

AzonalL

One

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黃品瑜 (Pinyu Hwang)

Of Another Generation

I thought I understood myself
the reason for my sorrow
it is like stepping across an endless river
someone is watching me on the bank
saying nothing
no words
no stories
only guns and ammunition
causing a racket
piercing through us
the frailty of our spirits

this is how they planned it
to allow more frequent visits of suffering
to attempt to make people succumb
admit that violence works
sometimes we come up with metaphors
as in: he pulled the trigger on his birthday
killed someone's child
and then you learned how to lie
transforming murder into unintentional discharge
this should only have been a metaphor
it should not become history
but it is already history

should people not shed tears
should people not
mourn for the confinement of language
should people not
hurt for the disappearance, demise, fabrication
and even rewriting of stories
should people not
fear this story
of no other ending
black night has given people black eyes
not so people could search for

flash grenades, tear gas
and bean bag rounds

I seem to be standing on the bank
but also in the middle of the river, shoes soaked
this river feels so long
the people on the river
are all as though they have just returned from a dream
all the latent traps
slowly become clear
no wind blows on the bank
but the fire is spreading
when violence becomes accepted as science
all glory going to ammunition
all mistakes blamed on others
holding up your guns
you ask people why
they would not sit down and talk peacefully with you

2019

Translator's note: "Black night has given people black eyes" references Gu Cheng's "Of the Generation":
"Black night has given me black eyes / but I use them to seek light."

宋尚緯 (Shang-Wei Song)

另一代人

我以為我理解自己
傷心的原因
像是踏過長河
有人在岸上看著我
什麼也不說
沒有話語
沒有故事
只有槍砲與彈藥
發出巨大的聲響
穿過我們
脆弱的靈魂

他們是這麼盤算的
讓痛苦更頻繁地造訪
試圖讓人屈服
承認暴力是可行的
有時我們會提出隱喻
譬如：他在生日那天開槍
殺死別人的孩子
後來你學會撒謊
將謀殺變成擦槍走火
這應該只是則隱喻
不該成為歷史
但它已是歷史

人們不該流淚嗎
人們不該為了
語言的侷限而傷心嗎
人們不該為了
故事的消失、結束，虛構
甚至是變造而痛苦嗎
人們不該為了
沒有其他結局的故事
而感到恐懼嗎
黑夜給了人們黑色的眼睛
不是為了讓人用來尋找

閃光彈、催淚彈
以及布袋彈的

我像站在岸上
又像站在河中，鞋都濕透
這條河好漫長河上的人
彷彿都剛從夢中歸來
原本隱晦的陷阱
都逐漸清楚
岸上沒有風
火卻逐漸燎原
當暴力成為一種顯學
榮光都歸給彈藥
錯誤都推給別人
你們舉著槍
問人為什麼
不坐下和你們和談

註：黑夜給了人們黑色的眼睛原句為「黑夜給了我黑色的眼睛」來自顧城《一代人》

黃品瑜 (Pinyu Hwang)

Fish

and then you spoke less and less
your wanting to speak and your not speaking
were the same thing
every day before work
you confirmed the time, confirmed
all the things on your to-do list today
thinking you were a fish to be slaughtered
you recalled the fishmonger
you passed by every morning on the way to work
skillfully scraping off fish scales
as the scales scattered
you caught sight of some shimmers of light
thinking some important things
must be flying apart bit by bit
with the head and tail removed
fish do not look like fish anymore

after so much time
you have grown used to it
having dreams or not
makes no difference
you cannot remember what you dreamt of last night
just as you cannot remember
the efforts you once made
you think you are a fish
every morning
held pressed to the cutting board
watching people pass by the road
in truth with nothing inside your mind
people skillfully scraping off your scales
you watch those people pass by
thinking you once were them
and the things you did not say
all die with you
head and tail removed

becoming something unrecognizable even to yourselves

2018

宋尚緯 (Shang-Wei Song)

魚

後來你的話越說越少
你想說與不說
其實是同一件事
每天上班前
你確認時間，確認
今日所有的待辦事項
以為自己是一尾待宰的魚
你想起每天早晨
上班途中看見的魚販
他熟練地刮去魚鱗
鱗片四散的時候
你看見某些閃爍的光芒
以為是某些重要的事物
正在一點一點地飛散
頭尾去除後
其實魚看起來也不像魚了

過了這麼久
你也已經習慣了
有沒有夢
其實也是一樣的
你記不起昨夜做了什麼夢
就像你也記不起
曾經做了什麼努力一樣
你以為自己是一條魚
每天早晨
都被按在砧板上
看著路邊經過的人
腦中其實什麼也沒想
人們熟練地刮去你的鱗片
你看著那些經過的人
以為自己也曾是他們
後來你沒說出的話
都和你一起死去
一起被去頭去尾
一起成為自己也認不出的模樣

黃品瑜 (Pinyu Hwang)

Deeper Than Oceans

they are in the clouds
studying the rules of language
after mastering adjectives
they search for the shape of each other
amid various vocabulary terms
slowly each one of them becomes an expert
in describing others, categorizing others
as if assigning uses to
their belongings
is there anything that we cannot know
or rather, what is there
that we can know

we ought to understand
we are the most broken of all oceans
sometimes we grimace, facing the mirror
peering at ourselves ten years later
ourselves ten years ago
seeing which one is more intact
the self I find
in the most barren of wastelands
and the shape given to me by others
share nothing at all

it is as though, past noon
we are on the same train
it sways slightly
sunlight pouring in from the window
shining on your body
and mine from time to time
as though all language
disintegrates in this moment, all
the things I know become fossils
only then do I understand
I am like an empty valley
reflecting all echoes

yet with nothing of myself in them
from time to time I imagine I am
somewhere deeper than oceans
pitch-blackness
as though I have taken control of the great darkness
I know I
should be quieter
should be more like the ocean, coldly
coldly watch all things
as they tread through time
yet I know I cannot

I know
these places deeper than oceans
possess no emotions
watching me, telling me
time is the cruelest of all existences
we lie to ourselves
tell ourselves
it is okay, it will be fine
we grant ourselves violence
tell ourselves
we can be sharper
harder, like
a knife without a handle
that no one can grasp
lying with shadows
just like actual shadows

I know there is no place
more profound than the human heart
your heart, how beautiful a heart
how frightening, this beauty
like raindrops falling into the ocean
I see these raindrops
burrow into my body
knowing I once was a raindrop too
it all feels more like an interrogation
as in: who understands happiness better
who understands emptiness better
knowing I too was once
filtered by silent words
I know there is nothing

more difficult for others to understand
than my own suffering
the histories that we encode into memory
have been left somewhere deeper than oceans
I imagine I have returned there
gently spreading myself open
carefully packing away the once-violent
bit by bit

2017

宋尚緯 (Shang-Wei Song)

比海還深的地方

他們在雲裡
學習語言的用法
學會形容詞後
在不同的詞彙裡
尋找對方的模樣
逐漸每個人都擅長
形容他人，替人分類
像是替所有物
決定用處
有什麼是我們無法知道的
或者說，有些什麼
是我們可以知道的

我們應該了解
自己是最破碎的海
有時候對著鏡子齜牙裂嘴
看看十年後的自己
和十年前的自己
哪一個更完整一些
我在最荒蕪的廢墟裡
找到的自己
和他人給予我的模樣
沒有半點相似

像是午後
我們搭乘同樣的列車
它微微地晃著
陽光從窗外灑進
照著你的身體
偶爾也照到了我
像是所有語言
都在此刻消失，所有
我知道的事物都成為化石
我才明白
我像是空蕩的山谷
反射出所有回音

但沒有任何我在裡面

偶爾想像自己在
比海還要深的地方
一片漆黑
像是掌握巨大的黑暗
我知道自己
應該更安靜些
應該更像海，冷冷地
冷冷地看著事物
走過時間的模樣
而我知道自己是做不到的

我知道這些
比海還要更深的地方
並不帶有任何情緒
看著我，告訴我
時間是最殘忍的存在
我們對自己撒謊
告訴自己
沒有關係，會過去的
我們給予自己暴力
告訴自己
我們能夠更銳利
更堅硬，像是一把
沒有柄的刀刃
誰都無法握住
和影子躺在一起
就像真正的影子

我知道，沒有什麼地方
比人心更深邃了
你的心，多美麗的一顆心
多可怕，這些美麗
像是雨水落入海中
我看見這些雨水
打進我的身體
知道自己也曾是雨水
一切更像是詰問
例如：誰更懂得快樂
誰更懂得荒蕪
知道自己也曾
被沉默的語言篩選

我知道沒有什麼
比自己的痛苦
更難以被理解
我們所記憶的歷史
被留在比海更深的地方
我想像自己又到了那裡
將自己溫柔地攤開
仔細地將曾經的暴力
一點一點地收起

黃品瑜 (Pinyu Hwang)

I Hear It, from Afar...

he walks into the final room, melancholy born in the corner
we are all learning how to reach the other side
(review sorrows; they
walk into our bodies dressed in white garments)
to uncover those landscapes still wandering around

...from within which comes singing and dancing

we collect numerous words, live quietly, engraving
desire. always he lives oblivious, like waking dialogues
brushing lightly over the sentences; the odor of something burnt
ignites wordlessly from every corner of the room
night has deepened. we are learning how to step into
dreams: every slumber is a drunken season
to mimic the rhythm of every poem, examining the tone
moderating those restless noises: I dreamt of a long journey
his scent beginning to sing with every step
every note tucked into the drawer
I am waiting for a beautiful time, as though
waiting for a beautiful concealment...
(...a bundle of dried flowers on the windowsill, withering petals
and our lives, as well, including language and everything else...)

I hear it

2010

宋尚緯 (Shang-Wei Song)

聽到了聲音，自遠方.....

他走進最後一間屋子，憂鬱誕生在牆角
我們都在學習如何抵達彼岸
（複習哀傷，他們
穿著白色的衣裳走進了你我的身軀）
打開那些還在流浪的風景

.....裡面傳出了歌聲及舞蹈

我們收藏許多詞彙悄悄地活著，刻畫
慾望。他總無妄地活著，像那些醒著的對白
將句子輕輕地摩擦，燒灼的腥味
自屋內的每一個角落默默地燃起
夜深了。我們學習如何走入
夢境：每場睡眠都是醉生夢死的花開花落
模擬每一首詩歌的節奏，揣摩語氣
節制那些躁動的聲響：我夢見了一場長遠的旅行
他的氣味從每一個步伐中唱起歌來
每一個音符都被收進了抽屜中
我等待美好的時節，就像
我等待美好的隱匿一般.....
（.....一束擺在窗口的乾燥花，花瓣凋零
而我們的人生，包括語言或其它也.....）
聽到了聲音

Matilda Colarossi

*Heart: hispid / yearning / in balance / between Germanies / musk rivers /
Precipices of autobahns soliloquies / Portraits of migratory birds*

There was a time

I was alone
I was addicted to heroin
I was heroin
I caressed a wisdom not yet fully grown
I was on the verge of drowning
and ready for birth
I was entangled in the blood of time
and I bled myself dry with levity
broken by insobriety
staggering in the breeze
stripped leaves that do not dissolve
in gentle reflections
no

There was a whole time
when I was searching for you
oh gentle me
I was searching for you
yes, there was a whole long time
in which I was searching for you
and calling for you the echo returned dazed
dense with itself
And there was a time in which you you
were searching for me, gentle me
You were calling me
the whole time, gentle me
searching for me, gentle me
gentle me
searching for me

Marta Lo Brano

C'era un tempo

sono stata sola
sono stata eroinomane
sono stata eroina
ho accarezzato una saggezza non ancora cresciuta
sono stata sul punto di sprofondare
e pronta a nascere
sono rimasta invischiata nel sangue del tempo
e mi sono dissanguata di leggerezza
spezzata d'ebbrezza
barcollante nella brezza
strappato fogli che non si sciolgono
in dolci riflessi
no

C'è stato tutto un tempo
in cui ti stavo cercando
oh dolce me
stavo cercando te
sì, c'era un lungo intero tempo
dove ti stavo cercando
e al chiamarti l'eco ritornava stranita
densa di se stessa
E c'era un tempo in cui tu tu mi
stavi cercando, dolce me
Tu mi stavi chiamando
tutto il tempo, dolce me
cercando me, dolce me
dolce me
cercando me

Matilda Colarossi

Poetry

Those moments
it strips
itself
of fear
strips
sinuous grateful naked lightness
for the great secret
enamoring glances

*and thus
manes
—which you can't restrict!—nor recite!—
and thus they misplace us
they expand us*

You see,
if we didn't have Poetry we would already be extinct.

