

Azonal

Seven

Date of publication: January 19, 2024

Editor: Julia Leverone

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Copyright notice for “an einem montagmorgen” (“on a monday morning”), “früher mond” (“early moon”), “im spiegel” (“in the mirror”), and “das trödeln am rand kleiner straßen” (“the dawdling at the side of small streets”): Nadja Küchenmeister, *Im Glasberg. Gedichte*. © Schöffling & Co. Verlagsbuchhandlung GmbH, Frankfurt am Main 2020

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Nancy Naomi Carlson

From Quay 2|1: A Three-Axis Musical Score

I haven't been gifted to see
what slumbers in oblivion
I come from that unsaid elsewhere
I move in an unwritten elsewhere
I move forward
my footsteps supported by doubt
an invisible thread between my fingers

and I brush past you
and I seem to brush past you
my arms cross seas
my roots have no anchor
my roots are out of season
don't search for a trace of my voice
through you it gathers
through you it unfurls
I even accept the illusion
for us it's a spark
a rousing twilight
a star we invent
a word we hide

but laziness doesn't suit you
laziness soothes nothing
worth lingering around

I pass so far from you

when you clench your fists
and consider my silence
I pass so far from you
so far from us.

I haven't been gifted to see
what pulsates in the wall
I move toward you through my pulse
through an unwritten memory.

I'm rooted in movement
the cobblestones soaked in night
remember me
I'm rooted in a moment's wandering
the address of a marine window
that knows how to ignore the debris
my decomposition means little to me
when I'm rooted in movement
the roof of the old city
is my home.

Samira Negrouche

Il ne m'a pas été donné de voir
ce qui sommeille dans l'oubli
je viens de cet ailleurs qui ne se dit pas
j'avance dans un ailleurs qui ne s'écrit pas
j'avance
les pas portés par le doute
un fil invisible entre les doigts

**

et je passe près de vous
et je semble passer près de vous
mes bras traversent les mers
mes racines n'ont pas d'ancre
mes racines sont hors saison
ne cherchez pas trace à ma voix
c'est par vous qu'elle s'assemble
c'est par vous qu'elle se déploie
j'accepte même l'illusion
c'est pour nous une étincelle
un crépuscule qui éveille
un astre qu'on s'invente
une parole qu'on dissimule

**

mais la paresse vous va si mal
la paresse ne berce rien
qui mérite qu'on s'y attarde

je passe si loin de vous

quand vous serrez les poings
et envisagez mon silence

je passe si loin de vous
si loin de nous.

**

Il ne m'a pas été donné de voir
ce qui pulse dans la paroi
c'est par le pouls que j'avance vers vous
par une mémoire qui ne s'écrit pas.

**

J'habite en mouvement
les pavés trempés du soir
se souviennent de moi
j'habite l'errance d'un instant
l'adresse d'une fenêtre marine
qui sait ignorer les décombres
ma décomposition m'importe peu
quand j'habite en mouvement
le toit de la vieille ville
est ma demeure.

Nancy Naomi Carlson

From Traces

2.

All around you there's a cloud of scarlet shadows vanishing
in the setting sun, a cloud of shifting shadows, a cloud.

All around you there are vertical shadows, tilted shadows
that sometimes distend, that thicken and invade, shadows
that lean against angles you're unaware of, splits,
skirmishes.

Shadows jostling you in unison. Sometimes humid, seldom
synchronous, mostly vertical,
veeeeerticaaaaal...

That's what holds you back.

There are tree trunks all around you, perfectly uniform, a
forest of trunks from a faraway time that some consider
sacred. It depends on what, it depends on whom, it depends
on what that entails, on many other things.

Here there are sacred souls behind the trunks, the sacred
trunks of the sacred trees, in the sacred forest you're
passing through.

It depends on how you pass through.

All around you there are walls, walls that have lost their
verticality, lost their suppleness, walls that no one wants to
climb...who would want to climb an inert mountain?

Coarse walls whose gray verges on apoplectic, walls piled
near the trunks, near the shadows, near the trees, near the

inert clouds,
against the open angles of the forest passing through you.
It depends on how you pass through.

Samira Negrouche

2.

Il y a autour de toi une nuée d'ombres écarlates qui s'évanouissent au soleil couchant, une nuée d'ombres mouvantes, une nuée. Il y a autour de toi des ombres verticales, des ombres inclinées qui se distendent parfois, qui s'épaississent, qui envahissent, des ombres qui s'adosent sur des angles que tu ignores, des grand-écarts, des accrochages. Des ombres à l'unisson qui te bousculent. Parfois humides, rarement synchrones, verticales surtout, veeeeerticaaaaaales...
C'est ce qui te retient.

Il y a des troncs autour de toi, parfaitement uniformes, une forêt de troncs d'un temps lointain que certains disent sacrée. Ça dépend pour quoi, ça dépend pour qui, ça dépend de ce que cela implique, ça dépend de beaucoup d'autres choses, il y a là des âmes sacrées derrière les troncs, les troncs sacrés, des arbres sacrés, dans la forêt sacrée que tu traverses.
Ça dépend comment tu traverses.

Autour de toi, il y a des murs, des murs qui ont perdu leur verticalité, perdu leur souplesse, des murs que nul ne veut escalader...qui voudrait escalader une montagne inerte?
Des murs rugueux dont le gris frôle l'apoplexie, des murs entassés près des troncs, près des ombres, près des arbres, près des nuées inertes, contre les angles ouverts de la forêt qui te traverse.
Ça dépend comment tu traverses.

Nancy Naomi Carlson

From Traces

3.

Tree trunks sink into the water, I can't make out the roots, I can't tell for sure if they're floating. Something floats around, frail legs take root and drift in unison with the water's movement.

All life is movement, it's one of those obvious facts we nevertheless should remember each day, be told each day, and notice each moment.

The landscape is peaceful, it's only conjecture. There are no waves, the tide is low, no child wanders around in the swamp, the sky is low, the sails seem motionless.

Withdrawn in this way, the sea reveals nothing of roots, and yet everything moves, everything is a tangle of pulses, memories, presences, lives, questions.

The sea withdraws, I don't move forward, a door approaches my immobility, furrows emerge from this visible silence. I don't see what lies in the swamp, I don't move. I listen to the silence with my eyes.

Trunks like keepers of oblivion
remind me of what is missing
remind me of missed meetings
those to come that I'll choose to miss
those to come that I'll brush against
and those I will not understand.

On each emerging crest
in each optical illusion
roads rise again
white routes intertwining
clay routes awakening the ground
sandy routes upending the desert.
On each mirage,
each movement of a moored boat,
the furrow awakens.

Samira Negrouche

3.

Des troncs s'enfoncent dans l'eau, je n'en devine pas les racines, je n'en perçois pas le flottement avec certitude. Quelque chose flotte autour, des jambes frêles s'enracinent et dérivent à l'unisson avec le mouvement de l'eau. Toute vie est mouvement, c'est une de ces évidences qu'il faut pourtant se rappeler chaque jour, qu'il faut s'entendre dire chaque jour, qu'il faudrait observer à chaque instant.

Le paysage est paisible, ce n'est qu'une supposition. Il n'y a pas de vagues, la marée est basse, aucun enfant ne se balade dans le marécage, le ciel est bas, les voiles semblent immobiles. Ainsi retirée, la mer ne dévoile rien des racines, et pourtant tout bouge, tout est un enchevêtrement de poulx, de souvenirs, de présences, de vies, de questions. La mer se retire, je n'avance pas, c'est de mon immobilité que s'approche une porte, c'est de ce silence apparent que des sillons se dessinent. Je ne vois pas ce qui git dans le marécage, je ne bouge pas. J'écoute le silence avec mes yeux.

Des troncs comme gardiens d'oubli
me rappellent ce qui manque
me rappellent les rendez-vous manqués
ceux à venir que je choisirai de manquer
ceux à venir que je frôlerai
et tous ceux que je ne comprendrai pas.

Sur chaque crête qui se dessine
dans chaque illusion d'optique
remontent les routes
les voies blanches qui s'entremêlent
les voies d'argile qui éveillent le sol
les voies sableuses qui renversent le désert.
Sur chaque miroitement,
chaque mouvement de barque amarrée,
s'éveille le sillon.

Diana Manole

We'll have geraniums at lunch

light or heavy are the other meals. we prop ourselves up

with our backs straight to see our kneecaps

bulging out. we make nice with missus cook.

from kneecap to kneecap. to have her fill our bowls too

with what's left from the others' mouths. we

have plenty of hunger and rhetorical questions

no answer eats us up nor sees our weaknesses.

missus cook doesn't rank us all

the same. we pretend to close our eyes

we eat out of plastic bags we only want smiles. she hides down
her pants big chunks of deboned meat and we say she got fat with
laughter. a few goat lips look at us they take us home and put us
in the window

facing the balcony.

Emil-Iulian Sude

Avem mușcate la masa de prânz

ușoare grele celelalte mese. ne ridicăm

de subțiori să ne vedem cu rotulele

afară. ne dăm pe lângă doamna bucătăreasă.

de la rotulă la rotulă. să ne umple și nouă

castroanele cu ce a mai rămas din gura

altora. avem foame din destul și întrebările retorice

nu ne mănâncă niciun răspuns nu ne surprinde slăbiciunea

doamna bucătăreasă nu ne împarte pe toți

la fel. noi ne facem că închidem ochii

mâncăm din pungi numai zâmbete vrem. bucățile cele mari din
ceva dezosat le dosește pe coapse că zicem noi s-a îngrășat din
râs. se uită la noi câteva buze de capră ne iau acasă și ne pun la
fereastră

spre balcon.

Diana Manole

Every morning we have our helping of today's
not yesterday's

circles of the horoscope. for better
for worse. curds of light from God.
we put everything in the same plastic bucket
randomly dig out a helping of salt.

he doesn't agree to assign to us
a second guarding site.
to let us have some bowing angels and make people say
those fellas are loved. we'll keep polishing ourselves.
the thoughts with hair we trim them to grow wings
white and beautiful domestic robots.
some teach us how to be cement
others teach us how to be molasses

look at how a mentor of dandelions sees you
it doesn't even cross your mind that love
seduces your angels like you were some kind.
he wants to take us for everything we have. he
promises to hang us without fail
next to no one's photo on a nail.

Emil-Iulian Sude

În fiecare dimineața ne luăm porția de ce este azi
nu ieri

din cercurile zodiilor. ce-o mai fi bine
ce-o mai fi rău. caș de lumină de la Dumnezeu.
le punem pe toate în aceeași găleată de plastic
scoatem la întâmplare o porție de sare.

nu se învoiește să bage în locul nostru
al doilea obiectiv
să avem și noi îngeri aplecați să zică lumea
ăștia sunt iubiți. ne mai șlefuiim noi. de gânduri
cu păr le mai bărbierim să ne crească aripi
albi și frumoși roboței de casă.
unii ne învață cum să fim beton
alții ne învață cum să fim melasă

vezi cum te privește câte un mentor de pădăii
nici nu îți trece prin cap cum iubirea
îți seduce îngerii de parcă ai fi.
vrea el să se îmbogățească cu toate ale noastre. ne
promite că ne va atârna într-un cui
lângă fotografia nimănu.

