

Некои песни
SOME POEMS
ROGHA DÁNTA

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Ива Дамјановски
Iva Damjanovski

SOUTHWORD *editions*

First published in 2023
by Southword Editions
The Munster Literature Centre
Frank O'Connor House, 84 Douglas Street
Cork, Ireland
www.munsterlit.ie

Set in Minion Pro Cyrillic and Adobe Caslon Pro

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ISBN: 978-1-915573-04-9



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Почнуваме

Ние живееме во зачеток.

Нашите погледи засекогаш патуваат кон исток.

Засекогаш тргнуваат,
одново,
кон новото водени
и постојано новородени.

Во зениците имаме светлина со боја на крв
и секој наш чекор е прв.

Ние имаме почетничка среќа
и правиме почетнички грешки.
Метаморфозите не ни се тешки.
Нашиот дом е местото каде што се бакнуваат двете оски
и имаме срцевина, наместо коски.

Наутро, ја гледаме зората на времето,
а навечер, го слушаме големиот звук
на создавањето на просторот.
Нам ни ја доверија бесконечноста
и крајот мораме да го убиеме.

Ние никогаш не спиеме
за денот никогаш да не може да заврши.
Нашите неба постојано крвават,
но никогаш не умираат,
нашите сонца умеат само да изгреваат,
а нашите реки умеат само да извираат.

Раѓањето е нашиот бог,
што секој ден не создава од почеток
и ние секој ден од почеток

учиме во него да веруваме.
Ние вечноста ја ветуваме
наместо да чекаме,
ние очекуваме.

Ние сме одредот против крајот
и бесмртната револуција,
ние сме сјајот
на невозможната резолуција.
Пееме едноставна молитва,
ние сме хорот
што го знае Зборот
што беше на почетокот.

Ние сме Антисмрт.
Ние бескрајот го чуваме
и почнуваме.

Без почеток

Прво мора да биде крај.
А смртта е стрмна, но
Лебдиме како да сме тешки
И невидливи,
Неизбежни и невозможни,
Додека
Разбирањето се раѓа
Од утробата на
Мајката што
Од утробата на
Разбирањето се раѓа
Додека
Неизбежни и невозможни,
И невидливи,
Лебдиме како да сме тешки
А смртта е стрмна, но
Прво мора да биде крај.

Абортус

Ја ебевте Земјата
и таа повторно е бремена.
Честитки! – рекоа.
Ќе се роди уште една војна.
Сега ќе чекаме
да се породи
и ќе ја храниме
нејзината чудна
тркалезна глад
со месеци.
Породувањето ќе биде
болно и тешко
и ќе трае долго.
И кога ќе се роди тоа бебе
ќе вреска
и целото ќе биде краво,
и како и другите деца пред него,
ќе го фрлите на улица
со искинати алишта,
да талка
и да пита
со валкан гнев
на рацете.
Словенска тага

Понекогаш ми доаѓа
сета словенска тага.
Тешка е
и со српови и чекани
ме удира по глава.
И јас плачам и ми студи,
ми студи словенски
и ја бакнувам земјата
и не знам да ја објаснам

и никој не знае да ја објасни,
ама доаѓа.
И кога ќе дојде,
доаѓа сета,
многувековна,
широка
и бесмислена.
Сета словенска тага,
направена од страдање,
од сонце и тутун,
направена од луѓе
со дивјачки, набраздени лица
во овчи кожи
и мртви кучиња.
Таа доаѓа како крст
и ми се потпира врз рамената.
Доаѓа,
пее
и ме паралдисува.

Словенска тага

Понекогаш ми доаѓа
сета словенска тага.
Тешка е
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ме удира по глава.
И јас плачам и ми студи,
ми студи словенски
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многувековна,
широка
и бесмислена.
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направена од луѓе
со дивјачки, набраздени лица
во овчи кожи
и мртви кучиња.
Таа доаѓа како крст
и ми се потпира врз рамената.
Доаѓа,
пее
и ме паралдисува.

