



**IVA
DAMJANOVSKI**

VERSOPOLIS
POETRY INTERNATIONAL

AVI
DAMJANOVSKI

IVA
DAMJANOVSKI

A selection of poems



Iva Damjanovski

Dutch translations

Roel Schuyt

English translations

Zoran Anchevski

A publication by Poetry International
Foundation, in collaboration with Versopolis,
supported by the European Union.



The year 2024 marks the second of Poetry International's collaboration with the Europe-wide Versopolis network, which supports emerging poets throughout the continent. Poetry International is the only Dutch Versopolis member –and happy to be able to showcase Dutch talent internationally and to invite two international Versopolis talents yearly to the stage in Rotterdam. Poetry International is excited to present the work of Macedonian poet Iva Damjanovski, translated into two languages for the first time. In this chapbook, the reader can get acquainted with Damjanovski's awe-inspiring poems, in which the lines are clear-cut and almost clinical, and yet the reading experience is immersive and at times even magical.

Iva Damjanovski is a Macedonian poet and musician. Her poetry is written with surgical precision. Every sound and every silence are well-calculated, giving every meticulously chosen word a dense richness of meaning. In Damjanovski's poems one can sense anger at and disappointment in the world and its injustices, as well as a certain helplessness in regard to bringing about change. Nonetheless, she strives to withstand the chaos with subtle humor, sour-sweet irony, and a discreet smile.

Having graduated from the Piano Performance program at the Ss. Cyril and Methodius University of Skopje, Damjanovski continues to study at the Musicology Program of the Free University of Bolzano. As a musician she has appeared on international stages, among which are several festivals in Italy and the Macedonian Philharmonic concert program. She performs as a solo pianist and thereminist and is also part of the experimental duo Alembic. Additionally, she composes music for film and theater.

She has published three poetry books. Her first book *Tue* (2017) won the Igor Isakovski Award for best debut poetry book by a young author. She was awarded the prestigious Brothers Miladinovci Award for her second poetry book *Двоуменье* (2020). Her poetry has been translated into many languages, some of which are English, Serbian, Irish and Bengali.

9	ТРИЕМЕ (за Ања)
10	WE RUB (For Anya)
11	WE WRIJVEN (Voor Anja)
12	КАДЕ Е ДОМА
13	WHERE IS HOME
14	WAAR IS THUIS
15	ТРИЈАЖА
16	TRIAGE
17	TRIAGE
18	ПЕСНА ШТО СЕ УШТЕ НЕМА ДА ЈА НАПИШАМ
20	A POEM I STILL WON'T WRITE
22	EEN GEDICHT DAT IK NOG STEEDS NIET ZAL SCHRIJVEN
24	ПОСЛЕДНИТЕ ЗБОРОВИ НА ЕДЕН КВАЗАР
25	THE LAST WORDS OF A QUASAR
26	DE LAATSTE WOORDEN VAN EEN QUASAR
27	НЕКА ОВАА ТЕМНИНА НЕ Е КАМБАНАРИЈА, ТУКУ ДРВО (омаж на Рилке)
28	LET THIS DARKNESS NOT BE A BELFRY, BUT A TREE (An homage to Rilke)
29	LAAT DEZE DUISTERNIS GEEN KLOKKENTOREN ZIJN, MAAR EEN BOOM (Hommage aan Rilke)
30	ET LA TRAPÉZISTE SE CASSE LE COU
31	ET LA TRAPÉZISTE SE CASSE LE COU
32	ET LA TRAPÉZISTE SE CASSE LE COU

33	СЕПТЕМВРИ
34	SEPTEMBER
35	SEPTEMBER
36	ГРАВИТАЦИЈА
38	GRAVITATION
40	ZWAARTEKRACHT

ТРИЕМЕ
(за Ања)

Топлината се раѓа кога ќе се осмелиш
да го погалиш она што има остри рабови

и кожата ти станува црвена бидејќи останало малку од тебе врз
она што си го допрел,
не му верувам
на молкот кој е мазен,
сè што се плаши да квари
ме остава празен

но, ако бестрашно се изгубиме и никогаш не спиеме
и не се криеме и
триеме
и триеме
огнот се случува,
светлината одлучува
дека има нешта што треба да се видат,
триеме и звукот е скинат
од мека тишина.
од тврда пантомима.

