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Migrant Shores

*Irish,
Moroccan
&
Galician
Poetry*

Calligraphies by
Hachemi Mokrane



Edited by
Manuela Palacios

Hachemi Mokrane





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Contents

“Migration, Otherwhereness and Translation” – Introduction by Manuela Palacios	11
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MOROCCO & IRELAND

Mohammed Bennis & Paula Meehan

لَكَ الطُّرُقُ الْعَدِيدَةُ ...	22
The Lessons of Exile	23
By the Autumn River	24

Taha Adnan & Máighrèad Medbh

الماروكسيلواز	26
The Maroxelloise	37
All About Her	44

Fatima Zahra Bennis & Susan Connolly

نَهَم	48
Longing	49
Anxiety	50

Imane El Khattabi & Hugh O'Donnell

في الحرب	52
In the War	55
It Ain't Over	57

Mohamed Ahmed Bennis & Catherine Phil MacCarthy

خيالٌ بلا طريق	59
Imagination without a Path	60
O Halloran's Fort	61





Aicha Bassry & Sarah Clancy

السَابِجَةُ فِي الْعَطَشِ	64
Woman Swimming in Thirst	65
Poem for a Migrant Poet Waiting to Make Her Crossing	66

Mezouar El Idrissi & Thomas McCarthy

ليل غرناطة الآن	68
Tonight in Granada	71
Reading 'Noche de Granada' of Mezouar El Idrissi	73

GALICIA & IRELAND

Martín Veiga & Eiléan Ní Chuilleanáin

Unha casa na Habana	77
A House in Havana	79
She Was at the Haymaking	81

Chus Pato & Lorna Shaughnessy

Asun...	84
Asun...	85
Liberty Landing	86

Eva Veiga & Maurice Harmon

sentir o corpo...	88
to sense the body...	89
Fluttering Handkerchiefs	90

Baldo Ramos & Celia de Fréine

amada estranxeira	93
foreign beloved	96
Doth Suffer a Sea-Change	100

Gonzalo Hermo & Keith Payne

A estranxeira inventa a utopía...	103
The outsider invents utopia...	105
The Outsider Watches the Woods from Her Room	107

Marilar Aleixandre & Breda Wall Ryan

auga na lúa	109
moonwater	111
The Path We Make with Our Feet Follows Us Everywhere	113

María do Cebreiro & Mary O'Donnell

O barrio das chinesas	115
The 'Cosmopolitan' Quarter	119
Remembering Amsterdam	123

Appendix by Catherine Phil MacCarthy: "Imagination without a Path" by Mohamed Ahmed Bennis	124
Acknowledgements	126
About the Poets	129
About the Editor	138
About the Calligrapher	138





Migration, Otherwhereness and Translation. An Introduction

MANUELA PALACIOS

University of Santiago de Compostela

As we move through the world, we carry our home-bodies with us, ever so contingently... and we provisionally inhabit other spaces, other countries, although home and country may be too heavy burdens for our persevering, yet vulnerable, bodies, as this anthology will illustrate. In María do Cebreiro's words, countries are "bodies for rent".¹ The poems in this collection trace the steps of migrants from north and south, male and female, of lighter and darker complexion, young and old, because to exist is to move forward, as the etymology of the verb "exist" implies.²

Migrant Shores brings together writers from three Atlantic countries, Morocco, Galicia and Ireland, aware as they are of the shared ordeal of migration and exile at different times of history.³ In her poem "Daughters of Colony" the Irish poet Eavan Boland identifies the *otherwhereness* of the colonial subject and writes about the loss of an ideal national identity and the exploration of a painfully hybrid one.⁴ This feeling of dislocation is no doubt common to the people of Ireland, Morocco and Galicia, both due to their colonial background — notwithstanding its different manifestations — and because of their chronic experience of migration whether to neighbouring European countries or to more distant lands.

Though apparently universal, migration and the discourses about it are gendered. For this reason, this anthology aims at a notable representation of female voices that may examine the way gender and mobility affect each other, so as to retrieve women's disregarded diaspora.⁵ Many poems in this compilation consider the predicament of the migrant woman: her body, hopes, fears and frustrations, her national and ethnic (dis)affection and, in sum, her otherwhereness.

I have asked seven poets from Morocco and another seven from Galicia to provide a poem on the topic of migration and exile, and then asked fourteen Irish poets to both translate the Moroccan and Galician poems into English and to write a response poem — a good number of poems have been written expressly for this anthology. This project has a gratifying precedent in the anthology *To the Winds Our Sails: Irish Writers Translate Galician Poetry*, which Mary O'Donnell proposed we co-edited back in 2010 and which was beautifully produced by Salmon Poetry.⁶ *Migrant Shores* attests to the rich variety of poetry in the three communities by including writers from different generations, male and female, many of whom enjoy the recognition of their consolidated writing careers, but this anthology also features new poets with their audacious proposals.

The Irish poets in this compilation have accepted the challenge of translation and *echolation* with their customary altruism and talent.⁷ There is no doubt that the current refugee crisis has stirred everybody's conscience as we urge European institutions and governments to comply with the responsibility to alleviate these people's suffering. In his elegy to W.B. Yeats, W.H. Auden seems to despair when he exclaims "For poetry makes nothing happen", and yet he ends his poem in a more trustful note as he asks Yeats to inspire us with his verse: "In the deserts of the heart / Let the healing fountain start".⁸ Paula Meehan insightfully puts forward an alternative reading of Auden's words: "But, maybe we might read that 'nothing' as a positive thing. If poetry makes *nothing* happen, maybe it stops *something* happening, stops time, takes our breath away".⁹

The type of translation sometimes practiced in this anthology is the indirect one, that is, with the mediation of English drafts and linguistic support that I attempted to provide for the thorough understanding of the source text. All the Irish poets involved in these translations have a good command of some Romance language, which has, in particular, facilitated the English renderings from Galician. Furthermore, poets such as Lorna Shaughnessy, Keith Payne, Mary O'Donnell, Celia de Fréine, and Maurice Harmon have had valuable previous experience translating Galician poetry. The Arabic poetry from Morocco, however, has proved to be a more serious challenge for all of us involved. I had translated and edited Arabic poetry in the past and the Moroccan poets supplied Spanish and French versions of their poems — Aicha Bassry and Mezouar El Idrissi even provided first-rate English translations that we reproduce

here with the permission of their translators — but I was impressed with the Irish poets' professional rigour in their individual quests for supplementary information, having the poems read in Arabic and discussing the various nuances with native speakers of Arabic and scholars. I avow that I have often found poets' indirect translations more evocative and refined than direct renderings made by other translators with insufficient training in the craft of verse.

The activity of translation seems especially apt for the theme of migration, as the etymology of "translate" shows: to bring over, carry over (Latin *transferre*). Like translations, migrants also move across culture and language boundaries; like translations, migrants are often regarded with suspicion. Nevertheless, translation is one of the best possible tools to negotiate with the *other*. The anthropologist Arjun Appadurai maintains that complete, integral and precise understanding of the other is impossible and suggests that we should create common spaces with the facets and convictions that we do share, spaces of "selective concordance and contingent consensus".¹⁰ I would like to advocate translation as this space of dialogue and negotiation.

Migrant Shores begins its exploration of migrants' circumstances with a not so common dialogue between MOROCCO AND IRELAND and, more specifically, with that between two eminent poets: MOHAMMED BENNIS and PAULA MEEHAN. I selected a poem by Bennis that introduces some key aspects of the experience of migration: choice, exile, knowledge and memory. The speaker addresses the migrant, though it could be, as is often the case in the Moroccan section, an illustration of a split subject, since the lyric voice and the migrant may well be the same person.¹¹ Meehan knows that her translation will also mediate between two world-views and respectfully intertwines her own sense of rhythm and stanza with the attention due to Bennis's proposal. In her response poem, Meehan picks up some of Bennis's motifs, such as the river, memory and knowledge, but contributes a new idea to their dialogue: our consecutive learning and *unlearning* process through life.

The next two poets, TAHA ADNAN and MÁIGHRÉAD MEDBH focus on a girl's painful handling of cultural constraints on her body and behaviour. Medbh brilliantly renders Adnan's vibrant style and poignant subject matter. His Moroccan girl growing up in Brussels — hence the coinage *Maroxelloise*, from *marocaine* and *bruxelloise* — is torn between the contradictions within her own home culture and those of the host society. Medbh shares with Adnan

the story of an Irish young woman who is turned away from home because of her troubled behaviour. Both young women embody the conflictive messages about femininity in their respective cultures.

FATIMA ZAHRA BENNIS and SUSAN CONNOLLY form the next duo of voices and both tackle the suppression of women's desire.¹² The Moroccan poet delves into a woman's struggle for self-fulfilment and her alienation from the crippling nation that constricts her agency. Connolly handles with utmost dexterity the dense imagery and terse lineation of the original and provides a subtle response where the longing turns into anxiety and Bennis's second-person addressee becomes, as a result of relentless subjection, a defeated and embittered "I".

IMANE EL KHATTABI's poem explicitly alludes to the current refugee crisis with her portrayal of war, refugees and border controls. The collective speaking voice includes the reader in that "we" and, by doing so, stimulates our empathy. HUGH O'DONNELL masterfully rephrases the poem in succinct and penetrating three-line stanzas, and contributes to this dialogue with the Moroccan poet by presenting a female refugee's weary struggle to survive in a Western city.

The following two Moroccan poets deal with a distinctive space of migration: the liminal zone, the frontier, the strip of land or sea between home and destination. MOHAMED AHMED BENNIS places his lyric subject in such a place, which denotes detachment and loss, while he intertwines the theme of migration with that of artistic rapture. CATHERINE PHIL MacCARTHY exquisitely renders his evocative imagery in her translation, and responds both with a prose discussion of Bennis's poem — reproduced as an appendix at the end of this anthology — and with a poem that enquires into the themes of dispossession and displacement which are so emblematic in Irish history and literature.

AICHA BASSRY's poem about a woman's misgivings as she undertakes her voyage to another land is here sensibly translated into English by Nourddine Zouitni. Once again, we come across the suffocation of a woman's longing for self-realization, which Bassry aptly presents through a split subject: the expectant "I" and the languishing "she". SARAH CLANCY's response valiantly avows the writer's impotence before the refugee crisis. Clancy's confession "and I have no art in me that can measure up to this task" recalls Eavan Boland's similar expression of inadequacy in her poem

"Daughters of Colony": "No testament or craft of mine can hide / our presence / on the distaff side of history". In spite of their self-doubts, both Irish writers furnish us with memorable representations of the displaced woman's alienation.

The Moroccan-Irish section ends in a more hopeful note with the poems by MEZOUAR EL IDRISSE and THOMAS McCARTHY, the former in an English translation by the Bard Group. El Idrissi enacts the repossession of Granada — "The night in Granada is mine now" — only to celebrate life and poetry in the new welcoming home of verse, music and love. McCarthy responds with a magnificent sonnet that insightfully identifies the dark edges of El Idrissi's hymn to Granada — the exile's chronic condition, the laborious and often frustrated search for meaning — though it ends with a bold call to "conquer the sea in boats made with words".

The GALICIA AND IRELAND rapport has a solid social and cultural foundation. During the second half of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth centuries Ireland was actually an "inspiring *other*" for Galicia on account of both the Irish struggle for independence and Galician Celticism. This anthology, however, explores other shared circumstances such as massive emigration at various times of deep economic crisis and women's unacknowledged roles in them. This Galicia-and-Ireland section begins with a duo of voices, MARTÍN VEIGA and EILÉAN NÍ CHUILLEANÁIN, closely attached to the city of Cork. Veiga has written, for this collection, a poem about Galician emigration to Cuba and the double displacement suffered by a woman, born in Havana of Galician emigrants, who one day has to leave her Cuban home to return to Galicia. Her nostalgia for the home of her childhood and early sensorial impressions poignantly illustrates the migrant's perpetual dislocation. Ní Chuilleánáin's remarkably accurate translation is an excellent example of the close collaboration between poets in this project. Her response poem also tells us of a woman's transatlantic emigration and, in particular, of a rather frequent pattern of migration of Irish nuns. The Irish poet astutely interweaves choice and fate, liberation and confinement thereby portraying the complexity of these women's experience.

The poems in this anthology often tell us about the migrants' sundry means of communication with their homeland. Today's texts on mobile phones have replaced the letters and photographs of a not so distant past. CHUS PATO offers us a poem that delves into the migrant's pressure to convey a message of success through the

photographs that are sent home from the European destination countries of Galician emigration: France, Switzerland and Germany. These are photographs that simultaneously and paradoxically bring the migrants home while enhancing their absence and strangeness. LORNA SHAUGHNESSY has translated Pato's poetry before and is well acquainted with the Galician poet's style and conceptual world. Shaughnessy's response poem picks up the motif of the photographs, both those in the family album, taken during the migrant woman's occasional visits to Ireland, and those never sent but conjured by the poet as she reconstructs the life of the Irish domestic worker in New York.

EVA VEIGA radically changes the tone and the scope of this section with a poem that is reminiscent of the Moroccan concern with chimerical landscapes and states of mind. Veiga's verse steers mesmerizingly through the contrary moods of entrapment and desertion, snow and fire, hope and shipwreck that mark a migrant's venture. MAURICE HARMON, with previous experience in the translation of the kindred poetry of Galician writers such as Pilar Pallarés and Ana Romaní, excels in his English rendering of Veiga's oblique phrasing and rousing rhythm. In his response poem, Harmon relates the Irish experience of emigration to the present-day refugee crisis, thereby raising consciousness about our amnesia and greed.

