

Than silk from a silkworm? What fairy's flowing robe has ever enjoyed it?

Your cornerstones, pillars, beams, and even the tiny nails driven into them
Sink in a deep slumber, enchanted by their own complete forms and weights,
Like indifferent minerals, scattered, at random, over the mountains.
Yet they keep awakened, their strict positions like the constellations in the
sky.

Cubism and fauvism, those whirlwinds of the century, take their origin in
you;
Deformation, by virtue of you, becomes a worthy mechanism. By virtue of
you,
Depression, heaped up like a pyramid, scatters. Inflated egotism becomes
incandescent.
The age-old mustiness in the walls vanishes. The sea-wind with ozone in it,
blows in.

What wisdom could unravel the meaning of your expression in strange
laughter?
What rod, that crushes up impurities, could be merciless like you?
The water, earth and wind of Korea, by which you were fostered,
Treasure forever a far-reaching pride for the thundering flaps of your wings.

Translated by Kim Chong-Gil

MOSHE DOR / ISRAEL

Progression

Even more terrible than crumbling, the dark
feeling of niches, the jokes
of purposeless entrances and exits,
the conflagration
of maple leaves like a forewarning:
but to keep silent?
A temporary solution, the memory of your body,
and more limited, of your breast,

its nipple standing up between two hungers,
my lips, words that are moaned, loss
of the pre-eminence of man,
and animal swept by the primeval . . .
but to keep silent?
Maple leaves burn, too foreign
to scream, the hand ages on the
steering wheel, wild horses will not stop
the attrition of cells, seeds, hopes.
A meadow and a lakeside: the drawled speech
of fishers-for-sport drags lead nets
through opaque waters. But to keep silent?
Even more terrible than crumbling, the sudden
consciousness that when a star
sears these fabricated skies
no one looks up, for the change in it.
The car doors will slam,
an odor, faint, of smoke, then nothing.

Translated by the author with Denis Johnson

CARLOS GERMAN BELLI / PERU

Tongue-Tied

Tongue-tied or stuttering,
squashed small,
 level with the heights
 I'm stretched out by my heels.

I hold it in, clamp up unwillingly,
& instead of blue fireflies
 crickets fly & spin
 in the pan of my skull,

while this darkened palate