Marta Lo Brano

La Poesia

Quei momenti
si sfilano
la paura
di dosso
sfilano
sinuosa di grata nuda leggerezza
al grande segreto
innamora sguardi

*ed ecco
criniere
- e non le puoi recitare! - né recitare! -
ed ecco ci smarriscono
ci espandono*

Vedi, se non avessimo la Poesia ci saremmo già estinti.

Matilda Colarossi

Mother, daughter, mother

extracts oozes
otherworldly
argentine
tenderness
that can stretch to nebulous vapor
rock.

Newborn born rebel
of smiles we're enamored
miniscule flood of dawn
within our arms

liquescing
our cages turn to lymph
intrepid
she intones models gushes: "gaaaa-gaaa-daaooohh!"

Marta Lo Brano

Madre, figlia, madre

attinge stilla
ultraterrena
argentea
tenerezza
sa tendersi in nebbia vapore
roccia.

Neonata nata ribelle
di sorrisi ci innamora
minuscola inondante alba
tra le braccia

si sciolgono
le nostre gabbie in linfa
intrèpida
intona modula sguizza:"nnnghéhaaooohh"!

Hussain Ahmed

Colony of Dust

the leaves rustled—in praise
of silos built to keep us safe.

silence rendered us nameless,
dead men turbaned like travelers on the back of camels
plying the Sahara for the first time.

memories buried in sand become what encloses it.
we all got introduced to darkness anew.

rock doves echoed their songs,
but remained anonymous in the wind.

we must celebrate the emergence of these new lines
on palms that are tired of holding swords.

Hussain Ahmed

Ìlú Eruku

Àwọn ewé rúnrá ní orin iyìn ilé kótópó
tí akó, láti daàbò bò wá.

ìdàkẹ̀ jẹ́jẹ̀ lẹ̀ sọ wá di àlái l'órúkọ,
amúra fún àwọn t'ókú, bí arìnrìnàjò ní èyìn ránkúnmí
tí ó'ń ré kojá ní ilẹ̀ aṣálẹ̀ ní igbà àkọkọ.

ìròyìn àwọn èèyan ó'padà dì èrùpẹ̀ tí a bò wọn mó.
ní igbà kan, gbogbo wa ó' padà mọ̀ òkùnkùn.

orin àwọn eyẹ̀ àdàbà já tòò,
ṣugbọ́n wọn f'ara pamọ́ nínú atẹ̀gùn.

óyẹ̀ kí áyọ̀ fún àwọn ilà tuntun tí wọn jáde
ní àtẹ̀lẹ̀wó to ká 'ààrẹ̀ láti gbá idà mú.

Kristine Ong Muslim

The World According to Shomei Tomatsu

How radiant these crippled soldiers are. Now, where is the shoemaker and how come he left unattended the hammer and polishing tools? Relish everything you can see: the salt beds, the iron smelting furnace, the politicians snoozing at the side of the road. Across the walls of the wharf, wild ivies creep as memory of our loss. Because of light's refusal to give up, holes on the roof look a lot like stars. The storm continues to inundate the unhusked grains of rice along with thousands of people.

Marlon Hacla

Ang Mundo Ayon kay Shomei Tomatsu

Kay liwanag ng mga napilay na sundalo. Nasaan na nga ba ang nag-aayos ng mga sapatos at bakit iniwang nakakalat ang mga pampakintab at martilyo? Namnamin ang kayang abutin ng iyong tanaw: ang asinan, ang hinangan ng mga bakal, ang mga natutulog na pulitiko sa daan. Sa mga pader ng pantalan, gumagapang ang mga hederang bilang memorya ng ating pagkatalo. Dahil sa hindi pagsuko ng liwanag, nagmistulang mga bituin ang mga butas sa yero. Inilulubog ng bagyo ang mga palay kasama ang libo-libong katao.

Kristine Ong Muslim

The Playground

The first child arrived and noticed the bare
Surroundings. When he realized he was alone,
He created an invisible friend to play with.
The second child arrived and was taught
By the first child how to make
An invisible playmate.
The only thing missing, then, was a game.
They thought of asking for money but remembered
They had no parents.
Hence, they constructed a playground
No one else could see: here was the wooden horse,
Over there were the trees, with a hammock, and there,
They could swing over the cavorting birds.
They spent all day building all sorts of things and structures.
The next day, they established an entire city.
The second child's restlessness caused him to trip and fall down,
Smash his mouth against the ground, lose two of his teeth.
They made a tight lattice with their adjoined palms, imagined
They were connecting bits and pieces of mirrors.
They exchanged faces.
They put together a guardian angel
So they wouldn't ever again know hurt.
In time, the children lost interest and tore down their city.
They thought playing ball sounded more fun.
And so they created balls.
Four balls.
They played hide-and-seek among the trees
That were invisible. Met each other's gaze.
Daily they played catch.
There were moments of happiness
In their lifetime of disturbance.

Marlon Hacla

Ang Palaruan

Dumating ang unang bata at napansing hubad
Ang paligid. Nang matantong nag-iisa siya,
Gumawa siya ng kalarong hindi nakikita.
Dumating ang ikalawang bata at tinuruan siya
Ng unang bata kung paano gumawa
Ng kalarong hindi nakikita.
Ang tanging problema'y wala silang lalaruin.
Naisip nilang humingi ng pera pero naalala
Nilang wala na silang mga magulang.
Kaya gumawa sila ng palaruang
Hindi nakikita: dito ang kahoy na kabayo,
Doon ang mga puno, diyan ang duyan, at doon,
Sa ibabaw ng mga naglalandiang ibon sila maglalambitin.
Maghapon silang gumawa ng mga bagay at estruktura.
Kinabukasan, nakabuo sila ng siyudad.
Dahil sa kalikutan, nadapa ang ikalawang bata,
Sumubsob ang bibig, at natanggalan ng dalawang ngipin.
Pinagdikit-dikit ng mga bata ang mga palad at inisip
Na iyo'y pinagdugtong-dugtong na salamin.
Nagpalit sila ng mga mukha.
Gumawa sila ng bantay na anghel
Upang hindi na sila masaktan kailanman.
Paglaon, nagsawa ang mga bata at giniba ang siyudad.
Naisip nilang mas mainam na laruan ang bola.
Kaya gumawa sila ng mga bola.
Apat na bola.
Nagsipagtago sila sa mga punong
Hindi nakikita. Naghulihan ng mga titig.
Araw-araw silang nagbatuhan.
May panaka-nakang sandali ng saya
Ngunit habambuhay silang naging maligalig.

Kristine Ong Muslim

Flying Fish

After "San Gerardo and the Exocoetidae," a poem by Gerald Galindez

Extinction due to the uninhibited consumption by larger species may have been natural, according to scientists. From latest estimates, the longest time the flying fish are able to soar is in excess of half a minute.

It is necessary to master groping for things under the dwindling light of a kerosene lamp and to escape from a fishnet's weave, according to the fishermen of Maitum, Sarangani. Remember there are those that drift farther away even as they draw nearer.

Deviating from an appointed path is one of life's consequences, according to the children of fishermen. They, migrating to another country after knowing that bitterness comes with the brine of the sea. The fish, soaring high up in the air after knowing the wellspring of what taints the seas blue.

According to wives going through the rote motions of greeting the crack of dawn with basins and buckets, there is no misapprehension regarding which is which, everyone cycles back to the beginning, and the fish, darting all over the place until they learn to fly, are better off being set free.

M.J. Cagumbay Tumamac

Bangsi

Ayon na rin kay Gerald Galindez sa tulang “San Gerardo and the Exocoetidae”

Ayon sa mga siyentista, likas lamang ang pagkawala sa nakaambang paglamon ng mas malalaking nilalang. Sa pinakahuling talâ, lampas kalahating minuto ang pinakamatagal na nagawang paglipad.

Ayon sa mga mangingisda ng Maitum, Sarangani, kailangang masanay sa paghagilap gamit ang lamlam ng lampara at pagkatakas sa lambong ng lambat. Tatandaang mayroong lumalayo habang lumalapit.

Ayon sa mga anak ng mga mangingisda, bunga ng buhay ang paglisan sa kinalakhan. Sila, patungong ibang bayan mula nang mamulat na kakambal ng pait ang alat ng dagat. Ang mga isda, sa himpapawid mula nang mamulat sa ugat ng pagkabughaw ng dagat.

Ayon sa mga asawang nasanay nang sinasalubong ng mga banyera at balde ang bukung-liwayway, hindi ipinagtataka ilan ang alin, bumabalik ang lahat sa pinagmulan, at hinahayaan lamang ang mga isdang pumusag-pusag hanggang matutong lumipad patungong mga ulap mulang lupa.

John Taylor

[in closed eyes a wellspring]

in closed eyes a wellspring
of pupils—gleams
gone by between globes
custodians of a single image
gravitating in the exploded dust.

Franca Mancinelli

[negli occhi chiusi una sorgente]

negli occhi chiusi una sorgente
di pupille - luminescenze
trascorse tra globi
custodi di un'unica immagine
gravitante nella polvere esplosa.

John Taylor

[the infinite dead]

the infinite dead
expand into another galaxy.
The red within the dark keeps
flowing into the sea
where we crouch bodiless.

Franca Mancinelli

[l'infinito dei morti]

l'infinito dei morti
espande un'altra galassia.
Il rosso nel buio continua
a sfociare nel mare
dove siamo senza corpo accucciati.

Jessica Kirzane

Monday Blue

Sunday sighs away
its sanctity.
My neighbor's saxophone
has ceased its t'kiah-t'ruah-shvarim shofar calls.
Only the night's stars
leopard lilies on a black velvet dress
still hang, gentle—
alluring.
Tallow from the fading away holy day drips into me
like Monday blue.
Lamplighters turn on streetlamps
mercilessly, on—on
like gifts bestowed at the close of Sunday's wedding.

The week greets me with pointed walls, illuminated
colorful fir trees
the clamor of Santa Claus
announcements of a rising stock market, announcing—
Franklin D. Roosevelt.
Towering problems
wrap themselves around me, problems
steel, spiraling.
My Monday blue rock-a-byes
with syncopation.
Because the sky hangs above me
workaday blue
the blue of weekday festivals.

