A dark, textured painting in shades of brown and black. It depicts a room with a table in the foreground and a bird in flight. The style is expressive and somewhat abstract, with visible brushstrokes and a sense of movement. The bird is shown in profile, flying towards the right. The table is simple and rectangular. The background features a wall with a window or doorway and a textured surface that could be a wall or a curtain. The overall mood is somber and contemplative.

# SUI GENERIS

BARD COLLEGE  
ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK

SPRING 2002

## SUI GENERIS

Bard College  
Annandale-On-Hudson, NY 12504-5000

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Cover and Inside Art by Josie Schoel.

# SUI GENERIS

~ of its own kind

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G e r m a n

## Verkleidungen

*by Gunnar Jaeck*

die Nachregenzeit  
der Geruch danach,  
der aus dem Gedächtnis in eine klare Winternacht  
herauftaucht

ein mit einer Lithographie gedrücktes Blatt,  
auf dem zwei Kreise Hauben tragender Menschen  
Treppen besteigen,  
eine auf,  
die andere ab, und sie gehen wieder aneinander vorbei,  
was ihre vertauliche Flachheit ermöglicht

das Lied,  
das sich den ganzen Tag im Kopf wiederholt  
die Lieder, deren Wörter vergessen worden sind  
ebenso die nie gesungenen

künstliches Leder

Tofu

eine Vorstellung  
Wahrnehmung  
Sinn  
und alles noch  
was Eigentum sei, den Einbildungen zufolge

## Kaspar Hauser Lied

*by Georg Trakl*

Er wahrlich liebte die Sonne, die purpurn den Huegel hinabstieg,  
Die Wege des Walds, den singenden Schwarzvogel  
Und die Freude des Gruens.

Ernsthaft war sein Wohnen im Schatten des Baums  
Und rein sein Antlitz.  
Gott sprach eine sanfte Flamme zu seinem Herzen:  
O Mensch!

Stille fand sein Schritt die Stadt am Abend;  
Die dunkle Klage seines Munds:  
Ich will ein Reiter werden.

Ihm aber folgte Busch und Tier,  
Haus und Daemmergarten weisser Menschen  
Und sein Moerder suchte nach ihm.

Fruehling und Sommer und schoen der Herbst  
Des Gerechten, sein leiser Schritt  
Zu den dunklen Zimmern Traeumender hin,  
Nachts blieb er mit seinem Stern allein;

Sah, dass Schnee fiel in kahles Gezweig  
Und im daemmernden Hausflur den Schatten des Moerders.

Silbern sank des Ungeborenen Haupt hin.

## Song for Kaspar-Hauser

*Translated by Emily Steinberg*

Truly he loved the sun, the crimson descending  
the hill  
The paths of the forest, the singing blackbird  
And the joy of the green.

Stern was his living in the shadow of the tree  
And pure his face.  
God spoke a soft flame to his heart:  
Oh you.

Silently, his step found the city in evening  
The dark moan of his mouth:  
I long to be a rider.

But following him was plant and animal,  
House and twilight garden of pale specters  
And his murderer was seeking him.

Spring and summer and magnificent the fall  
Of the just, his gentle step  
Towards the darkening room, dreaming.  
At night, he remained alone with his star;

Saw that snow fell on bare branches  
In the darkening corridor: the shadow of his assassin.

Silvery, the unborn head sank.

## "Was du erzählst"

*by Juergen Becker*

So war es, wie du erzählst, aber dann sagtest du: alles war anders. Was macht es aus. . . Auf der Landkarte kommt der Sandweg nicht vor, der am Saum des Kiefernwaldes vorbeiführt, und wenn du dein Weitergehen beschreibst, entstehen die Spuren des wiedergefundenen Heimwegs.

Oder ist es ein Zaunrest, der Verlauf einer Grenze, die unveränderbar erschien. . . Vergessen war nichts, aber die Gespräche wendeten sich der Wetterlage, Küchenkräutern, Spielverläufen zu.

Vertraute Umgebung. Ein zerlöcherter Ortsschild; im Strassengraben leergeäumt der Kuebelwagen. Hier war die Mitte, von der die Stille ausging. Kurz blieb der Sommer stehen; eimerweise Kirschen.

Der Rückweg durch ein Jahrhundert. . . Das Kind Im Rauch der Bimmelbahn; der Schatten eines Zeppelins. Als die Vorgärten blühten, gingen die Türen der Baracke auf; die Bremsspur des Fahrrads endete vorm Schlagbaum.

Und der Regen blieb weg. Du gingst hinaus die Scheune aufräumen; die stille Zeit fuer Selbstgespräche, Rückbezüge, die ein paar Dinge in der Nähe hielten, das Bleibende von Ofenrohr und Sägebock; die Leiter hoch ins Sternfeld reichte fuer den Birnbaum.

## "What You Say"

*Translated by Patrick Rodgers*

So it was, as you say, but then you said: everything was otherwise. What does it matter. . . so you can't find the old sand trail on the map, the one that runs along the edge of the pine forest, and when you describe the rest of your journey, traces of rediscovered paths home come into being.

Or is it remnants of a fence, the outline of a border which seemed unchangeable. . . Nothing was forgotten, but the conversations turned to the weather, kitchen spices, and sporting events.

The company of close friends. A road sign full of holes; An army truck lies empty in a ditch. Here was the point from which the calm spread. The summer paused briefly; bucketed cherries.

The return through a century. . . the child in the smoke of a steam engine; the shadow of a zeppelin. When the front gardens bloomed, the doors of the shack are opened; the skid marks of a bicycle ended before the barrier.

