

and soaked in multicolored lights,
I looked for you in the perfume
of the stone and in the depth
of the earth
and found a herd of small ants
that were doing
their chores.

(Vasa D. Mihailovich and Ronald Moran)

70/19-20

danijel dragojević

UNDER AN UMBRELLA

Perhaps we ought to know better than to come out.
In the immediate dark, deafening thunder, wet feet,
A desire for the warmth of home,
Thinking we are too weak and mortal
Under the large drops.
We could wait a while.
Others sleep, peacefully, we
Press round the wooden cane,
The only hard spot at which our room breaks in pieces.
We were never closer than now
When this black rag defends us from the sky,
Never so simple and intimate.
Two naked branches in the night.
Now where are the wishes to build, where is the pride,
The solemn gesture, the rapture of the body?
Perhaps somewhere in a furrow the seed germinates
And in the bright window there are good thoughts
For us after death,
But the water is robbing us of soil,
Prevents our glances from rising,
And everything is wet, charged with emptiness
In the two lost bodies.
Somewhere a dog gnaws a lone bone.
While the lover strains to create a mirror
Among the scattered floor-rags.
No despair here, nor a feeling for the future,
One picture and one thought against which we lean—
There is no such dust now.
Everything is so genuine and simple!
It rains, the holes are filling, darkness full of wind,
We slowly trudge away.

(Vasa D. Mihailovich and Ronald Moran)

THE AUTUMN IN WHICH THE SOWERS DO NOT RECOGNIZE THE NATURE OF THEIR GRAINS

Do you see that the motion by which you governed thousands has
withered.

There it is in the clatter of a vehicle on an outing,
There it is in your room at the piano.
And how easily we were leaving the home!
Darkness has welcomed us hostilely,
But we, smiling and gay, were not bothered.
The first morning already the dull fall of a body was heard.
Then silence. Later it multiplied, multiplied.
Whether it was betrayal, origin, or defense.
Leaning against the wall is a glorious thing.
The road into desired freedom thus began.
Now you part your hair almost casually in the morning.
Neither those sending nor receiving the reports
Were able to read in them the vision of change
That will stand in our nuptial bed like a hairy shadow.
With hatred we answered hatred, suffering with longer suffering,
And now our children wear the faces of the assassinated.

(Vasa D. Mihailovich and Ronald Moran)

THE PLAN OF THE CITY

The second street left, then straight, then on and on.
What streets, what a confusing plan of the city!
Up to the unmistakable center, the fountain.
You have to be collected, not to turn around,
You will be offered things to buy, you change your money
For entertainment and fine products.
With bright faces and a smile of the chaste,
Pointing at the still fresh letters, they will say: Love, love,
The boys born for youth.
Do not want them. The square is far, you do not know where,
Yet it is almost here, closer and closer.
The statues from the cathedral, with suffering and hopeful eyes,
Let them lead you holding by hand
The animal, the prey blended into the night,
So that the head wakes up from a dream,
To serve, not to rule.

And the mute speech grows,
Then bolder, fearless,
You see how the streets disappear, behind you
The riches, glory, and their signs rot.

(Vasa D. Mihailovich and Ronald Moran)

FISHING FROM AN OLD PICTURE

Now God's thought is
Among the people pulling the net
Peaceful, beyond the shipwreck,
Beyond the murky sun
That walks around us.

A rare luxury.
A hand—the sign of brotherhood,
Strength grows into action,
A black letter into piety.

Is this a remembering
Or a foreboding of the future?

From everywhere, on the open sea
Among these faces,
In the color and in the hands,
In the wet hills behind
Something is telling us
That perhaps every thing
Could turn good,
The thought as well as the action,
So that we could
Live plainly,

Talk plainly
And with little hope,
And take our bread
From the bottom of sadness.

(Vasa D. Mihailovich)

THE BACK OF THE DEVIL

What do the dead warriors think today,
When after such a long time, and older,
They recall the days inundated with the smell of bodies,
The smoke and the sin of killing?
The future, their future has been here for some time already,
 not the one of monuments,
It walks the streets, works and sleeps at night,
Coughs, hiccups, laughs and a road in the back,
It is more learned and shrewder than
It could be thought at the early times of marching songs.
In front where they happened
Stands a bronze head and rushes a hundred kilometers per hour
Carrying food, journals and a good sleep.
Now they, with their first grey hairs,
Probably wear on their belts some other trinkets
And carry on different conversations in the evening
When everything calms down and the time comes for small intimacies.

(Vasa D. Mihailovich)

mate ganza

UNIVERSAL SIGH

Sins purify the miseries that many of us share
Where we pray the air is poisoned with earthworms

I have been thrown among the dead
Where all are tempted to shout
Friend let your hand cure my anxiety
Protect me from voices calling from the future
And in great flocks flapping over our heads
And drawing a horizon

The walk of the rebels is long
And the smile that warmed them is even farther
All go into the common earth
Although everyone arrives into his own

Friend your head slowly crumbles
Filled with universal sigh
That erupts from the mouth like a sharp cry
That everybody parcels
Like bread carried away in pieces

Friend your forehead is a wall into which the world crashes
Your eye a black hole that soaks in all the daylight
And every kiss is a storm
That wrecks the world

(Vasa D. Mihailovich and Ronald Moran)