

AzonalL

Two

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Claire Eder with Marie Moulin-Salles

The Shadow

At the apogee of evening we devour the bread
the strawberries
June which makes silence.

A double
removes, also, his jacket and positions himself
a little aslant relative to pleasure.

He plots subtle eclipse
of the red in the fruit.

He sniffs our bread.

Night comes toward our life's drapery
badly adjusted
over the shapelessness of the world.

Marie-Claire Bancquart

L'ombre

Dans l'apogée du soir nous dévorons le pain
les fraises
juin qui fait silence.

Un double
enlève aussi sa veste et se dispose
un peu de biais par rapport au plaisir.

Il combine légère éclipse
du rouge dans les fruits.

Il hume notre pain.

La nuit vient vers la draperie
mal ajustée
de notre vie sur l'indistinct du monde.

Claire Eder with Marie Moulin-Salles

Sea

Gray. Impalpable droplets
take off before our eyes like a post-dated Genesis.

Fathoming a depth travelled by breath
through mist the sea remained secret to us

and we were thinking about god sole lust of emigrants

who led the exodus in the desert
to the country where he hid himself forever
behind a veil that ultimately
casts doubt on the enigma.

Marie-Claire Bancquart

Mer

Gris. D'impalpables gouttes
s'en vont devant nos yeux comme une Genèse postdatée.

Pénétrant une profondeur parcourue de souffles
la mer nous demeura secrète à travers brume

et nous pensions au dieu seule convoitise des émigrants

qui menait l'exode au désert
jusqu'au pays où il se dissimula pour toujours
derrière un voile qui finit
par faire douter de l'énigme.

Claire Eder with Marie Moulin-Salles

Liturgical

Wrinkles of the wolf in the moon:
this whole exile is ours
when death's proximate mirror is fogged with breath.

Swift, the express world
crosses over us
throws us into imbalance.

And if they were real, the gods, these big horses of our weariness?

And if it sufficed, to be beside our heart, to hear the beating of vegetal solemnities
in a solitude of fennec and bird:
a liturgy?

Marie-Claire Bancquart

Liturgique

Plissements du loup dans la lune:
l'exil entier nous appartient
quand le miroir proxime de la mort est embué d'haleine.

Vite, le monde express
nous traverse
en déséquilibre de nous.

S'ils étaient vrais, pourtant, les dieux, ces grands chevaux de notre usure?

S'il suffisait d'être à côté de notre cœur pour entendre le battement de solennités végétales
dans une solitude de fennec et d'oiseau:
liturgique?

Calvin Olsen and Antonio Ladeira

The smell of the hallway

The
hospital hallway where any news is anxiously awaited is
somber
and stuffy. The plastic chairs (polished and
patient) accept family members with
one thing on their mind: “positive
or negative?” Fear
drinks a cigarette
(smokes its third *espresso*)
believing it avoids the smell pervading
the hallway—
an inescapable smell that invades memory
acerbating the angst that precedes
the verdict: “negative
or positive?” Hands knit litanies
handcuffed to a rosary (hope is the nerve
when belief is the muscle) and
the smell of the hallway sticks to the answer which
arrives as the day ends
returning order to the world: “Negative”.
“Negative?”
“It’s negative.”

João Luís Barreto Guimarães

O cheiro do corredor

O
corredor do hospital onde se aguarda a notícia é
escuro
e abafado. As cadeiras de plástico (polidas e
pacientes) aceitam familiares com
um único objectivo: «positivo
ou negativo?» O medo
bebe um cigarro
(fuma o terceiro café)
julgando furtar-se ao cheiro que habita
o corredor—
um cheiro iniludível que invade a memória
acerbando a angústia que antecede
o veredicto: «negativo
ou positivo?» As mãos tecem litánias
algemadas a um terço (a esperança é o nervo
quando a crença é o músculo) e
o cheiro do corredor fica colado à resposta que
chega pelo fim do dia
devolvendo ordem ao mundo: «Negativo.»
«Negativo?»
«É negativo.»

Calvin Olsen and Antonio Ladeira

Dad takes his first steps

By the beach
there were four of us walking the promenade (me
listening to my father
my attentive shadow listening to
his shadow). He conversed with my arm with a
certain
struggle and took his first steps
since the dreary hospital
with the shy fearfulness of being a burden.
One step at a time. He wouldn't
say everything but
what he said was clear—
I keep the memory of him (a photographic
image) teaching me how to walk
waiting
for me with a hug
at the safe side of the room. "One step at a time."
Now I walk alone
alongside the same wall
(the shadow at my side seems
to know the way and
resembles his shadow). I just have to go
where it takes me.

João Luís Barreto Guimarães

O pai dá os primeiros passos

Junto à praia
éramos quatro percorrendo a marginal (eu
escutando meu pai
a minha sombra atenta escutando a
sombra dele). Conversava com o meu braço com
certa
dificuldade e dava os primeiros passos
desde o lúgubre hospital
com o tímido receio de estar a incomodar.
Um passo de cada vez. Não era
de dizer tudo mas
o que dizia era nítido—
comigo guardo a memória (uma imagem
fotográfica) de me ensinar a andar
esperando
com um abraço do
lado seguro da sala. «Um passo de cada vez.»
Agora avanço sozinho
pelo muro da mesma praia
(a sombra que a meu lado parece
saber o caminho
lembra muito a sombra dele). Só tenho de ir
onde me leva.

Calvin Olsen and Antonio Ladeira

Mechanics of a hug

How long shall I hold this hug?

Tess Gallagher

What you clasp in a hug when
you hug someone is not
a body: it's time. In that suspended delay
(as you detain another life) there is
a body which is yours while you have it
in your arms
(seeing as you have it to yourself
suspending all movement)
while time is halted for the
duration
of a hug. But the
strength of your arms is weaker than
that of time's and
it must be you who cedes
(it must be you who lets go) because
time will not agree to hold still for so long and
demands that you release it to
turn back into movement.

João Luís Barreto Guimarães

Mecânica de um abraço

How long shall I hold this hug?

Tess Gallagher

O que encerras num abraço quando
abraças alguém não é
um corpo: é tempo. Nesse demorar suspenso
(enquanto deténs outra vida) há
um corpo que é teu enquanto o reténs
nos braços
(porquanto o tens para ti
suspendendo o movimento)
enquanto páras o tempo pelo
tempo
de um abraço. Mas a
força dos teus braços é mais fraca do
que a do tempo e
tens de ser tu a ceder
(tens de ser tu a largar) porque
o tempo não aceita estar parado tanto tempo e
exige que o soltes para
tornar ao movimento.

Calvin Olsen and Antonio Ladeira

The high waters of the Seine

To Catherine Dumas

Today would be
a bad day for Celan to die by suicide.
Way too many tourists. Half of Paris came to see the
high waters of the Seine and there's so much excitement
(privacy is scarce) it's hard
to reflect on the issue
as Camus
put it whether each human life deserves
to be lived (or not).
The answer is in sight. The answer is
in the river. Today it is
the Seine itself that tries to live outside and
wants to experience the squares
(inhabit every street) expel from
within everything that makes it
an involuntary
accomplice of death. Today would be
a bad day for someone to choose the Seine—
today it is the river itself that is dying
to live.

João Luís Barreto Guimarães

As águas altas do Sena

a Catherine Dumas

Hoje seria
um mau dia para Celan se suicidar.
Demasiados turistas. Meia-Paris veio ver as
águas altas do Sena e há muita agitação
(escassa privacidade) difícil
pensar a questão como a colocou
Camus se
cada vida humana merece
(ou não) ser vivida.
A resposta está à vista. A resposta está
no rio. Hoje é
o próprio Sena que tenta a vida cá fora e
quer experimentar as praças
(pertencer a cada rua) expulsar de
dentro de si tudo aquilo que o
torne cúmplice
involuntário da morte. Hoje seria
um mau dia para alguém escolher o Sena—
hoje é o próprio rio que está morto
por viver.

Agnes Marton

Proliferation

You saw the fish swept ashore
by the broken drift.
It could've bellied a house
the size you'd imagined as a child.
You stood there, reeling off;
you haven't given birth to enough kids
for you to push them all back,
back to where they've come from.

You're told to continue, regardless;
this is how it goes:
think of your parents in you,
of your grandparents in you;
but all that you're concerned with is
a ducker species that became extinct
the year that you were born.

Your response is
you will save some room inside
if you manage to raise
the tree in front of your house
and its roots reach six feet;
then you'll be able to discuss forgotten ancestors
whose survival in the rooms
disguised as bathrooms
would've needed as much air
as the tree provides a year.

Eventually
you'll see them right ahead of you;
you know there will be two of them,
swimming by one another.
You'll promise them well in advance
you won't give them names
even after their birth
'cause it would make them realize

they'd seceded from each other,
and they would never forgive you.

Zita Izsó

Osztódás

Láttad a megváltozott áramlatok miatt
partra sodródni a halat,
aminek a gyomrába befért volna
egy akkora ház, amekkorát kiskorodban elképzeltél magadnak,
mellette álltál és sírni kezdtél,
mert nem szültél elég gyereket,
hogy együtt vissza tudjátok lökni oda, ahonnan jött.

Aztán azt mondják, akkor is folytatnod kell,
ez a világ rendje,
gondolj csak a szüleidre,
nagyszüleidre, ők is benned élnek tovább,
de te csak az óriásvöcsökre gondolsz,
amelyik pont abban az évben halt ki,
amikor születted.

És azt mondd,
akkor szorítasz majd magadban helyet,
ha sikerül felnevelni
a házatok előtti fát,
és a gyökerei elérik azt a mélységet,
ahova már halottakat temetnek,
mert akkor majd tudsz beszélni az elfelejtett ősről,
akiknek a túléléséhez a fürdőnek álcázott szobákban
talán pont annyi levegő kellett volna,
amennyit ez a fa egy év alatt termel.

És a végén
már látni fogod őket magad előtt,
tudod, hogy ketten lesznek,
versenyt úsznak majd benned,
és már jó előre megígéred nekik,
hogy a születésük után sem kapnak tőled nevet—
mert akkor rájönnek,
hogy elszakadtak egymástól
és ezt sosem bocsátanak meg neked.

Rochelle Potkar

Imprints of Doom

These are not words
but the poison imploding inside me,
convulsed over eons of paper.

What has escaped from under your breath is not a sigh,
but smoke exuding from faraway settlements

not tears offspringing from eyes,
but floating garbage, collated oceanic crud.

The skin suffers over body
sorrow from those hovels
as a tsunami births on my lips
and wants to destroy everything.

But watching the city bend its spine,
this tsunami quiets down.

What is branching out like ink
is just a characterless crowd.

You will hear the whimper of a buckling mountain.

What is rigor-mortising now
is not just your body,
but the underfoot sludge of a whole wasted city.

Sanket Mhatre

उध्वसताच्या खुणा

हे शब्द नाहीत
विष ओकलंय युगायुगांचं कागदावर
जो निसटलाय आता तो उसासा नाही
धूर आहे पेटलेल्या घराचा
डोळ्यातून वाहणारा आश्रू नाही
महासागरात साचलेला गाळ आहे
अंगावरची तवचा भोगते
गळती लागलेल्या झोपड्यांचं दुःख
एका तसुनामीचा जनम होतो ओठावर
ज्याला उध्वसत करायचं असतं सारं काही
पण शहराचा वाकलेला कणा पाहून
तो ही शांत होतो
जी पसरत चालली आहे शाईसारखी
ती फक्त गरदी आहे बिनचंहर्याची
एक हुंदकाही ऐकू येईल, खचलेल्या डोंगराचा
जे आता थंड पडतं आहे
ते शरीर नव्हे
तुमच्या पायाखालची माती आहे

Rochelle Potkar

AWOL

When you disappear from my side
the world rallies around to rescue me.

