



Aldus,

a journal of translation

Issue 4, Spring 2013

If the dream is a translation of waking life, waking life is also a translation of the dream.

—*René Magritte*

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We grasp at articulation where it evades us—where the nuance of our experience exists outside the margins of our mother tongue's dictionary. We lay down idiom, brick by brick, constructing ideas until we realize our captivity—the wordsmith's walls elucidating and encasing our innermost expression. How can we hope to replicate the subtleties of lived thought and experience with as finite a tool as language? And yet, still we write; still we find some sense of tangency between the attempts of the written word and the workings of the human mind.

In this issue of *Aldus*, we offer works of translation as works of liberation; works liberated from the linguistic limitations of their original form—thoughts reimagined in the tongue of a separate time, culture, body politic. Those who speak many languages are said to

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

have a more acute sense of the difference between object and name, of the failure of words to depict the entirety of an object, of an idea, of being. As a journal, our goal is to transcend monolingual limitations. We attempt to break down linguistic barriers and, thus, gain a fuller sense of what exactly it is we're trying to say.

We encourage you to look through our translations as through fogged windows opening onto a foreign landscape, hinting at the overlap and disparity between linguistic planes. Use the translations we present as a means of restructuring thought, of organizing words in unfamiliar ways. This issue is a contemplation of the practice of translation, meant to raise more questions than answers. Enjoy!

Christopher Anderson & Elias Pitegoff
Editors

An Excerpt from a Novel

by Emil Szittya

Translated by
W. C. Bamberger

from the German

From *Die Haschischfilms des Zöllner Henri Rousseau Und Tatyana Joukof mischt die Karten (Ein Roman gegen die Psycho-Analyse)* [1915]

Der Morgen

1.

Und wieder das kalte Blaue in meinen Spiegel. Und wieder der uebelriechende Rhythmus. Es naht die Stunde des Buergers. In jedem kalten Blau moechte ich das von "mir zur Dir" zerreißen. Der Gestank von den Wagen, die in die Staedte Lebensmittel bringen, wuerzt meine Kammer. Jetzt erwartet das Geschaef alle Seelen. Und auch die Hunde bellen nicht mehr das naechtliche Grell.

2.

Jetzt muss man sich wieder waschen. Und ich hasse jeden Weg, den man zu Ende fuehren muss. Ich hasse das Immer—wieder—Buerger—werden.

From *The Hashish Films of Toll Collector Henri Rousseau and Tatyana Joukof Shuffles the Cards (An Anti-Psychoanalytic Novel)* [1915]

Morning

1.

And again the cold blue in my mirror. And again the foul-smelling rhythm. The hour of the bourgeois approaches. In each cold blue I want to tear up the “from me to you.” The stench of the cars that bring groceries into the cities seasons my room. The shops now await all souls. And the dogs are no longer barking their nightly harshness.

2.

Now one needs to wash again. And I hate every way that one must follow to the end. I hate to always become—again—bourgeois.

3.

Ich habe mich aus einem Kinofilm gestohlen. Jetzt spaziere ich am Seestrand. Und ich habe mir noch nicht Paragraphen zu recht geschnitten.

4.

Ich moechte gerne den Schmutz bis zum Ground auskosten. Ich werde vielleicht auch bald einen Selbstmordversuch begehen, weil es so schwer ist, sich vom Weg des Wahnsinns zu trennen. Ich glaubte immer, dass meine schoene Augen die Gnomgestalt retten. Set 3 Monaten hab ich das erste reine Hemd.

5.

Und manchmal tauchten auf aus meinem Traum die nervoes-traurigen Augen meiner Mutter, wie das herbstliche Bild von einem Spital. Und manchmal muss ich auch zynisch weinen wie ein Kind, das nach fremdem Spielzeug darbt. Ich habe viel von meinem Sohn und von einem langen weissen Bart getraeumt.

6.

Ich male meiner Traurigkeit grelle Plakate fuer beleuchtete baufaellige Haeuser. Mein Zeug ist eben abgedampft mit einer Fruehlingslandschaft. Es ist haesslich Clown zu sein.

W.C. BAMBERGER

3.

I have stolen myself from a film. Now I am strolling along the ocean shore. And I still have not edited my paragraphs into the proper order.

4.

Ideally I would like to make the most of the dirt from the ground. I will perhaps soon make a suicide attempt, because it is so hard to separate myself from the path of madness. I always believed that my handsome eyes save my Gnome-like form. 3 months ago I got my first clean shirt.

5.

And sometimes the nervous-sad eyes of my mother emerge from my dreams, like the autumnal picture of a hospital. And sometimes I have to cry as cynically as a child hungering for someone else's toys. I have often dreamed about my son, and about a long white beard.

6.

Out of my sadness I paint garish posters for illuminated dilapidated houses. My train has just steamed off with a spring landscape. It is hateful to be a clown.

Augen

1.

Wirbelwind. An der Metrostation wartet eine Hure; vielleicht kommt jemand mit dem letzten Zug. Ich liebe das schoene helle Rot, das alte Frauen vor Liebesfeste haben.

2.

Und wieder endlich eine Bruecke. Ich sprach mit meinen drei Schatten nachts halb 3 Uhr. Und ich hoere wieder alle Maerchen, die meine bleiche Mutter ueber Blumen auf dem Klavier spielte und ihr Weinen sagt: In der Weite huepfen einem, Zwerge und langbaertige Greise entgegen. Von der Weite haben sich Koenige ihre Narren geholt. In der Weite ist man oft dem Teufel begegnet. Und uin unserem Garten gibt es Sonne. Aber schwarze Tulpen ulken.

3.

Menschen mit breiten Samthosen und ziemlich viel Kot belauschen mich. In meinen Blau werde ich zu Porzellan, auf den man vor langen, langen Zeiten komische Figuren malte. Und das Zimmer beginnt mein Geruch zu sein.

4.

Ich traeeume jetzt wieder Landstrassen. Ich moecht etwas lesen, wobei man weinen muss. Jeden Tag hat man einen schoenen Gedanken, den einem ein dickes Weib oder ein blinzelnder Junge abguckt.

5.

Jetzt singe ich wieder ueber den Himmel. Ich haette fast vergessen, dass alte bucklige Weiber immer einen Kater besitzen.

Eyes

1.

Whirlwind. A whore waits at the metro station; perhaps someone is coming on the last train. I love the beautiful bright red that old women possess before celebrations of love.

2.

And finally again a bridge. I spoke with my three shadows at 2:30 at night. And I hear again and all the fairy tales that my pale mother played over flowers on the piano, and her crying says: In the distance dwarves and long-bearded old men are hopping toward you. From the distance Kings have won their fools. In the distance one often encounters the devil. There is sunlight in our garden. But black tulips joke there.

3.

I overhear people with wide velvet trousers and rather a lot of filth. Feeling blue, I turn to porcelain on which, long, long ago, someone painted comic characters. And the room begins to be my smell.

4.

Now I dream again about country roads. I would like to read something that would make me weep. Every day one has a beautiful thought that a fat woman or a winking boy copies.

5.

Now I'm singing again about the sky. I had almost forgotten that hunchbacked old women always have a tomcat.

6.

Und die Fabriksstaedte mit ihren dumpfen Gassen sind nun weit. Alles ist nur deshalb schlecht, weil wir zu wenig von dem blassen Blut tranken, in dem die Sonne starb.

7.

Ich bin wieder rein und ruhig wie die Legenden im Schlosssaal meiner Ahnen. Burgfrauen bewachen mich mit lieblich altmodische Gesten. Aber ich hab in meiner Kindheit Gesang ueber ein blau-weiss-rotes Schiff gehoert und unter dem Schatten der Akazien stand ein Maedchen in Schwarz. – Und vielleicht hatte doch das Lied meiner bleichen Mutter recht.

6.

And the factory towns with their dull streets are now far.
Everything is bad only because we drank too little of the pale
blood, in which the sun died.

7.

I am again pure and at peace like the legends in the castle hall
of my ancestors. Women of the castle guard me with lovely old-
fashioned gestures. But when I was a child I heard a song about
a red, white and blue ship and in the shade of the acacia trees
stood a girl in black. And perhaps my pale mother's song was
right after all.

“Simple”

by Pablo Neruda

Translated by
Jane Beal

from the Spanish

Esto es Sencillo

Muda es la fuerza (me dicen los árboles) y la profundidad (me dicen las raíces)
y la pureza (me dice la harina)

Ningún árbol me dijo “Soy más alto que todos.”

Ninguna raíz me dijo:
“Yo vengo de más hondo.”

Y nunca el pan ha dicho:
“No hay nada como el pan.”

Simple

“Mute is force,” the trees tell me, “and depth,” the roots tell me,
“and purity,” the wheat-flour tells me.

Not one tree says to me,
“I am taller than everyone.”

Not one root says to me,
“I come from a greater depth.”

And never has the bread said: “There is nothing like bread.”

“November”

by Margarita Ríos-Farjat

Translated by
Matthew Brennan

from the Spanish

Noviembre

Noviembre, Lili.
Cambiar la página del calendario rompió el collar de los días
y las perlas rodaron en el suelo del silencio.
Noviembre llegó sin luz
no podemos movernos, nos resbalamos entre las claras cuentas
que se traga la ostra negra de la noche.
A tientas andamos
y el caracol del oído nos levanta la mirada al murmullo de los otros como una brújula
que apunta a una cascada muy lejana.
Pero los párpados están cerrados
y las voces se disuelven como la espuma de un mar de lentas olas. Desde la oscura
orilla donde aguarda cada quién
se estiran las ramas del abrazo que no llega a ningún lado
se buscan otras manos, un refugio o ser refugio
pero somos sólo un mapa arrastrado al fondo de un naufragio,
un inexplicable mapa en blanco.
No nos alcanzamos,
y cerca intuimos la hiedra de sombras sobre un mes de hielo
y el aliento de la ostra esperando el movimiento en falso.
Nadie se atreve a encender la luz
deslumbrados, como estamos,
de oscuridad.
Nadie quiere todavía mirar el violento rastro
de noviembre y su paladar expuesto y negro,
y nadie quiere este legado de ausencia que nos ha colgado al cuello este collar que
no es sino un nudo desolado en la garganta.
Nadie abre los ojos, noviembre no tiene ojos.
Nadie se atreve a no mirarte, a saber que no estarás.

Y noviembre, Lili,
ha durado tanto.

MATTHEW BRENNAN

November

November, Lili.

Turning the calendar page broke the necklace of the days
and the pearls rolled down across the silent floor.

November came without light.

We can't move, we stumble among the beads
swallowed by the night's dark oyster.

We are lost in the dark

and the snails of our inner ears lift our gaze to the murmuring of others
like a compass that points to a far waterfall.

But the eyelids are closed

and the voices dissolve like the foam of a slow-waved sea.

From the dark shore where all of us are waiting,
the growing branches of an embrace arrive to nowhere
seeking other hands, seeking refuge or to be a refuge,
but we are only a wretched map taken to the bottom of a shipwreck,
a blank, indecipherable map.

We do not reach,

and nearby we sense the ivy of shadows over an icebound month
and the breath of the oyster awaiting a false step.

No one dares turn on the light
bedazzled, as we are,
of darkness.

No one is ready yet to witness the violent trace
of November and its dark, exposed palate,
and no one wants this legacy of absence that it has left hanging around our necks,
this necklace that is only a desolate lump in the throat.
No one opens their eyes, November has no eyes.
No one dares to look at you, and find you not there.

And November, Lili,
has lasted so long.

Selections from
La voz del oído

by Benito del Pliego

Translated by
Sam Carter

from the Spanish

From *La voz del oído*

— Te afanas en un proyecto sin conclusión ni meta y, cuando descubren tu afán, les gritas que están locos, estáis locos.

Yo misma digo que navegas sin rumbo y tú sonríes, chapoteando en el vacío.

—Dudas, te sientas al poniente a deshojar el día y piensas:
“Vuelvo como el sol al mismo sitio”.

Esperas de la rebelión un nacimiento y de la esperanza el fin de la angustia; pero llega la tarde y lo ves caer, y vuelves a deshojar el día.

—Palabras sin fondo, palabra sencilla; en ella cabe lo que resta al saber que en lo dicho no hay nada.

¿Oyes la sencillez de lo que habla?

SAM CARTER

From *La voz del oído*

—You toil in a project without end or goal and when they discover your eagerness, you yell at them that they're crazy, you all are crazy.

I say you sail without direction and you smile, splashing in the emptiness.

—You doubt, you sit at dusk to pluck off the petals of the day and think: "Like the sun, I return to the same place."

You expect from rebellion a birth and from hope the end of anguish; but the afternoon comes, you see it fall, and again you pluck off the petals of the day.

—Words without content, plain word; in it fits what remains of the knowledge that in the said there isn't anything.

Do you hear the simplicity of what speaks?

—El deseo que se instala en ti te multiplica; es agua que barniza
de sol los adoquines. Confúndete en el resplandor que ciega y
haz de la calle y de tus ojos agua donde tu deseo habita.

—Más elocuente que tu voz, tu gesto; y más que un gesto tuyo, tu
presencia —que contiene el gesto de tus gestos.

De tu hablar, tu duda; de tu seguridad, su corte súbito. Un
balbuceo dice más que mil palabras.

—Me repito, vuelvo sobre las palabras como vuelven sobre sí las
estaciones.

La certeza es responder como quien nada entiende, como si
nunca antes hubiese habido respuesta.

—Un ciclo más breve que el vaivén con el que dice adiós tu mano,
en él oscila tu sentir como en un largo viaje.

Principio y fin, puntos iguales; vacilas y en la vacilación te
diferencias. En esta voz, no más, te identificas.

SAM CARTER

—The desire settling down in you multiplies you; it's water burnishing the cobblestones with sun. Disappear in the blinding glare and turn the street and your eyes into water where your desire lives.

—More eloquent than your voice, your gesture; and more than a gesture of yours, your presence — which contains the gesture of your gestures.

From your talking, your doubt; from your security, its sudden interruption. Babbling says more than a thousand words.

—I repeat myself, coming back to the words like the seasons come back to themselves.

Certainty is responding as someone who understands nothing, as if there had never been an answer before.

—A cycle shorter than the waving of your hand saying goodbye: in it your feeling oscillates like on a long trip.

Beginning and end, equal points; you hesitate and in the hesitation you distinguish yourself. In this voice, and nothing else, your identity appears.

An experimental translation
of Catullus CI

by Beatrix Chu

from the Latin

CI.

Multas per gentes et multa per æquora uectus
aduenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias,
ut te postremo donarem munere mortis
et mutam nequiquam alloquerer cinerem,
quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum,
heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi.
nunc tamen interea hæc prisco quæ more parentum
tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias,
accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
atque in perpetuum, frater, aue atque uale

CI. Odd death offerings

Through many peoples and through many waters a vector
I drew, now here at these miseries, brother, odd death offerings,
at last I'll give glum gifts to you mortal,
mute sings, I'll sing anyhow anyway.
Since fortune, up, stole you up from me—sssooom
phew miserable, indigent brother, odd, empty me,
now two men, here these that please parents' mores,
tradition, glum gifts, odd death offerings,
accept them, brother, flowing tears
fill forever, brother, always odd way wah lay

Translators Note:

This translation was written after reading others that made me want to create my own. Among more conservative translations were two highly experimental ones, Anne Carson's *Nox* and Louis Zukofsky's 101. *Nox* is a beautiful book about the difficulty of translating a poem and a life (it is an elegy for her brother). Many of the words that I use in this translation are packed with meaning in Carson's much fuller work. Zukofsky's translation intrigued me because he relies heavily on homophonic techniques of translation. I appreciate the sounds of the Latin and was happy to read an attempt their preservation. I chose not to translate the poem completely phonetically however. I find the method more powerful when it forces us to seek meaning in phrases of sounds, in the last line for example, among an otherwise comprehensible set of words. It was also important to me that the meaning of the poem remain discernable. The Latinate roots of English enables the translation to emphasize the interest of sounds. "Vale" translates literally to goodbye or farewell, but those words don't have the same short, simple impact that "vale" does. Because the poem itself is clearly a goodbye, I just chose to keep the sounds of that word, which evoke the sorrow and near awkwardness that x feels in the face of death. Translating that word phonetically has interesting results on the meaning too, resembling how we might write a sigh or a wail. "Lay" also suggests the state of lying dead. As well as retaining some of the sounds of the Latin words individually, I intended to preserve the syntax of the Latin as much as possible, which is evident by my use of punctuation.

Selected Poems

by Nikolai Gumile &
Marina Tsvetaeva

Translated by
Teresa Mei Chuc

from the Russian

Жираф

Сегодня, я вижу, особенно грустен твой взгляд,
И руки особенно тонки, колени обняв.
Послушай: далёко, далёко на озере Чад
Изысканный бродит жираф.

Ему грациозная стройность и нега дана,
И шкуру его украшает волшебный узор,
С которым равняться осмелиться только Луна,
Дробясь и качаясь на влаге широких озёр.

Вдали он подобен цветным парусам корабля,
И бег его плавлен, как радостный птичий полёт.
Я знаю, что много чудесного видит земля,
Когда на закате он прячется в мраморный грот.

Я знаю весёлые сказки таинственных стран
Про чёрную деву, про страсть молодого вождя,
Но ты слишком долго вдыхала тяжёлый туман,
Ты верить не хочешь во что-нибудь, кроме дождя.

И как я тебе расскажу про тропический сад,
Про стройный пальмы, про запах немислимых трав...
Ты плачешь? Послушай... далёко, на озере Чад
Изысканный бродит жираф

Giraffe

Today, I notice your countenance is especially sad,
And your arms, wrapped around your knees, are especially thin.
Listen: far, far away on Lake Chad,
delicately wanders a giraffe.

He is blessed with grace, harmony and bliss.
And his coat is decorated with a magical pattern
that only the moon dares to rival.
Pounding and rocking on the wide wet lake.

