

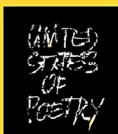
PETER ANDREJ



TRANSITIONS



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PETER ANDREJ
TRANSITIONS
poems

2024
KLUB KU KU
GLAZERJEVA DOMAČIJA

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PETER ANDREJ TRANSITIONS

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Občina Ruše

POETRY

has
used its innocent
snout supported by its paws
to swallow many people into its cruel maw,
spraying
lime.

I got clobbered as well
when it came to me
as I sat in the shadow.
I pushed my hands into its golden fleece
and felt the sun in my fingers,
the power to coax sound from things
without having to chase names and meanings,
the power to look it eye to eye,
to give myself to the flow
of vulnerability and the grace of its wild eyes.
And everything became one.
Everything one.

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

A MAGICIAN IN THE BLUE HAT

he disappeared...
disappeared, the magician...

he, who puts a spell on the bunnies
from the blue hat

disappeared, the bunnies,
cute and soft,
jumping in front of
the hunter's gun
with merciful eyes
leaving us in tears
and in the flow of our madness

the traces lead nowhere
the one who doesn't follow the ray of light
shall become ashes
when passing by

he disappeared...

**Translated from Macedonian into English: Elena Prendjova*

HA-HA-MAN

Dear citizens, clients, VIPs!
We have gathered here today... to laugh.
Those who won't laugh shall not be a part of our company!
It's necessary to open your eyes as soon as possible, pardon –
your mouth!

People want to laugh!
Don't you mention suffering to them.
People want simplicity!
They don't want complexities!
People want to be vivacious, cheerful, curved and happy!
What's wrong with that?
Nothing!

*I'm a HA-HA-MAN from HA-HA-LAND!
A HA-HA-HA-HA is my mission,
I have been sent from far, far away just for you
to take you to HA-HA-LAND!*

Let's go, let's go!
Let's open our eyes, and pout our lips!
Let's rub our palms against our facial muscles,
spread our lips with our fingers
and wheeze: HA!
A?
Right leg forward!
Let's dance!
Clap-clap-clap!

HA-HA-HA! Fantastic!

Come on!

Let's massage our cheeks using circular movements,
spread our skin to the ears
and shout: HA-HA!

AA?

Left leg forward!

Let's dance!

Clap-clap-clap!

HE-HE-HE!

Fantastic!

'Coz

*I'm a HA-HA-MAN from HA-HA-LAND ...
We'll be right back after commercials!*

*You have to be funny!
Funny means money!
Money means power!
Power means golden shower!*

In the last session, we'll determine the state we've reached.
And we'll transform our ha-ha-ing into a serious laugh
and roar. Roaring is, as it is commonly known, crucial
to relax all the abdominal muscles, plus it even strengthens the chest,
the thighs and the family ties.

We jump to the rhythm of AlpenJodIKühltaĵč
with both our legs
HA-HA-HA, right leg! HE-HE-HE, left leg!
HI-HI-HI, arabesque! HO-HO-HO, splits!
Fantastic!
Right, left!

Bravo, distinguished civilians, clients, VIPs!
We laughed, we even roared,
we collided with the festive universe.
In the last stage, we extracted ourselves from the cares
and got into a state of complete carelessness!
Many think one should only open their heart, but they are wrong!
You should open your mouth, so your thighs
would vibrate in the rustle of the universe's joy!

'Coz

*I'm a HA-HA-MAN from HA-HA-LAND!
A HA-HA-HA-HA is my mission,
I have been sent from far far away just for you
to take you to HA-HA-LAND!*

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

THROUGH THE SOUND WALL

through the sound wall
into the heart of the sun
a thought is flying away from the images

in the soundless bang body melts
buds of the apricot tree a child crying

through the sound wall
the longing burns
the bubbling of memory magma of words

screams of horror in screams of passion
all is burning in a blue flame

*let go forget
the souls who are here to faithfully serve only one purpose
let go forget
images of a mirror in a mirror evading the real name*

through the sound wall
a wave from a sandy beach disappears
a line on the horizon disappears

a dot in a dot
a hole in a picture
pulsating in orange
unbearable innocence

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

LET'S RAIN

who knows where we're drifting,
you and I,
two clouds away, away in the sky,
a hot wind carries me,
you a wave so tall,
give me your hand,
in the cool astral

below us a river opens
the earth cracks and explodes,
it's slowly turning into charcoal
and no one can get across
not stone to stone
not water to water
not mouth to mouth
not you to me... give me your hand
come on, let's cross

let's rain...

