

The Minotaur

The Minotaur awoke but didn't feel like moving.

The monster had a perfect knowledge of his situation, and was exasperated: he would go about complaining about how distasteful it was to be the object of a labyrinth.

He would dream of things that had clear entrances and unmistakable exits. Anything else, especially things related to labyrinths, bored him. Sitting in the middle of that structure, he would kick about impatiently with his black hooves.

"Men are so simple," he would think. "Death is the only fate they know." And though he killed them, he believed his actions benefitted and pleased all who entered the maze.

He did feel excitement once: he had discovered a bluish light in someone's glance. He didn't realize he was seeing the sea in the eyes of a navigator. Afterwards, the eyes slowly darkened.

In nearly all the glances there was fear. The Minotaur, unaware of his own origin and nature, thought himself immortal.

Sitting in his easy chair, he felt a need he couldn't quite articulate, an ardent longing for something he couldn't define.

Nothing bored him more than the maidens, those slippery, frightened offerings fleeing helter skelter through his prison. They never let him caress their glossy hair.

He devoured them, without regret.

He was tired, so tired.

"Are they running away from me? Or am I running from them," he wondered, with an anguish unbecoming a myth.

Every day was the same. Nothing gave one day more character than the next. But some nights he persisted in looking into those eyes whose blue was so very different from the sky's.

And every spring the Minotaur dreamed of another Minotaur.

*translated from the Spanish
by Steven J. Stewart*

Bernardo Atxaga (Aesteasu, 1951-)

Then (Orduan)

Then, I used to
walk on the banks of the goldening river every evening,
thinking you were dead long before I was born,
or maybe, that like the moss fed on dusk's damp moisture,
so wrapped around the appletree
you'd suddenly appear in the summer of my death.
I looked for your red and blue dress on every pavement.

Later, we discussed
the value of old remains at the bottom of dustbins
and the advantages of long journeys;

When you
that autumn turned into the woman of many names,
and you were Cassiopeia and Pollux, or Isis *et* Pandora,
and yours was Bernice's hair (elementary Mr. Watson);

And on a Monday or Tuesday, in my mind
you and desire,
I wrote while it was still night,
how in my sex you can find, *quel horreur*, Baghdad
and in my brain grow the forests of Canada,
and, ah, but you, you the most luxuriant of forests.

Now you have me as your clumsy lover, I love you, etc.
during the days that precede winter, etc., etc.

The Days Go By

We saw walnuts and hazelnuts in the fair, sold by the bag,
and swallows, pigeons and hares the hunters had shot
hanging in a corner, little heads limp on the breast.
There were white mushrooms piled high, and medlars too,
and amongst the flowers, chrysanthemums, and lilies, reigned.
"I've no tomatoes left, nor green beans either, there is but a
handful of them,"

the farmer told us as she patted her headscarf into place,
and so with the peppers, they seemed to be the last ones, not many left.
I closed my eyes: in the forest hares were leaping and
running around, gesturing to each other as in a theatre play,
and a swallow, as Fray Luis de Granada used to say,
pretended he'd been hit and went down the river bank, all alone,
to attract the hunters and divert them from where others hid;
in groups, pigeons held firmly to the southern line.
I opened my eyes: the South wind was playing with a leaf.

It rained and hailstormed next time we went,
there were hundreds of lambs standing in line, their little legs
tied like in Zurbaran's *Agnus Dei*.
As for flowers, camellias filled the fair,
though purple cabbages, so proud and elegant, captured the eye.
In the fishmonger's stall, the bellies of thousands of anchovies sparkled,
and there were many young trees, ready to be planted in the garden,
apple, cherry, walnut, chestnut, fig or plum trees;
or forest trees, oaks and beeches, pines and birches.
The farmer said: "There won't be any pomegranates for a while,
but if you'd like some tasty beans, here I've the first ones of the season."
I closed my eyes and heard Matthew's words in my father's
voice: see, I am sending you out like sheep into the midst of wolves;
so be wise as serpents and innocent as doves.
I opened my eyes: there were hail stones on my shoes.

On the way to the fair once again, we saw narcissi and mimosas
in all the doorways, and also a little donkey carrying a basketful of cheeses,
almost as if we were still living in the good old days of Francis James;
and when we arrived, there were pheasant eggs ready to hatch for sale,
and raspberry jam in jars big and small.

As we walked by the stalls we felt the smells,
here of marjoram, there of fennel, then roses;
and around them all, piquant and full, the smell of fresh garlic.
The farmer said: "I've almost everything, ask for whatever you want:
strawberries, cherries, St. John's apples, yellow plums, red plums, peaches,
green beans, tomatoes, onions, broad beans, artichokes, lettuce, beetroot,
a few kidney beans; wild mushrooms quite scarce this year,
same as the cherries."

I closed my eyes: some boys and girls were splashing in the river,
screaming how cold the water is, how cold and how nice.
I opened my eyes: the farmer put a strawberry in my mouth.

Winter Poem (Negukoa)

November, the eleventh month, ended thus,
with the song of the wild geese flying south.

And you sat and looked up at the sky and told me:
"If I had wings, I too would try
to discover new lands and would raise my camp
on beaches marked with yellow flags
for time to fulfill its duty
so I could forever forget
this city, the surrounding walls, the people."

And remember, I only asked you this question:
Why is it we are so unhappy?
Had he died a little bit later
he would have seen the snow
resting silently in the doorway.

And two dark angels came
as we spoke
and took the afternoon away, too.

November, the eleventh month, ended thus;
with the song of the wild geese flying south.

*translated from Basque
by Amaia Gabantxo*

Pere Gimferrer (Barcelona, 1945-)

By Love Possessed

She gave me a kiss soft like fog
sweet like an electric shock
like a kiss on closed eyelids
like sailboats at dusk
a pale lady carrying an umbrella
twice I thought I saw her in a print dress handbag
short hair and her way of walking very close to the edge
of sidewalks
In the anemic twilight the city is a tournament of champions in slow
motion on a silver screen
my life's images like commercials on a television screen
awakening in me the same fear as flying objects burning in space
that come from who knows where
Like banners fallen from a luxurious yacht
ampules of morphine in locked hotel rooms
to be in love is a music a drug it's like writing a poem
because of you the sweet bulldogs of love with their crimson wounds
gray uniforms of policemen helmets loaded trucks the streets
jeeps tear gas
that year when I loved you as never before you wore a green dress
and smiled through the mornings
Gloomy violins of water
the whole world crammed into the buzz of a telephone line
sylphs and their lightning in the silken air
hallucinations in broad daylight like looking at luminous
ghosts
like touching an astral body
from my dormitory room window
very slowly through curtains
a masked face staring at me
the garden a ruby beneath the rain.

