

*Rock
argentino*

SUI GENERIS

spring 2007

Sui Generis - 2007



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Layout

Nadeem Mesbah and R.J. Skypala

Faculty Advisor

Eric Trudel

Sui Generis is an annual multilingual magazine of poetry, short-fiction, non-fiction, and translations. Submissions are accepted from the entire Bard community.

This year we proudly accept submissions from inmates at the Eastern Correctional Facility and students from Simon's Rock Early College.

Special thanks to the Division of Languages & Literature.

SUI GENERIS

Spring 2007

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

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نَراَ دَخَلتِ عَلَيَّ
 فِي صَبِيحَةِ يَوْمٍ مِنْ أَيَّامِ آذارِ
 كَقَصِيدَةٍ صَمِيلَةٍ تَمسِي عَلَيَّ قَدَمَيْلِ ..
 دَخَلتِ الشَّمْسُ مَعِي ..
 وَدَخَلَ الرَّبِيعُ مَعِي ..
 كانَ عَلَيَّ مَكْتَبِي أَوْرَاقٌ .. فَأَوْرَقَتْ
 وَكانَ أَمَامِي فِجْجانُ قَهْرَةٍ
 فَسَرَبَنِي قَبْلَ أَنْ أُسْرَبَهُ ..
 وَكانَ عَلَيَّ جِدَارِي لَوْحَةٌ زَيْتِيَّةٌ
 لَتَيولُ تَرَكُّضُ ..
 فَتَرَكَّتْني التَّيولُ هِينِ رَأَتْكَ
 وَرَكَّضتْ نَحْوَكَ ..

Translation by Holly Young

One day you came to me
 like any March morning
 like a beautiful poem walking on its feet
 You came in with the sun
 You came in with the spring

The leaves of paper on my desk...budded
 in front of me a cup of coffee
 drank me before I drank it

On my wall
 was an oil painting
 of galloping horses
 who left me upon this sight
 and ran towards you

نَراَ زُرْتَنِي ،

في صبيحة ذلك اليوم من آذارٍ
عَدَّتْ قَشْعِرِيَّةٌ في جَسَدِ الأَرْضِ

وَسَقَطَ في عَطَنِ ما .. من العالَمِ

نيزكٌ مُسْتَعِلٌ ..

هَسِبَهُ الأَطْفالُ فَطِيرَةً مَكُونَةً بِالْعَسَلِ ..

وهَسِبَهُ النِّساءُ

سِواراً مُرَصَّعاً بِالْماسِ ..

وهَسِبَهُ الرِّجالُ

من مَعَلَمَاتِ لَيْلَةِ القَدْرِ ...

One day you came to me
that March morning

the Earth's body trembled
and somewhere in the world
a blazing star was dropped

The children thought it a cake full of honey
the women thought it
a bracelet studded with diamonds
the men thought it
a sign of revelation...

وَعَيْنٍ نَزَعَتْ مَعْطَفَكَ الرَّبِيعِيَّ

وَجَلَسَتْ أَمَامِي

فَرَأَيْتَهُ تَحْمِلُ فِي عَقَابِطِهِ ثِيَابَ الصَّيْفِ

تَأَكَّدْتُ أَنَّ الْأَطْفَانَ كَانُوا عَلَى حَقٍّ ..

وَالنِّسَاءَ كُنَّ عَلَى حَقٍّ ..

وَالرِّجَالَ كَانُوا عَلَى حَقٍّ ..

وَأَنْتَ ..

سُرْبِيَّةٌ كَالْحَسَلِ ..

وَصَافِيَةٌ كَالْمَاسِ ..

وَمُذْهِلَةٌ كَلَيْلَةِ الْقَدْرِ ...

When you took off your spring coat
and sat in front of me
like a butterfly carrying its bags of summer clothes
I was certain

all the children were right
the women were right
the men were right

that you are
pleasing as honey,
pure as diamonds,
as miraculous as revelation...

祖父死去时

Yuli Bethe

祖父死去时
我心里万分虚无
觉的事不能说
说的事不能觉
我心里只有虚无

祖父死去时
年已九十九
我们都知晓
近年他将走
我们都感到
近年他会死
可是, 我的心里只有虚无

美国有老人问题
中国有老人问题
日本也有老人问题
别国的问题, 别人的问题
有什么意义?
亲人死的感觉没有国境
每人的感觉各有不同
但是, 根源不是别的
我想.....
可能.....

我心里只有虚无

Epître À Madame La Marquise de C*** *Louise-Geneviève de Saintonge*

Veuve gracieuse et gentille,
Qui vaut bien une cointe fille,
Vous m'envoyez de vos muscats,
Fruit exquis, dont je fais grand cas ;
Mais j'en fais encor davantage
De ce billet de votre main,
Lui seul échange mon chagrin ;
Certes c'est un grand avantage
Que d'avoir semblable faveur ;
Tel est accablé de langueur,
Qui tiendrait un joyeux langage,
S'il recevait tant seulement,
De vous un petit compliment :
Mais vous n'êtes rien moins que tendre
Pour ce peuple d'amants soumis,
Vous les traitez en ennemis
Qui voudraient pouvoir vous surprendre,
Et ravir cette liberté
Dont votre coeur est enchanté.
Conservez, Dame cointe et gente,
Cette franchise si charmante,
Car onc n'est si touchant plaisir
Que vivre au gré de son désir ;
Souvent l'hymen a fait connaître
Qu'un amant complaisant et doux
Deviens un fort importun maître
Alors qu'on en fait un époux.
Vivez toujours en souveraine,
Sous vos lois on voit mille coeurs,
Ils seraient tous des déserteurs,
Si d'hymen vous preniez la chaîne.
L'époux ne désertait pas,
Peut-être aurait-il l'humeur sombre,
Et peut-être, ainsi que votre ombre,
Ils s'attacherait à vos pas.

Letter to Madame La Marquise de C*** *Translation by Amanda Lee*

My darling widow, gracious and kind,
Far more valuable than a docile girl,
You send me muscat grapes off the vine,
Exquisite fruit, which means the world.
But a joy far greater than fruit of the land
Is this brief note written by your hand.
It alone enchants away my woes.
Tis' a great advantage, you understand,
To be so favored in stormy throes.
Why, he who's overcome with languor,
Would be filled with joyous shouts
Were he to receive such a favor,
As a tiny compliment from your mouth.
Yet you are not the least bit tender
Towards that pack of lovers who,
you treat as enemies undiscovered
That lie in wait to ambush you
And ravish that liberty through and through
From which your heart's enchantment grew.
Please conserve, my gracious Madame,
Your charming independence,
For there is no pleasure so intense
As satisfying whatever you will or fathom;
Marriage thrusts into us a truth not reckoned
When often a complacent and sweet lover
Becomes a very importunate master
As soon as one makes him a husband.
Please live always as a sovereign,
One sees a thousand hearts under your rule,
Yet they would all be deserters cruel,
Were you to submit to the marital chain.
If your husband stayed by your side,
Then he might turn out to be somber and snide,
Perhaps, you'd be flanked by a second shadow,
As every step you took, he would follow.

Je n'entreprendrai point de dire
Tout ce que l'hymen a de maux,
Certes, c'est par trop de travaux,
Ma plume n'y pourrait suffire ;
Je compterais plutôt les fleurs
Qui parent les saisons nouvelles,
Plutôt de l'aurore les pleurs,
Et du ciel toutes les étoiles.
Point il ne vous chante de cela,
Le bon sens vous a dit, holà,
Vivez dans une paix profonde,
Assez d'autres peuplent le monde.
Moi je vous dis sincèrement,
Non comme un banal compliment,
Que vous avez, gentille Dame,
Un entier pouvoir sur mon âme.

My dear, I will not try to explain
The suffering that marriage's duties involve,
Certainly, it is so much work and strain,
My pen can't describe, nor have I the resolve;
I would rather count the flowers
That usher in each new season,
Number the dewdrops of dawn's hour,
And all the shimmering stars of heaven.
He'll never sing to you of those, 'tis certain,
Good sense has lifted for you its curtain,
Madame, please live in a profound peace
There are plenty of others left to breed
I say to you sincerely--
Not as a compliment banal and dull,
That you have, most gracious lady,
Entire power over my enraptured soul.

L'artiste

Andrée Chedid

Je suis assis devant un piano, rien d'autre ne compte. Je ne sais rien dire, rien décrire de ce qui m'entoure. Ni la marque de l'instrument (un Steinway, un Pleyel, un Gaveau ?), ni s'il est droit, ni s'il est à queue. Je ne peux pas dépeindre la chambre où je me trouve, ni dater la saison, le jour ni l'heure. Suis-je seul ? Y a-t-il autour de moi des personnes qui m'écoutent ?

Je n'en sais rien. Je ne veux rien savoir. Je suis simplement *là* ; avec mes mains. Des mes mains. Je ne vois qu'elles ; glissant, aériennes, sur le clavier. Je n'entends que cette musique qu'elles soulèvent, qu'elles attirent hors du piano, et qui m'envahit.

Une musique improvisée qui d'abord me possède, m'enveloppe, avant de s'écouler le long de mes bras, jusqu'à ces mains qu'elle imprègne.

Par moments, pour assourdir ou forcer le son, je me sers de mes pieds. Je sens, mais de plus loin, leur pression sur les pédales.

Quelque chose au fond de moi chant et s'accomplit.

Je suis dans le bonheur. J'improvise. J'improvise !

Aucun doute, ce sont bien mes mains que je fixe.

Je reconnais mon alliance, d'une épaisseur rare ; comme si Germaine avait voulu, ostensiblement, me lier à vie. J'aperçois la petite éminence au-dessus du médius, résultat d'un coup de marteau malhabile, du temps où je bricolais dans notre maison de campagne. Je reconnais les récentes gerçures semées de quelques taches de son, conséquences de l'hiver et de l'âge. Je distingue ce curieux point noir—une sorte de mouche—à la racine de l'index gauche. « Si un jour tu te perdais, on te retrouverait toujours grâce à cette marque », disait ma mère.

La souplesse de mes doigts, de mes poignets, la vitesse de mes mains, leur dextérité m'émerveillent. Acrobatiques, inventives, tantôt agitées, tantôt tranquilles, je ne peux en détacher les yeux.

Ma virtuosité est sans limites. Mon invention sans brisure. Je m'interprète sur toutes les clefs, sur tous les rythmes ; en rondes, en blanches, en noires, en croches, en crescendos et en soupirs... Une fête ! Simple, naturelle, facile.