into the dry mouths of dusty streets
upon the blackened embers of the great metropolis...
let's rain...
into an unmapped desert
onto rusty dandelion blooms
our skin, our eyes...

the Titans are already coming
I hear their laugh,
give me your hand
come on, let's cross

let's rain...

we patter down on leaves of thistle
across pale old facades,
along the avenues where neon sleeps,
onto the umbrellas of lovers
on the aroma of fresh bread the bakery
let's rain...

when I can't find my way to you,
and you can't find your way to me,
may the fire whisper at least a word
from our parched lips.

let's rain
all the days and nights,
without stopping
until the last rivulet has fallen
let's send the last drop into the world
until it's drenched through

come one, the night is offering us its palm,
so that we can pour into it
the two of us

**Translated from Slovenian into English: Erica Johnson Debeljak*

AUGUST LIGHT

She came to me with evening shadows
the rhythm of swaying sea grass
whispering in the shell of my ear
on some old abandoned pier.

She came across the dunes of memory
with her lips of dark red wine
with the briny tides of sea time
and she took my heart away.

Out from behind blue eyelids
the tender kiss of sea and sky
an august light plays in the water
and whispers to me.

*She's a zephyr, zephyr
blowing in from wild places
zephyr, running fingers through the lions golden mane
she's a zephyr, zephyr
sending birds up to an empty sky
zephyr sending waves across deserts climes.*

Feel her: a tongue of water on our soles
where we danced and walked and our feet wrote love poems
in the soft wet sand.

Feel her: the jealous flow of water
how she washes away all the stolen
moments of the day,
until only salt and sun glimmers on the sandy shore
and we, salty and sleepy, feel it no more.
Chrystal.

*She's a zephyr, zephyr
blowing in from wild places,
zephyr, running fingers through the lions golden mane
she's a zephyr, zephyr
sending birds up to an empty sky
zephyr, sending waves across desert climes.*

*She's a zephyr, zephyr,
a spring blossom that never return
a zephyr, that chases us all,
all away.*

**Translated from Slovenian into English: Erica Johnson Debeljak*

MY LUXURY MODEL

My man does not wash when having horripilation.
He's more radical. He's more rustic, he doesn't need depilation.
I'm not sure if he's loyal, but he is everlasting. He is gentle
and absolute fantastic.

O yeah.

He's fascinated by the hole in space and how it found its place.
He's irritated by the mafia blight owning pleasure and delight.
He still believes that the holy spark lights fire
by sex of the highest desire.
And every snowflake's pain is felt when back to water it melts.

O yeah.

My luxury model.

Made for me and me only.

He's as pure as intuition.
One of the last ones not smelling of money,
but of Pohorje hills, spruce needles and resin.
Last pool of silence.

Odeur divine qui ne vous lâche pas

È l'uomo vero! Ein echtes Leder!

O yeah.

Sometimes I feel like putting him on my commode
Or hang him instead of Jesus or Tito.
Sometimes I'm unwrapping him between my sweaty fingers.
It rustles and everyone stares at me.
Until he ends between my teeth. And melts underneath.

O yeah.
My luxury model.
Made for me and me only.

And let me add this: pros!
Never private.
He never goofs around
about intimate lyrics.

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

SECOND TRACK, SECOND PLATFORM

alpine folk song

Commoners on the balcony.
Gentry in private boxes
bursting with excitement.
It smells like a night of long and sharpened tongues,
of drool and fangs whistling through the air.
A voice yelling through a megaphone:

*God is dead, the nation melted down,
it shall not be writing its own destiny,
words are worthless and dying,
the flesh is lean, fear is seeping into bones,
pleasure redeems!*

The crowd is waving icons.
The piglet on the till grins with slaughtered eyes.
On the first track, a special transport stands.
It's getting darker,
fear is seeping into bones.

Birds are leaving, quietly and unnoticed.

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

A STRAIGHT DOT

It's clear now where death goes to drink.
The bunny's batteries have died.

