



Druhá část

DVĚ ELEGIE

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND

Steps. Someone is walking in the street. And the steps are almost inside me. Constantly, as if I were waiting, for whom? Perhaps for you, and perhaps for whoever would come. Steps and voices in the corridor. But I am not alone. I feel you inside me incessantly. As distance in space, but as presence in time. In one time we pulse, in one time we differ, in one time we leave and in one time we shall vanish like a surfless wave on the wet sand of the coast, where no one is waiting. And no one thinks of a lighthouse and no one will watch the candle burn down, no one. Are you troubled? Your troubles will answer your questions. And here is a hand, that along with an apple and a toy has the fire of Elijah in its palm. And holds it firmly.

A draft is running through the window striking the opposite wall. At its base an idiot is squatting. He has a shaved head and no thoughts. With two fingers, I raise his head. He has a burnt out look. So I turn away. Under a fleeting vault a child is gambolling. His ball has rolled aside. An old man hurries after it and smiles. Heaven is bursting like ice bursts in spring, but without sound. No one is alone. Everyone is lurching, conscious that the Earth is not, and must not be, firm. And the steps continuing, then ceasing in the distance and everyone is waiting. They will become silent outside his door.

It has started to rain... watering an old apple tree. A keyboard of major shafts are whirling it out... wells sound distantly in those shafts. I can hear the tree, it has leaned against my window. What do I want, where am I going... I don't want anything, I'm not going anywhere. The earth veers, in a red rotation; then the lights are switched on. The idiot is dancing. I raise his head. His eyes are empty. And he is dancing. Little skirts are veering. Let him come in. Where did you go to get change? For ages, the day is for ages, for ages the night. And everywhere people roam. Better to stay with them than to be without them. And the rain has found my window. It will break through, break through the curtain. It will strew itself over the floor. The spider sinks on its thread. On the old alarm-clock time

looks like a benevolent God. The whole infinite space has gotten under his little cap. And he jangles merrily.

Darkness. On the ledge a cat is rustling. And shining through her eyes. It is noon. And the child will stroke the cat. A hungry dog has its hair stuck together. A man his soul. We shall not die for a dime. For twenty cents we are immortal like golden rain. Like Zeus who came in only after recognizing the body to recognize its soul. Like a swan and a pigeon in one's palm.

The little wine shop will not shake. The word will not shake. One does not know what was there. For it has not been there for long. Nor has he. Nor I. Only a memory: the dining room in the home for disabled soldiers. With canes the guests came down.

A lantern pokes in its distrustful eye. Slantwise it goes out. A half-empty plate tolls an enamelled flower, the only spring that came through. A half-empty warmth on the pavement, a hope in the shape of a cement sack. And a one-handed photographer will pull the night over his camera with his bare gums. While he sees. He will capture it on ground glass. Will let it blow in an airshaft. Wood stairs are creaking—it is she. An overripe bunch of grapes hanging a deep visionary lewdness. Memory retreats, as he does. The future frothed out into virgin soda-water. But the fingerprints on the glass betray the lonely victim who is frightened now. Something has been wrung out, but one no longer wants to cry. Through an underground chapel you will arrive at the hospital. Once again the same stench. The same dozen-fold hope, once again a man's heart in a suitcase of relatives. An orange. A sidetrack in speech. A look, nothing, a gallop. Alone. Without. Nothing but that. *That!* Silence, and silence means dying under the cobalt bomb.

Nights in the corridors. Someone is carrying out people, saying: pieces. We are in the morgue. Why not say "pieces." The soul is away. The body ashes. Nothing. Not even that. Someone is waving a little flag. And then he quickly leaves without saying good-bye. He is silent: see you later. Death clears, burns out everything in the world. Only white bones were found, the remains of a peasant and a lumberjack. Not even a cottage.

I saw Christ suffer. Cruelty had engraved
the thorny crown on his temples and then nailed him to the cross.
Biblical cruelty, beyond comparison, which gallops
on the jade of Golgatha. How can we survive when his resurrection
occured only to console his mother. No, we do not tower to heaven,
when something towers in us it is the wood, not us, believe it, my Christ;
we can survive, but we shall not grow beyond our boundaries, we shall only
start over,
the same thing, and in it tend vigorously toward our death.
We are temporary. And temporary is that love of ours
which will not redeem us, will not carry us somewhere like Messiahs;
it will thrust us into hard soil from which we will be allowed to burgeon,
but we must fall. Where the ocean veers and the sea of flowers
hurries like a horizontal wind to the black mountain,
there is no redemption, no balance. Christ,
you wooden likeness of your mother's suffering, son,
speak; you did not get to know heaven, neither did your father—
only your foster-father and your mother did, and the good shepherds of course.
A birch grove appears blue, a rod shivers in the flowerbed.

