

FESTIVAL NACIONAL DE POESIA A SANT CUGAT

Digital Edition
23rd October 2020

DIGITAL EDITION

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PROGRAMME

The complex situation we are living, led us to reconsider on of our strategic initiatives as it is the invitation to Barcelona of international poetry programmers. We knew it was not feasible to organise it as four days stay in Barcelona, so we decided to go for an **digital version** with three main goals:

- 1.- to make the best of the digital channels.
- 2.- to provide more professional-wise resources.
- 3.- to strengthen the Catalan programmers community.

For those reason, we have invited only former assistants to the programme and we will offer you the following programme.

- A Festival meeting on Friday 23rd at 11h via zoom.
- A virtual event in streaming on the Friday 23rd at 20h via youtube.
- Eleven short recorded poetry readings in Catalan and subtitle in English via youtube.

I do believe that in times of trouble the Institut Ramon Llull, as a public institution, must step up to support the literature professionals.

Hope you will enjoy the programme.

Izaskun Arretxe
Institut Ramon Llull

INTERNATIONAL POETRY FESTIVALS MEETING

The meeting will be held on the 23rd of October at 11h (Barcelona time)

To join in, you can use the following link:

<https://zoom.us/j/93916619035?pwd=UjBuTG9GUUITMnExWIRxVkxZWFIpZz09>

We have set a digital room to share ideas and experiences with Catalan poetry: you can suggest poets, ask for recommendations or simply share your thoughts and concerns.

Meeting ID: **939 1661 9035**

Password: **302942**

PARTICIPANTS

Claudio Pozzani

The Genoa International Poetry Festival “Parole Spalancate”

<http://www.parolespalancate.it/>

CLAUDIO POZZANI was born in 1961 in Genoa (Italy). Poet, narrator and musician, he is appreciated in Italy and abroad for his poetic performances in the most important international literary and poetry festivals. His books are published in more than 10 countries. In 1995 Pozzani created the Genoa International Poetry Festival, which is the oldest and biggest poetry event in Italy. He has also created and organized several poetry events in Europe (Belgium, France, Japan, Finland, Germany) and the House of Poetry in Genoa. His CD (poetry and music) “La Marcia dell’ombra”, has been in the top 20 of the Italian independent radio charts. His last book in Spain is “La marcha de la sombra”, published by Verbum. He is the co-founder of the European platform “Versopolis”, a network of 14 European poetry festivals. In 2019 the director Fabio Giovinazzo made the film “L’Anima nel ventre” based on his poems.

performances, exhibitions, concerts, workshops, guided tours, projections in more than 30 locations in Genoa and in Riviera.

The GENOA INTERNATIONAL POETRY FESTIVAL “PAROLE SPALANCATE” (wide open words) has been founded by the poet Claudio Pozzani in 1995 and it is the biggest and the oldest event in Italy concerning poetry. It presents poetry also in relation to other art forms (music, video and cinema, theater, visual and plastic arts, dance) and to new media. During the 26 editions already organized, more than 1700 poets from 89 countries attended it, including Nobel Prize winners Walcott, Soyinka, Coetzee, Gao and Milosz and authors like Montalban, Gelman, Mutis, Lou Reed, Darwish, Adonis, Ferlinghetti, Jodorowsky, Houellebecq, Welsh and many others. Each year the Festival provides 100 free events such as readings,

Annie Rutherford

StAnza, Scotland's International Poetry Festival

<http://stanzapoetry.org/>

Annie Rutherford champions poetry and translated literature in all its guises. She has worked as Programme Co-ordinator for StAnza, Scotland's international poetry festival since 2014, and is also active as a writer and translator. Her translations include German/Swiss poet Nora Gomringer's *Hydra's Heads* (Burning Eye Books, 2018) and Belarusian poet Volha Hapeyeva's *In My Garden of Mutants* (Arc, forthcoming in 2021). She is currently translating the German-language work of Hungarian poet Kinga Tóth. Annie co-founded the literary magazine *Far Off Places* and Göttingen's Poetree festival. She is currently the fictions editor for *The Interpreter's House*.

