SUI GENERIS

Bard College
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Spring 2005

# of its own kind

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Spring 2005

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

Table of Contents

FOREWORD
6 Foreword
by Robert Kelly
اللغة العربية • ARABIC
8 نَفَسُ الصَّلاة
by Caity Cook
中文 • CHINESE
10 與思同行
by S. Y.
11 冬景
by Zhang Wei, tr. Amy Sau Pan Chau, Jiajia Huang, Winnie Liu & Eric Yao
名牌
by Daniela Cabello
FRANÇAIS • FRENCH
12 L'âge
by Peter Sourian, tr. Rachael Small & John Weinert
13 Pissenlit
by Emily Sullivan Sanford, tr. Rachael Small & John Weinert
14 Les Épaules de la Marquise
by Émile Zola, tr. Odile Chilton
15 Orage Nocturne
by Rachael Small
16 Fenêtre Miroir
by Peter Sourian, tr. Rachael Small & John Weinert
DEUTSCH • GERMAN
17 Ich kann nicht auf Russisch zeichnen
by Emily Sullivan Sanford, tr. Hannah C. Hamrick
18 Ich gehe nachts durch das Haus
by Matthias Göritz, tr. Susan Bernofksy
19 Eima vom Brunn'n
by Emily Sullivan Sanford, tr. Arne Lohmann
20 müde bin ich
by Lutz Seiler, tr. Susan Bernofsky
MAGYARUL • HUNGARIAN
21 A Béka
by Géza Csáth, tr. Gábor Szabó
ITALIANO • ITALIAN
22 Preghiera Domenicale
by Fernando Salas
10 Io non credo nel nostro secolo vedovo
by Jared Roehrig
日本語 • JAPANESE
11 歌道
by Tawara Machi, tr. Laura Murray
12 私のいとおしい死んだ神
by Leah Potyondy
LATINA • LATIN
13 Ars Amatoria
by Ovid, tr. Maura Roche
POLSKI • POLISH
14 Dwie Małpy Bruegla
by Wisława Szymborska, tr. Devon E. Mattys
15 Muzeum
by Wisława Szymborska, tr. Devon E. Mattys
PORTUGUÊS • PORTUGUESE
16 A Mulher na Noite
by Vinicius de Moraes, tr. Cassio de Oliveira
17 Aurora, com Movimento
by Vinicius de Moraes, tr. Cassio de Oliveira
РУССКИЙ • RUSSIAN
18 Ночь
by Boris Pasternak, tr. Anya Vostrova
19 Я сегодня не помню
by Alexandr Blok, tr. Cassio de Oliveira
ESPAÑOL • SPANISH
80 De Mutilaciones
by Rosario Castellanos, tr. Callie Garnett
82 From LOS SANTOS INOCENTES
by Miguel Delibes, tr. Wesley Mathewson
83 Diálogo Sobre el Ayuno
by Joseph Murray & Fernando Salas
84 From "El Caballero de Olmeda"
by Lope de Vega, tr. Laura Murray
85 Mi Padre
by Robinson Martinez, tr. Callie Garnett
86 Intenciones
by Joseph Murray
AFTERWORD
100 Gebet
by Else Lasker-Schüler, tr. Maria Rybakova, Arne Lohmann, Emily Sullivan Sanford, Anya Vostrova

Foreword

by Robert Kelly

When angels pass through the world, Rilke tells us, they are not always sure whether they're moving among the living or the dead. I think of that when I think of translations. Not because the 'original' is living and the translation 'of' it is dead, or because the 'original' is dead to us who don't know Chinese or Berlin patois or Polish (to pick some of the specimens this issue of *Sui Generis* lays before you) and the translation makes it come to life. It is because every act of language is living and dead at once.

Whatever I mean dies, then comes to life in what I say. What I say dies, then is born into what you hear. Saying and hearing, meaning and understanding – Heraclitus said it first (if I may translate): "living that one's death, dying that one's life."

We begin with the simplest notion. Every language is a second language.

The child is born into the explosion of sensations in which we still walk, all our lives, skin delicately poised between the screams inside and the shouts outside. We try to balance, and language grows out of our furious incoherence.

I take it that every human utterance is a translation – of sensations, desires, anxieties, a record of transactions or depletions. The linguists claim that written language is a mere dialect of the spoken language, though certain Kabbalists and French theorists have surmised that marks came before sounds, and that the cries we call words came from the throats of beings puzzled by the signs they read on rock walls or in the sinuous alphabets of watercourses, beast tracks, bird arrivals. By the sight of things, guesses vexed into speech.

So here the poem is, sitting there in somebody's mother tongue, ready to be enjoyed, understood, misunderstood, reviled, canonized or ignored, like every other poem in the world.

How to get it from your mother's tongue into my mother's tongue. It is a business of the Mothers after all, follow Mephistopheles' counsel and stamp three times on the ground, sink down to that realm of the Mothers:

the ones before meaning, who give birth not just to us but to everything we mean, everything we achieve. They'll tell us what to do.

By my lights, to find the Mother is first of all to follow reverently and alertly the intellectual structure of the poem, by preserving the 'morphemic order' in which ideas and images are presented. Try to catch the sequence of thinking in the original, the order in which you meet the things of the poem. Think of walking through the poem from the first breath to the last, think of noting carefully what you meet along the way, noting the order in which you meet it. Try to find the poet's mind finding the poem in the first place. Finding. Trouver. Troubadour.

Everything comes out of that. The poem is thinking in its language. Get it to think in yours.

The writhing, sensuous animal that thinking is – that's what you want the reader to encounter, and the music of the breathing that goes with the struggle.

But there are as many translations as they are readers. They are all good if they entrain a like process in the reader, where thinking turns into feeling.

نَفَسُ الصَّلاة

Caity Cook

هذا الجسم معبد
حيث أعبد الرب
على هاتين الشفتين حمده
هاتان الركبتان سجّادتي
لأصلي إلى الله
وأدعوه إلى روحي
حتى لا شيء يوجد إلا نَفَسُهُ
هذا الجسم معبد
حيث يعبد الله نَفْسَهُ

The Breath of Prayer

translated by the author

this body is a temple
where I worship the Lord
upon these lips His praise
these knees are my prayer-mat
so that I pray to God
and invite Him into my soul
until nothing remains but His breath
this body is a temple
where God worships Himself

這款難表的心思
時弱時強來去
若游雲自在
卻苦無歸處
間或絲絲不斷
間或層層欲墜
飄泊？可！
可隨古道
落角無方
這款心思
漸行漸遠

S.Y.

Walk with Thoughts

translated by the author

This hard-to-express sentimental thought
at its lows and highs comes and goes
like clouds playfully contented at ease
yet bittered with no destination to set forth
treadingly they look silk-like at times
shrouded in crumbling layers at times
to launch? Indeed you may!
May follow that ancient road
with no corner of a square to befall
the sentimental thought
paces slowly away

冬景

张炜

进入阳历11月，老人的神色变得沉重了。他一个人走向田野，注视天际，眉毛不停地抖动。天气晴和，人们在田里忙着，在海上打鱼，没人注意这样一个老人。

树叶铺地，又被大风扫进干涸的沟渠。老人用一个网包往回背树叶，在自己的小院堆成一个垛子，又用秫秸、破渔网将垛子盖得结结实实。接上的日子老人都到海边上去，提一个粪筐，沿着浪印往前走。海水不断推拥出一些碎煤和木块，他都拣到筐子里。

有一天，他的小儿子穿着胶皮裤子从舢板上下来，看看父亲筐里的东西说："我去拉车炭不就是了。"老人没有抬头，伸手把拇指大的一块木头捏到筐里。

他把所有的煤和木头都摊在院里，准备经一场雨后，晾干，堆起来。那时盐末被水冲去，这些东西烧起来更旺。平时他走在路上，见到树枝什么的，都要捡起来；现在他每天都去海边捡东西。如果浪印上有一个蛤、一个螺、一条小鱼，他都随手取了放进筐里。他的每时每刻的拾取和积累终于让人纳闷儿了。有人问他的小儿子："你父亲是怎么了？"小儿子笑笑："人老了还不就那样！"

Winter Scene

translated by Amy Sau Pan Chau, Jiajia Huang, Winnie Liu, & Erica Yao

Whenever November approached in the solar calendar, the old man's expression became ponderous. He walked toward the field alone, staring at the horizon, continuously twitching his eyebrows. It was a warm and sunny day; people were busy working on their farms and fishing in the sea. Nobody paid any attention to such an old man.

Strong winds drove and swept the fallen leaves on the ground into a dried canal. The old man used a net to carry the leaves back and forth, and then piled them up into a hill in his small courtyard. He used sorghum stems and a broken fishing net to wrap the piled-up leaves firmly. On the following few days, the old man went to the seaside with a manure basket in hand, walking along the traces left on the sand by the waves. The waves kept pushing coal and wood chips onto the beach. He picked all of them up into the basket.

One day, his youngest son, dressed in rubber pants, came down from a sampan, took a look at the contents of his father's basket, and said, "Huh! One of these days I will get a cart of charcoal for you. That will do." The old man didn't raise his head. He reached out his hand, picked up a piece of thumb-sized wood, and put it into the basket.

He spread all the coal and wood chips over the courtyard, hoping to dry them and pile them up after the rain showers. The rain would wash the salt powder off the coal and wood chips, allowing them to burn easily and brightly. Whenever he saw tree branches on the road as he took his usual walk, he would pick them up. In those days he went to the seaside every day out of habit. If there were a clam, a snail, or a small fish left by the waves, he would naturally pick it up and put it into his basket. The way he spent every minute picking up, saving, and storing fuels finally caught the attention of others, who were puzzled by it.

Someone came to question his youngest son, asking, "What's wrong with your father?" His youngest son smiled. "When one is old, one will behave like that.

老人住的小院四四方方，是一人多高的围墙围成的，一角是他的小屋。老伴去世后，儿子让他住新房，他毫不犹豫地拒绝了。小院宽敞，装满了阳光，他一个老人舍不下这么多的阳光。

碎煤和木块摊开来，占去了小院的大部分。半夜里下雨，老人穿上蓑衣，戴了大竹笠走到院里，用一把铁抓钩在木块堆里搅着。雨水在脚下流动，他弯腰取一块木头片放进嘴里咂了咂，品品还有没有咸味，吐掉，回屋子去了。

白天太阳很好，他翻晒着木块煤屑。这样过了几天，他将它们堆进来，拍实，然后用泥封好。看上去，院子的一角像多了一个坟丘。

老人拌了一大堆草泥。他用筐子装上草泥，沿着小屋转着，哪里有裂缝、有小洞，都用草泥糊上。屋后墙上有一个四方小窗，他也用草泥抹上了。

小屋里最大的东西就是一个土炕。这个炕最多睡过6个人：他、老伴、4个儿子。后来死了3个儿子个儿子，死了老伴，小儿子也搬走了。可是土炕依旧那么大。一个人坐在暖烘烘的大土炕上，看着窗外白雪飘飘，那才是一种富足。老人把小屋的外部收拾过了之后，又蹲在屋里琢磨土炕。他将土炕凿开两个洞，又用土坯接通了这两个洞口，沿墙壁垒了一圈。这样土炕里的烟火就会蹿到墙壁上，形成火墙。

他记得这辈子只做过两次火墙。

那一次是在奇冷的冬天里，有几个打鱼的人落在水里。他们有幸攀着冰矶爬上海岸

The old man's courtyard was a perfect square, surrounded by walls that were about a man's height. His small room was located in one of the corners. After his wife passed away, his son asked him to move into the new house, but he immediately refused. The courtyard was spacious, filled with sunshine. He, an old man, was reluctant to give up so much sunshine.

