

# Long Paddock

**MILA KAČIČ**

**Trans. by Bert Pribac and David Brooks**

## *Even Among the Thousands*

Even among the thousands I would recognize your walk  
in every kind of hurried pace,  
even in dreams I'd recognize your gentle breath  
among the thousands as they rest in peace.

With darkened eyes I would find your face,  
with deafened ears I would hear your sound.  
Even if the winds wiped every trace  
I'd find your footprints in the sandy ground.

Flee from me wherever you want;  
although you turn into a path so hidden,  
like a sinner, conscience ridden,  
you can never escape from my thought.

## *Awakening*

I love to lie in the sun  
on my back with my eyes closed  
on the grass by the sea.

The waves are the footsteps  
of the man I am waiting for  
with yearning and fear.

He is approaching now  
his face unknown  
and I don't ask him his name.

He is coming closer  
hot and impatient  
smelling of ripe semen.

With tender force  
he spreads my legs  
and lifts me into the whirlwind.

When I open my eyes again  
and the sky above me calms,  
there is only the sun,

the grasses, and me.

The waves are once more the steps of the man  
returning towards the sea.

I love to lie in the sun  
on my back with my eyes closed  
on the grass by the sea.

### *You Are Here Again*

You are here again  
as on so many nights.

You come quietly, lie down by my side  
and with a sure hand find my face,  
your fingertips stroking my forehead,  
caressing my eyebrows  
tracing the shells of my eyes  
wandering across my face  
as if lost  
then so slowly circling my lips  
finding that I am still the same  
that I am always waiting.

Then your hand  
glides all over me  
opening my flesh:  
Oh come  
and lift me from the abyss  
of despair and mad dreams!

But you are becoming dust.  
Every morning  
I wake to a ravaged island.