

POETSKI MISTIK

Jasminka
Domaš



THE POETIC MISTIC

• STAJER GRAF & Židovska vjerska zajednica BET ISRAEL

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THE POETIC MYSTIC

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Evino stvaranje

Jednom davno kad Zemlja bijaše pusta i prazna, Eva se ogledavala u skupljenim vodama mora plavog poput opala. I ono što bijaše lijepo poželi učiniti još ljepšim. I učini pokret ka Svjetlosti uzevši iz zemlje pregršt raznovolikih oblika i načini, kao što je Vječni činio: umijesi prah s vodom, stalnost i promjenu i oboji ih u ogrlicu od ljubavi i zlata, znak savršenstva.

Saçini još od srebra i morsko biće s krilcima posutim od bijelog mjesečevog sjaja i stavi ga na zvjezdanu vrpcu koju zapečati odbljeskom dijamanta, simbolom savršenog dovršenja. I potraži zatim smaragdnu rijeku nad kojom su plovile ptice dugog zelenog perja i izroni iz nje školjku i pronade u njoj biser. A praiskonska voda joj reče: »Eva, svemu što nađeš daj od svog duha, jer samo tako dobit ćeš više od života«.

Ona, Eva, Hava, prva žena, ohrabri se i postade umjetnica. I tako prekrši sve zakone približivši se najdubljoj razini uvida iz kojeg sve nastaje. I zaljubi se u život kakav joj je podaren. Tad potraži na drugoj strani Edena koralje i nižući ih, žrtvova kaplju svoje krvi i upiše u njih porijeklo svijeta, biljno i mineralno. I stavi još oko ruke jantar sveobuhvatne mogućnosti povezujući njime svoju kozmičku dušu s božanskom.

Adam je nađe zamišljenu na obali i ona mu reče: »Postoji tok života i tok smrti, ali i Božje milosti. Ti si sa mnom izdržao trenutak praznine kada smo spoznali točku iz koje sve proistječe i u koju sve utječe«. A on izvadi za nju iz svoje kose kristale, poput onih sa safirnog prijestolja Gospodnjeg. I poređa ih po njezinom dlanu podarivši joj s njima intuiciju s kojom će se žena kretati između vidljivog i nevidljivog.

Eva ga pogleda očima u kojima su još bile blistale edenske kiše i u njima san koji sanja samoga sebe. I shvati: oni koji su pali na Zemlju ponovno mogu naći put k Nebu.

Autorica

Eve's Creation

Once upon a time, long ago, when the Earth was waste and void, Eve looked at herself in the waters of the sea, blue like an opal. And she wished to make the beautiful even more beautiful. And she made a movement towards the Light, taking from the earth a handful of various forms and did, like the Eternal One did: she kneaded the dust with water, the permanence and change and coloured them into a necklace made of love and gold, the sign of perfection. And she took silver and made a sea creature with wings dusted with moonlight glow and put it on a starry ribbon which she sealed with the sparkle of a diamond, the symbol of perfect completion. And then she sought the emerald river over which birds with long green feathers were flying, and dived a shell out of it, and found a pearl in it. And the primeval water said to her: "Eve, whatever you find, give it from your spirit, because only in this way will you get more from life."

She, Eve, Hava, the first woman, took heart and became an artist. And thus she broke all laws, approaching the deepest level of the insight from which everything emerges. And she fell in love as it was presented to her. Then, on the other side of Eden, she looked for corals, and stringing them, she sacrificed a drop of her blood and in them she wrote the origin of the world, both vegetable and mineral. And round her arm she also put amber of all-encompassing possibility, connecting with it her cosmic soul with the divine soul.

Adam found her musing on the shore, and she said to him: "There is a course of life and the course of death, but also the course of God's grace. With me you have stood the moment of emptiness when we realized the point from which everything springs and into which everything flows." And out of his hair he took crystals, like those from the Lord's pearly throne. And he arranged them on the palm of her hand, presenting with them the intuition with which the woman will move between the visible and the invisible.

Eve looked at him with the eyes where the glistening Eden rains were still present, containing a dream dreaming itself. And she understood that those who have fallen to Earth can again find the way to Heaven.

The author

Adamu

To Adam

*

Pomislilih: »Pretty woman«.
Diplomat diplomatski šuti.
Čovjek kraj nas naručuje
fileke sa špekom.
Valjda u znak mira.
To se jede žlicom.

*

I thought: "Pretty woman".
The diplomat is diplomatically silent.
The man next table orders
tripe with lard.
Possibly, as a sign of peace,
This is eaten with a spoon.

*

Gospodin je bio u logoru smrti.
On ne voli izlaziti iz kuće.
Svoju fotelju ne bi mijenjao za
cijeli svijet.
Uostalom, što ima u svijetu?

*

The gentleman has been in a death camp.
He does not like going out.
He would not exchange his armchair
for the whole world.
After all, what is there in the world?

*

Sve više privlačim tipove raznih fela.
Kada im se događa nešto važno kume
me da budem blizu.
Navečer se vraćam kući umorna i zbunjena.
I dok tonem u san u mojoj duši i njihova
svijetli.

*

I am increasingly attracting all sorts of people.
When something important happens, they implore
me to be near.
In the evening I come home tired and confused.
And while I sink into sleep, in my soul, their soul also
shines.

*

Htjela bih na more, a ostajem u gradu.
Petama pečatim asfalt, a u meni miris
brnistre u plavom.
I galeb što krijestom vala brodi.
Grad. Samo moj dah u vrelini izbačen
u Nebo.

*

I would like to go to the seaside, and I stay in town
With my heels I seal the asphalt, and in me the scent
of yucca in blue.
And the seagull sailing on the wave crest.
The town. Only my breath in the heat thrown out
to Heaven.

*

Puštaš me da hodim, brodim, sama plovim.
Ali odmorišta?
Odmorišta su tako rijetka.

*

You let me walk, sail, cruise alone.
And the resting places?
The resting places are so rare.

*

Krpati. Krpati.
Zakrpati se.
Iscijeliti se. Nasmiješiti se.
Patchwork je vječno u modi.

*

To mend. To mend.
To patch up.
To heal oneself. To smile.
The patchwork is always in.

*

Preživjeti. Prespavati.
Ne misliš da bi tako
mogla i umrijeti.
Otvori oči!

*

To survive. To hibernate.
Don't you think you could also
die like this.
Open your eyes!

*

Ranojesenska kiša sapire
zlatnožute sunčane tragove.
Rani mrak guta listove.

*

The early autumn rain is washing away
the golden yellow traces of sunshine.
The early dusk is swallowing leaves.

*

Ima li moj put u padanju uzdizanje?
Rabin Nahman iz Braslava reče mi:
»Tvoj korak u visinu po oštroj stijeni je.
Anđelu pruži ruku, jer Stvoritelju uznosi te«.

*

Is there a rise in my way down?
Rabbi Nahman from Braslav said to me:
"Your step upward is on sharp rocks.
Give your hand to the angel, for he is rising you to the Creator."

*

Prišao mi je. Uhvatio me za ruku i poveo.
Pogledah na koga sličī.
To lice blijedo. To tijelo krhko.
Gotovo bijelo.
I ne nađoh usporedbe.
Tada smo stali. Njegov mir bijaše moj
mir.
Njegova ljubav, moja ljubav beskonačna.
Pogledah tada u svog anđela i rekoḥ mu:
»Sada znam, ta ljubav nedostajala je.«

*

He came to me. He took my hand and led me.
I looked to see who he looked like,
The pale face. The frail body.
Nearly white.
And I could find no comparison.
And then we stopped. His peace was my
peace.
His love, my love, infinite.
I looked at my angel and said to him:
"I know now, it was this love that was missing."

*

Zaspah snom teškim. Teška.
I On me povede na putovanje,
Krugovima snježnim i bijelim.
Kroz prozračnost leda spuštajući me
i uzdižući me.
I tada shvatih, treba me
pročišćenu.

*

I fell in heavy sleep. Heavy.
And He took me on a trip,
Along circles snowy and white.
Through ethereal ice, lowering me
and rising me.
And then I realized, he wants me
cleansed.

*

Hoću vidjeti sunce.
Hoću vidjeti Nebo.
Ne želim samo prolaziti.
Želim biti.
U nekom danu koji je ispred mene
htjela bih izaći iz vode i blistati.
Na putu ka Praizvoru okrenuta Tebi.

*

I want to see the sun.
I want to see the Heaven.
I don't want just to pass.
I want to be.
In a day which is before me.
I would like to come out of the water and glisten.
On the way to the Primaeval Source, turned to You.

*

Odjednom osjetila sam da stojim
na hladnoj plohi leda.
Samo, je li bilo odjednom?

*

I suddenly felt I was standing
on a cold sheet of ice.
Only, was it suddenly?

*

Okus loše savjesti?
Gorak je.

*

The aftertaste of bad conscience?
It's bitter.

*

Dokoni šetači. Komadić neba.
Krajičkom oka zadržavam pticu.
Lomi nas bura.

*

Idle walkers. A patch of sky.
With a corner of my eye I detain a bird.
The bora is breaking us.

*

Na putu prema zračnoj luci vidim u dubini
grad.
Njegove zidine i tvrde svijetle u izmaglici noći.
Nad vlastitim snom zgurena u malom autobusu
naginjem se i lebdim. Neko vrijeme nad
Dubrovnikom.

*

On the way to the airport I can see, down there,
the city.
Its walls and fortresses shine in the mist of the night.
Over my sleep, crouched in the small bus
I bend and hover. Some time over
Dubrovnik.

*

Sreća? Ima li težeg
pitanja o krhkijem?

*

Happiness? Is there a more difficult
question about a more frail thing?

*

Gle kakav divan dan!
Svibanj se njiše na zelenom
listu.
Ja trošim svoje sretne sate.

*

Look, what a lovely day!
May is swinging on the green
leaf.
I spend my happy hours.

*

Smiraj dana na Lastovu.
Sjene otoka ogledavaju se u vodi.
Neko vrijeme. I zatim potonu.
Ujutro se otoci opet vraćaju.

*

The dusk on Lastovo.
The shadows of the islands are reflected in the water.
For a time. And then they sink.
In the morning the islands come back again.

*

Dresden stoji iznad Elbe.
Na raskošnim dvorcima anđeli se
nimalo smjerno propinju u nebo.

*

Dresden stands above the Elbe.
On sumptuous castles the angels
not a bit humbly pitch for the sky.

*

Budimpešta. Lijepo građevine
i raskošne dvorane.
Prijemi i slavlja.
Plješćem na koncertu.
Bártoke i Kodály.
Moje srce luta po Pešta Vigado dvorani.
I ne mogu za njim posegnuti.
Ja sam tu, a ono bi u sjaj zvijezda i dubinu mora.
Moje srce tebi.
Ja sjedim na koncertu.
Tiha i pomalo blijeda.
Nekako jesam i nisam.
Tu negdje između Budimpešte i otoka.

*

Budapest. Pretty buildings
and magnificent halls.
Receptions and celebrations.
I applaud at the concert.
Bártoke and Kodály.
My heart wanders through the Pest Vigado Hall.
And I cannot reach for him.
I am here and it would go to the star splendor and the sea depth.
My heart to you.
I sit in the concert.
Silent and slightly pale.
Somehow I am and I am not.
Somewhere here between Budapest and the islands.

*

Iz Izraela Ezav je stigao u Mađarsku.
Sa sobom je poveo bolesnog psa koji
vuče zadnje noge.
Ezav, koji likom podsjeća na Isusa,
godinu dana putuje svijetom.
Prolaznici i namjernici svi žalosno
promatraju psa.
Ezava što liči na Isusa uglavnom
nitko ne gleda.
U Dohany sinagogi sjedim uz Ezava
u istoj klupi.
Kraj onog koji s beskrajnom nježnošću
gleda u svog psa.
Lisa i ja krišom gledamo u Ezava.

*

From Israel Esau arrived to Hungary.
With him he took a sick dog who
is dragging his hind legs.
Esau, who looks like Jesus,
has been travelling the world for a year.
By-passers and chance travellers, they all sadly
look at the dog.
And Esau, who looks like Jesus, practically
no one looks at.
In Dohany synagogue I sit near Esau
in the same pew.
Near him who with infinite tenderness
looks at his dog.
Lisa and I stealthily look at Esau.

*

Kako se uvući u jutro u koje mi se
ne ustaje?
Pijem glazbu i slušam kavu.
Ipak uspijevam navući cipele i
triput zaboraviti papire,
trudeći se prepoznati trenutak u kojem
odjednom bivamo svjesni da naš život
više nikada neće biti jednak onom kakvog smo
poznavali.

*

How to crawl into a morning where I don't feel
like getting up?
I sip music and listen to coffee.
Yet I manage to pull on my shoes and
three times forget my papers,
trying to recognize the moment where
we suddenly become aware that our life
will never be the same as the life we
used to know.

*

Vlak Zagreb-Beč.
Zadah jeftine plastike i loše salame.
Što mogu učiniti?
Ponuditi samu sebe umjesto bombonima nekakvim
bilo kakvim happy endom.
I zatim ogrnuta u smiješak sići na Südbahnhofu.

*

The Zagreb-Vienna train.
The odour of cheap plastics and bad salami.
What can I do?
To treat myself instead of some candies with some
with any happy ending,
And then, wrapped in smile get off at Südbahnhof.

*

Tamni anđeo valovima noći plovi.
Onaj tko zlatnim prahom sanja i
ne sluti, bez sna, ostat će.

*

The dark angel is sailing on the waves of night.
He who dreams with gold dust and
does not suspect, will remain sleepless.

*

Čovjek poslije nesreće prisiljava se ustati.
Umiti se, izabrati odjeću, očistiti cipele,
sve što je bilo rutinom, naporom je.
Čini mu se, postoji, a ne živi.
A ipak zna da je umiranje jedini put
ka rađanju.

*

The man after an accident, he makes himself rise.
Get washed, choose his clothes, clean his shoes,
everything that has been routine, is an effort.
It seems to him he exists but does not live.
And yet he knows that dying is the only way
to birth.

*

Odjeneš prekrasnu haljinu.
Uvučeš se u nove cipele, staviš
nakit i posegneš za skupocjenim
kaputom.
Pogledaš se u ogledalo. Sve je lijepo.
Samo srce ugrijati ne možeš.

*

You don a beautiful dress.
Get into new shoes, put on
your jewellery and reach for the expensive
coat.
You look in the mirror. Everything is nice.
Only you can't warm your heart.

*

Viktoru su pjesme kruh i voda.
Ponekad ih nađe netko tko je gladan.

*

For Victor, poems are bread and water,
Sometimes found by someone who is hungry.

*

Pavel silazi s Atosa bez krila.
Tamo negdje u Skopju mora
odgovoriti na tri pitanja: o spoznaji,
usamljenosti i mistici.
Pavel se zatim ponovno uspinje na Atos
s ruskim pjesnikom Viktorom Krivoulinom.
Bože, imaju li sad krila?

*

Pavel leaves Mt Athos wingless.
Somewhere there in Skopje he has
to answer three questions: on cognition,
loneliness and mysticism.
Pavel climbs Mt Athos again
with Russian poet Viktor Krivoulin.
God, do they have wings now?

*

Gospode, kad pomislimo da više nemamo
snage podnijeti ono što moramo, daj da
podnesemo. I daj nam još snage da se
osmjehnemo i onda kada nam nije do smijeha.
I nade nam daj. I onda kad snovi zamiru.

*

Lord, when we think we no more have
strength to bear what we have to bear, let us
bear it. And give us more strength
to smile when we don't feel like smiling.
And give us hope. Even when dreams are dying.

*

Na ulici stoji žena i prosi.
Iza nje se skriva djevojka.
I dok majka prosi, ona se sve više
priljubljuje uz njezina leđa.
Gledajući u pod grize nokte i sa svakom
izgovorenim riječi umire od srama.
U podne stoje u središtu grada njih dvije.
Izbjeglice iz Bosne.

*

In the street, a woman stands begging.
A girl is hiding behind her.
And while the mother is begging, she increasingly
clings to her back.
Looking at the floor, she bites her nails and with each
word uttered, she is dying of shame.
At midday, in the town centre, the two of them.
Refugees from Bosnia.

