

Sonja Manojlović

A Decision by watching

Not a woman, not a child, a happy beast
in a shallow wood, I lie in a shop-window
turning the city with my feet
so I went to see
to hear a bullet, a scream of food
as if I would hunt, catch up with, eat
biting by the neck
No
Not today, not tomorrow or ever

I am calling

I am calling
with words from my life
Sometimes they say
shut up, mouth
Sometimes
they turn the word
over here and over there,
the beautiful ripe fruit
riddled with senses,
on their tiptoes,
indecisive

Adjectives of the Black Queen

I only just live so,
I enumerate, I choose,
through the dead ends of senses there loom the adjectives
Not a name, not a shelter!
Why is the moonlight pouring around the house?
Why do they kiss without lips?
It has been said why a hundred times
over a lyrical
fire
with a scream of a mantra
I fall to you
at your command
- Unusually simply stop,
you!

He comes any time

He comes any time
I wake up and lie down alone
We sit at the table
he has my body for lunch and for dinner
We peep also into family documents
here are the recipes for everything that has ever
been abundantly prepared for his mouth
What do I want from him?
Play, child, you don't care!
To elicit a smile?
Not a single one!
When an empty voice sings
if any word has stayed behind.

All I need

I ask children, children know
they take amazing names
from a heap and return them
With eyes closed,
they keep opening,
but it is late both for how and for why,
to the last door
here water stirs up and clouds fly
only that

So what if I live unskillfully

So what if I live unskillfully,
if I stagger
mutilated to a thousand eyes
Until late at night I classify tiny little nightingales, almost killed
I open and open the screens of distance within them
What if I want to breathe, to eat
where there is nourishing soup of air and books
at which I will sit
lean my chin on my palm
until my hand withers
and my eyelids confirm
So what if I take only the books from you
mouth for our kiss

Translated by Miljenko Kovačićek