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PEDRALS  
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S katalonskoga preveli  
Vedrana Lovrinović i Dinko Telečan



## Astra nad astrama

Stara saga: nadanja vajna,  
san zvan rasna pravda,  
sanjaš sav sakat,  
al tada zamka zala, ah  
taj žar zaplamsa,  
a taj zatalasa sav salast,  
sažga nâm, sažga čast,  
ama sažga sva Zakavkazja.

Strasna, krakata naslada,  
sasma nakaradna  
sazda rasap, alabastra  
sav karat zlatan razda,  
strašna tarapana,  
araratska, astrahanska,  
lasna skaska, masna laska,  
ma kakva slasna sarabanda!

Da, napast (satrap prav)  
slama najjača klatna.  
Pa kad nas svlada, kad zarad  
kratka slada, avaj, rana  
zasvagda sap raskvasa,  
kakva vajda, kakva?  
Kakav grad nam sanak stvara?  
Zar zadata nam palanka sad skapa?

Svagdašnja, a kasna tajna rasapa:  
stalna vlast Sada nad nama.

## Otvoriti intimu

Mogućnost  
otvaranja intime  
svakome tko naiđe,  
gađenjem se često nadiđe:  
strah od darmara  
od dokoličara u tvom prostoru,  
strah da se neznanima dozvoli  
da tabue raskole  
i otvore srž stvari  
da bace je u otpad...

Mogućnost  
otvaranja intime  
bez trunke šale  
izazove sramotu nemalu  
zbog nesvjесnih mana,  
upadljivih i nespornih,  
zbog zapečaćenog korpusa  
tako uske istine:  
kako dati da se liže saće  
groteskno ko prljave gaće...

Mogućnost  
otvaranja intime  
pred tamo nekim mnijenjem  
često izazove sažaljenje.

## Staklenka ljepote

Otvorio sam staklenku ljepote  
da onjušim taj čudni miris.  
Pa sam je zatvorio. Hoću samo  
da mi njen odjek ispuni sluz u nosnicama  
kao pozadinski kontrast, kao preostatak,  
i neka se pomiješa, ako se miješati mora,  
s bezbolnim valovljem  
ili neočekivanim trenjem riječi.  
Zatim, u protusvjetlu dokaza,  
u utvarnom profilu, odjekujuća,  
bit će aureola svih prisutnosti  
ili sjena koja pada na drugu stranu.



## Škrinja-krevet

Moj krevet  
malen nije,  
nabore mnoge ko planina ima,  
brazde duboke  
silno plodne  
s blagom u nutrini  
i vrhovima ludima  
poput koljena  
za penjače po plahtama.

Igračka-  
kolica  
putuju bez smjera;  
moja stopala  
na raskrižje stupila  
mijenjaju im krajolik  
i unatoč tome  
što su nastavila po svome,  
obzor se ne mijenja.  
Kakva slast  
voziti  
po pustinji tkanine,  
opažati  
stalno  
steru se zemlje i planine  
i biti veći  
pioniri i junaci  
nego junački osvajači!

Upravljanje  
plahtom  
čini me bogom avanture:  
stvaram svjetove  
ko cvjetove  
al nijedna panorama ne traje  
niti ploda daje  
na prividnoj  
praznini nabora.  
Dokle god most  
snova  
kolica nosi na mjesta bajna:  
moje tijelo  
što stalo je cijelo  
i dupkom je puno tajna  
jer u meni  
panorama  
postaje još više veličajna

## Povremeno, na trenutke

Povremeno, na trenutke,  
nemam tijelo, tek sam duša,  
ali to je čas koji se gubi,  
bježi od mene, uvis,  
kao lasta koja pije  
u niskom letu iznad vode  
i nebu još jednom  
odraz neba nosi.

Činio je ono što je govorio da će činiti  
ne prijeteći pri tome,  
tek da primjerom bude tog što propovijeda,  
a da ne propovijeda o poznatome.  
Nije to bila prodika, ni šepirenje kakvo;  
bila je samo noga u hodu svome.

