

AzonaL

EIGHT

Date of publication: July 3, 2025

Editor: Julia Leverone

Copyright © 2025 *AzonaL*

AzonaL retains First World Rights for the translations appearing in *AzonaL* Eight.

Copyright for the poems by Jean D'Amérique belongs to Atelier du silence, Cheyne éditeur, 2020. © Cheyne éditeur, all rights reserved.

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

Inquiries should be sent to contact@azonaltranslation.com.

CONTENTS

- 4 | Conor Bracken translating the French of Jean D'Amérique

- 14 | Lisa Mullenneaux translating the French of Emmelie Prophète

- 28 | Robert Smith translating the Portuguese of Álamo Pimentel

- 44 | Patrick Williamson translating the French of Abdoul Ali War

- 52 | Viviana De Cecco translating the Italian of Ada Negri

- 68 | Jeffrey Oliver translating the Spanish of Guadalupe “Pita” Amor

- 76 | Bernardo Villela translating the Portuguese of Mario Pederneiras

- 78 | Everly Lovefield translating the French of Renée Vivien

- 84 | Camelia Şuiu self-translating from Romanian

- 88 | Patrick Williamson translating the Italian of Erri de Luca

- 90 | Siegfried Baber translating the Spanish of León Felipe Camino Galicia

- 92 | Contributor bios

Conor Bracken

under the bridges what springs (up)

runn(ell)ing show
whose margins are liquidated
to hoist the Seine as the solo player
a scheme whose costs get sunk when run through Bassin Bleu
which sounds out surrounding boulders
where chumming up with epic falls
is to say nothing more
durable flows from other watery halls
concrete-free Mediterranean
“third world” lashed to a lawful shipwreck
or let’s infringe that
far from the bridge of Avignon that voices and hips vault
for Port-au-Prince to feel alive
it has to blow bridges
between mouths
and Bois-de-Chêne which sums to a song
between body and chop raised to choreography

be leery of these bridges
hopes coiled in a scrawny psalm
human mass sunk under
the water said to be what runs below
no doubt as sweetly too
as the knife dawn covers
Sahara nearing each vein
an orphan to fatten rivers up

under the bridges what springs up rises
out of a name more tragic than the absence
of lovers above

Jean D'Amérique

sous les ponts ce qui (se) passe

courant théâtre
qu'on liquide marges
pour hisser la Seine en seule actrice
démarche à fonds perdu quand déplacé jusqu'au Bassin Bleu
à sonder pierres autour
on côtoie chutes profondes
dire ça rien encore
plus dures ruissellent d'autres ondes
Méditerranée sans ciment
«pays tiers» rivés au naufrage légal
ou notons
loin du pont d'Avignon que survolent voix et hanches
qu'à Port-au-Prince pour sentir vie
il faut couper ponts
entre bouches
et Bois-de-Chêne qui somme chant
entre corps et déchirure élue danse

méfiez-vous de ces ponts
espoirs couchés dans un cantique décharné
bloc humain coulé bas
l'eau dit-on a coulé sous les ponts
sans doute celle douce
vu couteaux sous aube
Sahara près les veines
pupilles à amplifier rivières

sous les ponts ce qui se passe relève
d'un nom plus tragique que l'absence
d'amants dessus

Conor Bracken

building the burden

flesh slips into awareness when the blade flashes out
fills the absence we defies

here where the hour
finds the grit to weep for its childhood
the ditch brims with future
interrogating a life
who replies with a stele

here is a curtain
an ulcer on the sight
without passersby the window's unfinished

the mouth exalting the eclipse is always metal
parallel sentences brooding over what's withheld
if you want a burden
take this poem run by boundaries aground

Jean D'Amérique

fabrique de fardeau

chair vêtue de conscience face à la lame
emplir le blanc nous est défi

là où l'heure
trouve nerf à pleurer son enfance
le creux regorge d'avenir
interrogation à la vie
sa réplique une stèle

là un rideau
abcès sur le regard
faute de passants incomplète la fenêtre

à jamais métal la bouche célèbre l'éclipse
phrases parallèles qui couvent retenues
si tu veux un fardeau
prends ce poème asséché par les limites

Conor Bracken

high seas

far off a flame wears down the coastal ports
over our years the water spreads
to kindle bends
to thrill fringes
blues fallen from the solitary tree

a grave hustles
the fertile doldrums to mull on tears
—common the wave
not seeking a cemetery—
quite nice this day curtained by the behind

listen to this lapping
spring bedecked in shivers
name blessed by a childhood
that lunges for the heart

Jean D'Amérique

haute mer

au loin une flamme érode les portes marines
sur nos âges se répand l'eau
à aviver courbes
à ravir marges
blues tombé de l'arbre solitaire

une tombe s'active
l'inerte féconde à contempler larmes
—courante quelle vague
ne quête cimetière—
beau ce jour décoré pars l'envers

écoute ce bruissement
printemps paré de frissons
nom béni par l'enfance
qui saute vers un cœur

Conor Bracken

living death certificate

plainsong in which needles sparkle
knife or lamp
drunk for sure due to cuts
to transmute memory I invite the indomitable
froth to steady the future rising from the dust

on the other side of austerity
I deseed the sky to block the nocturnes
scrap the murky fantasies my face is spelled with
seasons warped by shadiness

ratify my death
o untamable carcass
reddening before this white hole the beyond

so the vultures understand
my flesh is not a star on leave

Jean D'Amérique

acte vivant de décès

plain-chant où miroitent aiguilles
couteau ou lampe
pour sûr ivre à force des tranches
à transmuier mémoire j'invite l'imbattable
écume à fixer avenir depuis la poussière

par-delà l'austère
j'égraine ciel à contrer nocturnes
révoque songes troublés dont s'épèle mon visage
saisons mutant par l'ombrageux

signe ma mort
indomptable cadavre
rougissant devant ce trou blanc l'au-delà

que les vautours prennent note
ma chair n'est point étoile en vacances

Conor Bracken

invisible embrace

shaggy
with parent
less signs
the image
gnaws on
transparence

each
word
lights on
an antilles
peak
childhood
dissolves

Jean D'Amérique

invisible étreinte

touffue
de signes
orphelins
l'image
rumine
transparence

chaque
mot
décèle
un archipel
soluble
dans les hautes
enfances

Lisa Mullenneaux

Remember one day
This dismembered city
Amid noise stupidity and pain
We created infidelity
The blue of another continent's sidewalks
Madness has become useful
We concentrate on drawing
Exit doors.

After your eyes
The emptiness is gone.

Emmelie Prophète

Un jour rappelle-toi
Cette ville dépecée
Entre le bruit la bêtise et la douleur
On a créé l'infidélité
Le bleu des trottoirs d'un autre continent
La folie est devenue utile
Nous nous appliquons à dessiner
Des portes de sortie.

Depuis tes yeux
Le vide est à réinventer.

Lisa Mullenneaux

Your absences often come back
Yank my memory from its sleep
A story of old books
Of sadness on order
And it fills me to the brim of my hands
Who follow you everywhere
So far you've only looked at life from the bottom
Of margins to fill.

Emmelie Prophète

Tes absences sont souvent revenues
Tirer ma mémoire de son sommeil
Une histoire de vieux livres
De tristesses sur commande
Et ça se remplit à ras bord de mes mains
Qui te suivent partout
Tu n'as jusqu'ici regardé la vie que par le bas
Des marges à remplir.

Lisa Mullenneaux

You mentioned that I often put “Provisional” on my desires. I took you by the hand, hurtled down all the one-way streets with you. You were like the rain. What could I do with you? Like this city, I don’t have space. Houses are like dice thrown randomly by children. You took to heart all the gypsy promises as the water reached my eyes.

Emmelie Prophète

Tu avais la mention que je mets souvent sur mes désirs "Provisoire." Je te pris par la main, dévalai avec toi tous les sens uniques. Tu étais comme la pluie. Que pouvais-je faire de toi? Comme cette ville je n'ai pas d'espace. Les maisons sont comme des dés jetés au hasard par des enfants. Tu pris à bout de coeur toutes les promesses gitanes alors que l'eau m'arrivait jusqu'aux yeux....

