

[1] *A Winter Shrub* by William Bronk

Only bones are as bare as sumach
with its leaves gone. Every leaf was a branch.

Remember sumach in summer with its leaves
fern-soft, and its high fruit

Blood-warm in color. Sumach in autumn
was a sustained intensity, purple-red.

Winter defines the frame of color.
Here are the antlered bones.

[2] *Nothing to Save* by D.H. Lawrence

There is nothing to save, now all is lost,
But a tiny core of stillness in the heart
Like the eye of a violet.

[3] *Lines for Winter* by Mark Strand

Tell yourself
as it gets cold and gray falls from the air
that you will go on
walking, hearing
the same tune no matter where
you find yourself—
inside the dome of dark
or under the cracking white
of the moon's gaze in a valley of snow.
Tonight as it gets cold
tell yourself
what you know which is nothing
but the tune your bones play
as you keep going. And you will be able
for once to lie down under the small fire
of winter stars.
And if it happens that you cannot
go on or turn back
and you find yourself
where you will be at the end,
tell yourself
in that final flowing of cold through your limbs
that you love what you are.

[4] *Februarizon/February Sun* by Paul Rodenko (translated by James S. Holmes)

Weer gaat de wereld als een meisjeskamer open
het straatgebeuren zeilt uit witte verten aan
arbeiders bouwen met aluinen handen aan
een raamloos huis van trappen en piano's.
De populieren werpen met een schoolse nijging
elkaar een bal vol vogelstemmen toe
en héél hoog schildert een onzichtbaar vliegtuig
helblauwe bloemen op helblauwe zijde.

De zon speelt aan mijn voeten als een ernstig kind.
Ik draag het donzen masker van
de eerste lentewind.

Again the world goes open like a girl's room
from white remotenesses street scenes come sailing up
workers with alum hands are building
a windowless house of stairways and pianos.
The poplars with a schoolboy inclination
toss each other a ball full of bird voices
and way up high an invisible airplane
paints bright blue flowers on bright blue silk.

The sun plays at my feet like a serious child.
I wear the downy mask of
the first spring breeze.

[5] *untitled poem* by Tadeusz Dabrowski

czym różni się milczenie
puste od znaczącego
głębokie od pustego
jasne od ciemnego
milczenie celne od
milczenia jak kulą w płot
tobą

what distinguishes empty
silence from meaningful
profound from shallow
bright from dark
silence on target
from silence off key
is you

[6] *The Day After — Without Us/ Nazajutrz - bez nas* by Wisława Szymborska (translated by Clare Cavanagh and Stanisław Barańczak)

Poranek spodziewany jest chłodny i mglisty.
Od zachodu
zaczną przemieszczać się deszczowe chmury.
Widoczność będzie słaba.
Szosy śliskie.

Stopniowo, w ciągu dnia,
pod wpływem klina wyżowego od północy
możliwe już lokalne przejaśnienia.
Jednak przy wietrze silnym i zmiennym w porywach
mogą wystąpić burze.

W nocy
rozpogodzenie prawie w całym kraju,
tylko na południowym wschodzie
niewykluczone opady.

The morning is expected to be cool and foggy.
Rainclouds
will move in from the west.
Poor visibility.
Slick highways.

Gradually as the day progresses
high pressure fronts from the north
make local sunshine likely.
Due to winds, though, sometimes strong and gusty,
sun may give way to storms.

At night
clearing across the country,
with a slight chance of precipitation
only in the southeast.

Temperatura znacznie się obniży,
za to ciśnienie wzrośnie.

Kolejny dzień
zapowiada się słonecznie,
choć tym, co ciągle żyją
przyda się jeszcze parasol.

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przyda się jeszcze parasol.

Temperatures will drop sharply,
while barometric readings rise.

The next day
Promises to be sunny,
although those still living
should bring umbrellas.

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will move in from the west.
Poor visibility.
Slick highways.

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high pressure fronts from the north
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[7] *Myśli nawiedzające mnie na ruchliwych ulicach / Thoughts That Visit Me on Busy Streets* by Wisława Szymborska (Translated by Clare Cavanagh and Stanislaw Barańczak)

Twarze.
Miliardy twarzy na powierzchni świata.
Podobno każda inna
od tych, co były i będą.
Ale Natura - bo kto ją tam wie -
może zmęczona bezustanną pracą
powtarza swoje dawniejsze pomysły
i nakłada nam twarze
kiedyś już noszone.

Faces.
Billions of faces on the earth's surface.
Each different, so we're told,
from those that have been and will be.
But Nature—and who really understands her?—
may grow tired from her ceaseless labors
and so repeats earlier ideas
by supplying us
with worn faces.

