

ALOJZ GRADNIK

# ZBRANO DELO

*Druga knjiga*

POT BOLESTI (1922), DE PROFUNDIS (1926),  
IZ SVETLIH SAMOT (1932)  
NEZBRANE PESMI (1923—1932)



1986

**Alojz Gradnik (1882–1967)**

Far less a public figure than his contemporaries Cankar and Župančič, whom he outlived, Gradnik was above all a lyric poet who dwelt all of his life on issues of love and death. He began his writing career in 1896, and produced a small but steady stream of poems through the 1920s and 1930s. He did not actively participate in World War II, but after the war and the Stalin-Tito split he is credited with contributing to the move of Slovene literature away from Socialist Realism toward more honest forms of poetic expression. Many regard him as Župančič's equal, if not superior. The Slovene texts are from Alojz Gradnik, *Zbrano delo* vol. 1 (Ljubljana: Državna založba Slovenije, 1984) and vol. 2 (1986). The translations are from William Matthews and Anton Slodnjak, eds., *The Parnassus of a Small Nation: Anthology of Slovene Lyrics* (London: Calder, 1957): 83, 86.

## Eros-Tanatos

Pil sem te in ne izpil, Ljubezen.  
Ko duhteče vino sladkih trt  
vžil sem te, da nisem bil več trezen  
in da nisem vedel, da si Smrt.

Zrl sem v strašne teme tvojih brezen:  
in ker je pogled moj bil zastrt  
od bridkosti, nisem vedel, Smrt,  
da si najskrivnostnejša Ljubezen.

## Besede iz groba

V spomin M. Š.

Že mesece sem tu na dnu te jame  
črne. Kod, o, kod si hodil, dragi,  
da nisi mislil več in vedel záme?

Ves čas sem čakala te. Sneg me beli  
pokril je. V mrzlih rokah so zveneli  
mi tvoji nageljni. Potem močilo  
deževje grob je moj, a ni te bilo.

In kedar so potem po dolgi zimi  
semena klila, sem hotela z njimi  
ven, ven, vsa trudna od pričakovanja.

Zdaj prišel si, ko zopet pomlad sanja,  
in spet gorijo tiste zvezde zlate,  
ki so sijale v oni sladki noči.  
Saj, nisem, dragi, nisem huda náte,  
in vse, prav vse odpuščam ti. Ne joči.

## Eros-Thanatos

I drank thee, Love, I drank and was unsated  
like one who drinks charmed wine to his last breath;  
I drank thee, yet when grown intoxicated,  
I failed to see, O Love, that thou art Death.

I peered into thy dark and secret depth;  
but as my eyes were blinded with despair,  
I failed, alas! to see, that thou, O Death,  
art Love, with mysteries sublime and rare.

*William Mathews and Janko Lavrin*

## Message from the Grave

The depth of this dark pit has been my bed  
Full many a month. And when long, long you strayed  
Heedless of me, beloved, where had you fled?

I waited and I pined. The pale snow silted  
Above my body. Your blossoms had long since wilted  
In my frozen hands. My grave was drenched with the spill  
Of rains once more, but afar you lingered still.

The lagging winter ended, and buds began  
To thrust themselves towards the haunts of man  
Release I, faint with waiting, craved to share.

Now you have come when spring is dreaming as ere  
And once again those golden stars glow hot  
Which glimmered in the night when bliss was born  
In truth, beloved, I reproach you not,  
And I forgive you all. Oh do not mourn!

*Paul Selver*