

Tagot

Pobjeda





Crteži i uvodni tekst / **Drawings and introduction**

Rajko Todorović Todor

Novica Tadić, pjesme, izbor / **poems, choice**

Radmila Lazić & Jovica Aćin

Prijevod na engleski / **Translation into English**

Čarls Simić (Charles Simic)

Tekst o N. Tadiću / **Text on N. Tadic**

Jovica Aćin

Pavle Goranović, pjesme / **poems**

Prijevod na engleski / **Translation into English**

Aleksandra Nikčević Batricević

Tekst o poeziji P. Goranovića /

Text on P. Goranovic's poetry

Mladen Lompar

Biblioteka / **Library**

KULTURNO ISTORIJSKA BAŠTINA

Edicija / **Edition**

Poetsko grafička mapa / Knjiga 1.

Izdavači / **Publishers**

NOVA POBJEDA, Podgorica

NVO CEHRA, Nikšić

Za izdavače / **For the Publishers**

Draško Đuranović & Dragan B. Perović

Urednik / **Editor**

Dragan B. Perović

Recenzenti / **Reviewers**

Mile Grozdanić & Mladen Lompar

Fotografije / **Photography**

Vojo Radonjić, Duško Miljanić & Nikola Radović

Štampa / **Print**

DPC, Podgorica

Podgorica, avgust 2017.

Tiraž / **Circulation**

52

Štampanje ove knjige pomogli su: Vlada Crne Gore, Ministarstvo kulture Crne Gore.

Realisation of this book are supported by: The Government of Montenegro, Ministry of Culture of Montenegro.

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Priredivači se posebno zahvaljuju na trudu i pomoći Radmili Lazić, Jovici Aćinu, Čarlsu Simiću, Aleksandri Nikčević Batricević i Mladenu Lomparu.

Editors are especially thankful for the effort and help of Radmila Lazić, Jovica Acin, Charles Simic, Aleksandra Nikcevic Batricevic and Mladen Lompar.

Tagot

Tadić Goranović Todorović

CIP – Каталогизација у публикацији
Централна народна библиотека Црне Горе
ISBN
COBISS.CG-ID

Sadržaj / Contents

R. T. Todor – Uvod	09	Pavle Goranović	35
		Mladen Lompar – O P.	
Novica Tadić	11	Goranoviću	37
Jovica Aćin – Uz izbor	13	<i>Klub Boćara</i>	38
<i>Prizivanje noći</i>	14	<i>Ljeto, kasno ljeto</i>	40
<i>Udovica</i>	15	<i>Tvojih pet godina</i>	42
<i>Maćeha</i>	16	<i>Tvojih šest godina</i>	43
<i>U šumi</i>	17	<i>Udaljena sjećanja</i>	44
<i>Svraka moja</i>	18	<i>Nestaju riječi</i>	45
<i>Sunčev sram</i>	19	<i>Mjesec s ogrebotinom</i>	46
<i>Cipele cipelice</i>	20	<i>Razlozi srca</i>	47
<i>Viline Vode</i>	21	<i>Silence</i>	48
<i>Igračke, san</i>	22	<i>Names of Longing,</i>	
<i>Antipsalam</i>	23	<i>Female Name</i>	49
<i>In a Train Station, Dream</i>	24	<i>Sabato's Photograph</i>	50
<i>Magpie the Witness</i>	25	<i>Regina Olsen</i>	51
<i>Dark Things</i>	26	<i>Soren Kierkegaard's Dizziness</i>	52
<i>Die</i>	27	<i>Autumn 2007</i>	56
<i>Little Picture Catalogue</i>	28	<i>Another Great Preparation /</i>	
<i>Pocket Watch</i>	29	<i>Cleaning Up / The Sweeping</i>	
<i>The Fool</i>	30	<i>Gestur</i>	58
<i>The Rose</i>	31	<i>On the International Route</i>	
<i>Nobody</i>	32	<i>Salonika-Munich</i>	60
<i>I Ask</i>	33		
		Rajko Todorović Todor	61
		Crteži, 1978-2016.	63-121

Kada boravim na rodnom Jasenovom Polju, volim da ustanem u rasvit. Čekam zrake sunca koji prvo obasjaju vrh planine Šišman. Onako krupna i tamna djeluje kao pali ratnik. Ševerne padine Šišmana ulaze u Pivu, koja me podseća na mog prijatelja, nesrećnog pjesnika Novicu Tadića, rođenog u Smriječnu. Sa južne strane je Golija – to je moj drug, pjesnik Pavle Goranović. Ja stojim naspram njih, u sredini.

Tadić je od mene bio stariji nekoliko godina. Upoznali smo se početkom sedamdesetih i od tada je trajalo naše nepomućeno drugarstvo. Sa nama u društvu su skoro uvijek bili Dragan B. Perović i Krsto Mijanović.

U tih četrdesetak godina našega druženja bilo je dosta „teških“ rasprava, ali, što je paradoks, nijedan iole ozbiljniji konflikt. Ovo je posebno začuđujuće pošto smo i Novica i ja „važili“ za konfliktne i nemoguće ljude...

Pavle Goranović je znatno mlađi od mene. Poznajem dobro njegove roditelje Senku i Steva. Njega sam upoznao početkom turbulentnih 90-tih godina u Nikšiću, u bilijar klubu „Zeta“. Primijetio sam momčića koji je imao lice Rafaelovih anđela, a bistre, pečene i prodorne oči. Lako smo uspostavili kontakt. Ovo će biti svjetski prvak u bilijaru, rekao sam u sebi. Grdno sam se prevario što se tiče bilijara, ali je postao sjajan pjesnik i esejist.

Kada bih dolazio u Beograd, obavezno bih se javio Novici. Neke od brojnih susreta bogato smo proslavljali. Prije desetak i više godina pitao me je: „Znaš li pjesnika Goranovića?“ „Znam“, rekao sam. „Donijeću ti sve što je objavio“, obećah. Od tada me je stalno zapitkivao o Pavlu, ne štedeći lijepe riječi za njegovu poeziju i ne skrivajući želju da ga lično upozna.

Došao sam u Beograd 10. ili 11. decembra 2010. godine. Nazvao sam ga iz „Proljeća“, razgovor je bio kratak. Ujutro sam ga opet nazvao. Rekao je: „Znaš, ti si moj drug, ja imam infektivnu tuberkulozu, dok ne ozdravim nećemo se viđeti...“ Na kraju je dodao: „Pozdravi Goranovića, znaš i moja baba je od Goranovića.“

Vratio sam se u Podgoricu.

Izjutra 24. januara 2011. zove me Dragan B. Perović i kaže: „Umro je Novica Tadić.“

Novica i Pavle neće se nikada lično upoznati, ali će se naći u ovoj knjizi, poetsko-grafičkoj mapi, koju sam nazvao **TaGoT** (Tadić, Goranović, Todorović), jer nijesam uspio da smislim ništa ljepše i prikladnije.

Moji crteži nijesu ilustracije njihove poezije, to je ciklus o tragici čovjeka i pjesnika ...

U Podgorici, maj 2017.

Rajko Todorović Todor

Tagot

Novica *adić*

Uz izbor

Teško je izabrati ma koliko veliki broj pesama Novice Tadića kad smo svesni da bi ih trebalo uzeti sve, ili bezmalo sve. Zato sam to biranje podelio s prijateljicom. Radmila Lazić, jedna od nekoliko pesnikinja kakvim nema premca u svim naraštajima moderne srpske poezije, izabrala je deset Tadićevih pesama od svih objavljenih na srpskom, a ja sam izdvojio deset Tadićevih pesama u njihovom američkom prevodu, koji dugujemo jednom od danas najvećih živih američkih pesnika Čarlsu Simiću. Pri tome morate znati da je naš izbor privremen, jer koliko sutradan izabrali bismo neke druge pesme. Izbor ovde nije stvar navodne vrednosti nego našeg raspoloženja, kao i onog kako vidimo sebe u datom času dok čitamo Tadićeve pesme. Uostalom, samo zahvaljujući svom raspoloženju i samospoznaji u ovom trenutku mogli smo da izaberemo. Ako bismo po vrednosti, biranje nekog malog ograničenog broja bi bilo nemoguće.

