

Winter 2008

Blue Wave translated by Brian Henry and the author

Tomaz Salamun

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TOMAŽ ŠALAMUN

Blue Wave

Where you offer your fuck-crazed mood,
I'm already relieved. Mantras
are morbidized. They recoiled
in loops on the racks, reflected
the mouth and voice of Prince Bolkonski.
I eat from the flock. You contributed
nothing to this. You gave
and then burnished. Algae turned up
beneath the backstay. You broke the incision.
You devour the fairytale with an angle.
Like those weary *menefreghisti* that eat their fill
of the sun and fall asleep
on a wave. It's hard to move
the solar system off the retina this way.

*Translated from the Slovenian by Brian Henry and the author
from Gozd in kelihi (Woods and Chalices); Harcourt, 2008 (296)*