

Azonal

Six

Date of publication: June 6, 2023.

Editor: Julia Leverone.

Copyright © 2023 *Azonal*. *Azonal* retains First World Rights for the translations appearing in *Azonal Six*.

For *Azonal*'s mission statement or to submit poetry in translation visit <http://www.azonaltranslation.com>.

All inquiries should be sent to contact@azonaltranslation.com.

Contents

Olena Jennings and Yuliya Musakovska translating the Ukrainian of Yuliya Musakovska

Dmitri Manin translating the Russian of Roman Leibov

Catherine Cobham translating the Arabic of Abd al-Karim Al-Ahmad

Anna Zimna translating the Polish of Jakub Kornhauser

Mark Miscovich translating the German of Wolfgang Hermann

Bernardo Villela translating the Portuguese of Maria da Cunha

Allan Johnston and Guillemette Johnston translating the French of Abdellatif Laâbi

María Leticia del Toro García translating the Mandarin Chinese of 郑小琼 (Zheng Xiaoqiong)

Agnes Marton translating the Hungarian of Florencia Horvath

Małgorzata Hołda translating the Polish of Dorota Filipczak

A. Louise Cole translating the Spanish of José Ovejero

Partha Sarkar self-translating from Bengali

Viviana De Cecco translating the Italian of Amalia Guglielminetti

Mykyta Ryzhykh translating the Ukrainian of Mykhaylo Semenko

Contributors

Abd al-Karim Al-Ahmad is an author from Syria currently living in Germany. He writes poetry, stories, and social blogs, and has published a number of pieces in international literary magazines and on websites translated to different languages such as English, French, and Dutch. He won an Ossi Di Seppia International Poetry Award as best foreign author in the category of poetry.

Catherine Cobham taught Arabic language and literature at the University of St. Andrews, Scotland for many years and has translated the work of a number of Arab writers, including poetry by Adonis, Mahmoud Darwish, Ghayath Almadhoun, and Tammam Hunaïdy, and novels and short stories by Yusuf Idris, Naguib Mahfouz, Hanan al-Shaykh, and Fuad al-Takarli. She has written articles in academic journals and co-written with Fabio Caiani *The Iraqi Novel: Key Writers, Key Texts* (Edinburgh University Press, 2013).

A. Louise Cole is a prose writer and translator of Spanish and Latin poetry and prose. She earned an MA in Spanish from Middlebury College and a PhD in Comparative Literature and Cultural Studies and MFA in Literary Translation from the University of Arkansas.

Maria da Cunha (October 19, 1872 – January 10, 1917) was born in Lisbon to a well-to-do family with a Brazilian mother and Spanish father. Da Cunha became a poet and journalist. Her first book of poems was released in 1909, with a preface written by Júlio Dantas that boosted sales; a new edition with added poems was released in 1911. Her second volume, *O Livro da Noite*, was released in 1915. Her lover, Virgínia Quaresma, was one of the first Portuguese people to be openly gay. There's some speculation that their move to Brazil (da Cunha had a teaching job, and Quaresma wrote for a periodical) was influenced by a desire for anonymity and to escape a homophobic environment. Da Cunha's sudden death saw Quaresma return to Portugal and a bright talent gone too soon.

Viviana De Cecco is an Italian translator, language teacher, and writer. Since 2013 she has published novels, short stories, and poems and she has won national and international literary contests. Her flash fiction piece "The Vampire Moth" recently appeared in *Grim & Gilded* (Issue 9). She has written book reviews for *Tint Journal*, an international online literary journal dedicated to English Second Language authors; worked as French Poetry Translator in Montpellier for a writing workshop; and has published poems in the anthologies of English Poets' Choice. Over time, she has translated into Italian different short stories by French and English classical authors. She loves the poems of the twentieth century such as those of Amalia

Guglielminetti here translated for *AzonaL*. She also loves watching movies, listening to rock music, walking by the sea, and visiting mysterious places. You can find her short stories and articles on her blog: <https://vivianadececco.altervista.org/>.

María Leticia del Toro García got her PhD cum laude at the University of Las Palmas de Gran Canaria. She is the author of the first monograph on Susan Howe written in Spanish language and published by the University of Valladolid: *Intertextualidad, Experimentación e Historia en la Obra de Susan Howe* (Intertextuality, Experimentation, and History in the Work of Susan Howe). Her field of interests revolves around literature, especially the contemporary. She has taken part in the YEATS Reborn Project with a translation of his poem “The Stolen Child” into Spanish. She is also author of several articles, both in Spanish and English, such as: “Una proyección literaria en clave histórica de la América colonial” (A Literary Projection in a Historical Key of Colonial America), “Representaciones de la figura de Carlos I de Inglaterra en la Literatura Contemporánea: Teatralidad y Santidad” (Representations of the figure of Carlos I of England in Contemporary Literature: Theatricality and Saintliness), “La búsqueda de la identidad en la literatura contemporánea: el ejemplo de Susan Howe” (The Search for Identity in Contemporary Literature: The Example of Susan Howe), “Dando voz al silencio: la figura femenina en la poesía de Susan Howe” (Giving Voice to the Silence: The Female Figure in the Poetry of Susan Howe), “Susan Howe and the Difficulty of Printing Art in Printed Form,” “Mirroring: two visions, one reality,” and “Susan Howe’s Federalist 10: a Literary Approach to Colonial America.” At present, she is researching in the field of feminine writing both in the United States and in China.

Dorota Filipczak (1963 – 2021) was Head of the Department of Intermedial, Canadian and Postcolonial Studies at the University of Łódź, Poland. She was highly acclaimed for her scholarship on Canadian literature, feminist philosophy of religion, and postcolonial literature. She was a founding editor of *Text Matters: Journal of Literature, Theory, and Culture* (2011). Apart from her two major books, “*The Valley of the Shadow of Death*: Biblical Intertext in Malcolm Lowry’s Fiction” and *Unheroic Heroines: The Portrayal of Women in the Writings of Margaret Laurence*, her critical work encompassed several edited volumes and numerous critical articles. She authored six volumes of poetry, characterized by a combination of emotional subtlety and intense sensuality as well as an interweaving of stark realism and spiritual immediacy, including *W cieniu doskonałej pomarańczy* (In the Shadow of a Perfect Orange) (1994), *Trzecie skrzydło anioła* (The Third Wing of an Angel) (1995), and *Wieloświat* (Multiverse) (2016).

Amalia Guglielminetti was born in Turin in 1881 and, after the death of her father, grew up with two sisters and a brother in the home of her grandfather, an authoritarian and strict industrialist. There is no definite information about her mother, but she seems to have been rather absent and never involved in Amalia’s education. After studying at religious schools,

Amalia began writing poetry for the newspaper *Gazzetta del Popolo* in 1903, but was most appreciated when she published her first volume of poems *Le vergini folli* (The Insane Virgins). After the publication of this book she met the famous crepuscular poet Guido Gozzano, who soon became her lover. Her later collections of poems, like *Le seduzioni* (The Seductions), caused a scandal in the respectable society of the time because they described modern, nonconformist, and rebellious women. However, Amalia also dealt with themes such as loneliness, grief, and love in her poetry collections. When she and Gozzano broke up, Amalia intertwined with writer and journalist Dino Segre in a troubled relationship, which even led to her being sued for libel. She moved to Rome but failed to pursue a career as a journalist. She died alone in 1941 from septicemia.

Wolfgang Hermann is an Austrian novelist, poet, and playwright. Born in Bregenz, Austria, he studied philosophy in Vienna, after which he traveled extensively and lived in Berlin, Paris, Aix en Provence, and Tokyo. Since 1988, Hermann has published numerous books of prose, most notably *Abschied ohne Ende* (Farewell Without End), *Herr Faustini bekommt Besuch* (Herr Faustini Gets a Visit), *Insel im Sommer* (Island in Summer), *Bildnis meiner Mutter* (Portrait of My Mother), and poetry, *Ins Tagesinnere* (To the Heart of Day) and *Schatten auf dem Weg durch den Bernsteinwald* (Shadows on the Way Through the Amber Forest). His poems have often been set to music, for instance, by Johanna Doderer and Peter Madsen, and his works have been translated into many languages, including English (*Herr Faustini verreist* (*Herr Faustini Takes a Trip*) and *Paris Berlin New York. Die Farbe der Stadt* (*Paris Berlin New York. The Color of the City*). He has also won several prominent awards, including the Siemens Literature Prize in 2002, the Anton Wildgans Prize in 2006, and the Austrian State Prize in 2007.

Małgorzata Holda is Assistant Professor in the Department of British Literature and Culture at the University of Łódź, Poland. Her published work explores topics within the modern and postmodern novel, philological and philosophical hermeneutics (with special emphasis on Paul Ricoeur's hermeneutics of the self as l'homme capable and Hans-Georg Gadamer's philosophical hermeneutics), aesthetics, phenomenology, and postmodern philosophy. She is the author of *On Beauty and Being: Hans-Georg Gadamer's and Virginia Woolf's Hermeneutics of the Beautiful* (2021) and *Paul Ricoeur's Concept of Subjectivity and the Postmodern Claim of the Death of the Subject* (2018). Senior Associate Fellow of the International Institute for Hermeneutics and member of the Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain, she is a thematic editor of *Text Matters: A Journal of Literature, Theory and Culture*.

Hungarian poet **Florencia Horvath** was born in Celldomolk in 2002. She is a recipient of the Zsigmond Moricz Literary Grant. Her poems have been published in most of the major literary

magazines and journals in Hungary. Her poem had a special mention in the Quasimodo Poetry Competition. She leads a literary talk show series.

Olena Jennings is the author of the poetry collection *The Age of Secrets* (Lost Horse Press, 2022) and the chapbook *Memory Project* (2018.) Her novel *Temporary Shelter* was released in 2021 from Cervena Barva Press. Her translation from Ukrainian of Vasyl Makhno's collection *Paper Bridge* was released in October 2022 from Plamen Press and her translation with Oksana Lutsyshyna of Kateryna Kalytko's collection *Nobody Knows Us Here, and We Don't Know Anyone* was released from Lost Horse Press. Her textile art has been shown at Bliss on Bliss Art Projects and the NYC Poetry Festival. She is the founder and curator of the Poets of Queens reading series and press.

Originally from southern California, **Allan Johnston** earned his MA in Creative Writing and his PhD in English from the University of California, Davis. His poems have appeared in over sixty journals, including *Poetry*, *Poetry East*, *Rattle*, and *Rhino*. He has published three full-length poetry collections (*Tasks of Survival*, 1996; *In a Window*, 2018; and *Sable and Selected Poems*, 2022) and three chapbooks (*Northport*, 2010; *Departures*, 2013; and *Contingencies*, 2015), and has received an Illinois Arts Council Fellowship, Pushcart Prize nominations (2009 and 2016), and the First Prize in Poetry in the Outrider Press Literary Anthology competition (2010). His translations and co-translations of poems from the French and German have appeared in *Ezra*, *Metamorphosis*, and *Transference*. He teaches writing and literature at Columbia College and DePaul University in Chicago. He reads or has read for *Word River*, *r.kv.r.y*, and the Illinois Emerging Poets competition, and is co-editor of *JPSE: Journal for the Philosophical Study of Education*. His scholarly articles have appeared in *Twentieth Century Literature*, *College Literature*, and several other journals.

Guillemette Johnston is a professor of French at DePaul University. As well as being a specialist in Rousseau and the French Enlightenment, she also teaches broadly in the areas of French and Francophone literature, as well as Liberal Studies Program focal point courses on the psychology of fairy tales and DEI sophomore seminars on Race, Power, and Resistance. She has lived in the French West Indies and Algeria, and has authored a monograph on Frantz Fanon that appeared in the *Dictionary of Literary Biography*. Francophone courses she has taught include sections on Islam and France, Haiti, the shattering of identity by immigration and colonialism, French Canadian literature, the problem of identity in the French West Indies, and Maghrebi novels of childhood. She is co-editor of *JPSE: Journal for the Philosophical Study of Education*, and a co-translator (with Allan Johnston) of poems published in *Metamorphoses*, *Ezra*, *Transference*, and *Milles Feuilles*. She is the author of *Lectures poétiques: La Représentation poétique du discours théorique chez Jean-Jacques Rousseau* (1996) and has published scholarly articles in

Romanic Review, French Forum, Studies on Voltaire and the Eighteenth Century, Pensée libre, Études Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the MLA Approaches to Teaching series, and elsewhere.

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 *Drożdźownia* (The Yeast Factory). In 2021 he was nominated for the Gdynia Literary Prize for the book *Premie górskie najwyższej kategorii* (Mountain Climbs of the Highest Category). Jakub is also interested in art criticism and enjoys cycling, hiking in the mountains, and long walks. He lives in Cracow.