StAnza, Scotland's International Poetry Festival, brings poets and audiences from around the world to the Scottish town of St Andrews each year in March, to discover and celebrate the richness of poetry in innovative ways. StAnza is the only established festival in Scotland dedicated to poetry. A cross-arts festival with poetry at its core, StAnza brings poetry from around the world to Scotland, resulting in a dialogue through poetry and in cross-arts collaborations which is rewarding for artists and audiences. We programme the best of contemporary poets at every stage in their career, resulting in invaluable exchanges between established and emerging poets, and international and homegrown talent. In March 2021, StAnza will be taking place as a largely digital festival, with a small number of live events.

Lily Michaelides

International Festival for Young Poets @The First Step

<http://www.lilymichaelides.com/>

Lily Michaelides lives and works in Nicosia. She has published six collections of poetry: *Time's Alchemy* (2001), *Shapes and Roads in Relief...* (2003), *Remembrance of a Dawn* (bilingual edition, 2004), *Intimations* (2008), *Arena*, (bilingual edition, Melani, 2014 - short listed for the poetry state award) and *trapped silk* (2020). Also the Prose: *The City Needs No Introductions* (2010), *Drops from the Maasai Land* (2017) and the short stories *HIM, stories of men* (bilingual edition, 2019). Her poems have been translated into many languages. She is a co-director of the non profit Cultural Organisation *Ideogramma*.

The International Festival for Young Poets, @ the First Step (launched in 2014) was established as one of the foremost poetry festivals that *Ideogramma* is organising in November every other year. It is an open stage, that encourages emerging young poets to participate in order to present their creative identity... Young poets, aged 15 to 30 years old, talented, adventurous, with a dynamic language, a fresh look, everyone from his/her own starting point, will have the opportunity to share their first journeys into poetry, with both the public and other internationally known established poets from Cyprus and abroad. These poems of innocence, that may not have walked even out of the notebooks of the young poets, will be published in a poetic collection together with the poems of all other established participants. The publication will be trilingual; original language, Greek and English.

Dejan Matic

Belgrade Poetry and Book Festival
 “Snap Up! Poetry!”

Dean Matic is a poet, the founder of Treći Trg (where he works as the Editor in Chief) and Belgrade Poetry and Book Festival (Director of the Festival).

Treći Trg is an association and the best known publisher for contemporary poetry in Serbia. Our main focus is high quality contemporary world poetry (primarily European) and poetry of young authors from Serbia and the region. We also publish the most renowned European classical poetry works and poetry anthologies. To a lesser extent, but with the consistence we publish the contemporary prose.

Treći Trg organizes the biggest international poetry festival in Serbia - Belgrade Poetry and Book Festival “Snap Up! Poetry!” founded in 2007 and held regularly once a year. The festival had more than 350 participants, poets, translators, critics, prose writers and other artists from more than 25 countries.

Thomas Wohlfahrt

Poesiefestival Berlin

<https://www.haus-fuer-oesie.org/en/oesiefestival-berlin/home/>

Every summer Berlin is transformed for ten days into a temple of poetry. 100 to 200 poets and artists from around the world come to the poesiefestival berlin to showcase current trends in contemporary poetry.

As well as the traditional book, poetry has long found other ways to find an audience, cheerfully experimenting with theatre, performance, music, dance, film and digital media. The festival gives visitors the opportunity to experience poetry in all its diversity of forms. The poesiefestival berlin demonstrates what power poetry has to inspire. It puts the art of language into the spotlight, pioneering new ways of presenting, publishing and distributing poetry, and its range is international. This is also where artistic directors of poetry festivals around the world come to meet each other.

The festival is regularly host to some 12,000 to 13,000 visitors, with poetry reaching its audience primarily in the many dimensions and facets of reading and performance.

Siphindile Hlongwa

Poetry Africa

<https://poetryafrica.ukzn.ac.za/>

Poetry Africa is an international poetry festival held annually in Durban, South Africa.