From a distance, he resembles the colored sails of a ship,
And running, he floats like the joyful flight of a bird.
I know that the earth sees many miracles
when, at sunset, he hides in a marble cave.

I know cheerful tales of mysterious lands,
About a black maiden, a young chief's passion,
But you have, for too long, breathed in heavy fog,
You refuse to believe in anything but rain.

And how can I tell you about tropical gardens,
about slender palms, about the scent of unimaginable herbs...
Are you crying? Listen...far, far away on Lake Chad,
delicately wanders a giraffe.

from **Ученик**

6.

Все великолепье

Труб – лишь только лепет

Трав – перед Тобой.

Все великолепье

Бурь – лишь только щебет

Птиц – перед Тобой.

Все великолепье

Крыл – лишь только трепет

Век – перед Тобой.

— *Marina Tsvetaeva*

from **Student**

6.

All the magnificence of
Trumpets — is the murmur of
Grass — before you.

All the magnificence of
Storms — is the chatter of
Birds — before you.

All the magnificence of
Wings — is the flutter of
Eyelids — before you.

Three Excerpts

by Jón Thoroddsen

Translated by
Christopher Crocker

from the Icelandic

Hjónaband

Hún er að gifta sig, og ég er boðinn í veisluna. Hafið þið nokkurn tíma heyrt aðra eins ósvífni?
En þeim skal ekki verða kápan úr því klæðinu.

Heiðruðu brúðhjón!

Ég get ekki talað af eigin reynd, og verð því að styðjast við reynslu annarra. Og þá er ekki í kot vísað, þar sem eru vorir ágætu forfeður.

Kóngur er í herferð, og stjúpán lokkar kóngssoninn út í veglausan skóg. Þau koma í rjóður, og í rjóðrinu er kista. Á botni hennar glampar og gljáir forkunnarfagur hringur. Kóngssonurinn ágirnist hringinn, og hver láir honum það?

Stjúpan kinkar kolli.

Velkomið, ef þú nennir að ná honum.

Kóngssonurinn teygir sig, en kistan dýpkar. Kóngssonurinn teygir sig.

Stjúpan hrindir honum á höfuðið, og skellir kistunni í lás.

Og þarna má kóngssonurinn dúsa.

En hringurinn?

Það getur verið, að hann sé úr gulli, en oftast er hann ekki gull, þó að hann seljist sem gull.

En það getur verið, að hann sé úr gulli.

Ég þori ekki að fortaka það.

Marriage

She is getting married, and I'm invited to the party. Have you ever heard of such cheek?

But they can't pull the wool over my eyes.

Cheers to the bridal couple!

I'm not able to speak from my own experience, and am thus left to rely on the experience of others. And they really know how to roll out the welcoming mat, there in the land of our esteemed ancestors.

A King is away on a campaign, and the Step-mother lures the King's son out into a pathless forest. They come to a clearing, and in the clearing there is a chest. At its bottom, gleams and shines an outstandingly beautiful ring. The King's son longs for the ring, and who can blame him?

The Step-mother nods her head.

Your welcome to it, if you care to take it.

The King's son stretches out, but the chest deepens. The King's son stretches out.

The Step-mother pushes him in, head first, and slams the chest shut.

And there the King's son must stay.

And the ring?

It could be gold, but often it's not gold, although it's sold as gold.

But it could be gold.

I wouldn't dare refute it.

Ástarsaga

Ég er ung stúlka, sem dansa eftir veginum og syng. Þegar ég mæti honum, hætti ég og hlæ.

Hvers vegna hætti ég og hlæ?

Ég dansa eftir veginum og syng. Þegar ég mæti honum, hætti ég og hlæ.

Hvers vegna hættið þér að syngja?

Ég veit það ekki.

Hvers vegna hlæið þér?

Ég veit það ekki.

En ég veit það. Þér eigið gimstein, sem þér ætlið að gefa.

Ég dansa eftir veginum og syng. Áður en ég mæti honum, sný ég við og flýti mér. Hann nær mér og réttir fram hendurnar:

Gimsteininn.

Ég skil yður ekki.

Þér elskið mig.

Hann tekur utan um mig og kyssir mig.

Hann tók utan um mig og kyssti mig.

Ég er gömul kona, sem geng eftir veginum og græt. Ég mæti honum aldrei oftar.

Hvers vegna geng ég eftir veginum og græt?

Ég á gimstein, sem ég get ekki gefið.

CHRISTOPHER CROCKER

Love Story

I am a young girl who dances along the road and sings. When I
meet him, I stop and laugh.
Why do I stop and laugh?

I dance along the road and sing. When I meet him, I stop and
laugh.
Why do you stop singing?
I don't know.
Why do you laugh?
I don't know.
But I know. You have a jewel that you plan to give away.

I dance along the road and sing. Before I meet him, I turn
quickly. He grabs me and holds out his hands.
The jewel.
I don't understand.
You love me.
He puts his arms around me and kisses me.
He put his arms around me and kissed me.

I am an old woman, who walks along the road and cries. I never
meet him anymore.
Why do I walk along the road and cry?
I have a jewel that I can't give away.

Promeþeys
(Brot)

I.

Stormur og illviðri, skógarnir nötra. Flóðgáttir himinsins eru allar opnar. Þrumur og eldingar öðru hvoru.

Í litlu rjóðri liggja menn, konur og börn í einni kös. Mennirnir yst, börnin innst. Öll eru þau klædd í skinn, en skjálfa þó af kulda. Mennirnir halda um óhöggna viðarlurka og skima í allar áttir með angist og árvekni. Úti í skóginum ýlfra úlfar.

Þetta eru náttúrunnar börn, glöð þegar nóg er að éta og sólin skín, hrædd og hnípin þegar myrkur og kuldi setjast að völdum.

Sálir þeirra eru auðar og tómar, en stundum kasta þeir sér þó til jarðar í ótta og lotningu fyrir leyndardóminum mikla.

Maður kemur inn í rjóðrið. Hann heldur á logandi kyndli. Fjöldinn rís upp og undrast.

Maðurinn hefur upp kyndilinn. Sigurbros leikur um varir hans. Hann storkar guðunum.

Himneski harðstjóri, hrópar hann. Sjá, ég heg hrifsað vopnið úr höndum þér. Þig höfum við tilbeðið. Þér höfum við lotið. Eigðu nú sjálfur þína himna. Ég er konungur jarðarinnar.

En þegar hann mælir þetta, kemur elding af himnum ofan, og lýstur maðinn til bana.

II. Promeþeys bundinn

Uppi í Kákasusfjöllum liggur Promeþeys í fjötrum.

Mennirnir beisla náttúruöflin, og verða þeim undirgefnir.

Mennirnir smíða vélar og stjórna þeim. Sjálfir eru þeir vélar, sem þeir kunna ekki að stjórna.

Mennirnir eigna sér alla hluti. Sjálfa sig eiga þeir ekki.

Prometheus
(Fragments)

I.

Amidst the stormy weather the forests shake. All of the flood-gates of heaven are open, and there is erratic thunder and lightning.

In a small clearing, men, women and children lie in a heap, with the men on the outside and the children innermost. They are all dressed in furs, but still they shiver from the cold.

The men think about the uncut wooden clubs and look out in all directions in anguish and vigilance. Out in the forest the wolves are howling.

They are children of nature, happy when there is enough to eat and the sun is shining, scared and sad when the darkness and cold takes over.

Their souls are deserted and empty, but sometimes they throw themselves on the ground in fear and veneration of the great secret.

A man comes into the clearing. He is holding a burning torch.

The people rise up in wonder.

The man holds up the torch and a triumphant smile crosses his lips. He defies the gods.

Heavenly tyrant, he shouts. Look, I have snatched the weapon from your hand. You to whom we pray. You before whom we bow. Now keep heaven for yourself. I am the king of the earth.

But as he says these words, lightning flashes down from the heavens, and strikes the man, killing him.

II. Prometheus bound

High up in the Caucasus Mountains Prometheus lies in chains.

Men harness the forces of nature, and they become submissive.

They build machines and control them, but are themselves machines that they are unable to control.

They claim everything, even though they don't possess themselves.

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Mennirnir krjúpa á kné og hugsa um jarðnesk og himnesk hlutabréf. Þetta er þeim leyndardómurinn mikli.

Mennirnir opna gnægtabúr náttúrunnar. Hún ofmettar líkama þeirra, ástríður og skynsemi. En sálir þeirra svelta.

Mennirnir eignuðust eldinn. En allt, sem eldurinn hefur skapað, er orðið að hlekkjum.

III. Promeþevs leystur

Uppi í Kákasusfjöllum liggur Promeþevs í fjötrum. Hann liggur í kross, og hlekkir hans eru úr járni og gulli. Og járníð er atað blóði. Örninn situr á bringu hans, og heggur lifur hans dag og nótt.

Ungur, fallegur maður fer að hitta Promeþevs. Hann vorkennir honum og spyr: Viltu að ég leysi þig?

Og Promeþevs segir já.

Maðurinn horfir á örninn, og örninn hefur sig til flugs. Síðan leggur maðurinn höndina á herðar Promeþevs og segir: Fylgdu mér.

Og Promeþevs stendur upp og fylgir honum.

Þeir ganga lengi yfir urðir og auðnir. Að lokum koma þeir að eyðilegri hæð. En þá er maðurinn horfinn.

Promeþevs verður litið upp á hæðina. Hann sér kross, sem ber við himin, og á krossinum hangir sá, sem leysti hann.

Promeþevs segir: Þú ert sjálfur í fjötrum.

Já, ég er sjálfur í fjötrum.

Mig gastu leyst. Sjálfan þig geturðu ekki leyst. Hvernig á ég að skilja það?

Ég elska mennina.

Ég skil þig ekki.

Þú varst í fjötrum, af því að þú elskaðir sjálfan þig. Ég hangi á krossi, af því ég elska aðra. Promeþevs, Promeþevs, leystu mig. Stígðu upp á krossinn og leystu mig.

CHRISTOPHER CROCKER

They fall to their knees and think about the earthly and the heavenly shares. This is their great secret.

They open the bountiful pantry of nature. It over satiates their bodies, passions and reason, but their souls are starving.

They possessed fire, but everything that the fire created became chains.

III. Prometheus loosened.

High up in the Caucasus Mountains Prometheus lies in chains. He lay crosswise in chains made of iron and gold. And the iron is covered in blood. The eagle sits on his chest, chewing at his liver day and night.

A beautiful young man goes to meet Prometheus. He pities him and asks: Do you want me to free you?

And Prometheus says yes.

The man looks at the eagle, and the eagle takes flight. Then the man puts his hand on Prometheus' shoulder and says: follow me.

And Prometheus stands and follows him.

They walk along rocky slopes and deserts. In the end they come to a desolate hill. But there the man vanishes.

Prometheus looks to the top of the hill. He sees a cross standing against the sky, and on the cross hangs the man that had freed him.

Prometheus says: You yourself are in chains.

Yes, I myself am in chains.

You could free me, yet you are unable to free yourself. How can this be?

I love men.

I don't understand.

You were in chains because you loved yourself. I hang on a cross because I love others. Prometheus, Prometheus, unbind me. Rise up on this cross and unbind me.

An excerpt from
Candide

by Voltaire

Translated by
Sheri Jane Freestone

from the French

Chapitre Premier

*Comment Candide fut élevé dans un beau château, et comment
il fut chassé d'icelui*

Il y avait en Westphalie, dans le château de M. le baron de Thunder-ten-tronckh, un jeune garçon à qui la nature avait donné les mœurs les plus douces. Sa physionomie annonçait son âme. Il avait le jugement assez droit, avec l'esprit le plus simple ; c'est, je crois, pour cette raison qu'on le nommait Candide. Les anciens domestiques de la maison soupçonnaient qu'il était fils de la sœur de monsieur le baron et d'un bon et honnête gentilhomme du voisinage, que cette demoiselle ne voulut jamais épouser parce qu'il n'avait pu prouver que soixante et onze quartiers, et que le reste de son arbre généalogique avait été perdu par l'injure du temps.

Monsieur le baron était un des plus puissants seigneurs de la Westphalie, car son château avait une porte et des fenêtres. Sa grande salle même était ornée d'une tapisserie. Tous les chiens de ses basses-cours composaient une meute dans le besoin ; ses palefreniers étaient ses piqueurs ; le vicaire du village était son grand aumônier. Ils l'appelaient tous monseigneur, et ils riaient quand il faisait des contes.

Madame la baronne, qui pesait environ trois cent cinquante livres, s'attirait par là une très grande considération, et faisait honneurs de la maison avec une dignité qui la rendait encore plus

Chapter One

How Candide was raised in a beautiful castle and how he was kicked out

In Westphalia, in the castle of the baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, there lived a young boy who was naturally good-natured, with a face that betrayed the tenderness of his soul. He could judge well enough between right and wrong, and was pure of mind and spirit. It is for this reason, I believe, that he was named Candide. The former servants of the house suspected that he was the son of the baron's sister and a good, honest gentleman who lived in the neighborhood. The young lady, however, never wanted to marry him, because he was only able to prove seventy-one percent of his nobility, and the rest of his family tree had been lost over time.

The baron was one of the most powerful noblemen in Westphalia, because his castle had a door and windows, and his main room was even decorated with a tapestry. The dogs in his courtyard were badly malnourished, the ones who took care of his animals were also the ones who killed them, and the village vicar served as his grand chaplain. They all addressed him as "Your Highness," and laughed when he told elaborate stories.

The baroness weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds - the sheer size alone bestowing upon her a great deal of esteem - and the dignity with which she ran the household made her even

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more respectable. Her daughter, Cunégonde, was seventeen years old, full of life, charismatic, and pleasingly plump. The baron's son resembled his father in every way. Pangloss, the royal tutor, was the voice of authority in the house, and little Candide listened to every word as if it were gospel.

Pangloss taught metaphysical-theological-cosmology. He flawlessly proved that everything happens for a reason, and that, in this best of all possible worlds, the castle of his Highness, the baron, was the most beautiful of all castles, and his mistress, the best baroness that anyone could ever have.

"It is clear," he said, "that things can't be otherwise, for if everything is made for an end, everything is necessarily for the best end. Noses were obviously made to wear glasses, and therefore we have glasses. Legs were undoubtedly meant to be covered, and that's why we have stockings and socks and shoes. Rock was put on the earth to be cut and used to build castles, and so his Highness has owned a very beautiful castle, for the greatest baron in the province should have the best accommodations. And since pigs were designed to be eaten, we eat pork all year round. So it follows that those who have said that everything is good have spoken foolishly, for one must say that everything is for the best."

Candide listened attentively, innocently believing, for he found Miss Cunégonde to be extremely beautiful, though he had never had the courage to tell her. He concluded that after being fortunate enough to be born the baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, the second best thing was to be Miss Cunégonde, the third would be to see her every day, and the fourth was to listen to Master Pangloss, the greatest philosopher in the province, and therefore in all the land. One day, while strolling around the castle grounds, Cunégonde ventured into the small woods that they called park. It was there that she saw Doctor Pangloss, through the vegetation, giving a lesson on experimental physics to her mother's chambermaid, a small brown-haired girl who was very pretty and very obedient.

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Since Miss Cunégonde had quite the disposition for science, she observed the repeated experiments, hardly daring to breathe so that she might catch every detail. She could easily see the doctor's underlying rationale of cause and effect, and she turned around, bustling with excitement, deep in thought, and full of desire to be a learned person, for if she could be learned, and Candide could be taught, it follows that she could have been made for him, and likewise he for her.

While heading back to the castle, she came upon Candide and blushed. Candide blushed as well. Her voice cracked when she said hello, and Candide started talking without actually knowing what he was saying. The next day when they left the table after dinner, Cunégonde and Candide found themselves behind a folding screen. Cunégonde let her handkerchief fall to the floor, and Candide picked it up. She innocently took his hand, and the young man gently kissed the hand of the young lady with such vivacity, such tenderness, and such grace. Their lips met, their eyes lit up, their knees trembled, and their hands strayed. At this moment the baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh passed by the folding screen, and seeing this sort of cause and effect, drove Candide out of the castle with swift kicks in the behind. Cunégonde fled, but was slapped by the baroness as soon as she returned. And the whole affair was never spoken of again in the most beautiful and charming castle there ever was.

Chapitre Second

Ce que devint Candide parmi les bulgares

Candide, chassé du paradis terrestre, marcha longtemps sans savoir où, pleurant, levant les yeux au ciel, les tournant souvent vers le plus beau des châteaux qui renfermait la plus belle des baronnettes ; il se coucha sans souper au milieu des champs entre deux sillons ; la neige tombait à gros flocons. Candide, tout transi, se traîna le lendemain vers la ville voisine, qui s'appelle Valdberghoff-trarbk-dikdorff, n'ayant point d'argent, mourant de faim et de lassitude. Il s'arrêta tristement à la porte d'un cabaret. Deux hommes habillés de bleu le remarquèrent : « Camarade, dit l'un, voilà un jeune homme très bien fait, et qui a la taille requise. » Ils s'avancèrent vers Candide et le prièrent à dîner très civilement. « Messieurs, leur dit Candide avec une modestie charmante, vous me faites beaucoup d'honneur, mais je n'ai pas de quoi payer mon écot. — Ah ! monsieur, lui dit un des bleus, les personnes de votre figure et de votre mérite ne payent jamais rien : n'avez-vous pas cinq pieds cinq pouces de haut ? — Oui, messieurs, c'est ma taille, dit-il en faisant la révérence. — Ah ! monsieur, mettez-vous à table ; non seulement nous vous défrayerons, mais nous ne souffrirons jamais qu'un homme comme vous manque d'argent ; les hommes ne sont faits que pour se secourir les uns les autres. — Vous avez raison, dit Candide : c'est ce que M. Pangloss m'a toujours dit, et je vois bien que tout est au mieux. » On le prie d'accepter quelques écus, il les prend et veut faire son billet ; on n'en veut point, on se met à table : « N'aimez-vous pas tendrement ?... — Oh ! oui, répondit-il, j'aime tendrement Mlle Cunégonde. — Non, dit l'un de ces messieurs, nous vous demandons si vous n'aimez pas tendrement le roi des Bulgares. — Point du tout, dit-il, car je ne l'ai jamais vu. — Comment ! c'est le plus charmant...

