

AzonalL

Three

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Marguerite Feitlowitz

93

Curfew prowls through the night, killing. So you can sleep. So you'll wake up refreshed, so routine and security can proceed unmolested, without the escape of a single word.

Moon stays silent—what else can you expect from that skeleton!—repeating the only inaction it knows: shine and fade.

The knock at the door. In spite of the anonymous leaflet and the new items proffered by the messenger—manuals, flares, cameras—you keep hoping midnight will bring your reward. Law and order, the echo of truncheons, protect more than ever our peace on earth, keep safe the dove of oblivion, guard the silent start of the aerial processions and underground caravans of death.

Toque de queda pasea de noche y mata. Para que duermas bien. Para despertar renovado y así rutina y seguridad puedan continuar bajo llave sin que escape una palabra.

Luna muda—¡qué otra puede exigir el esqueleto!—repite la única inacción que conoce: enciende y apaga.

Toque en la puerta. A pesar del prospecto anónimo y novedades que ofrece importadora—manuales, balizas, cámaras—, siempre la esperanza de ser premiados a medianoche.

Toque de campana y eco de goma protege como nunca la paz de la tierra para que luzca vuelo de paloma de olvido y prosigan, en silencio, los giros de la primera procesión aérea o caravana subterránea de la muerte.

Marguerite Feitlowitz

75

To demonstrate valor and bring prestige back from the dead, they kill. For the sake of life—unified, sanctified life, devoted to all that is holy.

In your name, in the name of women and children, order, the law, the family, so that all will go well as the young take their first—so important—steps, and then go out into the world, as much for self-improvement as for excursions to the south, to the islands; so that no one will be deprived, so that everyone will be independent and private in times of crisis and able, for example, to unload obligations without restrictions or red tape, longings or old regrets; so that everyone can take advantage of these years, these good times, and the opportunity—at low cost—to enjoy these festival days and the wide open market, technology and investment, and have the last word, and press lawsuits until the end of the world, etcetera.

(Further reporting prohibited, repeat the first paragraph, Law of Internal State Security.)

Para demostrar valentía y reponer prestigio muerto, mata. Así se uniforma la vida. Y se santifica también convirtiendo todo fin en razón de espíritu.

En tu nombre, en nombre de mujeres y niños, del orden, de la ley, de la familia, para que les vaya bien en sus primeros pasos—tan importante—y alrededor del mundo, tanto en perfeccionamiento como andanzas por el sur, por las islas, para que nadie pase apuros y sean independientes y privados en días de crisis y puedan disponer, por ejemplo, de espacios sin reserva, sin trámites ni esperas ni remordimientos viejos, para aprovechar los años, el buen tiempo, cada oportunidad—bajo precio—y hacerse parte de los días de fiesta y del mercado abierto de par en par, de la tecnología y la inversión y la última palabra y seguir acciones legales hasta el fin del mundo, etcétera.

(Impedido de informar, repítase el primer párrafo, Ley seguridad interior estado).

Marguerite Feitlowitz

78

Simple: either you clear a path to fight on the front lines or you go down to the catacombs. What a waste of jumping then standing still for the snapshot, toothy as skeletons gathered round the piano, ladders of music stretched with cable and guitar to the infinite stars.

Below, on the floor, light in the crannies, through numbered cells we can enter and exit the sites of sacrifice, and share our thoughts with bones like our own, with remains—abandoned like ourselves—on the forces that un-live us until we die.

Ennio Moltedo

78

Sencillo: o te abres paso y entras a pelear en primera fila o bajas a las catacumbas. Derroche de saltos y suspensión para la instantánea y dentadura de indios formados alrededor del piano y de la escala musical sujeta con cable y guitarra hasta las estrellas infinitas.

Abajo, sobre el piso, luz en los recodos, celdas y números nos permiten entrar y salir del sacrificio y compartir con huesos parecidos a los nuestros, con restos abandonados—como nosotros mismos—y pensamientos acerca de las razones que nos desviven hasta morir.

Marguerite Feitlowitz

90

The night was like day: moon. The moon was like a sun: night. Impossible to know the time, the place, the reasons between so much light and shadow.

I woke not knowing where. I had to count on my fingers. I had to call on the phone. Use my tongue.

They all lie: the director, the accused, the doctor.

They all lie, each with his pre-arranged face, and the counsel for the defense explains that it's a matter of opinion, and that back-and-forth is how the flag blows.

Ennio Molledo

90

La noche parecía día: la luna. La luna parecía un sol: la noche. Imposible saber la hora, el lugar, las razones entre tanto foco y sombra.

Desperté sin saber dónde. Tuve que contar los dedos. Tuve que llamar por teléfono. Con la lengua.

Miente el director, el acusador, el médico.

Mienten con cara propia y formada y el defensor explica que se trata sólo de opiniones y que así y así sopla la bandera.

Marguerite Feitlowitz

97

And so, by a simple act on paper—mental magic—all crimes committed before March 11 disappear.

Are they repentant? They're satisfied and with a draft of mandrake they'd do it again considering the results. Marvelous to remember that we can all disappear without fuss or farewells. Though it's disconcerting to hear that nothing of the kind can ever be repeated, that for us it will never be possible and that it was all just a puff of smoke, a ticket out, a necessary point of sale in honor of our honor.

Ennio Molledo

97

Y así, por un simple acto sobre el papel—mente mágica—, todas las faltas cometidas hasta el once de marzo desaparecen.

¿Arrepentidos? Se encuentran satisfechos y con varita mandrake volverán a hacer lo mismo visto el resultado. Maravilla recordar que todos podemos desaparecer sin molestias ni saludos. Más aún, desconcierta escuchar que nada igual puede repetirse, que jamás será posible para nosotros y que sólo se trató de un golpe de humos, un pase, un punto de venta necesario en honor de nuestro honor.

Marguerite Feitlowitz

51

Please, no. Not the full weight of the law.

Where do they come from, the flowers that bloom by the wayside and blossom in the constitution—and always face the same direction?

Impossible to resist the white boys' legislation. Impossible, so much weight and so much paving over. To tell you the truth, I prefer to sit back and wait for the presidential reckoning, the early and definitive iterations, all the usual music on which—they say—the very air, this time of year, depends.

I prefer a bell concert or the same old movie shown on the clear channel of the fog.

I prefer the story of Hermes the fascist who in '39 sailed off, amid cheers and applause, to defend the peninsula, and in '45 was seen returning from the opposite side of the boat, on the arm of the enemy.

But the whole weight of the law, no, not here. The children are sleeping.

Leave something for the moment we pack the truck. For the night of bags and bundles. For our escape. And, also, for a weekend, in the sun, with the memory of friends. These things are not to be gambled with.

Ennio Molledo

51

No, por favor. Todo el peso de la ley no.

¿Dónde entran aquí las flores del camino y de la constitución que brotan siempre del mismo lado?

Imposible resistir la legislación de los niños blancos. Imposible tanto peso y adoquín por aquí. De verdad, prefiero esperar sentado la cuenta presidencial, la preparatoria y la definitiva o las cadencias acostumbradas que—dicen—transmite el aire en este mes del año.

Prefiero un concierto de campanas o la misma película por el claro canal de la niebla:

Prefiero la historia del fascista Hermes que el 39 partió del puerto, entre vítores, a defender la península y lo vieron entrar el 45 por el lado opuesto de la bota y del brazo del enemigo.

Pero todo el peso de la ley aquí, no. Los niños duermen. Dejen algo para el momento de cargar el camión. Para la noche de sacos y bultos. Para el escape. Y también para un fin de semana, al sol, con los amigos del recuerdo. No se juega con estas cosas.

Marguerite Feitlowitz

84

They can be found framed by the heavens and the many-colored clouds, the heroes with name and rank, dates, and decorations. And, in some unknown place, are the actors disappeared from the black box theatre.

Ennio Moltedo

84

Entre cielos y nubes de colores se encuentran enmarcados, con nombre y rango, con fecha y ficha, los héroes. Y en algún lugar se encuentran los actores desaparecidos del teatro de cámara negra.

Marguerite Feitlowitz

62

Giving and taking. I hold out to you a certificate of good conduct and you make your confession, you whisper in my ear where the others are to be found.

There will be no reports in the press and no discussion in front of the children. All quiet. What is not known does not exist. But you'll be comforted to know that in the future the surprise can be repeated as many times as may be necessary.

As many times as may be necessary.

Ennio Moltedo

62

Pasando y pasando. Yo le extiendo documento de buena conducta y usted me confiesa, al oído, donde se encuentran.

No lo publicara la prensa y no se comentará delante de los niños. Lo que no se sabe no existe. Pero le servirá de consuelo saber que la sorpresa podrá repetirse en el futuro tantas veces como sea necesario.

Tantas veces como sea necesario.

Jozefina Komporaly

Closure

The library is closed
the swimming pool is closed
the church is closed.
The butcher is handing out cheap cuts
weak coffee
care.
His voice urges us to get better,
even better,
the best.
I'm hungry
I let my cravings grow in me
to fill me up.
In the cycle parking
there's a truck laden with clay.
The dogs are pleased
I think of my father.