Although most accounts of Galician emigration focus on destination countries in Europe and Latin America, BALDO RAMOS writes a family saga in the United States throughout the bleak decade of the nineteen thirties and after. Ramos also provides a poignant photograph within the genre of mourning or memorial portraiture. His account depicts the migrant's instinct for survival in the face of recurring hardships and setbacks. His extended metaphor of tree and land aptly expresses the perennial, though often frustrated, struggle to settle down. CELIA DE FRÉINE masterfully recasts his poem with special attention to the rhythms of the English language and the expectancy brought about by the caesuras. Her own poem establishes a parallel between Irish emigrants' arrival in the United States and current refugees reaching our coasts or drowning en route.

GONZALO HERMO makes a radical shift in the course of this section by resorting to the figure of the foreign woman as an inspiring muse that refurbishes literary tradition. In her book *Democracy and the Foreigner*, Bonnie Honig suggests that societies

often need the foreigner so as to overcome an impasse; for this reason, instead of posing a problem the foreigner may rather provide a solution.¹³ Hermo significantly chooses a female foreigner and, by doing so, gives recognition to those women artists who have time and again considered themselves as strangers in their own country.¹⁴ KEITH PAYNE, who has translated one whole anthology of Galician poetry in *Six Galician Poets* (2016), renders, with remarkable suppleness, the disaffected and provocative mode of Hermo's charge against the literary canon. Payne's poem playfully picks up some of Hermo's motifs — the foreign woman and the skeleton trees — and elaborates on notions of entrapment and freedom in a visionary mood that recalls Odilon Redon's chromatic symbolism.

MARILAR ALEIXANDRE conceives a *Gulliveresque* travel to the moon so as to indict the exploitation of African women at home and abroad. On her part, BREDA WALL RYAN delivers the disparaging tone and imaginative force of the original with commendable artistry. The Irish writer responds with a poem that casts the refugees' agony in sharp relief: the desperate escape from carnage, the treacherous voyage and the murder of the lives left behind.

The anthology ends with two poets who have already worked in close collaboration, MARÍA DO CEBREIRO and MARY O'DONNELL, as they translated each other's work in *To the Winds Our Sails, Forked Tongues*, and in the Galician journal *A Trabe de Ouro*.¹⁵ María do Cebreiro offers us a poem about the women of the red-light district in Barcelona, where many foreign women, trapped by mafias, work as prostitutes. This neighbourhood was named "Chinese quarter" in the 1920s — perhaps on account of its poor and marginalised community, as in many American cities in the early twentieth century. The Galician poem sensitively envisages the lyrical subject's identification with these prostitutes, as does Mary O'Donnell's poem, about a similar district in Amsterdam, with verse that ponders notions of exploitation and concern, betrayal and solidarity.

The calligraphies by the Algerian artist HACHEMI MOKRANE engage in a dialogue with the subject-matter of the anthology and propose visual rhythms that alternate with poetic rhythms in sober black ink. The calligraphies are not merely beautiful sinuous lines but words charged with profound and relevant meaning: thalatha shaouati [three shores], laji'a [female refugee], el-manfa [exile], shatat [diaspora], 'oubour [crossing].¹⁶



NOTES

¹ “This, and nothing else, is what countries are: bodies / for rent”. María do Cebreiro, (*nós*, as inadaptadas), Ferrol: Sociedad de Cultura Valle-Inclán, 2002, p. 27.

² Latin *existere*: to step out, stand forth, emerge, appear.

³ I would like to thank Catherine Phil MacCarthy for her inspiring feedback regarding the title of this anthology and Keith Payne for his wise observations. Many Irish poets gave me precious advice as I was assembling this collection and I am grateful to all of them for their unrelenting support. I also want to express my gratitude to Sarah Clancy for her decisive mediation in the final production of this book and to all the poets in this anthology for trusting me with their work.

⁴ Eavan Boland, “Daughters of Colony”, *The Lost Land*, Manchester: Carcanet, 1998.

⁵ Mirjana Morokvasic has censured the lack of attention paid to women’s role in migration in her article “Birds of Passage Are Also Women”, *International Migration Review*, 18.4, 1984, pp. 886-907. We have taken heed of Morokvasic’s admonition and have designed a project in which Irish and Galician writers provide photographs of female migrants in their family and write about them. See María Jesús Lorenzo-Modia (ed.), *Ex-sistere*, Newcastle: Cambridge Scholars, 2016, and Ana Acuña (ed.), *Letras nómades*, Berlin: Frank & Timme, 2014.

⁶ A second anthology followed with Irish writers translating Galician, Basque and Catalan poetry in M. Palacios (ed.), *Forked Tongues*, Bristol: Shearsman, 2012. A third collection has appeared recently with the Irish poet Keith Payne translating Galician poetry in M. Palacios (ed.) *Six Galician Poets*, Todmorden: Arc, 2016.

⁷ I borrow the term “echolation” from the Canadian poet Erin Moure, who used it in reference to her “echo” or response poems to those of the Galician poet Chus Pato in *Secession / Insecession*, Toronto: BookThug, 2014.

⁸ W.H. Auden, “In Memory of W.B. Yeats”, *Another Time*. London: Faber & Faber, 1940.

⁹ Paula Meehan, “Imaginary Bonnets with Real Bees in Them”, in *Writings from the Ireland Chair of Poetry: Imaginary Bonnets with Real Bees in them*, University College Dublin Press, 2016, p. 19. I would like to thank Keith Payne for drawing my attention to Paula Meehan’s comment on Auden’s line.

¹⁰ Arjun Appadurai, “Diálogo, risco e convivialidade”, in Arjun Appadurai et al. *Podemos viver sem o outro? As possibilidades e os limites da interculturalidade*, Lisboa: Tinta-da-China, Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, 2009, pp. 23-38.

¹¹ In her review of Mohsin Hamid’s novel *Exit West*, Eileen Battersby comments on “the damaging ability of displacement to make one experience the sensation of having become two people”. “A Migrant Couple’s Search for an Open Door” *The Irish Times*, March 4, 2017, p. 13.

¹² Regarding the repeated last names of some poets in this anthology, I would like to say that Fatima Zahra Bennis and Mohamed Ahmed Bennis are siblings, but Mohammed Bennis is not their relative. Bennis is a common surname in Morocco. Similarly, Veiga is a frequent Galician surname and Martín Veiga and Eva Veiga have no family relationship. However, Mary O’Donnell and Hugh O’Donnell are cousins.

¹³ Bonnie Honig, *Democracy and the Foreigner*, Princeton: Princeton UP, 2001.

¹⁴ The great poet of the nineteenth-century Galician Revival, Rosalía de Castro, wrote the influential poem “Estranxeira na súa patria” [The Foreign Woman in her Fatherland] in her collection *Follas Novas* (Madrid: La Ilustración Gallega y Asturiana; Havana: La Propaganda Literaria, 1880) in which she elaborates on the topic of women’s disaffection for the fatherland.

¹⁵ María do Cebreiro translated a number of poems by Mary O’Donnell into Galician in “Mary O’Donnell: De Dublín a Compostela”, *A trabe de ouro*. 103 (2015): 443-457.

¹⁶ Hachemi Mokrane’s calligraphies have appeared in other non-fiction and poetry books such as the bilingual, Arabic-Spanish, collection of poems, *Los ritos de los sentidos*, edited and translated by J. Elouafi, B. Takkouche, M. Palacios and A. Casas, Madrid: CantArabia, 2015.



*Morocco
& Ireland*



MOHAMMED BENNIS
&
PAULA MEEHAN



محمد بنيس

لَكَ الطُّرُقُ الْعَدِيدَةُ

كِي

تُجِيدَ تَعَلُّمَ الْمُنْفَى

نَجُومُكَ تَهْتَدِي بِالصَّمْتِ

فِي نَهْرِ الْخَرِيفِ

أَلْيَوْمَ

يَنْفَتِحُ الصَّبَاحُ عَلَى عُهُودٍ عَلَّقَتْ

شَيْئًا بِذَاكِرَةٍ

وَأَنْتَ الْيَوْمَ لَا تَشْكُو

وَلَا تَنْسَى

MOHAMMED BENNIS

The Lessons of Exile

So many roads open to you
Exile
And all for your learning

Your stars in quiet alignment
In the stillness of the autumn river

The way
The morning opens out on epochs
And hangs a memory in space

This day there is no regret
This day you cannot forget

(Translated by Paula Meehan)





PAULA MEEHAN

By the Autumn River

For I have sat here too many lifetimes
Watching the wheeling heavens

Mirrored in the flowing waters
So long our journey from the village

So hard our journey, its lessons
And I could fish from my blindness

A childhood memory — the road before us
New then, and loss a foreign word

We will have aeons to learn
All the time in the world to unlearn

TAHA ADNAN
&
MÁIGHRÉAD MEDBH





طه عدنان

الماروكسيلواز

عربية
 بلسان أعجمي
 شمسٌ شاردةٌ
 تغزل من نُدف الثلج
 خيوطاً للشقاوة
 والنزق

الماروكسيلواز الصغيرة
 ترطن بالماروكان
 وتركض مثل جرو
 فوق عشب الاستراحة
 تُخاتل الأطياف
 في مدرسة مختلطة السحنات
 رفاقها في الصف
 مغاربةٌ صغار
 إيطاليون من الجيل الرابع
 بولنديون بلامح أليفة
 وأسماء غريبة
 أتراك. باكستانيون

غجرٌ. أفارقة سود
 وبضعة بلجيكين
 بشعرٍ مشرق
 وملامح داكنة

الماروكسيلواز البريئة
 بصفيرتين راقصتين
 وحقيبة جذلي
 تتقافز في عينيها
 كتاكيث المسرة
 الكرايس
 الأقلام الملونة
 وساندويتش الجبن
 والنقائق الحلال

الماروكسيلواز الصغيرة
 عوض الذهب
 إلى السينما
 تدرُس العربية
 ظهيرة كل أربعاء
 وصبيحة الأحد
 تذهب إلى المسجد
 لتحفظ سوراً قصيرة
 بلغة





عصية على الفهم
فيما لورانس
وسابين وشانتال
صويحباتها في الفصل
يتفرغن
أمام شاشة العائلة
للفطائر
ورسوم الأطفال

الماروكسيلواز اليانعة
ضارية كزهرة صبار
ناعمة كحشوة "الكريما"
داخل قطعة شوكولاتة
تخفي السجائر
بين النهدين
تضحك ملء غرائزها
وتصرخ في المترو
بصوت
كأنه هبوب الريح
على دالية الأجراس
وبالله تقسم
في كل حين
كما لو أن الله شاهد
على حصص الخيال
توزعها

وبالقسطاس
بين الأتراب
والركاب

الماروكسيلواز الغرييرة
بخفة فراشة
وسذاجة عصفور
تسقط

في فخّ مراهق شقي
يلفّ عقلها
في لفافة حبّ
لينفته سحاباً
في الهواء
يعجن طراوتها
بيديه

يممص حلوى أنوثتها
بشفثيه
ويلحس "آيس كريم" رعشتها
بلسان من نار

الماروكسيلواز الحسيرة
تصحو
من سكرة الحبّ
ودنانُ العشق





مكسورةً
على مرمى نبضٍ
من وجدِها
فيُصاب القلبُ منها
بسهام صريحة
وتمنى الأشجان
بعواصف
يجمد من عويلها
الدم
في عروق القبيلة

الماروكسيلواز الطريدة
محاصرةً
كجزيرة غوايةٍ
في أرخبيل الظنون
وحيدة بين فيلق
من الإخوة:
مصطفى ومحمد
مراد وحسين
وكلُّ له جحفلُ
من المخبرين المتطوعين
يغطسون
نظرات
عطشى

في حوض نداوتها
وبألسنة ناشفة
يلعقون فائض أنوثتها
في سرائرهم
ثم يدعون الحمية
والذود عن الحوض

الماروكسيلواز الشريدة
تائهة كالكشة
في مهبِّ ريح
مريبةً
على الدوام مرتابةً
تخفي زهر لواعجها
بين القلب والقلب
وتعلق أطراف أحلامها
على مشجب الكتمان

الماروكسيلواز الناعسة
تتفرج على آلي ماكبيل
مساء كلِّ أحدٍ
وتستخدم "الروموت كونترول"
بسبب الحظر الإيروتيكي





الماروكسيلواز الراشد
 يزقون إليها
 الجنسية البلجيكية
 كبشري لا طعم لها
 ولا يتورعون في سؤالها
 عن أصلها
 وفصلها
 عن الحناء
 والإبل الوئيدة
 عن مغرب بالكاد تعرفه
 وعن قرى بعيدة

عربية
 أعجمية اللسان
 تغطي الرأس بالفولار
 والوجه بمساحيق
 فصيحة الألوان
 تخلع ثوب الحياء العتيق
 لترتدي دجينزاً لصيقاً
 تكاد منه
 تندلق
 الحلاوة
 ويفيض العسل

