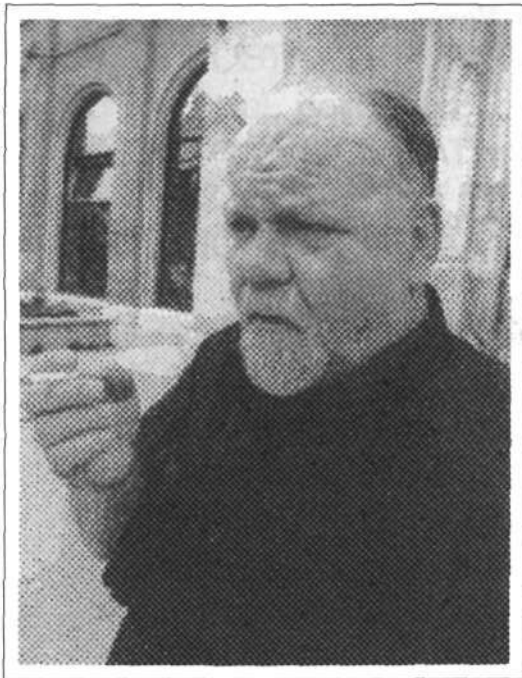


SIDRAN, Abdulah



Abdulah Sidran, born in 1944 in Sarajevo, is a poet, prose writer and author of screenplays. He studied at the Faculty for Arts in Sarajevo and edited journals and magazines for young people. Until the outbreak of war in Bosnia and Herzegovina he worked for Bosnian TV as "leading dramaturg". His best-known collections of poetry are *Chess-base*, 1970, *Bone and Flesh*, 1976, *Sarajevan Collection*, 1979, *Sickness of the Soul*, 1988, and *Sarajevan Open Coffin*, 1993. For his poetry he has received a number of important awards. For the *Sarajevan Open Coffin* he was awarded the exceptional Freedom Prize by the French P.E.N. Centre (previous winners were Solzhenitsyn, Saharov, Havel). Abdulah Sidran is one of the most important names in ex-Yugoslav cinematography (he is the author of screenplays for *Do you Remember Dolly Bell?* and *Father is Away on a Business Trip*, both directed by Emir Kusturica, and many others). He is a member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and lives in Sarajevo.

Abdulah Sidran, rođen u Sarajevu 1944. godine, pjesnik, prozaik i filmski scenarist, pohađao Filozofski fakultet u Sarajevu i uređivao omladinske listove i časopise. Do početka rata u Bosni i Hercegovini bio zaposlen na TV BiH kao "vodeći dramaturg". Važniji pjesnički naslovi: *Šahbaza*, 1970, *Kost i meso*, 1976, *Sarajevska zbirka*, 1979, *Bolest od duše*, 1988, *Sarajevski tabut*, 1993. Za svoje pjesničke knjige nagrađivan najznačajnijim književnim priznanjima. Njegova knjiga *Sarajevski tabut* nagrađena je izuzetnim priznanjem, "Nagradom slobode", francuskog PEN – centra (prethodni laureati Solženjicin, Saharov, Havel). Jedan je od najznačajnijih filmskih autora (scenarista) u eks-jugoslavenskoj kinematografiji (*Sjećaš li se Doli Bell*, *Otac na službenom putu*, itd.). Član je Akademije nauka i umjetnosti Bosne i Hercegovine. Živi u Sarajevu.

ABDULAH SIDRAN

Why Venice Sinks

To Peter Weir

I look at the sky above Venice.
Nothing has changed for the last
seven billion years. Above, there is God. He
created the Universe, and in this Universe seven billion
worlds, in each world countless peoples, a multitude
of languages, and one, only one – Venice.

Nations he created different, whispering into their ears: "Now
get to know each other." He gave them many languages
to learn from one another, to know each other through them,
and this has made everybody richer and better. Venice he gave us,
like the birds and the fish, so that people and nations would believe
in Him – marvelling at His works.

