



Sasha  
Dugdale

**Žalograd**



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Zagreb, 2022.





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S engleskoga prevela  
Marina Vevelec



## San o Odiseju

Odisej je dan proveo sa supružnicima u njihovu stanu, neožbukanom sobičku pri samom vrhu zgrade. U njemu ni stolica ni stola, no osjetio se miris kuhane hrane.

Rado bi mu poklonili nešto za rastanak, no nemaju što. Pogledima su prelijetali po prostoriji i beznadno odmahivali glavom.

Htjeli su da ode, ali ništa nisu govorili. Znao je da mora krenuti. Odavno je već trebao krenuti.

Htjeli su ga se riješiti, mada ga nisu bili spremni pustiti. Nekoliko je puta ustao s namjerom da krene. Zamolili su ga da sjedne. Naposljetku su se svi složili da je vrijeme.

Iz zgrade je izašao u suton. Suton se nad ravnicom zadrži kratko prije no što nastupi tamnomodra noć. Ulicom su brujali mopedi, trubili automobili. Muškarci su se, čitava horda njih, svi bili vraćali kući.

Nalazio se na samom rubu grada i između stambenih zgrada bio je makadam. Još nije mrak.

Purpurno nebo, topao zrak koji odjekuje žamorom. Morao je stići do centra, do tržnice s koje autobusi voze van grada.

Odisej zna da je opasno zaustavljati automobile.

Hrabrost ga je izdavala. Bilo je prekasno da se sad vraća, više mu ne bi otvorili vrata.

Ne treba vjerovati plašljivima, pomisli Odisej, takvi nemaju integriteta. Strah nam se nameće, tijelo zaposjedne kao rak.

Sjeti se kako ga je jednom dok je trčao uhvatio grč u desnoj ruci.

Pred ulazom u zgradu stoji ukipljen.

Penelopa je ležala budna, čula je brodove  
čeličnu užad kako kucka o jarbole  
klopot vjetra, vidjela brončane sjekire  
gdje se presijavaju s galijske

Tog dana, kad se vratila u auto  
usprkos vjetru zalupila je vratima  
bilo je toplo i opojno za volanom  
još je mirisalo na njegov dezodorans

a ispod u zaljevu  
brodovi su se sklopili u klin  
poput ždralova razapinjući bijela jedra  
nečujno, dok ona cucla bombon od mentola

čak i da se okrenuo i pogledao  
ona ne bi primijetila  
čak i da mu je mahnula  
on ne bi znao

Gledala je kako brodovi odlaze iz zaljeva  
svjetlucaje mora na tom regatnom suncu  
a onda auto ubacila u rikverc  
i uputila se kući

Naše sjene duge su koliko život pred nama  
ovdje na plaži dok gori vatra,  
i galija je van domašaja vala.

Ražnjići su pečeni, vino kruži  
od usta do usta i premda je  
Žalojad svjestan da je u društvu

leševa, muškaraca što su prokockali živote  
godu mu njihova blizina,  
neslane šale, mržnja gajena prema svima,

a najviše prema samima sebi. Pun trbuh  
i malo se zabave i ispratit će se sami  
jer što im je život nego dolina suza

a pusta su mora gora od Hada.  
Ovo je na nas, govori jedan, zadrži ostatak,  
ondje gdje idemo neće nam trebati.

Navuku na sebe pokrpane jakne  
s plaže im ususret pristiže magla,  
pa se okupe oko žarkoga sunca vatre.

Barbarstvo nam bješe draže od obmane  
iako nismo barbari, već samo gladni  
a vani se već spušta noć,

sjeti se kako su pred nama jedva bježali  
jedna me gledala očima vlastite kćeri  
na zamah sjekire su se načas zacaklile

i taj pogled neće zbrisati sva vina Itake.  
U kurac, Žalojade, kad nas već nisi izgrdio  
bar nam odsviraj koju na svojoj proklesoj liri.

