

DNEVI POEZIJE  
IN VINA

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CIP - Kataložni zapis o publikaciji  
Narodna in univerzitetna knjižnica, Ljubljana

Ivo Stropnik LIRSKOSLOVARSKA GNEZDA

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Elektronska izdaja

Ljubljana 2020

Ivo Stropnik  
LIRSKOSLOVARSKA GNEZDA

*(NOVI TESTAMENT)*

**čutilo – JEZIK:** *Ko boš poročal v zgodovino majhnih jezikov, ne bodi preskromen do moje bujne rasti, ki je nisi nikoli videl. Bil sem molitvena kača ob tebi in strupena.*

Jezik, peloden v tebi, izgorela jasa, sem ti izkušnjo ljubezni in smrti izpovedal.

Ko boš poročal o kačah in levih, ne pozabi, zate sem jih razpoznavno ustvaril. Govoril sem iz oči mongoloidnega dečka in prišel daleč, do pritličja tvoje glave.

Bil sem že oddaljen od spomina, nepismeni me je ustvaril, v znamenjih prahu me je odkrival, in ko me je nekoč komaj nerodno narisal, sem ostal ... njegov nepozabni angel, ne bog, ampak vera.

*(NEW TESTAMENT)*

**sense organ – LANGUAGE:** *When you report for the history of small languages, be not too humble towards my luxuriant growth, which you have never seen. I was a supplicatory snake beside you, and poisonous.*

Language, pollenous in you, a burned-out glade, I confessed to you the experience of love and death.

When you report of snakes and lions, do not forget, I created them recognisably for you. I spoke from the eyes of a mongoloid boy and came far, up to the ground floor of your head.

I was already far removed from memory, illiterate he created me, in signs of dust discovered me, and when once he was just able to draw me awkwardly, I remained – his unforgettable angel, not god, but faith.

**bábilon** – *Z mojim jezikom ne prideš več v Deveto deželo. A jezik, naredim ti tak stolp – do neba, da se bodo mladeniči vzpenjali nanj, skakali z njega in se ubijali. Dekleta, ljubice, bodo zaljubljeno zrlle v sesute obraze; oči njihovih ubitih mladeničev bodo govorile: »Imam te rad, imam te rad. S stolpa – izpod neba skočim zate, da ti dokažem svojo ljubezen!«*

Jezik je iz treh svetov: iz zemlje Videnega in iz zemlje Razumljenega, iz neba Slišanega in iz neba Slutnega ter iz pekla Izrekljivega in Dojenega iz pekla. Jezik je sin Jezika, ki ga še nismo spoznali; samo verujemo vanj – v slepo besedo tolažnika.

V mojem jeziku je vse izrekljivo, kar je minljiva vrednota sveta. A izrekljivo v nasprotnosti blišča? Govori tak jezik slutnja z neba? Bo dojno mleko tako izrekljivo za zemljo v prividu, za danes nerazumljivo glasilko v krvavi roki sveta?

**babylon** – *With my language you no longer get to Wonderland. But, language, I shall make you such a tower – up to the sky, so that young men will climb up it, jump from it and be killed. Girls, sweethearts, will gaze enamoured at smashed faces; the eyes of their killed boys will say: “I love you, I love you. From the tower – from the sky I jump for you, to prove my love to you!”*

Language is from three worlds: from the land of the Seen and the land of the Understood, from the sky of the Heard and the sky of Premonition, and from the hell of the Utterable and the Nursed from hell. Language is the son of Language whom we have not yet met; we simply believe in him – in the blind word of a comforter.

In our language everything that is an ephemeral value of the world is utterable. But utterable in opposition to brilliance? Does the premonition from the sky speak such a language? Will breast milk so utterable for earth in a vision be for today an incomprehensible vocal cord in the bloody hand of the world?

Jezik, zmanjkuje ti ravnotežja! Jezik, zmanjkuje ti duše! Naredim ti tak stolp – do neba, da se bodo mladeniči vzpenjali nanj, skakali z njega in kričali v zamolčanih jezikih. Jezik, imam te rad in ti z vetrom darujem binkoštno rženo klasje!

