



Adam Horovitz SVE ŠTO NOSIM SA SOBOM



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Adam HOROVITZ

SVE ŠTO NOSIM SA SOBOM

S engleskoga preveo Miroslav Kirin







KUĆA OD SUKNA

Odrastao sam u kući od sukna
igrao se na razvalinama kućne radinosti
kao zupci suknarskog grebena staro mi kamenje
izjedalo stopala

ostaci radinosti
njihova kreč bijela boja
postala je pušački zlatna.

Odrastao sam u dolini
što se preko kamena stere poput sukna
driblao loptu i rolao se
po runjavoju travi

gradio ustave
na potoku
ispod starog trgovačkog puta.

Odrastao sam u krajoliku
gdje živice i suhozidi
kao šavovi prolaze poljima
gdje je prošlost





bila runski jezik
ušivena, obojana i utkana
u proročanske bregove.

U tim se dolinama
vrijeme nastanjuje poput naručena sukna
hvata se na djelu
kao da se odmotava.

Odrastao sam promatrajući prošlost
vukući težinu budućnosti
duž ravne niti kanala.





VJEŽBAJUĆI BIJEG

Pravocrtno. Iznad linija. Puteljak što ga je
progutao zamah kobilina repa po krasuljici.
Tvoja stopala odzvanjaju šupljim
smijehom toga zapuštenog kanala. Rijetka zavjetrina

u šumi cima te budnim,
iz izmišljenog sna o bijegu;
svija se s mirisom kiše, žiga
ispod pokrivača od divljeg češnjaka, sunca.

Zagrizao si, oštro poput strijele,
u blagu žegu sumraka,
duboko žarište, srž doline.

Svijet je ljuska

sve dok ne potrčiš njime, dok ne pronadeš svoj put
preko raspuzale koprive, kraljke balege, utabane ilovače.



NOĆAS JE VIDJELA JAZAVCE

On stoji pokraj ulaza u školu
pogrbljen i drhturav
poput stabla u sve oštrijoj zimi.

Zrak je ljepilo. Gacam kroza nj, svaki mi korak
uzima svih mojih dvanaest godina.
On je siv poput užeta što smo ga našli u Orkneyu,

namotana i izbljedjela na liticama Ronaldsaya,
istrošena od nade za spasom
koji nikada neće doći.

Auto čeka.
Moramo sada poći u London, kaže on.
Smrt čeka u autu, ništa ne govoreći.

I ja šutim. Dovoljna mi je buka
krvi što mi navire u uši
poput urlajućeg drveća.

Ne razumijem taj put.
Ubrzo završava.
Sažimam vrijeme ne bih li dospio do majke



u njezinu tužnom krevetu na otrcanom odjelu
gdje se moja dva plastična junaka Ratova zvijezda
suprotstavljaju nadolazećoj tmimi.

Predugo sam čekao u smrtnoj tišini
Vikarove kuće, ništa ne govoreći, nezahvalan,
planirajući u detalje kako ću pobjeći u London.

Predugo bez ikakvih vijesti i kontakta,
snovi što sam ih dijelio s njom kao dijete
ponovo rastu poput plima što žure
da ih Mjesec povuče natrag.
Noćas je vidjela jazavce, kaže mi on
dok ulazimo u bolnicu.

Sjećam se kako sam s njom išao vidjeti jazavčevu jazbinu
na drugom kraju doline, uredno posložene hrpe izmeta,
jaglace, sumrak.

Noćas je vidjela jazavce uz rub kreveta.



ORFEJ U PODZEMLJU SKIDANJA S INTERNETA

Svakodnevno radimo na nestajanju,
odsutnost govori za odsutnost
kroz voštani veo od lista i komuške.
Teritorij je obilježen lupanjem krila,
o granicama nježnosti pregovara se na svrakinom semaforu
dok smo mi dijelom knjiga,
časopisa, skidanja s interneta, DVD-a,
igračkica, spravica, svih tih lijepih
šmokvinih listova kupljenih da pokriju stid.