Something inside the crystals soundlessly whimpers and twists.
Fluorescence, lengthy corridors, pathologies.

On the bench, a pigeon sits whiling away its days.
Numbers slide soundlessly.

A child at the garbage dump,
rusty bits of Dyana,
contactless transactions.

Yellow, green, red,
a river of metal,
all just a single straight dot.

The anaesthesia of speech.

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

ANGEL OF MINE

below the ferris wheel
the world keeps turning around
the clock is neither striking
nor making any sound
i wait for you to come
to melt away with you
to swallow you
to dive in deeper

the ghost of darkness
pours out of the mud
and calls moths and lights
to the infernal dance of the night
the music loudly rings
salty bodies dancing wild
inviting me to blow my mind

*but you're not here and i suppose
that's how it goes ...*

there's nothing coming back
not from the other side
i shout and shout again
i don't even know your name
i still wait for you to come
before it is too late
before a muddy tide
takes me away

what if i get drunk
or maybe even better
what if i go mad
and lose it altogether
longing here for you
burning in and out
waiting and howling
like a dog

*but you're not here and i suppose
that's how it goes ...*

come, angel of mine
sit here on my breath
let us hover now
at our source of light
while you're hiding still
there beneath the masks
of the spoken words
tattooes of the eyes

admit that you're a child
admit that you're scared
that you're just like me
that you're waiting there

with an urge to come here
without words and naked skin
there is nothing in between
the voice is all we have ...

*but you're not here and i suppose
that's how it goes ...*

**Translated from Slovenian into English by: Matej Krajnc*

About the author

Peter Andrej - poet and singer, musician and music producer. He is also a publisher and editor at the Klub KU-KU publishing house. From 2001 to 2023, he edited 14 book titles and 26 music units which were published.

He started performing in the 1980s as a member of the legendary band Lauženki iz nahkasl, which performed a mixture of musical ballads and parodies around Štajerska in Slovenia (former Yugoslavia).

Audiography:

From 1994 – 2020 have been published 12 albums of music.

From 2020 – 2023 have been published 2 albums.

On november 2023: Peter Andrej Band, »V delti jezika / in the delta of speech«; a box of 5 CD's+ usb, Club KU-KU, 2023.

Bibliography:

2015, Klub KU KU, MLD: Peter Andrej; Rege ali žabje frke / Rege-the frogs farts, a play for children, drama texts, songs.

2018, Litera Maribor; poems of Peter Andrej: Skoz zvočni zid / Through the sound wall

For theater and children:

From 2015 – 2017 have been published 2 books for children based on which two musicals were created and also a musical Mali princ / The Little Prince motives by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, script and song by Cvetka Bevc, Peter Andrej music and songs.

From 2017 – 2021; Peter Andrej author of the songs in pupets musical Agica, little witch (Mojca Andrej), Klub KU-KU, 2020. Based on which the musical were created Agica, mala čarovnica / Agica, little witch; which was released on musical CD, Club KU-KU, 2021.

Production work:

- *Since 2003 to 2023 he has been a producer of the international Songwriters festival Kantfest International / Festival kantavtorstva - Kantfest International, which connects and represents the domestic and foreign scene. He is also the producer of 15 records, which have so far been released and represented the 15-year production of the festival.*
- *Since 2008 to 2023 the 12 th Festival Pohorje fairy tails (pohorska pravljica) is being created with the help of the best Slovene tales which revives and explores fairy-tale heritage in connection with nature.*
- *Since 2008 to 2023 he has organized the 14th United States of Poetry / Združene države poezije, the project of intercultural cooperation. It takes place in Slovenia, Bosnia, Austria and Croatia, involving authors and related institutions all over Europe and Balkan.*
- *Since 2011 to 2023 the 13th Glazer days / Glazerjevi dnevi have been held to revive the heritage of poet and librarian Janko Glazer and promote the current surplus of creators who make a significant contribution to the home town "Ruše brand".*

Translations:

- *Many poems by Peter Andrej (PA) were translated in English, German, Polish, Danish. Romanian, Bosnian, Serbian, Croatian, Bulgarian, Albanian and Macedonian language.*

Cooperation and performances: he also performed in all the mentioned countries. More about: <https://klub-kuku.si>

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