

Naida Muratović

RUKE

Ruke dok držim zgrčene,
kao ovaj papir savijene u bespovrat,
razmišljam. Ne lomim
parče papira, i ispravljam ga
bolje nego papirnate svjedoke suza.

Rukama osjećam stvari u tami,
dok očima diktiram
strah od nepoznatih,
stolica, igrački na podu
i šminke na tepihu.

Ruke kao grane pružam
ka nebu i sanjam na
vrhovima jagodica
nove zadatke kojima
koracima hrlim.

Čitam zglobovima vlažnu maglu novoga dana.

Čupam rukama okorjelu
zimu sa mokrih čarapa, i
sanjam uljuljani topli
autobus.

Rukama pamtim, bore
svoje i tvoje, i njene, te
ih polahko prestajem da
brojim po uspomenama.

Teglim i vučem,
i ono što ne mogu da ponesem, jer
rukama želim da označim
sebe na svakoj zraci sunčanog dana.

Samo njima, nikada, ne diram
pero. Niti pišem. Niti se
igram zarezima.

Stavljam tačku na vrh malog prsta.

Klizim niz površinu tmine, i
grčevito hvatam rukama prvi
stih na usnama.

Njima beskrajno i u
bespovrat, dodirujem svaku površinu misli. I,
proždirem ih slasno, sve dok mi ne zastanu
u grlu.

HANDS

With hands clenched up
and folded like this scrap of paper past unfolding,
I'm thinking. I'm not pleating
the scrap, I'm smoothing it out
better than I would a papery witness of tears.

I fumble and feel in the murk
as I dictate fear to my eyes,
fear of the unknown
chairs, toys on the floor
and make-up on the carpet.

With hands like boughs reaching
skyward I dream,
on the tips of my finger pads,
of new rows to hoe,
and hoe them I do in strides.

With my wrists I read the new day's dewy fog.

With my hands I wrench the encrusted
winter off my wet socks and
dream of a warm, slumberous
bus.

With my hands I remember the wrinkles,
mine and yours, and hers, and
little by little I stop counting them
in my memories.

I drag and I haul
what I can't carry, for
I want my hands to mark me
on every beam of a sunny day.

But I never let them touch
a quill. Nor do I write. Nor do I
play with commas.

I put a full stop on the tip of my little finger.

I slide down the surface of the murk,
hands clenching the first
verse on my lips.

With them, endlessly and
past untouching, I touch all surfaces of thought. And
devour them with gusto till they're stuck
in my throat.

Translated by Mirza Purić