

KAREN
McCARTHY
WOOLF
O DRVEĆU
I DRUGI
FRAGMENTI

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Zagreb, 2024.

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S engleskoga preveo Goran Čolakhodžić

— sve kolibe imaju ime, Vrba, Cedar, Hrast i Brijest...
moja je na kraju mračnije staze
crveni bor ispiljen u pločice tanke poput kože

Vodopad, uz vodopad, gdje potočni duhovi
jurcaju i rone pod stijenjem, drže malo
dijete ispod—

jedne večeri u sumraku zamijenimo
nagorjeli panj
— za divovskog Muškarca, noge mu
skriveno u raslinju

Na otoku Widbey
splasi me kolibri
napeta sam kao zec
staze su tuneli a sjekira je
zarivena duboko

Ujutro kraj skrovišta
beremo košarice
reskih crvenih jagoda, hranimo rijetke sorte pataka
redovima graška i blitve

Victoria, tamnoputa i vižlasta, među šećernovatastim
ružama

i makovima, u skrletnom džemperu
i s košarom od šiblja —
skakuće, zamalo
natrag u ćoškastu, švicarsku kućicu
na čistini, poslije ručka: Victoria u maloj crvenoj...

moraš znati da ja ne
volim
sjene i
neodređeno —
uvijek jedan korak iza, iza...

*

Jackov tekst kaže da se mačka
skrivala pod mozaičkim stolom
od dvije žune

Ja sam u Pike Placeu, Seattle
kad proviri
i svjedoči
napadu vrane, na plavušu
pikira bombarder, zatim drugi
pješak koji šara po kvartu

— Ima li ijedan drugi jezik koji razumijemo?

*

a kad dođu, muškarci ne
nose bijele kute, žuta je i zelena, hitna, i
tu su žena i adolescent
u prsluku medicinskog tehničara na praksi.
O Bože ne daj da me ona vidi s tobom
dahne prije nego nestane unutra stišćući svoj nedorasli
mobitel

U iskušenju sam
da rezerviram let za Panamu—gdje čeka obećanje
kabine na jahti u blijedoplavom zaljevu.
Život uvijek ubrza kad ponovno pokrenem starinski sat.

U kuhinji mobitel pinga
a koljeno mi se trza
i pitam se
opet imam li sindrom nemirnih nogu. *To je znak
seksualne frustracije* kaže Lola *To ti besplatno mogu reći.*

Oni se
vjerojatno nisu seksali šest sati, tako je to
kad ti je dvadeset tri.
Možda bih i *trebala* pisati o selidbi, o odlasku,
o tome kako nakon nekog vremena ta jedna pravila za
mene, crno, smeđe, Drugo, a
druga za savršeni par u Stanu X, bijelo(m), počinje
djelovati izlizano, stvarno žuljati, ali jebeš to, to je samo
stan
i ne, ne mogu ti dati konkretan primjer, morat ćeš mi
vjerovati na riječ.

S. reče samo je
jedan način na koji bi zatvorenici ikad mogli izaći
ali ja nikad nisam zamišljala da će doći do ovog i da budem
iskrena
odlazim zato što
ne želim umrijeti. Sat otkucava pet, a vani
glineno zvonce za vjetar na bambusu
brenca kao brodska oprema — kako zavodljivo! —
slično kao mlada lisica
na susjednoj terasi, koju sam izdržala ne fotkati
sve do kraja, kako je još bila dovoljno mlada
da nema šugu, kako je halapljivo gutala
koricu kruha ili što god to bilo što dugo nisam
razabirala na toj udaljenosti, usta joj
drhtala od užitka — onda je
žuna čeprkala nešto po strehi, ili je to hranila mlade?
Promatranje toga budi starije sjećanje
koje se odvija na prozoru
stana nalik visoku gnijezdu gdje se
nikad nisam mogla opustiti, u L. A.-u: gdje je jastreb, možda
ili vjerojatno orao, u svakom slučaju velika, smeđa,
grabežljiva
ptica, prkosno sjedila iznad
garaža, ondje dolje.
Dvije vrane koje su se gnijezdile u visokim palmama
preko puta uporno su se bombarderski obrušavale, ali

