

Azonal

Five

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Juan de Dios García's poems "Calle del aire," "Cala cortina (Nocturno)," and "Avenida de América" were highly revised and published in *Canto fenicio* in 2022 by Chamán Ediciones.

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عبود الجابري (**Abboud Aljabiri**) is a poet and translator who was born in Najaf, Iraq in 1963. He emigrated to Jordan in 1993, where he remains today. He has published more than five books.

Muntather Alsawad was educated in his home country of Iraq, where he studied literary criticism and published articles and poems in Arabic. Since arriving in the US, he has devoted himself to translating Iraqi poetry into English, as well as writing English language poetry of his own. He lives in Portland, Maine and works at the Portland Museum of Art. His translations have appeared in *Asymptote*, *Samovar*, *MAYDAY*, *Last Stanza Poetry Journal*, and others.

白居易 (**Bái Jūyì**) (772 – 846) was a government official during the Tang Dynasty. He used poetry to bring attention to government corruption and the plight of the lower class, but toned down his rhetoric in his later life after spending time in exile for his outspokenness.

رُلى بَرّاق (**Rolla Barraq**) was born in Mosul in 1985. In 2018, her poetry collection, ما وصل منها (“What Has Arrived from It”), won the competition of The General Union for the Literaries and Writers in Iraq. She has a PhD in Arabic literature and lives in Mosul, where she is leader of a poetry club.

Tom Bennett is an English teacher living in London, originally from South Wales. His poems have appeared in *Reed Magazine*, *Ink Sweat & Tears*, and *Crossways*. His short stories have appeared in *Litro* and *Pushing Out The Boat*.

Bùi Minh Quốc (b. October 3, 1940) is a Vietnamese poet, writer, and journalist. At the age of 18, he became famous in North Vietnam for his poem “Lên miền Tây” (“Up to the West”), which was incorporated into high school curricula and inspired generations of young Vietnamese to rebuild the war-ravaged northwestern highlands of Vietnam. He is also known for “Bài thơ về hạnh phúc” (“A Poem on Happiness”), written about his first wife, the writer and journalist Dương Thị Xuân Quý, who was killed in action in 1969. His love poem to her, “Có khi nào” (“Has It Ever”), was voted one of the 100 best Vietnamese poems of the 20th century. After reunification in 1975, Bùi served as Vice Chairman and Editor-in-Chief of the *Journal of Quảng Homeland* in Đà Nẵng, Quảng Nam until 1985 when he founded the newspaper *Lang Biang* in Đà Lạt, Lâm Đồng. As a renowned critic and dissident of the Communist Party, he was removed from his positions and expelled in 1989 for mobilizing writers and artists to demand freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of publishing. For his continued activities, he was placed under house arrest twice from 1997 – 1999 and from 2002 – 2004.

Fernando A. Buyser (May 30, 1879 – November 16, 1946) was born in Merida, Leyte and grew up in Baybay, Southern Leyte in the Eastern Visayas region in the Philippines. He was a bishop of

the nationalist Iglesia Filipina Independiente (Philippine Independent Catholic Church), war veteran of two Philippine Revolutions against the Spanish Empire and the United States, and poet, short story writer, translator, playwright, and essayist in both Spanish and Binisayâ. Apart from *Basahon sa mga Balak* (“Poetry Reader,” Cebu: Mabini Press, 1936), his other major works include *Kasingkasing sa Magbabalak* (“Heart of the Poet,” 1938), *Kasakit ug Kalipay* (“Sorrow and Joy,” 1940), and *Balangaw* (“Rainbow,” 1941). As an anthologist and publisher, he produced *Mga Awit sa Kabukiran* (“Mountain Songs,” Cebu: Liberty Press, 1911) and founded the pre-World War II periodicals *Yutang Natawhan* (“Motherland”) and *Ang Salampati* (“The Dove”). A writer who trod between the Romanticist-Didactic and Realist-Nationalistic literary traditions, he is best known for inventing the Binisayâ sonnet, the sonanoy.

Born in 1920, **Cho Ji Hoon** is a canonical poet of modern Korea and a renowned scholar of Korean aesthetics. His poetry is written in a modernist free-verse form, rooted in the literary Sijo that began in the 12th century; it has the intense local flavors and is imbued with the sounds, smells and colors of pre-industrial Korea. Cho Ji Hoon’s first poem appeared in the literary magazine *MoonJang* in 1939. In 1946, his poetry appeared in the collection *청록집* (“Cheongnok Jip”) along with the works of Park Mokwohl and Pak Doo Zin. The three were known as “Cheongnokpa,” or the “Green Deer Poets.” A professor of Korean language and literature at Korea University for 20 years, Cho Ji Hoon served as the president of the Korean cultural society affiliated with the university and president of the The Society of Korean Poets. He received numerous literary awards and published five poetry collections, as well as many books related to Korean literature and culture. He died in 1968.

艸衣 (**Ch’oŭi**) (1786 – 1866) was a Korean Buddhist monk given a traditional Confucian education, making him a uniquely trained scholar of his period. Ch’oŭi is considered one of the first pre-eminent experts on the subject of green tea in Korea.

Jeffrey Clapp has published poems, stories, and translations in *North American Review*, *Arkansas Review*, *The Dalhousie Review*, *Sycamore Review*, and many others. He is a past recipient of the Daniel Morin Poetry Prize from the University of New Hampshire and the Indiana Fiction Prize from Purdue University. He is an avid student of American guitar and has presented several times at the Delta Blues Symposium at Arkansas State University. He lives in South Portland, Maine.

A prolific and multifaceted writer and scholar, **Luis Alberto de Cuenca** possesses one of Spain’s most distinctive poetic voices. As a self-described “pop poet,” he explores the expressive resources of the conversational register by making use of a variety of materials: comic books, cartoons, Hollywood movies, slang, urban culture. Perhaps more than any of his contemporaries,

Cuenca has been a major influence on younger Spanish poets. In 2015 he received the Premio Nacional de Poesía for his book, *Cuaderno de vacaciones* (“Vacation Notebook”). From 1996 to 2000 he was the Director of Spain’s national library and in 2021 won the prestigious Premio Internacional de Poesía Federico García Lorca.

Maria Cyranowicz (b. 1974) is a Polish poet, literary critic, teacher, and editor. In 1999 she received the prestigious Ludwik Fryde Award for Young Critics. Associated with the avant-garde writing practices known as neolingwizm, she has authored five books: *neutralizacje* (“neutralizations,” Biblioteka Frondy, 1997), *i magii nacja* (“and magic nation,” Zielona Sowa, 2001), *piąty element to fiksja* (“the fifth element is a fixation,” Staromiejski Dom Kultury, 2004), *psychodelicje* (“psychedelic,” Staromiejski Dom Kultury, 2006), and *den.presja* (“day.pressure,” Fundacja Mammal, 2009), from which the three translated poems included in this issue come. She has co-edited two anthologies: *Gada !Zabić? Pa)n(tologia neolingwizmu* (“Talking !Kill? The Pa)n(tology of Neoling,” Staromiejski Dom Kultury, 2005) with Pawel Koziół and *Solistki: Antologia poezji kobiet (1989 – 2009)* (“Soloists: An Anthology of Women’s Poetry (1989 – 2009),” Staromiejski Dom Kultury, 2009) with Joanna Mueller and Justyna Radczyńska. She is a co-editor and contributor to the art/literary magazines *Meble* (now defunct) and *Wakat/Notoria*. Her new poems have recently appeared in *Strefa wolna: Wiersze przeciwko nienawiści i homofobii* (“Free Zone: Poems against Hate and Homophobia,” Outside the Box, 2019), *Dezorientacje: Antologia polskiej literatury queer* edited by Alessandro Amenta, Tomasz Kaliściak, and Błażej Warkocki (“Disorientations: An Anthology of Polish Queer Literature,” Wydawnictwo Krytyki Politycznej, 2021), and the anthology *Świat się wiecznie zaczyna: Antologia Juliana Przybośa* edited by Uta Przyboś (“The World Begins Forever: Julian Przyboś’s Anthology,” WBPiCAK, 2022). Her poetry has been translated into English, Spanish, and Hungarian. Her new collection of poems *machinacje* (“machinations”) is forthcoming in 2023. She lives in Warsaw.

Alton Melvar M. Dapanas is *Asymptote*’s editor-at-large for the Philippines. They’re the author of *Towards a Theory on City Boys: Prose Poems* (UK: Newcomer Press, 2021), assistant nonfiction editor at *Panorama: The Journal of Travel, Place, and Nature* and *Atlas & Alice Literary Magazine*, and former editorial reader at *Creative Nonfiction*. Their works of translation from the œuvre of Stefani J. Alvarez appeared in *Modern Poetry in Translation* (England), *Asymptote* (Taiwan), *Rusted Radishes* (Lebanon), *Tolka* (Ireland), and were anthologized in the *Oxford Anthology of Translation*; and from ancient Binisayâ texts in *Reliquiae: Journal of Landscape, Nature, and Mythology* (Scotland). Their [critical essay on Fernando A. Buysar can be read here](#). They currently translate from the archives of Philippine literature in Spanish and Binisayâ. Find more at <https://linktr.ee/samdapanas>.

Juan de Dios García is a poet living in Cartagena, Spain. He has published five books of poetry

and five chapbooks. His poems have appeared in over thirty literary journals in Spain and in several other countries and have been translated into five languages. He is a member of the editorial collective of the Spanish literary journal *El coloquio de los perros*. Find him online at juandediosgarcia-literatura.blogspot.com.

Ivan de Monbrison is a schizoid writer from France born in 1969. He has published a few pretty bad books of poetry and screwed up novellas, mostly in French. He's a painter too. He went to university and studied languages in France in his youth, and does translations in many of them still.

Gustavo Pérez Firmat has published several books of poetry in Spanish and English, among them *Sin lengua, deslenguado* ("Without a Tongue, Tongueless"), *Bilingual Blues*, and *Viejo verde* ("Dirty Old Man"). His books of cultural criticism include *Life on the Hyphen* and *Tongue Ties*. He is David Feinson Professor Emeritus in Humanities at Columbia University.

A native Appalachian, **J. R. Forman** holds a lectureship at Tarleton State University in Stephenville, Texas. He is a graduate of St. John's College (Santa Fe), the University of Dallas, and the University of Salamanca and an alum of the University of New Orleans's Ezra Pound Center for Literature's writing workshop. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Spoon River Poetry Review*, *Signal Mountain Review*, *West Branch*, *The Midwest Quarterly*, *The Courtship of Winds*, *Talking River Review*, *Perceptions Magazine*, *SLAB*, *Agave Magazine*, *Better Than Starbucks*, *Brief Wilderness*, *Glint Literary Journal*, *Matter Monthly*, *Press Pause*, *The Round*, *Streetlight Magazine*, *Stirring: A Literary Collection*, *Borderlands: Texas Poetry Review*, *The Ekphrastic Review*, *Literature of the Americas*, *Comparative Studies in Modernism*, *Ramify*, *Make It New*, *Revista Canaria de Estudios Ingleses*, and anthologies by Clemson University Press. Find him at drjrforman.com and @drjrforman.

Luís José Junqueira Freire, better known as Junqueira Freire (December 31, 1832 – July 24, 1855) was obligated by family to join the order of Saint Benedict. Freire tolerated that for a time because he could read, write poetry, and teach. He demanded his secularity in 1853 and received it a year later. In his brief time out in the world again he released an autobiography and a book of verse, *Inspirações do claustro* ("Cloister Inspirations"). Aside from discussing the horrors of celibacy, his works had abolitionist traits and spurred a new romantic movement in Brazil. Freire was one of the first poets in Brazil to write homoerotic verse. He died from a heart ailment that had plagued him since childhood. When the Academia Brasileira de Letras was formed, he was named patron of its 25th chair.

Ian Haight's collection of poetry, *Celadon*, won Unicorn Press's First Book Competition. With

T'ae-yong Hō, he is the co-translator of *Red Rain on a Spring Mountain: Complete Poems of Nansōrhōn* and *Homage to Green Tea* by the Korean monk, Ch'ōi, both forthcoming from White Pine Press. Other awards include *Ninth Letter's* Literary Award in Translation, and grants from the Baroboin Buddhist Foundation, the Daesan Foundation, and the Korea Literature Translation Institute. Poems, essays, interviews, reviews, microfiction and translations appear in *Barrow Street*, *Writer's Chronicle*, *Hyundai Buddhist News*, *Full Stop*, *MoonPark Review*, and *Prairie Schooner*.

Born in South Korea, **Sekyo Nam Haines** immigrated to the U.S. in 1973 as a registered nurse. She received her BA in American literature and writing at Goddard College's ADP. She continued her study of English literature at the Harvard Extension school and poetry with the late Ottone M. Riccio in Boston, MA. Her first book, *Bitter Seasons' Whip: The Complete Poems of Lee Yuk Sa*, was published in 2022 (Tolsun Books). Her poems appeared in the poetry journals *Constellations*, *Off the Coast*, *Lily Poetry Review*, and elsewhere. Her translations of Kim Sowohl's poetry appeared in *The Harvard Review*, *The Brooklyn Rail's InTranslation*, *Ezra*, and *Circumference*. Her translations of Cho Ji Hoon appeared in *Interim*, *Asymptote's* Translation Tuesday blog, *The Fourth River*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, *ANMLY*, *The Tampa Review*, and *MAYDAY* and are forthcoming in *Consequence Forum*, *Guernica Magazine*, *The Common*, and *Hayden's Ferry Review*. Sekyo lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts with her family.

韓愈 (**Hán Yù**) (768 – 824) was a Tang Dynasty neo-Confucianist philosopher, politician, and essayist.

T'ae-yong Hō, with Ian Haight, is the co-translator of *Borderland Roads: Selected Poems of Kyun Hō*—finalist for the Literature Translation Institute of Korea's Grand Prize—and *Magnolia and Lotus: Selected Poems of Hyesim*—finalist for ALTA's Lucien Stryk Asian Translation Prize. T'ae-yong's translations of Korean poetry from the original Hansi have appeared in *AGNI*, *New Orleans Review*, and *Atlanta Review*.

