

APPENDIX 1
SELECTED EXAMPLES of TRANSLATED POETRY¹
TOM PRIESTLY

АННА АХМАТОВА

Лондонцам

Двадцать четвёртую драму Шекспира
Пишет время бесстрастной рукой.
Сами участники грозного пира,
Лучше мы Гамлета, Цезаря, Лира
Будем читать над свинцовой рекой;
Лучше сегодня голубку Джульетту
С пеньем и факелом в гроб провожать,
Лучше заглядывать в окна Макбету,
Вместе с наёмным убийцей дрожать, –
Только не эту, не эту, не эту,
Эту уже мы не в силах читать!

¹ Poems by France Balantič, Milka Hartman, Gustav Januš, and France Prešeren are reprinted with permission of Mohorjeva založba publishing house in Celovec. Poems by Maja Haderlap and Janko Messner are reprinted with permission of Drava publishing house. The poems by Kajetan Kovič are reprinted with permission of Jurij Kovič and the Avtorska agencija za Slovenijo/Copyright agency of Slovenia.

ANNA AKHMATOVA**To the Inhabitants of London**

The twenty-fourth drama by William Shakespeare
Is flowing from time's dispassionate pen.
But we who take part in this sinister banquet
Would better be reading our Caesar, our Hamlet,
Our Lear by the lead-coloured river again;
We'd be better off at Juliet's funeral,
With torches and dirges attending her death,
Or peering in fear in at Dunsinane's windows
Along with the murderer hired by Macbeth —
Oh, anything rather than this play, than this one,
For reading through this one we're too short of breath!

JOŽICA ČERTOV**universitätsstrasse**

kadar tišina žre večer
In neonska luč žge misli
kadar radiator brni
v večnost
kam

na mizi so knjige samotne
kadar zaplešejo slutnje
v beli puščavi
in v snegu spominščice
trohnijo
kam
za mojim hrbtom mesto
živi noč in dan

in kadar
besede v ledenih slušalkah
in upanja v brzojavnih pismih
kam

(Pesmi iz listja, 1985)

universitätsstrasse

when silence swallows the evening
and the neon light burns my thoughts
when the radiator drones on
into eternity
where now

on the table are the books of loneliness
when presentiments begin to dance
in the white solitude
and the forget-me-nots in the snow
are rotting
where now
behind my back the city
lives on night and day

and when
the words in the ice-cold receivers
and the hopes in the telegrams
where now

MILKA HARTMAN**Zakaj?**

Zakaj si ti odšel, zakaj?
 Ostala sem v samoti sama.
 Med nama zdaj slovesa jama
 zija, in stoječe v njej črnina,
 iz nje krohoče se praznina
 kot nenasiten črni zmaj...

In vem, ne bo te več nazaj.
 Za tabo so pota zrasla. –
 V goščavah bom spomine pasla.
 bolesti trnje in bodičje
 razorje blede mi obličje,
 dokler ne bo vseh potov kraj...

(1972)

Store dekv@ t@žva²

Da bi le prišva bi@va smrt
 v anej dračej odrci,
 da bo me vzava že pred vi@nahtmi,
 da qn@ bo treba bondrati.

Pa li@ts še nči prišva bi@va smrt,
 Zdaj punt@lc sem puvezova,
 Da bom h ta novmu pavru bondrova,
 Sa bom pa qej navoduva.

Čtek sa na svi@ti mi gudi,
 Da meram zmir@m bondrati;
 Za mi niqir ta pravga domu qni,
 Oh, bo pa qej tam v večnosti.

(1930)

² “@” symbolizes the schwa sound, “q” the glottal stop. The translation is into an approximation of the English dialect of urban communities in Sussex, England.

Why?

Why was it that you left me, why?
I'm left alone in loneliness.
Between us yawns now the abyss
of our farewell; there echoes back
like a voracious dragon black
the emptiness' exulting cry...

I know it was our last goodbye.
The paths you trod are now o'ergrown. —
I'll tend my memories alone,
The thorns and thistles of my pain
on my pale face will leave their stain
till all path ends before me lie...

The Old Maid's Lament

Jus' let 'er come, that ol' white deff,
she in 'er crimson scarf an' all,
let 'er take me 'fore it's Christmastime,
so I don' 'ave to move agin.

This year she ain't come yet, that ol' white deff,
I've packed up me few movables,
I'm off to work fer that new farmer there,
An' some'ow I'll get use to wit.

That's what it's like fer me on erf,
I always mus' keep movin' on;
there's no place righ' fer me, not anywhere,
but p'raps I'll fin' one in eternity.

