George Seferis

Four Poems

Longtemps je me suis couché de bonne heure

...full of shutters and distrust as you were yearning toward its dark corners

whispers “for years I retired early
looking at the image of Hylas and the image of the Magdalene
before saying good-night I watched the chandelier with its white light
the metals gleaming, I abandoned with difficulty
the day's last voices.”

The house as you were yearning toward its ancient cornices
wakes with the mother’s step upon the stairs
the hand that arranges the covers or the mosquito net
the lips that quench the candle’s flame.

All these are old stories that no longer interest anyone
we hardened our hearts and grew up.

The mountain’s freshness never falls below the bell-tower
marking the hours in a monologue and we see it
when in the afternoon into the courtyard comes
Aunt Daria Dimitriovna, born Trofimovitch.
The mountain’s freshness doesn’t touch the robust hand of San Nicolo
nor the pharmacist gazing out between one red and one green globe
like an ocean liner turned into marble.
To find the freshness you must climb higher than the bell-tower beyond the hand of San Nicolo some 70 or 80 meters, it's not far. Yet there you will whisper as if you were retiring early and in easy sleep, lost, the bitterness of separation not many words—just two or three will suffice since the waters flow and have no fear of ceasing you whisper leaning your head on a friend's shoulder as if you hadn't grown up in the silent house with grave faces that have made us awkward strangers. And yet there, slightly above the bell-tower, your life is changed. Easy enough to go up but to change is painful when the house is within the stone church and your heart is in the house which darkens and all the doors have been bolted by the big hand of San Nicole.

~

**MUTUAL PLEDGE**

They're there—I cannot change— with two large eyes behind the wave behind the place where the wind blows following the flights of birds they're there with two large eyes; has anyone ever changed himself? What are you looking for? your messages reach the ship transformed your love becomes hate your calm becomes confusion and I cannot turn back to see your faces on the shore.

They're there the large eyes and while I stay riveted to my course and while the stars fall to the horizon they're there fixed in the air like a destiny more mine than is my own.
Your words, habits of hearing
whistle in the shrouds and pass along
do I believe still in your existence
comrades-at-fate, unreal shadows?

This world has lost its color now
like seaweed of another time upon the shore
gray, dry and at the mercy of the wind.

A vast sea two eyes
nimble and motionless like the breeze
and my sails so long as they hold, and my God.

COLIN EDMONSON

George Seferis has just honored the Nobel Prize for Literature by winning it.

DENIAL

On the seashore secret
and white as a dove
we thirsted at noon;
but the water was brackish.

Upon the blond sand
we wrote her name;
beautifully blew the sea breeze
and erased the letters.

With what courage, what vitality,
what desires and what suffering
we followed our life; a mistake!
and we altered life.
The house becomes filled with crickets
beating like arhythmic clocks
out of breath. And the years

in which we live beat like them
while the just keep silent
as if they had nothing to say.

I heard them once at Pelion
rapidly digging a cave
in the night. But the leaf

of fate we have turned now
and you know us and we know you
from the far-northerners to

the negroes of the equator
who have body without mind
and who cry when hurt.

And I hurt and you hurt
but we neither cry nor
even whisper, because

the machine is hurrying
in horror and in disdain
in death and in life,

The house becomes filled with crickets.

PATRICIA AND DEMETRIOS PAPAHADJOPOULOS

~
Two Poems

THE COME-BACK

I walk my reappearance
round these streets
with a familiar terror.
What remains
could be more than it was.
A greasy pavement
slithers my nervous feet
in expected rain.
Mount Preston. The
Particular Baptist Chapel.
The flat was, surely,
a little further on.

It smelt of cat and gas;
my unmade sheets
stayed on the bed for weeks;
I never made
real contact with the laundry;
my clothes were damp,
and baths impossible:
you’d think that I’d
still recognize it, but
they look the same.
One of the three is
boarded up and dead.

That could be it. But
then, perhaps not. I can’t
re-live what might be
somewhere else. I’m locked
out properly here;
impossible to claim
nostalgia for a house that
will not look
familiar, for all the
times it gripped
me in dark hallways.
Quickly, I turn my back,
uneasiness nearing dread.
“It isn’t fair”
sounds like a child’s whine
in my head. I trace
a route for doubt, towards
the echoing rock-
encrusted house at the corner
of Cromer Terrace;
my basement room’s still there;
I stoop and peer.
New furniture. New books
piled on new floors.

The floor had to be new.
It broke beneath me
thirteen years ago.
A mist of dry
brown spores masked every
polished surface, choking
throat and lung until
one comic day
the whole thing just caved in.
“Dry Rot,” they said.
Little is left for Memory
to hang on by,
and I don’t ask or knock.
Why knock, why ask?
This different place contains
a different ghost
that stoops and scribbles as
if he were meant
more than the rest of us,
and more possessed,
The last time I drank here
I saw Tod Slaughter
play The Denion Barber.
between deaths to the Circle
Bar for gin.
Jenny was seventy then.
Was it five hundred
times, or over a thousand
he'd done her in?
His great long face
was flabby-white, his voice
a different resonant
century's, his head
magnificent. "I've always
played it straight.
You have to play these
grand things straight," he said.

CITY VARIETIES

The last time I drank here
I saw Tod Slaughter
play The Demon Barber.
He'd run back
between deaths to the Circle
Bar for gin.
Jenny was seventy then.
Was it five hundred
times, or over a thousand
he'd done her in?

I dare not say Goodbye to.
This last house
I lived in is, I see,
waste ground, stamped flat.
It hardly troubles me
more than to clutch
my raincoat closer.
Somewhere else has thought
Odysseus dead, that's all.
One Spring I moved
house, muse, life, love,
along here in a handcart.

We played ours almost
straight, and the run was shorter.
Once a year for three years
we played Drink,
A Dripping Saga through
the streets. I wore
a black top hat, moustache,
and cloak. They cheered,
hissed, laughed, and threw
tomatoes. We drank beer.

And chased the girls.
Does that big blonde remember
my hand on her plump
bare tits inside her mac,
walking back up Tonbridge
Street? And was it
that year the rotten fruit
finished off my cloak?

Dust dries my throat.
I have another Bass
on long dead lusts and
gaeties. No need
to burlesque their absurdities;
play them straight;
walking back from the bar
into the glow
of your nostalgia, enter,
gesture, wait,

and sound the heroic
statement. Love and Death
attend the slithering wigs
and wooden swords.
The Barber smiles. Time Stops.
His razor lifts.
And from the Gods we
thunder daft applause.
TULIP

The sound of buzzing bee
Disappears into a tulip.

Quietly in the still breeze,
A red chamber has ushered in a guest.

TATSUJI MIYOSHI was born in 1900. He founded the Shiki (Four Seasons) movement in the '30's, which infused modern concepts of literature with the most significant traditional techniques of Japanese poetry.

SAKUTARO HAGIWARA

FAMILY

I sit in an old house
silently conversing,
not with an enemy,
not with a creditor.
“Look! I am your wife,
and even death cannot separate us.”

The meanness of her eyes
burning with revenge
hatefully
stabs me.

