

Dreams of Love

Sanje o ljubezni

Draga Gelt



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Meditations - Meditacije

Draga Gelt

Melbourne, 2016

Dreams of Love - Sanje o ljubezni, Meditations on Love, is a collection of writings, in two languages: English and Slovenian

Design and layout by Draga Gelt OAM

Illustrations by Academic Artist Zorka Černjak

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ISBN: 978-0-9871149-7-6

Printed and bound by Mark Collier, NEW ARTWORX, Dandenong North, Victoria

“And now these three remain:

FAITH,

HOPE and

LOVE.

But the greatest of these is LOVE.”

Anonymous, Holy Bible: King James Version

“Love looks not with the eyes,

but with the mind,

And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.”

William Shakespeare, A Midsummer Night's Dream

Ljubezen je trpljenje. Življenje brez ljubezni pa je pekel.

(Love is suffering. But Life without Love is Hell.)

Slovenian proverb

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Kratka ocena - knjigi na pot

Pričujoča nova dvojezična zbirka pesmi iz dežele 'tam spodaj' bogati književno ustvarjanje v slovenski diaspori v Avstraliji in drugod po svetu, saj so tovrstne knjige v zadnjem času postale vse bolj redke, še posebej take, ki imajo tudi estetsko vrednost.

Pesmi Drage Gelt, napisane v prostem verzu, na videz preproste, a vendarle ubesedene v ritmizirani dikciji, v jasni brezhibni slovenščini, so na prvi pogled ljubezenske pesmi, pesmi o ljubezni. To je do neke mere res, saj večinoma opisujejo odnos med dvema človekoma, njo in njim, ki jo vznemirja, vselej v sugestivnih naravnih lokalitetah, ki metaforično poudarjajo njuno povezanost, soodvisnost, njuno ljubezen, pri čemer ni opaziti posebej izraženih avstralskih ali slovenskih referenc, pomembni pa so tudi glasbeni vzgibi.

Podobe metulja, gora, morja, neba in drugih elementov iz narave kažejo na zavezanost lirskega subjekta naravnemu gibanju in iskanju enosti/povezanosti z drugim človekom, fizični in hkrati tudi duhovni ljubezni, romantični neločljivi povezanosti človeka in narave. Če je ljubezen življenje, kot zapiše avtorica, tedaj pesmi izražajo tudi premislek o življenju in ljubezni do življenja v čisto ontološkem smislu in zato mora biti polno življenje ena sama ljubezen. To označuje mirnost duha, odsotnost besede, a prisotnost pogledov in dotikov med partnerjema, prijateljema.

Po drugi strani se včasih zazdi, da so pesmi Geltove namenjene iskanju tiste druge neznane polovice sebe, alter ega, ki ga najde v drugem človeku, kateremu je blizu in ki ga ljubi, morda tudi v panteističnem dojetanju sveta okoli sebe. A ljubezen ni vselej lahka, kot sporočajo pesmi, morebiti le sen, ki ga včasih dojemamo bolj iracionalno kot racionalno, a to je vendarle sen v katerega velja verjeti:

Ljubezen je upanje, včasih obup.

Ljubezen je resnica, včasih laži.

Ljubezen je radost, včasih žalost. ...

Ljubezen je . . .

Resničnost?! Ali samo resnične sanje?

Red. prof. dr. Igor Maver, Univerza v Ljubljani, Filozofska fakulteta

Short Appraisal

On a forthcoming collection of poetry by Draga Gelt ***Sanje o Ljubezni - Dreams of Love***

A new bilingual collection of poems from the land 'Down Under' enriches literary creation in the Slovenian diaspora in Australia and around the world. Nowadays these types of books are becoming increasingly rare, especially those that have aesthetic value. These extensive poems, by Draga Gelt, written in free verse, are seemingly simple yet expressed in rhythmical diction in a clear, flawless Slovenian language.

At a first sight they are love poems, poems about love. This is, to some extent, true since a large part describes the relationship between two people, She and He, excited in all the suggestive natural locales which metaphorically reinforce their integration, interdependence and their love, when no specifically Australian or Slovenian references are observed or specifically expressed. Of importance, too, are musical references. Images of butterflies, mountains, sea, sky and other elements of nature underscore the commitment of the lyrical subject to natural movement and the search for unity/integration with another person; both physical and spiritual love - a romantic indivisible link between persons and nature.

If love is life, as the author writes, then the poems also express a reflection on life, and the love of living, in a clean ontological sense. Therefore life should be full of one thing only: love. This represents calmness of spirit, absence of words, but variety of perspectives; the touch between partners, friends. On the other hand, it sometimes seems that Draga's poems are about locating our unknown 'other half', the alter ego, found in another person who is close by and who is loved, perhaps even a pantheistic perception of the world around that person. But love is not always easy, as portrayed throughout the poems. Perhaps love is only a dream, which is sometimes perceived more irrationally than rationally, but it is nevertheless a dream worthy of belief:

Love is hope, at times despair.
Love is truth, at times lies.
Love is joy, at times sadness.
Love is . . .
The reality?! Or only realistic dreams?

*Professor Igor Maver, University of Ljubljana, Faculty of Arts
(Translation of the original)*

Preface

Draga Gelt's collection of poems, "*Dreams of Love*", speak from the heart not only about the longing of one human being for connection on every level with another person, but also about the connectedness that exists between people and Nature.

The reader is guided gently, dreamingly, through a magical succession of images, ideas, emotions and sensations as being experienced by the narrator. While these internal journeys are predominantly those of the narrator, woven throughout this collection is an inextricable thread of profound respect for the individuality of each person and a deep reverence for the importance and beauty of Nature.

In the true literary romantic tradition, Draga's poems convey intense emotions, such as love for another person or awe of Nature's splendour, as very valid sources of artistic expression. In fact, the majority of the poems in this collection portray human relationships taking place within an exquisite natural setting where Nature itself is also an active protagonist in the happenings or events.

The reader will be transported to pristine beaches, forests, mountains, rivers or waterfalls where they might feel the sand between their toes, snowflakes on their cheeks, the breezy whisper of a soft wind or the cascade of dew drops. Or they may witness the richness of the underwater world, hear the music of birdsong or a famous composer's sonata, or share the joyous elation of movement in dance!

Experiencing a close connection with Nature was regarded by the Romantics of the 18th century as a mentally and morally healthy experience. So, the reader will discover Draga's poems echo these sentiments. In the forests and valleys of these poems, a couple finds peace, stillness, and tranquillity as they witness the birth of a new day and infinite new possibilities heralded by the sunrise.

Such experiences are healing and uplifting.

In a further testament of fidelity to the vision of the earlier Romantics, Draga's poems also reinforce a passionate belief in the freedom of the individual and their own self-expression. Her narrator repeatedly acknowledges the importance of allowing another individual's personal space and time to think their thoughts, reflect on their past and anticipate a future that is free of fear and hurt.

This, at the same time as appealing for the integrity and independence of the self in the experience of unity with another. The deep and complex emotions experienced in the journey of love are conveyed here as a series of delightful sensory interactions between human beings and the natural environment. Some of these, like the dreams of our subconscious, are akin to an ordinary day while others are almost surreal and fantastical. Many are short, yet others are a lengthy meditation on a particular feeling or thought. And, like dreams, the outcome of many of these poems is an increased self-awareness or a sense of inspiration.

Draga's "*Dreams of Love*" beckon the reader to embark on their own meditative journey about this most precious of emotions.

I am honoured to be able to provide just a small glimpse into the themes and imagery here as I encourage you to discover for yourself more of the magic about love that Draga has captured so eloquently in this Romantic collection.

Dr Elizabeth Tomažič has a PhD in English Literature and taught this subject at both secondary and tertiary institutions

Predgovor

Zbirka pesmi Drage Gelt, "Sanje o ljubezni", govori iz srca, ne samo o hrepenenju enega človeka za povezavo z drugo osebo na vseh ravneh, ampak tudi o povezanosti, ki obstaja med ljudmi in naravo.

Bralca vodi previdno, sanjavo, skozi magično zaporedje slik, idej, čustev in občutkov pripovedovalčevih doživetij. Medtem ko so ta notranja potovanja predvsem pesnicina, tke celotna zbirka neločljivo nit globokega spoštovanja individualnosti vsakega posameznika in globokega spoštovanja za pomen in lepoto narave.

Kot v klasični literarno-romantični tradiciji, Dragine pesmi izrazijo intenzivna čustva, kot so ljubezen do druge osebe ali čudes sijaja narave, kot veljavni viri umetniškega izražanja. V bistvu večina pesmi v tej zbirki prikazuje človeške odnose, ki se odvijajo v edinstvenem naravnem okolju, kjer je narava sama po sebi tudi aktiven protagonist.

Bralca povede na neokrnjene plaže, v gozdove, gore, reke in pod slapove, kjer skoraj očuti pesek med prsti, snežinke na licih in sliši šepet mehkega vetra ali slap rosnih kapljic. Ali so morda priča bogastvu podvodnega sveta, slišijo glasbo ptičjega petja ali sonato slavnega skladatelja, ali pa morda delijo vesel dvig gibanja v plesu!

Doživljanje tesne povezave z naravo je znak za romantike 18. stoletja kot duševno in moralno zdrava izkušnja.

Dragine pesmi odmevajo te občutke. V gozdovih in dolinah teh pesmi prijatelja najdeta mir, tišino in spokojnost, sta priči rojstvu novega dne in neskončnih novih možnosti, ki jih vzbuja sončni vzhod. Takšne izkušnje so naravne in očarljive.

V tradiciji klasične romantike Draga izpoveduje tudi strastno vero v svobodo posameznika in lastnega izražanja.

Pesnica priznava, da je treba vsakemu posamezniku dovoliti osebni prostor in čas za razmišljanja o preteklosti in pričakovanju prihodnosti, ki je brez strahu in bolečine.

Hkrati so privlačna za integriteto in neodvisnost sebe v izkušnji enotnosti z drugim.

Globoka in zapletena čustva, doživeta na poti ljubezni, so prenesena kot serija čudovito senzoričnih interakcij med ljudmi in naravnim okoljem. Nekatere med njimi, kot so sanje o naši podzavesti, so podobno kot običajen dan, medtem ko so druge skoraj nadrealistične in fantastične. Mnoge pesmi so kratke, spet druge so dolge meditacije.

In, kot sanje, mnoge te pesmi povečajo samozavest in dajo občutek navdiha.

Dragine "Sanje o ljubezni" vabijo bralca, da stopi na lastno meditativno pot globokih čustev.

Počlaščen sem, da sem lahko zagotovila le majhen vpogled v Dragine teme in podobe, in bralca vabim, da sami odkrijete čarobnost ljubezni, ki jo je Draga tako zgovorno zajela v tej romantični zbirki.

*Dr Liz Tomažič ima doktorat v angleški literaturi in je poučevala literaturo na srednjih šolah in na univerzi
(Translation of the English original)*

Uvod

Sanje o ljubezni so izsanjane pesmi v prozi slovensko-avstralske avtorice Drage Gelt. Draga nosi bralca na sanjavih krilih umetniške besede v globino svojega čustvenega in čutnega doživljanja sebe v razmerju do ljubega človeka. Dragina razmišljanja so transcendentalna vprašanja obstoja ljubezni gibljiva med preteklostjo in sedanostjo. Seveda je Dragino umetniško izpoved lahko povezati z romantičnim obdobjem iz literarne zgodovine, saj avtorica nenehno zrcali naravo v človeškem čustvu. Kljub temu klasičnemu pristopu gre pri Dragi za sodobno čustveno doživljanje, prepleteno z vprašanji in opazovanji modernega človeka.

Skozi vse pesmi se prelivata dve glavni temi, ki sta popolnoma povezani in včasih neločljivi: ljubezen in narava. Osrednja tema je vendarle ljubezen, ki je predstavljena iz mnogih zornih kotov in obrobljena s prevodi in reki. Takšna uvertura postavi bralca v pričakovanje, da se centralna tema zlije v vsa besedila. Draga popelje bralca v neznane globine človeške ljubezni, ki se ziblje med erotičnim, fizičnim in eteričnim doživljanjem drugega.

Pesmi pogosto govorijo o roki, o obrazu in laseh – nežen dotik, poglajeni lasje, pobožan obraz ponujajo bralcu čutno prisotnost nežnosti in hrepenenja, ki ga Draga izraža skozi opise dotikov. Zanje se bližina ljubezni prevaja v dotik, ki ji pomeni bližino in potrditev.

Ljubezensko čustvo, ki veje iz Draginih pesmi je tudi globoko razumevanje in spoštovanje individualnosti drugega. Zrelost, ki z leti zraste iz burnega čustva nasprotuje slastnim dotikom in skoraj erotičnim doživljanjem nekaterih zgodnejših pesmi.

Na drugi strani, pa je ljubezen med ljubima osebama prevedena v naravo – pogosto se svet narave zrcali v notranjem svetu ljubimcev. Draga prestavi temo ljubezni v temo narave, prelije jo iz osebne na zunanjo podobo. Ljubimca na vrhu gora, euforično doživljanje lepote, gibanje dreves in prelivanje barv – vse kaže na avtoričino tesno povezanost z naravnim svetom. Bralec dobi občutek, da je narava v Draginih pesmi podoba narave iz njene domovine, da so del nostalgičnega hrepenenja, ki je prelito v osebna doživljanja prostora in ljubezni, a hkrati je to samo slutnja. Gozdovi, drevesa in gore so metafore za notranjo izpoved, zunanji in notranji svet sta prepletena in neločljiva.

Te pesmi lahko beremo kot molitev: so kratki spiritualni izlivi čustvenega sveta v okviru narave.

Ker je Draga znana tudi kot slikarka in upodobitvena umetnica, so v tej pesniški zbirki njene besede njen čopič in z njimi riše kar čuti, sluti, vidi in doživlja. Draga uporablja vsa čutila, da približa svoj objekt bralcu: njene pesmi zahtevajo tišino, da lahko slišimo gorske ptice; zahtevajo zbranost, da lahko čutimo sapo vetra; zahtevajo odprte oči, da lahko vidimo mavrične barve za gorami zahajajočega sonca. Izbira njenega besedišča je pogosto povezana z barvami, teksturo in intenzivnostjo vizualnega. Te pesmi bi lahko poimenovali tudi slike v besedi.

