

Member's Room A-C



Hanane Aad (Lebanon)

Banquet of Mercy for the Universe

Tomorrow I'll gather up my heart and flee,
from now on, pain will trouble its beating no more.
Cover me gently with earth, very gently
but please keep the shovel away from my heart!
After my departure, there 'll be nothing to fear,
except that my heart might get wounded.
Today I am going away,
not a care in the world for my body.
It is in my heart that I carry
all those that I love,
all those that have loved me.
So please have mercy, yet only on my heart,
in it, my last treasures,
in it, the yeast of my eclipsed life,
in it, all my moons so peaceful and sweet,
in it, the fortune of precious love.

I am the one between whose bones nests clemency,
and the challenge of finesse resides,
I am the one whose tears race the brook.
When you cover me with earth,
please return the scepter and crown to the Kingdom,
prepare a banquet of mercy for the universe,
strike up melodious song
for those whose hearts are blind.

アナン・アード (レバノン)

宇宙への慈悲の宴

明日、わたしは心を集めて避けよう、
これから、痛みが疼いて苦しまないように
土でわたしを優しく、とても優しく覆ってほしい
でも、どうか私の心臓にシャベルを近づけないで！
出発の後、わたしの心が傷つくほかには、
そこには怖れるものはなにもない
今日、わたしは去ってゆく、
わたしの体など世界にはどうでもよい
愛するものすべてを
愛されたものすべてを
抱いたわたしのころ
だから慈しみをもって、でもわたしのころだけ
その中に最後の宝が
そのなかに没落したわたしの歳月が
そのなかに平和で甘いわたしの月々が
そのなかに尊い愛の幸運がある

わたしはその骨格間で入れ子となるヒト
寛大なそして技巧の挑戦が存在している
わたしは涙と小川が競うヒト
あなたが土でわたしを覆うとき、
王冠を返して載せてほしい、
宇宙のために慈悲の宴会を整えてほしい
心臓がたえなる歌を奏でる
心が盲いた彼らのための

Translated from English by Mariko Sumikura

「花の二重奏」すみくらまりこと共著
"Duet of Flowers" Co-author with Mariko Sumikura



Taro Aizu (Japan)

Our Earth

We have some places

where ugliness rules,

but more places

where beauty rules

on this blue Earth.

A Seed

Even though

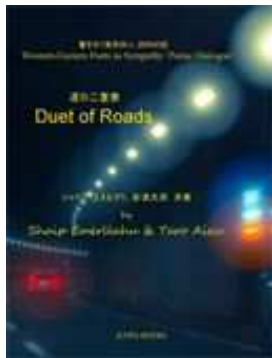
I'm old,

have a seed

that will bloom someday,

deep in my heart.

「道の二重奏」シャイプ・エメルラウと共著。
"Duet of Roads" Co-author with Shail Emerllau



Yuka Akizuki (Japan)

Late Night

I took a walk under the moon
Feeling like the walk on the bottom of the deep sea

All is silent Spreading
All nature sleeping so deep
My walk Lasting
The sea-like city Only young people waking

The deeper of the darkness
The closer to the dawn-light

My heart adores walking
With the first light

秋月夕香(日本)

深夜

月下の町を あるいた
深い海の底の散歩

沈黙した世界が 広がる
万物の眠りは深く
私のさまよいはつづいていた
若者だけが 眠らない都会の海

闇から闇が深いほど
暁は近いはずだと

だきしめている心は
あけそめる光

「川の二重奏」バム・デヴ・シャルマと共著。

"Duet of Rivers" Co-author with Bam Dev Sharma



Takashi Arima (Japan)

Life's Length

Not long ago, I was in my seventies —
taking my time, careful not to overdo things.
Before that, I was in my sixties —
saying I was unlikely to make it into old age.
Before that, I was in my fifties —
living each day intent on feeding a family.
And before that, I was in my forties —
polishing off job after job, quick talking, quick walking, quick eating.
But of the past so distant now as to make me dizzy —
only a few fragmented memories remain.

Before long, I'll turn eighty-three —
I spend each day in fear of having cancer or a stroke —
rinsing my mouth before the bathroom mirror —
and gazing at an old man who looks like me.

