Ivica Prtenjača - V.B.Z. Translation Workshop

Nauts

when we were astronauts in training

we spun around at a breakneck speed
in a shining sphere in the dark
until our eyes ended up
on the other side of everything
when we were cosmonauts in training

we had to endure with a smile
the pin that pricked the left side of our chests
the pin that bore the badge of a hero
combusting in flames
somewhere far away
when we were astronauts in training

our lady friends
our future wives had to smile and
tap their fingers on a burnt down cigarette
their hands, red nails and
the soft arm of a child intertwined
when we were cosmonauts in training

we had to sing with others
eat with the chosen ones and dance as if
we're already floating in a capsule
through the depths of dark
when we were astronauts in training

we were told we must believe
in ourselves and the future that was already there

eISSN 1847-7755; doi: 10.15291/sic/2.11.lt.1

that we had to go out there
that we were the best of all of those
who stood around us and now clapped
we climbed the cross alone
that's how mad we'd gone
when we were cosmonauts in training

good old earth do not cry we said
good old earth do not be afraid
the days passed oh
stay put do not budge
this is between us and the future
between our capsule swirling
along the edge of what
can only mean
you'll never see us again
when we were in training
we drove in the sun
by the lake where the fishermen cast their
shoulders into the sludge
and muddy waters
through the crowns in which the dry leaves
quivered
when we were in training
we were already dying of boredom and the prospect
of chasms in our lives
we found ourselves beside
a very old dog
it's Rufus you said
it's Laika
I tried to cheer you up
and then came a woman strapped with a bomb

stood between us and set herself off
the vacuum sucked up all the bloom
all the sudden future and our running had to stop
when we were astronauts in training

when we were cosmonauts in training
the training lacked something
only the ferns grew around us
as we sat back into the evening splattered
with mud
large concrete blocks crumbling down
and a cloud of dust and ashes rising into a very dark night
and then came a woman strapped with a bomb

with a fair face and a fixed gaze
she set herself off
and so it goes on for this whole afternoon
the night
the uncertain morning in a vacuum
Rufus has lost a leg
Laika is dead
we have to accept it
while on our faces
in the dust the bluish images flash
the flame and great clouds
of ashes rise up in the end
into that vast space
and finally finally

Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivatives 4.0 International License