The spread coal and wood chips occupied most of the courtyard. At midnight, it rained. The old man put on a coir raincoat and a large bamboo hat, and walked out to the courtyard. He used an iron hook to stir the pile of wood chips. Water was flowing under his feet. He bent over to pick up a wood-chip, and sucked it to taste if it was still salty. He spat, and then returned to his room.

The sun was bright during the day. The old man stirred the wood and coal chips to dry under the sun. After a few days, he piled them up, patted them, and covered them up with mud. It looked like a grave was being dug at the corner of the courtyard.

The old man mixed a big mass of grass-mud, and then he put the mixture into a basket and walked around the house with it. He filled openings around the house with the paste. He also filled in the little square window that was in the wall.

The largest object in the house was an adobe *kang**. At most, six people had slept on it: himself, his wife, and his four sons. Three of his sons as well as his wife died, and the fourth son had moved out. Yet the *kang* remained the same. What a satisfaction to sit on a big and warm *kang* alone and peer through the windows to look at the white snow drifting down! After the old man cleaned the outside of his small house, he squatted down and examined the adobe *kang*.

He first drilled a hole on each side of the *kang* from which he built an adobe tube along the wall. Thus, the heat from the *kang* would be transferred to the wall. A "fire wall" was created.

He remembered that he had only built the fire wall twice in his life.

The first time was in a rare cold winter. Several fishermen fell into the sea. Luckily, they clung to an iceberg and headed for land. Having reached it, they fainted immediately. People who went to pick up seafood after low tide saved them and carried them into the only house in the village that had a fire wall. There the ice on the feet of the fishermen melted slowly. His wife cooked some sweet potatoes until they softened. She held each of fishermen's heads as she put sweet potatoes into their mouths, as if she was smearing some ointment.

* A *kang* is a bed heated with a fire from underneath in winter.

，立刻昏迷过去。赶海的人把他们救了，背到他这全村唯一有火墙的小屋里，让脚上的冰一点点融化。老婆子在锅里煮几块红薯，煮得软软的，扳过打鱼人的头，像抹油膏一样往他们嘴里喂红薯。

“你真有本事。”老人蹲在刚垒成的火墙下，望着锅台夸了一句老伴。

当年她就坐在锅台边上，打鱼人的脚伸到火墙根，滴着水。

他垒火墙时，她为他搬草泥。草泥稀了，稠了，他晃晃手指头她就知道。那年亏了垒火墙，他们安安稳稳过了一个冬天，还救下了一帮人。这些人如今仍旧在海里搅水，比当年还有劲：可是她没有了。

老人现在重垒火墙，垒好后就在炕里点上了柴草。火苗“噜噜”响着，不久湿湿的火墙冒出白汽，慢慢变干。他额上挂满了汗珠，十一月可不是点燃火墙的时候。

从屋里出来，他用剩下的草泥加固了墙壁，然后出了院门。向南遥望，远处的山影碧蓝碧蓝的。他每天都要看看南山，从颜色上可以知道风雨。

当年救出的是一些血气方刚的汉子，老婆子说：积了阴德！积了阴德！奇怪的是老天把人间的事情记反了，他三个活蹦乱跳的儿子一个接一个死去了！

那年大儿子被派到南山修水利，快过年了还没有回来。老伴用红薯掺米粉做成了老大的锅饼，让他去山上看儿子。他到了工地上，最后在一个半里长的山洞尽头找到了儿子。儿子头发老长，面色就像石头，告诉他：这条山洞就是他们开的，要凿穿

Squatting next to the fire wall, the old man looked at the stove and said, praising his wife, "You are very skillful."

At that time, she was sitting next to the stove. The fishermen put their feet next to the fire wall. Water was dripping from their feet.

When the old man was building the fire wall, she helped him move the grass-mud. When the grass-mud was too watery or too thick, all he needed was to signal with his fingers, and the old woman would know what to do. Because of the fire wall, they passed through a smooth winter and saved several people. These people were still working on the sea, and they were even more energized than before. Yet she was no longer here.

Now, the old man was building the fire wall again. He lit up the firewood under the *kang* after building it. The flame was roaring. After a while, the moistened fire wall was oozing white smoke and dried slowly. Drops of sweat were hanging on the old man's forehead. November was not yet the time to light the "fire wall."

Walking out from the house, he used the leftover of the grass-mud to underpin the exterior walls of the house, and then stepped out of the courtyard. Looking far south, he stared at the distant blue-shadowed mountain. He needed to take a look at the south mountain every day in order to get a sense of the changes in the weather by distinguishing its colors.

The men he saved that very year were vigorous men. His wife said, "We've accumulated Karma. We've accumulated Karma." However, as strange as it is,
Heaven reversed the things that happened on Earth; his three vivacious sons died one after another.

In that year, his oldest son was assigned to construct an irrigation work in the southern mountains, and was unable to return home even by the time the New Year approached. His wife baked a huge pie made of sweet potatoes and rice flour. She urged her husband to take it over to their son at the end of a cave in the mountain, which was over half a mile long. His son, with long hair and an ashen face, told him that the cave was part of the project that they were working on, and that they intended to chisel through the mountains. The old man was stunned. He found the head of construction and asked, "Is it possible? How many generations will it take?" The man scoffed, "Are you still questioning the power of Revolution?" The old man could do nothing but leave the huge pie with his son and head back home. He could never forget that the snow was above his knees on the way home. He heard a rumbling sound before he walked out of the mountains. On the

高山。老人慌了，找到他们的头儿说："这做得成吗？要几辈子？"那个人哼了一声："你还不相信革命的力量吗？"他只好放下锅饼往回走。他忘不了一路上大雪没膝。还没有出山，他就听见了一声轰响。回到家里的第二天，有人送信说，儿子被埋在了山洞里！

拉儿子的木轮子车几次陷进雪里……

那个冬天哪，整个世界都是白的……

老人在门口站了一会儿，又转回了院子。他从屋子左侧的小夹道里提出了一个黑柳斗，里面是些破鞋子。他将棉靴挑拣出来，又找出一个形状奇特的东西：这是用生猪皮缝成的四方小包裹，里面装满了麦草，上面还缝了两条粗长的带子。他脱下鞋子，费力地将赤脚插进生猪皮里，又把两条带子缠到裤脚上。生猪皮上的鬃毛全SL了起来，原来是一种自制的靴子。

这是上个冬天做成的，穿上它踏雪赶海是再好不过了。眼下会做这种靴子的人所剩无几，更没有几个人知道它的妙处。

多少人笑话这双靴子，连小儿子和他媳妇也笑。他懒得扇他们耳光，只管穿上就走。冰雪被他踩出了汁水，双脚却感不到一丝凉气。海边上，在小船边奔忙的人冻得乱蹦，唯独他一个老头子安然地走来走去。

他试了试靴子，觉得还好。有的地方开了线，他就捻一根麻线，用两腿夹牢靴子，

second day after he arrived home, a message was delivered to them: their son was buried in the cave when it collapsed.

The wooden cart on which his son laid got stuck in the snow several times…

In that winter, the whole world was white…

The old man stood in front of the door for a while and then returned to the yard. From a narrow closet on the left side of the house, he took out a black willow basket, in which was laid some broken shoes. He took out a pair of shoes from the bottom and then picked out a strangely-shaped bundle with two thick and long bands. It was made with untreated pig hide, sewed together, and stuffed with hay. He took off one of his shoes, squeezed his foot into the untreated pig hide, and then wrapped the bands around one of his trouser legs. The hair on the raw pigskin stood on end. This was a self-made boot.

These boots were made last winter. They were the best for traveling in the snow and on the beach. Not many people could make this type of boots nowadays, and not many people knew their merits. Numerous people laughed at this pair of boots, including the old man's youngest son and his daughter-in-law. Not even feeling like slapping their faces, the old man put his feet into the pair of the boots and left. The icy snow melted as soon as he trampled on it, but he didn't feel any cold. On the seaside, the freezing air made the people bustling around the little boats have to jump to keep warm. Only the old man calmly walked around.

The old man tried his boots on. The boots fit his feet just fine, though some parts were broken. He picked up a thread and sewed the boot, which was placed between his legs.

His son, who looked like a dying creature made from a mixture of blood and flesh, lay on a cart. The old man and his wife followed the cart silently. On the road, his wife fell down, in a fainting fit, to the snow-covered ground. Her teeth were clenched and her face turned green. A group of people came up and patted her on the back, so that she could breathe again. The old man lowered his body down towards his wife. He warmed his wife up by keeping her in his old cotton-padded jacket. The ice on his wife's body melted quickly and water ran down from the old man's old cotton-padded jacket. "Let's go home, life still goes on." He said.

Dried pig's skin was harder than steel and iron. It could even break a thick iron needle. Yet the old man could still find the hole that the needle had made the year before. Sewing used to be his wife's job. The old man was just walking around in the courtyard, surrounded by his sons of

一针一针缝起来。

车上的儿子血肉模糊。他们尾随车子往前走，不吭一声。

半路上，老婆子一头栽进了白雪里，咬紧了牙齿，脸色变青。

一群人围上掐弄拍打，她才算缓过一口气来。老头子蹲下，解开老棉袄的扣子，把她揣进怀里往前走去。她身上的冰雪很快融化了，他的衣襟下一滴滴流出水来。“走吧，回去还得过日子！”

生猪皮干硬了以后赛过钢铁。好几次粗铁针要折断，他都巧妙地寻到了去年的针眼。以前缝东西可是老伴儿的事儿，他只是满腿泥巴，在院里走来走去，身边是大大小小的几个儿子。

大儿子的头发有些鬈，一双眼像鹰一样亮。他比父亲高得多，胸脯宽厚。老人与他去伐树，见他握住斧柄时，手指绕了一圈还余出一段。老头子夜里躺在炕上，对老伴说儿子的手指有多么长，那可是个有大力气的角色。白天老婆子盯住儿子的腿看了半天，发现这两条油光闪亮的腿上，有鱼皮似的菱形纹儿！她笑了。

different ages.

The biggest son had curly hair. His eyes were as bright as an eagle's. He had a muscular body and was much taller than his father. When the old man went lumbering with the biggest son, he noticed his son's fingers were so long that they circled the ax around once and still had inches to spare. That night, the old man lay in the bed that was warmed by the fire underneath. He told his wife about his son's long fingers. To them, long fingers represented strength. During the day his wife often checked on her son's legs, which were as shining as a fish's oval-shaped scales and as strong as iron. Just from looking at those legs, his wife laughed.

