

DNEVI POEZIJE  
IN VINA

© BELETRINA, 2020. VSE PRAVICE PRIDRŽANE.

Brez predhodnega pisnega dovoljenja Beletrine je prepovedano reproduciranje, distribuiranje, dajanje v najem, javna priobčitev, predelava ali druga uporaba tega avtorskega dela ali njegovih delov v kakršnemkoli obsegu ali postopku, vključno s fotokopiranjem, tiskanjem, javnim interaktivnim dostopom ali shranitvijo v elektronski obliki.

Prva ustanoviteljica Študentske založbe, predhodnice zavoda Beletrina, je Študentska organizacija Univerze v Ljubljani.



Vse informacije o knjigah Beletrine dobite na spletnem naslovu:

WWW.BELETRINA.SI

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

Sergej Harlamov ŽIVLJENJA NISEM VIDEL

*Izvršna urednica*  
Živa Borak

*Prelom*  
Jana Kuharič

*Tehnični urednik*  
Marko Hercog

*Izdajatelj*  
Beletrina  
Kersnikova 4, 1000 Ljubljana  
www.beletrina.si

*Za založbo*  
Mitja Čander

Elektronska izdaja

Ljubljana 2020

Sergej Harlamov  
ŽIVLJENJA NISEM VIDEL

## *Človečnjaške balade (Svit človečnjakov)*

*Gredo naprej. Puščava pa jih spremlja.*  
- Gregor Strniša, *Zvezde*

### IV.

ne verjemi razgibanosti pokrajine  
ki se razpira pred tabo kakor rana  
zadana od neznane roke

najprej se spomni svoje skotitve  
in tistih melišč preko katerih  
si priblodil s svojo čredo v tu in zdaj  
med nerazločljivim plimovanjem  
pripeke in hladu  
je mineval tvoj krogotočni lov  
za ugrizom požirkom in samičjim telesom

toda občasno so se tudi tvojim čekanom  
izmuznili krhki tilniki  
in ti pustili le nerazumljive vijuge  
in večkrat je kak tvoj brat končal v želodcu  
česa še bolj neukrotljivega

## *Humanoid Ballads (Dawn of the Humanoids)*

*“On they go. And the desert attends them.”*  
- Gregor Strniša, *Stars*

### IV.

don't believe the landscape's undulation  
opening before you like a wound  
inflicted by an unknown hand

remember first your whelping  
and the screees you wandered over  
with your herd to here and now  
between the undifferentiated ebb and flow  
of heat and cold  
transpired your endless annular hunting for  
a bite a swallow and her mammal body

but from time to time those fragile necks  
slipped your fangs  
and frequently some brother of yours ended up in  
the belly  
of something more indomitable

ali pa ga je zabodel njegov lastni izdih  
in zmeraj bolj pogosto se je dogodilo  
da je tista ki je ponoči obležala ob tebi  
le jutro kasneje izrenčala vate svojo tujost

tako si se nekega soparnega popoldneva  
ves zmeden in zlizan od žeje zbudil  
kakor v predsmrtnih mukah  
si stiskal prazno pest svoje mrtvoudne desnice

tvoji prsti tvoji členki tvoji sklepi vse  
je bilo negibno voščeno  
in ko je še tvoj lastni krik  
dezertiral v objem nejasnega mrmranja  
si v strahu odskočil in stekel

tvoje capljivo cepetanje  
je spodvilo izpod tebe  
razbrazdano lice prepisne deže  
in te z dvoumno vabo prisojnega obzorja  
gonilo še globlje v njen golt

or was gutted by his own breath  
and more and more often it happened  
that the one who lay by your side in the night  
snarled her foreignness into you the morning after.

