

Bring a Poem II

CENTRE FOR POETIC INNOVATION

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Cover: Magritte, Les Travaux d'Alexandre, 1962

En rêvant à partir de peintures énigmatiques

Dans la clairière, près de l'arbre qui gît abattu, la partie du tronc demeurée en terre s'est emparée de la cognée du bûcheron. Une des noueuses racines, ou plutôt un des bas contreforts ligneux, a dû lentement bouger et, comme une patte d'ours, s'est posée sur l'outil du meurtre, le maintient, et ne le rendra plus. Enfin une justice. Une égalité. Une nouvelle revendication.

Un nouveau malaise pour les hommes.

Combien de temps aura-t-il fallu à la souche pour s'emparer de l'arme de l'assassin, pour l'immobiliser, empêchant qu'à nouveau elle fasse le mal ? Maintenant le geste infiniment lent est accompli. À terre, maintenue souverainement par une « patte d'arbre », patte qui, au contraire de celles des animaux, une fois posée, ne se relève plus, et ne connaît pas la fatigue, la cognée meurtrière ne pourra plus être dégagée.

Fascinant spectacle. Réponse d'un être qui n'a pas pu répondre assez vite, qui jamais ne put répondre à temps. Au nom des silencieux la souche de l'arbre abattu donne la réponse tardive.

Depuis un temps immémorial, des millions d'arbres par la cognée ou par la pré-historique hache de pierre ont été abattus sans un mouvement de résistance, sans jamais une protestation. Voici un commencement qui peut faire réfléchir. De nouveaux résistants. Que restera-t-il de la royauté sur la « création » ? L'inquiétude humaine va connaître une nouvelle dimension.

Henri Michaux

(*Fata Morgana*, 1972)

In the clearing, close to the felled tree, the part of the trunk that remains in the earth has got hold of the logger's axe. One of the gnarled roots, or rather one of the low woody buttresses, must have moved slowly and, like the paw of a bear, has come to rest on the murderous tool and holds it there and will not give it back. Finally some kind of justice. A draw. A new claim.

A new discontent for humanity.

How long will it have taken the stump to seize the murderer's weapon, to put it out of action, so as to prevent it from doing more evil? The infinitely slow gesture has now been accomplished. On the earth, held without appeal by the 'paw of a tree', a paw which, as opposed to those of animals, once placed, does not rise again, and knows no tiredness, the murderous axe cannot be freed.

How fascinating. Answer from a being unable to answer quickly enough, who could never answer in time. In the name of the silent the stump of the felled tree gives the belated reply.

From an immemorial time, millions of trees have been felled by the axe or by the stone age hand axe without a fight. Never a protest. See, here is a beginning that gives us something to think about. This resistance is new. What will be left of the dominion over 'creation'? Human anxiety takes on a new dimension.

Translated by Elodie Laugt



circa, 1958

The Hand

*A repeated procedure for Dupuytren's Contracture may
unavoidably result in stiffness and some loss of sensation.*

My good right hand, farewell to you.
I must begin to take my leave,
And will depart through your extremity.
I cannot hold a friend's hand now,
Nor form a fist, nor open in a wave.
They say the only remedies
For what ails me are ailments too:
They had to kill the hand they fought to save.
Lie still and let me look at you.
You seem unmoved: I am the one undone,
And so let go of you, my hand.
Although you still extend on my behalf,
Now that my grasp of you is gone,
Nothing remains to comprehend.
Therefore I watch you endlessly
For your resemblance to the real,
And see the same smashed knuckle,
The scarring and the same club thumb,

The inability to feel
Made flesh, but unequipped for rage or love:
And yet you ache, as if with cold,
As armour might, remembering
Its heartlessness, its iron fist
Imprisoned in an iron glove.

Sean O'Brien

(The Drowned Book, 2007)

شبانی ۵ (نیایش)

در اورشلیم برینام
سریر بلندیست
که دوستانام برایمان
با آب رعد و آتش باران تراشته‌ند
و پایه‌های یخین‌اش از صدای عبور مهمانداران و چرخ‌دستی‌ها
نمی‌شکنند

ای آسمان پرفرشته‌ی بی‌خلبان
ای ابرهات یک رشته باد یک پشته برف
وقتی که چرخیدی و باز از قرن‌های قرن گذشتی
عقد مرا با مادرم ببند
و دست‌هامان را جایی به دست هم بسپار
که لای چمن‌های‌اش
نه سکه افتاده باشد و نه پاره‌ی زنجیر طلا
آنجا بهل که تاج بسازم با اسطوخودوس و
از بال سنجاقکان خشکیده بر خار انار
سندل به پای‌اش ببافم

آنک عروس من!

