# *AzonaL*

N I N E

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*Contributor bios*

*Iryna Goyal*

***

on a spring day
I went into the city

and watch

people strolling
sitting in pubs
on terraces in parks

but every man bears a cross
on his back
and every woman bears a cross on hers
and even children drag
little wooden crosses

“what is this?” I ask
“why do you all
bear your crosses?”

no one utters a word

and now too I have a cross
it bends
my back

spring unfolds
the cherry blossom
opens soundlessly

in the city
an air-raid alert
has been announced

*Rostyslav Kuzyk*

***

весняного дня
вийшов у місто

дивлюсь

люди гуляють
сидять у кнайпах
на терасах в парках

але в кожного—хрест на спині
і в кожної—за спиною хрест
і навіть діти тягнуть за собою
маленькі дерев'яні хрести

—що ж це—питаю—
чому ви всі
хрести свої носите

ніхто і слова не зронить

а вже й мені
хрест спину
вигинає

весніє
вишневий цвіт
беззвучно розпускається

у місті оголошено
повітряну тривогу

*Iryna Goyal*

## clinophobia

*If only we are not*
*driven from our bodies—*
*we will endure*
Ostap Slyvynskyi

I

with our eyes shut
we do not let
sleep
enter our minds
—
what if
their tanks
missiles
launchers
guns
tripwires
are standing
on the other side
what if
they stand and wait
for us to fall asleep
to strike by stealth
and tear apart
with fire
the darkness
city
house
—
us

II

the exhaustion
from railway cars
from travel bags
the exhaustion
from shattered
cities districts streets
apartments rooms and beds
crawls
under the skin
:
it defeats us

III

webbed
with scars and cuts
covered in dirt
and dried blood
—
such are the dreams
that come to us
today

IV

if
we are gone
then who will dream
the rest of our dreams
for us?

*Rostyslav Kuzyk*

# клінофобія

*Хай тільки нас*
*не виселять з наших тіл —*
*ми вистоїмо*
Остап Сливинський

I

заплющивши очі
не підпускаємо
до свідомості
сну
—
а раптом
по той бік
стоять їхні
танки
ракети
гармати
установки
розтяжки
а раптом
— стоять і чекають
доки заснемо
аби вдарити підступно
і роздерти
вогнем
темряву
місто
будинок
—
нас

II

втома
залізничних вагонів
і дорожніх валіз
втома
розбитих
міст кварталів вулиць
помешкань кімнат і ліжок
пролазить
під шкіру
:
долає нас

III

помережані
рубцями й порізами
вкриті брудом
і засохлою кров'ю
—
ось які сни
ми бачимо
сьогодні

IV

якщо
нас не стане
хто досинатиме
наші сни
замість нас?

*Iryna Goyal*

## our autumn without saplings

this autumn
time doesn't pass
leaves do not fall
because the trees
grow
all at once
as crosses

homes
crush flat
crack
to inside
shrink
to the size
of coffins

nightmares
crawl out
of the brain
and become
smoke-veiled
scripts
of other people's lives

of our lives

and we

we
lie face up
waiting for
the death
from the boundless

sky
we want
to break
its scythe
again

*Rostyslav Kuzyk*

## наша осінь без маленьких дерев

цієї осені
час не минає
і не падає листя
бо дерева
виростають
одразу
хрестами

домівки
сплющуються
розламуються
досередини
стискаються
до розмірів
домовини

нічні жахіття
вилазять
із мозку
і стають
задимленими
сценаріями
чиїхось життів

наших життів

а ми

ми
лежимо
горілиць
чекаючи на
смерть

із бездонного
неба
аби вкотре
зламати
їй косу

*Iryna Goyal*

## hatred II

we look at candles
so much—
candles of remembrance
and candles for light
that we have learned
their language

we speak in whispers
we tell each other
this one was raped in the street
and then was killed by short burst-fire
those have neither light nor heat
but luckily all are alive
those were hit by projectiles
while driving to evacuate civilians
this one was taken back in March
when he was killed we do not know
luckily at least the son survived
that woman had a daughter
and was expecting a second
these sit in the basement
more than in the house
they didn't have a single crumb
and had to eat the dog
and these still have no water
they gather snow and melt it
over the fire luckily
there were enough books
luckily the snow keeps on falling
falling without end

candles burn steadily
silently

they crackle
sometimes trembling
from the stories and
the orphaned names

and only at the end
as they die out they ask
whether we know
the language of knives
and whether we speak it
to our enemies

yes we do
we speak it
every day
through clenched teeth

we speak it so
their heads split open
we speak it so
their tongues get ripped out

we speak
and in response
we hear only silence

in which
not even a candle
crackles

*Rostyslav Kuzyk*

## ненависть II

стільки на свічки
дивимось—
свічки пам′яті
і свічки освітлення—
що вже й мову їхню
вивчили

говоримо пошепки
розповідаємо
цю ґвалтували на вулиці
а потім вбили короткою чергою
у тих нема світла і тепла
але всі на щастя живі
отих накрило градами
коли їхали по цивільних
цього забрали ще в березні
коли вбили не знаємо
добре син хоча б цілий
а та мала доньку
і чекала на другу
оці у підвалі сидять
більше ніж в хаті
вже не мали ні крихти
довелося з′їсти собаку
а ці й досі без води
збирають сніг топлять
на вогнищі як добре
що було вдосталь книжок
як добре що падає сніг
падає безперестанку

свічки горять рівно
мовчки

потріскують
іноді здриґаючись
від історій та
осиротілих імен

і лиш наприкінці
гаснучи питають
чи знаємо
мову ножів
і чи говоримо нею
із ворогами

так знаємо
говоримо нею
щодень зціпивши
зуби

говоримо так
що їм розрізає
голови говоримо так
що вириває язики

говоримо
і чуємо тільки тишу
у відповідь

у якій навіть
свічка
не потріскує

*Clara Burghelea*

## Keratin Limbs

I haven't written any poem
in the citron notebook.
Depression / Cluj / depression / Cluj. Yesterday
afternoon, stuck
on the terrace between François Bréda and Ion Mureşan,
between Saint John Chrysostom of the sacred theatre
and the nightingale of Ardeal, between the blue-eyed
Casanova
and blue-eyed Don Juan, between two ravens.
I will follow
you, Irina, your warmth, I was thinking to myself
(am thinking),
I will run after your red jacket, your long, coarse,
Asian hair
your confidence and my insecurity, your light
and my terminal, Rembrandtian film light.
I am sitting on a bench
in the garden in front of the Athenaeum like the drowned man
on the deck
of the ship painted by Ion Grigorescu 2017 years ago.
After a night from which I understood nothing
(except that
I love you), dragged by the hair into depression and humility. I no longer
remember if I was cold or not and, even so, my keratin

limbs could not have lit a fire. I could not have
built a civilization, I could not have organized an empire.
But I woke up at 4:30, I opened the turquoise elytras and,
barely dragging the Blue Air airbus,
I flew to you.

*Ștefan Manasia*

# Membre de Cheratină

N-am mai scris de la Iaşi, în carnetul galben,
nici un poem.
Depresie / Cluj / depresie / Cluj. Ieri
după-amiază, fixat
Pe terasă între François Bréda şi Ion Mureşan,
Între Ioan Gură de Aur al teatrului sacru
Şi privighetoarea Ardealului, între Casanova
cu ochi albaştri
Şi Don Juan cu ochii albaştri, între doi corbi.
Eu am să vin
După tine, Irina, după căldura ta, mă gîndeam
(mă gîndesc),
După geaca ta roşie o să alerg, după părul tău lung,
sîrmos, asiat,
După siguranţa ta şi nesiguranţa mea, după lumina ta
Şi eclerajul meu terminal, rembrandtian.
Stau pe o bancă
În grădina din faţa Ateneului asemenea înecatului
pe puntea
Corabiei pictate de Ion Grigorescu acum 2017 ani.
După o noapte din care n-am înţeles nimic
(în afară de faptul
Că te iubesc), tîrît de păr în depresie şi umilinţă. Nici nu
Mai ştiu dacă mi-a fost frig şi, oricum, membrele mele

De cheratină n-ar fi putut aprinde focul. N-aş fi putut
Construi o civilizaţie, n-aş fi putut organiza un imperiu.
Dar m-am trezit la 4.30, am deschis elitrele turcoaz şi,
Abia tîrînd Airbusul companiei Blue Air,
am zburat către tine.

*Clara Burghelea*

## The Chronovisor

We don't need cars to run over the ruins of the world,
its invasive Saharan red. We do not need
a stained or unstained hand to push the button.
The horror is simply a common dish.
And rapacity is not just opacity,
it is a gland implanted during the Genesis.
I have grown enviable ankles, deltoid,
extremely precise toes:
the dream of the tentacles segregated in the ocean.
Freedom is the only disobedience,
the freedom to smoke with the open window
during the hurricane caused by
the Chinese or American empire,
the freedom to teach your child to play
with sticks and stones, when your friends
inoculate theirs with technological syphilis,
the freedom to laugh in front of the alpha chimps,
of the cogs glittering in the system's grease.
We don't need cars to run over the ruins of the world,
its invasive Saharan red.
The 5d painting
painted by a biorobot interested in
paleontology, the architecture of horror,
delirium. Auctioned by the large galactic tribes
that had chased the planet turned
tavern.

*Ștefan Manasia*

## Cronovizorul

Nu trebuie să vină maşinile peste ruinele lumii,
Peste roşul saharian invaziv. Nu trebuie o mînă
Pătată sau nepătată să apese butonul.
Oroarea e doar un fel de mîncare comun.
Şi rapacitatea nu-i numai opacitate,
I-o glandă implantată în timpul Genezei.
Am căpătat glezne invidiabile, deltoizi,
Degete extrem de precise:
Visul tentaculelor segregate-n ocean.
Singura dizobedienţă e libertatea,
Libertatea de a fuma cu fereastra deschisă
În timpul uraganului provocat de
Imperiul chinez sau american,
Libertatea de a-ţi învăţa copilul să se joace
Cu beţigaşe şi pietre, cînd prietenii tăi
Îi inoculează pe-ai lor cu sifilis tehnologic,
Libertatea de a rîde în faţa cimpanzeilor alfa,
Rotiţelor băltind în unsoarea sistemului.
Nu trebuie să vină maşinile peste ruinele lumii,
Peste roşul saharian invaziv.
Tablou 5D
Pictat de un biorobot cu interese-n
Paleontologie, arheologia spaimei,
Delir. Licitat de marile triburi galactice
Care urmăriseră planeta devenită
Tractir.

