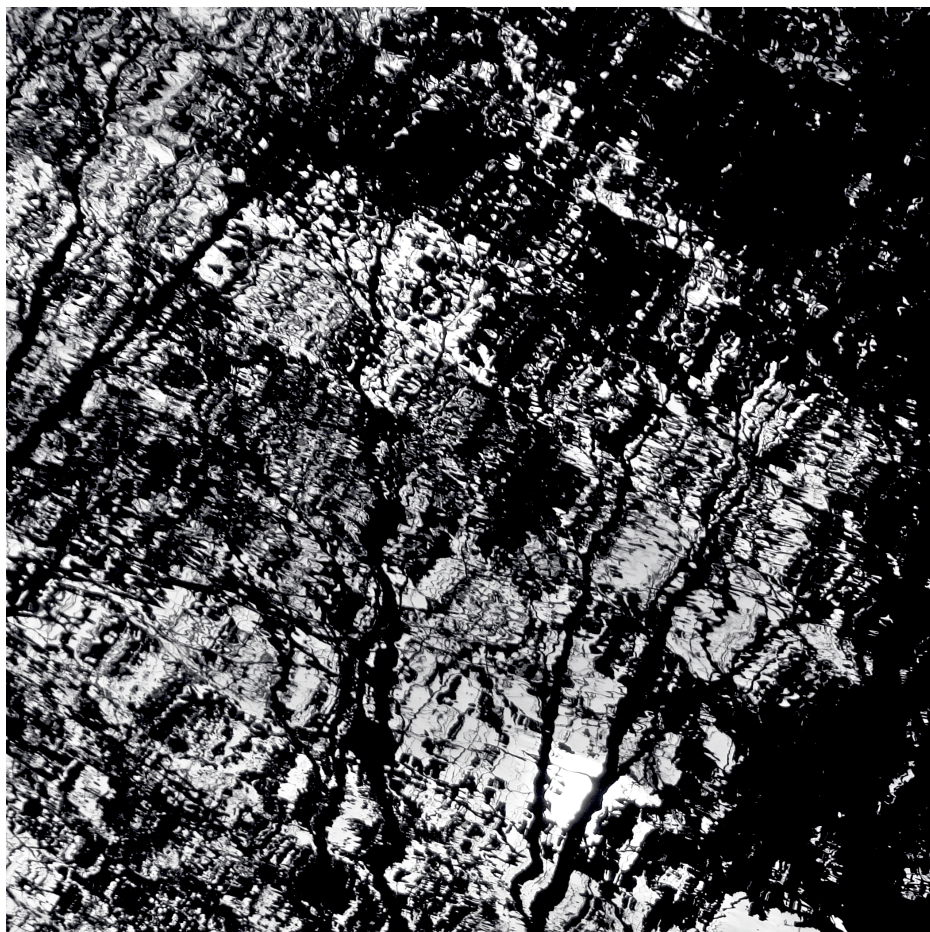


Wurmfest Programm

Dublin Irland
2009 Dezember 4/5/6



Wurmfest Programm

**Dublin, Irland
2009 Dezember 4/5/6**

Wurm Press

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Cover image
Dylan Harris

Wurmfest: Wurm im Apfel.
Wurm im Apfel: Aaron Copeland, Kit Fryatt & Dylan Harris.
wurmimapfel.com

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Stephen Rodefer

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Leute

Einführung

Wurmfest emerged equally of necessity and serendipity. Two friends-in-poetry ended up in the same city, with the same sense that there was a poetry audience whose tastes weren't catered for, and gave each other the courage to do something about it. The enormous support Dylan Harris and I received in establishing the Wurm im Apfel reading series, and its festival relative Wurmfest, testifies to the appetite of Dublin audiences for the poetry that we both enjoyed and wanted to promote.

Dylan suggested the name Wurm im Apfel, as a tribute to Reinhard Döhl's 1965 concrete poem. An apple-shaped text composed of the repeated word "apfel", it harbours in its midst a single "wurm". We wanted to offer the same surprise and delight experienced by the viewer's first perception of that buried "wurm". We wanted to signal our difference; suggest some potential for subversiveness. But we were mindful of, and anxious not to involve ourselves in the conflicts between alleged modernists and the so-called mainstream that beset contemporary anglophone poetry.

One way to signal our conscientious objection to the English-language poetry wars was to develop links with poets from continental Europe. Financial constraints mean that we haven't been able to host as many poets from mainland Europe as we would like, but in collaboration with the Cork-based SoundEye festival, Wurm im Apfel was able to organise in July a performance by Jaap Blonk which stunned and thrilled a very appreciative audience. To Wurmfest, we are proud to welcome Astrid Lampe, from the Netherlands; from Portugal, aNa B; as well as the American Parisian Stephen Rodefer. Another means of escape from exclusive anglophony is offered by the Irish language: we are pleased to present readings by Gearóid Mac Lochlainn, and versions of a number of poems by Colm Breathnach and the fastest translator in the West, Gabriel Rosenstock.

We could not have organised either the Wurm im Apfel series or Wurmfest without building up debts of gratitude of a magnitude analogous to those of the rogue financial institutions which have occupied the news pages for the last year and more. We owe thanks first to Aaron Copeland of the eek arts collective, whose enthusiasm and commitment betrayed him into the folly of becoming a legal partner in the Wurm entity. If you are reading this, it means his gamble has paid off – Dylan has not stripped the coffers to fund his dangerous Belgian beer habit, nor have I sunk the lot into folding bicycles, penny sweets and silly hats. Our thanks also go to those who have been kind enough to lend us venues for our events, in particular Vanessa Fielding and Complex Productions for our present fine venue. The other friends of Wurm are many and marvellous, too numerous to name even were it not for the invidious possibility of forgetting someone vital. Be assured of our gratitude.

We would like Wurmfest to promote dialogue and collaboration between poets from Britain, Ireland and continental Europe, and to give audiences the chance to experience challenging and exciting poetry in a relaxed, sociable and irreverent atmosphere. Poetry is pleasure, and its devotees hedonists. Enjoy the festival. Enjoy yourselves.

Kit Fryatt



Take a bow!

The arts really matter to us in Ireland; they are a big part of people's lives, the country's single most popular pursuit. Our artists interpret our past, define who we are today, and imagine our future. We can all take pride in the enormous reputation our artists have earned around the world.

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The Arts Council is the Irish Government agency for funding and developing the arts. Arts Council funding from the taxpayer, through the Department of Arts, Sport and Tourism, for 2009 is €75 million, that's about €1 euro a week for every household.

So, at the end of your next great festival experience, don't forget the role you played and take a bow yourself!

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You can find out more about the arts here:

www.artscouncil.ie

Einführung

Is ar ámharaí an tsaoil agus de thoradh riachtanais a tháinig Wurmfest ar an bhfód.

Tharla gur tháinig beirt le chéile, a bhí ar aon intinn, in aon chathair amháin agus mhisnigh siad a chéile le freastal ar lúb ar lár sa phobal filíochta.

Ó bunaíodh an sraith léitheoireachta, “Wurm im Apfel” agus an féile gaolmhar “Wurmfest”, léirigh tacaíocht a fhuair Dylan Harris agus mé féin go raibh dúil agus pobal i mBaile Átha Cliath a léirigh spéis san fhilíocht ar thaitin linne agus ar theastaigh uainn a chur chun cinn.

