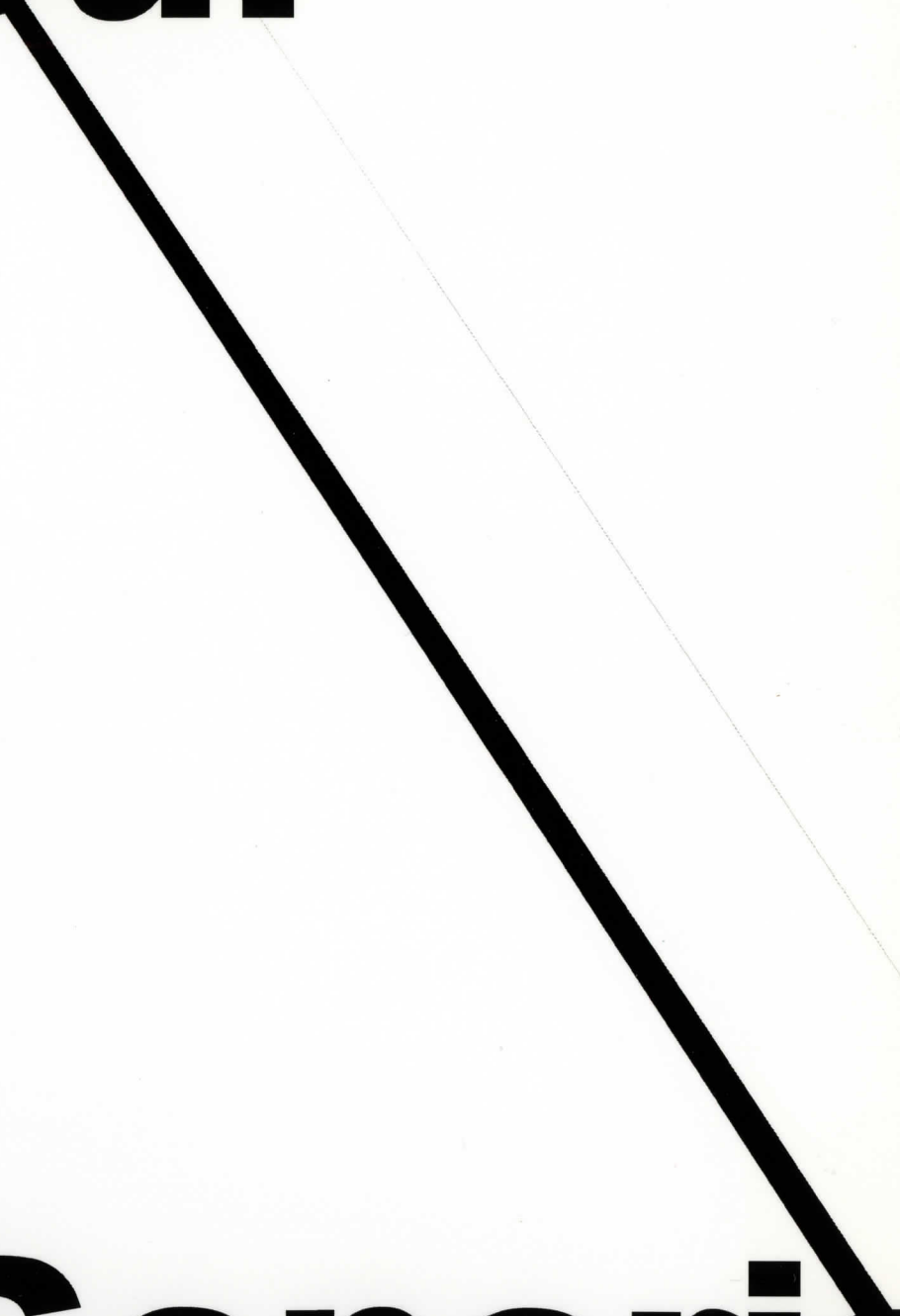


Sui



Generis

SUI GENERIS

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Table of Translated Work

Chinese

Zoë Elizabeth Noyes

The Ornamented Zither by Li Shangyin.....2

Remembering Plums by Li Shangyin.....4

Chang'e by Li Shangyin.....6

French

Lee Gensler

Get Better by Clément Marot.....8

Sylvia Gorelick

New Declaration of Independence by Claude Pélieu..11

Wendy Lotterman

The Nude by André du Bouchet.....15

Allegra Rosenbaum

The Door Pleasures by Francis Ponge.....18

Frances St. Amant

2 MY GURL by Clément Marot.....20

German

Thomas Murphey

Excerpt from “Margaret says:” in *Babel* by Elfriede Jelinek.....20

Greek

Andrea Ricci

Mimnermus Fr. 2 by Mimnermus.....25

Meleager [Epigram] by Meleager.....28

Hebrew

Adam Cohen

The Little Prince by Yehonatan Geffen.....30

Italian

Adam Cohen

To Zakynthos by Ugo Foscolo.....33

Latin

Rwand Berudni

Catullus 101 by Gaius Valerius Catullus.....38

Portuguese

Paula Van Erven

Definitive by Carlos Drummond de Andrade.....41

Russian

Rebecca Fanning

Being Like Everyone Else by Natalya Tolstaya.....50

Kristin Osiecki

To His Beloved Self, the Author Dedicates these Lines
by Vladimir Mayakovsky.....59

Spanish

Sarah Leonard

The Space of Things by Jacinta Escudos.....66

Nick Schiff

Poems by Roberto Bolaño.....72

The Desert of the Children by Roberto Bolaño and
Bruno Montané.....77

Swedish

Anna Gors

It is Most Beautiful in the Twilight by Pär
Lagerkvist.....80

Table of Original Works

French

Alex Franco

La Fin de l'éternité.....81

La Dernière Aventure de la
Nuit.....83

Sheppard Pepper

Comme le vent, pire!84

Deux vestes en jean dans une caterelle a Paris.....86

La tartine de Miel.....87

Peter Sourian

Le Paroissien.....89

Sa Feue Cousine.....90

Italian

Xuambo Dong, Luciano

Sulla Neve Tenera.....91

Ian Smedley

Il duomo.....92

Shhh.....93

Spanish

Sarah Coolidge

Sonnetos en el estilo de Petrarca.....94

錦瑟

李商隱

[Li Shangyin]

錦瑟無端五十弦，

一弦一柱思華年。

莊生曉夢迷蝴蝶，

望帝春心托杜鵑。

滄海月明珠有淚，

藍田日暖玉生煙。

此情可待成追憶，

只是當時已惘然。

The Ornamented Zither

[trans. Zoë Elizabeth Noyes]

This zither for no reason has fifty strings,
with each string and column I long for a year of my youth.
Master Zhuang's morning butterfly dream left him confused,
Emperor Wang's thoughts of love are entrusted to the cuckoo.
The Blue Sea's pearls have tears beneath a bright moon,
the Blue Field's jade bears smoke from the bright sun.
This love may have become a thing to be remembered,
but at that time, you were already disappointed and lost.

Chinese.2

憶梅

李商隱

[Li Shangyin]

定定住天涯，
依依向物華。
寒梅最堪恨，
常作去年花。

Chinese.3

Remembering Plums

[trans. Zoë Elizabeth Noyes]

Stuck at the edge of the world,
I often regret leaving behind such beautiful things.
The winter plum blossom endures my utmost regret,
for it is often regarded as last year's flower.

Chinsese.4

嫦娥

李商隱

[Li Shangyin]

雲母屏風燭影深，
長河漸落曉星沈。
嫦娥應悔偷靈藥，
碧海青天夜夜心。

Chinsese.5

Chang'e

[trans. Zoë Elizabeth Noyes]

The candle casts a deep shadow on the Mother of Pearl screen,
the Milky Way gradually drops at dawn and the stars sink.
Chang'e should regret that she stole the magical elixir,
the emerald sea and blue sky every night in her heart.

Chinese.6

A une Damoiselle Malade
[Clément Marot]

Ma mignonne,
Je vous donne
Le bon jour;
Le séjour
C'est prison.
Guérison
Recouvrez,
Puis ouvrez
Votre porte
Et qu 'on sorte
Vitement,
Car Clément
Le vous mande.
Va, friande
De ta bouche,
Qui se couche
En danger
Pour manger
Confitures;
Si tu dures
Trop malade,
Couleur fade
Tu prendras,
Et perdras
L'embonpoint.
Dieu te doint
Santé bonne,
Ma mignonne.

French.7

Get Better

[trans. Lee Gensler]

Woman,

I'm telling you,

Today had better be a good day.

Your rest

Is unacceptable

Recover now,

Then open your door,

And get out,

Hurry up!

Because I'm telling you to,

And you'd better listen.

Go, you glutton,

Stop lying about,

Eat jam;

If you stay sick,

You'll get all pasty,

And lose your curves.

God, get healthy, Woman.

