

deke

i buljiš u veseli ekran
isprani se mozgovi kotrljaju u veselim najlon kesicama na postdejtonskim policama granapa koji
propada

propada

propada

propada država

je definisana mojom uzavrelom krvlju ispod tri

debele

sive

ratne deke

i smrću što dolazi s nogu, najčešće u stanju rata.
međunarodna konvencija o ljudskim pravima je još uvijek samo evropska i
dejtonski nije sporazum definisan velikim debelim sivim ratnim dekama.
Smrt dolazi s nogu u najlonskim čarapama.

veto na buku.

sakrila si se u izboranu suhu mrtvu grožđicu i čekaš da te neko pojede.
stomak probavlja čaj. para u nozdrvama.
sad čekaš da te neko ne pojede.
ispadaš mu nehotice iz ruke i slutiš
zakotrljat ćeš se ispod sudopera,
ispod tri

debele

deke

do proljetnog čišćenja. dok te ne pronađu neke kvrgave ruke
i odlože mokrom sivom krpom u kantu za smeće
gdje presovana u kontejneru pored smrvljenog tetrapaka čokoladnog mlijeka
prepoznaješ neke još grublje ruke
gužvaju kancerogene limenke gaziranog pića
i ti više ne znaš ko si.

veto na buku.

nekome si možda iz ruke ispala u autu i skrila se ispod sjedišta,
osluškuješ ispod tri debele deke tapkanje žmigavaca
klik klak

klik klak

klik klak

ti voliš žmigavce.
žmigavci su odluka

bijeg

odlazak

tišina

toplina.

žmigavci su mir i spokoj u stanju rata.

veto na rat.

veto na buku.

toplo ti je. smrt su tvoji obamrli prsti koje u autu gnječiš vrhom blatnjavog kišobrana.
ona dolazi s nogu.

najlon čarape škripe i magla škrguće ispod brisača u toplim porama mrtvih

suih

ispod tri
debele
deke.
toplo ti je i buljiš u skorenu mrlju prazne šolje dok rep vrećice za čaj leluja ispod ručke.
toliko ti je toplo da
ne znaš ko si.

veto na buku.

naslućuješ, završit ćeš u raljama magične proljetne topšop krpe
prije nego te mravi pronađu i odnesu na leđima.
plećima.

u naručjima.

na nogama.

glavama.

u neka svoja skrovišta.

svoje groždice.

u rupe.

onda skakućeš s kondenzovanim kapljicama na cijevima kao sat

tik tak

tik tak

tik tak.

hiljadu najmanje ruku te traži.

grabi.

davi.

gužva

kancerogene aluminijske limenke gaziranih pića.

smrt dolazi s nogu

se smijulji u groždici ispod

tri

debele

deke.

jednom se gospodinu ledenica zabila u glavu, buljiš krvavim očima u veseli ekran.

tvoj mozak je faširano meso, tvoj mozak su ruke,

noge,

leđa,

i pleća mrava

što se kriju u nekom zagorjelom pecivu.

u nekom praznom mravinjaku koji, više nego na mravinjak,

podsjeca na obris gume od traktora. iskorištenu vrećicu čaja čija zastava leluja ispod ručke

dok od tebe manje sretni ljudi manje sretno kisnu i manje sretno padaju

zajedno sa kišom

i manje su sretno njihove lobanje

posude u koje se dobavljaju ledenice

kako bi se u njihovoj vodi na plinskom kuhalu u podrumskom hodniku komšijske kuće napravili
makaroni.

smrt

dolazi

s nogu.

dolazi sa zvukom sirene. izbija iz šerpe u kojoj voda ključa poput moje uzavrele krvi.

u tijelima pokopanim ispod bezbroj sivih, debelih, ratnih, deka.

u tijelima je koja su inventar propalog granapa.

nogama, rukama, glavama naslaganim na policama.

dolazi s nečijim grubim rukama.

hvataju te.
 grabe.
 dave.
toneš u san,
 u groždici,
 groznici,
u irisu očiju ti tvojih
ispod tri
 debele
 deke
i boli te uho za međunarodnu konvenciju o ljudskim pravima.
ona je evropska.

noise

the international convention on human rights doesn't prohibit war.
the international convention on human rights is
european.
the international convention on human rights doesn't deny the right to noise.
the international convention on human rights is not a convention on the rights of the rodent.
or the goldfinch.
or the squirrel.
it isn't international
but rather
 european.

