

zbirka Zlati čoln / The Golden Boat Edition

3

ZLATI ČOLN 
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Na Zlatem čolnu

Antologija pesmi o Škocjanu

On the Golden Boat

The Škocjan Poems Anthology





Deset let Mednarodne pesniško prevajalske delavnice Zlati čoln v Škocjanu na Krasu

Prvo mednarodno pesniško prevajalsko delavnico, pozneje poimenovano Zlati čoln po pesniški zbirki Srečka Kosovela, smo organizirali še v okviru mednarodnega srečanja Vilenica leta 2003. Nobenega dvoma ni, da je mogoče poezijo malih jezikov, med katere spada tudi slovenščina, mednarodno uveljaviti samo, če poskrbimo za dobre prevode v tuje jezike. Ker samo malo tujih prevajalcev, zlasti z Zahoda, dovolj dobro razume slovenščino in so hkrati tudi kvalitetni literarni prevajalci, je bilo nujno poiskati način, kako kljub temu poskrbeti za poudarjeno zanimanje za slovensko poezijo in kvalitetne prevode tako klasikov kakor sodobnih slovenskih pesnikov. Pomislili smo, da bi organizirali mednarodno delavnico, kjer bi pesniki prevajali pesnike s pomočjo prevodov v tretji jezik. Tako bi, prvič, spoznali zainteresirane tuje pesnike/prevajalce in z njimi vzpostavili neposreden stik, drugič, z vzajemnim prevajanjem v neposrednem osebnem stiku poskrbeli za kvalitetne in izvirnikom zveste prevode ter, tretjič, tako izoblikovali mednarodno mrežo pesnikov/prevajalcev, ki bi omogočila tudi druge oblike mednarodnega dialoga in uveljavljanja slovenske poezije.

Že na samem začetku smo se začeli povezovati z obstoječimi organizacijami. Na delavnico smo povabili Alexandro Büchler, ki je podobno sodelovanje organizirala v okviru dejavnosti Literature Across Frontiers iz Walesa. Prvi mednarodni udeleženci na naši mednarodni pesniško prevajalski delavnici so prišli s posredovanjem omenjene organizacije. Na slovenski strani sta vodenje delavnice prevzeli Ana Jelnicar, prevajalka v angleščino, in Barbara Pogačnik, pesnica in prevajalka v francoščino. Delavnica je preseгла vsa pričakovanja. Ne samo,

da so udeleženci opravili veliko prevodov, se trdno povezali med seboj in tudi po koncu ohranili tesne delovne stike, pokazalo se je, da smo nadgradili samo idejo mednarodnega srečanja Vilenice z novo, delovno vsebino. Tuji udeleženci niso bili samo pasivni gosti, ki so prišli zgolj predstaviti svojo poezijo, temveč so na samem srečanju tudi prevajali in ob koncu srečanja svoje delo predstavili. In ga po vrnitvi nazaj domov objavili v domačih literarnih revijah. Zato smo se odločili, da bo delavnica postala tradicionalna.

To, da je bila delavnica organizirana na Krasu, ni bilo slučajno. Kras s svojo naravno in kulturno dediščino, še posebej pa na ozadju odlične in mednarodno še ne tako močno uveljavljene poezije Srečka Kosovela, je ponujal izvrstno okolje za ustvarjalno delo. Tudi sami Kraševci so nas sprejeli z odprtimi rokami, Aleksander in Jasna Majda Peršolja ter drugi, združeni v Kulturnem društvu Vilenica, so takoj razumeli pomen mednarodne pesniško prevajalske delavnice in nas močno podprli. To je bilo še posebej pomembno po letu 2005, ko nam je mednarodna organizacija SEP odrekla začetno pomoč. Tudi Ministrstvo za kulturo RS je ostalo gluho za naše vloge za finančno subvencijo. Toda sama delavnica je žela izredne uspehe in močno odmevala. Pojavljale so se nove pobude, udeleženci so uspešno objavljali svoje prevode v svojih literarnih sredinah, v sodelovanju z revijo *Apokalipsa* smo vse prevode v slovenščino objavili v posebnem zborniku, začeli smo razmišljati o monografskih objavah, predvsem poezije Srečka Kosovela. Leta 2005 smo delavnico prvič poimenovali Zlati čoln.

Leta 2006 smo delavnico Zlati čoln iz Lipice preselili v Škocjan pri Divači. V čudovitem okolju te neokrnjene kraške vasi smo teden dni v prvi polovici junija gostili petnajst pesnikov/prevajalcev iz trinajstih držav z vsega sveta. Vzdušje je bilo enkratno, opravljeno je bilo veliko dela. Pobudo je

takoj podprla tudi občina Sežana. Kakor prejšnja leta smo tudi po koncu te delavnice objavili zbornik prevodov pesmi tujih pesnikov v slovenščino, tuji udeleženci pa so svoje prevode objavili v tujih literarnih revijah. Z določenimi državami (na primer s Finsko, z ZDA, Irsko in Veliko Britanijo) smo navezali trdnejše stike in se začeli pogovarjati o antoloških publikacijah prevodov slovenske poezije v tujih jezikih in gostovanjih slovenskih pesnikov na tujih festivalih in srečanjih.

V naslednjih letih se je delavnica mednarodno odmevno uveljavila, s skromnimi sredstvi pa nas je začelo podpirati tudi ministrstvo za kulturo. Leta 2008 nam je uspel prvi veliki projekt. Z našo pomočjo in sodelovanjem občine Sežana je prevajalcema in urednikoma Bertu Pribcu in Davidu Brooksu uspelo objaviti monografijo prevodov pesmi Srečka Kosovela pri zelo prestižni angleški založbi SALT. To je bila prva tako celovita uspešna objava slovenske poezije v Veliki Britaniji nasploh. Leta 2007 smo ustanovili Literarno društvo IA, ki je organizacijo Zlatega čolna tudi formalno združilo pod isto streho. Začeli smo razmišljati o tem, da bi od klasičnih objav v zbornikih na sledi sodobnih trendov publicistično in informativno dejavnost prenesli na dostopnejšo in učinkovitejšo stran na spletu (www.ia-zlaticoln.org). Delavnica pa se je vse bolj uveljavljala, pojavljali so se novi programi in načrti. Leta 2008 smo s svojim programom Slovanski most uspešno sodelovali s Forumom slovanskih kultur pri organizaciji vseslovanskega literarnega festivala v Ljubljani in leta 2009 pod pokroviteljstvom Sveta Evrope odmevnega dogodka Slovanski most v Strasbourgu. Leta 2010 sta prevajalki Ana Jelnikar in Barbara Siegel Carlson poezijo Srečka Kosovela v monografiji izdali pri Ugly Duckling Press v ZDA. Z založbo Pighog Press iz Velike Britanije in mednarodnim pesniškim festivalom Cuisse v Limericku na Irskem smo se povezali v trdno mednarodno

mrežo, v katero smo pritegnili tudi vrsto drugih organizacij in sodelavcev (iz Finske, Poljske, Hrvaške in druge). Od leta 2009 plodno sodelujemo s Kulturno-umetniškim društvom Pólice Dubove, organizirali ali soorganizirali smo vrsto literarnih dogodkov, turnej (po Nemčiji, Balkanu, Bolgariji, Veliki Britaniji, na Irskem, Češkem, Slovaškem), pripravili ali sodelovali pri pripravi številnih antologij sodobne slovenske poezije v tujih jezikih (v nemščini, hrvaščini, bolgarščini, angleščini), soorganizirali smo literarni festival Zlati čoln na Poljskem, pripravljamo izdajo Srečka Kosovela na Poljskem, sodelujemo z avtorji, uredniki in prevajalci iz številnih držav, organiziramo mednarodne literarnoznanstvene simpozije, sodelujemo z mnogimi domačimi in mednarodnimi organizacijami. Za tujce, ki se strokovno posvečajo slovenski poeziji, smo omogočili podaljšano bivanje v rezidenci Zlati čoln v Škocjanu na Krasu. Poleg uveljavljanja poezije našega »hišnega avtorja« Srečka Kosovela zdaj poskušamo uveljaviti še poezijo Gregorja Strniše. Že osmo leto pa uspešno soorganiziramo tudi poletno rezidenco za diplomante ustvarjalne pisateljske delavnice Vermont Colledgea. Vse to govori, da se je mednarodna pesniško prevajalska delavnica v desetih letih svojega delovanja razvila v uspešno mednarodno pobudo, ki sooblikuje mednarodno pesniško sceno in uspešno mednarodno uveljavlja tako slovensko klasično kakor sodobno poezijo. O tem pričajo živi stiki, naša mednarodna prisotnost in sodelovanje ter številne mednarodne objave bodisi v revijalnih publikacijah kakor v knjižni obliki.

Iztok Osojnik, soustanovitelj in vodja delavnice

The tenth jubilee of The Golden Boat International Poetry Translation Workshop held in Škocjan, the Karst Region

We organised the first international poetry translation workshop, which was later named The Golden Boat after Srečko Kosovel's debut poetry collection, within the framework of the Vilenica International Writer's Gathering in 2003. There is no doubt that poetry from small languages, including Slovenian, can only become internationally recognised if we ensure quality foreign language translations. Since only a small proportion of good foreign translators, especially in the Western countries, understand Slovenian well enough to work from it, while also being quality literary translators, it seemed imperative to find a way of increasing interest in Slovenian poetry and in proficient translations of classic as well as contemporary Slovenian poets. We hit on the idea of organising an international workshop where poets could translate other poets with the help of translations in a third language. In this way, we would first of all meet interested foreign poets / translators, with whom we could establish direct links; second, we would, through reciprocal translation carried out in direct personal contact, provide for quality and faithful translations; and third, we would create an international network of poets / translators that would also enable other forms of international dialogue and further recognition of Slovenian poetry.

From the very start we forged links with existing organisations. We extended an invitation to Alexandra Büchler, who had organised similar collaborations in the framework of Literature Across Frontiers in Wales. The first international participants came to our workshop under the auspices of this very organisation. On the Slovenian side

of things, the workshop was led by Ana Jelnikar, an English translator, and Barbara Pogačnik, a French translator and poet. The workshop exceeded all expectations. Not only did its participants complete a number of translations, forge close connections, and retain professional links even after the workshop had ended, it became clear that we had improved on the very concept of the international Vilenica Gathering with new, active content. Our international participants were not merely passive guests coming to present their poetry; instead, they took part in translation at the meeting itself as well as presenting their work at the end of the event. Following their return home, they also published their work in local literary magazines. For all those reasons, we decided to make the workshop a traditional event.

It is no coincidence that the workshop was organised in the Karst Region. With its natural and cultural heritage, and against the backdrop of the excellent, if not yet internationally recognised poetry of Srečko Kosovel, the Karst offered an exceptional environment for our creative endeavours. The locals themselves welcomed us with open arms, and Aleksander and Jasna Majda Peršolja, as well as others from the KD Vilenica Art Society, immediately understood the significance of an international poetry translation workshop and supported us. This was particularly important after 2005, when the international organisation CEI withdrew its initial aid. The Slovenian Ministry for Culture also remained deaf to our requests for financial subsidies. Yet the workshop itself yielded immense successes and loudly resonated in the international scene. New initiatives appeared, and participants successfully published their translations in their own literary circles. In cooperation with *Apokalipsa* magazine, we managed to publish all the Slovenian translations in a special collection, and began to consider the publication of poetic monographs, especially of Srečko Kosovel's work. In 2005, we first named the workshop The Golden Boat.

In 2006, we moved The Golden Boat Workshop from Lipica to Škocjan near Divača. In the wonderful surroundings of this pristine Karst village, we hosted fifteen poets / translators from thirteen different countries throughout a week in early July. The atmosphere was outstanding, large amounts of work were completed. The initiative was immediately supported by the Sežana municipality. After the workshop had ended, as in previous years, we published a collection of Slovenian translations of foreign-language poetry, while foreign participants published their own translations in foreign literary magazines. We developed even closer links with certain countries (for example, Finland, the US, Ireland, and the UK) and began to discuss the publication of anthologies of Slovenian poetry translations as well as appearances of Slovenian poets at foreign festivals and gatherings.

In the years that followed, the workshop became internationally recognised and the Ministry for Culture began to support us with modest funding. In 2008 we saw the success of our first major project. With our help and the collaboration of the Sežana municipality, the translators and editors Bert Pribac and David Brooks managed to publish a monograph of Srečko Kosovel's translated poetry at the very prestigious British publishing company SALT. This marked the first ever holistic, successful publication of Slovenian poetry in the UK. In 2007, we also established the Literary Association IA, which officially consolidated the organisation of The Golden Boat under a single roof. We began to think about moving away from traditional publication and following contemporary trends in order to transfer our publishing and informational activities to a more widely accessible and effective website (www.ia-zlaticoln.org). Meanwhile, the workshop became even better established, and saw the appearance of new programs and plans. In 2008, our program "Slovanski most" (The Slavic Bridge) was part of a successful collaboration

with the International Forum of Slavic Cultures. Together we organised a pan-Slavic literary festival in Ljubljana in 2009, under the auspices of the Council of Europe's notable event "Slavic Bridge" in Strasbourg. In 2010, the translators Ana Jelnikar and Barbara Siegel Carlson published a monograph of Srečko Kosovel's translated poetry with the Ugly Duckling Press in the US. We formed a tight international network with the UK-based Pighog Press and the International Poetry Festival Cuisle in Limerick, Ireland, drawing in a number of other organisations and collaborators (from Finland, Poland, Croatia, as well as others). From 2009 we have been cooperating fruitfully with Pólíca Dubova Cultural and Artistic Association, we organised or co-organised a number of literary events, tours (in Germany, the Balkans, Bulgaria, the UK, Ireland, the Czech Republic, Slovakia), prepared or took part in preparing numerous anthologies of contemporary Slovenian poetry in foreign languages (in German, Croatian, Bulgarian, English), and co-organised The Golden Boat literary festival in Poland. Today we are preparing for the publication of Srečko Kosovel's poetry in Poland, cooperating with writers, editors, and translators from various countries, organising international poetic-academic symposiums, and collaborating with numerous local and international organisations. We have further facilitated extended stays at The Golden Boat Residency in Škocjan for foreigners devoting themselves to academic study of Slovenian poetry. Alongside our efforts to gain recognition for our "house poet" Srečko Kosovel, we are now also endeavouring to promote the poetry of Gregor Strniša. For the eighth year running, we are also successfully co-organising a summer residency for graduates of the creative writing workshop at Vermont College. All of this speaks to the fact that the international poetry translation workshop has in its ten years of existence developed into a successful international initiative, which

contributes to the formation of the international poetry scene and promotes both classic and contemporary Slovenian poetry abroad. This is confirmed by our active contacts, our international presence and collaboration, and by numerous international publications in magazines and books.

Iztok Osojnik, workshop leader

Translated by Špela Drnovšek Zorko.



Kako je nastala Škocjanska jama

Nekoč je bilo v naših krajih vse drugače. Po dolini je tekla mogočna reka. Izvirala je pod Snežnikom. Z Brkinov in z Vremščice so tekli v reko vodnati potoki. Struga reke je šla čez Gabrk in dol mimo Povirja na Kras. Voda je tekla po celem Krasu. Blizu današnje Brestovice se je izlivala v Jadransko morje. Ker je reka imela mnogo vode, je dobila ime Reka.

