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Fallow Land and the Fates translated by Brian Henry and the author

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Fallow Land and the Fates

The boy scrubs the kitchen and crushes
the dot to mom. Godfathers' microwaves
catch fire. Snakes, Easter eggs, gray hats
and crampon lamps flake from the pillars
on the walls. He who brews brandy
pants on screes, incantation.
Boils he who carries the mountain
and this one who unsaddles, supports yuppies.
I rotate breasts and papers. The river
makes the mesh. It's easy to find shapes
in the profiles of stones, but in the mud
there's the weight of the horse-collar. Sinking stools,
you can't pierce water! Only the scattered
water can drink water. The full water twists.

*Translated from the Slovenian by Brian Henry and the author
from Gozd in kelihi (Woods and Chalices); Harcourt, 2008 (115)*