welded sparrows. Lost were the eyes of the mind in the forthcoming kisses, in the neckings of glass and painted wood, and then, just when the best part was getting started, everything turned black, washed out by the brutal snapshots of the parting.

We were standing silent amid the empty station, a drunkard almost stepped over her, I flipped, get the hell out of here, I screamed, and he got so terrified he never had a sip again. The days passed by and we were gazing at those inside the wagons waving their handkerchiefs, many poems were written inspired by their tears. Rains, clouds, sunshines, winds. Tears, laughters, sorrow and heartbeats. And one day they came to get her, oh my beautiful Madam Zeta, but none of us shed a tear. Weekday evening, the station empty like a rotten lug. We laughed, oh yes, we started laughing our hearts out. A laugh like a stream carrying down mud and broken branches. Because what else are we, but harlequins of time, Astolfo my friend? What else, but greenish marionettes of oblivion?

‘Such a heart breaking story, Thumalakaregi, I didn’t know you had feelings at all!’

‘One needs something more in here so that the gears keep moving, don’t you think so?’

‘Absolutely. But anyway, shall we go on?’

‘By all means, Astolfo, just give me a minute to get my grip. When I cogitate and speak the truth, the spirits hold a grudge against me’

—preveo s grčkoga CHRISTOS ARMANDO GEZOS



DEJAN KOBAN



predispozicija gaženja

žalim što sam u svom životu samo jednom čovjeku
razbio nos.
sramota preplavljuje čitavo sklisko tijelo.
koraci su teške životinje. ispuhaju olovo.
po kamenju melju. među zidovima krešte.
životinje su pune šljunka uklonjenih slova.
ta slova su strelice. zarivaju se u tebe.
oblaci su teške barakude. izbuljenih očiju hitaju u zrak
oko tebe.
guraš u smjeru prvi toplih zraka.
nisi nam nedostajao. ispljuni ključ.
rok trajanja ti je istekao.
padobranci se iskrcavaju na lijevoj obrvi. istrljaj trulež
iz rožnice.
bitno je zveckati pod prozorom pozamašnog zrna graha.
zrno graha štuca. u rukav sakrije drhtaj i stari konac.
ogradim sjekiricu koja će mi pomoći istisnuti snagu
iz mozgića.

hoćemo li se uskoro okupiti na susjedovom oluku nije
pitanje,
samo moramo odrediti koordinate i stupanj hrđe.
ma znaš!
pitanja su josip broz tito, paniran u mrvicama i veganskoj
zamjeni za jaja.
dobar dan, aleš hojs, gdje ste zaboravili štitnike za
koljena?
hajmo, na pločnik, tako.
vjerni uvijek zaboravljaju robote u venama.
zatim cmizdre da ih bole rastanci jer ne nalaze slobodne
zakutke gdje bi se ispucali.
francuzi vole promatrati karte gradova. premda ne
razumiju znakove za dućane i benzinske pumpe.
francuzi ne znaju heklati, samo trljaju duge trepavice o
tanjurić i istresaju vruće žutanjke preko ramena.
janez janša nije ljubav mog života. ali zato me najdulje
podsjeća da počnem uživati u mrvicama.
mrvice su obično zlatne, obrubljene uzdasima.
zaletim se u pjesnikinju koja piše o jebanju.
uzvici su dragocjeniji od jutranjih orgazama.
uzvici se sužuju u stručak ranjivosti. orgazam samo
promatra tvoj rub.
tvoj rub se u pravilu nikada ne stanjuje. samo zabija
tratinčice u oči.
ljudi s tratinčicama u očima su najplahiji. i najljepši.
ugleda pak nemaju, ugled ih gotovo uvijek izdubi u
malene srži.
tri pripadnika hrvatske interventne policije prolijevaju
tanjure sa saćem po kamenju.

u njima ćeš naći znamenje koje nedostaje. diši. trgaj. zibaj.
interventna policija se sasipa kroz park kao napukli zadci
krijesnica u bablje ljeto.
edit se ne skriva. sakuplja nožice i ne cmizdri. zna oštriti.
zna mljeti.
zakovice su nam po navici ugrađene u jezik, da
zapljuskujemo.
migriramo za sunčanih dana. kad nema nikoga na ulicama.
dijeliš se kroz samopouzdanje.
ako ti riječ nije poznata, uzmi hrvatsko-slovenski rječnik.
imaju ga u knjižnicama.
zaštićen je folijom, tako da po njemu možeš prolijevati
kavu i roniti suze plave.
nekoć su slova bila veliki pereci.
danas kritičari pjesničkih zbirki nemaju ni nadahnuća ni
soli.
jakobinci se suočavaju s pomanjkanjem kadrova i čegrtaljki.
mama, zašto ih zovu jakobinci? zato da si ja mogu obojati
kosu u udarce za zakašnjele.
ma znaš!
flip se suoči s praznom tratinom. flip više neće skakati. flip
mudro povraća krotitelje suza i zapjenjene hlače.
mi, kao narod, integralna smo škrabala. vrela se voda
umorila i ne ustraje. hrabra smo škrabala i i znamo gdje
pronaći rušitelje.
miha maurič je tvrdio da mu poezija samo dosađuje.
nedavno mi je to isto rekao dejan koban i počeo
kompulzivno peglati jedine traperice, koje još nije ni kupio.
šavovi su dragocjeni. njih moraš tetošiti i pažljivo im se
obraćati sa mili moji.

jer inače bi se mogli proširiti preko šengenskog područja i zavijati kao pobješnjele časne, ripipipipipi.
ležernost nije za kraljeve. oni moraju graditi na vještini izdavanja poštanskih maraka i pečenju posttraumatskih pilića.
pilići se zapečeni lijepo uklapaju u repetiranje.
ako mogu šušcati.
i burkati.
burke ne nosimo zbog lijepog torza, nego iz veselja zbog skakanja po blatnim crtarijama naših netaleantiranih potomaka.
nijedno dijete nije rembrandt. nijedne rašlje nisu kruna stvaralaštva.
gradovi u oblacima se naguravaju. žele imati crvene knjižice.
kod njih uvijek ima sitne stoke. i graha.
ako ti mačke prilaze same od sebe, to je loš znak.
znači da si postao stalak za prašinu. to nije baš neka referenca.
super je biti roman abramovič. dulje si u hotelskim saunama.
prepoznaješ sve zastave svijeta zatvorenih očiju.
roman abramovič zna dobro ljenčariti i odlično otvara konzerve
delamaris sardina.
samo pogledom.
pogledi razastiru, zar ne!
što više gledam slike suvremene umjetnosti, više mi je žao što nisam škrga.
mogao bih se zalijepiti na lice gerharda richtera.

i početi s tečajevima za treći životni rub.
kraj abecede se često zavije u etiketu sažaljenja.
ako u rukama držimo etiketu, možemo se suočiti s igrom
pirkovičem.
igor pirkovič piše domoljubne pjesme i zna stvoriti veliku
tišinu između riječi.
to je dobro. tišina može odkoštiti.
i igor pirkovič je bez banana.
zna suvereno falšati. i crtati zvijezde petokrake.
naučio je to u vremenu prije ovog vremena.
hodao sam po našem širokom studiju i pao u bluescreen.
iz njega su nahrupile pohotne paučice.
izvukao sam ravnala ispod starih sudskih odluka. suci
obožavaju ravnala. i sok od višanja.
poslije soka od višanja, često uriniraju u svojim malim
kabinetima. najčešće po debelim knjigama.
od sudačke pišaline ljudi znaju napraviti zbilja lijepe
čipke. s trobojnicom ispadanja u prvom planu.
kradeš li ikada?
ne, a ne, kako ne.
samo lojalni građani mogu postati separatistički
knjižničari.
separatizam je ono što ostane kad ispljuneš mađarsku iz
dušnika.
salutiramo slomljenom desnicom. pritom nam u vidnom
polju trepere kalendari s kršćanskim praznicima.
vidno polje odzvanja. vidno polje je otisak onih koji ne
znaju drugačije osjećati, nego sa stopalima.
željeznički kolodvor mi diše iz nosnica.
rasap nadahnjuje.

puna boksačka oprema pomaže oslobađanju kulturnog
proračuna.
uljudno ponašanje nikada ne donosi nikakve bonitete.
bonitetna ocjena nužna je kod četkanja čistog runa.
osvijesti se, runo te zapaljuje.
i odvraća neprijatelje od krađe kelja.
kelj se stoljećima priprema da preuzme naš način života.
naš način života nas često vara ispraznošću.
naš se način života prokurva, čim dospije do prvog
kružnog toka.
na kružnom toku ernest petrič gura ručice u zemlju.
strah ga je.
ernest je borac protiv jednoumlja. zato se svaki dan, u
dvanaest, gol zaključava u kaznionicu iskupljenja.
voli državu. država voli ernesta.
i ograde vole ernesta.
sve vlade republike slovenije vole ernesta.
proljetni hruštevi vole ernesta.
hrust hrust.
ekosistem tišine ne postavlja kriterije kako se izuti i
uroniti u origamije.
ekosistem tišine se istančano natjerava kroz sazveježđa.
kad se prazan uvedeš u ispucavanje bukmarka, zaboraviš
paziti na lokomotive.
lokomotive se brzo snađu u tvom ranjenom uhu.
koliko štenaca trebaš da napraviš autentičan carpaccio je
zaista idiotsko pitanje.
štenci se skrivaju u biljnim ušima i zavijaju u usporenom
tempu, tako da po podu gubiš komadiće parmezana.
i sućut.

veprovi su brzi.
izdaje još brže.
okrjepujući drijemeži su izgubljeni i stoga nervozni. ni
na što se ne mogu pozivati.
nije ništa, otišla je na zaslužene praznike s turističkim
bonovima.
prisluškuje li te netko, mali patuljče?
participacija je važna. participiramo svakog dana.
izgubljene školjke. korektno pale vlade.
nagonska sredstva.
kasice prasice u obliku šarenih bubamara.
riva je 1989. sve pobijedila. rock me baby.
riva je od kamena. i prepečenih ljudi.
zagnojimo se, molim vas, gorućim štakorskim srcima.
štakori se ne poznaju. zato nikada nikoga ne iscijede u
stopostotni sok.
sok ne ore dovoljno po luksuzu.
luksuz zna proizvesti rokoko. rokoko pleše isključivo na
black metal.
koalin glas je biserna ogrlica.
kad napravi *pikpik*, svi se zagledamo i mašimo se za
muhomlate.
napunimo torbe uskličnicima. uskličnici su korisni.
oštri. kazetni. nesalomljivi.
kirka uči bičevati nedostatne.
nedostatni počesto ispuštaju mjehuriće u zrak. mjehurići
u zraku podsjećaju na krhkost.
mjesni odbor zajamčenih udaraca u trbuh je bez kvoruma.
jantar nam se skuplja pod noktima.
hura, tata, donesi mi kliješta i gumene crve.

život me naučio da oko mene mora uvijek zujati
opraštanje.
inače su kokoši jako marljive. nikad se ne žale.
predano se čerupaju. svake večeri.
ujutro im naraste novo perje. umiru za perjanicu, ma znaš!
zmago jelinčič je pao. sada slijedi pauza za reklame.
i dalje pada. i pada.
kirka is back, pred njušku mu je bacila šaku zdrobljenih
haubica.
više se neće moći igrati vojnih čarki.
ratatatata, puškomitraljez u sluznici prije spavanja,
zmago?
dejan koban je jedan od viđenijih predstavnika političke
poezije u republici sloveniji.
huraaa!
veselimo se.
uživajmo u niskokaloričnim napitcima od povrća. i
kuhajmo jaja. praznik je.
volimo slinu na svojim očnim jabučicama.
replike trube u zrak.
pobjeda, pobjeda!
beskralježnjake ne tjeraš uzbrdo. njih moraš polako
napajati zlatom.
je li ti jasno da se rezonanca može začahuriti u repiće.
repići te zatim rašire. sav u znoju bježiš od huškanja.
huškanje vole oni koji su jedva upali na rep treće državne
lige u curlingu.
karabinere razlikujemo prema stupnju razjarenosti i
prema stupnju oprosta.

hihoćeš se sa strane. zato ti smijeh bježi kroz ribane jezičke.
tatica je mamicu upucao u glavicu. jer nije bila marljivica.
tatica ima pravo. mamice postoje da popuštaju.
upoznao sam se s policijskim izvještajem.
da ja nisam ja, uplašio bih se sam sebe.
strašila polažemo u postelje. da odagnamo plijesan.
poezija je izdubljena praznina. ništa se u nju ne ulovi.
poezija je za nostalgične budale.
ja sam nostalgična morena. vijugam repom. kočim
crijevima.
modeliram s nepopustljivošću.
bacam kukice u zrak. kukice hihoću.
same sebe vrlo dobro poznaju.
kukice su preobučena opraštanja.
s ranama se kote. s udubinama se hrane.
pijemo viljamovke uz izgovor da se prepremamo za parenje.
parenje donosi novu nadu. nova nada se usiri. ali ne baš
uvijek.

pobjeda. pobjeda. pobjeda.

Split, travanj 2022.

i

Ljubljana, svibanj 2022.

— sa slovenskoga preveo IVAN SRŠEN



a predisposition towards stomping

i regret having only broken one man's nose in my lifetime.
shame climbs through the whole slippery body.
steps are heavy animals. they breathe lead.
they grind across the gravel. they rasp among the walls.
animals are filled with the rubble of purloined letters.
these letters are arrows. they penetrate you.
clouds are heavy barracudas. with bulging eyes, they
pounce into the air surrounding you.
you are pushing forward in the direction of the first warm
sunbeams.
we haven't missed you. spit out the key.
you have passed your expiration date.
the paratroopers disembark onto the left eyebrow. curl
the rot out of the cornea.
it is crucial to jingle under the window of a portly little
bean.
the little bean is hiccupping. he hides his trembling and
an old thread into his sleeve.

i entomb the hatchet that will help me root the force out
of little brains.

whether or not we are soon going to gather on the
neighbour's gutter spout is no question,
we only have to determine the coordinates and the degree
of rusting.

you know!

the questions are josip broz tito¹ coated with
breadcrumbs and vegan egg substitute.

good afternoon, aleš hojs², where have you forgotten your
knee protectors?

get down, on the pavement, this instant.

the faithful always forget about little robots in the veins.

then, they sob about their forgivenesses being hurt
because they can't find empty corners in which to vent
their rage.

the french like looking at town maps. even though they
don't understand dućans³ and petrol stations.

the french don't know how to crochet, they just grate
long eyelids onto the plate and pour boiling egg yolks over
their shoulders.

janez janša⁴ is not the love of my life. he has been,
however, encouraging me for the longest time to start
enjoying breadcrumbs.

breadcrumbs are usually golden. trimmed with sighs.

1 President of Yugoslavia (1953–1980).

2 Slovenian interior minister (2020–2022).

3 Dućan—a convenience store (Croatian).

4 Prime minister of Slovenia
(2004–2008, 2012–2013 and 2020–2022).

i crash my car into a poetess who writes about fucking.
interjections are more precious than morning orgasms.
interjections narrow themselves into a bundle of
woundedness. the orgasm only gazes at your edge.
as a rule, your edge never narrows itself. it only hammers
daisies in the eyes.
the people with daisies in their eyes are the most timid.
and the most beautiful.
it is true that they have no reputation; reputation usually
hollows them up into tiny little cores.
three members of the croatian intervention police are
spilling honeycombs off their plates over the rocks.
you will find missing sacraments in them. breathe. rip.
cradle.
the intervention police are crumbling through the park
like burst abdomens of late summer fireflies.
edit is not hiding. she is gathering little knives and she
does not cry. she knows how to sharpen. she knows how
to grind.
we normally have rivets inserted into our tongues in
order to splash.
we migrate during sunny days. when there is nobody on
the streets.
you divide yourself through samopouzdanje¹.
if you don't know the word, use the croatian-slovenian
dictionary. they have it in the libraries.

