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# ŽENA SUFI



# SUFI WOMAN

BLAKOVA & Židovska vjerska zajednica BET ISRAEL u Hrvatskoj  
BLAKOVA & *The BET ISRAEL Jewish community of Croatia*

Jasminka Domaš

# ŽENA SUFI

Prijevod na engleski:

Iskra Pavlović

Židovska vjerska zajednica BET ISRAEL u Hrvatskoj  
Zagreb, 2013.

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# **SUFI WOMAN**

English translation:

Iskra Pavlović

Jewish religious community BET ISRAEL in Croatia  
Zagreb, 2013.

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# UVODNA RIJEČ



XXX

Ani, Adamu, Ilanu

To Ana, Adam, Ilan

## NOVA GODINA

Ništa nije bilo odijeljeno od Ničeg.  
U Praznini bilo je skriveno sjeme.  
On sam. Jedan i u Njemu jedno.  
Dah u dahu. Sve duše u Duši svih duša.  
Ništa se još nije iznjedrilo, otrgnulo,  
odvojilo, razlilo ni razlomilo.  
Sve je još bilo cijelo. Samo je u Njemu zračilo  
i klijalo sjeme. I tada je počeo Jom Ehad,  
Dan Jedan. Rađala se smaragdna svjetlosna bujica  
tekući rijekom nastanka.  
Predivna zemlja iz Njegovih očiju je izronila.  
I čovjek se pred Stvoriteljem poklonio darujući  
krunu Kralju kraljeva nad svim kraljevima.  
Berešit. U Početku sve je nastajalo iz obilja sjemenke  
koja je boravila u tajni baršunaste tame,  
tražeći put iz unutarnjeg vanjskom, dok se On  
sažimao i iz sebe Sebe dao, na Novu  
godinu u zeleno plavom oceanu svijesti koja se iz  
bjeline magličastog probudila.

.....

## NEW YEAR

Nothing was separated from Nothing.  
In the Void a seed was hidden.  
He himself. One and one in Him.  
Breath in breath. All souls in the Soul of all souls.  
Nothing has engendered, broken away,  
separated, spilt or broken.  
Everything was still whole. Only in Him seed radiated  
and germinated, And then Yom Ehad started,  
Day One. An emerald light torrent was born  
flowing in the river of beginning.  
A wonderful land came out of His eyes.  
And man bowed before the Creator presenting  
a crown to the King of Kings above all kings.  
Bereshit. In the Beginning everything started from the  
abundance of the seed  
which was dwelling in the secret of velvet darkness,  
looking for the way out from the inside, while He  
contracted and from himself he gave Himself, on the New  
year in the greenish-blue ocean of consciousness which  
has awakened from the whiteness of mistiness.

.....

## POSTANAK

Jutros je premrežio svemir nitima  
koje su blještale na Svjetlu,  
jer bio je dan Prvi.

I On ih je učvrstio poput struna.

I zrak je zatitrao od daha iz kojeg se pojavio  
svod odijeljen od voda.

A onda je postavio na nj nebesku violinu i nježan  
zvuk razlomio je kozmičku tišinu u bilijune  
komadića kristalnog ogledala koji će stići u  
ruke vidjelaca.

Tama se već bila povukla s bezdana i samo je  
duh lebdio nad vodama rađajući zvuk  
iz kojeg je izvirala energija putujući  
dalekim prostranstvima  
mesijanskih galaksija.

Kako se Sveprisutni veselio! Ali, anđele još  
nije stvorio i nevoljko, na trenutak, iskusi osamljenost  
svojih univerzuma.

I dotakne bliješteće strune koje je kroz sve stvoreno i  
nestvoreno provukao.

I cijeli se svemir pokrenuo, zanjihao i oglasio.

.....

## GENESIS

This morning he webbed the universe with threads  
blazing in the Light,  
for it was Day One.

And He fastened them like strings.

And the air vibrated from the breath from which appeared  
a vault divided from the waters.

And then he placed the heavenly violin on it and tender  
sound broke the cosmic silence into billions  
tiny pieces of crystal mirror which will come to  
the hands of seers.

The darkness had already withdrawn from the abyss and only  
the spirit hovered over the waters giving birth to sound  
from which energy sprang, travelling  
distant expanses  
of Messianic galaxies.

How glad the Omnipresent was! But he had not  
created angels yet, and unwillingly, for a moment,  
he experienced the solitude of his universes.

And he touched the shining strings which he had  
threaded though everything created and uncreated.

And the whole universe moved, swung and sounded.

.....

## PUTNIK

Onaj koji je izabran da prijeđe Put,  
onaj koji ga je odlučio izdržati  
nosi u sebi nevidljiv znak i vidljiv  
na sebi pokrivajući se maramom  
duboko povučenom na čelo.

Jer Put je takav da se ne gleda na prijeđeno,  
niti se bježi na raskrižju lijevo ili desno.

Put ne vodi naprijed, jer onaj koji hoda  
mogao bi njime krenuti natrag.

Izabrani se kreće samo uvis i pritom sve  
kušnje mora izdržati, ili nije onaj za kojeg  
se izdaje.

.....



## TRAVELLER

He who has been chosen to go the Way  
he who has decided to stand it out  
has an invisible sign inside him and a visible one  
on himself, covering himself with a scarf  
deeply drawn over his front.

For the Way is such that one does not look behind,  
nor does one run left or right at the crossroads.

The Way does not lead forward, for the one walking  
might turn and go back.

The chosen one moves only upward and on the way  
has to stand all trials, or he is not the one  
he claims to be.

.....

## SITNOSLIKE

Armenskom minijaturisti  
Zakariju Ahtamaraciju (1358)

Sitnoslike svijetom putuju  
i svi prizori naših života na  
njima se ogledaju.  
I kad se srce čovjeka prepuni  
i u svjetlosnu rijeku izliju anđeli  
sjaj od Sjaja u biće ljudsko udahnu.  
Sve se stalno kreće i mijenja i  
sitnoslike na papiru neprekidno  
nove nastaju satkane od jutara  
svijetlih i zima baršunasto  
snježnih.  
Crveno, crno i bijelo sve se to u nizu  
niza beskrajnog ponavlja.  
A onda vrijeme odjednom  
krene unatrag i u sadašnjosti  
prizori se davno proživljeni pojave.  
I svitak sitnoslika uvijek s početkom  
i krajem iznenadi.  
I nitko ne može reći s koje će se strane  
odmotati ili saviti.  
I s njime tek u nemoći kreće iz  
onog što je sada u ono što je bilo.  
A noću u tišini sveti se san otvori  
dok anđeli čistoće i suda na izabranika  
svoga zlatni prah prosipaju da u osami  
svojoj ne ostane.  
I na ruke bića kojeg vode svitak  
sitnoslika u tišini duboke tame polažu.  
U snu svetom povorka čudna i nijema  
u visinu se uspinje.

....

## MINIATURES

To Armenian miniaturist  
Zakaryan Ahtamaracy (1358)

Miniatures travel the world  
and all scenes of our life  
reflect on them.

And when a man's heart is overfull  
and pours out into the river of light, angels  
breathe the shine of Shine into a human being.  
Everything constantly moves and changes and  
new miniatures on paper constantly appear,  
woven of mornings  
light and winters snowy  
like velvet.

Red, black and white all these  
repeat in a row of an infinite.

And then time suddenly  
goes back and in the present  
scenes experienced long ago appear.

And a scroll of miniatures always surprises  
with its beginning and end.

And no one can say on which side  
it will roll up or out.

And with it only a man feeble moves  
from what is now to what has been.

And at night in silence the holy dream opens  
while angels of purity and judgement on their chosen one  
pour golden dust, so he does not  
stay in his loneliness.

And on the hands of the creature they are leading,  
they lay a scroll of miniatures put in the silence of deep darkness.  
In the holy dream the procession strange and silent  
rises to heights.

....

## DARIVANJE JAKOVA

„Dajte Jakovu sve“, reče Glas.

A Jakov se začuđen pitao:

„Nisam li već sve dobio?“

I putujući usne san i spozna da je

Svemogući tu na mjestu gdje će

Njegova Kuća biti.

*Potresen uzviknu: „Kako je strašno ovo mjesto“.*

I vidje ljestve koje su se spustile

i anđele koji njima uzlaze i silaze.

I drhtao je prelijepi Jakov tek sluteći

što znači kroz nebeska vrata ući.

Srce mu bijaše nježno, a ipak otkucaji njegovi

puni ljubavi držali su svemir cijelim.

I on izabran da bude svjedok Svjedoku,

spremi se za strašnu bitku s anđelom

čije lice bijaše u tami.

I nije se znalo tko će i u čijem suosjećanju

snagu naći.

A Jakov, premda pobjeđujući, u borbi nijemoj

osjeti se sam.

I anđeo zla, vidjevši suzu na njegovu licu

još jače navali na nj.

Ali svjetlost je već stizala i Božja riječ u

ranjenom Jakovu je blistala.

I anđeo koji je došao S druge strane vidjevši

da će sunce uskoro izaći, prizna svoj poraz

i ode, utkavši se u neprobojnu tamu.

Jakov, teško ranjen, skrivajući bol, odjednom se

sjeti Glasa „Jakovu dajte sve!“.

I uzme dar na kojem bijaše ispisano njegovo

## GIVING PRESENTS TO JACOB

“Give everything to Jacob”, said the Voice.

And Jacob wondered

“Haven’t I received everything?”

And travelling he dreamt a dream and understood that the Almighty was there in the place where His house was going to be.

*Shaken, he cried, “How terrible this place is!”*

And he saw the ladder which was lowered and angels going up and down.

And he shook, the handsome Jacob, only sensing what it meant to enter the gates of heaven.

His heart was tender, and yet its beats, full of love, held the universe whole.

And he, chosen to be witness to the Witness, prepared for the terrible battle with the angel whose face was in darkness.

And nobody knew who and in whose compassion would find strength.

And Jacob, although winning, in the silent struggle felt alone.

And the angel of evil, seeing a tear on his face, attacked even more.

But light was coming and God’s word in the wounded Jacob was shining.

And the angel of destruction who came from the other side, seeing the sun would soon rise, admitted his defeat.

And he left, weaving himself in impenetrable darkness. Jacob, gravely wounded, concealing his pain, suddenly remembered the Voice “Give everything to Jacob”.

And he took the present with his name on it,

ime, Israel Princ Božji.  
I držao je ruku na srcu  
gledajući kako se iz Duše  
neba pojavljuje sunce.

.....

Israel, the Prince of God.  
And he had his hand on his heart,  
looking at the sun appearing  
from the Soul of heaven.

.....

## TIŠINA BITKE

Gle, žena će oklop navući od dana teških  
i nasred bojnog polja će izaći dok  
oblaci tmasti tamne krajolik kao da je  
sunce povuklo tešku zavjesu  
ne želeći biti svjedokom onom što se  
odigrati mora.

I ona stoji nasred poljane  
okružena ledenim planinskim visovima  
oslušujući korake strašnog ratnika koji joj  
se približava.

Načas samo odsjaj oštrice njegova mača  
gorske visove osvijetli.

I njoj se grlo stegne, jer nema kud umaći,  
u bitku neizvjesnu mora ući.

I samo stane čvršće kako bi izdržala ono  
što mora doći.

I on je vidi već izdaleka kako ga sama  
na pustopoljini mrzloj čeka.

I nasmije se glasno uzvikujući: „Zar  
ću se boriti sa ženom? Sa srcem nježnim i  
kožom mekom?“

I prilazeći joj izvuče mač da je sasiječe.

Pogled njezin unese mu, tko zna zašto, nemir u  
dušu, jer osjeti da će se tu, na tom mjestu  
dogoditi između njih dvoje nešto od  
bitke mnogo veće.

I razbjesni se što ga čeka odlučna, al' blijeda  
i tiha i zada joj udarac od kojeg se sruši.

