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V blízkosti boha

Do umrlčej komory privádzajú boha
presne o štvrtej
sa obesí aj kňaz
a všade naokolo je zem
niet tu nikoho kto by spovedal
a naše telá obsypú chrobáky
niet nikoho čo by ich pochoval
ako do umrlčej komory priviesť boha
Stephen Hawking
presne vtedy keď napíšeš
Boh neexistuje

Stephen o štvrtej som vyrátala
že na jednej strane knihy je tritisíc písmen
v tisícstranovej knihe tri milióny písmen
a že sme dodnes vydali stopät'desiat miliónov kníh
čo je približne päťsto biliónov písmen
a že vesmír má o stopät'desiat biliónov hviezd viac
ako máme všetkých písmen v knihách

Stephen ako ľahko môže ktokoľvek vložiť do kalkulačky boha
a spoľahlivo zabudnúť na Chopinovu baladu f-mol
a bez obáv premieňať percentá života na percentá smrti
pán Hawking keď som bola malá
na cintorín som nosila hnedý kufor s rukávníkmi a utierkou
asociáciu slov s ideálnou váhou

neviem neviem pane ako zomrieť úplne
a keď na môj plášť prilieta chrobák zdá sa mi
že boh nie je taký naivný aby sa takto usvedčil

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V bližini boga

V mrliško vežico pripeljejo boga
točno ob štirih
se tudi duhovnik obesi
in je vsepovsod zemlja
nikogar da ju spove
in njuni telesi prekrijejo hrošči
nikogar da ju pokoplje
kako v mrliško vežico pripeljati boga
Stephen Hawking
točno takrat ko zapišeš
Bog ne obstaja

Stephen ob štirih sem izračunala
da je na eni strani knjige tri tisoč črk
v knjigi s tisoč stranmi tri milijone črk
da smo do danes izdali sto petdeset milijonov knjig
kar je približno petsto bilijonov črk
in da ima vesolje sto petdeset bilijonov več zvezd
kot imamo vseh črk v knjigah

Stephen kako lahko kdorkoli v kalkulator ujame boga
in zaupljivo pozabi na Chopinovo balado v f-molu
in brez groze pretvarja odstotke življenja v odstotke smrti
gospod Hawking ko sem bila majhna
sem na po-kopališče nosila rjav kovček z rokavčki in brisačo
asociacijo besed z idealno težo

ne vem ne vem gospod kako je umreti do konca
a ko na moj plašč prileti hrošč se mi zdi
da bog ni tako trapast da bi se dokazal



In God's proximity

They bring God to the funeral parlour
precisely at four
the minister hangs himself as well
and there's dirt everywhere
no one to hear their confessions
and their bodies get covered with bugs
no one to bury them
how to bring god to a funeral parlour
Stephen Hawking
just when you write down
God does not exist

Stephen at four I counted
3000 letters on one book page
in a book with thousand pages
that till today we published one hundred and fifty million books
which makes approximately five hundred billion letters
and that the universe has one hundred fifty billion stars more
than the number of all letters in books we do
Stephen how can anyone capture god into a calculator
and trustingly forgets of Chopin's ballad in f minor
and converts life percentage into death percentage without dread
mister Hawking when I was little
I used to carry a brown suitcase with arm bands
and a towel to the cemetery
an association of words with the ideal weight
I don't know I don't know Sir how it is to die till the end
but when a bug lands on my coat in front of the funeral parlour
it seems to me
that god isn't so silly that he'd prove himself

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Kam ideš človeče?

pozri sa na mňa
už nie je priestor
niet poslednej cesty
niet krajiny
nejestvujú vzdialenosti rozmery nič
teraz som ja tá ktorá si t'a berie
berie spät'
ked' si tu dívam sa ti
dovnútra
tam t'a vtlačím
ked' už nie je priestor pre vonkajšok
pre výzor pre oči
nemôžeš nikam
si pripútaný k svojmu životu
povedz
kedy si si ho privlastnil
tú chvíľu
vtlačil si doň svoje ruky telo aspoň pohľad
bol si na hojdačke
privolal vtáka
dovoliť periu nech ti roztvorí dľaň
vypil si slnko rozkopal riečny piesok
bol si dážd' čo naskrz presiakol zemou
kdekoľvek kedykoľvek s kýmkoľvek
sám? obrát' sa a pozri sa ak si trúfaš
ked' nemôžeš nikam
iba dovnútra
beriem si t'a do jadra do nehy
zo všetkých spomienok
ešte odvtedy ked' si nejestvoval



zovšadial' si t'a beriem
zovšadial' t'a prinášam
preč z jazykov štátov úradov rodín a domovov
z väzení tovární pôrodníc a ciest
miest get neba
zo všetkých vier rás bludov a chorôb
z každého výkriku násilia mrazu
zo všetkých priestorov t'a vylupujem
zo všetkých omrviniek a škár
zo všetkých piesní t'a vyvolávam
so všetkým čo zmôžem t'a t'ahám
naspät' z miliardy hviezd
z najhlbších koreňov odtlačkov fosílií
prachu a svetla
cez prázdnotu
t'a chytám za ruku
za posledný zvyšok ruky
za posledný kúsok dotyku
za poslednú stopu vône
lebo viem že si tu
rozložený na kúsky
rozptýlený v histórii
nezáleží mi na tom čo ti urobili
pozbieram všetky tvoje kvapky
vypustím ich ako orly do neba
a počkám kým pre nás ulovia dážď
zleje sa do mora
tam plávam v tvojej spomienke
čo ma je po búrkach
odnes ma k nám
nech do teba vdýchnem breh

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tam odomkneme stromy
vypustíme vodopády
a lístie na jeseň
videl si bežia k nám deti
lebo nič nežije väčšmi ako krása
lebo nič nezreje väčšmi ako krása
v nej starneme ako sila a plody
lebo to už nie je moja pieseň
len ju nosím v ústach
len jej padám do hrdla
keď jej slina vchádza do mojej krvi
infikuje ma svetom
nech sa rozprávam už len s vesmírom
aby som nevedela neľúbiť
lebo mi narodenie zabudlo vziať spomienky
na tisícročia na všetko čo som kde som
všetky staroby v jedinom tichu
ten pohľad ten zvuk tie farby ten rytmus a vlnu
neviem necítiť neviem nebyť
ešte vlhké ulice a mestá sa nast'ahovali do mňa
a ľudia v nich a životy z nich a štáty nad nimi
a všetci vo mne
aj keď brutalita si berie právo nadávať na
robotu platy sľuby
slobodu banky ksichty
roky úsmevy cesty
tento priestor vstúpil do mňa
aby vo mne žil celý svet
ktorý hladkám
a spolu s ním nariekam
ako ľad oheň a navyše neohrozene



a spolu nesiem t'archu
z nej vypúšťame biele holuby
ako nežný vánok nadránom nad nimi
si nás berú nad oblaky
nie akokoľvek nie kdekoľvek nie s kýmkoľvek
my dvaja nemáme čo stratit'
my už nemáme čo stratit'
nijaké cesty
nijaký priestor
v tejto chvíli
sami ako na začiatku
usadíme sa
do nášho malého hlasu
tam ústíme
odtiaľ vstávame
aby sme boli jeden pre druhého otvor
otvor pre vnútro
a tam ti šepnem
pozri sa človeče
keď pred sebou utekáš
nemôžeš ujst' nikam
len do srdca

