

# Emir Sokolović

## Izbor iz poetskog opusa

Na engleski jezik prepevala Nataša Miladinović

### „Alasi“

Alasi  
pređom od sna nesmotrenijom  
pođoste krivotvoriti u šumama  
kao blagodet što ih izrodiste  
Alasi  
potkom neobuzdanijom od sna  
pođoste krivotvoriti u šumama si  
neznanim i uvidjevši oplošja sva  
kako uda si rastakaju uploviste  
u talase što imenom vas dozivahu  
Alasi  
ponikoste predanja pogubivši sebe  
ili zaptivši si oči dok stvaraste  
i brodiste

### “Fishermen”

Fishermen  
you set sail through the weft  
more unwary than your dreams to poach in the woods  
you birthed as a boon  
Fishermen  
you set sail through the weft  
more untamed than your dreams to poach in the woods  
unfamiliar to you and having seen the water faces  
dissolve the hooks, you sailed into  
the waves calling you by name  
Fishermen  
you birthted your myths by putting yourselves to death  
or was it by sealing your eyes whilst creating  
thus went on sailing

### „Skelari“

Skelari  
dubinama vam brode  
tihe i smirene  
O, moji klesari  
da znate,  
samo da znate,  
koliko je nepomičnost  
orobila čuvstva  
ne biste lovili  
Skelari,  
suton je već,  
posljednja trezvenost  
napušta krovišta  
Zakoracite Bjelinom  
O klesari  
i kada uplovite  
znaćete da nije  
da duše će govoriti Jedno  
Skelari, moji sutoni...

### “Ferrymen”

Ferrymen  
through your depths they sail  
silent and at peace  
Oh, my masons  
if you knew,  
if you could only know,  
how the stillness  
has enslaved the senses  
you wouldn't hunt again  
Ferrymen,  
dusk's already there,  
the last ray of soberness  
is leaving its hiding place  
Take a step through the Whiteness  
Oh, masons  
even when you've docked  
you'll know 'tis not so  
for the souls'll speak Oneness  
Ferrymen, my dusks...

### „Ime“

Stopa. Stopa. I još jedna. I još, još...  
109.573 i lica nigdje  
Pijesak. Zrno. Plam i prah  
111.716 i lica nigdje a žica je sve  
A zna se da je Demon naš  
i nama što hodi Glas božiji na lavež što svodi  
Mi oči imamo da ne rosile bi

Stopa. Stopa. I još jedna. I još. još...  
118.714 i lica nigdje  
Pijesak. Zrno. Zorno. Plam i prah  
119.242 i lica nigdje a lavež je sve  
A oči nebesne kiklopske oči uroklije  
Ispred Glasa našeg hode  
Dok mi zjene imamo samo da molile bi

Stopa s osmijehom, stopa nesputana  
Azur u dupljama a bol u prsima  
Samo s pjesmom mrjet se može  
174.816  
186.914  
194.219  
I, 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 sight  
Sand. A grain. Flame and dust  
111.716 and not a single face but wire abounds  
Yet it is known that the Daemon is one of us  
and towards us it comes the Voice of god reduces to barks  
We were given eyes not meant to cry

A step. A step. And another one. One more, and more to come, ...  
118.714 and not a face in sight  
Sand. A grain. Haste. Flame and dust  
119.242 and not a single face but barking abounds  
And the cyclopean eyes up high, the beguilng ones,  
Walk afoot our Voice  
Whilst we were given eyes just to lift prayer up

A step with a smile, an ambling one  
Azure in sockets and pain in chest  
Only singing can a man die  
174.816  
186.914  
194.219  
and yet, not a face in sight...

### „Zavještenje“

U trunu  
Nit što sročit' će stazu  
U sapi  
Trak što zagubiti se neće  
I tišina...  
Spokoj koji put zače  
Mada kam,  
Ili plam,  
Imena mnogih ne izgovori...

### “A Legacy”

A thread 's  
In a grain that'll word a trail  
A ray's  
In a croup that won't go astray  
And silence...  
The serenity that begot the path  
Although a stone,  
Or a flame,  
Many a name's never uttered...