And the rain held off. You went out to tidy up the barn; the quiet moment for conversation with yourself, stirring up memories, which hold a few things dear, the resting place of a stovepipe and a sawhorse; The ladder reached for the pear tree high into a field of stars.

Bald piffen schon wieder  
die Zuege, und im Nebel tauchten die Fahrraeder  
der Frueschicht auf. Uebers Dach waren nachts  
die Gaense geflogen; ein heiserer Sog  
zog die Sehnsucht mit. . .Sie zoegerte  
an der Haustuer, bis es zu spaet war.

Die Unruhe blieb, und aus der Ferne  
naehrten sich Stimmen, mit denen keiner mehr  
gerechnet hatte. Im Garten nebenan ein Radio,  
aber das war es nicht; es gibt im Gedaechnis  
die Raeume, die leergemacht schienen. . .Nur sah  
keiner nach, der zufaellig vorbeikam.

Du kannst es anders erzaehlen. Im Feld unten  
liegen noch Waffen vergraben, vielleicht hinterm Huegel,  
wo im Wind die Feuerbohnen schaukeln. Es gibt, seit Tagen  
gibt es keinen Wind. Vielleicht, weil der Schmetterling  
atmet, bewegt sich die Luft und aendern  
die Abendmaschinen den Kurs. Als ginge die Landschaft  
verloren, so trostlos hast du gesprochen, aber  
das stimmt nicht, und du weisst es, die ganze Zeit,  
in der du am Zaun stehst und siehst,  
wie aus dem Bild einer Kueste eine Kueste entsteht.

Soon the trains had already  
whistled again, and the morning shift bicycles  
materialized in the fog. During the night,  
geese had flown over the roof; a hoarse vortex  
pulled longing with. . .She hesitated  
at the front door, until it was too late.

The disturbance remained, and the distant voices  
moved closer, voices which  
were believed no longer. A radio in the neighboring garden,  
But that wasn't it; In memory there are  
rooms, which seemed to be emptied. . .having seen  
Nothing which passed only by chance.

You can say it differently. Weapons still lie  
Buried beneath the field, maybe behind the hill,  
Where the kidney beans sway in the breeze. There are,  
Since there's been no wind for days. Maybe because the butterfly  
Breathes, stirring the wind and changing the course of evening flights.  
As the landscape disappeared, you spoke so hopelessly,  
But that's not right, and you know it, the whole time,  
While standing on the fence and seeing,  
How, from the image of a coast, a coast comes into being.

## Für Jack Spicer

*by Kim L. Pereira*

wir haben gestarrt  
mit weiten Telleräugen  
und Seilerhänden

mit schelmischen Lippen  
wir haben unsere Äpfel gegessen  
und jetzt sind die Kerne in der Erde

der Ball flitzt  
winzige Fliege schwimmt in der glühenden Kugel

ein langes Schwanzende  
Eidechse  
biegt seinen Rücken  
ein Junge mit blauen Augen  
seine Zunge leckt die Fahrbahn

wir haben nicht mehr gegessen  
als Blumenäugen  
hors d'oeuvres  
Fingernägel und Herzen

alles ist weg  
wir haben alles gegessen

wir spucken die Kerne aus

## Mein magnetisches Gedicht

*by William Magruder*

faule Finger  
falsche Mädchen  
mysteriöser Schmerz

Leben wird ein Traum  
macht Spaß

Der Mann ist heiß  
wie wunderbare Milch

überverrückt  
immer betrunken



## Untitled

*by Paul Celan*

Nachts, wenn das Pendel der Liebe schwingt  
zwischen Immer und Nie,  
stoest dein Wort zu den Monden des Herzens  
und dein gewitterhaft blaues  
Aug reicht der Erde den Himmel.

Aus fernem, aus traumschwaerztem  
Hain weht uns an das Verhauchte,  
und das Versaeumte geht um, gross wie die Schemen der Zukunft.

Was sich nun senkt und hebt,  
gilt dem zuinnerst Vergrabnen:  
blind wie der Blick, den wir tauschen,  
kuesst es die Zeit auf den Mund.

## Untitled

*Translated by Emily Steinberg*

Nights, if the pendulum of love swings  
between always and never,  
your word plunges into the moon of the heart  
and your thunderstorm blue  
eye surrenders the sky to the earth.

From a distance, out of the dream-blackened  
grove blows an exhaled breath  
and that which almost was lingers, vast as the flow of the future.

What now sinks and lifts,  
bound to the innermost burial:  
blind as the glance we exchange,  
it kisses time on the mouth.

# Apple Farm

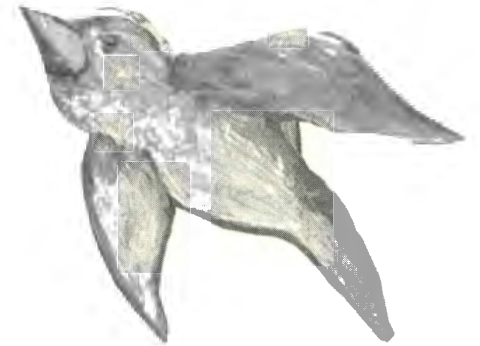
by Dorothy Albertini

Samstag sitzt ein Junge allein.  
Die Schwester ist wieder schwanger, aber wohnt noch in Pueblo.  
Die Mutter macht das Abendessen, denkt an Äpfel und an Handschuhe. Denkt an Texas.  
Der Vater arbeitet spät samstags.  
Der Junge sitzt und kaut seine Finger, acht Jahre alt, noch mal Onkel,  
und ein bißchen müde. Vorgestern hat er zwei Schlangen aus Modellton gemacht. Eine Katze steht, wie meistens, vor der Tür.