Lisa Mullenneaux

At the hour when silence
Replaces shadows
I still hear
Your body's movement
Repeating
I remake us
Complete
Today I put my heart in the water
And saw
My blood all red in the bathtub
I stopped living.

Emmelie Prophète

À l'heure où le silence
Prend la place des ombres
J'entends encore
Le mouvement de ton corps
Qui se répète
Je nous refais
Intégral
Aujourd'hui j'ai mis mon coeur dans l'eau
Et j'ai vu
Mon sang tout rouge dans la baignoire
J'ai cessé de vivre.

Lisa Mullenneaux

Bastard hands to explain to you
That love is this part of me
They burned
I erase your nights and dreams
I plant around our eyes
The last beacons of silence
We are always very far
From the first word of love.

Emmelie Prophète

Des mains bâtarde pour t'expliquer
Que l'amour est cette part de moi
Qu'ils ont brûlée
Je te rature de nuits et de rêves
Je plante autour de nos yeux
Les dernières balises du silence
On est toujours très loin
Du premier mot d'amour.

Lisa Mullenneaux

The word is bored in the dark
And sleep
Our touchstone is a corpse
In the gutter
Like children
We make paper skies
A thousand times in the days before
Silence of words
Frenzy of our sexes
Look at us in the sun's shadow.

Emmelie Prophète

Le mot s'ennuie dans la pénombre
Et le sommeil
Notre point commun est un cadavre
Dans le caniveau
À la manière des enfants
Nous faisons des ciels de papier
Mille fois les devant-jours
Le silence des mots
La frénésie de nos sexes
Regarde-nous dans la mélancolie du soleil.

Lisa Mullenneaux

The spider's web dreams in the center
Of the rectangle
The night's butterflies climb the bodies
Of fog horses
Silence listens to the movement of stars
Soft solitary trees
Arms outstretched to the vivid deserts
Night gathers the birds' plumage.

Emmelie Prophète

La toile d'araignée rêve au mitan du rectangle
Les papillons de la nuit remontent les corps
Des chevaux de brume
Le silence écoute le mouvement des étoiles
Doux arbres solitaires
Bras tendus aux déserts vifs
La nuit rassemble les étoiles des oiseaux.

Robert Smith

Murky Water Poem

I belong to a childhood where immense was
the river.

I am from a land of distances between rain
and dry summer.

I became a man in the absence of a cradle,
on a stretch of river that had run the beyond
knowing no other immensities.

Immense is the river still.

When I was almost a man,
I would laugh with the river accompanying the
history teacher.

He would cross the bridge to cross words,
would cross words to see the river.

The old history teacher
read in sunset the epigraph of his day.
There where they say the river is born trickling,
here where the river is a giant.

What the professor did not know
was that one day the memory of his river
would cross distant lands with its
immensity,
to water contemporary corrals.
Corralled in a steel tube,
the river would found another civilization
its fury imprisoned in a valve,
its depths dying a drop at a time.
The river would wet the tongues
of faces stamped on coins.
Currents would suddenly dry out
washing the currencies of shame
and the greed of corral owners.

In the thalweg of the usurped river,
perhaps a paper boat sails,
bringing memories of murky waters
to childhoods that never beheld the river
immense
or the history teacher crossing the bridge.
In the childhood where I belong,
we still learn to cross words
to write in the silence of dusk,
there where the river is still world,
here where the ground is still profound.
In this earth where the river,
from the bed to the banks,
waves in memory,
preludes to a farewell.

Álamo Pimentel

Poema das Águas Turvas

Sou de uma infância em que imenso era
o rio.

Sou da terra das distâncias entre a chuva
e o estio.

Sou feito homem na ausência do berço,
num trecho percorrido do aí afora
que ignora outras imensidões.
Imenso ainda é o rio.

Quando era quase homem,
ria com o rio indo com o professor de
história.

Ele cruzava a ponte para cruzar palavras,
cruzava palavras para ver o rio.

O velho professor de história
lia no pôr do sol a epígrafe do seu dia,
lá onde dizem que o rio nasce pequeno,
cá onde o rio é gigante.

O que o professor não sabia,
é que um dia a memória do seu rio,
cruzaria terra outras com sua
imensidão,
para banhar currais contemporâneos.
Encurralado num tubo de aço,
o rio criaria outra civilização
com a fúria presa na manilha,
a profudenza morrendo à míngua,
o rio banharia a língua da cara da moeda,
seria um rio seco às pressas,
para lavar a coroa da vergonha,
e a sanha dos donos dos currais.

No talvegue do rio usurpado,
talvez navegue um barquinho de papel,
levando lembranças das águas turvas,
para as infâncias que não viram o rio
imenso,
nem o professor de história cruzar a ponte.
A infância a que pertenço,
ainda aprende a cruzar palavras,
para escrever no silêncio do pôr-do-sol,
lá onde o rio ainda é mundo,
cá onde o chão ainda é fundo.
Nessa terra em que o rio,
do leito à ribanceira,
acena na memória,
prelúdios do adeus.

Robert Smith

The Unwritten Woman

The unwritten woman had the hands of a
teacher.

Dancing hands that recited
memories.

Firm hands that smoothed children's hair.

Fragile hands with small lessons of
care.

Beautiful hands wrinkled in pathways.

Frightening hands when she clapped to get our attention.

Religious hands, guardians of
devotion.

The unwritten woman had the voice of a
teacher.

Voice that taught lessons without losing breath.

Embodied voice of wisdom full of affection.

Listening voice: the kind that paused.

Watchful voice: the kind that silenced

Heart voice: the kind that pulsed.

Embracing voice: the kind that brought together
other voices.

The unwritten woman had the body of a
teacher.

Body that stood firm at the crossroads of feet.

Body that read the passage of time.

Language-body of living vision.

Science-body of graceful gestures.

Geography-body of explored lands.

Math-body of equations of the
impossible.

The unwritten woman knew how to read the beads
of rosaries.
She knew how to tell stories, how to retell them too.
She did not know how to read the words fixed on
pages of books.
She knew how to read words moved in the things
of the world.
She cited proverbs, songs, and prayers.
The unwritten woman, like our
teachers
knew how to teach, but unlike our
teachers,
she did not know how to write. This was her
mystery.
This her silence, this her
promise:
to make speech her school,
memory her prayer,
the invisible word her dwelling,
life her unhurried vision.

Álamo Pimentel

A Mulher sem Escrita

A mulher sem escrita tinha mãos de
professora.

Mãos dançantes que declamavam
memórias.

Mãos firmes de amansar topete de moleque.

Mão frágeis das pequenas lições de
carinho.

Mãos lindas enrugadas em caminhos.

Mãos temerosas de palmadas em aceno.

Mãos religiosas, guardadoras de
devoções.

A mulher sem escrita tinha voz de
professora.

Voz de dar lições sem perder o fôlego.

Voz corpo das sabedorias cheias de afetos.

Voz de escuta: dessas que pausam.

Voz de olho: dessas que calam.

Voz de coração: dessas que pulsam.

Voz de abraço: dessas que agregam
outras vozes.

A mulher sem escrita tinha corpo de
professora.

Corpo de se firmar no cruzamento dos pés.

Corpo de se ler a passagem dos tempos.

Corpo linguagem de vida-vidência.

Corpo ciência da graça do gesto.

Corpo geografia das terras entranhadas.

Corpo matemática das equações dos
impossíveis.

A mulher sem escrita sabia ler as contas
dos rosários.

Sabia contar histórias, sabia recontá-las
também.

Não sabia ler as palavras presas nas
páginas dos livros.

Sabia ler as palavras movidas nas coisas
do mundo.

Citava provérbios, canções e preces.

A mulher sem escrita, assim como as
professoras,
sabia ensinar, mas ao contrário das
professoras,

Não sabia escrever. Era esse seu
mistério,

era esse o seu silêncio, era essa a sua
promessa:

fazer da fala a sua escola,

da memória a sua reza,

da palavra invisível a sua morada,

da vida a sua vidência sem pressa.

Robert Smith

João, Jacó, and the Madness of Poetry

Jacó was the madman at the window.
He would hang newspapers on people's blinds
as if he were sewing a curtain of good tidings.
He ripped facts open to their viscera
and reread the world in his fractured pages.

Crazy João walked around naked
asking if anyone had "seen his pants."
João's madness would kiss men on the street
in exchange for the gift
of a pair of trousers.

