Dear Editors of *The Decadent Review*,

Please consider the following poem, “His Leg Was Repatriated,” by Tomaž Šalamun, translated by Matthew Moore, for your Dmitri Shostakovich feature.   
  
I have permission to publish this poem from the publisher Black Ocean, who maintains rights with Tomaž Šalamun's estate, and with whom I have a contract to publish the poem in a collection, entitled *Opera Buffa*, forthcoming in Fall 2021.   
  
This poem has been submitted simultaneously to other journals, I will let you know immediately if it is accepted elsewhere.   
  
Poems from *Opera Buffa* appear in and are forthcoming from literary journals including *Asphalte Magazine*, *Asymptote*, *Conjunctions*, *FOLDER*, *Gulf Coast*, *On The Seawall*, and *Typo Magazine*.

Sincerely, with great thanks and admiration for your superb *Review*,

Matthew Moore

Tomaž Šalamun (1941–2014) published more than fifty books of poetry in Slovenian. He was awarded the Prešeren Prize and the Jenko Prize, among his many other recognitions, and his poetry stands regarded among the great 20th and 21st century avant-garde European poets. His most recent books, published in English posthumously by Black Ocean, are Andes (2016) and Druids (2019).

Matthew Moore is the translator of Tomaž Šalamun's Opera Buffa, forthcoming from Black Ocean in Fall 2021.

**HIS LEG WAS REPATRIATED**  
  
  
I found myself in the pirated version,  
a gravedigger’s hands pushed  
  
into my villi. Sentencehood. Ostrich.  
Bulls on his hands. If I step on  
  
the nose of the ship, the ship blows.  
If I step on its buttock, the ant shits.  
   
I’m asked why these beasts are   
here. I sack them. I toss ’em in  
   
the salted sea. Beasts dyed up to their   
necks in crystallography. MacMillan!  
   
Shostakovich and Poulenc frisk each other.   
Oxford is blissful. Isaiah folded his covers.   
   
His leg was Ashkali. The waterfall is open   
before customary hours. It is hot. It is true.