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PART I

Kaput |

2

Kaput leži. Na podu.
Bez kapi krvi u sebi.
Kaput leži. Umoran,
zgrčen, odbačen i crn.
—Kapute! Kapute! Kapute!
—Mili brate! Ustani! Ustani!
Barem klekni kraj tvog
Milana Djordjevića!
Mili brate zasipan
snegovima, kišama,
pogrdama, laskanjima,
čuvaru moje samoće!
Ustani! Ustani!
Tako ti praznih džepova,
ispuniću ih mojim šakama.
Prhnuće krilima u tebi.
Tako ti zjapećih rukava,
pustiću izmučene životinjice,
moje ruke, u tebi da gmižu!
I kaput poče da diše,
otvori oči, zadrhta,
pokrenu jedan rukav,
raširi krila, polete, zagrakta,
zaogrnu me svojim mrakom.
I sad sam njegova utroba.

Overcoat |

Overcoat lies. On the floor.
Without a drop of blood in it.
Overcoat lies. Weary.
Crumpled, discarded and black.
—Overcoat! Overcoat! Overcoat!
—Dear brother! Rise! Rise!
At least kneel next to your
Milan Djordjević!
Dear brother, guardian of my solitude,
beaten with rain, snow,
curses, flatteries!
Rise! Rise!
I will feel your empty pockets
with my hands.
They'll flutter their wings in them.
Inside your gaping sleeves
I'll let the threadbare little animals
that are my arms crawl!
So it may begin to breathe
and open its eyes, shudder,
then move one sleeve,
spread its wings, fly, caw
and drape me with its darkness.
I, who am its blood and guts.

Kiša bi da se ubije |

4

Kiša prstima po tvom prozoru mrlja,
mrmlja. Htela bi da uđe da se ubije.
A ja vidim. Ležiš u postelji. I baš te briga.
U mraku. Gola. Baš te briga.
Raspustila kosu. Raširila butine.
I gle, crne mahovine!
A prst srednjak leve ruke, radi li radi!
Zločinac, traži crvenu krestu.
I zlačani med već pocurio.
I zoveš me iz svog delirijum tremensa.
A ja se u gavrana prometnuo.
Doletim u tvoje krilo i kljucam, kljucam.
A onda u kljunu odnesem uhvaćenu ribu,
pa odem da se kartam i pijem.
A kiša još uvek prstima
po tvom prozoru mrlja, mrmlja,
prebira amajlije,
htela bi da udje da se ubije.

The Rain Wants to Kill Itself |

With its fingers the rain stains your window and mumbles.
It wants to come in and kill itself.
I see you are in bed and couldn't care less.
In the dark. Naked. Couldn't care less.
Your hair loose. Your thighs spread open.
And there, in plain sight, black moss!
Your left middle finger busy, busy!
Villain, searching for the red crest.
While golden honey already oozes.
You call me from your delirium tremens.
Me already changed into a crow.
I fly down into your lap and peck, peck.
And then in my beak carry the caught fish away,
to go play cards and drink.
While the rain with its fingers
makes stains over your windowpanes and mumbles,
counts its beads,
wants to come in and kill itself.

5

Prah, sve je prah |

6

Prvo ga je zavodila plavim očicama.
A on je zgrabio dlakavim ručerdama.
Kokoška se smejala, smejala.
Kao na kućnoj zabavi.
A on je nožićem zagolicao po vratu.
I nežno je položio na panj.
I odsekao.
I glava je pala sa osmehom na kljunu.
I telo je trčalo dvorištem
i za sobom vuklo rep,
crveni repić krvi
koja se razbaškarila po travi.
I dve vrane sedele na grani oraha.
Sedele i pušile. I rekle:
—Naraštaj jedan odlazi
i drugi dolazi,
a zemlja stoji u vijek!
—Sve je od praha
i sve se vraća u prah!