Dragina zbirka **Sanje o ljubezni** predstavlja novi korak k zrelosti disasporične slovensko-avstralske poezije: popoln umik od nenehnega hrepenenja po domovini v toplo sprejetje osebnega ljubezenskega doživetja je dobrodošla sprememba.

Dragine pesmi so lahko prevedljive v oba njena jezika, ker so osebne in splošno humane.

Bralec bo zlahka našel osebno povezavo in osebno podoživljanje v njeni besedi, bogati z barvami in občutjem.

Introduction

Dreams of Love are dreamed prose poems of Slovenian-Australian author Draga Glet. Draga carries reader on the wings of dreamy artistic word in the depth of her emotional and sensual experience of self in relation to the beloved man.

Draga's thinking are as transcendental question of the existence of love is movable between past and present.

Of course, the Draga's artistic confession can connect with the romantic period of literary history as the author constantly reflects the nature of human emotion. Nevertheless, the classic accession comes in precious contemporary emotional experience, intertwined with the questions and observations of modern man.

Through all the poems intermingle two main topics, which are fully integrated and sometimes inseparable: love and nature.

The central theme is love, however, is expressed from many angles and pours with translations and proverbs.

Such an overture puts the reader in the expectation that the central theme is poured in all the texts.

Draga takes the reader into the unknown depths of human love, which is hovering between erotic, physical and ethereal experience of another.

The poems often speak of a hand, of face and hair - gentle touch, smoothed hair, caressed face offer the reader the presence of sensual tenderness and yearning by Draga's expressed through descriptions of touches.

For her, the proximity of love pours into touch, which means proximity and confirmation. Love emotion radiating from Draga's poems is also a deep understanding and respect for the individuality of another. Maturity, which over the years grows from turbulent emotions, opposed delighted touch and almost erotic experience of some of the earlier poems.

On the other hand, the love between loving persons translates in nature - often the natural world reflects the inner world of lovers. Draga moved the theme of love in the theme of nature, it pours from the personal to the external appearance.

Lovers at the top of the mountain, euphoric experience of beauty, movement of trees and blending of colours - it shows the artist's close relationship with the natural world. The reader gets the feeling that the nature of the image of nature Draga's poems from her homeland, they are part of nostalgic longing, which is poured into a personal space experience and love, but at the same time it is just a premonition.

Forests, trees and mountains are a metaphor for the inner confession, inner and outer world are intertwined and inseparable. These poems can be read as a prayer: the short spiritual emanations (effusions) of emotional world within nature.

Since Draga is also known as a painter and depiction artist, in this collection of poems, her words become her brush, and she paints what she feels, what her senses perceive. Draga uses all the senses, to bring object closer to the reader: her poems require silence, so we can hear the mountain birds; require concentration, we can feel the breath of the wind; require open eyes that can see the rainbow colours of the setting sun behind the mountains. Choosing her vocabulary is often associated with colour, texture and visual intensity. These poems could be called a picture in words.

Draga's collection ***Dreams of Love*** represents a new step towards maturity of the dysphoric Slovenian-Australian poetry: a complete retreat from the constant longing for the homeland in the warm acceptance of personal love experience is a welcome change. Draga's poems are easily translatable in both languages, because they are personal and universally human. The reader will easily find a personal connection and personal reliving in her words, rich in colours and feelings.

Marta Spes-Skrbiš, Monash University
(Translation of the Slovenian original)

Dedication - Posvetilo

To my Family and Friends -
Družini in prijateljem

Acknowledgements - Zahvala

My gratitude goes to my family for being patient with me, for all the support and encouragement.

I am very grateful to **Prof Dr Igor Maver** for **Short Appraisal**.

I am very grateful to **Dr Elizabeth Tomažič** for **Preface**, for encouragement and words of praise, and English language advice/editing.

I am very grateful to **Mrs Marta Spes-Skrbiš** for the **Introduction**, for lovely, commendable review and Slovenian language advice and overview.

And very grateful as well to the Academic Artist Zorka Černjak for the beautifully expressive illustrations.

Thank you with all my heart.

Thank you as well to the Office of Republic of Slovenia for the Slovenians Abroad for a partial financial assistance.

Iskrena hvala moji družini za potrpljenje, podporo in navdušenje.

Najlepša hvala **Prof. Dr Igorju Maverju** za **Kratko oceno**.

Iskrena hvala **Dr Elizabeth Tomažič** za **Predgovor**, za vzpodbudne ter pohvalne besede in za pregled angleškega jezika.

Iskrena hvala **gespe Marti Špes-Skrbiš** za **Uvod** in za pregled slovenskega jezika.

Najlepša hvala umetnici **Zorki Černjak** za čudovite ilustracije.

Hvaležna sem iz vsega srca.

Hvala tudi Uradu Republike Slovenije za delno denarno pomoč.

Draga

A Dream: With You

We sit close, our eyes filled with each other.

The space between us is heavy with anticipation. Then you move closer - I cannot breathe any more:
you fill me with so much desire.

How inviting is the warmth of your velvety eyes - deep within your eyes I am bathed in gentle caresses.

You move closer still: I feel your presence - hypnotizing me . . .

An infinite moment of time is entwined into silence; our eyes are chained by it. You are so close.

With hardly any strength left I fall into your embrace. How long have we looked into each other's eyes?

I no longer feel space nor time: it feels like your hands are absorbing me . . .

I have nothing of myself left - am I changing into you?

We move as one. I am with you, but I cannot feel myself; I am completely with you - no, we are as one,
but I know I am still me.

Time envelops us more deeply. No, there is no time any more: we are one breath.

How deep the eyes reach - enchanted, we are aware only of their depth.

How long will this moment last? Time without boundaries! Where are we?

I have lost all sense of my body: I am poured into your eyes; I feel you only, everywhere only you, like a light,
majestic light widening, uniting . . .

This moment is infinity and infinity is a silent word upon your parted lips;

infinity is the quivering of your fingers over my body:

infinity is . . .

Sanje: S teboj

Sediva: z očmi uprtimi drug v drugega.

Prostor med nama je nasičen z nestrpnostjo pričakovanja. Približaš se; niti dahniti ne morem več, tako me polniš z željami.

Kako vabljiva je toplota tvojih žametnih oči - globoko v njih se toplota koplje; nežna, božajoča.

Še bolj se približaš: čutim tvoj dih - omamlja me.

Trenutek večnosti je vpleten v molk; vežejo ga najine vklanjene oči. Tako blizu si, tako zelo blizu.

Škoraj onemogla se te oklenem, z očmi še vedno vklanjena. Kako dolgo že zreva drug v drugega?

Ne čutim več ne prostora, ne časa: tvoje roke me vsrkavajo bližje.

Me spreminjaš vase? Tvoj gib je moj gib, sledim tvoji kretnji.

S teboj sem, a me ni, vsa sem v tebi; ne, eno sva, pa vseeno vem, da obstajam.

Ni več časa med nama: en sam dih sva. Kot da se izvija iz preteklosti. Kako globoko sega pogled.

Čutiva le globino, nasičeno z napetostjo.

Kako dolgo že traja ta trenutek? Čas brez meja! Postaneva le vzdih. Kje sva?

Izgubila sem svoje telo; vlila sem se v tvoj pogled; čutim te vsega, obdajaš me vsepovsod.

Čutim te: kot luč si, magnetna luč.

Trenutek je večnost in večnost je neslišna beseda na tvojih priprtih ustnicah;

večnost je trepet tvojih prstov po mojem telesu.

Večnost je odgovor . . .

The Coast

The sun parts from the sandy shoreline.
Its rays play in the little waves; they sparkle, hide and lose themselves in another wave.

We are barefoot. Close to each other. Are you conscious of time? Do you feel the sun's embrace?
The waves playfully tease our feet and the sand gently moves away from under us.
I am less and less aware of the waves and the sand.

I am more aware of you.

You embrace me with both hands, entwining me into your body as I lean against you.
Your whispered words are lost in my wind-tousled hair. I melt into you: there is no longer any ground beneath my feet.

I feel no waves, no sand; I see no sunset, I am only aware of you.
Like statues we cling together. The wind plays in our hair.
Silently we gaze again at the orange sun glowing above the horizon.
The surface of the sea is like a wide flame, spread thinly over the immense ocean.

We are drowning in beauty and peace; as each ray of the sun bids farewell, our hearts are more attuned.
We listen to unspoken words. Our hopes speak and the waves bind us with a dream on a shore.
Gently night settles upon the waves - peace is all ours . . .

Obala

Sonce se poslavlja od peščene obale.

Žarki se poigravajo v drobnih valovih; svetlikajo se, skrivajo in se spet izgubljajo v naslednjem valu.

Bosa sva. Tesno, drug ob drugem. Veš za čas? Čutiš, kako naju sonce objema?

Valovi se nagajivo poigravajo po gležnjih in pesek se izmika izpod stopal. Čutiš? Vedno bolj čutim le tvoj dih.

Objel si me čez pas, z obema rokama si me privil nase in s hrbtom sem naslonjena na tvoja prsa.

Šepetaš v moje lase, katere lahko razčesava veter. Topim se vate; komaj še čutim tla pod nogami.

Kje ste valovi, pesek? Ne vidim več zahajajočega sonca - le tebe.

Kot okamenela ostaneva tesno skupaj. Veter se poigrava v najinih laseh.

Brez besed spet gledava žarečo kroglo nad obzorjem.

Morje je en sam razlit plamen.

Vtapljava se v lepoto in mir. Z vsakim žarkom, ki se poslovi, sta najini srca vklenjeni tesneje: omamljena sva.

V tišini dih govori in valovi so naju zvezali v željo na obali.

Nežno se spušča noč med valove - najin je mir . . .

Skydancers

One more beautiful than the other. Their wings gently fluttering in time's every moment.
Hand in hand, we watch the butterflies.
We stop to look at them: I am aware of your respect for life.
You are conscious of life's importance, its magnificence.
I sense the way your body absorbs the butterfly's every move.

I watch your movements.

You are filled with life, bound to the universe.
To me, life is the unity of emotions within a circle of eternity.
My place is in this eternal circle - is yours too?

I watch the butterfly's movements. I feel how it quivers when your hand moves closer.

Like butterflies in the sky, your eyes are dancing. I want to join them in the dance . . .

Plesaleci neba

Eden lepši od drugega. Njihova krila nežno trepetajo ob vsakem dihu časa.
Z roko v roki si ogledujeva raznovrstne metulje.
Ob vsakem obstaneva: čutim tvoje spoštovanje življenja.
Življenje ti je nekaj velikega, nekaj visokega. Čutim, kako ti telo vsrkava vase vsak metuljev gib.

Pomoč človeku je sila - vsepovsod te obdaja!

Ob metuljih te opazujem.

Življenje je v tebi, vez sveta je v tebi; razumeš jo drugače kot jaz.
Meni je življenje čustvena vez, zliata v večni krog.
V tem krogu imam mesto - kje je tvoje?

Vidim trepetanje metulja. Čutim njegov drget, ko se mu približa tvoja roka.

Kot metulji na nebu plešejo tvoje oči. Želim z njimi med ples.

In the Morning Dew

Twilight lingers in corners of the room as a new day breaks.
The sky, a gleaming hemisphere over the tranquil land.
Wordlessly, we set out to walk. Hand in hand, we walk barefoot in the morning dew - slowly, silently.
There is no need for words: each droplet on our bare feet binds us closer in peace.
On a hillside we pause. Before us is a broad valley, bathed in the morning dew.

We sit on a fallen tree; the log is scattered with shining droplets. Still we do not say a word.
The birds begin to stir, their song enhancing the morning's peacefulness.
We speak as with droplets of dew shining on each slender blade of grass, on each tree leaf.
We speak as with the echoes of birdsong, captured in the silken spider's web draped amid branches,
loaded with the shining crystals . . .
We speak as with the dewy glitter on a half-opened blossom awaiting the sun.
Stronger and firmer is your hold: your embrace is warm, a safe shield.
We await the sun, too. Birdsong stretches across the dew drops - no, it echoes in their crystal cascade.

We are exhilarated by the cascade of dew drops as they float over us.
We are part of this miracle; we are absorbed more deeply into the melody of the awakening morning . . .
Your whispering caresses the crystal droplets; they are everywhere,
with our bodies lost in glittering chains of dew-kissed pearls.

We are both draped in crystal dreams; the sun absorbs them in its gentle warmth.

We are closer and closer: richer for the bird song, richer with each ray of sunshine . . .

Po jutranji rosi

V sobi se skriva mrak samo še po kotih. Dani se.
Nebo je kot blesteča polobla nad spokojno pokrajino.
Brez besed se napotiva na sprehod. Z roko v roki hodiva bosa po jutranji rosi - počasi, molčé.
Ni nama treba besed: vsaka kapljica rose na bosih nogah naju poveže tesneje z mirom.
Na obronku hriba se ustaviva. Pred nama je razprostrta dolina - koplje se v rosi.

Sedeva na podrto drevo, oblito s svetlečimi kapljicami. Še vedno brez besed.
Ptice se oglašajo in se vpajajo v jutranji mir.
Govoriva s kapljicami rose, ki se svetlikajo na vsaki travni bilki, na vsakem listu drevesa.
Govoriva z odmevi ptičjega petja, ujetimi med nitmi pajčevine, razpete med vejami,
obteženimi z lesketajočimi kristali . . .

Govoriva z leskom rose na pol odprtem cvetju - pričakuje sonca. Vedno tesnejši je stisk tvoje roke;
tvoj objem postaja močan,
varen oklep.

Čakava na sončni vzhod. Petje ptic se razpenja nad kapljicami - ne, med njimi odmeva kot v kristalnem slapu.

Dvigava se z odmevom kapljic. Posipajo naju.
Čutiva, da sva del čudeža; pogrezava se v lesketajočo melodijo prebujajočega jutra. . .
Tvoje šepetanje boža kristalne kapljice; obdajajo naju vsepovsod in telo se izgublja v blestečih ogrlicah biserov.

Vsa sva odeta v kristalne želje.
Sonce jih vsrkava vase z nežno toploto in vedno tesneje sva združena: bogatejša za dar rose,
bogatejša za vsako pesem ptice - bogatejša za vsak žarek sonca . . .

