

petnaestorica

Zbornik književnih radova autora
rođenih u Skopaljskoj dolini

Ivo Tvrtković
(1952)

Pjesnik

Pjesnik ništa ne traži
On moli nemilosrđe za milosrđe
On moli trajnost za mrvicu vječnog života
Kako bi ostao u vječnosti.
Da, to je pjesnik!

Laž

Laž je međusobno proždiranje ljudi,
Natjecanje tko će komu više krvi popit.
Ljudi jedu ljudsko meso
pod izgovorom da ga ispituju.
Istina ne može ništa laži, jer ona zna za njene tajne!
Kad nestane života
istina će stavljati laž u epruvete,
i tako će doći kraj
međusobnom davljenju.

from Petnaestorica (Fifteen Men)

translated by Sibelan Forrester

The Poet

The poet seeks for nothing
He pleads with mercilessness for mercy
He pleads with lastingness for a drop of life eternal
So he might remain in eternity.
Yes, that is a poet!

The Lie

A lie is a mutual devouring of people
A competition to see who can drink more of
someone's blood.
People eat people meat
on the pretext of testing it.
Truth can do nothing to a lie, for it doesn't know its
secrets!
When life vanishes
truth will put the lie in test tubes,
and that then will be the end
of people crushing people.

Zimski sumrak

I sumrak se hvata obojen svemirskom samoćom
To je dan zaleđenog sunca
Čiji je užegli oganj ledom sve spalio
To sja umuklom bljedoćom i blijedom samoćom
U kojem ugarci života uporno strše
Snivaju tamnopromuklim snom,
I tajanstveno šapuću.
Sva je priroda zaleđeno mrtvilo.
Je li ovo neki drugi planet?

Ti

Otkrit ću ti tajnu tu
U tebi
U sebi
I živjet ćemo vječno
U pjesmi

Ivo Tvrtković rođen je 1952. u Bugojnu, gdje je završio gimnaziju. Diplomirao na Filozofskom fakultetu Sveučilišta u Zagrebu. Radio je u školama, a u predratno vrijeme bio je urednik lista Gorica. Živi u SAD.

Objavio: *Iskra iz pepela* (pjesme, zajedno s I. Pavlovićem i M. Kaserom, HKD Napredak, Bugojno, 1995.).

Winter Twilight

Twilight too is seized, tinged with universal solitude
It's the day of a sun turned icy
Whose ignited fire set everything alight with ice
That gleam of tongue-tied pallor and pallid solitude
Where the coals of life stubbornly rustle
Sleep through a darkly clouded dream,
And whisper mysteriously.
All nature is a frozen deadness.
Am I on some other planet?

Thou

I'll reveal that secret to thee

In thee
In me
And we'll live on forever
In a song

Ivo Tvrtković was born in 1952 in Bugojno, where he completed high school. He received his BA at the Philosophical Faculty of Zagreb University. He taught in schools, and before the war he was the editor of the Gorice newspaper. He lives in the USA.

His book *Iskra iz pepela* (*Spark from the Ashes; poems co-written with I. Pavlovic and M. Kaser*) was published in 1995 by HKD Napredak, Bugojno.