

ČITAJUĆI NERUDU

Čitaš Nerudu

U 6 ujutru

Nakon neprospavane noći

U tuđem stanu

U kojem si se već odomaćio

U gradu koji odavno

Svojim zoveš

Iako znaš da nije

Nerudu, kojeg čak ni ne voliš čitati

(I odbijaš da priznaš

Da ti se danas, ipak,

Poneka pjesma i dopala)

I znaš da bi mogao napisati

Najlepše stihove ovog jutra

Najljubavnije pjesme

I najtužnije

Nerudi u inat, baš

Ali se pitaš čemu to

Ako ne znaš

Hoćeš li joj ih ikad

Pročitati

Zagreb, 2011.

READING NERUDA

You are reading Neruda

At 6 o'clock in the morning

After sleepless night

In somebody else's apartment

In which you already feel at home

In the city you have been calling your own

For a long time

Though you know it is not

Neruda, which you don't even like to read

(And you refuse to admit

That today, you even

Like some of his poems)

And you know you could write

The most beautiful verses this morning

The greatest love poems of all

And the saddest ones, too

Only to defy Neruda

But you are wondering if it's worth doing

Without knowing

If you'll ever get the chance to read them

To Her

Zagreb, 2011.

Slobodan Nikolic