

Jasminka Domaš

ŠALOM ZAGREB

SHALOM ZAGREB



Biblioteka
Poezija



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Zagreb, 2019.



Shalom
and
peace
to all
of you
and
your
families
and
to
all
of
Israel
and
to
all
of
the
world
Amen
Shalom
Shalom

Šalom Zagreb!

PREDGOVOR

Godine 2006. osnovana je u Hrvatskoj u Zagrebu Židovska zajednica Bet Israel kao vjerska moderno ortodokсна židovska zajednica čiji je cilj očuvanje kontinuiteta naše vjerske tradicije i omogućavanje života u skladu s halahičkim vrijednostima, tj. s moralnim i etičkim propisima židovske vjere koja je židovski narod održala na životu posljednjih 3000 godina.

Prirodno je, dakle, da je sinagoga samo srce zajednice Bet Israel. Ljepota naše sinagoge i sjedišta koji se nalaze u Zagrebu na Mažuranićevom trgu 6, prvenstveno se može zahvaliti iznimno darovitom umjetniku Toniju Franoviću, koji je također osmislio interijere sinagoga i judaiku za druge zajednice u Hrvatskoj i inozemstvu.

Najveće bogatstvo Bet Israela su, naravno, naši članovi od koji su mnogi visoko obrazovani stručnjaci koji su se istaknuli u židovskim i nežidovskim sredinama u Hrvatskoj i van njezinih granica. Godine 2007. na inicijativu nekoliko članova židovske zajednice Bet Israel osnovan je Odsjek za židovske studije na Filozofskom fakultetu Sveučilišta u Zagrebu.

Naša zajednica se s ponosom može pohvaliti brojnim mladim ljudima i obiteljima s djecom koja su naša židovska budućnost. Članovi naše zajednice osnovali su osnovnu školu Hugo Kon, jedinu židovsku školu u bivšoj Jugoslaviji, i predškolu Davidove zvijezdice koja spada među najbolje takve vrste u gradu Zagrebu. Ove privatne institucije formalnog židovskog obrazovanja

jačaju židovski identitet sljedeće generacije i osiguravaju budućnost našoj zajednici.

U našoj prekrasnoj sinagogi redovito se održavaju šabatna i blagdanska bogoslužja iza kojih slijedi *kiduš* na kojem se velika pažnja posvećuje posluživanju *glat košer* jela. Mnogi turisti i poslovni ljudi iz Izraela i drugih zemalja posjećuju Bet Israel sigurni da će im uvijek biti pružena topla dobrodošlica i da će biti počasni gosti za Šabat.

Aktivni smo i u židovskom obrazovanju, umjetnosti i kulturi. Poznati govornici, glazbenici i pisci nastupali su se u našem Kulturnom klubu Alfred Pal, a istaknuti slikari, fotografi i umjetnici primijenjene umjetnosti izlagali su svoje radove u našoj Galeriji Stella Skopal. Bavimo se opsežnom izdavačkom djelatnošću i posjedujemo vrijednu knjižnicu. Bet Israel objavljuje informativni i edukativni časopis, Ruah Hadaša kojeg je utemeljila i godinama uređivala pokojna Sonja Samokovlija, a sada ga uređuje Dolores Bettini, i kojeg se redovito distribuira u Hrvatskoj i okolnoj regiji. Ujedno smo i dom zbora Mihael Montiljo, pod dirigentskom palicom maestra Miroslava Salopeka, koji izvodi djela na hebrejskom, latinu i jidišu.

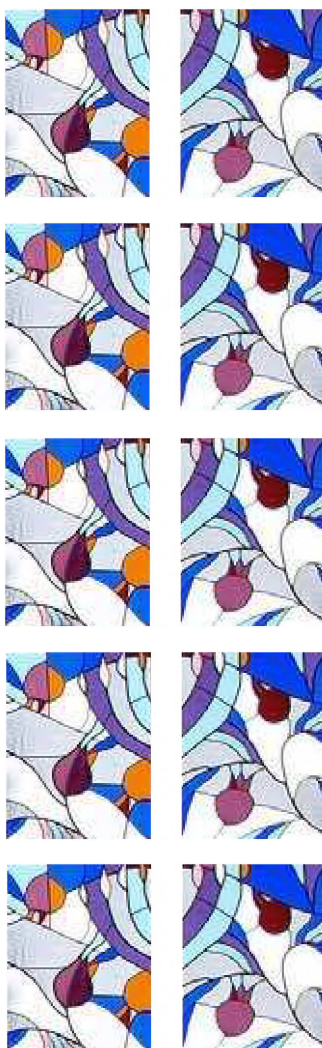
Naši programi, uključujući pohađanje predškolske i osnovne škole, otvoreni su za članove Bet Israela i za širu javnost. Članovi židovske zajednice Bet Israel održavaju vrlo dobre odnose s drugim vjerskim zajednicama i sudjeluju u Hrvatsko-izraelskom društvu koje u Zagrebu djeluje već trideset godina.

Ovu knjigu pjesama o židovskim temama napisala je Jasminka Domaš, plodna spisateljica, pjesnikinja, scenaristica, novinarka i članica Vijeća zajednice Bet Israel, a obogaćena je sjajnim fotografijama drugog člana zajednice, Davora Golla.

Stoga predstavljamo ove pjesme i fotografije u nadi da ćemo našim prijateljima prenijeti nešto od posebnog dojma koji pruža naša voljena židovska zajednica Bet Israel.

Srdačno,

Rabin doc. dr. Kotel Da-Don,



Shalom Zagreb!

Foreword

In 2006, the Bet Israel Jewish Community of Croatia was founded in Zagreb as a religious Modern Orthodox Jewish community, in order to preserve the continuity of our religious tradition and enable us to live according to Halachic values, i.e., the moral and ethical precepts of the Jewish faith that have sustained the Jewish people for the past 3,000 years.

It is, therefore, natural that the synagogue is the heart of the Bet Israel Community. The beauty of our synagogue and headquarters, located in Zagreb at Mažuranićev trg 6, is primarily thanks to the immensely gifted artist Toni Franović, who has also designed synagogue interiors and Judaica for other congregations in Croatia and abroad.