Nije izazivao napade odvažnosti,  
samo napetost u malome,  
poput nadahnuća u punom zamahu,  
sjetve ideala ili gnome.  
I nije očekivao ništa, iziskivao nije.  
I umro je. Pa ipak.

## Uvjerenost i sumnja

Uvjerenost pravi rez čisti  
koji trn odsijeca  
i sve marno i revno dijeli  
kao čovjek koji časti.

Sumnja prolazi ponad vlaka  
kojemu su stakla  
tako prljava da, ugledaš li se u njima,  
već unutra bivaš.

## Fèlix u parku

Točan i moćan  
užgao je loptu  
iska početak  
koraka plesnih.

U to se upušta, upire  
ustrajno, svoje glavo  
iz malne djetinjeg užitka  
u brušenju detalja

ponavljajuć osvajanje  
dok ta uporna gesta  
tako silna i odmjerena  
ne postane nespješna.

Uporna tvrdoglavost  
razigrana dječaka  
(ni neuhvatljiva ni poročna):  
je li to pričin rada

volja za ljepotom  
ili trud da se uklopi?  
Najtjelesniji umor  
Za najduševniji užitak.

Želim se vratiti u majčin trbuh.  
Živjeti je iscrpljujuće.  
Sve je hladno i neprijazno izvan toplog spremnika  
i svaki moj trud je čudo,  
maratonska gesta.

Nisam bio spreman na toliko iznenadnih trzaja.  
Prerano je.  
Život mi prolazi, živim al još sam uvijek  
između mučeništva i strepnje  
da još nije gotovo.

Nije da mi se živjeti ne da.  
Sav sam volja.  
Al moram stasati i odrasti  
a svakog časa agonija sve gora  
rastem i ujedno se smanjujem,  
udvostručujem se i prepolavljam...  
i pada mi glava.

Želim se vratiti u majčin trbuh  
al sam se probudio.  
Živio sam od sna koji me volio.  
Ti si disala da mi udahneš zraka.  
Bili smo jedno.

I sad me ostavljaš, al ne zadugo,  
bdiješ nad svakim trzajem, svakom dremkom,  
i poput nadljudske si sile,  
poput najbliže istine.

Želim se vratiti u majčin trbuh  
da me tamo prati sve što već sam nazro,  
ili da cijeli svijet bude kao trbuh  
amnionski i gostoljubiv,  
najiskonskija i najspontanija  
sreća.



## Ako postoji vječni život

Pa što ako postoji vječni život  
Ili ako postoji vječno ništa!  
Taj zaplet svijesti  
što ne zna slijedi li išta  
stvara nesigurnost  
pa čovjek umre dok ište  
da sazna ostaje li doista  
život bez uporišta.

## Nešto lijepo

Htio sam objasniti nešto  
lijepo što u meni jest  
ali bilo bi mi jako žao  
ne reći to kako spada  
pa da osmijeh bude grimasa,  
zato pustit ću da vrijeme prođe  
da se jednog dana kaže samo.



JOSEP  
PEDRALS  
I ENCARA



## L'estel més cèlebre

És cert: temptes el gest  
de ser l'èsser més recte  
mes entres en el frec  
heretge de les pells,  
el sexe et requereix  
per belleses que tempten,  
que et prenen, que t'ençeguen...  
Bé, tens el que et mereixes:  
et perds.

Després ens reps estès  
en el teu edèn d'èter  
que ens vens excels, perfecte,  
mes és sever merder  
fet de gresques dements,  
d'excés, de desperfectes,  
d'espetic tens de dents...

Per més que el lleig femer  
et remene els defectes,  
per més que certes penes  
et drenen l'esquelet,  
per més que el Temps et cerque  
per esprémer i estrènyer

els Sempres excedents,  
ses emprentes, ses petges,  
se t'estenen pel plexe,  
per les temples, pel seny...