Tatiana Țîbuleac

Biblioteca e închisă
piscina e închisă
biserica e închisă.
Măcelarul împarte oase ieftine
cafea slabă
grijă.
Vocea lui de clopot ne cheama să fim mai buni,
tot mai buni,
cei mai buni.
Mi-e foame
las poftele să crească în mine
să mă umple.
În parcare pentru biciclete
intră un camion cu lut.
Câinii se bucură
mă gândesc la tata.

Jozefina Komporaly

Worry

Children don't die of this
I tell mum to reassure her.
It's you who should take care
you're frail and
far away.
Mum is eating apples
she has a new dress
but her loneliness is old.
You don't know what children die of.
Mine died because of an error, she says.
But you are smarter
you are richer
you are the one who lived.
You've got nothing to worry about.

Tatiana Țîbuleac

Copiii nu mor de la asta
îi spun mamei ca să o liniștesc.
Tu să ai grijă, îi spun,
tu ești bătrână
departe.
Mama mănâncă mere
are rochie nouă
singurătatea ei este veche.
Nu știi de la ce mor copiii
îmi răspunde. Ai mei au murit dintr-o greșeală.
Dar tu ești mai deșteaptă
tu ești mai bogată
tu ești cea care a trăit.
Nu ai de ce să te temi.

Caleb Bouchard

For Ern

These days promise pain
Accursed by an unknowable rebellion
In a tumult, we see things played out
A false testimony laid out on tragedy's table
We see an unsettled and cursed life
The game of dispersion
Unfolds in the suburbs of death
And fortune lays down a new reality
Scorched by frigid delirium
Winter is no longer winter
Wind is no longer wind
Love is no longer love
The earth itself is no longer the earth
Everything is overturned in the crucible
An alchemy of debris.

Jacques Prevel

Pour Ern

Cette époque propice aux douleurs
Accuse je ne sais quoi de révolté
Dans un tumulte où se joue
La fausse déposition sur la table tragique
De la vie incertaine et maudite
Le jeu de la dispersion
Opère dans les faubourgs de la mort
Et la fortune installe un présent
Calciné par le froid du délire
L'hiver n'est plus l'hiver
Le vent n'est plus le vent
L'amour n'est plus l'amour
La terre elle-même n'est plus la terre
Tout est renversé dans le creuset
D'une alchimie de débris

Caleb Bouchard

Strange rumors

Strange rumors
Which speak of about the end of a dying time

We stripped the blanketcloak from the blind
It's no longer on earth, it's no longer in heaven
It is within us that this world is dead.
A blistering noise
And the shattered stars scatter
Between the death of two lives.

A flooding explosion
Stillborn desires kill each other
Old hopes in the shadows of chimeras
Cathedrals, forgotten and fallen
Brains emptied of substance
Construction of the ruined mind
Fallout from the old days
Bodies seized with both arms and thrown into the void
A cup of blood from which the guests will drink until the cup is empty
An extravagant waltz of a never-extinguished fire.

Lost traditions triumph
And the magical rings of spirits and the dead
The great shining circles, the nimble demons.

It will take work to turn back the clock, from now to the end of time
It will be necessary to find the Gesture and the Word.

Jacques Prevel

D'étranges rumeurs

D'étranges rumeurs
Qui parlent de la fin d'un temps qui meurt
Nous avons dépouillé le manteau des aveugles
Ce n'est plus sur la terre, ce n'est plus dans le ciel
C'est en nous que ce monde est mort.
Un grand bruit
Et les étoiles fracassées s'éparpillent
De cette mort entre deux vies.
Explosion du déluge
Désirs mort-nés qui s'entre-tuent
Anciens espoirs à l'ombre des chimères
Cathédrales oubliées, cathédrales abattues
Cerveaux vidés de substance
Construction de l'esprit en ruine
Retombement des anciens jours
Corps saisis à pleins bras et lancés dans le vide
Coupe de sang aux convives et bue jusqu'à la coupe

Et valse extravagante d'un feu jamais éteint.
Les traditions perdues
Et les anneaux magiques des esprits et des morts
Les grands cercles brillants, les démons animés.
Il faudra travailler jusqu'à la fin des temps
Il faudra retrouver le Geste et la Parole.

Caleb Bouchard

No I don't wanna make the words sound like they used to

No I don't wanna make the words sound like they used to
With this ferocity that crushed my heart
I am sitting here tonight
March 19, 1950
In my old sick chair
As I watch the night fall
My cat walks in
I pet him
He's my only friend from these days of mourning
Distant in exile
Stuck together in this delusional world
There is a pain in my right lung
There is an impossibility about language
There is so much I have lost in this conquest
My strength, the joy of life, my love
Even the sound of the wind and rain

Jacques Prevel

Non je ne veux plus faire résonner les mots comme autrefois

Non je ne veux plus faire résonner les mots comme autrefois
Avec cette férocité qui me broyait le coeur
Je suis assis ce soir
Le dix-neuf mars mille neuf cent cinquante
Dans mon vieux fauteuil de malade
Et je regarde la nuit qui tombe
Mon chat est entré en tapinois
Je le flatte
C'est mon seul ami de ces jours de deuil
Eloigné en exil
Avec la presque totalité d'un monde délirant
Cette douleur au poumon droit
Et l'impossibilité d'écrire
Et tout ce que j'ai perdu dans cette conquête
Ma force la joie de vie et mon amour et
Même le bruit du vent et de la pluie

Caleb Bouchard

I will see you

I will see you every day as you go
You will move silent and rare
Like all your words
And for you I will only have a gesture and a desire
And for you I will have only a very old joy
Dead and resurrected with your silence
Keeping the awareness of evil and regrets
A joy in the unpredictable shape of a ray
A joy in the shape of two hands that shake
And take the light and the sky and the sea
And take the water of our gazes without a word
I will see you every day in turns
More precise and more faded
Brighter and darker
Like the sun's demise at the end of time
Like the sound of footsteps lost in ethers
Like evil struck down by the presence of death
This dazzling promise of another life.

Jacques Prevel

Je vous apercevrai

Je vous apercevrai chaque jour à mesure
Que vous avancerez silencieuse et rare
Comme toutes vos paroles
Et je n'aurai pour vous qu'un geste et qu'un désir
Et je n'aurai pour vous qu'une joie très ancienne
Morte et ressuscitée avec votre silence
Et gardant la conscience du mal et des regrets
Une joie ayant la forme imprévisible d'un rayon
Une joie ayant la forme de deux mains qui se serrent
Et prennent la lumière et le ciel et la mer
Et l'eau de nos regards sans rien dire
Je vous apercevrai chaque jour à mesure
Plus précise et plus effacée
Plus lumineuse et plus obscure
Comme la mort du soleil à la fin des années
Ou comme un bruit de pas perdu dans les éthers
Comme le mal terrassé par la présence de la mort
Cette promesse éclatante d'une autre vie.

Parisa Saranj

9

The Spring with her fragrances
and an ambulance
 comes to our town
in it, the neighbor's son who
with messy and sweaty hair
would run after his soccer ball and compose my memories
is no longer laughing
and his legs,
still longing to score a goal
 are not with him.

Oh
His eyes anxious for the goalpost
are now filled with death.

In the spring of sirens,
I am restless for his soccer ball
that was a universe every time it landed in our backyard
and composed my afternoons
dusty springs
when
 war was but an illusion
and the soccer ball of the neighbor's son,
 a universe.

Fereshteh Sari

بهار با عطر خود
و آمبولانس‌ها
به شهر ما می‌آید
و در آنها پسر همسایه
که با موهای ژولیده و عرق‌آلود
در پی توپ فوتبال
خاطرات مرا می‌آفرید
دیگر نمی‌خندد
و پاهایش را
که هنوز در حسرت توپی است که گل نشد
..دیگر به همراه ندارد.

آه

چشمان نگران دروازه اش
.اینک پر از گل‌های مرگ است

در بهار فریاد آمبولانس‌ها
بی‌تاب فراق توپ او هستم
جهانی که در حیاط ما می‌افتاد
و عصرهای مرا می‌آفرید
بهاران خاک‌آلودی
که در آنها
جنگ اوهامی بود
و توپ پسر همسایه
جهانی

Parisa Saranj

6

I'm brushing
life's tangled hair,
buried under the rubble of iron and fire.

In the lottery of life,
I rest my head on your chest
so, the clashes of waves and the whispers of reefs
—inside the oysters of the restless sea
stop me
from longing for a life
that is another death.

Fereshteh Sari

زیر آوار آتش و آهن
گیسوان پریشیده حیات را
شانه می زنم

آن دم
در لاتاری حیات
سر بر سینه تو می گذارم
تا کوبش موج ها و نجوای مرجان های بیدار
در صدف دریای شوریده
مرا از تمنای حیاتی
که مرگ دیگری است
باز دارد

John Poch

Oklahoma

Black Sunday—April the 14th, 1935

We know so little of the great plains,
except the promise the government made.
But the farther we explore inside
the higher and greener the grass grows.
Now, there are those who believe
that it has been thus far only our fault,
that it would have been enough years ago
for us not to stop so soon,
that the answer was in fact so simple,
a question of miles,
of a new graft.
The promise of world peace is fair.
Ourselves, we're lazy and like
to play the victim.
How much does a great dream cost?
One dollar twenty five per acre, they said.
They don't add anything to that.
No need.
We don't ask any more questions.
Great Plains, and we think "great"
is just a question of distance.
We have never seen a land
where the sea of the wind has no wall,
where the sun beats so hard
that once you've harvested the grass
the soil in one day turns to sand,
where clouds fly over like our own migrating
anxious masses, like angels
who have no time for tears.