I sit in an old house
with no means of escape.

SAKUTARO HAGIWARA (1886-1942), a leader of the Shiki school, was a symbolist, an anarchist, and a poet of the colloquial tongue.
APOLOGIZING ONE DAY FOR NOT HAVING WRITTEN

Riding a rickety bicycle,
Crossing Owatari Bridge,
The cold wind sweeping from Chichibu,
The setting of the gaudy yellow sun,
My tongue feeling numb from cheap whiskey,
A prostitute staggering through a cold rice field,
Being quite dark,
A crow laughing from a low roof top,
Glass tinkling into fragments,
The sky over Joshu frozen small,
Not being able to see Shimpei’s face any more,
Riding a rickety bicycle,
Beggars sprawling on the sidewalks,
Needing a smoke badly,
Getting darker and darker.

FUYUJI TANAKA

SLEET FALLS OVER A TINY VILLAGE

Sleet falls over a village,
A mountain village.
A wild boar
is hanging head down,
The bristles of this boar
are frozen.
And in these bristles lies
this ice-covered village,
Mountain village of my birth.
—And in the snow
hemp bark is being boiled
for cloth.

THE SNOWY DAY

The snow falls steadily—
Blue fish and red fish
Lie beautifully in the open market.
The streets are nearly empty
Even of the clucking of chickens
And the howling of dogs.
Only a teletype is heard
In the post office
Which is now lighted
Due to the darkness.
The snow falls steadily—
On snowy days
 Darkness comes without warning.
What are the birds
And the animals of the mountains
Doing on such a day?
I wonder what the gentle and timid deer
Is doing as it yearns for the sun
And the young grasses of spring.
On the night of such a day,
I wonder if the wild boar
Will come from the deep mountain snow
Nearer to town in search of food.
The woodpecker
That pecked a hole into the temple pillar,
I wonder what it is doing.
All of them are probably cold.
Even though it has become quite dark,
The snow falls steadily—
I can smell the fragrance of my supper soup
As it is prepared.

FUYUJI TANAKA, another Shiki poet, was born in 1894, and takes his inspiration from traditional haiku, although his work is modern in spirit. His poem “Sleet” is calligraphed here by Sato Yugo.
みぞれのする 町
みぞれのする 町
山の町
山の町

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山の町
Eight Poems

Confrontations of constellations or conflagrations, not complications; consider Mathematics, Mortimer

more words than one won
more words than two are true
more words than three see me
more worlds than seven are
worlds than four

soar
more worlds
more words
more worlds
more worlds
more worlds

A single gnat like a dapper Chinese acrobat fled towards a woodpecker.

The giant snow like a giant bear vague as a cloud all grey and wild came flatly down the wandering sky and sat and danced in the streets all night.

The men with their brooms, the wives with their grooms soon took up house in the wonderful world and fed the wild bear poems and religions; he stared at their children going to school.

Typing Zen sayings under
the rage
of philosophies
became nimble
in any
nit wit.

a syllable in a poem, a student in a classroom, a tempest in a pearl
The compassionate jewel that everyone cannot lose is Buddha.

Typing Zen sayings
Chuang-tzu: "There is a yak large as a cloud across the sky. It is huge all right, but it cannot catch mice. Now you have a large tree and are worried about its uselessness. Why do you not plant it in the realm of Nothingness, in the expanse of Infinitude, so that you may wander by its side in Nonaction (wu-wei), and you may lie under it in Blissful Repose?" or

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR A MEETING: POETRY READINGS TONIGHT

Several clouds like Blissful Repose like gods and goddesses convening rendered unto the poet or lover waiting under a thatched roof a downpour of virtuous musical Nonaction; they didn't do anything; it kept raining it kept raining it kept raining, later several philosophers floated on a large river; whatever became of the book I was reading? said the disappearing and reappearing Cloud.

(Is wu-wei your name?)
HENRI MICHAUD

TWO POEMS FROM ECUADOR

JE SUIS NÉ TROUÉ

A terrible wind is blowing.
It's only a small hole in my chest,
But a terrible wind is blowing in.
Little village of Quito, you're not for me.
I need hatred, and envy, that's my health.
A great city is what I need.
A great consummation of envy.

It's only a small hole in my chest,
But a terrible wind is blowing in,
In the hole there is hatred (always), also terror and helplessness,
There is helplessness, and the wind reeks of it,
Strong as a whirlwind,
Would snap a steel needle,
And it is but a wind, a void.

A terrible wind is blowing.
It's only a small hole in my chest,
But a terrible wind is blowing in.
Little village of Quito, you're not for me.
I need hatred, and envy, that's my health.
A great city is what I need.
A great consummation of envy.

But, more likely, it would be a vast forest, one such as Europe hasn't seen for ages.
And it is my life, my life in the void.
If it disappears, this void, I search myself, I get into a frenzy and it's even worse.
I have erected myself on a missing column.
What would Christ have said had he been so constituted?
There are some ailments which, if you cure, the man has nothing left.

Soon he dies, he was too late.
Can a woman be satisfied with hatred?
Then love me, love me very much and tell it to me,
Write to me, some one of you.
But what's this little squirt?
I haven't been aware of him very long.
Neither a pair of thighs, nor a great heart can fill my void,
Nor eyes full of England and yearning as it's said,
Nor a voice singing, telling of completeness and warmth.

The shivers in me have some chills always on hand.
My void is a great guzzler, a great crusher, and a great exterminator.
My void is quilting and silence.
A silence of stars.
Though this hole may be deep, it hasn't form.
Words don't find it,
They wallow around.
I have always thought that people who regard themselves as revolutionaries should feel brotherly.
They spoke of one another with emotion: flowed like soup.
That's not hatred, my friends, that's gelatin.
Hatred is always hard,
Strikes others
But likewise perpetually scrapes a man's insides.
It is the opposite of hatred.
And no remedy. No remedy whatever.

~
SOUVENIRS

At that time I kept dropping out of sight in this horizon that held two arms.

(The eve of the departure the traveler glances back. It's as if he were losing courage.)

Comparable to nature, comparable to nature, comparable to nature,
To nature, to nature, to nature,
Comparable to a feather-comforter,
Comparable to thought,
And also comparable in a certain way to the Globe of the earth,
Comparable to a mistake, to sweetness and to cruelty
To what is not true, does not stop, to the head of a driven nail,
To slumber that revives you in proportion as you have been busy elsewhere,
To a song in a foreign language,
To a tooth which hurts and remains vigilant,
To the Araucaria spreading its branches into a patio,
And forming its harmony without presenting its bills, and not doing any art criticism,
To the dust there is in summertime, to an invalid who is shaking,
To the eye dropping a tear and thus cleansing itself,
To clouds superimposed one on the other, foreshortening the horizon but making you think of the sky.
To the glow of a station at night, when you arrive, not knowing if there are any more trains.
To the word Hindu, for someone who never went where they are to be found in every street,
To what is told about death,
To a sail in the Pacific,
To a hen underneath a banana leaf, one rainy afternoon,
To the caress of a great fatigue, to a promise long over-due,
To the bustle in an ant-nest,
To the wing of a condor when the other wing is already at the opposite slope of the mountain,
To some combinations,
To the marrow bone at the same time as to a lie,

To a young bamboo at the same time as to the tiger who squashes the young bamboo.
Comparable to me finally,
And even more to what is not me.
By, you who were my By....