Language, you lack balance! Language, you lack soul! I shall make you such a tower – up to the sky, so that young men will climb up it, jump from it and cry out in muted languages. Language, I love you, and with the wind I offer up to you Whitsun ears of rye!

**delavnica** (8) – (naročilo sandal za pot v džunglo) – *V kakšnih sandalih naj uberem pot čez džunglo, če krenem tja s kopne strani ilovice?*

V fini koži zveri, če bo tu zima in *tam* pomladni hlad. V grobo strojenem usnju mirnih živali, saj bo *tam* nemir večji. Z mehкими jermeni morja, osoljenimi za največje globine. Z ovitimi lianami okrog peta in čez desno nartno kost, za beg in ranjeno vrnitev. Iz drevesne gume, z dišavo mnogim sorodnikom popotnega lubja. Iz lipovine, za pot čez kamenje in votle odmeve. Iz papirja, da se bo nanj odtisnil sleherni strah. Bos, z igličasto krvjo na podplatih, da te bodo osamljene zveri vzele v družbo večnega iskanja.

**workshop** (8) – (ordering sandals to go into the jungle) – *In what sandals should I pick out my path through the jungle, if I head off from the snow-free side of the clay?*

In the fine hide of a wild beast, if it is winter here and chilly spring *there*. In the crudely worked leather of tranquil animals, since the unrest will be greater *there*. With soft straps of the sea, salted for the greatest depths. With vines wrapped around my heel and over my right arch, for flight and wounded return. In tree rubber, with the fragrance to many of my kin of travelling bark. In linden wood, for the path across rocks and hollow reverberations. In paper, so every fear can be printed on it. Barefoot, with needled blood on my soles, so the lonely wild beasts will take you into their company of eternal seeking.

**erogéna** – *Kadar ti, draga reka, pravim, vzemi me tja med mehke valove, takrat ne kvartam za strah ali up, ampak te vabim k predigri ljubezni.*

Kadar te tiho pokličem po imenu, Hipokrenska reka, takrat sem že v tebi in čisto tvoj. Nobenega šuma ne slišim. Ves svet je moj.

Kadar te prosim, spusti me *tja*, ne iščem usmiljenja v tebi. Takrat v najinih globinah zaplapola belo jadro v raztrgani temi.

Kadar pa ti, reka, zašepčem, ljubiva se še enkrat, takrat ti zlezi k meni. *Tja* do temnega dna greva najvišji vrh poiskat.

**erogenous** – *Whenever, dear river, I say to you, take me there to the gentle waves, I am not playing a hand for fear or hope, but inviting you into a prelude to love.*

When I quietly call you by name, Hippocrene river, I am already within you and purely yours. I hear no sound. The whole world is mine.

When I beg you, let me off *there*, I am not seeking mercy from you. Whereupon in our depths flaps a white sail in the torn darkness.

Whenever I whisper to you, river, let us make love once more, you slide over towards me. Let us go *there* to the dark bottom to seek out the highest peak.

**glínasta** – *Nate mislim, votlina v glavi.* V tebi objemajoča se kamna kreševa noč in dan (*stran od rim*), temó drug drugega obsegajoča. Pod zatemnitvijo prabesede treseva vsak eno glasilko nad breznom telesa, v katerega padaš sam. Sva se izselila sploh kdaj iz temeljev rojstva, iz roja teme?

Nama mračnost sledi iz davne jame, kjer so led razklale mamutove kosti in ga živalske kože stajale do rane, da sva lahko položila prednike na preproge pomladnega cvetja; kjer so nama vrhovi dojk porisali telesi, krvavi jeleni prinašali lovno srečo in figurice iz roževine. Je žgana glina zadržala dovolj prestrežene krvi, *krvi*?

P. S.

In zvezala usta vetrovom, *vetrovom*?

**of clay** – *I think of you, cavity in my head.* Embracing stones within you spark night and day (*away from rhyme*), extending to each other's darkness. Under the darkening of the original word we each vibrate one vocal cord above the abyss of the body, into which you fall alone. Did we ever move away from the foundations of birth, from the swarm of darkness?