More than twenty poets, predominantly from South Africa and elsewhere on the African continent, participate in the 7- to 10-day Poetry Africa, an international poetry festival that is based mostly in Durban, South Africa, during the final quarter of the year. The festival's extensive programme includes theatre performances, readings, music and book-launches with a festival finale at BAT Centre. Day activities include seminars, workshops, open mic opportunities, and school visits.

Poetry Africa is organized by the Centre for Creative Arts which is a multi-disciplinary arts organisation within the Faculty of Human Sciences at the University of KwaZulu-Natal in Durban.

Maithé Vallès-Bled

Voix Vives de la Méditerranée

<http://www.voixvivesmediterranee.com/>

The "Voix de la Méditerranée" poetry festival was established in 1998 and takes place every July for around 9 days. Poets, musicians and writers come from many different countries on the Mediterranean to share their culture through poetry readings, concerts and other cultural events. This is considered a very special festival for poetry and is enjoyable for all.

Serdar Çelik

Istanbul Poetry Festival

CATALAN PARTICIPANTS FRIDAY 23RD AT 20H. LIVE EVENT.

You could enjoy the young poets
reading here:

<https://youtu.be/fJbldr2fePA>

1. Xavier Mas Craviotto
2. Joan Deusa
3. Carla Fajardo
4. Anna Gas
5. Chantal Poch

1. Xavier Mas Craviotto

Xavier Mas Craviotto (Navàs, 1996) studied Catalan Philology at the University of Barcelona and a postgraduate program on language consultancy and publishing services. He has worked as a proofreader, moderator of youth reading clubs and Catalan language teacher for adults. He is a co-founder of “Com ho diria”, a digital platform specialized in the Catalan colloquial slang used by young people, and for two years he collaborated with the Research Center for Sociolinguistics and Communication (CUSC-UB) thanks to a collaboration grant. He is currently working as a teacher of Catalan language and culture at the University of Bristol, in the United Kingdom. In the literary field, at the age of 17 he was a finalist in the Jordi Sierra i Fabra Literary Prize of Spain and Latin America and, since then, he has won around twenty narrative and poetry prizes, including the Òmnium Cultural’s Gabriel FerraterBaix Camp Prize 2017 with the book of poems *Phosphorus I Hesperus*, the I Certamen Art Jove Salvador Iborra 2018 with the book of poems *Renills de cavall negre* (Viena Edicions) and the 2018 Documenta Prize with his first novel, *La mort lenta*. He has received two grants for Literary Creation by the Culture Department of Generalitat de Catalunya. His short stories have been included in collaborative anthologies and he has participated in many poetry readings and panel discussions about language and literature.

Xavier Mas Craviotto

Puresa

Un insecte estrany ha aterrat a la pàgina groga del poemari que llegia. Ha aturat el vol just al cim de la paraula puresa, al lllindar precís que fa la u, com la dièresi aguda que tiba el so que fan les lletres, com la dièresi impúdica empenyent la u cap al vel del paladar, com un umlaut alemany que fa violència, com la metafonia violenta d'un mot que se'm trasmuda. Un insecte estrany ha aterrat a la pàgina groga del poemari que llegia. Ha aturat el vol just als merlets que fan les lletres, i he llegit puresa, i he tancat el llibre amb la fermesa entapissada dels cantells que fan els lloms dels llibres vells, i he sabut que al cor del poemari hi batejava el cadàver d'un insecte, la mort tèbia, la tristor que fan les lletres quan esventres el poema. He obert el poemari i l'insecte era una taca ja enquistada al cos macat del mot puresa, com un contrasentit, i l'oxímoron del món ha fet fuita com un guèiser per la u, com un volcà, com una vall, com l'erupció precipitada de la nit estenent-se com la lava per les pàgines amargues, i la hipòtesi que soc s'ha fet de cendra, i m'ha cremat com una amnèsia el nom de cada cosa. I he llegit el mot puresa i se m'ha fet estranger, i l'èxode dels sons, com un esbart d'ocells fugint enllà de mi, ha esquitxat amb brams de vida el cel nacrat. I he llegit el mot puresa i era brut, i la traça de l'insecte era l'ombra del poema quan me'l miro tan de lluny. I la paraula profanada m'ha escopit un crit de fam al bell mig de la mirada, i la cadència profanada m'era el so remot d'una llengua forana, i la paraula profanada m'era fonda, m'era un mur. I les paraules se'm desfien quan he llegit el mot puresa, i era impur.