名牌 Ming3 Pai2

Daniela Cabello

肯德基	Ken3 de2 Ji1
星巴克	Xing1 Ba1 Ke4
雪碧	xue3 bi 4
可口可乐	Ke3 Ko3 Ke3 Le4
百事可乐	Bai 3 Shi4 Ke3 Le4
麦当劳	Mai 4 Dang 1 Lao2
沃尔玛	Wo4 Er3 Ma3
必胜客	Bi4 Sheng4 Ke4
施乐	Shi1 Le4
雀巢	Que4 Chao2
家乐福	Jia1 Le4 Fu2

Brand Name

translated by the author

Kentucky Fried Chicken	Agree, consent! Virtuous foundation!
Starbucks	A star: earnest and hopeful; restrained and overcome,
Sprite	Snow: an azure emerald.
Coca-Cola	Certain to the mouth results certainly to happiness
Pepsi-Cola	One hundred things able happiness
McDonalds	Wheat can manage toiling—
Wal-Mart	Fertile, therefore agate.
Pizza Hut	Certain and sure victory, my visitor,
Xerox	Put into practice happiness:
Nestlé	A sparrow's nest—
Carrefour	Home of happiness and fortune.

L'âge
Peter Sourian

Tu en raffoles des fraises – ben oui.
Puis un jour non c'est les frambroises.
Puis filent décennies
Puis vient un tendre soir
Puis tu aimes mieux les fraises
Après tout peut-être – ben si.

Age
translated by Rachael Small & John Weinert

You adore strawberries—why yes.
Then one day no it's raspberries.
Then decades spin by
Then comes one soft night
Then you like strawberries best
After all maybe—well, yeah.

Pissenlit
Emily Sullivan Sanford

en mémoire de Mary Sullivan Steingraeber

Écrasé dans le tapis
Tant pis
Oui, ma tante, elle est là
Elle est morte, elle n'est plus
Il a plu

Dans son petit soleil
petit lit
La fleur la flaque et le fleuve
Folles, elles volent

C'est une espèce de recherche, de church belle

Oui, c'est morbide
On était ensemble,
c'était Ma cheville contre les feuilles
douces et nulles et bidons et pathétiques
et vénéneuses à partir de la tache blanche
Mon dos contre la tombe comme un mur
Je n'étais pas prête à utiliser les mains
sur le tapis cette fois-ci
J'ai utilisé la terre comme tapis
une autre fois

Chuchotant pissenlit

Pssst !
Je me cache!

Dandelion
translated by Rachael Small & John Weinert

in memory of Mary Sullivan Steingraeber

Crushed into the carpet
Too bad
Yes, my aunt is there
She is dead, she is no more
It rained

In its little sun
little bed
The flower the puddle and the stream
Mad, they fly

It's a kind of searching, of *church belle*

Yes, it's morbid
We were together
It was My ankle against the leaves
soft and sorry and lame and pathetic
and poisonous with the blank stain
My back against the grave like a wall
I was not ready to use my hands
on the carpet this time
I used the earth as a carpet
another time

Whispering dandelion

Pssst!
I'm hiding!

Pssst !
Derrière la tombe!
Pssst !
J'ai trouvé un lit!

Tati,
Je l'aime comme ça, en jaune.

Fenêtre Miroir

Peter Sourian

Ils se répètent.
Ils se répètent.
Ils se répètent.
Ils se répètent.
Ils se répètent.
Ils se répètent.
Ils se répètent.
Qu'ils sont bêtes.

Pssst!
Behind the grave!
Pssst!
I've found a bed!

Auntie,
That's how I like it, yellow.

Window Mirror

translated by Rachael Small & John Weinert

They repeat themselves.
They repeat themselves.
They repeat themselves.
They repeat themselves.
They repeat themselves.
They repeat themselves.
They repeat themselves.
They are so stupid.

Les Épaules de la Marquise

Emile Zola

La marquise dort dans son grand lit, sous les larges rideaux de satin jaune. A midi, au timbre clair de la pendule, elle se décide à ouvrir les yeux. La chambre est tiède. Les tapis, les draperies des portes et des fenêtres, en font un nid moelleux, où le froid n'entre pas. Des chaleurs, des parfums traînent. Là, règne l'éternel printemps. Et dès qu'elle est bien éveillée, la marquise semble prise d'une anxiété subite. Elle rejette les couvertures, elle sonne Julie.

- Madame a sonné ?
- Dites, est-ce qu'il dégèle ?

Oh ! bonne marquise ! Comme elle a fait cette question d'une voix émue !

Sa première pensée est pour ce froid terrible, ce vent du nord qu'elle ne sent pas, mais qui doit souffler si cruellement dans les taudis des pauvres gens. Et elle demande si le ciel a fait grâce, si elle peut avoir chaud sans remords, sans songer à tous ceux qui grelottent.

- Est-ce qu'il dégèle, Julie ?

La femme de chambre lui offre le peignoir du matin, qu'elle vient de faire chauffer devant un grand feu.

- Oh ! non madame, il ne dégèle pas. Il gèle plus fort au contraire… On vient de trouver un homme mort de froid sur un omnibus.

La marquise est prise d'une joie d'enfant ; elle tape ses mains l'une contre l'autre, en criant :

- Ah ! tant mieux ! j'irai patiner cette après-midi.

Julie tire les rideaux, doucement, pour qu'une clarté brusque ne blesse pas la vue tendre de la délicieuse marquise.

Le reflet bleuâtre de la neige emplit la chambre d'une lumière toute gaie. Le ciel est gris, mais d'un gris si joli qu'il rappelle à la marquise une robe de soie gris-perle qu'elle portait, la veille, au bal du ministère. Cette robe était garnie de guipures blanches, pareilles à ces filets de neige qu'elle aperçoit au bord des toits, sur la pâleur du ciel.

The Marquise's Shoulders

translated by Odile Chilton

The Marquise is sleeping in her big bed under its large yellow satin draperies. At noon, by the clear chimes of the clock, she decides to open her eyes. The bedroom is warm. The rugs, the curtains at the doors and the windows make it a warm soft nest where the cold cannot enter. Warmth and perfumes linger. Eternal spring reigns here. And as soon as she has fully awakened, the Marquise seems to be taken by a sudden anxiety. She pushes away the blankets and rings Julie.

"Madam called?"

"Tell me, has the thaw come yet?"

Oh, dear Marquise! How moved her voice was when she asked this question!

Her first thought is for this terrible cold, the north wind that she does not feel, but must blow so cruelly in the hovels of the poor. And she asks if the heavens have shown some mercy, if she can feel warm without guilt, without a thought for all those who are shivering.

"Has it stopped freezing?"

The chambermaid hands her the morning robe that she just warmed up in front of a fire.

"Oh! No, Madam, not at all. On the contrary it is freezing harder… a man was just found dead from the cold on an omnibus."

The Marquise rejoices like a child; she claps her hands and exclaims:

"How wonderful! I will go skating this afternoon."

Julie draws the curtains slowly, so the harsh light won't hurt the eyes of the exquisite Marquise.

The bluish reflection of the snow fills the room with a joyous light. The sky is grey, but of such a pretty grey that it reminds the Marquise of the pearl-grey silk dress that she was wearing last night at the Ministry's Ball. It was adorned with white lace, so much like the filaments of snow that she can see on the eaves, against the paleness of the sky.

La veille, elle était charmante, avec ses nouveaux diamants. Elle s'est couchée à cinq heures. Aussi a-t-elle encore la tête un peu lourde. Cependant, elle s'est assise devant une glace, et Julie a relevé le flot blond de ses cheveux. Le peignoir glisse, les épaules restent nues, jusqu'au milieu du dos.

Toute une génération a déjà vieilli dans le spectacle des épaules de la marquise.

Depuis que, grâce à un pouvoir fort, les dames de naturel joyeux peuvent se décolleter et danser aux Tuileries, elle a promené ses épaules dans la cohue des salons officiels, avec une assiduité qui a fait d'elle l'enseigne vivante des charmes du Second Empire. Il lui a bien fallu suivre la mode, échancrer ses robes, tantôt jusqu'à la chute des reins, tantôt jusqu'aux pointes de la gorge ; si bien que la chère femme, fossette à fossette, a livré tous les trésors de son corsage. Il n'y a pas grand comme ça de son dos et de sa poitrine qui ne soit connu de la Madeleine à Saint-Thomas d'Aquin. Les épaules de la marquise, largement étalées, sont le blason voluptueux du règne.

Cette après midi, au sortir des mains de Julie, la marquise, vêtue d'une délicieuse toilette polonaise, est allée patiner. Elle patine adorablement. Il faisait, au bois, un froid de loup, une bise, qui piquait le nez et les lèvres de ces dames, comme si le vent leur eût soufflé du sable fin au visage. La marquise riait, cela l'amusait d'avoir froid. Elle allait, de temps à autre, chauffer ses pieds aux brasiers allumés sur les bords du petit lac. Puis elle rentrait dans l'air glacé, filant comme une hirondelle qui rase le sol.

Ah ! quelle bonne partie, et comme c'est heureux que le dégel ne soit pas encore venu ! La marquise pourra patiner toute la semaine.

En revenant, la marquise a vu, dans une contre-allée des Champs-Elysées, une pauvresse grelottant au pied d'un arbre, à demi morte de froid.

- La malheureuse ! a-t-elle murmuré d'une voix fâchée.

Et comme la voiture filait trop vite, la marquise, ne pouvant trouver sa bourse, a jeté son bouquet à la pauvresse, un bouquet de lilas blancs qui valait bien cinq louis.

The night before, she was charming with her new diamonds. She went to bed at five o'clock, so her head feels a little heavy. Still she sat in front of a mirror, and Julie has gathered up the flow of her blond hair. The robe slips, the shoulders are bare, down to the middle of her back.

An entire generation has grown old watching the shoulders of the Marquise.

She had to follow the fashion and lower her décolletage so much that the good Lady, from one dimple to the other, has displayed all the treasure of her bosom. There is no part, however small, of her back or her bosom which is not known from la Madeleine to Saint Thomas D'Aquin. The Marquise's shoulders, amply displayed, are the voluptuous emblem of the empire.

This afternoon, after leaving the deft hands of Julie, the Marquise, dressed in a Polonaise dress, went skating. She skates adorably. In the park, it was deadly cold, and the north wind stung the nose and the lips of the ladies, as if it had blown fine sand on their faces. The Marquise was laughing, she enjoyed being cold. From time to time she went to warm her feet at the fires that were lit around the little lake. Then she would enter the icy air, gliding like a swallow sweeping close to the ground.

What a wonderful outing and how lucky that the thaw has not come yet! The Marquise will be able to skate all week long.

On her way back the Marquise saw in a side alley of the Champs Elysées a poor woman shivering at the foot of a tree, almost dead from the cold.

"The poor dear!" she whispered with upset in her voice.

And as the carriage was going too fast, the Marquise, who could not find her purse, threw her bouquet at the poor woman, a bouquet of white lilacs worth at least five Louis.

Orage Nocturne
Rachael Small

Mes larmes sont mélangées
ce soir-ci
avec la pluie
qui tombe au dehors
de mes fenêtres.
Pourquoi pleut-il
quand je pleure ?
Une farce cruelle à cette heure
quand je ne distingue pas
l'objet de l'être.
Ma tête, pleine d'idées
qui meurent au moment
où elles sont nées,
mon corps qui ne peut pas
rester confortable,
mes yeux qui sont ouverts, fermés
par la pluie
comme mes oreilles,
comme la nuit.

