

LAZIĆ, Radmila



Radmila Lazić, born in 1949 in Kruševac, Serbia, lives in Belgrade. She has published the following collections of poetry: *This is it*, 1974, *The Real State of Affairs*, 1978, *Dividing the Roles*, 1981, *History of Melancholy*, 1993, and *Stories and Other Poems*, 1998. For *Dividing the Roles* she received the UKS "Milan Rakić" Award. She compiled and edited an anthology of contemporary women's poetry *Cats don't go to Heaven*, 2000. Together with Biljana Jovanović, Rada Iveković and Maruša Krese she published a book of anti-war writing *The Wind Goes South and Turns back North*. She founded and edited a journal for women's literature Profemina.

Radmila Lazić, rođena 1949. godine u Kruševcu, živi u Beogradu. Objavila zbirke pjesama: *To je to*, 1974, *Pravo stanje stvari*, 1978, *Podela uloga*, 1981, *Noćni razgovori*, 1986, *Istorija melanholijske*, 1993, *Priče i druge pesme*, 1998. Za zbirku *Podela uloga* dobila nagradu UKS "Milan Rakić". Autorka je antologije savremene ženske poezije *Mačke ne idu u raj*, 2000. Zajedno sa Biljanom Jovanović, Radom Iveković i Marušom Krese objavila knjigu antiratne prepiske *Vjetar ide na jug i obrće se na sjever*. Pokrenula i uređivala časopis za žensku književnost Profemina.

RADMILA LAZIĆ

“I am to blame”

When they ask me: Who is to blame?

My answer is: I am – Dubravka Ugrešić

I did not set myself alight
I did not burn like a Christmas tree
I did not die of sorrow
I did not die suddenly
I did not get incurably ill
I did not kill a president
I did nothing radical
Nothing final
Nothing for the front page
Nothing to be remembered by future generations

Friends don't pat me on the shoulder
strangers and acquaintances don't express condolences
Nor do they decorate me with laurels
Nor am I crucified
By my own kind or those others.

My house was neither bombed
Nor occupied by a stranger
I did not pack and unpack suitcases
I did not stand in line for a visa
Nor spend day and night in the cellar.
I was neither in a concentration camp nor a refugee
I did not run not knowing where –
Coincidence has eluded me

I wasn't aiming a gun nor was I aimed at
I was not freeing – conquering towns – villages
I did not use witchcraft
I did not scatter wise words
I did not write patriotic songs
I did not give birth to a hero
My contribution to history – null!

I have nothing to say in my defence.

Metaphysics of Twilight

It is too late to teach my heart anything.
I know too well the alphabet of suffering. I test things along
the way.
Life knows more than Sybil.

Time stands still. What bliss is on the way?
Reality resembles a moth-eaten jumper –
These are lines of a poem.
Even so, life limps like some poor girl
Whose desire is to marry well
In spite of memory scars in her heart –
Biography of fire and water.
These are the useless and unfortunate stocks
That one takes on a long and uncertain journey
Which is our personal homeland
On which everyone's foot steps like a boot.

Each suffering is older than Cain,
Including this one which has come like
a distant relative for three days, but stayed on,
made itself comfortable, filled every corner.
And not a word about leaving!

The time of miracles has passed.
The time of building castles,
Earthly and unearthly gardens
From school-books and poems.
The so-called luck of the Greeks awaits us
In a place we shall never reach.

So water the flowers and the heart
From the same jug, if you can in some way.
Time doesn't dry out,
Nor does it does fly, as they say.
Time eats its own images like its own children.

Know that you won't be helped
By pulling a duvet over your head
Not even if you find a dear body waiting under it.
Nor by sticking wax in your ears.
The Siren song will be part of your howling.

Those who are born lucky and less lucky
Die before the death of their bodies,
Wearing their own faces like clothes not their own,
Like figures in the paintings by Hieronymus Bosch.

He who wrote the sky, earth, the sea,
And especially snow and dreams,
Phases of the Moon, colours of leaves, our faces
Seems far away and cold like the North Pole.

Call this neither nihilism nor sacrilege.
Wrong syntax, bad diction
Faulty creation of the world –
So many bones of contention have been thrown among us
That one is sure to end up in front of your feet.
Perhaps even when you have gathered your harvest,
Balanced your accounts.
When you have thrown your arms in the air
Forcing upward smoke rings and dreams.

Your desires will be dead-born.
Widowed will be every hope.
And not enough love to spread on a slice of bread.

Translated by Evald Flisar

RADMILA LAZIĆ

»Kriva sam«

Kada me pitaju: Tko je kriv?

Odgovaram: ja sam – Dubravka Ugrešić

Nisam se spalila
Nisam gorela kao badnje drvce
Nisam presvisla
Nisam naprasno umrla
Nisam obolela od neizlečive
Nisam ubila Predsednika
Nisam učinila ništa radikalno
Ništa konačno
Ništa za naslovnu stranu
Ni za pamćenje pokolenjima.

Ne tapšu me po remenu prijatelji
Ne izražavaju sućut znani i neznani
Niti me kite lovorom
Niti me stavljaju na krst
Domaći – tuđi.

Na moju kuću nije pala bomba
Niti se u nju uselio nepoznati
Nisam pakovala raspakivala kofere
Nisam stajala u red za vizu
Ni dan-noć u podrumu.
Nisam bila u logoru ni u zbegu
Nisam bežala glavom bez obzira –
Mimoišao me slučaj

Nisam nišaniła ni bila na nišanu
Nisam oslobađala osvajala gradove – sela
Nisam bajala
Nisam sejala pamet
Nisam pisala patriotske
Nisam rodila junaka
Moj prilog istorijski – ništavan!

U svoju odbranu nemam šta da kažem.