Потстанар

Во мене живее
гладно и алчно чудовиште.
Монструм
со сопствен ум.
Врзани сме со папочна врвка
и ми ја јаде утробата.
Ме тера да голтам сé пред себе.
Тоа е моето мило чудовиште,
моето бебе,
ме тера да правам злодела,
ги создава моите дела,
ме уништува цела.
Ми кажува каде да одам,
се обидувам да го родам,
се обидувам да го повратам,
се обидувам да го сфатам.
Се обидувам да му избегам
за да можам покорно да му се вратам
и да го молам за прошка
и да му ја докажувам мојата љубов.
Мојот свер
ми покажува што има по смртта,
ми шепка како постои вселената,
ме поседува,
ми наредува,
боледувам
и врескам кон внатре,
кон мојот свер,
бидејќи ме повредува,
бидејќи не е фер,
бидејќи ме присилува
да го заведувам
за да не ме напушти,
да не ме пушти

да паднам.
Јас знам дека ќе пропаднам.
Моето чудовиште е засекогаш
гладно
и жедно.
И ние сме едно.

Слободата во тебе

(комунистичка љубовна песна)

Јас знам дека нема никогаш да кренам револуција против тебе.
Ќе ја сакам твојата диктатура.
Наместо да ја срушам,
ќе ја градам твојата скулптура.
Ќе престанам да се гушам.
Ќе те слушам.
Ќе престанам да се сеќавам на сé,
ќе престанам да бидам тешка,
ќе престанам да бидам грешка.
Ти си анархија
и ќе ја најдам слободата во тебе.
Ќе ти го дозволам твоето оружје
само ако ми ветиш
дека никогаш повеќе
нема да има мир
и мојата рана
ќе стане храна
и ќе ја најдам слободата во тебе.
Во тебе
ќе бидеме сами,
конечно чисти
и бесконечно исти
и ќе ја најдам слободата во тебе.

Контрола

Се сеќавам дека не знаев што правам,
дека она што се обидував да го поправам
сé уште не се скршило.
Мислев дека се работи за рамнотежа,
за мртви деца
или нешто слично.
Мислев дека можеби се работи за мир.
Кога бев дете
зборував како дете,
мислев како дете,
а сега, само се плашам како дете.
И не се надевам
и не верувам
и претерувам.

Уште еднаш.

Се сеќавам дека не знаев што правам,
дека она што се обидував да го поправам
сé уште не се скршило.
Мислев дека се работи за мир
или за хидрогенски бомби
или нешто слично.
Надвор луѓето одеа
по пат на елиминација
со наведнати глави,
беа налудничави и здрави
и возеа автомобили
со величествена молитва,
конечно, да откажат кочниците.
Неонска иднина.
И сите неонски луѓе
зборуваа како деца
и мислеа како деца,

и мирисаа на изгорено.
Уште еднаш.

Се сеќавам дека не знаев што правам,
дека она што се обидував да го поправам
сé уште не се скршило.
Се сеќавам дека детството го поминав среќно
во ходници и соби
и неонска светлина.
Мислев дека се работи за мир
или за светла иднина
или нешто слично.

Уште еднаш.

Се сеќавам дека не знаев што правам.
Се обидував нешто да поправам,
што сé уште не се скршило
и имаше уметник,
што си ја зари четката в око,
бидејќи немаше платно.
Ништо не е бесплатно.
Вчера мислев дека те видов,
но тоа не беше ти
и тоа не бев јас,
што мислеше дека те виде,
но мојот телевизор вели дека е сеедно
дали нештата се случиле или не.
Јас претерувам
и не можам да си верувам.

Уште еднаш.

Се сеќавам дека не знаев што правам
и мислев дека те видов,
но тоа не беше ти.

