


Johanna
Venho

**Ovdje je
svjetlo**

Zagreb, 2020.





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S finskoga preveo
Boris Vidović

* * *

Ovdje je Svjetlo, obilazi otočje:
ide obalom nalik na čipku, rub
palačinki koje se peku. Ovdje je Svjetlo,
to prozirno dijete, rubovi mu rasparani,
kreće na put, napuhan čamac, brodić koji se uzda u vjetar.
Uopće nije svjesno. Zamišljeno
kuša zelene alge s kamenja uz obalu,
pere zube slanom vodom. Svjetlo hoda
kroz vodu do koljena, trska mu bocka bedra,
a kod mulića počinje kvrgava grda kaša,
tu zirka, to dijete prozirno, prozorno,
lakše ga je tumačiti no ogledalo ili rukopis,
gleda sve dalje, vuče ga viša sila,
matica? vjetar morski? možda se spotiče
o spoznaju, *htjedoh se samo malo smočiti*, što nam se događa?

* * *

Zemlja danas zvuči promuklo. Zemlju bole leđa
i curi joj nos, Svjetlo se na to ne obazire, takva su djeca,
ne želi slušati o zemljinim nevoljama, samo skače, stoji
pa skače. — Što će nam se dogoditi? Može li se odustati,
prestati rasti? Jednog se proljeća zelenilo neće
rasplamtjeti, u Svjetlo se sve zapisuje
Svjetlo je čisto, tako slađašno, bere
ivančicu, promatra očima nalik na borovnice.
Baš je moralo zagaziti u močvaru, izvlačiti se
na svjetlost dana, sve mu je veći trag.
Naprijed! Pucaj! Je li se zemlja umorila, popušta li
pod koracima? Svjetlo vjeruje da čini što može,
ne plaši se, premda se sve zlo svijeta
sruči na djecu, Svjetlo skakuće poput skakavca,
Svjetlo krivuda unatraske, pa se prekobicne,
Svjetlo ne sluša upozorenje, đurđicu,
ždralicu, usta močvare krekeću i zijevaju.

* * *

Treba samo odvezati uže. Olabaviti špagu,
Svjetlo ulazi u tresetište a zemlja je vlažna
cijele godine, oči su mu zamagljene dimom, pluća
puna pepela, mišjakinja, čestoslavica.
Aji-paji, spava milo moje, kilometrima se obala
žari i gori, Svjetlo ima svoje pravo
i društvenu potporu, ono je mali plamičak.
Od jutra do mraka pod vedrim sam nebom
grabila žlicom pijesak, vjetar je tjerao ovce,
grane su plesale na vjetru, od jutra do mraka
zibala sam zipku, igrala se, uz žalosnu vrbu.
Daj još užeta, crnoga, bijeloga,
obala je tamo dalje gola, spaljena,
tamo se mora zaputiti Svjetlo, to mu je jedini put,
jedina mogućnost. Tamo će krenuti, sigurno
kao što živi, uz moć zajednice, zajedničku žudnju,
jednom smo je ubrali, tu krhku lineju,
čučali smo u mahovini, sjećaš li se, Svjetlo,
kako je omekšala u džepu i satrla se.

* * *

Kad smo na rubu neshvatljivog
ne zbori se logično, zbori se
bistro poput vode u bunaru. Svjetlo mrmlja,
brzjavlja. Kažem mu: po mahovini
se može šetati, sanjariti, svratiti u kuću
i ostarjeti, postati nježan.
Od crnog i bijelog ispletено uže,
koliko možeš izdržati a da ti ne slomi šiju.
Ruke Svjetla obavijaju mi se oko vrata,
usta mi stavlja na uho, trnovita ruža se raspukne,
rascvjeta, na livadi je izmaglica, neka prastara žena bere
sedam cvjetova, da ostare, da omekšaju.
Od crnog i bijelog ispletено uže, ispletен
vijenac, okreni me, da poletim, skoro će se sve potrošiti.
Svjetlo mi tjera suze na oči,
cvijet se osvježuje u bunarskoj vodi, hladnoj,
iz dubine; ljubavi, djeca, još samo na tren,
gurni me malo, nina-nana, nina-nana,
na rubu bunara, drži mi se oko vrata.

* * *

Kada bih samo znala! — Pa odrasli to moraju znati.
Uzimam odgovor s klina, oblačim ga, taj teški kaput.
Tuda hodamo očišćenim putem jutrom na posao, s
posla u dućan, iz dućana kući. Uz kaput pristaju šubara
i čvrste čizme. Kada bih samo znala, sa svojom bolnom
ljubavi hodam po susnježici: ako me pitaš, otići ću bilo
kamo, nikamo ne idem premda vlakovi voze, hodam po
susnježici i vodim Svjetlo, ono zastaje, umorno je. Snijeg
s granja pada na zemlju, isti zvuk kao kad umre čovjek,
moraš stalno govoriti glasom koji ti stane pod jezik, koji je
dobar za bolno srce, njime trebaš dozivati ljubav, ponekad
ti se to dogodi, gola ti ruka dotakne ruku u gužvi, daj još! i
gle čuda, ruka daje i daje.

* * *

Ovdje je Svjetlo, još uvijek je ovdje i govori svojim jezikom, nosim ga i ono je čisti sjaj, nosim ga premda nisam drvo, sasvim sam bez korijenja, stojim pod jaskom i gledam u daljinu. Hajde da se prekobicnemo, ostavit ćemo one zloguke u njihovoj prljavoj vodi. Te ptice blatnjavih krila, premda ih Svjetlo žali. Ja se okrećem, okrećem na drugu stranu, tamo se budi zora! Svjetlo se širi, rasipa, uvlači. Pupa, niče, otvara se. Jedne noći munja propara crnilo, ulica po ulica u gradu sve je tvrđa, nosim Svjetlo korak po korak. Tako se ne živi u ovom svijetu, a ako se živi, o tome se ne priča.

