



KIM MOORE: MOJI LJUDI







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S engleskoga preveo Miroslav Kirin

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TE GODINE

I te je godine moje tijelo bilo stup dima
i čak me ni njegove ruke nisu mogle držati.

I te je godine moj um bio prazan stol
i on je na nj svoje misli stavljao kao zdjele obilja.

I te je godine moje srce bilo stari spomenik,
ludost, i nikakve koristi od njega nije bilo.

I te je godine moj jezik govorio jezikom
insekata i čak me moj otac nije poznao.

I te sam godine čekala konje
ali oni su se samo ritali u mraku.

I te sam godine zamislila nešto uzaludno:
vjerovala sam da mi svijet dolazi ususret.

I te sam godine odustala od svega
što mi je obećavano i prepustila se tuzi.

I onda se ta godina protegnula poput puteljka
I ja sam hodala njime, hodala njime, hodam njime.





KADA BISMO MOGLI GOVORITI KAO VUKOVI

Kada bih tjednima mogla očekivati i najmanju promjenu u tebi, a onda te svakoga dana povrijediti na sijaset različitih načina, odgrizati srcolike komade mesa s tvojih bedara ne bih li vidjela hoćeš li se lecnuti ili bi li ti se moglo vjerovati kako si kadar izdržati,

kada bih mogla svoj miris utrljati u tvoje goljenice pa da postaneš moj, kada bi pogrešku slijedila časovita odmazda i da se na kraju valjaš pokazujući svoju neobrijanu bradu i dražest svojega grla, kada bi se to moglo zaboraviti

onoga časa kad se promijeni vjetar, kada bi moje oči požutjele, kada bismo svake noći putovali kilometre i kilometre, kada bismo se smjenjivali u vodstvu, kada bismo po mirisu znali za što smo rođeni, kada bismo prije upoznavanja

slali svoje usamljene urlike diljem ušća rijeke gdje se pri sve slabijoj svjetlosti rodarice ukoče i polete, onda bismo se mogli dogovoriti o ulozi koju će svatko od nas dvoje odigrati, složenijoj od samoga početka, jednostavnijoj od braka.





OD BARROWA DO SHEFFIELDA

Premda je vlak obično pun ljudi
koje ne volim, koji sviraju nepodnošljivo
glasno ili telefoniraju i cijelome vagonu
i svojoj majci poručuju kako se boje umiranja
premda im je tek dvadeset i pet,

premda fluorescentna svjetla
i mrak vani stvaraju dojam da mi lice
sliči tanjuru, premda mi je uvijek hladno
oko gležnjeva i za stol je netko zalijepio
žvaku a kondukter je neljubazan

i okrzne me svojom kutijom s kartama,
premda zahod zaudara kao da više
nikad ništa neće biti čisto, premda
glas koji najavljuje željezničke postaje
kaže *Bancaster* umjesto *Lancaster*,

ja ipak volim vlak, to što je nezaustavljiv,
što neumorno ide dalje, i to kako se pruga
proteže svojim krakom preko riječnoga ušća
dok ovce pohlepno brste osoljenu travu,
i razmišljam o tome što ako ovce nisu na okupu,





hoće li stajati i pustiti da ih plima preplavi,
jer to je ono što ovce čine, ne spašavaju se,
i znajući da su se ljudi utapali ondje
poput oca koji je nazvao obalnu stražu,
sina stavio na ramena dok je voda rasla

iznad njegovih koljena i struka i prsa, obalna straža
pokušala ga je pronaći, ali spustila se magla,
i premda je čuo buku sa ceste, nije znao
kamo da se zaputi, ali u vlaklu nema izbora,
samo je jedan pravac, i jedna odluka koje se treba držati.