(from Fire Works, Kansai Poets Association 2015)

Beng Berg (Sweden)

Realization

The butterflies of morning
— their lives appear
natural in a completely different way
from my own, they are capable of
taking on the air
as something besides that which is necessary
Playfully and seriously
they let themselves go
as if they knew
why

ベン・ベール (スウェーデン)

感得

朝の蝶

一彼らの生態が顕かになる
わたしと全く違った方法で
自然体で、かれらは空中に
いることができる
要るものを棄ててきたかのよう
朗らかに そして 真剣に
彼らは自らを向かわせる
まるでなぜ行くのか
得心していたかのように

Translated from English by Mariko Sumikura

「光の二重奏」飛鳥聖羅と共著
"Duet of Light" Co-author with Akira Asuka



Donatella Bisutti (Italy)

I Love My Love

I love my love, not you who resembles me
but him, the warrior, who wins
each time
with a dull stroke.
Neither astute nor agile:
violent, foolish.

ドナテッラ・ビズツェィ (イタリア)

わが愛を愛す

わが愛を愛す、わたしに瓜二つのお前でなく
常勝の戦士である
彼に
鈍い一撃で愛す
ずるくも賢くもなく：
激しく、愚かなるわが愛を愛す

Translated from English by Mariko Sumikura

「命の二重奏」上村多恵子と共著
"Duet of Life" Co-author with Taeko Uemura



Jose Angel Garcia Cabailero (Spain)

ORÁCULO

Dirás palabras verdes
para volver a casa,
a los dracmas rituales
que regresan de Delfos.

Será verde la idea,
como un laurel creciendo
antes de las ciudades,

y verdes las monedas
que intercambien los ojos
de nuestra multitud.

Dirás el labio verde
que quiso ser la rama portadora
del odre sosegado
esta tarde cualquiera,

verde como unos dioses
que borrasen pisadas
para volver, de nuevo, al laberinto,

eco de transistor en el insomnio
y cuerpos que preguntan
entre la clorofila.

Buhardilla (2014)

Profile



Valencia (España), 1977. Licenciado en Economía y en Humanidades por la Universidad de Valencia, trabaja como profesor de educación secundaria.

Ha publicado los libros de poemas *Llaves olvidadas* (Ed. Renacimiento, 2010; XIII Premio Surcos de Poesía) y *Buhardilla* (Ed. Valparaíso, 2014), poemas suyos han aparecido en diversas antologías. Ha traducido el libro de Nuno Júdice, *El fruto de la gramática* (Ed. Valparaíso, 2015), así como a poetas de lengua portuguesa como Jorge de Sena, Manuel Alegre y, recientemente, Narlan Matos.

Marius Chelaru (Romania)

My father

my soul and I stood for a whole night
close by the time
looking through the eyes of my dead father
the reality that was hiding beyond

I wandered around his face
where even the wrinkles had died
but on which there were written now
love waste unborn or killed
dreams and maiden desires

his life was standing by me

wrapped in a shroud of withered kisses

the night within his body took hold of me idly
my father was burying in the instant ash
his self that had faded away
he had a look at the life and without saying a word
he threw the last shovelful
from which a dream with him
and my mother
had hung
ever since I had been born
they were laughing thus
measuring happiness
by my little body in which the soul
was fighting for a place to live

at dawn
I took that dream
and I put it on a rose for my mother

when my loneliness was born
I looked after it as if it were a flower
it grew up like a child
with dreams desires hopes
it had strange dreams
about treeless and grassless woods
I used to wrap myself in its dreams
it used to wrap me
when we were taking a walk together
people were looking at us with vivid
or envious eyes
as there are not many
who can raise loneliness so nicely

sometimes
in the evening
I am staying
by myself
with no loneliness in front of me
and I am waiting
this is how my father was lying in his coffin
but I saw him

how
he was walking among fairy tales
waiting for me
by the time I was almost ready
to become a soul in a body
laying the world at my feet
as if it were a plaid that was waiting for me
to embroider it with my desires
he put my palms on the land and the land accepted me
letting me take part in the great show

now he was stepping on the road
towards the soul of the earth

I strung my steps imbued with astonishment
none of the days I passed through let me abide
within it with all my dreams
more than producing a little necklace
from memories
that I would have wanted them
to live sometimes in my mother's or
my father's words
surprised by the state of being

