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CIP - Kataložni zapis o publikaciji  
Narodna in univerzitetna knjižnica, Ljubljana

821.111-1

ANTROBUS, Raymond

Zvočni stroj / Raymond Antrobus ; v slovenski jezik prevedel  
Jernej Županič. - Ljubljana : Beletrina, 2024. - (Dnevi poezije in vina)

ISBN 978-961-298-282-9  
COBISS.SI-ID 197539843

Raymond Antrobus ZVOČNI STROJ

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Neubergerjeva 30, 1000 Ljubljana  
[www.beletrina.si](http://www.beletrina.si)

*Za založbo*  
Mitja Čander

Naklada: 1000 izvodov

Ljubljana 2024

Raymond Antrobus  
ZVOČNI STROJ

v slovenski jezik prevedel Jernej Županič

*Member*

*And God said to Noah,*

*'An end of all flesh has come before Me...'*

– Genesis 6.13

I think twice  
before bathing  
with my son,  
think to search  
if it's appropriate,  
then worry about  
the digital trace of  
the question.  
I cover myself,  
not wanting to reveal  
what I contend with.  
My son has no data  
on desire, or rather  
my son is still gathering  
data on his shape.  
I've gathered  
much on mine.  
Something ageless in me  
is coded like scripture,

## *Ud*

*Bog je rekel Noetu:*

*»Sklenil sem, da je prišel konec vsega mesa ...«*

1 Mz 6,13

Dvakrat premislim,  
preden se grem kopat  
s svojim sinom,  
spomnim se in poguglam,  
ali je primerno,  
nato pa me skrbijo  
digitalne sledi  
vprašanja.  
Zakrijem se,  
nočem pokazati,  
kar je moje.  
Moj sin nima nobenih podatkov  
o poželenju, oziroma bolje,  
moj sin še vedno zbira  
podatke o svoji obliki.  
Sam sem jih o svoji  
zbral že veliko.  
V meni je nekaj onstran časa,  
nekaj, kar je zapisano kot Beseda,

and knows that  
Noah's nakedness  
stained his son.  
I lie with mine  
in warm soapy water.  
He stands, wobbles  
on my chest. I am  
his surfboard  
during the Flood,  
an unsettled shore,  
an ark of clean  
and unclean  
animals, *an end  
of all flesh.*  
Strange. I uncross  
my legs. Laugh. Pray  
my son doesn't pee.  
But even if he does,  
we couldn't be cleaner.

in to ve,  
da je Noetova golota  
omadeževala njegovega sina.  
Jaz ležim s svojim  
v topli milnici.  
On stoji, maje se  
na mojih prsih. Jaz sem  
njegov surf  
med Potopom,  
neposeljena obala,  
barka, polna čistih  
in nečistih  
živali, *konec*  
*vsega mesa.*  
Čudno. Razkrižam noge.  
Se zasmem. Molim,  
naj se sin ne polula.  
A tudi če se,  
ne bi mogla biti bolj čista.

## *Signs, Music*

The first word my son signed  
was *music*: both hands, fingers conducting  
*music* for everything – even hunger  
open mouth for the choo-chew spoon  
squealing *mmm* – *music*, we'd play  
a record while he ate *music* when  
he wanted milk so I pour and hum  
a lullaby or *I Just Don't Know*  
by Bill Withers because it's O.K.  
not to know what you want  
and I want him to know that. *Music*  
is wiping the table after the plates *music*  
is feel my forehead for fever is whatever  
occurs in the centre of the body, whatever  
makes arms raise up, up.