* * *

Ples. Ovdje je pjesma. Plač je pjesma, suze koje cure iz očiju bolnih od luči. Smijeh, kad duboko zvoni, prede, i nije ti hladno. Pruži ruku i uzmi jabuku, zgrabi, uzmi ova pisma u kojima smo dirljivi onako kako su ljudi uvijek dirljivi jedni drugima: sežu jedni prema drugima, začuđeni, plaše se da ih se ne povrijedi, umataju sitne darove u trgovački papir, daju, daju. — *I hope you like the little ones!* Sve je tu, staklenka džema od malina, ja sam ih ubrala, ja sam skuhalo džem, sporim pismenima poruka iscertana na karti: ubrala sam maline u šumi, pored jezerca, kad je pala noć, jezerce je osvijetlilo šumu.

Bez karte (ulomci)

Poprskana je tu i tamo.
Satkana od sna i vode koji
klize niz prste poput nekih
rijetkih stvari, i preduvjet
su života.

Ili, ona je krv,
bolne kosti, meso s krumpirima.

Malo je trenutaka kada se kockice
poslože, jednom u tramvaju,
u ljetno jutro, nakon probdjevene noći —

Ti trenuci umiru kad ih se uhvati:
poput repa guštera ostanu na vreloom kamenu
i smežuraju se. Guštera to boli,
raste mu novi, krije se.

* * *

I opet utonula u rupu usta oči pune gline
svi otvori začepljeni
ne kopraš se, čovjek bi pomislio da si mrtva

ali dižući se u zrak
svijetli šumoviti vjetar suši glinu i rupu
po rupu propuhuje najbolje pjesme

* * *

Ono što zoveš srećom
 (nevidljivu, migoljeću peraju
 u svojoj utrobi)
otrgnuli su ti poput osušenoga uda.
Ovješene vreće mesa. Nepotrebne zalihe sjemena.

Reski glas neba. Nikada nisam čula
da netko pjeva tako čiste
krhotine poput dijamanata,
kroz svodove i naslikane zvijezde
 zvoni odrezana cesta
 poput frule, otvorene s obje strane

* * *

N. je ostavila poruku na stolu:

“Nemam ja više
strpljenja drevnih pisara, ni
bezuvjjetnosti vještica; između laži i lomače
nije teško odabrati.

Magla liže
trunke s očnih jabučica poput stare iscjeliteljice.

Tek kad se smrači odlazim u šumu
kad se teren poravna.
Čemu znati
o koji ćeš se korijen spotaknuti.

* * *

(most)

Visoko se most nadvija
cjelovit naspram svjetla,
pokazujući:
tuda sam išao.
Poslušajte, išao sam
duž glatkih stabala,
gledajući mjesec, oblake,
rub neba.
Sve je sređeno
knjige u garsonijeri
krovovi grada
razgovori u kavanama
latice ruže u šalici.
Glatke ruke umočene u ulje,
bez žuljeva na dlanovima, blata u ranama,
bez paprenih suza
grobarskog posla na mjesečini.

Dijete ne vjeruje:
ne umijem ja to.
Ne mogu se uvući.
Ranije sam mogla, kažem,
bila sam mršava, hodala tihim mostom.

Neću reći kako sam pobjegla: raširila sam se
po ruševnim kućama i ranžirnim kolodvorima,
po podu s krhotinama u stražnjim prostorijama
po noćnim šumskim proplancima
kako sam se stropoštala
čim sam otvorila usta
i zaboravila korake,
kad me mornar povukao za gležanj
omotao me peckavi mrijesnjak,
a voda je bila močvarna i smeđa,
ispunila mi oči kad sam uronila.
Neću reći, ni to neću reći
kako su se papiri umrljali
i pjesma najednom zafalšala,
iznutra je briznula
tamna krv, odavna znana.

Lijep je, lijep je most, kaže dijete,
svija se u lûku: struk balerine,
lûk mramornog gležnja,
bijel bjelcat, klasičan,
stilski čist.
Lijep je, baš je lijep,
preko mosta se prelazi
suhih nogu preko rijeke,
kažem mu, podučavam ga.

* * *

(stazom!)

1.

Skijala sam pod slavlukom granja
u šumu, na stazu
i doviknula ti daleko odostraga:
sad mi je jasno! Penelopa je rodila!
Junačko putovanje davno je prošlo,
skok u nepoznato, posjet podzemlju,
čudo i pobjeda nad samom sobom –
Odiseju, morao si žuriti.
Padam ispružena u snježni nanos,
skija mi zapinje o granu,
negdje daleko slobodan skijaš brdom,
daleko se kotrljaju natovareni kamioni,
dan za danom tkam sukno,
snijeg potiho prhuta i prekriva me.

Skijaškim štapom sam povukla po površini
čarobnog jezera, slomila sinoćnji led
i tu oslikane odraze,
boje kojima sam se htjela prikriti.
Izvor je zbrkani kaleidoskop
u njemu komadići zvone, na dnu leže

znanje i istina: siva i zlatna nit,
treba ih smotati u klupko i baciti,
satkati dugu uzicu za zmaj.

Prstom sam dotakla prašinu na zidu,
ruke su mi umrljane žitkom glinom i masnim kaolinom,
daj mi još malo vremena da stignem mijesiti,
stare se mudre žene
ponekad okrenu na čudnu stranu,
na glavama im bijele kapice,
skupljaju komadiće porculana:
sreća je kad se ljudima može priuštiti zadovoljstvo.

Noću sam budna i vidim
kraj staze: snijeg se topi
i djeca skakuću po blatu bosih nogu,
kao u svraka, lopatice su im oštre,
kosa od svilenog svjetla poput tek rođenog sunca.
Danju pravimo dalekozore od rola toaletnog papira
izvoli, pomoću njih vidi se istina,
ali nemoj se prepasti, ćelava je i
gola, ne predstavlja ništa
tek kad je baciš u stroj
da se zavrti i smrska među kotačima,
ono što ostane daj gladnima, neka jedu.

