

1976

I Have a Horse

Tomaz Salamun

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nary. the day Apollinaire died Mona Lisa
in the Louvre gave such a great belly-laugh
that the electric alarm bells went off and
five bewildered janitors ran round and
round in circles like a committee of crazed
hens. the day Apollinaire died five weary
women stood on the Pont Mirabeau and
scattered paper flowers over the water
while troops marched across the bridge
amid the cheering of the populace and all
the church bells and factory sirens boomed
out in each others ears. the day Apollinaire
died a wrongly addressed postcard was dis-
patched from the Post Office in Pourville
and the text read:

*Bonjour mon poète je me souviens
de votre voix*

Translated by the author and Sydney Smith

TOMAZ SALAMUN / YUGOSLAVIA

I Have a Horse

I have a horse. My horse has four legs.
I have a record player. On my record player I sleep.
I have a brother. My brother is a sculptor.
I have a coat. I have a coat to keep me warm.
I have a plant. I have a plant to have green in my room.
I have Marushka. I have Marushka because I love her.
I have matches. With matches I light cigarettes.
I have a body. With a body I do the most beautiful things that I do.
I have destruction. Destruction causes me many troubles.
I have night. Night comes to me through the window of my room.
I have fun racing cars. I race cars because car racing is fun.
I have money. With money I buy bread.

I have six really good poems. I hope I will write more of them.
I am twenty-seven years old. All these years have passed like lightning.
I am relatively courageous. With this courage I fight human stupidity.
I have a birthday March seventh. I hope March seventh will be a nice day.
I have a friend whose daughter's name is Breditza. In the evening when
they put her to bed she says Salamun and falls asleep.

Dinosaurs

When dinosaurs run to their duty over
my heart, I cannot explain. On Sunday I shot
a pheasant, walked on rails, iris bloomed
in the stock market. Walter de la Mare, consecrated

and pale, my raft is giaour, on Sunday I cleaned
the pheasant and watched the road from this house.
I see the arrows are parallel. Crow is in the library
on the wall. When I think about the scale of America

binding round roots, under the ocean, I feel
cotton is in both seas. Harpoon cuts
in the blue, little hair of mushrooms' smoke

are wounds in the human night. When a pheasant falls
I see feedback of fluttering of the generals. Silk
falls into the lake. Skiers speak into the microphone.

Translated by the author with Elliott Anderson

ELIZABETH AZCONA CRANWELL /
ARGENTINA

Of Encounters and Places

A request from the sun. Its understanding of this difference
the label that speaks among things
lamp or star keeping watch over the area that separates us
and lets us illuminate ourselves with the color of distance.