The second word my son signed  
was *bird* – beaked finger to thumb, bird  
for everything outside – window, sky, tree,  
roof, chimney, aerial, airplane – birds. I saw  
I had given him a sign name. Fingers  
to eyes raising from thumbs – wide



## *Znaki, glasba*

Prva beseda, ki jo je znakoval moj sin,  
je bila *glasba*: obe dlani, prsti, ki dirigirajo  
*glasbo*, za vse – celo od lakote  
odprta usta za ham-ham žlico,  
vriskajoč *mmm* – *glasba*, zavrtela sva  
ploščo, medtem ko je jedel, *glasba*, ko je  
hotel mleko, tako da sem mu ga natočil in zabrundal  
uspavanko ali *I Just Don't Know*  
Billyja Withersa, ker ni nič narobe,  
če ne veš, kaj hočeš,  
in ker bi rad, da to ve tudi on. *Glasba*  
pomeni brisanje mize po jedi, *glasba*  
potipaj mi čelo, ali imam vročino, pomeni,  
karkoli se zgodi v središču telesa,  
karkoli nam dvigne roke gor, gor.  
Druga beseda, ki jo je znakoval moj sin,  
je bila *ptica* – kljun iz prsta in palca, ptica  
za vse zunanje – okno, nebo, drevo,  
streho, dimnik, anteno, letalo – same ptice. Spoznal sem,  
da sem mu dal znakovno ime. Prsti,  
od palcev dvignjeni k očem – široko

eye meaning watchful of the earth  
in three different roots – Hebrew, Arabic,  
Latin. I love how he clings  
to my shoulders and turns  
his head to point at the soft body  
of a caterpillar sliding across the counter,  
and *signs*, music.

oko, ki pomeni skrb za zemljo  
v treh različnih jezikih – hebrejščini, arabščini,  
latinščini. Všeč mi je, kako se oklene  
mojih ramen in obrne  
glavo proti mehjemu telesu  
gosenice, ki drsi čez pult,  
in *znakuje*: glasba.

*The Perseverance*

*'Love is the man overstanding'*

peter tosh

I wait outside the perseverance.  
*Just popping in here a minute.*  
I'd heard him say it many times before  
like all kids with a drinking father,  
watch him disappear  
into smoke and laughter.

*There is no such thing as too much laughter,*  
my father says, drinking in the perseverance  
until everything disappears —  
I'm outside counting minutes,  
waiting for the man, my *father*  
to finish his shot and take me home before

it gets dark. We've been here before,  
no such thing as too much laughter  
unless you're my mother without my father,  
working weekends while the perseverance  
spits him out for a minute.  
He gives me 50p to make me disappear.

## *Vztrajanje*

*Ljubezen je mož, ki stoji nad*

peter tosh

Čakam pred vztrajanjem.

*Samo na hitro skočim noter.*

Dostikrat sem ga že slišal to izreči,  
kot vsi otroci očete, ki pijejo,  
videl sem ga, kako je izginil  
v dim in smeh.

*Preveč smeha – to ne obstaja,*

pravi moj oče med pitjem v vztrajanju,

dokler vse ne izgine –

jaz sem zunaj in štejem minute,

čakam ga, svojega očeta,

da do konca spije svoj šampri in me odpelje domov, preden

se znoči. Tu sva bila že dostikrat,

preveč smeha – to ne obstaja;

razen če si moja mama brez mojega očeta,

ki dela tudi med vikendi, medtem ko ga vztrajanje

tu in tam za hip izpljune.

Da mi 50 penijev, da bi izginil,

50p in my hand, I disappear  
like a coin in a parking meter before  
the time runs out. How many minutes  
will I lose listening to the laughter  
spilling from the perseverance  
while strangers ask, *where is your father?*

I stare at the doors and say, *my father  
is working*. Strangers who don't disappear  
but hug me for my perseverance.  
Dad said *this will be the last time* before,  
while the TV spilled canned laughter,  
us, on the sofa in his council flat, knowing any minute

the yams will boil, any minute,  
I will eat again with my father,  
who cooks and serves laughter  
good as any Jamaican who disappeared  
from the Island I tasted before  
*overstanding* our heat and perseverance.

I still hear *popping in for a minute*, see him disappear.  
We lose our fathers before we know it.  
I am still outside the perseverance, listening for the laughter.