*Clara Burghelea*

## Mogway / May Nothing but Happiness Come through Your Door

Sing, goddess, the languor, that seized
Asaf Avidan's guitar. Today's rhythms
for yesterday (a monastery with brick
walls, a lake, the tiny sofa)
and tomorrow (luring like
the unseen pulp of the bitter orange).
Because he loved to be loved,
explains the guy born in the Dartford marsh
why he hated Brian Jones so much, excluding him,
for a long time, from the Stones. I love to love you:
you, because I feel you are at all times
in osmosis with light and peace, and it is light
and peace that I want. Today's rhythms for
yesterday (performance in an unplastered hall,
the Ion Grigorescu exhibition—asexual mystic—
velvety daydreaming) and tomorrows (the pulp of
the bitter orange, red, translucid, clearer, and clearer).

*Ștefan Manasia*

## Mogway / May Nothing but Happiness Come through Your Door

Cîntă, zeiţă, langoarea ce-i cuprinse
Chitara lui Asaf Avidan. Ritmuri de azi
Pentru ziua de ieri (mănăstire cu ziduri
De cărămizi, un lac, canapeaua mignonă)
Şi ziua de mîine (ademenitoare precum
Miezul nevăzut al narmzei).
Pentru că adora să fie adorat,
Explică tipul născut în mlaştina Dartford
De ce-l ura atîta pe Brian Jones, excluzîndu-l,
Un timp, dintre Stoneşi. Eu ador să te-ador:
Pe tine, pentru că te simt în permanentă
Osmoză cu lumina şi pacea, şi lumină
Şi pace-mi doresc. Ritmuri de azi pentru ziua
De ieri (performance într-o hală netencuită,
Expoziţia Ion Grigorescu—mistic asexuat—,
Reverii catifelate) şi de mîine (miezul naramzei,
Roşiatic, translucid, tot mai clar).

*Clara Burghelea*

## Subtle Hunt

The nun girl (too hieratic
for a cannibal queen) sat down
on the lower step, where I was resting
my feet, in front of the Pogor House. I
called you on the phone. She slowly turned her head,
alienlike, studied me, while pitch black
or orange bugs, peacefully
and unconsciously, crossed the slabs. If it weren't for the miracle,
"The Subtle Hunt," the video nights,
these Indian summer evenings, the poems scribbled
in the citron notebook would be unbearable.
I am a solitary, silent, and
blazing resident. In my garden, the only rose
makes a splash. A quilted ruby.
I moved the laptop at the window: showed it
to you. A maiden nun,
a Kung-Fu master, sat next to me, then
flew back on the lawn,
the size of a Tropical paradise.

*Ștefan Manasia*

## Vânătoare Subtilă

Fata călugăriță (prea hieratică
Pentru o regină canibală) s-a așezat
Pe treapta de jos, unde îmi odihneam
Picioarele, în fața Casei Pogor. Te-am
Sunat. A rotit cu lentoare alien gâtul,
M-a studiat, în timp ce gândacii smoliți
Sau portocalii traversau dalele, pașnici
Și inconștienți. Dacă n-ar fi miracolul,
"Vânătoarea Subtilă," mi-ar fi insuportabile
Nopțile video, seriele astea de Indian Summer,
Poemele mâzgălite în carnetul citron.
Sunt un rezident solitar, tăcut și
Incandescent. În grădina mea epatează
Singurul trandafir. Un rubin matlasat.
Am mutat laptopul la fereastră: ți l-am
Arătat. O călugăriță fecioară, maestră
Kung-fu, a stat lângă mine, apoi a
Zburat îndărăt pe gazonul
Cât un paradis Tropical.

*Dmitri Manin*

The Malevich Man comes to the Nemtsov Bridge
Stands in the cold, shudders…
Patrol cars nearby—isn't it strange?—
With their blinking blue udders.
His one half is scarlet, the other white,
But we're all no better…
"What a stew," he says, "ain't it? A sorry plight?
Lungs in tatters?"
Me, crab-like (protecting my mug and wardrobe):
"May I?"—bang!—right onto the scene!
"Ma'am, we have orders to throw you overboard
To Gehenna for this stand-up routine!"
Wee-oo! wee-oo! The car wings and the siren bird
Sway the bridge (like a toy made of popsicle sticks).
Malevich people, pass the word,
Yell it out, yelp it out: we're mown down, nixed.
Oh how I'd yelp If I were the moon
(as a German shepherd I'm lousy)!
Chuck me out! I'm used to it… I'll shape-shift soon
To rock little boats on the Yauza…
…and Kazimir dabs his brush in a bit of blue
and dashes around in the celestial airy…
…it seems the world isn't sufficiently scary –
it seems so to those who have no clue…
My little, my brittle Man, we're so close,
Whether you're Malevich's or daddy and mommy's…
Bless the trembling eyelids of those
Ready for air ramming.

*Mio Grand (Mila Ilyina)*

Человек Малевича пришёл на Немцов мост
Стоит, стынет...
Рядом, как ни странно—пост...
Сверху мигает вымя.
А он—одной половиной пунцов, другой—бел.
Как мы все, впрочем...
"Что,—говорит, —кисель? Беспредел?
Лёгкие—в клочья?"
Я—боком так (блюду анфас и стиль):
"Позвольте!" —бух! —в мизансцену!
"Гражданка! Вас за водевиль
Приказано сбросить с моста в геенну!"
"Виу!-Виу!" —птица сирены и крылья машин
Уверено качают мост (как палочку от
мороженого).
Человеки Малевича, мы за гроши,
Передайте там, перелайте—скошены.
О, как бы я лаяла, будь я луной
(в немецкие псины не взяли бы)!
Бросайте! Впервой что ли... Стану иной,
Качая по Яузе ялики...
...а Каземир купороса крупинку—на кисть—
и заметался в неба промежутке...
...кажется, мир недостаточно жуткий—
кажется так не знающим жизнь...
Маленький мой, миленький, Человек,
Малевича ты иль папы с мамой...
Благослови дрожание век
Идущих на тараны.

*Partha Sarkar*

## A Playhouse before the Defeat

The open door in the morning with a sweet note from the nightmare.
The first step of the sweat. The green contribution from the algae.
A comfortable meagre banknote.

But
Again a letter from the old scar: If you want to continue to be alive,
You have to be an erroneous equation with an accomplice.
Though I do not get surprised
Rather I wait for it
As came to my closet the previous night
A document from the mace
A frowning from the age
And I began to flout then

A deep slumber at the shelter and
The hands of the wind.
But I welcome
Three signals of the fake corridor of
Past
Present
Future
From the cryptogram of the doomsday
And I cannot help doing so when
There are thin sunrays in the nest and the yellowhammer, who yearns for solitude
In the moribund city, pants heavily.

And I have nothing to give for the kids' first lesson.

পার্থ সরকার

## পরাজয়ের আগে খেলাঘর

সকালের খোলা দরজা দুঃস্বপ্নের মিষ্টি সুরে
শ্রমের প্রথম পদক্ষেপ। শ্যাওলার সবুজ অবদান
একটি সামান্য আরামদায়ক ব্যাঙ্কনোট

কিন্তু আবার একটা চিঠি পুরানো ক্ষতচিহ্ন থেকে ঃ
যদি তুমি জীবিত থাকতে চাও, তোমাকে এক অপরাধীর সাথে এক ভুল সমীকরণ হতে হবে
যদিও আমি অবাক হইনি
বরং এটার জন্য অপেক্ষা করি
যেহেতু কাল গভীর রাতে আমার একান্ত কক্ষে এসেছিলো
রাজদণ্ডের থেকে একটা দলিল
যুগের থেকে একটা ভ্রূকুটি
এবং তারপর থেকে আমি অবজ্ঞা করি
আশ্রয়ের কাছে গভীর ঘুম
এবং বাতাসের হাত
কিন্তু আমি স্বাগত জানাই তিনটে সংকেতকে ভুল করিডর সম্পর্কিত
অতীত
বর্তমান
এবং ভবিষ্যতের
ধ্বংসের গোপন সংকেতমালার
আর এটা আমি না করে পারি না যখন
পাখির বাসায় সরু সূর্যকিরণ আর yellowhammer যে ক্লান্ত শহরে নিস্তব্ধতার খোঁজ করে,
খুব জোরে হাঁপায়

এবং শিশুদের প্রথম শিক্ষায় আমার কিছুই দেওয়ার নেই

*Partha Sarkar*

## The Fallen Chemical and the Red Lake

The rotation of the glasses.
The eternal red map has been seen a lot.
The stigma of the test tube pulls the rope every day.
Yet

The intense heatwaves.
The passport keeps endurance intact without the stomach's protest.
And

The fallen chemical.
The red lake just beneath the dead interest of the water.
A bloodless prescription.
Even the stethoscope gets tired of counting the number of deaths—
Yet

The flying camera in the drooping campus
And

An obscure map at the window

And

None go beyond without death.

পার্থ সরকার

## পতিত রসায়ন এবং লাল হ্রদ

চশমার আবর্তন
অনেক দেখেছে চিরন্তন লাল মানচিত্র
দড়ি টানে প্রতিদিন টেস্টটিউবের লজ্জা
তবু

তীব্র তাপপ্রবাহ
পাকস্থলীর বিরুদ্ধে প্রতিবাদ না করে অক্ষত রাখে পাসপোর্ট ধৈর্য
এবং

পতিত রসায়ন
জলের মৃত আগ্রহের নীচে লাল হ্রদ
একটি রক্তশূন্য ব্যবস্থাপত্র
এমন কি টেথিস্কোপ ক্লান্ত হয় মৃত্যু সংখ্যা গণনা করতে করতে
তবু

ঝিমিয়ে পড়া ক্যাম্পাসে উড়ন্ত ক্যামেরা
এবং

এক অস্পষ্ট মানচিত্র জানালার কাছে
এবং

মৃত্যু ছাড়া কেউ দূরে যায় না

*Partha Sarkar*

## The Electrocuted Furniture and the Third Globe

The turn.
The opening of a city's concert
And an invention with the tired nerves.

