

Srečko Kosovel

integrali

Izbral, uredil in uvodno študijo napisal
Anton OCVIRK

Knjigo opremil in ji dal grafično podobo
Jože BRUMEN

Zbirka »BELA KRIZANTEMA«

Urejuje Cene VIPOTNIK

Izdalo ČZP »Ljudska pravica«

CANKARJEVA ZALOŽBA v Ljubljani

— predstavnica Marija VILFAN

in

ZALOŽNIŠTVO TRŽAŠKEGA TISKA, Trst

Kliširala in natisnila tiskarna

LJUDSKE PRAVICE v Ljubljani 1967

Srečko Kosovel (1904–26)

Despite his abbreviated life, Kosovel made important contributions to Slovene literature after World War I. He was perhaps the finest poet of Slovene expressionism. Though he could write “standard” verse with meter and traditional structure, he was most successful as an innovator who had frequent recourse to absurdity and illogicality. He often explored the contradictions inherent in life and the difficulties of ethical existence in a sometimes senseless world, especially in *Integrali* (“Integrals,” written ca. 1926 but published by Anton Ocvirk only in 1967), his now most highly regarded work. The Slovene texts are from that edition: Srečko Kosovel, *Integrali '26* (Ljubljana: Cankarjeva založba, and Trieste: Založništvo Tržaškega tiska, 1967); the translations by William S. Heiliger are from *Le livre slovène* 22/2–3 (1984): 3, 4, 6, 8.

Evakuacija duha

Duh v prostoru
 Požar neviht razžarja temo.
 Duh gorí v prostoru.
 Magično luč razseva.
 Zelena okna razsvetljenega
 brzovlaka na viaduktu.
 Sam gorim in sebi svetim;
 slep čutijo samo elektriko
 moje luči, ne vidijo svita.
 A vsi trepečejo kakor jaz,
 kakor v smrtnem opoju.
 In ne vedó, da je to trepet
 kril, ki se hočejo razprostreti,
 izžareti kot zlati ogenj v noč.
 In preklinjajo policaje sonca,
 ki spijo ponoči
 kakor malmeščani.
 In vsi ljudje spijo ponoči
 in ne čutijo magičnih razodetij,
 ki sijejo v meni iz mene.
 Ljudje so evakuacija duha.
 Anomalija psihologije.

Integrali

Rotacijski večer.
 Drvje ob zeleni vodi.
 Rotacija duha.
 Moj duh je rdeč.

Ljubim svojo boleost.
 Delam iz boleosti.
 e več, še več:
 iz dna zavesti.

Iz dna zavesti,
 da je vse zaman.
 Verižniki
 plešejo kankan.

evacuation of the spirit

Spirit in the cosmos.
 Thunderstorm fire lights the darkness.
 Spirit burns in the cosmos.
 Magic light radiates.
 Green lighted windows
 of an express-train on a bridge.
 I burn radiant.
 Blind people feel the electricity
 of my light,
 without seeing the dawn.
 They tremble as I,
 in the pleasure of death.
 Quivering as wings
 wanting to unfurl,
 glowing as a golden fire at night.
 Cursing the watchdogs of the sun,
 which sleep all night
 as petty prejudiced people.
 All people sleep at night
 and don't perceive the magic revelations,
 which shine from my soul.
 The spirit abandons people.
 Anomaly of psychology.

integrals

A rotating evening.
 Trees at green rivers.
 Rotating spirit.
 My spirit is red.

I love my pain.
 Pain motivates my work.
 More pain. more pain:
 out of my consciousness.

Out of my consciousness,
 but in vain.
 Watch-dogs
 dance the can-can.

KONS

Truden evropski človek
strmi žalostno v zlati večer,
ki je še žalostnejši
od duše njegove.

Kras.

Civilizacija je brez srca,
srce je brez civilizacije.

Izmučena borba.

Evakuacija duš.

Večer peče kot ogenj.

Smrt Evrope!

Usmiljenje! Usmiljenje!