Ko ove pesme pročita makar samo jednom, znaće da će one biti čitane dok je srpskog jezika. Ponekad mi je Novica, u svojim poslednjim godinama, davao da čitam pesme koje je tek napisao. „Ne mogu da ih čitam kao sudija“, govorio sam mu. „Čitaj ih kao pisac“, odvratio bi mi, „onako kako čitaš nešto u očekivanju da ćete podstaći da i sam pišeš.“ Zatim je dodao: „Uvek nešto otkrivaš, pa da li bi ove moje pesme mogle da budu tvoje otkriće?“

Čitao sam te pesme i uvek shvatao da svako ko ih čita oseća kao da je u njima otkrio čudo u jeziku života. Poznajem i volim mnoga pesništva i u mnogim jezicima, najviše što sam u životu čitao bila je poezija. Privržen sam njenim jezičkim intenzitetima, nadahnjuju me i oblikuju mi duh. Između svekolike poezije koju sam čitao, niz dela su mi bliska. Tu spadaju i mnoge Tadićeve pesme, bez kojih je jezik u kojem ih čitam naprosto nezamisliv.

Jovica Acin

taGoT 13

Prizivanje noći

*U Gradu u velikom vražjem Ždrelu
Gde umirem na sva usta
Rugoba poslednja, izobličenje
Svih izobličjenja ja sam*

*O brate moj od tuđe majke
Javlja se evo Ognjena Kokoš
Na ravnom krovu gore ispod sitnog sita
Poslednja jagoda uzreva*

*Kroz predvečernju izmaglicu, čađ, dim i viku
Stođavo jedan ćereta
Na vitke barske stolice
Barske ptice sleću*

*Kako bi me minuli predvečernji krici
Kako bi me minuli
O dođi već bliska noći
Od čiste vode što si
strašnija*

Udovica

*Ona je buđ koja raste
na vlažnoj podlozi.*

*Tu gde je sada
ne postoji niko drugi.*

*Muža je imala i nemala;
dece je imala i nemala;
sreće je imala i nemala.*

*Prepodnevni je čas
i ona leži u kuhinji.*

*Prozor je otvoren; njiše se
požutela prozorska zavesa.*

*Kao za pakost, sunce sija
i rasipa se svekoliko blago božije.*

Maćeha

*Stezao mraz, a mene maćeha
iz kuće isterala.
U štali goveda duvala
i toplo mi bilo kod njih.*

*Proklinjao nisam nikoga,
niti sam o sudbini svojoj razmišljao.*

*Kad sam krenuo niz seoski put
na sebi sam imao staru očevu košulju
koju sam nosio kao haljinu.*

*Na prvom velikom raskršću
(a sva su raskršća velika)
neki me čovek upita kud sam krenuo
a ja mu odgovorih da sam pošao
daleko, tamo iza bregova,
da tražim Oca i Blagu Materu.*

*Lutao sam svukuda
ko neka luda Gospodnja;
što sticao - gubio,
što mi živelo - umrlo.*

*Umre i moja maćeha.
Sad nikog na svetu nemam.
Samo bezbrojne
maćehine sinove, i kćeri njene opake.*

U šumi

*U šumi, pored stabala,
ja obrastam u mahovinu.*

*Razvezujem se
od znanih i neznanih
koji žive u mojim pećinama.*

*Sniželim glasom,
da me niko ne čuje,
rekao sam sebi, priznao:*

„Ja ne mogu nikoga usrećiti.”

*Na udaljenom proplanku
video sam seoske konje
i pošao prema njima.*

Svraka moja

Leonidu Šejki

*Svraka moja moje crno i belo
u kuhinji me čeka
za praznim stolom*

*čeka me moja ptica
koju jetrom hranim*

*levo je oko stavila
u desnu očnu duplju
desno je oko stavila
u levu očnu duplju*

*prekrstila je ona
zlatne kandže
ispod zlatne volje*

*čeka me moja svraka
čeka me moja ptica*

*po podu svuda
bacila je izmetine
pljuvačku prolila
po mom rukopisu*

*u lavabou dugo
ležala na prvom
jajetu od vode
tužno
svirajući na slavini*

Sunčev sram

*Živim
u sobičku-jajetu
obložen
prnjama
zavojima
ledom
maglom
obložen
starim novinama
obložen
mišjim runom
zastavom
posleponoćnih*

*Jutrom me
kad prozor otvorim
sunčev sram
oblje*

Cipele cipelice

*Posle bioskopske predstave
odvodim te u Rupu
i pokazujem ti
kofer pun noževa,
crne rukavice, masku
svileno uže svileno
munjevitu žicu
pipak prst
iglu zub
prve životinje sjajnu krljušt
čudilo
ali
žrtvicu moju moju milu
ti nisi mogla videti
samo su pune
svetlosti
dnevne
njene cipele cipelice svu noć dugu
pod krevetom
trupkale
tiho*

Viline Vode

*Ovde grad iznosi
svoje čaše pune smeća, korpe, crne kese
Ovde se godišnji suncokret
u riđe neko ulje satire
Ovde sam se i ja, gubav
ničiji sin i ničiji brat
ničije zemlje crni stub
po drugi put rodio
Ovde za mnom
kao moje mnogobrojne majke
vrane podskakuju
Ovde ću odrasti
sa velikim krstom na temenu
Ovde ću dragu naći
lepoticu s kosom od žice i stakla
Ovuda jagnje luta*

Igračke, san

Noćas mi se majka rodila

*njen plač dečiji
ispunio je našu
kuću u predgrađu*

*okupanu u pelene sam je
uvio
i tako čistu
u krevetac smestio*

*iz ugla sam doneo sve svoje
igračke
dunuo dvaput
u malu plastičnu trubu*

Zanjihao crnog drvenog konjića

Antipsalam

*Gospode, unakazi me, Gospode, smiluj se na me.
Gukama me ospi grdnim, čirevima nagradi.
U izvoru suza otvori izvor gnoja i sukrvice blage.
Okreni mi usta naopako, pogrbi me, iskrivi me;
pusti krtice da mi izriju meso; nek krv
oko tela kruži. Tako da bude.
Sve što diše, nek mi vazduh otme;
sve što pije, nek iz moje posude pije. Svakog gada navrni na mene.
Nek se neprijatelji moji okupe oko mene,
i nek se vesele, slaveći Te.*

*Gospode, unakazi me, Gospode, smiluj se na me.
Sve krivice oko mojih gležnjeva veži.
Zagluši me bukom i bunilom, uznesi me u svakoj nesreći.
Obuzmi me strepnjom i nesanicom, razderi me;
otvori sedam pečata, izvedi sedam životinja;
svaka nek moj mozak grozni pase.
Svako mi zlo spravi; svim mukama,
svim jadima, svim pretnjama pokaži prstom na mene,
tako, tako, Gospode.
Nek se neprijatelji moji okupe oko mene,
i nek se vesele, slaveći Te.*

In a Train Station, Dream

*Small, bent over, gray,
I'm sitting with arms crossed
on my luggage.*

*I ask nothing of no one.
Wait for no one.*

*I don't know where I've come from
nor where I'm going.*

*In the trunk are my books,
In the suitcase my shirts.*

I packed everything I had.

*On my head I wear
a cap of many colors,
my great pride and joy.*

Magpie the Witness

*What you took out
on a newspaper
to throw out in front of the house,
you showed to a magpie
who flew away*

full of greed and malice

*to spread the news about your crime
of which you know nothing
before royal thrones
and humpbacked judges
and to testify against you finally.*

Dark Things

*Dark things open my eyes,
raise my hand, knot my fingers.*

*They are close and far away,
in a safe hideaway
beyond nine hills.*

*Night is their kingdom,
and this day, just breaking,
is their cloak of light.*

*No force can revoke them,
untangle them, explain them.*

*They stay where they are
in our breasts,
stirring in our hearts.*

Die

*I threw
A single die
On the table
Of black marble*

*Saw
Not one side
Of the cube
Had a mark or a number
There was
Nothing*

Little Picture Catalogue

- 1 *In a ghost town
 dogs roam
 among dead dogs*
- 2 *in a blind alley
 a boy wheels the halo
 of the holy mother*
- 3 *in someone's backyard
 a crucified
 hen*
- 4 *from the pipe of a customer
 in a whorehouse
 a woman's black stocking
 rises like smoke*
- 5 *in the anteroom
 many shoes overcoats
 hats gloves
 but the house empty
 not one human face
 to be seen*
- 6 *unknown massive gray
 objects above the waters
 of salvation*

Pocket Watch

*Under it a puddle of blood
So it looks like
It's doing its work
Making someone inside march*

*When the cuckoo bird flies in
It goes quiet
 doesn't dare make a peep
Covers itself with metals ears
 and leaves me
 to her motionless
 supervision*

The Fool

*The one disappearing
behind the corner
one-eyed
and hunched over
with razor-tongue
the lout
who slits
the throats of rabbits
carries through the city
the bowl
to gather the blood in
and a sharp ax
under his arm*

*Everywhere spreading
the smell of snow*

The Rose

*In a glove shop
I bought
 black gloves
on a stone ax
 I sharpened my awl*

*So come to me this evening
knock on my wi ndow*

*Through my window this evening
throw me a rose*

Nobody

*He shows me tonight
his hair of wire glass and flowers
doubled-edged lips
five-pointed tongue*

*Ah he unbuttons
his silk vest –
he has a body after all –
a gold watch*

*And in the meantime meantime
in the shadow of his trousers
instead of feet
he has two little wheels
devilish little wheels*

I Ask

*is the
dinner
ready*

*I ask
someone who
behind my back
in the nonexistent room*

*rearranges
the plates*

Tagot

Pavle Goranović

Pjesnici su uvijek imali svoje kiše, zaštitne gradove, prepoznatljive ulice, kafane ili lica koja su s njima išla u istoriju. Za Bodlera je to bio Pariz, za Kavafisa – Aleksandrija, za Borhesa – Buenos Aires, za Seferisa – gradovi Kipra. Za Pavla Goranovića – to je Nikšić, i to onaj sa herojima koje nijesmo prepoznali, koji su jedan po jedan nestajali.