V tistih časih je po naših krajih vozila čudežna šembilja.

Mogočna, železna šembilja je dirkala vsak dan po Vremški dolini. Vlekli so jo lepi črni ognjeni konji. Mimo vasi je šembilja letela ko blisk. Konji so hrzali in njihova griva je bila ognjena. Tudi sapa, ki jim je uhajala z gobca, je bila živ ogenj. Dan za dnem, leto za letom, stoletje za stoletjem je po isti poti švigala šembilja s konji. Iskre so letele izpod koles in izpod konjskih kopit. Ljudje so se umaknili s poti in se tresli, dokler ni odletela mimo njih. Ko je šla mimo vasi, so si ljudje komaj upali na cesto. Ma šembilja ni nikdar nič naredila nobenemu človeku. Če je slučajno srečala koga na cesti, so konji kar poleteli in ga po zraku preleteli.

Nekoč pa se je zgodilo, da je prišel v naše kraje hudič. Gledal je šembiljo in mu je kanilo v glavo, da bi dirkal z njo. Pričakal jo je enkrat tam pri Bitnji. Najprej je tekel vzporedno s konji. Potlej se je zavihtel, skočil na šembiljo, vzela dolgi bič in začel bičati ognjene konje. Konji so podivjali, šembilja je drla dol po dolini. Naredila je globok kanal in po tistem kanalu je začela teči Reka. Dobila je novo strugo. Kanal, ki ga je rila šembilja, je bil globok. Od Škofelj dol je bil globok več kot sto metrov. Pod Škocjanom so konji vzleteli v zrak. Hudič jih je mlatil po hrbtih, zato so se zapodili spet dol proti reki. Kar zavrtinčili so se in naredili veliko okroglo jamo Okroglo.

Šembilja se je hotela znebiti hudiča, zato je prevrtala v skale velik tunel. Ma hudič se je držal za šembiljo in ni padel dol.

Tako je šembilja prerila skale in prišla ven tam pri morju. Za njeno sledjo je drla reka. Hudič je pri dirki neznansko užival. Zato je vedno, ko je šla šembilja na pot po opravkih, sedel nanjo in dirkal. Tam pri Škocjanu jo je hudič usmeril noter v jamo in je dirkal vse do peklenskih vrat.

Pripovedko zapisala Jasna Majda Peršolja,
objavljeno v zbirki ljudskih pravce *Škocjanski kaplanci*
(2006).

How the Škocjan Cave Came Into Being

It used to be very different around here. From the mountains of Brkini and Vremščica overflowing streams flew into a surging river that ran through the valley. Beginning at Mt Snežnik, its bed travelled across Gabrk and down past the village of Povirje to the whole region of the Karst, finally emptying into the Adriatic Sea. Because of the river's abundant waters it was given the name *Reka*—river.

In those days a wondrous chariot, *shembilia*, was driven through this part of the country. A strong, metal *shembilia* would race through the Vremska valley every day, pulled by fiery black horses, whizzing past the village like a thunderbolt. The breath of the horses was pure fire. Day after day, year after year, century after century, *shembilia* would dart along the same path, sparks flying from beneath her wheels and from under the horses' hooves. People would rush off the road, trembling in fear before she flew past them. After she had passed the village, they would hardly dare return to the road. And yet *shembilia* had never harmed anyone. If she did happen to meet someone in the street, the horses would fly up into the sky and over that person.

But one day the devil came to our part of the world. Seeing *shembilia*, he got the idea to race with her. He waited for her at the village of Bitnja. First he ran side by side the horses, then swung and leaped onto her, and with a long whip he began lashing the fiery horses. The horses went wild, and *shembilia* raced down the valley, carving a deep channel, where the Reka began to flow, creating a still deeper bed. From Škoflje down it was over a hundred meters deep. At the foot of the village of Škocjan the horses flew up into the sky. Lashing them, the devil made them race back towards the river. They wheeled round forming a big circular cave *Okroglica*. *Shembilia* wanted

to lose the devil, so she drilled a vast tunnel right through the rocks to the other side and into the sea. In the wake of her tracks gushed the river. The devil loved to race, so whenever he saw *shembilia* race, he would sit on her and ride along. When they came to Škocjan, he directed her into the cave and raced with her all the way to hell's gates.

From from the local oral lore, written down by Jasna Majda Peršolja.

Translated by Ana Jelnikar and Barabara Siegel Carlson.



Seznam dosedanjih udeležencev na delavnici Zlati čoln

The List of Participants at The Golden Boat Workshop

2003 – Lipica

Alexandra Büchler (Velika Britanija/UK), Ana Jelnikar (Slovenija/Slovenia), Gearóid Mac Lochlainn (Irsko/Ireland), Iztok Osojnik (Slovenija/Slovenia), Barbara Pogačnik (Slovenija/Slovenia), Víctor Sunyol (Francija/France), Kirmen Uribe (Baskija, Španija/Basque, Spain)

2004 – Lipica

Alexandra Büchler (Velika Britanija/UK), Merreid Puw Davies (Wales), Ana Jelnikar (Slovenija/Slovenia), Iztok Osojnik (Slovenija/Slovenia), Luis de Paor (Irsko/Ireland), Helena Sinervo (Finska/Finland), Barbara Pogačnik (Slovenija/Slovenia), Stephen Watts (Velika Britanija/UK)

2005 – Lipica

Anna Aguilar Amat (Katalonija/Catalonia), Linda Maria Baros (Romunija/Romania), Patrick Beurard-Valdoye (Francija/France), Boris Biletić (Hrvaška/Croatia), Alexandra Büchler (Velika Britanija/UK), Barbara Siegel Carlson (ZDA/USA), Jānis Elsbergs (Latvija/Latvia), Magdalena Horvat (Makedonija/Macedonia), Ana Jelnikar (Slovenija/Slovenia), Esther Kinsky (Nemčija, Velika Britanija/Germany, UK), Taja Kramberger (Slovenija/Slovenia), Iztok Osojnik (Slovenija/Slovenia), Barbara Pogačnik (Slovenija/Slovenia), Primož Repar (Slovenija/

Slovenija), Stanislava Repar (Slovaška, Slovenija/Slovakia, Slovenija), Drago Braco Rotar (Slovenija/Slovenia), Tomasz Różycki (Poljska/Poland), Fiona Sampson (Velika Britanija/UK), Merja Virolainen (Finska/Finland)

2006 – Škočjan

Primož Čučnik (Slovenija/Slovenia), Barbara Siegel Carlson (ZDA/USA), Andreja Ercigoj (Slovenija/Slovenia), Jouni Inkala (Finska/Finland), Maria Jastrzębska (Poljska, Velika Britanija/Poland, UK), Ana Jelnikar (Slovenija/Slovenia), Miklavž Komelj (Slovenija/Slovenia), Vlado Kreslin (Slovenija/Slovenia), Christophe Lamiot Enos (Francija/France), John O'Donoghue (Velika Britanija/UK), Iztok Osojnik (Slovenija/Slovenia), Barbara Pogačnik (Slovenija/Slovenia), Simona Popescu (Romunija/Romania), Magdalena Svetina Terčon (Slovenija/Slovenia)

2007 – Škočjan

Antonella Anedda (Italija/Italy), Ketaki Kushari Dyson (Indija, Velika Britanija/India, UK), Richard Jackson (ZDA/USA), Ana Jelnikar (Slovenija/Slovenia), Riina Katajavouri (Finska/Finland), Zlatko Kaučič (Slovenija/Slovenia), Barbara Korun (Slovenija/Slovenia), Jamie McKendrick (Velika Britanija/UK), Aleš Mustar (Slovenija/Slovenia), Iztok Osojnik (Slovenija/Slovenia), Aleksander Peršolja (Slovenija/Slovenia)

2008 – Škočjan

David Brooks (Avstralija/Australia), Teja Pribac Brooks (Avstralija, Slovenija/Australia, Slovenija), Lidija Dimkovska (Makedonija, Slovenija/Macedonia, Slovenija), Veronika Dintinjana (Slovenija/Slovenia), Maria Jastrzębska (Poljska,

Velika Britanija/Poland, UK), Ana Jelnikar (Slovenija/Slovenia), Ciaran O'Driscoll (Irska/Ireland), Iztok Osojnik (Slovenija/Slovenia), Ana Pepelnik (Slovenija/Slovenia), Bert Pribac (Slovenija/Slovenia), Aki Salmela (Finska/Finland)

2009 – Škočjan

David Brooks (Avstralija/Australia), Tatjana Jamnik (Slovenija/Slovenia), Martina Komárková (Češka/Czech Republic), Hana Kovač – filmska snemalka in fotografinja/film maker & photographer (Slovenija/Slovenia), Jani Kovačič (Slovenija/Slovenia), Kelly Lenox (ZDA/USA), Michele Obit (Italija/Italy), Iztok Osojnik (Slovenija/Slovenia), Ksenija Premur (Hrvaška/Croatia), Tone Škrjanec (Slovenija/Slovenia), Johanna Velho (Finska/Finland), Mark Whelan (Irska/Ireland)

2010 – Škočjan

Agnieszka Będkowska-Kopczyk (Poljska/Poland), Bojan Breclj – fotograf/photographer (Slovenija/Slovenia), John Davies (Velika Britanija/UK), Ineke Holzhaus (Nizozemska/Netherlands), Vilja-Tuulia Huotarinen (Finska/Finland), Ville Hytönen (Finska/Finland), Tatjana Jamnik (Slovenija/Slovenia), Milan Jesih (Slovenija/Slovenia), Michał Kopczyk (Poljska/Poland), Hana Kovač – filmska snemalka/movie maker (Slovenija/Slovenia), Tina Kozin (Slovenija/Slovenia), Tahir Mujičić (Hrvaška/Croatia), Roberto Nassi (Italija/Italy), Iztok Osojnik (Slovenija/Slovenia), Radharani Pernarčič (Slovenija/Slovenia), Paul Polansky (ZDA/USA), Knute Skinner (Irska/Ireland), Irena Šťastná (Češka/Czech Republic), Willem van Toorn (Nizozemska/Netherlands), Cristina Vitti (Italija/Italy), Stephen Watts (Velika Britanija/UK)

2011 – Škočjan

Alja Adam (Slovenija/Slovenia), Tomáš Derka (Slovaška/Slovakia), Esa Hirvonen (Finska/Finland), Jonáš Hájek (Češka/Czech Republic), Martina Hefter (Nemčija/Germany), Tatjana Jamnik (Slovenija/Slovenia), Dražen Katunarić (Hrvaška/Croatia), Jan Kuhlbrodt (Nemčija/Germany), Catherine Phil MacCarthy (Irska/Ireland), Phil MacCarthy (Irska/Ireland), Ciaran O'Driscoll (Irska/Ireland), Iztok Osojnik (Slovenija/Slovenia), Isabella Panfido (Italija/Italy), William Pitt Root (ZDA/USA), Špela Sevšek Šramel (Slovenija/Slovenia), Marjan Strojjan (Slovenija/Slovenia), Slavo Šerc (Slovenija, Nemčija/Slovenia, Germany), Jana Šnytová (Češka/Czech Republic), Amir Talić (Bosna in Hercegovina/Bosnia and Herzegovina), Rozália Vlasková (Slovaška/Slovakia), Katarína Téglassyová (Slovaška/Slovakia), Pamela Uschuk (ZDA/USA), Rozália Vlasková (Slovaška/Slovakia)

ŠKOCJANSKE PESMI

THE ŠKOCJAN POEMS



ALJA ADAM

Rojena 1976 v Ljubljani. Diplomirala je iz primerjalne književnosti in sociologije kulture, leta 2007 pa na isti fakulteti doktorirala s področja ženskih študij in feministične literarne teorije. Poezijo je objavljala v najpomembnejših slovenskih literarnih revijah. Objavila je tri pesniške zbirke: *Zaobljenost* (2003), *Zakaj bi omenjala Ahila* (2008) in dvojezično zbirko *La danza del mandorlo/Ples mandljevca*. Poezijo pogosto povezuje z drugimi umetniškimi formami – s plesom, videoperformansi in elektronsko glasbo. Dela kot raziskovalka na Inštitutu za razvoj in strateške analize (IRSA) v Ljubljani.

Born 1976 in Ljubljana. She holds degrees in Comparative Literature and Sociology of Culture and the Ph.D. in Women's Studies and Feminist Theory. Her poetry has been included in most important Slovenian literary magazines, international publications and anthologies. She published 3 books of poetry *Zaobljenost* (Roundness, 2003), *Zakaj bi omenjala Ahila* (*Why mention Achilles*, 2008), and *La danza del mandorlo/Ples mandljevca*. She often represents her poetry together with other art forms – with dance, video and electronic music. She is working as a researcher at the Institute for developmental and strategic analysis (IRSA) in Ljubljana.

Prikazni, proti koncu poletja

Drug na drugega se lepimo kot muhe.
Sonce je še vedno močno in
naše glasilke so otečene,
rdeče kot prezreli paradižniki z njive.

Vse kar si izrečemo, se zdi hermetično,
zaprto v ogrado kakor ovce.
Trenutki so težki. Po hribu navzgor porivamo
samokolnico polno zemlje. Pasji mladiči so pripeti na seske.

Šele naslednji dan pijemo svežino.
Košare polnimo s sadjem: s figami, robidami, melonami
in breskvami. Vsega je na pretek. Tudi vetra.
Bela vrečka lebdi nad tlemi:
majhen duh, ki straši na prazni cesti.

BARBARA SIEGEL CARLSON

Rojena 1957. Pesnica, prevajalka, učiteljica in docentka. Živi v državi Massachusetts v ZDA. Njene pesmi so bile objavljene v različnih revijah, med drugimi tudi v *Hayden's Ferry Review*, *Ashland Review*, *Poetry East* in *Birmingham Poetry Review*, objavila pa je tudi pesniško zbirko *Between This Quivering*. Z Ano Jelnikar sta prevedli in objavili pesmi Srečka Kosovela (*Look Back, Look Ahead*, 2010).

Born in 1957. She is a poet, translator, teacher and tutor living in Massachusetts in the USA. Her poems have been published in several journals including *Hayden's Ferry Review*, *Ashland Review*, *Poetry East* and *Birmingham Poetry Review*, and she has a chapbook of poems *Between This Quivering* (Coreopsis Press). With Ana Jelnikar she translated and published the poetry of the Slovene Srečko Kosovel (*Look Back, Look Ahead*, Ugly Duckling Press, 2010).

Impressions in Skocjan 2007, Golden Boat Poetry Workshop

Walking up and down the quiet village roads in Skocjan surrounded by hundreds of years old stone cottages, looking down into the darkness of the ravines, descending into the cave beneath the village, visiting the chapel of St. Helen with its 15th century frescoes depicting the journey and adoration of the Magi, I kept feeling as though I were exploring multitudinous layers of existence from the subterranean to the divine. Skocjan and the surrounding area with its mountains, caves, natural bridges, sink holes, buried artifacts, disappearing and reappearing rivers seemed to be the landscape of translation itself. I read in a guidebook of Skocjan how “major crumbling of the rock further increased the circulation of water and thus enabled the widening of the channels...the caverns grew larger as their walls and ceilings gradually collapsed and expanded upwards... a natural bridge remained.” From unfamiliar surfaces, this bridging, trading of visions, peering between the layers, discovering hidden vistas above and below. First we go blindly like the proteus feeling its way as it crawls through the darkness of unfamiliar language. But then we open words that give new passage to a vast silent room that is, in fact not silent but reverberating with the voices of other souls, friends, ourselves, and we are not in a cave but under the endless sky together.