Bet Israel's greatest assets are, of course, our members, many of whom are highly educated professionals who have distinguished themselves in Jewish and non-Jewish circles, both in Croatia and beyond its borders. In 2007, at the initiative of several members of the Bet Israel Jewish Community, the Department of Judaic Studies was established at the Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences, University of Zagreb.

Our community also proudly boasts many young people and families with children, who are our Jewish future. Members of our community founded the Hugo Kon Elementary School, the only Jewish school in the former Yugoslavia, and the Davidove Zvezdice (Stars of David) Preschool, which are considered among the best of their kind in the city of Zagreb. These privately operated institutions of formal Jewish education strength-

en the Jewish identity of the next generation and secure our community's future.

Shabbat and holiday services are regularly held in our beautiful synagogue, followed by a kiddush, at which scrupulous attention is devoted to providing glatt kosher food. Many tourists and business travelers from Israel and other countries visit Bet Israel, secure in the knowledge that they will always receive a warm welcome and be honored guests on Shabbat.

We are also active in Jewish education, art and culture. Well-known speakers, musicians and writers have appeared at our Alfred Pal Cultural Club, and outstanding painters, photographers and applied artists have exhibited their works in our Stella Skopal Gallery. We are also engaged in extensive publishing activities and possess a valuable library. Bet Israel's informative and educational magazine, *Ruah Hadaša*, founded and edited for years by the late Sonja Samokovlija, ז'ל, and currently edited by Dolores Bettini, is regularly distributed in Croatia and the surrounding region. Moreover, we are home to the Mihael Montiljo Choir, conducted by Maestro Miroslav Salopek, which performs works in Hebrew, Ladino and Yiddish.

Our programs, including attendance at the preschool and elementary school, are open to the members of Bet Israel and general public. The members of the Bet Israel Jewish Community maintain very good relations with other religious communities and participate in the Croatian-Israeli Society, which has been active in Zagreb for the past thirty years.

This volume contains a collection of poems on Jewish topics written by Jasminka Domaš, a prolific writer, poet, filmmaker, journalist and member of the Council of the Bet Israel Com-

munity, enhanced by splendid photographs taken by another community member, Davor Goll.

We, therefore, hereby present these poems and photographs in the hope of conveying something of the special flavor of our beloved Bet Israel Jewish Community to our friends.

Sincerely,

Rabbi Dr. Kotel Da-Don



POSTANAK

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

I On ih je učvrstio poput struna.

I zrak je zatitrao od daha iz kojeg se pojavio
svod odjeljen 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 izvimala 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 blješteće strune koje je kroz sve
stvoreno i nestvoreno provukao.

I cijeli se svemir pokrenuo, zanjihao i oglasio.



BERESHIIT

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 of
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 through everything created and uncreated.
And the whole universe moved, swung and sounded.



ROŠ HAŠANA

Ništa nije bilo odjeljeno 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 unutaršnjeg vanjskom, dok se On
sažimao i iz sebe Sebe dao, na Novu
godinu u zeleno plavom oceanu svijesti koja se
iz bjeline magličastog probudila.



ROSH HASHANA

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 was engendered, broken away,
separated, split or broken.

Everything was still whole. Only in Him seed
radiated and germinated. And then Yon Ehad started.

Day One. An emerald light torrent was born
flowing in the river of the beginning.

A wonderful land came out of His eyes.

And the 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 the mist.



PESAH

Pročistila sam sebe,
očistila stvari. U tihom
blistanju sva sam u čekanju.
Izlazak? I more je i pustinja.
Bez ljubavi tvoje u valove
ne ulazim.
Bez Tebe, u pustinju ne idem.
Jer ja sam i Mirijam
i Debora i Cipora.
U meni izaberi onu koja je
ogrnuta božanskom ljubavi
više voljela.



PESSACH

I have cleansed myself.

I have cleaned my things. In the silent

Glimmer I am all waiting.

Exodus? It is both sea and desert.

Without your love I do not

enter the waves.

Without you, I do not go to the desert.

For I am both Miriam and Debora and

Zipporah.

In me you choose the one who

wrapped in the divine love

loved most.



NEŠAMA

Moja duša postojala je
prije mjeseca, sunca i
zvijezda.

Prije nego što su anđeli
stvoreni.

Moja vječno živuća duša iz
nutrine El Eliona Zemlji je
na tren posuđena da u ljubavi
sjajnijoj od svih svjetlila pred
tebe izađe, jer ti i ja iz istog
božanskog izvora vodu pijemo.



סדור
קול
יעקב
THE COMPLETE
ARTSCROLL
SIDOUR

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ARTSCROLL
MESORAH

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NESHAMA

My soul existed
before the sun, the moon and
the stars.

Before the angels
were created .

My eternally living soul from
the depth of El Elyon was lent
to the Earth for a moment, in love
brighter than all lights to come
before you, for you and I
drink water from the same divine spring.



ŠAA ŠENOTELET NAFŠEH

Čas u kojem ti On uzima dušu
najviši je ispit u kojem se
kristalizira tvoj duh.
Preživiš li, bit ćeš rijeka koja
će moru hitati i koja se nikada
neće prepuniti, jer Ljubav Ljubljenog
je bezgranična.



SHAA SHENOTELET NAFSHEH

The moment He takes your soul
is the highest test where
your spirit crystalizes..

If you survive, you will be a river which
will rush to the sea and which will never
overflow, for the Love of the Beloved
is boundless.



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 ime, Israel, princ Božji.

I držao je ruku na srcu gledajući kako se iz Duše neba pojavljuje sunce.



GIVING PRESENTS TO JACOB

„Give everything to Jacob“, said the Voice.

And Jacob wondered

„Haven't I already received everyting?“

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 trembled, 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.