Dust, All Is Dust |

First, she seduced him with her blue eyes.
So he grabbed her with his hairy hands.
The hen laughed, laughed.
As if she were at a house party.
While he tickled her throat with a knife.
And gently laid her on the stump.
Cut her head off.
So it fell with a smile still in her beak.
And the body ran through the yard,
dragging the tail behind it,
the red tail of blood
settling down in the grass.
Two crows sat in a chestnut tree.
Sat smoking. And said:
One generation is on its way out,
another one is coming,
only the earth is forever.
—All is dust
and returns to dust!

7

U dubokoj grobnici ležao je,
blaženopočivši, faraon mrke boje.

Medju svojim žalostive suze je lio
za čestitim blatom u kome se ispilio.

Ali evo ga na tanjiru oholog, obarenog,
peršunom krunisanog, maslacem pomazanog,

evo ga samotnog, kao od majke rodjenog,
od gladi spasao je zatornika i pravednog.

Gle, vitki nož preseca ga napola,
gle, viljuška mu se u ledja zabola!

Ali, prijatelji, nemojte zato tugovati,
na svet krtola nemojte mračno gledati,

jer drugi spasitelji u vrećama kličaju,
da zvezdu-vodilju na vedrom nebu ugledaju.

Spud |

In a deep tomb he lay,
a dark-hued pharaoh resting in peace.

In private, he shed grief-stricken tears
for the honest mud where he was hatched.

Here he is now on a plate, arrogant, boiled,
crowned with parsley, smeared with butter,

solitary like a newborn, he who saved
from hunger both the damned and the just.

Look, a thin knife cuts him in half.
Look, a fork sticks out of his back.

But, friend, don't feel sorry for them.
Don't look darkly on the world of potatoes,
since in sacks other saviors are sprouting
hoping to see the polestar some clear night.

Beli luk |

10

O mali, beli korene oblih bokova,
kakvu krv piješ iz zemljine tmine?
Je li čaroban miris tvojih sokova?

Zemlja je tajna, mesto tmastih snova,
crnilo budjeno besom sunca i kišurine,
nežnošću snega i divljanjem vetrova.

O mali, beli korene oblih bokova,
hoćeš li sveopštu čorbu začiniti
ili ostati sred zemaljskih okova?

Tvoji mirisi spajaju lepotu beline
i ružnoću crnila, buku svih ratišta
i plavetno ništa okeanske tišine.

O mali i obli korene belih bokova,
teraš li Djavola svojim sokovima?
Jesi li moć kuhinje veselih bogova?

Ili si jestivo čudo što samo spaja
glupost i dubinu kao penis i vaginu
usred našeg elektronskoga Raja?

Garlic |

O small, white root with round hips,
what blood do you drink out of earth's darkness?
Is the scent of your sap magical?

11

The earth is secretive, the place of black dreams,
darkness wakened by the fury of sun and rain,
the tenderness of snow and savagery of winds.

O small, white root with round hips
will you flavor our communal soup
or will you remain in earth's chains?

Your scent brings together the beauty of whiteness,
the ugliness of black, the noise of battle
and the blue nothingness of oceanic silence.

O small, white root with round hips,
do you chase the devil away with your sap?
Do you rule the kitchen of carefree gods?

Or are you the edible miracle that couples
foolishness and depth, like penis and vagina,
in the midst of our electronic Paradise?

Galilejeva tema |

12

Naleće roj muva,
gomila ljudi.
Roj muva, gomila ljudi.

—Šta hoće od mene
koji sam samom sebi stranac?

—Pokaži ruke, pokaži?
Prao si prljave ruke?
U čiste ih pretvarao?

Pokazujem ruke moje savesti.
Pokazujem ruke ovce.
Pokazujem čistu krpu moje svesti.

—A sad kaži: Ovo je raj!
Ovo je raj!
Priznajem sud muvlje inkvizicije,
pravedne policije!

Upljuvan muhoserinama njihove mudrosti
kažem: —Ovo je raj! Ovo je raj!
A u sebi izgovaram:
—Neka idu u majčinu,
zemlja se ipak kreće!