Is in ómós do dhán leis an bhfile Reinhard Dahl, “Wurm in Apfel”, a cumadh i 1965, a mhol Dylan ainm na féile. Tá an dán déanta suas as athrá an fhocail 'apfel', le téacs úllchruthach agus leabaithe i lár an téacs ar fad tá an focal 'wurm'. Theastaigh uainn an iontas a mhúsclaíonn an 'wurm' seo a léiriú leis an dtionscadal seo, mar shiombal go raibh cumas na n-éagsúlachta ag baint linn agus deis treascairte a chur ar fáil. Theastaigh uainn, áfach, muid féin a scaradh amach ón dá-dhream a chothaíonn cogadh an fhilíocht chomhaimseartha Béarla. Is é sin le rá lucht na nua-aoisithe agus lucht an phríomhshrutha. Bealach amháin a bhí ann muid fhein a scaradh amach on coimhlint seo, ná nascanna a chur chun cinn le bhfilí ón Mór-Roinn. Chuir sriantacht airgeadais bac orainn cuireadh a thabhairt d'fhilí ó Mhór-Roinn na hEorpa. Is trí chomhoibriú leis an bhféile SoundEye atá lonnaithe i gCorcaigh, go raibh “Wurm im Apfel” in ann léiriú le Jaap Blonk a eagrú i mí Iúil, a chuaigh go mór i gcion ar an lucht féachana.

Cuireann sé áthas orainn mar sin, fáilte a chuir roimh Astrid Lampe ón Ísiltír; aNa B ón Phortaingéil agus Stephen Rodefer - Párasach Meirceánach. Cuirimid fáilte roimh filí na Gaeilge, léitheoireacht ó Ghearóid Mac Lochlainn agus leaganacha dánta de chuid Gabriel Rosenstock, an aistriitheoir is gasta san Iarthar, mar threisiú ar an éalú ón Bhéarlóireacht.

Táimid go mór faoi chomaoín ag dreamanna áirithe, is mian liom an deis a thapú ár mbuíochas a ghabháil le Aaran Copeland ar dtús ón eek arts collective, an díograis a léirigh sé a chuir brú air dul i gcomhpháirtíocht sa bhfiontar seo. Is léir go raibh an t-ádhdh leis nár chaitheamar a chuid airgid ar fad, Dylan ar a chuid dúil sa lean Bheilgeach agus mé féin ar rothair, milseáin agus hataí seafóideacha. Táimid go mór faoi chomaoín ag daoine ar nós Vanessa Fielding agus Complex Productions don taibhiú iontach a chuir siad ar fáil dúinn. Ní fhéadfaimis iad ar fad a lua, ar fhaitíos go bhféadfaí duine eicínt amach ach cairde “Wurm” atá líonmhar agus éachtach. Táimid go mór faoi bhuir gcomaoín. Buíochas ó chroí daoibh ar fad.

Tá Wurmfest ann chun idirphlé agus naisc a chothú idir filí ó Éirinn, an Bhreatain, agus Mór Roinn na hEorpa, le deis a thabhairt do lucht féachana, taitneamh a bhaint as filíocht dúshlánach agus spreagúil i láthair réchúiseach, sóisialta, áit a fhaigheann an fhilíocht an ómós atá tuillte aici. Cothaíonn an fhilíocht sonas, agus is héadóraithe iad a pobal. Bainigí taitneamh as an bhféile.

*Kit Fryatt
(Übersetzer: Emer O'Carroll und Aoileann Ní Ríain)*



Bí bródúil asat féin!

Tá na healaíona fíorthábhachtach dúinn in Éirinn; is cuid mhór de shaol na ndaoine atá iontu, agus iad ar an gcaitheamh aimsire is mó éilimh sa tír. Déanann ár n-ealaíontóirí léirmhíniú ar ár stair, déanann siad sainmhíniú orainn mar atáimid inniu, agus déanann siad na blianta atá amach romhainn a thuar. Is cúis mórtais dúinn go léir an dea-cháil atá tuillte ag ár n-ealaíontóirí ar fud an domhain.

Tá ról riachtanach ag na healaíona inár ngeilleagar, agus bíonn infheistíocht ghrinn airgead na gcáiníocóirí sna healaíona íoctha ar ais go flaithiúil. Tagann na díbhinní i bhfoirm geilleagair chruthaithigh ardluacha, a bhfuil fórsa oibre solúbtha, oilte, nuálaíoch taobh thiar de, agus i dtionscal turasóireachta cultúrtha gur fiú €5 bhilliún in aghaidh na bliana é.

Is í an Chomhairle Ealaíon gníomhaireacht Rialtas na hÉireann ar son chistiú agus fhorbairt na n-ealaíon. Is é an cistiú atá á fháil ag an gComhairle Ealaíon ón gcáiníocóir, tríd an Roinn Ealaíon, Spóirt agus Turasóireachta, do 2009 ná €75 milliún, sin thart ar €1 in aghaidh na seachtaine do gach teaghlach.

Mar sin, an chéad uair eile a bhainfidh tú taitneamh as féile iontach ná déan dearmad ar an mbaint a bhí agat féin léi agus bí bródúil asat féin!

Faigh amach ar siúl:

www.events.artscouncil.ie

Faigh amach níos mó faoi na healaíona anseo:

www.artscouncil.ie

Zeitplan

2009 DEZEMBER 4

18:30 Maurice Scully, Gearóid Mac Lochlainn
21:00 Feast / Dinnéar

2009 DEZEMBER 5

11:00 Giles Goodland, Erica van Horn, Trevor Joyce
14:00 aNa B, Simon Cutts, Kevin Nolan
16:30 Tom Chivers, Astrid Lampe, Stephen Rodefer
20:00 Cabaret / Seó

2009 DEZEMBER 6

11:00 Discussion / Díospóireacht

Danke

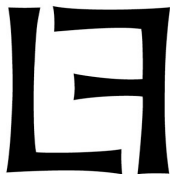
Arts Council Small Festival Scheme / Scéim na bhFéilte Ealaíon Beaga
Foras na Gaeilge
Poetry Ireland / Éigse Éireann,
Nederlands Literair Productie- en Vertalingenfonds.

Richard Berengarten, Diane Buttermann, Colm Breathnach, Séamas Cain, Liam
Carson, Fionnuala Cloke, Philip Coleman, Pádraig Ó Crottaigh, James
Cummins, The Dice Bar, Tony Frazer, Michael Hinds, Trevor Joyce, Aoileann
Ní Ríain, Kevin Nolan, Emer O'Carroll, Gabriel Rosenstock, Maurice
Scully,

gaeilge.ie



Poetry Ireland Éigse Éireann



Nederlands
Literair
Productie- en
Vertalingenfonds

Dichtung

aNa B

Tom Chivers

Simon Cutts

Giles Goodland

Erica van Horn

Trevor Joyce

Astrid Lampe

Gearóid Mac Lochlainn

Kevin Nolan

Stephen Rodefer

Maurice Scully

To St Ia,

who travelled from Ireland to Cornwall on a leaf

on the second day Ia ventured beyond
the centre of the nervures
and engaged the flooding
narrating the many tongues ascendant from the surf
it was clear by then that the voyage commanded restraint
as the osseous memory of a carapace

nothing could have prepared her for such vociferous
symphonic reservoir
such undulating capriciousness
the craters perforated with a long-suspected
crustaceous existence
the anticipation of stable ground
and the winding annunciation of the wreckage

Chuibh Naomh Ia
a thaistil ó Éirinn go Corn na Breataine ar dhuilleog

ar an dara lá bhog Ia thar
lár na bhféitheacha
is chuaigh i ngleic leis an tuile
is labhair sna teangacha a tháinig ón gcáitheadh mara aníos
ba léir faoin am sin gur éiligh an t-íomramh srian
mar a bheadh cuimhne chnámhar an charapáis ann

ní fhéadfadh aon ní í a ullmhú
le haghaidh an taiscumair ghlóraigh
shiansaigh sin
a leithéid de ghuagacht thonnúil
na cráitéir is iad pollta le beatha chrústach
ag dul i bhfad siar
tnúth le talamh slán
agus fógairt chasta na raice

but Yemanjá in her wavy visage
cradled the leaf
as she always cradles the fierce yet soft-spoken
recognizing the affinity of purpose
in this buoyant house of veins

ach mhuirnich Yemanjá an duilleog
ina gnúis thonnúil
mar a mhuirníonn i gcónaí an fiántas séimh
is d'aithin an coibhneas cuspóra
i dtigh snámhach seo na bhféitheacha

(Übersetzer: Gabriel Rosenstock)

.one descends onto the venerated
void of euphony carrying the wake shifting
the way of bones upon blood upon dermis upon

incantations

.it reaches beyond the nature of forgotten
things, of the ungrasped
yet the reminiscence of a certain re
cognition
bears
the weight
bears
the wait
of descend
marked by muffled murmured membrane

: the melodist

Tom Chivers

Poem as diminishing return

Simply gutted technocrats no longer
dropping smileys & molesting one another

w/ Grace of 2 Poles and a Czech
plumbing future kitchenettes

then 'staying on'. Take what you can:
this poem is an act of desperation,

skint but mobile, planed and
sculptural yet, like a spice, ground

and noseward. Naked at a window,
Colombo inspects his swollen bollocks;

good eye captures slightly purple tinge
around the fluffy perineum.

