

Valžina Mort
PESEM O BELIH JABOLKIH

izbrala in prevedla Kristina Kočan

Factory of Tears

Tovarna solz

Belarusian I

even our mothers have no idea how we were born
how we parted their legs and crawled out into the world
the way you crawl from the ruins after a bombing
we couldn't tell which of us was a girl or a boy
we gorged on dirt thinking it was bread
and our future
a gymnast on a thin thread of the horizon
was performing there
at the highest pitch
bitch

*we grew up in a country where
first your door is stroked with chalk
then at dark a chariot arrives
and no one sees you anymore
but riding in those cars were neither
armed men nor
a wanderer with a scythe
this is how love loved to visit us
and snatch us veiled*

completely free only in public toilets
where for a little change nobody cared what we were doing
we fought the summer heat the winter snow

Belorusko I

niti našim materam se ni sanjalo kako smo se rodili
kako smo razprli njihove noge in se splazili v svet
kot se po bombardiranju splaziš iz ruševin
nismo razločili katera od nas je bila deklica in kateri deček
nažirali smo se z blatom in mislili da je kruh
in naša prihodnost
telovadka na tenki vrvici obzorja
je nastopila
osvojila svet
preklet

*odraščali smo v deželi kjer
so najprej vrata popisana s kredo
pod mrak pa prispe kočija
in te nihče nikoli več ne vidi
toda v tistih vozilih ni bilo
oboroženih mož niti
starke s koso
tako nas je rada obiskala ljubezen
in nas skrivoma ukradla*

povsem svobodni smo bili le v javnih straniščih
kjer v zameno za nekaj drobiža nikomur ni bilo mar kaj tam počnemo
poleti smo se borili proti vročini pozimi proti snegu

when we discovered we ourselves were the language
and our tongues were removed we started talking with our eyes
when our eyes were poked out we talked with our hands
when our hands were cut off we conversed with our toes
when we were shot in the legs we nodded our heads for yes
and shook our heads for no and when they ate our heads alive
we crawled back into the bellies of our sleeping mothers
as if into bomb shelters
to be born again

and there on the horizon the gymnast of our future
was leaping through the fiery hoop
of the sun

ko smo odkrili da smo mi sami jezik
in so nam jezike vzeli smo začeli govoriti z očmi
ko so nam iztaknili oči smo govorili z rokami
ko so nam odrezali roke smo se pogovarjali s prsti na nogah
ko so nas ustrelili v noge smo z glavo prikimavali
in odkimavali in ko so nam pri živem telesu pojedli glave
smo se odplazili nazaj v trebuhe svojih spečih mater
kot v zaklonišča
da bi se ponovno rodili

na obzorju pa je telovadka naše prihodnosti
skakala skozi goreči obroč
sonca

for A.B.

it's so hard to believe
that once we were even younger
than now
that our skin was so thin
that veins blued through it
like lines in school notebooks
that the world was a homeless dog
that played with us after class
and we were thinking of taking it home
but somebody else took it first
gave it a name
and trained it *stranger*
against us

and this is why we wake up late at night
and light up the candles of our tv sets
and in their warm flame we recognize
faces and cities
and courageous in the morning
we dethrone omelets from frying pans...

but our dog grew up on another's leash
our mothers suddenly stopped sleeping with men

za A. B.

tako težko je verjeti
da smo bili nekoč še mlajši
kot sedaj
da je bila naša koža tako tenka
da so se skozi videle modre žile
kot črte v šolskih zvezkih
da je bil svet potepuški pes
ki se je z nami igral po pouku
in smo ga želeli odpeljati domov
a ga je nekdo že prej vzel
mu dal ime
in ga naščuval na nas
kot na tujce

in zato se ponoči zbuja
in prižigamo sveče naših televizorjev
in v njihovem toplem plamenu prepoznavamo
obrazne in mesta
in zjutraj opogumljeni
strmoglavljamo omlete iz ponev ...

toda naš pes je odrasel na neki drugi vrstici
naše matere so iznenada nehale spati z moškimi

and looking at them today
it's so easy to believe in the immaculate conception

and now imagine:

*somewhere there are towns
with white stone houses
scattered along the ocean shore
like the eggs of gigantic water birds
and every house carries a legend of a captain
and every legend starts with
“young and handsome...”*

in ko jih danes tako gledamo
zlahka verjamemo v brezmadežno spočetje

in zdaj si predstavlja:

*nekje so mesta
z belimi kamnitimi hišami
posejanimi ob morski obali
kot jajca kakih orjaških vodnih ptic
in vsaka hiša nosi legendo kapitana
in vsaka legenda se začne z
»mlad in čeden ...«*

A Poem about White Apples

white apples, first apples of summer,
with skin as delicate as a baby's,
crispy like white winter snow.
your smell won't let me sleep,
this is how dead men
haunt their murderers' dreams.
white apples,
this is how every july the earth
gets heavier under your weight.

