

Urednik/Editor
Ivan Lovrenović

Recenzenti/Reviewers
Ivan Lovrenović, Semezdin Mehmedinović

Dizajn/Design
Mustafa Ibrulj

Miljenko Jergović

HIMMEL COMANDO

Dvojezično izdanje

Preveo na engleski Mario Suško

SVJETLOST, SARAJEVO 1992.

Miljenko Jergović
Himmel Comando

Nakladnik/Publisher
IP "Sejtelost", Sarajevo

Za nakladnika/For the Publisher
Gavrilo Grabovac

Pomoćnik urednika i korektor
/Assistant Editor and Proofreader
Muhamed Čurovac

DTP by "LaserMaster"
"eF COMP", Sarajevo

Tisak/Printed by
ŠTAMPARIJA OKO, Sarajevo

Naklada/Copies
1.000

NOTE ON THE POET

*Born in 1966,
two books of poems,
essays on film, literature, comic books, and rock'n'roll
A journalist at "Nedjeljna Dalmacija" (Split).*

BILJEŠKA O AUTORU

*Miljenko Jergović rođen je 1966.
Dvije knjige pjesama,
eseji o filmu, književnosti, stripu i rock-u.
Novinar "Nedjeljne Dalmacije".*

CARVER

*I've done almost everything
To make things right
Every part of the day has its own picture
Sleep early in the morning, I imagine a milkman in white
Out of some other recent time, noon is a truck
Turning in a narrow street, among pedestrians
A dear dog shakes off fleas in the warm exhaust's breath
Night is sleep again, lights of bygone neon lamps
The life of a ticket puncher in a disco-club, pissing,
I've done almost everything
To make things right
I've got enough money to do this
Words make me happy when I read them the next day*

CARVER

*Učinio sam već skoro sve
Da stvari budu kako treba
Svako doba dana ima svoju sliku
Ranim jutrom san, zamišljam mljekare u bijelom
Iz drugog nedavnog vremena, podne je kamion
Okreće se na uskoj ulici, između pješaka
Dragi pas otresa buhe na toplom dahu auspuha
Noću je opet san, svjetla prošlih neona
Život cjepača karata u disco klubu, mokrenje
Učinio sam već skoro sve
Da stvari budu kako treba.
Imam dovoljno novca da ovo mogu činiti
Riječi me raduju kada ih sutra pročitam*

A SICKENING SCENE FROM THE MESS-ROOM,
FALL 1984

*Smiling cows on corned beef cans.
We chew their faces for breakfast.*

MUČNI PRIZOR IZ VOJNIČKE BLAGOVAONICE,
S JESENÍ 1984.

*Nasmijana goveda na konzervi mesnog nareška.
Njihova lica žvaćemo za doručak.*

CITY BOMBING

*In a twilight shadow I read a book
Words getting almost invisible, but I dare not
Switch on the light
For if I do
Everything will change
In the arrangement of things within the room
In the arrangement of things within myself
The souls in a plastic pail filled with water
Turn inside
And darken long and painfully
While in the distance one can hear
The engines of supersonic gulls*

BOMBARDIRANJE GRADA

*U sjeni sumraka čitam knjigu
Sve slabije vidim, ali ne smijem
Upaliti svjetlo
Ako upalim
Sve će se promijeniti
U rasporedu stvari u sobi
U rasporedu stvari u sebi
Duše u plastičnoj kantici sa vodom
Okreću se unutra
I tamne dugo i bolno
Dok se iz daljine čuju motori
Nadzvučnih galebova*

BLUES OF A STOPPED CLOCK

*Once in a hundred years
Autumn arrives the last day of july
I wake up, it's sunday
The streets are covered with fallen leaves
Like in first homeworks
Drops freeze on cheekbones*

*In fact
It was only an unexpected hail
Soldiers freezing in open-air restaurants
The wounded laying down on checkered tablecloths
The fighting stopped because of hail
Everything is like in those old times
When tourists sulking because of bad weather
Dried their towels in hotel rooms*