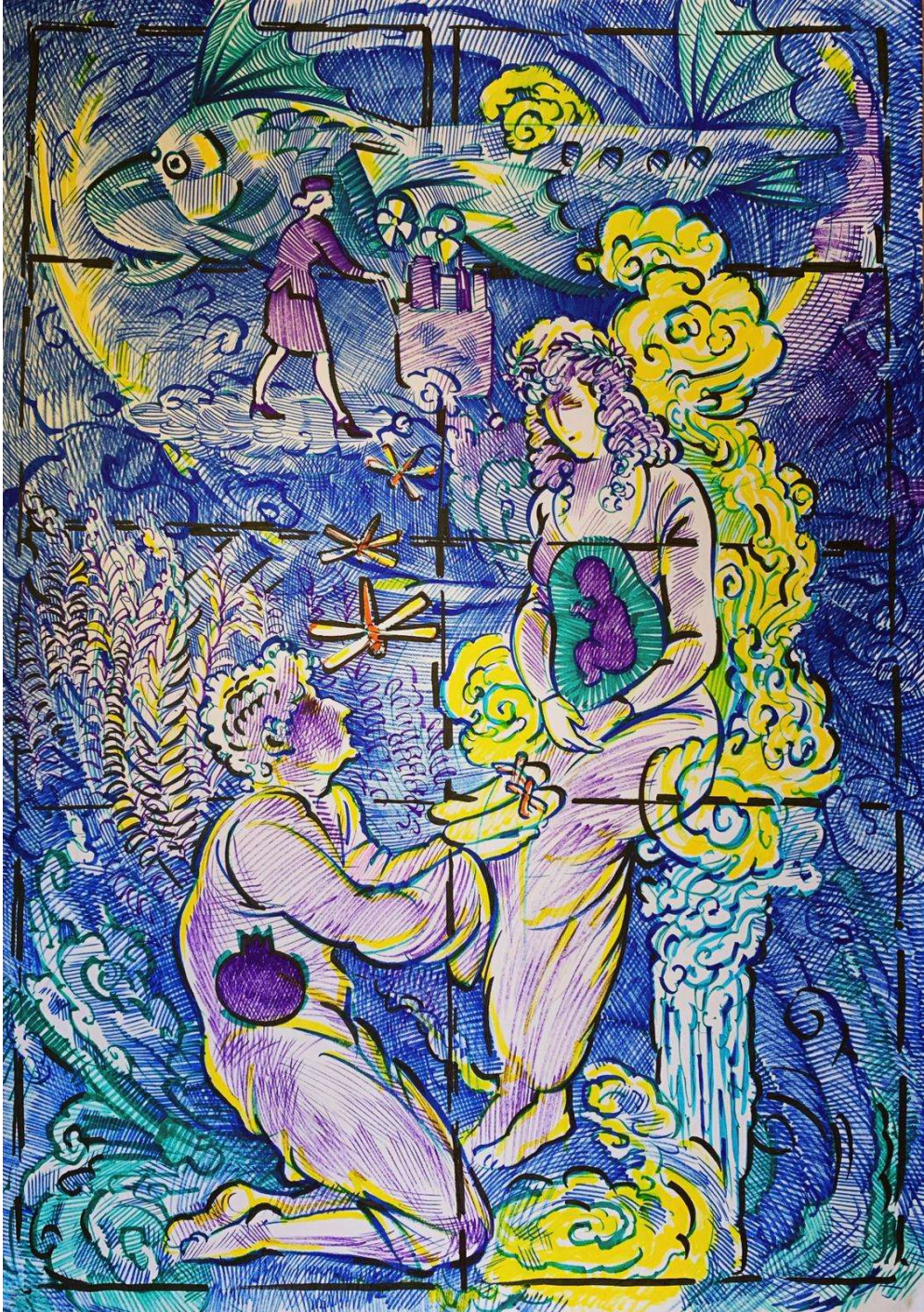
آنک عروس من!

