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Kim Moore
NIHČE NE MARA VSAKOGAR

v slovenski jezik prevedel Jernej Županič

If We Could Speak Like Wolves

If I could wait for weeks for the slightest change
in you, then each day hurt you in a dozen
different ways, bite heart-shaped chunks
of flesh from your thighs to test if you flinch
or if you could be trusted to endure,

if I could rub my scent along your shins to make
you mine, if a mistake could be followed
by instant retribution and end with you
rolling over to expose the stubble and grace
of your throat, if it could be forgotten

the moment the wind changed, if my eyes
could sharpen to yellow, if we journeyed
each night for miles, taking it in turns
to lead, if we could know by smell
what we are born to, if before we met

we sent our lonely howls across the estuary
where in the fading light wader birds stiffen

Če bi lahko govorila kot volkovi

Če bi lahko dolge tedne čakala na najmanjšo spremembo
v tebi, te potem vsak dan ranila na ducat
različnih načinov, z zobmi trgala s tvojih stegen
kose mesa v obliki srca, da bi videla, ali boš trznil
ali ti lahko zaupam, da boš zdržal,

če bi se lahko podrgnila ob tvoja meča in na njih pustila
vonj, da bi
bil moj, če bi napaki lahko sledilo
takojšnje povračilo, ki bi se končalo s tem, da bi se
prevalil na hrbet in pokazal strnišče in milino
svojega vratu, če bi bilo mogoče pozabiti

trenutek, ko se je spremenil veter, če bi se moje oči
lahko izostrile v rumeno, če bi vsako noč
potovala milje daleč in se izmenjevala
na čelu, če bi lahko po vonju vedela,
za kaj sva rojena, če bi, še preden sva se srečala,

pošiljala vsak svoje osamljeno tuljenje čez estuarij,
kjer v medleči luči vodne ptice okamnevajo

and take to the air, then we could agree
a role for each of us, more complicated
than alpha, more simple than marriage.

in se poganjajo v zrak, tedaj bi se lahko sporazumela
o vlogi za vsakega od naju, zapletenejši,
kot je alfa, preprostejši, kot je zakonski stan.

Tuesday at Wetherspoons

All the men have comb-overs,
bellies like cakes just baked,
risen to roundness. The women tilt
on their chairs, laughter faked,

like mugs about to fall, cheekbones
sharp as sadness. When the men
stand together, head for the bar
like cattle, I don't understand

why a woman reaches across, unfolds
his napkin, arranges his knife and fork
to either side of his plate. They're all
doing it, arranging, organising, all talk

stopped until the men, oblivious,
return. My feet slide towards a man
with one hand between his thighs,
patience in his eyes, who says *you can*

Torek pri Wetherspoonsu

Vsi moški imajo lase polizane čez plešo,
trebuhe kot kolače, pravkar vzete iz pečice,
vzhajane do okroglosti. Ženske se nagibajo
na stolih in prisiljeno smejiyo,

kot skodelice so, ki bodo pravkar padle, njihove
ličnice ostre kot žalost. Ko moški
družno vstanejo in se kot govedo napotijo
proti šanku, ne razumem,

zakaj se ženska stegne čez mizo, razgrne
njegov prtiček, postavi nož in vilice
na eno in drugo stran krožnika. Vse
to počnejo, razporejajo, organizirajo, vsi pogovori

zastanejo, dokler se moški, ki o tem ne vedo nič,
ne vrnejo. Moja stopala se pomaknejo proti moškemu
z dlanjo med stegni,
potrpežljivostjo v očeh, ki pravi *lahko bi se*

learn to love me, ketchup
on the hand that cups my chin,
ketchup around his mouth,
now hardening on my skin.