Kuća je šuplja,
spilja što odzvanja izgubljenim sigurnostima,
gdje Perzefona bere sjemenke nara
što joj zapinju u zubima, pljučka ih i psuje.
Oko nje mačke zavijaju poput furija
jureći za miševima, papirićima,
prašinom rođenom u tišini,
zašarafljenom u šakama krivnje.
Božica nam dovikuje da ostanemo unutra.



Ima nečega veličajnega u sigurnosti, ako možete to probaviti,
ali ja više volim nasumično taljenje zvijezda,
volim u tami čekati da drveće propupa,
oslušivati metalno struganje rasta
dok lisice na kriške jezicima režu zimu
a sove ostavljaju mišje tragove na zaleđenoj ledini.
Puteljkom se udaljavam od doma,
ljubavna se pjesma zametnula u mojoj šaci.
Slijedi me. Neću se osvrutati.



DUENDE GRADSKOG CENTRA

Ona je sad satni mehanizam na autobusnoj liniji,
zatomljeni tik-tak tuge.

Sve njezine ravne crte razapete su
kroz labirint mucavih uličnih svjetiljki.

Polagano se diže u bačvama s pivom,
sve do ovoga, sata zlih vila
glasnije od vlakova
ritmovi njezine nesreće

na željeznim se šipkama sjuruju
u usijane
paklove Angela, Eustona,
Camden Towna.

Grad ju guta,
veže asfaltom,
ide tragovima njezinih užitaka;
zvijezđem od krhotina stakla.



Od plača topi joj se maskara.
Oči joj ideogrami, neprevodivi,
dok siječe trnovite
ruke prijatelja.

I potom pleše
na tamne zvukove svoje tuge,
grad diše kroz nju
dok ona žubori, podijeljena, umnožena,

poput mjeseca u vodi što klizi
izlozima dućana,
dok neonsko svjetlo urezuje njezine suze
u automobilska svjetla.



ŽIVOTNI UVJETI

Jednoć, umrli smo sanjajući i utapajući se
u prvom naponu mladosti
naše su kosti žutjele pod kožom.
Umrli smo stojeći,
poduprti kopljima

promatrajući kako nas svijet prigranjuje
zavojitim suknom od pijeska.
Pali smo s našom stokom i našim urodom
kad nas je zima progutala
kao noćne more u sunčevu snu.

Sad smo vazda na svjetlu
ali još ispunjeni strahom.
Svijet se brže vrti. Vidimo kako atomi
plešu u našim mislima i usporavaju nam starenje,
skrivamo se iza svojih mobitela



gledamo svoje profile
u zatamnjenim zrcalima mreže.
Ne prepoznamo se.
Nagon je zatočen u drevnim tijelima
zauzvrat zatočenima u metalu.

Zemlja rađa mesom umjesto drvećem
i cijeli je svijet pozornica koja mrzi svoje glumce
one koji se šepire i zaboravljaju
da su samo izgrebeni zglobovi
na kamenoj šaci.



DUGA ZEMLJA

prema knjizi Terryja Pratchetta i Stephena Baxtera

Ako je trebao tek jedan korak u stranu
da tvoja s tom umornom zemljom pukne spona,
da se niti kvantne fizike razmrse
i da diljem zrcalne paralele zasvjetlucaju,
da odu korak dalje od svake Darwinove sanje,
zar ne bi to učinio? Zar ne bi pojurio?

Brže od startnog pištolja ja bih se izgubio
da potražim Duge zemlje slabašno svjetlucanje;
nove vrste; i kakve god mutacije da stanuju
pod različitim suncima. Lovio čudne glazbe
što snube riječne obale, planine i šum mora.
Kada bi trebao tek korak u stranu.

Ipak, ostajemo tu. Nema vremenske pukotine,
tek snovi; vjera u znanost. Sve što stvaramo.