The Little Forest of Peace

How can the fern's scent remind me of you? In every leaf of the bowing fern I can feel you.
You sit by the stream, looking across the valley. Like an invisible net, your thoughts attract me;
the net becomes your body, a net of anticipation.
Without movement, you look far across the valley. Are you no longer by the stream?
I do not have the courage to disturb your thoughts - where are you?
Your eyes focus on a place in the valley - where are you?

I wait. Another moment. You are so still and peaceful.
The wind bends the ferns and they bow down lower and deeper. With every bow - do they whisper?
Are they whispering? "Embrace him!", they urge me. "No, I cannot disturb him", I tell myself,
"I promised you your time."
I wish to tell you, I feel with you. Where are you?" Again the ferns bow, deeper: "Embrace him!"

Quietly I come closer; I place my hand on your shoulder - I gently kiss your hair.
You do not move. I feel no resistance. As I stroke your hair, you lean gently on me; gently, as if without any weight,
as if you are afraid.
"Do not be afraid" and I draw you closer towards me - you offer no resistance.

My fingers must trace your forehead, your cheeks; I must kiss your half-closed eyes . . .
I want you to know that I understand you. Without words you tell me this is your time of stillness,
yet you let me be with you.
You relax completely in my embrace.
You know that I understand you. I gently kiss you - although you are present here,
your eyes still linger over the valley . . .

You look at me: I feel that you are with me. I sense your farewell to the past.

The ferns still bow in the wind; around us everything is a soft, gentle green.
For now, all we know is that we are together: this is our time, this is our peace . . .



Gozdiček miru

Kako more praprot dehteti po tebi? V vsakem listu klanjajoče praproti te čutim.

Sediš ob potoku, zastrt čez dolino.

Kot nevidna mreža me privlačijo tvoje misli; mreža postaja tvoje telo, mreža pričakovanja.

Nepremično zreš v daljavo. Nisi več ob potoku? Ne upam si motiti tvojih misli. Kje si?

Oči zró v točko onstran doline. Kje si?

Čakam. Še en trenutek. Tako mirno in spokojno sediš.

Veter klanja praprotne liste in vedno globlje se priklanjajo. Z vsakim gibom, šepet?

Šepetajo? "Objemi ga!" bodrijo. "Ne, ne smem te motiti," si govorim; "obljubila sem ti tvoj čas. "

Želim ti povedati le, da čutim s teboj. Kje si? Spet se skloni praprot nižje: "Objemi ga!"

Približam se ti tiho, položim roke na tvoja ramena, rahlo ti poljubim lase.

Ne premakneš se. Ne čutim odpora. Božam tvoje lase in nasloniš se name; nežno, skoraj brez teže, kot da se bojiš.

"Ne boj se," in te stisnem k sebi - popolnoma se mi prepustiš.

S prsti morem preko tvojega čela, lic; poljubiti morem tvoje priprte oči . . .

Nemo mi poveš, da je to tvoj čas, a mi dovoliš, da sem brez besed s teboj.

Popolnoma si se prepustil mojemu objemu.

Veš, da razumem. Morem te nežno poljubljati - ves si pri meni, le tvoj pogled je še onkraj doline . . .

Ozreš se vame - čutim, da si z menoj. Čutim tvoje slovo od včeraj.

Praprot se še vedno nežno sklanja v vetru; vse okrog naju je mehko, nežno zelenje.

Veva le, da sva skupaj: najin čas, najin mir . . .



Burning Snowflakes

I cannot see the sky - your face is so close, I can only see your eyes.
I feel how the snowflakes, like frozen glass crystals, fall from the tree, I hear them.
I know they are beautiful, as beautiful as your words.

Crystals cascade from the trees upon our shoulders, but I hardly feel them;
I feel only your closeness, your whispers.
Everywhere is winter, a deep, white winter. Bent trees silently bear their glittering icy burden . . .

"The sun is rising", you whisper and the mountain is alight with fire: everything is aglow in the sunrise.
Every crystal glitters with the sun's reflection.
We are showered with crystals, fallen from the trees, in the burning sunrise -
we hear the glittering snowflakes. . .

Your eyes burn too - I am engulfed by your fire.
You have absorbed me into your fire - our eyes have dissolved into one flame.
There is no time between us.
You wrap me closer within your coat; we lose all sense of time.

We are aflame into sunrise; our bodies absorbed by the fire's engulfing flames,
covered with fiery crystals . . .

The sun's rays descend lower on the trees - we no longer see them.
Your face hides the sun: yet I feel its warmth.
You are caught within a trembling rainbow - a new day, completely with you.

Goreče snežinke

Ne vidim neba - tvoj obraz je tako blizu, da vidim le tvoje oči.
Čutim, kako se z drevja usipajo kristali, slišim jih. Vem, lepi so, kot so lepe tvoje besede.

Kristalne snežinke se usipajo z drevja po najinih ramenih, pa jih komaj čutim.
Čutim le tvoj dih, tvoj šepet.
Vse okrog naju je zima, visoka, bela zima. Drevje povešeno prenaša lesketajoče breme.

“Sonce vzhaja” zašepetaš in, kot da je planina zagorela: vsepovsod žari, gori; vsak kristal odseva gorečo zarjo.
S kristali, ki se usipajo z drevja, sva posuta v goreči zarji -
slišiva lesketanje drobnih kristalov . . .

Tvoje oči tudi žaré, goreče oglje žge, gori - vsa sem v tvojem ognju.
Priklenil si me v svoj ogenj - oči so se zlile v eno luč. Ni časa med nama.
Tesneje me zaviješ v svoj suknjič; še bližje sva si.

Goriva v jutranji zori. Najini telesi prepojeni z ognjem -
širi se, posut z ognjenimi kristali . . .

Že se spuščajo sončni žarki vse nižje po drevju, ne vidiva jih več.
Tvoj obraz zakrije tudi té. Čutim vzhajajoče sonce.
Napet si v trepetajoči mavrici. Nov dan, popolnoma s teboj . . .

Sonata

We are in a carefully decorated concert hall.
The audience sits like a group of statues - peaceful, silent in the stillness of expectation.
We can hear each breath - how exciting the anticipation for something beautiful, something grand . .
Enthusiastic applause greets the artists.

We sit close together, our shoulders barely touch. The first tunes draw us into complete stillness.
Breathing is so gentle, bodies barely moving so as to not disturb the melody.

In ever-expanding tones the melody spreads among the listeners -
the magical strings of an invisible net of beauty bind us with joy.

Silently, your hand finds mine - the excitement of beauty raises up our spirits.
You sense my exhilaration. How lovely, this uplifting moment!
You are conscious of how I follow you into these heights - with every tone we are closer.
We are so close in this moment of immense beauty, lifted up into a world of alluring peaks,
bringing us moments of complete unity and understanding.

Our eyes are half closed; yet we are not dreaming,
only wishing to delay these moments to stay with us longer.

Impossible to comprehend such beauty!

No words - words are too insignificant.

Sonata

Slavnostno okrašena dvorana.

V koncertni dvorani so vsi kot kipi na svojih sedežih mirni, nepremični v pričakovanju.

Sliši se posamezni dih. Kako napeto je pričakovanje nečesa lepega, velikega . . .

Buren aplavz pozdravi umetnike.

Sediva drug ob drugem; ramena se rahlo dotikajo. Ob prvih zvokih se utopiva v melodije: popolnoma naju zvabijo vase.

Dihanje postane tako lahno, da se prsa komaj upajo premikati, da ne bi motila melodije . . .

V naraščajočem tonu se melodija širi med poslušalci.

Veže nas nevidna mreža veselja.

Neslišno roka najde roko in navdušenje ob lepoti naju dviga.

Čutiš moje doživetje. Tudi jaz čutim - lep je ta trenutek dviganja.

Čutiš, da ti sledim v višino melodij. Z vsakim tonom sem ti bližje.

Čutiva le lepoto, ki naju dviga v posebni svet, svet višine,

ki nama čara trenutke popolne enotnosti in razumevanja.

Oči so nama priprte; ne, ne sanjava,

le zadržujeva trenutke, da bi mogli ostati še dlje z nama.

Nemogoče je dojeti toliko lepote!

Nobene besede - besede so premajhne . . .

A Farewell ?

I collect all my courage to extend my hand to you in farewell.

I could hardly say: "Well, good bye" and "Thank you for everything."

I wait for your hand - our hands have not yet touched. I stop in mid-step. I can no longer move;
in your eyes I read something unrecognizable. What could it mean? Silence.

Without a sound we look at each other.

How long can I last like that? Then you move. You take my hand.

Your touch electrifies me - my body feels it. Do you notice? We still look into each others' eyes.

Can you read the sadness of parting in my eyes? For a moment, I remember our first meeting.

Do you remember when you put your hand on my shoulder and I moved my head to touch it?

I still do not know the reason behind the action, but I needed your courage.

There is only silence. You shook my hand, squeezed it and I wished time would stop.

You moved closer; our hands still clasped together.

You step so close to me - my eyes are unsettled. What can I read in your eyes?

What do my eyes say to you?

Your eyes are so dark, so warm, so deep . .

You step even closer. Your other hand catches my waist - what is happening?

You draw me closer - how warm it is.

You let go of my hand and with both hands you embrace me. Your touch burns to my heart.

Your hands - so warm, so gentle!

I still look at you - questioning, hoping. What do I hope for? What can I hope for?

Then your hands find their way up my back. O, my body burns at your touch.

Your hands travel higher along my back; you look at me playfully, smiling.

I tremble as you touch me.

I am still within your eyes - I try to read their meaning, I cannot.

I demand of myself: "Reason, leave me, let me answer with my heart, with my whole self;
reason, be gone!"

Your hands still caress my body; more and more I burn. O, God, I cannot bear any more!

I have to embrace you, I have to! You can read it in my eyes and you smile. Is this a dream?

No, this is no dream. You hold me closer and I continue to burn. My arms embrace you.

You are victorious!

I wish for this moment to last until eternity. You do not whisper of a farewell, but of the beginning.

Slovo ?

Zberem pogum in sprožim roko v slovo. Komaj izrečem besede: "Torej, adijo" in "Hvala za vse."

Čakam, da mi podaš roko -

nista se roki še dotaknili. Obstanem v polkoraku. Ne morem se premakniti;
v očeh ti berem nekaj nepoznanega.

Kaj naj to pomeni? Molk. Brez besed si zreva v oči.

Kako dolgo morem zdržati? Premakneš se. Sežeš v mojo roko. Tvoj dotik je kot električni šok - celo telo presune.
Si opazil? Si čutil? Še vedno si zreva v oči.

Bereš v mojih očeh žalost slovesa?

V trenutku so pred mano dnevi najinega prvega srečanja. Se spominjaš,
ko si mi položil roko na ramo in sem se naslonila nanjo?

Ne vem vzroka za tisti trenutek - a morala sem se nasloniti nanjo; potrebovala sem tvoj pogum.

Še vedno nisi izrekel besede. Stisnil si mi roko in želim, da bi se čas ustavil. Premikaš se bližje;
najini roki še vedno ena v drugi.

Tako blizu si stopil. Oči postajajo nemirne. Kaj naj berem v njih? Kaj ti povedo moje oči?

Tvoje oči so tako temne,

tako tople, tako globoke . . .

Še vedno se mi približuješ. Z drugo roko si me ujel okrog pasu - kaj se dogaja? Privijaš me bližje: o, kako toplo je!
Spustil si mojo roko in z obema rokama si me objel.

Žge me tvoj dotik do srca. Tako sta topli tvoji roki, tako nežni!

Še vedno zrem vate vprašujoče, upajoče. Kaj upam? Kako morem upati!

Pa so tvoje roke našle pot po mojem hrbtu. O, moje telo gori ob tvojem dotiku.

Tvoje roke drsijo; zazrt si vame - hudomušno ti zaigra nasmeh v očeh.

Trepetam pod tvojimi prsti.

Še vedno v tvojih očeh, skušam brati tvoj pogled a ne morem.

Ukazujem si: "Razum, pusti me, pusti, naj odgovorim s srcem,
s telesom; proč razum in razsodnost!"

Še vedno drsijo tvoje roke po mojem telesu; vedno bolj gorim, o Bog, ne morem več vzdržati!

Moram te objeti, moram! Vidiš to v mojih očeh in smehljaš se. So to sanje?

Ne, niso sanje. Vedno tesneje me privijaš k sebi in vedno bolj gorim. Oklenem se te.

Veš, zmagal si, zavedaš se zmage.

Želim, da bi trenutek trajal večnost. Šepetaš, da to ni slovo, ampak šele začetek.

I Know

The night is dark, without stars.
Only here and there the wind whispers through the leaves of a birch tree,
its branches drooping below the window.

Deep, soft silence.
Everything rests in stillness, only our hearts are restless.
Your face dances before my eyes: your eyes, your smile.
I imagine I hear your voice: you speak softly of the summer sun, turning into autumn.

Then:
I hear your footsteps.
You are coming.
I know you are coming.
My whole being feels you.
But, you are already here!

I open my eyes: no, I cannot see you.
Yet, you are here, with me, I can feel you, you are completely with me.

I do not need to see or touch you; I just know you are here.

Vem

Noč je temna, brez zvezd.
Le tu in tam rahlo zašumi veter med listi breze, ki širi svoje veje pod oknom.

Globoka, mehka tišina.
Vse počiva, le srce si ne more najti počitka.
Pred očmi pleše tvoja podoba: tvoje oči, tvoj nasmeh.
Kot da slišim tvoj glas: mehko govoriš o soncu in poletju, ki se nagiba v jesen.

Nenadoma;
slišim tvoje stopinje.
Prihajaš.
Vem da prihajaš.
Vse telo te čuti.
Vendar: saj si že tukaj!

Odprem oči, a te ne vidim.
Vendar: saj si tukaj, čutim te. Ves tukaj si, pri meni.

Ni mi treba dotika, in ne videti te: vem, da si ob meni.

