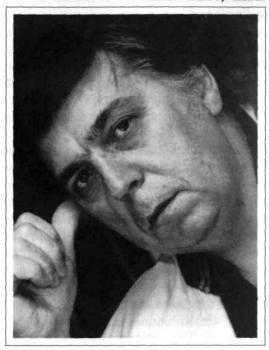
KLETNIKOV, Eftim



Eftim Kletnikov, born in 1946 in Negrevo, Macedonia, is a poet, critic, essayist, translator and anthology compiler. His poetry collections include Blue Whirlpool, 1977, Lights and Twilights, 1978, The Eye of the Dark One, 1980, Poems for Ognen, 1984, Roe and Wing, 1984, Voices, 1987, Three-eyed, 1989, Instants, 1992, A Man and a Woman Facing the Stars, 1994, Troy, 1996, The Cosmic Draught, 1998. He lives and works in Skopje.

Eftim Kletnikov, rođen 1946. godine u Negrevu u Makedoniji, pjesnik, esejist, prevodilac i antologičar. Diplomirao na Filozofskom fakultetu u Skoplju. Pjesničke zbirke: Moder vir (Modri vir, 1977), Zraci i samraci (Zraci i sumraci, 1978), Okoto na Temiot (Oko Tamnog, 1980), Pesni za Ognen (Pjesme o Ognenu, 1984), Iskra i krilo (1984), Glasovi (1987), Triok (Trook, 1989), Magnovenija (1992), Maž i žena so lice sproti zvezdite (Muž i žena okrenuti licem zvijezdama (1994), Troja (1996), Toj provev kosmički (Kozmički propuh, 1998). Živi i radi u Skoplju.

EFTIM KLETNIKOV

The threshold and the angel

I still recall
the crown of the stars
coming into leaf over Negrevo.
A golden sunbeam
binding it
to the village's foundation.

Oh my God how far has it gone and how it shines,

the threshold of our house.

To cross it

the angel uses no step but his own voice

And afterwards one hears the rustling of his wings bringing the dish into the empty house unwitnessed, news of the awful glare that hurts.

Bell

(Archaelogical sketch of Stobi)

What if it seems to be full of itself, when it doesn't ring but is silent as a fish?

But in spite of that I am afraid of being touched by the piled ur-echo of a piece of broken jugs of the peacock's multi-coloured tail on the mosaic of the king's palace, of being led astray like a whirlpool accidentally in this instant that vanishes before ever it is born So through the centuries.

Cry

Even before we kindled the first fire the wound was opaque and existence trembled before the Unknown.

But when the first spark was struck something emerged from out the cave, something huge and horrendous:

A cry!

The forest glowed right to its heart

and only then did we see how the Beautiful Beast feeds on silence.

We stretched the bow and to this day keep the bowstring taut. But far better now to loose once more that primal cry than fire an arrow.

Dark legend

On the mountain a grove in the grove a beast in the beast a heart in the heart a ruby in the ruby a black rose in the rose a kiss in the kiss a sorrow in the sorrow a spring over the spring the face of a youth drinking the moon that lies under the water in its depths. While the guilty hunter concealed in the creaking bush fashions an arrow from the grove's shadow.

Translated by G. W. Reid and A. Taneski