*

Mala ptičica iznenada je pala mrtva.
Gledam u to čudno biće koje još živi
samo odsjajem svojih krila.
I čini se poput zvijezde što se u nevirijeme
otkinula s neba snivajući vječnom sudbinom
hrabrih letača.

*

A little bird has suddenly dropped dead.
I look at this strange creature, still alive
only with the glow of its wings.
And its looks like a star which, at a bad moment,
has broken off from heaven, dreaming with eternal destiny
of brave flyers.

*

Kišno jutro na moru.
U maloj, hladnoj prostoriji
govori čovjek o svojem stradanju.
Židovska saga prepuna dramatike.
Čovjek zatim otire suze, zahvalan
što je napokon prevalio preko duše
teret potisnutih uspomena.
Pali svjetlo i ulazi u sinagogu, staru
i memljivu koja odiše tišinom.
I izgovara riječi molitve Shma Yisroel.
Stojim iza njega i znam poput onih koji su
stigli davno prije mene da središte svijeta
nije u zlu nego u dobroti.
Tako se i rastajemo. Na stubištu jedne zgrade
u Rijeci.

*

Rainy morning at the seaside.
In a little cold room
speaks a man of his suffering.
A Jewish saga, packed with dramaticism.
He wipes his tears then, grateful for
having finally relieved himself
of the burden of his bottled memories.
He lights the light and enters the synagogue, old
and musty, smelling of silence.
And says the words of Shma Yisroel.
I stand behind him and know, like those who
arrived long before me, that the centre of the world
is not evil, but goodness.
And so we part. On the stairs of a building
in Rijeka.

*

Hrvatska Kostajnica-Hebron.
Uvijek netko ističe zastavu,
a netko skriva lice.
Kolač pravde rasipa se u mrvice.
Na Medakovoj kosi miris paljevine,
straha i izdaje.
Pustoš u kojoj raskošno i nestvarno uredno
rastu ruže i perunike ispred kuća kojih
više nema.

*

Hrvatska Kostajnica-Hebron.
Always there's someone who puts up the flag,
and one who hides his face.
The cake of justice disperses into morsels.
On Medak's slope there's smell of burning,
of fear and treason.
The waste where lavishly and unrealistically neatly
grow roses and irises in front of the houses which
are no more.

*

Grad je pun lica bez osobnosti.
Očiju bez svjetla.
Usta bez osmjeha.
Hoću li se i ja jednom
takva probuditi?
Praznog lica, a živa.

*

The city is full of faces without personality.
Of eyes without light.
Of mouths without a smile.
Am I also going
to wake up once like that?
With empty face, and yet alive?

*

Možda ćemo i mi ljudi jednom
biti čisti poput anđela i bez
grijeha.
Pitanje je samo tko će prvi
poželjeti sunovratiti se na Zemlju.

*

Perhaps we, people, will once
be pure like angels and without
sin.
The question is who will be the first
to wish to plunge back to Earth.

*

Moje vrijeme ne mjeri se satima
ni danima.
Njegova je jedina mjera
tvoje prisustvo ili tvoje odsustvo.

*

My time is not measured in hours
or days.
Its only measure is
your presence or your absence.

*

Ja ne nosim tvoju sliku.
A ipak na mojim prstima
živi dodir tvoje kose.
Na mojim rukama blagost
tvojeg lica i nježnost koja
se ne iskazuje riječima.
Ja ne nosim tvoju sliku.

*

I do not carry your picture.
And yet on my fingers
is the living touch of your hair.
On my hands the gentleness
of your face and tenderness which
is not expressed in words.
I do not carry your picture.

*

On promatra meke sjene rane jeseni.
I čeka njezin povratak ne znajući hoće
li ga biti.
Tople sjene jeseni dugom zimom bit će.

*

He looks at the soft shadows of early autumn.
And waits for her return, not knowing whether it
ever will be.
The soft shadows of the autumn will be a long winter.

*

Na cesti on stoji kao bijeli čovječuljak
u staklenoj kugli.
Samo umjesto lažnog griza po njemu
istinski sniježi.
Osjećam mraz koji se skuplja u njegovoj duši.

*

He stands on the road like a white midget
in a glass ball.
But instead of fake semolina
real snow falls upon him.
I can feel the frost gathering in his soul.

*

U našem vremenu toliko
su stvari pronašli i izumili.
Stojim malo po strani,
promatrajući ljude koji ubijaju
ono što vole.

*

In our time so many
things have been discovered and invented.
I stand a little aside,
watching the people killing
what they love.

*

More se povuklo.
Gledajući u pijesak
što na suncu blijedi
vidim osušene ljuštore.
More, more se povuklo.
U mijeni s njime dišem.

*

The sea has ebbed.
Looking at the sand
fading out in the sun
I can see dried sea shells.
The sea, the sea has ebbed.
In the change with it I breathe.

*

U zrcalu ja. Nedostaješ ti.
Tko je zapravo bio sa mnom?
Ja koje je željelo da budeš u njemu
i ti.
Ja u zrcalu. Bez — ti.

*

In the mirror — me. The missing one is you..
Who really was there with me?
Me who wanted also you
to be in it.
Me in the mirror. Without — you.

*

Osveta, svjesna ili podsvjesna
vječni je znak na licu Kainovu.

*

Revenge, conscious or subconscious
is the eternal mark on the face of Cain.

*

Uvijek iznova i uvijek ponovno
dijete se u meni snijegu raduje.
I kao što se satima moja duša
stopljena s morem može odmarati,
tako i snijeg gledam širom otvorenih
očiju ispunjenih plesom bijelih pahuljica
koje netko tamo Gore istresa iz svoje
paperjaste postelje nama Dolje.

*

Always anew and always again
the child in me is happy about the snow.
And like for hours my soul
fused with the sea can rest,
so I look at the snow with eyes wide open,
filled with the dance of white snowflakes
that someone Up there has thrown from his
downy bed for us Down here.

*

Čovjek stoji na ulici i promatra
okna na kojima su nacrtane
Davidove zvijezde.
I zatim gleda na prozoru
osmerokraku svjetiljku
i ruku koja mala svjetla pali.
I pita se kakvo je to čudo
pred kojim sva tama u času nestaje.

*

The man stands in the street looking
at windows with drawings
of stars of David.
And then sees on the window
an eight-branched candelabrum
and the hand lighting the little lights
And asks himself what wonder it is
that scatters all darkness in a moment.

*

U Trenčinu čarobnjak viri
iz bunara i vodenom zmijom
plaši sve oko sebe.

S večeri kad trg opusti on gleda u praznu
sinagogu u koju samo ptice ulijeću tražeći
zaklon pred olujom.

I strpljivo čeka da se noću iz nje iskradu
djeca sjene.

A ona sivim dimom obavijaju i vuku trgov
čarobnjaka koji zbunjen gubi vodenu zmiju
pričajući bajke, onako iz navike sam za sebe.

Jer, što može reći djeci koja su rasla odlazeći
na molitvu uvjereni u snagu njegove moći.

Jutrom na suncu turisti bez riječi kroz prozore prazne
sinagoge gledaju ne pitajući: »Gdje su ljudi?«.

Samo iznenada nasmiju se što za njih
iz bunara voden zmija skače.

*

In Trenchin, a wizard peeps
out of a well, and with a water snake
scares all about him.

At dusk, when the square is deserted, he looks at the empty
synagogue where only birds enter looking for
shelter before the storm.

And patiently he waits to see
the children of shade to come out of it.

And they, with a grey smoke, wrap and pull across the square
the wizard who, confused loses the water snake
telling fairy tales, to himself, just out of habit.

For, what can he say to the children who grew, leaving
for prayer, sure of the strength of his power.

In the mornings, in sunshine, tourists speechless through empty
windows

of the synagogue look, not asking: "Where are the people?"

They just suddenly laugh because it's for them
that the water snake jumps out of the well.

*

Zima ulazi u grad.
Taj hladni osvajač
posljednje je lišće
s drveća odnio.
Ulice su opustjele
i nijemo u ogledalu
od ledene kiše sivo
nebo promatraju.
Samo duša onog koji
voli sunčanim se plamenom
u visinu radosno uzdiže.

*

The winter enters the town.
This cold conqueror
has taken away the last leaves
from the trees.
The streets are bare
and silently they watch, in the mirror,
the grey skies,
grey from the icy rain.
Only the soul of him who
loves, by sunny flame
happily rises high up.

*

Magla se vješa o šutnju.
Ti o moju dušu.
U ustima okus svježeg
ananasa.
Sa stola guraš novine pokrivajući
rukom trag prosinca.
Netko kraj nas naručuje kavu i
dva pelinkovca.
A ti? Čitaš iz jelovnika i kažeš mi:
»Moja draga ljeto je!«

*

The fog hangs on the silence.
You hang on my soul.
In your mouth, the taste of fresh
pineapple.
You push the paper from the table, covering
the trace of December with your hand.
Someone near us orders coffee and
two wormwood wines.
And you? You read the menu and say:
"My darling, it's summer!"

*

Onaj nepoznati netko otvara novine,
okreće stranice, čita naslove i što
kažu svjetske zvijezde, što je in, a što out.
Tko je koga ubio, prevario, iznevjerio.
Tko je kome prodao drogu, a tko zbog toga u
zatvoru zaglavio.
I promatra skupocjene darove za ljude sa
»stilom« kako piše.
Onaj nepoznati netko pere zatim ruke,
uvlači se u svoj kaput i ne razmišlja o
tome hoće li netko pomisliti kako nije
čovjek s naslovnice, čovjek sa stilom.
Ponekad pješači, ponekad uđe u autobus
u kojem nitko nikoga ne gleda.
Jedni čitaju poruke s mobitela, a drugi ih
nekome šalju.
Treći samo kroz prozor tupo zure.
I silazi na posljednjoj stanici kupujući na
putu do kuće kruh i mlijeko.
Taj nepoznati, bezimeni netko, u hladnoj
kuhinji slaže na stol hranu iz plastične vrećice
pitajući se zašto je sve tako skupo, a plaća mala.
A onda slegne ramenima i cvijeće počasti s malo
vode.
U sobi ružama koje ne rado u njoj venu, peteljke
krati sretan što evo »već šesti dan žive«.
I zatim pali lučice na stolu na kojem jede, čita
knjige i piše pjesme, zatravljen bojama šuštavog
lišća koje ulazi kroz njegov prozor.
I dok se jutrom još sve kupa u mraku on pjeva himne

*

The unknown somebody opens the papers,
turns the pages, reads the headlines and what
the celebrities say, what's in, what's out.
Who killed who, who tricked, betrayed who,
Who dealt drugs to whom, and who, for that,
ended up in prison.
And he looks at expensive presents for people with
'style', as it says.
The unknown somebody then washes his hands,
gets into his coat and does not think
whether somebody will think that he isn't
the person from the front page, a man with style.
Sometimes he walks, sometimes boards the bus
where nobody looks at anyone.
Some people read SMS messages, others
send them to someone.
Others just gaze aimlessly through the window.
And he gets off at the terminus, buying
bread and milk on the way home.
The unknown one, the nameless one, in the cold
kitchen arranges the food from the polythene bag
wondering why everything is so dear, and the paycheck is small.
And then he shrugs his shoulders and treats the flowers with some
water.
In the room, to roses that are unwillingly withering, he
trims the stems, happy they "have been alive for six days already".
And then he lights small lights on the table where he eats, reads
books and writes poems, fascinated by the colours of rustling
leaves entering through his window.
And while, in the morning, everything bathes in darkness, he sings
hymns,

Bogu zahvaljujući na spokoju i miru.

I korača ulicama u kaputu, nekakvom, tek takvom da mu nije hladno.

I kupuje usput anđelka žureći s njime kući i tješeći ga da više neće stajati sam na zimi i kiši.

Onaj nepoznati netko koji nikada neće osvanuti u reklami za ljude sa stilom.

thanking God for his serenity and peace.

And he walks the streets in a coat, just not to be cold.

And on his way buys an angel figure, hurrying home with it, consoling it, it will never stand alone in the cold and rain.

The unknown one who will never appear in the ad for people with style.

*

»Zvučiš sretno« rekla je prva prijateljica.
»Glas ti je drugačiji«, uvjerala me je druga.
I ja sam se smijala u oguljenu slušalicu crvene boje, zovući ih s jednog kraja zemaljske kugle na drugi.
Kod njih je bilo jutro, a kod mene već odavno prošlo je podne.
A onda sam izašla iz male, stiješnjene kabine u trgovini mješovitom robom.
I dalje se smijući i pružajući ruku onom koji me čekao i zbog kojeg sam bila sretna.

*

"You sound happy", said the first friend.
"Your voice is different", persuaded the other.
And I laughed in the flayed receiver in red colour, calling them from one part of the globe to the other.
It was morning there, and we had midday long ago.
And then I left the little cramped booth in the grocery store.
Still laughing and stretching my hand for the one who was waiting for me and who made me happy.

*

Ljerki Lukinac

Osjeti grč u trbuhu, jer se dan u njemu skupio
i skvrčio.

I tad pomisli na glazbu i kako je lijepo u nju
se skloniti i umirena predivnim beskrajem ploviti.

Ustane, izabere odjeću i izvuče iz ogledala
smiješak.

Još samo trenutak nedoumice, gdje je karta za
koncert?

I ugleda je u staklenoj vazi prisilivši dan koji se
u trbuhu skutrio da ode bestraga.

A glazba se raširila, umeškoljila i zauzela njegovo
mjesto.

U pauzi koncerta netko je rekao: »Solist baš i nije neka
ljepota«.

»Nije me briga«, rekla je, hodajući koracima
otmjanim i sitnim u oblacima parfema, ovlaš
popravljajući kosu, »samo neka svira!«

*

To Ljerka Lukinac

She felt a cramp in her stomach for in it the day had shrunk
and contorted.

And then she thought of music and how nice it is to
shelter in it, and, appeased, sail in the beautiful endlessness.

She rose, chose her clothes and took, from the mirror,
a smile.

A moment of hesitation, where is the ticket for
the concert?

And she saw it in the glass vase, forcing the day
that had crouched in the stomach to go miles from there.

And the music spread, cuddled and took its
place.

During the interval someone said: "The soloist is
nothing much".

"I couldn't care less", said she, walking, with steps
classy and small, in clouds of perfume, casually
stroking her hair, "just let him play!"

*

Što vidiš kroz prozor?
Ulicu i male kavane.
Sve je manje posjetitelja
koji na suncu što gasne,
dugo ispijaju kavu.
Iza ugla je crkva.
Noću svijetli i sat se čuje
podsjećajući na sebe one
koji je u sebi ne nose.
Što ti nosiš u sebi?
Možda pitanje za mene,
Što ja vidim kroz svoj prozor?

Park u kojem umire cvijeće žarkih
boja, fontanu iz koje pršti voda
zadržavajući u prozirnim kapljicama
obris ptica što lete.
I dokonog putnika koji na klupi drijema
i vrijeme bez vremena krati.
Sebe tu ne vidim, jer dijelim s
Josefom Flavijem pijesak što sve zamete.
Napisah tako ono što sam mogla, pamteći
čovjeka koji mi reče: »U ovome svijetu
najvažnije se ne izgovara«.
I zato samo moje pitanje tebi: »Što ti vidiš
kroz svoj prozor?«

*

What can you see out of the window?
The street and small cafés.
Fewer and fewer visitors
who, in the dying sunshine,
long sip their coffee.
The church is round the corner.
It's lit at night and you can hear the clock
reminding of it those
that do not have it in them.
What do you have in yourself?
Perhaps a question for me?
What can I see out of my window?

The park, where flowers of bright
colours are dying, the fountain with water sprinkling
keeping in clear drops
the outline of birds flying.
And an idle traveller napping on the bench
killing time without time.
I cannot see myself there, because I share
with Joseph Flavius the sand that covers everything.
So I wrote what I could, remembering
the man who said to me: "In this world
the most important is not uttered".
So my question to you is: "What can you see
out of your window?"