John Timm

Opening a Vulture or Just After Extracting the Blue

*Dedicated to
murilo rubião
affonso ávila
and
wandermon alves brandão*

1. night in the passport

each one of the hands divided it into voyages.

the flowers were exhausted from the pain of their declarations of love. there were neither watches nor other piercings that might identify them. lygia dried the plates with the last of the envelopes. black people were expressly prohibited from entering that ROYAL compound. domestic workers sell things there and might know how to shell BACH. or even better: a sensational clearance on lilacs specializing in a pact with the dawn. the polyester is also useful for the wrapping of human bodies. with outspread wings we shall meet in the ocean. the building has twenty-five (you) stories besides the basement beneath lygia's arms. they sell them on credit: tender ones for beginners & ones with decals for newlyweds. the protest signs i placed atop that pyramid shall play games no more. the ranch has wide swathes of land and pungent spaces but cash payment is restricted by moveable barbed wire fences and other cheap jewelry.

John Timm

2. the invasion

lygia's eyes were spent from tears. entering and leaving the harbors was prohibited and the poster was jerked violently from the blindman's chest as night was about to fall and make man's presence useless. the fruit juice remains untouched and the table will be set at the first shadows. i shall not denounce it to the birds nor shall i condemn it to the wind's itinerary.

—in those times there was hair as damp and pure as the roots of the earth.

—our shadows shall not be extinguished by the impure texts of extinct dragons.

—our bodies are twisted and injured.

—their white and seamless robes shall not deny the salt of the earth caked in the depths of the roadways.

—color is shared in our eyes; our identity is written on the skin of corpses grown old in limbo.

—the bridges shall not hide themselves from the despair of our hands.

—the lines of communication are cut and the children of RENOIR shall be deported in blue linens.

—the shadows shall continue to be righteous and we shall place mirrors in windows to escape.

John Timm

3. the age for shadow

the noises were coming from the south of our brains. lygia handed us the diluted hunger of hope of her far-away ancestors. the ended war within us dressed the countryside in green. —that freshly-bound travel guide in which men eagerly sought out our bonds was commonplace. the knife blade penetrated the body of stones sharpened at their origins. —the sun does not shine on the hulks of our bodies lying deep in trenches. only in this way could one live in that distant desert of amputated hands never to meet. “at the last supper we were all now old: one day i was a child and i felt my free body penetrate the world; the people watching us dissected me with eyes lost to existence.” but one journey had remained with us: the journey that leads men to the wall, the journey that martyrizes for fear. “the beasts remained; you could be a beast: beasts don’t rot as easily as men, beasts don’t have family trees nor genealogies, they dress according to their species, their clothing never becomes stained, never loses its shape, and comes pre-shrunk.”

John Timm

4. inventory office

the children came from abroad, half a world away, and along the way they said they had feet. —it didn't help because it was already too late to produce the fruit in the shade. only the circling velocipedes cast crazed fear into their eyes. —hands rusted from stones and other ancestors of the flood confirmed the greater love up to the last syllable pronounced after the birds. —the bodies revealed the beds of hidden teeth in easy clothing. —the seeds planted in their eyes reminders of conjugated and substituted kings. “we were all servants: the portals, the salts of the eyes, etc.”

(someone ought to wait for spring.)

John Timm

5. notes for lygia—I

the doors are large and tightly shut but love exists because your eyes foretell bright tomorrows. §
it was necessary to travel those roads; there were births and the walls still retained the tattoos of
sleep. § the chairs were all lined up opposite one another and were covered by the intermittent
shadows of children put to sleep by neglect. § tears have aged on cracked faces and decompose
out of fear.

John Timm

6. opening vulture or just after extracting the blue

only dams placed in the ear shall be capable of softening the bricks of our flesh. no more is it possible to destroy the pact or reduce it to the postcard size of disagreements. we shall recover the sunset or the harbor of our physical traces:

but let us link the strand of hair to the solar capsule of the despairing dead on the trash heaps of these conclusions used geographically in the doctrines of the body. lygia kept her throat thoroughly asphalted with skeletons.

on the first street remained the musical score of feet and other oil ducts. in the morning the last of the balms would be crushed in the dethroned and fire-printed voyage. we shall never be seeds in the thaw of the plantation of these closely-piled stones. but my sorrow is the sorrow of the bitter angels who shall confront the error.

John Timm

7. notes for lygia—II

your body inscribed on the river banks reveals the clamor of feet that were lost. from the bitter timber where you planted your countenance arises the useless apparel of the discoveries. the mirror is easy: what is difficult is finding within it our point of departure. the lay of the mold doesn't relieve the anguish of your silence. many times death precedes definition of the body, but the womb of the earth made you burst forth in fruitfulness.

John Timm

8. waters of the testament—I

in a hollow somewhere my body is made of pure and refined soil, of far-off cattle guards, a dead street of dreams and bones, the barking of dogs engraved in the depth of the eyes. i do not deny that i already had flowers to cross the rivers, those of foam and the rain of many fish, without caskets and keys. my body has no floors with automatic elevators (condominiums of sand and dreams), super-equipped with detachable kitchenettes. i owe my life to the high tension wire that holds in my teeth—, tiny tablets of walls and noises.

—were i a prophet or i had in my hands the twelve tablets, i would make clouds descend, one by one, until no one else could see you and i would cover you from the nakedness of words, because i never was a warrior nor achilles, and my path is imperfect, but i know that you have green hair and that garcía lorca died in granada. your golden fingerprints render useless our neolithic voices; platforms for humble prayer—roots of the dried eyes of trees. i do not have the answer to the endless seas without being a king or a subject, here or in haiphong.

John Timm

9. the first born of guilt

the first child was born covered with barbed wire; mountains encircled his body. golden armpits bonded with his seventh day. his pre-fabricated foam hair forced love upon the bindings of the gods. his first tooth obstructed the passage of ships into the harbor and the passports of the birds.

—they bought him green clothing made of roots; his hands guided ropes and shadows for the dissolution of the dead.

—they made him a martyr; his raiment of deadly gasses poisoned words and corrupted dreams; his family came to visit him and offered him bridges; his body was built of wood. jealous women wished to divide him up, but his shadow imposed silence. —when the knife arrived, his body opened itself up in sufferings, the flesh did not hold back and flung itself open; whole nations fled his bowels (possessions of bygone times). i remember the suns unleashed from his braids, his name embedded in limbo corroded the statues of a thousand centuries.

—the garden now stood in his semi-closed waxen eyes.

John Timm

10. waters of the testament—II

we were possessed by the fossils; handfuls of sunflowers among the stones acquitted the hollow of bones. my thick skin is still recovering from the debris of the deluge.

—one day we were flowers, weathered faces awakened as craters of canceled stamps and the remains of birds.

—fragile hands marked canebrakes, old and rusted, a sun factory in a wilderness of bodies, bridges twisted from feet and sweat. we were also galley slaves, pockets of stabbing hunger; i the wind—en route to myself, i-inhabitant of that shadow making machine, dead leaf of the centuries, a dry-named rose, i bow before that sleep-penetrated corpse where we wearily scarred the latifundium of burning wombs.

“there was once a time when the animals talked; from their mouths came forth texts of knowledge; travelers awoke dead in their limbs.”

John Timm

11. memory

it is said that her double-spaced 2 (two) letterhead had been placed in an ark from which no one heard for a thousand years, not even in the messages, the most urgent possible, the very ones she begged to be sent, and that her lovers would not affirm in the slightest existed! because to love is to be in a distant world, kept apart by mailbags of memories and highways. it is also said that she had a body, but her body was consumed by the wars, her clothing was donated to the slaves, disenfranchised from all pain. soldiers of fortune used her sandals to cross maps and mysterious oceans. her hair was carried away by the storms and transformed into clouds.

“it is known that she was seen in auschwitz and that her eyes set fire to hiroshima.”

John Timm

12. portrait

i exist with this entire body, planted amid the crops where time forgot its mark of fiery steel, which shall remain engrained upon the rock where i chiseled my shadow for many years, where the seeds dried the last of the moisture in our eyes, even though blue. now i feel the loneliest of all because fear keeps me from outstretching my hands toward the river of your eyes and saying with all my body as proof just what it is that comes from that discovery. all i have left is my disfigured face, my arms twisted by the wind.

John Timm

13. the dead

teodoro lived before our time, his hands tied vines until the discovery. henriqueta lost her existence among the jungle plants, lygia owned horses of a thousand hooves and storms, angela did not exist. —voices intoned tediums from beyond the rocks.

when they left

they carried with them statues of salt, castles, fortifications, orders for declarations of love etc. no one ever turned to assist them or justify them, just the walls, the walls underlined with shadows dried up the rivers of discontent. thus i await the last words of the final judgment where countless forests sleep stitched with silent pictures on walls.

John Timm

14. ticket

my only desire was to penetrate her face and lock it in green. my body reached the moss of hands entwined with despair.

—i too acknowledge the whip marks on the roof of the glass-synchronized flesh. —someone is sure to ask for the angels—they shall remain motionless in time awaiting another decomposition. i don't know how to dress her body in grasses, or her partial smile, her feet of stone, the vine juice of her shadow; or at least sketch in the sand her image where i usually reside. —perhaps i could kiss you, in this moment, but my teeth are surrounded by stones—they suffer the pressure of a thousand mountains and chaos: let us make windshields from cinders—we shall thus recover the suspended nights of our childhood.

John Timm

15. the train of thought clenched the giant's teeth close to the bones

the train of thought clenched the giant's teeth close to the bones, and no one realized that the darkness of his boots intoned vomit, that the stairways filthy with fish scales would no longer bring wheat to feed the monsters, that the mixture of truces and tears evaporated in the opaque stomach of the hardware, that the image was trapped in the mirror and declared useless, that the corners of dreams ceaselessly measured the hybrid seasons, that the voice of the shepherds continued along the rocky road, that the needle-point of gestures pierced the depths of the pocket in dorsal recumbency, that the landscapes revealed the cargoes of ships greened with fear, that teodoro never wore his electric shirt because the train of thought clenched the giant's teeth close to the bones.

Adão Ventura

1. noite no passaporte

cada uma das mãos o dividiu em viagens.

as flôres estavam fatigadas com o desconôlo das declarações de amor. não havia relógios nem outras perfurações que os identificassem. lygia enxugou os pratos com o último dos envelopes. era expressamente proibida a entrada de pessoas de côr naquele REIcinto de segurança. vendem-se empregadas domésticas que saibam descansar BACH. ou ainda: sensacional liquidação de lilases em pacto com o amanhecer. tergal também serve para encadernações de corpos humanos. de asas abertas no oceano nós nos encontraremos. o prédio tem vinticinco (tu) andares fora o subsolo abaixo dos braços de lygia. vendem-se a prazo: ternos para principiantes & decalcomania para recém-casados. meus títulos protestados no alto daquela pirâmide não haverá mais jogos. a fazenda tem amplas paisagens e superfície azêda mas o pagamento à vista é limitado por cêrcas de arame farpado móveis e outras bijuterias.