In dieser Gegend wird es kalt im November; so kalt, dass man nicht mehr mit Äpfeln arbeiten kann, und dass man nicht mehr ohne Heizung schlafen kann. Man fährt nach Texas, oder nach Florida, wo es wieder Wärme und vielleicht auch Arbeit gibt. Wo die Nachrichten aus Mexico nicht so weit weg sind.

Ich war nur einmal dort, wo er wohnt,  
ich stand draußen, spielte, wo die Katze war,  
und zeigte dem Jungen und seinen Freunden wie man rückwärts rollt, sie zeigten mir Ihre Süßigkeiten von Halloween.  
Zwei Jungen, die nicht mehr mit Mädchen spielten,  
und auch nicht mehr Spanisch in der Schule reden,  
wollten nichts von uns hören.  
Ich war tief im Spielen und schaute einen Jungen an, der immer Schokolade von den Mädchen stahl.

Die Mutter, die keine Handschuhe hat, sagte nichts,  
nimmt ihren Sohn an der Hand, und geht nach Hause.



F r e n c h

## L'aile

*by Peter Sourian*

Et souvent nous savons que nous souffrons  
Et raement savant que nous jouissons

L'aile cisèle le vaste brouillard,  
N'est guère touchée que par la fumée.  
Parfumée, fine, nette, elle repart

Sachant rarement combien nous jouissons  
Nous souffrons souvent et nous le savons

## Sonnet

*by Alfred de Musset*

Se voir le plus possible et s'aimer seulement,  
Sans ruse et sans détours, sans honte ni mensonge,  
Sans qu'un désir nous trompe, ou qu'un remords nous ronge,  
Vivre à deux et donner son cœur à tout moment ;

Respecter sa pensée aussi loin qu'on y plonge,  
Faire de son amour un jour au lieu d'un songe,  
Et dans cette clarté respirer librement –  
Ainsi respirait Laure et chantait son amant.

Vous dont chaque pas touche à la grâce suprême,  
C'est vous, la tête en fleurs, qu'on croirait sans souci,  
C'est vous qui me disiez qu'il faut aimer ainsi.

Et c'est moi, vieil enfant du doute et du blasphème,  
Qui vous écoute, et pense, et vous réponds ceci :  
Oui, l'on vi autrement, mais c'est ainsi qu'on aime.

## Sonnet

*Translated by Blanca Lista*

To see each other as much as possible and only to love,  
Without trickery and without roundabouts, without either shame nor lies,  
Without being deceived by a desire, or gnawed by remorse,  
To live together and to give one's heart at every moment ;

To respect one's thinking as far as one thrusts into,  
To make of one's love a day instead of a dream,  
And in this clarity to breathe freely –  
Thus breathed Laure and sang her lover.

You whose every step touches supreme grace,  
It is you, head in flowers, one would believe without worry,  
It is you who told me to love that way.

And it is me, old child of doubt and blasphemy,  
Who listens to you, and thinks, and answers you this:  
Yes, one lives differently, but it is like this that one loves.

# S p a n i s h

## El "Otro"

*by Jacobo Fijman*

Tarde de invierno.  
Se desperezan mis angustias  
como los gatos;  
se despiertan, se acuestan;  
abren sus ojos turbios  
y grises;  
abren sus dedos finos  
de humedad y silencios detallados.

Bien dormía mi ser como los niños,  
y encendieron sus velas los absurdos!

Ahora el Otro está despierto;  
se pasea a lo largo de mi gris corredor  
y suspira en mis agujeros,  
y toca en mis paredes viejas  
un sucio desaliento frío.

La esperanza juega a las cartas  
con los absurdos!  
Terminan la partida  
tirándose pantuflas.

Es muy larga la noche del corazón

## The "Other"

*Translated by Melanie Nicholson*

Winter afternoon.  
My anxieties stretch and yawn  
like cats;  
they awaken, lie back down,  
open their gray and murky eyes;  
they spread their delicate fingers  
finely etched in dampness and silence.

My spirit was sleeping deeply like a child  
when the absurd ones lit their candles.

Now the Other has awakened;  
he wanders down my gray hallway,  
sighs into my holes  
and touches a dirty and cold dejection  
on my old walls.

Hope is playing cards  
with the absurd ones!  
The game ends with all of them  
throwing slippers.

Long is the night of the heart.

## El Moribundo

by Vicente Aleixandre

### I Palabras

Él decía palabras.  
Quiero decir palabras, todavía palabras.  
Esperanza. El Amor. La Tristeza. Los Ojos.  
Y decía palabras,  
mientras su mano ligeramente débil sobre el lienzo aún vivía.  
Palabras que fueron alegres, que fueron tristes, que fueron soberanas.  
Decía moviendo los labios, quería decir el signo aquél,  
el olvidado, ése que saben decir mejor dos labios,  
no, dos bocas que fundidas en soledad pronuncian.  
Decía apenas un signo leve como un suspiro, decía un aliento,  
una burbuja; decía un gemido y enmudecían los labios,  
mientras las letras teñidas de un carmín en su boca  
destellaban muy débiles, hasta que al fin cesaban.  
Entonces alguien, no sé, alguien no humano,  
alguien puso unos labios en los suyos,  
y alzó una boca donde sólo quedó el calor prestado,  
las letras tristes de un beso nunca dicho.

### II Silencio

Miró, miró por último y quiso hablar.  
Unas borrosas letras sobre sus labios aparecieron.  
Amor. Sí, amé. He amado. Amé, amé mucho.  
Alzó su mano débil, su mano sagaz, y un pájaro  
Voló súbito en la alcoba. Amé mucho, el aliento aún decía.  
Por la ventana negra de la noche las luces dan su claridad  
sobre una boca, que no bebía ya de un sentido agotado.  
Abrió los ojos. Llevó su mano al pecho y dijo:  
Oídmе.  
Nadie oyó nada. Una sonrisa oscura veladamente puso su dulce máscara  
sobre el rostro, borrándolo.  
Un soplo sonó. Oídmе. Todos, todos pusieron su delicado oído.  
Oídmе. Y se oyó puro, cristalino, el silencio.

