

**Is Explicitness a Wound?** by Tomaž Šalamun

Is explicitness a wound?  
Is then power  
a wound of a wound? Cold indifference,  
until the trench sustains, a power plant  
being built, where behind  
concrete water collects,  
seizure in nature  
is the production of energy.  
What can a hold up of nature bear?  
Can it really bear a dam?  
Do birds come back on  
the bulged eye? Does the earthquake  
ruin the wall?  
You are a trust, freedom,  
an emperor. The victims are drowned  
villages, dwellers in them  
and I, a native,  
under the  
strongest attack of rage  
(the rage itself)  
an enduring vessel until  
the pressure tears it up.  
I'm the final measurement.  
The last reflection of  
the instrument itself  
in the chain of total annihilation.

Translated from the Slovenian by Joshua Beckman and the author

**The Day** by Tomaž Šalamun

The day  
grows deeper.  
The earth

rises  
with a quiet crash  
like a net.

The body is  
a signal, windows  
get along well

with the door.  
Long is the corridor  
of glittering

light.  
What else do we need  
to arrive at the field?

Translated from the Slovenian by Ana Jelnikar and Peter Richards

**Stamen and a Yellow-red Bag** by Tomaž Šalamun

Arctium boiled in the stone,  
remoled himself into salad.

He pinned Zwingli like a fly,  
emphasized the dough.

I'm made of egg powder, I come back,  
Psalmist, I stand in the brook like a beast.

I hole the cream with a chisel,  
drop flour.

I turn the head of the bed.  
I judge and execute.

I put goosberries on Peloponnesus made of cloth,  
denail planks from the house.

Lord, comprehend my words,  
understand my brooding.

Translated from the Slovenian by Michael Thomas Taren and the author

**Stone Pines** by Tomaž Šalamun

The knife on the neck. The shame.  
The shame. The supple shame.

Dipped in Ave Maria. The knife on the  
neck. The shame. The shame.

The supple shame. Dipped in Ave  
Maria. The thyroid gland.

The boat. The pin huts.  
Jamaica. The gear on the lynx's

stem. The lame ones. The beasts.  
The lame ones. The villains with flakes

of moisture. The round stone.  
For Piggy Bank.

Piggy Bank.  
Fucked!

Translated from the Slovenian by Michael Thomas Taren and the author