1 Samopouzdanje—self-confidence (Croatian).

it is protected with foil, so you can spill coffee over it and
pour out suze plave¹.

once upon a time, letters were large pretzels.

today, critics of poetry collections have no inspiration
and salt.

the jacobins are facing a shortage of cadres and rattles.

mommy, why do they call them jacobins? so that i can dye

my hair in blows for the latecomers.

you know!

flip faces the empty lawn. flip will never jump again.

flip is thoughtfully vomiting tear-tamers and frothing
pantaloons.

we, as a nation, are integral featherweights. boiling water

gets tired and doesn't persist. we are featherweights and

we know where destroyers are to be found.

miha maurič² said that he is getting bored by poetry

more and more.

the other day, dejan koban told me the same thing and

started compulsively to iron the only jeans he had not

bought yet.

the stitches are precious. you have to cradle them and

carefully address them as my darlings.

because otherwise they rise beyond the schengen area

and howl like raging nuns, ripipipipipi.

leisureliness does not befit kings. they have to build upon

the skill of issuing postage stamps and burning post

traumatic chickens.

1 Suze plave—blue tears (Croatian).

2 Slovenian poet and philosopher.

the chickens, being grilled to a crisp, are well
incorporated into operating repeating rifles.

if they can shush.

and stir.

we don't wear burkas due to a beautiful torso, but due
to the joy of skipping across the muddy sketches of our
untalented descendants.

no child is a rembrandt. no dowsing rod is the crown of
creation.

the castles in the clouds are jostling. they want to have
red booklets.

there are usually some small cattle in them. and beans.
if cats come to you by themselves, it is a bad omen.

it means you have become a frame for dust. that is not
the best reference.

it is great to be roman abramovich. you can stay in hotel
saunas for a longer time.

you can recognize all the flags of the world with closed
eyes.

roman abramovich can cradle well and opens delamaris¹
sardine cans masterfully.

with his look alone.

the looks uncover, do they not!

the more i look at the paintings of modern art, the more i
regret not being a gill.

i could adhere to the cheeks of gerhard richter².

and begin courses for the third stage of life.

1 Delamaris—Slovenian canned goods manufacturer.

2 German visual artist (1932–).

the end of the alphabet is often curved into a little sack of
pity.

when we are holding the sack in our hands, we can face

igor pirkovič¹.

igor pirkovič writes patriotic poems and can create a
great silence between the words.

that is good. silence can remove the pit.

and igor pirkovič has no bananas.

he can sing off tune with confidence. and draw five-
pointed stars.

ha has learned that in the time before this time.

i have walked along our wide studio and fell into a
bluescreen.

horny she-spiders burst out of it.

i have drawn rulers from underneath obsolete court
rulings. judges love rulers. and cherry juice.

after cherry juice, they often urinate inside their small
cabinets. most often on thick books.

people can produce quite lovely laces from the judges'
piss. with a tricolour of the falling-out in the foreground.

do you ever steal?

no, i don't, do i.

only good citizens can become separatist librarians.

separatism is that which remains when you vomit
hungary out of your windpipe.

we salute with our right hand broken. during which
calendars with christian feast days are gleaming in front
of our field of vision.

1 Slovenian journalist (1970-).

the field of vision is booming. the field of vision is the slip
of those who cannot feel otherwise than with their feet.
the train station is breathing from my nostrils.
the collapse inspires.
full boxing gear helps with the liberation of the culture
budget.
good manners never bring any benefits.
a credit assessment is necessary for the carding of clean
fleece.
be aware, fleece inflames you.
and turns enemies away from the theft of kale.
kale has been preparing itself through centuries for the
assumption of our lifestyle.
our lifestyle often deceives us with emptiness.
our lifestyle becomes a whore every time it arrives at the
first roundabout.
at the roundabout, ernest petrič¹ is pushing his little
hands into the soil. he is afraid.
ernest is a warrior against single-mindedness. because
of that, he locks himself every day, at twelve, into
shawshank redemption.
he loves the state. the state loves ernest.
the fences also love ernest.
all the governments of the republic of Slovenia love
ernest.
spring bugs love ernest.
yum yum.

1 Justice of the Constitutional Court of Slovenia (2008–2017).

the ecosystem of silence poses no criteria about taking off
one's shoes and succumbing to origamis.
the ecosystem of silence is subtly overtaking itself
through the constellations.
when you introduce yourself empty into the shooting of
the bookmarks, you forget to take care of the locomotives.
the locomotives can easily find themselves inside your
wounded ear.
how many mutts do you need to prepare an authentic
carpaccio is a pretty idiotic question.
mutts hide themselves into wood lice and howl in a
slowed tempo, so that you lose pieces of parmesan over
the floor.
and compassion.
the boars are fast.
the betrayals faster.
invigorating naps are lost and therefore nervous. they
cannot appeal to anything.
it's nothing, she went on a well-deserved vacation with
tourist coupons.
is anybody eavesdropping on you, you little dwarf?
participation is important. we participate every day. lost
sea shells. appropriately fallen governments. means of
impulsion.
piggy banks shaped as multicoloured ladybirds.
riva beat them all in 1989. rock me baby¹.
riva is made of stone. of well roasted people.

1 Riva, the Croatian pop band, won the Eurovision Song Contest
in 1989 with the song *Rock me, Baby*.

please, let's fertilize ourselves using urgent rat hearts.
rats don't know each other. this is why they never
squeeze anybody into 100% nectar.
nectar doesn't plough through luxury enough.
luxury usually snatches the rococo. the rococo exclusively
dances to black metal.
the voice of a koala is a pearl necklace.
when it goes *pikpik*, we all stare and take fly swatters in
our hands.
we fill our bags with exclamation marks. exclamation
marks are useful.
sharp. coffered. unbreakable.
the insufficient often blow soap bubbles in the air. the
bubbles in the air remind us about fragility.
the local council of guaranteed gut punches is not
quorate.
amber is accumulating under our fingernails.
hurrah, tatko¹, bring me tongs and some gummy worms.
life has taught me that forgiveness must always buzz
around me.
anyway, the chickens are very nice. they never complain.
they diligently pluck themselves. every evening.
in the morning, they grow new feathers. for the
headdress of peace, you know!
zmago jelinčič² has fallen. an ad break follows.
he is still falling. and falling.

1 Tatko—daddy.

2 Slovenian politician, Member of Parliament
(1992–2011, 2018–2022).

circe is back, she has shoved a handful of grounded
howitzers in front of his snout.
he will no longer be able to play military skirmishes.
ratatatata, a machine gun in the mucous membrane,
before your dear little sleep, zmago?
dejan koban is one of the foremost representatives of
political poetry in the republic of slovenia.
hurray!
let's rejoice.
let's enjoy low calorie vegetable beverages. and let's boil
eggs. it's a holiday.
we like saliva on our eyeballs.
the replicas are honking into the air.
pobjeda, pobjeda!¹
You don't herd invertebrates uphill. you need to water
them slowly with gold.
do you realize that resonance can turn into pupae inside
the tails.
after that, the tails expand. sweating all over, you try to
escape the instigations.
instigations are liked by those who qualify at the tail end
of the third national curling league.
we distinguish carabiners according to the stage of fury
and the stage of forgiveness.
you laugh sideways. that's why laughter escapes you
through grated tongues.
daddy shot mommy in the head. because she wasn't nice.
daddy is right. mommies are there to allow things.

1 Pobjeda—victory (Croatian).

i have acquainted myself with the police report.
if i weren't i, i would be scared of myself.
we lay scarecrows into our beds. to drive out the mould.
poetry is a hollowed-out void. nothing is being caught into it.
poetry is there for nostalgic simpletons.
i am a nostalgic moraine. i wind my tail. i cut with my
entrails.
i mould with my relentlessness.
i string little hooks into the air. the hooks burst out laughing.
they know themselves very well.
the hooks are forgivenesses who have changed their clothes.
they bring forth their young ones with wounds. they satisfy
themselves through indentations.
we drink viljamovkas¹ under the pretext of having to
prepare for a new litter.
a new litter brings new hope. new hopes curdle. but not
quite always.

pobjeda. pobjeda. pobjeda.

Split, April 2022
and
Ljubljana, May 2022

—preveo sa slovenskoga ALJAŽ GLASER

1 Viljamovka—a type of pear brandy.



DANILO LUČIĆ



Disciplina šaržera za simbole

tvoja ljubav su mi rakovi i školjke
moja sećanja su sečiva

učinićemo se nekome lavirintom:
u tebi je jedan ja kojeg mrzim,
mada ti si onaj koji iz mene mrzi mene u tebi

doba je godine kada iskri u vazduhu
ako je neko rekao mrak
to je zato što je bio mrak

ponavljanja ubijaju
kako noge može imati nešto što je nekada bilo drvo

rafalni zagrljaji
čovjek prezimi na drugom telu

došlo i prošlo primirje
mene zaboravili u rovovima

Vatra velika. Vatra gladna.
Vatra svakome od nas.

Discipline of a Symbol Charger

Your love for me is crawfish and seashells
my memories are blades

to someone, we'll seem like a labyrinth:
inside of you, me that I hate,
although you are the one who from within me hates the
inside of you

it's that time of the year when the air sparkles
if someone said dark
that's because it was dark

repetitions kill
how can something that used to be a tree have legs

semi-automatic hugs
a man winters on another body

truce has come and gone
I was forgotten in the trenches

Big fire. Hungry fire.
Fire for all of us.

—prevela sa srpskoga VESNA STAMENKOVIĆ

ponekad dođu dani prosuti i suvi · sve se ukoči kao mrak
· ne vrebaju me zveri niti ja sam · nemam šta da kažem
pod kapom nebeskom · lepo mi bude samo kad jedem i kad
se češkam · čudno je kako tek u tišini sve stvari dolaze
k tebi

· zapravo je najbolje na svetu čuti kako si živ · istovremen
sa smehom deteta i kliktanjem poklopca zippo upaljača ·
takav mogu biti i bezbrižno mrtav · sa osmehom od
maslinovog
ulja · nacртаš savršen krug grančicom u pesku · talas ga
obriše ·

nacrtáš opet savršen krug grančicom u pesku · što da ne ·
a i zašto bih morao da artikulišem kad mogu da gledam
neku ženu kako plete · sloboda ne znači moći i smeti
nego ne morati · ja sam samo statista praznine

zadovoljan svojom platom · šta ako je tamo gore u dubini
zapravo prazno · ko će tada poslednji da se smeje ·
kao lud na brašno · sunce zalazi i ja se smeškam
· ovaj dan se pretvorio u ogroman želudac

There comes a day, spilled and dry · everything grows stiff
like darkness
· beasts don't stalk me, nor do I · I've got nothing to say
under the heaven · I only feel good when I eat
and scratch · funny how only in silence all things come to you

· actually, the best thing in the world is hearing you're alive ·
concurrent
to the laughter of a child or clicking of the Zippo lighter cap ·
this way I can be carefree and dead · with an olive oil
smile · you draw a perfect circle in the sand with a twig ·
a wave wipes it clean

again you draw a perfect circle in the sand with a twig ·
why not ·
and why should I have to articulate when I can just
watch a woman knitting · freedom is not to be able and
allowed
but to not be obliged · I am just an extra of emptiness

satisfied with my pay · what if up there the depths are
actually empty · who is going to have the last laugh ·
like a madman · the sun is setting, and I am smiling ·
· this day has turned into a giant stomach

—prevela sa srpskoga VESNA STAMENKOVIĆ

Police za tekstualne objekte

a bila je užasna ta zima u njenoj hladnoj sobi
goli podovi i sirotinjske žarulje

na mom srcu raste nokat

obećavam i u najvećem mraku
bez baklje ću naći put do tebe

cviliš kao smrt miša

gde živiš sad? tu? a kako živiš? ne mogu više

ne sklapati čeljusti još
čim nađem akta o nutrini
diraj me ko da somot struže

astrologija poezije je neumoljiva:
uskoro će prići apsolutnom tekstu
a posle toga i apsolutnoj umetnosti

pred tobom leži gepard u otvorenom kavezu

Shelves for Text Objects

and it was a horrible winter in her cold room
naked floors and poor man's light bulbs

on my heart a fingernail grows

I promise, in the greatest darkness
without a torch I will find my way to you

you squeal like the death of a mouse

where do you live now? there? and how's life? I can't
anymore

don't close the jaws just yet
as soon as I find the acts on insides
don't touch me like scratchy velvet

astrology of poetry is relentless:
soon it will approach the absolute text
and after that the absolute art

before you lies a cheetah in an open cage

—prevela sa srpskoga VESNA STAMENKOVIĆ

E L A N G R U G M U S E



kartografija

ovo su karte koje vode vrhove mojih prstiju do udaljenih
mjesta

uz granice polja i stražnje ceste i male kvadrate kuća

imam i svoje omiljene ožiljke

pod nožnim prstom na dnu kralježnice

vrhu prsta

prazni kutovi [ovdje nema ničega] [Managed Access]

i [danger area] mjesta koja mapa ne može sadržavati

njihove sirove rane kamenolomi i rezervoari

mjesta smokve i nara

i sva izgubljena imena

—prevela s engleskoga MARIJA DEJANOVIĆ



cartography

these are the maps that lead the tips of my fingers to
distant places
along field borders and back roads and the small
squares of houses

and I also have my favourite scars
beneath my toe at the base of my spine
the tip of my finger

the empty corners of [nothing here] the [Managed
Access]
and [danger area] places that the map can't contain

their raw wounds quarries and reservoirs
fig and pomegranate places
and all the lost names



izgubljena

u ponedjeljak ih obavijestim da sam nestala popunim
odgovarajuću papirologiju naznačim svoju visinu [u
štiklama] boju očiju [hladna] svoju težinu [manja
nego što je bila]

pretraže uobičajena mjesta jarke prtljažnike
taksija kamenolome škrljevca moje lice pojavi se na
poštanskim sandučićima i uličnim svjetlima

vježbam tišinu bezvučno smještam vilice na tanjure
zalijepim file za potplate cipela nosim odjeću koja
bojom odgovara zidovima

jedem rižu i meso i lice mi je narančasto pod električnim
svjetlima restorana za van nitko me ne prepoznaje
plaćam gotovinom

i nema tanjura koje treba oprati naučim umiriti rebra
dok dišem koža mog lica počne se guliti s poštanskih
sandučića

kontaktiraju me da kažu da je slučaj ostavljen po strani
daju mi jedinstveni broj zločina telefon za pomoć
[8.00–18.00] puste taksiste na miru

padne kiša i onda sve opet postane suho naučim plivati
bez vode hodati bez da dotičem pod

probudim se u praznoj kući jednog nepoznatog jutra
obučem se otvorim sve prozore u kući

— prevela s engleskoga MARIJA DEJANOVIĆ

lost

monday i inform them that i'm missing i fill the
appropriate paperwork note my height [in my heels,]
the colour of my eyes [cold] my weight [less than its
been]

they search the usual places ditches the backs of
taxis slate quarries my face appears on post boxes
and on streetlights

i practice my silence noiselessly place forks on plates
glue felt to the soles of my shoes wear clothes the same
colour as the walls

i eat rice and meat and my face is orange and swollen
under the electric lights of the take-away no one
recognises me i pay in cash

and there are no dishes to be washed i learn to still my
ribs while breathing the skin of my face begins to peel
from the post boxes

they get in touch to tell me that the case has been put
aside give me an unique crime number a helpline
[8.00–18.00] leave the taxi drivers be

it rains and then dries again i learn to swim without
water to walk without touching the floor

i wake up in an empty house on an unfamiliar morning
i get dressed i open all the windows in the house

Pinus Halapensis

Na otoku Mljetu, ožujak 2020.