Ets l'element que emprem  
per entendre el que és tendre,  
perquè véns sense presses  
mes sense frens,  
perquè tens fe de veres  
en el sender que tresques,  
perquè empenys.

El secret que ens ensenyes:  
ser serfs d'eterns presents.

## Obrir la intimitat

La possibilitat  
d'obrir la intimitat  
a qualsevol que passi,  
sovint la guanya el fàstic:  
por de potineries  
d'estrany al teu recinte,  
por de facultar obscurs  
a manyuclar els tabús  
i obrir el moll de la cosa  
per llençar-hi la brossa...

La possibilitat  
d'obrir la intimitat  
sense fer-hi cap conya  
sovint causa vergonya  
per inconscients mancances,  
flagrants i irrefragables,  
pel corpus segellat  
d'estreta veritat:  
donar a llepar la bresca  
que és bruta i és grotesca...

La possibilitat  
d'obrir la intimitat  
a qualsevol fantasma  
sovint provoca llàstima.



## El pot de la bellesa

He destapat el pot de la bellesa  
per ensumar-ne aquella aroma rara.  
L'he tornat a tapar. Sols m'interessa  
que m'ompli el seu ressò la pituitària  
com un contrast de fons, com una deixa,  
i que es barregi, si ha de barrejar-se,  
amb l'onatge anodí  
o el frec inesperat de les paraules.  
Llavors, al contrallum de l'evidència,  
perfilant-se espectral, reverberada,  
serà l'halo de totes les presències  
o l'ombra que es projecta a l'altra banda.

## El cofre-llit

El meu llit  
no és petit,  
té molts plecs que fan muntanyes,  
solcs profunds  
molt fecunds  
amb tresors en ses entranyes  
i cims folls  
com genolls  
per a escaladors de vànoves.

Un cotxet  
de joguet  
sens rumb concret hi viatja;  
els meus peus,  
a entrecreus,  
li canvien el paisatge  
i, malgrat  
que ha avançat,  
l'horitzó és inalterable.  
Quin festí  
conduir  
per un gran desert de tela,  
percehent  
constantment  
com es baden noves terres  
i ser més  
pioners  
que els herois de les conquestes!

El control  
del llençol  
em fa el déu de l'aventura:  
vaig fent mons  
a porcions  
prò cap panorama dura  
ni fa fruit  
sobre el buit  
il·lusori de l'arruga.  
Fins que el pont  
de la son  
porta el cotxe a indrets fantàstics:  
el meu cos  
en repòs  
és un motor cartogràfic  
car dins meu  
el relleu  
encara es fa més orgànic.

## De tant en tant, per moments

De tant en tant, per moments,  
no tinc cos, només soc ànima,  
però és un instant que es perd,  
fugint de mi, cap enlaire,  
com l'oreneta que beu  
en vol rasant sobre l'aigua  
i s'endú un reflex de cel  
cap al cel altra vegada.

Ell feia allò que deia que faria  
sense cap amenaça,  
només per fer d'exemple al que es predica,  
i no predicant massa.  
No era lliçó imposant, no era fer el tifa;  
era només un peu que fa una passa.

No provocava atacs de gosadia,  
sols una tensió escassa,  
com una inspiració per l'embranchida,  
la sembra de la causa.  
I no esperava res, no ho exigia.  
I es va morir. I encara.

## La convicció i el dubte

La convicció fa un tall tan net  
que escapça espina,  
i amb diligència reparteix  
com qui convida.

El dubte passa dalt d'un tren  
que porta els vidres  
tan bruts que si, d'atzar, t'hi veus  
és que ja ets dintre.

## En fèlix al parc

La pilota està encesa  
del precís i el potent  
i reclama un inici  
d'àgils passos de ball.

Ell s'hi embarca i s'hi entesta  
de manera insistent  
pel plaer quasi nunci  
de polir un xic detall

repetint la conquesta  
fins que es torni inconscient  
el gest just que contingui  
propulsió i calibrat.