I naše vrijeme sa njima.

Mladen Lompar

Klub Boćara

Mladenu Lomparu

*Volim često da budem posljednji gost
(znaju to moji prijatelji)
u klubu boćara ili sličnim objektima
koji polako odumiru.*

*Ono doba kada se sve tiho posprema
i kada se zijeve do naredne nesanice.
Tada najviše prepoznajem preuranjenu jesen.
U sebi i u plavim vodama Adriatika.
U gradovima koje pohodim, nikad prilagođen
smjenama vremena koja su sve češća:
sva su tuđa ona.*

*Tivat: raspored slova usklađen.
Ime koje zvoni u glasovima lijepih mještanki.
Muzika punih usana: Tivat.*

*Kada odu ovi bučni ljudi, s neobičnom šarenom odjećom,
kada nestane ovog cirkusa,
tada sve miriše po melanholiji,
po nekoj sjutrašnjoj kiši.
Već vidim pohabane karte i razbacane boce od pola litra,
iščekivanje nečeg što se neće ni primijetiti kada dođe.
To je život, ljeto,
to su nečiji rasuti dani...*

*Ima vremena za još jedno piće.
Još će jednom umorni vlasnik pažljivo vodom natopiti teren.*

*Taj glasnik ničega.
Ti lijepi gestovi neminovnog rastanka.
Tivat, riječ koja je snažna kao dolazeći brod.
Istovremeno i nježna kao biljka za koju ne znaju stranci.*

*Volim što ova pjesma odlazi.
U purpurni vazduh nad gradom
u koji zbog nečega idem.
u nikud - koje je tako moje.
Kao ono nikad,
naše nikad.*

*Posljednji gosti su uvijek najiskreniji,
reče mi taj čovjek, čija je rutina dopirala
ne do narednog gosta, koga još nije bilo,
nego do narednog mjeseca valjda.*

*Kakvo li je tek gospodstvo onog gosta koji pristiže.
Kakav li je život njegov,
do neizlječive nostalgije.
Do Tivta, do soli naše pogubljene.*

*A kada odu ovi bučni ljudi,
sjetimo se Tivta,
onog mjesta koje se nikome ne nameće,
Tivta, kao riječi u kojoj i valovi skriveno plešu.
More i ljubav.
Jedno dugo, lijepo iščekivanje.*

Ljeto, kasno ljeto

*Kao da smo u kasnom ljetu, osjećam.
U onom vremenu koje na oči iz sebe samog čili.
Kao što nestaju ljudi, nekadašnji ljudi,
sad čak i bivša imena, svima nevažna imena već.
Koliko ih samo ima kojih se niko ne sjeti,
- koliko samo onih kojih se niko ne sjeti.
I što bi neko s tim brojevima,
njihovi dani su u tuđim sjećanjima,
a i ta sjećanja su već sutra mrtva.
I mi, koji još to nijesmo saznali.*

*Ali, još je nekako mirno more.
Jadran tihuje sa nama.
Kao da odjednom ima nade. Baš tiho je more
i usamljeni svjetionici najavljuju drugačije dane.
Varka nečijeg iznenadnog dolaska.*

*Tišina je kasnog ljeta ipak neumoljiva.
Boćari završavaju za noćas,
nema više graje.
Tako i životi naši, samo utihnu.
Posljednji zvuk, na kojeg se niko ne poziva.*

*Sjećam se da smo ih na Cetinju zvali drugačije:
u **bulinama** nikad nijesam izgubio.
Ni od mnogo starijih.
Ta usamljenička, zapravo pomalo
i gospodska igra, bez dodira.*

*Opet taj reski zvuk, kugla u kuglu.
Puf. Kraj. Život više ne ide. Puf, puf..
Ili tako nekako. Zvuk koji je jezik.
Pravo u dušu, u srce pravo.
To samo tišina može razumjeti.
Zaustavlja se trajanje i prije nego što smo ovdje došli.
Taj uski prostor udaranja – život u život.
Praznina o prazninu.
I rano odzvanja, uvijek prerano.
Kad mislimo da je igra tek počela. A odmah je kraj.*

*Završavaju i boćari.
Odlazi ljeto.
Još jedan potez ili dva, oči nam odlaze na kraj terena
i povlače se u sebe. Naše oči.
Oči ne slušaju zvuk bulina.
Te oči koje nevidljivo čile, ne znajući za vrijeme.
(A kažu da oči najkasnije stare.)*

*Čak i prije kasnog ljeta,
tihi boćari odlaze. Svako na svoju stranu.
Odlazi ljeto, život odlazi.
Ali nekako smo još živi...
U onom zvuku koji hita ka moru,
nenametljivo, mirno, naše...*

*Kasno ljeto koje smo mi sami
u riječima i praznini koja večeras odzvanja
kroz Boku i dalje,
mnogo dalje...
Odlazi ljeto. I boćari završavaju za noćas.
A oči su sive kugle nestajanja.
Krugovi što su tek minuli.*

Odlazimo ljeto i ja.

Svako na svoju stranu.

Tvojih pet godina

*Pitaš me : ima li mozak ruke,
I na stotine drugih, neobičnih pitanja...*

*I pitaš: ko je stvarima dao imena-
ko suncu, ko mjesecu, nama, zemlji...
ko je dao imena riječima.
Mozak mora imati srce,
ili srce ima neki mozak.
Postoji drugo ja, misliš...
Sve to izgovaraš, riječima nevinim i pametnim,
onakvim koje bih i ja rado izgovarao.*

Pitaš najviše o onome što bih i sam volio znati.

*I sestra tvoja kaže: mi kao da smo u nekoj priči...
Kao da živimo u nekoj priči, ponavlja.*

*I ne zna ona koliko je u pravu.
Sva ta začuđujuća pitanja,
moji su putokazi do konačnog imenovanja stvarnosti.*

*Što bismo drugo činili
nego da tražimo stvarima imena.*

*A ja još o magli,
o onom suncu koje je povrijedilo oko.*

Tvojih šest godina

*Kako bi se po nebu moglo crtati, pitaš.
Tako je počelo naše putovanje do mora.*

*Uz put, vidiš morskog psa, pa nekog šarenog, ogromnog zmaja.
Maštaš tako lagano
i sve nas pokrećeš na neka pitanja.
I zbilja, samo nebo se jutros namjestilo da se po njemu
mogu nacrtati razni oblici.
Smišljaš oblike koji se mogu crtati po nebu,
smišljaš nebu boje.*

*Na putu ka moru,
na čas nailazimo na maglu.
To je samo sunce povrijedilo oko, kažeš.
I crtaš taj prizor
po staklu. Mjesec se mijenja s onim drugim, kasnijim.*

*A onda moliš sestru da prestane s plaćom,
jer će joj se potrošiti suze.
Tako i bude, ubrzo.
Kad se prostre dio Jadrana pred nama
kad se i po moru može crtati, kao po nebu.*

*Pred nama se konačno stapaju
mnoge boje, plave boje.
Mnoge od plavih boja. Nekad sam čitao
kako gaučosi razlikuju mnogo sivih boja,
mi vidimo plave, sakupljamo ih po moru,
čak i oni daleki brodovi nanose nam ih po vidu.*

*Kako se more dotjeralo,
na kraju zaključiš
u ime svih.*

Kako se samo more danas dotjeralo...

Udaljena sjećanja

*Kad nam glasovi ostare
i kada se uspomene udalje,
onoliko da ih jedva možemo prepoznati...
Kada riječi ostane dovoljno
tek da se prizovu
ona udaljena sjećanja.
I mi sa njima...
Tada ćeš me možda najviše trebati.*

*A ja, ja ću samo misliti
zašto ti trenuci
nikad neće biti naša sjećanja.*

*Zadržati ono vrijeme -
to nijesam uspio.*

*I one priče koje smo radosno smišljali
trajale su duže od nas.*

*Sve što je bilo u međuvremenu,
dešavalo se brzo i opasno.*

Kao da sa nekim snove zamijeniš.

