

# *AzonalL*

One

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黃品瑜 (Pinyu Hwang)

## Of Another Generation

I thought I understood myself  
the reason for my sorrow  
it is like stepping across an endless river  
someone is watching me on the bank  
saying nothing  
no words  
no stories  
only guns and ammunition  
causing a racket  
piercing through us  
the frailty of our spirits

this is how they planned it  
to allow more frequent visits of suffering  
to attempt to make people succumb  
admit that violence works  
sometimes we come up with metaphors  
as in: he pulled the trigger on his birthday  
killed someone's child  
and then you learned how to lie  
transforming murder into unintentional discharge  
this should only have been a metaphor  
it should not become history  
but it is already history

should people not shed tears  
should people not  
mourn for the confinement of language  
should people not  
hurt for the disappearance, demise, fabrication  
and even rewriting of stories  
should people not  
fear this story  
of no other ending  
black night has given people black eyes  
not so people could search for

flash grenades, tear gas  
and bean bag rounds

I seem to be standing on the bank  
but also in the middle of the river, shoes soaked  
this river feels so long  
the people on the river  
are all as though they have just returned from a dream  
all the latent traps  
slowly become clear  
no wind blows on the bank  
but the fire is spreading  
when violence becomes accepted as science  
all glory going to ammunition  
all mistakes blamed on others  
holding up your guns  
you ask people why  
they would not sit down and talk peacefully with you

2019

Translator's note: "Black night has given people black eyes" references Gu Cheng's "Of the Generation":  
"Black night has given me black eyes / but I use them to seek light."

宋尚緯 (Shang-Wei Song)

## 另一代人

我以為我理解自己  
傷心的原因  
像是踏過長河  
有人在岸上看著我  
什麼也不說  
沒有話語  
沒有故事  
只有槍砲與彈藥  
發出巨大的聲響  
穿過我們  
脆弱的靈魂

他們是這麼盤算的  
讓痛苦更頻繁地造訪  
試圖讓人屈服  
承認暴力是可行的  
有時我們會提出隱喻  
譬如：他在生日那天開槍  
殺死別人的孩子  
後來你學會撒謊  
將謀殺變成擦槍走火  
這應該只是則隱喻  
不該成為歷史  
但它已是歷史

人們不該流淚嗎  
人們不該為了  
語言的侷限而傷心嗎  
人們不該為了  
故事的消失、結束，虛構  
甚至是變造而痛苦嗎  
人們不該為了  
沒有其他結局的故事  
而感到恐懼嗎  
黑夜給了人們黑色的眼睛  
不是為了讓人用來尋找

閃光彈、催淚彈  
以及布袋彈的

我像站在岸上  
又像站在河中，鞋都濕透  
這條河好漫長河上的人  
彷彿都剛從夢中歸來  
原本隱晦的陷阱  
都逐漸清楚  
岸上沒有風  
火卻逐漸燎原  
當暴力成為一種顯學  
榮光都歸給彈藥  
錯誤都推給別人  
你們舉著槍  
問人為什麼  
不坐下和你們和談

註：黑夜給了人們黑色的眼睛原句為「黑夜給了我黑色的眼睛」來自顧城《一代人》

黃品瑜 (Pinyu Hwang)

## Fish

and then you spoke less and less  
your wanting to speak and your not speaking  
were the same thing  
every day before work  
you confirmed the time, confirmed  
all the things on your to-do list today  
thinking you were a fish to be slaughtered  
you recalled the fishmonger  
you passed by every morning on the way to work  
skillfully scraping off fish scales  
as the scales scattered  
you caught sight of some shimmers of light  
thinking some important things  
must be flying apart bit by bit  
with the head and tail removed  
fish do not look like fish anymore

after so much time  
you have grown used to it  
having dreams or not  
makes no difference  
you cannot remember what you dreamt of last night  
just as you cannot remember  
the efforts you once made  
you think you are a fish  
every morning  
held pressed to the cutting board  
watching people pass by the road  
in truth with nothing inside your mind  
people skillfully scraping off your scales  
you watch those people pass by  
thinking you once were them  
and the things you did not say  
all die with you  
head and tail removed



becoming something unrecognizable even to yourselves

2018

宋尚緯 (Shang-Wei Song)

## 魚

後來你的話越說越少  
你想說與不說  
其實是同一件事  
每天上班前  
你確認時間，確認  
今日所有的待辦事項  
以為自己是一尾待宰的魚  
你想起每天早晨  
上班途中看見的魚販  
他熟練地刮去魚鱗  
鱗片四散的時候  
你看見某些閃爍的光芒  
以為是某些重要的事物  
正在一點一點地飛散  
頭尾去除後  
其實魚看起來也不像魚了

過了這麼久  
你也已經習慣了  
有沒有夢  
其實也是一樣的  
你記不起昨夜做了什麼夢  
就像你也記不起  
曾經做了什麼努力一樣  
你以為自己是一條魚  
每天早晨  
都被按在砧板上  
看著路邊經過的人  
腦中其實什麼也沒想  
人們熟練地刮去你的鱗片  
你看著那些經過的人  
以為自己也曾是他們  
後來你沒說出的話  
都和你一起死去  
一起被去頭去尾  
一起成為自己也認不出的模樣

黃品瑜 (Pinyu Hwang)

## Deeper Than Oceans

they are in the clouds  
studying the rules of language  
after mastering adjectives  
they search for the shape of each other  
amid various vocabulary terms  
slowly each one of them becomes an expert  
in describing others, categorizing others  
as if assigning uses to  
their belongings  
is there anything that we cannot know  
or rather, what is there  
that we can know

we ought to understand  
we are the most broken of all oceans  
sometimes we grimace, facing the mirror  
peering at ourselves ten years later  
ourselves ten years ago  
seeing which one is more intact  
the self I find  
in the most barren of wastelands  
and the shape given to me by others  
share nothing at all

it is as though, past noon  
we are on the same train  
it sways slightly  
sunlight pouring in from the window  
shining on your body  
and mine from time to time  
as though all language  
disintegrates in this moment, all  
the things I know become fossils  
only then do I understand  
I am like an empty valley  
reflecting all echoes

yet with nothing of myself in them  
from time to time I imagine I am  
somewhere deeper than oceans  
pitch-blackness  
as though I have taken control of the great darkness  
I know I  
should be quieter  
should be more like the ocean, coldly  
coldly watch all things  
as they tread through time  
yet I know I cannot

I know  
these places deeper than oceans  
possess no emotions  
watching me, telling me  
time is the cruelest of all existences  
we lie to ourselves  
tell ourselves  
it is okay, it will be fine  
we grant ourselves violence  
tell ourselves  
we can be sharper  
harder, like  
a knife without a handle  
that no one can grasp  
lying with shadows  
just like actual shadows

I know there is no place  
more profound than the human heart  
your heart, how beautiful a heart  
how frightening, this beauty  
like raindrops falling into the ocean  
I see these raindrops  
burrow into my body  
knowing I once was a raindrop too  
it all feels more like an interrogation  
as in: who understands happiness better  
who understands emptiness better  
knowing I too was once  
filtered by silent words  
I know there is nothing

more difficult for others to understand  
than my own suffering  
the histories that we encode into memory  
have been left somewhere deeper than oceans  
I imagine I have returned there  
gently spreading myself open  
carefully packing away the once-violent  
bit by bit

2017

宋尚緯 (Shang-Wei Song)

## 比海還深的地方

他們在雲裡  
學習語言的用法  
學會形容詞後  
在不同的詞彙裡  
尋找對方的模樣  
逐漸每個人都擅長  
形容他人，替人分類  
像是替所有物  
決定用處  
有什麼是我們無法知道的  
或者說，有些什麼  
是我們可以知道的

我們應該了解  
自己是最破碎的海  
有時候對著鏡子齜牙裂嘴  
看看十年後的自己  
和十年前的自己  
哪一個更完整一些  
我在最荒蕪的廢墟裡  
找到的自己  
和他人給予我的模樣  
沒有半點相似

像是午後  
我們搭乘同樣的列車  
它微微地晃著  
陽光從窗外灑進  
照著你的身體  
偶爾也照到了我  
像是所有語言  
都在此刻消失，所有  
我知道的事物都成為化石  
我才明白  
我像是空蕩的山谷  
反射出所有回音

但沒有任何我在裡面

偶爾想像自己在  
比海還要深的地方  
一片漆黑  
像是掌握巨大的黑暗  
我知道自己  
應該更安靜些  
應該更像海，冷冷地  
冷冷地看著事物  
走過時間的模樣  
而我知道自己是做不到的

我知道這些  
比海還要更深的地方  
並不帶有任何情緒  
看著我，告訴我  
時間是最殘忍的存在  
我們對自己撒謊  
告訴自己  
沒有關係，會過去的  
我們給予自己暴力  
告訴自己  
我們能夠更銳利  
更堅硬，像是一把  
沒有柄的刀刃  
誰都無法握住  
和影子躺在一起  
就像真正的影子

我知道，沒有什麼地方  
比人心更深邃了  
你的心，多美麗的一顆心  
多可怕，這些美麗  
像是雨水落入海中  
我看見這些雨水  
打進我的身體  
知道自己也曾是雨水  
一切更像是詰問  
例如：誰更懂得快樂  
誰更懂得荒蕪  
知道自己也曾  
被沉默的語言篩選

我知道沒有什麼  
比自己的痛苦  
更難以被理解  
我們所記憶的歷史  
被留在比海更深的地方  
我想像自己又到了那裡  
將自己溫柔地攤開  
仔細地將曾經的暴力  
一點一點地收起



黃品瑜 (Pinyu Hwang)

## I Hear It, from Afar...

he walks into the final room, melancholy born in the corner  
we are all learning how to reach the other side  
(review sorrows; they  
walk into our bodies dressed in white garments)  
to uncover those landscapes still wandering around

...from within which comes singing and dancing

we collect numerous words, live quietly, engraving  
desire. always he lives oblivious, like waking dialogues  
brushing lightly over the sentences; the odor of something burnt  
ignites wordlessly from every corner of the room  
night has deepened. we are learning how to step into  
dreams: every slumber is a drunken season  
to mimic the rhythm of every poem, examining the tone  
moderating those restless noises: I dreamt of a long journey  
his scent beginning to sing with every step  
every note tucked into the drawer  
I am waiting for a beautiful time, as though  
waiting for a beautiful concealment...  
(...a bundle of dried flowers on the windowsill, withering petals  
and our lives, as well, including language and everything else...)

I hear it

2010

宋尚緯 (Shang-Wei Song)

## 聽到了聲音，自遠方.....

他走進最後一間屋子，憂鬱誕生在牆角  
我們都在學習如何抵達彼岸  
（複習哀傷，他們  
穿著白色的衣裳走進了你我的身軀）  
打開那些還在流浪的風景

.....裡面傳出了歌聲及舞蹈

我們收藏許多詞彙悄悄地活著，刻畫  
慾望。他總無妄地活著，像那些醒著的對白  
將句子輕輕地摩擦，燒灼的腥味  
自屋內的每一個角落默默地燃起  
夜深了。我們學習如何走入  
夢境：每場睡眠都是醉生夢死的花開花落  
模擬每一首詩歌的節奏，揣摩語氣  
節制那些躁動的聲響：我夢見了一場長遠的旅行  
他的氣味從每一個步伐中唱起歌來  
每一個音符都被收進了抽屜中  
我等待美好的時節，就像  
我等待美好的隱匿一般.....  
（.....一束擺在窗口的乾燥花，花瓣凋零  
而我們的人生，包括語言或其它也.....）  
聽到了聲音

Matilda Colarossi

*Heart: hispid / yearning / in balance / between Germanies / musk rivers /  
Precipices of autobahns soliloquies / Portraits of migratory birds*

## There was a time

I was alone  
I was addicted to heroin  
I was heroin  
I caressed a wisdom not yet fully grown  
I was on the verge of drowning  
and ready for birth  
I was entangled in the blood of time  
and I bled myself dry with levity  
broken by insobriety  
staggering in the breeze  
stripped leaves that do not dissolve  
in gentle reflections  
no

There was a whole time  
when I was searching for you  
oh gentle me  
I was searching for you  
yes, there was a whole long time  
in which I was searching for you  
and calling for you the echo returned dazed  
dense with itself  
And there was a time in which you you  
were searching for me, gentle me  
You were calling me  
the whole time, gentle me  
searching for me, gentle me  
gentle me  
searching for me

Marta Lo Brano

## C'era un tempo

sono stata sola  
sono stata eroinomane  
sono stata eroina  
ho accarezzato una saggezza non ancora cresciuta  
sono stata sul punto di sprofondare  
e pronta a nascere  
sono rimasta invischiata nel sangue del tempo  
e mi sono dissanguata di leggerezza  
spezzata d'ebbrezza  
barcollante nella brezza  
strappato fogli che non si sciolgono  
in dolci riflessi  
no

C'è stato tutto un tempo  
in cui ti stavo cercando  
oh dolce me  
stavo cercando te  
sì, c'era un lungo intero tempo  
dove ti stavo cercando  
e al chiamarti l'eco ritornava stranita  
densa di se stessa  
E c'era un tempo in cui tu tu mi  
stavi cercando, dolce me  
Tu mi stavi chiamando  
tutto il tempo, dolce me  
cercando me, dolce me  
dolce me  
cercando me

Matilda Colarossi

## Poetry

Those moments  
it strips  
itself  
of fear  
strips  
sinuous grateful naked lightness  
for the great secret  
enamoring glances

*and thus  
manes  
—which you can't restrict!—nor recite!—  
and thus they misplace us  
they expand us*

You see,  
if we didn't have Poetry we would already be extinct.

Marta Lo Brano

## La Poesia

Quei momenti  
si sfilano  
la paura  
di dosso  
sfilano  
sinuosa di grata nuda leggerezza  
al grande segreto  
innamora sguardi

*ed ecco  
criniere  
- e non le puoi recitare! - né recitare! -  
ed ecco ci smarriscono  
ci espandono*

Vedi, se non avessimo la Poesia ci saremmo già estinti.

Matilda Colarossi

## Mother, daughter, mother

extracts oozes  
otherworldly  
argentine  
tenderness  
that can stretch to nebulous vapor  
rock.

Newborn born rebel  
of smiles we're enamored  
miniscule flood of dawn  
within our arms

liquescing  
our cages turn to lymph  
intrepid  
she intones models gushes: "gaaaa-gaaa-daaooohh!"

Marta Lo Brano

## Madre, figlia, madre

attinge stilla  
ultraterrena  
argentea  
tenerezza  
sa tendersi in nebbia vapore  
roccia.

Neonata nata ribelle  
di sorrisi ci innamora  
minuscola inondante alba  
tra le braccia

si sciolgono  
le nostre gabbie in linfa  
intrèpida  
intona modula sguizza:"nnnghéhaaoohh"!



