

# Sui generis

Spring 2008





Bard College  
Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

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

Special thanks to the Division of Languages & Literature.

of its own kind

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## 钟声

by Bei Dao

钟声深入秋天的腹地  
裙子纷纷落在树上  
取悦着天空

我看见苹果腐烂的过程

带暴力倾向的孩子们  
象黑烟一样升起  
房瓦潮湿

十里风暴有了不倦的主人

沉默的敲钟人  
展开的时间的幕布  
碎裂，漫天飘零

一个个日子撞击不停

船只登陆  
在大雪上滑行  
一只绵羊注视着远方

它空洞的目光有如和平

万物正重新命名  
尘世的耳朵  
保持着危险的平衡

这是死亡的钟声

## The bell tolls

translated by Lalita Wint

The bell tolls deep through autumn's hinterland  
droves of skirts dress the trees  
trying to please the heavens

I witness the process of apples decaying

Children with a tendency to shoulder violence  
rise up as black smoke  
a moist roof tile

The ten li storm has inexhaustible masters<sup>†</sup>

Silent bell ringer  
unfolding time's curtain,  
shatters and splits, adrift in the sky

Each day batters on without cease

Boats land  
sliding on thick snow  
only one sheep gazes towards the distance

Its empty vision resembles peace

All things are renamed  
as ears of the mortal world  
maintain perilous equilibrium.

This is death's bell toll

<sup>†</sup>Li is a unit of length equal to half a kilometer.

## 道德经 二章

天下皆知美之为美，斯恶已；皆知善之为善，斯不善已。故有无相生，难易相成，长短相形，高下相倾，音声相和，前后相随。是以圣人处无为之事，行不言之教，万物作焉而不辞。生而不有，为而不恃，功成而弗居。夫惟弗居，是以不去。

## Daodejing II

Being/Not Being

*selection from Lao-tzu's Daodejing  
translated by Warren Hutcheson*

If you know beauty, you must accept ugliness.  
When good is recognized, bad will also arise.

Being and not being are born from each other;  
Being and not being are therefore of the same birth.  
Difficult and easy describe each other,  
Long and short define each other,  
High is nothing without low,  
Sound and rhythm harmonize each other,  
After is nothing without before.

So, the wise person acts without forcing,  
Teaches without words,  
Always letting all things come and go.  
Without expecting or possessing, the wise person takes no credit,  
And is therefore immortal.

*Warren Mills Hutcheson '10 was in the process of preparing his own translation of the Daodejing before he was killed in a car accident on January 2, 2008. In preparation for a tutorial, and out of his desire to understand the text through the process of translation, he had translated 61 of the 80 poems.*

## La Fontaine de Sang

*by Charles Baudelaire*

Il me semble parfois que mon sang coule à flots,  
Ainsi qu'une fontaine aux rythmiques sanglots.  
Je l'entends bien qui coule avec un long murmure,  
Mais je me tâte en vain pour trouver la blessure.

À travers la cité, comme dans un champ clos,  
Il s'en va, transformant les pavés en îlots,  
Désaltérant la soif de chaque créature,  
Et partout colorant en rouge la nature.

J'ai demandé souvent à des vins captieux  
D'endormir pour un jour la terreur qui me mine;  
Le vin rend l'oeil plus clair et l'oreille plus fine!

J'ai cherché dans l'amour un sommeil oublié;  
Mais l'amour n'est pour moi qu'un matelas d'aiguilles  
Fait pour donner à boire à ces cruelles filles!

## The fountain of blood

*translated by Charlotte Ashlock*

It seems to me sometimes that my blood flows in floods,  
As a fountain of rhythmic tears.  
I hear so well the lengthy murmur of its running,  
I touch myself in vain to find the wound.

Across the city, filling the enclosure,  
It flows, transforming cobblestones into islands,  
Quenching the thirst of every creature,  
And coloring all the world red.

I have often begged the traitor wines,  
To give me a day of rest from the terrors that torment me;  
The wine just makes my sight more clear, my ear more keen.

I have searched in love for a forgetting sleep;  
But love is nothing for me but a mattress of spikes,  
Made so those cruel maidens can drink my blood.



## Hôtel

*by Guillaume Apollinaire*

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage  
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre  
Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des mirages  
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette  
Je ne veux pas travailler, je veux fumer

## Hotel

*translated by Zoltán Glück*

My room is built like a cage  
The sun pokes an arm in through the window  
But I who'd like to smoke to provoke a mirage  
Light a cigarette and watch the day go  
I don't want to work, I want to smoke

## Untitled

*by Guillaume Apollinaire*

Je ne sais plus, ni si je l'aime  
Ni si l'hiver sait mon péché  
Le ciel est un manteau de laine  
Et mes amours s'étant cachés  
Périssent d'amour en moi-même

*translated by Zoltán Glück*

I don't know, nor if I love her  
Nor if the winter knows my sin  
The sky is a woolen cover  
And thoughts of love having hidden  
Drown in my heart and are smothered

### Sans toi

*by Zoltán Glück*

le moi là, sans toi  
s'étrange de soi  
et plonge au fond  
d'une langueur basse

### Between us

*translated by the author*

the me I see without thee  
is strange to be  
and falls below  
a leaden sea

### Sur certains poètes

*by Peter Sourian*

Passant du coq à l'âne ils espèrent qu'en naisse  
Quelque très bel enfant—que cela se produise!  
La sage-femme est là pour bien claquer les fesses—  
A une condition: qu'à leur tour on baptise  
Les bâtards grotesques de la très-grande abbesse.

### On certain poets

*translated by Neşe Şenol*

With ceaseless digressions they pray for the birth  
Of some beautiful child—pray that it materialize!  
The midwife is there to whip the haunches—  
On one condition: that afterward be baptized  
The grotesque bastards of mother superior.

