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# fatmer's grave

VESNA KRMPOTIĆ

## A MANIFOLD LIFE

It must be that we live simultaneously on several stars  
and many varied lives,  
since we are so strangely exhausted  
from the yearning form oneness;  
and all our lives are united by a thin thread,  
and when we die, many of us die.

And I, who under the hard evening star  
divine that I am only a link of my huge existence,  
only one of my senses, one dimension,  
only a millionth of my strength, which dissipates and roams in  
space,

I feel that even in this hour I have not cut the thread  
which binds me with the hard evening star,  
and that I am not myself even in the hour in which I sensed  
that,

for even now someone's distant thoughts are sprinkling me  
imperceptively, like the midnight dew.

## AN INTERLUDE

A huge shadow of a fork  
hesitates above us:  
we are two quivering bites of meat  
on a cold, round plane  
under the hawks with glances  
swift as an arrow.

And while unknown hand ponders over something  
we live we kiss each other hurriedly.

*Translated by  
Vasa D. Mihailovich*

## FATMER'S GRAVE

### III

He left himself there by that tree  
and went on, light as the scent of a flower,  
freed from the calix of his mortality;  
no, he did not disappear, he only thinned himself infinitely  
and my nostrils cannot recognize him anymore.

### IV

So long father,  
father, infinite silence,  
listen, I am a sound  
that is slowly  
dying down  
in you.