

Majko – life destiny of a caver. All together he published hundreds of papers, from scientific to popular ones.

It seems unusual that Lalkovič – engineer, museum worker, director – was a poet too. Maybe the feelings expressed through poems have been awakened just by mysterious, romantic, wild, and dangerous underground world. He was an unusual poet, most of his poetry, he started to publish it in the mid 60-ties of the previous century, is dedicated to caves and karst. He published poems individually but also in collections, in booklets: Dawn in a cave, Cave woman, Enchanting world of caves, and one of his last publications, Silent drops. Once

I saw him sitting alone with a cup of coffee on the square in front of the Postojna Institute and I asked him: “What are you doing here alone, do you not feel bored”? “No, I am just composing a poem about the Institute”. And he really published more poems dedicated to Slovenian karst: In front of the Institute, Predjama Castle, Planinsko polje, etc.

Marcel Lalkovič is underground now, there, where there is no dawn, where there are no silent drops – **Requiescat in pace!**

Andrej Kranjc