

Dorta Jagić  
TAMAGOCHI DIED IN MY ARMS  
Meandar, Zagreb, 2002

*Translated by Miloš Đurđević*

### **No One Writes to the Clerk**

*(found page from nonexistent dairy)*

that silence.  
all neighbors went to the Gogol workshop.  
(and t.k. and m.æ. and r.k.)  
    so only fishes could bark.  
actually I do not have a mirror, to look closer  
how the plastic crucifix yawns behind knitted curtain  
(miracle of eternally unmovable, crucified figure)  
and the evening is already here. she is a whoremonger of colors.  
and in the night, city blabs nonsense outside in some  
happy language.  
    I do not understand a word.  
it is quiet in the room:  
and my lizard is hidden under broken radio.  
he claims: that's all for today.  
light bubble waits naked for me to burst over the bed  
and squeeze a drop of black ink  
    on her white.  
so than it would really be quiet.  
and I do not have another wish.

### **Literally, Only Literally**

night before the exam  
from Christian mystique  
I'm dreaming that in the black body of st. augustus  
I'm flying though space, looking for stars, especially supernovas.  
suddenly I hit one large from behind.  
it was greta garbo,  
and with blinking of her eyes she writes on my hand:  
"I was always so far away from earth,  
that, even if I burned out so long ago  
the sent off light still rains on you..."  
and so happy that she met someone from earth  
she offers me a bottle of mother's milk,  
that is the lactation of their mom,  
big Alfa Centauri

## **Retired Seas**

amongst people from Zagreb there is a number of witnesses  
claiming that retired seas  
are just like retired people.  
they dried up and shrank, and then they found the best position  
to help the swelling of life † near people.  
nobody knows who filled up our bedrooms  
with those invisible seas.  
(bottom of that sea is the floor  
and the ceiling is surface.)  
because of rapid shrinking, they are thick as honey  
so the ears of sleeper are no more drilled  
with crackling of old fashion parcels containing ghosts eyes.  
nor the parents no more fear that children would hear.  
even the expensive pictures twist no more  
under automobile head lights;  
now they are just searching lights badly positioned.  
but, the greatest blessing to sleepers is  
they could go barefoot to the toilet  
across scorching dregs of burnt light bubbles.  
the only trouble is when somebody suffers from insomnia  
the sea gets so cold that all the rest have to plug in  
the life-machines.  
as early as the middle of next week it falls in love with all sleepers  
and the question appears what will be when family moves on?  
nothing bad. that could not confused it.  
just like all furniture, it places itself anywhere  
in the removal truck,  
just to be as far as possible from aquarium  
because it could not stand all that water and fishes.

## **My Grandma Bardo Thödol**

thrown on the back insects claimed  
that in all Dalmatia  
only melancholic blacksmith died, granddad Stipan.  
in the old blacksmith shop they are quarreling about that with flies  
for years, while in scented barn  
smashed matrimonial light bulbs witnessed  
that after the wedding he could easily fly up

with his knees up to the ceiling  
if he was not watched over vigilantly.  
and so once he got caught, happily, in the branches  
of big tree above the house and  
from that moment he started to look like blue balloon  
with complicated mechanism in trunk on the ground.  
but, during one unbearable morning  
grandma Ana untied ropes around his legs  
and hurriedly helped him that in the moment of dying  
he could lick the dust from the arrow of first love.  
necessary ritual that he would fly in an exact direction:  
towards golden pendulums  
god above our village forged them