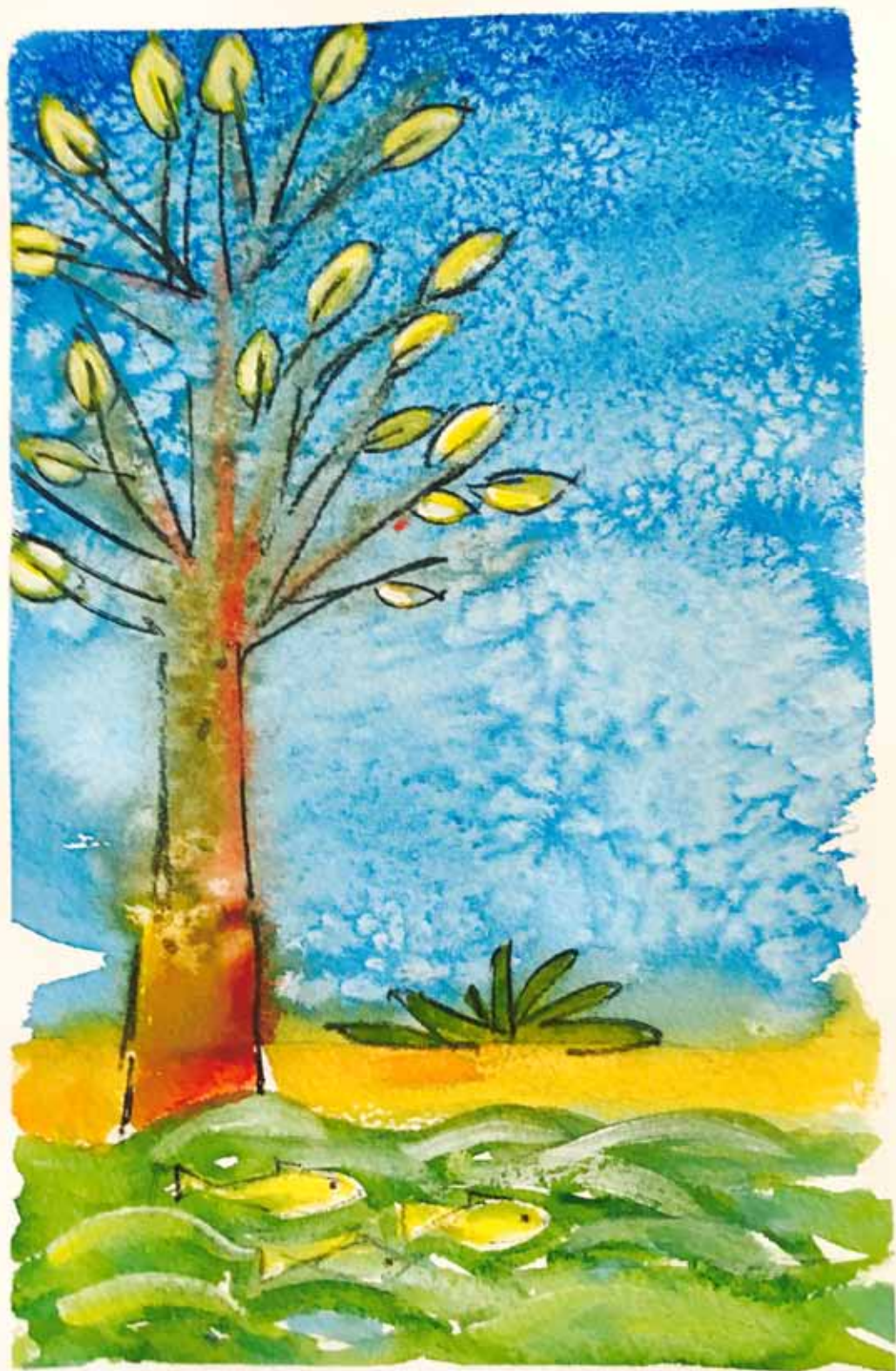
Lean on Me

Gracefully and strong grows a tree by the river;
its crown is mirrored on the surface of the water as it rolls into the distance.
Somewhere close by a bird sings of happiness and enthusiasm, it sings of spring.
In silence we walk towards the river.
Nothing disturbs the peaceful scene, only here and there a leaf moves above us.
You walk proudly, not needing any support!
There are times when you are so far away and I cannot disturb you.
Where do you travel to? You close the door to your emotions and I dare not knock!
If only you knew how lonely I am when you are so distant!
Sometimes I am afraid that I do not know you at all.
We share an appreciation of beauty and warmth but there are times I am unable to reach you.

Again there are soft sounds from the tree crown, like a lullaby.
Today you also want to be alone - your steps hurry into the shade before us.
I quietly follow you. Still in silence.
The silence tortures me. Yet, I have to respect your time of peace and I move closer to the river.
Majestic is the tree before me with its bowing branches. Its roots reach so deep.
"Lean on me!", I hear whispered from among the leaves. Is the tree inviting me?
Am I really so weak that I cannot stand alone?

Again, I hear whispers from the leaves: "Lean on me!" I walk closer to the tree; it beckons me.
I lean on its splendid trunk with its roots reaching so deeply into rich soil.
Is it possible to feel its growth? Is it possible to feel its flow of energy, giving strength to the tree?
Is it possible to feel the budding of its leaves?
Is it possible to feel the lifting of its power skywards?
Does the power of its growth unite with the power of the sky?
"Lean on me" still echoes in my mind like the words of the hymn,
"Be not afraid, I go before you always!"

I was thinking of power. Has the tree given me strength? Has it returned my courage and will?
You walk towards me now and you are at peace.
In silence you reach for my hand and we continue to walk along the river.
My questions seem to float away upon the water.
Finally you speak, adjusting the scarf which has been loosened on my shoulders by the gentle breeze.
Your eyes express your thanks for the time I have granted you -
My understanding enabled, perhaps, by the tree,
which beckoned me to lean on it.



Naslone se name

Mogočno stoji drevo ob reki: zrcali svojo krošnjo v gladini, ki se vali v daljavo.
Nekje blizu zapoje ptič: zapoje o veselju in navdušenju, zapoje o pomladi.
Tiho stopava proti reki. Nič ne moti miru, le tu in tam vzdrti list drevesa nad nama.
Stopaš ponosno, ni ti treba opore! Včasih si oddaljen v mislih in ne smem te motiti.
Kam odhajaš v trenutkih oddaljenosti? Zapreš vrata do svojih čustev in si ne upam niti potrkati.
Ne veš, kako osamljeno me pustiš, ko se zapreš vase. Včasih se bojim, da te sploh ne poznam.
Deliva si lepoto in toplino, a tu in tam te ni; ne morem te doseči.

Spet zašumi med listjem drevesa mehko, uspavajoče.
Tudi danes hočeš biti sam. Oddaljuješ svoj korak, hitiš v senco drevesa pred nama. Tiho ti sledim.
Še vedno brez besed.
Skoraj mučna je tišina. Spoštovati moram tvoj mir in odmaknem se bližje proti reki.
Mogočno stoji drevo pred menoj s sklonjenimi vejami. Globoko segajo njegove korenine.
"Naslone se name!" je zašumelo med listjem. Me je res drevo povabilo?
Sem res tako šibka, da ne morem vedno stati sama?

Spet zašumi med vejami: "Naslone se name!" Približam se mogočnemu deblu - vabi me.
Res se naslonim na drevo, na mogočno deblo s koreninami, ki segajo v plodno zemljo.
Ali je mogoče čutiti rast? Ali je res mogoče čutiti prelivanje energije, ki daje drevesu moč?
Ali je mogoče čutiti brstenje listja?
Ali je mogoče čutiti dviganje moči proti nebu?!

Se moč rasti združi z močjo neba?
"Naslone se name," še vedno odmeva v mojem spominu.
Kot besede molitve: "Ne boj se, vedno grem pred teboj!"

Premišljevala sem o moči. Me je res drevo opogumilo? Mi je vrnilo pogum in voljo?
Stopaš proti meni in v tebi je mir.
Nemo sežeš po moji roki in nadaljujeva pot ob reki, ki odnaša moja vprašanja.
Končno si le spregovoril in mi popravil ruto, ki se je ovijala mojega vratu v lahnem vetru,
se oddaljevala in spet vračala na moja ramena.
Le z očmi si se zahvalil za svoj čas - razumela sem; morda prav s pomočjo drevesa, ki me je povabilo,
da sem se mogla v tem času nasloniti se nanj.



Finally

I love you, man with warm, deep eyes. As I look into your eyes,
I melt into you - they are so inviting, so warm.
You look at me and I feel your love pouring into me - its power, gentleness, healing warmth.
At times, when we do not need to talk at all - our eyes talk.
Eyes speak of our feelings; no, more, they are our feelings,
 silent promises and bonds of love. When I lower my gaze,
you know how to find out and search my feelings;
 you know how to touch me - how to touch my heart . . .
We walk together in the park - we feel each leaf move in the wind;
 each whisper of the breeze through the tree's crown is in harmony with our feelings.
You know how to guide me; you guided me when my life's boat, full of sadness and disappointment,
 was crashing against a cliff.
You helped me to leave that boat, let it be and turn away from it. I believed you. I trusted you.

We talk during summer evenings: talk about our days, full of children and their love,
 of their little feet running in the grass.
We feel the breeze in our faces, the landscape greeting us.
There is a mountain ahead of us. We walk on the path surrounded by ferns and tall trees.
The trees are so proud: their branches towering over our heads. Silence. All around us silence.
The trees are so magnificent - their strength is so great, so powerful.
We walk still. I look at you and you know of my longing - we embrace; so warm.
Do the trees feel us? They remain still and silent.
 Are we one enlarged heart?
 A heart beating with hopes and love?
I know now what love is. I learned of love, of unconditional love,
of love so powerful one needs no words, no touch, just knowing.
I feel I could dance the dance of life with you forever - stepping in time, in a harmony of movement,
 being lifted like we are floating, not dancing any more.
The dance - unity of understanding, harmony of feelings, of movements,
 yet individuality - space for individual "me",
 individual steps united in tune and personal growth.

Life spans like a mosaic of days, expectations and appreciation of each other,
 appreciating nature's beauty and gratitude for life.
Our hearts lift us high above the music; high above the fields of wheat - we become part of life's tune,
 a part of the rhythm of life which enchants and binds us together.

Loněno

Ljubim te, mož toplih, globokih oči. Pogledam te in se spojim s teboj, tako vabljive so tvoje oči, tako tople. Pogledaš me in čutim tvojo ljubezen, ki se preliva vame; moč, milina, ozdravljajoča toplina.

Včasih nama sploh ni treba govoriti. Najine oči povedo vse.

Oči si povedo o čustvih. Ne, še več: oči so najina čustva,
neme obljuje in vez ljubezni.

Sklonim glavo in znaš nemo poizvedeti;
veš, kako se me dotakniti, kako se dotakniti mojega srca . . .

Skupaj greva v park. Čutiva vsak list drevesa v vetru,
vsak šepet vetra v krošnji dreves se ujema z najinimi čustvi.

Veš kako me voditi; vodil si me iz čolna življenja,
ko se je ta majal v viharju in se razbijal ob pečinah.

Pomagal si mi zapustiti ta čoln, sprejeti in ga prepustiti preteklosti. Verjela sem ti. Zaupala sem ti.

Greva poletnemu večeru naproti; govoriva o dnevih, polnih otroškega čebljanja in njihove ljubezni,
polnih majhnih bosih nog, ki tekajo po travi.

Čutiva veter na najinih obrazih in pokrajina naju prijazno pozdravlja.

Planina je pred nama. Že hodiva po stezi polni praproti in dreves. Drevesa so tako ponosna;
njihove veje se klanjajo nad najinima glavama.

Tišina. Vsepovsod tišina.

Tako mogočna so drevesa - njihova moč tako velika, prevzemajoča.

Še vedno hodiva. Pogledam te in čutiš moje hrepenenj. Objameva se. Tako toplo.

Naju drevesa čutijo? Tako tiha in mirna so!

Ali sva eno samo povečano srce?

Srce z utripi upanja in ljubezni?

Vem, kaj je ljubezen.

Spoznala sem nesebično ljubezen, ljubezen tako močno, da niso potrebne ne besede, ne dotik, samo spoznanje.

Plesala bi rada ples življenja s teboj za vedno v korakih in harmoniji časa, da bi se dvignila nad vse.

Ples mi je zveza razumevanja, harmonija čustev,
in prostor za osebno rast in svobodne korake.

Življenje se vrti v mozaiku dni, pričakovanj in spoštovanja drug drugega,
spoštovanja lepote narave in zahvale za življenje.

Najina srca naju dvignejo visoko nad melodije in nad žitno polje - postala sva del pesmi življenja,
del utripa življenja, ki naju očara in veže.

Just a Dream ?

It is late. The sky is full of stars. They lower themselves above the tired fields between the hills.
Do they fall in the sea and disappear from the sky?
Are they moved by an invisible power above the horizon,
bringing them near and taking them far away again?
A connection without ties? More and more stars light up: an eternal cycle of change.
The sparks of unrest dancing in the sky.
Everywhere there is only the stillness of a yearning night. In the branches the wind cries.
Can the stars hear it?

Time to rest. The stars still offer themselves through the window.
Tiredness overcomes the wish for dreaming.

Like one short moment, the night is over.

In the morning sunrise, birds already sing and the sun rises above the hills.
Is it possible for dreams to be so real that I do not know whether they were dreams or reality?
Warm hands were caressing my head gently. They hardly touched my hair. I felt a face so close.
You bent over my pillow and gently kissed my forehead and my closed eyes.
Your fingers traced the lines of my face, forehead, cheeks, chin.
They stopped over my lips: your fingers trembled.
You turned your face away,
sat on the edge of bed and fixed the covers like a mother would fix them for a child.
You sat in silence; not one word was uttered. Words were not necessary,
they would interfere with the starry night.
How warm it was: the fire of yearning whispered the song of unfulfilled wishes, the song of searching,
an infinite breath of gentleness, the song of united dreams.

There was no You here; there was no Me here, we were only a heartbeat.

Birdsong cut into my dreams. Only dreams?
Were the closed doors opened by the wind or did you leave them open when you left?
Just dreams?

Samo sanje ?

Pozno je. Na nebu žare zvezde. Spuščajo se nad utrujeno polje, ki se razprostira med vrhovi.

Padajo v morje in izginjajo z neba?

Jih nevidna vez premika nad obzorjem,
jih približuje in spet oddaljuje?

Zveza brez verig? Vedno nove se prižigejo: večni krog spreminjanja. Iskre nemira, ki plešejo po nebesnem obodu.

Vseokrog je le tišina hrepeneče noči. V vejah joče veter.

