

THE SHIP OF DEATH

I

Now it is autumn and the falling fruit
and the long journey towards oblivion.

The apples falling like great drops of dew
to bruise themselves an exit from themselves.

And it is time to go, to bid farewell
to one's own self, and find an exit
from the fallen self.

II

Have you built your ship of death, O have you?
O build your ship of death, for you will need it.

The grim frost is at hand, when the apples will fall
thick, almost thunderous, on the hardened earth.

And death is on the air like a smell of ashes!
Ah! can't you smell it?

And in the bruised body, the frightened soul
finds itself shrinking, wincing from the cold
that blows upon it through the orifices.

LAĐA SMRTI

I.

Jesen je sad kada voće pada
i kad se dugo putuje prema zaboravu.

Jabuke padaju poput velikih kaplji rose
da ranom otvore izlaz iz sebe.

I vrijeme je da se ide, da se rastane
sa samim sobom, i da se izlaz nađe
iz klonulog sebe.

II.

Sagradi li svoju lađu smrti, o sagradi li?
O sagradi svoju lađu smrti, jer dobro će ti doći.

Turobni mrak je na pomolu, kad će jabuke padati
gusto, gotovo poput grmljavine, na stvrđnutu zemlju.

I smrt je u zraku poput mirisa pepela!
Ah! zar je ne mirišeš?

A u izubijanom tijelu, prestrašena duša
trza se i uzmiče, prežući pred studeni
što kroz otvore na nju puše.

III

And can a man his own quietus make
with a bare bodkin?

With daggers, bodkins, bullets, man can make
a bruise or break of exit for his life;
but is that a quietus, O tell me, is it quietus?

Surely not so! for how could murder, even
self-murder
ever a quietus make?

IV

O let us talk of quiet that we know
that we can know, the deep and lovely quiet
of a strong heart at peace!

How can we this, our own quietus, make?

V

Build then the ship of death, for you must take
the longest journey, to oblivion.

And die the death, the long and painful death
that lies between the old self and the new.

Already our bodies are fallen, bruised, badly bruised,
already our souls are oozing through the exit
of the cruel bruise.

Already the dark and endless ocean of the end
is washing in through the breaches of our wounds,

III.

A može li čovjek naći svoj vlastiti mir
s običnim bodežom?

S bodežom, stiletom, metkom, čovjek može otvoriti
ranu i probiti izlaz iz sebe;
no je li to mir, o reci mi, je li to mir?

Zasigurno nije! jer kako bi ubojstvo, pa makar i ubojstvo
samoga sebe
ikad postiglo mir?

IV.

O hajde da razgovaramo o miru što ga poznajemo,
što ga možemo spoznati, o dubokom i lijepom miru
srca puna snage što je u miru sa samim sobom!

Kako postići to, naš vlastiti mir?

V.

Sagradi, dakle, lađu smrti, jer moraš poći
na najduži put, u zaborav.

I umrijeti smrću, dugotrajnom i bolnom smrću
što ispriječila se među starim i novim tvojim bićem.

Već su naša tijela na tlo pala, izubijana, teško izubijana,
i već naše duše otječu kroz otvor
okrutne rane.

Već tamni i beskrajni ocean kraja
zapljuskuje kroz rubove naših rana,

already the flood is upon us.

Oh build your ship of death, your little ark
and furnish it with food, with little cakes, and wine
for the dark flight down oblivion.

VI

Piecemeal the body dies, and the timid soul
has her footing washed away, as the dark flood rises.

We are dying, we are dying, we are all of us dying
and nothing will stay the death-flood rising within us
and soon it will rise on the world, on the outside world.

We are dying, we are dying, piecemeal our bodies are dying
and our strength leaves us,
and our soul cowers naked in the dark rain over the flood,
cowering in the last branches of the tree of our life.

VII

We are dying, we are dying, so all we can do
is now to be willing to die, and to build the ship
of death to carry the soul on the longest journey.

A little ship, with oars and food
and little dishes, and all accoutrements
fitting and ready for the departing soul.

Now launch the small ship, now as the body dies
and life departs, launch out, the fragile soul
in the fragile ship of courage, the ark of faith
with its store of food and little cooking pans
and change of clothes,

i već nas potop potaplja.

