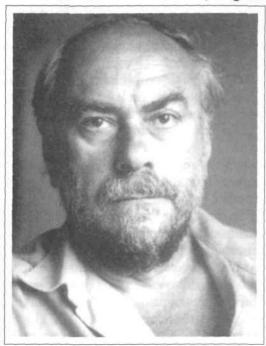
#### GJUZEL, Bogomil



**Bogomil Gjuzel,** born in 1939 in Čačak, is a Macedonian poet, essayist, prose writer, playwright, translator. Poetry collections: *Mead*, 1962, *Alchemical Rose*, 1963, *Peace Bearers*, 1965, *The Well in Time*, 1972, *The Wheel of the Year*, 1977, *Reality is All*, 1980, *Siege*, 1981, *Empty Space*, 1982, *Darkness and Milk*, 1986, *Destroying the Wall*, 1989, *Naked Life*, 1994, *Chaos*, 1998. He lives and works in Skopje.

Bogomil Gjuzel, rođen u Čačku 1939. godine, pjesnik, dramatičar, putopisac, esejist, antologičar i prevoditelj. Zbirke pjesma: Medovina (1962), Alhemiska ruža (1963), Mironosci (1965), Bunar v vremeto (Bunar u vremenu, 1972), Trkalo na godinata (Točak godine, 1977), Stvarnosta e se (Stvarnost je sve, 1980), Opsada (1981), Prazen prostor (Prazan prostor, 1982), Mrak i mleko (1986), Rušejki go sidot (Rušeći zid, 1988), Gol život (Goli život, 1993) i Kaos (1998). Živi i radi u Skoplju.

## **BOGOMIL GJUZEL**

# The End as Renaissance

The circle closing

Who throws you the rope? Time itself, the season for change ... Your own country.

You have stepped into it tied your feet only to swim the Adriatic and sink like a torpedoed hull to the bottom stone-cold drunk

You have organized terrorist cells with safe-houses in your body beginning to explode

You have placed the noose around your neck this perpetual halo that hangs around you now just a matter of time when you will hang suspended above an open pit

### An Island in Land

"... the Republic of Macedonia is a landlocked country ..."

Who claims we have no sea?
Perhaps not now, dabbling at the threshold,
but once we had it roaring past the front porch
until it ran suddenly underground, taking our homes
and some of us as well, while the rest were shipwrecked.

How can we live without it? Pushed farther inland, linked by loss, we breathed it far across the mountain peaks. White, blue, or black – always different, always alike ... and we could touch it.

It's still here, locked in cavernous depths and cellars: its tide bellows in our dreams, drifts us on the shores of the real: its salt is drought, and the skies are bottomless high seas ... Our country is an island left by the one Flood, on land, a glacier caught among rocks softly melting our desires

for the antediluvian Ocean, too many traces left inside us. This torrent, heaving thunders in our veins, finally drinks in our salty blood. We, too, suffer for spilling the blood of brothers.

What else could explain why the sea is so unfit to drink?

Translated by Peter H. Liotta

# To my ex-Yugoslav Friends from FYROM\*

How will we meet again, my friends? Will we recognize ourselves, how we are what we always were?

It startles me, for example, to see your faces in the newspapers and journals that are still available here, with articles

about or by you. How much older you've become in these years, how changed by all the meanwhile, mostly war.

Each of us knows it in a different way. Hiding in a cellar, exposed to some internal opposition. Only time accelerates in space,

fragmenting all our borders. We are bastards in the quarrel's wake among our European stepfathers

in world capitals, as our forefathers were: coteries of tribe, nation, state ... We speak our monologues to God

or to the grave. God, how my own face, grown old, pulls the broken bits together like a magnet. You can't see me,

perhaps – perhaps you never will. We have eternity to catch up with each other and our work.

We'll face each other on the Judgment Day and pluck our eyes in disbelief, drinking at the club named *Who Was Right?* 

<sup>\*</sup>FYROM is an acronym for the "Former Yugoslav Republic of Macedonia."

### **Dead Christ**

After the painting by Hans Holbein Jr., (1522) and the interpretation of Julia Christeva\*

They've just taken him down from the cross: he is a corpse like any other corpse bluish, cold, suddenly grown old, diminished, dried with blackened wounds instead of nails

Perhaps they saw him like that – his mother, Mary Magdalene, his disciples, the future apostles, etc. "How could they believe that he would rise again?" Hypolite asks himself (i.e. Dostoyevski himself in *The Idiot*) "They must've run away in horrible fear ..."

Just as he would've run away
from the cross if he'd known
that he would really die crucified
and forsaken by his Father ("My God, My God, why hast thou
forsaken me?")
that he would be taken down from the cross like a simple corpse

But only the truly dead Christ could rise "from the gruesome abyss of sin and hell" (Calvin) and through the death of his old body could he make room for the eternally new and the communion of the faithful

Though "God is dead, God himself is dead!" (cries Hegel) His sacrifice is the "greatest love" and "final renunciation of the self for the Other" like a "victory over the grave Sheol" and "death of death"

His sacrifice was, actually, a gift to himself out of mercy, and not a punishment and suffering – a reconciliation through individual service to mutual atonement, as is the meaning of the Hebrew "gha'al": "to redeem property and persons from another's ownership"

<sup>\*</sup> Julia Christeva, Black Sun, Svetovi, Novi Sad, 1994.

#### Bogomil Gjuzel

That and such corpse they put in the grave and presumably from there he disappeared the following day but what if he in fact remained inside the grave and was later joined there by his apostles (and by all of us?) as Pascal interpreted it:

"Jesus Christ had no other place to rest on earth but in a grave and only there did his enemies stop torturing him."

That is also the spring which suddenly appears from my mother's grave to quench my future thirst!

Translated by Zoran Ančevski