

Drago Glamuzina: Butchers

The wind catcher

while I'm dancing with his wife
the kisses you send me enter me
the way crowd enters a tram.
meanwhile he smiles at me.
your slopes are slippery
as if soaked with rain,
glistening like silver
black sails sailing within.
a turn and a glance.
a turn and a glance.
swirling like a windmill,
I'm a champion wind catcher
in this division
neither the Silver Surfer
nor Hagar the Horrible
can beat me

If only Cleopatra's nose had been just a little shorter

It's hard to resist this restlessness:
the murky cliffs of Gibraltar
growing from within you.
You can see Africa
of the Roman emperor there
rolling his tongue inside his mouth
searching for a grain of Sahara.

The said Roman
never liked poetry readings
nor her lover – that leper from Alexandria
whom she rode in fear –
but as Maruna, Mrkonjić and Petrak
read their verses,
he lowered his head
listening to the sand seeping
in the womb of his queen.

As if she had never loved them

In 1933, Anais Nin cheated on her husband
with Henry Miller,
Antonin Artaud, her cousin Eduard
and her own father. She loved them all.
Her husband included.
At least that's what's written in her Diary,
and I don't doubt it.
I neither doubt her when she says
that she loved them all,
her husband included,
but now all of them are dead.
Nor when she says she's not going to
greet them in the street
if that be my wish.

I don't wish that, I say.
Nevertheless –
as I'm telling her she will say
the same of me, someday -
I'm feeling her words
secretly stroking her sentence
the way I stroke my dog
after lunch.

Brač frowning

Brač is frowning behind your back,
it's not raining,
but you're sad and in love
and the fingers of the man cutting my hair
are bothering me, even though
they are soft, warm and tender,
like the fingers of the woman
normally doing it. You've come to see
her touching me, you wanted to see
which world creates such a pleasure -
that small, pure, disinterested pleasure
I told you about,
but now you're observing my gloom
growing in the mirror.
you're taking a lock of your hair
placing it on your upper lip
like a moustache,
holding it so
until I smile.

Every day somebody cuts my head off

Every day somebody cuts my head off,
she said as she lifted her
skirt. then she stammered:
I can't take this any more,
and shifted her panties to the side.

the wind was blowing
it was cold and gray.
I just wanted her to sit on me as soon as possible,
and make me warm.
on the bench next to ours
an old guy stared at us curiously
showing no intention to leave,
even when her jolting
became quite obvious.

Translated by Damir Šodan