Si facile qu'au matin je déclare à Germaine que je m'en vais, tout de

The Artist

Translation by Belinda Irving

I am seated in front of a piano. Nothing else matters. I do not know how to say anything, to describe anything that surrounds me. Neither the brand of the piano (Steinway, Pleyel, Gaveau?), nor if it is an upright or a concert piano. I cannot describe the room in which I find myself, nor name the season, the day, the hour. Am I alone? Are there people around the piano listening to me?

I don't know anything about it. I don't want to know anything. I am simply there; with my hands, in my hands. I see only them: gliding lightly on the piano. I hear only the music that they generate, that they pull out of the piano, and that invades me.

This improvised music first possesses me, then envelops me until it flows through the length of my arms and down to these hands that it soaks.

Now and then, to dampen or give stress to the sound, I make use of my feet. I feel their pressure – but from further away – on the pedals.

Something from deep inside of me takes form and is singing out.

I'm in a state of complete happiness. I am improvising. I'm improvising!

No doubt about it, those really are my hands I'm staring at.

I recognize my wedding ring. It is surprisingly thick, as if Germaine had wanted, conspicuously, to bind me to her for life. I notice the little lump above the middle finger, the result of a clumsy hammer blow from when I was working on our country house. I recognize the recently healed cracks on some brown blotches, consequences of winter and age. I notice that curious black spot – a sort of birthmark at the base of the left index finger. "If you get lost one day, we'll be able to find you thanks to that mark," my mother used to say.

The suppleness of my fingers, of my wrists, the swiftness of my hands, their dexterity amazes me. Acrobatic, inventive, sometimes restless, sometimes tranquil, I cannot pull my eyes away from them.

My virtuosity is without limit. My creativity without interruption. I play in all keys, all rhythms: in rounds, on white keys, on black keys, in crescendos and in sighs... A celebration! Simple, natural, easy.

It was so easy that in the morning I announced to Germaine that I

suite, faire l'achat d'un piano.

—Te mettre au piano à ton âge, tu n'y penses pas, Albert !

—J'ai un don.

Elle ne voulut pas m'entendre.

—C'est aujourd'hui que tu t'en aperçois ?... Tu n'as rien d'un artiste. Rien.

Il me restait à faire mes preuves. Je décidai de louer, toute une journée, un studio de musique au conservatoire le plus proche.

Je pris place devant l'instrument—cette fois, c'était un piano signé Érard—et vissai mon tabouret à la bonne hauteur.

Je soulevai ensuite, sans hâte, l'abattant. Je découvris avec émotion des touches jaunies, d'autres plus grises que noires, attestant qu'elles avaient été caressées, heurtées, parcourues par des milliers de mains avant les miennes.

L'inspiration se rapprochait ; je le sentais à un frémissement heureux qui courait le long de mes veines.

Dans l'expectative, j'étendis mes mains, bien ouvertes, à quelques centimètres au-dessus du clavier. Retenant ma respiration, j'attendis. En toute confiance.

Mais rien ne se passa. Rien.

Persuadé que l'impulsion qui mettrait tout en route ne tarderait pas à se produire, je patientai encore. J'inspirai à fond, emplissant mes bronches de souffle. Puis j'expirai lentement par la bouche.

Rien n'advint. Mes paumes restaient figées. Mes doigts demeuraient contractés, engourdis.

Toujours aux aguets, m'efforçant par d'autres moyens de déclencher le mouvement, je remuai l'annulaire, le pouce ; j'étirai mes phalanges, simulant de larges accords.

Toujours rien. L'immobilité, l'inertie. La platitude.

Je temporisai. Encore et encore.

Enfin, saisi d'une fureur et d'un désespoir sans frein, le dos arrondi, je me mis subitement à frapper le clavier, à plaquer des accords désorganisés et dissonants. Dans l'espoir de retrouver ce don inouï, cette improvisation souple, aisée, qui se dérobait ; dans la conviction que je donnerais bientôt jour à ces rythmes, à ces harmonies enfouis au fond de mon être, je m'acharnai sur les touches et les pédales.

Il n'en résulta qu'un vacarme, effroyable.

Une responsable des lieux ouvrit brusquement la porte et me pria, en mots cinglants, de mettre fin à mes exercices. Avec ce tapage

was leaving right away. I was going to buy a piano.

"Learn piano, at your age? Don't even think about it, Albert."

"But, I have a gift!"

She didn't want to hear anything of it.

"You realized this today? You're not an artist. Not at all."

I had to prove myself. I decided to rent a music studio in the nearest conservatory for the whole day.

I took my place before the instrument – this time, the brand was Erard – and raised the seat to the correct height.

I lifted the cover slowly. I carefully examined the yellowish keys, and the others more gray than black: testimony that they had been caressed, banged, skimmed by thousands of hands before mine.

The inspiration approached; I felt it through a giddy trembling that pulsed through my veins.

I stretched out my hands cautiously. All the way open. A few centimeters above the keyboard. Holding my breath, I waited. Totally confident.

But nothing happened. Nothing.

Persuaded that the inspiration I needed to begin would soon come, I waited patiently. I breathed in deeply, filling my lungs with air. Then I exhaled slowly through my mouth.

Nothing happened. My palms stayed motionless. My fingers remained outstretched, numb.

Always on the lookout, forcing myself by other means to launch into movement, I stirred my ring finger, my thumb; I stretched my phalanges, stimulating full consent.

Still nothing. Immobility, inertia. Banality.

I stalled. Again and again.

Finally, seized by a fury and desperation without restraint, I started banging on the piano hunched over playing disorganized, dissonant chords. In hopes of regaining this extraordinary gift, this supple, easy improvisation, which had eluded me, I pounded on the keys and pedals. I was convinced that I would one day give birth to these rhythms, these harmonies buried deep inside my soul.

The only result was a racket: appalling. A conservatory official opened the door abruptly and begged me, sharply, to finish with my exercises. With this infernal clanging, one could neither hear anything else in the hallway, nor in the neighboring studios.

infernal, on ne pouvait plus s'entendre dans le couloir, ni dans les studios avoisinants.

Tout rentra dans l'ordre. (C'est ainsi, je crois, que l'on dépeint une existence ponctuelle et sans remous.) Trois ans s'écoulèrent, avant que le prochain événement ne survienne.

Une grande page blanche se présenta devant mes yeux. Elle avait l'apparence de ces papiers à dessin, solides et blancs, légèrement apprêtés, qui invitent au graphisme.

Par chance je me trouvais, au même instant, en possession d'un de ces crayons-feutres qui accordent aux signes largesse et fluidité. Le tenant déjà en main, je me mis à former des lettres sur le feuillet, aisément. Les mots m'étaient dictés ; mon poignet était délicatement mais fermement maintenu et guidé.

Je composai une, deux, quatre, cinq, bientôt sept lignes ; et je m'arrêtai. Sept lignes, pas une de plus ! J'étais sûr que je venais de parvenir à la limite de ce texte ; qu'il était bouclé, clos. Alors, juste au-dessous, je traçai trois barres horizontales. J'y ajoutai le mot « Fin ».

Bien encré, rythmé, robuste et mélodieux, ce morceau m'émerveilla. Je voulus tout de suite le graver dans mon souvenir, m'assurant ainsi, en cas de perte matérielle, de pouvoir le retrouver sans problème au réveil.

Ces paroles limpides et profondes, fragiles et denses me parurent d'une extrême simplicité, dénuées de pièges pour la mémoire. Je les retins sans effort et les répétai, plusieurs fois, par cœur, avant de m'abandonner au sommeil.

Au matin, sur ma table de nuit, je ne vis ni feuillet, ni crayon-feutre. Je cherchai durant quelques secondes, mais ne trouvai nulle part trace de mon écrit. M'y attendant un peu, je ne paniquai pas. Il me suffirait, tout à l'heure, de m'en remettre à ma mémoire.

Une fois habillé, je me suis installé devant la table de cuisine, avec un bloc-notes et un crayon-feutre tout neuf que je promène partout avec moi. En lettres capitales, j'inscrivis « POÈME ». Quel autre texte aurait pu, en si peu de phrases, offrir tant de plénitude et tant d'éclat ?

Pour que les mots affleurent mieux, je ferme les yeux et m'isole du décor.

Rien. Pas une parole ne se présente. Pas une!

J'en appelai d'une manière plus insistante à mon souvenir. M'efforçant d'imaginer la forme de ces lettres si lisiblement découpées sur le blanc un peu raide de la page, j'espérais encore.

Everything went back to normal (I believe that it was what one would call an ordinary existence without disruption). Three years passed by without any surprises. And then something happened.

An large blank sheet of paper stretched out in front of me. It was solid and pure, carefully made, like sketch paper inviting me to draw.

By chance, I also found that I had one of those felt-tipped pens that create long and flowing lines in my hand. As I sat there holding it, I began to form letters on the page with ease; it was as if the words were being dictated. My wrist moved with suppleness as it was somehow being firmly guided in its path.

I wrote one, two, three, four, five, soon seven lines – and then I stopped. Seven lines, not a single line more! I felt as though I had just been driven to the borders of the text, and they were blocked, closed. And then, just below those verses, I drew three horizontal lines. Above them I added the words, "The End".

It was well written, rhythmic, robust, and melodious. I marveled at my work. I wanted immediately to engrave it into my memory so that if I lost the paper, I could recreate it without mistake when I awoke.

These lucid and profound, fragile yet dense words seemed so simple to me; it seemed as though they would enter my memory without difficulty. I memorized them with ease and repeated them over and over by heart before abandoning them to fall into a deep slumber.

In the morning I looked over at my night table and saw neither the sheet of paper nor the pen. I searched the room for a while but couldn't find even the slightest trace of the page. Resting for a moment, I remained calm. All I would have to do was call on them from my memory later.

After getting dressed, I sat at the kitchen table with a notebook and a brand new felt-tipped pen that I always carried with me. In capital letters I wrote "POEM". What other form of writing could offer such plenitude and splendor in so few sentences?

I closed my eyes so the words would flow out of me more naturally and isolated myself from my surroundings.

Nothing. Not a single word came to me. Not one!

I called more insistently upon my memory. Forcing myself to imagine the shape of the letters, which had been so legibly engraved on the stiff whiteness of the paper, I tried again.

Still nothing.

Toujours rien.

Plus fébrile, je fouillai, cette fois, au fin fond de mon être. Je blâmai mon insouciance, m'accusai de n'avoir pas fait un effort suffisant pour mémoriser ces lignes ou bien pour m'extraire du sommeil. Je creusais, je forais pour déterrer mon trésor enfoui.

Pourtant, rien ne remonta à la surface. Aucune parcelle, aucun fragment. J'en aurais pleuré !

Étonnée de mon immobilité face à cette page nue, Germaine me rappela l'heure. Comme je ne bronchais pas, elle me donna une légère bourrade sur l'épaule.