Abdellatif Laâbi is a poet, novelist, playwright, translator, and political activist. He was born in Fez, Morocco, in 1942. In the 1960s, Laâbi was the founding editor of *Souffles*, a widely influential French and Arabic literary review that was banned in 1972, at which point Laâbi was imprisoned for eight and a half years. He now lives in exile in France. Laâbi's most recent accolades include the Prix Goncourt de la Poésie for his *Oeuvres complètes* (Collected works) in 2009 and the Académie Française's Grand Prix de la Francophonie in 2011. His work has been translated into Arabic, Spanish, German, Italian, Dutch, Turkish and English. Laâbi himself has translated into French the works of Mahmoud Darwish, Abdul Wahab al-Bayati, Mohammed Al-Maghout, Saâdi Youssef, Abdallah Zrika, Ghassan Kanafani, and Qassim Haddad.

Roman Leibov, associate professor at the University of Tartu (Estonia), was born in 1963 in Kiev, Ukraine, to a family of Jewish origin and writes in Russian. He is the author of several books and dozens of articles on the history of Russian literature of the 19th and 20th centuries (see: <https://ut-ee.academia.edu/RomanLeibov>). In 2012 he published the children's story *Разделить на сто* (To be Divided by a Hundred). His poetry collection *P.S.*, which includes poems written since the 1990s, was published in 2021 in Moscow.

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*, published by Smokestack Books in January, 2023.

Agnes Marton is a Hungarian-born poet, writer, librettist, literary translator, Reviews Editor of The Ofi Press (Mexico), Art Curator at One Hand Clapping (UK), and Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts (UK). Recent publications include her collection *Captain Fly's Bucket List*, four chapbooks with Moria Books (USA), and two collections published in Hungary: *En, az iguana* (Being an Iguana) and *Jaguarfolyoso* (Mission Jaguar). She won the National Poetry Day Competition in the UK and an ecopoetry competition in Hungary. An anthology she edited (*Estuary: A Confluence of Art and Poetry*) received the Saboteur Award. Her work is widely anthologized; some examples include *Alice: Ekphrasis* at the British Library and *Anthem: A Tribute to Leonard Cohen*. In the award-winning poetry exhibition project *Guardian of the Edge 33*, accomplished visual artists responded to her poetry. She has been a resident poet on a research boat in the Arctic Circle, at the Scott Polar Research Institute at the Cambridge University, and also in Iceland, Italy, Portugal, and Canada. Her poem "Fish Speech, Remember?" was performed by the BBC Singers. She has translated poems by Anna Terek, Bettina Simon, Zita Izso, Soma Kazsimer, Dario Szabo, Krisztian Biro, and others from Hungarian into English.

Mark Miscovich is a freelance translator and author from Ohio who now lives in Vienna, Austria. He has published translations of several short stories and poems as well as two novels, *Paris, Berlin, New York. Die Farbe der Stadt* (*Paris Berlin New York. The Color of the City*) by the Austrian author Wolfgang Hermann and *Die Liebe der beiden Frauen zu den Gärten* (*How They Love Their Gardens*) by the Swiss author Christine Trüb. He has also authored several short stories, most recently "A Summer Like Back Then" in *Tenth Muse*.

Yuliya Musakovska was born in 1982 in Lviv, Ukraine. She is an award-winning poet and translator. She has published five poetry collections in Ukrainian. The most recent, *Бог свободи* (*The God of Freedom*) (2021), is forthcoming in 2024 from Arrowsmith press in English translation by Olena Jennings and the author. Her bilingual collection, *Želazo / Zanizo* (*Iron*) (2022), with translation by Aneta Kaminska, was published in Poland by The Borderland Foundation. In 2023, a joint chapbook of poems by Yuliya, *Stones and Nails*, and Daryna Gladun, *War Does Not Start Tomorrow*, in translation by Mikael Nydahl, was published in Sweden by Ariel/Ellerströms. Yuliya has received numerous literary awards in Ukraine, including the prominent Smoloskyp Poetry Award for young authors and the Dictum Prize from Krok Publishing House. Her individual poems have been translated into nearly 30 languages and

published internationally, recently appearing in *AGNI*, *The Common*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, *NELLE*, *The Continental*, *Two Letters*, The Red Letter Poem Project, *Apofenie*, etc. Yuliya is a translator of Tomas Tranströmer to Ukrainian and of contemporary Ukrainian poets into English. She is a member of PEN Ukraine. Yuliya has a Master's degree in International Affairs from Lviv National University and has been working IT since 2007.

José Ovejero is a contemporary Spanish author who has published extensively. His oeuvre includes collections of poetry, short stories, plays, novels, and travel narratives as well as anthologized short stories and essays. He has received numerous literary prizes for his works of fiction, including the Primavera prize for the novel *Las vidas ajenas* (The Lives of Others) (2005); the Ramón Gómez de la Serna prize for *La comedia salvaje* (The Savage Comedy) (2011); and the Alfaguara Prize for the novel *La invención del amor* (The Invention of Love) (2013). He was awarded the Observatorio D'Achtall Award in 2016 for his collected literary works, and in 2017, he received the Juan Gil-Albert poetry prize for his poetry collection *Mujer lenta* (Slow Woman).

Mykyta Ryzhykh is a winner of the international competition Art Against Drugs and the Ukrainian contests Vytoky, Shoduarivska Altanka, and Khortytsky dzvony; laureate of the literary competition named after Tyutyunnik, Lyceum, and Twelve, named after Dragomoshchenko; and finalist for the Crimean ginger competition. His work has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize.

Partha Sarkar, a resident of Ichapur, a small town in the province West Bengal of India, writes poems inspired by the late Sankar Sarkar and his friends (especially Deb kumar Khan) to protest against social injustice and crimes against nature. His poems have been in different magazines both in Bangla and in English. Once, he believed in revolution, but now he is confused by the obscurity of human beings, though he keeps fire in his soul.

Mykhaylo Semenko (1892 – 1937) is a representative of the Ukrainian "Executed Renaissance" repressed in the USSR.

Bernardo Villela has had poetry published by *Entropy*, *Zoetic Press*, *Bluepepper*, and *Eldritch & Ether* and poetry translations by *New Delta Review*. You can read more about these and various others of his pursuits at www.miller-villela.com.

郑小琼 (**Zheng Xiaoqiong**) was born in the city of Nanchong, Sichuan on June 18, 1980. She studied at a nursing school and initiated her career working in a hospital, where she remained till 2001. That year she moved to Dongguan and started working in different factories as an assembly-line worker. There she began writing poetry about the working conditions she

endured, the life in the factories, the relationships between coworkers, etc. In 2007 she won the Liqun Literary Award, which transformed her into a well-known poet inside and outside the borders of China. She is the author of several books of poetry such as 女工记 (Women Migrant Workers), 黄麻岭 (Huangmaling), 郑小琼诗选 (Zheng Xiaoqiong's Selected Poems), 纯种植物 (Pure Plant), and 人行天桥 (Pedestrian Overpass), among others.

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.

Olena Jennings and Yuliya Musakovska

The Sun Fox

The sun, a rustling fox,
sniffs the ticklish spot on your neck,
the spot from where my journey began.
It's good that we didn't save ourselves
from the most audacious wonders
of the last half of September—now October.
We have a bed as wide as the world
in which it is easy to grasp hands
and carefully adjust the blanket for the one closest.
We have a coastline
painted with oils—it comes to life twice a year.
We keep heavenly birds on our shoulders.
The fox licks its lips avidly.
Son, let's go, feed the fox.
In this home, no one will be excluded
or alone. And especially if it is the sun.

Yuliya Musakovska

Сонця шерехка лисиця
винюхує лоскітне місце в тебе на шиї,
місце, звідки почалася моя подорож.
Добре, що ми не вберегли себе
від найнахабніших див
піввересневих—жовтневих тепер.
Маємо ліжку—широке, як світ,
у якому легко торкнутись руки
і обережно поправити ковдру найближчому.
Маємо узбережжя,
писане олійними фарбами—воно оживає двічі на рік.
Маємо райських птахів на плечах;
Лисиця оближеться ласо.
Сину, ходи, погодуємо ту лисицю.
У цьому домі жодна істота не буде обділена
чи самотня. А надто якщо це сонце.

Olena Jennings and Yuliya Musakovska

In the Moon's Palm

My golden child,
the moon holds out its palm.
Sit there, while it is generous,
plunge into the blue darkness.
Everyone is tiny from such heights—
the homeless and kings,
hermits and warriors—
poppy seeds pour from your hand;
nuts crack inside your fist—
the kutia will be rich.
And there is only one spoon.
Hold on to the mane of dreams.
The great, wicked earth,
your resolve will find a way—
to dive headfirst
into the colors of the night.
Your star is still weak
and you still believe in fairytales.
While fear hasn't grown too deep,
Go ahead—swing,
fly,
fight.

Yuliya Musakovska

Мое золоте дитя,
долоню місяць простяг.
Сідай—поки добрий він,
вирулюй у темну синь.
Усі з висоти малі—
безхатьки і королі,
відлюдники й вояки—
мачинки летять з руки;
горіхи в жмені хрустять—
багата буде кутя.
А ложка лише одна.
Чіпляйся за гриву снам.
Велика, лиха земля,
упертість покаже шлях—
пірнати сторчма згори
у ніччині кольори.
Ще зірка твоя слабка,
ще віра твоя—в казках.
Допоки страх не проріс,
гойдайся,
лети,
борись.

Olena Jennings and Yuliya Musakovska

The Lost Heart

I don't know what side
your heart is on
I have listened for it all over
your chest and below
Your heart is a lost little animal
An elephant swallowed by a constrictor
A suspicious tumor that continually changes
its location
An apple of discord
A Good Book under goose down
A magic egg of happiness
I didn't notice it on the floor
and stepped on it and—ouch!—
broke my Achilles heel

Yuliya Musakovska

я не знаю з якого боку
у тебе серце
я прислухалась до тебе скрізь
у грудях і нижче
серце твоє—заблукале звіря
слон якого ковтнув удав
сумнівна пухлина яка щоразу змінює
місце розташування
яблуко розбрату
суперкнига під суперобкладинкою
яйце райце
не завважила на підлозі
наступила і—ах!—
пробила свою
ахіллесову п'ятку

Olena Jennings and Yuliya Musakovska

The Fencers

While no one is watching,
I put my arms around your waist,
crossing my fingers,
digging my nose into your neck.
It's been over a dozen years,
such a childish display of affection
is inappropriate.

While no one is watching,
the fencers of our natures—
not clear who's in black
and who's in white, this time—
are fighting not for life
but to death,
drawing out sparks.

I'm guessing the moment
you will speak again
after a prolonged silence
almost accurately.
You reach out your hand
across time and space—
to stab me or to pull me
close to the heart.

While no one is watching,
I'm blunting the blade.
What's on your end—
a fluffy bee or a flower?
Tomorrow we'll start again
in whispering rain,

tickling sun, and screeching wind.

And—thrust!

Take a look at me
while no one is watching.
So good that we dropped our masks
just in time.

Yuliya Musakovska

Поки ніхто не бачить,
обіймаю тебе за пояс,
стискаю пальці,
тицяюсь носом у шию.
Надцятий рік—не личить
такий діввацький
вияв прихильності.

Поки ніхто не бачить,
фехтувальники наших натур—
невідомо, хто в білому,
хто в чорному цього разу—
не на смерть, а на життя
змагаються, викрешують іскри.

Вгадую мить, коли заговориш
після тягучої мовчанки,
майже безпомилково.
Простягаєш руку
крізь час і простір—
для того, аби вколоти,
чи притулити до серця?

Поки ніхто не бачить,
затуплюю вістря зброї.
Що на твоєму — пухнаста
бджола чи квітка?
Завтра почнемо знову,
під шепіт зливи,
лоскіт сонця
та клекотання вітру.

І—випад!

Поглянь на мене,

поки ніхто не бачить.
Як добре, що ми
вчасно позбулись масок.

Dmitri Manin

1. Three Pictures

1969. An old woman in a babushka holds up a red flag, something is burning in the background

My uncle Andrey Isaakovich,
the husband of my aunt,
my mother's older sister,
had scars on his back,
the remnants of war wounds.
It was 25 years since
the end of the penultimate
worldwide muddle.

Uncle Andrey Isaakovich,
as you guessed, was a vet, and so
he roamed the rooms in a white
cotton undershirt, his underpants
flapping like a loose sail in the wind.
It was in Tashkent, in a five-story
concrete panel building.
There were irrigation ditches outside,
called aryks. Slimy many-legged critters
lived in aryks, kids caught them with strings.
Asia.