## Als mir dein Lied erklang

by Clemens Brentano

Dein Lied erklang, ich habe es gehört,  
Wie durch die Rosen es zum Monde zog,  
Den Schmetterling, der bunt im Frühling flog,  
Hast du zur frommen Biene dir bekehrt.  
Zur Rose ist mein Drang,  
Seit mir dein Lied erklang!

Die Nachtigallen klagen,  
Ach, meiner Ruhe süßes Schwanenlied  
dem Mond, der lauschend von dem Himmel sieht,  
Den Sternen, und den Rosen muss ich's klagen,  
Wohin sie sich nun schwang,  
Der dieses Lied erklang!

Dein Lied erklang, es war kein Ton vergebens,  
Der ganze Frühling, der von Liebe haucht,  
Hat, als Du sangest, nieder sich getaucht,  
Im sehnsuchtsvollen Strome meines Lebens,  
Im Sonnenuntergang,  
Als mir dein Lied erklang!

## When your song rang out to me

translated by Anja Hechong Boenicke

Your song rang out, I heard it,  
as it traveled through the roses to the moon,  
the butterfly that flew vibrantly in springtime,  
you have converted into your devout bee.  
I am driven to the rose,  
ever since your song rang out to me!

The nightingales lament,  
alas, the sweet swan song of my calm  
to the moon, who listens and looks down from heaven,  
to the stars and the roses I must cry out,  
where has she soared,  
the one for whom this song rang out!

Your song rang out, not a note was in vain,  
the entire spring that whispers of love,  
has, as you sang, immersed itself  
in the yearning stream of my life,  
in the sunset,  
when your song rang out to me!

## Ich bin ein Pilger...

*by Erich Mühsam*

Ich bin ein Pilger, der sein Ziel nicht kennt;  
der Feuer sieht und weiß nicht, wo es brennt;  
vor dem die Welt in fremde Sonnen rennt.

Ich bin ein Träumer, den ein Lichtschein narrt;  
der in dem Sonnenstrahl nach Golde scharrt;  
der das Erwachen flieht, auf das er harrt.

Ich bin ein Stern, der seinen Gott erhellt;  
der seinen Glanz in dunkle Seelen stellt;  
der einst in fahle Ewigkeiten fällt.

Ich bin ein Wasser, das nie mündend fließt;  
das tauentströmt in Wolken sich ergießt;  
das küßt und fortschwemmt—weint und froh genießt.

Wo ist, der meines Wesens Namen nennt?  
Der meine Welt von meiner Sehnsucht trennt?  
Ich bin ein Pilger, der sein Ziel nicht kennt.

## I am a pilgrim...

*translated by Rebecca Fanning*

I am a pilgrim who knows not his way;  
who sees fire yet not the source of the blaze;  
which lightens the world in its strange display.

I am a dreamer, mocked by this flaring;  
who digs for the gold the sunlight's bearing;  
Who flees awakening, yet's always awaiting.

I am a star that shines on his maker;  
who brings light to the dark souls of creatures;  
Who fell for all eternity under.

I am a water that's ever-present;  
who from the valley to the clouds ascends;  
Who kisses and flows, cries and is pleasant.

Where then is this source, who gives me my name?  
Who sets my world and my yearnings awry.  
I am a pilgrim who knows not his way.

## Landschaft

für Katharina Prantl

*by Peter Filkins*

erde wasser und himmel  
der himmel gespiegelt  
erde ungebunden  
von wasser der himmel  
jetzt atmet jetzt  
löst diese erde auf  
in alle herrlichkeit  
von himmel am wasser  
im wasser durch  
diesen fleck von erde  
festgewurzelt im blau  
unrühmliches grün  
dieses schwirren dieses  
beschleunigen

## Landscape

for Katharina Prantl

*translated by the author*

earth water and sky  
the sky reflected  
earth unbound  
by water the sky  
now breathing now  
dissolving this earth  
in all its splendor  
of sky on water  
in water penetrating  
this speck of earth  
rooted in the blue  
inglorious green of  
this whirl this  
quickenning

## 部屋

by Hiroshi Kawasaki

部屋には  
絹のような闇が溢れていた  
内側から  
しなやかな手が  
ドアをきっちり閉めていた

暗いまま  
部屋は  
嵐を待った

電鳴のさなか  
その時だけ  
部屋は  
ほんのりと明るむだろう

## Heya

translated by Laura O'Gorman

Heya ni ha  
Kinu noyouna yami ga afureteita  
Uchigawa kara  
Shinayakana te ga  
Doa wo kicchiri shimeteita

Kurai mama  
Heya ha  
Arashi wo matta

Raimei no sanaka  
Sono toki dake  
Heya ha  
Honnori to akarumudarou

## The room

translated by Laura O'Gorman

In the room  
Darkness like silk  
Flooded inside  
And supple hands  
Tightly shut the door

In the roiling gloom  
The room  
Waited for the storm

At the height of the thunder  
For only a moment  
The room  
Would suddenly flash bright

## しずかな世界

by Shinkichi Takahashi

音のせぬしずかな世界がある

ここには何もない  
そこにある  
ここもそこもない  
今も昔もない

朽木の仆れるように私は死のう  
根も葉もすでになくなっている  
いつでも轟音を立てて私は仆れる

私の生まれぬ先に生きていた奴は  
一人もいない  
私の死んだ後に生きている奴も  
一人もいない  
私は生まれもしなければ死にもしない  
このままである

かりに動いているとしても  
動かないものがある  
石の舟が記憶の海に浮いている  
炭火が赤くうごいた

ここに何もかもすんでしまった  
一切は終っている

一日生きるのも千億年生きるのもおなじだ

## Mundo en calma

translated by Jose Luis Fernandez Castillo and Kyoko Mizoguchi

Hay un mundo en calma,  
sin sonido,

no hay nada aquí,

ni aquí hay ahí, ni allí,

ni ahora ni pasado.

