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VEĆ DUGO

Već dugo nije padala ona lijena kiša,
vjetar nije nosio lišće uz pločnik,
smećari nisu meli ulice.
Već dugo prolazim ovom stazom,
a ipak me nije strah sunca.
Već dugo, možda čak i predugo,
obuzima me tuga,
grči me.
Već dugo ne zastajem,
hodam utrtom stazom.
Prestao sam se diviti ljepoti prirode,
kao da se u meni budi neko opiranje,
kao da neko sjećanje izvire iz mene.
Već dugo osjećam da ne smijem stati,
moram doći do kraja ulice,
gavljajući po bijelom asfaltu,
a lijeni oblaci još nisu pustili svoje suze.
Ta zar će plakati zbog mene?
Druže moj, nisam ti ja vrijedan ničijih suza.
Već dugo mi ova staza šapuće,
moli me da ju prijeđem.
Nekada sam se bojao proći,
a sada me nešto vuče.
Zaborav.
Već dugo ona nije njome prošla,
nije čak bacila ni pogled sa svoga prozora.
Samo je otišla, nestala.
Oluje su odnijele tragove,
a staza ostala pusta.
Već dugo, predugo.
Već dugo nije padala ona lijena kiša.

FOR LONG

Long has the lazy rain not fallen,
the wind hasn't swirled the leaves along the pavement,
the sweepers haven't swept the streets.
Long have I walked this path,
yet I don't fear the sun.
Long, too long perhaps,
has sorrow overcome me,

cramping me.
Long have I pressed without halting –
I walk the trodden path.
I've stopped marvelling at nature's beauty,
as if something in me resists,
as if a remembrance rises up in me.
Long have I felt I mustn't stop,
I must reach the end of the street,
trudging along the white asphalt
while lazy clouds have yet to drop their tears.
But who should they cry for? Me?
I'm not worthy of anyone's tears, my friend.
Long has the path been whispering,
imploring me to walk it.
I used to shrink from the call,
but now something draws me.
Oblivion.
Long has she not walked the path,
she didn't even cast a glance from her window.
She just left,
vanished.
Storms swept her tracks,
leaving the path bare.
For long, too long.
Long has the lazy rain not fallen.

Translated by Mirza Purić