orao, da, sad je to orao, odolijevao je sam —
Vrane se ponašaju tako teritorijalno obznanila sam
prijateljici koja me posjetila tik prije *lockdowna*
zbog nečeg što je možda bila korona, a možda ne.
Gle, ima nešto u kandžama!
rekla je upirući prstom: na znak, vranin ptić se zakoprcao
u stisku njegovih čaporaka. Opet sam
posegnula za mobitelom i oprla mu se, njegovoj kameri,
dok smo
mlatarale rukama po stanu
pokušavajući odlučiti je li ispravno uplesti se. Navijala sam
za vrane, svoje najbliže i najplodnije
susjede, s kojima se nisam sprijateljila jer sam im ostavljala
neprikladne zalogaje koje su ignorirale
na sićušnom trijemu, ali me zbunio
orao, koji je imao pravo loviti i jesti. Također je poznato
da vrane gaje mržnju i održavaju sprovode, pretpostavljam
tim redom, pa sam bila svjesna da ne želim
odabrati vrane samo zato
što ih se bojim. Prije nego što sam uspjela dovršiti
tu misao, orlica je odletjela
odnoseći poletarca sa sobom.
Ima bliskih stvari za koje jedva znamo da ih znamo, kako
čak
dok odmaramo na ležaju u gostinjskoj sobi, blago
pothlađeni, željni

deke, ili znojnog, energičnog seksa, kako god, ima neka utjeha u prepoznavanju glasova koji dopiru preko ograde stražnjeg dvorišta.

Statistike potvrđuju da je selidba ravna smrti bliskih, prekidu, rastavi. Odlazim jer ne želim oprezno gaziti niz izlitanu i klizavu stazu u mračnu rupu općinskog vozila namještajući masku dok susjeda na prozoru dodiruje ovratnik.

Opet sam spržila zvučnike, pa neće biti završnog *mash-upa*, i uostalom zabave su sad vrlo ilegalne.

Složene majice pršte od iščekivanja u strogo organiziranim ladicama, samo se rječite knjige kutre na policama.

Klatno se njiše, *da, da*.

*

U Varšavi E Annie Proulx
piše mi poruku, Za Karen, pjesnikinju drveća,
klimatskih promjena
i glazbe, Što je drveće?

*

Sinoć smo Ed i ja otišli u šetnju po mraku s mjesecom, sve
do čistine. Sinoć smo Ed i ja otišli u šetnju,
bio je mrak, mjesečina. Znao je on put u mraku,
na stazi i mimo nje

—Kad stignemo tamo, ovijam ruku
oko grube kore i tankog struka mladog hrasta,
tako druželjubivog, i iznenađujuće toplog
prstima čitam
mladenačka imena u ožiljcima po deblu, nahereno
srce—

*

Na čitanju svima kažem *da je divlji kesten bio moj prijatelj*

*

stablo je složeno biće
koje ima odnose
s tlom, i zrakom, i, Jack me podsjeća,
micelijima
kao i s korijenjem i granama

drugih stabala
i insektima, sa zubima

kad je žedno stablo ispušta
zvuk, visok i brz
čujan ljudskom rodu kad se uspori tisuću puta

stablo mora
imati posla s mnogo zuba

stablo je masa
pipaka u moru lišća

Divlji kesten I.— Spoj

iz: Pismo Darwina, C. R Hookeru, J. D
22. svibnja 1860.