In a way that
if you don't speak to me in the mornings
someone always turns up for a peek or a smile,
or waves out from a distance.

When you don't share laughter or words,
overthrowing me to the far corners of an ocean,
someone always meets me at the far end
of the cliff.

Strangers plant winter's solace over my palms.
The summer-sun taps me over my shoulder,
the wind sees me adrift like a gossamer feather.

On the crossroad-parapets, someone always greets me
grants me loose change, breaking my resolute big bills
or I manage to hail a rickshaw ride without hassle.

When you break our conversations mid-sentence
or go far away like a branch snapping
in the prime of her blossom
between telephone wires
spreading the infinite silences of your absences,
your residual dialogue is always carried out by birds
perched on my windowsill:

the nooses on my constricted heart, sorting....

Even Mother Nature has begun to get an inkling
that my lover has a habit of abandoning me.

That now austere winters exude drizzles

for my consoling.

ज्यावेळी तूनसतेस

तयावेळी जग असतः सोबतीला
महणजे असः की
तू नाही बोललीस सकाळी
तरीही कृणीतरी हसून बघतच.
हात दाखवतः लांबून.
तू हसत नाहीस किंवा शब्दातून
फेकून देतेस समुद्राच्या दुसऱ्या टोकाला तेव्हा येतात अनोळखी माणसः
ठेवतात थंड कष्टांचे ऋतूहळवार
थाप पडते उनहाची
सरकवते मला गरदीत अलवार वार्यावर उडणार्या पिसासारखी
नाक्यावर भेटतच असः कोणी
जो देतो पैसे सट्टे करून सहज
किंवा रिकषा मिळते बिनदिककत
तू तोडतेस मधूनच आपलः बोलणः
किंवा होतेस अगदीच दूरस्थ
जशी फांदी तुटावी झाडाची ऐन बहरात
फोनवर पसरते भयाण शांतता
तूनसलयाची
तेव्हा तुझे उरलेले सःवाद पूरण करतात खिडकीवरचे पक्षी
गाठी सैल करतात पिळून निघणार्या हृदयाच्या
तूनसताना जग असतः सोबतीला
ठाऊक झालःय सृष्टीलाही
तुझी परियकराला भिरकावून देण्याची सवय
महणून की काय
ऐन थंडीतही अजून पावसाळा
इतका शाबूत आहे.

Rochelle Potkar

Touch

While you caress this line of my poem
you might graze my mother's tear-stained face
or touch the tremble of my sister's hands.

When my parent's bedroom door shuts,
through this line, you will see
the moon etched friendless outside the window,
roofing itself over my eyelids
beneath a blanket of suffocating human forms.

Trace your fingers over a blank line of my rhyme and
you might brush against the scars on my mother's back.

Pain inscribed with utmost tenderness
like old letters, through the scarlet ink of each word.

If you scrutinize,
you might stumble upon life's long-abiding sacred-fire ritual
on this white-ruled recycled leaf

lost in the couplet's
tiniest of lines.

ह्या ओळींवरून हात फिरवताना

आईचे अश्रुती भिजलेले गाल लागतील तुमच्या हातांना
किंवा बहिणीचे कापरे हात हातात येतील
बेडरूमचा दार बंद झाला की
ह्या ओळींमध्ये तुम्हाला दिसेल -
खिडकीबाहेरचे चांदणे, डोळ्यांवर साचलेले
पांघरुणाखाली गुदमरणारा देह
हात फिरवा एका रित्या ओळीवरून
हाताला लागेल आईच्या चेहर्यावरचे हिरवे वळ
सारकाही भरडलेय इवल्याश्या ओळींमध्ये
हळुवार जपून ठेवल्या आहेत वेदना
जुन्या पत्रासारख्या, अक्षरापाठी
निरखून पाहिल तर कागदावर तरारून येईल
महायज्ञ आयुष्याचे, कवितेत हरवलेले
इवल्याशा ओळींमध्ये

Rochelle Potkar

A Boy Like Ranveer

There's a boy
as old as my 6-year-old nephew

who even as he cries
slathered in blood,
shows symptoms of surviving.

Then slowly...
he slips into a stupor
with the withdrawing eyes of the Buddha.

The only difference being Buddha
had awoken from the inside

but this Syrian boy's eyes from within too
are fast closing.

Sanket Mhatre

एक मुलगा आहे

रणवीर एवढा
रक्ताळलेला रडतानाही

तो दाखवत असतो जगण्याच्या खुणा
मग हळूहळू
तोही झोपी जातो

बुद्धाचे डोळे घेऊन
फरक एवढाच
की बुद्धाला आतून जाग आली होती

ह्या मुलाचे
आतले डोळे ही बंद होत चालले आहेत

Víctor Rodríguez Núñez

celajes

en un cielo que ayer compuso bach
y no ha fraguado aún
sin otra agencia que la sumisión
escribo con tu estrella mi nombre
gris profundo

has dado con la cifra entre la bruma
su marfil astillado
cuando el jardín es iris tempestuoso
donde la sed florece
polisemia constante

el fuego en su nidal
pone a hervir el aceite del alba
el viento no se olvida
de los celajes que hieren las cúpulas
con sus gallos tardíos

la llovizna lo toma todo a pecho
cruz en el pentagrama
a pesar de sus barras sale el sol
que triangulo por ti
camino vecinal entre dos nubes

¿qué plantar en la altura
ángel agricultor
en medio de una turbulencia rígida
donde la fe se urde?
¿la semilla dialéctica?

Katherine M. Hedeem

rough drafts

first it dawns in the mirror
flames in the east

later the light gets scared
searching it feels its way toward you throughout the house
where you settle scores with the medusa

it's magic that equation
for hitting the nest spot on in the seed
imaginary stone throw
flying from the hand
the number that knocks down the star

here the sea's ebb rambles
at the mercy of the moon
above unfaithful sand
a rose savage surrenders
with harmonious thorns

to dream the same insomnia
each nocturne wide-awake
sommambulist oxen uphill
the soul squeezes the yoke
death kindles and something else

but what to do if there's no bottom
the tide aglow lost its three heads
its neighbor's breasts?
take you down from the sky
hang me up in the shade of the palm of your hand?

Víctor Rodríguez Núñez

borradores

amanece primero en el espejo
llamas por el oriente
después la luz se aterra
te busca a tientas por toda la casa
donde saldás cuentas con la medusa

es magia la ecuación
para acertar en la semilla el nido
pedrada imaginaria
al vuelo de la mano
el número que derriba la estrella

aquí se explaya el mar en retirada
a cuenta de la luna
sobre la arena infiel
una rosa que se entrega salvaje
con espinas armónicas

soñar el mismo insomnio
cada nocturno en claro
los bueyes sonámbulos cuesta arriba
el alma aprieta el yugo
la muerte que se aviva y algo más

¿y qué hacer si no hay fondo
la marea fulgente perdió las tres cabezas
los pechos de vecina?
¿descolgarte del cielo
tenderme a la sombra de la palma de tu mano?

Katherine M. Hedeem

CROWS

twilight emerges from the resentful sea
at the golf course
spring spawns iridescence
the street born in your window
doesn't end in me

the soul is revealed
as a shadow cawed by the crows
the anguish mineral gives in
the exterior prayer
like a stone in the well falls faith

there's a hierarchy of birds
before the funereal sunflower seeds
one takes its time
and washes its beak against the light
while on a branch otherness keeps watch

the soul on the scale
is there balance on the scratched quicksilver
where you're not reflected?
when the nuns don't stop singing
and dry swallow the prayer

like the crow that unhurriedly steals
the steaming guts
of a squirrel run over by luck
asking why
with its tiny leg so steady in the air

Víctor Rodríguez Núñez

CUERVOS

el crepúsculo sale de la mar resentida
en el campo de golf
la primavera desova iridiscencia
esa calle que nace en tu ventana
no desemboca en mí

el alma se revela
como sombra graznada por los cuervos
se doblega la mineral angustia
la plegaria exterior
como piedra en el pozo cae la fe

hay una jerarquía entre las aves
ante las fúnebres semillas de girasol
una toma su tiempo
y se limpia contra la luz el pico
mientras en la rama la otredad vela

el alma en la balanza
¿equilibra el azogue con rasguños
donde no te reflejas?
cuando las monjas dejan de cantar
y se tragan en seco la oración

como el cuervo que roba sin apuro
las vísceras humeantes
de una ardilla que atropelló la suerte
y pregunta por qué
con su patica muy firme en el aire

杜琛 (Chen Du) and 陈锡生 (Xisheng Chen)

A Coordinator's Canyon

I was once a bird-driving man
In the bowels of the northern mountain range
From one summit to another
One canyon to another one forest to another
Constantly coordinating the relationship
Among birds between birds and woods
Or the cold deities and steaming hot incense in temples
Or the people with the Chinese zodiac of the goat or tiger
Lurking in a grassland
I even had to coordinate the relationship
Between the sun, the moon and stars, and others
And their relationship before and after a mist

I used not only a rod but also a language

Those birds having grown up with my words
Sometimes flew to the South in flocks and flights
(It'd be another story if some of them perished from broken wings
While traversing the Qin Mountains)
In the South where the birds landed
They would always awaken some mountains and rivers
While other mountains and rivers
Were continuing with a kind of sleep
Having existed since ancient times
The birds fond of chirping
Would also stroll in the quietude helplessly yet quietly
Without disturbing the mountains and rivers

In the northern alps I once engaged for a long time
In the work of driving birds conversing with them
Waiting for various species of birds
In different seasons in all directions
To fly to and fro

阎安 (Yan An)

协调者的峡谷

我曾是一个赶鸟的人
在北方的群山深处 从一座巅峰
到另一座巅峰 从一座峡谷到另一座峡谷
从一座树林到另一座树林
不断协调鸟与鸟
与树林子 与庙宇里冰冷的神和热气腾腾的香火
与潜伏在荒草中的属羊人和属虎人的关系
我甚至还得协调日月星辰
及其它们之间的关系
协调一场雾到来或离去之后
它们之间的关系

我不仅仅是用棍棒 同时也用语言

那些听着我说话长大的鸟
有时候它们会成群结队
飞向南方
(如果路过秦岭
不慎折翅而死那是另一回事)
在南方 鸟们落下去的地方
它总会叫醒那里的一些山水
另一些山水 继续着一种古已有之的睡眠
喜欢啼叫的鸟们
也会无奈而沉默地在寂静里
走一走 并不惊醒它们

我曾经长久地在北方的高山里
做着赶鸟的工作 与鸟对话
等待各种不同的鸟
自各种不同的季节 不同的方向
飞来又飞去

杜琛 (Chen Du) and 陈锡生 (Xisheng Chen)

Northern Writer

I will write in the way the “Classic of Mountains and Seas” was written
About the plummeting of a mountain, as if toward an abyss,
With a tower and its tapering spire as a perch for many birds
And its original dove gray color I will write about
The quietude and doldrums grimmer than winter
About the bird droppings, dust and star shards
On the spire, cleaned once every five years
By a lonesome missionary and people designated by him