SVE ŠTO NOSIM SA SOBOM

zabava je utihnula
naše se ruke
nakratko

ispreplele
poput slaka
opijene radoznalošću

*

putujući iznad
tih strmih dolina
na more ili u grad

sve što nosim sa sobom
uspomena je na tvoje oči
dok love moje, poput prvoga sunca

kad zasja kroz zanjihalo drveće;
zelenilo tebe,
smijeh i plavetnilo



*

Izabrat ću
zvončice
sljedeće godine, sljedeće godine

šetati preko
bijeleg vatre, zelenog neba
divljeg češnjaka,

naprijed, dalje
od njegova izjedajuća
smrada proslave

što ziba tvoje ime na mom jeziku,
na pola puta između tišine
i beskrajna plavetnila



ČUJTE VIJESTI

Čujte vijesti iz uništene zemlje.
Tlo se prosijava i tanji
pod udarom svemoćne bombe a lica
dolaze i odlaze sve dok samo
sirensko 'O' usta ne preostane.

Čujte vijesti iz zemlje bez riječi,
ali one brižno filtrirane,
remiksane, izobličene, što trešte iz zvučnika
dok kišica metalnih plesova
prosipa iverje pod dječju kožu.

Čujte vijesti iz visoke peći
iz mjesta izdaje zapečaćena
poput Petrijeve posudice, gdje se laži
ispuštaju s trbuha aviona,
gdje jezici postaju kancerozni u ratu.

Čujte vijesti i iz izloga,
iz boli prisjećanja, iz
blistavih zemalja paradiranja
ugušene nade. Vijesti iz. Vijesti iz.
Nema nikakvih vijesti.



LJUBAVNA PJESMA PRERUŠENA U BAJKU

po *Djevojci-ribi* Madame D'Aulnoy

U svojim očima, takva je djevojka bila; tvrdi
nepromišljeni pucanj mladosti. Nužne su
kao mačje zavijanje u mračnim sobama doma
gdje ništa nije bitno nego kako se riba
bacaka, a da na tanjuru ni riječ ne prozbori.

Ona je sad jelen, osim što ima te oči.
One plešu kroz mene, traže da ih se poštedi.
Još jedan život ovisi o njoj.

Iz meke torbice svojih jelenskih usta
šapuće kako još mnogo toga mora učiniti.
Volim je i uvijek jesam. Nisam je vidio sve dosad.
Vratit ću se gladan u svoju palaču knjiga
premda ne mogu jesti misleći

kako ona trči kroz svijetlu šumu, osjećaj
strave još titra u njezinim djevojačkim očima,
a kao godine pod stopalima joj pucaju divlje jabuke.



Moj lov je završio. Mogu samo čekati
da prestanu promjene, da nestalne moći
što je tjeraju prema drugim kožama umire
njihovo komešanje, da me ponovno nađe
tim svojim djevojačkim očima, i ponadati se

da je žena kakvom postaje ispod perja,
kože i ljuske kadra vidjeti dalje od onoga kako sam se
u njezinoj odsutnosti naučio kočiti, poput preplašena jelena.



SAT KOMEMORACIJE

Plamen oko kojega kruži moljac pucketa
u tišini moje kuhinje, privlači kukce
što tuleći ulaze kroz napuklinu u prozoru.

Pjevaju poput dvokrilaca u daljini,
pseće borbe na rubu vidokruga.

Gledam kako se rumeni vosak prelijeva
preko nagnječenih usana svijeće
i razmišljam o obitelji, davno umrlima,

mirnim muškarcima na nemirnim frontama
koji su dopustili da obredi njihove vjere

otklize a ne potonu
u propagandi, očaju, gladi,
dok su pisali nježna pisma u tamu

kojima je pomagao tek jedan plamen,
izlokanih daljina doma.