Maziar Karim was born on the 28th of February in Tehran, Iran. He holds an MS degree in Information Technology. He has been doing research in different fields of philosophy, psychology, philology, mythology, and literature and will be publishing essays and books in these fields in both Persian and English. His work in the United States has already appeared in different magazines: *Better Than Starbucks*, *DREGINALD*, *The Bookends Review*, *Gamma Poetry*, *Smithsonian Magazine*, *Fictional Café*, *The Gravity of the Thing's* latest anthology *Stranged Writing: A Literary Taxonomy*, *ALCHEMY*, *G*Mob*, and more.

A resident of western and central Ukraine for nearly five years, **Ali Kinsella's** published works

include essays, poetry, monographs, and subtitles to various films. She won the 2019 Kovaliv Fund Prize for her translation of Taras Prokhasko's *Inshi dni Anny* ("Anna's Other Days"), due out from Harvard University Press in 2023. She won a 2021 Peterson Literary Fund grant to translate Vasyl Makhno's *Vichnyi calendar (Eternal Calendar)*. She co-edited *Love in Defiance of Pain: Ukrainian Stories* (Deep Vellum Publishing, 2022), an anthology of short fiction to support Ukrainians during the war. Her co-translation with Dzvinia Orłowsky from the Ukrainian of Natałka Bilotserkivets's poems, *Eccentric Days of Hope and Sorrow* (Lost Horse Press, 2021) was a finalist for the 2022 Griffin Poetry Prize, the Derek Walcott Prize for Poetry, the ALTA National Translation Award in Poetry, and winner of the 2022 AAUS Prize for Translation. The pair is working on a volume of Halyna Kruk's poetry in translation to be published by Lost Horse Press in 2024.

Jakub Kornhauser was born in 1984. A Polish poet, essayist, and translator, he was the son of the poet Julian Kornhauser, representative of the New Wave poetry movement. He holds a PhD degree and is one of the co-founders of the Centre for Avant-Garde Studies in the Jagiellonian University's Department of Polish Studies. He conducts research on the literature of Romanesque countries and is particularly interested in avant-garde literature, including experimental literature. He is the author of many translations from Romanian, Serbian, and French and occasionally translates from English and German. He is the editor of several periodicals and editorial series and author of more than a dozen works, including seven volumes of poetry and one book of prose. In 2016, he won the Wisława Szymborska Award for the poetry volume entitled *Drożdżownia* ("The Yeast Factory"). In 2021 he was nominated for the Gdynia Literary Prize for the book *Premie górskie najwyższej kategorii* ("Mountain climbs hors catégorie"). Jakub is also interested in art criticism and enjoys cycling, hiking in the mountains, and long walks. He lives in Cracow.

Halyna Kruk is a Ukrainian writer, translator, educator, and literary critic. She is a professor of literary studies at the National University of Lviv where her research focuses on medieval literature in Ukraine. In addition to poetry, she also writes children's fiction. Her children's books have been translated into fifteen languages. Her poems have been translated into German and Russian, and she, herself, translates from Polish into Ukrainian. Kruk was formerly vice president of PEN Ukrainian. In 2003, she was awarded the Gaude Polonia scholarship by the Polish Ministry of Culture. That same year, she won the Step by Step international competition for children's books.

Souad Labbize was born in Algeria in 1965, and lived in Germany and Tunisia before moving to Toulouse, France. She has published several poetry collections, including *Brouillons amoureux* ("Drafts of Love," Éditions des Lisières, 2017) and more recently *Je franchis les barbelés* ("Climbing

Over Barbed Wire,” Éditions Bruno Doucey, 2019). The Centre Méditerranéen de Littérature honored this last publication with the 2020 Prix Méditerranée de la Poésie. In 2021, she released her second work of fiction, *Glisser nue sur la rampe du temps* (“Slide Naked on the Ramp of Time,” L’Envers) and another poetry collection, *Enfiler la chemise de l’aïeule* (“Put on Grandmother’s Shirt,” Hetraie). Very committed to the cause of equality between genders, she writes in the name of all women who choose exile in order to affirm their independence.

Charline Lambert was born in 1989 in Liège, Belgium. She has written four books of poetry: *Chanvre et lierre* (“Hemp and Ivy,” Éditions Le Taillis Pré, 2016), *Sous dialyses* (“Dialyzing,” Éditions L’Âge d’Homme, 2016), *Désincarcération* (“Decarceration,” Éditions L’Âge d’Homme, 2017), and *Une salve* (“A Salvo,” Éditions L’Âge d’Homme, 2020). Her books have won several prizes in her homeland, including, for her four books published to date, the literature prize from the Société Civile des Auteurs Multimédia (SCAM) and the Fintro Prize. She is currently finishing her PhD thesis on the relation between poetry and deafness.

Susanna Lang’s translations of poetry include *Words in Stone* (*Pierre écrite*) by Yves Bonnefoy (University of Massachusetts Press, 1976) and *Baalbek* by Nohad Salameh (L’Atelier du Grand Tétras, 2021). Her translations of these and other French poets are published or forthcoming in *Delos*, *New Poetry in Translation*, *The Literary Review*, *Transference*, *Another Chicago Magazine*, *Ezra*, *Oomph!*, and *Columbia Journal*. Her third full-length collection of original poems, *Travel Notes from the River Styx*, was published by Terrapin Books in 2017. *Among Other Stones: Conversations with Yves Bonnefoy*, an e-chapbook of original poems and translations, was published by Mudlark in summer 2021 and another chapbook, *Like This*, is forthcoming from Unsolicited Books. More information available at www.susannalang.com.

Τάσος Λειβαδίτης (Tasos Leivaditis) (1922 – 1988) was born and raised in Athens, where he worked as a literary critic while also producing a rich poetic oeuvre that would win him both critical and popular renown in Greece. His involvement as a youth in leftist politics led to his internment for more than three years in various island prison camps. Soon after his release in 1951 he made his poetic debut, and he went on to publish over twenty volumes of poetry as well as a collection of short stories. The prose poems in this issue are taken from Leivaditis’s 1972 volume, *Νυχτερινός επισκέπτης* (“Night Visitor”), and specifically from a subsection entitled “Απ’ το ημερολόγιο ενός υπηρέτη” (“From the Diary of a Servant”), reflecting the dark years of military dictatorship in Greece (1967 – 1974).

Carolanna Lisonbee is an English teacher and amateur globetrotting adventuress from Utah, currently living in Taiwan. Her poems and translations can be found in *Tea-Ku: Poems About Tea* by Local Gems Press, *Last Stanza Poetry Journal*, *The Whiskey Blot*, and *Reliquiae*. She posts

#ScienceNewsHaikus on Twitter as @carolannajl.

Dmitri Manin is a physicist, programmer, and poetry translator. His translations from English and French into Russian and from Russian to English have been published in books and journals, including *Delos*, *Metamorphoses*, *The Cafe Review*, *Cardinal Points*, and others. He won the first prize in the 2017 Compass Award competition. A book of his translations of Nikolay Zabolotsky's poetry is upcoming from Arc Publications. He translated a number of poems for *Disbelief: 100 Russian Anti-War Poems*, to be published by Smokestack Books in Jan 2023.

Małgorzata Myk (b. 1975) teaches in the Department of North American Literature and Culture, Łódź University, Poland. Author of the monograph *Upping the Ante of the Real: Speculative Poetics of Leslie Scalapino* (Peter Lang, 2019); co-editor of the two volumes *Theory That Matters: What Practice After Theory* and the *Polish Journal for American Studies* special issue on innovation in contemporary American poetry; and the Kosciuszko Foundation Fellow in the academic year 2017/18 (UCSD), she currently serves as the Co-Editor-in-Chief and Content Editor of *Text Matters: A Journal of Literature, Theory and Culture*, published by Lodz University. She has translated into Polish the writing of such North American authors as Leslie Scalapino, Lisa Robertson, and Kevin Davies. Her translation of E. Tracy Grinnell's poetry appeared in the volume *Odmiany łapania tchu: Pięć amerykańskich głosów* ("Variants of Catching Breath: Five American Voices") edited by Mark Tardi, with translations of Don Mee Choi, Sarah Mangold, Tyrone Williams, and E. Tracy Grinnell's poems (Dom Literatry 2022). Her translations of Maria Cyranowicz's poems appeared in *Modern Poetry in Translation* and *periodicities: a journal of poetry and poetics*. She lives in Warsaw.

Pitambar Naik is an advertising professional and has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize. His work appears or is forthcoming in *The McNeese Review*, *Notre Dame Review*, *Packingtown Review*, *Mason Street Review*, *Ghost City Review*, *Glass*, *The Indian Quarterly*, *New Contrast*, and elsewhere. *The Anatomy of Solitude* (Hawakal) is his debut book of poetry. He grew up in Odisha, India.

Amy Newman's sixth book of poetry, *An Incomplete Encyclopedia of Happiness and Unhappiness*, is forthcoming from Persea Books. Her translations of the poems of Antonia Pozzi appear in *The Harvard Review*, *Poetry*, and elsewhere; translations of Pozzi's letters appear in *Delos* and *Cagibi*. She teaches in the Department of English at Northern Illinois University.

Dzvinia Orlowsky is a Pushcart prize poet, an award-winning translator, and a founding editor of Four Way Books. She's published six poetry collections including *A Handful of Bees*, reprinted for the Carnegie Mellon University Classic Contemporary Series; *Convertible Night*, *Flurry of*

Stones, winner of a Sheila Margaret Motton Book Award; and *Bad Harvest*, listed as part of the 2019 Massachusetts Book Awards “Must Read Poetry.” Her poem sequence “The (Dis)enchanted Desna” was selected by Robert Pinsky as a 2019 winner of the New England Poetry Club’s Samuel Washington Allen Prize. Her co-translation with Ali Kinsella from the Ukrainian of Nataalka Bilotserkivets’s poems, *Eccentric Days of Hope and Sorrow* (Lost Horse Press, 2021) was a finalist for the 2022 Griffin Poetry Prize, the Derek Walcott Prize for Poetry, and the ALTA National Translation Award in Poetry, and winner of the 2022 AAUS Prize for Translation. The pair is working on a volume of Halyna Kruk’s poetry in translation to be published by Lost Horse Press in 2024.

Gilberto Owen was a Mexican poet and diplomat (1904 – 1952), born to an Irish father and Mexican mother.

Chittaranjan Padhan is a postgraduate student. He writes poetry and fiction in Odia, his mother tongue. He has poems published in numerous Odia journals and in *The Rainbow Poems*. He grew up in Dunguripali in Odisha, India.

Poet and photographer **Antonia Pozzi**, born in Milan in 1912, lived a brief life, dying by suicide in 1938 in despair about the world. She left behind photographs, diaries, notebooks, letters, and over 300 poems; none of her poems were published in her lifetime. Pozzi’s poetry was posthumously altered by her father Roberto and then published, which led to a complicated publication history. In 1989 her work was restored to its original form in *Parole* (“Words”) and later in *Tutte le opere* (“Collected Works”).

Gala Pushkarenko is the pseudonym of Oleg Shatybelko, a Russian poet born in 1968. He has published since 2001, worked as a poetry journal executive editor, and is a member of the poetry group Polutona. Oleg is the author of five books of poetry (from 2002 to 2019) and multiple journal and online publications. After 2018 he authored five more books as Gala Pushkarenko.

Fortunato Salazar’s translations from ancient Greek are at *jubilat*, *Plume*, *Asymptote*, *Harvard Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, *The Brooklyn Rail’s InTranslation*, and elsewhere.

Cory Stockwell is a Minneapolis-based writer and translator. His writing has appeared in *The Common*, *Spartan*, *Cultural Politics*, and elsewhere. Translations include books by Mariette Navarro and Jean-Luc Nancy and poems by Jean-Christophe Bailly and Simon Johannin. He lectures in the Department of Cultural Studies & Comparative Literature at the University of Minnesota. His Twitter handle is @cory_stockwell.

John Taylor's most recent translations are, from the French, José-Flore Tappy's *Trás-os-Montes* (The MadHat Press) and Philippe Jaccottet's *Ponge, Pastures, Prairies* (Black Square Editions); and from the Italian, Franca Mancinelli's *The Butterfly Cemetery: Selected Prose 2008 – 2021* (The Bitter Oleander Press).

N.N. Trakakis teaches philosophy at the Australian Catholic University and also writes and translates poetry. His previous translations of Tasos Leivaditis's work include *Ο τυφλός με τον λύχνο* ("The Blind Man with the Lamp," Denise Harvey Publications, 2014), *Βιολέτες για μια εποχή* ("Violets for a Season," Red Dragonfly Press, 2017), *Τα χειρόγραφα του φθινοπώρου* ("Autumn Manuscripts," Smokestack Books, 2020, joint winner of the New South Wales Premier's Translation Prize), and *Εγχειρίδιο ευθανασίας* (*Enchiridion Euthanasiae*, Human Side Press, 2021).

Bernardo Villela has short fiction included in periodicals such as *Coffin Bell*, *The Dark Corner Zine*, *Mortal Magazine*, and more. He has had stories included in anthologies such as *Disturbed*, *From the Yonder 2*, and *There's More of Us than You Know*, among others. He has had poetry published with *Entropy*, *Zoetic Press*, and *Bluepepper* as well as poetry translations with *New Delta Review* and *AzonaL*. His website is www.miller-villela.com.

علي وجيه (Ali Wajeeh) is a poet and journalist from Baghdad who has recently moved to Sulaymaniyah in northern Iraq. He had published two volumes of poetry. He has recently begun to paint, and is the father of four children.

王昌符 (Wáng Chāngfú) was a Song Dynasty official about whom little is known. He is mentioned in the Longxi County Chronicle as being a court official in the year 1030.

王微 (Wáng Wēi) (c. 1600 – 1647) was a poet, travel writer, and courtesan who lived during a tumultuous period at the close of China's Ming Dynasty. She was regarded in her own time as one of China's greatest female poets.