Może cię mija Archimedes w džinsach,
caryca Katarzyna w ciuchu z wyprzedaży,
któryś faraon z teczką, w okularach.

Wdowa po bosym szewcu
z malutkiej jeszcze Warszawy,
mistrz z grotu Altamiry
z wnuczkami do zoo,
kudłaty Wandal w drodze do muzeum
pozachwycać się trochę.

Jacyś polegli dwieście wieków temu,
pięć wieków temu
i pół wieku temu.

Ktoś przewożony tędy złoconą karetą,
ktoś wagonem zagłady.

Montezuma, Konfucjusz, Nabuchodonozor,
ich piastunki, ich praczki i Semiramida,
rozmawiająca tylko po angielsku.

Miliardy twarzy na powierzchni świata.
Twarz twoja, moja, czyja -
nigdy się nie dowiesz.
Może Natura oszukiwać musi,
i żeby zdążyć, i żeby nastarczyć
zaczyna łączyć to, co zatopione
w zwierciadle niepamięci.

Those passerby might be Archimedes in jeans,
Catherine the Great in resale,
some pharaoh with briefcase and glasses.

A unshod shoemaker's widow
from a still pint-sized small Warsaw,
the master from the cave of Altamira
taking his grand kids to the zoo,
a shaggy Vandal en route to a museum
to gasp at past masters.

The fallen from two hundred centuries ago,
five centuries ago
half a century ago.

One brought here in a golden carriage,
Another conveyed by extermination transport,

Montezuma, Confucius, Nebuchadnezzar,
their nannies, their laundresses and Semiramida
who only speaks English.

Billions of faces on the earth's surface.
My face, yours, whose—
you'll never know.
Maybe Nature has to shortchange us,
and to keep up, meet demand
she fishes up what's been sunk
in the mirror of oblivion.

[8] Przykład / Example by Wisława Szymborska (Translated by Clare Cavanagh and Stanisław Barańczak)

Wichura
zdarła nocą wszystkie liście z drzewa
oprócz listka jednego
pozostawionego,
żeby się kiwał solo na gołej gałęzi.
Na tym przykładzie
Przemoc demonstruje,
że owszem –
pożartować sobie czasem lubi

A gale
stripped all the leaves from the trees last night
except for one leaf
left
to sway solo on a naked branch.
With this example
Violence demonstrates
That yes of course —
it like its little joke from time to time.

[9] *Niebo / Sky* by Wisława Szymborska (Translated by Clare Cavanagh and Stanislaw Barańczak)

Od tego trzeba było zacząć: niebo.
Okno bez parapetu, bez futryny, bez szyb.
Otwór i nic poza nim,
Ale otwarty szeroko.

Nie muszę czekać na pogodną noc,
ani zadzierać głowy,
żeby przyjrzeć się niebu.
Niebo mam za plecami, pod ręką i na powiekach.
Niebo owija mnie szczelnie
i unosi od spodu.

Nawet najwyższe góry
nie są bliżej nieba
niż najgłębsze doliny.
Na żadnym miejscu nie ma go więcej
niż w innym.
Obłok równie bezwzględnie
przywalony jest niebem co grób.
Kret równie wniebowzięty
jak sowa chwiejąca skrzydłami.
Rzecz, która spada w przepaść,
spada z nieba w niebo.

Sypkie, płynne, skaliste,
rozpłomienione i lotne
połacie nieba, okruszyny nieba,
podmuchy nieba i sterty.
Niebo jest wszechobecne
nawet w ciemnościach pod skórą.

Zjadam niebo, wydalam niebo.
Jestem pułapką w pułapce,
zamieszkiwanym mieszkańcem,
obejmowanym objęciem,
pytaniem w odpowiedzi na pytanie.

Podział na ziemię i niebo
to nie jest właściwy sposób
myślenia o tej całości.
Pozwala tylko przeżyć
pod dokładniejszym adresem,
szybszym do znalezienia do znalezienia,
jeśli bym była szukana.

I should have begun with this: the sky.
A window minus sill, frame, and panes.
An aperture, nothing more,
but wide open.

I don't have to wait for a starry night,
I don't have to crane my neck
to get a look at it.
I've got the sky behind my back, at hand, and on my eyelids.
The sky binds me tight
and sweeps me off my feet.

Even the highest mountains
are not closer to the sky
than the deepest valleys.
There's no more of it one place
than another.
It crushes clouds as ruthlessly
as graves.
A mole is no less in seventh heaven
than an owl spreading her wings.
The object that falls in an abyss
falls from sky to sky.

Grainy, gritty, liquid,
inflamed, or volatile
patches of sky, specks of sky,
gusts and heaps of sky.
The sky is everywhere,
even in the dark beneath your skin.