This year’s Golden Boat translation group consisted of Rina Katajavouri from Finland, Jamie McKendrick from the UK, Katakishi Kushari Dyson from India and the UK, Antonella Anedda from Italy, Richard Jackson from the USA, Barbara Korun, Aleš Mustar, Zlato Kaučič, Iztok Osojnik and Ana Jelnicar from Slovenia. The group gathered each morning

at a picnic table beside the church at the top of the highest hill in the village. Each morning another person's work was discussed. Individual lines might be explained, intentions clarified. The discussions raised issues not only about translation, but about the nature of language itself and how certain words understood one way in one language has quite a different association in another. For instance, in Slovene *človek* (man) is synonymous with human, but if you use this English it comes across as gender biased. Ketaki explains how in Bengali there are at least five different words for whiteness, each one carrying a different story, history, almost a symphony of meaning. Bengali words are like metamorphic rocks layered constantly shifting meanings. Her hands sway as she speaks gesturing how concepts about metaphysics and Hindu concepts are imbedded in the language, so there are different levels of reality moving through at any given time that is part of the content. This makes it almost impossible to convey in English. One of Rina's poems includes a child's clapping game that is translated into English as "pat-a-cake." She questions this because it brings in the image of a cake or kneading dough, which is not part of the original. We learn that the words for throat and cucumber are the same in Finnish.

The conversations shift from language to culture. Iztok believes the largest lab in Slovenia is called culture, and people are not investing in it enough, that at times in the past when Rina traveled to warmer countries her cheeks hurt from smiling.

"Does it echo back to the moon?" This is a question Richard Jackson asks Antonella about her poem "Nocturnal." The poem contains the idea of the moon translated across the sky;

it's about the mystery of translation. There are several images for the state of mind when you're translating. It's an enigma, a table, a sheet, air, music, a cubist painting. Though it sounds all good in Italian, it doesn't coalesce in English. If in America, we might associate light with moonlight. The light in the poem is more like human light. You divide lights into the good and the bad. It's about the nature of light. There's hell-light in the Inferno, but then Dante comes out into starlight. What makes a translation fascinating is the impossibility of getting it into English. Like Trakl's words have intense associations in German; like color invested with a poisonous aspect. The words are all freighted. This is the case in every language. There are undercurrents of associations that link and you have to find an equivalent linking in the target language.

This is why literal translation just doesn't work. To translate is to enter into the mentality and emotional landscape of the poem where words don't mean exactly what they're saying but something different. There is something gained in your language. It nourishes the target language.

I imagine everyone lives on a separate island. Translation becomes a boat transporting us to each other's islands. We are in the boat gliding through the seawater. Without translation we would stay on our separate island in silence. We would be all be perpetual strangers. Translation keeps the channels between people and cultures fresh with life. It keeps the language open and flowing with freshness. Without translation we would be in a house with all the windows and doors sealed. We would be living on islands alone. We would be caged animals in the zoo. All language is translation of our perceptions from the unsayable. Translation attempts to

create bridges between the unsayable and the known, between languages and cultures.

The boat is gold because of the richness of the ore found in the earth, but also for the light that comes from the surrounding reflection of the sun on the water. It does not produce that gold on its own. With translation we expand our understanding of other individuals and cultures. It is more than reading. It is more than listening. It's a kind of shared being.

As I visited the Skocjan cave I saw this vast underground world that exists beneath all surfaces. It makes me constantly aware of the hidden passages that exist in all nature. We are always traveling through our inner channels, walking across bridges over deep underground rivers. Walking through a cave in a group is like translating. We are together in the darkness with a little bit of light, awed by the strange formations on the ceilings and floors. We are inside the earth, inside another world with its own rules and grammars, its unique landscape and reality. We are visitors who should leave no visible trace of our being there, but perhaps a trace that can be perceived on another level. Our striving to find our own words to convey the experience changes what we may focus on as we gaze and listen to the deep spaces speaking without words.

Later we walked the trail to St. Helen's small rural chapel. We stepped inside the Romanesque church filled with frescoes – all of us were awed. The journey of the magi seemed personal, quietly revealed in all the details from the divine to the commonplace. There was the extinct bird portrayed, the butt end of the horses, the expressions on the faces of the kings and on Mary holding the crucified Jesus. This seemed like another metaphor for translation. A diverse group of

people had stepped into another boat, into an ancient spiritual place that still carried the inner glow of the common spirit in the detailed vision of the artist from the year 1490.

When I heard Barbara Korun and Zlatko Kaučič perform the Kosovel poems, I thought it was yet another metaphor for translation. Zlatko expresses his emotional engagement through sound and vibration. He uses his voice through drums, wind chimes, common steel bowls and cymbals to create an aural emotional experience. We have Kosovel's poems that resonate deep in our psychic lives and he creates a tapestry of sound in the rhythms and tones. Barbara loves Kosovel for his diversity. She believes Slovenians identify him with the nature of Slovenia as a country: a combination of passion, energy, avant-garde, but also a peasant, of the Karst its chaotic rock formations, pine trees, strong winds, its heart and soul struggling with death and the green light of the cosmos.

An Equilibrium Test

When the technician poured air
into my ear I saw Holderlin
with his long matted hair.
He was climbing farther up the stairs
that were rattling behind him.

Everyone downstairs is blind
as the windows knock to the outside.
Out of this quiet room a vast hush grows,
my clothes tossed in a heap.

My eyes have melted into human stains,
my sweat smells like old lilies
beginning to ferment, but I shiver a little
for the ocean in my ear is alone
in a room without a shore, only the sun
is cracking through the blinds.

Holderlin loved the sun –
it seemed to fill his own abyss,
but now the air is roaring,
sputtering to a cold black sea.

My arms could be flames
trying to touch Holderlin. My heart
an ultraviolet wave rising to where he stood
without stairs, & in his madness saw
where the radiance at the core
might have led him where no
human love could.

I Cannot Say

Škocjan, Slovenia

“... if we lose our ruins we will be left with nothing...”

Zbigniew Herbert

River of rushing
holes in stone
under moss the hollows grow
wet, my insides
wet as the green slabs
I want to sleep with the green
oily secrets, arms
legs of the living language spreading
under the fort ruins
black as the cave's mouth
Who goes with you, after you?
Rises and falls
along ghostly lines
crumbled soul
alive by the molten flickers
you'll never be skin, petals of blood
your bone, your country
will never be found
I want to stay
lick the roots of time
under the dead leaves
the woods unheard
no water for this
unknown inside
word I cannot say
remains—I want to leave
myself with the blackness, the moss
that covers the rocks and roots—

killer with a voice
where there isn't any

Impossible Poem

This poem has no words to tell you
how it dreams itself off the page
and out of this book because
the page is already erased, and the book
is blank. Just as the room has no walls
to hold me here, the breathing inside
expands to the breathing outside, to the blind
voices of the crickets that keep resounding
through the lightest rain, their nests
always hidden, as the room you've filled
with books written in a language
you never speak out loud, only those words
are not silent but of the night urgent
with messages unsent. I am trying to hear you
sealed in my memory—there was a milk box
by the porch, but it rusted out the bottom,
and the key slipped away. There's this
trapdoor at the back of my throat you keep
falling through. I imagine you mute
in my subterranean heart looking up
from its crevasse to where this poem
is being devoured, even as it rises to the night
teeming with wings drawn like hieroglyphics,
but it's really the whirring that seems to cast
every second into another life. I can't tell
anymore the imagined from the vanished.

LIDIJA DIMKOVSKA

Rojena 1971 v Skopju. Pesnica, prozaistka, esejistka in prevajalka. Na Univerzi v Bukarešti je doktorirala iz romunske književnosti. Zaposlena je bila kot lektor makedonskega jezika na Univerzi v Bukarešti, zdaj pa kot prevajalka in svobodna pisateljica živi in dela v Ljubljani. Objavila je šest knjig poezije v makedonščini, slovenščini, romunščini in angleščini (*Potomec Vzhoda* (1992), *Ogenj črk* (1994), *Pogrizeni nohti* (1998), *Meta-visenje na meta-lipi*, *Nobel vs. Nobel* (2001), *Nikar jih ne budite s kladivi*), za katere je dobila vrsto mednarodnih nagrad. Enako velja tudi za njen prvi roman *Skrita kamera* (2000), ki je bil objavljen v makedonščini, slovenščini, slovaščini in poljščini. Njene pesmi so bile prevedene v 20 jezikov po celem svetu. Sodelovala je na številnih mednarodnih literarnih festivalih in rezidencah.

Born 1971 in Skopje. She is a poet, essayist, literary theoretician, translator. Graduated from the Faculty of Philology, Department of General and Comparative Literature. Gained her Doctoral Degree in Rumanian Literature at the Faculty of Philology in Bucharest. Worked as a lecturer in Macedonian language and literature at the Faculty of Philology in Bucharest, Romania. Author of six books of poetry, among others *Progenies of the East* (1992), *Fire of Letters* (1994), *Bitten nails* (1998), *Nobel vs. Nobel* (2001). Compiled the anthology *Twenty young Macedonian Poets* (2000). Published the novel *Hidden Camera* (2000), awarded by the "Stale Popov" prize of the Macedonian Writers' Association. She is also a winner of "Studentski zbor" prize for best debut book. She lives and works in Ljubljana.

Балада за царскиот рез на животот

Во она време беше девојче што липа единствено по
месарот
кој накитен со пари и со јаболко во устата
заминува на доживотен меден месец
додека нејзиното куче на навивање
и` го растргнува ластикот на пижамите, но го свиткува
опашот
пред мечињата. Мечињата и ден-денес бранат А.-сексуална
територија.
Кога се капе мајка и` им вели на оние што ја бараат по
телефон
дека е во продавница, за да не ја замислуваат гола.
А во продавница голотијата е гума за цвакање наместо
кусур,
наопаку наврена влечка. За слободата во светот
пресудно е облекувањето. Во јавните гардероби
алиштата ги пробува сосе чевли. Нема неизвалкана
слобода.
Следниот пат кажи дека е во месарница. Дека виси на
ченгел
над пожелтениот весник со некролог на младоженец,
невеста и возач.
Претставникот на rent-a-car отрча по долгот во
мртвечница,
на излегување и` ги тутна в раце шпенадлите натопени во
крв,
а таа, наместо во инсектариум ги заби во срцето под
пижамите.
Само малку ја боцнаа, колку да го претрча паркот
пред да ја штупне за задник народниот херој од последната
војна.

Секоја зима одново и одново се враќа
со вжештена шипка по својот Снешко во дворот
за да му го продупчи срцето, но внимава
да не си го изгори капутот што не се наследува лесно.
Навечер не пали оган сè дури меурот не стане политички
орган
што бара посебен ТВ канал, роденденска свеќа
и пливање во пеперутка стил. Температурата на урината
е идеална за капење бебиња. На авенијата Лексингтон
проливот што го прокриумчари од Џерба
се слеваше во чевлите на неомженети *Misters' World*.
Три дена собарката во хотелот ја полеваше со вода,
но не расцвета. Електролитите ја прелетаа авенијата
и прскаа во прозорецот на *YU-SA Company* од
спротивната зграда.
Чистачката му го тргна столот на заспаниот шеф,
отрча во подземната железница и на последната станица
срцето и` препукна од смеа, а шефот, превртен како
лебарка,
цела ноќ сонуваше бебешки фекалии.
И таа еднаш и` го беше тргнала столот на мајка си
за да седне до печката и да внимава на ножот со зелена
рачка
што премногу често го позајмуваше соседот отспротива.
Мајка и` првин плачеше, потоа си купи чоколада
и сама си ја изеде. На црвениот тепих пред рецепцијата
лежеа три џиновски гуштери од Ли Кунг Хо.
Оној со виљушки и ножеви во челуста
штракаше секогаш кога рецепционерката зборуваше на
шпански.
Ќй течеа црвени лиги. Пелените пропуштаа.
Време беше да си купи кукла со црна кожа.
Националните опинчиња да ги закачи за ретровизорот
за да можат да проодат во нив и сенките крај патот.

Од детскиот додаток мајка и` и` стави таванско прозорче
над лулката

за да може, кога е во грч, да ги зарие рацете во Бога.

На двегодишна возраст баба и` и` рече:

„Дете, не дај боже да станеш неранимајка дури мајка ти те
храни.“

На дваесетгодишна возраст си ја изеде мајка си печена за
Нова година.

На тригодишна возраст дедо и` и` рече:

„Дете, не дај боже да треба да одиш на лекар
за да те допре човечка рака“.

На триесетгодишна возраст закажа Папаниколау тест.

Братучетките им переа фармерки во корито
на братучеди од второ колено. А таа не знаеше да плива.

Само да нурка краул во селски бунар

без да сфати зошто Исус толку многу сака

да ја спасува пред потопот кога не беа ни блиски роднини
ни лекар и пациентка. На машките деца

курињата им паѓаа покосени од одречното *Не*

што го чуваше во кутиче за мониста.

Куќата и` пркосеше на приколката отаде оградата,

со кујнска жица си ги иструга лактите

и мазна како бронза заигра танго во паркот

со народниот херој од последната војна.

Љубовта се случи ненадејно, како Исусовото доаѓање на
земјата.

Девет месеци беше шише со затворац од шампањско

што мажот не можеше да го отвори со преголемите прсти.

Народните херои не туркаат количка со бебе, ни количка
со цемент,

ни количка од супермаркет, ни санка, ни косилка,

а маж што не турка количка не може да биде глава во
куќата.