*me navadila ljubiti, s kečapom na
dlani, ki mi pestuje brado,
s kečapom okrog ust,
ki se zdaj strjuje na moji koži.*

Barrow To Sheffield

Even though the train is usually full of people
I don't like, who play music obnoxiously loud
or talk into their phones and tell the whole carriage
and their mother how they're afraid of dying
even though they're only twenty-five,

even though the fluorescent lights
and the dark outside make my face look like
a dinner plate, even though it's always cold
around my ankles and there's chewing gum
stuck to the table and the guard is rude

and bashes me with his ticket box,
even though the toilet smells like nothing
will ever be clean again, even though
the voice that announces the stations
says *Bancaster* instead of *Lancaster*,

still I love the train, its sheer unstopability,
its relentless pressing on, and the way the track
stretches its limb across the estuary

Barrow–Sheffield

Čeprav je vlak običajno poln ljudi,
ki mi niso všeč, ki poslušajo nadležno glasno glasbo
ali pa govorijo v telefone in povedo celotnemu vagonu
in svoji materi, kako se bojijo umreti,
čeprav jih imajo šele petindvajset,

čeprav je zaradi fluorescentnih luči
in teme zunaj moj obraz videti kot
jedilni krožnik, čeprav je okoli mojih
gležnjev vedno mraz in je na mizico
prilepljen žvečilni gumi in je sprevodnik nevljuden

in me trešči s svojim tiskalnikom vozovnic,
čeprav je vonj stranišča tak, kot da ne bo
na svetu nikoli nič več čistega, čeprav
glas, ki napoveduje postaje,
pravi *Bancaster* namesto *Lancaster*,

imam vseeno rada vlak, njegovo skrajno nezaustavljivost,
njegovo neumorno rinjenje naprej, in kako se veja
proge izteza čez rečno ustje,

as the sheep eat greedily at the salty grass,
and thinking that if the sheep aren't rounded up

will they stand and let the tide come in, because
that's what sheep do, they don't save themselves,
and knowing people have drowned out there
like the father who rang the coast guard,
who put his son on his shoulders as the water rose

past his knees and waist and chest, the coast guard
who tried to find him, but the fog came down,
and though he could hear the road, he didn't know
which way to turn, but in a train, there are no choices,
just one direction, one decision you must stick to.

This morning the sun came up in Bolton and all
the sky was red and a man in a suit fell asleep
and dribbled on my shoulder till the trolley
came and rattled in my ear and he woke up
and shouted *I've got to find the sword.*

medtem ko ovce pogoltno žrejo slano travo,
in premišljanje, ali bodo ovce, če jih kdo ne sežene skupaj,

ostale, kjer so, kljub prihajajoči plimi, kajti
takšne so pač ovce, ne rešijo se,
in védenje, da se je tam že kdo utopil,
na primer tisti oče, ki je poklical obalno stražo,
oče, ki si je sina, ko se mu je voda dvigala

nad kolena, nad pas in prsi, dal štuporamo, obalno stražo,
ki ga je skušala najti, a se je spustila megla,
in čeprav je lahko slišal cesto, ni vedel,
v katero smer bi se obrnil, medtem ko na vlaku ni nobene
izbire,
ena sama smer, ena sama odločitev, pri kateri moraš vztrajati.

Danes zjutraj je v Boltonu vzšlo sonce in vse
nebo je bilo rdeče in moški v poslovni obleki je zaspal
in se slinil na mojo ramo, dokler ni prišel voziček
in mi porožljaj v uho in se je zbudil
in zavpil: *Najti moram meč.*

Hartley Street Spiritualist Church

The first hymn is Abba: *I Believe in Angels*.
No music because Jean has forgotten the tape.
We sing without, led from the front by a medium
with long red hair, who announces that a dog
is in the room, and is, at this very moment,
sitting next to the tea urn. This means someone

is ready to be healed. Another medium stands,
running coloured ribbons through her hands,
points behind and says a woman is pacing
up and down, flicking her hair and pouting,
and will anyone claim her, does anyone
have a relative who would do such a thing?

And then the psychic artist stands up, unrolls
a scroll, a picture he drew many years ago,
in anticipation of this day, a man in a flat cap
with a cigarette, a man who used to get back
from work and watch the sun go down
from his back porch and smoke and smoke,

Spiritistična cerkev na Hartleyjevi ulici

Prva himna je: Abba, *I Believe in Angels*.