Ali brzo se podigne i snagom za koju u sebi  
nije znala suprotstavi mu se i napad  
odbije.



## SILENCE OF BATTLE

Lo, the woman will put on her armour of hard days  
and come out in the midst of the battlefield while  
the heavy clouds darken the scenery as if  
the sun has drawn a heavy curtain  
not wanting to be the witness of what  
was to take place.

And now she is standing in the midst of the field  
surrounded by icy mountain heights  
listening to the steps of the dreadful warrior  
approaching her.

For a moment only the shine of his sword blade  
illuminates the mountain heights.

And her throat chokes, for there is nowhere to escape,  
she has to enter the precarious battle.

And she only stood fast to withstand what  
is to come.

And he sees her from afar waiting for him  
alone on the cold heath.

And he laughs aloud shouting: "To  
fight a woman? With heart  
tender and skin soft?"

And coming near he drew the sword to cut her down.

Her look brought, who knows why, unrest to  
the soul, for he felt that here, on this place,  
something more was going to happen  
than the battle between the twain.

And he became enraged at her waiting for him firm, but pale  
and silent and he struck her a blow that made her fall.

But she rose quickly and with the strength she did not  
know she had she resisted him and repelled  
the attack.

I mač koji mu ispade iz ruke lebdio je nad njima sijekući vjetar i hladnu kišu koja mu je otežala odjeću prodirući mrazom vlažnim i teškim do kostiju.

Učini tako kao da od nje će otići, ali okrene se spreman da je prevari i ubije, ne znajući da mu se prikrala tiha i nijema.

I ona ga dočeka spremna. I dok je padao na zemlju kiša iznenada prijeđe u snijeg i sve pokri.

Samo na poljani strašnoj svijetlila su se na štitu žene slova alefbeta i Solomonov pečat na njenom blijedom čelu.

I dok su se oči ratnika sklapale uporno je pokušavao sjesti na zemlju i gledao je gasnući kako ona poput Božjeg poslanika stoji dok po bjelini snježnoj krv iz duše njezine kaplje i krajolik grimizno boji.

.....

And the sword knocked out of his hand was hovering above them cutting the wind and the cold rain which made his clothes heavy penetrating with the frost wet and heavy to the bone. He turned as if to leave her but he turned ready to trick and kill her, not knowing that she had quietly approached him, still and silent. And she met him ready. And while he was falling on the ground the rain suddenly turned to snow and covered everything. Only on the gruesome field on her shield shone the letters of aleph beta and Solomon's seal on her pale forehead. And while the warrior's eyes were closing he stubbornly tried to sit on the ground and, expiring, looked how she like God's messenger was standing while on the white snow the blood from her soul was dripping and colouring the scene with crimson.

.....

## OTKRIVENJE

Svog vodiča u zoru Si poslao da me  
iz sna probudi.

Sve Si učinio da povjerujem kako  
povratka neće biti.

I tada Si vrata svjetlosti otvorio i  
životu me vratio.

Tvoja je zagonetka, moji su ožiljci.

No na kraju ili na početku puta

Ti si, Otkrivenje.

.....

## REVELATION

You have sent your guide to  
wake me up from dream.  
You have done everything to make me believe  
there will be no return.  
And then you opened the gates of light and  
brought me back to life.  
Yours is the riddle, mine are the scars.  
But at the end or the beginning of the road  
are You, the Revelation.

.....

## NEPOMIČNA

*Nejcu Zaplotniku*

Zar zaista želiš nebo plavo  
bez ijednog oblaka?  
Putovanje bez posrtanja?  
Kada bih danima mirujućí promatrala  
more, zar ne bi poželjela  
da se u jednom času, pjenećí se  
i hućećí, obalom razlije?  
Kad bi samo po ravnom hodala  
zar ne bi iznenada odlučila na vrhove  
planina snježnih uspeti se?  
Možeš li zamisliti sebe kao vječno  
hladnu plohu leda ili jezero po kojem  
nitko ne plovi dok u zavjetrini nekoj  
sakupljaš pokidana jedra duše?  
Zar ne bi mogla u rijeku gledati, a ne ući  
u nju unatoč svim virovima?  
Ti nepomična, da li bi takva mogla spoznati  
kojem svijetu pripadaš? A ipak tihuješ  
u korablji svojeg srce zatvorena,  
premda si za ples po okomitim zidovima  
stvorena.

.....

## MOTIONLESS

*To Nejc Zaplotnik*

Do you really want blue skies  
without a single cloud?  
A travel without stumbling?  
If for days you were quietly looking  
at the sea, wouldn't you wish  
that, in one moment, foaming  
and roaring, it would overflow the shore?  
If you walked only on the level ground  
wouldn't you suddenly decide to climb  
on summits of snowy mountains?  
Can you imagine yourself as an eternally  
cold sheet of ice or a lake where  
nobody sails, while sheltered  
you are collecting the torn sails of your soul?  
Could you look at a river and not enter it  
in spite of all the whirlpools?  
You motionless, as such, could you realize  
which world you belong to? And yet you are serene  
in the ark of your heart enclosed,  
although you have been created  
to dance on vertical walls.

.....

## SAVICA

Voljela bih u tvoju smaragdno  
prozirnu vodu ući.

I preleti se kao u vodama  
mikve kristalnom čistotom.

I onda podignuti se usred vode  
kao slap isijavajući iz same sebe  
slike ljetnog popodneva na zalasku.

I zatim se kao vir zavrtjeti i kroz  
prizmu Stabla života u svjetlosnom  
bljesku osloboditi.

Na tren, na čas, jedan moment svijeta  
u prozirno smaragdno zelenom zauvijek  
sačuvati.

I onda stopalima dotaknuti kopno i  
nemarno navući raskvašene cipele,  
baš kao da se ništa nije dogodilo.

I zatim se u Kranju uvući u bijelu postelju i  
svu noć zibajući se na vrhovima Kamniških  
Alpi snivati. Samo snivati.

.....



## SAVICA

I'd like to enter your emerald  
clear green water.  
And pour it, like in the waters  
of mikvah with crystal-like cleanliness.  
And then raise in the midst of the water  
like a cascade radiating from myself  
the pictures of a summer afternoon at sunset.  
And then like a whirlpool to whirl and through  
the prism of the Tree of life in a light  
flash to set myself free.  
For an instant, a second, a moment of the world  
in the clear emerald green forever  
to preserve.  
And then touch the ground with my feet and  
carelessly pull on my soggy shoes,  
as if nothing has happened.  
And then, in Kranj, but in the white bed and  
rocking all nights on the tops of the Kamniske  
Alps, to dream. Just dream.

.....

## OGLEDALA

Kralj ogledala života izlazi  
jutros na vrh planine dok  
ona zastaje ne usuđujući se  
pored mjesta proći gdje se  
vrijeme sažima.

Zrak je rijedak i hladno je,  
dok se iz srca ogledala otkidaju  
i tonu niz planinu oblaci.

I kao što planinar u opasnosti  
odbacuje ono što težinu ima  
tako i ona bira dane koje želi  
u ponor sunovratiti.

I onda shvati, nije ona ta koja  
bira i ako odbaci težinu s kojim  
slikama duše će pred kralja izaći?  
I tako sve ponese na vrh, jer ionako  
ništa nije dobila lako.

A onog tko to ne shvati na planini  
kralj ogledala smrti sebi ugrabi.

A ona ne Dolje nego u vis stremi i  
sve sa sobom i dalje vuče.

Događaje lijepe i one teške i tako  
uz ogledala kralja života ipak prođe.  
Samo su se oblaci spuštali dolje u  
tišini i u kozmičku odjeću nevjeste je  
odjenuli, šaljući joj pramenove bijele  
kojima će se uspeti i napokon sakupiti  
kamenčiće tajni koje joj nedostaju.

.....

## MIRRORS

The king of the mirrors of life comes out  
this morning, to the top of the mountain, while  
she lingers, not daring  
to pass the place where  
the time contracts.

The air is thin and it is cold,  
while from the heart of the mirror  
clouds break off and sink down the slope.  
And just like a mountaineer in danger  
throws off the things which are heavy  
she also chooses the days which she wants  
to hurl into the abyss.

And then she realizes, she is not the one  
who chooses and if she throws the burden  
which pictures of the soul will she present to the king?  
So she took everything to the summit, for  
she has never got anything easily.

And him who does not understand, on the mountain  
the king of mirrors of death grabs for himself.

And she, not Down, but upwards she aspires  
dragging on everything with her.

Events nice and hard, and so  
she passes the mirrors of the king of life.

Only the clouds sank down  
in silence and dressed her in the cosmic gown  
of bride, sending her white wisps  
she will climb on and finally will gather  
the pebbles of the secrets missing.

.....

## PONOĆ

Sunce u ponoć na mirisu  
bijelog božura putuje  
dok čvrsto zatvorena  
školjka smišlja izgnanstvo  
bisera koji sniva cvat  
lavande na smeđim poljima.  
Sunce u ponoć sakuplja  
glasove i lucidne snove  
rasute niske od ružina drveta,  
od sjevera do juga, od istoka  
do zapada.  
Od onog što je Gore i ovog Dolje.  
Čudesno snovito tkanje tek počinje.  
Ne otvaraj oči. Sunce u ponoć  
snažno blješti.

.....

## MIDNIGHT

At midnight the sun travels  
on the smell of white peony  
while the firmly closed  
shell is planning the exile  
of the pearl which dreams of the bloom  
of lavender on brown fields.

At midnight the sun collects  
voices and lucid dreams  
of scattered strings of rosewood,  
from north to south, from east  
to west.

From that which is Up and this which is Down.  
The wondrous dreamlike web is only starting.  
Don't open your eyes. At midnight  
the sun blazes strongly.

.....

## BIJELA TIŠINA

Bijela padajuća tišina.  
Ja još ne znam da već  
idem prema tebi.  
U točki bez obrisa i sjena  
moramo se sresti.

.....

## WHITE SILENCE

White falling silence.  
I don't know yet  
that I am going towards you.  
In the point without contours or shades  
we have to meet.

.....

## MOLBA

Pusti me ući kroz vrata  
obična i svakodnevna.  
Adonaj, čuješ li što mi  
sve nedostaje?!  
Ali, tišina je jača od svih  
riječi dok me u  
svoju svijest polaže.

.....



## REQUEST

Let me enter through the door  
plain and ordinary.  
Adonai, can you hear what  
I am lacking?!  
But, silence is stronger than all  
words while he is  
laying me into his conscience.

.....

## TIHOVANJE

Uzeo sam ti dar i  
sada te gledam kako  
za njim tuguješ.  
Ali on više nije jednak  
onom kojem si se radovala.  
Ovakvog kakav je sada ti ga ne bi  
prihvatila.  
Promijenio sam mu oblik  
i nutrinu.  
Tebi sam nešto drugo namijenio  
učeći te nevezivanju, ne da bi  
preživjela nego živjela u jezgri  
mojeg tihovanja.  
Ja sam te probudio.

.....

## BEING SERENE

I took the present from you and  
now am watching you  
grieving for it.

But it is not the same  
as the one you liked.

Such as it is now you would not  
accept.

I've changed its shape  
and contents.

I have intended something else for you  
teaching you non-attachment, not  
to survive but to live in the essence  
of my being serene.

I've aroused you.

.....

## TOPLINA

Izgubljena u mislima  
prolazim odajama  
svoje nutrine.

Gledajući, ne vidim.

Onda me ti zagriš  
i omotaš mirisnom  
toplinom.

I u svojoj jezgri nježno  
me od svih nevolja  
ovoga svijeta, barem  
na tren, sakriješ.

.....

## WARMTH

Lost in thoughts  
I pass the chambers  
of my inner self.  
Looking, I do not see.  
And then you hug me  
and wrap me in fragrant  
warmth.  
And in your core, tenderly  
from all afflictions  
of this world, at least  
for a moment, you hide me.

