

## BRKOVIĆ, Balša



**Balša Brković**, born in Podgorica, Montenegro, in 1966, graduated from the Faculty of Philology in Belgrade, department for general literature and literary theory. He works as culture editor for the most influential Montenegrin daily, "Vijesti". He writes poetry, prose and essays. He has published four books of poetry: *Horses eating apricots*, 1985, *Silver-coloured Filip*, 1991, and *Contrapposto*, 1998.

**Balša Brković**, rođen 1966. u Podgorici, završio je Filološki fakultet u Beogradu, odsjek za opštu književnost i teoriju književnosti. Urednik je rubrike za kulturu u najuticajnijem crnogorskom dnevnom listu "Vijesti". Piše poeziju, prozu i esejistiku. Objavio je četiri knjiga pjesama: *Konji jedu breskve*, 1985, *Filip boje srebra*, 1991, *Rt svete Marije*, 1993, i *Contrapposto*, 1998.

BALŠA BRKOVIĆ

## *New poems*

### Babylonian Poem

It's getting more and more difficult to write the Letter.

The clarity of words has been forever lost.  
Once each poem was pregnant  
with a terrible meaning:  
on one side were woman and night,  
on the other light and I.

Now it's different:  
at night Penelope's weaving of my civilisation  
gets undone, slowly melting away.

If all words have been uttered,  
everything has, we could say, already happened.  
But that would be terrible:  
as though the World were a big Theatre  
in which for a long time there has been no  
playwright, no director, no musician.  
The entire space, Scene, Planet  
is inhabited by actors  
(who have gone wild without Others,  
without the Script of a creator),  
a whole ocean of actors

who endlessly repeat  
the scraps of the same parts.  
Simply, there is no one to tell them  
what to say and where to turn.

If all the words were already there in His wrath,  
then we have forever been – weary.

And yet the circle of the inexpressible keeps getting wider.  
It is more and more difficult to eat the darkness of final  
Nothing  
and vomit light which changes everything into Yes,  
into the certainty of Language.

Oh, lovely demons of erudition!  
When God above Babylon scattered languages  
he may simply have given us  
a firmer structure:  
for one does not reach the Creator's throne  
by laying brick upon brick.

## Cob-webs of Authorship

*To A. Bečanović*

Who would today dare  
start a poem with "Ich bin"?

In this time of ironic execution  
of Fatherhood,  
from which, in truth, everything stems:  
no Order  
would ever have been born  
(and Play would never have turned into the Letter)  
and we would still be Blessed Beasts  
if no connection were intended  
– what magnificent Mythology –  
between that night and this,  
my,  
child.

Lord, what a fragile narration  
Fatherhood is.  
Cob-webs of Authorship.

And who would today dare  
start a poem with "Ich bin"?

## Spleen

The year flies like bad conscience  
and this hysterical strife  
through beautiful anguish  
no bigger than your sandal.  
Flirting with words, afterwards.

People call the black cape of space evil,  
safe behind the laws of substance and  
elegant thoughts ...  
Dark ocean of indifference.

That's why I shall turn towards  
the darkest corner in the house.  
Where once I saw  
a multitude of hovering opaque marbles ...

Then I shall continue  
towards shining spheres  
in a dank corner of the house.  
I shall step among them.  
Deeply, with a look, I shall move my body through ...

And now I'm the spirit of the corner!  
Swimmer among circles  
Dog which has forgotten all houses ...

The black cape of space  
sucks me in,  
I hover in the heat of disinterested fall.

And so on,  
(we could say eternity,  
or absence of eternity,  
which, again, is not only moment)  
until my attention is drawn  
by the bluish shine of a marble.

That was the pain which really disturbed me.

I knew I would swim on.  
Until I place a foot on the Blue planet,  
and until one look  
and one dark corner  
join in a silly dance,  
like a smaller and larger fish  
swallowing each other  
simultaneously.

*Translated by Evald Flisar*

Sada je drugačije:  
Penelopino tkanje moje civilizacije  
obnoć se razvezuje, lako kopni.

Ako su sve riječi kazane,  
sve se, reklo bi se, već dogodilo.  
A to bi bilo strašno:  
kao da je Svijet veliko Kazalište  
u kojem već odavno nema  
nijednog pisca, ni reditelja, ni muzičara.  
Čitav prostor, Scenu, Planetu  
nastanjuju glumci  
(podivljali bez svih Drugih, bez Rukopisa tvorca)  
čitav okean glumaca  
koji beskrajno ponavljaju  
poderotine istih uloga.  
Jednostavno, nema im ko reći  
ni šta da kažu, ni kuda da krenu.

BALŠA BRKOVIĆ

## Babilonska

Sve teže je napisati Pismo.

Izgubljena je nepovratno jasnoća riječi.  
Nekad je svaka pjesma bila bremenita  
jezovitim smislom:  
na jednoj strani su žena i noć,  
a na drugoj smo svjetlost i ja.

Ako su sve riječi bile još u Njegovoj srdžbi,  
onda smo mi oduvijek – umorni.

Ipak, sve širi je rub neizrecivog.  
I sve je teže jesti mrak posljednjeg Ništa  
i bljuvati svjetlost koja sve pretvara u Jest,  
u izvjesnost Jezika.

O, ljupki demoni erudicije!  
Kada je Bog nad Babilonom prosuo jezike  
možda nam je samo  
tvrđu građu dao:  
pa, ne stiže se do Tvorčevog prijestolja  
slaganjem cigala.

## Spleen

Godina brza kao loša vijest  
pa ta histerična pregnuća  
kroz lijepu tjeskobu,  
ne veću od tvoje sandale.  
Flert sa riječima, zatim.

Crnu pelerinu prostora ljudi zovu zlom,  
zaklonjeni zakonima tkiva i  
elegantnih misli ...  
Tamni okean ravnodušja.

Okrenuću se stoga prema  
najtamnijem uglu u kući.  
Tamo sam jednom vidio  
mnoštvo lebdećih klikera mutnog sjaja ...

Onda ću otići dalje,  
prema kuglama sjajnim  
u memljivom ćošku kuće.  
Ući ću među njih.  
Duboko, pogledom, tijelom proći ću ...



I već sam duh ugla!  
plivač među krugovima  
Pas koji je zaboravio sve kuće ...

Crna pelerina prostora  
usisava me,  
lebdim u jari bezinteresnog pada.

I sve tako,  
(moglo bi se reći vječnost,  
ili izostanak vječnosti,  
što, opet, nije samo tren)  
dok plavičasti sajjaj jednog klikera  
nije privukao moju pažnju.

To je bio bol koji odista uzbuđuje.

Znao sam da ću zaplivati i dalje.  
Sve dok ne stupim na Plavu planetu,  
i dok se jedan pogled  
i jedan tamni ugao  
ne zaigraju suludo,  
kao manja i veća riba  
koje jedna drugu  
gutaju istovremeno.