O sagradi svoju lađu smrti, svoju malu korablju
i opskrbi je s hranom, kolačićima i vinom
za dugi put u sve dublji zaborav.

VI.

Dio po dio tijelo umire, a plahoj duši
nestaje uporišta, kako tamna poplava raste.

Mi umiremo, mi umiremo, svi mi umiremo
i ništa ne će zaustaviti poplavu smrti što u nama raste
i uskoro će ona preplaviti svijet, izvanjski svijet.

Mi umiremo, mi umiremo, dio po dio naša tijela umiru
i naša nas snaga ostavlja,
a naša se duša šćućurila naga u tamnoj kiši nad potopom,
šćućurena na posljednjim granama drva našeg života.

VII.

Mi umiremo, mi umiremo, i sve što možemo sad učiniti je
da zaželimo umrijeti, i da sagradimo lađu
smrti da odveze dušu na najduže putovanje.

Mala lađa, s veslima i hranom
i malim zdjelama, i svom opremom
što podesna je da prati dušu na odlasku.

I sad otisni malu lađu, sad kada tijelo umire
i život odlazi, otisni se, krhka dušo
u krhkoj lađi srčanosti, korablji vjere
sa zalihom hrane i malim tavama
i odjećom za preobuku,

upon the flood's black waste
upon the waters of the end
upon the sea of death, where still we sail
darkly, for we cannot steer, and have
no port.

There is no port, there is nowhere to go
only the deepening black darkening still
blacker upon the soundless, uncurling flood
darkness at one with darkness, up and down
and sideways utterly dark, so there is no direction any
more.

And the little ship is there; yet she is gone.
She is not seen, for there is nothing to see her by.
She is gone! gone! and yet
somewhere she is there.
Nowhere!

VIII

And everything is gone, the body is gone
completely under, gone, entirely gone.
The upper darkness is heavy on the lower,
between them the little ship
is gone
she is gone.

It is the end, it is oblivion.

IX

And yet out of eternity, a thread
separates itself on the blackness,
a horizontal thread
that fumes a little with pallor upon the dark.

na crni beskraj poplave
na vode kraja
na more smrti, gdje ćemo ploviti
u tami, jer ne možemo kormilom upravljati, i nemamo
 nikakve luke.

Nema nikakve luke, nema kamo da se ide
samo tama što se zgušnjava i biva sve tamnijom
sve crnja na bezglasnoj vodi bez romora
tama združena s tamom, gore i dolje
i postrance potpuno tamno, tako da nema više nikakva
 pravca.

I mala je lađa tamo; a ipak je nema.
Ne vidi je se, jer nema načina da se vidi.
Ona je nestala! nestala! a ipak
ona je negdje tamo.
Nigdje!

VIII.

I sve je nestalo, tijelo je nestalo
u potpunosti nestalo, otišlo, sasvim otišlo.
Gornja tama pritišće donju tamu,
međ njima je mala lađa
nestala,
ona je nestala.

To je kraj, to je zaborav.

IX.

Pa ipak se iz vječnosti nit
izdvaja iz mraka,
vodoravna nit
što slabšim se bljedilom dimi u tami.

Is it illusion? or does the pallor fume
A little higher?
Ah wait, wait, for there's the dawn,
the cruel dawn of coming back to life
out of oblivion.

Wait, wait, the little ship
drifting, beneath the deathly ashy grey
of a flood-dawn.

Wait, wait! even so, a flush of yellow
and strangely, O chilled wan soul, a flush of rose.

A flush of rose, and the whole thing starts again.

X

The flood subsides, and the body, like a worn
sea-shell
emerges strange and lovely.
And the little ship wings home, faltering and lapsing
on the pink flood,
and the frail soul steps out, into her house again
filling the heart with peace.

Swings the heart renewed with peace
even of oblivion.

Oh build your ship of death, oh build it!
for you will need it.
For the voyage of oblivion awaits you.

Je li to privid? ili se bljedilo dimi
Još malo jače?
Ah čekaj, čekaj, jer to je zora,
okrutna zora povratka u život
iz zaborava.

Čekaj, čekaj, mala lađa
pluta, pod pepeljastim smrtnim sivilom
zore što rudi nad poplavom.