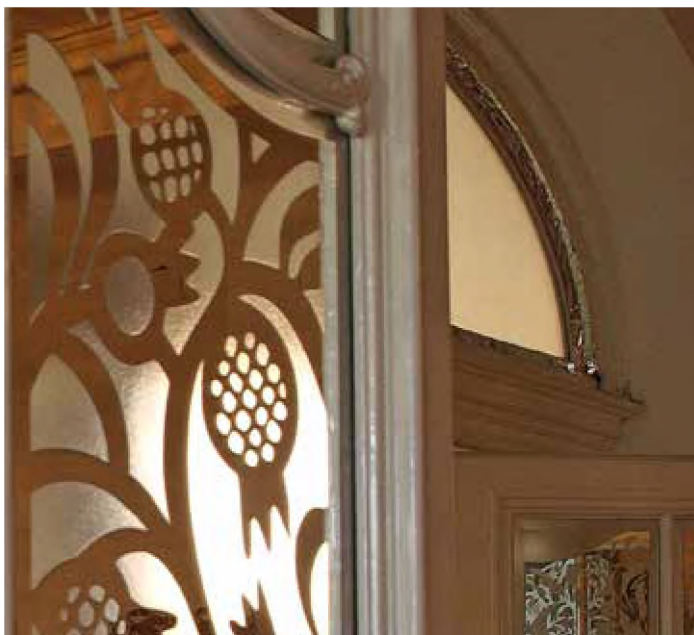
And nobody knew who and in whose compassion
would find strength.

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 who came from the other side, seeing
The sun would soon rise, admitted his defeat
and 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,
Israel, the Prince of God.
And he had his hand on his heart,
looking at the sun appearing
from the Soul of heaven.



JA SAM S NJIM

Imo anohi b'cara ja sam s njim u
vtijeme njegove nevolje, u šutnji
čovjeka kojemu glas u grlu zamre.

Ja sam s njim kad se boji da zora više
neće svanuti, milujući mu patnju u očima i
uklanjajući mu tamu iz duše, vadeći za njega
smijeh i radost zatvorene u tvrdu ljušturu
na dnu moje beskonačnosti.

Ja sam s njim kad misli da su ga ljudi iznevjerili
i kad sumnja u sebe, kad je uplašen, kad se
preispituje i ranjiv sklanja u sebe.

Imo anohi b'cara ja sam s njim brojeći čovjeku
suze koje se ne vide. Da, ja sam s njim.



I AM WITH HIM

Imo anohi b'cara I am with him at
the time of his misery, in the silence
of the man whose voice dies in his throat.

I am with him when he fears the dawn will no longer
break, caressing the anguish in his eyes and
removing darkness from his soul, taking for
him the laughter and joy enclosed in a hard shell
at the bottom of my infinity.

I am with him when he thinks people have let him
down and when he doubts himself, when he is scared,
when he re-examines himself, and, vulnerable,
withdraws into himself.

Imo anohi b'cara I am with him , counting the man's
invisible tears. Yes, I am with him.



BAMIDBAR

Čini mi se da sam nenastanjena pustinja.
Pustila sam u tišini da sve ode, kao što
bešumno nestaje sitna prašina iz pješčanog sata.
I dok mirujem, vode Tore nadolaze.



BAMIDBAR

I seem to be an uninhabited desert.

I let everything go in the silence, just as
the tiny dust noiselessly disappears from the
hourglass.

And while I am quiet, the Torah waters are rising.





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 which, Promised land
just for me.





HAVI

Hava leži ispod zelene krošnje
nesvjesna da put njezina sjaji.
Vrijeme? Ono je još na njezinoj
strani i sve nemoguće za nju je još moguće.
I dok u krilu drži zvijezde čuje šum vode.
Boje rastopljenih oblaka, a nebo po nebo
sve do sedmog, za nju se otvara.
U edenu Hava edenom postaje i još ne
sluti da svjetlo sjenu dobiva. I ne prepoznaje
biće koje joj se približava poslano s druge strane
da uništava. Zamalo Hava će bez edena ostati,
ali u trenutku pada, očima širom otvorenim, ona
će slike edenske pamti. I kad se svjetovi počnu rušiti,
kad koraci Mesije utihnu, a sjaj mjeseca i sunca se
ugasi Hava će mapu duše otvoriti i slijedeći trag
svjetla svoje svijesti u eden se vratiti.



TO HAVA

Hava is lying under the green tree top
unaware that her skin is shining.
Time? It is still on her side
and everything impossible is still possible for her.
And while holding the stars in her lap she can hear
the sound of water in the colour of melted clouds,
and heaven after heaven all the way to the seventh,
opens up for her.
In Eden, Hava becomes Eden and still does not
suspect that the light gets a shadow. And does not
recall the person approaching her,
sent from the other side to destroy.
Soon Hava will be left without Eden.
but at the moment of fall, with eyes wide open,
she will remember the scenes of Eden.
And when the worlds start tumbling,
when the steps of the Messiah fall silent,
and the shine of the sun and the moon dies out,
Hava will open the map of her soul
and, following the trace of light of her conscience,
to Eden will return.

הסידור המדויק
לשליח איתור

איש מעליה

TALMUDSKE ŽENE

Mišnajski mudraci vole knjige,
ali ih rijetko iz sinagoge i ješive
nose kući. Jer mišljahu: „Žene?
Što će im slova?“

Al' Ima Šalom, Bruria, Jalta, Hana i Akivina
Rahela, otključale su sobu na čijim vratima
piše: „Nijeme žene“.

S devet mjera govora, od ukupno deset,
što ih je El Šadaj podario svijetu, one će
pobijedit u raspravama neke slavne, talmudske
učenjake.

A rabi Jošua skrušeno će reći: „Bruria je imala
pravo“.



TALMUD WOMEN

The Mishnah scholars love books
but rarely take them home from the synagogue
and yeshiva, For they thought: „Women?
What will they do with letters?“
Al'Ima Shalom, Bruria, Yalta, Hannah and Aqiva's
Rachel have unlocked the room
named „Silent Women“.
With nine measures of speech out of ten,
that El Shaddai presented to the world, they will
win in debates over some famous Talmud scholars.
And rabbi Joshua will humbly say, „Bruria was right“.





ZBORIŠTE VODA

Uđeš u vodu i tijelo je
drugačije, mijenja se i
boji u plavo kao i duša
koja se oslobađa.

I neko vrijeme plove
zajedno u srebru tekućeg etera.

Pod vodom svjetlice u očima
koje su zatvorene skupljaju
se u zjenicama. Poslije, pogledaš
me i pitaš se, jesu li zlatne?

U vodi, sve što je u nutrini, vanjsko biva.

I dok izlazim iz nje ocean sam,
slap i more, jezero i led s vrha planine.

