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SOMETHING'S WRONG?
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Lovers

A fat man and a fat woman kiss in the supermarket.
Their juicy, pink tongues
lean awkwardly against each other
like two rolls on the bakery's counter.
While they kiss, they can't cling to each other.
They come together at two points only:
the tip of their belly and the fiery flames of their tongue.
After love making
they roll about in the sheets
like two happy hippos
in the zoo pool.

The fat man massages the fat woman's feet
a tv news-man's voice is in the background
and she feeds him tripe or honeycomb tripe
from a pot that is on the floor.
Later on maybe she dresses him in her gowns
and puts a glaring lipstick on his lips.

They pay no attention to spots on the pillow
or bread crumbs on the sheets,
to hairs, stretch marks, cellulitis,
or varicose tracks
on their short legs.
They are not frustrated with the political economic situation
in the country,
or the bad living conditions,
those two passionate self-contained creatures
that perfect hermaphroditic cheese pie.

The Most Important Thing, Stay Calm

While I was walking in the street,
I saw a character get out of the car
with a gun in his hand.
He put it in his sweat suit pocket..
At that very moment
he realized I was watching him.

There was a threatening look in his eyes,
like, *I'll do you in too, bitch.*
I quickly looked the other way.
I'll pretend I saw a bouquet of flowers,
not a real gun.
The most important thing is to stay calm.

The next moment I didn't care any more.
I waited for the bullet to hit my back.
As if something itched me
and he was only to scratch that place.
I watched the moon up in the sky.
It was at the full.
This is a perfectly good time for me to die.
Anyway, I felt as if I had broken off
from everything in my life.
Collected, after a bath, having brushed my teeth,
before bedtime.

People were putting out tv sets and old furniture.
A real invasion of sweaty characters
in their undershirts and sandals,
piling silently on the lawn
all that rusty zincked iron, chromium-plated aluminum
and the rest.

It looked
as if they too had decided to start from scratch.
The only thing left for them to do is take out the garbage
and the guy with the gun and the sweat suit
can come to ice them all.

The dude must have sent a memo
to building tenant groups,
Killer makes house calls.
Before you die you must get rid of old furniture.

Over there,
at the second skyscraper block,
kids play hide-and-seek.
They don't have a clue
a nunky follows me with a gun in his pants.
Whom do you like more, Martina or Mirela?
A girl asked another
while they ran trying to hide.
I didn't hear the answer.

A Screwed-up Broad

She leaves in the morning, comes back shortly before the evening news.
Work hours just like those in the West.
Long black coat, grey light on her face.
Hair tucked behind her ear.
Nothing in her mailbox
except free delivery pizza ads
and the heating and water bills.
She opens the door, throws her things on the floor.
Washes up and stares for a long time at her face
in the mirror while drying herself with a soft towel.
She puts on her old worn-out sweat suit and watches tv.
Heats up some left-overs.
Looks out of the window, brushes her teeth.
Finally, she goes to bed.

In Those Days We Lived on Selling Newspapers

There were happy days then
when I'd sell the whole edition in a few hours.
Then with a bag full of money
I'd run back to my rented room
with a view of slum balconies and yards
and empty its dirty contents onto my bed
with naked Venus pictured on the blanket.
I'd sit with my legs crossed
and contented, like a robber
whose job had been well done,
drink a carton of cold milk
to soothe my dry, exhaust fumes filled throat,
while counting slowly my thirty percent earnings.