لا تعجن الخبز
 ولا تهين الكسكس
 تأتي على البطاطا المقلية
 بمختلف الصلصات
 وتدمن على "البوب كورن"
 في صالة السينما
 تسمع الرّاي و"الهيپ هوب"
 وترقص على إيقاع "الشعبي"
 وحين ترتاد الديسكو
 تنزع الفولار
 وتكرع الكوكاكولا لايت
 حتى ابتلال السريرة

وحين إلى "البلاد" تسافر
 تقضي عطلة الصيف
 في الرّيف
 تتقادفها الولائم
 ويتجمهر حولها خلق كثير:
 رحل متأهبون
 مشاريع مهاجرين
 وعشاق موسميون
 متيمون بالضفة الأخرى
 للمتوسط المرصود





الماروكسيلواز الناهد
 مثيرةٌ كتأشيرة
 مغريةٌ
 كأوراق الإقامة

الماروكسيلواز العنيدة
 ترفض الزواج التقليدي
 من قريبٍ بعيدٍ
 بُعد رائحة الشحم
 عن ساطور صدئ
 وتخلع فولار الحشمة
 لتُدِير القلب
 لعشاقٍ مزيّفين
 وتجار مشاعر

الماروكسيلواز الطازجة
 تبحث عن حبّ صادق
 بمشاعر باسقة
 وحين تُنهكها
 الوصايا الجرداء
 والرأفة القاسية
 تسقط بين ذراعي
 أول عابر سرير
 كثمرة
 زائدة النضج

الماروكسيلواز المصون
 تعصر
 حليب الأمومة
 من ثديها
 وفي عشاها المهجور
 تطفئ نار رغبتها
 بدمع الانتظار

الماروكسيلواز الذابلة
 تقطن في حيّ الخريف
 مسرّحة بلا إحسان
 تجرّ فلذات مرارتها
 وأحلامها المسروقة
 ترتب آهاتها
 على عجلٍ
 وتدفن رعشتها
 في سرير الوحشة
 ووحيدةً
 تنام

عربيةٌ
 بلسان أعجميٍّ
 شمسٌ باردةٌ
 تغزل من نُدْف الثلج



رداءً للعزلة
وستاراً للأسى

نبته
تركت حلم خضرتها
يتمرغ
في وحل الجنوب
وشمالاً ضيَّعت
زهر صبابتها
بين الدروب
وفي شقة من غرفتين
على ضفة الكنال
تغمدها الوحدة
وتقرحت في روحها
الندوب.

TAHA ADNAN

The Maroxelloise

Arabic daughter,
tongue-twisted,
sun-lorn,
spinning snowflakes
into loose, unreliable
yarns.

The Brussels girl
babbles Moroccan,
capers like a puppy
on paradise grass,
cavorts with conjured spirits
at her school of jumbled faces.
Her classmates are
little Moroccans,
fourth generation Italians,
friendly Poles
with peculiar names,
Turks, Pakistanis,
Gypsies, Black Africans,
and the odd Belgian
with bright hair,
dark features.

Call her the *Maroxelloise*—
the innocent—
dancing plaits,
swinging schoolbag,
gleeful chicks
chirpy in her eyes;
copybooks,
colouring pencils,
cheese sandwich,
halal sausage.

The petite *Maroxelloise*
 never goes to movies,
 only to classes in Arabic
 on Wednesday afternoons.
 On Sunday morning
 she attends the mosque
 to sing short surahs
 in a complex tongue;
 while Sabine,
 Chantal and Laurence,
 her school friends,
 face the family tv,
 devoted
 to crêpes and cartoons.

This budding hybrid
 is savage as a cactus,
 soft as the cream filling
 of a chocolate sweet,
 stashes cigarettes
 between her breasts,
 peals with laughter.
 She's uproarious,
 shouts in the Metro,
 her voice like a battering wind
 through a cluster of bellflowers.
 She swears by Allah,
 over and over,
 as if God could witness
 the hoard of fantasies
 she opens equally
 to friends
 and transients.

The unsuspecting *Maroxelloise*,
 flighty as a butterfly,
 clueless as a sparrow,

falls prey to the wiles
 of a shiftless adolescent.
 He confounds her
 with his love illusion,
 swells her head
 to a cloud,
 kneads her supple flesh
 with his hands,
 sucks at her honey
 with his lips,
 laps her up like a quivering ice-cream,
 his fiery tongue.

The *Maroxelloise* awakens,
 jaded,
 sickened by the heavy session,
 bottles clattering to the floor
 by dint of her quakes;
 her heart riddled
 with sharp realities,
 her groans rising to wails—
 blizzards to the blood
 of her tribal veins.

Maroxelloise, the renegade,
 besieged
 like a rogue island
 in a paranoid archipelago,
 sole dissenter in a league
 of brothers—
 Mustafa, Mohamed
 Mourad, Hussein—
 with their hosts
 of eager informers.
 Here they come
 with their thirsty eyes
 to her tender bowl,

their rasping tongues
flapping
at her feminine swell.
In public they pronounce on sin,
pretending they defend her honour.

Maroxelloise astray,
lost like a wisp of straw
in a breath of wind.
The suspect,
always wary,
she presses her petals
in her heart of hearts,
drapes the weft of her dreams
on a hidden frame.

Maroxelloise, the zombie,
watches Ally McBeal
every Sunday night,
automatically zaps
the sexy scenes.

When she comes of age
they dub her a Belgian citizen.
What wholesome, tasteless news.
She is tactlessly quizzed
about her roots,
her family tree,
henna,
and the slow wandering of dromedaries
in a Morocco she hardly knows,
its far villages.

Arabic,
tongue-twisted,
covers her hair with a scarf,

makes her face a cosmetic rainbow,
sheds the modest kaftan of tradition,
threads herself into skinny jeans,
distributes her sweet ooze,
her honey brims.
She kneads no dough,
rolls no couscous,
devours chips
with a glut of sauces,
guzzles popcorn at the movies,
listens to raï and hip-hop,
grooves to Chaabi rhythms.
At the disco
she takes off her headscarf
and knocks back the Coke light
until she's fit to burst.

Summers in the native backwater,
she passes her time
in the sticks
being shunted from feast to feast.
They surround her in gangs—
holiday romancers,
suitors,
nomads bent on departure,
with their thousand emigrants' plans—
all besotted by the far, guarded,
Mediterranean shore.

Maroxelloise, the firm-breasted,
alluring as a visa,
sexy as a residence permit.

The wilful *Maroxelloise*
refuses an arranged marriage
to a distant relative.



He's distasteful,
like old grease on a rusty knife.
She pulls down her veil,
a call to faithless lovers,
all those peddlers of sentiment.

The grown *Maroxelloise*
longs for a true love
rooted in devotion,
but parched from arid advice
and empty compassion,
she tumbles to the arms
of the first comer,
like an over-ripe
fruit.

The *Maroxelloise*, spoken for,
languishes in a desolate nest,
squeezes her breasts
for mother's milk,
drenches her fire
with tears of desperation.

The wilting *Maroxelloise*
inhabits the twilight quarter,
free for nothing,
reeking of bitter sap
and spoiled dreams.
She brusquely checks
her sighs,
buries her shudders
in the exile's bed
and sleeps
by herself.



Arabic daughter,
the tongue-twister,
the frozen sun,
spinning snowflakes
into a strange marocain,
an all-concealing screen.

The scion
who scotched her green dream
and floundered
in Southern mud,
then yielded all possible blossom
to the North.

In the back-alley
by the canal bank,
in her two-roomed flat,
solitude sheathes her.
Deep wounds
fester.

(Translated by Máighréad Medbh)



MÁIGHRÉAD MEDBH

*All About Her**Voyage in place: that is the name of all intensities...*

Gilles Deleuze & Félix Guattari*

My sister was married to mirrors.
 She was an attentive wife.
 She consulted them
 before and after occasions.

Her coat on she faced the hall mirror
 and worried "I'm getting fat."
 Then smoothed her eyebrows upward
 hair by impeccably-plucked hair
 like feathers on outstretched wings.

I heard with my aged nine ears
 I saw with my aged nine eyes
 a skeleton
 barely veiled by yellow skin.

Once my mother told me she ducked a blow
 in this same spot
 and his fist shattered the plaster
 the mirror watched.

What happens inside when we hear these things?

I would call it desert.

But I only know the desert as a tourist.

I do know the feel of a dried-up sea.
 I discovered that in Tunisia.
 I knew it when I saw it.
 I walked it.

Anorexic she was set to walk.
 Disruptive he said. She came between them.

She wandered from cousin to friend
 to England and a widowed aunt.
 Injured her scalp on a production line
 but she was qualified for a profession.

Ever after she kept a packed case under her bed
 against a sudden departure
 like a woman in war-time.

No-one guessed her exile.

She knew thousands. She was the life.

She sat in teaching groups and never told.

Her expulsion was the monolith of my childhood.
 I swore if he ever hit me I'd walk too.
 Anger would sustain me. A fuel cell of it.
 I'd steal anger-jerky from deserted waystations
 drink anger-water from self-owned wells.

I imagined movement on a nebulous road
 made of nothing but feet—
 an alcove at its end like the down-filled
 inside of love.

The expected blow hung in the air forever
 and I walked anyway
 under the unsheltering sky
 weaving an evasive course.

My sister still preening
 her eyebrows at every mirror
 telling me I should care more—

turning to psychic transportation
before lapsing into laughter
our most constant abode.

Matter-of-factly she said
“One morning I woke without
the sense of broken glass in my stomach.
For a few minutes I knew what calm feels like.”

He went to England while she was there
to see his sister.
Came back reconciled to mine.
Not that he'd have her in the house.
He declared her his “butterfly”
and my mother wrote in her diary:
“Her father all about her
too late.”

FATIMA ZAHRA BENNIS
&
SUSAN CONNOLLY

* *A Thousand Plateaus*, Transl. Brian Massumi, London, New York:
Continuum, 2012, 532.

فاطمة الزهراء بنيس

نَهَم

بريقُ

من ماء و نار

برحمك المشلول

ترشفيته شهدا

فيما فراغك

يعتذرُ

لسراب

لم يعد جديرا بك

مثقلة بالنهم

بمداد الشوق

تروين

صحراء الجسد

منذورة للمستحيل

ما ضمك وطن

ولا سدَّ ثغرك

حصاد .

FATIMA ZAHRA BENNIS

Longing

A shimmer
of fire and water,
your hollow womb
sips it
and shapes it
like a honeycomb
while your emptiness
feels remorse
for a desire
unworthy of you.

Overcome by longing
you sprinkle
passion's ink
upon the desert
of your body.
Surrender
to the impossible!
No country claims you,
no harvest
fills you.

(Translated by Susan Connolly)

SUSAN CONNOLLY

Anxiety

I was like
a dark wood
which a strong wind
swept through,
leaving my mind
bare, blank –
oak and ash
never again
grew leaf-green
in spring.

No, they were
finished off
suddenly,
as if the wind
were an axe –
and no one saw
how years earlier
the scene
had been set
for this.

IMANE EL KHATTABI
&
HUGH O'DONNELL



إيمان الخطابي

في الحرب

صففت الأرض أشجارها
وشرعت الحرب
في القصف.

في الحرب الأخيرة
لم ينج أحد.
الذين لم يغرقوا في دمائهم
غرقوا في البحر.

في الحرب
تنكر القتلة على هيئة أشجار
ولغموا الوطن.

لم تجد الطيور مأوى هذا الشتاء
كل الغابات تقطر بالدم.

ونحن نفر من الحرب
سقطت من يدنا بقجة الأحلام
ومفاتيح الوطن.

في الحرب اصطفنا سواسية
في الطابور
ونمنا في العراء
كأي قبرة.

شرطة الحدود
لم تقرأ سير اللاجئين
ولا تفرست نواياهم،
كل المتدققين
حجارة تسد مجرى النهر.

الحرب طحنت وطننا أخضر
وسلمتنا كيس رماد.

في الحرب عرفنا
أن الغول كان بيننا
ولم يكن في الحكايا.

في الطريق إلى ارض
لم تندلع فيها النار،
أطلقت علينا شرطة الحدود
النار.





في الطريق الى وطن جديد
منعونا من الدخول
بتهمة أننا شظايا.

في الحرب أو في السلم،
يعتقد الذين تسللوا
إلى بلاد غريبة
أنهم يعيشون في الجهة الخلفية
للوطن.

IMANE EL KHATTABI

In the War

In the last war
the land lined up its trees
and the bombing began

no one survived
they drowned in their blood
went down in the sea

in the war
the killing disguised itself
in the shape of trees

and mined the earth
birds found no refuge among
leaves dripping blood

making our escape our dreams
and the keys to our land
slipped from our grasp

wartime made us equal
as we queued in long lines
and slept out with the lark

at the frontier the police
could not track
the movement of refugees

nor scan their intentions
a people flowing around
a stone that blocks the stream



war took our green world
and crushed it
returned us a bag of ashes

it taught us well
that the monster is among us
and not in fairy tales

on the road to a place untouched
by fire border police
turned their guns on us

on our way to a new homeland
they forbade us entry
as they would shrapnel

in war as in peace
those who pass through imagine
they live on the other side of home

(Translated by Hugh O'Donnell)

HUGH O'DONNELL

It Ain't Over

The past is not where you left it...