In the absence of rain our fathers
know only of the plow,
and in a desperate silence like thieves
not knowing enough they plow and plow
one the mystery, the other.
The distant past of this land
has never had to deal with the fever
that rages like fire in us
where our hunger is satisfied
and our dream begins.
The distant past here has never
had to hide itself too deep.
It holds the earth together
by the gentle bite of the grass
by the humidity spread thin humidity
that evaporates like snow
exposed to the sun.
So as its innocence is so much exposed,
so punishing is its sentence.
When it rains it rains afar hence
and the rain raises, immense,
a distant cloud of dust
the wind will not allow to fall,
and in the sun it cannot be dissolved.
And dust to dust it calls.
My father says,
Everybody home it must be a storm,
but in the distance
there is neither lightning or thunder.
My sister is the first who sees it from the window,
and she points it out to me.
You can't forget the silence coming,
the dust now issuing its sentence,
the ambush of the mystery, its vengeance.
Dust you are, and all you will turn to dust.
Love the land you live on
and fear the love it gives you back

because it tends to reveal the thoughts of your heart,
even those you cannot understand.
I remember an eclipse, the dark absolute
in broad daylight.
Families choked to death in their homes
after barely making it back.
I remember our roof ripped off,
for years the dust for years in every crevice, how thick
the circles left around our glasses in the cupboard.
Before anything else, your instinct knows
even half asleep
how terrible is the patience of sand is
that suffocates the breath in the mouth of the buried.
So when its weight wakes you,
it presses on your face
and seals your lips together.
I remember the hecatomb,
that bull sliced like a claw across the throat.
Without saying it, we feel hunted and at the same time
trapped inside our tombs.
Now we cannot help but flee to California,
to exit the apocalypse, returning to time,
maybe the City of Angels
where money grows on trees
and it's only the weight of the sun we feel on our faces,
where our lips open like a broken seal,
and we can still suffocate the heavens with our stories
without asking if it listens.
It will be enough for us to breathe, to live absolved, carried
forward living in the dreams where we are buried.

Pietro Federico

Oklahoma

Black Sunday—14 Aprile, 1935

Sappiamo così poco della grande pianura
solo la promessa del governo
ma più ci avventuriamo nell'interno
più l'erba si fa alta e verde
e c'è già chi crede che finora
sia stata solo colpa nostra
che ci sarebbe bastato anni fa
non fermarci così presto
che la risposta è in fondo così semplice
una questione di miglia
di un nuovo innesto.

La promessa di pace del mondo è legittima
siamo noi cui per pigrizia piace
fare la vittima.

Cosa costa un grande sogno?

Un dollaro e venticinque ad acro ci dicono.

Non aggiungo altro.

Non ce n'è bisogno.

Noi non facciamo altre domande.

Grandi Pianure e pensiamo che *grande*
sia soltanto una questione di distanze.

Non abbiamo mai visto una terra
dove il mare del vento non abbia mura
dove il sole batte così forte
che una volta aver divelto l'erba
il terreno in un giorno diventa sabbia
dove nuvole sorvolano con la nostra stessa ansia
di masse migranti di angeli
che non hanno il tempo di piangere.

In assenza della pioggia i nostri padri
sanno solo dell'aratro
e in un silenzio disperato come ladri
senza sapere abbastanza dissodano e dissodano
il mistero l'altro.

Il passato remoto in questa terra
non ha mai avuto a che fare con la febbre
che infuria in noi nel punto
in cui la nostra fame si sazia
e inizia il sogno.

Il passato remoto qui non ha mai avuto bisogno
di prendere riparo troppo in fondo.

Tiene a sé la terra con il morso lieve dell'erba
con il lungo e sottile umidore
che una volta esposto al sole
si asciuga come neve.

E quanto la sua innocenza è a fior di pelle
tanto castiga la sua sentenza.

Quando piove piove molto lontano
e la pioggia alza un'immensa
nuvola di polvere nella distanza
che nel vento non si può depositare
e nel sole non si può sciogliere.

E la polvere chiama altra polvere.

Mio padre dice

tutti in casa è una tempesta

ma non c'è un tuono né una folgore
nella distanza.

Per prima la vede mia sorella alla finestra
e me la indica.

Non si dimentica il silenzio con cui viene
la vasta sentenza della polvere
l'imboscata del mistero che si vendica.

Non si addomestica l'apocalisse.

Polvere sei e in polvere tutto muterai.

Ama la terra su cui vivi

e temi l'amore che ti restituisce

perché tende a rivelare i pensieri del tuo cuore
quelli che nemmeno tu capisci.
Ricordo quel buio assoluto di eclisse
in pieno giorno.
Le famiglie morte asfissiate nelle case
dopo essere riuscite a stento a fare ritorno.
Il tetto strappato con violenza dal vento
e per anni la polvere da ogni fessura
lo spessore dei cerchi lasciati dalle tazze nella credenza.
Prima di ogni cosa ti entra nell'istinto
persino in dormiveglia
la terribile pazienza della sabbia
che soffoca il respiro in bocca al sepolto
così quando il suo peso ti sveglia
tanto ti preme sul volto
serri le labbra come fossero un sigillo.
Ricordo l'ecatombe del bestiame
quel toro lacerato al collo come da un artiglio.
Senza dirlo sentirsi braccati e a un tempo
già pressati nelle nostre tombe.
Adesso non ci resta che emigrare in California
uscire dall'apocalisse rientrare nel tempo
magari la città degli angeli
dove i soldi crescono sugli alberi
e il peso che sentiamo sui volti è quello del sole
dove le labbra si aprono come un sigillo infranto
e possiamo ancora soffocare il cielo di parole
senza chiederci se ascolti.
Ci basterà riuscire a respirare per vivere da assolti
per continuare a vivere nei sogni in cui siamo sepolti.

John Poch

New Hampshire

The natural sculpture of the face of an old giant, visible on the edge of Cannon Mountain (one of the major mountains of Franconia Notch) was first reported in 1805. The face appeared miraculously suspended and held together in a fragile balance of granite and gravity.

It soon became the symbol of the state of New Hampshire. The Old Man of the Mountain crumbled and collapsed into the valley below some time between midnight and two a.m. on May 3, 2003.

I didn't come to America to try my luck
or start a family here.
I don't believe in luck, and neither is there a girl so dear
who could ever leave me dumbstruck
with the same unshakable amazement of when
I look into nature's eyes
and she looks back at me again
and she frees my gaze
from the ever-cowardly delusion
of what I want to come.

I want to be able to believe my eyes
not the way a mirror might fool
but rather blown glass veils
against which my soul
might open its palm
while on the other side the earth
whinnies its breath,
rests its face,
or calmly warms its wings.

My companions and I turned south toward Cannon Mountain,
surveying the peak.

Before that moment an expression like
“the face of the world”

would only cheat my hunger for incarnation.

But at the top of Cannon mountain
there was a chin and eyebrows, cheekbones,
nothing further from the mirror of my delusion!

He was looking east,
the wonder of an old man,
seventy-two thousand tons of granite
carved and suspended in the air by time.

Of course the world was no longer my mirror,
but he didn't look back at me either.

The giant's nature was looking east
almost as if he were afraid only
to miss a single dawn.

I trembled at his words, and why:

*I bear for you the highest testimony
therefore I do not look you in the face but east
away from your migration west.*

*What miracle would you like
before your eyes wide open,
because the Eternal calls for your return?*

*Yet many spit in his face,
calling him a mirage
because they do not have what it takes
to rest in what they are and do not even know.*

*Though I am made of granite, I too am called and I will break
and landslide, on the third of May without a grand display
in the middle of one night in your twenty-first century.*

*Little man, you must not be
afraid of failing.*

*If there is nothing new under the sun
why does your heart keep waiting?*

There is an hour of the eye as mirror, and

*an hour of the eye like blown glass
where you feel the touch of my breath on your hand,
and your palm is not yet full of a presence
but can't you sense
that you haven't wished yet for enough?
Every hour prepares your youth
to wear into my old age and vice versa,
into an hour like this, one of pure convergence
where time transfigures,
unenduring and forever,
and desire flows into stone and air.*

Pietro Federico

New Hampshire

La scultura naturale di un volto di un vecchio gigante visibile sul ciglio del Mountain Cannon, uno dei monti che dominano la Franconia Notch, fu riportata per la prima volta nel 1805. Il volto appariva miracolosamente sospeso e tenuto insieme in un fragile equilibrio di granito e gravità.

Il volto divenne presto il simbolo dello Stato del New Hampshire. Il volto si sgretolò e collassò nella vallata sottostante precisamente tra la mezzanotte e le due antimeridiane del 3 maggio del 2003.