La tenaç tossudesca  
del marrec juganer  
(ni evasiva, ni vici):  
¿és ficció de treball,

voluntat de bellesa  
o un encaix exigent?  
Cansament del més físic  
pel plaer més mental.

Vull tornar a la panxa de la mare.  
Viure és molt cansat.  
Tot és fred i hostil enllà del càlid receptacle  
i cada esforç que faig és un miracle,  
un gest maratonjà.

Jo no estava a punt per tantes brusques sacsejades.  
És massa aviat.  
Tinc la vida en trànsit, visc prò encara  
quedo entre el martiri i la frisança  
de no estar acabat.

No és que això de viure em faci mandra.  
Sóc tot voluntat.  
Prò he d'agafar pes i agafar cara  
i a cada minut l'agonia fa pujada  
creixo i minvo a la vegada,  
faig el doble i la meitat...  
i em cau el cap.

Vull tornar a la panxa de la mare  
prò m'he despertat.  
He viscut d'un son que m'estimava.  
Has respirat tu per dar-me l'aire.  
Hem sigut plegats.



I ara m'abandones, prò no gaire,  
vetlles cada ensurt, cada becaina,  
i ets com una força sobrehumana,  
com la més propera veritat.

Vull tornar a la panxa de la mare  
i que m'hi acompanyi tot el que ja he entrellucat,  
o que sigui el món sencer una panxa  
amniòtica i hospitalària,  
la més primitiva i la més espontània  
felicitat.

## Si hi ha vida eterna

I què, si hi ha vida eterna  
o si hi ha un etern no-res!  
La intriga de la consciència  
que no sap què ve després  
crea una actitud incerta  
i un es mor amb interès  
per saber si l'existència  
s'acaba sens més ni més.

## Cosa bonica

Volia explicar una cosa  
molt bonica de dins meu  
però em sabia tan greu  
de no dir-la com pertoca  
i el somriure fos ganyota,  
que deixaré passar el temps  
perquè un dia es digui sola.





JOSEP  
PEDRALS  
AND YET

Translated from the Catalan  
by Anna Crowe



## The Most Famous Star

It's true: you adopt the mien  
of the most upright human being  
but you venture into the heretical  
rubbing together of flesh,  
sex requires your presence  
using loveliness that tempts,  
that takes and finds you, blinds you...  
Well, in the end your reward is just:  
you're lost.

Later you receive us, stretched  
in your ethereal Eden  
which you sell us, exalted, perfect,  
but it's a rough mess  
made of demented rackets,  
of excess, of the far from perfect,  
of a tense gnashing of teeth...

However much the ugly pile of dung  
turns over for you its defects,  
however much each certain pang  
drains your skeleton of strength,  
however much Time seeks you out  
to press and clench  
excess Forever's,  
their prints and footsteps,  
they stretch out round your plexus,  
round your temples, through your senses...



You we employ as element  
to let us understand what's tender,  
because you come without haste  
but without brakes,  
because you have real faith  
in the path along which now you rush,  
because you push.

The secret you make evident:  
to live as slaves of an eternal present.

## Opening Intimacy

The possibility  
of broaching intimacy  
with someone unknown,  
often brings aversion:  
fear of the carelessness  
of strangers at your place,  
fear of authorizing the groping  
of taboos by interlopers  
and exposing what is most precious  
only then to pelt it with rubbish...

The possibility  
of broaching intimacy  
without having any fun  
often brings humiliation  
through unwitting deficits,  
flagrant and undisputed,  
in the sealed corpus  
of strictest truthfulness:  
offering rubbish to lick  
which is filthy and grotesque...

The possibility  
of broaching intimacy  
with any apparition  
frequently ends in contrition.

