

Mom, with “KOSILO!” calls me to eat...  
With sweet “NOČKO!” she puts me to sleep.  
My friends greet me “ZDRAVO!” whenever  
we meet.  
I would sing songs in Slovenian walking  
down the street...

# Being Slovenian...

By Kaja Bozi

When shocked, “KAJ?!” is what I say...  
I still silently add “PROSIM” after “I may”  
I still count in Slovenian, old habits stay  
It’s weird because I used to never delay...  
to laugh, speak, smile and play.

But sometimes picking out the right  
words in English  
Seems like picking that needle out of  
hay..

I write poems to make my mind clear.  
It’s been Slovenian for long. I can’t let it  
disappear...  
Memories... I’d like to keep them all near.  
And so, I’ve now written a line for my  
every year...

*Poem by a Slovenian girl living in Ireland  
Source: Livia Healy, Coláiste Nano Nagel  
Courtesy of Fíodhna Gardiner-Hyland*