NOUVELLE DECLARATION D'INDEPENDENCE

[Claude Pélieu]

Le Soleil Noir ouvre le ciel & lave le jeu d'échecs de la haute mer.

Le Soleil Noir n'a pas dit son dernier mot. & les crocs microscopiques de la vie empaillés entre les ouïes de la Roue de la Mort Tibétaine écrivent l'histoire – Un voyage à travers les entrailles d'une syntaxe personnelle, les thèmes se développant, divaguant d'un pôle à l'autre, avec tous les soleils, errant encore une fois, illuminant ce que la poésie voulait qu'ils soient – Mots virus & images gadgets n'ont pas abandonné les frappes & les garçons de courses. Ils célèbrent encore une fois les déflagrations de la Mort & les gestes des images n'ont pas encore visité les ghettos – Dans l'avion explosions d'images. Sur l'écran frémissement du temps. Images guerrières d'un bout à l'autre du monde – L'absence fortifie le sang. L'exil est l'antidote de l'habitude. Mais les chiens casqués & bottés ont tué l'idée même du désir – Dans les puits de la Fenêtre Rose l'air du silence en fête, puis une odeur d'hôpital envahit l'insomnie de la TV Tuberculeuse – Le Catalogue du Vent flambé – Les bibliothèques sont incendiées – N'ayons plus que le strict nécessaire. L'écume des chiffres me fait dégueuler. Les yeux naufragés n'ont plus de secrets – Le rétroviseur s'incline & l'écriture blanche du silence dévale ces pentes verdoyantes & rousses. Nos îles tangent. La majorité silencieuse figole sa laideur – Les herbes magiques n'ont jamais menacé les fleurs. Mais les vies antérieures se décalquent sur les vies futures. Près du Fleuve la flambée ranque & blanche. & des foules en armes. Les masques rugissent puis tombent. Poussière. Brouillard. Mort – Le Chant Silencieux des Sierras fut tissé par les cris des Indiens. (ô langues de Pierre pourpres égorgeuses de sexes) – Un rêve gris-bleu étreint le poste de pilotage. L'orgue

électrique ignore la douleur & la peau du vent dévore pulpes & entrailles. Les chiffres bâillent & gémissent au-dessus des Océans. Le paysage respire dans le labyrinthe de ce monde, prisonnier de l'ombre, froide & malade – L'ombre rassemble ses petits. Les phoques jouent sur les grands rochers plats. Les mouettes & les courlis volent au ras de l'eau. Les *sandpipers* trépignent sur le sable. Le vent s'engouffre dans le canyon – Joe Army & Supersquare s'étreignent. Ils ont bu le même jus de haine. Mais les grandes ombres ouvrent le feu dans ces marges. Et les arbres pleurent, les rocs hurlent, le sable saigne. C'EST ICI A PERTE DE VUE QUE BRULE L'ESPRIT.

NEW DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

[trans. Sylvia Gorelick]

The Black Sun opens the sky & bathes the chess game of the high sea.

The Black Sun has not said his last word. & the microscopic fangs of life stuffed between the gills of the Tibetan Wheel of Death write history – A voyage across the entrails of a personal syntax, themes developing, rambling from one pole to another, with all the suns, wandering once again, illuminating what poetry wished them to be – Virus words & gadget images have not abandoned the blows & the errand boys. They celebrate once more the explosions of Death & the images' gestures still haven't visited the ghettos – In the airplane images erupt. On the screen time quivers. Images of war from one end of the world to the other – Absence fortifies blood. Exile is the antidote to habit. But the helmeted & booted dogs have killed the very idea of desire – In the wells of the Rose Window, the semblance of silence's gala – then a hospital stench invades the Tubercular TV's insomnia – The Wind Catalogue ablaze – The libraries are in flames – We must possess no more than the strictest necessities. The scum of numbers makes me puke. The shipwrecked eyes are out of secrets – The rearview mirror grovels & the white writing of silence tears down its verdant & reddish penchants. Our islands reel. The silent majority perfects its ugliness – Magic herbs never menaced the flowers. But past lives trace themselves onto future lives. By the Fleuve the rank & white blaze. & armed crowds. The masks bellow, then fall. Dust. Fog. Death – The Silent Song of the Sierras was woven by Indians' cries. (O cut-throat purple stone tongues of

sexes) – A grey-blue dream clutches the cockpit. The electric organ ignores pain & the wind's skin devours pulp & innards. The numbers yawn & groan above oceans. The landscape breathes in the world's labyrinth, prison denying the shadow, cold-blooded & sick – The shadow gathers its children. The seals play on great flat rocks. The gulls & curlews fly along the water's surface. The sandpipers stamp their feet on the sand. The wind sweeps the canyon – Joe Army & Supersquare embrace. They've drunk the same juice of hate. But the great shadows open fire in these margins. And the trees weep, the rocks scream, the sands bleed. AND HERE SPIRIT BURNS AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE.

LA NUE

[André du Bouchet]

Que l'étendue nous déserte, et nous avancerons comme la nue,
au fond de l'air.

Inégal,
lorsqu'il fait jour, à la force de cette route,
jusqu'à l'extinction des pierres,
des mains, qui affleurent. inconnues

Le jour qui nous refoule dans l'empierrement du souffle.

Au sol inaccessible, sur la route laissée à la lampe, toute pierre est
lampe.

Pour traverser la route, avant qu'elle soit battue par le jour.
La montagne.

Le feu,
 reçu,
 aux
sommets du sol,
me rejoint, presque.

THE NUDE

[Trans. Wendy Lotterman]

May the expanse desert us, and like the nude
we proceed,
 to air's depths.

Uneven,
 in daylight, to the might of this street
until the extinction of stones,
 unknown
by hands, at surface.

The day that stamps us into the gravelling of breath.

Inaccessible at ground, left on the road at the light,
every stone is light.

To cross the road, before it is beaten by the
day.

The mountain.

The fire,
received
by the
summits of the ground

rejoins me, nearly.

Les plaisirs de la porte

[Francis Ponge]

Les rois ne touchent pas aux portes.

Ils ne connaissent pas ce bonheur: pousser devant
soi avec douceur ou rudesse l'un de ces grands panneaux
familiers, se retourner vers lui pour le remettre en place,
-tenir dans ses bras une porte.

Le bonheur d'empoigner au ventre par son noeud
de porcelaine l'un de ces hauts obstacles d'une pièce;
ce corps à corps rapide par lequel un instant la marche
retenue, l'oeil s'ouvre et le corps tout entier s'accom-
-mode à son nouvel appartement.

D'une main amicale il la retient encore, avant de la
repousser décidément et s'enclore,-ce dont le déclic
du ressort puissant mais bien huilé agréablement
l'assure.

The Door Pleasures

[Trans. Allegra Rosenbaum]

Kings don't handle doors.

They don't know this excitement:

to push one of these great familiar panels

away from oneself with gentleness or harshness,

to turn it around oneself only to replace it once more

--to hold a door in one's arms.

...The pleasure of grasping one of these tall barriers

of a room in the stomach by its porcelain knot;

this brief wrestle in which the step lingered,

the eye opens and the whole body adjusts to its new location.

From one handshake he pauses again,

before really pushing away and enclosing himself,

--reassuring himself by the powerful, but agreeably satisfying,

well-oiled click of the spring.

A une Damoiselle malade

[Clément Marot]

Ma mignonne,

Je vous donne

Le bon jour;

Le séjour

C'est prison.

Guérison

Recouvrez,

Puis ouvrez

Votre porte

Et qu'on sorte

Vitement,

Car Clément

Le vous mande.

Va, friande

De ta bouche,

Qui se couche

En danger

Pour manger

Confitures;

Si tu dures

Trop malade,

Couleur fade

Tu prendras,

Et perdras

L'embonpoint.

Dieu te doint

Santé bonne,

Ma mignonne.