And the waters that opened heaven
from scar to scar with a motherly cut of flesh
are now sinking and striking the abyss.
A rainbow started tolling,
for there was fire. Water became flame
and soared to heaven. The lake buried a trout.
Under an oak that could have fallen but stood on
I felt the security of the many little certainties.
Then the air veered. The water
broke through its bank and pranced up to me.
I felt the security that is hidden in great waves.
If they sweep me under... The oak fell. Only a mouse,
a little grey mouse, escaped that fall.
He slipped out. He caught hold of the fallen oak
and rode it through the waters.
Ararat neighed and belled. The waters fell.
With a bit of rind and some hair
from its coat the mouse is sticking to a rock
and building a nest, not conscious of anything more.



ELEGIE O VECNEM TULAKOVI V SRDCI CECH

*Jako je věčný déšť i mračno tam na obzoru,
podívejte se níž; jde věčný tulák v srdci Čech.
Nepoznán, protože nelčený, jde bez hůlky přespříč křížovatkou.
Nemá vlasy spletené do čtverocopu. Tvář místy pod strniskem.
Poznáte ho jedině podle toho, že ho nelze poznat.
Na rohu ulice si koupí koláč. Rozdělí se s holubem a vrabcem,
když se nedívají. Ale rozhlédni se a nemůžeš nevidět,
že je všudypřítomný. Jak zdivočelý strom prorazil dlažbu
a odevzdaně drží slunce za kyvadlo, hle, jak pupen s trojzubcem
neptunské ratolestě, i o malounko víc. Opřeny o plakát,
nemá nic proti vázankám, ale nenosí to. Uniká v šedě
jak vrstevné dny pošmourného ticha, které se nakupily
v srdci Čech. Je jako déšť a mračno na obzoru.*

*Je-li vsudypřítomný, přece musí přes most.
Ale zakopne o stín prvé sochy. Nedořčené slovo
ho dolomí. A tak chodí překocen v pase
jak bezpolední slunečnice. I stín, přibitý na dřevo
za Kristem, ho ponouká k nepředloženým činům.
Racky možno oslovit co rybí křídlo. A most
co výhybku o ustáleném počtu ramen. Když tady
harcovali Hunové, poznal, jak miluje koně.
Ale když mu pošlapali dědečka, přestal jíst koninu.
Ale pak všechno zapomněl a je tu znova.
Dodnes pamatuje, jak poprvé zhřešil v ráji
se stromem poznání. Co Bůh věděl o vitamínech!
Marné vysvětlování, byl starý a už dlouho
nešplhal na jabloň. A exules filii Evae
mají nedostatek Cé a zácpu. A tak dodnes
nutno šplhat na jabloň poznání a posměvačným malíkem
ťukat do toho, co tam narostlo. I vyšel rozsévač, ale
nebyl to rozsévač, ale rozprašovač. A nerozséval zrnka,
nýbrž napodobený hnůj. I sklídlil rolník, ale nesemllel, nýbrž
poslal do sběrných surovin. Znáte to: filosof u brusky čóček.*

ELEGY ON THE ETERNAL BUM IN THE HEART OF BOHEMIA

Like the rain and clouds on the horizon there are eternal,
look a little lower, an eternal bum is wandering the heart of Bohemia.
Unrecognized, because his cheeks lack make-up, he moves across an
intersection without a stick.
His hair is not braided into a four-plait. His cheeks under a field of stubble.
You can recognize him, though afterward he cannot be recognized.
He'll buy a cake at the corner and share it with a pigeon and a sparrow
when they're not looking. But just look around—it's clear that he's
omnipresent.
Like a tree gone wild, he broke through the pavement
and resignedly holds the sun by its pendulum, look, like a bud
with a trident of Neptune's twig. Leaned against a poster,
he says nothing against ties but doesn't wear them. He escapes into a
greyness
like those stratified days of dull silence heaped up
in the heart of Bohemia. He is like the rain and clouds on the horizon.