I eat the sky, I excrete the sky,
I'm a trap within a trap,
an inhabited inhabitant,
an embrace embraced,
a question answering a question.

Division into sky and earth —
it's not the proper way
to contemplate this wholeness.
It simply lets me go on living
at a more exact address
where I can be reached promptly
if I'm sought.

Moje znaki szczególnie
to zachwyty i rozpacz

My identifying features
are rapture and despair.

[10] *San Martino del Carso* by Giuseppe Ungaretti

Di queste case
non è rimasto
che qualche
brandello di muro

Nothing is left
of these houses
but a few
tatters of wall

Di tanti
che mi corrispondevano
non è rimasto
neppure tanto

Out of the many people
who used to be like me
not even
that much is left

Ma nel cuore
nessuna croce manca

But in my heart
there is no shortage of crosses

E' il mio cuore
il paese più straziato

My heart is the village
most smashed to pieces

[11] *Blaue Hortensie / Blue Hydrangea* by Rainer Maria Rilke (translated by William Gass)

So wie das letzte Grün in Farbentiegeln
sind diese Blätter, trocken, stumpf und rauh,
hinter den Blütendolden, die ein Blau
nicht auf sich tragen, nur von ferne spiegeln.

Like the green that cakes in a pot of paint,
these leaves are dry, dull and rough
behind this billow of blooms whose blue
is not their own but reflected from far away

Sie spiegeln es verweint und ungenau,
als wollten sie es wiederum verlieren,
und wie in alten blauen Briefpapieren
ist Gelb in ihnen, Violett und Grau;

in a mirror dimmed by tears and vague,
as if it wished them to disappear again
the way in old blue writing paper,
yellow shows, then violet and gray;

Verwaschnes wie an einer Kinderschürze,
Nichtmehrgetragenes, dem nichts mehr geschieht:
wie fühlt man eines kleinen Lebens Kürze.

A washed-out color as in children's clothes
which, no longer worn, no more can happen to:
how much it makes you feel a small life's brevity.

Doch plötzlich scheint das Blau sich zu verneuen
in einer von den Dolden, und man sieht
ein rührend Blaues sich vor Grünem freuen

But suddenly the blue shines quite renewed
within one cluster, we can see
a touching blue rejoice before the green

[12] *Eternal Beginner* by Alma Aquilino

Each year
he makes resolutions,
alcoholically earnest.
He errs
and turns over a new leaf
until,
in retrospect,
he see his life
a vision of pages
thumbed slightly
turned idly
torn and
blank.

[13] *Crumbling is not an instant's Act* by Emily Dickinson

Crumbling is not an instant's Act
A fundamental pause
Dilapidation's processes
Are organized Decays.

'Tis first a Cobweb on the Soul
A Cuticle of Dust
A Borer in the Axis
An Elemental Rust—

Ruin is formal—Devil's work
Consecutive and slow—
Fail in an instant, no man did
Slipping—is Crash's law.

[14] *Tomorrow Will Be the Same Day* by Abdellatif Laàbi (translated by Pierre Joris)

Demain
sera le même jour
Je n'aurai vécu que quelques instants
le front collé à la vitre
pour accueillir le carrousel du crépuscule

Tomorrow
will be the same day
I will have lived but a few instants
forehead glued to the window pane
to welcome dusk's merry-go-round

J'aurai étouffé un cri
car personne ne l'aura entendu
en ce désert
Je me serai mis
dans la position du fœtus
sur le siège de ma vieille solitude
J'aurai attendu
que mon verre se vide à moitié
pour y déceler le goût du fiel
Je me serai vu
le lendemain
me réveillant et vaquant
Atrociement semblable

I will have stifled a cry
because nobody will have heard it
in this desert
I will have curled up
in fetal position
on the seat of my old solitude
I will have waited
for my heart to be half empty
to detect there a taste of bile
I will have seen myself
the next day
waking up and going about
atrociously similar

[15] *Not What Was* by Langston Hughes

By then the poetry is written
And the wild rose of the world
Blooms to last so short a time
Before its petals fall.
The air is music
And its melody a spiral
Until it widens
Beyond the tip of time
And so is lost
To poetry and the rose —
Belongs instead to vastness beyond form,
To universe that nothing can contain,
To unexplored space
Which sends no answers back
To fill the vase unfilled
Or spread in lines
Upon another page —
That anyhow was never written
Because the thought could not escape
The place in which it bloomed
Before the rose had gone.

[16] *In July* by Giuseppe Ungaretti

Di luglio

Quando su ci si butta lei,

In July

When she hurls herself at it headlong,

Si fa d'un triste colore di rosa
Il bel fogliame.