Gospod profesor,
razumete življenje?

Črni zidovi

Črni zidovi se lomijo
nad mojo dušo.

Ljudje so kot
padajoče, ugašajoče svetilke.

Enooka riba
plava v temi,
črnooka.

Človek prihaja
iz srca teme.

KONS

Exhausted Europeans
 stare into the golden sunset,
 which is even sadder
 than their souls.
 Karst-region.
 Culture is heartless.
 Battles of agony.
 Exile of souls.
 Evening burns as fire.
 Death of Europe!
 Compassion I Compassion!
 Professor, do you know life?

black walls

Black walls collapse
 on my soul.
 People resemble fading lamps.
 A one-eyed fish swims
 in the darkness,
 blind.

Man is born
 in the darkness of the heart.

Mrtve oči

Septembrski hlad.
 Jutro. Mrzlo nebo.
 Mrtve oči.
 Starci.
 Slepci.
 Sivo jezero onemoglosti.
 Mrtvi srd.

V oktavah se vzpenjam
 nad lastno boleost,
 zmagoslavno pojoč:
ČLOVEK, NA POMOČ!

Rdeča raketa

Jaz sem rdeča raket, vžigam
 se in gorim in ugašam.
 Joj, jaz v rdeči obleki!
 Joj, jaz s srcem rdečim!
 Joj, jaz z rdečo krvjo!
 Neutruden bežim, kakor
 da sam moram v izpolnjenje.
 In čim bolj bežim, tem bolj gorim.
 In čim bolj gorim, tem bolj trpim,
 In čim bolj trpim, hitreje ugašam.
 O jaz, ki bi živel rad večno. In grem, človek rdeči, čez polje zeleno, nad
 mano po sinjem jezeru tišine železni oblaki, o, jaz pa grem, grem,
 človek rdeči!
 Povsod je tišina: na polju, na nebu, v oblakih, le jaz bežim, gorim s
 svojim ognjem pekočim in ne morem tišine doseči.

dead eyes

September-freshness.
Morning.
A cold sky.
Dead eyes.
An aged man.
A blind man.
A grey sea of exhaustion.
Dead anger.

I outlive my pain,
singing victorious:
Man, I need your help!

red rocket

I am a red rocket,
whistling, burning,
burning out.
Woe is me in a red suit!
Woe is me with a red heart!
Woe is me with red blood!
I am untiring as if I would recharge myself.
As fast as I run, I burn.
The more I burn, I suffer,
the more I suffer, I burn out
Oh, I wish to live forever.
I walk, red man,
over green landscapes,
above me, a grey sea of silence,
iron-clouds all around.
I walk, I walk, red man!
Silence all over: in the fields,
in the clouds, above the horizon.
I am running
with my burning fire,
without reaching the silence.

Odprto

V večnost je moje srce odprto:
iz Kaosa v Kozmos.

Za temnim mestom
se plamen svetlika,
množica v tiho temo
se premika.

V tiho temo. —

O zdaj gremñ!
O zdaj gremñ
iz borbe v Smrt,
iz borbe v Smrt,
da se razrase tihi srd
in da ugasnemo.—

Jaz, ti in vsi.

Ura žalosti

Stari svet umira v meni.
Ura žalosti prihaja.
V zlatem sijaju prihaja
nova mistika.
Mistika človeka.
Magični ogenj mu sije iz srca.
Njegove oči svetijo kakor
radij v noč.
Smrt je umikanje življenju.
Smrt je veselje.

open

My heart seeks eternity:
from chaos to cosmos.

Glowing flames
illuminate dark cities,
masses move
into silent darkness,
into silent darkness—

We go!
We go!
Fighting death,
fighting death,
wordless wrath expands
and we are being extinguished,—
I, you, all of us.

hour of sadness

The old world died out in me:
The hour of sadness approaches,
in golden splendor,
generating new mystery.
Mystery of mankind.
Magic fire glitters from their hearts.
Their eyes glow like radium at night.
Death is retreat from life.
Death is joyful.