*

Sviđa mi se da dani moji teku polako
ma kakvi bili.

I oni koje sam sama nanizala mirisom
naranči na upaljenom svjetlu lučica i
oni koji odzvanjaju kišom po blatnom
snijegu.

Ne bih se odrekla ni dana s hladnim stopalima
u cipelama što moče ni onih u kojima se duša
neprozirnim uljem toči i izljeva u Ništa ne znajući
što će biti.

Neka samo teku polako zaustavljeni u brani misli
kakvi god da bili, moji dani.

Sviđa mi se baš tako, da teku polako.

*

I like my days passing slowly
no matter what they are like.

Even those that I have strung with the fragrance
of oranges on the lit candles and
those that echo with rain on the muddy
snow.

I would not renounce the days with cold feet
in shoes that let in water, or those where the soul
with opaque oil pours and pours out to Nothingness, not knowing
what will be.

Let them flow, slowly, stopped in the barrier of thoughts
no matter what they are like, my days.

I like them just like this, passing slowly.

*

Ne boj se. Jer ono što sam ti
namijenio, nitko ti ne može
oduzeti.

Ipak čini ti se, umrijet ćeš.

Ali ponovno ti govorim Ja
sam Gospodar svih prolaza.

*

Fear not. For what I have
designed for you, no one can take
from you.

Still, it seems to you, you will die.

But I say to you again, I
am the Master of all passages.

*

Započni dan ne sanjajući.
Operi kosu, promijeni boju.
Ispeglaj haljinu i napiši priču.

Ti pametna ne budi san kozmosu.
Ratuj s njime.
Reci mu: »Ne«.
Ispeglaj zatim još košulju.
I napiši kako se ratuje u Gazi.
I kako jedni pobjeđuju u ratu, a
drugi u miru.

Probuši iglom od broša sve iluzije.
I ispeglaj zatim sebe.
Začepi uši. Zatvori oči, zatvori se
pred svemirom koji ti se smije.
Ti Ništa iz Ništa.
A opet Ivana Orleanska za sva
vremena.
U času slavljenja. U času spaljenja.

*

Start the day without dreaming.
Wash your hair, change the colour.
Iron your dress and write a story.

The clever you, don't be a dream for the cosmos.
Fight with it.
Say "No" to it.
And iron the shirt again.
And write how they fight in Ghaza
And how some win in war , and
others in peace.

With your brooch needle pierce all illusions.
And then iron yourself.
Plug your ears. Close your eyes, close yourself
to the universe which is laughing at you.
You Nothing out of Nothing.
And yet Joan of Ark for all
seasons.
Hailed in a moment. Burnt in a moment.

POETSKI MISTIK

THE POETIC MYSTIC

IZLJEČENJE

Pred tobom je put.
Označio sam ga s deset
svjetlosnih krugova.
Samo da ne zalutaš,
samo da se ti ne izgubiš.
Učim te iz dana u dan da
preuzmeš kontrolu nad
svojim mislima, riječima, djelima.
Sa svakim svojim dahom,
iscjeljujem te znajući što si se više
od mene udaljavao više i više si
me molio da ti dam snage
osloboditi se onoga što nije valjalo.
Sad stojiš u jednom od mojih svjetlosnih
krugova. I dozivaš me Imenom.
Imenom Onog koji zacjeljuje.

HEALING

Before you is a path
I have marked it with ten
light circles.
I hope you don't lose your way,
I hope you don't get lost.
I teach you from day to day
to take control over
your thoughts, words, actions.
With each your breath
I heal you knowing that
the more you withdrew, the more you
asked me to give you strength
to free yourself from what was not good.
Now you are standing in one of my light
circles. And you call me by the Name.
The Name of Him who heals.

BEZUVJETNA LJUBAV

Samo tvoja ljubav bezuvjetna
pobjeđuje tamu koja bi htjela
da zaboraviš da Svjetlo vječnim
žarom sjaji.

Onaj koji te je blagoslovio za nju će te
obilato darivati.

Pobijedi tamu. To je najteži ispit
što ćeš ga u svojoj ljubavi za mene
položiti.

UNCONDITIONAL LOVE

Only your love unconditional
defeats the darknes which would
want you to forget that the Light with eternal
glow shines.

He who has blessed you, for it will
endow you amply.

Conquer the darkness. This is the hardest test
that in your love for me
you will pass.

SMIRI SE

S cijelim svijetom nitko ne
može ratovati.

I zato se umiri
kao što se vode umire kada
ih prekriju kristali.

I čekaj u tišini da tu modrinu
i bjelinu svjetlom ponovno
pokrenem.

Tada i ti kreni, oboružana
strpljenjem i riječima koje
će ponirati u ljudska srca kao
kamenčići koje si bacao na vodu i ja ih prihvatilo
i morima nosio.

I vratio ti sve tvoje krugove.

CALM DOWN

With the whole world no one
can be at war.

So calm down
just as waters calm down when
they are covered with crystals.

And wait in silence until I
move again, this blue and whiteness,
with light.

Then you start too, armed with
patience and words that
will ponder into human hearts like
pebbles which you threw on the water and I took
and carried them over the seas.

And gave you back all your circles.

DUGI NIZ

Tvoja je duša iznenada
progovorila zvukom i riječima.
I ti si se zbunila pitajući Me
odakle ti to znanje?
I jesi li sada drugačija?
Čula si slova koja govore s mjesta na koje
ih sama nisi stavila.
To se samo Ja igram s tobom
podsjećajući te da si moja jednom već
bila i da ćeš mojom ponovno biti.

LONG SERIES

Your soul suddenly
spoke with sound and words.
And you were puzzled asking Me
where I got this knowledge.
And are you different now?
You heard letters speaking from the place where
you did not put them yourself.
It's only Me playing with you
reminding you that you have already been mine
and that you will be mine again.

NEMOĆ

Osjećam te nemoćnom.
Ne, tebi to nisam namijenio.
Zar si već zaboravila koliko
sam te puta svojom Rukom spasio?
Dao ti da vidiš Svjetlo.
Svoje poslanike ti slao.
Sve sam za tebe učinio.
A ti? Plačeš.
Zar je to sve što ćeš za mene učiniti?
Svjetlo, Svjetlo!
Idi na Izvor.
Tamu tami odmah vrati.

POWERLESSNESS

I feel you powerless.
No, I have not destined this for you.
Have you forgotten how
many times I have saved you with my Hand?
I let you see the Light.
I sent you my messengers.
I have done everything for you.
And you? You are crying.
Is this all you are going to do for me?
Light, Light!
Go to the Source.
Give darkness back to darkness.

PODIJELI PLAMEN

Ti, čovjek svijeća,
jednu sam za tebe upalio
u središtu središta svih
univerzuma.
Svijeću koja gori, a ne
dogorijeva i čiji te plamen
neće spržiti.
Uđi u tu svjetlost kroz
plamen crni, plavi i bijeli.
Put do bijelog vodi od crnog.
U svijetu svih mojih svjetova
plamen sam za tebe upalio.
Ne samo da ga ti nađeš
nego da ga dadneš i drugima.
Jer tvoja je duša plamen,
Ja, tvoja svjetiljka.

SHARE THE FLAME

You, man candle,
I have lit one for you
in the midst of the middle of all
universes.
The candle that burns and does not
burn out, and whose flame
will not scorch you.
Enter the light through
the flame, black, blue and white.
The way to white goes from black.
In the world of all my worlds
I have lit the flame for you.
Not only for you to find it
but to give it to others.
For your soul is the flame.
Me, your candle.

GOVOREĆA TIŠINA

Koliko sam ti puta rekao
da je sve u tebi i meni,
dok si se osvrtao i u nevažnim
sitnicama gubio i posrtao.
I što si sam više govorio
manje si razumijevao
što znači govoreća tišina.
Jer sa svijetom koji okom ne vidiš
samo u tišini s mojim Imenom se možeš povezati.
I shvati da sam Ja Jedan u svemu.
I da je sve u Jednom.
Ma gdje da kreneš, ma gdje da te
zora zatekne, tamo negdje na
najudaljenijem mjestu, Ja ću ti biti
najbliži.

TALKING SILENCE

How many times have I told you
that everything is in you and me,
while you were turning and in insignificant
trifles getting lost and stumbling.
And the more I told you
the less you understood
what talking silence means.
For with the world invisible to the eye
only in silence can you connect with my Name.
And understand that I am One in everything.
And that everything is in One.
Wherever you go, wherever
the dawn meets you, somewhere there in
the remotest place, I will be
closest to you.

TIHI PARTNER

Ja nisam drugo nego tvoj
tihi partner.
Iščitaj poruku iz slova mojeg Imena.
Jer ona govore o našoj uzajamnosti.
Promijenit ćeš vrijeme i svjetove.
Mijenjajući se, dolazit ćeš i odlaziti.
Samo Ja ću uvijek biti tu da te dočekam
i ispratim.
Ja tvoj tihi partner.

SILENT PARTNER

I am nothing but your
silent partner.
Read the message from the letters of my Name.
For they speak of our interconnectedness.
You will change the time and the worlds.
While changing, you will arrive and depart.
Only I will always be here to meet you
and see you off.
I, your silent partner.

PUSTI GRAD

Pješačimo kroz pusti grad. Zatim se vozimo tramvajem i autobusom. I penjemo se na trinaesti kat.

Gleda me ispod oka. Pravim se da ne vidim. On se nada da ću odustati. Ja se nadam da ću izdržati.

U sparnom ljetnom danu, moj anđeo čuvar i ja.

DESERTED TOWN

We walk through a deserted town. Then we ride on the tram and the bus. And we climb to the thirteenth floor.

He gives me a veiled look. I pretend not to see. He hopes I will give up. I hope I will manage.

On a sultry summer day, my guardian angel and me.

ODSJAJ

Opsjednutost ljudi spomenicima
traje stoljećima i tisućljećima,
premda je sve i uvijek samo u srcu
i sjećanju.

I zato kad umrem želim biti prah prosut
u more. Sjena školjci i koralju. Vjenčić
algi i plavi odsjaj ribljoj ljusci.

Jednom sasvim iznenada pojavit ću se
pred tobom u nekoj skrovitoj uvali.

I onda kada me ne bude, ti ćeš me prepoznati,
jer morem bit ću.

REFLECTION

The fascination of men with monuments
has lasted for centuries and millenia,
although everything is always only in the heart
and memory.

So when I die, I want to be the dust scattered
in the sea. A shadow to the shell and to the coral. A wreath
to the algae and a blue reflection to the fish scale.

Once, quite suddenly I will appear
before you in a hidden cove.

And when I am no more, you will recognize me,
for I will be the sea.

BLISKA OSOBA

Nikada se nemoj prestati nadati.
Nikada nemoj prestati tražiti.
Jer kao što sam tebe učinio za njega,
tako sam i njega načinio za tebe.
Tvoja duša zna više od tvojih očiju.
Ja ću vas povezati kada za to bude vrijeme
i mjesto.
Samo nikada nemoj prestati čeznuti.
Putujući kroz vrijeme ići ćete jedno
drugome u Susret.
I kada se napokon pronađete,
Ja ću biti ljubav vaše ljubavi.

A CLOSE PERSON

Never stop hoping
Never stop searching,
For, as I have made you for him,
have I made him for you.
Your soul knows more than your eyes do.
I will connect you when time
and place come for it.
But never stop longing.
Travelling through time you will move
toward each other.
And when you finally find each other,
I will be the love of your love.

NEMOJ ODUSTATI

Ono što započneš, dovrši,
kao što sam i ja dovršio Nebo
i Zemlju, stvorio mora i svodove.
Ti san, budi ispunjenje mojih snova.
I ne razmišljaj o onome što je bilo
ranije, o ovome sada i o onom što će
tek biti.

Prepušti to meni. Onom za kojeg vrijeme
ne postoji.

U meni postojiš samo ti koja me neprekidno
dozivaš i moliš da ti dam svoje darove kako
bi ih mogla darivati.

I zato nemoj odustati.

Jer ti si moj san kojeg tek trebaš dosanjati.

NEVER GIVE UP

What you have started, finish,
just like I have finished the Heaven
and Earth, created the seas and canopies.
You, a dream, be the fulfillment of my dreams
And do not think about what was
before, is now or only
will be.

Leave it to me. To Him for whom time
does not exist.

In me, only you exist, who constantly
call to me, asking me to give you my gifts so
you could give them.

So never give up.

For you are my dream that you only have to finish.

USPOMENE

Boriš se sa sjećanjem što bi ga
htjela izbrisati.

Ali, to nije u tvojoj moći.

Brisaljka je u mojoj Ruci.

Pitaš se, je li baš sve tako trebalo biti.

Htjela bi ispravljati i popravljati ono što
se više popraviti ne može.

Ti nisi mogla znati da iskustva kroz
koja sam te proveo služe ne tebi nego
meni.

I zato sam te kroz mnoge nevolje vodio
da tvoja duša to iskustvo nikada ne zaboravi.

Jer ti si dio mogeg plana, kao što sam ja
postao dio tvogega.

MEMORIES

You fight with memory that you
would like to wipe out.

But this is not in your power.

The eraser is in my Hand.

You wonder whether everything really should have been like that.

You would like to correct and put right what
can no longer be put right.

You could not have known that the experiences
I took you through do not serve you but
me.

And that is why I have taken you through many a trouble
so that your soul never forgets the experience.

For you are part of my plan, just as I
have become part of yours.

TEŽINA ILUZIJE

Jutros mi se smiješ, jer ne
mogu ustati. Promatraš me
kako odbijam sići iz sna u stvarnost,
bojeći se da neću naći ono što sam
sinoć izgubila.
Svoju kutijicu iluzija.
»Neću se sažaliti«, šapćeš mi,
»morao sam te probuditi«.

THE WEIGHT OF ILLUSION

This morning you laugh at me, because I cannot
get up. You watch me
refusing to descend from dream to reality.
fearing I will not find what
I lost last night.
My box of illusions.
"I am not taking pity", you whisper to me,
"I had to wake you up".

PUT NAPRETKA

Granice ne nadilazi onaj
koji ih samo s lakoćom
prelazi.
I tko ne zna da je u odricanju,
dobivanje.
Prazninu samo imanja ni jedan
novac ovog svijeta ne može
ispuniti ni popuniti.
Svijet koji je Gore ne zrcali se
u takvom svijetu Dolje.

THE WAY TO PROGRESS

Limits are not crossed by him
who only crosses them
with ease.
And who does not know that giving up
is gaining.
The emptiness of having
cannot be filled or filled up
by all the money of the world.
The world Up there is not reflected
in such a world Down here.

MOGUĆNOST

Dao si mi svoje zakone,
dao si mi da pogledam
kamo vodi moj život,
a kamo Tvoj put.
Ostavio si mi jutros i
spoznaju da ništa nije dovršeno
ni završeno, jer ja tako mislim,
uvjeravajući se da je misao moja,
a ne Tvoja.
Izvlačiš me nježno u dan.
Jer, nije gotovo, ništa nije gotovo
dok se sve ne sažme u ovome svijetu
u ljubav Tvoje ljubavi.

POSSIBILITY

You have given me your laws,
you have given me the chance to see
where goes my life
and where your way.
This morning you have also given me
the insight that nothing is completed
or finished, because I think so,
convincing myself that the idea is mine
and not Yours.
You pull me out gently into the day.
For, it is not finished, nothing is finished
until everything is condensed
into the love of Your love.

SMRT SMRTI

Koliko se samo bojim!
Pitam te o zdravlju i sreći.
O sutra, ne znajući hoće li
ga i dokle će ga biti.
Koliko se samo bojim anđela
smrti koji će jednom doći.
Ali čemu taj strah, kažeš mi,
kad kraj nije kraj nego samo
trenutak tame, prije nego bljesne
vječna Svjetlost.
Prije nego tvoju dušu ponovno u svoju metnem.

THE DEATH OF DEATH

I am so scared!
I ask you about health and happiness.
About tomorrow, not knowing whether
it will be and how long.
I am so scared of the angel
of death who will come once.
But why is the fear, you tell me,
when end is not the end but just
a moment of darkness, before the flash
of eternal Light.
Before I put your soul into mine again.

