

SAMPLE
TRANSLATION

LUCIJA STUPICA
THE ISLAND, CITY AND
THE OTHERS

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Lucija Stupica, The Island, City and the Others

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Vsega ni treba razumeti

Temni, kot s smolo obarvani kamni
in bele premične kopije, labodi,
z nevidnimi, globoko sklonjenimi

vratovi, zakopanimi v morsko podzemlje.
Še bolj temno morje jih zaliva s peno,
vrača peno trupel, ki jih je pognalo vase,

na drugi strani oceana, ob drugem pritoku.
A vsega ni treba razumeti –
Okoli se krčevito oprijema

trdnosti kamnov, njihovih svetlečih
površin. Morda me voda naredi bližjo
in toplejšo, morda sem samo v ljubezni

lahko doma. Obračam se proti mestnemu
obzidju, vsak dan se srečujeva, dotikava
in opazujeva prihod valov z ladjami,

ki prinašajo in odnašajo druga morja ljudi.
Kadar sva najbolj sama, ko se prižgejo luči,
slišim šklepetanje njegovih ust, prepisne line

podstrešij, rumeni jezik mesta.
Nevidni premiki kot celjenje ran po ljubljenu.
Življenje vedno znova pridobiva. Telo mesta se rehabilitira.

Meni dopušča počitek, tiho hranjenje z morjem,
medtem ko me obzidje objema. Valovi kot da tipajo
za neznanimi odtisi. Znova in znova.
Vedno bolj vztrajno. Kot čas, ki ga hranim
s kruhom, namenjenim tudi pticam.

Not Everything Needs to Be Understood

Dark rocks as though stained with pitch,
and white, moving replicas, swans,
with invisible, deeply inclined

necks buried in the marine underground.
An even darker sea is covering them with froth,
returning the froth of corpses it flung into itself,

beyond the ocean, at another tributary.
Yet not everything need be understood —
The eye tenaciously clings

to the solidity of the rocks, their gleaming
surfaces. Water may bring me closer,
make me warmer, perhaps only in love may I

be at home. I am turning against the walls
of the town, every day we meet, touch
and observe the arrival of waves with ships,

bringing and carrying away other seas of people.
When we are most alone, when the lights turn on,
I can hear the chattering of its mouth, the drafty dormers

of its lofts, the town's yellow tongue.
The invisible shifts like the healing of wounds after making love.
Life keeps on gaining. The town's body is regenerating.

It allows me some rest, a silent feeding on the sea,
while the walls embrace me. The waves as if groping
for unfamiliar prints. Time and again.
Ever more persistently. Just like time I feed
on bread also intended for birds.

Severne luči

Nekaj skrivnostnega je v lučeh, ki se
pod večer prižgejo na oknih severa,
čarobni zapisi notranje svetlobe hiš.
Pohištvo, utripajoče z dihom, utripajoče
kot zvezde. Bitje vetra ob šipe, morje
se razteza, lomi ob obale, posute s kamni.

Trajekt se potaplja v meglo, gosto in brez besedno,
obešeno namesto zaves, trajekt, ki nas vrača
v nepregledne klife, da bi gradili svojo
podobo, pustili vodi, da nas pere, brusi, čisti,
medtem ko se veliki prijatelj vrača
v slepo meglo rezat svoj del poti.

Nekaj skrivnostnega je v lučeh,
ki nas vabijo k sebi, da bi tam poiskali
ljudi, ki smo jih zapustili, ali pa so oni
zapustili nas v vseh krajih, kjer smo hodili,
in teh krajev je mnogo; in še bomo za sabo
puščali obraze, njihova imena, postave.

Načine, kako izgovarjajo besede. Kako ljubezni.

Še bodo resnice, ki si bodo stopale naproti,
a se bodo razlikovale. Kot prazna soba,
kamor bo vsak postavil svoje pohištvo.
Svojo prtljago za na pot.

Še bodo sence, ki bodo pod večer
metale kopja v nas in iskale luči severa.
Ali se nežno sklanjale in sipale mehko
pot, ki ji bo sledila le megla. In jedki vonj
zime, zapisan v arhivih naše biografije.