2 MY GURL

[Trans. Frances St. Amant]

HEY QT FEEL BETTER!!!! IT SUX UR SICK AND
HOSPITALS R SO LAME. LEAVE UR ROOM AND EAT
SUM CANDY. OR ULL GET 2 SKINNY 4 ME. GET WELL
SOON. LUV YA :)

Excerpt from "Margit sagt:" in *Babel*

[Elfriede Jelinek]

Ich denke, daß es keinen großen Unterschied macht, ob ein Schwein oder ein Mensch geschlachtet wird. Ja, das sagt zumindest mein Sohn, bitte, ich habe das noch nicht ausprobiert. Soweit geht seine Persönlichkeit, der hat keinen einzigen Konflikt in sich, die Konflikte haben nur die Frauen, die zwischen sich und sich wählen müssen. Der ist ja krank, der Sohn, also was der für Fotos gemacht hat! Und die Videos erst! Die CDs, die DVDs! Zu meinen Lebzeiten hat er die ja vorsorglich weggeschlossen, man weiß ja nie. Angeblich hat er ja zu meinen Lebzeiten gar nichts gemacht. Bitte, das kann stimmen oder auch nicht. Scham kennt er jedenfalls nicht. So habe ich ihn erzogen. Freimütig, ja freudig referiert er über die Techniken des Zerlegens und Zubereitens. Andere Frauen sind ja anders, aber sie sind in sich selbst ohnedies schon anders. Sollen sie passiv sein, oder sollen sie jemand werden—sie wissen es nicht—, und wir sind doch alle Frauen, nicht wahr, vorausgesetzt, wir sind überhaupt eine Frau. Eine Frau, was ist

das schon! Eine Mutter ist auf jeden Fall mehr, hier haben Sie ein Geburtsmotiv, das Junge gleich daneben (der Psychiater sagt, sein Patient habe gesagt, man habe bei der Mutter einen Entspannungsschnitt machen müssen, die Wunde ist eine furchtbare Verletzung in der Leistenbeuge bei dieser alten Hündin), die Mutter ist, was über sie verhängt ist, deswegen ist es gut und richtig, daß vor viele Frauen etwas gehängt wird, damit man sie und ihre Kämpfe gar nicht erst sieht, damit man nicht sieht, daß da überhaupt Kämpfe stattfinden. Kämpfe bei Frauen sind Kunstfehler, brutale Nachlässigkeiten der behandelnden Ärzte und Henker. Und über jede Frau hängt ja zumindest eine gewisse Zeit das Fallbeil, ich meine der Fall, der durch die Mutterschaft eintritt, sie aber dafür, ich meine: davor bewahrt, Eigentum eines einzelnen Mannes zu werden. Sie wird Eigentum aller Männer, indem sie Mutter wird. Aus und Schluß. Auf zum Abdecker, raus vor die Stadt, soland das Wetter noch hält! Die Frauen tun ja nichts lieber als sich abdecken, und wenn alles abgedeckt ist, dann suchen sie einen Aufdecker auf, der ihr Inneres nach Außen kehrt, bis sie aussehen wie aufgestochen und eingeschlitzt. Die Einschlitzte

braucht man, damit eine Brust, ja, die mit den Piercings, ach so, die andre hat auch welche?, also damit sie herausquellen kann, nein, das ist eigentlich kein richtiger Grund, man braucht sie, damit die Kruste nicht platzt, sondern an den Einschnitten schön extra knusprig wird. Mehr muß sie gar nicht machen. Sie muß sie nur der Öffentlichkeit öffnen und aufschlitzen lassen, damit die Öffentlichkeit angesichts ihrer furchtbaren Wunde, dieser Anemone oder Phlegmone oder was das ist, ein Grauen beschleicht, aber in glänzenden bunten Farben, bitte! Das grellbunte Grauen, wenn einem die Öffentlichkeit Verletzungen in der Schambeuge zufügt, so daß man schon den Kopf des Oberschenkelknochens herausschauen sieht—dieses Grauen in Vierfarbendruck, im Vorabend-Seriendruck schafft doch eine jede, sobald sie die Organe dafür in guter Ordnung hält und überhaupt erst mal besitzt. Wenn sie sich nur ein wenig anstrengt, an die Öffentlichkeit treten zu dürfen wie ihre bloße Haut und das schicke Darunter, schauen Sie, diese kleine Rüschen im Ausschnitt aus blutigem Fleisch, sind die nicht klasse?! Aber wer will schon eine jede sehen, auch wenn es eine jede bis ganz hinauf schaffen kann? Wer will schon alles

sehen, was sie hat? Jeder will alles sehen, was jeder hat. Aber nein: Diese hier wird zum Beispiel lieber unsichtbar. Sie wird Eigentum aller, eine jede Frau, und alle sind immer ein Mann. Aber immerhin endlich unsichtbar! Endlich! Das ist doch schon ein Fortschritt!

Excerpt from "Margaret says:" in *Babel*

[Trans. Thomas Murphey]

I don't believe there's much of a difference between slaughtering a pig and a human being. Yes, that's what my son says at least, I still haven't tried it myself. That's the power of his personality, he doesn't have a single internal conflict, only women have conflicts, they always have to choose between themselves and their selves. He's sick, my son, just look at the photographs he took! Not to mention the videos! The CD's, the DVD's! He locked them away during my lifetime as a precaution—after all, you can't be too careful. Supposedly he did nothing at all during my lifetime. You see, that may or may not be true. In any case, he has no sense of shame. I raised him that way. He holds forth openly, even eagerly, on techniques of butchery and cookery. It's different for different women, but they're already different in and of themselves. Should they be passive, or should they be somebody—they don't know—but still we're all women, aren't we, provided we're a woman in the first place. A woman, what is that anyway! A mother is more, in any case, here you have a birth motive at least, just missing the boy (the therapist says his patient said they had to give his mother a perineal incision, the wound's a dreadful trauma to the old bitch's groin) the mother is equal to the fate that hangs over her, and so it's only right and proper that so many women have something hung over them, so no one has to see them or their struggles, so no one has to see that any struggles take place at all. The struggles of women are malpractice, brutal negligence on the parts of the practicing doctors and executioners. And the axe hangs over every woman at least for a time, I mean for the time when maternity makes its entrance, but it prepares her for, I mean:

prevents her from becoming the property of one single man. She becomes every man's property as soon as she becomes a mother. That's the end of it. Off to the knacker's yard with her, out of the city, as long as the weather holds out! Women like nothing better than to cover themselves up, and once everything's covered, they track down a knacker to hack them apart till their insides turn outside, till they look all punctured and perforated. She needs the perforations so a breast, yes, the one with the piercings, oh, the other's got some as well now? anyway, so the breast can burst out, no, that's not the real reason, she needs them so the scab doesn't burst, so instead the perforations get nice and crispy. She doesn't have to do anything else. She just has to present them to the public and permit them to be sliced open so the public can be seized with terror at the sight of her horrible wound, this poppy-red pustule or whatever you call it, but in bright shiny colors, if you please! This terror in Day-Glo, whenever the public inflicts an injury on somebody's groin so you can see the tip of his thigh-bone peeking out—this Technicolor terror, anyone can make it in a daytime drama in living color so long as she keeps the necessary organs in good repair and possesses them in the first place. She just has to put some pressure on herself to be able to step into the public eye like her naked skin and its flirty underside, you see, these little ruffles of bloody flesh at the neckline, aren't they fabulous?! But who wants to see just anyone, even if anyone can make it to the top? Who wants to see everything she's got? Everyone wants to see everything everyone's got. But no: this woman, for example, would rather remain invisible. She becomes everyone's property, she becomes every woman, and everyone's always a man. But nonetheless: finally invisible! Finally! That's a real step forward!

Mimnermus Fr. 2

[Mimnermus]

ημεις δ', οά τε φύλλα φύει πολυάνθεμος ρη

αρος, τ' αυ' αυγς αξεται ηελίου,

γνεται· λλοτε οκος

λλος δ' α παιδων επιδεύεται, ν τε μάλιστα

λλος νουσον χει θυμοφθόρον· ουδέ τίς εστιν

Epigram

[Trans. Andrea Ricci]

Tears through the earth I send to you, Heliodora,

the last relic of my love,

tears painfully shed. And onto your tomb

already wet with weeping, I pour these libations,

the memorial of my longing, the memorial of affection.

sadly wailing, wailing, my love, even among the dead, I Meleager

weep for you, an empty gift down to Acheron.

O god! where is the girl I long for? Hades snatched her,

snatched her, the flower in full blossom stained with dust.

But I beg you, all-nurturing Earth,

gently cradle her hard-mourned body, O Mother,

keep her close to your breast.

[Yehonatan Geffen]

The Little Prince

[Trans. Adam Cohen]

I met him in the heart of the desert

O how beautiful did that sunset seem to a lonely heart

On a piece of paper I drew for him a tree and a lamb

And in exchange he promised me that he would one day return

That Little Prince from a far away planet

Will never again see that lamb eating flowers

And all his roses are thorns by now

As his tiny heart froze up like ice

And if you should ever happen to end up here

You should know that it was here that he silently landed

And the noise of his descent was never heard

Because of the soft sand of that desert

And if a child should ever appear one day here

With a radiant smile and golden hair

You will know that it his him, so please shake his hand

And wipe away the desert dust from his eyes

So please do me this little favor
Write to all of our mothers
So that their worries may soon end
For our Little Prince has returned to us

That Little Prince from a far away planet
Will never again see that lamb eating flowers
And all his roses are thorns by now
As his tiny heart frozen like ice

I met him in the heart of the desert

A Zacinto

[Ugo Foscolo]

Né più mai toccherò le sacre sponde
ove il mio corpo fanciulletto giacque,
Zacinto mia, che te specchi nell'onde
del greco mar da cui vergine nacque

Venere, e fea quelle isole feconde
col suo primo sorriso, onde non tacque
le tue limpide nubi e le tue fronde
l'inclito verso di colui che l'acque

cantò fatali, ed il diverso esiglio
per cui bello di fama e di sventura
baciò la sua petrosa Itaca Ulisse.