An obscure love from the diluted revolution.
The sad breeze.
There comes the indefinite cold philosophy to preach.
But where are the faces?
Where will the trash go?
Looking blank, the spiral movement of a snake.

The old examples of the syringe.
The morning with the confounded project.
As usual there is a caravan that has been stopped by the nameplate of a drunkard.
The restless ups and downs of the signal.
The inhabitant at the third stage of the achievement of the dead.
But when should there be a sanctimonious statue in the carol?

The golden tune of the snake
But none care.

Unknowingly moving forward, the electrocuted furniture,
And the third globe knocking the skull.

পার্থ সরকার

## তড়িতাহত আসবাবপত্র আর তৃতীয় গোলক

একটি মোড়
শহরের কনসার্টের শুরু
আর ক্লান্ত স্নায়ুর সাথে একটি আবিষ্কার

ভালবাসা ঘোলাটে বিপ্লব থেকে
বিষণ্ন বাতাস
জ্ঞান মারতে আসে ঠাণ্ডা দর্শন
কিন্তু মুখগুলো কোথায়?
নোংরাগুলো যাবে কোথায়?
ফ্যালফ্যাল করে তাকিয়ে থাকে সাপের সর্পিল গতি

সিরিঞ্জের প্রাচীন উদাহরণ

গোলমেলে প্রকল্পের সাথে সকাল
সিগন্যালের অস্থির ওঠানামা
বাসিন্দা মৃতের সাফল্যের তৃতীয় স্তরে
কিন্তু ক্যারল গানে কখনো একটি পবিত্র মূর্তি থাকবে কি?

সাপের সোনালী সুর
কিন্তু কেউ গুরুত্ব দেয় কি?

নিজের অজান্তেই এগিয়ে যায় তড়িতাহত আসবাবপত্র
আর তৃতীয় গোলক খুলিতে ধাক্কা মারে

*Partha Sarkar*

## Grandmother and AI

The lovely evenings.
The Pegasus.
"Then comes a demon…" continued grandmother
And she killed the demon
And rescued the prince and the princess
And a sweet dream brought us to a deep peaceful dream.
Long ago grandmother died
But suddenly her voice
And "Then…."
And I doubt whether it is the voice of grandmother
As there is no fragrance of simplicity.
I flee
As
I am sure that it must be the voice of a witch.
But
One day my dead voice will be alive.
Then
Will the next generation flee?

I firmly believe they will not…

A robot never flees from another robot.

পার্থ সরকার

## ঠাকুরমা আর নকল বুদ্ধি

সুন্দর সন্ধ্যাসমূহ
পক্ষীরাজ
‘তারপর এক শয়তান আসে...’ ঠাকুরমা বলে যেতেন
আর তিনি সেই শয়তানকে হত্যা করেছিলেন
আর রাজকুমার আর রাজকুমারীকে উদ্ধার করেছিলেন
আর এক সুন্দর স্বপ্ন আমাদের এক গভীর শান্তিপূর্ণ স্বপ্নের দিকে নিয়ে যেতো
অনেক দিন আগে ঠাকুরমা মারা গিয়েছেন
কিন্তু হঠাৎই ঠাকুরমার কন্ঠস্বর
আর ‘তারপর...’
কিন্তু আমি সন্দেহ করি
যেহেতু সেখানে কোন সরলতার সুগন্ধ নেই।
আমি পালিয়ে যাই
যেহেতু
আমি নিশ্চিত এটা ডাইনির কন্ঠস্বর।
কিন্তু একদিন মৃত কন্ঠস্বর জীবিত হবে
তারপর
পরবর্তী প্রজন্ম কি পালিয়ে যাবে?

আমি দৃঢ়ভাবে বিশ্বাস করি তারা পালাবে না
একটা রোবট অন্য রোবটের থেকে পালায় না।

*Susanna Lang*

I didn't have to hold my tongue
turn it around inside my mouth seven times seven
I didn't have to give back my language
I didn't have to hide it, exchange it
(one morning I had to swallow it for decades but that is another story)
no one used a megaphone to tell me my language—was other
no one prevented me
(swallowed all the same one morning and without realizing,
from then on I carried inside myself the urgency to stitch it back together—the language that was theirs, in the guise of a language, in the guise of a language no one can lose)

*Christine Guinard*

je n’ai pas dû rentrer ma langue
tourneboulée dans ma bouche sept et sept fois
je n’ai pas dû la rendre
je n’ai pas dû la cacher, la troquer
(j’ai dû l’avaler un matin pour des décennies mais c’est une autre histoire)
on ne m’a pas dit à coups de porte-voix que ma langue—était autre
on ne m’a pas empêchée
(tout de même un matin avalée cette langue et sans savoir,
je portais depuis lors en moi l’urgence de recoller—leur langue à eux, en guise de langue, en guise de langue que personne ne peut perdre)

*Susanna Lang*

I didn't touch down on the beach in the gloom of a freezing February night
didn't see the blows see the tears see the fall of exhausted souls
dragged out of their study with insults like blows
"filthy red, in French, espingouin, get lost animal"
the smell not human sickness death
all I did was live in my house

*Christine Guinard*

je n'ai pas atterri sur la plage dans l'air obscurci d'une nuit glacée de février
vu les coups vu les pleurs vu la chute d'êtres épuisés
tirés de leur étude à coup d'insultes assenées
"sale rouge, en français, l'espingouin, tire-toi animal"
l'odeur inhumaine la maladie les morts
j'ai juste habité ma maison

*Susanna Lang*

I didn't know how to answer the questions that came from within
any more than those that come from without that insist
and you, where are you going?
I preferred to withdraw inside unshaped clay
inside sheets of skin to hold myself apart from the living
in the depths of my lair its door open to the wind, she binds,
she laughs, she sings, and yet
alone inside herself to contain the retreat
keep it close all words vain and this sky that crushes us

Christine Guinard

je n’ai pas su quoi répondre aux questions du dedans
pas plus qu’à celles du dehors qui insistent
et toi, où tu vas ?
j’ai préféré rentrer en argile incomplète
en draps de peau me tenir à l’écart des vivants
tout au fond de mon antre dont la porte s’ouvre au vent, elle lie,
elle rit, elle chante et pourtant
esseulée du dedans contenir le retrait
le garder près de soi toute parole vaine et ce ciel qui nous broie

*Susanna Lang*

from inside my house I didn't have to find out
how to say me
la frontera la frontera the border
refugiats refugiados refugees
I looked but found nothing

*Christine Guinard*

depuis ma maison je n'ai pas dû trouver
comment dire moi
la frontera la frontera la frontière
refugiats refugiados réfugiés
j'ai cherché mais je n'ai rien trouvé

*Tom Phillips*

## Cologne

darkness fills in the window as if with the crayon of a child
why sit alone at the table in the corner brother
with an unfinished beer and your back leant against the wall as if
you're expecting life to let loose on you its cannibal dogs

if life's like that, believe me, it doesn't deserve your grief
that's far too lofty for its small-minded spite
come over to us drink a draft of our frivolity
today is the day of joy and flesh carne vale

today's the day we have every right to
turn our backs on decrees and decorum
it's not by chance the window doesn't face the cathedral

come and without restraint we'll unleash all our raptures and rages
so that at least for today we can stand on tiptoe and love
our neighbour at least as much as ourselves

*Tzotcho Boyajiev*

## Кьолн

мракът запълня като с детска боичка прозореца
защо седиш сам на масата в ъгъла братко
с недопитата бира и гръб опрян о стената сякаш очакваш
животът да пусне насреща ти своите песове-човекоядци

ако такъв е животът той повярвай не заслужава тъгата ти
твърде висока е тя за дребнавата му отмъстителност
ела при нас отпий от нашето лекомислие
днес е денят на радостта и плътта carne vale

днес е денят в който имаме пълното право да
застанем с гръб към  разпоредбите и благоприличието
неслучайно прозорецът не гледа към катедралата

ела и ще пуснем на воля всички наши възторзи и бесове
та дано поне този ден успеем да се надигнем на пръсти и заобичаме
ближния най-малко толкова колкото обичаме себе си

*Tom Phillips*

## Louvain-la-Neuve

the rain has put on its camouflage cape
with the rusty colour of soil as if rising
from it and clambering up to the gnarly gutters
nothing is how it should be myself I
have no explanation for my presence
in this made-up city

I'd wish you were with me but I know for sure that
there's no longer a room here nor anywhere else
in which I might see you combing your hair in the morning

this thought slinks like a lone wolf into my soul
with a growl it tamps down its den and settles in
as if planning to stay there forever and so make meaningless
the hope of slipping out of the circle of ceaseless
rain along the tangent of the railway tracks

*Tzotcho Boyajiev*

## Лувен-ла-ньов

дъждът е надянал камуфлажното наметало
с ръждивия цвят на пръстта сякаш извира
от нея и се изкатерва нагоре по възлестите олуци
нищо не е такова каквото трябва да бъде аз самият
нямам обяснение за присъствието си
в този измислен град

бих желал да си с мен но зная със сигурност че
вече нито тук нито някъде другаде има стая
в която да видя как сутрин разресваш косите си

тази мисъл се промъква в душата ми като вълк единак
с ръмжене отъпква леговището си намества се в него
сякаш се кани да остане завинаги там и така обезсмисля
надеждата да се измъкна от кръговрата на неспирния
дъжд по тангентата на железопътните релси

*Tom Phillips*

## This Story

this story
was probably made up by me myself
in moments of despondency

it's autumn and the path beside the river's deserted
the hills are bare and desolate over the rooftops
smoke drifts with a smell of sleep and home
footsteps fade away on the damp cobblestones
in the local cinema they're showing a Jean Gabin film
the hand itself arranges the verses and hurries
to pile up words in the memory barn
because time is afraid of the pyramids
but we have only four more months
until separation

and so on
the story's unfinished it serves only
to feed my sorrow beyond that
it's entirely without meaning to no matter whom
to friends to chance fellow travellers on night trains
to barroom confidantes even to the one
whose eyes I'm furtively peeking into
(while pouring milk into her coffee)
in the hope of guessing why I never
could say goodbye to her properly