Hussain Ahmed

## Colony of Dust

the leaves rustled—in praise  
of silos built to keep us safe.

silence rendered us nameless,  
dead men turbaned like travelers on the back of camels  
plying the Sahara for the first time.

memories buried in sand become what encloses it.  
we all got introduced to darkness    anew.

rock doves echoed their songs,  
but remained anonymous in            the wind.

we must celebrate the emergence of these new lines  
on palms that are tired of    holding swords.

Hussain Ahmed

## Ìlú Eruku

Àwọn ewé rúnrá ní orin iyìn ilé kótópó  
tí akó, láti daàbò bò wá.

ìdàkẹ̀ jẹ́jẹ̀ lẹ̀ sọ wá di àlái l'órúkọ,  
amúra fún àwọn t'ókú, bí arìnrìnàjò ní èyìn ránkúnmí  
tí ó'ń ré kojá ní ilẹ̀ aṣálẹ̀ ní igbà àkọkọ.

ìròyìn àwọn èèyan ó'padà dì èrùpẹ̀ tí a bò wọn mó.  
ní igbà kan, gbogbo wa ó' padà mọ̀ òkùnkùn.

orin àwọn eyẹ̀ àdàbà já tòò,  
ṣugbọ̀n wọn f'ara pamọ̀ nínú atẹ̀gùn.

óyẹ̀ kí áyọ̀ fún àwọn ilà tuntun tí wọn jáde  
ní àtẹ̀lẹ̀wó to ká 'ààrẹ̀ láti gbá idà mú.

Kristine Ong Muslim

## The World According to Shomei Tomatsu

How radiant these crippled soldiers are. Now, where is the shoemaker and how come he left unattended the hammer and polishing tools? Relish everything you can see: the salt beds, the iron smelting furnace, the politicians snoozing at the side of the road. Across the walls of the wharf, wild ivies creep as memory of our loss. Because of light's refusal to give up, holes on the roof look a lot like stars. The storm continues to inundate the unhusked grains of rice along with thousands of people.

Marlon Hacla

## Ang Mundo Ayon kay Shomei Tomatsu

Kay liwanag ng mga napilay na sundalo. Nasaan na nga ba ang nag-aayos ng mga sapatos at bakit iniwang nakakalat ang mga pampakintab at martilyo? Namnamin ang kayang abutin ng iyong tanaw: ang asinan, ang hinangan ng mga bakal, ang mga natutulog na pulitiko sa daan. Sa mga pader ng pantalan, gumagapang ang mga hедера bilang memorya ng ating pagkatalo. Dahil sa hindi pagsuko ng liwanag, nagmistulang mga bituin ang mga butas sa yero. Inilulubog ng bagyo ang mga palay kasama ang libo-libong katao.

Kristine Ong Muslim

## The Playground

The first child arrived and noticed the bare  
Surroundings. When he realized he was alone,  
He created an invisible friend to play with.  
The second child arrived and was taught  
By the first child how to make  
An invisible playmate.  
The only thing missing, then, was a game.  
They thought of asking for money but remembered  
They had no parents.  
Hence, they constructed a playground  
No one else could see: here was the wooden horse,  
Over there were the trees, with a hammock, and there,  
They could swing over the cavorting birds.  
They spent all day building all sorts of things and structures.  
The next day, they established an entire city.  
The second child's restlessness caused him to trip and fall down,  
Smash his mouth against the ground, lose two of his teeth.  
They made a tight lattice with their adjoined palms, imagined  
They were connecting bits and pieces of mirrors.  
They exchanged faces.  
They put together a guardian angel  
So they wouldn't ever again know hurt.  
In time, the children lost interest and tore down their city.  
They thought playing ball sounded more fun.  
And so they created balls.  
Four balls.  
They played hide-and-seek among the trees  
That were invisible. Met each other's gaze.  
Daily they played catch.  
There were moments of happiness  
In their lifetime of disturbance.

Marlon Hacla

## Ang Palaruan

Dumating ang unang bata at napansing hubad  
Ang paligid. Nang matantong nag-iisa siya,  
Gumawa siya ng kalarong hindi nakikita.  
Dumating ang ikalawang bata at tinuruan siya  
Ng unang bata kung paano gumawa  
Ng kalarong hindi nakikita.  
Ang tanging problema'y wala silang lalaruin.  
Naisip nilang humingi ng pera pero naalala  
Nilang wala na silang mga magulang.  
Kaya gumawa sila ng palaruang  
Hindi nakikita: dito ang kahoy na kabayo,  
Doon ang mga puno, diyan ang duyan, at doon,  
Sa ibabaw ng mga naglalandiing ibon sila maglalambitin.  
Maghapon silang gumawa ng mga bagay at estruktura.  
Kinabukasan, nakabuo sila ng siyudad.  
Dahil sa kalikutan, nadapa ang ikalawang bata,  
Sumubsob ang bibig, at natanggalan ng dalawang ngipin.  
Pinagdikit-dikit ng mga bata ang mga palad at inisip  
Na iyo'y pinagdugtong-dugtong na salamin.  
Nagpalit sila ng mga mukha.  
Gumawa sila ng bantay na anghel  
Upang hindi na sila masaktan kailanman.  
Paglaon, nagsawa ang mga bata at giniba ang siyudad.  
Naisip nilang mas mainam na laruan ang bola.  
Kaya gumawa sila ng mga bola.  
Apat na bola.  
Nagsipagtago sila sa mga punong  
Hindi nakikita. Naghulihan ng mga titig.  
Araw-araw silang nagbatuhan.  
May panaka-nakang sandali ng saya  
Ngunit habambuhay silang naging maligalig.

Kristine Ong Muslim

## Flying Fish

*After "San Gerardo and the Exocoetidae," a poem by Gerald Galindez*

Extinction due to the uninhibited consumption by larger species may have been natural, according to scientists. From latest estimates, the longest time the flying fish are able to soar is in excess of half a minute.

It is necessary to master groping for things under the dwindling light of a kerosene lamp and to escape from a fishnet's weave, according to the fishermen of Maitum, Sarangani. Remember there are those that drift farther away even as they draw nearer.

Deviating from an appointed path is one of life's consequences, according to the children of fishermen. They, migrating to another country after knowing that bitterness comes with the brine of the sea. The fish, soaring high up in the air after knowing the wellspring of what taints the seas blue.

According to wives going through the rote motions of greeting the crack of dawn with basins and buckets, there is no misapprehension regarding which is which, everyone cycles back to the beginning, and the fish, darting all over the place until they learn to fly, are better off being set free.

M.J. Cagumbay Tumamac

Bangsi

*Ayon na rin kay Gerald Galindez sa tulang “San Gerardo and the Exocoetidae”*

Ayon sa mga siyentista, likas lamang ang pagkawala sa nakaambang paglamon ng mas malalaking nilalang. Sa pinakahuling talâ, lampas kalahating minuto ang pinakamatagal na nagawang paglipad.

Ayon sa mga mangingisda ng Maitum, Sarangani, kailangang masanay sa paghagilap gamit ang lamlam ng lampara at pagkatakas sa lambong ng lambat. Tatandaang mayroong lumalayo habang lumalapit.

Ayon sa mga anak ng mga mangingisda, bunga ng buhay ang paglisan sa kinalakhan. Sila, patungong ibang bayan mula nang mamulat na kakambal ng pait ang alat ng dagat. Ang mga isda, sa himpapawid mula nang mamulat sa ugat ng pagkabughaw ng dagat.

Ayon sa mga asawang nasanay nang sinasalubong ng mga banyera at balde ang bukung-liwayway, hindi ipinagtataka ilan ang alin, bumabalik ang lahat sa pinagmulan, at hinahayaan lamang ang mga isdang pumusag-pusag hanggang matutong lumipad patungong mga ulap mulang lupa.



John Taylor

[in closed eyes a wellspring]

in closed eyes a wellspring  
of pupils—gleams  
gone by between globes  
custodians of a single image  
gravitating in the exploded dust.

Franca Mancinelli

[negli occhi chiusi una sorgente]

negli occhi chiusi una sorgente  
di pupille - luminescenze  
trascorse tra globi  
custodi di un'unica immagine  
gravitante nella polvere esplosa.

John Taylor

[the infinite dead]

the infinite dead  
expand into another galaxy.  
The red within the dark keeps  
flowing into the sea  
where we crouch bodiless.

Franca Mancinelli

## [l'infinito dei morti]

l'infinito dei morti  
espande un'altra galassia.  
Il rosso nel buio continua  
a sfociare nel mare  
dove siamo senza corpo accucciati.

Jessica Kirzane

## Monday Blue

Sunday sighs away  
its sanctity.  
My neighbor's saxophone  
has ceased its t'kiah-t'ruah-shvarim shofar calls.  
Only the night's stars  
leopard lilies on a black velvet dress  
still hang, gentle—  
alluring.  
Tallow from the fading away holy day drips into me  
like Monday blue.  
Lamplighters turn on streetlamps  
mercilessly, on—on  
like gifts bestowed at the close of Sunday's wedding.

The week greets me with pointed walls, illuminated  
colorful fir trees  
the clamor of Santa Claus  
announcements of a rising stock market, announcing—  
Franklin D. Roosevelt.  
Towering problems  
wrap themselves around me, problems  
steel, spiraling.  
My Monday blue rock-a-byes  
with syncopation.  
Because the sky hangs above me  
workaday blue  
the blue of weekday festivals.

## בלוימאָנטיק

זונטיק זיפּצלט אויס  
זיין יאָנטעוודיקייט  
מיין שאַכנס סאַקסאפּאָן  
טיקע-טריע-שוואַרימט ניט מער  
נאָר שטערננאַכט  
אַ לעמפּערט לילע אויף שוואַרצן סאַמעט-קלייד  
- הענגט נאָך פול מיט צאַרטקייט  
רייצנדיק  
טריפט אין מיר דער כלייעוו פון אויס-יאָנטעוונאַכט  
בלוימאָנטיקדיק  
די גאַסנקערערס קערן אָפּ  
אומבאַרמהערציק אָפּ - אָפּ  
זונטיקס דראָשע-געשאַנקען

באַגעגנט מיך וואָך מיט אילומינירטע שפיציקע מויערן  
קאָלירפולע יאַלקעס  
סאַנטא-קלאַז טומל  
- קורס-שטייגנדע רעקלאַמעס, רעקלאַמעס  
פראַנקלין-די-רוזוועלטיק  
וויקלען זיך אַרום מיר  
- טורעמשווערע פראַבלעמען, פראַבלעמען  
שטאַל שפּיראַליש  
וויגט זיך, וויגט זיך מיין בלוימאָנטיק  
סינקאַפּאַטיש  
ווייל איבער מיר הענגט דער הימל  
שווערוואָך בלוי  
כאַלעמויעדיק-בלוי

Jessica Kirzane

## Prairie Suns

My step, my stride—with ecstasy.  
My everyday gods hang  
on gallows of accounts  
and sums.  
But my pen is a sharp plow  
that cuts through the belly of time  
and words  
tearing from me image after image—panoramic.  
Winter, the naked master  
clever and melancholy  
crawls over my freshly-papered walls.

Polished frost from distant icy horizons  
rests on my window pane  
sits like a Senate President.  
The chilled joy  
of lonely, chiseled faces  
accentuates the rebellious messages  
under the city bridges.  
Just today, barefoot life  
knocked on my door  
reminding me of the Golem of Prague  
revealing himself  
in midnight lightning.

Streets wander under bridges, naked  
through the breadth of the city.  
The city's corset, the train  
hangs on wires  
its slippers, the colorful ships  
are anchored on dry land.  
Prairie suns set, shadows threaten  
at the banks of Lake Michigan  
and paint the prismatic walls of the Wrigley and Tribune towers.  
The chilled joy  
of lonely, chiseled faces

hot with frost  
red with frost.  
And on my window pane melancholy winter paints  
barefoot life, who just today  
knocked on my door.



## פריירי-זין

מיין טראָט, מיין גאַנג - מיט עקסטאַז  
הענגט טאַגטעגלאַכע געטער מיינע  
אויף עשאַפּאַטן פון כעשבוינעס  
און סאַכאַקל  
נאַר מיין פען, שאַרפּער אַקער  
אין בויך פון צייט  
פון וואָרט  
רייסט אויף אין מיר בילד נאָך בילד - פּאַנאָראַמיש

קלוג און מעלאַנכאָליש קריכט  
אויף מיינע פּריש-אויסגעקלעפטע ווענט  
דער נאַקעטער האַר, דער ווינטער

- זיצט אויף מיינע שויבן אויסגעפּוצטער פּאַסט  
פון ווייטע אייזיקע האַריזאָנטן  
זיצט ווי אַ סענאַט-פּרעזידענט  
די אַפּגעקילטע פּרייד  
פון באַקאַרבטע איינזאַמע פענימער  
אַקצענטירט רעבעלירנדיקן אַנזאַג  
אונטער שטאַטישע בריקן  
ערשט היינט האָט באַרוועס לעבן  
- געקלאַפט אין מיין טיר  
מיך דערמאַנט אין פּראַגער גוילעם  
מיטנאַכט-בליציק  
אַנטפלעקנדיק

וואַלגערט זיך אין שטאַטישן ראַכוועס  
אונטערבריקן-גאַס - אַ נאַקעטע  
דעם שטאַטישן קאַרסעט, די אייזנבאַן  
אויף דראָטן צעהאַנגען  
די שטעקשיכלאַך, די שיפּלאַך קאַלירפּולע  
אויףיאַבאַשע געאַנקערט

זיצן פּריירי-זין, ראַענדיקע שאַטנס  
ביים ברעג פון מישיגן יאַם

און מאָלן אויף ריגלי-טריביונס פריזמע מויערן  
די אָפגעליקטע פרייד  
פון באַקרבטע איינזאַמע פענימער  
פראַסטיק הייס,  
פראַסטיק רויט  
און אויף מיינע שויבן מאָלט דער מעלאַנכאָלישער ווינטער  
באַרוועס לעבן, וואָס האָט ערשט היינט  
געקלאַפט אין מיין טיר.

Sean Manning

## Forming the Iceberg

The clothing hangs from the cold in the open air and it's waiting for the moment  
of the sunrise around me

when the frost, touching my hands, will form the iceberg.

So much wasted hope gathered by the abyss on its bridges,  
so many hours in twenty-five years hoping for the avalanche, telling  
warm ears that one day they would bear fragments.

And life on plates,

like rock floating in silence,

voices of the dead never buried, grandma's hymns.

The cloth is heard flapping against the climate, bits of wool fly  
onto my skin, which is now a spider web. Ice, to conserve the remains  
of another life, to converse with the emptiness in this one, you float

-----on the line-----

Azahara Palomeque

## Formación del iceberg

Del frío pende la ropa a la intemperie y espera el momento  
del amanecer en mi perímetro

cuando la escarcha, al tocar mis manos, forme el iceberg.

