

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 Negrovo.
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

(Archaeological 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