

SAMPLE
TRANSLATION

MAJA VIDMAR
HOW YOU FALL IN LOVE

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Maja Vidmar: How You Fall In Love

55.

The Dog

The faithful fear
that I'm only
dreaming,
this dog, is lying
under the table,
gnawing at its
bloody ankle.

65.

The Memory

In chocolate
I no longer taste chocolate,
but the memory
of its tentatively portioned
out pieces and the aroma
escaping from the cupboard
when the better glasses
were being taken out it.
And in the first cherries
I do not seek that summer
but lie in wait
for the round smoothness,
the innocent flavorless
flavor becoming
shorter and shorter.
And for me
the ice-cream is wasted
for good.

Love, though,
eludes me for exactly the opposite reason.
I cannot remember it.

73.

For You

The strong wish that
the poem written
for you would be so
beautiful that it would
take people's
breath away and
that asthmatics
would die and the
best poet
would bite off their
quills, incapable of
writing anything
at all, this fervent
wish has destroyed
quite a few of my
good poems.

81.

Ladybirds

Until this spring, it had seemed
that I was not going to wear such
red dresses anymore, yet ladybirds
are blooming from this mild
winter everywhere.

I am blowing into
their wings,
making them fall,
fall along my skirt
into your hair.

89.

All of a Sudden

The first breath of
wind chose the poem
on the table only just
written, just one,
and carried it away
in an arch.

I was looking for it,
a rectangular of whiteness
on the red roof, a white
piece of paper on the dark
grass behind the house
and in the brown fields
still further away

until the first drops and for
some more time into the rain

109.

Weak Spot

For some people it's
Florence that seals their fate.
I myself find it hard to
endure the color of the
Soča. When the sun shines,
it reflects moonlight.

101.

Wetlands at Dusk

The rustling, as
dense as dense are
the reeds within,

the voicelessness of the wind
above the water's surface, as clear-cut
as outlined by the rustling edge,

the chirrup of a little bird in
turquoise flight and the vague splash of
the egret's little black leg,

this is what silence is.

160.

The Gaze

The sea is
now much more
silvery. Everything
is subsiding somehow,
especially the taste
of tomatoes, while
the sea is becoming
much more
silvery.

The waves
are being stirred like
flocks of small heads
jumping under the
sheet, and it's
not good to avert your
gaze because at that
very moment the heads
sink under the backs
of the bright little fish,
under the living skin
so silvery as to show
on the horizon as
white.

97.

A Cranny

Only a hair
of a sort on the white
wall at first,
a creased membrane of
the plaster, then
slowly, slowly a crack,
that the little finger
can measure.

We are looking at
each other, breathing.
Watchful, as though
it can open. Nothing

is definite, just
a slurping feeling,
and now a concern
that all my oddities
are to be joined by
this shallow
breathing through
a cranny

93.

The Seagull and the Cloud

The cloud on my daughter's drawing seemed to be
imitating the seagull flying
above it, especially its
wing. It was just the
opposite, of course, yet
it would be too easy to
trust the clouds,
withholding some of
our gestures, the
pictures of white
airplanes and
the seagull.
I cannot yet
rely on
a child's
wing

63.

The Squirrels

The heartbeat
of the two frightened
squirrels having found
a hollow for the night
and who even fell asleep
for a moment
after the ardent loving,
later jumping, almost
simultaneously,
from the nightmare
into the cold perspiration
of an almost similar
half-awake state,
their fleeing heart
was unable to settle down,
yet the moving softness
of an inseparable pelt
saved them
for some more time
into the same night.

118/119:

Luck

Most of my problems have to
do with luck. It swaggers
about my house, shifting my
objects, especially the
paperweights, every day it
acts out an earthquake and
the end of the world, so now
I understand why some
people, when luck knocks
on their door, prefer to get
sick, close the shutters,
and die.

With luck,
it's either luck or the house.
It would not let me keep
anything else either.
The sorrowful pillar of salt
I have hardly scratched
from earth does not exist.
Tiredness, not at all!
Incompetence,
what is that?

Luckily, I don't care for the
house or the paperweights,
not even sorrow as much as
it may seem at times. I find
it hard to part with
tiredness, with
incompetence, but
everything would still be
pretty much okay if only

I knew who now carries
my name and who now
enters and exits where
there is no house.

Is it possible for me to
be sold by accident at
some market? Could it
happen that my own
mother wouldn't
recognize me, just
offering me some tea
in surprise, turning me
away, with me
agreeing with her?