

**FIVE MODERN POETS**

translated by  
**Nataša Benkič, Katarina Jerin and Nike Kocijančič**

**MILAN DEKLEVA**

**A STAKE ON THE FLEETING**

Those who play games of eternity know  
chance is persistent.  
But a stake on the fleeting:  
what joviality, what a poetics of error!

To feel the eternal in the fleeting is the threshold  
of hardly bearable beauty.  
To feel it . . . And say what?

Bread does take on the warmth of homes,  
but the winds' architecture shapes it  
in merely hinted ears of grain.  
What we experience travels asunder.

At the edge of slumber—  
now perhaps—  
in ungraspable distance—  
it pulses at the lips of a stranger.

Dreams we eat, bread we dream.

Translated by Nike Kocijančič

**MILAN KLEČ**

**MY AUNT**

And my aunt.  
She just opens  
the door  
to the woodshed  
and visits  
the sister  
she doesn't have.

Translated by Nataša Benkič

MILAN KLĚČ

TODAY

Today was really  
an incredible day.  
Everybody knew me  
and everyone greeted me.  
I was so surprised  
and I don't know why,  
but the animals  
greeted me, too,  
and the houses bowed to me,  
and there's something else.  
Only my own home  
was very strange to me  
It threw me out on the street  
and won't take me back any more.

Translated by Nataša Benkič

FATHER

My brother  
will lie  
in the earth  
above father.

By now this is  
perfectly clear.

And I will be very near  
a snail.

Translated by Katarina Jerin

POLE

There is an animal  
which fights a pole.  
I don't know which animal  
but the pole is the North.

Translated by Katarina Jerin

**MILAN KLEČ****NICE DAY**

I'll write something just like that.  
Why not? For example:  
I'm allowed to break only seven  
pairs of glasses a year.

Translated by Katarina Jerin

**JAJA ZLOBEC****DYING**

one sunny morning  
I whispered with an ember  
that was glowing red  
criss-crossed with grey lines

it was dying  
right to the end  
with no chance  
of extending its agony

I would like to tell it Live some more  
do not die talk to me  
what shall I do my friend

let me grasp you in my palm  
burn through my skin  
let it sizzle softly  
and I will take you out  
in the sun  
show you white clouds  
how they embrace the sky  
how they wander in it

you'll never  
see them  
you'll die before my eyes  
a piece of poor glow  
which never was a fire.

Translated by Nataša Benkič

**JANI OSWALD**

**MY AXE**

My  
axe hit  
a homey  
word  
and chopped it

my  
word hit  
a homey  
Axe  
and chopped it

I  
hit  
and  
chopped myself  
the butchers rejoice

Translated by Nike Kocijančič

**MAJA VIDMAR**

**HOME I**

Home  
is an emptiness  
in the stomach—  
alone  
and always at home.

I can't swallow your  
heart  
more personally than  
in fear—  
you'll get away  
with the spare life  
of the gypsy.

Translated by Nataša Benkič

**Originals:**

VLOGA V MINLJIVO: *Igralci na večnost vedo: / naključje je vztrajno. / Ampak vložiti v minljivo: / kakšna vedrina, kaksna poetika zmote! // Čutiti večno v minljivem je prag / komaj znosne lepote. / Čutiti to ... In kaj reči? // Kruh se navzame toplote domov, / a oblikuje ga arhitektura vetrov / v šele zaslutenem klasju. / Kar doživimo, potuje vsaksebi. // Ob robu spanca - / zdajle morda - / v nerazumljivi daljavi - / utripa ob ustih neznanca. // Sanje jemo, kruh sanjamo.— Iz zbirke Odjedanje božjega.*

TETA: *Pa moja teta. / Samo vrata / drvarnice / odpre / in obišče / sestro, / ki je sploh nima.— Iz zbirke Siva.*

DANES: *Danes je bil zares / neverjeten dan. / Vsi ljudje so me poznali / in vsi so me pozdravljali. / Tako presenečen sem bil / in ne vem zakaj, / toda pozdravljale / so me tudi živali / in priklanjale so se mi hiše, / pa še nekaj je. / Samo lasten dom / mi je bil tako tuj. / Nagnal me je na cesto / in ne sprejme me več nazaj.— Iz zbirke Siva.*

OČE: *Brat / bo v zemlji / ležal / nad očetom. // To je zdaj / ze čisto jasno. // Jaz pa bom zelo blizu / polža.— Iz zbirke Siva.*

TEČAJ: *Obstaja žival, / ki se bori s tečajem. / Ne vem, katera je, / tečaj pa je severni.— Iz zbirke Siva.*

LEP DAN: *Kar tako bom nekaj napisal. / Zakaj pa ne! Na primer: / Samo sedem očal na leto lahko razbijem.— Iz zbirke Siva.*

UMIRANJE: *zadnjič v sončnem jutru / sem si šepetal z ogorkom / živo rdeč je bil / s sivimi črtami preprežen // umiral je / čisto do konca / brez možnosti / da bi svojo agonijo podaljshal // rad bi mu rekel Živi še / ne umri pogovori se z mano / kaj naj storim prijatelj moj // daj da te primem v dlan / prežgi mi kožo / naj mehko cvrči / da te bom nesel ven / na sonce / ti bom bele oblake pokazal / kako nebo objemajo / kako po nebu krožijo // nikdar / jih ne boš videl / pred mojimi očmi boš umrl / košček uboge žerjavice / ki nikoli ni ogenj bila— Iz zbirke Udarci.*

MOJA SEKIRA: *Moja / sekira je usekala po / domači / besedi / jo razkosala // moja / beseda je usekala po / domači / Sekiri / jo razkosala // jaz / sem usekal po / sebi / se razkosal // veselijo se mesarji— Iz zbirke Zaseka.*

DOM I: *Dom / je praznina / v trebuhu - / sama / in vedno doma. / Boj osebno kot / v strahu / ti ne morem požreti / srca - / ušel boš / z rezervnim življenjem / cigana.— Iz zbirke Način vezave.*