The Angel of History, Carolyn Forché

In the internet café, Nina Simone
is singing about some old injustice
in fine words that take you back
to when you dreamt in fine words...
Even here, days pass just the same
like a weariness seeping through
your body when you stretch out.

You wear other people's clothes,
fit in, take a number, wait
to be called, repeat yourself,
show up to view a basement flat,
damp walls absorbing any trace
of the last resident but no place
for children who won't go outside.

Not that it's all bad. He's there,
thrown on the bed most evenings,
says he's made friends though I can't
help wishing for a skylight and
a smile from the lady behind glass.
Shame the words won't come for me.
And I never get a joke and don't ask.



محمد أحمد بنيس

خيالٌ بلا طريق

ينأى المكان
مثل باخرة جريحة،
ويبقى وجهي عالقا في الظلام .

رسالةٌ في الطريق،
وحين لا ينتبه أحد
تعود عذراء إلى الهاتف.

MOHAMED AHMED BENNIS
&
CATHERINE PHIL MacCARTHY

ما الذي يحدث على الجانب الآخر،
ولا يترك خلفه غير يابسة
تخرج مذعورة من الشاشة..؟
الحياة أرهقها وجهي المتحدّر من الخريف،
حتى إذا انتصفت،
أزحّت ما تبقى عن طريقي.

هنا، في الأسفل لا يخطئ
أحد طريق الفرشاة
إلى حليب الليل المحرم.

لا أعرف..
كيف سال ذلك سريعا...





MOHAMED AHMED BENNIS

Imagination without a Path

The place drifts away
like a wounded ship
and my face is suspended in darkness.

A message on its way,
and when no one pays heed,
it reverts intact to the phone.

What happens on the other side
since what is left behind is but a land
that, stunned, shies from the screen?

My face, born in autumn, makes life weary
even at its peak,
I clear the remains from my path.

Down here,
nobody mistakes
the path of the brush
towards the forbidden milk of night.

I know not,
how this flowed so rapidly.

(Translated by Catherine Phil MacCarthy)



CATHERINE PHIL MacCARTHY

O Halloran's Fort

*'The place drifts away
like a wounded ship
and my face is suspended in darkness.'*

Mohamed Ahmed Bennis

We disappeared into the house —
built with our own wit,
two-storeys backed to the hill,
cradled in ash trees, the holding
handed down for centuries —

deep inside: stone walls,
tongue-and-groove floors,
and slated roof. Windows and doors
were battened tight with logs,
the eastern gable with clay,

our peaceful fort, ready for storm.
All June we were its eyes and ears —
drew water from the pump
in gallons, filled pots and churns,
came and went by a plank,

through an upstairs window,
new door, for walking into summer,
hay saved in the meadow,
bog irises in bloom amid rushes,
groves of whitethorn and willow.

That morning we woke at dawn,
with no delay, each to a station.
When noise went up
along the road we knew
the party was approaching



down the slope, a procession,
bailiffs on horses, soldiers and policemen,
a great crowd of onlookers,
dog roses in bloom and wild woodbine,
foxgloves shedding their tresses.

An hour we held fast, against them.
As time wore on, loud cheers from
those who climbed the ditch
and stood on boundary fences
grew deafening. In the silence after,

I listened to swallows nested
in the eaves, time to take with me,
moorhens in the callow,
flocks of starling making a breeze
at dusk in the air above our heads.

No living here, for many of us.
The path was clear from the beginning.

AICHA BASSRY
&
SARAH CLANCY

عائشة البصري

السابحة في العطش

من نافذة الفندق،
أطلُّ على صباحٍ لا مساءً له.
أرى مطراً خفيفاً يُغطِّي الشوارع.
أرى النوارس تَحَلُّقُ بَيْنَ السُّطُوحِ.
أرى الميناءَ هناك.
أرى المركبَ الذي سَيَعْبُرُ بي
بَعْدَ قَلِيلٍ.

على الضِّفَّةِ الأُخْرَى لِلْبَحْرِ،
أرى امرأةً تَذوي
في رُكْنٍ مُعْتَمٍ مِنَ الحَيَاةِ.

AICHA BASSRY

Woman Swimming in Thirst

From the hotel window,
I look down on a morning without any forthcoming evening.
I see a brief shower covering the streets.
I see seagulls flying between rooftops.
I see the port over there.
I see the boat that will carry me across
Soon.

And on the opposite seashore,
I see a woman withering
In a dark corner of life.

(Translated by Nourddine Zouitni)



SARAH CLANCY

*Poem for a Migrant Poet Waiting
to Make Her Crossing*

Every word I've written you is hopeless
and it's made me face up to the fact
that in these circumstances my poetry isn't up to the task:
I sit here at my laptop while boats full of people
drown in the Med and while our governments let them.
I sat here last night crafting you
treacherous poems of welcome –
I was polishing my own reflection in them
and I am ashamed of myself
I won't write such nonsense –
when I know that what we have here for you
is an endless conveyer belt
where you'll be shuffled from pillar to post
and made feel less than human
and I have no art in me that can measure up to this task –
to write sense into governments
to write across water
to write over borders
to write across war zones
to write a passage to safety for even one person
through this crisis
which you didn't cause
and which I can't fix–
I can only say this:
there are good people here
there are people of great goodness amongst us
but at the moment we are so much less
than the sum of our parts
please come poet with your poems and your art
come with your hope in the future
we have never needed you so much.

MEZOUAR EL IDRISSE
&
THOMAS McCARTHY



مزوار الإدريسي

ليل غرناطة الآن

ليلُ غرناطةَ الآنَ لي
يتلفَّت أخريفُ بين الأزقةِ،
يثني الصحيفةَ
يطوي الطريقَ
إلى حانةٍ تحتفي بالحياة.

ها هنا
تتدلى الحروفُ
ويعلو الغناءُ
هنا
في "مسير الحزاني"
تسوق القصائدُ أنفاسنا
وتقودُ خطانا الغوايةُ
بين مجازٍ وصوتٍ
عليه نعلقُ آخرَ قافيةٍ
تتسلى بنفي السُّبات.

ليل غرناطةَ الآنَ لي
أنا أيضا

تُهَلِّ "أَلْبَا"
تَدَّكَ الرَّصِيفَ بإيقاعها العجريِّ
تَشُقُّ تلابيبَ قيثارةٍ
تُشْعَلُ الليلَ بالأغنياتِ...
بِخُنْ... خُنْ وهات.

تتورطُ عيناى في توأمي حَجَلٍ
يخبطان على صدرها
يتلاحق رجوعُ الصدى
فيرتل نهرٌ شنيلاً صلاةً
ترددها البشرات.

عالقٌ ليل غرناطةَ الآنَ بالشُّرفاتِ...
وبالنَّغماتِ
مُشْطُ بوابةِ الرملةِ الآنَ
والنَّهْوَنُ يُسوقُ خطانا
كما لو "تقود الفراشاتُ أرواحنا"
في اتجاهٍ بلا بوصلات.

نزرع الوقتَ عربدةً
نُوقِظُ المهرجانَ...
بكلِّ النواحي...
تقولين: حمراؤك الملحميةُ لي!



أَيُّ مَهْرٍ يُقَدِّمُهُ الْعَرَبِيُّ
وَأَيُّ صِلَاتٍ؟

لَكَ "أَلْبَا" مُهَوْرِي قَوَافِي
صَدِّي بَرَبْرِي هُنَا
عَرَبِي هُنَاكَ
لَكَ أَبْهَى الْهَبَاتِ.

لَكَ كَأْسٌ إِذَا شَتَّتِ
عِنْدَ حِدْرَةٍ وَالْقُبْلَاتِ
لَكَ "أَلْبَا" عِنَاقُ الْعِنَاقَاتِ
وَاللَّيْلُ مُعْتَقَلًا بَيْنَ عَيْنَيْكَ
يُقْصِي الشَّتَاتِ

لَكَ غِرْنَاطَةٌ
لَكَ ثَلْجٌ يُنِيرُ السُّرَى
وَلِكِ السَّلْسَبِيلُ شَنِيلٌ
وَشَجْوُ الْغِنَاءِ الْعَمِيقِ
بِكُلِّ اللِّغَاتِ.



MEZOUAR EL IDRISSEI

Tonight in Granada

The night in Granada is mine now.
Akhrif wanders among narrow streets,
folding his newspaper, unfurling the path
to a bar that celebrates life.

Here words hang in the air, suspended
and singing rings out.
Here, on the Paseo de los Tristes,
poems guide our breath
and lead our lustful steps
between metaphor and the sound
on which we hang that final rhyme,
that amuses itself, banishing sleep.

The night in Granada is mine now.

“And mine as well...” croons Alba,
zapateando on the sidewalk
tapping her Gypsy rhythm,
snapping the strings of a guitar
and igniting the night with her Gypsy song,
with her *olé, venga, vamos!*

My eyes are entangled, twin partridges
fluttering over her chest.
Echoes follow echoes
and then the River Genil intones a prayer
that resounds in the Alpujarras.

Now the Granada night
is stuck on balconies
and in musical notes
we're combing the Birrambla plaza





with the Nahawand melodies leading our steps,
as if butterflies ushered our souls
toward an aimless destination.

We sow time in revelry,
awakening the festival everywhere.
And over and over you cry:
“Alhambra, your saga is mine!”
What dowry does the Arab offer,
what *gifts*?

For you, Alba, rhymes are my dowry.
Here, a Berber echo,
there, an Arab rhythm.
For you, the most sublime of gifts.

For you, if you wish, a glass raised
on the banks of the Darro ... and kisses.
For you, Alba, the embrace of embraces
and the night, held captive in your eyes,
puts an end to the diaspora.

For you, Granada,
for you, the snow illuminates the journey by night,
for you the Genil of sweet waters,
and the sadness of the *cante jondo*
on every tongue.

(Translated by Bard Group)



THOMAS McCARTHY

*Reading ‘Noche de Granada’ of
Mezuar El Idrissi*

It is not that words hang in the air, but that life is suspended
In an atmosphere of damp air. We may have the night
But in exile we can never have Granada. Even this moonlight,
Only comforting to those who are sure of love, this up-ended
Moon that tries to shine upon North and South
Without bringing tears to our eyes, this Granada moon
Shines also on Mezuar El Idrissi; and in its suspension
Gathers meanings. So that time, in an exile’s dry mouth,
May mean hanging in there, but may also mean in Arabic
That senses of fixedness in the South, or where a poet
Is stuck for meanings. Melodies, prayers, from my throat
Sound like arrivals from the night-sky. Exile is frantic
And worse than a loneliness of poems. Alba, Granada, we
Journey in boats made of words; we still conquer the sea.





*Galicia
&
Ireland*





MARTÍN VEIGA

Unha casa na Habana

Na memoria de María Fiaño González, que naceu na Habana

Ante a inevitabilidade gris da perda
e a vaga lembranza das cousas xa pasadas
sempre dicías:

«Eu tamén tiña unha casa
na Habana, eu tamén sentía o vento
cálido a acariñarme o rostro nas tardes,
unha brisa aberta aromada polas algas
que penetraba cada recuncho da morada,
desde as baldosas do patio ás reticentes
palmeiras do paseo.

Si, eu tamén tiña
unha casa na Habana e alá ficou con todo
o demais, unha vida enteira espaxada
no ronsel do tránsito, a sombra dos días
xa tan distantes da infancia, ese tempo
que fuxiu entre os dedos como a area
e deixou o seu pouso metido nos adentros.

Por iso os restos esfarelados daquela casa
que eu tamén tiña na Habana, onde nacín
por primeira vez ao mundo, testemuñan
o marmurio do baleiro, xorda devastación
que para sempre ficou, o rouco eco do mar
a bater e bater e bater no interior das furnas,
a recomenzar arreo o seu antiquísimo cántico.

E non sei como transcorreu a longa travesía
cara ao fogar que os meus pais abandonaran
e arelaban recobrar, mais teño os brancos
remuíños que nas augas erguía un paquebote
fixados na mirada como o recordo tenue
dun recordo, os baúis aboiando na brétema
ou nun océano de ovellas dondas, extraviadas».

MARTÍN VEIGA

&

EILÉAN NÍ CHUILLEANÁIN



Así dicías, mentres recalitrantes gaivotas
 que no azul semellaban revoar nun caligrama
 de José Juan Tablada, xunta o faro insomne,
 pousaban na escolleira do peirao de Noia
 ante as ondas que tan mansas, tan ausentes,
 escurecían no malecón o verdello das ramplas,
 lambían as gamelas, as cicatrices da memoria.

MARTÍN VEIGA

A House in Havana

In memory of María Fiaño González, who was born in Havana

Facing the grey wall of loss, the thin remembrance
 of all that belonged in the past,
 always, you'd say

‘And I used to have a house
 in Havana, and I used to feel the warm wind
 caressing my face in the evenings
 – a penetrating breeze carrying the smell of seaweed,
 searching every cranny of the dwelling
 from the tiled courtyard to the swirling
 palms of the promenade.

‘Yes, and I had
 a house in Havana, and it was left behind
 with everything else, a whole life in pieces
 in the rush of leaving, the shadow of all the days
 of childhood now so far away, that time
 that fled like sand between my fingers
 leaving a trace deposited inside.

‘The crumbling ruins of that house I had,
 and I used to have a house in Havana, where
 I was born the first time into the world, they tell
 of the rumours of absence, the damped-down devastation
 that did not end, the raucous sea echo
 beating beating and beating inside the caves
 beginning again the ancient hymn.