Chapter Two

What became of Candide among the Bulgarians

Candide, kicked out of his earthly paradise, walked for a long time without knowing where he was going, crying, lifting his eyes to the sky, and turning around often to look at the most beautiful castle that held the most beautiful baronetess of all. He slept, without having eaten, in the middle of a field that lay between two furrows, where thick snowflakes fell all around him. The next day, feeling chilled to the bone, Candide turned himself towards the neighboring town of Valdberghoff-trarbk-dikdorff. He had absolutely no money, was dying of hunger, and was lacking the will to go on. He stopped, full of despair, at the door of a cabaret, where he was seen by two men dressed in blue.

“Comrade, look!” said one of them. “There’s a strapping young man who looks like the right size.” They walked towards Candide, politely requesting that he join them for dinner.

“Good sirs,” said Candide quite modestly, “you do me a great honor, but I have no means to pay for my meal.”

“Ah, but sir!” said one of the men in blue. “People of your build and character should never have to pay for anything. You’re about five feet five inches tall, right?”

“Yes, sirs, that is my height,” he said, bowing slightly.

“Please, sir, sit down at the table, and we’ll pay for your food. But we would never allow a man like you to go without money, for that is what men are made to do - to help each other.”

“You’re right,” said Candide. “That’s what Mr. Pangloss always told me, and I can see now that everything is for the best.”

They implored him to take some money, which he did, fully intending to pay for his meal, but they wouldn’t have it.

“Are you fond of...?” they started to say as they sat down at the

table.

"Oh, yes!" he replied. "I am very fond of Miss Cunégonde."

"No," said one of the men, "we were asking if you are fond of the king of Bulgaria."

"Not at all," he said, "because I've never met him."

"Really? He is the most gracious of all kings, and you must drink to his health!"

"With pleasure, good sirs," and he drank.

"That's enough," they told him. "And now, you will help him, support him, and defend him, for he is the hero of the Bulgarians. Your fortune is made, and your glory is assured."

They immediately put him in shackles and enlisted him in the army. They made him turn to the right, turn to the left, raise his ramrod, return his ramrod, aim his rifle, fire his rifle, and march in double-time. When he was done, they hit him thirty times with a baton. The next day he did the exercises a little better, and he was only hit twenty times. The day after that he was hit ten times, and all of his comrades considered him a prodigy.

Candide was completely astonished and didn't really understand why he was a hero. One beautiful day in the spring, he decided to go for a stroll, walking straight in front of him, and believing it was a privilege for humans, as well as animals, to be able to use their legs as they please. He had only gone about three miles when he came upon four other heroes, all about six feet tall, who attacked him, tied him up, and put him in a dungeon. In accordance with the law, they asked him if he would rather be flogged thirty-six times by each member of the regiment, or receive twelve bullets to the brain straight away. He argued that man has free will, and that he didn't want either one, but he had to make a choice. So, by virtue of the gift from God that we call freedom, he decided to take the beating. The regiment was made up of two thousand men; he endured two of the thirty-six passes, making a total of four thousand times he had

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been hit. Each blow began to reveal the muscles and nerves under his skin, all the way from the nape of his neck down to his backside. As they were getting ready to start the third go-around, Candide couldn't take anymore. He pleaded for someone to be kind enough to hit him over the head and was granted this favor. They then blindfolded him and set him on his knees. The king of Bulgaria passed by at that moment and inquired about the prisoner's crime. Now the king was extremely intelligent, and after all the things he had learned about Candide, he understood that this was a young metaphysician, completely ignorant of worldly matters, so he pardoned him with a compassion that will be praised and recounted until the end of time. A respected surgeon cured Candide in three weeks using emollients developed by Dioscorides. He already had a little bit of skin and could walk when the king of Bulgaria waged war against the king of the Abares.

Chapitre Troisième***Comment Candide se sauva d'entre les bulgares, et ce qu'il devint***

Rien n'était si beau, si leste, si brillant, si bien ordonné que les deux armées. Les trompettes, les fifres, les hautbois, les tambours, les canons, formaient une harmonie telle qu'il n'y en eut jamais en enfer. Les canons renversèrent d'abord à peu près six mille hommes de chaque côté ; ensuite la mousqueterie ôta du meilleur des mondes environ neuf à dix mille coquins qui en infectaient la surface. La baïonnette fut aussi la raison suffisante de la mort de quelques milliers d'hommes. Le tout pouvait bien se monter à une trentaine de mille âmes. Candide, qui tremblait comme un philosophe, se cacha du mieux qu'il put pendant cette boucherie héroïque.

Enfin, tandis que les deux rois faisaient chanter des *Te Deum* chacun dans son camp, il prit le parti d'aller raisonner ailleurs des effets et des causes. Il passa par-dessus des tas de morts et de mourants, et gagna d'abord un village voisin ; il était en cendres : c'était un village abare que les Bulgares avaient brûlé, selon les lois du droit public. Ici des vieillards criblés de coups regardaient mourir leurs femmes égorgées, qui tenaient leurs enfants à leurs mamelles sanglantes ; là des filles éventrées après avoir assouvi les besoins naturels de quelques héros rendaient les derniers soupirs ; d'autres, à demi brûlées, criaient qu'on achevât de leur donner la mort. Des cervelles étaient répandues sur la terre à côté de bras et de jambes coupés.

Candide s'enfuit au plus vite dans un autre village : il appartenait à des Bulgares, et des héros abares l'avaient traité de même. Candide, toujours marchant sur des membres palpitants ou à travers des ruines, arriva enfin hors du théâtre de la guerre, portant quelques petites provisions dans son bissac, et n'oubliant

Candide: Chapter Three

How Candide escaped from the Bulgarians and what became of him

Nothing was as beautiful, as graceful, as magnificent, or as well organized as the two armies. The trumpets, the fifes, the oboes, the drums, and the cannons formed a harmony such as there never was in hell. First, the cannons knocked down close to six thousand men on each side. Then the musketry removed about nine or ten thousand scoundrels that infected the surface of this best of all possible worlds. The bayonet was also the reason behind the deaths of a few thousand men. The total could have easily reached some thirty thousand souls. Candide, cowering like a philosopher, hid himself as best as he could during this heroic carnage.

Finally, while the two kings, each in his own camp, were singing hymns to God, he decided to go and teach others about these causes and effects. He passed over a multitude of dead and dying, and came first upon a neighboring village that was left in ashes. It was an Abarian village that the Bulgarians had burned down in accordance with the law of public rights. Here - old men, who were riddled with bullets, watched their beheaded wives die while still holding their children to their bleeding breasts. There - girls, who were disemboweled after being raped by some of the heroes, were breathing their final breaths. Others who were half burned cried for someone to finish the job and kill them. Brains were scattered on the ground next to arms and legs that had been cut off.

Candide fled as fast as he could to another village. It appeared to belong to the Bulgarians, and the Abarian heroes had treated it in the same way as the first. Candide, continually stepping on pulsating appendages or walking through ruins, finally left this theater of war, carrying a few provisions in his satchel, and never

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forgetting Miss Cunégonde. He had run out of supplies by the time he reached Holland, but having heard that everyone in that country was rich, and that they were Christian, he had no doubt that they would treat him just as well as he had been in the baron's castle before he was kicked out for the sake of Miss Cunégonde.

He begged from several austere-looking people, who all responded that if he continued on in this manner, they would lock him up in a detention center to teach him how to lead a decent life.

Next, he approached a man who had just talked to a crowd of people for a whole hour about charity. This orator looked at Candide suspiciously and said, "What are you doing here? Is it for a good cause?"

"There is no effect without cause," replied Candide modestly.

"Everything is undoubtedly interconnected and fixed for the best.

It was necessary that I was driven away from Miss Cunégonde and that I was hit by batons, and now it is necessary that I ask for bread until I get some. All of this is and could not be otherwise."

"My friend," said the orator, "do you believe that the Pope is the antichrist?"

"I've never heard anyone say that," replied Candide, "but whether he is or not, I still don't have any bread."

"You don't deserve to eat," said the other. "Go away, you miserable wretch. Don't get anywhere near me."

The orator's wife, having put her head out the window and seeing a man who doubted that the Pope was the antichrist, shouted at him, "Lord have mercy!" for it is the women who are always the most religious.

A man who had never been baptized, a good Anabaptist named Jacques, saw the cruel and disgraceful way in which they were treating one of his brothers, a two-legged animal without feathers (as Plato would say), a man who had a soul. He took Candide to his house, cleaned him up, gave him bread and beer, handed him two

florins, and even wanted to teach him how to make the Persian fabrics they manufactured in Holland. Candide, practically falling to his knees, cried out, "Master Pangloss was right to tell me that everything is for the best in this world, because I am considerably more touched by your extreme generosity than the harshness of the man in the black coat and his wife."

The next day while he was out walking, he met a beggar covered in pustules; his eyes were vacant, his nose was mangled, his mouth was crooked, his teeth were black, and he spoke in a raspy voice, for he was tormented with a violent cough and spit out a tooth every time he wheezed.

Selections from
Rockslide

by Anne Duden

Translated by
Glenn Halak
from the German

Steinchlag
IV.

Schrieb
den Kopf auf der Schlüssel
angerichtet
wie in Schlaf

sprach
mit eingeklemmten Organen
schickte schwimmende Steine aus
befispelte
Mannlöcher Gullis
kratzte Scharten Kühlen
in den Boden
mit zersplissenen Nägeln
und las abgemurmelt
DO NOT TALK OUTSIDE THIS AREA
hob das Erbrochene auf
und etliche asphaltierte Schlüssel
in St. Albans.

Silberblicks
ins Blaue verrückt
doch noch
mit angehobenem Gesicht
zwischen Reißzähnen
weißer Taube
und Sterbesenke.
Schwer klumpt das Gedächtnispack
verknappt die Vision aufs Allernotwendigste
kappt die kleinste Verklärung ab.

GLENN HALAK

Rockslide

IV.

Wrote
what was important on the key
done
as if sleeping

spoke
with constipated organs
transmitted from floating stones
whispered through
manholes gullies
scratched notches deep hollows
in the ground
with split nails
and only able to read murmuring
DO NOT TALK OUTSIDE THIS AREA
brought the vomit back up
including numerous asphalted keys
in St. Albans.

Squinting
into the blue, crazed
but still maintaining
composure a face
between fangs
a white dove
and a death-slump.
The pack of memories turns to thick curds
vision runs short of bare necessities
the smallest transfiguration is cut flush.

NOLI ME TANGERE

an einem Unterort ausharrend
bäuchlings
verkrallt in Bims
aber zum Schirm gebreitet
gegen die schlank Aufsteigenden
verbissen in den unverdaulichen Saum
die Takelage der Dame.
Liest mir den Zähnen
der Zunge
drückt Silben an den Gaumen
spült sie über den Maulboden
speichelt sie ein zu verschlüsselten Noten
und behält alles bei sich
eingebettet in weite Entfernung.

Am Einfallstor

zum Ende
der Verklappung
an Kanal Schacht Gang
tönen den Raum
irrlichternd auf
die Kelchen.
Nur der Mauerrand brennt
lodert schwarzgrün
von Samenmänteln glühend befleckt.
In die Nachtverschalung Tagetes
gegen die SEUCHE
die anpäßliche Schreckensherrschaft.

Mit Wolkenrotten geht's auf

bliebe der Blick
WO DIE AUGEN ZUGEDECKT.

GLENN HALAK

NOLI ME TANGERE

holding out in Underplace, Austria
face down
nails dug into pumice
but opened up umbrella-wise
against the slimmed down assurgent
worrying away at an indigestible hem
of the rigging of a lady.
Read to me with the teeth
or the tongue
press syllables against the palate
rinse them on the floor of the mouth
salivate on them together with encrypted notes
and keep everything to yourself
embedded in some vast distance.

From the onset of opportunities
to the end
of dumping waste
in channels well-shafts aisles
refurbishing the space
will-o-wisping about with
chalices.
Only the boundary wall burns
blazing away black-green
with the glowing speckles of seed coats.
In the shuttering of night marigolds
to counteract the PLAGUE
the indisposed reign of terror.

With massed clouds it goes on
keep the eye on
WHEREVER THE EYE IS COVERED OVER.

Two Poems

by Ahmed Shawqi

Translated by
Eman Hassan

from the Arabic

غاب بولونيا

يا غــــــــــــــــاب (بولون) ولي
 يَمَمٌ عَلَيْكَ وَلِي غــــــــــــــــو
 زَمَنْ تَقــــــــــــــــضى للهــــــــــــــــوى
 ولنا بظــــــــــــــــلك، هل يــــــــــــــــعو
 حُلمٌ أريدُ رُجــــــــــــــــوعه
 ورُجــــــــــــــــوع أحلامي بعيد
 وهب الزــــــــــــــــمان أعــــــــــــــــادها
 هل للشــــــــــــــــبابة من يُعيد
 يا غــــــــــــــــاب (بولون) وبــــــــــــــــي
 وَجُدْ مَعَ الذِّكْرِ رى يَزِيد
 خَفــــــــــــــــقت لِرُؤيتِكَ الضُّلُو
 غ، وزُلْزِلَ القَلْبُ العَمِيد
 وأراك أَقــــــــــــــــسى ما عــــــــــــــــهد
 ت، فما تَمــــــــــــــــيل ولا تَمِيد
 كم يا جَمــــــــــــــــاد قــــــــــــــــساوة
 كم هكــــــــــــــــذا أبداً جــــــــــــــــود؟
 هلا ذِكــــــــــــــــرتُ زَمــــــــــــــــان كُنْ
 نأ والزــــــــــــــــمان كما تُريد

Forests of Boulogne

You! King of a long gone era, your wind-swept
woods blow through my mind

Those moments wrapped in your cool shadows
vanished like dew. My thoughts travel

In reverse: I, somewhere dreaming
under a shaded nook, still young

Though now we've run our course. You!
Take my secret wish: unbraid, flip time

Back on itself, to be a pocket, pulled inside
out, but a dream too far can't be reclaimed

You! Forests of Boulogne: your memory shimmers,
with each recapitulation its light

Increases, glimmers over the fallen leaf
-strewn floors of my Saudade—

You—spanning across time's tunnels:
untether from its stream, move

Closer. Are there many others ensnared
between moments, like this?

نَطْوِي إِلَيْكَ دُجَى اللَّيْلِ
 لِي، وَالذُّجَى عَنَّا يَنُودُ
 فَنَقْـُـوْلُ عِنْدَكَ مَا نَقْـُـو
 لُ، وَلَيْسَ غَيْرُكَ مِنْ يُعِيدُ
 نُطْقِي هَوْيِي وَصَبَابَةَ
 وَخَدِيدِئُهَا وَتَرُّوْغُودُ
 نُسْرِي وَنُسْرُخُ فِي فَضَا
 نِكَ، وَالرِّيَاخُ بِهِ هُجْـُودُ
 وَالطَّيْرُ أَقْعَدَهَا الْكُرَى
 وَالنَّاسُ نَامَتْ وَالْوَجُودُ
 فَتَبَيَّتْ فِي الْإِنْسَانِ يَغْـُـ
 بُطْنَا بِهِ النَّجْمُ الْوَحِيدُ
 فِي كُلِّ رَكْنٍ وَقَفْـُـةً
 وَبِكُلِّ زَاوِيَةٍ قُـُودُ
 نُسْقِي وَنُسْقَى وَالْهَوَى
 مَا بَيْنَ أَعْيُنِنَا وَلِيدُ
 فَمِنْ الْقُـُوبِ تَمَائِمُ
 وَمِنْ الْجُنُوبِ لَهُ مُهْـُودُ
 وَالْعُصْنُ يَسْجُدُ فِي الْفَضَا
 عِ، وَحَبَّذَا مِنْهُ السُّجُودُ
 وَالنَّجْمُ يَا حَظَّنَا بَعِيدُ
 مِنْ مَا تَحُولُ وَلَا تَحِيدُ

EMAN HASSAN

Remember our days together? Time
was a running river, and we had lots of it

My longing hurdles towards your imperial blue;
we forge a night together, a shelter from gloom

We articulate these passions, notes of our afflict-
-ion, in dialogue of lyre and lyrical fashion

We carry on, day-dreaming though our multi-
verse, where wind-gusts mute melodic words

They are as birds perched on a ball,
as people wrapped in a lullaby of speech

Let me inflect these words to echo in their sleep,
make a new language and amplify their dreams

To the envy of stars decorating the night's cheeks,
as the morning star's awe of a Day Crescent

Create in every place-nook a stone pillar,
dream a love seat in every corner of space

Let's pour our drink then fall upwards until young
constellations are born between our gaze

We are kindred spirits, although sepa-
rated by this North barrier reef

You! Your boughs and branches lean across
dimension, bow towards what they love best

As those unblinking stars, dispassionate observers,

حَتَّى إِذَا دَعَتِ النُّوَى
فَتَبَدَّدَ الشَّمْلُ النُّضِيدَ
بِتَّنَا وَمَمَّا بَيْنَنَا
بَاحِرٌ، وَدُونَ الْبَاحِرِ بَيْدَ
لَيْلِي بِمَصْرَ وَلَيْلُهَا
بِالْغَرَبِ، وَهُوَ بِهَا سَعِيدٌ

غاندي

وَحَيُّوا بَطْلَ الْهِنْدِ	بَنِي مَصْرَ ارْفَعُوا الْغَارَ
حَقُوقَ الْعَلَمِ الْفَرْدِ	وَأَدُوا وَاجِبًا، وَاقْضُوا
وَعُرْكَ الْمَوْقِفِ النَّكْدِ	أُخُوكُمْ فِي الْمَقَاسَةِ
وَفِي الْمَطْلَبِ، وَالْجُهْدِ	وَفِي التَّضْحِيَةِ الْكُبْرَى
وَفِي النَّفْسِ مِنَ الْمَهْدِ	وَفِي الْجُرْحِ، وَفِي الدَّمْعِ
وَفِي مَرْحَلَةِ الْوَفْدِ	وَفِي الرِّحْلَةِ لِلْحَقِّ
عَلَى الْفُلَاكِ، وَمَنْ بُعْدِ	قِفُوا حَيْثُوهُ مِنْ قَرِبِ
وَعَطُّوا الْبَحْرَ بِالْوَرْدِ	وَعَطُّوا الْبَحْرَ بِالْأَسِ

(ن) تِمَثَالٌ مِنَ الْمَجْدِ	عَلَى إِفْرِيزٍ (رَاجِبُوتَا
(س)، أَوْ مِنْ ذَلِكَ الْعَهْدِ	نَبِيٍّ مِثْلُ (كُونْفُشْيُو
مِنْ (الْمُنْتَظَرِ الْمَهْدِيِّ)	قَرِيبُ الْقَوْلِ وَالْفِعْلِ
عَنِ الْحَقِّ، وَفِي الزُّهْدِ	شَبِيهُ الرِّسْلِ فِي الذُّودِ
وَبِالْصَّبْرِ، وَبِالْقَصْدِ	لَقَدْ عَلِمَ بِالْحَقِّ
فَلَبَّاهُ مِنَ الْأَحَدِ	وَنَادَى الْمَشْرِقَ الْأَقْصَى

EMAN HASSAN

look on your prostrations, unmoved.