Tanta esperanza malgastada ha reunido el abismo en sus puentes,  
tantas horas de veinticinco años esperando el alud, contando  
los oídos calientes que algún día hubieran de frutecer fragmentos.  
Y la vida en las placas,

como el flotar de la piedra en silencio,

voces de muertos nunca sepultados, cantigas de abuela.

Suena la tela en su batir contra el clima, vuelan los puntos lanados  
en mi piel, que es ahora telaraña. Hielo, para conservar los rastros  
de otra vida, para conversar en ésta con el vacío, flotas

-----en la cuerda-----

Sean Manning

## *Cedar Waxwings*

*I saw the best minds of my generation...*

Allen Ginsberg

Everyone so dead and with blushing faces  
reaching the shore, off to one side,  
looking at everything, waiting for the bus at the corner  
of their eye.

Burial mounds so healthy like embroidered sheets,  
returning to cesareans, to the ripping,  
leafing part by part through the myth of petals, springtime  
at the bus stop, motionless,  
for the angel to descend.

So bone-colored, those flung like wax birds,  
beautiful and bilingual weaving garlands.  
beneath the engine

So otherworldly that the future had already passed.

There—speaking in bridges—contrasting foundations one against another, certainties  
on a shoulder well-wrought by the blow  
of a war, a peace, an amnesty.

Babies so ashen collecting leaves,  
dryly contemplating mirrors with an idea of an offshoot—such scion—  
women and men like sprigs, fields of fossils.

Azahara Palomeque

## *Cedar Waxwings*

*I saw the best minds of my generation...*

Allen Ginsberg

Tan muertos todos y con las caras sonrosadas  
llegando a la orilla, en un rincón,  
mirándolo todo, esperando el autobús en la esquina  
de un ojo.

Tan saludablemente túmulos como sábanas bordadas,  
volviendo a las cesáreas, a los desgarros,  
recorriendo de parte a parte el mito de los pétalos, la primavera  
en la parada, quietos,  
a que el ángel baje.

Tan color de huesos lanzados como pájaros de cera,  
bellos y bilingües tejiendo guirnaldas.  
debajo del motor

Tan otro mundo que ya fue futuro.  
Allí – hablando puentes – contraste de cimientos uno a otro de certezas  
en el hombro bien labrado por el golpe  
de una guerra, una paz, una amnistía.

Tan cenicientos bebés recogiendo las hojas,  
contemplando a secas los espejos con una idea de esqueje –tanto injerto–  
mujeres y hombres como espigas, campos de fósiles.

Sean Manning

## *The Wound*

*the exile refuses to sit on the sidelines nursing a wound,  
there are things to be learned*

Edward Said

In English, a wound is the wind's past  
winding itself up, the footprint of a storm and not the lightning,  
the rubble, in that instant, of earlier ages.  
It was so obvious...and I made it present and looked  
toward the horizon and at my feet and whispered *earth, don't suffer,  
heal with me inside*, I even gave myself  
to your lullabies and your moles with alcohol in hand.  
It was yesterday. It was a warm encounter with the future, a tectonic  
yell from some depth today now visible.  
In English, I'm beginning to understand everything...  
also exile and exiled are the same, these too  
tell me, from other windows, that they have no cure.

Azahara Palomeque

## *The Wound*

*the exile refuses to sit on the sidelines nursing a wound,  
there are things to be learned*

Edward Said

En inglés, una herida es el pasado del viento\*  
que se ovilla, la huella de una tormenta y no el rayo,  
los rípios, en este instante, de otras edades.  
Era tan obvio... y yo le atribuía presente y miraba  
al horizonte y a mis pies y susurraba *tierra, no duelas,*  
*cicatrizate conmigo dentro*, y hasta me volcaba  
a sus arrullos y a sus topos con alcohol en las manos.  
Era ayer. Era un tropiezo cálido con el futuro, un llanto  
tectónico en alguna profundidad que hoy es visible.  
En inglés, empiezo a entenderlo todo...  
también exilio y exiliado son lo mismo, también  
me cuentan, desde otras ventanas, que no se curan.

\*De : 1. wind (n). + 2. wind-wound-wound (v). + 3. wound (n).



Sean Manning

## Rain Falls from the Pause

*For Ingrid*

Crystals fall from the tree  
suspending the trip.  
The droplet upon the leaf (a parenthesis)  
dampens our breath.

Who has seen the sky.  
Beneath the treetop a storm,  
topsoil and ant and lightning bolt  
tracing its edge.

Beneath,

I weave tempests,  
an Adamastor at the roots,  
subsoil, in the nimbus,  
rolling, rolling, from ochre-  
orange to caterpillar.

Rain falls from  
t h e p a u s e.

With my hands I extend  
my youth to the trunk,  
drenched.

Azahara Palomeque

## Llueve la pausa

*A Ingrid*

Llueve del árbol cristal  
que suspende el viaje.  
La gota en la hoja (un paréntesis)  
moja el aliento.

Quién ha visto el cielo.  
Debajo de la copa es tormenta,  
es mantillo y hormiga y rayo  
que traza su arista.

Debajo,

tejo tempestades,  
un Adamastor en las raíces,  
humus, en el nimbo,  
rueda, rueda, del naranja  
ocre a la oruga.

Llueve  
l a p a u s a .

Con las manos alargo  
mi juventud al tronco,  
empapada.

Daria Chernysheva

## [The names of the angels in French]

The names of the angels in French: Nem, Nunne, Nosei.  
With his hand God pulls speech out from its hiding place;  
I accept speech, and tuck it into my cheek,  
With my hand I cover my face.

Each time, air fills the breast and meaning the breath  
While spittle collects on the tip of the tongue  
And my head falters upon your shoulder:  
Nosei, Nem, Nunne.

The child nodding off mid-sentence on its mother's arm  
Is a sclerotic darling and a space cadet.

Untold dark hosts entice the angels once again,  
Just as we beckon them;

When Lully Lullay you carefully take  
My angel from my motionless lips  
With your lips, and run your palm down my spine—what then?  
And why, and wherefore, now that I cradle your head with my hand?  
Nunne,  
Nosei,  
Nem.

Юлия Идлис (Yulia Idlis)

## имена ангелов по-французски

имена ангелов по-французски: не зна, низаче, ника.  
бог вынимает речь рукою из тайника;  
я принимаю речь, и прячу её за щекой,  
и накрываю рукой.

каждый раз грудь наполняется воздухом, а дыхание – смыслом, пока  
слюна собирается на кончике языка,  
и запинается голова моя на твоём плече:  
не зна, ника, низаче.

ребёнок, засыпающий на полуфразе у матери на руках,  
склеротик, заика и просто витающий в облаках, –  
заново называют ангелов неисчислимы тьмы,  
как делаем это мы,

когда ты ангела моего Лю  
осторожно губами снимаешь с моих неподвижных губ,  
а потом ведёшь ладонью вниз по моим позвонкам, –  
и как теперь и зачем, когда на твоём затылке моя рука?  
Не зна.  
Низаче.  
Ника.

Agnes Marton

## Where the Drift Goes

Did you know it's also a river?  
You asked and I didn't respond  
but I felt how it went through me,  
how it carried away from me  
anything loose,  
uncertain decisions,  
temporary feelings.

It easily found the deepest course  
leading down from the center of my chest,  
from the point where we touched each other  
most often  
before you became ill,  
and where I suppose  
we'd been accreted before we were born.

Those hosting a river can hear a never-ending whir;  
according to the doctors  
it's just the high blood pressure  
after a shock,

but I know  
speech sounds exactly the same  
for a child inside the womb.

These days, I'm considerably more serene.

We, carrying a river inside,  
move carefully,  
lest some wave might blow over us,  
lest we suddenly stumble or slip some words,

things others don't count on.  
Something like the doctors' opinion of how you are.

Better to stay unnoticed,

'cause we grew up with this river inside,  
and started to feel freezing quite early  
like sculptures  
when it dawned on them how naked they were.

Truth is I don't dare explore the depth.

It's not the river I'm afraid of but the drift.  
I try to deny its direction,  
I keep muttering you aren't going to die,  
each illness is curable,  
we'll be happy forever and ever.

I try to believe in this,  
but what I say in my dreams  
is completely different,  
things like you don't have to fight for my sake  
if you don't want to,  
you should give in to the flow,

but in fact these aren't my words,  
it's something I can't restrain,  
'cause when I'm asleep,  
the river weeps from my mouth onto the pillow.

Zita Izsó

## A sodrás iránya

Tudtad, hogy ez is egy folyó?  
Kérdezted, és én nem válaszoltam,  
de éreztem, ahogy keresztülmegy rajtam,  
elhordja belőlem a könnyen mozdítható dolgokat,  
bizonytalan elhatározásokat,  
átmeneti érzéseket.

Hamar megtalálta a legmélyebb medret,  
ami a mellkasom középpontjából vezet lefele,  
abból a pontból, ahol a betegséged előtt  
leggyakrabban értünk egymáshoz,  
és elképzeléseim szerint  
a születésünk előtt ott voltunk összenőve.

Akiben folyó folyik, mindig hall valami zúgást,  
az orvosok azt mondják, csak a megrázkódtatás miatt  
kialakult magas vérnyomás az oka,

de én tudom, hogy  
egy gyerek is pont ilyennek hallja  
az anyja testében a beszédet.

Azt mondják, mostanában visszafogottabb vagyok.

Mi, akik folyót hordunk magunkban  
óvatosan mozgunk,  
nehogy kicsapjon rajtunk valami hullám,  
hirtelen mozdulatot tegyünk, vagy kicsússzon a szánkon valami,

amire mások nem számítanak.  
Mondjuk, hogy mit mondtak az állapotodról az orvosok.

Jobban szeretünk észrevétlenek maradni,  
mert mi már ezzel a folyóval a testünkben nőttünk fel,

és hamar fázni kezdtünk,  
mint a szobrok,  
amikor rádöbbszennél önnön meztelenségükre.

Az az igazság, hogy nem is nagyon merek a mélyére nézni.

Nem a folyótól félek, hanem a sodrásától.  
Próbálok tagadni az irányát,  
azt mondogatom magamban, nem fogsz meghalni,  
minden betegség gyógyítható,  
és mindig boldogok leszünk.

Próbálok hinni ebben,  
csak álomban mondok egészen más dolgokat,  
olyasmiket, hogy miattam nem kell küzdened, ha nem akarsz,  
csak bízd a sodrására magad,

de ezek valójában nem az én szavaim,  
csak nem tudom visszatartani,  
mert amikor alszom, a párnámra csurog a számból a folyó.



Nancy Naomi Carlson

[Wound, may my mouth go dry]

Wound, may my mouth go dry  
if ever I should die!

That's why I don't know the place  
where gloomy luggers set sail,  
floating cables gripped by an ancient capstan—  
what masts of dawn when blood throbs!

Wound, may my mouth go dry  
if ever I should die!

Khal Torabully

## [Plaie, que ma bouche crève]

Plaie, que ma bouche crève  
si je meurs un jour !  
C'est ainsi que je ne sais où  
partent d'obscurs lougres,  
cordages flottants aux mains d'un vieux cabestan  
et quelle mâture d'aube quand vibre le sang !  
O que ma bouche crève  
si je meurs un jour !

Nancy Naomi Carlson

[O my mother, from what dread]

O my mother, from what dread  
were my ancestors pulling away: fear  
of too-near horizons, flying fish  
prouder than our two Indian peafowls?  
Or fear of setting forth for this Somewhere Else  
where our blood forgets  
its solid color, abandoning homeland wombs?

Translator's note: The peafowl is the national bird of India.

Khal Torabully

## [O ma mère, contre quelle frayeur]

O ma mère, contre quelle frayeur  
mes ancêtres s'éloignaient-ils, peur  
de l'horizon trop proche, de poissons  
volants plus fiers que nos deux paons ?  
Ou peur de partir vers cet Ailleurs  
où notre sang oublie sa ferme couleur  
à l'abandon de ventres du pays natal ?

Nancy Naomi Carlson

[Capstan, call my ship by another name]

Capstan, call my ship by another name—  
I only know the one of sweat.  
This marine valley brands the dust  
and changes the names engraved by the light!

Khal Torabully

[Cabestan donne un autre nom à mon navire]

Cabestan donne un autre nom à mon navire  
je connais encore celui de la sueur.  
Cette vallée de mer estampe la poussière  
et change les noms gravés par la lumière !

Nancy Naomi Carlson

[Here I am, o scribe of skins]

Here I am, o scribe of skins—  
yes, a court stenographer, master orthographer—  
graft my name onto nothingness,  
my somber body to epitaph.

Motri, I grasped you so tight, with all my guts  
that catora canoodled carail  
and my soul seeded the last coral reef!

Translator's note : Motri comes from an Indian word that refers to a large bundle, usually of possessions and bedding. Catora and carail, also derived from Indian words, refer to cooking utensils.

Khal Torabully

## Me voilà ô greffe des peaux

Me voilà ô greffe des peaux,  
oui, greffier, maître-orthographe  
agrafe mon nom au néant,  
mon corps sombre à l'épitaphe.  
Motri, si fort je te serrai de mes entrailles  
que catora culbuta carail  
que mon âme ensemença le dernier corail !



Nancy Naomi Carlson

[A washerwoman repeats]

A washerwoman repeats  
my struggle among the pallial waves;  
she wants to rid the sea  
from my all-too-dirty memory.

I fling a red mango  
that makes the ocean impregnate the moon;  
(the little sea shells  
have not yet learned to sing).

Khal Torabully

## [Une lavandière répète mon combat]

Une lavandière répète mon combat  
entre les vagues palléales  
elle veut délivrer cette eau  
de ma mémoire trop sale.  
Je jette une mangue rouge  
et la mer féconde la lune  
(les petits coquillages  
n'ont pas encore appris à chanter).

Dan Beachy-Quick

## Theognis, 237–254

I have given you feathers to lift you lightly up  
And fly across the infinite open waters  
And all the earth, present at every feast  
And holy meal, perching on many lips,  
And young men on clear-voiced pipes will sing  
Your cosmic eros beautiful and loud.  
And when you step down in the dark earth,  
Deep into Hell's full-of-wailing home,  
Not even death loosens you from your fame,  
But you will be care undecaying for men  
Always carrying your name, Cynos, across  
The Greek lands endlessly wandering,  
Already on islands, where fish pierce the open  
Sea unharvested; not on horseback,  
The shining gifts of the violet-crowned Muses  
Will bear you. For all who love and hurry  
After song, you will be what you are, just  
Like the earth, just like the sun.  
But when by chance we meet, you've scant regard;  
Like I'm a small child, you cheat me.

