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PRVA POMOC

Nisam znala da je tako teško.

Malo kesica lavande i cedra malo bočica parfema kojih  
više nema malo kuglica koje mijenjaju boju u vodi kad odstoje  
malo duhana malo boje  
malo novca malo ladina malo kanabisa malo sladila malo  
blistexa u tubi malo leksilijuma smotuljak žica nešto em pe trica  
nešto žvaka nešto bananica malo trava malo travarica  
tri klikera i jedna skočica kontracepcijske tablete xanax bočica ulja  
čajevca slika dvoje ljudi zagrljenih ispod grba  
i blok u kojem slova liče na rukopis nekog drugog  
i koji ja nikad ne čitam a u koji pišem stisnutih očiju  
kao da prepisujem lijek pregorak za oči.

Nisam znala da je tako teško.

U inventaru nema ništa za vas  
honorarni prijatelji privremeni obožavatelji satelitske kolege udosađani sajber ljubavnici  
mene nikad niste vidjeli al' ja vam zato gledam profiil (znamkotigledaprofil.com).  
U inventaru mog paketa za prvu pomoć nema ništa za vas.  
U inventaru mog paketa za prvu pomoć jedva ičeg za mene ima.  
U inventaru mog paketa za prvu pomoć jedva ičeg za nekog ko me voli ima.  
Taj me dobio s paketom i zna da mi je jezik krvav i  
da zato mećem šaku na usta kad se smijem.

Nisam znala da je tako teško.

Ljubiti se sanjati se smijati se ne spavati ne željeti se nisam znala  
da je tako teško spavati nisam znala da je tako teško  
biti sam biti s nekim biti dvoje biti troje s nekim, biti ja s nekim biti neko sa mnom.

Nisam znala da je tako teško biti ja.

Inventar se smanjuje u mojem domu (a moja kutija raste):  
iz njega polako u  
komade bježi namještaj  
komadi ormara komadi kreveta  
komadi stolova komadi pollica  
njih jedu crvi  
još od hiljadudevestodevedesetpete  
a hiljadudevestoosamdesetpete  
već sam čula larve koje u njima sanjaju  
da nas jedu dvijehiljadetrinaeste. Niko mi nije vjerovao.

Nisam znala da je tako teško

pronaći nešto za sebe u mojoj kutiji za prvu pomoć,

ali nije mi žao. Mene si ne kutiju mene si ne moju pomoć mene si  
ne moju kutiju za prvu pomoć  
dobio u crvljivoj kući. U mojoj kutiji za prvu pomoć nema suza.  
Suze u kutijama za prvu pomoć čuvaju oni koji dobro jedu oni koji dobro spavaju  
oni koji dobro vole oni koji nikad ne obole oni koji svoje stolove police ormare  
glancaju štiju i vole.

Nisam znala da je tako teško biti ti.

Ali ja ne idem nikud (ne!) i u mojoj kutiji za prvu pomoć nema suza, ali ima tvoja kosa.  
Mrtvu kosu u kutiji za prvu pomoć  
zamotanu u šarenu maramu  
imaju samo oni koji ne idu nikud i koji se ne boje mrtvih stanica  
na kojima već dugo autobusi ne staju.

## FIRST AID

I never knew it was so hard.

A few bags of lavender and cedar a few bottles of stout that's  
run out a few balls that change colour when soaked  
a few cigarettes half-smoked  
a bit of cash and Ladin's book a pinch of hash a bit of sweetener a bit  
of blistex in a tube a bit of diazepam two rusty guitar strings and one  
of those em pee three things some gum and a chocolate banana herbal liqueur and marijuana  
three marbles and a bouncy ball birth control xanax and a bottle of teak oil  
a picture of a couple hugging under a flag  
and a notebook full of letters I barely recognise the hand  
I never read it and I squint when I write  
in it as if prescribing a medicine too bitter for the eye.

I never knew it was so hard.

In my inventory there is nothing for you  
part-time friends temporary fans satellite colleagues bored cyber lovers you've never  
seen me but I'm viewing your profile (iknowwhosviewingyourprofile.com).  
In the inventory of my first aid kit there is nothing for you.  
In the inventory of my first aid kit there is hardly anything for me.  
In the inventory of my first aid kit there is hardly anything for the one who loves me.  
He got me with the kit and he knows my tongue is bloody and  
that I cover my mouth with my fist when I laugh.

I never knew it was so hard.

To kiss each other dream each other laugh with each other not sleep not want each other I  
never knew

it was so hard to sleep I never knew it was so hard  
to be alone be with someone be two be three with someone be me with someone be someone  
with me.

I never knew it was so hard to be me.

The inventory of my home is shrinking (and my kit grows):  
out of it slowly  
my furniture escapes into pieces  
pieces of wardrobe pieces of bed  
pieces of tables pieces of shelves  
eaten by worms  
since nineteenninetyfive  
and in nineteeneightyfive I'd  
heard the larvae in them dreaming of  
eating us in twothousandthirteen. No one believed.

I never knew it was so hard

to find something for you in my first aid kit but  
I'm not sorry. It's me not my kit me not my aid me  
not my first aid kit you  
got in the vermiculose house. No tears in my first aid kit.  
Tears are found only in the first aid kits of those who eat well sleep well  
those who love well whose health is fair those who keep their furniture in good repair  
and give it tender loving care.

I never knew it was so hard to be you.

But I'm not going anywhere (no!) and there are no tears in my first aid kit but your hair is  
there.  
Dead hair wrapped in a colourful shawl  
is found only in the first aid kits  
of those who aren't going anywhere and are not afraid of dead cells  
in which no one's been locked for ages.

Translated by Mirza Purić