**Emir Sokolović**

Izbor iz poetskog opusa

Na engleski jezik prepevala Nataša Miladinović

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| **„Alasi“**Alasipređom od sna nesmotrenijompođoste krivotvoriti u šumamakao blagodet što ih izrodisteAlasipotkom neobuzdanijom od snapođoste krivotvoriti u šumama sineznanim i uvidjevši oplošja svakako uda si rastakaju uplovisteu talase što imenom vas dozivahuAlasiponikoste predanja pogubivši sebeili zaptivši si oči dok stvarastei brodiste | **“Fishermen”**Fishermenyou set sail through the weft more unwary than your dreams to poach in the woodsyou birthed as a boonFishermenyou set sail through the weft more untamed than your dreams to poach in the woodsunfamiliar to you and having seen the water facesdissolve the hooks, you sailed intothe waves calling you by nameFishermenyou birthted your myths by putting yourselves to deathor was it by sealing your eyes whilst creatingthus went on sailing |

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| **„Skelari“**Skelaridubinama vam brodetihe i smireneO, moji klesarida znate,samo da znate,koliko je nepomičnostorobila čuvstvane biste loviliSkelari,suton je već,posljednja trezvenostnapušta krovištaZakoracite BjelinomO klesarii kada uploviteznaćete da nijeda duše će govoriti JednoSkelari, moji sutoni... | **“Ferrymen”**Ferrymenthrough your depths they sailsilent and at peaceOh, my masonsif you knew,if you could only know,how the stillnesshas enslaved the sensesyou wouldn't hunt againFerrymen,dusk’s already there,the last ray of sobernessis leaving its hiding placeTake a step through the WhitenessOh, masonseven when you’ve dockedyou’ll know ‘tis not sofor the souls’ll speak OnenessFerrymen, my dusks… |

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| **„Ime“**Stopa. Stopa. I još jedna. I još, još...109.573 i lica nigdjePijesak. Zrno. Plam i prah111.716 i lica nigdje a žica je sveA zna se da je Demon naši nama što hodi Glas božiji na lavež što svodiMi oči imamo da ne rosile biStopa. Stopa. I još jedna. I još. još...118.714 i lica nigdjePijesak. Zrno. Zorno. Plam i prah119.242 i lica nigdje a lavež je sveA oči nebesne kiklopske oči urokljiveIspred Glasa našeg hodeDok mi zjene imamo samo da molile biStopa s osmijehom, stopa nesputanaAzur u dupljama a bol u prsimaSamo s pjesmom mrijet se može174.816186.914194.219I, nasuprot svega, lica nigdje... | **“A Name”**A step. A step. And another one. One more, and more to come, …109.573 and not a face in sightSand. A grain. Flame and dust111.716 and not a single face but wire aboundsYet it is known that the Daemon is one of usand towards us it comes the Voice of god reduces to barks We were given eyes not meant to cryA step. A step. And another one. One more, and more to come, …118.714 and not a face in sightSand. A grain. Haste. Flame and dust119.242 and not a single face but barking aboundsAnd the cyclopean eyes up high, the beguilng ones,Walk afoot our VoiceWhilst we were given eyes just to lift prayer upA step with a smile, an ambling oneAzure in sockets and pain in chestOnly singing can a man die174.816186.914194.219and yet, not a face in sight... |

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| **„Zavještenje“**U trunuNit što sročit’ će stazuU sapiTrak što zagubiti se nećeI tišina...Spokoj koji put začeMada kam,Ili plam,Imena mnogih ne izgovori... | **“A Legacy”**A thread 'sIn a grain that’ll word a trailA ray's In a croup that won’t go astrayAnd silence…The serenity that begot the pathAlthough a stone,Or a flame,Many a name’s never uttered… |

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| **„Kada“**Kada se san rasturiI iznjedri dvije gujeŽelju da krhko tijelo vijeI Moći o kojima će da se snijePut tad krhkom bivaKada se voda rastočiI iznjedri dvije gujeŽelju da krhko tijelo vijeI Moći da oba rukavca snom mijePut tad krhkim joj bivaA biće kada se rastočiI iznjedri dvije gujeŽelju krhko tijelo će da vijeO Moći uvijek će da snijeA mač će skriven da bijeJer odavno nije, odavno nije... | **“When”**When a dream bursts asunderAnd brings forth two adders - The desire to coil the frail frameAnd the Powers to be dreamt ofThen the skin becomes brittleWhen the water overflowsAnd two serpents are brought forth - The wish to drape the frail fleshAnd the Power to bathe the rills with the dreamThen its tissue becomes fissuredAnd when a Self becomes tornAnd two snakes are thus bornThe desire will by the body be coiledIt’ll dream of the Power evermoreAnd the sword will cut forth forlornFor it’s been long since it has done so, it did so a long time ago… |