Мислев дека се работи за мир
или за Коринтјани
или нешто слично.
Луѓето со право се плашат од мене,
изгубив контрола,
веќе не спијам
и никогаш повеќе нема да го тргнам
прстот од чкрапалото.
И додека стоев на сцената
сфатив дека тоа е вирус:
јас не се надевав
и тие не се надеваа,
јас не верував
и тие не веруваа.
Претеруваат.

Уште еднаш.

Се сеќавам дека не знаев што правам,
дека она што се обидував да го поправам
сé уште не се скршило,
а кога, конечно, се осмелив да го допрам,
тоа се скрши во моите раце.
И бев среќна,
бидејќи сега, конечно, ќе можам да го поправам.
Мислев дека се работи за восок
или твојата кожа
или слични нешта
што горат бавно.
И чкорчиња,
и ги сакав моите лабораториски заморчиња.

Јас се смеам
и вие се смеете,
јас крвавам
и вие крвавите,

јас се плашам
и вие се плашите,
јас не се надевам
и вие не се надевате,
јас не верувам
и вие не верувате,
јас претерувам
и вие претерувате

и целосно се преполовувате.

Уште еднаш.

WE BEGIN

We live in a seed.

Our eyes forever journey to the east.

Forever they start,
again and again,
led toward the new,
newborn forever.

Our pupils are with the colour of blood
and every step is our first.

We have beginner's luck
and make beginner's mistakes.
Metamorphosis is an easy task for us.
Our home is the place where two axes kiss
and there we are marrow without bones.

In the morning we watch the dawn of time,
in the evening we listen to the big bang
of all creation.
We were entrusted with eternity
and we must kill the end.

We never sleep
so as the day would never end.
Our heavens always bleed,
but never die,
our suns know of rising only,
our rivers of springing.

Birth is our god
who each day creates us again
and each day we learn again

to believe in him.
Eternity is a promise
we are not waiting for,
but expecting.

We are the regiment against the end,
we are the deathless revolution,
we are the lustre
of the impossible resolution.

We chant a simple prayer,
we are the choir
that knows the Word
in the beginning.

We are the Antideath.

The infinity we guard
and begin.

WITHOUT BEGINNING

In the beginning there must be an end.
And death is steep, but
We levitate as if heavy
And invisible,
Inevitable and impossible,
While
Understanding is born
From the womb
Of the mother who
Was born from the womb of
Of understanding is born
While
Inevitable and impossible,
And invisible,
We levitate as if heavy
And death is steep, but
In the beginning there must be an end.

ABORTION

You fucked the earth
and it's pregnant again.
Congratulations! – they said.
A new war will be born.
Now we'll wait for
the new birth
and we'll feed
its strange
rounded hunger
for months on end.
The birth will be
hard and painful
and will last long.
And when the baby is born
it'll scream
and be smeared with blood,
and like the other children before,
will be thrown out in the street
in tattered clothes,
to roam
and beg
with hands
dirty with anger.

SLAVIC SORROW

At times it comes to me –
the whole of the Slavic sorrow.
It's heavy,
full of hammers and sickles
and hits me hard in the head.
And I cry and am cold,
in a Slavic way,
and I kiss the ground
but can't explain it,
no one can explain
how it comes,
but it comes.
And when it comes
it pours entirely,
ages old,
immense
and nonsensical.
The whole Slavic sorrow,
made up of hardship,
of sun and tobacco,
made up by people
with wild, wrinkled faces
dressed in raw hides of sheep
and dead dogs.
It comes as a cross
and descends on my shoulders.
It comes,
and blinds me.

A TENANT

In me there lives
a hungry and gluttonous monster.
An ogre
with its own mind.
We're connected by an umbilical cord
and it gnaws at my womb.
It makes me swallow everything.
It's my dearest monster,
my baby,
it makes me do evil deeds,
it fulfills my artistic needs,
it leaves me a ruin in weeds.
It tells me where to go,
I try to give birth to it,
I try to get rid of it
or throw it up in a vomit,
I try to understand it.
I try to run away from it,
but only return to it obedient,
ask it for forgiveness,

and prove my love for it.