BLUES ZAUSTAVLJENOG SATA

*Jednom u stoljeću
Jesen dolazi posljednjeg srpanjskog dana
Budim se, nedjelja je
Svuda po ulicama opalo je lišće
Kao u prvim školskim zadaćama
Mrznu se kapi na jagodicama*

*Zapravo
Bila je to samo iznenadna tuča
Vojnici se mrznu po baštama restorana
Ranjenici su plegli niz kockaste stolnjake
Borbe su prestale zbog grada
Sve je kao u davno doba
Kada su turisti mrzovoljni zbog vremena
Sušili frotir u sobama*

HIMMEL COMANDO

*At the square the albanians light
Candles for the dead*

*A hundred for one
The whole square ablaze*

*Every half hour planes swoop in
Putting them out*

*Yet the flickering flames remain
Numbering the dead*

*Indifferent we watch aside
To see what will run out first
Men of matches
Or planes of fuel*

(Priština, 1990)

HIMMEL COMANDO

*Na trgu albanci svojim mrtvima
U pomen pale svijeće*

*Sto za jednoga
Cijeli trg gori*

*Svakih pola sata u brišućem letu
Avioni ih gase*

*Ipak ostane plamničaka
Koliko je bilo mrtvih*

*Mi ravnodušni gledamo sa strane
Koga će prije nestati
Ljudi sa šibicama
Ili avionskog goriva*

(Priština 1990)

RABBIT SHRIEKS

In a wooden floor basement
He used to slaughter rabbits every saturday
Their voices resembled a man's who after years of silence
Was driven to unbearable despair
But soon they fell silent
Long before pigs
And much more cleanly
Their skin crucified at the doors,
Nailed down, its appearance
To me insulting to christ
Sunday lunch was filled with shrieks
Sudden nausea and slaps across the table
That made the plates clang
And the pride swell for a long future
Until I managed to escape from that rabbit slaughter,
Submerged in other sounds, sirens, leaves,
Power drills, bloodstream, blunt blows
Against a log which in movies replace
The sound of a cracking skull
I am quite good in tolerating all these already
Detached from inherited rituals
Upset still
Before the wooden floor, at that blood oozed somewhere
Between the boards, all those shrieks of rabbit fear
And I do not know what became of them

ZEČJI KRICI

U podrumu drvenog poda
Svake bi subote klao zečeve
Njihov glas sličio je čovjeku kojeg nakon godina šutnje
Uživati nepodnošljiv očaj
Međutim brzo bi utihnuo
Mnogo prije svinja
I mnogo čistije
Na vratina je ostajala razapeta koža
Zakucana ekserima, za koju sam mislio
Da pogled na nju vrijeda krista
Nedjeljni ručak bio je pun krikova
Iznenadne mučnine i pljuski preko stola
Od kojih bi zveckali tanjuri
A ponos bujao za dugu budućnost
Dok nisam uspio izbjeći klanje zečeva
Utopljen u druge zvukove, sirene, lišće
Bušilice za beton, krvotok, tupe udarce
O cjepanicu kojim u filmovima sinkroniziraju
Pucanje lubanje
See to lako podnosim odvojen već
Od naslijeđenih rituala
Uznemiren još
Pred drvenim podom, negdje između dasaka
Štila se sva ta krv, krici zečijeg straha
I ne znam šta je postalo od njih

WARTIME

Little pictures from the time when nonsense was so cutely amusing:

"Blood on my tongue! Either you have your period or I T. B."

*I laugh dryly as if I really
Got tuberculosis*

*I listen to the shots downtown
The wind caressing my face manly
Through the windows*

*Since the sound barrier was broken over the city
There are no more panes between us*

*It seems to me that now
I see everything much more clearly*

WARTIME

Sličice iz vremena kada su besmislice slatko uveseljavale:

"Krv na jeziku! Ili ti imaš menzes ili ja tuberkulozu."