Robin Magowan

HENRI MICHAUX, French poet, painter, and voyager, was born in Belgium in 1899, and has devoted his life to the philosophy of creative experimentation.

Harold Fleming

POEM

For my birthday coming summertime, all under Hills and sky, an incompleteness: ever After fields and sleights of valleys Where the sleds rode winter out and screaming Girls with their boys came down and even skiers Made parallel their freedom: it was after Supper that was soon forever-after And I went out to walk against the winter When it came at the hillside I connected To the sky made stars, a ceiling filling With such flight I went to feel my meaning In that valley where I walked on water.

It was summer ending my first notion Above green water in the valley sliding With slim fishes and the fat frogs slapping Circles I came after, stones as plummets With a string attached to hit the bottom With an arrow later to cross bow With my muscles making hickory strengthen In the strength I never would have managed Had the cord not broken and the arrow Fallen at my feet to drown attention In the water where an imperfection Had been created by a stone or arrow.
For one summer killing frogs with arrows
After minnows slid away as wishes
I heard shady paths I might have followed
And supposed I would observe a person
Coming to the edge to watch the water
With the snow of winter slowly coming
And the leaves the color of that flaming
Arrow fired from seven burning candles:
I could blow all summer as a season
With somebody there to keep me watching
Tips of leaping flame that had corrected
Fields to leap and bound in to my being.

~

Lloyd C. Parks

Three Poems

QUARREL

Slambanging pots and pans, silence her shield,
She storms another meal;
While he, bent by a chair, stares a book blind.
Child on the floor playing, crouching behind
His fort, pretends he cannot feel
Hate, blue and leaping, arc above his field.

And when home catches fire, roars, he will
Pretend he isn’t burned,
Pretend he wasn’t born, but sit so good, so still,
Dragons may sniff and pass.

Taught by assorted monsters, he has learned
To freeze calmly, till beak and claw relent
And fondle calmly—indifferent, note a scent
Of blood in the fresh grass.

~

SNOWSCAPE

We had not seen a bird the livelong day.
Below a sky the smallest song might shiver
To snow, across the same and silent river,
Among tall silences we walked, a way
White shadows said to go.

Nothing to say,
Saying nothing, walked on until a moon
Broke whitely across the late white afternoon,
Until, as shadows turn, we turned away.

Since you were cold, the night coldly breaking,
We hurried home down fields of stubble-wheat,
Frozen down furrows.

Home, on a cold sheet,
Beneath a sheet of cold, lay all night waking,
Too cold for love or sleep. Lay all night making,
Each to each, gifts of the world’s last heat.

~

SONG WITHOUT MUTES

Moves as a leaf will move along a river,
or a small song,
the shine of sun; as a leaf fallen, silver,
fallen from willow, so runs a yellow sun
all river long;
riven from air, from willow, runs with a shiver
like fishes
fishes among.

~
Patrick Gleeson

VOLUME ENTITLED SEEING AMERICA
AND OTHER RAMBLES

1.
Poems written in bus-stations shall not be immortal
Neither for the washrooms
Nor the 40c Chili Special
(With lots of crackers)
Nor the yellow bitch howling in the alley
Nor the baggage-clerk's boot
(The connection between them clear
And infrequent)
Nor the bilingual edition of Candide in a black metal rack
Nor the Illustrated Brigitte Bardot, no language skill required
Nor the smell of waiting
For nothing in particular.

2.
On highway 99 going south
One reads The Possessed
Or does not, and listens to the drowned cackling
Of the old who've lost their baggage
And their looks
And can't imagine where to find them
Honey
They've done something with them
In zinc-lined rooms
They stored them away there
For the profit of the company
Where conveyors belts whir
Them to looms making tapestries
Of curios, old umbrellas
Damp cartons from Yakima
Tied with granny-knotted string
The last issue of Edward from Baltimore
He was a funny

3.
Perhaps it's the tests
Perhaps it's the way they don't treat you the same any more
The way bones get old
And brittle as ice
(The horns)
The way your luggage disappears
And turns up again stamped Unclaimed
Before you know it
Perhaps it's a lot of things
If you could only think about it
And hear it while you're thinking

4.
From Sacramento west there are no people
Until the orange stands blossom
And the tough hill-grass fires green out of the earth
And turns brownish
There are no children
In those profitable groves
And presumably no snakes
Have they done something with them
Made them into luggage
Stored on racks somewhere
And the white rings on the trees
Do they signify
Nothing do they kill
Something
Native to the landscape?
5.
Boot strap
Smell of cobalt
Burning sulphur
Zinc
Labels from old umbrellas
Moon cars big enough to stand up in
Immense
Three-ring circus towns
Stretched out from Blaine to San Diego
Connected by the Weldon Kees Memorial Bridge
And the great lost city disappearing
In doormen's hands and delicate white fog.

6.
You shall not steal your neighbor's Life
In the Great Southwest Desert
Nor in Vane, Nevada
Take up his Time
The Enquirer wants to know
And will be informed by tomorrow's post
Whereas
Americans
Because they don't write
Must read
Because they lack hope
Must wish
Because they can't see the sense in it
Must wander through landscapes
Filling up with paper
Shocked into reticence
On the prow of a bus.

Charles Wright

ISLANDS

Corfu

Over Govino Bay, looking up from the water's edge, the landscape resembles nothing so much as the hills above Genova, valleying into the sea, washing down olive, cypress, and etiolate arbutus. A caique, snubbed to harbor, confirms the sea's slight syncopation as I walk along the beach toward the slow snapping of plane trees. A gull spreads out under the wind, tacks, and folds as easily as a piece of silk upon the northern shore. Behind me sunset spills over Albania, its juice seeping into the mountains. Alone, I surrender to the simple pulse-beat of silence, so faint it seems to come from another country. As darkness nestles I wait, calmly, unquestioning, for St. Spyridon of Holy Memory to leave his silver casket and emerge, wearing the embroidered slippers, from the grove of miracles above the hill.

Delos

I have come, impenitent, from Italy
to walk gravely among monumental cypresses,
and find only stelae where the sky harbors.
The night wind aims across Delos like an arrow,
flaring occasional trees
on the southern sky.

I have had enough of darkness,
this night cleared of stars.
I ask now for the sun,
the quick clusters of dawn,
and your voice which defies them, now
as distant as Cyprus.
Phaestos, Crete

Through the high doors and corridors of March,
April advances on this island
as, beyond the hill's huge sleeping curve,
one cobalt thigh of the sea
opens and closes.
The valley’s deep oceanic arc rises
into the planes and levels of the heavens,
bearing lemon groves away.

In this palace where I walk, without halls or king,
fragments of a culture survive
their ceremony of roses.