Night Storm
translated by the author

My tears are mingling
this evening
with the rain
that falls outside
of my windows.
Why does it rain
when I weep?
A cruel farce at this hour
when I can't distinguish
the object from the being.
My head, full of ideas
that die as soon
as they are born,
my body that cannot
stay comfortable,
my eyes which are open, closed
by the rain
like my ears,
like the night.

Ich kann nicht auf Russisch zeichnen

Emily Sullivan Sanford

Nationalblau
weil ich genau so viele Liebste wie Zähne habe

Hosentaschenblau
weil Mutti die Leute wie der Regen liest

geschossenes Blau
weil Vati mit Salz aus der Luft kocht

rutschendes Blau
weil mein Bruder seine Reflektion zusammenbindet

Venenblau
weil Oma ihr Lächeln kippt

Höhlenblau
weil Opa das Innere von einem Jack-O'-Lantern ist

herbes Blau
weil Tante Mary wie Pferde erntet

Obstblau
weil Onkel Mike seinen Hund wie Krocket schwingt

verschwommenes Blau
weil Tante Diana das Durcheinander durcheinanderbringt

Hinterlaufblau
weil Onkel Scotts Fußabdrücke fransig sind

I Can't Draw in Russian

translated by Hannah C. Hamrick

national blue
because I have exactly as many loves as teeth

pocket blue
because Mom reads the people like rain

gunshot blue
because Dad cooks with salt from the air

slippery blue
because my brother binds his reflection together

vein blue
because Grandma tilts her smile

cave blue
because Grandpa is the inside of a jack-o'-lantern

bitter blue
because Aunt Mary harvests like horses

fruit blue
because Uncle Mike swings his dog like croquet

blurred blue
because Aunt Diana mixes up the confusion

hind-leg blue
because Uncle Scott's footprints are fringed

Blasenblau
weil mein Cousin Ryan junges Wasser ist

Kußblau
weil mein Cousin Christopher paßt

Offenermundblau
weil mein Cousin Zachary seine eigene Stirn grüßt

gerahmtes Blau
weil Inna Namen in den Händen hält

gerissenes Blau
weil Béas Kopfhaut dunkler ist als ihre Blätter

Steinstaubblau
weil Kazumi das Feuer von ihrer Fackel leckt

Schneeschattenblau
weil Toshi immer noch in meinem Spiegel ist

Jeansblau
weil Stephen Blut und Farbe pumpt

Pfaublau
weil Isabelle auf Akrobatik spricht

gefahrenes Blau
weil Sabinas Knoten Symmetrie sind

Trickfilmblau
weil Ross' Lachen sich erhebt

geklebtes Blau
weil Zubair das gleiche Geräusch macht

bubble blue
because my cousin Ryan is young water

kiss blue
because my cousin Christopher fits

open-mouthed blue
because my cousin Zachary greets his own forehead

framed blue
because Inna holds names in her hands

ripped blue
because Béa's scalp is darker than her leaves

stone-must blue
because Kazumi licks fire from her torch

snow-shadow blue
because Toshi is always in my mirror

denim blue
because Stephen pumps blood and paints

peacock blue
because Isabelle speaks in acrobatics

driven blue
because Sabina's knots are symmetry

cartoon blue
because Ross's laughter rises

sticky blue
because Zubair makes the same noise

geflechtetes Blau
weil Linda begonnen hat

Schmuckblau
weil Lucrezia wie Vögel zuhört

gebissenes Blau
weil Kirsten so viele Augen in ihren Augen hat

Bayounachtblau
weil Jami eine fallende Feder ist

heißes Blau
weil Christoph das Haar bis zum Herz hat

Pfützenblau
weil Bill mit seinem Mund verkehrt herum schläft

Tintenblau
weil ich keine Angst habe zu zeichnen

woven blue
because Linda began

jewel blue
because Lucrezia listens like birds

bitten blue
because Kirsten has so many eyes in her eyes

bayou night blue
because Jami is a falling feather

hot blue
because Christoph has hair down to his heart

puddle blue
because Bill sleeps with his mouth upside-down

ink blue
because I am not afraid to draw

Ich gehe nachts durch das Haus

Matthias Göritz

Derselbe Glanz in dem alten Haus
weiße Möbel vor dem TiWi

Zeit läuft
Die Geräusche des Tags schwingen im Raum
Das Ohr erbt

Als ich sah
wie Soldaten ein junges Mädchen zerschlagen
krochen die Bilder in meinen Bauch

Das Auge erbt auch

Roaming the house at night

translated by Susan Bernofsky

In the old house the selfsame gleam
white furniture before the TeeVee

Time moves forward
The day's noises quiver through space
The ear inherits

When I saw
the soldiers making mincemeat of a young girl
the image crept into my belly

The eye too inherits

Eima vom Brunn'n

Emily Sullivan Sanford

Im fümftn silban Wajen vom Zuch
jibtet n unamerikanischet Mädel,
die jrade Jedichte liest
so schnell wieda Schrei
jeborn, jedet mal, wenn die Türn sich küssn.
Sie schreibt jedet Wort uff, dit se nich kennt.
Ick sehe den Zettel im Fensta,
dit, wie alle, n pennenda Spiejel is.

lhoh
geittorB
neztiZ eid

Sie lernt diese Wörta von eena Japanarin
die ooch Deutsch jelant hat
wahrscheinlich in eem Zuch.
Dit Bild uff m Hintan vom Buch
sieht aus wie wia.

Manchmal weeßtse nich
welche Namn
und welche echte Wörta sind.

Ick vasuche die Antwortn zu ihr zu pfeiffn.
Die treffn dit Fensta und klettan dit ruff.
Sie hebt den Kopp nich.
Sie denkt, det ick der Zuch bin.
Dit Fensta is fürse keen Spiejel.
Sie schaut durch mich durch
und kiekt n Dorf weita als ick.

Bucket from the Well

translated by Arne Lohmann

In the fifth silver car of the train
is an unamerican girl
who's reading poems
as quick as a scream
born every time the doors kiss.
She writes down every word she doesn't know.
I see the note in the window,
which is, like everything, a sleeping mirror.

wolloh
hgoud daerb
staet

She learns these words from a Japanese woman
who also learned German,
probably on a train.
The picture on the butt of the book
looks like us.

Sometimes she doesn't know
which are names
and which are words.

I'm trying to whistle her the answers.
They hit the window and climb it.
She doesn't look up.
She thinks that I'm the train.
The window isn't a mirror to her.
She looks through me
and looks at one village farther than me.

Sie will ihr Ohr anfassn
aba stattdessn fasstse ihrn Ohrring an.

Wennse dit macht,
im gleichn Moment
während eena Fabrik aus Backsteen vorbeikommt,
und ihr Finga n Jedicht üba Rooch anfasst,
und meene Ooren Schattn im Fensta ham,
werdn die Schattn von ihrn Ooren naß.

Da hört wat uff.
Sie steicht aus,
die Eenzije im Bahnof
und ihre Fußstapfn werdn jehört
für sechszn Minutn.

Ick finde mehr Wörta
die sie uff Deutsch nich kenn'n kann.

Note: This poem is written in the Berlin dialect.

She wants to touch her ear
but touches her earring instead.

When she does that
in the same moment
that a factory comes by
and her finger touches a poem on smoke,
and my ears make shadows in the window,
the shadows of her ears get wet.

Something stops.
She gets off,
the only one in the station
and her footsteps are heard
for sixteen minutes.

I find more words
she can't know in German.

müde bin ich

Lutz Seiler

vorm schlafen sprach ich leise mit
dem haarteil meiner mutter ich
kann mich nicht erinnern wie

es sang von seinem bleichen
kopf aus styropor so leise
lieder loreleyn es sang

man müsste nochmal
zwanzig seyn & sagte dass
ich schlafen soll

now I lay me

translated by Susan Bernofsky

before sleep a whispered conversation
with my mother's hairpiece I
cannot remember how

it sang from its pale
styrofoam head so softly
its lullabyes loreleys sang

oh to be
twenty again & it told
me to sleep

A Béka

Géza Csáth

A békát utálom. Szeretek minden állatot, tudom, hogy egyformán fölséges alkotásai a természetnek, de a békától iszonyatosan undorodom. Elmondom önöknek, hogy miért, bár ha csak ráemlékszem is a dologra, reszket félelem fog el, a gyomrom rémületes undorban vonaglik, a szemeim elôtt és a torkomon hideg, nedves varangyok mászkálnak, a füleimben egy békanyálszagú hang vartyog, és gerincoszlopomban görcsös, jéghideg iszonyat szaladgál. És én ma éjjel nem fogok aludni. Mégis elmondom, hogy miért iszonyodom a kicsiny békától: miért merednek meg az izmaim halálos izgalomban, amikor két békaszem pislogó, rohadt fényét látom a múltból az agyvelômbe világolni…

Egy áprilisi esôs éjszakán fölriadok az álmomból. A másik oldalamra fordulok, és próbálom folytatni az alvást. Hánykolódom, igazgatom a párnát, de nem sikerül az alvás. Ideges, lázas reszketés búvik lassan minden porcikámba, és valami ismeretlen félelem kezd reám szállni a csöndes sötétségben, mialatt künn az áprilisi esô esik, s mellettem a feleségem lélegzetét hallom. Érzem, hogy ismeretlen félelem kerít mindjobban a hatalmába, és hogy nincs ellene védekezés sehol sem.

Elôször szabadulni próbálok tôle, olvasok magamban. Számokat adok és szorzok össze, a régi tanulótársaim nevét sorolom föl; hiába – nem sikerül. A félelem egyre erôsebb lesz, és minden csepp vérembe beveszi magát, a szívem erôsen dobog, a fejemben nyomást érzek, s mindenem hideg. Az izzadtság kiüt a homlokomra.

S e pillanatban hang üti meg a fülemet. Egy hang, amely gyereksíráshoz és elkínzott állat nyögéséhez hasonló. Egy hang, amelyre meghôl a velô a koponyámban, és a gerincemen rettenetes görcsös borzongás fut végig. Hallgatózom.

A hang ismétlôdik. Erôsebben és erôsebben. Hallatára idegeim minden szálát elállja a rettenet és a kín. Valami üvöltô, panaszos, hívó és fenyegetô hang, amelyet majd végtelen messzeségben, majd közvetlen közelemben hallok, mintha az ágyam fájából és a szobabútorokból áramlana felém. Mintha egy halálra kínzott kicsi gyerek nyöszörögne.

The Frog

translated by Gábor Szabó

I hate frogs. I love every animal, I know that they are all beautiful creations of Nature, but I really hate frogs. I will tell you why, but even if I have to recall this I begin to shiver with fear, my stomach starts to tremble in disgust, before my eyes and upon my throat cold toads are crawling, and in my spine, a terrible, convulsive fear creeps. And I will not sleep tonight. But I will tell you why I loathe small frogs; why my muscles stiffen in lethal fear, whenever I see the two blinking lights of a frog's eyes shining from the past into my brain…

On a rainy April night I wake up from my dream. I turn to my other side and try to go on sleeping but I do not succeed. A nervous, fiery shaking creeps into every inch of me. Some unknown fear begins to take me in the silent darkness while the rain is falling outside and I can hear the sound of my wife sleeping beside me. I can feel that unknown fear and that there is no escape from it anywhere.