Tu non altro che il canto avrai del figlio,
o materna mia terra; a noi prescrisse
il fato illacrimata sepoltura.

To Zakynthos

[Trans. Adam Cohen]

Never again will I touch those sacred shores

Where my infantile body once would lay

My Zakynthos, you who is reflected in the waves

In that Greek sea from which was born a virgin

Venus, who rendered those islands fertile

With her first smile, so the one who would

Sing of your fatal waters could do nothing other than

Praise your clouds and foliage

Causing Ulysses to once again return home

From his wanderings filled with such misfortune

in order to kiss once more his rocky Ithaca.

You, Zakynthos will have nothing other than the songs of your son,

Oh my maternal land, as fate has prescribed for us

Burial without tears.

Catullus 101

[Gaius Valerius 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.

Catullus 101

[Trans. Rwand Berudni]

through peoples through seas I come compelled my brother

by such unhappy duties to present you death's gift

to speak in vain with your mute ash since

fortune has taken you has snatched you away

therefore have what I offer what by custom our fathers have

handed down to us for weepy tribute and sacrifice

take this gift wet with tears of a brother and hail in forever my

brother, farewell.

Definitivo

[Carlos Drummond de Andrade]

Definitivo, como tudo o que é simples.
Nossa dor não advém das coisas vividas,
mas das coisas que foram sonhadas e não se cumpriram.

Sofremos por quê? Porque automaticamente esquecemos
o que foi desfrutado e passamos a sofrer pelas nossas projeções
irrealizadas, por todas as cidades que gostaríamos de ter
conhecido ao lado
do nosso amor e não conhecemos, por todos os filhos que
gostaríamos de ter
tido junto e não tivemos, por todos os shows e livros e silêncios
que
gostaríamos de ter compartilhado,
e não compartilhamos.
Por todos os beijos cancelados, pela eternidade.

Sofremos não porque nosso trabalho é desgastante e paga
pouco, mas por todas
as horas livres que deixamos de ter para ir ao cinema, para
conversar com um
amigo, para nadar, para namorar.

Sofremos não porque nossa mãe é impaciente conosco, mas por
todos os
momentos em que poderíamos estar confidenciando a ela
nossas mais profundas
angústias se ela estivesse interessada em nos compreender.

Sofremos não porque nosso time perdeu, mas pela euforia
sufocada.

Sofremos não porque envelhecemos, mas porque o futuro está sendo confiscado de nós, impedindo assim que mil aventuras nos aconteçam, todas aquelas com as quais sonhamos e nunca chegamos a experimentar.

Por que sofremos tanto por amor?
O certo seria a gente não sofrer, apenas agradecer por termos conhecido uma pessoa tão bacana, que gerou em nós um sentimento intenso e que nos fez companhia por um tempo razoável, um tempo feliz.

Como aliviar a dor do que não foi vivido? A resposta é simples como um verso:

Se iludindo menos e vivendo mais!!!
A cada dia que vivo, mais me convenço de que o desperdício da vida está no amor que não damos, nas forças que não usamos, na prudência egoísta que nada arrisca, e que, esquivando-se do sofrimento, perdemos também a felicidade.

A dor é inevitável.
O sofrimento é opcional...

Definitive

[Trans. Paula Van Erven]

Definitive, like all simple things.

Our pain does not arise from the things that were experienced, but from those that were dreamed of and left unaccomplished.

Why do we suffer? Because we automatically forget what was enjoyed and we begin to suffer for our unrealized projections, for all the cities we would like to have encountered with our love by our side and did not encounter, for all the children we would like to have had together and did not have, for all of the shows and books and silences that we wished to have shared, but did not share. For all the kisses that were cancelled out, for eternity.

We suffer not because our work is arduous and does not pay well, but for

all

the free hours that we ceased to have to go to the theater, to talk to

a

friend, to swim, to date.

We suffer not because our mother is impatient with us, but for all of the

moments in which we could have confided in her our most profound

angsts if she was interested in comprehending us.

We suffer not because our team lost, but for the suffocated euphoria.

We suffer not because we are aging, but because our future is being

confiscated from us, impeding a thousand adventures from happening to us,

all of those that we dreamed of and never got to endeavor.

But why do we suffer so much for love?

The right thing would be for us not to suffer, but to be thankful that we got to know

a

person so genial, who generated in us an intense feeling and who made us

company for a reasonable amount of time, a happy time.

How to alleviate the pain of what was not lived? The answer is as simple as a

verse:

By deluding ourselves less and living more!!!

For each day that I live, the more I convince myself that the waste in life

is in the love that we do not give, in the strengths that we do not use,

in the egotistical prudence that risks nothing, and that, dodging from

suffering, we also lose happiness.

Pain is inevitable.

Suffering is optional...

[Natalya Tolstaya]

Когда соседка звонила в дверь: «Муку дают на Литераторов!» — няня одевала всех троих детей и спешила во второй двор большого дома. Давали по полкило муки и десятку яиц в руки. Послевоенные очереди были тихие, длинные. Стояли с детьми и внуками, чтобы больше досталось.

Наташа любила стоять в очередях, рассматривать, какие бывают люди, и представлять их жизнь. Все окна выходили во двор, на очередь, и Наташа разглядывала волнующие подробности незнакомой жизни. Между окнами видны были яблоки или банки с чем-то красным, намазным. Бабушка держит под мышку ребенка, который стоит на подоконнике и смотрит в мир. Бабушка время от времени целует внука в затылок — любит. Мужчина в майке подходит к окну, чтобы закрыть форточку. Мужчин Наташа не любила. Зачем женщины пускают их жить в свою комнату? Неужели и у той доброй бабушки с внуком живет какой-нибудь дядька?

Смотря снизу в окна, Наташа выбирала какое-нибудь особенно понравившееся — где играли котята или лежали еловые ветки с кусочками ваты — и представляла, как бы она там жила и какие оказались бы соседи. О том, что все квартиры коммунальные и что нет тут ни ванн, ни горячей воды, она уже знала от женщин из очереди. Настроение портили брат и сестра. Они не хотели стоять как положено — смирно, держа няню за руку, а бегали кругами вокруг очереди. Сестра время от времени шептала

брату на ухо, ее выдумки были неистощимы, а брат охотно выполнял разовые поручения: издали показывал язык или кулак.

Или подкрадывался и хлопал Наташу по спине. Няня отгоняла брата авоськой: «Это не дети, а наказание божье!»

Очередь с интересом слушала няню.

— Я у немцев пять лет жила. Чудные люди. Когда из Петрограда уезжали, как меня с собой звали... не поехала, дура. У евреев три года жила, как у Христа за пазухой. Дети — золото. А эти ни к чему не приучены, — няня кивала в сторону сестры и брата, которые слаженно протягивали в сторону Наташи четыре фиговые листья. — Собаку завели, никто с ней гулять не желает. Хозяин каждый год машину меняет. Учителей нанимают, а школьные передники купить не могут. Вещи разбрасывают, ищи целый день. Надо молебен отслужить.

Нянины повести находили отклик у женщин в плохих пальто.

— Нынче бар нету.

— Родители ученые, денег много, вот и балуют.

— У их дедушка, когда помирал, завещание оставил: выдать на каждого внука по миллиону.

— Чего же они за мукой стоят, если у них миллионы?

Няня умолкала и уже не рада была, что начала. Наташа

прижималась к ней и закрывала глаза. Больше не хотелось жить за окном с котятками. Хотелось домой.

Наташа рано догадалась, что она виновата. Виновата, что на дом приходит учительница музыки и учительница английского. Что бабушка на такси возит в ТЮЗ, а после спектакля старенький режиссер поит их чаем в своем кабинете. Что гости родителей не похожи на людей в очереди. Что няня водит в школу, а домработница стирает и готовит обед. Превратиться бы в другую девочку и жить, как живут остальные, в узких комнатах, где из книг только школьные учебники, где бабушки много пекут, и всегда чисто. И на кровати, на покрывале сидит кукла, протягивая руки и ноги навстречу входящему.

Наташа чувствовала себя виноватой и в том, что учительница пения, Ида Ильинична, приходит в школу всегда с красными от слез глазами. На ее лице лежал отсвет тайной муки. Уроки пения проходили в бывшей гимназической уборной. Убрали только стульчаки и поставили стулья в несколько рядов, но перегородки оставили, и задние ряды сидели, разделенные фанерными стенками, не видя друг друга.

«След кровавый сте-е-елется по сырой траве»,— пели девочки дурными голосами.

Наташа смотрела с любовью на Иду Ильиничну, но та никогда не поднимала глаз. Другие учительницы замолкали, когда она проходила мимо. Как Наташе хотелось сделать Иде Ильиничне что-нибудь приятное! Незаметно положить на рояль бутерброд с сыром или сунуть ей в стол открытку «Поздравляю с праздником!».

Перед сном Наташа просила: «Няня, расскажи, как ты жила у евреев».