Marina da Glória was raging mad.
She would part her seas with a bellow
befitting the queen of the ocean.
Marina's madness was estuary,
and she was trapped in a sea of cloth.

Da Luz was a holy lunatic,
she had a slight limp until she got pregnant.
Then she gave birth so hard she disappeared.
They say Da Luz's bulb burnt out.

Lizard was a classic madman.
He threw rocks whenever he felt like it,
had a smile like a firecracker
and heels made of adobe.

Maria Bonbon would shit.
She shat on my grandma's porch.
People would drive her off like a stray dog.
My only clear memory of Maria is the turd.
I was a child who detested turds.

Hell Yeah huffed gasoline in a mug.
He would fill the tank of his nose and roar
“HELL YEAH.”
Hell Yeah was a madman of the illicit variety.
Hell Yeah was counterculture.

The poetry of my hometown is a daughter of
madness.

João, Jacó, e as Loucuras da Poesia

Jacó era o louco da janela,
pendurava notícias nos cordões
como se cosesse uma cortina de alvíssaras.
Abria os fatos em vísceras,
e das fraturas dos seus papéis relia o mundo.

João Doido pedia calças,
corria a cidade descalço pedindo “a calça.”
A loucura de João beijava os homens
da cidade,
para ganhar a graça da calça.

Marina da Glória era doida furiosa,
abria seus mares no berro,
como se fosse senhora dos oceanos.
Marina é a doida desaguada,
represada noutro mar de panos.

Da Luz era uma doidinha santa,
andava meio manca até que engravidou.
Pariu ate que desapareceu.
Acho que Da Luz escureceu.

Lagartixa é um doido clássico,
atira pedras segundo lhe convém,
tem um sorriso de matraca,
e um calcanhar de adobo.

Maria Bombonzinho cagava.
Cagou na varanda de minha avó,
foi enxotada a pinhosó.
Dela lembro apenas da bosta,
eu era uma criança que detestava a bosta.

Legal cheirava a gasolina na caneca,
enchia o tanque do nariz e dizia:

LEGAL.

Legal era um louco ilícito.

Legal era contra-cultura.

A poesia da minha terra é filha da
loucura.

Robert Smith

Jaraguá Fishing Village

Inhabit your pain
because your citizenship is bleeding.
Shout if you need to
for your dog no longer barks.
Your dog's lost gaze
is seeking a home among your evicted belongings.

You stayed up all night
so that they could not steal your right to sleep.
Draw your pain in the dirt roads you have walked
since the day you were born
and the earth, zealous earth,
will nourish your indignation.
Your grandchildren and their children
will learn to hear to the voice of the clay
where you have stepped since you were born.

Your dreams have not been stolen
even though the furious daybreak
has reduced the walls of your home to ruins.
Even though the state's sharpened letters
have dilacerated the flesh of your hopes.
Your dreams have not been stolen
because you have learned how to keep shared vigil.
You wove your village in the net of your sleeplessness.

The ocean that has always embraced you
is still the cradle of your utopias.
Believe in the ocean, because your village, your city,
your country, your continent, and your world
continue beyond the other side of the street.
On the ground of Jaraguá you learned from the ocean
the miracle of the fishes can happen on any horizon.

Even without knowing how deep you will to go,
you made a living by digging the ocean floor.

Last night will never end,
because you held your dreams.
Though today you are confused
and furious from the tears that did not come,
the night you stayed awake will be
the lighthouse of the village you will take
wherever you go.

Remember starting today:
you are reborn fighting.
So that your dreams will not have been stolen.
You are the sons and daughters of a sleepless history
also born in the Village of Jaraguá.

Álamo Pimentel

Vila de Pescadores do Jaraguá

Habita a tua dor
porque a tua cidadania sangra.
Grita se preciso for
pois o teu cão já não ladra.
(O olhar perdido do teu cão
procura lugar no despejo dos teus pertences).

Passastes a noite em claro,
para que não te usurpassem o direito ao sonho.
Desenha a tua dor no barro em que pisastes
(ao longo de toda uma vida)
porque a terra, zelosa terra,
alimentará a tua indignação.
E os teus netos e bisnetos
saberão ouvir a voz do barro em que pisastes
(ao longo de toda uma vida).

Teus sonhos não foram roubados.
Ainda que a furiosa alvorada
tenha posto em ruínas as paredes da tua casa.
Ainda que a afiada letra do Estado
tenha dilacerado as carnes da tua esperança.
Teus sonhos não foram roubados,
porque aprendestes a compartilhar a vigília.
Fizestes de tua Vila, enredo da tua insônia.

O oceano que sempre te abraçou
ainda é o berço das tuas utopias.
Acredita nele, pois a tua vila, a tua cidade,
tua pátria, teu continente e mesmo o teu mundo
não acaba do outro lado da rua.
No chão do Jaraguá aprendeste com o oceano
que o milagre dos peixes se faz noutros horizontes.

Ainda que não saibas quão fundo irás,
conquistastes a vida escavando o mar.

A noite de ontem não acabará.
Porque soubestes guardar os teus sonhos.
Ainda que hoje estejas confuso,
até mesmo furioso pelo choro que não veio,
a noite em claro que passaste haverá de ser
o farol da Vila que levarás contigo onde quer que fores.

Lembra a partir de hoje:
renasceste lutando.
Para que teus sonhos não fossem roubados.
És filho e filha de uma insônia histórica
Também nascida na Vila do Jaraguá.

Patrick Williamson

Song for My Land

I sing to you my land
land of so little promise
parched and barren land

I sing to you my land
land that heaven and gods
did not bless

I sing to you my land
doubled over in pain
land of tears

I sing to you Sahel
grabbed harshly
seized uncertain

I weep for you Sahel
in my solitude
do you know
my weeping cries
this cry is my song

I weep for you Sahel
my tears will become streams
torrents rivers

that will drain wrecks
taking away all the dirt

I sing to you Sahel
of suffering and grief

I weep for you Sahel
my tears crying
this cry is my song
at sunrise

Abdoul Ali War

Chant à ma terre

Je te chante ma terre
Terre si peu promise
Terre aride et sèche

Je te chante ma terre
Terre non bénie du ciel
Et des dieux

Je te chante ma terre
Recroquevillée dans la douleur
Terre de larmes

Je te chante Sahel
Rudement empoigné
Incertain confisqué

Je te pleure Sahel
De ma solitude
Le sais-tu
Mes pleurs crient
Ce cri est mon chant

Je te pleure Sahel
Mes larmes se feront ruisseaux
Torrents fleuves

Qui draineront épaves
Emportant toute souillure

Je te chante Sahel
De souffrances et de deuils

Je te pleure Sahel
Mes larmes crient
Ce cri est mon chant
Au lever du soleil

Patrick Williamson

The Scofflaws

The scofflaws come out of nowhere
they converge from every street
they've even overrun their crannies

These scofflaws who lurk near empty bins
wade in murky waters

Here they are, walking back and forth
they spy on each other, cross paths, cross paths again
they greet each other, smile, continue on their way
venom on their tongues, hatred in their hearts

Like a pack they arrive shouting Famine!
voracious snarling
their fangs sink in deep
they look at you and their eyes even burn your boubous

Watch out, the scofflaws are on the loose

The big scofflaws have put on their white babouches
preceded by tom-toms all draped in embroidered boubous
laughing with all teeth bared belching like Gargantua
here they are, gorging themselves their fat ringed hands
plunge into the sticky sauce of lies

Then they collapse on sofas
drowsy as lizards

Finally they tell each other
completely fabricated stories
scofflaws slumped over overstuffed bellies

The scofflaws swept by like swarming locusts
nothing left to scoff
who will they eat now
they've gobbled up what's left of the leftovers
even the bins are empty

Our scofflaws want to be great
they dream of superlative greatness
they have a full belly
and dread hunger
they wield power
and dream of dictatorship

They have the guns
and are never reassured

These scofflaws have everything

But they want even

more!!