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Kam greš človek?

poglej me
ni več prostora
ni zadnje ceste
ni zemlje
niti razdalje mere ničesar
zdaj sem jaz tista ki si te jemlje
jemlje nazaj
ko si tukaj te gledam
v notranjost
tja te potiskam
ko ni več prostora za zunanjost
za videz za oči
ne moreš nikamor
si privezan na svoje življenje
povej
si ga kdaj vzel
ta trenutek
si potisnil vanj svoje roke telo vsaj pogled
si bil na gugalnici
poklical ptico
pustil perju da ti razpre dlan
popil sonce razkopal mivko
si bil dež skozi zemljo
kjerkoli kadarkoli s komerkoli
sam? obrni se in poglej če upaš
ko ne moreš nikamor
razen v notranjost
si te jemljem v jedro v rahlost
iz vseh spominov



še od tam kjer te ni
iz povsod te pobiram
iz povsod te nosim
ven iz jezikov držav služb družin in domov
iz zaporov tovarn porodnišnic in cest
gradov getov neba
iz vseh ver ras zmot in bolezn
iz vsakega krika nasilja mrazu
iz vseh prostorov te luščim
iz vseh drobtin in špranj
iz vseh pesmi te kličem
z vsem kar zmorem te vlečem
nazaj iz milijarde zvezd
iz najgloblje korenine odtisa fosila
prahu in svetlobe
skozi praznino
te primem za dlan
za zadnji ostanek dlani
za zadnji delček dotika
za zadnjo sled vonja
ker vem da si tu
razstavljen po koščkih
razpršen v zgodovino
vseeno mi je kaj so ti naredili
pobrala bova vse tvoje kaplje
jih spustila kor orle v nebo
in čakala da za naju ujamejo dež
popustil bo v morje
tam plavam v tvojem spominu
mar mi je za viharje
nosi me k nama

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da vdahnem vate obalo
tam razkleneva drevje
izpustiva slapove
in listje na jesen
si videl otroci tečejo k nama
ker nič ne živi bolj kot lepota
ker nič ne zori bolj kot lepota
v njej se starava kot moč in plodovi
ker to ni več moja pesem
samo nosim jo skozi usta
samo padam ji v žrelo
ko njena slina uhaja v mojo kri
me okuži s svetom
da se pogovarjam samo še z vesoljem
da ne znam neljubiti
ker mi je rojstvo pozabilo vzeti spomine
na tisočletja na vse kar sem kjer sem
vse starosti v eni sami tišini
ta vid ta zvok te barve ta ritem in val
ne znam nečutiti ne znam ne biti
še vlažne ulice in mesta
so preseljena vame
in ljudje v njih in življenja iz njih
in države nad njimi
in vsi v meni
četudi si brutalnost jemlje prekariat
službe plače obljube
svobodo banke obraze
leta nasmehe ceste
je ta prostor vstopil vame
da v meni živi ves svet



ki ga božam
in se z njim jočem
kot led ogenj in vrh neustrašno
in skupaj nosiva težo
iz nje spuščava bele golobe
kot nežna sapa zjutraj nad njimi
si nad oblaki jemljeva naju
ne kakorkoli ne kjerkoli ne s komerkoli
midva nimava kaj izgubiti
mi nimamo več kaj izgubiti
nobene ceste
nobenega prostora
tega časa
sami kot na začetku
se bomo naselili
v naš mali glas
tja se izlivamo
iz tam vstajamo
da smo drug drugemu odprtina
odprtina za notranjost
in tja ti šepnem
poglej me človek
ko bežiš pred sabo
ne moreš nikamor
razen v srce

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Where are you going human?

look at me
there is no more space
no last road
no soil
not even a dimension extent nothing
now I am the one who's taking you
taking back
when you are here I am looking at you
looking inwards
I am pushing you there
when there is no more space for the outside
for the look for the eyes
there is nowhere to go
you are attached to your life
tell me
have you ever taken it
this moment
have you pushed inside your hands body
at least a glance
have you been on a swing
called a bird
let the feathers open your palm
drank the sun dig through the sand
have you been the rain through the soil
anywhere anytime with anyone
alone? turn around and look if you dare
when there is nowhere to go
except inwards
I am taking you to the core to delicacy



from all the memories
even from where you are not
I am taking you from everywhere
I am carrying you from everywhere
from the languages states jobs families
and homes
from the prisons factories maternity
hospitals and roads
castles ghettos the sky
from all the religions races errors
and diseases
from every scream violence cold
form every space I am shelling you
from all the crumbs and crevices
from every poem I am calling you
with everything I can I am pulling you
back from the billions of stars
from the deepest root impression fossil
dust and light
through the emptiness
I take your hand
for the last remainder of the hand
for the last piece of the touch
for the last trace of the smell
because I know you are here
laid out in pieces
dispersed into history
I don't care what they did to you
we will pick up all your drops
and release them like eagles into the sky
an wait for them to catch rain for us

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it will slack off into the sea
I swim there in your memory
I don't care about the storms
I am being carried towards us
to exhale the coast into you
there we unclasp the trees
release the waterfall
and the leaves in autumn
did you see the children
are running towards us
because nothing lives more than beauty
nothing matures more than beauty
in it we age like power and fruits
because this is no longer my poem
I only carry it through my mouth
I only fall into its throat
as its saliva leaks into my blood
it infects me with the world
that I now talk only to the universe
that I don't know how not to love
because my birth forgot to take
away my memories
to centuries to everything I am where I am
all ages in a single silence
this sight this sound these colours
this rhythm and wave
I don't know how not to feel
I don't know how not to be
even the damp streets and cities
are relocated into me
and the people in them



and the lives from them
and the countries above them
and all inside me
even if the brutality takes its precariat
jobs wages promises
freedom banks faces
years smiles roads
this place has entered me
to make the entire world live inside me
which I caress
and cry with it
like ice fire and peak fearless
and together we carry the weight
and release white pigeons from it
like gentle breath in the morning above them
we take each other above the clouds
not however not wherever
not with whomever
you and I have nothing to lose
we all have nothing to lose
no road
no space
this time
alone like at the beginning
we will settle