## The Dying Man

Translated by Blanca Lista

### I Words

He said words.  
I want to say words, words still.  
Hope. Love. Sadness. Eyes.  
And he said words,  
while his hand slightly weak upon the canvas remained alive.  
Words once happy, once sad, once supreme.  
He said while moving his lips, he wished to say that sign,  
the lost one, the one best said by two lips,  
no, two mouths that melt in pronounced solitude.  
He hardly said a sign as delicate as a sigh, he said a breath,  
a bubble; he said a moan and the lips fell silent,  
while the letters dyed carmine in his mouth  
weakly sparkled, until at the end they stopped.  
Then someone, I do not know, someone not human,  
someone placed her lips on his,  
and he raised a mouth where only the lent warmth was left,  
the sad letters of a kiss never spoken.

### II The Silence

He looked, he looked for the last time and wished to speak.  
Worn letters upon his lips appeared.  
Love. Yes, I loved. I have loved. I loved, I loved much.  
He raised his weak hand, his astute hand, and a bird  
flew away in the bedroom. I loved much, the breath still said.  
Through the black window of the night, lights gave away their brightness  
upon a mouth, which did not longer drink from a wasted sense.  
He opened his eyes. Brought his hand to the chest and said:  
Listen.  
No one heard anything. A dark smile like a veil placed its sweet mask,  
upon the face, erasing it.  
A gust rang. Listen. All, they all placed their delicate ears.  
Listen. And it was heard pure, crystalline, the silence.

## El Sacrificito

from "Four Dark Tales" by Joyce Carol Oates

*Translated by Micaela Morrissette*

En la noche desapareció la niña del caney de su familia. En la madrugada su camita estaba vacía. <<Ay, ¿dónde estará? ¿Nuestra hija, nuestra bebé? ¿Quién nos la ha llevado?>> -- así lamentaban los padres afligidos, porque sabían que su hija no los hubiera abandonado de su propia voluntad, sino que ella tenía que haber sido raptada. Pero aunque la buscaron por todas partes, y nunca abandonarían la búsqueda, por el resto de sus vidas desdichosas no la encontrarían. ¿La habrían llevado al Otro Mundo hadas crueles? ¿Habría saltado por la ventana, mientras dormían todos, una bestia feroz, que se la llevó en las quijadas? ¿O simplemente se había esfumado la chiquita? -- como el rocío, parecido a joyas brillando, se desaparecerá de la grama con el naciente inexorable del sol, transformando la noche al día.

De hecho la niña sí había sido raptada por hadas. Pero no llevada al Otro Mundo. Su destino era más misterioso, y más cruel: fue trocada a una familia rica y noble, que vivía en una gran casa en un promontorio encima del pueblo en que vivía la familia de la niña, y cuyo nombre era sinónimo del rango alto y el cristianismo devoto y las responsabilidades solemnes de tales.

¡Ay, lo que le había pasado! -- la niña nunca lo comprendería. Ella se despertó a descubrirse atada y amordazada toscamente; fue llevada dentro de la tierra, para ser libertada en un calabozo bajo la gran casa; se le daría precisamente suficiente comida y bebida para sostenerla, y precisamente bastante luz de vela para que ella pudiera ver débilmente, como ven las criaturas submarinas con ojos primitivos. Al principio de su prisión, lloró y les suplicó a sus apresadores que la liberaran, pero sus apresadores eran criados de la familia noble, y no le hicieron ningún caso. Podría haberle estado suplicando a la cara inexpresiva granita de la montaña. Podría haberle estado suplicando a Jehová Magno mismo.

La familia noble vino a vislumbrar a la niña, por una reja en la puerta del calabozo, unas pocas veces. Bastó que fueran asegurados por los criados que la sacrificita era encerrada con toda seguridad. <<Ella está

todavía viva. Come, bebe. Ya no anda, pero gatea. Se ha vuelto torpe. Tiene la mala vista. Pero ha parado de rogar su liberación. Ha parado de llorar. Como los otros, se olvidará, a su debido tiempo, el mundo fuera del calabozo que es su casa ahora.>>

La familia noble estaba contenta de que el sacrificito fuera un éxito. <<Ella es nuestra medida de lo que permitirá Dios. Sin ella, ¿cómo podríamos estimar la maldad en nuestros corazones? ¿Y, en nuestros corazones, en el corazón de la humanidad? ¿Cómo podríamos estimar nuestra propia fortuna?>>

La familia noble miraba a sus niños inocentes con alegría y agradecimiento.

Estos eran buena gente: generosa, cristiana. Menos la única aberación, eran seres humanos virtuosos. Asistían a los servicios de la iglesia cada domingo sin falta, dizmaban de sus ingresos considerables, les hacían donaciones a los pobres, nunca estaban sin sonrisas y bendiciones para otros menos afortunados que ellos mismos. Viendo cada domingo en la iglesia a los padres de la sacrificita, afligidos y rotos, eran particularmente cariñosos.

## Canto del cisne

*by Jacobo Fijman*

Demencia:  
el camino más alto y más desierto.

Oficios de las máscaras absurdas; pero tan humanas.  
Roncan los extravíos;  
tosen las muecas  
y descargan sus golpes  
afónicas lamentaciones.

Semblantes inflamados;  
dilatación vidriosa de los ojos  
en el camino más alto y más desierto.

Se erizan los cabellos de espanto.

