Ridges of Aromatic

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Ridges of aromatic logic,
circular shriek in a soul of white suns,
you, who have come scampering out of your demolished homes to drink, what can I say to you?
That it hurts me too,
that it hurts everyone?
That you should do your grazing and then get your sleep?
Should I feed your gullet with the sugary smell of that which is to come,
that which has long since become
the lustre of a dead parallel surface,
the tightly pressed lips of a demystified past?
History—brutal molasses petrified
in the bluntness above our limbs!
Witness, where should I find them water?
Where should I find the law for this slovenly growth?
Should I continue feeding the children as though
they were lumps of coal for barren flames?
Should I again talk eye to eye in
a grey field that is not mine?
That is no longer ours, squealing shadows
of the unfortunate dead, sprinkled with incense.
I am saying something different.
I can feel slackening in the vertical axis of the earth.
Galactic axis, the one we are used to,
breaks. I don’t know more than I see.
Here I am drawing, here I bow down. Only here
does the sobriety of straightened particles
we are contained in hold true.

Translated from the Slovenian by Peter Richards and Ana Jelnikar