



# Kako hribi

Kako hribi  
žarijo. Lovci  
si

brišejo  
pot. Čebelam je  
cvet pristan,

a ne  
zdržijo te  
lege.

Dvignejo  
se in odletijo.  
Proti avtu

grem, ker  
bo sonce že  
zašlo.

Ura je,  
ko se bomo  
peljali

domov,  
pojedli in  
šli spat.

*Tomaz Šalamun*

# How the hills

How the hills  
glow. Hunters  
wipe

their sweat.  
The bloom is  
the harbour of the bees,

but they  
do not endure  
in this position.

They soar  
and fly away.  
I am heading

for the car,  
the sun  
is going down.

It is time  
to drive  
home,

we will eat  
and go  
to bed.

*translated from the Slovenian  
by Phillis Levin and the author  
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