Пред да роди, го распарчи шишето од неговата глава

и сфати: едно дете на љубовта се дополнителни 10 m² на земјата,
еден споменик на војната – дополнителен метар во земјата.
Воспаление на мускулите се добива
и од кревање раце кон Бога, од милување статуа,
не само од фотографирање Empire State Building.
И роди, со раце под главата, испружена во божји солариум,
зашто со царски рез раѓаат само царици под анестезија
први за да го видат бебето царевите,
царскиот рез е патријархално наследство,
првиот плач го слуша создателот, не родилката,
посредничка помеѓу Отецот и Синот како и Богородица,
жив сид помеѓу мажот од бронза и синајската болница.
Плачот на бебето беше земјотрес за време на кој
од козметичките салони истрчаа
бабички со лица во калапи од ботокс
од фризерниците гргнаа жени со глави под хауби
од забните ординации деца без шестки
од операциските сали мртвовци без органи
од интернет кафеата луѓе без лозинки.
Никој не се врати назад, само народниот херој.
Од породилното одделение ја отпуштија
на третиот ден, за да можат трите наречници
да ги пречекаат зад хотелската врата
со безбол-палки и мерач на бронза во крвта.
Ова бебе го чека all inclusive живот, и` шепна собарката,
ТВ-каналите пееја „царице небесна, царице прелестна“,
а потоа цели четириесет дена
пред собата бр. 1012
стоеше џиновски маж извајан во бронза
со мускули од кои гостите полудуваа од страст
и водеа љубов пред своите деца,
стоеше таткото како Јеховин сведок пред неа,
објаснуваше, толкуваше и со насмев чекаше

вратата да се измори од тресокот, клучалката од клучот,
окцето од пцостите сочни како домати,
срцето да и` нарасне како тесто за пица,
љубовта да се крене како пена во пивска чаша,
но на овој свет само народните херои имаат време,
а идеалните жени - преполни агенди,
матични клетки во банка и нобеловец на ноќната масичка.
Во тоа време беше само жена што се кикоти
на англиски хумор и на бебешко прсте
насочено ко стрела во мечето од пижамите,
божем вжештена шипка што рие во бронзено срце
душата ја топеше материјата, материјата душата.
Ме чеша десната рака, му велеше на бебето,
ја положуваше во тостерот и во 2 до 3 минути
во паралелните линии на дланката се испишуваше
нејзината
куса приказна. Бебето им стана здодевно на собарките,
постојано гили-гили, se-se, лази буба и ринге-ринге-раја,
се изморија и гостите со исушени усни од чепатење
со брчки-смејалки за бебе што никогаш не се смее,
само гледа и слуша и во него, како во шише на дрво
расте крушата на животот, се пои со сокови,
себството го дестилира, ја чека пролетта
за да го распарчи шишето, за да стане самостојно.
И не издржа пред свирчето што отскокна како камен во
алкохолот,
нуркаше, скокаше наглавечки,
играше со топка и пливаше голо,
додека таткото сè повеќе се смалуваше, а мајката се
зголемуваше.
Меѓу она и ова време стојат на штрек пресликани мечиња,
го бодрат детето што со последни сили ја испраќа мајка си
на ацилак
по пропаднатите царства, а татка си во топилница,

ги откажа сите all inclusive патувања
и испружено во креветчето со тврда душек за цврст сон
еве го, сонува преварени макарони што се топат в уста,
јазик што не бара преводи,
свет неначат од предци и потомци
и живот al dente, живот царски, царски.

Balada o carskem rezu življenja

Takrat je bila deklica, ki je hlipala samo za mesarjem,
ki se je nakiten z denarjem in jabolkom v ustih
odpravil na doživljenjske medene tedne,
medtem ko ji je njen mehanski kužek
raztrgal elastiko na pižami,
toda stisnil rep med noge pred medvedki.
Medvedki še dandanes varujejo A. – seksualno ozemlje.
Ko se kopa, njena mati reče tistim, ki jo kličejo po telefonu,
da je v trgovini, da si je ne bi zamišljali gole.
V trgovini pa je golota žvečilni gumi namesto drobiža,
narobe obut natikač. Za svobodo na svetu je usodno
oblačenje.
V javnih garderobah ona obleke pomerja v čevljih.
Ni brezmadežne svobode.
Naslednjič reci, da je v mesnici.
Da visi na kavljju, nad porumenelim časopisom z
osmrtnico za ženina, nevesto in voznika.
Predstavnik Rent-a-cara je stekel v mrtvašnico, da bi izterjal
dolg,
ko je odhajal, ji je v roke potisnil igle, pomočene v kri,
ona pa jih je namesto v insektarij zapičila v srce pod pižamo.
Samo malo so jo zbodle, dovolj, da je stekla čez park,
še preden jo je v zadnjico uščipnil narodni heroj iz zadnje

vojne.

Vsako zimo se vedno znova z razbeljeno palico vrača
k svojemu Snežaku na dvorišču,
da bi mu preluknjala srce, pri čemer pazi,
da si ne bi osmodila plašča, ki ga ne naslediš zlahka.
Zvečer ne zakuri ognja, vse dokler njen mehur ne postane
politični organ,
ki zahteva poseben TV-kanal, rojstnodnevno srečo in plavanje
v slogu metuljčka.

Temperatura urina je idealna za kopanje dojenčkov.

Na aveniji Lexington se je driska, ki jo je pretihotapila z
Djerbe,

zlila v čevlje neoženjenih Mistery World.

Tri dni jo je sobarica v hotelu polivala z vodo,

a ni zacvetela. Elektroliti so preleteli avenijo

in škropili okno YU – SA Company v stavbi nasproti.

Čistilka je spečemu šefu spodmaknila stol,

stekla do podzemne železnice in na zadnji postaji

ji je srce počilo od smeha, šef pa je kot na hrbet obrnjen ščurek
vso noč sanjal otroške iztrebke.

Tudi ona je enkrat spodmaknila stol svoji materi,

da bi se lahko usedla ob peči in pazila na nož z zelenim
ročajem,

ki si ga je prepogosto sposojal sosed, ki je živel nasproti.

Mati je najprej zajokala, potem si je kupila čokolado in jo
pojedla sama.

Na rdeči preprogi pri recepciji so ležali trije orjaški kuščarji
Lee Kyung Hoa.

Tisti z vilicami in noži v čeljustih je zasikal vsakič, ko je
receptorka govorila špansko.

Tekle so ji rdeče sline. Njene plenice so premočile.

Napočil je čas, da si kupi temnopolto punčko.

da obesi narodne opanke za vzvratno ogledalo,

da bi v njih lahko shodile tudi sence ob poti.

Z otroškim dodatkom je njena mati nad zibko postavila
strešno okno,
da bi lahko, ko jo zgrabi krč, roke zarila v Boga.
Ko je dopolnila dve leti, ji je njena babica rekla:
»Otrok, bog ne daj, da bi postala postopačka, ko še ješ
materin kruh.«
Ko jih je imela dvajset, je pojedla svojo mater, pečeno, na
silvestrovo.
Ko je imela tri leta, ji je dedek rekel:
»Otrok, bog ne daj, da bi morala k zdravniku,
da bi se te dotaknila človeška roka.«
Pri tridesetih se je naročila na PAP-test.
Sestrične so v koritih prale kavbojke bratrancem iz drugega
kolena.
Ona pa ni znala plavati.
Znala je samo kravl pod vodo v vaškem vodnjaku,
ne da bi razumela, zakaj jo Jezus tako rad rešuje
pred potopom, ko nista bila ne bližnja sorodnika in ne
zdravnik in pacientka.
Otrokom moškega spola so odpadli lulčki, ki jih je pokosil
odklonilni Ne,
ki ga je hranila v šatulji za koralde.
Hiša je izzivala prikolico na drugi strani ograje,
lahti si je zdrgnila z jekleno volno
in voljna kot bron zaplesala tango v parku
z narodnim herojem iz zadnje vojne.
Ljubezen se je zgodila nenadno, kot Jezusov prihod na zemljo.
Devet mesecev je bila steklenica z zamaškom za šampanjec,
ki ga mož s prevelikimi prsti ni mogel odpreti.
Narodni heroji ne potiskajo vozičkov z dojenčkom
in ne vozičkov s cementom,
pa tudi ne vozičkov v samopostrežbah, sani ali kosilnic,
mož, ki ne potiska vozička, pa ne more biti glava družine.
Preden je rodila, je steklenico raztreščila na njegovi glavi

in doumela: en otrok iz ljubezni pomeni dodatnih 10 m²
zemljišča,
en vojni spomenik – dodatni meter pod zemljo.
Vnetje mišic lahko dobiš tudi zaradi
dviganja rok proti Bogu, ali božanja kipa,
ne samo zaradi fotografiranja Empire State Buildinga.
In je rodila, z rokami pod glavo, raztegnjena v božjem solariju,
saj s carskim rezom rojevajo samo carice pod narkozo,
da bi carji prvi videli otroka,
carski rez je patriarhalna dediščina,
prvi jok zasliši spočetnik in ne roditeljica,
posrednica med Očetom in Sinom, kot Mati Božja,
živi zid med možem iz brona in sinajsko bolnišnico.
Otroški jok je bil potres v času,
ko so iz kozmetičnih salonov pritekale
babice z obrazi v kalupih Botoxa,
iz frizerskih salonov so se zgrnile ženske z glavami pod havbo,
iz zobnih ordinacij otroci brez šestec,
iz operacijskih dvoran mrličiči brez organov,
iz Internet caffejev ljudje brez gesel.
Nihče se ni vrnil nazaj, razen narodnega heroja.
S porodnega oddelka so jo odpustili
tretji dan, da bi jo lahko za hotelskimi vrati
pričakale tri rojenice
s palicami za baseball in merilcem brona v krvi.
Tega otroka čaka all-inclusive življenje,
ji je zašepetala sobarica,
TV-kanali so prepevali: »nebeška kraljica in celega sveta
Gospa«
in potem je celih štirideset dni
pred sobo št. 1012
stal orjaški možki iz brona
z mišicami, zaradi katerih se je gostom mešalo od strasti,
ljubili so se pred svojimi otroki,

pred njo je stal otrokov oče kot Jehova priča,
razlagal je, tolmačil in z nasmehom čakal,
da bi se vrata utrudila od loputanja, ključavnica od ključa,
kukalnik od kletvic, sočnih kot paradižniki,
da bi njeno srce shajalo kot testo za pico,
da bi se ljubezen dvignila kot pena v vrčku za pivo,
toda na tem svetu imajo čas samo narodni heroji,
idealne ženske – prepolne beležke,
matične celice v banki in nobelovec na nočni omarici.
Takrat je bila samo ženska, ki se zahihita
ob angleškemu humorju in dojenčkovemu prstu,
uperjenim proti medvedku na njeni pižami,
kot razbeljena palica, ki rije po bronastem srcu,
duša je topila materijo, materija dušo.
Srbi me desna roka, je govorila dojenčku,
jo dala v opekač za kruh in čez kakšni dve minuti
se je v vzporednih črtah na njeni dlani izpisala njena kratka
zgodba.
Sobaricam je dojenček postal dolgočasen,
ves čas buc-buc, ku-ku, biba leze in ringaraja,
utrudili so se tudi gostje z usti, izsušenimi zaradi spakovanja
s smejalnimi gubami zaradi otroka, ki se nikoli ne smeji,
ampak samo gleda in posluša in v njem kot v steklenici na
drevesu
raste hruška življenja, se prepaja s sokovi,
destilira sebstvo, čaka na pomlad,
da bi raztreščil steklenico in postal samostojen.
Ni se mogel upreti piščali, ki je kot kamen skočila v alkoholu,
potapljal se je, skakal na glavo,
se igral z žogo in plaval gol,
medtem ko se je oče vse bolj pomanjševal, mati pa povečevala.
Med tem in onim časom stojijo na preži poslikani medvedki,
bodrijo otroka, ki z zadnjimi močmi mater pospremi na
romanje

v propadla cesarstva, očeta pa v plavž,
odpovedal je vsa all-inclusive potovanja
in zleknjen na posteljici s trdo vzmetnico za trden spanec
lepo sanja razkuhane makarone, ki se topijo v ustih,
jezik, ki ne potrebuje prevoda,
svet, ki ga niso načeli predniki in potomci,
in življenje al dente, carsko, carsko.

Prevedel Aleš Mustar.

CIARAN O'DRISCOLL

Rojen leta 1943 v mestu Callan na Irskem. Je avtor devetih pesniških zbirk, med njimi knjige izbranih pesmi *Moving On, Still There: New and Selected Poems* (2001), zbirke *Surreal Man* (2006), dvojezične izdaje pesmi v navezi z Italijo *Vecchie Donne di Magione* (2006) in *Life Monitor* (2009). Leta 2001 je izšla knjiga njegovih otroških spominov *A Runner Among Falling Leaves*. Za svoje delo je prejel številna priznanja, nagrade in štipendije, med njimi James Joyce Literary Milenium Prize. Je član upravnega odbora mednarodnega pesniškega festivala Limerick. Živi in dela v Limericku na Irskem.

Born in Callan in 1943, and presently lives in Limerick. He has published 9 books of poetry including *Moving On, Still There: New and Selected Poems* (Dedalus Press, 2001) and more recently *Surreal Man*, a chapbook of 21 poems (Pighog, 2006), *Vecchie Donne di Magione*, a dual language edition of poems in an Italian setting (Volumnia Editrice, 2006), and *Life Monitor* (Thre Spires Press, 2009). In 2001, Liverpool University Press published his childhood memoir, *A Runner Among Falling Leaves*. He has won a number of awards for his work, including the James Joyce Literary Milenium Prize and a Bursary in Literature from the Arts Council/An Chomhairle Ealaíon, and the Patrick and Katherine Kavanagh Fellowship in Poetry.

In The Karst

(Golden Boat Workshop, Skocjan, 2008)

Morning of wind and clouds and stinging nettles,
Of pines and limestone's dizzying falls,
Wild chicory, orange lily, the smoke bush
Plotting its riot of winter flames.

How irresistible is your body now,
Bathing in a pool of the Reka River
Or walking to a free translator's dinner
Through homesteads honoured as towns by roadside names

Or sitting sun-kissed on a ledge of rock,
A Buddha showered with sunlit leaves?
How taken are you by the beauties here
In a landscape of sinkholes and abysses?

One calls you by your name and suddenly
A transient poet is at ease,
Morning a mottled light on water and stone
as the river enters the cave, then disappears.

Na Krasu

(Delavnica Zlati čoln, Škocjan 2008)

Vetrovno jutro, oblaki in pekoče koprive
Med bori in vrtoglavimi apnenčastimi pečinami
Divja cikorija, oranžne lilije, puhasti ruj,
ki se tiho pripravlja na zimski požar.

Kako privlačno je tvoje telo

po kopanju v tolmunu reke Reke,
ko počasi odhajaš na zastonjsko večerjo prevajalcev
mimo kmetij, ki jih znaki ob cesti častijo kot mesta

ali ko te na skalnem pragu otipava sonce,
Buda pod prho padajočega listja?
Kako globoko te je prevzela tukajšnja lepota
v deželi vrtač in tihih brezen?

Nekdo te pokliče po imenu in pesnik
na obisku je nenadoma pripravljen.
Jutro, pisana svetloba na vodi in kamenju,
med katerim reka zdrsne in ponikne v temo.

Prevedel Iztok Osojnik.

INEKE HOLZHAUS

Rojena 1951. Živi v Amsterdamu. Dela kot igralka in gledališka režiserka, za nizozemski nacionalni radio pripravlja oddaje o literaturi in bere nizozemske prevode tujih avtorjev na mednarodnih pesniških festivalih v Rotterdamu in Maastrichtu. Napisala je tudi veliko dram in radijskih iger ter uči ustvarjalno pisanje v Holandiji, Veliki Britaniji, Belgiji in Južni Afriki. Poezijo prevaja iz italijanščine, angleščine in nemščine. Objavila je več knjig poezije, nazadnje *Hond in Pompei*, *Tegenlicht and Elektra* in *bij Wagner & van Santen*.

Born 1951. She works as an actress and director in the theatre and makes radio-programmes about literature for Dutch National Radio Broadcasting. During many years she read the Dutch translations of poetry at International poetry festivals like Rotterdam and Maastricht. She wrote plays and radio-scripts and teaches creative-writing in the Netherlands, Belgium, England and South-Africa. She translates plays and poetry from English, German and Italian into Dutch. Books of poetry by Ineke Holzhaus: *Hond in Pompei*, *Tegenlicht and Elektra*, and *bij Wagner & van Santen*.

Skocjan

Ik ging luisteren naar de Reka
hoe het hem ging na de regen

hij bruiste zich de grot in waar we
gisteren nog in hoge kamers zwegen
achter voiles van sediment
onvast van woorden en wijn.

