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IN VINA

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Urška Kramberger
S KONCEPTOM V NEBESA

Admiralčki

Odneslo mi je pokrov.
Pisan, leže v buciki,
delam počepe skoz mesečino.
S konceptom v nebesa.
O, sapica v nebesih,
ki daješ jušne kocke lenuhom.
Zgleda, da mi je bilo
nekaj namenjeno.
Nekaj kot briljantni kokoni
s pogledom na dopust.
Ob gib sem bil v globini vzgona.
In ob pamet. Ob uniformo.
Če ni to blisk iz ugodja,
pod napenjanjem sape.
Si se posušil? Vrnil nakit?
Ponosen, voham sedimente pulza.
Uteha me krasi.
Se blago opominjam,
na veličastnost mirovanja.
Kdor pride pod vitrino,
pride v stari novi svet.

Little Admirals

My top was blown off.
Varicoloured, lying in a pin,
I do squats through the moonlight.
Conceptually into heaven.
O breeze in heaven,
you who give bouillon cubes to slackers.
Seems there was something
meant for me.
Something like brilliant cocoons
with a view on vacation.
I lost movement in the depths of buoyancy.
And my mind. My uniform.
Or maybe it's a flash of pleasure
underneath the billowing breath.
Have you dried? Returned the jewels?
Proud, I smell the sediments of pulse.
I'm adorned with solace.
Softly remind myself
of the majesty of stasis.
Whoever comes into the glass case
comes into an old new world.

Plešasti pevci
z mrki slame med zobmi.
Poklicani, zapravljajo mraz.
Odpovem se mleku
na gramu instance,
kot lubje skoti bolnika,
razširjeno, modro.
Maraton rojen v konstrukcijo.
Dišim po mladičih, tistih ostalih,
ki jih nisem pobila
v njihovi nesposobnosti.
Kri gospodarja napne,
povrže pedestal.
Ozdravljene da v divjino.
Gledala te bom,
kako si daješ živo kresničko v usta
in prihajalo mi bo
na misel, da je obroč mežikajoč
po postelji
z mazanjem odložil nož.

Bald tenors
with eclipses of straw between their teeth.
Summoned, they squander cold.
I forgo milk
upon a gram of instance
just as tree bark gives birth to a patient,
distended, blue.
A marathon born into structure.
I smell of pups, those other ones
that I haven't killed
in their incompetence.
Blood distends the master,
births a pedestal.
Puts the healed into the wild.
I'll watch you
putting a live firefly in your mouth
and I'll be coming
to the thought of the ring, winking,
smearing,
setting down a knife on the bed.

Tango ni za starce

špica uspeha tesna
da se tesnost tolče v odtoku
vidim majhne valove skrčene od užitka
konec koncev je plima to
večno posiljevanje obale
zlizana v podrhtavanje težnosti
sam načrt me je izgubil
in grafit je ostal v črnih oklepajih
utopljenost se me boji ko kadim
cigareto na zidu v bazenu ni jutra
in ni se treba naučiti veliko novega
veliko je bilo
dokler ni kajak zabredel v hinavski prod
človek napolnjen z nektarjem ne razpade kar tako
razpokana posušena plast namesto medu
cela mesta zastrupljena
bravo izjemno fantastičen preobrat
velikanska kresnička ki vodi ljudi v zen
na sled se prilepljajo in jo ližejo
svetleči koticiki ust od sladkega soka
oven v ponču zardi v rogove če si lahko

Tango Is Not for Old Men

The spike of success is tight
so that tightness pounds in the drain
I see wavelets shrivelled with pleasure
after all the high tide is an
eternal raping of the coast
is glossed into a trembling of gravity
the plan itself had lost me
and the graffiti stayed in black parentheses
the drowning fears me as I smoke
a cigarette on the wall there's no morning in the pool
and little new that must be learned
there used to be more
until the kayak waded into two-faced pebbles
a man filled with nectar doesn't just fall apart
a cracked dried layer instead of honey
whole cities poisoned
bravo what an astoundingly fantastic turnabout
a gigantic firefly that leads people to zen
corners of the mouth glistening with syrupy juice
stick to the trail and lick it
the horns of a ram in a poncho blush if that's something

