**Emir Sokolović**

Izbor iz poetskog opusa

Na engleski jezik prepevala Nataša Miladinović

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| **„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 |

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| **„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… |

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| **„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 urokljive  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 mrijet 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... |

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| **„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… |

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| **„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 mije  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… |

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| **„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 vrag  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”… |

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| **„Svaka rijeka ističe iz svog sjemena“**  Svaku rijeku što  Iz svog sjemena ističe  Vjetar ju lomi  Dok mirisom nas dariva  Voda ju poji  Dok snena nam izrasta  Kam ju zari  Dok u bosa stopala mu se zariva...  A rak, ponekad,  Dok opaki ples k izvoru hodi  Granicu briše  Jer u vodi ili na kopnu  Sunce mu odslik riše  Odveć tiho, najtiše... | **“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…  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… |

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| **„Nemiri XL“**  Oboružano  Krililo k  Ishodu...  Nit otrglo  Sjen oslobodilo  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… |

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| **„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  oćutiš 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) |

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| **„Zvonik“**  Uvijek  Ovjes o Boju  Da sjena  Odgovor da  Uvijek  Ovjes o sjenu  Da obzor  Ustoliči i  Odgovor da  I uvijek  Ponad zjena  Limun u cvatu  A srmina o kopči  Srmina sama  Ispraćena i  Nedohvatna  Odgovor  Da l' da da... | **“The Belfry”**  Time after time  The headstock on the Color  So that the shadow  Can give an answer  Time after time  A headstock on the shadow  To throne  The horizon and  Give an answer  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… |

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| **„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…) |

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| **„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… |

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| **„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… |

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| **„Gradinarova fuga“**  Na prstohvat  Od školjke  Čiju tugu  More iskiva  Jer bez grka boba  Sage nema  Gradinar zna  Na prstohvat  Od vrata izvijena  Čiju tugu  More opkova  Jer bez grka boba  Sage nema  Gradinar zna  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 | **“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  Close at hand  A curved neck  Whose woe  Is ocean-chained  For without travails  No tales are writ  This the gardener sees  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 |

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| **„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 suton  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… |

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| **„Hodočašće“**  Riječ bih  Vjetrom da pišem  Al' pijesak 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? |

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| **„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 nepatvorena  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 … |

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| **„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 međ' 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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