

Azonal

Four

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Kelsi Vanada

Truth and fire:
thesis and antithesis facing off
in the brevity of a phrase.

No truth can resist a trial by fire.
Fire shows not the least pity
for truth.

Carlo Acevedo

La verdad y el fuego:
tesis y antítesis encaradas
en la brevedad de una frase.

No hay verdad que resista la prueba del fuego.
No existe en el fuego piedad mínima
por la verdad.

Kelsi Vanada

Do nothing but sit:
the cricket's song
is the cricket's song
when daylight
and tree branches
meet in two certainties:
stillness and silence.

Carlo Acevedo

Simplemente sentarse:
el canto del grillo
es el canto del grillo
cuando la luz del día
y las ramas de los árboles
se reúnen en dos convicciones:
quietud y silencio.

Kelsi Vanada

The itch as fingertips
brush summer grasses,
the woody smell of
rainy mornings,
the burning in the belly
during hungry hours,
the lips of the daughter
that kiss my forehead.

Like dew on blades of grass,
everything will come to an end.

Carlo Acevedo

El picor en la yema
al rozar la grama de verano,
el olor a madera en las
mañanas lluviosas,
el ardor en el abdomen
en las horas del hambre,
los labios de la hija
que me besan la frente.

Como el rocío en la brizna,
todo acabará.

Kelsi Vanada

At the vague edge of the beach,
where the shore is drawn and redrawn,
the dry dusky shag of dead seaweed
accumulates, embracing,
like a nest, a solitary coconut
rocking with
the stammering of the waves.

Carlo Acevedo

En el difuso límite de la playa,
donde la orilla se dibuja y desdibuja,
se acumula el pelambre reseco y negruzco
de las algas muertas que acogen,
como un nido, al coco solitario
que se mece según
el titubeo de las olas.

Kelsi Vanada

Of the awe stirred up
by the pigeons' aerial racket
only the blue of the sky remains.

Carlo Acevedo

Del pasmo suscitado
por el barullo aéreo de las palomas
sólo queda el azul del cielo.

Mira Rosenthal

To Give Water To the Thirsty

Where are you now, at what address, what name
should I use to write to you? Why mock me like this?
I slack his thirst then go to wash the glass
for just a minute in the kitchen and hear what? A phrase?

And when I return, it's finished. Were you here?
Did you come with a sponge of vinegar? Who said what?
Why are you taunting me? From time to time we must
pass by each other on the street, at the store,

in the bathroom. Someday. Just around the bend.
You leave the papers in a mess, and you're the one
responsible for all things lost—your own collection
of lost things, is that it? And in the end

will we at last become acquainted, pray tell?
Plus and minus, electrostatic discharge in the air,
chatter of sparrows and blackbirds, a flash above the poplar,
black tracks on the sidewalk, a burning smell.

Tomasz Różycki

Spragnionych napoić

Gdzie jesteś teraz, pod jaki adres pisać,
jak się nazywasz? Czemu mnie przedrzeźniasz, powiedz?
Daję im pić, a potem wychodzę na chwilę
do kuchni umyć szklanekę, i słyszę coś, słowo?

A kiedy wracam, już się dokonało. Byłeś?
Podałeś gąbkę z octem? Kto i co powiedział?
Czy to są kpiny, powiedz? Musimy się mijać
co chwilę na ulicy, w łazience i w sklepach.

Musimy się mijać czas jakiś. Jeszcze trochę.
Zostawiasz bałagan w papierach, za zgubione
rzeczy także ty odpowiadasz – składasz sobie
z nich tam jakąś kolekcję, powiedz? I na koniec

wreszcie cię poznam, wreszcie się spotkamy?
Plus z minusem, w atmosferze wyładowanie,
świergot wróbli i kosów, nad topolą coś błysnie,
czarny ślad na chodniku i swąd spalenizny.

Mira Rosenthal

First Poem for Menelik

Forgive me, but I won't be coming. There's no crisis—
because, according to all the top websites,
some people are so poor the only thing they have
is money, money. What is there that I could give?

It's not the distance—you're a hand's reach away
in that wasteland where you spend your days.
One sugar packet is enough to pour
a mountain like the one where you hold forth.

And time's no hindrance, as you know, considering
our modern means of transport that can carry anyone
quite a long way from here in merely seconds,
even to that other world, without refueling.

What could I bring for you? What do you need?
Hope? Time, belief in the miracle of singularity?
When a hand lays an orange on the table
and vanishes, gaining the texture of love.

Tomasz Różycki

Pierwszy wiersz dla menelika

Nie, nie przyjadę, wybaczone. To nie kryzys –
bo jak donoszą na wziętym portalu,
niektórzy są tak biedni, że jedno, co mają,
to pieniądze, pieniądze. Co miałbym stąd przywieźć?

To nawet nie odległość, wyciągnięcie ręki
dzieli mnie od pustyni, na której przebywasz.
Starczy z jednej saszetki proszku, by usypać
górze podobną do tej, gdzie dajesz audiencje.

I czas nie jest przeszkodą, jak wiesz, odkąd mamy
współczesne środki lokomocji, w kilka sekund
zdolne przenieść każdego stosownie daleko,
nawet na tamten świat bez międzylądowania.

Lecz co miałbym ci przywieźć? Czego ci zabrakło?
Nadziei? Czasu, wiary w cud jednokrotności?
Kiedy ręka na stole kładzie pomarańczę
i znika, nabywając tekstury miłości.

Mira Rosenthal

Twelve Letters

The fourth night was so hot along the river,
the city stopped breathing, the body wanted
to strip down a bit more, lie naked forever
at the brink of an era, struck by love

like electric charge. Between us tons of darkened space,
where your night ends had ceased to be important.
Merely the patter of blood, the stubborn fan
with its whirr once again in pursuit, chasing

me thousands of miles away. You removed
twelve letters from the word for love, and even so
it kept on living. Running. Those twelve bones
that did not last me long. I got some food

two blocks down the way at an all-night shop.
Still nothing stirs the banana palm fronds.
Do you sleep naked? Dream naked? Let's hope
there's still a messenger, though he set off hours ago.

Tomasz Różycki

Dwanaście liter

Czwartej nocy nad rzeką było tak gorąco,
że miasto przestało oddychać, ciało chciało
rozebrać się ciut więcej, leżąc nago
wciąż na skraju epoki, rażone miłością

jak prądem. Ile ton między nami ciemności,
gdzie kończy się twoja noc, przestało być ważne.
Jedynie tupot krwi, tylko uparty warkot
wentylatora, znów ruszającego w pościg

cztery tysiące mil stąd. Te dwanaście liter,
które wyjęłaś ze słowa miłość, a mimo
to nadal żyła. Biegła. Te dwanaście kości
nie starczyło mi na długo. W nocnym sklepiku

o dwie przecznice stąd zamówiłem jedzenie.
Nadal nic nie porusza liśćmi bananowca.
Śpisz nago? Nago śniesz? Czekam na posłańca,
lecz mówią, że wyruszył wiele godzin temu.

Mira Rosenthal

White Dwarf

Love? When we let it go, it ran ahead a ways
in our headlights. Tell me, what was it that day?
Animal? Child? I did not use a weapon.
We stopped in the wilderness, looking on

with a thousand eyes, below Orion, a white dwarf
calling to us, and we danced, and of course
I spilled some wine on your dress, not a lot,
but just enough to last us till the dawn.

Tomasz Różycki

Biały karzeł

Miłość? Puściliśmy ją przodem i biegła długo
w świetle reflektorów. Powiedz mi, co to było?
Zwierzę? Dziecko? Nie użyłem broni.
Zatrzymaliśmy się na pustyni, patrząc

tysiącem oczu, pod Orionem, białym karłem,
który właśnie dzwonił i tańczyliśmy, a ja
wylałam wino na twoją sukienkę,
niewiele, lecz wystarczyło do rana.

Mira Rosenthal

Small Pointer

Hey, how goes it there, in that place called “nowhere”?
I’ve turned on all the lamps in the apartment,
though you can’t see the light. It’s more a flicker
inside the tunnel just for me—so if I left,

pulled out the window by a dash of darkness,
I’d know how to get back here. Your world starts
exactly where mine ends. It’s for this purpose,
for all the tons of soggy paper torn apart

by writing. Nighttime, very stifling. I’d like
to have you over for some wine—since then
this normal life would cease, this daily biking
to work at dawn, already tired from the pen.