Como un árbol marchito  
moriré desplomándome,

ya sin raíces ni hojas  
caeré en cualquier momento  
con estrépito.

Nadie vivió  
antes que yo naciera

y tras mi muerte nadie vivirá.

Ni nazco ni muero,  
siempre el mismo.

Aun en el movimiento  
algo hay que no se mueve.

Una barca de piedra  
flota en el mar de la memoria.

Roja oscila la brasa.

Aquí todo termina,  
consumado.

存在の原点に居坐れば文句は無くなる  
思弁もなくなる

宇宙とともに死ぬ男  
彼が死んだら宇宙は無くなる

ここでお前を殺してやろう  
殺せないような人間はいない  
神は殺せるように人間を造つた

百億光年前に私は死んだ  
宇宙はそれよりも前に無くなっている

心に鍵をかけて  
静かな世界に休もう

Vivir un día  
o cien billones de años

es lo mismo

si habitamos el origen  
de lo que existe.

Ya no habrá quejas  
ni pensamientos.

Un hombre que muere  
aniquila con él el universo.

Voy a matarte aquí.

No hay hombre que no pueda matar.

Capaces de matar  
el dios creó a los hombres.

Morí hace diez billones de años luz,  
ya no habrá para entonces universo.

Cierra tu corazón.

Descansa  
en la quietud del mundo.



## Selection from Ennius' *Annales*

Excita cum tremulis anus attulit artubus lumen,  
Talia commemorat lacrimans, exterrita somno:  
'Eurudica prognata pater quam noster amavit,  
Vires vitaeque corpus meum nunc deserit omne.  
Nam me visus homo pulcher per amoena salicta  
Et ripas raptare locosque novos: ita sola  
Postilla germana soror, errare videbar  
Tardaue vestigare et quaerere te, neque posse  
Corde capessere: semita nulla pedem stabilibat.  
Exin compellare pater me voce videtur  
His verbis: "o gnata, tibi sunt ante ferendae  
Aerumnae, post ex fluvio fortuna resistet."  
Haec ecfatus pater, germana, repente recessit  
Nec sese dedit in conspectum corde cupitus,  
Quamquam multa manus ad caeli caerula templa  
Tendebam lacrumans et blanda voce vocabam.  
Vix aegro cum corde meo me somnus reliquit.'

## Ilia's Dream

*translated by Christian Lehmann*

The nurse ran trembling down the hall to bring  
Comforting light to Ilia's panic.  
She stood silent and listened to her dream.

"O step-sister whom I consider true,  
My life and strength leave now my remembering mind,  
But what there is I will try to relate.  
The man—no, so much more—devastated  
My sense and through the wood we wildly went,  
And to new shores we swiftly stole—silent.  
And in the shallows he took me, shivering.  
And then without a word he flowed away.  
I turned and turned in vain searching for you,  
Searching for the comfort you bring to me.  
But then, from all around, a voice rang out.  
It was our father who waylaid my fears.  
Or was it another man pretending?

'My daughter such ravishings I lament,  
And wish I could comfort you with their end.  
But sadly you must first bear many more,  
One cold comfort I can offer to you:  
Forth from this travesty will come twin hope.  
Forth from this travesty a new nation,  
Forth from this travesty prosperity.'

This said the voice faded in the will-o-wisps,  
Despite my longing to see and feel him.  
I bowed down and began supplicating  
Any god I thought might come to hear my prayer.  
When Dawn arose and woke me, I cried out,  
On account of the sickness I felt growing,  
To you and for my nurse to bring the light."

### Ode 3.3 of Horace

Iustum et tenacem propositi virum  
non civium ardor prava iubentium,  
non vultus instantis tyranni  
mente quatit solida neque Auster,

dux inquieti turbidus Hadriae,  
nec fulminantis magna manus Iovis;  
si fractus illabatur orbis,  
impavidum ferient ruinae.

Hac arte Pollux et vagus Hercules  
enisus arces attigit igneas,  
quos inter Augustus recumbens  
purpureo bibet ore nectar.

Hac te merentem, Bacche pater, tuae  
vexere tigres, indocili iugum  
collo trahentes; hac Quirinus  
Martis equis Acheronta fugit,

gratum elocuta consiliantibus  
Iunone divis: "Ilion, Ilion  
fatalis incestusque iudex  
et mulier peregrina vertit

in pulverem, ex quo destituit deos  
mercede pacta Laomedon, mihi  
castaeque damnatum Minervae  
cum populo et duce fraudulentio.

Iam nec Lacaenae splendet adulterae  
famosus hospes nec Priami domus  
periura pugnaces Achivos  
Hectoreis opibus refringit,

### Roads lead ahead; roads lead (to Rome)

*translated by Ben Dexter*

The man just and holding fast to his purpose—  
neither does the ardor of a public, welcoming depravities,  
nor does the visage of a threatening tyrant  
shake from firm faculties—nor the South Wind,

wild lord of the restless Adriatic sea,  
nor the great fist of Jove blasting  
lightning. Should the world fall broken,  
the ruins will hit him standing fearless.

In this way Pollux and wandering Hercules,  
struggling, attained starry citadels,  
among whom Augustus reclining  
will sip nectar with purpled mouth.

In this way your tigers conveyed you, deserving,  
father Bacchus, bearing the yokes  
on necks untamed; in this way Quirinus  
fled Acheron with the steeds of Mars,

when Juno spoke pleasing speech to the  
gods taking counsel: "Ilion, Ilion  
a deadly and unchaste judge and  
a foreign woman have turned

Ilion into dust, from the time when Laomedon deprived the gods  
of their agreed-upon price, damned  
by me and by chaste Minerva  
along with the people and their cheating ruler.