## *iza neprijateljskih linija*

... ti stravični prizori  
nakon duže odsutnosti, nisu mi bili  
što i veteranima izgubljeni udovi  
a opet često, sred hotelske sobe ili reda  
za kavu i odjeću, zbog njih bi me  
oblile mučnine, tremori,  
što kreću od krvi, štrecaju duž srca,  
pa se spuste sve do izdajničkih crijeva  
gdje izazovu nenadano pražnjenje: ništa blaži  
osjećaj nezapamćena užasa – *u kurac, zasrao  
sam noćas gaće, budim se kao prokletnik  
pred sam kraj svog bezvrijednog života* –  
i sve te beskrajne beznadne terapije i tablete  
uključujući BKT i EKT  
nisu ništa do povoja kroz koje ranjen čovjek sklizne  
pa se razmaže po zidovima. Taj san o starosti  
u kojoj namještam svoj GoPro na infracrveno  
u ušima mi NVG-ovi zuje kao komarci  
trenirani za nepojmljive stvari:

Eksplozija – sila nas podiže kao lutke  
položio sam svoje tijelo nježno uz njegovo  
nadajući se da će disanje ove tjelesne ljuštore  
i kolanje ljudske mi krvi  
prestati – htio sam usnuti  
da mi tijelo raznese povjetarac

Umjesto toga drhtim, zapomažem *u kurac, u kurac sve*  
u rukavicama ne mogu ubrizgati dozu morfija  
pa se samo zagledam u njegove nepomične oči

## Sjenoliki princ

*Drži je mirno, Žalojade*

kaže žena sa zaimačom u ruci

*saberi se*

šljapnuvši mu pola porcije u zdjelicu.

Vani je toplo, živo, miris jasmína je u zraku

skupine žena na klupe nanose nebesko plavu.

*Ne zanima me*

kaže čovjek dok podešava mlaznice u kadi

*slazi puzzle*

kaže sestra zmijolikih vlasi pred klistir

pacijenti se povlače uokolo obučeni u trenirke i papuče

brkova masnih poslije variva i juhe

svako malo netko u šlafroku zahrče

s vrtne ležaljke

*Zaboga, Žalojade, zar nemoš dić noge dok brišem pod?*

te su žene široke koliko i snažne

one žude za mekim marelicama i konjakom

one sve su udovice ili majke mrtve djece

one spavaju na vrećama šećera i suhog kruha

i brišu oči čim čuju glazbu

*Nije me briga, Žalojade. Hajde ispruži ruku.*

noću ćelavi bardovi prebiru žicama    starim ratnim pjesmama  
praznim aforizmima    ugodnim eskapadama  
ničeg klasičnog    bilo otkucava

Žalojad osjeti da mu se poboljšava stanje,  
kad sretne prijatelja sjenolika princa  
na Morskoj terasi:

*zar si tu?  
među bezumnicima?  
tu sam već mjesec dana  
i radije bih živio kao onaj ondje  
sav preplanuo od sunca  
i po kantama sakupljao boce*

*nego ovako.*

## Sol i laži

Sva ta zemlja crnica, zemlja oporavljena  
uslijed dugih dana i tjedana prosijavanja.  
Lomio je leđa, ustranu bi sklanjao krupnije kamenje  
krhotine betona, opeke, lončarije  
i kasnije od njih slagao stazice,  
zatim bi na mreži rešeta šuškajuće kamenčiće  
oštre vrškove stakla i plastike,  
vijke, matice i nešto pusta, odlagao u vreće.  
Jer ga je radovao taj osjećaju kad nešto raščisti  
kad iz zemlje odstrani posljednji trag čovječanstva.  
Kad zamiriše čista, vlažna zemlja, kad se njen meki crni prah  
zavuče pod izgrizene nokte, pod zlatnu burmu.  
Taj bi posao radio samo čovjek lud ili svet  
pored tolike kupovne zemlje

Bila je spremna za sjetvu onog dana kada je vojni dopis  
sjeo u poštanski sandučić

Mogao je birati: astma, dijabetes  
bar je jedan doktor u svakom gradu rado upisao  
po jedno skvrčeno stopalo ili slabo plućno krilo  
bruh, ako ništa, za pristojnu svotu.

Odabrao je neuračunljivost. Jednom je kao mali  
maketu aviona u suzama tresnuo  
o pod u bijesu —

nad njom je proveo tolike sate  
ukrašavao podvozje sićušnim kistom  
od vjeveričje dlake —  
a onda je ležala na pločicama rasuta u komade,  
i roditelji su ostali tihi. Sada je  
zgrabio par vreća vlažne soli  
i ispraznio ih nad djevičanskim tlom.