Anna Zimna was born in 1994. She graduated in English literary studies at the University of Opole with a master's thesis supervised by poet and translator Jacek Gutorow. She translates from Polish and English and is currently working on the Polish translation of D. H. Lawrence's novel *The Rainbow*. This year, she published her debut poems on the website of a Wrocław publishing house and is developing a manuscript. On a daily basis, she works in a primary school as a teacher's assistant. She has completed postgraduate studies in library science and is currently a postgraduate student in pedagogy. After hours, she likes reading novels and listening to alternative and classical music. She lives in Kędzierzyn-Koźle.

Ali Kinsella and Dzvinia Orlowsky

august

at night the pear bulbs illuminate
august's final meters. a porno plays
in someone's window, in a black living room.
grasshoppers chirp, the spectators giggle,
the credits roll by unread,
someone whispers emphatically in my ear: get rid of
all useless sounds like laments
about what happens to us in the end,
'cause it's not time yet, there's suspense and so on,
it's feature-length and you can, by living
slowly and frugally, dry pears for winter,
darn stiff autumn shrouds of conversation with voices,
go for a stroll together around the empty park,
fingering the hole in your pocket,
which, in the end, we both fall into

Halyna Kruk

серпень

жарівки груш підсвічують вночі
останні метри серпня. крутять порно
в якомусь із вікон, у залі ночі чорно.
сюркочуть коники, хихочуть глядачі
і недочитані, перебігають титри
і радить хтось легкий над вухом: витри
всі зайві звуки, схожі на жалі
з тим, що з нами трапиться в фіналі,
бо ще не час, бо саспенс і так далі,
бо повний метр і можна, живучи
повільно і ошадливо, сушити на зиму груші,
голосами шити цупкі осінні савани розмов,
прогулюватися удвох порожнім парком,
намацуючи у твоїй кишені шпарку,
в яку в кінці нам випасти обом

Ali Kinsella and Dzvinia Orłowski

heavy water

and when you don't care

to whom all these poems are dedicated

and when you no longer believe

you can stop blood with words

and turn heavy water into wine

and all that you have enough inner light for

is to see that there are no more calls, texts, wonder

what are you now supposed to do with the rest of your life?

(vending machines here rarely give change,
especially when the bill is crinkled,

like your face after driving all night)

it's five, daybreak is soon and the semis at the gas station sleep

standing up like elephants

and you get hung up on the thought that you've never seen

how elephant calves sleep

and this all would be so tragic if it weren't so widespread

in the all-powerful voice of the lord

the cashier says, "your macchiato"

and returns you to life from your desert

where you've been searching all these forty years for an exit and here it is:

go

and your decisiveness scares the random morning shooting victims

and you calmly tell them, "don't be afraid, I'm peaceful"

and after a pause you add, "peaceful as an atom"

Halyna Kruk

важка вода

і коли тобі вже все одно,
кому були присвячені всі ці вірші,
і коли ти більше не віриш,
що можна словами спиняти кров
і перетворювати на вино важку воду
і все, на що тобі вистачає внутрішнього світла,
це побачити, що ні дзвінків, ні есемесів, ні подиву
і що тепер робити із рештою життя?
(автомати тут рідко видають решту,
а особливо коли трапляється купюра м'ята,
як лице після ночі в дорозі)
п'ята, скоро світанок і тіри на заправці сплять,
ніби слони, стоячи
а ти зависаєш на думці, що ніколи не бачила,
як сплять слоненята
і все було б так трагічно, якби не було так поширено
і всеперемагаючим голосом господа
касирка каже: ваше лате мак'ято
і повертає тебе до життя із твоєї пустелі,
де ти всі сорок років шукала із себе вихід і от він:
їхати
і твоя рішучість лякає випадкових ранкових підстрелених,
і ти заспокійливо кажеш їм: не бійтеся, я мирна
і після паузи додаєш: мирна як атом

Ali Kinsella and Dzvinia Orłowski

this October, disguised as summer,
these masks turning in the wind,
this old man who carries his half-liter jar
anxiously pressing it to his bare chest,

this rustling of leaves, these weekends
of freedom after amnesty,
these strange downtown characters,
and these trees that look like people,

dog-tired, who've started smoking,
gastritis twisting their guts,
keeping them from uttering the main point:

that this warmth that snuck up on us
so greasy, so untimely, suddenly
spilled on the sidewalk like kerosene

leaking from a cracked tank,
until death, like a street dog,
growls, without coming any closer

to us, in a risky overtaking, who might
have already broken free of his leash,
but can't escape the rain

Halyna Kruk

цей жовтень, замаскований під літо
ці маски, поворозками за вітром,
цей дядько, що несе свою півлітру,
тривожно притулившись до грудей

розхристаних. це шарудіння листя,
ці вихідні, мов вихід по амністії
ці дивні персонажі середмістя,
і ці дерева, схожі на людей,

спрацьованих, що стали покурити,
а їх у дулю скручують гастрити,
і не дають сказати головне:

що це тепло ще вилізе нам боком
так масно, так невчасно, ненароком
розлите тротуаром, мов пальне

що витікає з тріснутого бака,
допоки смерть, як вуличний собака,
гарчить, не наближаючись іще

до нас, що в ризикованім обгоні,
вже, може, й відірвались від погоні,
але не розминулися з дощем

Ali Kinsella and Dzvina Orłowsky

the apple tree crowds her window
the plum, when it matures, rains down rotten
linden, poplar, acacia—a source of allergies
this isn't why she moved to the city,
to deal with all this under her nose—
cut, pull, chop them down!

her windows force themselves upon other windows,
forever curtained, always shut fast
her windows look out onto cement blocks,
the derelict road, the raggedy neighboring prefab,
but the apple and linden are worst, of course,
the plum that bears fruit when no one asks it to

lord of fragrant lindens and wide-brimmed acacias,
god of green apples that never ripen
may someone like her neither blossom, nor bear fruit,
nor spill rot, may she live far away
in a stone sack, a burrow, a cave,
under the open sky, a scorching sun,
in a desert akin to herself

Halyna Kruk

яблуня затіняє людині вікна
алича, як дозріє, сипле людині гнилі
липа, тополя, акація - джерело алергії
не для того людина переїжджала в місто,
щоб терпіти усе це під боком.
треба зрізати, стягти, зрубати!

вікна людини впираються в інші вікна,
вічно зашторені, завжди наглухо закриті
вікна людини виходять на брили бетону,
на розбиту дорогу, на обдерту сусідську панельку,
але найбільше шкоди, звичайно, від яблуні й липи,
від аличі, яка плодоносить, коли не просять

господи лип запашних і крислатих акацій,
боже зелених яблук, що не доспеють,
хай людина така не зацвітає, не родить,
не сипле гнилі, хай живе десь подалі -
в кам'яному мішку, в норі, у печері,
під голим небом, під палючим сонцем,
у пустелі, подібній до себе

Ali Kinsella and Dzvinia Orlowsky

without exception, the other women have grown old
—but not her. she didn't drip with excess
she stands, illuminates me until I approach her
she tells me—don't wake up, you'll have dark days—
you'll walk the old roads
not finding a door to enter,
and this train station, you won't be able to leave alone
or know where you shouldn't board, in what direction you shouldn't go,
where you don't board a train, whose direction you don't go in
and your love will be like a handleless suitcase,
and the carrier will be unreliable—don't let them out of your sight—
distrusting with their love
so you don't lose, run after them, shout!
the black train cars of days, dusty, unmarked,
with no sign of where they, where she—the woman
in one of the windows—is going
while I run silently past my handleless love,
past the unreliable carrier of memory, naïve,
who has specific interests in life,
but she, the only one who hasn't gotten old,
moves in an unknown direction,
slim, made of wax, like a church candle
no one has lit

Halyna Kruk

інші жінки всі, як одна, постаріли,
а вона - ні. не опливла зайвиною
стоїть і світить мені, доки я наближаюся
казала - не будися, будуть у тебе чорні дні -
ходитимеш старими дорогами,
не знаходячи дверей, щоб увійти всередину,
і цей вокзал, із якого тобі не виїхати самому,
в який поїзд не сідай, в якому напрямку не їдь
і любов твоя буде як валіза без ручки,
і носій - ненадійний, не спускай з нього ока
бо не довіряють нікому любові своєї
щоб не втратити, біжи за ним, гукай,
чорні вагони днів, запилені, без написів
куди вони, жінка в одному з вікон - куди вона,
доки я пробігаю мимо за своєю любов'ю без ручки
за ненадійним носієм пам'яті, простакуватим,
у якого свій інтерес до життя,
а вона, та єдина, що не встигла постаріти,
рушає у невідомому напрямку
тоненька, воскова, як церковна свічка,
ніким не запалена

Ivan de Monbrison

Go somewhere else.

But where?

There is no time left.

At night on a road,

a man walks alone,

dressed in black, the ground is dark and so is the sky.

He carries his head in his hands, it's probably easier that way,

and his thoughts are in his pockets.

But one of the pockets has a hole, and his thoughts fall on the road,

behind him, like pieces of stars,

extinguished long ago.

Иван де монбризон

Пойти в другое место.
Но где?
Времени уже не осталось.
Ночью на дороге
Человек идет один,
Одетый в Черное, земля черная, и небо тоже черное.
Он держит голову в руках, наверное, так легче,
А его мысли в карманах.
Но один из карманов с дыркой, и его мысли падают на дорогу
Позади него, похожие на кусочки
Давно погасших звезд.

Ivan de Monbrison

I look at you, but I don't recognize you anymore.

Your eyes are burned by their shadows.

They change in the light because they are transparent and colorless.

I look at you, and when you speak, I no longer understand the words that you wanted to tell me.

Your language is all noise, like the song of a bird, but uglier.

In fact, words never mean anything to another.

When you talk to me, you're basically talking to yourself,
like you were thinking out loud.

And that doesn't concern me at all.

Иван де монбризон

Я смотрю на тебя, но я больше не узнаю тебя.

Твои глаза обожжены их тенями.

Они меняются на свету, потому что они прозрачны и бесцветны.

Я смотрю на тебя, и когда ты говоришь, я больше не понимаю слова к тому, что ты хочешь мне сказать.

Твой язык сплошной шум, как песня птицы, но более уродливый.

По сути, эти слова никогда ничего не значат для другой.

Когда ты говоришь со мной, ты в основном говоришь сам с собой, как будто думаешь вслух. И это меня совсем не касается.

Muntather Alsawad and Jeffrey Clapp

A Barrier

My hands prepare tea for guests.
My eyes smile to others.
I sit on the bus beside strangers
and discuss the country with friends.
I observe conspiracies on social media.
I spend an extra half hour in front of the clothes shops.
I carry my heavy bag over long distances.
I eat in front of the restaurant waiter.
He brings me water
and asks if I need anything.
I use the mirror to put on mascara—
just one color for my nails.
I'm not afraid of dark red lipstick
but I am full of loneliness.

رُلى برّاق (Rolla Barraq)

حاجزُ

يُدي تُعدُّ الشاي للضيوف
وعيناى تُبتسمان للآخرين
أُجلِسُ إلى جانبِ الغرباءِ في الحافلةِ
أُتحدُّ عن البلادِ مع الأصدقاءِ
وأرصدُ المؤامراتِ في هذا العالمِ الافتراضى
أُقفُ نصفَ ساعةٍ إضافيَّةٍ أمامَ محلاتِ الملابسِ
أُحملُ حقيبتي الثقيلةَ لمسافاتٍ طويلةٍ
أُكلُ أمامَ نادلِ المطعمِ
ويُجلِبُ لي الماءَ
ويسألني إن كنتُ أحتاجُ شيئاً
أضعُ الكحلَ مستعينةً بالمرأةِ
أكتفي بلونٍ واحدٍ لأظافري
ولا أخشى من أحمرِ شفاهِ غامقٍ
أنا الآن ، ممتلئةٌ بالوحدةِ

Muntather Alsawad and Jeffrey Clapp

Marginal

I came across it in a novel
nobody read, how I flashed
through the author's mind.
He couldn't find a place for me,
just in passing, tossing off
a pair of sentences to the hero.
The letters that preceded me,
commas and whatever else
that follow, don't matter:
I'm just a son-of-two-pages.
He describes me poorly
ignoring the color pants I like
abusing my white shirt and what
little is known of my face—
only my beard makes it.
I float along, casually mentioning
to the hero, "It's hot out today..."
"Yesterday was better," he replies.
I cross the street, uncertain where
I'm going or where I'm from.
I don't know the hero and he doesn't know me.
I have no name and no woman
to kiss in the next chapter.
I don't factor into the resolution either—
just a son-of-two-pages in
a novel whose name I never knew.

عليّ وجيهه (Ali Wajeeh)

هامش

مررتُ عابراً
في رواية
لم يقرأها أحدٌ
لمعتُ في ذهن كاتبها
فلم يجد لي مكاناً
سوى العبورِ ونطقِ جملتين مع البطل
وما سبقني من حروفٍ
وفوارز
وما تلاني
لا يعنيني
أنا ابنُ الصفحتين
وصفني بسطورٍ قليلة
تجاهل لونَ البنطلِ الذي أحبُّ
وأساء لقميصي الأبيض
وما عرفَ من وجهي
سوى لحيتي
أمرٌ خفيفاً بروايته
:أقولُ للبطلِ ببرود
• إنه طقسٌ ساخنٌ •
:فيردُ
• أمس كان أفضل •
وأعبرُ الشارعَ
دون أن أعلمَ إلى أين أمضي
ولا من أين أتيتُ
أنا الذي ما عرفَ البطل
ولا عرفهُ البطل
الذي لم يمتلك اسماً
لم تقبلهُ امرأةٌ في الفصل الثاني
وما كان في المعضلة السردية في الفصل الأخير
ابنُ الصفحتين من الحكاية
الذي لم يعرف اسمها اصلاً

Muntather Alsawad and Jeffrey Clapp

Discovery

For Qasim, who visits me in dreams

I asked the tour guide where
the sign was.
He showed me his burnt chest:
a laminated dot under the letter B,
jumping over the N...
no one could see it but him.
Upon baring that chest,
he exploded with an exhalation
that almost gave meaning
to itself and the ash-darkened
silver chain that hung above the dot,
dancing between the B and the N.
I asked him, "Where is the sign?"
"I am the sign," he said.