Tomorrow and tomorrow, he starts,
we shall launch like mortars, like

a broadside, and an unmanned drone
will soar above the mountains

and the valleys that are you and me,
or at least some gurning pug

in the Gents' who was forced
to climb down from an initial, dodgy

faith in the truth.

This is yogic

She was found in a gully, Nordic features
and a beige ratatouille of sick in an arc.

This is yogic. Anorak in the hedge
(*or henge*) and the piss tang of celeriac.

He was a Whitechapel rake and she,
well, no vestal virgin nor blood donor.

Ergo, the site of furtive bayonets
and paving the colour of wet tongue.

Talk is loose when the fog comes down;
archaic argots, hybrid whispering.

Dangling from a silo, the cunt with the
pink ukulele can hone his ego on my fist.

Tá sé seo iógúil

Thángthas uirthi i gclasán, ceannaithe Nordacha
agus ratatúí béasa d'aiseag ina áirse.

Tá sé seo iógúil. Anorac san fhál
(nó sa *heinse*) agus boladh múin an tsoiriliac.

Réice ó Whitechapel eisean agus ise,
bhuel, ní maighdean veisteach ná deontóir fola a bhí inti.

Ergo, láthair na mbaighnéad folaigh
mar theanga fhliuch é dath na pábhála.

Bíonn an chaint scaoilte nuair a thagann an ceo anuas;
béarlagair ársa, cogarnaíl hibrídeach.

Ar sliobarna de shadhlann, tig leis an gcunús a bhfuil an
ucailéile bhándearg aige a mhise a mheilt ar mo dhorn

(*Übersetzer: Gabriel Rosenstock*)

Simon Cutts

The Arklow Box

for Lorin: his retirement

re-windowed now
as a greenhouse
or a holiday home
in a private garden

used once as a part-time
telephone exchange
after the line closed,

with no eave bracket
and only a plain
brick base to replace it

tinned-up,
the frame removed
retaining a replica
of its tappets

the old burnt
gantry box
instruments intact

Bosca an Inbhir Mhóir

do Lorin: ar scor

fuinneoga nua anois ann
mar theach gloine
nó mar theach saoire
i ngairdín príobháideach

in úsáid tráth mar mahalartán
teileafóin páirtaimseartha,
nuair a dúnadh an líne,

gan brac sceimhle
is gan ach bonn bríce lom
ina áit

stánaithe,
an fráma bainte de
macasamhail
dá chniogóga ann

an seanbhosca geantraí
dóite
na huirlisí slán

(Übersetzer: Gabriel Rosenstock)

Giles Goodland

how snow falls in the sun
a figure moving in the window across the street
the clouds in your eye
your voice over the phone in early light
your hair reddening at sunset
a child reaching to touch the screen
a child waving minutes after the car left
the red bulb you left me that changes everything
diving-birds moving like planets
chocolate crumbling on the whorls of your finger
the energy of so many roads through the night
the faint firedamp that leads days from now to some quarrel
the compassion of the chemical in the vein
all the needle contains including a decline from godhead
the skidmarks time joyrides over your forehead
the spermy quality of the mist on a March morning
an uncurling of fernheads in the pot
the graininess of the city in evening light
all the colours of the rain
the language the trees speak to each other
the frenzy under a pool's smooth skin
the river-patterns when you close the eyes too hard
sense of obligation to workplace
the lace of friendship that tightens the week
the rhymes nights make in the corners of curtains
the stars that frame this comprehension
the indifferent second that blows world into shape
the pieces of the story that came together years later
arrange these in order of value.

(from: What the Things Sang)

mar a thiteann sneachta faoin ngrian
fíor ag bogadh san fhuinneog trasna na sráide
na scamaill id shúil
do ghuth ar an bhfón sa mhochsholas
do chuid gruaige ag ruachan am luí na gréine
leanbh ag iarraidh breith ar an scáileán
leanbh ag sméideadh neomaití t'reis don charr imeacht
an bolgán dearg a d'fhág tú agam is a athraíonn gach aon ní
éin ag tumadh is ag gluaiseacht mar phláinéid
seacláid ag sceitheadh ar chasnóga do mhéar
fuinneamh na mbóithre gan áireamh tríd an oíche
an gás mianaigh lag is ábhar aighnis ann i gceann roinnt laethanta
comhbhá an cheimiceáin san fhéith
a bhfuil sa tsnáthaid, meath dé san áireamh
sciormharcanna an ama ag spraoithiomáint thar chlár d'éadain
cáilíocht speirmeach an cheo maidin Mhárta
díchorradh na raithní sa phota
snáithínteacht na cathrach faoi sholas an tráthnóna
dathanna uile na báistí
an teanga a labhrann crainn lena chéile
an mhíre faoi chraiceann mín linne
patrúin na habhann nuair a dhúnann tú do shúile ródhlúth
an dualgas a bhraitheann tú i leith d'ionad oibre
lása an chairdis a fháisceann an tseachtain le chéile
na rímeanna a dheinean oícheanta i gcúinní cuirtíní
na réaltaí a fhrámaíonn an tuiscint seo
an soicind neamhsuimiúil a shéideann an domhan ina chruth
na codanna den scéal a tháinig le chéile blianta ina dhiaidh sin
eagraigh iad seo in ord luacha

(Übersetzer: Gabriel Rosenstock)

Erica van Horn

29 October Thursday

There are huge piles of wood, pallettes, and junk in various fields. The piles have begun to get bigger and bigger in the last few weeks. These are for the Halloween night bonfires which will be lit all over the countryside in the darkness. They will be accompanied by fireworks. There is so much wet everywhere I wonder if any of the fires will even light. Yesterday was dry, but I think a week of dry sunshine might not be enough to dry the land and the wood. We have our own wet weather problem. The new (used) car which we bought in the spring was inexpensive and did not have very many miles on it. Our mechanic friend told us that it was a good brand and that it was cheap because the Irish do not like the Seat. He said it is in the Volkswagen family and that it is a good car, just unpopular here. I thought the car a very ugly shade of green and I thought the name Ibiza was dumb, but the price was right. We did not think to ask WHY people here do not like the Seat. Now we know. When this car goes through deep puddles and the distributor gets wet, the car loses power until it is just forced to stop. The car will not start again until the distributor has had time to dry out. This has happened twice and both times the car just had to stay overnight down in the village until it was ready to drive again. It is crazy to live down an old rough boreen which has very lengthy and deep puddles in multiple locations after every heavy rain. Heavy rain is not a surprise here. It is crazy to own a car that we cannot drive in the rain. The car is made for Spain.

