

Member's Room D-1



Tatjana Debeljaski (Serbia)

Mother

If your life was dying slowly,
In this rhythm mine was living fast.
It is the same:
I can see the day, I can see the great day,
I can see the glorious day,
My mother.
If something is tearing my soul apart,
though I put a lot of optimism into it,
believe me, mother.
You are special.
In your eye is my happiness,
Just because of you
I am persistent and positive.
Evil comes and goes.
We have met again and we chased,
And in circle again.
Sadness makes lips silent.
Don't I have a right to love aloud?
I will write a long poem.

タチアナ・デベリヤスキー (セルビア)

母

もしあなたの人生がゆっくりと絶えるとき
このわたしのリズムは早く鼓動する

同じですね
その日を見られるわ、最高の日を
栄光の日を見るの
お母さん
もし楽観主義なことだけど
なにかがわたしの魂を裂いても
わたしを信じてね、お母さん
あなたは特別だから
その目はわたしの幸せ
ただあなただから
積極的に前向きになる
悪魔は来ても去る
再び会えて、追って、
また戻ったんだもの
悲しみは唇を黙らせる
愛を叫ぶ権利はないの
わたしは長い詩を書きましょう

Translated from English by Mariko Sumikura

「紅の二重奏」石井春香と共著

"Duet of Crimson" Co-author with Haruka Ishii



Miloš Djurdjević (Croatia)

Accelerating

in the box on my desk I found a bill from a store
Canton Bazaar 616 Grand Avenue San Francisco
all day long I washed my hands remembering I couldn't
take a photo of a beggar on the street in a teahouse

they gave me a toilet key because I was sitting by myself
and my pale skin amused them a scrivener's statuette
made from kaolin was soft and cheap like two thousand
self-portraits in the same frame Sacramento and Clay Street

ceramic facade and fire escapes the year 1925 on the tympanum
Hotel Republic and giant paper lanterns hanging above
the main street celebrate a different anniversary like a sign
TURN LEFT in the window above the bookshop and a car

in a museum near Hungry I strip club and whiskey in Buddha Lounge
with Min Htet we were drinking for the police Buddhism in his country
and for a village idiot scratching his belly and staring at the window
All You Can Eat everyone was imprisoned he said and the beggar

was shaking his plastic cup and drooling so we couldn't see
the Gold Mountain Monastery near the bus station
we were in hurry to take our picture in Kerouac Alley
by the old garbage dump and the inscription Poetry is the shadow

Refuge

take a spin on the balcony
and jump jump like

a green acorn when it bursts

on the pavement over your new
walls sun spills salt
the reflection of silver flies

throbs and whistles they count
days stretching and quickly
release them what are you doing here?

on the balcony a dark smear remains
and now it squeaks and glistens
in the sun you stepped in it

ankle-deep like in the sand thinking
about insects and whitewash and whiteness again
what are you doing here? what are you doing here?

避難

バルコニーでクルクル回れ
で、ピョンピョンジャンプせよ
緑のどんぐりが破裂するように

きみの新たな壁に
太陽は塩をまき
銀いろにキラキラしている

動悸と口笛
彼等が目を数える 伸ばしたり手際よく
彼等を解放しろ きみはここで何をしているのか

バルコニーに暗い汚点がのこる
今やそれが きしみ きらめく
太陽へ きみは向かっていった

思考の砂はくるぶしまでの深さに
再び 昆虫 漆喰とその白さについて
きみは何ものなのだ ここで何をしているのか

Translation by Mariko Sumikura

Profile



Miloš Djurdjević was born in 1961 on the isle of Rab, Croatia. He is the author of six books of poetry, two books of essays and literary criticism, the editor of an anthology of contemporary Croatian poetry and coeditor of an anthology of contemporary world poetry. He has been widely anthologized, and is translated into several other languages. A recipient of fellowships at the Ledig House, Ghent, New York, the Civitella Ranieri Center in Italy, www.civitella.org, he is also a translator of contemporary American poetry and prose. He is the Croatian editor for the online literary magazine Poetry International Web, based in Rotterdam, www.poetryinternationalweb.net. In 2009, he was a writer in residence at the University of Iowa in the International Writing Program. He lives and works as a freelance writer, translator and editor in Zagreb.