عليّ وجيه (Ali Wajeeh)

كشّف

إلى: قاسم، وهو يزورني في الح

قلتُ للدليل: أين العلامة؟

فأراني صدره وقد تفحّم

وتضيء، بين ما احترق فيه، نقطة تحت الباء

.تلبط، فتكون فوق نونٍ لا يراها سواه

كشّف صدره

وقد انجس منه زفيرٌ

أوشك على أن يهب الدلالة كينونتها

ورماها

فوق صدره

الذي سخّم سلسلة فضيئة

تندلى فوق النقطة

وهي ترقص بين باءٍ ونونٍ

وتنام

..بين جنبيه

:قلتُ للدليل

أين العلامة؟

.فقال: أنا العلامة

Muntather Alsawad and Jeffrey Clapp

A Marathoner

The long-distance runner died...
he ran all his life
but no one told him where
the finish line was.
He was turning around
with no one behind him,
staring out at the horizon
with no one in front of him.
There was no roadside tree
for shade and no one
to offer a drink of water.
Barefoot and naked,
he chased his shadow as the
growing distance carved his flesh
to feed the illusion of victory—
but he kept running,
turning around as if
he was the only winner.

عبود الجابري (Abboud Aljabiri)

عداء المسافات الطويلة

عداء المسافات الطويلة
مات عداء المسافات الطويلة
لم يرشده أحد
إلى خط النهاية
فظل يركض طوال عمره
كان يلتفت
فلا يجد أحدا وراءه
يحدق في الأفق
فلا يبصر أحدا أمامه
لم تكن على جانبي الطريق
شجرة يستظل بها
ولم يكن هناك
من يناوله شربة ماء
حافياً كان يلاحق ظلّه
عارياً كانت المسافة
تقطع من لحمه
لتطعم وهم انتصاره
لكنه ظل يواصل العدو
والتفت
كما لو أنه الفائز الوحيد

Sekyo Nam Haines

Yearning

You stood without a word
under the shadow of a green tree
wet from the mist of a distant ocean.

I saw the unmistakable opening
of your mind's door between your eyebrows
your soul, looking out toward the sky.

Although you wouldn't know where your sad soul resides
in your body, I can see it clearly
even when you are not in front of me.

Oh, I understand, yearning is not seeing the beloved bodily shadow,
rather it is seeing the misty soul, rising out of the world
as an inerasable image.

Cho Ji Hoon

그리움

머언 바다의 물보래 젖어 오는 푸른 나무 그늘아래 너가
말없이 서있을 적에 너 두 눈썹 사이에 마음의 문을 열고
하늘을 내다 보는 너의 영혼을 나는 분명히 볼 수가 있었다.

너 육신의 어디에 깃든지를 너도 모르는 서러운 너의 영혼을
너가 이제 내 앞에 다시없어도 나는 역역히 볼 수가 있구나.

아아 이제사 깨닫는다. 그리움이란 그 육신의 그림자가
보이는 게 아니라 천지에 모양 지울 수 없는 아득한 영혼이
하나 모습 되어 솟아오는 것임을.....

Sekyo Nam Haines

Beautifying the Blades of Weed

Below the ruined fortress, there is a boulder,
carved for eons by snow and wind.
The hilltop, over the fog, adrift, as if waving a hand vaguely to me.
Quietly, I climb up there and look at the blades of weeds,
neatly cleaned by a single stream of wind.
At that long wispy breeze, even my composure trembles lightly.
O, our lovely separate selves! Since the primordial beginning
the countless rebirths after, we are here again.
Looking at each other's worn-out faces, laughing, we converse softly.
At which the flow of time undulates a single blossom of soul
opens discreetly.

Cho Ji Hoon

풀잎 단장

무너진 성터 아래 오랜 세월을 풍설에 깎여 온 바위가 있다.
아득히 손짓하며 떠가는 언덕에 말없이 올라서서
한 줄기 바람에 조찰히 씻기우는 풀잎을 바라보며
나의 몸가짐 또한 실오리 같은 바람결에 흔들리노라.
아 우리들 태초의 생명의 아름다운 분신으로 여기 태어나
고달픈 얼굴을 마주 대고 나직이 웃으며 예기하노니
때의 흐름이 조용히 물결치는 것에 그윽히 피어 오르는
한 떨기 영혼이여.

Amy Newman

Exile

They pulled you from the sea, child,
and now you don't know where they're taking you
on this bare road,
through these dry fields,
speaking words to you that you don't understand
and you can't tell if they come to you
from a kindred soul
or from an unknown world.
The fog hovered over the sea,
soft, white;
the water was light blue
under it, clear.
Did you want to sleep, too,
inside the fog,
like the sun?
Your sea has disappeared, child:
don't you hear how the sirens howl,
lost?

And now, why
are you sobbing?
Did you think there was something for you
in this dull house
where they've taken you?
Do you cry because
the whole house is empty,
because in the big garden,
all the cages are empty
and there's nothing but a black rabbit
near the wall
that sniffs and sniffs

and can't tell you anything?

But child, don't you see that the hedges
along the road
were the same
that grow near your home
beyond the sea?
Don't you know that tonight
on your house
and on the sea
and on you
the sky will cry
the same lamentation
of stars?

Kingston, August 1931

Antonia Pozzi

Esilio

T'hanno strappato dal mare, bambino
e non sai dove ti portino
ora, per questa strada nuda,
per questi prati arsicci,
parlandoti parole che non afferrì
e non senti
se da un'anima sorella
o da un ignoto mondo
ti giungano.

La nebbia aliava sul mare,
morbida, bianca;
l'acqua era azzurrina
sott'essa, chiara.

Volevi dormire anche tu,
dentro la nebbia,
come il sole?

Il tuo mare è scomparso, bambino:
non senti come ululano
le sirene, sperdute?

Ed ora perché
singhiozzi?

Credevi che ci fosse
qualche cosa per te
in questa casa scialba
dove t'hanno portato?
Piangi perché
tutta la casa è vuota,
perché tutte le gabbie sono vuote
nel gran giardino
e non c'è che un coniglio nero,

vicino al muro,
che annusa, annusa
e non ti sa dir niente?

Ma non hai visto, bambino, che le siepi
lungo la strada
erano le stesse
che crescono vicino alla tua casa
di là dal mare?
Non lo sai che stasera
sulla tua casa
e sul mare
e su te
il cielo piangerà
lo stesso pianto
di stelle?

Kingston, agosto 1931

Amy Newman

Beauty

I give you myself,
my sleepless nights,
long sips
of sky and stars, drunk
on the mountains,
the breeze of seas traveled
towards distant dawns.

I give you myself,
the sun of my mornings virgin
on fabulous shores
among enduring pillars
and olive trees and stalks of wheat.

I give you myself,
the afternoons
on the edge of waterfalls,
the sunsets
at the foot of statues, on the hills,
among trunks of cypresses alive
with bird's nests—

and you accept my wonder
at creation,
my stem trembling
alive in the ring
of horizons
bent to the clear wind—for beauty:
and you let me look at the eyes
God has given you,
so full of sky—

deep as centuries of light
sunken beyond
mountain peaks—

4 December 1934

Antonia Pozzi

Bellezza

Ti do me stessa,
le mie notti insonni,
i lunghi sorsi
di cielo e stelle—bevuti
sulle montagne,
la brezza dei mari percorsi
verso albe remote.

Ti do me stessa,
il sole vergine dei miei mattini
su favolose rive
tra superstiti colonne
e ulivi e spighe.

Ti do me stessa,
i meriggi
sul ciglio delle cascate,
i tramonti
ai piedi delle statue, sulle colline,
fra tronchi di cipressi animati
di nidi—

E tu accogli la mia meraviglia
di creatura,
il mio tremito di stelo
vivo nel cerchio
degli orizzonti,
piegato al vento
limpido—della bellezza:

e tu lascia ch'io guardi questi occhi

che Dio ti ha dati,
così densi di cielo—
profondi come secoli di luce
inabissati al di là
delle vette—

4 dicembre 1934

Amy Newman

Roots

Eaves of snow melt
down the house. The soul
thrashes at the thud of thick droplets.

Like this, falling apart,
things ache.

But far away,
beyond the sun's veils and insecure reflections,
beyond the fading
of the hours
lives a meager world
of grass and earth.

Roots
devoted to spring
are hidden
deep in the womb of the mountain.

And I,
I alone,
know the name of every flower
that will bloom,
the light and the patch of sod
where the life of tender leaves
will first reappear.

Roots
deep in the womb of a mountain
hold a buried secret
of beginnings—

and that for which I break open again,
stem
of pale certainties.

15 February 1935

Antonia Pozzi

Radici

Gronda di neve disciolta
la casa. Trasale
l'anima al tonfo delle gocce fitte.

Così sfacendosi
dolorano le cose.

Ma lontano,
oltre i veli del sole e gli insicuri riflessi,
oltre il trascolorare delle ore,
vive un esiguo mondo
d'erba e di terra.

Radici
profonde nel grembo di un monte
a Primavera votate
si celano.

E conosco
io sola
il nome d'ogni fiore
che fiorirà,
la luce ed il pezzo di zolla
in cui prima riappaia la tenera
esistenza delle foglie.

Radici
profonde nel grembo di un monte
conservano un sepolto segreto
di origini—
e quello per cui mi riapro

stelo
di pallide certezze.

15 febbraio 1935

Amy Newman

Absences

I sought your face
behind the gates.

But the house was anchored in a gulf of silences,
the curtains sagging
among the deserted arcades,
dead sails.

Offshore,
at outcroppings
of imaginary mountains,
the lake fled, waves of green and gray
withdrawing
on stairs
of stone.

It drifted slowly,
beneath the absorbed sky,
the vast and pale boat:
we saw
in red circles growing at the shore
the azaleas, mute tufts.

Monate, 5 May 1935

Antonia Pozzi

Assenza

Il tuo volto cercai
dietro i cancelli.

Ma s'ancorava in golfo di silenzi
la casa,
s'afflosciavano le tende
tra i loggiati deserti,
morte vele.

Al largo,
a sbocchi d'irreali monti
fuggiva il lago,
onde verdi e grigie
su scale ritraendosi
di pietra.

Lenta vagò,
sotto l'assorto cielo,
la barca vasta e pallida:
vedemmo
in rosso cerchio crescere alla riva
le azalee, cespi muti.

Monate, 5 maggio 1935

N.N. Trakakis

The Nails

I'm considering recounting at some point, at a select time, all the details, for example how that incurable illness began on the wall opposite, or about that woman in the park who was nailed whole to the small bench, and I say 'nailed' without a shred of exaggeration, the nails protruded from her clothes like little buttons, while her bag with her identity card flowed down the stream, so that we'll never know anything about her, and as I went up to the attic they had allotted me for the night I noticed they had moved out and nothing remained except for some straw, for they always feared impoverishment, and there were times when everyone awaited the inevitable, and upon the serene arrival of night they'd calm down because the others weren't going up and down the hallway to look right behind the door of the depths.

That's why I stay out of the way, in the hope that I will find that lost soul again.

Τάσος Λειβαδίτης (Tasos Leivaditis)

Τα Καρφιά

Σκέφτομαι, κάποτε, σε μια ιδιαίτερη ώρα, να διηγηθώ όλες τις λεπτομέρειες, πως, λόγου χάρη, άρχισε αυτή η αθεράπευτη αρρώστια στον απέναντι τοίχο ή για εκείνη τη γυναίκα στο πάρκο, που ήταν ολόκληρη καρφωμένη πάνω στο παγκάκι, και λέω καρφωμένη χωρίς ίχνος υπερβολής, τα καρφιά εξείχαν σαν μικρά κουμπιά πάνω απ' τα ρούχα της, ενώ η τσάντα με την ταυτότητά της κυλούσε μες στο ρυάκι, για να μην ξέρουμε τίποτα γι' αυτήν, κι όπως ανέβηκα στη σοφίτα που μού 'χαν παραχωρήσει για τη νύχτα, είδα πως είχαν μετακομίσει, και δεν έμενε παρά λίγο άχυρο, επειδή είχαν πάντα το φόβο του ξεπεσμού, κ' ήταν στιγμές που όλοι περίμεναν το αναπόφευκτο, κι όταν νύχτωνε ήρεμα, ησύχαζαν, γιατί εκείνοι δεν πηγαινοέρχονταν στο διάδρομο, να δουν ακριβώς πίσω απ' την πόρτα του βάθους.

Γιαυτό κι εγώ κρατιέμαι παράμερα, με την ελπίδα να ξαναβρώ εκείνη τη χαμένη ψυχή.

N.N. Trakakis

Bare Hands

No one will ever know how many sleepless nights it took to preserve my life, for I had to watch out, I was in danger at every moment from the infernal power which maintained that imperturbable order, naturally, as I was sickly, such exertions exhausted me, and so I liked to lie down and observe how the secret we ruin in living is hidden away and how we will return empty-handed,

and I often asked myself, how many people actually live in the house? at times, in fact, I sought confirmation by counting their gloves, but I knew the others were also there, aching from bare hands, again at other times guests would arrive but never leave, and even if I couldn't see them, I could see their carriage drivers growing old and dying on the street outside,

until night slowly fell and the harp could be heard, which may not of course have even been a harp but that immortal sorrow which accompanies mortals.

Τάσος Λειβαδίτης (Tasos Leivaditis)

Γυμνά χέρια

Κανείς δε θα μάθει ποτέ με πόσες αγρύπνιες συντήρησα τη ζωή μου, γιατί έπρεπε να προσέχω, κινδυνεύοντας κάθε στιγμή απ' την καταχθόνια δύναμη, που κρατούσε αυτήν την αδιατάρακτη τάξη, φυσικά, όπως ήμουν φιλάσθενος, τέτοιες προσπάθειες με κούραζαν, προτιμούσα, λοιπόν, πλαγιασμένος να βλέπω κρυμμένο το μυστικό που φθείρουμε ζώντας, και πως θα επιστρέψουμε με άδεια χέρια, και συχνά αναρωτιόμουν, πόσοι να υπάρχουν, αλήθεια, στο σπίτι, καμμιά φορά, μάλιστα, μετρούσα τα γάντια τους για να το εξακριβώσω, μα ήξερα πως ήταν κ' οι άλλοι, που πονούσαν με γυμνά χέρια, άλλοτε πάλι έρχονταν ξένοι που δεν ξανάφευγαν, κι ας μην τους έβλεπα, έβλεπα όμως τους αμαξάδες τους που γερνούσαν και πέθαιναν έξω στο δρόμο, ώσπου βράδιαζε σιγά-σιγά, κι ακουγόταν η άρπα, που ίσως, βέβαια, και να μην ήταν άρπα, αλλά η αθάνατη αυτή θλίψη που συνοδεύει τους θνητούς.

