

Vihar

Že davno sem dom zapustila
kakor duša telo.
Odnosla me šumna je sila
v neznansko, nemirno nebó.

Nekje se vrtim med svetovi
tujimi, čudnimi.
Nekje se podim med vetrovi
razburjeno budnimi.

Vihar, ki si vanj sem želega,
me je divje zajel,
ko jagned zadela je strela,
ob gromu me dvigati jel.

Kot plen me vihti med oblaki,
ki so mu plašč goreč.
Domači vi sadovnjaki,
nikdár se ne vidimo več!

The Tempest

I left home quite long ago,
like a soul its body leaves behind,
carried by a forceful blow
where the restless skies unbind.

Somewhere do I turn and whirl,
between spheres foreign and so rare.
Somewhere, then, do I unfurl
with winds whose fever I but share.

The storm where I longed to be
savagely seized me; when, down under,
lightning struck the poplar-tree,
it lifted me by thunder.

Prey-like, I've swayed around
in clouds, its cloak of burning ember.
Farewell, native orchard ground,
gone, never to remember!