Adão Ventura

2. a invasão

lygia tinha os olhos gastos de lágrimas. proibiram-se as entradas e as saídas dos portos e a placa foi violentamente arrancada do peito do cego quando a noite ia cair e inutilizar a presença dos homens. o suco das frutas continua intacto e a mesa será posta na primeira sombra. não a denunciarei ao pássaros nem a condenarei ao roteiro dos ventos.

— naquele tempo havia cabelos úmidos e puros como as raízes da terra.

— nossas sombras não se apagarão dos textos impuros dos dragões extintos.

— nossos corpos estão cansados e tortos.

— suas vestes alvas e inconsúteis não anularão o sal da terra sedimentado nos fundos dos caminhos.

— a côr está dividida nos olhos; nossa identidade está inscrita na pele dos corpos envelhecidos no limbo.

— as pontes não se ocultarão ao desespêro das mãos.

— as linhas de comunicação estão cortadas e os meninos de RENOIR serão deportados em lençóis azuis.

— as sombras continuarão justas e nas janelas armaremos os espelhos para as fugas.

Adão Ventura

3. idade para sombra

os ruídos vinham do sul de nossos cérebros. lygia nos entregou aquela fome diluída de esperanças de longe de seus avós. a guerra acabada em nós vestia de verde os campos. —era comum aquêlê itinerário encadernado e nôvo por onde os homens passavam ávidos de liames. a lâmina da faca penetrou no corpo de pedra aguçadas de origens. —o sol não brilha nas solidões de nossos corpos profundos de escavações. só assim nos foi possível viver naquele êrmo distante de mãos decepadas para o encontro. “na última ceia já éramos velhos: um dia eu fôra menino e senti o meu corpo livre penetrar no mundo; as pessoas ohlando-nos dissecaram-me de ohlos duros, perdidos de existir,” mas uma passagem havia ficado em nós: a passagem que leva de encontro à parede, a passagem que martiriza para o mêdo. “restavam os bichos; a gente poderia ser bicho: os bichos não apodrecem tão fácilmente como os homens, os bichos não possuem árvores genealógicas, nem livros de linhagens, êles se vestem de acôrdo com os espécies, suas roupas nunca mancham, nunca deformam e são previamente encolhadas.”

Adão Ventura

4. ofício do inventário

os meninos vinham de fora, de meio mundo, e a caminho disseram que tinham pés. — não adiantava porque nas sombras o gerar dos frutos já era tarde. só os velocípedes em círculos metiam mêdo lunático nos olhos. — mãos enferrujadas de pedras e outros antepassados do dilúvio confirmavam o amor-maior até a última sílaba pronunciada após as aves. — os corpos mostravam as molas dos dentes clandestinos de roupas fáceis. — as sementes plantavam nos olhos permanências de reis conjugados e substituídos. “servos éramos todos: os portais, os sais dos olhos etc.”

(alguém deveria esperar pela primavera.)

Adão Ventura

5. apontamentos para Iygia—I

as portas são grandes e estão fechadas mas o amor existe porque teus olhos denunciaram manhãs claras. § era necessário percorrer aquelas estradas; havia nascimentos e os muros conservam ainda a tatuagem do sono. § as cadeiras se alinhavam em posições contrárias e eram cobertas pelas sombras periódicas dos meninos adormecidos de esquecimentos. § nas profundezas do rosto as lágrimas são velhas e se aprofundam de medo.

Adão Ventura

6. abrir-se um abutre ou mesmo depois de deduzir dêle o azul

sómente diques colocados no ouvido poderão atenuar os tijolos de nossa carne. não é mais possível destruir o pacto ou reduzi-lo ao tamanho postal dos desencontros. poderemos recuperar o pôr do sol ou o pôrto de nossos traços fisionômicos:

mas articulemos o fio de cabelo unido à capsula solar dos mortos desesperados nos escombros destas deduções geogràficamente usadas nos ditames do corpo. lygia mantinha a garganta substancialmente asfaltada de esqueletos.

na primeira rua havia ficado a partitura dos pés e outros oleodutos. pela manhã os últimos bálsamos seriam triturados na viagem destronada e impressa em fogo. nunca seremos sementes no degêlo do plantio destas pedras conjuntamente pressupostas. mas o meu desconsôlo e o desconsôlo dos anjos amargos que manipularão o erro.

Adão Ventura

7. apontamentos para lygia—II

teu corpo inscrito às margens dos rios desenrola barulhos de pés que se perderam. do amargo lenho onde plantaste teu rosto sobra o vestido inútil das descobertas. o espelho é fácil: o difícil é descobrir nêle o nosso ponto de partida. o jazer do môfo não disipa a angústia do teu silêncio. a morte muitas vêzes antecede as definições do corpo, mas o ventre da terra abriu-te em frutos.

Adão Ventura

8. águas de testamento—I

em concha de terra alguma meu corpo é feito de chão batido e puro, de mata-burros de muitas lèguas, estrada morrida de sonhos e ossos, latidos de cães estampados no cimento dos olhos. não nego que já tive flôres para atravessar rios, dêsses de espumas e de chuvas de muitos peixes, sem sarcófagos e sem chaves. meu corpo não possui andares de elevadores automáticos (conjuntos residenciais de areias e insônias). superfacilitados c/quitinetes desmontáveis. devo a vida ao fio de alta tensão que me prende os dentes—, plaquetes de muros e ruídos.

—fôsse eu profeta ou tivesse nas mãos a lei das doze tábulas, faria descer nuvens, uma por uma, sôbre o teu corpo até que ninguém mais pudesse te ver e te cobriria tôda contra a nueza das palavras, porque nunca fui guerreiro nem aquiles, e meu caminho é imperfeito, mas sei que tens cabelos verdes e garcia lorca morreu em granada. teus digitais dourados inutilizam as nossas vozes neolíticas; plataformas de súplicas—raízes de olhos secos de árvores, não tenho a matriz dos mares de onde não se tem fim, sem ser rei ou súdito, aqui ou em haiphong.

Adão Ventura

9. o primogênito da culpa

o primeiro filho nascera coberto de arame farpado; montanhas circundaram-lhe o corpo. axilas douradas compactuavam com o seu sétimo dia. seus cabelos pré-fabricados de espumas impunham amor nas ataduras dos deuses. seu primeiro dente obstruía as entradas dos navios no pôrto e os passaportes para os pássaros.

—compraram-lhe roupas verdes de raízes; suas mãos conduziam cordas e sombras para o descontento dos mortos.

—fizeram-no mártir; sua vestimenta de gases mortíferos envenenava palavras e adulterava sonhos. os parentes vieram visitá-lo e ofereceram-lhe pontes; seu corpo foi completado por madeiras. as mulheres quiseram dividi-lo em ciúmes, mas sua sombra imprimia silêncio.

—quando a faca chegou, seu corpo abriu-se em sofrimentos, a carne não se conteve e escancarou-se em portas; de suas entranhas desertaram terras (posses de acabadas eras.) lembro-me dos sóis desatados de suas tranças, seu nome incrustado no limbo corroía estátuas de mil séculos.

—o jardim já estava nos olhos semicerrados de cêra.

Adão Ventura

10. águas de testamento—II

fomos possuídos pelos fóseis; mãos de girassóis inocentavam nas pedras o vazio dos ossos.
minha pele espessa ainda se reconstrói dos escombros do dilúvio.

—um dia fomos flôres, rostos sazoados madrugavam crateras de selos mortos e restos de pássaros.

—mãos quebradiças demarcavam canaviais antigos de ferrugem, fábrica de sol em descampados de corpos, pontes retorcidas de pés e suores. também fomos escravos de galeras, redutos de agudas fomes; eu vento—rumo de mim mesmo, eu-habitante dessa máquina de construir sombras, fôlha inanimada de séculos, rosa de árida marca, dobro-me diante dêsse cadáver atravessado de sono, onde cansados cicatrizamos latifúndios de ventres incandescidos.

“houve um tempo em que os animais falavam; de suas bôcas saíam textos de luzes; viajantes amanheceram mortos em seus membros.”

Adão Ventura

11. lembrança

consta que sua voz-espaco 2 (dois) tamanho-oficio-papel timbrado fôra colocada numa arca que por mil anos ninguém a ouviu, nem por notícias, as mais urgentes possíveis, mesmo dadas de mãos postas e que os amantes não confirmaram o mínimo conhecimento de sua existência! porque amar é um mundo distante, separado de muitas malas de lembranças & caminhos. também consta que tinha corpo mas seu corpo foi consumido pelas guerras, suas roupas foram doadas aos escravos apátridas de tôdas as doares. aventureiros utilizaram-se de suas sandálias para atravessar mapas e mistérios oceânicos. seus cabelos foram levados pelas tempestades e transformados em nuvens.

“sabe-se que fôra vista em auschwitz e que seus olhos incendiaram hiroxima.”

Adão Ventura

12. retrato

eu existo com êste corpo todo, plantado no cereal onde o tempo esqueceu sua marca de ferro em brasa, que por muitos anos permanecerá gravada na pedra onde entalhei minha sombra, onde as sementes secaram o último sumo que existia nos olhos, mesmo de azul. agora eu me sinto o mais deserto de todos porque o medo me impede de estender as mãos até o rio de teus olhos e dizer de corpo inteiro e de testemunho o que se forma dessa descoberta. só me resta o rosto marcado, meus braços foram retorcidos pelo vento.

Adão Ventura

13. mortos

teodoro viveu antes de nossa era, suas mãos ligaram cipós até o descobrimento. henriqueta perdeu sua existência pelas florestas, lygia possuiu cavalos de mil pés e tempestades, ângela não existiu. —vozes entoaram te-deums de além pedras.

quando êlems partiram

levaram consigo estátuas de sal, castelos, fortificações, ordens para declarações de amor etc. jamais alguém voltou para assisti-los ou justificá-los, apenas as paredes, as paredes grifadas de sombras secaram os rios do desencanto. por isso espero as últimas palavras do juízo final onde inúmeros bosques dormem cerzidos de retratos mudos de paredes.

Adão Ventura

14. passagem

minha vontade foi só de querer penetrar no seu rosto e parafusá-lo de verde. meu corpo chegou até o musgo das mãos entrelaçadas de desesperanças. —também dou razão às marcas açoitadas no teto de sua carne sincronizada de vidro. —alguém certamente perguntará pelos anjos—êles permanecem parados no tempo à espera de outra decomposição. não sei como vestir-se de relvas o seu corpo, o seu sorriso incompleto, os seus pés de pedra, a seiva de cipós de su sombra; ou pelo menos, se eu conseguisse traçar na areia a sua imagem onde habito-me em sede. —talvez eu pudesse beijar você agora, neste momento, mas os meus dentes estão circundados por pedras—êles sofrem pressões de mil montanhas e caos: façamos papa-ventos de cinzas—assim redescobriremos as noites suspensas na infância.