My monster
shows me what's there after death,
whispers to me about the universe,
owns me,
orders me,
I fall ill
and scream within,
toward my monster,
for it hurts me,
for it's not fair,
for it forces me

to seduce it
or else, will leave me,
will let me
fall.

I know of my own demise.

My monster is forever
hungry
and thirsty.

And we are one.

FREEDOM IN YOU
(A communist love poem)

I know I'll never start a revolution against you.
I'll love your dictatorship.
I'll not destroy,
but build your monument.
I'll stop suffocating.
I'll listen to you.
I'll stop remembering,
I'll stop being difficult,
I'll stop being wrong.

You're mere anarchy
and I'll find my freedom in you.

I'll let you use your weapons
if you promise
that never again
would there be peace
and my wound
would become food
and I'll find my freedom in you.

In you
we'll be alone,
finally pure,
the same forever

and I'll find my freedom in you.

CONTROL

I remember I had no idea what I was doing,
that what I tried to repair,
hadn't broken as yet.
I thought it was about some kind of balance,
about dead children,
or something like that.
I thought it was perhaps about peace.
When I was a child
I spoke like a child,
I thought like a child,
and now, I am only afraid as a child.
And I don't hope
and I don't believe
and I exaggerate.

Once again.

I remember I had no idea what I was doing,
that what I tried to repair,
hadn't broken as yet.
I thought it was perhaps about peace
or about hydrogen bombs
or something like that.
People went out
along the path of elimination
with bowed heads,
they were crazy and healthy
and drove cars
with dignified prayers
for the breaks to fail, at last.

Once again.

I remember I had no idea what I was doing,
that what I tried to repair,
hadn't broken as yet.
I remember I had a happy childhood
in corridors and rooms
with neon lights.
I thought it was perhaps about peace
or about bright future
or something like that.
Neon future.
And all neon people
spoke like children
and thought like children
and smelled of burnt flesh.

Once again.

I remember I had no idea what I was doing,
that what I tried to repair,
hadn't broken as yet,
and there was an artist
who plunged the brush into his eye,
for he had no canvas.
Everything has its price.
I thought I saw you yesterday,
but it wasn't you
and it wasn't me
who thought to have seen you,
but my TV tells me it's all the same:
whether things happened or not.
I exaggerate things, I think,
so my belief in myself sinks.

Once again.

I remember I had no idea what I was doing
and I thought I saw you,
but it wasn't you.
I thought it was perhaps about peace
or about the Corinthians
or something like that.
People are right to be afraid of me,
I lost control,
I could no longer sleep,
nor could remove my finger
from the trigger.
And as I stood on the stage
I understood it was a virus:
I didn't hope,
they didn't hope,
I didn't believe,
they didn't believe.
Exaggerate.

Once again.

I remember I had no idea what I was doing,
that what I tried to repair,
hadn't broken as yet,
and when, at last, I dared touch it,
it broke into my hands.
And I was happy,
for, at last, I could repair it.
I thought it was wax
or your skin
or something that
burns slowly.
and guinea-pigs that I loved so much.

I laugh
and you laugh,
I bleed
and you bleed,
I am afraid
and you are afraid,
I don't hope
and you don't hope,
I don't believe
and you don't believe
I exaggerate
and you exaggerate

and break into half.

Once again.

TOSNAÍMID

Mairimid laistigh de shíol.

Ár súile de shíor ag taisteal chun an oirthir.

Tosnaíonn siad de shíor,
arís agus arís,
stiúrtha i dtreo an ruda úir,
nuabheirthe de shíor.

Tá ár mic imrisc ar dhath na fola
agus is céad chéim gach céim dár gcuid.