*and here only garbage smells like garbage...
and here only tears taste like salt...*

we were picking them
like shells in green ocean gardens,
having just turned away from mothers' breasts
we were learning
to get to the core of everything with our teeth.

so why are our teeth like cotton wool now...

white apples,
in black waters, the fishermen,
nursed by you, are drowning.

Pesem o belih jabolkih

bela jabolka, prva jabolka poletja
s tako nežno kožico, kot je dojenčkova,
hrustava kot beli zimski sneg.
vaš vonj mi ne pusti spati,
tako mrtvi možje
v sanjah preganjajo svoje morilce.
bela jabolka,
tako vsak julij postane zemlja
težja pod vašo težo.

*in tukaj imajo le smeti vonj po smeteh ...
in tukaj imajo le solze okus po soli ...*

nabirali smo jih
kot školjke v zelenih morskih vrtovih,
ravno odstavljeni od materinih prsi
smo se učili,
da se pride do sredice vsega z zobmi.

zakaj so torej naši zobje zdaj kot vata ...

bela jabolka,
v temnih vodah se ribiči,
ki ste jih hranila, utapljajo.

Grandmother

my grandmother
doesn't know pain
she believes that
famine is nutrition
poverty is wealth
thirst is water

her body like a grapevine winding around a walking stick
her hair bees' wings
she swallows the sun-speckles of pills
and calls the internet the telephone to america

her heart has turned into a rose the only thing you can do
is smell it
pressing yourself to her chest
there's nothing else you can do with it
only a rose

her arms like stork's legs
red sticks
and i am on my knees
howling like a wolf
at the white moon of your skull
grandmother

Babica

moja babica
ne pozna bolečine
prepričana je da je
lakota hrana
revščina bogastvo
žeja voda

njeno telo se kot vinska trta vije okoli palice
njeni lasje čebelja krila
golta sončne zajčke tablet
in internetu pravi telefon do amerike

njeno srce je postalo vrtnica lahko jo
le poduhaš
se prižameš na njene prsi
nobenega drugega smisla
le cvet

njene roke kot noge štorclje
rdeče palice
jaz pa na kolenih
tulim kakor volk
v belo luno tvoje lobanje
babica

i'm telling you it's not pain
just the embrace of a very strong god
one with an unshaven cheek that scratches when he kisses you

povem ti ni bolečina
samo objem zelo močnega boga
neobritih lic ki te popraskajo ko te poljubi

your body is so white
that it falls on me like snow
every night is a winter

tvoje telo je tako belo
da pada name kot sneg
vsako noč je zima

Berlin–Minsk

Passing Warsaw.
Summer. Dusk.
Heart has become
wind
and started blowing.

Ten minutes in the station.
Midnight. Summer.
Heart inside the chest
is spinning
like a planet.

It's not a lump in the throat
that's made you mute.
This is how brutally,
this is how tight
heart climbs out of the mouth
and strains eyesight.

Berlin–Minsk

Mimo Varšave.
Poletje. Mrak.
Srce je postalo
veter
in je začelo pihati.

Deset minut na postaji.
Polnoč. Poletje.
Srce se v prsih
vrti
kot planet.

Nem nisi zaradi
cmoka v grlu.
Tako brutalno,
tako na tesno
se srce vzpenja iz ust
in jemlje vid.

Belarusian II

outside your borders,
they built a huge orphanage,
and you left us there, belarus,
maybe we were born without legs?
maybe we worshipped the wrong gods?
maybe we brought you misfortune?
maybe we were deathly sick?
maybe you were not able to feed us?
but couldn't we just beg for food?!
maybe you never really wanted us,
but at first we also
didn't know how to love you

your language is so small
that it can't even speak yet,
but you, belarus, are hysterical,
you are certain
that midwives mixed up the bundles
what if you're feeding somebody else's baby?!
letting another's language suck your own milk?!
a bluish language lying on the windowsill –
is it a language or last year's hoarfrost?
is it hoarfrost or an icon's shadow?
is it a shadow or just nothing?