בלוימאָנטיק

זונטיק זיפּצלט אויס
זיין יאָנטעוודיקייט
מיין שאַכנס סאַקסאפּאָן
טיקע־טריע־שוואַרימט ניט מער
נאָר שטערננאַכט
אַ לעמפּערט לילע אויף שוואַרצן סאַמעט־קלייד
- הענגט נאָך פול מיט צאַרטקייט
רייצנדיק
טריפט אין מיר דער כלייעוו פון אויס־יאָנטעוונאַכט
בלוימאָנטיקדיק
די גאַסנקערערס קערן אָפּ
אומבאַרמהערציק אָפּ - אָפּ
זונטיקס דראַשע־געשאַנקען

באַגעגנט מיך וואָך מיט אילומינירטע שפיציקע מויערן
קאַלירפולע יאַלקעס
סאַנטא־קלאַז טומל
- קורס־שטייגנדע רעקלאַמעס, רעקלאַמעס
פראַנקלין־די־רוזוועלטיק
וויקלען זיך אַרום מיר
- טורעמשווערע פראַבלעמען, פראַבלעמען
שטאַל שפיראַליש
וויגט זיך, וויגט זיך מיין בלוימאָנטיק
סינקאַפּאַטיש
ווייל איבער מיר הענגט דער הימל
שווערוואָך בלוי
כאַלעמויעדיק־בלוי

Jessica Kirzane

Prairie Suns

My step, my stride—with ecstasy.
My everyday gods hang
on gallows of accounts
and sums.
But my pen is a sharp plow
that cuts through the belly of time
and words
tearing from me image after image—panoramic.
Winter, the naked master
clever and melancholy
crawls over my freshly-papered walls.

Polished frost from distant icy horizons
rests on my window pane
sits like a Senate President.
The chilled joy
of lonely, chiseled faces
accentuates the rebellious messages
under the city bridges.
Just today, barefoot life
knocked on my door
reminding me of the Golem of Prague
revealing himself
in midnight lightning.

Streets wander under bridges, naked
through the breadth of the city.
The city's corset, the train
hangs on wires
its slippers, the colorful ships
are anchored on dry land.
Prairie suns set, shadows threaten
at the banks of Lake Michigan
and paint the prismatic walls of the Wrigley and Tribune towers.
The chilled joy
of lonely, chiseled faces

hot with frost
red with frost.
And on my window pane melancholy winter paints
barefoot life, who just today
knocked on my door.

פריירי־זין

מיין טראַט, מיין גאַנג - מיט עקסטאַז
הענגט טאַגטעגלאַכע געטער מייע
אויף עשאַפּאַטן פון כעשבוינעס
און סאַכאַקל
נאַר מיין פען, שאַרפּער אַקער
אין בויך פון צייט
פון וואַרט
רייסט אויף אין מיר בילד נאָך בילד - פּאַנאַראַמיש

קלוג און מעלאַנכאָליש קריכט
אויף מייע פּריש־אויסגעקלעפטע ווענט
דער נאַקעטער האַר, דער ווינטער

- זיצט אויף מייע שויבן אויסגעפּוצטער פּאַסט
פון ווייטע אייזיקע האַריזאָנטן
זיצט ווי אַ סענאַט־פרעזידענט
די אַפּגעקילטע פּרייד
פון באַקאַרבטע איינזאַמע פענימער
אַקצענטירט רעבעלירנדיקן אַנזאַג
אונטער שטאַטישע בריקן
ערשט היינט האַט באַרוועס לעבן
- געקלאַפט אין מיין טיר
מיר דערמאַנט אין פּראַגער גוילעם
מיטנאַכט־בליציק
אַנטפּלעקנדיק

וואַלגערט זיך אין שטאַטישן ראַכוועס
אונטערבריקן־גאַס - אַ נאַקעטע
דעם שטאַטישן קאַרסעט, די אייזנבאַן
אויף דראַטן צעהאַנגען
די שטעקשיכלאַך, די שיפּלאַך קאַלירפּולע
אויףיאַבאַשע געאַנקערט

זיצן פּריירי־זין, ראַענדיקע שאַטנס
ביים ברעג פון מישיגן יאַם

און מאַלן אויף ריגלי־טריביונס פריזמע מויערן
די אָפגעליקטע פרייד
פון באַקרבטע איינוואַמע פענימער
פראַסטיק הייס,
פראַסטיק רויט.
און אויף מיינע שויבן מאַלט דער מעלאַנכאָלישער ווינטער
באַרוועס לעבן, וואָס האַט ערשט היינט
געקלאַפט אין מיין טיר.

Sean Manning

Forming the Iceberg

The clothing hangs from the cold in the open air and it's waiting for the moment
of the sunrise around me

when the frost, touching my hands, will form the iceberg.

So much wasted hope gathered by the abyss on its bridges,
so many hours in twenty-five years hoping for the avalanche, counting
warm ears that one day they would bear fragments.

And life on plates,

—————like rock floating in silence,
voices of the dead never buried, grandma's hymns.

The cloth is heard flapping against the climate, bits of wool fly
onto my skin, which is now a spider web. Ice, to conserve the remains
of another life, to converse with the emptiness in this one, you float

-----on the line-----

Azahara Palomeque

Formación del iceberg

Del frío pende la ropa a la intemperie y espera el momento
del amanecer en mi perímetro
cuando la escarcha, al tocar mis manos, forme el iceberg.
Tanta esperanza malgastada ha reunido el abismo en sus puentes,
tantas horas de veinticinco años esperando el alud, contando
los oídos calientes que algún día hubieran de frutecer fragmentos.
Y la vida en las placas,
—————como el flotar de la piedra en silencio,
voces de muertos nunca sepultados, cantigas de abuela.
Suenan la tela en su batir contra el clima, vuelan los puntos lanados
en mi piel, que es ahora telaraña. Hielo, para conservar los rastros
de otra vida, para conversar en ésta con el vacío, flotas
-----en la cuerda-----

Sean Manning

Cedar Waxwings

I saw the best minds of my generation...

Allen Ginsberg

Everyone so dead and with blushing faces
reaching the shore, off to one side,
looking at everything, waiting for the bus at the corner
of their eye.

Burial mounds so healthy like embroidered sheets,
returning to cesareans, to the ripping,
leafing part by part through the myth of petals, springtime
at the bus stop, motionless,
for the angel to descend.

So bone-colored, those flung like wax birds,
beautiful and bilingual weaving garlands.
beneath the engine

So otherworldly that the future had already passed.

There—speaking in bridges—contrasting foundations one against another, certainties
on a shoulder well-wrought by the blow
of a war, a peace, an amnesty.

Babies so ashen collecting leaves,
dryly contemplating mirrors with an idea of an offshoot—such scion—
women and men like sprigs, fields of fossils.

Azahara Palomeque

Cedar Waxwings

I saw the best minds of my generation...

Allen Ginsberg

Tan muertos todos y con las caras sonrosadas
llegando a la orilla, en un rincón,
mirándolo todo, esperando el autobús en la esquina
de un ojo.

Tan saludablemente túmulos como sábanas bordadas,
volviendo a las cesáreas, a los desgarros,
recorriendo de parte a parte el mito de los pétalos, la primavera
en la parada, quietos,
a que el ángel baje.

Tan color de huesos lanzados como pájaros de cera,
bellos y bilingües tejiendo guirnaldas.
debajo del motor

Tan otro mundo que ya fue futuro.
Allí – hablando puentes – contraste de cimientos uno a otro de certezas
en el hombro bien labrado por el golpe
de una guerra, una paz, una amnistía.

Tan cenicientos bebés recogiendo las hojas,
contemplando a secas los espejos con una idea de esqueje –tanto injerto–
mujeres y hombres como espigas, campos de fósiles.

Sean Manning

The Wound

*the exile refuses to sit on the sidelines nursing a wound,
there are things to be learned*

Edward Said

In English, a wound is the wind's past
winding itself up, the footprint of a storm and not the lightning,
the rubble, in that instant, of earlier ages.
It was so obvious...and I made it present and looked
toward the horizon and at my feet and whispered *earth, don't suffer,
heal with me inside*, I even gave myself
to your lullabies and your moles with alcohol in hand.
It was yesterday. It was a warm encounter with the future, a tectonic
yell from some depth today now visible.
In English, I'm beginning to understand everything...
also exile and exiled are the same, these too
tell me, from other windows, that they have no cure.

Azahara Palomeque

The Wound

*the exile refuses to sit on the sidelines nursing a wound,
there are things to be learned*

Edward Said

En inglés, una herida es el pasado del viento*
que se ovilla, la huella de una tormenta y no el rayo,
los ripios, en este instante, de otras edades.
Era tan obvio... y yo le atribuía presente y miraba
al horizonte y a mis pies y susurraba *tierra, no duelas,
cicatrizate conmigo dentro*, y hasta me volcaba
a sus arrullos y a sus topos con alcohol en las manos.
Era ayer. Era un tropiezo cálido con el futuro, un llanto
tectónico en alguna profundidad que hoy es visible.
En inglés, empiezo a entenderlo todo...
también exilio y exiliado son lo mismo, también
me cuentan, desde otras ventanas, que no se curan.

*De : 1. wind (n). + 2. wind-wound-wound (v). + 3. wound (n).

Sean Manning

Rain Falls from the Pause

For Ingrid

Crystals fall from the tree
suspending the trip.
The droplet upon the leaf (a parenthesis)
dampens our breath.

Who has seen the sky.
Beneath the treetop a storm,
topsoil and ant and lightning bolt
tracing its edge.

Beneath,

I weave tempests,
an Adamastor at the roots,
subsoil, in the nimbus,
rolling, rolling, from ochre-
orange to caterpillar.

Rain falls from
t h e p a u s e.

With my hands I extend
my youth to the trunk,
drenched.

Azahara Palomeque

Llueve la pausa

A Ingrid

Llueve del árbol cristal
que suspende el viaje.
La gota en la hoja (un paréntesis)
moja el aliento.

Quién ha visto el cielo.
Debajo de la copa es tormenta,
es mantillo y hormiga y rayo
que traza su arista.

Debajo,

tejo tempestades,
un Adamastor en las raíces,
humus, en el nimbo,
rueda, rueda, del naranja
ocre a la oruga.

Llueve
l a p a u s a .

Con las manos alargo
mi juventud al tronco,
empapada.

Daria Chernysheva

[The names of the angels in French]

The names of the angels in French: Nem, Nunne, Nosei.
With his hand God pulls speech out from its hiding place;
I accept speech, and tuck it into my cheek,
With my hand I cover my face.

Each time, air fills the breast and meaning the breath
While spittle collects on the tip of the tongue
And my head falters upon your shoulder:
Nosei, Nem, Nunne.

The child nodding off mid-sentence on its mother's arm
Is a sclerotic darling and a space cadet.

Untold dark hosts entice the angels once again,
Just as we beckon them;

When Lully Lullay you carefully take
My angel from my motionless lips
With your lips, and run your palm down my spine—what then?
And why, and wherefore, now that I cradle your head with my hand?
Nunne,
Nosei,
Nem.

Юлия Идлис (Yulia Idlis)

имена ангелов по-французски

имена ангелов по-французски: не зна, низаче, ника.
бог вынимает речь рукою из тайника;
я принимаю речь, и прячу её за щекой,
и накрываю рукой.

каждый раз грудь наполняется воздухом, а дыхание – смыслом, пока
слюна собирается на кончике языка,
и запинаятся голова моя на твоём плече:
не зна, ника, низаче.

ребёнок, засыпающий на полуфразе у матери на руках,
склеротик, заика и просто витающий в облаках, –
заново называют ангелов неисчислимы тьмы,
как делаем это мы,

когда ты ангела моего Лю
осторожно губами снимаешь с моих неподвижных губ,
а потом ведёшь ладонью вниз по моим позвонкам, –
и как теперь и зачем, когда на твоём затылке моя рука?
Не зна.
Низаче.
Ника.

Agnes Marton

Where the Drift Goes

Did you know it's also a river?
You asked and I didn't respond
but I felt how it went through me,
how it carried away from me
anything loose,
uncertain decisions,
temporary feelings.

It easily found the deepest course
leading down from the center of my chest,
from the point where we touched each other
most often
before you became ill,
and where I suppose
we'd been accreted before we were born.

Those hosting a river can hear a never-ending whir;
according to the doctors
it's just the high blood pressure
after a shock,

but I know
speech sounds exactly the same
for a child inside the womb.