Elle a bien fait, sans elle j'aurais raté mon train de banlieue. Au chef de bureau, quelle raison aurais-je pu donner de mon retard ?

Cette fois, c'est certain : je vole !

Personne ne prétendra le contraire. Il ne s'agit pas d'un vol en altitude qui perdrait le sol de vue. Plutôt d'un vol en rase-mottes, se haussant à vingt centimètres—au maximum—au-dessus de la terre.

Un pas, puis un autre... Sans effort, je me suis élevé.

D'abord, je monte ; ensuite, je plane. Enfin me voilà parti.

Les boulevards, les trottoirs de ma cité, des chemins de campagne, une allée cavalière, des ponts, l'autoroute défilent sous mes pas. J'avance sur des patins invisibles. Je glisse comme le vent, tout en gardant les yeux ouverts sur ce qui se passe autour de moi. J'enregistre tout. Je vis d'abondance.

C'est la félicité, le ravissement. Ai-je jamais éprouvé un tel bonheur ?

A présent, assis au bord du lit, je suis pressé de recommencer. J'ouvre, en grand, les portes-fenêtres qui donnent sur notre jardinet. L'autoroute du Nord est proche. A l'intérieur de chez nous, nous entendons sans cesse le vrombissement des voitures.

Dans ma hâte, je n'ai même pas pris le temps d'enfiler mes chaussettes, mes chaussures. Le goût de ce qui je viens d'éprouver m'emplit, m'exalte. Tout s'allège à l'intérieur de mon corps.

Pieds nus, je viens de franchir le seuil de ma maison. Maintenant j'avance sur l'étroit tapis de gazon. Soudain je me mets à courir, à courir.

Au bord du jardinet je prendrai tout mon essor, et, de là, je m'élancerai...

Les ambulanciers, appelés d'urgence, retrouvèrent Albert étendu de

Now I feverishly dug down into the very depths of my being. I chastised myself for being so absentminded, I accused myself of not putting enough effort into memorizing the lines and going to bed too soon. I scoured, I foraged to dig up my buried treasure.

But nothing surfaced. Not one piece, not one fragment. I could have cried!

Shocked by the immobility that struck me when face to face with this naked sheet of paper, Germaine reminded me of the time. I didn't budge so she resorted to pushing me softly on the shoulder.

It was a good thing, too. Without her I would have missed my train. What excuse could I have possibly given to my boss?

This time, I'm sure of it: I'm flying!

No one could argue the contrary. I'm not flying so high that I lose sight of the ground. It's like I'm floating no more than twenty centimeters above the ground.

One foot after the other... Without any effort, I rise up.

First, I ascend; then I soar. Finally, I depart.

The streets, the sidewalks of my city, the country roads, the footpaths, bridges, and the expressway unwind under my feet. I advance on invisible skates. I glide like the wind, all the while looking with eyes wide open to all that is passing by around me. I record everything. I live off this abundance of images.

Felicity, rapture. Have I ever been so happy?

Now I am sitting at the edge of the bed. I am eager to go again. I open the French doors that lead to our small garden. The north expressway is nearby. We can hear the rumbling of the cars from inside the house.

In my haste, I have even forgotten to slip into my socks, my shoes. The taste of what I have just experienced fills me, excites me. Everything inside my body feels light.

With bare feet, I cross the threshold of my house. Now, I walk over the thin carpet of grass. Suddenly, I begin to run, and run.

At the edge of the garden, I will take off – and next I will thrust forward...

The ambulances found Albert stretched out along the expressway. He was lying facedown on the ground with bare feet and no shoes.

When they turned him over, despite the violent nature of the

tout son long sur l'autoroute. Il gisait face contre terre Sans chaussures et pieds nus.

Quand ils le retournèrent, malgré la violence du choc, les infirmiers lui découvrirent un masque radieux, détendu. L'accidenté saignait à peine ; ils eurent du mal à trouver l'endroit de la blessure fatale.

La voiture, qui roulait pourtant à une allure normale, n'avait pas pu l'éviter.

Fortement ébranlé, le conducteur expliqua qu'il avait soudain aperçu—approchant à toute vitesse, venant en sens interdit—une forme étrange, volant à peu de distance du sol, qui se précipitait vers son automobile.

Quelque chose d'insolite, de jamais vu. Une sorte de Martien, peut-être?

Jusqu'au dernier moment, l'homme avait cru rêver.

impact, the medics saw that he wore a look of absolute radiance, relaxed. His wound hardly bled at all. They had had a hard time even finding the location of the fatal injury.

Although he wasn't speeding, the driver could not have avoided it.

Considerably weakened from shock, the driver explained that he suddenly had noticed, traveling at full speed and going against traffic, a strange figure flying just above the ground, rushing towards his car.

It was so strange. He had never seen anything like it. Could it have been some sort of Martian?

Up to his very last breath, the man thought he was dreaming.

« Nous sommes les indigènes de la République !... » Appel pour des Assises de l'anticolonialisme postcolonial

Discriminés à l'embauche, au logement, à la santé, à l'école et aux loisirs, les personnes issues des colonies, anciennes ou actuelles, et de l'immigration postcoloniale sont les premières victimes de l'exclusion sociale et de la précarisation. Indépendamment de leurs origines effectives, les populations des « quartiers » sont « indigénisées », reléguées aux marges de la société. Les « banlieues » sont dites « zones de non-droit » que la République est appelée à « reconquérir ». Contrôles au faciès, provocations diverses, persécutions de toutes sortes se multiplient tandis que les brutalités policières, parfois extrêmes, ne sont que rarement sanctionnées par une justice qui fonctionne à deux vitesses.

Pour exonérer la République, on accuse nos parents de démission alors que nous savons les sacrifices, les efforts déployés, les souffrances endurées. Les mécanismes coloniaux de la gestion de l'islam sont remis à l'ordre du jour avec la constitution du Conseil français du culte musulman sous l'égide du ministère de l'Intérieur.

Discriminatoire, sexiste, raciste, la loi antifouillard est une loi d'exception aux relents coloniaux. Tout aussi colonial, le parage des harkis et enfants de harkis. Les populations issues de la colonisation et de l'immigration sont aussi l'objet de discriminations politiques. Les rares élus sont généralement cantonnés au rôle de « beur » ou de « Black » de service. On refuse le droit de vote à ceux qui ne sont pas « français », en même temps qu'on conteste « l'enracinement » de ceux qui le sont. Le droit du sol est remis en cause. Sans droit ni protection, menacées en permanence d'arrestation et d'expulsion, des dizaines de milliers de personnes sont privées de papiers. La liberté de circulation est déniée ; un nombre croissant de Maghrébins et d'Africains sont contraints à franchir les frontières illégalement au risque de leurs vies.

La France a été un État colonial...

Pendant plus de quatre siècles, elle a participé activement à la traite négrière et à la déportation des populations de l'Afrique subsaharienne. Au prix de terribles massacres, les forces coloniales ont imposé leur joug sur des dizaines de peuples dont elles ont spolié les

“We are the natives of the Republic!...” An Appeal for a Congress on Postcolonial Anti-colonialism Translation by Lena Sradnick

Discriminated against in the spheres of employment, housing, healthcare and education, people from the colonies, former and current, as well as those who have immigrated in the post-colonial period, are the primary victims of social exclusion and job insecurity. Their ethnic origins aside, residents of the “projects” are “nativized” and pushed out to the margins of society. The “suburbs” are referred to as “lawless zones” that must be “re-conquered” by the state. Profiling, provocations and persecutions of all kinds continue to multiply while those who practice police brutality, at times extreme, are only rarely penalized by an imbalanced justice system.

To exonerate the state, our parents are accused of neglect while we see the sacrifice, hard work and difficulties that they have endured. With the establishment of the Counsel of the Islamic Faith under the aegis of the Minister of the Interior, colonial methods for the governmental supervision of Islam have been passed down to today's regime.

Discriminatory, sexist and racist, the ban on headscarves is an exclusionary law that reeks of colonialism. Still more colonial is the confinement and isolation of the Harkis and their children. Populations that emerged from colonization and immigration are also the target of political discrimination. The rare elected official from these populations is forced into the role of the token “Arab” or “black.” Those who are not “French” are refused the right to vote, while those who are face hostility when they show signs of putting down “roots.” The right of *jus soli* is being questioned. Without rights or protection, faced with the threat of arrest and deportation on a daily basis, tens of thousands of people lack proper documentation. Freedom of movement is denied; a growing number of Africans from the Maghreb and other North African regions are being forced to illegally cross borders at risk of their lives.

France was a colonial state...

For more than four centuries, France was an active participant in the slave trade and in the deportation of populations from sub-

richesses, détruit les cultures, ruiné les traditions, nié l'histoire, effacé la mémoire.

Les tirailleurs d'Afrique, chair à canon pendant les deux guerres mondiales, restent victimes d'une scandaleuse inégalité de traitement.

...La France reste un État colonial !

En Nouvelle-Calédonie, Guadeloupe, Martinique, Guyane, Réunion, Polynésie règnent répression et mépris du suffrage universel. Les enfants de ces colonies sont, en France, relégués au statut d'immigrés, de Français de seconde zone sans l'intégralité des droits. Dans certaines de ses anciennes colonies, la France continue de mener une politique de domination. Une part énorme des richesses locales est aspirée par l'ancienne métropole et le capital international. Son armée se conduit en Côte-d'Ivoire comme en pays conquis.

Le traitement des populations issues de la colonisation prolonge, sans s'y réduire, la politique coloniale

Non seulement le principe de l'égalité devant la loi n'est pas respecté mais la loi elle-même n'est pas toujours égale (double peine, application du statut personnel aux femmes d'origine maghrébine, sub-saharienne...). La figure de l'« indigène » continue à hanter l'action politique, administrative et judiciaire ; elle innerve et s'imbrique à d'autres logiques d'oppression, de discrimination et d'exploitation sociales. Ainsi, aujourd'hui, dans le contexte du néolibéralisme, on tente de faire jouer aux travailleurs immigrés le rôle de dérégulateurs du marché du travail pour étendre à l'ensemble du salariat encore plus de précarité et de flexibilité.

La gangrène coloniale s'empare des esprits

L'exacerbation des conflits dans le monde, en particulier au Moyen-Orient, se réfracte immédiatement au sein du débat français. Les intérêts de l'impérialisme américain, le néoconservatisme de l'administration Bush rencontrent l'héritage colonial français. Une frange active du monde intellectuel, politique et médiatique français, tournant le dos aux combats progressistes dont elle se prévaut, se transforme en agents de la « pensée » bushienne. Investissant l'espace de la communication, des idéologues recyclent la thématique du « choc des civilisations » dans le langage local du conflit entre « République » et « communautarisme ».