Non venni in America per cercare fortuna
o mettere su famiglia.
La fortuna non esiste e nessuna ragazza nessuna
avrebbe mai potuto darmi la meraviglia
lo stupore incrollabile di quando
guardo negli occhi la natura
e lei mi guarda di rimando
e mi libera lo sguardo
dall'illusione sempre piena di paura
di ciò che credo di stare cercando.

Voglio poter credere ai miei occhi
non come a specchi
ma veli di vetro soffiato
contro i quali la mia anima
possa aprire il suo palmo
e dall'altra parte il mondo nitrisca il suo fiato
appoggi il muso calmo
rannidi le sue ali.

Io e i miei compagni ci volgemo a Cannon Mountain verso sud

scansionandone la cima.
Prima di quel momento un'espressione come
muso del mondo
tradiva solo la mia fame di incarnazione.
Ma in cima a Cannon Mountain c'era un mento
e sopracciglia zigomi
altro che lo specchio di un'illusione!
si sporgeva verso est con nel volto
la meraviglia di un vecchio
settantaduemila tonnellate di granito
scolpite e sospese nell'aria dal tempo.

Certo il mondo smise di essere il mio specchio
ma neppure mi guardò di rimando.
In quel gigante la natura
guardava a oriente quasi avesse l'ansia
di mancare anche un'alba soltanto.
Tremai alle sue parole, ai suoi perchè:

*Ti porto la più alta testimonianza
perciò non ti guardo in volto ma a oriente
controcorrente alla tua migrazione.
Quale miracolo vorresti nei tuoi occhi aperti?
Perché l'eterno chiama per riaverti
e in molti gli sputano in faccia
il nome di miraggio soltanto
perché hanno perso il coraggio
di restare in ciò che sono e non fanno.
Sono di granito eppure anch'io sono chiamato e mi sgretolo
e frano un tre maggio senza dare spettacolo
nel cuore della notte del tuo ventunesimo secolo.
Piccolo uomo non avere
paura di sbagliare.
Se non c'è niente di nuovo sotto il sole
perché il tuo cuore continua a sperare?
C'è l'ora dell'occhio come specchio
e l'ora dell'occhio come vetro soffiato
in cui senti sulla mano appena il tocco del fiato*

*e il palmo non è ancora colmo di una presenza
ma non senti che ancora
non desideri abbastanza?
Ogni ora prepara la tua giovinezza
a sfinire nella mia vecchiaia e viceversa
a un'ora come questa di pura affluenza
in cui il tempo trasfigura
non dura e non finisce
e il desiderio affluisce alla pietra e all'aria.*

John Poch

Montana

The mist lowered into the great wooded plains
as within the grass the water from the rains.
And high up in the Rocky Mountains
from the first to their farthest peak the dawn
turned ice and stone
to roses and overtook Montana
before all else.

The scriptures don't ask for writers,
only for a witness.
The sun is a lantern that meaning lifts to the eyes,
when nothing still exists in multiplicities,
and for this little while He still revises
to be able to say to us the letters
of His own loneliness.
The A of a mountain and the V of a fir
torn apart by lightning.
The scriptures don't ask for writers,
only for a witness.

At some point it will be your turn,
and who will testify? And to what fact?
About your every act?
What will become of that secret, taciturn
in its silly and stubborn love?
What will become of the eros, never enough,
of that woman you brushed against,
her eyes as beautiful but remote as stars,
and what of farewell as the only necessary consequence,
what below your skin is the beat of your heart,
its sure, involuntary measure?

No other choice, my witness
must come from Montana,
the air I breathe will have blown
from these lungs of his own,

from his own eyes: the light of my visions
of every night's stellar eclipse
and everything that conquers it
like the hard golden eyes of the lynx
and its whiskers,

from the remote touch of a loneliness—
the dark eyes of that woman,

from his throat the Missouri River's tongue
and the Great Falls' earth-shaking song.

If all reality and my sadness
are a thought ever greater than my thoughts,
if true that such a peace exists...

*Stop thinking, says someone with my voice,
You know this swarm of questions all too well.
You'll be the maple tree in fall.
When every breeze is far too strong and every leaf is an amen,
I will return and build a nest within your solitude.
My hunger will cure your own.
I will be the sparrow's psalm
who with a multitude of yesses snap-kisses the air
among the leaves and the rustling calm.*

Pietro Federico

Montana

La foschia affondò nelle grandi pianure boschive
come nell'erba l'acqua piovana.

E in alto le Montagne Rocciose
dalla prima alla cima più lontana
furono ghiaccio e pietra tramutati in rose
dall'alba che colse il Montana
prima di tutte le cose.

Le scritte non chiedono scrittore
solo un testimone.

Il sole è un lume che il senso si alza sugli occhi
quando niente esiste ancora in moltitudine
e lui per poco ancora va a ritocchi
per capire come dirci l'alfabeto
della propria solitudine.

La A di una montagna e la V di un abete
squarciato da un fulmine.

Le scritte non chiedono scrittore
solo un testimone.

Ma quando capita il tuo turno
chi darà testimonianza? E di cosa?

Di ogni tua azione?

Che ne sarà di quel segreto taciturno
la sua sciocca innamorata ostinazione.

Che ne sarà di sempre troppo poco amore.

Di quel corpo di donna che ti tocca
i suoi occhi belli e remoti come stelle.

Di un addio come la sola conseguenza necessaria.

Di questo cuore che tambura sotto pelle
la sua metrica sicura e involontaria.

Non c'è altra scelta il mio vero testimone
deve venire dal Montana
avrà soffiato l'aria che respiro
dai propri polmoni

dai propri occhi la luce delle mie visioni
l'eclisse stellare di ogni notte
e ogni cosa che la vince
come i duri occhi d'oro della lince
e le sue vibrisse

dalla propria solitudine il tocco remoto
gli occhi scuri di quella donna

dalla propria gola la voce del Missouri
il ruggito-terremoto delle Grandi Cascade

se tutta la realtà la mia tristezza
sono un pensiero da sempre più vasto del mio pensiero
se è vero che esiste una pace così grande...

*Smettila di pensare dice qualcuno con la mia voce
lo conosci troppo bene questo sciame di domande.
Sarai l'acero in autunno
quando ogni brezza è troppo forte ed ogni foglia è un amen
farò ritorno e nido nella tua solitudine
la mia curerà la tua fame
sarò il salmo del passero
che bacia a schiocco moltitudini di sì
nello stormire calmo del tuo fogliame.*

Ian Haight and T'ae-yong Hō

Walking Heaven

1.

Borne by fleet phoenix wings, I descend
in the dark of night to the Island of Immortals,
then tour ambrosial blossoms
in a carriage drawn by unicorns.

The sea's slanting wind
shivers citrine-green peach petals—
on a little marble table,
an Immortal's piled his jujubes.

2.

My skirt, a scintillant nine rainbows,
my glossy jacket, weightless as gauze.
On a crane, in a fresh breeze of air,
I return to dream with mountain spirits.

Below a sunlit moon, the silk-smooth sea—
arms of a cosmos set.
My emerald flute ruffles a melody
through drifting opalescent clouds.

Nansörhön

步虛詞

1.

乘夜下蓬萊島。開帳麟車踏瑤草。
海風吹折碧桃花。玉盤滿摘安期棄。

2.

九霞裙幅六銖衣。鶴背冷風紫府歸。
瑤海月明星漢落。玉簫聲裏霏雲飛。

Ian Haight and T'ae-yong Hŏ

Poem Written in a Dream

A mammoth turtle bears sacred mountains on the sea's horizon—
at dawn, six dragons swallow the waves of nine rivers.

A pavilion floats near stars at Heaven's center—
the sun and moon never set in these lustrous upper worlds.

A golden kettle brims with a rose's sweet water of youth—
on a jade altar, a silvered crimson gown of Immortals, luminescent.
Riding a swift crane to the Mountain of Eternity, my return, still too slow—
a flute's melody envelops a ripe peach for celestials.

Nansǒrhǒn

夢作

黃海靈峰壓巨鰲，六龍晨吸九河濤。
中天樓閣星辰近，上界煙霞日月高。
金鼎滿盛丹井水，玉檀晴曬亦霜袍。
蓬萊鶴駕歸何晚，一曲吹笙老碧桃。

Ian Haight and T'ae-yong Hŏ

Remnants: VIII

Down the night, an Immortal rides a saffron-feathered phoenix—
together, we fly to Bongnae Island's Palace of the Dawn.
Scarlet banners ripple beneath drifting sea clouds—
a singing breeze snaps my dress.

Jade Lake's peak beckons—
there, the Queen of Goddesses offers a glass of Immortals' wine.
With my companion's bamboo stave,
I surmount Lotus Peak.

Nansǒrhǒn

遣興

仙人騎綵鳳，夜下朝元宮。
絳幡拂海雲，霓衣鳴春風。
邀我瑤池岑，飲我流霞鐘。
借我綠玉杖，登我芙蓉峰。

Ian Haight and T'ae-yong Hŏ

Small Lingering Joys: IV

Last night in a dream, I climbed the Mountain of Eternity,
and barefoot, rode the Kalpa Dragon.
An immortal carried an emerald staff—
he greeted me at Lotus Peak.