*Smijem se suho kao da zbilja
Imam tuberkulozu*

*Osluškujem pucnje iz donjeg grada
Vjetar mi kroz prozore muškim dodirom
Miluje lice*

*Otkad je nad gradom probio zvučni zid
Stakala između nas više nema*

*Čini mi se da sve stvari
Sad vidim puno bolje*

NOVEMBER 1991

*At this time postcards do not cross the border
The sea lies behind ten front lines, tanks demolish
Stone toboggans at the beaches, crush pebbles into
Thousands of blades driving them into your skin
Hurting you at every touch, the sea being turned by explosions
Into millions of white drops, taking the shape
Of a nostalgic foam that fades away in long migraines till
You get used to another time, another space
Where it seems entirely decent to stay put and
Dead, I wipe my eyes, beneath them a swarm of grey locusts
Painful bursts in the sockets of inner darkness
The best thing to do is put on a woolen cap, throw a jacket
over your shoulders
Like de niro in that movie about a deer which doesn't get shot
And then take the car into the night, the radio crackling
Some symphony, some étude, some philharmonic orchestra
Everything being harmonious among broken lines
One way routes, white islands on the highway,
You leave the city far behind, the city remaining like an ice
Crystal in the night filled with pine smell and the expected
odor of powder*

STUDENI 1991.

*U ovo doba razglednice ne stižu preko granica
More je iza deset frontova, na plažama tenkovi
Ruše kamene tobogane, drobe oblutke na tisuće
Oštrih sječiva koja se zabijaju pod kožu
I bole pri svakom dodiru, more u eksplozijama
Dobija oblik milijuna bijelih kapi, nostalgične
Pjene što se gubi u dugim migrenama dok se
Ne navikneš na drugo vrijeme, druge prostore
U kojim sasvim pristojnim biva ostati na mjestu
Mrtat, brišem oči, pod njima je jato sivih skakavaca
Bolna rasprskavanja u dupljama unutarnjeg mraka
Najbolje je navući vunenu kapu, ogrnuti vijetnamsku
Kao de niro u filmu o jelenu koji neće biti ubijen
I onda se autom zapuliti u noć, na radiju kreka
Neka simfonija, neka etuda, neka filharmonija
Sve je harmonično među isprekidanim linijama
Obaveznim pravcima, otocima bjeline na auto stradi
Ti odlaziš daleko od grada, on ostaje kao kristal
Leda u noći punoj borovine i očekivanog mirisa baruta*

A CATHEDRAL

*War blares through radio waves
The south wind smells in a closed room
A cherry tree fondles itself under the window
Nervousness shakes the body in the dusk
Vampires wake up in the souls of the loved ones*

*War blares through radio waves
It's five minutes till evening outing
In a city God has bestowed silence on
One can only hear, through branches and the wind,
The bells of a cathedral falling down*

KATEDRALA

*Na valovima radija trešti rat
U zatvorenoj sobi miriše jugo
Trešnja se miluje pod prozorom
Nervoza u sumrak tresе tijelo
Vampiri se bude u dušama dragih*

*Na valovima radija trešti rat
Pet je minuta do večernjeg izlaska
U gradu kojem je Bog podario tišinu
Čuju se samo, kroz grane i vjetar
Zvona katedrale koja se ruši*

BLUES OF A SHOT GULLIVER

*You had the heart of a buffalo while carrying out
Four tysons
Into the snow where blood drops were little holes
Deeply burned through
Like lung caverns in that tender night
You had the heart of a buffalo slow like b.b. king
In its last quivers
The slashed artery
Will catch that crazy disco-rhythm*

*You had the heart of a buffalo while carrying
Four tysons on your shoulders
Monumental like a champion of human rights
You banged your head against the granite curbstone*

BLUES USTRIJELJENOG GULIVERA

*Imao si srce bivola dok si četiri tajsona
Iznosio van
Na snijeg u kojem su kapi krvi duboke
Pregorjele jamice
Kao kaverne na plućima te nježne noći
Imao si srce bivola sporo kao b.b. king
Uхватиit taj će ludi disco-ritam
U posljednjim treptajima
Rasječena arterija*

*Imao si srce bivola dok si četiri tajsona
Nosio na sebi
Monumentalan kao borac za ljudska prava
Tresnuo si glavom o granit ivičnjaka*