Adão Ventura

15. o fio da meada cerrou os dentes do gigante rente aos ossos

o fio da meada cerrou os dentes do gigante rente aos ossos, e ninguém percebeu que o escuro das botas solfejava nojo, que as escadas encardidas de escamas não levavam trigo para abastecer os monstros, que a mistura de tréguas e lágrimas evaporou no estômago opaco das ferragens, que o rosto foi recolocado no espelho e declarado inútil, que os ângulos dos sonhos mediam sem cessar as estações híbridas, que a voz dos pastôres continuava a caminho das pedras, que a agulha dos gestos atingiu o poço do bôlso em decúbito dorsal, que as paisagens visavam o conteúdo dos navios esverdeados de mêdo, que teodoro nunca vestiu sua camisa eléctrica porque o fio da meada cerrou os dentes do gigante rente aos ossos.

Shabnam Nadiya

Body

The night sits and waits, its drowsy eyes open
I keep my windborne body dead, above the mattress of emptiness
why does he float so, in migrant clouds and magnets?
The equestrian in my blood is stymied, let the people know that
basically, he is not dead, he is a rattle tied to transparent cells
a male captain, a devil who is majestic, in a monstrous ship
he peddles the fake rubies, emeralds, crystals of the heart
I keep sleep distant from his tent, so that suddenly
blazing shrubs and vines do not grow into the folds of midnight
the honey of love that didn't exist searches for a dying afternoon
in tiny, fearful steps, returns from the circle of men
beneath night's vision, to the chiffon enclosure that is brimming with death

this is better, that the tear-dampened bulb of the body should burn by itself
I am nobody, I have nobody, let only the night witness this turmoil.

Shelly Naz

শরীর

রাত্রি খুলে বসে আছে তার ঢুলু ঢুলু চোখ
উদ্ভীর্ণ শরীর মৃত করে রাখি, শূন্যতার তক্তপোষে
ও কেন এমন ভাসে, পরবাসী মেঘে ও চুম্বকে?
রক্তের ঘোড়সওয়ারী বন্ধ, লোকেরা জানুক
মূলত সে মৃত নয়, স্বচ্ছ কোষে বাঁধা ঝুমঝুমি
পুরুষ কাপ্তান, মহান এ শয়তান, বিকট জাহাজে
ফেরি করে হৃদয়ের মিথ্যে চুনি, পান্না, নকল স্ফটিক

তার তাঁবু থেকে দূরে রাখি নিদ্রা, যেন আকস্মিক
জ্বলন্ত লতাগুন্ম গজিয়ে না ওঠে মধ্যযামিনীর ভাঁজে
যে প্রেম ছিল না তার মধু খুঁজে মুমূর্ষু সায়াহ্ন
ছোট ভীকু পায়ে ফিরে আসে পুরুষবলয় থেকে
রাত্রির দৃষ্টির নিচে, মরণ উপচে ওঠা শিফনের ঘেরে

এই ভালো শরীরের কান্নাভেজা বাব্ব একলা জ্বলুক
কেউ নয়, কেউ নেই, এই তোলপাড় রাত্রিই দেখুক!

Shabnam Nadiya

Like a Curved Blade

Like a curved blade, I lay hushed.

A gleaming, golden handle, I grow blunt in my solitude and around me spreads reddish rust. All this rusted fire I keep wrapped in palm fronds.

I nourish thunder, lightning and I wait like a savage hyena for a soft male heart.

As soon as I smell prey, my dulled metal awakes

You have severed my tongue many times because I am the daughter of Khona,

You have hacked at my hands, feet, and shoulders

I have become a mere torso and spread out at your feet my last living cells.

Still, your stone yielded no waterfalls.

Your picnic continued with grilling my meat.

Today I am a bright knife born of destruction, bloodthirsty, mad with the desire to cut,

Will you still place your hands on this blade?

[Khona was a poet and astrologer of legend. Her most widely known work is Khonar Bachan (Khona's Maxims)—a collection of couplets related to everyday life with a strong focus on agriculture. Khona's predictions surpassed her father-in-law's in accuracy, so he (an astronomer and astrologer, who was possibly employed as a scholar at a royal court), cut off her tongue.]

Shelly Naz

বাঁকা ছুরির মতো

বাঁকা ছুরির মতো আমি নিঝুম পড়ে থাকি।

ঝকঝকে সোনালী বাট, একা একা ভোতা হতে থাকি আর আমাকে জড়িয়ে বাড়তে থাকে লালচে মরিচা। মরিচাধরা সমস্ত
আগুন মুড়ে রাখি ভূর্জপত্রে।

পুষ্টি বজ্র, বিদ্যুৎ, আর অপেক্ষা করি হিংস্র হয়েনার মতো, একটা তুলতুলে পুরুষ হৃদয়ের।

শিকারের গন্ধ পাওয়ামাত্র আমার ম্লান ধাতু জেগে ওঠে।

খনার মেয়ে বলে জিভ কেটে ফেলেছ বহুবর,

কর্তিত করেছ আমার হস্তপদস্কন্ধ,

কবন্ধ হয়ে তোমাদের পদতলে বিছিয়ে দিয়েছি শেষ জীবন্ত কোষখানি।

তবু তোমাদের প্রসূরে কোনো জলপ্রপাত জাগেনি।

আমার মাংস ঝলসে চলেছে তোমাদের বনভোজন।

আমি আজ ধবংস থেকে জন্মপ্রাপ্ত উজ্জ্বল ছুরিকা, রক্তপিপাসু, কর্তনলিপ্সায় উন্মাদ

তোমরা কি তবু এ ছুরিতে রাখবে তোমাদের হাত?

Viviana De Cecco

Face Death

They say to me while I'm still sobbing:
"In the shadow of the tomb, where her grace pales,
She longs for the passing peace of the bed.
Darkness on her forehead and the dawn in her eyes.
"She will receive the splendor of the spirit,
Dream, breath, music, impulse, perfume, light.
The coffin cannot contain her in one piece,
Nor the ground, drunk with dead flesh and tears.
"The candle of golden tears, the rattle of the hymn,
The faded lilies, are but a lying symbol:
In an April dawn that comes slowly,
She'll bloom again, as a mystic violet."
—And I listen among the temples of death.
I feel the warmth of the earth rising toward me,
Whose overwhelming scent hides the secret
Of the silent sob and the sleeping ray.
I listen, but the wind carries away from space
The bold hope of quiet infinities.
She will be here no more, in this hour I embrace,
The unique and certain hour, and I just, I believe her dead.
The night, whose languor no longer fears the sun,
Wraps her in the fairy blue of its veils,
Extinguishes even the distant gleam of the stars,
And the wine of the poppies gives her sleep.
O Death that I loved, O pallor that spread
In the silence of cold black nothingness,
I only dare bring you flowers of the past
And my pagan sobs for your lost beauty.

Renée Vivien

Devant la Mort

Ils me disent, tandis que je sanglote encore:
«Dans l'ombre du sépulcre où sa grâce pâlit,
Elle aspire la paix passagère du lit.
Les ténèbres au front, et dans les yeux l'aurore.
«Elle aura la splendeur de l'Esprit délivré,
Rêve, haleine, musique, essor, parfum, lumière.
Le cercueil ne la peut contenir tout entière,
Ni le sol, de chair morte et de pleurs enivré.
«Le cierge aux larmes d'or, le rôle du cantique
Les lys fanés, ne sont qu'un symbole menteur:
Dans une aube d'avril qui vient avec lenteur,
Elle refleurira, violette mystique.»
—Et j'écoute parmi les temples de la mort.
Je sens monter vers moi la chaleur de la terre,
Dont l'accablante odeur recèle le mystère
Du sanglot qui se tait et du rayon qui dort.
J'écoute, mais le vent des espaces emporte
L'audacieux espoir des infinis sereins...
Elle ne sera plus dans l'heure que j'étreins,
L'heure unique et certaine, et moi, je la crois morte.
La nuit, dont la langueur ne craint plus le soleil,
L'enveloppant du bleu féérique de ses voiles,
Éteint jusqu'aux lueurs lointaines des étoiles,
Et le vin des pavots lui verse le sommeil.
O Morte que j'aimais, ô Pâleur étendue
Dans l'immobilité des néants noirs et froids,
Je n'ose t'apporter que les fleurs d'autrefois
Et mes sanglots païens sur ta beauté perdue.

Yuan Changming

Pursuing

in a world always half in darkness
your body may be soaked deep
in a nightmare, rotting
but your heart can roam
like a synchronous satellite
in outer space, leaving
the long night far behind
as long as your heart flies fast
and high enough, you will live
a life of light forever

Yuan Changming

追求

在一半是黑暗的世界
我的躯体在恶梦中
浸泡, 腐烂

而我的心
却像同步卫星那样
在高空翱翔
把长夜远远甩在身后

是的, 只要我的心飞得够高够快
我就会永享光明

Yuan Changming

Corn

A whole body of teeth
Nothing but teeth

To chew the passing summer

We bite off from you
All the pearl-like memories
Tinged with sunlight

A hard but juicy kiss

Yuan Changming

玉米

全身上下都是牙齿
别无其他

咀嚼正在逝去的夏天

我们从你身上咬下
所有珍珠般的记忆
粘满了阳光

一阵坚硬而甜蜜的吻

Yuan Changming

Like Birds, Like Humans

All doors are man-made
Even those in hell and heaven

Behind every door
Is either a home
Or a prison cell
More often both
Than neither

The only living space without a door
Is a nest or the sky
Both for birds
Neither for man

Yuan Changming

像鸟, 像人

所有的门都是人造的
即便是天堂和地狱里的门

在每扇门后
要么是个家
要么是个牢房
多半两者皆是
很少皆不是

唯一无门的生活空间
是鸟巢或天空
两者皆属鸟
皆不属人

Yuan Changming

Thought Hunting

stalking behind it
i sneaked into the thick forest
where it suddenly vanished
i did not know when, even whether
it would reappear at all

lying long in ambush
at the heart of silences
i became increasingly aware
the jungle has no prey in the first place
except hunting per se

Yuan Changming

思想猎人

我遁着它的身后
偷偷潜入茂密的森林
突然，它消失得无影无踪
不知它是否还会折返

久久静伏在幽深处
我渐渐似有所悟：
丛林中本无猎物，只有追寻

Yuan Changming

Within This Open Bottle

Every bee dies
While charging toward light

All flies survive
Even thrive
By fleeing into darkness

What
What if the empty bottle rotates

Yuan Changming

在这开口瓶里

每只蜜蜂都死于
冲向光明的霎那

因为逃往黑暗
苍蝇们都活了下来
甚至更加繁盛

如果
如果空瓶倒转呢？

Jere Paulmeno

This Hand Everyone Sees

This small and nervous hand that everyone sees,
this hand with polished fingernails and delicate skin
has committed without trembling
dark failed murders
and a few bitter suicides
in the abandon of a pillow and tears.
This hand has lied in salons and on the streets
performing everyone's worn-out rituals.
In dark rooms, this hand
has avoided tenderness,
yet slowly like a surge of oil
given pleasure to others' bodies.
This hand has lined up words
to take them to the brink
and make them speak with their last breath
of the splendor of pitiful emotions,
of the collapse of ruins that still stand,
of the salt lodged in eyelashes.
This hand, while half asleep, has stolen
things it never dared to make its own
and now its palm feels only the rubbing
and emptiness of what was the other hand.
This hand shows the crossed lines
of a life it lost
for not knowing, not understanding, not wanting.