But we can only trade places: you in my spot
and me in yours. We’d pass each other shyly
but never meet below the station’s clock,
where minutes ever-so-slowly tick by.

Tomasz Różycki

Wskazówki

Hej, jak się masz tam, w miejscu nazywanym „nigdzie”.
Pozapalałem światła tu w całym mieszkaniu,
choć tego nie widzisz, jest to raczej dla mnie
jakieś światełko w tunelu – jeżeli stąd wyjdę

ciągnięty czarną kreską przez otwarte okno,
wiem, dokąd miałbym wracać. Twój świat się zaczyna
tam, gdzie mój ma swój koniec. Ta jedna przyczyna
i tyle ton papieru spisanych na mokro.

I noc, bardzo duszna. Chciałbym cię zaprosić
na wino albo wódkę – wiem, potem nie można
wrócić normalnie do życia, po prostu założyć
kurtki i rano pójść zmęczony do roboty.

Możemy się tylko zamienić: jak ty tutaj,
to ja na twoje miejsce. Minąć się w podróży.
I żadnego spotkania na dworcu, pod dużym
zegarem, gdzie tak wolno mijają minuty.

Jeffrey Angles

Rage

A prologue to the Iliad

To say, "Oh, goddess! Sing of rage!"
Is to say, "Oh audience! Gaze upon rage itself,"
To watch over fires borne of fury
Until the moment the flames die out
The blaze will topple your allies one by one
Until it reaches those loved second only to yourself
And in time, you too will meet your end—
All that death is fruit borne of fury
Even as you gradually learn your fate
You cannot extinguish anger's blaze in time
Its kindling lies deep in the hearts
Of every member of the audience
While you hold your breath, sitting in darkness
Awaiting a sign the flames will rise
You never know the poem speaks of you
Even as you lean in and listen close

Mutsuo Takahashi (高橋睦郎)

怒り

イリアス序説

女神よ 怒りを歌え とは 聴衆よ 怒りを見つめよ ということ
怒りの齎す火を 火の結果の焼尽を 見とどけよ ということ
その火は味方を次つぎに ついには自分の次に大切な者まで倒し
自分自身まで滅ぼしてしまう それもこれも全て怒りの結果
自らそうなると知りつつも あらかじめ消すことができないのが
怒りという火 その火種は耳傾ける聴衆ひとりひとりの心の底にも
闇の中で息をひそめて きっかけの合図を待ちつづける
身を入れて聞き入りながら 聴衆は自分のこととは悟らない

Jeffrey Angles

Choices

Thermopylae

All of you have a Thermopylae in your life, several even—
Spirited soldiers guarding a narrow pass against an attacking swarm
Even if you die to the last man in its defense, you hope never to join
The onslaught of attackers who feel so safe in numbers, or worse still,
Never to turn traitor, guiding the enemy along the mountain trail—
This possibility is within you, whether you stay on the defense,
Defect to the attackers, or get down and dirty simply to survive

Mutsuo Takahashi (高橋睦郎)

選択

テルモピュライ

誰の人生にも 幾度かのテルモピュライ
その隘路を守る精衛 攻め寄せる大群
ねがわくは 守って一兵残らず滅び果てても
数に委せて攻め滅ぼす側には なりたくないもの
とりわけ 敵に間道を内通する裏切者には
どれも 可能性としてのきみ自身
守る側に立つのも 攻める側に廻るのも
生き残るため 卑劣漢になり果てるのも

Jeffrey Angles

The City-State Is Eternal

They say the form of government known as the polis belongs to the distant past
They say the city-state didn't function during the Peloponnesian War
But is that really true? Whether you say yes or no, the polis is still alive and well
Or at the very least, it exists—aren't I right? I say this because
Each and every one of us is a polis—We respond with surface pleasantries
Despite hostility in our hearts. Distrusting our partner's moves, we keep constant watch,
We track where the winds blow, we open and shut our city gates
Although, like long ago, the opposing factions are already well within

Mutsuo Takahashi (高橋睦郎)

ポリスは永遠

ポリスという政治形態は遠い過去のものだ という
すでにペロポネソス戦役の時代に機能しなかった という
果たしてそうか 機能する しないとは別に いまなお健在
すくなくとも残存しているのではないか なぜかとならば
私たちひとりひとりがポリス 表面にこやかに対応しながら
本心では敵対 つねに先方の出方を窺って 警戒怠りない
絶えず世の風向きを見て 城門を開いたり閉ざしたり
城門のうちに敵対する何派もがあることも 往時に同じ

Jeffrey Angles

Youth and Death

Future generations sought eternal youth from Greece
Yet not even Greece could escape the clutches of old age
Aging already existed in ancient Athens
At seventy, Socrates walked barefoot on a frozen road
Even he feared the death following the infirmity of old age
Here and elsewhere, we see the depression befalling the elderly
Falsely accused, he pounced, proclaiming life's difficulty,
Fearlessly choosing an honorable death of suffering—
A dignified death that could never come from growing old

Mutsuo Takahashi (高橋睦郎)

若さと死

後世はギリシアに 永遠の若さを求める
しかし ギリシアだって老いを免かれない
老いはすでに 古代アテナイにあった
七十歳で 凍結した道に跣足で歩いたソクラテス
彼さえも 老衰の果ての死を怖れていた
これなど すでにじゅうぶんに老人鬱
彼は言いかがりの罪科に これ幸いと飛びつき
敢然と 名誉ある受難の死を選んだ
老いの結果ではない 尊厳ある死を

Jeffrey Angles

The Young and the Elderly

Young gazes do not see the elderly before them
They pass right through, the youth look at youth beyond
Are the elderly simply invisible to their eyes?
Maybe not even invisible.... Probably they do not exist at all
Should they feign existence, claiming their absence to be in error,
The young will be sure to wipe their presence away
They will ignore the resulting pools of blood
How can someone who doesn't exist from the start bleed?
The only thing those erased absences see is youthful presence
Never do the elderly recognize they were never even there

Mutsuo Takahashi (高橋睦郎)

若者と老人

若い視線は 目の前の老人を見ていない
素通しで その向こうの若さを見ている
老人は 彼らの目には 透明人間か
透明人間ですらなく おそらくは 無
その無が勘違い 有のふりでもしようなら
若さは 贗ものの有を消さずにはおかない
しかも その結果の血だまりなど認めない
そもそも無から どうして血が出よう
だが 消された無が見えるのは若い有だけ
相変わらず 自分が無だとは認めることなく

Jeffrey Angles

Decades Later

This morning, decades later, I heard a rumor about you
A rumor you died completely, utterly alone—
You with whom I exchanged such warm whispers and embraces
You who betrayed me, even so, in such a cruel, calculated way
(Or could it be the backstabbing was entirely mutual?)
Those delirious nights and youthful afternoons,
Decades later, have suddenly drawn close
Near me are not just those hours from long ago
The underworld, once unknown, has suddenly grown near
(Now that I notice, I find I too have fallen in)
Here, you and I are just as young as before
All that differs is that we haven't yet loved one another
Therefore, we have not yet betrayed one another
And when we collide, we merely pass right through

Mutsuo Takahashi (高橋睦郎)

何十年ぶり

今朝 何十年ぶりに きみの噂を聞いた
全くの孤独のうちに死んでいた という
あんなにも熱く 睦言や抱擁を交わしたきみ
それなのに むごたらしく裏切ったきみ
(もっとも 裏切りはお互いさまだった?)
あの悦ばしかった夜夜 若しかった日日が
何十年ぶりに 急に近いものになった
近くなったのは 昔の時間ばかりではない
疎いものだった黄泉が 俄かに親しいものに
(気がつくと ぼくもそこに降りて行っている)
そこでは きみもぼくも あの頃と同じに若い
違うのは もはや愛しあったりはしないこと
したがってまた 裏切ったりもしないこと
ふつかっても お互いを通り抜けてしまうこと

Jeffrey Angles

After the Argument

From graffiti at Pompeii

“I’ll take my dick and stick it up your ass,
It’s so big, it’ll come out your mouth”
“Mine’s even bigger, it’ll come out your mouth
And smash through the wall over there”
Beyond the broken wall is sky, empty blue
When I turn, I find no wall, no hole, no protuberance
Just an expanse of empty, cerulean sadness

