

TOMAŽ ŠALAMUN

To Immerse the Weight

The hunger of cathedrals, silk
of pastures steps over the threshold. I see smoke,
a horn, a white mouth. The compactness of the dead
drinks up the sun, as lapis binds the shadow,

fortified in gold. For an instant in the body
of others we lean, we burn in the field.
Crumbs drink and become bread,
stigmata find direction. Blackbirds, indifferent,

push aside their prey, for only what is seen
can be decanted. Where then does hunger come from?
The frivolity of mountains, laces, fringes?

And their tremendous power to drink up
the kernel, to turn destiny inside out like a glove
and play with the fingers, to immerse the weight?

Translated from the Slovenian by Christopher Merrill and the author