*P. S. | Kako divlji kesteni imaju muške cvjetove
kad muškarac uđe u doba cvjetanja*

*i hermafroditske cvjetove poželio sam proučiti
s laticama mekim i nježnim kao grudi, otvorenih da ogole,
ponesu*

*njihov pelud,
njegovo sjeme*

*i to je dovelo do tog da uočim
i uputilo mi*

*nešto što me iznenadilo.— Svi cvjetovi
umilne molbe, rascvale usnače*

*sada otvoreni na nekoliko mojih stabala
sad otvoreni i brojni*

*su muški s rudimentarnim tučkom
su ženski također, neprilični i ranjivi*

*što rasiplju pelud; pa sam već pomislio
u kakvom sam neredu,*

kako me sjećanje zavelo
u zaljubljenost

i da tučak nikad nije bio dobro razvijen;
i da je tučak bunar, dubok i uvijen

no otvorivši
dok sam otvarao, svoje oči kao

pupoljke na vršku svakog malog pobočnog ogranka
ljepljivog, izravnog, prijemčivog

cvjetnog klasa, pronalazim
grozd i

mnoštvo hermafroditских cvjetova
u izobilju, još jedrih

s dobro razvijenim tučcima. Tako na svim mojim stablima
tim stablima, mojem korijenju, to korijenje svjedoči da

bio je divovski urod, a sve sasvim beskorisne
zamisli. I oh, kako je opojan zrak, tako

muške cvasti, s milijunima potraćenih zrnaca peluda,
otvoren(i), kao mužjak, on cvjeta, nabrekao i nezasitan

jer nema nijednog ni približno otvorenog ženskog
cvijeta.—

Jer tako otvorene ženske ni cvijeta nema.

*

Na scenarističkom susretu raspravljamo o trenutku
u 3. poglavlju, nakon
što se Orlando uda
kad fizički ne može pisati:
pjesmu ne moramo čuti, nje nema, pjesma
se zove Hrast.

Konstanta je,
pratilac, svaka je era godišnji, koncentrični ciklus prstena.
Znamo,
ne smijemo napisati Hrast. Ne pjesmu. Stablo
će naći druge načine da progovori.
Pa nećemo li hrast dočekati
raširenih ruku?

*

Je li to Eau d'Lancôme? pita žena
s dugodlakim
njemačkim ovčarom. Svi imaju pse. Nema žene koja šeće
šumama bez psa. Svi su šetači žene.
Zar ti nemaš psa?

*

Tako učiš preživjeti —
sunce struji
kroz grane —
sve djevojke moraju ostati

na oprezu. U guštiku božikovine, Princeza
iz „Snježnog kraljevstva“ ispuhuje se na probušenom balonu

ostali otpad uključuje crveno-bijeli ostatak
trake za očevid

*

I onda konačno vjetrić
izaziva padanje lišća
glasno poput vatre
moja mladost treperi jače i
slabije kao
paučja svila dok se svija na suncu
među provaljenim
ogradama, trulim panjevima više od dva
stoljeća širokima
sićušna, dvolisna mladica
gura se uvis

O mala mladice
ostavljaš duboku i ukopanu žalost
koju čak ni ples ne može osujetiti

Divlji kesten II. — Spoj

iz: Matsuo Bashō, Uska staza prema dalekom sjeveru

Bilo je golemo stablo kestena
bio jednom velik divlji kesten

na rubovima ovog gradića,
na rubu mojeg doma

i svećenik je u samoći koračao
uvijek kad sam bila sama i ponekad

u njegovoj hladovini. Kad sam stao tu
gledajući gore u svjetlost,

pred stablo, osjetio sam se kao da sam
jarkozelen kišobran, osjetila sam se kao da sam

duboko u gorju
u naručju muškarca, ljubavi, koji je živio

gdje je pjesnik Saigyō brao orahe
da mi ugodi.

Uzeo sam list papira iz
Istrgnula sam list papira iz

svoje torbe i zapisao sljedeće:
svoje knjige

Kesten je sveto stablo
Sveto je stablo kesten

jer kineski ideogram za kesten
rasuta i smeđa sjemena

je Stablo ravno ispod Zapad,
sve što bi čovjek očekivao da bude

smjer Svete Zemlje.
Stablo koje stremi prema suncu!