Books of poetry and criticism: 著作物

Pejzaži ili kružno traženje riječi (Landscapes or Circular Searching for the Words), poetry, Pegaz, Belgrade 1989 U zrcalu (In the Mirror), poetry, Naklada MD, Zagreb 1994

Žetva (Harvest), poetry, Durieux, Zagreb 1997 Uroš Zupan:
Pripreme za dolazak travnja – izabrane pjesme
(Preparations for the Coming of April
– Selected Poems, ed. and trans. from Slovene with J. Osti) Konzor, Zagreb, 2001
Podnevni pljusak (Midday Downpour), literary criticism and essays,
Pop&Pop, Zagreb 2003
Kupujemo bodeže – izbor iz novije hrvatske poezije (Buying a Daggers:
A Selection From New Croatian Poetry); special issue of the literary magazine "Riječi",
MH, Sisak 2004; 2nd edition entitled,
Rušenje orfičkog hrama – antologija novije hrvatske poezije
(Wreckage of Orphic Temple:
An Anthology of Contemporary Croatian Poetry), VBZ, Zagreb 2006
Don Paterson: Izabrane pjesme / Selected Poems – bilingual edition, ed. and trans.,
Hrvatski P.E.N. Centar – Durieux, Zagreb 2008
Glasovi u prolazu – izbor iz suvremene svjetske poezije (Voices in Passing –
Contemporary World Poetry, ed. and trans. with S. Petlevski), Biakova, Zagreb, 2008
Sjene na vodi – ogleđi i kritike o poeziji (Shadows On the Water: Essays and
Criticism on Poetry),
Antibarbarus, Zagreb 2009
Umbrijska sunčanica i druge pjesme (Umbrian Sunstroke and Other Poems)
, poetry, Meandar, Zagreb 2010
Morse, My Deaf Friend, poetry, Ugly Duckling Presse, Brooklyn, NY, 2014
Neželjeni gosti i dugovi (Uninvited Guests and Debts), poetry, Meandar, Zagreb 2015.

ミロス・ジュジェビッチ

1961年クロアチアのラブ島で生まれる。

6冊の詩集、2冊の評論、エッセイを出している。

またクロアチア現代詩集の編集者でもある。彼の作品はいくつかの言語に訳されている。レジックハウス、ゲント、ニューヨーク、イタリアのフェローとして招待された。アメリカの詩を訳している。

ロッテルダムのポエトリーインターナショナルの編集者でもある。

2009年アイオワ大学の国際執筆プログラムで招へいされた。

いまはザグレブに居住。執筆生活をおくっている。

Iskra Doneva (Macedonia)

At sunset,

An verse unspoken

Falls asleep on lips

Love touch,
Warm scarf around the neck
Winter pastoral...

イスクラ・ドネヴァ (マケドニア)

夕闇に
語らぬ詩が
くちびるに

暖かな
スカーフの愛
冬のどか

Translated from English by Mariko Sumikura

「鳥の二重奏」近藤八重子と共著
"Duet of Birds" Co-author with Yaeko Kondo



Germain Droogenbroodt (Belgium)

Dazzled by the present

You are the darkness
in your own glow
- man

descend as deep as the bottom
of the night

search for limit with the blind man's stick
don't pass it.

Do not follow the stars of the night
but upstream the darkness
which is earthly and palpable

don't save the alms
share bread and wine
with the nomads of the night

throw roses in the break of day.

The stars are hardly more
than dispersed fragments
of an invisible unity

Resisting all questions
concerning what disappears
or continues to exist

just as in the stem of the autumn tree
although invisible
the blossom is already present.

Alienated, heaven
the god of love and mercy

the bed lost its river
the direction its destination

only the counter-light
still indicates the road.

Stowed in desert-urns
grains of sand
collected by the prophets:

the hereafter of time
ashes of dawn.

