

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 2 | 1993

Indifferently, he watched ...

Ales Debeljak

© Providence College

The author(s) permits users to copy, distribute, display, and perform this work under the following conditions: (1) the original author(s) must be given proper attribution; (2) this work may not be used for commercial purposes; (3) the users may not alter, transform, or build upon this work; (4) users must make the license terms of this work clearly known for any reuse or distribution of this work. Upon request, as holder of this work's copyright, the author(s) may waive any or all of these conditions.

The Prose Poem: An International Journal is produced by
The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress)
for the Providence College Digital Commons.
<http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/prosepoems/>

Ales Debeljak

Indifferently, he watched her through the shadows of furniture casually arranged in the narrow room, through a thin curtain drawn across the mirror hanging in the wardrobe, through a shaft of sunlight and dust splitting the room in half. She was fast asleep, head buried under the sheets where the pillow should have been, one shoulder bare, lost to the world. Her hands, her unpolished nails lay on the blanket pulled over her stomach, rising and falling with each breath. Stained sheets, previous guests, other lives. Or was it only his eyes blurring from gazing so long? The curve of her arm covering her dark nipple, the fallen strap of her nightgown. On her shoulder a band of light, as if through a veil, gently slipping over the down below her neck. Maybe he was a little tired. Not impatient. He thought: why here? So many other places, and yet here, always here?

New York City, September 1986

Translated from Slovenian by **Christopher Merrill**
(with the author)