Now neither does the famous guest shine for the Spartan  
adulteress nor does the perjured house of Priam  
hold back the warlike Achaeans  
with Hector's mighty works,

nostrisque ductum seditionibus  
bellum resedit. Protinus et gravis  
iras et invisum nepotem,  
Troica quem peperit sacerdos,

Marti redonabo; illum ego lucidas  
inire sedes, discere nectaris  
sucos et adscribi quietis  
ordinibus patiar deorum.

Dum longus inter saeviat Ilion  
Romamque Pontus, qualibet exsules  
in parte regnanto beati;  
dum Priami Paridisque busto

insultet armentum et catulos ferae  
celent inultae, stet Capitolium  
fulgens triumphatisque possit  
Roma ferox dare iura Medis.

Horrenda late nomen in ultimas  
extendat oras, qua medius liquor  
secernit Europen ab Afro,  
qua tumidus rigat arva Nilus.

Aurum irreperitum et sic melius situm,  
cum terra celat, spernere fortior  
quam cogere humanos in usus  
omne sacrum rapiente dextra,

quicumque mundo terminus obstitit,  
hunc tanget armis, visere gestiens  
qua parte debacchentur ignes,  
qua nebulae pluviiue rores.

Sed bellicosus fata Quiritibus  
hac lege dico, ne nimium pii  
rebusque fidentes avitae  
tectae velint reparare Troiae.

and the war long-maintained by our own strife  
has settled down. Immediately both my heavy  
anger and my hated grandson,  
whom the Trojan priestess produced,

I shall return to Mars; and I will suffer him  
to enter the bright seats, to imbibe sweetness of  
nectar and to be written among our  
quiet ranks of gods.

Provided that between Ilion and Rome  
the wide sea rages, let the exiles rule  
at some chosen location, content.  
Provided that on the graves of Priam and Paris

cattle trample and beasts unpunished  
shelter their young, let the Capitol stand  
shining and Rome, ferocious,  
give laws triumphant over the Medes.

Let awesome Rome widely spread her name  
to all shores, where the middle waters  
split Europe from Africa,  
where the Nile, swollen, wets thirsty fields.

Gold undiscovered and thus better placed,  
while the earth conceals it, Rome's stronger to spurn  
than to gather up to human use  
everything sacred with snatching hands.

Whatever limits obstruct the world,  
Rome touches with her weapons, eager to see  
what place the sun scorches, and  
where there are clouds and rainy mists.

But to the warlike Romans I proclaim  
a fate under this condition: that, excessively pious  
and faithful to the Republic, they not wish to rebuild  
the roofs of ancestral Troy.

Troiae renascens alite lugubri  
fortuna tristi clade iterabitur,  
ducente victrices catervas  
coniuge me Iovis et sorore.

Ter si resurgat murus aëneus  
auctore Phoebo, ter pereat meis  
excisus Argivis, ter uxor  
capta virum puerosque ploret.”

Non hoc iocosae convenient lyrae:  
quo, Musa, tendis? Desine pervicax  
referre sermones deorum et  
magna modis tenuare parvis.

The fortune of Troy rising again with sluggish wings  
will repeat with sad calamity,  
with myself, the sister and wife of Jove,  
leading the victorious troops.

If three times its bronzed walls resurge  
from Phoebus' effort, three times  
would it vanish, cut down by my Argives, thrice  
the captive wife lament her man and boys.”

Yet this will not agree with a jocund lyre:  
where, Muse, press thou on? Thou stubborn thing, cease  
renewing these tales of the gods and  
thinning great measures with small ones.

## Selection from Poem 64 of Catullus

saepe illam perhibent ardenti corde furentem  
clarisonas imo fudisse e pectore uoces,  
ac tum praeruptos tristem conscendere montes,  
unde aciem in pelagi uastos protenderet aestus,  
tum tremuli salis aduersas procurrere in undas  
mollia nudatae tollentem tegmina surae,  
atque haec extremis maestam dixisse querellis,  
frigidulos udo singultus ore cientem:  
“sicine me patriis auertam, perfide, ab aris,  
perfide, deserto liquisti in litore, Theseu?  
sicine discedens neglecto numine diuum,  
immemor a! deuota domum periuria portas?  
nullane res potuit crudelis flectere mentis  
consilium? tibi nulla fuit clementia praesto,  
immite ut nostri uellet miserescere pectus?  
at non haec quondam blanda promissa dedisti  
uoce mihi, non haec miserae sperare iubebas,  
sed conubia laeta, sed optatos hymenaeos,  
quae cuncta aeri discerpunt irrita uenti.  
nunc iam nulla uiro iuranti femina credat,  
nulla uiri speret sermones esse fideles;  
quis dum aliquid cupiens animus praegestit apisci,  
nil metuunt iurare, nihil promittere parcunt:  
sed simul ac cupidae mentis satiata libido est,  
dicta nihil metuere, nihil periuria curant.

*translated by Elisabeth Kilduff*

They say that she, undone by passion, would  
pour forth shrill cries from deep within her chest,  
and then ascending some steep mountain's height,  
her gaze now broad, she would survey the sea  
and endless swells.

Then, running toward the adversary waves,  
which trembled with the sea, and raising the  
soft covering from her naked calf, in grief  
she spoke these last laments, her little sobs  
brought forth and settled in the wetness of  
her cheeks:

“Is this the way,  
conveyed from my ancestral altars, you  
leave me alone on this deserted shore,  
perfidious Theseus? Is this how you  
depart, neglecting numinous decrees,  
forgetful, a!, and carry home your false  
devotions? Was nothing able to  
divert your stubborn cruelty? Had you no  
compassion, such that you refused to lend  
me mercy in your unpitying heart?  
And these are not the promises you once  
breathed sweetly in my ear. And these are not  
the hopes you planted in my wretched chest:  
a happy wedding, a wished-for wedding,  
now nullified by airy winds that tear  
it all to pieces.