*Tzotcho Boyajiev*

## Тази история

тази история
сигурно е измислена от самия мен
в мигове на униние

есен е и е пуста алеята край реката
хълмовете са оголели и обосели над покривите
се стели дим с мирис на сън и на дом
стъпките отзвучават по мокрия калдаръм
в градското кино дават филм с Жан Габен
ръката сама реди стиховете и бърза
да натрупа думи в хамбара на паметта
защото времето се бои от пирамидите
но ние имаме още само четири месеца
до раздялата

и т. н.
историята е незавършена тя служи единствено
да подхранва тъгата ми извън това
е напълно безсмислена за когото и да било
за приятелите за случайните спътници в нощните влакове
за кръчмарските душеприказчици дори за оная
в чиито очи скришом надниквам
(докато сипва мляко в кафето си)
с надеждата да отгатна защо никога
не успях да се сбогувам истински с нея

*Tom Phillips*

## Harbour

because the city's not on a river
I will content myself with the sailboat of fog
the old square will be a harbour
and the ones waving it off—the lame accordionist
on the corner and three homeless dogs

I don't know why they're here or if they believe in
their redemption but I can't dawdle
and as it is I've wasted many days years
digging over the thorny field of life
in search of the point that
maybe doesn't exist or if it does all the same

it's hidden not in a jar buried in the earth
but in the sails of the evening fog
that will soon be raised
so that I can put out to sea

*Tzotcho Boyajiev*

## Пристанище

понеже не е на река градът
ще се задоволя със платнохода на мъглата
пристанище ще бъде старият площад
а изпращачи – хромият акордеонист
на ъгъла и три бездомни кучета

не зная те защо са тук и вярват ли във из-
бавлението си но аз не мога да се бавя
и без това прахосах много дни години
да прекопавам трънестата нива на живота
във търсене на смисъла какъвто
може би и няма или ако все пак го има

е скрит не в делвата заровена в земята
а в платната на вечерната мъгла
които много скоро ще се вдигнат
за да отплавам

*Patrick Williamson*

## Ebullition

*Excerpts from "Pays"*

I

You were twenty
In the mind of Paul Nizan
it's not the spring of age
struggles, protests and demonstrations
freedom, independence and democracy
the university in turmoil
You were reading Neruda Lorca Hikmet and Fanon
Darwich Nawab and Sayyab
from meeting to meeting, the world turned upside down
at every moment
the renowned dean of grammar
tried to sort out the impossible reasons
then came the meeting at the Law Campus
You read the report written the day before
with friend Moncef as accomplice and supporter
BOP* and tear gas police at your heels
You were hiding in vain
here you are arrested blanket on the ground
under neon lights
freedom in a cage and you without wings

II

Poems in hiding and short stories
"Cause ma cause" and "Le chiendent"
the poor verb and the pun in the slogan
writing copied onto carbon paper

budding literati gathered at La Rotonde
back and forth in Plato's maieutics
birds cover our words with digressions
the avenue like a ball
there were the florists you loved so much
Your own carnations, who can you give them to?

*BOP; the Public Order Brigade in Tunisia

*Tahar Bekri*

# Ebullition

*Extraits de «Pays»*

I

Tu avais vingt ans
Dans la tête Paul Nizan
Ce n'est pas le printemps de l'âge
Luttes contestations et manifestations
Liberté indépendance et démocratie
L'université en ébullition
Tu lisais Neruda Lorca Hikmet et Fanon
Darwich Nawab et Sayyab
De réunion en assemblée le monde renversé
A chaque instant
Le doyen grammairien de renom
Tentait de régler les impossibles raisons
Puis vint le meeting au Campus de droit
Tu lisais le rapport rédigé la veille
Avec l'ami Moncef complice et soutien
BOP* et gaz lacrymogènes police aux trousses
Dérobades caches vaines
Te voilà arrêté couverture à même le sol
Sous les tubes néon
La liberté en cage et toi sans ailes

II

Poèmes en cachette et nouvelles
«Cause ma cause» et «Le chiendent»
Le verbe pauvre et le calembour dans le slogan
Les écrits copiés au papier carbone

Les lettrés en herbe réunis à la Rotonde
Les allers-retours dans la maïeutique de Platon
Les oiseaux couvraient nos mots des digressions
L'avenue comme un bal
Il y avait ces fleuristes que tu aimais tant
Tes œillets à toi à qui les offrir?

*BOP: Brigade de l'ordre public en Tunisie

*Patrick Williamson*

## Tale of the Resistant Apple Tree

High above him
the sky is awakened by military planes
storm and thunder
He hears of war and inflation
speculation and high prices
The world shattered like a pomegranate
its grains blood-red
The powerful want to expand their empire
The weak go to sea and are shipwrecked
he hears talk of global warming
of shale gas fossil fuels oil and blackmail
of forest fires going up in smoke of burning houses
of tornadoes, cyclones, earthquakes
of wheat rotting in ports
of mountains losing their snow
of glaciers that crumble and wander
of rising seas that advance and eat the earth
of cliffs that erode springs that dry up
of rivers that run dry rivers diverted seas that disappear
of bears dying of hunger
of whales that wash ashore
of wolves approaching cities
The powerful barricade themselves, build walls
raise towers of silver
The weak cross the desert and are put in camps
sleep under the stars and take cover in night
pay their dues to the new bloods
He like a child
planted an apple seed at his window
There it grows
he sees his apple tree grow
greets it every day

protects it from wind, hail, and storm
the drought and the noise of the world
The apple tree grows and takes root
its leaves are green its stem is stronger
he talks to the apple tree asks it if it's thirsty
whether it needs shade or sun
if it's in good company
He can't leave it abandoned
he takes it to his land in its soil
asks for it to be planted elsewhere
to be looked after
in a land that's bigger and fuller
If it stays alive
call it the Resistant
he says…

*Tahar Bekri*

## Conte du pommier résistant

Par-dessus lui
Le ciel est réveillé par les avions militaires
L'orage et le tonnerre
Il entend parler de guerre d'inflation
De spéculation et de vie chère
Le monde éclaté comme une grenade
Ses grains rouge-sang
Les puissants veulent agrandir leur empire
Les faibles partent en mer et font naufrage
Il entend parler de réchauffement climatique
De gaz de schiste d'énergie fossile de pétrole et de chantage
D'incendies de forêts parties en fumée de maison qui brûle
De tornades de cyclones de tremblements de terre
De blés qui moisissent dans les ports
De montagnes qui perdent leurs neiges
De glaciers qui s'effritent qui errent
De mer qui s'élève qui avance qui mange la terre
De falaises qui s'érodent de sources qui tarissent
De fleuves à sec de fleuves détournés dérobés de mers disparues
D'ours qui meurent de faim
De baleines qui échouent sur les rivages
De loups qui s'approchent des villes
Les puissants eux se barricadent construisent des murs t
Elèvent des tours d'argent
Les faibles font la traversée du désert sont mis dans des camps
Dorment à la belle étoile se couvrent de la nuit
Payent leur dû aux nouveaux sang-sus
Lui comme un enfant
Plante une graine de pommier à sa fenêtre
La voilà qui pousse
Il voit grandir son pommier
Le salue chaque jour

Le protège contre le vent la grêle et la tempête
La sècheresse et le fracas du monde
Le pommier pousse s'enracine
Ses feuilles sont vertes sa tige plus solide
Il parle au pommier lui demande s'il a soif
S'il a besoin d'ombre ou de soleil
S'il est bien entouré en bonne compagnie
Il ne peut le laisser à l'abandon
Il l'emmène dans sa terre avec sa terre
Demande qu'on le plante ailleurs
Qu'on veille sur lui
Dans une terre plus grande plus épanouie
S'il se maintient en vie
Appelez-le le Résistant
Dit-il…

*Patrick Williamson*

## Old Friend

We hold on to hope
as long as we can
our old friend
Like us
he's not so brave anymore
even if he still insists on walking
without a cane
to hide his hand
when it shakes
Like us
thrown into the raging ocean
of atrocities
he somehow manages
to keep his head above water
never lose sight of the horizon
watching for the messenger bird
the life-saving sail
Like us
he clings to
the few hands outstretched
abandons himself
to the music
of the desert inspired
by birds
delighting the trees
of the naked heart
caressed by love's wing

This is why
whatever happens
we remain loyal to him

*Abdellatif Laâbi*

## Vieux compagnon

On s'accroche autant qu'on peut
à l'espoir
notre vieux compagnon
Comme nous
il n'est plus très vaillant
même s'il s'entête à marcher
sans canne
à cacher sa main
quand elle tremble
Comme nous
jeté dans l'océan déchaîné
des atrocités
il arrive tant bien que mal
à garder la tête hors de l'eau
à ne pas perdre de vue l'horizon
à guetter l'oiseau messager
la voile salvatrice
Comme nous
il s'accroche
aux rares mains tendues
s'abandonne
à la musique
du désert inspiré
des oiseaux
faisant le bonheur des arbres
du cœur nu
caressé par l'aile de l'amour

Voilà pourquoi
et quoi qu'il advienne
nous lui restons fidèles

*Patrick Williamson*

## I Have a Friend in Prison

I have a friend in prison
I think about him every day
and often get lost...
in his thoughts
Is he the one who, in the evening
after the lights go out
lies down on his straw mattress
or is it me?
Is it he or me
who wanders
haggard
in the courtyard
eats his meager fare without appetite
holds back his tears
while writing letters
to his beloved?

My friend has been condemned
for apostasy:
a book where, imprudent
like any self-respecting poet
he paid little heed to censorship
and self-censorship
Some rather free words about religion
made in a café
and reported
by a very, very interested tablemate

He has now spent seven years
in prison
and has one more to go
the hardest one if I am to judge

from my experience in such matters
His sentence was accompanied by
eight hundred lashes
he has received more than two thirds
and will have to receive the rest
before his release

My friend
is not always in good spirits
He is past the stage of rage
then cold anger
It's because he no longer knows
which world he lives in
and feels exiled
among humanity
In the vice of ugliness
he suffocates in
how can he continue
to caress beauty
even if only the idea?
His solitude is more tyrannical
than that
of the vast desert
that surrounds him

I have a friend in prison
and I think of him
today
like any other day

*Useful information*

First name: Ashraf
Last name: Fayad
Date and place of birth: 1980, in Gaza
Nationality: none
Status: Palestinian refugee in Saudi Arabia
Place of detention: a prison with an unpronounceable name near Jeddah

*Abdellatif Laâbi*

## J'ai un ami en prison

J'ai un ami en prison
Je pense à lui tous les jours
et souvent me perds…
dans ses pensées
Est-ce bien lui qui, le soir
après l'extinction des lumières
s'allonge sur sa paillasse
ou est-ce moi?
De lui ou de moi qui déambule
hagard
dans la cour de promenade
mange sa pitance sans appétit
retient ses larmes
en écrivant des lettres
à sa bien-aimée?