I looked then to the East Sea:
the surface, a polished consonance.
Below celestial blossoms, a phoenix warbled, flute-like—
a golden jar of wine nearby, infused with moon.

Nansǒrhǒn

感遇

夜夢登蓬萊，足躡葛陂龍。
仙人綠玉杖，邀我芙蓉峰。
下視東海水，澹然若一杯。
華下鳳吹笙，月照黃金壘。

Ian Haight and T'ae-yong Hō

Remnants: VI

Trees, heavenly fragrant, luxurious in first lush leaves—
meadow sweet meadow herbs decay predictably.
The plants of seeding spring, a natural flowering grace—
I am alone in my decrepit room.

A painting of five peaks upon the wall,
a book of Taoism near my pillows.
Boiling the elixir of life: if it works, success!
Again, I'll meet the immortal King of Mountains.

Nansörhön

遣興

芳樹藹初綠，靡蕪葉已齊。
春物自妍華，我獨多悲悽。
壁上五岳圖，牀頭參同契。
煉丹倘有成，歸謁蒼梧帝。

Patrick Williamson

17:15

SHORT STOP IN A REST AREA
to fill up with diesel
and for a call to your father, you said

Walking around the car
with words I don't hear around your head

I closed the door that I opened
to let the words out just now
into the sky of the parking area
Many remain in a cage

I, mute on the seat,
pray that
the cars behind the guardrail
stop tumbling into the abyss

Guido Cupani

17:15

BREVE SOSTA IN UN'AREA DI SERVIZIO

per rabboccare il gasolio

e per una telefonata a tuo padre, dici

Passeggi attorno alla macchina

con parole che non sento attorno alla testa

Ho chiuso la portiera che avevo aperto

per far uscire le parole di poco fa

nel cielo del parcheggio

Molte rimangono in gabbia

Io muto sul sedile

prego

che le macchine dietro il guardrail

smettano di cadere nell'abisso

Patrick Williamson

08:00

LIFE IS THE EIGHT O' CLOCK LOCAL TRAIN
the local express
specifies the voice that then speaks of
a breakdown on the line when we've already
been stuck a while, ten minutes at most, promise

Life is this thing that broke down
again out of the blue
from trying to fix it too much
in a stretch of country and rain that's never going to stop

But I guess we're off again

Guido Cupani

08:00

LA VITA È IL REGIONALE DELLE OTTO

regionale veloce

specifica la voce che poi parla

di un guasto sulla linea quando siamo

bloccati già da un pezzo, dieci minuti al massimo, promette

La vita è questa cosa che si è rotta

di nuovo sul più bello

per troppo ripararla

in mezzo a un orizzonte di campagna e pioggia che non smette

Ma forse ora riparte

Patrick Williamson

0

I HAVE READ THE INGREDIENTS OF SHAMPOO
more often than the tenth Elegy

I have paced a single train back and forth
more than all the halls of the Louvre

The microwave has composed for me
ding
more music than Shostakovich, who I don't know

And I have written
I can guarantee this, more
crosswords than poetry

Art is wasted on me—and all this
inexhaustible time—but look at the laurel

leaf I discovered this morning on the driveway
of the house: so today,

so weekday—here it is—

Guido Cupani

0

HO LETTO GLI INGREDIENTI DELLO SHAMPOO
più volte che la decima Elegia

Ho passeggiato un solo treno avanti indietro
più di tutti i corridoi del Louvre

Il microonde per me ha composto
drin
più musica di Šostakovič, che non conosco

E ho scritto, ve lo garantisco,
più parole crociate che poesia

L'arte con me è sprecata – e tutto questo tempo
inesauribile – ma guardate la foglia

di lauro che ho scoperto stamattina sul vialetto
di casa: così odierna,

così feriale – ecco –

Patrick Williamson

...3, 2, 1

TAKE THE TWENTY TO EIGHT TRAIN TO
drink a second coffee on the road up to the office to
read email to trash to concentrate to answer to
reflect to correct to recompile to run to
heat the rice up in the micro to
glance out the windows into the garden to
squeeze the last drop of light squishing the ghosts to
write a number to add a point on the graph to
scribble only an iota on today's sheet to
take the bag to rush to the station to
make the trip with a heart a mile ahead to
take the stairs turn the key pop my head in to

find your smile waiting for me and

asking me to give you a piggyback to
give dinner a name to call the family to table to
finally tuck in a sheet of sleep draw down a ceiling of night to
make you sleep peacefully while setting the alarm for seven to

Guido Cupani

...3, 2, 1

PRENDERE IL TRENO ALLE SETTE E QUARANTA PER
bere un secondo caffè sulla strada che sale all'ufficio per
leggere email cestinare appuntarsi rispondere per
fare mente locale correggere ricompilare eseguire per
mettere il riso a scaldare nel micro per
dare un'occhiata oltre i vetri in giardino per
spremere l'ultima goccia di luce strizzando gli spettri per
scrivere un numero aggiungere un punto sul grafico per
scribacchiare soltanto uno iota sul foglio di oggi per
fare la borsa fiondarsi in stazione per
fare il tragitto col cuore un chilometro avanti per
fare le scale girare la chiave infilare la testa per

trovare il tuo sorriso che mi aspetta e

mi chiede di prenderti sulle spalle per
dare alla cena il suo nome chiamare famiglia la tavola per
rimboccare alla fine un lenzuolo di sonno tirare un soffitto di notte per
farti dormire tranquilla e nel mentre puntare la sveglia alle sette per

Whitney DeVos

Some Species

They're surviving, under the shade of the veranda, two palms transplanted from the hill in old milk jugs. The tallest slips away from the sun, searching for a way to bend underneath the beams. The other submits obediently to the weather and is drying out since the first line of bushes is unable to protect it. In the garden only a few trees haven't yet shown signs of the lack of rain. The red espinillos and the tallest pine, a few meters from the front of the house.

When he planted the sapling, she imagined the autumns to come: pinecones would fall to the ground and split in half, and the children of the family would come to gather them. If the season wasn't too wet, the cones wouldn't fall apart in their hands when thrown into the basket. But this was unlikely since winter in that region is harsh, and the first frost appears in April; May at the latest. Then, after collecting the pinecones in the sun—at midday, because she always imagined everything happening at midday, with the sun in a single line over their heads—she would bring the children to the fireplace in the living room to show them how to start the fire. They would make balls of paper with the news of the previous days and burn them, alongside the acacia wood that always falls, with rigor and regularity, during the winter storms.

Valeria Meiller

Algunas Especies

Sobreviven, a la sombra de la galería, dos palmeras trasplantadas del monte en viejos tarros de leche. La más alta se escabulle del sol, buscando inclinarse hacia debajo de los techos. La otra se somete al clima con docilidad y se está secando porque la primera línea de arbustos no llega a protegerla. Son pocos los árboles del jardín que todavía no dan muestras de la falta de lluvia. Los espinillos rojos y el pino más alto, ese que está unos metros más allá del frente de la casa.

Cuando él lo plantó, ella imaginó los otoños en que las piñas caerían partidas por el medio, y los niños de la familia se acercarían a juntarlas. Si la temporada no era demasiado húmeda, no se desharían entre sus manos al echarlas en la canasta. Pero era improbable porque en esa región el invierno es crudo, y las primeras heladas aparecen en abril, a más tardar en mayo. Entonces, después de recoger las piñas al sol—un mediodía, porque ella siempre imagina que todo sucede durante los mediodías, con el sol en una única línea sobre sus cabezas—ella conduciría a los niños hasta la estufa de la sala para mostrarles cómo encender el fuego. Harían bollos de papel con las noticias de los días anteriores y los pondrían a arder junto a la leña de las acacias que siempre caen, con rigurosa regularidad, durante las tormentas del invierno.

Whitney DeVos

The Sick

In other years, corn in open country is level, falling only in the lowlands where the earth had been wet and was swept away. Otherwise, the furrows follow a musical rhythm, at an even distance and height. In the orchards, planting is spaced out, so that the front of the houses can partake in the staggered beauty of the stalks: a corrective portrait of the family in which there is no violence and everyone has a right to their own age.

Between the leaves, in the fertile center of the land, they till the windy afternoons with child-like joy. On those days, without noticing, they are happy; they plow the air into rows as if they were singing: all genealogy is false, the speckled birds are with me, around me, my father is against me.

Voices pile up like geographical strata, mineral layers of a world in which blood is always thicker than water. With each furrow they open the promise of new life, a hot spring—a breeding ground in which sometimes they find children, and then a cure for childhood disease.

But the forecast this season predicts no progeny, and the boy comes back looking sick, pressing his palm on a part of his body. Seeing him arrive, she lays him down like a sheet. The marble floor is a cold balm where summer is divided as a map of two languages. On one side, the healthy rabbits move inland—they bound away from the house at full speed. On the other, in the dim light under the lamps, the boy and the sick rabbits imagine a future of water. In that fantasy there are always fish, and when the havoc of the tide becomes rough, they rise, gills open, into the air.