Љубовта е мала искра меѓу две брзи парчиња метал
што понекогаш можеш да ја видиш на пруга,
две раце со остри рабови
една во друга.

WE RUB
(For Anya)

The warmth is born when you dare
stroke anything with sharp edges

and your skin turns red as a bit of you remained on
what you touched,
I don't trust silence
for it is smooth,
all that's afraid of bleeding
leaves me hollow

but, if we become lost without fear and never sleep
and don't hide and
we rub
and rub
fire flames up,
light decides
what is still there to be seen,
we rub and a soft silence,
a dense pantomime
breaks the sound.

Love is a tiny spark struck by two swift pieces of metal
such as you might sometimes see rise from the rails,
two hands with sharp edges
coming together.

WE WRIJVEN
(Voor Anja)

De warmte wordt geboren als je iets
durft te strelen wat scherpe randen heeft

en je huid rood wordt omdat er iets van jezelf achterbleef op
wat je hebt aangeraakt,
ik geloof niet
in het zwijgen dat glad is,
en alles wat bang is te bloeden
laat mij koud

maar als we onszelf zonder angst verliezen en nooit slapen
en uit het zicht blijven en
wrijven
en wrijven
ontstaat er vuur,
en het licht beslist
dat er dingen zijn die we moeten zien,
we wrijven, en door bescheiden stilte,
door opzichtige pantomime,
wordt het geluid verbroken.

Liefde is een vonkje tussen twee snelle stukken metaal
zoals je soms tussen wielen en rails kunt zien,
twee handen met scherpe randen
de ene in de andere.

Љубовта е удар со тупаница во stomакот
 од кој не можам да дишам,
 кој ме распрснува
 како нуклеарна фузија
 од која сигурно некои луѓе се плашат дека ќе ја голтне вселената
 во црна дупка која го запира времето,
 не ги обвинувам,
 наместо тоа ги замислувам
 сите оние кои се обидуваат да ме убијат
 со насмехани лица,
 со меки очи
 и нивните куршуми влегуваат во мојата кожа
 како во смола,
 бавно и течно,
 се движат низ мене како танчери
 низ празен простор,
 јас сум празен простор,
 не постојат граници што можеш да ги преминеш,
 да ги поместиш,
 како да сум земја,
 која умее да им ја прости грдотијата на сите лешеве,
 да им ја прости безживотноста
 на сите мртви.

Ничија тупаница не може да биде посилен.

Станувам врата без клучалка,
 без квака,
 го сакам градот и
 градот ми кажува дека ме сака,
 прозорците се топли телевизори
 на кои гледам како птиците
 ги сечат вените на небото,
 ја гледам единствената плава крв.

Мојот ум е црв
 и живее јадејќи сè што умира.

Love is a punch
 to the stomach
 that leaves me breathless,
 that blows me up
 like nuclear fusion
 which some people fear might swallow the universe
 into a black hole that stops time,
 I don't blame them,
 instead I imagine
 all those who try to kill me
 with smiling faces,
 with soft eyes,
 and their bullets pierce my skin
 as if resin,
 slowly and slickly,
 they move inside me like dancers
 through empty space,
 I'm empty space,
 there are no boundaries you can't cross,
 or move at least,
 as if I were under the ground
 that forgives all corpses' ugliness,
 forgives the lifelessness
 of all dead.

No one's fist can be stronger.

I turn into a door without a lock,
 without a handle,
 I love the city and
 the city tells me it's in love with me,
 the windows are warm TV screens
 where I see how birds
 slash the veins of the sky,
 I see the unique blue blood.

My mind is a worm
 that lives on eating everything that dies.