I try to escape at first, I read. I add numbers up, multiply them, I list the names of my old classmates, but to no avail, I still cannot sleep. My fear is growing stronger and creeps into each drop of my blood, my heart beats like a drum, I can feel pressure in my head and my limbs are cold. I am sweating.

And then I hear a sound. A sound reminiscent of a baby crying or the cry of a tortured animal I am listening to. A sound, at the hearing of which my brain freezes inside my skull. I keep listening.

The sound is repeated. It grows stronger and stronger. As I hear it, my nerves fill with terror and pain. Some crying, calling and threatening sound, heard from a distance, then from very close, as if it were coming from the wood of my bed or from the furniture in the room. As if a tortured little baby were crying. As if an old owl with torn out wings was crying of decay. And the sound would not stop. A short break. And it grows louder, more threatening, more heartbreaking.

Cold sweat covers all of my body. I jump out of bed, I light a candle and I run with it from room to room. I stop. I listen. The sound seems now distant then close. I hurry through the rooms again and again. As if the sound was coming from the kitchen. Really, when

Mintha valami kitépett szárnyú vén bagoly üvöltene az éjszakába az elmúlásról. És a hang nem szûnik. Rövid szüneteket tart. Majd folyton erősödik, rémületesebbé és fájdalmasabbá válik.

Az egész testem csupa hideg veríték. Fölugrom az ágyból, gyertyát gyújtok, azután rohanok vele szobáról szobára. Megállok. Hallgatózom. A hang egyszer távolabbról, másszor közelebbrôl hangzik. Reszketve és fülelve sietek újra és újra keresztül a szobákon. Mintha a hang a konyhából jönne. Valóban, amikor kiléptem, betöltötte az egész konyhát ez a nyögô, pokolian nyávogó, vartyogó hang.

Sietve keresni kezdtem, honnan jô. Egy sarokból hangzott, ahol a mosóteknô állott. Elveszem a teknôt. Egy állatot látok ott, akkorát, mint egy kis macska. Gömböcbe gabalyodva ült, és lomha mozdulattal felém fordult.

Béka volt. De milyen béka. Soha ezelôtt nem láttam olyant. Szôrök voltak a testén. A szemeibôl zöldes lidércfény világolt. A teste halotti bûzt terjesztett. Undok nagy szájából csak úgy ömlött a rémületes hangok áradata. Mintha valami felsôbb hatalom parancsára végezte volna pokoli énekét. Abban a pillanatban, ahogy megláttam, eszembe jutott valami, amitôl a szívem verése megállt egy pillanatra.

A vidékünkön az a hit van elterjesztve, hogy amely házban ilyen szôrös béka éjjel megjelenik, ott hamarosan meghal valaki. Abban az idôben több ilyen esetet hallottam. Egy szomszédunk – jómódú gazdaember – mondta nekem, hogy saját szemével látta az átkozott szőrös békát, és leánya, a szép, tizennyolc éves Ágnes, rövid idôre azután meghalt.

Akkor egy pillanatig se hittem a dolgot, végre is az ember nem hisz el meséket, ezenkívül a természetrajz se ismeri azt a békát, miért higgyem el tehát én.

De amikor ezzel a békával ott szemben álltam, minden csepp véremmel hittem rémséges jelentôségében. Villámgyorsan rávetettem magam, és rátérdeltem a hideg, undok testére.

Hatalmas bömbölésbe kezdett, mely oly mély és erôs volt, hogy lónyerítéshez hasonlíthatnám. Megrémültem, hogy a feleségem fölébred rá. Fölkaptam hát az állatot, és teljes erôvel odacsaptam a konyha köves padlójához. Úgy koppant, mint egy vasgolyó, és hirtelen talpra állva, méternyi ugrással a sarokba igyekezett. Tehetetlenségemben ide-oda rugdosni kezdtem, s nem engedtem, hogy talpra álljon. Zöld varangynedvet lövellt ki a teste, és ez a nyúlós, bûzös folyadék jelölte az útját. Míg így idôt nyertem a gondolkodásra, megpillantottam a favágó

I stepped out the room was filled with this groaning, terrible mewing, croaking noise.

I quickly begin to search for its source. It was coming from a corner where a washbasin stood. I take away the shell. I see an animal, the size of a kitten. It was sitting there and with a lazy motion it turned toward me.

It was a frog. But what a frog. I had never seen such a beast. It had hair on its body. Its eyes were shining with a green light. It spread a deadly odor. From its mouth the ugly stream of sounds were pouring out. As if it had been executing the command of a higher order. At the moment I saw it, something occurred to me and my heart stopped beating for a moment.

In our neighborhood we have the superstition that if such a hairy frog appears at one's house at night, someone will die. At that time I had heard of more than one such instance. One of our neighbors – a wealthy farmer – told me that he had seen the damned hairy frog with his own eyes, and his daughter, the beautiful 18-year-old Agnes, died shortly afterward.

At the time I did not believe the story; one does not believe in fairy tales after all.

But when I was facing that frog, I believed in its dreadful meaning. I jumped on it quickly and I knelt upon its cold, ugly body.

It began to cry loudly. I was afraid that my wife would wake up. So I took the frog, and smashed it to the stony floor of the kitchen. It jumped up and rushed into the corner. I began to kick it not letting it stand up. I caught glimpse of an axe and I decided that I would destroy the monster with it. I picked up the axe. I do not know how, but the frog stood up and jumped on my neck and bit me. It had teeth.

I shook it off. I knelt on it again: it began crying. – Then I hit his head with the back of the axe. Green blood splashed on my face and I felt how much the animal was trying to run away. I hit again and again. I chopped it up. I cut its head, its legs, so that at the end I saw only a slimy, morphous, smelly green mess.

When I had finished my dreadful job – I gave a sigh, I felt I had managed to protect those I loved from the approaching deadly threat. Shaking, I went back to the bedroom. My wife was sleeping silently. On her pale cheeks a faint smile floated. I went over to her and kissed her, at which she sighed. For a few moments, I watched her face nervously, then I fell asleep.

baltát, s elhatároztam, hogy azzal pusztítom el a szörnyet. Odatereltem tehát a sarokba, ahol a balta állott, azután fölkaptam a szerszámot, hogy gyorsan végezzek vele. Idôt vesztettem-e, vagy hogy volt, nem tudom, de a varangy talpra állt, és villámgyorsan nekem ugrott, éppen a nyakamra, és megharapott. Fogai voltak.

Leráztam magamról, és lefogtam. Reá térdeltem újra: megint azt az erôs, nyerítô hangot hallatta. – Azután rávágtam a fejére a balta fokával. Zöld vér freccsent az arcomra, és éreztem, hogy a tehetetlen állat micsoda óriási erôfeszítést tesz, hogy elmeneküljön. Újra ütöttem, vágtam. Földaraboltam. Levágtam a lábát, a fejét, úgy, hogy a végén csak egy alaktalan, nyálas, bûzös, zöld tömeg feküdt elôttem.

Mikor elvégeztem rémes munkámat – föllélegeztem, úgy éreztem, mintha talán sikerült volna megvédeni enyéimet a fenyegetô halálveszedelemtôl. Reszketve, fázva, de megkönnyebbülve mentem vissza a hálószobába. A feleségem csendesen, nyugodt lélegzettel aludt. Halovány arcán enyhe mosolygás lebegett. Odamentem és megcsókoltam, mire gyengén sóhajtott. Egy ideig szorongva néztem az arcát, azután fáradt és mély álomba merültem.

Másnap korán reggel, amikor felébredek – mert korán kelő ember vagyok – rémülve jut eszembe, hogy a béka tetemét, a véres baltát és az éjjeli küzdelem nyomait elfeledtem eltakarítani. Kiugrom az ágyból, és a konyhába sietek, hogy – ha lehet – még elejét vegyem annak, hogy a cselédek vagy a gyerekek meglássanak vagy megtudjanak valamit. Csodálkozásomra nem volt semminek semmi nyoma. A balta a helyén állott. A konyha kövei tiszták, a szolgáló még nem jött be a cselédszobából.

Önök most azt mondják, kérem, hogy álmodtam. Tudják meg tehát, hogy a feleségem e nap után két hétre kiterítve feküdt.

Early morning the next day, when I wake up – for I am an early riser – it occurs to me that the frog's body and the bloody axe is still in the kitchen. I jump out of the bed, go quickly to the kitchen in order – if it is possible – to prevent the children or the housemaids from seeing it. To my surprise, there was no sign of anything. The axe stood in its place. The floor was clean. The housemaid had not entered the room yet.

You say now I only dreamt it. But two weeks after that day, my wife was dead.

Preghiera Domenicale

Fernando Salas

Gli addii
Addi', John Kerry, addio.
O sposo di Miss Heinz,
Qui non vogliamo ketchup,
Sangue vogliam veder.

Addi' Powell, addio,
Lascia già a Rumsfeld far,
Lui ci dà pane e circo,
petrolio e Abu Ghraib.

Adorazione e divisione del pane in fronte all'altare
Ci son due Stati Uniti,
L'uno parla di libertà,
benessere e giustizia;
L'altro non parla, fa:

Invade da sadista;
conquista, per di più è imperialista;
in tanto che masochista, si lincia;
e instaura dittatori da voyeur.

Credo
Prima fu Zach'ry Taylor,
poi la luna, le stelle, e Matthew Perry,
seguito dalla vita
animale e dal Ku Klux Klan,

Sunday Service (Renewing Vows)

translated by the author

The farewells
Farewell, John Kerry, fare-thee-well.
Husband of Miss Heinz,
We are not looking for ketchup,
We want blood!

Farewell, brother Powell, fare-thee-well,
Pack your bags and let Mr. Rumsfeld do.
He provides us with bread and circuses,
petroleum and Abu Ghraib.

Adoration and partition of the bread in front of the altar
There are two U.S.'s.
One speaks of liberty,
welfare, and justice.
The other one does not talk, but acts.

Being sadists, they invade,
and as imperialists, they conquer.
They lynch masochistically their own people.
They establish dictators and attend as voyeurs their deeds.

Credo
First there was Zachary Taylor,
then came the stars, the moon, and Matthew Perry,
followed by wildlife
and the Ku Klux Klan,

Finché arrivò la United Fruit Company
e con lei, l'ordine.

Gloria
Gloria, alleluya e amen solenne a tanta
ubriachezza e orgia d'impunità!

Rinnovazione dei voti
Salve Bush Junior, salve,
Continua tu la tradizione,
e allunga ancor la lista
dei nostri figli uccisi servendo la nazione.

Until the United Fruit Company
came and established order.

Glory
Glory, alleluia and a solemn amen to such
a drunkenness and orgy of impunity!

Renewal of vows
Hail, Bush Junior, hail,
Continue with this tradition
and feel free to extend the list
of our children killed in battle.

Io non credo nel nostro secolo vedovo

Jared Roehrig

Io non credo nel nostro secolo vedovo.
Non ha ancora preso la sedia a rotelle
né alzato il volume della radio al punto da illudersi della propria solitudine.
Il fantasma d'un grattacielo nelle ossa me lo assicura.
Vo' profano per le sue strade aride, mano nella mano,
colla luna battuta, splendente.
Ma lo sento. Lo sento perché le tendine annuvolate si confidarono con me,
E le pietre azzurre lampeggianti hanno insinuato –
Che non ci saranno più le trombette a mezzanotte,
che le stelle si sposteranno verso il mare affaticato
e il pianoforte verrà sloggiato dai suoi tasti.

