

Maksa beži iz Špitzburga u Detroit, dio I

*Ej evo mene sred Detroit grada, ej preko reke vidi se Kanada
Ej gdi se viski, hladno pivo toči, usred dana kamo u sred noći
Ej da je meni u Špitzburg da svratim
Ej mojoj Kedi na burt da se vratim
Ej da uživam kao što sam uživao
Hej naša svakom svoj kanadsko pivo.*

Ej guys, baš ja nemam sreću. Izgleda da svi trublovi što ima na svetu samo na mene naide. Sigurno da se svi sjećajte kako je bilo lepo kod Kedi burdingbašice u Špitzburgu. A Kedi je zgodna persona pa smo mi počeli ljubakati kao milovi. Sjednemo tak u večer a kano pa pluckajmo malo munšajna, Kedi kadzasvira harmoniku pa I mene uči kako da svira. Onda kad ja nju malo uštiram da protrljam leđa I tako prođe I noć. Baš smo se lepo živeli Kedika i ja.

Tako baš na Fourth July uvečer mi da se kao obično malo preveselimo I da kao proslavimo praznik. I bilo je baš zdravo toplo a ja onak u pajamas a Kedi u kimono. Jedva legnem na krevet kao leni, a ja otkačim harmoniku o vrat pa svirim I ti I ja. Gucnemo malo raisin jack I divanimo što njezin muž Francek koji je bio sedam mjeseci u jailu, I ima još tri mjeseca da odleži jerboa su ga osudili na godinu dana zbog s jednom burtaš trbuh zasparo s britvom.

Divanimo mi a ja kao da studiram pa mislim, “Ej Makso, blago tebi. Imaš još tri mjeseca da živiš kod Kedi kao bubreg u loju.” Baš ja tako studiram kad odmah udari neko downstairs u vrata I proval u hallway, pa se pođe straight na nas upstairs. Skočim ja s kreveta kao da me osa ubodi. Pa Kedi sva uplašena pa svašena pa kaže meni, “Joj Makso, to je moj muž Francek. Izišiel iz jaila pred zajta.” Ej braćo moji, da tda nisam dobio plazir, neću ga nikada dobiti.

Misliah ja da ću odmah na vrata, a Francek nas već samo s vrata gleda besno. Izgleda besan kao najbesnija kera. Kedi pa stala pri njega pa kaže ko sam ja I divani mu kak je ništa bilo med name.

A kad je Francek čuo da sam ja Srbin, a on si drekne, “Kaj, prokleti! No bum ga ja sad rihtat!” I pođe na meni sigurno da me britvom udari u trbuh. Kad ja video da tu nema šale, ja se pokupim pa onako u pajami s harmonikom oko vrata I baš pa kroz penđeru bacim. Ej braćo moja, da sam onda ostal živ, sigurno da ću još sto godina živjet.

Maksa escapes from Pittsburgh to Detroit, part 1

*Here I am in Detroit city, across the river you can see Canada
where the whiskey and cold beer is poured
in the middle of the day and of course all night
Hey, if I could only go back to Pittsburgh
to return to my Kedi at the boardinghouse, to enjoy what I once enjoyed
I'd treat everyone to a Canadian beer*

Hey guys, I just don't have any luck. It looks like all the troubles of the world find just me. Surely you all remember how nice it was by the landlady in Pittsburgh. And Kedi is such an attractive person, and we started to love like sweethearts. So, we would sit in the evening, sip a little moonshine, Kedi and I'd play the accordion a bit and Kedi taught me how to play. And when I'd get her in the mood, I'd rub her back and thus spend the night. We really lived well together, Kedi and I.

So, right on the 4th of July in the evening we were making merry as usual, celebrating the holiday. It was quite hot, and I was therefore in my pajamas and Kedi in a kimono. I had just laid on the bed, like a lazy guy and I strapped the accordion on my neck, and I was playing a little bit. We were sipping a little raisin jack and talking about how her husband Francek who had been in jail for seven months, still had three months to serve because they had sentenced him to a year in jail because he had cut p a certain boarder's belly with a razor.

We were talking and I was meditating, and I think, "Hey Maksa, lucky you. You've still got three months to live with Kedi like a kidney in lard." I was just meditating like that when all of a sudden somebody bangs on the door downstairs, breaks in to the hallway and heads straight for us upstairs. I jumped out of bed like I was stung by a wasp. And Kedi is all frightened and breathlessly says to me, "Yoy Maksa, that must be my husband Francek. He got out of jail early." Hey, my brothers, if I didn't have a stroke right then, then I'll never have one.

I think I should immediately get out the door, but already there is Francek in the doorway staring at us. He looks as angry as a mad dog. Kedi stood in front of him and told him who I am and how there wasn't anything between us, and when Francek heard that I am a Serbian, he shouted, "What the hell! Now I'm going to fix him!" and he started toward me and surely he'd strike me in the belly with his razor. When I see that this is no joke, I gathered myself up and in my pajamas with the accordion around my neck, I threw myself out the window. Hey, my brothers, if I stayed alive then, then surely I'll live another hundred years.

Transcription and translation by Richard March