Renills de cavall negre (Viena Edicions, 2019)

Xavier Mas Craviotto

Purity

A strange insect has landed on the yellowed page of the poem I was reading. Its flight ended as it reached the peak of the word purity, on the precise threshold forming the u, like the overstretched curve of a w* elongating the sound letters may accord a word, one of those shameless w's pushing its second u up to the roof of your mouth with the vigour of a German umlaut**, like the violent metaphony of a word draining my face of colour. A strange insect has landed on the yellowed page of the poem I was reading. Stopping on the turrets forming the shapes of the letters, and I read purity, and I closed my book with the cloth-bound firmness built into the corners of a hardback made in the good old days, and I knew that in the midst of the poem beat the heart of an insect cadaver, a tepid death, the sorrow emitted from a poem the moment you've gutted it. I opened the book again and its body had already become incrustated, a stain on the injured body of the word purity, like an incongruity, this global oxymoron has absconded like a geyser from the letter u, like a volcano, like a valley, like the overly hasty eruption of night extending over the book as if lava across bitterly written pages, while the hypothesis that is me has turned to ash, and as amnesia does, burnt away the names of everything. And I read the word purity and it seemed queer to me, the exodus of sounds, like a flock of birds soaring above and away, has now streaked the night's sky shimmering silver with bellowing life. I read the word purity and it seemed dirty, and from this distance, the insect's outline and the poem's shadow are one and the same. And profanity itself has spat its famished cry directly in the centre of my gaze, and the profane cadence of it all was as the remote sound of a foreign language is to my ears, and profanity began to run deep in me, a wall embedded. And words have lost faith in me ever since I read the word purity and it became impure.

Renills de cavall negre (Viena Edicions, 2019)
Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Xavier Mas Craviotto

Abraxas

*L'ocell trenca la closca. L'ou és el món.
Qui vulgui néixer ha trencar
un món. L'ocell vola cap a Déu.
El Déu es diu Abraxas.*

HERMAN HESSE

Fracturem-lo,
i que l'alè calent
de Déu navegui les esquerdes
i penetri tan endins
que s'escalfi a si mateix.
Nasquem-nos,
i esventrem la closca fràgil
d'aquest temps,
la membrana
de les hores,
el silenci
que busseja la nit nua.

I serem l'au que bat les ales
escampant tota la pols
de cada segle.

i serem l'au que fuig l'enyor
de les despulles,

i serem l'au que vola amunt
del dia en runes,

i cercarem una llum nova
que contradigui a foc molt lent
les mentides
de la nit.

Serem Abraxas.

I, finalment,
ho serem tot

i serem res:
sols una mà
que palpa el buit.

Renills de cavall negre (Viena Edicions, 2019)

Xavier Mas Craviotto

Abraxas

*The bird fights its way out of the egg. The egg is the world.
Who would be born must first destroy a world.
The bird flies to God.
That God's name is Abraxas.*

HERMAN HESSE

Let us shatter him,
and may God's hot breath
navigate the fragments left behind
and penetrate so deeply
that it warms itself.
Let us be born,
and disembowel the fragile shell
of this age,
the membrane
of the hours,
the silence
diving into the dark of night.

And we shall be the bird
whose beating wings scatter the dust
across all centuries,

and we shall be the bird
who flees all longing for the spoils,

and we shall be the bird gliding over
the ruins of the day,

and we shall seek out a new fire
whose soft light gently refutes
the night's
lies.

We shall be Abraxas.

And, finally,
we shall be everything

and we shall be nothing:
just a hand
brushing the void.