Abdoul Ali War

Les fumistes

Les fumistes arrivent de partout
Ils convergent de toutes les rues
Ils ont même envahi leurs recoins

Ces fumistes qui rôdent près des poubelles vides
Pataugent en eaux troubles

Les voilà qui marchent de long en large
Ils s'épient se croisent se recroisent
Se saluent se sourient continuent leur chemin
Le venin sur la langue la haine dans le cœur

Comme une meute ils débarquent en criant Famine
Voraces hargneux
Leurs crocs mordent dru
Ils posent sur vous des regards qui brûlent même les boubous

Gare Les fumistes sont lâchés

Les gros fumistes ont chaussé leurs blanches babouches
Précédés de tam-tams tous drapés dans des boubous brodés
Riant de toutes leurs dents Rotant comme Gargantua
Les voilà qui se goinfrent Leurs grosses mains baguées
Plongent dans la sauce gluante du mensonge

Puis ils s'écroulent sur des sofas
Somnolent tels des margouillats

Enfin ils se racontent
Des histoires cousues de fil blanc
Fumistes affalés aux panes trop repus

Les fumistes sont passés comme des criquets envahisseurs
Il n'y a plus rien à avaler
Qui mangeront-ils désormais
S'ils ont avalé le reste des restes
Même les poubelles sont vides

Nos fumistes se veulent grands
Ils rêvent de grandeur superlative
Ils ont le ventre plein
Et redoutent la faim
Ils ont le pouvoir
Et rêvent dictature

Ils ont le fusil
Et ne sont jamais rassurés

Ces fumistes ont tout

Mais ils veulent plus

encore !!

Viviana De Cecco

The Vanquished

They are hundreds, they are thousands, they are millions.
They are countless hordes.
They walk in close ranks
Like the dull rumble of distant thunder.

They move slowly under the stiff north wind
In equal steps.
Their heads are bare, their clothing sackcloth,
Their gaze feverish.

They seek me.—They have all come.—
Floating like a wave
Of gray shapes and wrinkled faces,
The crowd surrounds me.

It presses me, hides me, immobilizes me;
I hear the hoarse breaths,
While the long weeping, the cursing,
And sighing echo in the darkness.

“We come from houses without fire,
From beds without peace,
Where the body, tamed little by little,
Bends, surrenders, lies down.

We come from blind alleys and dens,
We come from hiding places,
And we cast a colossal shadow on the ground
Of sorrow and danger.

We sought an ideal of faith,
And it betrayed us.
We sought a love that hopes and believes,
And it betrayed us.

We sought work
That rejuvenates and strengthens, and it discouraged us.
Where is hope then? Where is strength?
Pity! We are the vanquished.

...Above and around us, in the great golden light
Of the bright sun,
Resounds the great joyful hymn
Of kisses and work:

Steam passes and rumbles under the vault
Of the sky like an iron snake,
With a warlike trumpet
Industry calls to unite
Minds and arms:

A thousand mouths seek each other with desire,
With love,
A thousand lives boldly throw themselves
Into the blazing furnace;

And we, we are useless!...—Who threw us
Onto this hostile land?
Who denied us the sigh of the heart?
Who oppresses us and makes us fall?

What hatred weighs upon us? What unknown hand
Pushed us away?
Why does blind fate cry out to us: In vain?
Have pity! We are the vanquished."

Ada Negri

I vinti

Sono cento, son mille, son milioni.
Son orde sconfinite.
Sommesso rombo di lontani tuoni
Han le file serrate.

S'avanzan sotto il rigido rovaio
Con passo uguale e tardo.
Nuda è la testa, l'abito è di saio,
Febbricitante il guardo.

Essi cercano me.—Tutti son giunti.—
Fluttuando com'onda
Di grigie forme e di volti consunti,
La turba mi circonda.

Mi pigia, mi nasconde, m'imprigiona;
Sento i rôchi respiri,
Il lungo pianto che nel buio suona,
Le bestemmie, i sospiri.

«Noi veniam dalle case senza fuoco,
Dai letti senza pace,
Ove il corpo domato a poco a poco
Piega, s'arrende, giace.

Veniam dagli angiporti e dalle tane,
Veniam dai nascondigli,
E gettiam su la terra un'ombra immane
Di lutto e di perigli.

Noi lo cercammo un ideal di fede,
Ed esso ci ha traditi.
Noi cercammo l'amor che spera e crede,
Ed esso ci ha traditi.

Noi l'oprar che rigenera e rafforza
Cercammo, e ci ha respinti.
Ov'è dunque la speme?... Ove la forza?...
Pietà!... Noi siamo i vinti.

...Sopra e d'attorno a noi, del sol raggiante
Ne la gran luce d'oro,
Scoppia e trasvola il vasto inno festante
Del bacio e del lavoro:

Ferreo serpe, il vapor passa e rimbomba
Sotto montana vòlta,
Chiama l'industria con guerriera tromba
Menti e braccia a raccolta:

Mille bocche si cercan desiose
Innamoratamente,
Mille vite si lancian generose
Nella fornace ardente;

E inutili siam noi!...—Chi ci ha gettato
Su la matrigna terra?...
Il sospiro del cor chi ci ha negato?
Chi ne opprime e ne atterra?...

Qual odio pesa su di noi?... Qual mano
Ignota ci ha respinti?...
Perchè il cieco destin ci grida: Invano?...
Pietà!... Noi siamo i vinti.»

Viviana De Cecco

The Wanderer

All the stations and all the ports
saw she who is never tired
and so white behind the black veil of her hat,
pale as the dead.
Trains that ran through mountains and glades,
rumbling and hissing
in their golden days, took her through the hot,
dark, starless nights:
from running trains, she saw the pure sunrise
in unknown skies: and when
she fell asleep on a pillow to dream,
a jolt woke her suddenly
from the dream, the sharp call of a name
of a foreign country:
and there was no one waiting for her with a joyful laugh,
and she sought no one;
but calmly, as she descended, she pulled down
the black veil over her face and hair.

*

She knows the cold sadness
of hotel rooms where people
had stayed before her, with their mystery,
their cruel fate and their silent fears:
where a stranger may have spent his
last night—laughing and crying out of love
amid endless kisses,
while insomnia looked behind the curtains,
and hatred whispered hoarse and broken words
that turned the heart to stone.
...Which hand dropped the withered flower
that now lies on the carpet?

Who bit the white pillow yesterday?
...She does not know, she does not think. She is tired.
She just wants to rest in peace.
And she takes off her veil and lets her hair down;
but there is a white strand among her braids,
her face is as pale as the bed.

*

Melancholy of distant cities
where she feels lost,
where everything is silent to her eyes and her heart,
the voice of the crowd and the voice of the bells!
Melancholy of iron roofs,
full of whistles, smoke, people,
tears and shivers
in the dim light of purple sunsets!
Creatures going toward the pleasures
of a home or a dream—but the dream lies,
and even the lips in that home
lie! Eager departures,
sobs and choked cries in the throat...
Kisses, pain, love!
The Wanderer leaves,
like a fading figure among countless shadows,
without turning back;
but when she speaks with her heart closed
she bends and trembles because she is too alone.

*

Oh, to pause for a moment! Oh, to find
a real home, a beloved face!
But she cannot. She demolished everything behind her.
She destroyed the hearth itself.
After burying her dead deep in her heart,
she did not light a lamp for the vigil;
but flees; for she is pursued by a silent

shadow that only she sees.
In her solitary wanderings
she flees from skies, waters, lands, cemeteries, gardens,
mountains and seas,
if only she could flee from memory!
...O nameless brunette, if you could tear from yourself
that dark and dull sense of anguish
that oppresses your bowels,
if you could think of a sweet nest
that seems small to your eyes, but immense to your heart,
where, in the night, a cradle rocks...

Ada Negri

L'errante

Tutte le stazioni e tutti i porti
videro quella che non è mai stanca
e sotto il nero velo è così bianca,
pallida in viso del pallor dei morti.
Treni in corsa per monti e per radure
la rapiron tuonando e sibilando
nei giorni d'oro, nelle
calde e torbide notti senza stelle:
da treni in corsa vide essa le pure
albe fiorire in cieli ignoti: e quando
s'addormentò sognando
sui cuscini, dal sogno all'improvviso
la scosse un urto, il secco urlar d'un nome
di paese straniero:
e niuno era ad attenderla con riso
di gioja, ed ella non cercò nessuno;
ma, calma, discendendo, il velo nero
ricompose sul volto e sulle chiome.