On the opposite hill, already dark,
a goat-herd guards his dingy, unlosable beasts.

Mykonos

Waves break down the sand, piecemeal,
Along the paper edge of the bay,
Draw in their lines, hang, and then unreel.

In the pure, fluted shallows below me,
A child, alone in the spreading noon,
Pulls an octopus from the immaculate sea

And strikes against a flattened band
Of rock the quick, unnerving blow.
The creature spits, then closes like a hand.

Throughout a massive Aegean sleep,
This child, in pantomime, fulfills
The bitter ordinance which I must keep...

The air at last is quiet, and blue.
The child is gone. The simple sea
Spells out again its Law,
this time for you.

Alvaro Cardona-Hine

A Poem and Four Translations

LITANY

I want to smell the floor wax
smell the bedspreads
smell the rice in the five o'clock wind
I want to touch
the slippery moss bead of the faucet
touch
the fly-paper
touch
the turtle
I want to sneak into my uncle's room
I want to throw a rock again
I want to find the beggar I laughed at
I want to fear a dog
I want my leather schoolbag back
I want the wicker chair to pinch me
I want a cigar band on my thumb
I want the grown-up's praise
I want to get angry at Leocadia
I want a heaven like the priest has said
I want the Spanish Civil War to continue
I want the Dutch tapestry to quack
quiero morir quiero vivir

~
Miguel Hernandez

Quatros Poemas

TODO ERA AZUL

Todo era azul delante de aquellos ojos y era verde hasta lo entrañable, dorado hasta muy lejos. Porque el color hallaba su encarnación primera dentro de aquellos ojos de frágiles reflejos.

Ojos nacientes: luces en una doble esfera. Todo radiaba en torno como un solar de espejos. Vivificando las cosas para la primavera poder fué de unos ojos que nunca han sido viejos.

Se los devora. ¿Sabes? No soy feliz. No hay goce como sentir aquella mirada inundadora. Cuando se me alejaba, me despedí del día.

La claridad brotaba de su directo roce, pero los devoraron. Y están brotando ahora penumbras como el pardo rubor de la agonía.

SONETO

Sonreir con la alegre tristeza del olivo, esperar, no cansarse de esperar la alegría. Sonriamos, doremos la luz de cada día en esta alegre y triste vanidad de ser vivo.

Me siento cada día más leve y más cautivo en toda esta sonrisa tan clara y tan sombría. Cruzan las tempestades sobre tu boca fría como sobre la mía que aún es un soplo estivo.

TOTALLY BLUE

All was blue before those eyes and green down to the core, golden till away. Full color found initial incarnation within those eyes of tenderest refraction.

Newborn eyes: lights on a double sphere. Everything around them blazed like a garden of mirrors. The spring’s arousal lay within the scope of eyes that never learned of age.

Devoured. Do you know? I can’t be happy. There is no joy like sensing that overwhelming look. When it began to wane, I bade the day goodbye.

Clarity sprung from their mere glance, but they have been devoured. They are now ripples of twilight, drab fevers of agony.

SONNET

To smile the painful smile of the olive tree, to wait and never cease to wait for joy!
Let us smile, cherish the light of day in a proud and bittersweet attempt to stay alive.

I grow weaker with each day, and more enmeshed in this huge smile at once so clear and dark. Tempests rage above your frozen mouth, above my one remaining breath.
Una sonrisa se alza sobre el abismo: crece como un abismo trémulo, pero batiente en alas. Una sonrisa eleva calientemente el vuelo.

Diurna, firme, arriba, no baja, no anochecer. Todo lo desafías, amor: todo lo escalas, Con sonrisa te fuiste de la tierra y el cielo.

POEMA

Uvas, granadas, datiles, doradas, rojas, rojos, hierbabuena del alma, azafrán de los poros.

Uvas como tu frente, uvas como tus ojos. Granadas con la herida de tu florido asombro. Datiles con lasesbelta ternura sin retorno. Azafrán, hierbabuena llueves a grandes chorros sobre la mesa pobre, gastada, del otono, muerto que te derramas, muerto que yo conozco, muerto frutas, caído con octubre en los hombros.

I speak after death. You grow silent beyond life. Poor conversations never once put into words.

POEM

Grapes, pomegranates, dates, golden, red, and scarlet, peppermint of the soul, saffron of the skin and pore.

Grapes like your forehead, grapes like your two eyes. Pomegranates with the wound of your flowering amazement. Dates in the tender shape of no return. Saffron, peppermint that you shower in torrents upon the worn, humble table of autumn, corpse that overflows, corpse that I know so well, corpse of the harvest, fallen with October on these shoulders.
fill the best portion of our lives and deaths.
A vibrant silence keeps all vibrancies in check.
With swords forged out of silence, hammered out of glances and kisses and lengthened throughout days do our bodies rise, do our bodies plunge.
With silence I defeat you.
With silence you pierce me.
With silence vibrant of syllables and silences.

Attila Gérecz was born in Budapest in 1930, and in the early '50's was an organizer of the anti-Communist youth movement in Hungary. He was imprisoned, attempted escape, was captured, and tortured. He escaped in the October revolution of 1956, and died while attacking four Soviet tanks with gasoline bombs.

MONOLOGUE

She wept like all old women visiting their sons, Unable to discriminate hero from criminal. She went quite miserably, an old woman leaning on a cane. And yet, as she lifted the tips of her fingers She gave more than her farewell at these bars. She managed, as she did when I was a boy, to lift my heart to those fingers tossing a kiss.

But I didn't want to feed on her love. The emptied heart is better prepared for death.

Sin? It still carries me—the stream of it, the entire argosy of my guilts—
keze s arca szélid erejét, amit egyszer a szobornak emel fölibbem az Idő.

Emlék, min a lélek, a fájdalomittas virág, mely a pormadózóra kihajt.
(Elég-e a fájdalom árnyá szemében?
Megszűrik-e sorsom a könnyei majd?)

Most ujra magam vagyok és szeméről az Isten erős mosolyat leteszem:
ma láttam az édesanyám s a szemétől szélid, szeretők, melegársnyu szemétől ökölbe szorul a kezem! . . .

VINCZE SULYOK

KERENGŐ

Száz négyszögől a szabadság csupán,
Nem éri el a zöld park bokrait.
Sétálhatss rajta s nézheted a felhök
Egekre jajdult szép játékait.

Száz négyszögől a szabadság csupán,
Mint középkori klastromudvaroknál
A süzk kerengő. Körbejárás anélkül,
Hogy végül valahova jutnál.

Száz négyszögől a szabadság csupán,
Hogy forgolódhass benne, mint az őrült,
És összerândulj, ha sorsodra gondolsz,
Mint aki mögött fégyver dördült.

VINCZE SULYOK is now a student at the University of Oslo. He also took part in the Hungarian Revolution, after which he escaped through Yugoslavia to Austria. His poems are published in various Hungarian-exile journals.

A strangely weightless paperboat
That children float with a shove in the park.

Still, it is the meek force of her face,
The veils of her eyes, that time will erect over me
as a statue.

Wherever she carries those shadows
they will serve for my history.