MAJA HADERLAP

šla sem

po nemirnih dneh
polna razvpitih besed
med macesne.
zemlja je bila
ta dan
nabuhla od sopare.

potna in
s težkimi dihi
spoznam,
da vedno še hodim.

na jasi
se s smolnatim vonjem
ogrnjem,
v pest si naberem
divjih jagod.

s polnimi usti
tja do večera sedim,
srečna, kot kebri
spomladi.
(Žalik pesmi, 1983)

I have walked

after days without peace
full of words of ill repute
in among the larches.
the earth
this day has been
bloated with a clammy heat.

perspiring and
breathing heavily
I am aware
that I am walking on and on.

In a clearing
I wrap myself
in the smell of pitch,
I pick a full fist
of wild strawberries.

with my mouth full
I sit through till evening,
happy as beetles
in spring.

nič ne ostane od utvare varnosti, ki se kakor obolenje naseli v spominu in nestrpno traja. neskončni vozeli tukaj, da omahne besednjak, da se dvigalo leta spušča v prenizko avlo in vinogradi zunaj opominjajo na kraj. se je prehodnost polastila sten, namigov.

en sam preplah zalastila smeli čar, da znova izbiram med fantomi doma in tujine, da se poskusi udomačenja v beg izjalovijo. prastaro tožbo zapisujem in zamisel o izkustvu nemoči, kakor da se ne bi stopnjevala, in pomnenje se skrajša vbežen vtis, da mikrobi zadrhtijo.

(Bajalice, 1987)

nothing remains of the illusion of security, which settles like a sickness
in the memory and persists, impatient. Here the endless knot, so that I am at
a loss for words;

for years and years the elevator descends to a hallway too low and the
vineyards outside
recall the place. Impermanence has seized the walls, the innuendoes.

Total alarm veils the audacious charm: anew I choose among the phantoms
of home

and abroad, and attempts at domestication come to naught in flight. I note
the ancient grievance

and the idea of the experience of weakness, as if it could not increase,
and remembrance is shortened into a fleeting sensation that makes the
microbes tremble.

JANKO MESSNER**Dva tabora**

Če se natanko pregleda stvari,
v tabora dva se človeštvo deli:
dvoje marksistov bilo je in bo,
s knjižico eni, a drugi z vestjo.
Enim je delo merilo človeka,
Drugi živijo od golega cveka.

Če se natanko pregleda stvari,
v tabora dva se človeštvo deli:
dvoje kristjanov ta božji svet tlači,
eni dejavni, a drugi žebrači.
Eni brez greha boje se pekla,
drugi pregrešno žive od Boga.

Če se natanko pregleda stvari,
v tabora dva se človeštvo deli:
eni so v cunjah, a drugi v škarlatu,
eni v palačah so, drugi pa v blatu.
Eni umirajo lačni brez dela,
Druge pa stisne od mastnega jela.

Iz dnevnika Pokržnikovega Lukana, 1989

Two Camps

If you look carefully, why, you will find
there are two camps for all humankind:
two kinds of Marxist right from the start,
those from the book, and those from the heart.
For some it is actions only that matter,
for others it's words — meaningless chatter.

If you look carefully, why, you will find
there are two camps for all humankind:
two kinds of Christian ruling the earth,
some very active, the rest of no worth.
Those without sin live in dread fear of hell;
the others, self-righteously, sin very well.

If you look carefully, why, you will find
there are two camps for all humankind:
some dress in rags, the others in silk,
some live in palaces, the others in filth.
Some die of hunger without any work;
The others of heart disease: butter and pork.

Dunajska balada

Na Dunaju je siva hiša,
v tej hiši temna, temna klet:
pod oknom je preozka niša,
ne pride skozi žarek bled.

Sredi kleti je giljotina,
po njo odtočen žleb za kri.
Z njo si je kljukasta zverina
tešila volčji gon, strasti.

Glave so rezali človeške,
ko da bi zelnjate bilè —
Starejše, mlajše, moške, ženske
trdó so padali v čebrè.

Trinajst slovenskih spod Košute,
kot so se dvignile v upor,
še zdaj v trenutku smrti krute
obtoževalo je umor.

Cigani le v sosedni kleti
in Židje, Rusi, mlad Hrvat
so vsi od groze onemeli,
ko rezknilo je trinajstkrat.

Čez dan so tudi te zklali
in drugi čuli hrup so, rez.
Tako so narode vkovali
v verigo, v trdno, trajno vez.

.....

Nasilje spet si svet podreja,
Meduza glavo dviga spet,
A od nikoder ni Perzeja
Da šel bi po verigo v klet.