Brez glasbe, ker je Jean pozabila kaseto.

Pojemo brez spremljave, od spredaj nas vodi medij,
ženska z dolgimi rdečimi lasmi, ki razglasi, da je
v prostoru pes in da ta pes v tem trenutku
sedi ob kotličku s čajem. To pomeni, da je nekdo

pripravljen na ozdravljenje. Vstane druga, tudi ona je medij,
z dlanmi predeva raznobarvne trakce,
pokaže za svoj hrbet in reče, da neka ženska koraka
sem in tja, si popravlja lase in se šobi,
in ali jo bo kdo proglasil za svojo, ali ima
kdo kako sorodnico, ki bi počela kaj takega?

Tedaj vstane psihik, razvije zvit
papirni list, risbo, ki jo je v pričakovanju tega dne
narisal pred mnogimi leti, risbo moškega z baretko
in cigareto, moškega, ki je svojčas, kadar se je vrnil
iz službe, opazoval zahajanje sonca
z verande za svojo hišo in kadil in kadil,

and he says *this is your Grandad isn't it*
to a woman who nods vigorously
and then he starts to draw an old lady
with short hair who he says is standing
next to me, and am I feeling warm
because this is the energy of Spirit

and do I ever feel I'm being followed
even though there's no one there,
because this is the energy of Spirit,
and come to think of it, I think I am warm
but that might be because everybody's
staring, and he's whispering, over

and over, *it's your Grandma isn't it*
and I believe him, I want to think she's there,
even though in his drawing she has permed hair
and glasses. He gives me the image
of this woman. Later on I bin it, but before
we go we sing *I Believe in Angels* again.

in neki ženski reče *to je vaš dedek, mar ne,*
in ona energično pokima,
on pa začne risati staro gospo
s kratkimi lasmi, o kateri reče, da stoji
poleg mene, in vpraša, ali mi je kaj toplo,
kajti to je energija Duha,

in ali se mi kdaj dozdeva, da mi nekdo sledi,
čeprav ni tam nikogar,
kajti to je energija Duha,
in če dobro premislim, se mi zdi, da mi je toplo,
a morda je tako zaradi tega, ker vsi
strmijo vame, on pa šepeta, spet

in spet, *to je vaša babica, mar ne,*
in verjamem mu, želim si misliti, da je res tu,
čeprav ima na njegovi risbi trajno
in očala. Dá mi podobo
te ženske. Pozneje jo vržem v koš, ampak preden
odidemo, spet zapojemo *I Believe in Angels.*

The Art of Falling

This is for falling which is so close to failing
or to falter or fill; as in *I faltered when I heard
you were here*; as in *I filtered you out
of my life*; as in *I've had my fill of falling*:
a fall from grace, a fall from God,
to fall in love or to fall through the gap,
snow fall, rain fall, falling stars,
the house falls into disrepair,
to fall in with the wrong crowd,
to fall out of love, to fall like Jessica
who fell down a well and watched
the bright disc of the sun and moon
slowly passing, for twins who start
so close together they must fall
apart for the rest of their lives
or be damned, to fall down a hill
like a brother, to follow like a sister,
to be a field and fall fallow, to fall pregnant,
for vertigo, the cousin of falling,

Umetnost padanja

To je za padanje, ki je tako blizu propadanju,
ali kot je zvrniti se blizu zvrniti ali zavrniti; v smislu *ko*
sem izvedela, da si tu,
sem morala zvrniti kozarček; v smislu *zavrnila sem ti vstop*
v svoje življenje; v smislu *od vsega slabega bom padla skupaj:*
pasti v nemilost, odpasti od Boga,
biti drug drugemu kot mana, ki pade z neba, ali pa pasti
skozi rešeto,
pada sneg, pada dež, padajo zvezde,
nevzdrževana hiša propade,
pasti v slabo družbo,
pasti na trda tla, pasti kot Jessica,
ki je padla v vodnjak in opazovala
počasno prehajanje svetlega kroga
sonca in lune, kajti dvojčka, ki začneta
tako blizu skupaj, morata
za preostanek življenja razpasti na dvoje
ali pa biti prekleta, zgruditi se po pobočju
kot brat, slediti kot sestra,
biti polje in postati prah, rediti otroka na grudih,
za vrtočlavico, sestrično padanja,