## The Pot of Beauty

I have opened the pot of beauty  
to breathe in that strange aroma.  
I have replaced the lid. I only want  
its resonance to fill my pituitary  
like a background contrast, a trace,  
and for it to be gone, if go it must,  
with the back and forth of the tide  
or the unforeseen chafe of words.  
Then, backlit by evidence, its outline,  
ghostly and shimmering, will be  
the halo around all other presences  
or the shadow projected across the way.

## The Storage Bed

My bed  
is very far from small,  
with lots of folds like mountains,  
very deep valleys  
full of surprises  
with treasures hidden in far recesses,  
summits and screes  
thrust up like knees  
for the climbers of counterpanes.

A tiny car  
that's just a toy  
is taking an aimless trip;  
but then my feet,  
where four roads meet,  
move and alter its landscape  
and so, in spite  
of its forward route,  
its horizon has not changed shape.  
What a laugh  
to drive  
across a great desert of cotton,  
perceiving  
unceasingly  
how yet more lands yawn open  
and to be  
even braver pioneers  
than the conquering heroes long-gone!

To steer  
the sheet  
makes me the god of adventure:  
I go on building mountains  
in various portions  
but no panorama endures  
or ever bears fruit  
above the illusory  
void of the crease.  
Until at last the bridge  
that is sleep  
transports the car to wondrous locations:  
my body  
at rest  
is a map-making engine  
for deep inside  
the bas-relief  
becomes ever more organic.

## From Time to Time, in Moments

From time to time, in moments,  
I have no body, I am nothing but spirit,  
but that is an instant that's lost,  
flying from me, up into the air,  
like the swallow that drinks  
in flight skimming the water  
and carries off a reflection of sky  
up towards the sky once more.

He was doing what he said he would do  
with no threat whatsoever,  
only to act as an example to what was being preached,  
and not preaching too much.  
It wasn't an imposing lesson, he wasn't showing off;  
it was just a foot taking a step.

He wasn't provoking daring attacks,  
merely a slight tension,  
like an inspiration for a forward thrust,  
the seed of the cause.  
And he wasn't expecting anything, or demanding it.  
And he died. And yet.

## Conviction and Doubt

Conviction makes so clean a cut  
that it removes the head from worry,  
and carefully shares it out  
like one who is the host.

Doubt flies over a train  
whose windows are so filthy  
that if, by chance, you see yourself  
it means you're already inside.



## Felix at the Park

The ball is alight  
with the precise and potent  
and calls for an overture  
of dance-steps, fleet and nimble.

He embarks on it, obstinate  
and in manner insistent  
just for the almost foolish pleasure  
of polishing some small trifle

repeating the shot  
until it turns smooth and fluent –  
the right movement to ensure  
propulsion, and calculable.

The stubbornness and grit  
(not side-swerving or ambivalent)  
of this kid who'd be a player,  
is it a story of graft and toil,

a wish for the beautiful and complete  
or a habit grown fiercely exigent?  
Weariness from the most physical labour  
for a pleasure that's truly intellectual.

## Conviction and Doubt

I want to go back to my mother's belly.  
Life is exhausting.  
Everything's hostile and cold outside that warm  
receptacle  
and every effort I make is not short of a miracle,  
a marathon gesture.

I just wasn't ready for such sudden jolts.  
It's much too early.  
My life is in transit, I'm alive yet caught  
between the urge and the anguish  
of not being finished.

It's not that this business of living is making me lazy.  
I'm ready and willing.  
But I need to gain weight and put on a face  
and with every minute the agony mounts like crazy  
I grow and I shrink all at once...  
and my head flops back.

I want to go back to my mother's belly  
but I've woken up.  
I've lived on a sleep that was loving me.  
You have been breathing to bring the air to me.  
And we were together.

And now you're abandoning me, though not quite,  
you watch over each fright, every snooze,  
and you're like a superhuman force,  
like truth up close.

I want to go back to my mother's belly  
and may there go with me all I have already glimpsed,  
or let the whole world be an amniotic,  
hospitable belly,  
the most primitive and spontaneous  
joy.