I will even write about the entire North
After the surrounding mountains are flattened
After the high-rises and gigantic chimneys
Become more magnificent than the mountains
After one river three rivers and nine rivers
Are lodged in the bowels of the city like sewers

I will write about the plummeting of the entire North
As if toward an abyss, and the plummeting flight
Tightly tied up with the extensive yet slightly languid
Wings and love of the North
The flight disregarding life and death
As desperate as plummeting

阎安 (Yan An)

北方的书写者

我要用写下《山海经》的方式
写到一座山 仿佛向着深渊的坠落
山上的一座塔 落过很多鸟的尖尖的塔顶
它的原始的鸽灰色 我写下比冬天
更严峻的静默和消沉 写下塔尖上
孤独的传教士和受他指派的人
每五年都要清理一次的
鸟粪 灰尘和星星的碎屑

我甚至要写下整个北方
在四周的山被削平之后
在高楼和巨大的烟囱比山更加壮观之后
在一条河流 三条河流 九条河流
像下水道一样被安顿在城市深处以后

我要写下整个北方仿佛向着深渊里的坠落
以及用它广阔而略含慵倦的翅膀与爱
紧紧捆绑着坠落而不计较死也不计较生的
仿佛坠落一般奋不顾身的飞翔

杜琛 (Chen Du) and 陈锡生 (Xisheng Chen)

Sleeping with a Mirror

A snow-white swan
(Or maybe just a similar whitish thing)
And its somewhat unreal whiteness
In an autumn heavenly lake
A place farther than Xinjiang
Are sleeping with a mirror

A massive, curved boulder with black moss
And a large heap of shining-white bird droppings
On a precipitous cliff above a great river
In the ancient wind under the wings
Of a bird determining its flight gesture
Are sleeping with time

A snake having sloughed off its white skin in a jungle
(All these exist only in imagination)
Fruitlessly chased a hungry tiger
Lost its way back to its pit
And hence fled helter-skelter out of fright
Needs to hasten to the moorland before night falls
To sleep with gloomy clouds and the moon

My father and his gray hair
As well as his white bones under his dark skin
All glitter-glistening with chilling white shimmers
With nowhere to rest
And with certain indescribable melancholy
In the homeland's dreams and mine tonight
Are sleeping with the northern mountains

阎安 (Yan An)

和镜子睡在一起

一只白天鹅
(也许仅仅是一个类似的白乎乎的事物)
和它的不太真实的白
在秋天的天池里
在比新疆还远的地方
和镜子睡在一起

一块有弯度的巨石和它的黑青苔
和一大堆白花花的鸟粪
在大河上空的危崖上
在古代的风中 在一只试图确定
飞翔姿态的鸟的翅膀下
和时间睡在一起

一条蛇在丛林中蜕掉白皮
(这一切只是在想象之中)
追逐一只饥饿的老虎未果
在迷失了返回洞穴的道路之后
由于恐惧而仓皇逃窜
天黑之前它要赶到旷野上
和乌云 月亮睡在一起

我父亲和他的白发
以及他的黑皮中的白骨
今夜在故乡的梦中和我的梦中
闪着无处安放的白花花的寒光
和某种难以名状的忧伤
和北方的群山睡在一起

杜琛 (Chen Du) and 陈锡生 (Xisheng Chen)

Those Northern Blue Lakes

Only by traversing thousands of miles of yellow sands
And thousands of mountain ranges
Can one see those blue lakes
Where stars light up lamps
To wait for the curtains of night to fall every day

The rocks of unknown origin belonging only to the North
Are distributed on the shore like constellations
Like star debris they wait for the stars in the lakes to illuminate
Then they all will stealthily weep for a while without any explanation
Face-to-face with loss, just like long-lost relatives

I believe the lakes too are awaiting my arrival
Not by aircraft but by foot alone
Not at a young age but after having walked a lifetime
When I am almost too old to walk but dodder

The lights kindled by stars in the Northern blue lakes are so lonesome
So are those constellation-like giant boulders on the shore
They have always been waiting for my arrival
Waiting for my entry into my twilight years
When I can go nowhere but ignite together
The lights on the shore and the stars
That have slumbered on the hearts of the massive boulders
For a long time

阎安 (Yan An)

北方那些蓝色的湖泊

越过黄沙万里 山岭万重
就能见到那些蓝色的湖泊
那是星星点灯的地方
每天都在等待夜幕降临

那些只有北方才有的不知来历的石头
在湖边像星座一样分布 仿佛星星的遗骸
等着湖泊里的星星点灯之后
他们将像见了失散多年的亲人一样面面相觑
不由分说偷偷哭泣一番

我相信那些湖泊同样也在等待我的到来
等待我不是乘着飞行器 而是一个人徒步而来
不是青年时代就来 而是走了一辈子路
在老得快要走不动的时候才蹒跚而来

北方蓝色湖泊里那些星星点亮的灯多么寂寞
湖边那些星座一样的巨石多么寂寞
它们一直等待我的到来 等待我进入垂暮晚境
哪儿也去不了 只好把岸边的灯
和那些在巨石心脏上沉睡已久的星星

一同点亮

Dmitri Manin

Thirteen Shadows of Wallace Stevens

I.

hung on threads over the valley
are little round mirrors
to spin around and glitter

II.

three words in my hands
but from them
three keep soaring keep soaring

III.

the eye's pupil roaming a gray flame
orphanhood with no right to remain a star

IV.

I + I = I
I + I + V = I

V.

the mutation of a wor awar
the weird coolness of the plum
or a hypodermic ophelia
to sing a farewell
or afterward

VI.

tentatively in the fat air
a wild alphabet
a finger gone letter-fishing
along the shore and

drawing
a sinuous cut
a never-healing shadow

VII.

from under the eyelid
seeps askew what by the sky edge burned
us little brittle-bone bastards
and on the eyelid sits
a fiery fatbird

VIII.

there is blissful murmur
and rhythms we're fucking fed up with
but there is too
an unsavory technique for
unlearning them

IX.

disappearance from sight
to whom to what
demend the mind

X.

when the green light shines
children bloom like vines
though every grownup knows
that all rhymes are hoes

XI.

what shall we do intransitively
amid the bumpy
to plead our native sticky mud
to let go of
this rattletrap full of shit up
to the wings

XII.

how not to write poems
the mind is no titty©

XIII.

in the end was day or evening
or morning
all things took their proper places
god sat on a bench
and chanted amen

Igor Bulatovsky

Тринадцать теней Уоллеса Стивенса

I.

на нитях в долину спущены
круглые зеркала
вертеться и сверкать

II.

три слова в руках
но из них
три взлетают и взлетают

III.

движение зрачка в сером огне
сиротство без права остаться звездой

IV.

$I + I = I$
 $I + I + V = I$

V.

перегласовка участи сло
сла сливы хладноватой
или подкожной офелии
спеть на прощание
или потом

VI.

гадательно в толстом воздухе
дикий алфавит
палец ходит по букву
вдоль берега и

ведет
надрез волнистый
незаживаемую тень

VII.

из-под века течет
искоса что краем неба жгло
нас гаденышей тонкокостных
а на веке сидит
жир-птица жаркая

VIII.

есть говорок блаженный
и опизденевшие ритмы
но еще есть
неприглядная наука
как их не знать

IX.

исчезание из виду
кому чему
умечь умок

X.

на зеленом свете
расцветают дети
хоть и знают дяди
что все рифмы бляди

XI.

что делать нам непереходно
среди трясясь
грязь молить родную
чтоб отпустила
наш полный говна шарабан
крылатый

XII.

как не писать стихи
психика не титька©

XIII.

в конце был день или вечер
или утро
все встало на свои места
бог сел на пень
и пропел аминь

Claudia Serea

The beast, or about hunger. The second seizure

1. Introduction

Terrestrial wild animals evolved from the ones that didn't bother with philosophy and heavenly matters because they couldn't use the revolutions as they pleased, letting themselves be guided by those parts of the soul that reside in the chest.

2. Etymologies

The beast is in a permanent union with the dream world. There are no dreams without beasts, and no beasts without dreams. They (re)produce each other despite the fact the beast has its head on its shoulders, and yet it's generated by an acephalous,

the dreamer. According to Isidor de Sevilla, *the name bestia is suitable for, literally, lions, cheetahs, tigers, wolves, foxes, as well as dogs, monkeys, and other animals that attack either with fangs or with claws.*

They are called beasts, bestiae, from dream, force, because they are violent.

Here and now, the dream invades the animal head, the only place where it can find refuge, after wandering aimlessly through the acephalous, still body. Then again, Isidor de Sevilla: *they are called feral, ferae, because they are naturally free and let themselves wander, ferantur, as they please.* That's why the dream loves them so much. The dream and its need of free will to kill, to eat.

3. The wolf

Sometimes, according to Plutarch, some *animals*
use reason, even an excess of it, we could
add.

1st Strophe: In the case of the old wolf, the excess of reasoning is a danger that threatens its species already almost extinct. But the dream nests inside its head and makes it much more tenacious. Plus, as Buffon teaches us, *the wolf is one of the animals most desirous of meat and, although it naturally has the necessary means to satisfy this desire and that it was, in a word, bestowed with everything it needs to find, attack, vanquish, catch, and devour its prey, it often almost dies of hunger. The wolf is by nature unrefined and cowardly, but, when in need, it becomes ingenious and daring.* Still, its reason, by overcoming the limits of any excessive rationale, stops it from reacting logically to its environment, the forest landscape, or the traditional village.

1st Antistrophe: *The wolf, raised from a pup, becomes tamed, but never attaches itself, because its wild nature is stronger than education.*

2nd Strophe: Often, you can see them in the middle of the night, under the yellow light of the moon, waiting for their big transformation, howling. Dream! Their fur falls, the fangs retract, and in propitious places/in a fertile matter, they bloom human hands and feet.

[Because “night was given for the man to think what he will do during the day.”]

The moment of maximum vulnerability. / The moment when it can be killed. / The moment favorable to the hunter.

2nd Antistrophe: The uneducated, the rude, the unacceptable, the inhuman. Derrida: *cruelty, criminality, law-less-ness, to not have faith and law,*

these are the characteristics of a wolf! For them, it deserves its fate.

Do not have mercy for the lone wolf. Kill it!

3rd Strophe: “The only real reform is the awakening of the humankind from the dream about itself.” Marx’s words were best understood by Stalin. He, with the help of Hitler,

(a strange wolf subspecies that had wings, beak, and albatross claws)

engineered the big awakening. Instead of the head, they targeted the chest. That’s where the breath, the voice resides. Let’s (re)place the dream with the voice, that’s the new dream! The birth of the word. And the beast will die, killed by a beast. *Homo homini lupus*, the one Rousseau didn’t agree with. But, *the ferocity of the man toward his neighbor surpasses anything the animals can do, and, faced with the menace it presents to nature, even the carnivorous animals retreat from it, terrified. This cruelty itself implies being human. It dreams a neighbor, even a being from another species.* And to think, dear Mr. Lacan, that the wolf is a *hateful animal, with a despicable, wild appearance, with a terrifying howl, a foul smell, a dishonest nature, and ferocious habits,*

3rd Antistrophe: *a bad animal, harmful when alive and useless after death, save for its worthless fur.*

4th Strophe: Lycanthropy is nothing but a mental disorder. *The imbecilic man and the animal are beings whose acts and results are the same in every respect, because one has no soul and the other doesn’t use it in any way; both lack the power of reflection and in consequence they don’t have understanding, nor brains, nor memory, but both have sensations, feeling, and movement.*

4th Antistrophe: Hitler and Stalin showed us! Now we know.

