

夢の痕跡

*Imprints of Dreams*

*Otisci snova*

Damir Damir



*Otisci snova*

mala zbirka haiku pesama nastajalih od 2009. do 2011. godine

*Imprints of Dreams*

a small haiku collection written from 2009 to 2011

## *Predgovor*

„Jedanput sam ja, Čuang Ce, sanjao da sam leptir, da lepršam tamo-amo, onako kao što to čine leptiri. U mašti sam bio svestan samo toga da sam leptir, a postao sam nesvestan svoje ljudske individualnosti. Iznenada se probudih i evo me gde ležim ponovo kao ja. I sada više ne znam da li sam ja čovek koji je sanjao da je leptir ili sam leptir koji sanja da je covek.“

~ Čuang Ce

## *Foreword*

"Once I, Zhuangzi, dreamt I was a butterfly, a butterfly flitting and fluttering around, happy with himself and doing as he pleased. In my imagination I was only aware I was a butterfly, and unaware of my human individuality. Suddenly I woke up and there I was, again as myself. But I didn't know if I was a man who had dreamt I was a butterfly, or a butterfly dreaming he was a man."

~ Zhuangzi

*xa Zee*

*for Zee*

純白の紙に刻みし初日の出

*Pejzaž utisnut  
u belinu papira.  
Prvo svanuće.*

a landscape imprinted  
in the whiteness of paper  
first sunrise

足跡を雪に残して西東

*Stope u snegu.  
Nеке воде на запад,  
неke na istok.*

footprints in the snow  
some lead westward,  
some eastward

聖バレンタインのら猫も恋もとめ

Valentine's Day  
a stray tomcat craves  
for love, too

*Dan zaljubljenih.  
Imačak lutalica  
željan ljubavi.*

限りなく花びらの落つ敷島の庭

*Japanski vrt.  
Na hiljade opalo  
trešnjinih lati.\**

Japanese garden  
a thousand cherry petals  
fallen on the ground\*

最悪の水曜日塵のみ残るスズカケの道

Bad Wednesday  
from a row of plane trees  
only the dust remains\*\*

*Loša sreda: od  
drvoreda platana  
osta samo prah.\*\**

静寂の空  
の刹那やうぐいすの声

*Tišina neba.  
Na tren je nadglasao  
cvrkut slaviya.*

the still sky  
for a moment outshouted by  
the nightingale

牢獄に殺し屋十人静寂破るハエ一匹

in a prison cell,  
six murderers, the day stillness  
disturbed by a fly

*U čeliji sa  
šest ubica, dnevni mir  
remeti muva.*

鼓動して空の深くに星のまたたき

heartbeats...  
in the depths of the sky  
twinkling stars

*Damari srca.  
U dubinama neba  
trepere zvezde.*

初台風眼を閉じる阿弥陀仏

*Prvi tajfun.  
Na kipu amida Bude  
sklopljene oči.*

first typhoon...  
on the statue of Amida Buddha  
closed eyes

鏡に映る博多の空は  
Kotor  
に似て

*Nebo Hakate,  
kao u ogledalu  
nebo Kotor.*

the sky of Hakata,  
like in a mirror  
the sky of Kotor

蚊とわたし血のつながりや夜明け待つ

watered by blood  
the mosquitoes and I  
await the dawn

*Roj komaraca  
napojen mojom krvlju.  
Čekamo zoru.*

太陽と月の追いかけあい

会おうよ

moon after sun  
shall we ever  
meet, love?

