

## *Ridges of Aromatic*

Ridges of aromatic logic,  
circular shriek in a soul of white suns,  
you, who have come scampering out of your demolished  
homes to drink, what can I say to you?  
That it hurts me too,  
that it hurts everyone?  
That you should do your grazing and then get your sleep?  
Should I feed your gullet with the sugary smell  
of that which is to come,  
that which has long since become  
the lustre of a dead parallel surface,  
the tightly pressed lips of a demystified past?  
History—brutal molasses petrified  
in the bluntness above our limbs!  
Witness, where should I find them water?  
Where should I find the law for this slovenly growth?  
Should I continue feeding the children as though  
they were lumps of coal for barren flames?  
Should I again talk eye to eye in  
a grey field that is not mine?  
That is no longer ours, squealing shadows  
of the unfortunate dead, sprinkled with incense.  
I am saying something different.  
I can feel slackening in the vertical axis of the earth.  
Galactic axis, the one we are used to,  
breaks. I don't know more than I see.  
Here I am drawing, here I bow down. Only here  
does the sobriety of straightened particles  
we are contained in hold true.

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