Mon ami a été condamné
pour apostasie:
un livre où, imprudent
comme tout poète qui se respecte
il a fait peu cas de la censure
et de l'autocensure
Des propos assez libres sur la religion
tenus dans un café
et rapportés
par un voisin de table très très intéressé

Il a passé maintenant sept années
en prison
et il lui en reste une à purger
la plus dure si j'en juge
d'après mon expérience en la matière

Sa peine ayant été assortie
de huit cents coups de fouet
il en a reçu plus des deux tiers
et devra recevoir le reste
avant son élargissement

Mon ami
n'a pas toujours le moral
Il a dépassé le stade de la colère noire
puis froide
C'est qu'il ne sait plus
dans quel monde il vit
et se sent exilé
au sein de l'humanité
Dans l'étau de laideur
où il étouffe
comment peut-il continuer
à caresser de la beauté
ne serait-ce que l'idée?
Sa solitude est plus tyrannique
que celle
de l'incommensurable désert
qui l'entoure

J'ai un ami en prison
et je pense à lui
aujourd'hui
comme les autres jours

*Renseignements utiles*

Nom: Fayad
Prénom: Ashraf
Date et lieu de naissance: 1980 à Gaza
Nationalité: néant
Statut: réfugié palestinien en Arabie Saoudite
Lieu de détention: une prison au nom imprononçable près de Djeddah

*Bernardo Villela*

## My Flag

If one day this Nation
Treads on kings,
If one day this people
makes its laws;

If one day a mountain
Shouts "Freedom!"
And the sea, responding,
roars "Equality!"

Don't worry—Its tenor
Will always be like so:
Flag of the Nation,
You are immortal!

Your Foundation is
Solely what must change:
For a man's crown
Cannot stain you.

*Translator's Note for "My Flag"*

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

As is the case with much of Freire's poetry, it cuts to the heart of a matter succinctly, and "My Flag" is a testament to a nation—any nation—not being defined by its current rulers, but as being something far more intrinsically human.

*Junqueira Freire*

## A Minha Bandeira

Se um dia esta Pátria
Pisar sobre reis,
Se um dia este povo
Fizer suas leis;

Se um dia a montanha
Gritar—liberdade!
E o mar, respondendo,
Bramir—igualdade!

Não tema—Teu timbre
Será sempre tal:
Bandeira da Pátria,
Tu és imortal!

Teu fundo somente
É que há de mudar:
Que a c'roa de um homem
Não te há de manchar.

*Bernardo Villela*

## The Destruction of Forests

*Fragment of "Canto III,"* Brasilianas

*1863*

In your diamantine rivers,
In your golden mountains,
Your biggest treasure is gathered
That the world can envy!

In your virgin forests
are a thousand squadrons, a thousand bridges,
And at the mountains' entrances
All the world could buy!

Combat, supplant, smother,
In a cent'ry of vandalism,
The vile, sedentary egoism
That on your soil arose.

Pygmies don't consent
To trace their future and glory,
For in the temple of memory
Miserly hands haven't entered.

Still your ground adorns
Itself in the virtue of august plants:
The germ to which it'd not hurt
The noble street to devolve into.

*Translator's Note for "The Destruction of Forests"*

Manuel de Araújo Porto-Alegre (1808 – 1879) was Baron of Santo Ângelo and a painter, caricaturist, poet, writer, architect, diplomat, and teacher. Author of two epic poems, *Brasilianas* and *Colombo*, he was often overlooked, though some scholars credit him for influencing many later poets including Raimundo Correia.

In this little slice of the "Canto III" of *Brasilianas* we get an early condemnation of the destructive influence of humanity on the environment. The clearing of forests wasn't even a novelty in 1860s Brazil, but this is one of, if not the earliest, works railing against it.

*Manuel de Araújo Porto-Alegre*

## A Destruição das Florestas

*Fragmento de "Canto III,"* Brasilianas

Nos teus rios diamantinos,
Nas tuas montanhas de ouro,
Se ajunta o maior tesouro,
Que o mundo pode invejar!

Nas tuas florestas virgens
Tens mil esquadras, mil pontes,
E nas entranhas dos montes
Tudo p'ra um mundo comprar!

Combate, suplanta, esmaga,
Num sec'lo de vandalismo,
O vil, sedento egoísmo,
Que no teu solo alçou.

A pigmeus não consintas
Traçar seu futuro e glória,
Que no templo da memória,
Mesquinha mão não entrou.

Ainda teu solo esmalta
Da virtude a planta augusta:
Com tal germe nada custa
À nobre estrada volver.

*Bernardo Villela*

## The People on the Cross

Alert, Brazil, alert!
Awaken from your heavy sleep
Open your eyes and you'll see
Your people sacrificed
By plague, famine, and war
Startled by everything.

Brazilians nowadays
Fight even to die,
Because after their death
Everything wants to gnaw on them,
Such that even the earth
Has nothing left to eat.

Hunger eats their flesh.
Work wastes their arms.
Then the government
Must hurry things along.
Customs, State, Intendancy
Each takes a piece.

The doctor charges for the prescription
The druggist for the remedy
The judge quickly confiscates
Some goods, if they had any
With one part remaining
The Intendant says, it's mine.

And so dies a Brazilian
Like a goat out in the rain,
He has a right to be taxed
And a paddling with kid gloves,
Families only inherit from them

The names of orphan and widow.

Dying a poor devil
If by chance leaving money
Even if leaving behind a child
This is not his heir
Only the judge, the registrar,
And the gravedigger are his heirs.

And the government well sees
Our cruel martyrdoms
They just have to mark us
Head to toe with a seal
They say in the morning one dies
At noon ten are born.

And they scream: "Go to the tax office!"
Whomever is sick dies
A hundred die, ten thousand are born
Brazil has a lot of people
Things are going well
Let the banquet proceed.

The government spoils the bread
Saying it didn't cost anything,
Money is found in the jungle,
It can be found on any street,
As if seeing a homeless man die
At the side of the road.

But the sad impoverished
Who hunger put an end to
They died, the Mayor says
"You can take the wretch."
The Gravedigger says: "I won't
Open the sepulchre for free."

These are the guarantees

That Brazilians contend with:
Being hungry while having bread,
Being poor while having money,
Being ordered by servants;
This causes despair.

How does the Brazilian live
With three taxes to pay
A body with three wounds
How can one escape that?
A being enslaved to three
Finishes himself off by working.

There're so many persecutions
The taxes that he pays
That a collector to the nation
Couldn't be a bigger plague
Like a rifle round that'll
Puncture or stifle.

There really is no one who withstands,
These taxes nowadays
The government says we must
"Do you want everyone to die in an hour
When the the north finishes itself
I'll put it out with the trash."

And if there's no winter,
Like the whole populace hopes for,
In Pernambuco there won't remain
Not even the husks of ruins,
Paraíba will be nothing
Rio Grande do Norte would despair.

Rio de Janeiro today
Looks like a big Duchy,
The rich laugh, the poor cry
Lamenting their state

The government says "I'm fine,
Everything is as it should be."

São Paulo is to the government
the pinnacle of creation,
I think it's like
The Field of Damnation,
That which Judas bought
With his traitorous silver.

Son of a political boss
Good thing he's not produced
The dad says, "My wife already
Has a soldier in her womb"
But before enlisting
I want him reformed.

That way, before being a house,
He can already be a ruin,
Or a cashew before a fruit,
Or a type of teleost,
That before being already was.

Our old Pernambuco
Has been unlucky for years,
Seeing that hour and the moment
That the capital left us
The government is counting
On throwing it in the trash.

Paraíba, poor thing!
Already lost all hope
It's like a doll in a child's clutches,
Does all the government bids
It bids but nothing suffices.

In the current day, the country
has become the Holy Cross!

It's like a moth
In the heat of fire or light,
The Brazilian is a worm,
The foreigner is wormseed.

Brazil today only serves,
Englishmen and soldiers,
Doctors, witches, and barbarians,
Most are downtrodden,
And that's how the world is
Situated for them.

The rich kill the poor,
They're not even imprisoned,
The Lawyer immediately says,
He killed him justifiably
If he spends a month in jail,
You should feel gratified.

*Translator's Note for "The People on the Cross"*

The cordel poetic tradition was brought from Portugal to the Brazilian colony, but took a decidedly Brazilian character during the 19th century in the northeastern region of the nation. literatura de cordel refers to poems generally narrative in content which ranged from current events, politics or folklore. They were published in pamphlet form on cheap paper, most running 8, 16 or 32 pages. The verses were typically written in sextets (ABCBDB); while the covers often featured a woodcut illustration.

Leandro Gomes de Barros was one of the most revered and renowned practitioners of cordel. While Barros wrote "O Povo na Cruz" in 1907 satirizing the Brazilian First Republic, as he was wont to do, a number of the themes and discontents explored within this text are relevant not only to modern-day Brazil but the world as a whole.

*Leandro Gomes de Barros*

## O Povo na Cruz

Alerta, Brasil, alerta!
Desperta o sono pesado
Abre os olhos que verás
Teu povo sacrificado
Entre peste, fome e guerra
De tudo sobressaltado.

O brasileiro hoje em dia
Luta até para morrer,
Porque depois dele morto
Tudo nele quer roer,
De forma que até a terra
Não acha mais que correr.

A fome come-lhe a carne
O trabalho gasta o braço
Depois o governo pega-o
Há de partir a compasso
Alfândega, Estado, Intendência
Cada um tira um pedaço.

O médico cobra a receita
O boticário a meizinha
O juiz confisca logo
Alguns bens se acaso tinha
Inda ficando uma parte
Diz a Intendência, é minha.