for towers and stairs and pavements
which are the agents of falling,
for the white cliff top of a bed,
for climbers and roofers and gymnasts,
for the correct way to fall,
loose-limbed and floppy,
to fall apart after death,
for ropes and fences and locks
which carry the act of falling inside,
for fall which over the ocean
means Autumn, which means leaves
like coins of different colours
dropped from the pockets of trees,
which means darker evenings,
which means walks with the dogs,
which means walking alone
and not falling apart at the sound
of your name, which God
help me, sounds like falling.

za stolpe in stopnice in pločnike,
ki so povzročitelji padanja,
za belo pečino postelje,
za plezalce in krovce in gimnastičarje,
za pravi način padanja,
z mlahavimi in ohlapnimi udi,
razpasti po smrti,
za vrvi in ograje in ključavnice,
ki odnesejo dejanje padanja noter,
za listopad, ki je nekoč pomenil
november in ki pomeni, da listi
kot kovanci raznih barv
padajo iz žepov dreves,
kar pomeni temnejše večere,
kar pomeni sprehajanje psov,
kar pomeni sprehajati se sam
in ne razpasti ob zvenu
lastnega imena, ki, Bog
mi je priča, zveni kot padanje.

In That Year

And in that year my body was a pillar of smoke
and even his hands could not hold me.

And in that year my mind was an empty table
and he laid his thoughts down like dishes of plenty.

And in that year my heart was the old monument,
the folly, and no use could be found for it.

And in that year my tongue spoke the language
of insects and not even my father knew me.

And in that year I waited for the horses
but they only shifted their feet in the darkness.

And in that year I imagined a vain thing;
I believed that the world would come for me.

And in that year I gave up on all the things
I was promised and left myself to sadness.

V tistem letu

In v tistem letu je bilo moje telo steber dima
in celo njegove roke me niso zmogle zadržati.

In v tistem letu je bil moj um prazna miza
in on je položil nanjo svoje misli kot krožnike obilja.

In v tistem letu je bilo moje srce stari spomenik,
nеспamet, in odkrilo se mu ni nobene rabe.

In v tistem letu je moj jezik govoril jezik
žuželk in me ni poznal niti moj oče.

In v tistem letu sem čakala na konje,
oni pa so se le prestopali z noge na nogo v temi.

In v tistem letu sem si predstavljala nekaj domišljavega;
verjela sem, da me bo svet prišel iskat.

In v tistem letu sem obupala nad vsem,
kar mi je bilo obljubljeno, in se prepustila žalosti.

And then that year lay down like a path
and I walked it, I walked it, I walk it.

In tedaj se je tisto leto poleglo kot pot
in hodila sem po njej, hodila, in hodim.

The Trumpet Teacher's Curse

A curse on the children who tap the mouthpiece
with the heel of their hand to make a popping sound,
who drop the trumpet on the floor then laugh,
a darker curse on those who fall with a trumpet
in their hands and selfishly save themselves,
a curse on the boy who dropped a pencil
on the bell of his trombone to see if it did
what I said it would, a curse on the girl
who stuffed a pompom down her cornet
and then said it was her invisible friend who did it,
a curse on the class teacher who sits at the back
of the room and does her paperwork,
a curse on the teacher who says 'I'm rubbish at music'
in a loud enough voice for the whole class to hear,
a curse on the father who coated his daughter's trumpet
valves
with Vaseline because he thought it was the thing to do,
a curse on the boy who threw up in his baritone
as if it was his own personal bucket.
Let them be plagued with the urge to practice
every day without improvement, let them play