ZINC

*The other side of the street gets blurred through the foggy window
 Fingers touch the glass, children's drawings, names
 Once you scratched the wall paint under the window fog
 A rough taste of carbon under your nails, a mild shiver
 Through the spine, the fever having twisted things through memory
 Which now seem to be melting, like a film
 In a hot projector. Soon nothing will remain
 Except frequent detonations, a hard steel pear
 Of an exploding bomb, the steel that will take
 Our bodies into statistical data, our souls
 Into morgue refrigerators, resembling beef, military
 Supplies, dead proletarians, frankensteins
 That suddenly become alive and scare the coroners
 They die of heart attacks, in the softness of pleura,
 Of a mighty muscle contraction. They see death which rose
 Out of a sheet iron coffin, spilling the organs across the green
 Steel of the morgue, drawing closer to the window pane
 Panting before it, touching the glass with icy finger
 Tips, leaving no trace behind herself
 No emptiness but that sound - zinc
 Which makes the living contract in their dreams*

CINK

*U magli prozora gubi se druga strana ulice
 Prsti dodiruju staklo, dječji crteži, imena
 Nekad si ispod prozorske magle grebao boju sa zida
 Pod noktima je hrapavi okus karbona, blago ježenje
 Kičme, u sjećanju je vrućica iskrivila stvari
 I one sad izgledaju kao da se tope, kao film
 U vrelom projektoru. Uskoro neće ostati ništa
 Osim čestih detonacija, čvrste čelične kruške
 Bombe koja se rasprskava, čelika koji će naša
 Tijela uvesti u statističke obrasce, u naše duše
 U frižidere mrtvačnica, slične govedini, ratnim
 zalihama, mrtvim proleterima, frankenštajanima
 što iznenada ožive i onda prepudaju mrtvozornike
 Oni umiru u infarktima, u mekoti srčane maramice
 U snažnom stisku mišića. Oni vide smrt koja se eto
 Digla iz limenog sanduka, rasula organe po zelenom
 čeliku mrtvačnice, primakla se prozorskom staklu
 Dahatala pred njim, dodirivala staklo ledenim vrhovima
 Noktiju, za sobom ne ostavljajući nikakvog traga
 Nikakve praznine osim tog zvuka - cink
 Od kojeg se živi u snovima grće*

BUDDHA

*The melody and the rhythm of a washing machine
White powder crumbles from the ceiling
Years flash by, centuries pass by
To the rhythm, to the sound of a supersonic automat
The muddy ganges oozes out of it, white fabric
Comes out of it. The miracle of bach's fugue in the fields
Of applied arts – I sit here and muse
At a shell that leads straight to hades, the brown
Underground. I catch the rhythm with my left foot
Close my eyes, surrender to the sound
Do you know anything of this unknown stranger
You smile on a white porcelain, touching
Your belly brings happiness, and many other things
In the washing machine's mad dancing over icy tiles
Covered with white intoxicating powder*

BUDA

*Melodija i ritam stroja za rublje
Sa stropa se osipa bijeli prah
U času promiču godine, prolaze stoljeća
U ritmu, u zvuku supersoničnog automata
Iz njega izlazi mutni ganges, iz njega izlazi
Tkanina bijela. Čudo bahove fuge u poljima
Primjenjene umjetnosti – sjedim i mudrujem
Na školjki koja vodi ravno u had, u smeđi
Underground. Hoatam ritam lijevim stopalom
Zatvaram oči, prepuštam se zvuku
Znaš li ti nešto o tome nepoznati stranče
Smješiš se na bijelom porculanu, dodirnuti
Tvoj trbuli donosi sreću, kao i mnoge druge stvari
U ludom plesu stroja za rublje po ledenim pločicama
Punim bijelog opojnog praha*

