Ridges of Aromatic

Tomaž Šalamun

Peter Richards

Ana Jelnikar

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.
Ridges of Aromatic

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