Mutsuo Takahashi (高橋睦郎)

喧嘩の後に

ポンペイのらくがくから

「おまえのけつに おれのものを つっこんでやる
おれのはでっけえから おまえの口から出るぞ」
「おれのはもっとどでけえから おまえの口から
つん出て むこうの壁をつき破るからな」
つき破った壁のむこうは空 何もない青
ふり返れば壁も 穴も 突起もなくて
何もない 青い悲しみばかりが ひろがって

Jeffrey Angles

For J. Keats

Your yearning for Greece, for what you hadn't seen,
For what in the end would remain unseen,
Seethed inside of you until it became a raging tide
And turned into sprays of blood splashing on the sun-bleached
Parthenon of kouros and kore, dyeing white to scarlet
It isn't worth criticizing this as impure or ill-fated—
The rows of pillars and statues bathed in blood
Recovered consciousness, hearts began to beat
In payment for your twenty-five years of life,
Your words and the Greece they extolled gained eternity
An eternity splashed with your blood—a Greece in scarlet

Mutsuo Takahashi (高橋睦郎)

J・キイツに

また見ぬ 目見(まみ)えることついにない ギリシアへの思いは
あなたの内側で滾る血潮となり 血しぶきとなって降り
青年像(クウロス)の 処女像(コレ)の 処女神殿(パルテノン)の洗い晒しの白を 真紅に染めた
それを不浄とか 不吉とか 非難するのは 当たるまい
血を浴びた彫像は 列柱は 息も吹き返し 鼓動を打ちはじめた
あなたの二十年歳のいのちと引き換えに あなたの言葉は
そして あなたにうたわれたギリシアは 永遠を得た
血しぶきの永遠 真紅のギリシア

Jeffrey Angles

For E. A. Poe

You never once set foot on Hellas, never even
Gazed on the Mediterranean's deep blue from afar
But you sang of Helen and Nicean barks of yore
Far from Athen's light in the darkness of Baltimore,
Dead drunk, your life ended at forty
Almost immediately you were forgotten there
Until a poet on the other side of the Atlantic
Erected a magnificent French monument to you
Following his example, I too, a lonely Hellenist
On a new continent, erect a simple stone marker
In the Japanese language, one that I hope will suit you

Mutsuo Takahashi (高橋睦郎)

E・A・ポーに

一度もヘラスの地を踏むことなく
地中海の紺青を遠望したことすらもなく
あなたはヘレネとニカイアの小舟をうたった
アテナイの光からおよそ遠いボルティモアの闇で
泥酔して 四十歳を一期に あなたは死んだ
その地で あなたはたちまち忘れられたが
のちに 大西洋のむこうで ひとりの詩人が
あなたのために フランス語の壮麗な墓を建てた
その顰(ひそ)みに準(なら)って 私も日本語の簡素な碑銘を
新大陸の孤独なヘレニスト あなたにふさわしく

Jeffrey Angles

For J. L. Borges

I read you again today for the first time in ages, and when done, I realized
When we drink the water of immortality that is you, we cannot die
And because we drink it and cannot die, neither can you
Doesn't the desire to die after drinking immortal waters, stronger in you than us,
Carry in it humanity's wishes both for immortality and death?
Isn't it death that this entire planet so earnestly desires?
Where is the water of death that will emancipate all that exists?
On the far side of the Milky Way, it falls on seashores marked on no map
At the end of the universe, when it begins to bubble up from the base
Of inwardly spiraling nothingness, will the universe turn itself inside out
Swallowing even the nothingness that is the mother of all existence?

Mutsuo Takahashi (高橋睦郎)

J・L・ボルヘスに

今日久しぶりに読み返し 読み通して気づいた
あなたという不死の水を飲んで 死ねなくなった私たち
呑んだ私たちが死ねないから あなたはますます死ねない
死の水を飲んで死にたいのは 私たち以上にあなた自身
それら 人類の不死の願い 死の願いを夥しく抱えこんで
その星自体 切実に死を願っているのではないか
すべての存在を解放する死の水は どこにあるか
地図にも記されぬ海の涯に落ちかかる大銀河の彼方
宇宙の限り 内へ渦巻く無の陥穽 その底が
湧き返るとき 宇宙そのものが裏返し
すべての有の母なる無さえも 呑み込まれるか

Youngseo Lee (이영서)

plaza

a window letting in a shred of light was enough for us, who met while we understood the simple fact that living together was a prerequisite to dying together the cigarette you left unfinished was sweet & often when the room heated up i lay down on your long legs & boiled like anchovies in a broth then after thinking of phrases like “the coexistence of humans and birds was achieved not by locking a bird in a cage but by growing grass and trees in the yard” & putting them away in your knees i fell asleep & on the mornings when we apologetically sat across from each other and talked of our dreams without even folding away our blankets the white laundry on the rooftop dried yellow from drinking starlight all night

Park Joon (박준)

광장

빛 하나 들여보내는 창(窓)이면 좋았다 우리는, 같이 살아야 같이 죽을 수도 있다는 간단한 사실을 잘 알고 있던 시절에 만났다 네가 피우다만 담배는 달고 방에 불 들어오기 시작하면 긴 다리를 베고 누워 국 멸치처럼 끓다가 '사람이 새와 함께 사는 법은 새장에 새를 가두는 것이 아니라 마당에 풀과 나무를 키우는 일이었다' 정도의 글귀를 생각해 너의 무릎에 밀어 넣어두고 잠드는 날도 많았다 이불을 개지도 않고 미안한 표정으로 마주 앉아 지난 꿈 얘기를 하던 어느 아침에는 옥상에 널어놓은 흰 빨래들이 밤새 별빛을 먹어 노랗게 말랐다

Youngseo Lee (이영서)

Scribbles

Once, I figured that I was over and so was the winter
and headed to Namhae with no plans

There, spring had come already
so the bass and mullets and crabs were in season

I couldn't eat a whole seafood platter by myself
so I looked for somewhere else to eat
and wandered into a fast food place by a girls' high school

where an old man was looming over the empty tables
with a sick woman whose left side of the body was like winter
and the right side, like spring

I stare at the menu for a while
then order kimchi jjigae

The woman watches the man's every move as he pours water in the pot
and I watch them too, my gaze a little nervous

In the middle of chopping pork fat and kimchi and onions
the man quarrels with the woman

Her words that he should stop seasoning
and his, that seasoning adds flavor, both boil over

After holding out a few more times
the man gave in
and closed the container of seasoning

I finish my bowl quickly
The two's gazes on me
finally relax

In the middle of wiping my mouth with a tissue
I looked at the wall where the children had scribbled
everywhere *i miss you, i like you, i love you*

and wrote tinily
that in the spring
“people's gazes are in season”

Park Joon (박준)

낙서

저도 끝이고 겨울도 끝이다 싶어
무작정 남해로 간 적이 있었는데요

거기는 벌써 봄이 와서
농어도 송어도 꽃게도 제철이었습니다

혼자 회를 먹을 수는 없고
저는 밥집을 찾다
근처 여고 앞 분식집에 들어갔습니다

몸의 왼편은 겨울 같고
몸의 오른편은 봄 같던 아픈 여자와
늙은 남자가 빈 테이블을 지키고 있던 집

메뉴를 한참 보다가
김치찌개를 시킵니다

여자는 냄비에 물을 올리는 남자를 하나하나 지켜보고
저도 조금 불안한 눈빛으로 그들을 봅니다

남자는 돼지비계며 김치며 양파를 썰어놓다 말고
여자와 말다툼을 합니다

조미료를 그만 넣으라는 여자의 말과
더 넣어야지 맛이 난다는 남자의 말이 끊어넘칩니다

몇 번을 더 버티다
성화에 못 이긴 남자는
조미료 통을 닫았고요

금세 뚝배기를 비웁니다
저를 계속 보아오던 두 사람도
그제야 안심하는 눈빛입니다

휴지로 입을 닦다 말고는
아이들을 보고 싶다, 좋아한다, 사랑한다,
잔뜩 낙서해놓은 분식집 벽면에

봄날에는
'사람의 눈빛이 제철'이라고
조그맣게 적어놓았습니다

Youngseo Lee (이영서)

today's menu

—*to glimmering*

today i pushed
you into a fire

then walked down
byukjae's long hills

and only realized today—after driving
to a nearby cluster of restaurants instead of responding

to a friend who offered
shouldn't the living
live on—

that memories, like storefront signs,
took me far away

and crying
held breaths within it

what makes
a cry so sad
is not the wailing

but the sound of breath
in hurried inhales
between each wail

today, you
are like everything i pushed in:

the shade of yangpyeong blood soup
or the color of boiled pork or the noodles
that we always ordered

i hesitate to say color
for a moment

that i want to lie down in like your short name
and cry today

today, i think of
the birthday meal you made me
on a morning after a sweet night's sleep