*

La tristezza di gelo ella conosce
delle stanze d'albergo, ove la gente
passò col suo mistero e il suo pungente
destino a tergo, e le sue sorde angosce:
ove un ignoto visse la sua notte
ultima, forse—e rise e pianse amore
fra baci senza fine,
e l'insonnia spiò fra le cortine,
e l'odio sibilò le rauche e rotte
parole, che di pietra fanno il cuore.
...Da quale mano il fiore
cadde che or, vizzo, sul tappeto giace?...

Chi morse ieri il candido guanciaie?...
...Non sa, non pensa. È stanca.
Solo vorrebbe riposare in pace.
E scioglie il velo e libera le trecce;
ma fra le trecce v'è una ciocca bianca,
il viso è smorto come il capezzale.

*

Malinconia delle città lontane
ove le sembra d'essere sperduta,
ove ogni cosa agli occhi, al cuore è muta,
voce di folla e voce di campane!...
Malinconia di ferree tettoje
piene di fischi, di fumo, di gente,
di lacrime e di brividi
nella penombra dei tramonti lividi!...
Creature che van verso le gioje
d'una casa o d'un sogno—e il sogno mente,
e un labbro v'è che mente
in quella casa!... Trepide partenze,
singhiozzi e gridi soffocati in gola,
baci, dolore, amore!...
Vana forma fra innumeri parvenze,
va l'Errabonda, e non si volge indietro;
ma quando parla col suo chiuso cuore
si curva, e trema d'esser troppo sola.

*

Oh, fermarsi un momento!... Oh, ritrovare
una casa fedele, un volto amato!...
Ma non può. Dietro a sè tutto ha spezzato.
Ella stessa distrusse il focolare.
E in fondo al cuore seppellì i suoi morti,
e non v'accese lampada a vegliare;
ma fugge; chè una muta
ombra l'incalza, sol da lei veduta.

Cieli acque terre cimiteri ed orti
fuggon dinanzi al suo solingo errare,
fuggono il monte e il mare,
così fuggir potesse anche il ricordo!...
Così strappar da te potessi, o bruna
innominata, il senso
d'ambascia che ti preme, opaco e sordo,
le viscere, se pensi un dolce nido
piccino agli occhi, ma pel cuore immenso,
e in esso, a notte, un dondolio di cuna....

Viviana De Cecco

Widow

Sad widow, you stand in silence
In your miserable, smoke-filled hovel,
Sewing and sewing and never resting
By the bed of your sick child;

You keep the footprints
Of old sorrow on your pale and sad face,
And, look, you are so unhappy and so honest
That I want to kiss you on the forehead.

On your windowsill
There is a vermillion-colored geranium.
Burdened by your fate, yet you keep your wings;
Though you have cried so much, you still have hope.

Allow me to kneel before you: you teach me
The virtue of endurance and forgiveness:
You, who never understood hatred and anger,
Bless me, O great one, O true one, O good one.

I have never been so moved as here,
I remembered my mother, and
The proud and patient
Dignity of sorrow
Spread in my heart.

Ada Negri

Vedova

Vedova triste che silente stai
Nel tuo gramo tugurio affumicato,
E cuci, e cuci, e non riposi mai
Presso il letto del tuo figlio malato;

Che su la faccia scolorita e mesta
D'un antico dolor serbi le impronte,
E sei tanto infelice e tanto onesta,
Vedi, vorrei baciarti sulla fronte.

De la finestra tua sul davanzale
Un geranio vermiglio s'incolora.
T'opprese il fato, e pur tu serbi l'ale;
Hai tanto pianto, e pur tu sperì ancora.

Ch'io m'inginocchi presso te: m'apprendi
La virtù che sopporta e che perdona:
Tu che l'odio e il livor mai non comprendi,
Benedicimi, o grande, o vera, o buona.

Mai come qui con più commossa mente
Io ricordai mia madre—e dentro il core
Mi penetrò la fiera e paziente
Dignità del dolore.

Viviana De Cecco

Nameless

I have no name.—I am the uncouth daughter
of the damp hovel;
My family belongs to the sad and cursed rabble,
but there is an indomitable flame that lives within me.

An evil dwarf
and a praying angel follow in my footsteps.
My thoughts gallop through the mountains and the plains,
like Mazeppa on his winded horse.

I am an enigma of hate and love,
of strength and sweetness;
I am drawn to the darkness of the abyss,
I am moved by a child's caress.

When misfortune enters through the door
of my attic, I laugh;
I laugh even when I am conflicted or abandoned,
I laugh without comfort or joy.

But I weep for the trembling and weary old people,
for those who have no bread;
I weep for children who are weak and meager,
I weep for a thousand unknown sufferings.

And as the tears flow from my heart,
I throw my whole soul
into that bold and strange song
that trembles in my breast and on my lips.

I do not care who hears it; and if a cowardly hatred
strikes or stings me,
I will continue to provoke fate without looking,
and the poisoned arrow will not reach me.

Ada Negri

Senza nome

Io non ho nome.—Io son la rozza figlia
dell'umida stamberga;
plebe triste e dannata è mia famiglia,
ma un'indomita fiamma in me s'alberga.

Seguono i passi miei maligno un nano
e un angelo pregante.
Galoppa il mio pensier per monte e piano,
come Mazeppa sul caval fumante.

Un enigma son io d'odio e d'amore,
di forza e di dolcezza;
m'attira de l'abisso il tenebrore,
mi commovo d'un bimbo alla carezza.

Quando per l'uscio de la mia soffitta
entra sfortuna, rido;
rido se combattuta o derelitta,
senza conforti e senza gioie, rido.

Ma sui vecchi tremanti e affaticati,
sui senza pane, piango;
piango su i bimbi gracili e scarnati,
su mille ignote sofferenze piango.

E quando il pianto dal mio cor trabocca,
nel canto ardito e strano
che mi freme nel petto e sulla bocca,
tutta l'anima getto a brano a brano.

Chi l'ascolta non curo; e se codardo
lavor mi sferza o punge,
provocando il destin passo e non guardo,
e il venefico stral non mi raggiunge.

Jeffrey Oliver

No, not the one they taught me.
The endless unattainable,
the hidden inevitable,
the withdrawn one, I want to see.
The one that created me,
soul bursting with passions,
with turbulent complications
and this sizable vanity.
Soul that seeks veracity
but only unearths negations.

Guadalupe “Pita” Amor

No al que me enseñaron, no.
Al eterno inalcanzable,
al oculto inevitable,
al lejano, busco yo.
Al que mi ser inventó,
mi ser lleno de pasiones,
de turbia complicaciones
y rotunda vanidad.
Ser que busca la verdad
y sólo halla negaciones.

Jeffrey Oliver

With all my heart I implore,
a yearning down to my sinew,
a mind that cannot perceive you,
this vanity I have fallen for.

On your absence, I declare war:
nonexistent, but ever with me:
the eternal deficiency
that was born of bitterness
and nourished by loneliness
rendering you God almighty.

Guadalupe “Pita” Amor

Con el corazón te llamo,
con los nervios te deseo,
con la mente no te veo,
y por vanidad te amo.
De ausencia tuya me inflamo:
no existes y estás presente;
eres el eterno ausente
que de la angustia nació,
y la soledad nutrio
haciéndote omnipotente.

Jeffrey Oliver

You, the desired destination,
the expectation as I roam,
the solitary straight path home,
the light at the intersection;
the imagined relaxation
the untortured tranquility,
the freedom in finality,
the faith absent exaltation,
the magnet for reason,
the ecstasy in eternity.

Guadalupe “Pita” Amor

Eres mi meta anhelada,
mi esperanza en el trayecto,
el solo sendero recto,
la luz en la encrucijada;
eres la quietud sonada
el silencio sin tortura,
la libertad en clausura,
la fe sin exaltación,
el imán de la razón,
y el éxtasis que perdura.

Jeffrey Oliver

Today, God came to visit me,
entering through every pore;
doubts and sorrow, I could ignore,
I surrendered so easily,
vanquished so completely
in resulting exaltation,
I just ceased all cognition,
and finally, I started to fly...
Without moving or asking why,
I held God for a duration!