Zemlja je bila uništena —  
čak su i galebovi iz jata koje se vuklo  
za traktorom nalik na jedro, popadali  
i ostali ležati, otrovani

Možda bi se bio i izvukao  
da ga nije jednog dana Telemah  
iz svoje dječje sjedalice uredno vezan  
iznenađen i naivan upitao

*tata, znači li to da si lagao?*

U zelenom mramoru kupaonice  
prepušta se grčevima mučnine  
dok joj jedna od njenih žena pridržava kosu

druga odvrće slavine  
puni duboku kadu, ubacuje aromatične trave.  
Kožu punu masnica uranja u toplinu

a mramor ubija miris očaja.  
Sutra će odjenuti čistu odjeću  
pa prepržiti kruh i skuhati kavu

i dan će ići svojim tokom  
u podne sunce će bušiti škure  
a kad se približi večer

žene će pjevati spore pjesme  
ona će si pripremiti piće pa ga pijuckati  
i još jednom se preodjenuti.

Oko šest uvečer doći će prosci  
polako vozeći u vrijeme policijskog sata  
a ona je već očvrsnula

iako, razmišlja, možda bolje da  
ne bude čvrsta, možda bolje da se zavara  
da to čini iz samilosti ili užitka

ili borbe za opstanak.  
Kako ih samo drži zaokupljenima  
kao Šeherezada, toči im pića

na licu joj se ne čita ništa, ni tračak  
straha ili mržnje, profinjena elegancija  
žene državnika

čak su se i njeni poljupci činili stvarnima  
dodiri maznima kada se uz nju  
zatekne odabranik razvezane kravate

i taj osmijeh kad joj se sjate u odaje  
kako se svaki od njih osjeća dobrodošao  
dok ona posrče, rušeći tkalački stan.

## Odmor i opuštanje

Izvan službe, Odisej bi često znao sjesti u park,  
prašno mjesto, zapuštено uslijed godina rata  
na jednom su kraju minu ogradili trakom  
kavane odavno pozatvarali

No ipak su se još slavuji  
malešnim blijedim grlima glasali  
i mada su stabla pružala nešto hlada  
njegova su leđa škakljale kapljice znoja

Uskoro su djevojke ponovno  
krenule u večernje šetnje,  
pljeskale dlanom o dlan, ljuštile sjemenke  
još uplašene žudjele za oduzetom slobodom

Lagao bi kada bi rekao da nije uživao  
otvorena mu je knjiga bila položena na koljena  
tijelo mu se njihalo, oči doimale pospano  
no nikad se prije nije osjećao tako poletno

Užurbano su prolazile, ponekad se vraćale  
pućile usne i kriomice ga pogledavale  
tinejdžerke, čiji su kapci namazani kajalom,  
a tijela sitna i pothranjena

jedna od njih ispusti torbicu  
pod noge grčkoga vojnika  
sred puteljka kojim je kvrgav oleandar  
tjerao zelenkaste stabljike

Zagledan joj u oči sav ozbiljan pruži torbu  
ona se zarumeni, uzme je, produži  
pa je prijatelji podbadaju kako je “našla dečka”  
a Grk naglo ustane i ode

No za dva se dana ponovno vratio  
pored njega na klupi ista netaknuta knjiga  
i kad ona prođe, sama  
(ne želi da zna da je svaku večer dolazila)

obradi joj se. Iz očinske brige  
pomislio je. Dijete vani samo šeta  
a neprijatelja posvuda. Što pada na pamet  
njenim roditeljima? Govori mu: roditelja nema

\*

Donosi joj nešto hrane. Gelove za tuširanje  
ruževe za usne. Prijateljice su je prozvale droljom  
Jednog joj dana opazi golo rame  
razgrne tanku kosu i poljubi je

Pomislio je: Možda sam ubio njenoga oca  
njezinu braću. Možda ću ubiti i nju  
Pomislila je: Ovog čovjeka volim više od života  
sada mi ništa drugo nije važno

A onda se više nije pojavila  
Nakon što su poharali grad poslao je  
čovjeka da je nađe, no nitko nije znao  
kamo se djenula

## Penelopin san

Na otoku obraslom nasadima maslina i limuna naišla sam na ženu koja je voljela Žalojada. Sjedila je u prostoriji s drugim otočankama. Čekaonica, goli zidovi, nekoliko dugačkih klupa, a kad je glavu okrenula prema meni znala sam da je to ona. Začudi me koliko je stara, lice joj je izborano, kosa duga i sijeda.