LOVE WILL TEAR US APART

*Lady godzilla smooches with boys
In underground passages, parks,
On escalators which separate men and women
Clothing. Lady godzilla gives them tongue work
Not worrying about a citizen president or moral renaissance
The soot of factory smokestacks rustles
In her hair. Processions bow their bald
Heads, black shawls get turned off over dried clits
Lady godzilla swings to the rhythm of rotten-roll
Tonight she's like a blazing ball over the antarctica, the red star
Of communism, lady godzilla twists like a bakelite
Figure in fire, among the boys, who worry about the performance
Of their physiology, the shimmering bacteria dance
Before their tightly closed eyes, they fuck down the strict base
Line, their pricks wanting to connect the ever separated shores
Lady godzilla is an unreal atlantis*

LOVE WILL TEAR US APART

*Lady godzila se ljubi sa dječacima
U podzemnim hodnicima, parkovima, na pokretnim
Stepenicama što dijele muške od ženskih
Konfekcija. Lady godzila se ljubi duboko i oštro
Ne brine za gradanina predsjednika i moralni preporod
Gar sa tvorničkih dimnjaka šušti
Po njezinoj kosi. Procesije saginju čelave
Glave, gase se crne marame nad osušenim dražicama
Lady godzila se njiše u ritmu rotten-rola
Noćas je kao goruća kugla nad anktartikom, crvena zvijezda
Komunizma, lady godzila se povija kao bakelitna figura
U vatri, između dječaka, zabrinutih funkcioniranjem
Svoje fiziologije, poigravaju im svijetleće bakterije
Pred čvrsto zatisnutim očima, jebu se niz strogu bass
Liniju, kurčevima bi da spoje zauvijek razdvojene obale
Lady godzila nestvarna je atlantida*

DOWN THE STREET OF FALLEN BOYS

*There's an adult story saying that children fall painlessly
They slip on a banana peel, a grease puddle, ice
Every january. Their bones do not break
Their skulls do not crack the curbstone. Their muscles
Are relaxed at each fall. Children in a story
Fall the way a leaf falls
Barely touching the ground, they sink softly into the snow
Their blood drops burn innocently through the whiteness
Like the babies' urine in a maternity home
An adult story says that children fall lightly
Pick scabs off their knees, peel them passionately
To the new whiteness. Children do not remember anything
They fall with the smile of a kamikaze pilot
Their names are sometimes written with red
In white granite. Their fall is split by a scream
Which a TV roaring easily drowns out
Children lift themselves up fast and without shame
Only from time to time they remain prostrate*

ULICOM PALIH DJEČAKA

*Jedna odrasla priča kaže da djeca bezbolno padaju
Okliznu se na koru banane, na kolomast, na led
Svukoga siječnja. Njima ne pucaju kosti
Oni lubanjama ne krme ivičnjak. Njihovi muskulusi
Opušteni u svakom su padu. Djeca u priči
Padaju kao što pada list
Tek dodirnu tle, lagano potonu u snijeg
Kapi njihove krvi nevino progore bjelinu
Kao mokraćna beba u porodilištu
Jedna odrasla priča kaže da djeca padaju lako
Sa koljena čupkaju kraste, strasno ih gule
Do nove bjeline. Djeca ne pamte ništa
Padaju sa osmijehom kamikaze
Njihova imena katkad su napisana crvenom bojom
U bijelom granitu. Njihov je pad pocijepan vriskom
Kog lako zaglušiti tuđim televizora
Djeca se dižu lakonogo i bez srama
Tek povremeno se ne dignu nikad*

CONCENTRATION CAMP

*In special moments you suddenly feel one should not have
talked of socrates
One should have talked of pigs. Of his honor many
a generation murmurs
Because of him girls studying philosophy become numb with fear
And during crazy spring days the room smells of hemlock
Oh to render judgement on oneself, oh to cut off one's own head
In special moments it becomes clear – we should talk of pigs
They have not met their own death proudly
From the early morning they weep in their slums at the end of town
Tears stream down their pink snouts
Fear flows in their veins, it's wartime
And the time has come for us to finally start talking of pigs
Scorn was the prophet's punishment, they wallow in mud dreaming
Of a deep clear lake, pines rustling in the morning, glacier peaks
Perhaps, childhood scenes in the distance. Pigs bid farewell to everything
While muddy with shame they receive their last supper
Nobody is going to meet them in the afterlife
History textbooks will absorb all their blood
And nothing will remain, not even a printing error, a hand quiver
on the paper,
Or their tears. At least that much has been left after socrates
Therefore in those special moments let us close our eyes and start
talking of pigs*