VODA

Kroz prste klize sitne,
svjetlucave kapi vode,
oplakujući i oplahujući
smrtno tijelo.

I dok se vanjska slika okreće u unutarnju,
Ti pročišćavaš moju dušu dajući joj snagu
da traje onoliko koliko za Tebe tu, na Zemlji,
mora trajati.

Udahnuo si u mene bilijune svjetlucavih
čestica želeći da shvatim da sam za Tebe na
ovome mjestu gdje stojim. Pronađena.

WATER

Through fingers trickle tiny,
shiny drops of water,
mourning and washing
the mortal body.

And while the outer image turns into the inner
You cleanse my soul giving it the strength
to last as long as for you here, on Earth,
it has to last.

You have breathed into me billions of twinkling
particles, wishing me to grasp that I am for You
here where I stand. Found.

STRAH

Dani ispunjeni ljubavlju dani su
ispunjeni strahom da ću posrnuti,
izgubiti nadu, da možda neću izdržati,
da ću jednoga dana u sebe posumnjati.
Dani puni ljubavi, puni su straha da ću se
putem do Tebe izgubiti.
A opet znam, ništa nije moje nego Tvoje.
I ova ljubav i ovaj strah u meni.

FEAR

Days filled with love are the days
filled with fear that I will stumble,
lose hope, that I may not endure,
that one day I will doubt in myself.
Days full of love are full of fear that
I will get lost on the way to You.
And yet I know, nothing is mine but Yours.
Both this love and this fear in me.

DUŠE KOJE ODLAZE

Noćas duše putuju Tebi,
dok izgovaram molitvu
nad Tvojim Imenom, moleći
Te da im osvijetliš put, da im
udahneš snagu i podariš iscjeljenje
od svih ovozemaljskih boli.
Noćas duše putuju Tebi.
A Ti me puštaš da tiha i sjetna
gledam kako se uzdižu noseći
u sjećanju i dio mene.

THE DEPARTING SOULS

Tonight, souls depart to You,
while I am saying a prayer
over Your Name, praying
You to illuminate their way, to
inspire them with strength and give them healing
from all pains of this world.
Tonight, souls depart to You.
And you let me, silent and wistful
to look at them rising, taking
a part of me in their memory.

NIŠTA NIJE IZGUBLJENO

Skloni smo žaliti se na gubitke.
A umjesto toga trebalo bi pronaći
put prema Kući.
Tvoja slova i riječi Tvojeg svetog
Imena sjaje poput svitaca u noći.
U srcu te molim, onom koji je smeten
podari jasnoću misli.
Tužnom, daj vedrinu.
Kasno je. Trebalo bi pronaći put Kući.
Put prema natrag koji vodi početku.
U tami ljetne noći samo Tvoje Ime za me
svijetli.

NOTHING IS LOST

We tend to complain about losses.
And, instead, we should find
the way Home.
Your letters and words of Your holy
Name shine like fireflies in the night.
I ask you in my heart, to him who is confused
give clearness of thoughts.
To a sad one, cheerfulness.
It's late. We should find the way Home.
The way back, leading to the beginning.
In the darkness of the summer night only Your Name for me
shines.

DUHOVNI UČITELJ

Htjela sam biti samo promatrač,
a Ti si me učinio sudionikom koji
se svakog jutra budi pitajući Te o
smislu.

I ne znam što ću još morati za Tebe
učiniti.

Ja, koja sam željela biti samo učenikom
u raspravi s Tobom koji želiš da budem
učitelj.

SPIRITUAL TEACHER

I only wanted to be an observer,
and you made me a sharer who
wakes up every morning asking you about
the meaning.

And I don't know what else I will have
to do for you.

I, who just wanted to be a student
in debate with You who want me to be
a teacher.

BESAMIM

Putem do sinagoge zajedno
kročimo moja blagdanska
duša i ja.

Po isteku Šabata udahnut ću
opojni miris blagdana iz prelijepog
besamima.

I još dugo čeznut ću i gledati
za tobom moja dušo.

Jer, za sve ono što osjećam
jedna mi nije dovoljna.

BESAMIM

On the way to the synagogue, together
we pace, my holiday
soul and me.

After Sabbath I will breathe
the pungent smell of holiday from the wonderful
besamim.

And long will I pine and look
behind you, my soul.

For, for everything I feel
one soul is not enough.

MIKVE

Petri R. S.

Ljudi, sjene, siluete.
Stvarni i nestvarni,
kao san i java.
Neke prepoznaješ sebi bliske,
drugima se čudiš i slušaš im
korake čvrste i one jedva čujne.

Ljudi, sjene siluete.
Stvarni i nestvarni,
uronjeni u zvukove grada.
Ti u snenoj šutnji u spokoju
ranog jutra promatraš svjetlosne
arabeske na zidu.

Prije nego što ćeš iz dana
zaploviti u večer, ulaziš u
mikve.
U toplu vodu novog rađanja.
Istovremeno mirna i uplašena,
pitajući se: »Tko će to izroniti
pred tobom iz vode?«
I dok rukom dotičeš svoju dugu
kosu u zrcalu ti jesi ista, a drugačija.
I pitaš Svetog za onu koja je bila prije
te vode i tiho Mu šapćeš: »Ne zaboravi i
ona jesam.«

Na trenutak zastaješ gledajući
blistave kapi vode što klize niz
tvoje tijelo s jednog kraja na nov
početak.

MIKVEH

To Petra R. S.

People, shadows, silhouettes.
Real and unreal,
like dream and reality.
You recognize some, just like you,
you wonder at others and listen
to their steps, firm ones, and those hardly audible..

People, shadows, silhouettes.
Real and unreal,
immersed in the sounds of the city.
In your dreamy silence in serenity
of early morning you watch the light
arabesques on the wall.

Before sailing from the day
into the evening, you enter
the mikveh.
In the warm water of new birth.
Quiet and frightened at the same time,
wondering: "Who ever will come out
of the water in front of you?"
And while your hand touches your long
hair in the mirror, you are the the same, and yet different.
And ask the Holy one about the one who was before
the water and whisper to Him softly: "Don't forget
I am also that one".

For a moment you stop, looking
at shiny drops of water trickling down
your body from one end to a new
beginning.

Ljudi, sjene, siluete. Stvarno i
nestvarno, kao san i java.
Za ruke držiš djecu tražeći očima
njihova oca, želeći ući u mirnoću
i u domu zapaliti dvije svijeće.
Ipak, okrećeš se. Čuješ Mu korake.
Osvrćeš se, jer to te Sveti tvojim
svetim imenom zove.

People, shadows, silhouettes. Real and
unreal, like dream and reality.
You hold the children by the hand, your eyes looking
for their father, wanting to enter the calmness
and light two candles at home.
Yet, you turn round. You can hear His steps
You turn back because the Holy one
is calling you by your holy name.

DOBRO JUTRO FRIDA

Fridi Kahlo

Začudena? Bila bi da te razočaranje
mimoišlo, ti što godinama očekuješ
da te on zavoli, da te vidi onakvu kakva
jesi.

Ti sva u pokretu, u nutrini, u vatri očiju
i duše, ljubeći druge, ljubeći drugu, a ipak
kroz sve njih voleći samo Diega.

Sada ležiš i sva istječeš u boju boli.
Je li osim nje još nešto preostalo u tebi
Frida?

Boja, bol, on i tvoje srce što se rasprskava
na zidu.

Htjela bi spaliti svoj krevet, svoju sobu, sve što
je iz tebe isteklo u vrijeme, okvir za njega.

Frida, izadi iz slike u svjetlost bilijuna srebrnih
čestica.

Izadi iz okova ti koja si zlatnim prahom skovana.

Ne gledaj me kroz zeleno, crveno i plavo, kroz svoje
noći prelomljene i slomljene u svitanje.

Prikradaš se tiho želeći mi nešto dati.

Svoju čežnju neispunjenu, svoj san neostvoreni.

Nemoj Frida, šuti, idi dalje. Bolje je tako.

Znam što mi želiš reći: »Diego, pogrbljen u samoći.«

GOOD MORNING FRIDA

To Frida Kahlo

Surprised? You would be, if disappointment
had bypassed you, you who have for years been expecting
him to fall in love with you, to see you the way you
are.

You, all on the go, in your inside, in the fire of your eyes
and soul, loving others, loving another women, and yet
through all of them, loving only Diego.

Now you are sick in bed and pouring out with pain.
Has anything but pain remained in you
Frida?

Pain, pain, he and your heart shattering
on the wall.

You would burn your bed, your room, all that
has poured out of you, into time, a frame for him.

Frida, come out of the picture into the light of a billion silver
particles.

Come out of fetters you, who have been forged with gold dust.

Don't look at me through the green, red and blue, through your
nights broken up and broken at daybreak.

You sneak up softly wishing to give me something.

Your desire unfulfilled, your dream unrealized.

Don't, Frida, be quiet, move on. It's better this way.

I know what you mean: "Diego, crouched in loneliness."

ADAM YESHAYA

Prije nego što si na Zemlju stigao
svojim licem moju si dušu obasjao.
Smirenost i sreću na mene si prenio,
svaku brigu iz srca izbrisao.
Tvoj sjaj od Adama ha rišona je, satkan
od vječnosti milenija kroz koje si na oblacima
božanske slave u tišini noći doplovio.
I kada si bio rođen, kao što se već čovjek na
Zemlji rađa nisi zaboravio odakle si došao
gledajući sve oko sebe iz dubine skrivenog sjećanja,
znajući da smo u ljubavi tajne svih tajni
neraskidivo povezani.

ADAM YESHAYA

Before you came to the Earth
with your face you lit my soul.
Serenity and happiness you transmitted upon me,
wiped all worries out of my heart.
Your splendor comes from Adam ha rishon, woven
of eternity of millenia through which, on clouds
of divine glory, in the silence of the night you sailed in.
And when you were born, the way a man is born upon
the Earth, you did not forget whence you came from
looking at all around you from the depth of hidden memories,
knowing that in the love secrets of all secrets we are
unbreakably connected.

JESEN

Jutros, spustila se magla.
Drveće, jedva se nazire.
U sobi gore svijeće dok
čitam iz starih, zaboravljenih
zapisa.
Jutros spustila se magla.
Dah kasne jeseni grli u gradu
ranu zimu.
Čuješ li, dozivam te.

AUTUMN

This morning, fog has descended.
The trees can hardly be discerned.
In the room, candles are burning while
I am reading from old, forgotten
jottings.
This morning, fog has descended.
The breath of late autumn is hugging, in the city,
the early winter.
Can you hear me, I am calling you.

BALADA O NEZNANCU

Filipu Davidu

Djevojka je koračala
pod plavim nebom,
puna mira i vedrine.
Tad sretne njega i ne
prepozna ga.
A on joj reče: »Dodi k meni, navrati.
Učinit ću za tebe sve što mogu«.
I ona mu povjeruje. I dođe puna
mira i vedrine.
On gurne pred nju posudu punu
mirisnih i opojnih riječi.
»Uzmi još«, reče joj. I doda ih
još nekoliko.
A ona puna mira i vedrine uzme
ih sve, ne birajući.
I ne odvajajući. I uputi mu pogled
pun blaženstva i sreće.
Odjednom problijedi.
Shvati da joj je zlo od riječi.
Ali nijednu više nije mogla iz srca
izvaditi. Ni jednu više iz duše iščupati.
I tako umre ona koja bijaše mirna i puna
vedrine.
On je pogleda, nasmiješi se i ode dalje.
Sad pjevaju balade o djevojci punoj mira
i vedrine.
I neznancu koji je stigao od tamo negdje
iz tame. S druge strane.

BALAD ABOUT A STRANGER

To Filip David

The girl was pacing
under the blue sky,
full of peace and brightness.
Then she met him and did not
recognize him.
And he said to her. "Come to my place, drop in.
I'll do for you everything I can".
And she believed him. And came full
of peace and brightness.
He pushed to her a bowl full
of fragrant and pungent words.
"Have some more" said he. And added
some more.
And she, full of peace and brightness took
them all, not choosing.
And not appraising. And she gave him a look
full of bliss and happiness.
Suddenly she went pale.
She saw the words had made her sick.
But she could no longer take any word
from her heart. She could not pluck them out of her soul.
And so died she who was peaceful and full
of brightness.
He looked at her, smiled and went on.
Now ballads sing of a girl full of peace
and brightness.
And of the stranger who had come from somewhere there
from the darkness. From the other side.

POTRAGA

Ona prolazi gradom i u jednom trenutku vidi ga kako stoji pored nje.

I zajedno čekaju na raskršću zeleno svjetlo kako bi mogli na drugu stranu prijeći.

Pogledava ga i on ju osvjetli osmijehom.

Poslije se stalno pita: »Tko je to bio?«

Tako blizak, tako nasmiješen i drag kao da se već odavna znaju.

I poslije danima i godinama prolazi istim putem i zastaje uvijek na istom mjestu čekajući da prijeđe na drugu stranu.

I učini joj se s vremena na vrijeme da on stoji ponovno kraj nje, vedar i postojan.

I čini joj se da joj je rukom iznenada dotaknuo kosu.

»Vjetar« kaže sama sebi dok joj On šapće: »Ja sam, onaj koji Jesam«.

THE SEARCH

She passes through the town and at one moment she sees him standing near her.

And together, on the corner they wait for the green light to cross to the other side.

She glances at him and he lights her with his smile.

Later she keeps wondering. "Who ever was it?"

So familiar, so smiling and dear as if they have known each other for a long time.

And later for days and years she passes the same way and always stops on the same place waiting to cross to the other side.

And it seems from time to time he is standing again by her side, cheerful and steady.

And it seems to her he has suddenly touched her hair.

"The wind" says she to herself, while He whispers: "I am who I am".

BEZ USPOREDBE

Upitaj se tko je poput mene?
Tri su ključa u mojoj ruci:
ključ rođenja, ključ kiše iz koje
se rađa obilje i ključ smrti iz koje
se rađa nov život.
I to troje, uključuje sve: mudrost,
znanje i razumijevanje.
Ja sam Svet i ti si po meni sveta.
Svoj život uzdižeš i mijenjaš. Zašto?
Što si ti?
Moj svjedok.

NO COMPARISON

Ask yourself who is like me?
There are three keys in my hand:
the key of birth, the key of rain from which
abundance is born, and the key of death from which
new life is born.
The three includes all: wisdom,
knowledge and understanding.
I am the Holy one, and you are holy by me.
You elevate and change your life. Why?
What are you?
My witness.

SVJEDOK

Što bi vrijedilo nekome, bilo kome
reći o onome što osjećaš i što znaš,
o svijetu novom kojeg naslućuješ.
I koji će doći dok strepiš nad opomenama
vremena, nad potresima i valovima, nad
bombama u tajnim skrovištima Istoka i Zapada.
I tako stojiš zabrinuta nad sudbinom svijeta koji
se njiše na tankoj peteljki hladne jeseni prije mraza.
I poslije će samo rijetki preživjeli pričati o
onome što je bilo, nesigurni u svoje sjećanje.
Tko zna, možda će netko govoriti o *Zoharu, Bahiru*
nadajući se da je *Na putu do svjetlosti*.
Pitaš se hoće li ruže stići uvenuti i hoće li se iznenada
u tišini rasuti po stolu kao što se znaju odjednom rasuti
nečujno latice tamnocrvenih božura.
I šutiš ne znajući da li će netko svjedočiti, ne o snazi smrti
nego ljubavi kao u Pjesmi nad pjesmama — *stavi me kao znak*
na srce i mnoge vode ne mogu ugaziti ljubav niti je potopiti.

THE WITNESS

What's the use to someone, anyone
to speak of what you feel and know,
of a new world that you have glimpses of.
And which will come while you dread the warnings
of time, the earthquakes and the waves, the
bombs in secret hideouts of the East and West.
And so you stand worried over the destiny of the world which
swings on a thin stem of early autumn before frost.
And later just the rare survivors will talk about
what happened, uncertain of their memories.
Who knows, someone may speak of *Zohar, Bahir*
hoping that he is *On the way to light*.
You wonder whether roses will have time to wither, and whether
suddenly,
in the silence, they will scatter on the table, like the petals of
crimson paeonies, noiselessly.
And you are silent, not knowing whether someone will witness,
not the power of death
but of love, like in Song of Songs — *set me like a seal*
on your heart, the love no flood can quench, nor torrents drown.