Jutros je sunce izašlo u Boltonu i cijelo se
nebo zarumenjelo i muškarac je u odijelu usnuo
i slinio na mom ramenu sve dok nisu počeli
posluživati pića pa je zaštopotalo i on se probudio
i uzviknuo *Moram se domoći mača.*



KLETVA UČITELJA TRUBE

Prokleta da su djeca koja dlanom lupkaju
po pisku da bi proizvela prasak,
koja ispuste trubu na pod pa se smiju,
još više da su prokleta ona koja padnu s trubom
u rukama i pritom paze da ne naude sebi,
proklet da je dječak koji je pustio da mu olovka
padne na pehar trombona ne bi li provjerio hoće li se
dogoditi ono što sam rekao da hoće, prokleta bila
djevojčica koja je ugurala kuglicu u trubu
a potom rekla da je to učinio njezin nevidljivi prijatelj,
prokleta da je učiteljica koja sjedi u stražnjem dijelu
sobe i nešto piskara, proklet da je učitelj koji kaže
„Ja sam propali slučaj za glazbu“, dovoljno glasno
da cijeli razred čuje, proklet da je otac koji je vazelinom
namazao ventile na kćerkinjoj trubi zato što je smatrao
da to treba učiniti, proklet da je dječak koji je povratio
u svoj saksofon kao da je to njegova osobna kanta.
Pustimo da ih muči potreba da svakodnevno vježbaju
a bez napretka, pustimo ih da svakoga vikenda sviraju
na koncertima na kojima se stupa, boravi vani i na
hladnoći, dopustimo da im obitelji budu primorane
odustati od subotnjeg slušanja loše glazbe u seoskim
domovima ili da nedjelje provode u promenadnim paviljonima,





oni, pas i pijanac koji je ondje prospavao prethodnu noć
zauzevši jednu jedinu klupu, zaboga, neka kiši.





SPIRITISTIČKA CRKVA U ULICI HARTLEY

Prvo se pjeva himna, Abba: *Vjerujem u anđele.*
Nema glazbe zato što je Jean zaboravila kasetu.
Pjevamo bez pratnje, predvodi nas medij
duge riđe kose, koji objavljuje da je pas
u sobi, i upravo u tom trenutku
sjedi pokraj urne. To znači da je netko

spreman za izlječenje. Drugi medij ustaje,
u rukama premeće šarene vrpce, pokazuje
na nekoga iza sebe i kaže da jedna žena
hoda gore-dolje, zabacuje kosom i duri se,
te hoće li je netko potvrditi, ima li netko
rođakinju koja bi činila takvo što?

A tad ustaje majstor duše, odmota
svitak, sliku što ju je davno naslikao,
u iščekivanju ovoga dana, čovjek s kačketom
drži cigaretu, čovjek koji se znao vraćati
s posla i promatrati zalazak sunca
sa svoje stražnje terase i pušiti i pušiti,

pa kaže *ovo je tvoj djed zar ne*
ženi koja energično kima glavom





i onda počinje crtati staricu
kratke kose koja kaže on stoji
kraj mene, i osjećam toplinu
zato što je to energija Duha

i imam li dojam da me netko slijedi
premda ondje nema nikoga,
zato što je to energija Duha,
i kad porazmislim, mislim da mi je toplo
ali to je možda zato što svi
zure, a on šapuće te

šapuće, *to je tvoja baka zar ne*
i ja mu vjerujem, želim da je ona ondje,
premda na njegovu crtežu ona ima trajnu
i naočale. On mi daje sliku
te žene. Poslije ju škartiram, ali prije nego što
odemo svi još jednom zapjevamo *Vjerujem u anđele.*