La mucha luz alaba su inocencia.

El patio del hospicio es como un banco  
a lo largo del muro.

Cuerdas de los silencios más eternos.

Me hago la señal de la cruz a pesar de ser judío.

¿A quién llamar?  
¿A quién llamar desde el camino  
tan alto y tan desierto?

Se acerca Dios en pilchas de loquero,  
y ahorca mi gáñote  
con sus enormes manos sarmentosas;  
y mi canto se enrosca en el desierto.

¡Piedad!

## Swan Song

*Translated by Melanie Nicholson*

Dementia:  
the highest and most deserted road.

Crafts of absurd masks (yet so human).  
Aberrations snore;  
grimaces cough  
and voiceless lamentations  
deal violent blows.

Inflamed faces,  
glassy dilation of the eyes  
on the highest, most deserted road.

Terror makes the hair stand on end.

Abundant light honors their innocence.

The asylum courtyard is like a bench  
that runs the length of the wall

Chords of the most eternal silences.

I make the sign of the cross though I am a Jew.

Who will hear me?  
Who will hear if I call from the highest  
and most deserted road?

Here comes God dressed like a ward attendant  
to wring my neck  
with his huge and sinewy hands.  
My song coils up in the desert.

Have mercy!



# I t a l i a n

## L'irraggiungibile

*by Erin O'Rourke*

In alcuni sogni sono un uccello  
con le ali grigie.  
Altri, sono un'orsa  
con la pelle rossa.  
Quando sono sveglia,  
ricordo solo diversi  
immagini, colori.  
Ogni sogno è uno specchio rotto  
e i pezzi osservo,  
un po' come l'archeologo,  
un po' l'architetto,  
voltandoli tutt'intorno  
nelle mie due piccole mani.

## The Unreachable

In some dreams I'm a bird  
with gray wings.  
Others, I'm a bear  
with red fur.  
When I'm awake,  
all I remember are  
images, colors.  
Every dream is a broken mirror  
and I observe the pieces,  
a bit like an archaeologist,  
a bit architect,  
turning them around  
in my two small hands.

## from *Và dove ti porta il cuore*

by *Susanna Tamaro*

(pgs 155-156)

Eppure ho la sensazione che adesso tutto sia più accelerato. La storia fa accadere tante cose, ci bersaglia con avvenimenti sempre diversi. Alla fine di ogni giorno ci si sente più stanchi; al termine di una vita, esausti. Pensa soltanto alla rivoluzione di ottobre, al comunismo! L'ho visto sorgere, a causa dei bolscevichi non ho dormito la notte; l'ho visto diffondersi nei paesi e dividere il mondo in due grandi spicchi, qui il bianco e lì il nero – il bianco e il nero in lotta perpetua tra di loro – per questa lotta siamo rimasti tutti con il fiato sospeso: c'era l'ordigno, era già caduto ma poteva cadere di nuovo in qualsiasi momento. Poi, ad un tratto, un giorno come tutti gli altri, apro la televisione e vedo che tutto questo non esiste più, si abbattono i muri, i reticolati, le statue: in meno di un mese la grande utopia del secolo è diventata un dinosauro. È imbalsamata, è ormai innocua nella sua immobilità, sta in mezzo a una sala e tutti ci passano davanti e dicono, com'era grande, oh, com'era terribile!

Dico il comunismo, ma avrei potuto dire qualsiasi altra cosa, me ne sono passate talmente tante davanti agli occhi e di queste tante nessuna è rimasta. Capisci adesso perché dico che il tempo è accelerato? Nel neolitico cosa mai poteva succedere nel corso di una vita? La stagione delle piogge, quella delle nevi, la stagione del sole e l'invasione delle cavallette, qualche scarabuccia cruenta con dei vicini poco simpatici, forse l'arrivo di una piccola meteorite con il suo cratere fumante. Oltre il proprio campo, oltre il fiume non esisteva altro, ignorando l'estensione del mondo il tempo per forza era più lento.

"Che tu possa vivere in anni interessanti", pare si dicano tra loro i cinesi. Un augurio benevolo? Non credo, più che un augurio mi sembra una maledizione. Gli anni interessanti sono i più inquieti, quelli in cui accadono molte cose. Io ho vissuto in anni molto interessanti, ma quelli che vivrai tu forse saranno più interessanti ancora. Anche se è una pura convenzione astronomica, il cambio di millennio pare porti sempre con sé un grande sconquasso.

## from *Go where the heart will take you*

Translated by *Fulvia Masi*

(pgs 155-156)

Yet, I get this feeling that now everything happens faster. History has so much going on, it bombards us with all kinds of events. At the end of every day one feels more tired; at the end of a lifetime one feels just exhausted. Just think at the October Revolution, think at Communism! I have seen it growing and, because of the Bolsheviks, I couldn't sleep at night; I have seen it expanding over countries until the world was divided in two big slices, here the white and there the black – white and black in perpetual fight between themselves. Because of this fight we were all with bated breath: the evil device existed and had been dropped already, but could be dropped again at any moment. Then, all of a sudden, one day like any other, I turn the television on and see that all this does not exist any longer: the walls are down, and so are the barbed wire fences and the statues; in less than a month the great utopia of the century has become a dinosaur. Embalmed, harmless in its immobility, it rests in the middle of a hall where all people come and say "how great he was – oh!, and how terrifying!"

I am talking about communism, but I could have mentioned anything else; I have witnessed so many things and out of so many not one has remained. Do you now understand why I am saying that time runs faster? In Neolithic times what could have actually happened during the course of a lifetime? The rainy season, the snow season followed by the season of the sun and the invasion of locusts, some bloody skirmish with unfriendly neighbors, and maybe the arrival of a small meteorite and its smoking crater. Beyond one's own land, beyond the river nothing existed: unawareness of the magnitude of the world made time move more slowly.