We can only endure our shared night. Here,
what divides hearts also unites: the sea-sky

stretches between us, and we cleave.

Here, evening falls in Egypt:

Over the West, night climbs over Paris:

Outside time, *this* sky is a bridge, is happy.

Gandhi

I.

Egyptians! Raise your laurels
Recognize quest and mission
Kindred sufferer against the
Through self-sacrifice he does
As sun-lit clouds that travel
En route and on course
A ship draws close— stand
Cover the desert in Perennials

and salute the hero of India
of this brother's solitary flag
dwindling light, against tyranny
what's necessary, toils for truth
overhead he grows nearer
to the next leg of his journey
up, celebrate his proximity
cover the sea with petals.

II.

At the bow of the Rajput
A prophet like Con
Similar in speech and gesture
Resembling saints in defense
Versed in veracity, steeped in
Dubbed The Enlightened
He takes toxic ones and

and he stands a statue of glory
Lucius: an impervious tall fir
as el-Mehdi Al-Muntathur
of truth; a genuine ascetic
patience, intent as a blade
One, although from Atheism
cures them of malevolence

فَدَاوَاهَا مِنَ الْجُفْدِ	وَجَاءَ الْأَنْفَسَ الْمَرْضَى
مَ لِّلْأَلْفَةِ وَالْوَدِّ	دَعَا الْهَنْدُوسَ وَالْإِسْلَا
حَوَى السَّيْفَيْنِ فِي غَمْدِ	بَسْحَرٍ مِنْ قَوَى الرُّوحِ
يُقَوِّي رَائِضَ الْأُسْدِ	وَسُلْطَانٍ مِنَ النَّفْسِ
وَتَيْسِيرٍ مِنَ السَّعْدِ	وَتَوْفِيقٍ مِنَ اللَّهِ
سَوَى الْمَخْلُوقِ لِلْخُلْدِ	وَحِظٌّ لَيْسَ يُعْطَاهُ
وَلَا الصَّوْلَ، وَلَا الْجُنْدِ	وَلَا يُؤَخِّذُ بِالْخَوْلِ
وَلَا بِالْكَدْحِ وَالْكَدِّ	وَلَا بِالْأُسْلِ وَالْمَالِ
- تَعَالَى اللَّهُ - لِلْعَبْدِ	وَلَكِنْ هِبَةُ الْمَوْلَى

وَهَذَا الزَّهْرُ مِنْ عِنْدِي	سَلَامُ النَّيْلِ يَا (عَنْدِي)
مَ، وَالْكَرْنَكِ، وَالْبَرْدِي	وَأَجْـلَالٌ مِنَ الْأَهْرَا
وَمِنْ أَشْبَالِهِ الْمُرْدِ	وَمِنْ مَشِيخَةِ الْوَادِي
سَلَامٌ غَاظِلَ الْبُرْدِ	سَلَامٌ حَالِبَ الشَّاةِ
وَلَمْ يُقْبَلْ عَلَى الشَّهْدِ	وَمَنْ صَدَّ عَنْ الْمَلِجِ

مَنْ الْهِنْدِ إِلَى السَّنْدِ	وَمَنْ يَرْكَبُ سَاقِيهِ
تَ عُرْيَانًا، وَفِي اللَّبْدِ	سَلَامٌ كُلَّمَا صَلَّى
وَفِي سِلَاسِلَةِ الْقَيْدِ	وَفِي زَاوِيَةِ السَّجْنِ
ءِ) خُذْ حِذْرَكَ يَا عَنْدِي	مِنْ (الْمَائِدَةِ الْخَضْرَا
وَمَا فِي وَرَقِ «الْوَرْدِ»	وَلَا حِظَّ وَرَقِ «السَّيْرِ»
حُبِّ الشَّطْرَنْجِ وَالنَّرْدِ	وَكُنْ أَبْرَعُ مَنْ يَلْعَدُ
لِقَاءِ النَّدِّ لِلنَّدِ	وَلَا قِيَّ الْعَبْقَرِيِّينَ
أَتَى الْحَاوِي مِنَ الْهِنْدِ	وَقُلْ: هَاتُوا أَفَاعِيَكُمْ
وَلَمْ تَغْتَرَّ بِالْحَمْدِ	وَعُنْدَ لَمْ تَخْفِلِ الدَّامَ
إِلَيْهِ هَمَّةُ النَّقْدِ	فَهَذَا النِّجْمُ لَا تَرْقَى
ةً مِنْ حَدٍّ إِلَى حَدٍّ	وَرَدَّ الْهَنْدَ لِلْأَمِّ

EMAN HASSAN

With strength of spirit, unites
Invites Hindus and Muslim
Through self-mastery, this
Through grace of the Al
With luck reserved only
He stands, unmoved
Of birth, does not relent to

two swords in a single sheath:
s, joins them together in peace
leader tames lion trainers
mighty, and from the universe
for those select visionaries
by genius or circumstance
force, coercion or money.

III.

Salaam from the Nile, (Gan
Salaam from the great Pyramid
From the Sheikhs of el-Wadii
Salutations of goat-herders,
Even from they who reject The

dhi); take this flower from me
s, and all Egypt's landmarks
and all its village inhabitants
those garment embroiderers,
Salt and don't stand to witness

You have walked from India
I bless each time you pray,
Peace be upon you out of every
From that Green Isle you go
Take note of those with
Keep wits keen among players
Be most ingenious
Take on their complaints and
You won't be seduced by
A blessed star doesn't aspire
Return a victor and rise over

to Sund on two feet;
on single leg or in prostration
jail-cell corner, all nations
to in peace, Gandhi, take heed
titles of "Sir" and "Lord"
of Chess and other gamers
when playing one-on-one
with healing intent, address them
appeals to vanity, gifts or money;
or yield to Maya's worldly gains
India, shining from shore to shore.

Canto 3 from *Inferno*

by Dante

Translated by
Terry Jones

from the Italian

Inferno

Canto 3

«Per me si va ne la città dolente,
per me si va ne l'eterno dolore,
per me si va tra la perduta gente.

Giustizia mosse il mio alto fattore;
fecemi la divina podestate,
la somma sapienza e 'l primo amore.

Dinanzi a me non fuor cose create
se non etterne, e io eterno duro.
Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'intrate?

Queste parole di colore oscuro
vid' io scritte al sommo d'una porta;
per ch'io: «Maestro, il senso lor m'è duro».

Ed elli a me, come persona accorta:
«Qui si convien lasciare ogni sospetto;
ogne viltà convien che qui sia morta.

Noi siam venuti al loco ov' i' t'ho detto
che tu vedrai le genti dolorose
c'hanno perduto il ben de l'intelletto».

E poi che la sua mano a la mia puose
con lieto volto, ond' io mi confortai,
mi mise dentro a le segrete cose.

Quivi sospiri, pianti e alti guai
risonavan per l'aere senza stelle,
per ch'io al cominciar ne lagrimai.

TERRY JONES

Inferno

Canto 3

This way lies The Realm of Emptiness;
This way Perpetual Grieving;
This way Nothingness Itself.

I am the debt enforced; Being built me
To reveal the Nature of Being to beings;
The Design Principles of life.

Timelessness preceded me and now
I am the Forever Given.
Your next step is Death's Great Hall.

These dark warnings lay before me
Grafted above a massive entrance. "Guide,
Guide me. Already lost," I moaned.

Looking into me, he responded, "Now
Find the footholds of your faith. Turn away
From trembling loss of heart. Here,

Before us is the beginning of nothing,
And you will walk amongst the lost,
Those who misconceived matter as meaning."

With a graceful gesture, he touched my hand;
His benign radiance shone an assurance,
Then he led me into the unknown.

Now a cacophony of bitter wailing
Broke and echoed in that sunless world;
An agony of grief put a fist to my heart;

Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
parole di dolore, accenti d'ira,
voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle

facevano un tumulto, il qual s'aggira
sempre in quell' aura senza tempo tinta,
come la rena quando turbo spira.

E io ch'avea d'error la testa cinta,
dissi: «Maestro, che è quel ch'i' odo?
e che gent' è che par nel duol sì vinta?».

Ed elli a me: «Questo misero modo
tegnon l'anime triste di coloro
che visser senza 'nfamia e senza lodo.

Mischiate sono a quel cattivo coro
de li angeli che non furon ribelli
né fur fedeli a Dio, ma per sé fuoro.

Caccianli i ciel per non esser men belli,
né lo profondo inferno li riceve,
ch'alcuna gloria i rei avrebber d'elli».

E io: «Maestro, che è tanto greve
a lor che lamentar li fa sì forte?».
Rispuose: «Dicerolti molto breve.

Questi non hanno speranza di morte,
e la lor cieca vita è tanto bassa,
che 'nvidiosi son d'ogne altra sorte.

Fama di loro il mondo esser non lassa;
misericordia e giustizia li sdegna:
non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa».

TERRY JONES

Language torqued and tore on language,
Like the soulless blurting of animals;
A hellish hullabuloo of endless discord

Resounded and rolled in unspecified blackness,
As a lightless vortice spins invisibly
Pulling everything to its mad centre.

From these chambers of madness I said:
'Protector, where am I now? Who are these
Immolated and spun in such infinite grief?'

He answered clearly: "The broken half things
Who even in life made life empty,
Bleaching it of any sum or significance;

Half-hearted fellow travellers of the Rebel,
Neither loyal nor disloyal, not for or against,
Scabs, committed only to a clotted 'Me'.

These were ejected from the Principled Realm,
And even here, nothingness itself
Vomits them out as less than nothing."

"Teacher," I said, "As abject things,
What moves them now to gibber and moan?"
"The answer," he replied, "is simple as death:

For these before you can not find death:
Hung forever in indeterminacy
Even the vacancy of non-being eludes them.

These are beneath the lowest contempt,
Beneath both forgiveness and forgetfulness.
They call only on our silence. Pass on."

E io, che riguardai, vidi una 'nsegna
che girando correva tanto ratta,
che d'ogne posa mi pareva indegna;

e dietro le venìa sì lunga tratta
di gente, ch'ì non avrei creduto
che morte tanta n'avesse disfatta.

Poscia ch'io v'ebbi alcun riconosciuto,
vidi e conobbi l'ombra di colui
che fece per viltade il gran rifiuto.

Incontanente intesi e certo fui
che questa era la setta d'i cattivi,
a Dio spiacenti e a' nemici sui.

Questi sciaurati, che mai non fur vivi,
erano ignudi e stimolati molto
da mosconi e da vespe ch'eran ivi.

Elle rigavan lor di sangue il volto,
che, mischiato di lagrime, a' lor piedi
da fastidiosi vermi era ricolto.

E poi ch'a riguardar oltre mi diedi,
vidi genti a la riva d'un gran fiume;
per ch'io dissi: «Maestro, or mi concedi

ch'ì sappia quali sono, e qual costume
le fa di trapassar parer sì pronte,
com' i' discerno per lo fioco lume».

Ed elli a me: «Le cose ti fier conte
quando noi fermerem li nostri passi
su la trista riviera d'Acheronte».

TERRY JONES

Then looking once more, I saw a banner
Waving first this way then that way,
Never fixed in place, and purposeless hordes

Stampeded after it. Countless, innumerable,
Inconceivable; the undreamt of many;
The infinities of people claimed by death.

Amongst these, like leafs amongst leafs,
Some touched my memory, and one took shape:
The shrivelled heart who cancelled The Heart.

Then it was clear to me: all before me
Were the gathered refusers; the self-betrayed
Who stood neither with Light nor with Dark.

These, the pallid unaccountable, ran blindly
Flapping in utter exposure as hornets and wasps
In stinging swarms sang amongst them

So their faces dripped, dribbled and wept
With fused blood and sweat, which dropped
And was drank by writhing colourless worms.

I lifted my eyes and in near distance discerned
The opposite banks of a broad river
Where multitudes stood. "Guide," I asked,

"Who are these, strange and waiting,
A great urgency seems to be upon them,
A desire to cross and enter into the standing gloom."

"Everything will be clear to you," he answered,
"But settle your mind for now, for soon
We will be on Acheron's tear stained stones."

Allor con li occhi vergognosi e bassi,
temendo no 'l mio dir li fosse grave,
infino al fiume del parlar mi trassi.

Ed ecco verso noi venir per nave
un vecchio, bianco per antico pelo,
gridando: «Guai a voi, anime prave!

Non isperate mai veder lo cielo:
i' vegno per menarvi a l'altra riva
ne le tenebre etterne, in caldo e 'n gelo.

E tu che se' costì, anima viva,
pàrtiti da cotesti che son morti».
Ma poi che vide ch'io non mi partiva,

disse: «Per altra via, per altri porti
verrai a piaggia, non qui, per passare:
più lieve legno convien che ti porti».

E 'l duca lui: «Caron, non ti crucciare:
vuolsi così colà dove si puote
ciò che si vuole, e più non dimandare».

Quinci fuor quete le lanose gote
al nocchier de la livida palude,
che 'ntorno a li occhi avea di fiamme rote.

Ma quell' anime, ch'eran lasse e nude,
cangiar colore e dibattero i denti,
ratto che 'nteser le parole crude.

Bestemmiavano Dio e lor parenti,
l'umana spezie e 'l loco e 'l tempo e 'l seme
di lor semenza e di lor nascimenti.

TERRY JONES

Embarrassment flushed me; afraid of prattle
And the inappropriateness of my words
I fell into a silence and with him walked silently

To the river's edge. Then across the waters
Came a swift moving boat. Its ancient pilot
Bellowed as he rowed: "Sorrow for sinners! Sorrow!

Let hope die in yourselves. Look now,
I will be your passage into the blank dark,
Into the flames that forever lick and freeze.

But you, you there, who are still cloaked in life,
Move away from these my standing corpses!"
But even hearing him, I would not move.

He shrieked again: "Leave, leave this place:
You are destined for a different crossing,
You are no passenger for my bleak boat."

Then my master mentor intervened: "Charon
Find silence in yourself. This is brought about
By inevitability itself. We pass unquestioned."

Then though fire burned in the circles of his eyes,
With lips set and sealed to speechless stone
Death's oarsman spoke no more to us.

But now came the exhausted dead – quaking
And bloodless cringing and cowered
Under the hot brandings of his bitter tongue.

Now they cursed, cursed love and life and all, damned
Humanity itself, then and now, here and everywhere
Beswore the very parents that made them be,

Poi si ritrasser tutte quante insieme,
forte piangendo, a la riva malvagia
ch'attende ciascun uom che Dio non teme.

Caron dimonio, con occhi di bragia
loro accennando, tutte le raccoglie;
batte col remo qualunque s'adagia.

Come d'autunno si levan le foglie
l'una appresso de l'altra, fin che 'l ramo
vede a la terra tutte le sue spoglie,

similmente il mal seme d'Adamo
gittansi di quel lito ad una ad una,
per cenni come augel per suo richiamo.

Così sen vanno su per l'onda bruna,
e avanti che sien di là discese,
anche di qua nuova schiera s'auna.

«Figliuol mio», disse 'l maestro cortese,
«quelli che muoion ne l'ira di Dio
tutti convegnon qui d'ogne paese;

e pronti sono a trapassar lo rio,
ché la divina giustizia li sprona,
sì che la tema si volve in disio.

Quinci non passa mai anima buona;
e però, se Caron di te si lagna,
ben puoi sapere omai che 'l suo dir suona».

Finito questo, la buia campagna
tremò sì forte, che de lo spavento
la mente di sudore ancor mi bagna.

TERRY JONES

And clinging one to desperate stumbling each,
And crying, in their terrible ragged thousands
They came to the sad shore, their lives' set end.

There with eyes like smoking torches, Charon
Battered on the reluctant with his oars
Herded and brought them with vicious gestures,

And as the dried out leaves of autumn tumble
To show the branches gradual nakedness
Until the whole brown earth is spread with them,

So each one there is spun to fate's given season,
The projected trajectories of the mortal
As a falcon called falls to the falconer's glove.

Away they are carried, over black boundaries,
And even before their final passage ends
More gathered waiting millions replace them.

Then my gentle guide spoke: "Dear student,
Witness and understand the deep order of things;
Without exception the world's dead end here.

They are driven to death's last mystery,
The light they rejected burns behind them
Turning their terror into stumbling haste,

Though this is never the path of the principled.
Consider Charon's meaningful raging at you,
Reflect upon it, its bright significance."