These days, I'm considerably more serene.

We, carrying a river inside,
move carefully,
lest some wave might blow over us,
lest we suddenly stumble or slip some words,

things others don't count on.
Something like the doctors' opinion of how you are.

Better to stay unnoticed,

'cause we grew up with this river inside,
and started to feel freezing quite early
like sculptures
when it dawned on them how naked they were.

Truth is I don't dare explore the depth.

It's not the river I'm afraid of but the drift.
I try to deny its direction,
I keep muttering you aren't going to die,
each illness is curable,
we'll be happy forever and ever.

I try to believe in this,
but what I say in my dreams
is completely different,
things like you don't have to fight for my sake
if you don't want to,
you should give in to the flow,

but in fact these aren't my words,
it's something I can't restrain,
'cause when I'm asleep,
the river weeps from my mouth onto the pillow.

Zita Izsó

A sodrás iránya

Tudtad, hogy ez is egy folyó?
Kérdezted, és én nem válaszoltam,
de éreztem, ahogy keresztülmegy rajtam,
elhordja belőlem a könnyen mozdítható dolgokat,
bizonytalan elhatározásokat,
átmeneti érzéseket.

Hamar megtalálta a legmélyebb medret,
ami a mellkasom középpontjából vezet lefele,
abból a pontból, ahol a betegséged előtt
leggyakrabban értünk egymáshoz,
és elképzeléseim szerint
a születésünk előtt ott voltunk összenőve.

Akiben folyó folyik, mindig hall valami zúgást,
az orvosok azt mondják, csak a megrázkódtatás miatt
kialakult magas vérnyomás az oka,

de én tudom, hogy
egy gyerek is pont ilyennek hallja
az anyja testében a beszédet.

Azt mondják, mostanában visszafogottabb vagyok.

Mi, akik folyót hordunk magunkban
óvatosan mozgunk,
nehogy kicsapjon rajtunk valami hullám,
hirtelen mozdulatot tegyünk, vagy kicsússzon a szánkon valami,

amire mások nem számítanak.
Mondjuk, hogy mit mondtak az állapotodról az orvosok.

Jobban szeretünk észrevétlenek maradni,

mert mi már ezzel a folyóval a testünkben nőttünk fel,

és hamar fázni kezdtünk,
mint a szobrok,
amikor rádöbbszöltek önnön meztelenségükre.

Az az igazság, hogy nem is nagyon merek a mélyére nézni.

Nem a folyótól félek, hanem a sodrásától.
Próbálok tagadni az irányát,
azt mondogatom magamban, nem fogsz meghalni,
minden betegség gyógyítható,
és mindig boldogok leszünk.

Próbálok hinni ebben,
csak álmomban mondok egészen más dolgokat,
olyasmiket, hogy miattam nem kell küzdened, ha nem akarsz,
csak bízd a sodrására magad,

de ezek valójában nem az én szavaim,
csak nem tudom visszatartani,
mert amikor alszom, a párnámra csurog a számból a folyó.

Nancy Naomi Carlson

[Wound, may my mouth go dry]

Wound, may my mouth go dry
if ever I should die!

That's why I don't know the place
where gloomy luggers set sail,
floating cables gripped by an ancient capstan—
what masts of dawn when blood throbs!

Wound, may my mouth go dry
if ever I should die!

Khal Torabully

[Plaie, que ma bouche crève]

Plaie, que ma bouche crève
si je meurs un jour !
C'est ainsi que je ne sais où
partent d'obscurs lougres,
cordages flottants aux mains d'un vieux cabestan
et quelle mâture d'aube quand vibre le sang !
O que ma bouche crève
si je meurs un jour !

Nancy Naomi Carlson

[O my mother, from what dread]

O my mother, from what dread
were my ancestors pulling away: fear
of too-near horizons, flying fish
prouder than our two Indian peafowls?
Or fear of setting forth for this Somewhere Else
where our blood forgets
its solid color, abandoning homeland wombs?

Translator's note: The peafowl is the national bird of India.

Khal Torabully

[O ma mère, contre quelle frayeur]

O ma mère, contre quelle frayeur
mes ancêtres s'éloignaient-ils, peur
de l'horizon trop proche, de poissons
volants plus fiers que nos deux paons ?
Ou peur de partir vers cet Ailleurs
où notre sang oublie sa ferme couleur
à l'abandon de ventres du pays natal ?

Nancy Naomi Carlson

[Capstan, call my ship by another name]

Capstan, call my ship by another name—
I only know the one of sweat.
This marine valley brands the dust
and changes the names engraved by the light!

Khal Torabully

[Cabestan donne un autre nom à mon navire]

Cabestan donne un autre nom à mon navire
je connais encore celui de la sueur.
Cette vallée de mer estampe la poussière
et change les noms gravés par la lumière !

Nancy Naomi Carlson

[Here I am, o scribe of skins]

Here I am, o scribe of skins—
yes, a court stenographer, master orthographer—
graft my name onto nothingness,
my somber body to epitaph.

Motri, I grasped you so tight, with all my guts
that catora canoodled carail
and my soul seeded the last coral reef!

Translator's note : Motri comes from an Indian word that refers to a large bundle, usually of possessions and bedding. Catora and carail, also derived from Indian words, refer to cooking utensils.

Khal Torabully

Me voilà ô greffe des peaux

Me voilà ô greffe des peaux,
oui, greffier, maître-orthographe
agrafe mon nom au néant,
mon corps sombre à l'épitaphe.
Motri, si fort je te serrai de mes entrailles
que catora culbuta carail
que mon âme ensemença le dernier corail !

Nancy Naomi Carlson

[A washerwoman repeats]

A washerwoman repeats
my struggle among the pallial waves;
she wants to rid the sea
from my all-too-dirty memory.

I fling a red mango
that makes the ocean impregnate the moon;
(the little sea shells
have not yet learned to sing).

Khal Torabully

[Une lavandière répète mon combat]

Une lavandière répète mon combat
entre les vagues palléales
elle veut délivrer cette eau
de ma mémoire trop sale.
Je jette une mangue rouge
et la mer féconde la lune
(les petits coquillages
n'ont pas encore appris à chanter).

Dan Beachy-Quick

Theognis, 237–254

I have given you feathers to lift you lightly up
And fly across the infinite open waters
And all the earth, present at every feast
And holy meal, perching on many lips,
And young men on clear-voiced pipes will sing
Your cosmic eros beautiful and loud.
And when you step down in the dark earth,
Deep into Hell's full-of-wailing home,
Not even death loosens you from your fame,
But you will be care undecaying for men
Always carrying your name, Cynos, across
The Greek lands endlessly wandering,
Already on islands, where fish pierce the open
Sea unharvested; not on horseback,
The shining gifts of the violet-crowned Muses
Will bear you. For all who love and hurry
After song, you will be what you are, just
Like the earth, just like the sun.
But when by chance we meet, you've scant regard;
Like I'm a small child, you cheat me.

Theognis

237-254

στοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ πτέρ' ἔδωκα, σὺν οἷς ἐπ' ἀπείρονα
πόοντοι
πρωτήσῃ καὶ γῆν πᾶσαν ἀειρόμενος
ρήϊδίως· θοίης δὲ καὶ εἰλαπίνῃσι παρέσση
ἐν πάσαις, πολλῶν κείμενος ἐν ιστόμασιν,
καὶ σε σὺν ἀλίσκοιτι λιγυφθόγγοις νέοι ἄνδρες
εὐκόσμως ἐρατοὶ καλά τε καὶ λιγέα
ἄγονται, καὶ ὅταν δινοφερῆς ὑπὸ κεύθεισι γαίης
βῆς πολυκωκύντους εἰς Ἴδαο δόμους,
οὐδέποτ' οὐδὲ θανὼν ἀπολείς κλέος, ἀλλὰ
μελήσεις
ἄφθιτον ἀνθρώποις αἰὲν ἔχων ὄνομα,
Κύρνε, καθ' Ἑλλάδα γῆν ιστρωφόμενος ἠδ' ἀνὰ
νήσους
ἰχθυόεντα περῶν πόοντο ἐπ' ἀτρύγετον,
οὐχ ἵππων νότοιτιν ἐφήμενος, ἀλλὰ σε πέμψει
ἀγλαὰ Μουσάων δῶρα ἰοιστεφάνων·
πᾶσι δ' ὄσσοι μέμηλε καὶ ἐιστομένοισιν ἀοιδῇ
ἔσιγη ὁμῶς, ὄφρ' ἂν γῆ τε καὶ ἥελις·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ὀλίγης παρὰ σεῦ οὐ τυγχάνω αἰδοῦς,
ἀλλ' ὥσπερ μικρὸν παῖδα λόγους μ' ὑπατῆς.

Dan Beachy-Quick

Alcman 79 (On Tantalus)

Among pleasing things he sat, the sinner,
under a rock, seeing nothing, imagining all.

Alcman

79

ἀνὴρ δ' ἐν ἀσμένοισιν ἀλιτηρὸς ἦσθ' ἐπὶ
θάκας κατὰ πέτρας ὄρέων μὲν οὐδὲν δοκέων δέ

Dan Beachy-Quick

Simonides 519B

of sky of sea
some black-turning-black force
void desolate of mortals and also
the goat-shanked gods divine

Simonides

519B

]οὐραν[οῦ . . .] . [θα]λάσσης
]ος ῥιπὰν μελαίνας·
] δ' ἔρῆμα θνατῶν τε κα[ι
]α δαῖμον α[ι]γκναμε

Dan Beachy-Quick

A Necklace of Lewd Charms

...in deep shadow they leaned back against the wall...

*

...damp crotch...

*

...cock swollen
as a Prienian ass,
stud stuffed full with grain devoured...

*

...like a Thracian man or Phrygian sucking beer
through a straw, she bent her head down, working hard...

*

...the kingfisher
on the promontory stone flapped its joyous wings...

*

...out the pipe into the honey-jar...

*

...and there was much foam about her mouth...

*

...if only I could bring myself to touch Neoboule's hand just so...

Archilochus

πρὸς τοῖχον ἐκλίνθησαν ἐν παλινοσκίῳ

παρδακὸν δ' ἐπέειπον.

ἢ δέ οἱ σάθη
ὥστ' ὄνου Πριηνέως
κῆλωνος ἐπλήμυρην ὀτρυνγηφάγου.

ὥσπερ αὐλῶ βρῦτον ἦ θρήϊξ ἀνήρ
ἦ φρυξέ μυζέ· κύβδα δ' ἦν πονεομένη.

κηρύλος
πέτρης ἐπὶ προβλήτος ἀπτερύσσετο

. . . μετὰ γούν τῆς διὰ οὐίγα ἢ ἐξ οὐ τρέπει τὸ ξ·
διέξ σωλήνος εἰς ἄγγος.

πολλὸς δ' ἀφρὸς ἦν περὶ στόμα.

εἰ γὰρ ὡς ἐμοὶ γένοιτο χεῖρα Νεοβούλης θιγαίρ.

Dan Beachy-Quick

Anacreon 395

My temples already gray
And my head white,
Youth's grace no longer
Near, my teeth old,
No longer life's sweet
Muchness, it has gone
Missing: time. I groan
Often in dread of Tartarus,
For that most hidden room
In Hades is most terrible.
Grievous is the under-path—
Before you it opens,
And he who steps down
Never again walks up.

