

Neđla Ćemanović - Porča

JEDNOG OKTOBARSKOG JUTRA

A. je odlučila odjenuti bijelu košulju, iako
kažu, valja obući crno na sahranu, jer
ne možeš biti tužan u bijelome, a
je znala biti tužna i u bijeloj košulji.

Kroz kapljice magle na prozorčiću gledala
je drvored, svi borovi k'o pod konac osim
jednog. A. je pokušala bijelim rukavom
obrisati kapljice, ali bora više nije bilo.

Jutro oktobarsko, a sahrana kao i svaka:
Prilaze utvare u crnim plaštovima,
nekakve im riječi na usnama, a
jezik utrnuo kao i A.ina ruka kada je
krenula obrisati kapljice magle.

Nema bora što izmiče ostalima, a
košulja je već natopljena
oktobarskim zrakom koji neće u pluća.
A. je krenula vrištati, ali je ušutjela, jer se bojala
da će probuditi sebe prije nego spuste sanduk.

WHITESLEEVES

A. had decided to wear a white shirt, although
black befits a funeral, they say,
for you cannot be wistful in white, yet
A. knew how to weep in a white shirt.

Through the droplets of fog on the pane, she
gazed at a line of trees, all the pines lined up except
for one. A. tried to wipe away the drops with her white
sleeve, but the pine was no longer there.

October morning, a funeral like any other:
wraiths in black robes come forth
with words on their lips, with
tongues numb like A.'s hand when
she made to wipe away the droplets of fog.

The wayward pine is nowhere in sight and
the shirt is soaked
in October air that is not for the lungs.
A. made to scream, but fell silent for fear
of waking herself before they lowered the coffin.

Translated by Mirza Purić