Kletev učiteljice trobente

Prekleti naj bodo otroci, ki tapkajo po ustniku
z dlanjo, da dela pop,
ki jim trobenta pade na tla in se ob tem zasmeji,
in še črneje prekleti naj bodo tisti, ki padejo s trobento
v rokah in sebično rešijo sebe, in ne nje,
preklet naj bo deček, ki je vrgel svinčnik
na trobljo svoje pozavne, da bi videl, ali se bo zgodilo,
kar sem rekla, da se bo, prekleta deklica,
ki je v svoj kornet zatlačila pompom
in potem rekla, da je to storila njena nevidna prijateljica,
prekleta učiteljica razrednega pouka, ki sedi
zadaj in se ukvarja s svojimi papirji,
preklet naj bo učitelj, ki reče »o glasbi nimam pojma«
dovolj glasno, da ga sliši cel razred,
preklet oče, ki je ventile hčérine trobente namazal
z vazelinom, ker je mislil, da je to pač treba,
preklet deček, ki je bruhal v svoj baritonski
saksofon, kot bi bil njegovo vedro.
Naj trpijo za nujo, da vsak dan vadijo,
a brez napredka, naj igrajo

in concerts each weekend which involve marching
and outdoors and coldness, let their family be forced
to give up their Saturdays listening to bad music
in village halls or spend their Sundays at the bandstand,
them, one dog and the drunk who slept there the night
before
taking up the one and only bench, Gods, let it rain.

vsak vikend na koncertih, kjer se koraka
in je zunaj in je mraz, naj se bodo njihove družine prisiljene
odpovedati svojim sobotam zavoljo poslušanja slabe glasbe
v zadružnih domovih ali preživljati nedelje ob paviljonih,
kjer naj oni, en pes in pijanec, ki je tam prespal,
zasedejo eno in edino klop, in o bogovi, naj ob tem dežuje.

A Psalm for the Scaffolders

who balanced like tightrope walkers,
who could run up the bracing
faster than you or I could climb
a ladder, who wore red shorts
and worked bare-chested,
who cut their safety vests in half,
a psalm for the scaffolders
and their vans, their steel
toe-capped boots, their coffee mugs,
a psalm for those who learnt
to put up a scaffold standing
on just one board, a psalm
for the scaffolder who could put
a six-inch nail in a piece of wood
with just his palm, a psalm
for those who don't like rules
or things taking too long, who now
mustn't go to work uncovered,
who mustn't cut their safety vests
or climb without ladders, who must
use three boards at all times,

Psalm za postavljavce gradbenih odrov

ki so lovili ravnotežje kot vrvohodci,
ki so znali steči po drogovih
hitreje, kot zmoreva jaz ali ti splezati
po lestvi, ki so nosili rdeče kratke hlače
in delali goli do pasu,
ki so prerezali svoje varovalne jopiče na pol,
psalm za postavljavce gradbenih odrov
in njihove kombije, njihove čevlje
z jeklenimi prsti, njihove skodele za kavo,
psalm za tiste, ki so se naučili
postavljati oder stoje
na eni sami deski, psalm
za postavljavca, ki je lahko
šest palcev dolg žebelj potisnil v kos lesa
zgolj s svojo dlanjo, psalm
za tiste, ki ne marajo pravil
ali če kaj predolgo traja, ki zdaj
ne smejo na delo brez čelade,
ki ne smejo rezati varovalnih jopičev
ali plezati brez lestev, ki morajo
vsakokrat uporabiti tri deske,

a psalm for the scaffolders
who fall with a harness on,
who have ten minutes to be rescued,
a psalm for the scaffolder who fell
in a clear area, a tube giving way,
that long slow fall, a psalm for him,
who fell thirty feet and survived,
a psalm for the scaffolder
who saw him fall, a psalm for those
at the top of buildings, the wind whistling
in their ears, the sky in their voices,
for those who lift and carry
and shout and swear, for those
who can recite the lengths of boards
and tubes like a song, a psalm for them,
the ones who don't like heights
but spent their whole life hiding it,
a psalm for those who work too long,
a psalm for my father, a psalm for him.