In spite of his being onnipresent, he must cross the Charles Bridge.
But he stumbles over the first statue's shadow. An unfinished word
will break him. And so he will wander, overturned in his waist,
like a noonless sunflower. Even the shadow nailed to the wood
behind Christ urges him to disturb the peace.
Gulls can be addressed as fish wings. And the Bridge
as a sidetrack with a fixed number of arms. When the Huns
used to skirmish here, he realized how much he loved horses.
But after his grandpa was trampled, he stopped eating horse meat.
Later, he forgot all that and here he is again.
To this day he remembers his first sin, in paradise,
with the Tree of Knowledge. What did God know about vitamins!
Explanations are in vain: God was old and for a long time
had not climbed an apple tree. And exules filii Evae
lack C and are constipated. So, to this very day,
it is necessary to climb the apple tree of knowledge and to knock with a
mocking pinkie
on what has grown there. And the sower hath gone out, but
he was no sower, merely a sprayer. And he did not sow seeds,
he imitated dung. And the peasant hath gathered in, but hath not reaped,
he took it to the recycling center. You know, a philosopher at a lens
grinding mill.

*Každá bolest je příliš velká, aby se do něj vešla.
Rozhodně ne celá. Jen do cípku si otrá zanícené váčky
pod rybím okem bezesné noci. Nikdo neví, kde bydlí,
ale úderem sedmé poznáte, že město je bez něj neúplné.
On sedí zatím na prahu a opírá se o svého tygra,
který přede. Jste vítáni, jen vstupujte každý!
V panoptikálním herbáři v podvržených podobenkách
každá tvář. Vysmátá modloslužebna se jak ubrus
bíle prostřela do vyhrátého slunka. Brouk leze.
Ve vzduchu visí dým a olovo. A po něm jako chmel
splývá dolů napěněný podvod rozpuku. Neboť kdo z vás
viděl jaro, aby cválalo na mizné klisně? Je směšno
už jen při pomýšlení, že by touha mohla být kulatá!
Mohl kdysi věřit, že Kristus i Buddha se zrodí
z jeho dcery, ale nemůže uvěřit na soutok Vltavy
v laboku pod Mělníkem! Ačli réva je poločistá
jen vypitým douskem. . . Malé bakchanále píská
na vrbovém proutku, který dnes užiz na periferii
u žabího kloketu v túni smetiště. A podle
toho tónu uzná podporu pro sousedovu kočku,
která hladoví místy víc než jeho příbuzní. S chutí
žere všecko. Ale futro zatra připomene šibenici
u westfálského míru! I ptá se, kam že to spěje,
a nasměje se, ač odpověď zná už dosti jednoznačnou.
Řekl bych: chvěje se po duši. Ale on nemá duši.
Má jen zvířené srdce v mázdře srny, zvířecí čich
a ucho, pochýlené na světovou stranu. On je holé tělo
vědomí ve špičkách pětihamu, on je tulák v srdci Čech.*

*Nic nevoní tak, aby zmáčkl nos. Nic není
bohorovné před jeho klidem. Sluníčko porazí bednu
v okně a zajásá v bezdném kořenáči. Kaktus
muří za oknem nohu. Odkopneš-li deku,
chlad tě přiková: od sedmé hodiny, ach, korzovati!
K čemu připodobnit radost města, když se vrátí?
Ale nevrací se, vždyť spal na krajíčku
středky periferii, a město cítí okraj koláče!*

Each pain is too huge to fit in him.
Never in its entirety, definitely. He wipes his inflamed ducts only on his
lapel
under the fish eye of a dreamless night. Nobody knows where he lives,
but at the stroke of seven you'll notice that the city is incomplete without
him.
He'll be sitting on a threshold, leaning against his tiger
which is purring. Welcome everybody, come on in!
In the panoptic herbarium of substitute portraits, there is
every face. A sneered at idolatry room has lain down whitely
like a tablecloth in the warm sun. A bug is crawling.
Smoke and led are hanging in the air. And from them, like hops,
a foaming fraud of bursting flows down. For who of you
have seen a spring on a sappy galloping mare? It is ridiculous
to think that longing could be round!
He once believed that his daughter would give birth to
Christ and Buddha, but he cannot believe that the Vltava
is flowing into the Elbe near Melnik! Although the vine is
only half pure once sipped. He pipes a little bacchanal
on the osier reed which he cut in the slums today,
near the frogs bubbling in a little rubbish heap's water hole. Based
on this, he approves some relief for a neighbor's cat
which is hungrier than his own relatives. Voraciously,
it eats everything. But the door stiles make him think of
the gallows of Westphalian peace. So he asks to which close are things
drawing
and does not laugh, although he knows the answer, the quite definite one.
I would say that he shivers in his soul. But he has no soul.
He has only a whirled heart in a roe membrane, an animal sense of smell
and an ear inclined toward one of the cardinal points. He is the naked body
of consciousness in the tips of five touch, he is the bum in the heart of
Bohemia.