and so you awoke some muggy day  
all confused and smeared with thirst  
as in death throes  
clenching the empty fist of your dead-limbed right  
hand

your fingers your knuckles your joints all  
was still and wax  
and when at last even your own scream  
deserted you to the embrace of an obscure murmur  
you jumped away in fear and ran

your wobbling waddle  
scuffled from under you  
the furrowed face of the windblown land  
and, baiting you with the sunlit horizon,  
hounded you further into its throat

toda žeja je bila zvesta zalezovalka  
z vsako pretečeno pedjo je postajala čedalje bolj  
otipljiva  
nato  
je v nedoumljivem trenutku  
skrivila robove prašnatih prostranstev  
in jih ponudila tvojim ustnicam  
kakor poln vrč  
s tvojim obnemoglim korakom  
te je zaskočila te izstradala  
z zelenjem in njegovimi plodovi te oslepila  
s krošnjami in razgledom ki ga dajejo

še sedaj ne veš zagotovo  
kdaj te je čreda ponovno obstopila  
niti tega ne  
če je med tabo in njenim občestvom  
preskočila klica žeje ali žlobudranja

vse kar se ti zdi gotovo  
in zato nič bolj razumljivo  
je siva usedlina ki jo otiraš s podplatov vsakič  
preden stopiš čez prag svojega domovanja

but the thirst was a steadfast stalker  
it become more and more tangible with each  
completed runstep  
and then  
in an inscrutable moment  
curled the edges of its dusty planes  
and offered them to your lips  
like a full pitcher  
with your exhausted step  
it jumped you starved you  
with greenery and its fruits blinded you  
with its tree-crowns and the view they offer

and yet still you don't know  
when the herd overstepped you  
nor even  
whether it leaped between you and their congregation  
a germ of thirst or burble

all that seems certain  
and for that still no more legible  
is a grey residuum you scrape from your soles each  
time you cross the threshold of your dwelling

ker že slutiš človečnjak  
da boš nekoč na svoji poti  
iz prahu v prah  
spet začutil zablodelo zrno  
grušča v čevljih  
in se spotaknil ob jezik

because you sense already humanoid  
one day on your path  
from dust till dust  
you'll feel again a stray seed  
of gravel in your shoe  
and trip upon your native tongue

## *Sedimentalnost*

### **I. Izohipnost**

doba erozije  
se ne izteče nikoli

zidovi ki so jih izostrili valovi  
zidovi ki so jih zdrobili valovi

ne napredek ne razvoj  
zgolj nanosi in sloji

doba erozije  
se ne izteče nikoli

### **II. Mnemopolis**

vsak spomin je sled  
spoprijemanja slojev

telo ki zavzema neznano prostorje  
telo ki se dojema kot neznano prostorje

## *Sedimentality*

### **I. Isarithmics**

the era of erosion  
never ends

walls the waves whet  
walls the waves beset

neither progress nor evolution  
mere layers in circumvolution

the era of erosion  
never ends

### **II. Mnemopolis**

every recollection is the sign  
of surging strata

a body that inhabits an unknown breadth  
a body that conceives of itself as an unknown breadth

ne *pripadati* ne *spadati*  
zgolj zapodpadati robove

vsak spomin je sled  
spoprijemanja slojev

### III. Kargo-okultura

*(ob rušenju Palmire)*

tempelj ne zastopa nikogar  
razen svoje razlike

kamnita srca ki kujejo simbole spomenike  
kamnita srca ki objokujejo simbole spomenike

ne elektrarn ne tovarn  
zgolj amorfne relikte

tempelj ne zastopa nikogar  
razen svoje razlike

neither *to fit* nor *to meet*  
merely to assail the edges

every recollection is the mark  
of surging strata

### III. Cargoculture

*(at the demolition of Palmira)*

a temple represents nobody  
but its own difference

stone hearts begetting symbols shrines  
stone hearts bemoaning symbols shrines

bemoaning neither factories nor foundries  
mere amorphous relics

a temple represents nobody  
but its own difference

#### IV. Anorganiziranje

vsako znamenje življenja  
je onkraj onostranstva

določilo ki razločuje telo od kadavra  
določilo ki se razlikuje od telesa in kadavra

ne združitev ne razkroj  
zgolj nepremičnost minerala

vsako znamenje življenja  
je onkraj onostranstva

#### IV. Inorganicization

every sign of life  
is beyond the beyondness

a punctuation that differentiates body and cadaver  
a punctuation that differs from body and cadaver