Anacreon

395

πολιοὶ μὲν ἡμῖν ἤδη
κρόταφοι κάρη τε λευκόν,
χαρίεσσα δ' οὐκέτ' ἤβη
πάρα, γηραλέοι δ' ὀδόντες,
γλυκεροῦ δ' οὐκέτι πολλὸς
βιότου χρόνος λέλειπται·

διὰ ταῦτ' ἀνασταλύζω
θαμὰ Τάρταρον δεδοικώς·
Ἄϊδεω γάρ ἐστι δεινὸς
μυχός, ἀργαλῆ δ' ἐς αὐτὸν
κάτοδος· καὶ γὰρ ἐτοίμον
καταβάντι μὴ ἀναβῆναι.

Dan Beachy-Quick

Callimachus 10

Can Charidas be found underneath you? "If you mean
the son of Arimma of Cyrene, under me."

Charidas, what of what's below? "Much darkness."

What of what's above? "A lie." And Pluto?

"A tale for a child." Then we are destroyed.

"My word is your truth. But if pleasant words
please you, a small coin buys a great ox in hell."

Callimachus

10

Μικρὴ τις, Διόνυσε, καλὰ πρήσσοντι ποιητῆ
ρήσις· ὁ μὲν “νικῶ” φησὶ τὸ μακρότατον,
ᾧ δὲ σὺ μὴ πνεύσης ἐνδέξιος,¹ ἦν τις ἔρηται
“πῶς ἔβαλες”; φησὶ “σκληρὰ τὰ γινόμενα.”
τῷ μερμηρίζαντι τὰ μὴ “νδικα τοῦτο γένοιτο
τοῦπος· ἐμοὶ δ’, ὦναξ, ἡ βραχυσυλλαβίη.

Jake Levine and Soeun Seo

Cunt, Dicks, Use Your Fucking Blinkers

In an empty house
in an empty room
in an empty belly
someone is snoring.
I tiptoe
and the snorlax is gone.
I tip my heels back and sit
and the snorlax comes alive.
No one is giving orders
but I sit and stand
and stand and sit.
Dawn breaks
on the three-headed buddha figure I got from Cambodia.
Do, re, mi, the three heads wink.
I'm not making shit up.
The winks were full-on winks.
I smack the buddha heads. I can't help it. I smack them.
What kind of Buddha teases you and pisses you off?
A friend got me a pair of clay dolls made to look like indigenous Peruvians.
Their faces were as big as sunflowers.
A chili was hung and a clam was slammed.
Dicks and pussies bulged side by side
equally precious, I guess.

Kim Min Jeong

계집이고 새끼고 깜빡이 좀 커라

빈집에
빈방에
빈속에
누군가 코를 곤다
발끝을 세우고 일어서면
코골이가 사라지고
발끝을 내리고 앉으면
코골이가 살아난다
누가 시킨 것도 아닌데
앉았다 일어섰다
일어섰다 앉았다
날이 밝는데
캄보디아에서 사온 부처 두상 서이가
내게 도레미로 윙크를 해대는 것이었다
우기는 게 아니라
진정 윙크를 윙크라 하는 대목이었다
부처를 때린다 급기야 때리고야 만다
졸라 짜증나게 약 올리는 부처도 부처냐
페루에서 사왔다며 지인이 놓고 간 휴 인형은
얼굴이 해바라기만한 원주민 부부였는데
고추는 달렸고 조개는 박히어서
나란히 불뚝 튀어나온 그것들이
똑같이 귀하게 여겨지기는 했더랬다

Jake Levine and Soeun Seo

My Belly Sizzles on a Heating Pad on a Rainy Day

We arrived today

under the illusion

that people who say *I'll do it if you do it*
are nicer than people who say *let's do it*.

Love must be toxic.

We lie side by side, chins cupped
and watch *Animal Planet*
on Sunday afternoon.

Like a lion biting the nape of a Thomson's gazelle
you mount me
and without hesitation
you raise a leg and fart.

My hand that longed to hold your hand
slaps you in the face, hits you in the back.
I've never done improv like this before.
I guess I'm grown up enough
to mean something to you.
Unconsciously
I take an apple

from the basket we placed away from the heating pad
and peel it.
Your brow furrows

when I feed you.
You melt.
They say if you're soft, you lose.

One day I woke up with something soft on my back.

It was a newborn puppy.
You say things you can't change

are problems today.

It's useless.

Rain pounds the mortar like a backache.

Kim Min Jeong

비 오는 날 뜨거운 장판에 배 지질 때나 하는 생각

하자, 가 아니라
하면 할게, 라는 사람이
무조건 착할 것이라는 착각으로
우리는 오늘에 이르렀다
사랑은 독한가보다
나란히 턱을 괴고 누워
<동물의 왕국>을 보는 일요일 오후
툰스가젤의 목덜미를 물고 늘어진 사자처럼
내 위에 올라탄 네가
어떤 여유도 없이 그만
한쪽 다리를 들어 방귀를 핀다
한때는 각지를 끼지 못해 안달하던 손이
찰싹 하고 너의 등짝을 때린다
한 번도 가져보지 못한 즉흥이다
그런대로 네게 뜻이 될 만큼은
내가 자랐다는 얘기다
나는 아무런 생각 없이
윗목 소쿠리에 놓여 있던
사과를 꺾는다
받아먹는 너의 이맛살이
잔뜩 찌푸려진다
물러
무르면 지는 거라는데 말이지
언젠가 자다 깬을 때
등에 배긴 그 물컹이
갓 낳은 새끼 강아지였다며
너는 이제 와 소용없는 일을
오늘의 근심처럼 말한다
쓸데없다
비는 요통처럼 절구 찜는데

Jake Levine and Soeun Seo

Comrades (Winter Solstice)

I ran to avoid you. You caught me when I stopped to catch my breath. We became good friends. You held the leash while the woman beside you kicked her dog. The dog always returned to you and the woman even though it kept getting kicked. The dog folded its body into a dimsum, but it was too big. It could've fit into a pot, but boiling isn't everything. The perilla seeds smelled so much like last summer it was impossible for them to become like red bean porridge in winter, that is, a soup everyone welcomes. There's no peace to be found in the big dog's little puppy eyes. Not in the bathtub, living room ceiling, bedroom closet, or the kitchen sink. But it'll be peaceful this evening. The neighbor's chainsaw has been revving all afternoon. I'm peeling tangerines in a checkered blanket. What am I waiting for? Flatter than a Phoebe Cates bookmark I slid between the dirty pages of some cheap chick lit, I lie face down.

Kim Min Jeong

동지

나는 너를 피해 달아났다. 숨이 가빠 헐떡거리는 사이 너는 나를 따라왔다. 우리는 좋은 친구 사이가 되었고 네 옆에는 자기 개를 발로 차는 여자가 있었다. 개의 목줄을 쥔 건 너였다. 발로 걸어차이면서도 너와 여자 곁으로 자꾸만 개가 왔다. 최대한 몸을 웅크려 제 살집을 댄처럼 오그려 빚긴 하였으나 원체 개가 컸다. 들통에야 들어갔겠지만 끓여서만이 능사는 아니었다. 이 겨울 팔죽처럼 환대받을 국물이 되기에 들깨는 지난여름의 향이었던 것이다. 큰 개가 짓는 작은 울상 앞에서 평화는 욕실 욕조에도 거실 천장에도 없었다. 다만 오늘 저녁엔 조용해질 것이다. 옆집 남자의 전기톱 소리가 낮부터 엔진에 시동을 걸고 있으니 체크 모포를 두른 채 연신 굴이나 까먹는 나여, 무엇을 기다리나. 싸구려 연애소설 속 야한 페이지에나 끼워넣던 피비 케이츠 책갈피보다 더 납작 엎드려서는.

Jake Levine and Soeun Seo

Like the Second Child of a Family with One Son, Two Daughters

Far away
in central Bhutan, a cold front approaches.
When I think Bhutan I think soccer.
When I think soccer I think Montserrat.

The final of the 2002 World Cup
hosted jointly between Korea and Japan
was held on June 30th, 2002.
Brazil and Germany fought for first and second place
at the Yokohama International stadium
which seats 70 thousand people.
That same night, at a place very far away,
Bhutan and Montserrat played for second-to-last and last place
at the Changlimithang Stadium in Bhutan
which seats 10 thousand people.

Second to last
is worse than last
worse than third to last.
In “Shh, My Side Bitch Is...” poet Kim Kyung Mi wrote
“I’m a Side Bitch.” The poem was written in a series
from one to five.
She wrote it and washed her hands clean.
But why can’t I say how it feels?
Because poet Lee Sung Bok said it already.
He wrote all there is to say about the feelings that come and go.
I’m beating a drum solo on this dead horse.

Now, 13 years after that day in 2002
Bhutan is in 188th place and Montserrat is 187th.
They toss places back and forth.
They’re the happiest countries on Earth
so what do they care?
I’m the one who’s into numbers, rankings.

Papua New Guinea is second to last
in the December 2015 FIFA rankings.
Papua means curly hair.
Then what does New Guinea mean?

Better luck next time!

Kim Min Jeong

1남 2녀의 둘째 같은 거

멀리
부탄 중심부에 추위가 찾아온다고 합니다
부탄 하면 축구
축구 하면 몬트세랫

2002년 6월 30일 한일 월드컵 결승전 때
7만 명을 수용하는 요코하마 국제종합경기장에서
브라질과 독일이 1위와 2위를 먹을 때
멀리
1만 명을 수용하는 부탄 창리미탕 스타디움에서
부탄과 몬트세랫이 꼴찌에서 두번째와 꼴찌를 먹을 때

꼴찌보다
꼴찌에서 둘째라는 거

꼴찌도 꼴찌에서 세번째도 아닌
꼴찌에서 두번째라는 거
김경미 시인 언니가 시집 『췌, 나의 세컨드』에서
「나는야 세컨드」 연작을 1부터 5까지
이미 다 쓰고 손 다 던 뒤라지만
이걸 이 느낌이다 왜 말을 못해
말을 왜 못하냐면
이성복 선생님이 아주 고릿적에 썼으니까
느낌의 오고 짐에 대해서 아주 싹 갖다 썼으니까
뒷북도 이런 장구질이 없다 하겠지만

13년이 지난 지금
부탄은 188위 몬트세랫은 187위
연방 앞치었다가 뒤치었다가 하는 앞치락뒤치락
행복 좋아하는 그들이야 무슨 관심일까
숫자 좋아하는 나나 관심있는 순위 놀이

2015년 12월 피파 랭킹에서
꼴찌에서 두번째는 파푸아뉴기니
파푸아가 곱슬머리라는 뜻이로구나
그렇다면 뉴기니는?

다음 기회에!

Jake Levine and Soeun Seo

Brass

Dry, white flakes
on black sheets.
The old woman said they're not bread crumbs.
The old woman who spent half her life scratching
her body because of psoriasis said
*Salt is in history and
sugar is next to the coffee cream.*

Children spend all day licking bakery windows
until night comes.
Mothers arrive
drip- dropping rice-water on the road
with the long paddles
they use to scoop rice tea, signaling
the late night meal.
Children's tongues look for that whiteness
for sustenance.

Beyond the window
people with a single bed
sometimes look like they are crying.
Shoulders busy heaving in the dark,
their laughter mixing like our farts.
Sometimes they gnaw each other's faces
like taking bites of a hard baguette.
They are a waiting people.
Of course they are hungry, so,
the old woman gets up, boils water on the stove.
She takes her granddaughter's doll, stands it up
on a footstool she made for it at the foot of the bed.
A ball-jointed doll she bought them last Christmas.
Fuck, this thing costs as much as 200 loaves of bread!
There was a portrait on the wall
that can't be taken down,
three stubborn children
in velvet, overalls, and puffed-up rose laces.

The old woman serves rice in a bowl.
She pours in the boiled water.
Stuck in the rice
a single spoon
to honor the dead.

