

MOJCA ANDREJ



TRANSITIONS



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UNITED
STATES
OF
POETRY

MOJCA ANDREJ
TRANSITIONS
poems

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MOJCA ANDREJ TRANSITIONS

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AD ASTRA

In the next Universe

... we might come across our image
and begin to talk about things
we kept secret

... maybe we discover
who was the shadow
the eye in the lock
as we were filling gold chests with lies

frozen streets will melt
and the branches will shed its icy leaves
in the glow of a new constellation

in the next Universe

but we may stand silent
open the cage
and release
all the words
back to the wilderness

in Silence we fly
to the endless blue
melting into
the glow of a new constellation

in the next Universe

... the flock returned
to wipe its punctuation
One side of the Earth is closed
The Universe lies in the grass with his hands under his head

**Translated from Slovenian into English by: Katarina Juvančič*

A NIGHT ABOVE THE CITY

night night

above the city
above the roofs
a chimney
a bell tower

above treetops in the park
the story of toads' pond
steps in the garden

above the drowsy
billboards
and a quiet corner

above the henhouse
a fox on full alert

above us
drowsy
in the same shirt made of dreams

night
spread from a shrunken crescent
and snoring crickets
nocturnal brothers

**Translated from Macedonian into English by: Elena Prendjova*

A REMNANT OF EXTINGUISHED STARS

I am but a remnant of extinct stars.

I slide on the back of the sky.
Traces of the telescope rotate round the circles.
Algae and tin soldiers
guard in front of the locked clouds.

I rest on the white bench.
I am but a remnant of extinct stars.

I stare in the dark, in the green dark.
Weary eyes rotate round the circles.
Shadows of countless segments
arrange a night meeting.

I shall take off my shiny garment.
I shall remain naked. Completely naked.
I shall not draw on my skin over the cheeks.
Naked, completely naked,
I rotate round the circle.

I shall step out ...
I am but a remnant of extinct stars.

**Translated from Macedonian into English by: Elena Prendjova*

AN APPARITION

If an apparition you are,
then the hound of yours a shadow is,
that in the leeward of your body floats.
The overcoat of yours is colourlessly worn out,
and the pain of yours but a worn stone.

If all apparition is,

let the ocean be a rainbow veil for the rain drops
out of which a desert bloom will grow.
Let there be a spark on the wheat's horizon
in the world's glass gallery.

If voice apparition is, too,

let your poems caress me;
I shall scatter them across the sky.
Let the starry dancers on the nightly dance floor
echo loudly in the campanile of thoughts.

It is snowing in the watery ball ...

You read silently, thoughtfully and devotedly.
Images flourish and search for their own place
on the empty walls.
An apparition, you are, an apparition fluttering their wings of illusions.

Who are you, you apparition?

If I reject you, will you disperse?
If I embrace you, will you break away from me?

Let me pulse in your heart,
let me become the vortex of your passions.

If an apparition, I am?

**Translated from Macedonian into English by: Elena Prendjova*

THE MERE EXISTENCE OF YOU

You float in the stream. You are the flow;
water that cracks the walls of sense,
that wears stones and gulps down the earth ahead,
that carries away memories and melts thoughts with noise.

You step on the snowy woodland. You are the peak.
The peak, that, from above, watches through its own stomach
and stretches ends in a smile;
that presses snow's glister on cheeks and feels no cold;
that daydreams of vicinity and paces on the frozen stage.

You take a bow. You are the bow.
Mere endless sky and fanfares out of distant skies.
You are but a curtain behind the scene.
And audience crying exultantly. You are the cry.
Bent to bow, grey hairs instruct your slow motion.

Tiresome eyelashes cover your blue eyes.
They shiver. You are the shiver.
A moment of false easiness.
A moment that comes down to nothing.
A void. You only need to blink.

Are you flying? You await for your body to fly away
in million pieces.
You bend into a pine. Into silence. Your knees, your hands –
squeeze them in memory!
From one into another. A shape.
From this to that. A constellation.

A cloth covers the words. The words are beneath you.
You are the word.

**Translated from Macedonian into English by: Elena Prendjova*

RED ALL OVER YOU

I enrapture you
like a turtle in the ocean
I deftly swim
from one to the other

shore a breath-hold dive
and a long stroke
I kick into nothingness
the algae
are writhing

sometimes I wake up floating
your mouth is open
and there is a draught
then I get inflamed

a lotus blossom
presses against you
and I am afraid
of it being blown away by your

breath no one else
could I get used to
I swim all over you
a circle

of odd shape
perfection is not all
sometimes buds wither
then it is over and done
with the beginnings

I flow all over you
red
and it's good I don't breathe
because that would make me boil
blood

**Translation: Urška Daly*

**Language editor: Timothy Daly*

BEAUTY

Quiet birches on the shoreline,
a reflection in the pulsating leaves.
The well-known distance is fading.
The sun descends down the slope.