*Renills de cavall negre (Viena Edicions, 2019)
Translated by Jacob Rhodes*

Xavier Mas Craviotto

Fantasies

Sèiem vora la calma, i en respiràvem la cadència, i hi apropàvem les mans enfredorides, tan cansades d'acariciar-nos els mots, i hi trobàvem la calidesa i el candor dels dies bons. La nit serena mai ens va fer por, i confabulàvem incerteses i malsons: imaginàvem entre tanta pau els primers estralls de guerra, i tu em vas fer pensar en una boira espessa, plena de mentides i humitats de cosa vella, plena de secrets i foscúries estranyes, plena de grisors i tons de plata fina. I només de pensar-la em va fer por. Tot això són fantasies, vas dir-me, i les teves paraules em coïen les ferides i els recels com el salobre de les roques agrestes. I ens tornàvem a mirar la calma i la claror del cel, i bramava la coïssor dins les ferides de la carn; això és que curen, vas asserenar-me. Però jo ja no vaig poder deixar de pensar en aquella boira espessa, àvida de nosaltres, trèmula d'afany, grisa com la perla. I em va semblar llucar l'ombra traïdora d'un corb fugisser que s'allunyava de la boira, que ens cuclejava les tristeses entre el brogit de la ventada. I vam ensordir, i no el vam poder sentir, i vàiem que badava el bec, batent les ales, trenant neguits. I les ferides se'm van obrir de sobte, i el cel se'ns va fer vespre, i la calma se'ns va fer nit. I les paraules, ofegades de dubte, se'ns van fer cendra dins la boca, i tot se'ns va fer estranyament remot. Tot això són fantasies, encara deies, i la tempesta s'atansava, i la boira se'ns menjava desafiant, i el corb ens planava sobre el cap, i no te n'adonaves, i seguies parlant de fantasies amb la delera del foc i assenyalaves la calma, que ja no hi era, i vaig perdre el rumb, fins el que no menava enlloc. Tot això són fantasies, però els segles ens sotjaven amb la mirada de qui ja ho ha vist tot, i nosaltres fèiem nostres els anys amb la mirada de qui encara no ha vist res. Tot això són fantasies, però el desig se'ns va tornar olor de casa buida. Tot això són fantasies, però l'amor se'ns va marcir entre tan poca vida. Tot això són fantasies, però ens vaig veure bategant com embrions al ventre de la fosca. I la ciutat se'ns va fer niu, i el corb hi venia a pondre: que fins ell, impàvid, s'havia adonat que la boira espessa, en una alenada de clemència, se'ns havia empassat.

Inèdit

Xavier Mas Craviotto

Fantasies

As we sat along calm's edge, we breathed in its cadence and leaned our now chilly hands towards it, exhausted from a day's worth of stroking the verse, and we found therein the warmth and candour of the best of days. The night's serenity had never frightened us as we confabulated uncertainties and nightmares: we would imagine in the space between all this peace and the first swings of war axes, and you made me think of thick fog, mired in lies and dankness coming off of old, mired in secrets and strange obscurities, mired in tones of grey and fine silver. The mere thought of it frightened me. These are just fantasies, you told me, and your words stung in my wounds and mistrust like the salty skin left over choppy coastal rocks. We looked back over the calm and clarity of the sky and shouted the stinging back into our fleshly wounds; this is how they heal, you assured me. But I couldn't help but ponder yet further on that thick fog, eyeing us avidly, shaking with desire, grey like a pearl. I thought I glimpsed a crow's fleeting shadow darting away from the fog, and the roaring wind dried our sadness from our eyes. We went deaf and could not hear it, but we could see its gawping beak and beating wings weaving worries. And our words, drowning in doubt, turned to ash in our mouths, and everything suddenly seemed strangely remote. These are all fantasies, you kept saying, while the storm came closer, and the fog swallowed us defiantly, and the crow hovered over our heads, and you didn't notice it, as you kept talking of fantasies with fire-fuelled zeal and pointing towards the calm, which had already left, and I lost my way along a path that led nowhere. These are all fantasies, yet the centuries observed us with the sight of one who has seen everything, as we appropriated the years with gaze of those who have seen nothing. These are all fantasies, yet desire rendered us into the scent of an empty home. These are all fantasies, yet love had already shrunk us in such a short life. These are all fantasies, yet I saw us, pulsing embryos in the womb of night. And the city became our nest, and the crow came to lay there: until, stoic thing, it realised that the thick fog, in a wing's beat of clemency, had swallowed us.