### „Kada“

Kada se san rasturi  
I iznjedri dvije guje  
Želju da krhko tijelo vije  
I Moći o kojima će da se snije  
Put tad krhkom biva

Kada se voda rastoči  
I iznjedri dvije guje  
Želju da krhko tijelo vije  
I Moći da oba rukavca snom mijе  
Put tad krhkim joj biva

A biće kada se rastoči  
I iznjedri dvije guje  
Želju krhko tijelo će da vije  
O Moći uvijek će da snije  
A mač će skriven da bije  
Jer odavno nije, odavno nije...

### “When”

When a dream bursts asunder  
And brings forth two adders -  
The desire to coil the frail frame  
And the Powers to be dreamt of  
Then the skin becomes brittle

When the water overflows  
And two serpents are brought forth -  
The wish to drape the frail flesh  
And the Power to bathe the rills with the dream  
Then its tissue becomes fissured

And when a Self becomes torn  
And two snakes are thus born  
The desire will by the body be coiled  
It'll dream of the Power evermore  
And the sword will cut forth forlorn  
For it's been long since it has done so, it did so a long time ago...

### „Sanjar Nothing More“ (E. A. Poe)

Put nije put  
Niti prut  
Na kom zipka  
Za pero bi

A put kao put  
Što nije prut  
O okno ozar svi  
Dublji no svi sni

I zavjetno nothing more  
Ne bi pijevni zor  
Bi prorokov glas  
Dušu što zauzda za tas  
Bi sam crni vag  
Nagnavši mastilo na izgubljeni trag  
Zbog kog se ču nebesni kor  
Dok izgovara zavjetno nothing more...

### “The Dreamer of Nothing More” (E. A. Poe)

A path wasn't the path  
Nor was a shaft  
A cradle  
For the quill

And the path like the one  
Unlike the shaft  
Twined the daybreak deeper than all dreams  
Round the window pane

And the votive “nothing more”  
Wasn't the dawn's call  
‘twas the prophet's voice  
Binding the soul to the scales' pans  
‘twas the morning's son  
Pressing the ink atop the waning mark  
Due to whom the hosts of heaven burst into song  
While he averred “nothing more”...

### „Svaka rijeka ističe iz svog sjemena“

Svaku rijeku što  
Iz svog sjemena ističe  
Vjetar ju lomi  
Dok mirisom nas dariva  
Voda ju pojí  
Dok snena nam izrasta  
Kam ju zari  
Dok u bosa stopala mu se zariva...

### “Every River Sprouts from Its Own Seed”

Every river which  
Sprouts from its own seed  
Is broken by the wind  
While gifting us with fragrance  
The water suckles it  
As it buds sleepily  
The rock whets it  
While it pierces its bare feet...

A rak, ponekad,  
Dok opaki ples k izvoru hodi  
Granicu briše  
Jer u vodi ili na kopnu  
Sunce mu odslik riše  
Odveć tiho, najtiše...

And the crab, at times,  
As it does its reverse dance toward the river mouth  
Removes the bound for  
Whether in water or ashore  
The sun draws its shadow round  
Quietly, without a sound...

### „Nemiri XL“

Oboružano  
Krililo k  
Ishodu...

Nit otrglo  
Sjen oslobođilo  
Ni sunce izulo

A posljednje pero  
Znak skriliše  
Daleko, ponad oblaka, -  
Predanje koje opominje...

### “Restlessness XL”

Armed well  
It winged its way towards  
The end...

It tore the thread  
Set the shadow free  
Without taking the sun off its feet

And the last of the feathers  
Pinioned the sign...  
Far up, above the clouds, -  
A cautionary tale...