50 penijev v moji dlani, in izginem  
kot kovanec v parkomatu, preden  
poteče čas. Koliko minut  
bom izgubil v poslušanju smeha,  
ki se razliva iz vztrajanja,  
medtem ko me bodo neznanci spraševali: *kje je tvoj oče?*

Strmim v vrata in odgovarjam: *moj oče*  
*je v službi*. Neznanci, ki ne izginejo,  
temveč me objemajo, češ, kako pridno vztrajam.  
Že kdaj prej je oče rekel *tokrat je bilo zadnjič*,  
medtem ko se je iz teveja razlival konzervirani smeh,  
mi pa smo, na kavču v socialnem stanovanju, vedeli,

da bodo jami zdaj zdaj kuhani,  
in še kdaj v življenju bom jedel z očetom,  
ki zna skuhati in postreči smeh,  
enako dobro kot katerikoli Jamajčan, ki je izginil  
z otoka, ki sem ga bil že okusil,  
*in stal nad* našo toplino in vztrajanjem.

Še zmeraj slišim *na hitro skočim noter*, ga vidim, kako izgine.  
Očete izgubimo, preden se tega sploh zavemo.  
Še vedno sem pred vztrajanjem, prisluškujem, da bi slišal smeh.

*Sound Machine*

*'My mirth can laugh and talk, but cannot sing;  
My grief finds harmonies in everything.'*

james thomson

And what comes out if it isn't the wires  
Dad welds to his homemade sound system, which I  
    accidently knock loose  
while he is recording Talk-Over dubs, killing  
the bass, flattening the mood and his muses,  
making Dad blow his fuses and beat me.  
But it wasn't my fault; the things he made  
could be undone so easily —  
and we would keep losing connection.  
But praise my Dad's mechanical hands.  
Even though he couldn't fix my deafness  
I still channel him. My sound system plays  
on Father's Day in Manor Park Cemetery  
where I find his grave, and for the first time  
see his middle name, Osbert, derived from Old English  
meaning God and bright. Which may  
have been a way to bleach him, darkest  
of his five brothers, the only one sent away



### *Zvočni stroj*

*Moja radost se lahko smeji in govori, ne more pa peti;  
moja žalost najde harmonije v vsem.*

james thomson

In to, kar pride iz vsega skupaj, niso kabli,  
ki jih oče spajka na svoj domači zvočni sistem in ki jih po  
nesreči odtrgam,  
medtem ko snema sinhronizacije, znižuje  
base, izravnava razpoloženje in svoje muze,  
zaradi česar mu dvigne pokrov in me pretepe.  
Ampak nisem bil jaz kriv; reči, ki jih je napravil,  
se zlahka tudi odpravijo –  
in spet in spet bi izgubljala zvezo.  
Ampak slava očetovim tehničnim rokam.  
Čeprav ni znal popraviti moje gluhotе,  
še vedno govori skozme. Moj zvočni sistem  
na očetovski dan igra na pokopališču Manor Park,  
in tam najdem njegov grob in prvič  
uzrem njegovo drugo ime, Osbert, ki izhaja iz stare angleščine  
in pomeni Boga in svetlobo. Kar je bil morda  
tudi način, kako ga pobeliti, najtemnejšega  
izmed petih bratov, edinega, ki so ga poslali

from the country to live up-town  
with his light skin aunt. She protected him  
from police, who didn't believe he belonged  
unless they heard his English,  
which was smooth as some up-town roads.  
His aunt loved him and taught him  
to recite Wordsworth and Coleridge — rhythms  
that wouldn't save him. He would become  
Rasta and never tell a soul about the name  
that undid his blackness. It is his grave  
that tells me the name his black  
body, even in death, could not move or mute.

s podeželja, da bi v centru živel  
pri teti svetlejše polti. Ona ga je varovala  
pred policisti, ki niso verjeli, da spada sem,  
dokler ga niso slišali govoriti angleško,  
in govoril je lahkotno kakor ceste v centru.  
Teta ga je oboževala in naučila ga je  
recitirati Wordswortha in Coleridgea – ritme,  
ki ga niso mogli odrešiti. Namenjeno mu je bilo,  
da postane rastafarijanec in živi duši ne pove imena,  
ki je odpravilo njegovo črnino. Njegov grob je tisti,  
ki mi pove ime, ki ga njegovo črno  
telo niti zdaj, ko je mrtev, ne more premakniti ali utišati.

*Two Guns in the Sky for Daniel Harris*

When Daniel Harris stepped out of his car  
the policeman was waiting. Gun raised.