The darkness follows us from the ancient cave, where the ice was splintered by mammoth bones and animal skins thawed it to the wound, so that we might set down our forebears on carpets of spring flowers; since the peaks of breasts pencilled our bodies, the bloody deer brought hunting fortune and figurines from horn. Did the fired clay retain sufficient contained blood, *blood*?

P.S.

And did it bind up the mouth of the winds, *the winds*?



**hválnica G** – *O slovenska literatura, protestantsko prepita s šnopsom in cvičkom; o postmodernistično prekrokano vnebovzetje refoška, evropskega piva in ameriškega viskija; o svetovni kánon, žegnan s koktajlom! Kelihi biti, odbite vehe časa!*

S perverzno Evropo se je zalizal slovenski bordelček in slovenski jeziček je le mali zvodniček. Eksotična predigra besed!

Nacionalno mednožje K. Če bi državi – ne le potiho – vladale »ukrajinke«, bi pesniki ponudili separatni mir. Tako pa trotamora trga glas violin, dekliški angel si odpenja spleen, *spleen*.

P. S.

Komu ... cin cin, *cin cin?*

**G hymn** – *O Slovenian literature, Protestantly sloshed with schnapps and Cviček wine; o postmodernistically bingeing heavenly assumption of Refošk, European beer and American whiskey; o holy canon with cocktail blessed! Chalices of being, break out the corks of time!*

The little Slovenian bordello grew weary of perverted Europe and the little Slovenian language is just a little pimp. Exotic foreplay of words!

National crotch K. If the state – not just on the sly – was ruled by “Ukrainian girls”, poets would offer a separate peace. Thus however the talisman harvests the violin voice for the vintage, and the maidenly angel unbuttons spleen, *spleen*.

P.S.

To whom ... chin chin, *chin chin?*

*Translated by Roger Metcalfe*

**drevó** – *Nikar ti meni kar tako »drevo«!* Sem prvo zatilje in zadnji zatrep tvojega doma. V breznoštvu mojega rodu si shodil. V mrtvem lesu smolnatih vonjav se boš spočil.

Nikar ti meni kar tako »drevo«. Sem bitje z ljubko kožo, imenik prvič zaljubljenih, skrivno zavetje poležavanja v travi.

Podnevi se dotikam zemlje. Ponoči se dotikam neba. Obup in groza se zatekata k meni.

Dotikam se hladne teme. Svetloba je iskrena.

Nikar ti meni kar tako »drevo«. S plodno maternico širnih vej v krošnji proslavljam govoreče ljudi in neme živali.

Odkar sem divja božja roža, posajena za prihod in odhod človeku, sije skozme romarsko križpotje, kdo bo šel više, kdo niže od mene.

**tree** – *Don't you "tree" just like that to me!* I'm the first occiput and the final gable of your home. In the leglessness of my kinship you began to walk. In the dead timber of resinous fragrances you will have a rest.

Don't you "tree" just like that to me. I'm a creature with adorable skin, the directory of first-time lovers, the secret retreat of the lying in the grass.

I touch the earth during the day. I touch the sky at night. Both despair and horror seek shelter with me.

I touch the cold darkness. The light is sincere.

Don't you "tree" just like that to me. With a fertile womb of the broad branches in my crown, I celebrate the speaking people and the mute animals.

Ever since I've become a wild daisy, planted for the arrival and the departure of the human, a pilgrim crossroads has been shining through me— who's going higher and who's going lower than myself.

Nikar ti meni kar tako »drevo«. Sem zgodnjepomladni in poznozimski praznik. Nisem senca. Nisem starec na požgani jasi. Nisem le minljivost. Nisem tolažilno drevo, zgovorno za dotike v žalosti.

Sem telo – oltar rok; in ti jih polagaš name, moj zaljubljenec in skrunilec.

Don't you "tree" just like that to me. I'm both an early-spring and a late-winter celebration. I'm not a shadow. I'm not an old man on a burnt-down clearing. I'm not mere transience. I'm not a consoling tree, expressive of the touches in sadness.