.....

## PEČAĆENJE

Onaj koji je bio prevaren  
na kresti kozmičkog vala  
na čas srce izgubi.

Zatim ga očisti i pročisti i  
iz maternice svijesti ponovno  
se u svjetlosti rađa.

Ali onaj koji je varao s težinom  
svojih djela dugo putuje i neprekidno  
olujnim morem plovi.

Na vedrinu neba, stalno s tamom boreći  
se, zaboravi.

.....

## SEALING

He who has been deceived  
on the crest of the cosmic wave  
loses his heart for a moment.

Then he cleans and cleanses it and  
from the womb of conscience again  
is born in light.

But he who has deceived, with the weight  
of his acts long travels and constantly  
sails the stormy seas,  
forgetting the clear skies, constantly fighting  
with darkness.

.....

## DIJETE ANĐEO

Žena korača suznih očiju.  
Muškarac je gleda  
podsmješljivo.  
Iza njih ranjeni anđeo u  
nevinosti svoje šutnje vuče  
noge po snijegu.

.....



## ANGEL CHILD

The woman paces with eyes in tears.  
The man looks at her  
ironically.  
Behind them a wounded angel  
in the innocence of his silence drags  
his feet on the snow.

.....

## SVIJET

Ne mogu izaći.  
U tišini, u miru,  
u čistoći vidam  
dušu.

.....

## THE WORLD

I can't go out.  
In the silence, in peace,  
in purity I nurse  
my soul.

.....

## OBLACI

U oblaku sjedim držeći se  
za sunčeve zrake.

S jeseni kad svjetlost ode  
hladne sjene dugo me prate.

.....

## CLOUDS

I sit in the cloud clutching  
at rays of the sun.  
In autumn when the light goes  
cold shadows long escort me.

.....

## ČUVARICA

Jutro se odijeva u rano jesensko sunce  
u kojem se žuto prelijeva u crvenkasto  
prozirno staklo oblikujući iz njega dan.  
Ljudi bi danas trebali biti sretni na tom  
svjetlu, sve bi im moralo biti „haj“.

A ipak, nije tako i Ti to dobro znaš dok  
gledaš kako jedni kopaju po smeću, a drugi ...  
neću o njima, imam ja svoje dvorište u kojem  
igraš sa mnom svoje igre i već znaš kada ću se  
nasmijati, a kada početi plakati.

Tvoje je Oko u meni otvoreno živeći u nukleusu  
nepomičnog mira.

A eksplozija? Ona se događa negdje drugdje i  
već znam, ja sam Tvoja čuvarica kula od karata,  
od sada pa do kraja vremena.

Tebi je svejedno, kao prosjakinja ili kraljica.  
Ostaje tek da vidimo tko će od nas dvoje prvi  
reći: „Amen“.

.....

## GUARDIAN WOMAN

Morning is dressed in early autumn sunshine  
in which the yellows change into reddish  
transparent glass forming the day from it.  
People should be happy in this  
light, everything should be 'super'.  
And yet, it is not so and you know it well while  
looking at some people digging into dustbins, and others...  
I won't talk of them, I have my backyard where  
You play your games with me, and already know  
when I will laugh and when will start to cry.  
Your Eye is open in me living in the nucleus  
of immovable peace.  
And explosion? It is somewhere else and  
I know already, I am your guardian house of cards,  
from now to the end of time.  
Your don't mind, a beggar or a queen.  
It just remains to see which of us two will be the first  
to say: "Amen".

.....

## ZAMIRANJE

Svjetlost si stvorio iz svog eteričnog daha.  
Oblake iz izdaha i kišu, snijeg i otoke.  
Ali, čuvari zemlje predugo prema Tebi putuju  
i plamen duha Adama kadmona nedostižan  
ostaje dok se samo život i smrt  
smjenjuju.

.....



## DYING AWAY

You made the world from your ethereal breath.  
The clouds from breathing out and rain, and snow and islands.  
But, guardians of the earth have been travelling to you too long  
and the flame of Adam kadmon unreachable  
remains while only life and death  
take turns.

.....

## MOJA ANA

Tako krhka svijetom hodiš,  
dahom ptice dozivajući  
flaminga koji prelijep  
boji ružičastu izmaglicu  
afričke vode.

Tako krhka svijetom hodiš kao  
tanjušni kristalić na paperju  
rajskog krila.

I kao blistavi krug opne od sapunice  
koji treperi na slamki u ustima djeteta  
prije nego se otkine i u visinu poleti  
noseći sobom nisku kaleidoskopske  
svjetlosti.

Tako krhka svijetom hodiš i ne predaješ se.  
Jer sve što misliš, sve što kažeš,  
sve što dušom šapneš, ljubav je.  
Moja Ana tako krhka svijetom svjetla hodiš.

.....

## MY ANA

So frail you walk the world,  
with your breath calling the birds  
the flamingo which so alluring  
colours to rosy the mist  
of African water.

So frail you walk the world  
like a tiny crystal on a gossamer  
heavenly wing.

And like a shining soap bubble  
quivers on a straw in a child's mouth  
before it breaks away and flies to the high  
carrying with it a string of kaleidoscopic  
light.

So frail you walk the world and never give up.  
For what you think, what you say,  
what you whisper with your soul, is love.  
My Ana so frail you walk the world of light.

....

## POKAŽI MI

Pokaži mi onu koja  
sam mogla biti, a koja  
ovdje nisam.

A ipak postojim u palači  
Edena gdje se smijem zajedno  
sa Serah bat Ašer, Deborom I Bitijom.  
Htjela bih sresti samu sebe, onu savršenu  
savršeno sretnu.

I zato gledajući se u ogledalo iz  
očiju ogledala vidim se.  
Na čas mijenjamo mjesto.

.....

## SHOW ME

Show me the one  
I could have been, and who  
is not here.  
And yet I do exist in the palace of  
Eden, smiling together  
with Serah bat Asher, Deborah and Bithiah.  
I would like to meet myself, the perfect one  
and perfectly happy.  
And so looking at myself in the mirror  
from the mirror's eyes I can see myself.  
For a moment we exchange places.

.....

## ZORA

Tišinu bezobličnu naslikat  
ne mogu.  
A ipak ona je meni najbolja  
za stanovanje.  
U tišini sam svjedok svjedoku.  
Ništa nije tako pitko kao pehar  
ispunjen njome.  
Tu je i kada zelena vrata vrta  
otvaram noseći biljkama vodu.  
Ranim jutrom zvukova još nema.  
Ni riječi, ni cvrkuta ptica. Samo srp  
mjeseca polako blijedi.

.....

## DAWN

The shapeless silence  
I cannot paint.  
And yet it's best to me  
for living.  
In the silence I am the witness to the witness.  
Nothing is so sweet like a ewer  
filled with it.  
It's here even when I open the green garden wicket  
taking water to plants.  
Early in the morning there are no sounds yet.  
Nor words, nor birds chirping. Just the crescent  
of the moon is slowly fading.

.....

## SUPETRU

Moja je duša rođena iz beskrajnog  
prostranstva neba i golemih ploha  
zeleno modrog mora.

I tek na obali na koju valovi nadiru,  
igrajući se i pjevajući sa šljunkom koji se  
giba i putuje od kopna do vode, od mora do  
obale, ona živi i diše zagledana u sunce koje  
rastapa svod u boji tekuće karamele i valja  
ga oblacima, hladeći ga u prvom sutonu još  
užarenog nebeskog ogledala, na vrhovima otoka.  
Borove šume, polako tamneći, u daljini nestaju.  
I tek tada, duša je spremna s tog mjesta otići,  
okupana zrakom od morske slani, u zalasku  
sunca, nadajući se njegovom izlasku.

.....



## TO SUPETAR

My soul was born from the infinite  
extents of the sky and vast expanses  
of the green-blue sea.

And only on the shore where waves advance,  
playing and singing with the pebbles which  
move and travel from the land to the water, from the sea to  
the coast, it lives and breathes staring at the sun which  
smelts the firmament in the colour of liquid toffee and rolls it  
with clouds, cooling it in the first dusk of still  
glowing sky mirror, on tops of the island.

Fir groves, slowly darkening, disappear in the distance.

And only then is the soul ready to leave the place,  
bathed in the air of sea salt, at sunset,  
hoping for the sunrise.

.....

## NJEŽAN GLAS

Žena sjedi na obali usnulog mora.  
A miris joda i soli plavi zrak  
i ovija tijelo.  
I ona rukom zahvati iz  
vode minerale i sedef školjke  
i uplete ih u kosu da sjaje.  
A onda potone u dubinu sebe  
i pomisli: „Pakao – sjećanje,  
nebo – zaborav.  
Tih, nježan glas stiže  
do nje i iz mora ga razazna:  
„Ni najljepše kule od pijeska  
ne prežive“.  
A voda boje opala, nježno joj pjenom  
dodirne prste.  
Usnulo, nemirno veliko more.  
I ona mu vrati jod, sol, sedef iz kose  
i minerale.  
Odlazeći s obale puste, ne osvrne se.  
Samo se val iznenada obalom prelije i ono što  
mu je dala na dno odnese i vrati se  
da vidi kako se iz oblaka kao iz raspucale  
kore nara, crveno sunce rađa.

.....

## GENTLE VOICE

The woman is sitting on the shore of the sleeping sea.  
And the fragrance of the iodine and salt is overflowing the air  
and coils round the body.  
And with her hand she took  
minerals from the water, and pearly shells  
and plaited them in her hair to shine.  
And then she pondered to her depth  
and thought: “The hell – a memory,  
the heaven – oblivion”.  
Soft, gentle voice came  
to her and from the sea she knew it:  
“Even the nicest sand castles  
do not survive”.  
And with its foam the opal coloured water  
gently touched her fingers.  
The sleeping, calm big sea.  
And she gave it back the iodine, and salt and pearls from the hair  
and minerals.  
Leaving the empty shore she never looked back.  
Only the wave suddenly washed the shore and  
what she gave it took down to the bottom and came back  
to see the red sun rising from the clouds  
like from a broken pomegranate.

.....

## KAD SVE UTIHNE

Umiri srca naša, zaustavi vode,  
vjetar i oluje, neonsko svjetlo  
reklama, drhtaj aure sveca i  
lagano pero što nestvarno sred  
grada pada i keruba koji s porukom  
hita i kapi kiše i biljke što rastu.  
Zaustavi valove morske i buru misli.  
I kad sve zastane, kad se sve stiša i utihne,  
umjesto sunca i mjeseca podari nam  
prosvjetljenje.

.....

## WHEN EVERYTHING BECOMES QUIET

Appease our hearts, and stop the waters,  
wind and storms, the neon light  
of ads, quiver of saint's aura and  
light feather chimerically falling  
in the midst of the city and the cherub speeding  
with the message and raindrops and growing plants.  
Stop the sea waves and the storm of thoughts.  
And when everything stops, and everything's still and quiet,  
instead of sunshine and moonshine grant us  
enlightenment.

.....

## ŽENA SUFI

*„Sufijska knjiga nije od tinte i slova,  
ništa drugo nije, već srce bijelo kao snijeg“.*

*RUMI*

Što vrijeme više prolazi tijelo je  
sve bliže zemlji, a duša nebu.  
S godinama sunce se umori i isprlja,  
a i snijeg već odavno nije što je bio.  
Samo Ti ničim dotaknut, ni od koga  
načinjen i neokrznut svijetom putuješ.  
I pogledavši kroz svoje nebesko  
okno vidiš ženu i kažeš bićima  
vidljivim i nevidljivim oko sebe:  
„Od nje, bijelo srce hoću“.  
A ona ga moli i zaklinje i sve u  
njoj viče: „Pusti me, zaboravi me,  
što te briga kakvo srce imam, kada za to  
bude vrijeme ionako ćeš sve znati što mu je  
na površini bilo, a što u dubinu najdubljeg  
palo.  
I otima se za srce onakvo kakvo ima ni crno  
ni bijelo, ne želeći biti prosijana kroz  
Njegovo sito.  
Ni kao srebro Izaije taljena sa snovima koji  
se na ugljevlju žare, venu i nestaju.  
A onda zašuti i šuteći čisti svoje srce.  
Prelazeći daljine, tonući u neizmjerne dubine,  
odlazi i vraća Mu se.  
I kad naposljetku njezino srce postane poput snijega  
pomislit će: „Sada je valjda putovanju kraj“, a On će je  
gurnuti u novo postojanje i ljudi će reći: „Gle žena sufi  
sa srcem bijelim kao snijeg“.