5th Strophe: The man-wolf, in the case of Sergei Pankeiev, who was seduced as a child by his sister only two years older than him, is a typical example of a stubborn wolf, for which the awakening functioned only sporadically, at specific times. The big hoax was in Sergei’s stupidity, used as a weapon against the famous psychoanalyst, thus proving, at the same time, to Stalin

and to Hitler, the reason of their failed mission. Stupidity, that's the dream!

Sergei was speaking, while the man-wolf didn't know how to speak. Sergei died, while the man-wolf is immortal. Sergei was a normal man like any other, while the man-wolf was a normal wolf like any other.

5th Antistrophe: In order to kill the beast, teach it to speak! That's when the great awakening occurs.

A trace of dream is always left outside the dream./A trace of silence is always left in language./A trace of stupidity is always left in stupidity.

6th Strophe: Derrida, the same as al(ways): *And the poem, if such a thing exists, and the thought, if such a thing exists, are related exactly to this im-probability of the breath. The breath remains, though, for some living things, at least, not only the first but also the last sign of life, of living life, the life that lives, that is alive. The first and last sign of living life.*

6th Antistrophe: The reason [*Here live the men and dogs. Other animals: hyenas, etc. Birds: the owls. No plants, no minerals. Draw your own conclusions. But all of them live according to the free zone, the men-dogs at the bottom. Here, history is made. Here, love is made. Everything, consciously. Here are the mean ones and the intelligent ones.*] of the excessive animal: Be stupid! Destroy the language! Destroy it! Everything that overflows is dirty. The liquid, be it red or without color, visible or resounding, is the carrier of these words we sentence to death. Spay it!

Epode: Finally, as trace, the last breath./The sigh of the soul. The oh.¹ The beast, given back to the beast.

1. Kittler: "Certainly, feeling and soul are also only translations, a nominalizing paraphrase of the sigh « oh! », as the unique signifier that is not a signifier."

Bestia sau despre foame. A doua confiscare

1. Intro

Animalele sălbatice terestre provin din cei care nu s-au ocupat cu filozofia și cu cele cerești, pentru că nu-și mai puteau folosi revoluțiile din capul lor, fiind călăuziți de acele părți ale sufletului ce se află în piept.

2. Etimologii

Bestia se află într-o permanentă uniune cu lumea visului. Nu există vis fără bestii,

la fel de bine cum nu există bestii fără de vise. Se (re)produc reciproc și, în ciuda faptului că fiara stă cu tot capul pe umeri, ea este totuși generată de un acefal,

visătorul. După Isidor de Sevilla, *denumirea de bestia li se potrivește, în mod propriu, leilor, leopardurilor, tigrilor, lupilor, vulpilor, precum și câinilor, maimuțelor și celorlalte animale care atacă fie cu colții, fie cu ghearele.*

Sunt numite bestii, bestiae, de la vis, forță, fiindcă sunt violente.

Acum și aici visul invadează capul fiarei, singurul loc unde își poate afla refugiul, după o rătăcire fără țintă prin trupul nemișcat, acefal. Apoi, din nou Isidor de Sevilla: *fiare, ferae, sunt numite fiindcă au parte de libertate în chip natural și se lasă purtate, ferantur, de bunul lor plac. De asta le și îndrăgește visul atât de mult. El și nevoia lui de voință liberă*

pentru a ucide, pentru a mânca.

3. Lupul

Uneori,

conform lui Plutarh, unele

dobitoace

se folosesc de rațiune, chiar în exces

putem completa

Noi.

Strofa 1: Excesul de rațiune, în cazul bătrânului lup, este un pericol care îi amenință specia, aflată și așa pe cale de dispariție. Dar, visul se cuibărește bine în capul său și-l face mult mai tenace. În plus, așa cum ne învață Buffon, *este unul dintre animalele cele mai dornice de carne și, deși a primit de la natură mijloacele necesare pentru a-și satisface această poftă și a fost înzestrat, într-un*

cuvânt, cu tot ce e trebuincios pentru a găsi, a ataca, a învinge, a prinde și a devora prada, adeseori aproape moare de foame. Lupul este din fire grosolan și laș, dar la nevoie devine ingenios și îndrăzneț. Totuși, rațiunea lui, depășind limitele oricărei rațiuni excesive, îl va împiedica să se raporteze rațional la preajmă, peisajul pădurii sau al satului tradițional.

Antistrofa 1: Lupul, luat de pui, se împlânzește și el, dar nu se atașează niciodată, căci natura sa sălbatică e mai puternică decât educația.

Strofa 2: Adesea, îi vezi în plină noapte, sub lumina îngălbenită a lunii, așteptând marea transformare, urlând. Visează! Blana le cade, colții li se retrag, și-n locuri propice/într-o materie fertilă le înfloresc mâini și picioare de om.

[Căci „noaptea s-a făcut pentru ca să socotească omul ce va face zîoa”.]

Momentul vulnerabilității maxime./ Momentul când poate fi ucis./ Momentul prielnic vânătorului.

Antistrofa 2: Needucatul, grobianul, inacceptabilul, inumaul. Derrida: cruzime, criminalitate, a-fi-în-afara legii, a nu avea credință și lege,

iată ce caracterizează un lup! Pentru asta își merită soarta.

Nu iertați lupul singuratic. Ucideți!

Strofa 3: „Singura reformă reală este trezirea omenirii din visul despre ea însăși.” Cel mai bine, spusele lui Marx au fost înțelese de către Stalin. El cu ajutorul lui Hitler

(o subspecie ciudată de lup cu aripi, plisc și gheare de albatros)

au reușit marea trezire. În loc de cap, ei s-au orientat spre piept. Acolo, exsită suflul, vocea. Să (în)locuim visul cu vocea, iată visul! Nașterea cuvântului. Și fiara va muri, ucisă de o fiară. Homo homini lupus, cu care Rousseau nu se împăca deloc. Însă, ferocitatea omului față de semenul său depășește tot ce pot face animalele, și în fața amenințării pe care ea o lansează întregii naturi, până și animelele carnivore se dau înapoi îngrozite. Dar însăși această cruzime implică umanitatea. Ea vizează un semen, chiar și într-o ființă din altă specie. Și când te gândești, dragă domnule Lacan, că lupul este un animal urâcios în toate ale sale, având o înfățișare josnică și sălbatică, cu un urlet înspăimântător, cu un miros nesuferit, o fire necinstită și obiceiuri feroce,

Antistrofa 3: un animal rău, vătămător când este viu și puțin folositor după moarte, doar pentru blana sa, nu de mare preț.

Strofa 4: Licantropia nu-i nimic altceva, decât o boală mintală. Omul imbecil și animalul sunt niște ființe ale căror acte și rezultate sunt aceleași în toate privințele, pentru că unul nu are deloc suflet, iar celălalt nu se servește în niciun fel de el; amândoi sunt lipsiți de puterea de a reflecta și n-au, prin urmare, nici înțelegere, nici minte, nici memorie, dar amândoi au senzații, simțire și mișcare.

Antistrofa 4: Hitler și Stalin ne-au arătat-o! Acum o știm.

Strofa 5: Omul-lup, cazul Serghei Pankeiev, sedus în copilărie de sora lui, numai cu doi ani mai mare, este un exemplu tipic de lup încăpățânat, pentru care trezirea nu funcționa decât sporadic, în perioade specifice. Marea păcăleală a fost prostia lui Serghei, folosită ca armă împotriva celebrului psihanalist, demonstrându-le, în același timp, lui Stalin și lui Hitler, motivul ratării misiunii lor. Prostia, iată visul!

Sergei vorbea, omul-lup nu știa să vorbească. Serghei a murit, omul-lup este nemuritor. Serghei era un om ca toți oamenii, omul-lup era un lup ca toți lupii.

Antistrofa 5: Pentru a ucide bestia, învâțați-o să vorbească! Atunci, va veni marea trezire.

Rămâne mereu o urmă de vis în afara visului./Rămâne mereu o urmă de tăcere în limbaj./Rămâne mereu o urmă de prostie în prostie.

Strofa 6: Derrida, același, ca-n-tot(dea una): *Iar poemul, dacă așa ceva există, iar gândirea, dacă așa ceva există, țin tocmai de această im-probabilitate a suflului. Suflul rămâne însă, cel puțin la anumite viețuitoare, primul semn de viață dar și ultimul semn de viață, al vieții vii, viețuitoare, care viețuiește. Primul și ultimul semn de viață viețuitoare.*

Antistrofa 6: Rațiunea [*Aici locuiesc oamenii și câinii. Alte animale: hiene etc. Păsări: bufnițele. Plante nu, minerale nu. Trage concluziile. Dar toți se conduc după determinările zonei libere. Oamenii-câini, la fund. Aici se face istoria. Aici se face dragoste. Totul conștient. Aici sunt răii și inteligenții.*] animalului în exces: Fiți proști! Distrugeți limbajul! Distrugeți-L! Tot ce se scurge în afară e murdar. Lichidul, fie el roșu sau incolor, vizibil sau răsunător, e purtătorul acestor cuvinte pe care le condamnăm la moarte. Castrați-l!

Epodă: În cele din urmă, ca urmă, ultima suflare./Suflul sufletului. Of^l-ul. Bestia redată bestiei.

1. Kittler: "Certainly, feeling and soul are also only translations, a nominalizing paraphrase of the sigh « oh! », as the unique signifier that is not a signifier."

L. L. Friedman and O. Y.

Russian Accent

Ashamed to be American, I put
a Russian accent in my little mouth
the way a mime smears makeup on and turns
his face into a Brechtian invention.

Hurrying past a Jewish cemetery
whose only mourners are the hidden snakes
that curl like nooses in the grass, I laugh
like crazy at my stubborn limping shadow.

The seven daggers of the Theotokos
are dancing in the pagan light of spring
as comrade Lenin sweeps the spinning world
clean of its priestly, gold-encrusted grime.

A train leaves black stains on the countryside,
how the birches got their spots.
The crooked pear tree, heavy with white flowers,
will birth soft fruit that only squirrels will taste.

L. L. Friedman and O. Y.

В языческом сиянии весны
играет с ножиками Богоматерь.
Товарищ Ленин очищает Землю
от золоченой грязи духовенства.

Как мим, измазавший лицо помадой
чтоб выдумкою стать из пьесы Брехта,
так украшаю я акцентом русским
язык свой. Стыдно быть американкой.

Промчавшись, поезд закоптил весь лес—
вот как березы получили пятна.
Кривая груша трудится под солнцем
чтобы для белок мягкий плод родить.

Вот кладбище еврейское. Гадюки
петлистые здесь траур соблюдают
в траве. Мчусь мимо, бешено смеясь
над собственной тенью хромоногой.

Michael Perret

P. Aretino on a portrait depicting him taking off a laurel wreath

Here—take these laurels, Caesar, from my head
And Homer too—I am no emperor
Or poet even—my style is my star—
My truth, not pretense, but observation—

I, Aretino, of a proud world am
The censor—envoy and prophet of truth;
And who loves virtue with a joyful face
Behold here Titian's mastery of it—

And if this, his icon, in you strikes fear,
Hear me, close (so you can't see me) your eyes—
Though mere paint, I still speak and can see you....