I do not believe in our widowed century

translated by the author

I do not believe in our widowed century.
She has not yet rented a rocking-chair or
turned up the radio high enough to delude herself from her loneliness.
The ghost of a skyscraper in my bones tells me so.
I walk profane through her barren streets
with the beaten moon, hand in hand, aglow.
But I hear it. I hear it because the clouded curtains have confided in me,
and flashing blue ores have hinted –
that there will be no more trumpets at midnight,
the stars relocated to the tired sea
and the piano evicted from its keys.

歌道

Tawara Machi

今日までに私がついた嘘なんてどうでもいいよというような海

君の子として生まれきしみどりごを花より早く知るこの四月

「もし」という言葉のうつろ人生はあなたに一度わたしに一度

「寒いね」と話しかければ「寒いね」と答える人のいるあたたかさ

Tankas

translated by Laura Murray

When
I
say
to
him,
"It's
cold,
isn't
it?"
and
he
says,
"Yeah,
it
is,"
I
am
filled
with
warmth.

"If"
is
an
empty
word,
life
is
just
one
time
for you,
and
once
for
me.

In
April,
I
came
to
know
the
baby
born
as
your
child
earlier
than
I
came
to
know
the
cherry
blossoms.

The
ocean
is
saying
that
all
the
lies
I
have
told
up
to
today
do
not
matter
any
more.

私のいとおしい死んだ神

Leah Potyondy

私の誕生日は神様が死んでしまった日に当たるというのが好き。今時神様の存在は疑わしいし、人は普通なるほど、ね」とだけ答える。こういう現代の裕福な学生がいっぱいいろ所は、実存主義や無関心を強く帯びる。いかにも空白の中らしい。それで私のばかばかしい神聖を汚すじょうだんは、私にとってずいぶんすがすがしいのである。ある日、その死んでおとろえた神様が私を見つけて襲うかもしれない。その場合には一命を拾うのが無理でしょうかなぁ。もし私の神様が死ななかったら、旧約聖書時代のようにきっと私の体に一撃を加えるかもしれない。目が見えなくなるかも…病死させるかも…その神様の怒りのために私はもだえる。ね、その後…私の荒廃した死体が浮かび出されると思う？難しいはず、きっと腹立たしいかしら。次の機会にこんなじょうだんを言えば、口が私から脱落すると思う。だからこそ、次の誕生日私はすさまじい勢いで最終の神の死の話を叫ぶことにしよう。

My Beloved Dead God

translated by the author

I like to say that my birthday corresponds with the day that God died. Because these days the existence of God is questionable, among other things, people normally just respond with, "Hm… no doubt, no doubt." A place like this, full of modern, well-to-do students, carries strong feelings of existentialism and apathy. So for me, my ridiculous and sacrilegious jokes are rather refreshing. One day, maybe that dead, decayed God will find me and launch an attack. In that case, I'll bet it would be impossible to escape with my life. If my God hasn't died, he would certainly deal a blow to my body the way that he did in the days of the Old Testament. I'd go blind, perhaps… be made to die from illness, perhaps… for the sake of this God's rage, I would writhe in agony. Hey, after that… do you think that it would be possible for me to rise up out of my ruined corpse? I imagine it should likely be difficult, and definitely irritating. The next time I tell a joke like that, I think that my lips will come loose and fall off. So, on my next birthday, I have decided that I will shout out my final story of the death of God with great and tremendous energy.

Ars Amatoria
Ovid

Siquis in hoc artem populo non novit amandi,
Hoc legat et lecto carmine doctus amet.

Arte citae veloque rates remoque moventur,
Arte leves currus: arte regendus amor.

Curribus Automedon lentisque erat aptus habenis,
Tiphys in Haemonia puppe magister erat:

Me Venus artificem tenero praefecit Amori;
Tiphys et Automedon dicar Amoris ego.

Ille quidem ferus est et qui mihi saepe repugnet:
Sed puer est, aetas mollis et apta regi.

Phillyrides puerum cithara perfecit Achillem,
Atque animos placida contudit arte feros.

Qui totiens socios, totiens exterruit hostes,
Creditur annosum pertimuisse senem.

Quas Hector sensurus erat, poscente magistro
Verberibus iussas praebuit ille manus.

Aeacidae Chiron, ego sum praeceptor Amoris:
Saevus uterque puer, natus uterque dea.

Sed tamen et tauri cervix oneratur aratro,
Frenaque magnanimi dente teruntur equi;

Et mihi cedet Amor, quamvis mea vulneret arcu
Pectora, iactatas excutiatque faces.

Lover's Art
translated by Maura Roche

If anyone knows not the tricks of love
Let him read my poem; let him love skillfully.

With oars and sails Skill moves swift boats,
Skill drives nimble chariots and so Skill must govern Love.

Automedon was bound with limber reins to the chariot of Achilles,
Tiphys was the helmsman of that first ship, the Argo.

Venus, place me in command of Love, as a master of that Skill.
I will be called the Tiphys and the Automedon of Love.

Indeed that god is wild, always struggling against my authority,
But Cupid is only a boy and bound to my skill in his tender youth.

Chiron harnessed the young Achilles with the lyre
And tamed his wild soul with that peaceful skill.

Achilles, who so often frightened friend, so often menaced foe,
Even he was afraid of that old centaur.

His hands, destined to be felt by Hector,
Surrendered for whipping at his master's request.

Chiron taught Aeacidas, I teach Love,
Each pupil a wild boy, each born from a goddess.

But even the neck of the bull endures the burden of the plough
And the noble horse grinds the reins with his teeth,

Indeed Love will yield to me, although with a bow he wounds
My heart and shakes his waving torch.

Quo me fixit Amor, quo me violentius ussit,
  Hoc melior facti vulneris ultor ero:

Non ego, Phoebe, datas a te mihi mentiar artes,
  Nec nos aëriae voce monemur avis,

Nec mihi sunt visae Clio Cliusque sorores
  Servanti pecudes vallibus, Ascra, tuis:

Usus opus movet hoc: vati parete perito;
  Vera canam: coeptis, mater Amoris, ades!

Este procul, vittae tenues, insigne pudoris,
  Quaeque tegis medios, instita longa, pedes.

Nos venerem tutam concessaque furta canemus,
  Inque meo nullum carmine crimen erit.

The more Love pierces, the more violently he burns me,
So much the better, I will be the avenger of these inflicted wounds.

No, Phoebus, I will not lie, my Skill was not a gift from you,
Nor does a heavenly bird counsel me,

Nor did the sisters Clio and Clius appear to me
While I was watching the flocks in your Valleys, Ascra.

My experience governs this work: submit to the skilled prophet!
I will sing the truth! Mother of Love, help me in this.

But you, be far away from here, thin fillets, signs of chastity
And feet covered with long robes.

I will sing of safe lovemaking and lawful intrigues
And in my poem there shall be no reproach.

Dwie małpy Bruegla
Wisława Szymborska

Tak wygląda mój wielki maturalny sen:
siedzą w oknie dwie małpy przykute łańcuchem,
za oknem fruwa niebo
i kąpie się morze.

Zdaję z historii ludzi.
Jąkam się i brnę.

Małpa, wpatrzona we mnie, ironicznie słucha,
druga niby to drzemie –
a kiedy po pytaniu nastaje milczenie,
podpowiada mi
cichym brząkaniem łańcucha.

Bruegel's Two Monkeys
translated by Devon E. Mattys

So it looks when I dream of my final exams:
two monkeys sit in the window, tethered by chains,
beyond them flits the sky
and the sea is bathing.

My exam is History of Mankind.
I falter and flounder.

One monkey stares at me, listening ironically,
the other appears to be dozing –
but when I answer a question with silence,
he prompts me
by quietly clinking his chain.

Muzeum
Wisława Szymborska

Są talerze, ale nie ma apetytu.
Są obrączki, ale nie ma wzajemności
od co najmniej trzystu lat.

Jest wachlarz – gdzie rumieńce?
Są miecze – gdzie gniew?
I lutnia ani brzęknie o szarej godzinie.

Z braku wieczności zgromadzono
dziesięć tysięcy starych rzeczy.
Omszały woźny drzemie słodko
zwiesiwszy wąsy nad gablotką.

Metale, glina, piórko ptasie
cichutko tryumfują w czasie.
Chichocze tylko szpilka po śmieszce z Egiptu.

Korona przeczekała głowę.
Przegrała dłoń do rękawicy.
Zwyciężył prawy but nad nogą.

Co do mnie, żyję, proszę wierzyć.
Mój wyścig z suknią nadal trwa.
A jaki ona upór ma!
A jak by ona chciała przeżyć!

The Museum
translated by Devon E. Mattys

There are the plates, but gone is the appetite.
There are the wedding rings, but gone is the love
these three hundred years.

There is the fan – where is the blush behind it?
There are the swords – where is the anger to use them?
And the lute won't even twang at dusk.

For lack of eternity
ten thousand old things are gathered.
A mossy, old guard dozes sweetly,
his moustache draped over a display case.

Metal, clay, birds' feathers
quietly triumph in time.
Only an Egyptian girl's hairpin giggles.

The crown outlasted the head.
The hand lost out to the glove.
The right shoe conquered the foot.

As for me, I still live, you know.
The fight with my dress goes on.
Oh, how stubborn my dress is!
And how it would love to survive me!

Aurora, com Movimento (Posto 3)

Vinicius de Moraes

A linha móvel do horizonte
Atira para cima o sol em diabolô
Os ventos de longe
Agitam docemente os cabelos da rocha
Passam em fachos o primeiro automóvel, a última estrela
A mulher que avança
Parece criar esferas exaltadas pelo espaço
Os pescadores puxando o arrastão parecem mover o mundo
O cardume de botos na distância parece mover o mar.

Dawn, With Movement (Posto 3)[1]

translated by Cassio de Oliveira

The moving line of the horizon
Shoots the sun upwards in devil-sticks
The winds from afar
Sweetly shake the hairs of the rock
In flashes pass the first automobile, the last star
The woman, advancing,
Seems to create spheres exalted by the space
The fishermen pulling the dragnet seem to move the world
The shoal of dolphins in the distance seems to move the sea.

Note: *Postos* are mall centers with medical help, showers and bars, scattered on the beaches in Rio de Janeiro. These centers are called *Postos*, and the distance between one and the other is approximately one mile. The Posto 3 in the poem is located in Copacabana.

A Mulher na Noite

Vinicius de Moraes

Eu fiquei imóvel e no escuro tu vieste.
A chuva batia nas vidraças e escorria nas calhas – vinhas andando e eu não te via
Contudo a volúpia entrou em mim e ulcerou a treva nos meus olhos.
Eu estava imóvel – tu caminhavas para mim como um pinheiro erguido
E de repente, não sei, me vi acorrentado no descampado, no meio de insetos
E as formigas me passeavam pelo corpo úmido.
Do teu corpo balouçante saíam cobras que se eriçavam sobre o meu peito
E muito ao longe me parecia ouvir uivos de lobas.
E então a aragem começou a descer e me arrepiou os nervos
E os insetos se ocultavam nos meus ouvidos e zunzunavam sobre os meus lábios.
Eu queria me levantar porque grandes reses me lambiam o rosto
E cabras cheirando forte urinavam sobre as minhas pernas.
Uma angústia de morte começou a se apossar do meu ser
As formigas iam e vinham, os insetos procriavam e zumbiam do meu desespero
E eu comecei a sufocar sob a rês que me lambia.
Nesse momento as cobras apertaram o meu pescoço
E a chuva despejou sobre mim torrentes amargas.