Comme aux heures glorieuses de la colonisation, on tente d'opposer

Saharan Africa. At the price of horrific massacres, the Colonial forces imposed the colonial yoke upon hundreds of people whose wealth they stole, whose cultures they destroyed, whose traditions they ruined, whose history they denied and whose memories they erased.

The African soldiers who fought on the side of the colonizers, after serving as cannon fodder for the duration of two world wars, remain the victims of reprehensibly inequitable treatment.

...France remains a colonial state!

In New Caledonia, Guadeloupe, Martinique, Guyana, Réunion and Polynesia there is repression of and disregard for the principle of universal suffrage. In France, people from these colonies are relegated to the status of immigrants, of second-class citizens denied the full spectrum of legal rights. In some of these former colonies, France continues to employ a policy of domination. A large percentage of the local wealth is regularly funneled out by the metropole and forces of international capital. On the Ivory Coast the French army behaves as though it was stationed in an occupied country.

The treatment of postcolonial populations extends, but is not reduced to a colonial policy.

Not only is the principle of equality before the law patently disregarded but often the law itself is imbalanced (*“la double peine,”* the application of family statutes to women from the Maghreb or sub-Saharan Africa). The figure of the “native” continues to haunt political, administrative and judicial action; it stimulates and is linked to other forms of oppression, discrimination and social exploitation. Thus, in our neoliberal context, an effort is being made to force immigrant workers into the role of deregulators of the labor market so as to extend their job insecurity to all workers.

Colonial gangrene takes hold of the mind...

The aggravation of global conflicts, particularly in the Middle East, is immediately refracted in the heart of the French debate. The interests of American imperialism, embodied in the Bush administration's neoconservative agenda, meet those of the French colonial heritage. An active minority of France's intellectual, political and media elite, in turning their backs on the progressive activism that they boastfully claim as their own, transform themselves into agents of the Bush ideology. These ideologues, by invading the very

les Berbères aux Arabes, les juifs aux « Arabo-musulmans » et aux Noirs. Les jeunes « issus de l'immigration » sont ainsi accusés d'être le vecteur d'un nouvel antisémitisme. Sous le vocable jamais défini d'« intégrisme », les populations d'origine africaine, maghrébine ou musulmane sont désormais identifiées comme la Cinquième colonne d'une nouvelle barbarie qui menacerait l'Occident et ses « valeurs ». Frauduleusement camouflée sous les drapeaux de la laïcité, de la citoyenneté et du féminisme, cette offensive réactionnaire s'empare des cerveaux et reconfigure la scène politique. Elle produit des ravages dans la société française. Déjà, elle est parvenue à imposer sa rhétorique au sein même des forces progressistes, comme une gangrène.

Attribuer le monopole de l'imaginaire colonial et raciste à la seule extrême droite est une imposture politique et historique. L'idéologie coloniale perdure, transversale aux grands courants d'idées qui composent le champ politique français.

La décolonisation de la République reste à l'ordre du jour !

La République de l'Égalité est un mythe. L'État et la société doivent opérer un retour critique radical sur leur passé-présent colonial. Il est temps que la France interroge ses Lumières, que l'universalisme égalitaire, affirmé pendant la Révolution française, refoule ce nationalisme arc-bouté au « chauvinisme de l'universel », censé « civiliser » sauvages et sauvageons. Il est urgent de promouvoir des mesures radicales de justice et d'égalité qui mettent un terme aux discriminations racistes dans l'accès au travail, au logement, à la culture et à la citoyenneté. Il faut en finir avec les institutions qui ramènent les populations issues de la colonisation à un statut de sous-humanité.

Nos parents, nos grands-parents ont été mis en esclavage, colonisés, animalisés. Mais ils n'ont pas été broyés. Ils ont préservé leur dignité d'humains à travers la résistance héroïque qu'ils ont menée pour s'arracher au joug colonial. Nous sommes leurs héritiers comme nous sommes les héritiers de ces Français qui ont résisté à la barbarie nazie et de tous ceux qui se sont engagés avec les opprimés, démontrant, par leur engagement et leurs sacrifices, que la lutte anticoloniale est indissociable du combat pour l'égalité sociale, la justice et la citoyenneté. Diên Biên Phu est leur victoire. Diên Biên Phu n'est pas une défaite mais une victoire de la liberté, de l'égalité et de la fraternité !

space of communication, have recycled the old theme of "the clash of civilizations" for use in the regional conflict between "the Republic" and "sectarianism."

As in the glorious days of the colony, there is an effort to pit the Berber against the Arab, the Jew against the Muslim Arab and the blacks. Thus, second and third generation immigrants are accused of acting as vehicles for a new anti-Semitism. Under the ambiguous banner of "fundamentalism," individuals of African, Maghrebian or Islamic origins are often assumed to be the fifth column of a new barbarism that threatens the West and its "values." Fraudulently disguised behind the curtain of secularism, citizenship and feminism, this reactionary offensive has seized the public imagination and transformed the political arena. It has created huge rifts in French society. Already, it has succeeded in imposing its rhetoric, like gangrene, onto the core of the progressive forces.

To assume that the extreme right alone holds the monopoly on racism and the colonial mythology is to ignore the facts of politics and history. The colonial ideology persists across the theoretical spectrum of French politics.

The decolonization of the Republic is still an issue!

The Republic of Equality is a myth. The state and society must carry out a radical and critical investigation of their colonial past and present. It is time for France to look critically at its guiding lights and for egalitarian universalism, affirmed during the French Revolution, to force back this nationalism that gives rise to "universal chauvinism," meant to "civilize" the savage, adult and child. We must urgently promote radical measures of justice and equality that will stomp out the racial discrimination present in the spheres of work, housing, culture and citizenship. We must put an end to those institutions that reduce immigrants from the colonies to the status of sub-human.

Our parents and grandparents were forced into slavery, colonized and lowered to the level of animals. But they were not broken. They preserved their humanity and their dignity through heroic resistance that eventually freed them from the colonial yoke. We are their heirs just as we are the heirs to the French who resisted the barbarity of the Nazis, the heirs to all those who have dedicated themselves to the oppressed, to all those who have demonstrated through their commitment and sacrifice that the struggle against colonialism is indistinguishable from the fight for social equality, justice and

Pour ces mêmes raisons, nous sommes aux cotés de tous les peuples (de l'Afrique à la Palestine, de l'Irak à la Tchétchénie, des Caraïbes à l'Amérique latine...) qui luttent pour leur émancipation, contre toutes les formes de domination impérialiste, coloniale ou néocoloniale.

NOUS, descendants d'esclaves et de déportés africains, filles et fils de colonisés et d'immigrés, NOUS, Français et non-Français vivant en France, militantes et militants engagé-es dans les luttes contre l'oppressions et les discriminations produits par la République postcoloniale, lançons un appel à celles et ceux qui sont parties prenantes de ces combats à se réunir en Assises de l'anticolonialisme en vue de contribuer à l'émergence d'une dynamique autonome qui interpelle le système politique et ses acteurs, et, au-delà, l'ensemble de la société française, dans la perspective d'un combat commun de tous les opprimés et exploités pour une démocratie sociale véritablement égalitaire et universelle.

Le 8 mai 1945, la République révèle ses paradoxes : le jour même ou les Français fêtent la capitulation nazie, une répression inouïe s'abat sur les colonisés algériens du Nord-Constantinois : des milliers de morts ! Le 8 mai prochain, 60e anniversaire de ce massacre, poursuivons le combat anticolonial par la première Marche des indigènes de la République !

citizenship. Diên Biên Phu is their victory. Diên Biên Phu is not a defeat but a victory of *liberté, égalité* and *fraternité!*

For these reasons, we place ourselves side by side with all people (from Africa to Palestine, from Iraq to Chechnya, from the Caribbean to Latin America...) who fight against imperialist, colonial and neocolonial domination for their own emancipation.

WE, descendants of slaves and deported Africans, daughters and sons of colonization and immigration, WE, the French and non-French living in France, the female and male militants committed to the struggle against the oppression and discrimination produced by the postcolonial Republic, launch an appeal to those currently engaged in these struggles to unite at a Congress of Anti-colonialism with the goal of contributing to the emergence of an autonomous process. This growing process, developed by those communally struggling under oppression and exploitation, will challenge the political system, its participants and, beyond that, all of French society to achieve a truly egalitarian and universal social democracy.

On May 8th, 1945, the Republic revealed its own paradox: on the same day that the French celebrated the defeat of the Nazis, unprecedented tyranny fell upon the colonized Algerians in Nord Constantinois: thousands died! On May 8th of this year, the 60th anniversary of that massacre, let us carry on the fight against colonialism with the first March of the Natives of the Republic!

L'heure théière

Rachael Small

Les rêves d'une fille sont nés dans un pot de thé.

Elle devient prophétesse, lisant dans la vapeur
(et non dans feuilles, comme aux jours anciens)
ce qui lui semble être profond.

Elle cherche partout les grands liens,
la pluie, qui rafraîchit le monde,
est étrangère, car elle, est sèche
et chaude en-dedans, assise au lit.

Mais ce qu'elle trouve dans la brèche
est autre chose qui rafraîchit
et là elle plonge, et là elle nage
en même temps trop grande, trop petite.

Les grains dispersés qui couvrent la plage,
une étoile, tombant à sa suite,
et elle, déesse, fait des châteaux
de ce qui coule entre ses doigts.

C'est quoi, le vrai ? c'est quoi, le faux ?
les doutes et les questions montent, miroitent.
Un moment – elle respire encore
la vapeur de ses feuilles mouillées.

La pluie tombe fortement dehors,
ça, pense-t-elle, c'est ce que je sais.

Quatre Poemes

Peter Sourian

TRIOMPHE LA TRES GROSSE LAIDEUR

Les volcans par contre sont éteintes pas défunts,
Nous, nous mourons, et comment:
Tant que l'autre saigne par notre coup encore,
Ignobles, nous survivons, toujours morts.

INOÛI

Je mets mes pantalons le chat me regardant.
Je sais que je les mets, mais le chat sait que non.
Ce chat voit autre chose. Il voit peut-être un son.
On voit des choses inouïes si on est ignorant.

ARS POETICA

OSCAR, OSCAR! Ton nom merveilleux m'émerveille,
Juste quand la laideur horrible pesait.
L'impossible esthétique émane du passé.
J'ai du te connaître - loin - en haut de la treille.

DE LA TOUCHE

Toi qui a su te taire (et aussi quand parler).
Voici tout la chose, - - - - -.
- - - - -. C'est cela la beauté.
Hemingway le savait, et s'égarait après,
Perdu en tropique de triste vanité.
- - - - -; - - -, eh bien, ouais.