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| **„Sanjar Nothing More“** **(E. A. Poe)**Put nije putNiti prutNa kom zipkaZa pero biA put kao putŠto nije prutO okno ozar sviDublji no svi sniI zavjetno nothing moreNe bi pijevni zorBi prorokov glasDušu što zauzda za tasBi sam crni vragNagnavši mastilo na izgubljeni tragZbog kog se ču nebesni korDok izgovara zavjetno nothing more... | **“The Dreamer of Nothing More”** **(E. A. Poe)**A path wasn’t the pathNor was a shaftA cradleFor the quillAnd the path like the oneUnlike the shaftTwined the daybreak deeper than all dreamsRound the window paneAnd the votive “nothing more”Wasn’t the dawn’s call‘twas the prophet’s voiceBinding the soul to the scales’ pans‘twas the morning’s sonPressing the ink atop the waning markDue to whom the hosts of heaven burst into songWhile he averred “nothing more”… |

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|  **„Svaka rijeka ističe iz svog sjemena“**Svaku rijeku štoIz svog sjemena ističeVjetar ju lomiDok mirisom nas darivaVoda ju pojiDok snena nam izrastaKam ju zariDok u bosa stopala mu se zariva...A rak, ponekad,Dok opaki ples k izvoru hodiGranicu brišeJer u vodi ili na kopnuSunce mu odslik rišeOdveć tiho, najtiše... | **“Every River Sprouts from Its Own Seed”**Every river whichSprouts from its own seedIs broken by the windWhile gifting us with fragranceThe water suckles itAs it buds sleepilyThe rock whets itWhile it pierces its bare feet…And the crab, at times,As it does its reverse dance toward the river mouthRemoves the bound forWhether in water or ashoreThe sun draws its shadow roundQuietly, without a sound… |

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| **„Nemiri XL“**OboružanoKrililo kIshodu...Nit otrgloSjen oslobodiloNi sunce izuloA posljednje peroZnak skrilišeDaleko, ponad oblaka, -Predanje koje opominje... | **“Restlessness XL”**Armed wellIt winged its way towardsThe end…It tore the threadSet the shadow freeWithout taking the sun off its feetAnd the last of the feathersPinioned the sign…Far up, above the clouds, -A cautionary tale… |

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| **„Kali Ma“**Da li te rukepoklonikazazivaju iz snovamajko crnaili beznađe isplićeočajne prsti(Glas im udahnjuješ- bol njihov)Ogranci - obol Tiod zore zar daoćutiš ushitdozrevši nebou sebi(Lik ti je svod;ogrlica od lopočacvatnog) | **“Kali Ma”**Do the armsof your devoteescall upon you while you dreamDark Motheror is it woe that interlockstheir overwrought fingers(You breathe Voice into them- their pain)Sunrises - an offering to Youare you to veil from the daybreak the bliss gained by the ripening of skieswithin you(Your face is the firmament;white water roseyour necklace) |

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| **„Zvonik“**UvijekOvjes o BojuDa sjenaOdgovor daUvijekOvjes o sjenuDa obzorUstoliči iOdgovor daI uvijekPonad zjenaLimun u cvatuA srmina o kopčiSrmina samaIspraćena iNedohvatnaOdgovorDa l' da da... | **“The Belfry”**Time after timeThe headstock on the ColorSo that the shadowCan give an answerTime after timeA headstock on the shadowTo throneThe horizon andGive an answerTime and againOverheadA blooming lemon And the silver upon the stapleThe silver itselfFreed andElusiveShould it answerOr should it not… |

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| **„Omen“**Pojem izlijevajućiNahodeće talaseŠto nadimlju jedraPored košare na katarciNeposredno srećućiPred pramovljemOdslik u izgriženimVlasima dok bolnaCitra oslikava drevniVapaj koji brodiPonad znanih arhipelagaI grebena koji je dubokoUklesan u mastilo neHtijući napustiti peroNiti oslikat čuđeno(Bdij, samo bdij...) | **“An Omen”**Stirring through the rhyme The swooping wavesWhich swell the sailsBy the crow’s nestBefore the bowComing face to faceWith a reflection in the scorchedStrands while the weepingCither paints the ancientLament which sailsAbove the familiar islesAnd the reef carved deepInto ink notWanting to leave the quillNor depict that in slumber seen(Stay awake, just don’t fall asleep…) |

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| **„Znamen uz sjetu“**Zamakznak opčinjen u njemui legenda dok snatria naprslineuhode iskićene sjeniPričai šanac opkopanu dverima dokhimera ih nastanjujeA trakrazb(l)udi ratnikaoboružavši ga srpomdok kidiše u poljui iščekuje snaguu kriptamapoput sna koji jeodavna izgnan... | **“A Sad Remembrance”**A strongholda spellbound sign withinand the legend falling into a reverieas the cracksspy on the bedizened shadesA taleand a moat dug roundthe chambers wherethe chimera dwellsYet a rayaroused a heroby putting a sickle in his handas he stormed through the fieldsand believed the strength wasin the cryptslike a dreamuprooted in bygone years… |

