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Poems by Marko Pogačar
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Predmet (Izgubljen, U Svom Preteškom Tekstu)

Sjedi za svojim stolom,
stišće šalicu (najmanju šalu)
čaja, prinosi je ustima, pije
i piše neprevodivo.

bez njega, cijelom dužinom,
kroz prozor bi pržilo sunce—
ovako bljesak, božji nišan,
korača njegovim pročeljem,
spuštenim čelom. bez njega riječi
ne odrvenjuju:

putuju između tijela i vremena
u snažno nigdje. proces je dug.
značenje zamorno. on sjedi za svojim
stolom, podiže šalicu, pije;

i to se pismo odmata kao predugi
pseći jezik, njega opsjeda misao
o usjevima. iz slova,
tamnog pregiba grada, glasovi izviru,
uspinju se, silaze i dugo šapuću: sjemenke

u nama nadite svoju zemlju.

An Object (Lost, in Its Complex Text)

He sits at his desk,
clutching a mug (the countenance)
of tea, brings it to his lips, drinks
and writes untranslatable verse.

without him, the sun would be frying
the entire stretch of the window—
this way its flash, god's gunpoint,
slowly strides along his front,
lowered forehead. without him words
remain rootless:

they travel between the body and time
into a strong nowhere. the process is long.
the meaning tiresome. he sits at his
desk, lifts the mug, drinks;

and that text unrolls like a long
tongue of a dog, haunted by a thought
about crops. from letters,
the dark fold of the city, rise voices,
they lift, descend and slowly whisper: good seeds

seek the rich soil inside him.



Susjedima (Moje Meso Je Jutros Spuštena Zastava)

Med se topi u čaju, potpuno, za razliku od mene u tebi
i tebe u ozbiljnoj glazbi,

predugi telefonski pozivi, nikada mjesta kad trebaš
slobodan stol, uvijek pokvareni liftovi,

stepenice razmotane u beskonačnost, kao razgovor o politici,
i baš kada netko primijeti da se totalitarizam i demokracija

razlikuju samo u brojevnom sustavu
nestane slike i sve nanovo počinje: glasovi cure iz zidova,

potpuno bestjelesni, večer se spušta na dlanove, kao rudar
u jamu, ipak, cipele ostavljene

pred vratima dokazuju da postoje živi. ali što znači živjeti,
dok zima dolazi kotrljajući se kao hladni dah iz mog grla,

i svija gnijezdo u tamnom alfabetu; svi ti užurbani nepoznati
ljudi s poznatim imenom, popodne prelomljeno na dvoje, kao Koreja,

čaj u kojem je med već do kraja otopljen, nerazdvojivo,
i ta viskozna otopina je ljubav; kako stići do tebe; kako te dohvatiti?

To Neighbors (This Morning My Flesh Is a Half-Staff Flag)

Honey melts in tea, completely, unlike me in you
and you in classical music,

overly long phone calls, never a table when you need one
perpetually broken elevators,

steps unfolded into eternity, like a conversation about politics,
and when someone notices that totalitarianism and democracy

differ only in numbers
the picture disappears and all starts anew: voices drip from walls,

bodiless, and the night descends onto the palms, like a miner
into a drill-hole, still, the shoes left

by the door prove the living exist. but what does it mean to live,
while the winter arrives rolling like a cold breath out of my throat,

and builds a nest in a dark alphabet; all those strangers with familiar
names, rushing, an afternoon broken in two, like Korea,

the tea in which honey has already melted, inseparably,
and that viscous liquid is love; how do I get to you; how do I reach you?



Lijepo Je

Lijepo je disati proljetni zrak na Soči
i pri tom ne biti mamuran.
upijati kapljice s izvora i onda u njima teći.
lijepo je dobro se osjećati. imati snage
za bilo kakav oblik vjere koja ne naudi drugome,
dakle, ne imati.
također je lijepo živjeti u Bosutskoj
i vjerovati da ona postoji.
svakog jutra ući u trgovinu i kupiti kruh, jesti ga
nad novinama koje si našao u pošti.
lijepo je kad te pošta pronalazi i kad ti možeš pronaći poštu.
pronalaženje je, općenito, lijepo.
pronaći poznato lice kada prolaziš pored stadiona
ili lošeg sveučilišta. podsmijeh je lijep.
lijepo je pronaći točku.
nož za mazanje koji si odavno izgubio i sad je svilen.
bataljun paradnih anđela spušta željezne uši
i to već graniči sa strašnim. sve graniči sa strašnim,
i to je također lijepo.
odlijepiti žvakaću s donja lagane cipele, zlo koje ti
poremeti ravnotežu i objasni gravitaciju.
Newton je lijep. Brodski je lijep.
barikade su srce umjetnosti i to je nepotkupivo.
kad svira savršen punk kad se ugleda Anna Karina kad se
pomračí mjesec kad se podignu zastave kad se
razdijeli mrtvo more. šetati je lijepo. utopiti se.
što je za mene lijepo za druge je opasno.
teško disati jer je zrak zasićen borovima. govoriti hrvatski.
klizati. također vrijedi i obrnuto.
lijepi su prozori koje možeš otvoriti
i kroz njih dotaknuti oblake. Mosor je lijep.
lijepo je hodati, penjati se i vjerovati u vrh, znati
koje je godine završio rat kada je dan oslobođenja poštovati
dan žena majčin dan voljeti ljubičice,