ジャーメイン・ドルーゲンブロート (ベルギー)

目眩む今

汝は自らの輝きの
内なる暗闇だ
一人間よ

夜の底まで
下降せよ

盲人の杖で限界を探せ
通過してはならない

夜の星を追わず
地上の明白な
暗闇を遡上せよ

施しものを貯めてはならない
夜の遊牧民と
麴麴なり葡萄酒を分かち合え

夜明けに薔薇を投げよ

星はもう

不可視の統一体
その散乱した破片
それ以上のものではない

消えるもの
存り続けるものについての
すべての問いに抗いつつ

秋の樹の幹の内部のよう
見えないけれども
花はすでに存在している
疎外された、天国
愛と慈悲の神

ベッドはその川を失った
方向も行く先も

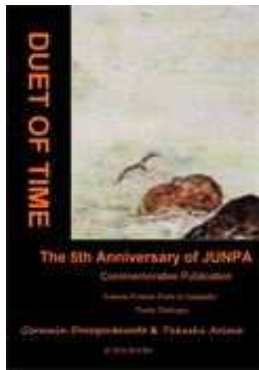
吊り照明だけが
まだ、道を示している。

砂漠の壺に溜った
少しの砂は
予言者により収集される：

時の向後
暁の灰塵

Translated from English by Mariko Sumikura

「時の二重奏」有馬 敲と共著
"Duet of Time" Co-author with Takashi Arima



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



Manuel Forcano (Spain)

At night

When all forms of love
seem futile.

When memories and fear. When the body
shudders, vulnerable,
caught unawares by the pain it feels.

When this darkness tightly binds your eyes,
then,

see and grope your way to the kitchen
and little by little

illuminate it with the light from the fridge:

look, suddenly you're amid a field of flowers
drawn all over the tiles.

マヌエル・フォルカーノ(スペイン)

夜に

すべての愛のかたちが

無意味に思えたとき

憶い出が怖れが

からだが震え脆くなり

感じる痛みに気づかないとき

この闇がきみの目を強く閉じるとき

そうすると

きみが台所へいく線を手探りで探し見る

そして少しずつ

冷蔵庫からの明りに照らされる

ごらん、たちまちきみはタイルに描かれた

花園の真ん中にいるんだ

Translated from English by Mariko Sumikura

Profile



Manuel Forcano (Barcelona, 1968) holds a PhD in Semitic Philology and taught Hebrew and Aramaic at the University of Barcelona. He has published some historical and literary essays like *The Crusades seen by the Jews* (2007) and *History of Jewish Catalonia* (2010). He has translated from Arabic into Catalan the Ibn Battuta's travels (2005) and translated and edited the travels of Marco Polo, *The Description of the world* (2009). He translates the work of modern Hebrew poets and writers such as Pinchas Sade, Yehuda Amichai, Ronny Someck, and Amos Oz. Since 2004 he worked as a documentarist for the musician Jordi Savall at the International Early Music Foundation. His own poetic works include some titles winners of different national and international of Poetry like *At night* (1999), *Corinth* (2000), *Like a Persian* (2001), *The Train of Bagdad* (2003), *Law governing Aliens* (2008), *Beheaded statues* (2013) and *Exact Science* (2014). Indebted to poets like Kavafis and Yehuda Amichai, the latter of whom he has translated, he frequently presents historical or cultural motifs from Antiquity, which contrast with the vulgarity of the present. A further contrast is between the pervasive erudition of his poems and his simplicity of tone and forms. Love and nostalgia for a glorious past are the two great themes in Forcano's poetry. He has received many prizes for his poetic work.

Haruka Ishii(Japan)

Sakura Fantasia

The dream may lead me here
Drooping Sakura remains in twilight
Leaning against the trunk
I looked at full blossoms
From the foot of the tree
Listening to her breath

The scene has just swayed
Was it that I was wrapped in pink?
Was it that she appeared in
My pale dream?

A crimson broad lace
Was wavering over me
So as to feel choking

My heart beat responding
To soft whispers of Sakura
Her spirit captured me
So I couldn't move anymore

A drooping twig
Is touching my neck
Is there anybody?