Pureza Canelo (Moraleja, 1946-)

November

Before you arrived
and opened the heavens of my life,
the poet engaged in curious undertakings.
It was loneliness, decorum, it was
intelligence mounted on a silver ass.
A handsome beast—or window blocked
by a mud wall—dragging its body along
toward the cavern of the poem,
its only destination.

Boldness, you appeared
one November-laden day.
I arrived on time,
as during the best times of my youth, strange
my hair and briefcase dripping water
onto a blue armchair
where you sat waiting.

Surprise:
this woman, not only incorruptible
coyish—they say they say they say—
comes into the living room, unpresentable, dripping wet.

While evening streamed through our glasses,
I marveled at hearing words
of creation, world
unfamiliar to my donkey's plenteous treasure.
And suddenly, at some wide spot in the road,
innocent I suppose
taking no time to glance about at the scenery,
which now is our domain,
I entered the vastness of your eyes

that were drinking in my eyes,
the beginning of two staggering assaults
reeling with new intelligence.

Our hands never touched,
no game of billiards nor Sancho's Barataria,
which in nothing flat pushes bodies
toward contagion.
But beneath torrential clouds of pure November
two faces were born, desperate to lose their way,
yield up old domains
and tether a silver donkey's head
to yours, bronze.

Away from there
twisting in the world
it was a delight to cross the corner
of another solitude, decorum, another
mouth to drink the waters
of the heavens laden with the soil
of a vast night.
At home, lost, as if in a strange house,
I wasn't able to arrange my clothes
or set my watch
or put a cup in place for the following day
or recite liturgy before the mirror.
Straight away, I held my pillow in my arms
and embraced the embroidered whiteness
that read P. C. G.

Labyrinth

Place stone paths
across the bottoms of lakes.

Go back to the room
from which you have fled.

Go, naked again,
to the path of confession.

Understand now
the early sins of greed
robust sins of the word.
The poem I serve is life.
Life first, then the story-telling hand
that with practice tells the story well.
Tell it pleasantly.
My labyrinth of algae
will then expand the words I write,
abel mixed with cain,
no matter.

I Can Tonight

Simply look up, measure the distance to the ceiling
of life overflowing like a spider into a night of
meditation. It won't be easy to create or cast out
spirits in search of a decisive poem, a certain
shelter from despair. Night, I think, cannot fall with
open eyes to nearby hopelessness. But if it should,
the world would remain a beam of foolish light,
created at a death scene. Then, out of bed, I
search for treasures I am sure to find, with the
help of outstretched words or magic drawn from
darkness, gleaned easily from their signs. Thought
is a liqueur that dilates the pupils of human
spirituality. Writing is an animal that creeps along
revealing hidden teeth, so that a hand will learn to
count the glistening whiteness in shudders of
darkness. Hence, night has always been a baffling
poem, ready to impose its own confusion or
mysterious inner throbbing upon the world, with
neither text nor literary blunders.

Simply measure the distance to the wall of night
and begin to love it in the instant, from the
deviations of a being stretched out by its side: a
passion so secure the innocent reject, aiming for
certain verse, well-thought, proud, wanting life.

Let the burden of night settle upon a woman's
body toiling in unnamed latitudes. And have night
bring its donkey, too, for soon its magic will
plunder the saddlebags of the sun—that supremely
innocent one, busy putting the world's other half in
order for my conscious mind.

*translated from the Spanish
by Kay Pritchett*

Claudio Rodriguez (Zamora, 1934-1999)

Money

Will I sell my words, today when I earn no profit
no wages, today when no one will be my lender?
I need money for love, poverty in order to love.
And the price of a memory, the auction
of a vice, the inventory of a desire
give value, not virtue, to my needs,
ample vocabulary to my stupidities,
license to my limestone solitude. Because
money often is the dream itself and even life.
And its triumph, its monopoly, makes for passion,
imagination, change, strikes out old age
and smoothes furrowed brows, multiplies friends
and lifts skirts, and is honey
crystallizing warmth and light.
Not a plague or leprosy
like today; happiness,
not frivolity; law,
not impunity. So, am I going to sell
these words? Rich from so much loss,
with no speculation, no stock, not a single temptation
or even a golden ruin, why do I have this lair
of words, which breathe life but yield no money?
Do they promise bread or weapons?
Or rather, like a poorly-figured balance sheet,
do they try to bring order to a time of need,
to give meaning to a life: ownership or an eviction?

*translated from the Spanish
by Elizabeth Gamble Miller*

Santiago Montobbio (Barcelona, 1966-)

The Initial Manifesto of a Humanist

The calling of good for nothing words.
or living this much on your own, has small call
on you if with a daily and deader certainty you see
that not only do you shun its laurels
but they gall you all the more greatly, so
if you honestly don't want to change your already two-bit wits
into a penny-pinching whore's who'll sell her tits or soul
to any John with dough or if, fundamentally,
you do not require that much and what matters is that you bear
life and its sadnesses with dignity,
it would be better if, from here on in, you accept
as unavoidable the sentences of loneliness and failure,
and cling as with a bright, blind, starry-eyed abandon
to this small ridiculous calling and all you make of it,
and that in your empty room the burning words
which hound you and assault you
could go cold as ashes
just for uttering your name.

Catalogue of Antiques

Not so much obscene as tasteless little xo's of kisses
and nibbles on the earlobes were what we smeared
at the ends of postcards, nauseous nuzzles on the muzzle
too, and if mailed to adorable stupid girls:
Up the Shelled Mussel and Gola Pola Poppies
how go our missions in Angola, or when older—
I want to be a priest too, if posted to a stern grey college,
little x's of kisses or nibble-o's, or wee goatee mustache
in the era of the one-lone bender that even I—half-mailbox,
half freak of nature—wasn't able to stomach: the xoxo
of nibble and kiss, and I can't tell why
I now recall the uninterrupted summers,
and most of all, Javier, tipsy-toppling over and singing
in the small hours of the morning, at six, Javier
stopping a delivery man to show him
how an elephant in yellow crayon
on a child's drawing pad,
which someone had meant to give to an Ana
as a present, was still superlatively ballsy, mark you
and it hasn't swung round the corner of my mind for nothing
the young lass had to have him charmed, x-ed with kisses, beers—
o-nibbles, nights, the deserts or Javier—Artos Square or Javier
in the poor man's face, inconceivable things like that
are what come back, and I should make note of, for when
I have the time and notion to compile, in fake verses,
my non-payable catalogue of antiques. And in the margins
of the paper I mustn't omit to put in how, already, at the onset
of extreme adolescence I made it a habit
to collect in the loose bags under my eyes
the small refugee hours of the morning, to collect, or steal
the little deaths off of time: the sugary legs, goodnights,
moons and hankerchiefs, knives, endearments, wells
and this fondness for good-for-nothing things,

which take up prime and major blame
for me ending up, complacently, accepting that my own life would turn out
utterly useless, a young lad who smiles most irresponsibly at the infinite
possibilities he should be looking into,
lookit, giving up the Law to squander their time
writing weeny verses, the worst of that's
how lads end up a communist, and it's a goddamn shame
my particular army of grandmas
chanted in resignation.

