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MOJE SVE

U subotu sam slavila proljeće.

U bijeloj papirnoj koverti sasvim
tankoj od trljanja vlažnim prstima
po hladnim hodnicima
u bijeloj papirnoj koverti A4 formata presavijenoj
na onoliko mjesta na koliko se presavija
moj abdomen i zgužvanoj taman toliko da joj se ne znaju godine
dakle, u bijeloj papirnoj koverti
mekoj od nabora i raspore
stoji povijest tijela moje majke i s njenim tijelom
povijest svih tijela
koja su ikad bila moj rod. U koverti laganoj kao lake kosti u lakoj zemlji.

Subotom
Ljudi obučeni u boje prežarke u parku prefarbanom
prežarko za golubove i vrapce
vade iz bijelih, hrskavih papira zemičke i kifle
da ih potomci ključaju s jagodica njihovih prstiju.
Lica su im bijela i sjajna i staklena su i neprozirna kao obiteljska sreća.

Subotom
Ljudi u parkovima i na šetalištima vrište smiju se i jedu
sa svojom djecom
sa svojim psima sa svojim autima sa svojim svima slave
što im obitelj još uvijek stane u topli bijeli fišek s bučnim sjemenkama.

Subotom
Ljudi dočekuju proljeće preglasno buljeći sunčanim naočarima u moje sunce
u moja stakla u moj zatiljak u moje nebo u moj potok u moje otekne oči.

Subotom
proljeće proslavljam na kamenu koji je jednom bio klupa
a moja je torba napeta i jedra kao pupoljak velike cvjetače
moja je torba puna bijelih krila otkinutih s tijela moje obitelji
moja je kosa puna dima od spaljenih gomila sretnog ljudskog smeća
moja je sreća što subotom niko ne vidi
ljude s torbama punim krila.

U bijelu papirnatu kovertu u tanku bijelu kovertu u presavijenu
bijelu kovertu u meku naboranu i rasporenu kovertu,
u bijelu, dakle, kovertu
stalo je cijelo tijelo moje majke.

Subotom
sjedim na kamenu i gledam kako među ostalim smećem
plitkim potokom plove

ljudi koji mi ne stanu u kovertu
sve šolje iz kojih su pili
sve čarape, bijele, crne, žute
sve rukavice za promrzle im ruke
sve cipele u kojima su me posjećivali
plitkim potokom plove
ljudi koji su nekoć bili moji.

Subotom, u krilu brižno ninam
posljednji papirnati život.

MY ALL

On Saturday I celebrated spring.

In a white paper envelope worn quite
thin with wet fingers rubbing
in cold corridors
in a white paper envelope format C4 folded
in as many places as my abdomen is folded
and crumpled up just past telling its age,
well, in a white paper envelope
soft with wrinkles and rents
is to be found the history of my mother's body and with it
the history of all the bodies
that ever were my kin. In an envelope as light as light bones in light soil.

On Saturdays
people dressed in colours too bright in the park painted
too bright for pigeons and sparrows
take out buns and rolls from the white, crunchy wrapping paper
for their offspring to peck off their finger pads.
Their faces are white and shiny, and glassy they are and opaque like homely bliss.

On Saturdays
people in parks and on promenades shout and laugh and eat
with their children
with their dogs with their cars with all their kin they celebrate
the fact that their families still fit into warm white paper cones of pumpkin seeds.

On Saturdays
people welcome the spring loudly, staring with their sunglasses into my sun
into my panes into my nape into my sky into my stream into my swollen eyes.

On Saturdays
I celebrate spring sitting on a stone that was once a bench

and my bag is bursting and ample as the bud of a big cauliflower
my bag is brimming with white wings ripped off the bodies of my kin
my hair is full of smoke of incinerated heaps of happy human rubbish
and I cherish the fact that on Saturdays no one ever spots
people with bags full of wings.

In a white paper envelope in a thin white envelope in a folded
white envelope in a soft wrinkled rent envelope
in a white, well, envelope
fits the whole body of my mother.

On Saturdays
I sit on the stone and watch people floating with flotsam
in the shallow stream
people who don't fit in my envelope
and all the cups they drank from
all the socks — white, black and yellow
all the gloves for their frozen hands
all the shoes they wore when they visited
sailing in the shallow stream
the people who were once my kin.

On Saturdays in my lap gently I rock
the last paper life.

Translated by Mirza Purić