*this is seaweed soup and this is fried shrimp
these are tuna egg rolls*

then because today,
this rice is as white as bones
and the kimchi was made in china

today, i think of an ethnic minority group in china
that plants the dead's hair in the yards
and waits till the next year

today,
the wind is uncertain
because it is wind

the wind is cold
because it blew till it was wind

i feel like the birds
won't build nests
on just any old tree

today, i—

Park Joon (박준)

오늘의 식단

—영(暎)에게

나는 오늘 너를
화구에 밀어넣고

벽제의 긴
언덕을 내려와

산 사람은
살아야 하지 않겠냐며
말을 건네는 친구에게

답 대신 근처 식당가로
차를 돌린 나는 오늘 알았다

기억은 간판들처럼
나를 멀리 데려가는 것이었고

울음에는
숨이 들어 있었다

사람의 울음을
슬프게 하는 것은
통곡이 아니라

곡과 곡 사이
급하게 들이마시며 내는
숨의 소리였다

너는 오늘
내가 밀어넣었던

양평해장국 빛이라서
아니면 우리가 시켜 먹던
할머니보쌌이나 유천츄냉면 같은 색이라서

그걸 색(色)이라고 불러도 될까
망설이는 사이에

네 짧은 이름처럼
누워 울고 싶은 오늘

달게 자고
일어난 아침
너에게 받은 생일상을 생각하다

이건 미역국이고 이건 건새우볶음
이건 참치계란부침이야

오늘 이 쌀밥은
뼈처럼 희고
김치는 중국산이라

망자의 모발을 마당에 심고
이듬해 봄을 기다린다는
중국의 어느 소수민족을 생각하는 오늘

바람은
바람이어서
조금 애매한

바람이
바람이 될 때까지
불어서 추운

새들이
아무 나무에나

집을 지을 것 같지는 않은

나는 오늘

Youngseo Lee (이영서)

change of season

only all the way in tongyoung did i learn for the first time that when sailors memorize the sea
they remember not what is ahead but the scenery that the ship already passed, and that your
knees are very cold

when walking around the market three times while holding hands with you who could not
stomach seafood my habit of not being able to tolerate a life growing livable and your mistake of
calling yellow peaches white both lulled

we were only ever on each other's side after seeing the worst and late fruits knew how to
comfort poverty from lip to elbow the juice dripped as you ate mushy peaches, i turned this
sticky scene and counted out loud all the microseasons we'd spent together

Park Joon (박준)

환절기

나는 통영에 가서야 뱃사람들은 바닷길을 외울 때 앞이 아니라 배가 지나온 뒤의 광경을 기억한다는 사실, 그리고 당신의 무릎이 아주 차갑다는 사실을 새로 알게 되었다

비린 것을 먹지 못하는 당신 손을 잡고 시장을 세 바퀴나 돌다보면 살 만해지는 삶을 견디지 못하는 내 습관이나 황도를 백도라고 말하는 당신의 착각도 조금 누그러들었다

우리는 매번 끝을 보고서야 서로의 편을 들어주었고 끝물 과일들은 가난을 위로하는 법을 알고 있었다 입술부터 팔꿈치까지 과즙을 뚝뚝 흘리며 물복숭아를 먹는 당신, 나는 그 축농(蓄膿) 같은 장면을 넘기면서 우리가 같이 보낸 절기들을 줄줄 외워보았다

Jackson Reed with Tania Ganitsky

I Saw a Photo

I saw a photo of the moon
every crater's pore seemed to open.

Myth tells

that the gaze of Medusa reached into space

and what was the moon
before it was transformed into stone.

Maybe the face of a mother.

Tania Ganitsky

Vi una foto

Vi una foto de la luna
en la que cada cráter parece un poro abierto.

Qué mito narra

que la mirada de Medusa
llegaba hasta el espacio

y qué era la luna
antes de ser transformada en piedra.

Tal vez el rostro de una madre.

Jackson Reed with Tania Ganitsky

Firebird

I let in a firebird.

I turned off the light
to empty the space
and see only him.

He flew without burning the silence,
a bird
of inoffensive flames.

*If the fire does not spread,
the water cannot
extinguish it,* said the witch.

Defiantly,
I wet my hands
and drenched the wing that burned brightest.

Now I guard
a broken bird
that doesn't eat from my hand

in a wooden box
that won't burn.

Tania Ganitsky

Pájaro de fuego

Dejé entrar a un pájaro de fuego.

Apagué la luz
para vaciar el espacio
y solo verlo a él.

Voló sin quemar el silencio,
un pájaro
de llamas inofensivas.

*Si el fuego no se propaga,
el agua no puede
apagarlo, dijo la bruja.*

Desafiante,
me mojé las manos
y le rocié el ala que más ardía.

Ahora guardo
un pájaro herido
que no come de mi mano

en una caja de madera
que no se quema.

Jackson Reed with Tania Ganitsky

The Spirit of Sitting Bull

In memory of L. M. Panero

I dream of drums
and a dense
red fog.
Sitting Bull has returned
and there are no
great grasslands
nor horses, wild asses
or bison.
His marked hands
reveal
the vestige of reins,
in his chest,
a bullet hole.
He walks slowly
through the red fog,
every step
leaves a star-painted crater
in the earth.

Tania Ganitsky

El fantasma de Sitting Bull

En memoria de L. M. Panero

Sueño con tambores
y una densa
niebla roja.
Sitting Bull ha vuelto
y ya no hay grandes
praderas
ni caballos, onagros
o bisontes.
En sus manos marcadas
se pronuncia
el vestigio de unas riendas,
en su pecho,
el agujero de una bala.
Camina despacio
a través de la nube roja,
a cada paso
deja un cráter
pintado de estrellas
en la tierra.

Jackson Reed with Tania Ganitsky

They Say

They say the last flame
will ignite
in the ocean.
In the belly of the whale
that hosts the forgotten myths,
in its song,
that conjures the return of the gods.
But I have hidden
a few matches
to preserve the flames
of the earth.

Tania Ganitsky

Dicen

Dicen que la última llama
se encenderá
en el océano.
En el vientre de la ballena
que hospeda los mitos olvidados,
en su canto,
que conjura el retorno de los dioses.
Pero yo he escondido
unas cerillas
para amparar las llamas
de la tierra.

Bernardo Villela

Mors-Amor

Don the austere, grave chlamys of the sonnet
And come sing with me, O Muse, of the fear of death.
Allow the idea to reverberate in each poem strongly
but like the moonlight of love under a dark vigil.

Satan gave me a magic amulet.
Asraël from this day forth is my north.
I will move in you, your discomfiting ills,
The carnal perfume of a skeletal smile.

O everything, everything ends, I'll dive into the abyss,
All the deathly temptations of your soul
And the fatal beauty of your damned body.

With a heptachord in hand, laughing at the cataclysm,
A new archangel acquiesced, I'll describe with calm
Death, victorious, strangling Myth!

Félix Pacheco

Mors-Amor

Veste a chlamyde austera e grave do soneto
E vem cantar comigo, ó musa, o horror da morte.
Deixa que em cada poema a idéia vibra forte,
Mas como um luar de amor sob um velarium preto.

Deu-me Satan jovial um magico amuleto.
Asraël marcará de hoje em diante o meu norte.
Hei de mudar em ti, num mal que me conforte,
O perfume da carne em riso esqueleto.

Tudo, tudo, por fim, mergulharei no abismo.
Todas as tentações funestas de tua alma
E a beleza fatal de teu corpo maldito.

