

*Biscuits!*

Biscuits!

An hour ago alive from the oven  
with their tan, gently sweetened  
backs. With their stupid little  
shanks and taste of sherry.  
With allusions,  
the rising, molecular astral  
geometry, and the impact on the pores,  
the tongue. In egotistical strolls  
they melt in the mouth, the white  
mischievous race car drivers  
sparing them. Or on the stifling curtains!  
Barbarians, hidden in  
deep wells, barely  
visible. The gaze scratches itself,  
the skin flakes in the vicinity of  
biscuits with their inner tension,  
the drama every  
beech leaf knows about.

*Translated from the Slovenian by Peter Richards and Ana Jelnikar*