Strugge forre, beve fiumi,
Macina scogli, splende,
È' furia che s'ostina, è l'implacabile,
Sparge spazio, acceca mete,
E' l'estate e nei secoli
Con i suoi occhi calcinanti
Va della terra spogliando lo scheletro.

The lovely foliage
Turns a sad shade of rose.

She liquefies ravines, drinks rivers,
Crushes crags, shines,
She's fury that won't let up, she's
unappeasable,
She scatters space, blinds purpose,
She's summer and over centuries
With calcining eyes
She goes about stripping the earth's skeleton.

[17] *Floating* by Eugenio Montale

A Galla

Chiari mattini
quando l'azzurro è inganno che non illude,
crescere immenso di vita,
fiumana che non ha ripe né sfocio
e va per sempre,
e sta - infinitamente.

Sono allora i rumori delle strade
l'incrinatura nel vetro
o la pietra che cade
nello specchio del lago e lo corruga.
E il vocìo dei ragazzi
e il chiacchiericcio liquido dei passeri
che tra le gronde volano
sono tralicci d'oro
su un fondo vivo di cobalto,
effimeri...

Ecco, è perduto nella rete di echi,
nel soffio di pruina
che discende sugli alberi sfoltiti
e ne deriva un murmure
d'irrequieta marina,
tu quasi vorresti, e ne tremi,
intento cuore disparti,
non pulsar più! Ma sempre che lo invochi,
più netto batti come
orologio traudito in una stanza

Floating

Bright mornings,
when the blue is a deceit that doesn't fool,
immense expansion of life,
torrent with no banks, no mouth
that runs forever
and stays—unendingly.

Now there are the noises in the streets
the crack in the glass
or the rock that falls
in the mirror of the lake and furrows it.
And the shouting of the boys
and the liquid chatter of the sparrows
fluttering in the eaves
are trellises of gold
on a living cobalt ground,
ephemeral...

Look, and lost in the net of echoes,
in the breath of frost
that falls on the thinned trees
and draws from them
a murmur of restless shore
you could almost, and it makes you quiver,
fervent heart, dissolve,
and not go on! But always when you plead for this
you beat stronger,
like a clock misheard in a hotel room

d'albergo al primo rompere dell'aurora.
E senti allora,
se pure ti ripetono che puoi
fermarti a mezza via o in alto mare,
che non c'è sosta per noi,
ma strada, ancora strada,

e che il cammino è sempre da ricominciare.

at the first breaking of dawn.
And you feel then,
even if they keep saying you can halt
halfway, or on the sea,
that there's no rest for us,
only street, more street,

and always the journey to begin again.

[18] *Mar/Ocean* by Federico García Lorca

Mar

El mar es
el Lucifer del azul.
El cielo caído
por querer ser la luz.

¡Pobre mar condenado
a eterno movimiento,
habiendo antes estado
quieto en el firmamento!

Pero de tu amargura
te redimió el amor.
Pariste a Venus pura,
y quedose tu hondura
virgen y sin dolor.

Tus tristezas son bellas,
mar de espasmos gloriosos.
Mas hoy en vez de estrellas
tienes pulpos verdosos.

Aguanta tu sufrir,
formidable Satán.
Cristo anduvo por tí,
mas también lo hizo Pan.

La estrella Venus es
la armonía del mundo.
¡Calle el Ecclesiastés!
Venus es lo profundo del alma...

Ocean

The ocean is
the Lucifer of blue.
The sky fallen
for wanting to be light.

Poor ocean, damned
to endless movement,
who once stood still
in the firmament!

But love redeemed you
from your bitterness.
You bore pure Venus,
and your depths were virgin
and felt no pain.

Your sadness is beautiful,
ocean of glorious spasms.
But today you have green octopi
instead of stars.

Suffer in patience,
formidable Satan.
Christ walked on you
but so did Pan.

Venus, the star,
is the world's harmony
(Silence, Ecclesiastes!),
the depth of the soul...

...Y el hombre miserable
es un ángel caído.
La tierra es el probable
Paraíso Perdido.

...and wretched man
is a fallen angel.
The earth is probably
paradise lost

[19] *Ornières / Ruts* by Arthur Rimbaud (translation by John Ashbery)

À droite l'aube d'été éveille les feuilles et les
vapeurs et les bruits de ce coin du parc, et les talus
de gauche tiennent dans leur ombre violette les
mille rapides ornières de la route humide. Défilé de
féeries. En effet : des chars chargés d'animaux de
bois doré, de mâts et de toiles bariolées, au grand
galop de vingt chevaux de cirque tachetés, et les
enfants, et les hommes, sur leurs bêtes les plus
étonnantes ; — vingt véhicules, bossés, pavoisés et
fleuris comme des carrosses anciens ou de contes,
pleins d'enfants attifés pour une pastorale
suburbaine. — Même des cercueils sous leur dais
de nuit dressant les panaches d'ébène, filant au trot
des grandes juments bleues et noires.