Čekaj, čekaj! i evo, naviranje žutog svjetla
i, o čuda, o studena blijeda dušo, naviranje rumenog svjetla.

Naviranje rumenila, i cijela stvar ponovno počinje.

X.

Vode se povlače, a tijelo se, poput valovljem izbrušene
školjke
pojavljuje čudesno i krasno.
I mala se lađa domu upućuje, posrćući i propadajući
na rumenoj vodi,
i krhka duša izlazi, i ponovno stupa u kuću
puneći srce mirom.

Kuca srce čak osnaženo mirom
zaborava.

Oh sagradi svoju lađu smrti, oh sagradi je!
jer dobro će ti doći.
Jer na tebe čeka put do zaborava.

AFTER ALL SAINTS' DAY

Wrapped in the dark-red mantle of warm memories
the little, slender soul sits swiftly down, and takes the oars
and draws away, away, towards dark depths
wafting with warm love from still-living hearts
breathing on his small frail sail, and helping
 him on
to the fathomless deeps ahead, far, far from the grey
 shores
of marginal existence.

NAKON SVIH SVETIH

Zaogrnuta tamno grimiznim ogrtačem toplih sjećanja
malena nježna duša hitro sjeda i uzima vesla
i otiskuje se dalje, sve dalje, prema tamnim dubinama
povijajući se na toploj ljubavi još živih srdaca
što pušu na njeno maleno krhko jedro i pomažu joj da
ide sve dalje
u bezdane dubine pred njom, daleko, daleko od sivih
obala
rubnog postojanja.

SONG OF DEATH

Sing the song of death, O sing it!
for without the song of death, the song of life
becomes pointless and silly.

Sing then the song of death, and the longest journey
and what the soul takes with him, and what he leaves
 behind,
and how he enters fold after fold of deepening darkness
for the cosmos even in death is like a dark whorled shell
whose whorls fold round to the core of soundless silence
 and pivotal oblivion
where the soul comes at last, and has utter peace.

Sing then the core of dark and absolute
oblivion where the soul at last is lost
in utter peace.
Sing the song of death, O sing it!

PJESMA SMRTI

Zapjevaj pjesmu smrti, o zapjevaj je!
jer bez pjesme smrti, pjesma života
besciljna je i budalasta.

Zapjevaj, dakle, pjesmu o smrti, i o najdužem putovanju
i o onom što duša uzima sa sobom, i o onom što ostavlja
iza se,
i kako ulazi u navoj za navojem sve dublje tame
jer svemir je čak i u smrti poput tamne spiralne školjke
čiji se navoji svijaju oko srčike bezglasne tišine
i stožernog zaborava
kamo duša konačno pristiže, i nalazi potpuni mir.

Zapjevaj, dakle, o stožeru tamnog i potpunog
zaborava gdje se duša konačno gubi
u potpunom miru.
Zapjevaj pjesmu smrti, o zapjevaj je!

THE END, THE BEGINNING

If there were not an utter and absolute dark
of silence and sheer oblivion
at the core of everything,
how terrible the sun would be,
how ghastly it would be to strike a match, and make a light.

But the very sun himself is pivoted
upon a core of pure oblivion,
so is a candle, even as a match.

And if there were not an absolute, utter forgetting
and a ceasing to know, a perfect ceasing to know
and a silent, sheer cessation of all awareness
how terrible life would be!
how terrible it would be to think and know, to have
consciousness!

But dipped, once dipped in dark oblivion
the soul has peace, inward and lovely peace.

KRAJ, POČETAK

Kad ne bi bilo potpunog i savršenog mraka
tišine i potpunog zaborava
u srcu svega,
kako bi strašno sunce bilo,
kako užasno zapaliti žigicu, da nastane svjetlo.

No i samo sunce leži
na stožeru čistog zaborava,
a isto tako i svijeća, kao i žigica.

I kad ne bi bilo savršenog, krajnjeg zaborava
i prestanka saznanja, potpunog prestanka saznanja,
i bezglasnog, krajnjeg prestanka svake svjesnosti
kako bi strašan život bio!
kako bi strašno bilo misliti i spoznati, posjedovati
svijest!

No zaronjena, jednom zaronjena u tamni zaborav
duša postiže mir, nutarnji i zanosni mir.

