

"Slep je, kdor se s petjam vkvarja,
Kranjec moj mu osle kaže;
pevcu vedno sreča laže,
on živi, umrje brez dnarja."

"Blind is he, who sings to us,
the Carniolan men whisper behind his back;
luck always tells lies to a poet,
he lives, dies without money"

-Glosa, France Prešeren

FRANCE PREŠEREN

^{Slovenia's best}
With these words, one of the Slovenians most known romantic poets France Prešeren, tells us about the journey of his life- the constant hardships of being a poet ^{during the Romantic period} in romanticism in Slovenia.

^{There was he who born & who died here?}
He was born on December 3, 1800, to a farming family, and died ^{on February 8, 1849}
His journey starts on December 3rd 1800, when he cried his way out into a farmers family ^{the anniversary of his death is}
and ends on February 8th 1849. Every year we celebrate this day as Prešernov dan- to honour
him, for writing for our people. But it was a hard job being a poet, especially in Slovenian ^{due to} regions ^{among} since the censorship, which was put on by the Austrian Empire, forbade every poem, song or text that could stir an uproar in the minorities.

But that didn't stop him. He wrote poems, ^{and} he wrote stories in verses, ^{and} sonnets. He was truly a genius when it came to poetry. One of his most well-known story in verses is "Krst pri Savici", which not only takes elements from both romanticism and realism, but also ^{gives} tells us many messages, hidden behind layers of comparisons and tragic tale-telling. But the work, that is ^{considered} ^{honoured} as his best poetic masterpiece is "Sonetni venec" - a ^{dozen} ^{which} ^{final} dozen sonnets all connected to each other like a garland that finish with an ending sonnet, Magistrale. The first letters in the finishing sonnet make out a name: Primicovi Julji. ^{← explain!}

^{Who?} She was his poetic ideal, his muse. ^{His} The unrequited love, ^{for her} which was never forgotten but rather ^{transformed} ^{poems} made into his lifestyle. He wrote songs for her, encouraged her to accept his love and ^{in doing} so, help the Slovenian minority make their way into freedom from the Austrian regime.

But as his love was never answered, he ^a drunk himself to sleep every night. Eventually he did have children with another woman- Ana Jelovšek, to whom he dedicated the poem "Nezakonska mati" but he never truly found the same love as he did with Julija.

And so to this day we can admire the masterpieces of France Prešeren in his book, Poezije, where his poems will never be forgotten.