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in our little voice
we flow in there
we rise from there
to be an opening for each other
an opening for the inwardness
and that is where I whisper to you
look at me human
when you are running from yourself
there is nowhere to go
but into the heart



160 metrov pred narodením

Ako hlboko t'a unáša
do tejto jamy tejto bane piesne
spustil si sa odišiel si pomyslel
na povrch na kožu na nebo
práve vtedy keď t'a spúšťajú sem dole
sem dovnútra do teba bez všetkého a so všetkým
do všetkej tej čiernej medzi všetkých tých stratených ľudí
preto sa nedívaj keď t'a vedú dole
buď ako kôň ktorému pri zostupe zaviazali oči
tvoj výťah tvoj povraz sú tvoje telo
kroky náplň život
všetko čo si prepásol a vzal
sa teraz spúšťá sem dnu opatrne
aby si sa cítil v mraze brázdy chránený
vedel si že si už bol v týchto končninách
vtedy na začiatku 160 metrov pred narodením
skôr ako von vyletel vták
presne ten ktorého si dnes zavolať k sebe
aby ti povedal že má srdce krídla aj pod zemou
že sa oči v tme ligocú dejinami
nie tu dole už nikto nečaká
aj vzduch rozpráva len zriedka
a návštevy sú prázdne okrem svetla
povedz mi ako hlboko t'a unáša keď si v jame
zľakneš sa odvážiš sa otvoriš oči
si konečne živý
povedz mi ako t'a mám zavolať
som vnútri v tebe bez slov a dotyku
ako t'a mám oslovit' keď nejestvujem

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povedz mi prečo si čakal tak dlho
kde si niesol svoju pieseň
svoju rudu svoju hĺbinu
na ktorom povrchu si ju zabudol
ktorý dnešok ti ju vzal
ten povraz tú vášeň celého teba
no prosím neodpovedaj mi keď sme spolu
moje ticho sú tvoje ústa
a ty mlčíš tvoja ruda je tvrdá
moja tma vzala slnko pre teba



160 metrov pred rojstvom

Kako globoko te nese
v to jamo v ta rudnik v pesem
si se spustil si odšel si pomislil
na površje na kožo na nebo
točno takrat ko te spuščajo sem dol
sem noter vate brez vsega in z vsem
v vso to črnino med vse izginule ljudi
zato ne glej ko te peljejo dol
bodi kot konj ki so mu za spust zavezali oči
tvoje dvigalo tvoja vrv so tvoje telo
koraki vsebina življenje
vse kar si bil zamudil in vzal
se zdaj spušča sem not na tanko
da se čutiš v mraz brazde odejo
si vedel da si že bil v tem kraju
takrat na začetku 160 metrov
pred rojstvom
preden je zunaj vzletela ptica
točno tista ki si jo danes poklical k sebi
da ti pove da ima srce krila tudi pod zemljo
da se oči v temi svetijo z zgodovino
ne tukaj doli nihče več ne čaka
tudi zrak govori bolj poredko
in obiski so prazni razen svetlobe
povej mi kako globoko te nese ko si v jami
se zdrzneš si upaš spregledaš
si končno živ
povej mi kako te naj pokličem
sem noter v tebe brez besed in dotika

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kako te naj nagovorim takrat ko me ni
povej mi zakaj si čakal tako dolgo
kod si nosil svojo pesem
svojo rudo svojo globino
na kateri površini si jo pozabil
katera sedanost ti jo je vzela
to vrv to strast celega tebe
in prosim ne odgovarjaj mi ko sva skupaj
moja tišina so tvoja usta
a čutiš tvoja ruda je trdna
njena tema je zate ujela sonce



160 metres before birth

How deep are you being carried
into this cave into this mine into a poem
did you descend did you leave did you think
of the surface of the skin of the sky
when you are being descended down here
in here into you without everything and with everything
into all this blackness among all the disappeared people
so do not look while going down
be like the horse with its eyes covered for the descend
your elevator your rope are your body
steps content life
everything you were missed and took
is now being descended in here thinly
to feel yourself into the cold creases blanket
did you know that you have already been to this place
then at the beginning 160 metres before birth
before outside a bird rose
exactly the one you called towards yourself today
to tell you that the heart has wings even beneath the ground
that in darkness the eyes are glowing with history
no down here nobody is waiting anymore
even the air is more reserved
and the visits are empty except for the light
tell me how deep you are being carried when you are in the cave
do you cringe do you dare do you start to see
are you finally alive
tell me how can I call you
in here into you without words and without a touch
how can I address you when I am not here

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tell me why have you waited this long
where did you carry your poem
your ore your depth
which surface have you forgotten it on
which presence has taken it from you
this rope this passion the whole of you
and please do not answer me when we are together
my silence is your mouth
do you feel it your ore is solid
its darkness has caught the sun for you



História

Trávníky vstali
ráno si vzali svoje telá a odišli
do cestovných tašiek zatvorili lampášik púpavy a jeho vietor

odišli tak že si vzali aj spomienku na seba
v to ráno nikto nehľadal trávu
úbočia boli holé zem odnášalo

nikto nič nevedel bolo obyčajné ráno
dievčatko otvorilo obrázkovú knižku sedliak zoral brázdu
rozbehla som sa cez pole

nikto nám nič nepovedal
až kým jedného dňa omylom nevyrástlo steblo
a zrazu boli všetky trávníky tam kde predtým

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Zgodovina

Travniki so vstali
zjutraj so pobrali svoja telesa in odšli
v potovalke so zaprli regratovo lučko in njen veter

odšli so tako da so vzeli tudi spomin nase
zjutraj nihče ni iskal trave
pobočja so bila gola zemljo je odnašalo

nihče ni vedel bilo je običajno jutro
deklica je odprla slikanico kmet je zoral brazdo
stekla sem čez polje

nihče nam ni povedal
dokler ni nekega dne pomotoma zrasla bilka
in naenkrat so bili vsi travniki tam že od nekdaj



History

The meadows rose
they picked up their bodies in the morning and left
they closed a dandelion clock and its wind into travel bags

they left so that they also took the memory of themselves
in the morning nobody looked for the grass
the slopes were bare the soil was carried away

nobody knew it was an ordinary morning
a girl opened a picture book a farmer made a furrow
I ran across the field

nobody told us
until one day a blade of grass accidentally grew
and suddenly all meadows have long been there

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Korona

Viem, hraničné brány sú zatvorené.
Panika. Izolácia, Strach.
Prázdne police. Choroba. Niekde už smrť.
Nehovor mi. Lebo vidím. Cítim.

