

Nermana Česko

KESE

Ja nosim kese teške kao noći
u kojima su nastale.
Nabubrile i potamnile, kao mrak
dok su se u njih trpala moja
Voljenja,
Željenja,
Nadanja,
Žaljenja,
Kajanja,
svi moji snovi, pogrešna skretanja,
putevi što vodiše nigdje,
sva vraćanja i ponovna kretanja,
vađenja i čupanja iz lokvi
svih mojih utapanja.
Svoje kese nosim javno, svi vide,
sakriti ih ne mogu.
Vire, probijaju ispod svake pelerine
kojom ih pokušavam prekriti.
Moje kese su od kože što se pod teretom razvlači —
nikada ne puca ni jedna ručka,
samo se otegnu, do poda rastegnu
i ne deru dok se po njemu vuku.
Borim se, sakupljam snagu, podižem
ali ruke svako malo izdaju,
padaju, kese se opet vuku
po cestama, trotoarima,
makadamima, pločicama,
svim podovima kojima moje noge kroče.
Moje kese svi vide — svi gledaju
u ono što nose,
jer na površini vire komadi noći
što puca od brige;
viri dio nade
i bijes od kojeg potamniše.
Istresla bih kese; na smetljište
bih istresla sve što se u noći
sruči u njih.
Ali ne može.
Ne mogu.
Ne mogu kada ti još uvijek nosiš
pola mene —
moja sretna voljenja
i nadanja i željenja,
nosiš moj smijeh, moju radost.
Čuvas u kožnim kesama koje se ne razvlače,
ne vuku po površinama

koje gaziš.
Tvoje kese su modre kao i moje
iako nose i dan,
a moje samo noć.
Moje glatke i mekane,
a tvoje se boraju da čvrsto
drže sve moje.
Drže mene,
ne daš mene meni,
kriješ me da niko ne vidi.
Nosiš kese koje ne vide svi.
Biraš oči koje će ih gledati,
ruke koje će ih pridržati,
ti biraš ko će sve moje umjesto mene imati,
ko će uzdisati moje uzdahe,
ko će radati moju djecu,
ko će spavati mojim snom,
ko će za svim mojim suze prosipati —
Ti biraš ko će biti ja
i pored mene.

BAGS

I carry bags as heavy as the nights
in which they came to be,
bloated and turned dark as pitch,
as I stuffed them with my
Lovings,
Wishings,
Hopings,
Longings,
Regrettings,
all my dreams, wrong turn takings,
roads leading nowhere,
all the returnings and goings,
and the risings from the puddles
of my drownings.
I carry my bags publicly, for all to see,
hide them I cannot.
They protrude, jut out from under every cape
with which I try to cover them.
My bags are made of skin which stretches under weight —
no handle ever breaks,
the bags just stretch and sag,
and never tear when I drag
them on the ground. I fight, muster strength, lift,

but the hands let me down every so often,
and the bags drop, again they drag
along on the roads, pavements,
macadams, tiles,
all the floors my feet traverse.
All see my bags — all stare
at what's inside, for bits
of night snapping with worries stick out;
a piece of hope protrudes,
and the wrath which darkened them.
I'd shake out the bags at the rubbish tip —
I'd shake out everything the night
plunks down into them.

But no.
I can't.
Not with you still carrying
half of me —
my happy lovings,
my hopings and wishings,
you carry my laughter, my joy.
You keep all that in bags of skin which don't stretch,
don't drag along on the surfaces
you traverse.
Your bags are just as livid as mine,
although they hold both night and day
while mine hold only night.
Mine are smooth and soft,
while yours wrinkle, the safer
to keep all that's mine.
They keep me under guard,
You won't let me have me,
you keep me out of sight.
You carry bags not all can see.
You choose the eyes which will see them,
you choose the hands which will hold them,
you choose who will have all that is mine instead of me,
who will sigh my sighs,
who will bear my children,
who will sleep my sleep,
who will shed tears for all that is mine —
you choose, in my stead, who will be me.

Translated by Mirza Purić