VERDUN

Verdun

Dead Roses

Salih Israil

“*Dead* roses. I don’t want to hear about *dead* roses,” he muttered, nearly spilling his tea.

“They *are* dead,” she reminded, blowing her tea before sipping.

“Says who?” he asked with an arched brow.

“All beauty must fade,” she stated as a matter of fact, arrogantly taking another sip of tea.

He leaned forward and set the teacup onto the picnic table, which lay in the center of their backyard. “Says who?” he asked again.

She cut her eyes from left to right, scanning the desolate sights that once housed his precious rose gardens. “Wasted, useless,” she spit through clenched teeth, recalling the hours he spent caring for the roses instead of her.

“Useless, not at all. I flavored our tea with crushed rose petals,” he triumphantly declared.

Tote Rosen

Translation by the author

“*Tote* Rosen! Ich will nichts über *tote* Rosen horen,” sagt er, und schüttet beinahe seinen Tee aus.

“Sie *sind* tot,” erinnert sie ihn und nippt an ihrem Tee.

“Wer sagt das?” fragt er mit hochgezogenen Augenbrauen.

“Alle Schönheit vergeht,” sagt sie arrogant und nippt weiter an ihrem Tee.

Er lehnt sich nach vorn und stellt seine Tasse Tee auf den Tisch, der in der Mitte ihres Hinterhofes steht. “Wer sagt das?” fragt er noch einmal.

Sie schielt von links nach rechts über den Hof, in dem sich einmal sein kostbarer Rosengarten befand. Dann erinnert sie sich an die Stunden, die er den Rosen gewidmet hatte und nicht ihr. “Müll, nutzlos,” murrte sie.

“Nutzlos, überhaupt nicht. Ich habe unseren Tee mit den toten Rosenblättern gewürzt,” sagt er triumphierend.

אמית אותך הו-הצבי הגדול
Amir Or

אכל את בשרך הרך .
כבר שאפתי את נשיפתך החמה
כבר ספגתי את רוחך אל רוחי
ואנחנו אחד.
יבוא בשרך בבשרי
תספג עצמתך בעצמתי.
הבט מעיני, הו צבי-הגדול.
רוץ מרגלי הקלות.

Gazelle Hunt
Translation by Eleanor Tecosky-Feldman

Eating your tender flesh,
I begin to speak your clever tongue;
already I'm absorbing your breath in my breath
and we are one.
Come, be flesh of my flesh;
I will absorb your bones in mine.
Gazelle, give me your shiny eyes,
race on my lithe legs.

Das Gastmahl

Paul Celan

Geleert sei die Nacht aus den Flaschen im hohen Gebälk der Versuchung, die Schwelle mit Zähnen gepflügt, vor Morgen der Jähzorn gesät: es schießt wohl empor uns ein Moos noch, eh von der Mühle sie hier sind, ein leises Getreide zu finden bei uns ihrem langsamen Rad . . .

Unter den giftigen Himmeln sind andere Halme wohl falber, wird anders der Traum noch gemünzt als hier, wo wir würfeln um Lust, als hier, wo getauscht wird im Dunkel Vergessen und Wunder, wo alles nur gilt eine Stunde und schwelgend bespien wird von uns, ins gierige Wasser der Fenster geschleudert in leuchtenden Truhen –: es birst auf der Straße der Menschen, den Wolken zum Ruhm!

So hüllet euch in die Mäntel und steigt mir auf die Tische: wie anders sei noch geschlafen als stehend, inmitten der Kelche? Wem trinken wir Träume noch zu, als dem langsamen Rad?

Fast Oatmeal

Homophonic Translation by Deanna Kawitzky

I will eat malady naught in Austin, abash in the moon's he-milk where their Sue hung. She smell of meet zing and foot, for more candor a jazz-horn she ate. At least wool and for amusement, a wonder mule who sees rehearsing. Belies us ghostwriter disposed of them, by one's ear a long anchor and rod.

Deter their friction and sing under helm wolf-father,
Withstanding that Bedlam, not he, is all her fears fallen in dust.
All-seer, you who fought with him shovel in fist on whose honor?
Morale fizzes all guilt to finish thunder-swaggering has-beens for once,
Engineering faster to pester to loiter to hook them in tune,
A thirst of their Frigidaire for pension that even Vulcans do loom!

So hold it then broken in dementia, to stagger with fear of the teacher.
All-seer, does not while laughing one fiend, bitten of kale cooked?
Whims smitten where poem knocks you, alas that long anchor and rod!

Il povero ane *Gianni Rodari*

Se andrete a Firenze
vedrete certamente
quel povero ane
di cui parla la gente.

È un cane senza testa,
povera bestia.
Davvero non si sa
ad abbaiare come fa.

La testa, si dice,
gliel'hanno mangiata...
(La "c" per i fiorentini
è pietanza prelibata).

Ma lui non si lamenta,
è un caro cucciolone,
scodinzola e fa festa
a tutte le persone.

Come mangia? Signori,
non stiamo ad indagare:
ci sono tante maniere
di tirare a campare.

Vivere senza testa
non è il peggio dei guai:
tanta gente ce l'ha
ma non l'adopera mai.

The poor og *Translation by Liz Buryk*

If you go to Florence
you will certainly see
that poor og
that people speak of.

It's a dog without a head,
the poor thing.
No one really knows
how he can bark like that.

Some say the head
has been eaten...
(a "d" for the Florentines
is a delicious pepper dish).

But this sweet little puppy
does not whine
he wags his tail, showing his love
for everybody.

How does he eat? Dear reader,
we are not to probe:
there are many ways
to live a dog's life.

Living without a head
is not the worst of problems:
many people have one
but never use it!

Cucchiaini

Vivian Lamarque

A tavola
per non parlare da sola
ha parlato con le sue posate
per tutta l'infanzia
per tutta l'adolescenza
con la signora forchetta
e suo marito il coltello
per tutti i pranzi
e tutte le cene
poi è diventata grande
non ha più parlato all'acciaio inossidabile
quasi più è tornata nel cassetto
dei feroci bambini cucchiaini.

Teaspoons

Translation by Liz Buryk

At the table
in order to not talk only to herself
she speaks with her silverware
through all of childhood
through all of adolescence
she chats with Signora Fork
and her husband, Mr. Knife,
through all the lunches
through all the dinners
but then she grew up
and no longer speaks to the stainless steel,
hardly ever returning to the drawer
of the ferocious baby teaspoons.

Danzatrice D'amore

Lorenza Stradiotti

Dimentica,
Danzatrice D'amore,
Dolori,
Delusioni.

Devia
Da Dove Diramano
Dicerie D'odio.
Divulga
Dialetti Divini.
Dirotta
Dolenti Domande.

Disegna Dialoghi.
Dipingi
Dimore Di Donna.
Di Damascato Drappeggio
Decora
Destini Delusi.

Divampa, Dorata,
Dissolvendo Distanze.
Dondolando, Dolce,
Delicata.

Dea Diamantina
Davanti
Decine Di Demoni
Desta
Dormienti Divinita'.

Distilla Delizie.

Degusta Diversita'.

Danzando.....
Dona.

Dancer of Love

Translation by Liz Buryk and Lorenza Stradiotti

Do forget
Dancer of love
Damages
Delusions

Divert from the Dawning of
Destructive Doubts.

Divulge Divine Dialects
Deflects Difficult Demands
Design Dialogues
Draw Dwellings of woman.

Decorate with Damask Draperies
Disappointed Destinies.

Dripping gold,
Dissolve Distances.
Dangling
Delectable,
Delicate.

Diamond Deity,
Directly before Dozens of Demons
Discover Dormant Divinities

Donate During Dancing.

Distill Delight.

Dare to taste Diversity.

Sete di

Lorenza Stradiotti

Quando il cuore ha sete
si inebria di miraggi,
anche voi lo sapete
quanto stanca essere saggi.

Essere maturi e razionali
evitare triti sermoni
fuggire i consigli banali
sopravvivere alle emozioni.

Ma se l'amore non inaffia
che ne sarà dei germogli?
Se la siccità graffia
le zolle diventano scogli.

E l'anima vola via,
si rifugia nel sogno
dove sfiora con malinconia
la risposta al suo bisogno.

Astenerci da questo privilegio?
Da un sogno ad occhi aperti?
Non sarà certo un sacrilegio!
Non per i sognatori esperti.

Sognatori come marinai attenti
gettano l'ancora sapientemente
senza restare in balia dei venti
attraccano, tempestivamente.

Ma la sognatrice inesperta
se a terra ferma fa ritorno
la ritrova deserta
e senza anima viva intorno.

Thirsty

Translation by Liz Buryk and Lorenza Stradiotti

When the heart is thirsty
It gets drunk on mirages.
To be wise is exhausting
And you know it as well.

To be mature and rational
To evade trite sermons
To flee banal advice
To survive emotions

What will happen to these buds
If love doesn't water them?
The plains become deserts
If drought parches them.

And the soul flies away
Takes refuge in dreams
And there, melancholically, brushes
Against the answer to its needs.

Should we refrain from such a privilege?
From a daydream?
It mustn't be sacrilegious.
Not for expert dreamers.

Dreamers like attentive sailors,
skillfully cast the anchor
Without yielding to the hands of the wind
They dock just in time.

But the inexperienced dreamer
Once returned to solid ground
She will find it deserted,
Not a living soul around.

Non ditemi di accettare questa terra arida,
non parlatemi del tempo, che sopporto a stento.
La mia anima é avida:
questo é quello che sento.

Il mio cuore ha sete
e guidato dai miraggi,
ingenuo, immagina mete
e salpa per nuovi viaggi.

Il mio cuore ha sete
e ha solo i suoi miraggi.
Non puó trovar quiete
solo tra mortali saggi.

Don't tell me to accept this barren earth,
don't talk to me of time: it exasperates me.
My soul is greedy:
this is what I feel.

My heart is thirsty
And led by mirages
It naively imagines destinations
And sets sail on new voyages.

My heart is thirsty
And it only has its mirages
It can't find peace
only among mortal wise.

Shinkichi Takahashi

魚(Sakana)

あるところで

魚が泳いでいた

それは海でも川でも

その他の水の中でもなかった

そこは石の中であった

化石した魚は

石もろとも泳いでいた

背骨だけ残って

肉は消えていた

億年のあいだ

石の平面は保れたが

やがてその線も失せるだろう

現象は至るところで

ビシビシ切り放せる

われらの記憶の中でだけ

魚は鱗をうごかして

泳いでいる

Translation by Kyoko Mizoguchi and Jose Luis Castillo

SAKANA(pez)

Un pez nadaba.