وحید داور

Pastoral 5 (Prayer)

In the sky's Jerusalem
there is a high throne
which my friends have carved me
from thunder water and rain fire
And its ice legs do not break
from the passing rumble of trolley dollies' wheels
Oh angel-swarmed, pilotless heaven
with wind-ribbon clouds, and snow-mound clouds,
once you have revolved anew and past centuries unravelled
In wedlock join me and my mother
and join our hands somewhere
in some bluegrass where
no coin, no gold chain has fallen -
There, let me make her a lavender crown
and with dried wings of dragonflies
glinting, caught on pomegranate thorns
weave sandals on her feet
Behold my bride!
Behold my bride!

Vahid Dāvar



Vahid Dāvar

From 'Howl'

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness,
starving hysterical naked,
dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an
angry fix,
angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to
the starry dynamo in
the machinery of night,
who poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed and high sat up smoking in
the supernatural
darkness of cold-water flats floating across the tops of cities
contemplating jazz,
who bared their brains to Heaven under the El and saw
Mohammedan angels staggering on tenement roofs illuminated,
who passed through universities with radiant cool eyes hallucinating
Arkansas and Blake-light tragedy among the scholars of war,
who were expelled from the academies for crazy & publishing
obscene odes on the windows of the skull,
who cowered in unshaven rooms in underwear, burning their money
in wastebaskets and listening to the Terror through the wall,

Allen Ginsburg



The Beat Generation

Trowel

After Allen Ginsberg

I have seen the best minds of my generation destroyed by DIY.

Tony Curtis

نالہ بیگاہ

آفتاب نوك ديوار بود
باغچه تاريك ميشد
خروس با مرغها و جوجهها به لانه خود رفتند
لانهشان روی پشت بام بود

خورشيد پايين تر رفت ديگر پيدا نبود
ابرها کنار آسمان سرخ شدند

خروس پشت پنجره روی تخته‌ای
از این ور به آن ور میرفت
آرام نداشت
اندیشه‌ای سنگین در سرش بود
سرخ‌ی آسمان تاج سرخش را سرختر کرده
و پوشش سپیدش را آذرگون ساخته بود
ناگهان استاد
و ناله‌ای از ته دل برآورد
دو دو لو دو و و
زن باغبان با شوهر و بچه‌اش نشستند
زن رو به شوهر خود کرد و گفت
نالهای خروس را شنیدی
امشب چه شبی است بیگاہ میخواند
که خواهد مرد
باید سرش را برید
شوهر از پریشانی زن نگران شد
خواست بلند شود و سر خروس را ببرد
بچه گفت
مادر من زبان خروس میدانم

بگذار ببینم چه میخواند
خروس هنوز آوایش بلند بود
میخواند

چه شب سنگینی است امشب
بر دل من سنگین
که اگر خوابم ترسم
برنخیزم هرگز
بر دلم آمد دیدم
با دو چشمانم دیدم
در باز پسین پرتو خود دیدم
در سرخی ابرها دیدم
دیدم

نابود شوند و مردم
بر جای نماند چیزی
نابود شوند و آری
بر جای نماند چیزی

نالهی خروس که خاموش شد
آسمان تاریک شده بود
ستاره‌ها چشمک میزدند
باغبان و زنش
از اندیشه ناله‌ی پر مرگ
پلکهایشان سنگین شده و
روی هم افتاده بود

محمد مقدم
(بانگ خروس)

Mistimed moan

About to fall,
Off the wall,
 The sunlight.
Getting dark,
 The garden.

The Rooster
'n his hens 'n chickens
Went to their nest.
 The nest
 On the rooftop.

The Sun
Went down
Vanished into thin air 'n clouds
Turned red in the heights.

Behind the window on a lumber
Walking from side to side
The rooster;
In a twitter
With shocking thoughts in his head.
The fiery sky
Made his crown redder.

'n his white feathers,
Torrid.

Suddenly stopped
'n cried
From his heart:
DU DULU DU...

The gardener's wife sat beside his man
Turned her head
'n said:

Did you hear the rooster's cry?
What a night it's singing mistimed.
God! Who's gonna be dead?
We must cut off his head.

The man felt fear of his wife's fear
Got up to cut off the rooster's head
The child said:

Mother! I know their language
Let me see
What he sings.

It was still crying
It was moaning:

What a dismal night
Tonight
Heavy on my heart
I'm afraid if I sleep
I'll never wake up
I saw it in my heart
I saw it with both of my eyes
I saw it in latest light

I saw it in the reds of the clouds
I saw
People, ruined
'n there is nothing left.
Yes, ruined
'n there is nothing left.

