

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Fox

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Translated from the Slovene by the Author and Barbara Siegel Carlson

That Sunday when we returned to our car from the forest, in the grass near the hunter's cabin lay a dead fox. Hunters keep the number of wild animals in check, you said. They keep order, take the surplus. It sounded obvious coming from you.

Taking the surplus. The finality of this mechanical method.

He looks at me, the fox, from behind his glassy eyes. He wasn't killed by hunger nor some other lack. In the grass I see the tracks of countless creatures. Imprints swept away by time.

Out of the silence, their barking accompanies me.

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But the fox in the nursery rhyme grins at the hunter. A day comes when creatures learn new tricks. I come from that.

A lair is safe with a hidden exit. When the leaves fall, there's time to take a new step, time to camouflage. In winter, animal fur goes white as fog.

As if in a different world, melding into its surroundings. Even so, it stays the same inside.

In winter light I set off to find the almost vanished tracks in the snow.

Lisjak

Ko sva se tiste nedelje iz gozda vračala k avtu, je v travi pri lovski koči ležal ustreljen lisjak. Lovci poskrbijo za primerno število zveri v divjini, si rekel. Ohranjajo red, vzamejo odvečne. Iz tvojih ust je zvenelo samoumevno.

Vzeti. Dokončnost te mehanske metode.

Gleda me, lisjak, izza svojih steklenih oči. Ni ga umorila lakota ne druga nuja. V travi vidim tisoče sledi različnih bitij. Sledove, ki jih čas zameta.

Iz tišin me spremlja lisičji lajež.

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Toda v pesmi lisica lovcu kaže figo. Pride dan, ko se bitja začnejo učiti novih trikov. Izhajam iz tega.

Brlóg je varen, kadar ima skriven izhod. Ko se osuje listje, je čas za nov korak; čas za kamuflažo. Divja žival dobi pozimi belo dlako, enako megli.

Postane skladna z drugačnim svetom; zlije se z okoljem. Kljub temu je v sebi trajno enaka. V zimski svetlobi grem poiskati v snegu skoraj zabrisane sledi.