neither integration nor disintegration  
mere stillness of the mineral

every sign of life  
is beyond the beyondness

*Translated by Lukas Debeljak*

*Zakaj se nikoli nisem naučil narediti  
papirnatega aviona*

nikoli  
nisem videl  
ničesar  
obviseti v zraku  
kot

*Why I Never Learned How to Make a Paper  
Plane*

I've  
never seen  
anything  
hang in the air  
like

*Tebi, ki ti ta pesem nikoli ne bo naslovljiva  
za U.P.*

dež  
dež  
dež  
dež  
dež  
ne

to niso besede

ki bi jih hotel

podariti kapljam  
ampak jezik  
ki si želi trčiti z nebom  
in se brez izgovora  
razkropiti  
v meseni ekspresivnosti  
ustnic

*For You, to Whom This Poem Will Never Be  
Addressable  
for U. P.*

rain  
rain  
rain  
rain  
rain  
no

these aren't words

I'd like

to give to raindrops  
but a language  
that wants to collide with the sky  
and scatter  
with no excuses  
in the fleshy expressiveness  
of the lips

dež  
dež  
dež  
dež  
dež

na koži  
vzhajajo reliefi kopit  
s potuhnjenimi udarci  
ki jih ni možno potlačiti  
niti z obsesivnim zaklinjanjem

dež  
dež  
dež  
dež  
dež

kdor stre urok  
bo tudi sam

*DEŽ*

rain  
rain  
rain  
rain  
rain

the texture  
of hooves rises on the skin  
with deceitful blows  
that cannot be suppressed  
not even by obsessive incantation

rain  
rain  
rain  
rain  
rain

he who breaks the spell  
will himself be

*RAIN*<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Untranslatable onomatopoeic wordplay: “rain”, which reads as *dež* [dɛʒ] in Slovene, can be understood as a vocal imitation of crushing sound.

*Pogubljen v lunaparku*

na začetku  
je bila reč  
ki ni mogla iz reči  
ali izreči  
ne *nebesede*  
ne obsedeti  
na desnici kogarkoli

postala je mlin na veter  
gluhi telefon  
razuzdani trojanski konj  
ki prenaša

gospodarje  
dovolj čuječne in poslušne  
da si jim ni treba mazati čevljev  
z drobovino tistih  
ki so padli

zaradi nje  
in za njo

*Doomed at the Funhouse*

in the beginning  
was a noun  
that was unable to get out  
or to announce  
an *unnoun*  
or stay seated  
to the right of anybody

it became a windmill  
a dead phone  
a wanton trojan horse  
carrying

masters  
adequately mindful and obedient  
that they didn't have to dirty their boots  
with the entrails of those  
who'd fallen

because of it  
and for it

izstradanec  
zadavi izstradanca  
za kos kruha je žival

kdor ju je sopostavil  
in motiviral z drobtinami  
je ustvaril pošast

vsi  
smo prestrašni pred njo  
in nihče  
se ne počuti več toliko nedolžnega  
da bi si upal prvi zalučati kamen  
zdaj ga *nakupujemo*  
za strelski zid  
ki bi zmogel odbiti  
naboje vsakega kalibra

včasih  
se kateri odkruši  
od bremena  
ki ga nosi  
pritlehni glas prepaha

a starver  
strangles a starver  
becoming an animal for a piece of bread

whoever put them together  
provoking them with crumbs  
has created a monster

we're all  
frightened of it  
and nobody  
feels innocent enough anymore  
to dare to be the first to cast a stone  
we're *buying* it now  
for a shooting wall  
that could reflect  
bullets of any calibre

now and then  
one breaks off  
of the burden  
carried by  
the shady voice of draft

ga raznese  
po ulici  
da pokosi  
dobromisleče  
in nič hudega sluteče  
mimoidoče

nato ga  
kos za kosom  
skušajo spet sestaviti  
v monolitni mozaik zidu  
kot svarilo ali opravičilo  
in se prepirajo  
o kuri in jajcu

