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IN VINA

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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 capljava cepetanje
je spodvilo izpod tebe
razbrazdano lice prepisne dežele
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*¹

¹ 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 počí*

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

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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.