Liefde is een vuistslag in de maag
 waardoor ik niet kan ademen,
 die mij uiteen doet spatten
 als kernfusie
 waarvan sommige mensen zeker vrezen dat het heelal die zal opslokken
 door een zwart gat dat de tijd doet stoppen,
 ik neem het hun niet kwalijk
 in plaats daarvan stel ik me al diegenen voor
 die mij proberen te vermoorden
 met glimlachende gezichten,
 met zachte ogen
 en hun kogels dringen in mijn huid
 als in zachte hars,
 langzaam en vloeiend,
 ze bewegen door me heen, als dansers
 door een lege ruimte,
 ik ben een lege ruimte,
 er bestaan geen grenzen die je kunt passeren
 of op zijn minst verplaatsen,
 het is alsof ik besta uit aarde
 die alle lijken hun lelijkheid kan vergeven
 en genade kent voor de levenloosheid
 van alle doden.

Niemand's vuist kan sterker zijn.

Ik word een deur zonder sleutelgat,
 zonder klink,
 ik houd van de stad en
 de stad zegt tegen mij dat hij van mij houdt,
 de ramen zijn warme tv-schermen
 waarop ik zie hoe de vogels
 de aderen van de hemel doorklieven,
 ik zie het unieke blauwe bloed.

Mijn geest is een worm
 die leeft van alles wat gestorven is.

Учам како да се плашам подобро.
 Првите зраци се портокалови
 како столчиња во чекалницата
 на болницата
 „Јане Сандански“.

Јас им се тргам од патот.

Учам како да те прашам подобро.
 Ако можеш да дознаеш,
 би сакал да знаеш кога ќе умреш?
 Би сакал ли да бидеш убава мрша?
 Се кршам
 како да си казма,
 како да сум казна.
 Пред да се раздени,
 кога светот е се уште црно – бел,
 зраците се игли
 и иглите се цилити,
 знаеш ли кој е точниот одговор на прашањето:
 Јас или ти?
 Јас или ти?
 Или ти?

I am learning how to be afraid better.
 The first rays are orange
 as are the waiting room chairs
 in the Jane Sandanski
 hospital.

I move away from them.

I am learning how to ask you better.
 In case you find out,
 will you let me know when you're going to die?
 Would you like to be a handsome corpse?
 I break as if you were a pickaxe,
 as if I were a punishment picker.
 Before dawn,
 when the world is still black and white,
 the rays are needles
 and the needles are spears,
 do you know the right answer to the question:
 me or you?
 You or me?
 Or just you?

Ik leer hoe ik beter bang kan worden.
 De eerste stralen zijn oranje
 als de stoeltjes in de wachtkamer
 van het ziekenhuis
 'Jane Sandanski'.

Ik ga ze uit de weg.

Ik leer hoe ik je beter kan vragen:
 Als je daarachter kunt komen,
 zou je dan willen weten wanneer je doodgaat?
 Zou je een mooi lijk willen zijn?
 Ik verbrokkel
 alsof je een houweel bent
 alsof ik word gestraft.
 Voordat het dag wordt,
 als de wereld nog een spel is in zwart-wit,
 zijn de stralen als naalden
 en de naalden als puntloze speren,
 weet jij wat het juiste antwoord is op de vraag:
 Jij of ik?
 Ik of jij?
 Of jij?

Моите координати се хх,
затоа е тешко да ме пронајдеш
и имам една непозната помалку.

Ги склопувам моите очи
и потоа ги расклопувам
на составните делови:
зеницата во едната рака,
белото топче во другата,
една рожница,
еден ирис.

Осаменост е кога нема ниту еден познат мирис
кога е многу ладно
и можам да го видам мојот електромагнетен здив,
мојот бинарен дух.

Зеницата во едната рака се шири
како грутка малигни клетки или универзум,
жедна за светлина.

Оваа планета е храбра
и не се плаши од непознати,
не се плаши дури ни од мене,
дозволува да ја најдеш
и ги прегрнува своите спомени,
а, јас сум суштество
и летам со белодробни крилја
кои се кршат кога се каам.

Го сакам овој свет
онака како што во секој отров има лек,
онака како што во секој лек има отров,
како што има море околу секој остров,
и оток околу секоја скршеница,
како ретката стварност
која се провлекува меѓу моите прсти
и капе во нештата,
како време кое смотано се лизга
по вашата пластична кожа,

јас можам

и не смеам да запрам
или да исчезнам,
морам да бидам ден,
морам да бидам пламен,
морам да бидам знамен,
морам да бидам дете:
„Желимо вам све најлепше са наше планете.“

Чекорам внимателно по улиците на мојот град
како да сум поларна мечка која се надева дека може да биде лесна.
Пукнатините на асфалтот се линии на кои пишувам стихови
и се надевам дека ја немам напишано мојата последна љубовна песна

My coordinates are xx,
so it's hard for you to find me
and I have one unknown less.