TOG DANA

Rabini su se zaogrnuili bijelim
ogrtačem i molili su Shma Israel,
svim srcem i svom dušom.
U budističkom samostanu tiho i
predano satima su pjevali mantre.
Hindusi su upalili svoje svjetiljke noseći
Šivi cvijeće i tražeći pogledom učitelja
kojem će dotaknuti lotosna stopala.
Na crkvama oglasila su se zvona.
U povorci što je vijugala put vrha brda
na suncu bljeskalo je čudesno zračeci
zavjetno srce.
Starim, kamenim ulicama Mediterana
odjekivao je i putovao glas u nebo: Bog je velik.
Zašto se ti skrivaš u sjeni?
Izadi i budi sudionik u vremenu koje ti je darovano.
Samo tako znat ćeš da je Sveti Jedan prošao
i tvojim danom.

THAT DAY

The rabbis wrapped themselves in white
shawls and prayed Shma Israel,
with all their hearts and soul.
In Buddhist monastery they silently and
devoutly sang mantras for hours.
The Hindus have lit their lamps carrying
flowers to Shiva and looking for their teacher
to touch his lotus feet.
Bells rang on churches.
In the procession winding towards the hilltop
in the sun, shone with radiant brilliance
the votive heart.
On old and stony Mediterranean alleys
echoed and travelled a voice to heaven: God is great.
Why are you hiding in the shadow?
Come out and take part in the time presented to you.
For only thus will you know that the Holy One has passed
through your day too.

SAVRŠENO NESAVRŠENI SVIJET

Uvjeravaš me da svijet nije
savršeno mjesto i da to nikada
neće biti.

Govoriš malo povišenog tona o
važnosti jednog stabla i malo vode.
Ali što mogu kad volim sići do oceana
i uzmicati pred snagom golemih valova
što prijete odvući me u dubinu.

I kunem ti se svim na svijetu da sam
putovala sama tamo gdje sam nitko ne bi putovao,
gledajući ljude i lica koje više neću vidjeti.

Ti putuješ googlom, a ja samo odem dok ti vičeš
za mnom »Što tražiš?«.

Ali, ja više ništa ne čujem dok odgonetavam gdje su
dragocjenosti poput kakvog znalca na amsterdamskoj
burzi dijamanata.

I čekam pažljivo svoj trenutak kada će svjetlost zabljesnuti
sjajnije od svih dotad viđenih dragulja.

Poslije će se raspitivati o onoj koja je otišla, nestala s najvećim
draguljem nuditi joj sve i sva.

Razmišljat će o tome da je orobe i prebiju, ako treba
naprave zasjedu i ubiju je.

Ali sve uzalud, jer dragulj koji je pronašla samo u
očima njezinim svijetli.

A PERFECTLY IMPERFECT WORLD

You keep convincing me that the world is not
a perfect place and never
will be.

You speak with slightly raised tone on
the importance of a tree and some water.
But I can't help going down to the ocean
and back down before mighty waves
threatening to pull me down to the bottom.

And I swear to you by all that's holy that
I travelled there alone where no one would,
looking at people and faces I'll never see again.

You travel the Google and I go while you are shouting
after me: "What are you looking for?"

But I can't hear anything while trying to decipher where
my jewellery is, like a connoisseur at the Amsterdam
diamond exchange.

I carefully wait for my moment when the light will flash
more brilliant than all the jewels ever seen.

Later they will ask about her who has gone, disappeared with
the biggest jewel, they will offer her the world.

They will think of robbing and beating her up if needed,
making ambush and killing her.

But it's all in vain, for the jewel she found
shines in her eyes only.

NEVAŽNO

Jednom davno zapeo joj na cesti remenčić
plastične sandale.
I ništa nije pomoglo, zaglavljen u tramvajske
šine je ostao.
I vidjela je auto kako prema njoj juri i zaklela se:
»Preživjet ću«.
I tako ju je vozač na svojem autu vozio dok se
jadnik izbezumljen, od užasa nije zaustavio.
Prolaznici su stajali, dah im se još nije vratio.
»Tko je ta mala, koja je pod auto zamalo pala?«
A ona je odšepesala dalje i pitali su je »Je li ti dobro dušo?«
»Dobro mi je« rekla je prvi put rečenicu koju će uvijek izgovoriti
baš onda kada bude blijeda, ruku drhtavih i koljena klecavih.
I poslije se nekako vezala uz cipele. Samo ne više od plastike.
Imala ih je svih fela.
I sve tako dok se jednoga dana nije zatekla u avionu.
Redovna linija Beč-New Delhi.
I avion se još nije od zemlje odlijepio, a putnici su već svoje
cipele izuli.
»Ko' ih šljivi i ljepše je biti bos«.
Ulickane i namirisane stjuardese dijelile su obroke vege, ali
i za one grešne, jela s puno ljutine i komadićima piletine.
U starom Delhiu malo je pješačila, malo se rikšom vozila,
uglavnom nad bijedom se snebivala i onda se sjetila svojih cipela.
I kada se vratila kući sve ih je na ulici poredala i onda je gledala
s ograde balkona kako ih prolaznici odnose i vratila se u sobu
divno raspoložena pjevajući mantru Oslobođena.

UNIMPORTANT

Once, long ago, on the road got jammed, a strap of her
plastic sandal.
To no avail, jammed in the tram
rails it was.
And she saw a car speeding towards her, and swore
"I will survive".
And so she rode on the car bonnet until
the poor chap stopped, frantic with horror.
Bypassers stood, still out of breath.
"Who is the girl that nearly got under the car?"
And she limped on, and they asked her "Are you OK, dear?"
"I'm OK" she said, what she will always say
just when she's pale, with shaky hands and trembling knees.
And then she got attached to shoes. Just no more plastic ones.
She had all sorts.
Until one day, she was on a plane.
The regular flight from Vienna to New Delhi.
And hardly had they taken off, and the passengers
took off their shoes.
"Who cares, it's better to be barefoot".
The slicked up perfumed stewardesses served vega portions, but
for sinful ones, hot food with bits of chicken.
In old Delhi she walked, and sometimes took a rickshaw,
generally horrified by poverty, and then remembered her shoes.
And when she got home she lined them in the street, and looked
from balcony at passers-by taking them, and then she came back
inside,
in wonderful mood singing the mantra Liberated.

MARAYOOR

Znaš li gdje je Marayoor?

Brda su tamo sivoplava, a
šume mirišu na sandalovinu.

I ja ih noću čuvam od kradljivaca
dok pod zvijezdama miris opojan
i težak udišem.

I sve je tiho, samo se s vremena na vrijeme
iznenada oglase ptice i onda opet sve utihne.

A zrak postaje vlažan i prohladan.

I vidim te kako otvaraš kompjutor i gledaš
u Google Earth i tražiš me, premda
živim u srcu tvom.

»Marayoor, hajde izgovori«, kažem ti i vidim
smiješ se, pitajući se kako sada izgledam dok se
jutrom na motoru vraćam kući, skrivajući brižno svoje
uspomene, ja čuvar stabala sandalovine u mjestu
Marayoor.

MARAYOOR

Do you know where Marayoor is?

The hills there are greyish-blue, and
The woods smell of sandalwood.

And I guard them from thieves at night
While, under the stars, I inhale the fragrance, intoxicating
and heavy.

And all is quiet, only from time to time

Birds are suddenly heard, and then all is quiet again.

And the air gets damp and cool.

And I can see you starting your computer and searching
In Google Earth and looking for me, although
I live in your heart.

“Marayoor, come on, say it”, I tell you, and I can see
you laughing, wondering how I look now while
I am coming back home in the morning, on my motor bike,
carefully concealing my memories,
I, the sandal tree guard, in the place
of Marayoor.

KRADLJIVICA

Sve je bilo zbrkano baš kao u nekom ratumiru,
ili na stolu bogate trpeze slatkoslano uz šalice
čaja na uglancanom srebrnom pladnju gorkotrpko, snebivalo se.
Ne bih sad mogla reći kako, zašto i zbog čega, ali zima se
povezala s ljetom.

I rasuta zrnca žita utisnula se na cesti koja je vijugala u tragove
drvenog kotača i otiske nogu vola i zatim su izvirivala iz katrana
oslikanog gumenim gusjenicama džipa.

A ona se stisnula na sjedalu tiha među uspavanim muškarcima,
na plus 40 svladala ih omara.

I tako su propustili drijemajući i cestu i vola i lijepe žene koje su
im nasmijane mahale.

Propustili su i seljake koji su sadili rižu nehajući za njih, samo su
glavu

šeširima pokrili, skrivajući se od sunca.

Ona? Budna u njihovoj nebudnosti, riješena usred njihove lijenosti
da

tog dana pokupi i ukrade kako god zna ljubav jednog čovjeka s
kojim

istine radi nije točno znala što započeti.

Sve je ionako bilo usijano s crvenom kuglom na obzorju koja je
ubrzano tonula.

I ona se odlučila u suludo pametnom činu djelovati sasvim
razbuđena u kozmičkom ratu svjetova, pitajući se kreće li se
svojom sudbinom naprijed ili natrag.

I nije bila previše zabrinuta znajući samo jedno da je Vrhovni
sudac ionako svime već ravnao.

THE THIEF

Everything was muddled like in war-and-peace,
or on rich table sweet-and-salty with cups
of tea on a polished silver tray, bitter-sour, amazed.
I could not say now how, why or wait for, but winter
was linked to summer.

And scattered wheat grains on the road winding in ruts
of wooden wheel and prints of oxfeet, then coming out of tar
painted with the jeep's rubber caterpillars.

And she crouched on the seat, quiet, among sleeping men
at forty degrees overcome by heat.

And so they missed, dreaming, both the road, and the ox, and the
beautiful women
who were waving to them, smiling.

They missed the farmers planting rice, not minding them, just with
heads

covered with hats, hiding from the sun.

She? Awake in their non-awakedness, decided in their laziness to
pick and steal in any way, the love of a man with whom,
to tell the truth, she did not know what to do.

Everything was red hot, with the red orb sinking rapidly
on the horizon.

And she decided in a madly wise act to act quite
awake in the cosmic war of the worlds, wondering whether her
destiny was moving her forward or backward

And she was not overly worried, knowing only that the Supreme
Judge had already ruled everything.

TAJNA

Povremeno proviriš u svijet i zatim se
vratiš u svoju osamu.
Riječ ljubav teško ti je izgovoriti.
Sve ćeš drugo umjesto toga izmisliti.
Tek ponekad dvoumiš se nad danima koji
neumitno prolaze.
Negdje u dubini skrivaš svoju tajnu saginjući
glavu dok mirisne štapiće pališ.
I htjela bih ti reći, ali šutim gledajući te »Zar ne vidiš
duša ti zamire«.

THE SECRET

You sometimes peep into the world and then
you go back to your loneliness.
You find it difficult to utter the word love.
You will invent all sorts of things instead.
Only sometimes you muse over days that
relentlessly pass.
Somewhere in the depth you conceal your secret, bending
your head while lighting the scented sticks.
And I would like to tell you, but I am silent, looking at you, "Can't
you see
your soul is dying out".

HRAM

Voljela bih da mi kažeš, ali znam te, nećeš.
Tko kome već tisućljećima hramove podiže?
I zašto je žena spremna jedan jedini trenutak
ljubavi zauvijek u bedeme svojeg srca zazidati.
Pitam te: »Nije li ljubav nešto što se dobiva i gubi?«
Ali ti me ne čuješ i svakoga dana pališ male vatre oko
njegove slike i nosiš mu svježe cvijeće zajedno s
molitvama.
Nitko kao žena ne može biti tako budan nad onim
kojeg više nema.
Ili si možda ipak u pravu dok čitam iz tvojih očiju
»Na svijetu ovom ništa ne nestaje«.

THE TEMPLE

I wish you would tell me, but I know you, you won't.
Who has been building temples for whom, for centuries?
And why is a woman ready to build a single moment
of love into the ramparts of her soul forever.
I ask you "Isn't love something which is gained and lost?"
But you don't hear me, and every day you light little fires round
his picture and take to him fresh flowers together with your
prayers.
No one, like a woman, can be so much awake over him
who is there no more.
Or maybe you are right while I read in your eyes
"Nothing ever disappears in this world".

KAMEN LJUBAV

U jednom danu, danu Puno vremena nakon ona
pogleda u uspomene i reče mu:
»Ptice mi ne možeš oduzeti, ni oblake ni drveće.
Ni lađu koja rukavcima nečujno plovi dok tamnopusiti ljudi
pijesak iz vode vade.
Ne možeš mi oduzeti magleni dah sljubljen s plavetnilom neba.
Jer bio je to trenutak u kojem je i On zanesen ljepotom na čas
zaboravio odijeliti svod od voda.
Ne možeš mi oduzeti sunčev sjaj i bljesak u oku, ni sreću onog
tu sam i jesam.
Jer ja sam vrijeme ni sadašnje ni prošlo ni buduće.
Kamen ljubav dragi samo s tobom putuje«.

STONE LOVE

One day, a day, a long time after, she
looked at her memories and said to him:
"You cannot take my birds from me, nor clouds, nor the trees,
Nor the barge sailing noiselessly in river backwaters while
dark-skinned men are taking sand from water.
You cannot take the misty breath, merged with the sky blue.
For that was the moment when He too, enraptured by beauty,
for a moment, forgot to divide the vault from waters.
You cannot take away the sunshine or the glint in the eye, not the
happiness of.
here I am and I exist.
For I am time, not present, past or future.
Stone love, my darling, only with you travels".

GRAD

Ona prolazi Zagrebom vješajući poglede
o rubove svog kaputa.
zadržava ih na gumbima i zaustavlja u očima.
»Aha« reče netko »To je ona«.
»Tko je to ona?« upita se pazeći da ne izgubi
ravnotežu dok se lišće miješa s koracima.
A koraci s jesenskom kišom.
Jedno dijete pogledavši u nju prestane plakati.
I neko vrijeme kližu zajedno kroz tišinu zvjezdane
prašine.
Majka ga vuče za ruku dok se ono neprekidno osvrće
želeći ostati sklupčano u zjenici »Aha to je ona«.
I zatim »Aha« kupuje kartu za avion, veže sigurnosni
pojas i promatra masku s kisikom okrećući usput stranice
žurnala.
I tako se prizemljuju u Sarajevu.
U stotinki sekunde lebdi, dok pruža svoje dokumente, negdje
daleko,
iznad čovjeka koji spava.
Iznenada njezin anđeo čuvar zastaje kako bi je bolje čuo:
»Ako postoji odlazak mora postojati i povratak«.
I prvi put otkako je rukom Gospoda sačinjen
anđeo čuvar se uplaši.
Tad vidje kako »Aha to je ona« ulazi u taksu.
I obuze ga strašna sumnja da je izdaje, jer za njom nije
stigao poći.
Drhteći upita Svevišnjeg za snagu svoje moći da je u ratu
zaštiti i spasi.
I vidje još mjesec, na trenutak rasvijetljen u njezinoj kosi.
A kroz stražnje staklo na autu mahne mu rukom Laila

THE CITY

She passes through Zagreb, hanging looks
on the lapels of her coat.
She keeps them on the buttons and stops them in her eyes.
"Aha", said someone. "That's her".
"Who's she?", she asked herself, trying not to lose
her balance while leaves mix with steps.
And the steps with the autumn rain.
Looking at her, a child stopped crying.
And for a time they glide together through the silence of star
dust.
The mother pulls his hand while he keeps turning
wanting to remain crouched in the eye. "Aha, that's her".
And then the "Aha" buys a ticket for the plane, fastens the safety
belt and looks at the oxygen mask, turning the pages
of in-flight magazine.
And so they land in Sarajevo.
In a split second she hovers while handing her papers, far away,
over a man who is sleeping.
Suddenly her guardian angel stops to hear her better:
"If there is departure, there must be a return".
And for the first time since he was made with the Lord's hand,
the guardian angel gets scared
Then he saw the "Aha, that's her" get in a taxi.
And he had nagging doubts of betraying her for he did not
manage to follow her.
Trembling, he asked the Almighty about his power
to protect her or save her in the war.
And he also saw the moon, shining for a moment in her hair.
And through the rear window she waved her hand, Laila,
the mysterious angel of the night.

tajanstveni anđeo noći.
Vrata raja uto se naglo zatvore. I anđeo čuvar ostavši
pred njima shvati, dok se ona ne vrati u Nebo neće ući.

