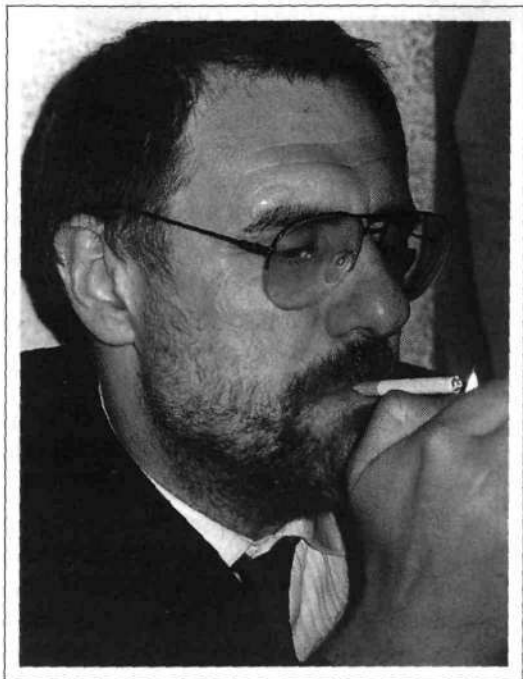


KATUNARIĆ, Dražen



Dražen Katunarić, born in 1954 in Zagreb, is a poet, essayist and prose writer. He graduated in philosophy from the University of Humanities in Strasbourg. His poetry is published by literary magazines in Croatia and abroad. He is editor-in-chief of the literary magazine *Most / The Bridge* and *Europski glasnik / Voice of Europe*. So far he has published fifteen books, among them *Psalms*, 1990, *House of Decadence*, 1992, *Heaven / Earth*, 1993, *Church, Street, The Zoo*, 1994, *Diocletian's Palace*, 1997). He has received several awards, as well as the order of "Chévalier de la Littérature et des Arts", presented by the French Ministry of Culture in 1999.

Dražen Katunarić, rođen 1954 godine u Zagrebu, pjesnik, esejist, prozaik. Diplomirao je filozofiju 1978. godine na Sveučilištu humanističkih znanosti u Strasbourgu. Objavljuje u hrvatskim i inozemnim književnim časopisima. Glavni je urednik časopisa *Most / The Bridge* i *Europski glasnik*. Dosad je objavio petnaest knjiga, pored ostalih *Psalmi*, 1990, *Kuća dekadencije*, 1992, *Nebo / Zemlja*, 1993, *Crkva, ulica, zoološki vrt*, 1994, *Dioklecianova palača*, 1997. Dobitnik je više nagrada. Dodijeljen mu je red "Viteza umjetnosti i književnosti" francuskog Ministarstva kulture (1999).

DRAŽEN KATUNARIĆ

A Rose Certificate

NEVER throw away a rose
whatever
kind
yet
always
a little rose

never throw away a rose
dry
withered
with petals, without petals
darkened
without fragrance
hung depressed ill
closed unclosed

not even a black one

never throw away a rose
love
loved one
beloved
red one

never throw a rose
sin
sin
sin
skip step over

never throw a rose
discovered
found
lost and wound
round a cherry tree

never throw a rose
prickly
and very angry
never throw
an offered one

never throw a rose
because
if you do
burdock will grow
on its
grave

Unloved

You don't know me, my dear, not even when I hold your hand. Caressing your frozen fingers. The waiter caught us at it when he brought us red wine from sheer excitement.

You don't know me, my dear, nor the old woman alone at the table because no one cares for her, except other old women who will come, only later,
later ... to play cards.

Can anyone kiss the way we can, knees touching? The waiter?

Would anyone pity the old women, or want them passionately?
The waiter?

If I spilled red wine on the floor, you would let go of my hand, feeling unloved.

You don't know me, my dear, but maybe even the old women sense that I love you, since they are so lively at cards, and the waiter dances carrying a platter of wine, which means he believes in our love,

only you, you don't believe me, my dear,
you have been unloved for too long, for a very long time.