I close my eyes
and then dismantle them
to their constituent parts:
the pupil in one hand,
the white ball in the other,
one cornea,
one iris.
Loneliness is when there isn't any familiar smell
in the cold
and I can't see my electromagnetic breath,
my binary spirit.
The pupil in the hand widens
like a lump of malignant cells or like a universe
thirsting for light.
This planet is brave
and isn't afraid of strangers,
isn't afraid even of me,
it lets you find it
and it hugs its memories,
but I'm a creature
flying on its lung-wings that break
when I'm heavy with remorse.

I love this world
in a way that every poison has its cure
and every cure has its poison,
in a way that every sea has its island,
and every fracture has its swelling,
like a rare reality
wriggling through my fingers
and dripping into things,
like time that glides clumsily
along your plastic skin,

and I can

and I must not stop
or disappear,
I must be day,
I must be flame,
I must be an omen,
I must be a child:
"We wish you all the best from our planet."

I walk carefully along the streets of my city
like a polar bear hoping to lose weight.
The cracks on the asphalt are lines I write verses on
and hoping that I still haven't written my last love poem.

Mijn coördinaten zijn xx,
daarom kun je mij moeilijk vinden
en ik heb een onbekende minder.

Ik sluit mijn ogen
om ze daarna te ontleden
in hun samenstellende delen:
de pupil in de ene hand
het witte bolletje in de andere,
een hoornvlies,
een iris.
Eenzaamheid is wanneer er geen bekende geur is
wanneer het erg koud is
en ik mijn elektromagnetische adem kan zien,
en mijn binaire geest.
De pupil in mijn ene hand verwijdt zich, groeit
als een groepje maligne cellen of een uitdijend universum,
en hij snakt naar licht.
Deze planeet is dapper
is niet bang voor onbekende factoren,
en is zelfs niet bang voor mij,
ze staat toe dat je haar vindt
en omarmt haar eigen geheimen,
maar ik ben een wezen
dat vliegt op de vleugels van zijn longen –
vleugels die breken als ik diep berouw heb.

Ik houd van deze wereld
zoals elk gif een medicijn bevat,
zoals elk medicijn een gif bevat,
zoals er om elk eiland een zee ligt,

en een zwelling om elke breuk,
als een zeldzame werkelijkheid
die tussen mijn vingers door slipt
en op de dingen druppelt,
als tijd die onhandig
in uw plastic huid glijdt,

ik kan

en mag niet ophouden
of verdwijnen,
wat ik moet zijn, is een dag,
dat is een vlam,
dat is een vlag,
dat is een kind:
'Wij wensen u het allerbeste van onze planeet.'

Ik loop voorzichtig door de straten van mijn stad
alsof ik een ijsbeer ben die hoopt dat hij heel licht kan zijn.
De barsten in het asfalt zijn lijntjes waarop ik gedichten schrijf
en ik hoop dat ik niet mijn laatste liefdesgedicht geschreven heb.

Предметите тешат
со својата нежна допирливост.
Посакувам да можев да држам во раце
парче од нечиј мир
или врвот на нечија желба
на кој можеш да си го боцнеш прстот
и да крвариш бидејќи си го допрел
или да паднеш меѓу молекулите на нечија љубов
и да оставиш дупка во облик на себе
меѓу нив,
гравитацијата е твојот ангел и
Бог патува лесно
со брзина од 299 792 458 m / s,
куфери полни со приспивни песни
и грутка полароиди,
плипот
карамели и пот.
Невозможно е да копнееш
и да припаѓаш
истовремено.
Погледни ја таа брза темнина
леплива и дисонантна
како катран
или група луѓе.
Ги потопувам рацете во неа
и пробувам да ги испратам боите
онаму од каде што дошле,
каде што нема предмети
или нивната топла атомска прегратка

Сакам да ја научам секоја нова љубов
што ќе ја измислат овие деца,
секој нов вид,
секоја сајберпанк нежност,
секој оловен водач,
секој подобар товар,
секој добронамерен гнев,

мојата старост
е супернова.