Mladje 46, 1982

A Viennese ballad

A Vienna street. A building dark.
 Inside, a sombre basement room.
 High up, a narrow window stark:
 no rays come through to light the gloom.

And in its stands a guillotine.
 Beneath it, for the blood, a drain.
 With it jackbooted beasts obscene
 their wolfish passions entertain.

They severed thirteen heads all told
 like cabbages, but spurting blood —
 of men and women, young and old,
 in turn each dropping with a thud.

The heads of Slovenes who rebelled
 and came from 'neath Košuta's rock —
 who, as they cruel death beheld,
 themselves placed murder in the dock.

A Croat youth, some Russians, Jews,
 and Gypsies in the next-door cell
 in horror numbness all suffused
 as thirteen times the knife-blade fell.

And others heard how all day long
 upon those too the blade was gorged.
 They nations thus into a strong
 Enduring chain together forged.

.

By force once more the world's subdued
 Medusa lifts her head again,
 but there's no Perseus who'll intrude
 into the vault to fetch that chain.

GUSTAV JANUŠ**Pretepač Vili**

Pred uro in pol
je v vinskem kozarcu
utopil pretepač Vili.
Pravijo, da je prej
se enkrat globoko vdihnil
in potem menda
tako kihnil,
da so mu izleteli
tretji zobje iz ust
in se skotalili
v rdeči PVC-kos.
Tam jih je po dveh urah
našla natararica Kristina
zavite v smrad
kranjskih klobas
in Villacher Biera.
Osnazila jih je
s kukidentom in
ves večer pela z njimi
narodne pesmi
o pretepaču, ki je utopil
v vinskem kozarcu.

Pesmi, 1982.

Willi the Brawler

An hour and a half ago
Willi the Brawler drowned
in a wine glass.
People say that before that
he once more deeply breathed
in and then apparently
with such force sneezed
that his third set of teeth
flew out of his mouth
and rolled into
a red plastic basket.
There two hours later
Kristina the waitress found them
enveloped in the smell
of Carniolan sausage
and Villacher beer.
She cleaned them
with Kukident and
the whole evening used them
to sing folk songs
about a brawler who
drowned in a wine-glass.

FRANCE PREŠEREN**Zdravljica**

Spet trte so rodile
prijat'li, vince nam sladkó,
ki nam oživlja žile,
srcé razjasni in okó,
ki utopi
vse skrbi,
v potrlih prsih up budi.

Komú najpred veselo
zdravljico, bratje, č'mo zapet'?
Bog našo nam deželo,
Bog živi ves slovenski svet,
brate vse
kar nas je
sinov sloveče matere!

V sovražnike 'z oblakov
rodú naj naš'ga trešči grom!
Prost, ko je bil očakov,
najprej naj bo Slovencev dom;
naj zdrobé
njih roké
si spone, ki jim še težé!

Edinost, sreča, sprava
k nam naj nazaj se vrnejo!
Otrók, ki ima Slava,
vsí naj si v róke sežejo,
da oblast
in z njo čast
ko pred, spet naša bosta last!

Bog živi vas, Slovenke,
prelepe, žlahtne rožice!
Ni take je mladenke
ko naše je krvi dekle;
naj sinov
zarod nov
iz vas bo strah sovražnikov!

A TOAST

Anew the vines have fruited
and borne us, my good friends, sweet wine
to charge our blood diluted,
to clear our heart, our eye define,
to suppress
all distress
and waken hope in saddened breast.

Now whom for our first tippie
shall we, glad brothers, toast in song?
Our land, us Slovene people
May God endow with lifetime long,
where'er found,
brothers, bound
as sons to mother much renowned!

May our home skies wage warfare,
with thunder strike the enemy!
Henceforth, as were our forebears',
may Slovenes' homes be truly free;
let their hands
iron bands
constrict, who still oppress our lands!

May unity, joy, blessing
return, may we be reconciled!
And, brotherhood professing,
close linked be Slava's every child,
that again
we may reign
and power rightfully regain!

God grant you, Slovene women,
long life, O noblest flowers fair!
To our own kindred maiden
the like is not found anywhere;
from you be
progeny
to terrify the enemy!

Mladen'či, zdaj se pije
zdravljica vaša, vi naš up!
Ljubezni domačije
noben naj vam ne usmrti strup;
ker po nas
bode vas
jo srčno branit' klical čas!

Živé naj vsi naródi,
ki hrepené dočakat' dan,
da, koder sonce hodi,
prepír iz sveta bo pregnan,
da rojak
prost bo vsak
ne vrag, le sosed bo mejak!