O, kako su sanjali o obitelji,
zahvaljivali Bogu na beznačajnoj sućuti
tjedne pošte (kad bi se probila donde)

ali čak će se i najnježniji muškarac slomiti
kad bombe i snajperi odrede što će jesti,

kad sve životinje iz pakla
ispuze iz blata
na metalnim tetivama što sapinju kost.

*

Za što su točno umrli,
odnosno ranjeni odšepali kući?
Moj djed nikad nije rekao, sjedio je u tišini,
sa svojim uspomenama, u vrtu ladanjske kuće,
sve dok dva desetljeća poslije nije bio primoran
prijeći njemačku granicu i izbjeći u Englesku.



Njegov brat Martin nije mogao reći.
Neprijateljska vatra pokosila ga je 1915, ostala su samo pisma
kako bi se njegova najdraža sestra Röschen
zabavljala bratovljevim razmetanjem, potankim zahtjevima
da mu pošalje najnužnije: papir, hranu i pisaljke;
kakve god da su se vijesti mogle probiti putujući od kuće.

*

Svijeća pljučka, na samome je kraju
stotinu godina poslije
ali vijesti su još oskudne i nemile.

Nastavlja se kukčev ratni zuj.
Tenkovi tutnje mojom kuhinjom
kad god hladnjak zapuca.

Komemoracija nosi ružnu, slavljeničku masku.
Njezini prorezi za oči zure u nas poput pušaka
a iz njezinih usta kulja ugodan plin.



„Plin! Brzo, dečki.“ Zanos novinarskog
prtljanja ne bi li se izbjegla rečenica
„Pobijedili smo, pobijedili smo, pobijedili smo!“

Ali pobijedili nismo. Rat se nastavlja
u fragmentima, premda još nitko nije
toliko zaluđen da nešto zaključi,

i jedino što vidim u ovaj tihi sat
jesu grudice rumenog voska na svijeći
što lica su svih ljudi koje volim.



POPUT ČEKANJA NA SEOSKE AUTOBUSE

iz razgovora s Jane Commane na Twitteru

Gdjekad je pisanje pjesama
poput čekanja na seoski autobus.
Ništa ne dolazi. Zuriš u živicu.
Prepireš se s vranama. Još više
ništavila na asfaltu punom rupa.

Izvrnuti kišobran, tamno nebo,
tipična ograda. Ljudi u autima,
smiju se tvom udesu.
Potom kiša, ustrajna kišica
što se lijepi poput ulja.

Spremaš se doma, neće se
smračiti bar još sat,
zaustavlja se kloparavi autobus,
i odvodi te na slikovit put
dok malena starica, što je



baš nakanila sjesti na prvo sjedalo,
promatra te jednim anđeoskim okom,
cokće i tebi govori
ama baš sve
što nikad nisi ni pomislio da bi htio znati.







Adam
HOROVITZ

ALL I CARRY WITH ME







A HOUSE BUILT FROM CLOTH

I grew up in a house built from cloth
played in the ruins of cottage industry
old stones like teazle teeth
chewing at my feet

fragments of industry
their lime-wash white
faded to a smoker's gold.

I grew up in a valley
stretched over stone like cloth
rolled footballs and roller-skates
over sheep-felted grass

built locks
in the stream
under the old trade road.

I grew up in a landscape
where hedges and dry stone walls
ran through the fields like seams
where the past





was a runic language
stitched, dyed and woven
into oracular hills.

Time settles like ordered cloth
in these valleys
catches itself red handed
as it is folded back.

I grew up watching the past
pulling the weight of the future
along the canal's linear thread.





TRAINING RUN

for Ashley Loveridge

Linear. Beyond lines. Path swallowed
by the mare's tail flick of cow parsley.
Your feet pound out the hollowed
laughter of this discarded canal. A sparse lee

in the woods jolts you awake,
out of the hammered dream of the run;
it writhes with the scent of rain, aches
under a blanket of wild garlic, sun.

You have bitten, sharp as an arrow,
into the low heat of the dusk,
the deep focus, the valley's marrow.