Kim Min Jeong

늦

검은 침대보 위에
희고 마른 부스러기
그건 빵가루가 아니라고 노인이 말했다
소금은 역사 속에
설탕은 커피 크림 옆에
건선으로
반평생 몸을 굶던 노인이 말했다

아이들은 온종일 빵집 유리창을 훑는다
밤이 와서
밤참을 먹기 전 엄마들이
송능을 끓이던 긴 밥주걱을 들고 나와
길에 뚝뚝 밥물을 흘릴 때까지
아이들의 혀는 양식이 될 만한
그 흰 것을 찾는다

이따금 창문 너머로
침대 하나를 사이에 둔 사람들이
우는 것처럼 보인다
어둠 속에서 바빠 들썩거리는 어깨들
네 방구와 내 방구처럼 뒤섞이는 웃음들
간혹 딱딱한 바게트를 깨물듯
서로의 얼굴을 뜯어먹기도 했다
기다리는 사람들인 만큼

배가 고팠으므로,

노인은 일어나 가스레인지에 물을 끓인다
침대 발치에 발판으로 삼은
손자 손녀의 인형을 일으킨다
지난 크리스마스에 사준 구체관절인형
제길, 이 돈이면 우유식빵이 200봉지라고!
그리고 미처 떼지 못한 벽의 초상화
벨벳에 멜빵에 부풀린 장미 레이스를 입은
세 명의 고집스러운 아이들

노인은 대접에 밥을 푼다
끓인 물을 붓는다
그후로
오래
그렇게
꽃혀 있던 손가락 하나

Dorothy Potter Snyder

Dream XIII

My son paints a green lion
with his watercolor set.

He shows it to me.

Suddenly I remember
the ancient stronghold
of my limbs,
emerald green,
the deep anguish
of feeling myself a beast,
the strange thirst for the Sun
and the unendurable pain
when I devour its flesh
and feel its scalding blood
biting into my throat.

Juan Carlos Garvayo

Sueño XIII

Con su juego de acuarelas
mi hijo pinta un león verde.

Me lo muestra.

De pronto recuerdo
la antigua fortaleza
de mis miembros
color esmeralda,
la angustia profunda
de sentirme bestia,
la extraña sed del Sol
y el insoportable dolor
al devorar su carne
y sentir su sangre ardiente
corroyendo mi garganta.

Bradley Schmidt

[sure, it was a mistake to just walk in here]

sure, it was a mistake just to walk in here: the others long gone, the only thing left sitting behind you, where the entrance used to be, purring and smelling a little rotten. it's reminiscent of sweaters loved to pieces, but apparently otherwise useless. muffled hammering: they're already tearing everything down out there. perhaps, you think, you should start asking if that purring thing is edible. trial & error, you think, it's possible to lose so beautifully, why can't you ever manage that? next to you, plans stack themselves in fits, and in front of you, questions climb up onto the shoe cabinets (in which you can guess). try it out. there's nothing more to hear from outside, and the thing, visibly concerned, would like to stare at you questioningly, but isn't sure if it has eyes.

Lea Schneider

[schon klar, es war ein fehler, hier einfach so reinzugehen]

schon klar, es war ein fehler, hier einfach so reinzugehen: die andern längst weg, nur hinter dir, wo der eingang war, sitzt noch was, das schnurrt und riecht ein bisschen faulig. es erinnert an zerliebte pullis, scheint weiter aber nutzlos zu sein. gedämpftes hämmern: draußen bauen sie schon ab. vielleicht, denkst du, sollte man sich langsam fragen, ob das schnurrige ding essbar ist. trial & error, denkst du, man kann doch so schön verlieren, warum kriegst du das eigentlich nie hin? neben dir stapeln sie stoßweise pläne, vor dir stellen sich fragen auf schuhschränke, in denen du vermuten kannst. mach das mal. von draußen ist nämlich nichts mehr zu hören, und das ding, sichtlich besorgt, würde dich gern fragend anschauen, ist sich aber nicht sicher, ob es augen hat.

Bradley Schmidt

[practicing rationalization, e.g., as follows]

practicing rationalization, e.g., as follows. islands: footnotes to the mainland. loneliness in bungalows: intentional, an opportunity for alienation. we assume you can cast your lot with chance. we assume that the end of the world has not yet occurred. what should have been the morning after lies in a puddle, becomes saturated until it is large and soft, a sponge lacking dishes. puddles are the only thing here that look like the end of the world, apocalyptic accessories on the beach. in case something still happens, then only appearing much later, at a point when the plot is so advanced that you can't interrupt any more. it's sunday, and the point is located under a chair in the bungalow kitchen, but you don't know that, otherwise it wouldn't be just chance. for difficult decisions, the guidebooks recommend: buying time with everyday activities, e.g., washing dishes.

Lea Schneider

[begründen üben, z.b. so.]

begründen üben, z.b. so. inseln: fußnoten vom festland. einsamkeit in bungalows: absichtlich, eine gelegenheit für zweckenentfremdung. nehmen wir an, du kannst dich für zufall entscheiden. nehmen wir an, du kannst dich für zufall entscheiden. nehmen wir an, das ende der welt sei noch gar nicht passiert. der morgen, der danach sein sollte, liegt in einer pfütze, saugt sich voll, bis er groß und weich ist, ein spülschwamm mangels geschirr. Pfützen sind das einzige, was nach weltende aussieht, apokalyptische accessoires am strand. falls doch was passiert, taucht das erst viel später auf, an einem punkt, wo die handlung so fortgeschritten ist, dass du sie nicht mehr abrechnen kannst. es ist Sonntag, und der punkt befindet sich unter einem stuhl in der bungalowküche, aber das weißt du nicht, sonst wäre es kein zufall. bei schweren entscheidungen empfehlen die ratgeber: zeit gewinnen durch alltagstätigkeit, z.b. das spülen von geschirr.

Bradley Schmidt

[quietness: a state in your mouth]

quietness: a state in your mouth. not merely silence, but the decision to be so. it only works in company, which is why we constantly call each other. a telephone tree: dependency ensuring it still exists. two people who hold each other's shoulders; let's say they're at the end of the 16th century and both need support. which they give each other, on a sketch, on the margin of a book, in the museum of Islamic art in berlin. a preparatory practice. in the upper exhibition hall we link arms, ornaments on the wall from which we can't be told apart: blending into the surface, an alienation effect, solitary as a peacock. we've already been working on it for quite some time and wouldn't have thought it'd work out so quickly. stick to the upper left corner, breathing into each other, waiting.

Lea Schneider

[schweigen: ein zustand in deinem mund]

schweigen: ein zustand in deinem mund. nicht bloß stille, sondern die entscheidung dazu. Sie funktioniert nur in gesellschaft, darum rufen wir uns ständig an. eine telefonkette, die abhängigkeit versichert sich ihrer existenz. zwei, die sich an den schultern halten; sagen wir, sie stehen am ende des 16. jahrhunderts und brauchen beide unterstützung. die sie sich geben, auf einer zeichnung, am rand eines buchs, im museum für islamische kunst, berlin. eine vorbereitende übung. im oberen ausstellungssaal haken wir ein, ornamente an der wand, von denen man uns nicht unterscheiden kann: aufgeben in der oberfläche, ein pfau-effekt. wir arbeiten schon eine ganze weile daran und hätten nicht gedacht, dass er so schnell gelingt. halten uns links oben in der ecke, atmen ineinander, warten ab.

Robin Myers

For Laika

We told everyone you'd died on the seventh day and hadn't suffered. The newspapers announced your good health. In truth, you'd only lasted a few hours, because there wasn't enough time to test the cooling system and your cabin melted. We saw everything differently then: we wanted to launch ourselves into the unknown through you, and we were in a hurry. This is why we insisted that you'd gazed out the window at everything we longed to see ourselves.

Never before had a sarcophagus traveled so intrepidly through space.

I missed you as soon as I kissed your cold nose and buckled you in. A few days before the mission, I took you home to play with my children. You darted happily this way and that, and they fed you sausages and dressed you in sweaters and danced in circles around you, howling like dogs to keep you entertained.

At night, your ghost visits me in bed and licks my hand until I lay it on your back. That's when I realize your insides are dissolving. I see the smoke curling from your snout, your ears, your eye sockets that go hollow as I fumble for the glass of water on my nightstand. When your hair disintegrates under my touch, I can feel your skin, rough, charred, and it turns to magma on the rug.

I'm melting, too, in a way.

Your name is on the plaque dedicated to fallen cosmonauts at the Monument to the Conquerors of Space, next to Lenin, and we made up stories about how you were rescued by aliens. But next to howling children and sweaters and sausages, I know this is a small comfort.

We offered up your life as proof of our own. Our success was enormous and absurd. Laika, Limonchik, little pup: I forgot what we learned, but I won't forget your name.

Vladimir Yazdovsky

Isabel Zapata

Para Laika

Le dijimos a todos que habías muerto al séptimo día, sin haber sufrido. Los periódicos daban noticias de tu buena salud. La verdad es que apenas duraste unas horas, porque no hubo tiempo de probar el sistema de enfriamiento y tu cabina simplemente se derritió. Entonces veíamos todo en términos distintos: teníamos prisa por lanzarnos a lo desconocido a través de ti. Por eso insistimos en que mirabas a través de la escotilla todo lo que nosotros hubiéramos querido ver.

Nunca antes un sarcófago atravesó el espacio tan atrevidamente.

Me hiciste falta desde que besé tu nariz fría antes de abrocharte el cinturón. Unos días antes de la misión, te llevé a casa a jugar con los niños. Corrías feliz de un lado a otro y ellos te daban salchichas, te ponían suéteres y bailaban haciendo círculos alrededor de ti, aullando como perros para divertirse.

Por las noches, tu fantasma se acerca a mi cama y me lame la mano hasta que la pongo en tu lomo. Entonces me doy cuenta de que te estás disolviendo por dentro. Veo el humo que sale de tu hocico, de tus orejas, de las cuencas de tus ojos que se van quedando vacías mientras intento alcanzar el vaso de agua del buró. Cuando tu pelo se disuelve bajo mi mano puedo sentir tu piel rugosa, como chamuscada, que luego se convierte en magma sobre la alfombra.

Yo también me derrito, de algún modo.

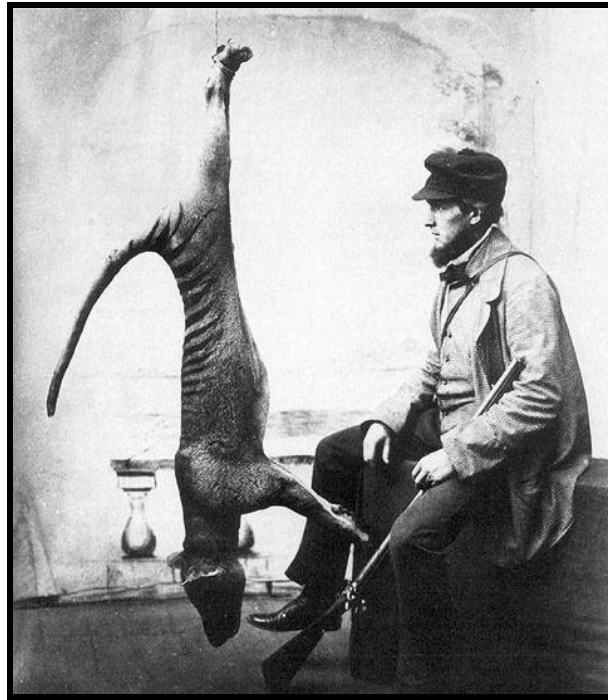
Tu nombre está en la placa a cosmonautas caídos en el Monumento a los Conquistadores del Espacio, junto a Lenin, y nos inventamos historias en las que fuiste rescatada por extraterrestres. Pero sé que al lado de los niños aullando y los suéteres y las salchichas, todo eso es poco.

