

Third Person Dual

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otherwords drugebesede
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Co-funded by the
Creative Europe Programme
of the European Union



The collection of poems *Third-Person Dual*, which was published at the end of 2017 by the Pivec Publishing House from Maribor, was partly produced in the Gaelic town An Fál Carrach in Donegal, Ireland, within the framework of the international residency program, Other Words, supported by the EU Creative Europe, Culture sub-programme, which is coordinated by the Basque partner Donostia Kultura, and the Slovenian partner of the program is the Association for Contemporary Art X-OP.

The author would like to thank Foras at Gaeilge, the host organizations in Ireland, and the members of the organization Anni Ní Bhroin and Orlaghu Ní Raghallaigh, as well as the collaborators of the Association for Contemporary Art X-OP Nataša Zidarič and Peter Tomaž Dobrila.

METASTASIS

The two keep caressing each other,
coaxing out of each other,
what they are, what they could be, what they like.
Then they clutch at each other, sink into each other, undress each other.
Then they strike each other,
to learn something more than what they are, what they could be, what they like.

You are the first to cut open your epidermis.
You see that there are multitudes beneath the skin,
and that all the bones can be randomly
arranged in new combinations.
Then he makes the next cut,
and his red flesh blossoms, his yeasty blood flows.
He gently touches the festering boils, the lumps, the scabs
and all the other symptoms
of this last
stage
of closeness.

AMPHIBIANS

We're like amphibians; sometimes outside, on dry land,
sometimes submerged in our own internal swamps.

We feel safe in our muddy swamps.
We thrive in them.

We are sensitive to touch, *noli me tangere*;
and to words and glances, *noli me legere, noli me videre*.

Our blood is sometimes hot, sometimes ice cold, sometimes watered down.
We have membranes behind our eyelids, and an extra pair of lids,

so we can close our eyes tight, both vertically and horizontally.
We make love without looking at each other,

attacking each other from behind, so we can seize,
reshape and fantasize our desires and visions.

Afterwards we leave, go on our way, because the one
that attacks us sooner or later begins to reek of sadness,

and that is unbearable, that cannot be born.
We're like amphibians; headless apodal antagonism.

(Translated by Erica Johnson Debeljak)