

on the move

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otherwords
||| |

drugebesede
||| |

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on the move

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migrations

from the black trunks of poplars

yellow leaves moved

away resettling

migratory birds we are

from lands from people

from ourselves the path

is the only refuge

is moving always

just a promise to

return are we saved by

leaving already before

leaving between

being asleep and

being awake

beneath us

rivers blossom

in the color of the leaves

the tawny sun

keeping us warm

the memory of the weight of a

warbler in the palm

or a cricket

lapwings

there lies the sea
a vast mirror sanctuary
far away from the dam
on which we stand
masts in search of
feathers wind rushing
to islands barely visible
next to which we whisper
poems in strange tongues
in each other's ears
above which coastal birds of cold
of wetlands of short grass
keep chasing
reliant on moonlit
nights swarming with insect
tunnels faithful to the constant
companions wind and death
in a mystic shriek
homesickness pushes deeper
now to the fog now to the grass
now to the waves now
to the calm sea
lies nearby
for a fleeting glance
at the shininggreen

with the body with the throat

with the black eye

like with a compass

towards warmth

Tijger

everyone in the embrace of no one
the burden in tons whisper
in the ear of no one into darkness
staring eyes in the distance
fizzling female
voices what is the sound
of the ocean in still air
it is dark or azure
the water of Hudson cold
needle pointing north wood
crackling full weight
in the fire the dead rain
into snow then ice then
bones remain close
wild turkeys
tremoring stars are
somewhere in the hope of
clearing up of surviving
another winter

Leeuw

to leave the shelter of the morning mass
of the redbrick church the echo of
soundless voices from the choir to sail
into the muddy sea from which
only yesterday they were pulling herrings
for dinner to survive old wreckage
before truly setting sail with the stars
of the tropics on the fore pepper awaits
pungency on the spice islands Bengal
the wildly burning kaleidoscope of fabric
marigold intoxicating a fading memory
of home only in the brown of the Ganges
cinnamon skin warm breasts the cage
with a lion opened

Medusa

a shimmering piece of land
a vast beach like platinum
a long way to the sea
barefoot from the dunes around
us is what we call
beauty a free-floating
jellyfish motion through pulse
in low waters waiting
to grow with the tide
to be carried by the current
this wild seethrough dancer
one against the other and against the water
with soft collisions
to move as far as possible
slight scents in the winds
no charm in being captured
in the soothing splendor
like a beast in a cage like a butterfly
behind glass what is caught
in her hair destroys her
in the still sea stealthy
in the cloud's reflection glasswort
in tender bloom

Skier

sandals in the hands feet
giving in to dunes in circles
water birds soaring over the wind
loosening the tangle of thoughts swirling
stopping the flying in the air a thrust
drowning out in a forgotten melody
we lean into love
for a moment squatting
with one another lost
island not to say phantom
is a galley sailing for centuries
southbound and eastbound
its masts lighthouses
its grass a caressing graze
for the tired and tart
oystercatchers dipping
beaks into the silty bottom
where the tide unveils
the mysterious wildlife to
make them pious again
in the grey evening light