Eu me levantei e comecei a chegar, me parecia vir de longe
E não havia mais vida na minha frente.

The Woman in the Night

translated by Cassio de Oliveira

I stood still and in the darkness you came.
The rain hit the windowpanes and slid down the troughs – you came in and I saw you not
However, the voluptuousness entered me and ulcerated the darkness in my eyes.
I was still – you walked towards me like an erected pine
And suddenly, I don't know, I saw myself enchained in the open fields, amidst insects
And the ants strolled through my damp body.
From your shaking body snakes surged and disheveled themselves in my chest
And far, far away, I seemed to hear the wails of female wolves.
And then the breeze began to descend and tousled me up to the nerves
And the insects hid in my ears and buzz-buzzed me on my lips.
I wanted to stand up because big livestock licked my face
And strong-smelling goats urinated on my legs.
An anguish of death began to seize my being
The ants came and went, the insects mated and buzzed at my despair
And I began to choke under the cow that licked me.
In that moment the snakes squeezed my neck
And the rain poured on me bitter torrents.

I stood up and began to arrive, I seemed to come from afar
And there was no more life ahead of me.

Ночь
Boris Pasternak

Идет без проволочек
И тает ночь, пока
Над спящим миром летчик
Уходит в облака.

Он потонул в тумане,
Исчез в его струе,
Став крестиком на ткани
И меткой на белье.

Под ним ночные бары,
Чужие города,
Казармы, кочегары,
Вокзалы, поезда.

Всем корпусом на тучу
Ложится тень крыла.
Блуждают, сбившись в кучу,
Небесные тела.

И страшным, страшным креном
К другим каким-нибудь
Неведомым вселенным
Повернут Млечный путь.

В пространствах беспредельных
Горят материки.
В подвалах и котельных
Не спят истопники.

Night
translated by Anya Vostrova

The night without disturbance
Goes on, it melts away.
While O'er the sleeping world, the pilot
Into the clouds makes his way

He's drowned inside the vapor
He's vanished in its stream
He's now a stitch in fabric
A linen's simple seam

Beneath him bars are smoking
A foreign city's stone terrains
Some soldier's barracks, stokers
Train stations and their trains

The shadow of a wing so softly
Lays down its length upon a cloud.
As in a flock of sheep, the lofty
Celestial bodies wander round.

And with a bank inducing terror,
To where a voice is never heard,
To some strange unknown universes
The Milky Way has turned

In boundless stretching spaces
The continents all glow
In boiler rooms and cellars,
The stokers sleep don't know.

В Париже из-под крыши
Венера или Марс
Глядят, какой в афише
Объявлен новый фарс.

Кому-нибудь не спится
В прекрасном далеке
На крытом черепицей
Старинном чердаке.

Он смотрит на планету,
Как будто небосвод
Относится к предмету
Его ночных забот.

Не спи, не спи, работай,
Не прерывай труда,
Не спи, борись с дремотой,
Как летчик, как звезда.

Не спи, не спи, художник,
Не предавайся сну.
Ты вечности заложник
У времени в плену.

Under some roof in Paris
A Venus or a Mars
Is staring at a playbill
To find the newest farce

Yet in the fair distance
Beneath the attic tiles,
An ancient, sorry dwelling.
He doesn't close his eyes.

He gazes at the planet
As if the heavens might
In someway be the object of
His worries in the night

Don't sleep, don't sleep, keep working
Don't stop you've gone so far
Don't sleep and fight the slumber
Just like the pilot, like the star

Don't sleep, don't sleep, my artist
Don't give yourself to sleep.
You are a hostage to eternity
Who's trapped within time's keep.

Я сегодня не помню

Alexandr Blok

Я сегодня не помню, что было вчера,
По утрам забываю свои вечера,
В белый день забываю огни,
По ночам забываю дни.

Но все ночи и дни напливают на нас
Перед смертью, в торжественный час.
И тогда – в духоте, в темноте
Слишком больно мечтать
О былой красоте
И не мочь:
Хочешь встать –
И ночь.

1909

Today I Remember Not

translated by Cassio de Oliveira

Today I remember not, what was yesterday,
In the mornings I forget my past nights,
In a white day I forget the lights,
At night I forget the days.

But all nights and days towards us surge
Before death, in the solemn hour.
And then – in the stuffiness, in the darkness
It is too painful to dream
Of past beauty,
And to be unable:
You want to rise –
And the night.

1909

De Mutilaciones

Rosario Castellanos

Un día dices: la uña. ¿Qué es la uña?
Una excrescencia córnea
que es preciso cortar. Y te la cortas.

Y te cortas el pelo para estar a la moda
y no hay en ello merma ni dolor.

Otro día viene Shylock y te exige
una libra de carne, de tu carne,
para pagar la deuda que le debes.

Y después. Oh, después:
palabras que te extraen de la boca,
trepanación del cráneo
para extirpar ese tumor que crece
cuando piensas.

A la visita del recaudador
entregas, como ofrenda, tu parálisis.

Para tu muerte es excesivo un féretro
porque no conservaste nada tuyo
que no quepa en una cáscara de nuez.

Un epitafio ¿en qué lapida?
Ninguna es tan pequeña como para escribir
las letras que quedaron de tu nombre.

On Mutilations

translated by Callie Garnett

One day you say: fingernail. What's a fingernail?
A corneal excrescence
that must be cut. And you cut it.

And you cut your hair to be in style
and there's no lessening or pain in that.

Another day Shylock comes demanding
a pound of flesh, out of your flesh,
to pay the debt you owe him.

And afterwards. Oh, after:
words they remove from your mouth,
trepanation of the skull
to extirpate that tumor that grows
when you think.

When the tax-collector comes around
you give in your paralysis like a gift.

A coffin is excessive for your death
for you kept nothing of your own
that wouldn't fit inside of a nutshell.

And epitaph, on what stone?
Not one is small enough to fit
the letters that remained in your name.

From LOS SANTOS INOCENTES

Miguel Delibes

...y de este modo, iban transcurriendo las semanas hasta que un buen día, al apuntar la primavera, el Azarías se transformaba, le subía a los labios como una sonrisa tarda, inefable, y, al ponerse el sol, en lugar de contar los tapones de las válvulas, agarraba al búho y salía con él al encinar y el enorme pájaro, inmóvil, erguido sobre su antebrazo, oteaba los alrededores y, conforme oscurecía, levantaba un vuelo blando y silencioso y volvía, al poco rato, con una rata entre las uñas o pinzón y allí mismo, junto al Azarías, devoraba su presa, mientras él le rascaba entre las orejas, y escuchaba los latidos de la sierra, el ladrido áspero y triste de la zorra en celo o el bramido de los venados del Coto de Santa Ángela, apareándose también, y, de cuando en cuando, le decía.

La zorra anda alta, milana, ¿oyes?,

y el búho le enfocaba sus redondas pupilas amarillas que fosforecían en las tinieblas, enderezaba lentamente las orejas y tornaba a comer y, ahora ya no, pero en tiempos se oía también el fúnebre ulular de los lobos en el piornal las noches de primavera pero desde que llegaron los hombres de la luz e instalaron los postes del tendido eléctrico a lo largo de la ladera , no se volvieron a oír , y, a cambio, se sentía gritar al cárabo, a pausas periódicas, y el Gran Duque, en tales casos, erguía la enorme cabezota y empinaba las orejas y el Azarías venga de reír sordamente, sin ruido, sólo con las encías, y musitaba con voz empañada,

¿estás cobarde, milana?, mañana salgo a correr el cárabo,

y, dicho y hecho, al día siguiente, con el crepúlsculo, salía solo sierra adelante, abriéndose paso entre la jara florecida y los tamjos y la montera, porque el cárabo ejercía sobre el Azarías la extraña fascinación del abismo, una suerte de atracción enervada por el pánico, de tal manera que al deternerse en plena moheda, oía claramente los rudos golpes de su corazón y, entonces, esperaba un rato para tomar aliento y serenar su espíritu y, al cabo, voceaba,

¡eh!, ¡eh!,

citándole, citando al cárabo, y, seguidamente, aguzaba el oído aguardando respuesta, minetras la luna asomaba tras un celaje e inundaba el paisaje de una irreal fosforescencia poblada de sombras, y él, un tanto amilanado,

From THE INNOCENT SAINTS

translated by Wesley Mathewson

...the weeks passed until one fine day at the first hint of spring Azarías was transformed, he lifted his lips in a dull smile, ineffable, and at sunset instead of counting the tire plugs he took the owl and went out with him into the forest, and the enormous bird observed his surroundings, motionless, perched on his forearm, until when it became dark he rose into a smooth, silent flight and returned after a short while with a rat in his talons, or a finch, and right there he devoured his prey while Azarías scratched him between the ears and listened to the heartbeat of the mountains, the sad harsh barking of a fox in heat or the braying of the deer of the Coto de Santa Angela, which also were mating, and from time to time he would say,

the fox is nearby, milana, do you hear it?

and the owl focused his round yellow pupils glowing phosphorescently in the dark, he slowly adjusted his ears and started to eat again, and this time he didn't but on other occasions he had heard the funereal howling of the wolves in the spanish-broom on spring nights, but ever since the light men came and installed the poles for the electrical wire all along the length of the hillside it was no longer heard, and instead he heard the great horned owl crying periodically, and the Gran Duque in these instances lifted his enormous head and pricked up his ears and Azarías began to laugh mutely, without sound, only with his gums, and he murmured in a softened voice,

are you a coward, milana?, tomorrow I'm going to run the horned owl,

and, said and done, the following day with the twilight he went right out onto the mountain, opening a path through the flowering cistus and the buckthorns and the montera, because the horned owl inspired the strange fascination of the abyss in Azarías, a kind of attraction weakened by panic, such that when he paused in the middle of the thicket he clearly heard the forceful beating of his heart and therefore he waited a while to catch his breath and to calm his spirit, and he intoned,

eh! eh!

quoting him, quoting the great owl, and afterward he sharpened his

hacía bocina con sus manos y repetía desafiante,

¡eh!, ¡eh!,

hasta que, súbitamente, veinte metros más abajo, desde una encina corpulenta, le llegaba el anhelado y espeluznante aullido,

¡buhú, buhú!,

y, al oírlo, el Azarías perdía la noción del tiempo, la conciencia de sí mismo, y rompía a correr enloquecido, arruando, hollando los piornos, arañándose el rostro con las ramas más bajas de los madroños y los alcornoques y, tras él implacable, saltando blandamente de árbol en árbol, el cárabo, aullando y carcajeándose y, cada vez que reía, al Azarías se le dilataban las pupilas y se le erizaba la piel y recordaba a la milana en la cuadra, y apremiaba aún más el paso y el cárabo a sus espaldas tornaba a aullar y a reír y el Azarías corría y corría , tropezaba, caía y se levantaba, sin volver jamás la cabeza y, al llegar, jadeate, a la dehesa, la Lupe, la Porquera, se santiguaba,

