

# DIOGEN

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„U zemlji mržnje najviše mrzi onoga ko ne umije da mrzi.“ Ivo Andrić

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MI OBJEDINJUJEMO RAZLIČITOSTI...WE ARE UNIFYING DIVERSITIES

## Dunja Pezel THE EARLY BUS

From the moment the clock starts to ring, every second is programmed. If I make even one unexpected move, I am late for the bus. In semi-darkness (I do not want to wake up the others) I try to find the keys in my purse, thinking at the same time that it urgently need a good sorting out.

Outside, there is a strong southerly wind and rain. My umbrella has instantly become a sail, and soon after a useless rag on a stick. Now I am wet, but completely awake. Pure initiation.

The rain with the wind.  
overturned umbrella  
becomes sail

There is nobody at the bus stop, nor in the street. Window shutters are banging, a trash bin is rolling, and a small stream, just arisen, is turning and twisting and cleaning the street. A muffled rumble and the bus appears from round the corner. "The sun warmed me up when I saw you", I tried to joke with the driver. "In weather like this" faking astonishment, smiling at his remark. "Just because of that", I reply taking the first empty seat. I hear the driver singing. It seems that my joke has altered his usual train of thoughts for this time of day. It has taken him away from his daily monotony.

I wipe the steamy window and watch the street.

Spreading,  
on a foggy window  
someone's name.

Cars are rushing through black puddles gleaming with split oil. Resigned passers-by are not even trying to move away. They are wet anyway. With their serious faces, they carry on with their indoor dialogues, unconscious of them selves or the world.

Old lady's head

covered with plastic bag.  
Feet in a paddle.

On a big billboard, there are two posters. Each of them show a beauty with naked breasts. One of them is proudly showing her pithiness like Lillith with expression of Eve on her face, while the other, with a baby on her breasts, is supposed to represent Eve, but watching her you can recognise Lillith.

It seems that everyone wants to be someone else or something else.

Lillith is the irresistible *donna fatale*. Existence is a pure joy for her and the world toy, meanwhile, Eve is balancing between imposed roles: wife, mother, housewife and working woman. She doesn't even notice that days are slipping away under her feet, leaving her empty, washed out, unfulfilled.

But whatever a woman chooses, to be either Eve or Lillith, she'll make the same mistake, she won't make the same mistake. The result is the same.

Suddenly I'm brought back by the screeching of brakes. A young couple is getting on the bus. Judging by their clothes, I guess they are coming from their graduation party. He is tall, thin, wearing a suit and tie. She is wearing a dress in muran-glass colour, it is transparent. Long, wet hair corers her cheeks.

Spring rain;  
Girl's cheeks  
Soaked by her hear.

I'm watching her and I can't make up my mind where I would put her. Is she a real living girl, Ondina queen of Water, or maybe the Princess of Cups who has just slipped off a Tarot card. They don't talk, but their bodies do.

On his face alternate expressions of ecstasy, confusion, and pride. Tonight he did so many things for the first time. He wore a suit and tie for the first time, he danced according to well known rules for the first time, and judging from his protecting look towards her, it seems that tonight he took one step beyond a stolen kiss.

She, my Ondina, safe in his arms, with a mysteriously and slightly mocking smile says: "Well, now I have just opened the secret door of to hood."

There they are, with their thoughts about each other, dazed, carried away.

The bus has stopped, I could hear the noise made by brakes, and the young couple get off, going out into the rain tin each other's arms. They are walking slowly; it seems that they are afraid to walk faster in case it destroys their magic. My look follows them to the rain curtain where they disappear.

Suddenly I remembered a prayer from Grimoire (an old magic script) I read a long time ago:

"Oh, You mighty King of the sea  
King of the Great Flood and Spring rains  
Oh Ocean of endless perfection  
Make us worth  
So that we can give You  
Water, Blood and Tears  
for remission if sins.

Give us a sing, we Beg You. "

"Oh Mighty God", I carried on, "Don't let this Mighty water Element wash this blessed magic out of them. Help them, of God to preserve and store this night in their pocket of memories. Maybe some day, when they tell stories to their grandchildren, they'll chose this episode as the most beautiful thing that ever happened to them.

The gentle smile that will show up on their faces will be decent compensation for gloomy every-day living.

Amen, Amen and Amen!!!".

Surprised, I notice that the bus is crowded. Crowded with women. When they return home from work, they will be carrying heavy bags of food. And their husbands will be driving home by car. Various are ell of sweat; morning brandy and stale garlic are competing with one another. Finally, my stop arrives. I exchange a glance with the driver, and we understand each other. I'm in the rain again.

The early bus.  
Watching nowhere,  
sleepy faces.

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