ČASOPIS ZA KNJIŽEVNOST, KULTURU I KNJIŽEVNO PREVOĐENJE

Rides of Insight
No. 1 - Year 14
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Vida Sever - Anja Glavinić

A Dry Place

thick

the family hair

spills over lunch
after we've become
weak and thin
my hair ends up in the plate

and pretends to be drowning
I silence it
with shyness behind my ear
the teeth are the answer

to the childish carelessness
when I splash water on the hair
bound around my waist
barely pulling out my hands
I offer them the remaining drops
with a firm poke

and the hair between their fingers
they crush the streets on the map
joking I'll surely get lost in the city
as they clutch the hair
I laugh and unravel myself

from the kitchen
through the hall

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and down the staircase
never dye your hair

I won't.

the self

I was the tallest woman on trams

that are now time capsules

buried in my mother's garden

says
the words that straighten up the body
grown out of a child's blackness
after her mom died

she pulled out all the furniture
cut down the pine in the backyard
and buried all the familiar shapes
and postwar photos
in an apartment with fine edges
high up and far away
from her first words
the carved bedpost

above her head
fits a whole family at odds
each member in their own slit
going stone-gray
I can't take the tram anymore,

but still no one is taller than me

says stroking the relief
of the family tree

and pressing the fallen leaves
into my fist

transliteration

our fingernails imprint apostrophes

into the plastic tablecloth
everyone says that it’s not a word

yet something more
stuck to the back side
but the family can’t read
so it connects us with thick tendrils
if we touch each other

for a moment we know
how to separate the words correctly

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