SHADOWS

And if tonight my soul may find her peace
in sleep, and sink in good oblivion,
and in the morning wake like a new-opened flower
then I have been dipped again in God, and new-created.

And if, as weeks go round, in the dark of the moon
my spirit darkens and goes out, and soft strange gloom
pervades my movements and my thoughts and words
then I shall know that I am walking still
with God, we are close together now the moon's in
shadow.

And if, as autumn deepens and darkens
I feel the pain of falling leaves, and stems that break in
storms
and trouble and dissolution and distress
and then the softness of deep shadows folding, folding
around my soul and spirit, around my lips
so sweet, like a swoon, or more like the drowse of a low,
sad song
singing darker than the nightingale, on, on to the
solstice
and the silence of short days, the silence of the year, the
shadow,
then I shall know that my life is moving still
with the dark earth, and drenched
with the deep oblivion of earth's lapse and renewal.

SJENE

A ako noćas moja duša nađe svoj mir
u snu, i utone u dobar zaborav,
a ujutro se probudi poput novo rastvorenog cvijeta
tad sam ponovno uronio u Gospodina, ponovno stvoren.

A ako se, kako tjedni odmiču, u mjesечеvoj tami
moj duh smrači i ugasi, i meka čudna tama
prožme moje kretanje i moje misli i riječi
tada ću znati da još uvijek hodam
s Bogom, jedno smo drugome blizu sad kad je mjesec u
sjeni.

A ako, dok se jesen produbljuje i zamračuje
osjećam bol lišća što pada i stabljika što se lome u
oluji
i tjeskobu i rasap i nevolju
a onda mekoću dubokih sjena što obasežu, obasežu
moju dušu i duh, moje usne,
tako slatke poput nesvjestice, ili još više poput omaglice
od neke tihe, tužne pjesme
što odzvanja sumračnije od slavujeva pjeva, i tako sve dalje,
dalje do solsticija
i tišine kratkih dana, tišine godine,
sjene,
tad ću znati da se moj život i dalje kreće
s tamnom zemljom, zaronjen
u tamni zaborav zemljine stanke i obnove.

And if, in the changing phases of man's life
I fall in sickness and in misery
my wrists seem broken and my heart seems dead
and strength is gone, and my life
is only the leavings of a life:

and still, among it all, snatches of lovely oblivion, and
snatches of renewal,
odd, wintry flowers upon the withered stem, yet new,
strange flowers
such as my life has not brought forth before, new blossoms of me –

then I must know that still
I am in the hands of the unknown God,
he is breaking me down to his own oblivion
to send me forth on a new morning, a new man.

A ako, u promjenjivim mijenama čovjekova života
padnem u bolest i u bijedu
i moji se zglavci čine slomljeni i moje se srce čini mrtvo
i snaga je otišla, i moj život
samo je talog života:

no ipak, među svim tim, trenutci zanosnog zaborava, i
trenutci obnove,
čudni, zimski cvjetovi na svenutim stapkama, no ipak
novi, neobični cvjetovi
kakvi još nikad ranije nisu propupali iz mog života, novi
cvatovi mene –

tad moram spoznati da sam još uvijek
u rukama nepoznatog Boga,
on me slama do vlastita zaborava
i onda me šalje u novo jutro, novog čovjeka.

PHOENIX

Are you willing to be sponged out, erased, cancelled,
made nothing?

Are you willing to be made nothing?
dipped into oblivion?

If not, you will never really change.

The phoenix renews her youth

only when she is burnt, burnt alive, burnt down
to hot and flocculent ash.

Then the small stirring of a new small bub in the nest
with strands of down like floating ash
shows that she is renewing her youth like the eagle,
immortal bird.

FENIKS

Jesi li voljan da budeš zbrisan, poništen, opozvan,
pretvoren u ništa?

Jesi li voljan da budeš pretvoren u ništa?
uronjen u zaborav?

Ako nisi, nikad se ne ćeš stvarno promijeniti.

Feniks obnavlja svoju mladost
samo kad izgori, izgori živ, izgori potpuno
sve do vrelog i pahuljastog pepela.
Tad slabašno micanje novog sićušnog života u gnijezdu
s paperjem poput pepela što se povija
pokazuje da on svoju mladost obnavlja poput orla,
besmrtna ptica.