KONCENTRACIONI LOGOR

*U posebnim trenucima osjetiš da nije trebalo govoriti o sokratu
Trebalo je govoriti o svinjama. O njegovoj časti pokoljenja šume
Zbog njega studentice filozofije dobijaju fras
A sobom za ludih proljetnih dana širi se miris kukute
Ah samom sebi presuditi, ah samom sebi odsjeći glavu
U posebnim trenucima očito je – trebamo govoriti o svinjama
One svoju smrt ne dočekaše gordo
Od ranog jutra plaču u ćumezu na kraju mjesta
Niz njihove ružičaste njuške teku suze
Kroz njihove žile teče strah, rat je
I vrijeme je konačno da progovorimo o svinjama
Prorok ih kazni prezirom, u blatu se valjaju sanjajući
Duboko bistro jezero, borove što šume kroz jutro, vrhove glečera
Možda, prizore djetinjstva u daljini. Od svega se opraštaju svinje
Dok blatnjave od srama posljednju primaju večeru
Na onom svijetu ih neće dočekati nitko
Udžbenici historije upit će svu njihovu krv
I ništa ostati neće, ni štamparska greška, ni drhtaj ruke na papiru
Ni suze. Za sokratom je ostalo makar toliko
Stoga u posebnim trenucima, sklopimo oči i progovorimo o svinjama*

CHRIST THE MAGICIAN

*He came like a sudden feeling of shame
Closed the door with a north wind breath
Smiling quietly for a long time
Men's glances stuck
To his palms
Men's glances sank
That man walks on water*

*He came like a sudden feeling of shame
Under the strobo light of the universe
Bomb shells fell all around
But none was Marilyn*

ČAROBNJAK KRIST

*Došao je kao iznenadni sram
Zatvorio vrata dahom sjeverca
Smješio se dugo u tišini
Pogledi ljudi lijepili su se
Za njegove dlanove
Pogledi ljudi tonuli su
Taj čovjek hoda površinom vode*

*Došao je kao iznenadni sram
Pod strobo svjetlom vasiona
Okolo su padale bombe
Ali nijedna nije bila Merilin*

The phone rings no more, millions of small black and white

insects swarm

Across the TV screen. A familiar sound of the washing machine

In the bathroom. And that is in fact all. Enough for a man

To live happy and fulfilled till death takes him away from all this

telefon više ne zvoni, ekranom televizora promiču milijuni

Šitnih, crnih i bijelih, insekata. U kupatilu prisni zvuk

Stroja za rublje. I to je zapravo sve. Dovoljno da čovjek

Živi bogat i sretan sve dok ga smrt ne rastavi od toga

NIGHT IN MY BLUE VOLKSWAGEN

The announcer's voice, news from the computer world,
The phone ringing, unnecessary information about road conditions
Broken sentences, Yes and No like substitute players
They think they have it bad, and I did not feel such a joy for a long time
A confused feeling of happiness takes me out
My blue volkswagen, that fine nazi beetle,
Always starts immediately. A foggy night and smog outside
A sense of excitement inside like in those years
When I drove with my folks to the coast
The engine sometimes stalls at the light, I get a bit panic-stricken
Before those bigger and more powerful cars. With all their might
They rush on like tanks into the night fog, the screeching of their tires
Truly sounds postmodernistic, like the noise of the last london night
We are both old-fashioned, our strength lasts long, our speed
For a long time. The engine is on seconds before it's
Red again. We move on into the night, the power in front of us
The power behind us. Underneath the wet road, white lines
In the black night. Somewhere in these buildings somebody is
unhappy now
Thousands of those I could immediately fall in love with peek
Through the windows. Such is the night in my blue volkswagen
We finally come back home, it's already tender silence there