*Mesec za suncem.  
Da li ćemo se ikad  
sresti, ljubavi?*

路上の樂士に九月の日差しや麦わら帽子

a street musician  
full of September sun...  
a straw hat

*Ulični svirač.  
Pun septembarskog sunca  
slamnati šešir.*

灰色に変るあの空奇術師の歌

*U sivi oblak  
se pretvorilo nebo.  
Pesma dodola.*

the sky  
turns into a gray cloud---  
rainmaker's song

海抜けて鳴鳴くなり夏深入し

*Krik galeba  
razleže se pučinom.  
Poslednji dan leta.*

the cry of a gull  
echoes through the open sea---  
the last day of summer

草露や恋の住処は月明かり

*Pod rosnom travom  
večni dom ljubavnika.  
Sija pun mesec.*

under the dewy grass  
lovers' eternal home  
the full moon shines

戦争が靴穴抜ける秋の雨

fleeing the war  
through a hole in my shoe  
autumn rain

*Bežim od rata.  
Kroz rušu na cipeli  
jesenja kiša.*

われもまた指折り俳句秋深し

*Pet, sedam pa pet  
prebrojava prstima.  
Duboka jesen.*

five, seven, five  
I count on my fingers...  
deep fall

泥と雲さまよう夢や冬至かな

solstice...  
between mud and cloud  
wandering dreams

*Kratkodnevnica.*  
*Med' blatom i oblakom*  
*lutaju snovi.*

雷鳴や南無觀世音唱えつつ

*Grmljavina.  
U sebi recituje:  
„Namu Kanzeon“.*\*\*\*

thundering...  
reciting to himself:  
Namu Kanzeon\*\*\*

冬窓に息吹き寄せる孤独隠して

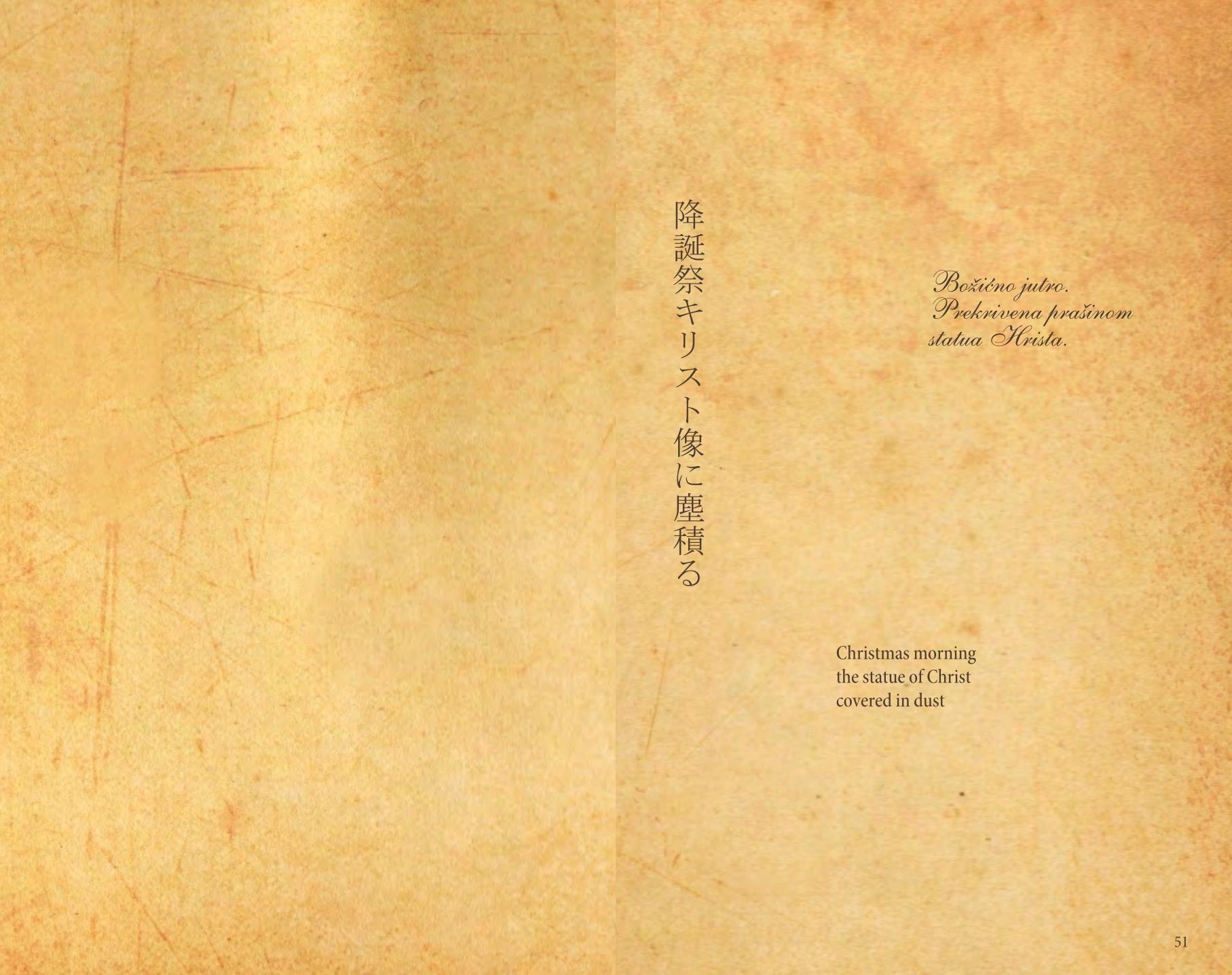
winter window  
this lonely face hidden  
behind my breath