As the rooster's song came down
The sky got dark.
Twinkling stars.

The gardener and his wife' eyelids got heavy
Cause of deathful thoughts.
They fell asleep
And their eyes were shot.

Mohammad Moqaddam

(Bang-e Khurus)

Translated by Ali Asadollahi & Farshad Sonboldel

Haikus

Bridge



Paul Klee : Red Bridge (1928)

(Michaux)

Pont couvert de neige

Sais-tu bien où il te mène?

Pas par-dessus bord

Snow covered bridge there

Do you know quite where it goes?

Step not to the edge

Elodie Laugt

(Camus)

Pont par vocation

De juge aux mains hématites

Recueillant la nuit

Bridge on which a judge

By calling, summons the night

Hematite-handed

Elodie Laugt

(Glissant)

Récit-passerelle

Au clair mitan maelström

Maître-à-danser ivre

Tale-telling airbridge

Centred in clear eyed maelstrom

compasses, drunken

Elodie Laugt

Moi, première pierre,
Je suis ce qui crée le pont,
Moi, dernière pierre.

'Tis I, the first stone,
that which will create the bridge,
'Tis I, the last stone.

Pauline Souleau

یک مار آبی کوچک
یک دسته ماهی سرخ
گنجی ست زیر پل

A water snake

A shoal of goldies

An under-bridge treasure

Vahid Dāvar

روزی دهانه‌ی آب و

روزی دهان غبار

روی مسیل پلی‌ست

Mouth of water

Mouth of dust

A bridge on the floodway

Vahid Dāvar

در آبدَرّه می نگرَد
بر خویش
غول سه چشم سنگی

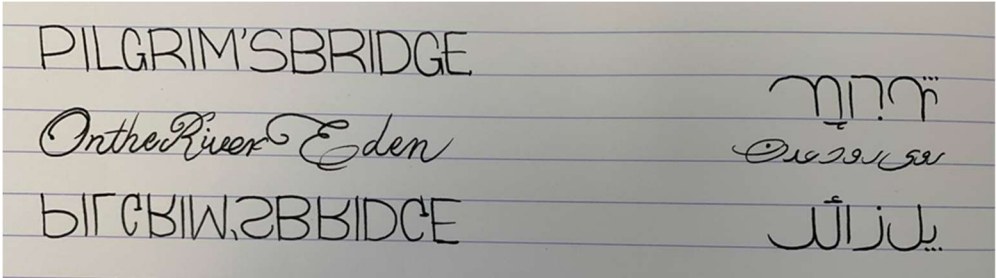
Staring at itself
In the fjord
The three-eyed stone giant

Vahid Dāvar

در این مسیر
یکجا نشد که سایه‌سار باشد و
آواز مار نباشد

Never an oasis
On this route
Without a snake's hiss

Vahid Dāvar



Concrete poem by Vahid Dāvar

Triptych

Use your form. Right on.

You got to have the feeling.

Take 'em to the bridge.

Get up. Get on up.

Stay on the scene. Like a sex

Machine. Hit it now.

Get it together.

Bobby! The way I like it

Is the way it is.

David Evans

Haikus libres

Utilisez votre formulaire. Droit dessus.

Vous devez avoir le sentiment.

Emmenez-les sur le pont.

Se lever. Lève-toi.

Restez sur la scène. Comme un sexe

Machine. Frappez-le maintenant.

Faire ensemble.

Policier! Comme je l'aime

C'est comme ça.

David Evans

Pen-y-bont-fawr (haikus yn Gymraeg)

Defnyddiwch eich ffurflen. Reit ymlaen.

Rhaid i chi gael y teimlad.

Ewch â 'em i'r bont.

Codwch. Ewch ymlaen.

Arhoswch ar yr olygfa. Fei rhyw

Peiriant. Taro hi nawr.

Dewch at ei gilgydd.

Bobby! Y ffordd rydw i'n ei hoffi

A yw'r ffordd y mae.

David Evans

جا مانده شانه ای

بر دم آبی اسب

بعد از انفجار

A comb is left

On the horse's blue tail

After the blast

Farshad Sonboldel

درنگی کرد و گریست
سرباز آهنین
که در خون شهر میخزید

Stopped and wept
The iron Soldier
Who over the city's blood crept

Farshad Sonboldel

Voyage d'automne

Sous le ciel mouillé
Flèches de fer, métal, pierre,
Enjambent la brume

Autumn journey

Below the damp skies
Iron, metal, stone arrows
Walk across the mist

Elise Hugueny-Leger

1939

La retirada.