I'm a body—the altar of hands; and you, my lover and desecrator, are laying them on me.

*(DIA in LOG)*

čas káčji (2) – DIA: Še odčitati Adamu: pohotna je tvoja zaveza! Še naviti birmansko uro: ustavlja se, kakor vsaka vera. Še vbosti uho šivanke: zašij prhajočemu konju scefrano kopito, to so čez razmajano nebo njegova krila ...

LOG: Še nabirati rosni mrak, nihče ne ve pred katero nočjo rdeč, in ga podarjati zlepljenim jutrom. Še óblati besede: od bezgove grče do gladkega pokrova krste. Še puščati ovcam odprto ogrado: naj zbezljajo v svet ...

DIA: Še poujčkati babico in dedka: še podojiti očeta in mater. Še odčitati breztežnost družinskega grba. Še biti prvooseben: o, še polniti svet z iztrebki! Še kljuvati sladko figo, razpetih rok obvladovati dogmo, nebo, morje in stepêni prah med njimi ...

*(DIA and LOGUE)*

snake time (2) – DIA: Keep on taking readings to Adam: Lustful is your testament! Keep on winding the confirmation watch: it keeps stopping, like any faith. Keep on piercing the eye of the needle: stitch up the torn hoof to the snorting horse, those are his wings spreading across the loosened sky...

LOGUE: Keep on gathering the dewy dusk, red, nobody knows before what night, and offering it to the mornings glued together. Keep on planing words: from the elder gnarl to the smooth lid of the coffin. Keep on leaving the grid open for the sheep: let them make a bolt for the world...

DIA: Keep on dandling your grandpa and granny: keep on breastfeeding your father and mother. Keep on reading the zero gravity of the family crest. Keep on with the first-person narrative: oh, keep on filling the world with excrements! Keep on pecking the sweet fig, mastering the dogma with open arms, and the sky, the sea and the beaten-off dust in between them...

LOG: Še prosojno dražiti: pridi, pridi, pèti letni čas! ki nočeš biti zima in nisi pomlad ...

LOGUE: Keep on teasing transparently: come, come, the fifth season! You who refuses to be winter while not being spring...

*DIA:*

čas (IX) – *Ne arhiviraš pisma, napisanega z mokro veko.* Kar ti sporočam, so splavljeni verzi ... Z balkona gledam zagorele gradbince, od jutra do večera statirajo *mesija*. Rečem ti, tudi ta stavba ne bo namenjena poeziji ...

Ne odpreš dovolj zgodaj nevarne bule. Kaj pa če tu preži neurna depeša, čez noč osušena in nabreknjena. Klèp kose, vse bolj slišen, zaustavlja konjenico. Še to ti povem, krvavo bo, ampak ni vrnitve ...

Ni rešitve, če v blagodejni senci ne prepoznaš atomske gobe. Po bradi se ti cedijo sline v obred kemije, predramljeno gomazenje oklepnikov zastira ostrino vetra ...

Pisalo je v tistem pismu, z opico na rami ne bova ohranila zaledenele vrste. Ni pravila za izgubljenost, na vekov veke ...

*DIA:*

time (IX) – *You don't archive a letter written with a wet eyelid.* What I'm communicating to you, are miscarried verses ... I watch the sunburnt construction workers from my balcony, from dusk till dawn they act as an extra in the role of *the Messiah*. I tell you: yet another building not designed for poetry ...

You don't open the dangerous lump soon enough. What if this is where the stormy dispatch is lying in wait, dried off and swollen during the night? The peening of the scythe, ever more audible, is halting the cavalry. Let me also say it's going to be bloody, but there's no return ...

There's no solution unless you recognise the mushroom cloud in the soothing shade. Saliva is dribbling down your chin for the ritual of chemistry, the sharpness of the wind is being concealed by the awakened swarming of armoured vehicles...

The letter stated: with a monkey on our shoulder, the two of us won't preserve the frozen species. There's no rule for being lost, for evermore ...