U svojim pismima (koja sam čitala) pisala je o lutanjima osamljenim uvalama i obalnim stazama, zakrčenim drvom koje je nanijela plima, kako bi je preplavila nada, ali i neizmjerne tuga. Pokušala sam reći Žalojadu, govorila mu: *ona te voli, sasvim je jasno.*

Bilo mi je žao, a opet sam se stidjela što sam ja tu strast davno otkrila, a ona tako kasno. Bila je nalik na stablo nakon jesenjih oluja. Zapodjenula sam razgovor, promatrala golo lice koje je starjelo. Gledala me ravnodušno, kao da me ne poznaje, ali opet nekako značajno.

## Žalopis

Ušao sam u grad, Penelopo, bila je noć  
nisam znao je li razrušen ili nedovršen  
naredio sam da te ubiju, Penelopo  
pod rukama su mi bili tvoji bokovi  
na prsima tvoja glava  
milovao sam ti kosu  
i pitao se jesi li živa

Ulicama je vladao muk  
no ja sam razvaljivao vrata  
čucao ispod stuba  
vidio te gdje izlaziš  
iz raznesenih kuća  
u zrak dižeš moj stari kaput  
i tražiš me

Bila je vedra noć  
a zvijezde su bile rupice  
u nesvijesti neba  
iza te tamne tkanine  
osvjetljena je soba  
prepuna svjetlosti  
i mada nisam od plesa, Penelopo,  
ondje smo plesali

Banem u sobu  
žene se stisnuše  
grčevito su stezale plodove nara  
mislio sam da su to bombe, Penelopo,  
kunem se  
mislio sam da su  
to bombe





Sasha  
Dugdale

**Pitysad**



## Dream of Odysseus

Odysseus spent the day with the couple in their apartment, an unplastered room many floors up. There were no seats and no tables, but a smell of cooking hung in the air.

They wished to give him a parting gift, but they didn't have anything to give him. They looked around the room and shook their heads hopelessly.

They wanted him to leave, but they said nothing. He remembered he had to go. He should have gone long since.

They wanted him gone, yet they clung to him. He repeatedly stood to leave. They motioned him to sit. At length they all agreed that it was time.

He emerged from the block and it was dusk. Dusk on the plains lasts hardly a moment before dark blue night descends. Mopeds buzzed past, cars hooted their horns. Men, a swarm of them, were all returning home.

He was on the outskirts of a town and the road between the housing blocks was unmade. Not yet dark.

The purple sky, the warm, echoing air. He had to get to the centre of the town, to the marketplace where the long-distance buses stopped.

Odysseus knows it is dangerous to flag down a car.

His courage fails him a little. It was too late to go back, they wouldn't even open the door to him now.

You cannot trust the fearful, thinks Odysseus, they have no integrity. Fear is forced upon us, it acts on the body like a cancer.

He remembered he once found himself running with his right hand twisted in a spasm.

He stands motionless by the entrance to the block.

Penelope, lying awake, hears the ships  
the cables clinking against the masts  
the wind clapping, sees the bronze axes  
glinting in the galleys

That day she climbed back into her car  
and slammed the door against the wind  
it was warm and drowsy at the wheel  
still smelt of his deodorant

and beneath her in the bay  
the ships fanned out into a wedge  
of white-sailed cranes  
silently, as she sucked a mint imperial

and if he'd turned and looked  
she'd not have seen  
and if she'd waved a hand  
he'd not have known

She watched the ships departing from the bay  
the water sparkling in the regatta sun  
then reversed her car out of the space  
and headed for home

Our shadows are as long as the life before us  
here on the beach with the fire lit  
and the galley drawn up out of the surf.

The kebabs are finished, the wine  
is passed from man to man  
and although Pitysad knows he is surrounded

by corpses, men who have gambled their lives  
still he takes sweet pleasure from their company  
their lewd jokes, how they hate everyone

and most of all themselves. A full belly  
and a party and they'll see themselves out  
because what is life for them but a vale of tears

and the empty seas are worse than Hades.  
We'll get this, says one, and no need for change,  
won't be needing it where we're going.

They wrap themselves in patched-up jackets  
as the fog comes up the beach towards them,  
and huddle round the orange sun of the fire.