## Theognis

### 237-254

στοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ πτέρ' ἔδωκα, σὺν οἷς ἐπ' ἀπείρονα  
πόοντοι  
πρωτήσῃ καὶ γῆν πᾶσαν ἀειρόμενος  
ρήϊδίως· θοίης δὲ καὶ εἰλαπίνῃσι παρέσση  
ἐν πάσαις, πολλῶν κείμενος ἐν ιστόμασιν,  
καὶ σε σὺν ἀλίσκοιτι λιγυφθόγγοις νέει ἄνδρες  
εὐκόσμως ἐρατοὶ καλά τε καὶ λιγέα  
ἄγονται, καὶ ὅταν δινοφερῆς ὑπὸ κεύθεισι γαίης  
βῆς πολυκωκύντους εἰς Ἴδαο δόμους,  
οὐδέποτ' οὐδέ θανὼν ἀπολείς κλέος, ἀλλὰ  
μελήσεις  
ἄφθιτον ἀνθρώποις αἰὲν ἔχων ὄνομα,  
Κύρνε, καθ' Ἑλλάδα γῆν ἰστροφώμενος ἦδ' ἀνὰ  
νῆστους  
ἰχθυόεντα περῶν πόοντο ἐπ' ἀτρύγετον,  
οὐχ ἵππων νότοιτιν ἐφήμενος, ἀλλὰ σε πέμψει  
ἀγλαὰ Μουσάων δῶρα ἰσιτεφάνων·  
πᾶσι δ' ὄσσοιτι μέμηλε καὶ ἐιστομένοισιν αἰοιδῆ  
ἔσιγη ὁμῶς, ὄφρ' ἂν γῆ τε καὶ ἥελις·  
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ὀλίγησ παρὰ σεῦ οὐ τυγχάνω αἰδοῦς,  
ἀλλ' ὥσπερ μικρὸν παῖδα λόγους μ' ἕπατῆς.

Dan Beachy-Quick

## Alcman 79 (On Tantalus)

Among pleasing things he sat, the sinner,  
under a rock, seeing nothing, imagining all.

Alcman

79

ἀνήρ δ' ἐν ἀσμένοισιν ἀλιτηρὸς ἦσθ' ἐπὶ  
θάκας κατὰ πέτρας ὄρέων μὲν οὐδὲν δοκέων δέ

Dan Beachy-Quick

## Simonides 519B

of sky    of sea  
some black-turning-black force  
void desolate of mortals and also  
the goat-shanked gods divine

Simonides

519B

οὐραν[οῦ . . . ] , [θα]λάσσης  
]ος ῥιπὰν μελαίνας·  
] δ' ἔρῃμα θνατῶν τε κα[ι  
]α δαῖμον α[ι]γίκαμε



Dan Beachy-Quick

## A Necklace of Lewd Charms

...in deep shadow they leaned back against the wall...

\*

...damp crotch...

\*

    ...cock swollen  
as a Prienian ass,  
stud stuffed full with grain devoured...

\*

    ...like a Thracian man or Phrygian sucking beer  
through a straw, she bent her head down, working hard...

\*

...the kingfisher  
on the promontory stone flapped its joyous wings...

\*

...out the pipe into the honey-jar...

\*

...and there was much foam about her mouth...

\*

...if only I could bring myself to touch Neoboule's hand just so...

## Archilochus

πρὸς τοῖχον ἐκλίνθησαν ἐν παλινοσκήῳ

παρδακὸν δ' ἐπέειπον.

ἡ δέ οἱ σάθη  
ὥστ' ὄνου Πριηνέως  
κῆλωνος ἐπλήμυρην ὀτρυνγηφάγου.

ὥσπερ αὐλῶ βρῦτον ἦ ἑρέϊξ ἀνήρ  
ἦ φρυῖξ ἔμυζε· κύβδα δ' ἦν πονεομένη.

κηρύλος  
πέτρης ἐπὶ προβλήτος ἀπτερούσσετο

. . . μετὰ γούν τῆς διύ οὔτα ἢ ἐξ οὐ τρέπει τὸ ξ·  
διέξ σωλήνος εἰς ἄγγος.

πολλὸς δ' ἀφρὸς ἦν περὶ στόμα.

εἰ γὰρ ὡς ἐμοὶ γένοιτο χεῖρα Νεοβούλης θιγαῖν.

Dan Beachy-Quick

## Anacreon 395

My temples already gray  
And my head white,  
Youth's grace no longer  
Near, my teeth old,  
No longer life's sweet  
Muchness, it has gone  
Missing: time. I groan  
Often in dread of Tartarus,  
For that most hidden room  
In Hades is most terrible.  
Grievous is the under-path—  
Before you it opens,  
And he who steps down  
Never again walks up.

Anacreon

395

πολιοὶ μὲν ἡμῖν ἤδη  
κρόταφοι κάρη τε λευκόν,  
χαρίεσσα δ' οὐκέτ' ἤβη  
πάρα, γηραλέοι δ' ὀδόντες,  
γλυκεροῦ δ' οὐκέτι πολλὸς  
βιότου χρόνος λέλειπται·

διὰ ταῦτ' ἀνασταλύζω  
θαμὰ Τάρταρον δεδοικώς·  
Ἄϊδεω γάρ ἐστι δεινὸς  
μυχός, ἀργαλῆ δ' ἐς αὐτὸν  
κάτοδος· καὶ γὰρ ἐτοῖμον  
καταβάντι μὴ ἀναβῆναι.

Dan Beachy-Quick

## Callimachus 10

Can Charidas be found underneath you? “If you mean  
the son of Arimma of Cyrene, under me.”

Charidas, what of what’s below? “Much darkness.”

What of what’s above? “A lie.” And Pluto?

“A tale for a child.” Then we are destroyed.

“My word is your truth. But if pleasant words  
please you, a small coin buys a great ox in hell.”

## Callimachus

### 10

Μικρὴ τις, Διόνυσε, καλὰ πρήσσουσι ποιητῆ  
ρήσις· ὁ μὲν “νικῶ” φησὶ τὸ μακρότατον,  
ὦ δὲ σὺ μὴ πνεύσης ἐνδέξις,<sup>1</sup> ἢν τις ἔρηται  
“πῶς ἔβαλες”; φησὶ “σκληρὰ τὰ γινόμενα.”  
τῷ μερμηρίζαντι τὰ μὴ ἴδρικα τοῦτο γένοιτο  
τοῦπος· ἐμοὶ δ’, ὦναξ, ἢ βραχυσυλλαβίη.

Jake Levine and Soeun Seo

## Cunt, Dicks, Use Your Fucking Blinkers

In an empty house  
in an empty room  
in an empty belly  
someone is snoring.  
I tiptoe  
and the snorlax is gone.  
I tip my heels back and sit  
and the snorlax comes alive.  
No one is giving orders  
but I sit and stand  
and stand and sit.  
Dawn breaks  
on the three-headed buddha figure I got from Cambodia.  
Do, re, mi, the three heads wink.  
I'm not making shit up.  
The winks were full-on winks.  
I smack the buddha heads. I can't help it. I smack them.  
What kind of Buddha teases you and pisses you off?  
A friend got me a pair of clay dolls made to look like indigenous Peruvians.  
Their faces were as big as sunflowers.  
A chili was hung and a clam was slammed.  
Dicks and pussies bulged side by side  
equally precious, I guess.

Kim Min Jeong

## 계집이고 새끼고 깜빡이 좀 커라

빈집에  
빈방에  
빈속에  
누군가 코를 곤다  
발끝을 세우고 일어서면  
코골이가 사라지고  
발끝을 내리고 앉으면  
코골이가 살아난다  
누가 시킨 것도 아닌데  
앉았다 일어섰다  
일어섰다 앉았다  
날이 밝는데  
캄보디아에서 사온 부처 두상 서이가  
내게 도레미로 윙크를 해대는 것이었다  
우기는 게 아니라  
진정 윙크를 윙크라 하는 대목이었다  
부처를 때린다 급기야 때리고야 만다  
졸라 짜증나게 약 올리는 부처도 부처냐  
페루에서 사왔다며 지인이 놓고 간 흑 인형은  
얼굴이 해바라기만한 원주민 부부였는데  
고추는 달렸고 조개는 박히어서  
나란히 불뚝 튀어나온 그것들이  
똑같이 귀하게 여겨지기는 했더랬다



Jake Levine and Soeun Seo

## My Belly Sizzles on a Heating Pad on a Rainy Day

We arrived today

under the illusion

that people who say *I'll do it if you do it*  
are nicer than people who say *let's do it*.

Love must be toxic.

We lie side by side, chins cupped  
and watch *Animal Planet*  
on Sunday afternoon.

Like a lion biting the nape of a Thomson's gazelle  
you mount me  
and without hesitation  
you raise a leg and fart.

My hand that longed to hold your hand  
slaps you in the face, hits you in the back.  
I've never done improv like this before.  
I guess I'm grown up enough  
to mean something to you.  
Unconsciously  
I take an apple

from the basket we placed away from the heating pad  
and peel it.  
Your brow furrows

when I feed you.  
You melt.  
They say if you're soft, you lose.

One day I woke up with something soft on my back.

It was a newborn puppy.  
You say things you can't change

are problems today.

It's useless.

Rain pounds the mortar like a backache.

Kim Min Jeong

## 비 오는 날 뜨거운 장판에 배 지질 때나 하는 생각

하자, 가 아니라  
하면 할게, 라는 사람이  
무조건 착할 것이라는 착각으로  
우리는 오늘에 이르렀다  
사랑은 독한가보다  
나란히 턱을 괴고 누워  
<동물의 왕국>을 보는 일요일 오후  
툼손가젤의 목덜미를 물고 늘어진 사자처럼  
내 위에 올라탄 네가  
어떤 여유도 없이 그만  
한쪽 다리를 들어 방귀를 킂다  
한때는 깍지를 끼지 못해 안달하던 손이  
찰싹 하고 너의 등짝을 때린다  
한 번도 가져보지 못한 즉흥이다  
그런대로 네게 뜻이 될 만큼은  
내가 자랐다는 얘기다  
나는 아무런 생각 없이  
윗목 소쿠리에 놓여 있던  
사과를 깎는다  
받아먹는 너의 이맛살이  
잔뜩 찌푸려진다  
물러  
무르면 지는 거라는데 말이지  
언젠가 자다 깰 때  
등에 배긴 그 물렁이  
갓 낳은 새끼 강아지였다며  
너는 이제 와 소용없는 일을  
오늘의 근심처럼 말한다  
쓸데없다  
비는 요통처럼 절구 찜는데

Jake Levine and Soeun Seo

## Comrades (Winter Solstice)

I ran to avoid you. You caught me when I stopped to catch my breath. We became good friends. You held the leash while the woman beside you kicked her dog. The dog always returned to you and the woman even though it kept getting kicked. The dog folded its body into a dimsum, but it was too big. It could've fit into a pot, but boiling isn't everything. The perilla seeds smelled so much like last summer it was impossible for them to become like red bean porridge in winter, that is, a soup everyone welcomes. There's no peace to be found in the big dog's little puppy eyes. Not in the bathtub, living room ceiling, bedroom closet, or the kitchen sink. But it'll be peaceful this evening. The neighbor's chainsaw has been revving all afternoon. I'm peeling tangerines in a checkered blanket. What am I waiting for? Flatter than a Phoebe Cates bookmark I slid between the dirty pages of some cheap chick lit, I lie face down.

Kim Min Jeong

## 동지

나는 너를 피해 달아났다. 숨이 가빠 헐떡거리는 사이 너는 나를 따라왔다. 우리는 좋은 친구 사이가 되었고 네 옆에는 자기 개를 발로 차는 여자가 있었다. 개의 목줄을 쥘 건 너였다. 발로 걷어차이면서도 너와 여자 곁으로 자꾸만 개가 왔다. 최대한 몸을 웅크려 제 살집을 딴처럼 오그려 빚긴 하였으나 원체 개가 컸다. 들통에야 들어갔겠지만 끌여서만이 능사는 아니었다. 이 겨울 팔죽처럼 한대받을 국물이 되기에 들개는 지난여름의 향이었던 것이다. 큰 개가 짓는 작은 울상 앞에서 평화는 옥실 옥조에도 거실 천장에도 없었다. 다만 오늘 저녁엔 조용해질 것이다. 옆집 남자의 전기톱 소리가 낮부터 엔진에 시동을 걸고 있으니 체크 모포를 두른 채 연신 굴이나 까먹는 나여, 무엇을 기다리나. 싸구려 연애소설 속 야한 페이지에나 끼워넣던 피비 케이츠 책갈피보다 더 납작 엎드려서는.

Jake Levine and Soeun Seo

## Like the Second Child of a Family with One Son, Two Daughters

Far away  
in central Bhutan, a cold front approaches.  
When I think Bhutan I think soccer.  
When I think soccer I think Montserrat.

The final of the 2002 World Cup  
hosted jointly between Korea and Japan  
was held on June 30th, 2002.  
Brazil and Germany fought for first and second place  
at the Yokohama International stadium  
which seats 70 thousand people.  
That same night, at a place very far away,  
Bhutan and Montserrat played for second-to-last and last place  
at the Changlimithang Stadium in Bhutan  
which seats 10 thousand people.

Second to last  
is worse than last  
worse than third to last.  
In “Shh, My Side Bitch Is...” poet Kim Kyung Mi wrote  
“I’m a Side Bitch.” The poem was written in a series  
from one to five.  
She wrote it and washed her hands clean.  
But why can’t I say how it feels?  
Because poet Lee Sung Bok said it already.  
He wrote all there is to say about the feelings that come and go.  
I’m beating a drum solo on this dead horse.

Now, 13 years after that day in 2002  
Bhutan is in 188th place and Montserrat is 187th.  
They toss places back and forth.  
They’re the happiest countries on Earth  
so what do they care?  
I’m the one who’s into numbers, rankings.

Papua New Guinea is second to last  
in the December 2015 FIFA rankings.  
Papua means curly hair.  
Then what does New Guinea mean?

Better luck next time!

Kim Min Jeong

## 1남 2녀의 둘째 같은 거

멀리

부탄 중심부에 추위가 찾아온다고 합니다

부탄 하면 축구

축구 하면 몬트세랫

2002년 6월 30일 한일 월드컵 결승전 때

7만 명을 수용하는 요코하마 국제종합경기장에서

브라질과 독일이 1위와 2위를 먹을 때

멀리

1만 명을 수용하는 부탄 창리미탕 스타디움에서

부탄과 몬트세랫이 꼴찌에서 두번째와 꼴찌를 먹을 때

꼴찌보다

꼴찌에서 둘째라는 거

꼴찌도 꼴찌에서 세번째도 아닌

꼴찌에서 두번째라는 거

김경미 시인 언니가 시집 『숫, 나의 세컨드』 는에서

「나는야 세컨드」 연작을 1부터 5까지

이미 다 쓰고 손 다 턴 뒤라지만

이걸 이 느낌이다 왜 말을 못해

말을 왜 못하냐면

이성복 선생님이 아주 고릿적에 썼으니까

느낌의 오고 집에 대해서 아주 싹 갖다 썼으니까

뒷북도 이런 장구질이 없다 하겠지만

13년이 지난 지금

부탄은 188위 몬트세랫은 187위

연방 앞치었다가 뒤치었다가 하는 앞치락뒤치락

행복 좋아하는 그들이야 무슨 관심일까

숫자 좋아하는 나나 관심있는 순위 놀이

2015년 12월 피파 랭킹에서

꼴찌에서 두번째는 파푸아뉴기니

파푸아가 곱슬머리라는 뜻이로구나

그렇다면 뉴기니는?