*translated from the Spanish
by George McWhirter*

Josep-Francesc Delgado (Barcelona, 1960-)

The Jojakarta Puppets: Gods and Babies

Francesc comes back from a walk
with his mother: he is almost one year old.
She parks his stroller in front of the puppets.
He looks at them and begins to laugh, telling them things.
Little by little they begin a dialogue.
The puppet-gods give him a fixed look
with their Egyptian pharaoh eyes.

Days are always new when the wheel
of life only measures six months.

Babies are close to the gods,
they don't realize they're not human:
they reason with them as if they were people.

*translated from the Catalan
by Ann Force*

Miren Agur Meabe (Lekeitio, 1962-)

We Could Talk

We could talk about the weather, or, if you prefer, we could talk
about our child's school report and the pediatrician's
recommendations, about shopping, about bank statements, about
our recently defunct television—which has so altered the
mechanics of our existence, about the next community meeting,
the price of tobacco, that article you're reading, our next holiday,
about that damned colleague of yours and about those other
decent colleagues as well, about that infection with symptoms so
like depression you've been suffering from lately. And as we begin
to speak, watch the zipped-up pocket of my soul unzip. Watch
the Milky Way fluidly escape from between my legs.

Concrete Things

I am sitting in the kitchen, while the pasta boils.

I love concrete things
and to learn their words before breakfast:
alarm clock, rain on the pavement, supermarket,
kisses at siesta time,
a glass of wine, friends,
my son's small hands,
people in the square,
you....

They produce the sweetest, most languorous tickles,
like a sybarite's feast after a diet.
I find it impossible to turn from such things:
they've stuck to my pen and I can't seem to shake them off.

But nevertheless,
concrete things don't admit of delays,
and the pasta is ready by now.
Such is life.
Just when the seedling of a poem starts to germinate,
there comes the mundane barging in.
And I have to get up from the table,
while the shadow of a viscous mood settles.

*translated from the Basque
by Amaia Gabantxo*

Bibliography of Poetry from Spain

The bibliographic information gathered here is merely intended as a starting point for argument and inquiry. An attempted definitive list of poetry from Spain can be as diverse as the political, geographical, ethnic and linguistic points of view of any of a variety of groups. This bibliography—which is not intended to provide definitive historical information for any particular language grouping—is intended to serve merely as a starting point for the general layman interested in reading further about Spanish poetry.

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SPAIN FEATURE CONTRIBUTORS

Bernardo Atxaga has played a leading role in the modernization of Basque literature and is the first writer in the Basque language to achieve an international reputation. Atxaga frequently translates his own work into Spanish, from which it's been translated into dozens of other languages. Atxaga's collection of short fiction *Obabakoak* won a number of prizes, including Spain's National Literature Award, and his poetry has been set to music by numerous rock and folk groups. Atxaga has also published more than 20 children's books and has worked as an economist, teacher, bookseller, printer and radio scriptwriter.

Pureza Canelo was born in 1946 in Moraleja (Cáceres). Her dramatic introduction into the literary world began in 1970 when she received the Adonais Prize for *Lugar común*, 1971. Her other collections include *Celda verde*, 1971, *El barco de agua*, 1974, *Habitable*, 1979, *Pasión inédita*, 1990, and *No escribir*, 1999. An active member of Spain's literary community, she resides in Madrid and is currently employed by the Universidad Autónoma. She spends her summers writing in Moraleja.

Josep-Francesc Delgado grew up in Sitges, Mallorca, and Menorca. He began studying the history of Catalonian theatre, discovered a growing vocation for poetry at age 16, and later pursued courses in economics. In 1977 Delgado began studies in Catalonian History and Philology at the Universitat Autònoma de Barcelona. In addition to poetry he has published children's books, short fiction, and novels. His awards include the Preterit Incert prize, Al Vent-Solstici Prize, and the Joaquim Ruyra Prize.

Rafael Pérez Estrada, before his death in 2000, was one of the leading figures of avant-garde poetry and narrative in Spain. A master of the prose poem, and widely recognized in Spain as one of the most distinctive writers of his generation, he was a several-time finalist for Spain's Premio Nacional de Literatura. Pérez Estrada's work has been compared to that of Federico García Lorca and Rafael Alberti.

Ana Maria Fagundo is a professor of Spanish at the University of California, Riverside. She is the author of thirteen books of poetry, and also edits the literary journal *Alaluz*. She has traveled widely throughout the United States, Latin America, and Europe to give readings of her work. She divides her time between the United States and Spain.

Miguel Anxo Fernán-Vello, born in Cospeito, Lugo, in 1958, studied Music, Psychology, and Philology and is the current director of

Edicións Espiral Maior, which publishes poetry written in Galician. His many books of poetry and plays include *Poemas da lenta nudez* (1994) and *As certezas do clima* (1996), which won the prestigious Martín Códax Prize.

Pere Gimferrer, born in Barcelona in 1945, studied law, literature and philosophy at the University of Barcelona. He is currently employed as an editor at Editorial Seix Barral, S.A., one of the leading Spanish literary publishing houses. In 1968, at the age of twenty-three, Gimferrer surprised the Spanish literary world by winning the coveted National Poetry Prize for his third book, *La muerte en Beverly Hills*. Today Gimferrer is considered by Spanish literary critics to be the most important of a generation of poets known as the "Novismos." The poems included here are translations of Gimferrer's Spanish translations of his originals in Catalan.

Angel Gonzalez first received attention in Spain as a finalist for the 1956 Adonais Prize for *Aspero mundo*. In 1962 his third book of poetry, *Grado elemental*, was published in Paris and received the Antonio Machado Prize for Poetry. His awards include the Prince of Asturias prize (Spain, 1985), the Angel Maria Lera Hispanism Award (United States, 1989), and the International Salerno Poetry Prize (Italy, 1991). His books in English include *Harsh World* (Princeton University Press, 1977) and *Astonishing World: Selected Poems, 1956-1986* (Milkweed Editions, 1993).