U mekoći tišine koja se još razlijeva
tražim svoj medaljon s dugom prije
nego što u svijet izvanjskog uđem.



MIKVEH

You enter water and the body is
different, it changes and
colours in blue like the soul
liberating itself.

And for some time they sail
together in the silver of fluid ether.
Under the water, sparks in the eyes
which are closed gather
in the irises. Later, you look at
me and wonder, are they golden?
In water, everything that is internal
becomes external. And while I go out,
I am an ocean, a waterfall and a sea,
a lake and the ice from the mountain top.
In the softness of the silence which is still overflowing
I look for my locket with rainbow before
I enter the external world.





ŽENA OD SOLI

Jutros sam ušla u dnevnu sobu
toplu i utješnu kao da sam uronila
u maternicu svijeta u kojoj nema nečistog.
Samo je zrak vibrirao česticama božanskog
svjetla. I tad rekoh Jednom:
„Gle, ja sam ti žena od soli.
Rastopi me u svojem oceanu ljubavi“.



WOMAN OF SALT

This morning I entered the living room,
warm and consoling, like entering
the womb of the world where there is nothing
unclean. Only the air vibrated
with fragments of divine light.
And then I said to the One:
„Look, I am a woman of salt.
Dissolve me in your ocean of love“.



SUKA

Sjedim u sjenci na balkonu
sred Zagreba, na minut,
dva od Velikog kazališta.
Začudno mi je što dolje prolaze
automobili, čuje se kočenje tramvaja
i glasovi zidara s limenim kantama koje
vise pune pijeska na pročelju.
Snebivam se, a ja sama najveći sam
apsurd u gradskom saobraćaju dok
sjedim u sjenici na blagdan Sukot kao
u nekom ekskluzivnom Elohimovom
odmaralištu.



SUKKAH

I am sitting in a sukkah, on the balcony
in the midst of Zagreb, a minute or two
from the Opera House.

It is amazing that down there
cars are passing, one can hear a tram breaking
and the voices of masons with tin buckets
full of sand, hanging from the façade.

I am astounded, and I myself am the
greatest absurd in the city traffic,
sitting in a sukkah on the feast of Sukkot like
in an exclusive Elochim's
resort.

KOL NIDREJ

Ti i ja u istoj sinagogi nećemo se sresti.

I neće postojati trenutak u kojem ćemo se pogledati i znati što sve nosimo u duši.

No u povratku Jednom, u molitvi, u ispovijedi nijemoj u ogledalu srca pročišćenog Kol nidrej, svih zavjeta se sjeti, jer samo tako ćeš me pronaći.

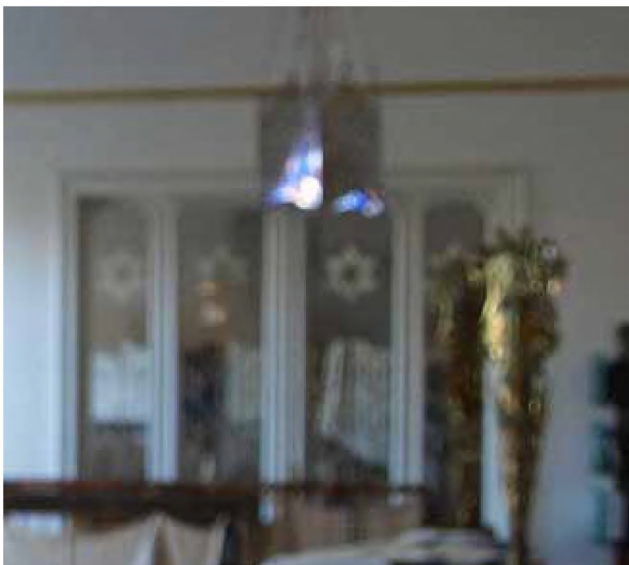


KOL NIDRE

You and I in the same synagogue will not meet.

And there will not be a moment when we will look at each other and know what we have in our souls.

But in the return to the One, in the prayer, in silent confession in the miirror of the cleansed heart Kol nidre, remember all the vows, for only so will you find me.





JEWISH WOMAN

Možda sa mnom stvari nešto
drugačije stoje.

Možda strahujem više, a vjerujem
manje.

Možda bježim kad drugi ostaju
ili ljubav skrivam kada se ona
pokazuje.

Odustajanje i pristajanje jutrom
iz iste šalice pijem.

Ne bez strepnje, nježno me privijaš sebi.

Jer ništa tu u sredini nije. Ljubeći me,
ljubim te, dok se smrt i rođenje dodiruju.

Reci mi dragi, je li to Pjesma nad pjesmama
za nas dvoje ?



THE COMPLETE EDITION
the chumash
WITH COMPLETE SAABBATH PRAYERS
BY
RABBI
S. S. FELD
OF
BROOKLYN
NEW YORK



HOLY SCRIPTURE



זריז
—
ספודי
חסידיים

JEWISH WOMAN

Maybe things are somewhat
different with me.

Maybe I fear more, and trust
less.

Maybe I flee when the others stay
or conceal love when it
shows.

Surrendering and consenting in the morning
I drink from the same cup.

Not without anxiety, you tenderly embrace me.
For there is nothing in the middle. Kissing me,
I kiss you, while death and birth adjoin.

Tell me darling, is this the Song of songs
for the two of us?



ISKUSTVO

Svijetom putuješ u iskustvu
bliskosti s Jednim.
Poput Mojsija koji je sišao
sa Sinaja zračeći svjetlom
božanske suštine
i nevidljivim česticama nježnosti
dodiruješ ljude učeći ih kako
val biva morem.



EXPERIENCE

You travel the world in the experience
of being equal with the One.
Like Moses who came down
Mt Sinai radiating the light
of Divine essence
and with invisible particles of tenderness
you touch people, teaching them how
a wave turns into a sea.



AMSTERDAM

Spinoza izopćen iz židovske zajednice napušta Amsterdam. Preko leđa visi mu platnena torba na kojoj piše Teološko-politički traktat. I dok sam sebi putujući broji korake miče usnama kao nekoć Hana u svojoj prvoj molitvi. Ali Spinoza ne moli nego raspravlja sa sobom i svijetom i u njemu vrije biblijska kritika i politička filozofija. A onda se zaustavi u Rijnsburgu i dok brusi leće, plijevi metafiziku premjještajući Boga po ploči svoje filozofije. I tako je s brušenjem optičkog stakla napisao i Etiku. A onda umro i bez leća odjednom je sve vidio jasnije.