Ofrecimos tu vida como prueba de la nuestra. El éxito ha sido enorme y absurdo. Laika, Limonchik, rizadita: olvidé lo que aprendimos, pero no olvidaré tu nombre.

Vladimir Yazdovsky

Robin Myers

Phantom Limb



1.

His name was Benjamin and people say he froze to death.
That he'd leap straight up like a kangaroo.
That he was a tiger striped with ash.
That he'd swipe his paw in circles like a cat.
That he was a marsupial-wolf, a zebra-wolf,
a dingo with an oversized head,
a demon, a hyena with lion claws.

The cave paintings at Kakadu National Park include the earliest representations of the thylacine: thirteen to twenty-one stripes from the torso to the base of the tail to the back haunches to the texture of the rock in the cave, fierce heads with whiskers, stiff tails reaching over the walls, rounded ears, white bellies. One of them has wings.

In 1906, the Tasmanian government paid 58 rewards for the body of a thylacine.
In 1907, 42.

In 1908, 17.

In 1909, 2.

By 1917, there were none left to hunt.

2.

Hobart Zoo, Island of Tasmania, 1921

The naturalist Henry Burrell photographed a marsupial wolf with a chicken in its mouth. He circulated it wherever he could in an effort to advertise the thylacine's reputation as a poultry-thief. Farmers never knew that the image had been cut to hide a cage or that the animal had been trained to pose for the photo. Or that Burrell had loaned the stuffed specimen to a museum and arranged it among some tree trunks.

Mawbanna, Northeastern Tasmania, 1930

The last wild marsupial wolf was glimpsed near the farmer Wilf Batty's chicken coops. The animal didn't hear the farmer parting the waist-high grass with outstretched fingers as he approached. The thylacine died hung from its hind feet.

Hobart Zoo, Island of Tasmania, 1936

Locked in his cage, the last Tasmanian tiger passes the time by imagining hypotheticals. That he hadn't been caught three years ago in the eucalyptus grove, for example. That he stretches his paws in the recess of a tree, that he slips out to hunt wombats at night. He wanders an imaginary house: to his right, his hollow tree; behind him, beyond the grove, the most succulent wombat of all.

The last Tasmanian tiger exists for 62 seconds of black-and-white footage, with naturalist David Fleay on the other side of the camera: the tiger, head on, leaping the fence, the back of the tiger, his broad-based tail, striped, three-quarters of a tiger, downward-facing dog, stripes at a diagonal, stripes at ground-level, stripes orbiting his own axis before he darts back into his refuge.

Hobart Zoo, Island of Tasmania, 1936

We don't have any sound recordings of the thylacine, but those who have studied this animal say that it whistled nervously (*fiu fiu fiu fiu*), then growled (*grrrr grrrr grrrrrr grrrrrrrr*), then finished with a threatening yawn (*yaaaaawn*). When it hunted, it would release a sound much like a cough in swift repetition (*cofcofcofcof*) to tell its pack if it had found some prey. It was also reported to

have issued a long, dull sound (*wuuuuu*), its head tilted back, to identify itself mournfully from a distance.

Who will speak to the last Tasmanian tiger?

Not to his language: to him.

Not to him: to his backbone sliced with stripes.

Not to his stripes: to the life they multiplied.

Not to his life: to the tall grass that remembers it.

Nullarbor Plain, Mundrabilla, 1966

The pit belonging to the thylacine Lazarus is 11.5 meters underground. Carbon dating tells us that the body has been there for five thousand years, but the tongue in its head is intact, its left eye whole, its stripes still visible, parallel, on the pelt of its back. People circle the cave, expecting the slab to peel away and the tiger to walk out into the light, his paws bandaged and his head enveloped in a shroud.

3.

Sightings

Andrew Orchard, farmer, 2012:

I was 18 the first time. I was hunting ducks. Since then I've seen so many that I lost count. My father also saw them. I've got proof. This print can't be from a fox because the back pad is really big and the four front ones are in a straight line.

Gina Russell, housewife, 1996:

I saw something I shouldn't have.

A murder?

No, a tiger.

Tim Kewell, carpenter, 2003:

They make a lot of noise when they run, but then suddenly you can't hear anything.

Anonymous, 1984:

I was looking for rabbits with my brother and I saw it moving in the grass. We both saw it, and it wasn't the first. It was around ten a.m. We weren't sure who to report it to.

Hans Naarding, park ranger, 1982:

I saw it so clearly that I had time to count the stripes. There were twelve.

Anonymous, 1990:

Do you want to see the photos? Look at the striped tail behind that bush.

Booth-Richardson Tiger Team, lumberjacks, 2017:

We've got three groups identified so far. They live in small families. We see about one every six months. They're very elusive, but with experience, it's easy to tell if they're close by. Especially if it's a male, because of the smell. They're shorter than ferns, so sometimes you just catch a glimpse of a floating head that disappears as soon as you see it.

4.

Woolly rhino, Nessie, dodo, Pyrenean ibex, golden toad, Madeiran large white, goblin, red-bellied gracile opossum, Caribbean monk seal, abominable snowman, pink-headed duck.

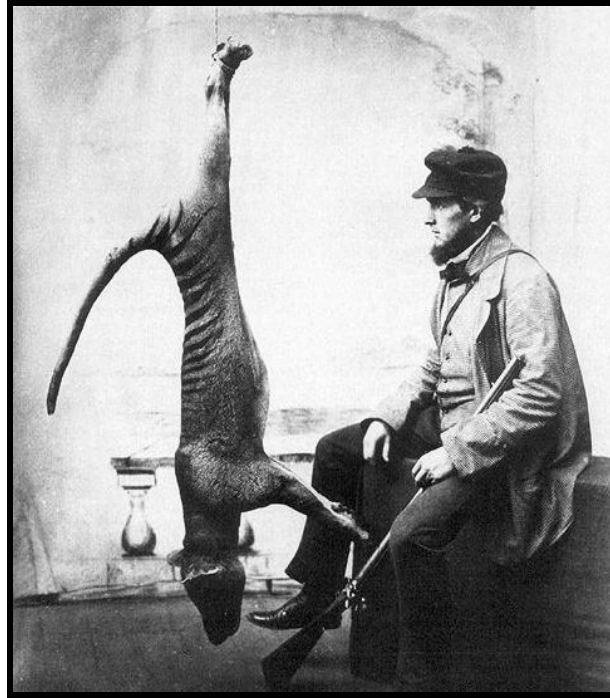
We celebrate the life that isn't there.

The shadow that moves without a body.

We search for the Tasmanian tiger, our collective syndrome, our shared phantom limb.

Isabel Zapata

Miembro fantasma



1.

Se llamaba Benjamín y dicen que murió de frío.
Que saltaba como canguro en vertical.
Que era un tigre rayado por ceniza.
Que movía la pata en círculos como un gato.
Que era un lobo marsupial, un lobo cebra,
un dingo al que le queda grande la cabeza,
un demonio, una hiena con garras de león.

Entre las pinturas rupestres del Parque Nacional Kakadu están las primeras representaciones del tilacino: trece a veintiún rayas del torso a la base de la cola a los muslos traseros a la textura en la roca de la cueva, cabezas feroces con bigotes, colas que se extienden rígidas sobre los muros, orejas redondeadas, vientre claro. Uno de ellos tiene un par de alas.

En 1906, el gobierno de Tasmania pagó 58 recompensas por el cadáver de un tilacino.
En 1907, 42.

En 1908, 17.

En 1909, 2.

Para 1917 no había más animales vivos que cazar.

2.

Zoológico de Hobart, isla de Tasmania, 1921

El naturalista Henry Burrell le sacó una foto a un lobo marsupial con una gallina en el hocico. La dio a conocer donde pudo para crearle al tilacino una reputación como ladrón de aves de corral. Los granjeros nunca supieron que la imagen fue recortada para ocultar una jaula y que el animal estaba entrenado para posar en la foto, o que Burrell pidió prestado el ejemplar disecado a algún museo y lo acomodó con unos troncos.

Mawbanna, nordeste de Tasmania, 1930

El último lobo marsupial salvaje fue visto cerca de los gallineros del granjero Wilf Batty. El animal no lo escuchó separar con los dedos extendidos el pasto que le llegaba a la cintura. Amaneció colgado de las patas traseras.

Zoológico de Hobart, isla de Tasmania, 1936

Encerrado en su jaula, el último tigre de Tasmania mata el tiempo imaginando situaciones. Por ejemplo, que no lo capturaron hace tres años en el bosque de eucaliptos, que estira las patas en su hueco del árbol, que por la noche sale a cazar wombats. Recorre los espacios de una casa imaginaria: a la derecha su árbol hueco, detrás el wombat más sabroso, más allá el bosque de eucalipto.

El último tigre de Tasmania dura 62 segundos de filmación en blanco y negro con el naturalista David Fleay del otro lado de la cámara: el tigre de frente, saltando sobre la reja, el reverso del tigre, su cola de base ancha, rayada, tres cuartos de tigre, perro mirando hacia abajo, las rayas en diagonal, las rayas al ras, las rayas dando vueltas sobre su propio eje antes de meterse a su covacha.

Zoológico de Hobart, isla de Tasmania, 1936

No tenemos grabaciones con sonido del tilacino, pero quienes lo han estudiado dicen que chiflaba de nervios, *fiu fiu fiu fiu*, luego gruñía, *grrrr grrrr grrrrrr grrrrrrrr* y terminaba con un bostezo de amenaza, *yaaaaawn*. Al cazar, hacía unos sonidos parecidos a la tos en repeticiones rápidas, *cofcofcofcof*, para avisarle a la manada si encontraba alguna presa. Se reportó también un sonido largo y sordo, *wuuuuu*, con la cabeza inclinada, para identificarse de lejos, afligido.

¿Quién hablará al último tigre de Tasmania?

No su idioma: a él.

No a él: a su espina dorsal rebanada por las rayas.

No a sus rayas: a la vida que en ellas se multiplica.

No a su vida: al pasto alto que la recuerda.

Desierto de Nullarbor, Mundrabilla, 1966

El agujero del tilacino Lázaro está a 11.5 metros bajo tierra. Las pruebas de carbón dicen que el cadáver está ahí desde hace cinco mil años, pero su cabeza tiene la lengua intacta, el ojo izquierdo fresco, las rayas aún visibles, paralelas, en la piel del lomo. Hay personas que rondan la cueva esperando ver la loza levantarse y a él salir caminando atado con vendas en las patas y la cabeza envuelta en un sudario.

3.

Avistamientos

Andrew Orchard, granjero, 2012:

La primera vez tenía 18 años, estaba cazando patos. Desde entonces he visto tantos que perdí la cuenta. Mi padre también los vio, tengo pruebas. Esta huella no puede ser de zorro porque tiene la almohadilla de atrás muy grande y las cuatro anteriores en línea recta.

Gina Russell, ama de casa, 1996:

Vi algo que no debí haber visto.

¿Viste un asesinato?

No, vi un tigre.

Tim Kewell, carpintero, 2003:

Hacen mucho ruido al correr, pero de pronto ya no se escucha nada.

Anónimo, 1984:

Estaba buscando conejos con mi hermano y lo vi moverse entre la hierba. Los dos lo vimos, y no fue el primero. Eran como las diez de la mañana. No supimos a quién reportarlo.

Hans Naarding, guarda parques, 1982:

Lo vi tan claramente que tuve tiempo de contarle las rayas. Eran doce.

Anónimo, 1990:

¿Te enseñó las fotografías? Mira la cola rayada detrás de ese arbusto.

Equipo Tigre Booth-Richardson, leñadores, 2017:

Tenemos tres grupos identificados hasta el momento, viven en pequeñas familias. Los vemos aproximadamente una vez cada seis meses. Son muy elusivos pero, con experiencia, es fácil saber si andan cerca. Sobre todo si es un macho, por el olor. Como son más bajos que los helechos, a veces sólo se asoma una cabeza flotante que desaparece en cuanto la miras.