*Zimski prozor.  
Iza mog daha skriven  
taj usamljeni lik.*

泥道に雪舞い落ちる大晦日

*Blatnjavu stazu  
lagano prekriva sneg.  
Novogodišnja noc.*

the muddy road  
slowly covering in snow  
New Year's Eve



降誕祭キリスト像に塵積る

*Božično jutro.  
Prekrivena prašinom  
statua Hrista.*

Christmas morning  
the statue of Christ  
covered in dust

咲き始む蓮の花びら露をせて

*Rosa na lati  
tek procvalog lotosa.  
Više me nema.*

dew on the petal  
of a just bloomed lotus  
I am no more

*Damir*

1. septembar 2011.

\* Posvećeno žrtvama katastrofalnog zemljotresa koji je pogodio Japan 2011. godine.

\*\* Nekada davno u zemlji Nedodiji postojala je ulica zasadena divnim drvoredom platana...

\*\*\* Negde pročitah frazu iz „Lotus Sutre“ koja kaže da čak i ako samo jedan čovek među svom tom množinom recituje reči „Namu Kanzeon“, svi će biti spaseni.

*Damir*

September 1, 2011

\* Dedicated to the victims of the disastrous earthquake that hit Japan in 2011.

\*\* Once upon a time in Wasteland, there was a street planted with beautiful plane trees...

\*\*\* I read somewhere a phrase from "Lotus Sutra" saying that if but one man among so many recites the words "Namu Kanzeon", all will be saved.

## Pogovor

### Nekoliko reči uz Damirove „Otiske snova“

Pre deset dana do mene je stigao rukopis haiku stihova otposlat elektronskim putem sa nekog pacifičkog broda. Reč je o 24 pesme „Otisci snova“ mornara – pesnika iz Kotora, Damira Damira. To je prva Damirova zbirka haikua, a koliko znam, služi se i hibridnom formom haibuna. Očigledno dugo spremjan rukopis odaje predanog i talentovanog pesnika. Damirovi haikui su klasične forme, jednostavni a rečiti. U njima nalazimo širok spektar tema. Veoma mi se dopada sledeća ispovedna pesma:

Bežim od rata.  
Kroz rupu na cipeli  
jesenja kiša.

Čini mi se da je ovo jedna od najuspešnijih pesama zbirke zato što sadrži duboku emociju: straha. Izraz je vrlo elegantan, jer strah progovara kroz rupu na cipeli.

Današnji haikui, i na Iстоку i на Zapadu, veoma retko sadrže duboke emocije, a često su to isprazne i banalne slike. Mnogi pišu bez stvarne potrebe za pisanjem; veliki broj pesnika nema šta da kaže. To nije slučaj sa Damirom.

Pet, sedam pa pet  
prebrojava prstima.  
Duboka jesen.

Ova jesenja pesma je mali eseј o umetnosti: smeštajući formu haikua u samotnu i setnu atmosferu pozne jeseni, pesnik pokazuje čemu zapravo služi umetnost, u ovom slučaju umetnost haikua – da se pobede okolnosti života, da seta i usamljenost ne ovlađuju našim duhom. Damiru to dobro uspeva.