Ali ga zvezde slišijo?

Čas počitka. Še vedno se ponujajo zvezde skozi okno.

Utrujenost premaga željo po premišljevanju.

Kot en sam trenutek je minila noč.

V jutranji zarji so že zapele ptice in sonce se je dvignilo izza hriba.

Ali je mogoče, da morejo biti sanje tako žive, da ne vem, ali so resnica ali so sanje?

Tople roke so me božale po glavi. Nežno. Komaj so se dotikale las. Čutila sem obraz - tako blizu.

Sklonil si se nad blazino in nežno poljubil moje čelo in zaprte oči.

S prsti si objemal poteze mojega obraza: lica, čelo, brado in se ustavil na ustnicah: prsti so ti trepetali.

Odmaknil si obraz,

se usedel na rob postelje in popravil odejo, kot popravi mati odejo otroku.

Molčal si, niti ene besede nisi izrekel. Besede niso bile potrebne,

motile bi zvezdnato noč.

Kako toplo je bilo ob tebi: ogenj hrepenenja je šepetal pesem neizpolnjenih želja, pesem iskanja,

neskončen dih nežnosti, pesem združenih sanj.

Nisi bil ti, nisem bila jaz, bila sva samo utrip.

Pesem ptice je prekinila sanje. So bile to sanje?

So se zaprta vrata sobe odprla v vetru ali si jih ob svojem tihem odhodu le priprl?

Samo sanje?

The Echo

The path before us becomes steeper and steeper. The trees thin out and the bushes hide among the rocks.
Tiny flowers in many colours grow towards the sun: here white and pink, there yellow and blue,
 someplace again red and purple. How can blue bells grow in these rocky crevices?
Humbly the flowers laugh at the sun. Here and there is birdsong -
 perhaps they do not want to break the mountain's peace.
The peace is complete: solemn, grand, as grand as the mountain before us.
It lifts itself high towards the sky and wraps itself into the safety of cliffs.
Does the mountain talk to us of freedom and of walls around itself?
Not many could come close; only some were accepted by the mountain.
Like people who build walls to guard themselves against being wounded, broken and downtrodden?
We approach an overhanging cliff. Slowly we enter the dangerous part -
 every hold is to trust the mountain: its magnificence invites us.
On a cliff plane we rest. You sing a short song and it echoed in the nearby cliffs.
We follow the sounds of the echo and it reminds us of the old myth of muse in love.
Her yearning to become close to her lover was in vain.
The more she dreamed, the further away he was, in love with his own image, in love with himself.
The muse moved into the mountains bitterly disappointed, where her yearning still echoes today;
 in every echo there is a cry of her pain which disappears in time, where her unfulfilled dreams drown.
Without words you take my hand. Proving that you are not like the muse's lover?
Proving that you want the union of our dreams?
Far away, the echo drowns itself and we continue the path towards the top.
The lonely edelweiss beckons us, but we resist and let it grow in its safe, simple, but such a beautiful garden in the cliff,
 where it is awakened every morning by the sun, drinking the dew from its flower, kissing it in greeting.
Your kiss is like the sun's greeting, full of trembling joy.
The mountain top greets us with wind and peace. Nobody there - only the two of us, hand in hand,
 and the mountain. And its peace.
Caressing, safe peace wrapped in the blueness of the sky and the warmth of light.
Why words? Too majestic is the magic of light and peace!
We sit on the rocky top. Your hand embraces my shoulders,
 you move closer and embracing we become part of this wonder.
A part of this joy.
The mountain becomes alight in the setting sun - it is impossible to describe its beauty.
The glittering light dances on the mountain tops everywhere around us.
The light of freedom dances with the grandeur of the mountain so close, so intimate, so unified,
 joined in the rays of freedom and height.
The light invites us into this dance.
In experiencing the dance of the sun's parting is our gratitude - unique.
The mountain's acceptance unites us in joy. Richer in trust, we return to the valley.

Odmev

Pot pred nama se je vzpenjala višje in višje. Drevesa so se redčila in grmičevje se je skrivalo med skalami. Drobnost cvetje se je ponujalo soncu v vseh barvah: tu belo in roza, tam rumeno in modro, drugod rdeče in vijoličasto.

Le kako je mogla rasti modra zvončnica v skalni razpoki?

Ponižno so se smehljali cveti soncu. Tu in tam se je slišalo petje ptic, kot da niso hotele z dolgim petjem motiti gorskega miru.

Poln je bil ta mir: veličasten, mogočen, kot je bila mogočna gora pred nama.

Dvigala se je visoko proti nebu in se zavijala v varnost pečin, skal in prepadov.

Nama je govorila o svobodi in o ograji, ki je imela okrog sebe? Ni mogel vsak do nje, le nekatere je gora sprejela v svojo bližino.

Kot človek, ki si postavi ograje, da se zavaruje, da ni prevečkrat ranjen, skrušen, prevečkrat poteptan?

Približujeva se previsu: skoraj grozljiv je pred nama.

Počasi se podava v pečino - vsak oprijem je zaupanje gori: trdna in močna naju vabi v svoje veličastje.

Na polici se ustaviva. Zapel si kratko pesem in odmevalo je v bližnjih stenah.

Sledila sva odmevu s spominom na staro bajko o zaljubljeni muzi.

Njeno hrepenenje, da bi se približala izvoljencu, je bilo zaman.

Bolj je hrepenela, bolj se je oddaljeval od nje, zaljubljen v svojo lastno podobo, zaljubljen sam vase.

Muza se je razočarana umaknila v gore, kjer njeno hrepenenje še danes odmeva:

v vsakem odmevu v gorah je krik njene bolečine,

ki se izgubi v daljavi s časom, kjer njeno neutešeno hrepenenje ugasne.

Brez besede vzameš mojo roko. Dokazuješ, da nisi kot muzin izvoljenec?

Dokazuješ, da si želiš najine zveze izpolnjenih sanj?

Odmev se je utopil nekje daleč v skalah in nadaljevala sva pot proti vrhu.

Osamela planika naju je vabila, pa sva premagala skušnjavo in jo pustila, da je živela v svojem varnem, skromnem, a tako lepem vrtu v steni, kjer jo je vsako jutro zbudilo sonce, spilo roso s cveta in jo poljubilo v pozdrav.

Tudi tvoj poljub je bil kot sončni pozdrav: nežen, topel, poln utripajoče sreče.

Vrh gore naju je pozdravil z vetrom in mirom. Nikjer nikogar - le midva, z roko v roki in gora. In mir.

Božajoč, varen mir, zaviti v modrino neba in v toploto luči. Čemu besede, prepolna je čarobnost luči in miru.

Sedla sva na skalni vrh.

Tvoja roka je oklenila moja ramena, nagnil si se bližje in objeta sva postala del čudesa.

Tako doživet trenutek sreče!

Zagorela je gora v večerni zarji - nemogoče je opisati lepoto.

Žareča luč je plesala po vrhovih, vsepovsod okrog naju; plesala je luč svobode z mogočnostjo gore, tako tesno, tako enotno;

združena v soju svobode višin.

Luč naju je povabila v ta ples. V doživljanju plesa sončnega slovesa je bila najina zahvala - enkratna.

Gora, sprejela si naju in povezala v sreči. Bogatejša v zaupanju sva se vrnila v dolino.

Above the Abyss

Head spinning height. Deep below us tree tops, impossible to believe.

At eye level are rocky tops: the closest, wide and broad, frighteningly high,
the second sharp and pointy,
inaccessible and behind full of cracks and crevices.

We watch a group of climbers bravely entering the heights of the broad top. Step after step.
Handgrip after handgrip; drop after drop of sweat.

We stand on a small straight plain. We do not touch, but are so close. So strong is our bond,
I can feel you without your touch.

Then later, hand in hand we watch the climbers.

Has the wind lifted us above the precipice below us?

So full is our flight above the precipice: we rise above it, above the tree tops.

Everything stands still, even the birds are silent. Silence is ours, the height is ours.

Like a prayer, we are lifted above everything: above the climbers, above the cliffs,
above the birdsong . . .

The sun is ready for its farewell on return to the cliff.

The mountain tops alight in fire around us and the sun parting with kisses of fire until it drowns into the horizon.

So rich we feel, so close and united in a solitary touch.

Nad prepadom

Vrtoglava višina. Globoko pod nama so vrhovi dreves, kar nemogoče je verjeti.
Vzporedno z najinim pogledom so visoki skalni vrhovi: najbližji, širok in plečat, skoraj grozljiv v strminah;
nato drugi, oster in koničast,
izgledal je nedostopen in zadaj nižji, razpokan.
Opazovala sva skupino plezalcev, ki se je ojunčila za plečati vrh.
Stopinja za stopinjo, oprijem za oprijemom, potna kaplja za potno kapljo.

Stojiva na ploščati skali. Ne dotikava se, a sva tako blizu. Tako močna je najina vez,
da te morem čutiti, brez da se me dotakneš.
Zapiha veter in pomakneš se k meni. Z roko v roki opazujeva vzpon plezalcev.
Naju je veter dvignil nad prepad?

Topla je tale najina pot nad prepadom. Dvigava se nad dolino, nad vrhovi dreves.
Vse se je ustavilo, še črički so utihnili. Tišina je najina, višina je najina.
Kot da naju je dvignila molitev, sva nekje visoko nad vsem: visoko nad plezalci, visoko nad pečinami,
visoko nad ptičjim petjem . . .
Sonce se je pričelo poslavlјati, ko sva se polna topline vrnila na skalo nad prepadom.

Zagoreli so vrhovi okrog naju in sonce se je z ognjenimi poljubi poslavlјalo, dokler ni utonilo na obzorju.
Tako bogata sva, tako blizu v enem samem dotiku.

A Game

Children play in the park: on swings, merry-go-rounds, in sand, and in the grass.
Running after the ball and after the kite, lifting and moving, colourful against the sky.
Two of them in tall grass - the long stems caressing their playful cheeks.
The grass so tall, one can only see windblown hair and small shoulders.
Their tiny hands move the grass stems away before them while jumping happy over its turf.
They hide and laugh, full of joy.
Every fall into the thick long grass is another exclamation of happiness and enthusiasm.
They follow a brightly coloured butterfly, teasing them,
moving to a distant flower, waiting before moving away again.
How much joy in such a simple game!

We become like children, too, happy among the blades of grass,
following the butterfly above the soft grass pillows.
A sea of grass blades: long, healthy grass blades. In the wind they appear like waves:
now low, humble, then tall and playful.
Barefoot, we follow the children.
The grass becomes part of the wind and its scent enchants us.
We are left alone among the green waves.
We lay down and look up to the azure of the sky.
It is infinite.
We raise our joined hands towards the sky, covering the sun.
Sunrays slide through our fingers; they surprise us, laugh at us.
Like the sunrays your embraces and kisses are gentle and warm.
Are we competing with the sun to be even gentler?
Huge clouds appear, some like big mountains, others like lost sheep in the wind.
They play in the sun and depart in a glittering greeting over the hills.

The tired grass rests and we, too, depart from the flowering greenery and the butterfly
as it continues moving from flower to flower.

Igra

Otroci se igrajo v parku: na gugalnicah, na vrtiljaku, v pesku in v travi. Tekajo za žogo in za zmajem,
ki se pisan v vetru dviguje in nagajivo umika.

Dva otroka sta našla visoko travo - dolge bilke so ju božale po razigranih ličkah.

Tako visoka je bila trava, da sta se včasih videli le kodrasti glavici in tu in tam njuna ramena.

Drobne ročice so odmikale travne bilke; preskakovala sta močne ruše in se veselila vsakega skoka.

Skrivala sta se in se prisrčno smejala. Vsak padeč v gosto travo je vzbudil nov klic veselja in navdušenja.

Levila sta pisanega metulja, ki ju je zvaljal za seboj,

se umaknil na oddaljen cvet in ju počakal in spet odletel.

Koliko veselja v tej prisrčni, preprosti igri!

Tudi midva sva postala kot otroka in se veselila travnih bilk, pisanega metulja in mehkih travnih blazin.

Morje travnih bilk: dolgih, zdravih bilk. V vetru so bile kot valovi: zdaj nizki, ponižni,
potem visoki in nemirno razigrani.

Bosa sva sledila otrokoma.

Travne bilke so se popolnoma predale vetru in duh po svežem cvetju in cvetnem prahu naju je navdal z nežnim opojem.

Sama sva ostala sredi zelenih valov.

Legla sva mednje in se zagledala v sinjino nad nama.

Neskončna je bila.

Sklenjeni roki sva dvignila proti nebu in zakrila sončno oblo.

Žarki so polzeli med prsti, naju presenečali in se nama smejala.

Kot sončni žarki topli so bili tvoji objemi in poljubi.

Sva tekmovala s soncem, da bi bil najin dotik nežnejši?

Približali so se kopičasti oblaki: nekateri kot mogočne gore, drugi kot drobne ovčice, razpršene v vetru.

Poigrali so se s soncem in se v svetlečem slovesu premaknili za hribovje.

Utrujena trava se je umirila in poslovlila sva se od cvetočega travnika in metuljev,
ki so se še vedno preletavali od cveta do cveta.

You are so Far Away

The phone rings and it is you: your greeting friendly, as always.

You are so far away, but we are still close. The distance is becoming smaller
as you continue with questions; with every word you are closer.

You mention the music filling my room.

Then the ocean becomes louder and your voice nearly loses itself in the angry waves in the cliffs.

You describe the shore. Seagulls everywhere you said, wild waves and bubbly anger.

How pleasant it would be with you! You know of my love of the sea and how I respect its greatness.

The seagulls become louder again and your voice is lost among their cries.

You wait until they settle and then whisper some words, making me feel warm all over.

Strange that you are so far, yet so close! In the heart's perspective, distance becomes shorter.

You talk of friendship and respect of nature, of joy and acknowledgement of life,
being part of something much bigger than us.

The seagulls become louder again and your whispering is lost among them.

Then you tell me of a huge cave you found on your walk,

where the waves suffocated every other sound, wildly hit the cliffs and slowly came to rest.

You tell me of the sunrise you saw after your morning meditation. Looking at the clouds,

edged with fiery light, you admit how your dreams rushed to the sky: dreams of our togetherness.

You tell me how the waves fill you with peace and rest, how they cradle you and lift you.

