

ON KOŠUTA'S WORK

"The Prešeren Award affirms the value of Košuta's verses and at the same time recognizes the author's credit in preserving the Slovene language in the Trieste urban area."

Vilma Purič, the Prešeren Award argumentation

"One of the most prominent components of Košuta's writing, as well as his character, is the veracity of his word that never misleads."

Tatjana Rojc, discussion in Narodni dom, Trieste

"The poetry of Miroslav Košuta is marked by a heightened sense for differentiating *here* from *there*, a sense for reflection on existentially significant subject matter whose traditional unity is losing substance through the (personal) minority experience in Italy."

Andrej Hočevar, Pogledi/Delo

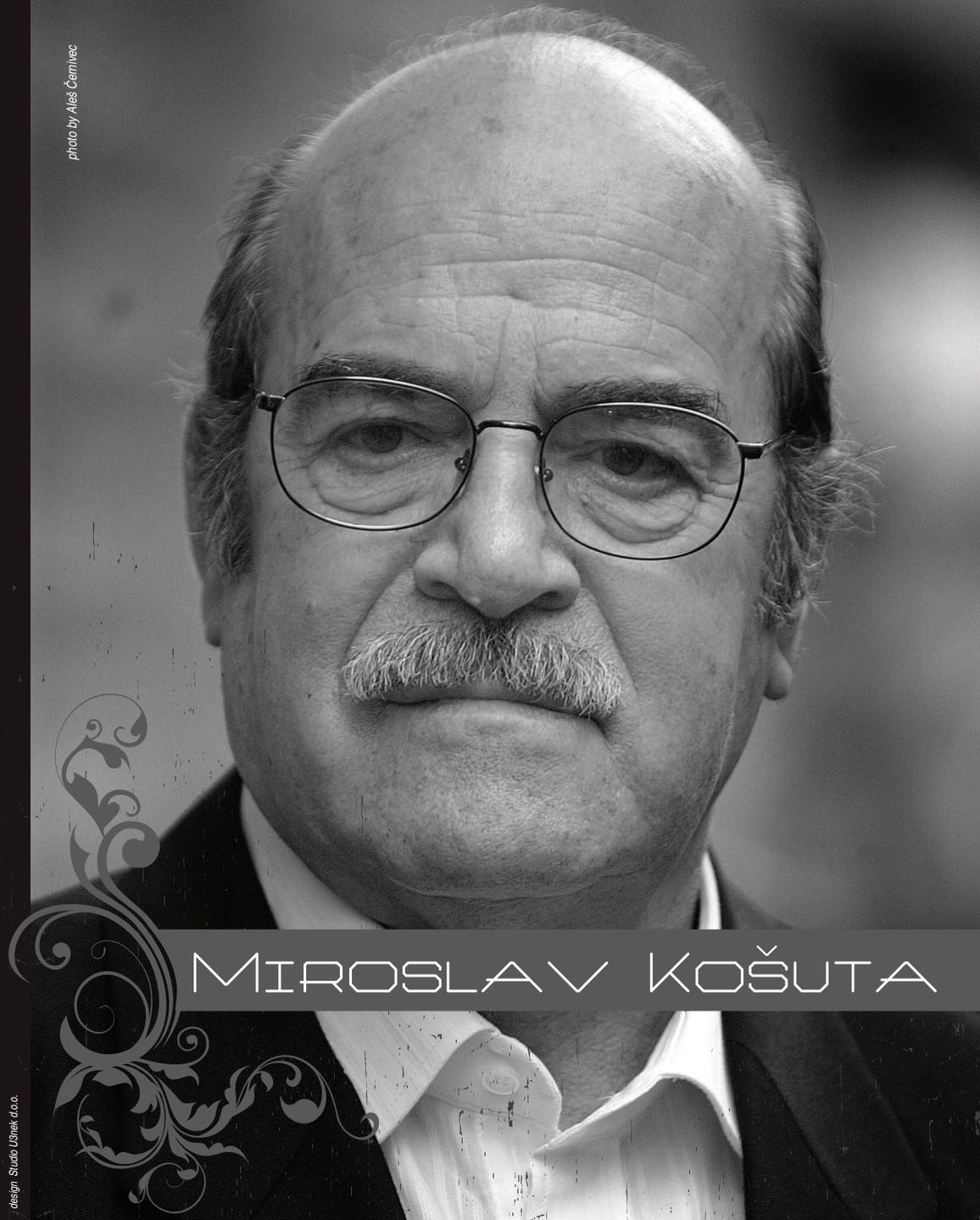
"Košuta's poetry is always encapsulated in the time and space in which it is created, and affords a feeling of attachment to his place of birth and the city he loves so much, but which was never completely his, as it never fully accepted his otherness and otherness of his minority."