Dante en Euridice liepen mee
naar het sopraangroen van de uitgang
vrienden voor het leven.

Nu wilde het water zonder ons
tegen de wanden
bulderen wild en alleen zijn.

Skocjan

I went to listen to the Reka
how it felt after the rain

it fizzed itself into the cave where only
yesterday we kept silent in the high
chambers, behind veils of sediment
unstable from words and wine.

Dante and Euridice walked along
to the soprano-green of the exit
forever friends.

Now the water longed to roar
up against the walls
without us wild and be alone.

RICHARD JACKSON

Rojen 1946. Je avtor desetih knjig pesmi, med njimi: *Resonance* (2010) in *Half Lives: Petrarchan Poems* (2004). Njegova poezija je prevedena v petnajst jezikov. Izdal je dve antologiji slovenske poezije: *The Fire Under the Moon* in *Double Vision: Four Slovenian Poets* (1993), ureja edicijo Eastern European Chapbook ter literarni reviji *Poetry Miscellany* in *Mala Revija*. Objavil je več knjig esejistike. Napisal je vrsto esejev o slovenskih pesnikih. Leta 2000 ga je predsednik Republike Slovenije odlikoval z Redom svobode za literarno in humanitarno delo na Balkanu. Dobil je vrsto nagrad in štipendij za poezijo.

Born 1946. His ten books include *Resonance* (2010) (Eric Hoffer Award), and *Half Lives: Petrarchan Poems* (2004). His work has been translated in fifteen languages. He has edited two anthologies of Slovene poetry and edits an Eastern European chapbook series, magazine *Poetry Miscellany* and literary journal *Mala Revija*. He is also the author of two book of criticism and has appeared in *The Best American Poems*, among other collections. He was awarded the Order of Freedom Medal by the President of Slovenia, and has received fellowships from Guggenheim, Fulbright, Witter-Bynner, NEA, and NEH. In 2009 he won the AWP George Garret National Award for Teaching and Arts Advocacy.

Out Of Place

It takes a while for the moon to pull itself up
over the Karst hill planed down by the wind.
It doesn't suspect anything of the anvil of
clouds that will flatten it like so many lives here.
Darkness drips from the rooftop gutters.
No one bothers about the desperate echo
Of a hunter's gun coming up from the woods.
No one here wants to remember the war.
The few last birds abandon the telephone wire.
It's a remorseful moon that spreads out
like milk over the pasture. The horses there
have not come in and are still chewing on
the sweet karst grass. No matter what language
the owl speaks, there is no answer that satisfies us.
A few last bits of conversation circle each other
like dying stars. Our words are geodes.

On the other side of this page the moon is held
in the ribs of the sky. Around the two horses
the palm print of a cloud seems to press down
on the stalks, and they follow it as if it were
a call to move. One is white, the other gray,
a metaphor for the two-tone cloud above them.
It's on this side that the moon becomes the heart.
It's there that you become the late hawk riding
a wind that has come from beyond the moonrise,
become a tiny shadow of a field mouse among
the twigs waiting to scamper back to its burrow
as well as the hawk itself, become grass, horse,
shadow, part of the swoop where the mouse
has been lifted up, becoming sky. It's on that

side that I remember that all our skies are
inside us. All our worlds are self portraits.

Skocjan, Slovenia

TATJANA JAMNIK

Rojena 1976. Je pesnica, prevajalka, urednica in založnica. Piše poezijo in kratko prozo, objavila je pesniško zbirko *Brez* (2009). Preživlja se s prevajanjem češke in poljske literature (priznanje za najboljšega mladega prevajalca 2009), urejanjem in lektoriranjem leposlovja ter poučevanjem slovenščine kot drugega/tujega jezika. Je predsednica Kulturno-umetniškega društva Polica Dubove. Leta 2011 se je skupaj z Barbaro Korun pridružila pobudi Taje Kramberger in soustanovila mednarodno literarno nagrado KONS.

Born 1976. She is a poet, translator, editor and a publisher. She writes prose and poetry, she published a book of poetry *Brez* (Without, 2009). She works as a translator of Czech and Polish literature (best young translator award 2009), editor and proof-reader, and teacher of Slovene as a foreign/second language. She is the chair of the Cultural-Artistic Association of Polica Dubova. In 2011, together with Barbara Korun, she joined the initiative of Taja Kramberger and co-founded the International Literary Award KONS.

Škocjanske stene

Zapustila bom stezice onega kraja
bolezni imaginarnih rekel
srčnih pesti
levih strasti
brez poslanstva izvira
raza
piše konvencionalnosti
brezsrčnost temnih noči
ki se skriva za ledom časti
in pogled, ki me ne doseže in me noče
doseči, ker se me ne tiče
tako so mi pojasnili – proza življenja
zadrta kolebnica, iz nje pa rase
nič
Berem podtaknjence, nekateri nimajo časa
za vsakdanja opravila
očitki, očitki
oči
zmrzal, srež, srh in konec
ki prihaja v brbotanju
odriv, ampak tebe stran, mene stran
stena
besede ne zvenijo več, tako pritlehne so
in en način – v vsem videti dobro
in drug način – v vsem iskati slabo (odločiti se
za konec še pred Koncem)
se pravzaprav ne razlikujeta:
prvi rabi veliko prepričevanja samega sebe, drugi
pa tudi
Kadar ne moreš zaviti levo, zavij desno
in kadar preveč boli hrbet, enostavno

skreni s poti in stopi nad prepad
in glej te
stene
Dihajo
v pekel
ven

MARIA JASTRZĘBSKA

Rojena 1953 v Varšavi in odrasla v Londonu. Je avtorica štirih pesniških zbirk: *Postcards From Poland, Home From Home* (2002), *Syrena* (2004), *I'll Be Back Before You Know It* in *Everyday Angels* (2009). Sourednica štirih antologij, mdr. *Poljskega foruma žensk*. Njene pesmi so prevedene v poljščino, japoščino, slovenščino, romunščino in uvrščene v številne antologije. Iz poljščine je v angleščino prevedla več knjig kratkih zgodb. Leta 2009 je za svoje delo prejela mednarodno literarno nagrado Off_Press. Leta 2011 je v okviru festivala Lewes Live Literature s svojo gledališko igro *Dementia Diaries* gostovala po vsej Angliji. Živi in dela v Brightonu.

Born 1953 in Warsaw, Poland, and came to England as a child. She has an honours degree in Developmental Psychology. Her recent poetry collections include '*Postcards From Poland And Other Correspondences*' (Working Press), '*Home From Home*' (Flarestack 2002), '*Syrena*' (Redbeck Press 2004) and *Everyday Angels* (Waterloo Press 2009). She has co-edited four anthologies, for instance *Forum Polak – Polish Women's Forum, Poetry South* and others. Her poems have been widely published in magazines, placed in exhibitions and anthologised. She has had several translations of short stories published and some of her own work has been translated into Japanese, Romanian, Slovenian and Polish. She won the Off_Press International Writing Competition in 2009. Her drama *Dementia Diaries* has been on national tour with Lewes Live literature throughout 2011. She lives and works in Brighton.

Karst Trail

Which way is everything here pointing?
Down? Towards the red earth
where purple clumps of a few
cyclamen grow in the moss and rock?

There's no sign painted, no fence.
Down those sudden, sheer drops,
skin grazed against rock, deeper still
to dark indigo water roaring below?

Or is it up? To the tops of birches
shaking, beyond the steeple, higher
where buzzards loop, passing
one another as if life were a game?

Pushing up to the light till the air
becomes dew, as if the sky by itself
knew how to fall into the earth's
open arms, sky and river mingling?

And you my darling, did you
get a clear view? Are we moving
forward or back? Is it true
there's no difference?

Sinkhole

Just a slight
movement - tap
of a moth's black

wing on your shoulder.
Even on July days
your mind
can slip

down into
whiteness between
rock and more
rock streaked
with the orange
salt of old
tears among spiders
and bats till no
light is left and angels
themselves couldn't
hold you up.

Tourist

A scorpion is in my apartment.
Smaller than I imagined.

Hiding inside the wooden
door frame, it's the colour of mud.

It must have climbed down
the vine to cross the threshold.

Never one for being rescued,
I am uncertain what to do.

My *gospodar* passing, pulls off
his shoe to kill it.

There's still a moment left.
If it wasn't for the thought

of its sting, 'Hurry' I'd mime,
one foreigner to another.

RIINA KATAJAVUORI

Rojena leta 1968 v Helsinkih. Objavila je pet pesniških zbirk: *Varkaan kirja* (Knjiga lopova, 1992), *Kuka puhuu* (Kdo govori, 1994), *Painoton tila* (Breztežni prostor, 1998), *Koko tarina* (Cela zgodba, 2001) in *Kerttu ja Hannu* (Metka in Janko, 2007). Leta 1999 je objavila roman *Hevikimmat* (Hevimetalke), leta 2002 knjigo za otroke *Pentin aprillipäivä* (Penti in prvi april), svoj drugi roman *Lahjat* (Darila), leta 2006 zbirko kratkih zgodb *Kirjeita Jekaterinburgiin* in novo knjigo za otroke *Pentti Kanariansaarilla* (Penti na Kanarskih otokih). Prevedla je vrsto pesnikov, med drugim Margaret Atwood, Johna Ashberyja in Shamshada Abdullajeva iz Uzbekistana.

Born 1968 in Helsinki. Riina Katajavuori's first collection of poems *Varkaan kirja* (The Book of a Thief) appeared in 1992. Since that she has published five collections of poems, *Kuka puhuu* (Who's Talking, 1994), *Painoton tila* (Weightless Space, 1998) and *Koko tarina* (The Whole Story, 2001) and *Kerttu ja Hannu* (Gretel and Hans, 2007). She has also written two novels: *Hevikimmat* (Heavy Metal Chicks) was published in 1999 and *Lahjat* (Gifts, 2004), which is about the aspects of motherhood. She also writes short stories and books for children. She has translated poems from the Scottish poet Aonghas MacNeacail, poems from the Canadian author Margaret Atwood, from the American poet John Ashbery and poems from Shamshad Abdullajev from Uzbekistan.

Luolatko kylmiä? Niissä ei ole kesää mutta ei talveakaan. Lämpötila pysyy aina samana, ilma on kostea, mikä seikka hyödyttää eliöstöä. Olio on vahamainen ja vaaleankelmeä, pitkä keskivartalo, neljä jalkaa, punaiset korvat. Se nostaa kuonoaan kuin sokean kissanpennun ja käärmeen risteytys. Pырstö on melamainen, olemus mutkalla. Mielelläni peruisin koko tämän alaspäinviettävän Haadeksen-matkan, mutta käytävä takanani on kapea ja matala ja täynnä sellaista väkeä, joka tahtoo perille, maksoi mitä maksoi. Pääni yläpuolella hipsii kusenvärinen juoksujalkainen kaikilla neljälläkymmenelläkahdeksalla jalallaan. Tahdon tappaa sen heti.

Mitä me tiedämme? Tieto alkaa epäilemisestä, kuten runous. Miksi runoilijat runoilevat, kun parhaita runoilijoita olisivat matemaatikot, otetaan vaikka alkuluvut, niiden määrittelemisen, ilmaisun täsmällisyys. Puhumattakaan äärettömyydestä, ellipseistä, soikioharpeista. Jos runous olisi ajattelemista/ajattelua, matemaatikot ja fyysikot olisivat parhaita runoilijoita. Jos runoudessa olisi parhainta, parhain runoilija olisi Kopernikus, Giordano Bruno, Galilei.

Kuuntelin äänimaisemaa, olin kaukana omasta paloasemataajuudestani. Olen kadottanut äänimuistiinpanot, mutta oli paljon kun pani silmät kiinni ja makasi kivisellä

mereen menevällä lastauslaiturilla tai vastaavalla. Yksi karitsa oli hukannut äitinsä tai äiti oli äänekkäästi komentava ja sitä vuoropuhelua kuuntelin pitkään. Meri jyrskyi pohjoispuolella saarta eri tavalla kuin olin luullut. Linnuilla oli kolmia nimiä: valtakielellä, paikallismurteella ja suomeksi, joten kaikki oli epäselvää, merikihut, lunnit, selkälokit, haahkat ja osasin minä arvostaa vaikka se oli ei-käsitteellistä kaikki koska ei ollut oikeita sanoja/nimiä enkä tuntenut lajeja, voiko sitten riittävästi sisäistää/arvostaa jos ei ole mitään sanastoa tai käsikirjaa tai lintukirjaa asioille.

2,725 astetta

Pitkään on maailma jäähtynyt, alkuräjähdyksessä kaikinut, avaruus laajentunut. Sitä ennen mustat aukotko yhtyivät rajusti. Ikuisuus on määre, jota kehämäiset universumit hiplaaavat. Räjähdyksen kajo havaittiin, mitattiin ja punnittiin kuin vauvanräpäle, mutta gravitonit piileskelevät piileskelemistään tässä imemisen ja jakaantumisen ja painovoima-aaltojen kuurupiilossa. Painovoima pudottaa ihmisen kaivoon. Kaivon pohjalta voi kurkistaa toiseen maailmaan. Kaivon pohjalta voi löytyä muistijälkiä ajan tuolta puolen.

Matemaatikko puhuu alkuluvuista, lääkäri alkueläimistä, etnofuturologi alkukodista, antropologi alkuihmisestä, kirjallisuudentutkija alkusoinnuista, kosmologi alkuräjähdyksestä. Runoilija viipyy yhdyssanan ensimmäisessä puolikkaassa.

Rakennetaan maja, johon voi käpertyä. Majassa on pehmeä akustiikka ja siellä alkaa nukuttaa. Saisiko majaan mandariinin, pähkinää, näkkileipää. Minä jään eläkkeelle tähän majaan ja aina on oleva joulu ja Lumiukko ja Ihmeellinen on elämä. Nojaan patjoihin ja peittoihin, Dersu Uzalaan. Venäläiset heinät ja kunnollinen lumipesä suojaavat minua äkkiä nousseelta myrskyltä ja siperiantiikeristä puhumattakaan.

KELLY LENOX

Rojena 1961 v New Jerseyu. Na Univerzi Virginia je diplomirala iz okoljstvenih znanosti in na Vermont Collegeu magistrirala iz ustvarjalnega pisanja. Njene pesmi in prevodi so bili objavljeni v revijah *Margin*, *RHINO*, *nidus*, *Ellipsis*, *Rattle*, *Big Bridge*, *Gobshite Quarterly* in drugih tiskanih ali spletnih revijah v ZDA. Leta 2003 je izdala zbirko prevodov pesmi Barbare Korun. Njeni prevodi so bili objavljeni tudi v zbirki *Voice in the Body* (zbirka Litterae Slovenicae, 2006). Več let je vodila tudi poletno rezidenco Vermont Collegea v Sloveniji. Dela kot urednica pri Hunger Mountain Magazine v Portlandu v Oregonu.

