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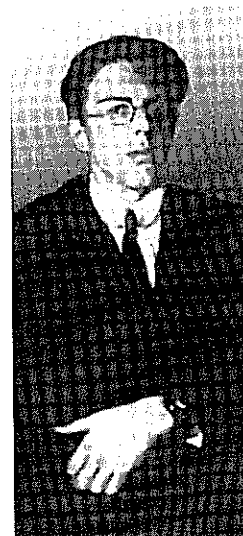
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translated by Katarina Jerin;  
Poems on pp. 36 - 59; 98 - 135; 163 - 184; 206 - 208*



## Culture's Prostitution

Blasé old men, who sold themselves,  
who were what they did not want to be.  
Three times a day I despair  
and curse myself  
and the universe.  
Napoleon goes to Russia.  
See how they fade,  
these red autumn flowers.  
Are you a madman or what,  
weeping with leaves in the wind?  
This is your true face,  
pure as the sun in autumn  
reflected in a tearful eye.  
(Tears almost golden!)  
He, the black Shah, wants  
a double face.  
To-morrow: leave for Paris.

Cons. **5**

Manure is gold  
and gold is manure.  
Both = 0  
 $0 = \infty$   
 $\infty = 0$   
 $A B <$   
1, 2, 3.  
Whoever has no soul  
needs no gold,  
whoever has a soul  
needs no manure.  
**For sure.**

konus. 5

Šunji je zlato  
i zlato je šunji  
oboje = 0

$$0 = \infty$$

$$\infty = 0$$

A B <  
1, 2, 3

Kdor nimá dušo  
ne potrebuje zlato  
Kdor ima dušo  
ne potrebuje šunje.  
7 A,

## Integrals

Rotational evening.  
 Trees by green water.  
 Rotation of spirit.  
 My spirit is red.

I love my sorrow.  
 I work from it.  
 And more, even more  
 from my consciousness pit.

From my consciousness pit,  
 so all's in vain then.  
 Profiteers  
 dance the cancan.

## Above a Madhouse

Above a madhouse is strolling  
 a moonstruck moon.  
 A Shadow-man is walking around a white garden  
 absorbed in his sad chin.  
 As if in a kaleidoscope,  
 currencies, stocks were dancing before him  
 in a rainbow fire burning away.  
 An ex-banker, prisoner of papers  
 now strolling  
 with the moonstruck moon  
 behind the white walls of a madhouse.

This is freedom,  
 the horrible freedom  
 you have stepping behind the invisible walls  
 of expanded human consciousness,  
 which unfolds in a terrible  
 immensity.

**Cons**

A tiger jumped on a tamer  
and tore him apart.  
Beasts cannot be tamed.  
There is no taming nature.  
People cannot be mechanised.  
There is no culture in mechanics.

Learn from this example:  
**Karel Čapek** °R U °R.  
Man erupts from Homunculi.  
A thousand times more ferocious.  
Harmony is goodness.

Step down from the stage, trainer.  
**Man: this is a new word.**  
**Destroy Taylor**

**FACTORIES! HOUSE OF  
DESTROY! BRICK.**

Man is not an automaton.

**Cons:****XY**

Across my heart a huge elephant slops.  
Circus Kludsky; 5 dinars to see.  
Don't shout your sorrow from the house-tops.  
She is smiling: ring a ring rec.

Human hearts are small and prisons big,  
through human hearts I'd like to sail.  
Do you belong to this or that clique?  
A thousand dinars or 7 days in jail.

The flowers in my heart cry no more.  
Who wants to be young and despondent.  
What if a gendarme comes through the door.  
Court-martial, for you internment.

Flowers, stay alone in these hard hours.  
Gendarme, your eyes are like spears,  
stupid and mean. (Close our eyes, flowers!)

Gandhi was imprisoned for six long years.

## I Call upon You

I call upon you, rebels of earth, rebels of fire,  
 brothers to storm, brothers to tempest,  
 brothers to floods, to broken ships,  
 brothers to Europe's shattered hearts,  
 I call upon you, brothers to this trampled earth,  
 look: there ... the grass growing green,  
 green and living,  
 brothers to Europe's shattered hearts!