Objects are comforting,
so gently tangible.
I wish it were possible to hold
a piece of one's peace,
or the pinpoint of one's wish
on which you could prick your finger
and bleed from touching it.
Or the molecules of one's love
between which you could fall
and leave a you-shaped hole in them
and gravity is your angel and
God is travelling light
at 299 792 458 m/s
suitcases full of lullabies
and Hubble polaroids,
an abundance of
caramels and sweat.
It is impossible
to be longing
and belonging
at the same time.
Look at that fast darkness
sticky and dissonant
like tar
or a group of people.
I dip my hands in it
and I try to send colors
back to where they came from,
where there are no objects
or their warm atomic embrace

I want to learn every new love
these children invent,
every new kind,
every cyberpunk kindness,
every leaden leader,
every better burden,
every benevolent rage,

my old age
is a supernova.

De voorwerpen bieden troost
met hun tedere tastbaarheid.
Graag zou ik in mijn handen
een stukje van iemands vrede houden
of het topje van iemands verlangen
waaraan je je vinger kunt bezeren
zodat je gaat bloeden omdat je het hebt aangeraakt,
of tussen de moleculen van iemands liefde vallen
en daartussen een gat achterlaten in de vorm
van mezelf,
de zwaartekracht is je engel en
God reist heel licht
met een snelheid van 299 792 458 m/s,
koffers vol met slaapliedjes
en een stapel polaroidfoto's,
een heleboel
karamelsnoepjes en zweet.
Het is onmogelijk om tegelijkertijd
ergens naar te verlangen
én daarbij te horen.
Kijk naar de snelle duisternis
plakkerig en dissonerend
als teer
of een groep mensen.
Ik doop mijn handen erin
en probeer de kleuren terug te sturen
naar waar ze vandaan komen,
waar je geen voorwerpen
of hun warme atomaire omhelzing vindt.

Ik wil leren over elke nieuwe liefde
die deze kinderen bedenken,
elke nieuwe vorm,
elke cyberpunk-tederheid,
elke loden leiding,
elke betere lading,
elke goedbedoelde toorn,

mijn ouderdom
is een supernova.

а, јас плот,
со гранка за плачење
и бршлени наместо пршлени
кои ќе ме држат исправена.
Нека оваа гранка е големо рамо,
нека ова големо рамно
е добар план
или висок кат
или тивок глас
или едноставен ден
или јасен знак
дека си силен.

Нека овие езера во кои се давиш
станат вистина,
кадифена вина
или дожд,
и виното грозд.

И сите немоќни нека јакнат и
сите јазици нека се бакнат.

LET THIS DARKNESS NOT BE A BELFRY, BUT A TREE

(An homage to Rilke)

and me, a hedge,
with a branch for crying
and briar instead of vertebrae
that would hold me upright.
Let this branch be a wide shoulder,
let this wide plain
be a good plan
or a high floor
or a soft voice
or a simple day
or a clear sign
that you are strong.

Let these lakes in which you drown
become true,
a velvety guilt
or rain,
and the wine become grapes again.

And let all weak become strong and
all languages kiss.

LAAT DEZE DUISTERNIS GEEN KLOKKENTOREN ZIJN, MAAR EEN BOOM

(Hommage aan Rilke)

en ik, een haag
met een twijg om te huilen
en wingerd in plaats van wervels
die mij overeind houden.
Laat die twijg een brede schouder zijn,
en deze grote vlakke
een goed plan
of een hoge verdieping
of een zachte stem
of een simpele dag
of een duidelijk teken
hoe sterk je bent.

Laat deze meren waarin je verdrinkt
waarheid worden,
een fluweelzachte schuld
of regen,
en de wijn in druiven veranderen.

Laat alle zwakkeren sterk worden en
alle talen elkaar kussen.

