



Bojana Stojanović Pantović, Serbia

FROM THE CYCLE *ARIADNA'S HANK*

1.

S. Antonio di Padova prega per noi

they would say before sleep

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

The Sleeping Beauty

they would whisper to us before sleep

we were dwarfs

we were hiding under the skirt of the Wicked Witch

sucking her blood

breaking her purple heels

waiting for the moment when

the Beast turns from a rose into a Prince

we were dreaming of Oz the Great

walking the Yellowbrick Road with our feet tied

Yellowbrick Road

Look! The House of Gold

2.

rosettes earlobes

head in the guts

Casa D' Oro

they trace the windows to the pelvis

sclera

they look like pigeons from *ana domini* of 1508.

similar ankles the walk and other

they silently lay their eggs in their

skin on their eyelids

rosettes

earlobes

NEKOPRATI

3.

In the House of Gold Oz the Great

gave us a big frosting net

History repeats

he then said

We didn't dream of him anymore

I guess he turned into a fish

a snail

a jellyfish

grain of sand

he's hiding in our bottles

in the sink

in an aquarium

good Oz

invisible Oz

Oz

Oz

the oblique twillight falls

NEKOPIRATI

ICE AGE

1

fern palmtrees pines

starfish skeletons on coral

reefs

shells of snails dipped

into nacre lymph

big spiders are knitting a frosting net

teeth elephant bone

waterbirds are craning

and listening to the snow

fern palmtrees pines

2

you have eyes insted of face

under the ice you're keeping them wide open

3

change of sight

different disposition of vocal cords

hardening of the womb

4

frontal bone thigh ankle

are now just cave decoration

5

to frame the face

to suck out the blood

to wax

to print in the limestone

.....

then scrape

6

IN A SHORT EXHALE

Between the lines of only
letter places
cross-eyed looks
glued sheets
almost invisible spaces

I could be anything I like
everything that could be
out of me
Out of us
in a short exhale

On the side bed
of lover's margin
which permanently broadens
and magnifies
so that we could place ourselves
more comfortable
in between the sheets
under the canopies

So that we could nestle
to each other
with our bodies
in a reader's wake

Once one falls asleep
the other speaks out loud
throughout the night

The things that they'll never say
hear
read in whisper
or scream
before or after it

It doesn't matter

NEKOPIRATI

THE SECOND PASSING BY THROUGH THE BRANDENBURG GATE

Not every entry into the city is the same:

sometimes it's enough to
touch the skin
of an old house,
so that the doors of the cave
widely open.

Sometimes we come to it by water:

by merging the coasts
of one or two rivers
with a deep cadre
by which the strait
decants into the sea.

But here it must be different :

adjust the step
to the swell of the clouds
and to their current frame.

Pat the horse on the croup,

put on your cloak,

draw your sword,

salute the seethed crowd.

To pass by, invisible, through the air.

NEKOPIRATI

THE CHEST

What I left deep in the woods

Will forever be hidden :

A broken jug

A burnt wing of a bat

Unknown guest's message

And even more:

A top-full case of treasures

That I count

When you're not here

And I study that hair wisp

for a long time

I double myself

It's me

Me again

I kiss my face

I caress myself

Can you see now that it's you

In the woods of entangled arms

That resemble ours

That are nobody's

I call myself

You answer back

You again

The substitutes are unbearable

I uncover my face

And I know it's yours

I kiss it fearfully

And the chest closes

Slowly

After us

NEKOPIRATI

BUTTERFLY (SHE)

There, where the memory ceases

There's no abyss

Or soar to the sky

There's no straight line

Or the corridor of the light

From another galaxy

There's only white blindfold

A black waxen board

On which all the symbols are aligned

All the tenses

Are moved to the eternal passive

To the suffering of the language

Unprovoked

Except for the caprice

Of the change

In first person

That wants to vacate the body

An anxious cocoon

From which the butterfly

Prior to the dawn

Doesn't get out

NE KOPIRATI

THE SHINING

Nobody has called me in days
disturbed the daily timetable
checked if I'm outside

Or maybe I'm not no
on the invisible border

Am I therefore *internal*
or just a little bit *external*
where am I (to myself) inside
and where outside
on a changeable edge

In front of the door in the corner
there's an empty bowl left
without bread and water
without meat and tears—
while powdery salt
winnows everywhere...

So I sheltered
among home things

that I haven't used in a long time

I became a serene part

Of the furniture

Of the dishes

a substitute for an easel

I spend my hours in solitude

like a silver samovar

I glisten

A honey liquid

gushes from me

but frozen is my

silhouette on the glass

Nobody has called me in days

Nobody has visited me

The spyhole has been

hopelessly shut

the catch on the door

has dropped off

there's a dried wreath

languishing on the gate

Only in the white

Only in the fulminant

figure of light

there's somebody

in the darkness

travelling towards me

NEKOPIRATI

THIS AND THAT TIME

to Katarina, in England

To stretch the time
like a fisher's net
through which the hours
collapse
as if into a well
without bottom
and still they store
into river silt
into melted
gold