I feel dizzy
For I am chained by her spirit
And blooming together

--Somebody seems to come close to me
I feel soft touch on my arm--

Translation from Japanese by Mariko Sumikura

石井 春香 (日本)

夢幻

夢のつづきのように呼ばれてきた
夕闇のしだれ桜
幹にもたれ
花の中心で
花をみあげ
花の呼吸を聴いている

そのとき ゆれたのは
うす紅 (くれない) に巻かれた わたしだったのか
風にうなずいた淡い夢の花房だったのか

紅のレースは妖しげに ゆらぎゆらめき
内側でわたしは
巻いて巻かれて息ぐるしい

そわらそわらと優しげな
しだれ桜の囁きに
そわらそわらと胸がなる
木霊にとらわれて いっぽも動けないわたしに

桜のえだは指をからませ
首筋にまで のびてきた
誰かが頭の芯をぐらりとゆする

軽いめまいと気をとられているうちに
花のくさりにつながれて
うす紅にゆれていた

.....ああ だれか来たようだ
うっとり と わたしの腕にふれている.....

「紅の二重奏」タチアナ・デベリヤスキーと共著
"Duet of Crimson" Co-author with Tatijana Deberjaski
インタビュー記事、Interview [Click here](#)



Laura Garavaglia (Italy)

Our auroras

Our auroras

drenched in livid light.

The breath I perceive in the point

from which I don't return. Green

silence of the dead speaks to us

from the emptiness of time. I perceive

the spasm of day

in the point from which I don't return

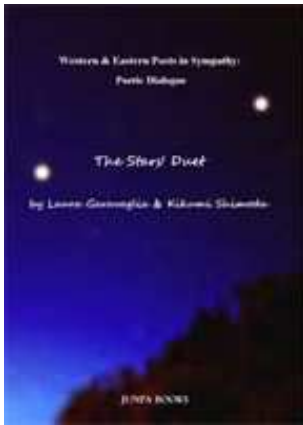
ラウラ・ガラヴァリア (イタリア)

私たちのオーロラ

わたしたちのオーロラは
鉛色した光にずぶぬれだ
もう戻らない地点で知覚する呼吸
死者の緑の静寂は時の虚から
わたしたちに話す わたしは
時の痙攣を知覚する
そこからはもう戻らない地点で

Translated from English by Mariko Sumikura

「星の二重奏」 下田喜久美と共著
"Duet of Stars" Co-author with Kikumi Shimoda



Chiaki Hamada (Japan)

Water of Life — uisce beatha —

Stagnant tears were distilled
In the barrel
Stored over years

Fire of peat disclosed
Secret wound
Shattered voice
Sweat burning down

Last note of seeds
Colored with a foreign village
Filling it to the brim the vessel

To the life make free
From total gravity

Matured aromatic
dark amber did not
Tell but
Sing

Translation from Japanese by Mariko Sumikura

浜田千秋（日本）

生命の水 —uisce beatha—

澱んだ涙は蒸留され
樽のなか
斜陽を重ねる

泥炭は炙り出す
秘められた傷を
閉ざされた声を
焼け落ちた汗を

種子の余薫が
異郷を彩り

器を充たす

一切の重力から
生命を解放するため

熟成した玄奥の
芳烈の琥珀は
語らず
歌う

「魂の二重奏」アナベル・ヴォラーと共著
"Duet of Souls" Co-author with Annabel Villar



「炎の二重奏」ムセル・エニアイと共著
"Duet of Flame" Co-author with Muesser Eniay



Cleria Ifrim (Romania)

Fire bits

My kitchen has the color of fire.
In this light are shining
the tread crumbs,
the salt crystals,
the enamel of the sink,
and the knife-edge.
A barefooted shadow passes
from a dream to dream,
to drink a glass of water,
while it gathers the fire bits,
fallen on the floor.

クレリア・イフリム（ルーマニア）

小さな火

台所は火の色をしている
光が輝いている
パンの塊
塩の結晶
シンクのエナメル
と包丁の刃
はだしの影が
夢から夢へと通る
コップの水を飲もうと
小さな火を集めると
床のうえに落ちてしまう

Translated from English by Mariko Sumikura

「夢の二重奏」加納由将と共著

"Duet of Dreams" Co-author with Yoshimasa Kanou