María Mercedes Carranza

Esta mano que todos ven

Esta mano nerviosa y pequeña que todos ven,
esta mano de uñas pintadas y piel frágil
ha cometido sin temblar
oscuros asesinatos fracasados
y algún suicidio rencoroso
en el abandono de la almohada y las lágrimas.
Esta mano ha mentido en salones y calles
con ceremonias usadas y ajenas.
En habitaciones oscuras, esta mano
ha huido de la ternura,
pero lenta como ola de aceite
ha dado placer a los cuerpos.
Esta mano ha ordenado en fila las palabras
para llevarlas al abismo
y hacerlas decir ya sin aliento
del esplendor de las pobres emociones,
del desplome de las ruinas aún en pie,
de la sal viva en las pestañas.
Esta mano ha robado en duermevela
cosas que nunca se atrevió a hacer suyas
y ahora en su palma sólo tiene roces
y el vacío en el que estuvo otra mano.
Esta mano tiene atravesadas las líneas
de una vida que se perdió
porque no supo, no comprendió, no quiso.

Jere Paulmeno

The Heart

40 years have left it with entanglements, suspicions
and a cloudy sky where inevitably
the sun, happiness, and words get old.
Streets cross it now without odors or noondays;
sometimes the splendor of a name
decays like saliva or a flower.
Absences and lost loves are dried roots,
wrung of anger and beauty now.
It has made some dead things its own:
laughter, caresses, and ashes of an evening,
the taste of Sunday when I was 10,
certain lewd and necessary verses,
some bodies tenderly used.
Here in the heart the future is superfluous
like the dust on furniture
and only one certainty survives:
the unkillable desire to always be someplace else.
A Bogotá kind of rain, light and gray, falls endlessly.
Cemetery of dreams, this poor heart,
nothing immortal lives here.

María Mercedes Carranza

El corazón

40 años han dejado nudos y sospechas
y un cielo turbio donde envejecen sin remedio
el sol, la dicha y las palabras.
Lo cruzan calles ahora sin olores ni mediodías;
a veces el esplendor de un nombre
se pudre como saliva o como flor.
Ausencias y desamores son raíces secas,
ya sin rabia ni belleza.
Ha hecho suyas algunas cosas muertas:
las risas, las caricias y las cenizas de una tarde,
el sabor del domingo a los 10 años,
ciertos versos celestinos y necesarios,
algunos cuerpos usados con ternura.
Allí el futuro está de sobra
como el polvo en los muebles de la casa
y sólo una certidumbre sobrevive:
el deseo incancelable de estar siempre en otra parte.
Una lluvia bogotana, leve y gris, cae sin parar.
Cementerio de sueños, pobre corazón,
nada inmortal lo habita.

Aimee Chor

the dawdling at the side of small streets

bucharest, again, a tennis ball on which the drool
of a dog leaves traces, if no one has more
to say, the air conditioners keep talking, this much

i have understood: the mouth is a cave of smoke
men wear their shirts, threadbare, as skin
through the park, hats sleep on knees, and something

of the gray of the clouds suffuses
the mottled awnings, curtains of lace
in unwashed windowpanes and wait times at the post office

(what i write fits in teeny-tiny boxes), at the register
of a tobacco shop, presses into the train station hall
into the cooing of pigeons under the roof, into the shimmering air

above the tracks, into the curses of a fed-up
taxi driver who counts coins into my hands like years
something of the corpse-gray of the hours commingles

with the facades, their shabby light, the long hair
over the balustrade, without names, dogs shatter a silence
without silence, bucharest, again, speak without a mouth, reach

without arms, where i spread my toes, in the warm shadows
of the strada crăciun, deep breaths and eggplant purée
in my eyes swims the dawdling at the side of small streets.

Nadja Küchenmeister

das trödeln am rand kleiner straßen

bukarest, wieder, ein tennisball, an dem der speichel
eines hundes spuren hinterlässt, wenn niemand mehr
spricht, sprechen die klimaanlagen weiter, so viel

habe ich verstanden: der mund ist eine höhle aus rauch
männer tragen ihre hemden, fadenscheinig, als haut
durch den park, hüte schlafen auf den knien, und etwas

von dem grau der wolken ist hineingeschleudert
in die gesprenkelten markisen, in gardinen aus spitze
in ungeputzte fensterscheiben und wartezeiten bei der post

(was ich schreibe, passt in klitzekleine fächer), an der kasse
eines tabakladens, geschleudert in die bahnhofshalle
ins gurren der tauben unterm dach, in die flirrende luft

über den schienen, in die flüche eines tagessatten
taxifahrers, der mir münzen in die hände zählt wie jahre
etwas von dem leichengrau der stunden ist den fassaden

beigemischt, ihrem abgeschabten licht, dem haarschopf
über der brüstung, ohne namen, zerbellen hund eine stille
ohne stille, bukarest, wieder, sprich ohne mund, lang

ohne arme hin, wo ich die zehen spreize, in den warmen schatten
der strada crăciun, das durchatmen bei auberginenmus
in meinen augen schwimmt das trödeln am rand kleiner straßen.

Aimee Chor

early moon

the light is already in the upper
regions of the chestnut, scarcely visible
the moon, visible then, i remember

the television tower i envisioned
nights—where i came from?—, disappeared
behind the roofs, slid into gaps between buildings

i was constantly changing direction, or
was it the one changing direction for me
corners around which it steered me to rest

before my eyes, hotels, the windows
mirrored its windows, the mirrors
to wet streets, wet tracks, shoes

not mine, grew distant, as everything
grows distant, while i came closer, the moon
came, scarcely visible, visibly no closer.

Nadja Küchenmeister

früher mond

das licht ist schon in den oberen
regionen der kastanie, kaum sichtbar
der mond, sichtbar dann, ich erinnere

mich an den fernsehturm, der mir vorschwebte
nachts – woher ich kam? –, hinter den dächern
verschwand, zwischen häuserlücken rutschte

ständig änderte ich die richtung, oder
war er es, der die richtung änderte für mich
ecken, um die er mich lotste, sich auszuruhen

vor meinem blick, hotels, in deren fenstern
sich seine fenster spiegelten, die spiegel
nassen straßen, nassen schienen, schuhe

nicht meine, entfernten sich, wie alles
sich entfernt, während ich näherkam, kam
der mond, kaum sichtbar, sichtbar nicht näher.

Aimee Chor

on a monday morning

we look over the rooftops that catch the sun
air in a fan, we breathe air that enters our lungs
as if these lungs were a cracked-open window, it crouches

the oxygen, in the kitchen cupboard, the criminal, and gets
weaker, and each glance from you to me lasts not much
longer than a parachute jump when the parachute jumper

leaps into the void with no parachute, in free fall he still
gets older by seconds, then colder, that is how we stand
and look on a monday morning over the rooftops of berlin.

Nadja Küchenmeister

an einem montagmorgen

schauen wir über die dächer, in denen sich die sonne fängt
luft in einem fächer, wir atmen luft, die einsteigt in die lunge
als wäre diese lunge ein angekipptes fenster, da hockt er dann

der sauerstoff, in der speisekammer, der verbrecher, und wird
schwächer, und jeder Blick von dir zu mir dauert nicht viel
länger als ein fallschirmsprung, bei dem der fallschirmspringer

ohne fallschirm in den abgrund rauscht, im freien fall wird er
noch einmal um sekunden älter, dann kälter, so stehen wir
und schauen an einem montagmorgen über die dächer von berlin.

Aimee Chor

in the mirror

bucket upon bucket on the galata bridge
filled with bosporus, *but our ship*
rode away like an iron

on shined blue cloth
the phone down deep in my jacket pocket
dialed a number, i lay in your hand

and slept, dreamed fruit displays, fire
drew me further, and a call came through
the window gap, water rushed

behind a wall of water, we remained
what we were, in the mirror, did not know
where to put our feet in the cargo hold

hung rain, in the sugar bowl the sugar
was ever harder to stir
no one could say if the day promised sun

or milk, and our ship rode away
on the bosporus, an iron
on shined blue cloth.

Nadja Küchenmeister

im spiegel

eimer um eimer auf der galatabrücke
gefüllt mit bosporus, *doch unser schiff*
glitt schnell davon, ein bügeleisen

auf einem schimmernd blauen laken
das telefon weit unten in der jackentasche
wählte eine nummer, ich lag in deiner hand

und schlief, träumte obstauslagen, ferner
zog mich feuer, und ein ruf drang durch
den spalt des fensters, wasser rauschte

hiner einer wand aus wasser, wir blieben
was wir waren, im spiegel, wussten nicht
wohin mit unseren füßen im frachtraum

hing ein regen, in der zuckerdose zucker
der sich immer schwerer rühren ließ
keiner konnte sagen, ob der tag sonne

oder milch verhiß, und unser schiff glitt
auf dem bosporus davon, ein bügeleisen
auf einem schimmernd blauen laken.

Mykyta Ryzhykh

Sleepiness

I'm looking at green backs
At the half-shadow half-light of the intermountain
At the gloom and smoke of a distant city
Over the bay
Frozen warships
Minesweepers in sinking lines
Sometimes hiding in strands
The sleepiness of the bay in the fog
From behind the mountains
From behind the backs of what's broad
With a mighty force they crawl
From the beautiful sea along the wild shores.

Mykhaylo Semenko

Заснулість

Я дивлюся на зелені спини
На півтіні півсвітла міжгір
На похмурість і димність далекого міста
Над бухтою
Застиглі військові пароплави
Міноноски в тонучих лініях
Іноді ховаються в пасмах
Заснулість бухти в туманах
З-за гір
З-за спин широких
Могутньою силою повзуть
З прекрасного моря дикими берегами.

Ágnes Megyeri

Old Sunday

Wind troubling with sand
Tears pigeon-cries
Gathering dust in the attic.
In place of a fallen broken slate
A handful of Light embraces a newspaper page
Soaked to a crisp turned brown
Wording frozen in the past.
Dust from the pounding ceiling
Flies in eyes fading to white
Old sigh. Swirling soaring
On a spring Sunday the smell of cooked meat lingers
In the garden dying of time.
Memory of the family that sits around the big table
The silence. The lonely street loiters on its own.
The small gate shrieks but it was only the wandering wind that kicked it
Then moved on when it saw the raw-boned old dog that does not
Bark at strangers any more. Will let anyone in.