.....

## SUFI WOMAN

*“A sufi book does not consist of ink and letters,  
it is nothing but a heart as white as snow”.*

*RUMI*

The more time passes the body is  
closer to the earth and the soul to heaven.  
With years the heart gets tired and dirty  
and even the snow is not what it used to be.  
Only you touched by nothing, made by no-one  
undamaged you travel the world.  
And looking through your heavenly casement  
you see a woman say to the creatures  
visible and invisible around you:  
“From her, I want the white heart”.  
And she asks and she implores him and everything  
in her cries: “Let me go, forget me,  
it doesn’t concern you what kind of heart I have, when time comes  
you will know everything - what was on its surface,  
and what has sunk to the  
deepest bottom.  
And she fights for the heart she has, neither black  
nor white, not wanting to be sieved through  
His sieve.  
Not even like silver of Isaiah smelted with dreams which  
on cinders glow, wither and disappear.  
And then she is silent and silently cleanses her heart.  
Passing expanses, sinking to unfathomable depths  
she goes away and comes back to Him.  
And finally when her heart becomes like the snow  
she will think: “This will be the end of the journey” and He will  
push her to a new existence and people will say. “Look,  
the sufi woman with heart as white as snow”.

.....

## BESKRAJ

Velika ljubav. Priprema za samoću.  
Za Ništa iz čijeg si sjemena posijana.  
Hoćeš li se ponovno na zemlji pojaviti,  
sanjajući je u nastajanju, nestajanju i  
ponovnom dolaženju, ili ćeš ostati tamo  
negdje u dalekoj sferi čekajući da nađeš  
ono što se za života činilo izgubljenim?  
Velika ljubav, kako na Nebu tako i na Zemlji,  
slušaš valove koji dolaze iz tajanstvenog  
svemira.

A On te gleda kako stojiš na rubu Njegovih univerzuma  
dok zrak i voda poprimaju  
prozračnost etera.

I čeka na tebe, strahujući zbog one jedne, jedine  
sekunde, u kojoj se kolebaš držeći se za odjeću  
svijeta.

A onda sve postaje cjelina, svijest u Svijesti.  
Ljubav bez samoće. Beskraj Ein sofa, Beskrajnog.  
I ti u kaleidoskopu kozmosa postaješ odraz svjetla  
iz Svjetla. I nema više sreće i nesreće. Samo  
postojanje u beskonačnom stvaranju, prožimanju  
i obuhvaćanju, u onom što još nema oblik i u  
onom što već svjetluca dotaknuto česticama  
Živuće duše, dah iz Daha.

.....



## INFINITY

Great love. Preparation for solitude.

For the Nothing from whose seed you were sown.

Will you again appear on the earth  
dreaming it in its making, unmaking and  
coming again, or will you stay there  
somewhere in the distant sphere waiting to find  
what seemed lost during life?

Great love, both in Heaven and on Earth  
you are listening to waves coming from the mysterious  
universe.

And He is watching you stand on the brink of His universes  
while the air and the water acquire  
the airiness of ether.

And waiting for you, fearing the one, the only  
second where you waiver holding on to the clothes  
of the world.

And then everything becomes whole, conscience in Conscience.

Love without solitude. Infinity of En sof, the Infinite.

And you, in the kaleidoscope of the cosmos, become reflection of light  
from Light. And there is no more happiness and unhappiness. Just  
existence in the infinite creation, imbuing  
and enclosing, in what has no form yet and in  
what is already sparkling touched by particles  
of Living Soul, breath from the Breath.

.....

## NEUGOĐENA

Topla, razlivena, priljubljena,  
ugođena, divlja, poražena, uslišana,  
neponovljena od ovog i onog svijeta  
iznuđena, u kismet i karmu urezana,  
prigušena, užarena, nesavršena, ne  
izgovorena, nedovršena, oživljena,  
zatomljena, prešućena, razbuktala,  
neshvatljiva, izglobljena, neprilagođena,  
neugođena, nepokorena, moja ljubav iz  
ljubavi Neviđenog rođena.

.....

## UNTUNED

Warm, spilled, snuggled  
tuned, wild, defeated, answered,  
unrepeated from this and that world  
extorted, cut into the kismet and the karma,  
subdued, flushed, imperfect, not  
pronounced, unfinished, revived,  
restrained, suppressed, flared up,  
incomprehensible, out of joint, unadapted,  
untuned, undefeated, my love from  
the love of the Unseen born.

.....

## IZMEĐU TEBE I MENE

Kada bih istekla,  
kada bih nestala,  
kada bi se u ništa  
pretvorila, kada bi  
me ljubav napustila,  
ja bih se ponovno za  
Tebe rodila.

.....

## BETWEEN YOU AND ME

If I flowed away,  
if I disappeared,  
if I turned  
to nothing, if  
love deserted me,  
I would be again  
be born for You.

.....

## ONA

U zagrljaju je usnula ponirući  
u dubok zdenac mira.  
I zatim se probudila  
polako ustajući  
s blistavim kapima  
nektarske cjelovitosti.

.....

SHE

In embrace she fell asleep sinking  
into a deep well of peace.

And then she woke up  
slowly rising  
with glittering drops  
of nectarous completeness.

.....

## NJIH TROJE

Sunce je već dobrano peklo.  
Dakle, moglo je biti podne,  
sa psima lijenim i ispruženim  
u hladu.

Dućan je bio pun mirisa cimeta,  
kardamoma i šafrana donesenih sa  
skrivenih komadića zemlje među vodenim  
rukavcima Malabara.

A onda još iz daljine ugledala je njih troje,  
mladu ženu, muža i dijete.

I iskrala se nečujno  
iz tijela same sebe i tako je  
na ulicu istrčala i ušla kroz vrata nevidljiva  
u njih troje.

I počela je putovati unatrag kao da je  
svemir čvrstim koncem zakočila.

A onda jednog dana kako to već biva,  
stvari je strpala u kovčeg i nevoljko svom  
dragom mahnula rukom rekavši:

„Doviđenja“, ali bilo je, zbogom.

I dok padaju u nekom od njezinih  
svjetova hladne kiše ona idući ulicom iznenada  
zastane pitajući se tamo negdje  
među mirisima cimeta, klinčića,  
šafrana i kardamona tko to  
u haljini njezine karme prolazi.

.....



## THE THREE OF THEM

The sun was burning fairly.  
So it could have been noon  
with lazy dogs stretched  
in the shade.

The shop was full of fragrance of cinnamon,  
cardamom and saffron brought from  
hidden patches of land among the watery  
river arms of Malabar.

And then, still from afar she saw the three of them,  
Young woman, man and child.

And she sneaked noiselessly  
out of her own body and so  
she ran out to the street and entered the door invisible  
into the three of them.

And she started travelling backwards as if  
she had braked the universe with a strong thread.

And then one day, as it usually happens,  
she packed her things in a suitcase and unwillingly  
waved her hand to her darling, saying:

“See you”, but it was: “Goodbye”.

And while in one of her worlds cold rains are falling  
She, walking along the street. suddenly  
stops, wondering somewhere there  
between the fragrances of cinnamon, cloves,  
saffron and cardamom who  
is passing in the dress of her karma.

.....

## SVAKOGA JUTRA

Svakoga jutra ti i ja se budimo  
ustajemo i pričamo.

Pijemo kavu i činimo stvari  
svakodnevnne.

Svake večeri ti i ja zajedno  
liježemo i ljubav pod istim  
zvijezdama dijelimo.

Ti i ja svakoga jutra i svakoga  
dana i svake noći tako bliski,  
premda već odavno svatko na drugom  
kraju svijeta živi.

A opet, ništa se ne dešava, a da ti prvi ne  
saznaš.

I kad se tvoja duša, tko zna zbog čega,  
tugom prelije i čemerom opije,  
pitam se ja nijema nijemo, što se dešava i  
ljubavlju svojom svejednako tješim te.

.....

## EVERY MORNING

Every morning you and me awake  
we get up and talk.

We drink coffee and do things  
ordinary.

Every evening you and me together  
go to bed and share love under  
the same stars.

You and me every morning and every  
day and every evening so close,  
although we have long been living  
in different parts of the world.

And yet, nothing happens without you learning  
first.

And when your soul, who knows what for,  
overflows with sorrow and gets drunk with distress,  
I, wordless, wonder wordlessly, what is taking place and  
still console you with my love.

.....

## SAMO SADA

Sve je bilo udvostručeno,  
utrostručeno, snažno i  
opojno.

Sve je bilo samo sada i  
nikada više.

I dodir i smijeh i radost  
i tuga.

.....

## ONLY NOW

Everything was doubled,  
tripled, strongly and  
intoxicating.

Everything was only now and  
never again.

Both a touch, and smile, and joy  
and sorrow.

.....

## MORE BESKONAČNOSTI

Mogla bih sad napisati o tebi  
*bogznašto.*

A ipak se sve svodi na *dalimevolioilimenijevolio?*

I tako slijepljene misli me glačaju i ravnaju  
dok pokušavam iscijediti istinu.

Noću i danju pritišću dušu i zakivaju je  
astralno metalno, zlatno i srebrno.

Samo duh Vječan se smije gledajući  
kako plovim s time na vrhu vala  
u moru beskonačnosti.

.....

## THE SEA OF INFINITY

I could now write about you

*Godknowswhat.*

And yet it all boils down to *didheordidhenot* love me?

And thoughts glued like this are smoothing and  
straightening me

while I am trying to squeeze out the truth.

Night and day they press the soul and nail it  
astrally metal, golden and silvery.

Only the spirit Eternal is laughing, watching me  
sail with this on the wave crest  
in the sea of infinity.

.....

## DUŠA

Duša se gasi ispod  
tisuću slojeva pepela,  
i samo je ti možeš  
oživjeti, na svjetlo izvući  
i ljubav ljubavi u  
sebe utkati.

.....



## THE SOUL

The soul is dying down under  
a thousand layers of ash.  
And only you can  
bring it to life, take it out to light  
and love of love  
weave into yourself.

.....

## ZATRAVLJENA

Rijeke su presušile.  
Mora su nestala.  
Oceani isparili.  
Samo te duša moja  
vječno žeda.  
Ja zatravljena  
i na javi snivam te.

.....

## ENCHANTED

The rivers have dried up.  
The seas have disappeared.  
The oceans have evaporated.  
Only my soul  
constantly thirsts for you.  
I, enchanted,  
dream of you even when awake.

.....

## ODMORIŠTE

Ti koji sve možeš  
stvorio Si ljubav iluziju.  
Igračku za mene, da iskusim,  
okusim.  
Iznenada ljubav, odmorište.  
I sada znam na planinu nije dovoljno  
uspeti se.  
Trebalo znati izdržati strah i sumnju,  
led i kišu, ranjivost i samoću.  
Ne pokliznuti se, otkucaje srca  
smiriti.  
I onda u nekoj kraljevskoj dolini  
vidjeti kako plovi vršak krhkog  
krila probodenog leptira  
iz muzejske sobe u koju više  
nitko ne ulazi.  
Je li se zato trebalo uspeti?  
Nepal i Katmandu prijeći  
i u zaboravu ponovno se roditi?