на крајот
дете

рацете испружени
над два сомнежи
како крилја
или сојузници

јас не сум ништо подобра од вас
и јас сум тука бидејќи сакам да дознаам
дали ќе ме снема или не
или не
или не

види тоа се мама и тато
не им мавтај
не гледај во камерата

понекогаш ми е страв дека нема никогаш да умрам
па погледнувам надолу
и помалку ми е страв
повраќам
но се враќам
и се вртам
со моите 70 проценти вода
со силите на оската
како планета

водостој на раце
дали и овој пат
ќе одлучам да постојам
дали знам да стојам
на дланки
испружени над две цели
два краја
како деца

над големо раѓање
и мала смрт.

and in the end
a child

the hands stretched
above two suspicions
like wings
or allies

I'm no better than you
and I'm here because I want to know
if I'd disappear or not
or not
or not

look these are mom and dad
don't wave to them
don't look at the camera

sometimes I'm afraid that I'll never die
so I look down
and feel a little afraid
I throw up
but return
and turn back
with my 70% water
with an axial force
like a planet

water level at hand
should I decide to exist
this time again
do I know how to stand
on hands
stretched above two goals
two ends
like children

above a great birth
and a small death.

aan het einde
een kind

de handen gespreid
boven twee twijfels
als vleugels
of bondgenoten

ik ben niet beter dan jullie
en ik ben hier omdat ik wil weten
of ik zal verdwijnen of niet
of niet
of niet

kijk, dat zijn mijn mama en papa
zwaai niet naar ze
kijk niet naar de camera

soms ben ik bang dat ik nooit zal sterven
dus ik kijk naar beneden
en ben een beetje bang
ik geef over
maar ga terug
en draai
met mijn 70 procent aan water
met mijn axiale krachten
als een planeet

ik houd mijn armen gestrekt
zal ik ook deze keer
besluiten te bestaan
kan ik op mijn handen
blijven staan

uitgestrekt boven twee doelen
twee einden
als kinderen

boven een grote geboorte
en een kleine dood.

Беше тоа убав ден,
дента кога се удавив.
Беше сончев август
и се раѓаа многу новороденчиња.

Се раѓаа со рацете високо подадени
кон болничките тавани,
исплашено врескајќи:
Доаѓаме во мир!
– како предупредување.

Тоа беше убав ден,
дента кога се удавив.
Беше сончев август
и беше многу топло.

Никогаш не можев да поднесам жештина.

Влегов во водата,
а ги заборавив камењата
што ми ги ставаа во џебовите
за да не одлетам.

Велат дека некои камења
ставаат поети во џебовите
кога сакаат да се удават.

It was a nice day,
the day that I drowned.
It was a sunny August
and many babies were born.

Their arms stretched up
to the hospital ceilings,
crying with fear:
We come in peace!
- as a warning.

It was a nice day,
the day that I drowned.
It was a sunny August
and it was too hot.

I could never bear heat.

I entered the water,
but forgot about the stones
they put in my pockets
to prevent me from flying.

They say some stones
put poets in their pockets
when they wish to drown.

Het was een mooie dag,
de dag waarop ik verdronk
Het was een zonnige augustusmaand
en er werden veel baby's geboren.

Ze kwamen ter wereld met hun handen uitgestrekt
naar de ziekenhuisplafonds,
en ze schreeuwden doodsbang:
We komen in vrede!
– als een waarschuwing.

Het was een mooie dag.
de dag waarop ik verdronk.
Het was een zonnige augustusmaand
en het was heel warm.

Ik heb nooit tegen hitte gekund.

Ik ging het water in,
maar vergat de stenen
die ze in mijn zakken hadden gestopt
zodat ik niet zou wegvliegen.

Ze zeggen dat sommige stenen
die zichzelf willen verdrinken
dichters in hun zakken stoppen

Световите на другите луѓе ми ги затвораат вратите.
Твоите гласни жици се тивки
и не можам да поминувам низ сидови толку лесно како порано.

Полесно ми е да поминувам низ сидови кога се веќе изградени.

Можеш да ископаш дупка во вселената
и сета светлина ќе помисли дека мора да умре.
И сета светлина ќе реши дека тоа е гроб.
Мојата темнина е шарена и леплива
и сета светлина и е роб
и паѓа заљубено во неа.

Летањето воопшто не е забавно
кога наоколу нема земја на која можеш да паднеш .
Само падот е слободен,
а крилјата носат мртви синови.
Тешко е да се градат сидови,
но полесно ми е да поминувам низ нив кога се таму.

