

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Helix

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Translated from the Slovene by the Author and Barbara Siegel Carlson

Going back to the root. What have we lost? What remains? There's no reaching the bottom. It feels like hiking in shoes with worn soles.

I look at my body. It carries me. I inhabit it. We grow into it, shoe sizes increase, clothes get small. You surrender to its growth, to the dazzle of knowledge, the expanse of the sensual. It occurs in each detail. Each ossicle, bone, muscle fiber, and in the blood, so matter-of-factly.

In female form. Though for a long time I'm just the observer. My name a fixture, but I go with it.

Our senses are delicate, composed of countless sea anemones, those billions of feelers stretch into space to take in every scent, every breeze. They test their strength before curling back to their shaft.

At my core is a helix moving on its own. Part of both cosmic mechanics and my own genetic make-up. To me it's a given, as with everyone else. It seems self-evident.

But in truth its whirling can dizzy me. All one can see of a squirrel is its tail as it spirals up the spruce higher and higher.

I go over my plan, my maps. Go back to the root of things.

Grem k temeljem. Kaj smo izgubili? Kaj še imamo? Temu ni mogoče priti do dna; spominja me na plezanje po skalah v čevljih z zlizanim podplatom.

Pogledam telo. Nosi me in v njem prebivam. Zrasla sem vanj. Številke čevljev so se večale, obleke postajale premajhne. Predaš se razvoju, bleščavosti spoznanj, volumnu čutov. Godi se v potankostih. Koščice, kosti in mišična vlakna in kri, zelo stvarno.

V ženski obliki, toda dolgo sem bila samo opazujoča bit. Ime je pritiklina, vendar ni v navzkrižju z mano.

Čuti so nežni, sestavlja jih nešteto morskih vetrnic, ki se z milijardami tipalk razsipajo navzven, v prostore, da zajamejo okus in veter. Pomerijo se z njim in se z naslednjim gibom vrnejo nazaj v svoj dimnik.

V jedru je vijačnica; pomična okrog premice deluje samodejno. Del kozmične mehanike in simultano moj edinstveni genetski spoj. Jemljem kot danost. Enako vsi drugi; zdi se preprosto.

V resnici je cikcakanje, lahko se ti zvrsti. Od veverice vidiš samo rep, ko šviga okrog smrekovega debla visoko in še više.

Pregledam svojo strategijo, zemljevide. Grem znova k temeljnim rečem.