Born in New Jersey in 1961 and received a Bachelor's degree in Environmental Science from the University of Virginia and a Masters of Fine Arts in writing from Vermont College. Her poems and translations have been published in *Margin*, *RHINO*, *nidus*, *Ellipsis*, *Rattle*, *Big Bridge*, *Gobshite Quarterly*, and other on-line and print journals in the United States. The chapbook *Chasms* (PM Books), translations of the Slovene poet Barbara Korun, was published in 2003; other translations appear in *Voice in the Body* (Litterae Slovenicae, 2006). For a couple of years she ran the Vermont College Residency in Slovenia. She is a contributing editor for Hunger Mountain Magazine and lives in Portland, Oregon.

Above the Caves of Škocjan

A gravel angel speaks
as to a dog one has loved a long time.
What he says is *always view*
the light from the back
and melds again
with the limestone dust.

A man tossing out his
garbage looks up at the sound,
then dismisses it as noisy ants.

Atop these hollow hills,
the times I feel small
are like that backside of light.
Though I do not hear my steps echo
through the chambers underneath,
they must—my legs are strong,
feet anchored, no matter how steep the climb.

I Lost My Mind Once

It is on the way home, climbing
the hill by the cemetery—after she, full
of local wine, bit at me with bitter words—I pause,
exhausted by the steep road and the hundreds
of decisions, the wall between me and the flowered
graves such a good place. My gaze lifts
from the candle-lit tombstones
and I spot a hump of dim light on a hill.
As I watch, the hills seem to squeeze out
an orange egg impossibly upward.

It's after midnight, and the egg
grows longer, then rounder, grows into the moon,
full just two nights ago. A birth
like a cold wet cloth to the neck
after too much tourism in the heat,
and my step cresting the hill is light, the abundant
stars prickle my skin, and coming down
the other side, the verge dark and the hill
dropping off steeply along the inside of the curve,
there, on a broad leaf, something glows
green. I bend down and through eyes
that have received the world bent
through contact lenses for too many hours
both bright and dark, I make out a tiny
phosphorescent worm, just
a few millimeters long, so green
and so bright and so small
that I sit down and stay.

Walking Back to Betanja

The sky is white, the rocks
are white. White road and white
horses eating grass.
Buzzing heat and quick lizards.
Mossy rocks with illegible inscriptions.

Day and night I hear the river
frothing from the cave's mouth. This quick-
draining karst swallows rivers whole;
in the dry season lakes sink below their beds—
unfathomable plumbing.

Fish with legs and bats, bats, bats.
Plenty fruit, plenty bugs,
a terrier barks at dawn and the cock crows
all day. Vast caverns underlie my bed.

Sleep, when it comes, will be long and deep.
Tonight, I got lost among the stars.
I open the terrace doors,
give myself to sunrise.

Midnight under Škocjan

The steeple on the hill points
toward Jupiter like a phallus —
or is it Mars? It's too late for Venus
and anyway I've never understood
the gender of steeples since God's also male
and homosexuality in this religion
by, for, and of men is a sin.

**

The mouth of the cave issues forth a river:
juicy orifice.

**

Poor man helplessly seduced.
I've never found it that easy—
or I've never found you.

CATHERINE PHIL MACCARTHY

Rojena 1954 v kraju Crecora v pokrajini Limerick. Objavila je štiri pesniške zbirke: *This Hour of the Tide* (1994), *the blue globe* (1998), *Suntrap* (2007) in *The Invisible Treshold* ter roman *One Room an Everywhere* (2003). Prejela je nagrado The Fish Poetry Prize 2010. Njene pesmi so bile objavljene v naslednjih antologijah in literarnih revijah: *Opening Eyes* (2009), *Women Poets Writing in English* (2008), *The Field Day Anthology of Irish Literature V* (2002). Do pred kratkim je bila urednica *Poetry Ireland Review*.

Born 1954 in Crecora, Co. Limerick. Her poetry collections include *How High the Moon* (1991), *This Hour of the Tide* (1994), *The Blue Globe* (1998), *Suntrap* (2007), *The Invisible Threshold*, and a novel, *One Room an Everywhere* (2003). Anthology publication includes *Opening Eyes* (2009), *Women Poets Writing in English*, (2008), *TEXT* (2009), and *The Field Day Anthology of Irish Literature V* (2002).

Škocjan Journey

Across the bleached stepping stones,
river down to a soundless trickle, lazy pools
lukewarm in the shade, we speak of the rains
that flooded the canyon last summer,
trace the high water-mark by driftwood
sticks high above our heads, a tangle
in branches of a linden like the nest
of some great bird – eagle, or peregrine falcon
we've seen riding the thermals in pairs
above the cliffs, four, skyward, circling
into azure further than the eye could see,
or maybe a crane, last glimpsed with fox
in the fresco of a tiny church. Black,
the magnesium line stains limestone walls
way up so that even now a tumult rages
and we are treading the Reka river-bed,
hands loosening our boots while we float
free, water-sprites in the chasm of a deep rush,
our hair standing on end, amidst a melee
of drowned debris, branches of morello
and plum, berries of wild fruit, stalks
of flowering cyclamen, lizard, snake
and wolf, all swept past the broken mill-
wheel, through the gorge mouth, down and down
through timeless caves, where only this
river flows, coursing into the underworld.

JAMIE MCKENDRICK

Rojen leta 1955 v Liverpoolu. Pesnik, prevajalec in učitelj. Avtor naslednjih zbirk poezije: *The Sirocco Room* (1991) *The Kiosk on the Brink* (1993), *The Marble Fly* (1997), *Sky Nails; Selected Poems 1979-97* (2000), *Ink Stone* (2003) in *Crocodiles & Obelisks*. Prevaja iz italijanščine. Uredil in v veliki meri prevedel antologijo italijanske poezije 20. stoletja (2004). V njegovem prevodu je izšla zbirka Giorgia Bassanija *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis* in knjiga pesmi Valeria Magrellija. Je dobitnik več pomembnih nagrad. Živi in dela v Oxfordu.

Born in Liverpool in 1955 and lives in Oxford where he works as a writer, translator and teacher. His books of poetry are: *The Sirocco Room* (Oxford University Press, 1991), *The Kiosk on the Brink* (O.U.P. 1993), *The Marble Fly* (O.U.P. 1997), *Sky Nails, Selected Poems 1979-97*, (Faber & Faber, 2000); *Ink Stone*, (Faber & Faber, 2003) and *Crocodiles & Obelisks* (Faber & Faber, 2007). He has edited the *Faber Book of 20th-Century Italian Poems* (2004) and has translated Giorgio Bassani's *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis* (Penguin, 2007) and the poetry of Valerio Magrelli (Faber&Faber, 2010).

Natural History

We never saw the blind, white salamander
in the Škocjan caves, nor the snow vole for that matter
but out in the daylight on the karst plateau,
above the chasms and sinkholes, we came upon
a chapel in a forest of hornbeam and pine
whose mural shows a pious procession
mocked by a troupe of dwarfish louts.
With infectious fun, they caper and jeer
– one dances a jig, one squats and bares his bum
while a select crew from the animal kingdom
parade their own and nature's unconcern.
In their midst stands a big bird like a black swan
except its beak has declared independence
and become an enormous promontory.
I took this tufty, senile-looking creature
as a daft invention, the painter's *jeu d'esprit*,
but the verger said the bird was real enough
though killed off here four centuries ago.
Till now two small endangered colonies
have been holding out in Morocco
and a few breeding pairs have been spotted
in the Ethiopian highlands. Otherwise
that bird is history. And it's taken me
a year to hunt down its name in English:
the Northern Bald Ibis.

Aka *geronticus eremita* –
its absence for so long witnessed and housed
in that old forest hermitage – it's the spitting
image of its portrait, with gelled, spiked plumes
for a nuchal ruff and a bare red face that's fastened
onto that barge-pole conk, an implement to feast
on lizards, scorpions and locusts.

Usually silent, it emits the odd hiss or else a grunt for purposes of display or homecoming.

MICHELE OBIT

Rojen 1966 v Ludwigsburgu v Nemčiji. Novinar pri slovenskem zamejskem tedniku *Novi Matajur*. Od 2002 je predsednik kulturnega društva iz Čedad. Od 1996 dalje v okviru festivala Stazione di Topolò/Postaja Topolovo organizira literarna branja pod naslovom Voci della sala d'aspetto/Glasovi iz čakalnice. 1999 je soustanovil pesniško prevajalsko delavnico Različni jeziki/Linguaggi di-versi. Objavil je šest knjig poezije, nazadnje *Mardeisargassi* (2004), *Quiebra-Canto* (2004) in dvojezično zbirko *Marginalije* (2010). V italijanščino je prevedel večino slovenskih pesnikov mlajše srednje generacije ter jih objavil bodisi v antologijah bodisi v samostojnih zbirkah.

Born 1966 in Ludwigsburg, Germany. He works as a journalist for the Slovenian weekly *Novi Matajur* in the Udine region in northern Italy. Since 2002 he has been the president of the cultural association of Čedad (Cividalle dei Friuli). Since 2006, as a part of the "Stazione di Topolò / Postaja Topolove" festival, he runs "Voci della sala d'aspetto / Glasovi iz čakalnice" literary readings. He was one of the cofounders of the "Različni jeziki / Linguaggi di-versi" poetry translation workshop. So far he has published 6 collections of poetry, among them *Mardeisargassi* (Moby dick, Faenza, 2004), *Quiebra-Canto* (Lealon, Colombia, 2004) and a bilingual collection *Marginalije* (KUD France Prešeren, Ljubljana, 2010). He also translated a number of Slovenian poets and published them in various anthologies and collections.

(Matavun)

I

Ci sono pesci di mare e anche
di terra – e se è un mare
che ci permette di andare e
allo stesso tempo ci divide – che non
conosca la tempesta e l'inquietudine
barca ci possa navigare. Da qui
non vedo che frangenti intormentiti
dal vento – lenzuola e tetti
di pietra nera – la strada
che circonda il paese e lo protegge.
Ci sono pesci di mare e anche
di terra – terra che è sconosciuta e profonda.

(Matavun)

I

So morské ribe in so tudi
ribe zemlje – in če obstaja morje
ki omogoči da odidemo in
nas hkrati loči – naj ne
spozna viharjev in čoln naj po njem
mirno pluje. Vidim samo
od vetra skrivljene veje – rjuhe
črne kamnite strehe – in pot
ki se vije okoli vasi in jo varuje.
So morské ribe in tudi
ribe zemlje – zemlje ki je neznana in se odpira.

II

Sono qui a trasportare parole
le prendo di peso – non importa
quanto è il male sulle spalle – le carico
usando qualche muscolo facciale
e la vertebra che meglio s'addice
a questo genere di esercizio.
Le carico tentando di non mostrare
un segno di emozione o di fatica
(anche se a volte il ginocchio destro
scricchiola e il piede affonda)
– compio passi lenti e ponderati
le trasporto come si trasporta un pezzo
di carne al macello – sapendone
solo il peso e quale parte
sarà buona da mangiare e quale
da lasciare ai cani latranti.

II

Tu sem da preložim besede
jih dvignem z vso težo – ni važno
kako velika je bolečina na ramenih –
jih zlagam s pomočjo obraznih mišic
in vretenc najboljših
za tovrstna opravila.
Zlagam jih in skušam prikriti znake
vznemirjenosti ali napora
(čepprav se včasih noga vdre
ali zaškrta v kolenu)
– stopam počasi in pretehtano
nosim jih kot kos mesa v mesnico zavedajoč

se samo njegove teže – tega kateri del
bo dober za hrano in kateri bo ostal
za bevskažoče pse.

III

Il Carso è pietra ed erba
secca come il vento che l'avvolge
– affatica le gambe il silenzio.
Altrove troveresti una croce – un mucchio
di cenere – un cippo ad indicare
un confine. Ma qui nessuno muore
nessuno ha riscaldato il proprio pranzo
e la terra non sparge rivalsa.
Nulla ha qui vigore – né te lo dona
pensavo salendo una mulattiera.
Ma in mezzo ai calcinacci – detriti sparsi
di una casa – ho visto dei fiori
di zucca ed i tentacoli della pianta
sinuosi ad afferrare la vita.

III

Kras je kamen in trava
suha kot veter ki jo vrtinči
– tišina utruja korak.
Drugje bi se našel kakšen križ – kup
pepela – kamnit možic ki bi označeval
mejo. Tukaj pa nihče ne umre
tu si še nihče ni pogrel obeda
in zemlja skopari z maščevanjem.
Tu nič nima življenjske moči – in je tudi nič ne podarja

sem preišljeval vzpenjajoč se po strmi stezi.
Toda med oplatami ometa – razmetanimi ostanki
podrte hiše – sem zagledal cvetove
buče in zavite ovijalke rastline
ki se je čvrsto oklenila življenja.

IV

Io sto nel mio incavo
nel mio mai esplorato
sentiero – le cortine –
l'asprezza delle rocce
ed una necessità di tempo
– la misura di un secolo
è meno di un centimetro.
Nel mio incavo
io sto – mentre una goccia
s'appropria del suo spazio
sedimenta e si riposa
e contempla l'eterno andare
che è sempre ritorno.

IV

V svoji kotanji sem
na svoji nikoli raziskani
poti – zavese –
ostro skalovje
in nekakšna nujnost časa
– mera za eno stoletje je
tanjša od centimetra.
V svoji kotanji

sem – ko si kapljica
poišče svoj prostor
se umiri in spočije
zamaknjena v misli
o večnem odhajanju
ki vedno pomeni vrnitev.

V

Lascio Matavun il decimo
giorno del nono mese del mio
quarantaduesimo anno. È nei giorni
ormai la fatica – in quel sottile
passaggio che si consuma nei ritorni
e nelle partenze solamente sognate.

V

Iz Matavuna odidem na deseti dan
devetega meseca v svojem
dvainštiridesetem letu. Dnevi so
že sami po sebi naporni – na tistem tankem robu
ki se izgublja med vračanjem in slovesom
ki sta obstajala samo v sanjah.

Prevedla Pavlina in Iztok Osojnik.

IZTOK OSOJNIK

Rojen 1951 v Ljubljani. Komparativist, filozof, pesnik, slikar, pisatelj, esejist, prevajalec, alpinist, turistični vodnik. Začetnik vrste umetniških gibanj, soustanovitelj anarhističnega »podrealističnega gibanja« in številnih drugih. Leta 2011 na FHŠ Univerze v Kopru doktoriral iz zgodovinske antropologije. Do sedaj je objavil 27 avtorskih knjig poezije, nazadnje ****Asterisk* (2011), 4 romane in 2 zbirke esejev in študij. Je vodja mednarodne pesniško prevajalske delavnice Zlati čoln. Njegove knjige in dela so objavljeni v več kot 25 jezikih. Prejel je vrsto domačih in tujih nagrad, leta 2011 mednarodno literarno nagrado KONS (2011).

Born 1951 in Ljubljana. He is a poet, writer, literary scientist, translator, essayist, editor, artist, tour director and mountain climber. In 2011 he completed his PhD studies at the University of Primorska in Koper. He currently runs the annual *Golden Boat International Poetry Translation Workshop* in Slovenia. So far he published 27 collections of poetry, 4 novels and 3 volumes of essays on literature, anthropology, and philosophy. He has published five books of poetry in English: *Alluminations* (City Gallery of Arts of Ljubljana), a collection of poetry *And Some Things Happen for the First Time* (Modry Peter, Canada 2001), *Mister Today* (Jacaranda Press, California 2004), *New and Selected Poems* (Sampark, New Delhi 2010) and *Elsewhere* (Pighog Press, Brighton 2011). His poems and essays were translated and published in over 25 languages. He was awarded with several national and international literary awards, in 2011 with the prestigious international literary award KONS 2011.