.....

## RESTING PLACE

You who can do everything  
have made Yourself love illusion.  
A toy for me to face  
to taste.  
Suddenly love, resting place.  
And now I know it is not enough to climb  
the mountain.  
One must know how to withstand the fear and doubt,  
ice and snow, vulnerability and loneliness..  
Not to slip, to appease  
the heartbeats.  
And then in a royal valley  
see floating the tip of a frail  
wing of a pierced butterfly  
from the museum room where  
no one enters any more.  
Is this why one had to climb?  
To pass Nepal and Katmandu  
and be reborn in oblivion?

.....

## SAŽIMANJE

Ponekad pomisliš: „Bilo bi dobro da sve zaboraviš“ i pitaš se kakav je to osjećaj probuditi se bez sjećanja, bez svijesti o danima koji su prošli. Čini ti se silno izazovno, ti kao ploča položena u pijesak i na njoj ničeg.

Samo zvuk pustinjskog vjetra ispisuje zatim tvoju prošlost, sadašnjost i budućnost. I pokušavaš vidjeti sebe, onu koja se još iz pijeska nije podigla i kroz vremensku pukotinu u svijet procurila. A onda ipak, biva ti žao zaboraviti dane i godine prelijepa, riječi i dodire ljubavne, ljeta i snjegove pune svjetlosti, u nježnost umotane. I molitvu ne želiš zaboraviti, onu koja te čistila, snažila, štitila i izdvajala dok si uranjala umirena i utješena u prizmu čudesnog kozmosa. I taj blagoslov nad svim blagoslovima još kaplje kao gust, slatki nektar kroz prostor koji ti je On ostavio, onda kad se sažeo i u najdublju dubinu samoga sebe povukao i ostavio ti mjesta da se tražiš, tragajući za Njim. Tako ipak znaš da ništa, baš ništa nećeš zaboraviti. I u tebi još samo čežnja raste za beskrajem pustinje i Njegovim zvijezdama nebrojenim i morem tišine u koju ćeš se izliti i s njome stopiti i nestati, postati Ništa i u tome biti sve.

.....

## CONDENSING

Sometimes you think: “It would be good to forget everything” and wonder what sort of feeling it is to wake without memory without being aware of the days which have passed. It seems terribly challenging, you like a board laid on sand with nothing on it.

Only the sound of desert wind then writes your past, your present and your future.

And you try to see yourself, the one who has not yet risen from the sand and through a crack of time leaked into the world.

And then, still you are sorry to forget the days and years ravishing, words and touches of love, summers and snows full of light, wrapped in tenderness.

And you don't want to forget the prayer, the one that cleansed you, strengthened you, protected and singled you out while you were pondering

appeased and consoled in the prism of wonderful cosmos.

And this blessing above all blessings is still dripping like thick sweet nectar through the space which He

left for you when He condensed and pulled Himself to the deepest depth and left you places to look for yourself, searching for Him.

So you know that you will forget nothing, absolutely nothing.

And in you only yearning grows for the immenseness of the desert and His stars countless and the sea of silence where you will pour yourself and merge with it and vanish, become Nothing and be everything in it.

.....

## MAKOVI

Otići, zastati.  
Još jednom razmisliti.  
U šumskom lišću glazbu  
suhih, rujnih struna slušati.  
I ponovno se istim putem  
vratiti.  
Još jednom proći kraj čuvara  
opasnih prolaza.  
I ne znati hoćeš li ovoga  
puta pobijediti.  
Ili ipak pobjeđuje samo onaj  
koji je na poraz spreman.

Snijeg počinje letjeti. Lišće  
drveća pretapa se u bjelinu.  
Paperjasti zastor pleše poput  
krila nijemih anđela koji nose  
poruku znajući da je ne mogu  
promijeniti.  
Na kristalima usnula tla crven  
trag ljubavi sniva proljeće  
kad će se u uzdrhtalo, zanjihano  
more makova pretvoriti.

.....



## POPPIES

To go, to linger.  
To think once more.  
In forest leaves to listen  
to music of dry, dark red strings.  
And return again  
on the same way.  
Again pass the watchman  
of dangerous passes.  
Not knowing whether this  
time you will win.  
Or is the winner only  
the one prepared to lose?

The snow begins to fly. The leaves  
of trees transform to whiteness.  
The gossamer curtain dances like  
the wings of silent angels carrying  
a message knowing they cannot  
change it.  
On crystals of sleepy ground the red  
trail of love dreams of springtime  
when it will turn to the trembling, swinging  
sea of poppies.

.....

## VRATA SJEĆANJA

Sjene lišća igraju se na vjetru.  
A uz stablo priljubili se šušćkavi  
zamotuljci papra dok cijeli vrt  
diše žarkim bojama u lonćanicama  
poredanim na zidiću.  
A iza željezne kapije je kuća i na njoj  
drvena vrata.  
Kada bih ih barem mogla odšćkrinuti i  
pogledati unutra.  
Je li još sve onako kako pamtim?  
Kuhinja, soba, slika na zidu i zelene  
guave u košarici na stolu.  
Šćto je ostalo isto, a šćto se promijenilo?  
Ostavlja li sluga jutrom pred vratima novine?  
Za koga? Nas odavno nema.  
Samo bezglasne sjene lišća igraju se  
na vjetru.

.....

## THE DOOR OF MEMORY

Leaf shadows are playing in the wind.  
And, by the tree cling rustling  
bundles of pepper while the whole garden  
breathes in rich colours in flower pots  
arranged on the wall.  
And behind the iron gate is the house  
and wooden door on it.  
If only I could open it and  
peep inside.  
Is everything the way I remember?  
The kitchen, the room, the picture on the wall and the green  
guavas in basket on the table?  
What has remained the same and what has changed?  
Does the servant leave the papers outside the door in the  
morning?  
Who for? We are long gone.  
Only soundless leaf shadows are playing in the wind.

.....

## SUMRAK LJUBIČASTE BOJE

Svijetla mog svijeta u lučicama svijetle.

Rani mrak svoje korijene u  
mirisnoj posudici ima.

Možda sam mogla s ovog mjesta nekud  
otići, ali nisam, jer je hram tu za mene podignut.

I u njemu ja sam ona koja jesam.

Samo misao poneka odluta do sumraka ljubičaste  
boje koji sniva na listovima sjenovitih drvoreda.

I tada se na trenutak zbunim, jer jednu drugu  
kuću svojom zovem.

No ime moje tamo već odavno nitko izgovorio  
nije.

Jer nije čas, jer nije vrijeme za to. Zapis kronike  
života još se piše. A kotač mijene polako se kreće.

.....

## PURPLE DUSK

The lights of my world are shining in tealights.  
The early darkness has its roots in  
the fragrant cup.  
Maybe I could have gone somewhere from this place, but  
I did not, for a temple has been built for me here.  
And in it I am what I am.  
Only a random thought wanders to the dusk  
of purple colour dreaming on the leaves of shady avenues.  
And then I am confused for a moment for it's another  
house I call mine.  
But my name has not been uttered  
for a long time.  
For this is not the moment, this is not time for that. The chronicle  
of life is still being written. And the wheel of change is slowly  
turning.

.....

## DAN PRVI

Što bih s jednim danom rasvijetlila u svjetlosti ?  
Mogla bih satima s tobom sjediti i rukama te  
dodirnuti.

Ne znam što bih mogla s tim jednim danom dobiti ?  
No srce ga želi da sve tajne iz očiju u oči tvoje  
izlije.

Pa onda, neka bude večer, Dan prvi !

.....

## DAY ONE

What would I illuminate in the light with one day?  
I could sit with you for hours and touch you  
with my hands  
I don't know what I could get with this one day.  
But the heart wants it to pour all secrets from the eyes  
into your eyes.  
So let it be evening, Day One!

.....

## KADA ME NEMA

Sjedim u svojoj sobi sred grada  
u neobičnom vrtu oslonjena poput  
Haje na nježnu edensku stapku ljiljana ne  
sluteći čas izgnanstva.

Kada me nema, a ima me, dišem polako  
kroz krug alefa, tu čudesnu dijademu  
Nastanka udahnutu čovjeku iz  
svjetlosne krune Najvišeg u kojoj se  
slike u prizorima svih svjetova neprekidno  
kreću okreću i pokreću.

Samo Haja još ne zna da ništa od stvorenog,  
oblikovanog ne nestaje.

Kad me nema, ima me  
u plavetnilu akrilika koji teče kozmosom  
kao rijeka zovući me da se oslobodim.

Kada me nema, a ima me, moja duša u Duši  
svih duša miruje.

.....



## WHEN I AM NOT

I am sitting in my room in the midst of town  
in a strange garden leaning, like  
Haya, on a tender lily stem not  
suspecting the moment of expulsion.

When I am not, and I am, I breathe slowly  
through the circle of aleph, the wonderful diadem  
of creation breathed into the man from  
the light crown of the Most Supreme where  
pictures in scenes of all worlds constantly  
move, turn and shift.

Only Haya still does not know that nothing created  
formed does not vanish.

When I am not, I am  
in the blue of the acrylic flowing in the cosmos  
like a river calling me to free myself.

When I am not, and I am, my soul in the Soul  
of all souls is still.

.....

## VRIJEME OD NEVREMENA

Gdje da se čovjek skloni  
u vremenu od nevremena?  
Kamo da ode i zaklon potraži  
dok lava ognjena  
sobom sve odnosi.  
A tamna hladnoća  
u srcu se zgušnjava.

.....

## SEASON OF UNSEASON

Where should one hide  
in the season of unseason?  
Where to go and take shelter  
while the fiery lava  
is sweeping away all.  
And the dark cold  
condenses in the heart.

.....

## METAFIZIKA BESPOMOĆNOSTI

Dan se umrtvio u sparini tmastih oblaka.  
Noge bi me nekud trebale odnijeti.  
No duša je poput bezoblične  
mase koja čeka da joj puhač stakla  
život udahne.

.....

## METAPHYSICS OF HELPLESSNESS

The day has become numb in the sultriness of dark clouds.  
My feet should take me somewhere.  
But my soul is like an amorphous mass  
waiting for the glassblower  
to breathe life into it.

.....

## LICE SVEMIRA

Ono ima svoje usjeke i bore,  
zapise neobičnih pejzaža  
prekrivenih crvenom prašinom  
i sjenovitim tamno ljubičastim  
poljima još neotkrivenih minerala.  
U oku skrivenim predjelima miruju gospodari.  
Indrinih i faraonskih vozila dočekujući  
nove izume.

No bosonoga i gladna djeca pustinjskim  
predjelima Zemlje sve češće izgubljena lutaju.  
Samo je tišina Svemira beskrajna i nepodnošljiva  
za nosače prijetnji koji pokleknu iznenada pred Kućom  
Sunca i Mjeseca odakle kao na  
dlanu vide zemaljske hodočasnike čije duše čiste  
lebde između neba i zemlje putujući  
prema Kući i prelazeći šutljivo i strpljivo s jednog  
plana na drugi.

.....

## FACE OF UNIVERSE

It has its cuttings and creases,  
jottings of strange sceneries  
covered with red dust  
and rocky dark purple  
fields of still undiscovered minerals.

In regions hidden to eye rest the masters  
Of Indra's and pharaoh's vehicles welcoming  
new inventions.

But barefoot and hungry children are increasingly  
roaming lost in the Earth's desert regions.

Only the silence of the Universe is endless and unbearable  
for the bearers of threats who suddenly buckle before  
the House of the Sun and the Moon where  
in plain view they see the pilgrims on the earth whose pure souls  
hover between the heaven and the earth travelling  
towards the House and passing silently and patiently from one  
sphere to the other.

.....

## PROROČKA

Srušeni gradovi, mrtvi leže  
na ulicama i prašnjavim  
seoskim putovima zajedno s  
rasutim oružjem.