Aj ja som ako ty – človek,
dcéra, sestra, Pozemšťanka,
väčšinu času iba ruka,
ruka nás dvoch, naša, spojená, neoddeliteľná,
vzduch, ktorý dýcham, je rovnaký ako ten tvoj.

Neklam,
že dokážeš čokoľvek rozdeliť, pozri sa,
aj u nás sú už ulice prázdne,
aj u nás zostáva zvuk bez ľudí.
Ale vieš aj to, že v Číne to už nie je také isté,
ľudia otvorili okná sveta.

Ľudia

zabudovali slová do hlasov – tých
medzi vežiakmi – hlasov
zrodených zo zapečatených dvier.
Hlasy, ktoré nie sú výkrikmi zúfalstva,
nie sú nevraživosťou, hromžením a hnevom – nie,
sú to výkriky povzbudenia, viery, lásky,
priznávam, z čínskeho filmu
som rozumela len revu,



bolo ho tak akurát
pre každú úroveň srdca.

Viem,
aké ľahké je podceňovať
krásu človeka a viem,
s akou ľahkosťou, bez uváženia,
precítania a obozretnosti, možno pozorovať iných
presne vtedy, keď je ich nešťastie
dostatočne ďaleko od tvojho pohodlia,
tvojho úspechu, tvojej sily,
všetkého, čo je tak veľmi tvoje,
nech to je tvoje – netreba vždy
niekoho nasledovať – netreba všetko
predať – netreba, aby si bol stále
naškrobený, upravený, skopírovaný,
nelákaj ma do pazúrov rozumu,
do svojho šialenstva – trend
je len dočasná hra,
kde sa šťastie preskakuje,
preto ma nelákaj pretekať sa,
ani s tebou ani so sebou samým,
ak by si bol šťastný, bol by si tichom,
bol by si odovzdanosťou – voľným pádom.

Bol by si touto piesňou – neúplnou
a nahou ako divé lesy bez požiarov,
nenaladené a bez ľudského javiska – krásne,
rýdže ako talianske bloky,
z nich v čase Korony zaznieva zbor.
Bol by si otvorený ako synagóga, kostol,

GLORJANA VEBER



kasárne, chrám, čítala som,
že ich otvárajú pre chorých ľudí.
Myslel si si, že to nie je možné?

A pozri na nás teraz – človek,
ty a ja, obaja sme zatvorení,
autá zostali stát',
počuješ teraz vtáky?

Dni oteplievajú
a tvoja duša vrástla
do tejto piesne,
ktorá sa spieva pre múry
všetkých múrov.



Korona

Ja vem, vrata mej so zaprta.
Panika. Izolacija. Strah.
Prazne police. Bolezen. Nekje že smrt.
Ne govori mi. Ker vidim. Občutim.

Tudi jaz sem kot ti – človek,
hčera, sestra, Zemljanka,
večino časa zgolj dlan,
najina, naša, povezana, neodtuljiva,
zrak, ki ga diham, je isti kot tvoj.

Ne laži,
da zmoreš karkoli deliti, poglej,
tudi pri nas so ceste že prazne,
tudi pri nas ostaja zvok brez ljudi.
Ampak veš, na Kitajskem ni več isto,
ljudje so odprli okna sveta.

Ljudje
so besede zgradili v glasove,
tiste med stolpnici – glasove,
rojene iz zapečatenih vrat.
Glasove, ki niso kriki obupa,
niso sovraštvo, zmerljivke in srd – ne,
to so kriki spodbude, vere, ljubezni,
priznam, na kitajskem posnetku
sem razumela le dretje,

GLORJANA VEBER



bilo ga je ravno prav
za vsako višino srca.
Vem,
kako lahko je podcenjevati
lepoto človeka in vem,
kako z lahkoto, brez razmisleka,
čustva in brige, je gledati druge
točno takrat, ko je njihova nesreča
dovolj stran od tvojega ugodja,
tvojega uspeha, tvoje zmage,
vsega, kar je tako zelo tvoje,
naj bo tvoje – ni potrebno vedno
nekomu slediti – ni potrebno vsega
prodati – ni potrebno, da si vedno
poštirkan, popravljen, skopiran,
ne vabi me v kremplje uma,
v svojo norost – trend
je le začasna igra,
kjer se srečo preskoči,
zato me ne vabi v tekmo,
ne s tabo ne s samim sabo,
če bi bil srečen, bi bil tišina,
bi bil predanost – prosti pad.

Bil bi tista pesem – nepopolna
in gola, kot divji gozdovi brez požarov,
neuglašeni in brez
človeškega odra – lepi,
iskreni, kot italijanski bloki



iz njih v času Korone odmeva zbor.
Bil bi odprt kot sinagoga, cerkev,
vojašnica, tempelj, brala sem,
da jih odpirajo za bolne ljudi.
Si mislil, da je nemogoče?

Pa naju poglej zdaj – človek,
ti in jaz, oba sva zaprta,
avtomobili so obstali,
slišiš zdaj ptice?

Dnevi postajajo topli,
in tvoja duša je zrasla
v tisto pesem,
ki se poje za zidovi
vseh zidov.

GLORJANA VEBER



Volitve

Volila bi poeta. Odšla bi k njemu
in mu dala glas. Volila bi ga s tišino, belo,
tako tiho, pozabljeno in samo
kot so preslišane besede vseh poetov, delavcev
in proletarcev, njihov beg iz ust, ki ne zmorejo izplačati jezika,
zato, če me čutiš, kako ti služim, prosim,
kot vsi tujci čez žice kupljenega neba,
jaz in ti kot on sam sebi zvest pripadnik, ki ne more z mano
iz domišljije,
samo njemu bi povedala, da se na tipkovnici zataknejo

mravlja, arterija, ideal, umazanija ali da na obrazcu iz urada
zasmrdi gnev delavkinega dneva, pôť njenega brezposelnega moža,
vonj njene roke, dotaknila se je igrače, ne bo je prinesla iz trgovine,
ne katerekoli, ampak avtomobilčka s ceno pogleda njunega otroka
dan pred tem. Samo njemu, živalskemu poetu, brez zvezd in mišic,
bi zaupala, da sem dobila stanovanje preko vez,
nič davka, aritmetike, mašil ali birokracije, zgolj starši
v pritličju hiše. On bi odobril atomsko bombo, ker je čas