psalm za postavljavce gradbenih odrov,
ki padejo noseč varovalni pas,
ki imajo deset minut časa, da se jih reši,
psalm za postavljavca, ki je padel
na odprtem, neka cev se je vdala,
ta dolgi počasni padec, psalm zanj,
ki je padel trideset čevljev globoko in preživel,
psalm za postavljavca,
ki ga je videl pasti, psalm za tiste
na vrhovih stavb, v katerih ušesih
žvižga veter in v katerih glasovih je nebo,
za tiste, ki dvigajo in nosijo
in vpijejo in kolnejo, za tiste,
ki znajo zrecitirati dolžine desk
in cevi kot pesem, psalm zanje,
za tiste, ki ne marajo višine,
a to vse življenje skrivajo,
psalm za tiste, ki delajo predolgo,
psalm za mojega očeta, psalm zanj.

My People

I come from people who swear without realising they're swearing.

I come from scaffolders and plasterers and shoemakers and carers,

the type of carers paid pence per minute to visit an old lady's house.

Some of my people have been inside a prison. Sometimes I tilt

towards them and see myself reflected back. If they were from

Yorkshire, which they're not, but if they were, they would have been

the ones on the pickets shouting *scab* and throwing bricks at policemen.

I come from a line of women who get married twice. I come from

a line of women who bring up children and men who go to work.

If I knew who my people were, in the time before women were allowed to work, they were probably the women who were

Moji ljudje

Pripadam ljudem, ki kolnejo, ne da bi se zavedali, da kolnejo.

Pripadam postavljalvcem gradbenih odrov in malarjem in čevljarjem in negovalkam, tiste sorte negovalkam, ki za par penijev na uro na domovih obiskujejo stare gospe.

Nekateri moji so bili v zaporu. Včasih se nagnem proti njim in zagledam svoj odsev. Če bi bili iz Yorkshira, kar sicer niso, a če bi bili, bi bili oni tisti na barikadah, ki so vpili *štrajkbreher* in metali opeke v policaje.

Pripadam rodu žensk, ki se dvakrat poročijo. Pripadam rodu žensk, ki vzgajajo otroke, in moških, ki hodijo v službo.

Če bi vedela, kdo so bili moji v času, preden je bilo ženskam dovoljeno delati, so bile to verjetno ženske, ki so

working anyway. If I knew who my people were before
women
got the vote, they would not have cared about the vote.
There are
many arguments among my people. Nobody likes
everybody.
In the time of slavery my people would have had them if
they
were the type of people who could afford them, which
they
probably weren't. In the time of casual racism, some of
my people
would and will join in. Some of my people know
everybody
who lives on their street. They are the type of people who
will argue
with the teacher if their child has detention. The women
of my people are wolves and we talk to the moon in our
sleep.

vseeno delale. Če bi vedela, kdo so bili moji, preden so
ženske
dobile volilno pravico, bi jim bilo za volilno pravico
vseeno. Med mojimi
je mnogo prepirov. Nihče ne mara vsakogar.
V sužnjelastniških časih bi jih moji ljudje imeli, če bi
spadali med tiste, ki bi si jih lahko privoščili, kar pa
najbrž niso. V časih nonšalantnega rasizma bi se nekateri
izmed mojih
temu pridružili, in se tudi bodo. Nekateri izmed mojih
poznajo vse,
ki živijo na njihovi ulici. Tiste sorte ljudje so, ki se grejo
prerekat
z učiteljem, če njihov otrok dobi pripor. Ženske
mojega rodu smo volkulje in v spanju govorimo z luno.

And the Soul

*And the soul, if she is to know
herself, must look into the soul*

Plato

And the soul, if she is to know herself
must look into the soul and find
what kind of beast is hiding.

And if it be a horse, open up the gate
and let it run. And if it be a rabbit
give it sand dunes to disappear in.

And if it be a swan, create a mirror image,
give it water. And if it be a badger
grow a sloping woodland in your heart.

And if it be a tick, let the blood flow
until it's sated. And if it be a fish
there must be a river and a mountain.