Kušutnik 2

Govorim o sijaju duše, o iskri smeha v zenici, ki se blešči.
O valu, o živi jadrnici, o kostanju, ki ga češe severni veter
v poletnem soncu. Nekaj svilenega, človek položi dlan
na srebrni mah, na rjavo barvo kože. Nekje se sliši
zvok piščali iz trstike, za katerega pravijo, da izvira na devetem
nebu.

Obstajata dve ptici, ki z zvoki iz piščali drsita po devetem
nebu.

Se neba srečajo? Se srečata dve deveti nebi? Se.

In ali se nista nebi srečali že prej, potem pa je nekdo odprl oči
in se zastrmel

v silno lepoto duše, v gibanje, ki drhti od strasti. In so se ribe
zbrale v srcu bazena.

Strmeti v nekaj, kar se odpira,
zadržati dih, čakati. Skrivnost je brez skrivnosti in vendar tudi
odrasel človek pogleda
z očmi otroka, ki nekaj zagleda prvič.

Drseti in piti. Se to dogaja v krivulji ptice, ki leti čez nebo.

Čakati pomeni leteti

ali jadrati. Pomeni prisluškovati šumu vetra v kostanju.

Pomeni živo sanjati

z odprtimi očmi. Pomeni sinjino v duši, ki je od dvakrat tako
velikega kosa

in še čez. Dotakniti se, z nežno roko zdrsniti po koži.

Pomeni raztegniti, odpreti in se od znotraj dotakniti srca.

Nositi v sebi svetilko temnega srebra,

zlito z nekakšnimi širjavami in šepetom, komaj slišnimi ali
napol izgovorjenimi besedami, konci katerih se izgubljajo v
modrikasto kopreno

hribov ali razigrano sonce na mestni ulici ali lise večera na

obrazu,
od čisto blizu z biseri v očeh,
večjimi kot najgloblji molk.

Kušutnik¹ 2

I speak about the glow of the soul, of the sparkle of laughter in
a pupil.

About a wave, about a living sailboat, about a chestnut tree
combed by the northern wind

in the summer sun. Something silk, a person places a palm
on silver moss, on the brown colour of skin. Somewhere the
sound

of a reed pipe can be heard, which they say originates in the
ninth sky.

There are two birds which glide along the ninth sky to the
sound of pipes.

Do the skies meet? Do the two ninth skies meet? They do.

And haven't the skies met before, and then somebody opened
his eyes

and fixed his gaze on the intense beauty of the soul,
on the movement that trembles from passion.

And fish gathered at the heart of the pool.

To stare at something that is opening,

to catch one's breath, to wait. A mystery is without mysteries
and yet

even a grown person looks

with the eyes of a child seeing something for the first time.

To slip and to drink. Does that happen in the curve of a bird
flying across the sky.

To wait means to fly or to sail.

1 Name of mountain flower (*Gentiana lutea*).

It means eavesdropping on the rustling of wind in the chestnut tree.

It means to dream vividly with open eyes.

It means azure of clear sky in the soul, which is made from a piece twice as large
and even more and beyond. To touch, to slide with a gentle hand across skin.

It means to stretch, to open and to touch the heart from the inside.

To carry within yourself a lantern of dark silver,
coalescing panoramas and whispers barely heard
or half-pronounced words, whose endings are lost in the bluish veil
of hills or the playful sun on a city street or patches of evening on the face,
from very close up with pearls in the eyes,
vaster than the deepest silence.

v pričakovanju dežja

1

v pričakovanju dežja
zavesa na oknu pleše
vrata škripajo
veter vrtinči krošnje dreves
listje odpada v velikem migotajočem slogu zgodnje jeseni
drsalcu na vodi preiskujejo
zemljevid rečne površine
med migotajočimi odsevi dreves, skal in neba
rišejo osupljive piruete
malo dalje reka zavija v globok tolmun

ki se zaje v globoko sotesko in ponikne v globino zemlje
miren tok zdrsne v skrite vrtince v globini
žuborenje ponikne v tišino
zgoraj na nebu kroži kanja
med hribi zagrmí
valujoča gmota groma zadene ob stene soteske in se
s stoterimi listi zlije v padajočo pahljačo
ki jo veter potisne na vodno površino
in požene kot orumenelo floto jadrnic
vodni drsalci spretno kot misel zdrsnejo v nove blodnjake
in z listja oberejo drobne žuželke
hladen piš vetra oplazi gladek tok reke
ki se strese v nenadnem sunku zone
začne deževati
kapljice odskakujejo z gladine
ogledalo neba se spremeni v šumečo bradavico
krošnja drevesa šelesti v velikanski cvetlici mokrote

waiting for rain

1

waiting for rain
the curtain in the window dances
the doors creak
the wind swirls the crowns of trees
leaves fall in the great fluttering style of early autumn
water skaters investigate
the map of the river surface
among wavering reflections of trees, rocks and sky
they trace virtuoso pirouettes
slightly farther on the water curves into a deep pool,

which eats into a deep gorge, the river slips into the bowels of
the earth
a calm current slides into hidden whirlpools in the deep
the gurgling dies down into silence
up in the sky a buzzard is circling
there is thunder among the hills
the rolling mass of thunder strikes the wall of the gorge
and moulds a hundred sheets into a falling fan
that the wind pushes to the surface of the water
and propels like a yellowing flotilla of sailboats
the water skaters slip into new labyrinths as skilfully as a
thought
and pick tiny insects from the leaves
a cool gust of wind ruffles the smooth current of the river,
which trembles at the sudden shudder
it begins to rain
drops bounce off the surface
the mirror of the sky darkens, pock-marks fizzle on the river's face,
the crown of the tree rustles in a giant flower of wetness

2

prevajam življenjepis pesnice lidije dimkovske
dežuje
šumenje dežja je potemnelo pozno zgodnjejesensko popoldne
zunaj na cesti šumijo kolesa avtomobilov
čuden, čaroben svet
med dvema postajama na železniški progi ljubljana–trst
dnevi se odvijajo z minevajočo negibnostjo časa
nerazločni glasovi pod oknom
ugašajoča modrina žalosti
in svila hrepenenja
udarjanje dežnih kapljic na polici pod odprtim oknom

hlad ovije sobo v nežno tančico
kje se je izgubil življenjepis pesnice lidije dimkovske

2

I am translating the memoirs of the poet lidija dimkovska
it is raining
the patter of rain darkened the early autumn's late afternoon
out on the road the wheels of cars are swishing²
strange, magical world
between two stations on the railway line ljubljana-trieste
the days are unwinding with the transient calmness of time
muffled voices beneath the window
the waning blue of sadness
and the silk of yearning
beating of raindrops on the sill of the open window
a chill envelopes the room in a delicate veil
where has the memoir of the poet lidija dimkovska
disappeared

4

leto dni po poboju blizu kraja Abda so leta 1945
v množičnem grobišču
v žepu suknjiča trupla Miklósa Radnóttija
enega od ustreljenih prisilnih delavcev
odkrili zvežčič pesmi z naslovom *Razglednicák*
zbudilo me je smukanje volkov okoli hiše
prižgal sem luč in segel po drobnih knjižici *Forced March*
v angleškem prevodu

2 Same word is used as in previous line; the term also has connotations of 'fizzing'.

Cliva Wilmerja & Georgea Gömörija

»možje, ki so se ustavili in urinirali, so odtočili kri«
volkovi so zavijali na dežju
nočna tesnoba, negibnost kopalnice v rumeni svetlobi
varčevalne žarnice
striženje nohtov, počasi in sistematično

4

a year after the killings near the village of Abda,
in the year nineteen forty-five in a mass grave
in the jacket pocket of the corpse of Miklós Radnóti
one of the forced labourers who was shot
they discovered a small notebook of poems with the title
Razglednicák

I was woken by the prowling of wolves around the house
I turned on the light and reached for the slim edition – Forced
March

translated into English

by Clive Wilmer & George Gömöri

the men stooping to urinate pass blood

the wolves howled in the rain

nocturnal anxiety, the stillness of the bathroom in yellow light

from the energy-saving light bulb

the slow methodic clipping of nails

Translated by Špela Drnovšek Zorko and Ciaran O’Driscoll.

Škocjan

1

približa se tista težka kraška

ura na dnu noči

ko se zgoraj do belega bleščijo zvezde
volkovi tulijo toda nihče nič ne sliši
in sledovi poniknejo, ko sonce
poje sneg
in vendar sva tukaj iz obličja v obličje
v svojih smešnih spodnjicah in kosmatih nogah
čez vse dela križ molk
kajti o teh rečeh je mogoče samo molčati
naj govori veter
naj se oglasi tista majajoča trava
naj tisti kamen ki štrli ven
izza grma začudi človeka s svojim molkom v njegovih očeh
kaj nosiš tisti meter
kakor bi s kozarcem hotel prešteti kaplje v morju
je to povezano s krajem s tišino ponoči
ko vas na kamnitem oboku spi
tisti balkon pri cerkvi
osvetljen kot vsako noč
čaka, da se prideš nanj zaman potolažit

Škocjan

1

here comes that heavy Karst
hour at the bottom of the night
when the stars above shine until they're white
wolves howl but nobody hears
and the tracks vanish when the sun
eats the snow
yet here we are face to face
in our funny underwear and hairy legs
silence puts an end to it all

we can only be silent about these things
let the wind speak
let the swaying grass sound
let the stone that pokes out
from behind the shrub astonish a man with its silence in his
eyes
why are you carrying that measuring tape
as if you wanted to count the drops in the sea with a glass
does it have to do with the place with the silence at night
when the village sleeps on a stony arch
that balcony by the church
lit up like every night
waits for you to come and seek solace in vain

2

zakaj so te črke tako velike
noč jim spolzi skozi prste
življenja se prekrizajo in gredo dalje svojo pot
ti pa kriči kolikor hočeš
nekega dne se vrneš in rečeš
to je bila moja hiša
in vse skup ne pomeni nič
tam sedi zaprepaden človek
in tamle še eden
sinja barva neba je sklenila nekakšno razpoko
skozi katero si pripotoval
iz tujega sveta
živega kakor kačji strup, migotajočega, obupanega
tu v tej hiši so se nakopičile noči brez spanja
rjava barva dela družbo ognju
črna barva sedi na komolce naslonjena poleg
odrezanega jezika v ustih

kaj so to kakšni stekleni konji posejani
po tej vasi. sicer pa ne bo nikogar, ki naj bi
v svoji slepoti videl to razstavo
trenutkov. tisoč ljudi je sedelo na tem kamnu
toda jaz je samo eden

2

why are these letters so large
the night slips through their fingers
lives cross and go their own way
and you can scream as much as you like
one day you will return and say
this was my house
and it all means nothing
there sits a bewildered man
and there another one
the blue colour of the sky settles on a crack
through which you travelled
from a strange world,
which is alive like snake venom, wriggling, despairing
here in this house nights without sleep have accumulated
the colour brown keeps fire company
the colour black sits leaning on its elbows beside
the sliced-off tongue inside a mouth
what are they, some kind of glass horses planted
across this village. there will be no one to
see this exhibit of moments
in his blindness. a thousand people have sat on this stone
but there is only one I

grem gor po vasi
 piha in človek oblizuje
 svoj molčeč jezik
 da bi dol padla kakšna iskra
 kakšna žgoča kri
 burja pa je odpihnila krike
 jih nesla na usta kakšnega drugega človeka
 rekli bi lahko, da tole veselje ni kaj prida razumljivo
 borba človeka in računalnika, omenimo to mimogrede
 obstajajo namreč zadeve
 ki se ne izidejo, kar moraš vzeti na znanje
 čeprav to ničesar ne reši
 tam tisti šepavec, ga vidiš, hodi gor v hrib
 tale vas je primerna za nočne obračune
 s sencami, s samim seboj. včasih bi
 kdo kaj zatulil, zapičil kakšno reč nekam
 ampak njegov trd obraz ne izda ničesar
 tule je nekaj grozdja
 hej, tole je pa zapeklo
 njegov obraz ne izda ničesar
 iz izkušenj lahko rečemo tako počez
 da tole veselje ni ravno usklajeno
 to je primerna vas za nočne obračune
 s sencami
 živimi, seveda

I go through the village
 the wind blows and the man licks
 his silent tongue

so that a spark may fall from it
some fiery blood
but the bora wind has blown away the cries
and taken them to the lips of some other person
we could say that space isn't all that intelligible
the struggle between man and computer, let us mention it by
the by
for there are things
that do not work out, which you have to take into account
even though it solves nothing
there is that limping man, you see him, he walks uphill
this village is suited to settling nighttime scores
with shadows, with oneself . in other times
someone would have howled, stuck some thing somewhere
but his hard face gives nothing away
there are some grapes here
hey, that stung
his face gives nothing away
from experience we can say, sort of lengthwise,
that space is not exactly synchronised
this is a village suited to settling nighttime scores
with shadows
living ones, of course

udari me kakor pečat

ravno sem se odpravljaj spat
je na nebu zarezgetal steklen konj
kaj pa tile cvetovi cikoriije ki človeku
zmešajo pamet da ostane brez besed
pa še kakšna vejica manjka
vse to hoče nekaj povedati si mislim ampak
niti s prstom ne mignem

veliko ljudi bo prišlo mimo
nihče ne bo vedel da je
bil tukaj postavljen nek kamen, zadolžen
za molk o stvareh, o katerih ni mogoče
molčati. tam je stal nek človek,
jaz pa sem šel skozi njega kakor skoz zrak
in niti ena žilica v možganih se ni pritožila, čeprav
je bilo naokoli vse polno solz. ni
povsem jasno, zakaj se vetrnica obrača, verjetno
gre za kakšen poskus odstranitve
ampak to že posega na področje globljega
razumevanja
je pa še kar znano
da se tega izogibaj kot hudiča
čeprav kakšna špranja
se zna izkazati za konec
spat grem zjutraj s ptiči

stamp me like a seal

I was just heading off to sleep
whinnied the glass horse in the sky
what of these chicory leaves, which
so scramble a man's brain that he is lost for words
and here and there a missing comma
this is all trying to say something I think to myself but
I don't even move a finger
many people will come by
not one will know that a stone once stood here, tasked
with keeping silent about things on which it is impossible
to stay silent. there some man stood,
and I went through him like air
and not one brain capillary said a word of complaint, even

though
there were plenty of tears going round. it is not
entirely clear why the pinwheel turns, it
likely has to do with some attempt at a removal
but that touches on a domain of deeper
understanding
and it's fairly well known
that you should avoid that like the devil
even though some crack
may prove to be the end
I go to sleep with the birds in the morning

Translated by Špela Drnovšek Zorko.

ISABELLA PANFIDO

Diplomirala je iz ruskega jezika in književnosti. Živi v Benetkah. Kot svobodna novinarka piše za časopis *Il Corriere del Veneto* in italijanske umetnostne in literarne revije. Objavila je več zbirk: *Casa di donne* (Hiša žensk, 2005–2006), *A pelo d'acqua* (Na vodni gladini, 1997), njene pesmi pa so bile vključene v več antologij. Poezijo prevaja iz ruščine in angleščine. Na radiu je predvajala poezijo Borisa Pasternaka, Osipa Mandelstama, Ane Ahmatove, Tony Harrison in beneških narečnih pesnikov v dvajsetem stoletju. Uredila je tudi ponatis *Poesie dialettali* (Narečne pesmi) Ernesta Calzavara (2006) in pripravila ter prevedla neokrnjeno različico neobjavljene knjige *Memorie di una contadina* (Spomini kmetice) L. Tolstoja in T. Kuzminske (2008).

