

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Cradle

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Translated from the Slovene by the Author and Barbara Siegel Carlson

I draw the summer light in as it fades. The need to carry a seed of light.

Space in its first form is a cradle, a glimpse of a glowing cigarette along with a voice, many voices, then silence. I'm not saying you, new one, have a panoramic view. But at the beginning you are half there, still almost winged. Your end is coiled within you like the body of an insect in its carapace.

Your being receives signals; they echo in your temples. The wilderness rustles in your blood, the ocean flows through.

The entrance into the vastness disappears. You don't notice when. But some fluidity remains. Your sense of it rises and wanes. It tingles in your fingers. Permeates the air after a rainfall. Drenches the dry stone wall.

And the world becomes less transient.

In the fall such space will return. I find myself halfway between. In a draft. Like those from before. Like the ones here now will be later on.

Fiksiram svetlobo poletja, medtem ko ugaša. Potreba, da nosim seme luči.

Prostor je v svoji prvi obliki zibka; iz nje pogled na tlečo cigareto, ki jo spremlja glas, več glasov, nato tišina. Ne trdim, da imaš, novorojeni otrok, višavski razgled. Toda na začetku si na pol drugje, še skoraj krilat. Minevanje je v tebi zvito kot telo žuželke pod hitinastim oklepom.

Bitje prestreza klice; odzvanjajo mu v sencih. V krvi šumi divjina, naravnost skozi teče ocean.

Portal v neomejena polja se zapre. Ne opaziš, kdaj. Ampak del pretočnosti ostane. Zavest o tem se dviga in poseda. Uščipne te v prste. Oglesi se skozi vonj, ki ovije ozračje po nalivu. Oblije suh kamniti zid.

In svet je manj minljiv.

V naslednjem letnem času se bo prenovil. Znajdem se vmes. Na prepihu. Kot so bili oni prej. Kot bodo zdajšnji nekoč.