다음 기회에!

Jake Levine and Soeun Seo

## Brass

Dry, white flakes  
on black sheets.  
The old woman said they're not bread crumbs.  
The old woman who spent half her life scratching  
her body because of psoriasis said  
*Salt is in history and  
sugar is next to the coffee cream.*

Children spend all day licking bakery windows  
until night comes.  
Mothers arrive  
drip- dropping rice-water on the road  
with the long paddles  
they use to scoop rice tea, signaling  
the late night meal.  
Children's tongues look for that whiteness  
for sustenance.

Beyond the window  
people with a single bed  
sometimes look like they are crying.  
Shoulders busy heaving in the dark,  
their laughter mixing like our farts.  
Sometimes they gnaw each other's faces  
like taking bites of a hard baguette.  
They are a waiting people.  
Of course they are hungry, so,  
the old woman gets up, boils water on the stove.  
She takes her granddaughter's doll, stands it up  
on a footstool she made for it at the foot of the bed.  
A ball-jointed doll she bought them last Christmas.  
*Fuck, this thing costs as much as 200 loaves of bread!*  
There was a portrait on the wall  
that can't be taken down,  
three stubborn children  
in velvet, overalls, and puffed-up rose laces.

The old woman serves rice in a bowl.  
She pours in the boiled water.  
Stuck in the rice  
a single spoon  
to honor the dead.

Kim Min Jeong

## 늦

검은 침대보 위에  
회고 마른 부스러기  
그건 빵가루가 아니라고 노인이 말했다  
소금은 역사 속에  
설탕은 커피 크림 옆에  
건선으로  
반평생 몸을 굶던 노인이 말했다

아이들은 온종일 빵집 유리창을 훑는다  
밤이 와서  
밤참을 먹기 전 엄마들이  
송농을 끓이던 긴 밥주걱을 들고 나와  
길에 뚝뚝 밥물을 흘릴 때까지  
아이들의 혀는 양식이 될 만한  
그 흰 것을 찾는다

이따금 창문 너머로  
침대 하나를 사이에 둔 사람들이  
우는 것처럼 보인다  
어둠 속에서 바빠 들썩거리는 어깨들  
네 방구와 내 방구처럼 뒤섞이는 웃음들  
간혹 딱딱한 바게트를 깨물듯  
서로의 얼굴을 뜯어먹기도 했다  
기다리는 사람들인 만큼

배가 고팠으므로,

노인은 일어나 가스레인지에 물을 끓인다  
침대 발치에 발판으로 삼은  
손자 손녀의 인형을 일으킨다  
지난 크리스마스에 사준 구체관절인형  
제길, 이 돈이면 우유식빵이 200봉지라고!  
그리고 미처 떼지 못한 벽의 초상화  
벨벳에 멜빵에 부풀린 장미 레이스를 입은  
세 명의 고집스러운 아이들

노인은 대접에 밥을 쪄다  
끓인 물을 붓는다  
그후로  
오래  
그렇게  
꽃혀 있던 손가락 하나

Dorothy Potter Snyder

## Dream XIII

My son paints a green lion  
with his watercolor set.

He shows it to me.

Suddenly I remember  
the ancient stronghold  
of my limbs,  
emerald green,  
the deep anguish  
of feeling myself a beast,  
the strange thirst for the Sun  
and the unendurable pain  
when I devour its flesh  
and feel its scalding blood  
biting into my throat.

Juan Carlos Garvayo

## Sueño XIII

Con su juego de acuarelas  
mi hijo pinta un león verde.

Me lo muestra.

De pronto recuerdo  
la antigua fortaleza  
de mis miembros  
color esmeralda,  
la angustia profunda  
de sentirme bestia,  
la extraña sed del Sol  
y el insoportable dolor  
al devorar su carne  
y sentir su sangre ardiente  
corroyendo mi garganta.

Bradley Schmidt

[sure, it was a mistake to just walk in here]

sure, it was a mistake just to walk in here: the others long gone, the only thing left sitting behind you, where the entrance used to be, purring and smelling a little rotten. it's reminiscent of sweaters loved to pieces, but apparently otherwise useless. muffled hammering: they're already tearing everything down out there. perhaps, you think, you should start asking if that purring thing is edible. trial & error, you think, it's possible to lose so beautifully, why can't you ever manage that? next to you, plans stack themselves in fits, and in front of you, questions climb up onto the shoe cabinets (in which you can guess). try it out. there's nothing more to hear from outside, and the thing, visibly concerned, would like to stare at you questioningly, but isn't sure if it has eyes.



Lea Schneider

[schon klar, es war ein fehler, hier einfach so reinzugehen]

schon klar, es war ein fehler, hier einfach so reinzugehen: die andern längst weg, nur hinter dir, wo der eingang war, sitzt noch was, das schnurrt und riecht ein bisschen faulig. es erinnert an zerliebte pullis, scheint weiter aber nutzlos zu sein. gedämpftes hämmern: draußen bauen sie schon ab. vielleicht, denkst du, sollte man sich langsam fragen, ob das schnurrige ding essbar ist. trial & error, denkst du, man kann doch so schön verlieren, warum kriegst du das eigentlich nie hin? neben dir stapeln sie stoßweise pläne, vor dir stellen sich fragen auf schuhschränke, in denen du vermuten kannst. mach das mal. von draußen ist nämlich nichts mehr zu hören, und das ding, sichtlich besorgt, würde dich gern fragend anschauen, ist sich aber nicht sicher, ob es augen hat.

Bradley Schmidt

[practicing rationalization, e.g., as follows]

practicing rationalization, e.g., as follows. islands: footnotes to the mainland. loneliness in bungalows: intentional, an opportunity for alienation. we assume you can cast your lot with chance. we assume that the end of the world has not yet occurred. what should have been the morning after lies in a puddle, becomes saturated until it is large and soft, a sponge lacking dishes. puddles are the only thing here that look like the end of the world, apocalyptic accessories on the beach. in case something still happens, then only appearing much later, at a point when the plot is so advanced that you can't interrupt any more. it's sunday, and the point is located under a chair in the bungalow kitchen, but you don't know that, otherwise it wouldn't be just chance. for difficult decisions, the guidebooks recommend: buying time with everyday activities, e.g., washing dishes.

Lea Schneider

[begründen üben, z.b. so.]

begründen üben, z.b. so. inseln: fußnoten vom festland. einsamkeit in bungalows: absichtlich, eine gelegenheit für zweckenentfremdung. nehmen wir an, du kannst dich für zufall entscheiden. nehmen wir an, du kannst dich für zufall entscheiden. nehmen wir an, das ende der welt sei noch gar nicht passiert. der morgen, der danach sein sollte, liegt in einer pfütze, saugt sich voll, bis er groß und weich ist, ein spülschwamm mangels geschirr. Pfützen sind das einzige, was nach weltende aussieht, apokalyptische accessoires am strand. falls doch was passiert, taucht das erst viel später auf, an einem punkt, wo die handlung so fortgeschritten ist, dass du sie nicht mehr abbrechen kannst. es ist Sonntag, und der punkt befindet sich unter einem stuhl in der bungalowküche, aber das weißt du nicht, sonst wäre es kein zufall. bei schweren entscheidungen empfehlen die ratgeber: zeit gewinnen durch alltagstätigkeit, z.b. das spülen von geschirr.

Bradley Schmidt

## [quietness: a state in your mouth]

quietness: a state in your mouth. not merely silence, but the decision to be so. it only works in company, which is why we constantly call each other. a telephone tree: dependency ensuring it still exists. two people who hold each other's shoulders; let's say they're at the end of the 16th century and both need support. which they give each other, on a sketch, on the margin of a book, in the museum of Islamic art in berlin. a preparatory practice. in the upper exhibition hall we link arms, ornaments on the wall from which we can't be told apart: blending into the surface, an alienation effect, solitary as a peacock. we've already been working on it for quite some time and wouldn't have thought it'd work out so quickly. stick to the upper left corner, breathing into each other, waiting.

Lea Schneider

## [schweigen: ein zustand in deinem mund]

schweigen: ein zustand in deinem mund. nicht bloß stille, sondern die entscheidung dazu. Sie funktioniert nur in gesellschaft, darum rufen wir uns ständig an. eine telefonkette, die abhängigkeit versichert sich ihrer existenz. zwei, die sich an den schultern halten; sagen wir, sie stehen am ende des 16. jahrhunderts und brauchen beide unterstützung. die sie sich geben, auf einer zeichnung, am rand eines buchs, im museum für islamische kunst, berlin. eine vorbereitende übung. im oberen ausstellungssaal haken wir ein, ornamente an der wand, von denen man uns nicht unterscheiden kann: aufgeben in der oberfläche, ein pfau-effekt. wir arbeiten schon eine ganze weile daran und hätten nicht gedacht, dass er so schnell gelingt. halten uns links oben in der ecke, atmen ineinander, warten ab.

Robin Myers

## For Laika

We told everyone you'd died on the seventh day and hadn't suffered. The newspapers announced your good health. In truth, you'd only lasted a few hours, because there wasn't enough time to test the cooling system and your cabin melted. We saw everything differently then: we wanted to launch ourselves into the unknown through you, and we were in a hurry. This is why we insisted that you'd gazed out the window at everything we longed to see ourselves.

Never before had a sarcophagus traveled so intrepidly through space.

I missed you as soon as I kissed your cold nose and buckled you in. A few days before the mission, I took you home to play with my children. You darted happily this way and that, and they fed you sausages and dressed you in sweaters and danced in circles around you, howling like dogs to keep you entertained.

At night, your ghost visits me in bed and licks my hand until I lay it on your back. That's when I realize your insides are dissolving. I see the smoke curling from your snout, your ears, your eye sockets that go hollow as I fumble for the glass of water on my nightstand. When your hair disintegrates under my touch, I can feel your skin, rough, charred, and it turns to magma on the rug.

I'm melting, too, in a way.

Your name is on the plaque dedicated to fallen cosmonauts at the Monument to the Conquerors of Space, next to Lenin, and we made up stories about how you were rescued by aliens. But next to howling children and sweaters and sausages, I know this is a small comfort.

We offered up your life as proof of our own. Our success was enormous and absurd. Laika, Limonchik, little pup: I forgot what we learned, but I won't forget your name.

*Vladimir Yazdovsky*

Isabel Zapata

## Para Laika

Le dijimos a todos que habías muerto al séptimo día, sin haber sufrido. Los periódicos daban noticias de tu buena salud. La verdad es que apenas duraste unas horas, porque no hubo tiempo de probar el sistema de enfriamiento y tu cabina simplemente se derritió. Entonces veíamos todo en términos distintos: teníamos prisa por lanzarnos a lo desconocido a través de ti. Por eso insistimos en que mirabas a través de la escotilla todo lo que nosotros hubiéramos querido ver.

Nunca antes un sarcófago atravesó el espacio tan atrevidamente.

Me hiciste falta desde que besé tu nariz fría antes de abrocharte el cinturón. Unos días antes de la misión, te llevé a casa a jugar con los niños. Corrías feliz de un lado a otro y ellos te daban salchichas, te ponían suéteres y bailaban haciendo círculos alrededor de ti, aullando como perros para divertirse.

Por las noches, tu fantasma se acerca a mi cama y me lame la mano hasta que la pongo en tu lomo. Entonces me doy cuenta de que te estás disolviendo por dentro. Veo el humo que sale de tu hocico, de tus orejas, de las cuencas de tus ojos que se van quedando vacías mientras intento alcanzar el vaso de agua del buró. Cuando tu pelo se disuelve bajo mi mano puedo sentir tu piel rugosa, como chamuscada, que luego se convierte en magma sobre la alfombra.

Yo también me derrito, de algún modo.

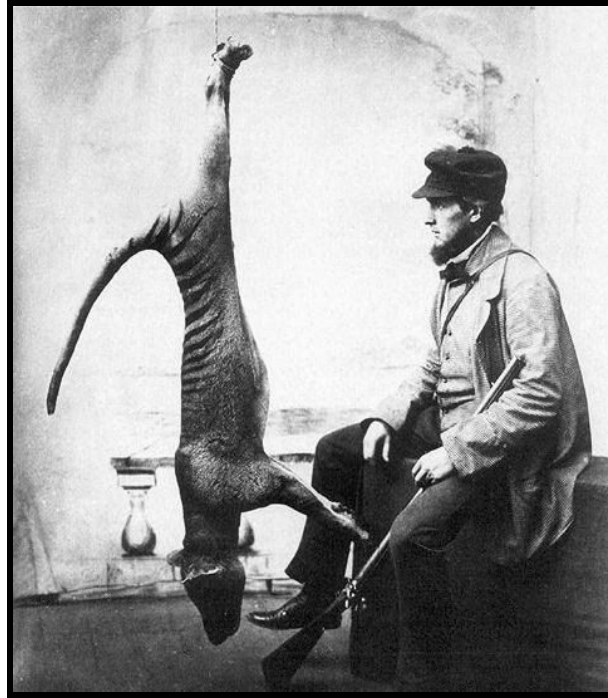
Tu nombre está en la placa a cosmonautas caídos en el Monumento a los Conquistadores del Espacio, junto a Lenin, y nos inventamos historias en las que fuiste rescatada por extraterrestres. Pero sé que al lado de los niños aullando y los suéteres y las salchichas, todo eso es poco.

Ofrecimos tu vida como prueba de la nuestra. El éxito ha sido enorme y absurdo. Laika, Limonchik, rizadita: olvidé lo que aprendimos, pero no olvidaré tu nombre.

*Vladimir Yazdovsky*

Robin Myers

## Phantom Limb



1.

His name was Benjamin and people say he froze to death.  
That he'd leap straight up like a kangaroo.  
That he was a tiger striped with ash.  
That he'd swipe his paw in circles like a cat.  
That he was a marsupial-wolf, a zebra-wolf,  
a dingo with an oversized head,  
a demon, a hyena with lion claws.

The cave paintings at Kakadu National Park include the earliest representations of the thylacine: thirteen to twenty-one stripes from the torso to the base of the tail to the back haunches to the texture of the rock in the cave, fierce heads with whiskers, stiff tails reaching over the walls, rounded ears, white bellies. One of them has wings.

In 1906, the Tasmanian government paid 58 rewards for the body of a thylacine.  
In 1907, 42.



In 1908, 17.

In 1909, 2.

By 1917, there were none left to hunt.

2.