‘And I don't know how I got through the long crossing
 back to the home my parents had left behind
 and wanted now to return to, but the white curlicues
 of the liner's foaming wake, ploughing the water,
 are fixed in my mind's eye like a faint memory
 of a memory, the luggage trunks floating in the fog
 or in an ocean of woolly straying sheep.’

That's how you'd speak of it, while the refractory
 flight of gulls bringing to mind the calligraphic poems
 of José Juan Tablada, by the insomniac lighthouse,
 landed on the rocks by the pier at Noia
 and the waves so gently so absentmindedly
 darkened the slime on the slipway by the jetty
 licked the boats, licked the scars of memory.

(Translated by Eiléan Ní Chuilleanáin)

EILÉAN NÍ CHUILLEANÁIN

She Was at the Haymaking

She was down in the small field
 turning the last swathes of hay
 on the slope facing the river mouth,

each time she came back up
 she saw the wave so gently courting
 the land, with shallow pushes

and the curved edge of the tide
 making its way upstream.
 She was alone in the field

– they were up in the house with Mary
 whose bag was packed, waiting for the car
 to bring her on the first stage,

the start of her long voyage
 away to the far shores,
 of America and the novitiate.

She worked on with the rake
 thinking of the rolling wave,
 an eye watching for the car.

When she heard it on the road
 she brought the rake up with her
 on the steep path to the house.

They were all there in the parlour,
 Mary sitting in the middle,
 her face amazed. 'I can't go'.

'Now that it's time, I can't go.'
Her parents said nothing. Her sister
had come to bid her goodbye,

now she said 'So I'll go'.
She shook a small bit of hay
out of her hair. She washed her hands,

she took up the bag and went off with the driver
to a house full of rules – so far away
that when she wrote to say she was happy

the letter took three weeks crossing the sea.

CHUS PATO
&
LORNA SHAUGHNESSY



CHUS PATO

Asun
 as fotografías
 fotografías para enviar, fotografías en París, na Tour Eiffel.
 As de Asun, nas que todos invariabelmente teñen a perrera
 mal cortada, as canelas ao aire, os pantalenciños curtos,
 as saias de amidón.
 Asun, que agora chama e explica “líquido sinovial, cartilaxe,
 sen anestesia”.
 Con voz totalmente inadecuada, nun coro totalmente
 inadecuado.
 Adolescentes que envían fotos, que reciben fotos, de París,
 de Suíza, de Alemaña.

Gozamos, queridísima, dunha temperatura tan suave.

CHUS PATO

Asun
 the photographs
 photographs for sending, photographs of Paris, the Eiffel Tower.
 In Asun's photos everyone unfailingly sports a badly-cut fringe,
 bare legs, short shorts or starched skirts.
 Asun, on the phone now, explaining 'synovial fluid, cartilage,
 no anaesthetic'.
 In a voice that's completely out of place from a completely
 out of place choir.
 Adolescents sending photos, receiving photos from Paris,
 Switzerland, Germany.

We are delighted, sweetheart, the weather is so mild.

(Translated by Lorna Shaughnessy)





LORNA SHAUGHNESSY

Liberty Landing

for Babs Reilly

There are no pictures of you
at the top of the Empire State
or windswept on the ferry, bound
for the long climb into Liberty's torch.

If seeing is believing, your heels
only ever clicked on the parquet floors
of Fifth Avenue, as you went about chores
with finesse, an eye for detail; above all, care.

I take some pictures in my head. It's your day off,
a chance to see the sights with other Irish girls
before camera-toting husbands come along
for some. You smile and wave to day-trippers

who wait on the quayside of Liberty Landing,
strangers who will never know the size or shape
of the holes cut out of lives by your absence,
will never turn the pages of family albums

where we measure the years between your visits
by our height and the length of our summer dresses -
adults all lined up behind the sofa in the sitting room,
cousins in rows, sitting or kneeling,

and you,
impeccable in suit, matching shoes and bag,
smile to us from another shore.

EVA VEIGA

&

MAURICE HARMON





EVA VEIGA

sentir o corpo
na súa brutal ocupación

o seu colar de neve
noite que o sol xamais derreterá

o desexo
de desertar
de saltar de si
tapiada fiestra

a rúa
un barco varado
contra a ingua
nos ollos
augas confundidas

(o mundo foi algunha vez
un lugar a onde ir)

e aínda agora
a esperanza lamacentas e escualida
prende na mentira luces poderosas

ou a serpe do instinto
que sempre reaparece no soño
de xacer outra volta na calidez do sangue

e fas lume
cos restos prohibidos do naufraxio

EVA VEIGA

to sense the body
in its brutish possession

its collar of snow
night no sun will ever thaw

the urge
to get away
to leap out of the self
the window sealed

the street
a ship wrecked
on the groin
in the eyes
bewildered depths

(the world once
a place to go to)

and even now hope,
muddy and squalid,
draws potent lights out of lies,

or the serpent of instinct
which always reappears in its longing
to breed again in the blood's heat

and you make fire
from the forbidden remains of shipwreck

(Translated by Maurice Harmon)





MAURICE HARMON

Fluttering Handkerchiefs

Just a bare field with a huddle of boulders:
 But locals who have always known where it is
 Take you there, show you around, tell you how people made
 Their way from glen, mountain, valley, and workhouse,
 Slowly moving, homeless and destitute, turning their backs
 On cabin, hovel and holding, carrying what they could,
 Abandoning what they had known, cottage and street,
 Haggard and turf stack, wake and wedding, turning
 Their faces to the south, seeking passage to the west,
 The piece of earth in their pockets. In their heads
 The memory of handkerchiefs waving on platforms.

And during the war thousands hastened from cities,
 From bombs, bombardment, starvation and savagery,
 Streamed away, desperate and determined,
 Strafed and harassed, with bundles on their backs,
 In carts, handcarts and bicycles, hauling the old and the sick.
 We thought we would never see the like again.

But once again people are fleeing persecution,
 Taking a desperate decision to leave the life
 They know to find a better life, to get ahead,
 The West's gift seen on screen, described
 In letters, enticements from relatives
 And friends to join them in cities far away.

So they embark, pay the traffickers, go
 From country to country, persist, endure
 Through good days and bad, traverse
 Mountain trails, cross stream and river,
 Pay the boatmen, are bundled into rubber
 Dinghies, people who do not know the sea,
 Overcrowded, unsafe, yet they gather

Old, young, children, babies, take
 To the treacherous waters, boats
 Are lost in the darkness, boats are
 Abandoned, bodies wash up on islands,
 A little boy alone on a beach, stretched in death.

We close doors in their faces, erect barriers,
 Create borders, put them in camps, muddy, insanitary.
 We in the West, fearing and hiding the memory,
 The ups and downs of every country, every people,
 Forget white handkerchiefs fluttering at rural stations.





BALDO RAMOS

amada estranxeira

é precisamente o apátrida o que se converte nun home libre

STEFAN ZWEIG

chegar non foi un xeito de empezar de novo.

foi un xeito de soportar o baleiro.

1922.

en Sorga a casa familiar era unha árbore sen raiceiras.

os meus avós morreran con apenas cincuenta anos
deixando tres fillos que non chegaban aos vinte.

a árbore non ía medrar máis naquel lugar.

de dar froito, buscaría terra noutras promesas,
noutro baleiro a piques de ser refuxio.

do canal de Panamá ás minas de cobre de Arizona,
das minas de carbón de West Virginia ás minas de ferro en Michigan,
das prantas de procesamento de coiro en Wisconsin aos túneles de Ohio.

entre 1927 e 1933

a Gran Depresión obrigounos a ir dun sitio ao outro
sen máis esperanza que o instinto de sobrevivir.

de Bessemer a Akron,
de Akron a Milwaukee,
de Milwaukee a Massillon.

BALDO RAMOS
&
CELIA DE FRÉINE





entre Massillon e Canton trazamos o mapa do noso definitivo
baleiro.
alí a árbore que transplantaran meus pais medraba no interior
dun desexo,
sen nostalgia e sen enxertos.

tamén nós eramos tres irmáns e eu era a máis pequena.

a miña irmá Irene aínda nacera en Sorga e deixara o país
con apenas seis anos.
con dezanove abandonou os seus estudos para axudar na
economía familiar.
ao pouco de empregarse,
enfermou dunha virulenta tuberculose
e faleceu ás poucas semanas.

para os meus pais aquilo foi un novo desarraigo.

a árbore que empezaba a medrar foi tallada sen ningunha concesión.

lembro a miña nai abstraída mirando a terra.
a súa desconfianza nela fixéralles deixar Galicia nun tempo ermo
de indecisións e de temores.
pero, no fondo, a miña nai sabía que a terra había ser
quen fixera xermolar aquel instinto de conservación,
aquele baleiro con saber a placenta.

lémbroa cultivando a nosa horta.

viviamos nas aforas e tiñamos animais na casa.
mesmo facían a matanza cando chegaba o frío.
a primeiros de abril comiamos ensalada de dente de león.
a miña nai facía conservas de tomate, xudías e pementos,
e marmelo con amoras silvestres
que colliamos no verán.



naquela casa
a adversidade era un xeito de desandar o camiño,
un estar sempre marchando.

agora, con 90 anos,
sei que a súa esperanza non foi en van,
nin a súa constancia de mans fortes e delicadas
como abrochos.

na súa ollada poden ler a xenealoxía do desterro.

mesmo poden enxertar os seus fracasos.

sei que estas palabras a acollen agora
para que enraíce nelas o seu exemplo.

os meus bisnetos poderán percorrer as galerías que furou o tempo
no interior das cañotas
naquela aldea de Sorga.

por iso estas palabras,
aínda que sexa destoutro lado,
teñen algo de árbore centenaria ao medrar no interior dun desexo
porque xa precisan pouca terra
para dar o seu froito.





BALDO RAMOS

*foreign beloved**only the stateless become free*

STEFAN ZWEIG

arriving did not make for a fresh start

it was a way of coping with the void

1922

in Sorga the family home had become a tree without roots

my grandparents barely fifty years old dead
three children under twenty left behind

the tree would no longer grow there

in order to yield fruit it needed a promised land
a void that would become a refugefrom the Panama Canal to the copper mines of Arizona
from the coal mines of West Virginia to the iron mines of Michigan
from the tanneries of Wisconsin to the tunnels of Ohiobetween 1927 and 1933
the Great Depression forced them from one place to the next
the instinct to survive their only hopefrom Bessemer to Akron
from Akron to Milwaukee
from Milwaukee to Massillonbetween Massillon and Canton we laid out the map of our final void
there the tree transplanted by my parents grew within a wish
without nostalgia or graft

there were three in our family also I the youngest a girl

my sister Irene born in Sorga left before she was six
at nineteen dropped out of college to support the family
soon after she'd got a job
was overcome by a rampant strain of TB
and died within weeks

for my parents this was a new uprooting

the tree that had begun to grow struck down without pity

I remember my mother staring absently at the land
their distrust of it had made them abandon Galicia during barren years
of indecision and fear
but in her heart my mother knew it would be the land
that would nurture the seed of survival that womb-like space

I remember her tending our orchard

we lived on the outskirts of town in a house with animals
they even killed a pig when the cold set in
and in April would eat dandelion salad
my mother would make preserves of tomato green beans peppers
quince and blackberries
that we'd pick during summerin that house
the struggle was a way of unwinding the path
a march without end

now at the age of 90
 I realise her hope was not in vain
 nor her steadfast hands both strong and delicate
 like the shoots of a tree

in her eyes I can see the genealogy of banishment

I can graft her failures

I know these words foster her now
 that her example has been rooted in them

my greatgrandchildren will stroll through the galleries
 that time created
 within the hollow centenary chestnut trees
 in that hamlet of Sorga

and because of that these words
 even from this other realm
 bring forth a centenary tree sustained within a wish
 that needs little earth
 to bear fruit



Familia Ramos, Masillon (Ohio), 1936. Courtesy of Baldo Ramos.

(Translated by Celia de Fréine)

CELIA DE FRÉINE

Doth Suffer a Sea-Change

The sea at Baia Vignola is clear
 though many say the Mediterranean
 has become a vast graveyard

Ages will pass before the bones of those
 lost from coffin-ships
 turn to shell or shale or sand

A dark shadow passes over me –
 no maritime king this
 come to deposit his seed
 but a concern that begets these words

It is words that have lured these souls
 to an early grave –
 false promises to ferry them to the promised land

Those more fortunate
 bear with them their past
 as one per minute they reach our shores
 as one by one we ponder
 what will become of them
 what will become of us

We watch them clamber
 onto the carriages of trains –
 some weep for those who died along the way
 others smile in anticipation
 of a new dawn in a plaza where a feather might fall
 or a coin roll into the gutter

We hear those with no papers
 will be turned back at the border
 but who's to believe what
 has been stamped on a passport
 whether or not the passport is real

Only the bearer of each story
 has inhabited the truth in it
 though the narrative may change
 day by day in light of what is witnessed –
 when fear of being sent back
 may force the conceit of a fiction

No such leeway could be found on Ellis Island
 for those deemed unfit
 to enter the land of the free who
 rather than be forced back on board ship
 face six weeks in the hold
 the shame that awaited them on their return
 would under cover of dark
 slip over the edge of the dock

I have seen compassion tread the span of the bridge
 I have seen it falter
 I have heard the shrieks of those who jumped
 and in the distance the jargon
 of the cops who trawled for bodies

I have seen compassion climb onto the girders of the bridge
 and stare down into the spume

Bereft that no one would listen
 no one believe
 except for the lost souls who could be seen
 in the distance
 gambolling along a rock path
 that led skywards



GONZALO HERMO

&

KEITH PAYNE

GONZALO HERMO

A estranxeira inventa a utopía, os finísimos dedos de Astarté
ou de como o meu sexo me obrigou a escribir
contra o meu propio sexo

dese deber
falo no poema

e en tanto pido teta pola deusa que morreu
como un meniño cadavérico e famento.