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| **„Izgon“**Za grmIglaIl' igraA jezero biI ribaNa ustaviČemu duga... | **“Expulsion”**For the bushA needleOr a spindleAnd the lake did existAs did the fishAt the weirWhy was the rainbow there… |

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| **„Gradinarova fuga“**Na prstohvatOd školjkeČiju tuguMore iskivaJer bez grka bobaSage nemaGradinar znaNa prstohvatOd vrata izvijenaČiju tuguMore opkovaJer bez grka bobaSage nemaGradinar znaNa prstohvatOd vrata ognjenihČiju tuguMore ispireU zjenama opskurnimJer na prstohvatOd vrata ognjenihJer i bez grka bobaSage nemaNek' Gradinar zna | **“The Gardener’s Fugue”**Close at handA seashellWhose woeIs ocean-mintFor without travailsNo tales are writThis the gardener seesClose at handA curved neckWhose woeIs ocean-chainedFor without travailsNo tales are writThis the gardener seesClose at handThe doors aflameWhose woeIs ocean-quenchedIn the eyes veiledFor close at handThe doors aflameFor without travailsNo tales are writLet the gardener see |

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| **„Nocturno za nju“**U hitnji fonRazdražen iVremenu dokPredhodiIspisuje rijekeI luči u njimaKoje se moguZgasti snovimaSamoI jedna napuštenaSvevidećaPartitura kojaZgara i kojuNosimo do smirajaGdje kažu daJe jeka aSamo ton biTiSamo prevlačiGudalom tamnimI bez osmjehaIluzijom muSkrivaj licaU sutonSutra.. | **“A Nocturne for Her”**In fleetness a tonePiqued andWhile headingThe timeWrites the rivers outAnd in them the lightsWhich can be snuffedSolelyBy dreamsAnd an incompleteAll-seeingScoreEngulfed in flames and whichWe shoulder till the eventideWhere it is said thatThe echo is and yetThere’s a scanty soundYouKeep stroking the stringsWith your inky bowAnd grave-facedShroud his visageIn a mirageAt sundownBy-and-by… |

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| **„Hodočašće“**Riječ bihVjetrom da pišemAl' pijesak u očimaTajnu nosišeRiječ bihRijekom il' moremDa mijemAl' školjka tajnuOtkriI neboSamo jedan pogledI zvijezda u kutuZar?! | **“The Pilgrimage”**I would like toPen my rhymes by the work of windBut the sand in my eyes Drifted the secret I would like toWash my rhymes With the rivers or the seasBut the shell Revealed the secret And what of the skiesJust a glanceAnd a star up the arcIs it? |

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| **„Srna na vrelu“**Koliko usplahirenDrhtaj skritSjenom ovrhCakline ispisaneDrevnim pismomZnanom lončarimaČije varnjačePrstima se ne držeIako glina,Zemlja sama,Čista i nepatvorenaTajne nosi i cvijetIl' svijet ovisnoPonad čije misliBludi i riječni tokNarasta k lopočuU igri zazivajućiOne kojih više ni.. | **“Roe Deer at the Springhead”**Greatly flusteredA quiver veiledBy the shade atopThe glaze inscribed uponIn an ancient scriptKnown to the pottersWhose ribsAren’t to be held in handThough the clayThe earth itself,Untainted and unadulterated,Holds the secrets and the flowerOr the world depending onWhose thoughts it wheels overAs the river flowSprawls upwards towards the white water roseAnd in the revelry calls uponThose who aren’t there no more … |

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| **„Requiem“**Zov iz trubljiNastanjujućiGlas molitveniI nadahnjujućiPrelata što sPredikaoniceK njedrimaSopstvenim zboriZbori nadajući Se da dah će Mona(r)hu što uKutu broji Tu, u čas tili, Nit potaknuti Da korak prviOnaj s pročeljaŠto zov je iNastanjuje GlasU molitvu odjevenDok krunica seOsipa međ' ugaslimPrstokletjem nehtijućiTijaru zarad prolaznosti... | **“Requiem”**Trumpets' callDwelling inThe praying VoiceInspiringThe prelatePreaching fromThe pulpitDown his chestPreaching in the faith thatThe breath would heartenThe Monarch - a Monk,Counting in the cornerRight then and there,To pull the thread towardThe first stepThe one at the backWhich is the call andDwells in the VoiceIn prayer clothedWhile the beadsFall between the wiltingFingerprints not wantingThe tiara for transience... |

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