Hobart Zoo, Island of Tasmania, 1921

The naturalist Henry Burrell photographed a marsupial wolf with a chicken in its mouth. He circulated it wherever he could in an effort to advertise the thylacine's reputation as a poultry-thief. Farmers never knew that the image had been cut to hide a cage or that the animal had been trained to pose for the photo. Or that Burrell had loaned the stuffed specimen to a museum and arranged it among some tree trunks.

Mawbanna, Northeastern Tasmania, 1930

The last wild marsupial wolf was glimpsed near the farmer Wilf Batty's chicken coops. The animal didn't hear the farmer parting the waist-high grass with outstretched fingers as he approached. The thylacine died hung from its hind feet.

Hobart Zoo, Island of Tasmania, 1936

Locked in his cage, the last Tasmanian tiger passes the time by imagining hypotheticals. That he hadn't been caught three years ago in the eucalyptus grove, for example. That he stretches his paws in the recess of a tree, that he slips out to hunt wombats at night. He wanders an imaginary house: to his right, his hollow tree; behind him, beyond the grove, the most succulent wombat of all.

The last Tasmanian tiger exists for 62 seconds of black-and-white footage, with naturalist David Fleay on the other side of the camera: the tiger, head on, leaping the fence, the back of the tiger, his broad-based tail, striped, three-quarters of a tiger, downward-facing dog, stripes at a diagonal, stripes at ground-level, stripes orbiting his own axis before he darts back into his refuge.

Hobart Zoo, Island of Tasmania, 1936

We don't have any sound recordings of the thylacine, but those who have studied this animal say that it whistled nervously (*fiu fiu fiu fiu*), then growled (*grrrr grrrr grrrrrr grrrrrrrr*), then finished with a threatening yawn (*yaaaaawn*). When it hunted, it would release a sound much like a cough in swift repetition (*cofcofcofcof*) to tell its pack if it had found some prey. It was also reported to

have issued a long, dull sound (*wuuuuu*), its head tilted back, to identify itself mournfully from a distance.

Who will speak to the last Tasmanian tiger?

Not to his language: to him.

Not to him: to his backbone sliced with stripes.

Not to his stripes: to the life they multiplied.

Not to his life: to the tall grass that remembers it.

### Nullarbor Plain, Mundrabilla, 1966

The pit belonging to the thylacine Lazarus is 11.5 meters underground. Carbon dating tells us that the body has been there for five thousand years, but the tongue in its head is intact, its left eye whole, its stripes still visible, parallel, on the pelt of its back. People circle the cave, expecting the slab to peel away and the tiger to walk out into the light, his paws bandaged and his head enveloped in a shroud.

### 3.

#### Sightings

Andrew Orchard, farmer, 2012:

*I was 18 the first time. I was hunting ducks. Since then I've seen so many that I lost count. My father also saw them. I've got proof. This print can't be from a fox because the back pad is really big and the four front ones are in a straight line.*

Gina Russell, housewife, 1996:

*I saw something I shouldn't have.*

*A murder?*

*No, a tiger.*

Tim Kewell, carpenter, 2003:

*They make a lot of noise when they run, but then suddenly you can't hear anything.*

Anonymous, 1984:

*I was looking for rabbits with my brother and I saw it moving in the grass. We both saw it, and it wasn't the first. It was around ten a.m. We weren't sure who to report it to.*

Hans Naarding, park ranger, 1982:

*I saw it so clearly that I had time to count the stripes. There were twelve.*

Anonymous, 1990:

*Do you want to see the photos? Look at the striped tail behind that bush.*

Booth-Richardson Tiger Team, lumberjacks, 2017:

*We've got three groups identified so far. They live in small families. We see about one every six months. They're very elusive, but with experience, it's easy to tell if they're close by. Especially if it's a male, because of the smell. They're shorter than ferns, so sometimes you just catch a glimpse of a floating head that disappears as soon as you see it.*

4.

Woolly rhino, Nessie, dodo, Pyrenean ibex, golden toad, Madeiran large white, goblin, red-bellied gracile opossum, Caribbean monk seal, abominable snowman, pink-headed duck.

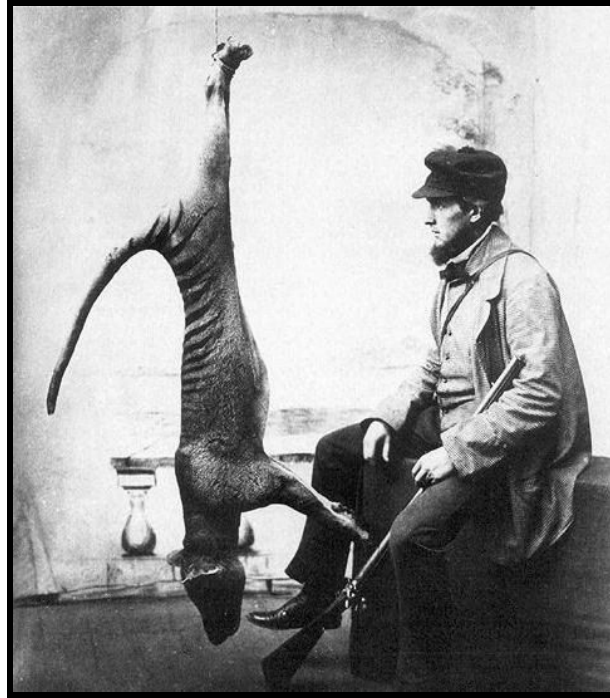
We celebrate the life that isn't there.

The shadow that moves without a body.

We search for the Tasmanian tiger, our collective syndrome, our shared phantom limb.

Isabel Zapata

## Miembro fantasma



1.

Se llamaba Benjamín y dicen que murió de frío.  
Que saltaba como canguro en vertical.  
Que era un tigre rayado por ceniza.  
Que movía la pata en círculos como un gato.  
Que era un lobo marsupial, un lobo cebra,  
un dingo al que le queda grande la cabeza,  
un demonio, una hiena con garras de león.

Entre las pinturas rupestres del Parque Nacional Kakadu están las primeras representaciones del tilacino: trece a veintiún rayas del torso a la base de la cola a los muslos traseros a la textura en la roca de la cueva, cabezas feroces con bigotes, colas que se extienden rígidas sobre los muros, orejas redondeadas, vientre claro. Uno de ellos tiene un par de alas.

En 1906, el gobierno de Tasmania pagó 58 recompensas por el cadáver de un tilacino.  
En 1907, 42.

En 1908, 17.

En 1909, 2.

Para 1917 no había más animales vivos que cazar.

2.

Zoológico de Hobart, isla de Tasmania, 1921

El naturalista Henry Burrell le sacó una foto a un lobo marsupial con una gallina en el hocico. La dio a conocer donde pudo para crearle al tilacino una reputación como ladrón de aves de corral. Los granjeros nunca supieron que la imagen fue recortada para ocultar una jaula y que el animal estaba entrenado para posar en la foto, o que Burrell pidió prestado el ejemplar disecado a algún museo y lo acomodó con unos troncos.

Mawbanna, nordeste de Tasmania, 1930

El último lobo marsupial salvaje fue visto cerca de los gallineros del granjero Wilf Batty. El animal no lo escuchó separar con los dedos extendidos el pasto que le llegaba a la cintura. Amaneció colgado de las patas traseras.

Zoológico de Hobart, isla de Tasmania, 1936

Encerrado en su jaula, el último tigre de Tasmania mata el tiempo imaginando situaciones. Por ejemplo, que no lo capturaron hace tres años en el bosque de eucaliptos, que estira las patas en su hueco del árbol, que por la noche sale a cazar wombats. Recorre los espacios de una casa imaginaria: a la derecha su árbol hueco, detrás el wombat más sabroso, más allá el bosque de eucalipto.

El último tigre de Tasmania dura 62 segundos de filmación en blanco y negro con el naturalista David Fleay del otro lado de la cámara: el tigre de frente, saltando sobre la reja, el reverso del tigre, su cola de base ancha, rayada, tres cuartos de tigre, perro mirando hacia abajo, las rayas en diagonal, las rayas al ras, las rayas dando vueltas sobre su propio eje antes de meterse a su covacha.

Zoológico de Hobart, isla de Tasmania, 1936

No tenemos grabaciones con sonido del tilacino, pero quienes lo han estudiado dicen que chiflaba de nervios, *fiu fiu fiu fiu*, luego gruñía, *grrrr grrrr grrrrrr grrrrrrrr* y terminaba con un bostezo de amenaza, *yaaaaawn*. Al cazar, hacía unos sonidos parecidos a la tos en repeticiones rápidas, *cofcofcofcof*, para avisarle a la manada si encontraba alguna presa. Se reportó también un sonido largo y sordo, *wuuuuu*, con la cabeza inclinada, para identificarse de lejos, afligido.

¿Quién hablará al último tigre de Tasmania?  
No su idioma: a él.  
No a él: a su espina dorsal rebanada por las rayas.  
No a sus rayas: a la vida que en ellas se multiplica.  
No a su vida: al pasto alto que la recuerda.

### Desierto de Nullarbor, Mundrabilla, 1966

El agujero del tilacino Lázaro está a 11.5 metros bajo tierra. Las pruebas de carbón dicen que el cadáver está ahí desde hace cinco mil años, pero su cabeza tiene la lengua intacta, el ojo izquierdo fresco, las rayas aún visibles, paralelas, en la piel del lomo. Hay personas que rondan la cueva esperando ver la loza levantarse y a él salir caminando atado con vendas en las patas y la cabeza envuelta en un sudario.

### 3.

#### Avistamientos

Andrew Orchard, granjero, 2012:

*La primera vez tenía 18 años, estaba cazando patos. Desde entonces he visto tantos que perdí la cuenta. Mi padre también los vio, tengo pruebas. Esta huella no puede ser de zorro porque tiene la almohadilla de atrás muy grande y las cuatro anteriores en línea recta.*

Gina Russell, ama de casa, 1996:

*Vi algo que no debí haber visto.  
¿Viste un asesinato?  
No, vi un tigre.*

Tim Kewell, carpintero, 2003:

*Hacen mucho ruido al correr, pero de pronto ya no se escucha nada.*

Anónimo, 1984:

*Estaba buscando conejos con mi hermano y lo vi moverse entre la hierba. Los dos lo vimos, y no fue el primero. Eran como las diez de la mañana. No supimos a quién reportarlo.*

Hans Naarding, guarda parques, 1982:

*Lo vi tan claramente que tuve tiempo de contarle las rayas. Eran doce.*

Anónimo, 1990:

*¿Te enseñé las fotografías? Mira la cola rayada detrás de ese arbusto.*

Equipo Tigre Booth-Richardson, leñadores, 2017:

*Tenemos tres grupos identificados hasta el momento, viven en pequeñas familias. Los vemos aproximadamente una vez cada seis meses. Son muy elusivos pero, con experiencia, es fácil saber si andan cerca. Sobre todo si es un macho, por el olor. Como son más bajos que los helechos, a veces sólo se asoma una cabeza flotante que desaparece en cuanto la miras.*

4.

Rinoceronte lanudo, Nessie, dodo, cabra de los Pirineos, sapo dorado, gran mariposa blanca, goblin, marmosa grácil de vientre rojo, foca monje del caribe, abominable hombre de las nieves, pato de cabeza rosada.

Celebramos la vida que no existe.

La sombra que avanza sin un cuerpo.

Buscamos al tigre de Tasmania, síndrome colectivo del miembro fantasma.

Robin Myers

## I'm Not From Here

When the tide rises in the dark,  
the beach becomes a market aisle:  
diapers, sand dollars, urchin shells,  
shark eggs seaweed-stitched to the coastline.

Behold this artifact of collagen and gentle curves.

Sharks lay eggs that look like screws:  
spirals coiling themselves into the ocean floor to stay in place.

See how they breathe through their translucent skin.

Consider their violent geometry.

In some, a living kernel palpitates, an embryo that lodges in that humid pit and throbs, backlit,  
as if to say:

*I'm not from here.*



Isabel Zapata

## Yo no soy de aquí

Cuando por las noches sube la marea  
la playa se vuelve un pasillo del mercado:  
pañales, galletas de mar, caparazones de erizo  
huevos de tiburón tejidos con alga al litoral.

Considera ese artefacto de colágeno y curvas suaves.

Los tiburones ponen huevos en forma de tornillo:  
espirales que se enroscan al suelo marino para quedarse en su lugar.

Mira cómo respiran a través de su cáscara traslúcida.

Considera su violenta geometría.

En algunos se agita una semilla viva, un embrión que habita esa fosa de humedad y que, visto a contraluz, palpita como diciendo:

*Yo no soy de aquí.*

Robin Myers

## Luciferin

We jumped out of a motorboat in the middle of the night  
and tiny bright-blue lightning bolts appeared in the water.

We were seventeen.

The surface lighted up and we shone, too.

They're called dinoflagellates: protists with the compound luciferin that yield a luminous photon when touched by oxygen.

All of a sudden, it was Christmas in the ocean, and we  
were five small bulbs smearing our bodies with nocturnal light.

Bright Jell-O floating in a brilliant jumble.

Constellations of fungi grow in Japanese forests.  
Some snails become green light bulbs to scare off their enemies.  
There is a kind of shrimp that vomits dazzling chemicals.

The night we met the dinoflagellates, the water blazed blue with our touch.

We felt invincible,  
though to the water we were nothing new.

Isabel Zapata

## Luciferina

Una vez nos tiramos de una lancha a media noche  
y en el agua aparecieron diminutos relámpagos azules.

Teníamos 17 años.

Cuando se encendió la superficie, nosotros también resplandecimos.

Se llamaban dinoflagelados, protistas con molécula luciferina que producen un fotón luminoso cuando el oxígeno los toca.

De pronto fue navidad en todo el océano y nosotros  
cinco foquitos untándonos el cuerpo de luz nocturna.

Gelatinas luminosas flotando en desorden.

Hay constelaciones de hongos en los bosques japoneses.  
Algunos caracoles se vuelven focos verdes ante el enemigo.  
Existen camarones que vomitan químicos resplandecientes.

Esa noche de dinoflagelados, el agua se encendió al tacto.

Nos sentíamos invencibles,  
pero ni siquiera a ella fuimos distintos.

Robin Myers

## Dictionary for Lonesome George

*For Jorge Comensal*

### A

Archipelago: of Columbus; Galapagos Islands: five main islands, three smaller ones, and 107 islets scattered across the Pacific Ocean, 605 miles to the east of mainland Ecuador.

### B

Blue-footed booby. They walk as if they were wearing enormous shoes, lifting one foot and then the other, enthralled by their own comic genius.

### C

Coordinates: 1°40'N-1°36'S, 89°16'-92°01'W

### D

Diego. He's fathered between 400 and 800 since 1977. His entire species begins to resemble him.

### E

Extinction. There are fifteen species of giant tortoise in the Galapagos. Three were extinct before George: Floreana, Fernandina, and Pinta.

### F

Finches. Their beaks vary on each island, depending on the kind of food accessible to them: thick beaks for cracking seeds, little beaks for eating insects, long beaks for drinking the blood of seabirds (vampire finches).