veto the noise.

you're hiding in the wizened pores of a dried raisin, for
your right to peace and quiet was neither defined nor guaranteed
in the year of nineteen forty-eight.
your exile is a dried raisin.
it's quiet in there, it's twilight in there, and you're lying under
three
 thick
 grey
 wartime
 blankets.
you're warmth itself
in there and all on your own your feet aren't
cold,
death won't come for you sip tea nan's knitted
woollen socks
prickle you and you're staring at the happy screen aslant.
your lulled head seeps in between the louvre slats,
sniggering at those outside falling with the rain drops.
a gentleman has sustained injuries when a falling icicle pierced his head,
ms amanpour reports via the telephone.
drenched wires snap.

the nation sinks into hibernation.

veto the noise.

goose flesh. death takes feetfirst, you
in your woollen socks under
three

thick
blankets

aren't cold.

the convention on human rights isn't international and leaves out icicles entirely.
you don't care and you don't know who you are.

veto the noise.

you're hiding in the pores of the raisin under three

thick
blankets

staring at the happy screen

washed brains roll over in happy plastic bags on the post-dayton shelves of a shop
which has failed

failed

failed

failed state

is defined by my boiling blood under three

thick

grey

wartime blankets

and death which takes feetfirst, most often in a state of war.

the international convention on human rights is still merely european and
the dayton peace accord is not one defined by thick grey wartime blankets.
death takes feetfirst, in nylon stockings.

veto the noise.

you're hiding in the dead dried wizened raisin waiting for someone to eat you.

the stomach digests the tea. steam in nostrils.

now you're waiting for someone to not eat you.

he drops you accidentally and something

tells you you'll roll under the sink,

under three

thick

blankets

and stay there till spring cleaning. until knotty hands pick you
up with a wet grey cloth and dispose of you in the bin, and then,
compacted into a refuse container next to a crushed tetrapak of chocolate milkshake,
you recognise a pair of even rougher hands
scrunching up carcinogenic cans of fizzy drinks
and you don't know who you are anymore.

veto the noise.

someone may have dropped you in the car and you hide under the seat and
you listen, under three thick blankets, to the clicking of the blinkers
click clack

click clack
click clack
you like blinkers.
blinkers are a decision
escape
departure
quiet
warmth.
blinkers are peace and quiet in a state of war.

veto the war.
veto the noise.

you're warm. death is your numb toes which you crush in the car with the tip of your mud-spattered umbrella.
she takes feetfirst.
nylon stockings squeak and fog squeals under the wipers in the warm pores of dead
dried
raisins

under three
thick
blankets.

you're warm and staring at the encrusted stain in the empty cup as the tail of the teabag sways under the handle.
so warm you
don't know who you are.

veto the noise.

something tells you you'll end up in the jaws of the magical vernal tv shop rag
before the ants find you and carry you off on their backs.
on their shoulders.
in their arms.
on their feet.
on their heads.

to their hide-outs.
their raisins.
into holes.
then you tick and tack with condensed drops on the piping like a clock
tick tack
tick tack
tick tack.
a thousand hands at least are looking for you.
grabbing you.
strangling.

scrunching up
the carcinogenic aluminium cans of fizzy drinks.
death takes feetfirst,
sniggers in a raisin under
three
thick
blankets.

a gentleman has sustained injuries when a falling icicle pierced his head, your bloodshot eyes stare at the happy screen.

your brain is mincemeat, your brain is the hands

the feet,

the backs

and shoulders of the ants

hiding in some burnt bun in some empty

ant house which looks less like an ant house and more like

the silhouette of a tractor tyre more like a used teabag whose flag flutters under the handle while those

less fortunate than you get less fortunately soaked by the rain and fall

less fortunately with the raindrops

and less fortunately are their skulls

receptacles for icicles

for to cook macaroni on the mini gas cooker in the vestibule of the neighbour's cellar.

death

takes

feetfirst.

she comes with sirens, pops out of the pot in which the water boils like my boiling blood.

in the bodies buried under countless grey, thick, wartime blankets.

she's in the bodies which make up the stock of the failed shop.

in the feet, the hands, the heads stacked on the shelves.

she comes with someone's rough hands.

they catch you.

grab you.

garrotte you.

you hibernate

in the raisin,

going crazy,

with fever, in the iris of your eye

under three

thick

blankets

and you don't give a toss about the international convention on human rights.

it's european.

Translated by Mirza Purić