

Kajetan Kovič

# VRT

Izbrane pesmi

Založba Mladinska knjiga

**Kajetan Kovič (1931–)**

Kovič was one of the quartet of poets whose joint volume, *Pesmi štirih* (1953, "Poems of the Four"), sounded a completely new note in Slovene post-war literature. He has been active ever since in producing collections of his verse, short novels, literature for children and translations, and most recently a long novel, *Pot v Trento* (1994, "The Road to Trent"). There is more than a little of the idealist in Kovič, who nonetheless sees the world as a cold and contradictory place. The Slovene texts are from Kajetan Kovič, *Labrador* (Ljubljana: Cankarjeva založba, 1976); the translations by Alaisdair MacKinnon are taken from *Le livre slovène* 18/3 (1980): 11.



## Labrador

Belo je šumenje rek  
v mračnih tajgah Labradorja.  
Daleč je megleni breg.  
Vmes so hribi. Vmes so morja.

Je samotni borov gozd.  
Je neskončni dih prostorja.  
Je dišeča smolna skórja.  
Je rdeči, zreli grozd.

Je zelena luč cipres,  
razprostrta do obzorja.  
So požari južnih zvezd.  
In so hribi. In so morja.

## Lovec

V temni večer se naperijo loki.  
Težka roka z njimi ravna.  
V nora usta padejo zvoki.  
Zadrgetajo tarče sveta.

V gori završijo drevesa.  
Lovca v mračnem gozdu je strah.  
Pride godba od daljnega plesa.  
Kamen potone v temnih vodah.

Pade žival, od loka zadeta.  
V mraku zasijejo mile oči.  
Minejo ure. Minejo leta.  
Lovec je lep od njen krvi.

## Labrador

White the roar of rivers deep  
in the dark plains of Labrador.  
Distant is the misty shore.  
Between are hills. Between are seas.

There is a lonely wood of pines.  
There is the boundless breath of space.  
There is the resin-scented bark.  
There are red and luscious grapes.

There is the light of cypress green  
clear to the horizon far.  
There are fires of southern stars.  
And there are hills. And there are seas.

## The Hunter

In the dark of evening they bend their bows.  
Heavy hands grasp and take aim.  
Cries break from the maddened mouths.  
World-wide tremble the timid game.

On the mountain a rustle of trees.  
In the wood the hunter is touched with fear.  
Music is heard from a dance afar.  
A stone sinks deep in the waters dark.

The quarry is struck by the hunter's dart.  
In the dusk the mild eyes glaze in the wood.  
The hours go by. The years go by.  
The hunter is handsome from new-shed blood.



## Nekaj

Nekaj je zakopano  
v zemlji ali v dolgem življenju  
ali v deželah telesa  
opojno kot baldrijan  
in težko kot ruda  
včasih potone med grozami Atlantide  
v mrzli prekat peklí  
da se na novo rodi  
iz morja iz pene  
rahlo kot šum na srcu  
in neresnično  
kot hiša iz vetra  
blaženo  
neulovljivo  
položeno med zvezde  
zmeraj navzoče  
v vseh stvareh in nikjer.

## Something

Something is buried  
in the earth or in a long life  
or in the lands of the body  
heady as valerian  
and heavy as ore  
sometimes it sinks among the horrors of Atlantis  
into a cold compartment of hell  
to be born anew  
from sea from foam  
light as heart-murmur  
and unreal  
as a house of wind  
blessedly  
ungraspable  
placed among stars  
always present  
in all things and nowhere