

4 poems by eduard escoffet
english translations by graham thomson (2007)

<http://propost.org/escoffet>

hi ha la dona que t'escolta i hi ha l'altra.
hi ha la dona que, amb la nit, esmussa la lluna i te la trobes, i hi ha l'altra.
hi ha la dona que veus
i l'altra. i la que voldries veure... i l'altra.
hi ha la dona, et sembla recordar, que et va fer perdre
el món de vista i hi ha l'altra. també
hi ha la dona que te la fa oblidar i l'altra, que també.
hi ha la dona i el vent, a lloure, que són parla
i són paraules i un somni que camina. i fuig. i l'altra.
hi ha la dona que voldries conèixer i l'altra.
hi ha l'altra i la dona que no recordes.
hi ha la dona i l'altra que voldries
oblidar. hi ha la dona sense ulls, que són
les bótes de vi de la fosca d'un veler que
ha acabat amb el mar i t'ha dit que de sirenes
no n'ha vist. l'altra tampoc. i hi ha la dona
que cridarà que no ha tocat el foc,
que duia els ulls tapats i hi ha l'altra,
a qui has tapat els ulls, i també estàs tu
amb els ulls arrencats de socarrel entre el mirall
i la llum del sol. hi ha la dona que remuga
i hi ha l'altra. hi ha la dona que estén la roba
o bé disposa la fragilitat del món i hi ha l'altra.
hi ha la dona, feta carn, que és en la llum i és en la fosca
i hi ha l'altra, en la fosca i en la llum.
hi ha la dona i el sexe. també, el sexe. i l'altra.

mcmxcviii

there is the woman that listens to you and there is the other.
there is the woman that, with the night, dulls the moon and you find her, and there is the other.
there is the woman that you see
and the other. and the one you would like to see... and the other.
there is the woman, you seem to remember, that made you lose
sight of the world and there is the other. then too
there is the woman that makes you forget her and the other, she does too.
there is the woman and the wind, at leisure, that are speech
and are words and a dream that walks. and flies. and the other.
there is the woman that you would like to know and the other.
there is the other and the woman you do not remember.
there is the woman and the other that you would like
to forget. there is the woman without eyes, that are
the barrels of wine in the dark of a sailboat that
has done with the sea and has told you that mermaids

she has not seen. the other neither. and there is the woman
that will cry that she has not touched the fire,
that has her eyes covered and there is the other,
whose eyes you have covered, and you too have
your eyes pulled from their sockets between the mirror
and the light of the sun. there is the woman that mutters
and there is the other. there is the woman that hangs out the washing
or arranges the fragility of the world and there is the other.
there is the woman, made flesh, that is in the light and is in the dark
and there is the other, in the dark and in the light.
there is the woman and the sex. the sex, too. and the other.

mcmxcviii

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un text és el cos. un llibre –és a dir: la realitat que veiem– és un altre cos.

i et dic que els morts maten els vius. i que el moviment subtil de la paraula, potser el salvatge, potser el del parloteig, és també un cadàver. diran els fills, els savis folls i els caps d'administració –tot sempre per estrenar– i damunt dels parpres contemplaràs sempre l'empremta del gest. el teu gest m'ha confós: veuràs al retaule la pintura amb imatges amb el teu cor per escombrar i del teu cos, qui sap, no s'en partrà mai. mentrestant, tot em resulta difícil d'entendre i m'ofega de pensar-hi. sobre la gespa humida, ajaçat, a la terra trepitjada. inert, estès, desert.

a text is the body. a book –that is to say: the reality that we see– is another body

and i tell you that the dead kill the living. and that the subtle movement of the word, perhaps wild, perhaps that of chatting, is also a cadaver. they will tell the children, the crazy sages and the heads of department –everything always brand new– and over your eyelids you will always contemplate the imprint of the gesture. your gesture has confused me: you will see on the altarpiece the painting with images with your heart to be swept and, who knows, it will never leave your body. meanwhile i find everything difficult to understand and it chokes me to think of it. on the wet grass, lying, on the trodden earth. inert, stretched out, deserted.