Valeria Meiller

Los Enfermos

Otros años, el maíz del campo abierto es uniforme, cae sólo en los bajos, donde la tierra estuvo mojada y se barrió. Si no, los surcos respetan un ritmo de música, una distancia regular y una altura pareja. En las quintas se planta espaciado para que el frente de las casas asista a la belleza escalonada de los tallos: un retrato correctivo de la familia en el que no hay violencia y cada uno tiene derecho a su propia edad.

Entre las hojas, en el centro fértil de la tierra, ellos labran las tardes ventosas con la alegría de los niños. Esos días sin querer son felices, abren surcos en el aire como si cantaran: toda genealogía es falsa, los pájaros jaspeados están conmigo, en derredor mío, mi padre está contra mí.

Las voces se apilan como estratos geológicos, capas minerales de un mundo donde la sangre es siempre más espesa que el agua. En cada surco que abren está la promesa de la vida nueva, un hervidero—caldo de cultivo en el que algunas veces encuentran hijos, y después la cura para las enfermedades pediátricas.

Pero en el pronóstico de esta temporada no hay descendencia y el chico regresa con muy mala cara, ejerciendo presión con una palma en alguna parte del cuerpo. Al verlo llegar, ella lo tiende como a una sábana. El mármol del suelo es un bálsamo frío y sobre él, el verano se divide en un mapa de dos lenguas. De una parte, los conejos sanos se alejan campo adentro—saltan a toda velocidad lejos de la casa. De la otra, a media luz y bajo las lámparas, el chico y los conejos enfermos imaginan juntos un futuro de agua. En esa fantasía hay siempre peces y cuando el tumulto de la marea se pone bravo, se levantan con las branquias abiertas en el aire.

Whitney DeVos

Cricket

The day starts early, and lightheartedness is possible for everyone, like on someone's birthday. The table is set, the teapot warm, and the firewood left over from winter is damp with dew. But the millimeters of rain that haven't fallen lodge themselves in the heart of morning and the geography of the world orbits their heads like flies. She wanders across the greenest and most-distant countries while making breakfast; he comes down from his room with his eyebrows sharply arched, and at the prow is the boy.

She watches them from the door, removes her apron with the elegance of snow falling. If it were to rain, the skin of his shoulder shining, just fallen from the sky, roots would emerge from man. The boy would swing back and forth gently, on the edge of the grass, and she would flower like the ends of hair, becoming very fragile.

But the harshness of February is ruthless, and their three bodies run aground in a sea of dust. The idea of God rises, falls, mimicking the leap of crickets, always descending once again.

Valeria Meiller

Grillos

El día despunta temprano y todos podrían estar contentos, como en el cumpleaños de alguien. La mesa está puesta, la tetera tibia, y la leña que sobró del invierno se humedece con el rocío. Pero los milímetros que faltan por llover se instalan en el corazón de la mañana y la geografía del mundo gira sobre sus cabezas igual que las moscas. Ella recorre los países más alejados y más verdes mientras prepara el desayuno, él baja de su habitación con los ojos muy arqueados y sobre la proa está el chico.

Ella los mira desde la puerta, se quita el delantal con la elegancia de la nieve. Si lloviera, con la piel del hombro brillante, recién caída del cielo, al hombre le saldrían raíces. El chico se hamacaría con suavidad, en el borde del pasto, y ella florecería como las puntas del pelo, volviéndose muy frágil.

Pero la inclemencia de febrero es pura dureza, y los cuerpos de los tres se encallan en un mar de polvo. La idea de Dios sube, baja, imita el salto de los grillos para volver a descender siempre.

Whitney DeVos

Apples

He should be asleep by now, so as to get up early and take care of the things which—as they had explained—are his duties: controlling the animals, bringing water to the house, going through the pastures, and firing the gun, in that order. Instead, it's almost two o'clock and he's awake. She enters the room, she has just had a bath; hair falling across her face, she looks at him.

—I don't understand why no one in this house ever knocks—says the boy.

She defends herself, saying she hadn't noticed, and perhaps this means they already trust each other.

He responds: Too much.

He says: Too much, as if something about that trust bothers him. She doesn't know how to respond, so she asks if he likes apples. The question is a genuine one, she'd baked a cake earlier that day, but it's also a way of avoiding precipitous conversation. The boy is mercurial, an endless stream of cloudy water and a fresh current that flows freely—then turbid, then clear, like that, almost all the time.

She'd found him in bed a few days earlier curled up like a roll of bread, and he told her he wasn't feeling well. She stroked his hair, thinking about one or two things that surprised her about the boy. His fragility, and the temperature of his body, colder than hers. The softness of his skin and its smoothness, proof he had never spent much time in the sun. The things that surprised her were animals—she'd thought. That, and that the boy belonged to a generation in which children would no longer be covered in freckles—a generation which could have been between hers and her children's. But she has no children, and the boy has the poise of a world in which people no longer depend on the height of grass.

Valeria Meiller

Las Manzanas

A esa hora debería dormir, al día siguiente levantarse temprano y ocuparse de las cosas que—así le habían explicado—son sus obligaciones: controlar a los animales, traer agua a la casa, recorrer los potreros de enfrente y disparar, en ese orden. En cambio, son casi las dos y está despierto. Lo interrumpe ella, que entra en su habitación recién bañada, con el pelo cayéndole sobre la cara y lo ve.

—No entiendo por qué en esta casa nadie toca la puerta
—dice el chico.

Ella se defiende diciendo que no se dio cuenta, y que tal vez eso quiera decir que ya se sienten en confianza.

Él responde que demasiado.

Dice: Demasiado, como si algo de esa confianza estuviera de más. Ella no sabe qué responder, así que le pregunta si le gustan las manzanas. Es una pregunta genuina porque más temprano horneó un pastel pero también es una forma de no entrar en una conversación escarpada. El chico es cambiante, un agua turbia que no se termina de ir y un agua fresca que corre—y turbia, y fresca, y así durante casi todo el tiempo.

Unos días antes, lo había encontrado hecho un bollo en la cama y él le había dicho que no se sentía bien. Le había tocado el pelo pensando en las dos o tres cosas que la sorprendían del chico. Su fragilidad y la temperatura de su cuerpo, más frío que el suyo. La suavidad de su piel y su lisura, prueba de que nunca había pasado mucho tiempo al sol. Las cosas que la sorprendían eran animales—había pensado. Eso, y que el chico era de una generación en la que los niños ya no se llenaban de pecas—una generación que habría estado entre la suya y la de sus hijos. Pero ella no tiene hijos y el chico tiene el aplomo de un mundo donde las personas no dependen de la altura del pasto.

Whitney DeVos

.22 Long Rifle

For the boy, only two things are clear: the smooth tip of the trigger and the smell of gunpowder after seeing a trail of smoke leave the barrel. Behind a mask of violence, battle rites keep secrets riflemen devoutly protect. Gunpowder reminds him of the smell of phosphorus in the house: the dry bones the dogs bring in the morning; lighting the wood-burning stove in winter; the drumming of the water tank as it heats up for an evening bath.

In a desk drawer, there's a container of imported ammunition: one hundred cartridges arranged neatly in their holders underneath the blue label .22 Long Rifle. He counts eleven inside the case and perches himself against the iron pillar where the vine grows.

His shots make a tight group. He puts the weapon over his shoulder and, after shooting, the muscle tenses up. The tightness often turns into a sharp pain or the muscle cramps up, keeping him from raising his arm all the way. He continues just the same, and it's only when the chamber is empty that he moves closer, to see where the bullets have entered; his fingertips search for round holes in the natural furrows of the wood.

Each detonation is a balm. Even at night, when the sound of gunshots makes him dream of stampedes destroying everything in their wake. Sometimes they're buffalo, other times only deer. The most terrifying nights, though, he dreams about small rabbits, bunnies not even the size of a lump of sugar.

Valeria Meiller

.22 Long Rifle

Para el chico, lo único claro es golpear la punta suave de un percutor anular, el olor a pólvora un segundo después de ver salir una estela de humo. Los ritos de batalla, tras su máscara de violencia, guardan secretos que los que disparan protegen como beatos. La pólvora lo hace pensar en el aroma del fósforo en su casa: las osamentas secas que traen los perros por la mañana, encender la salamandra en invierno, hacer tamborilear el tanque de agua para los baños de la noche.

En un cajón del escritorio hay un container de municiones importadas, cien cartuchos prolijamente dispuestos sobre sus orificios bajo la etiqueta azul de .22 Long Rifle. Cuenta once adentro del cargador sin furia y se encarama apoyándose contra la estructura de hierro que sostiene la parra.

Hace buenas agrupaciones. Arrima el arma al hombro y después de tirar siente la tensión sobre el músculo. A veces la tirantez se convierte en un dolor agudo, y otras en un calambre que le impide terminar de levantar el brazo. Igual continúa y recién cuando la recámara está vacía, se acerca a mirar por donde entraron las balas, apoya las yemas sobre la madera buscando el orificio redondo, distinto de las estrías naturales del tronco.