Guadalupe “Pita” Amor

Hoy Dios llegó a visitarme,
y entró por todos mi poros;
cesaron dudas y lloros,
y fue fácil entregarme,
pues con sólo anonadarme
en la exaltación que tuve,
mi pensamiento detuve,
y al fin conseguí volar...
¡Sin moverme, sin pensar,
un instante a Dios retuve!

Bernardo Villela

Dream

From your white and solitary Hermitage
By Sky paths that the moon glazes—
Descends—bathed in that cobalt light—
The line of wings opening over Life.

Your calm Stride stumbles not
And when Pain intimidates Souls
From Illusions a reborn throng
Makes the rounds, scattering through high-Night.

And the clarity that's created is so great
That the Earth fills straight-off with
Sonorous and strange Light that gladdens and sings.

And illuminated by the Autumnal Moon
The Happy and Impavid soul crosses
The vast and long darkness of Sleep.

Mario Pederneiras

Sonho

Da tua branca e solitária Ermida
Por caminho de Céu que a Lua esmalta—
Desces—banhada dessa Luz cobalta—
O linho d’Asa abrindo sobre a Vida.

Nada teu Passo calma sobressalta
E quando a Mágoa as Almas intima
Das Ilusões a turba renascida
Em ronda espalhas pela Noite alta.

E a claridade que se faz é tanta
Que logo a Terra fica cheia dessa
Sonora e estranha Luz que alegre e canta.

E iluminada de um Luar de Outono
A Alma feliz e impávida atravessa
A vasta e longa escuridão do Sono.

Everly Lovefield

Explicit Liber Veneris Cæcorum

In the coolness of twilight and its cerulean lights,
Come dream of Death...I adore your irises.

The centuries slide over our sleeping faces,
Lighter and sweeter than affable laughter...

And the rustling of peony leaves
Rains in our onyx and carnelian casket.

Wide like the amphora held by Rebecca,
Your waist pales amid the wails of the harmonica.

Lingering around us is a breeze bathed in miracles:
It's the hour when flowers the peace of tabernacles.

In pious silence, cypresses and yews
Guard the clay urn where poppies snooze.

Darling, Death indulgently welcomes the
Weight of our fatigues with open, prodigal arms.

Like a bas-relief, Death emerges from the walls
Of this mausoleum vaster than a church.

In the benevolence of the light of this night,
Come dream of Death's divine irises.

Renée Vivien

Explicit liber Veneris cæcorum

Dans le frais clair-obscur bleuissent des lumières
Viens rêver de la Mort...J'adore tes paupières.

Les siècles ont glissé sur nos fronts endormis,
Plus légers et plus doux que des rires amis...

Et le ruissellement des feuilles de pivoine
Pleut dans notre cercueil d'onyx et de sardoine.

Large comme l'amphore aux mains de Rébecca,
Ton flanc pâlit parmi les pleurs d'harmonica.

Autour de nous s'attarde un souffle de miracles:
C'est l'heure où se répand la paix des tabernacles.

Les cyprès et les ifs aux silences dévots
Gardent l'urne de grès où dorment les pavots.

Chère, la Mort aux mains ouvertes et prodigues
Accueille indulgemment le poids de nos fatigues,

La Mort qui se détache, ainsi qu'un bas-relief,
Aux murs de ce tombeau plus vaste qu'une nef.

Dans la bénignité du soir et des lumières,
Viens rêver de la Mort aux divines paupières.

Everly Lovefield

The Blind Dead

The Blind Dead sit in the crypt,
They open their large, senseless eyes
Before the red glow of torchlight,
And their wide eyes are empty pits...
Flinging senseless glances into the night,
The Blind Dead sit in the crypt.

I'll come crouch upon the leprous stone
Where fever oozes pungent dampness.
Like a false sigh from a false mistress,
Day will extinguish its deceitful brightness.
In darkness secreting heavy dampness,
I'll come crouch upon the leprous stone.

But I'll find my gaze from olden days,
I'll see you again with my blind eyes.
Like a male in heat who bellows and brays,
I'll make your bones wail under my weight...
And, turning towards you my blind eye,
Love will rekindle my gaze from olden days.

You'll come crouch upon the leprous stone
And whimper amidst pungent dampness,
And your false sighs of a false lover
Will revive our deceitful kisses.
In darkness secreting heavy dampness,
We'll crouch upon the leprous stone.

Renée Vivien

Les Morts Aveugles

Les Morts aveugles sont assis dans les tombeaux,
Ils ouvrent leurs yeux larges et stupides
Devant la lueur rouge des flambeaux,
Et leurs yeux béants sont des gouffres vides...
Dardant vers la nuit leurs regards stupides,
Les Morts aveugles sont assis dans les tombeaux.

Je viendrai m'accroupir sur la pierre lépreuse
Où la fièvre suinte en âcres moiteurs.
Tel qu'un faux soupir de fausse amoureuse,
Le jour éteindra ses rayons menteurs.
Dans l'ombre exhalant ses lourdes moiteurs,
Je viendrai m'accroupir sur la pierre lépreuse.

Mais je retrouverai mes regards d'autrefois,
Je te reverrai de mes yeux d'aveugle.
Comme un mâle en rut qui brame et qui beugle,
Je ferai crier tes os sous mon poids...
Et, tournant vers toi ma prunelle aveugle,
L'amour rallumera mes regards d'autrefois.

Tu viendras t'accroupir sur la pierre lépreuse
Et geindre parmi les âcres moiteurs,
Et tes faux soupirs de fausse amoureuse
Ressusciteront nos baisers menteurs.
Dans l'ombre exhalant de lourdes moiteurs,
Nous nous accroupirons sur la pierre lépreuse.

Everly Lovefield

Lips Like This

The scent of freesias takes flight
Toward the dark whispers of cypresses...
Amorous dusk and night
Tangled their tresses.

As the moonflower began twinkling
I saw bathed in moonlight
Dusk's fair hair mingling
With the dark hair of night.

Honeyed with hornets and bees,
During a loving kiss,
Day's balsamic end sees
The beauty of lips like this.

The scent of freesias takes flight
Toward the dark whispers of cypresses...
Amorous dusk and night
Tangled their tresses.

Renée Vivien

Les Lèvres pareilles

L'odeur des frézias s'enfuit
Vers les cyprès aux noirs murmures...
La brune amoureuse et la nuit
Ont confondu leurs chevelures.

J'ai vu se mêler, lorsque luit
Le datura baigné de lune,
Les cheveux sombres de la nuit
Aux cheveux pâles de la brune.

La fin balsamique du jour,
Blonde de frelons et d'abeilles,
Perçoit, dans un baiser d'amour,
La beauté des lèvres pareilles.

L'odeur des frézias s'enfuit
Vers les cyprès aux noirs murmures...
La brune amoureuse et la nuit
Ont confondu leurs chevelures.

Camelia Şuiu

Foolishly, Inhumanly, I Am Water

I am water.

I found that out on the day when the dreams I had postponed for several lifetimes

Suddenly burst out of me and I became a waterfall.

That was the only way I knew how to love,

Fiercely, immeasurably, foolishly, inhumanly.

Later, my springs dried up to the stone,

Until the rains wept for me with pity,

Washed my wounds and made me a mountain lake.

Sometimes, I still feel a longing for the depths,

For my blood comes from the core of the earth,

I feel the sand wandering through my veins.

And it seems to me that I could choose my own end.

But I can't decide it, shall I give myself to an ocean,

Or evaporate myself up to God?

If I think about it more thoroughly, I'd better let a foal quench its thirst with me...

Camelia Şuiu

Neînțelept, neomenesc, sunt apă

Sunt apă.

Am aflat-o în ziua în care visele pe care le amânasem de câteva vieți încoace

Au țâșnit brusc din mine și am devenit cascadă.

Doar astfel știam să iubesc,

Năvalnic, fără măsură, neînțelept, neomenesc.

Mai târziu, mi-au secat izvoarele până la piatră,

De mi-au plâns ploile de milă,

Mi-au spălat rănila și m-au făcut lac de munte.

Mă mai apucă, uneori, câte-un dor de adâncuri,

Doar sângele meu vine din străfundul pământului,

Simt nisipul plimbându-se prin artere.

Și mi se pare că mi-aș putea alege singură sfârșitul.

Dar nu mă pot hotărî, să mă dăruiesc unui ocean,

Sau să mă evapor până la Dumnezeu?