Bíonn ádh na chéad uaire orainn
agus déanaimid botúin tosnóra.
Claochló, is fuirist an chúram dúinne.
Tá ár mbaile san áit a phógann dhá thua
agus is ann atáimid inár smior gan chnámh.

Ar maidin bímid ag faire ar thús an ama,
agus tráthnóna éistimid le hOllphléasc
na cruinne uile.
Fágadh an tsíoraíocht inár seilbh
chun nach mór dúinn an deireadh a mharú.

Ní chodlaímid ariamh
chun nach dtiocfadh deireadh leis an lá.
Bíonn ár spéartha i gcónaí ag cur fola,
ach ní éagann siad ariamh,
Ní thuigeann ár ngrianta ach a bheith ag éirí,
ár n-aibhnte ach a bheith ag brúchtadh óna dtobar.

Is í an Bhreith ár ndia
a chruthaíonn sinn gach lá in athuair
agus foghlaímid gach lá in athuair

creideamh inti arís.
Is geallúint í an tSioraíocht
nach bhfuilimid ag fanacht uirthi
ach ag súil léi go muiníneach.

Is cathlán sinne i gcoinne an deiridh,
is sinne an réabhlóid nach éagann choíche,
Is sinne loinnir
an réitigh neamhfhéideartha.
Paidir shimplí á cantaireacht againn,
is sinne an cór
gurbh eol dóibh an Focal
i dtosach.

Is Frithbhás sinne.

Caomhnaimid an infinid
is toснаímid.

GAN TÚS

Ní mór deireadh a bheith ag an tús.
Agus bíonn bás trom ach
Bímid ar eadarbhuas ar nós 'bheith trom
Agus dofheicthe,
Dosheachanta agus dofhéideartha,
Fad is go
Saolaítear tuiscint
Ó bhroinn
Na máthar a
Saolaíodh ó bhroinn
Na máthar óna
Saolaítear tuiscint
Fad is go
Dosheachanta agus dofhéideartha,
Agus dofheicthe,
Bímid ar eadarbhuas ar nós 'bheith trom
Agus bíonn bás trom ach
Ní mór deireadh a bheith ag an tús.

GINMHILLEADH

Chuais in airde ar an domhan
is tá sí ag súil arís.
Comhghairdeachas! a dhúradar.
Saolófar cogadh nua.
Anois, beimid ag fanacht ar
an mbreith nua
agus beathóimid
a hocras
ait cuartha
feadh míonna fada.

Beidh an lúi seoil
dian agus peannaideach
agus mhairfidh i bhfaid.
Agus nuair a saolófar an bhunóc
beidh sí ag screadarnaíl,
smeartha le sloda fola,
agus – ar nós na leanaí a tháinig roimpi –
caithfear amach ar an tsráid í
gléasta i ngiobail
chun dul ar fán
ag lorg déirce
le lámha
salaithe ag an bhfearg.

BRÓN SLAVACH

Tagann sé chugham ar uairibh –
iomlán an bhróin Shlavaigh.
Tá sé trom,
lán de chasúir is de chorráin,
agus buaileann sé mo cheann
de bhuille cruaidh.
Is bím ag gol, is bím fuar
ar bhealach Slavach,
agus tugaim póg don talamh
ach n'fhéadfainn é a mhíniú,
N'fhéadfadh éinne
a theacht a mhíniú,
ach tagann.
Agus nuair a thagann
doirteann sé gach braon de féin:
ársá,
ollmhór
agus seafóideach.
Iomlán an bhróin Slavaigh,
cumtha den chruatan,
de ghrian agus tobac,
cumtha ag daoine
le haghaidheanna fiaine roicneacha
gléasta i seithí na gcaorach
agus na ngadhar marbh.
Tagann sé ina chros
ag tuirlingt ar mo ghuaillí.
Tagann,
ám' fhágaint dall.