4.

Rinoceronte lanudo, Nessie, dodo, cabra de los Pirineos, sapo dorado, gran mariposa blanca, goblin, marmosa grácil de vientre rojo, foca monje del caribe, abominable hombre de las nieves, pato de cabeza rosada.

Celebramos la vida que no existe.

La sombra que avanza sin un cuerpo.

Buscamos al tigre de Tasmania, síndrome colectivo del miembro fantasma.

Robin Myers

I'm Not From Here

When the tide rises in the dark,
the beach becomes a market aisle:
diapers, sand dollars, urchin shells,
shark eggs seaweed-stitched to the coastline.

Behold this artifact of collagen and gentle curves.

Sharks lay eggs that look like screws:
spirals coiling themselves into the ocean floor to stay in place.

See how they breathe through their translucent skin.

Consider their violent geometry.

In some, a living kernel palpitates, an embryo that lodges in that humid pit and throbs, backlit,
as if to say:

I'm not from here.

Isabel Zapata

Yo no soy de aquí

Cuando por las noches sube la marea
la playa se vuelve un pasillo del mercado:
pañales, galletas de mar, caparazones de erizo
huevos de tiburón tejidos con alga al litoral.

Considera ese artefacto de colágeno y curvas suaves.

Los tiburones ponen huevos en forma de tornillo:
espirales que se enroscan al suelo marino para quedarse en su lugar.

Mira cómo respiran a través de su cáscara traslúcida.

Considera su violenta geometría.

En algunos se agita una semilla viva, un embrión que habita esa fosa de humedad y que, visto a contraluz, palpita como diciendo:

Yo no soy de aquí.

Robin Myers

Luciferin

We jumped out of a motorboat in the middle of the night
and tiny bright-blue lightning bolts appeared in the water.

We were seventeen.

The surface lighted up and we shone, too.

They're called dinoflagellates: protists with the compound luciferin that yield a luminous photon when touched by oxygen.

All of a sudden, it was Christmas in the ocean, and we
were five small bulbs smearing our bodies with nocturnal light.

Bright Jell-O floating in a brilliant jumble.

Constellations of fungi grow in Japanese forests.
Some snails become green light bulbs to scare off their enemies.
There is a kind of shrimp that vomits dazzling chemicals.

The night we met the dinoflagellates, the water blazed blue with our touch.

We felt invincible,
though to the water we were nothing new.

Isabel Zapata

Luciferina

Una vez nos tiramos de una lancha a media noche
y en el agua aparecieron diminutos relámpagos azules.

Teníamos 17 años.

Cuando se encendió la superficie, nosotros también resplandecimos.

Se llamaban dinoflagelados, protistas con molécula luciferina que producen un fotón luminoso cuando el oxígeno los toca.

De pronto fue navidad en todo el océano y nosotros
cinco foquitos untándonos el cuerpo de luz nocturna.

Gelatinas luminosas flotando en desorden.

Hay constelaciones de hongos en los bosques japoneses.
Algunos caracoles se vuelven focos verdes ante el enemigo.
Existen camarones que vomitan químicos resplandecientes.

Esa noche de dinoflagelados, el agua se encendió al tacto.

Nos sentíamos invencibles,
pero ni siquiera a ella fuimos distintos.

Robin Myers

Dictionary for Lonesome George

For Jorge Comensal

A

Archipelago: of Columbus; Galapagos Islands: five main islands, three smaller ones, and 107 islets scattered across the Pacific Ocean, 605 miles to the east of mainland Ecuador.

B

Blue-footed booby. They walk as if they were wearing enormous shoes, lifting one foot and then the other, enthralled by their own comic genius.

C

Coordinates: 1°40'N–1°36'S, 89°16'–92°01'W

D

Diego. He's fathered between 400 and 800 since 1977. His entire species begins to resemble him.

E

Extinction. There are fifteen species of giant tortoise in the Galapagos. Three were extinct before George: Floreana, Fernandina, and Pinta.

F

Finches. Their beaks vary on each island, depending on the kind of food accessible to them: thick beaks for cracking seeds, little beaks for eating insects, long beaks for drinking the blood of seabirds (vampire finches).

G

Ground. Colors start to vanish as you descend into the ocean: first red, then yellow, then finally green. If you go down far enough and catch a black fish in the deepest depths, you'll discover that it's actually orange when you resurface. At the bottom of the sea, really the bottom, humans see in black and white, like certain birds.

H

Harriet (previously Harry): Captured in the Galapagos in 1830, Harry the turtle lived 176 years. It took scientists another century to realize they'd gotten her sex wrong.

I

Island: of Santa Cruz. You can see the body of Lonesome George in the Charles Darwin Tortoise Center, in facilities that control the necessary temperature and humidity for its preservation.

J

Jacks. Fish that sleep to the north of San Cristóbal Island and dream of expanding on silver canvases.

K

Kilos. Galapagos penguins weigh just two. Even a rice rat or a crab can eat one (by land or by sea).

L

Lichen. They turn into vegetal rivers if you stare at them long enough; they stretch out the path they mark without ever breaking.

M

Modesty. Lonesome George never reproduced in captivity.

N

Note. Dear George, I'm writing this in front of the glass box with your embalmed body inside it. We're visiting the museum. I liked the part with the canoes and the part with the diagrams and I

liked the story of how the ocean currents dragged Fray Tomás de Berlanga all the way to the islands.

O

Order. Your species disappeared. But when no one's looking, the islands spell your name.

P

People. There's a species of tortoise called *Chelonoidis donfaustoi* in honor of Don Fausto Llerena, the park ranger at Galapagos National Park who found Lonesome George dead in his pen, his body stretched out in the direction of his watering hole.

Q

Quelonios (Spanish): chelonians. An order of reptiles with four short limbs, toothless jaws, and bodies protected by shells into which they can retract their heads, feet, and tail.

R

Return. Anyone who visits the Galapagos longs only to return.

S

Salgado, Sebastião. *A symbolic murder occurs when the subject ceases to be part of the world and is made a monument.*

T

Taoism. Do you think the sacred tortoise that Prince Ch'u keeps in a box is better off dead and venerated than alive and shifting its tail through the mud?

U

University of Cambridge. Darwin sampled falcon and owl meat at the Glutton Club. During his voyage aboard the *Beagle*, he ate armadillo; puma in Patagonia. He ate giant tortoise in the Galapagos. He liked it so much that he brought back 48 on his way home.

V

Verdant. It's said that the islands are a lush necklace of rocks scattered over the water. That there are pink iguanas on Isabela Island.

W

Wolf, Franz Theodor. *Octopus wolfi*, the smallest cephalopod, was named in his honor.

X

X-Rays. Wrapped in cloth in the luggage of Dirk Bender were four land iguanas that the German intended to smuggle through the Baltra Island Airport.

Y

Yoke. The first time Darwin saw Galapagos tortoises, he tried to ride them.

Z

Zapaya, red rock crab, *abuete negro*. Its scientific name is *Grapsus grapsus*. This is also the sound they make when they dance on tiptoe over the rocks: *grapsus, grapsus, grapsus*, light-footed crustacean.

Isabel Zapata

Diccionario para George, el Solitario

Para Jorge Comensal

A

Archipiélago: de Colón; Islas Galápagos: quince islas principales, tres pequeñas y 107 islotes distribuidos en el Océano Pacífico, a 973 kilómetros al oeste del Ecuador Continental.

B

Bobo de patas azules. Caminan como si trajeran zapatos gigantes, alzando una pata y luego otra, encantados con su genio cómico.

C

Coordenadas: 1° 40'N-1° 36'S, 89° 16'-92° 01'W

D

Diego. Ha tenido entre 400 y 800 crías desde 1977. Toda su especie empieza a parecerse a él.

E

Extinción. En Galápagos hay catorce especies de tortugas gigantes, tres están extintas: floreana, fernandina y pinta.

F

Fondo del mar. Los colores desaparecen en las profundidades: primero el rojo, luego el amarillo, al final el verde. Si descendes lo suficiente y tomas un pez negro de lo más hondo, al regresar a la superficie podrías descubrir que es anaranjado. En el fondo del mar, realmente al fondo, los humanos vemos en blanco y negro, como algunas aves.

G

Gente. Hay una especie de tortuga gigante llamada *Chelonoidis donfaustoi* en honor a Don Fausto Llerena, el guardabosques del Parque Nacional Galápagos, que encontró el cadáver de Solitario George en su corral, en una posición como dirigiéndose al bebedero.

H

Harriet (antes Harry): Capturada en Galápagos en 1830, la tortuga Harry vivió 176 años. Los científicos se tardaron un siglo en darse cuenta de que se habían equivocado de sexo.

I

Isla Santa Cruz. El cuerpo de Solitario George puede verse en el Centro de Crianza de Tortugas Charles Darwin, en instalaciones que controlan la temperatura y humedad necesarias para su preservación.

J

Jureles. Duermen al norte de la isla San Cristóbal y sueñan que se expanden en lienzos de plata.

K

Kilos. Los pingüinos de las Galápagos pesan apenas dos. Hasta una rata arrocera o un cangrejo pueden comérselos (si por tierra, si por mar).

L

Líquenes. Se convierten en ríos vegetales si los miras el tiempo suficiente; estiran el camino que marcan, sin romperse.

M

Murmullo. Dicen que las islas son un collar de piedras extendido sobre el agua. Que hay iguanas rosas en la isla Isabela.

N

Nota. Querido George, escribo esto frente a la caja de vidrio que contiene tu cuerpo embalsamado. Estamos de visita en el museo. Me gustó la parte de las canoas y la parte de los

diagramas y me gustó la historia de cómo las corrientes marinas arrastraron a Fray Tomás de Berlanda hasta las islas.

O

Orden. Desapareció tu especie. Pero cuando nadie las ve, las islas toman la forma de tu nombre.

P

Pinzones. En cada isla tienen picos distintos, según el tipo de alimento a su alcance: gruesos para romper semillas, pequeños para comer insectos, largos para beber la sangre de aves marinas (pinzón vampiro).

Q

Quelonio. Orden de reptiles con cuatro extremidades cortas, mandíbulas sin dientes y cuerpo protegido por un caparazón dentro del cual pueden retraer la cabeza, las patas y la cola.

R

Recato. Solitario George nunca procreó en cautiverio.

S

Salgado, Sebastião. *Un asesinato simbólico ocurre cuando el sujeto deja de ser parte del mundo para volverse un monumento.*

T

Taoísmo. ¿Crees que la tortuga sagrada que el príncipe Ch'u tiene guardada en un cofre está mejor, venerada y muerta, que viva y moviendo su cola en el fango?

U

Universidad de Cambridge. En el Club de los glotones, Darwin probó carne de halcón y de búho. Durante el viaje del *Beagle* comió armadillos, puma en la Patagonia. En las Galápagos comió tortugas gigantes. Le gustaron tanto que llevaron 48 en el viaje de regreso.

V

Volver. El que va a Galápagos sólo sueña con volver.

W

Wolf, Franz Theodor. *Octopus wolfi*, el cefalópodo más pequeño, fue nombrado en su honor.

X

Rayos X. Iban envueltas en tela, entre el equipaje de Dirk Bender, cuatro iguanas terrestres que el alemán pretendía pasar por el aeropuerto de la Isla de Baltra.

Y

Yugo. La primera vez que Darwin vio tortugas de las Galápagos, intentó montarlas.

Z

Zapaya. Su nombre científico es *grapsus grapsus*. También es el sonido que hacen cuando bailan de puntitas entre las rocas: *grapsus, grapsus, grapsus*, crustáceo de pies ligeros.