Ovo je drveće napravljeno sa samouništenjem u sastavu.
Duboko u softveru njihovog bivanja nagon je za gorenjem.

I danas, u mladoj šumi,
maleni pas lovi u borovim iglicama.

I kad zvijezde umru, za supernovom
ostavljaju materijale za stvaranje planeta raspršene u
njihovom tragu.

I posiju noć kao vrt.
Pas podiže uši, čuje buku.

Pod njegovim šapama, iglice drveća
hrskaju kao stari zubi,

drveća koje mora gorjeti da bi njegove sjemenke
osjetile svjetlo daleke zvijezde. I sve drveće

iznenada sluša. Teško disanje,
vrisak, zatim ništa. Tišina, krv tone

u suhu zemlju. Stvar je u tome da se drveće mora
raščistiti
kako bi sjemenje raslo. I mali se pas vrati, krvav.

Je li duboko u njegovom sastavu nagon za ubijanjem?
Liže šape, maše repom.

I strah me te male, mekane stvari
koja tako lako i hitro ubija.

I zvijezde su napravljene sa samouništenjem u softveru,
ali i svjetlo, sjemenje, kapi kiše.

Noćas gledam kako canis minor slijedi lovca,
gledam svjetlo koje dolazi izdaleka.

—prevela s engleskoga MARIJA DEJANOVIĆ

Pinus Halapensis

On Mljet Island, March 2020.

These trees were made with self-destruction in their
composition.
Deep in the software of their being, is the urge to burn.

And today, in a young forest
a small dog is hunting in the pine needles.

And when the stars die, by the supernova they
leave materials for planet-making scattered in their wake.

And they seed the night like a garden.
The dog is lifting its ears, it hears a noise.

Beneath its paws, the needles of the trees
crunch like old teeth,

the trees that must burn for their seeds
to feel the light of a distant star. And the trees

are all listening, suddenly. To heavy breathing,
a scream, then nothing. Silence, blood sinking

into a dry earth. The thing is, the trees must be cleared
for seeds to grow. And the small dog is back, bloodied.

Deep in its composition, is there an urge to kill?
It licks its paws, shakes its tail.

And I am afraid of this small, soft thing
which kills so easily and swiftly.

And the stars were made with self-destruction in their
software,
but also, light, seeds, drops of rain.

Tonight, I watch canis minor following the hunter,
watch a light that comes from far away.

M O R G A N O W E N



Mljet: odcjepljenje i pricjepljenje

Ono što sam primijetio toga prvog jutra, osim tišine, bio je miris bora, zemljan i svjež, i aroma cestovne prašine, nalik javorovom soku—nekako slatkasta i baršunasto bogata. I naravno, miris mora te odsustvo gradskog smoga. Svjetlost je ušla kroz rolete s neočekivanom iznenadnošću; promatrao sam kako soba u sekundi postaje svjetlija dok se obrub sunca uzdizao nad Pomenom. Crvenkaste pruge na zidu nisu dugo potrajale; novi je dan bio započeo. Prije nego što sam se uspio posve prenuti iz sna, sinulo mi je da se nalazim u inozemstvu, sam, s vremenom što se protezalo preda mnom i slobodom da ga iskoristim kako god želim. U mom dijelu otoka nije bilo nikoga drugoga pa sam bio odcijepjen od svijeta onako kako već odavno nisam bio. Pogledavao sam nad morem k europskome kopnu, a onda odlutao među stabla.

*

To je bilo moje prvo putovanje u inozemstvo, ne samo ot-kako je pandemija počela, nego godinama, pa je putovanje bilo dvostruko značajno. Kao što bi se moglo očekivati, moje

je uzbuđenje bilo pomiješano s primjesom nervoze, ali i s neobičnom sviješću o putovanju samom. Sve mi je bilo kao novo—od dolaska na aerodrom, preko letenja, do boravka među jezicima koji nisu ni velški ni engleski te stupanja na tlo zemlje u kojoj nikad prije nisam bio. To me podsjetilo na san što sam ga bio usnio u ranoj mladosti, a koji mi se duboko usjekao u pamćenje: šetao sam, sam, glavnom ulicom nekog srednjoeuropskog grada, u Njemačkoj možda, ili Poljskoj, i osjetio sam, u svoj njegovoj egzaltaciji, stanje putnika, a to je—biti nitko. No, valja napomenuti da riječ ‘nitko’ (neb) u velškom može značiti i ‘nitko’ i ‘netko’. To je korisna riječ čija je krajnja dvoznačnost savršena za opis putnika. On je stranac, ali i, za druge, utjelovljenje drugozemnosti. Teško mi je točno objasniti osjećaj koji sam imao u tome snu, jer predodžba takve stranosti—ili stranac-nosti—obično uključuje nelagodu, dok se kod mene radilo o nečemu predivnome. Morate doživjeti tu stranost da biste se približili; morate iskusiti prostor koji vas od drugih odjeljuje da biste ga mogli prekoračiti i istinski ih susresti. Dok sam se ukrcavao na avion i dok se poznato tlo povlačilo u daljinu i noć, ponovno me prožeo taj osjećaj; ali sada se nisam budio iz sna: budio sam se u njega.

*

Sa sobom sam bio ponio tek nekoliko knjiga, uglavnom zbog manjka prostora u mom kovčegu, no u određenoj mjeri i namjerno. Cilj mi je bio reagirati na novo mjesto novim riječima, drugačije razmišljati. U prethodnih šest mjeseci nisam bio napisao nijednu pjesmu, osjećao sam se kao da se

vrtim ukrug reagirajući na ista mjesta i ista iskustva na isti način. Bolje je ne reći ništa, nego da ti se riječi pretvore u kamen. No, na otoku, dok sam prolazio šumarcima i naseljima, kraj jezera i obalom mora, po brežuljcima i liticama, gdjekad bih iznenada zastao da napišem pjesmu—ponekad nekoliko stihova, ponekad čitave stranice neurednog, žustrog pisma. Vidio sam mnogo toga što me nadahnulo, i kako je čin pisanja bio istodoban s doživljavanjem, nije bilo vremena za dublje razmatranje, filozofiranje ili vraćanje u prošlost; bilo je to sinkrono stvaranje. Izravna interpretacija. Punio sam stranice svoje bilježnice, dovoljno za cijelu zbirku, i sve se to stapalo u jedno u vremenu i prostoru. To je, također, za mene bio način da iskoračim iz vlastite prošlosti, i to ne samo privremeno, kao da se od nje samoizoliram. Novost Mljeta za mene je bila medij promatranja—istiniskog promatranja. Sve je uvijek u kretanju i treba duboko disati, gledati i slušati sve oko sebe da bi se to shvatilo. Na hrpi stijena, promatraj: hirovit zemljovid lišaja; pogledaj kako se gušteri sunčaju, vidi teksturu kamenja pod kosim večernjim suncem, gledaj borove iglice koje raznosi vjetar, gledaj odraz svijeta. A tu se radi tek o stijenama.

*

Svakog sam dana imao određeno odredište u koje bih se upućivao rano izjutra. To su najčešće bila naselja: Pomena, najbliža Kulijeru; Babine Kuće, preko brijega i kroz alepske borove, gdje sam s mola gledao sive ribe kako love sitnije ribice u prozirnoj modroj vodi; Pristanište, gdje sam otišao na poštu kupiti razglednice i marke kako bih doslovno pisao

kući; Govedari sa svojim stablima limuna i naranče te mačkama što se izležavaju na suncu; Polače, gdje sam lutao kroz ruševine bazilike i stare rimske palače po kojoj je naselje nazvano. Taj dio otoka—nacionalni park—bio je više-manje prazan jer se turisti još nisu bili pojavili, pa su i naselja bila poprilično prazna. Ipak, susretao sam ljude i pozdravljao ih s ‘dobro jutro’, uvijek dobivajući topao odgovor: tek trenutak društvenosti, ali dovoljno da se osjetim kao da sudjelujem u iskustvu koje je nadilazilo moje osobno lutanje. Društvo je izviralo iz neočekivanih mjesta: svako malo, temelji zidova izronili bi iz šumskog tla, ili bi iskrasnio kakav star i podivljao, obrasli maslinov gaj. Arheološki ostaci posvuda su među stablima ovoga najšumovitijeg jadranskog otoka. Naseljenog i nenaseljenog, ovisno o kutu svjetlosti.

*

Veljača, koja je za mene bila ljeto—to je razbijeno vrijeme. Došao je trenutak mog odlaska za Dubrovnik i posve sam se bio izgubio u poimanju vremena. Nisam bio shvatio da je došao moj zadnji dan na otoku, a sunce je već usisavalo moju zadnju noć u Kulijeru. Iako je kopno bilo vidljivo i relativno blizu, doimalo se vrlo dalekim, kao neko drugo mjesto. Postalo mi je posve razumljivo kako je Odisej, u svojoj zbunjenosti, mogao provesti sedam godina na ovom otoku. Vrijeme ovdje prolazi drukčije, blago i dostojanstveno, poput umirovljenog izaslanika iz neke drevne i časne civilizacije. Ono dolazi odnekuda drugdje, barem se meni tako činilo.

*

Ne znam zapravo zašto, ali avion na letu između Zagreba i Dubrovnika opsjeo je moju maštu i još uvijek se, dok sanjarim, zateknem na njemu. Radi se o turbopropu, to je je zrakoplov s propelerima, po jednim na svakom krilu. Točnije, posrijedi je De Havilland Dash 8 400q. To je dosta malen avion u usporedbi s poznatijim mlažnjacima, drugačiji je. Kad se voziš u mlažnjaku, na primjer, osjećaš se kao da se uspinješ polako, ili barem postepeno, obzirno. Duže mu treba da dosegne točku u kojoj imaš osjećaj da se dosta kreće. Nasuprot tome, propeleri na Dashu postižu svoj maksimalni zamah gotovo odmah, tako da je uspon mnogo energičniji i izravniji. On napreduje brzo i hitro po pisti bezmalo od prvog zaleta. Zalijepit ćeš se leđima za sjedalo, prožeti uzbuđenjem. No prije toga, opazit ćeš kako se propeleri počinju vrtjeti, i kakav li samo zvuk proizvode! Duboko brujanje koji ne zvuči posve mehanički. Sa svog ćeš sjedala pomisliti da je to ono kako bi avion trebao zvučati. Od Zagreba do Dubrovnika i nazad, let je tekao glatko i spokojno, ali uvijek uz pratnju te buke: lakše je povezati takvu buku s kretanjem, iako su turbopropi sporiji od mlažnjaka. Možda me upravo zato taj avion fascinira: on čini kretanje i udaljenost konkretnima, kao i sve ostalo što dolazi neposredno nakon putovanja. A i izgleda lijepo.

*

Duž staza i cesta, dva su cvijeta osobito privukla moju pažnju. Zapanjila me svojom pojavom nakon odlaska iz ogoljenog i sumornog Walesa. Naprije sam ih zapazio na ivicama gajeva, i otad su oni postali moji vjerni suputnici. Vrtna

šumarica—‘broad-leaved anemone’. U sjenovitim područjima naizlazio sam na njezine blijedoljubičaste latice, skupljene i tihe u jutrima. Njihova mi boja nije naročito glasno vikala u mojim ranojutarnjim tumaranjima. Između ostataka zore i ostataka noći, sve je poprimalo boju vrijeska. Do podneva bi se već uglavnom otvorile, svijetle i lagane. Viđao sam ih u izobilju oko ljušture bazilike i vlažnih vrtova Polače. Nježnost na tvrdim mjestima. Zatim, razgranjena presličica—‘grape hyacinth’. Bilo je nečega poznatog u prizoru tih cvjetova, budući da su, kod nas, one popularno ukrasno cvijeće. Ali ovdje, na otoku Mljetu, rastu divlje. Tamnoplavi cvjetovi, nalik na grozdove, kao što kaže engleski naziv. Drže se blizu tla, skromne unatoč svojoj ljepoti, i sviđa im se grubo, kamenito tlo. Nedaleko od Babinih Kuća, na obali Velikog Jezera, staza je bila puna tog cvijeća, dok su iza mene bili prazni čamci. Otkako je počelo ljeto, tek se nekoliko ljudi bilo zaputilo tom stazom. Podsjetilo me sve to na perlice, ili krhotine lončarije, na njihove izbljedjele modre uzorke.

*

Svakog bih dana otišao gledati more, misliti, njušiti i jednostavno biti svjestan svega oko sebe. Unatoč toplini i sunčevu sjaju, mogao sam odatle vidjeti udaljene bosanske planine bijelih vrhova. Vraćao bih se u sobu prije sutona, čekao i promatrao kako nebo mijenja boju. Sutoni su uvijek bremeniti očekivanjem, i ne preostaje vam mnogo, osim da ih gledate. Svijest o svrhovitosti i prolaznosti vremena vratit će se, privremeno, tek kad se boje slegnu, kad noć postane čvrsta prisutnost. Takvog je osjećaja suton kad si sam. Mirnoća

uma izoštrava osjetila, iako tu ne postoji prava tišina. Neumorne otočke ptice, valovi i povjetarac u borovima bili su podsjetnik da se svijet kreće, uvijek. Tada bi Wales na mahove prodirao u moju svijest, kao drukčija zemlja u daljini. Vidio sam je bez mene, i tako sam, bez nje, vidio sebe jasnije.

*

Ovo je tek nekoliko mojih dojmova s otoka Mljeta. Kad bih sabrao sve te dojmove, mogao bih pisati do kraja vremena, jer ono što sam tamo činio, zapravo, bilo je doživljavanje. Da bi doživio nešto onakvime kakvo to jest, moraš vidjeti da ono nema jasnog kraja ili očitog početka, te da je čvrsto povezano sa svime ostalim, iako svejednako govori vlastitim glasom. Bio sam, u doslovnom smislu, osamljen, ali nisam bio usamljen. Kraj mora i među borovima, probudio sam se; osjetio sam zajedništvo. Otišao sam s gomilom pjesama i glavom punom ljepote ovoga zanosnog mjesta. Ima još ponešto mljetske prašine u naborima moje jakne i na potplatima mojih čizama.

—preveo s engleskoga MARKO GREGORIĆ



Mljet: isolation and de-isolation

What I noticed that first morning, other than the silence, was the smell of pine, earthy and bright, and the scent of the roads' dust, like maple sap, somehow—sweet and darkly rich. And of course, the smell of the sea, and the lack of city smog. The light came through the window's slats with an unexpected suddenness; I watched the room become lighter by the second as the rim of the sun rose over Pomena. The reddish stripes on the wall didn't last long; the new day had begun. Before I could rouse myself fully from my sleep, it dawned on me that I was abroad, alone, with time stretching ahead of me, and freedom to use it how I wished. There was nobody else at my end of the island, so I was truly apart in a way that I hadn't been for a long time. I looked over the water towards the European mainland, and then I ventured into the trees.