De heptacordio na mão, rindo do cataclismo
Novo arcanjo revel, descreverei com calma
A Morte victoriosa estrangulando o Mytho.

Adam J. Sorkin and Lidia Vianu

She Was Amazingly Beautiful

She'd been beautiful even before growing old
but now her added days were good to her
and the older she grew, the more beautiful she became
her skin glowed
kindness flowed over her face in a cascade
her words turned softer, more translucent

she was amazingly beautiful in her old age
whatever she touched became mother-of-pearl
in the kitchen, when she washed the dishes
tin plates turned to silver
and silver to gold

beautiful, so beautiful in her old age
an unfortunate lioness but almost happy

Matei Vişniec

Uluitor de frumoasă era ea

Fusese ea frumoasă și înainte de a îmbătrâni
dar acum adaosul de zile îi pria
și cu cât îmbătrînea cu atât devenea mai frumoasă
pielea ei părea incandescentă
blîndețea i se revărsa pe față ca o cascadă
cuvintele ei erau din ce în ce mai rotunde

uluitor de frumoasă era ea îmbătrînind
orice atingere se prefăcea în sîdef
în bucătărie, cînd spăla vasele
farfuriile de tablă se transformau în argint
iar argintăria în veselă de aur

frumoasă, frumoasă era ea îmbătrînind
leoaică fără noroc dar fericită

Adam J. Sorkin and Lidia Vianu

The Woman Who Has Lovers

The woman who has lovers
walks the streets naked day and night
or sometimes wears a dress made from
her lovers' hands
that continue to caress her
ten times a second

the woman who has lovers
hardly ever speaks but smiles in her sleep
you think she's home alone
but deep inside she's made the bed for mysterious men

the woman who has lovers lives an eternity longer
than the rest of us, longer than the word love and a last kiss
when she bids you adieu, the woman who has lovers
never leaves you by yourself
her words are a trail of footprints
and if you follow them they lead you to an empty house
where two cups of coffee sit on the table untouched

listen to me and stop trying to understand this
the woman who has lovers
never has need of an owl

Matei Vişniec

Femeia care are amanţi

Femeia care are amanţi
umblă zi şi noapte goală pe stradă
sau cel mult îmbrăcată într-o rochie făcută
din palmele amanţilor ei
care continuă să o mîngîie toţi în acelaşi timp
de zece ori pe secundă

femeia care are amanţi
tace mult dar surîde în somn
tu crezi că ea rămîne singură acasă
dar în adîncul ei patul e făcut pentru bărbaţi misterioşi

femeia care are amanţi trăieşte cu o veşnicie mai mult
decît noi toţi, decît cuvîntul dragoste şi decît sărutul final
cînd îţi spune adio, femeia care are amanţi
nu te lasă niciodată singur
cuvintele ei sunt tot atîtea urme de paşi
dacă te iei după ele ajungi într-o casă pustie
unde două ceşti de cafea stau neatînse pe masă

vă spun, şi nu încercaţi să înţelegeţi acest lucru
femeia care are amanţi
nu mai are nevoie de bufniţă

Adam J. Sorkin and Lidia Vianu

Erotic Vertigo

Overcome by erotic vertigo
the monster left off devouring his victim
let's be kind, let's be generous
the monster murmured with moist lips
and tears in his eyes

the ten thousand witnesses
to the virgin's sacrifice
roared their approval
and rushed to the monster's feet
kissed his numerous knees
picked bits of rotten meat
from between his teeth
washed him, sprinkled him with perfumes

swooning with pleasure, the monster fell asleep
the ten thousand witnesses
to the virgin's sacrifice
shooed flies from the monster
for one hundred years

on the day he awoke
the monster felt a ravenous hunger

Matei Vişniec

Un vertij erotic

Cuprins de un vertij erotic
monstrul nu şi-a mai devorat victima
să fim buni, să fim frumoşi
a murmurat monstrul cu buzele umezite
cu ochii în lacrimi

cei zece mii de participanţi
la sacrificiul fecioarei
au scos un urlet
s-au repezit la picioarele monstrului
şi i-au sărutat numeroşii genunchi
i-au curăţat resturile de carne putredă
dintre dinţi
l-au spălat, l-au stropit cu parfumuri

toropit de plăcere monstrul a adormit
cei zece mii de participanţi la
sacrificiul fecioarei
l-au păzit pe monstru de muşte
timp de o sută de ani

în ziua în care s-a trezit
monstrul a simţit o foame cumplită

Adam J. Sorkin and Lidia Vianu

Nobody's Ever to Imagine

Slow down, there's no hurry
you're the final visitor anyway
look carefully, what you see here
will gradually vanish under your gaze
in a few seconds the air you're breathing
will become incandescent, unbreathable
the mirrors that give meaning to this world
will shatter in shivers
you're the very last person who hears these words
who touches these objects
who still feels solid matter underfoot
there's no hurry, what's happening right now
can remain untold
about how this visit ended
nobody's ever to know
there will be nothing

Matei Vişniec

Nimeni, niciodată nu-și va imagina

Încet, nu vă grăbiți, oricum dumneavoastră
sunteți ultimul vizitator
uitați-vă bine, ceea ce vedeți aici
va dispărea încet chiar sub privirile dumneavoastră
aerul pe care îl respirați peste câteva secunde
va deveni incandescent, irespirabil
oglinzile care dau sens acestei lumi
se vor face țândări
sunteți efectiv ultimul om care aude aceste cuvinte
care atinge aceste obiecte
care simte încă o materie solidă sub tălpi
nu vă grăbiți, ceea ce vi se întâmplă acum
va fi de nepovestit
despre cum s-a sfârșit această vizită
nimeni nu va ști niciodată nimic

Laura Cesarco Eglin

Martha came to play with me some afternoons.
She took the doll in her hands
and I would see her blue nails.
My mom said that girls like her
don't live very long:
her heart half-beating in this world.

She moved.

I found out later
that her heart grew tired of beating in two bodies:
in the one that lived with us
and in the other one we never knew where to find.

Last night when I couldn't stop crying
I remembered her hands
the color of the nails of the girl
I used to play with.

Mom,
How many years do we live, women like me
who have a heart in their chest
that half-beats in this world?

Mom,
Where is the body
I also live in?

Gabriela Aguirre

Martha venía a jugar conmigo algunas tardes.
Tomaba la muñeca entre sus manos
y entonces yo veía sus uñas azules.
Mi mamá decía que las niñas como ella
no viven mucho tiempo:
su corazón latía a medias en este mundo.

Se mudó de casa.

Supe después
que su corazón se cansó de latir en dos cuerpos:
en ése que vivía con nosotros
y en el otro que no supimos nunca dónde estaba.

Anoche cuando no podía dejar de llorar
me acordé de sus manos
del color de las uñas de la niña
con quien compartí algunos juegos.

Mamá:
¿Cuántos años viven las mujeres como yo
que tienen en el pecho un corazón
latiendo a medias en este mundo?

Mamá:
¿Dónde está el otro cuerpo
en el que también vivo?

Laura Cesarco Eglin

I dreamed that no city was mine
and the terror brought me back to bed
where the shore is the place on the map where I stay.

The street where the trees grow despite the cold
the December sun in the dunes, my shoulders
the corridor where I see you walking
like the lost child that seeks me
in the scream on my back
in the scream.

It is night and you breathe the music that comes from afar.
It is night, I say.
Tomorrow I won't be me
I won't live in this body.

Gabriela Aguirre

Soñé que ninguna ciudad era la mía
y el terror me devolvió a la cama
donde la orilla es el lugar del mapa en que me quedo.

La calle en que los árboles crecen a pesar del frío
el sol de diciembre en los médanos, mis hombros
el pasillo en que adivino que caminas
como el niño perdido que me busca
en el grito de mi espalda
en el grito.

Es de noche y respiras la música que viene de lejos.
Es de noche, digo.
Mañana no seré yo
no viviré en este cuerpo.

Laura Cesarco Eglin

It became a habit of mine
to tear the stamps stuck on the letters:
something made me feel
that ripping the stars
from a flag printed on stamps
freed you somehow.

I keep the ink and the paper
that you'd ask the custodians for
to send me words
that still have the flavor
of frozen food.

Gabriela Aguirre

Se me volvió una costumbre
romper los timbres pegados en las cartas:
algo me hacía sentir
que cortar las estrellas
de una bandera impresa en estampillas
te liberaba de algún modo.