NOĆ U PLAVOM FOLKSVAGENU

Glas spikera, vijesti iz svijeta kompjutera,
Zvono telefona, nepotrebne informacije o stanju na putovima
Iskidane rečenice, Da i Ne kao rezervni igrači
Misle da mi je loše, a ja oдавно nisam osjetio takvu radost
Zbrkano veselje odvodi me van
Moj modri folksvagen, lijepa nacistička buba
Uvijek pali iz prve. Noć je puna magle i smoga
Unutra je uzbudljivo kao onih godina
Kud sam sa starima išao na more
Na semaforu se ponekad ugasi motor, hvata me sitna panika
Pred onim većim i jačim. Oni kao tenkovi grabe naprijed
Svim silama u noćnu maglu, škripa njihovih guma zvuči
Čisto postmoderno, kao noise posljednje londonske noći
Ona i ja smo starinski, naša snaga traje dugo, naša je brzina
Oдавно. Njen motor konačno pali sekund prije nego se opet
Upali crveno. Idemo dalje u noć, ispred nas je moć
Iza nas je moć. Pod nama je vlažan put, bijele crte
U crnoj noći. Negdje u ovim zgradama netko je sada nesretan
Kroz prozore izviruje tisuće onih u koje bi se odmah
Zaljubio. Takva je noć u plavom folksvagenu
Napokon se vraćamo kući, tamo je već meka tišina

*Your muscles ache, and green sparks spurt out of your eyes, like
The green letters of your screen; while through the other glass
the snow falls
While on the other screen the war rages and nothing except memory
is similar
To things we learned at school in nature study and our language
Which before the war began to fork, finally not knowing what to xpress
I kept calling to my mind the green light of korčula ant the words
That like islands divided into syllables of first-graders:
THIS COUNTRY IS BEAUTIFUL TO ME THE DEAREST
NOWHERE SO MANY ALGAE AS IN AN
INLET*

*Zabole mišići, a iz očiju počnu frcati zeleni svjetlaci, kao
Zelena slova tvoga ekrana; dok kroz drugo staklo pada snijeg
Dok na drugom ekranu vlada rat i ništa osim sjećanja nije onako
Kako su nas u školi učili iz poznavanja prirode i našeg jezika
Koji se pred rat počeo račvati, a onda više nije znao šta da kaže
Meni je padala na pamet zelena svjetlost korčule i riječi koje se
Kao otoci razdvajaju na slogove proačiča:*

*LIJEP A JE OVA ZEMLJA MENI NAJDRAŽA NIGDJE TOLIKO
ALGI KAO U
UVALI*

A COMPUTER WRITTEN SONG

*Green fireflies of your letters stream across the screen
Resembling summer of 1989; pines of korčula and the warmth of
the south long ago*

*We reached the camp site dazed by a gentle rocking of the ferry
The sea foamed by a propeller, the air full of gasoline and salt
I knew I would remember this, she was totally unaware of it
Rummaging worriedly through her bag; "I've forgotten so many things
That I think I've taken absolutely nothing," she said and I
Smiled; the words whose meaning I had not discerned moved me
I didn't think of forgotten facial creams, I did not feel
The pins and needles of feminine nervousness, I knew I had to
remember that some time*

*A tent next to ours was occupied by slovenes; they threw across the rope
A big blue ball with NIVEA written on it, there were seven of them
Seven slovenes, a woman and a child, a trailer, an audi, a barbecue and
God knows what not; they taught us what sangria meant, we drank
And said we were going to make it the moment we returned to sarajevo
Though we never did; I watched a boy slapping the water with his palms
Working them like a propeller, he saw me, we understood each other,*

*I was the only one
Who figured things out; the palms milled the sea like the blades of a pro-
Peller, cutting it into millions of drops, into an endless
whiteness that made*