— Как царева племянница. Вот как жила. Лучший кусок — мне. И одевали, и обували. А сколько подарков в деревню надарено... Хозяина, Розенштейна, как забрали, так и пропал. Вредил, говорили. Я-то знаю, он всегда за рабочих был. Почему Михаила Натановича посадили, нам не докладывали. Не нашего ума дело. А Яшенька и Жоржик с войны не вернулись. Берта Михайловна совсем одна осталась.

Изредка Наташа видела Берту Михайловну на Кировском проспекте, полную высокую женщину в стоптанных туфлях. Она всегда обнимала няню, и обе плакали.

— Зайду к вам, зайду,— обещала няня.— Тяжело к ней ходить,— вздыхала она потом.— Начинает мальчиков своих вспоминать, а их уже не вернешь.

К няне приходили в гости две племянницы. Нюра всегда приносила домашнее печенье и мелкие яблоки. Про Веру говорили, что она прижила ребенка на фронте. Вера больше помалкивала и не притрагивалась к чаю, чтобы не подумали, что голодная. Наташа любила слушать племянниц.

— Ну как, Нюра, твоя новая соседка? Спокойная?

— Так-то ничего. Книжки всё покупает.

— Господи! Только пыль разводит.

— Я ей говорю: Ольга, глаза испортишь книжками своими.

Даже не соизволит ответить.

— Места-то общего пользования убирает хоть?

— Убирает... Как одолжение делает. В углах всю пыль оставляет.

Потом Наташе часто снился сон, в котором Ньюра и Вера навеки переезжали к ним в квартиру, и больше нельзя было играть на рояле, показывать парады. И книги читать тоже не рекомендовалось.

Очень волновали Наташу общенародные праздники 7 ноября и 1 мая. В праздники появлялись цыганки с воздушными шарами. Взгляд Наташи упирался в огромный живот знакомой цыганки — этот живот был одинаково велик и на май, и на ноябрь. Наташа думала, что тетя больна страшной неизлечимой болезнью, но няня сказала, поджав губы, что цыганка опять ждет ребенка. Наташа представляла себе, как она его ждет — простаивая часами у окна или выходя вечерами на развилку дорог.

Особенно любила Наташа 1 мая. На чистой площади Льва Толстого, озаренной нежарким солнцем, звенела музыка. От майского ветерка покачивался портрет Сталина на кинотеатре «Аре». Державная радость звенела в душе. Что сделать, чтобы он узнал, как я его люблю? Какой бы подвиг совершить? Изобрести бы таблетки — проглотил и не умрешь никогда. Или найти клад, миллион рублей — и на почту. Москва, Кремль, от Наташи.

Готовность погибнуть, спасая Сталина, не мешала ей повторять за другими девчонками во дворе загадочную крамолу:

— Поспорим?

— Поспорим! Твои штаны распорем, мои — зашьем и Сталину пошлем.

Ушла в прошлое цыганка с шарами, вечно ждавшая ребенка. Нет на свете ни Берты Михайловны, ни Иды Ильиничны. Нет и няни. Никогда больше не зашевелится Сталин под майским ветром. И Наташе давно уже не хочется быть как все.

[Trans. Rebecca Fanning]

When the neighbor rang the doorbell to announce, “They’re giving away flour to writers,” the nanny dressed every third child, and rushed them towards the outer courtyard of their large building. Each person was allotted a half-kilo of flour and a dozen eggs. The post-war lines were quiet and long. People stood with their children and grandchildren in order to receive more.

Natasha loved standing in lines, looking at the different sorts of people, and imagining what their lives must be like. All of the windows faced the courtyard and the line, and so Natasha began to contemplate the tantalizing features of these strangers’ lives. Through the windows one could see some apples, a jar of something red. A grandmother picks up a child, who, standing on the windowsill, had been looking out at the world below. The grandmother would occasionally kiss her grandson on the nape of his neck. She must love him. A man in a t-shirt approaches the window, in order to close it. Natasha didn’t like men. Why do women let them move into their rooms? Is it possible that this kind grandmother and her grandson live with some man?

Looking up into the windows, Natasha picked out one of them that she especially liked, where kittens were playing with fir tree branches decorated with cotton balls. She imagined what it would be like to live there and what sort of neighbors she would have. She had already learned from some women in the line that all of the private apartments of that building had been converted into communal apartments and that there were no bathrooms or hot water. Her brother and sister ruined her mood. They didn’t want to stand still holding on to their nanny’s hand as they were told, but instead, they ran

in circles around the line. Her sister, from time to time, would whisper something in their brother’s ear. Her whims were inexhaustible, and her brother readily fulfilled her unique missions, occasionally sticking out his tongue or waving his fists from afar.

Or else he might creep up on Natasha, slapping her on the back. The nanny would fend him off with her bag, saying, “These aren’t children! They’re a punishment sent from God!”

The line would listen to the nanny with interest.

“I lived for five years with Germans. They were a lovely sort. When they emigrated from Petrograd, oh how they begged me to come with them! But I, (being the fool that I am,) didn’t go. I lived with some Jews for three years, and that was just like resting on the bosom of Christ. The children were golden. But these ones aren’t disciplined at all!” The nanny turned to face the brother and sister, who were busy flipping Natasha off. “They brought a dog home, but of course no one wants to take her on a walk. Their father gets a new car every year. They hire tutors, but they can’t afford to buy uniforms. They scatter everything around, and I’m to go looking for it all day long. They ought to hold services for prayer.”

The nanny’s stories resonated with the women in shabby coats.

“Are there no gentlemen left in this world?”

“Their parents are scholars. They’ve got a lot of money, so they pamper their kids.

“Their grandfather, when he perished, left each grandchild a million in his will.”

“Then why are you standing for free flour, since they’ve got millions?”

The nanny shut herself up, regretting already that she’d even started. Natasha nestled herself against her and closed her eyes. She no longer wanted to live in that apartment with the kittens. She wanted to go home.

Natasha had guessed at an early age that she was guilty. She was guilty for the fact that an English tutor and a music tutor came by the house every day; that her grandmother drove to the youth theater by taxi; that after the play, the elderly director would pour them some tea in his very own office; that her parents' guests never looked like the people standing in lines; that the nanny drove them to school; that the maid cooks and cleans. If only one might transform into another girl and live like the rest in small rooms, where the only books are textbooks, the grandmothers bake a lot, and it is always clean. And on the blanket in the bedroom there would sit a doll, extending its limbs out towards the entrance.

Natasha felt guilty even for the fact that their singing teacher, Ida Ilinichna, used to show up to school with her eyes red from crying. Her face shone with hidden anguish. The singing lessons took place in the former gym bathrooms. They just moved the toilet seats out and replaced them with some rows of chairs. The partitions, however, they left up, so that the back rows sat completely separated by plywood walls, unable to see one another.

"The bloody tracks cree--ee--eep along grey grass," sang the girls with their vile voices.

Natasha lovingly gazed upon Ida Ilyinichna, but the latter never raised her eyes. Other teachers would hush up when she passed by. How Natasha wanted to do something pleasant for Ida Ilyinichna! She might could lay a cheese sandwich on the piano undetected or stick a "Happy Holidays!" card into her desk.

Before bed, Natasha begged, "Nanny, tell us about living with the Jews."

"Oh I lived like the tsar's very cousin! That's how it was! I always got the choicest slice, and they clothed me and gave me shoes. And oh, the presents they sent me off with... My host, Mr. Rosenstein, well, they made him disappear and so

he got lost. They called him a saboteur. All I know is that he always went to work. They didn't prove to us the reasons why they locked Mikhail Natanovich up. It was none of our business anyway. And since Yashenka and Georgie never returned from the war, Beate Mikhailovna was left utterly alone."

Upon occasion, Natasha would spot Beate Mikhailovna on Kirovsky Prospect. The tall woman on her worn-out heels would stop to hug the nanny, and they both would cry.

"I'll stop by sometime. I will!" nanny would promise. "It's difficult to go over to her place," she would later admit with a sigh. "She gets to talking about her sons, but they'll never come back."

The nanny's two nieces would stop by for visits. Nyura used to bring homemade cookies and little apples with her. They say that Vera gave birth on the front. Vera tended to keep quiet and wouldn't touch her tea so as not to give the impression that she was hungry. Natasha loved to listen to the nieces.

"Well then, Nyura, tell us about your new neighbor. Is she laid-back?"

"Eh, she's nothing special. She buys a lot of books."

"Oh, but what for? They'll only collect dust."

"That's what I told her. I said, 'Olga, you're going to wear your eyes out with those books of yours,' but she didn't even respond."

"Does she help with the chores?"

"She does... Although, she does it as if it were some act of grace and leaves a lot of dust in the corners."

Natasha often fantasized that Nyura and Vera would stay visiting forever, and one would never have to play the piano or give off airs. And, it wouldn't be advisable to read books.

