

Poetry Porch: Poetry

My Loved Ones

By Miriam Drev

Translated from the Slovene by the Author with Barbara Siegel Carlson

My loved ones, I miss you. I didn't realize before, but now I know we are saved inside one another. Meaning that a part of you remains here, in me. This presence I perceive as a wisp or a strand. It's not remote, or a fleeting remnant. It's not dead. It holds a voice, a gesture, echoing a primal feeling. It expands into a scene, many scenes.

And if I am in each of you, it means you took me there with you. As a wisp and strand and voice. There's where you still are, where you stay. It's not *now* because you are outside the rhythm of passing days. In a rhythm of your own not known to me.

My loved ones, I carry you within. There are moments when I feel the weight. It's composed of unsaid words, missing embraces, rash deeds. An icy mass. To be slowly thawed.

With intention, I want to see all I once saw, see it from a different angle. To glimpse something that had been overlooked. I'm in my body hearkening an invisible impression. When I can gently loosen its gravity, we are united most wholly.

Ljubi moji, pogrešam vas. Nisem se zavedala, zdaj pa vem: shranjeni smo drug v drugem. Kar pomeni, da del vas ostaja v meni, tukaj. To navzočnost dojemam kot pramen ali vlakno. Ni neosebno, neki bežen ostanek. Ni mrtvo. Glas vsebuje, gibe; z osnovnim čustvom zazveni. Razširi se v prizor, prizore.

In če sem v vsakomer od vas, pomeni, da ste me odnesli s sabo, tja. Kot pramen in vlakno in glas. Tja, kjer ste še, kjer ste. Ne reče se *zdaj*, saj ste zunaj tukajšnjih dni. V nekem svojem ritmu, ki ga ne poznam.

Ljubi moji, nosim vas v sebi. So trenutki, ko občutim težo. Iz nepovedanih besed je, manjkajočega objema, prenačljenih dejanj; ledena gmota. Počasi jo talim.

Namenoma, ker hočem tisto, kar sem videla, zagledati drugače. Uzreti nekaj, kar sem prej prezrla. V telesu sem, prisluškujoč nevidnemu učinku. Ko budna razrahljam njegovo težnost, smo najtesneje skupaj.