Just an old woman’s love! Is that enough for my sorrow?
Will an old woman’s tears make a monument?
Or should I strip the divine from those meek,
Shamelessly loving, grief-shadowed eyes?
Should her gaze force my hands into fists?

THE CLOISTER

Freedom turned out to be exactly
one hundred square yards.

It doesn’t even reach the green bushes
at the edge of the park.

You can walk on it, however;
You are permitted to look up
where the clouds used to dance,
where the clouds now cut
a most painful intaglio
against the sky.

The medieval monasteries were like this.
I have read that you could go around their narrow cloisters
without end, getting nowhere.

And I’ve read that in those cloisters
Some men turned round like lunatics
And jumped as if a gun went off behind them
if they dared think of their fates.
SIRKÖ HELYETT

Sötét szemét szemérmesen lehunyta
Mellén kinyílt egy csepp piros virág.
Mosolygott még, mint otthon, ha aludna,
Térdét mutatta a ballonkabát . . .

A nagy csatatá kis hőse ugy feküdt ott
(Körötte a szétört ziroskenyér),
Ahogy imént járta a barrikádot—
Hiába hullt golyó es hullt a vér . . .

Sötét szemét szemérmesen lehunyta,
Mellén kinyílt egy csepp piros virág,
Mellette gőzölgőtt a szennycsatorna,
De győzelméről dalolt a világ . . .

He went on smiling
and on his chest
a small flower grew.

The same coat that had touched his ankles
when he stood
No longer covered his knees.
He had been a child, a growing boy,
a child in a grownup's old coat.

So the little hero lay there
In the middle of what was left of his sandwich
made, like the grenades,
with poor people's lard.

Most modestly he closed his eyes,
and on his chest
a small flower grew.
Next to him the sewer went on streaming,
While the whole world sang of this triumph.

FOR A YOUNG MOTHER

I have seen you catch
A moth and a soap bubble
Without breaking either.
Emile Snyder

Une Poème

EMIGRATION '41

Mes juifs se taisaient
comme s’ils se sentaient coupables
de n’être que victimes.

nuit d’exil
au terme de son voyage
tribunal marin des
cœurs les grands juges de
Manhattan nous aveuglaient
de leur majesté lumineuse
mes juifs se dépouillaient
sous le regard glacial
de l’exil
dernier dénudement
du corps et du sang
viol de l’âme exposée
à l’écume englутissante
baptême de l’oubli

seules les mouettes
parlaients
mes juifs se taisaient

et pleurèrent mes voyelles
au naufrage de la bouche
première

Emile Snyder

A Poem and Four Translations

EMIGRATION '41

the bay of Manhattan: dawn

My jews were silent
as if they felt guilty
being only the victims.

Night of exile
at the end of its voyage
sea tribunal of stars
the tall judges of
Manhattan blinded us
with their luminous majesty.

My jews were stripping
under the frozen stare
of exile
last disrobing
of the body and the blood
the soul raped by
the rising spume
baptism of oblivion
to come.

Only the gulls spoke
my jews were silent

and the old vowels wept
in the shipwreck of
my original mouth.
Three African Poets

TO YOU

As the buffalo
Roars with thirst
So my heart
Thirsts for your love
You whose name
Flows in my song
On the banks
Of my lament
Hear my call love.

ELOLONGUE EPIANYA YONDO was born in Douala, and is one of the best-known young poets of Cameroun. His book, Kamerun! Kamerun! was published by Presence Africane (Paris) in 1960.

POMEGRANATE

The rays of the morning sun
seek in the foliage
the breast of the pomegranate
and bite it to the blood,
discreet but shimmering kiss
tight embrace and fires!
soon from this pure cup
flows a crimson juice.

it will taste sweeter to my
lips, for it came out
of sensual pleasures
out of a feverish love
for the blooming and fragrant fields
and the beloved sun.

JEAN-JOSEPH RABÉARIVELO, Madagascar's leading poet (writing in French), committed suicide at the age of 36 in Tananarive.
Tu peux choisir
entre les fruits de la saison parfumée;
mais voici ce que je te propose:
deux mangues dodues
où tu pourras têter le soleil qui s’y est fondu.
Que prendras-tu?
Est-ce celle-ci qui est aussi double et ferme
que des seins de jeunes filles,
et qui est acide?
Ou celle-la qui est pulpeuse et douce comme un gâteau de miel?

L’une ne sera que violentes délices,
mais n’aura pas de postérité,
et sera étouffée par les herbes.
L’autre,
source jaillissant de rocher
raffraîchera ta gorge
puis deviendra voûte bruisante dans ta cour,
Et ceux qui viendront y cueilleront des éclats de soleil.

Meleineaide

Il n’est que de chercher
Dormites, prenne avec soin
Ils sont pour les voleurs
Et pour les friandes
Il n’est pas de fruits
Qui ne soient tangibles
Car ils sont là...

Tu peux choisir
among the fruits in the fragrant season;
but this is my offer:
two fat mangoes
wherein you can suck the melted sun.
Which of the two will you take?
This one, as twin and firm
as the breasts of young girls
and acrid in taste?
Or that one, sweet and pulpy as a honey cake?

One will be full of violent ecstasies
but will die shortly
crushed in the grass.
The other,
spring jutting out of a rock
will quench the throat
then turn fountain babbling in your yard
and those who walk by will taste the nuggets of the sun.

Meleineaide, presently living and studying in Paris, is believed by many to be
the most promising young Camerounian poet.

BARBARIC POEM

Freckled vines of the jungle in eruption
of love
The girl-buffalo moans with pleasure her mane
burning
In the arms of the Ravisher
Tam-tam of Incest O my daughter
skillful
At thwarting the snares of the luminous Witness!
In the toppled wake of a starry Congo
I moor
My mad canoe on your silken island
And singe my name in the legend of your youth.
IMPORTUNA VENERI

Importuna Veneri
redit brumae glacies,
redit equo celeri
Iovis intemperies:
cicatrice veteri
squalet mea facies:
amor est in pectore
nullo frigens frigore.

IAM cutis contrahitur,
dum flammis exerceror;
nox insomnis agitur
et in die torqueor;
si sic diu vivitur,
graviora vereor:
amor est in pectore
nullo frigens frigore.

Tu qui colla superum,
Cupido, suppeditas,
cur tuis me miserum
facibus sollicitas?
non te fugat asperum
frigoris asperitas:
amor est in pectore
nullo frigens frigore.

Elementa vicibus
qualitates variant,
dum nunc pigrant nivibus,
nunc calorem sentiant;
se mea singultibus
colla semper inhiant:
amor est in pectore
nullo frigens frigore.

THE LOVER IN WINTER

Too cold for making love
The winter brings down ice;
The swiftest horse of Jove
Is angering the skies;
My face grows red and rough
Where the old scar lies.
I shake with love
No cold can give.

Though my cheek shrivels up
I blister in a flame;
My nights afford no sleep
And my days pass in pain;
Unless this sorrow stop
I fear worse things to come.
I shake with love
No cold can give.