Nemoj se smijati. Mnogi ostaju na pola puta,
naslađuju se spoznajom,
što ja znam o tome, tabula rasa,
nepročitani tekstovi
gube se iz mene kao da su obrisani velikim rukavom,
dok kihnem, šmrcnem,
dok grabim kašu na tanjur,
grabim zlatnu kašu.

2.

Uvijek je dobro otići na skijanje,
ali toliko sam morala ostarjeti
da to shvatim.

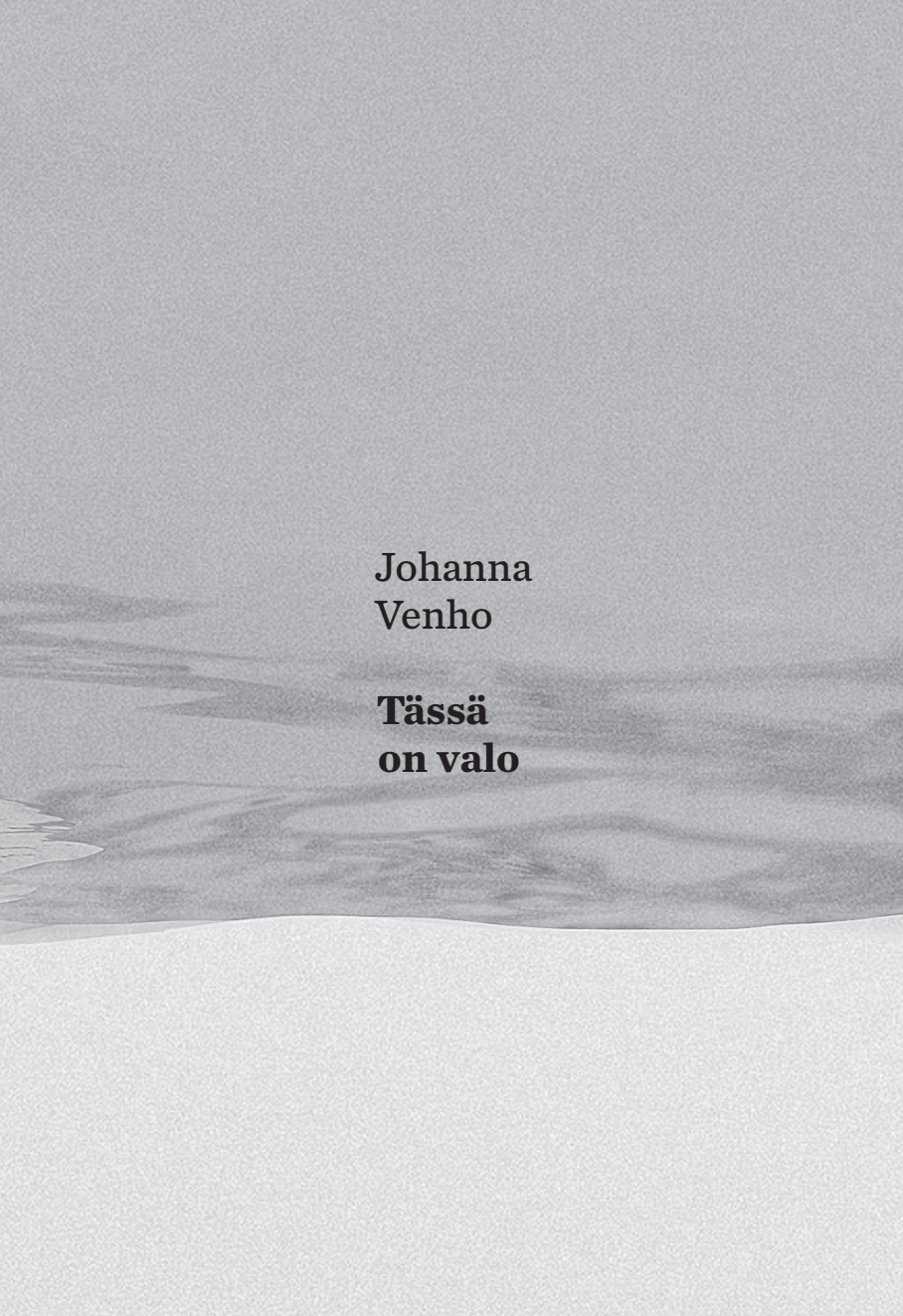
Uvijek treba otići u snježnu šumu,
u vlažnu šumu
među vrijes i vrapce.
Prvo si u klancu, pa onda
uzbrdo, i doma si.

U sauni možeš odmarati stare kosti,
ali danas ljudi više ne stare,
sredovječnost ne počinje u 35-oj,
pa ni u četrdesetima,
danas svi umiru mladi.

Nadlanica mi je naborana,
imam podočnjake od bdijenja,
ali traperice su ipak uske, kao i bedra,
do kraja, skijam s okusom krvi u ustima
i žalim za dolom u kojem je raslo
šiblje, s blagim mirisom vrba,
mliječni sok pod mokrom korom,
gole bebe pod miškom, na grudima.

Opet nova istina, ugazi u maticu,
ono što te jučer činilo sretnom
više ne pomaže, ošit se steže,
obuzima te praznina
trebaš neki novi otpor, više skijaj,
umorna i znojna možeš spoznati,
u vrelini saune možeš spoznati,
na kresti vala možeš spoznati
nešto novo, to se ne smije odjenuti
u krinku, govori jasno, popni se na brod,
putokaz leprša i pokazuje novi pravac.
Ulašti kuhinjski stol, baci začine u juhu,
izdrži prazninu, izlit će se u novi oblik,
kao što novogodišnji kositar poprima novi oblik u
hladnoj vodi,
a šaka djeteta oblikuje od plastelina
smeđe ptice podrezanih krila.





