

SAMPLE
TRANSLATION

KRISTINA HOČEVAR
ALUMINUM ON THE
TEETH AND CHALK ON
THE LIPS
SELECTED POEMS

PUBLISHED BY: ŠKUC, 2012

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ORIGINAL TITLE: NA ZOBEH ALUMINIJ, NA USTNICAH KREDA

NUMBER OF PAGES: 97

Kristina Hočevar: Aluminum on the Teeth and Chalk on the Lips

Selected poems

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now i see one of us lying, the other one sitting at the bedside. i
see one of us taking leave: no safety zone whatsoever

in between the two bodies. no grayness, not a shift can i hear. one of us
is leaving earlier; i do not want you to go.

now i see the same blueness in us. the blue hands with other blue hands.
free skin :our encounter now.

now a ton on the heart. i see wheelbarrows of words, vacant houses, your corpses
and my figure.

i see a sentiment, not a realization.

one of us is sitting on a chair, watching the other one,
the distance is very much prescribed. the throat choked with fruit. time has finally
split in two.

eyes swollen.

now i see a black flag and a phone call; all images in the air of the park
with foliage up high, chestnuts already bending in anticipation, the castle vacant.
and the man making decisions, and the passage from time pulling all three into a tunnel.

now i see a black flag and the name in the newspaper. chestnut trees in the winter embrace. a
balcony full of pigeons, books on the shelves, everything falling is a profound, faithful
rain. and the passage from time fades out. nobody determines the size of the stone, and you
are on the peninsula.

*

may i overtake it.

hush up at least.

41

you step into your own ring and always it ends where you stop making circles.

there's eye shadow on the eyelids, aluminum on the teeth and chalk on the lips.

your memory

is spit out like a blob of chewing gum.

people are rolling from screen to screen,

turning away from wet skin. the next time you wish to spin the ring,

you lick the chalk, smear the eyelids, saw up the aluminum; where you're absent, you step on
chewing gum.

8

where do i stop splitting in two as the set of my circles
clings to the set of circles from some memory.

the hands that had rubbed the clotted stains of plasma off the tiles. they touched your
walls, they had shaken a foreign hand beforehand, they scraped
the grime off the table, held the door handle previously held a thousand times, touched
the keyboard, tore paper and wiped feces off skin, they rubbed against each other under water,
afterwards they ate, and trained the thinning of gestures. where do words multiply after
splitting; where do i

end when the face doesn't, with the other face in disbelief. where
the smile of the face is the smile of the mirror and luck exists, but the other face doesn't
know

where.

where

the set of circles from the memory and the set of circles from the vision
join in the touching of hands. where?

20+21

i will not have a long gray braid, my hair is already too thin at present.

under collisions, the kisses of planets and in between the clamps of stars, I will be bald-headed.

where my teeth will keep falling into the washbasin, where my body will define the choreography of the day for me;

i will have a sense of smile; where my fingerprints on door handles will

be replaced by holograms on plasmas.

i will not restrict my wardrobe to pastel, beige fabric. my t-shirts will include a hood.
my eyes will have more and thicker curtains;

what will make their creases deeper – i wish to capture every unmarked commitment.

will my forearms be wobbly, will i know how to offer grace

differently ;

my people, will our ears be closer

will the intervals be

even more elaborate,

even more;

my tongue, rancid, isolated, veinless or fiery with adhesions;

will blood be again

my favorite trace;

more prominently my ancestors or closer to others, to myself, will i be a mass of memories or their
loss, what;

will the spine be, still standing upright, following its own pattern, well, coir pads, my words

a blunted katana.

will i be more of a boy or more of a girl: very much both or both molted;

will i be a larch or a meadow,

will words be

stacks for her consideration

will there be questions
or will there be carcasses,

and before all that – will i be at all:

61

there are far too many little boys of course. but i can take care of little boys because i don't need them for the same touches. one of them had to go back to belgrade, one is here, one is still so small i don't even want to hold his little hand in mine. still, hardly any of them comes along with his clothes washed, standing upright and properly bright; and it doesn't have to be me who takes care of his hairstyle.

we all share words and what hurts.