Conservo la tinta y el papel
que pedías a los custodios
para enviarme tus palabras
todavía con el sabor
de la comida congelada.

Laura Cesarco Eglin

The photographs in the magazine spoke
from a passion of yours for mountains
and stones
on the other side of the dividing line.
I saw you love six a.m.
the shoes, the water from the shower
the fire escape.
I saw you love Sundays
businesses full of
apple soda
and the corners with cigarette vendors
selling *Capri* menthols.

I saw you love our country:
that piece of the third world
with its back turned to the freeway.

Gabriela Aguirre

Las fotografías de la revista hablaban
desde una pasión tuya de montañas
y de piedras
del otro lado de la línea divisoria.
Te vi amar las seis de la mañana
los zapatos, el agua de la regadera
la escalera de incendios.
Te vi amar los domingos
los establecimientos repletos
de refrescos de manzana
y las esquinas con cigarreros
vendiendo *Capri* mentolados.

Te vi amar nuestro país:
ese pedazo de tercer mundo
a espaldas del *freeway*.

Clarissa Botsford

Maiser the Corn Man, Part One, Stanza I

An ordinary man, Bruno, like others perhaps,
handsome, too. His beginning is here and
now: the collective history of an ordinary man
in post-war years of famine
and fatigue.

A numerous family
like others at the time
Bruno the middle boy of eight
First Teresa Fedele Aurelio and Vittoria
then Nerio Nerina and baby Urbano.
Margherita his mother
a name like a trodden field daisy
His father, Zefferino,
a breeze of a name for a tyrant.
Born before the century turned
just in time to fight the Great War
holed up on a karst outcrop
or so they said when he returned
in one piece
a man you need permission to speak to
whom you only address with respect
Frugal figures
forged from back breaking and blisters
living hand to mouth off the land
sharecropping wheat vines animals
the sky weighing the land giving
thick skin nails fingers
the day's sweat rinsed off in a chipped tub
a glimmer of light on the mystery

that is a body, donning the same clothes
again, the next day and the next for months.
A reminder of the struggle
stench and sweat
of skin branded by fire
the rough hue of exposed pigment
now burnt now bled dry or cracked
and those hands
massacred by tools, by calluses and toil
by the landowner's demands or the season's,
the many seasons,
mean, incessant, and always severe.
Lashing limbs advancing step by step
scythe in hand
harvesting the vibrantly ripe grain
that has grown into gold,
a scratchy scorching patchwork
lovingly stitched each year
hollering from bushel to bushel
on hearing the church bell strike
midday, remembering the hunger.

Then
in the shade of a meal
no talking, mouths full
eyes down digging into the mess tin
cornmeal chestnuts and wedges of cheese
dry bread soaked in wine
best with a hard crust to keep your teeth strong.
Sitting quietly in the shade
relieved your punishment is paid
a nap to while away the hottest hours
the relentless rays sapping your strength
until you are spent.

You sleep
snagged in the grass, hours serenaded
by the screeching of cicadas.

Born again
but it's back to work

as long as there's light until the light changes
stipples stretches and sets
a pink-red shimmering aslant
casting soft shadows returning from the fields
tools on shoulders the dogs running ahead
animal pleasure sniffing and zigzagging
over the crest, picking up
dry sticks in the ditches
to store as kindling for the fire.

The village a silhouette, like blackened rock
a levigated sky with no sign of rain.

Mezzopicchio is right there

The same old house: for generations
its bowels bathed in sunlight
warming the walls, olive trees, yard animals
measuring in steps the span of the chicken coop.
Then it's time for dinner,
In the last of the light with no lamps on
to scrimp and save, at best there's a flicker
from the fireplace in the kitchen, the pot
hanging indolently from a chain
an economy of gestures
a glowing rosary of sparks and embers.

The family gathers

crowded together
hale and hearty the pack of them, looking alike
despite the extremes, despite their
extreme tiredness.

In the air the smell of boiled bone broth
cornmeal reheated in yesterday's grease.

Our Father thank you for the food on our table
with Amen heralding the breaking of bread

Later as they smoke narrow strips of tobacco

the air becomes thick

the densest clouds dissolve in the dying embers.

Then everything goes quiet.

Fabiano Alborghetti

I

Era un uomo normale, come altri forse
e bello, Bruno. L'inizio, è da questo momento
in poi: la storia comune di un uomo normale
in un dopoguerra di anni affamati
e di affanni.

Una vasta famiglia
come altre in quei tempi
e Bruno fra otto è quello mediano
con Teresa Fedele Aurelio e Vittoria
cui seguono Nerio Nerina ed ultimo Urbano.
La madre è Margherita
nome di campo e presenza asservita
e il padre Zefferino
un nome lieve per un padre padrone
i primi natali che Novecento non era
ma in tempo abbastanza per la Grande Guerra
scampato imboscato ai dorsi del Carso
o questo si disse perché illeso tornato
e al quale si parla aspettando il permesso
e ammessa è soltanto la deferenza del voi.

Figure frugali
forgiate dal peso di vertebre e calli
a campar per i campi
a mezzadria per il grano, le viti, le bestie
il cielo a pesare e la terra impregnare
la pelle ispessita, le unghie, le dita
il sudore lavato nel bacile sbeccato
nella poca luce da dove traluce il mistero
del corpo e abiti rimessi

il giorno dopo e dopo ancora e poi per mesi.
Un richiamo alla fatica
l'afrore, il sudore
della pelle marchiata col fuoco
il roco colore di una pelle supina
che a turno è arrossata o esangue o crepata
e quelle mani
scannate da attrezzi, da calli e fatica
da ciò che chiede il padrone o stagione
le molte stagioni
avide, incessanti e sempre severe;
gli arti frusti avanzando metro a metro
col falciolo alla mano
tagliando il frumento vivido e maturo
innalzato come oro, un ricamo
ruvido e rovente
custodito ogni altissimo anno
e le grida da staio a staio
quando dal borgo le campane suonare
marcare la fame quand'è mezzodì.

Poi

all'ombra nel pasto
parole poche, la bocca piena
e bassi gli occhi a scavar la gamella
polenta castagne e fette di cacio
il pane duro da ammollare nel vino
ma è meglio con la crosta che tiene i denti sani.
Si tace, nell'ombra
come alla fine di una pena il sollievo.
Poi il sonno, perché van passate le ore più calde
e la luce spessa che strema e sfinisce.

Si dorme

impigliati alla terra, le ore cantate
dal cricchiar di cicale.

Si nasce

daccapo, dopo: si ricomincia il lavoro
finché la luce permette poi la luce che muta
zittisce e allunga e tramonta

rossiccia e sfolgora sbieca
e fa le ombre gentili tornando dai campi
gli attrezzi alla spalla e preceduti dal cane
in allegrezza animale che fiuta e zigzaga
e risale il crinale, che punta
i fucelli sul fondo di un botro
che son raccattati perché servono al fuoco.
In controluce sta il borgo, pare pietra annerita
e levigato è il cielo e non pioverà.

Mezzopicchio è di fronte
la casa di sempre: da generazioni
il sole nel grembo
accenderne i muri, gli ulivi, gli animali da corte
misurare a passetti le spanne dell'aia.
Poi è l'ora di cena, il mangiare
con l'ultima luce, senza lampade accese
per non consumare, al massimo il fuoco
del camino in cucina, il paiolo
pendolare indolente
e la proporzione dei gesti
nel rosario lucente di tizzoni e faville.

La famiglia è riunita
affollati i presenti
e in buona salute e si somigliano tutti
nonostante gli estremi, nonostante
sian tutti stremati.
Nell'aria l'odore dell'osso bollito
di polenta passata nell'unto di ieri.
Il padre nostro ringrazia del cibo servito
e sull'amen il gesto che apre in due il pane
Poi il tabacco, il trinciato
far peso nell'aria
e le ombre più dense là dove annera la brace.
Poi si tace.