The Lights of the North

There is something mysterious in the lights
illuminating the windows of the north at sunset,
magical transcriptions of the houses' inner light.
The furniture pulsating with its breath, pulsating
like stars. The wind beating against the pane, the sea
stretching, breaking against the shore strewn with stones.

A ferry is sinking into the fog, thick and wordless,
hung in place of curtains, a ferry returning us
to the countless cliffs to build our
image, letting the water rinse, grind, clean us
while the great friend returns
into the blind fog to cut through its portion of the journey.

There is something mysterious in the lights
inviting us to come closer to seek
people we have left behind or who have left
us behind in all the places we have been to,
and such places are many; and we will
keep abandoning faces, their names, figures.

The ways they utter words. And utter loves.

There will be more truths approaching one another,
yet they will differ. Like an empty room
where everyone will place their furniture.
Their baggage for the journey.

There will be more shadows throwing spears
at us at sunset, looking for the lights of the north.
Or gently bending and sprinkling a soft
path only to be followed by fog. And the piercing smell
of winter, written down in the archives of our biographies.

Prevrnjena čolna

Prevrnjena čolna,
na sliki pozne jeseni,
tihožitje, ki mehča dež.
Kar se barva modro in nežno,
je dihanje snovi. Sprehajalci ju
obiskujejo, posedajo na njunih robovih,
zaobljenih kot starostne gube.
Za oddaljenim pogledom potniška ladja
z dva tisoč sedeži ošabno zapolni sliko. Fellinijev
Amarcord zapolni sliko. Tisoče ljudi, naenkrat,
v črno-belih odtenkih. Ne veš več, ali je rezanje
valov ali glasno sneženje filma tisto.
Nastaviš dlan, nobenega posipa, morda le niti
planktona, morda le sol na v morje odvrženem
telesu. Nobenih otipljivih sledi.
Potem spet le stara, prevrnjena
čolna, lupini, školjki,
pokanje presušenega lesa in veter,
ki se pritaji spodaj. Zatišje.

Overturned Rowboats

A pair of overturned rowboats,
in the picture of late autumn,
a still life that is softening the rain.

What is turning blue and delicate,
is the breathing of substance. They are visited
by walkers perching on their edges
rounded like wrinkles of old age.

Behind a faraway look, a passenger ship
with two thousand seats haughtily fills the picture. The picture
is filled up by Fellini's *Amarcord*. Thousands of people, suddenly,
in black-and-white shades. No longer do you know whether it is the cutting
of waves or the loud snowing of the film.

You extend your palm, no sprinkling, perhaps just the threads
of plankton, perhaps just some salt on the sea-disposed
body. No tangible traces.

And then just the two old overturned
rowboats, two shells, two clams,
the cracking of dried-out wood and some wind
skulked underneath. A lull.

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Jabolko

Čas je za jabolko, čas za odhod
na tržnico, tako kot sem se nekoč spustila
v sadovnjak in si ga sama izbrala in utrgala,
še v jutru, opranega z roso.

Tudi ob reki je jutro, in ta kačasto reže vanj,
prebuja se babilon, in ta kačasto reže vanj,
spustim se navzdol kot po golem telesu,
gladko in hitro, potem se je treba ustaviti,
si ogledati, izbrati, ugrizniti, da zakrvavijo
ustnice, spet mladostno sveže.

In pijem sok z obraza,
razdelim oči in rane,
vse se sestavi v red:
vid in življenje in drevo,
z blagoslovom razdelim sadež
in še enkrat ugriznem vanj,
in ugrizne mesto,
in ugrizneš ti.

An Apple

It is time for an apple, it is time to go
to the marketplace, as I used to move down
into the orchard to choose and pluck one myself
still in the morning, washed in dew.
It is also morning by the river cutting through it snake-like,
Babel is waking up, cutting through it snake-like,
I move down as if along a naked body,
smoothly and quickly, then one needs to stop,
to have a look, to choose, to bite so the lips
bleed youthfully fresh again.
I drink up the juice from the face,
I share out eyes and wounds,
everything is put in order:
eyesight and life and the tree,
with a blessing I split up the fruit
and I bite into it again,
and it is the town that bites,
and it is you who bite.