It's Lovely

It's lovely breathing the spring air at the Isonzo
and not be hungover.
absorbing the water drops and flowing inside them.
it's lovely to feel good. to have strength
for any form of faith that doesn't hurt another,
so, to not have.
it's also lovely to live at the Bosutska Street
and to believe it exists.
to go to the bakery every morning, to eat bread
over newspapers found in your mailbox.
it's lovely when mail finds you and when you can find mail.
finding, in general, is lovely.
to find a familiar face when you pass by the stadium
or a second-rate university. ridicule is lovely.
it's lovely to find a full stop.
a spreading knife which you lost long ago and now is silky.
a battalion of flaunting angels is lowering their iron ears
and that borders with horror. everything borders with horror.
and that's lovely, too.
to remove gum from the sole of a light shoe, the evil that
disturbs your balance and explains gravity.
Newton is lovely. Brodsky is lovely.
barricades are the heart of art and that's unbribable.
when perfect punk plays when Anna Karina's seen when
the moon is eclipsed when the flag is raised when
the Dead Sea parts. walking is lovely. drowning.
what's lovely for me is dangerous for another.
difficulty breathing in air filled with pine trees. speaking Croatian.
skating. the opposite is, as well, true.
windows that you can open and touch the clouds through
are lovely. Mosor is lovely, too.
it's lovely to walk, to climb, to have faith in the peak, to know
what year the war ended when is the liberation day respecting
the Women's Day Mother's Day loving violets,



skidati se. padati. biti siguran da padaš, a onda se prenuti.
buditi se. rezati. ispucavati nepotrebno duge rafale tvog imena,
biti sustavno tragičan.

undressing. falling. being sure you're falling, and getting startled.
waking up. cutting. firing unnecessarily long rounds of your name,
being systematically tragic.



Every Woman Adores A Fascist (Snenim Kućanicama)

Žarulje, kugle svjetla na nebu umjesto sunca. jednog dana
od gledanja gore tek tako oslijepiš.

više ne vidiš zidove. prašina odluči spustiti
mrtvu koloniju na tvoje lice. ali ni ono što izgleda živo

uglavnom to više nije, nešto je umrlo između očiju,
to više nisi ti koja govoriš. špageti vriju u loncu. pobuna

mlohavih cijevi, bezbrojnih, opasnih šparoga. prihvaćaš igru:
ležiš na linoleumu kao u tamnoj tjemenoj rijeci,

iščekujući njegov povratak. kad uđe zidovi zadrhte.
voli te kao osjećaj sitosti, kao stegu. disciplinirano i oštro.

voli te kao radio. pjena iz lonca uspuže na tvoje nečujne usne.
noć izađe iz kože popodneva, uleti kao leptir u sobu, uvuče se

pod tepih zajedno s prstima. žarulje spremno napuste nebo.
nešto je u tebi rođeno, ali nikada neće živjeti, puna si vremena

a vrijeme odbija biti prepuno tebe: nema očiju za plakanje, kosa
odlazi s tjemena, ljubav se zbiva u predsoblju, takve su posljedice.

Every Woman Adores A Fascist (To Dreamy Housewives)

Lightbulbs, instead of the sun these heavenly spheres of light. one day
you go blind from looking up.

you no longer see the walls. the dust decides to lower
its dead colony on your face. but even what looks alive

generally isn't, something died between eyes,
that's no longer you talking. the spaghetti are on the stove. the riot

of limp pipes, countless, dangerous asparagus. you accept the game:
you lay on the linoleum like in the dark scalp of a river,

waiting for his return. when he arrives the walls quiver.
he loves you like a sense of satiety, like a discipline. strictly and sternly.

loves you like he loves radio. the foam from the pot creeps onto your silent lips.
the night steps out of the afternoon skin, flies into the room like a butterfly, draws

under the rug together with fingers. lightbulbs readily leave the sky.
something is born inside you, but will never live, you're full of time

and time rejects being filled with you: there're no eyes for crying, hair
leaves the scalp, love happens in the hallway, such are consequences.