Kratkodnevница.  
Međ' blatom i oblakom  
lutaju snovi.

I ova pesma je, svojom metaforičnošću, eseј, ovaj put o životu. Primećuje se referenca na Bašoovo pesništvo i budističku metaforu o životu (budisti čovekov život vide kao snove kojih lutaju). Vešto je upotrebljen „kigo“, reč koja aludira na godišnje doba: „kratkodnevica“.

Japanci „kigo“ opisuju kao „reč koja ima nameru“. Nameru „kigoa“ je da ocrta pesmi drugi plan (atmosferu godišnjeg doba i njenu emociju) i da se tako, iz drugog plana, stavi u funkciju sadržaja, tj. posredno utiče na značenje pesme. Smatra se da se „kigo mora roditi u srcu“, tj. da je plod inspiracije, ali njegova upotreba izražava i majstorstvo komponovanja pesme. Autor je svakako mogao da upotrebi i drugi „kigo“ da bi dočarao atmosferu zime (hladan vетар, zimsko sunce, Sneško Belić...). Izbor (bolje reči „intencija“) „kigoa“ umnogome ukazuje na veština komponovanja haikua. Međutim, „kratkodnevica“ je, sugerisanjem kratkoće, ne samo unela u pesmu „hladna zimska osećanja“ već

se i povezala sa temom pesme i, zapravo, „pokazala svoju pravu nameru“, a to će reći: „život je kratak...“ a pritom i nalik na san dok luta između blatnjave stvarnosti i naših, uznesenih ka oblacima, želja.

Krik galeba  
razleže se pučinom.  
Poslednji dan leta.

Još jedna vešta upotreba „kigoa“. U ovom haiku sreću se beskonačni prostor, metafizička slika beskraja i ciklično vreme, koje sugerise privremenost i prolaznost. Zanimljivo je da krik galeba, jednog živog i prolaznog bića, putuje beskrajem dok vreme ograničava sliku na stvari trenutak sadašnjosti...

Svih 24 haikua zbirke „Otisci snova“ donose vredan pesnički doživljaj. Ovde želim da pomenem i jedan od haikua koji se kritički odnosi ka stvarnosti, jer haiku nije samo metafizička poezija: pomoću haikua je itekako moguće posegnuti u dijalektiku svakodnevnog života:

Loša sreda: od  
drvoreda platana  
osta samo prah.

Primećujemo koliko pažnje Damir poklanja izboru „kigoa“ - što je, kao i u Japanu, izraz majstorstva. „Kigo“ je ovde „Loša sreda“, pronađen u narodnom kalendaru i odlično korespondira sa temom. Ovaj haiku govori o pomoru platana u bivšem beogradskom Bulevaru revolucije. Seću drveća, asfaltiranje i betoniranje sprovela je nova demokratska vlast uprkos protestu mnogih Beograda.

Za kraj ovog ograničenog prikaza i upečatljiva psihološka slika:

U ćeliji sa  
šest ubica, dnevni mir  
remeti muva.

Dramsku radnju ove slike izvršava muva, koja je ujedno i letnji „kigo“. Funkcionalno, jednostavno i snažno. Kretanje jednog majušnog insekta koji se nalazi u društvu opasnih momaka dovodi do prave filmske drame.

Damir Damir se već prvom zbirkom haikua predstavio kao zreo i vešt pesnik koji ima šta da kaže. Iako Damir putuje dalekim morima, ovom zbirkom zaživljava i kao domaći haiku pesnik. Želim mu dobrodošlicu i ploden dalji rad.

## Afterword

A few words about Damir's "Imprints of Dreams"

Ten days ago, I received by e-mail a haiku manuscript from a Pacific ship. It's about 24 poems, "Imprints of Dreams", by a sailor, poet from Kotor, Damir Damir. It's his first haiku collection and, as far as I know, he also employs a hybrid haibun form. Obviously, prepared for a long time, the manuscript reveals a dedicated and gifted poet. Damir's haiku are of classical form, simple but eloquent. They include a wide spectrum of topics. I especially like the following confessional poem:

fleeing the war  
through a hole in my shoe  
autumn rain

This one is the most powerful poem of the collection because it contains a deep emotion: fear. The expression is very elegant since fear speaks up through a hole in the shoe.