to predstavljate hrošče na ožgani travi
na svet je padla zavesa kot na koncu filma
odložimo naj svoje zadeve
bo že kdo prišel in pobral
seveda so me med tem prijeli
čutim da me ponaša a v meni vse utripa
kot na visečem mostu vem da je jeklo
v sencih sem nalašč za injekcije
vajenci so plačevali da so vadili na meni
lepo glej nič se ne vidi
tudi zdaj se mi zdi da bi kdo rad povadil z mano
vsaj tango čeprav ni za starce
slišim kako se delajo male udrtime v parketu
linija sklepa se zamolči v gibanju pritisk
zanjo plapola kot šal skrbno ovit v planoto
to je samo vaba
podtikanje skrajnega ljudi obnori
perje stlačeno v usta presajeno znamenje na plašču
ve se kje smo bili in da nas bo na koncu nekdo
našel
skozi telo poreklo izraza
prevreto grozdje ki smo ga sukali po pobočju
fikcija ne kazni fikcija

you can picture beetles on burnt grass
a curtain has fallen on the world as at the end of a movie
we're supposed to lay our things down
somebody will surely come and take them
meanwhile I was arrested sure
I can feel that I'm being carried but everything inside me pulses
as on a suspension bridge I know it's steel
I'm in my temples just to get injected
the apprentices had paid to practice on me
beautiful see there's no mark
even now I feel like somebody would like to practice with me
at least tango although it's not for old men
I can hear dimples being created in the parquet
the joint's line is kept back a pressure in the movement
it's billowing for it like a scarf meticulously wrapped in a plateau
but it's just bait
the secret planting of extremes makes people feverish
feathers stuffed in a mouth a transplanted mark on a coat
it's known where we have been and that somebody will
eventually find us
through the body the origin of a term
fermented grapes that we twirled across the hillside
fiction not punishment fiction

relikvije trofej razprte dlani
vžgejo se okularji
v budnosti si marsikaj domišljamo
tudi bolečino
rana se zmeraj iz sebe pase in se obožuje
vzdržati se domišljanja je torej vzdržati bolečino
ko ednine postopoma preščipnejo
si v stvari ogleduješ male prince
bradavice na fasadah
ne kolni vendar svojega kralja smo se slačili po kolesjih
iz raza poka hrupa
rečemo ud namesto kurac
rečemo poglej to travo
ki je zapadla kot čedno pristrižena
opeklina na makadam
tatovi pomačkani od ugodja
in na hurije so padali angelčki
kot izza nagiba plinske cevi
placebo mati učinka je razpoznala
blaznega konjička ki pije iz tolmunu
v lakoti in ni osedlan ozeblina utrujenosti
nič takega nimam v spominu
svet je ob petih zjutraj

relics of trophies open palms
eyepieces ignite
there's lots of things we imagine in our waking hours
including pain
the wound always grazes out of itself and reveres itself
to refrain from imagining is thus to brave the pain
as the instances of singular gradually pinch
you observe little princes in the matter
warts on building faces
come on don't curse your king we would undress among wheels
out of a gash a bang a noise
we say member instead of dick
we say just look at the grass
that has fallen like a neatly coiffed
burn upon the macadam
thieves hung over with pleasure
and cherubs rained on houris
as if from behind the angle of the gas line
placebo the mother of effect has recognised
the crazed pony hungrily drinking from
a pool unsaddled frostbite of exhaustion
I can't recall anything like that
at five in the morning the world

bičan z gracioznostjo in asfalt nasičen
kot umetni ud nalezen delov telesa
fantazija gibka ko jo vlečeš iz praske
po polžje ti kaplja iz ust

hrup sprejmi nas v svoje razpoke

is whipped with grace and the asphalt saturated
like an artificial member infected with body parts
the fantasy limber as you pull it from the scratch
dribbling out of your mouth at snail's pace

o noise let us into your cracks

Galaktični fuki

Lomastili galaktični fuki
v svilo. In so enkrat imeli
obliko možganov, drugič načina
v breznu. Detajli te ne spreobrnejo.
Ali zakaj vse hkrati.
Prihajam miška, prihajam oblečen.
Vidna si, vidno koga zajebati.
Dremati razpad v dialektu hudiča.
Pod perjem, s trofejo v pasemski obstoj.
Ali v slučaju značaja, z daljinci v ustih.
Vozli rahitičnega zanimanja,
samo eks stran od barbarstva.
Želo se lušči iz žeje,
kot z mehanizmom zastrupljeno telo,
držec trebušček.
Pikira zate, tretjič kot rama zaveznika.
Različno je,
če smo kleče pogani.
Močni v mnogoterih sklepih,
kot huligani puščamo mlečne stopinje.
Spet vohuniš za mano