TIONÓNTA

Maireann arrachtach ocrach craosach
laistigh díom.
Gruagach
le meon dá chuid féin.
Sinn ceangailte lena chéile ag srincne,
é ag cnaí mo bhroinne.
Cuireann sé iallach orm gach rud dá bhfuil a alpadh.
Is é an t-arrachtach is ansa liom,
mo bháibín, mo stór,
cuireann sé mé i mbun drochghnímh,
sásaíonn sé riachtanais ealaíon,
is fágann mé caite ar thaobh na slí.
Deireann sé liom cár cheart dom dul,
Déanaim iarracht é a thabhairt ar an saol,
Déanaim gach iarracht fáil réidh leis mar dhiabhal
nó é 'chaitheamh amach i dtonn thaoscach mar mhúsc,
Déanaim iarracht é a thuiscint.

Déanaim iarracht rith uaidh,
ach fillim air go humhal,
ag impí air mo pheaca a mhaithiú,

Is ag iarraidh mo ghrá dhó a chruthú.

Taispeánann m'arracht dom
saol eile tar éis dúinn dul in éag,
Cuireann cogar im' chluas fén gcruinne cé,
is é m'úinéir,
is é mo chaptaen,
buailtear breoite mé
ligim scread laistigh
i dtreo m'arrachtaigh,
mar go ngortaíonn sé mé,
mar nach dtugann dom cothrom na Féinne,

mar go n-éilíonn sé gan taise
go gcaithfead é a mhealladh,
nó in éagmais san
go dtréigfear mé,
go ligfear dom
titim.

Is eol dom mo bhás féin.

Bíonn m'arrachtach
stiúgtha de shíor,
agus spallta de shíor.

Is aon an dís againn.

SAOIRSE IONAT
(dán grá cumannach)

Tá's agam nach dtosnód réabhlóid id' choinne riamh.
Tabharfad grá dod' dheachtóireacht.
Ní mhillfead,
Ach tógfad do leacht.
Staonfad óm' phlúchadh.
Éistfead leat.
Staonfad ón gcuimhne siar,
Staonfad ó bheith ag cruthú deacracht',
Staonfad ó bheith mícheart.

Níl ionat ach anord
agus aimseod mo shaoirse ionat.

Ligfead duit d'airm a úsáid
má gheallann tú
nach mbeidh síocháin ann
arís go brách
agus go mbeidh mo chréacht
claochlaithe go bia
is go n-aimseod mo shaoirse ionat.

Ionat
beimid inár n-aonar,
íon fé dheireadh thiar,
mar an gcéanna de shíor

SMACHT

Is cuimhin liom nach raibh tuairim agam
cad a bhí ar siúl agam,
nach raibh an rud
a bhíos ag iarraidh a dheisiú
briste go fóill.
Cheapas gur bhain sé le
cothrom de shaghas éigin,
le leanaí marbha,
nó rud éigin dá shórt.
Cheapas gur bhain sé, b'fhéidir, le síocháin.
Nuair a bhíos im' leanbh
labhraínn 'nós linbh,
smaoinínn 'nós linbh,
agus anois, nílim ach sceimhlithe 'nós linbh.
Is níl dóchas agam,
is níl creideamh agam,
agus cuirim cosa fé scéalta.

Arís.

Is cuimhin liom nach raibh tuairim agam
cad a bhí ar siúl agam,
nach raibh an rud
a bhíos ag iarraidh a dheisiú
briste go fóill.
Cheapas gur bhain sé, b'fhéidir, le síocháin
nó le buamaí hidrigine
nó rud éigin dá shórt.
Bhuail daoine amach
ar chosán an díothaithe
lena gceann fé,
bhíodar gealt agus folláin
is thiománadar cairteacha
le paidreacha maorga

go dteipfeadh ar na coscáin,
fé dheireadh thiar.

Arís.