On the right summer dawn wakens the leaves
and vapors and sounds of this corner of the
park, and the embankments on the left hold
within their purple shadows the thousand rapid
ruts of the damp road. Parade of
enchantments. Indeed: parade floats covered
with gilded wooden animals, masts and
multicolored canvas backdrops, drawn by
twenty dappled circus horses at full
gallop, and children and men on the most
amazing beasts; — twenty vehicles,
embossed, flag-draped and decked with
flowers like old-fashioned or fairy-tale
coaches, filled with children costumed for a
suburban pastoral: — Even coffins under their
canopy of night brandishing ebony plumes,
fleeing to the sound of huge blue and black
mares' hooves.

[20] *Illalle*, by Auksti Valdemar (Forsman) Koskiemies

Illalle

Oi, terve! tumma,
vieno tähti-ilta,
sun haaveellista
hartauttas lemmin
ja suortuvaisi yötä
sorjaa hemmin,
mi hulmuaapi
kulmais kuulamilta.

Kun oisit, ilta,
oi, se tenhosilta,
mi sielun multa
siirtäis lentoisammin
pois aatteen maille

To Evening

Come, gentle evening,
Come in starlit splendour!
Your fragrant hair so soft
And darkly gleaming!
Oh, let me feel it round
My forehead streaming!
Let me be wrapped in silence,
Warm and tender!

Across your bridge of maic,
Smooth and slender.
My soul would travel towards
A land of dreaming.
No longer burdened,

itse kun ma emmin,
ja siip' ei kannan aineen kahlehilta!

Ja itse oisin miekkoinen
se päivä,
mi uupuneena saisin
luokses liittää,
kun tauonnut on yö
ja puuha räivä,

kun mustasiipi yö jo silmään siittää
ja laaksot, vuoret
verhoo harmaa häivä -
oi, ilta armas,
silloin luokses kiittää!

Sad or heavy seeming.
The care of life I'd willingly surrender!

The light itself whose bonds
You daily sever,
Would flee, exhausted,
Seeking out those places
Where your soft hand all toil
And strain erases.

And, weary of life's clamour
And endeavour
I too have greatly yearned
For your embraces
Oh, quiet evening, let me rest forever.

[21] *Without Colors* by Gerrit Kouwenaar (translated by Koos Schuur)

zonder kleuren

Kleuren -- het komt nog zo ver
dat ik ze afzweer:
het mannelijk blauw, het vrouwelijk rood
het kinderlijk geel
het gezonde luidruchtige groen
het verongelijkt paars, het sluipende rose
dat zijn vader en moeder bedriegt
met tedere leugens en zich ongevraagd
in het makkende zwart uitstrekt
het zwart dat domweg voor nacht speelt
en het wit, behaarde
illusie van niets

het komt nog zo ver
dat ik met een pen met kleurloze inkt
de man en de vrouw en het kind
het gezonde seizoen en de schoppende
grafrand
het sluipende vlees en de weerzijds
elkander slopende raven en nevels
openleg meng en vereeuw

zoals een blinde

Without Colors

Colors—the time will come
that I'll abjure them:
masculine blue, feminine red
childlike yellow
healthy boisterous green
aggrieved purple, creeping pink
deceiving its father and mother
with gentle lies and unrequested
stretching into sulking black
black simply playing the part of night
and white, hairy
illusion of nothing

the time will come
that with pen and colorless ink
I shall lay open mix and immortalize
the man the woman the child
the healthy season and the shoveling grave's
edge
the creeping flesh and mutual
demolition of ravens and mists

as a blind man

zoals een blinde niet ziet
wat men zegt dat er is
maar zegt wat hij tast en betwijfelt --

as a blind man does not see
what is said to be there
but says what he touches and doubts

[22] *The Idea of Order at Key West* by Wallace Stevens

She sang beyond the genius of the sea.
The water never formed to mind or voice,
Like a body wholly body, fluttering
Its empty sleeves; and yet its mimic motion
Made constant cry, caused constantly a cry,
That was not ours although we understood,
Inhuman, of the veritable ocean.

The sea was not a mask. No more was she.
The song and water were not medleyed sound
Even if what she sang was what she heard.
Since what she sang was uttered word by word.
It may be that in all her phrases stirred
The grinding water and the gasping wind;
But it was she and not the sea we heard.