*

This was my first travel abroad not only since the pandemic but for many years, so the journey was doubly significant. As one might have expected, there was excitement mingled

with a shadow of nervousness, but also an uncommon awareness of the act of travelling itself. Everything was as though it were new to me, from arriving at the airport, to flying, to being among languages other than Welsh or English, to setting foot in a country I'd never visited before. I was reminded of a dream I had at the beginning of my teenage years, which has stuck resolutely in my memory: I was walking by myself along the main street of some Central European city, which might have been in Germany, or possibly Poland, and I felt in all its exaltation the condition of the traveller, which is to be nobody. But it must be remembered that 'nobody' in Welsh (*neb*) can mean both 'somebody' and 'nobody'. A useful word whose extreme ambiguity is perfect for the traveller's purposes, who is a stranger but also an incarnation, to others, of somewhere else. It's difficult for me to explain the feeling I had in that dream correctly, as talk of such strangeness—or stranger-ness—is bound to suggest unpleasantness, but it was wonderful. You have to feel that strangeness before you can draw near; you must experience the space between yourself and others before you can cross over to meet them truly. As I boarded the plane, and as the familiar land receded into the distance and the night, I had that feeling again, but I was not waking from the dream: I woke to it.

*

I only had a few books with me, mainly because of the lack of room in my case, but also by design, to an extent. My aim was to respond to a new place with new words, to think differently.

For six months I hadn't written as much as a single poem, feeling like I was turning in circles by responding to the same places and the same experiences in the same way. Better to say nothing than to have your words turn to stone. But on the island, as I walked through the groves and the villages, along the lakes and the shore, over the hills and the crags, I would come to a sudden stop to write down a poem—sometimes a few lines, sometimes whole pages of untidy, charged writing. I saw plenty to inspire me, and as the act writing was coterminous with the experience, there was no time to ruminate or philosophise or lapse into the past: this was synchronous creation. Direct interpretation. I filled the pages in my notebook, enough to for a whole volume, and all of it unified in time in space. It was a way for me to step out of my past, too, and not temporarily, as though I were self-isolating from it. Mljet's newness to me was the medium of observation—true observation. Everything is always in motion, and you have to breathe, look and listen deeply at everything around you to understand that. On the heap of stones, look: a capricious map of lichen; see the lizards sunbathe, see the stones' texture in the slant afternoon sun, see the pine needles blown by the wind, see the world's reflection. And that's only the stones.

*

Every day, I had a particular destination, leaving early. More often than not, the villages: Pomena, the nearest to Kulijer; Babine Kuće, over the hill and through the Aleppo pines, where I saw from the quay grey fish hunting small fry in the pellucid blue water; Pristanište, where I went to the post office

to buy postcards and stamps so that I could literally send word home; Govedari with its lemon and orange trees, and its sun-idling cats; Polače, where I wandered through the ruins of the basilica, and the old Roman palace which gives the village its name. This part of the island—the national park—was relatively empty as the tourists had not yet appeared, and so the villages were also pretty empty. Yet I'd greet the people I'd see with dobro jutro and receive and invariably warm reply: a moment of society, but enough to feel that I was partaking in an experience broader than my own wandering. Society sprung from unexpected places: here and there, the soles of walls would emerge from the forest floor, or an old olive grove gone wild, overgrown. There are remains in all directions among the trees on this the most wooded island of the Adriatic. Inhabited and uninhabited, depending on the angle of the light.

*

A February that was summer to me—that's time shattered. My departure for Dubrovnik had come, and I'd lost my grip on time altogether. I hadn't realised that my last full day on the island had arrived, and the sun was already drawing in my last night in Kulijer. Although the mainland was visible and relatively close, it felt very far away, an other place. I could easily understand how the myth that Odysseus had spent seven years on this island in his confusion. Time moves differently here, softly and with dignity, like a retired emissary from some old and venerable civilisation. It arrives from elsewhere, or that is how it felt to me.

*

I'm not sure why exactly, but the plane between Zagreb and Dubrovnik has caught my imagination, and I find myself on it still in my daydreams. It's a turboprop; that is, a plane with propellers, one on each wing. To be specific, it is a De Havilland Dash 8 400q. This is a relatively small plane, compared to the more familiar jets, and it's different. The jet, for example, feels as though it climbs slowly, almost—or at least in a gradual, considered way. It takes longer to reach its the point at which it feels like it's really moving. On the other hand, the propellers on the Dash generate their maximum thrust almost straight away, so the ascent is much more vigorous and direct. It advances rapidly and nimbly along the runway almost from standing. You'll be pushed back into your seat, feeling a charge of excitement. But before that, you'll have noticed the propellers starting up, and what a sound they make! A deep drone that doesn't sound altogether mechanical. From your seat you'll think to yourself that this is how a plane should sound. From Zagreb to Dubrovnik and back, the flight was smooth and tranquil, but always to the accompaniment of that noise: it's easier to connect such a noise with motion, even though turboprops are slower than jets. And that, maybe, is the fascination of that plane to me: it makes motion and distance concrete, and everything that comes in the wake of traveling. And it looks nice too.

*

Along the tracks and the roads, two flowers captured my attention in particular, and I was taken aback to see them after leaving a bare and sullen Wales. I first noticed them on the verges, and from then on they were faithful companions. Vrtna šumarica—broad-leaved anemone. In the shady areas, I saw the washed purple of their petals, closed and quiet in the morning. Their colour didn't shout especially loudly in my early morning wanderings: between the remains of the dawn and the remains of the darkness, everything took on a heathery hue. By midday, they were more likely to have opened, bright and light. They were to be seen in abundance around the shell of the basilica and the damp vegetable gardens of Polače. Tenderness in hard places. And then razgranjena presličica—grape hyacinth. There was something familiar about the sight of them, as they're popular decorative flowers back home, but here on the island of Mljet they grow wild. Dark blue flowers, like little bunches of grapes, as its name will tell you. They keep close to the ground, demure despite their beauty, and they like the rough, rocky land. Past Babine Kuće, on the shore of Veliko Jezero, the path itself was full of these flowers, and behind me were empty boats. Few people had ventured along this particular path since the summer. I was reminded of little beads, or shards of pottery, their blue patterns faded.

*

Every day I'd go to watch the sea, think, smell, and simply be aware of all that was around me. Despite the warmth and the sunshine, I could see from this spot the white-tipped

mountains of Bosnia in the distance. By sunset, I'd return to my room, wait and watch the sky change colour. The sunset is always fraught with expectation, and there's not much you can do except watch it. The sense of time's purpose and passing will only return, temporarily, when the colours have settled, when the night is a solid presence. Or that is how the sunset feels when you're alone. Stillness of mind sharpens the senses, though there is never true silence. The island's restless birds, the waves, the breezes in the pines were a reminder that the world is moving, always. That is when Wales sometimes intruded upon my mind, a different country from afar. I saw her without me, and so I saw myself clearer, without her.

*

These are only a handful of impressions of the island of Mljet. If I were to gather all of those impressions, I could write until the end of time, because what I did, essentially, was experience. To experience something as it is you must see that it has no tidy end or obvious beginning, and that it's bound up tightly with everything else, though it speaks with its own voice, all the same. I was in a certain solitude, in the literal sense, but I wasn't lonely. By the sea and among the pines, I awoke; I felt communion. I left with a load of poems and a head full of this beguiling place's beauty. There's still some Mljet dust in the folds of my jacket and between the treads of my boots.



M A R I L E N A
P A P A I O A N N O U



Soba u bašti

U leto osamdeset druge imala sam deset godina.

Pamtim da me je tog jedanaestog juna jako rano ujutro, pred samo svitanje, iznenada probudila neobična buka. Ustala sam, otišla do prozora i videla baku kako zagrađuje vrata na baštenskoj kućici. Pred njom su se nalazile gomila cigli i hrpa blata. Još se uvek nisam bila oporavila od sahrane, tako da nisam na to obraćala pažnju. Pala sam u krevet i ponovo duboko zaspala. Probudila sam se ošamućena tri sata kasnije. Umila sam se i obukla pa, pošto sam pojela malo hleba s medom, otišla na imanje da pomažem.

U maslinjaku sam susrela baku, ali nisam se usudila da je bilo šta upitam kad me otac, kad sam pred njim bojažljivo zacvilela, šćepao i rekao da se ne mešam u stvari odraslih.

Nisam se usudila da nastavim. U svakom slučaju, u tu kućicu—koja se sastojala iz jedne jedine sobe i uvek bila zaključana—nikada nisam kročila. A naredba koju je moja baka neprestano ponavljala bila je da ni ne pomišljam na to s obzirom da smo u kućici držali razne teške i oštre alatke tako da bi najbolje bilo da je zaobilazim, ako želim da sve bude dobro.

Zaključana ili zagrađena vrata—za mene to nije predstavljalo nikakvu razliku. Nisam osećala da mi je bilo šta bilo uskraćeno jer to nešto nikada nisam ni imala. I tako sam zaboravila na čitavu tu stvar.

Dvadeset godina kasnije vratila sam se u selo kako bih uživo upoznala posrednika koji se obavezao da pronađe kupca za kuću i imanje. Bila sam odlučila da zauvek ostanem u Americi, nisam nameravala da se vraćam kući čak ni na odmor.

Stigla sam u toplo i zagušljivo septembarsko jutro.

Kuću sam, uprkos tome što je tako dugo bila napuštena, za divno čudo zatekla u srazmerno dobrom stanju. Bašta je, pak, bila potpuno razrovana. Šupa pored koje je baka bila vezivala svog konja urušila se, većina drveća je izgorela a žbunje se sasušilo. Viseća mreža, koju mi je tata bio razapeo između dva drveta nara, sada je bila samo krpa, pocepana i prljava. Sve unaokolo bilo je prožeto sušom. Međutim, kućica sa zagrađenim vratima bila je potpuno zelena: tokom godina, bršljen, čiji je koren počinjao levo od vrata, obavio je sva četiri zida, ne ostavljajući nepokrivenim niti jedan jedini milimetar.

Spustila sam kofer do sebe i neko vreme samo stajala u mestu posmatrajući je. Različita pitanja dolazila su mi u svest, verovatno pod utiskom posrednikovog jučerašnjeg telefonskog poziva. Par koji je bio zainteresovan za kuću želeo je da zna zašto su vrata zagrađena. Nisam odgovorila. Pretvarala sam se da se signal gubi i prekinula vezu. Zato što ne samo da nisam znala istinu, nego nikad nisam uspela ni da zamislim zašto bi baka zagrađila vrata isključivo radi moje bezbednosti—dovoljno je bilo da ih zaključa.

Tada se u meni javila želja, jedna nesavladiva i za moj karakter potpuno neobjašnjiva želja: da saznam čega to ima—čega je bilo—u baštenskoj kućici. Pa sam pozvala načelnika opštinske tehničke službe, inače svog starog školskog druga, kako bih ga zamolila da pošalje nekog od zaposlenih da sruši vrata.

Tog poslepodneva, pred kućom se pojavio Ahilej—zgodan, preplanuo muškarac s rukama nalik na vesla, negde oko pedesete, činilo mi se. Odmah sam ga povelu u baštu da pogleda vrata. Napravio je krug i ispod bršljena nekako razaznao ulaz. Upitao me je da li na kućici postoji prozor. Ne, rekla sam. Klimnuo je glavom. Pitala sam ga za cenu, dogovorili smo se da počne i na kraju je rekao da će sutra popodne doći otprilike u isto vreme, nakon što završi s poslom.

Tu sam noć prespavala u pansionu nekoliko kilometara udaljenom od kuće. Ili sam barem pokušavala da zaspim, s obzirom da mi san uopšte nije dolazio na oči. Nprekidno sam razmišljala o kućici. Nakon svih ovih godina, odjednom sam osetila neodoljivu potrebu da otkrijem šta se krije iza zagrađenih vrata. Ta agonija bila je uistinu neobična—u neku ruku zakasnela. Još kao dete trebalo je da pokažem prirodnu radoznalost prema nečemu tako tajanstvenom, ali nisam mogla da se setim da sam ikad osetila takav poriv. Iz nekog neobjašnjivog razloga bespogovorno sam poštovala ovaj neobičan zabran. Možda zbog bake—plašila sam je se na izvestan način. Bila je povučena; žena poprilično ispred svog vremena, ali prirodno čvrsta—ili možda prekaljena ranim udovištvom, nikad nisam bila u stanju da odlučim između to dvoje. Volela me je, ali nije mnogo govorila. Držala me je, baš kao i sve druge, na određenoj distanci.

Bacakajući se i prevrćući u krevetu tokom te noći, odjednom sam razumela—gotovo magijski—da su se čak i ti povremeni razgovori s bakom proredili nakon maminog odlaska. Bio je to prvi put za sve te godine da sam u glavi jasno povezala majčinu smrt s promenom u bakinom ponašanju—i takođe prvi put da mi je palo na pamet da bi to dvoje na neki način moglo da bude povezano sa zagrađivanjem vrata.

Uspela sam da odspavam samo dva sata. Ostatak noći provela sam postavljajući sama sebi mnoga pitanja, pitanja koja je logično trebalo da sebi postavim mnogo godina ranije, ali kojima podsvesno nisam dopustila da me se ozbiljno tiču.

Sledećeg jutra ustala sam vrlo rano i prošetala po selu da razbistrim misli. U kuću sam stigla u jedan sat popodne, otvorila sve prozore i bacila oko na svoju staru sobu. Razmišljala sam da malo pročačkam po stvarima, ali se na kraju nisam odvažila na to. Otišla sam u kuhinju, donela stolicu iz ostave i sela da popijem kafu koju sam kupila usput. Sedeći tu, zamišljala sam kako ponovo imam šest godina. Videla sam mamu kako priprema kafu za sve, kako meni podgreva mleko, kako između tih poslova izlazi u baštu da obavi još tri-četiri poslića pa se vraća u kuhinju, stavlja ručak i usred kuvanja krišom baca pogled na debelu knjigu koju je uglavila u prozorsko okno kako je ja ne bih dohvatila i pri tom sve nešto mrmlja—baš kao da gubi razum.

Sedela sam tako sigurno tri sata. Pomerila sam se tek kad se spolja začuo Ahilejev glas kako me doziva.

Stigao je s alatom, spreman da se odmah baci na posao. Ali nije bio sam. S njim je bio i jedan oronuli gospodin, njegov otac koji mi se predstavio napomenuvši da me se seća iz vremena kad sam bila dete. Ja se njega, doduše, uopšte

nisam sećala. Neko se vreme raspitivao o mom životu i radu u Americi, a potom mi je izjavio saučešće povodom bakine smrti, iako je od nje već bilo prošlo toliko godina. Na kraju me je pitao šta mi radi tata i odmah se ugrizao za jezik shvativši da ponovo mora da izjavljuje saučešće.

Kijao je, kašljao pa ponovo kašljao. Počeo je da me posmatra netremice i što je više buljio u mene, ja sam sve više plamtela iznutra. Osećala sam da ima nešto da mi kaže; stoga sam ga, čim je Ahilej počeo s rušenjem, povukla u stranu i direktno ga upitala zašto je došao s njim.

Nije delovalo da ga je moje pitanje iznenadilo. Ali nije mi odgovorio. Uzdisao je i što je duže posmatrao svog sina kako obara vrata, disanje mu je postajalo sve teže. Nešto kasnije, zaustio je spreman da progovori, ali vrata su baš tad pala i prizor tajanstvene sobe polako je ispunio njegove oči suzama.