The lioness grants one last dance
to its young prey.
Which will be the side of victory?
The pendulum is resting.

From the orbit of innocence
nuns beckon.
They roller skate in their naivety,
derailing the passers-by.

The final fashion frontiers of space.

You're standing on the steps clad so funny,
legwarmers and boat-like shoes.
Rolled up, your trouser legs go well with
the sound of your voice.

I will change your name,
gender, case and number.
Beauty.
You sip me though your narrowed eyelids.

**Translation: Urška Daly*

**Language editor: Timothy Daly*

IN THE SMOKE OF INCENSE

the timeless design
of the marble staircase
pushes me into exile
on the top floor
to fold everyday things
and straighten
the sheets of ease

I call
the land of the rising sun
for help
Marie, the guru of tidying up

no resistance
will comfort me
in this body the fate
of my spirit
is to create a domestic oasis
so I burn incense
the guru of aromatherapy
laughs
what you seek, you should seek in yourself

but the Garden sometimes
needs to be combed
perfumed
stones need to be washed
wings need to be clipped

for casting shadows
on empty sides of clouds

in the cleansed expanse
I find a magical robe
an apron
with a flower pattern
my superpower
the poem billows with the smoke of incense
above the cooker
a handmade and sustainable
product is coming into being

arigato, Marie

* arigato – Japanese for “thank you”

**Translated from Slovenian into English by: Jernej Županič*

QUARRY

before the poem I'm infinite
stretched through time

in my Garden there's a quarry
that's where I live
spinning my little knife
digging with great precision
broken stones
from the pyramid
picking them to be not too big
and easy to understand

choosing those
that shine
those coloured like the sky
the free spirits
those with character
and those that smell of rhythm

with primal ferocity
I eliminate the unfit
and shamelessly claim to own
the souls of *the real ones*

some of them are pillows
others a crystal massage
some enter dreams
keeping time with change found in playgrounds

the round ones drop from roofs into the laps of seniors
and under the tails of cats
those with sharp edges climb the bark of decorative trees
the depressed ones flatten their bellies in the reflections of puddles

in the quarry
I make love to the loved ones
fight the ones that burn
soothe myself with those that feel

stones in a flowering Garden
my volcanic quarry
my words
fleeing and fragile
like ourselves

**Translated from Slovenian into English by: Jernej Županič*

DANCERS IN THE AIR

droplets in my eyes
cloud my mind
it's probably raining
or about to

in foggy clothes
dancers tiptoe
into the air
blue flowers
slam
into the temporal lobe of distant
memories and thoughts

a bored face
with an angelic glow
puts bitterness on my tongue
(is this hell?)
so I open it
my mouth
for some of its
darkness
to go out
this holiness should be wrapped
in violet

the disarrayed limbs
that sleep in the room
have already been washed
hair has been tied

scenting ahead I stare
at the departing dancers
who never wave goodbye
just drop azure
on stones of green

drawing spots on my skin
with a rough bamboo fabric
somebody is looking around

for the dance shoes
where are they
so I can tiptoe
into the air?

**Translated from Slovenian into English by: Jernej Županič*

About the author

Mojca Andrej (1973) is a Slovenian language teacher, poet, and performer. She writes for adults and children. So far she has published three poetry collections: Nikoli ne reci, da ni skrivnosti (Never say there are no secrets) 2000, Dež v gugalnici (Rain in the swing) 2015, and Ostanek umrle zvezde (The remnant of a dead star) 2020. In 2022 her debut novel Kavč učiteljice Veronike (Couch of teacher Veronika), was published.

For children, she has written a collection of poems titled Rastem do tebe (Growing towards you) 2013 and an illustrated story Agica, mala čarovnica (Agica, the little witch) 2019; both have also been adapted and set to music multiple times. She is publishing children's poems in the magazine Galeb, which is published in Trieste.

She presents her poetry at festivals and events both at home and abroad. Some of her poems have been translated into Slovak, Croatian, Macedonian, Bulgarian, and English and published in local as well as foreign journals and anthologies.

Since 2015 she has been a member of the MOR (Mladi oder Ruše) theater (Youth stage Ruše), which operates as a musical theater.