Thus from this moment, let no woman trust  
the words sworn by a man, nor even hope  
his words are true; for as long as male hearts  
are eager to obtain a thing, they do  
not fear or hesitate to swear an oath,  
but then as soon as they have quieted  
the plaint of sexual desire, they  
fear nothing they have said, and care not for  
their perjuries.

## Poem 101 of Catullus

Multas per gentes et multa per aequora vectus  
advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias,  
ut te postremo donarem munere mortis  
et mutam nequiquam alloquerer cinerem.  
quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum.  
heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi,  
nunc tamen interea haec, prisco quae more parentum  
tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias,  
accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,  
atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.

*translated by Anna Brock*

Borne through many peoples and across many seas,  
I arrive, brother, for these miserable rites  
to give to you the one final gift of the dead.  
And speak to your silent ashes in vain.  
Since fortune has stolen you from me—  
Oh, my poor brother, snatched unjustly from me,  
now, though, I bring these things, handed down  
by the old custom: a sad duty to the dead.  
Accept these gifts, soaked with a brother's tears,  
and forever, brother, hail and farewell!

## Dīpavaṃsa 1:1-5

Dīpāgamaṃ buddhassa dhātu ca bodhiyāgamaṃ  
saṃgahācariyavādaṃ ca dīpamhi sāsanaḡamaṃ narindāgamaṃ  
vaṃsaṃ kittayissaṃ, suṇātha me  
Pītipāmojjajanaṃ pasādeyyaṃ manoramaṃ  
anekākārasaṃpannaṃ cittikatvā suṇātha me  
Udaggacittā sumanā pahaṭṭhā tuṭṭhamānasā niddosaṃ  
bhadravacanaṃ sakkaccaṃ sampaṭicchatha  
suṇātha sabbe paṇidhāya mānaṃ vaṃsaṃ pavakkhāmi  
paramparāgataṃ thutippasatthaṃ bahunābhivaṇṇitaṃ etamhi  
nānākusumaṃ va ganthaṃ  
anūpamaṃ vaṃsavaraggavāsinaṃ apubbaṃ anaññaṃ tatha  
suppakāsitaṃ ariyāgataṃ uttamasabbi vaṇṇitaṃ suṇātha dīpatthuti  
sādhusakkataṃ

*translated by Kristin Scheible*

Listen to me! I will relate the history of the journey to the island of the Buddha and the coming of the Bodhi Tree and the relics, the collected traditional teachings, the coming of the Buddhist tradition to the island and the coming of the King [Vijaya]. Listen to me, honoring [this text] abounding in countless qualities, delightful, calming, producing joy and gladness. Applying great attention, listen up all to this history: I will explain the coming of the lineage. Indeed, this extolled eulogy is praised by many, tied together as if all kinds of flowers [in a garland]. Listen to this eulogy of the island, honored by the virtuous, extolled by the greatest assembly, this very one in truth well-explained by the noble ones, which is new, which dwells upon the most meritorious lineage, which is incomparable.

## Mahāvaṃsa 1:1-4

Namassitvāna saṃbuddhaṃ susuddhaṃ suddhavaṃsajaṃ  
Mahāvaṃsaṃ pavakkhāmi nānānūnādhikārikaṃ  
Porāṇehi kato p'eso ativithārito kvaci atīva kvaci saṃkhitto  
anekapunaruttako  
Vajjitaṃ tehi dosehi sukhaḡgahaṇadhāraṇaṃ pasādasamvegakaraṃ  
sutīto ca upāgataṃ  
Pasādajanake ṭhāne tathā samvegakāraḡe janayantā pasādaṃ ca  
samvegaṃ ca suṇātha taṃ

*translated by Kristin Scheible*

Having paid honor to the most pure Saṃbuddha, I will explain the Mahāvaṃsa belonging to the pure lineage, referring surely to its diversity of varied content.

That [other history], even though made by the ancients, was here told in much too much detail, there exceedingly brief, and contained countless repetitions.

This [history] avoids the faults of that one; easy to grasp and bear in mind, producing anxious thrill and serene satisfaction, [it is] handed down through tradition. Listen to this one, causing anxious thrill and serene satisfaction, in this way the grounds for making anxious thrill and serene satisfaction.

## Elegia 1938

*by Carlos Drummond de Andrade*

Trabalhas sem alegria para um mundo caduco,  
onde as formas e as ações não encerram nenhum exemplo.  
Praticas laboriosamente os gestos universais,  
sentes calor e frio, falta de dinheiro, fome e desejo sexual.

Heróis enchem os parques da cidade em que te arrastas,  
e preconizam a virtude, a renúncia, o sangue-frio, a concepção.  
À noite, se neblina, abrem guarda-chuvas de bronze  
ou se recolhem aos volumes de sinistras bibliotecas.

Amas a noite pelo poder de aniquilamento que encerra  
e sabes que, dormindo, os problemas te dispensam de morrer.  
Mas o terrível despertar prova a existência da Grande máquina  
e te repõe, pequenino, em face de indecifráveis palmeiras.

Caminhas entre os mortos e com eles conversas  
sobre coisas do tempo futuro e negócios do espírito.  
A literatura estragou tuas melhores horas de amor.  
Ao telefone perdeste muito, muitíssimo tempo de semear.

Coração orgulhoso, tens pressa de confessar tua derrota  
e adiar para outro século a felicidade coletiva.  
Aceitas a chuva, a guerra, o desemprego e a injusta distribuição  
porque não podes, sozinho, dinamitar a ilha de Manhattan.

## Elegy 1938

*translated by John Ryle and Fábio Araujo*

Joyless work in a decaying world.  
No picture fits; no pattern holds.  
You struggle on like others, feeling heat and cold,  
Hunger, lack of cash, the ache of sex.

You drag yourself to parks where heroes preach  
Virtue, abstinence, courage, parenthood.  
Up go their bronze umbrellas when the night-mist comes,  
Or else they hide in ghostly libraries.