N.N. Trakakis

Everyday Use

Of course, all those things were somewhat blurred, perhaps even inexplicable for those who raise their glass emphatically over the table without noticing who is holding it, until slowly slowly everyday use makes us mortal, thus I always tried to look elsewhere when the doorbell rang, and later when everything settled down, it was late, where is the master of the house? why is he hiding?

I leaned against the table so that I wouldn't fall, afterwards with head bowed I opened the door and set out on my own path.

And in the evening, at dinner, I'd hear them telling their stories and shuddering, as they suppressed the dark and distant outside—there where we had lived.

Τάσος Λειβαδίτης (Tasos Leivaditis)

Καθημερινή χρήση

Βέβαια, όλα αυτά ήταν κάπως θολά, ίσως μάλιστα κι ανεξήγητα γι' αυτούς που σηκώνουν μ' έμφαση το ποτήρι τους πάνω απ' το τραπέζι, χωρίς να βλέπουν ποιος το κρατά, ώσπου, σιγά-σιγά, η καθημερινή χρήση μας κάνει θνητούς, έτσι, προσπαθούσα πάντα να κοιτάζω αλλού όταν χτυπούσε το κουδούνι, κι όταν ύστερα όλα ησύχασαν, ήταν αργά, πού είναι ο οικοδεσπότης, γιατί κρύβεται,

ακούμπησα στο τραπέζι για να μην πέσω, ύστερα με κεφάλι σκυφτό άνοιξα την πόρτα κι ακολούθησα το δρόμο μου.

Και τα βράδια, στο δείπνο, τους άκουγα να διηγούνται τις ιστορίες τους, αποσιωπώντας με τρόπο το σκοτεινό, απόμακρο έξω—εκεί που είχαμε ζήσει.

Pitambar Naik

Outcast

Oh god, it's good you made me a man; great is
thy supremacy; your people worship you
every day and offer you 56 types of oblations

just tell them once, *I'm also created by you—
a man.*

Also, if possible, tell them, *I'm not an outcast
none will be sacrilegious if I'm touched.*

Why'd they build us a separate house on the
outskirt of the village, a separate bathing ghat

at the village pond, and drive us away
like cowherds as we walked beside them?

I know, you'd not be able to tell
if you made me a man, why couldn't you make
a world where there's no inequality?

Chittaranjan Padhan

ଅଛୁଆଁ

ହେ ମାହାପୁରୁ,
ଯଦି ମଣିଷ ଜନମତେ ଦେଲ, ଭଲ କଲ।
ବଡ଼ ସାଆନ୍ତେ ପରା ତୁମ ଲୋକ
ତୁମ ପୂଜା ନିଜତି କରନ୍ତି;
ଛପନ ଭୋଗ ଦିଅନ୍ତି; ଧରୁଟିଏ କହି ଦିଅ
ମୁଁ ବି ତୁମ ହାତରେ ଗଢ଼ା ମଣିଷ।
ଆଉ, ପାରିବ ଯଦି କହିଦିଅ, ମୁଁ ଅଛୁଆଁ ନୁହେଁ
ମତେ ଛୁଇଁ କେହି ହେବେନି ଅପବିତ୍ର!
ମୋ ପାଇଁ କାହିଁ ଗଢ଼ିଦେବେ ଯେ
ଗାଆଁ ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଘର
ପୋଖରୀରେ ଅଲଗା ତୁଠ
ପାଖରୁ ଚାଲିଗଲେ ତଡ଼ି ଦେଉଥିବେ
ଯେମିତି ଆମେ ଗାଈ ଗୋଠ!
ନାଶିଛି, ତୁମେ ପାରିବନି କହି!
ଯଦି ଜନମ ଦେଲ ମଣିଷ କଲ
କାହିଁକି ଗଢ଼ି ପାରିଲନି, ଏମିତି ଏକ ପୁଅିବୀ
ଯେଉଁଠି ନ ଥିବ
ମଣିଷ-ମଣିଷ ଭିତରେ ଭେଦ!

Pitambar Naik

Discovery

How rare my fortune is before I perceive
and recognize myself,
someone recognizes me for who I am.

Guaranteeing me basic rights, someone
builds me a house on the outskirts
of the village, a bathing ghat at the pond
forbidding me from visiting god's temple.

It's a sin if I'm touched, it's a sin if I'm viewed
as I've not been born in any mythology
or ancient scripture
I've been discovered by some great men!

Chittaranjan Padhan

ଆବିଷ୍କାର

କେତେ ଭାଗ୍ୟ ମୋର, ମୁଁ ମତେ ଚିହ୍ନିବା ଆଗରୁ
ରୁଝିବା ଆଗରୁ ପରଖିବା ଆଗରୁ
ମତେ କିଏ ଜଣେ ଚିହ୍ନଟ କରିଦିଏ ମୁଁ କିଏ??
ମତେ କିଏ ଜଣେ ଅଧିକାର ଦେଇ
ତୋଳିଦିଏ ଗାଆଁ ମୁଁତରେ ଘର
ପୋଖରୀରେ ଅଲଗା ତୁଠ
ଆଉ ମନା କରିଦିଏ
ଯିବା ପାଇଁ ଇଶ୍ଵରତ୍ୟକ ଘର....!
ମତେ ଛୁଇଁଲେ ପାପ, ମତେ ଦେଖିଲେ ପାପ
କେଉଁ ପୁରାଣରେ କି
କେଉଁ ପୋଥି ହେଲାନାହିଁ ମୋର ଜନ୍ମ ବୋଲି
କେତେଜଣ ମହାପୁରୁଷ କରିଛନ୍ତି ମୋର ଆବିଷ୍କାର...!

Pitambar Naik

Enigmatic

I meet you every day, it's quotidian while tracing
the footprints that had been stranded two
years back, while reading old poetry sometimes
I meet you under insomniac eyelids.

I search for you, myself, and the potentiality
in me that's wriggling; leave it,
while searching for all these, I have to search
for rice for the stirring empty vessel, for

the two halves of the day, a stream of water
for the land and a bit of laughter for the face
that yells hiding while sewing the torn sari.

The house rodents cut off the carefully stashed
books and notes last night that you'd presented
from the other side of the window;
the farmland goes saying how to quit studies.

Sometimes, I think, like the saturated soil of our
field, would dreams blossom in dampened
eyes? But leave it, all is enigmatic.

Chittaranjan Padhan

ଭିତ୍ତି କଥା

ତୁମ ସହ ମୋର ନିକଟି ଭେଟ, ଏଇ ଯେମିତି,
ଗଲା ଦିନ; ବରଷ ତଳେ ହଜିଯାଇଥିବା
ପାଦ ଚିହ୍ନମାନଙ୍କୁ ଖୋଜିଲା ବେଳେ
ପୁରୁଣା କବିତାକୁ ପଢ଼ିଲା ବେଳେ
ତ କେବେ ନିଦ ନ ଆସୁଥିବା ଆଖି ତଳେ...!
ମୁଁ ଖୋଜେ, ତୁମକୁ, ନିଜକୁ, ଆଉ ନିଜ ଭିତରେ
ଛଟପଟ୍ ହେଉଥିବା କିଛି ପାରିଲାପଣକୁ।
ଛାଡ଼, ଏଇ ଖୋଜିବା ଭିତରେ, ଖୋଜିବାର ଅଛି
ତବ୍ ତବ୍ ହେଇ ଫୁଟୁଥିବା ଖାଲି ଭାତ ହାଡ଼ି ପାଇଁ
ଦିନ; ଓଲି ର ଚାଉଳ, ମାଟି ପାଇଁ ଧାରେ ପାଣି
ଚିରା ଧରିଥିବା ଶାଢ଼ିକୁ ସିଲେଇ
ଆଉ, କାନ୍ଦୁଥିବା ମୁହଁ ପାଇଁ ଟିକେ ହସ...!
ତୁମେ ଦେଇଥିବା ଖାତା
ଆଉ କିଛି ସାଇତି ରଖିଥିବା ବହିକୁ
ଗଲା ରାତିରେ ଚିରି ଦେଇଗଲେ ମୁଷା
ଝରକା ସେପାଖୁ କହିଦେଇ ଯାଏ ଖେତ
କେମିତି ଛାଡ଼ିବାକୁ ପଡ଼େ ପାଠପଢ଼ା!
ବେଳେବେଳେ ଭାବେଁ, ଆମ ଖେତର ଓଦା ମାଟି ପରି,
ଓଦା ଆଖିରେ ସପନମାନେ ଗଜା ମାରନ୍ତା କି??
ହଉ ଛାଡ଼ ଏସବୁ ଭିତ୍ତି କଥା!!

Bernardo Villela

To a Lad

I who love you so truly,
I, who you, blond lad,

Make squeal and grumble,
Whose pocketknife dances;
And who loves you, you angel,
So, boy, I'm a fool?
Who venerates and serves you,
Serves from the heart;
Who'll attend to nothing else,
If not to your passion;
Who sustains his life for you,
Can't be a fool, not at all.
Anyone looking in your aureoled face
There will fall, enamored,
Looking in your fervent eyes,
Made permanently deified.
He who calls you a fool,
Will continue being deceived.
Who loses so much for one alone,
Who places no others before you,
Who'd not see you except enthroned,
On a throne of gold no less;
He who curses you as a fool,
Yes, he—he's the one who's a fool.
Whomever sees your little bifurcated
Chin and maintains themselves;
Whomever drowns in your everything
Will lose hours, days;
Whomever's in your carceral body
Will sustain their soul for it;

I'm approaching the correct axiom—
This person's not a fool, no;
This one loves angelically,
Free from contagion;
The dummy who curses you,
Yes, he's a huge dummy.
And you who cursed me as a fool,
My young man, my happy little angel!
Just because I love you truly,
My god, I wanted this destiny.
Only because of, well, the two
Bad verses I wrote that I gave you.

My angel regards and deprecates me
With such an irate stare!
I no longer have any more hope
Of having a jocund seraphim,
Who happily to heaven will take me
When from this world I depart.
But if it's foolish to admire you,
To put you before the whole world,
To want to see you on a throne,
To put you on a golden bed,
Finally, to kiss you and enjoy you,
Then, yes, I want to be a fool.

Junqueira Freire

A um moçoilo

Eu que te amo tão deveras,
A quem tu, louro moçoilo,
Me fazes chiar e amolas,
Qual canivete em rebolo;
Eu que, qual anjo, te adoro,
Então, menino, eu sou tolo?
Quem te venera e te serve,
Te serve de coração;
Quem a nada mais atende,
Senão à sua paixão;
Quem sustém por ti a vida,
Tolo não pode ser, não.
Quem te olhando a áurea face
Lá se queda enamorado,
Te olhando os olhos ferventes,
Permanece endeusado;
Êsse que chame-lo tolo,
Êsse sim, vai enganado.
Quem tanto por um só perde,
Que a ninguém quer antepô-lo,
Que vê-lo só quer num trono,
Num trono só de ouro pô-lo;
Êsse que tolo xingá-lo,
Êsse sim—êsse é que é tolo.
Quem já em ver seu queixinho
Bipartido se mantém;
Quem embebido em seu todo
Horas, dias gasto tem;
Quem no cárcere do corpo
A alma por ele sustém;
Avanço axioma certo,—

Que êsse não é tolo, não;
Que êsse ama angelicamente
Fora da contação;
Que êsse que tolo xingá-lo,
Esse sim—é toleirão.
E tu que me xingaste tolo,

Meu moço, anjinho feliz!
Só porque amar-te deveras
Meu Deus, minha sina quis.
Só porque certo bem maus
Dous versos te dei que fiz.
Meu anjo me olha e despreza
Com mirar tão furibundo!
Já não hei mais esperança
De ter serafim jucundo,
Que aos céus me leve risonho
Quando me for deste mundo.
Mas se tolo é admirá-lo
A todo mundo interpô-lo,
Querer lá vê-lo num trono,
Num leito dourado e pô-lo,
Alfim beijá-lo e gozá-lo,
Então sim quero ser tolo!

John Taylor

There is a pronoun for you
if it rebels
refuses to give up—
give it
the lash of a whip.

This will never be inconsequential

*

for yourself

to your condition
the injunction to never

obey yourself

*

it wants to come out
it wants to come out

but it's never that
which wells up from crevasses

*

Breaking through over there, leaking out here,
surging forth elsewhere,

the inebriation
of little by little
opting out

from the heritage of humankind.

Charline Lambert

Il y a un pronom pour toi
s'il regimbe
refuse à se donner
donner
un coup de fouet.

Ce ne sera jamais sans conséquence

*

sur ta personne.

à ta condition
l'injonction de ne jamais

t'obéir

*

ça veut sortir
ça veut sortir

mais ce n'est jamais ça
qui sourd des crevasses

*

Percé là-bas, fuit ici,
surgit ailleurs,

ivresse

de peu à peu
se désinscrire

du patrimoine de l'humanité.

Dmitri Manin

Water_Miniatures: Unboxing

1.

Object: It seems to me important to know that we can't speak
It seems to me important to realize that you can't say: snow

Unboxing: White drowning in itself. A face of a face. A catch.
Warmth consists of shifted wind, right?
Cold consists of shifted sense, right?
To break down a half-answer.

There's no such question really

2.

Object: like you touch the wallpaper with your hand and the wall isn't there
Should you poke it through?

Unboxing: There's always someone who gets drunk at the party
Today it's me
He still can't imagine that it's possible to
fall out of love with him
I was taught how to live with PTSD, and they weren't
I used to hate myself just as you are hating me now
So what did this actor_ine do here?
She acted out how people die in movies

Clearly: this is when it's not facts that you know but the witness' story

The enclosed liquid
has been formatted

3.