¿de dónde te vienes, di?,

y el Azarías sonreía tenuemente, como un chiquillo cogido en falta, y,

de correr el cárabo, que yo digo,

hearing, awaiting a response, while the moon appeared from behind a cloud and flooded the countryside with a surreal luminescence populated by shadows, and he, a little frightened, made a horn with his hands and repeated defiantly,

eh!, eh!

until, suddenly twenty meters behind hi from a massive oak came the coveted and terrifying howl,

buhú!, buhú!,

and when he heard it Azarías lost all notion of time, his awareness of himself, and he broke into a frenzied run, grunting, trampling the spanish-broom, scratching his face on the lowest branches of the strawberry and the cork-oaks, and behind him, relentless, passing softly from tree to tree, the great horned owl howled and laughed, and every time he laughed Azarías' pupils dilated and his skin bristled and he thought of the milana in the stable, he quickened his pace even more and the great owl at his back began to howl and laugh again and Azarías ran and ran, he tripped, fell and stood, without ever turning his head, and when he appeared, panting, in the pasture, Lupe the swineherd crossed himself,

where are you coming from, tell me,

and Azarías smiled slightly, like a small child caught in mischief,

from running the horned owl, I say…

Diálogo Sobre el Ayuno

Joseph Murray & Fernando Salas

Mientras Más Como, Menos Recuerdo:
En Defensa del Ayuno

Joseph Murray

Mientras más como, menos recuerdo.
Cuando mi corazón está lleno
de material sin razón,
necesito sentir mi cuerpo
Una vez más.
Mi estomago ya está lleno de comida.
No más petróleo en mi estómago.

La comida por si sola no es suficiente
Para una vida dichosa.
Sin una pausa no es posible
alcanzar el grado supremo
de la sabiduría.
Hay un lugar en mi mente.
Hay un tiempo para el ayuno.
Este nivel es más elevado, más elevado
que la mejor sopa del mundo.
No más veneno en mi comida.

Dialogue on Fasting

translated by the authors

The More I Eat the Less I Remember:
In Defense of Fasting

Joseph Murray

The more I eat, the less I remember.
When my heart is filled
with senseless material,
I need to feel my body
once more.
My stomach is full of food.
No more petroleum in my stomach.

Food alone is not sufficient
to sustain a happy life.
Without a pause it is impossible
to reach the highest plane
of wisdom.
There is a place in my mind.
There is a time for fasting.
This plane is higher, higher
than the best soup in the world.
No more poison in my food

Mientras Más Como, Menos Me Enfermo: Contra el Ayuno

Fernando Salas

Tu mente no es otra cosa
que una función de tu cuerpo,
Y tu cuerpo día a día
requiere un consumo mínimo
de calorías.
Come suficiente y gozarás más tiempo,
come balanceado y pensarás más lejos
y más profundo.
Que es más feliz y más sabio
el que come suficiente;
Él come infinitas veces más
que el debilucho que ayuna.
No más aire en tu estómago.

Una loba mal nutrida
pare cachorros enclenques
sobre cuyas viles frentes
las gallinas cagan, cagan.
Sigue, pues, sigue ayunando,
y parirás pensamientos
poco aguzados de los que
los niños se rían, rían.

The More I Eat, The Less I Am Ill: Against Fasting

Fernando Salas

Your mind is nothing more
than a function of your body,
And your body requires
a minimum daily intake
of calories.
Eat enough and you will enjoy a longer life,
eat in a balanced way and your thoughts will be broader
and deeper,
Because he who eats enough
is happiest and wisest;
Indeed, he eats infinitely more times
than the frail fellow who fasts.
No more air in your stomach.

A malnourished she-wolf
gives birth to feeble pups
over whose heads
chickens excrete, excrete.
Go on, then, go on fasting,
and you will give birth to dull
thoughts that will be
the topic of children's jokes, jokes.
No more bubbles in your brain.

From "El Caballero de Olmedo"

Lope de Vega

Andrés, después que las bellas
plantas de Inés goza el valle,
tanto florece con ellas
que quiso el cielo trocalle
por sus flores sus estrellas.
Ya el valle es cielo, después
que su primavera es,
pues vera el cielo en el suelo
quien vio, pues Inés es el cielo,
en el valle a Inés.
Con miedo y respeto estampo
el pie donde el suyo huella;
que ya Medina del Campo
no quiere aurora más bella
para florecer su campo.
Yo la vi de amor huyendo
cuanto miraba matando,
su mismo desdén venciendo,
y, aunque me partí llorando,
la dejé riendo.

Dile, Andrés, que ya me veo
muerto por volverla a ver,
aunque cuando llegues, creo
que no será menester,
que me habrá muerto el deseo.
No tendrás que hacer después
que a sus manos vengativas
llegues, si una vez la ves
ni aun es posible que vivas
si la ves Andrés.
Pero si matarte olvida,
por no hacer caso de ti,

From "The Knight of Olmeda"

translated by Laura Murray

Andres, after the valley enjoys
Ines' lovely footsteps,
the flowers bloom so much
that the heavens wanted to give
its stars in exchange for them.
Now the valley is sky,
in the stages after spring,
and whoever saw will see
the sky upon the ground,
for Ines is the sky
Ines, in the valley.
With respect and fear I plant
my foot where hers has trampled
now that Medina del Campo
does not want a more beautiful
dawn to bloom over her land.
I saw her fleeing from love
as love I saw her killing,
conquering her own disdain
and though she left me crying
I left her laughing.

Tell her, Andres that I now see myself
dead for again having seen her
though when you arrive, I believe
there will not be a need,
because my desire will have already died.
You will be powerless
once you arrive at her vengeful
hands, once you see her
you'll not be able even to live,
if you see her Andres.
But if she forgets to kill you,

dile a mi hermosa homicida,
que por que se mata en mi
pues que sabe que es mi vida.
Dile: Cruel, no le des
muerte, si vengada estas
y te ha de pesar después.
Y pues no me has de ver mas
dile cuál me ves.
Verdad es que se dilata
el morir, que con mirar
vuelve a dar vida la ingrata,
y ANSI se cansa en matar,
pues da vida a cuantos mata.
Pero, muriendo o viviendo,
no me pienso arrepentir
de estarla amando y sirviendo,
que no hay bien como vivir
por ella muriendo.

if she forgets to notice you,
ask my beautiful murderess
why she gives me death,
since she knows she is my life.
Tell her; Cruel girl, do not kill,
if you are avenged
you will suffer for it after.
And so you'll not see me again,
tell her you see me.
It is true that death dilates
so that, with her sight,
the ingrate gives life again
and in this way, tires of killing
giving life to all she murders.
But, whether living or dying,
I do not plan on repenting
for having loved and served her,
because there is no greater joy than to live
dying for her.

Mi Padre
Robinson Martinez

ojos verdes de perro sin nombre
dientes impecables para los demás
dedo atado poco tiempo con anillo
voz de machete contra cemento
barriga, mucho chicharron no ejercicio
orejas, dos micrófonos, mil hablantes
celular, tercera oreja
calva, isla donde naufragan sus secretos
corazón, caracol con apertura de alfiler
sus manos, billetera abierta
cada billete con corazón estampado
¿serán los mismos ojos verdes de su padre?
¿serán también los mismos pa' mi hijo?

Intenciones
Joseph Murray

¿Has ido alguna vez al río Hudson, cuando está cubierto por una capa de hielo?
La epidermis del río gime y silba a la vez.
Debajo
Hay una corriente revolcándose sobre si misma,coaccionada por la luna.
Una corriente que tiene intenciones momentáneas, solo para inmolarlas a la gravedad de la luna.
Como yo, tan concentrado en mis asuntos –
hasta que ella me de otras ordenes.

My Father
translated by Callie Garnett

eyes of a nameless dog, and green
teeth, impeccable for everybody else
finger, bound briefly by a ring
voice, machete striking cement
gut, too much meat, no exercise
ears, two microphones, a thousand speakers
cellular, his third ear
bald spot, island where his secrets are shipwrecked
heart, snail's shell with a pinhole aperture
his hands, open wallet
each bill embossed with a heart
are they the same green eyes his father had?
will mine be the same to my son?

Intentions
translated by the author

Have you ever been down to the Hudson River when it is locked up with ice?
The surface moans and whistles at the same time.
Underneath
There is a current switching back upon itself, coerced by the moon.
A current that has intentions of the moment, only to relent them to a lunar pull.
Like me, so focused in my task –
until she tells me otherwise.

Gebet

Else Lasker-Schüler

Ich suche allerlanden eine Stadt,
Die einen Engel vor der Pforte hat.
Ich trage seinen großen Flügel
Gebrochen schwer am Schulterblatt
Und in der Stirne seinen Stern als Siegel.

Und wandle immer in die Nacht…
Ich habe Liebe in die Welt gebracht –
Daß blau zu blühen jedes Herz vermag,
Und hab ein Leben müde mich gewacht,
In Gott gehüllt den dunklen Atemschlag.

O Gott, schließ um mich deinen Mantel fest;
Ich weiß, ich bin im Kugelglas der Rest,
Und wenn der letzte Mensch die Welt vergießt,
Du mich nicht wieder aus der Allmacht läßt
Und sich ein neuer Erdball um mich schließt.

Молитва

translated from the German into Russian by Maria Rybakova

Когда-нибудь найду я город – тот,
Где Ангела увижу у ворот
С одним крылом (и сломанным); другое
Его крыло плечо моё несёт,
И лоб мой заклеймён его звездою.

И так я путешествую в ночи,
Чтоб в каждом сердце оставлять лучи
Моей любви. И, может, слишком долго
Не сплю, а слушаю, как в темноте молчит
Дыхание, окутанное Богом.

Закутай, Боже, потеплей меня!
Я знаю – я в стеклянном шаре дня,
Когда последний человек забудет свет,
Меня не выпустишь ты из своих тенет
И в новый мир замкнёшь меня, храня.

Prayer

translated from the German
by Arne Lohmann & Emily Sullivan Sanford

I'm searching for a city in every land
That has an angel before the gate.
I'm carrying his big wing
Broken hard from the shoulder-blade
And on my forehead his star as a seal.

And wander always into the night…
I've brought love into the world –
That every heart can blossom blue,
And for a lifetime watched myself weary,
Enshrouded, in God, the dark beat of breath.

O' God, wrap your cloak around me;
I know, I am the remains in the hourglass,
And when the last human spills the world
You don't release me from your Almighty Power,
And a new globe wraps itself around me.

A Prayer

translated from the Russian by Anya Vostrova

One day I'll find a city at whose gates
I'll see the Angel who awaits
With one wing (broken); the other
Bears my shoulder's weight. A scar
Upon my forehead is the marking of his star.

And so I travel through the night
So in each heart I may leave bright
Rays of my love. Maybe too long
I do not sleep but listen to the silent song
Of breath in darkness wrapped by God in light.

Oh God, wrap me up warm I pray!
I know – I'm in the glass ball of day
When the last man forgets the light
You will not let your snares give way.
Guarding, you'll enclose me in a new world's night.

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