A estranxeira coloca unha máscara e fêreme a man
doe apenas pero a carne xamais cicatriza.
Permanece marcando.
Escribe por min.

Por iso o meu poema é só un acto de vinganza.
Ningunha «árvore esquelética» foi plantada nel
nin nel o pubis da miña amada recende a crepúsculos
de antano e primaveras frolescentes. Crédeme:
só a carraxe motiva a miña escrita.
Como á estranxeira a carauta.
Así o meu odio visceral de neno mordido.
O meu verso violento.

Sabede que falo coa certeza
de ter sido atado de pernas e brazos.
Ocorreu aquí (no poema); alguén me castrou
agora suxéitame a columna unha vara de medir
a terra do inimigo, algo tribal
por suposto ferinte
e salvaxe
o terror de París
parello ao da lingua que resiste á diferenza.
O do texto caníbal.



Sabede que algún día escribirei
 sobre como os resentidos fomos castrados
 en que lugar sucedeu
 e canto tempo lles bastou a aqueles que tiveron a ben
 antecederme
 para romperme a boca.

GONZALO HERMO

The outsider invents utopia, the ivory fine fingers of Ashera
 or how my sex made me write against my own sex

that's the chore
 I talk of here

while I beg succour in the name of the Goddess who died
 like a starving, ashen child.

The outsider lowers her mask and slights my hand
 it barely hurts yet the flesh never heals.
 It makes its mark.
 She writes for me.

That is why my poem is an act of vengeance.
 No "skeleton tree" planted here
 no blooming spring or pubic scent
 of my latest love in here. Believe me:
 it's only rage pushes this pen.
 Like the outsider by her mask.
 The bitten child's belly-full of hate.
 My violent lines.

Know that I speak as someone
 who was hog-tied.
 It happened here (in the poem); castrated
 the enemy's yardstick strapped to my spine
 savage,
 and tribal for sure
 it smarts
 the terror of Paris
 of the word that resists *la différence*.
 Of the cannibal text.

Know that one day I'll write about
 how the belligerent were castrated
 where it happened
 and how little time they took those goodly folk who preceded
 to break my mouth.

KEITH PAYNE

*The Outsider Watches the Woods
 from Her Room*

*Manila would say,
 "Come on girls. It's the white shoes today."**

and the whole world is adrift with perfume
 as I unbolt the door and lean to catch
 an orange scarf that landing in the woods
 brings reasonable doubt to its knees
 down to the leaves in all their reds and greens.

And when it rises – as rise it must –
 It slips behind the steam that escapes
 the neon. It's there they find her
 unconfined and watching the woods
 from her room.

Please don't say a word as the men
 descend the stairs ripe for forgiveness
 light up your back and count the stars
 strung out along the trees; the fallen, the flayed
 yes, even the "skeleton trees."

(Translated by Keith Payne)

* Manuel Rivas, *The Carpenter's Pencil*. Translated by Jonathan Dunne.



MARILAR ALEIXANDRE

&

BREDA WALL RYAN

MARILAR ALEIXANDRE

auga na lúa

e as mulleres
poderán coller auga
nos cráteres
da cara oculta da lúa,
non lles levará cinco horas ao día
como no seu país

alá vivirán mellor
a auga da lúa
incontaminada,
non é a do campo de tránsito,
de tan pura
pode mancar
como unha estela
de vidro

nese país de África
as mulleres van e veñen por auga
dezaseis veces a distancia á lúa
cada día
arriba todo é máis doado
non estragarán as vértebras
sendo a gravidade
tan pequena

é polo seu ben
a lúa é lugar seguro
a salvo de empregadores
que as violen
e redes de trata





as nenas esvararán en zorra
 pola neve
 poderán influír nas mareas
 durmirán mellor
 polo aumento das ondas delta

cómpre apurar
 aproveitando este intre
 a lúa está próxima
 cada ano distánciase catro centímetros,
 de non ser así
 cando o sol mude nunha estrela vermella
 e sexa destruída
 pola gravidade
 será tarde de máis



MARILAR ALEIXANDRE

moonwater

and the women
 will be able to collect water
 from the craters
 on the moon's dark face
 it will not take five hours a day
 as it does in their own country

up there, their lives will be nothing like
 life in the transit camp
 they will drink unpolluted
 moonwater
 so pure it hurts
 like a splinter
 of glass

in that African country
 women trek to and fro for water
 every day
 sixteen times the distance to the moon
 up there everything is easier
 there is too little
 gravity
 to ruin their spines

it is for their own good
 the moon is a haven
 free from predator bosses
 trafficking networks
 and rapists





the girls will slide
over the snow in sleighs
they will turn the tides
high delta waves
will rock them to sleep

seize this moment
while the moon is close
every year it drifts
four centimetres further
hurry
before the sun changes into a red star
and gravity destroys it,
otherwise
it will be too late.

(Translated by Breda Wall Ryan)

BREDA WALL RYAN

*The Path We Make with Our Feet
Follows Us Everywhere*

Fighters burned our books to ashes.
Plague swarmed in our skies,
rubbled our cities.

We stitched papers and cash in our hems,
abandoned our dead to the dead,
shouldered our children.

We left the hot loaves in our ovens,
fled with the clothes on our backs;
on Father's, forty fresh lashes.

Stars rode on our heads,
the midday sun seared us,
towns burst into smoke on the horizon.

We were shoals packed in the bilges,
dragged from the surf
where razor wire embraced us.

Washed by the seas,
our child's eyes, open and staring,
bright as precious stones on the shore.

Migrating birds return in nesting season.
We who have no wings
must trek always onwards.

The young spit new words our longing:
homesickness, hiraeth,
cumha, hemlänglan.





MARÍA DO CEBREIRO

&

MARY O'DONNELL

MARÍA DO CEBREIRO

O barrio das chinesas

A F. e a X.

Nevaba

1. CABLES DE ALTA TENSIÓN

Pasaba por alí, como se o meu camiño
che puidese servir.

Un arame enroscado
para honrar o teu nome sen espiñas.

Sempre diante o apelido do que pon a semente,
aínda que despois marche.

Esas mulleres todas terán fillos,
máis pestanas ca min, tamén máis longas,
ollos máis escuros.

Nos seus bolsos de plástico
non cabe este solpor, pero furados si
dentro de servilletas,
e papeis que parecen envolver caramelos,
e medias de truel por se as lisas racharan,
que a rede nunca é forma
senón tamén problema
(arañas devorando labirintos,
homes-mosca provistos
dun líquido que fede:
tinta fresca).

Cando cheguen á casa
a quen lle pedirán o sal iodado,
cómo o irán disolvendo a presadiñas
nos baldes da auga quente,
única redención posíbel para os pés.
Repouso das guerreiras, vicio
das bailarinas.



2. A RÚA, OS ACCIDENTES

E se as chinesas nunca foron nós,
pregúntome por que podemos velas.

Cando cheguei alí quixen falarlles:
ónde gardades vós
os restos do pracer
que exhibides agora
en fume de carozo,
espidas como signos.

Só quixera atrapar ao voo todo ese lume
co meu pano chinés de cazar
bolboretas,
determe xusto onde elas se colocan
e un día simplemente ser de alí,
compararme con elas.

Máis breve en estatura,
non en síntomas.

Polas rúas molladas (Joaquín Costa, Pombal)
hai tan poucas estrelas como cifras.
O camiño é moi longo. Cada *stop*
é un sinal de parada con cara de muller.

Lembras aquela vez
que un coche se detivo cabo das miñas pernas
crendo que era unha delas.
Lembras que cho contei,
andaba cara a ti e o do coche pensou
que era unha delas.

3. O PANO

A súa pel, escura e varios graos máis fría
que a que eu che levo envolta
en papel de regalo.

Calquera escusa vale,
meu amor,
para mercar na rúa un antifaz
e ir visitarte alí,
tan soa entre as chinesas.

Nas orientais a raza ten moi pouco que ver
con nada do que manca ou do que importa.
O relevante, aquí, é que foron súas nais
as que empuñaron armas.
Case sempre o coitelo, que é bo para extraccións,
collido polo mango da cultura
que as converte en escravas do metal:
furados recortados, pés pequenos,
obra mestra das nais, das menciñeiras.

Cando pasan por ti, dime qué pensas.
Dime qué pensas cando así te miran:
rimmel do día despois
ou do día antes, *gloss* como po de estrelas,
sexo de anxos caídos, rosas murchas nos beizos,
a aurora sanguinaria loitando contra a fronte,
saudando na punta do nariz,
invadindo o queixelo en vertical.

Luz do cénit que cae como a chuvia en Santiago
cando as almas luídas se decatan
de que foron roubadas polo ceo
(nos altos falta a auga,
dalgún xeito habería que darlles de beber ás nabarquelas).

Entón foi cando vimos a esa *drag* vomitando en
tacóns contra a farola
libre como só poden os que saben de danos:
a luz na punta,
e escamas de metal verde esperanza.

Cremos que estaban dando pola tele, e a nós alí,
con ela,
tan verdadeira a noite
como o peor dos nosos pesadelos.

Pero sempre exacula a madrugada, e ata os máis
parvos saben
que o polen das cidades
adoita ser de baixa calidade:
esbrancuxado, aciago
para inseminar
eguas.

Tamén veos que as bocas non taparon, panos de
atar cabelos,
cárceres para os ollos máis locuaces.

Pero en toda prisión
hai unha reixa,
e en toda reixa hai fendas.

MARÍA DO CEBREIRO

The 'Cosmopolitan' Quarter

To F. and X.

It snowed.

1. HIGH TENSION CABLES

I dropped over to your neighbourhood, as if
to be of use to you.
A bent wire
to honour your name without thorns.

The surname of he who inseminates always comes first,
even if he deserts afterwards.

All these women have children,
more eyelashes than me, much longer as well,
darker eyes.
Within their plastic sacks
no room for this half-light, just holes
in serviettes,
and paper pieces, apparently caramel-wrappings,
and fishnet stockings should the smooth ones rip,
because net is never a shape
so much as a problem
(like spiders devouring labyrinths,
midge-men replete
with a liquid that stinks:
fresh ink).

When they get home
who can they ask for iodised salt,
how can they dissolve it in minute quantities
in basins of hot water,
the only possible salvation for the feet.
Respite for the women warriors, carnality
for the dancers.



2. THE STREET, THE ACCIDENTS

And if these cosmopolitan women were never like us
I ask myself why they are visible.

On my arrival I wanted to speak to them:
where do you hoard
the discards of pleasure
you now exhibit
so hastily,
naked as public signs?

And passing, I would like to capture all that fire
with my Chinese cloth that attracts
butterflies,
to pause right where they stand
and one day to simply come from that place,
to compare myself with them.

Smaller in stature,
not symptoms.

On the drenched streets (Joaquín Costa, Pombal)
the stars are as scarce as cyphers.
The road is a long one. Every brake-light
has a woman's face on it.

Do you remember that time
when a car drew up close to my legs,
mistaking me for one of them?
You remember I told you?
I was walking towards you and the fellow in the car
thought I was one of them.



3. THE CLOTH

Their flesh, dusky and some degrees cooler
than what I offer,
in gift-wrapping.

Any excuse works,
my love,
for buying a mask on the street,
to visit you there,
so lonely among these women of the world.

Among them, race does not count
for anything that hurts or matters.
What's relevant, here, is that their mothers
took up arms.
Nearly always the knife, good for extractions,
gripped from the side of a culture
that converts them to slaves of metal:
forced cuts, tiny feet,
motherly masterpieces, witches' work.

When they pass you by, tell me your thoughts.
Tell me your thoughts when they regard you:
from behind yesterday's make-up,
or that of the day before again, cheek-gloss like stardust,
the sex of fallen angels, their lips rose-faded,
a blood-lusting dawn beating against their temples,
breaking from the tip of the nose,
invading the chin in verticals.

High noon light falls like rain in Santiago
when the threadbare souls realise
they were abducted from the sky
(celestial places lack water,
there should be a way to sate the skylarks).





Just then we spotted that drag-queen throwing up
in high heels against the streetlamp,
free as only those beyond damage limitation can be.
Tip-toe light,
scaling hope-green metal.

We believe it was caught on television,
and there we were, with her.
The night as truthful
as the worst of our nightmares.

But dawn always ejaculates, and even the silliest
know that city pollen
is usually poor quality:
off-white, unfit
to inseminate
mares.

Moreover, veils that did not conceal mouths,
nor bandanas to tie down hair,
prisons for the most loquacious eyes.

Yet in each prison
there are bars,
and between them are gaps.