Rafael Guillén was born in Granada and still calls the city his home. His many books of poetry include *La configuración de lo perdidos: Antología, 1957-1995*, *Versos del amor cumplido: Antología 1956-1985*, and *Los estados transparentes*. In 1994 he was awarded Spain's National Prize for Literature for *Los estados transparentes* after having been a finalist for the Critics Prize.

Miren Agur Meabe was born in Lekeitio in 1962 but now lives Bilbao. She has a degree in Basque Philology. She writes poetry and children's literature and is a prominent figure in the world of Basque letters. As well as many award-winning books for children, she has published two collections of poetry, *Oi, hondarrezko emakaitz* (1999) and *Azalaren Kodea* (2000), which received the Spanish Critics' Prize and was translated into Spanish by the author and published shortly after under the title *El código de la piel* (2002).

Dolors Miquel is the daughter of a painter and a Rabelaisian, Catalans both, who covered up their spiritual aspirations under grey and stormy lives; she grew up in a suburb of the city. She fell in love with art, life and poetry at an early age. One result of this relationship has been her books: *Llibre dels Homes* (1998), *Haikús del camioner* (1999),

Gitana Roc (2000), and *Sonets de la Mala Llet* (2002). She currently lives in Cambrils.

Santiago Montobbio was born in Barcelona in 1966. He is a lawyer and a professor of Philology at the University of Barcelona and professor of the Theory of Literature and Literary Criticism at the National University of Extension Education (UNED). His books include *Hospital de Inocentes* (1989) and *Ética confirmada y Tierras* (Francia, 1996) in a French edition.

Olga Novo has several books of poems, including *Nos nus* (1997) and *Amar e unha India*. She has also published literary criticism and is editor of *Olisbos os amantes de palabra*, a literary magazine.

Carlos Edmundo de Ory, one of the major figures of twentieth-century Spanish literature, was fundamental in the modernization of post-Civil War Spanish poetry by opening Spanish poetry to new possibilities for poetic language and content. Widely read in Europe, he is rarely translated into English. He currently lives with his wife, artist Laura Lacheroy, in the village of Thezy-Gilmont in France.

Miquel Martí i Pol was born at Roda de Ter in the district of Osona, Catalonia, on the 19th of March, 1929. His father was a locksmith and his mother did piecework in a spinning mill. He attended local parochial school until age fourteen, when he had to quit school and go to work in the spinning mill to help support his family under the grim post-civil war conditions of Spain. At age nineteen he came down with tuberculosis. *Words in the Wind* received the Ossa Menor Prize, a prize seen as recognition of the new post-war Catalan literary generation. In spite of Franco's repression of the Catalan language, such awards marked the resurgence of Catalan culture, to which Martí i Pol became increasingly more deeply committed. In 1970 he was afflicted with multiple sclerosis. In 1972 he was forced to quit his job at the factory and remain a shut-in at home due to the progressive deterioration of his physical capacities. His illness stabilized around 1975, allowing him to lead a relatively more normal life, even though the irreversibility of the disease has haunted him with thoughts of death. This persistent preoccupation with death is reflected in his works of the time, *La pell del violí (The Skin of the Violin)*, *Cinc esgrafiats a la mateixa paret (Five Graffiti on the Same Wall)*, and *Vint-i-set poemes en tres temps (Twenty-seven Poems in Three Temps)*.

Claudio Rodríguez published five books of poetry, all of which were honored with prestigious prizes, including the Premio de la Crítica, the Premio Nacional de Poesía, the Premio Príncipe de Asturias and the Premio Reina Sofía de Poesía Iberoamericana. He was also a member of the Spanish Royal Academy.

Ana Rossetti, well-known as a feminist writer in Spain, has published various books of poems, including *Los devaneos de Erato* (1980), *Dioscuros* (1982), *Indicios vehementes* (1985), *Devocionario* (1986) and *Punto Umbrío* (1995). Her awards include the "Gules" prize for poetry and the International King Carlos Prize for Poetry. In 1993 she wrote the libretto of the opera, *El secreto enamorado*, released in Madrid that same year with the music of Manuel Balboa.

Translators

Steven Ford Brown's books include *Astonishing World: The Selected Poems of Angel Gonzalez, 1956-1986* (Milkweed Editions, 1993), *Invited Guest: An Anthology of Twentieth-Century Southern Poetry* (University Press of Virginia, 2001), *Edible Amazonia: Twenty-One Poems from God's Amazonian Recipe Book*, by Nicomedes Suarez-Arauz (Bitter Oleander Press, 2002), *Century of the Death of the Rose: Selected Poems of Jorge Carrera Andrade* (NewSouth Books, 2002), and *One More River to Cross: The Selected Poems of John Beecher* (2003). He is also the editor of *After Neruda, After Paz: Fifteen Latin American Poets* (*Atlanta Review*, 2000).

Susana Cavallo is a professor of Spanish language and literature at Loyola University Chicago. Active in translation and critical work on Latin American and Spanish women poets, her books include *La Poética de Jose Hierro* (1987) and *Estudios en Honor de Janet Pérez: el Sujeto Femenino en Escritoras Hispánicas*, eds. Susana Cavallo, Luis Jiménez and Oralia Preble-Niemi (1998).

Ann Force received her B.A. in Italian and Spanish from Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut. She studied Catalan at the Escola Oficial d'Idiomes, Drassanes, Barcelona. She has translated Josep-Francesc Delgado's award-winning novel, *Nima, the Sherpa* (1993, 1999.) She has also translated portions of the award-winning book *Ulldevellut* by Josep-Francesc Delgado and Hermínia Mas (1999).

Amaia Gabantxo, born in the Basque country, grew up experimenting with bilingual (Basque and Spanish) creative writing from an early age. At the age of twenty she moved to England, and in 1998, four years after her arrival, began to write in English. She lives in Norwich where she combines teaching literature at the University of East Anglia with literary reviewing and literary translation. She has received several awards for her translations of Basque literature. At present, she is translating Zadie Smith's *White Teeth* into Spanish.

John L. Getman's books include Porcel's *Horses into the Night* and *Springs and Autumns* and *The Permanent Revolution*, a Spanish Civil War oral history by Joan Ferrer, which won the Catholic University of America's Paulí Bellet Foundation first prize for prose translation in 1999. *The Book of Solitudes* by Miquel Martí i Pol won first prize in poetry translation in 2000 from the same Foundation.

Sandy McKinney is a poet and translator. Her volume of translations is Rafael Guillén's edition of selected poems: *I'm Speaking* (Northwestern University Press, 2001). She lives in Key West, Florida, where she recently retired as a charter-boat captain.