I look at the sky above Venice. Above, and everywhere,
there is – God. One and only. Who created the Universe, seven
billion worlds in the Universe, in each world many
nations and languages, and one Venice. And one little
nation, in one of the worlds, on a piece of land called
Europe, in the flame of Southern Slavs. Here there is Border.
Bosnia, Bosnia, Bosnia. They touch you, and beat you, Eastern
cross and Western cross, born from one Cross. But the Bosnian
nation is gentle. That's why it accepts the hand of the Third
Faith: in One God, Who is not born, nor has given birth,
yet is the Master of the worlds and the Ruler of Judgment Day.

I look at the sky above Venice. Earthly
masters have decided that the Bosnian nation – does not exist.
Venice sinks. Europe sinks. The cradle sinks, and
with it the baby. Continents sink. The rose in a vase
made of *murano* glass sinks. Murano sinks. The hotel room sinks,
and *The Society of Dead Poets*. Why shouldn't there be
in the world the Bosnian nation? Among colours -
one colour, among smells – one smell less?
Why shouldn't there be in the world – this Venice?
Among many wonders – one wonder less?

I look at the sky, above the Earthly world.
One star, in a long arc, is vanishing into the fathomless
Universe. As if falling into the middle of Canal Grande.
The Earthly world, one of the seven billion cosmic
worlds, wants to remain poorer for one whole
nation. Such is the will of earthly masters.
In the Universe, then, one star is falling. That is why
Venice sinks. The Universe will be poorer – for one
whole world. Such is the will of the Masters of the worlds.
Such is the will of the Ruler of Judgement Day.

(Venice/Sarajevo, August/September 1993)

Translated by Evald Flisar

Planet Sarajevo

*(an accompaniment to Schubert string quartet
"Death and the Maiden")*

Listen
to the breathing
of Planet Sarajevo

Listen
to the Girl crying:
"Death, don't take me along!"

How many times have we
whispered
in tears
our ardent prayers for peace?

But Death cares not for the girl's
tears,
Death cares not for the human
prayers.

Listen
to the breathing
of Planet Sarajevo

Observe
how full of bloom
Planet Sarajevo is.

Can you hear
the blood
rushing inexorably through its veins?

People go –
to have their teeth filled.

People go –
to take children for a haircut.

People go –
and buy newspapers.

The one over there
breeds pigeons!

This one, here,
cannot live
without crossword puzzles.

See
how people move along
carried away with work!

See how all of them
have aged overnight!
What has made them, all of them,
suddenly – so beautiful?

On Planet Sarajevo
I saw a man –
smoking a pipe – and rushing by! ...

On Planet Sarajevo
I saw a man
eating – and crying!

I saw a little girl,
on Planet Sarajevo,
in the park which was not
picking flowers which were – not!

Death is a thorough reaper,
in vain the girl's tears,
in vain every
prayer for peace!

In the universe
– it's name is Bosnia –
a little girl,

with the hand she has not,
picking the flowers which are not!

This is not war
– in a war, there are flowers everywhere –
this is the Struggle from the Beginning
of Time!

In it, two principles are fighting
– from the Beginning of Time
to the Judgement Day –
the principle of Good
and the principle of Evil!

Let there never be an end
to the struggle between Good and Evil!
Should Good
disappear from this Earth

Should the Girl
kiss the hand
of Death the Reaper?

Don't you hear her crying:
"Death, please don't take me along!"?

Don't cry, my girl,
don't cry, my beautiful daughter!

Never, never
will there be an end
to the struggle between Good and Evil.

(Sarajevo, 1 February 1994)

Translated by Bill Tribe

ABDULAH SIDRAN

Zašto tone Venecija

Piteru Viru

Gledam u nebo iznad Venecije.
Ništa se promijenilo nije, posljednjih
sedam milijardi godina. Gore, ima Bog. On
stvorio je Svemir, u Svemiru sedam milijardi
svjetova, u svakom svijetu bezbroj naroda, mnoštvo
jezika, i po jednu, jednu – Veneciju.

Narode stvorio različitim, na uho im šapnuo: “Sada
upoznajite jedni druge.” Sijaset jezika dao, da ih uče,
jedni od drugih, kroz jezike da se upoznaju, i svi,
od toga – bivaju bogatiji, i bolji. Veneciju dao, kao
ticu i ribu što je dao, da ljudi i narodi vjeruju
u Njega – čudeći se Njegovim djelima.