"May you live in interesting times" seems to be a popular Chinese greeting. Is this a good wish? I don't think so; more than a wish it sounds to me like a curse. Interesting years are the most unsettled ones, when many events take place. I have lived in very interesting years, but you may live through even more interesting ones. Even if it sounds like mere astronomical convention, the change of the millennium always seems to bring a great shattering crash.

(pgs 164-165)

Forse potrai capirmi soltanto quando sarai più grande, potrai capirmi se avrai compiuto quel percorso misterioso che dall'intransigenza conduce alla pietà.

Pietà, bada bene, non pena. Se proverai pena, scenderò come quegli spiritelli malefici e ti farò un mucchio di dispetti. Farò la stessa cosa se, invece di umile, sarai modesta, se ti ubriacherai di chiacchiere vuote invece di stare zitta. Esploseranno lampadine, i piatti voleranno giù dalle mensole, le mutande finiranno sul lampadario, dall'alba a notte fonda non ti lascerò in pace un solo istante.

Invece non è vero, non farò niente. Se da qualche parte sarò, se avrò modo di vederti, sarò soltanto triste come sono triste tutte le volte che vedo una vita buttata via, una vita in cui il cammino dell'amore non è riuscito a compiersi. Abbi cura di te. Ogni volta in cui, crescendo, avrai voglia di cambiare le cose sbagliate in cose giuste, ricordati che la prima rivoluzione da fare è quella dentro se stessi, la prima e la più importante. Lottare per un'idea senza avere un'idea di sé è una delle cose più pericolose che si possa fare.

Ogni volta che ti sentirai smarrita, confusa, pensa agli alberi, ricordati del loro modo di crescere. Ricordati che un albero con molta chioma e poche radici viene sradicato al primo colpo di vento, mentre in un albero con molte radici e poca chioma la linfa scorre a stento. Radici e chioma devono crescere in egual misura, devi stare nelle cose e starci sopra, solo così potrai offrire ombra e riparo, solo così alla stagione giusta potrai coprirti di fiori e di frutti.

E quando poi davanti a te si apriranno tante strade e non saprai quale prendere, non imboccarne una a caso, ma siediti e aspetta. Respira con la profondità fiduciosa con cui hai respirato il giorno in cui sei venuta al mondo, senza farti distrarre da nulla, aspetta e aspetta ancora. Stai ferma, in silenzio, e ascolta il tuo cuore. Quando poi ti parla, alzati e va' dove lui ti porta.

(pgs 164-165)

Perhaps you will be able to understand me only when you're older; you'll understand only if you have walked that mysterious path from intolerance to compassion.

Compassion, note, not pity. If it's pity you feel, I'll come down as a little ghost to play all kinds of tricks on you. I shall do the same thing if you practice false modesty rather than true humility, chattering rather than quiet introspection. Light bulbs will blow up, and dishes will fly down from cupboards, and underwear will hang from the chandelier; from early morning to late at night I shall never leave you in peace.

No, not true, I won't really do anything. If I'm anywhere, if I'm able to see you I'll just be sad as I am always sad when I see a life being wasted, a life not touched by love. Take care of yourself. As you grow up remember that every time you want to change things for the better, the first revolutionary change has to happen within yourself. That is the first and most important revolution. To fight for an ideal without having reached a sense of self is one of the most dangerous things you can ever do.

Every time you will feel lost and confused, consider the trees and the way they grow. Remember that a tree with much foliage and few roots gets knocked down at the first strong wind; while a tree with many roots but little foliage doesn't get enough nourishment. Roots and foliage need to grow in balance; just as you need to be both among things and be above them. Only in this way will you be able to offer both shade and shelter. Only this way will you grow to produce flowers and fruits in the proper season.

And later on, when you will see many paths opening up in front of you and you are undecided which one to take, don't choose randomly: sit and wait. Breathe deeply with the same amount of trust that was with you when you first entered this world; with no distraction, wait and wait some more. Stay still and silent and listen to your heart. When it finally speaks to you, get up and go where your heart will take you.

## Il movimento in un attimo congelato

by Erin O'Rourke

Si può seguire intorno alla terra la traiettoria del sole cosicchè non cambia mai l'ora, non passa mai il tempo, ma, pensa, invecchierà? Si può essere in piedi in un posto fisso e sapere che ogni minuto in un ciclo di 24 ore si trova geograficamente intorno a sè in un anello a misura del pianeta. Potresti tracciare la mappa, l'elenco, dei nomi esatti, città paese continente, della posizione per ciascun minuto. Allora potresti camminare, o guidare in macchina, con in mano l'elenco, saltando qui poche ore, lì 30 minuti all'indietro, come si piace. Non sognavamo tutti, quand'eravamo piccoli, d'essere capaci, solo una volta, di andare all'indietro nel tempo, per cambiare uno sbaglio, per ritirare qualcosa detta, o per togliere la sedia sotto a qualcuno che sta per sedersi?

## Motion in a Frozen Moment

You can follow the path of the sun around the earth so that the hour never changes, so that time never passes, but, do you think, will you grow any older? You can stand in one spot and know that every minute of one cycle of 24 hours stands geographically in a ring around you the size of the planet. You could chart out, list out, the exact name, city country continent, of the location of each minute. Then you could walk, or drive, list in one hand, jumping ahead a few hours here, back 30 minutes there, however you like. Didn't we all dream, as children, of just once being able to go back, to change a mistake, take back something said, or pull a chair out from under someone about to sit down?