George McWhirter was born in Belfast, Northern Ireland in 1939 and immigrated to Canada in 1966. He currently teaches at the University of British Columbia. He has been associated with creative writing and *Prism International* magazine since then. He translates from the Spanish and has had a long association with Mexican poets José Emilio Pacheco, Homero Anders and Gabriel Zaid.

Elizabeth Gamble Miller, Ph.D., professor at Southern Methodist University, is a corresponding member of the Academia Salvadoreña de la Lengua and the Academia Iberoamericana de Poesía (Madrid). She has published full-length books of translations of poetry and prose by Hugo Lindo, D. Escobar Galindo, J. Balcells, and chapbooks of the poetry of Antonio Porpetta, Claudio Rodríguez, Carlos Ernesto García, and Nela Río. She is on the board of *Translation Review* and the editor of ALTA Newsletter of the American Literary Translators Association.

Kay Pritchett is Professor of Spanish at the University of Arkansas. As a recipient of a Fulbright-Hays Fellowship to Spain she began her research into recent poetry and later published *Four Postmodern Poets of Spain: A Critical Study with Translations of the Poems* (1991) and *Pureza Canelo's Celda verde / Green Cell: A Critical Study with Translations of the Poems* (2000). She has published critical essays in journals as well as translations of two Bolivian novels: *Jonah and the Pink Whale* (1991) and *In the Land of Silence* (1994). Her primary research interests are contemporary poetry and fiction, psychoanalytic theory, and feminism. Her most recent critical study, *Nature's Colloquy with the Word: Pureza Canelo's Early Poetics*, is in press.

Dan Sheff is a graduate of St. Lawrence University. He currently teaches in Connecticut at the Taft School.

Steven J. Stewart's translations of Pérez Estrada's work are forthcoming in various North American journals including *Hanging Loose*,

Blue Unicorn, and *International Poetry Review*. His own writing has most recently been published in *Apalachee Review*, *Quarter After Eight*, and *Cross Connect*. He is also the fiction editor of *The Southeast Review*.

Matthew Tree was born in London in 1958 and has lived in Barcelona since 1984. In the last few years he has published two novels, a collection of short stories and a work of non-fiction, all in Catalan (one of the novels was also published in Spanish). He is a regular contributor to three periodicals and three different radio stations.

Steven F. White has published contemporary Brazilian poetry in *International Poetry Review*, *Atlanta Review* and *Callaloo*. He is co-translator of Lorca's *Poet in New York* and is the author of *Un estudio ecocrítico de la poesía de Pablo Antonio Cuadra*. *Transversions* is a CD-anthology of his translations and poetry.

To A Smith-Corona

I know you lurk
in the processor's dark,
your black crackle finish
and oily tang, smudged letters
ready to lay down
metaphor with a muffled bang.
Mountain, peony, whale—
you row the named world neat
as gravestones on the page.
Once we hunted together
across white plains,
my fingers easy
in your black saddles.
Once I was young as a vowel
and you spelled me black
and white, nun-simple.
Sometimes you still strike
through the electric buzz
hawk-swift and beak first, seizing
by tail-end the just word.

Rachel Dacus

To My Beard

What can I say but I am sorry,
I apologize for what I do to you,
my daily ruthlessness and cruelty.
What can I do but ask for your forgiveness
and your patience. For someday,
I promise you, someday I swear
on the beards of the prophets
and on the beard of the poet Whitman and
on the beard of the president Lincoln,
I will not stop you any longer,
I will let you go free, I will take down
the fence around you made of sharp blades.
For someday, I promise you, I will let
you run wild through the valleys
of my face like a stallion, I will let you
wander over the desert of my face
like a holy man in his vision of heaven
and hell, I will let you grow, blossom
and flourish, and I will stroke you
and comb you and keep you orderly
and free of knots and tangles,
and you in turn will make me look
distinguished, a wise old man as I stroke
you looking serious, looking as though
I were thinking deep thoughts about
life and death. But I will be thinking
only about you, my beard, my second face,
and this will be our secret.

J.R. Solonche

When Geese Dream

Geese dream of flying point
Of chasing labradors
Of Mother

Geese dream of taking the train
Of selling the second home
Of tailwinds

Geese dream of honky tonks
Of being loose
Of meeting a wild gander who gives them bumps

Geese dream of synthetic comforters
Of frequent flyer miles
Of roast duck for Christmas dinner
Of gourmands choking on a certain paté
Of forming the full alphabet in flight
Of laying something in platinum for a change
Of standing out from the gaggle
Of not being told what's good for them
Of just once heading west or east
Of never having their ideas dismissed as silly
Of discovering that a swan's egg is worth
even less than one of theirs
And that someone would invent new terms for
a fancy Nazi march and a prod in the rear
End

Susan Rolston

Anteaters

Second cousin once removed
to the armadillo
and perfectly adapted to the niche—
there are tricks
to eating ants—
long sticky tongue, slender snout,
no teeth, no brains
to speak of, yet they
appear happy, at least
content—pangolin, spiny
anteater, ant bear, aardvark—
there they go
shy and retiring
shambling across the world
snoots to the ground
snuffling through the dust
thinking small.

Charles Scott

Green Darner

the most common North American dragonfly

Needle-nosed nymph,
eager feeder—
what could trouble you in this draping
marsh-air, that your four wings
should seem to rend it double? Tricky,

zipping scissors
blurring silver
in invisible hands—your fly-by
picnics nick stalk and blade,
etching what no art can claim, no science

reproduce.
No lines or lanes
for you—just the rules of hum and hue
at the speed of your bright
flight, your wing-spun sing-span, that hover-

rhythm thick
in bloodless veins.
Skywriter, skycutter, predator
decoding the lake-rings
with your spyglass eyes; aqua-stylus

paring nouns
and adjectives
to one fierce verb: can words—those frail jades
and blues threaded
into a gauze which cannot rival

scalpeled wings—
kill as kindly
with mandible and maxilla
when they nuance, blindside,
rip their strings and trappings to the quick?

Melissa Range

Hum

Bees in the buildings. Everywhere. I go
to see the Queen about my retirement
but I just can't get an appointment,
or past the workers from Facilities
who fan their wings to regulate
temperament. Over their fuzzy forms I
can just make out the offices of the drones
who worry over desks and potted plants,
so I wax hexagonal cells and tend
monstrous amorphous children. I name them:
Memo, Appeal, Monthly Report. It's so
stuffy in here; nothing ever changes—
perhaps a bear attacks or the Queen yearns
to swarm. But even in open country
we mass head-to-stinger in slow traffic.
It builds up, I tell you, you want to leave
or strike: at anything, even knowing
nothing can survive the frost but the hive
and you can sting all you want, if that's once.

