

Katja Oblak
Prostor novega spomina

Telo
iz žmuklov v ples, iz kupčkov
izvito iz temnega prehoda čez mezinec
v ples.

Blizu v srcu vzgiba
v telesu dva
Sta v plesu.

Dotaknem se drevesa,
drevesa – telesa.

Že spet poriv spomina,
zgosti se, prostor se razpira,
radost se v gibu dotakne pozabljenih resnic,
doživet je rahel skok
in sprejet dotik.

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The Space of a New Remembrance

A body
from lumps of dust into dance, from clusters
drawn from a dark passage over a finger's end
into dance.

Close by the heart of an impulse
two of us in a body
dancing.

I touch a tree,
the tree is the body.

A thrust of remembrance, again;
it thickens, the space unfolding,
joy, in motion strokes forgotten truths,
a gentle leap is savoured
a touch received.

(Translated by Miriam Drev)