

Selection of poems translated from Serbian 2009-2014

xxx

I gaze at you
It's quiet
I am setting off
You grab me by the ankle
My hair unfurling
You let out a sigh
I gaze at you
The glass shatters
I don't stop
You gaze at me
Softness of lips
Fingertips
And temples
You laugh
I don't falter
Under the fingers
A thousand muscles
The skin weeps
The warmth sprouts
You laugh
I don't falter
Turning around
Hips
As if you're the best
The best in the world
Forceful collision
We disappeared

Poem about a woman

for and with Svetlana Rakocevic

the woman who started this poem
the woman whose heart beats fast
the woman who has waited but nothing happened
the woman who wears dark dresses
the woman who takes magnesium pills
the woman who doesn't have time to buy strawberries
the woman who promised something
the woman who thinks about Roland Barthes
the woman who runs in the dusk with hip hop in her ears
the woman without memories from her early childhood
the woman whose underskirt hides a pillow feather
the woman who occasionally gives birth to sublime ideas
the woman who drinks way too much coffee
the woman who will never eat meat again
the woman who grows onions and garlic in her garden
the woman who relishes rain
the woman who would stop to talk if she could
the woman who always gets things to sound better when written
down rather than danced or said
the woman without a break, conclusion, full stop

Life

he told me that I have to live life
in order to write poetry
to find any job and get bored to death
that's what Bukowski did and that's why he's so cool, he said
but he hasn't read any of Hank's poetry at all

my friend, the strongest poems I wrote
when I couldn't be bothered to move
when I was idle, beating time in my room
as Bukowski did too, and that's why he is so cool

and all that wisdom about life
that needs to be lived
that is one big sham
life is only how much one can bear
- at times nothing, at times something -
life is what gets under your skin
what tickles and annoys or gently provokes

life is the blood flowing in your veins
that moment when you hear its stream and it horrifies you
life is when you have nowhere to go
you have no job, no friends too
and the solitude makes you so bored that your blood stops to flow
for a sec and you ask yourself
am I alive still?

Trouw

we live in water
our countries have been waging wars for ages
in yours suicide bombers get on crowded buses
in mine swords are used in fights

we comfort each other with gazes
your gaze bites off all my fears
my gaze brings about new fluids in you
we are not ashamed of our origins any more

we make new children

we cross the road eternally

Ideal-Traum

I had a dream that my spine
separated from me
was lying on a park bench
smoked
absolutely still

I had a dream that my father
separated from me
was living
in separation
in some other world

whatever I dreamt about
everything was separated from itself and everything else

internal things became external
but the inside was still hidden

all things got separated
yet wholeness still exists

xxx

Be with me
Stay
Let the time pass and
The new day come and
The new sun rise and
The hours go by and
Let nothing happen
Play the music
Play it in the background
Only sometimes play it louder
That one, exactly that melancholic song
We will not eat
Only wine we'll drink
Wine and water
We will not speak
Touch me
Let our skin speak
Instead of us
We will listen
Let another night go by
We will not sleep
Hold me tight
Let our muscles fight
Instead of us
Sometimes play the music louder
Exactly that one, the saddest song
Let our nerves quiver
Instead of us