MOJI LJUDI

Potječem od ljudi što kunu a da toga nisu svjesni.
Potječem od skelara, štukatera i obučara i njegovateljica,
onih njegovateljica čiji se posjet starici plaća penijem po minuti.
Neki od mojih ljudi bili su u zatvoru. Gdjekad im se lagano
naklonim i vidim kako mi uzvraćaju. Kao da su iz Yorkshirea,
a nisu, ali da jesu, bili bi na barikadama vičući *štrajkolomac*
i bacali cigle na policiju. Od onih sam žena što se dvaput udaju.
Od onih sam žena što se brinu za djecu i muževe koji idu na posao.
Kada bih znala tko su ti moji ljudi, u doba prije nego što je ženama
bilo dopušteno zapošljavati se, oni su vjerojatno bili žene koje su
ionako radile. Kada bih znala tko su ti moji ljudi prije nego što su
žene dobile pravo glasa, ne bi bilo brige za glasanje. Moji se
ljudi mnogo svađaju. Nitko nikoga ne voli. U doba ropstva moji
bi ljudi imali robove da su bili među onima koji su si to mogli priuštiti,
što vjerojatno nisu. U doba ležernog rasizma neki od mojih ljudi
htjeli bi mu se i hoće mu se prikloniti. Neki od mojih ljudi poznaju
sve koji žive na ulici. Oni su takvi ljudi koji će se svađati
s učiteljem ako im je dijete zadržano poslije nastave. Žene
su vukovi i mi u snu razgovaramo s Mjesecom.





PSALAM ZA SKELARE

koji su balansirali kao akrobati na užetu,
koji su mogli trčati po nosivim prečkama
brže nego što bismo se vi ili ja mogli popeti
po ljestvama, koji su nosili crvene kratke hlače
i radili obnaženih prsa,
koji su napola prerezali svoje zaštitne prsluke,
psalam za skelare
i njihove kombije, njihove zaštitne cipele
sa čeličnom kapom, njihove lončiče za kavu,
psalam za one koji su naučili
postaviti skelu stojeći
na samoj jednoj dasci, psalam
za skelara koji je samo svojim dlanom
zabio čavao od deset centimetara
u komad drveta, psalam
za one koji ne vole pravila
ili ono što traje predugo, koji sad
ne smije na posao nepokriven,
koji ne smije skraćivati svoje zaštitne prsluke
ili penjati se bez ljestava, koji se uvijek
mora poslužiti trima daskama,
psalam za skelare
koji padnu s remenjem na sebi,





koji imaju deset minuta da ih spase,
psalam za skelara koji je pao
na čistinu, cijev je popustila,
taj dugi spori pad, psalam za njega, koji je
pao s visine od deset metara i preživio,
psalam za skelara
koji ga je vidio kako pada, psalam za one
na vrhu zgrade, vjetar im zavija
u ušima, nebo u njihovim glasovima,
za one koji podižu i nose
i viču i psuju, za one koji
deklamiraju brojeve dasaka i cijevi
kao da je riječ o pjesmi, psalam za njih,
one koji ne vole visine
ali cijeli život provedu krijući to,
psalam za one koji rade predugo,
psalam za moga oca, psalam za njega.





A DUŠA

*A duša, želi li spoznati
sebe, mora se zagledati u dušu*

Platon

A duša, želi li spoznati sebe,
mora se zagledati u dušu i otkriti
kakva se zvijer u njoj krije.

I bude li to konj, otvorite dveri
i pustite ga da otrči. I bude li to zec
dajte mu pješćane dine da u njima nestane.

I bude li to labud, stvorite zrcalnu sliku,
dajte mu vode. I bude li to jazavac
u svom srcu uzgojite šumu na brežuljku.

I bude li to krpelj, pustite da krv teče
sve dok se ne zasiti. I bude li to riba
onda mora biti i rijeka i planina.

I bude li to mačka, nađite neke ljude
za koje ne hajete, ali bude li to vuk,
poznat ćete ga po njegovu nemirnu



kretanju, i bude li to vuk,
zabacite glavu
i pustite ga neka urliče.





