

The Man with the beautiful eyes

when we were kids
there was a strange house
all the shades were always drawn
and we never heard voices in there
and the yard was full of bamboo
and we liked to play in the bamboo
pretend we were Tarzan
(although there was no Jane).

and there was a fish pond
a large one
full of the fattest goldfish you ever saw
and they were tame.
they came to the surface of the water
and took pieces of bread from our hands.
our parents had told us:
"never go near that house."
so, of course, we went.

we wondered if anybody lived there.
weeks went by and we never saw anybody.
then one day we heard
a voice from the house
"YOU GOD DAMNED WHORE!"
it was a man's voice.
then the screen door of
the house was flung open
and the man walked out.

Человек с красивыми глазами

Mees ilusate silmadega
kui me lapsed olime
oli üks kummaline maja
kõik kardinad olid
alati ees
ja me ei kuulnud sealt kunagi hääli
ja õu oli täis bambusevõsa
ja meile meeldis mängida bambuses
teeselda, et oleme Tarzanid
(ehkki polnud ühtki Jane'i).

ja seal oli kalatiik
suur tiik
täis kõige paksemaid kuldkalu keda sa iial näinud oled
ja nad olid taltsad.
nad tulid veepinnale
ja sõid saiapuru meie peost.
meie vanemad ütlesid meile:
"Ärge kunagi selle maja juurde minge."
nii et muidugi me läksime.

mõtlesime, kas keegi seal elab.
nädalad möödusid ja meie
ei näinud kunagi kedagi.
siis ühel päeval
kuulsime majast häält
"SA KURADI LITS!"
see oli mehe hää.
siis paiskus võreuks lahti
ja välja kõndis mees.

he was holding a fifth of
whiskey in his right hand.
he was about 30.
he had a cigar in his mouth,
needed a shave.
his hair was wild and uncombed
and he was barefoot in undershirt and pants.

but his eyes were bright.
they blazed with brightness
and he said,
“hey, little gentlemen,
having a good time, I hope?”
then he gave a little laugh
and walked back into the house.

we left, went back to my parents' yard
and thought about it.
our parents, we decided,
had wanted us to stay away from there
because they never wanted us
to see a man like that,
a strong natural man
with beautiful eyes.

our parents were ashamed
that they were not like that man,
that's why they wanted us to stay away.

a hoidis viskipudelit
paremas käes.
ta oli umbes 30.
tal oli sigar suus,
habe ajamata.
ta juuksed olid metsikud ja kammimata
ja ta oli paljajalu
alussärgi ja pükste väel.

aga tema silmad olid säravad.
nad leegitsesid eredalt
ja ta ütles: "hei, väiksed härrased,
teil on lõbus, ma loodan?"
siis ta naeris natuke
ja kõndis tagasi majja.

me lahkusime,
läksime tagasi minu vanemate õue
ja mõtisklesime selle üle.
otsustasime, et meie vanemad
tahtsid meid sealt eemale hoida
sest nad ei tahtnud, et me
näeksime sellist meest,
tugevat loomulikku meestilusate silmadega.

meie vanemad häbenesid
et nad ei olnud selle mehe moodi,
sellepärast nad tahtsid
meid eemal hoida.

but we went back to that house
and the bamboo
and the tame goldfish.
we went back many times
for many weeks
but we never saw
or heard the man again.

the shades were down as always
and it was quiet.
then one day
as we came back from school
we saw the house.
it had burned down,
there was nothing left,
just a smouldering
twisted black foundation

and we went to the fish pond
and there was no water in it
and the fat orange goldfish
were dead there, drying out.

we went back to my parents'
yard and talked about it
and decided that our parents
had burned their house down,
had killed them
had killed the goldfish
because it was all too beautiful,
even the bamboo forest had burned.

aga meie läksime tagasi selle maja
ja bambuse
ja taltsaste kuldkalade juurde.
läksime tagasi palju kordi
mitu nädalat
aga rohkem me seda meest
ei näinud ega kuulnud.

kardinad olid ees
ja maja oli vaikne.
siis ühel päeval kui me koolist koju tulime
nägime seda maja.
see oli maha põlenud,
sellest polnud midagi järel,
ainult hõõguv väändunud must vundament

ja me läksime kalatiigi juurde
ja selles polnud vett
ja paksud oranžid kuldkalad
olid surnud,
kuivale jäänud.

läksime tagasi mu vanemate õue
ja rääkisime sellest
ja otsustasime, et
meie vanemad olid põletanud nende maja maha,
olid tapnud nadolid tapnud kuldkalad
sest see kõik oli liiga ilus,
isegi bambuse-võsa oli ära põlenud.

they had been afraid of the man with the beautiful eyes.
and we were afraid then
that all throughout our lives
things like that would happen,
that nobody wanted anybody
to be strong and beautiful like that,
that others would never allow it,
and that many people
would have to die.

nad olid kartnud
meest ilusate silmadega.
ja me kartsime siis
et kogu meie elu jooksul
sellised asjad jäävadki juhtuma,
et mitte keegi ei taha,
et keegi oleks sedaviisi tugev ja ilus, et teised ei lubaks seda kunagi,
ja et veel palju inimesi peab surema.