Johanna
Venho

**Tässä
on valo**

* * *

Tässä on Valo ja hän retkeilee saaristossa:
rannikolla joka on pitsimäistä, paistuvien
räiskäleiden reunaa. Tässä on Valo, hän on
läpinäkyvä lapsi, hän on reunoista repaleinen
ja lähtee matkaan, puhallettu lautta, tuuleen luottava jolla.
Hän ei ole lainkaan tietoinen. Mietteissään
hän maistaa viherlevyä rantakiven päältä,
puhdistaa suolavedellä hampaat. Polviin saakka
Valo kahlaa ja kaislat neulovat reisiä
ja laiturin päästä alkaa kokkareinen paha puuro,
sitä kohti hän kurkottaa, kuultava ja ikkunainen lapsi,
helpompi tulkita kuin peili tai käsiala,
eteenpäin kurkottaa suuremman voiman vetämänä,
pohjavirran? merituulen? vai noinko hän horjahtaa
tietoon, *meinasin vaan pulahtaa*, mitä meille tapahtuu?

* * *

Maa kuuluu käheältä tänään. Maan selkää särkee ja nenä vuotaa, Valo sivuuttaa sen niin kuin lapsi aina, ei tahdo tietää murheista maan, hypellä vain, seistä ja hypellä. — Mitä meille tapahtuu? Voiko peräännyttä, jättää kasvamisen? Jonain keväänä vihreä ei räjähdäkään esiin, Valoon kirjoittuu kaikki, Valo on puhtoinen, suloinen, poimiskelee päivänkakkaraa, katselee mustikkasilmin. Että pitää astua suonsilmään, ponnistella päivänvaloon, kasvattaa isompi jalanjälki. Eespäin. Tulta! Väsykö maa, pettääkö sumeilematta kulkijan alla? Se yrittää parhaansa, Valo uskoo, ei pelkää vaikka kaikki paha maailmassa sattuu lapsille, Valo hyppii sirkkahyppyjä, Valo mutkii takaperin, Valo heittää häränpyllyn, Valo ei kuuntele varoitusta, oravanmarjaa, kurjenpolvea, suonsuu korahtelee ja haukkoo.

* * *

On vain annettava köyttä. Löysättävä liekaa,
Valo menee suonsilmään ja maa on kostea
kautta vuoden, savusumut silmissä ja keuhkot
tuhkassa menee, metsätähti, tädykepolvi.
Tuuditän tulisoroista, rantaa palaa karrelle
kilometrikaupalla, Valolla on yksilön oikeus
ja yhteisön tuki, hän on pieni valkeainen.
Aamusta iltaan lusikoin hiekkaa
taivaan alla, tuuli ajoi lampaita,
oksia tanssi tuulessa, aamusta iltaan
liekutin, leikin, vaulussa vemmelpuun.
Anna enemmän köyttä, mustaa, valkeaa,
ranta on kauempaa palanut paljaaksi,
sinne Valon on mentävä, ainut reitti
ja mahdollisuus. Sinne se menee niin taatusti
kuin elää, yhteisön voima, yhteinen himo,
kerran poimittiin se hentoinen vanamo,
kyykittiin sammalissa, muistatko Valo
miten se taskussa pehmeni ja hiertyi pois.

* * *

Kun ollaan käsittämättömän reunalla
ei puhuta loogisia ja puhutaan
kaivovedenkirkkaita. Valo sokeltaa,
sähköttää. Kerron sille: sammalikossa
voi *vaeltaa ja uneksua*, poiketa taloon
vanhenemaan, muuttumaan helläksi.
Mustasta ja valkeasta punottu köysi,
miten paljon kestät niskan katkeamatta.
Valon kädet kietoutuvat kaulalle,
suu korvassa, juhannusruusu rävähtää
auki ja kaivoniityllä on usvaa, joku muinainen kerää
seitsemää kukkaa, vanhenemaan, pehmenemään.
Mustasta ja valkeasta punottu köysi, punottu
seppel, pyöritä, lennätä, kuluvat kohta.
Valo nostaa vedet silmiin,
kukka virkistyy kaivovedessä, kylmät
pohjimmaisat, rakkaudet, lapset, hetki vielä,
anna pikkuvauhti, kiik-kaa, kiik-kaa,
kaivon reunalla, pidä kaulasta kiinni.

* * *

Kunpa tietäisin! – Pitää tietää, jos on aikuinen. Otan
naulasta vastauksen,
puen sen päälle, painavan paltoon. Tässä kävellään
aurattua tietä aamulla
töihin, töistä kauppaan, kaupasta kotiin. Tämän kanssa
sopii turkislakki ja
tukevat saappaat. Kunpa tietäisin, särkevän rakkauteni
kanssa kuljen
röntäsateessa: jos kysyt, lähdän minne vaan, en minnekään
lähde vaikka
junia menee, röntäreittiä kuljen ja Valoa talutan, se
pysähtelee, väsy.
Lunta putoaa puun oksalta maahan, sama ääni kun ihminen
kuolee, sinun
pitää puhua koko ajan sillä äänellä joka sopii kielen alle,
sopii kipeään
sydämeen, kutsua sillä rakkautta, joskus se kohdalle osuu,
hipaisee paljas
käsi kättä tungoksessa, anna lisää! ja ihme, se antaa ja antaa.

* * *

Tässä on Valo, on yhä tässä ja puhuu kieltään, minä
kannan sitä
ja se on silkka säde, kannan vaikken ole mikään puu ja
juureton aivan,
seison haavan alla ja tähystän kauas. Tehdään
kuperkeikkaa, jätetään
pahansuovat likavesiinsä. Kurasiipiset linnut, vaikka
Valon on niitä sääli.
Minä käännyn pois, käännyn pois, tuolta päin kajastaa!
Valo laajenee,
sirottuu, tunkeutuu. Se versoo, puskee, avautuu. Yhtenä
yönä pallosalama
halkaisee mustan, katu kadulta kovemmassa kaupungissa
kannan Valoa
askeleen kerrallaan. Sillä tavalla ei tässä maailmassa
eletä, jos eletään, ei
siitä puhuta.