I roj muva, gomila ljudi,
andjela čuvara,
pobednički odleće, odleće.

Galileo's Theme |

A swarm of flies attacks,
a crowd of men.
Swarm of flies, crowd of men.

13

—What do they want from me,
who even to myself am a stranger?

—Show your hands, show!
You washed your dirty hands?
Made them clean?

I show the hands to my conscience.
Show my sheep-like hands.
Show the clean rags of my mind.

Tell me now, this is heaven!
This is heaven! I accept the flies'
inquisition, their just police!

Spat all over with their shit-like wisdom.
I say this is heaven! Heaven!
The earth still turns
—and in a whisper, let them go to hell.

And the swarm of flies, crowd of men,
guardian angels,
triumphantly fly away, fly away.

Kad dodjem do njegove oštre ivice,
do ivice na kojoj bih mogao da se posečem
kao što sam palac na ivici belog papira posekao,
kao što sam belo sečivo svojom krvlju obojio,
kada dodjem, pogledam dole i vidim drugi san
grozniji od ovoga, san u kojem me neko sanja
deset godina posle moje nagle i nasilne smrti.
Jer znam, svi moji snovi umreće onoga dana
kada me smrt odnese na mesto gde više neće biti
ni imena ulica, ni brojeva kuća, niti kakvih adresa.
Znam, svi moji dani biće kao trunje i fina prašina
ispod ovog seoskog kreveta na kojem sanjam.
Svi moji dani biće niz vedara punih mleka
ili niz kablica ispunjenih ponoćnim tečnostima
mračnijim i gušćim od istopljenoga katrana.
I sva će se vedra i kablice na kraju prosuti.
I tako svoje crnilo i belinu izmešati.

The Dream |

When I come to its sharp edge,
the sharp edge on which I may cut myself,
the way I cut my thumb on a sheet of white paper,
the way I colored its edge with my blood,
when I stood there, looked down, I saw a dream,
even more terrifying than this one,
a dream in which someone dreams of me
ten years after my sudden and violent death.
I know that all my dreams will die the day
death takes me to a place where streets
have no names, the houses no numbers or address.
I know all my days will be like crumbs and fine dust
under this country bed in which I lie dreaming.
My days will be a row of milk pails
and buckets filled with midnight liquids
darker and thicker than melted pitch,
so that in the end all the pails and buckets will be spilled
and everything dark and white in me will be mixed.

15

Pesnik Bašo uči me kako slavna dela
vojskovođa, krvnika mogu postati ništa
a da skok žabe može trajati vekovima.

Sa Atlantika dolaze crni oblaci i kiša.
Bilo je sunčano a sad na Sen Nazer
kao pirinač sa neba padaju zrna leda.

Pesnici su bića često lišena suštine,
ljudi što govore gluposti i neistine,
lude i brbljivci koji svašta umišljaju.

Pa ipak, pa ipak, mrmljaju o čudima,
bunčaju ono što drugi ne naslućuju,
a reči u mraku fosforno im blistaju.

Japanski pesnik Bašo uči me
da blisko može biti užasno daleko
a put u daljinu približavanje sebi.

Iznad Atlantika smračilo se nebo
i pljuštao je sitan led a sada grad
ozaruju bleštanje sunca i vedrina.

The poet Basho teaches that the famous feats
of blood-soaked military leaders come to nothing
while a leap of a frog may last centuries.

17

Black clouds and rain arrive from the Atlantic.
The sun was out, but now over Saint-Nazaire
The grains of ice fall out of the sky like black rice.

Poets are creatures often lacking in substance,
men who say stupid and untrue things,
madmen and blabbermouths who imagine what they will.

And yet, and yet, they whisper about miracles,
rant about what others don't even suspect,
so their words glow in the dark like phosphorus.