(Translated by Mary O'Donnell)

MARY O'DONNELL

Remembering Amsterdam

Those canal streets, like a carnival of hope,
with tourists wearing masks: Wife. Husband.
Something for all the family! a man calls out
like a brother, gesturing inside.

We trek on beneath festoons of blue/green/red/yellow.
Small bulbs quiver in a lispig breeze, festive
compared to the Dublin canals, where women slope
like lost curs in the dark.
Here, everything is wholesome.

On one street, you draw me forwards—
it's 1987 after all, we have not seen the like.
Other men press close before each window,
as if watching television.

Then, the shock of it.
Such women. Dusky skin, white skin,
smiles (not just any come-hither), for each of us,
regardless, their eyes gleaming.

They recline in gift-boxes
within a theatre of light as our eyes
travel their flesh, expose the blood-pinked belly
of golden antelope, the hooves striking sparks.

My eyes too, mesmerised by the magic,
coveting it. And I swear one of them meets my gaze,
reads my betrayal of her and our kind.

I know then I am no different,
no *wife*, *Weib*, or *vīf*. Since then,
I sometimes climb into a special gift-box,
in solidarity with the woman,
who still meets my gaze.



Appendix

“Imagination without a Path” by Mohamed Ahmed Bennis

CATHERINE PHIL MACCARTHY

In making a version of this poem, I worked from a translation into English by Dr. Manuela Palacios, and also with her translation from Arabic to Spanish. In addition I enlisted the help of Dr. Ali Salim, at the Islamic Cultural Centre in Dublin who kindly read the poem aloud in Arabic and gave me his reading of it, and Mary Murphy, a teacher who studied both Spanish and Arabic.

The first two lines are a statement of observation. ‘The place’ is compared to a ‘wounded ship’. How is something inanimate ‘wounded’? Do a ship and a place have a spirit? Or does the *woundedness* refer to those who inhabit it? Is the ship foundering and if so, does this describe the place?

By line 3, there is a speaker in some relation to the initial statement ‘and my face is suspended in darkness’. Is the speaker watching a ship or a ferry depart from its moorings, or on board a departing vessel seeing the land retreat?

Or more likely, the speaker is losing awareness of the place and surroundings about him, and the ship is a metaphor for his detachment. The speaker’s awareness of how the face hangs or is suspended in darkness suggests that s/he glimpses his/her own image, as if beyond his/her own body. There is a sense of being fixed, an intimation of powerlessness and frustration.

In stanza two, ‘a message on its way’ returns — undelivered and therefore unread and unheard — to the phone. The sense of disconnection and isolation is increased. The message returns ‘when no one pays heed’. Stanza two raises a question, as to who is sending a message to whom. The sparseness of the lines here offers an everyday occurrence, and the experience is without particularity and context.

In stanza three, the speaker muses as to ‘what happens on the other side’, and continues to describe ‘what is left behind’ as ‘only a land that shocked evades the screen.’ One may ask if ‘land’ refers back to ‘the place’ in line one, comparable to ‘the wounded ship’ and now, also left to itself, ignored or abandoned?

In stanza four, the speaker avows that the ‘face, born in autumn’, ‘makes life weary’ even ‘at its peak’, and continues that s/he ‘clears the remains from my path’. This gives way to a turning point, in the final six lines. Again, one may ask where is ‘down here’. Is it below deck? Certainty and movement emerge with an elliptical statement: ‘nobody mistakes the path of the brush / towards the forbidden milk of night’. Is this a paintbrush, or one for make-up, a photo-shop brush, or a sweeping brush? Is it a female persona?

The last two lines, ‘I know not / how this flowed (liquefied) so quickly’, refers to ‘forbidden milk’, prohibited sustenance or pleasure, furtively accessed. Or is the path itself forbidden, one that leads to an escape, however temporary?

The obliquity in style and the suppression of particularity raise many questions and deliver a surreal vision. Each stanza emerges, a fragment, discrete in itself and complicates the one that went before. As a reader, I find myself attempting to create a narrative, though the words refuse a coherent pattern, story or myth. What sustains the poem is a sense of detached consciousness, a profound world-weariness, a loss of communication possibly with a loved one.

The poem might be read as several overheard voices. The images that emerge are spare and disclose nothing of the speaker’s identity. Is there a single sustaining voice and consciousness, or are we given several perspectives and voices? In the final lines, with ‘nobody mistakes’ a sense of collective experience emerges, and communal evasion. The title encapsulates the idea of threshold, a liminal space with no exit.

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About the Poets

FROM IRELAND

SARAH CLANCY is a poet from Galway who works full time in Community Development. She has written three collections of poetry, including *The Truth and Other Stories* (Salmon Poetry, 2014), *Stacey and the Mechanical Bull* (Lapwing Press, Belfast, 2011) and *Thanks for Nothing, Hippies* (Salmon Poetry, 2012). Along with fellow Galway poet Elaine Feeney she released a poetry CD called *Cinderella Backwards* in 2013. She has been placed or shortlisted in several of Ireland's best known written poetry competitions including The Ballymaloe International Poetry Prize, The Patrick Kavanagh Award and The Listowel Collection of Poetry Competition. In performance poetry Sarah has won the Cúirt International Festival of Literature Grand Slam Championship and was runner-up in the All-Ireland Grand Slam Championships. In 2015 she was named The Bogman's Cannon People's Poet and in 2016 she was the Lingo Festival's Poet Laureate.

SUSAN CONNOLLY lives in Drogheda, Co. Louth. Her first full-length collection *For the Stranger* was published by Dedalus Press in 1993. She was awarded the Patrick and Katherine Kavanagh Fellowship in Poetry in 2001. In the same year she received a Publications Grant from the Heritage Council of Ireland for *A Salmon in the Pool*, a literary and place-names map of the river Boyne from source to sea. Her poems are included in *the Field Day Anthology*, Vol IV, *Voices and Poetry of Ireland* and *Windharp: Poems of Ireland since 1916*. Some of her work has been broadcast on The Poetry Programme, RTE Radio 1. Her second collection *Forest Music* was published by Shearsman Books in 2009. Shearsman also published her chapbook *The Sun-Artist: a book of pattern poems* in 2013. Her third collection, *Bridge of the Ford* (Shearsman, 2016), is a collection of visual poetry.

CELIA DE FRÉINE is a poet, playwright, screenwriter and translator who writes in Irish and English. She was born in Newtownards, County Down, and now divides her time between Dublin and Connemara. Her poetry has won many awards, including the Patrick Kavanagh Award (1994) and Gradam Litríochta Chló Iar-Chonnachta (2004). Her most recent collections are: *cuir amach seo dom : riddle me this* (Arlen House, 2014), *Blood Debts* (Scotus Press, 2014) and *A Lesson in Can't* (Scotus Press, 2014). A ninth collection *I bhfreagairt ar Rilke : In Response to Rilke*

is forthcoming. In 1999 Celia was awarded the British Comparative Literature Association Translation Award. Her plays have won many awards and are staged regularly by Umbrella Theatre Company. www.celiadefreine.com

MAURICE HARMON is an academic, a critic and a poet. His reputation as a poet has grown particularly with the publication of the acclaimed *When Love Is Not Enough: New and Selected Poems* (Salmon Poetry, 2010), followed by the stylish and humane *Loose Connections* (Salmon Poetry, 2012). *Hoops of Holiness* (Salmon Poetry, 2016) is his sixth collection.

CATHERINE PHIL MacCARTHY's collections include *The Invisible Threshold* (2012), *Suntrap* (2007), *the blue globe* (1998), *This Hour of the Tide* (1994), and *One Room an Everywhere*, a novel, (2003). She is a former editor of *Poetry Ireland Review* (1998/99). She won the Fish International Poetry Prize in 2010, and received The Lawrence O'Shaughnessy Award for Irish Poetry in 2014.

THOMAS McCARTHY was born in Co. Waterford in 1954 and educated at University College Cork. He has published *The First Convention* (1978), *The Lost Province* (1996) and *Merchant Prince* (2005) as well as a number of other collections, two novels, *Without Power* (1991) and *Aya and Cristone* (1992), and two non-fiction books. He has won the Patrick Kavanagh Award, the Alice Hunt Bartlett Prize and the O'Shaughnessy Prize for Poetry. He worked for many years at Cork City Libraries, retiring in 2014 to write full-time. He is a member of Aosdána, the Irish academy of artists and writers. His latest collection, *Pandemonium*, was published by Carcanet Press in 2016.

MÁIGHRÉAD MEDBH was born in Co. Limerick and has become known as a textual innovator and dramatic performer. She was a pioneer of Irish performance poetry in the 1990s, and has published seven books of poetry, the most recent a verse fantasy called *Parvit of Agelast* (Arlen House, 2016). *Savage Solitude: Reflections of a Reluctant Loner* (Dedalus, 2013) spans the genres with a dramatized internal conversation. Several books explore themes: *Tenant*, a story in verse set during the famine (Salmon Poetry, 1999); *Twelve Beds for the Dreamer*, dreams in relation to the astrological cycle (Arlen House, 2010); and *When the Air Inhales You* (Arlen House, 2009), largely elegies. Máighréad has performed in several countries and on the broadcast media. She has written for radio, and three novels are online as e-books. She keeps a monthly blog: www.maighreadmedbh.ie

PAULA MEEHAN was born in Dublin where she still lives. A playwright and poet, she has received many awards for her work. She has been Ireland Professor of Poetry, 2013-2016. Her public lectures from the Professorship, *Imaginary Bonnets with Real Bees in Them*, were published in 2016 by UCD Press. *Geomantic*, her latest collection of poems was published by Dedalus Press, Dublin, in November of 2016.

EILÉAN NÍ CHUILLEANÁIN was born in 1942 in Cork. She is an Emeritus Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and currently Ireland Professor of Poetry (2016-19). With her husband Macdara Woods, the late Leland Bardwell and the late Pearse Hutchinson, she is a founder and co-editor of the Irish poetry journal *Cyphers*. *The Sun-Fish*, her seventh collection, was shortlisted for the T.S. Eliot Prize and won the Griffin International Prize for poetry in 2010; *The Boys of Bluehill* was published in 2015 by Gallery Press, and was shortlisted for the Forward Prize, the Irish Times Poetry Now Award and the Pigott Prize at the Listowel Writers' Week.

HUGH O'DONNELL has published three collections of poetry, *Roman Pines at Berkeley* (Salmon Poetry), *Planting a Mouth and No Place Like It* (Doghouse) and, his most recent, *Songs for the Slow Lane* (Columba Press) on the art of living with attention.

MARY O'DONNELL's first three collections of poetry – two of which were nominated for Irish Times Literature awards – were published by Salmon. Her most recent collection of poetry is *Those April Fevers* (Arc UK, 2015), praised by Inpress Recommends (UK) as follows: "This sharp, distinctive collection soars like verse and sings with a unique emotional intensity. Decisive. Ruthless. Brilliant." Her selected poems *The Place of Miracles* appeared in 2005. She has also published four novels and two collections of short stories. Her fiction and poetry have been widely published in Ireland, England, Scotland, as well as in Spain, Hungary and Sweden. She was guest editor of the 2015 Stony Thursday Book. She is a member of Aosdána, a Board member of the Irish Writers Centre, and teaches Poetry on Galway University's MA in Creative Writing course. www.maryodonnell.com

KEITH PAYNE is the Ireland Chair of Poetry Bursary Award winner for 2015-2016. His collection *Broken Hill* (Lapwing Publications, 2015) was followed by his translation of contemporary Galician poetry in *Six Galician Poets* (Arc Publications, 2016). He is co-founder and co-director of POEMARIA International poetry festival, Vigo, and director of the La Malinche readings between Ireland and Galicia.

BREDA WALL RYAN is an Irish poet living in Co. Wicklow. Language, nature and mythology are driving forces in her poetry which has been published in print and online journals, including *Live Encounters*, *Magma*, *The Rialto* and *Poetry Ireland Review*. Among her many awards are The Gregory O'Donoghue International Poetry Prize and iYeats Poetry Prize. In 2016, *In a Hare's Eye* (Doire Press) won the Shine/Strong Award for a first collection.

LORNA SHAUGHNESSY was born in Belfast and lives in Co. Galway, Ireland. She has published three poetry collections, *Torching the Brown River*, *Witness Trees* and *Anchored*, all with Salmon Poetry, and a chapbook, *Song of the Forgotten Shulamite* (Lapwing). Her work was selected for the *Forward Book of Poetry*, 2009. She is also a translator of Spanish and South American Poetry. Her most recent translation was of poetry by Galician writer Manuel Rivas, *The Disappearance of Snow* (Shearsman Press). She lectures in Hispanic Studies in NUI, Galway.

FROM MOROCCO

TAHA ADNAN (1970) grew up in Marrakech and, since 1996, has lived in Brussels. He works at the Ministry for Francophone Education. A poet and writer, he coordinates the Brussels Arabic Literary Salon in Belgium. His poems have been translated into French and Spanish and published in Morocco, Lebanon, the United Arab Emirates, Belgium and Costa Rica. His play *Bye Bye Gillo* was awarded at the International Arab festival of Monodrama in the Emirates in 2011 and has been published and performed in several languages. *Brussels the Moroccan*, a collective book coordinated by him, has been published in French (Editions Le Fennec, Casablanca, 2015). *Ceci n'est pas une valise* (La Croisée des Chemins, Casablanca, 2016) is a collective book in which Moroccan and other Arab writers exchange, by means of literature, their views on Belgium, Belgian identity, immigration and exile. *Ton sourire est plus beau que le drapeau national / Your smile is sweeter than the national flag* (Al Mutawassit, Milan 2016) is his most recent poetry collection.