F. Gonzaga, yes, you I still honor—
And Sir Giovanni, he's still the best—
But the rest: not one is worth our regard.

Pietro Aretino

P. Aretino pel suo ritratto dipinto che zetta la laurea ghirlanda

Togli il lauro per te, Cesare e Omero,
Ché imperator non son, non son poeta,
Et lo stil diemmi in sorte il mio pianeta
Per finger no, ma per predire il vero.

Son l'Aretin, censor del mondo altero,
Et de la verità nuncio e profeta.
Chi ama la virtù con faccia lieta
Di Tizian contempli il magistero.

E quell ch'idol s'ha fatto il vicio orrendo
Chiuda per non verdermi gli occhi suoi,
Ché, ancor ch'io sia dipinto, io parlo e intendo.

Federico Gonzaga, io adoro voi
Et il signor Giovanni ancor tremendo
Ch'altri non c'è che 'l meriti tra noi.

Pitambar Naik

Shivani Shabnum

Shivani doesn't live here sir, she used to live here once upon a time
she doesn't live here sir, she's been murdered in Delhi
she's been butchered in Godhra, incinerated in the land of Belchhi
the land beneath her feet has been sloughed off in Ayodhya
Shivani doesn't live here, sir.

She's been gang-raped on the sandy bed of the Kuakhai River
she's been sold out in Amrapalli by Phanus Punji.

When she was a bonded laborer from Balangir,
the eagles of Dalmondi ate her flesh up
she's been killed by hunger on the road of Kalahandi,
in Kashipur in police fire, in Lanjigarh she's been handcuffed,
and shackled on the Eve Ghat.

In Indravati, Hirakud, Suktel, she's been deprived of her hereditary land
she's been thrown out of the moving Savaramati Express
when she declined to say *Jai Sri Ram*.

She's been set ablaze in Mumbai, in Bhagalpur she's been mob-lynched,
she's been ostracized from the land of democracy,
a *fatwa* of death has been declared on her head,
and now the road of lockdown and quarantine is smeared with the blood of her feet
the Wall of Namaste Trump covers up her shanty.

Though her breasts had been chopped off
somehow she'd escaped the green hunt of Bastar
her vagina filled with stones, she's been charged with treason.

Shivani is no more sir, her flesh has been thrown into a temple as beef
and as pork into a mosque, she's been the centre of celebration of death.

Shivani doesn't live there, sir, she's been turned into a flag of a religious procession,
a hot topic for political debate, a kind of sweet and sour chocolate for the television anchors,
an uproar of threat to parliament, the hue and cry of the self-styled kangaroo court
love *jihad* and banana republic.

She's been made fertile land for political rivalry.
She's been made gun, garland, and the point of the trident. She's been made the lonely Teesta.
She's been the angel of peace. Can she say Bande Mataram for you?

Such an ignoble girl, how could she have that brawn?
One of her flip-flops is in Delhi, the other in Allahabad
when her head is in Hindustan the torso is in Pakistan
what brawn could she have? Such an ignoble girl, sir, Shivani Shavnum!

कुमार हसन (Kumar Hassan)

शिवानी सबनम

शिवानी अब वहां रहती नहीं है सर, जहां वह कभी रहा करती थी ।
शिवानी अब वहां रहती नहीं सर, उसे काट डाला गया है दिल्ली में ।
कतल कर दिया गया है गोधरा में, जला दी गयी है बेलछी के खेतों में ।
अयोध्या में उसके पांव के नीचे से
दरका दी गयी है मिट्टी, शिवनी अब वहां रहती नहीं सर
कुआखाई नदी के पाट पर, दौड़ा दौड़ा कर उसके साथ
किया गया है सामूहिक बलात्कार, उसे अमली पाली में बेच दी है
फनस पूंजी, बला गीर से बंधुआ मजदूरी, करने गयी थी तो
दालमंडी के दलाल-गिदधो, नोच नोच कर खा गए थे उसकी मांस
भूखे मार दिया गया है उसे, कालाहांडी के सड़कों पर
काशीपुर में उसे गोलियों से, कर दिया गया है छलनी
लांजीगड में उसके हाथों, लगा दी गयी है हथकड़ी
ईब घाटी में दंडाबेड़ी, पैंरो में जंजीर, हीराकुद, इद्रावति, लोअर सुकतेल में
उस से छीन ली गयी है, पुस्तनी जमीन, जय श्रीराम न कहने पर
उसे धकेल दिया गया है दौड़ती साबरमती से, पेट्रोल छिड़क कर बांबई में
कर दी गयी है आग की भेंट, भागलपुर में हुई है पागल भीड़ का शिकार
जनतंत्र के देश से किया गया है तडीपार, जारी किया गया है हत्या के फतवे
अब तो कोरे टाइन, सट डाउन, लक डाउन के जनपथ पर
उसके चीथड़ तलवों का खून का निशान, उसके झोपड़पट्टी के आगे
नमसते ट्रंप का दीवार, बड़ी मुश्किल से बच गयी थी वह
बसतंत्र के गरीनहट से, हालांकि काट दिए गए थे सत्तन
जननांग में डाल दिया गया था पतथर, लाद दिया गया था देशद्रोह का अपराध
जुबान में जड़ दिया गया था ताला, पर अब वहां शिवानी रही नहीं सर
उसे मार सुअर, गोमांस बना, फेंक दिया गया है मसजिद, मंदिरों में
उसे लेकर मनाया गया है खूनमूहो मृत्यु का महोत्सव, शिवानी अब वहां रहती नहीं सर
उसे बना दिया गया है जुलुश का एक, नाजुक झंडा, उत्तेजक राजनयिक वकवास का मुद्दा
ऐंकोरों की खटमिट गोली, संसद ठप कर देने का कातिल कारनामा
कंगारू कोरट, लव जेहाद, बनाना रिपब्लिव का हंगामा ।
उसे बना दिया गया है दलिय, रक्त श्रृंखला का उर्वर कीचड़
उसे कर दिया गया है, बंदूक, भाला और तरिशूल का नोक
एक अकेली तडप का तीसता, उसे बना दिया गया है अमन का फरिसत्ता
क्या वह अब कह पाएगी, आपका “वन्दे” का “मातरम”
एक अदनी सी बचची तो, उसका भला कितना दम?
उसकी एक चपपल दिल्ली में, तो दूसरा इसलामाबाद में
सर हिंदुस्तान में, तो धड़ पाकिस्तान में, उसका कितना दम
एक अदनी सी बचची है न सर, शिवानी शबनमा,

मूल ओडि.या से कबिद्वारा अनुदित

Pitambar Naik

Bhima Koregaon

The one who gets killed is Dalit
the one who gets arrested is Dalit
the one whose house is incinerated is Dalit
the one who is stoned to death is Dalit
the one who is ravaged is Dalit
the one who is looted is Dalit
the one who is falsely imprisoned is Dalit.

You are chained in the prison
they are chained outside
you are standing in the witness box
they are interrogated outside
you are handcuffed
they're shackled outside.

The law always is outside the court
trapped in the big *almirahs*
and is always haunted
by the blindfolded *iustitia*
carrying the scales of justice
which neither go up nor come down

Bhima Koregaon or Bharat: India
or the missing answer: justice!

कुमार हसन (Kumar Hassan)

भीमा कोरे गाँव

कौन मारा जाता है : दलित
किसे पकड़ा जाता है : दलित
किस का घर जलता है : दलित का
किस पर पथराव होता है : दलित पर
किस का तोड़-फोड़ होता है : दलित का
किसे लूटा जाता है : दलित को
किसे जेल में ठूँसा जाता है : दलित को
जेल के अंदर तुम कैद हो,
या जेल के बाहर वे ?
कठघरे के अंदर तुम खड़े हो
या कठघरे के बाहर वे ?
हथकड़ियों में तुम जकड़े हुए हो
या कड़ीबेड़ियों के बाहर वे ?
हर अदालत के बाहर होती है कानून
बड़ी बड़ी अलमारियों में बंद
और उसे तलाशते रहते हैं
आँखों में काली पट्टी बँधे
इंसाफ के तराजू के, स्थिर विषम पलड़े
जो न कभी उठता है न कभी गिरता है .
यह कोरे गाँव भीमा है या भारत है
उत्तर नदारत है ।

Pitambar Naik

Bodu Munda

One never returns empty-handed when he goes to the jungle taking an axe
with empty stomach and empty hand, Bodu Munda returns today
he returns having seen the ravaged breasts of the mountain,
the tears of the stones, and the feelings of the black flowers: coal.

He returns having seen the tattered tissues of the ores,
the sky of dust and smoke, the sibilant gust of snake poison
he returns seeing the melting life in the boiling asphalt.

He couldn't see the jungle in the jungle, nor could he see *kendu*, *char*, *mahua*, honey,
jackfruit, *harida*, *bellerica*, or the *amla* trees,
he couldn't see green leaves, spinach, roots, or sweet potatoes.

He couldn't see palm juice or *ragi gruel*
he returns having seen the creaking sound of a fire
even in the jungle of *alstonia* and *banyan* in front of his house.

His father used to hide and seek in the tree,
his grandfather used to sharp his axe under it,
his grandmother used to sew leaf plates and leaf bowls,
his forefathers used to relax under the tree,
and he himself used to bang around under the tree like his children do.

The banyan tree was a hereditary property from his forefathers:
his hope and companion.

However, the bulldozer of development, the road of asphalt look like a boa to him
Bodu Munda a bald-headed lonely man now.

His shoulder has no axe, no sickle, no bow and arrow
the other side are the police, the court, handcuffs, and jail
his eyes have fire and the other side has the witness box and false cases
if he's the tongue of rights, the other side has the bullet
but no jungle anymore, in which his life celebrated.

When his father went off, the jungle stayed

when his mother went off, the jungle remained,
when stones went off, the jungle stayed,
when the land went off, the jungle remained,
but when the jungle went off everything went off from it.

Bodu Munda now a residue of a devastated jungle,
the ruin of a dream, a bird with no wings, oh sky, earth, countries, horizons,
and goddesses be the witness: now as far as the distance between sunrise and sunset
is the distance of rice from Bodu Munda.