Károly Lencsés

Régi vasárnap

Homokkal vesződő szél
Tép padláson porosodó
Galambjajgatást.
Lehullt törött pala helyén
Tenyérnyi Fény ölel át ropogósra
Ázott megbarnult újságlapot
Múltban dermedt megfogalmazás.
A döngő mennyezet pora száll
Fehérre fakuló szemekben
Régi sóhajtás. Lebegve kavargog
Egy tavaszi vasárnap főtt hús illata terjeng
Az időtől haldokló kertben.
A nagy asztal köré a család emléke ül
A csönd. A magányos utca egyedül ténfereg.
A kiskapu felsikolt, de csak a csavargó szél rúgott belé
S odébb állt mikor látta a vén girhes kutyát már nem
Ugatja az idegent. Akárkit beereszt.

Ágnes Megyeri

Nowhere

still chasing my gone dreams
branches of bare trees splinters of frozen mist
to enjoy the warmth left within my sigh is
all i have left of spring.

i would be with you Nowhere in the allness
would draw you again into the window frost
my finger would stick to you
put words into your mouth.

you are my emotional delusion
on a ripped picture half of your face
is still in my wallet but nowhere
your other piece.

i was taken away from you; you disappeared
from me there is nothing left but fear
guns' volley that one day
you were but now you are nowhere.

no need for a cigarette
with coffee a crescent roll with tea
you have been wiped off scraped
downloaded incorrectly from the canvas.

Károly Lencsés

Sehol

még űzöm elköltözött álmaim
kopasz fák ágai fagyott dér szálkái
élvezik a bennmaradt meleget nekem
csak sóhajtásom maradt a tavasz.
lennék veled Sehol a mindenségben
újra rajzolnálak az ablakba jégvirágba
hozzád ragadna az ujjam
a szádba adnék szót.
elérzékenyült téveszmém vagy
egy elhasított képen arcod fele
még a tárcámban de sehol
a másik részed.
eltüntettek belőled eltűntél
tőlem nincs más csak a rettegés
fegyver sortűz hogy egyszer
voltál de most sehol.
már a kávéhoz nem kell
cigaretta a teához kifli
eltörölt valami lekapartak
a vászonról hibásan töltődteél le.

Adam J. Sorkin with Alina Cârâc

Lament for Mother

for Emilia C.

1.

No, this cannot happen to you of all people
bitter sweet woman awesome goddess
you will not pass through the dark tunnel of felt
you will not be sucked into the enormous Circle of Fire on the horizon
you will be spared, you will not decompose

Closets are chock-full of clothes, drawers overflow with trinkets
empty medicine boxes, worn lingerie
remain waiting, stupefied

Furniture, kitchen utensils, lipstick, mascara
remain suspended in a protracted, frozen moment
vibrating silently, trying to summon you up

That laughter and those innocent trifles
the flowery dresses, the children in photographs
will go to whom?

A transparent swirl moves across the mirror and the windows
kicking up the dust lightly, a plume in the air

Then a chill vacuum fills the space
a gust whirling in the middle of the house ruthlessly
connecting us to the abyss

No, this cannot happen to me, of all people
that suddenly you should leave, goddess of my world, bitter and sweet

and abandon me all alone before the dark, frigid tunnel
to see you crucified in the enormous Circle of Fire on the horizon.

2.

I had not asked you all my questions
those painful cysts on your petrified memory
laden with too much living, too much experience

You have not told me about all your loves
you, too reticent for my thirst for intimacy
too mysterious for my insatiable hunger
to be like you, to be you

You have not told me about all your hatreds, your heartaches
you, so inured to suffering, that you had turned it
into a sort of opaque nobility

You showed me so little of the paradisiacal garden that
once you entered long ago and would not leave.
You kept from me even your ecstasies.

You only let me see your godly rind, your outward beauty
and then your wrinkles, age spots, decline.
Oh, you were not eternal. You were not infinite.
Oh, goddess, how little I knew you.

3.

You hid the silent sacrifice you made for us all
with the dignity of a royal slave
in an ancient tragedy played again and again across the millennia
You bound us all to the small kingdom of your apartment
between bedroom and kitchen
where you bathed us, fed us, and put us to bed
with the determination of a fanatical warrior
in the great battle of raising us and educating us
permeating our instincts and senses and memory

with your overwhelming, imperative presence
you, goddess of the hearth
officiating in the ruthless ritual of transmitting fire
in the ocean of universal decadence

until there was no more time for any question.

4.

I saw you at the window of a rusty train taking you to a work
camp. In a crowd of grieving mothers, you stretched out your arms
to me, shouting, weeping, imploring me to get you out of there. To
save you. There was so much suffering on your face that I thought
my heart would break. I screamed. And woke up.

An oceanic love overwhelmed me. An oceanic love. An oceanic love.

5.

To forgive you for all harshness / to forgive myself for all my blunders.
To forgive you for misunderstandings / to forgive me for unquenched love.
To forgive you for weaknesses / to forgive me for every mistake.
To forgive you for your tormented, submissive life / to forgive me
for my unmitigated rebellion.

To forgive myself for my fury.

6.

Now you will have time for all, for anything
but to no avail

Now you will be able to look again at the hundreds of family photos
yet their colorful tide will no longer warm your heart

Now you will be able to read all the books
but the space in the library will no longer contain you

Now you will have plenty of hours to roam the Internet freely
but no app will mesmerize you anymore

Now you will be able to travel around the globe in your mind
but no terrestrial dimension will mean anything to you

Now you will be able to learn how to love the world to the end
but now just the universe welcomes you lovingly

Bittersweet goddess, now you are pure enigma.

7.

After you, sunset is drawing near for me too, that
bloodred cut across the sky pulsating like a cosmic heart
its shadow beginning to loom high above my own
I can see its soaring boreal flutter.

At some point I will again be close to you, fatal, terrifying goddess,
when I have accepted this pain and transformation
at the end of the dark tunnel of felt,
in the brightness of the Circle of Fire on the horizon.

Eventually we will become One
in the eternal cascade of life.

8.

Perhaps death is just
a sort of love intense, much too intense
a cosmic embrace released from our limits
the shape of our emptied bodies falling again
into a forgotten memory of forms
their matter frantically absorbed into a point

our shadow only floating freely high above in the limitless sky

then the bed is empty the bed sheets immaculate

and there above in the ether begins
an immense sea immeasurable a boundless sea
its blues dazzling
its waters now reaching high above vertical
and nothing can stop us any longer

the body that never fully existed never
exists yes, exists it is
this this intense presence
brighter than lightning
more unfathomable than death.

Magda Cârneli

Lamento pentru Mamă

Emiliei C.

1.

Nu, asta nu ți se poate întâmpla tocmai ție
femeie dulce amară zeiță teribilă
tu nu vei trece prin tunelul de pâslă întunecată
nu vei fi aspirată de Cercul de Foc uriaș de pe zare
tu vei fi iertată, tu nu vei putrezi

Dulapurile-s pline de haine, sertarele gem de gablonzuri
cutiile de medicamente golite, lenjeria uzată
rămân stupefiate, în așteptare

Mobila, ustensilele de bucătărie, rujul, rimelul
stau suspendate într-o clipă lungă, blocată
vibrează tăcut, încearcă să te convoace

Ale cui vor rămâne râsul și cochetăriile mărunte,
rochiile înflorate și copiii din fotografiile sepia ?

O unduire transparentă trece prin oglindă și geamuri
răscolește praful ușor, ridică în aer o pană

Apoi un vid răcoros umple spațiul
un sorb în mijlocul casei comunică nemilos cu abisul

Nu, asta nu mi se poate întâmpla tocmai mie
să pleci dintr-odată, zeiță a lumii mele, amară și dulce
să te zăresc crucificată pe Cercul de Foc uriaș de pe zare
să mă lași singură înaintea tunelului rece, întunecat.

2.

Nu ți-am pus toate întrebările
acele chisturi dureroase în memoria ta împietrită
îmbâcsită de prea mult trăit, prea multă experiență

Nu mi-ai povestit toate iubirile tale
tu, prea pudică pentru foamea mea de intimitate
prea misterioasă pentru dorința mea nesățioasă
de a fi asemenea ție

Nu mi-ai povestit toate urile tale, nefericirile tale,
tu, atât de obișnuită cu suferința încât îți făcuseși
din ea un fel de noblețe opacă

Și atât de puțin mi-ai arătat din grădina paradisiacă în care
odată demult ai intrat și n-ai mai fi vrut să te-ntorci.
Mi-ai ascuns până și extazele tale.

Nu m-ai lăsat să-ți văd decât coaja de zee, frumusețea exterioară,
și apoi ridurile, petele de pe mâini, decăderea.
Ah, tu nu erai eternă. Tu nu erai infinită.
Ah, zeiță, cât de puțin te-am știut.

3.

Ți-ai ascuns sacrificiul tăcut pentru toți
cu demnitatea unei slave regale
dintr-o tragedie antică jucată iar și iar de milenii
Ne-ai înlănțuit pe toți în mica ta împărăție
de apartament, între dormitor și bucătărie
unde ne-ai spălat, ne-ai hrănit, ne-ai culcat
cu înverșunarea unui războinic fanatic
în marea bătălie a creșterii și educației
Umplându-ne instinctul și simțurile și memoria
cu prezența ta imperativă, copleșitoare,
tu, zeiță domestică

oficiind ritualul nemilos al transiterii vieții
în oceanul degringoladei universale

Până când nu a mai fost timp pentru nicio întrebare.

4.

Te-am văzut la geamul unui vagon de tren ruginit care te ducea la un lagăr de muncă. Dintr-o mulțime de mame îndurerate, întindeai brațele către mine, strigai, plângeai, mă rugai să te scot de acolo. Să te salvez. Era atâta suferință pe fața ta încât am crezut c-o să-mi crape inima de durere. Am țipat. M-am trezit.

O iubire oceanică m-a copleșit. O iubire oceanică. O iubire oceanică.

5.

Să te iert pentru toate asprimile / să mă ierți pentru toate prostiile.
Să te iert pentru neînțelegere / să mă ierți pentru nesăturată iubire.
Să te iert pentru slăbiciuni / să mă ierți pentru toate greșelile.
Să te iert pentru viața ta chinuită, supusă / să mă ierți
pentru revolta mea neîmpăcată.

Să mă iert pentru furie.

6.

Acum vei avea timp pentru tot, pentru toate
dar nu-ți va folosi la nimic

Acum vei putea revedea sutele de fotografii de familie
dar marea lor colorată nu-ți va încălzi inima

Acum vei putea citi toate cărțile
dar spațiul bibliotecii nu te va mai cuprinde

Acum vei avea timp să bântui liberă internetul
dar niciun program nu te va mai hipnotiza

Acum vei putea călători ca gândul împrejurul planetei
dar nicio dimensiune terestră nu mai înseamnă ceva pentru tine

Acum vei putea învăța să iubești lumea până la capăt
dar acum doar universul te mai primește

Zeiță dulce amară, acum ești pură enigmă.