BOKSAČ

Kada bih mogla sve odvertjeti unatrag
kako bi ti mogla krenuti ispočetka, učinila bih to,
ti bi se prvo našla na podu,
doktor bi se usporeno
udaljivao se od ringa, vriskanje
gomile povuklo bi se u njihova grla,
tvoj bi se trener, ispruženih ruku, povukao
u kut dok muškarci padaju sa stolica
i stolova, a ti se ponovno dižeš, tako visoka,
nepomično stojiš nekoliko sekunda
prije nego što si pala, a druga djevojka, razbijačica,
gledaj kako kruži rukom pred tvojom
čeljusti, i tvoja se majka propinje
na prstima, ruke joj još podrhtavaju,
dok se razmrsuje druga runda
i mjesto da kreneš u napad,
kao što ti je rekao tvoj niski irski trener,
ti uzmičeš, vraćaš se u kut,
gdje ti on iz usta vadi štitnik za zube
tako obzirno kao da si njegova.
Voda ti poput čarolije pršti iz usta
i vraća se u bocu a prva runda kreće
unatraske, tvoji udarci idu





prema početku meča, kada će
uz zvuk zvona ovaj put zaustaviti tvoje plesanje
kad se nađete na sredini, kamo dolaziš
da se dodirnete rukavicama i promrmljate sretno
i ponovno otplešete u svoj kut,
netremice se gledate dok se pjesma
koju ste odabrali za ulazak vrti unatrag
do početnih taktova a tvoj trener
skida zaštitnu kacigu s tvoje glave,
olabavljuje rukavice, i izvan si ringa,
nosiš štitnik za međunožje,
štitnik za grudi, koračaš tom sobom
punom muškaraca, ti si
ratnica i prije nego što si ušla.





UTORAK U WETHERSPOONSU

Svi muški kriju svoje čele,
trbuhe poput upravo ispečenih kolača,
lijepo zaokružениh. Žene se naginju
na stolicama, smijeh je lažan,

poput šalice što tek što nisu pale,
jagodica oštarih poput tuge. Kad muškarci
stoje zajedno, nahrupe prema šanku
kao stoka, ne razumijem

zašto se neka žena naginje, odmotava
ubrus, stavlja nož i vilicu
sa svake strane svog tanjura. One sve to
čine, slažu, organiziraju, sav je razgovor

stao sve dok se muškarci, nesvjesni toga,
ne vrate. Noge mi klize prema muškarcu
koji je ruku gurnuo u svoje međunožje,
u očima mu strpljivost, onaj koji kaže *ti možeš*

naučiti voljeti me, kečap je na ruci
kojom me prima za bradu,
kečap je i oko njegovih usta,
evo već tvrdne na mojoj koži.





RAZMIŠLJAM O OCU

Razmišljam o ocu u dvorištu
baca sve više drva na vatru
dok se sporo spušta ljetni sumrak
on dodaje još drva na vatru

dok njegov brat leži umirući, ali onda
pomislih, zar ne umiremo svi, ali on zna,
moj stric, on zna što će ga ubiti,
tumor veličine šake i još raste

a moj otac još baca drva na vatru
dok mladica trešnje čeka da bude
posađena, on dodaje drva na vatru
dok moja majka sjedi i gleda televiziju

a vani plamen sve više raste. Otac
reže drva pilom koja vrišti kao da netko
umire i njega nije briga za iverje
ili sigurnost sve dok plamen raste.

I svi ti kameni lavovi i ozbiljni patuljčići
u veselim crvenim hlačicama čekaju





da plamen jenja, i da obližnja lampa
zatreperi, pa trne, i travnjak utone

u svoje sjene i tamu i neistine
i kraj pokaže svoje strašno lice,
svoje čudno bivstvo, kratak život
i otac prestaje bacati drva na vatru.





M

MY
PEOPLE

My people

My people

My people





IN THAT YEAR

And in that year my body was a pillar of smoke
and even his hands could not hold me.

And in that year my mind was an empty table
and he laid his thoughts down like dishes of plenty.

And in that year my heart was the old monument,
the folly, and no use could be found for it.

And in that year my tongue spoke the language
of insects and not even my father knew me.

And in that year I waited for the horses
but they only shifted their feet in the darkness.