The most intense smell will not draw his hand to his nose. There is nothing
godlike in front of his peace. The sun knocks the window-box down
and shouts for joy in the bottomless flower-can.
Before the same window a cactus nightmares its foot. If you kick off your
quilt,
the coolness will paralyse you. At 7 a.m., ah, to promenade!
To what can the city's joy be compared when he returns!
But he does not return, actually he has slept at the edge of
a slum crust and the city feels like the edge of a cake!

*Ale je rádo, že se vrací k hrozince a mandli,
zasazené v průčelí radnice odbourané zpola,
aby tam, kde vyříd duch tahá za šle harmoniku,
posýpal holubím posýpátkem drubeži zlélé
k svatověži Týna. I hoduje tu holubí král.
Misty jako by zapomněl a hmatne do prsní kapsy
pro malou knihu. Ale přestal číst / po pátém doktorátu/.
Jen do novin, pevně přichlipých k tištěné černi,
občas zabalí svůj suchopár. Co chcete, on pouhou
půlkou plic dýchá, napůl jí a nepije vůbec!
Vodu nosí v hrbu: Je to světec! Ne, velbloud je to!
Na oslíkovi obdivuje trpělivost a neústupnost.
Jinak člověk slepice. To popelí a hrabe v hnoji,
kose kouká něvěřivým okem, má křídla, ale
přelétá nanejvyš plot k sousedovi. A smrt ho pak
přejede v podobě zlomyslného cyklisty. Ze zvířat
vzal na milost tato: řečeného už oslíka,
slona, kance, kočku a delfína. A někdy ještě
supa mrchožera a lidské dítě. U želvy nesnáší krunýř,
u hlemýždě spirálu a u žirafy krk, ukradený labuti.
U lidí nadměrné člověčenství a u sebe kronickou rýmu.
Říkám-li: nelze ho poznat, je to pravda, ale ovšem
jen z poloviny. Když se usměje na dítě, poznáte ho.
Když se usměje nad sebou, poznáte ho. Když se usměje,
aniž by pohnul obočím, je to on. On vás nevidí!*

*Věčný poutník v srdci Čech! Když hřeje sluníčko do zdi,
podobá se dělátku. Schoulí se do sebe a dýchá.
Nic ho nemůže vyrušit. Když mýjejí chodci u sanatoria,
on vidí zahradu. Nedůvěřivě ohmatává svislé přítkopy
po biči, který roz dováděl vzduch. Do šestispřeže vpřáhne
čtvero žab a siamské dvojče. A zamíří rovnou k pláži,
kde se čepuje vzduch do kelímků, které pak nutno zničit.
Rozpáleny je vzduch. Dlažba cvrliká. Cvrček zářval
do schodiště žáru, vyřezaného z jediného dubu. Ale co:
největší básníci jsou nejméně dokonalí, v nich báseň
podobá se úchylce řeči. Odberlil řeč, ale neutíká,
podtržen na samém místě, nic nepodnikne, aby našel
prstem v čítance. Hleďte—snížek se sypá na věž,*

However, it is pleased that he does return to the raisin and the almond
enchased in the destroyed half of the Old Town Hall's front wall
in order to strew, with a pigeon shaker, for the poultry gathered
at the holy tower of Tyn, there where an extortionist pulls
the stays of an accordion. And the king of the pigeons holds a banquet.
Again, as if he forgot, he touches his breast pocket
to take hold of a booklet. But he gave up reading (after his fifth PhD).
Only in a newspaper, cleaved tightly to the printer's ink,
does he sometimes wrap up his dryness. What would you expect? He
breathes

with only half of his lungs, he eats half, and does not drink at all!
Water he has hidden in his hump. A saint? No—he's a camel!
He admires donkeys for their patience and stubbornness.
Otherwise, a man-hen. It roots in ashes and scratches in dung,
looking aslant with its distrustful eye, and has wings but
at best flaps over a neighboring fence. Death, in the shape of
a malicious cyclist, will run it down. Among animals
he pardons the following: the mentioned donkey,
the elephant, the boar, the cat and dolphin—and sometimes
the carcass-eating vulture and the human child. Concerning turtles, he
hates their armor,
snails their spiral shell, giraffes their long necks stolen from swans.
Concerning men, their excessive humanity and concerning himself, his
chronic colds.

When I say he cannot be recognized, it is true, but only
half. When he smiles at a child, you recognize him.
When he smiles at himself, you recognize him. When he smiles
without moving his eye-brows, that's him—he doesn't see you!