M. A. Schaffner

Unearthed

sociable rocks lounge in
the wake of my shovel, loud like
faces that don't care anymore
about propriety. still big nosed, still
shaped for squawking, they bulge
with gossip after a million years—
a hundred thousand under the sea,
a hundred thousand more
earning their flecks, then a
countless darkness buttoning on
as many layers as possible to
keep warm.

what do they care
that they were swallowed into
the crumbly belly of the Earth,
squeezed through the
ancient mad roots
of volcanoes,
enwombed without a heartbeat
or uterus?
now sunlight uplifts their cheeks,
strokes them into brawny jewels.
how proud this sparkling second must be,
overturning the quiet of a lifespan
that considered skulls no more
than drops of water.

Chris Crittenden

Paradise

*Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of misery.*

—Percy Bysshe Shelley

Who can forget Paradise Estate,
that windward, wayward island ruin
whose once-ornate formal gardens
long since overgrew the cut stone boundaries,
and crossed the gravel paths meant only for the
foreigner's boot. The gothic remains of the great house,
the sugar mill, and distillery all eaten at by centuries
of insects and epiphytes. And the heavy cast iron caldrons and gears,
which reduced the sweat of stolen lives to heady rum,
rusting in fields like the uncleared dishes of some grand tea party—
put to use as rainwater catchments for the cattle and goats
that grazed on grounds where slaves once slept.

Still, absenteeism never seemed sweeter when we'd skip school
to walk barefoot along the dirt road carved from the green walls
of Mosquito Ghaut, cross the moss-thick stone bridge
and pass under the glinting leaves of the bay trees,
limned against the constant breeze of the Atlantic,
blowing all the way from Africa. And when we'd play
among the footpaths, gorge ourselves on green guavas,
or whisper our allegiances under the old breadfruit tree
we never thought to wonder how far
we really were from heaven.

Jamie Granger

Cerro Rico

A woman is holding a bowl of blood.
Men crouch in a huddle steadying something moving.
The mine's entrance drips the color of theft.
In the shadows, a child with a Eucalyptus branch
pokes a dead llama, its throat cut open.
This thing of curiosity, the elders teach him,
is for the sake of the miners, for the sake of his father.
Most will die of silicosis before fifty.
We eat the mines and the mines eat us,
they say, working ten hour shifts in near darkness,
in the arsenic's hot breath,
in the land of *El Tio*, the land of the devil.
Do you know what I'm saying?
Can you fathom the meaning of sacrifice?

Michael Leong

Residing Alone in the Cell

water
drop
is the day's only
land
scape
dream
drip
as crisp as the dark night's
bell
s
the pattering of years
hitting
with a noise
the prisoner's naked head
a chime stone
dripping
through
the gloom
thousands of prisoners sharing
this
instant
thousands of dreams sharing
this
drop

Wangwu Prison, April 11, 1990

*Huang Xiang
translated from the Chinese
by Ouyang Yu*

When Asked to Write About God

The Eagle Nebula spirals
thirty light years into space,
births stars from its churning gases.
They put it on a postage stamp,
like the giant tropical flowers:
Gloriosa Lily, Chinese Hibiscus,
Bird of Paradise—all shrunken
down small enough to be licked,

like the unconsecrated wafers
we practiced first communion with.
Something like Jesus stuck
to the roofs of our mouths, as tiny
tongues tried to pry him loose.
Finally, we swallowed whole
those gluey discs, pliant from saliva,
transparent, nearly insoluble.

Cathy Carlisi

RN's

Oh nineteenth century nurses,
new graduates, six of you
pictured in a small pamphlet
now considered "historical."
In my lens the year is 1899,
the city, Syracuse.
Poised on your upswept hair
six snowy caps looking not
unlike rolls of toilet paper,
six hospital badges pinned
to starched bibs, six single roses
with ribbons and a fern clasped
in scrubbed hands.

I read accounts of the "hi-jinks" in your dorm:
charades, ukeleles, ginger ale, fudge!
I film the illustrations: a sterilising room,
an operating theatre, spotless wards.
Meticulously I bring into focus lists
of things they put you on duty for:
the stillborn, ulcerated stumps, polio,
rickets, the knitting needle in the vagina.

Oh Alice, Blanche, Dorothy,
Phyllis, Cora, and Ann:
Well Done!

Jean McVey

The Matter of the Heart

Tough little billion-beater,
The Joy of Cooking condemns
you to be boiled for hours
though the Bismin-Kuskusmin
people of New Guinea
probably don't consult
Mrs. Rombauer's recipe
when eating their beaten enemies'
You. And why do the Bismin-
et cetera have enemies
in the first place? Is their You
not in the right place? Crane
(the one, of course, who wasn't
named for you) was wrong—
it's the gall bladder that's bitter
according to the B.-K.,
but I'm skeptical of *The Joy's*
intelligence too: time
doesn't always tenderize.
I guess I should take You,
but even if I take it
to You, I have no choice:
ya gotta, ya gotta have You.

Bruce Tindall

Joy Ride

Maybe the Creator has finally
heard the news.

And maybe She is depressed.

The universe is breaking apart at billions
of miles per second,

galaxies rushing away from each other
at light speeds beyond
the light speed of light.

And so all bets are off. You can date that boy
from another galaxy.

You can make love and not
get pregnant.

Not even get wet.

Your asparagus can have
strawberry genes in it

to make it red

and carrot genes to make it
crunchy and you

can make a million dollars in
a nano-second because

it's all a web of light anyway.

When you have money,
you can be cloned.

With blonde hair next time and
smaller feet and

without that laugh that turns people's
heads in theaters and makes them
frown at you.

The Creator has given up discipline
and karma and sin and

given up

withholding adult secrets.

She's given the keys to the BIG CAR to
the naughtiest children
of them all.

She figures.... It's all flying apart.

Why not let them have one last joy ride
before it goes?

jill Wright

A History of Mankind

There beside the porch
with a stoop for scraping boots,
for shaking mops and cracking hickory nuts,
was the utter maple,
mother figure for every tree he has ever known,
where he swung by his knees
and perched in his animal skin
on a secret August afternoon.

That wrenched and heaved in the March wind.

That brushed and brushed the moonlit eave.

*

Over the chicken yard fence
the fields swung open to his nomad days,
boy treks along the ridges and muskrat trails,
across the gliding, dipping slopes,
blameless as a hawk against the sky,
gullies and groves and eternal meadows
imprinted on his life like a conscience,
like a talent.

Where sagas lay silent beneath glistening snow.

Where crickets and copperheads preyed.