And in that year I imagined a vain thing;
I believed that the world would come for me.

And in that year I gave up on all the things
I was promised and left myself to sadness.

And then that year lay down like a path
and I walked it, I walked it, I walk it.





IF WE COULD SPEAK LIKE WOLVES

If I could wait for weeks for the slightest change
in you, then each day hurt you in a dozen
different ways, bite heart-shaped chunks
of flesh from your thighs to test if you flinch
or if you could be trusted to endure,

if I could rub my scent along your shins to make
you mine, if a mistake could be followed
by instant retribution and end with you
rolling over to expose the stubble and grace
of your throat, if it could be forgotten

the moment the wind changed, if my eyes
could sharpen to yellow, if we journeyed
each night for miles, taking it in turns
to lead, if we could know by smell
what we are born to, if before we met

we sent our lonely howls across the estuary
where in the fading light wader birds stiffen
and take to the air, then we could agree
a role for each of us, more complicated
than alpha, more simple than marriage.





BARROW TO SHEFFIELD

Even though the train is usually full of people
I don't like, who play music obnoxiously loud
or talk into their phones and tell the whole carriage
and their mother how they're afraid of dying
even though they're only twenty-five,

even though the fluorescent lights
and the dark outside make my face look like
a dinner plate, even though it's always cold
around my ankles and there's chewing gum
stuck to the table and the guard is rude

and bashes me with his ticket box,
even though the toilet smells like nothing
will ever be clean again, even though
the voice that announces the stations
says *Bancaster* instead of *Lancaster*,

still I love the train, its sheer unstoppable,
its relentless pressing on, and the way the track
stretches its limb across the estuary
as the sheep eat greedily at the salty grass,
and thinking that if the sheep aren't rounded up



will they stand and let the tide come in, because
that's what sheep do, they don't save themselves,
and knowing people have drowned out there
like the father who rang the coast guard,
who put his son on his shoulders as the water rose

past his knees and waist and chest, the coast guard
who tried to find him, but the fog came down,
and though he could hear the road, he didn't know
which way to turn, but in a train, there are no choices,
just one direction, one decision you must stick to.

This morning the sun came up in Bolton and all
the sky was red and a man in a suit fell asleep
and dribbled on my shoulder till the trolley
came and rattled in my ear and he woke up
and shouted *I've got to find the sword.*





THE TRUMPET TEACHER'S CURSE

A curse on the children who tap the mouthpiece
with the heel of their hand to make a popping sound,
who drop the trumpet on the floor then laugh,
a darker curse on those who fall with a trumpet
in their hands and selfishly save themselves,
a curse on the boy who dropped a pencil
on the bell of his trombone to see if it did
what I said it would, a curse on the girl
who stuffed a pompom down her cornet
and then said it was her invisible friend who did it,
a curse on the class teacher who sits at the back
of the room and does her paperwork,
a curse on the teacher who says 'I'm rubbish at music'
in a loud enough voice for the whole class to hear,
a curse on the father who coated his daughter's trumpet valves
with Vaseline because he thought it was the thing to do,
a curse on the boy who threw up in his baritone
as if it was his own personal bucket.
Let them be plagued with the urge to practice
every day without improvement, let them play
in concerts each weekend which involve marching
and outdoors and coldness, let their family be forced
to give up their Saturdays listening to bad music





in village halls or spend their Sundays at the bandstand,
them, one dog and the drunk who slept there the night before
taking up the one and only bench, Gods, let it rain.





HARTLEY STREET SPIRITUALIST CHURCH

The first hymn is Abba: *I Believe in Angels*.
No music because Jean has forgotten the tape.
We sing without, led from the front by a medium
with long red hair, who announces that a dog
is in the room, and is, at this very moment,
sitting next to the tea urn. This means someone

is ready to be healed. Another medium stands,
running coloured ribbons through her hands,
points behind and says a woman is pacing
up and down, flicking her hair and pouting,
and will anyone claim her, does anyone
have a relative who would do such a thing?