Nazadnje še, prijat'li,
kozarce záse vzdignimo,
ki smo zato se zbrat'li,
ker dobro v srcu mislimo.
Dokaj dni
naj živi
Bog, kar nas dobrih je ljudi!

(1844)

Young men, our future's promise,
our hope, we raise a toast to you!
Your love for home and birthplace
may no-one poison, none undo!

In the end
you will tend
the hour to boldly it defend!

Let's drink that every nation
will live to see that bright day's birth
when 'neath the sun's rotation
dissent is banished from the earth,
all will be
kinfolk free
with neighbours none in enmity.

And last, my friends, come hither,
let's raise unto ourselves a toast!

For we have come together,
the common good we cherish most.
God, we praise,
grant us days
in plenty, for our virtuous ways!

MAGISTRALE

Poet tvoj nov Slovencem venec vije,
Ran mojih bo spomin in tvoje hvale,
Iz srca svoje so kali pognale,
Mokrocveteče rož'ce poezije.

Iz krajev niso, ki v njih sonce sije;
Cel čas so blagih sapic pogreš'vale,
Obdajale so utrjene jih skale,
Viharjev jeznih mrzle domačije.

Izdihljaji, solze, so jih redile,
Jim moč so dale rasti neveselo,
Ur temnih so zatirale jih sile.

Lej, torej je blede njih cvetje velo,
Jim iz oči ti pošlji žarki mile,
In gnale bodo nov cvet bolj veselo.

Verse 15 of "Sonetni venec" (1834)

MASTER THEME

For Slovenes I a poet's wreath devise,
Of both my pain, your praise a monument;
Right from my heart these buds incipient,
Poetic flow'rs bedewed with tears arise.

Regions they come from with no sunny skies,
In want always of breezes provident,
Midst circling mountain-cliffs malevolent,
Inclement home where icy storms chastise.

Commingled sighs and tears these blooms sustained,
Joyless the strength with which they were endowed,
Unlit the hours whose force their power restrained.

Lo, faded now these flow'rs, their stature bowed;
I beg: your eyes' soft rays be on them trained,
And they will blossom then with pleasure proud.

FRANCE BALANTIČ**Zasuta usta**

Nekje pokopališče je na hribu
brez križev, rož, grobovi sami
in prek razpadlega zidu rumena trta
ki išče luč z ugaslimi rokami.

Ležim v globini tiho, tiho
v dolini mrzel je večer in pust.
Pri meni noč je in mi sveti.
Joj, lep je molk s prstjo zasutih ust!

(V ognju groze plapolam, 1944)

Filled mouth

Upon some hill there is a cemetery
with neither flowers nor crosses, only graves,
across the ruined wall a vine grows, yellow,
which with its lifeless arms the daylight craves.

I'm lying deep all silent, silent,
the evening in the valley bleak and chilled.
Here I'm in night, yet lit. Oh, lovely
is silence when the mouth with earth is filled!

KAJETAN KOVIČ**Il faut savoir³**

Spominu Tonija Tršarja

Poslušá Aznavourja in prestavi
se v dni, ko na postaji Montparnasse
dekletom sta po krokarski zabavi
delila pomaranče v zgodnji čas

in sta potem, prijatelja, v kavarni
srebala čaj in brala časopis
in zunaj je po trgih in bulvarjih
šumel prebujajoči se Pariz.

Il faut savoir prenesti, da se zdi
preteklost le še oder in kulisa,
da mnog prijatelj v grobu že leži

ujet v dve letnici življenjepisa
in da je vedno krajša vrsta dni,
ko ne bi komu nekrologa pisal.

(Kalejdoskop, 2001)

³ "It is necessary to know."

Il faut savoir

To the memory of Toni Tršar

The voice of Aznavour can still remind him
of Montparnasse, the metro station, morning
an all-night drinking party just behind them
and giving oranges to girls, and yawning,

and later in a café both the friends
while they were reading papers, sipping tea
would hear on boulevards and squares the sounds
of Paris waking from its reverie.

Il faut savoir how we're to bear the past
appearing just as scenery and stage,
that many friends lie in their graves at last —

two dates the sum of youth and of old age —
and that we realise we shall outlast
our peers on the obituaries page.

Jedilnik

V stolpu poldan je odbilo,
mucki hitro na kosilo!
Črni maček vam postreže
in še dušo vam priveže!

Na jedilnem listu zbrana
je najboljša mačja hrana.
Bela smetanova juha,
cmok iz ribanega kruha,
mačji žganci, mačja šara,
mačji golaž in obara,
a za lačne mačje strice
so na voljo krvavice.