*1974. An elderly woman in traditional dress clasps the staff of a flag in front of a flame, while a hammer
and sickle float over her head*

Five years later
in Europe, on the outskirts of Kyiv, the let-there-always-be sun
always shone on our Young Pioneer camp "Antaeus,"
where rosy sweet scabby let-there-always-be pines grew,
but among them you could still see the trenches,
partly overgrown, like scars.

Young Pioneers dug the moist sandy ground
for the shards of artillery shells,
like those which had slashed
uncle Andrey Isaakovich's back.
And the casings smelling of hoary cuprous oxides.
And fragments of rusty concertina wire.
And some other scraps of the heroic past perfect,
important
history,
pieces of epos, ethos, ethnos.

*2022. Bent in an arc in the cold, an old crone in a hooded cape stands with a scythe in her hands, in front
of a blazing fire*

Around there are underground labyrinths of concrete, like micelia,
which didn't protect any one
of those who seeped into this sandy loam
in 1941.

Around there are many anthills.
There are pine needles, horsetails, wood sorrel, and sundry officials.
It's always the high point of June there
smelling of pine sap, and as clear as the lenses
of Zeiss binoculars brought from war.

Around there, past the fence
of the young pioneer camp
lay a rough, broad field, past which
a river meandered.

And the river was called: "Irpen."

2.

if you're staying with your people
where your people are regrettably
temper your exasperation
and accept with understanding

everything that will for certain
follow in the immediate future
as explained to us by shakespeare
dostoyevsky and by other
equally distinguished masters
of persuasive elocution

or you might as well just tell
your people to fucking go to hell

3.

words shards of glass
somehow won't ass-
emble slip off the lips
dis-

not -perse, but -integrate
each breaks in two
and then again in two
then once again in two
and once again in two
and again in two
such cluster wordheads
inside my uncomplicated head
prefixes scattered stems crushed
morpheme bombs plunging

brea and then bur
grou in the mur nowher
nearticulanguage

be sides chil
hit wi wha
artilleri ord is gi
artilleri mothla ca
dumdumdum ma gun
righ tha trench

dyr bul shchyl
us this day

oh so rich and black is our fertile plain
but we ain't the scum and dirt of our land

for details ref. the grain

4.

yeah we're no scythians we're mosquitoes in chitin fatigues
no one at the chemist's would be thrilled with our mystique
our musty mastic would make any palette sick

we watch with a scowl as shamelessly as a bystander
we go splat on the windshield as ineptly as a commander
we spill like jello all over the map no wonder

what was yours will be no one's with nary a drumroll
our mojito is mossy our mass is a rigmarole
if we go to sea—we sail in a broken bowl

our sibilant battle cry hisses when we finally go at it
bystanders' lives are at stake in someone else's racket
there's a hole in our camouflage-painted bucket

5.

Pliant
Powdery
Palms at the
Promenades of Montenegro
Parade like
Past-
Prime
Prostitutes
Post-Italian occupation
Patiently

Passing time in a long line for free communist
Pottage

Pumps
Pinging
Prattling
Peevishly
Perspiring
Profusely

Pathetic
Perfume of a
Pariah

6. CANTO CXVIII

neither verse nor prose
he/i bet on the wrong color
on the political map of the war
or the banker the automated teller

with a mechanical turk inside
pour gunpowder on the pan
put the dusty tome on the shelf again
knight to h8 but that's not the point

za khar pri lepin kara- fucking -ulov
the glass is full of
dzhokhar dudayev
thank god they blew all the zeal

nothing's wrong with prose
but verses are no worse
ding dong sing a song
inner city gritty cantos

nietzsche your neat shit
fear ye feeding pen wielders

today they gave us carrots
with raisins a pound per noggin

hey i'm a colonel
and i'm a semicolonel
i'm a bisemicolonel nocturnal tick-tock
and i'm the hemibisemicolonel's bottom and top

i declare war with an open visor
there was an erzya who carved a wooden devil
this may become a habit
in a window 8x8

autumn clearing clouds drizzle
the nurse's hand tickles
yesterday we got apples
i saw the legal eagle

cut the sniveling
the world's on my side say no to amicide
dante shakespeare thing one and sir vaunt us
accompanied by sundry officials

everything recurs
everything recurs
everything recurs
everything recurs

everything fades i'll return
to italy i'll hug sweetly
hemingway i'll kiss on the lips
washington warhol wizard of oz

thank god the drugstore
has sweet hematogen
with an irony aftertaste of
childhood lachrymal lands

neither verse nor prose
in your mouth
the stench ury
8x8

Roman Leibov

1. Три картинка

1969. Бабушка в платочке держит красное знамя, а сзади что-то горит

У мужа моей тетки,
старшей сестры моей мамы,
дяди Андрея Исааковича
на спине были шрамы,
следы фронтовых ранений.
Двадцать пять лет прошло
с окончания предпоследнего
мирового безобразия.

Дядя Андрей Исаакович,
как вы поняли, был фронтовик и,
таким образом, ходил по квартире
в широких, как парус, трусах и
в белой хлопчатобумажной майке.
Дом был панельный и пятиэтажный,
располагался в Ташкенте.
Во дворе имелись арыки.
В арыках жили скользкие многоногие твари,
дети ловили их с помощью ниток.
Азия.

1974. Пожилая женщина в традиционной одежде сжимает древко флага на фоне огня, а серп и молот плывут над ее головой

Пять лет спустя
в Европе под Киевом в нашем пионерлагере “Антей”
всегда светило пусть всегда будет солнце,
пусть всегда росли розоватые нежные шелудивые сосны,
но между ними еще были видны траншеи,
полузаросшие, как шрамы.

Пионеры выкапывали из песчаной и влажной
земли осколки снарядов,
вроде тех, что когда-то исполосовали
спину дяди Андрея Исааковича.
Гильзы, пахнущие седыми оксидами меди.
Обрывки ржавой колючей проволоки.
Какие-то еще фрагменты героического перфекта,
важной
истории,
куски эпоса, этоса, этноса.

2022. Стынет, согнувшись дугою, старуха в плаще с балахоном с косою в руках, а пламя пылает

В тех местах под землю грибницами бетонные лабиринты,
не защитившие никого
из впитавшихся в этот супесок
в сорок первом.

В тех местах много муравейников.
Хвоя, хвощи, кислица, прочие официальные лица.
Там всегда разгар июня,
там пахнет смолою и, будто в трофейном бинокле—
оптически ясный день.

В тех местах за забором
пионерского лагеря
простиралось широкое шершавое поле,
а за ним извивалась река.

И эта река называлась: “Ирпень.”

2.

если ты с твоим народом
там где твой народ к несчастью
отнесись без раздраженья
и с известным пониманьем
ко всему что непременно

воспоследует в дальнейшем
как описано шекспиром
достоевским и другими
признанными мастерами
убедительного слова

или блядь наоборот
на хуй шли такой народ

3.

слова осколки стекла
как-то вот не скла
соскальзывают с языка
раска

не тываются а лываются
каждое на два
а потом еще раз на два
потом еще раз на два
и еще раз на два
и опять на два
кассетные такие слова
внутри бесхитростной головы
приставки в сторону корни хрясь
аффиксы по площадям картечью

разрыва а потом зарыва
ле во мле и как бы не отзыва
членораречью

кро ме дет
бей че да
артиллери ста да при
артиллери зоот на
тратата го пу
пря ту щель
дыр бул щыл

дай нам днесь

ой наша-то земля черна жирна
но мы-то на ней не не сволочь не грязь

подробности спр. у зерна

4.

да не скифы москиты мы в пятнистом мы маск-хитине
в москательной лавке мы никого бы не восхитили
после нас любая палитра возмечтает о мастихине

смотрим исподлобья бесстыднее очевидца
бьемся о лобовое бездарнее полководца
растеклись холодцом по карте куда деваться

было ваше а стало ничье да и шито-крыто
на меху у нас макинтош на моху мохито
если что разбито у нас—не корабль а корыто

жи да ши пищим через “и” в последней атаке
на кону чужие жизни в случайной драке
на колу мочало полощется цвета хаки

5.

Пышные
Пыльные
Пальмы на
Променадах Черногории
Похожи на
Потрепанных
Престарелых
Проституток
После итальянской оккупации
Покорно
Построившихся в очередь за бесплатной коммунистической

Похлебкой

Позвякивают

Подборами

Пересмеиваются

Переминаются с ноги на ногу

Пахнут

Потом

Парфумом

Позорного

Поражения

6. SANTO CXVIII

не стихи не проза

он/я поставил не на ту

политическую карту войны

или банкомет банкомат

и внутри спрятан турок

насыпь на полку порох

поставь на место пыльный том

слон h8 но дело не в том

за хар при лепин кара блядь улов

стакан наполнен

джохар дудаев

запал проебан и слава богу

проза не плоха

но не лучше стиха

песня за пенсией

лейтесь канты подворотные

трепещите ницшие пером

ферзя на кичку

сегодня нам давали морковку

с изюмом по фунту на рыло

а я полковник

я вот подполковник

я полуторподполковник подковкой цок-цок

я полуполутораподполковника пол и потолок

я поднимаю забрало иду на вы

один эрзя вырезал деревянного черта

это может войти в привычку

в окошке 8x8

осень просинь облака слякоть

у медсестрицы легкая рука

вчера нам давали яблока

приходил аблакат

хватит плакать

весь мир заменя весь мир за меня

данте шекспир мойдодыр сервант и с

ними прочие официальные лица

все повторится

все повторится

все повторится

все повторится

все забудется я вернусь

в италию обниму за талию

хемингуэя поцелую в уста

вашингтона уорхола незнайку

как хорошо что в аптеке

есть сладенький гематоген

только привкус решетки

детских слезных желез

во рту

не стихи не проза
поднимите мне век и
8x8

Catherine Cobham

The Diary Page Four

He passed through here
Surrounded by masked guards
Walking the way of meetings that begin with fights
He passed by a royal procession
Trills of joy and firecrackers
And vehicles defeating geography
He came to restore order to the chaos
To put an end to the politics of impunity
But he didn't
He came to explain to us
What the skulls of mountains look like
Which somehow no longer exist
And how things bow their heads when they have been beheaded

He passed through here
A dictator who does not allow debate
Who cooks clouds in an air fryer
And despises poets for moral reasons
He admitted nothing to us
All that was said mere rumors
He didn't preach salvation to us
And didn't take our existence seriously
We offered him allegiance and bouquets of flowers
And the response was a look of derision
He was the god's representative
The second man in the sky
And he had all the solutions

Abd al-Karim Al-Ahmad

الصفحة الرابعة من دفتر المذكرات

لقد مر من هنا
محاطاً بحراس ملثمين
سالكاً طريق اللقاءات التي تبدأ بالعراك
مر بموكب ملكي
زغاريدُ و مرفعات نارية
و عربات تقهر الجغرافيا
مر أليعيد ترتيب الفوضى
ليضع حداً لسياسة الإفلات من العقاب
لكنه لم يفعل
مر ليشرح لنا
كيف تبدو جماجم الجبال
التي زالت بطريقة ما
وكيف تنحني الأشياء حين تكون مقطوعة الرأس

لقد مر من هنا
ديكتاتور لا يقبل النقاش
يطهي الغيوم بقلاية هوائية
ويحتقر الشعراء لأسباب أخلاقية
لم يعترف لنا بشيء
كل ما قيل محض شائعات
لم يبشرنا بالخلاص
ولم يأخذ وجودنا على محمل الجد
قدمنا له الطاعة و باقات الأزهار
وكان الرد نظرة أستهزاء
كان مندوب الأله
والرجل الثاني في السماء
..وكانت بيده كل الحلول

Anna Zimna

Yesterday

following the minister's recommendations
all directional needles go the other way
than usual

the necessary precautions have been taken
in case of
losing one's way

Jakub Kornhauser

Wczoraj

stosując się do zaleceń ministra
wszystkie wskazówki chodzą w odwrotną stronę
niż zazwyczaj

podjęto niezbędne środki ostrożności
na wypadek gdyby
zgubiły drogę

Anna Zimna

Beginning

Today
during breakfast
composed of many interesting dishes
I discovered
that I'm Max Jacob
I looked immediately
at my hands
I had a set of two upper limbs
on discount
they turned out to be huge and warm
steam was bursting out of them
and they were blue to the elbows