Nestaju riječi

*Kao da su riječi ponestale.
Ili neka druga vremena nestaju.
One riječi koje si mislio da će doći do tebe
još nekom nedostaju, a da ni nijesu ni nastale.
I to možeš da posmatraš.
Očima iščekivanja i čežnje.
A nekad su se same u svijet otisnule,
riječi same.
Lako i nekako nenametljivo.
Ali, tuđe nekako sad su one riječi.*

*Sad nema riječi koje trebaš.
Kao da su s prošlim pjesmama sve odnesene,
bivšim pjesmama.
Sad praznine vrebaju.
I samoće su nekako drugačije.
Kao kad čitaš poeziju
pa jedan stih nastaje, a drugi umire.
I među sobom se zaboravljaju.
A svi stihovi opet kao da su tvoji.
Kao da i ti sa njima prolaziš.
Bivšim riječima.
Koje ne vide razliku
između nestajanja i nedostajanja
i koje si izgovarao kao ispovijesti svijetu.*

*Ipak,
za tih ljetnjih noći
dolaze katkad riječi koje si nekad tražio.
Ali te riječi nikako ne uspijevaš zapamtiti,
nikako zapisati.*

Mjesec s ogrebotinom

*Pomišljaš kako su nepotpune noći bez mjesečine,
i mjesec bez ožiljaka. Na jutro bez obaveza pomišljaš,
na nešto što vjerovatno ne postoji.*

*Samo kad se sjećanja ne bi zaigrala
iza svakog ćoška. Iz svake rečenice.
Niotkuda vrebaju. A kad ti zatrebaju, odmah im se prepustiš.
Zato pristaješ na takvu mjesečinu.
I na takva jutra.*

*Da se nađemo mjesec i ja, besmisleno je.
Jer ja mogu samo da čekam i da zapisujem pjesmu,
onu koju mi mjesec kazuje.
Mjesec s ogrebotinom na (mojoj) duši.
To je dobrovoljno progonstvo mjeseca.
Mjeseca, koji je jedan od nas.*

Razlozi srca

*Hodali smo ka već ispisanom životu
u ozarje toplo, u neki začarani predio.*

*Tamo sam mogao da izgovaram riječi koje voliš
narječjem srca. Samo u njemu postoje razlozi.
Prolazili smo kroz mjesečeve mijene
kroz pomjerene sate i iznenadne drhtaje.
Izgovarao sam sve to narječjem žudnje.
U strast jednog svanuća
već smo napravili drugačiju podjelu zamjenica:
kako smo se samo odučavali od umiranja.*

*Od one noći kad smo razmijenili prve rečenice,
riječi nalazim zapisane gdje god da pogledam.
Kao kad ti izgovaraš moje ime
pred tvojom sanjivom ulicom
i to malo slova rasporediš po vazduhu
da ih od tada svake večeri sakupljam,
da dolazim po njih i kad nijesi tamo.*

*Sad moje riječi cure kroz tvoje prste,
odlaze nježno u one naše predjele.
Kroz tvoje prste ka jednom ispisanom snu.*

Silence

*Sometimes, and it can last for hours,
I start to obliterate every conversation.
I hide the words persistently and, in unison with them,
displace myself
as their apparent creator. I renounce myself of
the most horrifying benediction. My feelings,
experiences and earthly adventures I, simply,
do not express: I am silent. After that episode
it happens that I cannot discern
the Brahmin way of life from the silence
in the public reading room. (That is, clearly, the consequence,
of my fetishised attitude to books.)
And, it seems, every silence possesses
different meanings. What consolation,
then, does my adoration of the mystics bring?*

*All the stories have been told, they say.
But, what if every silence has been exhausted,
what if there is nothing left to keep secret?*

Names of Longing, Female Name

*Down an unknown path, the dust
swept away the human anxiety.
The spaces were slowly
merging with the darkness.
Coldness crept into the apartments.
Everything disappeared that, even
yesterday, brought fantasies about you.
Now the skies rule our silences,
and no other woman can have that look of yours.
There is no distance in which my soul
can find its place, obsessed with you.
There is nothing to announce your arrival!
Only silence – simple and inexplicable.
And the premature dusk
dashes my hopes.
You are far away:
your absence finally determines
the main characteristics of my writing.*

*I think about you.
But, I cannot determine
the distance
between our longings.*

Sabato's Photograph

*On my table – in the form of a letter, a few quotations
and a recent photograph of Ernesto Sabato.
There he is, smiling and raising an eyebrow,
walking towards the camera. (Still, we don't see
each other.) Then, the notes for a short essay
about the latest edition of Tunnel, ready for the next
issue of the local weekly paper. While I am watching
the old man's face and his unaccomplished eyes, I am thinking,
de facto, about one reader only. More or less, the same people
will read the fiction which I am talking to you about
and my verses that, at this moment, are in the process of being made.
The same people, that one man, have already
read it at least once – in other forms,
signed by other names and, most frequently,
with the changed word order. Or
something like that. The same people have, in different places,
found the meaning, or they haven't noticed it – in essays, in poems,
in everything that has already been written. Still, I continue writing;
as it is the way in which I can outbalance reality. I cast off towards
that sin, my good Juan Pablo!*

Regina Olsen

A man never suffers from spiritual dizziness when he thinks only of one thing – and I think only about you – nor from physical dizziness, if he fixes his eyes on one object, and it is only at you that I look...

K. Konstantinus

*I confided in you, on nights like this,
never able to find an explanation. And the adieu,
(which, I realize, is tormenting you) is as if it's
happening in someone else's life. Why you have been left, I really don't know.
Still, it has been for months that I've cherished your image,
a kind of remembrance of life. And now, when I should be
out of my senses, I am aware that my thoughts have
humbled your delicate being. I cannot foresee
your sorrow. You are blind to my intention –
what is left is a victimized love. You have remained a living statue
that behind a garden fence transforms the idleness into
death. And I, I am a knight of perfect retreat,
whom the tormented mind doesn't permit to love.
And that is where the kingdom crumbles. My rather unfortunate kingdom!*

Soren Kierkegaard's Dizziness

- I *I belong to the ancestry of those who had the courage
to reconcile themselves to their own ignorance.
I am a man of virtue and with exceedingly
perceptible faults, the universe incomplete.
I, Victor Eremita, dare to be called
at the moment when mastery is being discussed.
I sermonize. I persist that I do not find anything new,
and still they look at me with scepticism.
I bespeak that the epochs are terminated,
that all nominalizations have been availed long since.
No use, they reproach me for my authenticity.
In my genuinely worthless judgement, I have
just been tracing forms, occupying myself with
the proposed understanding. I can only
wait for a movement that will render judgement.*
- II *It is the return to the classical period that I acknowledge as a
writing condition. Within me civilizations are
making peace. Persistently I muse over the words,
in order to feel a premonition of the truth,
as if precisely that is what is demanded from me.
I am a mortal man, no less unusual than the others.
Still, and because of these lines, a bit insolent.
I search for the forthrightness of my sanity in ancient
documents. What overcomes me while reading is the frequent
feeling of unease. **(Or is it, however, something more than a feeling?)**
I am aware: if I misunderstand the Greeks,
I won't be able to find myself; and then, I list
the words of physicists, until I come across **rationality**.
There are no words that can be perfectly translated.
I don't know if I am unnecessarily finding the glory
of the Danish language, or if it is that by myself I start creating interpreters.
Between those shores I have been frequently returning:
every step of mine is an entrance to an antique shop.*

- III *I chose the reality in which I will arrange
my thoughts. The Earth is, simply, oppressive;
intolerable is the sum of the sins of our forefathers
in such a suffocating place. In the manner of every
polite foreigner, I make a detour around such reality,
I break apart from yearnings perceived. Therefore,
I cannot differentiate with certainty the rich,
the heart-breakers, the craftsmen, the wise,
the poor and the rascals. I am excluded from
their pleasures and desperations. I am a creator
of unknown verses that refer to our
mutual misery. Being such, I would say
there are two possibilities left for me:
Either to be foolishly impertinent with the laws of the universe **or to be**
reconciled, once and for all, with the world imposed.*
- IV *The life ahead of me equates to suffering.
The lives of us all are, beyond doubt, the echoes of
individual sufferings. If we are insensitive,
we bear them more easily, we don't touch sorrow
even on the way through, which might be worthy of praise.
I might only be made competent to tremble
on this Earth. Into life I have been cast, which I live through uncollected.
I am not able to define myself and others – I don't want to,
it wouldn't be courteous. I am crucified
between possible ends. No, I don't even know myself
in what way I have been supplying myself with the days.
The existence, hence, I cannot define. Moreover, I cannot
guarantee to the others that it happens here and now.
The sojourn in the world is like every other exile,
and it always brings with it burdensome solitude. I sense that,
when I undertake to attribute to myself the entangled notions,
and when I persistently engage in asking many questions.
In the manner of all good beginners.*