Svećenik Gyoki, kažu, koristio ga je —
svakog dana, dok sam zurila u njegovu krošnju,

za štap za šetnju
za zaštitu

i kao glavni potporanj svoje kuće.
Moj potporanj.

*

naplavljeno drvo: velika jastogova kliješta
iskorijenjenosti,
cijele palme nošene strujama, zaglađene

što fali korijenju? pita drvo

ne bi li drveće, da je potpuno živo,
posegnulo dolje i
stisnulo nas
dok ne prsnemo kao sicilske naranče?

*

Joga pod jasenom i tužnom vrbom
zureći gore u krošnju

jasen neočekivan sinonim¹ za zeleno, bujan
na sjajnoj neprekidnoplavoj
ni znaka venuća
ni drugih klimatskih katastrofa, dva prsata šumska goluba
gnijezde se u miru

i pričam priču kako se
na kraju nisam zvala Willow², kako je
mama pokleknula

kako kristalnolustersku dramu vrbe
zasjenjuje njezina sposobnost da raste
koliko je god sjekli

*

i na Jamajci, konačno, zemlji mog oca

u Devon Houseu
cijeli se razred
okuplja, ćeretajući, pod rodnim mangom
koji me podsjeća na drugo drvo u središtu
sela kroz koje sam prošla u Mozambiku, Mozambiku —
gdje su mnogi muškarci imali očeve oči

žurili smo se da uhvatimo trajekt, a
ja sam stala da zabilježim njegov golemi hlad koji je obujmio
bar četiri naraštaja, tri motocikla
i jednog Vodacom agenta

*

Članak opisuje
trenutno neobjašnjive
i višestruke smrti tuceta prastarih baobaba
nekih starijih od Krista

Žeđ je mogući faktor

*

Drveće se ne mora pokrenuti
da bi se osvetilo, to prepustimo vranama

drveće je sad me vidiš, sad me ...

dugo, razvučeno, nevoljko povlačenje
koje završava našim gušenjem

A dotad, hvalite Tamjan i Sandalovinu!

*

Može li fragment ikad biti potpun — —?

*Eros mi je uzdrmao srce
Poput vjetra koji vitla
Gorskim hrašćem³*

*

04.44

a ja mislim o bambusu u brdima

kraj Glenglofea

sela mojeg oca

kako je šumarak mnogopraven, a ipak se kreće ko jedan

i mislim na Moxyja

rezbara bambusa s plaže

u Montego Bayu, izvan pravovjerja *all-inclusivea*

koji rezbari šalice od stabljika

da, voda je bistra, obala
zasuta prirodnim otpadom: konačno manjak plastike
(toliko milijardera ovdje nešto
posjeduje)

cijela stabla iskorijenjena, kore oguljene, uglačana
do siva sjaja, glađa od oblutaka, lignjaste
prianjaljke sežu za prohladnim zrakom

naplavljeno drvo/
pluta na pučinu/ naplavljeno drvo,

izbijeljeno suncem, izrezbareno—

**KAREN
McCARTHY
WOOLF**
OF TREES
& OTHER
FRAGMENTS

— all the cabins have names, Willow, Cedar, Oak, Elm...
mine is down a darker track
red pine shaved to skin-thick tiles

Waterfall, by the waterfall, where spirits of the stream
race and dive from rocks, hold a small
child under—

one evening at dusk we mistake
a charred tree stump
—for a giant Man, with legs
hidden in the brush

On Widbey Island

startled by a hummingbird
I'm jumpy as a rabbit
the paths are tunnels and there's an axe
struck deep

Mornings, at the retreat
we pick punnets
of sharp red strawberries, feed rare-breed ducks
from rows of peas and chard

Victoria, dark-skinned and gamine, among candyfloss roses
and poppies, with her scarlet jumper

and wicker basket—
she skips, almost
back to her angular, Swiss-style chalet
in a clearing, after dinner: Victoria in her little red...

you need to know that I don't
like
shadows and
unidentified—
always being one step behind, behind...