AMSTERDAM

Spinoza expelled from the Jewish
community leaves Amsterdam.

On his back hangs a canvas bag
saying it's a Theological-political treatise.

And while he is travelling, counting his steps
he moves his lips as Hannah did in her
first prayer. Yet, Spinoza does not pray but
discusses with himself and with the world, and in
him boil Biblical criticism and political philosophy.

And then he stopped in Rijnsburg and while he is
cutting lenses, he weeds metaphysics, moving God
along the board of his philosophy. And so with
cutting optical glass he also wrote his Ethics.

And then he died and without lenses he suddenly
saw everything more clearly.



ŠABAT TEŠUVA

Valjda je tako moralo
biti. Krećući se naprijed
netremice gledaš što je
bilo u metakronološkom
ogledalu u hologramskoj
prizmi onoga što je bilo,
što jest i što će biti.

Šabat tešuva, blagdan povratka
Jednom neka ne bude zbog straha
nego iz ljubavi.



SHABBATH TESHUVAH

This is how it was supposed
to be. When moving forward
you stare to see what was
in the metachronological
mirror in the hologramic
prism of what was,
what is and what will be.
Shabbath teshuvah, the feast of return
to the One, not out of fear
but out of love.



NICOC

Gehinom i eden u istom
srcu žive zajedno tako
skloni da preplave obale
jedno drugom.

A ipak vodama tame ne
mogu ploviti.

Jer onaj tko uroni u ocean
svjetlosti božanske iskre sa
srcem mu se stapaju.

Ponekad osama je kula pred
čijom utvrdom gehinom kao
prosjak ostaje.



NIZOZ

Gehinnom and Eden in the same
heart live together so
inclined to overflow the banks
of each other.

And yet in the waters of darkness
they cannot sail.

For he who plunges into the ocean
of light, divine sparks with
his heart merge.

Sometimes solitude is a tower
before which the gehinnom
remains like a beggar.

TRČANJE TEBI

Moja zarobljena slika o sebi
jutros je ispala iz okvira i
potrčala tebi, zaboravivši na
svih deset sfirot i 22 hebrejska slova.



RUNNING TO YOU

My imprisoned picture about myself
dropped out of the frame this morning and
ran to you, forgetting about all
ten sfirot and 22 Hebrew letters.





LAŠON HAKODEŠ

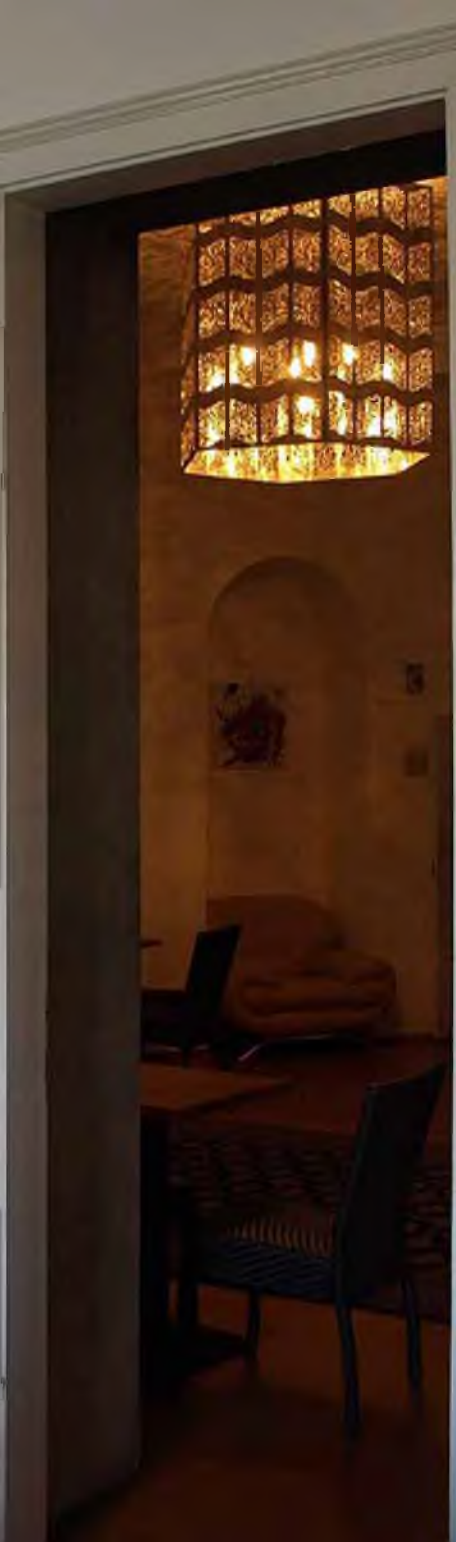
U snu mi neprekidno govoriš:

Ja sam koji jesam.

Ehje ašer ehje.

I taj je zvuk lašon hakodeša
sveprožimajući i probuđujući.

Jer želiš da znam da su pitanja
moja, ali odgovori Tvoji.



מודים דרבנו
אנחנו לך שאתה הוא
להינו ואלהי אבותינו,
ל בשר, יוצרנו, יוצר
לך דעות
על
חינו
(ותקיימנו) ותאסוף
למצותך וידשך,
קיד ולישוננו רצונך
עב שלום עלינו אנחנו
ברוך אל המלאכות:



LASHON HAKODESH

In the dream you constantly tell me:

I am who I am.

Ehye asher ehye.

And that sound of lashon-ha-kodesh is
all-pervading and awakening.

Because You want me to know that the questions
are mine but the answers are Yours.



IZAIJA SUSREĆE EZEKIELA

Koje je doba noći?

Koje je doba dana?

Je li u ljubavi istinska
suština koja duše spaja?

Izaija je zbunjen i jadikujući
zove stražara, a Ezekiel mu
odgovara: „U moru duha, samo
ljubav čista, noću i danju, svjetlom
isijava.“



ISAIAH MEETS EZEKIEL

What time of the night is it?