And if it be a cat, find some people
to ignore, but if it be a wolf,
you'll know from its restless way

Če naj duša

*Če naj duša pozna samo sebe,
mora gledati v dušo.*

Platon

Če naj duša pozna samo sebe,
mora gledati v dušo in ugotoviti,
kakšna žival se skriva.

In če je konj, odpreti vrata
in ga pustiti steči. In če je zajec,
mu dati peščene sipine, v katerih lahko izgine.

In če je labod, napraviti zrcalno podobo,
mu dati vodo. In če je jazbec,
vzgojiti strm gozd v srcu.

In če je klop, pustiti krvi teči,
dokler ni potešen. In če je riba,
morata biti reka in gora.

In če je mačka, najti koga,
ki ga bo ignorirala, a če je volk,
boš to vedel po tem, kako nemirno

of moving, if it be a wolf,
throw back your head
and let it howl.

se premika, če je volk,
suni z glavo vznak
in ga pusti tuliti.

Boxer

If I could make it happen backwards
so you could start again I would,
beginning with you on the floor,
the doctor in slow motion
reversing from the ring, the screams
of the crowd pulled back in their throats,
your coach, arms outstretched, retreats
to the corner as men get down from chairs
and tables, and you rise again, so tall,
standing in that stillness in the seconds
before you fell, and the other girl, the fighter,
watch her arm move around and away
from your jaw, and your mother rises
from her knees, her hands still shaking,
as the second round unravels itself
and instead of moving forward,
as your little Irish coach told you to,
you move away, back into the corner,
where he takes your mouth guard out
as gently as if you were his own.
The water flies like magic from your mouth

Boksarka

Če bi lahko dosegla, da bi se odvilo nazaj,
tako da bi lahko začela znova, bi to storila,
začeni s teboj na tleh,
zdravnikom, ki v počasnem posnetku
ritensko odide iz ringa, kriki
množice, ki se povlečejo nazaj v njihova grla,
tvoj trener se z iztegnjenimi rokami umakne
v kot in moški sestopijo s stolov
in miz, in ti spet vstaneš, neverjetno visoka,
stojiš v tisti nepremičnosti trenutkov,
preden si padla, in drugo dekle, boksarka,
gledala bi, kako se njena roka zasuka in odmakne
od tvoje čeljusti in tvoja mama vstane
s kolen s še vedno tresočimi se rokami,
medtem ko se odvije druga runda, ti pa,
namesto da bi se premikala naprej,
kot ti je naročil tvoj mali irski trener,
se umakneš nazaj, nazaj v kot,
kjer ti iz ust vzame ščitnik,
nežno, kot bi bila njegova.
Voda kot v čarovniji izleti iz tvojih ust

and back into the bottle and the first round
is in reverse, your punches unrolling
to the start of the fight, when the sound
of the bell this time will stop you dancing
as you meet in the middle, where you come
and touch gloves and whisper good luck
and you dance to your corners again,
your eyes fixed on each other as the song
you chose to walk into sings itself back
to its opening chords and your coach
unwraps your head from the headguard,
unfastens your gloves, and you're out
of the ring, with your groin guard,
your breast protector, you're striding
round that room full of men,
a warrior even before you went in.

nazaj v steklenico, in prva runda
se odvije v obratni smeri, tvoji udarci padajo nazaj
vse do začetka boja, ko bo zvok
zvonca tokrat zaustavil tvoj ples,
ko se srečata na sredi, kjer stopita skupaj
in se dotakneta z rokavicami in zašepetata srečno
in odplešeta nazaj vsaka v svoj kot,
vajina pogleda sta pripeta drug na drugega, medtem
ko se skladba,
v katero sta si izbrali vstopiti, odpoje nazaj
do otvoritvenih akordov in ti trener
odvije glavo od čelade,
ti odpne rokavice, in že si zunaj
ringa, s svojima ščitnikoma za dimlje
in za prsi korakaš
po tem prostoru, polnem moških,
bojevnica, še preden si sploh vstopila.

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Kim Moore

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