AICHA BASSRY was born in Settat, Morocco, in 1960 and is a poet and a novelist. She holds a BA in Arabic Literature from the University Mohammad V (Rabat), has worked as a teacher and has edited a magazine of education for the National Ministry of Education. She is member of Bayt al-Shai'r (House of Poetry), Itihād kutāb al-maghrib (Moroccan Writers' Union) and has been Vice-president of AICL (International

Association of Literary Criticism). She has published ten poetry collections: *Masā'āt [Evenings]* 2001, *Araq al-Malā'ikah [Angels' Insomnia]* 2002, *Shurfah Mutfa'ah [A Dark Balcony]* 2004, *Laylah Sarī'at al-'Atab [A Frail Night]* 2007, *Hadīth Midfa'ah [Fireplace Chat]* 2007, *Sadiqī al-Kharīf [My Friend Fall]* 2009, *Khulwat al-Tayr [Isolation of the Bird]* 2010, *Dars fī al-Rasm [A Lesson in Drawing]* 2013, *Assabihat fī alatach [Women Swimming in Thirst]* 2014. She has published two novels: *Layalī al-Harīr [Silk Nights]* 2013, *Hafidat Greta Garbo [Greta Garbo's granddaughters]* 2015. Bassry has been translated into English, French, Italian, Spanish and Turkish.

FATIMA ZAHRA BENNIS (Tetouan, 1973) is a Moroccan writer and poet. She has published the following poetry collections: *Law'atu Al Hurubi [The Anxiety of Escape]* (Tetouan, 2004), *Bayna Dirahay Qamar [In the Arms of the Moon]* (Cairo, 2008), *Tayfu Nabiyyin [A Prophet's Ghost]* (Beirut, 2011) and *Ala hafati umrin haribin [On the Verge of a Fugitive Life]* (Tunis, 2016). Her work has been gathered in several anthologies published in Europe and she has participated in literary festivals worldwide. In 2008, she received in Sweden the award granted by the Foundation Al Noor for Culture and Creation. She is a member of the Executive Board of the Moroccan Writers' Union and has been translated into English, French and Spanish.

MOHAMED AHMED BENNIS (Tetouan, 1970) is a poet, translator and essay writer. He has a degree in Hispanic Studies and is a member of the Moroccan Writers' Union. In the late 1980s, he started publishing his poetry in various Arab literary journals and his poems have appeared in numerous Arabic- and Spanish-language publications. His writing has also been translated into Catalan, French, English, Dutch, Italian, Persian and Rumanian. His first poetry book in Arabic *Bisohbati yabaln A'maa [Blind Mountain]* (Rabat, 2006) received the "First collection" Prize of the Moroccan House of Poetry. It was later translated into Spanish by Emilio Ballesteros and published in Costa Rica (2013). He has also published *Nadamun Asfala Allahwai [Repentance below the canvas]* (Cairo, 2012) and the bilingual anthology *Uddatu Al faraghi [The baggage of the void]* (Priego de Córdoba, Spain, 2016). His poems have appeared in anthologies in Morocco, Algeria, Egypt, Italy, France, Spain, Rumania, and Peru.

MOHAMMED BENNIS was born in 1948 in Fez (Morocco). In 1974 he founded the journal *Attakafa El Jadida [The new culture]* which was forbidden in 1984. In 1985 he co-founded the publishing house Toukbal. He was also a founding member and President of Bayt al-Shai'r [House

of Poetry] (1996-2003). He is the author of over thirty books (poetry, prose, essays and translations) and his writing has been translated into French, Italian, Spanish, Macedonian, Turkish, German and Chinese. His translation of Mallarmé's *Un coup de dés* – the first one in Arabic – has been published in a bilingual edition by Ypsilon (Paris). He has received numerous prizes in Morocco, Europe and the Arab world, which include the Max Jacob Étranger Prize in France (2014).

MEZOUAR EL IDRISI (Tetouan, 1963) is a poet, translator and literary critic. He holds a PhD in Arabic Literature and teaches translation at the King Fahd School of Translation (University of Abdelmalek Essaadi). El Idrissi is the author of two poetry collections: *Martiatu al-Katifi al-Balil* [*Elegy for the wetback*] (2005) and his later *Baina Maaien* [*Between two waters*]. He has translated into Arabic poetry collections by Spanish poets such as Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer, Joaquín Benito de Lucas, Ángel García López and, in collaboration with other translators, Ángel González, Luis Cernuda, Luis García Montero, Andrés Sánchez Robayna, as well as a collection of short stories by the Galician writer Álvaro Cunqueiro. He has participated in numerous international literary festivals worldwide and is a member of the Moroccan Writers' Union.

IMANE EL KHATTABI (Tetouan 1974) is a poet, holds a PhD in Arabic Literature and is a member of the Moroccan Writers' Union. She started publishing her poems in national and international literary journals in the early 1990s, and has participated in a number of literary festivals in Morocco, Spain and Algiers, among others. Her first poetry book *al-Bahru fi Bidayati al-Yazri* [*The sea's early low tide*] came out in 2001 (Moroccan Writers' Union) and her second collection *Hammalatu al-Yasadi* [*Body carrier*] (Moroccan House of Poetry, 2014) has been translated into Spanish and published by the Mohamed VI Centre for the Dialogue of Civilizations (Chile, 2016). Her work has appeared in several anthologies published in Morocco and Spain.

FROM GALICIA

MARILAR ALEIXANDRE (Madrid, 1947) says she has a forked tongue which she has needed in order to write literature in Galician while her other tongue is that of a Science Education scholar at the University of Santiago de Compostela. She has been appointed, in 2017, as a member of

the Royal Galician Academy. Her first poetry volume, *Catálogo de venenos* [*Catalogue of Poisons*] 1999, won the Esquíu Poetry Prize. She later published *Desmentindo a primavera* [*Belying Spring*] in 2003, *Abecedario de árbores* [*ABC of Trees*] in 2006, *Mudanzas* [*Shiftings*] 2007, which was awarded the PEN Clube de Galicia / Caixanova Poetry Prize, and *Ovella descarreirada* [*Stray Sheep*] in 2014. Her last poetry volume to date is *Desescribindo* [*Unwriting*] (Apiario, 2016). She has also received numerous awards for her fiction, both for adults and children, as well as for her translations.

GONZALO HERMO (Taragoña, Rianxo, 1987) has a doctoral degree in Galician Philology from the University of Santiago de Compostela. He has published two collections of poetry: *Crac* [*Crack*] (Barbantesa, 2011; Xunta de Galicia "Xuventude Crea" Award; *Crac* has also been adapted to the cinema by Lázaro Louzao), and *Celebración* [*Celebration*] (Apiario, 2014, Critics' Prize, and Miguel Hernández National Prize for New Poetry). The latter has also come out in a bilingual – Catalan-Galician – edition in 2016 and in Castilian in 2017. He has participated in national and international festivals, among them The Córdoba Poetry Festival (Argentina) and the Festival Mediterráneo. He occasionally writes criticism in literary journals such as *Dorna* and *Protexa*, and keeps a literary blog: *Tomando notas nunha escola para resentid@s*.

MARÍA DO CEBREIRO (Santiago de Compostela, 1976) has published the following poetry collections: *O estadio do espello* [*The mirror stage*] (Xerais, 1999), (*nós, as inadaptadas*) [*we, the maladjusted*] (Esquíu, 2001), *Non queres que o poema te coñeza* [*You don't want the poem to know you*] (PEN Clube, 2004), *Os hemisferios* [*The hemispheres*] (Galaxia, 2006), *Cuarto de outono* [*Autumn room*] (Sotelo Blanco, 2008), *Non son de aquí* [*I am not from here*] (Xerais, 2009; Shearsman, 2011), *Os inocentes* [*The innocent*] (Galaxia, 2014) and *O deserto* [*The desert*] (Apiario, 2015) – Spanish Critics' Prize and Galician Critics' Prize. As a literary critic, she has published the following books: *As antoloxías de poesía en Galicia e Cataluña* (USC, 2004), *As terceiras mulleres* (Galaxia, 2005) and *Fogar impronunciabile. Poesía e pantasma* (Galaxia, 2011). She has translated Gertrude Stein's *Three lives* into Galician (*Tres vidas*, Galaxia, 2005).

CHUS PATO (Ourense, 1955) is one of the main voices in contemporary Galician poetry. She published ten collections from 1991 to 2013, among them *m-Talá* (2000), *Charenton* (2004), *Hordas de escritura* [*Hordes of Writing*] (2008), *Secesión* [*Secession*] (2009) and *Carne de Leviatán*

[*Flesh of Leviathan*] (2013) which have been translated into English by the Canadian poet Erin Moure. She has been awarded the Losada Diéguez Prize (1997; 2008) and the Spanish Critics' prize for Galician poetry. Her readings have been recorded at the Woodberry Poetry Room at Harvard University. She has participated in numerous international poetry festivals in Europe and America. Her poetry explores the limits of writing and exposes the boundaries of bodies, discourses and spaces in a longstanding dialogue with sundry literary and cultural traditions. She shuns essentialist and conventional lyrical forms and deconstructs the communicative process.

BALDO RAMOS (Celanova, 1971) is a poet and a plastic artist who explores the intersections between word and image. He is the author of thirteen poetry collections including his early *Raizames* [*Roots*] (2001) and the more recent *Cartografía do exilio* [*Cartography of exile*] (2014). His work in the plastic arts has been exhibited in numerous galleries and museums in Spain and Portugal. He has collaborated with other artists in projects such as *Os ollos das palabras* (with Caxigueiro, 2012), *Onde beben os cervos que amansou o calígrafo* and *As raiceiras do frío* (with Carlos González Villar, 2014, 2016), *CaRa inversa* and *librosconvertos* (with Xosé María Álvarez Cáccamo, 2014, 2016), and finally *1+1=3* (with Franck Meyer, 2015).

EVA VEIGA (Ombre-Pontedeume, 1961) is a journalist and a poet. Her versatile and intense work for the Galician Television has been rewarded with prizes such as the Galician Communication Award. She is a member of the Ouriol Group, together with the musicians Fito Ares and Bernardo Martínez, and they have presented numerous music/poetry performances based on writings by national and international poets. Her poetry books are: *Fuxidíos* [*Ephemeral*] (1992), *Paisaxes do baleiro* [*Landscapes of emptiness*] (1999), *A pedra insomne* [*The sleepless stone*] (2002), *A luz e as súas cicatrices* [*Light and its scars*] (2006), *Desconcerto* [*Disconcert*] (2006), *Poemas do Eume* [*Eume poems*] (2009), *A frecha azul do teixo* [*The yew's blue arrow*] (2010), *Nesta hora imposible* [*At this impossible hour*] (2012) – with photographs by Mada Carballeira –, *A distancia do tambor* [*The drum's distance*] (2014; Fiz Vergara Vilariño Prize and AELG Prize), *Soño e vértice* [*Dream and vertex*] (2016; Carral City Council Poetry Prize, Spanish Critics' Prize) and *Silencio percutido* [*Percussed silence*] (2016; City of Ourense Poetry Prize).

MARTÍN VEIGA is a Cork-based Galician poet and academic. He is a lecturer in Hispanic Studies at University College Cork, where he is also the director of the Irish Centre for Galician Studies. He co-edits *Galicia 21: Journal of Contemporary Galician Studies* and has published widely on contemporary poetry, literary translation and Iberian travel writing. His poems have been published in many anthologies and in Irish journals such as *Southword* and *Cyphers*. He is the author of five poetry collections in Galician, entitled *Tempo van de porcelana* [*Worthless time in porcelain*] (1990), *As últimas ruínas* [*The last ruins*] (1994; Espiral Maior Prize), *Ollos de ámbar* [*Amber eyes*] (2005; Esquíó Prize), *Fundaxes* [*Foundations*] (2006; Fiz Vergara Vilariño Prize) and *Diario de Crosses Green* [*Diary of Crosses Green*] (2016).

ABOUT THE EDITOR

MANUELA PALACIOS is Profesora Titular of English at the University of Santiago de Compostela in Spain. She has directed four research projects on contemporary Irish and Galician literature that have been funded by the Spanish Ministry of Economy and Competitiveness, and has edited and co-edited several books in relation to this topic: *Pluriversos* (2003), *Palabras extremas* (2008), *Writing Bonds* (2009), *Creation, Publishing and Criticism* (2010), *To the Winds Our Sails* (2010), *Forked Tongues* (2012), and *Six Galician Poets* (2016). Her other publications include translations of European and Arabic poetry and fiction, a monograph on Virginia Woolf's pictorial imagery, Shakespeare's *Richard III*, and articles on ecocriticism.

ABOUT THE CALLIGRAPHER

HACHEMI MOKRANE is a plastic artist-calligrapher and the Head of the Communication Department at the French Institute in Algiers. In 2014, he was granted the "Chevalier des Arts et des Lettres" award by the French Ministry of Culture in recognition for his artistic career.