

Kulović Selma (Kaze)

NONDUM

Narro! Nuntio!
Palam Morbo.

„Reci što imaš besmrtnoj smrti,
Smrti u životu, životu bez smrti.
Uzet ću što imaš,
što ne nudiš,
što ne daš.
Zauzvrat,
riječ ću ti dati,
odgovor bezvremen.
Jer uzimam što imaš,
što ne nudiš,
što ne daš.“

Evo moje oči, ogledala duše,
pogled u nihilum, sterilno bijelo, što
nunc quidem, nosila su slike divljine,
ponos blizine utkane u grudi.
Ogledala suše.

Evo moj glas, moje glasne žice,
bezjake, nijeme, sviraju u molu poziv na marš, što
nunc quidem, vibrirale su pjesama poj, bojeva bilo,
šapat „malo moje milo.“
Plamene ptice.

Pojedi žile, vene, tetive,
tanke i snile, gnjile snom za pokretom,
drvo mlado, korijena u cementu, što
nunc quidem, strujalo je snagom razgranata daha,
rosnih listova mjesečeva traga.
Preorane njive.

Evo ih uši, ušni bubnjići,
bubnjevi plemena spaljene divljine, što
nunc quidem, oriše vremenom poziv u krug... upijaše
glas voljenih sjenki.
Grijeh u tihoj priči.

Ne dam ti misao, moju smisao,
što je niko ne zapisa
rukama
obamrlim u prostoru,
pokretom
uhvaćenim u vremenu; što

nunc quidem, stvarala je svjetove, gradila godine,
izujedala zidove, branila utrobe moje krv.
Tu još postojim, tu za drugo ne znam.
Ono drugo,
ovog bitka besmisao.

Sad uzmi jedno,
jedno još imam,
jedno ti nudim,
jedno ti dajem.
Sad kad mač pade u blato,
krvava prsa traže častan kraj.
To jedno imam,
jedno ti nudim,
jedno ti dajem.

Evo ti moj dah,
nit što razdvaja polet i krah, što
nunc quidem, puniše ova plućna krila usponom za svjetlom,
snom za letom.
Duha raspuhan prah.

„Nondum.“

NONDUM

Narro! Nuntio!
Palam Morbo.

"Say what you must to deathless death,
to death in life, to life without death.
I shall take what you have,
what you don't offer,
what you don't give up.
In return,
the word I shall give you,
a timeless reply.
For I take what you have,
what you don't offer,
what you don't give up."

Here are my eyes, the mirrors of my soul,
a gaze at nihilum, the sterile white;
They bore, nunc quidem, images of the wild,
the pride of closeness pinned to the chest —
the mirror of the fall.

Here is my voice, my vocal cords,
strengthless, mute, playing marches in minor keys, yet,
nunc quidem, they bellowed battle cries and songs of joy,
whispered, "Hush, little boy" —
the firebirds.

On my tendons, bones, and veins do feast.
Slim and slumberous, weeping for movement,
a sapling with roots in cement which,
nunc quidem, buzzed with leafy breath
of dewy leaves and the moon's tracks.
The well-tilled fields.

Here are my ears, my eardrums so frail,
the drums of the tribes of the wilderness scorched,
nunc quidem, they thundered the gathering call —
the voice of the beloved shades,
sin in a silent tale.

You can't have my thought, my sense,
which none ever wrote down
with hands
gone numb in space,
in a stroke
trapped in time; it,
nunc quidem, wrought worlds, built years,
bit walls, defended the blood of its flesh —
there I still am, there I know of nought else.
The Else,
of this being senselessness.

Now, take this one thing,
the one I still have,
the one I do offer,
the one I give up.
Now that my sword lies in the mud,
the bloodied chest wants an honourable end.
That's what I have,
that's what I offer,
that's what I give up:

Take my breath, if that is your goal,
the strand splitting the soar and the fall, which,
nunc quidem, filled these lungs with will to light,
with dreams of flight —
strewn dust of the soul.

"Nondum."

Translated by Mirza Purić