# L a t i n

## Catullus

VII

Quaeris quot mihi basiationes  
tuae, Lesbia, sint satis superque.  
Quam magnus numerus Libyssae harenae  
laserpiciferis iacet Cyrenis  
oraclum Iovis inter aestuosi  
et Batti veteris sacrum sepulcrum,  
aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,  
furtivos hominum vident amores,  
tam te basia multa basiare  
vesano satis et super Catullo est,  
quae nec pernumerare curiosi  
possint nec mala fascinare lingua.

VII

*Free Translation by Caitlin Culp*

Kisses, your kisses  
becoming kissifications  
and innumerable  
for me  
like rolling grains of sand on African beaches  
you are  
burning for me, to tell me  
and pulling something older  
something so sacred  
into the both of us.  
I want kisses like the stars see  
every night all night,  
hidden in deep dark.  
So kiss me like this –  
nibble me thusly,  
and my ravings may stop,  
but only when we've kissed until  
not even I can count them.

## Sextus Propertius

II. 26

Vidi te in somnis fracta, mea vita, carina  
    Ionio lassas ducere rore manus,  
et quaecumque in me fueras mentita fateri,  
    nec iam umore graves tollere posse comas,  
qualem purpureis agitatam fluctibus Hellen,  
    aurea quam molli tergo vexit ovis  
quam timui, ne forte tuum mare nomen haberet,  
    atque tua labens navita fleret aqua!  
Quae tum ego Neptuno, quae tum cum Castore fratri,  
    quaeque tibi excepi, iam dea, Leucothoe!  
At tu vix primas extollens gurgite palmas  
    saepe meum nomen iam peritura vocas.  
Quod si forte tuos vidisset Glaucus ocellos,  
    esses Ionii facta puella maris,  
et tibi ob invidiam Nereides increpitarent,  
    candida Nesaeae, caerulea Cymothoe.  
Sed tibi subsidio delphinium currere vidi,  
    qui, puto, Arioniam vexerat ante lyram  
iamque ego conabar summo me mittere saxo,  
    cum mihi discussit talia visa metus.

II. 26

*Free Translation by Caitlin Culp*

It was in a dream that I saw you,  
my love, my life,  
shipwrecked, dragging your hands  
through the driving waves so  
you couldn't lift your head from the weight of the water,  
and only then could you confess everything to me.

I saw you give your own name to the sea  
as you were whirled down to its floor;  
I saw sailors singing your name  
as they passed through your waters,  
praying to you not to take them with you.  
That's when I, too, began to pray  
to Neptune, to Castor, to Pollux,  
and to you, Leucothoe,  
now that the sea's made you a goddess too.

But with only your fingertips above the waters,  
you call my name  
through the gurgling of the foam.  
If only Glaucus had seen your eyes,  
then soon you would have been a sea-princess yourself, a mermaid;  
even the Nereids would have been jealous.

Instead of that, though, I saw a dolphin  
coming to carry you on,  
gliding through the blue until he found your fingertips.  
And before I could jump down to join you,  
I saw the cliffs under my feet,  
and my fears  
sent my visions far below.

## Catullus

V

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,  
rumoresque senum severiorum  
omnes unius aestimemus assis!  
Soles occidere et redire possunt:  
nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,  
nox est perpetua una dormienda.  
Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,  
dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,  
deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum.  
Dein, cum milia multa fecerimus,  
conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,  
aut ne quis malus invidere possit,  
cum tantum sciat esse basiorum.

V

*Free Translation by Amy January*

Let us live, Lesbia, let us love  
Let's ignore the vicious old men  
with their vicious rumors!  
The sun sets and rises again  
but us - when it's over, it's over -  
it's night forever.  
Kiss me, Lesbia, a thousand times!  
And again, a hundred!  
A thousand again, a hundred and then  
Don't let it stop but a thousand more, a hundred!  
And then, after our much and manyness  
we'll confuse them all, so even we can't tell,  
so that none can envy us, envy our kisses,  
when they find out just how many kisses we have.

## Lesbia's Response

Vivere, Catulle, et amare non possum  
te. Rumoresque severos senes  
severos permittam dicere?  
Soles occidere et redire possunt,  
nobis lux aeternum  
occidit.  
Centiens – non, milliens – non  
tibi dixi: non posthac basiabimus.  
Milliens tibi dixi, sed tamen  
videris conturbatus, non resciscis?  
Nunc nemo tibi invidet  
non me posthac basiabis.

*Translated by Amy January*

Catullus, I can't live, I can't love  
you. And let the severe old men  
speak their severe rumors?  
The sun sets and rises again  
but us: our light's gone out.  
Forever.  
A hundred times – no, a thousand – no,  
I've told you: we will not kiss again.  
I've told you a thousand times but  
you still seem confused, don't you get it?  
No one envies you anymore –  
you won't be kissing me again.

# H u n g a r i a n

## Kossuth-nóta

"Kossuth Lajos azt üzente,  
elfogyott a regimentje.  
Ha még egyszer azt üzeni,  
mindnyájunknak el kell menni,  
Éljen a magyar szabadság,  
Éljen a haza!

Esik eső karikára,  
Kossuth Lajos kalapjára.  
Valahány csepp esik rája,  
Annyi áldás szálljon rája,  
Éljen a magyar szabadság,  
Éljen a haza!"

## Kossuth Song

*Translated by George Toth*

Rain is falling on a round cap,  
Lajos Kossuth's hat is all wet;  
May the raindrops soaking his hat  
Turn to blessings Kossuth will get:  
Long live the Hungarian homeland,  
Long live liberty!

Lajos Kossuth's calling on you,  
Good regiments he has too few;  
If he once more sends that calling,  
We all have to leave next morning:  
Long live the Hungarian homeland,  
Long live liberty!