*

Jack's text says the cat
was sheltering under the mosaic table
from two jays

I'm in Pike Place, Seattle
when it peeps through
and witness
a crow attack, a blonde
is dive bombed, then another
pedestrian ambling through the precinct

—Is there any other language we understand?

*

& When they come, the men don't

wear white coats, it's yellow and green, the ambulance,
and
there's a woman and an adolescent boy
in a student paramedic jacket.

Oh God don't let her see me with you

he gasps before disappearing inside clutching his
inadequate phone.

I'm tempted

to book a flight to Panama—where promises of a berth
on a yacht in a pale blue bay awaits.

Life always speeds up when I restart
the grandfather clock. In the kitchen the phone pings
and my knee flinches

and I wonder

again if I have restless leg. *It's a sign*

of sexual frustration Lola says *I can tell you that for nothing.*

They

probably haven't had sex for six hours, that's how
it is when you're twenty-three.

Maybe I *should* write about moving, about leaving,
about how after a while all that one rule for
me, black, brown, Other, and
another for the perfect couple in Flat X, white, starts

to wear thin, to really grate, but fuck that, it's just a house
and no, you can't have a concrete example, you'll have to take
my word for it.

S said there was only
one way the inmates would ever exit
but I never imagined it would come to this and the truth
is I'm leaving because
I don't want to die. The clock strikes five and outside
the clay wind chime on the bamboo
tinkles like chandlery—so beguiling!—

not unlike the young fox
on next door's terrace, whose photo I resisted
right until the end, how she was still young enough
not to have mange, how she chowed down
on a crust or whatever it was I couldn't quite discern
at that distance for a long time, her mouth
shuddering with pleasure—then
a jay plucked at something in the eaves, or was it feeding its
young?

Watching this elicits an earlier memory
that takes place at the window
of an eyrie-ish flat in which
I could never relax, in LA: where a hawk, possibly
or probably an eagle, in any case a large, brown, predatory
bird, perched with an air of defiance on top
of the garages below.

Two crows who nested in the tall palms
across the street kept dive-bombing it but
the eagle, yes, now it's an eagle, held its own —
Crows're so territorial I announced
to a friend who was visiting just before lockdown
with what may or may not have been Covid.
Look, it has something in its claw!
she said, pointing: on cue a baby crow squirmed
in the grip of its talons. Again
I reached for and resisted the phone, its camera, as we
flapped about inside the apartment
trying to decide if it was right to intervene. I favoured
the crows, who were my nearest and most prolific
neighbours, who I'd failed to befriend by leaving
inappropriate snacks which they ignored
on the tiny porch but was conflicted
by the eagle, who had a right to hunt and eat. It's also well
known

that crows bear grudges and hold funerals, presumably
in that order, so I was aware that I didn't want
to choose the crows simply because
I was afraid of them. Before I could conclude
this train of thought, the eagle flew off
taking the fledgling with her.

There are familiar things we barely know we know, how even
lying down on a day bed in the spare room, slightly cold, in
need of a blanket, or sweaty, energetic sex, either, there's
a comfort in recognising the voices that drift
across the back garden fence.

Statistics confirm moving is on a par with
bereavement, abandonment, divorce. I'm leaving
because I don't want to step carefully
down a worn and slippery path into the dark hole
of a municipal vehicle adjusting my mask
while a neighbour at a window touches
her collar.

I've blown the speakers again, so they'll be no final mash-up
and
anyway parties are very illegal now.
Folded T-shirts bristle with expectation in highly

organised drawers, only resonant books
huddle on the shelves.