With these words the twilit world shivered
And pulsed about me; even now the memory
Soaks me through with dread's running sweat:

La terra lagrimosa diede vento,
che balenò una luce vermiglia
la qual mi vinse ciascun sentimento;

e caddi come l'uom cui sonno piglia.

TERRY JONES

The watery earth I stood on erupted with fire,
Shook in a blinding heart-stop explosion
That threw my mind into completed dark;

And I crumpled into flat unconsciousness.

Three Poems

by Denise Emmer

Translated by
Tim Kahl

from the Portuguese

Cantiga Triste

Meu coração me parece
deixei-o chão de um rio,
ne chão como um peixe estranho
estranhamente sozinho.

Sozinho sem outro peixe
nos fundos da noite calma
Minh'alma cega navega
nesta impossaeivel fauna.

Como encontrar-te, meu sonho,
nós íntimos destas cidades?
Dize-me, sigo as paragens
destas aquáticas asas.

Em que chão de nuvem ou água
em que desafio cavalgas?
Pois vou tão triste que levo
a tristeza que me leva.

Sad Ballad

My heart seems to leave me
for the bottom of a river,
on the bottom like a strange fish
strangely alone.

Alone without other fish
at the bottom of the calm night
My blind soul navigates
among the impossible creatures.

How did I meet you, my dream,
among the familiar faces of the cities?
Tell me, I follow the meanderings
of these aquatic wings.

On what floor of a cloud or in what water
do you compete on horseback?
Afterwards I am so sad that I carry away
the sadness that carries me away.

Imagino

Imagino línguas de cães em meu vestido
Tocas me corpo como se quebrasse um vidro
Lençóis da noite são as águas quentes
Que provocas com um beijo simplesmente

Imagino sombras secretas sobre um muro
Quando me abraças contra o portão escuro
A rara alfombra nos cobre de inverno
E eis que alcanço a glória do inferno.

A Lâmpada Mágica

Vives em mim e tenho mais que uma alma
Sinto que escrevo um novo movimento

Flor que invento estranha e pulsante
Semblante mágico e aceso

Tenho-te preso planeta por um fio
Sou teu céu e cio, tua luz marítima

Meu ventre escuro de pão e de argila
É tua breve casa numa clara ilha

Estás em mim e tenho mais que uma pátria
Chegam-me equinócios, outros cromossomos

Somos eu tu o pacto e o snague
Silêncio e salto de naves acopladas

TIM K A H L

I Imagine

I imagine the tongues of dogs in my dress
touching my body as if they are breaking a glass
Handkerchiefs in the night are warm waters
that provoke like a simple kiss

I imagine the secret shadows on a wall
when you hold me against the dark gate
The exotic lawn under the cover of winter
And what I can touch of the glories of hell.

The Magic Lamp

More than one soul lives in me
I feel that I'm writing a new concerto movement

The flower I invent is strange and pulsating
with a magically lit face

I have a planet prisoner on a string
I am your sky and spawn, your maritime light

My dark womb of bread and clay
And your small house on a distinct island

You are in me and are welcome at more than one home
bringing me equinoxes and extra chromosomes

We are, you and I, the pact and the blood
Silence and the leap onto the coupled ships

ALDUS, A JOURNAL OF TRANSLATION

Sonhas meu sonho e sobes uma estrada
Perfeita e líquida lenta modelagem

Enquanto te construo prossegues em viagem
Por minhas labaredas, sol dentro de águas

Abstrato ser feito de anjo e ritmo
Sinto teu galope através de minha noite

Sinto-me inflar e sinto que sou vento
Sinto sou a Lua em sua face inchada

Quando desprando a nuvem de uma escada
A cada mês a cada madrugada

Sopram-me as luzes e os discos e as dunas
Sou quase um sono imenso de inverno

A identidade de um rio sabe-se pela flauta
O quanto ele gira o quanto ele sonha

Saberei de ti quando desaguares
Quando aterrissares pássaro e menino

Eras só palavra agora és acorde
Música no ventre que lateja

Mesmo que ainda não te vejas
Te imagino Sol se repartindo em raios

Estava consciente da distância
Nas leis de uma ciência tão estranha

TIM KAHL

You dream my dream slowly molding it
perfect and liquid beneath the highway

While you construct those who chase me
On a voyage to my passion, sun inside water

Abstracted, to be made of angels and rhythm
I feel you galloping through my night

I feel myself inflate and I feel I am the wind
I feel I am the Moon in your swollen face

When I loosen a cloud from a staircase
each month each dawn

The lights and the discs and the dunes blow on me
I am sort of an immense winter sleep

The identity of a river is known to the flute
How much it spins how much it dreams

You will know when you are drained
when birds and boys have landed

You are only a word you are a chord
Music in the womb that pulses

Even if you haven't seen yourself yet
I imagine the Sun separating into rays

The awareness of the distancing
In the laws of such a strange science

ALDUS, A JOURNAL OF TRANSLATION

O que é próximo também é o mais longínquo
Dentro de mim estás no infinito

Como se fabricasse uma cidade sobre um stro
Como se recriasse a pré-histórica estrela

Faço-te em mim no meu eu mais que profundo
Por mim verás o melhor mundo

A não ser das atômicas manhãs tão pálidas
Dos mísseis que apontam para um cego

Das muvens sem nexo radioativas
Das ocas laranjas cancerígenas

Perdoa-me se te chamo para o frio
Para o arrepio de mais um s'culo

Para as praças desertas vagarosas
Para a solidão de enxofre das esquinas

Passamos para um outro calendário
Nosso diário atravessa o que é principio

Sou teu aquário faço-me instrumento
Acho que formulo um novo testamento

Aprendo a linguagem dos relógios
A cada Lua conto seus dragões

Teço os longos panos de espera
Bordo extensas primaveras

TIM KAHL

What is near is also what is far away
You are infinite inside of me

As if a city might be constructed above a star
As if a prehistoric star might be recreated

I face you in me, deeper than me in myself
You are a better world for me

To not be such a pale atomic morning
Missiles that point towards the blind man

Clouds of radioactive gibberish
The cancer in the orange's hollows

Forgive me if I call you towards the cold
Towards the shiver of more than a century

Towards the stagnant deserted plazas
Towards the solitude of sulfur in the corners

We pass into another calendar
Our diary crosses over into principle

I am your aquarium measured by your instruments
I think that a formula is a new testament

I learn the language of watches
Each Moon is a tale of dragons

I weave the long cloth of hope
I am in accord with the spring extended into summer

ALDUS, A JOURNAL OF TRANSLATION

Calculo teus quintais incalculáveis
E não te vejo mais do que um cinema

Melhor do que sonhar co teu instante
É aguardar-te então na hora plena

Sensações de Zênite e Olimpo
Paz e sonho eis o que sinto

Sou a árvore máxima primeira
Encosto em mágicas ladeiras

Esbarro em deuses afastados
Flutuo no cimo dos telhados

Mas tenho-te em águas submersas
Mergulhado em flores placentárias

Azul oval inacto mistério
Redonda fêmea lâmpada galáctica

Soprou-me o céu talvez o teu espírito
Como se um relâmpago no branco dicionário

Enigma dentro de enigma, é chegado o advento
Em que momento fizemos teus amores?

Em que horário atamos teu traçado
Enquanto na noite um louco relinchava?

E outro agonizava nos bairros de Beirute
Ou um menino buscava a mãe entre estilhaços?

TIM K A H L

I calculate your incalculable backyard
And I don't see you anymore in the cinema

It is better to dream you in this moment
than it is to expect you in an hour of plenty

Sensations of Zenith and Olympus
Peace and dream, these are what I feel

I am the tree of first principle
I lean on magic slopes

I collide with secluded gods
I float on top of the roofs

But I have you submerged in water
Plunged into the flower placenta

Mysterious blue oval, intact,
Round female lamp of the galaxy

Maybe your spirit blew the sky into me
Like lightning into a white dictionary

Enigma inside of enigma, has the moment
arrived in which we make love?

In which we fasten a schedule to the paths you take
During a night of crazy whinnying?

While an other is agonizing in the neighborhoods of Beirut
Or a boy looks for his mother between the shrapnel?

ALDUS, A JOURNAL OF TRANSLATION

Não fizemos teu mundo como poderíamos
Ainda que tão belo seja o teu planeta

Avistar o impossível mar do cosmo
É descobrir-te nu em meu oculto

Surpreender o susto e o perfeito
Deslocar das folhas de um alto

Afagar o próprio corpo de lanterna
Como se percorresse a mão sobre a América

Como se tocasse em todas as tristezas
Alisando o cão de um continente

Seria o colo bolsa transparente
E te veria de todas as vertentes

Alisar o ventre na expansão do acaso
Universo em crescimento e fruto

Que além de mim e do invisível, escuto
Acomodar-se peixe entre os colções da noite

Não sei de mim e não respondo
Como posso conceber-te e como

poderia dar-te a aparição do dia
A fantasia plena e calma dos felizes

O que me dizes é—recôndita magia
Baterás as asas como ventania.

TIM K A H L

We don't make your world like it could be
Still your planet can be so beautiful

To witness the impossible sea of the cosmos from a distance
and discover you naked in my hiding place

To witness the surprise alarm and the perfect
Movement of the leaves up high

To caress the lantern body
Like a hand traveling all over America

Like touching all of the sadness
calming the dog of a continent

As if I were the transparent bag around the neck
And I saw all the loose strands

To calm the womb to bring more luck to
The universe which grows and bears fruit

Which is beyond me and invisible, I listen
to make the fish fit between the mattresses of the night

I don't know myself and I'm not responding
How can you conceive yourself

How could you give the appearance of day
The calm and completed vision of happiness

That says to me it is—hidden magic
Beating its wings as if in a windstorm

Selections from
LAVIGNY JOURNAL:
21 days of poetry

by Mária Russotto

Translated by
Peter Kahn

from the Spanish

DIARIO DE LAVIGNY: 21 días de poesía

DÍA 3

Sinfonía ondulante

Implacable ha sido el viento.
Nadie ha podido estar en los jardines
por su violencia desatada.
Mejor no agarrarse el cabello
ni la escritura
ni los vuelos de la falda.
Mejor nada pretender
en tan reluciente ausencia
de palabras.
Déjenlo batallar arriba
turbulento y enajenado
o sigámoslo serpentino
y acariciante abajo
llevando los cultivos
a paso de mensajero alado

notas que fueran deshaciéndose

teclado con el mar

en oleajes

hilvanado.

LAVIGNY JOURNAL: 21 days of poetry

DAY 3

Undulating symphony

The wind has been implacable.
No one ventures into the gardens
with its unfettered violence.
It's pointless to hold onto your hair
or your writing
or the hem of your skirt.
Better to attempt nothing
in this resplendent absence
of words.
Let the battle wage above
turbulent and deranged
or let us follow it serpentine
caressing its underside
carrying our baskets of produce
at the speed of winged messengers

notes disintegrating

a keyboard on the sea

with the tide

interwoven.

DÍA 12

Mensaje desde el reino sin la o

Aquí es td muy difícil,
amiga.
Ha desaparecid el café y el azúcar.
Y también la enhe
de mi máquina
que está a punt
de caramel.
Más fácil sería escribirte
en papir egípci.
N te precupes. Usarems ls quipus,
y ls verss de la Mistral
que de brasa ardiente
iluminan mi mesa
sin electricidad.
Y cuand te diga, de aquél,
juventud divin tesr
ya tú me habrás entendid.
En mi escritri
está la nvela francesa que me mandaste.
Gracias, amiga! Es muy interesante
esa náusea,
se parece un pc a la de mi mamá.
Ella también te manda saluds.
Recibe un bes incomplet.

Tu amiga de siempre,
María Dlres.

PETER KAHN

DAY 12

Message from the realm without the o

Everything is very complicated here,
dearest friend.

The coffee and the sugar have disappeared.

And also the Spanish n

in my computer

which has gotten hotter

than boiling syrup.

It would be easier to write to you

on Egyptian papyrus.

Don't worry. We can use quipus,

and the verses of Mistral

glowing embers

light up my table

without electricity.

And when I tell you, about him,

youth divine treasure

you will have understood me.

on my desk

Is the French novel you sent me.

Thank you, my friend! It is very interesting

that nausea,

it's a little like my mother's.

She also sends you greetings.

I send you this incomplete kiss.

Your friend always,

María DÍez.

DÍA 15

Ser y estar

En esta fase
no habrá
revelación de lo invisible.
Entramos en el reino
de lo limitado y duro
vacío de complicadas transiciones.
El sector que nos tocó
será directamente explorado
pasando el dedo sobre las texturas,
sean cortantes como las del caracol
sean de esponjosa gentileza.
El ojo saldrá de sus prisiones,
dejará la introspección acuosa
de las zonas reservadas
y mirará su entorno.
Creerá en lo que ve:
mano, árbol, asno, cebolla.
Lo que ve
será accesible y concreto,
contacto directo, como
el dorado albaricoque
es para ser mordido.
Los cuerpos no serán más
obstáculo de comprensión
ni objeto de interminables
discusiones.
Ni crear será
ambición de trascendencia
evaporándose al final del día.

DAY 15

To be and being

At this stage
there will be no
revelation of the invisible.
We will enter the realm
of the limited and solid
void of complicated transitions.
The sector pertaining to us
will be directly explored
by sliding a finger over the textures,
be they sharp as seashells
or of spongy softness.
The eye will leap from its prisons,
depart from watery introspection
of reserved areas
and it will see all around.
It will believe in what it sees:
hand, tree, donkey, onion.
What it sees
will be accessible and concrete,
direct contact, like
the golden apricot
meant to sink your teeth into.
Bodies will no longer be
obstacles to comprehension
nor the objects of interminable
discussions.
Not even creation will be
ambition of transcendence
evaporating at the end of the day.

El método será tan simple
como percibir la inmanente cosa
apoyada en la mesa
desde siempre.
Mano, árbol, asno, cebolla.

DÍA 21

Happy ending

Escribo aventuras para jóvenes.
Ya he publicado media
docena.
En mis novelas
los justos siempre ganan.
Las mentiras
son descubiertas.
Al final,
los traidores se ahogan en el lago
o se despeñan sin remedio.
Las madres saben todo desde siempre
aunque nadie se dé cuenta
El héroe se parece a mis muchachos,
los conozco bien.
Ha sido siempre así
en mis novelas,
y también en las de los otros.
No sé porque tanto te preocupas.
La vida es demasiado estúpida
para repetirla en el papel.
Yo hago literatura,
no reportajes sobre la situación mundial.

PETER KAHN

The method will be as simple
as perceiving the immanent thing
placed on the table
since forever.
Hand, tree, donkey, onion.

DAY 21

Happy ending

I write adventure stories for young people.
I've published a half
dozen.
In my novels
the just always win.
Lies
are found out.
In the end,
the traitors drown in the lake
or inevitably hurl themselves from a cliff.
Mothers have always known everything
though no one notices.
The hero resembles my sons,
I know them well.
It has always been like this
in my novels,
and in other peoples'.
I don't know why you worry so.
Life is too stupid
to be reproduced on paper.
I write literature,
not reports on the world situation.

Three Poems

by Saša Perugin

Translated by
Linda Kalaj

from the Italian

Beograd

Bianca città è il suo nome,
ma grigio il suo colore
sporcato di rancore.
Grigia come il tetto di un soffitto
imbottito da strati di desideri
sillabati sottovoce dai ceri
disposti con sincera devozione
in file ordinate come le macchine emigrate
al confine della speranza.

Donne addobbate come vetrine,
donne sicure come matrone
donne maestose,
come le statue sontuose del milite ignoto.
Monumento devoto al silenzio,
unica risposta possibile alla vista di ciò che resta
dopo la festa della deflagrazione.

L'intonaco è graffiato, arrabbiato.
I fili arrugginiti di torri demolite
volano immobili al grigio del vento
in posa per i turisti

Belgrade

White city is its name,
but grey its color
soiled in bitterness.
Grey like the roof above a ceiling
padded by layers of desire
syllables whispered by candles
set-out with sincere devotion
in ordered lines like emigrated cars
at the border of hope.

Women adorned like showcases,
women poised like matrons
majestic women,
like the lavish statues of the unknown soldier.
Monument devoted to silence,
the only possible response at the sight of what remains
following the fest of deflagration.

The plaster is scratched, angry.
The rusted wires of demolished towers
fly motionless in the grey of wind
posing for the tourists

sprovvisi dell'esperienza della violenza
di un bombardamento.

Siamo tendini, Dicono i cittadini non più albi.
siamo nervi duri:
ci masticano e poi ci sputano fuori.

Eppure le voci ridono e i desideri corrono,
i bimbi chiedono e i vecchi porgono
nonostante la storia, nonostante la gloria
persa, detersa, umiliata, ma non sconfitta.

Quel senso di

Quella senso di,
o che,
avremmo potuto essere
o diventare
noi.

Dopo un'incontro,
uno,
sentire la certezza
di una mancanza
e sperare che pure
qualcosa accada
nonostante un presente
perfetto così.

LINDA KALAJ

unfamiliar with the experience of violence
by a bombing.

We are small ligaments, the citizens say no longer white paled.
we are hardened nerves:
they chew on us then spit us out.

And yet voices laugh and desires run,
the children ask and the old pass
in spite of the story, in spite of glory
lost, cleansed, humiliated, but not defeated.

That sense of

That sense of,
or that,
we could have been
or become
us.

Following an encounter,
one,
feeling the certainty
of something missing
and even hoping that
something may happen
notwithstanding a present
perfect as is.

Sangha

Sangha

Le belle memorie hanno spesso un sapore,
a volte un odore,
che riporta in un istante
all'emozione di un presente
in quel momento assente.

Il sangha ha l'odore del sambuco.

Ne ho portato con me un piccolo rametto fiorito,
un piccolo pezzetto
di un albero perfetto.
Donatomi al volo prima della partenza,
per ricordarmi dolcemente la mia presenza.

Piccoli, bianchi fiorellini
perfetti come quelli dei disegni dei bambini
persi seri e veri tra i loro pennarelli.