No era en el océano,

ni en el río,

ni en el agua.

En la piedra
nadaba.

Con la piedra.

Fosilizado,

resistiendo,

sola espina sin carne,

cientos de miles de años
sobre el haz de la piedra,

huellas que habrán
de deshacerse

—aislada cada parte
del fenómeno.

Sólo en nuestra memoria
mueve su aleta el pez.

Está nadando.

貝(Kai)

何もないから

生まれることもなければ

死ぬこともない

貝は空っぽだ

生臭い身は潮とともに流れた

貝は

月に濡れ

太陽に乾かされて

砂に眠る

再び海を孕むことはない

一切の事が何の関係もない

波の消えさるように

貝もまた消えていく

KAI(Concha)

Porque no hay nada,
no hay nacer o morir.

Vacía la concha,
arrancada su carne por las aguas.

La concha,
humedecida por la luna,
secada por el sol,
duerme en la arena.

No será nunca el mar
gestado en sus entrañas.

Nada se une con nada.

Así como las olas se deshacen
se desgasta la concha

lentamente.

Metamorphoses, Book I

Ovid

primus amor Phoebi Daphne Peneia, quem non
fors ignara dedit, sed saeva Cupidinis ira.
Delius hunc nuper victo serpente superbus
viderat adducto flectentem cornua nervo 455
'quid' que 'tibi, lascive puer, cum fortibus armis?'
dixerat; 'ista decent umeros gestamina nostros,
qui dare certa ferae, dare vulnera possumus hosti,
qui modo pestifero tot iugera ventre prementem
stravimus innumeris tumidum Pythona sagittis. 460
tu face nescioquos esto contentus amores
inritare tua, nec laudes adsere nostras!'
filius huic Veneris 'figat tuus omnia, Phoebe,
te meus arcus' ait; 'quantoque animalia cedunt
cuncta deo, tanto minor est tua gloria nostra.' 465
dixit et eliso percussis aere pennis
impiger umbrosa Parnasi constitit arce
eque sagittifera prompsit duo tela pharetra
diversorum operum: fugat hoc, facit illud amorem;
quod facit, auratum est et cuspide fulget acuta, 470
quod fugat, obtusum est et habet sub harundine plumbum.
hoc deus in nympa Peneide fixit, at illo
laesit Apollineas traiecta per ossa medullas;
protinus alter amat, fugit altera nomen amantis
silvarum latebris captivarumque ferarum 475
exuviis gaudens innuptaeque aemula Phoebes:
vitta coercebat positos sine lege capillos.

Metamorphoses, Book I

Translation by Elysia Petras

Daphne, the daughter of the river god Peneus, was Apollo's first love, a love that was not a gift of blind chance, but instead of Cupid's cruel wrath. The Delian God, proud of having recently slain the serpent, saw Cupid bending the horns by means of sinew taugth and haughtily said, "What to you, mischievous boy, are strong weapons? These ornaments befit my shoulders! They are for Gods such as myself who are able to give certain wounds to wild beasts, as how, by means of numerous arrows, I have just slain the python now swollen, whose huge pestilential stomach covered many acres. You should be content provoking some unknown love with your torch, and should not bother yourself with the glory belonging to greater Gods."

Lines 452-62

Translation by Christian Lehmann

Venus' sanguine son says: "Your points may pierce all things, Apollo, But mine can pierce *you*. And," he says, "As divided as beasts Are from the Gods, so is your glory divided from mine." He chuckles, and with wings across cerulean clouds, Alights upon the Muses' mount—upon its very peak. From quiver he draws two terrors of two different songs: The one reverses leaden slowness The other nurturing golden love. First the gold: from the grind-stone sharp, shining, elegant. Then the lead: from Aetna's forge still hot, brutish, effective. The taunting string relaxes. Lead pierces the long-haired nymph. A second shot. Gold quickens Apollonian marrow. Beat. One begins the chase the other flees the eager embrace. Deep into the woods she goes, reveling in caves and hides, Vibrant, the virgin follows the way of the Sun's sister. Her only shackle a ribbon, loosely binding her hair.

Lines 463-77

laesit hiems

Adaptation of Ovid's exile poetry

Ben Stevens

What comes from only me hardly comforts, it's cold, for I
haven't any desire to compose, only compulsion, and can
write nothing more than "I'm alone", and my revulsions, like:

how I've learned to hate the coming summers, outside, when the
mud wrinkles open, leather too long left to dry, and the
earth like nostrils bleeds out insect trails. I look for omens, like:

how my skin is blistered by the winter, weathered old; the
rivers freeze, and wolves scratch at the walls for meat within; at
noon it's dark like evening, and the children must be hidden, for with

howls comes the heavy scent of horses and bronze, the
cries and creak of saddle, reins and hoary-bearded riders; with my
pale city skin and inky fingers, with my fear, I am

helpless: there is nothing I could do. I wander, and in
gaps in the fighting, over roofs and din of hooves, I see the
sky like I used to, before drifts of cloud and piercing shafts of frost.

I close my eyes; write to myself. I make my meanings in the dark.

Ode 1.9

Horace

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec iam sustineant onus
silvae laborantes, geluque
flumina constiterint acuto.

Dissolve frigus ligna super foco
large reponens atque benignius
deprome quadrimum Sabina,
o Thaliarche, merum diota.

Permitte divis cetera, qui simul
stravere ventos aequore fervido
deproeliantis, nec cupressi
nec veteres agitantur orni.

Quid sit futurum cras fuge quaerere, et
quem Fors dierum cumque dabit lucro
appone, nec dulcis amores
sperne puer neque tu choreas,

donec virenti canities abest
morosa. Nunc et campus et areae
lenesque sub noctem susurri
composita repetantur hora,

nunc et latentis proditor intimo
gratus puellae risus ab angulo
pignusque dereptum lacertis
aut digito male pertinaci.

Ode 1.9 of Horace

Translation by Liz Kilduff

Do you see?

Do you see how the mountain
stands white, in high snow, how the woods,
straining, no longer bear the winter's weight,
and how the rivers have frozen, gripped by icy teeth?

Loosen this cold,
piling firewood high upon the hearth.
Pour into a two-handled jar
the wine, four winters old.

Surrender the rest to fate for as soon as it has
scattered the winds that battle over the fervid sea,
their blows will no longer bother
the thin cypresses and weary ash-trees.

Try not to think about tomorrow.
Whatever kind of day it turns out to be
store it among your profits.
You are in your youth.

Do not forsake your part in young love
and frown while others dance,
while you are green
and gray old age is still far off.

Listen now.
On a crowded street
light whispers spoken at dusk
are repeating the arranged hour.
Now in the most intimate corner
the familiar laugh of a girl is heard.
See, see how the token of love is
taken from her arms or
slipped from her finger

with little resistance.

Sæ-lida

Anonymous

Micel biþ se metodes egesa, for-þon hie seo molde oncyrræð; 103
se gestaþolode stiþe grundas,
eorþan sceatas and upp-rodor.
Do! biþ se-þe him his Dryhten ne ondrædeþ; cymeð him se deað unþinged.
Eadig bið se-þe eaþ-mod leofaþ; cymeð him seo ar of heofonum.
Metod him þæt mod gestaþolað, for-þon he on his mehte gelyfeð.
Stieran man sceal strangum mode, and þæt on staþolom healdan,
and gewiss wærum, wisum clæne. 110
Scyle manna gehwylc mid gemete healdan
Lufan wiþ leofne ond wið laþne bealu,
þeah-þe he ne wille w----- fulne
opþe on bæle forbærnedne
his geworhtne wine: wyrd biþ swiþre,
Metod mihtigra, þonne ænges mannes gehygd.
Wuton we hycgan hwær we ham agen,
and þonne geþencan hu we þider cumen,
and we þonne eac tilien þæt we to moten
on þa ecan eadignesse 120
þær is lif gelang on lufan Dryhtnes,
hyht in heofonum. Þæs sie þam Halgan þanc
þæt he usic geweorþode, wuldres Ealdor
ece Dryhten, on ealle tid.

Amen

The Seafarer

Translation by Christian Lehmann

Magnificent is the Measurer's terror, before which the world turns
He hastened hardened foundations,
Earthly elegance and ethereal heavens.
Felled is he who fears not the lord: for Death finds him unexpected.
Elect is he who meekly exists: for Exaltation comes from heaven.
The Ruler establishes this reward for him who rejoices in his might
One shall grip the wheel strongly, and sustain his hold,
And appease his promised, be pure in habit.
Every man must measure judiciously
Love for the beloved for the loathed, malice.
So that he will not with wretchedness be filled
Or pile upon the pyre the burning
Former friend: Fate is stronger,
The Measurer is mightier, than any one man's resolve.
Let us question where quiescence is,
And then think how thence we come
And then strive somehow to remain
In eternal ecstasy
Where life is long in love of the Father
Happiness in heaven. Holiness deserves praise
For he lifted us, Lord of Glory
Eternal Lord, of each moment.

Amen

De Digo para Magrelo

Rita Lee

Voce eh uma crianca
do universo
E tem todo o direito de estar aqui/

Como as nuvens
e as estrelas
e mesmo que isso nao esteja claro para voce

nao ha duvida
que o universo segue o rumo que todos nos escolhemos
que o universo segue o rumo que todos nos escolhemos

From Digo to the Skinny

Translation by Rodrigo Souza

You are a child
of the universe
and you have all the right to be here

just like the trees
and the stars
and even though this might not be clear for you

There is no doubt
That the universe follows the path we have all chosen
that the universe follows the path we have all chosen

TAG

Rafael Iskhakov

as the night falls

i dream of you
as the day begins
i dream of you

as the sky gets dark
an eagle soars
ruptured by a cry
of its bruised baby's sores

in the midst of this
i contemplate
my ephemerality
and coincidence

stay strong the vanquished gathered
around my soul all to pieces tattered
the sisyphian task lay ahead
subdued by lycanthropes
to find your sole
love,

You're it!

TAG

Translation by Rafael Iskhakov and Elena Protsenko

когда ночь опускается
я мечтаю о тебе
когда день начинается
я мечтаю о тебе

когда небо темнеет
орел парит
встревоженной криком
раненого птеница

среди этого
я созерцаю
свою эфемерность
и случайность

остаюсь сильным победившие собрались
вокруг мой души разорванной на части
Сизифова труд опсидает меня впереди
Украценной оборотнями
В поисках твоих следов
любов,

Это ты!