Unpublished. Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Xavier Mas Craviotto

El teu i el meu no-res

*A quina distància
el teu i el meu
no-res.*

SILVIE ROTHKOVIC

I vam deixar de veure'ns,
perquè les pupil·les se'ns gastaven de mirar
i van revoltar-se contra el jou intransigent
del nervi òptic.

I vam deixar d'entendre'ns,
perquè ens parlàvem, imprudents,
amb la llengua esmussada
que descrea les coses.

I vam deixar de sentir-nos,
perquè la veu se'ns va aigualir
i a les orelles hi teníem la remor
que fan tots els silencis
quan comencen a sentir-se
a si mateixos.

I cadascú va carregar-se a les espatlles
el seu jo,
I cadascú va arraulir-se al seu no-res particular
i el va covar.

I un dia
sota el ventre
hi vam notar els primers batecs:

era el terror immesurable
que fan totes les coses
quan s'adonen
que existeixen.

Inèdit

Xavier Mas Craviotto

Your and my nothing

*How far apart,
your and my
nothing.*

SILVIE ROTHKOVIC

So, we stopped seeing one another,
because our pupils were wearing us out
and rebelled against the intransigent yoke
of the optic nerve.

And we stopped understanding one another,
because we spoke, imprudently,
with a sharpened and disbelieving
tongue.

And we stopped listening to one another,
because our voices became watered down
and in our ears, we heard that ringing sound
that all silences make
when they start to listen in
on themselves.

And each one lumped their own I
on their shoulders,
and each one curled up over their very own nothing
and incubated it.

And one day
under our tummy
we noticed its first beats:

the unquantifiable terror
of a thing
that realises
it exists.

Unpublished. Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Xavier Mas Craviotto

Apocalipsi

Els peus inútils dels segles,
 fredíssims,
 caminant sobre les rajoles
 d'una sala d'espera:

Les paraules exposades al perill
 de poder dir-les,
 el vertigen de les boques
 ran de mot.

L'apocalipsi dels ulls mirant les coses
 i tu i jo enmig de tot,
 amb tanta nit ficada als ulls
 que ni la nit no vèiem:

res del món mereixia ser dit.

Inèdit

Xavier Mas Craviotto

Apocalypse

Useless feet of centuries,
 freezing,
 walking over the tiles
 of a waiting room:

Words exposed to the danger
 of being uttered,
 vertigo peering over the edge of the mouth,
 tip of the tongue.

The apocalypse floating in our seeing eyes
 and you and I in its midst,
 our eyes dosed with so much night
 that we have become blind to night itself:

nothing left in this world worth saying.

Unpublished. Translated by Jacob Rhodes

2. Joan Deusa

Joan Deusa (Gandia, 1993). He graduated in Philosophy and Hispanic Philology from the UV. He has published *Periplo lapislázuli* (Oblique Editions, 2016). As a poet he has been a finalist of the Salvador Iborra Prize for poetry of young people in Catalan (EFTA) and has been awarded with the Miguel Hernández Prize for poetry of young people by Daia Nova (2017), the Pare Miret de Beniopa Prize (2019) and the Ciutat d'Alzira Ibn Hafaja Prize, for *Camelot, o la poesia social* (Bromera, 2020). As an "editor", he is the founder of the digital poetry magazine *Poetry Spam*, the anti-poetic magazine for precarious and unemployed workers. He has published texts of different genres in the magazines *Gargots*, *Caràcters* and *Reduccions*. He is a member of *Saforíssims* and the *AELC*.