Déardaoín 29 Deireadh Fómhair

Cairn mhóra adhmaid, pailléid agus dramhaíl i ngoirt éagsúla. Ag dul i méid atá na cairn le roinnt seachtainí anuas. Is le haghaidh na dtinte cnámha Oíche Shamhna iad a lasfar ar fud an dúthaigh sa dorchadas. Beidh tinte ealaíne leis ann. Tá sé chomh fliuch sin gach aon áit n'fheadar an lasfaidh tine ar bith. Bhí an lá inné tirim, ach táim den tuairim nach leor seachtain thirim gréine chun an talamh agus an t-adhmad a thriomú. Tá fadhb fliuchrais dár gcuid féin againn. Bhí an carr nua (athláimhe) a cheannaíomar san earrach saor go leor is gan mórán mílte déanta aici. Dúirt cara linn ar meicneoir é gur branda maith atá ann agus go bhfuil sí saor mar nach bhfuil meas ag Éireannaigh ar an Seat. Dúirt sé go bhfuil sí gaolta leis an Volkswagon agus gur dea-charr is ea í ach nach bhfuil aon éileamh anseo uirthi. Mheasas-sa go raibh an dath glas a bhí uirthi gránna go maith agus an t-ainm Ibiza amaideach, ach bhí an praghas i gceart. Níor rith sé linn fiafraí de CÉN FÁTH nach bhfuil meas ar an Seat anseo. Tá a fhios againn anois. Nuair a théann an carr seo trí locháin dhoimhne agus nuair a fhliuchtar an dáileoir, cailleann an carr cumhacht agus bíonn uirthi stopadh. Ní thosóidh an carr arís go dtí go dtriomóidh an dáileoir. Tharla sé seo faoi dhó agus b'éigean don charr fanacht thar oíche sa tsráidbhaile, faoi dhó, go dtí go raibh sí réidh le tiomáint arís. Tá sé áiféiseach ar fad cónaí a bheith ort leath bealaigh síos seanbhóithrín garbh ina mbíonn locháin dhoimhne an-fhada thall is abhus tar éis trombháistí. Ní haon rud nua é báisteach throm anseo. Tá sé áiféiseach carr a bheith agat nach féidir a thiomáint aimsir bháistí. Don Spáinn a cruthaíodh an carr seo.

(Übersetzer: Gabriel Rosenstock)

Trevor Joyce

successively
each emperor's
doubles were
assassinated

then
himself

therefore
this stratagem

our latest
emperor
was chosen
secretly

no-one
informed
not even
the elect

it worked

somewhere
he lives
obscurely
on

quite
unaware
he is
a god

Note: these poems are under a 36 word constraint, but that this is sometimes impossible to achieve when translated into Irish.

feallmharaíodh
leathchúplaí
an impire
as a chéile

é féin
ansin

ergo
an beart seo

roghnaíodh
an t-impire
nua
faoi rún

níor tugadh
an t-eolas
d'aon neach
beo

d'oibrigh sé

maireann sé
áit éigin
faoi
choim

ní
heol dó
gur
dia é

(Übersetzer: Gabriel Rosenstock)

examine
your own
features your
distinguishing
characteristics

are you so
sleek?

pelt
cannot
remain
intact
eye
always
bright

living
dims

here we
enhance
the vestiges
of animation

with wire
and common
glass
we mend
broken
beasts

grinnigh
do cheannaithe
féin do
shaintréithe

an bhfuilir chomh
slim sin?

cneas
ní bheidh
slán go deo
ná súile
geal i gcónaí

múchann
an bheatha

treisimid anseo
iarmhairtí
na beochana

le sreanga
agus gnáthghloine
deisimid
beithígh bhriste

(Übersetzer: Colm Breathnach)

court
tombs
constitute
our earliest
examples

local sites
exhibit small
side chambers

transepted
galleries

only the
largest
slabs
remain

fallen
displaced

smaller stones
purloined for
nearby walls
or roadworks

the ideal form
exists
in imagination
only

clóstuamaí
na samplaí
luatha atá againn

taobhsheomraí beaga
i láithreáin áitiúla

cros-áiléir

níl fágtha
ach
leaca
móra

tite
as áit

goideadh
clocha beaga
le haghaidh fallaí
nó oibreacha bóthair maguaird

sa tsamhlaíocht
amháin atá
an fhoirm idéalach

(Übersetzer: Colm Breathnach)

one
smiles
briefly

peels
the smile
tosses it
to another
who must
catch
wear it
then peel
and throw

who smiles
mistakenly
is dead

last
alive
wins

the dead
titter
making
it harder
to stay
alive

gáire
gairid
uaít

scamhtar
an gáire
teilgtear
anonn é
beirtear
air
caithtear
scamhtar
is teilgtear

gáire bréige
is taoi
marbh

an marthanóir
an
buaiteoir

scig-gháire
ó na mairbh
is deacra
fós é
fanacht
beo

(Übersetzer: Gabriel Rosenstock)

Astrid Lampe

POËZIE

als geen ander kon zij
zo had hij haar verzekerd
mooi en diep lijden aan dit leven
(het leek op biechten) ...*'gelijk een roos'*

bloedmooi
de roos gestold in lava
koers houdend op soldatenkistjes
uit al wat op je stormbaan komt
woekerwinst puren

zo leerde haar de lama
die – wees of geen wees –
haar jeugd adopteerde
kniel mooi op blote knietjes
dit gedicht je gebedsmolen
zo slinger je honing
mijn klooster je woning lief

zo lief je leed in haiku's
zo lief je leed in a f o r i s m e n

zo leerde haar de lama
bloedstollend mooi je ziel
een roos gestold in lava
niks *bah!*
juist mooi en diep

Lil (zucht)

diep en mooi! commandeerde hij
leer lijden aan dit leven
alleen dit jij
alleen dit wij

mooi en diep
diep dieper aap
door de knieën: *ontdooi*
puur (puur als werkwoord hier) h o n i n g

in de plooi! kroon en beloon dit hier en nu
ik leef je voor, één koning
nu een sonnet!

POETRY

like no other she could
so had he assured her
suffer beautiful and deep from this life
(it resembled confession) ...*'just like a rose'*

stunning
the rose solidified in lava
steady on soldiers' boots
in all that crosses your assault course
extracting exorbitant profit

so the lama taught her
who – orphan or no orphan –
adopted her youth
kneel nicely on bare little knees
this poem your prayer wheel
thus you extract honey
my cloister your dwelling dear

so sweet you suffered in haikus
so sweet you suffered in a p h o r i s m s

so the lama taught her
stunningly beautiful your soul
a rose solidified in lava
not *ugh!*
rather beautiful and deep

Lil (sigh)

deep and beautiful! he ordered
learn to suffer from this life
alone this ye
alone this we

beautiful and deep
deep deeper ape
go down on your knees: *thaw*
pure (pure as verb here) h o n e y

sweet and pliable! crown and reward this here and now
I live before you, thy king
now a sonnet!

(Übersetzer: Diane Buttermann)

FILÍOCHT

bhí sí in ann fulaingt
mar nár fhulaing éinne eile a dúirt sé
go domhain is go hálainn sa saol seo
(bhí sé ar nós faoistine) ... *‘díreach mar rós’*

millteanach
sholadaigh an rós i laibhe
go socair i mbuataisí saighdiúra
i ngach a thrasnaigh do chúrsa ionsaithe
is róbhábús á tharraingt

b’in mar a mhúin an láma di
a d’uchtaigh a hóige
bíodh sí ina dílleachta nó ná bíodh
téir go deas ar do ghlúine beaga nochta
roth na hurnaí agat an dán seo
is mar sin a fhaigheann tú an mhil
mo chlabhstra mar áitreabh agat, a thaisce

chomh milis sin gur fhulaingís i haiku
chomh milis sin gur fhulaingís i n a t h á i n

is mar sin a mhúin an láma di
d’anam millteanach álainn
rós a soladaíodh i laibhe
seachas *futh!*
álainn agus domhain go maith
foghlaim conas fulaingt sa saol seo
Lil (osna)

domhain agus álainn! a d’ordaigh sé
é seo amháin sibhse
é seo amháin sinne

álainn agus domhain
domhain níos doimhne ápa
trí na glúine: *leáigh*
m i l íonghlan (íonghlan mar bhriathar anseo)
milis is is solúbtha! Corónnaigh mé agus cúitigh é seo liom anois díreach
is beo dom os do chomhair, do rí
anois ina shoinéad!