* * *

Tanssi. Laulu on tässä. Itku on laulu, silmistä virtaava vesi
johon säde
sattuu. Nauru, kun se soi matalalta, kehrää, ei tule kylmä.
Ojenna käsi ja
ota omena, ota kiinni, ota nämä kirjeet joissa me olemme
niin liikuttavat
kuin ihmiset toisilleen aina: kurottumassa kohti,
kysyvinä,
pelkäämässä että sattuu, käärimässä pieniä lahjoja
voimapaperiin,
antamassa, antamassa. – I hope you like the little ones!
Kaikki on tässä,
lasipurkki vadelmahilloa, itse poimitut marjat, itse
keitetty hillo,
hitain kirjaimin korttiin piirretty viesti: keräsin vadelmat
metsästä,
lammen vierustalta, kun pimeä putosi, lampi valaisi
metsää.

Ilman karttaa

* * *

Hän on ripoteltu harvakseltaan.

Hän on unta ja vettä, ne
luistavat sormista ja ovat
kuten vain harvat asiat
elämän ehto.

Tai hän on verta,
luitten särkyä, lihaa ja perunoita.

Hetkiä, joissa palat loksahtavat toisiinsa
on vähän, kerran ratikassa
kesäaamuna, valvotun yön jälkeen —

Ne hetket kuolevat jos ottaa kiinni:
kuin sisiliskon häntä jää kuumalle kivelle
käpristymään. Liskoa särkee,
se kasvattaa uutta, piileksii.

* * *

Taas vajonnut monttuun savea suut silmät täynnä
kaikki aukot tukossa
et ryve, sinua voi luulla kuolleeksi

mutta ilmoille noustessa
valoisa metsäkäs tuuli kuivaa saven ja puhaltaa
reikä reiältä auki parhaat laulut

* * *

Se mitä nimitit onneksi
 (näkymätön, sätkivä evä
 sisuksissa)
repäistiin sinusta kuin surkastunut jäsen.
Roikkuva lihapussi. Turha siemenvarasto.

Viiltävä taivasääni. En ole kuullut
kenenkään laulavan noin puhtaita
säpäleitä kuin timantteja,
holvikatosta ja maalatuista tähdistä läpi
 soi irti leikattu tie
 huiluna, auki molemmista päistä

* * *

Pöydälle N. oli jättänyt viestin:

“Ei ole minulla enää
muinaisten kirjurien kärsivällisyyttä, ei
noitien ehdottomuutta; valheen ja rovion välillä
ei ole vaikea valita.

Sumu nuolee
roskat silmämunista kuin vanha parantaja.

Menen vasta hämärissä metsään
kun maasto tasoittuu.
On turha tietää
mihin juureen kompastuu.”

* * *

(silta)

1.

Silta korkealla kaareutuu
valo vasten eheänä,
ja osoittelen:
olen kulkenut tuolla.
Kuulkaa, olen kulkenut
pitkin sileitä puita,
katsellen kuuta, pilviä,
taivaan rajaa.
Järjestyksessä
kirjat yksiössä
kaupungin katot
keskustelut kahviloissa
ruusunterälehtiä kupissa.
Sileät kädet öljyssä uitetut,
ei kämmenten rakkoja, multaa haavoissa,
ei pippuroitua kyynelvettä
haudankaivajan kuutamourakkaa.

Lapsi ei usko:
en minä osaa.
En minä mahdu.
Ennen mahduin, sanon,
olin laiha, kävin hiljaista siltaa.

En kerro miten karkasin: levisin
purkutaloihin ja ratapihoille,
takahuoneitten sirpalelattioiden
öisille metsäaukeille
miten tulien rytisten alas
kun avasin suuni
ja unohdin askeleet,
kun merenmies kiskaisi nilkasta
kietoutui polttava vita
ja vesi oli soista ja ruskeaa,
täytti silmät kun sukelsin.
En kerro, en sitäkään kerro
miten paperit tahriintuivat
ja laulu nitkahti nuotin viereen,
kumpusi uumenesta
tumma veri, kaukaa tuttu.

Kaunis, kaunis silta, lapsi sanoo,
se kaartuu: balettianssijan uuma,
marmorinilkan kaari,
vitivalkoinen, klassinen,
tyylipuhdas.
On kaunis, tuo on kaunis,
siltaa pitkin pääsee
jalat kuivina virran yli,
minä sanon, opetan.

* * *

(latua!)

1.

Hiihdin oksien kaariportista
lumimetsään, ladulle
ja huutelin sinulle kauas edelle:
nyt tajuan! Penelope oli synnyttänyt!
Sankarimatka ajat sitten tehty,
hyppy tuntemattomaan, käynti manalassa,
ihme ja itsensä voittaminen –
voi Odysseus, sinulle tuli kiire.
Kaadun rähmälleni hankeen,
suksi tarttuu oksaan,
jossain kaukana päästelet vapaana mäkeen,
kaukana rullaavat täydet rekat,
kudon kangasta päivät pitkät,
lumi sataa hiljalleen ja hautaa minut.

Olen huitaissut taikalähteen pintaa
suksisauvalla, rikkonut yksiöisen jään
ja siihen heijastuvat kuvat,
värit joihin koetin suojautua.
Lähde on sotkuinen kaleidoskooppi
jossa palat helisevät, pohjalla on

tieto ja totuus: harmaa ja kultainen rihma,
ne pitää muovata palloksi ja heittää,
kutoa leijaksi pitkään naruun.

Olen sormeillut seinänvieruspölyä,
nyt on käsissä verevää savea ja hyvä sitko
anna vielä vähän aikaa että ehdin,
vanhat viisaat naiset
kääntyvät usein outoon suuntaan,
vitivalkea hilkka päässä
keräilevät posliininkappaleita:
omni on tuottaa toisille hyvää oloa.