Joan Deusa

Els quatre poetes de l'apocalipsi

per a Juma Barratxina

Quatre poetes de poble ixen a fer fotos per torbar-se.
Un captura una serra de muntanya,
Un altre un teuladí que beu d'un toll,
Mentre els dos darrers fotografien núvols
Amb formes de persona.

Quatre poetes a l'atur busquen una feina.
Al primer li endollen un despatx,
El segon és contractat a Mercadona,
El tercer i el quart es comboien
I atraquen una joieria de Gandia.

Quatre poetes precaris es queden confinats a un pis
menut.
Un escriu sobre un amor infantil,
Un altre fa sonets nacionalistes,
I els dos darrers els plagien els poemes
Del xiquet, la misoginia i la bandera.

Quatre poetes menors es presenten a un premi literari.
El primer queda segon,
El segon queda tercer
El tercer rep una menció
I el quart aplaudeix la guanyadora
Amb èmfasi absolut.

Quatre poetes malalts acaben a un hospital,
El primer de tots contrau COVID-19.
El segon té un càncer de pulmons,
El tercer pateix de claustrofòbia,
I el quart té una ferida de punyal en el costat.

Quatre poetes alcohòlics entren en un bar
I demanen cervesa, cassalla, vodka i ginebra.
Però es queden mirant-se a la barra mentre riuen,
Perquè no recorden un vers digne per brindar.

Quatre poetes oblidats es desperten al cementeri.
El primer es deprimeix i es dona ala beguda,
El segon va una llibreria i ho constata,
El tercer s'enamora i forma una família.
El quart, com sempre, escriu el seu darrer poema.

Joan Deusa

The four poets of the apocalypse

for Juma Barratxina

Four village poets set out to take photos and while away the
day.
One captures a mountain ridge,
Another snaps a sparrow drinking from a pool,
While the remaining two photographed the clouds
Shaped like people.

Four poets out of work are looking for a job,
The first is plugged into an office cubicle,
The second takes on a job at the big supermarket,
The third and the fourth team up
To rob a jewellery Store in Gandia.

Four precarious poets end up in lockdown together in tiny flat,
One writes on the theme of childhood loves,
Another pens nationalist sonnets,
And the last two plagiarise motifs from the others,
In the vein of Valencian youth, Misogyny, and the flag.

Four underage poets enter a literature competition,
The first one came second,
The second one came third,
The third comes runner-up,
While the fourth applauds the winning woman
With total exuberance.

Four sickly poets are hospitalised,
The first catches COVID-19.
The second has lung cancer,
The third suffers from claustrophobia,
And the fourth has taken a knife wound to the side.

Four alcoholic poets go into a bar.
And order a beer, anise, vodka, and gin.
Amidst their laughter they find themselves staring at each
other by the bar,
not being able to recall a single verse worthy of a toast.

Four forgotten poets wake up in a graveyard,
The first falls to depression and takes to drink,
The second goes to a bookshop and confirms their absence
The third falls in love and starts a family.
The fourth one, as always, is penning his final poem.

Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Joan Deusa

La casa de la vampira

Quan eres menudeta anàrem d'excursió
 a les velles muntanyes. Férem pujar cavalls
 per estretes senderes. Allà et vam construir
 una casa petita amb la fusta d'uns oms
 antics i somrients, protectors de memòries.
 Mai no hem tornat a casa. Morirem escoltant
 els últims animals que han après a parlar.
 (un idioma de vents i de països breus)

Joan Deusa

The Vampire House

When you were but a tiny thing we went hiking
 in the old mountains. We rode on horseback
 along narrow bridleways. Once there, we built
 a little house for you with salvaged Elm wood,
 ancient and smiling trees, guardians of memories.
 We never returned home. We shall die listening to
 the latest animals to acquire speech.
 (a language of wind and short-lived countries)

Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Joan Deusa

Vore'm

si vens a vore'm i no soc a casa no dubtes
 si em truques per telèfon i et dic que soc lluny
 no dubtes, si veus Joan en una fotografia
 amb els ulls tancats, davant d'un paisatge amable
 i que no t'és del tot desconegut
 no dubtes
 en prendre les claus de ma casa i ser tot
 el feliç que pugues. apura les botelles de cassalla
 de martini, les botelles de vi. obri les portes de
 vidre
 i podràs olorar la platja. fes servir els llits
 els coberts i els plats dels meus avis.
 he passat bones estones pensant a l'hamaca d'eixe
 balcó.
 fes servir el mar
 la platja i tot el dolor.

