

And yet
somebody is breathing, breathing
there above my bed.

Who knows what star
is burning out somewhere, far away
and thanks to the odd system of reflection
of things
its soul is now breathing on my wall.

Tomorrow I shall have to put
a frame there
too.

Translated by Roy MacGregor-Hastie

Chatting with the Builders

In the Style of Constantin Abăluță

Give me a brick.
See, I will insert it into a poem,
even in its foundations, right where **gravity riots**.
Give me another one. Give me another,
this one has cracks.
(A crack in a brick is the root of junking;
let's be all eyes when it comes to cracks).
See? With your help,
the help of the plumb line, the level,
the winch and the tackle,
the bulldozer, prefabs,
scaffoldings, and the manual
on material stresses,
poetry grows; and grows, comrade builders.
This is going to be a poem
about as useful as a brick. Maybe more.
It's going to be like two bricks
wedded to each other
with the ring of the builder's mortar.
It will be a poetic tower, or, if you wish,

a poem
w/ self-service.

Give me another brick.

Translated by Stavros Deligiorgis

TAMURA RYUICHI / JAPAN

Four Thousand Days and Nights

For the birth of one poem
we must kill
we must kill many
we must shoot, assassinate, poison many beloved.

Look,
simply because we wanted the trembling tongue of a small bird
from four thousand days and nights
we shot the silences of four thousand nights and
the backlight of four thousand days.

Listen,
simply because we wanted the tears of a starving child
in all the rainy cities, the smelting furnaces and
midsummer wharves and coal mines
we assassinated the love of four thousand days
and the pity of four thousand nights.

Bear it in mind,
because we wanted the fear of a stray dog
who sees what we cannot see
who hears what we cannot hear
we poisoned the imagination of four thousand nights and
chilly memories of four thousand days.

To give birth to one poem