Then you talk of walking in the sand avoiding playful waves.

And of the sand trickling through your fingers.

You trust me with your dreams,

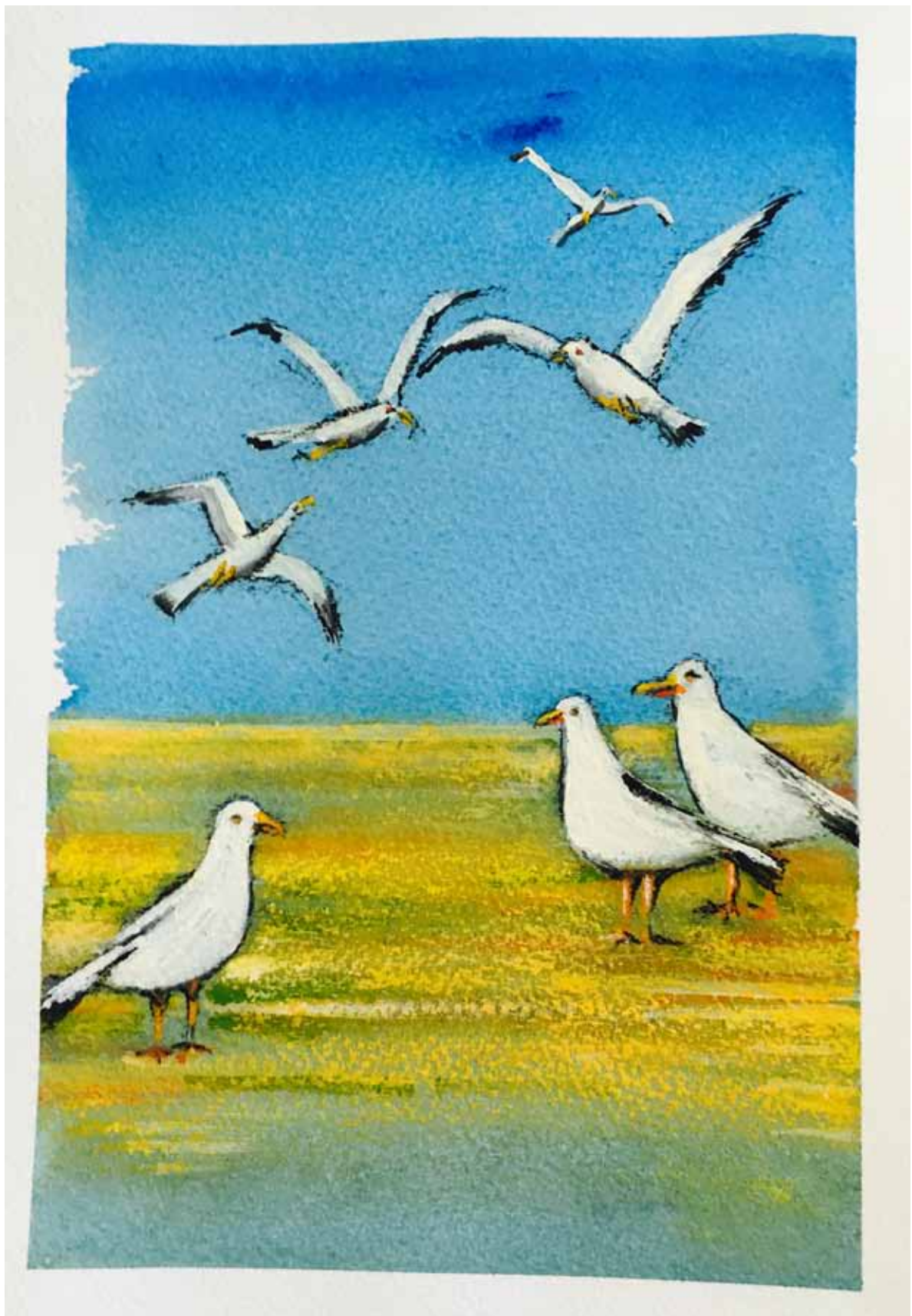
to await together every night the moon spreading its silver light above the landscape,
when everything becomes still, even the waves and the crickets.

Only the night breathes its magic among our windblown hair and whispers

of the secret grandeur of open shells, and the shimmering stars above the waves.

You are so far away. I cannot reach you.

We finish our conversation and you depart gently, almost whispering.



Daleč si

Zazvonil je telefon in v slušalki je zvenel tvoj pozdrav, prisrčen, kot vedno.
Daleč si, silno daleč, pa sva si tako blizu.
Daljava se skrajša, ko nadaljuješ z vprašanji; z vsako besedo si bližje.
Omenil si glasbo, ki je polnila mojo sobo.
Tedaj je močnejše zabučalo morje in tvoj glas se je skoraj zgubil med jeznim udarjanju valov v skalovje.
Povedal si, da si na obali in opisal vzdušje; galebi vsepovsod, divje valovanje in peneče morje.
Kako lepo bi bilo s teboj!
Veš, kako rada imam morje, kako spoštujem njegovo mogočnost.

Spet so se glasneje oglasili galebi in tvoj glas se je zgubil med njihovimi kriki.
Počakal si, da so se umirili in skoraj zašepetal tople besede, ki so me popolnoma raznežile.
Tako daleč si, pa tako blizu! Res se v perspektivi srca razdalja zmanjša.
Govoril si o pomembnosti prijateljstva in o spoštovanju stvarstva,
o pomembnosti veselja in priznanja življenja, o zavedanju, da smo del velikega stvarstva.
Spet so galebi postali glasnejši in tvoje šepetanje se je izgubilo.

Povedal si mi o sprehodu do skalne votline, kjer so valovi udušili vse glasove;
divje so udarjali v skale in se peneči počasi umirjali.
Povedal si mi o sončnem vzhodu, ko si po jutranji meditaciji opazoval oblake, katere je obrobjala žareča luč in priznal si,
da so tvoje želje kipele v nebo: želje, da bi mogla biti skupaj.
Povedal si, kako si se prepustil valovom in so te polnili z mirom in spokojnostjo,
kako so te zibali in dvigali.
Potem o sprehodu po peščeni obali, ko si se umikal nagajivim valovom. In o pesku, ki se ti je usipal med prsti.
Zaupal si o željah, da bi mogla skupaj dočakati luno,
ki vsak večer oblije pokrajino s svojo srebrno lučjo in vse utihne:
še valovi in črički,
ko le noč diha svojo čarobnost v razkuštrane lase
in šepeta o skrivnostnem razkošju odprtih školjk,
in zvezde se usipajo po obali.

Daleč si, ne morem do tebe.
Morala sva končati pogovor in poslovil si se nežno, skoraj šepetaje.



The Waterfall

Quietly we walk along a forest path towards the waterfall. We can already hear it.
A few more steps and there it is, before us: high up in the cliff rumbles the bubbling water
and cascades into the pool below us.
The sound is deafening, making it impossible even to hear words spoken closely to our ears.

You step closer; I come closer too, and with both hands you cup my face gently, lifting it.
I close my eyes as you wish. Somewhere close a bird sings - a short, happy tune.
For a long time, turned into each other, we do not move. Silent kisses caress my closed eyes.
You feel my response in my embrace.

We move closer to the pool beckoning us even closer. We step closer still.
Millions of tiny droplets around us; everywhere just droplets, shining crystals.
Droplets, just droplets; tiny and gentle. We are covered by them. They cover your hair, your face.
I try to catch them as they run down your face, but I cannot.
Your face is full of crystals, glittering crystals.
Embracing each other, we drink the droplets from each other's faces - gently,
our lips take them from hair, the forehead, then from cheeks and lips.
We want even more

The sun surprises us when its rays break through the dense tree crowns,
transforming our droplets into a multitude of rainbows spun above us.
Between us ... below us ... everywhere just rainbows. We become part of the rainbow.

For a moment we pause.
Were we washing away tears of the past?
No, we drank the tears of pain and dried them with our kisses.
The cascade of crystal droplets embraces us in the rainbow-coloured waterfall.
Enriched and completely wet we return to the forest path to meet the evening.

Slap

Tiho stopava po ozki poti do slapa, katerega že slišiva pred seboj.
Še nekaj korakov in pred nama je: visoko v skalah grmi peneča voda
in se spušča v tolmun pod nama.
Glushi naju bučanje in najprej ne slišiva niti besed, izgovorjenih skoraj v ušesa.

Pristopil si bližje, približala sem se ti in z obema rokama si objel moj obraz in ga dvignil.
Zaprla sem oči, kot si želel. Blizu je zapel ptič - kratko, veselo.
Dolgo sva tako stala, obrnjena drug proti drugemu in nemo si poljubljal moje zaprte oči.
V objemu si čutil moj odgovor.

Premaknila sva se bližje k tolmunu in vleklo naju je še nižje. Spustila sva se tik do tolmunu.
Miljon drobnih kapljic naju je obdajalo; vsepovsod kapljice, lesketajoči biseri.
Kapljice, same kapljice, drobne in nežne. Popolnoma so naju prekrile. Pokrile so tvoje lase, tvoj obraz.
Skušala sem jih ujeti, ko so polzele po tvojem obrazu, pa so mi ušle.
Tvoj obraz je bil poln kristalov, svetlikajočih kapljic.

Objeta sva pila te kapljice z obrazov -
mehko so jih srkale vase tople ustnice: zdaj v laseh, zdaj po čelu, zdaj po licih in na ustnicah.
Hotela sva jih še več. Vedno več sva jih imela in jih nežno pila.
Presenetilo naju je sonce, ki je posijalo med drevjem in spremenilo najine kapljice v množično mavrico razpeto nad nama.
Ne, med nama. Ne, pod nama. Ne, vseokrog je bila mavrica, bila sva del mavrice.

Za trenutek sva obstala.
Sva umivala s sebe solze preteklosti? Ne, pila sva solze bolečin in jih s poljubi sušila.
Zavesa kristalnih kapljic naju je ovijala v mavričnem slapu.
Bogata in popolnoma premočena sva se vrnila po gozdni poti večeru naproti.

Cloud Dance

We are high up in the cliffs.

Everywhere there are cliffs; head-spinningly deep below is a valley,
encircled with heavy, threatening clouds.

We continue our steep path and feel the clouds are becoming peaceful as they accept our presence.

They are not threatening any more, transformed into soft pillows of gentleness and magnificence.

We turn among them, climbing, lifting higher and then lower again.

Before us, everywhere we turn, there are clouds, sunlit in the sunset:
now pinkish white, then orange-yellow and lilac – sublime.

They call us into their colourful carpet of light, and hand in hand we follow the moments of joy:
they lift us so high – it is impossible to describe the height.

There is too much beauty of mountains and heights,
too many gentle pillows around us for us to utter a word.

We could step onto these pillows, so they would take us into an eternal sea of gentleness.

An eagle close by nearly frightens us as he soars with open wings above the valley.

To fly like an eagle above the valley, among the burning pillows of clouds,
to feel the breath of the wind only,
and the yearning of the evening ...

Ples oblakov

Visoko v skalah stojiva.

Vseokrog naju skale; globoko pod nama se vrtoglavi dolina objeta v velike,
grozeče oblake.

Nadaljujeva po strmi poti in čutiva, da se oblaki umirjajo in naju sprejemajo.

Niso več grozeči: spremenili so se v mehke blazine, polne nežnosti in miline.

Obračava se med njimi, znova plezava, se dvigava in se spuščava.

Pred nama in vse okrog naju so v sončnem zahodu ožarjeni oblaki:

zdej rožnato beli, potem oranžno-rumeni in vijoličasti. Veličastni.

Vabijo naju v svojo pisano tkanino luči in z roko v roki slediva trenutkom sreče:

tako visoko naju dvigajo - nemogoče je opisati višino.

Preveč naju obdaja lepota gora in višin, lepota nežnih blazin pod nama,

da bi jo motila z besedami.

Kar stopila bi na te blazine, da naju odnesejo v večno morje miline.

Skoraj prestraši naju orel v bližini; z razprostrtimi krili se je spustil vabeče nad dolino.

Leteti kot orel nad dolino,

med žereče blazine oblakov,

čutiti le dih vetra in hrepenenje večera . . .

The Harp

Once more we are in the concert hall.
The orchestra is ready. Next to the harp sits a fair-haired young woman.
Her hair falls gently over her shoulders.
Expectantly, I lean towards you, disturbing your anticipation,
 but you gently accept my gesture, squeezing my hand in a peace offering.
There never was a time when the harp could be so gentle.
The strings are no longer strings but rainbow-coloured threads of warmth and joy.
They embrace us in their crystal light.
They turn, these coloured threads of tunes, and engulf us into a veil of yearning.
How high we were lifted:
 above the tune, above the rainbow-coloured threads, above the dancing heartbeats.

How could we stay so united?
Have our hearts become a unity in this wonder of music?
How long did the concert last? - I do not know. You do not know.

We know only of the joy and of the dancing rainbow-coloured threads of the harp.

Nearly too much beauty for one evening.

Harfa

Ponovno sva v koncertni dvorani.

Orkester je že pripravljen in ob harfo se je vsedlo mlado dekle, s svetlimi lasmi, kateri so se ji razsuli po ramenih. V pričakovanju sem se nagnila k tebi in spregovorila nekaj besed.

Skoraj zmotila sem te v pričakovanju,

a si vseeno nežno sprejel kretnjo in stisnil roko v spravo.

Še nikoli niso bile melodije harfe tako nežne.

Strune niso bile več le strune: postale so mavrične niti toplote in sreče, naju ovijale v kristalnem odsevu.

Vrtinčile so se te mavrične niti melodij in naju ovijale v pajčolan hrepenenja.

Kako visoko sva se dvignila: nad melodijo, nad mavrične strune, nad plesoče utripe.

Kako sva mogla ostati tako zvezana?

So najina srca postala enota v občudovanju glasbe?

Kako dolga je bila skladba ne vem, tudi ti ne veš.

Vedela sva le o sreči in o plesočih mavričnih nitih harfe.

Kar preveč lepote za en večer.

Triple Walk

Walking on a forest path and in a clearing: so beautiful.
I feel that time is much more than just a walk as we talk, occasionally a gentle touch.
Is this a triple walk united into our time?

First - our eyes walk to absorb the beauty of nature;
our ears walk to dance with the whistling of the wind among the leaves and bird calls,
experiencing nature; the wind plays in tree crowns and the play of light among the leaves . . .