The eternal bum in the heart of Bohemia! When brother sun heats up the
wall,
he is like a kid. He huddles into himself and breathes.
Nothing can disturb him. When pedestrians pass the sanatorium,
he sees a garden. Suspiciously, he touches the vertical ditches
a whip has irritated into the air. Instead of horses, he hitches up
four frogs and a siamese twin. Then he heads toward a beach
where the air is sucked down into disposable cups.
Heated air. The pavement chirps. The cricket shouted
into the staircase of heat cut from a single oak. So what.
The greatest poets are the least accomplished, their poems look
like digressions. He decrunched speech but won't run—
feet pulled out from under him, he will make no attempt to
find on the reader with his finger. Look! Snow is sprinkling the Tower,

*pověst strčila chlupatou pracku do orloje. Nedá zrak
za jediný týden očí! Nic ho nepřiměje, aby
použil příměru a uvedl citát. Aby babral v moudrých
deskách. On se jen tak dívá! On ustupuje
před mravencem, aby donesl trám. Ale ne
před člověkem, který vleče kříž do siesty!*

*Vidíte pak, jak ho vedou bez provazů,
ale on se zítra vrátí. A město ho radostně pozná.
Celé se vychýlí z oken a zapableskuje vstřícně a věrně.
Věčný tulák v srdci Čech! Na jaře rozdá všechny kapsy,
kuliček, co jich má, ač nevěří na příští léto.
Není také důvodu, proč by na ně věřil
věčný tulák v srdci Čech.*

*Pomíjivé hodnoty jsou pevně zakotveny v čase.
Nepomíjivé jsou mimo něj. Ale protože nic není
mimo čas, je všechno pomíjivé. Ano, všechno pomine
a všechno stojí za ten život pomíjivý, ten nejhloub
zakotvený v čase. Proto měl tolik rád zvířata,
stromy a děti. Dítě v nás zůstává. A stařec
je s ním, až pak do něj vrosté. Nechá ho
žít jako malého pony u dětského zábradlí.
I ve stáří se bude zase radovat. A smrt
bude k němu milosrdná jako k dítěti. A on
to pochopí a počká. Neboť jsme děti.
Až k bradě se přikreje dětskou peřinou
a usne, vychýlený v kočiči klubko. Ráno,
když vyjde slunce ve smoku, je prázdné lůžko.
Jen komínek oparu se něžně vznáší. A letí
nad městem, které ho radostně pozná.*

*A potom zase nějaká, které to nezvěstoval anděl,
se vyřítí z vrat s kočárem plným kluka. Nikdo
neví, kde se tu vzal. Už ne batole, už ne ani
pískoviště s hradem. Už toulky, už holub a už řeka,
která to řekne rackům. Město je bez něj neúplné.
On zatím sedí na prahu a opíra se o svého tygra
a čeká, jaký to děj mu vstoupí v panoptikum.*

a tale puts its hairy paw into the astrological clock. He will not give up his sight for a single week of eyes! Nothing will make him speak in parables or quote something, or dawdle over wise tablets. He just looks that way! He makes a path so an ant can continue carrying its beam. But he will not make one so that a man can drag a cross into his siesta!

Later, you can see him being led away, without a rope, he will be back tomorrow. The city will recognize him with joy. It will lean from its windows and beam and beam at him, the eternal bum in the heart of Bohemia! In spring, he will distribute from his pockets

all his little marbles, although he does not believe in the approaching summer.

Of course, why should he? He's the eternal bum in the heart of Bohemia.

The perishable values are firmly anchored in time. The imperishable ones are out of time. But as there is nothing out of time, everything is perishable. Yes, everything will perish and it is worth everything to live this perishable life, the life most deeply anchored in time. That is why he loves animals so much, and trees and children too. The child remains in us. And the old man is with him till they grow into one. He will let him live like a little pony at the childrens' railing.

In his old age he will again rejoice. And death will be as merciful to him as to a child. And he will understand and wait. For we are children.

He will cover himself up to his chin with a child's feather-bed and fall asleep, balled up like a cat. In the morning, when the sun lifts into the smog, the bed is empty—only a tiny pillar of cloud is gently soaring! Flying above the city which will recognize him with joy.

And then, there is a young one, to whom no angel appeared, rushing out the door with a pram full of a boy. No one knows where he came from. And now he no longer toddles or builds sand castles. Now rowings now pigeons now the river which will speak to the gulls. The city is incomplete without him. Meanwhile, he is sitting at the threshold, leaning against his tiger waiting for whatever action will come into his panopticon.