The gates of Heaven then suddenly closed. And the guardian
in front of them realized, until she returned, he would not enter
Heaven.

SAMOĆA

Volio bih da ne znaš i da nikada ne saznaš,
moj život više nije što je bio.

Sad sam netko drugi dok stojim ispod
mjeseca što bijelom svjetlošću sjaji.

Ti mi pišeš o snijegu dok vrućina oko
mene prašnjave ulice sažiže i topi.

Samo su rana jutra svježija dok izlazim
na vojne vježbe.

Pišeš mi o koncertima, o svojim recitalima
u prostorima udobnim i lijepim.

A u pustinji u kojoj se nalazim ničega nema.
samo kasarne iza stare žice.

Volio bih da ne saznaš draga, ali mene
više nema.

Bez tebe neki nov život između sna i jave živim.

Samo noću kad zatvorim oči moja te duša
uporno predjelima srca traži i govori da bez tebe
ni taj drugi ne bih znao više biti.

I ne znam tko po kome od nas dvoje još u
ovome svijetu živi.

I dok se jutrom sunce ponovno u nebeskom
stvaranju rađa stojim s drugima poredan u
zemaljskom redu.

I vidim ispred sebe, a i to je mnogo komadić rasušene,
ispucale zemlje i u tim usjecima i rasjecima s tobom u
vječnosti Indije gubim se i nestajem.

LONELINESS

I wish you didn't know and you would never know,
my life is no longer what it used to be.

I am someone else, while standing under the moon
which shines in white light.

You write of snow while the heat around me
is scorching and melting the dusty streets of India.

Only the mornings are fresh when I go out
for military drills.

You write of concerts, of your recitals
in places comfortable and nice.

And in the desert where I am, there is nothing.

Just the barracks behind the rusty wire.

I wish you would never find out, darling, but I am
no more.

Without you I live a new life between the dream and reality.

Only at night when I close my eyes, my soul persistently
looks for you in the regions of my heart and says that without you
I could not be the other person.

And I do not know which of us still
lives in this world.

And, in the morning, when the sun again appears in the heavenly
creation, I stand with others aligned in
the earthly file.

And see in front, and even this is much, a piece of dried
scorched land, and in the cracks and splits with you in
the eternity of India I get lost and disappear.

ODLAZAK

Moram ti reći, tako je sve mirno i tiho,
tako snježno kao onda kada si sa mnom
u ovome gradu bio.
Na prozorskom oknu što gleda u park dugo je
ostao vidljiv trag tvoje ruke.
I dah tvoje priljubljenosti na njemu dok gledao
si grane drveća otežale snijegom.
A onda je stiglo proljeće. I više ničega nije bilo.
Prozori su bili prani i obrisani gužvom starog
novinskog papira.
Samo se slika s aerodroma i dalje vraća kada si dugo
stajao i gledao me znajući da povratka neće biti.
Ipak, uporno se kraj okna pojavljuješ. Ali čemu?
Zar nisi znao da se duša samo u duši može ponijeti.
Dah tvoj na prozorskom staklu više se ne vidi.
Samo snijeg i bjelina, svjetlost koja se svjetlošću sažiže
i samu sebe ispisuje vežući bijeli oganj s crnim.
Zapis vječni koji od čovjeka ne dolazi.

DEPARTING

I have to tell you, everything is so calm and quiet,
so snowy like then when with me
you were in this town.
On the window pane looking on the park, long
stayed the visible trace of your hand.
And the breath of your closeness to it while you were looking
at the tree branches heavy with the snow.
And then spring came. And there was nothing more.
The windows were washed and wiped with crumpled old
newspapers.
Only the image from the airport still comes back when you
were long standing, looking at me knowing there will be no return.
Yet, you keep appearing by the window. But why?
Didn't you know that a soul can be only taken in the soul.
Your breath is no more seen on the window pane,
Just the snow and whiteness, the light burned out by the light
which writes itself connecting the white flame with the black.
Eternal writing, not coming from a man.

PADAJU KIŠE

Noćas dok padaju svemirske kiše hoćeš li
izaći iz svoje sobe u svijet?
Dvoumiš se, kolebaš, jer ne znaš što sa sobom nose.
Dijamant koji osvjetljava dušu ili krhotinu zvijezde
koja ti može pozlijediti srce.
Noćas dok padaju svemirske kiše ti ploviš čudesnim
beskrajem plaveći svoj san u plavo.
U njemu nebo postaje zemlja. A zemlja nebo. Kopno
morem, a dubine prozirne poput kristala.
Ti spuštaš pogled pred očima čarobnjaka i upadaš u
zamku ne znajući mu odgovoriti živiš li već odlazak
i ima li on iscjeljujuću moć povratka.
I dok tvoja ruka dodiruje ljubav ti nestaješ u vlastitom
snu koji iz tebe svijetli.
Noćas dok padaju svemirske kiše.

RAINS FALLING

Tonight, while cosmic rains are falling, will you
leave your room and come out to the world?
You hesitate, you waver, for you don't know what they have with
them.
A diamond, lighting the soul or fragments of a star
that can hurt your heart.
Tonight, while cosmic rains are falling, you are sailing on
wonderful
infinity, covering your dream in blue.
In it, the heaven turns to earth. And the earth to heaven. The land
to sea, with depths transparent like crystal.
You drop your look to the eyes of a wizard and fall into
a trap, not able to answer whether you live your departure
and whether it has the healing power of return.
And while your hand is touching love, you disappear in your own
dream which is shining from you.
Tonight, while cosmic rains are falling.

PUT

Uroni u mapu duše i potraži odgovor
kod čuvara božanskih misterija.

Upitaj anđela Raziela o razlozima
uzleta i pada svoje duše, o safirnom
Nebu i mraku gehinoma u kojem više
ne prepoznaješ sebe.

Tvoj razum govori ti o vremenu i času
rastanka dok ti tamu rasijecaš mačem i
gledaš u rane koje zadaješ.

Sve je još zgusnuto i zaustavljeno u hladnoći
kojom braniš ranjivost svoje duše gledajući
ga kako odlazi.

A iznad vas dvoje, usred dalekih i šutljivih zvijezda
stoji Gospodar tajni svih tajni.

I zna, što god ti učinila, što god rekla, svoju dušu
od njegove ne možeš odijeliti.

»Idi, idi na dalek put«, kaže Ti, kao što je
jednom davno rekao Abrahamu.

I ti skupljaš dijelove svoje odjeće
skupljajući djeliće sebe i odlaziš.

I nadaš se da ćeš jednom na kraju puta ipak znati
zašto jedna duša drugu dušu kroz vječnost pronosi.

THE JOURNEY

Ponder into the map of your soul and look for the answer
with the keeper of divine mysteries.

Ask angel Raziel about the reasons
of rises and falls of your soul, of sapphire
Heaven and darkness of gehinom where no longer
you recognize yourself.

Your reason tells you of the time and moment
of parting, when you cut the darkness with your sword and
look at the wounds you inflict.

Everything's still condensed and stopped in the cold
you use to protect your vulnerable soul watching
him leave.

And above the two of you, in the midst of distant silent stars,
stands the Lord of secrets of all secrets.

And knows that whatever you may do or say, your soul
cannot be parted from his soul.

“Go, go on a long journey” says He, as He
once long ago said to Abraham.

And you collect the pieces of your clothing
collecting pieces of yourself, and leave.

And hope that once, at the end of your journey you will learn
why one soul takes the other through eternity.

SAN

I ti ćeš se probuditi drugačiji nego što
si bio jučer.
Novim očima gledat ćeš u svijet pun
svjetlosti i nade.
I iznenada otkrit ćeš da samo prividno
hodaš sam.
Jer nikada nisi sam i nikada nećeš biti sam.
Ruke si gurnuo duboko u džepove kaputa i
osjećaš da tamo negdje, bilo gdje, živi netko
satkan od iste čežnje.
I više nisi ljut i više nisi ogorčen na sve i svakog
i ne osjećaš se usamljen.
Odjednom probuđen nalaziš sebe samog u tom biću
koje te traži dok i ti tražiš njega.
I zastaješ negdje u gradu pred izlogom gledajući svoj odraz
kao da se vidiš prvi put.
»Idi dalje« kaže ti nebeski Glas. I torba koju vučeš puna
knjiga i papira prestaje ti biti teška.
I dan više nije dug i oblačan nego svijetao i
prekrasan.
Te noći sanjaš spokojan i sretan, znajući da
tvoj san više nije samo tvoj.

THE DREAM

You too will wake up different from what
you were yesterday.
With new eyes you will look at the world full
of light and hope.
And suddenly will you discover that only seemingly
you walk alone.
For you are never alone and never will be alone.
You have pushed your hands deeply into your coat pockets and
you feel that somewhere, anywhere there lives a person
woven of the same yearning.
And you are no longer angry, no longer bitter about all and
everyone
and you do not feel lonely.
Suddenly awakened you find yourself in that creature
who is looking for you while you are looking for him.
And you halt somewhere in front of a shop window, looking at
your reflection, as if you can see yourself for the first time.
"Go on" says the heavenly Voice. And the bag you are dragging,
full
of books and papers, is no longer heavy.
And the day is no longer long and cloudy but bright and
beautiful.
That night you dream serene and happy, knowing that
your dream is no longer yours.

ANĐEOSKA

Zoranu T.

Anđele moj mili, reci kamo me put vodi.
Za ruku sad uzmi me, u nebo uznesi me.
Anđele moj mili, pokaži mi predjele kojima
ćemo prolaziti, mora neobične boje, stijene
kojima se Mojsije na Sinaj penjao, pokaži mi
staze kojima je kralj David sebi kroz psalme
glazbom život osvijetljavao.
Anđele moj mili, svojim nježnim dodirom u
više sfere povedi me, da ugledam lica onih koje
sam volio i izgubio.
I daj mi vrijeme da osvijestim uspomene i da
svakom kažem one prave riječi koje tko zna zbog
čega tvrdoglav i izgubljen nisam, kada sam to
trebao, izrekao.
Kroz vrtlog snježnih pahuljica provedi me i
pokaži mi gdje mudri svoje knjige stvaraju i
umjetnici u nebeskom beharu zemlju darom
obdaruju.
Anđele moj mili, dok me sa sobom vodiš
pitat ću te o sebi i sutra i zašto je jučer
onakvo bilo.
I zašto sam hrabrost gubio i odustajao,
a ti je milošću Božjom ponovno vratio.
I ne ljuti se, pitat ću te još zbog čega sam
sebe malenog vidio dok si me ti nebeskim
prostranstvima na svojim krilima nosio.
Anđele mili, zamoli za me kod Gospoda
da još u mnoge luke pristanem i mnoga
čuda ovoga svijeta doživim, ali uz tvoju
pomoć ne zaboravljajući odakle sam došao

ANGELIC

To Zoran T.

O my darling angel, tell me where my path is taking me
Take me by the hand, take me up to Heaven.
O my darling angel, show me the lands where
we will be passing, seas of colours strange, rocks
where Moses climbed up Mt Sinai, show me
paths where King David with his psalms
lit his life with music.
O my darling angel, with your gentle touch
take me to high spheres to see the faces of those
that I loved and lost.
And give me time to revive the memories
to tell each person the right words which, who knows why,
the stubborn and lost me, I never said
when I should have.
Take me through the swirl of snowflakes and
show me where the wise ones their books create and
artists in heavenly blossom endow the earth
with presents.
O my darling angel, while you take me with you
I'll ask you about myself and tomorrow and why yesterday
was like that.
And why I lost my courage and gave up,
and with God's grace you gave it back to me.
And don't be cross, I'll ask you why
I saw the tiny me while you took me on your wings
through heavenly expanses.
O my darling angel, pray the Lord to grant me
to call in many harbours and many
wonders of this world to see, but with your
help not forgetting where I came from

i kamo se moram vratiti.

Za ruku sada dok me čvrsto držiš moram ti reći da ponekad ne znam sebe od dana običnih odvojiti i put sfera visokih gdje me ti čekaš krenuti.

Anđele mili, želim ti reći hvala što me ne pitaš zašto sam u danima lijepim tužan bio i zašto se nisam smijao nego zdvojan bio. I oprosti mi u blagosti svojoj što ponekad nisam vjerovao, tražeći od tebe znak posebnosti i izdvojenosti, dok si ti strpljiv uza me stajao.

A ja sam vidio samo sebe, ali ne i tebe.

Anđele mili, pitaš me sada u blagdansko predvečerje što bih još želio i da mogu kamo bih pošao? Što bih učinio?

I moram ti reći jednostavan život, to bih poželio.

Spokoj tihe obiteljske sreće, vidik s malo voda i bilja mirisnih, mjesto s kojeg bih beskraj Beskrajnog En sofa promatrao I mjesto bih te zamolio negdje na tihoj uzvisini s koje bi suze svetog Lovre mogao vidjeti kad krenu prema zemlji i kada za to dođe vrijeme. Sve zvijezde ugasle ponovno bih u ljetnoj noći nebeskom svodu vratio.

I nemoj mi sada smijući se reći kako su to male stvari i »Sreću veću od mene traži«.

Anđele moj mili, za ruku čvrsto drži me.

I putovima svjetlosnog duha vodi me

I onda kad pomislim da su me svi zaboravili i kada sam uvjeren da ne hodam, da ne letim, da se ne krećem, iznenada, ma gdje bio, mojim imenom sebi, prizovi me.

and where I have to return.

While you are holding me firmly by the hand, I have to tell you that sometimes I cannot separate myself from ordinary days

and start for the high spheres where you are waiting for me.

O my darling angel, I want to thank you for not asking me why, on nice days, I was melancholy and why I did not laugh but was in despair.

And forgive me why I sometimes did not trust your kindness, demanding a token of being special and single, while you were standing by me. And I saw just myself, but I did not see you.

O my darling angel, now on the feast eve, you wonder what else I would wish for, and if only I could where I would go? And what would I do? And I have to tell you, simple life, that's what I would wish.

Serene family bliss, a view of some waters and plants fragrant where I could look at infinite En Sof.

And a place somewhere on a quiet high ground where I could see St Lawrence tears when they move to the earth, and when time comes for it. All stars extinguished, on a summer night, I would take back to the canopy again.

And don't you now laugh and say they are trifles and "Ask me for more fortune".

O my darling angel, hold my hand so tightly Take me on the ways of the light spirit.

And when I think I'm forgotten by all, and when I'm sure I'm not walking, I'm not flying, I'm not moving, suddenly, wherever I am, by my name, please call me to you.

KUĆA

Je li moja zemlja tu gdje se budim
ili je moja zemlja ona kamo me duša
vodi?

Nema tu odgovora, barem nisu kod mene,
tek anđeo Sandalfon prašnjavih nogu povremeno
svrati vežući pitanja u snop svih miomirisnih nedoumica.
I odleti.

Tko zna koliko će mu trebati da se kući vrati?
I istrese taj snop pred stopala nebeskog vodiča?
No eto ga već je kraj njega i sneni umorni Sandalfon
izvlači i uvlači prste igrajući se, iz stare sandale.
Jednu je na Zemlji zaboravio.

I nebeski vodič promatrajući ga podiže obrve.

»Kuda će ona?« upita.

»Zar opet na put? Nije li tamo već jednom bila?

Nisam li umjesto nje kada se opraštala rekao zbogom
baš kada je htjela reći »dovidenja«.