Eros, who have your heel
On every high god's throat —
Why make your torch reveal
My grief in such hard light?
Your sharpness does not dull
When cold puts all to flight.
I shake with love
No cold can give.

And though the weather turn
Extreme upon extreme —
From lazy snows are born
The summers hot and calm,
Still sighing, I will burn,
Whatever season come.
I shake with love
No cold can give.
QUIS FUROR EST IN AMORE?

Quis furor est in amore?
Corde simul ore
cogor innovari,
cordis agente dolore
fluctuantis more
videor mutari
Veneris ad nutum,
corque prius tutum
curis non inbutum
Veneris officio
sentio turbari.

Ad Dryades ego veni,
iamque visu leni
cepi speculari
quasque decoris ameni;
sed unam inveni
pulchram absque pari.
Subito procellam
volvor in novellam,
cepitque puellam
cordis hanc preambulus
oculus venari.

VER REDIT OPTATUM

Ver redit optatum
cum gaudio,
flore decoratum
purpureo,
aves edunt cantus
quam dulciter,
revirescit nemus,
cantus est amenus
totaliter.

Iuvenes ut flores
accipiant, et se per odores
reficiant,
virgines assumant
alacriter,
et eant in prata
floribus ornata
communiter.

AMIR HAMZAH

MEMUDJI DIKAU

Kalau aku memudji dikau, dengan mulut tertutup mata terkatup
Sudjudlah segalaku, diam terbelam, didalam kalam asmara raja.
Turun kekasihmu, mendapatkan daku duduk bersepri, sunji sendiri.
Dikutjupnja bibirku, dipautnja bahuku digantunginja lehérku,
hasratkan suara sajang semata.
Selagi hati bernjanji, sepandjang sudjud semua segala, bertindih ia
pada pahaku, meminum ia akan suaraku....
Dan,
Iapun melajang pulang,
Semata tjahaja,
Lidah api dilingkung katja,
Menudju restu, sempana sentosa.

AMIR HAMZAH (1911-1946) died in Sumatra, fighting the Dutch. He translated Tagore, and edited an anthology containing poems from Persia, China, India, Japan, and Turkey. His most famous book is Njanji Sunji (Songs of Loneliness).

Birds utter songs
Woods grow green again,
Song is delightful
totally.

Just as they gather
flowers
with odors,
And restore themselves
Boys
let them get
Girls
speedily,
And go into meadows
Decked with flowers
jointly.

Four Indonesian Poets

IN PRAISE OF YOU

When I praise You, with closed lips, my eyes shut,
I bow down on my knees, my head on the ground, deep in
silence, in the darkness of Supreme Love.
Your beloved comes to me, finds me sitting alone, lonely and
quiet.
She kisses my lips, clings to my shoulders, hangs on my
neck, desiring only the sound of love.
While my heart sings, and my whole body is prostrate, she
presses my thighs, drinking my voice....
And
She floats back to her home,
Pure light,
A tongue of fire wrapped in glass,
Ascending toward grace, and the blessing of peace.

BURTON RAFFEL & NURDIN SALAM

POETRY
TOTO SUDARDO BACHTIAR

NOKTURNO

Bila hari-hariku makin terpentjil, makin ketjil
Hidup hanja tinggal mainan tjahaja diudjung djari
Datanglah wahai, saat-saat menikmatkan tubuh dan bisa kuseri
Bulan terompah kudapun mendjelma tjakram api!

Bila keremadjaan rindu mengiang pada sinar awal bulan Djuni
'ku tak sampai saju mengenang waktu bertjinta jang silam
Memberat pada bunga-bunga kekajuán menjegar pada awal bulan
Djuni

Wahai datanglah!
Bila siuman tak usah aku ketjut tjumbu dan pikatan kajal menajang
Datanglah dulu, wahai saat-saat jang menenangkan tubuh
Dimana djauh kenangan 'kan kebinasaan!

Tetapi oh! bila ada jang masih bisa kupinta
Daja telah luput dari bibirku
Dan hari-hariku kembali terpentjil
Kembali mementjil

TOTO SUDARDO BACHTIAR was born in Java in 1929, has worked on several Indonesian literary magazines, and has published two books of poems.

SITOR SITUMORANG

KOLAM BERENANG

untuk Rulan

Alpa ditepi kolam berenang
Aku dan si-anak terlentang
Meneliti awan dilangit biru
Seakan mentjari alamat sesuatu.

SITOR SITUMORANG was born in 1924, and has published poems, plays, essays, and fiction. He is the leading Indonesian poet of his generation alive today.

NOCTURNO

When my days and times seem so distant, so small
That all there is to life is the play of light on a fingertip
Come, oh you moments which comfort the body and let me shine
with happiness
As the thin, dull sliver of a moon rushes to transform itself
into a circle of fire!

When the rainbow of youthful longing hangs in the early June glow
I won't remember as far back as those buried loves,
Lying heavily across the flowers that brighten early June.
Come, come!
When I'm myself again I won't have to worry about love's flattery,
its fake temptations—
Let the menace come at my face, when I'm ready for it,
But you, you come first, oh moments that soothe the body
When memory never turns to all that's been ruined!

But ah! when there are still things I can ask for
My strength will have escaped from my lips
And my days and times will seem distant again,
Will be distant again.

BURTON RAFFEL & NURDIN SALAM

SWIMMING POOL

for Rulan

The child and I are stretched out
Carelessly on the edge of the pool,
Examining clouds in the blue sky
As if to find some special sign.

NORTHWEST
Reflected in the clear pool
I see the calm clarity of a face
Long since silenced and gone
But not yet pronounced dead.

Then the child asks of his own accord
If men go to heaven
When they die.

And because I know for sure
I nod quietly
And the child immediately understands.

MORNING MEADOW: SUKABUMI

There are rows of fir trees in front of the inn,
And flowers, and a deserted field.
In back the road goes down to the river
Farther back is a highway to the city.

Morning clouds on the slope of the mountain over there:
Children come to play ball in the field;
The sun grows brighter;
Noisy cheering echoes.

As far as the eye sees there are only mountains,
As far as the mind soars there is only greenness.
I suppose I was asleep, I suppose I was dreaming a while ago,
Awakened but not yet awake—

The bell in the barracks next door seemed to ring loud and clear:
One P.M., half a day gone.
The room is very light, now,
But there could have been nothing in that empty field.

I shiver. In a corner where my mind can't reach
Night lingers with a chill.
PAGI

Long before morning the sky splits,
The party is over. Only a pool
Of spilled wine is left, like blood.
The morning is red and festering.

To catch the sunlight in the hollow of my breast
I watch the day rise on the horizon,
Piercing my heart with its sharp bullet:
Consciousness will die, my bones roar.

Bonjour! The new day is shining!
Adieu! The world is a haughty lover!
I expect death for my New Love!

JEAN KENNEDY & BURTON RAFFEL

Chairil Anwar (1922-1949), who was born in Medan, Sumatra, and died in
Djakarta, Java, is acknowledged as Indonesia's great poet. He began writing
in 1942, during the Japanese occupation, and was the principal member of the
literary revolution known as Angkatan 45 (The Generation of '45).

