

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Beauty

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Translated from the Slovene by the Author with Barbara Siegel Carlson

Beauty belongs to forms. But not only. It's also part of longing and stays with the one who perceives it. When loss is near, everything is simple. And the resonance most strong.

One night in spring a young man went into the woods. He was seventeen. He was given a gun, a cold object for a companion. But he bonded with it. When he shot at something, it knocked him aback and his heart pounded. He noticed how the birds scattered.

Every day for three years his former life beckoned him. He'd always wished to be someone. He kept alive his adolescent yearning for the girl in his district.

Several things happened at the same time: quick burials when it was safe to dig a grave. A deep trust and sometimes doubt at what winning meant.

Throughout the years the pines were silent. Still they rustled softly. Stayed green in winter. And so he dared to hope. The needles seemed to give off a silver light at nightfall.

His body grew bony but strong. The ardor to pull through even stronger. There was so much he could become!

After the hit, where did his quiet glow spill?

Lepota pripada oblikam. Ampak ne samo njim. Del hrepenenja je in biva v tistem, ki zazna. Kadar je izguba blizu, je vse veliko bolj preprosto. Takrat je resonanca najmočnejša.

Mlad moški je vstopil v gozd, neke pomladne noči. Sedemnajst jih je imel. V roke so mu dali puško; hladen predmet za družico, s katero je odtlej sobival. Ob sunkih v ramo mu je med streljanjem razbijalo srce. Opazil je, da so se ptice razbežale.

Vsakdanji izkušnji treh let je vladala nekdanjost. Nekdanja želja, da bi nekaj postal. Na pol rojena misel o dekletu iz naselja.

Več stvari se je dogajalo obenem: nagli pokopi, kadar je bilo mogoče izgrebsti jamo; notranji up in včasih dvom o smiselnosti zmag.

Smreke so bile vsa leta brez besed. Le pritajeno so šumele. Tudi pozimi so ostale zelene. V tem si je drznil slutiti obljubo. Zdelo se mu je, da igličje zvečer odda srebrno luč.

Njegovo telo je postalo koščeno, toda močno. Strast, da bi obstal, pa še močnejša. Kaj vse bi lahko bil!

V kaj se je po strelu, ki ga je zadel, prelil ves tihi žar?