(Übersetzer: Gabriel Rosenstock)

zij wil haar handen diep
in iets dat kalmte, koelte schenkt zoiets als een
buil bloem verstoppen
blauw kan intens zijn
de bank een best lastdier met
sprekende kussens

handen uit de bloem, moeder!
uit de grabbelton

zo diep kan blauw zijn
ik ben de wolf
hier is je deeg

she deeply wants to sink her hands
in something calm, refreshing, something
like a sack of flour
the blues can be so deep
the couch becomes a friendly monster
with cushions that speak

hands out of the flour, mom!
out of the lucky dip

so deep can blueness be that
I become the wolf
here's your little tart

(Übersetzer: Kevin Nolan)

ba mhaith léi a lámha a thumadh go domhain
i rud éigin suanmhar fionnuartha, rud éigin
ar nós mála plúir
is féidir le gorm a bheith chomh domhain
déantar den tolg ollphéist chairdiúil
agus tá gaoluinn ag na cúisíní

lámha amach as an bplúr, a mhaim!
as tobar an áidh

is féidir leis an ngorm a bheith chomh domhain sin
go ndéantar díom mac tíre
seo dhuit do thoirín

(Übersetzer: Gabriel Rosenstock)

Gearóid Mac Lochlainn

translations # 8

we were stoned, watching the lunchtime news in the bar
outside the rain fell down like blues again
always the rain

over the weekend
there had been another spate of random attacks

a family of Poles had been burnt out of Ballysillan
a Czech was attacked with a baseball bat in Ballybean
ten Latvians got the sack from a slave farm in Tyrone
a Romanian lost her feet to frostbite sleeping in the cold
someone spat on a Portuguese factory worker

meanwhile the Filipinos held a white-line protest on the Antrim Road
and two Africans were kicked up and down Sandy Row

the TV experts said that-

'pre-existing sectarian mindsets had facilitated, or translated,
into anti-immigrant, or racist sentiment.'

we all got back to talking
Petra the pretty Czech girl said she didn't like the Poles
because they came here and took all the jobs.

the Poles are okay, said Joe.
leave the fuckin Poles alone. At least they're not prods.

the two Yankee tourists got up and left after just one drink.
they thought we were all crazy Irish.

I wanted to go home.
but I was home.
Outside, the rain
you can always depend on the rain
always the rain.

Aistriúcháin # 8

bhíomar stónáilte, ag breathnú ar nuacht am lóin sa bheár
lasmuigh bhí an bháisteach ag titim arís ar nós na ngormacha
an bháisteach i gcónaí

bhí babhta eile d'ionsaithe randamacha ann
thar an deireadh seachtaine

dódh amach as a dtigh teaghlach Polannach i mBaile na Saileán
ionsaíodh Seiceach le slacán in Ballybean
fuair deichniúr Laitveach bata is bóthar ó fheirm daor i dTír Eoghain
chaill Rómánach a dhá cos ó bheith ag codladh amuigh faoin sioc
chaith neach éigin seile le hoibrí monarchan Portaingéalach

idir an dá linn d'eagraigh na Filipínigh agóid bhánlíneach ar Bhóthar
Aontroma
agus ciceáladh beirt Afracach suas síos Sandy Row

dúirt na saineolaithe teilifíse—

‘bhí meon seicteach fadbhunaithe tar éis
aistriú chuig aigne chiníoch nó frithimirceach, nó í a éascú.’

leanamar orainn ag cabaireacht.
dúirt Petra, girseach ghleoite Sheiceach, nár thaitin Polannaigh léi
mar go rabhadar tagtha anseo chun na jabanna go léir a thógaint.
tá na Polannaigh ceart go leor, arsa Joe,
lig do na focin Polannaigh. Ar a laghad ar bith ní Protastúnaigh iad.

sheas an bheirt turasóirí Phoncánacha i ndiaidh deoch amháin a ól is d'imigh.
mheasadar gur Éireannaigh mhíre ab ea sinn go léir.
theastaigh uaim dul abhaile
ach is sa bhaile a bhíos.
an bháisteach lasmuigh,
is féidir brath ar an mbáisteach i gcónaí,
an bháisteach i gcónaí.

(Übersetzer: Gabriel Rosenstock)

Bus

I left the house, said fuck all to her, just walked out, said Joe.
And I'm hurryin for the bus all fuckn stressed out.
I'm joggin' down the fuckn hill and my ulcer's on fire
And I can hardly breathe trying to catch this fuckn' bus, man.
And then I missed the fucker of a bastard bus by about ten seconds.
Fuckn disaster. I'm watching the fucker drive away, blowing smoke fumes
In my face...

So I had to hang about on the Saintfield Road. Just hangin about.
Waiting on the next bus. Waiting there, doin fuck all, dying for a pint.
Just mindin my own business, like.

Then I see one of the middle class prods
From down the bottom end of the street walkin towards me.
An I'm noddin hello and bein polite an all, and hows it goin,
Because I know his face and we live in the same middle-class proddy street.
And the war's all over and all that crap.
And then I'm thinkin that maybe he even thinks I'm a prod too,
cos I say fuck all and keep a low profile.
And why wouldn't ya? It's not like I wanna socialise with all my prod
neighbours.
They might burn me out except they're all middle class
and don't do that type of thing up there.
But they'd probably shop ya to the dole or somethin cos yer a fenian, you
know.

But anyway, he's walking right up to me and he's gonna speak to me.
And I'm wonderin what's goin on...
And he stops and asks me for a light.
And so I fumble about and dig out the lighter.
And it's like a wee bit windy, so I light the lighter
And I hold up the flame, and it goes out.
And then I say sorry and light it again.
And it's still windy, so he cups his hands over the top of mine
And makes a wee windshield for the flame
And he lights his feg
And he thanks me
And he walks on down the road.

Bus

D'fhágas an tigh, ní dúirt foc ná faic léi, amach liom, arsa Joe.
Ag brostú faoi dhéin an bhus a bhíos agus focin strus an domhain orm.
Ag bogshodar síos an focin cnoc agus m'othras dom dhó
Agus is ar éigean má bhíos in ann análú is mé ag iarraidh an bus sin a fháil.
Deich soicind nó mar sin idir mé is an cunús sin de bhus, an focar.
Focin matalang. Táim ag féachaint ar an bhfocar is é ag tiomáint leis,
Múch dhubh á séideadh aige im phus...

Mar sin bhí orm crochadh thart ar Bhóthar Ghort na Naomh. Crochadh thart.
Ag fanacht leis an gcéad bhus eile. Ag fanacht ansin, díomhaoin, spalladh orm.
Ag tabhairt aire do mo ghnó féin, tá's agat.

Seo chugam ansin duine de na protastúnaigh mheánaicmeacha sin
Ó bhun na sráide is é ag siúl faoim dhéin
Is claonaim mo chloigeann, heileo, ag iarraidh a bheith béasach, cad é mar?
Mar tá súilaithe agam air agus cónaí orainn ar an mbóthar protastúnach
céanna.

Agus tá an cogadh thart agus an cac sin go léir.
Is siúd ag smaoineamh mé go mb'fhéidir go gceapann sé gur prod mise, leis,
Mar ní osclaímse mo focin bhéal, ní ligim faic orm.
Cad eile a dhéanfá? Ní hé go dteastaíonn uaim bheith mór le mo chomharsana
Protastúnacha go léir.
D'fhéadfaidís buama loiscneach a chur im threo ach gur den mheánaicme iad
Agus ní dheintear a leithéid thuas ansin.
Ach d'fhéadfaidís tú a ghearán leis an dól nó rud éigin mar Fíníneach is ea thú.