Psalm About the Infinite

On the island I saw three hundred goats
and thirty billy-goats,
a wonder of sheep,
four thousand bent sheep
and hundreds of lively rams.
Eighty she-asses and ten doleful donkeys
seven hundred thirty five horses,
two galloping, their mules
two hundred and forty-six.
Herd upon herd, limitless.
But not one shepherd.
With a donkey I found myself face to face,
we confronted each other in the darkness of the stable.
After the vision I sang:

I watch your island, God unknown
kneeling
before your work with my eyes
I watch your red earth
the work of your wounded feet
I watch your firm stalks
the work of your fists and nails.
You don't have to be ashamed of anything.
Not of cemeteries, landslides, skeletons,
useless gall-nuts.
Not of barren fig-trees inside a stone enclosure.
Not of cripples made kings.
Not of bones that spring up
from under the soil and sing praise to God.
Not of donkeys who look straight in the eye
alone with people, alone with you.

Translated by Evald Flisar

DRAŽEN KATUNARIĆ

Potvrda o ruži

NIKAD ne odbaci ružu
bilo
kakvu
ali
ipak
ružicu

nikad ne odbaci ružu
osušeno
uvelu
s laticama, bez latica
potamnjelu
bez mirisa
obješenu klonulu bolesnu
zatvorenu i nezatvorenu

čak ni crnu

nikad ne odbaci ružu
ljubav
ljubu
ljuvenu
crvenu

nikad ne baci ružu
griješ
griješ
griješ
preskoči prekorači

nikad ne baci ružu
otkrivenu
nađenu
izgubljenju i spletenu
oko trešnjina stabla

nikad ne baci ružu
trnovitu
i dosta ljutu
nikad ne odbaci
ponuđenu

nikad ne baci ružu
jer
baciš li je
čičak će izrasti
na njezinu
grobiću

Nevoljena

Ti me ne znaš, dušo, i kad te držim za ruku. Milujem po ozeblim prstima. Konobar nas je uhvatio na djelu donijevši crnog vina iz čistog žara.

Ti me ne znaš, dušo, kao ni staricu, samu za stolom jer za nju nitko ne mari, osim drugih starica koje će doći, samo kasnije, kasnije ... na kartanje.

Zar se itko zna poljubiti kao mi, dotaći koljenima? Konobar?

Zar bi itko požalio starice, il strasno poželio ih? Konobar?

Da sam prolio crno vino na pod, ti bi ispustila ruku, oćutjela se nevoljenom.

Ti me ne znaš dušo, a možda i starice slute da te volim, čim kartaju tako živahno, i konobar pleše noseć pladanj vina, znači vjeruje u našu ljubav

samo ti, ti mi ne vjeruješ dušo,
dugo, dugo bila si nevoljena

Psalam o nebrojenom

Na otoku vidjeh tristo koza
i trideset jaraca,
čudo od ovaca,
četiri tisuće pognutih
i na stotine živahnih ovnova.
Osamdeset magarica i deset tužnih magarca
sedam stotina trideset pet konja,
dva u kasu, mazga njihovih
dvije stotine četrdeset i šest.
Stada i stada neizmjerne.
A nijednog pastira.
S magarcem se nađoh licem u lice,
bijasmo suočeni u tami staje.
Nakon viđenja, propjevah:

gledam ti otok, nepoznati Bože
i na koljenima klečim
pred djelom očiju
gledam ti zemlju crvenu
djelo tvojih ranjenih tabana
gledam ti stabla stamena
djelo tvojih šaka i nokata.
Ničega se ne moraš stidjeti.
Ni groblja, odrona, skeleta,
šišarki beskorisnih.
Ni smokve besplodne u kamenjaru.
Ni bogalja zakraljenih.
Ni kostiju što dršću rasute
ispod zemlje i pjevaju hvale Gospodu.
Ni magaraca što gledaju se oči u oči
nasamo s ljudima, nasamo s tobom.