brez bližnjic, aparatov, betic, služabnikov in briljantin,
brez rojstnih dnevvov, praznikov, obiskov, voženj in čokolade
tako prekleto dolg,
da izbrišeš dogodke, ki bi se morali zgoditi, da bi bilo pol leta
kot en mesec brez plačila, življenje praznega banalnega planeta,
s prevaranti, tajkuni, umazanci, naivneži, birokrati, tihotapci,
z dresiranimi sloni, logičnimi računi, kot privid



ali samo cinična pesem dneva, pokrita z ledom in njen vrh,
bosa želja v gozdu smreke, kot zap
voli okrušenega, mrkega, grdega poeta, zdrobljenega od dela,
posipanega na papir, njegovo bilko na izsušeni trati,
plačajmo mu volitve, ne s katerimkoli denarjem,
ampak s poezijo, posrednik pravi, da bo zlatu zrasla vrednost,
poglej jih, poete,

za kandidata jezika bi vsi dali svoja posojila,
dolga, besedo, ki jo odplačujejo lepoti, njej, ki sedi na robu,
mehko in zaskrbljeno ga tolaži, ona, ki jo nosi neizvoljeni poet,
brez besed ve, da stojiva na isti strani knjige, on ki piše in jaz,
ki berem in med nama ni migrantske meje,
kemičnega sredstva, stranke, valute, plastičnih zamaškov
in ker to ni dovolj, je med nama tisto,
kar je manj kot molk, golota, limona ali cilj,
ne, midva sva kot voda, ki naplavi knjigo,
da iz nje odtečejo stroji, cevke, avtomati, udobje, nafta, kontinenti
in naposled še jezik zdrsne onkraj temne mase, tja,
kjer je celota še brez vonja, ritma in oblike, še verjameš,

da bi našla tam norost poeta in jo objela,
na krajše kot so dih, spomin, veselje ali déjà vu,
na tako kratko, da bi mi vzelo še poeta,
da ne bi pobegnil z mano in bi ga zapustila v domišljiji,
ker samo tam, bi lahko bil izvoljen kandidat z doktoratom,
a brez službe, bleščeč obesek, spektakel iz škatle,
človek, ki nadomešča človeka, sorodnika, krajana,
uščene hiše polžev,



posušena slina, ki ostane brez pohlepa, ker tako pač mora biti,
v tem izsesanem svetu, brez hiš, vrat, cest, polja, brez dogodka,
kot prostor, ki ga bo nekoč iz tal pobralo življenje,
da na dnu ostane sled,

ne v mojo, ampak v tvojo domišljijo,
tebe, ki te bom volila, ker ne morem sebe,
lahko pa za naju nosim pesem.



Elections

I would vote for the poet. I would go to him
and give him my vote. I would vote for him with silence, white,
so silent, forgotten and alone,
as are the unheard words of all poets, workers
and proletarians, their fleeing from the mouth
that cannot pay off language,
therefore, if you feel me serving you, please

vote for the crumbled, sullen, ugly poet, crushed from work,
sprinkled over paper, his straw of dry grass,
let's pay him the elections, not with whichever money,
but with poetry, the mediator says that gold will gain value,
look at them, poets,

for the language candidate they would all give their loans,
debts, word, paying off to beauty, to her, sitting on the edge,
consoling him softly and worriedly, she who is carried by the
non-elected poet,
knows without words that we stand on the same page of the book,
he who writes and I
who reads and no migrant border between us,
no chemical agents, parties, currencies, plastic bottle caps,
and since this is not enough, between us there is that
which is less than silence, nudity, lemon or a goal,
no, the two of us are like water, washing ashore a book
for engines, tubes, vending machines, comfort, oil,
continents to flow off it,
and ultimately even language slips beyond dark matter, where
totality is still without smell, rhythm, and shape, do you still believe,

GLORJANA VEBER



that there I would find the poet's madness and embrace it,
shorter than breath, memory, joy, or déjà vu,
so much shorter that even the poet would be taken away from me,
so he would not escape with me and I would leave him
in my imagination,
since only there a candidate with a PhD could be elected,
yet without a job, a shiny pendant, spectacle from a box,
human replacing human, relative, townsman,
just as all the foreigners across the wires of the purchased sky,
you and me just as he to himself a loyal follower, who cannot exit
imagination with me,
only him I would tell that in the keyboard

an ant, an artery, an ideal, dirt are stuck,
or that the form from the bureau
reeks of wrath of a working woman's day,
the sweat of her unemployed husband,
the smell of her hand, it touched a toy,
she won't bring it from the store,
not just any toy, but the toy-car with
the price of the gaze of their child
a day before. Only to him, the bestial poet,
without stars or muscles,
I would trust, that I got an apartment by knowing
the right person,
no taxes, arithmetic, fillers or bureaucracy, only parents
on the ground floor of the house.
He would approve atomic bomb, since time



without shortcuts, appliances, bonces, servants, and brilliantine
without birthdays, holidays, visits,
rides, and chocolate is so damn long,
that you erase the events, which should have happened,
so that a half of year would be
like a month without a pay, life of an empty banal planet,
with crooks, tycoons, dirty fellows, the naive,
bureaucrats, smugglers,
with trained elephants, logic bills, as an apparition

or only a cynical poem of the day, covered in ice and its top,
a barefoot wish in a pine forest, like deserted snail shells,
dried saliva, left without greed, as it is just how it is supposed to be,
in this sucked-out world, without houses,
door, roads, field, without event,
like space that life will pick up off the floor one day
to leave a mark on the bottom,

not in my, but in your imagination,
you, who I will vote for, because I cannot vote for myself,
yet I can carry a poem for us both.