V *Cold is life, as the pavements of Copenhagen.
Solitude is nurtured everywhere: a key characteristic, it seems,
of existence. It is of scant consolation to me that,
for all the time wasted, under the mask of other names,
I have been asking myself what kind of truth was revealed on that
disastrous (or fortunate) night,
when Socrates drank down the poison from the cup. Since that ancient
Greek night,
presumably, there is no doubt in the freedom of choice. Look,
these documents of mine become different under the reflection
of that event. Never, I hope, can my telling
be **ad se ipsum**. Testaments are all sentences of mine.
I am telling this to you as a native Hellene, a person estranged
from the present. At the moment when I pass to you messages
from my testament, judge freely – about the skillfulness with which
I disguised myself and listed the occurrences. If I repeated myself,
I did it skillfully, since it was in repeating that
I saw the only purpose of my creation. If I quoted,
I sojourned all the necessary worlds. I took heart
in living – that is my worst sin.*

VI *I know the sound of carriages in the summer dusk.
The sense of their motion is also what is known. Mine
is as well the insight into man's faith and his sin. That is
what has already been left to me, what deprives my ancestry of
the privilege of a beginning and a new way. I assign importance
to some documents – maybe unjustly.
I think about unwritten poems, about what has been left unaccomplished.
From the atmosphere, hence, I collect sad lyrical gleanings:
I am a poet who doesn't write verses!
I also know about Socrates' tranquillity,
and the fact that I won't ever bespeak it.
So insufficient are our languages to let us fulfill ourselves,
and still some of us dare assign to the world
our trivial things. I, myself, keep diaries about marginalities,
the paradox prepares me for life.*

*Little or too much – I am not summoned to judge.
Mostly I write about the land, a woman –
Consider it my own legacy.*

***P.S. It is high time that we take care to understand the
Greek language or, even better, to understand it the way the
Greeks themselves would have done had they had Christian
presumptions.***

Autumn 2007

***Someone unknown brought the autumn
into the north room...***

Miroslav Krleža

*Quite ordinary is the beginning of the text:
autumn is coming – the season that settled in me long ago.
Autumn is coming and it is good that precisely now
I am writing poems that no one will read.
I am writing poems in a manner forgotten,
using the daily fog, early evening,
the clouds that we appropriate as if they were near us.
And everything else that for these months is characteristic.
Some grey colours rule the space now
and to our words leave but a poor heritage.
With the mysterious autumn bedding, the town is covered –
bedding that proves useful in covering various shames.
In a manner forgotten I am writing,
as autumn is coming, no one will read.*

*But about the seasons, still, who cares;
about poems, who cares,
for the images of landscapes below the black sky,
the sky created neither by poets nor alchemists,
landscape usually named in calendars as November.
For the fog that frequently creeps into my texts –
and even I don't know how – nobody cares.
Still, I mention fog, as if I'll disappear into it.*

It is autumn, the year 2007.

*There is something for everyone:
long nocturnal arias – for those who have something to remember,
short, arrogant cuts – for the restless and impatient,
and cold rains for the sensible, silent souls.
What has been prepared for those like me,
who long for some ancient dictionaries,
for those left only with the return to old scrap-books.
All music is here, because autumn is coming, with its deceptions.
From the room, the north room,
I watch the transparent raindrops:
the sky-waters are irregularly dripping on my windows,
on my autumn life.
During autumn days life can relinquish the place with verses,
only hopes are left after days like those that will soon disappear
or remove themselves into a better time, into more beautiful seasons.*

*It is autumn: to go somewhere?
Into hopes that have disappeared,
into the years that we remember,
into the seasons that retreat, as will this poem,
for here are only words written
that autumn comes in a year unknown, irrelevant tomorrow.*

*Autumn, with its delusions and its familiar face,
overwhelms the miraculous colours and erases them afterwards:
the fantasies born during the previous months roughly disappear.
That is how our souls enter autumn
dressed in various colours.
And from here, I think, no one will need them.*

Another Great Preparation / Cleaning Up / The Sweeping Gestur

*In the place where my books used to stand,
– my chosen deities, from different years,
with different signatures, titles,
different smells and experiences,
sometimes emotional and tactile,
and, most frequently, the usual, courteous dedications –
in that place, hence,
neatly folded tablecloths are now.
The pure embroidery of unknown ladies replaced
what used to be my real home,
a reading sanctuary,
the place where I reliably hid from the world.
For years. Different years that went
into letters that mean nothing to anyone.*

*The place where I buried myself,
now is the centre of domestic ephemera.
The books that formed my taste in everything
are placed somewhere else today, far away from my glance.
The books that my father used to bring from Zagreb bookshops,
so precious and dear, those preserved books.
And the shabby ones that as a boy I used to borrow
from the cold “Njegoš” library in my cold town.*

*Where the translated editions of books that
were precious to me used to stand,
now are positioned immovably the Czech crystal glasses,
porcelain coffee cups that rarely,
very rarely are used, when a guest from far away comes suddenly,
or sometimes in during her afternoon rest
my mother muses how
material things will outlive us unjustly.
And books, it seems, belong to those dead-alive things.
So precious and dear, those preserved now, and subsequently old, books.*

*Still, proudly stand the silver candle-lights,
in the place, where my books used to stand.
And a jar with a red Easter egg
that protects our home, the home I left.*

*Those dead objects have outrivalled all my sacred books,
sacred books of the days of my first readings,
sacred days of the first books that I owned,
from a time when it wasn't easy
either to get the books or to come into contact with the people.*

*In the place where my books used to stand,
worthless figures are now,
regularly brought from the travels:
a white miniature figure of Mozart,
a tiny relief of Venice, Bled, Krakow,
Montpelier, Trogir... A juniper leaf,
dry margaritas, a piece of a Herzegovinian tombstone,
a souvenir from Lake Como,
where I wanted to go to die.
Or it seems to me that everything is like that.*

*Sometimes, brought from travels,
those tiny petrified remembrances remind me
of other countries, of another me.
That is how I am also petrified
while waiting to hear a voice from some other time.*

On the International Route Salonika-Munich

*On a dirty train,
on the international route Salonika-Munich,
I am trying to read Robert Musil's The Man Without Qualities.
And that is, I become aware, impossible in places like this.
I reach for trivial replacements:
to continue reading is incomparably more difficult
than finding a sleepy scoundrel
in every compartment on all railway lines in this part of Europe,
be it first or third class.*

*Intriguingly, the international train
stops quite frequently even in local stations:
I am looking for invisible symbols in that inconsistency of the train timetables.*

*I find it better to give up reading.
That is why I stay silent and watch,
firstly, the nocturnal landscapes of Slavonia,
and, then, in the mirror opposite me –
the two of my modest bags,
not a heavy luggage, apparently.
But, it seems to me, it proves impossible to give them up.
As the train moves
and the day approaches
I think that it is all the same
at which station to alight
or whose luggage to take.*