Assim morre o brasileiro
Como o bode exposto à chuva,
Tem por direito o imposto
E palmatória por luva,
Família só herda dele

Nome de órfão e viúva.

Morrendo um pobre diabo
Se acaso deixando dinheiro
Ainda deixando um filho
Este não é seu herdeiro
Só herda dele o juiz
O escrivão, o coveiro.

E o governo bem vê
Nossos martírios cruéis
Só é nos botar selo
Da cabeça até os pés
Diz de manhã morre um
Ao meio dia nascem dez.

E grita vá ao imposto
Morra quem estiver doente
Morrem sem nascem dez mil,
O Brasil tem muita gente
O tempo vai muito bem
Toca o banquete p'ra frente.

O governo estraga o pão
Dizendo não custou nada,
Dinheiro nasce no mato,
Acha-se em qualquer estrada,
Vendo o mendigo morrer
Como fosse ao pé da estrada.

Porque o pobre infeliz
A quem a fome deu cabo
Diz o prefeito morreu
Pode levar o diabo
Diz o coveiro: de graça
A sepultura não abro.

São essas as garantias

Que competem o brasileiro
Ter fome em cima do pão
Ser pobre tendo dinheiro
Ser mandado pelos servos
Isto causa desespero.

Como vive o brasileiro
Com três impostos a pagar
Um corpo com três feridas
Como assim pode escapar?
Um ser escravo de três
Se acaba de trabalhar.

São tantas as perseguições
Dos impostos que se paga
Que um fiscal p'ra nação
Não pode haver maior praga
É como bala de rifle
Onde vai fura ou esmaga.

Não há mesmo quem resista,
Estes impostos d'agora
Diz o governo que tem
Quer morra tudo em u'a ora
Quando o norte se acabar
Eu boto bagaço fora.

E se não houver inverno,
Como o povo todo espera,
De Pernambuco não fica
Nem os esteios de tapera,
Paraíba fica em nada
Rio Grande desespera.

O Rio de Janeiro, hoje
Parece um grande condado,
Ri-se o rico, chora o pobre
Lamentando e seu estado

Diz o governo eu vou bem,
Tudo vai do meu agrado.

São Paulo para o governo
É primor de criação,
Eu acho parecido
Com sítio da maldição,
Aquele que Judas comprou
Com o ouro da traição.

Filho de chefe político
Inda bem não é gerado
Diz o pai minha mulher
Já tem no ventre um soldado
Mas antes de sentar praça
Eu o quero reformado.

Assim antes de ser casa,
Já poderia ser tapera,
Ou caju antes da fruta,
Já a semente prospera,
Ou é raça de pescada
Que antes de ser já era.

Nosso Pernambuco velho
Há anos anda caipora,
Vendo-se a hora e a instante
Que a capital vai embora
O governo está marcando
Em botar-lhe o bagaço fora.

Paraíba, coitadinha!
Já perdeu toda esperança
É mesmo que uma boneca
Nas unhas d'uma criança,
Faz toda a suplica ao governo
Mais suplica e nada alcança.

Em que hoje está tornado
O país da Santa Cruz!
Está igual a mariposa
No calor do fogo ou luz,
O brasileiro é um verme,
O estrangeiro é mastruz.

O Brasil hoje só presta,
Para inglês, padre e soldado,
Médicos, feiticeiros e brabos,
O mais vive acabrunhado,
De forma que fica o mundo,
Por estes só situado.

O rico matando o pobre,
Nem se recolhe à prisão,
Diz logo o advogado,
Matou com muita razão
Se passa um mês na cadeia,
Tem a gratificação.

*Bernardo Villela*

## The Burial of Justice

In the theater of this world
That lives in a ruckus,
Everyone wants to best
Show off their role,
I, who am also an actor,
With the rights of a writer,
—which is my profession—
I peddle my empathy
To sell denunciations to the public
And to give my opinion.

Justice, my good sirs,
Was a Goddess and lived
In an Era where all the people
Believed in mythology;
The ancients loved her
Her portrait they painted
With a blindfold over her eyes…
Therefore…who was born blindfolded,
Already blinded, never saw anything
And fell in the briny deeps!…

In the era of lex talionis
Justice still lived,
Therefore, she, in that time
Was still a novice;
But the days ran by
And she went on ageing
And even became senile:
Many already didn't believe in her
And I guarantee that she
Is an idiot or crazy!

When Justice was alive
She pursued the assassin;
The man who killed another
Would meet the same end
Those who weren't hanged
Would be equally punished
So to serve as an example;
The thieves, malefactors,
Judases, seducers,
Did not remain unpunished.

So the peoples had rights,
That was yesterday, not today;
Which has the Ghost of Justice.
In fear crime escapes,
And bands of criminals
Now are so numerous
That they overshadow humanity!
They rob publicly
And today killing people
Isn't news anymore!

In olden times larcenists
Were named as thieves;
Never did one of these scoundrels
Avoid suffering imprisonment!
A burglar today is a hustler,
A thief is an artist,
He doesn't steal—he skims!
If this type finds a coffer
The proprietor suffers
Because that coward robs it.

Currently the false Goddess
Politics is predominant
This unbridled woman
Who's always a target of criticism,
The politician—assassin—

Is a vampire who sucks
The Life of the people, sip by sip;
When a government is changed
The people say, mistakenly:
"Maybe they won't skin me…"

When an elector
Wines and dines three candidates
Because they plotted
With promises and agreements;
And then after the election
He was in need,
And, quite bold-faced,
Asked the bosses for work
They worked him over
And threw him in jail!

He who's beaten today
Is who becomes a criminal
When he who beat him is hailed
As a miraculous saint,
If the unfortunate who was beaten
Complains to the police
He's beaten twice,
And if he doesn't remain silent,
Contrite and well behaved
Sometimes it doesn't stop at thrice.

A man who kills another,
In the process of stealing,
Need not hide himself,
Because it's easy to free himself;
Hit the old hag
And pull down her cheap stockings,
Buy four lawyers,
Those who are very jolly
For a twenty buy judges,
And buy jurors ten bucks apiece.

Whomever has a house today
And doesn't pay the mortgage,
Our Father—the government—
Will repossess it.
And the disgraced one
Will from his house be expelled,
Don't smile, remain serious,
Don't make faces,
If you don't want to go to jail
Or else to the cemetery.

The people say that rights
Should belong to the haves.
And I say that the people
Certainly don't think well,
Because those who have aren't needy.
You should give to the deserving
Of rights or of reason!...
Though I fall into an abyss,
I do not bend to despotism,
Nor do I love the God Million.

*Translator's Note for "The Burial of Justice"*

Francisco das Chagas Batista (1882 – 1930) was a practitioner of literatura cordel publishing hundreds of pamphlets in his lifetime, he was also an anthologist and editor of the form. He was a contemporary and friend of Leandro Gomes Barros.

As noted by editor André Seffrin in his anthology Revolta e Protesto na Poesia Brasileira this is a 'well delivered message to the institutions of power of today and always" as it speaks to both the zeitgeist of Brazil in 1912 but in many ways reflects broadly realities in 21st Century Brazil and many countries throughout the world especially in its closing.

*Francisco das Chagas Batista*

## O Enterro da Justiça

No teatro deste mundo
Que vive numa babel,
Cada tipo que melhor
Queira mostrar seu papel,
Eu, que também sou ator,
Com o direito de escritor,
—Que é minha profissão—
Minha pena fraca movo
Pra vender queixas ao povo
E dar minha opinião.

A justiça, meus senhores,
Era uma Deusa e vivia
No tempo em que todo povo
Cria na mitologia;
Os antigos a adoravam
O seu retrato pintavam
Com uma venda nos olhos...
Porém... quem nasceu vendada
Já cegou não vê mais nada
Caiu em fundos abrolhos!...

No tempo de Talião
Inda vivia a justiça,
Porém ela, nesse tempo,
Ainda era noviça;
Mas foram os dias correndo
E ela foi envelhecendo
Até que ficou caduca:
Muitos já não creem nela
E eu garanto que ela
É idiota, ou maluca!

Quando a justiça era viva
Perseguia ao assassino;
O homem que matasse outro
Teria um igual destino
Os que não fossem enforcados,
Seriam tão castigados
Que de exemplo serviriam;
Os ladrões, os malfeitores,
Os judas, os sedutores,
Impunes não ficariam.

Que os povos tinham direitos,
Isso era ontem, não hoje;
Que o fantasma da justiça.
Com medo do crime foge;
E os grupos de criminosos,
Hoje são tão numerosos
Que assombram a humanidade!
Rouba-se publicamente,
E hoje matar-se gente
Já não é novidade!

Antigamente os larápios
Tinham o nome de ladrão;
Nunca um desses patifes
Deixou de sofrer prisão!
Um gatuno hoje é um quenguista,
Um ladrão é um artista,
Não rouba—dá um desfalque!
Se esse tipo encontra um cofre
O proprietário sofre
Porque o medonho o saque.

Predomina atualmente
A falsa Deusa política
Essa mulher desbriada
Que é sempre o alvo da crítica,
O político—homicida—

É qual vampiro que a vida
Sorve ao povo, gole a gole;
Quando um governo é mudado
O povo diz, enganado:
—Talvez este não me esfole...

Eu já vi um eleitor
Chaleirar três candidatos
Porque eles cabalaram
Com promessas e aparatos;
Porém depois da eleição
Ele teve precisão,
E, com a cara muito feia,
Pediu um emprego aos chefes
Estes deram-lhe uns tabefes
E o botaram na cadeia!

Quem apanhar hoje em dia
É quem fica criminoso
Quando o que dá é mandado
Por um santo milagroso,
Se o infeliz que apanhar,
À polícia se queixar
Apanha a segunda vez,
E se não ficar calado,
Contrito e bem comportado
Vezes não apanha só três!...

O homem que matar outro,
Inda sendo pra roubar,
Não é preciso esconder-se
Porque é fácil se livrar;
Meta a mão na bruaca
E puxa meia pataca,
Compre quatro advogados,
Estes, que são mui felizes,
A vintém comprem juízes
E a dez réis comprem jurados.