Second - the walk of the heart:
enjoying nature's beauty as the heart joyfully feels a closeness,
singing in the rhythm of footsteps, singing in the rhythm of a spoken name.

Third walk - the journey of hands; the journey of fingers and lips.
So gentle, so loving . . .

Every journey of fingers on the shoulders, on the neck and over the face -
the journeys create silent bonds.
Have the bonds been lifted, following your fingers?

Have the bonds met and united?

A smile when I open my eyes . . .

A beautiful day. Thank you.

Trojni sprehod

Sprehod po gozdni poti in jasi: tako zelo lep.

Čutim, da je veliko več kot samo sprehod; pogovar, tu in tam dotik drug drugega.

Je to trojni sprehod?

Prvi sprehod - sprehod oči, da so se naužile lepote;

sprehod ušes, da so zaplesala s šumenjem vetra v listju in klici ptic;

za doživljanje narave v igranju vetra v krošnjah dreves in svetlobe med listjem . . .

Drugi: istočasni sprehod - sprehod srca:

ob občudovanju narave, ob čutenju bližine, petju v ritmu korakov, ujeto ob besedah in v ritmu imena.

Tretji sprehod - sprehod rok; sprehod prstov in ustnic.

Tako nežen, tako ljubeč ...

Vsak 'sprehod' prstov in ustnic po ramah, po vratu in obrazu - njihovo 'potovanje' kuje nevidne vezi.

Vezi se dvigajo in sledijo tvojim prstom?

Se dvigajo in srečajo; se združijo?

Nasmeh, ko odprem oči . . .

Tako lep dan. Hvala.

A Wishful Dance

The melody of the slow waltz fills the atmosphere in the ballroom.
Lights, like stars, scattered among the veil, stretched from the ceiling.
Your steps - precise and soft - like skating on the dance floor.
Are we a part of a fairytale?

My body gladly obeys your leading - your steps, and movements.

We are one.

We rise above the song.

Words are not needed.

We are in a magical circle - the gentle sounds embrace us in immense joy and pleasure.

Two? No, we are as one single movement.

Like a duet - no, only a whirl of wonder.

Totally united in step - answering the invitation of songs and music.

Magical fairy tale.

We rise above the song, enjoying the closeness,
enjoy the warmth,
enjoy the gentle grace -

So lovely.

The song dictates, no, whispers the moves, and both bodies respond and sing in the rhythm of freedom.

No space, no ties.

Free. Fears fade, tears dry.

Just an endless echo to the melody.

We do not dance just steps -

the entire body bursts in the rhythm of repeated steps.

Time, stop! To dance forever!

Melody gently wrap us in a whirl of happiness, desire

Ples želja

Melodija počasnega valčka polni vzdušje v plesni dvorani.
Luči, kot zvezdice posejane med tančico, razpeto pod stropom.
Tvoji koraki – natančni in mehki – kar drsiva po plesišču.
Sva del pravljice?

Telo z veseljem uboga tvoje vodenje, tvoje korake in gibe.

Eno sva.

Dvigneva se nad pesem.

Saj ni treba besed.

Sva v začaranem krogu in nežni zvoki naju ovijajo v neizmerno veselje in užitek.

Dva? Ne, kot en sam gib sva.

Kot duet – ne, eno samo čudo vrtincev.

Popolnoma združena v koraku – odgovarjava vabilu pesmi in glasbe.

Čarobna pravljica.

Dvigneva se nad pesem: uživava bližino:

uživava toplino,

uživava nežno milino.

Tako lepo.

Pesem narekuje, ne, šepeta gibe in obe telesi odgovarjata in pojeta v ritmu svobode.

Ni prostora, ne vezi.

Prosta. Zbledi strah, solze se posušijo.

Samo neskončen odmev na melodijo.

Ne pleševa samo korake –

celotno telo kipi v ritmu ponavljajočih stopinj.

Ustavi se, čas! Tako plesati za vedno!

Melodija naju nežno ovija v vrtincu sreče, želja . . .

Coral Splendour in Blue Depths

Dark blue depths below us.

Quiet, soft silence.

Here and there a wave plays and lifts in a splash.

Gentle waves caress our bodies.

Mischievous and refreshing.

With masks on our faces - together - we glide over the shimmering surface.

The sun is reflected in each wave.

As a crystal cover - endless carpet glittering heartbeats of the sea. . .

Below us mute, dark blue depths.

Here and there, a pink coral is closer - like a magnificent flower offering itself.

More corals, yellow this time. Like flowers blooming in brilliant richness -

offering themselves to the translucent light above them.

Oh, and red corals, like many bright fingers trying to capture the colourful little fish among them.

The rainbow of colours and light, glittering and lifting above the blue depth.

Nature's wonder.

We become still - just like the corals, still like statues.

The moments stop, strung on a necklace of moments.

We depart from the splendour of the depths - their beauty overwhelms us.

Embraced by the blue depths we return to shore.

Loralno razkošje v globini modrine

Temno modra globina pod nama.

Tišina, mehka tišina.

Tu in tam se poigra val in pljuske.

Nežno valovi božajo telesi.

Nagajivo in osvežujoče.

S podvodno masko na obrazu se premikava po lesketajoči gladini.

Sonce se zrcali v vsakem valu.

Kot kristalna odeja - neskončna preproga lesketajočih utripov morja . . .

Pod nama nema, temna modrina globine.

Tu in tam se nama približa roza korala - kot veličasten cvet se ponuja.

Druga spet rumena.

Cvet pri cvetu v blestečem bogastvu se ponujajo se prosojni luči nad njimi.

O, in druge rdeče, žareče korale, kot nešteti prsti skušajo ujeti pisane ribice med njimi.

Mavrica barv in luči, ki se lesketa in dviga nad modro globino.

Čudo narave.

Obstaneva kot okamenela - kot korale, ki so okamenele.

Ustavili so se trenutki, nanizani na ogrlico utrinkov.

Poslovila sva se od lepot globin. Lepota naju je prevzela.

Objeta v plavi modrini sva se vrnila na obalo.

A Flame

It's long proof, you say, long evidence of the feelings.
I cannot say for myself - I do not know, because I am lost in time.
I only know of kisses, while kissing my lips . . .
You cover them with loving expressions of warmth.

I only know of gentleness, spilling over me - with touch after touch.
Every part of my body wishes to echo its own unique refrain only to you . . .

How can the tenderness of lips spread so much warmth?
You light a flame at every touch, each kiss contains more fire.
My body is engulfed in the flame of time - in the flame above the level of presence . . .

Are the lips like a map? Travel on the map of feeling?
Is the path lit by moonlight?

The flames of time - high, above us.
To be human is something so wonderful . . .

Plamen

Dolgo pričevanje, rečeš, dolgo pričevanje, kako čutiš.
Zase ne morem reči. Ne vem, ker izgubim občutek za čas;
vem le za poljube, ko poljublajo moje ustnice . . .
Pokrite z ljubečimi izrazi toplote.

Vem le za nežnost, ki se razliva po meni. Dotik za dotikom.
Vsak del telesa želi odgovoriti zase: po svoje, samo tebi . . .

Kako more nežnost ustnic razliti toliko toplote?!
Prižgeš plamen ob vsakem dotiku; z vsakim poljubom je več ognja.
Telo zagori v plamenu časa v plamenu nad višino prisotnosti . . .

So ustnice kot zemljevid? Potovanje po zemljevidu čutenja?
Je pot obsijana z mesečino?

Plameni časa. Visoko, nad nama.
Nekaj velikega je biti človek . . .

No more Bolts

Every morning your words make the sky a brighter blue.

The sunset is more fiery when we have time together.

I am growing into a person whose heart is larger, open to a wider circle of people,
for a bird with broken wings or for a crushed butterfly.

Thankful to you, I offer you a flower - but our moments are more beautiful.

Should I sing for you? No, your song is much larger - gently touching the heart, piercing the body.

Do not forget, I am growing.

Do not forget, I had no courage to step towards the sun - thank you for your outstretched hand!

You are unlocking the prison of yesterday's everlasting day . . .

Do the bolts still echo? The chains weigh heavily around my trembling heart.

Your outstretched hand is inviting: "Step over the threshold of captivity - free yourself from the bolts."

Your eyes beckon: "Come, the sun awaits you!"

As if in a dream I walk towards you - your smile offers freedom . . .

A step: I am closer.

You enrich my day - I walk towards the translucent light.

It was cold in captivity.

It is lovely - being free.

Ni več zapahov

Vsako jutro je nebo bolj modro zaradi tvojih besed;
sončni zahod je bolj goreč ob najinem skupnem času.
Rastem v človeka, ki se mu širi, odpira srce za večji krog ljudi,
za ptico z zlomljenimi krili, in za pohojenega metulja.
V zahvalo darujem cvet, a lepši so najini trenutki.
Naj ti zapojem? Ne, tvoja pesem je veliko večja - nežno seže v srce, presune telo.
Ne pozabi, da rastem.
Ne pozabi, da sem se bala stopiti proti soncu - hvala za ponujeno roko!
Odpiraš vrata ječe neskončnega včerajšnjega dne . . .
Še vedno odmevajo zapahi?
Še težijo verige vklenjenega srca?

Ponujena dlan vabi: "Prestopi prag ječe - reši se zapahov."
Vabijo oči: "Pridi, sonce čaka."
Stopam kot v sanjah proti tebi: smehljaš se v svobodi ...
Korak: bližje sem ti.
Bogatiš mi dan. Stopam proti soju luči.

Hladno je bilo v ječi.
Lepo je v svobodi.

Does time stop?

Laugh - do not hide the tears if you are hurting!

Where is the sun today? Yesterday's evening was so pleasant - today there is no sun.

No embrace?

Like a sunflower, which seeks the sun, turning towards the light.

Does time stop when we hold hands?

Does time stop when we embrace?

Does time stop when your lips touch my closed eyes?

Does time stop when lips tremble in a gentle touch?

Precious moments, so precious and warm - there are no words to express the joy . . .

Moments are yours too!

Se čas ustavi ?

Smej se. Ne skrivaj solze, če ti je hudo!

Kje je danes sonce? Tako lep večer sinoči, a danes ni sonca.

Brez objema?

Kot sončnica, ki se zaman obrača proti soncu, proti luči?

Se čas ustavi, kadar skleneva roke?

Se čas ustavi, ko sva v objemu?

Se čas ustavi, ko se tvoje ustnice dotaknejo mojih priprtih oči?

Se čas ustavi, ko zadržijo najine ustnice v nežnem dotiku?

Dragoceni trenutki, tako dragoceni, tako polni in topli. Ni dovolj besed za izraz sreče . . .

Trenutki so tudi tvoji!

Have you Lent me Your Heart ?

The audience in the concert hall becomes silent as the pianists sit at the piano.

Fullness of anticipation chains us to our chairs.

Everyone is still, as if made of stone.

We know the program and already Schumann's work fills the hall,

followed by Mozart's and then Schubert's.

Does Schubert sit between the two pianists, whispering his feelings?

It feels like he was there; the piano's echo almost a sobbing.

The melody cries in sadness - does Schubert cry too?

Now, the tune is like the murmur of a brook in a Viennese forest,

now the cry of yearning in the pain of eternal questions.

The warmth invites us, the tunes call us, uniting us in one solemn dream.

Now, like droplets talk of burning desire in crying petals of the drooping rose.

Like dew droplets, cascading over the stone sculpture, numb forever.

Mystical melody echoes in the dreams of those present, touching half-closed eyelids and trembling lips.

Does Schubert become sad if the pianists do not play tenderly enough?

Has he lent them his own heart, to feel his real pain, and his childlike trust?

Have you lent me your heart? And mine?

We did not realise it was the end of the composition - full of peace and beauty, we stayed silent.

Do you want to keep my heart and hide it in a safe embrace?

Do I want to keep your heart to stay strong in hope?

As the song runs, "*Where will our feelings rush when we part for ever?*

Where will my dreams travel when I part for ever?

Will they go to your heart? In whose heart will live the feelings of warmth and love?

Do the feelings at the end return to the beginning again?"

Do I need to return to you the borrowed heart?

Si mi posodil svoje srce ?

Poslušalci v koncertni dvorani so utihnili, ko sta pianistki sedli za klavir.

Napeto pričakovanje nas je priklenilo na sedeže.

Obstali smo kot okameneli.

Vedela sva, kaj je na sporedu in že je dvorano napolnila Schumanova skladba: nežna in otožna.

Sledila je Mozartova skladba in nato Schubertova.

Je Schubert sedel ob pianistkah in jima šepetal o svojih čustvih?

Kot da je res bil z njima, tako čustveno sta odgovorili in klavir je skoraj jokal s svojimi zvoki.

Melodija je otožno zajokala. Je jokal tudi Schubert z njo?

Zdaj je melodija zvenela kot žuborenje potoka v dunajskem gozdu,

zdaj spet kot jok hrepenenja v bolesti večnih vprašanj.

Vabila nas je toplota, klicali so zvoki, združevali in postali ena sama želja.

Kot kapljice sedaj govorijo gorečo bolest v jokajočih cvetnih listih ovenele vrtnice.

Kot rosne kaplje, ki polzijo po kamnitem kipu, otopelem za vse.

Mistična melodija se je odbijala v željah vseh, se dotikala priprtih vek in željnih ustnic.

Ali se je Schubert užalostil, če pianistki nista igrali dovolj nežno?

Jima je posodil svoje srce, da sta mogli še bolj čutiti njegovo bol in njegovo otroško zaupanje?

Si mi tudi ti posodil svoje srce? In moje?

Nismo vedeli za konec skladbe. Polni miru in lepote smo obnemeli.

Si hotel obdržati moje srce in ga skriti vase, v objem?

Sem tudi jaz hotela obdržati tvoje srce, da bi ostala močna v upanju?

Kot poje pesem: *"Kam bodo odhitela naša čustva, ko se poslovimo za vedno?*

Kam bodo odšle moje sanje, ko se bom poslovila jaz za vedno?

Se bodo vselile v tvoje srce? V čigavem srcu bodo živele čustva toplote in ljubezni?

Ali se vrnejo naša čustva na koncu spet na začetek?"

Ti moram vrniti posojeno srce?

