

Translation Samples from Sarajevo Poetry Days (2010)

Bosnian / Croatian to English

Kemal Mahmutefendic – MOJ OTAC

Moj otac koracima premjerava sobu, poguren,
isturena nosa, kao Asurbanipal u borbenoj pidžami,
dok ga posmatraju podle stolice, cinični
zidni sat (nagradni), davno umrli ormari
i ručni radovi njegove žene,
koja sjedeći po strani sitno veze Semiramidine vrtove
ubistveno dosadnih poslijepodneva.
„Ah“, uzdiše moj otac pritisnut svojom
mitološkom grbom.
„Ah“, odgovaram ja bilo gdje da sam tad,
odgovaraću i onda kada oca više ne bude,
vjerujem i kada mene ne bude među živima.
„Ah“,
odgovaraće ubistveno vječno poslijepodne.

Kemal Mahmutefendic – MY FATHER

My father measures the room with his steps, stooping,
his nose forward like Ashurbanipal in his military pyjamas,
washed over by observing glances of despicable chairs, a cynical
clock (an award), long dead cupboards
and goblins made by his wife
who sitting aside knit by knit creates the Semiramida Gardens
on a heartbreakingly boring afternoon.
“Ah”, my father sighs pressed down by his
mythological hump.
“Ah”, I respond regardless of where I am,
I will respond even when my father is no longer here,
and even long after I am gone.
“Ah”,
the heartbreakingly eternal afternoon will answer.

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English to Bosnian / Croatian

Gao Xing – At That Night in Late Autumn

On that night in late Autumn
The beach, the boat

Covered by the fog
The world became dim and monotonous
With its details lost
Only a few lights were left
With some drowsiness

Only breaths were relaxed
And water flowing in darkness
Reminding us of some atmosphere

The sea disappeared
Stars and the moon were drowned

Only you seemed to walk farther
And farther as if lost in sight

Your invisible foot-prints
Seemed to declare:
“Only fragments are left
Letting time sell out time.”

Te Kasne Jesenje Noći

Te kasne jesenje noći
plaža i čamac

polako su tonuli u maglu
Svijet je postao taman i jednobojan
bez iti jednog detalja
Preostalo je tek nekoliko svjetala
koja u mamurluku sanjaju

Jedino vlastiti dah je bio miran
i voda koja plovi u mrak
samo da nas podsjeti na neka druga vremena

Mora više nema
Zvezde i mjesec su potonuli

Jedino mi se učinilo da vidim tebe
kako odlaziš u daljinu kao mjesečar

a tvoji nevidljivi otisci
tiho su šaputali:
“Jedino djelovi su preostali
i vrijeme koje upoznaje vrijeme.”

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Autopoeticka Ispovijest Mehmeta Yashina:

Iskreno rečeno zaista nisam siguran šta je suština moje poetske djelatnosti. Pjesniku je veoma teško govoriti autorefleksivno a potom i jasno i sigurno o vlastitim pjesničkim instinktima, izvorima inspiracijama i o glavnoj jezgri svoje poezije. Ja mogu samo spekulirati i pružiti publici neku generalnu i nedovršenu sliku svoje poezije. Na primjer mogu reći da su mi moja vlastita iskustva već od ranog djetinjstva bila bitna. Poetska tematika mi se većinom pojavi u suprotnostima kao naprimjer “dom/odlazak i povratak”, “život/smrt”, “ljubav/otuđenost”, “familija, ljubavnici i prijatelji/usamljenost”, “svakodnevnica/mistika i metafora”, “pejsaž/praznina egzistencije”, itd. Pišem u raznim formama Turskoga jezika a povremeno u svojim pjesmama koristim Grčki, Engleski i druge jezike. Jedan od glavnih elemenata u mojoj poeziji je osjećaj da je čovjek uvijek između svijetova i u stanju neodređenosti i nizvjesnosti. Vjerujem da je moje vlastito iskustvo direktno utjecalo na tu tematiku. (Rado ću čitaocima otkriti i više o sebi u kontekstu sa svojom poezijom ako ih interesuje.) Ali moram pojasniti da ja nipošto ne želim staviti okvir oko svoje poezije i manipulirati čitaocima kroz svoje vlastite interpretacije. Radije bih učio od svoje publike i od drugačijih interpretacija raznih ljudi. Ponekad čitalac u mojim pjesmama vidi ono što je meni kao pjesniku jednostavno nedostupno.

Auto poetic Confession by Mehmet Yashin:

To be honest with you I am not sure about the “essence” of my poetic work. It is very difficult for a poet himself/herself to talk about in a clear and certain way about his/her own poetic instincts, sources of inspirations, the main core of the creation of poetry. I can only make some “speculation” and give an idea to the audience about my poetry. For instance I can say that personal experiences have been important to me since my childhood. Poetic themes usually come to me with their opposites, such as “home/leaving and returning”, “life/death”, “love/alienation”, “family, lovers and friends/loneliness”, “daily and worldly experiences/mystical thoughts and metaphors”, “landscapes/emptiness of existence”, etc. I write in “multiple” forms of the Turkish language and from time to time use Greek, English and some other languages in my poems. In-betweenness, ambiguities, uncertainty are also main elements in my poems. I believe that all those things came to my poetic work from my own personal life. (Well, I can reveal more about myself to the readers in the context of my poetic work if they would ask so!) But I have to mention that I do not want to place a frame around my own poetic work and manipulate my readers through my own interpretations of my poetry. I would rather learn and be inspired from my readers’ different ways of interpreting my poems. Sometimes readers see in poems what I, as the poet, might not see.