For she was the maker of the song she sang.
The ever-hooded, tragic-gestured sea
Was merely a place by which she walked to sing.
Whose spirit is this? we said, because we knew
It was the spirit that we sought and knew
That we should ask this often as she sang.

If it was only the dark voice of the sea
That rose, or even colored by many waves;
If it was only the outer voice of sky
And cloud, of the sunken coral water-walled,
However clear, it would have been deep air,
The heaving speech of air, a summer sound
Repeated in a summer without end
And sound alone. But it was more than that,
More even than her voice, and ours, among
The meaningless plungings of water and the wind,
Theatrical distances, bronze shadows heaped
On high horizons, mountainous atmospheres
Of sky and sea.

It was her voice that made
The sky acutest at its vanishing.

Ramon Fernandez, tell me, if you know,
Why, when the singing ended and we turned
Toward the town, tell why the glassy lights,
The lights in the fishing boats at anchor there,
As night descended, tilting in the air,
Mastered the night and portioned out the sea,
Fixing emblazoned zones and fiery poles,
Arranging, deepening, enchanting night.
Oh! Blessed rage for order, pale Ramon,
The maker's rage to order words of the sea,
Words of the fragrant portals, dimly-starred,
And of ourselves and of our origins,
In ghostlier demarcations, keener sounds.

She measured to the hour its solitude.
She was the single artificer of the world
In which she sang. And when she sang, the sea,
Whatever self it had, became the self
That was her song, for she was the maker. Then we,
As we beheld her striding there alone,
Knew that there never was a world for her
Except the one she sang and, singing, made.

[23] *There is Rain in Me* by DH Lawrence

There is rain in me
running down, running down, trickling
away from memory.

There is ocean in me
swaying, swaying O, so deep
so fathomlessly black
and spurting suddenly up, snow-white, like snow leopards
rearing
high and clawing with rage at the cliffs of the soul
then disappearing back with a hiss
of eternal salt rage; angry is old ocean within a man.

[24] *Man Carrying Thing* by Wallace Stevens

The poem must resist the intelligence
Almost successfully. Illustration:

A brune figure in winter evening resists
Identity. The thing he carries resists

The most necessitous sense. Accept them, then,
As secondary (parts not quite perceived

Of the obvious whole, uncertain particles
Of the certain solid, the primary free from doubt,

Things floating like the first hundred flakes of snow
Out of a storm we must endure all night,

Out of a storm of secondary things),
A horror of thoughts that suddenly are real.

We must endure our thoughts all night, until
The bright obvious stands motionless in cold.

[25] *Pieces* by Wallace Stevens

Tinsel in February, tinsel in August.
There are things in a man besides his reason.
Come home, wind, he kept crying and crying.

Snow glistens in its instant in the air,
Instant of the millefiori bluely magnified—
Come home, wind, he said as he climbed the
stair —

Crystal on crystal until crystal clouds
Become an over-crystal out of ice,
Exhaling these creations of itself.

There is a sense in sounds beyond their meaning.
The tinsel of August falling was like a flame
That breathed on ground, more blue than red,
more red

Than green, fidgets of all-related fire.
The wind is like a dog that runs away.
But it is like a horse. It is like motion

That lives in space. It is a person at night,
A member of the family, a tie,
An ethereal cousin, another milleman

[26] From CXXXVI proverbs and cantos by Antonio Machado

Caminante, son tus huellas
el camino y nada más;
Caminante, no hay camino,
se hace camino al andar.
Al andar se hace el camino,
y al volver la vista atrás
se ve la senda que nunca
se ha de volver a pisar.
Caminante no hay camino
sino estelas en la mar.

Wanderer, your footsteps are
the road, and nothing more;
wanderer, there is no road,
the road is made by walking.
By walking one makes the road,
and upon glancing behind
one sees the path
that never will be trod again.
Wanderer, there is no road—
Only wakes upon the sea.

[27] See *Pensées sous les nuages/Clouded Skies* by Philippe Jaccottet in Caws, 2004
(translation by Mark Treharne and David Constantine).

[28] *There was a man who lived a life of fire* by Stephen Crane

There was a man who lived a life of fire.
Even upon the fabric of time,
Where purple becomes orange

And orange purple,
This life glowed,
A dire red stain, indelible;
Yet when he was dead,
He saw that he had not lived.

[29] *Each Small Gleam Was a Voice* by Stephen Crane

Each small gleam was a voice,
A lantern voice –
In little songs of carmine, violet, green, gold.
A chorus of colours came over the water;
The wondrous leaf-shadow no longer wavered,
No pines crooned on the hills,
The blue night was elsewhere a silence,
When the chorus of colours came over the water,
Little songs of carmine, violet, green, gold.

