

KOROŠKA SLOVENSKA POEZIJA CARINTHIAN SLOVENIAN POETRY

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HERMAGORAS – MOHORJEVA, CELOVEC/KLAGENFURT
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Milka Hartman (1902–97)

Hartman is the doyenne of Carinthian Slovene literature. Her lyrics enjoy enduring popularity and are repeatedly anthologized and translated. Though she represents the most vigorous of Slovene regional literary schools, her language is by and large standard literary Slovene. Her themes are the expected ones for a lyric poet: love, the beauty of nature, youth, and age. The texts are from Feliks J. Bister and Herbert Kühner, eds., *Koroška slovenska poezija/Carinthian Slovenian Poetry* (Celovec/Klagenfurt: Hermagoras-Mohorjeva, and Columbus, OH: Slavica, 1984): 22–27.

Zakaj?

Zakaj si ti odšel, zakaj?
Ostala sem v samoti sama.
Med nama zdaj slovesa jama
zija in stoče v njej črnina
kot nenasiten črni zmaj...

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

Izbrana

Videl sem Metko
lepo kot cvetko—
žito je žela sredi polja.
Ta mi bo žena,
druga nobena!
Ta je izbrana moj'ga srca.

Saj bo sadila
deklica mila
rože rdeče v mojo vigred;
mi bo trosila
žarke na cesto,
z vencem mi dala beli je cvet!

V hišico mojo
z roko bo svojo
srečo delila in blagoslov.
Barčico mojo
mirno veslala,
jo varovala sredi valov.

Why

Why did you go off
leaving me nothing but solitude?
Only our farewell hovers
in the darkness between us out
of which emptiness insatiably
laughs like a black dragon.

I know you'll never come back.
Grass grows over your footprints.
My memories will graze in the brush
where brambles mark my face
until all paths end in infinity.

The Chosen One

I saw Metka—
as beautiful as a blossom—
reaping wheat. Only she
will be my wife
and no other.
My heart has chosen her.

That sweet girl
will place roses
in my spring
and brighten
my path.
She gave me the garland
with the white flower.

Her hands will bestow
joy on my house.
She'll guide my boat
on calm and stormy seas.

Žito valovi

Žitno polje valovi.
Ptičke spev nad valčki plava.
Mak v valovih krvavi,
v val se pne plavica plava.

Prepelica prepeli
v valovitem žitnem morju.
V tiho noč večer hiti,
rdeče sije na obzorju.

Žito, žito valovi.
Rdeča zarja se poslavlja.
Spev zvona v nebo kipi—
Bog nam žito blagoslavlja.

Waves of Wheat

Wheat flows in waves.
Birds' songs swim above waves.
The crimson of poppies and
cornflower blue move in waves.

Quail flutter
in the stormy wheat sea.
The horizon still glimmers
as evening hurries into night.

Wheat, flowing, flowing in waves.
The sun sets.
The sound of bells surges upwards
and all fields are in God's grace.