**lápa** – (Mimo vidrorepnih labradorcev ...) –  
*nagnati je treba pesnike* zidati elektrarne, kidati  
sneg, kopati premog, graditi tunele;  
razgnati je treba pesnike: iz gostiln, iz cerkva, iz  
gozdov, da nam ne stopijo iz temne sence;  
utišati je treba pesnike, preglasno vstopajo iz  
svoje tišine;  
a spitati jih je vendarle treba, da osvajalci ne  
dobijo občutka, da nam jezik hira;  
nagačiti je treba pesnike, jih razstaviti v muzeju  
novejše revolucije in opazovati njihove počasne ali  
hitre oblike razpadanja;  
preparatorke muz, bi šle skupaj z njimi, iz  
čistega ljubosumja do navdiha –

**animal mouth** – (Walking past the otter-  
tailed Labradors...) – *poets should be shooed*,  
power plants should be built, snow should be  
shovelled, coal should be mined, tunnels should be  
constructed;  
poets should be dispersed: from inns, from  
churches, from woods for them not to ever step out  
of a dark shadow;  
poets should be silenced, they're too loud in  
their coming out from their silence;  
however, they should still be fattened so invaders  
don't get the impression that our language is dying  
away;  
poets should be stuffed, exhibited in the museum  
of contemporary revolution and observed in their  
slow or quick forms of decay;  
the female preparators of muses would join  
them, out of pure jealousy of their inspiration—

**anarhist** – *Zakaj je naša dežela tako puklasta in jodlajoča? Ker ni zmogla nobenega pravega soneta? So troheji še v rejništvu in jambi na očetovski porodniški?*

Koliko kapitalističnega časa nočno podariš samohranilki domišljiji? Si ti pokradel hostijo v zakristiji, kjer so se nekdam sestajali udbovci? Nekdam?

Kako se izbriše spomin, *kako se izbriše spomin?* Kako se izbriše kri, *kako se izbriše kri?* Kako se zatemni nebo, *kako se zatemni nebo?* Kako se ugasne oko, *kako se ugasne oko?* Kako se ugluši uho, *kako se ugluši uho?*

Jastreb, orel, sokol, sova, kragulj ... kateri kljun nosiš? V kako visokih, v kako globokih škornjih spiš? Kdaj udariti? Kdaj kreniti? Kdaj pasti? Zakaj molčati o zamolčanem? Zakaj mencati? Zakaj ob šestih vstajati in guglati zavajajoče novice?

**anarchist** – *Why is our land so hunched and yodelling? Because it hasn't come up with any proper sonnet? Are trochees still in foster care and iambs on paternity leave?*

How much capitalist time per night do you devote to the single-mother imagination? Are you the one who stole all the communion wafers from the sacristy where state security officers used to assemble? Used to?

How is memory erased, *how is memory erased?* How is blood erased, *how is blood erased?* How is the sky blacked out, *how is the sky blacked out?* How is the eye turned off, *how is the eye turned off?* How is the ear deafened, *how is the ear deafened?*

The vulture, the eagle, the hawk, the owl, the goshawk ... which beak do you wear? How high, how low the boots do you sleep in? When to strike? When to set off? When to fall? Why not to speak about the unspoken? Why to waver? Why to get up at six and google misleading news?



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**žvížg** (5) – *Ali besede še znate udariti* direkt na gobec ali se samo malček ravsate?

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**žvížg** (10) – *Ko boš v očeh in ušesih zrel in velik,* boš polpismen pesnik? Mar nisi srečnejši zdaj, ko si nepismen in nisi pesnik?

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**žvížg** (12) – *Ali je tudi tvoja država sveto rogovje divjadi,* ki koraka v oddaljenost in odtujenost ljudi? Politika zmore povsem brez lirskega subjekta? Prisluhni kdaj, kako se pastirski jezik spremeni, ko ga onemi Polis pesmi?

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**whistle** (5) – *Words, are you still capable of smashing* right in the face or do you just scuffle a bit?

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**whistle** (10) – *Once you've grown mature and great in the eyes and the ears,* will you be a semi-literate poet? Are you not happier now, being illiterate and not being a poet?