L'ho appeso sullo specchio per preservarlo anche appassito.
Mi ricorda la magia di un'armonia che ho imparato a ritrovare.
Attaccamento, forse, a momenti affettuosi
ma adesso, ogni volta che passo davanti a quel mazzetto
sento l'odore di quell'amore libero e perfetto
che mi ricorda sorridente che i miei respiri
sono preziosi come i fiori dell'albero prediletto.

LINDA KALAJ

Sangha

Sangha

Beautiful memories often have a flavor,
at times a scent,
that take you back, in an instant
to the emotion of a present
no longer there.

Sangha has the smell of the elder tree.

I brought with me a little flowered branch,
a small piece
of a perfect tree.
Bestowed before departure,
to sweetly remind me of my presence.

Small, white little flowers
perfect like those found in the drawings of children
lost, earnest and true, amongst their markers.

I hung them, despite withered, on the mirror, to preserve them.
To remind me of the magic harmony that I learned to find again.
Attachment, perhaps, to moments of affection
but now, each time I pass in front of that small bouquet
I smell the scent of a love free and perfect
remembering with a smile that my breaths
are as precious as the flowers from a beloved tree.

Selections from
Theocritus's Idylls

Translated by
Tori Lee

from the Ancient Greek

Idyll VI, lines 42-46

τόσσ' εἰπὼν τὸν Δάφνιν ὁ Δαμοίτας ἐφίλησε,
χώ μὲν τῷ σύριγγ', ὁ δὲ τῷ καλὸν αὐλὸν ἔδωκεν.
αὐλεῖ Δαμοίτας, σύρισδε δὲ Δάφνις ὁ βούτας,
ὥρχευντ' ἐν μαλακᾷ ταὶ πόρτιες αὐτίκα ποίᾳ.
νίκη μὰν οὐδάλλος, ἀνήσασται δ' ἐγένοντο.

Idyll VI, lines 42-46

Damoetas loved Daphnis.
One had a pipe, and one had a flute.
Damoetas fluted, and Daphnis piped;
The calves danced in the soft grass.
And neither was victorious, because both were unconquerable.

Idyll III, lines 15-33

νῦν ἔγνων τὸν Ἑρωτα· βαρὺς θεός· ἦ ῥα λεαίνας
 μαζὸν ἐθήλαζε, δρυμῶ τέ νιν ἔτρεφε μάτηρ,
 ὅς με κατασμήχων καὶ ἐς ὀστίον ἄχρις ἰάπτει.
 ὦ τὸ καλὸν ποθορεῦσα, τὸ πᾶν λίθος· ὦ κυάνοφρυ
 νύμφα, πρόσπτυξαι με τὸν αἰπόλον, ὥς τυ φιλάσω.
 ἔστι καὶ ἐν κενεοῖσι φιλάμασιν ἀδέα τέρψις.
 τὸν στέφανον τίλαί με κατ' αὐτίκα λεπτὰ ποησεῖς,
 τόν τοι ἐγὼν Ἀμαρυλλὶ φίλα κισσοῖο φυλάσσω
 ἀμπλέξας καλύκεσσι καὶ εὐδόμοισι σελίνοις.--
 ὦ μοι ἐγὼ, τί πάθω; τί ὁ δύσσοος; οὐχ ὑπακούεις;--
 τὰν βαίταν ἀποδὺς ἐς κύματα τηνῶ ἀλεῦμαι,
 ὥπερ τῶς θύννως σκοπιάζεται Ὀλπις ὁ γριπεύς·
 καῖκα δῆποθάνω, τό γε μὰν τεδὸν ἀδὺ τέτυκται.
 ἔγνων πρᾶν, ὅκα μεν μεμναμένω, εἰ φιλέεις με,
 οὐδὲ τὸ τηλέφιλον ποτεμάξατο, τὸ πλατάγημα,
 ἀλλ' αὐτῶς ἀπαλῶ ποτὶ πάχεος ἐξεμαράνθη.
 εἶπε καὶ ἀγροῖῳ τις ἀλαθέα κοσκινόμαντις,
 ἅ πρᾶν ποιολογεῦσα Παιραιβάτις, οὔνεκ' ἐγὼ μὲν
 τὴν ὅλος ἔγκειμαι, τὸ δέ μεν λόγον οὐδένα ποιῇ.

Idyll III, lines 15-33

Now I know you, Love, you bastard god.
 I bet you suckled a lion's breast.
 I bet a beast fattened you up in the forest.
 You burn fires in the deepest marrows of my bones, and I am
 in agony.
 Dark nymph, your beautiful stare is all stone.
 I am a groveling goatherd at your feet.
 Pick me up and embrace me, let me have you—
 There is sweet pleasure in empty kisses.
 I'm guarding an ivy crown for you, Amaryllis,
 And you're going to make me tear it to pieces,
 Splitting apart the rosebuds from their supple leaves.
 Why me? Why pain? Why am I miserable?
 You won't listen to me. Fine.
 I'll strip off my coat and leap into the swollen waves,
 From the perch where the fisherman spots his catch in the
 sea below.
 And if I do die, well, then you'll finally be happy.
 I realized recently, when I was asking a flower whether or
 not you loved me:
 The last petal of the forget-me-not didn't cling to the stem—
 It fell away, tenderly fading from sight.
 Turns out, the old fortuneteller told me the truth,
 Walking beside me as she gathered up her magic:
 I lie wholly inside you,
 And you don't say a word.

Three Poems

by Juan Antonio Bernier

Translated by
Vivian Lopez

from the Spanish

Tu sonrisa

Tu sonrisa

vertida para dentro
inadvertida

firmamento.

Mediodía

En su quietud nos juzga
el sol de la explanada.

Su luz que, sin posarse,
se inunda de equilibrio
inundándolo todo.

Nuestra mirar insiste
en una sola línea:
la que un pájaro traza.

Your Smile

Your smile

splits from within
an unseen

sky.

Noon

In its stillness, the sun
over the esplanade, quietly judges us.

Its light, does not settle,
but steadily floods—
drowning everything.

Our gaze stuck
on a single line:
the one the bird draws.

El invierno, de nuevo

La hierba del solar ha crecido con fuerza.
No ha habido un solo día de este otoño
en que los elementos
le hayan dado la espalda.

Desde aquí puedo verla. Es un regalo
frente al dolor inerte de los muros.
El viento, el sol, las nubes, le han sido favorables
(también ellos, con su espalda de sombra).

En esta edad anómala y terrible,
pienso en mi amor;
se parece a esta hierba.

Winter Again

This autumn the grass in the lot has grown with force—
the elements have not,
for even a day,
turned their backs.

Even from here I see it, the grass
is a gift, it lessens the grief of walls.
The wind, the sun, the clouds have all been favorable,
(like the elements) they have not turned their backs.

In this strange and terrible age,
I think of my love
of the way she resembles autumn grass.

Selected Poems

by Federico García Lorca
& Octavio Paz

Translated by
Juan-Diego Mariategui

from the Spanish

Acabar con Todo

Dame, llama invisible, espada fría,
tu persistente cólera,
para acabar con todo,
oh mundo seco,
oh mundo desangrado,
para acabar con todo.

Arde, sombrío, arde sin llamas,
apagado y ardiente,
ceniza y piedra viva,
desierto sin orillas.

Arde en el vasto cielo, laja y nube,
bajo la ciega luz que se desploma
entre estériles peñas.

Arde en la soledad que nos deshace,
tierra de piedra ardiente,
de raíces heladas y sedientas.
Arde, furor oculto,
ceniza que enloquece,
arde invisible, arde

To End It All

Grant me, invisible flame, frigid sword,
your persistent cholera,
to end it all,
oh barren world,
oh bloodless world,
to end it all.

Burn, somber, burn without flames,
muted and ardent,
ash and animate stone,
desert without shores.

Burn in the vast sky, slab and cloud,
beneath the blind light which collapses
among sterile stones.

Burn in the solitude that undoes us,
land of fervent stone,
of roots frozen and thirsty.
Burn, occult furor,
maddening ash,
as the impotent sea engenders clouds,

como el mar impotente engendra nubes,
olas como el rencor y espumas pétreas.
Entre mis huesos delirantes, arde;
arde dentro del aire hueco,
horno invisible y puro;
arde como arde el tiempo,
como camina el tiempo entre la muerte,
con sus mismas pisadas y su aliento;
arde como la soledad que te devora,
arde en ti mismo, ardor sin llama,
soledad sin imagen, sed sin labios.
Para acabar con todo,
oh mundo seco,
para acabar con todo.

—*Octavio Paz*

Romance de la Luna, Luna

La luna vino a la fragua
con su polisón de nardos.
El niño la mira mira.
El niño la está mirando.

En el aire conmovido
mueve la luna sus brazos
y enseña, lúbrica y pura,
sus senos de duro estaño.

Huye luna, luna, luna.
Si vinieran los gitanos,
harían con tu corazón
collares y anillos blancos.

JUAN-DIEGO MARIATEGUI

waves like rancor and stony foam.
Burn within my delirious bones;
Burn in the hollow air,
furnace invisible and pure;
burn as time burns,
as time walks among death,
with its same footsteps and breath;
burn like the solitude that devours you,
burn within yourself, ardor without flame,
solitude without image, thirst without lips.
To end it all,
Oh barren world,
To end it all.

Ballad of the Moon, Moon

The moon came to the forge
with her bustle of nards.
The child watches her, watches her.
The child is watching her.

In the charged air
the moon moves her arms
and shows, lecherous and pure,
her breasts of hardened tin.

Flee, moon, moon, moon.
If the gypsies were to come,
they would make of your heart
white necklaces and rings.

Niño déjame que baile.
Cuando vengan los gitanos,
te encontrarán sobre el yunque
con los ojillos cerrados.

Huye luna, luna, luna,
que ya siento sus caballos.
Niño déjame, no pises,
mi blancor almidonado.

El jinete se acercaba
tocando el tambor del llano.
Dentro de la fragua el niño,
tiene los ojos cerrados.

Por el olivar venían,
bronce y sueño, los gitanos.
Las cabezas levantadas
y los ojos entornados.

¡Cómo canta la zumaya,
ay como canta en el árbol!
Por el cielo va la luna
con el niño de la mano.

Dentro de la fragua lloran,
dando gritos, los gitanos.
El aire la vela, vela.
el aire la está velando.

—*Federico García Lorca*

JUAN-DIEGO MARIATEGUI

Child, leave me to dance.
When the gypsies arrive
they will find you stretched on the anvil
with sealed eyes.

Flee, moon, moon, moon,
I can already feel their horses.
Child, leave me be, do not step
upon my starched whiteness.

The horseman drew near
beating the drum of the plains.
Within the forge the child
has his eyes sealed.

Through the olive grove they rode,
bronze and dreaming, the gypsies.
Their heads raised
and eyes narrowed.

How the owl sings,
oh how it sings in the tree!
In the sky sails the moon
with a child by the hand.

Within the forge they cry,
they shout, the gypsies.
The air watches over her, watches over her,
The air is watching over her.

Catullus XXXVI, XCIII,
& LXXXVII

Translated by
Richard O'Connell

from the Latin

XXXVI

Annales Volusi, cacata carta,
votum solvite pro mea puella.
Nam sanctae Veneri Cupidinique
vovit, si sibi restutus essem
dessemque truces vibrare iambos,
electissima pessimi poetae
scripta tardipedi deo daturam
infelicibus ustulanda lignis.
Et hoc pessima se puella vidit
iocose lepide vovere divis.
Nunc o caeruleo creata ponto,
quae sanctum Idalium Uriosque apertos
quaeque Ancona Cnidumque harundinosam
colis quaeque Amanthunta quaeque Golgos
quaeque Durrachium Hadriae tabernum,
acceptum face redditumque votum,
si non illepidum neque invenustum est.
At vos interea venite in ignem,
pleni ruris et infacetiarum
annales Volusi, cacata carta.

Annals of Volusius

Annals of Volusius—what shit paper!
At least they'll make my darling keep her vows
to Venus and her little cupids. She swore
if I laid off my terrible iambics
and made love to her again, she'd feed
the votive fires of lame-footed Vulcan—
poetry, the most atrocious ever written.
What a treasure trove of trash is here
to offer to the flames and entertain the gods
with an evening of unimpeded laughter.
Annals of Volusius—what shit paper!

XCIII

Nil nimium studeo, Caesar, tibi velle placere,
nec scire utrum sis albus an ater homo.

LXXXVII

Nulla potest mulier tantum se dicere amatam
Vere, quantum a me Lesbia amata mea est:
Nulla fides ullo fuit umquam in foedere tanta
Quanta in amore tuo ex parte reperta mea est.

To Caesar

Caesar, I will not praise your camp,
nor kiss the backside of your stamp.

To Lesbia

No woman can say she was ever loved
as you were, Lesbia, no girl on earth
or in the shadow of Persephone
has known such everlasting love and faith.

Duras, Distorted

An Oulipian translation
of Marguerite Duras

by Emma Ramadan

from the French

Translator's Note:

I took a Marguerite Duras text and translated it in multiple ways, not only to push myself to blend translation and poetry, but also to see what would emerge from the text when I tweaked it. The passage is from page 99 of her book *L'amant de la chine du nord*. It is a passage about a girl and her older lover at the moment when she stops being an agent of her desire and turns into a passive plaything. I started with a relatively literal translation, and then re-translated the text several times using Oulipo-esque constraints. With each new translation I was able to get deeper and deeper inside the words. I ended up using many of the phrases from the twanged translations to modify my literal translation because I discovered so many possibilities that I liked more than what I had originally envisioned.

ORIGINAL FRENCH

Elle devient objet à lui, à lui secrètement prostituée. Sans plus de nom. Livrée comme chose, chose par lui seul, volée. Par lui seul prise, utilisée, pénétrée. Chose tout à coup inconnue, une enfant sans autre identité que celle de lui appartenir à lui, d'être à lui seul son bien, sans mot pour nommer ça, fondue à lui, diluée dans une généralité pareillement naissante, celle depuis le commencement des temps nommée à tort par un autre mot, celui d'indignité.

LITERAL TRANSLATION

She becomes an object for him, secretly prostituted for him alone. Nameless now. Given over to him like a thing, a thing for only him, stolen. By him alone taken, used, penetrated. A thing suddenly strange, a child defined only through him, through belonging to him, to be for him only his possession, no word can describe it, a thing melted into him, dissolved into a similarly dawning condition, that since the beginning of time has been called, wrongly, by another word: disgrace.

TRANSLATION WITHOUT THE LETTER 'A'

Object for him, for him only secretly prostituted. Unidentified now. Thing, his thing, stolen. Thing for only him, seized, used, entered. Thing suddenly unknown, child with no identity outside of him, outside of belonging to him, to be for him only his possession, no word for it, melted into him, dissolved into the overwhelming condition, known since the beginning of time, wrongly, by the word dishonor.

TRANSLATION WITHOUT THE LETTER 'E'

A thing for him, a slut for him only. Now unknown. A thing, a thing for just him, spoils. A thing for grabbing, for busting in, thrusting in. A thing now unfamiliar, a child, nothing but part of him, his thing, only his spoils, no word to describe it, thing dissolving, thinning out into a similarly rising condition, known wrongly as humiliation.

TRANSLATION WITHOUT THE LETTER 'O'

She, his thing, his secret slut. Nameless. Given up like a thing, a thing just his, captured. Taken, used, penetrated. A thing suddenly strange, a child defined by being his, his prize, indescribable, melted, diluted in a similarly rising state, that since time's beginning has been called, cruelly, disgrace.

TRANSLATION WITHOUT VERBS

She, an object for him, a secret prostitute for him alone. Nameless now. Now a thing, a thing for him alone, stolen. For him alone taken, used, entered. A thing suddenly unfamiliar, a child with no identity outside of him, now a part of him, for him only his possession, no word for it, she, melted, dissolved, in a condition similarly new, since the beginning marked by the wrong word: disgrace.

TRANSLATION WITHOUT NOUNS

Objectified, secretly prostituted. Nameless. Handed over, stolen. Taken, used, penetrated. Suddenly strange, infantile, attached, dependent, possessed, nameless, melting, dissolving, described wrongly as disgraced.

TRANSLATION USING ONLY MONOSYLLABIC WORDS

She is now his thing, a slut just for him, no one else knows. No name now. Changed to a thing, a thing for just him, he stole her. He seized her, used her, went in her. A thing now strange, a child known only as his, to be a prize for just him, no word for it, he made her melt in to him, thinned her out in to a new state that since the start has been called by the wrong word: shame.

TRANSLATION USING ONLY DISYLLABIC WORDS

Lover becomes object, secret harlot. Becomes nameless. Object, stolen. Taken, wasted, entered. Object becomes unknown, infant defined inside lover, becomes lover, lover's treasure only, nameless, melted into lover, dissolved into dawning nature, always described wrongly: disgrace.

An excerpt from
Capricious Horses

by Vladamir Vysotsky

Translated by
Matthew Ryklin

from the Russian

Кони Привередливые

Вдоль обрыва, по-над пропастью
Посамоу, по краю
Я коней своих нагайкою стегаю – поганяю!
Что-то воздуху мне мало:
Ветер пью, туман глотаю
Чую с губельным восторгом:
Пропадю, пропадю!

Чуть помедленнее кони,
Чуть помедленнее,
Вы тугую не слушайте плеть.
Но что-то кони мне попались привередливые
И дожить не успел,
Мне допеть не успеть.

Я коней напою,
Я куплет допою,
Хоть мгновенье ещё,
Постою на краю...

Capricious Horses

Along the cliff, over the abyss,
On the very edge
I lash my horses with my whip – I urge them on!
I don't have enough air:
I drink the wind, I swallow the fog,
I feel with disastrous delight:
I'm fading, I'm fading!

Slow down a little, my horses,
Just a little slower,
Do not listen to the sharp lash.
But it seems I've ended up with capricious horses
And I haven't had time to live,
No time to finish my song.

I'll give my horses a drink,
I'll finish singing my verse,
And for only just a moment longer,
I'll stand on the edge...