*

Allegorical on their acres down a gravel road,
his grandmother would have been the one
to domesticate the cow
and his grandfather the beast of spirit,
to build it a rocker for the winter

and a smokehouse for the hams,
teach it to admire a split rail
and plant melons among the corn.

That was when spring first lusted for summer.

That was where butter learned to melt on hot bread.

*

And this is where society began,
where in the happenstance town one pubescent day
the family baggage was unloaded
on the street of a circuit judge, a weedlot,
and a bad woman who grew sweet peas,
where the selves were disguised as storekeepers,
as Masons and good cooks and smart alecks,
and the barber whittled decoys.

Where the windows kept watch on the mores.

Where the paperboy learned of Saturday night.

*

Here, then, one spring, the stars shone by day,
and house to house he accumulated lore,
all that summer, mowing lawns around the town,
began to watch, a little distance from himself,
to overhear his laughter and his silences,
reading in random, accidental places,
received intimations of cities and the sea,
of how long ago long ago was.

Of how the truth might work and a soul exist.

Of how a muezzin might sing.

Oliver Rice

Blackberry

Behold the Christian fruit.
By the side of the way I take
my root in the meagerest earth
and grip the stones in a drought.
The tender and the small find refuge
in the barbed twists of my brake,
the rabbit, the field-mouse, the finch.
(I am the best friend of the ditch.)
A parable am I for the common man:
my flower is as white as the lily's
and has the lily's heart of gold
without its saintly robes.

I suffer the bees to come unto me.
Their raspy legs busy in my dust—
what high-church sacrifice we beget!
Verily verily I am green then red
and then with patience am purple
oblations swollen like words,
tiny globes of bittersweet truth
on the lips of overall prophets.

If Jesus were to come down
this powdery road again in July,
he would not come to destroy
but to take this humble pleasure.
I would not hook his fingers
and draw blood for him to suck
away from the threadlike scratches.
I bear him too many little passions
for that, and in his image bear them:
pent-up blood hot with sun,
thorns to crown me a dangerous king.

the myriad flea-sized seeds
that stick between the teeth
like the Devil's own requital,
that our sins may be worried
from all angles by the tongue
and be spat out one by one.

Ricks Carson

Deviled Eggs for Easter

Though we've come back to the church house, back-sliding from immersion to Methodist wine to Buddha in the cornfield, you call *Don't forget the deviled eggs*. For the devil still in us, I lift the twelve from their oval seats, drop them in the boiling font. For their resistant shells, veined as the underside of my knees, I let them clack together in the pot, sweet communion rising from their bellies. In praise of the breakable among us, I peel the thin armor, slice the warm heart's yoke and albumen, offer spicy brown mustard as tithe. In gratitude of the fire, I hollow out once-liquid suns, now pliable as clay, reborn with paprika and pickle relish. For belief in the everlasting feast, I take the bread on my tongue, swallow tibia and sternum, body and breath of Jesus. For our own place set so long at the table, we collect the roundness of plate and chalice, cup each yellow eye in our faltering reach.

Linda Parsons Marion

Searching for the Lost City of Catharsis

What if I'm empty when
I finally reach the place?
Used up all my gas trying to get there.

Or what if I get there and I find that
it's a huge stadium filled with
screaming people and on the field
two teams pounding the stuffing
out of each other, feathers and dust
floating in the air?

What if it's a dry lake,
all the echoes swallowed up
in silence,

or nothing more
than a voice whispering in my ear,

or a leaf falling from a tree,

or a silhouette of a sea bird on wet sand
wandering about in the gold and
turquoise reflections of
a setting sun,

or the sound of waves collapsing in the
blue gray twilight?

John Randolph Carter

Invitation

I will bring you to a soft place
a bed of pine needles
sap murmurs thick and warm here
and we will say ordinary things
like *Penny for your thoughts*
and *True*

These are common words
but they are enough
because ages have passed
and people have passed like lanterns on water
glowing, glimmering, gone
They have written this poem
and been content sitting here awhile
knowing that the stillness
humming inside these trees
also hums in them

I will bring you someplace soft
and we will say everyday things
like *Look at that cloud*
and *Yes*
Only then might my voice
fill you like a bell
like water
or grace

Alicia Bessette

Senescent

Even as a flood of spring leaves rises
up the cottonwoods and poppies
cut through the air like blowtorches,
we're growing older
in these boneyard bodies,
conversations less about
moons washed up on blue reefs
waiting to be hefted home,
the electrical storms in a prophet's eyes,
Congress and its corporate funders
plotting and pushing fascist agendas
law by law—

but more about bladders shrinking,
kidneys tumbling acidic stones,
eyes blurring and glazing,
hip replacements. And high and safe beyond
its own radiation, the sun
never crabbles room to room,
never ends as fumes filling a casket,
a last skin of dirt shoveled down.

Still, I wave and shout hello at horses
when I drive by, cows and llamas
in pastures of wind and wells,
light candles during initiations or love,
fire serving as witness to fire,
declare one sky, many stars—

this water was always wine.

Mike Arvey

August Sunset from the Highest Point in St. Paul

for my mother

How we'd like to hope that our lives, too,
will turn to gold just before they set,
the all-too-familiar silhouette of the city
backlit, burnished, with a refulgent glow
beneath a slowly-developing, redemptive
vision of the earth's rim lifting to meet
a sky flushed with rose-colored flame,
and then, as darkness finally settles in,
lights coming on in the river valley far below.

Richard Broderick

CONTRIBUTORS

Ellen Andolsek won the 2000 49th Parallel Award from *Bellingham Review* and the 1999 *Willow Springs* Award. She also has poems in the anthology *Women Becoming Poems* (Cinnabar, 2001).

Angela Armstrong is working toward an MFA and a mathematics teaching degree at Cal. State Fresno. Her work appears in the *San Joaquin Review* and is forthcoming in *Flies, Cockroaches and Poets*.

William Baer is editor of *The Formalist*. He received the T. S. Eliot Poetry Prize in 1997 for *The Unfortunates* (New Odyssey), and has poems in *Poetry*, *Ploughshares*, *The Kenyon Review* and *The Hudson Review*. He is director of the Richard Wilbur Poetry Series.

Karen Bashkirew lives with her husband in rural Pennsylvania. Her poem "Sounds" was set to music by Suzzy Roche on the CD *Zero Church*. Her chapbook of poems is *Standing in the Sky*.

Alicia Bessette's story "True North" appeared in the November 2001 issue of *Yankee* magazine as the winner of its New Voices contest.

Jorge Luis Borges, Argentine author of *Ficciones*, *Dreamtigers* and many other books of philosophical fiction and poetry, is one of Latin America's leading literary figures of the 20th century.