Graduated in Russian Language and Literature. She lives and works in Venice as a freelance journalist for *Il Corriere del Veneto*, and other Italian art and literature magazines. She published two collections of poetry *Casa di donne* (House of Women; Marsilio edizioni, 2005–2006), and *A pelo d'acqua* (On the Water's Surface; Premio Firenze 1997). She broadcasted the poetry of Boris Pasternak, Osip Mandelstam, Anna Achmatova, Tony Harrison and the dialectal poets of the Veneto area of the twentieth century and translated poetry from Russian and English. She edited the publication of *Poesie dialettali* (Dialectal Poems) of Ernesto Calzavara (2006) and prepared and translated the integral version of *'Memorie di una contadina'* (Memories of a Peasant Woman) of L. Tolstoj and T. Kuzminskaja (edizioni Casagrande '08).

“Chiamiamoci per nome”

... ma seguitiamo Angelica che fugge.
Fugge tra selve spaventose e oscure...
Orlando furioso, I, 32-33

Voglio credere sia Angelica l'erba
curva sulla gronda di luce
che sventa la tenebra
e chiama alla vita
che affermano vera.

L'acqua mima la quiete
nel residuo vegetale fermo
sulla superficie cupa
e nella gola bianca articola
la lingua del furore.

Sulla bocca d'inferno
le labbra angeliche
invitano a restare
in rapidi scrosci di verde
come parole di poeti.

Dal bordo del fondo,
verso la chiarezza,
l'odore di ciclamini
dissotterra
il desiderio di un abbraccio.

Grotte di San Canciano Škocjan settembre 2011

ALEKSANDER PERŠOLJA

Rojen 1944 v Goriških Brdih. Po končanem učiteljišču je delal kot učitelj, pozneje pa se je zaposlil v Goriškem dramskem gledališču. Pred upokojitvijo je dolga leta vodil umetniški program Kulturnega doma Srečko Kosovel v Sežani. Objavil je devet zbirk poezije, leta 2008 tudi dvojezično zbirko *Potovanje sonca/Journey of the Sun*. Je ustanovitelj Mednarodnega literarnega srečanja Vilenica in številnih drugih kulturnih pobud, programov in skladov na Krasu. Živi in dela v Križu na Krasu.

Born 1944 in Goriška Brda. First he worked as a teacher, than he joined the Primorsko dramsko gledališče theatre in Nova Gorica. Before he retired from his position he worked as the art director of Cultural centre Srečko Kosovel in Sežana. He has published 9 collections of poetry, in 2008 a bilingual collection *Potovanje sonca / Journey of the Sun*. He is the founder of the International literary gathering Vilenica as well as many other traditional cultural programs and foundations in the Karst Region. He lives and works in Križ.

Potovanje sonca

1.

Vse je kot listje.

Tudi korak, ki me prehiteva,

je listje nekih čudnih šumov.

Je lahko šelestenje neke pozabljene igre.

In v koraku listja,

ko prihajam v danost,

je lahko samo ključavnica kolovozov

in neke milosti,

ki je ne vidim,

je ne čutim.

Morda je pred mano.

Journey of the Sun

1.

Everything is leaves.

Even the footstep that overtakes me.

The leaves rustle strangely.

There's the sound of forgotten game

in the footsteps of those leaves

as I walk into Being.

And some grace

that I don't see,

can't feel.

Maybe it's ahead of me.

2.

Bil je današnji občutek.

Morda je bil občutek služenja dreves,

tega trenutka ali nekih stopinj.
Ali bežanja glave
v razpoke trde zemlje,
ki hrope skozi stalnost.

Bil je miselni občutek
sipanja senc v tla,
ki je bila zemlja.

Vzdih spreminjajo tisto pot,
ki vrača spomin.

2.

There was today's feeling.
Maybe the feeling of trees oozing the sap
of the moment, of oozing footsteps.
Or my own head
into the fissures of the earth,
wheezing into whatever is always there.

There was that feeling
of shadows seeping into the floors
that were once the earth's surface.

It was a moan that made me change the path
and led to lost memories.

3.

Bilo je jutro,
ki ga ima vsak korak.
Jutro, ki poenostavi mostove
in si tam v nekem drugem jutru.

To jutro je tudi obraz
svojega obraza in spoznaváš
obraz tujca,
ki potuje mimo
in si ti.

Samo še senco prijemaš in prijemaš.

3.

There was a morning
which every footsteps holds.
A morning that reveals new bridges
so that you are there in some other morning.
The morning is also a face,
its own face that you are beginning to know,
the face of a stranger
walking by
you own face.
You're grappling after the shadow.

4.

Odločil sem se stopiti v neko cesto.
Ne vem,
ali je cesta spomina
ali je cesta duhov, okrašena s strahotnimi odsevi.
Lahko so tudi preblisk nekega sonca.
Vesolje je daleč
in misel cesta pade v nič.

Tu se začne pogled v ogenj.

4.

I have decided to step onto some new road.

I am not sure

if it is a road of memory

or a road of spirits with imagined, frightening reflections.

They could also be just a glint of the sun.

The universe is so distant

and the thought of the road falls into nothingness.

This is where the gaze into the fire begins.

Translated by Ana Jelnikar and Richard Jackson.

KNUTE SKINNER

Rojen 1929. Je upokojeni profesor angleškega jezika na univerzi Western Washington. Že leta 1964 se je preselil na Irsko, kjer zdaj stalno živi. Objavil je 13 knjig poezije, nazadnje *Fifty Years: Poems 1957–2007* (2007). Za zbirko *The Other Shoe* je dobil nagrado Pavement Saw Chapbook. Leta 2010 je objavil avtobiografsko knjigo *Help Me to a Gateway*.

Born in 1929. Knute Skinner retired from his position as a professor of English at Western Washington University. He lives year round in Ireland, where he has had a home since 1964. His most recent collection, *Fifty Years: Poems 1957-2007*, from Salmon Poetry (2007), contains new work collected along with work taken from 13 previous books. His collection *The Other Shoe* won the 2004-2005 Pavement Saw Chapbook Award. A memoir, *Help Me to a Getaway*, was published by Salmon in March 2010.

In the Skocjan Caves

A drop of water.
On what was my nose.
In time I'll be a stalagmite.

Voices above me—
faint, loud, faint—
move up and down
slippery footpaths.

Some whisper. Some joke. Some laugh.
As I did.
Some grip the iron railings.
As I did not.

The tour guide will shut off the lights.
I'll be left with the flowing Reka
and the small, blind movements
of salamanders.

The day that voices fail
to come back again,
I'll forget to remember myself.

By that time—it may be—
I will cease to care.

IRENA ŠŤASTNÁ

Rojena 1978. Diplomirala je iz češkega jezika in literature na Univerze v Ostravi in iz bibliotekarstva na Šlezjski univerzi v Opavi. Poezijo in kratke zgodbe je objavila v številnih čeških literarnih revijah, npr. *Host, Protimluv, Psí víno, Tvar, UNI, Literární forum, Pandora, Viselec, Weles, Zvuk* itd., in antologijah in almanahih. Izdala je knjigi poezije *Zámlky* (Premolki, 2006) in *Všechny tvoje smrti* (Vse tvoje smrti, 2010). Trenutno pripravlja zbirko kratkih zgodb.

Born in 1978. She graduated in Czech language and literature at the University of Ostrava and at the Silesian University in Opava (BA in Library and Information Studies). She published poetry and short stories in many periodicals: *Host, Protimluv, Psí víno, Tvar, UNI, Literární forum, Pandora, Viselec, Weles, Zvuk*, etc., and in anthologies and almanacs. She published two books of poetry: *Zámlky* (All Unsaid, 2006) and *Všechny tvoje smrti* (All Your Deaths, 2010). At the moment she is working on the book of short stories.

Touto stezkou

Štiplavé mušky usedají na ramena.
Švihají drobné větve a šavlozubí tygři
si hoví v příkopech (žvýkaje scvrklé šípky).
Vzduch nacucaný vodou nadzvedává jejich dásně
i zbytky masa za nimi. Jdu do sídla poustevníků.

Povstanou jakmile je mójím a ocasy tlučou dutá stébla trav.
Občas některý zívne na znamení poledne. Zírám před sebe
a vábím aby stáhli mou kůži (příliš použitou). Nemají odvahu
nechat mne obnaženou v průvanu dešťů prázdnotě. Nevědí
že vše už nesu ve svalovině.

Na uhněteném pahorku obstoupím velkou díru
(vyhloubenou v zemi). Nahnu se přes okraj
a svou postavu překlopím do výstřihu země.

Tělo mocně pleskne (o hladkou břidličnou stěnu).
Na dně zůstane silueta. Vhodím za ní pár obvazů
a nějakého opatrovníka.

Stisknu prsty do dlaně. Ucítím teplou tygří srst.
Oženu se hlavou dozadu nahrbím hřbet
a jediným skokem ležím v příkopu u cesty.

Po tej stezici

Pikajoče mušice sedajo na ramena.
Švrkajo drobne veje in čekanasti tigri
poležavajo v jarkih (žvečijo zgubane jagode šipka).
Zrak, prežet z vodo, privzdiguje njihove dlesni
in ostanke mesa za njimi. Grem v domovanje puščavnikov.

Vstanejo, brž ko grem mimo njih, in z repi udarjajo po votlih travnih bilkah.

Včasih kateri izmed njih zazeha v znamenje poldneva. Strmim predse

in vabim, naj mi slečejo kožo (preveč obrabljeno). Ne upajo si me v prepihu dežja razgaljene prepustiti praznini. Ne vejo, da vse nosim že v mišičju.

Na zgnetenem griču obstopim veliko luknjo (izkopano v zemljo). Nagnem se čez rob in svojo postavo prekucnem v zemljin izrez.

Telo močno tleskne (ob gladko skrilsto steno). Na dnu ostane silhueta. Za njo vržem par poveljev in nekega bolničarja.

Prste stisnem v dlan. Začutim toplo tigrovo dlako. Vržem se z glavo nazaj, nagrbim hrbet in z enim skokom ležim v jarku ob cesti.

Ten čas
kdy nás zakrývala
zteplalá bránice ještěra
utekl rožkem.

Teplo šlo za ním
a ještě dlouho
se s úšklebkem houपालo
na ocasu s ostny.

Já – zestárlé dítě
zůstala stočená
v uhněteném horku
a tam zničehonic oslepla.

Tu jak koroptve na honu
začaly padat kulisy.
Nazad se vyvracely a
pálené cihly jejich těl
lámaly otvory do stěn.

Jedinou z těch děr
prosvítala tichá step
s točícím se větrem
a vysokou prosušenou trávou.

Prosmýkla jsem se ven
a šla ledabylým krokem
od jurty k jurtě
žvýkaje sýry co
sušili na střechách.
Byla to krajina bez konce
s mlhovou křiklavých barev.

Stále lámu nohama stébla.
Jdu houpavým krokem
ale začínám se bát
že na konci už nebudou
kulisy které by popadaly.

Tisti čas
ko nas je prekrivala
segreta prepona kuščarja
je ušel skozi majhen kot.

Toplota je šla za njim
in se še dolgo
z nasmeškom gugala
na repu z bodicami.

Jaz – ostareli otrok
sem ostala zvita
v zgneteni vročini
in tam na vsem lepem oslepela.

Takrat so kot jerebice med lovom
začele padati kulise.
Nazadnje so se prevrnile in
žgane opeke njihovih teles
so lomile odprtine v stene.

Skozi eno od teh lukenj
je svetila tiha stepa
z vrtinčastim vetrom
in visoko posušeno travo.

Izmuznila sem se ven
in z ravnodušnim korakom hodila
od jurte do jurte
in žvečila sire ki
so jih sušili na strehah.
To je bila pokrajina brez konca
z meglicami kričočih barv.

Še vedno z nogami lomim bilke.
Hodim z majavim korakom
ampak začenjam se bati
da na koncu ne bo več
kulis ki bi padle.

Rozevři bundu
vítr rázem uteče
ubytuje se v těle
a uvidíš:
kolikero ryb
zahnali
do vzduchové kapsy
a co zad
obtiskli do kmenů
opřeni o sebe.

Pak se stalo:
jejich sukovité tepny
vlály místo svatozáří
zatímco býci na obrovské louce
svírali se světlem pravé úhly.

Nato:
klopýtali všichni do svých domovů.

Razpri bundo
veter bo na mah ušel

naselil se bo v telesu
in videla boš:
koliko rib
so pognali
v zračni žep
in koliko hrbtov
so opiraje se drug ob drugega
vtisnili v debla.

Potem se je zgodilo:
njihove grčaste arterije
so plale namesto avreole
medtem ko so biki na ogromnem travniku
z lučjo objemali prave kote.

Nato:
so se vsi opotekali v svoje domove.

Prevedla Tatjana Jamnik.

AMIR TALIĆ

Rojen 1953 v Sanskem Mostu v Bosni in Hercegovini. Šolal se je v Sanskem Mostu in Zenici. Delal je v RKM Zenica, pozneje v Geološkem zavodu Ljubljana. Pred vojno se je vrnil v Sanski Most in se posvetil kmetovanju na družinski kmetiji. Objavil je deset knjig poezije in dve knjigi proze. Njegove pesmi so prevedene in objavljene v slovenščini, nemščini, švedščini, francoščini, ruščini, angleščini, katalonščini, madžarščini, arabščini in albanščini. Prevaja iz slovenščine. Od leta 2008 dalje dela kot kulturni animator v Narodni knjižnici Sanski Most. Za svoje delo je prejel več literarnih nagrad.

Born 1953 in Sanski Most, Bosnia and Herzegovina. He has published ten books of poetry and two collections of short stories. His poems are translated into Slovenian, German, Swedish, French, Russian, English, Catalanian, Hungarian, Arabian and Albanian. Among others he translated poetry by the Slovenian poets Alja Adam, Ciril Zlobec and Jaša Zlobec. He lives and works in Sanski Most.

Škocjanski kristali

Igramo sveti ritualni ples svjetlosni
u čast versa i metafore
Spuštamo se u začarani svijet
škocjanskih odaja

U plesnom hodu pjevamo ode
mitskom Hadu
Plačemo za izgubljenim suncem
čije milovanje osjećamo
na božanskim totemima stalagnita
i stalaktita
Ponornica ih donese kristalne
sa lica zemlje, te suze nebeske
među zvijezde podzemlja

Netopiri u zanosu lete pećinskim
svodom
Njihovi senzori otkrivaju putokaz
života ili smrti
Tetovirane tragove postojanja
na karti pamćenja slave

Reinkarnacija prikrivene svjetlosti
škripi u mozgu
Inače sve je izgubljeno u vremenu
u ljepoti nedefiniranog
sklada.

Škocjan, 01.09.2011



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Na Zlatem čolnu
Antologija pesmi o Škocjanu

On the Golden Boat
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