The pendulum swings, *yes, yes.*

*

In Warsaw E Annie Proulx
writes me a note, To Karen, poet of trees, and climate
change
and music, What are trees?

*

Last night Ed and I went for a walk in the dark with the
moon, round
to the clearing. Last night Ed and I went for a walk,
it was dark, there was moonlight. He knew his way, in the
dark,
along and off the path
—When we get there, I slip my arm
around the rough-barked, slender waist of a young oak,
so companionable, and surprisingly warm
my fingers trace
adolescent names scarred into the trunk, a wonky
heart—

*

At the reading I tell everyone *that horse chestnut was my
friend*

*

a tree is a complex being
that has relationships

with soil, and air, and Jack reminds me,
mycaelia
as well as other trees'
roots and branches
and insects, with teeth

when thirsty a tree emits a
noise, high and fast
audible to humankind when slowed down a thousand
times

a tree must
deal with many teeth

a tree is a mass
of tentacles in a sea of leaves

Horse Chestnut I—A Coupling

from A Letter From Darwin, C. R to Hooker, J. D
22 May 1860

P.S. | As Horse-chesnuts have male flowers
when a man comes into his flowering season

& hermaphrodite flowers I have wished to examine
with petals soft and tender as breasts, open to bare

their pollen,
his seed

& this has made me observe
& this has made me

a thing which has surprised me.— All the flowers
an entreaty, flowering labiatae

now open on my several trees
now open and in profusion

are male with rudimentary pistil
are female too, rude and raw

with pollen shedding; so that I began to think
how dishevelled I was, how

my memory had deceived me
into enamour

& that the pistil was never well developed;
& that the pestle was a well, deep and enveloped

but on opening
as I opened, my eyes like

buds near the end of each little lateral twig
sticky, overt, receptive

of the flower-truss, I find
a cluster &

plenty of hermaphrodite flowers with pistils
in abundance, pert yet

well developed. So that on all my trees
these trees, my roots, these roots attest

there has been a gigantic crop of quite useless
ideas. & O, how intoxicating the air, as

male flowers, with millions of pollen-grains wasted,
open, as the male, he flowers, swollen and unsated

for there is not a female flower nearly open.—
For there is not a female or a flower so open.

*

In the script meeting we discuss a moment in Chapter 3,
after

Orlando marries

when she can't physically write:

we don't need to hear the poem, it doesn't exist, the
poem

is called The Oak Tree.

It's a constant,

a companion, each era an annual, concentric ring cycle.

We know

we musn't write The Oak Tree. Not the poem. The tree
will find other ways to speak.

Surely we will welcome
the oak?

*

Are you wearing Eau d'Lancôme? the woman

with the long-haired

Alsation asks. Everyone has a dog. There are no women
walking

in the woods without a dog. All the walkers are women.

Don't you have a dog?

*

This is how you learn to stay alive—

sunlight streaming

through branches—
all young girls must remain
 alert. In the holly thicket, the Princess
from 'Frozen' is deflated on a punctured balloon

other debris includes a red and white remnant
of crime scene tape

*

And then a breeze at last
 prompting leaf fall
 loud as fire
my youth flickering on and
off like
spiders' silk spinning in the sun
 among collapsed
fences, rotting stumps more than two
 centuries wide
a tiny, two-leaved seedling
pushing up

 O little seedling
you leave a deep and buried sorrow
even dancing can't derail

Horse Chestnut II — A Coupling

from Matsuo Bashō, The Narrow Road to the Deep North

There was a huge chestnut tree
once there was a large horse chestnut

on the outskirts of this post town,
on the border of my home

and a priest walking in seclusion
always when I was alone and sometimes

under its shade. When I stood here
looking up into the light

in front of the tree, I felt as if I were
a viridescent umbrella, I felt as if I were

in the midst of the deep mountains
in the arms of a man, my love, who lived

where the poet Saigyō had picked nuts,
to please me.