5

Rdeča pokrajina

Vsa ljubezenska pisma so
smešna.
Ne bi bila ljubezenska, če ne bi bila
smešna. (Álvaro de Campos)

Le ponoči diši po jeseni,
čez dan pozno poletje suši travo
in ji jemlje globino,
oblikuje jo v porumenel gobelin.
Zarasa sem se v pokrajino,
zeleno, gričevnato,
poraslo z gozdiči,
valovito in dišečo
s svojimi mehкими oblinami.

V tej isti pokrajini sta moški in otrok
najpomembnejša mera za uspeh,
sta tisto, kar z drugim ne presežeš.
Vse ostalo je zaman.
Vse poti, vsa potovanja.

Kaj oblikuje, navdihuje ali guba tvoje telo?
Otrok in moški sta le del mehčanja in gubanja,
od znotraj navzven,
sta del nežnosti in solz,
vzrok in posledica.
Sta posledica in hkrati dvom
o poti, ki se še potuje.

Medtem je popoldansko sonce zašlo
za staro opečnato hišo, kjer smo se kot otroci igrali
še eno igro partizanov in Nemcev. Te igre
so zamenjale igro kavbojcev in indijancev.
Fasado, preluknjano z naboji pravih vojakov,

danés prekrivata bršljan in divja vinska trta.

Skrito je, kar boli.

Nekaj izpraznjenih nabojev
smo nekoč našli v zemlji in zaigrali bitko.
Nihče ni želel biti na strani sovražnika,
igra se je največkrat odvijala le z ene strani.
Skozi podstrešne line smo s svojimi kriki
plašili le vrabce, mačke pa so lenobno poležavale
na sončni travi, ki je že prerasla zgodovino.

Ponoči, ko se svetloba skotali v zadnjo špranjo,
skozi line še dandanes priletijo netopirji
in zajadrajó nad strehe malega kraja.
Ne strašijo me več, vse drugo straši glasneje.
Zunanji svet se plazi skozi usta otroka,
ki ob pogovoru odraslih riše abstraktne slike.

*

V vsoti življenja bova morda spoznala,
da sva splet smešnih naključij.
Morda bova spoznala, da je življenje
smešna reč, režemo mu noge
v togost, žalost, nesvobodo,
ker se ga preprosto bojimo.
In morda je morje
med tvojim otokom in mojo celino
prepad, tolmun ali premor,
nekaj, kar opominja.
Ali pa je, nasprotno, zrcalo
za luno, oblake ali besede.

Midva veva malo stvari.
V moji deželi so sanje večje,
v tvoji se poploščijo, postanejo ravnina.
Na njej se paseta srni, ko ju opazim,
manjša poskoči, sunkovito steče k cesti,

druga ji sledi, a drugače, previdneje,
skrbno pogledajoč naokoli,
in zdi se, kot da bi prvi hotela reči:
- Ne, mala, ne, tam je cesta, povozili te bodo!

Midva ne veva. Ne razumeva.
Od koder koli prispeva, kamor koli greva,
ne razumeva. Ni čiste poti. Ni čiste notranje poti.
In vsak dan nama povedo, da nas je preveč.
- Cesta je rdeča, pokrajina je rdeča.

(Pridi in me poljubi.
Jezik me bo izdal, to veva.)

Se še spominjaš, Mircea C.?
Zakaj že enkrat ne moremo živeti?
Zakaj zdaj, ko bi končno lahko živeli,
znova vdihavamo kiselkasti vonj po smetnjakih?

*

Neonski napis na neki drugi fasadi,
v neki drugi deželi opozarja,
da je razprodaja v teku.
Govorim ti o ladji
in smaragdno zeleni morski vodi
v lagunah, ki jih želim obiskati.
Stojiva pred temno reko,
kjer plujejo delovni čolni
in ti si z mislimi v Kongu,
srce teme ti govori, da živimo kot sanjamo,
sami ...