Ar aon chuma, seo chugam é agus tá sé chun forrán a chur orm.
Arsa mise liom féin, cad sa foc...
Agus stopann sé agus is deargadh atá uaidh.
Siúd ag fústráil mé go n-aimsím an lastóir dó.
Tá sé ábhairín gaofar mar sin lasaim an lastóir
Agus ardaím an lasair ach múchtar í.
Gabh mo leithscéal, lasaim arís é.
Tá sé fós gaofar mar sin clúdaíonn sé mo lámha lena lámha siúd,
Mar ghaothscáth bídeach don lasair

Agus lasann sé a thoitín
Is gabhann buíochas liom
Agus siúlann leis síos an bóthar

And then the next bus comes.
And I get on the bus.

And I'm sittin on the bus
And I'm thinkin this was all really strange.
I'm thinkin that he touched me.
He touched me.
Like his hands touched mine
when I gave him the light, see.

And I'm rollin down the Ormeau Road on the bus
And I'm thinkin that's the first time
I've ever been touched a Protestant.
And I'm feeling strange about the whole thing.
He touched my hands, you know...
He touched me...

Agus tagann an chéad bhus eile.
Agus léimim ar bord.

Agus táim im shuí ansin istigh sa bhus
Is mé á rá liom féin go raibh sé seo go léir an-ait ar fad.
Is ritheann sé liom gur leag sé lámh orm
Leag lámh orm.
Leag sé a lámha ar mo dhá lámh tá's agat
Nuair a thugas deargadh dó.

Is táim ag rabhláil síos Bóthar Ormeau ar an mbus
Agus ritheann sé liom gurbh in an chéad uair
Ar leag Protastúnach lámh orm.
Is braithim ait faoin eachtra ar fad.
Leag sé a dhá lámh orm, tá's agat.
Bhí a lámha orm...

(Übersetzer: Gabriel Rosenstock)

Kevin Nolan

MERCY ON BROADWAY

colour is inherently futural

With colour separation becomes excess- for example the rings of light in *Until They get Me* (1917)* Colour blanches each thought with presentiment, it is *what we will have seen*, the edge of surplus memory viewed as refuse of the present (its *abort* embeds the future as a light not set out for me in advance by distance) .Colour is then what is *taken away* in the redemption of context: how quickly cinema absorbs this we should know, as the latent marks an abyss held in reposeful guesswork. With colour begins the light we cannot mourn without reversal, the pulse-line derailed as aura. Perhaps the true ideality of the face begins here also (petals on a wet black *askr* etc): certainly after this the guillemets of cyan and magenta in, say, *Zorn's Lemma* are merely sublative, the 'lyrical' aspect of a world we reconstruct with a view to fill, as a room without sound may be said to be *truly* blind

*-even better *The River* 1928, though an incomplete print with Mary Duncan- she dies after making a serious study of positivism.

(flicker)

as emplotment is merely its after-image, photo-secession, wave-turns through an errant monocle. On 12 Nov 1858, *there in the crowds* he stood in the shadow of total war -and night after night under monochrome pinlight. He walked on to Pfaffs and became leaf: the *perspective cavalière* of a later raconteur (1947 Broadway) inverts this démarche, from combination to selection: to what effect? This is not 'arborization': one soul per comet was standard in the Fordist agora, as many fires in the cingulate gyrus. When they spoke they were old at birth: see how on the runway at Orly (or Dallas) we learn what *you will* become reversed to a point of thunder (*telean d'ekhei doxan ap arkas*). Executive colour rends that first, last look at 800-650 *Mu* all too well- "*where's the rest of me?*" .. No 'history writ with lightning' then: man cannot know how what is at variance agrees with itself. Nor woman neither

for half the world, colour was mainstream long enough to leave its mark ahead of the blackout. It founds opponence, yet colour is not chiasitic through any spectrum of time-order invariance, is thus not lyrical. In this sense film may be a preterite art-forum, exiled to a land where it is no longer prophetic: absorption so marked by loss becomes a *form* of the theatrical, in fact its final word. This cannot be breathed, it is already scepticism, any ethos at all predates your reluctance to perceive it (if by now I have missed my footing, it was because I was once able to stand). Always in time, each tone thinks its saturation the place of heteronomy, the near way in a narrowing band. Now is to be painting without mercy, a colour we have no name for

from: Hey Filament (2010)

Stephen Rodefer

Gesamtkunstwerk

in the tenor of JW's cream

Like Syd Barrett the poet
returns to Cantax his self
of so many shadows

mistaken for a broken word
the shuffle of a mother's son
Romsey Town his own and

of the manners of his
contemporaries
the river slides

the swans sign
and the punts glide
toward restive sheets

cross glaciers black
Frankenstein and the lit
history of Engelsland

unlock the docks
to the future's drawers
unchecked collapsed un

opened and unburied
Malcolm's picking up on
the viscious tab

of Vivienne now thou
sands of light years
since the black hole

disappeared
decades ago's
fire insurance

on the ice floes
and then--
the wick again

October 2007

Maurice Scully

BAINT AN FHÉIR

Poem: Plod. *Poem:* What's left of your bones.
There, see. *Poem:* "Blunder follows blunder"
he wrote, (tapping the floor) beginning again to
take note, and grow up. Little incidents connect
to make a fabric where air meets in its heat cold
too to the lip tangible in its flow, woven through,
walled in. The verb: *gathering*. The verb: *locate*.
The verb: *stop*. Acumen. Praise. White is the colour
of your true love's hair – Wood Angelica, Butterbur,
Purple Loosestrife – now. Yes. The verb: *to see*.

The verb: *to know*. This then.

So.

BAINT AN FHÉIR

Dán: Fuirseadh. *Dán:* A bhfuil fágtha ded chnámha.

Féach, thall. *Dán.* “Leanann tuaiplis tuaiplis”

a scríobh sé, (ag tapáil an urláir) agus tosú arís

ar aird a thabhairt, agus fás suas. Míoneachtraí ag teacht le chéile
chun fabraic a chruthú san áit ina gcruinníonn an t-aer sa teas inti,
fuar leis a deir an beol, an sruth so-bhraite, fite tríd,

múraithe. An briathar: *ag cruinniú*. An briathar: *aimsigh*.

An briathar: *stad*. Grinneas. Moladh. Bán é dath gruaige

do ghrá dhil – Gallfheabhrán, Meacan an Phobóil,

Créachtach – anois. Sea. An briathar: *feic*.

An briathar: *fiosraigh*. É seo más ea.

Sea.

(Übersetzer: Gabriel Rosenstock)

PARALLAX: ON VELLUM

Moving in quick-time its thin
body pulsing & searching
a little fly lands on my open
copybook moving towards
the letter “e” & a full-stop
then away quickly opening &
closing its shiny slices in silence ...
Water moving by the bank
& further out over the weir
black-brown white-cream
a fish breaks sky in it
rings repeating outwards our
words out towards another
over light invisible breeze-parts
slapping the sides of the corridor
its glass listen listen its glass case
sheet steel each minute a shiver
in the grass three drops on a wide
blade run together ...
I went to university for ten years
& learnt nothing. Got a degree.
Then another. That teaches you that
nothing is something. I place a rock
at a cave mouth. Who knows what
it is, but it may get out. Are you
proud of me now, Mother? Trust
me. Moving over the water & the
water moving. One cherry petal
on a snail’s black back. Scratch
& cross-hatch, dip, dart then flit
through air-streams for take-off.
Is that the sound of your hand
on a page I wonder the very
name whereof may peradventure
drive into every head a sundry
supposition/hey, where’s my
pen? Capture-strands, surface
tension, rain pellets on taut silk
reeled in. I bought a new one last
week. Here I am writing with it now.
It’s ok. In fact, I like it. It flows along.