Today's haiku, both in the East and the West, very rarely contain deep emotions and are oftentimes empty and corny images. Many write without a real need to write; a great number of poets have nothing to tell. Such is not the case with Damir.

five, seven, five  
I count on my fingers...  
deep fall

This autumnal poem is a small essay about art: placing the haiku form in a lonesome and melancholic atmosphere of late autumn, the poet shows us what art actually serves for, in this case, the art of haiku: to help us bear down life circumstances, not to let melancholy and loneliness control our spirit. Damir is good at that.

solstice...  
between mud and cloud  
wandering dreams

This poem, too, is, with its metaphoric meaning, an essay, this time about life. A reference to Basho's poetry is noticeable as well as to a Buddhist metaphor about life - Buddhists see human life as wandering dreams. The "kigo", a word alluding to a season, "solstice", is skillfully used. The Japanese describe "kigo" as a "word as an intention". The intention of "kigo" is to outline the background of a poem (the atmosphere of a season and its emotion) and thus, from the background, be in function of its content, that is, to indirectly affect the meaning of a poem. It is believed that "kigo must be born in the heart", that is, to be a fruit of inspiration, but its usage indicates mastery of haiku composition. Surely, the author could have used some other "kigo" to depict the winter atmosphere (cold wind, winter sun, Snowman...). The choice (or rather, "intention") of "kigo" is in a great measure the skill of haiku

composition. However, "solstice", with its suggestion of brevity, not only brought "cold winter feelings" into the poem, but also connected it with its topic and actually "showed its true intention", which is to say: "life is short..." but also like a dream while it wanders between muddy reality and our wishes taken up to the clouds.

the cry of a gull  
echoes through the open sea---  
the last day of summer

Another skillful use of "kigo". In this haiku, one encounters an infinite space, a metaphysic image of infinity with a cyclical time, which suggests temporality and transience. It's interesting that the cry of a gull, a vivid and transient creature, travels through infinity while time limits the image to a real present moment...

All the 24 haiku poems in the collection "Imprints of Dreams" express a valuable poetic experience. I'd also like to mention one of the haiku critically related to reality, because haiku is not only metaphysical poetry: with a haiku, one can indeed reach into the dialectic of everyday life:

Bad Wednesday  
from a row of plane trees  
only the dust remains

It's obvious how much attention Damir pays to the choice of "kigo" - it is, like in Japan, an expression of mastery. In the above poem "kigo" is "Bad Wednesday" found in the folk almanac and corresponding well with the topic. This haiku speaks about the pestilence of plane trees in Belgrade's former Boulevard of the Revolution. The cutting of trees, paving and concrete were conducted by the new democratic government in spite of the protest of many citizens of Belgrade.

Let me finish this limited review with a striking psychological image:

in a prison cell,  
six murderers, the day stillness  
disturbed by a fly

The dramatic action of this image is performed by a fly, which is a summer "kigo". This is done functionally, simply and powerfully. The motion of a tiny insect in the company of dangerous guys creates a real film drama.

With his first haiku collection, Damir introduces himself as a mature and skillful poet who has much to say. Although he travels the distant seas, he begins to live as a local haiku poet. I'd like to welcome him and wish him a fruitful future with his work.

Dimitar Anakiev  
In Radovljica, September 10, 2011

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## *Opesniku*

Damir Janjalija (aka Damir Damir) rođen je u Kotoru, Crna Gora, 6. novembra, daleke 1977. godine. Živi i radi uglavnom na brodovima trgovačke mornarice, lutajući svetom od luke do luke. Priča se da je veliki zaljubljenik u haiku i rock'n'roll...

## *About the poet*

Damir Janjalija (aka Damir Damir) was born in Kotor, Montenegro, on November 6, 1977. He lives and works mainly on merchant navy ships, wandering the world from port to port. He is said to be a great lover of haiku and rock'n'roll...