Gledam u nebo iznad Venecije. Gore, i posvuda,
jeste – Bog. Jedan. Što stvorio je Svemir, sedam
milijardi svjetova u Svemiru, u svakom svijetu puno
jezika i naroda, i po jednu Veneciju. I jedan malehni
narod dao, u jednome svijetu, na kopnu što ga zovu
Evropom, u plamenu Južnih Slavena. Tu je Granica.
Bosna. Bosna. Bosna. Dodiruju se tu, i tuku, Istočni
križ i Zapadni križ, od jednog Križa nastali. A
bošnjački narod je pitom. Zato prihvati ruku Treće
Vjere: u Jednog Boga, Koji nije rođen, niti je rodio,
a Gospodar je svjetova, i Vladar Sudnjega Dana.

Gledam u nebo iznad Venecije. Zemaljski su
gospodari namjerili da bošnjačkog naroda – nema.
Venecija tone. Evropa tone. Tone kolijevka, i dijete
u kolijevci tone. Tonu kontinenti. Tone ruža u vazni
od stakla *murano*. Tone Murano. Hotelska soba tone
i *Društvo mrtvih pjesnika* tone. Zašto ne treba
na svijetu da ima naroda bošnjačkog? Među bojama
– jedna boja, među mirisima – jedan miris manje?
Zašto ne treba svijetu da ima – ova Venecija?
Među čudima – jedno čudo manje?

Gledam u nebo, iznad Zemaljskog svijeta.
Jedna se zvijezda, u dugome luku, ruši u bezdan
Svemira. Kao da pade – posred Kanala Grande.
Zemaljski svijet, među sedam milijardi vasijskih
svjetova, hoće da ostane siromašniji za cio jedan
narod. Takva je volja zemaljskih gospodara.
U Svemiru, tada, jedna zvijezda pada. Zato tone
Venecija. Svemir bude siromašniji – za cio
jedan svijet. Takva je volja Gospodara svjetova.
Takva je volja Vladara Sudnjega Dana.

(Venecija/Sarajevo, avgust/septembar 1993.)

Planeta Sarajevo

*(Uz Šubertov gudački kvartet
"Smrt i djevojka")*

Poslušajte
kako diše
Planeta – Sarajevo.

Poslušajte
kako plače Djevojka:
"Smrti, nemoj me uzeti!"

Koliko smo puta
plačući
kazivali
naše žarke molitve za mir?

Ne haje Smrt za djevojačkom suzom,
ne haje Smrt za ljudskom molitvom.

Poslušajte
kako diše
Planeta Sarajevo.

Pogledajte
kako cvate
Planeta Sarajevo!

Čujete li
kako njenim žilama
krv neumitno kola?

Ljudi, eno, idu –
popravljaju zube.

Ljudi, eno, idu –
djecu vode na šišanje.

Enu, ljudi idu –
kupuju novine.

Onaj, vidi,
uzgaja golubove!

Onaj, pogledaj
ne može da živi –
bez ukrštenih riječi.

Vidi
kako ljudi idu
zaneseni poslom!

Kako su samo
prekonoć ostarjeli!
Od čeg su se, tako naglo,
svi od reda – proljepšali?

Na Planeti Sarajevo,
vidio sam čovjeka –
puši lulu – i žuri!

Vidio sam,
na Planeti Sarajevo,
jedan čovjek jede – i plače!

Vidio sam djevojčicu,
na Planeti Sarajevo,
u parku kojeg nema, bere cvijeće kojeg – nema!

Nije ovo rat
– u ratu, posvuda, ima cvijeća –
– ovo je Borba od Iskona!
U njoj se biju dva načela
– od Iskona
do Sudnjeg dana –
načelo Dobra
i načelo Zla!

Neka nikad ne prestane
između Zla i Dobra borba!

Zar da nestane
sa Svijeta Dobro?

Zar da Djevojka
u ruku ljubi
Kosca Smrtonosca?

Čujete li kako plače:
“Smrti, nemoj me uzeti”?

Ne plači, djevojko,
ne drhti, kćeri lijepa!

Nikad i nikad
prestati neće
između Zla i Dobra borba.

(Sarajevo, 01. 02. 1994)