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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)