This and that time
From yesterday
From a little while ago
From forever
Can be unwrapped
like a folio
of trembling landscapes
of old maps
where the Earth is plane

and parallel

Can move in

like a ghost into a lamp

into an abandoned distaff

that fulfills

the secret order of weaving

the woman's hair and ivy –

Through a devoted act

of engagement

a little bit incestuous

for merging the vices

of beauty and the elapsed

Between two waitings

it will happen

what's already been over

and what we await

like a vow of the newlyweds

like an eternal smile

Until in the highest towers

the gong strikes

the final performance

of the victim

the last scream

of the crowd

And until the blood from

The city square boils

In the depth

Like a spring

NEKOPIRATI

YOU STAY ALONE IN THE DARK

You stay alone in the dark
where I usually leave you to sit
and stare into the peak
of a tapered pencil
into the snapping jaws of the pistol

No one can break
the rope that connects you
to the white cage
that protects you from the birds
from the sun
from her

You expect the sound of the steps
that always horrify you again
and again the hand is thinning
the collarbone is breaking
into pieces the body is
already yellow and seared

Do you keep in your forehead
too much light that blinds

or you fall to the ground

dry-eyed

into the last awakening

You stay alone in the dark

NE KOPIRATI

BLACK WINDOWS

Black windows

On the body of houses

Staring like empty eyes

In which no one lives

Collect in themselves

Gulp per gulp of darkness

Of the repeating evenings

Fogs in which rails disappear

Hunting passers-by

Who inscribe their foot steps

Black empty windows

Spread over facades

Wash the roads

And pavements

In which they see

Themselves

Like the furious waves

Like the black sea foam

Like black

Only black

NEKOPIRATI

NIGHT STROLL

We're finally alone
you and me

Pale and half-sleepy
convinced that this
early evening
belongs to us only

You on one side
me on the other
of an icy curb
we walk each to our own

And remain silent
in order to stay whole
and reject
any thought

So that there could be
somebody else loving us
at this time of the day

When you won't be giving

any signs of life either

Solitude

NE KOPIRATI

FORMER TRAVELLERS

Further from the light, closer to the walled window
in a subway, to which I descend
like into a shaft.

I've learned to recognize the nuances of the dark, outside and inside,
and I can't be tricked by a distanced flicker
that is scarily getting closer

I'm far from shining: it's happening somewhere else,
in a railway hangar, in a morgue
where everyone's finally alone, cold and defined by lighting of a candle.

There's no reflection, no gleam on the face of the wagon,
only the empty tables hover on the incoming platforms,
and dark figures of former travellers surge
in the clouds of carbon dust

ALL THAT

The July heats have died in the hearing
and soon, everything will change:
the stone, the leaf of a birch, garden flowers, the mantis.
All that, in order to live a dead poem.

The view behind the mountain peaks
is falling down
and the reign of August has been established.
From the southern ports comes the cry of the seagulls
crossing the call of domestic birds.
The sky is rippling like the surface of a deep sea.

It's sweet and smooth in a sinking forest
that emerges like a head on the christening.
The disposition of the conifers depends
on the grown passion between the ebb and flow.

All that, in order to write a dead poem.

BETWEEN TWO ARRIVALS OF THE FERRIES

A summer moment contains everything:
a little chapel with foundations
underneath the ground,
a lighted candle for an unknown wanderer
who isn't afraid of the dark.

The full Moon is severely pressing the sea
giving it a flare skin;
a rotten, deserted garden in Limenas
within reach of a pagan sanctuary.

The sand is flowing between the fingers
and seagulls are talking to the open sea
in their opaque language:
I hear the calm voice of my sister
in even pauses
between two arrivals of the ferries.

Nobody is waving on the partition
even though it's for good.
Nobody is cheering the welcome,
even though everybody's rushing into embrace.

Human figures are red and compacted,
like cans on supermarket shelves.

And only that single hour of difference
makes everything diffuse and return to its beginning:

To αγορά , the love of the water and the land,
the fire and the air,
to the light zone of eternal rest.

NE KOPIRATI

SHORT BIOGRAPHY

Bojana Stojanovic Pantovic was born in Belgrade, Serbia (1960). Critic, poet and translator. Full Professor at the Department of Comparative literature, Faculty of Philosophy in Novi Sad. Researcher in the Expressionistic Movement in Serbian, South-Slavonic and European literature, Gender Studies, Genealogy of the short prose genres, Contemporary poetry. Visiting professor in Halle, Hamburg, Berlin, Ljubljana and Wroclaw. In 1995-2001 she also lectured at the Faculty of Philology in Belgrade, where she lives.

Selected works: *Serbian Expressionism* (Srpski ekspresionizam 1998), *Heritage of Sumatraism* (Nasleđe sumatraizma, 1998), *Morphology of the Expressionist Prose* (Morfologija ekspresionističke proze, 2003), *Rebellion against the Centre* (Pobuna protiv središta, 2006), *Spans of Modernism* (Rasponi modernizma, 2011). Editor and co-author of the *Conscise Dictionary of Comparative Terminology in the Literature and Culture* (Pregledni rečnik komparatističke terminologije u književnosti i kulturi, 2011), *Prose-poem or prozaida* (Pesma u prozi ili prozaida, 2012).

Poetry collections: *Endless-She* (Beskrajna 2005), *Fiancées of Fire - prose poems* (Zaručnici vatre 2008), *Shining* (Isijavanje 2009); upcoming: *Lectons about Death* (Lekcije o smrti, 2013).

Her papers and poems are translated in english, german, french, greek, slovenian, macedonian, polish and spanish language.

See also: http://sl.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bojana_Stojanović_Pantović

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