From Las curas milagrosas del Doctor Aira César Aira

Su movimiento era incesante. Estaba cubierto de sudor, le chorreaba entre el pelo y tenía la ropa pegada a la piel. Iba y venía, subía y bajaba, sacudía cada célula del cuerpo, brazos y piernas se estriban y contraían como tirados por hilos elásticos, y daba unos brincos de insecto. Su rostro, tan inexpresivo por lo común, se agitaba con las ondulaciones de un mar en la tempestad, sin detenerse en ningún gesto; los labios formaban toda clase de palabras fugaces, ahogados bajo los jadeos y cuando se entreabrían dejaban ver la lengua retorciéndose como una serpentina epiléptica. Si se hubiera podido seguir, a segundero detenido, el subir y bajar de las cejas, se habrían leído millones de sorpresas superponiéndose. La mirada, fija en sus visiones.

Desde afuera, y sin saber de qué se trataba, la práctica de la Cura se parecía a una danza, sin músico ni ritmo, una especie de danza gimnástica, que se diría destinada a poner en forma a un espécimen todavía nonato de lo humano. Había que reconocer que era bastante demente, Parecía un Quijote, dando estocadas a enemigos invisibles, salvo que su espada era un manajo de biombos metafísicos, y su contrincante el Universo.

¡Paf! Un tropezón contra una silla, y se iba al suelo de cabeza, con las dos piernas agitándose; su coronilla dejaba una mancha redonda de humedad en la alfombra; pero ahí abajo seguía trabajando; la mano derecha recorría un semicírculo amplio disponiendo un biombo que separaba alegrías y pesares de mahometanos; la izquierda tiraba atrayendo un poco otro biombo que había excluido demasiadas manzanas... ¡Ya estaba de pie otra vez, elevando el acordeón blanco de un biombo vertical que atravesaba niveles de realidad separando “tardes” de “tempranos”...! Y lo que parecía una zapateo para recuperar el equilibrio era una acomodación de dos biombos aplicados a la exclusión de determinadas rickshaws y de ciertas conversaciones. Con el pecho, con el trasero, con las rodillas, con los hombros, y a cabezazos, en un verdadero baile de San Vito. ¡Y pensar que esa marioneta grotesca estaba creando un Nuevo Universo!

From The Miraculous Cures of Doctor Aira Translation by Alyssa McVey

He moved incessantly. He was covered in sweat; it dripped down his chest, plastering his clothing to his skin. He came and went, moved upward and downward, every cell in his body shook, arms and legs stretched and contracted as if flung by elastic bands; he jumped like an insect a few times. His face, usually unexpressive, was disquieted by a surging storm at sea and did not linger on any single expression; his lips formed the shape of every feasible fleeting word, drowning beneath his panting, and when his mouth parted it was possible to see his tongue twisting like an epileptic serpent. Had he been able to continue the rise and fall of his eyebrows like the stuttering second hand of a watch, he could have articulated millions of superimposing surprises. His eyes focused on his visions.

From outside, and without knowing what was happening, the execution of the Cure looked like a dance, with neither music nor rhythm; maybe what one would call a sort of gymnastics dance belonging to a non-human form. One would have to see that he was sufficiently demented. He looked like a Quixote, thrusting at invisible enemies, except that his sword was a handful of metaphysical screens, and his rival was the Universe.

Bam! A crash with a chair, and he fell to the floor on his head with both legs flailing; the crown of his head left a moist round stain on the rug; but he continued working from below: his right hand tracing a wide semicircle, arranging a screen that separated the happiness and sorrow of Muslims; his left hand reaching for another screen that had excluded too many apples... And he was back on his feet again, raising the white accordion of a vertical screen that crossed levels of reality separating “late” and “early”...! And with what appeared to be a shuffling of feet to restore his balance, he maneuvered two screens dedicated to the exclusion of particular rickshaws and certain conversations. With his chest, behind, knees, shoulders and blows with the head he corrected the positions of the screen, its angles and inclines, in a true-to-life dance of San Vito. And to think: this hideous marionette was creating a New Universe!

Así seguía. Podría haberse pensado que el espacio de representación del que disponía se iba a atestar, y se le iba a hacer incómodo seguir metiendo biombos. Pero no era así porque el espacio no era exactamente el de una representación, sino el de la realidad misma. De modo que la miniaturización operaba su propia ampliación. Como en un bigbang unipersonal, el espacio se creaba en el proceso, no estaba esperando su llenado, y entonces dentro de cada pompón de formaba un Universo entero.

It continued. One would think that the space of representation that he was arranging would be crowded, and would become too uncomfortable for him to continue positioning screens. But this wasn't the case since the space was not exactly a representation, but a reality unto itself. As a result, the miniaturization controlled its own amplification. Like an individualized Big Bang, the space was forged during the process, it was not waiting to be filled, and thus the Universe was formed within every burst.

From Árbol Diana *Alejandra Pizarnik*

1
He dado el salto de mí al alba.
He dejado mi cuerpo junto a la luz
y he cantado la tristeza de lo que nace.

25
(exposición Goya)
un agujero en la noche
súbitamente invadido por un ángel

29
Aquí vivimos con una mano en la garganta. Que
nada es posible ya lo sabían los que inventaban
lluvias y tejían palabras con el tormento de la
ausencia. Por eso en sus plegarias había un
sonido de manos enamoradas de la niebla.

37
más allá de cualquier zona prohibida
hay un espejo para nuestra triste transparencia

AMANTES

una flor
 no lejos de la noche
 mi cuerpo mudo
se abre
a la delicada urgencia del rocío

From Diana Tree *Translation by Anja Savic*

1
I have given my salt to the dawn.
I have left my body together with the light.
and I have sung the sadness of that which is born.

25
(Goya exhibition)
a hole in the night
suddenly invaded by an angel

29
Here we live with one hand in the throat. That
nothing is possible was already known by those
who invented rains and weaved words with the
torment of absence. This is why in their prayers
there was a sound of hands enamored by the mist.

37
far beyond any prohibited zone
there is a mirror for our sad transparency

LOVERS

a flower
 not far from the night
 my deaf body
opens itself
to the delicate urgency of the dawn

España, aparta de mí este cáliz

César Vallejo

Niños del mundo,
si cae España--digo, es un decir--
si cae
del cielo abajo su antebrazo que asen,
el cabestro, dos láminas terrestres;
niños, ¡qué edad la de las sienas cóncavas!
¡qué temprano en el sol lo que os decía!
¡qué pronto en vuestro pecho el ruido anciano!
qué viejo vuestro 2 en el cuaderno!

¡Niños del mundo, está
la madre España con su vientre a cuestras;
está nuestra maestra con sus férulas,
está madre y maestra,
cruz y madera, porque os dio la altura,
vértigo y division y suma, niños;
está con ella, padres procesales!

Si cae--digo, es un decir--si cae
España, de la tierra para abajo,
niños, ¡cómo vais a cesar de crecer!
¡cómo va a castigar el año al mes!
¡cómo van a quedarse en diez los dientes,
en palote el diptongo, la medalla en llanto!
¡Cómo va el cordillero a continuar
atado por la pata al gran tintero!
¡Cómo vais a bajar las gradas del alfabeto
hasta la letra en que nació la pena!

Niños,
hijos de los guerreros, entretanto,
bajad la voz, que España está ahora mismo repartiendo
la energía entre el reino animal,
las florecillas, los cometas y los hombres.
¡Bajad la voz, que está
con su rigor, que es grande, sin sabe
qué hacer, y está en su mano
la calavera hablando y habla y habla,

Spain, Let this Chalice Pass from Me

Translation by Anja Savic

Children of the world,
if Spain falls--I mean, I'm just saying,
if she falls
from the sky down they seize her forearm,
in a halter, two earthly plates;
children, what an age, that of the concave temples!
how early in the sun that which I told you!
how soon in your chest the ancient noise!
how old your 2 in the notebook!

Children of the world,
the mother Spain is with her womb on her shoulders;
she is our teacher with her cane,
she is mother and teacher,
cross and wood, because she gave you stature,
vertigo and division and substance, children;
she is with her, procedural fathers!

If she falls--I mean, I'm just saying--if she falls
Spain, from the earth down,
children, how you will cease to grow!
how the year will punish the month!
how the teeth will stop at ten,
the dipthong in downstroke, the medal in tears!
How the young lamb will continue
bound by the foot to the great inkwell!
How you will go down the stairs of the alphabet
until the letter in which grief was born!

Children,
sons of fighters, meanwhile,
lower your voice, for Spain is at this moment distributing
energy among the animal kingdom,
the little flowers, the comets and the men.
Lower your voice, for she is
with her rigor, which is great, without knowing
what to do, and in her hand is
the skull talking and it talks and talks,

la calavera, aquélla de la trenza,
la calavera, aquélla de la vida!

¡Bajad la voz, os digo;
bajad la voz, el canto de las sílabas, el llanto
de la material y el rumor menor de las pirámides, y aún
el de las sienas que andan con dos piedras!
¡Bajad el aliento, y si
el antebrazo baja,
si las férulas suenan, si es la noche,
si el cielo cabe en dos limbos terrestres,
si hay ruido en el sonido de las puertas,
si tardo,
si no veis a nadie, si os asustan
los lápices sin punta, si la madre
España cae--digo, es un decir--
salid, niños del mundo; id a buscarla!...

the skull, that one of tresses,
the skull, that one of life!

Lower your voice, I tell you
lower your voice, the song of syllables, the weeping
of matter and the minor rumor of pyramids, and even
of temples that walk with two stones!
Lower your breath, and if
the forearm descends,
if the canes sound, if it is night,
if the sky fits between two earthly borders,
if there is noise in the sound of the doors,
if I am late,
if you don't see anyone, if you are shaken by
pencils without tips, if mother
Spain falls--I mean, I'm just saying--
go out, children of the world; go to seek her!...

Luz Temprana

Meghan Hunt

Buenos días, me decía,
sorbiendo sangre mía
de una taza de café.
El sol através de la ventana
cortando mi cuerpo
entre luz
y penumbra.
Cuando regresa
de un sueño,
las manos encima
de la mesa,
despertaré a
la pérdida
de una ilusión
que se arrastra
de mi boca y
se descarga
en la taza tuya.

Early Light

Translation by the author

Good morning, he used to say,
drinking my blood
from a coffee cup.
The sun through the window
cutting my body
into light
and half-darkness.
When I return
from a dream,
my hands resting
on the table,
I will wake
to the loss
of the illusion
that crawls
from my mouth
and unloads itself
into your
cup.

The extasie

John Donne

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
A Pregnant banke swel'd up, to rest
The violets reclining head,
Sat we two, one anothers best.

Our hands were firmly cimented
With a fast balme, which thence did spring,
Our eye-beames twisted, and did thred
Our eyes, upon one double string;

So to'entergraft our hands, as yet
Was all the meanes to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.

