

I have six really good poems. I hope I will write more of them.
I am twenty-seven years old. All these years have passed like lightning.
I am relatively courageous. With this courage I fight human stupidity.
I have a birthday March seventh. I hope March seventh will be a nice day.
I have a friend whose daughter's name is Breditza. In the evening when
they put her to bed she says Salamun and falls asleep.

Dinosaurs

When dinosaurs run to their duty over
my heart, I cannot explain. On Sunday I shot
a pheasant, walked on rails, iris bloomed
in the stock market. Walter de la Mare, consecrated

and pale, my raft is giaour, on Sunday I cleaned
the pheasant and watched the road from this house.
I see the arrows are parallel. Crow is in the library
on the wall. When I think about the scale of America

binding round roots, under the ocean, I feel
cotton is in both seas. Harpoon cuts
in the blue, little hair of mushrooms' smoke

are wounds in the human night. When a pheasant falls
I see feedback of fluttering of the generals. Silk
falls into the lake. Skiers speak into the microphone.

Translated by the author with Elliott Anderson

ELIZABETH AZCONA CRANWELL /
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Of Encounters and Places

A request from the sun. Its understanding of this difference
the label that speaks among things
lamp or star keeping watch over the area that separates us
and lets us illuminate ourselves with the color of distance.

Again I take from the air the slight awareness
that hides the balance of a flower.
Nevertheless we have watched the same bird
we have seized its import, its situation at night
and the place our hearts dominate is the same.

If I must go down through other times
I will have this embrace tied to my memory
like a stone from the sea or a rupture of algae.
They are the night's circuits where we have held each other
or the uncertain manners of a morning in flight.

Then distance has already stopped digging into the soul
the astrolabe is intent on encountered water
although the smoke of the forest announces nostalgia
that can devour the heart of a blackbird.

The trees carve on wood the name of the earth
like twin flames we have purchased the air for growing
to save with our laughter another corner of the world.

It may be everything that happens is the food of a distant life
silently teaching the language of water
giving love its place
among the confusion of birds.

Translated by David W. Young

MICHAL SPRUSINSKI / POLAND

Sunny Dream

"By light, by light, by love, by love, by this."
(Last words in Theodore Roethke's notebooks.)
By light by love by all this incomplete
that our eyelids open into brightness. The bird