Richard Broderick's collection of poems, *Woman Lake*, was published in 2000 by New Rivers Press. He appears in *Prairie Schooner*, *The Laurel Review*, *The Greensboro Review*, *North Dakota Quarterly*, and previously in *Atlanta Review*.

Chris Cantu, an assistant editor for *Switched-on Gutenberg*, an electronic poetry journal, has work in *Curious Rooms*, *Crab Creek Review*, *Mystic River* and *Poets West*.

Cathy Carlisi is a freelance copywriter, art director, and a painter who has exhibited throughout the Southeast. Her poetry appears in *Cape Rock*, *Midwest Review*, *Laurel Review* and *Sycamore Review*.

Ricks Carson lives in Atlanta with his family and teaches high school.

John Randolph Carter is a poet and artist whose work hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and thirty-one other public collections. His poetry appears in *Exquisite Corpse*, *Poetry International*, and *The Journal*. He teaches at Cal. State University, Fullerton.

Stephen Cramer won the Alice M. Sellers Award from the Academy of American Poets. His work appears in *High Plains Literary Review*, *Crab Orchard Review*, *Confrontation* and *The Journal*.

Chris Crittenden teaches at the U. of Maine Machias and lives in the easternmost town in the U.S. He has poems in *Blue Unicorn*, *Flyway*, *Sulfur River* and *The Iconoclast*. His chapbook *Purity Learns to Paint* is available from Quartermoon Publishing.

Rachel Dacus has poetry in *The Bitter Oleander*, *Blue Unicorn*, *Defined Providence*, *Midwest Quarterly*, and *yefief*; also online at *Switched-on Gutenberg*, *Conspire*, *Gravity*, and *Zuzu's Petals*. Her book of poetry is *Earth Lessons* (Bellowing Ark Press 1998).

Ron De Maris has poems in *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, *American Poetry Review*, *Sewanee Review*, *Southern Review*, *Gettysburg Review*, *Ploughshares*, *Paririe Schooner* and *Poetry Northwest*.

Maureen Tolman Flannery is author of *Secret of the Rising Up: Poems of Mexico*, *Remembered Into Life*, the forthcoming *Ancestors in the Landscape*, and the online chapbook *Conversations for the Road* (www.tmpoetry.com). She is also editor of the anthology *Knowing Stones: Poems of Exotic Places*.

Jamie Granger grew up on the island of Montserrat, West Indies, and now lives in Florida. His work has been featured on NPR's "All Things Considered," and appears in *Apalachee Quarterly*, *Black Warrior Review*, *Exquisite Corpse* and *Negative Capability*.

Kathy Kieth lives in the Sacramento Valley, where she has worked as a musician, music therapist and psychologist. Her poems appear in *Slant*, *Sow's Ear*, *White Heron*, *Plainsongs* and *Potpourri*.

Michael Leong is currently pursuing an M.F.A. at Sarah Lawrence College, and has poetry forthcoming in *Tin House*.

Linda Parsons Marion is poetry editor of *Now & Then* magazine. Winner of AWP's Intro Award, her poetry book, *Home Fires*, was published by Sow's Ear Press in 1997. Her work appears in *The Georgia Review*, *The Iowa Review*, *Calyx* and *Prairie Schooner*.

Jean McVey is a retired archivist living in Newburyport. She appears in *Larcom Review* and *Merrimack: A Poetry Anthology*.

Mario René Padilla, a Fulbright Award winner, teaches at Santa Monica College. His poems appear in *The Antioch Review*, *New*

Letters and Visions International. His books include *Reaching Back for the Neverendings*, *Postcards*, and *Jorge Luis Borges: The Forgotten Works 1919-1925*.

Melissa Range teaches at Georgia Perimeter College and is actively involved with Atlanta's immigrant communities. She has been a fellow at Yaddo, and her poems have appeared in *The Paris Review*, *American Literary Review* and *Southern Poetry Review*.

Oliver Rice won the Theodore Roethke Prize from *Poetry Northwest*. He was featured on *Poetry Daily*, and has work forthcoming in *Ohio Review's* anthology *New and Selected*, as well as the Bedford/St. Martin's textbooks *Poetry: An Introduction* and *The Bedford Introduction to Literature*.

Susan Rolston has worked for the Boston Children's Museum and the Field Museum. Following a career as a management consultant, she now teaches Great Books and English as a second language.

Michele Rosenthal is a playwright and former Editor-in-Chief of *ShowNews*. She publishes non-fiction with Scholastic, Inc., and her most recent poem appears in *Fetishes*.

M. A. Schaffner's first book, *The Good Opinion of Squirrels*, won the Columbia Book Award. His first novel, *War Boys*, is out this year from Welcome Rain. His poetry appears in *Prairie Schooner*, *Texas Review*, *Antietam Review*, *Imago*, *Other Poetry* and *Poetry Salzburg*.

Charles Scott lives in Alberta, Canada, with his wife and five-year-old son. He has recent poems and stories in *Cimarron Review*, *Coal City Review* and *The Distillery*.

Brenda Serotte's Ladino translations, original poetry and memoirs have appeared recently in *Fourth Genre*, *Rosebud*, *Quarter After Eight* and *Torre de Paper*. Her family memoir about growing up Sephardic in the Bronx is nearly completed.

Kyle Thompson teaches creative writing at the Univ. of Louisville and has work in *Georgia Review*, *Chelsea*, *Seneca Review* and *New Delta Review*. He was a Hoyns Fellow in the MFA program at the University of Virginia.

Bruce Tindall is a recent MFA from Vermont College after spending twenty years in the computer software industry. He has poems in *Poem*, *Texas Observer*, *Diner* and *Small Pond*.

Brian Turner has lived and worked in Bosnia-Herzegovina, Russia,

South Korea and the UAR. An MFA from the U. of Oregon, his poems appear in *Crab Orchard Review*, *Rattle*, *Magma* and *Rhino*.

Elizabeth Volpe's poetry appears in *Borderlands*, *Plainsongs*, *Red River Review*, *Passager* and the *Peralta Press*.

Deborah Warren received the Howard Nemerov Sonnet Award this year. Her poems appear in *Commonweal*, *The New Criterion*, *The Paris Review*, and previously in *Atlanta Review*.

Jill Wright is an award-winning author of children's books: *The Old Woman and the Willy Nilly Man*, *The Old Woman and the Jar of Uuums* (Putnam). She is a published poet and a writer-producer of new media for Warner Brothers, Digital Pictures, IVS and others.

Huang Xiang is a Chinese poet living in exile in New York.

Ouyang Yu, a Chinese poet and editor, lives in Melbourne, Australia.

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