Yöt valvon ja näen
ladun päähän: lumi sulaa
ja lapset hyppivät kurassa paljain jaloin,
harakansaappaissa, lapaluut terävät,
tukka valosilkkiä kuin vastasyntynyt aurinko.
Päivällä tehdään vessapaperirullista kiikari
ole hyvä, sillä näkee totuuden
mutta älä säiky, se on kalju ja
riisuttu, ei se ole yhtään mitään
ennen kuin viskaat sen koneistoon
pyörimään, rusementumaan rattaissa,
syötät lopputuotteen nälkäisille.

Älä naura. Moni jää puolitiehen,
paistattelemaan oivallukseen,
mitä tietäisin siitä, tabula rasa,
lukemattomat tekstit
katoavat minusta kuin suuren hihan pyyhkäistessä,
aivastaessa, tuhahtaessa,
kun ammennan puuroa lautasille,
ammennan kultaista puuroa.

2.


Aina kannattaa lähteä hiihtämään
mutta näin vanhaksi oli eletävä
että sen oivalsin.

Aina pitää mennä lumimetsään,
märkään metsään
kanervien ja varpujen joukkoon.
Nyt notkelmassa, loppumatka
ylämäkeä, sitten kotona.

Saunassa voi hautoa vanhoja luitaan,
mutta eivät ihmiset nykyään vanhene,
keski-ikä ei ala 35-vuotiaana
eikä nelikymppisenäkään,
nykyisin kaikki kuolevat nuorina.
Kämmenselässä on ryppyjä,
valvomisen juonteet silmien alla,
farkut on silti tiukat ja pohkeet,
loppuun asti, hiihdän suu veressä
ja ikävöin notkoa, jossa kasvoi
vesaikkoa, pehmeää pajuntuoksua,
märän kuoren alla maitoinen nila,
paljaita vauvoja kainalossa, rinnoilla.

Totuus on taas uusi, astu virtaan,
se mikä eilen teki onnelliseksi
ei auta enää, palleaa kiristää,
tyhjiys ottaa vallan
ja tarvitset uutta vastusta, hiihdä kovempaa,
uuvuksissa ja hiessä voit tajuta,
kovissa löylyissä voit tajuta,
aallonharjalla voit tajuta
jotain uutta, sitä ei saa pukea
valepukuun, puhu selvästi, astu lautalle,
tienviitta lepattaa uutta suuntaa.
Kiillota tiskipöytä, heitä yrttikimppu soppaan,
kestä tyhjiys, se valaa uuteen muotoon,
kuin kylmä vesi muovaa uudenvuodentinan
ja lapsen nyrkki muovailuvahalinnot,
ruskeat ja tynkäsiipiset.





Johanna
Venho

**Here is
light**

Translations by
Kelly Lenox, Anselm Hollo
and the author

* * *

Here is Light, he is wandering in the archipelago,
along the lace-like coast, along the edge of baked
pancakes. Here is Light, he is
a transparent child, he is tattered along the edges
and takes the journey, a full-blown raft, jollyboat trusting
the wind.

He's not conscious at all. In his thoughts
he tastes the green algae on the beach stone,
cleans his teeth with saltwater. Knee-deep
Light wades and rushes stitch his thighs
and at the end of the dock floats the lumpy spoiled
porridge,
he reaches out towards it, translucent and windowy child,
easier to interpret than a mirror or handwriting,
he stretches forward pulled by a greater power,
undercurrent? sea wind? or is that the way he trips
into knowledge, *i just meant to dip a little*, what is
happening to us?

* * *

Earth sounds hoarse today. Earth has a sore back,
a runny nose, Light ignores that as a child always does,
he doesn't want to know about the griefs of the earth, just
 leap,
stand and leap. What is happening to us? Can we stop here,
cease to grow? One spring the green will not burst out,
everything is written onto Light, Light is neat and sweet,
picking daisies, watching with blueberry eyes.
Oh that he must step into the quagmire, struggle
towards daylight, grow a bigger footprint.
Aim, Fire! Does the earth get tired, ready
to tumble down under the walking? It tries its best,
Light believes, he's not afraid even though all the bad
 things in the world
happen to children, Light is jumping like a grasshopper,
Light is snaking backwards, Light is doing somersaults,
Light doesn't listen to the warning, May lily,
geranium, the bog's mouth is croaking and gasping.

* * *

You just have to give more rope. Loosen the tether,
Light goes into the quagmire and the ground is moist
all year round, smog in his eyes and
ash in his lungs, starflower, speedwell-knee.
Hush, little baby, little sparkle, kilometres of shore
burn into snuff, Light has personal rights
and the support of the community, he is a tiny fire.
All day long I spooned sand under the sky,
wind chasing the lambs, branches dancing in the wind,
all day long I rocked the cradle, played by the weeping willow.
Just give more rope, black rope and white rope,
further off, the shore has burned bald,
Light has to go there, it's the only route
and the only possibility. There he goes, as sure as he lives,
the power of community, of common lust,
that time we picked the frail twinflower, Light, do you
remember
how it softened in our pockets and was rubbed away.

* * *

When we are on the edge of the incomprehensible
we don't talk logically and our talk
is as clear as well water. Light mumbles, signals.
I tell him: in the moss you can
wander and dream, pop into a house
to grow old, become tender.
Rope woven of black and of white,
how much can you carry without breaking your back?
Light wraps his arms around my neck,
his mouth is at my ear, the midsummer rose bursts
into blossom and there is mist in the meadow,
an old woman picks seven flowers,
to grow old and soft. Rope woven and garland woven
of black and of white, dance me, fly me, it's soon over.
Light brings tears to my eyes, the flower revives
in the well water, the coldest, deepest: loveys,
children, just one moment more, give me a little push,
swing-out, swing-back, on the edge of the well,
wrap your arms around my neck.