Glavni kuhar maček Žane
praži jetra in možgane,
peče ribe, kuha rake,
fine zrezke in omake.
Tu je mleko, tu je kava,
tu je sir in zelenjava,
tu je mačji grah v rižoti,
mačje torte in kompoti
in za sladkosnede sinke
tudi mačje palačinke.

Črni maček - to pomeni:
hitro, dobro in poceni!
In zato pri priči noter,
lačna botra, žejni boter!

(Maček Muri in Muca Maca, 1975)

On the menu

Twelve o'clock! It's right on lunch-time:
Both the cats agree it's munch-time.
Owner-cat, whose name is Blackie,
Serves a feast or just a snackie.

On the menu: ninety dishes —
Everything a kitty wishes!
First are seven sorts of cat-soup,
Just the thing for any cat-group.
Uncle Tom has sent a message:
"Order me my favorite sausage!"
Now here comes Great-Auntie Kitty,
She wants meatballs with spaghetti.

In the kitchen chef Giovanni
Fries up chicken in his pannie,
Boils the lobsters, bakes the fishes,
Serves up schnitzels in huge dishes.
Here is rice with ham and cat-peas,
Here are pies and here is cat-cheese.
Here are pancakes, here is toffee,
And for big cats fresh roast coffee —
While for kittens there is ice-cream
(And on Sundays even mice-cream).

Blackie's Place is doing nicely:
Fast, and good, and not too pricey.
That's a fact that can't be hidden —
Just ask any cat or kitten!

PAVEL GOLIA**O Ester — o Renée**

Utihnil je orkester,
godci so se razšli,
o Ester.
In še drhti nekje in še nekje zveni,
o Ester,
pesem mladih teles
ter vžiga mlado kri.
Moj Bog, kak bil je pester
opoj teh zadnjih dni,
o Ester.

Končan je ples narcis in aster
Renée,
pljusnil je čas ter
jih odnesel. Kam? Sam, Bog ve,
Renée.
In še nekje drhti in še zveni nekje,
o Ester,
o Renée,
pesem mladih teles ter
vžiga mlado kri,
da vre, da se pení.

Nekje
v ljubezni srca še gorijo,
nekje, Renée.
V samotnem parku mrtve sanje spijo,
za vedno spe,
o Ester, o Renée.

Nekoč smo bili v maju,
sedaj je vse pri kraju,
o Ester, o Renée,
le vaju
pozdravlja čez vode in čez gore
zamišljen mož, ki v negotovost gre.

O Esther - O Renée

The orchestra's at rest,
adieu to each last player,
O Esther.
And muted, vibrant notes still play somewhere,
O Esther,
a song of youthfulness
to make the young blood flare.
My God, how bright the lustre
of those last days' besotted air,
O Esther.

Done is the dance of daffodil and aster,
Renée,
time just splashed and fast
away it took them. Where? Only God can say,
Renée.
And muted, vibrant notes still somewhere play,
O Esther,
O Renée,
a song of youthfulness to
make the young blood flare,
to boil, to foam with fire.

Somewhere
in love hearts still burn deep,
somewhere, Renée.
In a lonely park the dead dreams sleep
and sleep away,
O Esther, O Renée.

Once May was all we knew,
and now all time is through,
O Esther, O Renée.
Just you two
are saluted over land and sea
by a pensive man who walks into uncertainty.

CVETKA LIPUŠ**Gibalo**

Babici v onstranstvu,
ena pepelnato mlada,
druga pokrita s starostnimi
pegami in prstjo,
a bosta vedeli za nitke,
ki jih pletejo v novo zgodbo?
Prva, junakinja brez besed,
brez telesa, prgišče prahu
na dnu jezera. Druga,
protagonistka z očmi pelargonije,
s prsti, v katerih domujeta
delo in sad. Skupaj sta poved,
ki jo nadaljujemo v trajnost,
os, okrog katere se vrtimo v število.
Ko bo gravitacija popustila,
ko bomo seštevke podedovanega
in pridobljenega, ko nas bo
odneslo na vse strani,
a bosta kdaj potegnili nit,
sparali svoj delež?

Perpetuum mobile

Both grandmothers in the beyond,
one ashen young
the other covered with
age spots and earth:
will they know about the threads
that knit them into a new story?
The first, a heroine without words,
without a body, a handful of dust
on the bottom of a lake. The other,
a protagonist with the eyes of a geranium,
with fingers in which reside work and fruit.
Together they are the confession
that we extend into permanence,
the axis around which we spin into a number.
When gravity slackens off,
when we are the sum of what is inherited
and what has been acquired, when we are
carried away in all directions,
will those two ever pull the thread,
unpick what they share?