The Japanese poet Basho teaches me
that what is close may be terrifyingly distant and that a journey
to a far-off place brings one closer to oneself.

Over the Atlantic, the sky has darkened,
hail fell just a moment ago, and now the city glistens
in the sunshine and under the clear sky.

Plovidba |

18

Dosad sam samo zamišljao plovidbu,
a sad ću se stvarno ukrcati na brod,
sad ću jednostavno isploviti iz luke.

Izložiću se fijukanju ledenih vetrova,
golelim talasima i čudima Atlantika.
Oslobodiću se maštarija i sanjarenja.

Napustiću sve jednolično i beskrvno.
Odbaciću svu jalovost zamišljanja.
Disaću kao životinja, biću mornar.

Počeću zaista vešto da skačem i petljam
oko brodske snasti i čvorova konopaca.
I rasplićem sve što je davno zamršeno.

Evo me, iskusni mudri morski vukovi,
siročće sam, na kopnu nikom potrebno.
Neka me zato usvoji ustalasani okean.

Primate me, kapetani najduže plovidbe,
menjam suhu dosadu zemaljske izvesnosti
za beskraj uzbudljive neizvesnosti vode.

Primate me, vi što klizite plavetnilom,
vi koji ste sve dalje od prve nevine luke,
primite me da pobedim strah i da se nadam.

Up to now I only imagined a sea voyage,
and now I'm about to embark on a ship,
now I'm about to sail out of the harbor.

19

I'll expose myself to the howling of cold winds,
the huge waves and moods of the Atlantic.
I'll free myself from daydreams and imaginings.

I'll leave behind everything drab and bloodless.
I'll reject all idle thoughts.
I'll breathe like an animal; I'll be a sailor.

I'll begin truly to busy myself with ship's
riggings and knotted ropes, untangling
what had been tangled long ago.

Here I am, wise and experienced sea wolves,
I'm an orphan, no one needs me on land.
Let the choppy ocean adopt me as its own.

Take me, captain, you of the longest voyage,
I'm exchanging the dry boredom of land's certainties
for the thrill and infinite uncertainty of the sea.

Take me, you who glide over the blue,
you, farther than ever from the first innocent harbor,
take me along so I can conquer my fear and hope.

Tražim stazu ili pravi put između poljana
zasoljenih injem i sitnim snegom, zarobljenih
bodljikavim žicama, tražim sigurnu stazu
ili smrznuti put koji će me odavde odvesti.
Tražim stazu kojom ću mirno da koračam.
Vidim jastreba, sa usamljenog hrasta uzleće,
pa širi krila i spušta se ka ogoleloj šumi.
Vidim dve vrane gde na drugoj strani kruže.
Jutros je zec munjevito protrčao kroz baštu.
Ovce se kraj ograde skupljaju i tupo zure.
U daljini, iznad šume helikopter nisko leti.
Nisam potpuno siguran u ono što vidim.
Nisam potpuno siguran u ono što čujem.
Krv mi kroz umorno telo jednolično struji.
Mislim na crvenu grčku pomorandžu.
Iz njenog mesa sunčeva slast brzo se cedi.
Mislim na oblinu jedne dojke koju u tami
pre mnogo godina nisam na rastanku poljubio.
Tražim dobru stazu ili put između poljana.
Ponavljam staru, naučenu lekciju o traženju.
Njušim vazduh i s brda gledam naseljenu dolinu.
Žalostan sam kao zardjala šerpa u jarku.
Žalostan sam kao kondenzovano mleko u frižideru.
Noću zijam u psihodeličnu belinu meseca.
Melanholičan sam kao pogrešno ispisani formular.
Ali posle tumaranja našao sam pouzdanu stazu,
našao sam put koji vodi do središta maloga grada.
Tu ću popiti pivo i odatle ću ti, daleki prijatelju,
odatle ću, kao da snežnu grudvu niz brdo kotrljam,
odatle ću ti poslati ovu nešifrovanu elegičnu poruku.