Now my father finished his steps
his memories abandoned him as well as his body
he was shattered like a happening
in an ocean of silence
I remained with my brothers and my mother
who is still expecting a flower from him
but that night smelling like resurrected sadness
my thoughts were flowing
like the tears of some candles melted long ago

I hear the voices of my parents
younger than they had ever been

I close my eyes and I have a look beyond me
my father's eyes now seem to be some flowers
sheltering tales
maybe
for a once beloved man

that was gulped by oblivion
although he thought the earth
wouldn't forget him either
the last shadows faded away
under the eyelid of the newborn day

the dreams with my father
are losing their thinner and thinner silhouettes
I am wondering
have I existed before this night
smelling like resurrected silence and sadness?

マリウス・チェラル (ルーマニア)

僕の父

魂と僕は夜通し立っていた
そのときまで間近に
死んだ父の目を通して
隠された真実をみながら

僕は亡くなってなお皺のある
彼の顔あたりを逍遙した
しかしいま描けるのは
不出生なる愛の浪費
殺戮の夢　そして乙女の欲望

ひからびたキスに覆われて
彼の人生は僕のそばにあった
彼のからだの内なる夜は
僕をのうらりとつかんだ
父は消えゆく自身を
一瞬の灰のなか埋められてしまった
彼は一言も言わず人生を見た
彼のひとつの夢から
ショベルの最後の一すくいを捨てた
そして僕の母は
疲れきっていた
生まれてからずっと
彼らは幸福を測りつつ
このように笑っていた

僕の小さなからだ そのなかの魂は
生きるための一つの場所のために戦っていた

夜明けだった
夢をみた
母のために薔薇を置いた

僕の孤独が生まれたとき
あたかも夢や願いや望みで
子供のように育てる
花のように世話をした
奇妙な夢ばかりだった
木のない 草のない森の
夢に自分自身を包んだものさ
包んだものさ
僕らが一緒に歩くと
人々が生き生きと
羨ましげに見るんだ
そんなに素敵に孤独をもちあげる
人はそうそういないって

ときどき
夜には
僕は僕の
ままでいる
前には寂しさもなく
そして待っているんだ
どうして父が棺に横たわっているのだろう
こうして
かれはおとぎ話のなかを歩いている
僕を待っている
からだのなかに魂が入り
僕の準備ができるまで
僕の足元に世界が横たわるまで
あたかも僕の願いで刺繍された
長い肩掛けのように
彼は大地に僕の掌をおき大地は僕を受けいれてくれた
壮観な景色の一部とさせてくれた

さて彼は道を歩いていた
地球の魂のほうへ

僕は歩幅を弓反りにして驚愕を鼓舞した
その日々のいずれも
とどまるだけにうち過ぎた
存在の様相にびっくりした
お母さんやお父さんの言葉のうちに
住んでいたという
忘れたくない
思い出から小さなネックレスを作るより
もっと多くの
僕の全部の夢のなかに

さて僕の父は歩みを止めた
彼の記憶はからだと同じく諦めたんだ
彼は沈黙の大海の
一つの出来事のように挫かれたんだ
僕は兄弟とまだ花をもらえていると思っ
お母さんとずっといてあげた
でも復活した悲しみが匂う夜
僕の思いは溢れた
とおい昔に溶けた蠟燭のなみだのように

かつてより若々しい
両親の声が聴こえる

目を閉じると見えるんだ
花のような父の目
雨宿りの物語
たぶん
かつての愛人のために
地球はきっと忘れないだろうと
思ったが、それは忘却によって
吞まれてしまい
最後の影は再生の日のまぶたの下に
消えていった

父との夢は
どこまでもおぼろになる影絵だ
僕は不思議に思う
この復活した悲しみが匂う夜
その夜の前に僕は存在したのだろうか

「風の二重奏」 上村多恵子と共著
"Duet of Wind" Co-author with Taeko Uemura



Jorgos Chouliaras (Greece)