Belorusko II

onstran tvojih meja
so zgradili veliko sirotišnico
in tja si nas peljala, belorusija.
morda smo bili rojeni brez nog,
morda smo slavili napačne bogove,
morda smo ti prinesli nesrečo,
morda smo bili na smrt bolni,
morda nam nisi mogla dati hrane,
mar ne znamo prosjačiti zanjo,
morda nas nisi nikoli zares hotela,
najprej te tudi mi nismo
znali imeti radi.

tvoj jezik je tako majhen,
da sploh še ne govori,
toda ti, belorusija, si histerična,
prepričana si,
da so babice zamenjale štručke,
kaj če hraniš dojenčke nekoga drugega?
dopuščaš jeziku drugega, da sesa tvoje mleko?
na okenski polici leži modrikast jezik –
je jezik ali lansko ivje?
je ivje ali senca ikone?
je senca ali preprosto nič?

it's not a language.
it doesn't have any system.
it is like death – sudden and unscrupulous.
like death you can never die from,
like death that brings the dead to life

language that makes you burn newborns
language that makes a brother kill a brother
language that nobody can hide from
language that delivers men-freaks
delivers women-beggars
delivers headless beasts
delivers toads with human voices

this language does not exist!
it doesn't have any system!
it's impossible to talk to it –
it strikes you in the face at once!
even on holidays
you won't decorate the city with it
it can't be doctored up with either fireworks
or neon light

oh, come on, let this system kiss my
a c c o r d i o n

ni jezik.
nima sistema.
je kot smrt – nenadna in nejasna.
kot smrt, od katere ne moreš umreti,
kot smrt, ki oživilja mrtve.

jezik, zaradi katerega zažigaš novorojenčke,
jezik, zaradi katerega brat ubije brata,
jezik, pred katerim se nihče ne more skriti,
jezik, ki rojeva spake,
rojeva beračice,
rojeva brezglave zveri,
rojeva žabe s človeškimi glasovi.

ta jezik ne obstaja!
nima sistema!
nemogoče je z njim govoriti –
nenadoma te udari po obrazu!
niti na praznike
ne moreš z njim okrasiti mesta
ne bo več ognjemetov
ne neonskih luči

ah, daj no, naj ta sistem poljubi mojo
h a r m o n i k o

and my accordion
when it stretches its bellows
my accordion looks
like mountain peaks
it eats from my hands
it licks them and like a kid
won't get off my lap
but time will come and it will
show its ta ra ta ta

in ko se moja harmonika
raztegne zatuli
moja harmonika spominja
na vrhove gora
iz rok mi je
liže jih in kot otrok
ne zapušča mojega naročja
toda napočil bo čas in bo
pokazala svoj tralala

Factory of Tears

And once again according to the annual report
the highest productivity results were achieved
by the Factory of Tears.

While the Department of Transportation was breaking heels
while the Department of Heart Affairs
was beating hysterically
the Factory of Tears was working night shifts
setting new records
even on holidays.

While the Food Refinery Station
was trying to digest another catastrophe
the Factory of Tears adopted a new economically advantageous
technology of recycling the wastes of the past –
memories mostly.

The pictures of the employees of the year
were placed on the Wall of Tears.

I'm a recipient of workers' comp from the heroic Factory of Tears.
I have calluses on my eyes.
I have compound fractures on my cheeks.
I receive my wages with the product I manufacture.
And I'm happy with what I have.

Tovarna solz

Glede na letno poročilo je najboljše rezultate produktivnosti spet dosegla Tovarna solz.

Medtem ko je Oddelek za transport lomil pete in je Oddelek za srčne zadeve histerično utripal, je Tovarna solz obratovala v nočnih izmenah in postavljala nove rekorde celo za praznike.

Ko je skušala postaja za predelavo hrane prebaviti še eno katastrofo, je Tovarna solz prevzela novo ekonomsko ugodno tehnologijo za recikliranje odpadkov preteklosti – pretežno spominov.

Slike uslužbencev leta so obesili na Steno solz.

Kot junakinja solz dobivam invalidsko nadomestilo.
Na očeh imam otiščance.
Na licih zlom.
Plače prejeman v obliki izdelkov, ki jih izdelujem.
In srečna sem s tem, kar imam.