De temps, ja no en teníem.

La dinamita.

1939

We were retreating.

Time, we did not have.

Dynamite.

Jordi Larios

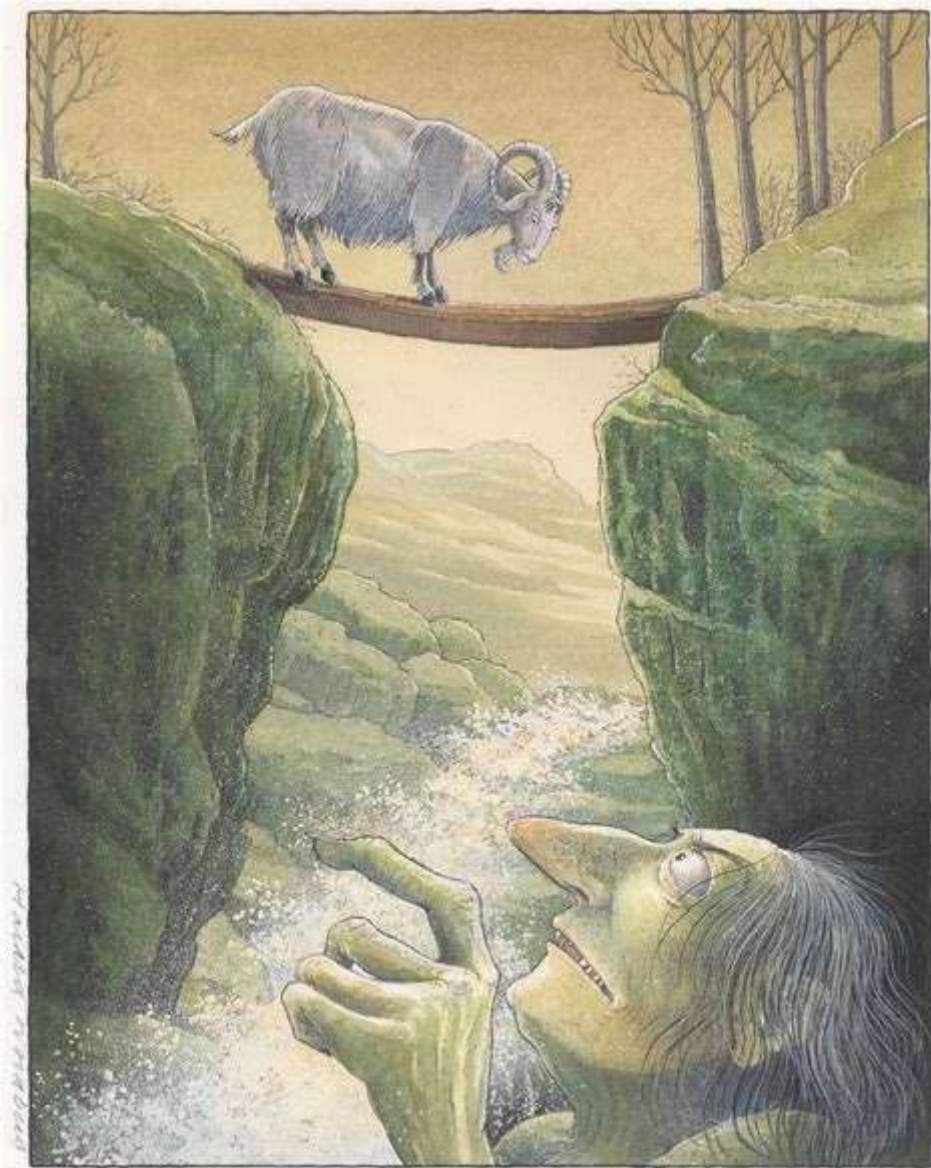
Brua

Under brua sov
trollen; langs elvebredden
beitet bukkene

The Bridge

Under the bridge slept
the troll; along the river
grazed the billy goats

Andrew Roberts



Centre for Poetic Innovation
Universities of Dundee and of St Andrews

<https://poeticinnovation.wp.st-andrews.ac.uk/bring-a-poem/>