Sandalfonu se učini da je primatelj zemaljskog
miomirisnog snopa duboko zamišljen i pogledom
ga upita: »Od kuda joj znanje da sudbinu svoju mijenja?
Moć da se probije tamo gdje su joj postavljene brane?«

U tom trenu Sandalfon ostade bosih nogu.

I nebeski vodič shvati da je poslanik Božjih vijesti
u tome imao prste, jer kao i sada sandale su mu s
nogu pale, kad je na Zemlji s njom bio.

I kad joj je govorio, Govor Neba ničim nije ublažio.

I sada ona opet putuje prema kući, otkrivši da je tamo
već jednom sretna bila.

»Htjela bih« reče Sandalfon opravdavajući je, »ponovno
vidjeti kako na mjestu čudesnom gdje se ljubav rađa sunce
izlazi«.

HOME

Is my land here where I wake up
or is my land the one where my soul
takes me?

There is no answer to it, at least I do not have it,
only angel Sandalphon, with dusty feet, sometimes
drops in, tying the questions to a bundle of fragrant doubts.
And flies away.

Who knows how long he will take to come back home?
And dump out the bundle to the feet of heavenly guide?
But there's tired sleepy Sandalphon beside him,
playing and putting his fingers in and out of an old sandal.
He has forgotten one on the Earth.

And the heavenly guide, watching him, rose his brows.

"Where is she off to?" he asks.

"Again on a journey? Hasn't she already been there?"

Didn't I say, instead of her, when she was parting, goodbye
just when she was going to say "See you?"

It seemed to Sandalphon that the receiver of the earthly
fragrant bundle was in deep thought and with his look
he asked him: "Where did she get the knowledge to change her
fate?"

The power to break the obstacles put up for her?"

And then Sandalphon was left with bare feet.

And the heavenly guide saw that the messenger of Divine news
had his fingers in it, for his sandals also
fell off his feet, when he was with her on Earth.

And when he spoke, he never eased the Speech of Heaven.

And now she's going back home, realizing that there
she's already been happy.

"She'd like" said Sandalphon, excusing her, "again

I u to vidje da nebeski vodič u rukama drži za njega nove sandale i u milosti svojoj reče mu: »Vrati se na Zemlju i prati je. Na putu svih njezinih putovanja čuvaj je. Dušu joj štiti, jer ona koja se uspinje na zemlji često i lako se ozljeđuje«. Idi Sandalfone i pažljiv budi, jer Oko Gospodnje nad njom bdije. I ako u svojoj misiji posustaneš, odmah se po mene vrati. Jer duša njezina, sada jasno vidim, u božanski hram će ući. I zato ona mora od kuće prema Kući poći.

to see how in the wonderful place, where love is born, the sun rises".
And then he saw the heavenly guide holding new sandals for him, and in his grace told him: "Go back to Earth, escort her.

On all her journeys, guard her.
Protect her soul, for she who rises on earth, will oft and easily get hurt".
Go, Sandalphon, be careful, for the Lord's Eye is watching over her.

And if, in your mission, you tire, come back for me, straight.
For her soul, I see it clearly now, will enter the divine shrine.
So she must leave her home to reach her Home.

HIMALAJA

U tiho rano jutro glazba mojom
sobom plovi na valovima i
treptajima sna koji čezne dosanjati sam
sebe.

Nježan zvuk harfe poput igre svjetlosnih
kamenčića u prozirnoj vodi uzima me
i sobom vodi.

I tako putujem nečujna i nevidljiva nalik
pramenom dahu do mjesta koje na me već
tisućljećima čeka.

Cvrkut ptica polako se gubi.

Ispod plave plohe zemljine staze u snježne
vrhove Himalaja vode.

A onda sve zastaje i nestaje u samo jednom
čudesnom času koji objavljuje svijetu moje
putovanje.

Samo ja mu ne znam ni kraja ni početka.

THE HIMALAYAS

On a quiet early morning, the music in my
room floats on the waves and
flickers of dream yearning to finish dreaming
itself.

The tender sound of the harp, like a play of light
pebbles in clear water takes me
and leads me with it.

And so I travel, inaudible and invisible like
tuffy breath to the place which has
been waiting for me for millenia.

Bird chirping is slowly dying out.

Under the earth's blue plane, trails lead to the snowy
peaks of the Himalayas.

And then everything stops and disappears just in one
magical moment announcing to the world my
journey.

Only I do not know its end or its beginning.

BIJELI CVJETOVI

Lakshmi

Nisam li ja poput stabla s puno cvjetova?
Nisam li ja poput stabla s puno plodova?
No prije nego plod nastane cvijet se prvo
pupoljkom mora objaviti i latice otvoriti.
Iz otvorenosti u sebe ući, božanski nektar
u svojem središtu pronaći.
I iz te slatkoće iz jedne ljepote u drugu prijeći.
Preoblikovati se, a opet svoje jastvo sačuvati.

Danju dok sunce svijetli cvjetovi ljepotom
mame i mirišu, a u suton latice se zatvaraju
i skrivenom nebeskom otajstvu otvaraju.
Oku Njegovom ništa ne može promaknuti.
I ON promatra skupljene latice znajući koje
će zatvorene ostati, a koje će se u prekrasan
plod pretvoriti.

I dok vjetar unosi u krošnje stabala anđeoske
glasove, cvjetovi o svojem životu na Zemlji
razmišljaju.
I svaki se za sebe pita: »Sutra, što će od mene nastati?
Da bih sačuvao ljepotu, da bih zadobio nektarsku
slatkoću čega se sve moram odreći?«

Glasovi anđeoski u noći grane stabla pomiču tražeći
i osluškujući tko je spreman s njima poći.
Tko je odlučan u plamenu ivanjske noći
u Nebo se uzdignuti, a tko sebe u iskrama krijesa
samo pepelom vidi?

WHITE BLOSSOM

To Lakshmi

Am I not like a tree with a lot of blossom?
Am I not like a tree with a lot of fruit?
But before a fruit appears, the blossom must first
announce itself with a bud, and open its petals.
From its openness, go into itself, the divine nectar
find in its midst.
And from that sweetness pass from one beauty to another.
Transform itself, and yet maintain its integrity.

During the day, while the sun shines, the blossom with their
beauty
allure and smell, and at dusk the petals close
and open to the hidden heavenly mystery.
Nothing can escape His eye.
And He looks at closed petals knowing which
will stay closed and which will transform
to a beautiful fruit.

And while the wind brings angelic voices into the tree crowns,
the blossoms think of their life
upon the Earth.
And each one wonders: "Tomorrow, what's to become of me?
To preserve the beauty, to gain the nectar
sweetness, what do I have to renounce?"

The voices of angels move tree branches, searching
and hearkening to see who is ready to go with them.
Who is determined in the bonfire of midsummer night
to rise to Heaven, and who can see himself only as ashes
in the bonfire sparks?

Nebeski poslanici svakom cvijetu jednako prilaze
želeći znati: »Što mi možeš dati da bi mirisom rajskim
vazda odisao?«
»Možeš li« pitaju, »svoje svilene haljine zaboraviti?
Iz svojeg raskošnog staništa u hram božanski se povući?
Nebeskom sudu svoju dušu izložiti?«

Možeš li mijenjati sve svoje mijene zima, proljeća, ljeta
i jeseni za skriveni božanski vrt u kojem ćeš samo s Njime ostati?

I dok mjesec svojim sjajem srebrnastim u noći oceanima
brodi i zvijezde na nebu čarobnim prutićem pali, male glavice
cvjetova pomiču se neodlučno lijevo i desno, upirući svoj pogled
čas prema Gore, čas prema Dolje.

I u dubini noći neki od njih već u vremenu bez vremena plove
i znaju da za glasovima nebeskim bez straha i dvojbe mogu poći.
Jutrom, zrake s plavo bijelog nebeskog svoda
stabla u voćnjaku tihom obasjavaju i na prvim
plodovima se odmaraju.
I ne boje se Ruke koja će za njima posegnuti
i Onog koji će ih na dlanu svome u kraljevsku
palaču unijeti, nježnim, bijelim cvjetovima,
zovući ih.
I kad se svi nemiri stišaju, odjednom cvjetovi novim
imenima u svijetu božanskom žive i dišu utješeni u
vijencu satkanom od Njegove ljubavi, zagrljeni.

The heavenly messengers approach each blossom
wondering: "What can you give me to always
emit the heavenly fragrance?"
"Can you", they ask, "forget your silk attire?"
From your lavish abode retire to the divine temple?
Expose your soul to heavenly justice?"

Can you change all your changes of winters, springs, summers
and autumns for the hidden divine garden to remain with Him for
ever?

And while the moon is sailing with its silvery shine over the
oceans
and lighting the stars on the sky with its magic wand, little
blossom move indecisively to left and right, directing their gaze
now Up, now Down.

In the depth of the night, some of them sail in the time without
time
and know they can follow the voices of heaven without fear or
doubt.

In the morning, rays from the bluish-white canopy
cast light on trees in silent orchard, and on the first
fruits do they rest.
And they don't fear the Hand that will reach for them
and Him who will on his palm to royal
palace take them, calling them
gentle white blossom.

And when all the troubles calm dawn, the blossoms suddenly,
with new
names in the divine world, live and breathe, consoled in
a wreath, woven from His love, embraced.

U SVAKOM SLUČAJU

Vrijeme možda i nije lijepo.
Zima je hladna i puna leda.
Ali, ti ne posustaješ i knjige
prostireš tražeći riječi koje
si zagubila, smisao koji ranije
nisi uočila.

I ne znaš što će sutra biti pitajući
kako se osjeća kraljica dok se njezina
utvrda u razglobljenom svijetu, rasipa.

I htjela bi znati hoće li proljeće i ove
godine stići u svetom času kada suncu
radosno otvaraš sva vrata.
A onda noću sanjaš sebe u bijelom,
među zidovima bijelim i nekako više
slutiš nego znaš da je to tvoja ishodišna
točka.

Ništa u kojem leži tvoj kraj u novom
početku, a u početku, kraj.
I naginješ se nad korijenje Drveta života
žeđajući za vodom s najvišeg Izvora.

I dok se krećeš gradom u sebi šapućeš :
»U svakom slučaju, pobijedit ću.«
I znaš da se samo tako ponovno rađaš
iz pramaternice vode Gornjeg svijeta u ovom
svijetu i u tajni onog prvo stvorenog Adama
kadmona.
A nad tobom svijetli S'hina, svjetlo božanske
sveprisutnosti koje ti govori da se ne okrećeš i ne

IN ANY CASE

The weather may not be fine.
The winter is cold and full of ice.
But, you are not giving up and spreading
your books looking for words which
you have lost, the meaning which you did not
notice before.
And you do not know what will be tomorrow, wondering
how a queen feels while her
fortress is scattering in the world out of joint.

And you would like to know whether the spring
this year will come in the holy moment when you
gladly open all the doors to the sun.
And then you dream of yourself in white,
among walls of white and somehow you
more suspect than know that this is your
starting point.
Nothing, containing your end in the new
beginning, and the beginning is the end.
And you bend over the roots of the tree of life
Thirsty for water from the highest Spring.

And while you are moving about the town you whisper to yourself:
"In any case, I am going to win".
And you know that only in this way are you reborn
from the primeval uterus of the water in the Upper world in this
world and in the mystery of the firstly created Adam
Kadmon.
And above you shines S'hina, the light of divine
omnipresence telling you not to turn round and

osvrćeš tražeći izgovor, jer si poslana da pomogneš
da se smrt izbriše iz života noseći na dlanovima
nebeske kapljice vode što iscjeljuje.

Ti si plod s Drveta duša i na zemlju bačena
kao sjeme dok te odsjaj aure prati pitajući te
jesi li pronašla ključeve Palače u koju nepozvani
ne ulaze.

I ti nesigurna, otključavaš vrata ne znajući hoćeš li
pronaći ono za čime toliko čezneš.

I prolaziš dugim, tamnim hodnikom, a onda
iznenada tvoje je lice obasjano svjetlom sedmerokrakog svijećnjaka.

I ti stojiš začarana udišući predivan miris, u blistavom nasadu
svetih jabuka.

not to look back looking for an excuse, for you have been sent to help
to wipe out death from life, carrying in your palms
the heavenly drops of water that heals.

You are the fruit from the Tree of souls, cast upon the earth
like a seed, accompanied by the gleam of the aura, asking you
whether you have found the keys of the Palace where the uninvited
do not enter.

And you, unsure, unlock the gates, not knowing whether
you will find what you desire so ardently.

And you pass along a long dark passage, and then

Your face is suddenly lit by the light of the sacred candelabrum.

And you stand, enthralled, inhaling the wonderful fragrance, in a
shiny grove

of holy apples.

NEUHVATLJIVA DISCIPLINA DUHA

(Duhovna lirika Jasminke Domaš)

Tročlanost naslovne sintagme ovog pogovora iznenadno se iskristalizirala u istraživačkoj fazi osebuje pregradosti čitanja koja se nakon nekoliko dana intenzivnog iščitavanja lagano preobrazila u krepku radost pisanja. Prostorno omeđen raspon popratnog razmišljanja uz pjesničku zbirku Jasminke Domaš koja se u ovoj knjizi pojavljuje pod imanentno autoreferencijalnim naslovom *Poetski mistik* nastaje u namjeri da čitatelju koji se sprema zaploviti ustreptalo uskovitlanim i bujno meandričnim pjesmotokom te ponešto netipične lirike mjestimice ponudi misaono odmorište slično plutači, želeći ga neusiljeno ponukati na pozornije osluškivanje slobodnog pulsiranja žile kucavice što je poput djetličeva kuckanja neprestance čujno na svim strukturnim razinama ove dopadljivo svojevlave poezije.

Netom spomenuta pregradost čitanja danima mi je nenametljivom upornošću rasvjetljavala neuhvatljivost discipline duha iz koje se razvila Jasminkina genuina lirika, već odavno se — isprva stidljivo, a onda sve očitiije — razotkrivajući u romanima, meditacijama, znanstvenim i publicističkim tekstovima ove već odavno afirmirane spisateljice i novinarko o čijoj sam duhovnoj prozi opširnije pisao u nedavno objavljenoj zbirci književno-duhovnih eseja *Miris neba* (Karista, Zagreb, 2009., str. 74-89).

Neuhvatljivost i duh asocijativno se lako mogu dovesti u kojekakve suodnose. No kad im se u suodnosnu igru neočekivano uplete disciplina, teško se oteti dojmu da je tu ipak na djelu neko čudnovato protuslovlje. Disciplinu mašte već nam je prije četrdesetak godina nadasve impresivno uprisutnio pjesnički i teorijski nezaboravni Ivan Slamnig. O disciplini duha teško je, međutim, govoriti ponajprije zbog toga što duh nikad nismo u stanju pojmovno zbiti u kakvu-takvu definiciju. Možemo ga pisati velikim i malim slovom, ali on svagda ostaje nemjerljiv, u stalnom je lelujanju, lakokrill je i perolak, mekan i čvrst, gibljiv i stamen — i tko zna što bismo sve tu još slikovito mogli pridodati, ne rekavši ništa određeno.

Neuhvatljivost je, dakle, posvema neupitna. Svojevrsnu apoteozu te definicijski jalove nepodatnosti duha nalazimo u pregnantnom tekstu na samom početku ove zbirke koji je — kako mu to izriče sâm naslov — zamiš-

ELUSIVE DISCIPLINE OF THE MIND

(Spiritual poetry of Jasminka Domaš)

The trinomial syntagm in the title of this afterword has suddenly become crystal clear in the research phase of a singularly joyful anticipation of reading which, after several days of intensively deep reading, has slowly turned into a hearty joy of writing. A spatially limited scope of lateral thinking with the collection of poems by Jasminka Domaš, who appears in this book under an immanently self-referential title *The Poetic Mystic* appears in the intention to offer the reader, prepared to sail along this quiveringlly turbulent and lushly meandrical stream of this somewhat untypical poetry, an occasional landing like a buoy, relaxedly wishing to encourage him to listen closely to the free pulse of the main artery which, like a woodpecker, can permanently be heard on all structural levels of this attractively self-willed poetry. The just mentioned anticipation of reading has for days, with discreet persistence, been illuminating the illlusiveness of the discipline of the mind from which Jasminka's genuine poetry has developed, revealing itself — at first timidly, and then more and more evidently — in novels, meditations, scientific and non-fiction texts of this long established writer and journalist, with whose spiritual prose I wrote at more length in the recently published collection of literary-spiritual essays *The Fragrance of Heaven* (Karista, Zagreb, 2009, pp. 74-89).