The state holidays on November 7th and May 1st

caused Natasha a great deal of excitement. Gypsies would show up with crystal balls for the festivities. Natasha's gaze hung back on the gigantic belly of a certain, familiar gypsy. Her stomach was as big in May as it was in November. Natasha figured that this woman was sick with some awful, incurable disease, but her nanny told her through pursed lips that the gypsy was again expecting a child. Natasha imagined the lady in waiting, standing for hours by the window, or walking out in the evenings to the crossroads.

Natasha especially adored the first of May. Music rang from the clean square of Leo Tolstoy, illuminated by a feeble sun. At the Ars Theater, a poster of Stalin's portrait flapped in the May breeze. A sovereign delight resounded in her soul. What could I do to show him how much I love him? I could invent a pill. Take it and you'll never die! Or I might discover some buried treasure, a million rubles, and rush off to the post. To: Moscow, the Kremlin. From: Natasha.

She would kill to save Stalin's life, but that didn't stop her from following along with the other girls in the yard when they recited that oddly mutinous rhyme:

"We fight?"

"We fight! Your pants bite! Mine are alright. We'll pack them nice and tight for their flight to Stalin."

The gypsy with her crystal ball has receded into the past, forever awaiting her child. In the whole world there is no more Beate Mikhailovna nor Ida Ilyinichna. There's no nanny either. Stalin will never again wave in the may breeze. And Natasha has long since stopped wanting to be like everyone else.

СЕБЕ, ЛЮБИМОМУ,

ПОСВЯЩАЕТ ЭТИ СТРОКИ АВТОР

[Vladimir Mayakovsky]

Четыре.

Тяжелые, как удар.

"Кесарево кесарю - богу богово".

А такому,

как я,

ткнуться куда?

Где мне уготовано логово?

Если бы я был

маленький,

как океан,-

на цыпочки волн встал,

приливом ласкался к луне бы.

Где любимую найти мне,

Такую, как и я?

Такая не уместилась бы в крохотное небо!

О, если б я нищ был!

Как миллиардер!

Что деньги душе?

Ненасытный вор в ней.

Моих желаний разнузданной орде
не хватит золота всех Калифорний.

Если б быть мне косноязычным,

как Дант

или Петрарка!

Душу к одной зажечь!

Стихами велеть истлеть ей!

И слова

и любовь моя -

триумфальная арка:

пышно,

бесследно пройдут сквозь нее

любовницы всех столетий.

О, если б был я

тихий,

как гром,-

ныл бы,

дрождью объял бы земли одряхлевший скит.

Я если всей его мощью

выреву голос огромный,-

кометы заломят горящие руки,

бросаясь вниз с тоски.

Я бы глаз лучами грыз ночи -

о, если б был я

тусклый, как солнце!

Очень мне надо

сияньем моим поить

земли отощавшее лонце!

Пройду,

любовищу мою волоча.

В какой ночи

бредовой,

недужной

какими Голиафами я зачат -

такой большой
и такой ненужный?

To His Beloved Self, the Author Dedicates these Lines

[Trans. Kristin Osiecki]

Words.

Heavy as a blow.

“To Caesar, what’s Caesar’s—to God, what’s God’s.”

But where can someone

like me

bury my head?

Where can I build my lair?

If I were

small,

like an ocean,

I’d stand on the tiptoes of waves

to caress the moon with the tides.

Where am I to find a beloved

like me?

How could such a woman fit within the tiny heavens!

Oh, if I were poor!

Like a billionaire!

What's money to the soul?

It's the insatiable thief in it.

For my desire, like that of an unbridled horde's,
there isn't enough gold in all of California.

If I were tongue-tied,

like Dante,

or Petrarch!

I'd set my soul on fire for a girl
and order it to smoulder in verse.

My words

and my love

are a triumphal arch.

Magnificent,

the mistresses of the entire century
walk through it without a trace.

Oh, if I were

quiet,

like thunder,

I would moan

and tremble, embracing the earth's decaying body.

If I had all the power of thunder,

I would roar in such an enormous voice
that comets would wring their burning hands
and throw themselves down in anguish.

I would devour nights with the light from my eyes,

oh, if I were dim,

like the Sun!

I must

water the withering bosom of Earth
with my light!

I pass through,

dragging my love.

On which night,

what crazy,

depraved

Goliath do I conceive,

so big

El espacio de las cosas

[Jacinta Escudos]

El hombre está dormido boca arriba cuando siente el temblor.

Se despierta alterado y piensa que es un terremoto y su primer reflejo es saltar de la cama, salir del cuarto, buscar refugio bajo el arco de una puerta como suelen recomendar.

Busca la orilla de la cama y comienza a levantar el mosquitero, agitado, con mucha prisa. La rapidez es importante en estos casos. No sabe si el temblor sigue o si son sus nervios los que hacen temblar su cuerpo pero alterado como está y cegado por la oscuridad de la habitación, no encuentra el borde del mosquitero contra el cual se debate enfurecido, sintiendo que la tela es una pegajosa sombra que se le enreda entre las manos y los brazos.

Ya desesperado, decide dar un jalón para arrancar la tela, partirla, pero la tela no se rompe y se estira como chicle en sus manos al tiempo que la siente pegajosa y húmeda y se pregunta por qué el mosquitero está mojado, no concuerda, no tiene ningún sentido y ya no importa si el temblor continúa o no porque está atascado hasta las orejas con el mosquitero y lo único que le interesa es desenredarse, encender la luz, recuperarse del susto y volver a dormir.

Mientras tanto, los ojos se acomodan a la oscuridad y nota que el mosquitero está totalmente deshilachado, o eso parece, y se le pega en las manos y el cuerpo, y mientras más se mueve para desenredarse, más parece atascarse. Siente que algo lo jala por detrás y piensa que sus propias maniobras lo están enredando aún más en los hilos, voltea la cabeza para saber lo que pasa y mira la sombra de lo que parece una gigantesca araña que avanza hacia él a velocidad vertiginosa.

El hombre queda paralizado un momento, tratando de comprender, "las arañas gigantes no existen", se repite a sí mismo como un mantra, pero la verdad es que a medida que se acerca aquella sombra se convence de que lo que viene es una araña de ojos rojos y patas espantosamente peludas y en lo que parece la boca del animal hay un par de mandíbulas que se abren y se cierran lanzando un líquido que viene a pegarse a la piel junto con los restos del mosquitero.

El hombre se agita, apurado, trata de zafarse antes de ser alcanzado, pero se da cuenta que el líquido que el animal lanza comienza a atarle los pies y a envolverle las piernas, desesperado comienza a gritar, a pedir auxilio a los vecinos o a cualquiera que pueda escucharlo, mientras la araña, ya encima de él, continúa llenándolo de saliva y tejiéndole una mortaja al hombre que poco a poco comienza a tener el aspecto de una momia. Se siente paralizado, inútil, tan atemorizado por los ojos rojos de la araña que están tan cerca de su cabeza que prefiere callar y dejar de gritar porque piensa que la araña podrá enfadarse y arrancarle la cabeza de un mordisco y siente el cuerpo apretado dentro del capullo de la saliva que el arácnido teje a toda prisa para evitar que la presa escape porque las arañas prefieren su alimento fresco.

El hombre ya no resiste. No hay nada que hacer. Apretado en su camisa de fuerza, en su capullo de muerte, cierra los ojos para no ver más y piensa que quizás está dormido y que tiene que hacer un intento por despertar ahora, en este preciso instante antes de que penetre la oscuridad total en sus ojos, antes que el insecto lo toque con sus mandíbulas y le quite el último momento de visión que le queda porque la araña cierra el capullo que envuelve su alimento, y se acerca y comienza a chupar su contenido, a sorberlo lentamente mientras se escucha un leve gemido que no perturba a la araña que sorbe el

alimento hasta el final, hasta exprimirlo, hasta dejar un pequeño casco vacío, disecado y comprimido, uno más entre tantos puntos blancos, grises y negros que cuelgan de la telaraña en la esquina del dormitorio, una basurita que cae cuando la tela es sacudida a medida que la araña se retira a su esquina para esperar el próximo alimento, basurita que cae sobre el papel sobre el cual una mujer escribe de noche, sobre su escritorio y que ella limpia con la mano, fastidiada, tirándola al suelo, una basurita blanca que la asistente doméstica barre al día siguiente, con el resto del polvo y la suciedad que encuentra en el suelo de aquella habitación.

The Space of Things

[Trans. Sarah Leonard]

The man is sleeping on his back when he first feels the shaking.

He awakens with a jolt, and believing it to be an earthquake, his first instinct is to jump from the bed, leave the bedroom, and seek refuge in a doorframe as is usually recommended.

He searches for the edge of the bed and hastily begins to lift away the mosquito netting. Speed is vital in such situations. He's not sure if the shaking continues or if his own nerves are making his body tremble, distraught as he is, and blinded by the darkness of the room. He scrambles to find the seams of the netting with which he furiously struggles, but the cloth feels like a sticky shadow twisting around his hands and arms.