Cada detonación es un bálsamo. Aun cuando de noche el ruido de las percusiones lo haga soñar con estampidas que pasan destruyéndolo todo. A veces son búfalos, otras simplemente ciervos. Las noches más aterradoras, sin embargo, sueña con pequeños conejos, gazapos que no alcanzan el tamaño de un terrón de azúcar.

Aaron Poochigian

Fear

fear is trembling
is decaying leaves whispering
iron monuments
under a torrid desert's tarnished dome
barbs on naked nettle
a shriek sunk in darkness
dead grammar
reticent words of marble
numbing breath
failing veins
fear is animate matter
is a city of ash your home
charred brain
the world's rictus shattered
an arid throat
humpbacked hill hubbub

Gena Gruz

Страх

страх это дрожь
это шорох трухлявой листвы
железные памятники
под ржавым куполом жаркой пустыни
верхушки голых кустов
крик утонувший во тьме
мёртвые падежи
молчаливые слова из мрамора
ледяное дыхание
прохудившиеся вены
страх это живая материя
это город пепла в котором ты живешь
мозговой ожог
оскал мира разбившегося на осколки
пересохшее горло
горбатый горный звук

Aaron Poochigian

Life turns its yellowed pages like
a cotton dress aging in the closet.
Children's faces are frozen in disheveled memory,
and Delirium chews gum as it stares into the darkness.
Those I loved have already become a myth,
like frescoes on the walls of ancient buildings,
like the purple smile of a thunderstorm sky in a cellar.
The madman's raw lore is bagged along with daily shame.

Gena Gruz

Так жизнь листает пожелтевшие страницы
Как шлопковое платя пожелтевшее в шкафу
Лица детей застыли в памяти неопрятной
И бред стоит жуя жвачку глаза в темноту
Кого любил я уже стали мифом
Как фрески на стенах античных зданий
Как фиолетовая улыбка неба грозы в погребе
Сырые знания безумца сложены в мешок ежедневного позора

Clara Burghelea

Item Response Theory

Three daily sessions, short coffee breaks in between
The test is never valid, only the use of it

You know the validity of the grading goes beyond difficulty
It's in discrimination as well,
A sort of terrorism of passing grades
With equivalent forms in Kuwait, Kosovo, Vietnam

The guide of the one applying theories without discernment
Is one method of investigating the present.
The moment I leave the present, I enter the theory of the answer.

Irina-Roxana Georgescu

Item Response Theory

Trei sesiuni în fiecare zi, cu scurte pauze de cafea
The test is never valid, only the use of it

Știi că validitatea notării nu stă doar în dificultate,
Ci și în discriminare,
Un fel de terorism al notelor de trecere cu
Forme echivalente în Kuwait, Kosovo, Vietnam

Ghidul celui care aplică teorii fără discernământ
Este o metodă de investigare a prezentului.
Cum ies din prezent intru în teoria răspunsului.

Clara Burghelea

April

I get freaked out at least four times a day
by the piece of mesh above the manager's door.

Who will lead the blind dogs into the world?

Irina-Roxana Georgescu

Aprilie

Sunt îngrozită de cel puțin patru ori pe zi
De doliul de deasupra ușii administratorului.

Cine o să-i conducă pe câinii orbi prin lume?

Clara Burghelea

Utøya

On August 2012, Anders Breivik was sentenced for the terrorist attacks of July 22, 2011
In the island of Utøya of Norway, almost 40 kilometers from Oslo.

Erik Pope is making a movie about the young men slaughtered on the Norwegian island.

“We are on an island. It is the safest place in the world”

The executed Labour young men.

The frightened young men.

Erik Pope makes Anders Breivik immortal.

War or necessary measure of maintaining peace? Ask themselves the young men on the
Norwegian island filled with pine trees, washed by rain.

Ten years after the attack, Norway bans semi automatic guns. Until 2021.

Irina-Roxana Georgescu

Utøya

În august 2012, Anders Breivik este condamnat pentru atentatele teroriste din 22 iulie 2011 din Norvegia și insula Utøya, aflată la aproape 40 de kilometri nord-vest de Oslo.

Erik Poppe face un film despre tinerii măcelăriți pe insula norvegiană.

„Suntem pe o insulă. E cel mai sigur loc din lume”

Tineri laburiști decimați.

Tineri înspăimântați.

Erik Poppe îl face nemuritor pe Anders Breivik.

Război sau mișcări necesare de menținere a păcii? se întreabă tinerii de pe insula norvegiană plini de pini, scăldată de ploaie.

La zece ani de la atentat, Norvegia va interzice armele semiautomate. Până în 2021.

Clara Burghelea

Snooker

the room separated from another
from where a voice
reverberates
in praise
of speed

Irina-Roxana Georgescu

Snooker

sala separată de o alta
din care reverberează
un glas
făcând apologia
vitezei

Kiran Bhat

2017

Vivimos en una época en que la mayoría de la gente quiere ser otra persona.

Un chino quiere ser un estadounidense.

Un estadounidense quiere ser un sueco.

Un sueco quiere ser un brasileño.

Y un brasileño quiere ser un japonés.

Yo quiero ser un millón de espadas,
infiltrando el sol.

Yo quiero ser una concha,
que con la velocidad del sonido
llega a la portada de Marte.

Yo quiero ser el hijo de Venus,
la madre de Bhima,
un beso a la Shakti,
un abrazo a Deus.

Mi sangre india,
mi nacionalidad gringa,
las alas de la nuble,
la pistola de una flor.

Kiran Bhat

2017

we live in age during which most of us want to be something else

a Chinese wants to become an American
an American wants to become a Swede
a Swede wants to become a Brazilian
a Brazilian wants to become a Japanese

whereas I just want to be a million little swords
with the potential to just once pierce the sun

or a conch
with a velocity of sound
loud enough to reach Mars

or the son of Venus
the mother of Bhima
a kiss to Shakti
a hug to God

Indian blood
American skin
the wings of a cloud
the pistol of a flower

Kiran Bhat

2014

Estambul...

Una hoja de ciprés de otoño,
un chasquido del humo,
las granadas cúspides en mis dedos.

Las memorias siempre son pasajeras.
Bajando esa calle
hay mezquitas de ladrillos de oro,
casas atadas por las viñas,
hiedra que se crece desde la tierra
caminando a la costa
alineada con piedras piadosas.

Como rezan al río.
Como lo pellizco entre mis dedos.
Se encoge entre mi poder.
Azul, gris, verde, arena.
Lágrimas, sangre, sonido, furor.
He creado un ruego.
Un canto de cigüeñas.
Una tormenta de guerreras
y se marcha a su papel.

Kiran Bhat

2014

Istanbul...

autumn leaves
smoke from the boat
pomegranate chips under my nails

memories are always passengers
and we are the space they traverse

under this road
is a mosque colored gold
and houses covered in grapevines
and they go up and down
alongside the coast
over cobblestones

how we pray to the river
and yet the river claps on

blue, gray, moss-green
tears, sweat, aching waves

Kiran Bhat

2013

En Tokio,
los ruidos,
el chasquido de los trenes locales,
el tema musical de Pac-Man retumbando en un callejón de Akihabara,
los saludos gritados por servidores inclinándose en las tiendas de conveniencia,
los chirridos de la cigarra
nunca paran.

En Tokio,
las luces
neón, o fluorescente,
el rayo del sol aleteando a través de las flores de cerezo,
susurros forzados de los faros
son eternos.
En Tokio,
hay caos,
hay orden.

Hay perturbación,
hay calma.
Hay antigüedad,
hay modernidad.

Hay gente uniforme,
hay experiencias amplias.
El universo es un mago,
y como el mago saca flores de su puño,
salen todos los colores del espectro desde el vector,
y ese arco del frenesí
se llama
Tokio.

Kiran Bhat

2013

in Tokyo
the sounds of the local trains
the musical theme of Pac-Man on the streets
servers shouting honorifics at convenience stores

it never stops.

in Tokyo
fluorescent lights
neon lights
sunlight
car lights

light is everywhere.

in Tokyo
there' is both order
and chaos

there' is disruption
there' is calm

there are uniform people
there are the broadest experiences

there's every life to be lived
there's no one living at all

if the universe is a magician
pulling flowers out of a cap
in every single color known to exist on the spectrum

a rainbow would later erupt
and it would be called
Tokyo

Kiran Bhat

2012

Viajando desde el sur de Chile hasta el centro de las Américas
yo me sentí
como la conexión de wifi
en la que yo trabajé.

Yo era
movimiento en la velocidad de la eternidad,
un cometa atravesando el infinito,
los dedos, el pulmón de un humano,
conectado todo de cuerda.

Delimitado, deslimitado,
un ser illimitado,
experimentando con un nuevo modo de vivir,
desplegando nuevas líneas,
consumiendo de todo,

pero realmente escapando a mi tristeza
aprovechando de la soledad.

Me convertí en un soldado de juguete,
moviéndose siempre,
pero siendo atrapado en el acto.

Brillar,
atravesar el mundo,
pero para nunca ser conocido.

¿Es mejor ser así?
No lo sé.

