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PROLAZ

Nemam reči

Nemaš reči

Pitamo

Ne čujemo

Moj govor

Tvoj govor

U prolazu

Ne vide se

NE KOPIRAJ

IN PASSING

I have no words

You have no words

We keep asking

We cannot hear

My speech

Your speech

In passing

They can't see each other

VETAR

Znam

Vetar nikad ne laže

Čovek-da

Rasipa snagu

Traži izgovore

Vetar je visoko

Čovek često pada

Kada će čovek i vetar

Da izmešaju snage?

WIND

I know

Wind never lies

A man –yes

Wasting his energy

Looking for excuses

Wind is high up there

A man often falls

When will wind and man

Mingle their strenghts?

NEKOPIRATI

PESNIK

Čekajući Godoa pesnik je

Zaboravio na reč

Samo su oči priznavale

Kolika je dubina

U njima

Žudeći za neizgovorenim

Spustio se

U korito s druge strane

Sebe

(Sama) reč

Koja je neizrečena

Dublja je od svega

Kriknuo je pesnik

Krik niko nije čuo

Samo odabrani mogli su

Da ga naslute

A POET

Waiting for Godot the poet
Had forgotten about the word
Only his eyes were showing
All that depth
Inside them

Yearning for the unknown
He went down
Into the bank on the other side
Of himself
The word (itself)
Unspoken
Is deeper than anything else
Cried out the poet
No one heard the scream
Only the chosen ones were able to
Feel it coming

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DIOGEN pro kultura magazin / DIOGEN pro culture magazine
<http://www.diogenpro.com>