### „Kali Ma“

Da li te ruke  
poklonika  
zazivaju iz snova  
majko crna  
ili beznađe ispliće  
očajne prsti  
(Glas im udahnjuješ  
- bol njihov)  
Ogranci - obol Ti  
od zore zar da  
očutiš ushit  
dozrevši nebo  
u sebi  
(Lik ti je svod;  
ogrlica od lopoča  
cvatnog)

### “Kali Ma”

Do the arms  
of your devotees  
call upon you while you dream  
Dark Mother  
or is it woe that interlocks  
their overwrought fingers  
(You breathe Voice into them  
- their pain)  
Sunrises - an offering to You  
are you to veil from the daybreak  
the bliss gained  
by the ripening of skies  
within you  
(Your face is the firmament;  
white water rose  
your necklace)

### „Zvonik“

Uvijek  
Ovjes o Boju  
Da sjena  
Odgovor da

### “The Belfry”

Time after time  
The headstock on the Color  
So that the shadow  
Can give an answer

Uvijek  
Ovjes o sjenu  
Da obzor  
Ustolići i  
Odgovor da

Time after time  
A headstock on the shadow  
To throne  
The horizon and  
Give an answer

I uvijek  
Ponad zjena  
Limun u cvatu  
A srmina o kopči  
Srmina sama  
Ispraćena i  
Nedohvatna  
Odgovor  
Da l' da da...

Time and again  
Overhead  
A blooming lemon  
And the silver upon the staple  
The silver itself  
Freed and  
Elusive  
Should it answer  
Or should it not...

### „Omen“

Pojem izlijevajući  
Nahodeće talase  
Što nadimlju jedra  
Pored košare na katarci  
Neposredno srećući  
Pred pramovljem  
Odslik u izgriženim  
Vlasima dok bolna  
Citra oslikava drevni  
Vapaj koji brodi  
Ponad znanih arhipelaga  
I grebena koji je duboko  
Uklesan u mastilo ne  
Htijući napustiti pero  
Niti oslikat čuđeno  
(Bdij, samo bdij...)

### “An Omen”

Stirring through the rhyme  
The swooping waves  
Which swell the sails  
By the crow’s nest  
Before the bow  
Coming face to face  
With a reflection in the scorched  
Strands while the weeping  
Cither paints the ancient  
Lament which sails  
Above the familiar isles  
And the reef carved deep  
Into ink not  
Wanting to leave the quill  
Nor depict that in slumber seen  
(Stay awake, just don’t fall asleep...)

### „Znamen uz sjetu“

Zamak  
znak opčinjen u njemu  
i legenda dok snatri  
a naprsline  
uhode iskićene sjeni

Priča  
i šanac opkopan  
u dverima dok  
himera ih nastanjuje

A trak  
razb(l)udi ratnika  
oboružavši ga srpom  
dok kidiše u polju  
i iščekuje snagu  
u kriptama  
poput sna koji je  
odavna izgnan...

### “A Sad Remembrance”

A stronghold  
a spellbound sign within  
and the legend falling into a reverie  
as the cracks  
spy on the bedizened shades

A tale  
and a moat dug round  
the chambers where  
the chimera dwells

Yet a ray  
aroused a hero  
by putting a sickle in his hand  
as he stormed through the fields  
and believed the strength was  
in the crypts  
like a dream  
uprooted in bygone years...

### „Izgon“

Za grm  
Igla  
Il' igra  
A jezero bi  
I riba  
Na ustavi  
Čemu duga...

### “Expulsion”

For the bush  
A needle  
Or a spindle  
And the lake did exist  
As did the fish  
At the weir  
Why was the rainbow there...

### „Gradinarova fuga“

Na prstohvat  
Od školjke  
Čiju tugu  
More iskiva  
Jer bez grka boba  
Sage nema  
Gradinar zna

### “The Gardener’s Fugue”

Close at hand  
A seashell  
Whose woe  
Is ocean-mint  
For without travails  
No tales are writ  
This the gardener sees

Na prstohvat  
Od vrata izvijena  
Čiju tugu  
More opkova  
Jer bez grka boba  
Sage nema  
Gradinar zna

Close at hand  
A curved neck  
Whose woe  
Is ocean-chained  
For without travails  
No tales are writ  
This the gardener sees

Na prstohvat  
Od vrata ognjenih  
Čiju tugu  
More ispire  
U zjenama opskurnim  
Jer na prstohvat  
Od vrata ognjenih  
Jer i bez grka boba  
Sage nema  
Nek' Gradinar zna