Object: I think I have to admit: to observe dthth is mesmerizing (a mesmerizing childhood)

Unboxing: You were a good cat I love you

4.

Object: It seems to me important to know that we can't speak
It seems to me important to realize that you can't say: revolution

Unboxing: if you don't wash the knife the pineapple
tastes like meat

Pineapple (looking at a chocolate bar but not eating):
it's imperative to go down the subway at once
: to cross

Meat: concurrently body

Knife: walking the gallery
: rechristened acmeism as dismembered loneliness

5.

Object: I think I have to admit that
I love Russian poetry

Unboxing: in '83 in Leningrad
he swore he'd show me the Louvre
(I was a-fucki@ng-mazed)

I want to gift you a scene
(a mask)
when I run between pregnant horses
That's a whole lot of images in one line
: a demarche has to be
a plaything

(to see how you cut open the run)

6.

Object: I think I have to admit that
I don't like Russian literature

Unboxing: I want ice cream (that's between the lines)

Plus two paths need to be connected
<you have a strange photo in your wallet:
your wife giving birth: taken from the side as you
stroke her still-pregnant belly>

and

<I feel uneasy when
I can't picture someone I'm on the the phone with at the moment>

(and now he's eating me and I'm nearly coming)

Yes, what I'm doing is politics:
I'm screwed into freedom
We are screwed into the freedom of the thread
of the flights of stairs
to contain the upper and lower approaches to the window
which support
and balance
the flat planes of our dreams

Their voids keep the house speedy

Gala Pushkarenko

Миниатюры_Воды: Распаковка

1.

Предмет: Мне кажется важным знать что мы не умеем говорить
Мне кажется важно знать что ты не можешь сказать: снег

Распаковка: Утопающий в себе белый. Лицо лица. Подвох.
Тепло состоит из сдвинутого ветра, да?
Холод состоит из сдвинутого смысла, да?
Сламывать полу-ответ.

Нет вообще такого вопроса

2.

Предмет: будто ты прикладываешь руку к обоям на стене а стены нет
Надо ли протыкать?

Распаковка: На каждой вечеринке есть тот кто напился
Сегодня это я
Он так и не может представить что
его можно разлюбить
Меня научили жить с ПТСР, а их нет
Я ненавидела себя так же как ты сейчас ненавидишь меня
И что эта актёр_ка здесь делала?
Показывала как умирают в кино

Понятно: это когда ты знаешь не факты а то что
рассказывает свидетель

Закрытая жидкость
отформатирована

3.

Предмет: мне кажется я должна признать: наблюдать смерть завораживающе
(завораживающее детство)

Распаковка: Ты была хорошая кошка Я тебя люблю

4.

Предмет: Мне кажется важным знать что мы не умеем говорить
Мне кажется важно знать что ты не можешь сказать: революция

Распаковка: если нож не мыть то ананас
на вкус как мясо

Ананас (смотрит на плитку шоколада но не ест):
нужно немедленно спуститься в метро
: пересечь

Мясо: совмещая тело

Нож: ходить по галерее
: перекрещенный акмеизм как разрезанное одиночество

5.

Предмет: мне кажется я должна признать что
я люблю русскую поэзию

Распаковка: в 83-м в Ленинграде
он обещал показать мне Лувр
(я ахуева@ла)

Я хочу подарить вам сцену
(маску)
когда я бегу между беременных лошадей
Столь много образов в одной строке

: демарш должен быть
игрушечным

(чтобы увидеть как ты вскрываешь бег)

6.

Предмет: мне кажется я должна признать что
я не люблю русскую литературу

Распаковка: я хочу мороженое (это между строк)

Плюс надо соединить две линии
<у вас странное фото в портмоне: как
ваша жена рождает: снятое сбоку когда вы
глядите её по ещё беременному животу>

и

<Мне не по себе когда
я не могу представить человека с которым я говорю по телефону>

(и вот он лижет меня и я почти закончила)

Да, я занимаюсь политикой:
я ввинчена в свободу
Мы ввинчены в свободу резьбы
лестничных пролётов
содержать верхний и нижний подходы к окну
на которые опираются
и которые уравнивают
плоскости наших снов

Их пустоты удерживают дом быстрым

Dmitri Manin

Water_Miniatures: Boxing

1.

Object: revolution

Boxing: And everything seems measured and correct except
: when I play a movie sex scene I see around me
the lighting crew the cameraman the director the screenwriter
the makeup artist the extras time vision of hate the text is paid

To see yourself in the mirror while
you are made love to from behind
The subjective ones are beaten to dthth

2.

Object: porn; it's time to admit that
the body I embrace every night
subtracts me;
it's time to admit that
the body I embrace every night
divides me;

Boxing: In the fog I shout
Like everybody

In fact I hate sex:
its Bolotnaya square
is crumpled

In fact I like sex:
ships

like sirens
desire a man
silently and longingly
I have no time left that would touch water walls and enjambment

3.

Object: We experience loneliness without understanding what loneliness is
We experience dthth without understanding what
We experience blood without understanding what time is

Boxing: let it be chilly
The trajectory along which gaudi's g-d entered above the eye
Alone that is at the distance of a galvanic pause
Galvanoplasty
To stand in the assertion of crumbling
in a depression of frozen water
in the attractive field of the dunes

(what does the positive landform do?
: it rips the boundary apart into ripples a glide and a sickle)

4.

Object: water-unboxing

Boxing: It's not a gulp at all!

Such sharp (abrasive?) water
keeps the voltage and frequency of our radio waves
at their peaks

It's when you start yelling at me:
<stop speaking metaphysically right away
; stop speaking metaphysicalese

, a ruin building a ruin>

5.

Object: I think I have to admit that
I believe in the death of literature;
it's not as if g-d didn't exist, it's that he is something completely other
totally different from what we think of him

Boxing: Inhibitory heart changes the sovereign's features
Inhibitory heart changes the sovereign's freedom
The ineffaceable clothing front
Or
The unfastenable clothing front flares up but hovers over the dermis
; smolders without touching
; spares

The hovering fire glues together my fingers muscles fascias words
I feel I'm grass and steppe and the degree of fire
The remaining body tries not to come unhinged
The remaining body tries not to look at itself
To avoid the occurrence or recurrence of the meaningless text
In the mode of ash; the ash Saturday

Coming down to the river I almost want to become water
I think of river ashes: of ice that forms no words but
is both unable below and crying anesthesically above

6.

Object: revolution-boxing
Embarrassed-recognition of the mimetic virus
Rejection of the mnemonic symptom

Boxing: the weakness of snow dunes unites the innate falling stratified time

Externalizing memory, then squeeze-drying it in a blind hand
Feeling it turning into real vision:
into a double boxing: double snow:
falling into its own reflection

(when memory is externalized) : (the storage of emptiness
breathes with a full mouth like a free radical)

Note: Section 2 contains a reference to the December 2011 major political protests that took place in Moscow's Bolotnaya Square.

Gala Pushkarenko

Миниатюры_Воды: Запаковка

1.

Предмет: революция

Запаковка: И всё кажется размеренным и правильным кроме
: когда я играю кино-постельную сцену я вижу вокруг
команду осветителей оператора режиссёра сценариста
гримёра статистов время зрение ненависти текст оплачен

Увидеть себя в зеркале когда
с тобой сзади занимаются любовью
Субъективные забиты до смерти

2.

Предмет: порно; пора признаться что
тело которое я обнимаю каждую ночь
вычитает меня;
пора признаться что
тело которое я обнимаю каждую ночь
разделяет меня;

Запаковка: в тумане я кричу
Как и все

На самом деле я ненавижу секс:
его болотная площадь
скомкана

На самом деле я люблю секс:
корабли

как сирены
хотят мужчину
молчаливо и долгожданно
У меня не осталось времени которое касается воды стен и анжамбемана

3.

Предмет: Мы испытываем одиночество не понимая что такое одиночество
Мы испытываем смерть не понимая что такое
Мы испытываем кровь не понимая что такое время

Запаковка: пусть будет холодно
Линия по которой б-г гауди вошёл над глазом
В одиночестве то есть на расстоянии гальванической паузы
Гальванопластика
Стоять в утверждении рассыпания
в углублении замершей воды
в притяжении дюн

(положительная форма рельефа что делает?
: растаскивает границу на зыбь скольжение и серп)

4.

Предмет: распаковка-воды

Запаковка: Никакой это не глоток!

Такая острая (наждачная?) вода
удерживает на вершинах напряжение и частоту
наших радиоволн

Это когда ты начинаешь на меня кричать:
<немедленно перестань говорить метафизически
; перестань говорить на метафизическом

, руина строящая руину>

5.

Предмет: мне кажется я должна признать что
я верю в смерть литературы;
не то чтобы б-га нет, а то что он нечто совсем другое
сильно отличное от того что мы о нём думаем

Запаковка: Ингибиторное сердце изменяет свойства соверена
Ингибиторное сердце изменяет свободу соверена
Фронт несмываемой одежды
Или
Фронт несмыкаемой одежды разгорается но парит над дермой
; тлеет не касаясь
; щадит

Зависающий огонь склеивает мои пальцы мышцы фасции слова
Мне кажется я трава степь и степень пожара
Оставшееся тело старается не сорваться
Оставшееся тело старается не смотреть на себя
Чтобы не возникал не возвращался бессмысленный текст
Режим пепла; пепельной субботы

Спускаясь к реке я почти хочу стать водой
Я думаю о пепле реки: о льде который не образует слова но
и внизу не может и сверху обезболенно кричит

6.

Предмет: запаковка-революции
Миметический вирус стыдно-узнан
Мнемонический симптом отталкивается

Запаковка: слабина снежных дюн соединяет
врождённое падающее расслоенное время

Делая память внешней, а потом выжимая её в слепой руке
чувствуя как она становится реальным зрением:
двойной запаковкой: двойным снегом:

падающим в своё отражение

(когда память становится внешней) : (накопитель пустоты
дышит полным ртом как свободный радикал)

Gustavo Pérez Firmat

I Remember Bram Stoker

When the world was young, when lands and seas
were still taking shape in the primeval mire,
when the air was beginning to rise from
the elemental lava, just then, when dinosaurs
were only a thought in the divine mind,
someone put in my hands an edition of Dracula,
Stoker's novel, with a prologue by Pere Gimferrer,
one of my teachers (along with Pound,
Cirlot, Rubén Darío, Borges, and so many others
that it's pointless to name). Even now I cannot
describe what I felt when reading that book,
though in the sloppy and incomplete edition
by Táber. As I read, the door of the abyss opened,
an abyss where wild roses of the imagination
bloomed, and the lilies of style and intelligence;
an abyss of ancient and magic shadows
where it was a pleasure to stray and fall;
an abyss in which Good and Evil were not only
opposites but also two sides of the same coin.
So many years later, while the wolves of anguish
and boredom continue howling outside, while
the world's vampires and demons and desires
spill dark nights into the soul,
I remember my first reading of Dracula.
So many years later, I remember Bram Stoker
and I toast to his Dracula with the blood
that flows from the wound of time past.

Luis Alberto de Cuenca

Me acuerdo de Bram Stoker

Cuando el mundo era joven, cuando tierras y mares
estaban aún formándose en en limo primero,
cuando el aire empezaba a surgir de la escoria
elemental, entonces, cuando los dinosaurios
eran solo un proyecto en la mente divina,
alguien puso en mis manos una edición de Drácula,
la novela de Stoker, con prólogo de Pere
Gimferrer, mi maestro (junto con Pound, Cirlot,
Rubén Darío, Borges y muchísimos otros
nombres que ahora no vienen al caso). Todavía
no puedo describir lo que sentí leyendo
un libro tan hermoso, aunque fuese en aquella
edición descuidada e incompleta de Táber.
Al leerlo, se abrieron las puertas del abismo
para mí, de un abismo en el que florecían
las rosas inmortales de la imaginación,
los lirios del estilo y de la inteligencia;
de un abismo de sombras ancestrales y mágicas
por el que daba gusto perderse y despeñarse;
de un abismo en que Bien y Mal no eran tan solo
conceptos antagónicos, sino también, y al mismo
tiempo, el haz y el envés de una misma moneda.
Tantos años después, recuerdo mi lectura
primigenia de Drácula, mientras siguen aullando
los lobos de la angustia y del aburrimiento
ahí fuera, mientras vierten noche oscura en el alma
los vampiros del mundo, la carne y el demonio.
Tantos años después, me acuerdo de Bram Stoker
y brindo por su Drácula con la sangre que brota
de la herida del tiempo pasado.

Anna Zimna

Stereometric Character

I believed that the nights were longer than the days whose colorlessness and monotony became unbearable. Nights were undoubtedly stereometric in nature as opposed to flat or linear days. The night had a dimension, a dimension that worked on the imagination, or perhaps was created by it, indelible to forget about itself. It was enough to close your eyes and the night would come alone, beautiful and immeasurable.

Jakub Kornhauser

Charakter stereometryczny

Uważałem, że noce są dłuższe niż dni, których bezbarwność i monotonia stawały się nie do zniesienia. Noce miały bez wątpienia charakter stereometryczny, w odróżnieniu od płaskich lub linearnych dni. Noc posiadała wymiar, wymiar działający na wyobraźnię, a może przez nią wytworzony, niedający o sobie zapomnieć. Wystarczyło zamknąć oczy i noc przychodziła sama, piękna i niezmierna.

Anna Zimna

Getting Shorter

Usually, it was very dark in the cemetery, even when the sun was shining. The tombstones, covered with moss or vines, seemed to be no different from the limestone rocks scattered over the surrounding hills. The cemetery was located outside the city, an asphalt avenue leading to it, getting shorter and shorter every year. Watching the magpies grabbing the plastic wrappers of candles, as well as the glistening petals of artificial flowers, I wondered when the cemetery would finally engulf the entire city.