* * *

I wish I knew! —You have to know, you are an adult!
I take an answer from the rack, put it on, heavy coat.
In this coat we walk the ploughed road to work in the
morning,
from work to market, from market to home. A fur hat and
sturdy boots
complement this coat. I wish I knew, I walk in the sleet
with my aching love: if you asked, I'd go anywhere, I go
nowhere
though the trains are leaving, I walk the sleety route and
lead Light,
he tends to stop every once in a while, he gets tired.
There's snow falling
from the tree to the ground, it's the same voice as when
someone dies,
you have to talk all the time with a voice that fits under
your tongue,
fits into the sore heart, call for love with that voice,
sometimes it happens to you
a bare hand grazes your hand in the crowd, give me more!
and a miracle:
it gives and gives.

* * *

Here is Light, still here and speaking her language, I carry her and she is sheer radiance, I carry her even though I am not a tree and completely rootless, I stand under an aspen and look far into the distance. Let us turn somersaults, leave the mean ones in their dirty waters. Birds with wings mired in mud, even if Light pities them. I turn away from them, turn away, it is getting lighter over there! The light grows wider, disperses, penetrates. It germinates, pushes, opens up. One night ball lightning pierces the darkness, in the city streets grown ever harder, I carry Light one step at a time. No one lives that way in this world, except if one does, one does not talk about it.

* * *

Dance. The song is here. Weeping is song, water flowing out of eyes, struck by the ray. Laughter, when it sounds low, purrs, one won't get cold. Stretch out your hand and take the apple, grab it, take these letters in which we are as touching as people always are for each other: leaning toward each other, asking questions, afraid of being hurt, wrapping small presents in kraft paper, giving, giving. "I hope you like the little ones!" It's all here, the glass jar of raspberry jam, picked the berries myself, made the jam, the message slowly inscribed on a card: I picked these raspberries in the woods, by the side of the pond, and when darkness fell, the pond lit up the forest.

* * *

She has been sprinkled here and there.
She is dream and water, they
slip through fingers and are
 like only a few things
a condition of life.

 Or she is blood,
 bone pain, meat and potatoes.

Of moments when pieces snap together
there are only a few, once in the streetcar
on a summer's morning, after a sleepless night —

Those moments die as soon as you grasp them:
the way a lizard's tail stays on the hot stone
and curls up, shrinks. The lizard is hurting,
 it grows a new one, hides.

* * *

Once again sunk into the pit mouths eyes full of clay
all orifices stopped up
you're not struggling, one might think you're dead

but rising up into the air
bright forest wind dries out the clay and blows
open hole by hole the best songs

* * *

What you called happiness'
 (an invisible, jittery flipper
 in your innards)
was torn from you like an atrophied limb.
A dangling bag of flesh. A useless seed store.

A piercing sky voice. I have not heard
anyone singing such clean
shards like diamonds,
through a vaulted ceiling and painted stars
 the sound of a severed road
 as a flute, open at both ends

* * *

N. had left a message on the table:

“No longer do I have
the patience of ancient scribes,
the absoluteness of witches;
it is not hard to choose
between the lie and the pyre.

The fog licks
our eyeballs clean, like an old healer.

As soon as it's dusk I'll enter the forest
when the terrain turns smooth.
What's the use knowing
which root you'll stumble over.”

* * *

(bridge)

The bridge curves on high,
all-of-a-piece against the light,
and I keep pointing:
look, I've walked up there.
Listen, I've walked
over the smooth timber
staring at the moon, the clouds,
the skyline.
All was in order:
the books in my bedsit,
the city roofs,
the conversations in cafés,
the rose petals in my cup.
Sleeked in oil my hands were smooth,
no blistered palms, no dirt in the wounds,
no smarting teardrops
for moonlighting as an undertaker.

The child doesn't believe:
I wouldn't be up to it —
I wouldn't squeeze through.
I did used to, I say,
I was slim, walked the quiet bridge.

Won't tell him how I fled:
how I spread myself around
in derelict houses and railway yards,
on the splintery floors of back rooms,
in nocturnal woodland clearings,
or how I
crashed off the bridge
when I opened my mouth
and missed my footing,
had my ankle grabbed by the merman
and was trapped in burning pondweed
with marshy brown water
filling my eyes as I went under.
I shan't tell that, and I shan't tell either how
my papers got filthied
and the song washed off the music,
and dark blood welled up from the depths,
familiar from long ago.

A beautiful, beautiful bridge, says the child,
it curves: a ballerina's waist,
the arc of a marble ankle,
pure white, classic,
stylish.
It's beautiful, yes that is beautiful;
crossing over the bridge
you cross the stream with dry feet,
I say, teaching him.

* * *

(Give way!)

1.

I skied through an arch of trees
into snow-forest, onto the track,
and yelled to you from far back:
'Now I know! Penelope had given birth!'
The antique heroic journey,
the leap into the unknown,
the way down into Hades,
the miracle and the self-conquest —
Oh Odysseus, you had to rush.
I fall flat on my face in the snow,
a ski stuck in a bush,
and somewhere far away you're flashing downhill,
far away freighted trucks are trundling along,
I'm weaving my web unhurrying,
day in day out,
and snow's gently descending and burying me.

I've taken a swipe at the surface of the magic pond
with my ski pole, I've smashed the one-night's ice
and the pictured images, colors
I tried to camouflage myself with.
The font's a fouled-up kaleidoscope
with the bits rattling, and on the bottom

knowledge and truth: they're a thread of grey and gold
I've got to roll into a ball I could throw
or weave into a kite's long rope.

I've fingered the dust by the wall,
and now I've slicked my hands on
full-blooded, ripe, sticky clay;
give me a little more time to mould it;
wise old women
often take off in an odd direction,
bonneted with snow-white
they rescue pieces of porcelain,
happiness is making others feel good.

I lie awake at night and see
down to the end of the track: the snow's melting
and the children are messing about in the mud
with bare feet, making them bird-legged,
their shoulder blades sharp,
their hair light and silky as a newborn sun.
By day we make binoculars out of toilet rolls –
here you are, you'll see the truth with them,
but don't get scared, it's bald,
and, stripped off, it's nothing at all,
till you toss it into the works
to spin round, getting crushed in the cogs:
you feed the final product to the hungry.