Is cuimhin liom nach raibh tuairim agam
cad a bhí ar siúl agam,
nach raibh an rud
a bhíos ag iarraidh a dheisiú
briste go fóill.
Is cuimhin liom go raibh óige shona agam
i bpasáistí agus seomraí
le soilse neoin.
Cheapas gur bhain sé, b'fhéidir, le síocháin
nó le todhchaí shona
nó rud éigin dá shórt.
Todhchaí neoin.
Is bhítí, na daoine neoin ar fad,
ag labhairt 'nós linbh
agus boladh na feola dóite uathu.

Arís.

Is cuimhin liom nach raibh tuairim agam
cad a bhí ar siúl agam,
nach raibh an rud
a bhíos ag iarraidh a dheisiú
briste go fóill,
agus bhí ealaíontóir ann
a sháigh an scuab isteach ina shúil
toisc é bheith ar cheal canbháis.

Tá a phraghas féin ag gabháil le gach ní.
Cheapas go bhfaca thú inné,
ach ní tusa 'bhí ann
ná ní mise

a cheap go bhfaca sí thú,
ach deireann mo theilifís gurb ionann an dá rud:
rudaí a bheith ag titim, nó gan a bheith ag titim, amach.
Cuirim cosa fé scéalta, measaim,
chun go dteipeann ar m'fhéinmhuinín.

Arís.

Is cuimhin liom nach raibh tuairim agam
cad a bhí ar siúl agam,
agus cheapas go bhfaca thú inné,
ach ní tusa 'bhí ann.
Cheapas gur bhain sé, b'fhéidir, le síocháin
nó leis na Corantaigh
nó rud éigin dá shórt.
Tá an ceart ag daoine a bheith
ag breith chucu féin
fúm,
chailleas smacht,
ní rabhas in ann chodladh a thuilleadh,
ná mo mhéar a bhaint
ón truícear.
Agus mé ag seasamh ar an stáitse
thuigeas gur víreas a bhí ann:
Ní raibh dóchas agam,
Ní raibh dóchas acu,
Níor chreid mise,
Níor chreid siadsan.
Cuir cosa féin scéal.

Arís.

Is cuimhin liom nach raibh tuairim agam
cad a bhí ar siúl agam,
nach raibh an rud
a bhíos ag iarraidh a dheisiú

briste go fóill,
agus nuair a leagas méar air fé dheireadh,
do bhris sé ina smuta im' lámha.
Agus bhí áthas orm,
mar, fé dheireadh,
go bhféadfainn é a dheisiú.
Cheapas gur céir a bhí ann
nó do chraiceann
nó rud éigin
a dhónn go mall,
nó muca guine go raibh an oiread san
grá agam dóibh.

Déanaim gáire
is déanann tusa gáire, cuirim fuil
is cuireann tusa do chuid fola,
bíonn eagla orm
is bíonn eagla ortsa,
bím gan dóchas
is bíonn tusa gan dóchas,
Ní chreidim
is ní chreideann tusa,
Cuirim cosa fé scéal
is cuireann tusa cosa fé scéal

agus briseann ina dhá leath

Arís.

Aistriúcháin

Tá trí leabhar filíochta agus dhá leabhar aistriúcháin ar dhánta foilsithe ag Simon Ó Faoláin go dtí seo. Tá sé ina stiúrthóir ar an bhFéile Bheag Filíochta agus ina eagarthóir ar an iris liteartha Gaeilge *Aneas*.

Translations

Zoran Anchevski (b. 1954), is a university professor of English and American literature, poet, translator and essayist. He has published eight books of poetry that have been well received by the critics and highly acclaimed and awarded by various awards, including Studentski Zbor, for best first book of poems (1984), the international poetry award Giacomo Leopardi in Italy (2004), and “Miladinov Brothers”, the most prestigious national poetry award for his latest book of poems *Celestial Pantomime* (2018). He is a member of Macedonian Writers’ Union, two times secretary and current president of Macedonian P.E.N., former president of the Organizing Board of the Struga International Poetry Festival (2002-2007). He lives and works in Skopje, Republic of North Macedonia.