I samo se još čuju potmuli udarci  
pljačkaša koji vrata kuća razvaljuju.  
A na rubovima svih rubova djeca od  
gladi umiru i grabežljive ptice za njima  
kljucaju.

Izvori su zagađeni i umjesto vode meandrima  
svijeta teče ljepljiva nafta oteta u krvavim ratovima.  
Svijet leži sve više nepokretan, očekujući  
u samrtnom hropcu čas izbavljenja za koji se čini  
da neće stići.

I kada sve, baš sve utihne i postane beživotno i  
zastrašujuće poput bijelih planina od ljudskih kostiju,  
jednoga jutra sve će prekriti valovi s ničim  
usporedive svjetlosti.

I u zori probuđenja rađat će se novi ljudi koji će svijetom  
hodati isijavajući mir. Unutarnje bit će im vanjsko, a vanjsko,  
unutarnje.

I duša će im biti spokojna, jer sve se već u  
tamnoj noći svijeta, otkrilo.

Eterom će lebdjeti prozračna bića iscjeljujući.

I oni koji su u sebi sačuvali sjećanja na znanja minulih  
tisućljeća prepoznat će u njima lica davno prosvijetljenih.

.....



## PROPHETICAL

Destroyed towns, the dead are lying  
on streets and dusty  
village roads together with  
scattered weapons.

And one can still hear the dull thumps  
of raiders breaking into houses.

And on the edges of all edges children  
are starving and predatory birds  
are pecking at them.

The wells are polluted and instead of water, in the meanders  
of the world flows sticky oil seized in bloody wars.

The world is lying motionless, expecting,  
in death rattle, the moment of deliverance, which  
never seems to come.

And when all, just all, is quiet and turns lifeless and  
frightening like white mountains of human bones,  
one morning it will be covered by waves with  
incomparable light.

And in the dawn of awakening new people will be born who will  
walk the world radiating peace.

Their interior will be their exterior, and the exterior, interior.

And their soul will be serene, for everything has already  
been revealed in the dark night of the world.

Airy creatures will be hovering in the ether, healing.

And those who have preserved the memories of knowledge  
of centuries past, will recognize the faces of long enlightened ones.

.....

## PUSTOPOLJINA VREMENA

Naginješ se nad pustopoljinu  
vremena svjesna da nisi ta koja bira.  
No unatoč tomu želiš biti više od  
papirića na cesti koji se  
lijepi za potplate prolaznika.  
I onda s prvom kišom završi u nekoj udubini  
ili se pojavi u mlazu vode kojeg neočekivano  
izbaci vodoriga s pročelja.  
I možeš se samo nadati da će se onaj nevidljivi netko  
smilovati gledajući ne u svoje nego u tvoje  
planove dodirujući te blago s onostranog i  
smiješeći se dok i dalje tražiš sreću  
nikada sigurna gdje ćeš je naći.

.....

## THE HEATH OF TIME

You lean over the heath  
of time aware you are not the one to be choosing.  
And yet you want to be more than  
a scrap on the road  
sticking to the soles of passers-by.  
And then with the first rain finish up in a gargoyle  
or appear in a spout of water suddenly  
thrown out of the drainpipe on the façade.  
And you can only hope that the invisible somebody  
will take pity looking not at his but at your  
plans touching you gently from beyond and  
smiling while you are still looking for happiness  
never sure where you will find it.

.....

## PISMA

Ona stalno piše pisma.

Što ćeš, valjda je to nekakva  
židovska *fora*.

Ali da nije bilo takvog  
Herzoga, Bellow ne bi dobio  
svog *nobela*.

A ona? I dalje piše. Danas,  
predsjedniku države, sutra pučkom  
pravobranitelju, zatim carini i  
gradskim vlastima.

Odgovaraju joj savjetnici, nadležna  
ministarstva i sudovi.

Ali, stvarnost se ne mijenja.  
I baš jučer, podsjetila me da i  
bivši muž piše bivšoj supruzi  
u Amosovoj Crnoj kutiji.

Pisma idu ovamo i onamo.

I onda ona zaboravi na Amosa  
i otvara kompjutor i šalje e-mail  
„tamo daleko“.

Da, baš kao u pjesmi.

Al' odgovor ne stiže i kaže sebi:  
„Samo ti zaviruj, ali ničeg nema,  
čak ni u *spamu*.”

A i da nađeš odgovor u *spam* bi valjda  
i spadao.“

Poslije se pita: „Da sam svaki put kad sam  
odgovor tražila samo jedan suncokret

## LETTERS

She constantly writes letters.

Oh, well this must be some

Jewish *gimmick*.

But had there not been such

Herzog, Bellow wouldn't have won

his *Nobel prize*.

And she? Keeps writing. Today,

to State President, tomorrow to

the Ombudsman, then to the customs and  
city authorities.

She gets answers from counsellors, relevant  
ministries and courts.

But reality does not change.

And just yesterday, she reminded me that even

the ex-husband writes to his ex-wife

in Amos's Black Box.

Letters go to and fro.

And then she forgets about Amos

and starts up the computer and sends an email

"far, far away".

Just like in the song.

But there is no answer, and she says to herself:

"Just you look, there is nothing,

not even in *spam*.

But even if you found the answer, it would

belong to *spam*."

Later she asks herself: "If I had planted just one sunflower  
every time I looked for the answer,

posadila, kakva bi to veličanstvena  
polja sunčanica“.  
I vidi se kako hoda kroz polja, hoda  
i samo hoda .....

I onda odjednom umorna sjeda na kamen.  
Otkud sad kamen u polju sunčanica?  
Šma Israel, je li da to nije  
važno?

I Adonaj se napokon smiluje.  
Ma ne, nije dobila odgovor na ono  
što ju je zanimalo, samo je usnula  
snom mirnim, pravednika.

A ujutro, tko će ga znati zašto i zbog  
čega, razmišlja o tom da je smrt tek noć  
između dva dana. A dan, traje kratko.  
I odjednom je sigurna da onaj tko je  
izgubljen u ljubavi ponovno biva  
pronađen.

I od toga dana više nijedno pismo nije  
napisala ni poslala.

.....

what magnificent sunflower fields  
they would be”.

And she sees herself walking through the fields, walking  
and only walking....

And then suddenly, tired, she sits on a rock.

How come there is a rock in the sunflower field?

Shma Israel, is it really  
important?

And Adonai finally took pity.

Oh, no, she did not get an answer to  
what she wanted to know, she just fell asleep  
sleeping the sleep of the just.

And in the morning, who knows why and what for,  
she reflects that death is just the night  
between two days. And the day, it is so short.

And suddenly she is sure that he who is  
lost in love is found  
again.

And since that day she has never  
written or sent a single letter.

.....

## GEFILTE FIŠ

Gdje si to progutala?  
Kada si se počela gušiti?  
Pokušavaš se sjetiti Izlaska  
iz Egipta i tijesta koje još  
nije kvasalo.  
I vadiš kost iz grla, jer  
*gefilte fiš* za tebe uvijek ima  
okus pogroma.  
Ukrajina, tko zna koje godine?  
Ma daj, ne pravi se luda kao da ne znaš.  
Poslije preobučena u muško odijelo  
hodaš od zaseoka do  
zaseoka upadajući u dubok snijeg.  
i dok se koprciš iz njega  
zamišljaš što je sve učinio  
wunder rabi pitajući se kome  
ćeš to pričati i za priču što  
možeš dobiti.  
Hasidi su tek osnovali  
svoje dvorove.  
Čini ti se odjevenoj poput njih  
da ti bijele dokoljenke baš lijepo  
pristaju.  
I u nekom kutu mračne gostionice  
Izmišljaš priče, znajući da bi ti pripovjedač  
iz Mezriča na tome pozavidio.  
I toliko se unosiš u riječi da ne  
primjećuješ hladnoću, a ruke ti drhte



## GEFILTE FISCH

Where did you swallow it?  
When did you start choking?  
You are trying to remember the Exodus  
from Egypt and the bread  
unleavened.  
And you take the bone out of your throat, for  
*gefilte fisch* for you always has  
the taste of pogrom.  
Ukraine, who knows what year?  
Come on, don't play the fool as if you did not know.  
Later, dressed in man's clothes  
you walk from village to  
village wading through the deep snow  
and while you are trying to get out  
imagine what the wunder rabbi has done  
wondering who  
you'll tell this story and what  
you can get for the story.  
The Hassids have just founded  
their castles.  
It seems to you, dressed like them  
that white knee-socks suit you  
so well.  
And in a corner of a murky tavern  
you invent tales, knowing that the story-teller  
from Mezrich would envy you for them.  
and you get so carried by the words that you never  
notice the cold, and your hands are trembling

dok ispijaš čaj, onaj ruski, tamni  
i dvije kapljice padaju ti na koljena.  
Poslije, tu negdje, sa strahom otključavaš  
poštanski sandučić.  
Što je stiglo, sumnjičavo pitaš.  
U 21. stoljeću nitko nikoga ne zove  
da se javi u Ustaško redarstvo.  
Daj se već jednom smiri i izvadi kost iz grla.  
I odluči što hoćeš, na primjer prestani  
postavljati pitanja.  
Ti, tipičan izdanak loše povijesti  
i neke jidiše mame, oprosti,  
jebene sreće.  
Za pristojnost ionako više nitko ne mari.  
Navečer skidaš sve slojeve sa sebe i uvlačiš  
se u utrobu vode.  
Dobro ti je, ali ne daš se prevariti, strepnja  
je jača, premda radio svira i  
gore mirišljive svijeće.  
Onda odlučiš krenuti u *mikve*,  
potopiti se, nestati i zatim pojaviti iznad  
vode ponovno rođena, a ipak ista. Vječno na  
putu od Litve, Krakova i Bergena, sve  
tamo do Zagreba i Jelačić placu.  
I čekaš, neprekidno čekaš da ti  
On napokon kaže: „Mala, ostani  
sa mnom i ne vraćaj se više“.

.....

while you are drinking tea, the dark Russian one  
and two drops of it fall down on your knees.

Later, somewhere here, fearful you unlock  
the letterbox.

What has arrived, you ask suspiciously.

In 21<sup>st</sup> century nobody is summoned  
to report to the Ustasha police.

Do calm down finally, and take the fish bone out.

And decide what you want, stop  
asking questions.

You, typical offspring of dire history  
and, forgive me, Yiddish mom,  
fucking luck.

No one cares about good manners.

At night you take off all your layers and get into  
the womb of water.

You feel fine, but you can't be fooled, the dread  
is stronger, though the radio is playing and  
fragrant candles burning.

And then you decide to go to the *mikveh*,  
to sink, to vanish, and then to reappear over  
the water born again and yet the same. Always  
on the way from Lithuania, Krakow and Bergen, all the way  
to Zagreb and Jelačić Square.

And waiting, always waiting for Him  
to tell you finally: "Baby, stay  
with me and never go back".

.....

## BERLINSKE, KABARETSKE

Ne baš sasvim uvjereni da je to bio njezin izbor, stoji pred 231 vratima zagonetne palače i bespomoćno gleda ključeve, ne znajući kojim koja vrata otvoriti.

I drugi ih promatraju na čas i zatim žurno odlaze dalje, jer tko bi još na ključeve vrijeme gubio kada se onoliko sve više ubrzava.

„Uskoro će doći kraj, zgrabi sve što možeš“ kažu joj i hitaju dalje.

A ona stoji i gleda u snijeg koji se niotkud stvorio i prekrilo gradove i vidi vode koje polja plave i sve sapiru.

A drveće i životinje kao u potopu – sve se u jedan lijevak ulijeva, dok ona svakoga dana prebire i odbacuje stvari za koje je još do jučer vjerovala da bez njih ne može.

„S ormarima se ionako ne leti“ kaže joj Vera Fischer, slikarica s Onog svijeta.