You love the night, the way it wipes things clean.  
Problems distract you, while in sleep, from death.  
But in the harsh dawn, there's the Big Machine  
And you, a cipher, amid indecipherable palms.

You walk with the dead; you talk to them  
Discussing mental life and future time.  
Writing spoils your sweetest hours of love.  
Your seedtime's wasted on the telephone.

Proud heart, you hurry to admit defeat,  
Postpone the common happiness a hundred years  
Accept storms, wars, job losses, unjust spread of wealth  
Because you can't blow up Manhattan on your own.



## Eduardo e Mônica

*lyrics by Renato Russo de Legião Urbana*

Quem um dia irá dizer  
Que existe razão  
Nas coisas feitas pelo coração?  
E quem irá dizer  
Que não existe razão...?

Eduardo abriu os olhos, mas não quis se levantar  
Ficou deitado e viu que horas eram  
Enquanto Mônica tomava um conhaque  
No outro canto da cidade, como eles disseram...

Eduardo e Mônica um dia se encontraram sem querer  
E conversaram muito mesmo pra tentar se conhecer...  
Um carinha do cursinho do Eduardo que disse:  
"Tem uma festa legal, e a gente quer se divertir"

Festa estranha, com gente esquisita  
"Eu não 'tou' legal, não agüento mais birita"  
E a Mônica riu, e quis saber um pouco mais  
Sobre o boyzinho que tentava impressionar  
E o Eduardo, meio tonto, só pensava em ir pra casa  
"É quase duas, eu vou me ferrar..."

Eduardo e Mônica trocaram telefone  
Depois telefonaram e decidiram se encontrar  
O Eduardo sugeriu uma lanchonete,  
Mas a Mônica queria ver o filme do Godard

Se encontraram então no parque da cidade  
A Mônica de moto e o Eduardo de camêlo  
O Eduardo achou estranho, e melhor não comentar  
Mas a menina tinha tinta no cabelo

## Eduardo and Monica

*translated by Shelly Rosenberg*

Who, one day, is going to say  
That there is reason  
In what happens in the heart?  
And who is going to say  
That there is no reason?

Eduardo opened his eyes, but didn't want to wake up.  
He lay there even though he saw what time it was.  
Meanwhile Monica was drinking cognac  
On the other side of the city, so they say...

Eduardo and Monica met randomly one day  
And ended up talking for hours, getting acquainted.  
A guy from Eduardo's school came up and said,  
"There's going to be a great party, come on, we'll have a good time."

But the party was weird, full of sketchy people.  
"I'm not that cool, I can't handle these drunk girls anymore!"  
And Monica laughed, wanting to know a little more  
About this cute boy that she was trying to impress.  
And Eduardo, a little spacey, was only thinking about going home:  
"It's almost two, I'm screwed!"

Eduardo and Monica exchanged numbers.  
Afterwards, they talked and decided to meet.  
Eduardo suggested a deli,  
But Monica wanted to see the Godard movie.

So instead they met in the park in the city,  
Monica by motorcycle and Eduardo by camel.  
Eduardo thought it looked weird, but better not to say,  
That Monica had dyed her hair.

Eduardo e Mônica era nada parecidos  
Ela era de Leão e ele tinha dezesseis  
Ela fazia Medicina e falava alemão  
E ele ainda nas aulinhas de inglês

Ela gostava do Bandeira e do Bauhaus  
De Van Gogh e dos Mutantes, de Caetano e de Rimbaud  
E o Eduardo gostava de novela  
E jogava futebol-de-botão com seu avô

Ela falava coisas sobre o Planalto Central  
Também magia e meditação  
E o Eduardo ainda tava no esquema “escola, cinema  
clube, televisão”...

E mesmo com tudo diferente, veio mesmo, de repente  
Uma vontade de se ver  
E os dois se encontravam todo dia  
E a vontade crescia, como tinha de ser...

Eduardo e Mônica fizeram natação, fotografia  
Teatro, artesanato, e foram viajar  
A Mônica explicava pro Eduardo  
Coisas sobre o céu, a terra, a água e o ar...

Ele aprendeu a beber, deixou o cabelo crescer  
E decidiu trabalhar... (Nããããoooo!)  
E ela se formou no mesmo mês  
Que ele passou no vestibular

E os dois comemoraram juntos  
E também brigaram juntos, muitas vezes depois  
E todo mundo diz que ele completa ela  
E vice-versa, que nem feijão com arroz

Construíram uma casa a uns dois anos atrás  
Mais ou menos quando os gêmeos vieram  
Batalharam grana, seguraram legal  
A barra mais pesada que tiveram

Eduardo and Monica were nothing alike.  
She was a Leo and he was only seventeen.  
She was in pre-med and spoke German.  
He was still in prep English classes.

She loved Bandeira's poetry and the band Bauhaus,  
Van Gogh and the Mutants, Caetano and Rimbaud.  
And Eduardo liked soap operas  
And played soccer with his grandfather.

She spoke of Central Brazil,  
Also of magic and meditation.  
And Eduardo was still in the “school, movies,  
television” phase...

And even though they were so different, down to their veins, suddenly  
They couldn't get enough of each other.  
And the two met up every day,  
And their longing grew, as it had to be...

Eduardo and Monica both swam, did photography,  
Theatre, art, and went traveling.  
Monica explained to Eduardo  
Things about the sky, the earth, the water and the air.

He learned to drink, let his hair grow out  
And decided to get a job. (Noooooo!)  
And she graduated the same month  
That he passed his university entrance exam.

And the two celebrated together  
And also fought together, and many times after.  
And everyone said that he completed her.  
And vice-versa, like rice and beans.

They built a house one or two years ago  
More or less when they arrived.  
They argued about money,  
They had to handle the worst.

Eduardo e Mônica voltaram pra Brasília  
E a nossa amizade dá saudade no verão  
Só que nessas férias, não vão viajar  
Porque o filhinho do Eduardo tá de recuperação  
Ah! Ahan!