Galactic Fucks

Lumbered the galactic fucks
into silk. One time shaped
like brain, another like a method
in an abyss. Details don't convert one.
And why everything at once.
I'm coming, honey, I'm coming dressed.
You're evident, it's evident who needs to get fucked over.
To drowse a breakdown in the Devil's dialect.
Under the feathers, with a trophy, towards a purebred existence.
Or, in the event of character, with remote controls in mouths.
Knots of rickety interest,
just a bottoms up away from barbarism.
A stinger moults off hunger
like a body poisoned by a mechanism,
clutching its tummy.
Plunging for you, the third time like an ally's shoulder.
It's different
if we kneel as pagans.
With strength in multiple joints
we leave a milky trail like hooligans.
You're spying on me again,

slišim te trkat na podest.
Boš šla še naprej,
zagnana membrana?
Spenjena v dostopu priložnosti.
Ko se hrbtišče umiri,
prikleniti slast v zrklo,
kar tako.
Neko stalno presekanje.
Linija si ubila sipo
pod kapljajočim črnilom,
pod električnim peskom vrženim na streho.
Čudež skozi kopje v popku,
da smo ujeli morskega psa,
biseri pa so nam ostali na spolovilih,
razmišljujoč o stvarnosti.
Kmalu obrnjeni v svoje globinske sence.

I can hear you knocking on the landing.
Will you go further,
you fervent membrane?
Frothy in the access to opportunity.
To shackle zest into the eyeball
when the posterior calms down,
just so.
A constant hacking through.
You are a line that killed the cuttlefish
under a drip of ink,
under electric sand thrown onto a roof.
It was a miracle through a spear in the navel
that we caught the shark,
with pearls remaining on our sexes
and reflecting on the real.
Soon turned towards shadows of our deeps.

prevajalec, sinjeroki paznik
tu sem da me ponižaš
če se vrnem čista kolonij
nama morda uspe
z mastnim podnožjem
ki balina v kretnjah
je koreninica skalila ihto
in se prijemlje na strupe
kot jopič prisebnosti
stiska obliko apetita
ga nosi, vzvalovi
si prišla ponj substanca?
seme so prebrali brodniki
ga vzeli in nosili kot neprebojno srajco
namerno pozabili na vonj gnijoče kurjave
o, biti na levu, ko ti prsi smrdijo!
biti žgoča ponjava
odpreči grdo navado rezervacije sedel
in si trgati od lastnega usnja
da se gravura teže ponovno nasloni

translator, blue-armed turnkey
I'm here for you to humiliate
if I come back cleansed of the colonies
we might just make it
having a slick base
that's playing boules in gestures
a rootlet muddied the urgency
and is sticking to toxins
just as a jacket of levelheadedness
squeezes the shape of appetite
carries it around, makes waves in it
is this what you came for, substance?
the seeds were picked over by the ferrymen
who took them and carried them like a ballistic shirt
deliberately forgetting about the smell of rotting
firewood
o to be on a lion when your chest stinks!
to be a burning tarp
to unharness the ugly habit of reserving saddles
and give lovingly from one's own leather
so that the weight's engraving again may lean on
something

Žad

se plazila naga
v kompotu iz žada
čez vse štiri
spet erekcija jasnine
čvrsto se ti razlije obrv
kako očitna je
past ovoja ki bohota
gnus nad toleranco
ektoplazma, izbljuvek vetra
dinamika je, ko si zmeraj
en boj pred sabo
en zobni pripad bližje mostu
s katerega se šopiri sum
ješči mit vzame tramove v zibelko
siamska potapljača ene jeklenke
puščava odtis v mulju mlade kovine
posedajoče paritve
iz dimnih ogledal
pritečejo nekdanje, prosojne matere
v krčih imajo klobuke
plavajo z usti navzdol