## Ember az Embertelenségben: Emlékezés egy Nyár-éjszakára

by *Ady Endre*

Az Égből dühödt angyal dobolt  
Riadót a szomorú Földre,  
Legalább száz ifjú bomlott,  
Legalább száz csillag lehullott,  
Legalább száz párta omolt:  
Különös,  
Különös nyár-éjszaka volt,  
Kigyúladt öreg méhesünk,  
Legszebb csikónk a lábát törte,  
Álmomban élő volt a holt,  
Jo kutyánk, Burkus, elveszett  
S Mári szolgálónk, a néma,  
Hirtelen hars nótákat dalolt:  
Különös,  
Különös nyár-éjszaka volt.  
Csörtettek bátran a senkik  
És meglapult az igaz ember  
S a kényes rabló is rabolt:  
Különös,  
Különös nyár-éjszaka volt.  
Tudtuk, hogy az ember esendő  
S nagyon adós a szeretettel:  
Hiába, mégis furcsa volt  
Fordulása élt s volt világnak.  
Csúfolódóbb sohse volt a Hold:  
Sohse volt még kisebb az ember,  
Mint azon az éjszaka volt:  
Különös,  
Különös nyár-éjszaka volt.

Az iszonyúság a lelkekre  
Kaján örömmel ráhajolt,  
Minden emberbe beköltözött  
Minden ősenek titkos sorsa,  
Véres, szörnyű lakodalomba  
Részegen indult a Gondolat,  
Az Ember büszke legénye,  
Ki, íme, senki béna volt:  
Különös,  
Különös nyár-éjszaka volt.  
Azt hittem, akkor azt hittem,  
Valamely elhanyagolt Isten  
Életre kap s halálba visz  
S, íme, mindmostanig itt élek  
Akként, amaz éjszaka kivé tett  
S Isten-várón emlékezem  
Egy világot elsülyesztő  
Rettenetes éjszakára:  
Különös,  
Különös nyár-éjszaka volt.

## A Human in Inhumanity: Remembrance of a Summer's Night

Translated by *George Toth*

In the skies an angry angel  
Drummed an alarm for a mournful Earth,  
At least a hundred young men died,  
At least a hundred stars fell,  
At least a hundred girls grieved for their  
loves newly found:  
Strange,  
Strange was that summer's night.  
Our old beehives caught fire and burned  
down,  
Our finest colt broke his leg,  
I dreamed of the waking of the dead,  
Our dear dog Burkus ran off somewhere,  
And our maid, Mári, forever mute,  
Broke out in songs blaring and wild;  
Strange,  
Strange was that summer's night.  
The rabble ran riot in the town  
While the just were lying low,  
And even the finicky thief could take  
what he liked:  
Strange,  
Strange was that summer's night.  
We knew the frailty of man  
And the debt of love he held,  
Still, it was unsettling to see the sight:  
The turning of things past and present.  
Never was the Moon more mocking and  
more bright,  
And never was the man smaller and more bent  
Than that night:  
Strange,  
Strange was that summer's night.

Terror leaned over our souls  
With a malicious smile,  
And everyone felt the secret fate  
Of their every ancestor stir and rise,  
Thought, Humanity's vain servant  
- His master crippled, his tongue was tied -  
Got drunk and left for a wedding  
Where feasting was a bloody fight:  
Strange,  
Strange was that summer's night.  
I believed, yes, I then believed  
That some man-neglected God  
Would come to life and bring me death,  
But here I am, still living  
A person of that one night's giving,  
And, waiting for God, I recall  
That night of terror and of fright  
When a whole world crumbled and sank:  
Strange,  
Strange was that summer's night.

## Rejtelmek

*by József Attila*

Rejtelmek, ha zengenek  
Ört állok, mint mesében.  
Bebújtattál engemet  
Talpig nehéz hűségbe.

Szól a szellő, szól a víz,  
Elpirulsz, ha megérted.  
Szól a szem és szól a szív,  
Folyamodnak téérted.

Én is írom énekem,  
Ha már szeretlek téged.  
Tedd könnyüvé énekem  
Ezt a nehéz hűséget!

## Mysteries

*Translated by George Toth*

When mysteries begin to sing  
In legends I'll be sentry,  
A battle-suit of loyalty  
You put on me gently.

Calls the water, calls the breeze,  
Make you blush and soothe you,  
Speaks my heart and speak my tears,  
Pleading you to please you.

I will write and sing my song  
To one I fell in love with,  
You can make this love-suit long  
Easier to bear with.



S e r b i a n

## МИСЛИМ

*by Isidora Skular*

МНОГИ СУ ДАНИ ОТПЛОВИЛИ,

ДУБИНА МИСЛИМА ЛУТА.

НЕВАЖНА НЕКА ИМЕНА БУТЕ.

МИСЛИМ...

КОЛИКО МИНУТА СТАНЕ У ВЕЧНОСТ?

ЗАБОРАВЉАМ КО САМ,

И ШТА ЈЕ СУЗА ИЛ' СМЕХ.

ВЕТАР ЈЕ ЗАНЕО ТРАГОВЕ.

ЧИЈЕ ТО СТОПЕ ИДУ КА НЕБУ?

МИСЛИМ...

КОЛИКО КОРАКА СТАНЕ У СУДБИНУ?

## Wondering

*Translation by Isidora Skular  
with Thanks to Amy Clark for her Assistance*

Many days departed  
heaviness is skulking through my thoughts.  
Unimportant names are keeping quiet.  
I am thinking..  
How many minutes fit into eternity?  
I am forgetting who I am,  
and what is a tear or laughter.  
Wind misleads my footprints,  
they are walking towards sky.  
I am thinking..  
How many steps fit into a destiny?