SAOBHDHIALLAS: AR PÁR

Ag gluaiseacht ar mearchéim is a colainn
chaol ag broidearnach & ag cuardach
tuirlingíonn cuileoigín ar mo chóipleabhar
oscailte is í ag bogadh go dtí an litir “e” & lánstad
is as go brách go tapa léi a cuid sliseanna glioscarnacha
á n-oscailt is á ndúnadh aici go ciúin ...
Uisce ag gluaiseacht taobh leis an mbruach
& níos faide amach thar an gcora
dhúdhonn fhionnghlas
scoilteann iasc spéir ann
cuilithíní is ár mbriathra á n-athrá acu
amach i dtreo a thuilleadh
thar chodanna éadroma dofheicthe den ghaoth
is ag slapaireacht in aghaidh thaobhanna an dorchla
a chás éist éist a chás gloine
cruach leatháin gach neomat ina chrith
san fhéar trí bhraon ar sheamaide
leathan ag rith ina chéile ...
D’fhreastailíos ar an ollscoil ar feadh deich mbliana
& níor fhoghlaímíos faic. Fuaireas céim.
Céim eile. Múineann sé sin duit gur rud éigin
is ea faic. Cuirim carraig
i mbéal pluaise. Cá bhfios
cad é féin, ach d’fhéadfadh go n-éalódh sé. Bhfuil tú
bródúil asam anois, a Mhaim? Bíodh muinín
agat asam. Ag gluaiseacht thar an uisce & an
t-uisce ag gluaiseacht. Píotal silín aonair
ar dhroim dubh an tseilmide. Scríob
& cros-haisteáil, tum, scinn ansin eítíl
trí shruthanna aeir roimh imeacht.
An é fuaim do láimhe ar leathanach
a bhí ansin n’fheadar a d’fhéadfadh

That's what a pen is for. Slap.
Yr glowing bristles in the dark,
yr temporary arrangements in the
larger Temporary Arrangement
of interlaced overall design, pits &
peaks, a piglet upside-down blowing
on a chanter in the margin, its
tune mute, moving over moving
water, ripple & twirl, working,
walking, working, walking off.

an t-ainm féin de sheans
barúil éagsúil a dhingeadh
i ngach cloigeann/hé, cá bhfuil mo
pheann? Tointí gabhála, teannas
dromchla, millíní báistí ar shíoda teann
tarraingthe isteach. Cheannaíós ceann nua an tseachtain
seo caite. Is leis atáim ag scríobh anois.
Tá sé ceart go leor. Go deimhin, is maith liom é & a shní.
Is chuige sin peann. Slaip.
Do ghuairí ag glioscarnach sa dorchadas,
do chuid socruithe sealadacha sa
Socrú Sealadach mór
den dearadh comhfHITE trí chéile, claiseanna &
beanna, banbh bun os cionn ag séideadh ar
sheamsúr ar an imeall, balbh an
port, ag gluaiseacht thar uisce is é ag
gluaiseacht, cuilithín & casadh, ag obair,
ag siúl, ag obair, ag imeacht chun siúil.

(Übersetzer: Gabriel Rosenstock)

Leute

ana B is a Portuguese-born poet, translator and researcher in the area of disability studies. Her poems have appeared in magazines and anthologies (both in Portugal and abroad). Her first poetry book entitled *As Patas Posteriores das Pulgas* (The Fleas' Front Feet) was published in 2007. A collection of visual and interactive poems (in Portuguese and English) can be found on her website at www.ana-b.com. She currently lives and works in the UK.

Tom Chivers was born 1983 in South London. He lives in the East End where he runs Penned in the Margins and London Word Festival. He has published one full collection, *How To Build A City* (Salt Publishing, 2009), a pamphlet *The Terrors* (Nine Arches Press, 2009) and has edited two anthologies, *Generation Txt* and *City State: New London Poetry* (Penned in the Margins, 2006 & 2009). He was Poet in Residence at The Bishopsgate Institute and is Associate Editor of literary journal *Tears in the Fence*. In September BBC Radio 4 broadcast his documentary about the poet Barry MacSweeney.

Simon Cutts is a poet, artist, and editor, who has developed Coracle Press over the last thirty five years in its many publicational forms. His own concern is with the book and its mechanisms as a manifestation of the poem itself. He lives in Ireland with Erica Van Horn.

Kit Fryatt was born in 1978 in Tehran, and has lived in Ireland since 1999. She lectures in English at the Mater Dei Institute of Education and with colleagues co-ordinates the activities of the Irish Centre for Poetry Studies (<http://irishcentreforpoetrystudies.materdei.ie/>).

Giles Goodland's books include *Littoral* (Oversteps, 1996), *Spy in the House of Years* (Leviathan, 2001), *Capital* (Salt, 2006) and *What the Things Sang* (Shearsman, 2009).

Erica Van Horn was born in 1954 in New Hampshire. She is an American artist, writer, and book maker, and graduated with an MFA in printmaking from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. Since that time she has used the portability of the printed sheet, mostly in book form, to construct a narrative around the incidental parts of her life. The work now mostly issues through Coracle, a small publishing press based in Ireland, which she directs with Simon Cutts.

Trevor Joyce co-founded New Writers' Press with Michael Smith in Dublin in 1967. He co-founded SoundEye: A Festival of the Arts of the Word in Cork in 1997, and is still a director of the festival. His most recent books include *with the first dream of fire they hunt the cold* (Shearsman, 2001), *What's in Store* (The Gig, 2008), and *Courts of Air and Earth* (Shearsman, 2009). He has been a Fulbright scholar and is currently Judith E. Wilson Fellow in Poetry to Cambridge University. He is a member of Aosdána.

Astrid Lampe (1955, Tilburg, the Netherlands) has published five collections of poetry. She likes to give her collections thought-provoking titles or subtitles such as *The Memes of Lara... K'NEX Studies... Lil(sigh)...* All of her verse is closely linked to the performing and visual arts.

The monument has many readings, this quote from Astrid Lampe's prize-winning collection *Squirt Your RALcolour* (2005) could just as well be a description of her poetry. When she reads to audiences one is reminded more of theatrical performances than of conventional poetry readings.

For artists in our rapidly globalising world, which is so dominated by the media, it is probably best to 'cultivate' flexible states of mind, to become as agile as monkeys. As far as poetry societies are concerned, a touch of the secular would probably do no harm.

More info: <http://www.astridlampe.nl/>

Gearóid Mac Lochlainn's work has won many awards at home and internationally and his work has been translated into several languages. He has been writer in residence at Queens university, Belfast, the University of Ulster. He was also the subject of a TG4 documentary *Idir Dha Chomhairle* (2007). In 2007 he was also a fellow at The William Joiner Centre for the Study of war and social Consequences at University of Massachusetts, Boston. He received the major Arts Council NI award for poetry in 2006. He has published four collections of poetry in Irish and English: *Babylon Gaeilgeoir* (An Clochán 1998), *Na Scéalaithe* (Coiscéim 2000), *Sruth Teangacha/ Stream Of Tongues* (Cló Iar Chonnachta 2002) and *Rakish Paddy Blues* (limited edition published by Open House Festival 2004).

Kevin Nolan comes from a large Dublin family and now teaches in China. He is the author of several books of poetry, including *Alar* (1998) and *Loving Little Orlick* (2007). A new work, *Hey, Filament*, is due shortly.

The American writer **Stephen Rodefer**, who lives in Paris, is the author of *One or Two Love Poems from the White World*, *VILLON* by Jean Calais, *The Bell Clerk's Tears Keep Flowing*, *Four Lectures* (which was a winner of the American Poetry Center's Annual Book Award), *Oriflamme Day* (with Ben Friedlander), *Emergency Measures*, *Passing Duration*, *Leaving*, *Erasures*, *Left Under A Cloud*, and *MonCanard*, among other books. His *Selected Poems*, *Call It Thought*, was published in 2008 by Carcanet in the UK. Mr. Rodefer has taught extensively for many years--at the University of Cambridge; at the American University in Paris; and in the U.S. at the University of California (Berkeley and San Diego), New York University, Pratt Institute of Art, San Francisco State University, and the University of New Mexico. His essay "The Age in its Cage: A Note to Mr Mendelssohn on the Social Allegory of Literature and the Deformation of the Canonymous" appears in the Spring 2006 issue of *Chicago Review* (51/4). And that journal published a special issue on Rodefer's work in 2008 (54/3). In addition to Villon, Rodefer has published translations of Sappho, selections from the Greek Anthology, Catullus, Lucretius, Dante, Baudelaire, Rilke, Frank O'Hara and the Cuban poet Noel Nicola. His graphic work, *LANGUAGE PICTURES*, have been exhibited in recent years in New York, Chicago, London, Paris and Prague.