Prostorija je bila ispunjena knjigama. U njoj se nalazila čitava jedna mala biblioteka. Police su pokrivala četiri zida od ivice do ivice, a u središtu prostorije nalazili su se maleni sto s lampom i stolica; i ništa drugo, nikakve sprave ili poljoprivredne alatke.

Zastala sam da dođem do daha.

Ušla sam čudeći se. Držala sam se za nos i grudi. Ništa nisam razumela. Čije su to knjige bile? Zašto mi je rečeno da ovde drže alat? Zašto je baba zagrabila vrata?

Odgovore mi je pružio Ahilejev otac—zbog toga je i došao.

Mama je od malena želela da bude učiteljica. Jako je volela slova, učenje joj je lako išlo od ruke. Pohađala je Pedagošku školu u Atini i već je bila pošla na studije kada je upoznala mog oca. Po venčanju, zajedno su se vratili u selo

da pomažu oko imanja. Sve se završilo na tome da je mama odlazila u školu samo kako bi polagala ispite. Tata nije želeo da ona stekne diplomu, nije hteo da ode dođavola, kako je govorio. Sve u svemu, nije smatrao dobrom idejom da majka radi negde drugde, želeo je da ostane s njim na imanju. Ali baka, mamina majka, verovala je u nju, verovala je u njen mozak i u njene sposobnosti. Uprkos seoskom poreklu zbog kog jedva da je završila osnovnu školu, uvidela je mogućnost da se u porodici nađe jedna obrazovana žena pa je uz pomoć radnika s imanja preobrazila kućicu u bašti u biblioteku kako bi majka tamo mogla da studira, pošto u životu kakav je bila primorana da vodi, nije bila u stanju da pohađa više od nekoliko časova. Tata se mnogo puta posvađao s njom oko toga. Povremeno bi smekšao, ali bi se onda ponovo razbesneo pa bi ušao u kućicu, zgrabio šta god da se nalazilo na policama i to izbacivao—obično kad bi padala kiša. Tako je uništio mnoge mamine knjige, pa je baka donela odluku da se kućica zaključava.

Ahilejev otac nije umeo da mi objasni zašto mi nikad nisu priznali ovu istinu. Ali je zato znao da mi objasni zašto je baka zagrabila vrata.

Ipak, za to je najpre morao da me zamoli da mu donesem čašu vode i stolicu. Sve što sam mogla da mu ponudim bila je flaširana voda, a iz kuhinje sam mu donela istu onu plastičnu stolicu na kojoj sam nešto ranije bila sedela i prisećala se prošlosti.

Vodu je popio u jednom gutljaju, zapalio cigaretu i razotkrio mi ono čega nisam bila svesna.

Devetog juna godine osamdeset druge, mama je trebalo da ide u Atinu kako bi polagala poslednji predmet koji joj

je ostao—sigurno bi ga i položila i tako diplomirala s odličnim uspehom. Krišom od tate, baka ju je odvela na kolodvor kako bi stigla na prvi jutarnji autobus.

U četiri i trideset popodne, neko je pozvao kuću i tražio da razgovara s bakom. Taj neko iz policijske stanice u Tebi obavestio ju je da se autobus sudario s kamionom i da niko od putnika nije preživeo.

Sledećeg jutra baba je zagrabila vrata.

I više do kraja života nije rekla ništa izuzev nekoliko reči.

Ali dobro pamtim da sam nekoliko godina kasnije, na dan kada je umrla u snu i kada sam otišla da je spremim za sahranu, pod njenim jastukom pronašla Triandafilidisovu gramatiku i svesku ispunjenu crvenim ispravkama. Pretpostavljam da je baka naučila slova od svoje kćerke i da je to bila najdragocenija stvar koju je želela da zadrži na svom uzglavlju.

—prevela s grčkoga MILENA BERIĆ



A room in the garden

I was ten years old in the summer of 1982.

I remember being awakened by a strange noise early in the morning, just before the dawn, on 11th of June that same year. I got up, went up to the window and saw my grandmother walling in the door of the garden shed. She was standing by a huge pile of bricks and mud. I still hadn't fully recovered from the funeral, so I didn't pay much attention to it. I collapsed onto my bed and fell sound asleep. I woke up completely dazed three hours later. I washed my face and got dressed; after I had some bread with honey, I went to the farm to help out.

I met my grandmother in the olive grove but I didn't have the courage to ask her anything when my father, after I had timidly wailed before him, grabbed me and told me to stay out grown-up stuff.

I didn't even dare to go on. In any case, I have never stepped foot in that shed which consisted of a single room which was always locked. My grandmother warned me over and over again not to even think about it since they kept

various heavy and sharp tools in that shed—she said that it would be best to stay out if I wanted things to be okay.

Whether the door was locked or walled in—it was all the same to me. I have never really felt deprived of anything because I didn't have access to it in the first place. I simply put the whole thing behind me.

Twenty years later, I came back to the village to personally meet with a real estate agent who undertook to find me a buyer for the house and the farm. I decided to stay in the USA forever; I didn't plan on returning home, not even for vacation.

I arrived on a warm and stuffy September morning.

To my surprise, the house was in a rather good condition despite being abandoned for so long. The garden was, on the other hand, completely ruttled. The shack next to which my grandmother would tie her horse was completely collapsed, most trees were burnt to the ground, and the bushes were completely withered. The hammock that my Dad hung for me between two pomegranate trees was now reduced to a mere rag, completely torn and dirty. Everything around me was destroyed by drought. However, the shed with the walled in door was completely green: over the years, the ivy whose roots grew on the left side of the door climbed all four walls, covering every inch of the shed.

I put down my suitcase and stood there motionless for a while, just gazing at the shed. Various questions came to mind, probably under the impression of my yesterday's phone call with the real estate agent. A couple who expressed interest in the house wanted to know why the door had been walled in. I didn't give them an answer. I pretended as if my

phone was disconnecting and I hung up. It was not just because I didn't know the truth but because I could never have even imagined why my grandmother would wall in the door for the sole purpose of my safety—she could have just locked them.

Then a sudden urge came over me; an overwhelming and a completely out-of-character desire to find out what is—was—there in the garden shed. So, I phoned the head of the municipal technical services, who is an old school friend of mine, and asked him to send over one of his employees to tear down the door.

The same afternoon, a handsome tanned man named Achilles appeared at my front door; his arms were like oars and he seemed to be around fifty years old. I immediately took him to the garden to see the door. He circled around the shed and somehow managed to make out the entrance beneath the ivy. He asked me if the shed had a window. 'No', I said. He nodded. I asked him about the price, we agreed that he would take the job, so he eventually said that he would come around the same time the following day after work.

That night I stayed at the B&B a few kilometers away from the house. I tried to get some sleep, but I could barely close my eyes. I couldn't stop thinking about the shed. After all these years, I suddenly felt an irresistible urge to discover what was behind the walled in door. This agonizing feeling was truly unusual—to some extent even delayed. I should have been more naturally curious as a child about something so mysterious, but I don't recall ever getting such an urge. For some inexplicable reason, I blindly obeyed this unusual ban. It was probably because of my

grandmother—I was afraid of her in a way. She was introverted; a woman quite ahead of her time but tough by nature or perhaps hardened by early widowhood—I could never quite decide between the two. She loved me, but she never spoke too much. She kept me, just like she did everyone else around her, at a certain distance.

Tossing and turning in the bed that night, I suddenly understood—as if through a magical spell—that even the occasional conversations I had with my grandmother diminished after my Mom had died. This was the first time in all those years that I made a clear correlation between my mother's death and the change in my grandmother's behavior—and it was also the first time that it had occurred to me that those two events could be associated with the walled in door.

I eventually managed to get two hours of sleep, while I spent the rest of the night asking myself a million questions that I should have asked many years before but, subconsciously, I had never really let them get to me.

The next morning, I got up very early and took a walk across the village to clear my head. I arrived at the house at 13:00, opened all windows and checked out my old room. I even considered going through my stuff, but I eventually didn't have the nerve for it. I went to the kitchen, brought a chair from the pantry, and sat down to drink the cup of coffee I had bought on my way there. Sitting there, I imagined myself being six again. I could see my Mom making coffee for everyone, warming up my milk, and going out into the garden in-between those two tasks to get three or four more errands done, and then getting back to the kitchen,

preparing lunch and, amid cooking, quickly glancing into a thick book she had leaned against the window shaft so that I couldn't reach it—all the while mumbling something to herself—as if she was losing her mind.

I must have been sitting there for three hours or so. I moved only when I heard Achilles's voice calling me from the outside.

He came with his tools, ready to get on with the work. But he wasn't alone. He was accompanied by a haggard man who introduced himself as his father; he said that he remembered me from when I was a child—I, on the other hand, had no recollection of him. He asked about my life and work in the USA for a while, and then he expressed his condolences for my grandmother's death, even though it had happened so many years ago. Eventually he asked me about my father, and he immediately bit his tongue because he had realized that he would have to express his condolences once more.

He started sneezing, coughing, and then coughing some more. His eyes were fixated on me and the more he stared at me, the more anxious I became. I felt as though he wanted to tell me something; which is why, as soon as Achilles started with the demolition, I pulled him to the side and directly asked him why he had accompanied him there.

He didn't seem to be taken aback by my question. But he didn't reply. He sighed and the longer he watched his son tear down the door, the heavier his breathing became. A few moments later as he opened his mouth to say something, the door collapsed and the sight of the mystery room filled his eyes with tears.

The room was full of books. It contained an entire small-scale library. The shelves covered all four walls from side to side, while at the center of the room there was a small desk with a lamp and a chair; nothing else, no other appliances or gardening tools.

I stopped to catch my breath.

I entered in utter amazement; I was completely clueless. Whose books were those? Why was I told that they had only kept the tools there? Why did my grandmother wall in the door?

Achilles' father was able to give me all the answers—that is why he came in the first place.

My Mom wanted to be a teacher since she was a child. She really loved the letters, and learning came naturally to her. She attended the School of Pedagogy in Athens and had already started university when she met my father. After they got married, they returned to the village to help out with the farm. My Mom ended up leaving for school only when she had to take exams. My Dad didn't want her to graduate, because he didn't want her to go astray (his words); all in all, he thought it was a bad idea for my Mom to work anywhere else and he wanted for her to stay with him on the farm. But my grandmother, my Mom's mother, believed in her and her cognitive abilities. Despite her rural origin that made her barely finish elementary school, she acknowledged the possibility of having an educated woman in the family, so, with the help of the workers on the farm, she transformed the shed into a library so that my mother could study there, since she wasn't able to attend more than a few classes due to their way of life. Dad would often

fight with her about it. He would occasionally soften up, but then he would get so aggravated that he would go into the shed and grab whatever he found on the shelves and then he threw it out—usually when it rained outside. That is how he destroyed many of Mom's books, so my grandmother decided to lock the shed.

Achilles's father didn't know why they had never told me the truth. But he was able to tell me why my grandmother had walled in the door.

Before he could proceed, he asked me to get him a glass of water and a chair—I only had bottled water with me, and I brought him the plastic chair that I had been sitting on a few moments earlier reminiscing about my past.

He drank his water bottoms up, lit a cigarette and revealed to me the true story.

On 9 June 1982, Mom was supposed to go to Athens to take her last exam—she would have certainly passed it and graduated with honors. Without my Dad knowing, my grandmother took her to KTEL¹ to catch the first morning bus.

At 16.30 that afternoon, someone rang the house and asked to speak to grandmother. The person from the police station in Thebes informed my grandmother that Mom's bus had been hit by a truck and that no one had survived the crash.

The next morning, my grandmother walled in the door. And, for the rest of her life, she uttered merely a few words.

I distinctly remember that a few years later, on the day she died in her sleep, when I went to prepare her for the

1 The main intercity public bus transport in Greece.

funeral I found Triantafyllidis¹ grammar under her pillow along with a notebook full of corrections marked in red—I suppose that my grandma had learned the alphabet from her daughter and that it was the most precious thing she wanted to keep next to her bedside.

—prevela sa srpskoga ANA MRŠIĆ ZDILAR

1 Manolis Triantafyllidis (1883–1959)—the author of the most famous grammar of modern Greek language.

T O M O P O D S T E N Š E K



Zalagaonica

Zvonce na vratima je zazvonilo i djed i ja smo podigli glave od šahovske ploče. Pred pultom je stajao stariji čovjek sa suhonjavim dječakom koji se bojažljivo držao za njegovu ruku.

‘Molim, izvolite’, rekao je moj djed i, kao i svaki put, iznenadilo me kako je njegov glas uvijek zvučao potpuno jednako, kao da je negdje duboko u grlu imao sakriven MP3 player s nasnimljenim pozdravom.

Muškarac je ispustio dječaka koji je bio neke dvije ili tri godine mlađi od mene; sigurno još nije bio išao u školu, djelovao je strašno glupim i zbunjenim, imao je malo prekratku donju čeljust i širom otvorene plave oči kojima je znatiželjno razgledavao stvari na policama; računala, telefone, gitare, uokvirene slike, kožne aktovke, vaze i kristalne čaše, ikone, raspela i ostale stvari.

‘Koliko mogu dobiti za ovo?’ muškarac je iz papirnate smeđe vrećice pažljivo istresao na pult nekoliko komada nakita. Djed je stavio naočale, olovkom na brzinu isprebirao po hrpici predmeta i uredno ih rasporedio u liniju. Narukvica, ogrlica s privjeskom, dva prstena, još jedna narukvica,

velika kovanica i broš, provirila sam na brzinu. Djed je svaki predmet promotrio pod povećalom, izvagao na elektronskoj vagi i nešto zapisao u bilježnicu. Na kraju je malo zbrajao, neodlučno odmahivao glavom tamo-ovamo—kao uvijek kad je intenzivno razmišljao—palcem i kažiprstom čitavo je vrijeme stiskao lijevu ušnu resicu.

‘Mogu vam dati osamdeset’, rekao je na kraju.

‘Samo? To je nakit moje pokojne žene, par stvari je dobila još od svoje mame’, začudio se muškarac.

‘Vjerujem. Ali nažalost, ne vrijede više, većina je komada srebrna i podosta loše očuvana. Tu kovanicu s Franjom Josipom mogu prodati za nekih dvadeset pet eura, ostalo je samo za pretopiti i onda se to gleda po težini.’

‘Ali svejedno sam očekivao malo više.’

‘Dobro, neka bude sto’, rekao je vidljivo nevoljko djed; budući da sam ga još prije bila promatrala dok radi, dobro sam znala da si je prvom ponudom namjerno ostavio prostora.

‘Ne razumijete, stvarno trebam više. Bar dvjesto pedeset...’

‘Žao mi je, gospodine, ne ide, trebam i ja nešto zaraditi.’

‘Gledajte, kako da vam objasnim—moja kći, ona ima određene probleme... I onda je prije pola godine ostavila malog meni i samo otišla. Od tada je više nismo vidjeli. Dijete raste, treba novu odjeću, cipele ga već stišću, najesen kreće u školu, samo troškovi, mirovine znate kakve su...’

Djed i ja smo se zagledali u dječaka koji je stupao u mjestu i sav se crvenio u licu, oči su mu vodeno svjetlucale. Nešto mi je na njemu išlo na živce i kad smo se pogledali, pokazala sam mu jezik pa je prestrašeno poklopio oči.

‘Jako mi je žao’, rekao je moj djed. ‘Obratite se Carita-su ili Crvenom križu, ja si ne mogu priuštiti da budem na

gubitku. Znam da ste razočarani, ali srebro nema ni približno toliku vrijednost kao zlato...’