Quem tiver hoje uma casa
E a décima não pagar,
Nosso Senhor—o governo—
Dela há de se apostar.
E ao ser o desgraçado
De sua casa expulsado,
Não sorria, fique sério,
Não faça nem cara feia,
Se não quer ir pra cadeia
Ou então pra o cemitério.

Diz o povo que o direito
Deve dar-se a quem o tem.
E eu digo que o povo
Por certo não pensa bem,
Pois, quem já tem não carece,
Deve dar-se á quem merece
O direito ou a razão!...
Embora eu caia no abismo,
Não me curvo ao despotismo,
Nem adoro ao Deus Milhão!

*Gerald Friedman*

## A Young Spain

*January, 1915*

…It was a time of lies, of infamy. All Spain
was made to dress in garb for Carnival festooned—
our wounded country, squalid and poor with drunken brain—
so that we could not place our hand upon the wound.

It was yesterday, and we were barely grown to men;
the weather was bad, pregnant with signs of coming gloom.
We wanted to ride bareback upon chimeras, when
the sea was sleeping, gorged with ships that met their doom.

We left in port the sordid galleon of yore
and in a ship of gold were pleased to launch out free
onto the open ocean, not waiting for a shore,
hurling the sails, anchors, and rudder to the sea.

Already through the depths of our dream—inheritance
of a century conquered shamefully that slipped from sight—
a dawn tried to break in; against our turbulence
it went to battle by the divine ideas' light.

But each one followed where their insanity was bound,
flexed their arm, and of their vigor gave clear sign,
dropped armor, like a polished mirror, on the ground,
and said, "Today is bad, but tomorrow…will be mine."

Today's that yesterday's tomorrow, and all Spain
with dirty tinsel from the Carnival festooned
we still have with us, squalid and poor, with drunken brain,
but on bad wine: the blood that's flowing from the wound.

Younger youth, if from the mountain's greatest height
the will should come to you, you shall embark on your
adventure wide awake, transparent to the light
divine, clear like a diamond, and like a diamond, pure.

*Translator's note*

The poem refers to the reform movement of the "Generation of '98" in response to Spain's defeat in the war against the United States, the movement in which the philosopher José Ortega y Gasset's book *Meditaciones del Quijote* [*Meditations on the Quixote*] and his lecture "Vieja y nueva política" ["Old and New Politics"], both from 1914, played a central role.

*Antonio Machado*

## Una España joven

*Enero, 1915*

Fue un tiempo de mentira, de infamia. A España toda
la malherida España de Carnaval vestida
nos la pusieron, pobre y escuálida y beoda,
para que no acertara la mano con la herida.

Fue ayer: éramos casi adolescentes; era
con tiempo malo, encinta de lúgubres presagios,
cuando montar quisimos en pelo una quimera,
mientras la mar dormía ahíta de naufragios.

Dejamos en el puerto la sórdida galera,
y en una nave de oro nos plugo navegar
hacia los altos mares, sin aguardar ribera,
lanzando velas y anclas y gobernalle al mar.

Ya entonces, por el fondo de nuestro sueño—herencia
de un siglo que vencido sin gloria se alejaba—
un alba entrar quería; con nuestra turbulencia
a luz de las divinas ideas batallaba.

Mas cada cual el rumbo siguió de su locura;
agilitó su brazo, acreditó su brío;
dejó como un espejo bruñido su armadura
y dijo: "El hoy es malo, pero el mañana... es mío".

Y es hoy aquel mañana de ayer... Y España toda,
con sucios oropeles de Carnaval vestida
aún la tenemos: pobre y escuálida y beoda;
mas hoy de un vino malo: la sangre de su herida

Tú, juventud más joven, si de más alta cumbre
la voluntad te llega, irás a tu aventura
despierta y transparente a la divina lumbre,
como el diamante clara, como el diamante pura.

*Gerald Friedman*

## The Ephemeral Tomorrow

Spain of the carnival band and tambourine,
fenced garden and sacristy,
devoted to Frascuelo and heaven's queen,
of motionless soul and spirit of mockery,
will have its marble and its day foreseen,
its poet, its infallible yet-to-be.
Tomorrow fathered by yesterday so vain
will be empty and—perhaps!—last a short while.
It will be a youth, reckless and inane,
a cloak that's tailored in bolero style,
in the fashion of the French realist,
a bit of pagan Paris of today,
and in the mode of Spain a specialist
in the vice that's just a hand's reach away.
Inferior Spain that prays and yawns asprawl,
rowdy and sad, the old and cheating kind,
inferior Spain that prays and charges blind
whenever it deigns to use its head at all,
it still will have a lengthy parturition
of men who love all sacred old tradition
and sacred manners not yet disappeared.
There will flourish the apostolic beard
and many a bald spot that on many a skull
will brightly gleam, catholic, venerable.
Tomorrow fathered by yesterday so vain
will be empty and—perhaps!—last a short while,
the shadow of a youth, reckless, inane,
a cloak that's tailored in bolero style,
the morrow of a vacant past will remain
hollow.  Like nausea that makes a drunk's head spin
with bad wine, a red sun puts a crown
of murky dregs on granite peaks, and in

the evening so pragmatic, saccharine,
a morn of indigestion's written down.
But now another Spain
is born, a Spain of chisel and of mace,
with that eternal youth that it can gain
from the massive past robustness of the race,
redemptive, adamant in its demand,
Spain that dawns to this age
with an ax held in its avenging hand,
Spain of the idea and of rage.

*Translator's note*

"Frascuelo" was the nickname of the famous bullfighter Salvador Sánchez Povedano (1842 – 1898).

*Antonio Machado*

## La mañana efímero

La España de charanga y pandereta,
cerrado y sacristía,
devota de Frascuelo y de María,
de espíritu burlón y de alma quieta,
ha de tener su mármol y su día,
su infalible mañana y su poeta.
El vano ayer engendrará un mañana
vacío y ¡por ventura! pasajero.
Será un joven lechuzo y tarambana,
un sayón con hechuras de bolero,
a la moda de Francia realista
un poco al uso de París pagano
y al estilo de España especialista
en el vicio al alcance de la mano.
Esa España inferior que ora y bosteza,
vieja y tahúr, zaragatera y triste;
esa España inferior que ora y embiste,
cuando se digna usar de la cabeza,
aún tendrá luengo parto de varones
amantes de sagradas tradiciones
y de sagradas formas y maneras;
florecerán las barbas apostólicas,
y otras calvas en otras calaveras
brillarán, venerables y católicas.
El vano ayer engendrará un mañana
vacío y ¡por ventura! pasajero,
la sombra de un lechuzo tarambana,
de un sayón con hechuras de bolero;
el vacuo ayer dará un mañana huero.
Como la náusea de un borracho ahíto
de vino malo, un rojo sol corona
de heces turbias las cumbres de granito;

hay un mañana estomagante escrito
en la tarde pragmática y dulzona.
Mas otra España nace,
la España del cincel y de la maza,
con esa eterna juventud que se hace
del pasado macizo de la raza.
Una España implacable y redentora,
España que alborea
con un hacha en la mano vengadora,
España de la rabia y de la idea.

*Connor Fisher*

## Matriarchs

Mama starts milk boiling.

She adores the dog's softness.

I made an image of her roost.

My sister caught her mink.

Mama caught me a scarf.

Mama signs her stein.

Mama, I'm missing you.

Eggs bite off a nomad's hand.

She hustles to the sand pit.

Her shadows fill with drops of purple.

*Connor Fisher*

## Mythos

Mama made herself from paper.

Legs are shadows in henna.

I ransack the sea.

The mail is golf.

Men are sinks.

I am the only vinegar.

Abdellatif Laâbi is a Moroccan poet, novelist, and translator. Born in 1942 in Fez, he studied French literature at the University of Rabat. In 1966 he founded the literary magazine Souffles, which quickly became a meeting place for numerous intellectuals and a place of criticism of the dictatorial regime of Hassan II. In 1972, he was arrested, tortured, and imprisoned, accused of having fomented a plot against the regime. He was sentenced to ten years in prison. In 1980 he was released and a few years later he left Morocco to move to France. Laâbi has published numerous works and been translated widely. He has four notable poetry collections with Le Castor Astral from 2018 and 2023 (*L'Espoir à l'arraché*, *Presque riens*, *La poésie est invincible*, and *La Terre est une orange amère*) [Hope, Won the Hard Way; Almost Nothings; Poetry is Invincible; and The Earth is a Bitter Orange] and *The Symphony of Resistance, selected poems by Abdellatif Laâbi*, translated by Guillemette Johnston and Allan Johnston (Shanti Arts, 2024). He has received numerous awards and honors both in France and abroad, including the French Prix Goncourt de la Poésie (Goncourt Prize for poetry) in 2009 and the Grand Prix de la francophonie (the Grand Francophone Prize) in 2011.
http://laabi.net/index.php/en/website-of-the-moroccan-writer-abdellatif-laabi/

Antonio Machado (1875 – 1939), a popular and critically admired poet, was born in Seville and grew up in Madrid. When he took the first job of his career as a French teacher, which was in the highland town of Soria, he shifted his focus somewhat from personal poetry (often memories, dreams, and self-analysis in dialogues with imaginary beings) to the Castilian landscape and rural people and to political, social, and philosophical themes. He had three great loves, it's said; his mother, his wife, and the minor literary figure Pilar de Valderrama. After his wife died of tuberculosis at eighteen, he left Soria and taught French in the remote Andalusian town of Baeza, then in Segovia, and finally in Madrid. In addition to poetry, he wrote articles on various subjects and collaborated on successful plays with his older brother, the poet Manuel Machado. Increasingly active in political writing on the Republican (left of center) side, he fled Franco's army and died in France after an arduous border crossing.

Bernardo Villela has short fiction included in periodicals such as *LatineLit* and in anthologies such as *There's More of Us Than You Know*. He's had original poetry published by Exist Otherwise among others and translations published by the likes of *Mantis* and *New Delta Review*. His first chapbook *The Prismatic Menagerie* was recently published by Ravens Quoth Press. You can find some of his other works here: https://linktr.ee/bernardovillela.

Birna Stefánsdóttir was born in 1994 in Reykjavík. She has a background in political science and graduated with a master's degree in writing in 2023. She has worked in journalism and other writing jobs, including for radio and publishing. *Örverpi* [Microbe] is her first book, for which Birna received the Tómas Guðmundsson Literary Award in 2023.

