

Vojislav Karanović

A TOUCH

The scene extends to the verge of my look,
Then it soars down. The rain
Pours down the gutter. The pool
That is being formed in the hollow on the asphalt
Will cheat someone with its reflection.
The grass sways, the earth shivers.
The mole cricket, horrified, startles
In its narrow passageway.
Vertigo wavers
On its glass stalk.
Darkness disperses like dust.
I am always surprised by light.
The tips of my fingers have bloomed.
Slightly swinging
The world around me exists.

THE ASCENT

It should be started from something small
And tiny. From a black
Spot on a ladybird's wing.
Through swaying grass
And a wild rose flower.
Through a claw unfolding and folding,
A paw protruding from a bush.
A cloud covering
The sun, elusive wisp
Of mist, right to the wind that
Scowls and tears itself from within.
It should be started from the bottom
Along the lanes where pebbles
Crumble below one's feet.
Narrow paths should be trodden, ever narrowing,
Impassable. One should cut the way
Like a ray through a cloud, or
A beast through the wood.
Right to the top, to the point
Where life is condensed and
Sharp, death being rarefied
And light. Wherefrom all things
Look so tiny and small.
Then comes the time to go
Down, into a shape
Along the lane, where the words
Crumble.

SON OF THE EARTH

We are a burden to the Earth. Since long ago
I've been disrupted by such feeling. It used to drill
through me, uprooting
This frail peace
And safety. Through voice,
Through breath, through roaring of
Wild beasts – the Earth
Is getting rid of us.
Twittering of birds, opening
Of buds, odors of
Wild flowers – thus
The Earth gives us away,
back to the sky. As if
In a great hurry.

The Earth does not know, that without us
It does not exist. That without us
It would be barren
And futile
Like a pool ball
Fallen down forever
From the soft baize
Of the pool table.

The Soul: it is the only space
Where the Earth exists. There it
Rolls and rotates,
Around itself and around other planets.

The last feeling, the one that
Leads a dying one from this world
Into another – it is the edge
Of an abyss deeper
Than the deepest canyon.

The Earth knows that, that's why
It hesitates, unwilling to give us all away
At once.

I am here. A flower
With bloody petals
Has opened within me.

A PRAYER

God, give me strength to accept
Peacefully the share of suffering
Allotted to me;
Never to call the pain that
Creeps into my soul an intruder
Or a guest.

The room in which I dwell
Is well lit, and open.

And give me strength not to
Become proud, for joy,
For those moments of bliss
When I took the world
Into a lover's
Embrace

Nerves of a leaf, sparkling
Of the river's surface, odor
Of lime-trees in bloom, a shell
Buried in the sand, clouds
Amassed against
Dark background of the sky.

All of that is so real
That it surely is within me.

I am weak. That's why I talk.

BY THE WINDOW

So many things at hand,
The sunrays, the window,
Reflections in the glass.
Wavering shapes
entwined in front of your eyes.
Yesterday the swamp
was silent in itself here;
today you
are trying to talk,
murmuring to yourself,
here where the wires are full of electricity
and the leaves fringed with emptiness.
Quieter than the wind
that prowls through the reeds.
And you do not stop, by any means, no.
You just string the words on and on,
more and more, as if there were
no end to it, and as if
you did not know that a word
is not the air, nor the sky,
nor a fingerprint upon the glass
either. Language is transparent indeed
but what can be seen through it
is invisible.

Translated by Zoran Paunović