Z nevidno prtljago potujeva dalje
(več tisoč knjig in nobenega postanka).
Ko se bo naredil led in prekril gladino,
bova odrsala nazaj v preteklost,
na kraj rojstva. Razumela bova,
zakaj ponoči slabo dihava,

zakaj imena gorijo na vratih
in zakaj se neodgovorjena pisma
zrcalijo iz zamrznjenih tal.

Zgibanka časa bo streha najine hiše.

The Red Landscape

All love letters are
Ridiculous.
They wouldn't be love letters if they weren't
Ridiculous.
(*Álvaro de Campos*)

Only at night does it smell of autumn,
during the day the late summer dries the grass,
shallowing its depth,
shaping it into a yellowed tapestry.
I have taken root in this landscape,
green and rolling,
covered with little groves,
undulating and aromatic
with its gently rounded forms.

In this landscape the man and the child
are the crucial measure of success,
something that cannot be transcended by anything else.
Everything else is in vain.
Every road, every journey.

What moulds, inspires, or wrinkles your body?
The child and the man are only part of the softening and wrinkling,
from within to the outside,
they are only part of the tenderness and tears,
the cause and the consequence.
They are both the consequence and the doubt
about the road that is still being travelled.

Meanwhile the afternoon sun has set
behind the old brick house where we played as kids
another game of Partisans and Germans. Those games
replaced the game of Cowboys and Indians.
Today the facade, perforated with bullets of real soldiers,
is covered in ivy and wild grape.

Hidden is what hurts.

In the soil we once found
a few empty rounds, and acted out a battle.
Nobody wanted to be on the side of the enemy,
more often than not the game was fought from one side only.
Through the attic vents we only scared
sparrows with our screams, while the cats lay lazily
on the sunlit grass that had already overgrown history.

At night, when the light rolls into the last chink,
bats still come flying in through the attic vents these days,
gliding above the roofs of the small town.
No longer do they haunt me, all the rest frightens me more loudly.
The outer world crawls through the mouth of a child
who draws abstract pictures, listening to the adults talk.

*

In the sum total of life we may find
that we are a series of ridiculous coincidences.
We may find that life
is a ridiculous affair, we cut its legs
into rigidity, sadness, freedomlessness,
because we are simply afraid of it.
And the sea
between your island and my continent may be
an abyss, a rock pool, or a pause,
a reminder of a sort.
Or it may, conversely, be a mirror
for the moon, for clouds, or words.

The two of us know but little.
In my land dreams are greater,
in yours they are flattened out, turned into a plain.
A pair of deer graze on it; when I notice them,
the smaller one jumps up, rushing jerkily to the road,
the other follows, yet differently, more carefully,
turning cautiously around,
as though trying to say to the first one:
– Don't, little one, don't—there's a road, you'll get run over!

The two of us do not know. We do not understand.
No matter where we arrive from, no matter where we go,
we do not understand. There is no clear path. There is no clear inner path.
And every day we are told that we are too many.
– The road is red, the landscape is red.

(Come and kiss me. I'll be betrayed by my language, we know.)

*Remember, Mircea C.?
Why can't we simply live for once?
Why now when at last we can live
do we again breathe the foul stench of garbage bins?*

*

The neon sign on some other facade,
in some other country is reminding us
that a clearance sale is underway.
I'm telling you about the sailboat
and the emerald green seawater
in the lagoons I wish to visit.
We're standing before a dark river,
where barges are flowing,
with your mind drifting to the Congo,
the heart of darkness telling you
that we live as we dream,
alone ...

With invisible baggage you and I travel further
(Several thousand books and yet no break).
When the surface freezes over, ice covering it,
we will drift back into the past,
to the place of birth. We will understand
why we find it hard to breathe at night,
why there are names burning on the doors
and why unanswered letters
are reflected off the frozen ground.

The folded pamphlet of time will be the roof of our house.