Clarissa Botsford

Maiser the Corn Man, Part One, Stanza II

The storm surprises
His sleep with different fears
and the memory returns

of the bombs that fell on Terni
the planes in the sky for four minutes
sixty incursions in the months that followed
a hundred and eight drops
razing it to the ground and killing at random
or the ones on the town
when one was enough
in January of forty-four, at mid-morning
the sirens sounding
and the mighty explosions
in the pine forest, the banging on the town walls
in that cursed battle at Santa Lucia
and the houses and the elementary school
virgin mary save us
the deafening din, the smoke rising in billows
pebbles flying and people
seeking refuge wherever they could.
Twenty-six were killed and in Potte a dozen
Pure souls were called by the Lord
with his most merciless voice.

Then the evacuees
Late at night fingering rosaries
At the Rio Grande listening to the giant explosions
Pulling down the bridge on the Orvieto road
Or in the dark elsewhere, carpet bombing

Followed by machine-gun fire, fascists shouting stop right there
Germans yelling
In an obscure language that was never at home
In that countryside.

But it's a storm
It's thunder, the boom that broke
their sleep. And on the edge
of sleep you get stuck, disoriented:
the memory on the track of someone
or gripping on to long uncertain years.
To the punishment, to the many ambushes to come.
To the disarmed.

Fabiano Alborghetti

II

Il temporale sorprende
chi è addormentato con paure diverse
e ritorna il ricordo

delle bombe cadute su Terni
gli aerei nei cieli per quattro minuti
e nei mesi a seguire sessanta incursioni
centootto rilasci
radandola al suolo e ammazzando a casaccio
o quelle sul borgo
che una volta è bastata
nel quarantaquattro a gennaio, in pieno mattino:
le sirene d'allarme
e gli scoppi possenti
nella pineta, poi centrando le mura
in quella guerra maledetta e Santa Lucia
e le case e la scuola elementare
madonnamia
il rumore assordante, il fumo alzarsi in ammassi
lo schizzare dei sassi e la gente
cercare rifugio laddove si può.
In ventisei sono morti e di potte una dozzina
anime bianche chiamate al Signore
con la voce più spietata.

Poi gli sfollati
che a tarda notte sgranavan rosari
ascoltando al Rio Grande i grandi boati
il tirar giù del ponte sulla strada di Orvieto
o nel buio d'altrove i bombardamenti a tappeto

e le mitraglie a seguire, gli altolà dei fascisti
i tedeschi gridare
un'ossuta lingua che mai fu di casa
in queste campagne.

Ma è temporale
è tuono quel botto che il sonno
ha rotto. E sull'orlo
del sonno si resta e smarriti:
la memoria sulle tracce di qualcuno
o lungo anni malcerti aggrappati.
E alla pena, ai troppi agguati ancora.
Ai disarmati.

for work, in heaven as on earth
and give us this day at least our daily bread
just enough so that each of us stays alive.

e dacci almeno il nostro pane quotidiano
quel tanto che basta perché ognuno resti sano.

Agnes Marton

Cracks

Human brain is worse
than sponge.
It takes the shape of sorrow
and stays like that.
It offers space with a grin,
grins even at death, mister.
Surrounds it, embraces it
and won't let it go.
The brain would have to be peeled
for sorrow to slide off.

We'll get used to it, mister.
The brain takes the shape of sorrow,
forces it to the cerebrum.
Then we swallow
the halved benzodiazepines
so the pain won't turn
the brain the colour of pain-purple.

I'm watching the edge of the sky,
there's no sign of relief.
It's blackening, blackening.
Surely Saint Peter squeezes it,
or else it couldn't be this black.
He holds the edges of the sky,
pulls them together
so no one can get through,
grip causing blackening.

Meanwhile, dead bodies queue
under the sky,
resting on each other's backs,
waiting for Saint Peter
to get tired,
for the grip to loosen,
to be able to get in.

There are more people dead than alive,
there's no room for us, mister.

I'm, too, standing close to the edge of the sky.
It's windy, I'm blackening, so is the day.
I'm standing close to the edge of the sky,
looking for cracks
so that I can slide my hand in,
so that I can prise the sky open
for my father.

By the time he died, he'd become so thin,
a narrow gap enough
for him to get through.

I dip my hand into the slit
to prise the sky open
'cause my father
keeps lurking around.
He's not standing in front of me,
I catch sight of him from the corners
of my eyes.

You know, mister, some people have to die first
to become easy to love.
Hadn't my beloved
wanted me enough?
It's much easier to love him
when he's six feet under.

Someone's dead body is entirely ours.
We spruce him up,
it soothes our sadness.

Come on, mister, let's sit down.
What a nice beergarden.
The trees can hold the wind.
If you see the waiter, get me
something to drink.
Then we can sit next to one another,
French-style.
Then I can lean on your shoulder.

Where do you think fear comes from?
I know its ways,
it scratches deep gouges
in the muscles, and as it proceeds
in the hollows,
its traces keep you at a simmer.

How odd, don't you think, mister?
Fear can burn
bodies like this.
I thought fear was cold.

Memories can't return
from the muscles to the brain.
It's impossible to figure out
the origin of a posture
or a bad habit.

Right here, I've got it,
this is the contracture,
but one can follow the way back
only for a while.
No more traces then.
Somebody's sitting on them
or keeps sweeping the dust onto them,

sweaty, he tries to sweep the dust,
so much dust in the brain,
faster and faster.

The dust circles around, covering
everything that might draw you
back.

Mister, every passage of mine is empty.
I could even bolt through them.

Terék Anna

Repedések

Az ember agya rosszabb,
mint a szivacs.
Felveszi a bánat formáját
és úgy marad.
Hellyel kínálja, vigyorog.
Ez még a halálra is vigyorog, uram.
Aztán körbeveszi, magához szorítja
és el sem engedi többet.
Úgy kell az agyból kihámozni a bánatot.

Mert megszokjuk, uram.
Az agy meg felveszi a bánat formáját
és szorítja a velőhöz erővel.
Aztán nyeljük
a félbetört benzodiazepineket,
hogy ne szorítsa lilára
a fájdalom az agyat.

Nézem az ég szélét
és nyoma sincs a megkönnyebbülésnek.
Feketedik, feketedik.
Azt meg biztos a Szentpéter szorítja,
hogy ennyire fekete.
Mefogja és jól összehúzza az ég széleit,
hogy ne férjen át rajta senki,
és csak feketedik a szorításától.

A halottak meg,
sorban állnak az ég alatt,

egymás hátára támaszkodva
várják, hogy kifáradjon
a Szentpéter,
engedjen az a szorítás,
és végre bejuthassanak.

Több a halott ember, mint az élő,
nem férünk már el sehol sem, uram.

Az ég széléhez állok én is.
Szél fúj, feketedek a nappal.
Az ég széléhez állok, és
repedéseket keresek.
Hogy beljük csúsztassam a kezem
és szétfeszítsem valahogy
apámnak az eget.

Olyan sovány lett, mire meghalt,
hogy talán egy vékony rés is elég,
hogy átférjen.

Belenyúlok a repedésbe
és feszítem szét az eget,
mert apám itt jár
folyton, körülöttem.
Nem áll az arcom elé, csak
a szemem sarkából látom.

Tudja, van akit könnyebb szeretni,
ha már meghalt.
Ha nem kellettem eléggé
annak, akit szerettem,
azt sokkal könnyebb úgy szeretni,
ha már a föld alatt van.

Mert egy halott már egészen a miénk.
Szépítjük, enyhítjük benne
minden bánatunkat.

Jöjjön, üljünk le ide.
Jó kis terasz.
A fák megtartják a szelet fölötte.
Ha látja a pincért, rendeljen nekem.
Aztán jöjjön, üljünk itt egymás mellett,
mint a franciák.
Akkor magának dőlhetek.

Maga szerint honnan indul a félelem?
Az útjait ismerem,
egészen mély vájatokat kapar
az izomba, és ahogy ezekben
a mélyedésekben jár,
süt a nyoma.

Furcsa, nem gondolja,
hogymilyen tud égni
a félelemtől a test?
Azt hittem, a félelem hideg.

Nem jut vissza az emlék,
az izomból az agyba.
Nem lehet kibogárszani,
hogymilyen adott testtartás,
egy-egy rossz szokás
mégis miből ered.

Megvan az út,
megvan a görcse az izomnak,
de csak egy ideig lehet az utat
visszafelé követni.
Aztán eltűnnek a nyomok.
Ül rajtuk valaki,
vagy söpri rájuk serényen a port.
Izzad és próbálja minél gyorsabban
söpörni a sok port az agyban.
Az a por kering, eltakar mindent,

ami az embert folyton
visszafelé húzza.