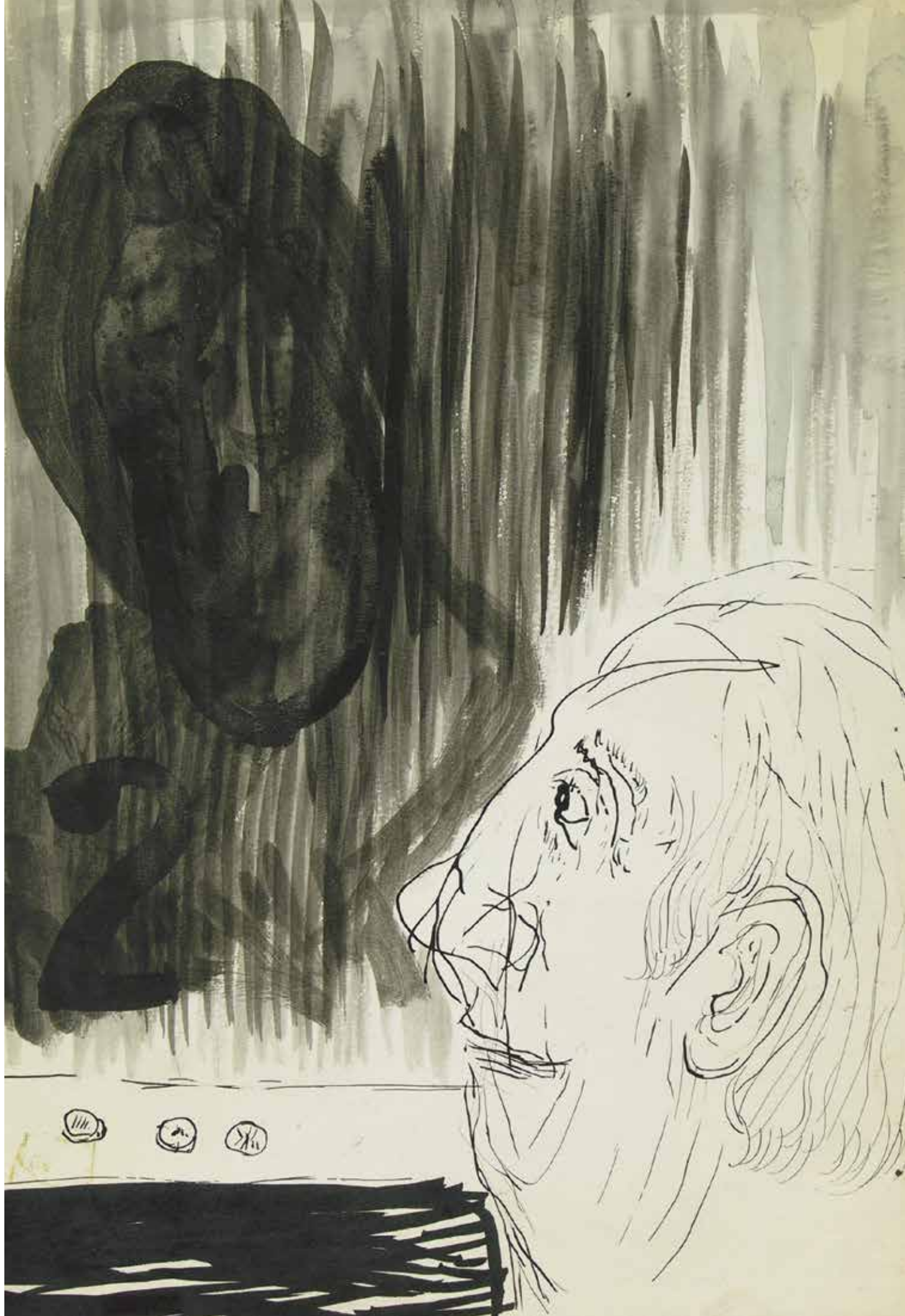
Tagot

Rajko *t*odorović *t*odor



8 June 81 George Canyon, California
H. W. Hughes

W. H. Hughes