Jakub Kornhauser

Coraz krótsza

Na cmentarzu zazwyczaj było bardzo ciemno, nawet jeśli świeciło słońce. Płyty nagrobne, obrosnięte mchem lub winoroślą, zdawały się niczym nie różnić od wapiennych skał, rozsianych po okolicznych wzgórzach. Cmentarz znajdował się poza miastem, prowadziła do niego asfaltowa aleja, która z roku na rok stawała się coraz krótsza. Patrząc na sroki, które porywały plastikowe opakowania zniczy, a także błyszczące płatki sztucznych kwiatów, zastanawiałem się, kiedy cmentarz w końcu pochłonie całe miasto.

Cory Stockwell

Calle del aire

I'm filling out the contract for my new job. It occurs to me to think about how many years it will take before this blue ink that is now fresh fades, rots, disappears. I look high up on the office wall. The clock devours muscles, bones, larvae, wood, and earth. Moss that has settled on the heart. I think I'm going to throw up another piece of love.

Juan de Dios García

Calle del aire

Relleno datos en la ficha de mi nuevo trabajo. Se me ocurre pensar cuántos años quedan para que esta tinta azul que ahora es fresca amarillee, se pudra, desaparezca. Miro a lo alto de la pared del despacho. El reloj devora músculos, huesos, larvas, madera y tierra. El musgo instalado en el corazón. Me parece que voy a vomitar otro pedazo de amor.

Cory Stockwell

Cala Cortina (Nocturne)

Who are you? Where did you come from with that board on your back?

The world reinvents itself in a wave of blood.

I take off my shoes on the shore, start swimming, and your name fades away in the darkness.

I'm not alone since you died, father.

Juan de Dios García

Cala Cortina (Nocturno)

¿Quién eres tú? ¿De dónde vienes con tu tablón a cuestas?

El mundo se reinventa en una ola de sangre.

Me descalzo en la orilla, empiezo a nadar y tu nombre se apaga en la oscuridad.

No estoy solo desde que has muerto, padre.

Cory Stockwell

Avenida de América

I'm vibrating like a marimba and all of humanity goes silent to listen to me. Can you hear how the coke and the smack are boiling? Every note is a growing forest, and beauty is an interrogation.

I close the eyes of time, which made night in the wells of Babel so cruel.

Juan de Dios García

Avenida de América

Vibro como una marimba y la humanidad hace silencio para escucharme. ¿Oís cómo hierven la coca y el caballo? Cada nota es un bosque creciendo y la belleza es una interrogación.

Cierro los ojos del tiempo, que hizo tan cruel la noche en los pozos de Babel.

Fortunato Salazar

Hymn to Helios

Two doves on a hill or
thimble feed, make bile
.cedar resin, poultry grease
beaten and kneaded with
lichen .alternatively, swans'
beaten and kneaded with
innumerable trembling white dots .Tupfen
.their eyes trained on green lake .See
and the sun shines and the sky
laughs and they are doves training
and secreting, over countless sessions
unbothered by swan ants nor burst
asunder when a swan ant comes into
contact with their bile, on their thimble
hill swimming in vinegar dissolved
in liniment thickened by adding ashes
.the ashes of all snails are of
an inspissative nature .Omnium
quidem coclearum cinis spissat

Fortunato Salazar

Hymn to Helios

Whitish toddler in the shape of a moebius strip
gargantuan Mousathanatoi
überhängenden Kastanienblättern
your favorite Bravais lattice

.today the sun is shining, the sky is laughing! I'm alive
dipping a tubular ladle
bois qui ne craignent pas l'eau .chestnut
your little future chin hair
dyed black so often it looks green

.Ahlstrandhalvøa and its forklift operators
a baby orca and a carpet pole
Tachygia microlepis the giant skink
.bravo .a close call with a carpet pole
call it in .the Bravais lattice of extant witnesses

mich shuf Bravais lattices
you complain but you are whole .clean
inchworms bob on the whitecaps
applause for the genealogy of Bravais
& goat bots bob at the summit of Bravaisberget

Fortunato Salazar

Hymn to Helios

Say on purpose I'm happy if
offended, even levitating .and brow
beaming with mass of bandages
I learn of my father's death when
my father's name disappears from
the nameplate .and I hurry to see
you, slowly ever so slowly my eyes
open, arms depilated, in glittering
tomorrow bone wire, drenched in
rosettes, in the middle between sepals
etc. the widow trembles every year
before her vintage etc. .and let's say
you stem the beaming—the old man's
tantrum more annoying than the dung
interred beneath the gravel—I grow
out my head hair, a lock, you'll read (leges)
through the mask, the marks falling
to your eyes and let's say shadowed
by a shield of jet we erase by leaving
not one blank.

Anonymous

Εἰς Ἥλιον

ἥλιον ὑμνεῖν αὐτε Διὸς τέκος ἄρχεο Μοῦσα,
Καλλιόπη, φαέθοντα, τὸν Εὐρυφάεσσα βοῶπις
γείνατο Γαίης παιδὶ καὶ Οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος:
γῆμε γὰρ Εὐρυφάεσσαν ἀγακλειτὴν Ὑπερίων,
αὐτοκασιγνήτην, ἣ οἱ τέκε κάλλιμα τέκνα,
Ἦῶ τε ῥοδόπηχυν ἐυπλόκαμόν τε Σελήνην
Ἥελιόν τ' ἀκάμαντ', ἐπιείκελον ἀθανάτοισιν,
ὃς φαίνει θνητοῖσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν
ἵπποις ἐμβεβασίως: σμερδνὸν δ' ὃ γε δέρκεται ὄσσοις
χρυσέης ἐκ κόρυθος: λαμπραὶ δ' ἀκτῖνες ἀπ' αὐτοῦ
αἰγλήεν στίλβουσι παρὰ κροτάφων δέ τ' ἔθειραι
λαμπραὶ ἀπὸ κρατὸς χαρίεν κατέχουσι πρόσωπον
τηλαυγές: καλὸν δὲ περὶ χροῖ λάμπεται ἔσθος
λεπτουργές, πνοιῆ ἀνέμων: ὑπο δ' ἄρσενες ἵπποι.
ἔνθ' ἄρ' ὃ γε στήσας χρυσόζυγον ἄρμα καὶ ἵππους,
[αὐτόθι παύεται ἄκρου ἐπ' οὐρανοῦ, εἰσόκεν αὐτίς]
θεσπέσιος πέμπησι δι' οὐρανοῦ Ὠκεανόνδε.
χαῖρε, ἄναξ, πρόφρων δὲ βίον θυμήρε' ὄπαζε.
ἐκ σέο δ' ἀρξάμενος κλήσω μερόπων γένος ἀνδρῶν
ἡμιθέων, ὧν ἔργα θεαὶ θνητοῖσιν ἔδειξαν.

Małgorzata Myk

document 0.17

under the sun dying down appears easier
and in a broad perspective one can return again

because in certain situations it is much better than worse

a powerful prison is a sense of obligation
and the law of nature's hunger releases humor
in which a fantasy of revolution becomes an idea of maturity

in thoughtlessness immobility hallucinates itself due to idle activity
while all positivity rests in the attitude of difference

disorganization of narcosis causes abundance
of information past the limits of propaganda masked by oppression
but interpretation does not end at the start

victims as per the rule wounded therefore unusual

properties are no one's land

Maria Cyranowicz

dokument 0.17

pod słońcem zamieranie wydaje się łatwiejsze
i w szerokiej perspektywie można wrócić znowu

silne więzienie to poczucie obowiązku
a prawo głodu natury wyzwala humor
w którym fantazja rewolucji staje się ideą dojrzałości

dezorganizacja narkozy powoduje urodzaj
informacji za granicami propagandy zamaskowanej uciskaniem
ale interpretacja nie kończy na początku

własności są niczyją ziemią

ponieważ w pewnych sytuacjach znacznie lepiej niż gorzej

w bezmyślności od beczynnego działania uraja się nieruchomość
gdy cały pozytyw spoczywa w nastawieniu różnicy

ofiary według zasady jeśli raniona to niezwykła

Małgorzata Myk

document 0.22

in mind separation

every holiday the power of a leave to use relief

of vacation the hot kind of need in expropriation convulsions

atlas

map

deducts = abducts

body

thought

my core absent in the contest of youthful props

intoxication controls synapses of references
revealed as long as they don't show in each
body pixel the image pulsing in mind resolution

war time ever free time

enactment alone in wounds without scars
hypnotic inertia of repression's delight
of this alone

Maria Cyranowicz

dokument 0.22

w rozdzieleniu umysłu

co wakacje władza urlopu do używania ulgi

wywczasów gorącego gatunku potrzeby w konwulsjach wywłaszczania

atlas

mapa

odrywa = porywa

ciało

myśl

odurzenie kontroluje synapsy odniesień

ujawniane o ile nie wykazują w każdym

piksela ciała pulsowania obrazu w rozdzielczości umysłu

czas wojny coraz czas wolny

ja kość nieobecna w rywalizacji młodości rekwizytów

samo odgrywanie w ranach bez blizn

bezwład hipnotyczny rozkoszy represji

samego tego

Małgorzata Myk

document 0.13

the body's functioning as an ideal model of the symbolic form of society
needed by the source to extract me from a subgroup of the complex plane
whose edge breaks into particles
the name of this object has been introduced to honor the discovery
of the rule that always works as a simple example
each mother older than her daughter therefore each mother someone's daughter
I always come from the future
in the initial phase never a man
since the mother of my mother's mother always older than me
so I run back to myself in a function or a definition
while the settings are closing and saving
the proof that my mother someone's daughter older than me
my mother's mother older than my mother
my mother's mother like someone's daughter
she always comes from the future
in appealing despite differentiation attempts my meaning is identical
based on the assumption of there being the conceptional state of a reasoning base
to prove correctness they all become true
indeed the identity of mother and anti-mother can be used again
while the settings are closing and saving

Maria Cyranowicz

dokument 0.13

funkcjonowanie ciała jako idealnego modelu formy symbolicznej społeczeństwa
potrzebne źródłu by mnie wydobyć z podzbioru płaszczyzny zespolonej
której brzeg łamie się w cząstki
nazwa tego obiektu została wprowadzona dla uhonorowania odkrycia
reguły zawsze działającej na prostym przykładzie
każda matka starsza od swojej córki więc każda matka czyjaś córką
przychodzę zawsze z przyszłości
w stadium początkowym nigdy nie mężczyzna
bo matka matki mojej matki zawsze starsza ode mnie
przybiegam więc z powrotem w funkcji lub definicji do siebie samej
podczas gdy trwa zamykanie i zapisywanie ustawień
dowód że matka starszą ode mnie czyjaś córką
matka mojej matki starsza od mojej matki
matka mojej matki jak czyjaś córka
przychodzi zawsze z przyszłości
w odwoływaniu się wbrew próbom rozróżnienia mam identyczne znaczenie
opierane na założeniu istnienia stanu początkowego podstawy wnioskowania
aby dowieść poprawności wszystkie się stają prawdziwe
w istocie tożsamość matki i przeciwmatki można zastosować ponownie
podczas gdy trwa zamykanie i zapisywanie ustawień

Maziar Karim

inside me is a man
troglodyte
who hunts for his survival
another man
who every morning
irons words
and another man
who among the polygons of his shadows
has been looking for the sun of originality
but I am just a child
who under the feet of these men
his body
becomes more bruised every day

Maziar Karim

درون من مردی ست
بدوی
که برای بقا شکار می کند
مردی دیگر
که هر صبح
کلمات را اتو میکند
و یک مرد دیگر
که بین چند ضلعی
سایه هایش
به دنبال خورشید اصالت میگردد
اما من تنها
کودکی هستم
که زیر پای این مردان
بدنش
هر روز کبودتر میشود

Maziar Karim

our feet
are chained to our childhood
I have used my pen as key
you have worn work shoes
and he
has seen his worn wishes
in the dusty mirror of another person
and the key remained in the hands of a kid
who screamed from fear

Maziar Karim

پایمان
زنجیر بود به کودکیمان
من
قلمم را کلید کردم
تو
کفش های کار پوشیدی
او
آرزوهای ژنده اش را
در آینه ی دیگری دید
و کلید
در دست کودکی ماند
که از ترس
جیغ میکشید

Maziar Karim

suffering
destroyed me in myself
in the singularity of the grave
I became a point
unlimited

Maziar Karim

رنج
نابودم کرد
در تکینگی قبر
اما نقطه ای شدم

بی نهایت

Maziar Karim

In the first aspiration
I was thin smoke
dancing in the air of childhood

Youth
slow
seeping from freshness

Middle age
concentrated cooked
the lungs of the universe
touched with circles of questions

and old age
callused hands closed
turned off
under the grave smoker

smoking thinking
was yet in the lung of the world

Maziar Karim

کام اول
دود رقیق بودم
رقصان در هوای کودکی

...

نوجوانی
آرام آرام
کام می گرفت
زندگی
از طراوتم

...

میانسالی
اما غلظتی پخته
که ریه های هستی را
با حلقه های سوال
لمس میکرد

...

و پیری
دستانی پینه بسته
که خاموشم کرد
در زیر سیگاری قبر

...