Don't laugh. Many stop half way,
basking in an insight,
what would I know about that, I'm a *tabula rasa*,
the unread texts
vanish from me as if swept by a great sleeve
with a sneezing and a snorting;
when I ladle porridge onto the plates,
I'm ladling golden porridge.

2.

It's always worth it to take to your skis,
but I had to be this old
to know it.

You've always got to go to a snow-forest,
to a wet forest
and join the heather and twigs.
You're down in a hollow, then uphill
on the way home, then home.

In the sauna you can brood over your old bones,
but people don't age these days,
the middle years don't start at 35
not even at 40,
in our time everyone dies young.
I've wrinkles on the backs of my hands,
bags under my eyes from sleepless nights,
yet my jeans are tight, and my calves,
and till the end I'll ski, with blood in my mouth,
and yearn for the coppiced hollow
with its soft smell of willow
and the milky white bast under the wet bark,
and toting naked babies under my arms, at my breast.

The truth's new again, step into the stream,
what made you happy yesterday
won't today, your diaphragm's tightening,
emptiness is gaining power
and you need a fresh backlash: ski harder,
weariness and sweat may make you aware,
a hot sauna may make you aware,
cresting a wave may make you aware
of something new, and it's not to be
tarted up; speak out, get on the ferry,
the fluttering signpost's pointing a new way.

Polish the draining-board, throw some herbs in the soup,
endure the emptiness, it'll mould you anew,
like the fortune-telling hot tin
chucked in the cold-water bucket on New Year's Eve,
or, formed by a child's fist,
brown plasticine birds with stubby wings.

On the author

Johanna Venho (1971) is one of the most prominent poets of her generation in Finland. She debuted in 1998 with a collection named *Saturn Post* (Postia Saturnukseen), where the author explores the bond and the relationship between nature and human beings, and between the adult and the child, in various forms. In 2001 she won the Critics Award as “artistic breakthrough of the year” with her second collection *Without a map* (Ilmankarttaa, 2000). The themes already present in the first collection are here enriched by features and intertextual dimension of a deep ethical and ecological weight. In recent years, Venho has been writing also prose for both adults and children, publishing four novels, five children novels and a number of picture books, working with many Finnish illustrators. The poetry collection of 2006, *All of a party* (Yhtäjuhlaa) won several prizes and was a success also in critics. Its voice is more prosaic, with references to national tradition and also rhymes. In 2009 she published *Here is light* (Tässä on valo), where the word light can be interpreted both as noun and as a personal name of a child. The book has a deep tone of worry about nature and environment, yet the poetry can also be seen as a sign of hope. After these poems Venho concentrated for years in writing prose and published also poems for children, an illustrated book called *Bird's milk for poppets* (Linnunmaitoakainalokanoille). Her newest book of poems is called *Poems of the island* (Saarenrunot, 2017). It is a journey to loneliness, to an island, where a person also has to

face her past and ancestors. Poetry discusses with nature, of which the human being is part, living and dying with it. In addition to poetry Johanna Venho also writes prose, and here newest novel *First Lady* (Ensimmäinennainen) was published in 2019. It is a history-based portrait of former president's wife Sylvi Kekkonen. It was nominated for the Finlandia Prize this autumn. Along with her own artistic work Johanna Venho is an active collaborator in literature, having been a chief-editor of a poetry magazine, literary critic and also a teacher of creative writing.

O pjesnikinji

Johanna Venho (1971.) jedna je od najistaknutijih pjesnikinja svoje generacije u Finskoj. Debitirala je 1998. godine zbirkom *Saturn Post* (PostiaSaturnukseen), u kojoj u različitim formama istražuje vezu i odnos između prirode i ljudi, te između odraslih i djece. S drugom zbirkom, *Bez karte* (Ilmankarttaa, 2000), osvojila je 2001. godine Nagradu kritike, pri čemu je proglašena “umjetničkim probojem godine”. Teme već prisutne u prvoj zbirci obogaćene su ovdje intertekstualnom dimenzijom te značajkama duboke etičke i ekološke svijesti. Posljednjih godina Venho piše i prozu – za odrasle i za djecu: objavila je četiri romana, pet dječjih romana i niz slikovnica, surađujući s brojnim finskim ilustratorima. Zbirka *All of a party* (Yhtäjuhlaa) iz 2006. godine osvojila je nekoliko nagrada i bila zapažena od strane kritike. Autoričin je glas prozaičniji, upućuje na nacionalnu tradiciju, ali se okušava i u vezanoj formi. 2009. godine izlazi *Ovdje je svjetlo* (Tässä on valo), pri čemu se riječ svjetlo može tumačiti i kao imenica i kao osobno ime djeteta. Knjiga donosi duboku zabrinutost zbog stanja prirode i okoliša, promatrajući poeziju kao znak nade. Njezina najnovija knjiga pjesama pojavila se 2017., pod naslovom *Poems of the island* (Saarenrunot). Priziva putovanje u osamljenost, na otok, gdje se protagonistica mora suočiti s prošlošću i svojim precima. Književnost je u neprekidnom dijalogu s prirodom, čiji je dio i čovjek, koji živi i umire s njom. Autoričin posljednji roman, *Prva dama* (Ensimmäinen nainen, 2019.) – faktoografski utemeljen portret supruge bivšeg predsjednika Sylvi

Kekkonen – nominiran je za nagradu Finlandia, koja će biti dodijeljena ove jeseni. Uz vlastiti umjetnički rad, Johanna Venho aktivna je promotorica književnosti; bila je glavna urednica pjesničkog časopisa, aktivna je kao književna kritičarka, te učiteljica kreativnog pisanja.

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Za nakladnika

Tomislav Kosovec

Oblikovanje knjige

Tina Ivezić

Damir Prizmić

Tisak

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