

81/3

Traduzione di Mladen
Machiedo

Luko
Paljetak

tagliava il tuo corpo dalle mie bianche ossa,
ed ora siamo qui sulla terra nel letto che ha
piedi di fiori, noi ospiti a noi in noi stessi
e c'è la strada nella notte dove ci perdiamo

non suoi, ma assai soli, e c'è l'insidia vetusta
d'una rosa, rete per quest'orrenda fonetica
rumorosa dei libri, e l'amore dopotutto

diviene il gesto nella direzione del bel dio
che biancheggia al buio, al vento e nella farina
dimora come tarma, e nuota come cannuccia

BOX SHOWING WHAT THE WEATHER WILL BE LIKE

(Kutija koja pokazuje kakvo će biti vrijeme)

In a small pavilion lives a lovely lady;
a gentleman lives there in an adjoining room.
A model of propriety and comeliness,
gay she is in hat and trailing dress:
they walk together quietly each day,
the gentleman and the smiling lady.

He carries a black umbrella, always wears
a morning coat, cravat, thin trousers gray;
a lady smiles, a flower in her hair.
In the small pavilion where they live,
they go for their quiet walk each day,
the lady and the thin man with umbrella.

The gentleman goes out now only with the rain,
holding his umbrella, sedate and calm and slow,
the lady now emerges only with the sun,
lovely and smiling, a flushed and open flower;
but when a cloud appears she hides once more,
and the gentleman comes out as quietly as before.

Translated by William
Jay Smith

And she goes out again when it is sunny,
brushing softly through the sweet young clover;
the gentleman remains at home, serene and lonely,
they emerge each day but never meet each other;
and when a cloud appears she hides once more,
and the gentleman comes out as quietly as before.

So slowly, in succession, the gentleman, the lady,
the gentleman, the lady, quietly they appear,
he with his black umbrella, she always alone;
the slow days pass, they cannot meet it's clear:
in the small pavilion where their lives are led,
invisibly bound as by the thinnest thread.

BETWEEN YOUR DEATH AND MINE

(Između tvoje smrti i moje)

Between your death and mine indeed there is only
your life, since I have been long dead. I exist
No longer. Look, this fruit, this blood, this lonely
sky beautiful with wild geese, this night, this woman,
juicy fruit of a ripe tomato-all so stressed,
so fragile! they remain, but I am not among them:

truly I am no longer, have gone to ground
just for a while; the earth recalls my measure
which was your life and matched it like a road;
and spring returns with the same mask, same refrain,
the theatre of water, stars in the old round,
everything in its place and order once again:

plate on the table, grass in a glass, the smell
of food and a body in the depth of night
that's filled with poems like the words of love;

Translated by John Glassco

but you, you see my weary pallid feet
nowhere at all, although they slowly move
to you who are their healing and their life as well.

Between your death and mine indeed there is only
Your life, since I have been a long time dead.

SZONETT AZ ESŐCSEPPEKRŐL

(Sonet o kapima kiše)

Csupán a csöppek újra: ismétlődnek, bármi más
közel kerül, de marad egyszeri, s így nem találhatsz
már támaszt semmiben, amely azért hibás,
mert nem olyan időtlen, mint e fény, mit együtt áraszt

a cseppek ragyogása, és világlik, hogy kövesd
mikor elindulsz hozzám a fölösleges szavakból;
egyetlen fény kísér, amíg takaró lesz az est,
hullámozó és puha, amelybe halkan belemarkol

különös birodalmam (testnek is nevezhetnétek)
egyik lakója, mint egy önhitt isten, és miként
egy földgolyón, e fölfehérlo csöppek egyikén,

világot játszik: teremtene emberiséget
is bizonytal, az alkotást ám nem tudja hogyan
s hol kezdje el, míg nem jössz, s kuksol magányosan
mint maga a Teremtő.

A ZENÉLŐ DOBOZ

(Muzička kutija)

arany fényű lámpácskák zenéje hallatszik
kezdődik a tánc s a dáma pirulva várja
táncosa érkezését, karcsú termetén finom ruhája
lábacskáin arany cipellője

és ki gondolná hogy az egész bálterem
a dámával és táncosával a zenélő dobozban

Veress Miklós fordítása