

Kako Hribi

Kako hribi
žarijo. Lovci
si
brišejo
pot. Čebelam je
cvet pristan,
a ne
zdržijo te
lege.
Dvignejo
se in odletijo.
Proti avtu
grem, ker
bo sonce že
zašlo.
Ura je,
ko se bomo
peljali
domov,
pojedli in
šli spat.

Tomaz Šalamun

How the Hills

How the hills
glow. Hunters
wipe
their sweat.
The bloom is
the harbour of the bees,
but they
do not endure
in this position.
They soar
and fly away.
I am heading
for the car,
the sun
is going down.
It is time
to drive
home,
we will eat
and go
to bed.

*translated from the Slovenian
by Phillis Levin and the author.
Reprinted by permission*

Celebrating the 2004 EU enlargement : poems from each of the 10 new member states - Cyprus, Czech Republic, Estonia, Hungary, Latvia, Lithuania, Malta, Poland, Slovakia and Slovenia.

Poems for...one world

<https://poemsforthewall.org>

Poems for...the wall is a Hyphen project. "Hyphen-21" is a company registered in Cardiff no.2925831. Registered Charity no.1040077.



Foreign &
Commonwealth Office
London