Close at hand  
The doors aflame  
Whose woe  
Is ocean-quenched  
In the eyes veiled  
For close at hand  
The doors aflame  
For without travails  
No tales are writ  
Let the gardener see

### „Nocturno za nju“

U hitnji fon  
Razdražen i  
Vremenu dok  
Predhodi  
Ispisuje rijeke  
I luči u njima  
Koje se mogu  
Zgasti snovima  
Samo

I jedna napuštena  
Svevideća  
Partitura koja  
Zgara i koju  
Nosimo do smiraja  
Gdje kažu da  
Je jeka a  
Samo ton bi

Ti  
Samo prevlači  
Gudalom tamnim  
I bez osmjeha  
Iluzijom mu  
Skrivaj lica  
U sutor  
Sutra..

### “A Nocturne for Her”

In fleetness a tone  
Piqued and  
While heading  
The time  
Writes the rivers out  
And in them the lights  
Which can be snuffed  
Solely  
By dreams

And an incomplete  
All-seeing  
Score  
Engulfed in flames and which  
We shoulder till the eventide  
Where it is said that  
The echo is and yet  
There's a scanty sound

You  
Keep stroking the strings  
With your inky bow  
And grave-faced  
Shroud his visage  
In a mirage  
At sundown  
By-and-by...

### „Hodočašće“

Riječ bih  
Vjetrom da pišem  
Al' pjesak u očima  
Tajnu nosiše

Riječ bih  
Rijekom il' morem  
Da mijem  
Al' školjka tajnu  
Otkri

I nebo  
Samo jedan pogled  
I zvijezda u kutu  
Zar?!

### “The Pilgrimage”

I would like to  
Pen my rhymes by the work of wind  
But the sand in my eyes  
Drifted the secret

I would like to  
Wash my rhymes  
With the rivers or the seas  
But the shell  
Revealed the secret

And what of the skies  
Just a glance  
And a star up the arc  
Is it?

### „Srna na vrelu“

Koliko usplahiren  
Drhtaj skrit  
Sjenom ovrh  
Cakline ispisane  
Drevnim pismom  
Znanom lončarima  
Čije varnjače  
Prstima se ne drže  
Iako glina,  
Zemlja sama,  
Čista i nepatvorenata  
Tajne nosi i cvijet  
Il' svijet ovisno  
Ponad čije misli  
Bludi i riječni tok  
Narasta k lopoču  
U igri zazivajući  
One kojih više ni..

### “Roe Deer at the Springhead”

Greatly flustered  
A quiver veiled  
By the shade atop  
The glaze inscribed upon  
In an ancient script  
Known to the potters  
Whose ribs  
Aren't to be held in hand  
Though the clay  
The earth itself,  
Untainted and unadulterated,  
Holds the secrets and the flower  
Or the world depending on  
Whose thoughts it wheels over  
As the river flow  
Sprawls upwards towards the white water rose  
And in the revelry calls upon  
Those who aren't there no more ...

### „Requiem“

Zov iz trublji  
Nastanjujući  
Glas molitveni  
I nadahnjujući  
Prelata što s  
Predikaonice  
K njedrima  
Sopstvenim zbori  
Zbori nadajući  
Se da dah će  
Mona(r)hu što u  
Kutu broji  
Tu, u čas tili,  
Nit potaknuti  
Da korak prvi  
Onaj s pročelja  
Što zov je i  
Nastanjuje Glas  
U molitvu odjeven  
Dok krunica se  
Osipa med' ugaslim  
Prstokletjem nehtijući  
Tijaru zarad prolaznosti...

### “Requiem”

Trumpets' call  
Dwelling in  
The praying Voice  
Inspiring  
The prelate  
Preaching from  
The pulpit  
Down his chest  
Preaching in the faith that  
The breath would hearten  
The Monarch - a Monk,  
Counting in the corner  
Right then and there,  
To pull the thread toward  
The first step  
The one at the back  
Which is the call and  
Dwells in the Voice  
In prayer clothed  
While the beads  
Fall between the wilting  
Fingerprints not wanting  
The tiara for transience...

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