## G

Ground. Colors start to vanish as you descend into the ocean: first red, then yellow, then finally green. If you go down far enough and catch a black fish in the deepest depths, you'll discover that it's actually orange when you resurface. At the bottom of the sea, really the bottom, humans see in black and white, like certain birds.

## H

Harriet (previously Harry): Captured in the Galapagos in 1830, Harry the turtle lived 176 years. It took scientists another century to realize they'd gotten her sex wrong.

## I

Island: of Santa Cruz. You can see the body of Lonesome George in the Charles Darwin Tortoise Center, in facilities that control the necessary temperature and humidity for its preservation.

## J

Jacks. Fish that sleep to the north of San Cristóbal Island and dream of expanding on silver canvases.

## K

Kilos. Galapagos penguins weigh just two. Even a rice rat or a crab can eat one (by land or by sea).

## L

Lichen. They turn into vegetal rivers if you stare at them long enough; they stretch out the path they mark without ever breaking.

## M

Modesty. Lonesome George never reproduced in captivity.

## N

Note. Dear George, I'm writing this in front of the glass box with your embalmed body inside it. We're visiting the museum. I liked the part with the canoes and the part with the diagrams and I

liked the story of how the ocean currents dragged Fray Tomás de Berlanga all the way to the islands.

## O

Order. Your species disappeared. But when no one's looking, the islands spell your name.

## P

People. There's a species of tortoise called *Chelonoidis donfaustoi* in honor of Don Fausto Llerena, the park ranger at Galapagos National Park who found Lonesome George dead in his pen, his body stretched out in the direction of his watering hole.

## Q

*Quelonios* (Spanish): chelonians. An order of reptiles with four short limbs, toothless jaws, and bodies protected by shells into which they can retract their heads, feet, and tail.

## R

Return. Anyone who visits the Galapagos longs only to return.

## S

Salgado, Sebastião. *A symbolic murder occurs when the subject ceases to be part of the world and is made a monument.*

## T

Taoism. Do you think the sacred tortoise that Prince Ch'u keeps in a box is better off dead and venerated than alive and shifting its tail through the mud?

## U

University of Cambridge. Darwin sampled falcon and owl meat at the Glutton Club. During his voyage aboard the *Beagle*, he ate armadillo; puma in Patagonia. He ate giant tortoise in the Galapagos. He liked it so much that he brought back 48 on his way home.

## V

Verdant. It's said that the islands are a lush necklace of rocks scattered over the water. That there are pink iguanas on Isabela Island.

## W

Wolf, Franz Theodor. *Octopus wolfi*, the smallest cephalopod, was named in his honor.

## X

X-Rays. Wrapped in cloth in the luggage of Dirk Bender were four land iguanas that the German intended to smuggle through the Baltra Island Airport.

## Y

Yoke. The first time Darwin saw Galapagos tortoises, he tried to ride them.

## Z

Zapaya, red rock crab, *abuete negro*. Its scientific name is *Grapsus grapsus*. This is also the sound they make when they dance on tiptoe over the rocks: *grapsus, grapsus, grapsus*, light-footed crustacean.

Isabel Zapata

## Diccionario para George, el Solitario

*Para Jorge Comensal*

### A

Archipiélago: de Colón; Islas Galápagos: quince islas principales, tres pequeñas y 107 islotes distribuidos en el Océano Pacífico, a 973 kilómetros al oeste del Ecuador Continental.

### B

Bobo de patas azules. Caminan como si trajeran zapatos gigantes, alzando una pata y luego otra, encantados con su genio cómico.

### C

Coordenadas: 1°40'N-1°36'S, 89°16'-92°01'W

### D

Diego. Ha tenido entre 400 y 800 crías desde 1977. Toda su especie empieza a parecerse a él.

### E

Extinción. En Galápagos hay catorce especies de tortugas gigantes, tres están extintas: floreana, fernandina y pinta.

### F

Fondo del mar. Los colores desaparecen en las profundidades: primero el rojo, luego el amarillo, al final el verde. Si descendes lo suficiente y tomas un pez negro de lo más hondo, al regresar a la superficie podrías descubrir que es anaranjado. En el fondo del mar, realmente al fondo, los humanos vemos en blanco y negro, como algunas aves.



## G

Gente. Hay una especie de tortuga gigante llamada *Chelonoidis donfaustoi* en honor a Don Fausto Llerena, el guardabosques del Parque Nacional Galápagos, que encontró el cadáver de Solitario George en su corral, en una posición como dirigiéndose al bebedero.

## H

Harriet (antes Harry): Capturada en Galápagos en 1830, la tortuga Harry vivió 176 años. Los científicos se tardaron un siglo en darse cuenta de que se habían equivocado de sexo.

## I

Isla Santa Cruz. El cuerpo de Solitario George puede verse en el Centro de Crianza de Tortugas Charles Darwin, en instalaciones que controlan la temperatura y humedad necesarias para su preservación.

## J

Jureles. Duermen al norte de la isla San Cristóbal y sueñan que se expanden en lienzos de plata.

## K

Kilos. Los pingüinos de las Galápagos pesan apenas dos. Hasta una rata arrocera o un cangrejo pueden comérselos (si por tierra, si por mar).

## L

Líquenes. Se convierten en ríos vegetales si los miras el tiempo suficiente; estiran el camino que marcan, sin romperse.

## M

Murmullo. Dicen que las islas son un collar de piedras extendido sobre el agua. Que hay iguanas rosas en la isla Isabela.

## N

Nota. Querido George, escribo esto frente a la caja de vidrio que contiene tu cuerpo embalsamado. Estamos de visita en el museo. Me gustó la parte de las canoas y la parte de los

diagramas y me gustó la historia de cómo las corrientes marinas arrastraron a Fray Tomás de Berlanda hasta las islas.

## O

Orden. Desapareció tu especie. Pero cuando nadie las ve, las islas toman la forma de tu nombre.

## P

Pinzones. En cada isla tienen picos distintos, según el tipo de alimento a su alcance: gruesos para romper semillas, pequeños para comer insectos, largos para beber la sangre de aves marinas (pinzón vampiro).

## Q

*Quelonio*. Orden de reptiles con cuatro extremidades cortas, mandíbulas sin dientes y cuerpo protegido por un caparazón dentro del cual pueden retraer la cabeza, las patas y la cola.

## R

Recato. Solitario George nunca procreó en cautiverio.

## S

Salgado, Sebastião. *Un asesinato simbólico ocurre cuando el sujeto deja de ser parte del mundo para volverse un monumento.*

## T

Taoísmo. ¿Crees que la tortuga sagrada que el príncipe Ch'u tiene guardada en un cofre está mejor, venerada y muerta, que viva y moviendo su cola en el fango?

## U

Universidad de Cambridge. En el Club de los glotones, Darwin probó carne de halcón y de búho. Durante el viaje del *Beagle* comió armadillos, puma en la Patagonia. En las Galápagos comió tortugas gigantes. Le gustaron tanto que llevaron 48 en el viaje de regreso.

## V

Volver. El que va a Galápagos sólo sueña con volver.

## W

Wolf, Franz Theodor. *Octopus wolfi*, el cefalópodo más pequeño, fue nombrado en su honor.

## X

Rayos X. Iban envueltas en tela, entre el equipaje de Dirk Bender, cuatro iguanas terrestres que el alemán pretendía pasar por el aeropuerto de la Isla de Baltra.

## Y

Yugo. La primera vez que Darwin vio tortugas de las Galápagos, intentó montarlas.

## Z

Zapaya. Su nombre científico es *grapsus grapsus*. También es el sonido que hacen cuando bailan de puntitas entre las rocas: *grapsus, grapsus, grapsus*, crustáceo de pies ligeros.

## Biographies

Hussain Ahmed is a Nigerian poet and environmentalist. His poems are featured or forthcoming in *Prairie Schooner*, *Poetry*, *The Cincinnati Review*, *The Rumpus*, *Passages North*, and elsewhere. He is currently an MFA candidate in poetry at the University of Mississippi.

Ἄλκμαν (Alcman) (late seventh century BCE) was reputedly freed from servitude for the beauty of his singing. He claimed to have learned poetry from listening to the partridges and doves. He led the choruses of young boys and girls in Sparta, where he became a citizen.

The poetry of Ἄνακρεών (Anacreon) (sixth to fifth century BCE) celebrates drunkenness and love, in particular for the boy Bathyllus. His reputation as a person suffered from the enthusiasms of his verse, and some considered reading his poems morally dangerous. Others loved him for the same. An anonymous poet, or poets, wrote poems in the name of Anacreon, a collection known as the Ἄνακρεόνεια (Anacreontea), from which the poem published here derives.

Ἀρχιλόχος (Archilochus) (seventh century BCE) was banned from Sparta for writing verses that could corrupt children: not only for his poem of running away from a battle, but for the biting cruelty that marks his poems—so extreme, according to legend, that a poem written in revenge of a broken engagement resulted in the suicides of his fiancé, her sisters, and her father.

Dan Beachy-Quick is a poet, essayist, and translator, most recently the author of *ARROWS* (Tupelo Press, 2020). The collection of translations from Ancient Greek, *Stone-Garland*, will be published by Milkweed Editions in the fall. His work has been supported by the Monfort, Lannan, and Guggenheim Foundations. He teaches at Colorado State University, where he is a University Distinguished Teaching Scholar.

Nancy Naomi Carlson is a poet, translator, essayist, and translation editor (Tupelo Quarterly). Her work has appeared in *The American Poetry Review*, *The Georgia Review*, *The Paris Review*, and *Poetry*. *Cargo Hold of Stars: Coolitude* (Seagull Books) is forthcoming, and *An Infusion of Violets* (Seagull Books) was named “new & noteworthy” by *The New York Times*.

Daria Chernysheva is a writer and translator of Russian and French. She was born in Ural, Russia and moved to the United States as a child. Her translation work has included children’s books, historical documents, and asylum dossiers. She completed her MA in Translation Studies at the University of Warwick, where she was a Fulbright Scholar. In 2019, she was selected as a translator-in-residence at the CITL’s annual workshop, La Fabrique des Traducteurs, in southern France. Her work has appeared in the *Brooklyn Rail* and *Comparative Drama*.

Matilda Colarossi is a Canadian translator and teacher living in Florence, Italy. She has been translating commercial texts since 2001 and literature since 2015. Her translations of poetry and prose (fiction and nonfiction) can be found in such literary journals and online magazines as *Lunch Ticket*, *Asymptote*, the *Ilanot Review*, *Poetry International*, and *Sakura Review*. Her work includes the books *Fiamma (Mangiafuoco)* by Dana Neri, and *Leonardo Da Vinci, Legends and Fables* (MutatuM Publishing, 2018). She has been managing and translating on the blog *parallel texts: words reflected* since 2015.

Juan Carlos Garvayo (Motril, Granada) is one of the world's most active and multifaceted pianists. A soloist and a founding member of the award-winning Trío Arbós, he has performed in more than thirty countries and recorded more than thirty projects. He has premiered over one hundred new works, many of which were composed specifically for him. Garvayo studied at the Granada Conservatory and then graduated from Rutgers and New York University with degrees in music and anthropology. He explores the latter discipline in the myth, symbol, and rituals that are important themes in both his poetry and music. *33 Sueños (33 Dreams)* (Editorial Nazarí, 2015) is his first poetry collection. A bibliophile and thalassophile, he lives in Madrid where he is a professor at the Madrid Royal Conservatory of Music and the Artistic Director of the Festival Música Sur. He is currently working on a new collection of poems.

Marlon Hacla is a programmer, writer, and photographer. His first book, *May Mga Dumadaang Anghel sa Parang* (Angels Have Walked These Fields) (National Commission for Culture and the Arts, Philippines, 2010), was published as part of the UBOD New Authors Series II. His second book, *Glossolalia*, was published by High Chair in 2013. He also released two chapbooks, *Labing-anim na Liham ng Kataksilan* (Sixteen Letters of Infidelity) (2014) and *Melismas* (2016). In 2017, he created the first robot poet in Filipino, Estela Vadal, as a Twitter bot with the Twitter handle @estelavadal. He lives in Quezon City, Philippines, with his cats.

黃品瑜 (Pinyu Hwang) is an undergraduate student at Yale University who is interested in linguistics and computer science. With a childhood split between Taiwan and the US, she is fond of pinball machines in the night markets, macarons, tea, stories, and language. Her short story "One-Way Tickets" was published as part of The Nature of Cities' anthology, *A Flash of Silver-Green* (2019). She is a volunteer translator of foreign news for *Watching America*, and has helped translate a number of simulations on the online educational platform CoSci, created and maintained by National Central University (Taoyuan, Taiwan).

Юлия Идлис (Yulia Idlis) is a Russian poet, journalist, screenwriter, and lecturer. One of the "first wave" poets who appeared on the literary scene at the beginning of the twenty-first century, she published two collections of her poetry: *Сказки для* (Tales For...) in 2003 and *Воздух, вода* (Air, Water) in 2005. She has also published a nonfiction book, *Рунет. Сотворённые кумиры* (Runet: Invented Idols), on the development of the Russian blogosphere. Her writing credits for the Russian screen include the television series *Авантюристы* (Adventurers) and *Fartsa*. Yulia holds degrees from Moscow State University and the Moscow Film School. She currently focuses on screenwriting and lives in Estonia.

Zita Izsó was born in Budapest in 1986. Her first poetry collection, *Tengerlakó* (Sea Dweller), received the Attila Gérecz Prize in 2012. Her first drama won the Hungarian Radio Playwriting Contest. The Debrecen Színláz Company took to the stage her second drama, *Függés* (Dependence). Her second poetry collection, *Színről színre* (Face to face), was published in 2014. She published her third poetry collection in 2018 under the title *Éjszakai földet érés* (Nighttime Landing). She is one of the editors of the FISZ-Kalligram Horizons World Literature Series and the literary reviews *1749* and *Pannon Tükör*. She translates from English, German, French and Spanish—for example, she is the translator of the Argentinian poet Alejandra Pizarnik and the Mexican poet Rosario Castellanos. Izsó's poems have been translated into English, German, Arabic, Turkish, Czech, Polish, Serbian, Slovak, Romanian and Bulgarian. She is the recipient of numerous awards and grants including the Zsigmond Móricz Literary Grant.

Κ α λ λ ί μ α χ ο ς (Callimachus) (fourth century BCE) lived in Alexandria and worked as a scholar in the Great Library. He turned his poems away from the epic tradition, and focused instead on short poems of common themes. He is reputed to have written eight hundred books.

Jessica Kirzane is an assistant instructional professor of Yiddish at the University of Chicago and the Editor-in-Chief of *In geveb: A Journal of Yiddish Studies*. Her translations have previously appeared in *Queen Mob's Tea House*, *Your Impossible Voice*, *Jewish Currents*, *Pakn Treger*, *Columbia Journal*, *Another Chicago Magazine*, *In geveb*, and elsewhere. She is the translator of *Diary of a Lonely Girl, or the Battle against Free Love* by Miriam Karpilove (Syracuse University Press, 2020).