Gabriel Rosenstock is a poet and haikuist, author/translator of over 150 books, mostly in Irish. Recent English-language titles are *Haiku Enlightenment* and *Haiku, the Gentle Art of Disappearing*, both from Cambridge Scholars Publishing. Salmon Poetry published his debut volume in English recently, *Uttering Her Name*. Coiscéim will shortly publish his second volume of sacred poetry from around the world, *Guthanna Beannaithe an Domhain*. He is a member of Aosdána and international awards include the Tamgha-I-Khidmat medal for his Irish-language versions of Pakistani poets Munir Niazi and Mohammad Iqbal.

Maurice Scully, born Dublin 1952. Active 70s/80s editing/organising art events, talks, readings etc. From 1981 - 2006 he was engaged on the single project, *Things That Happen*, a work in 8 books. A sampler of work was published by Dedalus last year, *Doing the Same in English*. Two new publications: *Five Dances*, an echapbook from ahadada books & *Humming* from Shearsman Books. A sample of his reading style is available on the Berkeley website, in the Holloway Reading Series.

Leute

Rugadh **aNa B** sa Phortaingéil. Bíonn sí ag obair ina taighdeoir agus aistritheoir in earnáil staidéir an mhíchumais. Tá a chuid dánta foilsithe ar irisí agus ar díolamaí (sa Phortaingéil agus thar lear). Foilsíodh an chéad cnuasach filíochta léi, *As Patas Posteriores das Pulgas* (Cosa Tosaigh na Drancaide) i 2007. Is féidir teacht ar fhilíocht idirghníomhach agus amhaire léi ar a suíomh idirlín www.ana-b.com. Tá cónaí uirthi agus bíonn sí ag obair sa Ríocht Aontaithe.

Is scríbhneoir, eagarthóir agus léiritheoir litríocht bheo é. **Tom Chivers**. Rugadh é i nDeisceart Londen i 1983. Tá cónaí air in oirthear Londen faoi láthair, áit in bhfuil sé ina stiúrthóir ar “Penned in the Margins” agus “London World Festival”. I 2008 ceapadh é ina chéad file cónaithe ag an Bishopsgate Institute. I measc na leabhair foilsithe aige tá *How To Build A City* (Salt Publishing, 2009), *The Terrors* (Nine Arches Press, 2009) agus mar eagarthóir ar, *Generation Txt* (Penned in the Margins, 2006) agus *City State: New London Poetry* (Penned in the Margins, 2009).

Rugadh ar **Kit Fryatt** i 1978 in Tehran, agus tá cónaí uirthi in Éirinn ó 1999. Tá sí ina léachtóir le Béarla in Institiúd Oideachais Mater Dei agus i dteannta le comhghleacaithe, déanann sí comhordú ar imeachtaí an Irish Centre for Poetry Studies.

I measc na leabhar foilsithe ag **Giles Goodland** tá *Littoral* (Oversteps, 1996), *Spy in the House of Years* (Leviathan, 2001), *Capital* (Salt, 2006), agus *What the Things Sang* (Shearsman, 2009).

Bhunaigh **Trevor Joyce** “New Writers' Press” le Michael Smith i mBaile Átha Cliath i 1967. Tá sé ina chomhbhunaitheoir agus stiúrthóir ar SoundEye: A Festival of the Arts of the Word i gCorcaigh i 1997. Ar na leabhair atá foilsithe aige le déanaí tá *the first dream of fire they hunt the cold* (Shearsman, 2001), *What's in Store* (The Gig, 2008), agus *Courts of Air and Earth* (Shearsman, 2009). Bhí sé ina scoláire Fulbright agus is comhalta é de chuid Judith E. Wilson san Fhilíocht in Ollscoil Cambridge. Is ball d'Aosdána é.

Tá cúig chnuasach filíochta foilsithe ag **Astrid Lampe** (1955, Tilburg, an Ísiltír). Is maith léi teidil nó fotheidil spreagúla ar nós *The Memes of Lara... K'NEX Studies... Lil(sigh)...* a úsáid. Tá a chuid filíochta gaolta le léiritheoireacht agus na hamharcealaíona.

The monument has many readings, tógtha ón cnuasach Squirrt Your RALcolour (2005) d'fhéadfaí gur léargas é seo ar a cuid filíochta. Nuair a bhíonn sí ag léitheoireacht, chuireadh sé léiriú drámatúil i gcuimhne dúinn, seachas léitheoireacht filíochta.

Níos mó eolais ó www.astridlampe.nl

Bhronnaíodh go leor dúaiseanna, sa tír seo agus thar lear ar **Gearóid Mac Lochlann**, agus aistríodh a saothair i roinnt teangachai difrúla. Bhí se mar Scríobhneoir in “residence” in Ollscoil Queens , i mBéal Feirste. Déanfaidh clár TG4 “ Idir Dhá Chomhairle” mar gheall air chomh maith.

I 2007 bhí se ina chomhalta i The William Joiner Centre for the Study of War and Social Consequences in Ollscoil Massachusetts. I 2006 bhuaigh se an duais ollthabhachtach do Fhilíocht ón Arts Council NI. Tá ceithre cnuasachtaí fhilíochta foilsithe aige, i mBéarla agus as Gaeilge.

Babylon Gaeilgeoir (An Clochán 1998)

Na Scéalaithe (Coiscéim 2000)

Sruth Teangacha/ Stream of Tongues (Cló Iar Chonnachta 2002)

Rakish Paddy Blues (Open House Festival 2004)

File agus fear haiku é **Gabriel Rosenstock**, údar/aistritheoir breis is 150 leabhar, a bhformhór acu i nGaeilge. I measc na leabhar Béarla is déanaí uaidh tá a mhachnamh ar chúrsaí haiku, *Haiku Enlightenment* agus *Haiku, the Gentle Art of Disappearing* ó Cambridge Scholars Publishing agus a chéad chnuasach filíochta i mBéarla ó Salmon Poetry, *Uttering Her Name*. Tíocfaidh an dara himleabhar den díolaim Guthanna Beannaithe an Domhain ó na foilsitheoirí Coicéim go luath. Is ball d'Aosdána é. I measc na ngradam is luachmhaire leis tá an bonn Tamgha-I-Khidmat ó Uachtarán na Pacastáine, gradam a bronnadh air tar éis dó leaganacha Gaeilge a dhéanamh de mhórfhilí na Pacastáine, ima measc Munir Niazi agus Mohammad Iqbal.

Rugadh ar **Maurice Scully** i mBaile Átha Clíath I 1952. Le linn na 70í ‘s na h80í bhí imeachtaí éagsúla – leirithe, léachtaí srl á eagrú aige. Ó 1981 – 2006 bhí tionscnamh amháin á dhéanamh aige - *Things that happen* , saothar déanta d’ocht leabhair. D’fhoilsidh Dedalus sámpla dá stíl sa chnuasach ó 2008 ; *Doing the Same in English*. Tá dhá foilsiúcháin nua ar fail faoi láthair ; *Five Dances* ó Ahadada Books agus *Humming* ó Shearsman Books. Is féidir sámpla dá stíl léiriúcháin a fháil ar shuíomh idirlíne Berkeley, ins an sraith léachta Holloway.

(Übersetzer: Emer O'Carroll und Aoileann Ní Ríain)