I seek a path or a road between the fields,
salted with black frost and fine snow, imprisoned
by barbed wire, I seek a reliable path
or a frozen road that will take me from here.
I seek a path I can walk on calmly.
I see a hawk take flight from a lone oak tree,
spread its wings and dive toward the leafless forest.
I see two crows circling on the other side.
This morning a rabbit dashed through the garden.
Now the sheep gather at the fence and stare dumbly.
In the distance a helicopter flies over the forest.
I'm not entirely sure what I'm seeing.
I'm not entirely sure what I'm hearing.
The blood flows evenly through my tired body.
I'm thinking about a red orange from Greece.
The way sweet sunlight drips from her pulp.
I'm thinking about a round breast in the dark
which saying goodbye years ago I didn't kiss.
I seek a solid path or a road between the fields.
I repeat all the well-learned lessons about being lost.
I sniff the air and gaze from a hill at the populated valley.
I'm as sad as a rusty cooking pot thrown in a ditch,
as sad as the condensed milk in the refrigerator.
At night I stare at the psychedelic whiteness of the moon
as sad as the wrongly filled-out official form.
After much roaming around, I found a dependable path,
I found a road that leads into the center of a small town.
There I will have a beer, and will send you, distant friend,
with the speed of a snowball rolling down a hill,
this elegiac message free of covert meanings.

Tako spokojno leži
na dasci za sečenje.
Ima oblik dobrote.

Blaženo nam tako leži.
Čeka kratku presudu,
nož u ledja, komadanje.

U hlebu je ceo svet.
Ali samo ga zagrizi
kao telo Božjeg sina.

Samo ga zagrizi.
Prelomi mu koru.
I nastaće tišina.

Tišina s početka,
ah, blistava tišina
na kraju sveta.

Bread |

It has the shape of goodness.
How peacefully it lies
on the cutting board.

23

Blissfully awaiting the quick verdict,
the knife in the back
or being torn into chunks.

The whole world is a loaf of bread.
Bite into it
as if it were the body of God's only son.

Go ahead and do it,
break the crust
and the silence will fall.

The silence of the beginning,
Ah, the blazing silence
as the world ends.

Tišina i sneg |

24

Sneg pada na smrznutu zemlju. Sneg pada.
U tišini kao da čujem šum njegovog padanja,
šuštanje tkanine ili pucketanje plamena.

U tišini gustoj kao milijarde čestica
rasprskavanja Nijagarinog vodopada
ili obrušavanja usova na Himalijima.

Sneg se roji i na fotografiji iz Japana.
A na njoj bonze u narandžastim odorama,
pod kišobranima od trske, uhvaćeni.

Uhvaćeni dok idu kraj zida vrta, kraj hrama
i crnih borova, zauvek na slici zaustavljeni
u tišini zgrušanoj padanjem suvog snega.

Ova tišina je večnost i neponovljivo.
Ona je nežnost i mekoća ptičjeg paperja
i milina oktobarskog popodneva boje meda.

Ona je prašina sa drvenih polica za knjige
ili samo žudnja starca za bezbrižnošću
i beskrajnom slašću detinjstva, Pardesa,
svežeg poput ukusa tek ubrane jagode.

Silence and Snow |

The snow falls on the frozen earth. The snow falls.
In the silence I think I hear the sound of its fall,
like the rustle of a cloth, or the crackling of a fire.

25

In the silence as thick as billions of particles
of an exploding Niagara,
or the slide of some Himalayan avalanche.

In a photograph from Japan, swarming with snow,
there are monks in orange robes
under umbrellas made of bamboo.

They were caught walking past a garden wall
and some black pine trees arrested forever
in a silence solidified by the falling snow.

This silence is eternal and never to be repeated.
She has the gentleness and softness of bird feathers,
the bliss of October afternoon the color of honey.

She's the dust from wooden bookshelves,
the yearning of an old man for the freedom
and the endless sweetness of childhood. Paradise,
as fresh as the taste of just-picked strawberries.