GLORJANA VEBER



Glasba

Tako lahko pada samo še glasba
se začne in konča njena melodija zvok
v svojem loku in tišini
nanjo so pripeta naša telesa hoja nebo
kaj mi govoriš? kaj poslušáš? koga sprašujem?

vse se je že zgodilo tudi tisto česar ne vem
tam na drugi strani telesa zidu
na drugi strani meje države poloble
sedi nekdo in opazuje
neobremenjeno osamljeno pozorno
miren je in čaka

kdo je? kakšen je?
takrat ko se zgodi vse tisto česar ne vem
kateri zapiše verze v moje misli pred mano
preden se zavem obrnem odločim
že pred tem je moral biti tu - kdo?
kot narava popoln in nikoli končan



Music

Only music can fall this way
its melody sound begins and ends
in its curve and silence
our bodies walk sky are attached to it
what are you saying to me? what are you listening?
whom am I asking?

everything has already happened even what I don't know
there on the other side of the body wall
on the other side of the border state hemisphere
someone is sitting and watching
without concerns in solitude carefully
he is peaceful and waiting
who is he? what is he like?
when everything that I don't know happens
who writes down the verses in my mind before me
before I become aware before I turn decide
he had to be here before that – who?
as nature perfect and never finished

GLORJANA VEBER



Names

Yesterday I dreamt of a virus erupting on earth
which deleted names... That morning in my dreams as well
people got up felt their bodies drank their coffee ...
It could be any place in the world Ljubljana Tokyo Cairo
It was but a place in my head absolutely identical to this one here
of the same roads buildings limitations options
of the same sun equally filled with emotions and yet equally empty
In this place as well people opened the newspapers in the morning
turned on their cell phones radio internet show
the documents to the police
the health insurance cards to doctors ... I remember
how people looked at each other confused
search for each other talked suddenly they needed each other
touches conversations and opinions became currencies and shares
They were searching for feelings sky and wind
traffic signs were empty a direction needed to be found
Suddenly they started asking each other where this fear comes from
why their hands are shaking their eyes are wet
Everything was totally the same and yet different
their names roots titles disappeared
only the feeling that they once had them left
that once signs names marks arrows existed ...
As if someone removed the glass from the windows
and it would become clear why the trees outside are bending



Universe

I hear music and feel no other need
I see a girl in the corner playing my grandfather's piano
with my own fingers
we shall all meet again
and the silence will explain the meaning of the universe
there are revolutionary alleys overlooked by many
fugitives in all directions of our new cities
I want to stand on the expanding land
I want a smile with an explanation

as on the face of a foreign land
my essence is crying at the point where others awake
in famish in misery without a dog's opportunity
in another place high above us

concerned with our own smallness
a temporary consolation
I need to listen to the screams
sometimes it's all I need

GLORJANA VEBER



Revolution

Us three sitting on the beach in the evening
and people walking by, mostly younger
and I am hunched, hugging knees
they are probably not sure whether I'm naked
we talk about trump corruption the dead iraq
and the passers-by like they don't notice me
they even move their heads as if they didn't
and pull the dogs with their leashes to themselves
we at the time of migrants wire and repression
of the two-year-ride of the sold chinese boy
and two dogs come running before the next topic
behind them english and german owners
well behaved good smelling gentlemen
pretending like they don't think about me being naked
because if it seems like they didn't notice
also I won't notice how they have noticed
all those games of un-noticing that we're playing
this is why it is necessary to open a new topic in the silence
about the global hand of capital and tainted strategies
and that the teacher neighbour gets his food from the red cross
he always comes just before they close
right now a fancy ship reaches port
and some pups in dresses make me feel so bad for them
and we're truly appalled about the precariat
pharmacy speculations and I don't know what
we're out of drinks as well and I'm about to stand up
what will everyone passing by think
those who shouldn't be interested
because they have to mind their own business



what they usually do in front of tvs
because there's a lot of things to do there
because that's what is allowed and expected
and it's what they want most for us
jobs sales bathed poodles and night bars
maybe the guy on the shore is thinking that
the one pretending not to peek at how I'm getting up
and I'm refined and well-behaved as well
for our vehement debates
one more sex on the beach violent freedom and cuba libre
we can't do much without it and we're just empty glasses
those who think they have nothing to give
because their important content was drank
as if nothing can be ladled with them
and that man already prepared his eyes for my nudity
even his sunglasses cannot hide him
and now he doesn't understand how he got it wrong
he wasn't waiting for my bathing suits and top
illusionary idea that only costed him some time
expectance pleasure and himself
that feeling that something is about to happen
while I can only offer those three types of drinks
since I never drank a glass of salty water in my life
I don't even know when you forget of that before you
or of things in themselves
also my friend didn't touch the sea
but the liquid still went into his head
he says the only solution is a bullet for them pigs
demolishing burning flags riots and also what I don't remember
and we lit the candles three hours ago already
yet I still don't know when the sun became the moon

GLORJANA VEBER



all that before was probably just thirst
you think not until when all the bars close
and the glasses lose their beauty and value
and you notice something that could be fireflies in disappointment
up there the sky is as if it was bright
and it blows warmly just as sometimes during day
because in fire
without a fight and sacrifice
behind our backs
in silence
a house is burning



Sloventida

Humankind is coming, as I walk toward it
translating a wave.

Humankind white like before the snow
pure, gentle, tiny and mighty,
like roots coming back from the ground,
from all the seeds, ice, races, colours and memory,
from all the shapes of the universe
humankind sprouts gently, quietly and invisibly,
into my tiny Slovenian palm.

Therefor I ask you no more,
as you have already risen white earth,
called deep like canvas into colours,
people into posture, into consciousness,
from all the histories like a red hidden drop,
not just any, the one from the pores of the skin, the sun,
that sprouts from the body into dust.
From dust you lift us now Slovenians,
to carry us with no shame of word,
native, sacred, Carantanian, Celtic,
forgotten by itself and countries,
come, grab our drum on its edge,
whit it I sing you, we are not alone,
we are not hands, we are not legs, we are not only heart,
we are a rock, the ground beneath a rock, Milky Way,
from it I read you, in it I wake you up,
from language to language, from symbols to poem,
yes, she is holding me by my throat,

from it I am pulling the root of sound, river, opening,
our free warm home.

GLORJANA VEBER



But not into my fire, not even into my thought,
not even me in front of it, into that flower beyond time
it leads five white fingers, without reason, with width,
for each and every one of us.

No, I cannot hold my freedom inside anymore,
you hear like you believe, an illusion that yields for a moment
grinds, lures, beats sweet, come, play on yourself instead,
the whole of you, you are not a bone, meat, you are your echo,
come, let us do it together, not hand in hand,
but boldly from us into us, in front of everyone,
let us dance community, nation, brotherhood, passion,
shortly and briefly, so that for once he will stand straight long
and for ever through a trunk into a tree
from us a human like humankind,
not like an individual candidate.

Do you hear a multitude? Wheat is in growth,
a continent in smell. I would give you an astral bird,
but this poem was never mine. Governments, battles,
wars, victories, ne, that is not enough for me.
Do not dare to divide the world in half,
left, above, almost near, into which measure are you racing?
do you feel the rhythm, the river of a million windows?
Come on, laugh, the galaxy is a bubble,
a sphere, shining without lustre, blow.
the people invisibly beautiful in it,
like life quiet and in itself,
the universe is nothing but a memory of us.