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**whistle** (12) – *Is your country also the sacred antlers of wild animals* marching towards human remoteness and alienation? Can its politics do perfectly well entirely without the lyric subject? Do you sometimes listen to how the herder's language alters when muted by the Polis of the poem?

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**žvížg** (17) – *Rad potujem z žvižgajočim vlakom po deželi slovenske poezije, kjer na rjastih tirih proge Melanholija–Radoživost, zmeraj z večurno zamudo, čezbesedno iztirim in znova dregnem v sršenje gnezdo: »Končati tam, kjer so pričeli drugi; glodaj me!«*

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**whistle** (17) – *I like riding a whistling train across the landscape of Slovene poetry, where, on the rusty rails of the Melancholy/Joyousness route, always with a delay of several hours, I derail transverbally, opening up again a huge can of worms: “Let’s end up where others had started; gnaw at me!”*

čaplja mladih oči – Razumeš čapljo? Kako te nepremično čaka? Opazuje kot plen iz usmiljenja? Ki se ga bo lotila pri nogah? Ker glava ne zna sama pobegniti z vrha trupa?

Je čaplja proti tebi namerila oster kljun? Saj jo prosiš, da te dvigne iz močvirja? Naj te zajame iz neodžejanosti? Kam naj te zanese s počasnimi zamahi kril? Samo na drugo stran zamočvirjenega gnojišča? Z vseh strani raztrošenega? Z vseh strani enako zasmrajenega?

Boš med preletom prestrašeno objemal čapljin vrat? Te bo varovala njena perjanica? Ti bo troje črnih peres prerokovalo trikrat eno in isto? A nobene prerokbe ne moreš odkleti? Nobenega strahu utesniti?

Naj te čaplja umakne v skrito trstično gnezdo? Naj te čapljajočega v zatemnjenem soncu z razprtim kljunom enkrat, dvakrat, trikrat prebode?

young-eyed heron – Do you understand the heron? The way it's waiting for you, motionless? Observing you like prey, pitying? To be seized at its feet? Because the head cannot flee the top of the body by itself?

Has the heron directed its sharp beak at you? You're asking it to haul you out of the swamp, aren't you? To scoop you from the state of unquenchedness? Where should it carry you with its slow-wing strokes? Only as far as beyond the dung heap turned into a swamp? Spread from all sides? Equally rank from all sides?

Will you hold on fearfully to the heron's neck during the overflight? Will its plume protect you? Will the three dark feathers prophesy you one and the same thing three times? Yet there's no prophecy you can nullify? No fear you can confine?

Should the heron withdraw you to the hidden nest among reeds? Should it pierce you heroning in the sombre sun with its beak wide open, once, twice, or thrice?

*Translated by Andrej Pleterski*

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### *Ivo Stropnik*

(1966, Slovenia) je glavni in odgovorni urednik Velenjske knjižne fundacije ter vodja mednarodnega književnega festivala Lirikonfest Velenje. Objavil je 18 samostojnih leposlovnih knjig za odrasle in mladino, od tega 12 zbirk poezije za odrasle, predstavljene tudi v revijalnih, festivalnih in antologijskih prevodih. Bil je pobudnik in večletni organizator mednarodne Pretnarjeve nagrade ambasadorjem SKJ po svetu, Akademije Poetična Slovenija, pesniške nagrade velenjica – čaša nesmrtnosti ter drugih literarnih in prevajalskih nagrad. Živi in ustvarja v Velenju.

(1966, Slovenia) is the editor-in-chief of the Velenje Literary Foundation and head of the Lirikonfest Velenje international literary festival. Stropnik has published eighteen books of literature for both adults and children, including twelve poetry collections for adults. His work has been featured in literary journals, festival almanacs, and anthologies. He was the initiator and long-standing organiser of the international Pretnar Award conferred to ambassadors of the Slovenian language and culture across the world, the Academy Poetic Slovenia, the Velenjica—The Cup of Immortality Award for poetry, and other literary and translation awards. Stropnik lives and works in Velenje.