Jake Levine is a US American translator, poet, and scholar. He received both his BA and MFA from the University of Arizona and is currently ABD in a PhD program in Comparative Literature at Seoul National University. He works as an assistant professor of creative writing at Keimyung University and as a lecturer at the Literature Translation Institute of Korea. He is the Assistant Editor at *Acta Koreana* and the Editor for the Korean poetry series Moon Country at Black Ocean. Previously he served as the Editor-in-Chief of *Sonora Review* and as the Poetry Editor of Spork Press. His translation of Kim Kyung Ju's poetry collection *I Am a Season That Doesn't Exist in the World* (Black Ocean, 2016) was a finalist for ALTA's Lucien Stryk Prize. In 2018 his translation of Kim Kyung Ju's verse play *Bred from the Eyes of a Wolf* came out with Plays Inverse. Last spring saw the release of his co-translation of Kim Yideum's *Hysteria* (Action Books) and a special collection of translations of contemporary Korean women authors that he edited for *Puerto Del Sol*. He also co-translated *Poems of Kim Yideum, Kim Haengsook & Kim Min Jeong* with Don Mee Choi, Johannes Göransson and Jiyeon Lee. His translations of Kim Kyung Ju's poetry collection *Whale and Vapor* (Black Ocean) and verse play *Butterfly Sleep* (Tupelo Press) came out in 2019.

Marta Lo Brano is a Sardinian poet and artist. After a degree in foreign languages (Spanish and Arabic), she left Sardinia to study dramatic arts in Rome and later at Nouveau Cirque in Bologna. Personal choices led her to Barcelona, where she lived for two years until she obtained a scholarship for a performing arts project in Denmark; there, she started experimenting with

how to free one's inner voice. "My work with words," states the poet, "goes hand in hand with my studies in voice. Also thanks to my encounter with the Linklater and Roy Hart methods, I have experimented with how to free one when the other is trapped: the word, even when pronounced in the secret silence within us, is capable of communicating sound; and the voice, even when whispered intimately and made of thoughts, bears within it the power of life." She is currently living in Berlin. "Mie insondabili tutte" is the product of ten years of soul searching.

Franca Mancinelli was born in Fano, Italy, in 1981. Her first two collections of verse poetry, *Mala kruna* (2007) and *Pasta madre* (Mother Dough) (2013), were awarded several prizes in Italy and later published together, in John Taylor's translation, as *At an Hour's Sleep from Here* (The Bitter Oleander Press, 2019). Her collection of prose poems, *Libretto di transito*, is likewise available in Taylor's translation as *The Little Book of Passage* (The Bitter Oleander Press, 2018). She has participated in international projects, serving as the Chair Poet in Residence (Kolkata, India) and contributing to REFEST: Images & Words on Refugee Routes. From this latter experience was born her *Taccuino croato* (Croatian Notebook), now published in *Come tradurre la neve* (How to Translate the Snow, 2019). Her new book of poetry, *Tutti gli occhi che ho aperto* (All the Eyes that I have Opened), will appear in Italy in September 2020.

Sean Manning has translated numerous literary texts including Eduardo Lalo's *The Elements* (*Intemperie*), Azahara Palomeque's *American Poems* (Coolgrove Press, 2020), and Carlos Pereda's *Lessons in Exile* (*Los aprendizajes del exilio*) (Brill, 2018). His translations have also appeared in *Asymptote Journal* and *Exchanges*. He is currently working on Carlos Pereda's most recent book *Destrucciones y pensamiento nómada* (Destructions and Nomadic Thought); Lorenzo García Vega's *Cetrería del títere* (Falconry with Puppets); and several essays by Ricardo Piglia, Ana Camblong, Diego Vecchio, and Daniel Attala for a volume dedicated to the Argentine writer Macedonio Fernández. He is a lecturer at the University of Texas at Austin in the Department of Spanish and Portuguese, where he received his PhD in Spanish and Latin American Literature. He teaches courses on language, literature, and writing.

Agnes Marton is a Hungarian-born poet, writer, librettist, Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts (UK), and reviews editor at The Ofi Press. Recent publications include her collection *Captain Fly's Bucket List* and four chapbooks with Moria Books (USA). She won the National Poetry Day Competition (UK), and an anthology she edited received the Saboteur Award. Her work is widely anthologized; some examples include *Alice: Ekphrasis at the British Library* and *Anthem: A Tribute to Leonard Cohen*. Her fiction was called "exceptional" at the prestigious Disquiet Literary Contest (USA). In the award-winning poetry exhibition project Guardian of the Edge, thirty-three accomplished visual artists responded to her poetry. She has been a resident poet at the Scott Polar Research Institute at the University of Cambridge, on a research boat in the Arctic Circle, and also in Iceland, Italy, Ireland, Serbia, Portugal, Chile, Canada and the United States. She is based in Luxembourg.

Kim Min Jeong was born in 1976, in Incheon. She majored in creative writing at Choongang University for both her bachelor's and master's degrees. She made her literary debut with the

Munyea Choongang's New Writers Award in 1999. She has published the poetry collections *날으는 고슴도치 아가씨* (Flying Porcupine Lady), *그녀가 처음, 느끼기 시작했다* (For the First Time, That Woman Feeling), *아름답고 쓸모없기를* (Beautiful and Useless), and the prose collection *각설하고*, (Anyways,). She is also the recipient of the Park In Hwan Literary Award and Contemporary Poetry Award and is the Poetry Editor for Korea's largest publishing house, Munhakdongne.

Kristine Ong Muslim is the author of nine books, including the fiction collections *Age of Blight* (Unnamed Press, 2016), *Butterfly Dream* (Snuggly Books, 2016), and *The Drone Outside* (Eibonvale Press, 2017), as well as the poetry collections *Lifeboat* (University of Santo Tomas Publishing House, 2015), *Meditations of a Beast* (Cornerstone Press, 2016), and *Black Arcadia* (University of the Philippines Press, 2017). She is Co-Editor of two anthologies: the British Fantasy Award-winning *People of Colo(u)r Destroy Science Fiction* and *Sigwa: Climate Fiction Anthology from the Philippines*, an illustrated volume forthcoming from the Polytechnic University of the Philippines Press. Widely anthologized, her short stories have appeared in *Conjunctions*, *Tin House*, and *World Literature Today*. She grew up and continues to live in a rural town in southern Philippines.

Robin Myers is a Mexico City-based translator and poet. She was among the winners of the 2019 Poem in Translation Contest (*Words Without Borders*/Academy of American Poets). Recent and forthcoming translations include *Another Life* by Daniel Lipara (Eulalia Books, Fall 2021), *The Restless Dead* by Cristina Rivera Garza (Vanderbilt University Press, Fall 2020), *Cars on Fire* by Mónica Ramón Ríos (Open Letter Books, 2020), *Animals at the End of the World* by Gloria Susana Esquivel (University of Texas Press, 2020), and *Lyric Poetry Is Dead* by Ezequiel Zaidenweg (Cardboard House Press, 2018).

Azahara Palomeque is a Spanish poet and writer currently living in Philadelphia. She is the author of the books *Año 9: Crónicas catastróficas en la era Trump* (Year 9: Catastrophic Accounts in the Trump Era) (2020), *R.I.P. (Rest in Plastic)* (2019), *En la ceniza blanca de las encías* (In the White Ash of the Gums) (2017), *American Poems* (2015), and the bilingual chapbook *El Diente del Lobo/The Wolf's Tooth* (2014). She has published numerous poems, short stories and essays in journals and magazines in the US, Spain, and Latin America; her poetry has been included in several anthologies—such as *Poesía sin fronteras* (2018)—and partially translated into Greek and English. She has presented her work at branches of the New York Public Library, the Philadelphia Free Library, and several US American universities and festivals. Palomeque is also a visual artist, a published scholar, and a contributor to the prestigious Spanish newspaper *CTXT*, where she reports on U.S. social issues. She holds a PhD in Cultural Studies from Princeton University.

Lea Schneider, born in Cologne, Germany, now lives and works as a freelance author, translator, and critic in Berlin after extended periods living in China and Taiwan. Her writing is located in the space between poetry, essay, and translation, but she prefers to mix these three forms into something new. She also works with the poetry collective G13 on performances and forms of



collective writing. Her most recent publications include a collection of Chinese poetry translated into German, *Chinabox. Neue Lyrik aus der Volkrepublik* (China Box. New Poetry from the People's Republic) (2016) as well as a volume of poetry, *made in china* (2020), published by Verlagshaus Berlin.

Soeun Seo is a poet and translator from South Korea. Their translations have appeared in *Hayden's Ferry Review*, *Circumference*, *Puerto del Sol*, and more. Their original poems have been published in *Hayden's Ferry Review*, *Potluck Magazine*, *Witch Craft Magazine*, and *Fuck Art, Let's Dance*. They are currently a Michener Fellow. They were a co-translator of Kim Yideum's *Hysteria* (Action Books, 2019) and are currently working on a translation of Kim Min Jeong's *아름답고 쓸모없기름* (Beautiful and Useless), which will be coming out in Spring 2020 with Black Ocean.

Bradley Schmidt grew up in rural Kansas, where he studied German literature before moving to Germany. He is currently based in Leipzig, working as a translator and editor. He also teaches writing and translation at Leipzig University, and is Co-Editor at *No Man's Land*. His translations of contemporary German prose and poetry are widely published. He frequently posts thoughts and pictures @leipzig\_is\_lit. His translation of Lea Schneider's *Invasion in Reverse* received an honorable mention for the 2019 Cliff Becker Book Prize in Translation.

שלמה שווארץ (Shloyme Shvarts) (Selwyn S. Schwartz, 1907–1988) was a Yiddish and English poet born in Kobryn in what is now Belarus. He immigrated to the United States in 1920 and graduated from the University of Chicago. He was sometimes called the “poet of Chicago,” and his Yiddish poetry appeared in *קוריער אידישער קוריער* (The Daily Jewish Courier), *שיקאגא* (Chicago), *צוקונפט* (Future), *אידישער קעמפער* (The Jewish Fighter), *אין זיך* (Introspectivism), and elsewhere. Among his editorial work is the 1932–1933 *אנטאלאגיע מיטוועסט-מיירעוו*, an anthology of Yiddish writing in the US American West and Midwest. He published several volumes of poetry including *בלוימאָנטיק* (Blue Monday) (1938), *אַמעריקע* (America) (1940), *גאלדענער גלות* (Golden exile) (1971), and others. He also published five collections of poetry in English, including *The Poet in Blue Minor* (1942), *Passages of Refuge* (1942), *Preface to Maturity* (1944), *Letters to My Unborn Son* (1947), and *Horn in the Dust* (1949).

Σ ι μ ω ν ι δ η ς (Simonides) (sixth to fifth century BCE) bore both fame and infamy in the ancient world—fame for his wisdom and for creating a system of memory and infamy for taking money for his poems from wealthy patrons. Close friends with Anacreon, he lived differently than his profligate fellow poet, spending little, hoarding wealth. Simonides became a revered public figure, writing public memorial and encomium poems.

Dorothy Potter Snyder writes fiction and essays, and translates literature from Spanish, including works by Mónica Lavín (Mexico), Almudena Sánchez (Spain), Karla Suárez (Cuba), Juan Carlos Garvayo (Spain), and Óscar González (Colombia). Her translations have appeared in *The Sewanee Review*, *Surreal Poetics*, *Two Lines*, *Review: Literature and Art of the Americas*, and *Exile Quarterly*. She contributes to *Public Seminar*, *Potent Magazine*, and *La Gaceta de Tucumán*

(Argentina) in English and Spanish. Her stories have appeared in *The Write Launch* and *East by Northeast*. She taught Spanish language at Yeshiva University and The New School for Social Research and has collaborated on Spanish curriculum development for Berlitz International and scores of public service organizations. She holds a BA from Yale University, an MFA from The Sewanee School of Letters, and is a member of the Under the Volcano writing community in Tepoztlán, México. She lives and works in Hillsborough, NC.

宋尚緯 (Shang-Wei Song) (pen name Miao Lin) is a contemporary Taiwanese poet. He was born in 1989 and earned a master's degree in creative writing from the National Dong Hwa University's Department of Sinophone Literatures. His works include the poetry collections *輪迴手札* (Circular Notes by Hand, 2011), *共生* (Symbiosis, 2016), *鎮痛* (Analgesia, 2016, awarded the Yang Mu Prize for Literature), and *比海還深的地方* (Deeper than Oceans, 2017). He often shares satirical poetry and commentary on current events on his personal Facebook page. His work has won numerous awards.

John Taylor was born in Des Moines in 1952. He has lived in France since 1977. Among his many translations of French, Italian, and Modern Greek literature are books by Philippe Jaccottet, Jacques Dupin, José-Flore Tappy, Pierre Voélin, Pierre Chappuis, Pierre-Albert Jourdan, Catherine Colomb, Lorenzo Calogero, Alfredo de Palchi, Elias Petropoulos, and Elias Papadimitrakopoulos. He is the author of several volumes of short prose and poetry, most recently *Remembrance of Water & Twenty-Five Trees* (The Bitter Oleander Press) and a “double book” co-authored with the Swiss poet Pierre Chappuis, *A Notebook of Clouds & A Notebook of Ridges* (The Fortnightly Review, 2019). His memoir of working as the translator of Elias Petropoulos has just been released by Cycladic Press: *Harsh Out of Tenderness: The Greek Poet and Urban Folklorist Elias Petropoulos*.

Of Θέοργυλις (Theognis) (sixth century BCE) little is known. The poems seem to speak of the life of the man, extolling the aristocratic values of a segment of ancient Greek society, even as it is suggested his own fortunes turned for the worse and that he lost his money and status, while still writing poems that upheld the values of a station in life no longer his own.

Khal Torabully is a prize-winning poet, essayist, film director, and semiologist from Mauritius who gives voice to history's forgotten indentured laborers. He coined the term “coolitude” in much the same way Aimé Césaire coined the term “negritude,” imbuing it with dignity. Wordplay and neologisms underscore the violence of his themes.

M.J. Cagumbay Tumamac is a writer and reading advocate from southern Mindanao, Philippines.

Isabel Zapata is a writer and editor from Mexico City. She is the author of the poetry books *Ventanas adentro* (Windows Inside) (Ediciones Urdimbre, 2002), *Las noches son así* (The Nights Are Like That) (Broken English, 2018), and *Una ballena es un país* (A Whale Is a Country) (Almadía, 2019), as well as the bilingual essay collection *Alberca vacía / Empty Pool* (Editorial

Argonáutica, 2019, trans. Robin Myers). English translations of her work have appeared or are forthcoming in *World Literature Today*, *Words Without Borders*, *Waxwing*, *The Common*, and the *Rio Grande Review*.