HAMPA

It's quiet outside. Loneliness crowds down.
The stiff trees are motionless
Straight to the top. The silence gnaws,
Nothing can rip it off,
Everything waits. Waits. Waits
In loneliness
That drives this waiting wild,
Crushing, bending our backs
Till everything's smashed. Who cares
That the air is poisoned. The devil cackles.
The loneliness goes on and on. And waits.

CHAIRIL ANWAR

NORTHWEST
AN ORDINARY SONG

On the restaurant terrace, now, we're face to face,
Just introduced. We simply stare,
Although we've already dived into the ocean of each other's souls.

In this first act
We're still only looking.
The orchestra plays "Carmen" along with us.

She winks. She laughs.
And the dry grass blazes up.
She speaks. Her voice is loud,
My blood stops running.

When the orchestra begins the "Ave Maria"
I drag her over there. . .

TO THE PAINTER AFFANDI

If I run out of words, no longer
Dare to enter my own house, standing
On the crumbling doorstep,

The reason is all the world that never
Lasts, that piece by piece
Death will come to destroy.

And hands will stiffen, no longer write,
Troubled by pain, troubled by dreams.
Give me a place on a lofty tower,
Where you alone rise over

Crowds and noise and quarrels,
Over smooth selfishness and make-believe creation:
You turn away and pray
And the closed-up darkness opens!
AKU

Kalau sampai waktuku
'Ku mau tak seorang 'kan meraju
Tidak juga kau

Tak perlu sedu sedan itu
Aku ini binatang djalang
Dari kumpulannja terbuang

Biar peluru menembus kulitku
Aku tetap meradang menerdjang

Luka dan bisa kubawa berlari
Berlari
Hingga hilang pedih peri

Dan aku akan lebih tidak perduli
Aku mau hidup seribu tahun lagi

ME

When my time comes
I want to hear no one's cries,
Nor yours either

Away with all who cry!

Here I am, a wild beast,
Cut off from his companions

Bullets may pierce my skin
But I'll keep on,

Carrying forward my wounds and my pain,
Attacking,
Until suffering disappears

And I won't care any more
I want to live a thousand years

Burton Raffel & Nurdin Salam

Albert Cook

SIX SMALL POEMS

Tea tray. Sunset. Let
Never an overflow of
Stillness unman us.

If at noon all halts,
My loves do not. They revive
In general sleep.

Please do brush off dust
From those plantain leaves. I like
Guests who show they care.

Hop-headed, brass-lunged
Detractors in soft suits wield
A moral bludgeon.

The Paris metro
Nineties' arch I saw in their
Musée now decks ours.

Canada geese soar
At dawn o'er my foliage
—Shrouded bus stop. Hey!
Robert Sward

ALBANY PARK: CHICAGO

Bryn Mawr Avenue

This was on Bryn Mawr Avenue
at Mr. Gibbs’ Grocery store;
Mr. Gibbs & me, because I worked for him,
all alone; the telephone,
because he answered it,
cried

“Mr. Gibbs, your wife...”
very loudly, so even I could hear, and see
running for hours
down his cheeks, onto the floor
the funny scribbles
lead pencils.

Once, before the death of Mrs. G.,
my mother shopped there.
I hid beneath the counter,
the cash register, with the paperbags.
Mr. Gibbs called for me, but I stayed there
barely breathing, watching the veins
in my mother’s legs.

I began to cry
And my mother at once crawled in with me,
and the grocer
and some others
heads of cabbage
and all the old bananas

War’s End at Howie’s

A door slams, a dog barks
I sit on the back porch
Of a two-flat apartment house

In Albany Park, Chicago.
It is August, 1945.
Howie comes out.
We sit there steaming.
Beyond Catalpa Street
There are the tops of trees
And the mausoleums
Of the Bohemian National Cemetery.
Howie’s mother gives us stale

Peter Pan
Peanut butter sandwiches
Which we throw over the railing
Into an empty lot.
Pretty soon someone cries,
“The War is over!”
We sit there until sundown
Reading the Katzenjammer Twins.

Party
It is a party. We have fought.
I cannot contain myself
And wish to kiss her
Or vomit, or scream.
I walk away from her.
At the window I see her dancing,
Whirling, shrieking across the floor
In the arms of ten men.

I hang myself on the handle
Of an enormous punchbowl.
I hang myself with a luminous
Yellow and black necktie,
One which, in the dark, reads —.
Our hostess cuts me down. We embrace.
She kisses my blackened tongue
Bawling me out—
I’ve ruined her party. O joy!
And we depart, this blonde garrulous distractible
Nymphomaniac, Death and L
OUT OF SEASON

I
A black cat, with a plague patch on its back,
Applies to nothing, and no metaphor
Illustrates it, nor does it illustrate
The fall of Rome, or the lost modern age,
As it walks slowly to a normal task
In a green garden, where the slugs are hidden,
And where no human gambles with revulsion
To make a sudden poem of his pity.

II
It is far easier to say that things
Are not; for instance, that this snow is not
Powder, nor pure, though it be driven here,
A desert of all water at my feet;
And I may call it, as I trample it
(Since it will not defeat me through my shoes,
Properly over-suited as I am),
Only the snow, which is not what it is.

ICHTHYOPHAGIST

I
The tall fisherman has come
Leading me to the dream
I thought I dreamt
In a garment of some
Old color One note
And overtones
Plucked on the taut air
He has led me to the shores
Of the dry lake and let me
See the parched boats perched
In olive trees
And the heat-devils dancing
Dancing on the banks
While a single blue heron
In the rippling mirage
Waits.

II
We have helped him mend the nets
With common thread and whale bone.
We have seen burning bushes
And used the charred branches
To make the fish symbol.
Many times have we supped
On barbarian meat with
Wine and talk of water
And danced the dance
We saw before, in flowing rhythm
By the still, sad shore.

III
I, untranslatable.
The red dust hardens
While the snakes
Dance upward
One-legged
Forever I
Wait.

Tim Reynolds

Two Poems

DELOS

They took away all sepulchres whatsoever of such as had died there before;
and for the future, made an edict that none should be suffered to die, nor any
woman to bring forth child in the island.

Boats are hauled up there; cork floats and spread
fish-nets dry in the sun, with oddments of gear.
Take it easy. Where do you think you are?

Silver-grey olive trees float like a chilly mist
on the steep rises. Sheep stray untended. At dawn
fishermen leave the rock; and at nightfall, rauous, drunk
with work, resinous wine, sea-heave, dump their still spastically flailing catch on the sand, a hoard of silver.
There is nowhere to go: no you to go there.

THE ILLUMINATI

Nine years, come summer, come winter, Bodhidharma sat
in Wei in diamond mudra before a wall
and when he stood stood shadowless; as visible grace
his shadow, locked to the stone like ivy, stayed,
a black coat on a hook. It happens as simply as that.