Jakub Kornhauser

Początek

Dzisiaj
podczas śniadania
złożonego z wielu interesujących potraw
odkryłem
że jestem Maxem Jacobem
popatrzyłem niezwłocznie
na moje ręce
—posiadam komplet dwóch kończyn górnych
z przeceny
okazały się ogromne i ciepłe
para buchała z nich wręcz
i niebieskie aż po łokcie

Anna Zimna

Family

I picked up one egg
an ordinary chicken egg
I picked up a second egg
an ordinary chicken egg
I picked up the third egg
it was a stone egg

having eaten delicious scrambled eggs
I brought the egg to mother

Jakub Kornhauser

Rodzina

podniosłem jedno jajko
zwykłe jajko kurze
podniosłem drugie jajko
zwykłe jajko kurze
podniosłem trzecie jajko
było to jajo kamienne

zjadłszy wyśmienitą jajecznicę
odniosłem jajko matce

Anna Zimna

Dangerous Paragraph

what are you doing here
do you realize
that you shouldn't be here
you shouldn't be
how do you think
you speak backwards
strangely present
you are not possible
separated from life
by a voluntary wall
you'd better disappear
before you ruin the day

but since you are already here
then go get some potatoes for dinner

Jakub Kornhauser

Niebezpieczny paragraf

co ty tu robisz
zdajesz sobie sprawę
że nie powinno cię tu być
nie powinno cię być
dlaczego myślisz
mówisz wspaniale
obco obecny
nie jesteś możliwy
odgradzony dobrowolnym
murem od życia
lepiej zniknij
zanim zniszczysz dzień

ale skoro już tu jesteś
to skocz po ziemniaki na obiad

Mark Miscovich

Black clouds rise over the house
billowing up layer by layer
like black bile from a borehole
on the bottom of the sea
inside the house, everything quiet
life itself lost together

Wolfgang Hermann

Schwarzwolken stiegen überm Haus
Stufe um Stufe quellend
wie schwarze Galle aus einem Bohrloch
am Meeresgrund
drin im Haus alles ruhig
das Leben zusammenverloren

Mark Miscovich

As of their own accord
our steps darkened
and thus nearly disappeared
faced with dead walls
there was no recourse
but to breathe in reverse

Wolfgang Hermann

Wie von selbst
dunkelten unsere Schritte
und so, beinahe erloschen
vor toten Mauern
blieb kein Ausweg
als der umgekehrte Atem

Mark Miscovich

The stalactites of the city cast an ear to
the black threatening sky above
harkening for the last afterglow
of a trace of hope

Wolfgang Hermann

Die Stalaktiten der Stadt lauschen hinauf
in den schwarzdrohenden Himmel
nach dem letzten Nachglühen
einer Spur von Hoffnung

Mark Miscovich

The city lay black
but a tiny pulsating
somewhere out there
made spaces bend into light
shining now thus
as if from within
our hands

Wolfgang Hermann

Schwarz lag die Stadt
aber ein kleines Pulsieren
irgendwo da draußen
machte, daß sich Räume
ins Helle bogen
und so leuchteten jetzt
wie von innen
unsere Hände

Bernardo Villela

Valkyrie

Release the war cry, beautiful Valkyrie!
Bound over the firmament's blue fields;
mounted upon your steed faster than the wind,
cutting space, martial, wild, victorious.

Sun sets in the forest, the skies are a portent!

Releases the auroral mantle, releases the radiant mane,
glittering helmet, and scaly chest-plate,
passing by as if in a dream or bedazzlement.

And the warrior, upon passing, shield and lance at the ready,
awakens the peaks and dormant forests
of white Scandinavia, clouded, and sad.

Maria da Cunha

Walkiria

Solta o canto de guerra a Walkiria formosa!
Vai galgando a campina azul do firmamento;
Montada em seu corcel mais rápido que o vento,
Corta o espaço, marcial, selvagem, vitoriosa.

Baixa o sol na floresta, os céus são um portentoso!
Solto o manto auroral, solta a juba radiosa,
Fulgindo-lhe o elmo alado e a coiraça escamosa,
Passa como num sonho e num deslumbramento.

E a guerreira, ao passar, de escudo e lança em riste,
Acorda os alcantis e as florestas dormentes
Da Escandinavia branca, e nebulosa, e triste.

Bernardo Villela

Invoking the Night

Oh, night, flower of darkness! Spilling in the air,
In space, the subtle aromas of your mystical lap!
Night, flower of yearning—the delicious cross—
Black rose of skies bedewed in light!
Somber, mysterious, and divine Epic!
The Milky Way cries and sings the moon full,
And every star comes stuttering, palpitating,
God's secrets far away from our soul!
Oh, portentous sea, tranquil immense sea,
Where you wave and relight, since a distant past,
Scintillant armada undefeated in all worlds,
Slowly unfolding tenebrous waves
That color vultures and roses the same!
Oh, vast cathedral where dreams float!
—Celebrate the nightingale and contemplate the moon:
It orbits the Earth, spilling itself throughout our surroundings,
Filling a large silence with a potent canticle:
Lighting the golden curves of human thought,
Losing itself in the blue borders of the firmament!

Oh, night! Darkness! Eternity's gaze,
Searching through mankind's tumultuous past,
The tumultuous and eternal confusion of passions
Whose shadows expand into crazed whirlwinds!
The mantle of the famished and the bedraggled
Accommodates, in its bosom, the bellows,
The meager sufferings, and overcomes, and consumes it
To attain the ideal or to vanquish hunger!
Blessed be you, oh night, blessed Lord.
Silent domicile where illusion lives!
Your arms are good, your voice soft;

You bring rest at the end of every day.

And that's why I seek you...and descend in fear,
And want to follow you, steppingstone by steppingstone,
Wave by wave, from beach to star,
Anxious to reach the alabaster tower
Where the flower of immortal dreams is hid.
Where evil is forgotten, where pain can't go,
Where souls, arriving disbelievers, tortured,
Drink of faith, and of life in enchanted hours

And that's why I love you, black errant sphinx,
Surging at day's end, at the skyline's door.
—Tempestuous night, epic, tumultuous,
Calm, moonlit night, sad and silent,
Gelid and dark night, or hot night,
Vibrating with harmony, full of splendor,
I love you always, always; oh, full of mystery,
Singing in an embrace the vast ethereal ocean

Oh, good illusions, a flock of snow-white swans
Encircle you gently in passing

My spirit will go on this joyous track
Like Lohengrin, a crusader of dreams.

Calm nighttime hours slide slowly:
Taken through infinity past all souls
Who are tormented by an ideal and excruciating pain!
Oh, night! Oh, night!
Spill the nectar that inebriates:
Ebony and gold cup, spilled over the world,
Peace, forgetfulness, and profound silence!

Maria da Cunha

Invocação à Noite

Ó noite, flor de treva! Espalha no ar, no espaço
Os aromas subtis do místico regaço!
Noite, flor de saudade—a deliciosa cruz—,
Rosa negra dos céus orvalhada de luz!
Sombria, misteriosa e divina epopeia!
A Via Láctea chora, e canta a lua cheia,
E cada estrela vem balbuciar, palpitante,
Os segredos de Deus á nossa alma distante!
Noite, sonho de dor sobre a terra suspenso!
Ó portentoso mar, tranquil mar imenso,
Onde voga e reluz, desde remotas eras,
A armada cintilante e invicta das esferas,
Desdobrar lentamente as ondas tenebrosas
Que dão a mesma cor aos abutres e as rosas!
Ó vasta catedral, onde o sonho flutua!
—Celebra o rouxinol e pontifica a lua:
Evola-se da Terra, espalha-se no ambiente,
Enche o largo silencio um cántico potente:
Ascende as curvas d'ouro o humano pensamento
E perde-se na fímbria azul do firmamento!

Ó noite! Escuridão! Olhar de eternidade,
Sondando o tumultuar da velha humanidade,
O tumultuar confuso e eterno das paixões
Que a sua sombra avulta em doidos turbilhões!
Ó manto do faminto e dos esfarrapados
Acolhes em seu seio os clamores, os brados
De tufo quanto sofre, e lida, e se consome
Por atingir o ideal ou por matar a fome!
Bendita sejas tu, ó noite, sê bendita.
Morada silenciosa onde a ilusão habita!

Os teus braços são bons, a tua voz macia;
Tu trazes o descanso ao fim de cada dia...

E por isso te busco...E, a desceres a medo,
Eu te quero seguir, de fraguedo em fraguedo,
De onda em onda, de praia, de astro
No anseio de alcançar e torre de alabastro
Onde se oculta a flor dos sonhos imortais,
Onde se esquece o mal, aonde não chegam ais,
Onde as almas, que vão descrentes, torturadas,
Bebem a fé e a vida em horas encantadas...
E por isso te adoro, ó negra esfinge errante
Surgindo, ao fim do dia, ás portas do levante!
—Noite de temporal, épica, tumultuosa,
Noite calma de luar, triste e silenciosa,
Noite gélida e escura, ou noite de calor,
Vibrante de harmonia e cheia de esplendor,
Amo-te sempre, sempre, ó cheia de misterio,
Cingindo num abraço o vasto oceano etéreo...

Ó boas ilusões cisnes alvos de neve,
Acercai-vos em bando perpassai de leve...
Meu espirito irá nesse trilho risonho
Assim como Lohengrin, o romeiro do sonho...
Deslisa lentamente horas da noite calmas:
Levai pelo infinito além todas as almas
Quem um ideal atormenta e uma dor excrucia!
Ó noite! Ó noite! Esparge o néctar que e inebria:
Taça de ébano e de ouro, entorna sobre o mundo
A paz, o esquecimento, o silencio profundo!

Allan Johnston and Guillemette Johnston

The Signs Are There

I

The death
which occurred at night
ended up bowing
in front of life
O invincible light
I am still here
keeping myself company
scrutinizing
the curious beast of time

In the eyes
the gaze lights up and dies
One moment
and the hourglass bursts
Where does it come from
this perfume of enigma?

What descends from heaven
What rises from earth
The merging lines
The meeting point
The hands lost
in the details
of the body to be born

Behind the mad clouds
this reddening glow
of a sun in labor
Palmyra or Volubilis?
I paint from memory
I write with my eyes closed

I need a base
no matter the element
if I could find in man
the fiber to cling to
If my head
were less heavy to carry
If drinking
really helped with forgetting
If love
proved to be prophetic

And if the only base
were just in the if...

The signs are there
and you pass
dressed
in the same tunic
of washed-out passions
Ruins of the soul
how beautiful you seem
in this twilight
that says its name

Who suggests the way
and dictates the halting
From where comes
the sparkling water of knowledge?
Unrepentant walkers
see as the distance grows
between you and your shadows
The most zealous among you
are only fugitives
and your wine skins are already empty
Maybe thirst
will open your eyes

II

Earth is so patient
it awaits its bard
who is a bit late
then presents himself
Beautiful flatterer
he is quickly forgiven
It's because he's a bit musician
and painter putting his hand in the mix
with words
that know the way of the heart
Here he is
intoning with sincere accents
his ancient refrain
that the earth pretends
to hear
for the first time

Life has a genius
for invaluable offerings

and to receive them from her hand
it is better to be aware
of the intention
of the ceremony's code
of the moral ablutions
to be fulfilled
of unnecessary words
— like those stupid thank you's —
of the delicacy of gesture
and of the worthy reverence
And then
at the time of withdrawing
above all not to rush
like those victors whose only hurry
is to go exhibit their trophy
to the frustrated crowd

It is a house
that is ephemeral
only in the gravity of our forgetting
There even objects
have gained
a robust memory
and give us the change
for our wonder
if sincere wonder
there were
on our part

It is a house
where we have received profusely
the savor and odor of beings
the tactile colors of elements
the modest beauty of trees

We have eaten there by preference
with the stranger
drunk with the most desperate tablemates
and kept awake night and day
with our knowing phantoms
There we have conceived the free infants
of our dreams
All that
while keeping an eager ear to the door
to tune in to the hesitant steps
of the unexpected

What have I to ask
of the deployed wing of time
of the black sail of the phantom ship
of the always rotten wheel
of fortune?
What I hold between my hands
suffices as a support
The only coordinate that matters
is this segment of life
traced by the fire
that a vestal of my knowledge
never ceases to feed
to my great delight

In this burning crucible
I am camping
right down to my Turkish slippers
The inspired fire
gets fanned by the breeze
By some conventional signs
it is spring once again

Love is lit up
by some remembered scents
as on the glorious day of its birth

Friendly tempest
grant yourself
grant me respite
The harbor is in sight
I deliver my sides and armpits to you
the two dry raisins of my chest
I entrust you with my lute and flute
Play on me at your convenience
Listen to me as I listen to you
The poem
attracted by so many considerations
clears its throat
and with no more fuss
gives the note la

III

The poem
if it is a poem
will always astonish
--that's the least of things—
It is the same with its sister
liberty
There it is!
does she only have a face?
The question is not overrated
One would love to be able to recognize her
even if one were plunged
into any kind of circle of hell
To be assured that she could smile at others
in distant times
and will smile at others again

in a still more distant future
To greet her in passing
with blinking lashes of an eye
that has not faded
To accompany her with the ultimate glimmer
of the pupil that she inflamed
when your belief
was iron clad

On the faces dimly lit
I do not need the wrinkle marks
to reread our history
Every smile
has the value and weight
of overwhelming experienced pain
Of cries never uttered
to disappoint the torturers
Years without horizon
sewn into other years
to create the flag of return
Clandestine poems
formerly etched into the filth of walls
now deposited in the hands
of children and grandchildren of the ordeal
Each smile
has its weight of gold
which makes the scale tilt
to the side of resuscitated memory

Among so many victories
ugly and stupefying
the one
so rare
of the vanquished

is and ought to be modest
It is with a few friends
that it is usually celebrated
on fleeting occasions
where the actors who are now
witnesses embrace
slap each other roughly on the back
double over with laughter at the deliverance
and end up raising a glass
to the dear absentees
the distinguished travelers
on the raft of eternity

The gaping crater
dug by absence
that memory has difficulty filling
First it is the voice that is missed
even before the face
and the rippling palette
We cling then to any gesture
any figure free of gait
to the fetish words and the tics of language
to a shared surprise pizza
at the moment of evening call to prayer
to exchanged advice
on the right place for bread
for coffee
or for paper

How does one sculpt the living
with the anarchic material of death?