What time of the day is it?

Does love contain the true
essence which connects souls?

Isaiah is confused and lamenting

he calls the guard, and Ezekiel

answers, „In the sea of spirit only

love pure, night and day, with light
radiates.“





SIJATA D'ŠMAJE

Ponekad stigne nam anđeo,
ali ga ne prepoznamo.

I ljutimo se kad *taj netko* prolijeva
mlijeko po kuhinji i ostavlja na stolu
mrvice kruha nesposoban da shvati
zašto nam je važno da su cipele posložene,
suđe oprano i štednjak očišćen.

Ponekad ne vidimo anđela koji s nama guli
krumpir i sjecka na sitno povrće. I misleći
da smo sami premećemo po glavi sve i svašta
i onda se iznenada ukočimo i sjetivši se nekog
gubitka i zaplačemo. A anđeo kojeg nismo
primijetili grli nas oko ramena brižan i nježan
nedajući da potonemo. I kad to osvijestimo
shvatimo da smo dobili *sijata d'šmaje*, božansku
pomoć anđela koji nas brani od vlastite ranjivosti.



SIYATA D'SHMAYE

Sometimes an angel comes to us
but we do not recognize him and
are angry when *the somebody* spills
milk all over the kitchen and leaves on the table
breadcrumbs unable to understand
why it is important to have shoes laid tidily,
dishes washed and the cooker cleaned.
Sometimes we do not see the angel peeling
potatoes with us and chopping vegetables.
And thinking we are alone we think about
all sorts of things and then we suddenly stiffen
remembering a loss, and start crying.
And the angel we never noticed hugs us round
our shoulders, caring and tender,
not allowing us to sink. And when we are aware of
that, we realize we got *syat d'shmaye*, divine help.
The angel defending us from our own vulnerability.





ZABLUDA

Htjela sam vjerovati da je mržnja
spaljena jednom zauvijek i zapretna
ispod ohlađenog pepela krematorija i da su
njevini posljednji izdanci nalegli iscrpljeni na
bodljikavu žicu i sagorjeli jednom zauvijek
u času kada je započeo Marš smrti.

Htjela sam vjerovati u *nikad više*,
ali ništa nije ispalo iz crne vremenske
rupe onako kako je trebalo biti. Jer
ako bolje pogledaš vidjet ćeš kako ispod
inja i mraza na nekoj žici Auschwitz još diše.



DELUSION

I wanted to believe that hatred
was reduced to ashes once for all and banked up
under the cooled ashes of the crematorium and that
its last offspings have settled, exhausted
on the barbed wire and burnt once for all
at the moment the Death march started.
I wanted to believe in the *never more*,
but nothing came from the black time hole
the way it should have been. But
if you look closer you will see that,
under the frost and cold, Auschwitz still breathes.



OVO SAM JA

Vidiš li, ovo sam ja kao prah,
kao glina, kao trava koja sjemeni,
morska zvijezda, nasad naranči
u cvatu, crvena zemlja i grožđe
na strmom vinogradu, smilje,
kompjutor i napola potrošena
olovka. Crveni ruž za usta i
mirisni balzam za tijelo. Komadić
begela i zatar umotan u papirić
na ulici Mea šearima.

Dobro me pogledaj! Da, ovo sam
ja. S očima u kojima je tajni zapis
o duši koja je već bila Gore i kojoj
sam ostavila vrijeme i prostor da
sebi pronađe zemaljsko tijelo. I
ispuni Prazninu. I tako sam nehotice
skrojila novo Nebo i novu Zemlju.
Ovo sam ja kad šutimo i kada se smijemo
znajući da ne znamo što je zbogom i
kada je samo doviđenja.

Vidiš li, to sam ja, kada molim onako
kako mole djeca vjerujući u potpunosti
i bez ostatka. Istovremeno zvijezda i
poniruća kometa.



THIS IS ME

Can you see, this is me like dust,
like clay, like grass turning to seed,
a starfish, a grove of oranges
in blossom, red earth and grapes
in steep vineyard, immortelle,
computer and a half-used
pencil. Red lipstck and
fragrant body balm. A piece of
begel and za'atar wrapped in paper
on the street of Mea shearim.
Look at me well! Yes, this is
me. With eyes with a secret writing
about the soul which has already been Up and
to which I left the time and space to
find an earthly body for itself. And
fill the emptiness. And so accidentally
I carved a new Heaven and a new Earth.
This is me when we are silent and when we laugh
knowing we don't know what is 'goodbye' and
when it is only 'see you'.
Can you see, this is me praying
the way children pray, believing completely
and leaving no remnants. At the same time, a star
and a sinking comet.



OR PENIM

Nutarnje svjetlo sakupljeno je
iskru po iskru i plaćeno danima
vedrin i tmurnim. Ali ni jedna
svjetlica nije izgubljena, ni jedna
iskra nezaslužena.

To je tek dio puta kojeg je
valjalo prijeći.

Što je cilj duši?

OrMekif, svjetlo koje tek treba
doseći.



OR PENIM

The inside light has been gathered
spark by spark and paid with days
clear and cloudy. But no
flash has been lost, no
spark undeserved.

This is just a part of the way that
one had to pass.

What is the soul's objective?

OrMakif, the light that only should be
reached.



JAKOV I RAHELA

Je li Jakov gledao Raheli u oči
ili u srce ili je njezino lice bilo
odraz duše dok su ih okruživale
sjene budućnosti ispitujući sadašnjost?
Pa će i Leinio lice ući u povijest Jakovljevu,
a na ploči kraljevstva Mašiah ben Josef
morat će Mašijaha ben Davida priznati
za otkupitelja. Jer nitko svoju ulogu
bez onog drugog ne dovrši.
Ipak, od Berešita do danas samo ljubav srca
neprekidno s nama kroz vrijeme putuje.



JACOB AND RACHEL

Was Jacob looking Rachel in the eyes
or in the heart, or was her face
the reflection of the soul while they were surrounded
by shadows of the future examining the present?
So Lea's face will enter into Jacob's history and
on the plaque of the kingdom of Mashiah ben Joseph
they will have to recognize Mashiah ben David
as the Redeemer. For no one can finish his role
without the other one.
And yet, from Bereshit until today it is only the love
of the heart that travels constantly
with us through time.