I use the past tense though this is irrelevant  
in Daniel's language, which is sign.

Sign has no future or past; it is a present language.  
You are never more present than when a gun

is pointed at you. What language says this  
if not sign? But the police officer saw hands

waving in the air, fired and Daniel dropped  
his hands, his chest bleeding out onto concrete

metres from his home. I am in Breukelen Coffee House  
in New York, reading this news on my phone,

when a black policewoman walks in, two guns  
on her hips, my friend next to me reading

*Dve pištoli v nebo za Daniela Harrisa*

Ko je Daniel Harris stopil iz svojega avta,  
ga je policist že čakal. Z izvlečeno pištolo.

Uporabljam preteklik, ampak ta razloček  
v Danielovem jeziku, ki je znakovni, ne obstaja.

Znakovni jezik ne pozna ne prihodnjika ne preteklika; je  
jezik sedanjosti.

Človek ni nikoli bolj sedanji kot tedaj, ko je vanj

uperjena pištola. Kateri jezik to pove bolje  
kot znakovni? Ampak policist je videl

roke, ki so mahale po zraku, ustrelil je in Daniel je spustil  
roke in njegove prsi so izkrvavele na asfalt

le nekaj metrov od njegovega doma. V kavarni Breukelen  
v New Yorku sem, prebiram novice na telefonu,

ko vstopi črna policistka z dvema pištolama  
za pasom, medtem ko prijatelj ob meni bere

the comments section: *Black Lives Matter*.

Now what could we sign or say out loud

when the last word I learned in ASL was *alive*?

*Alive* — both thumbs pointing at your lower abdominal,

index fingers pointing up like two guns in the sky.

komentarje: Črna življenja štejejo.  
Kaj bi tedaj mogla znakovati ali izreči,

ko pa je zadnja beseda znakovnega jezika, ki sem se je  
naučil – živ?

Živ – oba palca usmerjena v trebuh,

medtem ko kazalca kažeta gor, kakor dve pištoli v nebo.

*To Sweeten Bitter*

My father had four children  
and three sugars in his coffee  
and every birthday he bought  
me a dictionary which got thicker  
and thicker and because his word  
is not dead I carry it like sugar

on a silver spoon  
up the Mobay hills in Jamaica  
past the flaked white walls  
of plantation houses  
past canefields and coconut  
trees past the new crystal sugar factories.

I ask dictionary why we came here —  
it said *nourish* so I sat with my aunt  
on her balcony at the top  
of Barnet Heights  
and ate salt fish  
and sweet potato



## *Slajenje grenkobe*

Moj oče je imel štiri otroke  
in v vsaki kavi tri sladkorje  
in za vsak rojstni dan mi je kupil  
slovar ki je bil vsakič  
debelejši in ker njegova beseda  
ni mrtva jo kot sladkor

na srebrni žlici nosim  
na Mobayske hribe na Jamajki  
mimo oluščениh belih zidov  
plantažnih vil  
mimo polj sladkornega trsa in kokosovih  
palm mimo novih tovarn kristalnega sladkorja.

Slovar vprašam zakaj je prišel sem –  
rekel je *hraniti* zato sem s teto  
sedel na njenem balkonu vrh  
četrta Barnet Heights  
in jedel soljeno ribo  
in sladki krompir

and watched women  
leading their children  
home from school.  
As I ate I asked dictionary  
what is difficult about love?  
It opened on the word *grasp*

and I looked at my hand  
holding this ivory knife  
and thought about how hard it was  
to accept my father  
for who he was  
and where he came from

how easy it is now to spill  
sugar on the table before  
it is poured into my cup.

in opazoval ženske  
ki so vodile svoje otroke  
domov iz šole.  
Jedel sem in vprašal slovar  
kaj je problem pri ljubezni.  
Odprl se je pri besedi *zgrabiti*

in pogledal sem svojo dlan  
ki je držala nož iz slonovine  
in pomislil kako težko mi je bilo  
sprejemati očeta  
takega kot je bil  
in od koder je prišel

kako lahko je zdaj raztresti  
sladkor po mizi preden  
si ga stresem v skodelico.

