

Dorta Jagić

rooms from the suburbs

some
soft rooms of our suburbs
have never been outside their house
never in a deep forest
never have fallen into the ocean
and gotten wet
so that their slippers, sneakers would fall apart
and set them free
that's why the soft rooms are afraid
of always the same crashing plates,
gas leaks, inflammation of the pancreas and skin,
they wear sunglasses in the middle of the night
while they read romance pulp stories
they constantly water house plants
and they become plastic
and restless
like the children molested
by thousands of kisses

Translated by Tomislav Kuzmanović

breaking room

not only on weekends
marina's room is late to the mirror and
the census
on every working day,
(like that bus at 7:32)
because simply
just like marina
it doesn't have time to take some other shape,
some new concrete body
and to exceed her little self.
lacking sleep,
the room every day awakes from sadness
and thrusts her head into a cup of cold coffee.
she has no one to talk to so
it falls asleep again, while across the hardwood floors
stunned turtles limp their way like pirates
overturn shoes, do magic
moan, curse, whisper
nail the bed fast against marina
marina against the bed
they draw curtains over everything
say: marina, get late for work
when in your dream on the wedding veil
so skillfully you fly up into the sky
toward
alcohol clouds

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childish rooms

some old rooms from childhood
with time become more and more addicted
to dust and attention,
grimly infantile, spiteful.
girls-old ladies.
for example, if this really is my room
why doesn't it shine like a furniture polish
on its own like it did before
why does it let so many kilos of dust
daily on all those valuable things?
as if it secretly snorts
that gray vampire dandruff
or shoots it directly up the vases, carpets, me
in order to make me forget something awful.
no. yet that girl-old lady
leaves what's left of the things, fine, ground
to settle for her retirement "5 o'clock" cocoa
which she will wistfully sip
with other abandoned rooms from the neighborhood
when I leave her for someone
else
more mature

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sister agata's dark room

instead of praying to the heavens at night and
flying over the roofs
like angel raphael's feather
the fly and I stuck under the bed's leg
wonder in the deaf darkness
how can I hate this immobile room so much.
it is residue of my old outside
body and I don't know what to do
with this calcified invalid.
it is too big and too small like
an adult baby who now cries then watches
as I measure it coldly
from her darkness from beneath
as if from the stomach of jonah's dead fish.
I'd like to call someone on the phone
the room cuts my wires
orders me to shut up
and I lie down on the naked floor, alone
on its rigid bones that hurt
stupid like pope pius
actually, what does
its immobility want from me?
why don't those walled in bricks
go crazy already and start flowing out, among the people?
if it really so much loves the old ptolemaic system
why in its universe
things don't rotate drunkenly around me the center,
glow and blink
(and light bulbs and books)
like angel planets

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