And then the psychic artist stands up, unrolls
a scroll, a picture he drew many years ago,
in anticipation of this day, a man in a flat cap
with a cigarette, a man who used to get back
from work and watch the sun go down
from his back porch and smoke and smoke,

and he says *this is your Grandad isn't it*
to a woman who nods vigorously





and then he starts to draw an old lady
with short hair who he says is standing
next to me, and am I feeling warm
because this is the energy of Spirit

and do I ever feel I'm being followed
even though there's no one there,
because this is the energy of Spirit,
and come to think of it, I think I am warm
but that might be because everybody's
staring, and he's whispering, over

and over, it's *your Grandma* isn't it
and I believe him, I want to think she's there,
even though in his drawing she has permed hair
and glasses. He gives me the image
of this woman. Later on I bin it, but before
we go we sing *I Believe in Angels* again.





MY PEOPLE

I come from people who swear without realising they're swearing.
I come from scaffolders and plasterers and shoemakers and carers,
the type of carers paid pence per minute to visit an old lady's house.
Some of my people have been inside a prison. Sometimes I tilt
towards them and see myself reflected back. If they were from
Yorkshire, which they're not, but if they were, they would have been
the ones on the pickets shouting scab and throwing bricks at policemen.
I come from a line of women who get married twice. I come from
a line of women who bring up children and men who go to work.
If I knew who my people were, in the time before women
were allowed to work, they were probably the women who were
working anyway. If I knew who my people were before women
got the vote, they would not have cared about the vote. There are
many arguments among my people. Nobody likes everybody.
In the time of slavery my people would have had them if they
were the type of people who could afford them, which they
probably weren't. In the time of casual racism, some of my people
would and will join in. Some of my people know everybody
who lives on their street. They are the type of people who will argue
with the teacher if their child has detention. The women
of my people are wolves and we talk to the moon in our sleep.





A PSALM FOR THE SCAFFOLDERS

who balanced like tightrope walkers,
who could run up the bracing
faster than you or I could climb
a ladder, who wore red shorts
and worked bare-chested,
who cut their safety vests in half,
a psalm for the scaffolders
and their vans, their steel
toe-capped boots, their coffee mugs,
a psalm for those who learnt
to put up a scaffold standing
on just one board, a psalm
for the scaffolder who could put
a six-inch nail in a piece of wood
with just his palm, a psalm
for those who don't like rules
or things taking too long, who now
mustn't go to work uncovered,
who mustn't cut their safety vests
or climb without ladders, who must
use three boards at all times,
a psalm for the scaffolders
who fall with a harness on,



who have ten minutes to be rescued,
a psalm for the scaffolder who fell
in a clear area, a tube giving way,
that long slow fall, a psalm for him,
who fell thirty feet and survived,
a psalm for the scaffolder
who saw him fall, a psalm for those
at the top of buildings, the wind whistling
in their ears, the sky in their voices,
for those who lift and carry
and shout and swear, for those
who can recite the lengths of boards
and tubes like a song, a psalm for them,
the ones who don't like heights
but spent their whole life hiding it,
a psalm for those who work too long,
a psalm for my father, a psalm for him.



AND THE SOUL

*And the soul, if she is to know
herself, must look into the soul*
Plato

And the soul, if she is to know herself
must look into the soul and find
what kind of beast is hiding.

And if it be a horse, open up the gate
and let it run. And if it be a rabbit
give it sand dunes to disappear in.

And if it be a swan, create a mirror image,
give it water. And if it be a badger
grow a sloping woodland in your heart.

And if it be a tick, let the blood flow
until it's sated. And if it be a fish
there must be a river and a mountain.

And if it be a cat, find some people
to ignore, but if it be a wolf,
you'll know from its restless way





of moving, if it be a wolf,
throw back your head
and let it howl.