Tanja Lesničar Pučko, Dnevnik

"Košuta's poetry is liberated (and liberates itself through its development) of basic stereotypical forms, which supposedly mark the pain and despair of the Slovene minority in Italy, their angst and dilemmas."

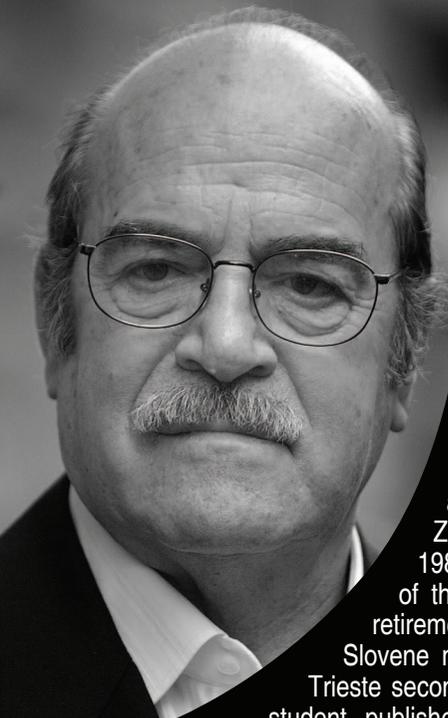
Denis Poniž, Slovenska lirika 1950–2000

photo by Aleš Čermivec



MIROSLAV KOŠUTA

design Studio Ušnek d.o.o.



MIROSLAV KOŠUTA

(born in 1936 in Križ near Trieste) attended the Slovene gymnasium in Trieste and continued his studies at the Faculty of Arts in Ljubljana. He graduated in comparative literature and literary theory in 1962. He was employed as a journalist and editor at Radio Slovenia, but in 1969 he returned to Trieste as a stage director of the Slovenian Repertory Theatre for three seasons and as an editor of the monthly magazine *Dan* at Založništvo tržaškega tiska publishing house until 1987. He was the theatre manager and artistic leader of the Slovenian Repertory Theatre in Trieste until his retirement. Considered the most important contemporary Slovene minority poet in Italy, he first wrote poems for the Trieste secondary school textbook *Literarne vaje* and later, as a student, published his work in a number of literary magazines and journals. At the same time he also translated Spanish and Italian poetry. Miroslav Košuta writes poetry for adults, cultural and political articles and essays, poems for children and young people, theatre and radio plays.

Some of his most important works: *Morje brez obale* (Sea without a Coast, 1963), *Tržaške pesmi* (Trieste Poems, 1974), *Abecerime* (Abc Rhymes, 1979), *Kriško kraške* (Of Križ and Karst, 2005), *Križada* (Crossroads, 2006), *Teža sončnega* (Weight of the Sun, 2007), *Mavrična školjka* (The Rainbow Shell, 2011) and *Drevo življenja* (The Tree of Life, 2011).

He received numerous awards: the Prešeren Fund Award (1978), Kajuh Award (1988), Levstik Award (1989), Vstajenje Award (2002), Golden Coin for Poetry (2008) and IBBY Honour List (2008). In 2011 he received the Prešeren Award for lifetime achievement.

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OF KRIŽ AND KARST

An Autobiography with a Selection of Children's Poems
About My Native Križ, The Sea and the Karst

Excerpt was translated by Timothy Pogačar

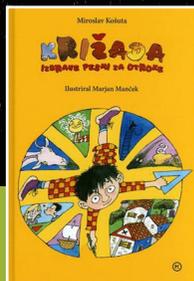
It is Križ near Trst that we're talking about, it's a nest-like village perched above the sea and growing into the Karst. I found myself in it with wonderful people, loud revelers, and drinkers and singers. When I got to know it real well and my eyes began to steal looks at colorful bows and skirts, I decided that I was a kid, that I would be a boy, and finally a man—in Križ that was pretty important, as you could see on the town square, the crossroads of all paths.

I saw, saw
a sail on the sea,
as it sank
far away from me.

I saw, saw
a whisp on high:
like a gull
in the sky.

In Križ there's a cross
at Crossroads.
Križans cross it, usually
criss-cross,
contrary and angry,
when sober.
But they dream
arms crossed,
doing the Križ kids'
crosswords
winewise and across—
indeed about wine
they chat
by the water
crossing,
looking at the womenfolk
who beset them
they start to smoke,
for the way they boss
they're the biggest cross.

Crossroads



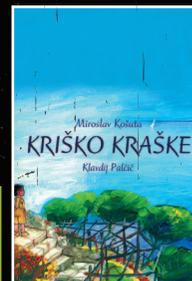
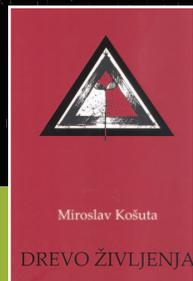
Weight of the Sun



The Rainbow Shell



The Tree Of Life



Of Križ and Karst