Muškarac mu se kratko zahvalio, dlanom pomeo komade nakita nazad u vreću i pospremio je u džep. Uzeo je dječaka za ruku i onda su otišli, djed i ja smo se vratili prekinutoj partiji. Nijedno od nas nije bilo dobar šahist, ja sam još učila, a djed se cijelo vrijeme ljutio jer je šahovnica premarlena pa zato dobro ne vidi dijagonale. Budući da nismo znali napraviti pozicije za matiranje, uglavnom smo igrali jako dugo, sve dok djedovo uho ne bi posve pocrvenjelo od intenzivnog razmišljanja. Na ploči su ostala još samo oba kralja i nekakav top ili skakač kojima smo se onda jalovo naganjali čekajući da jedno od nas napravi pogrešku ili da se drugome nekako posreći stjerati protivnika u kut. Taman mi je uspjelo prisiliti crnoga kralja da se udalji od svog zadnjeg pijuna i nezaštićenog sam ga pojela, kad je na ulazu opet zazvonilo.

Bio je to isti muškarac kao prije, dječak je ovaj put pričekao pred vratima, kroz prljavo staklo izloga zalagaonice mogla sam vidjeti njegova leđa, spuštenu ramena i veliku okruglu glavu sa stršećim ušima. Još uvijek mi je bio odbojan.

‘Molim, izvolite’, rekao je djed istim tonom kao uvijek.

Muškarac je stisnutih usana položio na pult platneni rubac u kojem je nešto bilo zamotano. Kad je razgrnuo kutove, pokazala se hrpica svježih izvađenih i još krvavih zlatnih zuba. Moj je djed bez riječi uzeo pincetu i počeo ih slagati na vagu.

—prevela s engleskoga MARIJA DEJANOVIĆ



The Pawnshop

The doorbell rang and we lifted our heads from the chessboard. In front of the counter stood an older man with a skinny boy timidly clinging to his hand.

‘How can I help you,’ my grandfather said. It always amazed me how those words sounded the same every single time. It was as if he had a tape player with a recorded greeting hidden somewhere deep in his throat.

The man let go of the boy’s hand. The kid was about two or three years younger than me; he certainly didn’t go to school yet, he looked terribly stupid and confused, with a slightly short lower jaw. His wide-open blue eyes were looking curiously at things on the shelves: computers, telephones, guitars, framed pictures, leather briefcases, vases and crystal glasses, icons, crucifixes and many other things.

‘How much could I get for this?’ the man carefully poured a few pieces of jewellery from the brown paper bag and laid it on the counter. Grandpa put on the glasses, quickly rummaged through pieces with a pencil, and rearranged them into a line. One bracelet, a necklace with a pendant, two

rings, another bracelet, a large coin and a brooch, I quickly peeked over his shoulder. Grandpa looked at everything under his magnifying glass, weighed it on an electronic scale, and wrote something down in a notebook. Then he was adding the numbers up, shaking his head hesitantly, while—as always when he was thinking tensely—he kept squeezing his left earlobe between the thumb and forefinger.

‘I can give you eighty,’ he said at the end.

‘Only eighty? This belonged to my late wife, some of it she inherited from her mother...’

‘I believe you, both rings and the brooch are pretty old indeed, but unfortunately they have no greater value, because they are silver and rather poorly preserved. I can sell this coin with Franz Joseph for about twenty-five euros. All the other things have to be melted and then it just depends from the weight...’

‘I was expecting a little more, to be honest.’

‘All right, I can give you a hundred,’ said the grandpa, seemingly reluctant; since I had observed him talking with the costumers before, I already knew he had deliberately left so much room for negotiation when making the first offer.

‘You don’t understand. I need more, at least two hundred and fifty...’

‘Ím sorry sir, there’s nothing I can do, I have to earn something too.’

‘How can I explain it to you—you see, my daughter, she has certain problems... And then, six months ago, she left the boy with me and just left. We haven’t seen her since. But the kid is growing, he needs some new clothes, his shoes are already too tight, he’s going to school in the autumn, expenses

everywhere you look, and you know very well what the pensions are like these days...'

My grandfather and I both stared at the boy, who was nervously shaking, all red in the face. Something about him got on my nerves, and when our eyes met, I showed him my tongue. He got scared and quickly lowered his head.

'I'm really sorry,' my grandfather said. 'Turn to the Red Cross or to the Church, I can't afford to be at a loss either. I know you are disappointed, but you must understand silver is not nearly as valuable as gold.'

The man thanked him briefly, swept the jewellery into the paper bag, and tucked it back in his pocket. Then he took the boy by the hand and they left. My grandfather and I could finally returned to our interrupted chess game. None of us was a good player, I was just learning the rules, and grandpa was always complaining the stupid chessboard was a way too small and therefore he couldn't see the diagonals well. Since we didn't know how to get in the checkmate position, we usually played for a very long time, until grandpa's ear was completely red from thinking tensely. Finally, only the two kings remained standing alongside a fortress and a jumper, which then inefficiently chased each other up and down the fields, waiting for one of us to make a mistake or for the other to somehow manage to trap the opponent into a corner. I forced the black king to step away from his last pawn, which I was going to crunch unprotected, when the doorbell rang again.

It was the same man as before. This time the boy stayed waiting on the street. Through the dirty window of the pawnshop, I could see his back, closed shoulders and a big

round head with protruding ears. Something on him still irritated me.

‘How can I help you,’ grandpa asked in the exactly same tone as always.

The old man, with lips pursed in the straight line, laid a linen handkerchief on the counter, with something wrapped in it. As he unfolded the corners, a pile of freshly extracted and still bloody golden teeth appeared. Without a word, my grandfather took the tweezers and began stacking them one by one on the scale.

—sa slovenskoga preveo autor

MAJA RUČEVIĆ



Tonda

Punim oblo srce uštapa
Brižno, kao kristalni zalog za jug
Tonda prosipa spor i gust trag
Preko praga ribljeg doma
To je neizrecivo važnije od svih naših
Pokušaja smirenja u školjci zavjeta
Ne čujem više brodski motor,
Isplovit ćeš sutra na vrh sjećanja
Kao putnik na ribanje
Neću ti poželjati sreću,
Podrazumijeva se—
Uvijek se sigurno vratiš iz noći,
U mreži ti se kopreca i previše
Moje budne krljušti



Tondo

I fill the round heart of the moon
Tenderly, like a crystal pledge for the south
The tondo pours a slow and dense trace
Over the doorstep of a fish's home
This is unspeakably more important than all our
Attempts at calm in the shell of a vow
I can no longer hear the ship's engine,
Tomorrow you will set sail towards a memory's peak
Like a traveller going fishing
I will not wish you luck,
It goes without saying—
You always come back safely from the night,
Your net squirming, overflowing
With my unsleeping scales

—prevele s engleskoga

MARIJA DEJANOVIĆ i VESNA MARIĆ



Štafeta

Iz nucleusa si se otisnuo na pučinu,
U urođenu boljku i slabu točku,
A onda te potopilo jer nisi znao održavati kurs,
Zaljevska uzanost i razina soli
Vrištale su visok vokal
I prostranu, nezavršenu rečenicu
Zaveslaj je priječio izdisaj,
Škrge gnjurile mjesečev zijev,
A trebala ti je rastvorena, dobrodušna ralja
Vedute i štitovi nasukali su se redom
U suvenirnicu neosunčanih gajeta,
Gorku, težačku misao pred kišu
Znao si: jedino su oprost i povlačenje
Jamstvo za dostojanstven ostatak—
Opstanak je poput štafete
Preda ti ju neki neznani trkač
Na kojeg nisi računao i promijeni ti rutu
Tijelo se žrtvuje, ali i ojača,
Pristane u onaj kirkegardovski postulat:

‘Sjećanje je u prednosti jer započinje gubitkom—
Stoga je pouzdano da nema što izgubiti’,
Potom promijeni agregatno stanje i prijeđe u
Davninu kada se iz gorskog kraja
Pred tobom najednom otvara more,
I postaješ endemska vrsta,
Novootkrivena prstenovana ptica,
Autohtona sorta Eolovog vjetra,
Zeleno oko vina i strpljivost najmudrijeg
U kaležu jednog te istog života

Baton

You set sail into the open seas from the nucleus,
Into the weak spot and inborn wound,
Then you sank because you couldn't maintain your
course,
The narrow bay and salt levels
Screamed a high-pitched vowel
And a spacious, unfinished sentence
A paddle-stroke prevented exhalation,
The gills submerged the moon's yawn,
While you needed an open, kind-hearted set of jaws
Prospectuses and shields ran aground one by one
Inside the souvenir shop of darkened ships,
A bitter, farmer's thought before rainfall
You knew: only forgiveness and retreat
Warrant a dignified rest—
Survival is like a baton
Some unknown runner you didn't count on
Hands it over to you and changes your route
The body sacrifices itself, but also fortifies,

Docks into that Kierkegaard saying:
‘Memory has an advantage because it starts with a loss—
Therefore it is certain it has nothing to lose’,
Then it changes its aggregate state and becomes
An ancient time when from the mountain region
Before you, suddenly, the sea opens up,
And you turn into an endemic species,
A newly-discovered ringed bird,
An autochthonous variety of Eol’s wind,
The wine’s green eye and the patience of a sage
In the chalice of the same life

—prevele s engleskoga

MARIJA DEJANOVIĆ i VESNA MARIĆ

MAŠA SENIČIĆ



nežnija polovina eksplozije

mecima treperim; budim se kao poludinamit u srcu grada
i znam da se spolja nikada ništa neće desiti. bes i olakšanje
dva su sprata zgrade koju se spremam da dignem u vazduh.

sklupčana zato, i mirna, stojim u dnu placa gde je trebalo
položiti psa.
pod zemljom, u kojoj je jednom nikao paradajz, ponavljam:
telo ionako
ne postoji, telo je prašina, telo je samo performativna
manifestacija bića.

u iznajmljenom stanu nemam rernu pa u nju nije moguće
smestiti glavu.
vaspitanjem odbacujem nepromišljenost: tragedija pripada
pesnicima
—od mene se očekuje postupak suptilan, razborit i praktičan;

pa ipak, moje su šape prljave od zemlje, preterano suve,
od drveta
neobradivog, od nerashlađenog vina. u priželjkivanju
praska
uspješno dočekujem samo svitanje, a to je postalo
nepodnošljivo.

gentler side of the blast

for months I've been trembling; in the town I wake, almost
a dynamite,
knowing that nothing will ever happen on the outside. rage
and relief
light up as two floors of a building I am preparing to blow up.

curled up, and therefore serene, I am at the foot of the plot
of land where
the dog was to be lain. underground, where tomatoes once
thrived, I repeat:
body is non-existent, it is dust, it is simply a performative
manifestation of being.

there is no oven in this rented apartment, there is thus no
place to rest
my head. my upbringing casts away thoughtlessness:
tragedy belongs to poets
—I am expected to act subtly, prudently, pragmatically;

and yet, my paws are sullied from the soil, overly dry;
from the wood,
unworkable; from lukewarm wine. starving for the blast
I satisfy my hunger with sunrise; this has become
unbearable.

—sa srpskoga preveli AUTORICA i SAVA MIHAILOVIĆ

leto koje mi ne pripada, I

celu noć sam se vozila da bih sama dočekala jutro u luci.
čovjek šeta lovačke pse, grandiozne i poslušne. iza njega,
strani turisti izvrću svoj želudac na slani kamen.

trajekt nazvan po pesniku dugo putuje preko plave
površine
koja nosi samo svoje ime. sunce zalazi, ljudi mi se obraćaju,
ali ne govore ništa. smokve su zrele, ja ne mogu da ih
dohvatim.

to isto leto, II

pod visokim plafonima boli me u predelu očekivanja,
celom dužinom. savijam se pod teretom čiji me oblik
užasava, a na čije se staranje nisam ničim obavezala.

naginjem se kroz prozor oivičen nepoverenjem. nemam
ništa
osim poezije da ponudim, a otok je pust i nežan kao šikara.
ti si, taj teret; stopiram u nadi da niko neće hteti da nas
poveze

zajedno.

the summer that doesn't belong to me, I

I spent all night on the road to enter the harbour before
dawn.

a man walks his grand hounds, grand and obedient.
behind him, tourists empty their stomach onto the salty
seawall.

the ferryboat named after a poet takes ages to cross a
blue surface,
named only after itself. the Sun sets, people talk to me
but say nothing. the figs are ripe, I cannot reach them.

that very same summer, II

beneath high ceilings the back of my expectations ache,
the pain runs deep. I endure under a burden whose shape
horrifies me; I did not commit to nourishing it.

I lean through a window, framed with distrust. all I can offer
is poetry, and the island is as deserted and gentle as thickets.
the burden, it is you. I hitch-hike hoping no one will pick up

both of us

— sa srpskoga preveli AUTORICA i SAVA MIHAILOVIĆ

botanika ćutnje

sanjam da budem žena-grinič, da po meni računaju vreme,
i po mojim obodima naslućuju plan letenja; to mi nije dosta.
postajem žena-muzej: vrti mi se u glavi od arhiviranja
koje ničemu ne služi. tačno na sredini mog sićušnog tela
sezonski berači, najamni radnici, spremaju se za protest.

pošte male kvadrature u čijim uglovima umiru uplatnice
čuvam kao poslednja utočišta odsustva kontrole:
u svojim podrumima smišljam koreografiju predaha.
spolja: plaćam račune, popunjavam upitnike, skraćujem
zanoktice.

držim se agende: pitam ko brine o biljkama u državnim
institucijama,
jer takav će brinuti i o meni, dodirivaće me postupno i
sistematično,

kvasiće me studiozno, po potrebi. pravim plan, sitno
tkanje očekivane smrti,
a onda se setim—tek je april. još uvek ne smem da
priznam da sam umorna.

botany of silence

I dream of being a she-Greenwich, a reference for
timekeeping,
convenient for making flight schedules; I find it
disappointing.

I then become a she-museum, dizzy from excessive
archiving
that serves no purpose. at the very centre of my tiny body
are fruit pickers, seasonal workers, ready to revolt.

narrow post offices, in whose corners payment forms meet
their fate, I preserve them as final sanctuaries of losing
control:

in my basements I conceive a choreography of respite.
on the surface, I pay bills, fill in questionnaires, remove my
cuticles.

I stick to the agenda: I ask who takes care of plants at
public institutions,
for that person will take care of me, touch me gradually
and methodically,
moisturise me meticulously, if needed. I make a plan,
slowly knit inevitable death,
when I remember—it's only April. it is too early to admit
that I'm tired.

— sa srpskoga preveli AUTORICA i SAVA MIHAILOVIĆ

THOMAS TSALAPATIS



Dan kad sam izvršio invaziju na Dansku

Moguće zbog manjka mjere, viška entuzijazma
(ili jednostavno iz dosade)
Odlučio sam izvršiti invaziju na Dansku

Naoružao sam svoju odluku
Mušketama i rogovima
Bubnjevima, bajunetom
I ritmičnim kasom.
Sklopio sam svoje spavanje
Da mi stane u džepove
Za grb sam odabrao
Zaklano doba

* * *

Na putu sam
Prije svitanja zore
Prelazim udaljenost
Prelazim udaljenost
Do Danske

* * *

I evo ih:

Čuvari ruševina iza neprijateljskih udaraca,
Vlasnici rijetkih morskih školjki pod kišobranima.
Djevojke beru sekunde, žene mijese mjesece.

