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RUČAK ZA DUHOVE

'Opće ne zглеdaš ko ona'
Njegov je glas ustavan, odzvanja šuplje
u ovoj sobi krcatoj suvišnim predmetima i suvišnim sjećanjima
On nikada ne izgovara ne-istine
'Opće ne zглеdaš ko ona' generalna je istina, replika
na moje ne-istine, na moje zablude, na moja paljenja Galilea
Oboje znamo da neću ništa dodati, navikli smo udarati o zidove, koračati
rijetkim stazama koje nisu opasane žutim trakama

Nemoj zuriti u sunce, nije zdravo
Nisam znala da postoje razine sljepila, koliko sljepiji možeš postati, koliko nijansi crna ima?
Njegove oči zalijepljene za okoštale vjeđe i raskliman stol superjakim ljepilom koje nijedan
razrjeđivač ne može saprati, nijedna čelična četka sastrugati
Odsjaj s beštaka krade mu dušu
Boji se vlastitih očiju koje zure u njegove i zato ne diže pogled,
boji se očiju koje zure u sunce jer ja ne slušam nikoga i ne plašim se crne
On nastavlja rezati žilavo meso
Masakr na komadu izranjavane keramike
njegov je obračun sa svime što ne želi i ne smije reći, sa svime što ne može čuti i sa svime o
čemu ne smije ni razmišljati, sa svime što nikada neće priznati krticama koje mu ruju rahli
duh i
otkrivaju
brižljivo zakopane oči i uši
Oboje znamo da ništa neću dodati
Moje ne-istine su jedine moje
Jer ja nisam ja, ne pripadam sebi i nikada neću biti svoja
Samo zbroj tuđih noseva i indeksa masa
Njegovog nedostatka takta i njenog prezira spram stvarnosti
'Do podneva vjerujem sebi, poslijepodne nikome'
Žvaćem zdravu zečtinu i razmišljam o slavnim danima njegove mladosti i okladi
u kojoj je žvakao žive puževe
Sa stropa vise špageti bolonjez i kaplje paradajz sos i presitno izmljeveno svinjsko meso
Kao presitno izmljevena povijest

Sjedimo na staklenim stolicama
Meni moja ne pristaje i puca pod težinom
'Ajde pojedi još neke, pogle se, zглеdaš ko kostur'
Kako netko ovoliko sitan može biti toliko težak?
Moji slonovi možda jesu anoreksični, ali ipak drobe sve što dotaknu
Davno sam se prestala vagati jer i kazaljke lažu, jer mi ne živimo u digitalnom vremenu
i štujemo riječ 'proizvoljno'
Žvaćem zečtinu i puževe beskućnike i davno usahle nade
da ćemo jednom sjediti i pričati
nade neisčupane zajedno s dva ružina grma
dok mi slova pužu niz grlo pa se vraćaju i udaraju o prečvrsto stisnute zube
presluzava da ih progutam i presuha da ih probavimo

A DINNER FOR GHOSTS

"You look nuthin' like 'er."

His voice is constitutional, rings hollow
in this room packed with redundant objects and redundant memories.

He never speaks untruths —

"You look nuthin' like 'er" is a general truth, a response
to my untruths, my delusions, to all those times when I burnt Galileo.
We both know I'll add nothing, we're used to hitting walls and walking
those rare paths not lined with yellow tape.

Don't stare at the sun, it's not wholesome.

I never knew there were levels of blindness — how much more blind can you become, how
many shades of black are there?

His eyes are pasted to his ossified lids and to the tottering table with a glue too strong for
thinner to dissolve, for a steel brush to scrape off.

The gleam of the cutlery is stealing his soul.

He's scared of the apple of his eye staring at his eyes, and therefore he doesn't lift them;

He's scared of the eyes which stare at the sun, for I listen to no one and I'm not afraid of the
black,

so he keeps cutting his chewy meat;

this massacre on a piece of mangled ceramics

is his reckoning with all those things he neither dares nor wants to say, with everything he
cannot hear and dares not think about, everything he'll never confess to the moles burrowing
in his porous spirit,

unearthing

carefully buried eyes and ears.

We both know I'll add nothing.

My untruths are mine only,

for I am not me, I don't belong to myself and I'll never be my own;

I'm just a sum of other people's noses and body mass indexes,

of his lack of tact and her scorn for reality:

"Before noon I trust myself, after noon no one."

I chew wholesome rabbit and think of the tales of the illustrious days of his youth and of how
he

chewed live snails for a bet once.

Spaghetti Bolognese is hanging from the ceiling; tomato sauce and pork minced too finely
drip

like a history minced too finely.

We're sitting on glass chairs.

Mine is ill-fitting and cracks under my weight;

"Go on, eat sumthin', look at you, all skin an' bone."

How can someone so petite be so heavy?

My elephants may be anorexic, but they still crush everything they touch;

I stopped weighing myself long ago, for needles lie, too, since we don't live in the digital age,
and we revere the word "arbitrarily."

I chew rabbit and homeless snails and long-withered hopes
that someday we'd sit and talk —

hopes not uprooted together with two rose bushes

as letters slide down my throat and come back to hit my grinding teeth,
too slimy for me to swallow, too dry for us to digest.

Translated by Mirza Purić