The world is a husk

until you run it, until you find your way
over nettle creep, cow dung, hard-trodden clay.



LAST NIGHT SHE SAW BADGERS

He stands at the school gate
hunched and trembling
like a tree at winter's rise.

The air is glue. I wade to him, each step
taking all of my twelve years.
He is grey as the rope we found in Orkney,

coiled and faded on the cliffs of Ronaldsay,
worn out with hoping for the rescue
that would never come.

The car is waiting.
We must go to London now, he says.
Death waits in the car, unspeaking.

I too am silent. The blood rushing
in my ears like howling trees
is noise enough for me.

I do not grasp the journey.
It is over in moments.
I am contracting time to reach my mother



in her sad bed in the stale ward
where my two plastic Star Wars toys
stand against the coming dark.

Too long I have waited in the deathly quiet
of the Vicar's house, unspeaking, ungrateful,
mapping out how I will run away to London.

Too long without news and contact,
the dreams I'd shared with her as a child
rising again like tides too urgent

for the moon to pull them back.
Last night she saw badgers, he tells me
as we walk into the hospital.

I remember walking with her to see a badger's sett
on the other side of the valley, the orderly piles of dung,
the cowslips, the dusk.

Last night she saw badgers at the end of her bed.



ORPHEUS IN THE DOWNLOAD UNDERWORLD

We make our disappearances day by day,
absence speaking for absence
through a waxed veil of leaf and seed-pod.
Territories are marked with a wing beat,
the bounds of tenderness negotiated in magpie semaphore
as we are subsumed by books,

magazines, downloads, DVDs,
gewgaws, gizmos, all those pretty
fig leaves bought to cover shame.

The house is hollow,
an echoing cave of certainties lost,
where Persephone picks pomegranate seeds
that catch in her teeth, spits them out and curses.
Cats howl around her like furies
after mice, scraps of paper,
the dust born of silence,
screwed into fists of guilt.
The goddess cries for us to stay indoors.



There is majesty in certainty if you can stomach it
but I prefer the random melt of stars,
waiting in the darkness for trees to bud,
listening for the metallic scrape of growth
as foxes slice the winter with their tongues
and owls stamp prints of mice on frosty turf.
I am walking the path away from home,
a love song balled foetal in my hand.
Follow me. I'll not look back.



INNER CITY DUENDE

Now she is clockwork in the bus lanes,
a bottled-up tock of sorrow.
All her straight lines are strung
through a maze of stuttering street lamps.

A slow build in the beer barrels
to this, the banshee hour
louder than trains
the rhythms of her misery

running on iron rods down
into the hot bright
hells of Angel, Euston,
Camden Town.

The city swallows her,
binds her in Tarmac,
trails pleasures behind her;
a constellation of fractured glass.



She weeps mascara.
Her eyes are ideograms, untranslatable,
as she slashes the brambling
arms of friends away.

And then she is dancing
to the dark sounds of her sorrow,
the city's breath rising through her
as she ripples, divided, multiplied,

like a water-bound moon slipping
through shop windows,
as street neon carves her tears
into the lights of cars.



CONDITIONS OF LIVING

Once, we died dreaming and drowning
in the first flush of youth
our bones yellowing beneath our skins.
We died standing up,
propped on our spears

watching the world subsume us
in a winding cloth of sand.
We fell with our cattle and our crops
when winter swallowed us
like nightmares in a dream of sun.

Now, we are always in the light
but still we're fearful.
The world spins faster. We see atoms
dancing in our minds and slow our ageing,
hide behind our mobile phones

check our profiles
in the darkened mirrors of the web.
We do not recognise ourselves.
Instinct is caged in ancient bodies
which in their turn are caged in metal.



The land grows meat instead of trees
and all the world's a stage that hates its players
who strut and forget
that they are only scuffed knuckles
on a fist of rock.