I know, humankind is coming, not coming back,
Like dust that makes the contents visible.



Essence

What happened to you this is crazy you say
outside darkness some reflections sound of a car and trunk outlines
my father was cutting trees sometimes when we didn't need firewood
and Plato at first wanted to be a poet

I remember his book on a shelf between fairy tales
I needed a ladder and a plaster when I fell off
now when you are telling me this it's the same but
I don't feel the body part
to put a bandage on but the resin smells from the glance
this is crazy you are saying and outside the wind is swaying treetops
as if someone is chopping them and they are about to fall on the road
and as I was unlocking the door I caught someone saying

that in the Baltic States people are dying from cold
but if among all these sounds reflections and outlines
I will find essence – who will be the author?

GLORJANA VEBER



PIN

What do you think we're waiting for?
you lost your brother he lost his life
which one of you two is left with more?

I saw a few hours old baby on facebook
perhaps the identification number of your poem a
nd my poem isn't correct
it has no real name relatives apartment to sleep in
perhaps the date of its creation was too late
her PIN too young

It may be that my poem doesn't go to expensive dinners
on foreign continents has no representative
perhaps this poem has no more words
can I afford my own steps?
who deserved yours?

Until the year 2014 all of the streets in Ljubljana will burn down
The flags under the coal will be free
the grass won't be tramped down who will become my path?

What are we waiting for?
the dead in the graves won't be awoken by a poem
but us the dead
will



Woman

I see a woman
only her eyes I cannot see
her hand is delicate and slippery
like a plastic bag drawn to the ground
in the city in the twilight
under a blanket

I see a woman
often sleeping on the red sofa
surely it's too short for her
she needs to curl
the pile of books on the shelf
is her curtain

I see this hidden woman
pursuing me persistently
just as cold
as something that needs to be done
something that I must remember
because this damn woman is running

and her running is in motion
with the speed of my actions
and she never gets it wrong
for she thinks with my memory
and stands where my feet are
I can't see her eyes
tell me what are they like
can they see you too?

GLORJANA VEBER



Crossword

Silence is loudest when it's loaded with the wrong words
"I like doing crosswords and arrange the world on half a page"
wheatgrass genus Egyptian god of the sun Arabian serf
yesterday the protests have divided in two poles
why do you not dare to cry alone?

And what happens if in the street I don't step on any of the lines?
who are the people in the cigarette ends that I pick up in front of a bar
opera store under a wall shadow darkness? and put them on a table?
why do you sometimes blindly believe that time heals wounds?
because when I paint the wall I can still see the stain

The sun is most beautiful at night when it's not there
and a completed crossword always has a new page somewhere
or the day you realise
you will never outgrow your shoes again
because I can only talk to the god I know



Drop

Did you see the earth burning
pillars raising and falling
staircases tearing apart
mountain peaks breaking and cracking
everything mown everything worn out fresh
untold stories burn
passports without names ideas promises thoughts
everything yet un-lived burns
buildings papers little girls old men roads in flames
under the surface
in shelters
in words and between them
sky as a rock sea as a torch
smoke
and the earth lifts and drops its aged lungs
no nation no air no place no concept no silence that wouldn't burn
fire everywhere dust everywhere and yet the buildings are damp
people tell stories
people in crowds and crowd in one single point
even vacancy burns
and in this fire a drop lives

GLORJANA VEBER



Fire

I am not talking about the fire in which my room was burnt down
not about the stairs which I ran down that night
not about the smoke rolling from under the door
and embracing my body

Not even all the legs and hands and screams blows

are not part of this fire that I am describing
not even part of the one on the sky as the morning was turned on
and I was let to the site of the fire all black and defeated
Even the small things that were once part of larger things

are not part of this fire – photos of people I've never had
photos of lands I've never been to books I've never read
and stones I gathered in lands
whose souls I've never touched

even all the poems I've never talked to were burnt!
You see nothing that belongs to me was burnt
I am talking about the void that flared up inside me
brighter and lighter than ash



Dear citizen

every day we search for a word for the country we live in
and we don't find it

All these details we know are not in encyclopaedia
the view is too detailed in the laboratory
we don't see our hands sewing in the factory
legs protesting on the streets in vain
so many numbers and dots we don't understand them
they don't talk to us
they have no stories

We searched for a word in school in books under the bench in the gym
but everyone was already where they told us
that we have already found everything
that we already jumped over vault did rolls written over all maps
that all the walls are full of graffiti awards given
that no one feels like writing anything anymore fix anything

Look at us we are trained like oranges without flesh
when someone squeezes us something must pour out
and we're drying on the inside
and we find less and less words for our country
for the tiger we carry under the skin
for the tiger who's stretching it's claws out of our eyes
we don't find words for this jungle wilderness animal
we don't find a desert which would
deserved for us to let them loose there
nor darkness dark enough to shake off the smell
of the day drinking us
we don't find a river rushing enough to wash off

GLORJANA VEBER



to shake off to turn round
a whirl to see again to feel what we carry as the body commands
or the sun above it or the grave beneath it or
the freedom between them

just as at the beginning hollow unwitting
perhaps when we ran over a meadow
without a name for the feeling in our feet
without a name for running for the future of running
when there was no need to wear glasses to see fear better
when there was no glass in bodies
when it seemed to me that you're not the one crushing inside of me
and I inside of you and that the air doesn't carry hammers
when I still recognized you
when I looked myself in the mirror

Just as at the end it seems as if I'm a fruit
that the tree is yet to spring up
that some body is giving birth to me all my life
just as at the end I'm sure
that I have to cut the umbilical cord
that feeds me



Millions of years

The world is peaceful
just like yesterday
and the day before
and this day ten years ago
all the stars in the sky tonight
are racing like millions of years

Who chased away the clouds?
even the rivers are melting
and a child tipped over to the ground
smiled
a dog came running, licking his palm
people gathered around
And cyclists are released from the streets
and somewhere a sound echoed
I don't know what it was
but I heard
how on a bridge I don't see
a bird is resting

GLORJANA VEBER



XS Reality

I have just woken up
the sun will rise
the cat jumped out the window
that which disappears in the sight of one eye
becomes visible in the sight of the other
263th page of my doctorate
I think