Üres előttem minden út, uram.
Akár végig is szaladhatnék rajta.

Agnes Marton

Arrival

Having seen his face, they know
the real home won't be familiar.
You won't find the toy there
that you lost in the field at the age of seven,
your pets that had wandered far away
won't be there either,
nor will your drawing torn by accident
that made you cry for so long,

anyway, you won't miss anything,
nothing will be futile,
time won't pass unnoticed
like, sometimes, a packet of flour
that starts to leak
in the shopping basket,

and he'll be there, put you on his lap,
and as if you fell asleep during a film,
you will be told
how your life would've continued
if you hadn't died,

the only thing you would find odd,
it will be harder and harder to recall
your features, what they were like,
you'll be afraid to forget your face
like a relative's met ages ago
but when you look around
you'd recognize yourself in the surroundings,

the tree bending over the river would remind you
of the curve of your back,
the bark scarfed from the bole
would remind you of the colour of your hair,
and you won't ever obsess
over searching for yourself,
'cause by that time you'll have arrived
everywhere.

And fear will never find the way to you,
never again.

Izsó Zita

Érkezés

Azok, akik látták az arcát, tudják,
hogyan az igazi otthon nem lesz ismerős.
Nem találsz majd ott a játékot,
amit elvesztettél a mezőn hétévesen,
nem lesznek majd ott messzire kóborolt háziállataid,
és nem lesz ott a véletlenül szétszakított rajzod sem,
ami után olyan sokáig sírtál,

mégsem hiányzik majd semmi,
és nem is lesz semmi hiábavaló,
az idő sem múlik többet úgy észrevétlenül,
ahogy a bevásárlókosárban a zacskó liszt néha
folyni kezd,

és ő ott lesz, a térdére ültet,
és mintha csak belealudtál volna egy filmbe,
elmeséli neked,
hogyan ha nem halsz meg,
hogyan folytatódott volna az életed,

csak az lesz majd furcsa,
hogyan egyre nehezebben tudod felidézni,
milyenek voltak a vonásaid,
félsz, hogy elfelejtetted az arcod,
mint egy rég nem látott rokonét,
de aztán körbenézel,
magadra ismersz a körülötted lévő dolgokban,
felismered a folyó fölé hajló fában a hátad görbületét,
a törzséről lefejtett kéregben hajad színét,

és nem keresed többé megszállottan magadat,
mert akkor már mindenhol ott leszel.

És soha többé nem talál beléd utat a félelem.

Agnes Marton

Queen-bee

She fainted in the play-room.
The only thing she felt was the lack
of movement inside.
A day later she was sent home from the hospital,
another patient needed the room.
After the third one
she wanted to give birth outdoors
so animals could lick her wound.
Her husband says the worst thing is
to come up with a new name each time,
while the old ones fill the space
like empty jars
fill shelves of old women, witnesses of wars.
She hadn't left the house for days.
She wasn't able to wear her wedding-ring,
it was too loose
like definitions.
It came to the point when
nobody dared promise her anything,
they just handed her
the latest horoscopes.
Meanwhile she devoted herself
to the household
to kill the time.
She held a peach under the water
as if she were bathing the head of an infant.

Izsó Zita

Méhkirálynő

A gyerekszobában esett össze.
Csak azt érezte, hogy nem mozog benne.
A kórházból már másnap hazaküldték, kellett a hely egy másik betegnek.
A harmadik után
a szabadban akart szülni,
hogy állatok nyalogassák a sebét.
A férje szerint az a legrosszabb az egészben, hogy mindig új nevet kell kitalálni,
a régiek pedig foglalják a helyet,
mint háborúkat átélt öregasszonyok polcait
az üres befőttesüvegek.
Napok óta nem jött ki a házból.
Nem tudta hordani a jegygyűrűjét, mert túl nagy volt rá,
mint minden meghatározás.
Már senki nem mert ígérni neki semmit,
csak a kezébe nyomták
az aktuális horoszkópokat.
Közben még többet foglalkozott a háztartással,
hogy valamivel eltöltse az idejét
úgy tartotta a barackokat a vízben,
mint fürdetéskor a csecsemő fejét.

Matthew Moore

Stjepan Radić Street

Obedient lion, who do you believe? Who do
you lean your coin on? Bluecap

is gonna cut your head off. The scalps round
up, shave and suffer. The hearts

go to ground. Magnificent. No Adriatic wind
to touch Velebit, no bakeries to

bask. Nothing is wrong with you. Time runs
head-on. Under arches, the red

shirt vanishes, a squirrel with a tail. With an
ornament. Snows as lumpen as

corpses are consequences of car
accidents. Microwave

ovens acclimate the changes of
the history of the flesh.

Tomaž Šalamun

Ulica Stjepana Radića

Poslušen lev, koga vrlíš? H komu
naslanjaš peso? Modra kapa

ti prereže čelo. Glave so okrogle,
obrite, penaste. S srčiko v

temelju. Veličastne. Ni burje z
Velebita, ni Pekarnice –

Žita. V vas ni nič spetega. Ura gre
frontalno. Pod oboki rdeča

majica zgine kot veverica z repom. Ob
ornamentu. S kepo snega kot

mrtvak in kot posledica avtomobilske
nesreče. Mikrovalovne

pečice spreminjajo klimo iz
zgodovine mesa.

Matthew Moore

Italians

They are made as chimneys. If you ice
secretaries, you pick up

small needles. Witches hovered above
the loupe until the loupe

shot through them. Sanskrit's a mortal
action. The thinnest curl.

Bandanas go around the concrete
mixer, you remind me of picarels.

Black glasses are in vogue. Bompiani
celebrated his mussels

and claws. He yawned toward nod.
The people

followed me. Money is for money;
money is not for you.

Tomaž Šalamun

Italijani so mastini

So iz dimnika. Če bi ledenil
tajnice, bi moral pobirati

iglice. Vešče so lebdele nad
lupo, dokler jih lupa ni

strla. Sanskrt je smrtno
dejanje. Najtanjši

lasek. Robčki okrog mešalca
betona, spominjate me

na girice. V modi so črni
špegli. Bompiani je

slavil viljuške in tace. Zehal
proč. Ljudstvo mi

sledi. Denar je za denar,
denar ni zate.

Matthew Moore

White Aubergine Thoroughbreds Churn Up the Soul

Horses, from the infamous to
the venerable, fall

a tree to its base and crush its
roots. They sweat,

exasperate. Spring is in the
invisible hairs of their hide.

The count cannot count
the verticals. In summer,

centipedes eat vegetation
by tons, as the bit and the

saddle blush blood. Why not
use his boat? Does he not

have one? He does! He does!
Like the lure in him that cuts.

Tomaž Šalamun

Openska tla v polnokrvnih belih jajčecih

Konji, od maločastnega do
velikočastnega, odsekajo

drevo pri vznožju in mu odsekajo
korenine. Pretirajo se in

spotijo. Oblizujejo natikače. Meh je
v vsakem decilitru njihove

kože. Tako navpičnic niti
grof ne more prešteti. Z

vrečami rastlinja bomo použili
pomlad, poletje in

stonogo. Košček bisage bo
zardel. Čolnič? Nima

niti? Jih ima! Jih ima! Kot devon,
ki so v njem izumili škarje.

Matthew Moore

“Now There Is No One Left. That’s a Good Continuation.”

Beckett, Ashkenazi have in
footsoles grass,

Chinese junks, nightgowns
drawstring. Five steps

is five steps. This is not
no coronation.

For drama or a sandbag.
For

drama! For drama! For
floral Cyrillic

struggle! In space we
stumble

at the fork. In silence the
club laughs.

Tomaž Šalamun

“Zdaj ni nikogar. To je dobro nadaljevanje.”

Beckett, Aškenaziji imajo v
podplatih travice,

Kitajci džunke, pižama
trak. Pet korakov je

pet korakov. To ni
nobeno potrdilo.

Za dramo ali za vrečo
peska. Za

dramo! Za dramo! Za
cvetni cirilični

boj! V vesolju se
spotaknemo

ob rašpljo. V tihoti se
klub smeje.