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han tancat totes les escoles. ja no s'hi aprèn de llegir. ja no s'hi aprèn d'escriure. hem tancat totes les paraules. ja que els cossos no duren tant com haurien de durar –així com la nit i el foc cec dels amadors–, millor deixar les paraules de banda. ara les mares ja no s'amoinen per la mainada i l'escola i les hores. ara, les mares, lluny de l'escalf dels pares, només es preocupen dels uniformes. i els fills feinegen o es deformen els cossos. han tacat tots els vestits. amb tot: no saben ja escriure ni llegir no saben ja. i la nit, feble i breu, acull dos cossos que es deformen. com les paraules, però sense paraules.

agost mmi

they have closed all the schools. no more learning to read. no more learning to write. we have closed all the words. now that bodies no longer last as long as they should –like the night and the blind fire of the lovers– better to put words aside. now the mothers no longer bother about the kids and the school and the hours. now, the mothers, far from the warmth of the fathers, only care about the uniforms. and the children do odd jobs or deform their bodies. they have stained all the dresses. even so: they no longer know how to write how to read they no longer know. and the night, feeble and brief, takes in two bodies that deform each other. like words, but without words.

august mmi

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por

por de la mare
por de la pipa del pare
por de l'oncle
por del matrimoni de l'oncle
por de la cosina que mira amb els pits crescuts
por de ser la cosina a qui el cosí endinya verga
por de ser el cosí que ha d'endinyar verga a la cosina
por de ser un pare fidel
por de ser un progenitor i estimar amb extrem la criatura dolcíssima
por de ser una mare servicial
que alimenta un desconegut:
que alimenta un terrorista,
que alimenta un membre d'una secta,
que alimenta un ionqui,
que alimenta un camell de barri,
que alimenta un artista carregat d'àcids,
que alimenta un visionari,
que alimenta un lladre,
que alimenta un policia.
por de ser mare i no poder encaixar la pistola quan el fill arriba amb l'uniforme tacat
por del pa
por del vent
por de les olives farcides d'anxova
por de ser una oliva farcida d'anxova o encara pitjor: una gamba.
por dels qui parlen i por dels qui no parlen
por d'odiar els skaters
por d'odiar ikea
por d'odiar els sindicalistes
por d'odiar la santa església catòlica i tots i cadascun dels seus parroquians
por d'escriure les cartes al pare
por de ser kafka
por de ser heterosexual
por de ser homosexual
por de no ser bisexual
por de no ser multicultural
por de no ser demòcrata

por de ser stalin
por de tenir res a perdre
por
por de no ser tu
por de no ser tu
por de no ser tu

fear

fear of mother
fear of father's pipe
fear of uncle
fear of uncle's marriage
fear of the girl cousin that looks with breasts grown
fear of being a mother
fear of being the girl cousin whom the cousin sticks his dick in
fear of being the cousin that has to stick his dick in the girl cousin
fear of being a loyal father
fear of being a progenitor and loving to extremes the sweet sweet baby
fear of being an obliging mother
that feeds a stranger:
that feeds a terrorist,
that feeds a member of a sect,
that feeds a junkie,
that feeds a small-time dealer,
that feeds an artist loaded with acid,
that feeds a visionary,
that feeds a thief,
that feeds a cop.
fear of being a mother and not being able to handle the pistol when her son comes home with
his uniform stained
fear of bread
fear of wind
fear of olives stuffed with anchovy
fear of being an olive stuffed with anchovy or worse yet: a prawn
fear of those who speak and fear of those who do not speak
fear of hating skateboarders
fear of hating ikea
fear of hating trades unionists
fear of hating the holy catholic church and each and every one of its parishioners
fear of writing the letters to father
fear of being kafka
fear of being heterosexual
fear of being homosexual
fear of not being bisexual
fear of not being multicultural
fear of not being a democrat
fear of being stalin
fear of having nothing to lose
fear
fear of not being you

fear of not being you
fear of not being you