(for Mohammed Kacimi. In memoriam)

Of course
there will be the skeptic of the service
the menacing look and the clammy hands
He will snicker
at the sight of his neighbor's tears
and will rejoice in petto
having had a narrow escape
At the end of the ceremony
he will applaud weakly
then to the fervent ones
making a circle around the leader
he will launch from afar
his inaudible and unstoppable
yes...but

Fortunately the writings are there
so there is no need to repeat oneself
or seek to convince the incredulous
Outlets and porters
they allow us to breathe
the time that a new concern
arises
and puts an end to the lull
It is fortunate that the writings remain
if only for a moment
And now
friendly tempest
whenever you wish

Abdellatif Laâbi

Les signes sont là

I

La mort
survenue la nuit
a fini par s'incliner
devant la vie
Ô lumière invincible
je suis encore là
à me tenir compagnie
à scruter
la bête curieuse du temps

Dans les yeux
le regard s'allume et s'éteint
Un moment
et le sablier éclate
D'où vient
ce parfum d'énigme ?

Ce qui descend du ciel
Ce qui monte de la terre
Les lignes de fuite
Le point de rencontre
Les mains s'égarent
sur les détails
du corps à nâître

Derrière les nuages fous
il y eut ce rougeoiement
d'un soleil en gésine
Palmyre ou Volubilis ?
Je peins de mémoire
J'écris les yeux fermés

Il me faut une assise
peu importe dans quel élément
si je pouvais trouver en l'homme
la fibre à laquelle m'agripper
Si ma tête
était moins lourde à porter
Si le verre
aidait vraiment à oublier
Si l'amour
s'avérait enfin prophétique

Et si la seule assise
n'était que dans le si...

Les signes sont là
et vous passez
revêtus
de la même tunique
des passions délavées
Ruines de l'âme
comme vous me semblez belles
dans ce crépuscule
qui dit son nom

Qui propose le chemin
et dicte les haltes
D'où vient
l'eau pétillante de la connaissance ?
Marcheurs impénitents
voyez comme la distance se creuse
entre vous et vos ombres
Les plus zélés d'entre vous
ne sont que des fuyards
et vos outres sont déjà vides
La soif
vous ouvrira peut-être les yeux

II

La terre est si patiente
Elle attend son chancre
qui tarde un peu
puis se présente
Beau flatteur
il se fait vite pardonner
C'est qu'il est un peu musicien
et peintre mettant la main à la pâte
avec des mots
qui connaissent le chemin du cœur
Le voici
entonnant avec des accents sincères
sa vieille antienne
que la terre fait semblant
d'entendre
pour la première fois

La vie s'ingénie
aux offrandes inestimées
et pour les recevoir de sa main

mieux vaut être averti
de l'intention
du code de la cérémonie
des ablutions morales
devant être accomplies
des mots de trop
— comme ces stupides merci —
de la délicatesse du geste
et de la révérence digne
Et puis
au moment de se retirer
surtout ne pas se précipiter
comme ces vainqueurs qui n'ont d'autre hâte
que d'aller exhiber à la foule des frustrés
leur trophée

C'est une maison
qui n'est éphémère
que par la gravité de nos oublis
Même les objets
y ont acquis
une solide mémoire
et nous rendent la monnaie
de notre émerveillement
si émerveillement sincère
de notre part
il y a eu

C'est une maison
où nous avons reçu à profusion
la saveur et l'odeur des êtres
les couleurs tactiles des éléments
la beauté pudique des arbres
Nous y avons mangé de préférence

avec l'étranger
bu avec le commensal le plus désespéré
et veillé de nuit comme de jour
avec nos fantômes avisés
Nous y avons conçu les enfants libres
de nos rêves
Tout cela
en gardant une oreille suspendue à la porte
pour capter les pas hésitants
de l'inespéré

Qu'ai-je à demander
à l'aile déployée du temps
à la voile noire du navire fantôme
à la roue toujours véreuse
de la fortune ?
Ce que je tiens entre les mains
me suffit comme viatique
La seule coordonnée qui vaille
est ce segment de vie
tracé par le feu
qu'une vestale de ma connaissance
ne cesse d'alimenter
à ma grande joie

Dans ce creuset ardent
je campe
droit dans mes babouches
Le feu inspiré
se laisse gagner par la brise
À certains signes convenus
il fait de nouveau printemps
À certains fragrances du souvenir
l'amour s'illumine

comme au jour glorieux de sa naissance

Tempête amie
accorde-toi
accorde-moi un accalmie
Le havre est en vue
Je te livre mon flanc et mes aisselles
le deux raisins secs de ma poitrine
Je te confie mon luth et ma flûte
Joue de moi à ta convenance
Écoute-moi que je t'écoute
Le poème
par tant de prévenances alléché
s'éclaircit la voix
et sans plus de manières
donne le la

III

Le poème
s'il y a poème
étonnera toujours
—c'est la moindre des choses—
Il en va de même de sa sœur
la liberté
Tenez !
a-t-elle seulement un visage ?
La question n'est pas surfaite
On aimerait pouvoir la reconnaître
même si l'on était plongé
dans je ne sais quel cercle de l'enfer
S'assurer qu'elle a pu sourire à d'autres
en des époques lointaines
et sourira à d'autres encore
dans un plus lointain avenir
La saluer au passage

d'un clignement des cils de l'œil
qui n' s'est pas éteint
L'accompagner avec l'ultime lueur
de la pupille qu'elle a enflammée
quand on y avait cru
dur comme fer

Sur les visages faiblement éclairés
je n'ai pas besoin du tracé des rides
pour relire notre histoire
Chaque sourire
a valeur et poids de douleur
vécue et terrassée
Des cris jamais proférés
afin de désespérer les bourreaux
D'années sans horizon
cousues à d'autres années
pour confectionner le drapeau du retour
De poèmes clandestins
jadis gravés dans la crasse des murs
aujourd'hui déposés entre les mains
des enfants et petits-enfants de l'épreuve
Chaque sourire
a ce pesant d'or
qui fait pencher la balance
du côté de la mémoire ressuscitée

Parmi tant de victoires
laides et abrutissantes
celle
si rare
des vaincus
est et se doit d'être modeste
C'est en petit comité

qu'elle est d'habitude célébrée
en des occasions fugaces
où les acteurs
devenus témoins s'embrassent
en se donnant de rudes tapes dans le dos
se tordent du rire de la délivrance
et finissent par lever leur verre
aux chers absents
voyageurs émérites
sur le radeau de l'éternité

Le cratère béant
creusé par l'absence
et que le souvenir peine à combler
C'est d'abord la voix qui manque
avant même le visage
et sa palette ondoyante
On se raccroche alors à tel geste
telle figure libre de la démarche
à des mots fétiches ou des tics de langage
à une pizza-surprise partagée
au moment de l'appel à la prière du soir
à des conseils échangés
sur la bonne adresse du pain
du café
ou du papier

A comment sculpter le vivant
avec la matière anarchique de la mort ?

(à Mohammed Kacimi. In memoriam)

Bien sûr
il y aura le sceptique de service

l'œil torve et les mains moites
Il ricanera
à la vue des larmes de la voisine
et jouira in petto
de l'avoir échappé belle
Au terme de la cérémonie
il applaudira du bout des doigts
puis à l'adresse des fervents
faisant cercle autour de l'officiant
il lancera de loin
son inaudible et imparable
oui...mais

Heureusement que les écrits sont là
pour que l'on n'ait pas à se répéter
ou chercher à convaincre l'incrédule
Exutoires et portefeuilles
il nous permettent de souffler
le temps qu'une nouvelle inquiétude
se dresse
et mette un terme à l'accalmie
Heureusement que les écrits restent
ne serait-ce qu'un moment
Et maintenant
tempête amie
quand tu voudras

Allan Johnston and Guillemette Johnston

The Last Poem of Jean Sénac

He did not shut himself in to write
his poem sensed danger
left him the open door
No poem without risk
His beard smoothed the pubis
of the transparent page
and his lips were murmuring
the surah of forgiveness
He first drew a sun
a small schoolboy circle
decked out with disproportionate rays
The night was screaming rape
Algiers was drinking itself to death
between men
Then he cut his pencil
or slashed his vein
but I imagine
he wrote in red
without erasures
the following fragments:

“Shipwrecked fingers
sculpted in silence
Other suffocations arise
from the bitter neck of speech
All this vomit of nothings
at the entrance of the poem
The words are not lacking
rather
the will to say it
To what good

to what bad?
Pain
only

The poem that does not want to be born
has its reasons

Above all
not to beg
at the gate of silence
but to manage it
like a grand text

It is we
who have aged
not the world

I ate
one after the other
my little illusions
As for the large ones
I keep them
so like jewels
they can permanently illuminate
my burial
Why do I feel guilty
when happiness invades me?

Fortunately there is the sea
blue-gray in its greenness gorged with seagulls
a jubilant boat we do not know
at the water's bottom or in the hem of clouds
Fortunately there is the openness
holding the breath of the earth
and the dripping wind slipping through caressing foliage
Fortunately man can see himself
smile at his distant look alike
elsewhere than in mirrors

Nothing I learned
helped me
to tear the hymen of your eyes
serene tree of perennial sap
that will once more irrigate me
when my buried mouth turns off in the sands

I am born
to love
hate is a stranger to me

Happy people
do not have poetry”

The door closed
The odorless shadow
appeared on the threshold
The knife cut the sun in two
before penetrating
the sacred womb
of breath

Sénac had raised his head
he looked into eyes
of whoever came first
laughed
as he always did
and handed out his last poem

Abdellatif Laâbi

Le dernier poème de Jean Sénac

Il ne s'est pas enfermé pour écrire
son poème a flairé le danger
lui a laissé la porte ouverte
Pas de poème sans risque
Sa barbe lissait le pubis
de la page transparente
et ses lèvres murmuraient
la sourate du pardon
Il dessina d'abord un soleil
un petit rond d'écolier
affublé de rayons démesure
La nuit criait au viol
Alger buvait à mort
entre hommes
Puis il tailla son crayon
ou se taillada une veine
mais j'imagine
qu'il écrivit au rouge
sans ratures
les fragments que voici :

« Naufrage des doigts
sculptés dans le silence
D'autres suffocations montent
du goulot amer du dire
Tous ces riens vomis
sur le parvis du poème
Les mots ne manquent pas
plutôt
le vouloir dire
À quoi bon

à quoi mauvais ?
La douleur
seule

Le poème qui ne veut pas naître
à ses raisons

Surtout
ne pas mendier
à la porte du silence
mais le gérer
comme un grand texte

C'est nous
qui avons vieilli
pas le monde

J'ai mangé
l'une après l'autre
mes petites illusions
Quant aux grandes
je me les garde
pour qu'elles éclairent durablement
ma sépulture
tels des bijoux
Pourquoi je me sens coupable
quand le bonheur m'envahit ?