MENORA

Tvoj je odsjaj stvaranje u Svjetlu
vječnosti. Krošnja ti je okrenuta
prema nebu, ali i korijenima ljudi
na zemlji.

Moja si čežnja da budem što bliže
Jednom, ja kao šalom i šalem, premda
je uvijek sve u promijeni i hodu čovjeka
između sunca i mjeseca, života i smrti.
I dok gori ulje u laticama menore vidim
Svijet koji dolazi i Mesiju, pomazanika, u
kojem svatko od nas biva otiskom svih drugih.
Hodajući povezana s Izvorom duha i duše
gledam kako se otvaraju vrata
nebeskog Jeruzalema.

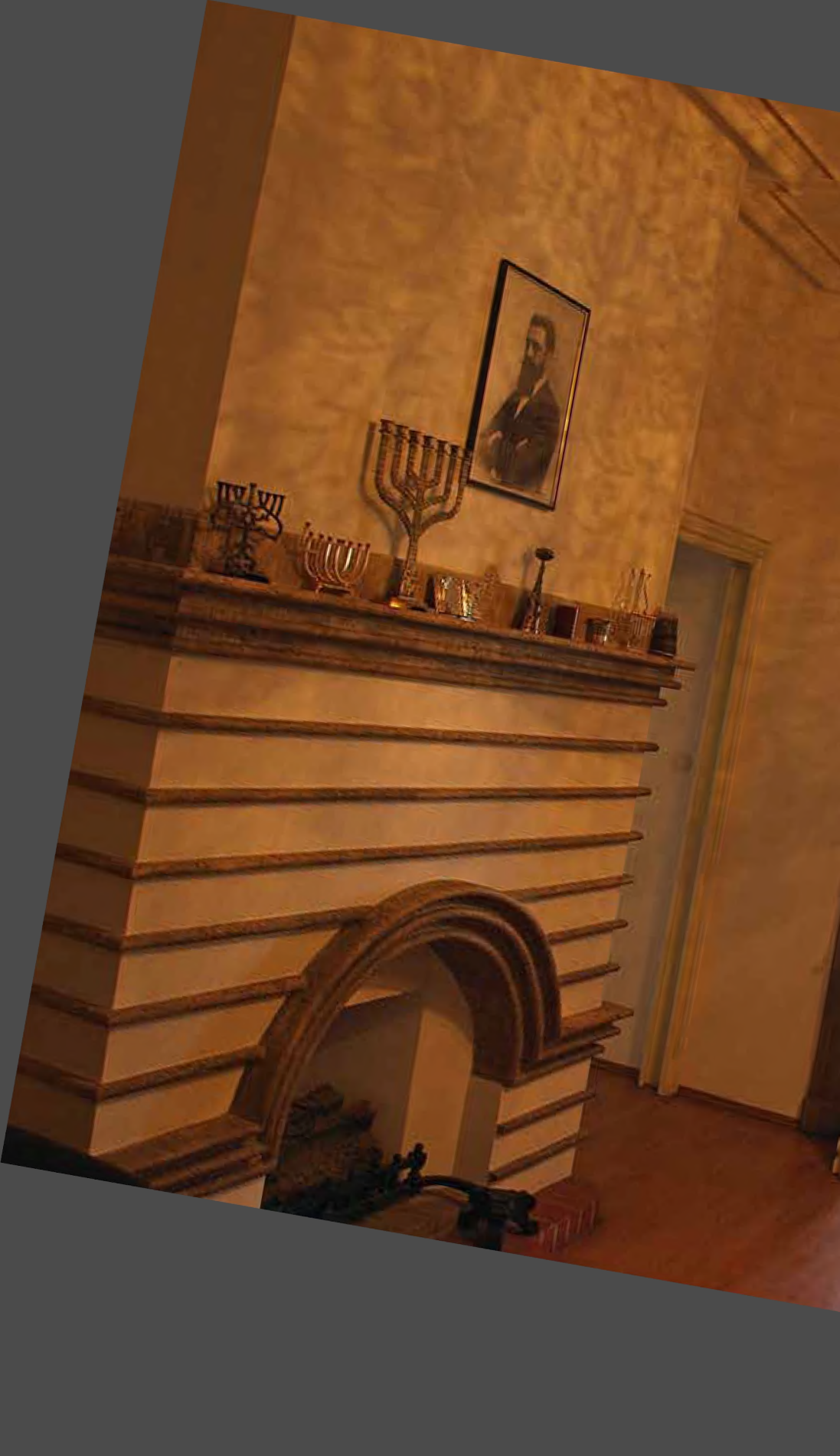


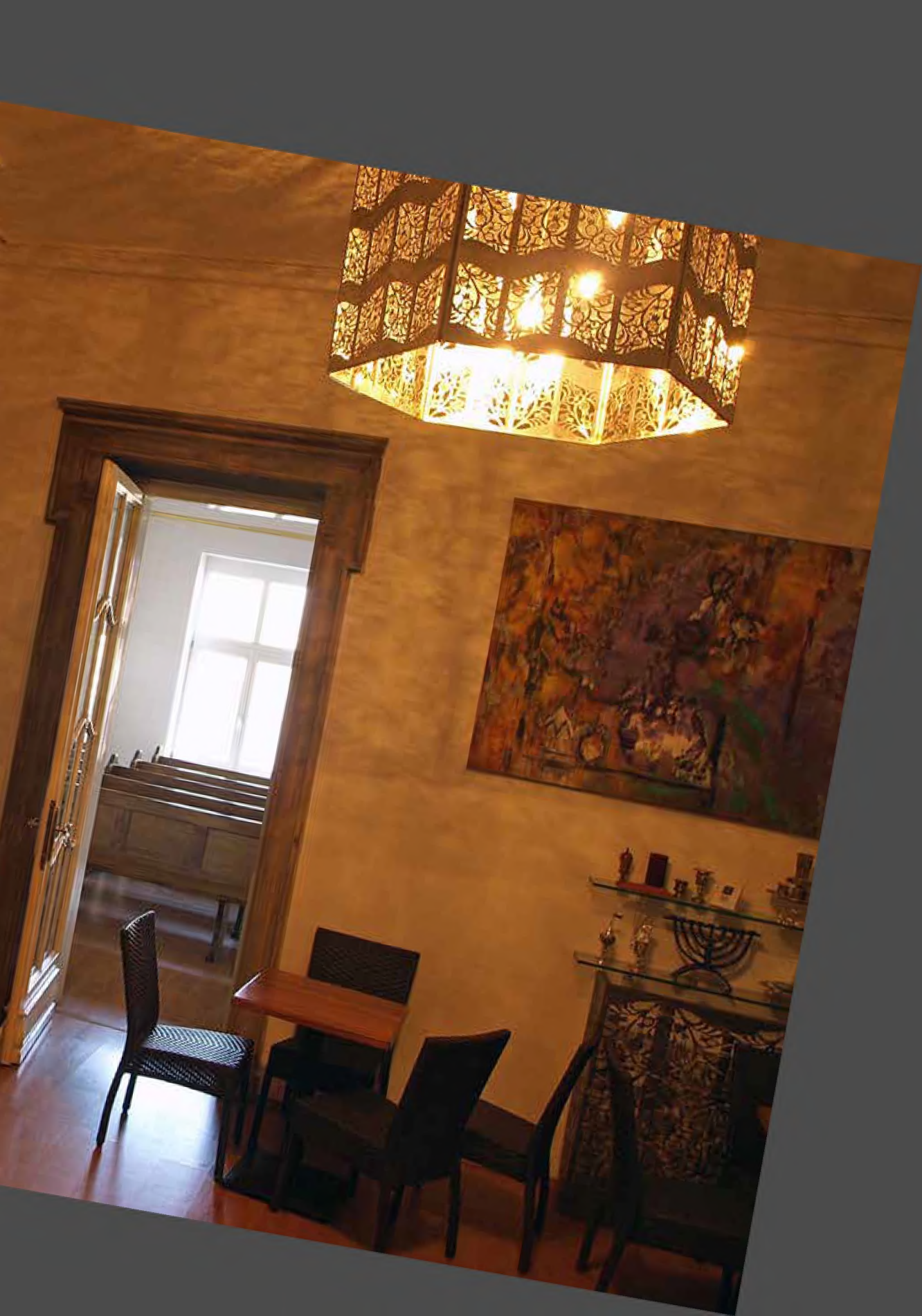
MENORAH

Your reflection is the creation in the Light
of eternity. Your tree-top is turned
to the heaven and also to the roots of the people
on the earth.

My longing to be as close as possible
To the One, me like shalom and shalem, although
everything is always in the change and the pace of the
man between the sun and the moon, life and death
and while the oil is burning in the petals of the
menorah I can see the World which is coming,
and Messiah, the anointed man
in whom each of us becomes as an inprint
of all the others.

Walking connected with the source of the spirit
and the soul I can see opening of the gates of the
Heavenly Jerusalem.





ŠTO JE U RUŽI

Što je u Ruži Ghiora Aharonija ?
Tajna Tajni i trnje od kojeg se
branimo. Šehina i ljubav koja
nadahnjuje pozivajući da izađemo
u svijet iz najdublje, sakrivene jezgre
i pogledamo u Zohar kozmičkim
očima.

Hebrejska slova i kaligrafija.

Sjaj i tama, davanje i primanje.

Što je u Ruži? Ilanot i Nebesko

Putovanje. Sve je to u Ruži Ghiora

Aharonija zajedno s deset sfirot.



WHAT'S IN THE ROSE

What's in the rose of Ghiore Aharaoon?

The Secret of Secrets and the thorns

We shun. Shehina and the love

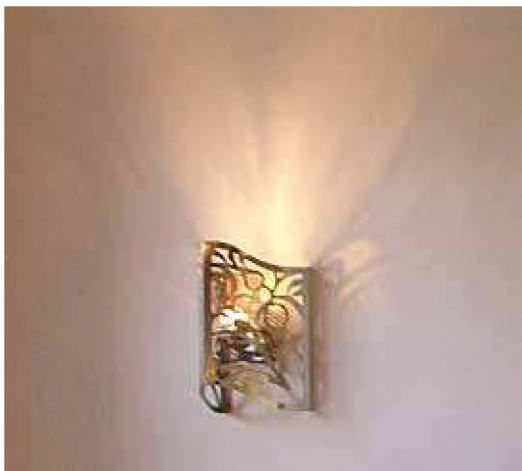
