

Nermana Česko

## CRNI DANI

U crnim danima moje ime nije ispisano  
ni na jednoj stranici mog života.

Autori priča su ljudi koje poznajem samo u  
momentima kada se predstave:

“Zdravo, ja sam tata.”

“Ćao, ja sam mama.”

“Luđakinjo, mi smo ti sestre.”

“Pogledaj se kakva si, mi smo rodbina,  
prijatelji, poznanici i, naravno, mahala.”

U crnim danima oni su krivci što su priče završile tragikomično,  
što je svaki zaplet umjesto raspletom prekinut  
čupanjem na silu, pa čvorovi zapinju do kraja priče.

U crnim danima mog imena nema ni na ličnoj karti  
da ga pročitam, jer lične karte nemam.

Zagubila se u gomili, zatrpana ispod sadržaja ormara  
koji završi prosut po sobi od huje što imam svega a nemam ništa  
da obučem.

Nikakve slike na majicama mi se ne sviđaju,  
rukavi prekratki ili predugi,  
preuske ili preširoke.

Svaka šara na pantolama mi para oči  
pa moram da skinem, jer zaboli.

Ove pantole su uske, moje noge moraju da dišu.

Ove su preširoke, trebaju kaiš kojeg nemam,  
ne mogu da nađem,  
neću da spadaju.

Odbijam da budem spadalo ili  
uštogljena trklja.

U crnim danima sve mi se crni.

U crnim danima oči hranim, ne mogu da ih nahranim  
koliko one mogu da pojedu.

Ja trpam, guram u ćoškovce,  
dograđujem želuce nove, da sve stane, pojačavam kiseline da brže probave;  
ja pokušavam da zadovoljim,  
ali njima zadovoljstva nema.

U crnim danima mi dođe da me nema  
kad čujem tutnjavu crvenih dana .

Trče uz stepenište, ruše ograde, deru se:

“Eto nas!”

“Pa niste dobrodošli, mene i nema” — govorim  
ali nisam slušana.

Na jedno im uđe, na drugo izade  
svaka moja riječ izgovorena na kraju crnih dana.  
Stižu gori, crveni dani, ima li kraja svim danima,  
da poslije dana ne dolaze dani,  
gdje su noći, da mogu da spavam?

## BLACK DAYS

On black days my name is not written  
on a single page of my life.

I recognise the authors of the stories  
only when they introduce themselves:

"Hi, I'm Dad."

"Hello, I'm Mum."

"We're your sisters, you nutter."

"Just look at you, we're your relatives,  
friends, acquaintances, and of course neighbours."

On black days they cause the stories to end tragicomically  
and every plot to be resolved not in a denouement but  
in forceful wrenching, so the rest of the story is bumpy and knotty.

On black days I don't even get to read my name on my ID—  
I don't even have my ID.

It's lost in the pile, buried under the contents of my wardrobe,  
now strewn all over my room in a fit of rage—I've got all these clothes yet  
nothing to wear.

I don't like any of the pictures on my t-shirts,  
the sleeves are either too short or too long,  
they're either too tight or too baggy.

Every faded stripe on my kecks is an eyesore  
so I've got to take them off—it hurts.

These kecks are too tight, my legs must breathe.

These are too baggy, require a belt I don't have,  
can't find it,

don't want them to sag;

I refuse to be Miss Saggykecks,  
a prudish beanpole.

On black days I see black.

On black days I feed my eyes, but I can't sate them,  
so voracious they are.

I ram, cram into corners,

install new stomachs for everything to fit, make the acids stronger to hasten digestion —  
I try to sate them,

but there is no sating them.

On black days I want to disappear  
when I hear the thud of the red days.

They run up the stairs, break the railing and scream:

"We're here!"

"Well, you're not welcome and I've disappeared," I say,  
but I don't have their ear.

In one ear, out the other — every word

I say at the end of black days.

There are worse, red days coming. Is there an end to all these days,  
so that days no longer dawn after days?

Where are the nights so I can sleep?

Translated by Mirza Purić