THE LONG EARTH

after the book by Terry Pratchett and Stephen Baxter

If all it took was just a sideways step
to break your shackle to this tired earth,
untangle the strings of quantum physics
and shimmer down the mirror parallel,
find worlds which Darwin could have barely dreamed,
would you not do it? Would you not run?

I'd be off faster than the starting gun
to seek the Long Earth flickering unreamed;
new genera; and what mutations dwell
under different suns. I'd hunt strange musics
courting river banks, mountains and the surf.
If all it took were but a sideways step.

Yet here we stay. There is no interstitial strait,
just dreams; the faith of science. All that we create.





ALL I CARRY WITH ME

the party is silent
for the brief minutes
our hands lock

bound into each other
like convolvulus
in drunken curiosity

*

travelling beyond
these steep valleys
to seaside or city

all I carry with me
is the memory of your eyes
catching mine, like first sun

reaching through the shifting trees;
the green of you,
the laughter and the blue





*

I will seek out
the bluebells
next year, next year

walk beyond
the wild garlic's
white fire, green sky

further, away
from its consuming
stench of celebration

cradling your name on my tongue,
balanced between silence
and the endless blue





NEWS IN

News in from the damaged land.
The soil shakes itself thin
under a bomb-beat juggernaut as faces
fade in and out of recognition until only
a siren 'O' of mouths remains.

News in from the land of no words
but those that are carefully filtered,
remixed, distorted, blasted from speakers
whilst a thin rain of metal dances
in slivers under the skins of children.

News in from the furnace,
from the place of betrayal sealed
like a petri dish, where lies are dropped
from the bellies of planes,
where war grows cancerous on tongues.

News in from the storefront,
from the ache of memory, from
the glittering parade-lands
of suffocated hope. News in. News in.
There isn't any news.



LOVE POEM DISGUISED AS A FAIRY TALE

after Madame D'Aulnoy's *The Girl-Fish*

In her eyes, the girl she was; the hard
unthinking rifle-shot of youth. They are urgent
as a cat's yowl in the dark rooms of home
where nothing matters but the way fish
lifts wet, unspeaking from the plate.

She is deer now, but for those eyes.
They dance through me, demanding to be spared.
Another life is on her.

She whispers from the soft purse
of her deer's mouth that she still has much to do.
I love her and I always have. I never saw her until now.
I will return to my palace of books
hungry though I cannot eat for thinking of her

as she runs through the bright wood, a spare
change of terror jangling in her girl's eyes,
crab apples crunching like years beneath her feet.



My hunt is over. All I can do is wait
for the changes to cease, for the drifting powers
that drive her to other skins to calm
their churning, for her to find me again
with her girl's eyes and hope

that the woman she's becoming under feather,
hide and scale can see beyond the way
I've learned in her absence to stiffen, like a startled deer.





COMMEMORATION HOUR

A moth-cupped flame sputters
out of silence in my kitchen, draws insects
whining through the window's crack.

They sing like distant bi-planes,
dogfight-dancing at the edge of sight.

I watch red wax spill
over the candle's battered lip
and think of family, long dead,

the quiet men on unquiet fronts
who let the rituals of their religion

slide away, buoyed up
on propaganda, desperation, hunger,
as they wrote loving letters in the dark

succoured only by a single flame,
by the guttering distances of home.





Oh, how they dreamed of family,
gave thanks to G-d for the minuscule mercies
of the weekly post (when it got through)

but even the gentlest man will break inside
when bombs and snipers dictate their diet,

when all the animals of hell
come crawling out from under mud
on sinews of metal claspings at the bone.

*

What precisely did they die for,
or limp home wounded with?
My grandfather never said, sitting in silence,
with his memories, in the garden of his weekend
home
until he was forced to cross Germany's borders
and escape into England two decades on.



Great Uncle Martin could not say.
Splintered in 1915 by enemy fire, only his letters
remain
regaling his dearest sister Röschen
with brotherly bravado, detailing requests
for the essentials: paper, food and pens;
whatever news might make it through the lines from
home.