Desperately he tries yanking the curtain to rip through the fabric, to part the curtain, but the cloth will not tear, it stretches like chewing gum in his hands, sticky and damp. He wonders why the netting is wet, it doesn't make any sense, and it no longer matters whether the shaking continues or not, because he is stuck up to his neck in the mosquito netting and all he wants is to disentangle himself, turn on the light, recover from the fright and go back to sleep.

Even as his eyes adjust to the darkness, he realizes that the netting has become completely unraveled, or so it appears. It clings to his hands and body, and the more he moves to untangle himself the more it seems to stick to him. Feeling a tug from behind, he thinks perhaps his own struggles are further ensnaring him in the strands, and turning his head to see

what is happening, he sees the shadow of what appears to be a gigantic spider advancing swiftly towards him.

Momentarily paralyzed, the man tries to comprehend the situation. "Giant spiders don't exist," he repeats to himself like a mantra, but as the shadow draws closer, he is convinced that what approaches is a spider with red eyes and frighteningly hairy legs and, in what should be the mouth of the creature, a pair of fangs that open and close, releasing a liquid that adheres to his skin and the remains of the mosquito netting.

The man anxiously and hurriedly tries to free himself before it reaches him, but he realizes that the liquid excreted from the mouth of the animal has begun to surround his feet and bind his legs. Desperately he begins to scream, to cry for help from the neighbors or anyone that might hear, while the spider, already looming over him, continues encasing him with saliva, spinning a shroud around the man until he resembles a mummified corpse.

He feels paralyzed and hopeless, completely terrified by the red eyes of the spider, eyes so close to his own face that he thinks it better to shut up, to stop yelling for fear the spider will become angry and rip off his head in one bite. He feels his body swaddled tightly within the cocoon of saliva as the spider spins quickly to prevent his escape, because spiders prefer their meals fresh.

The man stops striving to free himself. There is nothing more to be done. Bound in his straight-jacket, his cocoon of death, he closes his eyes to see no more, to think perhaps he is only sleeping and must now try to wake up again in that precise instant before total darkness penetrates his eyes, before the spider strokes his face with its fangs and obscures his sight, sealing the cocoon that envelops its meal, as it begins to suck

on the contents, to sip on it slowly, unperturbed by the soft moans, for the spider drinks until the very end, drains it dry, until all that remains is a small empty shell, desiccated and shriveled, one among many gray and black and white specks suspended in the spider web in the corner of the bedroom, a speck shaken loose from the web as the spider returns to the corner to await its next meal, a speck that falls onto a woman's paper as she writes by night at her desk, a speck brushed off the desk in irritation and tossed to the floor, a small white speck the maid sweeps up the next day among the dust and dirt on the floor of the room.

Poemas

[Roberto Bolaño]

No importa hacia donde te arrastre el viento
(Sí. Pero me gustaría ver a Séneca en este lugar)
La sabiduría consiste en mantener los ojos abiertos
durante la caída (¿Bloquesónicos
de desesperación?) Estudiar en las estaciones
de policía Meditar durante los fines de semana
sin dinero (Tópicos que has de repetir, dijo
la voz en off, sin considerarte desdichado)
Ciudades supermercados fronteras
(¿Un Séneca pálido? ¿Un bistec sobre el mármol?)
De la angustia aún no hemos hablado
(Basta ya. Dialéctica obscena)
Ese vigor irreversible que abracará tus derroteros

En el Distrito V con los sudacas:

¿Aún lees a los juglares? Sí

Quiero decir: trato de soñar

castillos y mercados cosas de ese tipo

para después volver a mi piso y dormir

No hay nada malo en eso

Vida desaparecida hace mucho

En los bares del Distrito V

gente silenciosa con las manos en

los bolsillos Y los relámpagos

Estos son los rostros romanos del infierno

Prefiero vivir lejos de todo, dije

No ser cómplice Pero esos rostros contemplan

aquéllo más allá de tu cuerpo Nobles

facciones fosilizadas en el aire

Como el fin de una película antigua

Rostros sobreimpresos en el azul del cielo

Como la muerte, dije

De sillas, de atardeceres extra,

de pistolas que acarician

nuestros mejores amigos

está hecha la muerte

Ahora paseas solitario por los muelles

de Barcelona

Fumas un cigarrillo negro y por

un momento crees que sería bueno

que lloviese

Dinero no te conceden los dioses

mas sí caprichos extraños

Mira hacia arriba:

está lloviendo

Poems

[Trans. Nick Schiff]

It doesn't matter towards where the wind drags you

(Yes. But I'd like to see Seneca in this place)

Wisdom consists in keeping your eyes open

during the fall (Sonic blocks

of desperation?) Study in

police stations Meditate during the weekends

without cash (Topics you have to repeat, said

the voice in off, without considering you wretched)

Cities supermarkets borders

(A pallid Seneca? A steak on the marble?)

We still haven't talked about anguish

(That's enough. Obscene dialect)

The irresistible vigor that will burn your defeats

In District V with the South Americans

You still read the jongleurs? Yes

I want to say: I try to dream

castles and markets things like that

later coming back to my apartment and sleeping

There's no evil in that

Life disappeared distantly

In the bars of District V

silent people with hands in

their pockets And lightning

These are the Roman faces of hell

I prefer to live far from everything, I said

Not being an accomplice But these faces contemplate

something further beyond your body Noble

factions fossilized in the air

Like the end of an old movie

Faces superimposed on the blue of the sky

Like death, I said

From chairs, from extra-dusks,

from pistols which caress

our best friends

death is made

Now you pace alone on the piers

of Barcelona

You smoke a black cigarette and for

a moment you believe it would be good

if it rained

Money has not been granted to you by the gods

more like capricious whims

Look somewhere above:

it's raining

El desierto de los niños

[Roberto Bolaño and Bruno Montané]

Nuestro primer sueño es una muchacha

-siempre una muchacha-

que camina por las calles de cristal

de la clínica donde nació.

Dossier de niños tiritando

de tanto viajar. Dossier de lunas en la ventana.

de parejas fugaces, utópicas,

besándose las manos.

Nuestro primer sueño es una muchacha, etcétera,

que camina por bodegones murmurando para sí misma

-la locura nos apartará del centroizquierdismo,

la esperanza electriza a los más desesperados:

ideas retráctiles, suaves como la colección de fotos

que un adolescente guarda

para las improbables noches a campo libre,

pero que le ayudan.

Nuestro primer sueño es un horóscopo divertido, pesimista,

una muchacha leyendo el periódico

una tarde de verano,

las nubes que pasan por encimita del mar
(te creo, te creo, llueve interminablemente),
y otro que piensa: "la dureza de mi mirada"
mientras se lo sacude
después de mear sobre el muro.

The Desert of the Children

[Trans. Nick Schiff]

Our first dream is a girl
-always a girl-
who walks the crystal hallways
of the clinic where she was born.
Dossier of children trembling
from so much travel. Dossier of moons in the window.
of fleeting couples, utopian,
kissing their hands.
Our first dream is a girl, et cetera,
who walks amidst still-lives murmuring to herself
-the insanity that will move away from us to the center-left,
the electric hope of the most desperate:
retracting ideas, smooth like a collection of photos
that an adolescent guards
for the improbable nights in her room,
but which help her.
Our first dream is a fun, pessimistic horoscope,
a girl reading a newspaper

a summer afternoon,
the clouds that pass over the sea
(I think of you, I think of you, interminable rain),
and another who thinks: "the harshness of my stare"
while he shakes it
after pissing on the wall.

Det är vackrast när det skimmer

[Pär Lagerkvist]

Det är vackrast när det skymmer.
All den kärlek himlen rymmer
ligger samlad i ett dunkelt ljus
över jorden,
över markens hus.
Allt är ömhet, allt är smekt av händer.
Herren själv utplånar fjärran stränder.
Allt är nära, allt är långt ifrån.
Allt är givet
människan som lån.
Allt är mitt, och allt skall tagas från mig,
inom kort skall allting tagas från mig.
Träden, molnen, marken där jag går.
Jag skall vandra -
ensam, utan spår.

It is most beautiful in the twilight

[Trans. Anna Gors]

It is most beautiful in the twilight.

All the love the Earth holds

lies together in an obscure light

over the earth,

over the lands house.

Everything is calm, everything is stroked by hands.

He himself obliterates distant beaches.

Everything is close, everything is far away.

Everything is given

mankind on loan.

Everything is mine, and everything shall be taken from me,

within a short time shall everything be taken from me.

The trees, the clouds, the ground where I walk.

I shall wander-

Alone, without a trace.

La Fin de l'éternité

[Alex Franco]

Il y a une flèche

dans mon ventre et je sais

que je meurs.

Mais mon sang est cinq

chevaliers, mes jambes et bras

prennent feu ou sont

glacés.

Je fais le *Mea Culpa*

pour toutes mes erreurs:

les chansons brûlées, les

rêves noyés, tous mes amants

perdus dans la poésie.