Inspiring, inviting us to come out
into the world from the deepest, hidden core
and look at the Zohar with cosmic
eyes.

Hebrew letters and calligraphy.

Splendour and darkness, giving and receiving.

What's in the rose? Ilanot and Heavenly

Journey. All these are in the Rose of Ghiore
Aharaoon, together with ten sfiroth.





ADAMU

Tebi želim Put od svjetlosti.

Znanje od znanja. Mudrost
od mudrosti.

Tebi želim, Ljubav od ljubavi.



TO ADAM

To you I wish the Path of light,
Knowledge of knowledge, Wisdom
of wisdom.

To you I wish, Love of love.



Jasminka Domaš živi u Zagrebu. Članica je PEN-a i Hrvatskog društva pisaca. Jedna je od utemeljiteljica Židovske vjerske zajednice Bet Israel. Od 1995. do 1998. bila je suradnica američke Zaklade za vizualnu povijest-preživjeli svjedoci Holokausta čiji je utemeljitelj Steven Spielberg. Scenaristica je i autorica desetak dokumentarnih filmova, pretežno na tematiku Holokausta. Objavila je više pjesničkih zbirki , romana, stručnih knjiga s područja judaizma, i kratkih priča. Jedna od njih Omnibus uvrštena je u antologiju priča židovskih književnica iz tridesetak zemalja svijeta.

Jasminka Domaš lives in Zagreb, She is a member of PEN and of the Croatian Writers' Union. She is one of the founders of the Jewish Religious Community Beth Israel. Between 1995 and 1998 she collaborated with the American foundation for virtual history , founded by Steven Spielberg. She has written texts and screenplays for over ten documentary films, mostly dealing with holocaust. She has also written several books of poetry, novels, books on Judaism amd short stories. One of them, 'Omnibus' has been included in an anthology od stories by Jewish female writers from some thirty countries of the world.

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