*

The candle's spitting out its last
one hundred years on
but still the news is limited and grim.

The insect whine of war continues.
Tanks rumble through my kitchen
whenever the fridge fires up.

Commemoration wears an ugly, celebratory mask.
Its eyeholes stare us down like guns
and from its mouth a fine gas seeps.



‘Gas! Quick, boys.’ An ecstasy of fumbling
in the press for ways to not quite say
“We won, we won, we won!”

But we won nothing. The war continues
in fragments, though no one is yet
crazed enough to join the dots,

and all I can see in this quiet hour
is red wax stiffening on the candle
into the faces of all the people that I love.



LIKE WAITING FOR RURAL BUSES

from a conversation with Jane Commane on Twitter

Sometimes writing poems
is like waiting for rural buses.
Nothing comes. You stare at hedgerows.
Argue with crows. A little more
nothingness on the pitted tarmac.

Blown out umbrella, the sky a black,
expectant lattice. People pass in cars,
laugh at your predicament.
Then rain, a persistent mizzle
that sticks like oil.

About to go home, the light
an hour away from failing,
a rickety bus crawls to a halt,
takes you on the scenic route
whilst a little old lady,



clinging determined to the seat in front,
fixes you with one angelic eye,
sucks her teeth and tells you
absolutely everything
you never thought you'd want to know.



ON THE AUTHOR

Adam Horovitz is a poet, journalist and editor. He was born in 1971 in London and raised in Slad, Gloucestershire. He has appeared at numerous festivals and venues around Britain since the early 1990s and his work has appeared in a variety of magazines and anthologies, including *1914: Poetry Remembers* (Faber, 2014). He has also been the poet in residence for Glastonbury Festival website (2009) and Borkowski PR company's website (2005 to 2007).

He has released three pamphlets: *Next Year in Jerusalem* (2004); *The Great Unlearning* (2009) and *Waiting for the Flame* (Yew Tree Press, 2014). His first full collection of poems, *Turning*, was published by Headland in 2011. He was awarded a Hawthornden Fellowship in 2012. His memoir about growing up in *Cider with Rosie country, A Thousand Laurie Lees*, was published by the History Press in 2014. He was a judge for the Manchester Poetry Prize and the inaugural *Bare Fiction* poetry prize in 2014.

As Carol Ann Duffy wrote, "Adam Horovitz writes poems of great beauty and truth; poems which are earned through experience, suffering and love and deployed in a physical language of scrupulous integrity. He is the real deal."



O PJESNIKU

Adam Horovitz je pjesnik, novinar i urednik. Rođen je 1971. u Londonu, a odrastao je u Sladu, Gloucestershire. Od ranih devedesetih nastupao je na brojnim pjesničkim festivalima i čitanjima širom Britanije, a njegove pjesme pojavile su se u brojnim časopisima i antologijama, uključujući *1914: Poetry Remembers* (Faber, 2014). Bio je domaćin internet-stranice festivala Glastonbury (2009) te Borkowski PR kompanijine stranice (2005. do 2007.) Objavio je tri pjesnička pamfleta: *Next Year in Jerusalem* (2004); *The Great Unlearning* (2009) and *Waiting for the Flame* (Yew Tree Press, 2014). Njegova prva cjelovita pjesnička knjiga, *Turning*, pojavila se 2011. U izdanju Headlanda. Godine 2012. nagrađen je Hawthornden stipendijom. Njegovi memoari o odrastanju u okrugu *Jabukovače s Rosie, A Thousand Laurie Lees*, objavljeni su 2014. Iste godine bio je žirant za Manchester Poetry Prize te svečanu Bare Fiction pjesničku nagradu.

Carol Ann Duffy napisala je: „Adam Horovitz piše pjesme velike ljepote i istine; pjesme zarađene iskustvom, patnjom i ljubavlju te posredovane fizičkim jezikom savjesnog integriteta. On je ono što tražimo.“





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