J'ai volé les yeux

du Diable et je dois

payer le prix:

L'enfer sera une
cacophonie de visages.
Je connaîtrai chacun.

La Dernière Aventure de la Nuit

[Alex Franco]

J'ai le plaisir
De te dire que la nuit
Sera longue en devenant
Demain. Personne ne
Rêvera plus de mort. Tout
Sera glace ou nuage,
Semi-opaque mais assez clair.
On pourra voir les secrets
Qu'on a caché
Derrière nos yeux

Et flotter, jusqu'à la lune
De manger la crainte, boire
Les mers (on aura tellement
Soif après une vie si dure)
Et rencontrer finalement
Le visage qui nous regarde
Quand on dors.

Comme le vent, pire!

[Shepperd Pepper]

Je pose les pieds dehors pour la première fois. Comme la première fois.

Le soleil plonge parmi Paris ses ultimes spleen.

Les babines croustillante comme un croissant, je deambule.

Je deanche a la recherché des derniers rayons, seuls energies qui me poussent, me repoussent a devorer la nuit.

Non, le ciel bleu déjà bleu gris.

La, seul ici et la s'entrellacent ces derniers plaisir chauffe. Déjà mon diamanche brule a sa fin. *Le vrai etre* nait a cette heure-ci. Cette heure-ci, sinister. Oui, a cette heure si sinister je reconnais le demon en moi.

Déjà reve-t-il du plaisir de la chaire, parmi les passants.

Encore les desires du voriac vociferant les paroles des sages, s'allume les ombres des Carnages/ravages passageres.

Deregle. Blanc. Le poet ne ressemble a rien, si elegant.

Ici, aussi, deriere les hublots tintes, il aspire un dernière fois, le vivant.

L'orbe fuit, et seul, il retrace ses pas. Il ne sait pas ou il va, et cela ne le derange pas—c'est exactement la, oui, au coeur de l'ocean sans issues, qu'il veut se trouver.

Il tire son souffle de sa poche, inconu.

Pas après l'autre, les flaucons de lumiere le rechauffe partiellement. Il n'est, après tout, pas nait demon, seulement le voila courone *Prince de la nuit*.

L'elegance de ce personnage ne reside plus que dans son ombre.

Un oiseau de nuit, il faudra tout recommencer.

Deux vestes en jean dans une caterelle a Paris,

[Shepperd Pepper]

Elle sursaute. Grogne cette bonne Normande. Malsherbes-Madelaine.

Au milieu de l'Océan ils descendent—Royale.

Et la, après le requin qui surgit, surgit le Dome! La roué, le parc; se dressent les pilonnes du temps parmi lesquels se zizagent, (se fofiles) les vestes en jean.

Lumiere! Action! Les pavés roulent jusqu'à l'Assemblée Nationale, les pavés roulent sous les roues.

Mais la, c'est du satin.

Les pavés ne se déplacent pas jusqu'à St Germain.

A la *Made in USA*, le décor sert de fumée pour l'entrée fracassante des Princes en Exiles! Au dos d'un cheval blanc-caterelle. Faites-Place!

La tartine de Miel

[Shepperd Pepper]

Le délicat couteau se pose légèrement sur le duvet chaleureux.

L'humidité brûle un sourire séduisant sous le reflet de l'inquisiteur.

La vague envahit le sable dur, bouleversant les flocons de neige.

La gelée visqueuse, déjà fondante...

Brillante...

Les crevasses se remplissent, c'est qu'elles sont malicieuses.

Un marron se lisse sous les tendres vapeurs.

Et le bourreau revient à l'assaut, coupable, il rougit d'excitation.

L'impatience se fait lisible.

La déferlante inonde sa sœur, éparpillée parmi les rochers.

Elles coulent.

Se mêlent l'une a l'autre.

Le miroir se dégage des décombres coagulés.

Les restes parsemés delà les éclaboussures.

Dans la salle de bois et de carrelage,

les senteurs sont silencieuses.

L'or fond.

Et finalement s'effondre le crépitement ;

son morcellement étouffé par le poids du bonnet.

Elle a disparu,

et les ruines restent de marbre sur le comptoir.

LE PAROISSIEN

[Peter Sourian]

Le silence est très vieux ainsi que cette église.

Le silence est si vieux et l'église si haute.

Ces montagnes d'hiver n'ont pas besoin de foi.

Personne ne vient là. Dieu vient d'y reposer.

Nos âmes – les oiseaux – ne viennent qu'au printemps.

Une vierge vapeur passe devant la lune,

Lente, majestueuse, et miséricordieuse,

N'exigeant pas la foi et ne la donnant pas.

Une clef, de ton père, ouvre la sacristie.

Ni croix, ni vêtements, ni meubles ne s'y trouvent.

Le vide seul y est. Toi-même, tu t'y trouves.

Les brins font le cordon, alors la cloche sonne.

Le beau silence ... l'entends-tu?

SA FEUE COUSINE

[Peter Sourian]

L'aube arrive, et le vert aussi.

Grimpes-tu comme le pique-vert au tronc de l'arbre?

Que tu rencontres la blancheur, transparente.

L'aube verte s'élargit vite.

L'aube est pleine, gigantesque.

L'aube donne naissance ensuite.

C'est comme un enfant que l'Amour est né,

Hurlant ou murmurant, tranquille ou féroce.

Mais c'est l'aînée – qu'elle soit laide ou belle,

Première venue qu'elle soit, oui, c'est l'aînée,

C'est toi, qui étais la première à dire:

Blanc, n'est-ce pas aussi une couleur?

La beauté d'un sourire de fatigue...

On meurt seul,

C'est ce qu'on dit,

Ô ma très-belle cousine.

Sulla Neve Tenera

[Xuambo Dong, Luciano]

Sulla neve tenera di un inverno lungo

Dove tutto è congelato

C'è un piccolo fiore isolato

Sorride al vento ghiacciato

Fra le foglie cadute

Che giacciono tranquille

Balla felicemente il piccolo fiore

Come dentro le illusioni fantastiche

È bello come le fate nelle montagne

È rosso come la fiamma del sole

Nel vento freddo di dicembre

Dove nulla è più sensibile

Quando il fiore smetterà di ballare?

Quando vedremo la sua morte finale?

Vivrà così com'è per sempre

Siccome è il fuoco nel nostro cuore.

Il duomo

[Ian Smedley]

le luci restano vive nei negozi

nonostante non ci sia più nessuno per strada

non siamo soli.

Ci siamo divertiti e ci siamo ubriacati,

parlando del passato e mentre

aspiravamo il morbo che molti

desiderano ardentemente.

C'è una bellissima pioggia stasera,

l'acqua non penetra nei miei capelli foltissimi,

e molto meno nel mio cranio.

per quanto strano sembri, il mio cuore è

lo stesso.

sorrido un po', mi faccio un ultimo tiro.

schiaccio il filtro sulla pietra fredda sotto il mio piede.

è notte.

ma le luci ancora sono vive

e mentre il bel marmo verde mi chiama,

mi accorgo

di non avere un posto al mondo.

Shhh

[Ian Smedley]

Sveglia, sveglia.

tu sei tutt'uno con

la sensazione di essere solo.

sciocco, no?

sveglia, sveglia.

tu non sei quello che hai scritto

una volta

su un pezzo di carta.

ogni tratto della tua penna diminuisce

e diventa:

una bella sinfonia

un verso spaventoso

una scena di vita che cambia

un sorriso che ti ruba il fiato

un arrivederci che ti addolora l'anima.

mi sono ricordato di queste cose.

“sveglia, sveglia,”

ho gridato a squarcia gola.

Ma la sola risposta era silenzio.

lui è il mio compagno più fedele,

parlo con lui spesso.

Sonnetos en el estilo de Petrarca

[Sarah Coolidge]

I.

Que me salve mi amor puro de las olas
Para que no me ahogue en aguas extrañas.
Las gaviotas me han dicho que nos engañas,
Y entonces sufren nuestras almas solas.

Dime la verdad de las montañas escondidas.
Ellas suspiran por las nubes de Dios,
Que viven tan altas como la divina voz,
Y explican el secreto de nuestras vidas.

Van a unirne las quemaduras mojadas,
Y mi alma y mi cuerpo se juntarán de nuevo
Como las olas que mueren en la orilla.

Van a resucitarme las manos arrugadas;
Con mucho aguante cascarán cada huevo,
Pero al final sólo tengo la pasión mía.

II.

La noche ha venido y ha salido
y las luces brillan a través de las hojas,
fuera de la ventana, encendidas y rojas
como las mejillas de un amante querido.

Él piensa en su señorita cariñosa.
Y él la ha visto en la nieve,
por un momento claro pero breve,
la sangre tan roja como la rosa.

Pero ha venido la sal cayendo
y ha derretido la imagen bella
que revela el asfalto debajo.

Y ahora el amante está saliendo,
el cielo iluminado sin ninguna estrella,
una cicatriz cubriendo el tajo.