Pogledaj, muškarci umiru na stranim jezicima,
A ja hodam u tišini.
Toliko već godina hodam u tišini
Prelazim udaljenost
Do Danske.

* * *

Jednog jutra prešao sam posljednju granicu.
Naoružan do zuba, izvršio sam invaziju na Dansku.
Ulice s danskim zastavama
Domovi s danskom djecom
Vrijeme s danskim satima.

Vršio sam i vršio invaziju
Na ovu zemlju
Kuju svi zovu Danska.

* * *

* * *

I pronašao je praznu.

* * *

* * *

Ljudi su napustili gradove, sela i ulice.
Možda su saznali za moje planove
Ili im je možda dozlogrdilo biti Dancima
—Prazni gradovi, sela i ulice—
Okruženi tišinom.

* * *

I voda,

Čak i voda

nečujno teče

* * *

Jedne noći, na iznenadnom trgu, sreo sam figuru:

‘Ti si Hans Christian Andersen’, rekao sam. ‘Ti si Danac.’
‘Tako kažu’, rekao je. ‘Previše govore. I onda utihnu.
Ali ne boj se tišine. Nekoć je tišina bila drugi način da
pokažeš da nešto znaš. A sad doživljavamo ovo—njezino
pripitomljeno ponašanje.’

‘Živjeli smo vrijeme, pomagali svojim snovima da
potraže utočište u snu nekog stranca, iz straha da se
iznenada ne probudimo. Možda jednog dana. Kad bijela

stranica prestane biti tiha. Kad se prostor između riječi
zgusne ili kad nebo izgubi svoju visinu.’

* * *

‘Ali dosta toga. Uzmi ovu sjekiru, uzmi je i čvrsto je drži
za dršku.

Uzmi je i hajdemo sasjeći
prastaro drveće.’

—prevela s engleskoga MARIJA DEJANOVIĆ

The Day I Invaded Denmark

Possibly by lack of measure, or a surplus of enthusiasm
(or simply boredom)
I decided to invade Denmark

I armed my decision
With muskets and horns
Drums, a bayonet
And a rhythmical trot.
I folded my sleep
To fit in my pockets
And for my coat of arms I chose
A slaughtered age

* * *

Before daybreak
I am on my way
Covering the distance
Covering the distance
To Denmark

* * *

And there they are:
Guardians of ruins behind enemy punches,
Owners of rare sea shells underneath umbrellas.
Girls plucking seconds, women kneading months.

Look, men dying in foreign languages
And I walk in silence.
For so many years I walk in silence
Covering my distance
To Denmark.

* * *

One morning I crossed the final frontier.
Armed to the teeth, I invaded Denmark.
The streets with Danish flags
The homes with Danish kids
The time with Danish hours.

I invaded and invaded
This country
They all call Denmark.

* * *

* * *

And found her empty.

* * *

* * *

People had abandoned the cities, the villages and the streets.

Perhaps they caught wind of my plans
Or perhaps they got fed up with being Danes
—Empty cities, villages and streets—
Surrounded by silence.

* * *

And the water,

Even the water

flowing soundlessly

* * *

One night, on a sudden square I met a figure:

‘You are Hans Christian Andersen,’ I said. ‘You are a Dane’.

‘So they say’ said he. ‘They talk too much. And then they go silent. But don’t fear the silence. There once was a time when silence was another way to admit that you know. And now we experience this, her domesticated behavior.’

‘We lived time, helping our dreams seek shelter inside some strangers’ sleep, in fear we might suddenly wake up.’

Perhaps one day. When the white page ceases to be silent.
When the space between the words thickens or when the
sky loses its height.'

* * *

'But enough of that. Take this axe, take it and hold its
handle tight.
Take it and let's go take down
ancient trees.'

—prevela s grčkoga ELENA ANNA MASTROMAURO

Lovokradice

*Bože bože koliko želim napisati malenu pjesmu
(Bon dieu de bon dieu que j'ai envie d'écrire un petit poème)*

RAYMOND QUENEAU

Koliko li je teško
Uloviti pjesmu
To je općepoznato
Pjesme se vole
udaljiti od ljudi

Gledaš ih izdaleka i sve se čini mirnim, ali pazi:
Uvijek na oprezu
—čak i dok piju vodu—
Registrirat će i najtiši zvuk
Pobjeći će od lovca
I sakriti se
Iza tišine

Pjesme se obično kreću same:
Autoreferencijalna i sebična stvorenja
Goste se travom u savanama i u samoći

Mnogo je lakše:
Uхватiti
Sonet
Glomazne figure, rimovani udasi
Odabiru se kretati u čoporima.

Nakon hvatanja pjesme:
Prvo im ukloniš trn.
Onda ih preformuliraš
Objasniš ih
Razvrstaš
I onda ih pustiš da lutaju
Pokraj knjiga za samopomoć
I kuharica.

Iako su mirne čudi, nikad ne možeš biti dovoljno siguran:
Da je sve u knjigama
Prošlo je mnogo vremena od posljednjeg napada pjesama
na čovjeka
Da, prošlo je mnogo vremena
Otkako su pjesme ubijale ljude

‘Poštujem pjesme, stoga ih ubijam’

Godinama, ljudi love pjesme

Vrijede cijelo bogatstvo
na crnom tržištu
Nude prestiž
Profinjenost i stil

Moć
Konstantno oduševljenje
Mazanje očiju
Suočeni s književnim pothvatom našega doba:
Dnevna soba ukrašena glavama pjesnika

—prevela s engleskoga MARIJA DEJANOVIĆ



Poachers

*Lord lord how I want to write a little poem
(Bon dieu de bon dieu que j'ai envie d'écrire un petit poème)*

RAYMOND QUENEAU

It is oh so hard
To catch a poem
Just common knowledge
Poems prefer
to distance themselves from humans

You watch them from afar and all seems calm, but beware:
Ever alert
-even while drinking water-
They will detect the slightest sound
They 'll run from the hunter
And they 'll hide
Behind the silence

Poems habitually move alone:
Self-referential and selfish creatures
They feast on grass in savannahs and in solitude

Much easier:
To catch
A sonnet
Cumbersome figures, rhymed breaths
They choose to move in packs.

After capturing a poem:
First you remove their thorn.
Then you rephrase them
You explain them
You assort them
And you let them roam
Next to self-improvement guides
And cookery books.

Though placid by nature you can never be too sure:
It's in all the books
It's been a long time since poems last attacked a human
Yes, it's been a long time
Since poems were killing humans

'I respect poems, therefor I kill them'

For years, humans have hunted poems

They're worth a fortune
on the black market
They impart prestige
A matter of style and sophistication ✨
The power
The constant amazement
The razzle-dazzle
Facing the literary conquest of our days:
A living room adorned with poet's heads

—prevela s grčkoga ELENA ANNA MASTROMAURO



BIOGRAFIJE/ BIOGRAPHIES

ELUNED GRAMICH (1989.) je njemačko-velška spisateljica i prevoditeljica. Nekoliko je godina živjela u Japanu i Njemačkoj prije nego što se vratila u Wales da upiše poslijediplomski studij Kreativnog pisanja na Sveučilištu u Aberystwythu. Njezini memoari o otoku Hokkaido, *Žena koja donosi kišu* (2015.) osvojili su nagradu New Welsh Writing, bili u užem izboru za nagradu Wales Book of the Year i odabrani za međunarodnu promociju od strane Wales Literature Exchange u 2016. godini. Priče su joj se pojavljivale u raznim časopisima i antologijama, uključujući *Rarebit: New Welsh Fiction* (Parthian, 2014.), *New Welsh Short Stories* (Seren, 2015.), te antologiju mladih velških i europskih autora *Zero Hours on the Boulevard: Tales of Independence and Belonging* (Parthian, 2019.). Nefikcijski tekstovi na engleskom bili su joj objavljeni u *Wales Arts Reviewu*, *New Welsh Reviewu* i na *World Literature Online*, a tekstovi na velškom u *Pedwar o'r Gwynt*. Njezin prijevod zbirke kratkih priča švicarske autorice Monique Schwitter objavljen je kao *Golfish Memory* (Parthian, 2015.).

ELUNED GRAMICH (1989) is a German-Welsh writer and translator. She lived in Japan and Germany for several years before returning to Wales to pursue her Creative Writing PhD at Aberystwyth University. Her memoir about Hokkaido, *Woman Who Brings the Rain* (2015), won the New Welsh Writing Awards, was shortlisted for a Wales Book of the Year Award and selected for international promotion by Wales Literature Exchange in 2016. Her stories have appeared in various magazines and anthologies, including *Rarebit: New Welsh Fiction* (Parthian, 2014), *New Welsh Short Stories* (Seren, 2015), and anthology of young Welsh and European authors *Zero Hours on the Boulevard: Tales of Independence and Belonging* (Parthian, 2019). Her non-fiction writing in English has been published in *Wales Arts Review*, *New Welsh Review*, and *World Literature Online*, and her writing in Welsh in *Pedwar o'r Gwynt*. Her translation of a short story collection by the Swiss author Monique Schwitter was published as *Goldfish Memory* (Parthian, 2015).

STEVEN HITCHINS je pjesnik iz Rhondda Cynon Taf u Južnom Walesu. Završio je preddiplomski, diplomski i poslijediplomski studij Kreativnog pisanja na Sveučilištu u Aberystwythu. Njegovo iskustvo u daljnjem obrazovanju za profesora engleskog jezika i književnosti formiralo je bazu za kolaborativne aspekte njegove poezije. Kao lokalizirani pjesnik, u smislu vezanosti za lokacije, promatra i pomoću mašte obrađuje povijesne, geološke i lingvističke procese u područjima koja ga okružuju. Poezija mu je ekstenzivno

objavljivana u publikacijama poput The Literary Pocket Books, Poetry Wales, Fire, Chimera; na nizu projekata surađivao je s drugim velškim pjesnicima i umjetnicima.

STEVEN HITCHINS is a poet from Rhondda Cynon Taf in South Wales, who graduated with a BA, MA and PhD in English and Creative Writing from Aberystwyth University. His experience as a further education English Language and Literature teacher has formed a basis for the collaborative aspects of his poetry. A localised poet in the sense of being site-specific, he observes and works with the historical, geological and linguistic processes of his surrounding areas with imagination. His poetry has been published extensively in publications such as The Literary Pocket Books, Poetry Wales, Fire, Chimera; and he has collaborated with other Welsh poets and artists on a number of projects.

DIMITRIS KARAKITSOS rođen je u Volosu (Magnezija, Grčka) 1979. godine. Studirao je na Poslovnoj i ekonomskoj školi u Larisi. Njegova prva knjiga, zbirka pjesama pod naslovom *Mačke pjesnika D. I. Antonioua* objavljena je u Ateni 2012. godine (To Rodakio). Njegova zbirka kratkih priča *Venusberg* objavljena je 2015. godine (Antipotes). Njegova treća knjiga *Snagatori* (Potamos, 2016.) je opis grčkih hrvača i snagatora koji su bili aktivni između 1900. i 1939. godine. Njegova zbirka kratkih priča *Vartholomaios Olivie* bila je u užem izboru za književnu nagradu grčkog književnog časopisa Anagnostis u 2018. godini. Njegova peta knjiga *Zacharias Scrip* je satira. Objavljivao je pjesme i kratke priče u časopisima Thraka i Neo Planodion.

DIMITRIS KARAKITSOS was born in Volos, Magnesia, Greece in 1979. He studied at the School of Business and Economics in Larissa. His first book, a collection of poems titled 'The Cats of the Poet D. I. Antoniou', was published in Athens by To Rodakio (2012). His short story collection 'Venusberg' was published in 2015 by Antipodes. His third book 'Strongmen' (Potamos, 2016) is a description of Greek wrestlers and strongmen who were active between 1900–1939. The short story collection 'Vartholomaios Olivie' was short-listed for the book prize of the Greek literature magazine 'O Anagnostis' in 2018. His fifth book 'Zacharias Scrip' is a satire. He has also published poems and short stories in literary magazines ('Thraka', 'Neo Planodion').

DEJAN KOBAN rođen je 1. 7. 1979. u Jesenicama (Slovenija). Završio je strukovnu srednju Školu za tisak i papir u Ljubljani, gdje je naučio o procesima izrade knjiga i grafičkim tehnikama. Od 2000. je zaposlen na Slovenskoj nacionalnoj televiziji kao urednik zvuka i slike. Suosnovao je udrugu Kentaver, koja je 2006. počela suorganizirati pjesnička čitanja i festival Mlade rime. Desetljeće kasnije, osnovao je neformalni umjetnički kolektiv Ignor gdje suorganizira mnoge novomedijske umjetničke večeri i festivale. Jedna od njegovih mnogih aktivnosti je objavljivanje knjiga koje predstavljaju poeziju i prozu mladih, uglavnom neobjavljenih pisaca iz Slovenije i regije.

Koban je objavio četiri vlastite pjesničke zbirke: *Tebi* (1997.), *Metulji pod tlakom* (*Leptiri pod pritiskom*, 2008.), *Razporeditve* (*Raspoređivanja*, 2013.) and *Frekvence votlih*

prostorov (*Frekvencije praznih prostora*, 2016.). Trenutno radi na zbirci pod nazivom *Klastrfak*. Interpretira vlastitu poeziju u smislu konstrukcije riječi i njihovog zvuka u dunnodunno (album *Čisto malo ljudi*, 2018.). Također radi kao urednih knjiga poezije. Pjesme su mu bile objavljene u časopisu Poetikon. Jedan je od kuratora u Hiži poezije (Kuća poezije).

DEJAN KOBAN was born on July 1, 1979, in Jesenice, Slovenia. He attended the vocational high school for printing and paper in Ljubljana where he learned book-making processes and graphic techniques. Since 2000, he has been employed at Slovenia's national television as an editor of sound and images. He co-founded the Kentaver association, which in 2006 began to co-organize poetry readings and the Mlade rime Festival. A decade later he founded the informal art collective Ignor where he co-organizes many media-art evenings and festivals. One of his main activities is the publication of chapbooks presenting the poetry and prose of young, mostly unpublished writers from Slovenia and the region.

Koban has published four collections of his own poetry: 'Tebi' (To You, 1997), 'Metulji pod tlakom' (Butterflies under Pressure, 2008), 'Razporeditve' (Arrangements, 2013) and 'Frekvence votlih prostorov' (Frequencies of Hollow Spaces, 2016). He is currently working on a collection entitled 'Klastrfak' (Clusterfuck). He is an interpreter of his own poetry in terms of the construct of words and their sound of dunnodunno (the album *Čisto malo ljudi*, Very Few People, 2018). He also works (when the opportunity presents itself) on editing poetry notebooks and books. His poetry is published in

the magazine Poetikon. At the Hiša poezije (House of Poetry), he is one of the curators for the imprint Sončnica, vsa nora od svetloba (Sunflower, completely crazy from light).

DANILO LUČIĆ rođen je u Beogradu 1984. godine. Završio je diplomski studij Srpske književnosti i jezika na Filološkom fakultetu u Beogradu. Objavio je dvije zbirke pjesama: *Beleške o mekom tkivu* (2013.) i *Šrapneli* (2017.). Piše članke i eseje za nekoliko tiskanih i online publikacija. Bio je jedan od organizatora pjesničkih večeri ARGH! i urednik u izdavačkoj kući Kontrast. Živi i radi u Beogradu.

