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METAMORPHOSIS

I would like to know from where
this emptiness comes, so that
I turn into a transparent lake in which
you can see the bottom, but without fish.

But without shells, crabs, without
underground growth that at least
has a name, and I am today
nameless. Even a little nonexistent.

And so, speaking of emptiness, I move
the water in the lake, it
throws around sand and some tiny particles
clinging to the bottom. I am becoming ill.

I walk the streets with my head bent like
another lake, dark above all, and even
poisonous; let us not talk about those
repulsive beings that crawl at the bottom, so
that now I stink to myself.

(Vasa D. Mihailovich and Ronald Moran)

FISHING

The water flows as if carried by someone
Whether clear or flooding the shores, it does not
matter to it
Peacefully time grazes everywhere the same
the mountain too will fall with
the coming water

We entered the water to our waist—enraged
butchers
On the shore women shivered from hunger

There wind assailed our distorted faces
Our howling was heard far off

For the fish the net is no novelty
Always between the shores, the surface and
the bottom
We went heavy, with headache and bloodshot eyes
Like after drinking but the drinking was
yet to come

All night we shed that cold colorless
blood
Senseless we dug our hands deeper
than allowed
Die, water!—it did not even hear us
Leaving us frozen above
the corpses

(Vasa D. Mihailovich and Ronald Moran)

A BANISHED BALLAD

To my mother, my father

It happened unexpectedly
The south wind was in the air
Autumn resembled spring
It happened with the sun's smile
on the lips

That man, otherwise with a back huge
As a mountain
Otherwise, with a whirl of wisdom in his eyes
Otherwise, with hands as heavy as thunder
One could hear the blow of his fist a long time

That man, on that strange day
I say: a girl unbuttoned
Her shirt
(She stared through the window
Instead of into the mirror)
I say: on the shore a pussy willow
Had opened up

He resounded from his innermost being
But he dispersed all the clouds.

He started to sing in such harmonious voice
The street was stunned (as if it had lost
Its dress)

First out of shame
Then out of enormous joy

An orange vendor opened wide
The door of his shop

And still he was not satisfied
And still he was not satisfied
He had not had enough
And he wrote above the door
Take what belongs to you

But after the night that followed
After minutes in dark evening suits
After seconds with cylinders and bamboo
Sticks

The accursed northwind blew
The girl buttoned up her shirt
Catkins fell off the willow trees
The merchant went to serve his customers

Starting with the suburb

And that man who had sung
Reduced to a microbe
And slavishly immobilized

Was banned

Well, someone had to pay

(Maria Malby)

THE LAST ADVENTURE

He is now a ruler in the country that
once had exiled him
Neither king nor king's minister, he simply
asserts his will,

Observing from the window how drugged people
walk the streets
Wise and handsome, for he has freed
himself from a purpose

Yes, he is now like a child; and at the same time
like a tombstone
Sometimes it seems to him besides two hands he
also has two wings
But he won't fly; he knows it is not enough
to feel
As the sea feels omnipotent and yet does not change
the contours of the land

The greatest adventure is a flower in a glass
of water
With supreme effort he pressed into it all
his beliefs
And now deeply just, leaning, he waits for it
to wither
Peacefully as when one shakes off the cigarette
ash

(Vasa D. Mihailovich and Ronald Moran)

THE APPROACHING OF THE STORM

Look at those clouds, Vera, why are you silent
For God's sake I am not a beast, but here is the rain
How suddenly it turned cold
We are far from the city

All right, Vera, I'll never forget your presents
We are now one, and why speak
Yellow clouds usually bring on a hail
Already everything is silent, the crickets and wheat

If you wish, we could remain
I am afraid for you; as for myself, it is the same
Lightning is dangerous in the fields
And we are now the tallest (and so damned alone)

Many a tiller will lament tonight over the grain
spilled from the wheat
I don't want to depend so much on the changes
Don't cry, Vera, that is only the nerves
They too forebode the storm

I'm telling you, life is much simpler in every
respect
Here are the first drops, now all hell will
break loose
Button up your dress, look, the blossoms are also closing
I could not forgive myself if something should
happen to you

Of course this place will remain sacred in my memory
Please hurry and don't turn back

(Vasa D. Mihailovich and Ronald Moran)

THE LAST SUPPER

Only we know that the last time
we were not all at the table.
We only looked at
emptiness among and within us.
Hope was only a sin
and anyway the events passed us by
to the distant murmur of the masses
that lead themselves to the scaffold.

One by one we pushed back our chairs
deaf in a terrible order.
We knew all too well what awaited each of us
right behind the door.
We walked speechless, without shaking hands.
without saying goodbye.
Someday all this will be better adorned by others
instead of us.

And had a miracle taken place
who of us could demand
that once again we sit down at the same table.

We have already given more
than we possessed.
Only the criminal of doubt
could finish off
our decimated ranks.

(Vasa D. Mihailovich and Ronald Moran)