I ona se smije kao da se ništa nije promijenilo od vremena kada joj je pjevala pjesme, Njemačka, tu negdje 1936.

Art deco se već bio umorio, a svijet iznenada poludio.

I ničim nije tad pokazala da joj se zebnja u srce uvukla, dok je slikarica pjevala i opasno auto, kojim su se vozile, zaljuljala.

Ali, znala je ona zašto joj pjeva baš one berlinske, kabaretske, vozeći sto na sat u kafkijanskim zavojima života.

## BERLIN, CABARET

Not quite convinced this was  
her choice, she stands in front of door 231  
of the mysterious palace looking helplessly  
at keys, not knowing which  
opens which door.

And other people look at them for an instant and  
then hurry on, for who would  
waste time on keys when time  
keeps speeding up.

“The end is close, grab what  
you can”, they say and rush on.  
and she stands, looking at the snow which  
came from nowhere and covered towns and sees  
waters flooding the fields and washing away all.  
And trees and beasts like in the deluge - everything  
pours into one funnel, while every day she  
sorts out and throws things she never  
thought she could do without.

“You do not fly with wardrobes” says Vera  
Fischer, painter from the Other world.

And she laughs as if nothing has changed  
since the time she sang her songs, Germany,  
somewhere in 1936.

Art deco had got tired, and the world had gone mad.  
And she never showed that her heart was full of fear while  
the painter was singing and rocked the car dangerously.  
But she knew why she was singing the Berlin,  
the cabaret ones, speeding dangerously on the Kafkian  
bends of life.

I tada je još rekla, ne bez ironije, a opet blaga,  
„Gle, i ona bi se otisnula, samo ključ palače što  
otvara vrata još nije pronašla“.

A onda se iznenada na Jakovljeve ljestve popela  
i umjesto pokreta rukom *doviđenja i zbogom*,  
mahнула je papirom s portretom svoje druge i nestala,  
zaigrana ko dijete stvarati ono nešto iz Ništa, držeći  
se za hebrejsko slovo ajin i uputivši se, a kamo li  
drugdje, nego ravno u srce neba.

.....

And then she also said, not without irony and yet gentle,  
“Look, she would also launch off, only she has not yet  
found the key opening the door to the palace.”

And then she suddenly climbed Jacob’s ladder  
and instead of waving *see you and goodbye*  
she waved the paper with her pa’s portrait and vanished,  
knowing that in spite of everything she would eternally  
playful like a child create something out of Nothing, holding  
to the Hebrew letter of ayin and setting out, where else,  
but straight to the heart of heaven.

.....

## MJESEČARENJE

Noćas ću spavati na mjesecu  
i misli će mi na jastuku mjesečariti.  
I putovat ću velikom brzinom čudeći  
se pejzažima koji kao da su pred  
očima zaustavljeni i povećani.  
I poput Mojsija u poljupcu smrti,  
vidjet ću svaku vlat trave, mirisnu kadulju  
i ružmarin vazda zeleni.  
U nekoj, tko zna kojoj, Obećanoj zemlji  
samo za mene.

.....



## MOONWALKING

Tonight I will sleep on the moon  
and my thoughts will be moonwalking on my pillow.  
And I will travel at great speed wondering  
at the scenery which seems to be stopped  
and enlarged before the eyes.  
And like Moses in the kiss of death,  
I will see each blade of grass, the fragrant sage  
and rosemary ever green.  
In some, who knows what, Promised land  
just for me.

.....

## HODAJUĆI RANJENICI

Uvijek kad se nešto pomakne i  
razglobi na šahovskoj ploči svijeta stvaraju se  
pukotine baš kao i na nebu crne ozonske rupe  
kroz koje propadaju zvijezde: „Zbogom i doviđenja“.  
Svejedno, orkestar još svira.

Na ulicama hodajući ranjenici traže one koji će  
im na rane melem priviti.

Ljudi propadaju kroz rasjekline prijevara i dok tako  
padaju netko im priča o Werfelu i posljednjem komadiću  
travnjaka na zemlji.

Bog će ga znati zašto se hvataju za tu priču kao dijete za  
dršku kantice u parku.

Pada mi na pamet Danilo Kiš i njegov Pješčanik u kojem se  
nestvarno zabada u stvarno, kao duh u proroka koji više ne  
zna što bi s tijelom.

.....

## THE WOUNDED WALKING

Whenever something moves somewhere and  
gets out of joint on the checkerboard of the world  
cracks appear like the black ozone holes in the sky  
through which stars sink: “Goodbye and see you”.  
Never mind, the band is still playing.  
On streets, the wounded, walking, look for someone  
to dress their wounds.  
People sink through the cracks of deceits and while  
they are falling someone tells them about Werfel and the last  
patch of lawn on the earth.  
God only knows why they clutch to this story like a child  
to the pot handle in the park.  
To my mind comes Danilo Kiš and his Sandpit where  
the unreal sticks into the real, like a spirit into a prophet  
who no longer knows what to do with his body.

.....

## SAMOVANJE

Među zidovima si zatočena.  
Snijeg je na oknima vilinskim  
kosama zaplesao.  
Čini ti se, izgubljena si,  
a ipak duša i na ledenoj spirali  
Tvojim kristalima sjaji.

.....

## SECLUSION

You are confined between walls.  
The snow has started dancing on the panes  
with fairy hairs.  
You feel you are lost,  
and yet your soul even on the icy spiral  
shines with Your crystals.

.....

## HLADNOĆA

Mogla bih o jutro  
kvačicama pričvrstiti  
srce na prozirne sige.  
Za sat ili dva tko zna  
u što bi se pretvorilo.  
I zatim ga kao odlomljenu  
koru sa zaleđene rijeke u  
kuću unijeti.  
I dok se srce bude otapalo  
pozorno ću u njega gledati kao u  
plesaća koji će se iznenada  
usred plesa zaustaviti.

.....

## THE COLD

I could to the morning  
attach my heart, with pegs,  
to transparent icicles.  
In an hour or two, who knows  
what it would turn to.  
And then, like a broken sheet  
from the frozen river  
take it indoors.  
And while the heart thaws  
I will carefully watch it like  
a dancer who will suddenly  
stop in the midst of a dance.

.....

## JEWISH BLUES ZAGREB

Da sinagoga nije porušena,  
da se šoah nije dogodio ne  
bih prolazila pokraj ploče  
na kojoj piše: „Tu je bio  
židovski hram“.

I možda bih petkom baš na  
tom mjestu ulazila u sinagogu  
svečano odjevena osmjehujući  
se i pozdravljajući, polako se uspinjući  
na galeriju za žene.

I čitala bih mirna i sabrana riječi molitve,  
uživajući u glasu kantora dok bi rabin  
spokojan na čas kraj njega zastao.

Da sinagoga nije porušena, možda bih tu,  
na tom mjestu, jednog dana upoznala  
i zavoljela tebe.

I zastali bismo izlazeći iz hrama, čekajući  
na izlazu kod vrata, oca, sestru ili brata.

I ti bi mi prišao i rekao tiho: „Šabat šalom,  
draga“.

Da se strašna žetva smrti nije dogodila ne  
bih sada prolazila parkiralištem na kojem  
je nekada sinagoga stajala.

.....



## JEWISH BLUES ZAGREB

If the synagogue had not been pulled down,  
if there had never been shoah, I would not  
be passing the plaque  
saying; “Here was  
the Jewish temple”.

And perhaps I would on a Friday, just  
on this place, enter the synagogue  
formally dressed, smiling  
and saying hello, slowly ascending  
to the women’s gallery.

And I would read, calm and composed, the words of prayer,  
enjoying the voice of cantor while the rabbi  
serene would stop by him for a moment.

If the synagogue had not been pulled down, I might  
here, in this place, have met you  
and fallen in love.

And we would stop, leaving the temple, waiting  
at the door for father, sister, brother.

And you would come to me and say gently: “Shabat shalom.  
darling”.

If the dreadful harvest of death had not happened,  
I would not be passing the car park where  
the synagogue used to stand.

.....

## JEDAN DUGI SHOAH

Jesu li naši životi tek jedan dugi shoah u rijeci neprekidnog stradanja i kolijevci bremenitog sjećanja dok su još žive slike u zapisu vode o onima koji preko Crvenog mora nisu uspjeli prijeći.

Netko zbog dobačenog kamena, netko zbog noža ili plina, netko zbog peći krematorija, pljačke i otimanja.

Feniks je već umoran od ponovnog rađanja ne želeći čekati vatru atomskog sažganja.

Ali, ako se on ne rodi iz smaragdno odsjaja Drvo Duša u svitanje će usahnuti.

Tko će onda za suncem čeznuti?

.....

## A LONG SHOAH

Are our lives just  
a long shoah in the river of unbroken  
suffering and the cradle of pregnant  
memory while pictures are still alive  
in the writing of water of those who did not  
manage to cross the Red sea?  
Some because of stone thrown, some  
because of dagger or gas, some because of furnace  
of the crematorium, plunder and looting.  
The Phoenix is tired of repeated  
birthing, not wanting to wait for the fire of atomic  
holocaust.  
But if it is not born from the emerald  
reflection, the Tree of souls will wither at daybreak.  
Who will then yearn for the sun?

.....

## STEPENICE

Na pokretnim stepenicama izgubit ću se,  
u mislima malo gore malo dolje dok me  
djevojka stepenicu niže gurka biciklom.  
Poslije vidim svoj kaput kao gusjenicu.  
Ali nije važno, jer ću jednom moliti na Zapadnom  
zidu dok će snijeg padati i sav Jeruzalem  
u svjetlosnu bjelinu uviti. Polako, polako svi će  
nemiri stihnuti.

.....

## STAIRS

On moving stairs I will get lost  
in thoughts, a bit up a bit down while  
a girl a step below is nudging me with her bike.  
Later I see my coat like a caterpillar.  
But it does not matter, for once I will pray at the Western  
Wall while snow will be falling and enwrap all Jerusalem  
in the light whiteness. Slowly, slowly all  
unrests will be quiet.

.....

## KRUGOVI

Koliko koraka treba napraviti  
da bi se Kuća pronašla?  
Da bi nas Peta vrata propustila?

Bilo je to jedne noći na stazi  
prašnjavoj dok sam preskakala  
kamenje.

Pogledah tad u nebo.  
I vidjeh mjesec sjajan  
na putu koji je osvijetljen.  
Tad uđoh kroz Peta vrata, jer Ti si  
vidio svoj pečat na mojem čelu.  
I iščitao svoje Izričito ime u mojem srcu.

I tu, baš na tom mjestu svjetlost se urezala  
u tamu.

.....

## CIRCLES

How many steps must one make  
to find the House?  
To be let in by the Fifth door?

It was one night on the road  
dusty while I was jumping over  
stones.

Then I looked at the sky.  
And saw the moon bright  
on the way illuminated.  
Then I entered the Fifth door, for You  
saw your seal on my forehead.  
And read your Expressed name in my heart.

And there, just on that place the light cut  
into the darkness.

.....

## PITANJE

Reci mi Sveprisutni,  
tko se od koga više umorio?  
Ja od zemlje ili nebo od mene  
na zemlji?

.....



## QUESTION

Tell me, the Omnipresent one,  
who has got tired of whom more.  
I, of the earth or the heaven of me  
on the earth?

.....

## BEZIMENA

Nedovršeno nebo.

Nedovršeno more.

Sve ostavljam.

Spavam.

Sanjam.

Zaboravi me.

.....

## NAMELESS

Unfinished sky.  
Unfinished sea.  
I leave everything.  
Sleeping.  
Dreaming.  
Forget me.

.....

## NEGDJE

Negdje postoje pisma  
napisana za nas koja  
nismo pročitali.  
Negdje je naše ime  
spomenuto gdje nismo  
bili i nikada nećemo biti.  
Negdje su nam misli pune  
blagosti skrušene poklonjene,  
ali ne znamo gdje.  
Negdje, netko nam  
želi reći što izrekao nije.  
Negdje postoji zapis svih zapisa o nama.  
Negdje ....