Oh, if only love could awaken  
 awaken like this grass in trampled hearts,  
 poisoned by anger, poisoned by hatred,  
 oh, if only this poem chanted  
 to this tiny grass to which life was granted. —

I call upon you, brothers to universal love!

## Ljubljana is Asleep

In red chaos a new humanity  
 is approaching! Ljubljana is asleep.  
 Europe is dying in a red light.  
 The phone lines are all dead.  
 Oh, but this one is cordless.  
 A blind horse.

[As if your eyes were from  
 Italian paintings.]

White towers rise  
 out of dun walls.  
 The flood.  
 Europe is stepping into a grave.  
 We come with a hurricane.  
 With poison gasses.

[Your lips are like strawberries.]

Ljubljana is asleep.  
 On the tram the conductor is asleep.  
 Slovenski narod  
 is read in the Evropa café.  
 The clicking of billiard balls.



## Gloria in Excelsis

Oh, hail, Europe's saviour,  
the long awaited one!  
You arrive in the glory of humanity,  
why then this blood-stained feather head-dress?  
Across the bridge of agreement  
you ride to Matjaž's castle.

We, — hungry wolves — who stare,  
fire in the eyes, souls in the grey,  
with cried-out hearts,  
we, only by our mothers  
known,  
our good mothers.

We without courage,  
we without blood,  
we without eyes.

And above us You,  
the engine's cogs are breaking.

## Europe is Dying

Europe is dying.  
The League of Nations and the apothecary,  
both are a lie.  
Operations. Revolutions!  
On a grey road I appear.  
Brown leaves are falling from trees,  
and only one thing I fear.  
When these trees are black, no longer verdant  
and grey fields  
and small houses  
and I will scream  
then everything, everywhere around

## Impression

The Bora opened the window.  
 Warm stars  
 falling on the fields.  
 Spring.  
 Spring.

A white face gleamed  
 in the azure,  
 silk rustled  
 along the valley.

A glass sky  
 broke,  
 above us soft, dark clouds.  
 Silk.

## It Sways in the Wind

My life sways in the wind  
 like leaves on a trellis  
 in a bright stormy  
 autumn wind.

And like a wave against the shore  
 a piano is heard in the storm.  
 Dark clouds  
 hurrying with the wind.

There is a black mirror in my heart.  
 Whenever I look at it  
 my face grows dark,  
 burning and aching,  
 as I alone  
 in the lonely hours know.

My life sways in the wind  
 in stormy autumn  
 the wind rushing across the field.

## A Red Rocket

I am a red rocket, igniting,  
burning, dying.

Alas, me all in red!

Alas, me with a red heart!

Alas, me with red blood!

I am relentlessly on the run as if  
forced to complete myself.

And the more I run, the more I burn.

And the more I burn, the more I suffer,

and the more I suffer, the faster I burn out.

Oh I, who would want to live forever. And I,  
the red man, go over a green field,  
with iron clouds on a blue lake of silence  
above, oh, I, the red man, I go, go!

Silence everywhere: in the field, in the sky,  
in the clouds, just me fleeing, burning  
with my red-hot fire;  
never achieving silence.

## There Is a Long Way

There is a long way between  
what I Am and what I am,  
between what Is and what is. -  
Oh but my ways are strange.  
I am a licence  
for three full meals a day;  
its copy is all riddled  
with red letters and lines,  
as if singed by stars.

And yet my Laughter is bright.  
And my laughter is bitter, so bitter.  
This is a strange constellation.

## An Autumn Landscape

The sun is autumn calm  
 as though in mourning;  
 behind the slender cypress trees  
 behind the white wall of the graveyard. - -

The grass all red in the sun. -  
 Do you wear the clogs of dogma?  
 A bicycle abandoned on an autumn road.  
 You ride through a dying landscape.

A staid man walks the field,  
 he is as cold as autumn,  
 he is as sad as autumn.  
 Faith in humanity.  
 To me it is a sacred thought.  
 A speechless silence is like sorrow.  
 I am no longer sad  
 for I do not think of myself.

## Oh, Dogmatics

Oh, dogmatics,  
 oh, doctrinizers,  
 Oh, weird, too weird, critics  
 oh, you pale children of reason!  
 But I bleed  
 in the heart  
 and I know what it means to live  
 among grey streets,  
 when an empty heart meets  
 its sorrow and, before you speak out your word,  
 to die.