PJESMA NAPISANA KOMPJUTEROM

*Zeleni svici tvojih slova plove ekranom
Slični ljetu 1989; korčulanska borovina i toplinaavnog juga
Došli smo u kamp omamljeni blagim ljuļjuškankjem trajekta
Elisa je pjenila more, zrak je bio pun benzina i soli
Ja sam znao da ću se ovog sjećati, ona nije znala ništa
Zabrinuto prebirući po torbi; "Toliko sam stvari zaboravila
Da mi se čini da nisam ponijela ništa" rekla je i ja sam se
Nasmiješio; dirale su me riječi kojim nisam odgonetao značenja
Nisam mislio o zaboravljenim kremama za lice, nisam osjećao
Trnce ženske nervoze, znao sam da se toga jednom moram sjećati
Šator do našeg bili su slovinci; prebacivali su preko konopca
Veliku plavu loptu na kojoj je pisalo NIVEA, bilo ih je sedam
Sedam slovenaca, žena i dijete, prikolica, audi, roštilj i
Šta ti ja znam šta; naučili su nas šta je to sangrija, pili smo
I govorili kako ćemo je napraviti čim dođemo u sarajevo
Ali je nismo napravili nikad; gledao sam dječaka kako dlanovima
U moru radi kao elisa, pogledao me je, razumjeli smo se, ja sam
Tu jedini kontao stvar; dlanovi su mljeli more, kao oštrice pro-
Petera, sjekli ga na milijun kapi, na beskrajnu bjelinu od koje*

AMERICAN DREAM

*I shall never walk
The hot pavements of arizona
I shall never drive
A big american truck
Move trough a world which does not know
The small-change of everyday hate
Bloody jealous blows
I'd like to own a transcontinental truck
A sixteen wheeler
Big like the elizabethan age the louvre and athens
I'd like to feel trough oil odors
The rock'n'roll of a seething american july
Without slain partisans
Without daily communisms
Without the shitty pants of balkans patriotism
Its populist ingenuity*

AMERIČKI SAN

*Nikada neću gaziti
Po vrelom asfaltu arizone
Nikada neću biti vozač
Velikog američkog kamiona
Prelaziti svijetom koji ne poznaje
Sitnice svakodneвне mržnje
Krvave ljubomorne udare
Htio bih imati transkontinentalni kamion
Na šesnaest točkova
Velik kao elizabetanska era luvr i atena
Htio bih u mirisu nafte
Osjetiti rokenrol vreloug američkog srpnja
Bez zaklanih partizana
Bez svakodnevnih komunizama
Bez usranih gaća balkanskoug patriotizma
Njegove narodnjačke genijalnosti*

KAZALO/CONTENS

AMERICAN DREAM	6	AMERIČKI SAN	7
A COMPUTER WRITTEN SONG	8	PJESMA NAPISANA KOMPIJUTEROM	9
NIGHT IN MY BLUE VOLKSWAGEN ..	12	NOĆ U PLAVOM VOLKSWAGENU	13
CHRIST THE MAGICIAN	16	ČAROBNJAK KRIST	17
CONCENTRATION CAMP	18	KONCENTRACIONI LOGOR	19
DOWN THE STREET OF FALLEN BOYS	20	ULICOM PALIH DJEČAKA	21
LOVE WILL TEAR US APART	22	LOVE WILL TEAR US APART	23
AN OAR NOISE	24	ŠUM VESLA	25
BUDDHA	26	BUDA	27
ZINC	28	CINK	29
BLUES OF A SHOT GULLIVER	30	BLUES USTRJELJENOG GULLIVERA ..	31
A CATHEDRAL	32	KATEDRALA	33
NOVEMBER 1991	34	STUDENI 1991	35
WARTIME	36	WARTIME	37
RABBIT SHRIEKS	38	ZEČJI KRICI	39
HIMMEL COMANDO	40	HIMMEL COMANDO	41
BLUES OF A STOPPED CLOCK	42	BLUES ZAUSTAVLJENOG SATA	43
CITY BOMBING	44	BOMBARDIRANJE GRADA	45
A SICKENING SCENE FROM THE MESS-ROOM, FALL 1984	46	MUČNI PRIZOR IZ VOJNIČKE BLAGOVAONICE, S JESENI 1984.	47
CARVER	48	CARVER	49
NOTE ON THE POET	50	BILJEŠKA O AUTORU	51