

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Whistling

By Miriam Drev

Translated from the Slovene by the Author and Barbara Siegel Carlson

A blackbird calls from a tree on the plateau between housing blocks at the end of February. It's half past five, still dark.

Its voice penetrates the closed window. This must have been what awakened me so early. Who is it whistling for? No other bird can be heard. The whistle unreturned.

The world, the whole world has been lonely. It's been years since spring. Meanwhile I've forgotten about such and similar sounds.

Surprised, I throw a shawl around my shoulders, lean out the windowsill, prick up my ears. At that moment I feel how very alive are these sounds. In a way that I'm not.

The bird's whistling pierces the crust which is not made of ice but surely it's wintry. Nature furnished the blackbird with a sharp beak, yellow as a star, as dawn. Yellow as a dandelion.

Wrapped in warm wool I feel the whistles rush from the crown of my head through the body – life itself. One and intact.

Kos se z drevesa na ploščadi med bloki prvič oglasi ob koncu februarja. Ura je pol šestih, zunaj je še mrak.

Jakost ptičjega glasu prodre skozi zaprto okno. Najbrž me je to zbudila tako zgodaj. Koga kliče? Ni slišati kakofonije drugih ptic; nobena ne odpeva.

Svet, ves svet je bil dolgo samotni. Zadnja pomlad se je oglasila pred leti. Vmes sem pozabila na takšne in podobne zvoke.

Presenečena si ogrnem jopo, se nagnem čez okensko polico, napnem ušesa. V tem hipu se zavem, kako živi so ti zvoki. In kako jaz nisem.

Ptičje žvižganje predira skorjo, ki ni iz ledu, je pa zagotovo zimska. Kosu je narava dala oster kljun, rumen kot zvezda, rumen kot vzhod. Tudi kot regratov cvet.

Žvižgi mi, zaviti v toplo volno, stečejo skozi teme po telesu – življenje samo. Eno in neločljivo.