Histories

Still pursued by very ancient stories
from place to place through the streets
going up staircases and ringing
bells that cover up the shouts
of those being tortured not to reveal
the confidentiality of correspondence
on which postage seals bleed
having poured sealing wax on their lips
these offspring of the tribe of mail-carriers
who are restlessly engaged in this relay
of a hand to hand single letter
going round the world to reach
its recipient who is also the sender

before landscapes on stamps
have time to change seasons

Translated by David Mason & the author
[From Gramma <Letter>, 1995]

ヨルゴス・チョリアラス (ギリシャ)

歴史

まだ、遙かな古代の物語に追われている
通りをぬけてあちこちに
階段を登りながら
封緘のりに唇をあてたら
郵便切手は血を流していた
通信の信頼を裏切れないと
拷問される彼らの叫びを
覆う鐘を鳴らしながら
郵便配達人の子孫よ
この継承にいそいそと誰が従事する
たった一つの手紙を次の配り手に
届く範囲でそれぞれの世界を回る
送り手でもあるその受け手
切手の景色の前であって
季節を変更する時間よあれ

Translated from English by Mariko Sumikura

「銀の二重奏」 飛鳥聖羅と共著
"Duet of Silver" Co-author with Akira Asuka



Laura Corraducci (Italy)

to W. Whitman

today the stone tells another story
of the Captain in his travels as a prophet
of the oceans drained
by the thirst of his dream
of the firmament every night
sewn on his temples
the poet of an Infinite America
who played feeling abandoned
in his verses of spirit and obsession
now she can't remember her prostitution
the auction of the slaves is always open
as a maid at the centre of the room
where shiny plastic dangles from the bodies
with the voices of the muses of Manhattan
Uncle Walt may still cut his own land
dried like leaves of grass on the ground

you mix your voice with the fog tonight
close the windows let the show be for me
I see you with your hands in black and white
the contours of your lips always shaded
a ghost who is passing by
to put the soul in a body who rejects her
I'm cut off as a shoot from the vine
dry wood with no fruit for September
the sirens of ships are like an orchestra
and I see the lights behind the hill

if you prayed for a farewell
that wouldn't be so nice

fresh air in my locked rooms
each night you come closer to me
burning my desire to remain
this cleansing my feet in the mud
I feel like water under the microscope
the molecules fall from your lips
you move the curtain aside
and over the bridge the river flows
how can you fill every single nook
dilute your absence in a glass
quench all my thirst within a fire?

you've never had white hair
they were just threads
fallen from your sweater
absently I picked them up in the car
on our Montefeltro hills
so now I understand that even pain
can choose his colors
to sicken our memories

three inches of skin I sewed
on your waist as a tight belt
three stitches fixed on your hips
three crosses on your Golgotha of flesh
so come the wind
to untie me from your haunches
so come the fire
to burn me within a thunder
like a butterfly melt on the wall
today I will steal the scars to death

...(full text is here)

Lepota Cosmo (Brazil)

little poem

sun and moon in your eyes are
like fish, in the water that will
turn in rose
blues and white sea
with birds sailing along the ships
only children see fish in deep
pointing their fingers and
telling no one
do they see sun
or is it only their reflection:
small fish in water or
small fish in water...

Epigram

Probably originated
Under the terror harps-
Football.
The game, between
Swifts and albatrosses.

レポタ・コズモ (ブラジル)

警句

たぶんその源は
恐ろしい豎琴の下に
発したのだろう—サッカーは
その試合は、
ツバメとアホウドリの中で

Translated from English by Mariko Sumikura

Profile

Lepota Cosmo (Belgrade, 1977)

Poet and translator, published in revistas and journals: Letras de Parnaso, Azahar (Cadiz), Zunái, Eisfluencisias (Brasil), Rowayat (London, Egypt), Bombay Literature Magazine (Mumbai), Lo Càntich (Barcelona), Periódico de Poesía (UNAM Mexico), Guantini. Member of JUNPA and Associação Internacional Poetas del Mundo (Brasil).