Christine Guinard is a French poet whose family fled Spain during La Retirada, when half a million people escaped Franco's army after the fall of Barcelona in 1939. This history continues to have a profound impact on Christine Guinard's work, especially in the collection from which these poems are taken, *Ils passent et nous pensent* [They pass through, and see through us], Unicité, 2023). A translator as well as a poet, musician, and filmmaker, she published the *Journal of a Catalan Refugee* in 2012. She has published eight poetry collections, including *Vous étiez un monde* [You Were a World] (Gallimard, 2023) and *White Song* (Unicité, 2026). She lives in Brussels and teaches French and classical languages at the École Européenne Lille Métropole.

Clara Burghelea is the author of two poetry collections: *The Flavor of The Other* (Dos Madres Press, 2020) and *Praise the Unburied* (Chaffinch Press, 2021). Her first poetry collection in translation, *The Clear Sky*, was published with Dos Madres Press in 2025.

Connor Fisher is the author of *A Renaissance with Eyelids* (Schism Press, 2024), *The Isotope of I* (Schism Press, 2021) and four poetry and hybrid chapbooks including *The Unholy Moon* (salò press, 2024). He has an MFA from the University of Colorado at Boulder and a PhD in Literature and Creative Writing from the University of Georgia. His writing has appeared in journals including *Denver Quarterly*, the *Yalobusha Review*, *Tammy*, *the Colorado Review*, *Word for/Word*, and *DIAGRAM*. He currently lives and teaches in northern Mississippi.

Dmitri Manin's published translations from English into Russian include works by G.M. Hopkins, Allen Ginsberg, and Ted Hughes. His English translations have appeared in journals including *Asymptote*, *AzonaL*, *Cagibi*, *Delos*, and *Metamorphoses*. His work is included in *Best Literary Translations* (Deep Vellum, 2024); two anti-war poetry anthologies, *Disbelief* (Smokestack Books, 2023) and *Dislocation* (Slavica Publishers, 2024); and Maria Stepanova's *Voice Over* (CUP, 2021). His translation of Nikolay Zabolotsky's *Columns* (ARC Publications, 2023) was shortlisted for the Northern California Book Award and ALTA First Translation Prize. He is the co-translator and co-editor of *Firefly in a Box: An Anthology of Soviet Kid Lit* (UPM, 2025).

Francisco das Chagas Batista (1882 – 1930) was a practitioner of literatura cordel. Publishing hundreds of pamphlets in his lifetime, he was also an anthologist and editor of the form. He was a contemporary and friend of Leandro Gomes Barros.

Gerald Friedman grew up in the suburbs of Cleveland, Ohio, and now teaches physics and math in Santa Fe, New Mexico. His poems have appeared in various journals: recently, *As It Ought To Be*, *Door Is A Jar*, *Rat's Ass Review*, and *Cold Moon Journal*. His translations from Machado have appeared in *Ezra*, *DIALOGIST*, *RHINO*, *Poet Lore*, *Book of Matches*, *The High Window*, and *Blue Unicorn*. You can read more of his work at https://jerryfriedman.wixsite.com/my-site-2.

Iryna Goyal is a literary translator working between Ukrainian and English with a degree in applied linguistics. She has translated exhibition catalogs, academic publications, and journalistic writing. Her literary portfolio includes more than twenty published book-length translations from English into Ukrainian, released by Ukrainian publishers; and five book-length translations from Ukrainian into English. She has also translated numerous essays, short stories, and prefaces. In addition to her translation work, she serves as an interpreter for a range of professional engagements. Most recently, she participated in the Translating Ukraine Summer Institute. Her current work focuses on introducing contemporary Ukrainian literature to English-speaking readers.

Leandro Gomes de Barros was one of the most revered and renowned practitioners of cordel. While Barros wrote "O Povo na Cruz" in 1907 satirizing the Brazilian First Republic, as he was wont to do, a number of the themes and discontents explored within this text are relevant not only to modern-day Brazil but the world as a whole.

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

Manuel de Araújo Porto-Alegre (1808 – 1879) was Baron of Santo Ângelo and a painter, caricaturist, poet, writer, architect, diplomat, and teacher. Author of two epic poems, *Brasilianas* and *Colombo*, he was often overlooked, though some scholars credit him for influencing many later poets including Raimundo Correia.

Mila Ilyina (alias Mio Grand) was born and lives in Moscow. A graduate of the Gorky Literary Institute, she is a poet, TV editor, artist, song lyricist, and prose writer. Her work has appeared in literary journals and short story collections.

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

Patrick Williamson is an English poet, translator from French and Italian, and translation studies researcher. He divides his time between Paris and Rome. His latest poetry collection is *Rattlebag* (Cyberwit.net, 2026). He has edited and translated two anthologies of poets from French-speaking Africa and the Arab World: Turn Your Back on the Night (The Antonym, 2023) and The Parley Tree (Arc Publications, 2012). He is the translator notably of Tahar Bekri, Gilles Cyr, Guido Cupani, and Erri de Luca (One way, The Antonym, 2024). His translations of poems from the French and Italian have appeared in AzonaL, Ezra, Metamorphosis, Circumference, and Transference. He is a longstanding collaborator, as author and translator, with Editions Transignum. He is also a member of the Italian association Linguafranca-Sabir and the European board of The Antonym.

Rostyslav Kuzyk is a Ukrainian poet, prose writer, and translator from Polish. He is the author of the poetry collection *Наприкінці світла* [At the Light's End] (2023) and four spoken-word poetry albums. His poems have appeared in numerous literary journals and anthologies and have been translated into English, French, Croatian, Polish, and Hebrew, though they have not yet been published in English. He translated Paulina Pidzik's poetry collection *входження в ліс* [Entering the Forest] into Ukrainian and his translations of other Polish poets have appeared in literary journals and anthologies. Kuzyk is the creator and host of the podcast *Поети. Поетки. Війна.* [Male and Female Poets. War.], co-founder of the literary collective Gran and the interdisciplinary poetry and visual arts project *Стихійні* [Spontaneous], and director of the Art Library in Lviv, where he lives and works.

Ștefan Manasia is a Romanian poet, journalist, and editor. He published seven volumes of poetry and had his poems translated in Hungarian, French, German, Polish, and Modern Hebrew. He is the author of a collection of essays and literary chronicles called *Stabilizatori de aroma* [The Aroma Stabilizer] and a short story collection, *Cronovizorul* [The Chronovisor]. His most recent poetry collection is *Sursele obscure* [The Obscure Sources] (2024).

Susanna Lang divides her time between Chicago and Uzès, France. Her translation of *Mes forêts* [My Forests] by Hélène Dorion is forthcoming from Book*Hug Press (https://bookhugpress.ca/shop/books/forthcoming/forthcoming-fall-2026/my-forests-by-helene-dorion-translated-by-susanna-lang/). Her translation of poetry by Souad Labbize, *My Soul Has No Corners*, is available from Diálogos Books (https://www.lavenderink.org/site/shop/my-soul-has-no-corners/?v=a906dcd34dae) and a new collection by Labbize, *Déboutonner la soie de ton silence* [Unfasten the silk of your silence], is available from Éditions des Lisières (2025). Her fourth full-length collection of poems, *This Spangled Dark*, is forthcoming from Cornerstone Press. Her poems, translations, and reviews have appeared in such publications as *The Common*, *Asymptote*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, *American Life in Poetry*, *Rhino Reviews*, *Mayday*, and *The Slowdown*. Her translations of poetry by Yves Bonnefoy include *Words in Stone* and *The Origin of Language* and she is now working with Hélène Dorion and Paola Pigani on new translations. More information is available at www.susannalang.com.

Tahar Bekri is a major figure in Tunisian and more generally North African poetry. Born at Gabès in Tunisia in 1951, he left Tunisia and its prisons in 1976, where he has lived ever since. He writes in French and Arabic and has published about thirty works (poetry, journals, essays, and art books). His poetry has been translated into various languages and is the subject of academic works and artistic creations. Honorary Associate Professor at Université de Paris X-Nanterre, he has won the *Prix international de la littérature francophone Benjamin Fondane* [Benjamin Fondane International Award for Francophone literature], 2018 and *Prix de Rayonnement de la langue et de la littérature françaises* [Prize for the Outreach and Diffusion of the French Language and Literature], Académie Française, 2019. Bekri's latest publications are *Je te revois, père: Une lettre d'exil au père, écrite avec la lumière de la poésie* [I See You Again, Father: A Letter of Exile to a Father, Written with the Light of Poetry] (Les Contemporains, 2026); *Mon pays, la braise et la brûlure* [My Country, the Embers and the Burning] (Les Poétiques, 2025); and *The Desert at Dusk* (Contramundum 2025; *Désert au crepuscule*, Al Manar, 2018) translated by Peter Thompson.

Tom Phillips is a UK-born writer, translator, and lecturer. Recent publications of his include a collection of his own Bulgarian-language poetry, *Автопортрет с тютюневи мустаци* [Self-portrait with Tobacco Moustache] (DA Poeziya, 2026) and two volumes of poetry in translation: of Geo Milev, *Once there was Spring* (Worple Press, 2025); and of Kristin Dimitrova, *A Moment Short of Perfection* (White Pine Press, 2026). He edited two volumes of the anthology *Balkan Poetry Today* (Red Hand Press, 2017 & 2018) and is a contributing editor to the Bulgata literary website and the literary journal *Contemporary Dialogues in Northern Macedonia*. He has taught creative writing and translation at universities in both the UK and Bulgaria.

Born in 1951, Tzotcho Boyajiev [Цочо Бояджиев] is a Bulgarian philosopher, poet and photographer. He has published more than a dozen collections of poetry (often incorporating his own photography) as well as an extensive range of philosophical works translated from Latin, Greek, and German. He has received three major national literary prizes and was named "most-read author of the decade" by Sofia City Library (2014 – 2024). A professor at Sofia University St Kliment Ohridski, he has an international reputation as a philosopher and is well-known in Bulgaria from his numerous TV appearances. The poems translated here are taken from a selected volume that formed the core of a theatre production based on his work at Sofia's Sfumato Theatre.