Овековечувам
и се оддалечувам.

Сите врвови
покажуваат надолу,
а пијанистите и математичарите
мораат да им веруваат на
врвовите на грстите.
Полесно ми е да дишам
кога воздухот е редок,
мојот предок
е астронаут,
кој се обидува да умре млад,
затоа го сакам мојот град
иако тој не ги сака моите гради,
иако гради
сид.

Но, полесно ми е да поминувам низ сидови
кога се таму,
полесно ми е да правам звук од тишината,
полесно ми е да го одберам пеколот кога постои рај,
полесно ми е да лажам кога ја знам вистината,
полесно ми е да почнувам кога е крај.

The worlds of other people close my doors.
 Your vocal chords are silent
 and I can't move through walls as easily as before.

It's easier for me to move through walls when they are real.

You can dig up a hole in the universe
 and all light will believe it would die there.
 And all light will agree it would be its grave.
 My darkness is shaded and sticky
 and all light is its slave
 that falls in love with it.

Flying is not fun at all
 when there is no land around you can fall upon.
 Only the fall is free,
 the wings carry dead sons.
 It's hard to build walls,
 but it's easier for me to move through them once they're there.

I eternalize
 and move away.

All peaks
 point downward,
 and the pianists and the mathematicians
 must believe
 the tips of their fingers.
 Its easier for me to breathe
 in thin air,
 my ancestor
 was an astronaut
 who tried to die young,
 that's why I love my city
 though it finds my tits not pretty,
 though it builds
 a wall.

But it's easier for me to move through walls
 once they're there,
 easier to make a sound from silence,
 easier to choose hell when there's heaven,
 easier to lie when there's truth,
 easier to begin when there's an end.

De werelden van andere mensen sluiten voor mij hun deuren.
 Jouw stembanden zijn stil
 en ik kom niet zo makkelijk door muren heen als vroeger.

Ik kan makkelijker door muren heen komen als ze al zijn gebouwd.

Je kunt een gat graven in het heelal
 en al het licht zal denken dat het moet sterven.
 En al het licht zal aannemen dat het een graf is.
 Mijn duisternis is getint en plakkerig
 en al het licht is haar slaaf
 en wordt verliefd op haar.

Vliegen is echt niet prettig
 als er onder je geen land is waarop je kunt vallen.
 Alleen de val is vrij,
 maar de vleugels dragen dode zonen.
 Het is moeilijk om muren te bouwen,
 maar ik kom er makkelijker doorheen als ze er al zijn.

Ik vereeuwig mezelf
 en verwijder me.

Alle toppen
 wijzen omlaag,
 en elke pianist en wiskundige
 moet zijn eigen
 vingertoppen geloven.
 Ik kan makkelijker ademen
 als de lucht ijl is,
 ik heb als voorvader
 een astronaut,
 die probeert jong te sterven,
 daarom houd ik van mijn stad,
 die echter niet van mijn borsten houdt,
 hoewel hij
 een muur opricht.

Maar ik kan makkelijker door muren heen komen
 als ze er al zijn,
 ik kan makkelijker geluid maken in stilte,
 ik kan makkelijker kiezen voor de hel als er iets is als een hemel,
 ik kan makkelijker liegen als ik bekend ben met de waarheid,
 ik kan makkelijker beginnen als er sprake is van een einde.

This chapbook is published by Poetry International in collaboration with Versopolis.
This project has been funded with support from the European Union.
This publication reflects the views only of the author, and the European Union cannot be held responsible for any use which may be made of the information contained therein.

© Original poems: Iva Damjanovski
© Translation into English: Zoran Anchevski
© Translation into Dutch: Roel Schuyt

No part of this book may be produced in any form, by print, photoprint, microfilm or any other means, without written permission from Stichting Poetry International, Westersingel 16, 3014 GN Rotterdam.

Graphic design: stof rotterdam
Print: Tromp

ISBN 9789072546395



Co-funded by
the European Union

AVI IK2VONALMAD

This booklet is offered **free of charge** by Poetry International and Versopolis with support from the European Union to promote two Versopolis poets yearly.