Small glowing pebbles
Thrown on the dark plane of evening
Sing good ballads of God
And eternity, with soul's rest.
Little priests, little holy fathers,
None can doubt the truth of your hymning,
When the marvellous chorus comes over the
water,
Songs of carmine, violet, green, gold.

[30] *In the Steps of the Moon* by Philippe Jaccottet (translation by Edward Lucie-Smith)

Sur les pas de la lune

M'étant penché en cette nuit à la fenêtre,
je vis que le monde était devenu léger
et qu'il n'y avait plus d'obstacles. Tout ce qui
nous retient dans le jour semblait plutôt devoir
me porter maintenant d'une ouverture à l'autre
à l'intérieur d'une demeure d'eau vers quelque chose
de très faible et de très lumineux comme l'herbe :
j'allais entrer dans l'herbe sans aucune peur,
j'allais rendre grâce à la fraîcheur de la terre,
sur les pas de la lune je dis oui et je m'en fus...

In the Steps of the Moon

Tonight, leaning at the window,
I saw that the world was weightless,
and its obstacles were gone.
All that holds us back in the daytime
seemed bound to carry me now
from one opening to the other,
from within a house of water
towards something weak and bright
as the grass I was about to enter,
fearless, giving thanks for earth's freshness,
in the steps of the moon I said
yes and then off I went..

[31] *Rain* by Jorge Luis Borges (translation by Alastair Reid)

Lluvia

Bruscamente la tarde se ha aclarado
Porque ya cae la lluvia minuciosa.

Rain

Quite suddenly the evening clears at last
as now outside the soft small rain is falling.

Cae o cayó. La lluvia es una cosa
Que sin duda sucede en el pasado.

Falling or fallen. Rain itself is something
undoubtedly which happens in the past.

Quien la oye caer ha recobrado
El tiempo en que la suerte venturosa
Le reveló una flor llamada rosa
Y el curioso color del colorado.

Whoever hears it falling has remembered
a time in which a curious twist of fate
brought back to him a flower whose name was "rose"
and the perplexing redness of its red.

Esta lluvia que ciega los cristales
Alegrará en perdidos arrabales
Las negras uvas de una parra en cierto

This rain which spreads it blind across the pane
must also brighten in forgotten suburbs
the black grapes on a vine across a shrouded

Patio que ya no existe. La mojada
Tarde me trae la voz, la voz deseada,
De mi padre que vuelve y que no ha muerto.

patio no more. The evening's rain
brings me the voice, the dear voice of my father,
who comes back now, who never has been dead.

[32] *Green* by DH Lawrence

The dawn was apple-green,

The sky was green wine held up in the sun,
The moon was a golden petal between

She opened her eyes, and green
They shone, clear like flowers undone
For the first time, now for the first time seen

[33] *Hollow of Light* by Hans Andreus (translated by James S. Holmes)

Holte van licht

Hollow of Light

Tegen het lege praten.

Talking to emptiness.

Holte van licht.

Hollow of light.

Essentie die
het stralend gebrek
aan vorm en omtrek
blijft verhullen

Essence that hides
and keeps on hiding
the radiant lack
of form and circumference

voor ogen die willen
zien en niet kunnen.

for eyes that want to
see and can't.

Maar ik praat met mijn mond en
handen en hele
lijf er op in

But I talk to it
with my mouth and hands,
my entire body

totdat het spreekt,
antwoord
er uit losbreekt.

until it speaks,
answers and
breaks free.

[34] *Beginning of Summer* by Robert Melançon (translation by Philip Stratford)

Le Début de l'été

Beginning of Summer

L'aurore se dissoudra
dans le bleu où tournera
le soleil. Tu écoutes
les rumeurs de l'espace qui s'ébauche,
tu parcours des yeux l'arc visible,
les saccades de la claret rose
que fouille le vent. Voici
juin: une lyre d'herbe.

Dawn will dissolve
in the blue where the sun
turns. Listen
to hints of space taking shape,
your eyes rove over the visible
arc and shock of the rosy light
sifted by the wind. This is
June: a grass harp.

[35] *Rune 39 in The Kalevala*

[36] *Storm in the Black Forest* by DH Lawrence

Now it is almost night, from the bronzey soft sky
jugfull after jugfull of pure white liquid fire, bright white
tipples over and spills down,
and is gone
and gold-bronze flutters beat through the thick upper air.

And as the electric liquid pours out, sometimes
a still brighter white snake wriggles among it, spilled
and tumbling wriggling down the sky :
and then the heavens cackle with uncouth sounds.

And the rain won't come, the rain refuses to come!

This is the electricity that man is supposed to have mastered
chained, subjugated to his own use!
supposed to!