7.

După tine, începe și pentru mine apusul, acea
tăietură sângerie pe cer care pulsează ca o inimă cosmică
umbra ei înaltă începe să se încline lent peste umbra mea
văd fluturarea ei înalt boreală.

Cândva voi fi din nou aproape de tine, zeiță fatală, teribilă.

Când voi accepta această durere și transformare.

La capătul tunelului de pâslă întunecat.

În strălucirea Cercului de Foc de pe zare.

Vom fi în sfârșit Una
în eterna cascadă a vieții.

8.

Poate moartea nu e decât

un fel de dragoste mult prea intensă

o îmbrățișare cosmică a eurilor noastre mărunte

brusc eliberate de margini

forma trupurilor noastre golite iarăși căzând

într-o memorie uitată a formelor

materia lor absorbindu-se frenetic în punct

numai umbra noastră plutind liberă sus în cerul fără de limită

și patul e gol așternuturile imaculate

și acolo sus în eter începe

marea cea mare fără sfârșit marea nețărmurită

albastrurile ei sunt orbitoare
apele ei sunt înalt verticale
și nimic nu ne mai poate opri

trupul care nu a existat deplin niciodată
iată există există e
această p r e z e n ț ă intensă mai
strălucitoare ca fulgerul
mai dezmarginată ca moartea.

Gabriella Bedetti and Don Boes

That summer seemed invisible
we spent other summers like a single night
I did not remember my own body
to understand myself I gave it your name
assuming parts of you I took shape
I provided clues I was easy to read
you understood the letters that spell my body
so today I am ready for tomorrow you could appear
for I prepare a single evening more promising than two mornings.

Henri Meschonnic

Cette année l'été me semblait invisible
seul on traverse les autres comme une nuit entre deux jours
je ne rendais pas mon corps à la mémoire
pour me comprendre je lui donnais ton nom
me rassemblant toi par toi je prenais forme
je portais une enseigne j'étais lisible
tu comprenais les lettres qui font mon corps
et mûr pour mûr et aujourd'hui pour demain tu pouvais venir
car je prépare un soir mieux que deux matins.

Contributors

Gabriella Bedetti's translations of Henri Meschonnic's essays have appeared in *New Literary History* and *Critical Inquiry*. She interviewed him in *Diacritics* and wrote on his work in *New Literary History*. She and her co-translator are circulating *The Butterfly Tree: Selected Poems of Henri Meschonnic*. Their translations have appeared in *Puerto del Sol*, *World Literature Today*, *The Los Angeles Review*, *RHINO*, and other journals.

Don Boes lives in Lexington, Kentucky. He teaches at Bluegrass Community and Technical College. His first book, *The Eighth Continent*, was chosen by A. R. Ammons as the recipient of the 1993 Morse Poetry Prize and published by Northeastern University Press. His chapbook, *Railroad Crossing*, was published in 2005 by Finishing Line Press in Georgetown, Kentucky. His book *Good Luck with That* was published in 2015 by FutureCycle Press.

Alina Cârâc is an active translator of Romanian literature into English, including more than thirty volumes of drama, poetry, novels, collections of short stories and essays, and film scripts, as well as numerous books from English into Romanian. In 2002, she published her first novel, *Scrisori din lumi paralele* [Letters from Parallel Worlds]. She works as a senior editor with the press group Romania and is in charge of the publication *Romanian Panorama*.

Nancy Naomi Carlson's translation of Khal Torabully's *Cargo Hold of Stars: Coolitude* [*Cale d'étoiles: Coolitude*] (Seagull Books, 2021) won the Oxford-Weidenfeld Translation Prize. A poet and essayist, she has authored fourteen titles (nine translated), including *An Infusion of Violets* (Seagull Books, 2019), her second full-length poetry collection, which was named "New & Noteworthy" by *The New York Times*. A recipient of two translation grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and decorated by the French government with the Academic Palms, her work has appeared in *Poetry*, *APR*, Academy of American Poets' *Poem-a-Day*, *Paris Review*, *The Georgia Review*, and *The Writer's Chronicle*. Her co-translation of Wendy Guerra, with Esperanza Hope Snyder, titled [Delicates](#) (Seagull, 2023), was part of *The New York Times's* poetry round-up last April. [Piano in the Dark](#) (Seagull, 2023), her third full-length poetry collection, was published last October. Carlson is the Translations Editor for *On the Seawall*.

Magda Cârânci is a poet, prose writer, translator and art critic in Romania, where she has become a leading voice among the poets whose careers began just before the fall of Communism in 1989. Honored with prizes and grants from the Fulbright Foundation, Getty Trust, European Union, and more, in 2013, she won the Romanian Writers' Union career prize Opera Omnia. Her poems have been translated into thirteen languages and have appeared in numerous

anthologies. In 2021, her novel *FEM* was published by Deep Vellum, translated by Sean Cotter. Translations of Cârnelci's work by Adam J. Sorkin include *Poeme/Poems* (Editura Paralela, 1999), *Chaosmos [Haosmos]* (White Pine Press, 2006), *București: A Collection of Smells [Bucuresti: O colectie de miroasuri]* (Romanian Cultural Institute, 2007), *A Deafening Silence [O tăcere asurzitoare]* (Shearsman Books, 2017), and *Trans-Neuronal* (Les Editions Transignum, 2023).

María Mercedes Carranza (1945 – 2003) is highly esteemed in Colombia and throughout Latin America for her frank, direct language that rebuts sentimentalism in the poetic treatment of romantic love, social relations, and national identity. The two poems published here (“This Hand Everyone Sees” [“Esta mano que todos ven”] and “The Heart” [“El corazón”]) come from her third book *Hola, soledad* [Hello, Solitude], published in 1987. They illustrate how Carranza's disillusionment approaches the larger idea of what she called “the deterioration of hopes, of beliefs, of love—of deterioration in every sense.” They also exemplify many of her poems which, as the scholar Sofía Kearns noted, “reveal that the ultimate and maybe only reality is death.” Besides publishing five books of poetry, Carranza was influential in Colombian public life as a political activist, cultural journalist, and arts organizer. Her life ended in suicide in Bogotá at age 58.

Yuan Changming grew up in a remote village, started to learn the English alphabet in Shanghai at age nineteen, and published monographs on translation before leaving China. With a Canadian PhD in English, Yuan edits *Poetry Pacific* with Allen Yuan in Vancouver. Credits include twelve Pushcart nominations for poetry and two for fiction as well as sixteen chapbooks and appearances in *Best of the Best Canadian Poetry* (2008 – 17), among 2,019 others across 49 countries. A poetry judge for Canada's 2021 National Magazine Awards, Yuan began to write and publish fiction in 2022, with his first (hybrid) novel *Bamakoola: Paradise Regained* forthcoming in 2024.

Aimee Chor is a translator and poet living in Seattle. Her translations have appeared in *The Paris Review*, *The Four Way Review*, *The Apple Valley Review*, *MAYDAY*, and elsewhere. She is on Twitter @aimeechor.

Viviana De Cecco is an Italian writer and translator. She works as a content writer and book reviewer for the international literary magazine *Tint Journal*. Her translations can be found in *AzonaL* and *The Polyglot Magazine*. Her personal poetry, non-fiction, and short stories also appeared in *The DG Sentinel*, *Poets' Choice*, and *Grim & Gilded*. She worked as a French poetry translator in Montpellier, and over time, in addition to translating several unpublished stories by classic authors into Italian, she has also translated stories into other languages such as Spanish and French. Since 2013 she has published several novels, short stories, and poems in

Italian, and won national and international literary competitions. You can find her personal book reviews, short stories, articles and art on her blog: <https://vivianadececco.altervista.org/>.

Nadja Küchenmeister, born in Berlin in 1981, is one of the most important younger poets writing in German today. She has published three books of poetry: *Alle Lichter* [All the Lights] (2010), *Unter dem Wacholder* [Under the Juniper] (2014), and *Im Glasberg* [In the Glass Mountain] (2020), which includes the poems translated here. A book of translations of her work was published in English and Irish in 2015. Her writing has been recognized with many awards, most recently the Basel Poetry Prize (2022).

Károly Lencsés is a Hungarian poet and visual artist, born in Nyíregyháza, Hungary in 1976. He has been writing from a very early age; his first attempts were in primary school, and his passion for writing has not faded since. He has numerous publications in most Hungarian literary magazines. He has had two books of poems published, and his poems are included in many anthologies. Recently, he was granted the András Dugonics literary prize, an award granted by the public.

Bucharest-born **Diana Manole** is a proudly hyphenated Romanian-Canadian award-winning writer, literary translator, theater artist, and scholar. She holds a PhD from the University of Toronto and has been teaching at Canadian universities since 2006. A poet in her own right, her work has been featured in literary magazines in thirteen countries and earned her the 2020 Very Small Verse prize of the League of Canadian Poets and honorable mention in the 2023 Lush Triumphant Poetry contest of *subTerrain* magazine, Canada. [*Praying to a Landed-Immigrant God / Rugându-mă la un Dumnezeu emigrant*](#) (Grey Borders Books, 2023) is her seventh collection of poems. Diana is also a passionate translator who co-won second prize in the 2018 John Dryden Translation Competition (UK) and translated or co-translated seven poetry collections. Independently, she translated two Roma plays from Romania, which were included in the *Roma Heroes* anthologies (Hungary, 2019 and 2021), and had numerous translations of Romanian poetry published in magazines such as *Asymptote*, *Exchanges*, *Poet Lore*, and *ellipse*. The originals of the translations featured in this issue belong to the award-winning collection *Paznic de noapte* [The Night Security Guard] (Casa Cărților, 2023) by Emil-Iulian Sude. Most recently, Diana was awarded the [*Lunch Ticket Issue 24 Gabo Prize*](#) (December 2023) for her translations of Sude's work.

Ágnes Megyeri was born in Székesfehérvár, Hungary, in 1975. Her passion for the English language started in her early teens, and she spent three years living in England and has been teaching the language for over thirty years now. She also writes prose in Hungarian and has had

several publications in Hungarian literary magazines, in addition to translating Hungarian poems and short stories to English.

Henri Meschonnic (1932 – 2009) is best known worldwide for his translations of the Old Testament and extensive work on rhythm. He published nineteen poetry collections, winning the Max Jacob International Poetry Prize, the Mallarmé Prize, the Jean Arp Francophone Literature Prize, and the Guillevic-Ville de Saint-Malo Grand Prize for Poetry. He is that rarest of poets: an agent of civilization in a climate of upheaval, treating essential questions of life within the shortest poetic forms, writing out of oral tradition in which rhythm drives not only the poem but also historical and social forces. He uses common language (without titles, capitalization, or punctuation) located in a particular moment, and yet there's a wonderful, vast scope of time in his choices of images and metaphors—very simple words become very complex in dimension: words that lose sleep and silence waiting on humans to become tellers of “an end of the world where the trees bend / under the weight of butterflies.” Poems of exile in the desert interrogate boundaries, and the movement of a bird flapping from branch to branch raises questions of identity and alterity. This poem comes from his first collection, *Dédicaces proverbes* [Proverbial Dedications], Gallimard, 1972.