We preferred brutishness to wiles  
although we're not brutes, we're just the hungry  
and night is descending now

## *behind enemy lines*

... these hideous things  
through a long absence, have not been to me  
as is a lost limb to a veteran  
but oft, in hotel rooms, or in the queue  
for clothes and coffee, I have owed to them  
long bouts of nausea and trembling hands,  
felt in the blood, and scraped along the heart  
and passing even through my traitor bowels  
for sudden defecation: feelings too  
of unremembered terror — *fuck, I shat  
myself this night and wake like one in hell  
in this last portion of my worthless life* —  
and endless hopeless therapies and cures  
involving CBT and ECT  
just bandage wraps a man with wounds seeps through  
to smear himself on walls. That dream of old  
in which my GoPro, set to infrared,  
my NVGs and their mosquito hum  
are trained on unintelligible things:

Explosion — how the force lifts us like dolls  
I lay my body gently down by his  
and hoped the breath of this corporeal frame  
and even the motion of my human blood  
would be suspended — I desired to sleep  
my body to become a breath of air

Instead I'm trembling, crying *fuck this, fuck*  
the morphine pen won't open in my glove  
I look into his eye and hold his stare

## The Shadow Prince

*Control it, Pitysad*

says the woman with the ladle

*take yourself in hand*

slopping a half-measure into his bowl.

Outside it is warm and buzzing and jasmine-scented  
and groups of women daub heavenly blue on benches.

*I don't want to hear*

says the whirlpool bath operator

*try a jigsaw*

says the snake-haired enema nurse

patients shuffle around in tracksuits and slippers  
moustaches greasy with soup and stew  
snore fitfully on the garden loungers  
in towelling robes

*Lord above, Pitysad, can't you lift your feet when I mop?*

the women are as wide as they are strong  
they're sensual for soft apricots and brandy  
they're all widows or the mothers of dead children  
they sleep with bags of dried bread and sugar  
and they mop their eyes when they hear music

*I don't care, Pitysad. Now show me your veins.*

bald bards strum at night      the old war songs  
the empty aphorisms      pleasant scandals  
nothing proved      on the pulse

Pitysad is beginning to respond to treatment  
when his friend the shadow prince bumps into him  
on the Ocean Terrace:

*you here?  
amongst the mindless?  
I've been a month in this place now  
I'd rather be that man down there  
blackened by the sun  
looking for bottles in the bins  
  
than this*

## Salt and Lies

All this black earth, reclaimed earth  
he'd spent long days and weeks sieving.  
Backbreaking work, first the big rocks  
lumps of concrete, tile, flowerpot  
put to one side for laying paths,  
then the small stones rattling on the riddle's mesh,  
the spikes of glass and plastic,  
felted wool, bolts and screws, dropped into a sack.  
Because it gave him pleasure to render something pure  
remove all trace of humanity from the soil.  
Its clean wet smell, its soft dark powder  
under his bitten nails, his golden wedding band.  
It was madman's work or the work of a saint  
you could buy topsoil anywhere

Ready for sowing the day his conscription papers  
rattled though the letter box

There were options: asthma, diabetes  
a doctor in every town who'd certify  
a club foot or a weakened lung  
a hernia for a pre-negotiated sum.

He opted for insanity. Once as a boy  
he'd thrown his model aeroplane  
to the floor in a tearful rage —  
the hours he'd spent on it

flicking a tiny squirrel hair brush  
across its undercarriage —  
and there it lay busted on the tiles  
and his parents silent. Now  
he took bags of dampened salt  
upended them across the virgin soil.

The land was spoiled —  
even the flock of gulls, drawn like a sail  
behind the tractor, fell to the ground  
and lay there, poisoned

He might have got away with it  
but one day young Telemachus  
strapped into his babyseat behind  
said with such candour and surprise

*but daddy does that mean you lied?*  
In the green marble of her bathroom  
she lets the spasms of nausea overcome her  
as one of her women holds back her hair

and another opens the taps  
filling the deep bath, adding herbs.  
She slides her bruised body into the warmth

and the marble kills the smell of despair.  
Tomorrow she will appear in fresh clothes  
and make coffee and toast

and the day will proceed  
the sun piercing the blinds at noon  
and towards evening

her women will begin their slow songs  
and she will mix a drink and sip from it  
and change her clothes again.

By six or so the suitors are arriving  
driving slowly through the curfewed streets  
and she has steeled herself

although, she reasons, better  
not to be steeled, better to fool oneself  
that this is pleasure or mercy

or the need to survive.  
How she keeps them talking  
like Scheherazade, handing round the drinks

how nothing betrays her, no flicker  
of fear or hatred, the polished grace  
of the wife of a statesman

even her kisses feel meant  
her fingers' caressing touch  
as the chosen one stands with loosened tie

or her smile as they all barge into her room  
the way she makes each one feel welcome  
as she stumbles, knocking over her loom.