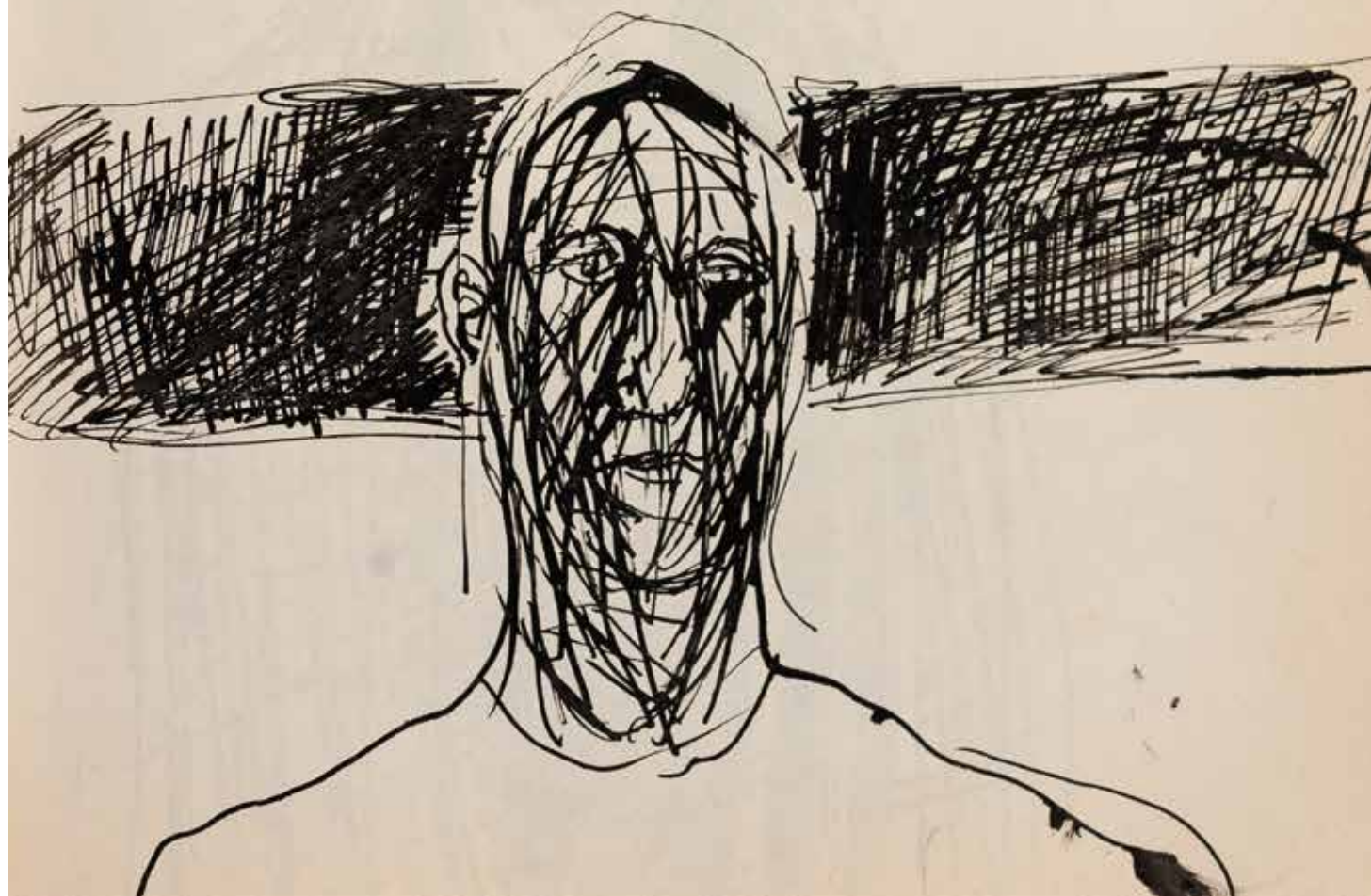




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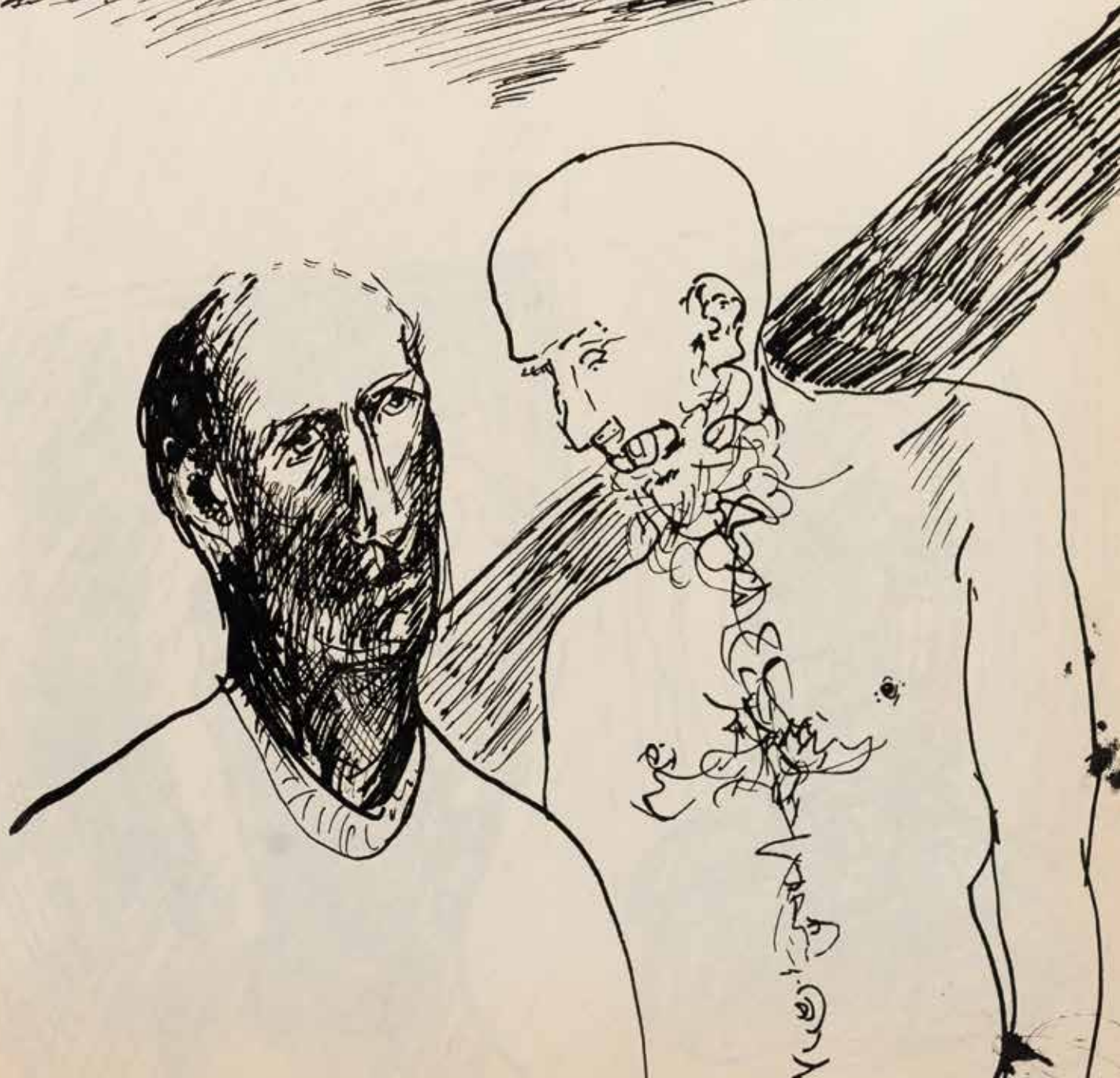
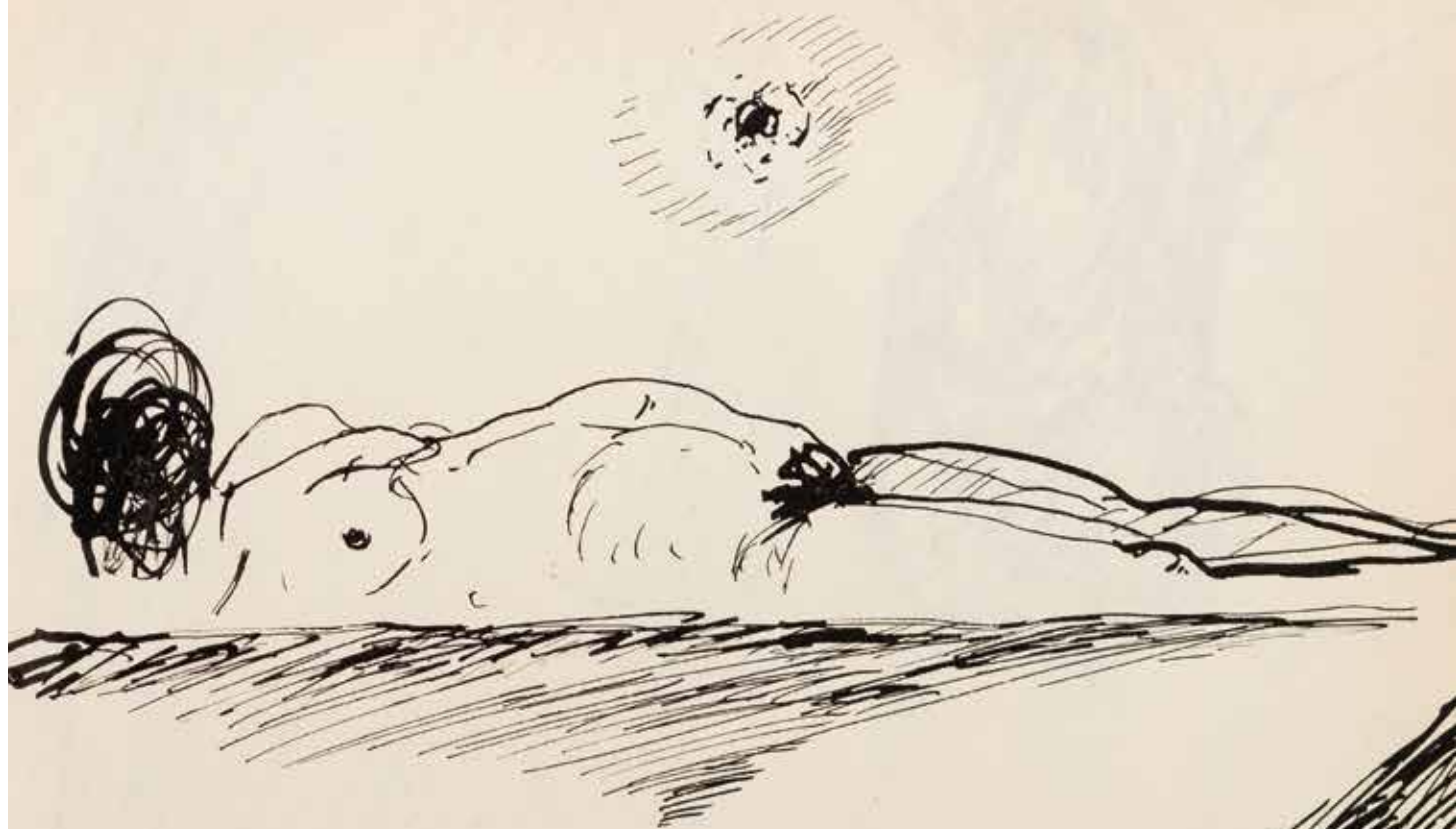