## *Happy Birthday Moon*

Dad reads aloud. I follow his finger across the page.  
Sometimes his finger moves past words, tracing white space.  
He makes the Moon say something new every night  
to his deaf son who slurs his speech.

Sometimes his finger moves past words, tracing white space.  
Tonight he gives the Moon my name, but I can't say it,  
his deaf son who slurs his speech.  
Dad taps the page, says, *try again*.

Tonight he gives the Moon my name, but I can't say it.  
I say *Rain-nan Akabok*. He laughs.  
Dad taps the page, says, *try again*,  
but I like making him laugh. I say my mistake again.

I say *Rain-nan Akabok*. He laughs,  
says, *Raymond you're something else*.  
I like making him laugh. I say my mistake again.  
*Rain-nan Akabok*. What else will help us?

*Vse najboljše za rojstni dan, Luna*

Moj oče glasno bere. Sledim njegovemu prstu čez stran.  
Včasih njegov prst zdrsne onkraj besed in sledi belini.  
On naredi, da Luna gluhemu sinu, ki nerazločno govori,  
vsako noč pove nekaj novega.

Včasih njegov prst zdrsne onkraj besed in sledi belini.  
Nocoj položi Luni na jezik moje ime, ampak jaz, njegov gluhi sin,  
ki nerazločno govori, ga ne znam izgovoriti.  
Oče potapka po listu, reče *poskusi še enkrat*.

Nocoj položi Luni na jezik moje ime, ampak jaz ga ne znam izgovoriti.  
Rečem *Raj-nan Akabok*. Zasmije se.  
Oče potapka po listu, reče *poskusi še enkrat*,  
ampak jaz ga rad spravljam v smeh. Spet izgovorim narobe.

Rečem *Raj-nan Akabok*. Zasmije se,  
reče *Raymond, ti si pa res slika*.  
Rad ga spravljam v smeh. Spet izgovorim narobe.  
*Raj-nan Akabok*. Kaj drugega nama bo pomagalo?

He says, *Raymond you're something else.*  
I'd like to be the Moon, the bear, even the rain.  
*Rain-nan Akabok*, what else will help us  
hear each other, really hear each other?

I'd like to be the Moon, the bear, even the rain.  
Dad makes the Moon say something new every night  
and we hear each other, really hear each other.  
As Dad reads aloud, I follow his finger across the page.

Reče *Raymond*, *ti si pa res slika*.  
Rad bi bil Luna, medved, tudi raj.  
*Raj-nan Akabok*, kaj drugega nama bo pomagalo  
slišati drug drugega, zares slišati drug drugega?

Rad bi bil Luna, medved, tudi raj.  
Oče naredi, da Luna vsako noč pove nekaj novega,  
in slišiva drug drugega, zares slišiva drug drugega.  
Medtem ko oče glasno bere, sledim njegovemu prstu čez stran.

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### *Raymond Antrobus*

(1986, Združeno kraljestvo) se je rodil v Londonu angleški materi in jamajškemu očetu. Je prejemnik štipendij Cave Canem, Complete Works III in Jerwood Compton Poetry. Bil je eden prvih magistrantov iz poučevanja slam poezije na univerzi Goldsmiths v Londonu. Antrobus je tudi eden od ustanovnih članov kolektiva slam poezije Chill Pill in pesniškega foruma Keats House. Predaval je na več londonskih šolah in šolah za gluhe ter tudi v referenčnih enotah za učence. Leta 2017 je prejel pesniško nagrado Geoffreyja Dearmerja. Živi in dela v Londonu.

(1986, United Kingdom) was born in Hackney, London, to an English mother and Jamaican father. He is the recipient of fellowships from Cave Canem, Complete Works III and Jerwood Compton Poetry. He is one of the world's first recipients of an MA in Spoken Word Education from Goldsmiths, University of London. Raymond is a founding member of Chill Pill and the Keats House Poets Forum. He has had multiple residencies in deaf and hearing schools around London, as well as Pupil Referral Units. In 2018 he was awarded the Geoffrey Dearmer Award by the Poetry Society. Raymond currently lives in London and spends most of his time working.