कुमार हसन (Kumar Hassan)

बोदुमुंडा

हाथ में टंगिया लिए एक बार निकल गए तो जंगल कभी भी किसिको सुलाता नहीं खाली पेट बोदुमुंडा आज जंगल से लौट रहा है खाली हाथ। जंगल से वह देख कर आ रहा है पहाड़ की उधड़ी छाती, जंगल से वह देख कर आ रहा है नदी की पतथर का आसू जंगल से वह देख कर आ रहा, कोयला का काला फूल जंगल से वह देख कर आ रहा, लौह अयस्क का टीस जंगल से वह देख कर आ रहा धूल और धुएँ की आकाश, जंगल से वह देख कर आ रहा सनसनाता साँप का फन का हवा जंगल से देख कर आ रहा डबकते तारकोल सा पिघलते जीवन पर जंगल में उसने जंगल नहीं देखी। देखा नहीं ते दू चआर, महुआ शहदकटहल, हरड, बहेडा, आँवला का पेड़ देखा नहीं शाक, पत्ते, कंद, कंदमूल, देखा नहीं सल्फी, मडिया का खीर जंगल में वह देख आया है चटकती आग की फूटती चिंगारियाँ। घर के सामने छतनार बरगद भी एक जंगल था उसका आबा बरगद के पेड़ पर “डाही माँकडी” खेलता था उसका दददू बरगद के नीचे, टंगिया में धार देता था उसकी दई बरगद के नीचे पतल दोने सिलती थी उसके पूवज बरगद के छाँह में थकान मिटाया करते थे वह खुद भी उसके बच्चों की तरह बरगद के नीचे धमाचौकडी मचाया करता था बरगद उसके पिदरो का उत्तराधिकार था उसकी आशा भरोसा का धरोहर था पर विकास का धड़ धडाता डोजर तारकोल का सड़क उसे भी अजगर सा लील गया, बोदुमुंडा एक नदारत आदमी अबकि एकलमुंडा अकेला है। कंधे पर टंगिया, हँसिया, धनुष, तीर है तो पुलिस है, अदालत है, हथकडी है जेल है, आँखों में रोष है तो कठधरा है, झूठा केस है अधिकार का जुबान है तो गोली है पर जंगल नहीं है। पहले आबा गया तो जंगल थामाई गई तो जंगल था गाँव पथार गया तो जंगल था पृथ्वी जमीन गई तो जंगल था जंगल गया तो सबकुछ चला गया। बोदुमुंडा अबकी एक उजाड़ जंगल है टूटे सपनों का एक बीहड़ खडहर है बोदुमुंडा एक पख कटा पक्षी है, हे आकाश, हे पाताल हे धरितिनि दशों दिशाएँ, अठारह योगिनियाँ साक्षी है रात से सुबह कितनी दूर है बोदुमुंडा का भूख से भात कितना दूर है जंगल के साथ जंगल बना बोदुमुंडा एक फिर है।

Patrick James Dunagan and Ava Koohbor

Three Variations in the Feminine Scale

I.

Femininity at times

overtakes universal being

breath of experience

heals

scars of birth

phantom-tradition

back of belief's death

ghost gazing into the eye

wondering

to stay

or

to leave

stock-loaded questions

swarm

depths of mind

the answer

perhaps

lies within feet anticipating

conscious every step

throbbing

to be going

II.

Burning for departure

the waiting woman's body

the open road stretching toward

the ultimate existence

buried desire

pounds along every step

of passing

rhythm

erotics of leaving

orgasm of arriving

caught between

passages of co-mingling

III.

Womanly substance

universal being

arbitrary nature

unsure certainty

static hold

or fluid flow

hallucination

departure

Life Woman Water

stick around

writing's parodic

counting metrics

parodic syllabic onslaught colonization

سه واریاسیون در گام زنانه

.I

زنانگی گاهی
از حس بودن سبقت می گیرد

نسیم رشد
ضایعه ی تولد را
التیام می بخشد

شبیج رسوم
از پشت مرگ اعتقاد
بر چشم ها زُل زده است

پرسش این است
گذشتن
یا
ماندن؟

از دحام سؤال
در پشت ذهن
همچنان تلبار می شود

، پاسخ
، شاید
در قدم های منتظر است
که در عمق آگاهی پاها
عبور را
ذوق ذوق می کنند

.II

، در التهاب رفتن
جاده ی زنی منتظر

کشیده می شود
تا نهایتِ بودن

قدم های گذر
در عمق خواستن
تپشی می شود
پر آهنگ

شهوَت رفتن
تا اوج لذتِ رسیدن
هم خوابگی عبور را می طلبد

.III

زن بودن
و بودن
هوس
و اطمینان
سکون
و جاری بودن

توهم
رفتن

زندگی و زن و آب

و ماندن

هجو نوشتن را
بخش بخش کردن

هجو هجای هجوم هجرت

Patrick James Dunagan and Ava Koohbor

Older than Oldness

Living suspended in words

Living where earth & sky are equal

Living between human shades

searching for light

Living that exile

forgotten in attic chests

battling with mice

Living out the body's excitements

the soul nothing but a luxury

Living the mass-produced life

of yet another cloned original

قدیمی تر از قدیم

روزهایی معوق در کلمات
روزهایی که زمین و آسمان یکسانند
روزهایی که در سایه ی انسان ها
بدنبال نور می گردی
روزهایی که زندگی
در صندوقچه ای
هم بازی با موش هاست
روزهایی که انسان ها
جسم را سراسر هیجان
و روح را تجمل می شمارند
روزهایی که انسان می پندارد
تنها تجسمی از تولید انبوه آدمی است

Patrick James Dunagan and Ava Koohbor

Rewriting

I stand apart from history
 apart from destruction
 apart from Death
 apart from friendship's plundering
 apart from the division of my heartland
 apart from Genghis Khan
 apart from all coronations
 apart from all revolutions

I dust away the clutter of my feelings
clearing a space for the seed of my mind to blossom
I welcome you
to the feast of my lips

دوباره نویسی

من اهل تاریخ نیستم

اهل ویرانی

اهل مرگ

اهل غارت دوستی

اهل تجزیه سرزمین دل

اهل چنگیز خان

اهل تاجگذاری

اهل انقلاب

غبار روی احساسم را خانه تکانی می کنم

و شکوفه ای در خاک ضمیر می کارم

به عید لبانم

خوش آمدی

Shilyh Warren

I have a wound.

It's big and visible, don't worry, I don't have to show you.

You can see it.

I lick the wound and a circle begins to appear,
a sun that sears my skin and my flesh: hurt.

I haven't had this wound long.

We'll need days and more days to get used to each other, she to me
and I to her.

We'll need an ecliptic storm so that the signals she
transmits

don't weaken me so much
and so I can stop licking her
and the scab can appear.

Because if a scab appears now, if it appears in these
moments and tries to cover the wound, I will rip it off with
my fingernails or with my teeth.

Like an animal.

Like a girl who cuts.

Up this close,
the wound is a deep and profound trench from my body
to yours.

That's why you ask what's wrong and I look at you and minutes pass
full of silence,
full of needles...
...And you begin to feel the hurt: my hurt.

Then,
you open the window to show me the leaves that have fallen
during the night.

I see them.

Some are the color of blood, you say, and you sweep the hair
out of my eyes.

I climb up on the window ledge.

I have decided to become a pigeon or any other bird with a
visible wound. A winged animal that drags itself until
its skin lifts.

But don't worry, I don't have to tell you who I am.

You will see me.

Ana Lamela Rey

Tengo una herida.

Es grande y está a la vista, no os preocupéis, no tengo que enseñarla.

Se ve.

Lamo esa herida y va apareciendo un círculo,
un sol que abrasa mi piel y mi carne: el dolor.

Llevo poco tiempo con esta herida.

Hacen falta días y más días para que nos acostumbremos ella a mí
y yo a ella.

Hace falta una tormenta eclíptica para que las señales que me
transmita

no me debiliten tanto
y deje de lamerla
y aparezca la postilla.

Porque si apareciese ahora una postilla, si apareciese en estos
momentos e intentase cicatrizar la herida, me la arrancarí­a con
las uñas o con los dientes.

Como un animal.

Como una niña que se hace daño.

De tan cerca,

la herida es un surco hondo y profundo que cruza de mi cuerpo
al tuyo.

Por eso, me preguntas qué me pasa y yo te miro y pasan
los minutos llenos de silencio,
llenos de agujas...

...Y empiezas a sentir el dolor: mi dolor.

Entonces,

abres la ventana para enseñarme las hojas que han caído
por la noche.

Las veo.

Algunas son del color de la sangre, dices, y me apartas el pelo
de la cara.

Yo me subo al alféizar.

He decidido ser una paloma o cualquier otro pájaro con una
herida a la vista. Un animal con alas que se arrastra hasta
levantarse la piel.

Pero no os preocupéis, no tengo que decir quién soy.

Me veréis.

Shilyh Warren

I keep walking,

making my feet move first one and then the other
to advance,
even if slowly.

I undress as I go.
Throwing myself to the buses.
Defying Mendel's laws, co-op regulations, the law
of the jungle...

...And I take my shoes off. The ones that I used to put on
when I'd go to the window and it looked like rain. I
take them off and place them parallel to one another beside a bench. Beside
the line that separates those shoes from my feet.

I walk barefoot.
There are pebbles I know to impress on me such harm that
it's difficult not to pick them up. Naked feet, my self without strange
duplicity, small toes with nails painted dark speak to me of
caresses,
days with the lights left off,
little girl hands
memories I've left behind...

...And I take off my jacket, the one that I used to love so much
because it smelled acidic and took me to that forest of words where
so often we liked to meet when no one else remained
awake. I leave it hanging on a bicycle rack.
I never knew how to ride a bike, or if I did, I no longer remember.

I see a group of people far off.
I trip.
A dog passes.
They yell at me and I start undoing my skirt. Pulling down
the zipper.

Bending over.
Lifting one leg and then the other,
even if slowly.

They look at me.
Tonight it has finally rained.
A puddle. The skirt. I splash myself.
My skirt used to go well with grey days.

Someone is coming.
I'm off.

Ana Lamela Rey

Voy paseando,

haciendo que mis pies se muevan primero uno y después otro
para avanzar,
aunque sea despacio.

Voy desnudándome.

Tirándome a los autobuses.

Desafiando las leyes de Mendel, la propiedad horizontal, la ley
del más fuerte...

...Y me quito los zapatos. Esos que antes me ponía
cuando me asomaba a la ventana y parecía que iba a llover. Me
los quito y los dejo colocados en paralelo al lado de un banco. Al
lado de la raya que separa esos zapatos de mis pies.

Voy caminando descalza.

Hay piedras conocidas que me imprimen tanto daño que me
cuesta no recogerlas. Los pies desnudos, mi yo sin dobleces
raras, los dedos pequeños con uñas pintadas de oscuro me van
contando

caricias,

días sin encender la luz,

manos de niña,

recuerdos que he dejado atrás...

...Y me quito la chaqueta, la que me gustaba tanto
porque olía ácida y me llevaba a aquel bosque de palabras en el
que tan a menudo nos gustaba vernos cuando ya nadie estaba
despierto. La dejo colgada en un aparcamiento para bicicletas.
Yo nunca supe montar en bici, o sí, ya no recuerdo.

Veo a lo lejos un grupo de gente.

Tropiezo.

Se cruza un perro.

Me gritan y yo me voy desabrochando la falda. Bajándome la
cremallera.

Agachándome.

Levantando una pierna y luego la otra,
aunque sea despacio.

La gente me mira.

Esta noche por fin ha llovido.

Un charco. La falda. Me salpico.

A mi falda le sentaban bien los días grises.

Alguien se acerca.

Yo me voy.

Joshua Weiner with Linda B. Parshall

In old age
the body is wrapped
with blindfolds
till it spins
helplessly
in the solar eclipse.

But deep
in the sea's coursing
unrest rises
and sinks
in the crossed wings.

Death
barely ripened
is already re-seeded
the sacred oil
drawn up from graves.

In the resurrection
stars
scorch the darkness.

And again, God is ready to depart.

Nelly Sachs

Im Alter
der Leib wird umwickelt
mit Blindenbinden
bis er kreist
hilflos
in Sonnenfinsternis.

Aber tief
im Meeressgang
Unruhe hebt
und senkt sich
in den gekreuzten Flügeln.

Tod
kaum gereift
ist schon neu befruchtet
aus Gräbern
das Öl der Heiligkeit gezogen.

Gestirne
in der Auferstehung
brennen Dunkelheit an.

Wieder ist Gott reisefertig.

Joshua Weiner with Linda B. Parshall

Impregnable
is your fortress
(you, the dead)
built only of blessings.