Heureusement qu'il y a la mer
bleu-gris de son vert gorgé de mouettes
une barque jubilant on ne sait
au fond de l'eau ou dans l'ourlet des nuages
Heureusement qu'il y a ce large
retenant le souffle de la terre
et le vent coulis ondoyant de frondaisons câlines
Heureusement que l'homme peut se voir
sourire à son lointain sosie
autrement que dans les miroirs

Rien de ce que j'ai appris
ne m'a servi
à déchirer l'hymen de tes yeux
arbre serein de sève pérenne
qui m'irriguera encore
quand ma bouche s'éteindra dans les sables

Je suis né
pour aimer
la haine m'est étrangère

Les peuples heureux
n'ont pas de poésie »

La porte s'est refermée
L'ombre sans odeur
apparut sur le seuil
Le couteau a fendu le soleil en deux
avant de pénétrer dans l'enceinte sacrée
du souffle

Sénac avait levé la tête
il regardait dans les yeux
riait
comme il en avait l'habitude
en tendant au premier venu
son dernier poème

Allan Johnston and Guillemette Johnston

Flayed Alive—Epilogue

The Arab poet
sits at his empty desk
about to write his testament
but discovers he has lost
the use of writing
He has forgotten his own poems
and the poems of his ancestors
He wants to scream with rage
but realizes
he has lost the use of speech
Weary of fighting
he prepares to rise
but senses he has lost
the use of his limbs
Death beat him there
where he had to abdicate
before life

Abdellatif Laâbi

L'Écorché vif—Épilogue

Le poète arabe
se met devant sa table rase
s'apprête à rédiger son testament
mais il découvre qu'il a perdu
l'usage de l'écriture
Il a oublié ses propres poèmes
et les poèmes de ses ancêtres
Il veut crier de rage
mais se rend compte
qu'il a perdu l'usage de la parole
De guerre lasse
il s'apprête à se lever
mais il sent qu'il a perdu
l'usage de ses membres
La mort l'a précédé
là où il devait abdiquer
devant la vie

María Leticia del Toro García

Language

I am speaking these prickly, greasy words
like cast iron: the language of the silent worker,
the language of those who screw, crease, and bend the iron,
the language of the calloused hands, their fierceness and sadness,
the painful, hungry language of those with unpaid wages
still working on the machines,
of those with professional diseases,
the language of the broken fingers, the language of those who fight for making a life in the pit of
unemployment,
these sad words between the wet gaps of the steel bars.

...I am reading them softly

in the reverberation of the machines. Dark language. The language of sweat, the language of
rust,
just as the helpless expression of a young working woman
or a male worker injured at the factory gate,
the language of their pain, the language of their shivering bodies,
the language of the broken fingers that have no compensation.

郑小琼 (Zheng Xiaoqiong)

语言

我说着这些多刺的油腻的语言
铸铁——沉默的工人的语言
螺丝拧紧的语言 铁片的折痕与记忆
手茧一样的语言 凶猛的 哭泣的 不幸的
疼痛的 饥饿的语言 机台上轰鸣着的欠薪 职业病
断指的语言 生活的底座的语言 在失业的暗处
钢筋潮湿的缝隙间 这些悲伤的语言

.....我轻声念着它们

在机器的轰鸣间。黝黑的语言。汗液的语言。铁锈的语言
.....正如年轻女工无助的眼神或者厂门口工伤的男工
他们疼痛的语言 颤栗的身体的语言
没有得到赔偿的伤残手指的语言

María Leticia del Toro García

Huang Maling

I settled my body and soul in this small town,
in its lychee woods, its streets, its assembly line,
my little work card holder, its rain-soaked thoughts,
one by one, again and again.

I place my illusions on it,
love, dreams, youth,
my loved one, my voice, my scent,
all living in a foreign land.

Under its street lights I run, drenched by rain and sweat, panting.
My life revolves around plastic products, screws, nails, and a little work card...I surrender my
whole life completely to this place,
until the wind takes away everything from me,
and old, I go back home.

郑小琼 (Zheng Xiaoqiong)

黄麻岭

我把自己的肉体与灵魂安顿在这个小镇上
它的荔枝林，它的街道，它的流水线一个小小的卡座
它的雨水淋湿的思念头，一趟趟，一次次
我在它的上面安置我的理想，爱情，美梦，青春
我的情人，声音，气味，生命
在异乡，在它的黯淡的街灯下
我奔波，我淋着雨水和汗水，喘着气
——我把生活摆在塑料产品，螺丝，钉子
在一张小小的工卡上.....我的生活全部
啊，我把自己交给它，一个小小的村庄
风吹走我的一切
我剩下的苍老，回家

María Leticia del Toro García

A Migrant Child Worker from Liangshan

Life is becoming empty, reality is making
people become blind. A fourteen-year-old girl
wants to follow us in the assembly line
that produces the tiredness of an era.
Sometimes she wishes
to return to Sichuan
just to chop firewood, mow the grass,
or pick up wild fruits and flowers.
Her look is devastating,
I do not know which words I should employ
to describe her other than child labor
or that she resembles the fragility of thin paper.
If her appearance would destroy the softest hearth,
why there is so little empathy in the assembly line?
Her slow movements frequently receive
the curse of the boss,
but not a single tear drops from her eyes.
“I must not cry, I am a grown-up.”
Oh, how inexpressively she spoke!
She keeps just a few remembrances
from her childhood, the little things
she mentions from her life in Liangshan
such as the hillsides, the blue waters of the lake,
the snakes or the cows.
Probably life may be just finding your way back
through so many empty spaces.
Sometimes her dark face
shows disdain for her companions.
She pointed to another girl
who was thinner than her and said:
“She is even younger than me

and sleeps with men at night.”

郑小琼 (Zheng Xiaoqiong)

凉山童工

生活只会茫然 时代逐渐成为
盲人 十四岁小女孩要跟我们
在流水线上领引时代带来的疲惫
有时 她更想让自己返回四川乡下
砍柴 割草 摘野果子与野花
她瘦小的眼神浮出荒凉 我不知道
该用怎样的句子来表达 只知道
童工 或者像薄纸样的叹息
她的眼神总能将柔软的心击碎
为什么仅有的点点同情
也被流水线的机器碾碎
她慢半拍的动作常常换来
组长的咒骂 她的泪没有流下
在眼眶里转动“我是大人了
不能流泪”她一本正经地说
多么茫然啊 童年只剩下
追忆 她说起山中事物比如山坡
比如蔚蓝的海子 比如蛇 牛
也许生活就是要从茫然间找出一条路
返回到它的本身 有时她黝黑的脸
会对她的同伴露出鄙视的神色
她指着另一个比她更瘦弱的女孩说
“她比我还小 夜里要陪男人睡觉”

María Leticia del Toro García

Pain

She has built her world upon one word: pain.

Dawn rises from the sea, illuminating her broken thumb.

She stands against the wall, the pain of her broken finger obstructs her movements.

She follows the rise of the sea over there

while pain spreads everywhere,

the pain in her thumb runs through every fiber of her body,

pain tangling around the gears of the machine, the pattern plates, and every button of it

...

Pain presses her thirsty throat, her white bandage, her broken finger, her eyesight, her silent cry.

Nobody will help her to get rid of her interior pain, of that reality, of the future pain provoked by machines.

Her boss will not do, neither will the press, nor will the fragile "Labor Law."

郑小琼 (Zheng Xiaoqiong)

疼

她站在一个词上活着：疼

黎明正从海边走出来，她断残的拇指从光线

移到墙上，断掉的拇指的疼，坚硬的疼

沿着大海那边升起

灼热，喷涌的疼

断在肉体与机器的拇指，内部的疼，从她的手臂

机台的齿轮，模板，图纸，开关之间升起，交缠，纠结，重叠的疼

.....

疼压在她的干渴的喉间，疼压着她白色的纱布，疼压着

她的断指，疼压着她的眼神，疼压着

她的眺望，疼压着她低声的哭泣

疼压着她

没有谁会帮她卸下肉体的，内心的，现实的，未来的疼

机器不会，老板不会，报纸不会

连那本脆弱的《劳动法》，也不会

Agnes Marton

Space

to Anna Terek

We have to cope on our own, some of us.
We have to fight in vain. When we talk, order jumps
the rail and turns away. We inadvertently change
space, we are able to step without leaving
traces in the dust, but everyone should
remember where that foot was. Time
owes us and keeps reminding us but never pays
the debt. The sky is slim. Those supposed to protect us
don't have an idea how much they took
yet how much they gave when they went.

Everything we have is included. The remainder of our voices
after our shrieks, the soil under our nails after scraping.
Words close to each other. While leaning
against our tiled walls, silent, we reinterpret
others' sentences. We distinguish between
strokes and smacks. The more people approach us,
the more we move away, because we have a live
hole inside, space without stars.

Our busts get thoroughly washed every day. We have
to squeeze winter or at least clap it on the shoulder.
We have to raise the flakes cursed by others, we have to
let in every wind and exhale it through our mouths.
What flows out of our eyes is not salt but sugar.
If there's enough, the glaze can harden on the stuff
we cried on. So our things can airlessly stick
to reaching hands.

Florenca Horvath

Sorköz

Terek Annának

Vagyunk mi, egypáran, az eleve magukra hagyottak, az eleve hiába küzdők. Akik ha megszólalnak, kisiklik a rend és új irányba állítja magát. Akik megváltoztatják a teret, pedig nem akarják, akik csak úgy képesek lépni, hogy cipőjük nyoma ne maradjon a porban, mégis mindenki emlékezzen, hol volt az a láb. Mi, akiknek tartozik az idő és ezt mindig fel is emlegeti, de adósságát sohasem hozza. Vékony az ég. Akiknek vigyázniuk kellene ránk, nem sejtik, mennyit vettek el és egyszerre mennyit adtak távozásukkal.

Ebben van mindenünk, az ordítás után megmaradt hangjaink, a kaparászás utáni föld körmünk alól. Szavak, néhány milliméter távolságra egymástól. Kicsempézett falaink közt csendben ülve mi máshogy értjük, ami az emberek mondataiban rejlik. Mi máshogy értjük a simogatást és máshogyan az ütéseket. Bennünk ott lakik az a lyuk, az a csillagok nélküli űr, ami miatt minél többen közelednek felénk, annál többen távolodnak el.

Nekünk, akiknek nap mint nap átmosszák a mellkasunk, kell megszorítani, vagy legalább vállon veregetni a telet. Nekünk kell felnevelni a mások által átkozott hópelyheket, nekünk kell beengedni minden szelet, amit kifújnak, a szánkon. Nekünk nem só folyik szemeinkből, hanem cukor és ha eleget folytatunk ki, megkeményedhet összesírt tárgyainkon a máz. Így azok könnyebben tudnak a feljüket nyúló kézhez hozzáragadni.

Agnes Marton

I'm of Mercury, of Light, of Stripes, of Lime, of Soil

Mom's heart is floating. I can't see myself
in the mirror when thinking of her, I don't think
I take to her. A person consists of two halves
but cannot be either. Mom's floating,
her body lingers in bits. I've known her
all my life, I know how to speak of her, how to avoid
speaking of her. Neither is good.
I can't escape.

I'm pressed under soil, under water. She's the root
dragging me down, she's the seaweed on my feet,
I can't reach the surface. My body is a brick wall.
Whoever I meet damages it or continues building it.
I'm of bones, of coal, of lime, of wind, of grass, of sun,
of mountains. Animals and cannibals know
how to chop up someone, how to wolf him down.

I put him on the topmost shelf, close to the window,
to make him feel comfortable. He looks down at me
as usual. As a child, he locked me in his look.
He's almost as tall as me, my dad, almost the same
size as it comes to our livers, our lungs, our blood.
He gave me fuel, I gave him words. I don't think
there's anything we carry on.

In the evening animals suck my blood, the bastards.
A lot, too much. A shower inside me, it helps me
become tomorrow. My body is a brick wall. I'm of bones,
of lime, of stripes. No one took photos while the foundation-
stone was being laid. Whoever touches me, I'm of him.
Whoever adds a fiber, a toothpick, a needle-

point, sticks himself to me.

I'm a slug of water. It's easy to drown even without stalks.
It's said to be the worst death, this way you might face
another shape. Fringing starts. There are robbers and thugs
under my skin. They dig up my bones, clink them. Murderers.
I'm a bench the paint never dries on.

We've been chucked around all our lives. Should you wish to topple,
you might be caught, but the wind could lay on your side.
The family crypt bongs, we don't understand what the others say.
The chattering of our teeth cannot be heard, the walls
of our coffins separate us, even if I'm of words.
Everyone is of words. Should I swallow the water
I've been swirling in my mouth for years,
it would become my unspittable part. It would clear up,
it would evaporate, but never vanish into thin air.
Water is the worst, water is the best.