Catullus CI

Translated by
Erin Schwartz

from the Latin

Multas per gentes et multa per æquora uectus
aduenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias,
ut te postremo donarem munere mortis
et mutam nequiquam alloquerer cinerem,
quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum,
heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi.
nunc tamen interea hæc prisco quæ more parentum
tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias,
accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
atque in perpetuum, frater, aue atque uale.

Through many peoples and many seas I've been carried,
Brother, to arrive here, at these miserable death-rituals
So that I, last of all, might give you your death-gifts
And, all for nothing, might talk to your silent ashes,
Because fate took you away from me, you yourself—
Oh god, my poor brother, unfairly snatched from me!
Now, though, meanwhile, in our parents' old tradition,
 these things
Are offered up as a sad gift to the dead.
Accept them: wet with a brother's tears.
And forever, brother, hello and goodbye.

غزل شماره ۷۱

Ghazal 17 & 32

by Hafez

Translated by
Roger Sedarat

from the Persian

سینه از آتش دل در غم جانانه بسوخت
آتشی بود در این خانه که کاشانه بسوخت

تنم از واسطه دوری دلبر بگذاخت
جانم از آتش مهر رخ جانانه بسوخت

سوز دل بین که ز بس آتش اشکم دل شمع
دوش بر من ز سر مهر چو پروانه بسوخت

آشنایی نه غریب است که دلسوز من است
چون من از خویش برقتم دل بیگانه بسوخت

خرقه زهد مرا آب خرابات ببرد
خانه عقل مرا آتش میخانه بسوخت

چون پیاله دلم از توبه که کردم بشکست
همچو لاله جگرم بی می و خمخانه بسوخت

ماجرا کم کن و باز آ که مرا مردم چشم
خرقه از سر به درآورد و به شکرانه بسوخت

ترک افسانه بگو حافظ و می نوش دمی
که نخفتیم شب و شمع به افسانه بسوخت

Ghazal 17

My heart's devoured by the beloved's fire.
A guest in my home, she herself housed fire.

From a distance she consumed my body.
Near my beloved, my soul consumed fire.

Last night my burning tears, like candle wax,
Melted my heart in a moth-flickered fire.

Of course friends too can set the heart ablaze.
I've even seen distant strangers set fire.

I washed religious clothes at the tavern
And threw my reason in the wine-red fire.

Sober, I broke the wine cup in my heart.
My liver absorbed the wine-bled fire.

He ripped the religious cap from my skull
And suddenly it seemed like it rained fire.

Hafez, stop chit-chatting. Drink some wine.
Your candle grows short from gossip-fanned fire.

غزل شماره ۲۳

خدا چو صورت ابروی دلگشای تو بست
گشاد کار من اندر کرشمه‌های تو بست

مرا و سرو چمن را به خاک راه نشاند
زمانه تا قصب نرگس قبای تو بست

ز کار ما و دل غنچه صد گره بگشود
نسیم گل چو دل اندر پی هوای تو بست

مرا به بند تو دوران چرخ راضی کرد
ولی چه سود که سر رشته در رضای تو بست

چو نافه بر دل مسکین من گره مفکن
که عهد با سر زلف گره گشای تو بست

تو خود وصال دگر بودی ای نسیم وصال
خطا نگر که دل امید در وفای تو بست

ز دست جور تو گفتم ز شهر خواهم رفت
به خنده گفت که حافظ برو که پای تو بست

Ghazal 32

Your eyebrow's the arc of the world God made.
One look from you, and my heart's house got made.

I find peace in the song of your longing,
The heart of a meadow bird that God made.

We pruned the roses, tied to your desire,
Untangling the promised love knot made.

Tied to your thread, I endure the weaving,
But fear the loss after the carpet's made.

Don't bind my heart to nature's rigid laws.
Fix it wild, like your hair, in loose knots made.

From hope born of a breeze that came from you
I learned of the covenant that God made.

"I fear walking through the violent city."
He laughs: "Hafez, you walk the path God made!"

Two Poems

by Engin Akalın

Translated by
Kat Thornton

from the Turkish

Özlem

Özledim karagözlerini
Gurbette memleket hasreti gibi
Özledim güzel sesini
Söylenmeyen bir şarkı gibi
Özledim al yanaklarını
Doğmayan güneş gibi
Özledim sevdiğim seni özledim
Keşke özlesen sen de bu garibi..

Longing

I miss your dark eyes
Like an exile* misses his country
I miss your beautiful voice
Like an unspoken song
I miss your red cheeks
Like the unrisen sun
I miss you, my love, I miss you
I wish you also missed this strange man...

Translator's note: Exile is used to translate the word gurbet, an untranslatable word to describe a person driven out of their country for economic necessity. It is derived from the Persian word for "slave."

Son Mektup

Uzun zamandır göremiyorum onu
Uzun zamandır duyamıyorum onun buruk nağmelerini
Yeni öğrendim, bana son bir mektup yazmış ve anlatmış bana beni
Senin geldiğin gün veda etmiş meğer
Bana artık ihtiyacın yok demiş
Sonra seni anlatmış unutulmuş bir türküyle
Alevlenen kalbimi bu kez göz yaşıyla söndürmemem gerektiğini
öğütlemiş
Gün gelir de sönerse eğer, o kalp atmaz demiş
O şimdi benden çok uzakta olsa da hep benim için, seni beklemiş
Onunla beraber bestelediğimiz şarkıları senin için mırıldanmışım meğer
Geceleri uykudan uyanıp korkakça ağlamam, onunla olduğumdan değil,
sensizliğimdenmiş.
Tek dileği, pes etmeden seninde beni seveceğin günü beklememiş.
Bilir misin bu mektubu yazan kimin nesi?
Bilmezsın tabi,
Çünkü kendisi, uzun süre önce beni terk eden yalnızlığımın sesi...

The last letter

I haven't seen it in a long time
Haven't heard the sour melodies in a long time
I just found one last letter, written to me, about me
The day you came, it left, apparently
The letter said you no longer needed me
Then it described you with a forgotten song
It told me not to extinguish my burning heart with tears
The day it is extinguished, the letter said, the heart won't beat
For me it always waited for you, even though it is far from me now
We composed those songs together, singing silently for you, it turns out
I don't cry like a coward in the waking nights because it's with me, I just
realized it's because I am not with you.
Its only wish was to fight for the day when you would love me back.
Do you know who wrote this letter?
Of course you don't,
'Cause the sound of loneliness left me a long time ago...

Translator's note: This poem presented a series of linguistic challenges. First was the case of gender ambiguity. In the original Turkish, Akalin refers to the letter writer as a non-gendered entity, thus creating a oneness between "the sound of loneliness," the object of his affection, and himself. Secondly, there is a tense in Turkish for actions that have happened but you have not directly observed. This tense can be used in written letters. For example, to say that someone told you something in a letter, you can simply say "demiş" in Turkish.

“When You’re Gone”

by Tor Jonsson

Translated by
Andrea Wister

from the Norwegian

Når Du Er Borte

Næ rast er du når du er borte.
Noko blir borte når du er nær.
Dette kallar eg kjærleik –
Eg veit ikkje kva det er.

Før var kveldane fylte
av susing frå vind og foss.
No ligg ein bortgøymd tone
og dirrar imellom oss.

When You're Gone

You are closest when you are gone
Something goes missing when you're near,
I call this love –
I don't know what it is.

The evenings used to be filled
with the hum of winds and waterfalls.
Now there is a hidden tone
quivering between us

“The *Odes* of Horace”

by Robert Boucheron

Quintus Horatius Flaccus (65-8 BC) published three books of *Carmina* in 23 BC. He published “*Carmen Saeculare*” in 17 BC and a fourth book of *Carmina* in about 13 BC. This virtuoso collection of 104 lyric poems is known in English as the *Odes*. Even during Horace’s lifetime, the *Odes* were studied in school, and they remained a curriculum staple for centuries. Any educated person was familiar with them. Robert Louis Stevenson, for example, called his first book of essays in 1881 *Virginibus Puerisque*, and everyone understood the quotation from *Odes*, Book 3, number 1. Yet the *Odes* are seldom read today. Why not?

One reason may be the lack of a truly accessible translation in English. There have been many attempts, some of individual odes which succeed brilliantly, and some of the whole collection, less brilliant. The most readable versions of Horace in English, done before the twentieth century, take great liberties with form and content. Recent translations are more literal, but they read poorly as English verse. The polish and wit are lost. The *Odes* exert a fatal attraction, more alluring than amenable to the translator’s art.

Yet some of Horace’s effects are simple and translate easily. He uses anaphora, for example, parallelism, and other types of repetition. He creates memorable images, often taken from the natural world of plants, animals, and weather. “You shun me, Chloe, like a fawn” is a famous example (1,23). He conjures up charming scenes of private parties (1, 6 and 1,27), and he evokes violence (1,2). He can be funny, and he can be moving, as in a reference to Vergil (1,3): “and so preserve the half of my own soul.” Now and then, a line is strikingly modern, for example in 2,1 referring to civil war: “What field is not enriched by human blood?”

Here are some approaches to the *Odes*. They are offered as advice to the reader choosing an English version, hints for translators, and a guide to appreciation of the poetry.

1. Latin to English

The Latin language is more complex than English. In the *Odes*, as in all Latin literature, rhetoric and grammar are deployed to their utmost, using constructions which have no ready counterpart in English, or which sound

stilted. Examples include the use of rhetorical questions, and negatives such as “You bend less easily than oak” (3,10). Verbs in the conditional or passive voice often sound better in English as indicative and active. Verb tenses can be shifted to the present, and participles can be “reactivated.” Long sentences constructed of subordinate and relative clauses can be broken up and rearranged. English readers prefer simple declarative statements. At times, it may be worth sacrificing elaborate grammar for the sake of clarity.

2. Meter

Another difference between Latin and English verse is the nature of meter. Greek and Latin meters are quantitative, based on the length of syllables, while English meter is based on stress. The quantity of a syllable is more regular and predicable than stress, which varies by context. As a result, Greek and Latin verse employs a great number of patterns, some of them complex, in the arrangement of long and short syllables. By contrast, English traditional verse has a simple pattern within which variations can occur, as in the iambic pentameter lines of Shakespeare and Milton. Attempts to reproduce Latin meters in English, syllable for syllable, sound awkward, with word order and sense tortured to fit the metrical pattern. Free verse is equally inappropriate. A simple English line that corresponds to the length of the Latin line may be the best approach.

3. Form

A few of the Odes are written in a two-line form, which suggests a couplet in English. Many more are written in a four-line stanza, which suggests a traditional English quatrain or ballad. These forms in turn set up expectations which may or may not be helpful. Rhyme, for example, does not occur in classical Latin, though it was used later in medieval verse. With or without rhyme, the structure of an English quatrain tends to emphasize the last word of each line, or give prominence to the fourth line, or affect the grammar in various ways. A quatrain may be one sentence, for example, as in a Shakespeare sonnet, or each line may be a complete phrase. In the Odes, one sentence may run through several stanzas, as in 4,2. In both Latin and English, this feat of grammar may leave the reader gasping for breath or stunned in admiration.

The last word of a Latin line seldom has the importance that it does in English. Instead, the inflected Latin grammar allows variable word order, which in turn allows the poet to create word patterns, which overlay the metrical patterns. A noun is separated from its adjective, for example, or a verb from its

object, and they are interlaced with other words. Though this effect was prized by the Romans, it has no counterpart in English, where word order determines meaning, and placement of an adjective after its noun, for example, sounds affected. It may be best to ignore the interlace, and to look for opportunities to bring other tools into play, such as alliteration and other sound effects.

4. Titles

A poem in Greek or Latin, especially a short lyric poem, usually lacks a title. It is cited by its first line, or the first few words, or in the case of the Odes, by number. Many odes are addressed to persons named in the text, so editors have supplied titles such as "To Maecenas." Or subject matter has suggested a title such as "On the Vanity of Wealth." The modern trend is to omit titles for Latin poems.

The Odes are arranged in four "Books." At the time Horace wrote, a book was a scroll, and long works were published in several scrolls. "Volume" or "chapter" would be a better name. Horace called the poems "carmina" meaning "songs." The Greek equivalent is "odes," such as those Pindar wrote. Somehow, "odes" became the English title. Keats, Shelley and Wordsworth famously wrote odes, more on the Pindaric model than the Horatian. Perhaps forever, we are stuck with this strange nomenclature.

5. Reading Aloud

Historically, one prototype for the Latin lyric was the hymn, chanted to a god or goddess, and some odes take this form. Another source was the drinking song, and several odes pretend to be such or are invitations to drink wine. Greek literature provided models derived from songs accompanied by the lyre or harp. So Horace says metaphorically that he plucks the lyre and sings. One example among many is 1,32:

My lyre, if ever in the idle shade
I plucked from you what dies not in a year
But lives for many, come and serenade
A Latin ear.

Whereas a song tends to be brief, with short phrases related to the singer's breath, and to the ability to take things in by ear, an ode is often long, with sentences that run over from line to line and from stanza to stanza. Having chosen a form,

Horace applied it to novel uses, and stretched it to its limit and beyond. Some scholars assert that the Odes were meant to be sung, and that Horace sang them in performance. More likely, given the Roman tradition of public recitation, Horace read them aloud. But surely, he also meant them to be read on paper and savored as literary delicacies.

6. Language

The Odes are fraught with an overabundance of lofty language, fine phrases, rhetorical flourishes, and moral instruction. An editor today would say that Horace uses too many adjectives. Archaic words, compression, and heroic similes figure prominently. The modern reader may acknowledge the difference in taste, and try to appreciate the art of rhetoric as the Romans did. Or we may look for something deeper, an artistic purpose.

Poetic or elevated diction is a way of setting apart, of creating a mood. The dramatic speeches of Nereus (1,15), Juno (3,3), Regulus (3,5), Europa (3,27), and Hannibal (4,4) represent extreme cases of the technique. But in poetry, rhetoric does not persuade. It sounds unreal, and that is its purpose. It is one way in which Horace creates an ideal world, the world of the imagination.

7. Tone

The odes vary greatly in tone. Horace is by turns lighthearted and serious. He pleads, mocks, flatters, lectures, preaches, chants, and enchants. His irony and subtle humor are notorious, to the point that some scholars despair of uncovering his true feelings. How can the translator convey this varied tone? Wide reading and experience with other Latin texts is helpful. A good ear for tone in English is desirable. Many English versions of the Odes miss the tone entirely and make Horace sound uniformly pedantic and dull. This is distressing.

8. Greek Models

Horace claims several Greek poets as predecessors, notably Sappho, Alcaeus and Pindar, and admires others, such as Anacreon and Homer. Scholars have discovered particular Greek poems that he used as models, and poets whom he does not name but whose work clearly influenced him. In a famous passage in 3,30, Horace declares that he is “the first to introduce Greek melodies to Latin measure.” Actually, Catullus did so earlier, and Catullus mentions other Latin poets who adapted from Greek. But to take Horace at his word, we may ask why. If the Greek language and literature were familiar to educated Romans, why was

it necessary to recreate lyric poetry in Latin?

One answer may be that the Hellenization of Rome applied more to the aristocracy than to the culture as a whole. About eighty years after Horace wrote, the emperor Nero introduced Greek athletics, music, and design ideas to Rome. Also, Horace may have aimed for the middle class, his own, which was more old-fashioned. Another possibility is that Horace was caught up in the national impulse to equal or surpass the Greeks, in which case the Odes are to be seen not as imitations but as a distinct literature. It must be significant that he avoids using Greek words, apart from names. Then again, the prestige of Greek lyric made it an essential part of the ideal world he wished to create.

9. Religion and Mythology

The Odes frequently refer to gods, goddesses, nymphs, divine heroes, and more nebulous spirits. The reader is expected to know a vast body of Greek and Roman myths, which are alluded to briefly rather than spelled out. Sometimes, the allusion is hard to follow, a patronymic instead of the hero's name, or "she of Cynthus" for Venus. Ancient readers enjoyed learned references more than we do.

Sometimes, Horace's tone is reverent, and he professes sincere religious conviction. At other times, he exploits a myth for the sake of its story, or humor, or sexual innuendo, as in the myths of Danaë (3,16) and Europa (3,27). Some scholars find that Horace was a skeptic at heart, mouthing pious platitudes, or that Roman society in his time paid no more than lip service to religion. Lucretius wrote *De Rerum Natura* in the first century BC to combat what he regarded as superstition. To complicate matters, gods like Jupiter and Minerva had official, state-supported cults. Given the pervasiveness of religion in the Odes, what is a modern reader to make of it?

The panoply of ancient belief is a dead letter, and to pretend to enter into it leads nowhere. Instead, we may read it as a symbolic world, an extended metaphor for the otherworldly, which in turn derives from the inner world of the mind, to take a modern psychological view. This interpretation suits Horace, who responds to the world, both heaven and earth, in a personal way. In some poems, it makes sense to read his evocation of the Muse or Bacchus, for example, as a projection of his exalted state of mind, a way of saying that he is out of his mind (2,19 and 3,25). Wine and drunkenness are metaphors for this as well. He is not a mystic, but he recognizes a state of mind beyond reason, feels that it is vital, and describes it in the language of his time. At his best, he infects the

reader with his enthusiasm.

10. Politics

References to history and contemporary politics seem out of place in lyric poetry. Horace offers ironic apologies for including them. But Alcaeus, one of his Greek models, was famous for his poems on political subjects, and for his active role as a partisan soldier. Horace himself joined the army of Brutus, he tells us, and fought at the battle of Philippi, the final defeat of the republican faction (3,4). The republic had been a long time falling, as Rome and Italy endured a century of civil wars, governmental crises, and dictators.

The great event of the day was the founding of the principate by Octavian (later granted the title of Augustus), the adopted son of Julius Caesar. Horace suffered for taking the wrong side. Later, he was astute enough to win a government post, and then the patronage of Augustus' unofficial minister of culture, Maecenas. In the context of the time and of Horace's life, it is natural that politics should creep into the Odes.