Mala radost |

26

Da, i ti ćeš mi konačno doći,
mala, obična, dnevna radosti.
Bićeš komad ražanog hleba
ili čaša puna ledenog mleka.

I dok tmasti oblaci klize nebom
i pomalja se njuška dragog sunca,
osetiću te čak na jeziku i npercima.
I postaćeš mi devojka lepih dojki.

O mala, crvena, praznična radosti,
poljubiću ti svaki delić nagog tela,
odneću te u postelju i milovati.
I usnuću kao zemlja pored vrela.

Little Joy |

Yes, you, too, will finally come.

A small, ordinary, daily joy.

You'll be the slice of rye bread,
or a glass filled with cold milk.

27

And while the dark clouds fly in the sky,
and the beloved sun pokes its nose, I'll feel you
even on my tongue and my palate,
so you become to me a girl with beautiful breasts.

O little, red, festive joy,
I'll kiss every part of your naked body,
Carry you to bed, caress you,
and sleep the way the earth sleeps next to a spring.

Jedne letnje večeri dečak stoji na pločniku,
stoji pred akvarijumom u izlogu restorana.
Iz obasjanog akvarijuma motre ga tamne oči
pastrmki, karaša ili možda tustih šarana.
Kraj njega je ćutljivi otac i drži ga za ruku.
Ribe miruju medju mehurićima u zelenoj vodi.
U ribljim očima dečak možda vidi strah.
Za ribe možda je spasitelj iz obližnje ulice,
možda njihova poslednja nada i ozarenje.
Riblje oči i usta iza stakla kao da mu govore:
“Spasi nas, dečaće! Oslobodi nas, oslobodi!
Zdrobi zid našeg providnog i uskog kaveza!”
Dečak gleda riblja usta i oči, pa sporo prilazi
i kamenom razbija staklo zelenog akvarijuma.
I ustreptale ribe sa vodom padaju na crni asfalt.
I srebrno se praćakaju medju stakličima.
I kao dečakova šaka krvare i dišu slobodne.
Krvare, panično otvaraju usta i sluzave škrge.
I, spasene, udišu mlaku noć, dišu i sahnu.
A tama i blede boje grada razlivaju im se
po blistavim krljuštima i ranjenim bokovima.

Aquarium |

One summer night a boy stands on the sidewalk
before an aquarium in the window of a restaurant.
Dark eyes of trout, carps, small and fat,
watch him from the lit up aquarium.
Next to him his quiet father holds him by the hand.
The fish are still in the green water among rising bubbles.
In their eyes perhaps the little boy sees fear.
For them, he's the savior from the next street,
perhaps, their last hope and joy.
Behind the glass, their eyes and mouths tell him:
"Save us, boy! Free us all, free us!
Break the walls of our narrow, transparent cage!"
The boy watches their eyes and mouths, slowly approaches
and with a rock breaks the green aquarium.
The flapping fish spill on the black asphalt,
wiggling, all-silvery, amidst the broken glass,
and bleed like the boy's hand while breathing freely.
Bleed, their mouths and slimy gills open in panic.
Rescued, they gasp for air in the mild night and die.
While darkness and pale colors of the city
flow over their glittering scales and wounded sides.

29

Varvari |

30

Kažem ti, prijatelju, varvari dolaze
da osveže krv planinskih reka, da toljagama
premlate umorne kipove i podviknu: Marš u istoriju!
Varvari imaju sunce u očima i džepove pune praziluka.
Sriču dok čitaju, a posle izriču stroge estetske sudove.
Još uvek su zeleni i sentimentalni. Mrko gledaju
na vidre i lavove. Brkati varvari oslobadjaju
od pamuka. Sa živih leševa i orhideja skidaju
šminku i puder. Šamaraju narodne neprijatelje,
vampire, a onda balerinama prave talentovanu decu,
buduće sataniste.

PART I Oranges and Snow

(continued...)