Shelly Naz is a Bangladeshi poet. She completed her graduate studies in zoology as well as international community development and is currently a PhD student in Australia studying patriarchy in Bangladesh and the sexual commodification of the girl-child. She is a Deputy Director in the Ministry of Social Welfare, Government of Bangladesh. Naz has published nine poetry collections. Her published volumes of poems include: নক্ষত্রখচিত ডানায় উড্ডীন হারেমের বাঁদি [Nakkhotro Khochito Danay Uddin Haremer Badi] [The Harem Slave Aloft on Star-Studded Wings] (2004), বিষাদ ফুঁড়ে জন্মেছি বিদ্যুতলতা [Bishad Furey Jonmechi Bidyutlata] [An Electric Vine, I Pierced Through Sadness at Birth] (2006), শেকলে সমুদ্র বাজে [Shekoley Samudra Bajey] [The Sea Resounds in Shackles] (2007), মমি ও মাধুরী [Momi o Madhuri] [The Mummy and Sweetness] (2009), চর্যার অবাধ্য হরিণী [Charjar Obadhyo Horini] [The Doe Disobedient to Rituals] (2009), সব চাবি মিথ্যে বলে [Shob Chabi Mithye Boley] [All Keys Lie] (2011), সূচের ওপর হাঁটি [Shucher Upor Hati] [I Walk on Needles] (2013), পুরুষসমগ্র [Purushsamagra] [Male] (2015), and কাটা জিভের গান [Kata Jibher Gaan] [The Song of the Severed Tongue] (2021). Naz's poetry is feminist/confessional: She unmask her personal experiences of patriarchy, and her verses manifest female sexual desire and deprivation which is largely unspoken in Bengali literature by female writers and poets. Her poetry has appeared in several anthologies and journals in Bangladesh and abroad, including in the UK, India, Nepal, and Ukraine.

Samira Negrouche was born in Algiers where she continues to live and work. She represents a new generation of Maghreb Francophone poets who continue to have a presence in Algeria

despite the adoption of Arabic as the primary language in schools and universities, except for the sciences and mathematics, where French is still used. Author of seven poetry collections and several artists' books, she is a poet and translator, as well as a doctor, who has continued to pursue her literary projects over the practice of medicine. Involved in various multidisciplinary projects, she frequently collaborates with visual artists, choreographers, and musicians. Negrouche's books include *A l'ombre de Grenade* [In the Shadow of Granada] (Marty, 2003), *Le Jazz des oliviers* [The Olive Trees' Jazz] (Le Tell, 2010), *Six arbres de fortune autour de ma baignoire* [Six Makeshift Trees Around My Bathtub] (Mazette, 2017), *Stations* (a collection of essays and literary dialogues) (Éditions Chèvre-feuille étoilée, 2023), and *J'habite en mouvement: Anthologie de poésie 2001 – 2021* [I Live in Movement: Selected poems 2001 – 2021] (Éditions Barzakh, 2023). Negrouche's international influences include Lebanese-American Etel Adnan and Québécois poet Nicole Brossard. The poems included in this selection come from [Solio](#), a translation by Nancy Naomi Carlson, forthcoming from Seagull Books next May. *Solio* contains the following full-length volumes: *Traces* [Traces] and *Quai 2/1: partition à trois axes* [Quay 2/1: A Three-Axis Musical Score]. *Traces* represents a collaboration with choreographer Fatou Cissé, and *Quay 2/1* was created with violinist Marianne Piketty and theorbist Bruno Helstorffer.

Jere Paulmeno lives in suburban Denver, Colorado. He writes verse and also translates it from the Spanish and the Italian. His published translations from the Spanish include work by Francisco de Quevedo, Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, and José Eustasio Rivera; and, forthcoming from the Italian, that of Alda Merini.

Mykyta Ryzhykh from Ukraine was the winner of the international competition Art Against Drugs, bronze medalist of the Chestnut House festival, and laureate of the literary competition named after Tyutyunnik.

Mykhaylo Semenko (1892 – 1937) was the innovator of Ukrainian futurism.

Shabnam Nadiya is a Bangladeshi writer and translator. A graduate of the Iowa Writers' Workshop, she is the recipient of a Steinbeck Fellowship (2019) for her novel-in-progress *Unwanted*; a PEN/Heim Translation Grant (2020) for her translation of Mashiul Alam's short stories *The Meat Market and Other Stories* [মাংসের কারবার ও অন্যান্য গল্প] [Mangsher Karbar O Onyanyo Golpo]; the 2019 Himal Southasian Short Story Prize (co-recipient) for "Milk," her translation of Mashiul Alam's story "দুধ" ["Doodh"]; and a PEN Presents grant from English PEN (2022) for her translation-in-progress of Wasi Ahmed's novel *The Ice Machine* [বরফকল] [Borofkol]. She was co-guest editor, alongside Daisy Rockwell, of *91st Meridian's* "Special Issue: South Asia in Translation," 2016. Her translations include Leesa Gazi's debut novel *Hellfire* [রৌরব] [Rourob] (Westland 2020), which was recently released in a US edition by Amazon

Crossing under the title *Good Girls*; Moinul Ahsan Saber's novel *The Mercenary* [কবেজ লেঠেল] [Kobej Lethel] (Bengal Lights Books; Seagull Books); and Shaheen Akhtar's novel *Beloved Rongomala* [সখী রঙ্গমালা] [Shokhi Rongomala] (Westland Books, 2022). Her translation of Mashiul Alam's short stories, *The Meat Market and Other Stories*, is forthcoming from Westland in 2024. For more: www.shabnamnadiya.com.

Adam J. Sorkin has translated more than seventy books of contemporary Romanian poetry. His latest publications include, in 2023, *Dangerous Caprices* [*Capricii periculoase*] by Nora Iuga, translated with Diana Manole (Naked Eye Publishing, UK); *California (on the Someș)* [*California (pe Someș)*] by Ruxandra Cesereanu, translated with her (Black Widow Press); *Dinner with Marx* [*La masă cu Marx*] by Matei Vișniec, with Lidia Vianu (New Meridian Arts); and in 2024, *Canting Arms* [*Arme grăitoare*] by Emilian Galaicu-Păun, with multiple co-translators (Deep Vellum).

Emil-Iulian Sude is one of the first award-winning poets of Roma ethnicity in Romania and a student at the University of Bucharest, majoring in Romani and minoring in Romanian languages and literatures. He published five collections of poems, starting with *Scărarul* [The Ladder Maker] (Grinta, 2014), also translated into Hebrew and published in Israel (Zur-Ot, 2014). Sude has earned over 20 awards and distinctions and won numerous poetry contests, including the Octavian Goga National Poetry Competition (2023); the Harald Siegmund prize; the National Creative Competition Cultural Călan (2022); the Gogol's Overcoat Special Prize (2021); and Second Prize, the Safeguarded by Eminescu National Poetry Competition (2021). The manuscript *Rapsodiile unui gelos* [Rhapsodies of a Jealous Man] has earned him Second Prize in the 2022 Alexandru Macedonski National Literature Competition and the Florica Cristoforeanu award in the Titel Constantinescu International Festival of Literary Creation from Rafet publishing house, which subsequently published it in 2022. Most recently, *Paznic de noapte* [The Night Security Guard] (Casa Cărților, 2023), was awarded the Ion Zubașcu prize at the 2023 Sighet International Poetry Festival. In 2018, his contribution to the development and promotion of Roma culture and identity was recognized with a Diploma of Excellence.

John Timm received a masters degree in Spanish from Marquette University, and masters and doctorate degrees in Portuguese and Spanish respectively from the University of Wisconsin-Madison. His early academic writings focused on the Spanish Generation of '98, in particular the works of Miguel de Unamuno, Federico García Lorca, and novelist Miguel Delibes. His study of the grotesque in Portuguese poet Cesário Verde appears in *Luso-Brazilian Review*, and with Javier Nuñez C., he created the first computer-generated concordance to *Os Lusíadas* of Luís Vaz de Camões. Semi-retired, in 2012 he turned to writing fiction. Since then he has published over thirty-five short stories and has twice reached the semi-finals in short screenplay competitions.

Adão Ventura (1939 – 2004) was born in Santo Antônio do Itambé, Brazil, eventually moving to Belo Horizonte and graduating from the Universidade Federal de Minas Gerais. While at UFMG, his early poetry was featured in *O Suplemento Literário do Minas Gerais* [The Minas Gerais Literary Supplement], and like that of many of his contemporaries, it displayed the distinct *avant garde* influences so much in vogue during the era. In 1970, his first chapbook, *Abrir-se um abutre ou mesmo depois de deduzir dêle o azul* [Opening a Vulture or Just After Extracting the Blue], appeared to great international acclaim. Despite retaining fanciful surrealist imagery and the juxtaposition of the past, the present, and the mythological, embedded within were traces of the minority rights and racial oppression themes that would become much more openly apparent in later works as he moved on to more accessible poetic styles. In 1973, Ventura was invited to the University of New Mexico as guest lecturer. While at UNM, he asked his colleague, John Timm, to translate *Abrir-se um abutre*. In 1974, Ventura went on to the International Writing Program at the University of Iowa. At that time, he was excited to write that the university was interested in publishing the translation. However, it was recently learned that for reasons unknown this never came to pass. It is therefore most gratifying to see it find a home at last in *AzonaL*.

Renée Vivien (London, 1877 – Paris, 1909), born Pauline Mary Tarn, nicknamed “Sappho 1900,” was a British French-speaking poet of the Belle Époque Parnassian movement. She was the daughter of an American woman and a wealthy British man (John Tarn) who died in 1886, leaving her an inheritance that kept her out of poverty. She traveled extensively throughout the world; Japan, Mytilene, and Constantinople were among her favorite destinations. In 1899, she settled permanently in Paris and adopted a pen name: René Vivien, which she later feminized to Renée. Her first collection, *Études et préludes* [Studies and Preludes], was published in 1901. From 1901 to 1909, Renée’s intense literary and poetic output was punctuated by suicide attempts. Renée experienced Baudelaire’s spleen, took drugs, and drank more and more alcohol alone. Renée Vivien was the first French-speaking poet to openly express her physical love for women, and the second French-speaking woman, after Madame Dacier in the 17th century, to translate Sappho’s work into French. Her poetic collection *Cendres e Poussières* [Ashes and Dust] (1902), which includes the poem “Devant la Mort” (“Face to Death”), deals with feminist themes, especially independence and emancipation from men.