11. Augustus and the Empire

Less understandable is that Horace should so often praise Augustus and in such fulsome terms. He presents himself as a fervent patriot, a supporter of the new regime and its willing bard. He glorifies war as the instrument of Roman power, and he sees the extension of that power over foreign nations as unquestionably good. As Rome's enemy, Cleopatra is evil incarnate (1,37). Imperial army commanders such as Lamia and Numida are his personal saviors (1,26 and 1,36). He calls Augustus a god (1,2; 3,5; etc.), sometimes an incarnation of Mercury, and draws a parallel between emperor and Jupiter as rulers of the world.

To cite Greek precedents for such extreme praise does not make it palatable to us. Nor is it satisfactory to assume that Horace obeyed orders, direct or implied, to write such things. He refuses a request from Agrippa, with the excuse that "my feeble and unwarlike lyre" is unfit to celebrate his military exploits (1,6). He turns away from themes of state and wealth to revel in homely pleasures and love affairs (3,1 and 3,8). Yet he scolds Paris for shirking at Troy (1,15), and he says that army service is the best training for a young man (3,2). In Book 4, he glorifies military exploits by Augustus, Drusus and Tiberius.

Perhaps Horace reveals conflicting attitudes toward power and war. He shared in the profound relief that the civil wars were over. If the solution was a

permanent dictatorship, then so be it. Significantly, his treatment of Augustus is impersonal, lacking the warmth he shows toward Maecenas, Vergil and others, and omitting any human detail. He praises the office “Caesar” rather than the man. He describes the new political order in visionary terms, as a return to the golden age in 4,2. Praising Caesar again, he writes:

The fates and blessed gods have never brought
A greater or a better to earth's stage,
Nor shall, though time run back to our first lot,
The golden age.

In the last two odes (4,14 and 4,15) and the Centennial Hymn, written for a state festival, the empire merges with an ideal world of peace, love and plenty. If this is propaganda, as some critics claim, it is also art.

12. Proper Names

A bewildering number of proper names crop up, persons and places, real and fictional. Some, like Tibur, the location of Horace's villa, recur and hold great importance. Others occur once or twice and add little more than a flavor of erudition. The curious reader will have to consult the notes, a reference book, or Lempriere's Dictionary.

Like other ancient writers, Horace used proper names to add color. They functioned as shorthand for well-known attributes, or they summoned an emotional response. Athens, for example, stood for the world of art and learning, and recalled pleasant memories to Romans who studied there as young men. Cato, who preferred to die rather than submit to tyranny, was a symbol for stoic freedom. Exotic places imply a broad outlook, and they suggest how far-flung the empire had become. A hymn may invoke a god or goddess from several cult sites. The island of Delos, for example, was sacred to Apollo and his sister Diana, who according to legend were born there. Horace speaks of wines from regions of Italy—Caecuban, Falernian, Formian and Sabine—much as we speak of Bordeaux and Burgundy. Other places were bywords for particular foods or products. Mount Hymettos near Athens was famous for its honey, Sicily for wheat, and so on.

Italian cities, rivers, mountains, provinces and ethnic groups receive special attention. Horace indulges in patriotic pride, and he appeals to such pride in his audience. Italy rivals Greece and attempts to match or steal its glory. Horace

mentions his birthplace Apulia several times, with mythic reference to King Daunus. Faunus, equated with the Greek god Pan, forsakes Arcadia for Tibur, and specifically Horace's villa (1,17 and 3,18). In this way, Horace idealizes the country, or confuses it with the ideal world. In any case, names did and do possess a kind of magic in being said aloud.

13. Sexuality

In poetry as refined as the Odes, the topic of sex is coarse and intrusive to modern taste. Horace has an earthy side, and he takes a frank pleasure in love and sex. In this, he is typical of his time. Some poems are addressed to women or girls as lovers, and some are addressed to boys. Scholars note that the names of all these persons are Greek, and they have discussed their social status, and whether they were living people or characters from the poet's imagination. Greek names in Rome imply that the bearer is a slave, or a former slave, or an immigrant from the Greek-speaking Mediterranean. Women such as Barinē, Chloë, Damalis, Glycera, Leuconoë, Lydia, Phyllis and Pyrrha are presumed to be tarts, demimondaines, dinner companions, party girls and playmates. But Chloris, Licymnia and Lycē seem from their context to be pseudonyms for married Roman women, who are presumed to be chaste, especially after Augustus' law against adultery.

Among names for men, there is a distinction between Latin ones, which refer to public figures, and Greek ones, which again are ambiguous. Cyrus, Gyges, Nearchus, Sybaris, Telephus and Thaliarchus may or may not represent real young men, Greek or Roman. Those addressed as lovers are no more certain. Homosexuality flourished in Greece and somewhat less openly in Rome. The Odes treat it on a level with heterosexuality. In 2,9 for example, Valgius is urged to stop mourning his lost Myestes. The tone is teasing, and the proposed distraction—glorification of Augustus—ironically underscores Valgius' grief. But in 4,1 and 4,10 Ligurinus, a Latin name, is the beloved boy.

Sex as a subject and its semifictional treatment recall the conventions of pastoral poetry, begun by Theocritus. Pastoral allows any kind of amorous pairing, and it can be downright bawdy. Comparison suggests that Horace is less concerned with real life than with the ideal world. To ask where his sexual preference lay is to miss the point. All that seems certain is that he did not marry or have children, nor did he have a long-time companion, except possibly for Cinara (4,1) or Phyllis (4,11) who is "of all my loves the last."

14. The Mask of the Poet

Enough has been said to forestall any simple equation of Horace the man with the singer of the Odes. The self-conscious poet, the one who says "I," is a literary creation, a "persona," which is to say a "mask." We must resist the temptation to read the Odes as autobiography, or as the confessions of a man who lived in the first century BC. The lack of personal information will disappoint the modern reader. Horace remains aloof, and allows into the Odes only those details which contribute to art. We learn more about him in his other works, the Satires, Epistles and Epodes. To put it another way, he idealizes his emotions, as he idealizes so much else. We can draw an analogy with Roman portrait sculpture of this period, which idealizes the subject, unlike the starkly realistic portraits of years before.

For this reason, some modern critics accuse Horace of being shallow, insincere, phlegmatic, or overly bound by literary concerns. He is said to lack passion, or to stick too closely to the golden mean. Such judgments are neither true nor false as applied to the stylized mask of the poet. The Odes stand independent of their creator. The insights they offer are of mankind and the world of the imagination.

Note: All translations quoted above are by Robert Bouchero.



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Tim Kahl is the author of *Possessing Yourself* (CW books, 2009) and *The Century of Travel* (CW Books, 2012). His work has been published in *Prairie Schooner*, *Indiana Review*, *Ninth Letter*, *Notre Dame Review*, *The Journal*, *Parthenon West Review*, and many other journals in the U.S. He appears as Victor Schnickelfritz at the poetry and poetics blog *The Great American Pinup* (<http://greatamericanpinup.wordpress.com/>) and editor of *Clade Song* [<http://www.cladesong.com>]. He is the vice president and events coordinator of The Sacramento Poetry Center. For more info, visit www.timkahl.com.

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Matthew Ryklin is currently a member of the class of 2014 at Brown University. He is concentrating in International Relations with a focus on Eastern Europe. While he was born in New Jersey, both of his parents are from the former Soviet Union - leading to his interest in Russian language and culture. He was shown

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Andrea Wister is a junior at Brown University studying Psychology and Ethnic Studies. She hails from Oslo, Norway.

Engin Akalın published his first book of poetry as a senior in high school. His favorite place in the world is Istanbul, Turkey, where he grew up and currently attends Koç University as a mechanical engineering major. When he is not writing poetry, he also sings and composes Turkish fusion songs.

Dante Alighieri (1265-1321) was an Italian poet, philosopher, and political thinker. He is best known for the epic poem *The Divine Comedy*, widely considered a masterpiece of world literature.

Juan Antonio Bernier (1976 -) is a Spanish poet. He has published the books of poems *La Costa de los Sueños*, 1998; *La Plaquette Lucas Dentro del Bosque*, 2000; *Así Procede el Pájaro* which received the Ojo Crítico de RNE award in 2005; and *Árboles con Tronco Pintado de Blanco*, published in 2011. Bernier's work has been included in numerous anthologies of contemporary Spanish poetry, including *La Inteligencia y El Hacha*. Between 2005-2011 he has been co-director of Encuentro Internacional de Poesía Cosmopoética for which he has won the Premio Nacional al Fomento de la Lectura 2009. He has a BA in Hispanic Studies from the University of Cordoba and he is a Professor at the The St. Clement of Ohrid University of Sofia, Bulgaria.

Robert Boucheron is an architect in Charlottesville, Virginia, website boucheronarch.com. He writes on housing, communities, gardens, electric motorcycles, and love gone wrong. His work appears in *Blue Lake Review*, *Cerise Press*, *Classical Outlook*, *Construction*, *Cossack Review*, *Foliate Oak*, *Hellas*, *IthacaLit*, *Montreal Review*, *Mouse Tales Press*, *New England Review*, *Niche*, *North Dakota Quarterly*, *Poydras Review*, *Talking Writing*, *Zodiac Review*.

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Catullus (84-54 AD) was a poet who lived during the late Roman Republic. He was part of a literary movement that departed from the epic tradition, whose members were called “*novi poetae*” (new poets). His work greatly influenced other Roman poets, including Virgil and Ovid.

Benito del Pliego (1970 -), born in Madrid, has published many collections of poetry, including *Fábula*, *Índice*, *Alcance de la mano*, and *Fisiones*. After completing a doctorate at the Universidad Autónoma de Madrid, he came to the United States in 1997, where he is now an associate professor in the Department of Languages, Literatures, and Cultures at Appalachian State University. In addition to writing critical pieces about Spanish and Latin American poetry, he has taken up projects as diverse as translating Gertrude Stein and rendering the Cuban poet Isel Rivero's English-language works into Spanish.

Anne Duden (1942 -) lived in Berlin and then East Germany until 1953 when her family moved to West Germany. She studied Germanic culture, sociology and philosophy at the Free University of Berlin. She worked as a bookseller and was a founder of Red Book Publishing. She has taught literature at German universities. She currently resides in London and Berlin. She has been awarded several prestigious prizes for her work.

Marguerite Duras (1914 – 1996) is one of France's most renowned female writers and film directors. Born in French Indochina, now Vietnam, she spent most of her young life in poverty there as part of a campaign by the French government to colonize the area. This is also the site of her most famous book, *L'Amant*, which tells the story of a taboo affair between a young girl and her much older Chinese lover, which won the French Prix

Goncourt, France's highest literary honor. Duras published many novels, plays, and essays, her style becoming more associated with the Nouveau roman literary movement starting with *Moderato Cantabile*, a tale of lust and obsession. Most of Duras' books are sexual, psychological, and deeply personal, and her films, most famously *India Song*, are vigorously experimental.

Denise Emmer (1958 -) was born in Rio de Janeiro, studied physics and did post-graduate work in philosophy at the Federal University of Rio de Janeiro. She has published many books of poetry and three novels. She is an accomplished musician and has made many recordings as a songwriter and performer of MPB. She has won the Olavo Bilac Prize, the Association of São Paulo Art Critics Prize, and The National Prize of the PEN Club of Brazil. She is the daughter of novelist Dias Gomes, and she also plays the cello.

Margarita Ríos-Farjat (Monterrey, Nuevo Leon, Mexico): an Attorney at Law with a master's degree in Tax Law, she was admitted in Mexico in 1996. As a poet, she was a Fellow at the Nuevo Leon Writer's Centre (1997-1998), and the winner of the following contests: *Literatura Universitaria* [University's Literature] (1993), *Poesia Joven de Monterrey* [Young Poetry of Monterrey] (1997), and *Nacional de Ensayo Juridico* [National Contest of Juridical Essay] (2000). She is the author of several juridical publications, and two books of poems: *Si las horas llegaran para quedarse* [If the Hours Would Come To Stay] (1995), and *Cómo usar los ojos* [How To Use the Eyes] (2010). Her poetry has appeared in several anthologies in Mexico, and many magazines, some of them of national distribution. She is also a regular Op-Ed contributor to Monterrey's leading newspaper, *El Norte*.

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Federico García Lorca was a Spanish poet, playwright, and theatre director. He came to prominence as a member of the Generation of 1927, a group of writers dedicated to the avant-garde. Garcia Lorca published many acclaimed collections of poetry, among them *Poeta en Nueva York* and *Romancero Gitano*.

He died in 1936, ostensibly a victim of the Nationalist forces in Spain.

Hafez (1325 - 1389), one of the classical masters of Persian poetry, was born in Shiraz, Iran, in the early 14th century. His ghazals excel both in musicality as well as in intricate wordplay. Because of both its incredible style as well as its deft philosophical treatment of such themes as death, love, and divine worship, his verse has had a lasting and pervasive influence on Persian language and culture.

Octavio Paz (1914-1998) was a Mexican essayist, poet, and diplomat, born in Mexico City. His poetry was influenced by Marxism, surrealism, and Eastern religions such as Buddhism and Hinduism. His most famous prose work is *The Labyrinth of Solitude*, in which he examined the nature of modern Mexico and its people.

Saša Perugini is a Serbian-Italian writer born in Siena to a mother from Belgrade and father from Siena. Over the years she has lived in various cities within Italy and abroad. She currently resides in Florence and serves as the Director of Syracuse University's campus in Florence where she also teaches a course on International Education. She holds a Laurea Magistrale in English and Russian Literatures and Languages from the University of Siena and a Ph.D. in History of Theatre from Tufts University.

Márgara Russotto (1946 -), born in Italy, is a Venezuelan poet and translator. She graduated from the Central University of Venezuela, where she was a professor for several years. She has translated poetry and essays by Brazilian and Italian writers, such as Cecília Meireles, Oswald de Andrade, Antonio Candido, Claudio Magris, Giuseppe Ungaretti, and Alfonso Gatto, among others, and has published eight books of critical essays. As a poet, her eight collections include *Erosiones extremas* (Editorial Universidad de Costa Rica, 2010), *Del esplendor* (Editorial Tiempo Nuevo, 2009), and *Obra poética* (Ediciones El otro el mismo, 2006). Currently, she is an Associate Professor of Latin American Literature and Culture at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst, working on poetry and women writers with interdisciplinary and multicultural perspectives. These poems are selected from a series of poems entitled, “Lavigny Journal: 21 days of poetry” (“Diario de Lavigny: 21 días de poesía”), written while she was a writer in residence at the Chateau de Lavigny in Switzerland.

Emil Sittzya (1886-1964) was born Adolf Schenk, in Budapest. In the early years of the twentieth century he started a number of magazines including, in Paris in 1909, *Les homes nouveaux*, with poet Blaise Cendrars; and in Zurich in 1915 *Der Mistral*, with Dadaist Hugo Ball. He wrote the first serious appreciation of Chagall and the first cultural history of suicide, *Selbstmoerder* (1925). He is best known for his 1923 book, *Kuriositaeten-Kabinett* [*Curio Cabinet*], with its memorable subtitle, which translates as “Encounters with strange occurrences, vagrants, criminals, artists, religious madmen, sexual oddities, socialists, unionists, communists, anarchists, politicians and artists.” He died in Paris.

Ahmed Shawqi (1870 – 1932) was born in Cairo, Egypt and is

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considered to have revolutionized Arabic poetry. Known as “The Prince of Poetry,” as a young man Shawqi studied Law in Paris and was heavily influenced by the early French Modernists, particularly the plays of Moliere and Racine. His twofold contribution to the Arab literary tradition resides in poetry and in his pioneering introduction of poetic drama into the Arabic literary tradition. Shawqi spend almost a decade in exile in Spain when as an older man became actively vocal against the British colonial occupation of Egypt, where he wrote what became known as his “Blue Period.” While this period marked the turning of his work as an Islamic Poet, the three poems are from his more fanciful earlier work.”

Jón Thoroddsen (1898-1924) - Jón was born in Ísafjörður, the most populous town in the Vestfirðir (West fjords) of Iceland, on February 18, 1898. He was the son of the poet Theódóra Thoroddsen and Skúli Thoroddsen. His father was a member of parliament and an important figure in the independence movement. Jón died in Copenhagen at the age of 26 on New Year's Eve, 1924, after having been struck by a street-car earlier in the week, on Christmas day. In his life time he published a book of poetry, *Flugur (Flies)* in 1922, as well as several other plays, poems and short stories in various journals and periodicals.

Theocritus was a Greek poet from Sicily who flourished during the third century BCE. He is credited with the invention of the genre of bucolic poetry through his collection of Idylls; little is known of his life outside his poetry.

François-Marie Arouet, better known by his penname **Voltaire**, was born November 21, 1694 and died May 30, 1778, with both events occurring in Paris, France. His parents were François Arouet and Marie Marguerite d'Aumart. He was a writer and

philosopher during the Enlightenment and was well-known for his satire and attacks against the Catholic Church. He often had trouble with the authorities for his critiques of the government and religious intolerance, which resulted in numerous imprisonments and exiles. He was a strong advocate for freedom of religion, freedom of expression, and separation of church and state. His most famous work is probably “Candide” in which he criticizes war, religion, and ideas from the Enlightenment (i.e., the belief that science can explain everything).

Vladimir Vysotsky was born in Moscow in 1938. From a young age he had an inclination towards theater, music, poetry, and comedy. By the late 1950’s he was already being cast in plays and film. While shooting a movie he made use of a recording studio to record some of his own songs. Soon after spreading this tape around, he began to receive praise from both the “underground” as well as more established figures such as Anna Akhmatova. From there he would go on to become a folk music star. He was known for raspy voice and a traditional guitar as well as his depictions of the human condition. He would even go as far as to subtly poke fun at the Soviet government. Unfortunately, he struggled with alcoholism and drug addiction and died in 1980 at the age of just 42. His legacy still remains that of a Russian and Soviet folk hero.