I took a piece of paper from
I tore a piece of paper from

my bag, and wrote as follows:
my book

The Chestnut is a holy tree
A holy tree is the chestnut

for the Chinese ideograph for chestnut,
its seed scattered and brown

is Tree placed directly below West,
is all one could ever hope for in

the direction of the Holy Land.
A tree reaching up to the sun!

The priest Gyoki is said to have used it —
every day, as I gazed into its canopy,

for his walking stick
for protection

and the chief support of his house.
My support.

*

& in Jamaica, finally, land of my father

at Devon House
a whole class
gathers, chitter-chattering, under a fruiting mango
that reminds me of another tree at the hub
of a village I passed through in Mozambique,
Mozambique—
where many men had my father's eyes

we were on the way to catch a ferry & I stopped
to capture its voluminous shade encompassing
at least four generations, three motorbikes
and a Vodacom vendor

*

The article describes
the currently inexplicable
and multiple deaths of a dozen ancient baobabs
some older than Christ

Thirst is a possible factor

*

Trees don't need to move
to exact revenge, leave that to the crows

trees are now you see me, now you ...

a long drawn-out, involuntary retreat
that ends in our asphyxiation

Meanwhile, give thanks for Sandalwood and Frankincense!

*

Can a fragment ever be complete—?

*Love shook my heart,
Like the wind on the mountain
Troubling the oak-trees*

*

04.44

and I think of the bamboo in the hills

by Glengloffe

village of my father

how the grove is many-stranded yet moves as one

and I think of Moxy

bamboo carver on the beach

at Montego Bay, outside the orthodoxies of the all-inclusive

who carves cups from the stems

with a Stanley knife, as well as

bongs and an instrument similar to a didgeridoo

whole trees uprooted, bark stripped and polished
to a grey sheen, smoother than pebbles, squid-like
suckers groping cool air

driftwood/
floating out to the ocean/ driftwood,

bleached by the sun, whittled—

On the Author

Born in London to English and Jamaican parents, Karen McCarthy Woolf is the author of three poetry collections and a novel *Top Doll* (Dialogue, 2024). Her first collection of poetry, *An Aviary of Small Birds* was an *Observer* Book of the Year and shortlisted for the Forward and Jerwood prizes. *Seasonal Disturbances* explores gentrification, the city and the sacred and was a winner in the inaugural Laurel Prize for Ecological poetry. *Un/Safe*, a photo lyric, is forthcoming from Bloomsbury in 2024. A Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, and Fulbright Scholar at the Promise Institute for Human Rights, UCLA, her poems have been translated into Turkish, Swedish, Spanish, Italian, Polish, Macedonian and Dutch; exhibited on the London Underground and dropped from a helicopter over the Houses of Parliament.

O pjesnikinji

Rođena u Londonu, po roditeljima Engleskinja i Jamajčanka, Karen McCarthy Woolf autorica je tri zbirke poezije i romana *Top Doll* (Dialogue, 2024.). Njezinu prvu knjigu pjesama *An Aviary of Small Birds* "Observer" je odabrao za knjigu godine, a našla se i u užim izborima za nagrade "Forward" i "Jerwood". Zbirka *Seasonal Disturbances* istražuje fenomene gentrifikacije, grada i svetog i dobila je novoosnovanu nagradu Laurel Prize za ekološku poeziju. Pjesničko-fotografsku knjigu *Un/Safe* izdat će Bloomsbury tijekom 2024. Članica je Kraljevskog društva za književnost, nositeljica Fulbright stipendije pri Institutu za ljudska prava "Promise" (UCLA). Pjesme su joj prevedene na turski, švedski, španjolski, talijanski, poljski, makedonski i nizozemski jezik. Radove su joj izlagali u londonskoj podzemnoj željeznici i bacali iz helikoptera iznad Parlamenta Ujedinjenog Kraljevstva.

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