Islas dentro de los lagos cotidianos.
Ruinas precolombianas al sótano a la iglesia católica.
Los edificios decorosos de Oscar Niemeyer.
Los glaciares al fin del mundo.

Todo delante de mis ojos,

pero yo
sin control.

Kiran Bhat

2012

I traveled from the south of Chile to Central America
like the wifi connection on which I worked
placeless, limitless, ephemeral

it was like I was moving with the speed of eternity
like a comet traversing infinity
my fingers, my lungs
connected to a cord.

Unlimited, dislimited
a lifestyle experiment
a new line unexplored
consuming everything
not learning enough.

I was mostly escaping my sadness
or my solitude
trying to move around a little,
but getting trapped because my emotions could not.

to shine
to travel
to never be known

is this the best way to live?

I don't know.

islands inside quotidian lakes
pre-Columbian ruins the basement of Catholic churches
lavish Oscar Neimayor buildings

glaciers at the end of the world

everything was at my fingertips

but I was completely out of control

Agnes Marton

Spiralling Out

Slowly snaking out in the roasted-chestnut dark,
absorbing, alert, eavesdropping to forget the pain,
wishing for flash-forward washout, for casting of the coat,
for love,
yet what comes, hungry, naked circles, unknowable
longing, lengthening, pilot or sequel to what.

And then the language, so whorliful inside,
with tutelary tropes, arias and laughs,
but I'm just wriggling in toothless hushed hiss.

Implausible dreams curl in at each clearing,
picnicking brutes call me with their stretched limbs waving;
I would flounder about in their starry shimmer seas of fur,
saving the date, juggling with mirage-crumbs to keep.

If only those white lions got me, roared for me,
shared their shine with me, tracked, played recklessly,
wrestled, harping on with me, being axis in my curve.

Wish I were prey for them, those beasts.
Their apprentice, their chum, their honey, their body,
wish I were THEM, in galumph towards the sunrise,
ears up, eating on the run.

Agnes Marton

Prédaállat

Lassan kígyózom elő a sültgesztenye-éjszakában,
nyelek, hallgatózom, hogy feledhessem a fájdalmat,
hogy átmosson a kín, hogy lecserélhessem a bőröm,
hogy szeressem,
de ami jön, vajon minek az előzménye,
minek a folytatása? Éhes, meztelen körök,
vágyakozás és nyúlás.

Aztán meg a nyelv: belül indázik,
választékos, csupa ária és kacagás,
később csak vergődöm az én pösze sziszegésemben.

Minden tisztáson vad álmok kunkorodnak,
alvó macskák; piknikező bestiák
integetnek, messzire nyúlik a mancsuk;
csillagtenger a bundájuk, fürödnék benne. Várok,
délibábmorzszakat dobálok, hátha egy részük megmarad.

Bárcsak elmarnának azok a fehér oroszlánok,
ordítanának értem, megosztanák a fényüket,
rettenthetetlenül követnék minden lépésem,
birkóznának is velem, ők lennének a tengely
minden görbületemben.

Bárcsak zsákmányuk lehetnék a vadállatoknak.
Inasuk, barátjuk, szerelmesük, a saját testük,
ők maguk. Diadalmas galoppban
közelítenék meg a napkeltét, úgy menekülnénk.
Futtunkban ennénk, hegyeznénk a fülünket.

Agnes Marton

Rhinoceros

1. Encharmed with a collar of green,
flowerbead-slippery velvet,
and accompanied by silverware,
a rhinoceros was sent
from King Manuel to the Pope,
a precious gift.

Fringeheaded voyage,
cloaked with mist.
The rhino kicked, got chained to the deck,
thus was unable to escape
when the ship wrecked.

According to the books,
the mounted skin was posted to Rome,
exhibited *impagliato*.
The carcass couldn't be displayed.

2. What's the point in look-alikes,
perhaps that's what Dürer thought
when drawing his scaly-legged,
armoured rhinoceros,
or he'd just never seen such a creature.

3. I'm folding my very own rhino,
wobbly-wondrous origami,
smiling like me. I keep googling
for the best horn shape
but all I find is *foghorn*.
I get off-line,
scampering from the room, wild-eyed,

...to run-run-run.

Agnes Marton

Rinocérosz

1. Virágyöngy-sikamlós bársonyból varrott
zöld nyakékkal feldíszített rinocéroszt
küldött Manuel király a pápának.
Becsés ajándék.
Mellette ezüstitárgyak.

A ködkabátos utazás rövid lett,
mint egy rosszul vágott frufu.
Az orrszarvú rugdalózott.
Odaláncolták a fedélzethez,
így nem tudott elmenekülni,
amikor zátonyra futott a hajó.

A krónikák szerint
a kicserzett bőrét Rómába küldték,
ott állították ki.
A test többi maradványát
nem lehetett bemutatni.

2. Mi értelme a hasonmásoknak?
Talán erre gondolt Dürer,
amikor megrajzolta
széttartott lábú, páncélos bőrrű
rinocéroszát,
vagy csak sosem látott ilyen teremtményt.

3. Rinocéroszt hajtogatok magamnak,
ingatag-csoda origamit.
Olyannak, ahogy képzelem: mosolyog, mint én.
Hosszasan keresgélek az interneten,
milyen legyen a szarva.

Talán mint egy hajókürt?
Leccatlakozom,
vadra tágult szemekkel
kirohanok a szobából,
és csak futok, futok, futok.

Agnes Marton

By Ourselves

It starts with being put in the stocks.

I can bring some treats.

I'm not undressed.

There's no prosecution.

Spit on me, that's it.

Look into my eyes.

In such cases

there used to be an accusation
issued and announced by a judge.

The judge has been executed.

We are by ourselves.

Then the pillory.

I'm standing on the podium barefoot,
the sun is parching my nose.

The sky is blistering too, never mind.

No cold cuts

for the dog, no bun.

He's sniffing my toes.

My stray friend.

People got bored with me. Or
found it too much, best to forget.

The dirt is up to my chest.

My bellybutton is tickled by some roots.

Last time I was entrenched like this
by the sea.

The wet sand didn't seem like mud,
my daughter wasn't dead then.

And there was nothing to go back upon.
But now it's the 21st century.

The sky is cracking from being stroked
by the wind.
If I run away, I can escape.
I mustn't be chased,
that's the law. But I would be shot for sure.
And it's not a ditch to jump out of,
I'm being held by the dirt.
Ants walk.

Boys aim at me. They throw flat pebbles
across me so as to make them bounce
off the surface of my skin.
They have fun playing duck and drakes.
That's to no avail though,
I'm not willing to recant.
I pretend to have swallowed fire:
someone not able to see, hear, or ask.

Cosy death is not due.
It's forbidden to use rocks.
These women know but they cheat.
You'd better give me a bath, Sue
or Mary. Or rock me like a baby.
Or bury me for good.
But now it's time to kill,
it's the 21st century.

Neverpast, neverfuture?
I still feel the pangs of hunger.

Refraction. The stones don't bear the light,
nor neither did my palm bear the glue
one a long-ago desk.
Sticky. My lids are as heavy as lead,
everything is besmeared.

Agnes Marton

Magunk vagyunk

A kalodával kezdődik.

Akkor még
hozhatok uzsonnát.
Nem vetkőztetnek meztelenre.
Nincs vád. Le kell köpni,
ennyi elég is.

Nézz a szemembe.

Régen kihirdették, mi a bűn,
de most kivégezték a bírót,
magunk vagyunk.

Aztán a pellengér.

Mezítláb állok a dobogón,
a nap perzseli az orrom.
Felhólyagzik az ég is, nem baj.
Nincs parizer
a kutyának, se kiflivég.
Szaglássza a lábam.
Kóbor barátom.
Az emberek már meguntak.

Mellemig ér a föld. A köldököm
csiklandozza egy gyökér.
Utoljára a tengernél ástak be így.
A vizes homok nem tűnt sárnak,
akkor még élt a lányom.
Akkor még nem volt mit visszavonni.
De ez már a huszonegyedik század.

Reped az ég, ahogy simítja a szél.
Ha elfutok, megmenekülök,
nem üldözhetnének aztán,
ez a jog. De tudom, lelőnének.
Nem is árok ez, hogy kiugorjak,
fog a föld. Hangyák járnak.

Kisfiúk céloznak kavicsokkal,
megpörgetve, laposan, mint
akik kacsáznak. Fel-felpattannak
a homlokomról ezek a kis
kövek. Minek itt játszadozni,
nem másítom meg a szavam.
Úgy teszek, mint aki tüzet nyelt,
se lát, se hall, se kérdez.

Nem jár kényelmes halál,
szikladarabokkal tilos dobni.
Tudják az asszonyok, de csalnak.
Inkább fürdetnél, szomszéd Zsuzsi,
postás Mari. Inkább ringatnál,
inkább végleg elföldelnél.
De most hajítani kell,
ez már a huszonegyedik század.

Sohamúlt, sohajövő?
A gyomor még korog.

A köveken a fény is megtörik,
mint tenyeremen a Technokol Rapid
egy rég volt íróasztalon.
Ragad. Ragad a szemhéjam is,
szétkenődik minden.