## If There is Eternal Life

So what, if there is eternal life  
or if there's eternal nothingness!  
Conscience's plot  
that doesn't know what comes after  
creates an uncertain attitude  
and a person dies with interest  
to know if our existence  
ends without rhyme or reason.

## Something Pretty

I wanted to explain so pretty  
a thing from inside my head  
but thought it would be a pity  
not to say it as it ought to be said  
and for my smile to be a grimace  
so I shall let time go by so that  
one day it may speak in its own voice.



## On the Author

Josep Pedrals was born in Barcelona in 1979. He has been performing his poetry on stages since 1997. He has performed throughout Europe, Asia, and America, giving thousands of recitals at all kinds of festivals. He has won several recitation contests, including the Osaka International Slam (2009). Not a good student (always against impositions), he left his Public Relations studies to be a good student of poetry and literature. He works in poetry education for children and adults and gives lectures and courses on poetry, prosody, and orality in schools, colleges, and universities.

He has developed poetry spaces on radio and television (now on Betevé—Barcelona TV) and has collaborated in the art and culture sections of various publications (now on *El País*). He has published a sonnet every day in the newspaper *Ara* during a couple of years (2010–2012). He has coordinated, from 2002 to 2015, the HORINAL (Obrador de Recitacions i Noves Actituds Literàries—Workshop of Recitations and New Literary Attitudes), directing little poetry festivals and some poetry cycles around Catalonia. He has written several theatre plays, including *Wamba va!* (Mercat de les Flors, Barcelona, 2005), *En comptes de la lletera* (La Planeta, 2011), *El furgatori* (La Seca, 2012), *Safari Pitarra* (TNC, 2014), and *Fang i setge* (Teatre Victòria, 2016).

He was the keyboardist of the funky-pop band Explosion Bikini (1999–2004) and currently he leads the ironic pop group ElsNensEutròfics. He was awarded with the “Lletra d’or” prize in 2013 (for the best Catalan book) and the Time Out Barcelona—Best Artist of the Year 2014 prize.

## O pjesniku

Josep Pedrals rođen je u Barceloni 1979. godine. Od 1997. javno izvodi svoju poeziju. Nastupao je diljem Europe, Azije i Amerike, održavši na tisuće recitala na raznim festivalima i tribinama. Nagrađivan je na raznim natjecanjima za recitatore, uključujući Osaka International Slam (2009.). Budući da nije bio dobar student (uvijek se protiveći nametnutome), napustio je studij Odnosa s javnošću kako bi se posvetio proučavanju poezije i književnosti. Bavi se pjesničkim obrazovanjem za djecu i odrasle te drži predavanja i tečajeve o poeziji, prozodiji i usmenosti u školama, na fakultetima i sveučilištima.

Osmislio je pjesničke prostore na radiju i televiziji (sada na Betevé—Barcelona TV) i surađivao u umjetničkim i kulturnim sekcijama raznih publikacija (trenutno u *El País*). Nekoliko je godina (2010.–2012.) svaki dan objavljivao po jedan sonet u novinama *Ara*. Koordinirao je, od 2002. do 2015. godine, HORINAL (*Obrador de Recitations I Noves Actituds Literàries*—Radionicu recitiranja i novih književnih stavova) i vodio male festivale poezije i cikluse čitanja diljem Katalonije. Napisao je nekoliko kazališnih drama, uključujući *Wamba va!* (Mercat de les Flors, Barcelona, 2005.), *En comptes de la lletera* (La Planeta, 2011.), *El furgatori* (La Seca, 2012.), *Safari Pitarra* (TNC, 2014.) i *Fang i setge* (Teatre Victòria, 2016.).

Bio je klavijaturist funky-pop benda Explosion Bikini (1999.–2004.), a trenutno vodi ironičnu pop-grupu ElsNensEutròfics. Dobitnik je nagrade “Lletra d’or” 2013. godine (za najbolju katalonsku knjigu) i nagrade Time Out Barcelona za najboljeg umjetnika 2014. godine.



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