E quem um dia irá dizer  
Que existe razão  
Nas coisas feitas pelo coração?  
E quem irá dizer  
Que não existe razão...?

Eduardo and Monica returned to Brasilia  
And Brasilia's friendship makes people miss us during the summer.  
However, during this vacation, they can't go traveling  
Because Eduardo and Monica just had a boy!

Who, one day, is going to say  
That there is reason  
In what happens in the heart?  
And who is going to say  
That there is no reason?

## Ласточка

*by Osip Mandelstam*

Я слово позабыл, что я хотел сказать.  
Слепая ласточка в чертог теней вернется,  
На крыльях срезанных с прозрачными играть.  
В беспмятстве ночная песнь поется.

Не слышно птиц. Бессмертник не цветет,  
Прозрачны гривы табуна ночного.  
В сухой реке пустой челнок плывет,  
Среди кузнечиков беспмятствует слово.

И медленно растет, как бы шатер иль храм,  
То вдруг прокинется безумной Антигоной,  
То мертвой ласточкой бросается к ногам  
С стигийской нежностью и веткою зеленой.

О, если бы вернуть и зрячих пальцев стыд,  
И выпуклую радость узнаванья.  
Я так боюсь рыданья Аонид,  
Тумана, звона и зиянья.

А смертным власть дана любить и узнавать;  
Для них и звук в персты прольется,  
Но я забыл, что я хочу сказать,  
И мысль бесплотная в четрог теней вернется.

Все не о том прозрачная твердит,  
Все ласточка, подружка, Антигона...  
А на губах, как черный лед, горит  
Стигийского воспоминанье звона.

## Swallow

*translated by Philipp S. Penka*

I have forgotten the word I meant to say.  
A blind swallow returns to the palace of shadows  
on shortened wings, to play with the transparent.  
The song of night is sung unconsciously.

No sound from the birds. The immortelle does not bloom,  
transparent are the manes of the nocturnal horses.  
In the dry river drifts an empty boat,  
Among the grasshoppers, unconscious, whiles the word.

And it slowly rises, as though a temple or tent,  
now hurls itself like mad Antigone,  
now falls at one's feet, a dead swallow,  
with Stygian tenderness and a green branch.

Oh, to bring back the shame of seeing fingers,  
the swelling joy of recognition,  
I fear so much the Muses' anguished wail,  
of mists, of ringing, of the void.

Mortals are given the power to love and recognize,  
and even sound flows through their fingers.  
Yet I have forgotten what I mean to say,  
and the bodiless thought returns to the palace of shadows.

The transparent one still speaks and speaks,  
of nothing: swallow, friend, Antigone.  
While the ringing of Stygian remembrance  
burns, like black ice, on my lips.

## Argumentum ornithologicum

by Jorge Luis Borges

Cierro los ojos y veo una bandada de pájaros. La visión dura un segundo o acaso menos; no sé cuántos pájaros vi. ¿Era definido o indefinido su número? El problema involucra el de la existencia de Dios. Si Dios existe, el número es definido, porque Dios sabe cuántos pájaros vi. Si Dios no existe, el número es indefinido, porque nadie pudo llevar la cuenta. En tal caso, vi menos de diez pájaros (digamos) y más de uno, pero no vi nueve, ocho, siete, seis, cinco, cuatro, tres o dos pájaros. Vi un número entre diez y uno, que no es nueve, ocho, siete, seis, cinco, etcétera. Ese número entero es inconcebible; ergo, Dios existe.

## Argumentum ornithologicum

translated by Dorothy Albertini and Julian Cowell

Ich mache die Augen zu und sehe eine Menge Vögel. Es dauert nur einen Moment, vielleicht weniger. Keine Ahnung wie viele Vögel ich sah. Kann ich genau sagen wie viele? Diese Frage hat mit Gott zu tun. Entweder gibt es Gott oder nicht. Wenn ein Gott existiert, dann gibt es auch eine Zahl, denn dann weiss Gott genau wie viele Vögel ich damals flüchtig erblickte. Und wenn es Ihn nicht gibt, dann weiss niemand wie viele Vögel ich sah, weil wir dann nicht vom Zählen reden. Nehmen wir an, dass ich in diesem Fall weniger als zehn Vögel sah und mehr als einen, aber ich sah nicht neun, acht, sieben, sechs, fünf, vier, drei, oder zwei Vögel. Ich sah eine Zahl zwischen zehn und eins, doch nicht neun, acht, sieben, sechs, fünf usw. Aber solch eine Zahl ist unbegreiflich, und folglich existiert Gott.

I close my eyes and see a crowd of birds. Right now, before my eyes, this vision, yet it lasts for only a moment, perhaps longer. I have no inkling of just how many birds I saw. So can I really say how many there were? This is really a question about God. Either there is a God or there isn't. If God exists then there was an exact number of birds in that crowd, for God knows precisely how many birds I saw in my fleeting vision. But if God does not exist then no one can know how many birds I saw, and it's vanity to speak of counting. If this is the case, then I saw less than ten birds (let's say) and more than one, but I saw either nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three or two birds. That is, I saw a number between ten and one, but certainly not nine, nor eight, nor seven, nor six, nor five, etc. A number such as I saw no man can grasp, therefore god exists.