[37] *Forecasting Spring* by Rainer Maria Rilke

Hardness vanished. Sudden sprigs are
stealing
Through the meadows' uninterrupted grey,
Little waters change their accent singing
Tiny tendernesses — inaccurately.

Reaching out of space, toward the earth,
touching
Lanes that lead far into county — see
Unexpected, subtly mounting,
Expression in the empty tree.

[38] *Willow Poem* by William Carlos Williams

It is a willow when summer is over,
a willow by the river
from which no leaf has fallen nor
bitten by the sun
turned orange or crimson.
The leaves cling and grow paler,
swing and grow paler
over the swirling waters of the river
as if loth to let go,
they are so cool, so drunk with
the swirl of the wind and of the river —
oblivious to winter,
the last to let go and fall
into the water and on the ground.

[39] *Moving Forward* by Rainer Maria Rilke

The deep parts of my life pour onward,
as if the river shores were opening out.
It seems that things are more like me now,
That I can see farther into paintings.
I feel closer to what language can't reach.
With my senses, as with birds, I climb
into the windy heaven, out of the oak,
in the ponds broken off from the sky
my falling sinks, as if standing on fishes.

[40] *There Was Set Before Me a Mighty Hill* by Stephen Crane

There was set before me a mighty hill,
And long days I climbed
Through regions of snow.
When I had before me the summit-view,

It seemed that my labour
Had been to see gardens
Lying at impossible distances.

[41] *Aube / Dawn* by Arthur Rimbaud (translation by John Ashbery)

J'ai embrassé l'aube d'été.

I embraced the summer dawn.

Rien ne bougeait encore au front des palais. L'eau était morte. Les camps d'ombre ne quittaient pas la route du bois. J'ai marché, réveillant les haleines vives et tièdes, et les pierreries regardèrent, et les ailes se levèrent sans bruit.

Nothing was moving yet on the façades of palaces. The water was still. Encampments of shadows still lingered along the road through the woods. I walked, waking living and warm breaths, and jewels looked on, and wings arose noiselessly.

La première entreprise fut, dans le sentier déjà empli de frais et blêmes éclats, une fleur qui me dit son nom.

The first undertaking, in the pathway already filled with fresh, pale sparkles, was a flower which told me its name.

Je ris au wasserfall blond qui s'échevela à travers les sapins : à la cime argentée je reconnus la déesse.

I laughed at the blond wasserfall disheveling itself through the pines: at its silver summit, I recognized the goddess.

Alors je levai un à un les voiles. Dans l'allée, en agitant les bras. Par la plaine, où je l'ai dénoncée au coq. A la grand'ville elle fuyait parmi les clochers et les dômes, et courant comme un mendiant sur les quais de marbre, je la chassais.

Then I lifted the veils one by one. In the pathway, gesticulating. On the plain, where I denounced her to the cock. In the great city, she fled among the steeples and domes, and running like a beggar along the marble quays, I chased her.

En haut de la route, près d'un bois de lauriers, je l'ai entourée avec ses voiles amasses, et j'ai senti un peu son immense corps. L'aube et l'enfant tombèrent au bas du bois.

Farther up the road, near the laurel grove, I wrapped her in the veils I had collected, and I felt, a little, her immense body. Dawn and child fell to the bottom of the wood.

Au réveil il était midi.

When I awoke it was noon.

[42] *Sunset* by Rainer Maria Rilke (translation by Robert Bly)

Abend

Sunset

Der Abend wechselt langsam die Gewänder,
die ihm ein Rand von alten Bäumen hält;
du schaust: und von dir scheiden sich die Länder,

Slowly the west reaches for clothes of new colours
which it passes to a row of ancient trees.
You look, and soon these two worlds both leave you,

ein himmelfahrendes und eins, das fällt;
und lassen dich, zu keinem ganz gehörend,
nicht ganz so dunkel wie das Haus, das schweigt,
nicht ganz so sicher Ewiges beschwörend
wie das, was Stern wird jede Nacht und steigt –

und lassen dir (unsäglich zu entwirrn)
dein Leben bang und riesenhaft und reifend,
so dass es, bald begrenzt und bald begreifend,
abwechselnd Stein in dir wird und Gestirn.

one part climbs toward heaven, one sinks to earth,
leaving you, not really belonging to either,
not so helplessly dark as that house that is silent,
not so unswervingly given to the eternal as that thing
that turns to a star each night and climbs —

leaving you (it is impossible to untangle the threads)
your own life, timid and standing high and growing,
so that, sometimes blocked in, sometimes reaching out,
one moment your life is a stone in you, and the next, a star.

[43] See *Sea Surface Full of Clouds* by Wallace Stevens