دود تفکرم اما
در ریه های دنیا جاری بود

Maziar Karim

to embrace the dead-end alley
a hand reaches
that always spins
around the square of the knee

and the thought
that it is a river every day
coming out of the mirror

it flows into my eyes
into this sea of mine

I am a dead end alley
who in repetition suffers
and every day becomes wider

Maziar Karim

به کوچهی بن بست آغوش
رسیده است
دستی
که مدام
دور میدان زانو می چرخد

و فکر
رودی ست که هر روز
از آینه می بارد
در چشم هایم جاری می شود و
به دریایم می ریزد

من
کوچهی بن بست می هستم
که در تسلسل درد
هر روز عریض تر می شود

Maziar Karim

morning gun
fires at us
one by one
and we explode
somewhere in the world
but each of us
as much as our regrets
will make ruin

Maziar Karim

تفنگ صبح
شلیک مان می کید
و یک به یک
گوشه ای از جهان
منفجر می شویم
اما هر کدام
به اندازه ی حسرت هایش
ویرانه ای
خواهد ساخت

Maziar Karim

crush of
a thousand-years-passed story

stirring today

and the embrace of today's stories
trembling
a thousand years are coming
and we
every day
every year
every century
every thousand years
are being edited
page by page
we will be destroyed
on each other
until life will write on the soil of the last page
the end

Maziar Karim

بر خورد
داستان های هزاره پیش
متلاطم میکند
هستی ما را
و هم آغوشی قصه های امروز
لرزه های
هزاره ی پیش رو خواهد بود
و ما
هر روز
هر سال
هر صده
هر هزاره
ویرایش می شویم
صفحه به صفحه
بر هم آوار می شویم
تا بر خاک صفحه آخر بنویسیم
پایان

Maziar Karim

from the event horizon of the womb
'til the singularity of middle age
the grave
make this infinite curvature
finite

Maziar Karim

از افق رویداد رحم
تا تکینگی میانسالی
این خمیده ی بی نهایت را
قبر
نهایت خواهد بود

Maziar Karim

my eyes
sip by sip
drink infinite
and my brain
moment by moment

evaporates
to build existence
from the non-existence of this world

Maziar Karim

چشمانم
جرعه به جرعه
بی نهایت می نوشید
و مغزم
لحظه به لحظه
تبخیر میشد
تا از عدم
وجود بسازد

Maziar Karim

they shot
a poet
to the mirror of the sky
the rain of poems started
thousands of people
became poets
in the reflection of his poetry
broken pens
planted anywhere
become a branch
with a thousand buds
we are candles
that in a plurality of anger
will become a sun

Maziar Karim

شاعری را
شلیک به آسمان کردند
هزار
شعر بارید
هزار نفر
در انعکاس شعرش
شاعر شدند
قلم های شکسته را
هر کجا که بکارید
شاخه ای خواهد شد
با هزار جوانه
ما
شمعی هستیم
که در تکتیر درد
خورشید خواهد شد

Susanna Lang

17

That story
for tucking a child into bed
tell it to me
on uncertain mornings

Souad Labbize

17

L'histoire
pour border l'enfant
raconte-la-moi
les matins incertains

Susanna Lang

18

Go and come back
swing
don't cry
don't slow down
don't get carried away
so I won't know
if I'm the one being pushed
or the one who pushes

Souad Labbize

18

Va et viens
balançoire
ne gémis pas
ne ralentis pas
ne t'emballe pas
que je ne sache pas
si je suis poussée
ou celle qui pousse

Susanna Lang

19

The geostrategy of exile
goes to bed early
a good opportunity
to pick up my private mess
everything goes back
where it belongs
the sea to the north
desert to the south
prickly pear cactus
in lieu of a horizon

Souad Labbize

19

La géostratégie de l'exil
se couche tôt
j'en profite pour ranger
mon désordre intime
les choses reviennent
à leur place ordinaire
mer au nord
désert au sud
figuier barbare
en guise d'horizon

Susanna Lang

20

Sometimes the entrance
to an unfamiliar house
gives you a fleeting sense
of déjà vu
as if you've found
the place where you've been missing

Souad Labbize

20

Il arrive que le seuil
d'une demeure inconnue
donne une sensation furtive
de déjà-vu
on croit arriver
à l'endroit où l'on manque

Ian Haight and T'ae-yong Hō

Excerpts from Homage to Green Tea

*

A priest came down from South Screen Mountain—
he came to infuse tea
with his contemplative skill.

*

Roasting tea leaves requires delicacy—
the secrets are difficult to describe.
Pure water and refined leaves
do not guarantee
the body and spirit of tea
will remain whole.

Though the body and spirit
may be kept intact,
be cautious
not to break
equilibrium—

one should not lose balance
for the co-existence
of sound body
and divine spirit.

*

When speaking of good tea
the leaves should be early-picked
with purple bamboo-like seedlings,

the roots in stony earth,
and leaves
shaped like shoes of Huns,
oxen breasts, or patterns of waves.

Through a cloudless night
dew condenses on the leaves,
and the leaves, wet,
absorb it all.

Having skill in contemplation
increases
a praiseworthy tea's
fragrance.

*

Kettles of royal dishes may be served,
and a hundred of them
praised for their exquisiteness,
but fragrant tea
is better than the six accompaniments—
its flavor overflows,
is prized throughout the nation.

*

Taste this Jade Flower Tea.

*

I only feel a freshening, lightly rising
chill of wind.

艸衣 (Ch'ouï)

東茶頌

*

道人曉出南屏山 來試點茶三味手

*

中有玄微妙難顯
真精莫教體神分

體神雖全 猶恐過中正
中正不過健靈併

*

綠芽紫筍穿雲根
胡靴幫臆皺水紋
吸盡瀼瀼清夜露
三味手中上奇芬

*

鼎食隨時進
百和妙且殊
芳茶冠六情
溢味播九區

*

嘗此玉花句

*

唯覺兩腋習習清風生

J. R. Forman

Mother

An Encomium

With bended back beside me Mother stands.
I touch the silver hair upon her shoulder
suddenly recalling how we fled
 through countless miles of smoke and smolder,
and on that slender back my mother carried me.

My mother carried me...through battlefield debris
exhausted from an endless war for blood and skin.
Although beside me stands my mother small and thin,
upon the mountains of Truong Son she casts her shade.
Across its thousand peaks my mother carries all
while over me her happiness cascades.

Hanoi 1962

Bùi Minh Quốc

MẸ

Kính dâng Mẹ

Mẹ đứng bên con dáng mẹ lưng còng
Mái tóc bạc tới vai con vừa chạm
Con bỗng nhớ ngày tản cư những dặm đường lửa đạn
Tấm lưng gầy mẹ cõng con đi

Mẹ cõng con đi...trận chiến trường kỳ
Quất kiệt cho con thịt da và máu đỏ
Mẹ đứng bên con dáng hình nhỏ nhỏ
Nhưng con tưởng chừng sừng sững bóng Trường Sơn
Sau lưng núi ngàn năm đau khổ cũ
Mẹ gánh cả rồi che hạnh phúc đời con.

Hà Nội 1962

Alton Melvar M. Dapanas

To the Flowers of My Homeland

Ablaze as gold and gems
In the Motherland I worship,
Sweet refuge, and glorious,
A joy to the chest of the afflicted.

These Maidens flare as if Stars,
Beloved, precious offspring of the Philippines;
Foe to the Sun, the Moon is their glow,
Effacing the pilgrim's worry.

The Angels proclaimed in mirth:
The scent from the East is fragranced,
The irises bloom by the coastlines
In the Motherland I worship.

It is enticing to gaze at you;
What rises from warmth is your allure,
Captivating and charming the sight,
A delight to the chest and heart.

You are the Glow casting light upon my land,
A guiding Star to the masterly sailor,
In the break of dawn in the Philippines
Overthrowing the dimness of the night.

With your unparalleled allure and aroma
All flowers in the world pale in comparison,
Like the cocoa brown skin of the Filipino woman,
Like a sweet song crooned here by the sea.

You are the fountain of verses,

Sung from the trenches to the summits,
Lovely always to write an ode about,
A passion that's real to the sorrowful.

I have heard from the lips of the peasants
And from carpenters, shepherds, and fisherfolk,
Cured from their lethargy and despair
Now motivated to do the impossible.

You are dreamed by lovers
And the origin of pleasures and pain,
From treacherous thoughts
And ardor bereft of lies.

A pride of my Motherland,
Beloved like minor Gods.
Within this chest is an altar
Edified each time by pure love.

You are a sight to behold, a feast
That's adorned at the Motherland
Freed not long ago from slavery
Bringing to light pristine Liberty.

I cannot fathom the anguish I feel,
I could be withered by a gust,
And my allure and fortune could be doused
As the evils of unsparing love dictate.

Pay heed to our Motherland always
As she stays awake, stands guard without fail,
A fountain of purity, a pillar of wisdom,
Binding us so that we unite as one.

I am with you in this collective pondering
With the wish of becoming one in mind.
I offer to this Motherland my strength
To make real the welfare we sought.

Fernando A. Buysar

Sa Kabulakan sa Akong Yuta

Gakasiga sa bulawan ug mga mutya
Kining ginasimba kong Yutang Natawhan,
Matam-is nga pahulayan ug maoy himaya,
Sa mga masulub-on kalipay sa dughan.

Nagahayag daw Bitoon ang mga Dalaga,
Mahal, hinigugmang anak sa Pilipinas,
Kaparang sa Adlaw, Bulan ang ilang kasiga,
Sa kasubo sa magsasakay makapapas.

Ingon sa mga Manulunda malipayon,
Nagpangalimyon sa kahumut sa Sidlakan,
Mga liryo namuklad sa mga baybayon
Niining hinalaran kong Yutang Natawhan.

Makadani tan-awon ang ilang panagway,
Subangan sa paghigugma ang ilang kaanyag,
Mga mata manunoy ug makabibihag,
Sa dughan ug kasingkasing makalilipay.

Kamo mao ang Suga nga sa yuta ko nagaiwag,
Bitoon sa dagat sa batid nga magsasakay,
Ug sa Pilipinas masigang banagbanag,
Nga sa kangitngit sa gabii nagasalikway.

Kaanyag ug kahumut nga dili ikapananglit
Sa tanan nga mga bulak sa tibuok kalibutan,
Ang babaying Pilipinhon tabunon nga panit,
Matam-is awiton dinhi niining kadagatan.

Ikaw bulak nga tuburan sa mga garay,

Nga ginaawit sa kadagatan ug kabukiran
Matam-is ka nga pagabalakon sa kanunay,
Sa mga masulub-on gugmang pinasikaran.

Sa ngabil sa mga maguuma akong hingdungan
Ug sa mga panday, bakiro ug mananagat,
Gitambalan sa kakapoy ug kagul-anan
Magsisiba aron madaog ang mabug-at.

Ikaw ang gidamgo sa mga mahigugmaon
Ug ginikanan sa kalipay ug pag-antos,
Gikan sa mga hunahuna nga maluibon
Ug sa usa ka gugma nga walay pagkatim-os.

Usa ka garbo sa akong Yutang Natawhan
Gihigugma sama sa ikaduhang Bathala,
Dunay usa ka halaran sa sulod ning dughan
Nga giiwagan kanunay sa putli ga gugma.

Maambong ug makalilipay kamo sud-ongon
Nga gidayandayan sa Yutang Natawhan
Nga bag-ong nakagawas sa pagkaulipon
Bag-ong nakakaplag sa iyang Kagawasan.

Dili matukib ang bation kong kagul-anan,
Kong tan-awon ko nga malarag sa hinuyuhoy,
Ug mapalong ang kaanyag ug ang kapalaran
Tungod sa kabangis sa gugmang walay kaluoy.

Tan-awa kanunay ang atong Yutang Natawhan
Nga nagtukaw, nagabantay sa walay hunong,
Tuburan sa kaputli, lindog sa kinaadman,
Nga kanatong tanan maghiusa ug maghugpong.

Kaninyo ako sa pagpalandong muduyog
Makigtipon unta sa usa lang ka hunahuna,
Ihalad ko sa Yutang Natawhan ang kusog
Aron hipalgan ang kaayuhan nga gipangita.

Carolanna Lisonbee

Heaven's Pillar Peak

At the remotest bend there's a place where the wind blows like a furnace,
unchanged since it was carved in the youth of the gods.

A thousand peaks embrace it like the calyx of a flower,
five boulders appear as if they were set with care fathoms apart.

I'm unworthy of being transported to this golden holy place,
the divine firmament sinks down in an azure dome.

My dress flicks fairylike in the wind,
a tossed stick falls through emptiness to the netherworld.

王微 (Wáng Wēi)

天柱峰

太乙吹爐處依然刻帝青
千峰抱須萼五石煉置形
叨利移金時神霄墮碧鈴
仙衣如可拂投杖出空冥

Carolanna Lisonbee

Inscribed at Yingtian Temple

What manner of poetry could suit it?

Stepping into the open I come upon a succession of towers.

The water in the culvert is spring green, the rain begins to clear.

Mountains are revealed like daybreak when teal clouds open half way.

In the pagoda, rituals come to an end, and the monks retire to their rooms.

The plaster walls ask for an inscription before I turn my carriage back.

At this moment, I want only the company of these perfumed lotuses,

and to get drunk on the poems of Tao Qian.

王昌符 (Wáng Chāngfú)

題應天寺

何事詩家稱翦裁
跨虛相繼有樓臺
水涵春碧雨初霽
山露曉青雲半開
寶塔禮終僧室靜
粉牆題罷使車回
此時欲結香蓮社
只為陶潛醉不來

Carolanna Lisonbee

Spring Snow

The new year having not yet become fragrant and flowery,
on the First Day of the Second Month, suddenly shoots of grass appear.
In the evening, the white snow resentfully drives back the spring scenery,
only to dress the courtyard trees in counterfeit scattered blossoms.

韓愈 (Hán Yù)

春雪

新年都未有芳華
二月初驚見草芽
白雪卻嫌春色晚
故穿庭樹作飛花

Carolanna Lisonbee

Dim Rain

A hazy mist today lies heavy and deep on the landscape.

The sound of the rapids increases autumn concerns, the air rising from the gorge makes the dawn even more overcast.

I blame the clouds obstructing my gaze for this homesick, raindrop feeling.

What can comfort me in my secluded loneliness? I rely on this north window and this zither.

白居易 (Bái Jūyì)

陰雨

嵐霧今朝重江山此地深
灘聲秋更急峽氣曉多陰
望闕雲遮眼思鄉雨滴心
將何慰幽獨賴此北窗琴

Tom Bennett

Pygmalion's Lament

Gone now Heaven & come is the night. Its bailiff oceans
here to return the ersatz riversong I pawned
for you, my streak of ivory, turned flesh at a kiss,
your moonrock cheek spilling like pent saffron,
a horizon I blooded, the child you forever hold.
If I must go on, pull me slow, slower, on memory's rack.

Gilberto Owen

Es ya el cielo

Es ya el cielo. O la noche. O el mar que me reclama
con la voz de mis ríos aún temblando en su trueno,
sus mármoles yacentes hechos carne en la arena,
y el hombre de la luna con la foca del circo,
y vicios de mejillas pintadas en los puertos,
y el horizonte tierno, siempre niño y eterno.
Si he de vivir, que sea sin timón y en delirio.