I could pull out the splinters, each of them
would leave a mark. The present day is exactly
what I hoard and what I allow to melt down.
I don't remember its color, nor how it smells.
My mouth is of scars, I ran out of sentences.
Yet I have sentences. I'm of mercury,
of light, of stripes, of lime, of soil.
Like everyone. Maybe not in the same order.
Frost doesn't fail me. I'll cover the puddles,
those inside, the ones I never dare spit out.
What gives meaning to the incapable?

Florenca Horvath

Higany vagyok, fény vagyok, csík vagyok, mész vagyok, föld vagyok

Anyám a víz alján fekszik, lebeg a szíve. Nem látom magamat a tükörben, ha rá gondolok, nem látom őt magamban. Hiába áll az ember két félből, nem lehet egyik sem. Anyám a vízszint alján lebeg, cafatokra fut szét a teste. Egy élet óta ismerem, megtanultam beszélni és nem beszélni róla. Egyik sem jó, egyik sem elkerülhető, egyik sem elkerülhetetlen.

Föld alá, víz alá vagyok nyomva, ő az egyik gyökérszál, aki lehúz, ő a hínár, ami miatt nem jöhetek felszínre, mert rácsavarodott a lábamra. A testem téglafal. Akivel találkozom, rombolja vagy tovább építi. Csont vagyok és szén és mész és szél és fű és nap és hegyek. Az állatok ismerik ezt meg a kannibálok. Megenni, felvagdálni egy másik embert.

Az ablak melletti polc legtetetejére tettem, hogy jól érezze magát. Onnan figyeljük egymást, felülről néz, ahogy általában, ahogy nézett kiskoromban, és ahogy nem engedte meg, hogy elkerüljem. Apámmal nagyjából ugyanakkorák vagyunk centiméterben, apámmal nagyjából ugyanakkorák vagyunk májban, tüdőben, vérben. Benzint adott, én szavakat. Amit tovább viszünk, nem hiszem, hogy léteznek.

Esténként gonosz állatok szívják ki vérem. Sok van, nagyon sok, nem kellene ennyi. Belső zuhany, segít holnappá lenni. A testem téglafal. Csont vagyok, mész vagyok, csík vagyok. Az alapkö lerakásánál senki sem fotózott. Aki hozzám ér, abból vagyok. Aki belém rak, belém nyom egy szálát, egy fogpiszkálót, egy tűhegyet, rám ragasztja, ami ő. Korty víz vagyok, így könnyű megfulladni indák nélkül is. Azt mondják, ez a legrosszabb halál, mert szembe lehet nézni a szint alatt egy másik alakkal. Aztán elindul a foszlás. Rablók és banditák a bőröm alatt. Kiássák, kocogtatják a csontjaim. Gyilkos, az összes gyilkos. Pad vagyok, amin sose szárad meg a festék.

A születés pillanatától elvágódtunk. Ha valaki fel akar dőlni, elkaphatják, de attól még tovább fúj felé a szél. A családi kriptá sem az ürességtől, hanem egymás szavának nem értésétől kong, a közös sírban is elválaszt a koporsók fala, így nem hallani a fogvacogást. Pedig én szó vagyok. Mindenki szó. Ha lenyelem azt a korty vizet, amit évek óta a számban tartok, a kiköphetetlen részemmé válik. Tisztul, párolog, de sosem szívódik fel. A víz a legrosszabb, a víz a legjobb.

Kihúzkodhatom, kitephetem, kiránthatom a szálkákat, de mindnek ott marad a nyoma. A mai nap pont annyi, amennyit évek óta őrizgetek és amennyit most szétfolyni hagyok. Nem emlékszem sem a színére, sem az illatára. Hegekből áll a szám, nincsenek mondataim. Nem igaz, hogy nincsenek. Higany vagyok, fény vagyok, csík vagyok, mész vagyok, föld vagyok. Mindenki ennyi, csak más sorrendbe rendezi. Rám fog fagyni a dér. Rá fogok fagyni a tócsákra, amiket magamban tartok, amiket sosem merek kiköpni. Minek van, ami semmire sem képes?

Małgorzata Hołda

A Lack

I did not foresee the gardens
when you were heading for the east
and stopped the car
in an orchard

From a halved apple
you took away the seeds of bitterness
and bliss

You gave it to me to eat it
and I became
like the fruit
that you raised to
your mouth

The orchard passed
I remained

Dorota Filipczak

Niedosyt

Nie przewidziałam ogrodów
gdy jadąc na wschód
zatrzymałeś auto
w sadzie

Z rozłamanego jabłka
wyjąłeś pestki gorczy
i rozkoszy

Dałeś mi do zjedzenia
i stałam się
jak owoc
który podniosłeś
do ust

Sad przeminął
Ja zostałam

Małgorzata Hołda

Dark Fire

I am waiting for
the Lord
but he is not coming

I am becoming a mother
a grandmother sitting long hours
at the currant bush

Perhaps this is
the mystery
of the Holy Trinity

I am waiting for
the Lord
but he is not coming

He is visiting another

I hear
how the grandmother
is talking to the bush
She is even using
rhetorical figures

No, she is not talking
to God
or even to herself

Black currants
laden with words
are falling into a pot

The grandmother is a fine speaker
in a moment she will convince the bush
of her idea

The Lord will weave a nest
He will be eating from her hand,
and for those who were smiling
just as I was
there will be left
a bare branch
only

Dorota Filipczak

Ciemny ogień

Czekam na
Pana
ale nie przychodzi

Staję się mamą
babcią zasiedziałą
przy krzaku porzeczek

Może na tym polega
tajemnica
Trójcy świętej

Czekam na
Pana
ale nie przychodzi

Chodzi do innej

Słyszę
jak babcia przemawia
do krzaka
Używa nawet
figur retorycznych

Nie, nie rozmawia
z Bogiem
ani nawet z sobą

Słowem nabrzmiałe
leczą do garnka
czarne porzeczeki

Babcia jest mówczynią
za chwile przekona krzak
do swojego pomysłu

Pan uwije w nim gniazdo
Będzie jadł jej z ręki
A dla tych co się śmiali
jak ja
zostanie naga
gałąź

Małgorzata Hołda

The Monastery in Jabłeczna

I begrudge neither porcelain
nor golden adornments or robes only the books
splashed into ashes

I have no roof above my head
but I trust one is created
by alpha and omega

The river is rocking the deacon's cry
who was trying
to save the scriptures

Dorota Filipczak

Monaster w Jabłecznej

Nie żal mi porcelany
złocień ani szat tylko ksiąg
Rozpłakanych w popiół

Nie mam dachu nad głową
ale wierzę że tworzą go
alfa i omega

Rzeka kolebie płacz
diakona który próbował
ocalić pisma

Małgorzata Hołda

Thunderstorm in Romanów

Trees know
in their rings there are conversations
love games
the trace of teeth on the bark

Hornbeams and spruces
near Kraszewski's mansion
were looking at him
not necessarily from above

They will remember the cut
of your shirt
the child's umbrellas
fête galante

No sooner had we shut
the door
Heaven
opened

Dorota Filipczak

Burza w Romanowie

Drzewa wiedzą
w słojach tkwią rozmowy
gry miłosne
śląd zębów na korze

Graby i świerki
w dworku Kraszewskiego
spoglądały na niego
niekoniecznie z góry

Zapamiętają krój
twojej koszuli
parasole dziecka
fête galante

Ledwo zamknęliśmy
drzwi
otworzyło się
niebo

A. Louise Cole

There's a Joy in Parting

No handkerchiefs waving me goodbye on the platform,
no one running alongside the window
trying to grasp my outstretched hand.
There's no one and that's fine, departing
alone, no fake smiles, no feigned tears:
an empty platform,
lightweight luggage,
leaving little by little, so that I barely even notice.
The past was accelerating,
getting farther away from me.

Rocky crags like a saurian spine,
cirrus clouds like eroding bones,
cities, which from far away, seem deserted settings
for works yet to be written. Warehouses and factories
for items I never wanted.
The speed of the train draws phosphenes over the night,
the fog, and when I wake, it gifts me a watercolor of
a forest, a lake, and a sky
so kitschy that they move me,
and I run down the corridor, while everyone else sleeps, I run
from one window to the next, afraid
of not seeing everything;
then the train slowly brakes, almost comes to a stop,
as though catching its breath.

José Ovejero

Hay una felicidad en partir

No había pañuelos despidiéndome en el andén,
nadie que corriese junto a la ventanilla
intentando rozar mi mano tendida.
No había nadie y estaba bien, partir
a solas, sin sonrisas falsas, sin lágrimas postizas:
el andén vacío,
la maleta ligera,
yéndome poco a poco, casi sin darme cuenta.
El pasado aceleraba
para alejarse de mí.

Riscos como la espina dorsal de un saurio,
Cirros como osamentas deshilachándose,
ciudades que, de lejos, parecen desiertos escenarios
de obras por escribir. Almacenes y fábricas
de objetos que nunca quise.
La velocidad dibuja fosfenos sobre la noche,
la niebla, al despertarme, me regala la acuarela
de un bosque y un lago y un cielo
tan cursis que me emocionan,
y corro por el pasillo, mientras otros duermen, corro
de una ventanilla a otra, temerosa
de no verlo todo;
el tren frena despacio, casi se detiene,
como si respirarse.

A. Louise Cole

Wrinkles

In the window: a seagull
startled by its own reflexion
hastily flees
from itself.

In the mirror, I also see myself
and for once my weary face doesn't scare me away; instead,
there's a tenderness, a kind of fondness
that makes me stay, and I acknowledge that I am
the one watching herself
the one seeing herself
the one accepting herself,
I wonder, is this what it is to grow old?

José Ovejero

Arrugas

En la ventana: una gaviota
se espanta de su imagen reflejada,
apresuradamente escapa
de sí misma.
Yo también me miro en el espejo
y por una vez no me ahuyenta
mi rostro algo cansado; al contrario,
una cierta ternura, algo así como afecto,
me detiene, y reconozco que soy yo
la que se mira,
la que se ve,
la que se acepta,
¿Será esto hacerse vieja?

A. Louise Cole

Siren

You sing, damn it,
you sing only to me,
and I am Ulysses, tied to the mast,
who shouts,
who suffers,
who seethes,
because you don't sing like the sirens
so that I'll stray into your arms,
you sing to hold me in place,
struggling to free myself,
and your voice is the rope,
and my desire is the sea
separating us.

José Ovejero

Sirena

Cantas, maldita sea,
cantas para mí sola,
y yo soy Ulises, atada al mástil,
que grita,
que pena,
que rabia,
porque no cantas como las sirenas
para que me extravíe en tus brazos,
sino para mantenerme sujeta,
forcejeando para liberarme
y es tu voz la soga,
y es mi deseo el mar
que nos separa.

A. Louise Cole

Desire and Zoology

I'm the wolf howling
in the night, lonely
and angry
when she doesn't hear your voice.

I'm the bear dancing
from foot to foot,
awkward,
unsettled,
confused
when she smells your tracks.

I'm the hyena
feeding on memories,
her snout buried
in the wound
until the blood begins to flow
again,
and she mars herself,
gags herself,
and consumes
the memory of you.

I'm the serpent,
discreetly, covertly
groveling at your feet,
the slandered snake who doesn't dare
wrap herself around your thighs.

My belly is a den
where wild animals
lash out with flashing teeth
and willfully wreak havoc,
waiting for your hand or eyes

to tame them.

Yet I am also the huntress
who aims
for the beast's heart.

Then the forest, hill, and jungle
are quiet
as though uninhabited.
Even the echo from the shot
is silent.

José Ovejero

Deseo y zoología

Soy la loba que aúlla
en la noche, solitaria
y rabiosa
cuando no oye tu voz.
Soy el oso que danza
de una pata a otra,
torpe,
indeciso,
perplejo,
cuando huele tu rastro.
Soy la hiena
que se alimenta de recuerdos,
con su hocico revuelve
en la llaga
hasta que la sangre mana
otra vez,
y se mancha,
y se atraganta
y devora
la memoria de ti.
Soy la serpiente
que junto a tus pies,
secreta, sigilosa,
se arrastra, la calumniada serpiente,
que ni siquiera se atreve
a enroscarse en tus muslos.
Mi vientre es una guarida
de bestias salvajes
que se lanzan dentelladas,
tenazmente se destrozan
mientras aguardan

que tu mano o tus ojos
las amansen.
Pero también soy la cazadora
que apunta
al corazón de la fiera.
Entonces el bosque, la loma, la selva
callan
como si nada las habitase.
Ni siquiera se escucha
el eco del disparo.

