SAMPLE TRANSLATION

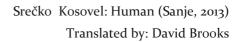
SREČKO KOSOVEL HUMAN

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Srečko Kosovel: Human

Our intelligentsia, who in its melancholy romantic nationalism has got used to appreciating and respecting only substantial nations, has become despondent, believing in God's justice and the League of Nations.

As this intelligentsia has torn away from the people, as it has lost contact with the spring of life and remained a minority, mainly focusing on its own life, thus digging a gap between itself and the people, it has also lost all the vital juices bursting out of the people, still strong and healthy.

*

Genealogy

Slave. Slave Servant.

Servile Slave Servant. Slaving Slave Servant the Humble. Slave II.

Slave the Humble III.

Servant IV.

John the Humble, the Cowardly, the Ambitious.



But it would be ridiculously sad if we died on the eve of capitalist imperialism.

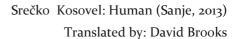
It would be ridiculous if we found it too long to wait another day for the ultimate solution, for ultimate salvation, having waited for such solutions for centuries.

It would be ridiculous and distrustful if we discarded all the energy supplied by our ancestors in their unreasonable yet often extremely self-sacrificing efforts.

It would be ridiculous if we trusted the League of Nations and all romantic Wilsonisms.

Our trust in foreign instead of our own assistance is a sign of our declining intelligentsia, deteriorated so much as not to be trusting its own potential anymore.

*





Poem of a Small Nation

A small nation and small people, this is no good match. In my soul, in my heart, there are aches everywhere. Man, despair!

> Small nation, big scoundrels and the gravy train, people, tread onwards and upwards, know no bounds!

Be a minister, a chameleon, and minister! You, who have ideals, work for free and destroy with me!

*

In our history full of the bitter experience of a timid nation, paralysed by culture for each instance of resistance, *characterising* our national path: *harsh and persistent resilience*.

Resilience, born not from a slave's awareness of power, but from *insulted indignity*.

Today, however, is the time for man to break free, aware of his own natural rights in the current state of man's development.



I have told you
we are no longer a nation,
we are mankind.
A cell, with a cell spreading, waiting
and rising
and growing
into the honeycomb of mankind.¹

1. First stanza of poem *Rekel sem vam*.

*

Is a nation separatist, for wanting to live?

For wanting to develop in its own direction, wanting to crystallise its body in its spirit.

Let us be of one spirit and one love, but preserve Our own faces.

*



Dreaming of a Kingdom

I dream of a kingdom, but without a king.

As if I could feel a new atmosphere on my face, a light in my eyes. –

This is no longer a dream of autumn evenings in fog.

I feel a man who out of invisibility is creating life for all.

Invisibility turning into visibility and dream into life, like a bird, free in the air nesting on earth, hatching, giving birth to its race, so that someday they will rise easily and gracefully into the boundless air on a new journey.



Everything rises from one: a family from a father, the world from God – truth from Truth.

> Thus I stand at a crossroads in harsh light alone and train my clear voice to summon Truth.

> > *

Defiled a thousand times, defiled a thousand times my human dignity.

And the mission of man denied.²

2. First three verses of the poem Padati.

*

The demonic force of capitalism is pushing this machine to the end and there is only one solution: that this machine break open and this man become free. But there is no liberation.

*

The world can be divided into two groups only: *the suppressors* and the suppressed.

The League of Nations is a league of suppressors.



Elegy

The League of Nations is a lie.

I have seen our generation: it is dying, half a million waiting to die, half a million, half a million. Half a million without protection under the heels of these magnates, half a million, half a million.

Our famous delegates,
slow-witted and bearded,
corruptible at any cost.
But they don't know: only one, only one
thing in the world,
makes life worthwhile.
That is: the fight for rights.
Every honest man must be imprisoned
or keep silent
and betray his heart.

*



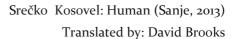
Destructions

Oh, a lie, a lie, a European lie!
Only destruction can kill you!
Only destruction.
And cathedrals and parliaments?
A lie, a lie, a European lie! And the League of Nations a lie, a lie, a European lie.

Demolish, demolish!
All the museums of pharaohs,
all the thrones of art.
A lie, a lie, a lie.
Oh Sophia, o cathedral.
Oh the dead who will save
Europe. Oh the white
dead who are guarding Europe.
Oh a lie, a lie, a lie. Demolish,
demolish, demolish!
Millions are dying,
but Europe lies. Demolish. Demolish.

*

When Columbus discovered America, the Indians then still natural as children, grew fond of glass and glass trinketry. They were happy to give gold in exchange, but the Europeans cheated them. They gave glass in exchange for gold, gold chains for golden freedom.





To suppress, to crush, to kill, to create by force, are *anti-humane* principles.

However, if written in the *nationalist ethics*, we don't mind; we stand for the *ethics of humanity*.

*

Contemporary Lethargy

Misery, misery, misery.
Politics kills, truth kills,
thought kills, religion kills,
everything killing, killing
man.

Only the fight ensures power, only fight, the fight for a new religion.

For a new religion of the sun shining into people's hearts, making their eyes kind, making their steps light.

Our dreams are white clouds in the sea of azure.

The only beautiful thing remaining in the world is the sun.

The only grand thing in the world the sun – man.

*



Expansions

All of us marching, in coats of spring, we: sick and healthy. quiet and merry, we: hard workers, we, constructing the building of the future a building spreading on the wings of the soul marching all of us marching with the dawn - sails set in our souls for a bright freedom all of us, marching.

*

It's only at night you realise how many stars there are in the sky. How many brothers you feel within your heart. How many brothers of the world. How many brothers of the world. Only in the middle of the night you realise how many eyes are closing in slumber and you are not alone deserted only at midnight when the stars are shining from above, from a golden dawn. Each with a calm silver-green face.