Elusiveness and the mind can easily be associated in all sorts of interrelationships. But, when discipline unexpectedly gets involved in their inter-related play, one can hardly resist the impression that there is a strange contradiction at work there. The discipline of imagination was most impressively presented by the poetically and theoretically unforgettable Ivan Slamnig some forty years ago. It is, however, difficult to speak about the discipline of the mind, primarily because we are never able to compress the mind into some sort of definition. We can write with a capital or a small letter, but it always remains unmeasurable, it is at constant quaver, light-winged and featherweight, soft and hard, supple and firm — and who knows what else we could figuratively add here, without saying anything definite.

ljen da se nađe Umjesto predgovora. U njemu je prekršiteljski i naoko prevratnički na djelu »Eva, Hava, prva žena...«, a ona, poslušavši savjet praiskonske vode iz smaragdne rijeke, svemu što nalazi daje od svoga duha, jer će samo tako — kaže voda — »dobiti više od života«. Postavši umjetnicom, Eva Čovječica krši »sve zakone, približivši se najdubljoj razini uvida iz kojeg sve nastaje..."«

Ne možemo, dakako, u ovom razmišljanju nastaviti hod Evinim tragom. To će, međutim, svakako učiniti pjesmoljubni čitatelj, a njemu ovaj kratki pjesnički proslav može poslužiti kao jedan od mogućih ključeva razumijevanja duhovne lirike kojom Jasminka Domaš dostojno i trajno obožuje hrvatsko poetsko obzorje.

Pa ipak je još potrebno napomenuti da Eva kao utjelovljeni Creator Spiritus čak ni ne dospijeva u opasnost da zbog evidentne neuhvatljivosti duha kojim se napaja zabrazdi u anarhičnosti kaosa. Nestašni se duh, intuitivno slijedeći samo njemu znane (duhovne) zakone, na koncu ipak stalno usklađuje s Onim koji je Gore, a On se u ovoj poeziji javlja na način koji sve ove pjesme čvrsto povezuje s cjelokupnim književnim i publicističkim stvaralaštvom Jasminka Domaš. To je Bog, Gospod, Jedan, Svevišnji, Onaj koga na svoj način štiju i brojnim imenima zovu i zazivaju židovski, kršćanski i muslimanski tragači za Istinom, Onaj u čijem nadasve prostranom okrilju ima podjednako i dovoljno mjesta ne samo za hinduiste, budiste, agnostike, ateiste itd., nego i za sve ljude koji na razne načine čine i promiču svakovrsno dobro.

Neuhvatljivost i disciplina duha u ovoj poeziji intenzivno se i iznenađujuće isprepliću i dopunjuju. Poezija u ovom slučaju nipošto nije uznički podjarmljena usko pojmljenom religioznošću. Kao duhovno ovjerovljena i vjernički prokušana Židovka autorica ovom zbirkom pjesama vješto razmiče raznorazne konvencionalne međe i granice, oslobađajući manevarski prostor nepotkupljivoj i brižljivo odnjegovanoj pjesničkoj imaginaciji koja se nesputano kreće i smiono vrluda Evinim (Havinim!) smaragdnom pjesmotokom.

U nastavku zbirke Evinu sveobuhvatnu kreativnost znalački preuzima osebujni Poeta Mysticus. Taj tijelom ljupko nesputani, dušom razbarušeno ustreptali i duhom mudrosno prosvijetljeni Evin ovodobni potomak (većinom ženskoga, katkada i muškog roda) najprije je na djelu u nizu kratkih (kadšto zbilja sićušnih) pjesama objedinjenih u ciklusu nazvanom Miniature. Opetovano ih čitajući i na taj im način dopuštajući da se barem na trenutak rasprostru u izričajno napućenoj zbijenosti, stječemo dojam da su te pjesničke minijature nalik živopisnim krijesnicama koje nam nenadano sli-

Elusiveness is, therefore, completely unquestionable. A sort of apotheosis of this by definition barren rigidity of the mind can be found in the pregnant text at the beginning of the collection which — as said by the very title — is intended to be Instead of a foreword. In it, "Eve, Hava, the first woman..." is at work, a trespasser and apparently a revolutionary, and she, taking the advice of the primeval water from the emerald river, gives something from her mind to everything that she finds, for only thus — says the water — "will she get more from life". On becoming an artist, Eve the Shaman breaks "all laws, approaching the deepest level of insight from which everything originates..."

Of course, in this reflection we cannot continue on Eve's trail. This, will, however, be done by the poem-loving reader, to whom, this short poetical foreword can serve as one of the possible keys to understanding the spiritual poetry with which Jasminka Domaš worthily and permanently enriches the Croatian poetical horizon. It should still be mentioned that Eve, as a Creator Spiritus incarnate does not even get into the danger where the evident elusiveness of the mind which feeds her should stray into the anarchy of chaos. Her playful spirit, intuitively following her (spiritual) laws, known only to it, ultimately always harmonizes with Him who is Above, and He in this poetry appears in the way which closely connects with the complete literary and journalistic opus of Jasminka Domaš. This is God, the Lord, the One, the Almighty, He who is worshipped in their own ways and called both by Jewish, Christian and Muslim seekers of the truth, He in whose immense bosom there is equally and enough place not only for Hindus, Buddhists, agnostics, atheists etc, but for all people who do and promote good in various ways.

Elusiveness and discipline of the mind are intensively and surprisingly mingled and complemented in this poetry. Poetry in this case is in no way slavishly subjugated by narrow-minded religiousness. As a spiritually authenticated and religiously proven Jew, the author skilfully moves different conventional boundaries and confines, freeing the manoeuvring space for incorruptible and carefully nurtured poetic imagination which moves unrestrained and daringly rambles along Eve's (Hava's!) emerald poetic stream.

Further on in the collection Eve's universal creativity is expertly taken over by the distinctive Poeta Mysticus. This modern offspring of Eve, with charmingly uninhibited body, with recklessly quivering soul and wisely enlightened mind (mostly feminine, but sometimes also masculine) is first at work in a series of short (sometimes really tiny) poems, combined in the series called Miniatures. Reading them again and again and thus allowing

jeću na dlan, osvjetljavajući svojim plamičcima skrovito zatamnjene kutke naše za tankočutnu liriku često nepripravljene nutrine:

Okus loše savjesti?
gorak je.

Viktoru su pjesme kruh i voda.
Ponekad ih nađe netko tko je gladan.

Neke od minijatura koje nas strelovito vode po raznim gradovima i zemljama u stanju su nas munjevito zabljesnuti, pa nam je kadšto potrebno stanovito vrijeme da se pribleremo i oporavimo od šokantna dojma:

Na ulici stoji žena i prosi.
Iza nje se skriva djevojka.
I dok majka prosi, ona se sve više
priljubljuje uz njezina leđa.
Gledajući u pod, grize nokte i sa svakom
izgovorenom riječi umire od srama.
U podne stoje u središtu grada njih dvije.
Izbjeglice iz Bosne.

I tako bismo zanimljiva obilježja ovih minijaturenih pjesama u prozi mogli nizati unedogled. Kako na jezično-stilskom planu tako i na sadržajnoj razini slične su im i naslovljene pjesme združene u ciklusu koji je svoj nadnaslov Poetski mistik dragovoljno darovao zbirci kao cjelini. Nekolicina ovih pjesama posvećena je nekim dragim ljudima. I naslovljene su pjesme poput minijatura najvećim dijelom pjesme u prozi. Neke od njih doimlju se i kao osobito upečatljive pjesničke slike. Njihova svagda razvidna duhovna potka nije, međutim, nepropusna za refleksivne, socijalne, političke i pejzažne opservacije. Poeta Mysticus nije, dakle, neosjetljiv za suvremenu nam postmodernu pojavnost svakodnevice koja ga okružuje. To mu i omogućuje da se u svakoj pjesmi zaogrne nekim tkko zna odakle uzetim dijelom svoga zavidno bogatoga pjesničkog ruha koje se prioritarno ne iscrpljuje u naglašenoj izbrušenosti stila.

Premda sve redom znakovito naslovljene, neke nam pjesme svojim naslovima hotimie ne nude ključ mogućeg tumačenja. Ponekad nam tek daju naslutiti na što se zapravo žele referirati, a katkada nas zbiljski umiju ostaviti u nedoumici. Time one bjelodano dokazuju da nisu jednodnevne biljke, nego su, baš naprotiv, u stanju dugo, kadšto čak raskošno (a ponekad i mirisno!) cvasti na onom mjestu čitateljeva mentalnog obzorja što su ga baš one snagom svoje izričajne uvjerljivosti odabrale za slijetanje.

them to unfold in the expressionally populated compactness, we get the impression that those poetic miniatures are like colourful fireflies which suddenly alight on the palms of our hands, with their flames lighting the secretly darkened corners of our inner selves, often unprepared for sensitive lyrics:

The aftertaste of bad conscience?
It's bitter.

For Victor, poems are bread and water,
Sometimes found by someone who is hungry.

Some of the miniatures which take us swiftly to various towns and countries can blind us like a flash of lightning and we occasionally take some time to collect ourselves and recover from the shocking experience:

In the street, a woman stands begging.
A girl is hiding behind her.
And while the mother is begging, she increasingly
clings to her back.
Looking at the floor, she bites her nails and with each
word uttered, she is dying of shame.
At midday, in the town centre, the two of them.
Refugees from Bosnia.

And so we could go on listing the interesting features of these miniature poems forever. Both in the linguistically-stylistic level and on the contents level, they also resemble the poems with title joined in the series whose superscript Poetic Mystic voluntarily presented to the collection of poems as a whole. Some of these poems are dedicated to some lovable people. And like the miniatures, the poems with a title are mostly poems in prose. Some of them impress us as especially striking poetic images. Their everclear spiritual web is not, however, impenetrable for reflexive, social, political and landscape observations. The Poeta Mysticus, is therefore not insensitive for the contemporary manifestation of everyday life surrounding him. This is just what makes it possible for him to shroud himself with a part of his enviously rich poetic robes taken from who knows where, which does not wear itself out in the expressively refined style.

Although each of them has a meaningful title, some of the titles deliberately do not give us the clue for possible explanation. Sometimes they only give us a hint of what they want to refer, and sometimes they truly

Iako su ove naslovljene pjesme većinom pjesme u prozi, ima među njima i pjesama u slobodnom stihu. Među njima se svojom poetskom protočnošću i misaonom razvedenošću posebice ističe Anđeoska, u kojoj Poeta Mysticus, govoreći ovaj put u muškom rodu, nadahnuto pred svojim anđelom iznosi posvema osebuje želje poput ovih pri kraju pjesme:

Andele moj mili, za ruku čvrsto drži me.
I putovima svjetlosnog duha vodi me.
I onda kad pomislim da su me svi zaboravili
i kada sam uvjeren da ne hodam, da ne letim,
da se ne krećem, iznenada, ma gdje bio, mojim
imenom k sebi prizovi me.

Rado bi se autor ovih redaka strmoglavio u analizu još nekih pjesama. Čudnovati anđeo Sandalfon iz pjesme Kuća neodoljivo me vuče za ruku, a tu se negdje mota i autobiografski intonirana Kradljivica, ali će očigledno sve to morati pričekati neku drugu priliku za esejističko uranjanje u ovdje tek donekle naznačenu poetsku rasstresitost Jasminke Domaš. Neuhvatljivi svjetlosni duh zasigurno će pjesnikinju i dalje obilato zasipati svojim fascinativnim iznašašćima, a neumorni Poeta Mysticus, taj vješto skriveni uzročnik uvodno spominjane predradosti čitanja i radosti pisanja, skrovito će i dalje voditi brigu da ravnovjesje između neuhvatljivosti i discipline duha na Jasminkinoj poetskoj tezulji nikad ne bude bitno narušeno.

Sead Muhamedagić

leave us at a loss. In this way they clearly prove that they are not one-day plants but are rather able to bloom long, sometimes even lavishly (and sometimes even fragrantly!) on the spot of the reader' mental horizon which they have chosen for their landing by the force of their expressive persuasiveness.

Albeit the poems with a title are mostly prose poems, there are also poems in free verse. Among them, with their poetic fluency and contemplative richness, a special place is taken by the Angelic where the Poeta Mysticus, this time speaking in the masculine gender, asks his angel completely singular wishes like these at the end of the poem:

O my darling angel, hold my hand so tightly
Take me on the ways of the light spirit.
And when I think I'm forgotten by all,
and when I'm sure I'm not walking, I'm not flying,
I'm not moving, suddenly, wherever I am, by my
name, please call me to you.

The author of this essay would be only too glad to plunge into the analysis of some more poems. The strange angel Sandalphon from the poem Home is irresistibly pulling me by the hand, and there is also somewhere the biographically tuned The Thief, but all these will obviously have to wait for another occasion to immerse into the poetic looseness of Jasminka Domaš, which is only barely indicated here. The elusive light mind will surely still profusely pour its fascinating inventiveness, and the tireless Poeta Mysticus, this deftly concealed originator of the distinctive anticipation of reading and the joy of writing will continue taking care that the balance between the elusiveness and the discipline of the mind on Jasminka's poetic scales is never essentially disturbed.

Sead Muhamedagić

BIOGRAFIJA

JASMINKA DOMAŠ živi u Zagrebu. Novinarica je Vanjskopolitičke redakcije Hrvatskog radija i suradnica je religijskog i dokumentarnog programa Hrvatskog radija i televizije.

Članica je Svjetske konferencije religija za mir, dobitnica je priznanja za doprinos ljudskim pravima i vjerskim slobodama u RH. Bavi se i znanstvenim radom, predavačica je judaizma na teološkim fakultetima u Hrvatskoj, a s područja judaizma objavila je u tiskanim i elektroničkim medijima više od pet stotina priloga.

Autorica je i scenaristica desetak televizijskih dokumentarnih filmova od koji se pojedini čuvaju i u arhivi jeruzalemskog Muzeja holokausta Jad Vašem.

Od 1995. do 1998. godine bila je suradnica američke Zaklade za vizualnu povijest — preživjele žrtve holokausta, čiji je utemeljitelj Steven Spielberg. Istaknuta je članica Židovske vjerske zajednice Bet Israel u Hrvatskoj.

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*, *Nebo na zemlji*. Neke od njih prevedene su na talijanski, njemački, engleski i slovenski jezik.

Objavljuje i kratke priče. Dobitnica je više književnih nagrada.

BIOGRAPHY

JASMINKA DOMAŠ lives in Zagreb. She is a journalist of the foreign policy program of the Croatian radio, and also works for the religious and documentary program of the Croatian Radio and Television.

She is a member of the Religions for Peace Croatian Chapter, and has won awards for her contribution to human rights and religious freedoms in the Republic of Croatia. She also does research, lecturing on judaism at faculties of theology in Croatia, and has written over five hundred articles on judaism in press and electronic media.

She is the author and has made over ten television documentaries, some of which are kept in the Yad Vashem Museum of the Holocaust.

Between 1995 and 1998 she cooperated with the American Visual History Foundation — the Holocaust survivors, founded by Steven Spielberg. She is an outstanding member of the Beth Israel Jewish community in Croatia.

She has published the following books: *The Mishpaha Family*, *Weekly Miniatures of Freedom*, *Shabat Shalom*, *Biblical Stories — a contribution to the understanding of Biblical notions*, *Rebecca in the depth of her soul*, *Jewish Meditation — a research into the mystic paths of Judaism*, *The Book of Love or How I Met Anna Frank*, *The Cabalistic messages*, *72 Names*, *Heaven on Earth*. Some of these books have been translated into Italian, German, English and Slovene.

She also publishes short stories and has won several literary awards.

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