medtem  
pa tekoči trak  
še naprej nemoteno melje  
vrtiljake želja  
kot rusko ruleto  
da zavaruje svet igral  
z živim ščitom tistih  
ki so ostali brez svojega obraza  
pred vrati dvorane zrcal

scatters it  
across the street  
to mow down  
the well-wishing  
and oblivious  
passers-by

later they  
try to put it back together  
piece by piece  
into the monolithic mosaic of the wall  
either a warning or an apology  
and argue  
about the chicken and the egg

and meanwhile  
the undisturbed conveyor belt  
keeps churning  
carousels of wishes  
like russian roulette  
in order to protect the world of rides  
with a human shield of those  
who'd been left faceless  
in front of the house of mirrors

se stavbe spreminjajo v muzeje  
crkovanja  
in arhive  
črkovanja  
črepinjskih sodb  
o tem  
kar ne prihaja iz reči  
in se ne more izreči  
z nobeno drugo prisposodbo kot

*edina stvarnost  
filmskega traku  
je trenutek  
ko počī*

buildings turn into museums  
of decomposition  
and archives  
of the composition  
of ostracisms  
regarding that  
which isn't born of a noun  
and cannot be pronounced  
with any simile other than

*the only reality  
of the film stock  
is the moment  
when it breaks*

*(Zamujene) slavne besede Jurija Aleksejeviča  
Gagarina ali Anekdota iz življenja kot ga ni  
bilo*

zemlja je zelena in modra  
življenja nisem videl

*(Missed) Famous Words of Yuri Alexeyevich  
Gagarin or an Anecdote from a Life That  
Never Was*

the earth is green and blue  
no life to be seen

*Translated by Jernej Županič*

## *Vsebina*

Človečnjaške balade (Svit človečnjakov)	4
Sedimentalnost	12
Zakaj se nikoli nisem naučil narediti papirnatega aviona	18
Tebi, ki ti ta pesem nikoli ne bo naslovljiva	20
Pogubljen v lunaparku	24
(Zamujene) slavne besede Jurija Aleksejeviča Gagarina ali Anekdota iz življenja kot ga ni bilo	32

## *Contents*

Humanoid Ballads (Dawn of the Humanoids)	5
Sedimentality	13
Why I Never Learned How to Make a Paper Plane	19
For You, to Whom This Poem Will Never Be Addressable	21
Doomed at the Funhouse	25
(Missed) Famous Words of Yuri Alexeyevich Gagarin or an Anecdote from a Life That Never Was	33

## *Sergej Harlamov*

(1989, Slovenija) je pesnik, sociolog, komparativist, literarni kritik in publicist. Leta 2011 je bil kot zmagovalec Festivala mlade literature Urška gost festivala Pranger, istega leta je izšel tudi njegov prvenec *Jedci*. Njegova druga pesniška zbirka *Mnogoboj mitologij* (2019) je bila nominirana za Jenkovo nagrado in vključena tudi v bilten *Ten books from Slovenia* kot ena najzanimivejših izdaj leta 2019, letos pa je bila nominirana tudi za kritiško sito. Leta 2017 je predstavil eksperimentalno, konkretno-abstraktno poezijo *Hypomnemata* kot del festivala Ignor ter leta 2016 s svojo poezijo in prozo z džezovskim glasbenikom Žanom Tetickovičem sodeloval pri albumu *The port of Life*.

(1989, Slovenia) is a poet, sociologist, literary comparatist, literary critic and publicist. In 2011, he was invited to the Pranger Poetry Festival as the winner of the Urška Youth Literature Festival, and the same year saw the release the poet's debut collection *Jedci*. He was nominated for the Jenko Prize for his second poetry collection, *Mnogoboj mitologij* (2019), which is included in the *Ten books from Slovenia* bulletin as one of the most noteworthy works published in 2019, and was nominated for the critic's award this year. In the meantime, he released a test sample of experimental, concrete-abstract poetry *Hypomnemata* (2017) as part of the Ignor Festival, and collaborated with jazz musician Žan Tetickovič on the album *The port of life* (2016), for which he contributed poems in prose.