Jade

crawled naked
through jade compot
across all fours
a new erection of clarity
sturdily your eyebrow spills
how obvious
the trap of the envelope that blossoms
a distaste of tolerance
ectoplasm, wind's vomit
a dynamic is when you are always
one fight ahead of yourself
one dental abyss closer to the bridge
on which suspicion swaggers
the hungry myth invites beams to its cradle
we're Siamese divers of one tank
leaving footsteps in the silt of young metal
lounging couplings
from smoky mirrors
transparent former mothers come running
with hats in their contractions
swimming with their mouths downward

usta ne morejo hkrati
žvečiti in jokati
naposled sem si oblekla
kameljo kožo
kjer sem se posušila
od vsega kar sem storila prav
gnala drugim živino v stolpe
prebrani, moj večni ljubimec
obstaja oprijem izrojen podlagi
volčje mreže
svečniki za prihodnje jaze
in led v impulzih
med bujenjem so me srbele žile
čez pandemijo pomena
se precedi razkošje klona
zbala sem se premika zagorelih zaplat
ki sem jih dobila kot šerpa v koridorju
ves pleh bi bil na kocki

the mouth can't chew and cry
at the same time
finally I put on
a camel's skin
where I dried off
of everything that I'd done right
herded others' livestock into towers
the read one, my eternal lover
there is a grip degenerate from the base
wolf membranes
candelabra for future selves
and ice in impulses
my veins itched during wake-up
across the pandemic of meaning
spills the wealth of the clone
I got scared by the movement of suntanned patches
that I'd received as a Sherpa in the corridor
all the scrap would be at stake

Planinca

Planina je v renesansi
dobila kateter.
Se ulegla pod sonce,
kot nažrt sršen.
Kako daleč od ideje
pade gips v obraz?
Šmirgl žrelo se odpre.
Kristalčki lepijo tla
v balastne oči.
Sem prežala na spodrslijaj.
Hči orla,
orlica mlajša pozorna,
polna prezira.
Bi bleščéče ugriznila,
z oblizovanjem.
Razkrila narobe, ne, ne moreš.
Kakšna deviška nepremišljenost,
totalna neumnost.
Zagotovo pozicija zaceli
hitreje od šnopsa.
Tako lep je bil,

Mountainlet

The mountain was catheterised
during the Renaissance.
Laid down in the sun
like a nibbled-upon hornet.
How far from the idea
does plaster fall into a face?
Sandpaper maw opens.
Tiny crystals glue the ground
into ballast eyes.
So I lied in wait for a mistake.
The eagle's daughter,
an eaglet, young, attentive,
disdainful.
Would bite sparkingly,
licking her beak.
Reveal wrongly, no, you can't.
What a virginal foolhardiness,
what absolute stupidity.
Position surely heals
quicker than schnapps.
So pleasant was

spomin,
zrasel kot mehka goba,
hologrfska vsiljivka.

the memory
grown into a squishy sponge,
a holographic intruder.

Translated by Jernej Županič

Vsebina

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Urška Kramberger

(1993, Slovenija) se je rodila v Mariboru. Pesmi je objavljala v revijah *Vsesledje* in *Mentor*. Leta 2015 je bila nagrajenka Festivala mlade literature Urška, leta 2016 pa je pri Javnem skladu Republike Slovenije za kulturne dejavnosti (JSKD) izšel njen prvenec *Orjaški gobec globusa*. Leta 2019 je sodelovala pri rezidenčnem projektu *Odisejevo zatočišče*. Živi, ustvarja in dela v Ljubljani.

(1993, Slovenia), was born in Maribor. Her poems have been published in the *Vsesledje* and *Mentor* magazines. In 2015, she was the winner of the Slovene Literary Festival for Young Authors URŠKA. In 2016, her debut *Orjaški gobec globusa* was published by the Republic of Slovenia Public Fund for Cultural Activities (JSKD). In 2019, she participated in the *Odisejevo zatočišče* project. She now lives, creates, and works in Ljubljana.