Numai că dacă mă gândesc mai bine, cred că mă voi da de băut unui mânz...

Camelia Şuiu

A Few Times in an Eternity

Our truth does not reside on earth,
Where we carry around our worldly shadows.
We are comets, tending to our becoming,
Each in their own corner of the sky...
Sometimes, our flights cross each other,
And accidents happen, similar to those on the streets.
Then come arguments, apologies, and accusations,
“Why don’t you watch where you’re going?”
“I was in a hurry to reach the foot of the star
Promised by the remains of yesterday...”
Sometimes, maybe a few times in an eternity,
It happens that two people like these, without flesh and bones,
Coming from light years away,
Each from a different horizon,
Collide face to face, leaning on each other’s gaze,
So much so that they get to see into the depths of each other’s being,
Instantly reading their entire past.
Following the impact, the souls, fluid as they are,
Flow from one into the other, and their dreams become entangled,
To the point that they no longer know, poor things, which is their beginning and their end,
They no longer understand whether they are one or two,
Or how come they recognize each other:
“I remember you, you were sleeping on my eyelash in another life. Do you recall?”

De câteva ori într-o veşnicie

Adevărul nostru nu stă pe pământ,
Pe unde ne purtăm lumeşte umbra.
Noi suntem comete, ne vedem de devenirea noastră,
Fiecare în colţul său de cer...
Uneori, ni se intersectează zborurile
Şi au loc accidente asemănătoare celor de pe străzi.
Atunci ies certuri, scuze şi acuze,
Că de ce nu te uiţi pe unde mergi,
Eu mă grăbeam să ajung la piciorul stelei
Făgăduite de restul zilei de ieri...
Se întâmplă însă, de câteva ori într-o veşnicie,
Ca doi oameni din aceştia fără carne şi fără oase,
Venind de la ani lumină depărtare,
Fiecare dintr-o altă zare,
Să se izbească faţă în faţă, proptindu-se unul în privirea celuilalt,
Încât ajung să vadă până în adâncurile fiinţei,
Citindu-şi, unul altuia, într-o secundă, tot trecutul.
În urma impactului, fluide cum sunt, sufletele
Curg dintr-unul în celălalt şi li se încurcă visele unele cu altele,
De nu mai ştiu, săracele, care le e începutul şi sfârşitul,
Nu mai pricep dacă sunt unul singur sau două,
Ori cum se face că se recunosc:
„Îmi amintesc de tine, dormeai pe geana mea în altă viaţă. Mai ştii?”

Patrick Williamson

Handbook for the New Year's Toast

I drink to those on duty, on the train, in hospital,
in a kitchen, hotel, radio station, foundry,
at sea, on a plane, on the motorway,
to those who spend this night without a greeting,
I drink to the next moon, to the pregnant girl,
to those who made a promise, to those who kept it,
to those who paid the bill, to those who are paying it,
to those who are not invited anywhere,

to the foreigner who learns Italian,
to those who study music, to those who can dance the tango,
to those who got up to give up their seats,
to those who can't get up, to those who blush,
to those who read Dickens, to those who cry at the cinema,
to those who protect the woods, to those who put out fires,
to those who have lost everything and start again,
to the teetotaler who makes an effort to share,
to those who are a nobody for their loved one,

to those who suffer pranks and reacting will be heroes one day,
to those who forget the offence, to those who smile in photographs,
to those who go on foot, to those who can go barefoot,
to those who give back from what they had,
to those who don't understand jokes,
to the insult that is the last,
to the draws, to the x's of the betting slip,
to those who take a step forward and thus unravel the line,
to those who want to do it and then can't,
finally I drink to those who have the right to a toast tonight
and among these those who have not found theirs.

Erri de Luca

Prontuario per il brindisi di capodanno

Bevo a chi è di turno, in treno, in ospedale,
cucina, albergo, radio, fonderia,
in mare, su un aereo, in autostrada,
a chi scavalca questa notte senza un saluto,
bevo alla luna prossima, alla ragazza incinta,
a chi fa una promessa, a chi l'ha mantenuta,
a chi ha pagato il conto, a chi lo sta pagando,
a chi non è invitato in nessun posto,

allo straniero che impara l'italiano,
a chi studia la musica, a chi sa ballare il tango,
a chi si è alzato per cedere il posto,
a chi non si può alzare, a chi arrossisce,
a chi legge Dickens, a chi piange al cinema,
a chi protegge i boschi, a chi spegne un incendio,
a chi ha perduto tutto e ricomincia,
all'astemio che fa uno sforzo di condivisione,
a chi è nessuno per la persona amata,

a chi subisce scherzi e per reazione un giorno sarà eroe,
a chi scorda l'offesa, a chi sorride in fotografia,
a chi va a piedi, a chi sa andare scalzo,
a chi restituisce da quello che ha avuto,
a chi non capisce le barzellette,
all'ultimo insulto che sia l'ultimo,
ai pareggi, alle ics della schedina,
a chi fa un passo avanti e così disfa la riga,
a chi vuol farlo e poi non ce la fa,
infine bevo a chi ha diritto a un brindisi stasera
e tra questi non ha trovato il suo.

Siegfried Baber

III

from Minor Poems

They flee. They are fleeing,
turning their backs on the world.
We have not yet seen
the eyes of a star.
To find what we are looking for
(where did I put my ring?) a match will do,
and the gas lamp,
and the miraculous electric light...
We have not yet seen
the eyes of a star.

III

Huyen. Se ve que huyen
vueltas de espaldas a la tierra.
Nosotros no hemos visto todavía
los ojos de una estrella.
Para buscar lo que buscamos
(¿dónde está mi sortija?) una cerilla es buena,
y la luz del gas,
y la maravillosa luz eléctrica...
Nosotros no hemos visto todavía
los ojos de una estrella.

Born on May 30, 1919 in Mexico City, **Guadalupe “Pita” Amor** published her first book of poems in 1946 at the age of 25. In 1953, she published *Decimas a Dios* (Decimas for God), perhaps her most popular work, the one from which the translations in this issue come. Pita first gained attention as an actress and model, sitting for the likes of Diego Rivera. She grew up in a large family, the youngest of seven children, in an aristocratic line that suffered financially after the revolution. She died on May 8, 2000.

Siegfried Baber was born in Devon in 1989. His debut pamphlet *When Love Came to the Cartoon Kid* was published by Telltale Press, with its title poem nominated for the 2015 Forward Prize. In 2020, he published *London Road West*, an ebook of poems and photographs. A new collection, *The Twice-Turned Earth*, was published by Poetry Salzburg in January 2025.

Conor Bracken is the author of *The Enemy of My Enemy is Me* (Diode Editions, 2021) as well as the translator of Mohammed Khaïr-Eddine's *Scorpionic Sun* (CSU Poetry Center, 2019) and Jean D'Amérique's *No Way in the Skin without This Bloody Embrace* (Ugly Duckling Presse, 2022). His translation of Jean D'Amérique's *Workshop of Silence* will be published by Vanderbilt University Press in summer 2025. He teaches at the Cleveland Institute of Art.

León Felipe Camino Galicia was a Spanish poet who died in exile in Mexico City in 1968. An outspoken anti-fascist, his collections include *Goodbye, Panamá* and *Ganarás La Luz* (You Will Win the Light). As of yet, there is no definitive translation of his poems in English.

Born in Haiti in 1994, **Jean D'Amérique** is a prize-winning poet, playwright, rapper, and novelist who splits his time between Paris, Brussels, and Port-au-Prince. He has published several collections of poetry: *Petite fleur du ghetto* (Little Flower of the Ghetto), *Nul chemin dans la peau que saignante étreinte* ([No Way in the Skin without This Bloody Embrace](#)), *Atelier du silence* ([Workshop of Silence](#)), *Rhapsodie rouge* (Red Rhapsody), and *Quelque pays parmi mes plaintes* (Some Nations in My Wounds). Author of several plays, he has received the Prix Jean-Jacques Lerrant des Journées de Lyon des Auteurs de Théâtre for “Cathédrale des cochons” (Cathedral of Pigs) and the 2021 Prix RFI Théâtre for “Opéra poussière” (Dust Opera). His first novel, *Soleil à coudre* ([A Sun to Be Sewn](#)), is available now from Other Press.