.....

## SOMEWHERE

Somewhere there are letters  
written for us which  
we have not read.  
Somewhere our name  
is mentioned where we have not  
been and never will be.  
Somewhere our thoughts full  
of contrite mildness are presented to us,  
but we don't know where.  
Somewhere, someone  
wants to tell us what he has never uttered.  
Somewhere there is a record of all records about us.  
Somewhere.....

.....

## TRENUTAK

Prozori duše zatvoreni i otvoreni  
svi kao medaljoni u vječnosti  
su poredani i jednako satkani.

Ono što je bilo, ono što jest  
i što će biti.

Samo oblaci svjetlosti i tmine  
nečujno promiču dok čovjek u  
osami hrama svojeg srca moli da  
put na putu neizvjesnom izdrži.

No uvijek biva tako da onaj kome se ne  
bježi, odlazi, a onaj kome se bježi,  
taj ostaje.

Ipak, postoji trenutak u kojem se sve  
u jedno ulije.

.....

## MOMENT

The windows of soul are closed and are open  
all like medallions in eternity  
are lined and uniformly woven.  
What has been, what is  
and what will be.  
Only the clouds of light and clouds of darkness  
silently glide by while the man  
in the solitude of his heart's temple prays  
to stand the way on the way uncertain.  
But always it is so that he who does not want to flee,  
must go, and he who does,  
he stays.  
Still, there is a moment where everything  
pours into one.

.....

## KADA ODEM

Kada odem hoćeš li me ponovno  
na zemlju vratiti?  
Provući me kroz oblake kao zraku  
svjetla i nositi me vjetrom?  
Hoćeš li me nježno na zaleđene latice  
bijelih zimskih ruža u vrtu nekom tiho spustiti,  
želeći u dušu stare duše još nešto upisati?  
A noću, dok moja *nešama'* luta, postavljaš iznad  
Kuće od sna čudesne svijetle arabeske spuštajući  
samo jednu prozračnu nit do mene, pokazujući mi  
da se ljubav između nas neće prekinuti.

.....



## WHEN I AM GONE

When I'm gone will you again  
bring me back to the earth?  
Pull me through the clouds like a ray  
of light and carry me on the wind?  
Will you gently put me on the frozen petals  
of white winter roses in somebody's garden,  
wishing to add something to old soul's soul?  
And at night while my *neshama*' roams, you put  
wonderful light arabesques over the House of dreams,  
dropping only one airy thread to me, showing me  
that love between us will never be broken.

.....

## TAKO JE

Tako je napisano o meni  
tko zna kada i zašto.

I kad udarci života bole ipak  
se osmjehnem i smognem snage  
za to. Tako je napisano o meni.

Dolazim i odlazim i što se više bliži  
kraj ovog putovanja ništa nije tako  
jako kao žudnja da se duh očisti, a duša  
prosvijetli i bljesne sjajem nutarnjim  
i vanjskim.

Netko će, onaj nepoznati netko, možda  
biti dirnut riječima koje sam izabrala  
i onim nečim što se ne može iskazati.

I od vatre upalit će svoju vatru i nositi je svijetom.

Od mene ostat će tek pismena, od žene koja  
bijaše vidljiva na putu ka nevidljivom.

Tako je napisano o meni.

.....

SO

So it was written about me  
who knows when and why.  
And when the blows of life hurt, I still  
smile and get the strength  
to do it. So it was written about me.  
I come and go and the closer I get  
to the end of this journey, nothing is so  
strong like the yearning to cleanse the spirit, and  
enlighten the soul to shine with splendour inside and  
outside.  
Someone, the unknown someone, might  
be moved by the words that I have chosen  
and by the something that cannot be expressed.  
And from the fire he will light the fire and take it round.  
Behind me there will only be the letters, from the woman  
who was visible on the way to the invisible.  
So it was written about me.

.....

## PRELAZAK

Jesu li zvijezde doista  
bile tako blizu?  
A mjesec svijetao i  
velik kao sunce?  
Je li zrak bio opojan  
i blag?  
Možda je sve tako bilo  
ili nije.  
Sjećanje često vara, ali  
srce jest bilo cijelo i  
krug života pun.

.....

## PASSING AWAY

Were the stars really  
so near?  
And was the moon as bright and  
big like the sun?  
Was the air intoxicating  
and gentle?  
Maybe everything was so  
or perhaps not.  
Memory often deceives, but  
the heart was whole and  
the life circle was full.

.....

## IME

Izgovori mi ime.  
U času sjećanja,  
u trenutku moje  
prisutnosti u tebi.  
Izgovori mi ime  
ma gdje bio  
onako kako ga još  
nitko izgovorio nije.

.....

NAME

Pronounce my name.  
In the moment of memory,  
in the instant of my  
presence in you.  
Pronounce my name  
wherever you are  
the way nobody  
has ever pronounced it.

.....

## PLAVO

Na rubu Tvog oceana sve je zaboravljeno,  
u beskonačnosti svijesti koja plavi plavim  
bojama sveobuhvatne ljubavi.

.....



## BLUE

On the edge of your ocean everything is forgotten  
in the infinity of conscience which overflows with blue  
colours of all-encompassing love.

.....

## O AUTORICI

Jasminka Domaš živi i radi u Zagrebu. Novinarka je HRT-a, članica PEN-a i Hrvatskog društva pisaca.

Počasna je članica Hrvatskog helsinškog odbora za ljudska prava, više godina bila je predsjednica Udruge za vjersku slobodu u RH.

Od 1995. do 1998. snimila je 253 dokumentarna svjedočanstva za američku zakladu Vizualna povijest-svjedoci holokausta, čiji je predsjednik i utemeljitelj Steven Spielberg.

Objavila je u tiskanim i elektroničkim medijima više od 400 stotine priloga s područja judaizma.

Predavač je judaizma na zagrebačkim fakultetima.

Objavila je sljedeće knjige :

Obitelj-Mišpaha, Tjedne minijature slobode, Šabat šalom, Biblijske priče-prinos razumijevanju biblijskih značenja, Rebeka u nutrini duše, Židovska meditacija, istraživanje mističnih staza judaizma, Knjiga o ljubavi ili kako sam sreća Anu Frank, Kabalističke poruke, 72 Imena, I Bog moli i roman Iznenada drugačije.

Pojedine knjige prevedene su na talijanski, njemački, engleski i slovenski jezik i nalaze se u bibliotekama u Hrvatskoj, ali i u knjižnici američkog Nacionalnog kongresa i u biblioteci Europske unije u Bruxellesu, zatim u pariškoj Biblioteci suvremenog judaizma i u Aliance Israelite Univelle, u glavnom gradu Francuske.

Knjige su joj bile izložene i predstavljene i na međunarodnim sajmovima knjiga u Jeruzalemu, Parizu, Leipzigu i Lecceu u Italiji.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jasminka Domaš lives and works in Zagreb. She works as a journalist for the Croatian Radio and Television. She is also a member of PEN and of the Croatian Writers' Society.

She is a honorary member of the Croatian Helsinki Human Rights Committee, and for several years she was the president of the Religious Freedom Association in the Republic of Croatia.

Between 1995 and 1998, she made 253 documentaries for the American foundation 'Visual History Witnesses to the Holocaust', whose founder and president is Steven Spielberg.

She has published over 400 articles on Judaism.

She also teaches on Judaism at various faculties of the Zagreb University.

She has published the following books:

The Mishpaha family, The Weekly Miniatures of Freedom, Sabbath Shalom, Biblical stories – a contribution to the understanding of Biblical meanings, Rebecca in the Depth of the Soul, Jewish Meditation, a research into the mystic paths of Judaism, The Book on Love or How I Met Anna Franck, Cabala Messages, 72 names, God prays too, and the novel: Suddenly Differently.

Several of her books have been translated into Italian, English and Slovene, and can be found not only in the libraries in Croatia, but in the US Library of Congress and the EU Library in Brussels.

Her books have been shown and presented at international book fairs in Jerusalem, Paris, Leipzig, and Lecce, Italy.

**Rafael Talvi** ( 1920-2006 ) slikar je koji je nadahnuća za svoja umjetnička djela nalazio u židovskoj tradiciji, običajima, vjeri.

Likovni kritičar, akademik Tonko Maroević iz njegovog opusa posebno vrijednim smatra slike židovskih groblja i spomenika. Rafael Talvi autor je izvanrednog likovnog prikaza Izaka, zatim učenika ješive kao i rabina s molitvenim šalom, jeruzalemskih sinagoga i Zapadnog zida te izraelskih pejzaža. A na naslovnici knjige Žena sufi je i njegov portret autorice Jasminke Domaš koji sjajno odražava njezino unutarne, duhovno stanje.

.....

**Stanko Abadažić** rođen je 1952. U Vukovaru. Hrvatski je fotograf i fotoreporter. Dugo godina živio je u Njemačkoj i Pragu koji je imao najveći utjecaj na njegov umjetnički izraz.

Sudjelovao je na mnogim skupnim i samostalnim izložbama u europskim zemljama te u SAD i Japanu. Dobitnik je mnogih nagrada, a njegove fotografije dio su mnogih galerija u Hrvatskoj i svijetu. Autor je i desetak monografija.

**Rafael Talvi** (1920-2006) is a painter who found inspiration for his work in Jewish tradition, customs and religion.

Tonko Maroević, art critic, considers his pictures of Jewish cemeteries and monuments particularly valuable. Rafael Talvi is the author of the exceptional art presentation of Isaac, disciples of jeshiva and a rabbi with the prayer shawl, Jerusalem synagogues and the Western wall, as well as scenery of Israel. And on the front cover of his book Sufi woman is his portrait of the author Jasminka Domaš which brilliantly expresses her inner, spiritual state.

.....

**Stanko Abadžić** was born in Vukovar in 1952. He is a Croatian photographer and journalist. He lived long in Germany and Prague which had the greatest influence on his artistic expression.

He has taken part in many group and one-man exhibitions in Europe, the USA and Japan. He has been awarded a lot of prizes and his photographs can be found in numerous galleries in Croatia and the world. He is the author of several monographs.

Jasminka Domaš  
ŽENA SUFI

Jasminka Domaš  
SUFİ WOMAN

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*Our thanks go  
To the State of National Minorities of the Republic of Croatia*

Metafizika svakodnevice kakvu ispisuje Jasminka Domaš nastavlja se na tragu žive riječi hasidske tradicije: u njoj se »prepoznaju lica davno prosvijetljenih«, ali upravo u onim stihovima gdje naizgled ne postoji nijedan novi duhovni element — sve drevno i sve bitno ponovno se dovodi na okup kako bi se od elemenata nasljeđa, uz pomoć poetskoga »jezika čuda«, stvorila harmonija nove cjeline. Baš kao i u hasidskoj i sufijskoj tradiciji, poanta nije toliko u intelektualnome tumačenju, nego u načinu življenja koje poučava posvećenike i prijenosnike Glasa poput Jasminke Domaš da što god činili, moraju raditi snagom duše i uma, živjeti u svijetu i za svijet.

Sibila Petlevski

*Metaphysics of the ordinary as written by Jasminka Domaš continues in the line of the living word of Hassidic tradition; one can "recognize faces of those enlightened long ago", but just in the verses where apparently there is not a single new spiritual element — all those ancient and essential things are brought together again to make a harmony of a new whole from the elements of the heritage, aided by the poetic "language of wonders". Just like in the Hassidic and the Sufi tradition, the point is not so much in the intellectual interpretation but rather in the way of living which teaches the consecrated and the transmitters of the Voice like Jasminka Domaš, that whatever they do, they have to do it with the power of their soul and mind, living in the world and for the world.*

Sibila Petlevski

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