Partha Sarkar

Strides to Coffin and No Clamor

The dead eyes and the flat red square.
The alive petals and the dirty shirts of yesterday
And the renegade flags
And for a long time
I have stopped talking about
The journey to renascence
And I win
When there is an
Announcement from yesterday's confinement—
'There will be many showers...many flowers...'
And as always there is a prophecy
And smog
The dry spell of a green dream.
The metaphor flies to and fro.

And throws stones at the renaissance
And strikes the fetid remittent fever

No atonement.

Partha Sarkar

এগিয়ে যায় কফিনের দিকে

মৃত চোখ আর সমতল রেড স্কোয়ার
প্রাণবন্ত পাপড়ি আর গতকালের নোংরা জামা
আর বিশ্বাসঘাতকের পতাকা
আর দীর্ঘদিন ধরে আমি নবজাগরণ সম্বন্ধে কথা বলা বন্ধ করে দিয়েছি
আর আমি জিতেও যাই
যখন গতকালের বন্দীদশা থেকে একটি ঘোষণা –
'একদিন সুন্দর বৃষ্টি হবে... একদিন সুন্দর ফুল ফুটবে'
আর যেহেতু একটি ভবিষ্যৎ
ধোঁয়া
আর স্বপ্নের শুকনো পাপড়ি থেকেই যায়
রূপক এদিক-ওদিক উড়ে বেড়ায়
আর পাথর ছোড়ে নবজাগরণ
আর তুলে নেয় অবিরাম দুর্গন্ধময় স্বর

কোন অনুতাপ নেই

Partha Sarkar

A Lot of Enthusiasm in the Skull

The conundrum.

The clamor.

The drum beats the state to announce something positive.

The hemisphere has a book.

It pages but does not read a word.

The Samaritan goes far with

Sampan

Salvo

Without salvo.

The red square.

Where does the one way lead?

Let me find my glasses,

Then.....

Partha Sarkar

অফুরান উৎসাহ করোটিতে

কোলাহল

অবান্তর চিৎকার

ড্রাম পেটায় রাষ্ট্র ইতিবাচক ঘোষণায়

এক গোলার্ধ বই হাতে

একটা শব্দও পড়ে না শুধু বইয়ের পাতা ওলটায়

এগিয়ে যায় সামারিটান

সাম্পান

আর সংরক্ষণযুক্ত বিমান থেকে বোমাবর্ষণ নিয়ে

রেড স্কেয়ার

একজন কোথায় যায়?

আগে চশমা খুঁজে বার করি

তারপর...

Partha Sarkar

On the Middle Class

An everyday rendezvous.
A 'light and shade' confusion.
Is it a colloid colloquium
Or a gang of sputum?
Or is it
A class or a community?
What does it talk about?
Where does it come from?
Pegasus browses the peer group. To join it?
Pegasus stalls in confusion.
Yet overhears it.
Oh! No.
It sputters.
It smirks.
It besmirches the other.
There are many ways to be followed, to flee
If there is a warning bell
And they take all the ways to the sanctum of a narrow quid.

'Let me turn to the sound of a crow
In the middle of a scorching summer day. It is sacred'
It thinks and flies to Pegasus.

Partha Sarkar

মধ্যবিত্ত প্রসঙ্গে

একটা সাফাংকারের স্থান
একটা 'আলো- আঁধারি' সংশয়
এটা কি আঠালো পণ্ডিতদের সমাবেশ?
নাকি কফের দুষ্টচক্র?
অথবা এটা কি শ্রেণী? অথবা সম্প্রদায়?
এরা কি বিষয়ে কথা বলে?
এরা কোথা থেকে আসে?
শ্রেণীবর্গ খুঁটিয়ে দেখে পক্ষীরাজ
তবু কান পেতে শোনে পক্ষীরাজ
ওহ! না
এটা তো হড়বড় করে কথা বলে
বোকার মতো হাসে
অন্যের নামে নিন্দা করে
আর পালিয়ে যাওয়ার অনেক রাস্তা আছে
যদি বিপদঘন্টি বাজে আর ওরা সমস্ত রাস্তাই বেছে নেয়

'আমি বরং কাঠফাটা দুপুরের কাকের কণ্ঠ স্বরের দিকে বেঁকে যাই,
ওটা পবিত্র...পক্ষীরাজ চিন্তা করে আর তার দিকেই উড়ে যায়

Viviana De Cecco

Loneliness

We are alone in the world: Each lives in the middle of a desert.
Nothing for us is certain except this deep emptiness.

And the contiguous cases of men and dreams and things
are like vanishing smoky shadows on murky sunsets.

Sometimes mediocre love brings two loners together,
deludes them for an hour, and throws them unsuspecting and unknown far away.

Everyone who loves his pride his truth or his error
is a sad surviving traveler over a rock.

He deceives himself at the first caresses of the waves and wind,
but soon the dismay of enormous space oppresses him.

Nor is there a sadder thing than the unfillable gap,
than the shadow that grows gloomy between those who exist and those who exist.

Amalia Guglielminetti

La solitudine

Siamo soli nel mondo: ciascun vive in mezzo a un deserto.
Nulla per noi è certo fuorché questo vuoto profondo.

E i contigui casi degli uomini, e i sogni e le cose
son come ombre fumose vanenti su torbidi occasi.

Talvolta amor mezzano avvicina due solitari,
li illude un'ora e ignari e ignoti li avventa lontano.

Ciascun ch'ami il suo orgoglio la sua verità o il suo errore
è un mesto viaggiatore superstite sopra uno scoglio.

S'illude egli alle prime carezze dell'onde e del vento,
ma tosto lo sgomento dello spazio enorme l'opprime.

Né v'ha cosa più triste della non colmabil lacuna,
dell'ombra che s'aduna fosca fra chi esiste e chi esiste.

Viviana De Cecco

Youth

Youth, you are the only one I will go with.
You know how to be silent when I am serene,
you know how to speak when I bitterly complain.

You know how to admonish me with a voice full of
adulation: —But what's the use of crying?
It's better to sing like a siren.

You flash in my eyes a laughter equal to
a star's silver tremor,
wondering at my every great evil.

You try to praise me and murmur: —You are beautiful!
and you joke: —You have on your hair a crown...
And you caress me like a sister

till I smile at you: —And you are good!

Amalia Guglielminetti

La giovinezza

Giovinezza, a te sola io m'accompagno.
Tu sai tacere quando son serena,
sai parlare quand'io aspra mi lagno.

Sai ammonirmi con la voce piena
di blandizia: —Ma piangere che vale?
Meglio cantar con voce di sirena.

Mi baleni negli occhi un riso eguale
al tremore d'argento d'una stella,
meravigliando d'ogni mio gran male.

Tenti la lode e mormori: —Sei bella!
e scherzi: —Hai sui capelli una corona...
E m'accarezzi come una sorella

finché io non ti sorrida: —E tu sei buona!

Viviana De Cecco

The Deceiver

I drank in small sips the lie,
like a potion that arouses bewitching
fantasies in the heart of the dreamer.

I discovered new spells in everything.
Sometimes I followed the trail of
a sweet charm through unknown paths.

I did not look at the deceiver again in his face
to not tremble with dark mistrust
in the amorous circle of his arms.

He coaxed: —No wisdom
that teaches is worth a good game that pretends.
And he poured into my heart an essence of him

made up of shadow, love, and flattery.

Amalia Guglielminetti

L'ingannatore

Bevvi a piccoli sorsi la menzogna,
come un filtro che induce fantasie
fascinatrici al cuore di chi sogna.

In ogni cosa io scoprii malie
nuove. Talvolta perseguii la traccia
di un dolce incanto per malcerte vie.

Non riguardai l'ingannatore in faccia,
per non tremar di oscura diffidenza
nell'amoroso cerchio di sue braccia.

Quegli blandiva: —Niuna sapienza
che insegni vale un bel gioco che finga.
E mi versava in cuore una sua essenza

fatta d'ombra, d'amore e di lusinga.

Viviana De Cecco

The Tedium of Life

Tonight I am like a slave held in chains,
who represses quivering her nameless grief.

Or I am like a plant, which shaken and beaten by the wind
twists in such mad torment that it almost breaks down.

I am like a wave of wild sea that crushes against the rock,
and my brief sorrow seems to me like the deep sea.

But perhaps I am but an unsatisfied soul
that needs to fight itself and others and the sad and the good.

I am a heart succumbing to an insatiable torment
of cravings, a slender form of woman that never has peace.

And the sickness that today comes over me strongest is a sickness without remedy:
my great little evil is the tedium of life.

Amalia Guglielminetti

Il tedio della vita

Stasera io sono come una schiava stretta in catene,
che in sé compreso tiene fremendo un suo duol senza nome.

O son come una pianta, che scossa e percossa dal vento,
torcesi in un tormento sì folle che quasi la schianta.

Son come onda di mare selvaggio che s'urta allo scoglio,
e il mio breve cordoglio come il mar profondo mi pare.

Ma forse altro non sono che un'anima insoddisfatta,
cui d'uopo è che combatta sé e gli altri ed il tristo ed il buono.

Sono un cuor che soggiace a un'insaziabile torma
di brame, un'esil forma di donna che mai non ha pace.

E il mal ch'oggi m'assale più forte è un mal senza rimedio:
è della vita il tedio il mio grande piccolo male.

Mykyta Ryzhykh

Desire

My desire is to close my eyes
in order to suffer quietly and silently
In order not to think not to see not to hear
only suffer suffer
Only suffer and think about her
and think about her
About eyelashes and eyeshadow
About the brightness of her eyes narrowed in caressing
In a caressing and dark evening
when nature freezes
In the moonless dark lonely autumn nights
pensive nights
At that uninvited and bold moment when the mood
matches with consent
I desire to close my eyes
To suffer quietly and silently...

Mykhaylo Semenko

Бажання

Мені багнесь заплющити очі
щоб тихо і мовчки страждати
Не мислить не бачить не чути
тільки страждати страждати
Тільки страждати і думать про неї
і думать про неї
Про вії про тіні
Про яснь її очей прищурених в пестошах очей
У вечір пестливий і темний
коли завмирає природа
У ночі безмісячні темні самотні осінні
замислені ночі
У мент той непроханий смілий як настрій
вмірковує згода
Мені багнесь заплющити очі
Щоб тихо і мовчки страждати...

Mykyta Ryzhykh

The Heart Is Wandering

This autumn I will get lost in torment
I will get lost in love among yellow leaves
I will get lost in love
I will get lost in love
In autumn torments

Do you feel it? My heart is wandering
Along alleys with fallen leaves, motionless
Yellow motionless
With leaves motionless
In a lonely union.

Maybe I'll find it in the autumn sounds
In the autumn whistling
In sad hope whistling
Hope whistling
In autumn sounds.

This autumn I will get lost in torment.

Mykhaylo Semenko

Сердце в блуканні

Сю осінь я заблуджусь у муках
Серед жовклого листя заблуджусь у коханні
Я заблуджусь в коханні
Заблуджусь в коханні
В осінніх муках

Ви чуваєте? Моє серце в блуканні
По тихих алеях з опалим листям безрухим
Жовклим безрухим
З листям безрухим
В самотнім єднанні.

Може знайду знайду в осінніх звуках
В осінніх свистах
в тоскнім знайду сподіванні
В тоскнім сподіванні
Тоскнім сподіванні
В осінніх звуках.

Сю осінь я заблуджусь у муках.

Mykyta Ryzhykh

Chimney

Chimney with a red border

The highest

Iron trunks tap chains

Iron trunks crane chains

Water

2 Chinese homeless people have a basket each

with pistachios

Two girls in red skirts

And fast-moving maidens like fashionable birds

And the smoky sky above

And in the depths on the other side of the mountain

In the fog the chimney's silhouette is like a puzzle

And behind those mountains is the sea

Mykhaylo Semenko

Димар

Димар з червоним обводом

Найвище

Залізо стовбури кран ланцюги

Вода

2 хінських голодранці по парі корзин у них

з фісташками

Двоє дівчаток у червоненьких спідничках

І хуткорухі панни модними пташками

А зверху задимлене небо

А в глибині по той бік гори

В тумані силует димаря ніби ребус

А там за горами море.

Mykyta Ryzhykh

Completely Exhausted

I'm dissatisfied and disappointed.
I'll put it more simply—I'm completely boring.
Without meaning life is boring and frosted,
Completely bored, completely exhausted,—
I want to go home to Kyiv—to be going...

Mykhaylo Semenko

Зовсім охорений

Я незадоволений і розчарований.
Скажу простіш—цілком нудний я.
Життям безмістовним доконче зморений,
Цілком зануджений, зовсім охорений,—
Хочу додому я, хочу в Київ...