I saw a woman in the newspaper she looked like me
when my brother took a photo of me
people were saying where can I find you
where do you hang out and with whom when do you drink coffee
how do you go to the toilet
I rang but they said that you were not there
that you are at work at four o'clock
at six o'clock ten o'clock eleven o'clock others said
that you were abroad and I followed you
with the same car as you with the same speed
zeal eagerness the same silence sky and walk
I bought the same shoes to find you exactly at the right step
to put on your path to walk through your life at work in the store
because you wear XS bones I changed my clothes
for your mind to scream into mine stretching out my finger
healing a tooth pointing at someone else not at me
I have become your coffee lunch taste in your mouth
four candles that you take to the graveyard
because maybe oneday you will lie on me too



stop making me happy
your eyes are already perfect
I have read all the books
spoken with new people
the only difference between female and male poetry
is in who drinks with whom
I don't need a suitcase to travel
and a millionaire to buy me a piece of sky
time doesn't deal with wishes
when you do something good
you are through with time
something fell into my mind
the water surface to a fish
as the sky to me
I would like to know the same thing
we meet in a bar
the world is still the world
the waitress is smiling today
when there is no one there I ring
to let the space get ready

you looked like the pleasure of those slaughtering you
the moment they take away everything you don't need
the things you actually don't have but are only there
for others to take away because if it wasn't for this
I would never met you
I would never look for you and because I wouldn't look for you
I would be different than I am today
I would look for less important things I would look for one thruth
which is something I don't understand because no matter
how hard I try

GLORJANA VEBER



to make it easier for you to me you will always be only
a copy a surface print
a recording and a puppet they put on their hand
when the show seemingly succeeds with an applause

I smell cigarette smoke of the morning and something else
the distance is coming
do you see
while it rains the sun is in the pictures
the stores are still closed
wait
the add is perfect
and god is absent and in a meeting
what beautiful edges
wherever you go
my head and hands
there has to be something else

I saw a woman in the newspaper she looked like me
when my brother took a photo of me seriously
is there anyone still reading
how they are beating up the air who cares
how a puppet is being slaughtered
where the blood isn't running who cares how emotions are sold
of a young future how they are eating candies in the city council
and out of dust they are making chocolate to be eaten by the little
girls in the streets
while the wind is messing their hair why does it seem
that the politician is the best liar and the best politics
is a real poem and that to someone that everyone knows
for the unimportant things that they have taken from you



and that you don't need
you have given success that he will be looking for all
his life maybe all he needed
was a bridge where there was no river it's true
the politicians really are responsible
only for the success everything else is for the common citizens

somewhere in the distance a train is leaving
people bought the tickets
a snack and some candies
all this time the clouds through a window
what a battle for reality
the graves remain empty
it doesn't matter how many names
it doesn't matter how many memories
who can step into the same poem twice

that's why they sent a detective after you I've been thinking
perhaps he's interested in your filthy poetry
or the fact that you didn't spread your legs and got then
even more screwed what orgasm it became clear to you
why you didn't go on a vacation for two years and
a half it's impossible to understand
that you love your work it calls for a thorough investigation
how can I understand that when the only reasonableness
is my experience
does that make my poetry wicked
because I'm waiting for the right moment to tell you
that the puppet and me are one because
if I am a human and a puppet
then I don't know who is only a human and I want to be only a human

GLORJANA VEBER



because if I am I feel I can experience something
which could be understood as a poem

stop drinking james
john robert michael william richard
buy yourself a new pair of jeans and a car
I know you don't like lawyers charles
thomas paul and mark
if I had lived one more time
I would be a poem
or maybe only a jason cavin brian
I have learned these words
do you remember that part you have thrown away
a mouth that doesn't know what the heart will say

where are you woman looking like me when
my brother photographed me
as if you are hiding in the eyes of the people looking at me
in the touches slipping by at night when you leave the room
in the voice of a saleswoma that sounden differently the next day
this woman got up before me and when
I woke up you were already angry
you turned away she came to work before me as well
sometimes she took my lunch then dinner and breakfast
she took everything even though the plate was full
where are you woman from the photo that looks like me
where did they hide you in their mouth and stories
that will save them from isolation a wife who's been cheated on
stolen money and if you will not save them let me
embrace you in my skin
in the meantime life mostly passes us by



with heroes entrepreneurs madmen beggars fashion models
politicians precariat
with all the screwing and banality
this life this river this dust falling from the clouds and then the rain
bouncing off the window pane at night
and the trees look like somebody put them on my shelves
even objects are softer than me and you
without envy and greed they know that this is how it's supposed
to be in this village in this city in this dim sound of cars
and people passing by
I'm looking for this woman who doesn't know
they sent a detective after me
I'm looking for you he's looking for me
the authorities are looking for me road escape
my eyes skin hair bones my mind all that is hidden is looking for me
what doesn't exist is looking for me because
I don't know what everyone is looking for
I strat looking for it myself with countless receipts calculations time
in an empty embrace in a shallow handshake
all discharged views of the cynical poets
that sold the letters from their books this morning
are like a tragedy of the paper a poem that is left behind
in the streets with no houses away from the people in love
a piece of paper burning without mercy and passionately
a grey monutain covered with snow and its peak
bare dreams in a lavender field and that thin time
making fun out of suffering
rain drought and fire
and if I find you before him
walled in locked up enclosed and alone
like life is looking for an unborn child

GLORJANA VEBER



you will stand by my side
you will look for me just as I looked for you

I made you a promise
I was young and sad
let's meet for coffee
I have youst woken up
I have
just
woken up



River

Just like an orchestra bends before a melody
that is how I fold my umbrella
or the way I look into the sky
and see everything trampled and crushed

Just like in front of it a car stops and drives off
when the green light is on or even later
when the red light appears and we are waiting
to set off wave to each other to leave to part

And under our walk even eternity will fold itself
into faint silhouettes of people who were close to each other
or when early today I met Katka
the bum and we reminisced our memories

about her feeding the cats
and me writing poetry that she didn't understand
and we laughed
she gap-toothed me white
and the entire city was just a river
and nothing more than that

GLORJANA VEBER



Moment

the sun precisely at the meridian
the ground seemingly level
a plane in the sky between two fingers
a flower about to wither away
shutters half-closed
a soup spilling over the spoon into the mouth
a prayer book on the edge of a shelf
a crumb between two crevices
almost like the world

it's true that is how we just to think
about a time still tangible and visible
objects were ageing and rusting
as our skin was getting wrinkled
not becoming smooth again
the years that we knew how to call
with events spirit stories
every moment of the day had it's name
it's layer it's jewel
who were these people inside us?

the sun is at the meridian again
outside the children are playing
and the sand slides through their fingers
it's true it's all true
but who will thing of them one day?



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