As 'twixt two equall Armies, Fate
Suspendes uncertaine victorie,
Our soules, (which to advance their state,
Were gone out,) hung 'twixt her, and mee.

And whil'st our soules negotiate there,
Wee like sepulchrall statues lay;
All day, the same our postures were,
And wee said nothing, all the day.

If any, so by love refin'd,
That he soules language understood,
And by good love were growen all minde,
Within convenient distance stood,

He (though he knew not which soule spake,
Because both meant, both spake the same)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part farre purer then he came.

El éxtasis

Translation by Jose Luis Castillo

Allí donde en la ubérrima ribera,
como en un blando lecho una almohada,
descansan las violetas, calmo era
lugar de nuestra unión más esmerada.

Nuestras manos tan firmemente unidas
por bálsamo que de ellas rezumaba,
la luz de las miradas confundidas
de nuestros ojos doble hilo trenzaba.

Tentada nuestra carne en lo unitivo
esquejes en un solo cuerpo fuimos,
y concibió nuestra mirada un vivo
reflejo de los dos que al aire dimos.

Como entre dos ejércitos el Hado
deja suspensa la incierta victoria,
nuestras almas se habían aventurado
entre los dos en busca de la gloria.

Y mientras nuestras almas negociaban,
como en sepulcro calla una escultura,
nuestros cuerpos inmóviles estaban,
inmóvil el silencio en quietud pura.

Si alguien por el amor acrisolado
que el habla de las almas entendiese,
de buen amor su espíritu colmado
a distancia cabal se detuviese,

aun cuál de los dos habla no supiera,
pues la misma palabra los habita,
rocío aquilatado allí bebiera
del que a fulgir en más pureza incita.

This Extasie doth unperplex
(We said) and tell us what we love,
Wee see by this, it was not sexe,
Wee see, we saw not what did move:

But as all severall soules containe
Mixture of things, they know not what,
Love, these mixt soules, doth mixe againe,
And makes both one, each this and that.

A single violet transplant,
The strength, the colour, and the size,
(All which before was poore, and scant,)
Redoubles still, and multiplies.
When love, with one another so

Interinanimates two soules,
That abler soule, which thence doth flow,
Defects of lonelinesse controules.
Wee then, who are this new soule, know,

Of what we are compos'd, and made,
For, th'Atomies of which we grow,
Are soules, whom no change can invade.
But O alas, so long, so farre

Our bodies why doe wee forbear?
They are ours, though they are not wee, Wee are
The intelligences, they the sphaere.
We owe them thanks, because they thus,

Did us, to us, at first convay,
Yielded their forces, sense, to us,
Nor are drosse to us, but allay.
On man heavens influence workes not so,

Nos ilumina el éxtasis (dijimos)
y lo que amamos con su luz nos muestra,
que no era solo sexo así supimos
lo que así incita la querencia nuestra.

Mas como cada alma en sí contiene
una híbrida mixtura inextricable,
de ella el amor nuevo compuesto obtiene
y ambas une en fusión inseparable.

Una sola violeta, trasplantada,
lo que en ella era débil erradica;
fuerza, color y talla en flor ajada
en renuevos feraces multiplica.

Amor cuando dos almas entreama
fluye de ellas un alma enriquecida,
con más recia virtud que no lastima
la soledad acerva con su herida.

Juntos los dos en sola alma sabemos
qué materia nos forma y nos afianza,
pues cada átomo aislado en que crecemos
es un alma invencible a la mudanza.

¿Tanto tiempo, tan lejos rechazados
por qué los cuerpos nuestros, a la espera,
si inteligencia somos y, ligados,
nuestros cuerpos el arco de la esfera?

Agradecer debemos la mediada
intimidad que en ellos consintieron,
las fuerzas y sentidos, la acendrada
aleación, no escoria, que nos dieron.

But that it first imprints the ayre,
Soe soule into the soule may flow,
Though it to body first repaire.
As our blood labours to beget

Spirits, as like soules as it can,
Because such fingers need to knit
That subtile knot, which makes us man:
So must pure lovers soules descend

T'affections, and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great Prince in prison lies.
To'our bodies turne wee then, that so

Weake men on love reveal'd may looke;
Loves mysteries in soules doe grow,
But yet the body is his booke.
And if some lover, such as wee,

Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him still marke us, he shall see
Small change, when we'are to bodies gone.

Pues sobre el hombre el imperio del Hado
sella primero el aire con su influjo
y aun siendo antes del cuerpo respirado,
alma en el alma, así corre su flujo.

Como la sangre nuestra se desvela
espíritus gestando como enlace,
tal dedos hábiles de hilar la tela
del nudo que hombres con su unión nos hace:

deben así las almas por amor
abrazar facultades, afecciones
que den a los sentidos su labor.
Si no, un príncipe mora en sus prisiones.

Los cuerpos, retornados, nos reciben,
el amor, por nosotros, otros ven;
misterios del amor almas conciben
pero un cuerpo es el libro en que se leen.

Y si, como nosotros, un amante
este monodílogo ha escuchado
verá mínimo cambio en el instante
que hayamos a los cuerpos retornado.

Entre los huesos

Morgan Gibney

Entre los huesos encontrará mi tristeza
escondida en los hierros del esclavo,
escondidas en las plumas del espíritu santo;
 la paloma,
escondidas las fibras del hierro negro,
escondida la culpa de los inocentes
 de mi corazón.

Entre los huesos encontrará mi tristeza
y los amados saldrán con el regalo pintado
 más famoso
 de mi corazón.

Las lágrimas pesadas son
las golpes más fuertes de los órganos
del otro.

Que residen en la cueva blanca, entre los huesos
 de mi corazón.

Between Bones

Translation by the author

Between bones you'll find my sorrow
hidden in a captive's iron
hidden in the holy ghost's feathers;
 a dove,
hidden black iron fibers,
hidden innocents' sins
 of my heart.
Between bones you'll find my sorrow
and the loved ones will leave with a painted gift
 famed
 of my heart.

Leadens tears are
the organs' strongest blows
of the other.

That reside in the white cave, between the bones
 of my heart.

Pesca nocturna

Patricia Delmar

Zambulleron sus botas rojas.
Las luces titilaron
sobre las aguas negras.
Mientras, las redes filtraban el aire fresco
de la noche.

Las mujeres esperaron hieráticas
en la orilla.

El agua enfrió sus rodillas
potentes y redondas

Cuatro salmonetes reflejaron
de rosa sus ocho ojos verdes.

Las mujeres bostezaron
en la orilla.

Ellos desataron bravamente
las cuerdas de la barca,
aún quieta y oscilante.

Sumergieron las miradas
en la arena
gris y azul.

Las mujeres saludaron
en la orilla.

Dos erizos se engancharon en la malla
--parecían arrepentidos--
Tres almejas suspiraron tristes
desde el fondo del balde de caucho.

Nocturnal fishing

Translation by Polly Bresnick

They plunged their red boots in.
The lights flitted
over the black ripples.
While the nets filtered the damp night
air.

At the shore
the hieratic women waited.

The water chilled
their strong, rounded knees.

Four little salmon,
eight green eyes reflecting out of the pink.

At the shore
the women yawned.

They roughly untied
the ropes of the boat,
still calm and oscillating.

They threw down their gazes in the
grey blue
sand.

At the shore
the women waved.

Two sea urchins got caught in the mesh
--they seemed regretful--
Three clams sighed sadly
from the bottom of the rubber bucket.

Las mujeres se sentaron
en la orilla.

Una ola ofuscada se los llevó
lejos.

Cerca de la costa,
un par de calamares coletearon
campantes,
neófitos de la fatalidad vecina.

Las mujeres lloraron inconsolables
en la orilla.

At the shore
the women sat.

A blind wave carried them
farther out.

Close to the coast,
a pair of squid whipped
without a care,
naive to the nearby fatality.

At the shore
the inconsolable women cried.

Grass Like Feathers

Sarah Ashcroft

Grass like feathers (sharp like knives), he lays breathing
(Slowly as the land absorbs the organic essence of him)
In a soft bed of soil underneath stars, sun, sky
Night and morning cradles him (vacillating between
The darkness of realism and transient, fleeting rays of happiness)
Between time and the unrestrained conclusion
He loses himself in trying to identify the context of morality

Here, beneath the grey dusk
The birds flap their wings and mock him
Events ground him like stakes
Visions, odors, sounds and tastes create him
Experiences shine into his eyes like
The glow of light into a dark room
Illuminating him-
The bulbs dull (creating the mellow yellow prison
Between two soft extremes-
Behind which he screams
For freedom!)

Perception sews him into the backdrop of the world
Magnificent at first, a child's eyes widen at the glimpse of
Iridescence, color, luster, warmth
Yet the cruelty, much less ephemeral than beauty,
Leaves an aftertaste that imprisons and contaminates
Disappointment no longer disappoints;
Rather-mediocrity astonishes him.

And from the moment he has left the womb,
He has been dying.

Perhaps his bitterness has leaked through
The grooves that life has finely pounded into his
Malleable exterior,
Perhaps he speaks like a wounded bird flies
He lives for life (and it murders him
Until he is white, dry, bones grinding against each other
Enclosed in wooden panels).

Césped como plumas

Translation by the author

Césped como plumas (afilado como cuchillas), él está respirando
(La tierra absorba lentamente la esencia orgánica de él)
En una cama simpática de suelo debajo de estrellas, sol, el cielo
Noche y mañana acuna él (cambiando desde
el oscuro de realidad y transitorio, fugaz raya de felicidad)
Desde el tiempo y el desenfrenado fin
Él se le pierde el cuerpo mientras tratando identificar el contexto de moralidad.

Aquí debajo del crepúsculo gris
Los aves aletean sus alas y se burlan de él
Acontecimientos se fundan como estacas
Visionas, olores, sonidos y sabores se crean
Experiencias brillan en sus ojos como
La incandescencia de la luz entre el cuarto oscuro
Brillando él-
Las bombillas opacan (creyendo la cárcel amarilla y apacible
Desde dos extremos blandos
Atrás de que él lo grita
Para ¡la libertad!)

Percepción le cose ello en el telón del mundo
Primero es magnífico, los ojos de un niño amplían a la mirada de
Iridiscencia, color, lustre, calor
Pero la crueldad, mucho menos efímero de belleza,
Deja un resabio que encarcela y contamina
Decepción nunca más decepciona;
Al contrario- mediocridad le asombra.

Del momento que ha dejado útero,
Él ha estado muriendo.

Quizás su amargura ha perdido desde
Las rutinas que la vida ha golpeado en su
Exterior maleable,
Quizás él habla como vuela un ave herido
Él vive para la vida (y a él lo mata
Hasta que está blanco, seco, huesos le rechinan
Encerrado en paneles de madera).