Viviana De Cecco is an Italian writer and translator. She works as a content writer for the international literary publication *Tint Journal*. Her translations, non-fiction, flash fiction, short stories, and poetry have also previously appeared in *The Polyglot Magazine*, *AzonaL*, *Poets Choice*, *Grim & Gilded*, and *parABnormal Magazine*. She worked as a French poetry translator in Montpellier and has been publishing novels, poems, and short stories of various genres since 2013. She also enjoys watching films, listening to rock music, walking by the sea, and visiting mysterious places. You can find her personal book reviews, short stories, articles, and art on her blog: <https://vivianadececco.altervista.org/>.

Erri De Luca was born in Naples in 1950. After high school, he became a member of the radical movement La Lotta Continua. After its disbandment, he ceased his political involvement. He has been a blue collar worker at the Fiat factory in Turin and at the Catania airport, a truck driver, and a mason. Self-taught in languages including Ancient Hebrew, Swahili, Russian, and Yiddish, he has translated books of the Old Testament and written commentaries on the Sacred Texts. He has published more than 60 books: numerous collections of short stories and poems, many of which have been translated in more than 30 languages.

Everly Lovefield is a writer and translator who lives in a town between Houston and Galveston, TX. She holds a BA in French and Japanese from the University of Texas at Austin and an MA in Translation from Kent State University. Her work has been featured or is forthcoming in *Columbia Journal*, *Reunion: The Dallas Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, *The Four Faced Liar*, and *Hearth & Coffin*. You can find her on X @everlylovefield.

Lisa Mullenneaux specializes in the translation of modern French and Italian poets, such as Louis Aragon, Maria Attanasio, Alfonso Gatto, and Giovanni Giudici. She also reviews books in translation for *Harvard Review* and *World Literature Today*. She is the author of the critical study *Naples' Little Women: The Fiction of Elena Ferrante* and has taught research writing for the University of Maryland's Global Campus since 2015. More at lisamullenneaux.com.

Ada Negri (Lodi 1870 – Milan 1945) was born in a small town in Lombardy, Italy, and her childhood was marked by poverty. Her family consisted of a grandmother who was a porter and a mother who, after the death of her husband, refused to marry again and chose to work in a textile factory to support her daughter. Ada developed a real obsession with her possible redemption. Through sheer force of will, she managed to study and become a teacher. When she managed to publish some poems in a national newspaper, success came unexpectedly. From then on, her poems were received by the public with interest, and in 1928 she had almost won the Nobel Prize. But in time, just after the First World War, Ada was soon forgotten and died in loneliness.

Jeffrey Oliver is a journalist, writer, and lawyer in Washington, D.C. Previous work has appeared in or received awards from *The Atlantic*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, *Quarterly West*, *Foreign Policy Magazine*, and others. Jeffrey was a Fulbright Scholar in Taiwan. He is also the founder of Planted, a non-profit dedicated to helping immigrants obtain more stability and opportunity.

Mário Veloso Paranhos Pederneiras, known as Mário Pederneiras (November 2, 1867 – February 8, 1915), was born in Rio de Janeiro. He was a journalist, poet, and writer. His poetic works transformed over time from employing symbolism, as did those of many of his contemporaries when he first published works in 1900, to a more quotidian realism once he'd lost his three daughters. While he won the contest Príncipe dos Poetas Brasileiros (Prince of Brazilian Poets) in 1913, his career was far too short. Upon reading the one readily available work of his it's clear to see he possessed a brilliant poetic soul that could've continued burning bright.

Álamo Pimentel was born in Juazeiro, Bahia. He holds a PhD in Education from the Universidade Federal do Rio Grande do Sul and he completed postdoctoral research at the Universidade de Coimbra. He has taught and conducted research throughout the Northeast Region of Brazil, and he is currently a professor at the Universidade Federal do Sul da Bahia. Pimentel is a prolific researcher and author of diverse academic texts on education and applied social sciences, including *O encontro e a troca: ensaios de antropologias do aprender e genealogias do conviver* (Meeting and Exchange: Essays on the Anthropology of Learning and Genealogies of Living Together) (EDUFBA, 2013), *Saberes em Trânsito. Etnografia, Literatura, Educação e Mobilidade Urbana* (Knowledge in Transit: Ethnography, Literature, Education, and Urban Mobility) (Contra Capa, 2016), and *Diásporas da educação superior no presente: a interiorização de uma universidade vista de dentro de uma escola pública* (Diasporas of Tertiary Education in the Present: The Interiorization of a University Seen from within a Public School) (EDUFBA, 2023). His first collection of poetry, *Giramundo* (Worldround), was published in 2007.

Born in 1971, **Emmelie Prophète** is one of Haiti's most important writers and served as her country's minister of justice from 2022 – 2024. She has published two books of poetry and six novels, all of which explore the hidden corners of her native city, Port-au-Prince. Her novel *Le Testament des solitudes* (The Testament of Solitudes) won the Grand Prix littéraire de l'association des écrivains de langue française in 2009 and appeared in English translation as *Blue* (2022). Her 2020 novel, *Les Villages de Dieu* (The Villages of God), won the 2022 Carbet de Lycéens. In 2021, Prophète received the Prix du rayonnement de la langue et de la littérature françaises, awarded by the Académie Française. Selections in this issue are from her poetry collection *Des marges à remplir et autres poèmes* (Margins to Fill and Other Poems) (Mémoire d'Encrier, 2000).

Robert Smith holds a bachelor's degree in English and Italian from Indiana University Bloomington. His translations have appeared in *ANMLY*, *Asymptote*, *Epiphany*, *The Brooklyn Rail's InTranslation*, *Journal of Italian Translation*, *Los Angeles Review*, *Two Lines*, *Vestiges*, and *Washington Square Review*.

Camelia Şuiu lives in Bucharest, Romania. She has published two poetry books: *Timpul tău curge prin mine* (Your Time Flows Through Me) (Eikon Publishing House, Bucharest, 2021) and *Păsări fără de cer* (Birds with No Sky) (Eikon Publishing House, Bucharest, 2023).

Bernardo Villela has had poetry published by *Entropy*, *Zoetic Press*, *Bluepepper*, and *Eldritch & Ether*; and poetry translations in *New Delta Review* and in *Mantis*. You can read more about these and various other pursuits at <https://linktr.ee/bernardovillela>.

Renée Vivien (1877 – 1909) was a British poet, writer, and translator who lived in Paris for most of her life. Her works are largely autobiographical and reflect the values of both the Symbolist and Parnassian literary movements. She is best known for being Sappho's first lesbian translator and one of the first openly lesbian writers.

Born in 1951 in Bababé, Mauritania, **Abdoul Ali War** lives in France. After a brief stint at Radio Afrique, he was a contributor to “Panorama” at France Culture. He has mainly worked with Med Hondo as an assistant film director. He also co-adapted, with Hondo, Abdoulaye Mamani’s novel *Sarraouina* (Sarraounia, i.e., female chief), published by Éditions L’Harmattan. His third poetry collection is *J’ai égaré mon nom* (I’ve mislaid my name) with Le Manteau et la Lyre, Obsidiane, after the publication of *Demain l’Afrique* (Tomorrow Africa) and poems in the anthology *Poésie d’Afrique francophone* (Poetry from French-Speaking Africa). He has also written the play *Génial Général Président* (Genial General President) and the novel *Le cri du muet* (The Cry of the Mute), Éditions Archipels Littéraires. Three of his poems, translated by Patrick Williamson, appeared in *Turn Your Back on the Night: Ten Poets from French-Speaking Africa and the Arab World* (The Antonym).

Patrick Williamson is an English poet, translator from French and Italian, and translating trainer. He divides his time between Paris and Rome. His latest poetry collection is *Presence/Presenza* (Samuele Editore, 2023). He has two anthologies of poets from French-speaking Africa and the Arab World: *Turn Your Back on the Night* (The Anonym, 2023) and *The Parley Tree* (Arc Publications, 2012). He is the translator notably of Tahar Bekri, Gilles Cyr, Guido Cupani, and Erri de Luca. He is a longstanding collaborator, as author and translator, with Editions Transignum. He is also a member of the transnational literary agency Linguafranca and the European board of The Anonym.