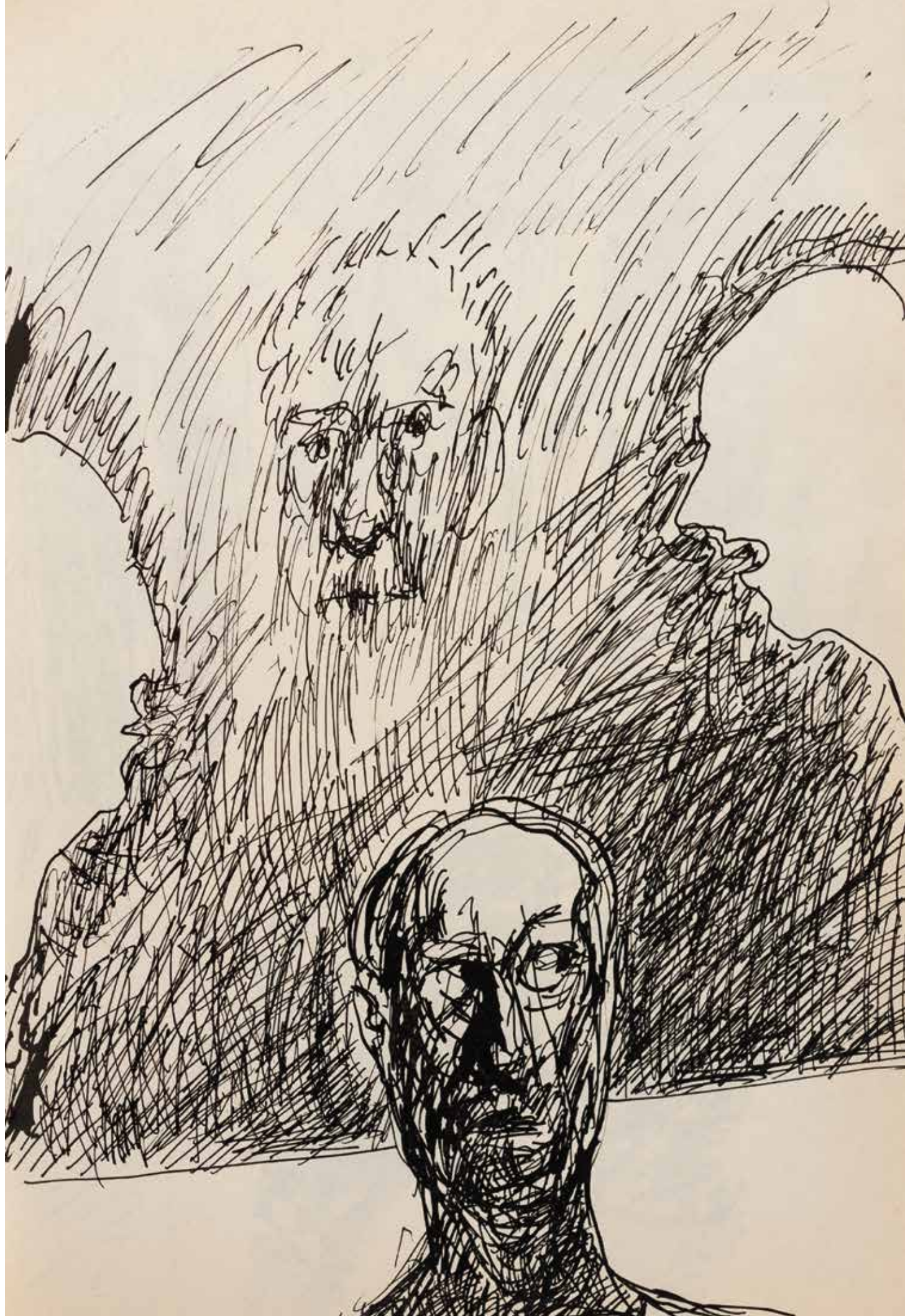




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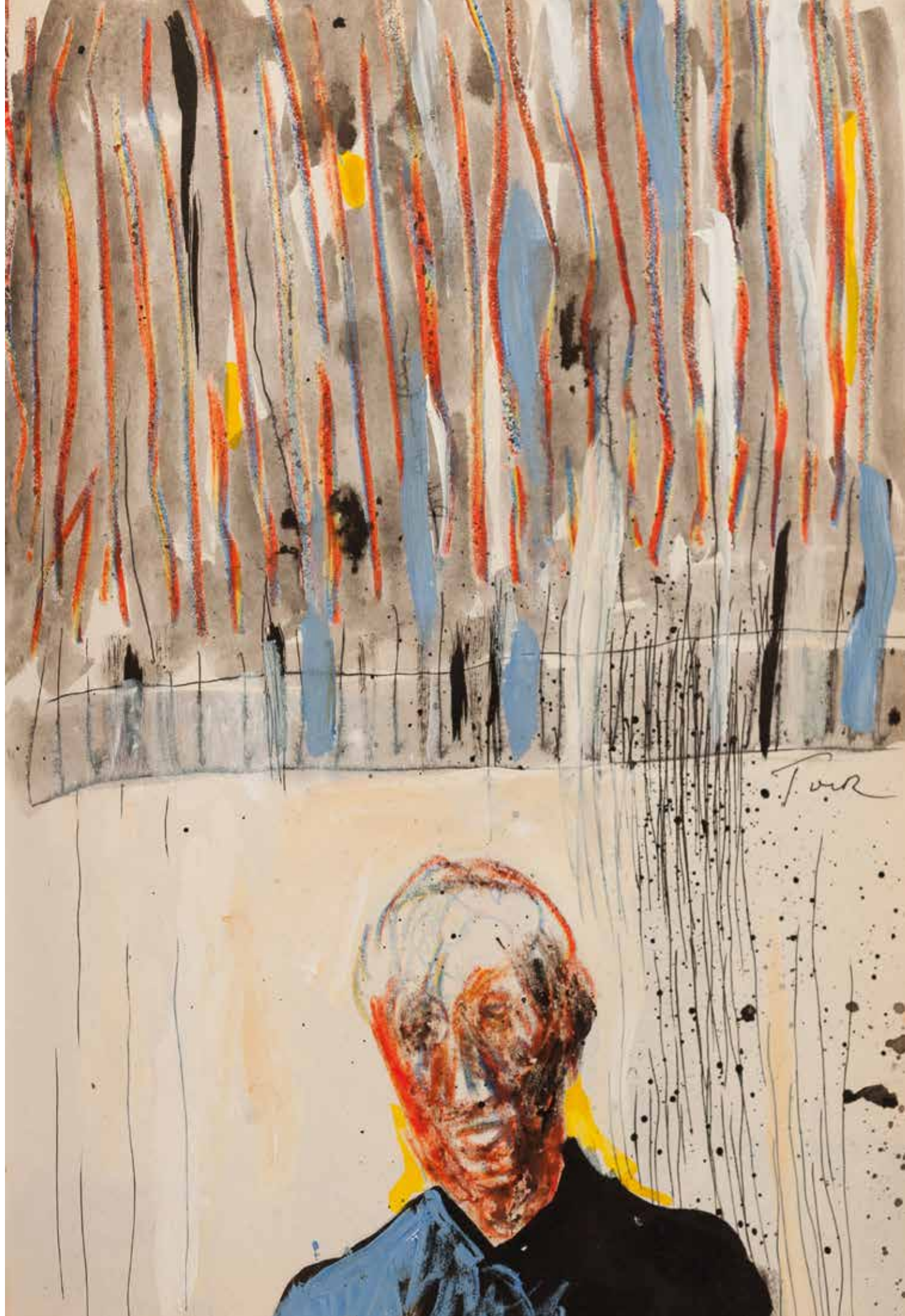


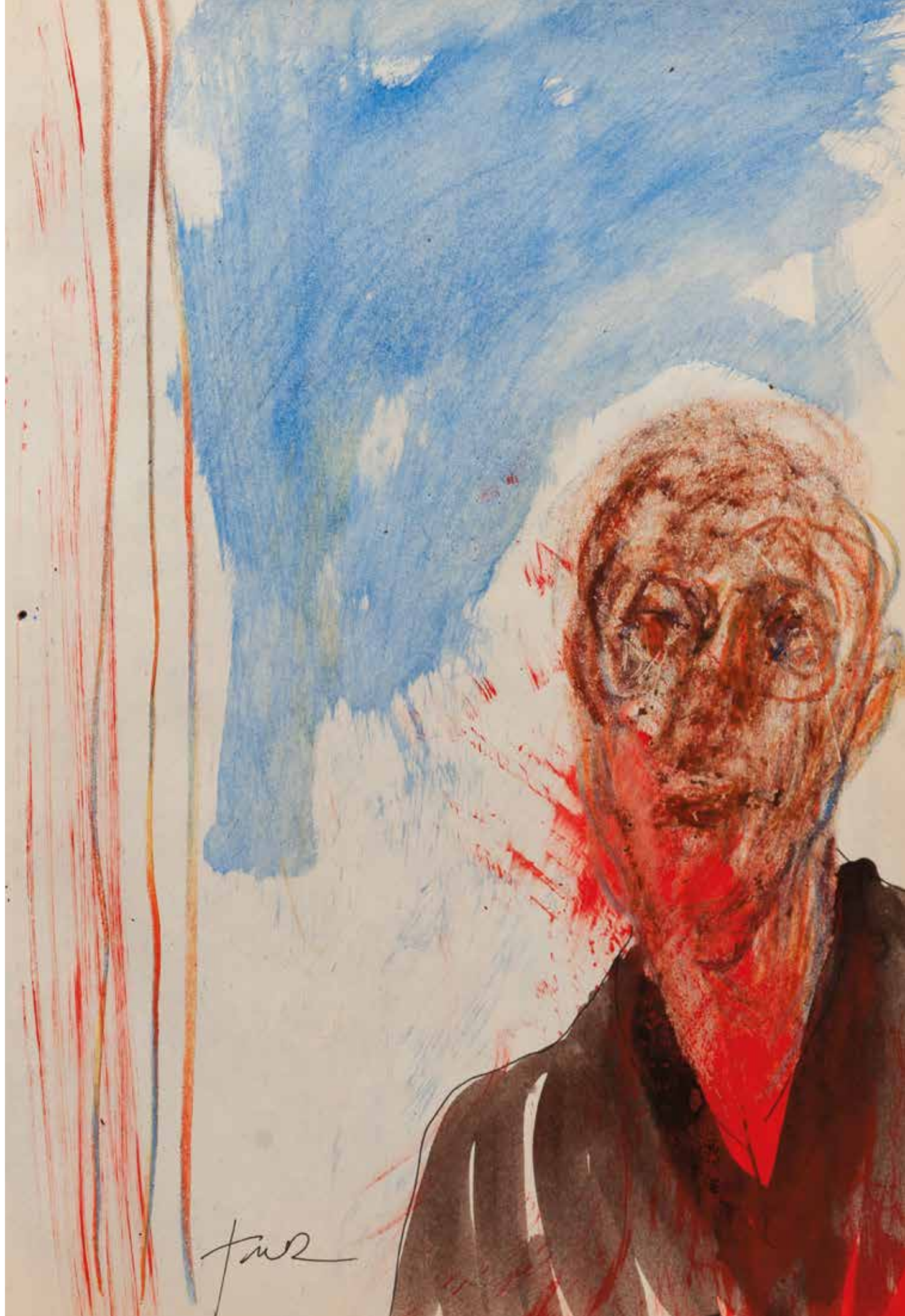














Feb 19