## Ella aguarda alguna cosa

by Julio Antonio Llinás

Una oscura mujer de muchos años  
Levemente tocada con un bello corset afro-romántico  
Escucha atentamente

Los sonidos más dispersos y antagónicos confluyen en sus manos donde  
crece la hierba  
Pero sus largos vestidos van más allá de toda suposición  
Y en sus corpiños de amianto nace el sueño de los volcanes

Ella consume con sus ojos taciturnos  
Las insaciables hogueras de la atmósfera  
Y elimina las serpientes con un giro de sus piernas decimales y únicas  
Únicas  
No por su bella figura acrisolada sino más bien por su color

Ella visita los hospitales y hace el amor con los enfermos  
Y sabe descifrar los signos cartográficos en que se basa el peligro  
Ella encuentra una moneda en cualquier parte  
Y pasea desnuda por las azoteas para mantener candente la llama del amor

Ella encubre al ladrón y ampara al asesino  
Ella cierra los ojos del cadáver y le entrega su boca parpadeante  
Ella es tan dulce que no puede subir las escaleras  
Ella espera la redención de los pájaros para morir  
Ella toca su flauta y hace llover  
Y cuando muchos pájaros reunidos de súbito en un ámbito claro y espacioso  
(Teniendo siempre en cuenta la gravedad de la tierra)  
La circundan como a una vieja estatua de un país legendario  
Ella abre sus piernas poderosas y les da su calor.

## She awaits something

translated by Alexandra Ward

A dark woman of many years  
Slightly crazy with a beautiful afro-romantic corset  
Attentively listens

The most dispersed and contrary sounds converge in her hands where  
the grass grows  
But her long dresses go farther than all supposition  
And in her bodices of asbestos is born the dream of volcanoes

She consumes with gloomy eyes  
The insatiable bonfires of the atmosphere  
And eliminates the snakes with a turn of her decimal and unique legs  
Unique  
Not because of her beautiful purified figure but due more to her color

She visits hospitals and makes love with the sick  
And knows how to decipher the cartographic signs where danger is based  
She finds a coin in whatever part  
And passes naked on the roofs to keep the call of love burning

She conceals the thief and protects the assassin  
She closes the eyes of the corpse and gives it her blinking mouth  
She is so sweet that she cannot go up the stairs  
She awaits the redemption of the birds to die  
She plays her flute and makes it rain  
And when a lot of birds united suddenly in a clear and spacious place  
(Always keeping in mind the force of the earth)  
Circle her like an old statue in a legendary country  
She opens her powerful legs and gives them her heat.

## Untitled

by *Olvido García Valdés*

El trajín de los grajos que se van y vuelven  
como si hubieran errado. Nada  
mejor que hacer que mirar pájaros,  
si no es mirar árboles,  
ahora que son ramas de grumos, materia  
de luz tierna casi líquida,  
vegetal y violenta, buena  
para comer y morir. Casi aún líquidos  
endulzan o hipnotizan curvas  
de alimento y de náusea. Si  
verde fueras, amor, muerte  
serías. De la delgada  
y de bajo tierra luz. Ahora que  
casi es de noche brota el trino  
del mirlo punteando en el aire  
quieta lluvia imperceptible.

*translated by Sophia Kraemer-Dahlin*

The errant traffic of the rooks who come  
and go. Nothing  
better to do than watch birds,  
if not watch trees,  
now that they're branches of buds, material  
of tender, almost liquid light,  
violent and vegetal, good  
to eat and die. Almost liquid  
they sweeten or hypnotize coils  
of food and of nausea. Were  
you green, love, death you'd  
be. From under and from  
shallow ground light. Now that  
it's almost night the swallow's  
trill stipples the air with  
quiet imperceptible rain.

## Untitled

by *Olvido García Valdés*

Dormías. De modo natural  
cerré la puerta. Estabas en mi casa  
y eras más clara de lo que fuiste  
y también era clara la penumbra  
de aquella habitación. Buscaba yo  
otra cosa y cerré sin ruido comprobando  
que ya no tenía voz. Todo  
aguardaba bajo formas  
de sueño. Tú semejabas  
Santa Úrsula, atino ahora,  
con aquella claridad y algo  
del superior tamaño, Úrsula y su sueño.

*translated by Sophia Kraemer-Dahlin*

You were asleep. I shut the door  
like always. You were in my house  
and were more radiant than you had been  
and radiant as well that room's  
penumbra. I looked for something else  
and closed without a sound, confirming I  
had been left voiceless. Under the shapes  
of sleep everything  
waited. You resembled  
Saint Ursula, now I grasp,  
that radiance and something  
of the greater size, Ursula and her dream.

## Untitled

by *Sophia Kraemer-Dahlin*

what is it taste? sap, copper, in you  
rubbish te toco discovering. this is a sex  
that waits, a sex taking turns, one thought.  
coming one to think again, cuando te toco i feel  
tanto sex as when me tocas a mí, so nobody  
espera. here somos, here somos, hermosura  
que hiere y horas que se deshacen como water globos  
o building, we are being. soft rocking  
half certainty, shift, placer how we are  
when we're certain, here somos, mantilla  
sobre which se triunfa y snow in the air when  
you're looking, comes clear heat loose  
in the room por la morning, ála, ta-daa, hermosura.

## Selection from *El castigo sin venganza*

by *Lope de Vega*

Muy bien tu ingenio y tu valor me exhorta.

Señor, cuando centellas rutilantes  
escupe alguna fragua, y el que fragua  
quiere apagar las llamas resonantes,  
moja las brasas de la ardiente fragua;  
pero rebeldes ellas, crecen luego,  
y arde el fuego voraz lamiendo el agua.

Así un marido del amante ciego  
tiempla el deseo y la primera llama;  
pero puede volver más vivo el fuego;  
y así debo temerme de quien ama,  
que no quiero ser agua que le aumente,  
dando fuego a mi honor y humo a mi fama.

*translated by Nicholas Hippensteel*

Your wit and valor make a fine entreaty.

Sire, when some forge  
spits gleaming sparks, and he who  
wants to drown the furnace's vibrant flames  
douses the embers of the blazing forge;  
the coals, being rebels, afterward rekindle  
and lap up the water with their voracious flame.

Thus the husband of the blind lover  
heats up desire and the first flame;  
but the fire may return even fiercer than before;  
and so should I fear one who loves,  
for I shall not be the water of provocation,  
setting fire to my honor and scorching my name.