Silent Dialogue

No words - dialogue of the eyes only.
Movements, and silent words, demand answers.

Birds stilled in expectation:
as if they would fly into the polar light -
in hope of the infinite beauty -
in hope of the momentum of unity.

Pouring the warmth
into a single shimmer of the sky,
into a sole wave of the ocean,
into one breath.

A heartbeat.

Nemi dialog

Brez besed - dialog oči.

Gibi in neme besede zahtevajo odgovore.

Ptice obstanejo v pričakovanju:

kot da bi zletele v polarno luč.

V upanju neskončne lepote.

V upanju trenutka polnosti.

Zlivati toploto

v en sam lesket neba,

v en sam val oceana,

v en sam dih.

Utrip srca.

I need

I need light

To walk,
To live,
To talk.

Light of hope

To see among the tall blades of grass
And whispering leaves of the birch,
To feel the softness of the sand -
To follow in the night.

I need light.

Potrebujem

Potrebujem luč
da lahko hodim,
da živim,
da govorim.

Luč upanja
videti med travnatimi bilkami
in šepetajočimi listi breze.
Čutiti nežnost v pesku.
Slediti v noči.

Potrebujem luč.

Reality

Am I still dreaming?

No, I do not want to wake up!

So much hope!

So many wishes.

So much love!

Resničnost

Še vedno sanjam?

Nočem se prebuditi!

Toliko upanja!

Toliko želja!

Toliko ljubezni!

Am I?

Am I?

No?

Am I just my own shadow?

Where are you?

I am with you with every step. Do you feel it?

I wish, I wish so much to be with you, to touch your hand and look into your eyes.

Am I crying with my heart?

Such beautiful moments in a dialogue, in an embrace, in nature, among the eucalypts.

Can I embrace you so that you will not go?

Are we on the road of thorns; on a path of stones and tears?

I love with every breath - I love you in sunrays and the silver moonshine,
gently spilt above the landscape . . .

I love you at the flutter of a candle flame, and in spring's flower scents.

Are you a summer's day?

Hot, lovely, with a breath of evening breeze and the kiss of a sunset?

Are you a friendly shadow on a turning path, inviting me into the magic of the evening?

Are you soft rain, kissing the thirsty soil?

I seek you in the waves of the sea and among the rocks by the river,
on a hill, and in the wind's whispers.

The hills are full of blooms.

Do we, next to each other, silently perceive this given power? . . .

I feel, part of you is always with me . . .

In some other time I wait upon the air you breathe in.

I wait for the melody, and time, which will fill the evening - with you . . .

Ali sem ?

Ali sem?

Ne?

Sem samo svoja senca?

Kje si?

Spremljam te na vsakem koraku. Ali čutiš?

Želim, tako želim biti povsem ob tebi, ti stisniti roko in pogledati v oči.

Jokam s srcem?

Tako lepi trenutki skupaj v pogovoru, v objemu, v naravi, med evkaliptusi.

Naj te objamem tako, da ne boš odšel?

Na poti trnjev sva, na poti kamenja in solz.

Ljubim te z vsakim dihom, ki ga more doseči moja duša, ljubim te v sončnih žarkih in v srebrni mesečini,
ki se nežno razlivala nad pokrajino ...

Ljubim te ob trepetu sveče in ob pomladnem cvetju.

Si kot poletni dan?

Vroč, živahen, z dihom večerne sape in poljubom zarje?

Si kot prijazna senca na utrujajoči poti, ki vabi v opojnost večera?

Si kot droben dež, ki poljublja žejno zemljo?

Iščem te v valovih morja in med skalami ob reki, na hribu,
in v šepetanju vetra.

Hribi so polni cvetja.

Ali drug ob drugem neslišno dojemava dano moč? ...

Čutim, da je del tebe vedno z menoj.

V nekem drugem času čakam zrak, ki ga vdihavaš.

Čakam na melodijo pesmi in na čas, ki bo napolnil večer - s tabo ...

On a Butterfly Wing

All around us the gentle peace -
almost without breath.

Silence.

We are so close - our hearts beat to the rhythm of a whispered word.
Softly, lightly hearts respond.

Are we on the wing of a butterfly,
rising in the morning sunrise towards the sky -
trembling towards the sun?

Do we touch gently?
As butterfly wings: in that instant of flight when they almost touch?

Each of us is not alone on each wing -
no, the other wing is completely free.

We're together on one wing -
are we one?

Just one heartbeat?



Na krilu metulja

Vse okrog naju nežen mir,
skoraj brez diha.

Tišina.

Tako blizu sva – najini srci bijeta v ritmu šepetane beside.
Mehko, lahkotno srci odgovorita.

Ali sva na krilu metulja,
se dvigava z jutranjo zoro proti nebu –
trepetajoča proti soncu?

Se nežno dotikava?
Kot metuljevi krili: v trenutku poleta ko se skoraj dotakneta?

Nisva vsak sam na krilu metulja –
ne, drugo krilo je popolnoma svobodno.

Skupaj sva na enem krilu –
sva eno?

Samo utrip srca?



Thoughts: Love is . . .

Why do I have to wake up?

But, Love is not all roses!

Love is Hope, and at times Despair.

Love is Truth, and at times Lies.

Love is Joy, and at times Sorrow.

Love is Safety, and at times Danger.

Love is Happiness, and at times Sadness.

Love is Trust, and at times Doubt.

Love is Strength, and at times Weakness.

Love is Respect, and at times Ignorance.

Love is Honour, and at times Dishonour.

Love is Humble, and at times Proud.

Love is Graceful, and at times Hesitant.

Love is Innocent, and at times Immoral.

Love is Faultless, and at times Guilty.

Love is Passion, and at times Neglect.

Love is Pure, and at times Vague.

Love is Perfect, and at times Flawed.

Love is . . .

Reality?! Or just a realistic Dream?

Love is all - a LIFE!

Misli: Ljubezen je . . .

Zakaj se moram zbuditi?

Vendar, ljubezen niso samo vrtnice!

Ljubezen je upanje, včasih obup.

Ljubezen je resnica, včasih laži.

Ljubezen je radost, včasih žalost.

Ljubezen je varnost, včasih nevarnost.

Ljubezen je sreča, včasih tesnoba.

Ljubezen je zaupanje, včasih dvom.

Ljubezen je moč, včasih slabost.

Ljubezen je spoštovanje, včasih ignoriranje.

Ljubezen je čast, včasih ponižanje.

Ljubezen je ponižnost, včasih ponos.

Ljubezen je dostojanstvo, včasih neodločnost.

Ljubezen je nedolžna, včasih brezobzirna.

Ljubezen je brežhibna, včasih kriva.

Ljubezen je strast, včasih zanemarjenost.

Ljubezen je čista, včasih nejasna.

Ljubezen je popolna, včasih površna.

Ljubezen je . . .

Resničnost?! Ali samo resnične sanje?

Ljubezen je vse - ŽIVLJENJE!

As Susan Polis Schutz writes:

“Love is . . . Being happy for the other person when they are happy, being sad for the person when they are sad, being together in good times, and being together in bad times.

LOVE IS THE SOURCE OF STRENGTH.

Love is . . . Being honest with yourself at all times, being honest with the other person at all times, telling, listening, respecting the truth, and never pretending.

LOVE IS THE SOURCE OF REALITY.

Love is . . . An understanding so complete, that you feel as if you are a part of the other person, accepting the other person just the way they are, and not trying to change them to be something else.

LOVE IS THE SOURCE OF UNITY.

Love is . . . The freedom to pursue your own desires while sharing your experiences with the other person, the growth of one individual alongside of and together with the growth of another individual.

LOVE IS THE SOURCE OF SUCCESS.

Love is . . . The excitement of planning things together, the excitement of doing things together.

LOVE IS THE SOURCE OF THE FUTURE.

Love is . . . The fury of the storm, the calm in the rainbow.

LOVE IS THE SOURCE OF PASSION.

Love is . . . Giving and taking in a daily situation, being patient with each other's needs and desires.

LOVE IS THE SOURCE OF SHARING.

Love is . . . Knowing that the other person will always be with you regardless of what happens, missing the other person when they are away, but remaining near in heart at all times.

LOVE IS THE SOURCE OF SECURITY.

LOVE IS . . . THE SOURCE OF LIFE!”

Susan Polis Schutz piše: (translation)

“Ljubezen je . . . biti srečen za drugo osebo, ko je srečen, biti žalostn za drugega, ko je žalosten, biti skupaj v lepem in v času skrbi.

LJUBEZEN JE VIR MOČI.

Ljubezen je . . . biti pošten s samim seboj, biti pošten do drugega ves čas; povedati, poslušati, spoštovati resnico in se nikoli pretvarjati.

LJUBEZEN JE VIR RESNIČNOSTI.

Ljubezen je . . . Popolno razumevanje, tako da čutiš, da si del drugega, sprejeti drugega takega, kot je, in ga ne spreminjati v nekaj, kar ni.

LJUBEZEN JE VIR ENOTNOSTI.

“Ljubezen je . . . Svoboda, slediti svojim željam, medtem ko deliš svoja doživetja z drugim; rast posameznika na skupni poti rasti drugega.

LJUBEZEN JE VIR USPEHA.

“Ljubezen je . . . Navdušenje načrtovanja skupnega življenja, navdušenje skupnega doživljanja.

LJUBEZEN JE VIR PRIHODNOSTI.

“Ljubezen je . . . Srd nevihte, mir v mavrici.

LJUBEZEN JE VIR STRASTI.

“Ljubezen je . . . Vsakodnevno sprejemanje in dajanje, biti bolnik s potrebami in željami drug drugega.

LJUBEZEN JE VIR DELITVE.

“Ljubezen je . . . Vedeti, da bo druga oseba, ki je vedno z vami, ne glede na to, kaj se zgodi; pogrešati drugo osebo, ko je ne bo blizu, a vendar ostane blizu v srcu ves čas . . .

LJUBEZEN JE VIR VARNOSTI.

LJUBEZEN JE . . . VIR ŽIVLJENJA!”

“There is only one page left to write on. I will fill it with words of only one syllable. I love. I have loved. I will love.”
Audrey Niffenegger, *The Time Traveler's Wife*

“Samo ena stran je še ostala za zapis. Napolnila jo bom z besedami. Ljubim. Ljubila sem. Ljubila bom.”
(Translation)

Draga Gelt was born in Slovenia and arrived in Australia in 1968.

By profession a primary school teacher, she worked for 28 years at Monash University as a geological draftsman, computer aided cartographer and graphic designer.

Her love of Slovenian language and cultural heritage is shown by her working voluntarily for many years in ethnic schools (establishing Slovenian language school at Slovenian Association Melbourne); teaching language at primary and secondary levels; as well as establishing and teaching private adult Slovenian language classes.

Draga also organised and coordinated cultural programs with a theme at Slovenian Association Melbourne, the Slovenian Religious Centre in Melbourne, Slovenian Youth concerts in Adelaide, Geelong and Canberra; led and taught folk dancing groups; wrote the narratives, and some comedy scripts, as well as directing drama groups and being a webmaster of **Slovenians in Australia**.

For her cultural and educational work she was awarded Order of Australia Medal (OAM) in 1996, and received three Certificates of Appreciation from the Slovenian Government: Municipality Ljubljana – Vič-Rudnik, Association of Cultural Organisations, 1998; Republic of Slovenia Office for Slovenians Abroad - Acknowledgement for cultural and educational work in Slovenian Community in Australia, 2001 and 2010.

Draga has designed and published most of her own books.

She is also an award-winning artist - receiving the First Prize for best exhibit at the U3A Knox Art Exhibition 2016.

Draga has published many books in print and online throughout the years about Slovenian history, culture, traditions, art, children's books, poetry and Slovenian language manuals.

Some of these include:

Svet naših otrok - World of Our Children, compilation of children's art and essays, International Year of the Child, 1979

Slovenians from the Earliest Times, history, 1985

Vse poti - All Paths, book of poetry in Slovenian language, 1991

Let's Learn Slovenian Parts 1, 2 and 3, Language manuals, 1992 and 1999, with Magda Pišotek and Marija Penca

Do you know Slovenian? and **Do you know Slovenian? - Basic Grammar Rules**, Language manuals for adult learners, 1998

Mir in dobro - Pax et Bonum, Chronicle of Slovenian Franciscan priests and nuns in Australia, 2001, with Veronika Ferfolja

Anthology of Slovenian Artists and Sculptors in Australia, 2009, with Liliana Eggleston Tomažič

Chronicle of Slovenian Schools and Slovenian Language Teachers in Australia, 2010

Golden Harvest and Beyond, Chronicle of Slovenian Association Melbourne, 2010

From Dreams to Reality, Chronicle of activities of Slovenians in Australia at the time of Slovenian Independence, 2011

I am a Slovenian too, compilation of essays and Lego displays, 2013

My Armful of Gifts, prose poems, dedicated to the family, 2015

Artist **Zorka Černjak** was born in Slovenia and arrived in Australia in 1971.

Professional Art Training: BA Fine Arts, RMIT University, Melbourne

Solo Exhibitions: 1995 RMIT University Exhibition Space, Melbourne

1996 Bank Street Gallery, South Melbourne

Group Exhibitions: 1996 A Cultural Exhibition "Bridge", Ljubljana, Slovenia

1997 Expression of Togetherness, Slovenian Association Melbourne – Eltham, Victoria

1985 - 1990 Yearly Exhibitions at Rotary Club of Camberwell, Rotary Club of Kew, Rotary Club of Coburg,

Rotary Club of Box Hill

Major Awards: 1997- Best Oil on Canvas, Exhibition of Togetherness, Slovenian Association Melbourne – Eltham, Victoria

Numerous Awards and Highly Commended at university, festivals and Rotary Club exhibitions

Zorka's inspirations:

"My works are records from my early childhood till today. It is the fundamental beauty of the earth, its people, its animals, the events of time, the traditions, the history, the strict Catholic upbringing, the stories I was told, that inspired and drew me to create my art.

I started to create art later on, when I moved to Australia. Here, in totally new surroundings, I was inspired by the beauty of this country and many great Australian artists. They still inspire me today, my favourite being Arthur Boyd. I love to explore as many styles and mediums as possible. The influence of Slovenian culture and its heritage is in many of my works. Slovenian folk stories, memories from the long walks through the forest to my grandparents inspired me to create many works."