## R & R

Off duty, Odysseus often sat out in a park  
a dusty place, neglected after years of war  
one corner taped off because of an IED  
and the cafes long closed

But still the nightingales inflected  
sound from their pale little throats  
and the trees offered some shade  
although the sweat prickled his back

After a while the girls returned  
to promenade in the evenings  
clapping their hands, spitting seed husks  
half-afraid but craving illicit freedoms

He'd be lying if he said he didn't enjoy it  
he kept his book open on his knee  
his body lolled, his eyes looked sleepy  
but inside he'd never felt so alive

They streamed past, sometimes they doubled back  
pouting and stealing little glances at him  
teenagers with kohl on their eyes  
and malnourished little bodies

and one girl let slip her tiny reticule  
by the Greek warrior's foot  
where the knobbly oleander  
sent its glaucous stems over the path

He meets her eye and gravely hands it back  
she colours, clasps her bag, moves away  
and her friends rib her about 'her boyfriend'  
and the Greek abruptly stands and leaves

But two days later he is back again  
the same book untouched beside him on the bench  
and when she passes, all alone  
(he's not to know she's been there every night)

he speaks to her. It's fatherly concern  
he thinks. A child out all alone  
and enemies around. What are her parents  
thinking? She answers: she has none

\*

He brings her food parcels. Shower gel  
lipstick. Her friends call her a whore  
And one day he sees her bare shoulder  
and lifts her thin hair and kisses her

He thinks: I could have killed her father  
her brothers. I could kill her too  
And she thinks: I love this man more than life  
nothing else matters to me now

And then she stopped coming  
When the city was sacked he sent  
a man to find her, but nobody could say  
where she had gone

## Penelope's Dream

On an island of olive and lemon groves I met a woman who was in love with Pitysad. She was sitting in a room with the other women of the island. A waiting room, bare, with long benches along the walls, and when she raised her face to me I knew it was her. I was shocked because she was an old woman, her face was lined and her long hair was white.

In her letters (which I had seen) she described wandering the lonely beaches and the coastal roads, scattered with driftwood, and feeling uplifted, but also deeply unhappy. I tried to tell Pitysad, I said *she loves you, it's plain to me.*

I felt sorry for her, but also ashamed I knew about this passion, because it had come too late in her life. She resembled a tree ravaged by autumn storms. I spoke to her, I watched her aging, naked face. She looked back at me without sympathy, without recognition, but reflectively.

## Pitysad

I entered a city at night, Penelope  
I couldn't tell whether it was half-built or half-destroyed  
I ordered you killed, Penelope  
as I felt your hips in my hands  
your head under mine  
as I stroked your hair  
and wondered if you were still alive

I moved through the streets and they were silent  
but I kicked down doors  
I crouched in stairwells  
and I saw you emerge  
from blasted places  
holding up my old coat  
and looking for me

It was a cloudless night  
and the stars were tiny holes  
in the sky's blackout  
beyond that dark fabric  
there's a lit room  
brightly lit  
and although I can't dance, Penelope  
we were dancing

I burst into a room  
a few women huddled  
clutching pomegranates  
I thought they were bombs, Penelope  
I swear  
I thought they were  
bombs



## On the Author

Sasha Dugdale is a poet, translator and editor. She has published five collections of poetry with Carcanet. Her fourth collection, *Joy*, was a PBS Choice in 2017, the title poem having won the Forward Prize for Best Single Poem in 2016. She translates poetry and plays from Russian and has worked with theatres across the UK and US on new productions of contemporary Russian plays. Sasha is editor of *Modern Poetry in Translation* and co-editor of the international anthology *Centres of Cataclysm* (Bloodaxe, 2016).

## O pjesnikinji

Sasha Dugdale je pjesnikinja, prevoditeljica i urednica iz Ujedinjenog Kraljevstva. Objavila je pet pjesničkih knjiga. Njezina četvrta zbirka, *Joy*, bila je izbor Poetry Book Societyja za 2017. godinu, dok je naslovna pjesma knjige osvojila nagradu “Forward” za najbolju pojedinačnu pjesmu 2016. Sasha Dugdale prevodi poeziju i dramske tekstove s ruskog jezika te je na produkcijama suvremenih ruskih drama surađivala s kazalištima širom UK-a i SAD-a. Urednica je časopisa *Modern Poetry in Translation* te supriređivačica međunarodne antologije *Centres of Cataclysm* (Bloodaxe, 2016). Ovaj izbor sastoji se od pjesama izabranih iz posljednjeg ciklusa autoričine posljednje knjige, *Deformations* (Carcanet, 2020).

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