Not with my mouth—
which allows
Earth
Sun
Spring
Silence
to grow on the tongue—
do I know how to light
the lamp of your vanished
alphabet—

And not
with my eyes
where creation migrates
like cut flowers
that have forgotten
every prophecy of their magic roots.

So I must rise up
and suffer this rock
till covered in dust
veiled like a bride
I find the soul's gate
where the budding seed
inflicts the first wound
on the mystery.

Nelly Sachs

Uneinnehmbar
ist eure nur aus Segen errichtete
Festung
ihr Toten.

Nicht mit meinem Munde
der
Erde
Sonne
Frühling
Schweigen
auf der Zunge wachsen läßt
weiß ich das Licht
eures verschwundenen Alphabetes
zu entzünden.

Auch nicht
mit meinen Augen
darin Schöpfung einzieht
wie Schnittblumen
die von magischer Wurzel
alle Weissagung vergaßen.

So muß ich denn aufstehen
und diesen Felsen durchschmerzen
bis ich Staubgeworfene
bräutlich Verschleierte
den Seeleneingang fand
wo das immer knospende Samenkorn
die erste Wunde
ins Geheimnis schlägt.

Joshua Weiner with Linda B. Parshall

Saved,
many things fall
into the baskets of memories
because
even this age of night
will have its fossils
the black-bordered elegies
of its crookedly piled dust.

Maybe too
the heavens
we've left behind
these pale blue stones
set down in other hells
will practice healing magic

and your dying words
will
in the griefwind
in the cold yoke
of stretching limbs
breathe for eons
and
like glassblown shapes
bend the vanished form of love

for the mouth of a god—

Nelly Sachs

Gerettet
fällt vieles
in die Körbe der Erinnerungen
denn
auch dieses Nachalter
wird seine Fossile haben
die schwarz geränderten Trauerschriften
seines schief gewachsenen Staubes.

Vielleicht
auch werden unsere nachgelassenen
Himmel
diese blaßblauen Steine
heilende Magie üben
in andere Höllen niedergelegt

wird
dein Sterbegespräch
im Wehe-Wind
dem kalten Gespann der
sich streckenden Glieder
Zeiten durchatmen
und
glasbläserhaft biegen
verschwundene Liebesform

für den Mund eines Gottes—

Joshua Weiner with Linda B. Parshall

Those driven
from home
wind-whipped
with the death-vein behind the ear
slaughtering the sun—

Cast off from lost customs
following the watercourse
and the weeping rails of death
they still hold
in the cave
of the mouth
a word hidden
for fear of thieves

they say: rosemary
and chew a root
pulled from the field
or
taste night after night: departure
they say:
Time is over
as a new wound opened
on the foot.

Their body soon devoured
by the salt of torment.

Skinless
eyeless
did Job form God.

Nelly Sachs

Vertriebene
aus Wohnungen
Windgepeitschte
mit der Sterbeader hinter dem Ohr
die Sonne erschlagend—

Aus verlorenen Sitten geworfen
dem Gang der Gewässer folgend
dem weinenden Geländer des Todes
halten oft noch in der Höhle
des Mundes
ein Wort versteckt
aus Angst vor Dieben

sagen: Rosmarin
und kauen eine Wurzel
aus dem Acker gezogen
oder
schmecken nächtelang: Abschied
sagen:
Die Zeit ist um
wenn eine neue Wunde aufbrach
im Fuß.

Reißend wird ihr Leib
im Salz der Marter fortgefressen.

Hautlos
augenlos
hat Hiob Gott gebildet.

Joshua Weiner with Linda B. Parshall

Here there's no staying longer
for the sea already speaks from its depths
the breast of night, breathing,
lifts the wall high
on which a head leans
in heavy dreambirth.

Ever since the stirring began in the sand
no starfinger
played a part
in this mortar we build with
so even in death they're alive.

Whoever's crying
is searching for his melody
which the wind
leafed with music
has hidden in night.

Fresh from the source
is too far.

It's time to fly
only with our body.

Nelly Sachs

Hier ist kein Bleiben länger
denn aus seinem Grunde spricht schon Meer
die Brust der Nacht
hebt atmend hoch
die Wand, daran ein Kopf
mit schwerer Traumgeburt gelehnt.

In diesem Baustoff
war kein Sternenfinger
mit im Spiel
seit das Gemisch im Sand begann
so lebend noch im Tod.

Wer weint
der sucht nach seiner Melodie
die hat der Wind
musikbelaubt
in Nacht versteckt.

Frisch von der Quelle
ist zu weit entfernt.

Zeit ist's zu fliegen
nur mit unserem Leib.

Biographies

Yan An is one of the most famous poets in contemporary China, author of fourteen full-length poetry collections including his most famous poetry collection 整理石头 (Rock Arrangement) that has won him the sixth Lu Xun Literary Prize, one of China's top four literary prizes. He is the winner of various national awards and prizes. He is also the Vice President of the Shaanxi Writers Association and the head and Executive Editor-in-Chief of the literary journal 延河 (Yan River), one of the oldest and most famous literary journals in Northwestern China. In addition, he is a national committee member of the Poetry Committee of the China Writers Association.

Pietro Aretino (1492 – 1556) was a Renaissance poet and satirist, whose influence and fame became such that he merited the title the “Scourge of Princes.” He ultimately made his home in Venice, where he counted among his best friends the painter Titian, who painted his portrait a number of times.

Marie-Claire Bancquart (1932 – 2019) was a French poet, novelist, and literary critic. She lived in Paris and was a professor emerita of contemporary French literature at the Sorbonne. Author of over thirty collections of poetry and several novels, she was the recipient of numerous prizes, including the Prix Supervielle, the Prix Max Jacob, and the Prix Robert Ganzo. Her work is anthologized in *Rituel d'emportement* (Ritual of Rage, 2002), *Toute minute est première* (Each Minute Is the First, 2019), and *Terre énergumène et autres poèmes* (Possessed Ground and Other Poems, 2019). A colloquium on Bancquart's poetry was held in Cerisy-la-Salle, France, in 2011 and was subsequently published by Peter Lang with the title *Dans le feuilletage de la terre* (In the Foliage of the Earth).

João Luís Barreto Guimarães is a reconstructive plastic surgeon and author of eleven poetry books, the most recent of which are *Movimento* (Movement, Quetzal, 2020) and *Nómada* (Nomad, 2018), which recently won Portugal's Armando da Silva Carvalho Literary Prize and was named the 2019 Poetry Book of the Year by Livraria Bertrand (the oldest bookstore on earth).

Igor Bulatovsky (1971) is a poet, literary critic, translator, and publisher. He has authored ten books of poetry. Bulatovsky was twice shortlisted for the Andrei Bely Prize and was a Joseph Brodsky Fellow. He lives in Saint Petersburg.

Xisheng Chen, a Chinese American, is an ESL grammarian, lexicologist, linguist, translator, and educator. His educational background includes: top scorer in the English subject in the National College Entrance Examination of Jiangsu Province, a B.A. and an M.A. from Fudan University, Shanghai, China (exempted from the National Graduate School Entrance Examination due to excellent B.A. test scores), and a Mandarin Healthcare Interpreter Certificate from the City College of San Francisco, CA, USA. His working history includes: translator for the Shanghai TV Station's *Evening English News*; lecturer at Jiangnan University, Wuxi, China; adjunct professor in the departments of English and Social Sciences of Trine University (formerly Tri-State University), Angola, Indiana; notary public; and contract high-tech translator for Futurewei Technologies, Inc. in Santa Clara, California, USA. As a translator for over three decades, he has published a lot of translations in various fields in newspapers and journals in

China and abroad. Three poems co-translated by him and Chen Du are a finalist in The Gabo Prize for Literature in Translation & Multilingual Texts.

Patrick James Dunagan lives in San Francisco and works at Gleeson Library for the University of San Francisco. Co-editor of *Roots and Routes: Poetics at New College of California*, he also edited a portfolio of work on and by David Meltzer for *Dispatches from the Poetry Wars* (where he served on the editorial board). Recent books include: “*There are people who think that painters shouldn’t talk*”: *A Gustonbook* (Post Apollo), *Das Gedichtete* (Ugly Duckling), *Book of Kings* (Bird & Beckett Books), *Drops of Rain / Drops of Wine* (Spuyten Duyvil), *The Duncan Era: One Reader’s Cosmology* (Spuyten Duyvil), and *Sketch of the Artist* (fsmbw).

Chen Du is a voting member of the American Translators Association and a member of the Translators Association of China with a Master’s degree in biophysics from Roswell Park Cancer Institute, the State University of New York at Buffalo and a Master’s degree in radio physics from the Chinese Academy of Sciences. She revised more than eight chapters of the Chinese translation of the biography of Helen Snow, *Helen Foster Snow: An American Woman in Revolutionary China*. In the United States, her translations have appeared or are forthcoming in *Columbia Journal*, *Lunch Ticket*, *Pilgrimage*, *Sinking Water Review*, *Anomaly*, *The Bare Life Review*, and *River River*; her essays were published by the *Dead Mule* and Hamline University English Department; her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Levitate*, Hamline University English Department, *Nebo: A Literary Journal*, and *American Writers Review*; and her poetry chapbook was published online by the *Dead Mule*. Three poems co-translated by her and Xisheng Chen are a finalist in The Gabo Prize for Literature in Translation & Multilingual Texts. She is also the author of the book *Successful Personal Statements*. Find her online at ofsea.com.

Claire Eder’s poems and translations have appeared in *Gulf Coast*, *The Cincinnati Review*, *PANK*, *Midwestern Gothic*, and *Guernica*, among other publications. She holds an M.F.A. from the University of Florida and a Ph.D. from Ohio University. She lives in Madison, Wisconsin. Find her online at claireeder.com.

L. L. Friedman once went on a blind date with a marble statue in Vienna. They live in New England and have a degree in history; more of their work can be found at www.crookedbutinteresting.wordpress.com.

Kumar Hassan is an Orissa Sahitya Academy award-winning bilingual poet, writer, translator, critic, and the former sub-editor of *The Samaja* who’s fifty-five books to his credit. He’s also a translator for Kendra Sahitya Academy, New Delhi. His other awards include the Basanta Muduli Poetry Award, Sachidananda Kavita Puraskar, and Paschima Kavita Puraskar, among others. His work has been translated into numerous foreign languages including French, Russian, German, and English. He lives in Sambalpur (Odisha), India.

Katherine M. Hedeem is a translator, literary critic, and essayist. A specialist in Latin American poetry, she has translated some of the most respected voices from the region. Her publications include book-length collections by Juan Bañuelos, Juan Calzadilla, Juan Gelman, Fayad Jamís, Hugo Mujica, José Emilio Pacheco, Víctor Rodríguez Núñez, and Ida Vitale, among many others. Her work has been a finalist for both the Best Translated Book Award and the National Translation Award. She is a recipient of two NEA Translation grants in the US and a PEN

Translates award in the UK. She is a managing editor for Action Books and the Poetry in Translation Editor at the *Kenyon Review*. She resides in Ohio, where she is Professor of Spanish at Kenyon College. More information at: www.katherinemhedeem.com.