BOXER

If I could make it happen backwards
so you could start again I would,
beginning with you on the floor,
the doctor in slow motion
reversing from the ring, the screams
of the crowd pulled back in their throats,
your coach, arms outstretched, retreats
to the corner as men get down from chairs
and tables, and you rise again, so tall,
standing in that stillness in the seconds
before you fell, and the other girl, the fighter,
watch her arm move around and away
from your jaw, and your mother rises
from her knees, her hands still shaking,
as the second round unravels itself
and instead of moving forward,
as your little Irish coach told you to,
you move away, back into the corner,
where he takes your mouth guard out
as gently as if you were his own.
The water flies like magic from your mouth
and back into the bottle and the first round
is in reverse, your punches unrolling





to the start of the fight, when the sound
of the bell this time will stop you dancing
as you meet in the middle, where you come
and touch gloves and whisper good luck
and you dance to your corners again,
your eyes fixed on each other as the song
you chose to walk into sings itself back
to its opening chords and your coach
unwraps your head from the headguard,
unfastens your gloves, and you're out
of the ring, with your groin guard,
your breast protector, you're striding
round that room full of men,
a warrior even before you went in.



TUESDAY AT WETHERSPOONS

All the men have comb-overs,
bellies like cakes just baked,
risen to roundness. The women tilt
on their chairs, laughter faked,

like mugs about to fall, cheekbones
sharp as sadness. When the men
stand together, head for the bar
like cattle, I don't understand

why a woman reaches across, unfolds
his napkin, arranges his knife and fork
to either side of his plate. They're all
doing it, arranging, organising, all talk

stopped until the men, oblivious,
return. My feet slide towards a man
with one hand between his thighs,
patience in his eyes, who says *you can*

learn to love me, ketchup
on the hand that cups my chin,
ketchup around his mouth,
now hardening on my skin.





I' M THINKING OF MY FATHER

I'm thinking of my father in the backyard
throwing more and more wood on the fire
as the slow dusk of summer descends
he's throwing more wood on the fire

as his brother lies dying, but then I think
aren't we all dying, but he knows,
my uncle, he knows what will kill him,
a tumour the size of a fist and growing

and still my father throws wood on the fire
as the new cherry blossom tree waits
to be planted, he throws wood on the fire
while my mother sits and watches TV

and outside the fire gets higher. My father
cuts wood with a saw that screams as if someone
is dying and he doesn't care about splinters
or safety as long as the fire gets higher.

And all the stone lions and grave little gnomes
in their cheerful red breeches are waiting





for the fire to falter, and the lamp that's addicted
to heat flickers on, flickers off and the lawn sits

in its shadows and dark and its falsehoods
and the ending begins with its terrible face,
its strange way of being, its short way of living
and my father stops throwing wood on the fire.





Handwritten cursive letters 'm' and 'w' in gray, oriented vertically on the left side of the page.

Handwritten cursive letters 'w' and 'm' in gray, oriented vertically in the lower-left quadrant.



A cluster of handwritten cursive letters 'm' and 'w' in gray, oriented vertically in the lower-right quadrant.





ON THE AUTHOR

Kim Moore's (born 1981) first pamphlet *If We Could Speak Like Wolves* was a winner in the 2012 Poetry Business Pamphlet Competition. Her first full-length collection *The Art of Falling* is forthcoming from Seren in April 2015. She won a prestigious Eric Gregory Award in 2011 and after she read at Ledbury Poetry Festival she was invited back as Young Poet in Residence in 2012, giving workshops and a reading. As a performer she exudes warmth, intelligence and humour.

“Kim Moore's poetry is tough and beautiful. It is also an absolutely distinctive presence: hers is a voice that knows its own mind. Moore's work is drily hilarious but also mysterious, disciplined but also risk-taking. Exact and exacting, she is modernizing the lyric tradition”, states Fiona Sampson

Carol Ann Duffy writes about *If We Could Speak Like Wolves*, “These are terrifically assured poems – sensual, perceptive, entertaining – which bridge the gap between feeling and utterance with a genuine lyric gift.”