For illumination is effortless when it comes, easy
as a fossil’s eternity in a man’s room, frozen
in a stone slab—six chevrons, like a flock of ducks, each rib
perfect. That creature never tried, simply lay down
in Pre-Cambrian mud and pulled the eons over its head;
sleeps radiant now through generations of unscanned ephemera and filthy pictures—inarticulate urge of some animal
aching for a personal forever—swiped off daily
by a bored janitor’s damp rag.

And illumination came suddenly, effortlessly, to some few
who, expecting nothing particular on that day,
on that Hiroshima street,
sensed Apocalypse bulging from Heaven like an absolute answer,
unspeakable, instantaneous—where I have seen their shadows,
locked in concrete,
floating leaflike in the lake ice of a hard winter.
Båtar trädem och vatten
leksaksluftiga och klara
i en sommarleksaksdager
när mot kvällen sol har dalat
och min strand och hamn är inlandsfagra
och i lugn av sagans stränder.
Båtar trädem och vatten
leksaksluftiga och klara.

Och jord och trädem och löv
eller sanden
såg det enkla ljusa
blåochfria
som en sollyst sten i sanden.

Det stora enklas dag skall komma,
inga diamanter glindrar,
jords luft är diamanter nog.
Och helvet eller himlen är i hjärtats fingertoppar
och hugsvalsele och pilgrimsfärd är våra dagar.
Och som en trefalds bautasten på det som vikit
är rest en liten sten, den vilar någonstädés, ingen
ser dess hakar.
Men allt livet är den lilla stenens stora längtan.

Den gråa himlen är en vän och varje längtan skall vi nå.
Den stora längtan skall vi läsa som en glatt insupen läxa,
den är som dystra aningar och ångestsvetten.
I den är sorgens svarta dräkt och jords öppna leende.
Och vad vi minnes är hur vi holl händerna. Men även
det är inte något.

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GUNNAR BJÖRLING (1887-1962) was born in Helsingfors. Like Rabbe Enckell, the other great poet of Swedish Finland, his work was introduced by the modernist Swedish magazine, Quos Ego, in the early '20's.

Boats trees and water
bright and make-believe
on a make-believe summer day
when toward evening the sun has set
and my beach and harbor are inland-lovely
and calm as a storyteller's beach.
Boats trees and water
bright and make-believe.

And earth and trees and leaves
or the sand
say the sample light
blue-and-free
like a sunlit stone in the sand.

The day of great simplicity will come,
no glittering diamonds,
earth's air is diamond enough.
And hell or heaven is within the heart's reach
and each day for us is solace and pilgrimage.
And like a threefold monumental stone for those who yielded
is raised a little stone; it lies somewhere, no one
sees its marks and scratches.
But all life is that little stone's great longing.

The grey sky is a friend and all our longings will be fulfilled.
The great longing will school us, we will breathe it in gleefully,
it is like the most dire foreboding, like beads of sweat
born of anguish.
There is in it the black cloak of sorrow and the earth's
embracing smile.
And what we remember is how the two of us held hands.
But even that is nothing.
Tag på dig livets arbetes dräkt, 
se, som en myra på myrorna, se stackarna, och vägarna 
in skogen, de korsar varandra, 
de sjunker under vatten och främmande obundna makters 
styrka.

Tag på dig myrornas dräkt i skogen, under solen, 
lev bland skogarnas myror, 
uppostra din ornatadräkt, besegra fienderna, uppat 
rattorna.

Gläd dig åt solsken och ohämnad andedräkt.

Denna jord himmelsvagglade.
O denna saliga jord, där jords, vårt kamp-Eden är och 
sagolands drömmar vandrar över ängen.
O liv där det lugna hjärtats hänförelse är, alla toner 
kompletterar varandra. Och dramats tyngd 
är över männskorna, som örnvingar.

Huru nära intill mörkren är vi 
och om kvällerna och när himlarna har socknat 
och döds ljus flämtande sinande låga 
ur portvalv surar sig 
och männskorna skugglik i tystnaden 
men om dagen är männskorna ljus 
och blomliga bleka.

---

Put on life's simple work-clothes, 
observe, as an ant among ants, observe the stacks, and 
the forest paths, how they cross one another, 
they sink beneath the water and strange unfettered powers 
grow strong.

Take on the guise of an ant in the forest, under the sun, 
live among the ants of the forest, 
nurture your worm-eating habits, conquer enemies, devour 
rodents.

Content yourself with sunshine and breathing freely.

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This world, heaven-cradling,
O this blessed earth, where earth's, our Eden-strife is, 
and fairy-tale dreams drift over the meadows.

O life where the calm heart's rapture is, where all sounds 
complement one another. And the weight of legends 
is upon the human race, like the wings of eagles.

---

How near to darkness we are, 
in the evenings, and when the stars have gone out 
and the light of death, a flickering run-down flame 
fades out of the archways 
and men shadow-like in the silence.
But by daylight men are bright 
and, like flowers, faded. 

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Robert Sund
Archibald Henderson, Jr.

DIAGONALS

Distant on the blown diagonals of space
you crowd the eye with startling ease and grace.
Your calibration is complete. The honey
of hair, the blue stone eyes, arrested many;

a huskiness in all the tidy accents
of your days drew some. Not that you were immense,
the Amazon with one breast bare who rode
thirsting for combat: if a burr will goad

into infatuation, or a lisp
excite more desperately than lover’s gasp
when two entwine, you stole the hearts you plunged
and dotingly miraged them till, unhinged,

they flapped and beat at anyone’s disposal.
I could not wait for those brief charms to tousle
all my wits. Seasons and ages after
I rejoice in your two-timing laughter

that bubbled hopefully at my expense.
Only wives and houses later (events
that breed a choice among the memories)
do I install you central moon of those.

~

About Our Contributors

COLIN EDMONSON teaches in the Classics Department at the University of Washington. DEMETRIOS PAPAHADJOPoulos has just received his Ph.D. degree in biochemistry; his wife, PATRICIA, is editorial associate of the Modern Language Quarterly, our next-door neighbor.

ROBIN SKELTON is the author or editor of twenty books, the latest of which is Six Irish Poets (Oxford). He is now teaching at Victoria University (B.C.).

HAROLD P. WRIGHT, after a two-year Ford Fellowship at Columbia, now has a Fulbright Fellowship and has gone to Kyoto to write his dissertation.

JOHN TAGLIABUE, well-known to our readers, is perhaps making better use of Japanese poetry, theatre, and culture in general than is any other Western writer today.

ROBIN MAGOWAN, instructor in this English Department, published Voyage Noir (a journal of a trip to Haiti, Cuba, and Jamaica in 1958) this past year.

HAROLD FLEMING lives in Bucks County, where he writes novels and poems, and a series of high-school texts on composition for Harcourt.

LLOYD C. PARKS was in our fourth issue. He has a Ph.D. degree from Washington and is presently a Fulbright lecturer at the University of Grenoble.

PATRICK GLEESON, doctoral candidate and acting instructor in English at this University, has published in The Outsider and elsewhere, pseudonymously.

CHARLES WRIGHT is a Fulbright student in Rome. He is translating the poems of Pier Paolo Pasolini and Eugenio Montale—fifteen of his translations are in the current Chelsea Review.