Zita Izsó was born in Budapest in 1986. Her first poetry collection, *Tengerlakó* (Sea Dweller), received the Attila Gérecz Prize in 2012. Her first drama won the Hungarian Radio Playwriting Contest. The Debrecen Színláz Company took to the stage her second drama, *Függés* (Dependence). Her second poetry collection, *Színről színre* (Face to Face), was published in 2014. She published her third poetry collection in 2018 under the title *Éjszakai földet érés* (Nighttime Landing). She is one of the editors of the FISZ-Kalligram Horizons World Literature Series and the literary reviews *1749* and *Pannon Tükör*. She translates from English, German, French and Spanish—for example, she is the translator of the Argentinian poet Alejandra Pizarnik and the Mexican poet Rosario Castellanos. Izsó's poems have been translated into English, German, Arabic, Turkish, Czech, Polish, Serbian, Slovak, Romanian and Bulgarian. She is the recipient of numerous awards and grants including the Zsigmond Móricz Literary Grant. She can be found online at www.izsozita.hu and [facebook.com/izsozitaszerzoioldal](https://www.facebook.com/izsozitaszerzoioldal).

Ava Koohbor is a poet and visual/sound artist living in SF. Her poems have been published in several publications. Her recent collection of poems *Death Under Construction* has been published by Ugly Duckling Presse. She continues to collaborate with Patrick James Dunagan in an ongoing project focused upon the work of Persian poet Hafez.

Antonio Ladeira is an associate professor of Portuguese and Spanish at Texas Tech University. He has published five volumes of his own poetry in Portugal and two books of short stories in Portugal, Brazil, and Colombia. He is also a lyricist for jazz singer Stacey Kent.

Ana Lamela Rey studied literature, art, and music at the University of Oviedo in Spain. Her first book, *Zebra* (2013), combines poetry with the photographs of Tino Fernández and illustrations by Laura Fernández Blanco. The poems in this second issue of *AzonaL* are drawn from *La exhibicionista* (The Exhibitionist) (Ediciones Gravitaciones, 2014), which features confessional meditations on experiences of loss and grief. She is also the author of a children's book about adoption, *La estrella Nigeria y otros cuentos sobre adopción* (The Nigerian Star and Other Tales about Adoption) (Suburbia Ediciones y Asturadop, 2015). In 2016, she released an audiobook also titled *La exhibicionista* (The Exhibitionist) (Editorial Marbas AACC) featuring original songs based on the poems from the chapbook. Her second major chapbook, *La Otra* (The Other) (PI Ediciones, 2019) explores self-other relationships among women. Lamela Rey continues to teach theater and literature to children in Gijón where she lives with her two daughters. She also frequently performs and programs musical and literary events as part of Musa Cafeina, an artist collective she co-founded in 2012. This is the first time her work has appeared in translation.

Dmitri Manin is a physicist, programmer, and poetry translator. His translations from English and French into Russian and from Russian to English have been published in books and journals, including *Delos*, *Metamorphoses*, *The Café Review*, *Cardinal Points*, and others. He won the first prize in the 2017 Compass Award competition.

Agnes Marton is a Hungarian-born poet, writer, librettist, Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts (UK), and reviews editor at The Ofi Press. Recent publications include her collection *Captain Fly's Bucket List* and four chapbooks with Moria Books (USA). She won the National Poetry Day

Competition (UK), and an anthology she edited received the Saboteur Award. Her work is widely anthologized; some examples include *Alice: Ekphrasis at the British Library* and *Anthem: A Tribute to Leonard Cohen*. Her fiction was called “exceptional” at the prestigious Disquiet Literary Contest (USA). In the award-winning poetry exhibition project “Guardian of the Edge,” thirty-three accomplished visual artists responded to her poetry. She has been a resident poet at the Scott Polar Research Institute at the University of Cambridge, on a research boat in the Arctic Circle, and also in Iceland, Italy, Ireland, Serbia, Portugal, Chile, Canada and the United States. She is based in Luxembourg. She can be found online at facebook.com/agnesmartonpoet/.

Sanket Mhatre is a well-known bilingual poet writing in English and Marathi. He has curated *Crossover Poems*, a multilingual poetry recitation session that unifies poets from different languages on a single platform. Apart from this, Sanket Mhatre has read at Kala Ghoda Arts Festival, Poets Translating Poets, Goa Arts and Literature Festival, Jaipur Literature Festival, Vagdevi Litfest, and Akhil Bharatiya Marathi Sahitya Sannam. He’s also a well known lyricist, having won the Zee Award for best song. Sanket Mhatre writes dedicated columns in multiple national dailies translating prominent Indian poets and their work in Marathi. He has also created and founded *Kavita Cafe*, a YouTube channel that blends film and poetry to create a distinct cinematic experience.

Iulia Militaru is the Editor-in-Chief of frACTalia Press and *InterRe:ACT* magazine. After a few children’s books and her study “Metaphoric, Metonymic: A Typology of Poetry,” her first poetry collection *Marea Pipeadă* (The Great Pipe Epic) was published in 2010, receiving two major awards in Romania. *Dramadoll*, co-authored with Anca Bucur and Cristina Florentina Budar, is part of a larger poetry/graphic art/video/sound project; a part of this video project (“Images of the day number 8,” directed by Cristina Florentina Budar) was selected for *Gesamt 2012* (“DISASTER 501: What Happened to Man?”), a project coordinated by Lars von Trier and directed by Jenle Hallund. Her collection of experimental poetry *Confiscarea bestiei (o postcercetare)* (The Seizure of the Beast. A Post-research) was published by frACTalia Press in 2016. She has published poems and digital collages in *MAINTENANT, A Journal of Contemporary Dada Writing and Art* #9, #10, and #11. Her art exhibit “The Path. Filling-in Abstract Forms: Overwriting Barnett Newman” opened in 2016 in Iowa City at Public Space One. In 2016, she was also featured at the third annual Brussels Planetarium Poetry Fest.

Marie Moulin-Salles’s credentials include: a Master’s degree, Caen University, France; an advanced Spanish degree, Salamanca, Spain; French teacher and translator for thirty years; and voiceover projects and live French narration with musical performance. She can be reached at [mariesalles1 \[at\] gmail.com](mailto:mariesalles1[at]gmail.com).

Pitambar Naik is an advertising professional. He’s a poetry editor for *Minute Magazine*, a poetry and fiction reader for *Remington Review*, and has been featured in journals across thirteen countries. His work appears or is forthcoming in *nether Quarterly*, *Mason Street*, *Packingtown Review*, *Rigorous*, *New Contrast*, *Ghost City Review*, *Glass: A Journal of Poetry*, *Cha: An Asian Literary Journal*, *The Indian Quarterly*, *Vayavya*, and *The World that Belongs to Us* (anthology), HarperCollins, India, among others. *The Anatomy of Solitude* (Hawakal) is his debut book of poetry. He grew up in Odisha, India.

Calvin Olsen’s poetry and translations have appeared or are forthcoming in *AGNI*, *Asymptote*, *LIT*, *The National Poetry Review*, and *Poet Lore*, among many other venues. He lives in North

Carolina, where he is a doctoral student and the Poetry Editor at *The Carolina Quarterly*. More work can be found at www.calvin-olsen.com.

Linda B. Parshall's publications include scholarly articles and translations focused on German literature, landscape theory, and art history from the medieval to the modern period. Most recently, she edited and translated *Letters of a Dead Man* by Prince Hermann von Pückler-Muskau (Dumbarton Oaks, 2016).

Michael Perret is a poet and translator from Austin, Texas. His translation of the novel *Octavia the Quadroon* [*Octavia la quarteronne*] by Sidonie de La Houssaye is forthcoming in 2021 from Les Éditions Tintamarre.

Rochelle Potkar is an alumna of Iowa's International Writing Program (2015) and a Charles Wallace Writer's fellow, University of Stirling (2017). She is the author of *Four Degrees of Separation and Paper Asylum*, shortlisted for the Rabindranath Tagore Literary Prize 2020. Her poetry film *Skirt* showcased Shonda Rhimes's Shondaland. Her poem "To Daraza" won the 2018 Norton Girault Literary Prize, and "The Girl from Lal Bazaar" was shortlisted for the 2018 Gregory O' Donoghue International Poetry Prize, Ireland. Widely-anthologized, she has read her poetry in India, Bali, Iowa, Macao, Stirling, Glasgow, Hongkong, Ukraine, Hungary, Bangladesh, and the Gold Coast, Australia. Her short story collection *Bombay Hangovers* is due soon. Her website is rochellepotkar.com.

Víctor Rodríguez Núñez (Havana, 1955) is one of Cuba's most outstanding and celebrated contemporary writers, with over fifty collections of his poetry published throughout the world. He has been the recipient of major awards in the Spanish-speaking region, including, in 2015, the coveted Loewe Prize. His selected poems have been translated into Arabic, Chinese, English, French, German, Hebrew, Italian, Macedonian, Serbian, Swedish, and Vietnamese. He has been a riveting presence at the most important international literary festivals, having read in more than forty countries. In the last decade, his work has developed an enthusiastic readership in the US and the UK, where he has published seven book-length translations. He divides his time between Gambier, Ohio, where he is currently Professor of Spanish at Kenyon College, and Havana, Cuba. More information at: www.victorrodrigueznuñez.com.

Nelly Sachs (1891 – 1970) was Jewish-German poet born in Berlin. The author of seven books of poetry, she won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1966 and is considered one of the major German-language poets of the twentieth century. She died in Stockholm, the city she fled to as a refugee thirty years earlier in a narrow escape from Nazi Germany. Her book *Flucht und Verwandlung* (Flight and Metamorphosis), from which this excerpt is taken, was published in 1959.

Claudia Serea's poems and translations have appeared in *Field*, *New Letters*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Gravel*, *The Malahat Review*, *carte blanche*, *Oxford Poetry*, *Asymptote*, *RHINO*, and elsewhere. She is the author of five poetry collections and four chapbooks, most recently *Twoxism*, a poetry-photography collaboration with visual artist Maria Haro (8th House Publishing, 2018), and *Nothing Important Happened Today* (Broadstone Books, 2016). Serea co-edited and co-translated *The Vanishing Point that Whistles: An Anthology of Contemporary Romanian Poetry* (Talisman House, 2011) for which she received a grant from the Romanian Cultural Institute. She also translated from the Romanian Adina Dabija's *Beautybeast* (Northshore Press, Alaska, 2012).

Serea is the co-founder and editor of National Translation Month, and she co-hosts *The Red Wheelbarrow* poetry readings in Rutherford, NJ.

Shilyh Warren is an associate professor of Film Studies at the University of Texas at Dallas. Her first book, *Subject to Reality: Women and Documentary* (University of Illinois Press, 2019), examines two key periods in the history of women's documentary filmmaking: the 20s – 40s and the 1970s. Her academic writing has also appeared in journals such as *Signs*, *Camera Obscura*, and *South Atlantic Quarterly*. Warren previously earned a Ph.D. in literature and a certificate in feminist studies from Duke University as well as an M.A. in comparative literature from Dartmouth College. A sometimes curator, Shilyh has also presented feminist film programs in Durham, Dallas, and New York City. She spends her summers in Gijón, Spain where she first encountered Lamela Rey's poetry and was inspired to translate her chapbook, *La exhibicionista* (The Exhibitionist).

Joshua Weiner is the author of three books of poetry, most recently *The Figure of a Man Being Swallowed by a Fish* (University of Chicago Press, 2013). His translation (with Linda B. Parshall) of Nelly Sachs's *Flight and Metamorphosis* is forthcoming from Farrar, Straus and Giroux in Fall 2021.

O. Y. enjoys visiting art museums and listening to classical music. Born in Tashkent, Uzbekistan, she lives in New England with her family of humans and cats.