Kim Moore is willing to share the “realities of the things around the act of writing poetry – submissions, acceptances, rejections, work, readings – all of these things can help or hinder your writing. I think poets are usually very private about such things, but I'm interested in what happens if you open all of this up to the open air.” In her blog she is also generous in her enthusiasm





for the work of other poets. She works with young writers, facilitates writing in prisons and in a myriad other ways she acts as a champion for poetry. Her approach to talking about her poetry is open and humorous. In response to a question about product versus process she writes, “if the product was the most enjoyable thing we would only need to write one poem, but it is the process of writing that I find irresistible and all consuming, whereas the victory dance (a routine in my house) around the living room when a poem is finished only lasts a couple of minutes. Maybe ten minutes if I’m really showing off.”

In her ‘other’ life, Kim Moore works as a part time peripatetic brass teacher for Cumbria Music Service. She also conducts two brass bands, the Barrow Shipyard Junior Band and Brasstastic. She plays the trumpet in a soul band called Soul Survivors and in the South Lakes Brass Ensemble.



O PJESNIKINJI

Sa svojim prvim pjesničkim pamfletom *If We Could Speak Like Wolves* (Kada bismo mogli govoriti kao vukovi), Kim Moore (rođena 1981) pobjeđuje na natjecanju Poetry Business Pamphlet, 2012. godine. Isti pamflet ulazi u uži izbor za Michael Marks nagradu te Lakeland knjigu godine, dok ga novine *Independent* navode kao jednu od najboljih knjiga 2012. Prethodno Kim osvaja prestižnu nagradu Eric Gregory te nagradu Geoffrey Dearmer, a zatim i Northern Writers, nagradu koja joj omogućuje da se potpuno posveti pisanju zbirke *The Art of Falling* (Umijeće padanja) koja, u izdanju Serena, izlazi u travnju 2015.

Fiona Sampson opisuje autoričinu poeziju kao “snažnu i lijepu, te nadasve obilježenu njezinim autorskim glasom. Moorina poezija odiše suhim humorom, ali je istovremeno i misteriozna, isto kao što je ujedno disciplinirana i spremna preuzeti rizik. Precizna i zahtjevna u svom pisanju, Kim osuvremenjuje književnu tradiciju.” U svojoj recenziji *If We Could Speak Like Wolves*, Carol Ann Duffy piše: *Ove su pjesme fantastično uvjerljive – senzualne, perceptivne, zabavne – premošćuju jaz između osjećaja i riječi s istinskom lirskom nadarenosti.*

Na svom blogu Moore spremno dijeli svoja razmišljanja o stvarnosti koja okružuje čin pisanja poezije – podčinjavanje, prihvaćanje, odbijanje, rad, čitanje – sve te stvari vam mogu pomoći ili otežati proces pisanja. Pjesnici uglavnom drže ovakva razmišljanja za sebe, ali meni je zanimljivo što se dogodi kada ih se javno podijeli. Njezin blog odiše i





entuzijazmom za rad drugih pjesnika. Moore radi s mladim piscima, potiče pisanje u zatvorima te na brojne druge načine promiče pisanje poezije. Na pitanje o završnom proizvodu nasuprot procesa pisanja, ona odgovara: *Kada bi najviše uživali u samom produktu, tada bi trebali napisati samo jednu pjesmu. Sam proces pisanja smatram neodoljivim te me potpuno obuzima, dok pobjednički ples (standardni običaj u mojoj kući) nakon što završim s pisanjem pjesme, traje samo nekoliko minuta. Možda i deset minuta, ako se zbilja pravim važna. U svom drugom životu Kim Moore radi kao profesorica limene glazbe za Cumbria Music Service. Također predvodi dva sastava limene glazbe: Barrow Shipyard Junior Band i Brasstastic. Svira trubu u skupinama Soul Survivors i South Lakes Brass Ensemble.*







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