DANILO LUČIĆ was born in Belgrade in 1984. He graduated in Serbian Literature and Language from the Faculty of Philology in Belgrade, where he also received MA. He has published two collections of poems: 'Notes on Soft Tissue' (2013) and 'Shrapnels' (2017). He writes articles and essays for several regional print and online publications. He was one of the organizers of the ARGH! poetry evenings, as well as an editor at Kontrast Publishing House. He lives and works in Belgrade.

ELAN GRUG MUSE (1993.) je velška pjesnikinja, urednica, performerica i istraživačica iz Nantlle Valleya u Sjevernom Walesu. Studirala je političke znanosti na Sveučilištu u Nottinghamu i u Češkoj. Jedna je od urednica i osnivačica književnog časopisa Y Stamp. Za njezinom prvom zbirkom poezije *Ar Ddisberod* (Barddas, 2017.) uslijedio je pamflet

Llanw + Gorwel (annibynnol, 2019.). Tekstovi su joj objavljeni u časopisima na velškom i engleskom, poput *O'r Pedwar Gwynt*, *Poetry Wales*, *Panorama: the journal of intelligent travel*, i u antologijama poput *When they start to love you as a machine you should run* (New River Press, 2019.), *Cheval 11* (Parthian, 2018.) te *Cyfrol Gŵyl y Ferch* (Gŵyl y Ferch, 2019.). Bavi se radom u mnogim umjetničkim vrstama—neke od njih su proza, poezija i performans. Trenutno radi na doktoratu o velškim putopisima koji su bili pisani o Latinskoj Americi (stipendija AHRC Centre for Doctoral Training in Celtic Studies).

ELAN GRUG MUSE (1993) is a Welsh-language poet, editor, performer and researcher from the Nantlle Valley in North Wales. She studied politics at the University of Nottingham and in the Czech Republic. She is one of the editors and founders of *Y Stamp* literary magazine. Her first volume of poetry 'Ar Ddisberod' (Barddas, 2017) was followed by pamphlet 'Llanw + Gorwel' (annibynnol, 2019). Her work is published in both Welsh and English language publications such as *O'r Pedwar Gwynt*, *Poetry Wales*, *Panorama: the journal of intelligent travel*, and in anthologies such as *When they start to love you as a machine you should run* (New River Press, 2019), *Cheval 11* (Parthian, 2018) and *Cyfrol Gŵyl y Ferch* (Gŵyl y Ferch, 2019). She works across many art forms—prose, poetry and performance—to name a few. She is currently working on a PhD on Welsh travel writing written about Latin America, funded by the AHRC Centre for Doctoral Training in Celtic Studies.

MORGAN OWEN je pjesnik i pisac iz Methyr Tydfila. Tekstove redovno objavljuje u O'r Pedwar Gwyntu, Barddasu i Y Stampu. U 2019. objavio je pjesnički pamflet pod nazivom *moroedd/dŵr* (Cyhoeddiadau'r Stamp), za koji je dobio nagradu 'Michael Marks' za poeziju na keltskim jezicima. Iste je godine objavio zbirku poezije *Bedwen ar y lloer* (Cyhoeddiadau'r Stamp) i osvojio Wales Literature Exchange / Wales PEN Cymru's Her Gyfieithu (Translation Challenge) za svoj prijevod poezije Julije Fiedorczuk s poljskog na velški. Dvapat je osvojio nagradu 'D Gwyn Evans Memorial' (2017., 2018.) za najbolju pjesmu pjesnika mlađih od 25 godina, a u 2018. i 2019. sudjelovao je na Hay Festival Writers at Work. U 2020. objavio je kratki pamflet, *Ymgloi*, o svom iskustvu tijekom lockdowna. Trenutno živi u Cardiffu i radi na zbirci eseja o području u kojem je odrastao, Merthyr Tydfilu, koju je Literature Wales podržao Stipendijom za pisce.

MORGAN OWEN is a poet and writer from Merthyr Tydfil. His work is regularly published in O'r Pedwar Gwynt, Barddas, and Y Stamp. In 2019 he published a pamphlet of poetry entitled 'moroedd/dŵr' (Cyhoeddiadau'r Stamp), which won the 'Michael Marks' Prize for Poetry in Celtic Languages. The same year, he published a volume of poems, 'Bedwen ar y lloer' (Cyhoeddiadau'r Stamp), and won the Wales Literature Exchange / Wales PEN Cymru's Her Gyfieithu (Translation Challenge) for his translation of poetry by Julia Fiedorczuk from Polish into Welsh. He has twice won the 'D Gwyn Evans Memorial' Prize (2017, 2018), which awards the best poem by a poet under 25, and in 2018 and 2019 was part of the Hay Festival Writers at Work scheme.

In 2020, he published a short pamphlet of writings, 'Ym-gloi', about his experiences of the lockdown. He currently lives in Cardiff and is working on a collection of essays about the area he grew up in, Merthyr Tydfil, supported by a Writers' Bursary from Literature Wales.

MARILENA PAPAIOANNOU je rođena u Ateni 1982., gdje je i odrasla. Studirala je Molekularnu biologiju i genetiku u Aleksandroupoliju i pisala disertaciju u Ženevi. Kasnije je, do 2013., radila kao istraživačica u New Yorku, a onda se vratila u Grčku gdje uređuje i prevodi udžbenike iz biologije, popularnoznanstvene knjige i znanstvene članke.

U 2013. objavila je svoj prvi roman, *Nikitas Delta* (Estia). Knjiga je bila nominirana za Državnu nagradu za književni prvijenac i nagradu časopisa Anagnostis za književni prvijenac. Također je osvojila i nagradu za najboljeg mladog autora 'Klepsidra/Enastron' koju dodjeljuje časopis Klepsidra.

U 2016. godini objavila je svoju drugu knjigu, pripovijest *Kateveni o Kamouzas stousournous* (*Dolazak Kamouzasa u ložionicu*), koja je bila nominirna za nagradu časopisa Anagnostis za najbolju pripovijest 2017. i, iste godine, nagradu za najboljeg mladog autora 'Klepsidra'.

Za časopis Yustra piše članke u kojima objašnjava osnovne biologijske fenomene.

MARILENA PAPAIOANNOU was born in 1982 in Athens, where she grew up. She studied Molecular Biology and Genetics in Alexandroupolis and wrote her thesis in Geneva. Afterwards, she worked as a researcher in New York, until

2013 when she returned to Greece, where she has been editing and translating biology textbooks, pop science books, and scientific articles.

In 2013, she published her first novel, 'Nikitas Delta' (Estia Bookstore Publishing). The book was nominated for the State Award for First-Time Author and the Anagnostis Magazine Award for First-Time Author. She also received the 'Klepsidra/Enastron' Award for Best Young Author from the literary magazine 'Klepsidra', along with Yannis Asteris.

In 2016, she published her second book, the novella 'Kateveni o Kamouzas stousournous' (Kamouzas Coming at the Furnace), which was nominated for the Anagnostis Magazine Award for Best Novella in 2017 and the Klepsidra Award for Best Young Author the same year.

She writes small articles for Yustra magazine, where she explains basic biological phenomena.

TOMO PODSTENŠEK (1981.) piše uglavnom fikcijsku prozu. Objavljivao je kratke priče u slovenskim i inozemnim književnim časopisima, i nekoliko njegovih tekstova osvojilo je nagrade na različitim natjecajima. Autor je šest romana i dviju zbirki kratkih priča.

Romani *Sodba v imenu ljudstva* (*Presuda u ime ljudi*) (Droplja, 2012.) i *Papir, kamen, škarje* (*Papir, kamen, škarje*) (Litera, 2016.) bili su nominirani za nagradu 'Kresnik' za najbolji slovenski roman, a zbirka priča *Riblji krik* (LUD Literatura, 2017.) bila je nominirana za nagradu 'Novo mesto' za najbolju knjigu kratkih priča.

Uz pisanje, povremeno radi u kazalištu, na radiju, i na drugim projektima te kao organizator književnih događanja. Link na autorovu internetsku stranicu: <https://tomopodstensek.com>.

TOMO PODSTENŠEK (1981) mainly writes prose fiction. He has published short stories in Slovene and foreign literary magazines, and several of his texts have received awards in various competitions. He is the author of six novels and two collections of short stories.

The novels *Sodba v imenu ljudstva* (The verdict on behalf of the people) (Droplja, 2012) and *Papir, kamen, škarje* (Paper, rock, scissors) (Litera, 2016) were nominated for the Kresnik Award for the best Slovenian novel, while the collection of stories *Ribji krik* (Fish scream) (LUD Literatura, 2017) was nominated for the Novo Mesto Award for the year's best book of short stories.

In addition to writing, he occasionally works in theatre, radio, and other related projects as well as an organizer of literary events.

Link to the author's website: <https://tomopodstensek.com>.

MAJA RUČEVIĆ (1983., Zagreb) završila je studij hrvatskog i francuskog jezika na Filozofskom fakultetu Sveučilišta u Zagrebu. Radi kao novinarka i prevoditeljica te je dobitnica dviju pjesničkih nagrada. Njezin prvi roman *Je suis jednoruki* (Algoritam, 2016.) je bio u užem izboru za nekoliko nagrada. Tekstovi su joj objavljivani na internetu i u književnim časopisima. Trenutno radi na novoj knjizi fikcijske proze. Njezini

prijevod s francuskog na hrvatski uključuju roman *La vraie vie* (*Stvarni život*) Adeline Dieudonné, roman *La tresse* (*Pletenica*) Laetitiije Colombani, i *Complètement cramé* (*Potpuno spaljen*) Gillesa Legardiniera, koje je objavilo Znanje.

MAJA RUČEVIĆ (1983, Zagreb) graduated from the Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences in Zagreb with majors in Croatian and French. She works as a journalist and translator and is the winner of two poetry prizes. Her debut novel 'Je suis Jednoruki' (Algoritam, 2016) was short-listed for several awards. Her work has been published online and in literary magazines. She is currently working on a new work of fiction. Her translations from French into Croatian include Adeline Dieudonné's novel 'La vraie vie' ('Stvarni život'), Laetitia Colombani's novel 'La tresse' ('Pletenica'), and Gilles Legardinier's 'Complètement cramé' ('Potpuno spaljen'), all published by Znanje press.

MAŠA SENIČIĆ (Beograd, 1990.) posvećena je u svom radu višestrukim oblicima teksta, od poetskih, preko novinarskih i esejističkih, do akademskih. Koselektorka je 'Hrabrog Balkana' na Festivalu autorskog filma i doktorantkinja na Fakultetu dramskih umetnosti, gde kao istraživač-saradnik učestvuje u nastavi, dok kroz rad udruženja Filmkultura doprinosi neformalnoj edukaciji omladine u polju audiovizuelne kulture. Kao autorka i urednica bila je deo brojnih medija i publikacija, a u ulozi moderatorke, koordinatorke i/ili mentorke učestvovala je u raznorodnim lokalnim i međunarodnim projektima, radionicama i manifestacijama,

pre svega u oblasti filma i književnosti. Njena poezija objavljivana je u regionalnim i međunarodnim časopisima, antologijama, zbornicima i na onlajn portalima. Objavila je dve knjige (*Okean*, 2015—nagrada ‘Mladi Dis’ i *Povremena poput vikend-naselja*, 2019—nagrada ‘Dušan Vasiljev’). Posvećena je interdisciplinarnim projektima i publikacijama.

MAŠA SENIČIĆ (Belgrade, 1990) completed her BA and MA at the Faculty of Dramatic Arts in Belgrade, where she is now a Research Associate, pursuing her PhD thesis in the field of new media and memory studies. She has taken part in various local and international film, theater, visual culture and poetry projects/workshops/events—as a participant, a lecturer and an editor—while also contributing to film festivals as a writer, a moderator and a programmer. Her prose, poetry and essays can be found in anthologies, collections and magazines in the ex-Yugoslav region and across Europe. In 2015 she published her first poetry book ‘The Ocean’ (‘Okean’, the ‘Mladi Dis’ prize) and in 2019 her second book, ‘As Occasional as a Vacation Home’ (‘Povremena poput vikend-naselja’, the ‘Dušan Vasiljev’ prize). As a freelance author Seničić contributes to and initiates diverse independent interdisciplinary projects and publications.

THOMAS TSALAPATIS rođen je u Ateni 1984. Studirao je kazalište na Sveučilištu u Ateni. Njegova prva zbirka pjesama *Daybreak is Slaughter, Mr. Krak* dobila je Nacionalnu nagradu za poeziju u 2012. Druga zbirka, *Alba*, objavljena je 2015. i objavljena na francuskom u prijevodu Nicole Chaperon

(Desmos). 2016. godine napisao je *Encore*, predstavu koja je bila postavljena u kazalištu Attis u Ateni, a režirao ju je Theodoros Terzopoulos. Dramski tekst i poezija objavljeni su u 2017. (Mov Skiouros) pod naslovom *Pnigmos*. 2018. objavio je svoju treću knjigu poezije, *Geographies of the Fritzs and the Langs*.

2018. godine osvojio je prvu nagradu za poeziju 'Premio Inedito-Colline di Torino' za pjesnički ciklus *Περιστατικά (Peristatica)*. Iste godine, predstava *Monica Vitti se više ne sjeća* bila mu je postavljena u Maison de la Poésie u Parizu u obliku koncertnog čitanja (redatelj: Laurence Campet; prevoditelj: Clio Mavroeidakos). Predstava je u 2019. godini igrala u Ateni, a dramski tekst je bio objavljen iste godine (Mov Skiouros).

Od 2008. piše članke za novine i časopise. Kolumnist je tjednika *Εφημερίδα των Συντακτών (Efimerida ton Syn tacton)* i *Εποχή (Ephi)*.

Pojedine pjesme prevedene su mu na engleski, francuski, španjolski, talijanski, arapski te uvrštene u osam antologija.

Prevodio je poeziju W. B. Yeatsa i W. H. Audena. Tekstovi mu se mogu naći na blogu Groucho Marxism: <http://tsalapatis.blogspot.com>.

THOMAS TSALAPATIS was born in Athens in 1984. He studied theater at the University of Athens. His first collection 'Daybreak is Slaughter, Mr. Krak' received the National Poetry Prize in 2012. His second collection 'Alba' was published in 2015 and has been translated into French by Nicole Chaperon in 2017 and published by Desmos. In 2016, he wrote 'Encore', a play which was staged in Attis Theatre

in Athens, directed by Theodoros Terzopoulos. The script and the poems of the performance were published in 2017 by Mov Skiouros under the title 'Pnigmos'. In 2018, his third poetry collection 'Geographies of the Fritzs and the Langs' was published.

In 2018, he won first place in the Poetry category in the competition 'Premio Inedito - Colline di Torino' for the poetry collection 'Περιστατικά' (Peristatica; Incidents). The same year, his play 'Monica Vitti Remembers No More' was staged in Maison de la Poésie (House of Poetry) in Paris as a stage reading, directed by Laurence Campet and translated by Clio Mavroeidakos. The play was staged in Athens in 2019 and published the same year by Mov Skiouros.

He has been writing articles for newspapers, magazines and web magazines since 2008. He is currently a columnist for the Saturday edition of 'Εφημερίδα των Συντακτών' (Efimerida ton Syntacton) and the Sunday edition of 'Εποχή' (Epohi).

Several of his poems have been translated into English, French, Spanish, Italian, Arabic and have been included in more than 8 anthologies.

He has translated and published poems written by W.B. Yeats and W.H. Auden. His writings can be found at Groucho Marxism: <http://tsalapatis.blogspot.com>.

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