Joan Deusa

See me

if you come to see me and I am not home do not
 hesitate
 if you call me and I tell you I am far away
 do not hesitate, if you steal a glance of Joan in a
 photo
 with his eyes closed, standing before some lovely
 scenery
 and it is not completely unfamiliar to you
 do not hesitate
 to take the keys to my home and be the happiest
 you can be. pile through the bottles of martini
 spirits and the bottles of wine. open wide the glass
 doors
 and breathe in the beach, make use of the beds
 and my grandparents' cutlery and crockery.
 I have often mused happily over that hammock on
 the balcony.
 make use of the sea,
 the beach, and all that pain.

Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Joan Deusa

El llenguatge de les flors

deixeu-la
 no vos hi acosteu
 crec que té la pota trencada
 vine
 agafa-la així
 mira, també té una mà
 pot parlar, què fas
 d'on vens, vine
 et duré a ma casa
 baixa aquest graó
 i ara l'altre
 menja a espai
 tin en compte
 que ets petita encara
 no? vine, llava't
 descansa
 demà vorem la mar
 saps? jo he viscut
 en aquesta mar
 feia castells de sorra
 quan era com tu
 ja sé que no ets menuda
 recupera't
 dorm
 i ara somia.
 els somnis recurrents
 tracten de dissenys
 foscos i tristos.
 pots somiar també
 si vols, records
 desitjos de records.
 ara desperta
 anem a veure l'arquitecte
 una, dos, tres!
 una finestra
 panys, portes i claus
 llibres, llibres
 blocs de poesia
 espargits
 aquesta és ta casa
 jo viuré a prop
 vine demà a veure'm
 si vols
 serà un sopar senzill
 clòtxines i vi

un llit, llençols
 somnis al meu costat
 pau relativa, demà
 mentre passegem a vora platja
 de Gandia d'hivern
 anirem a menjar xocolata
 a beure aigua de botella
 desintoxicada
 anirem al cine.
 recordes alguna cosa?
 que potser penses
 en els teus pares?
 ara no ho sé, crec
 que era una xica
 amb els ulls tan clars
 i els versos correctes
 tractava d'abans
 i d'un cel blau i d'un planeta
 o de vides quotidianes.
 vine, deixa el cap
 sobre les meues cames
 ara et passe la mà per la pell
 i et faig
 unes poques picoretes
 mentre em contes una història.
 han passat els anys
 i encara et veig passant
 perillosament
 sobre la voreta trista de la piscina
 desconeixent la teua mà
 que entrava solitària
 per la meua pell
 i tocava les venes
 i els pulmons
 i el cor
 que havia crescut.
 no tots morim per ser oblidats
 morim també per la vida
 i per fer-la anar endavant.
 el llenguatge és també aquesta
 forma de la vida.

Joan Deusa

The Language of Flowers

Leave it be
 stay clear
 It has a broken leg I think
 come
 hold it like this
 look now, it has a hand too
 it can speak, what are you up to,
 where are you from, come
 I'll take you home
 down this step
 and now the next one
 it feeds on space
 don't forget
 you're still little now
 aren't you? come, clean yourself up
 relax
 tomorrow we're off to the sea
 didn't you know? I have lived
 in this sea
 made sand castles
 when I was your size
 I know you're not so titchy anymore
 rest up now
 sleep
 and now dream.
 these recurring dreams
 are all about wishes
 both dark and saddening.
 you can dream, if you like,
 about memories
 wishes of memories.
 now wake up
 we're off to see the architect
 one, two, three!
 a window
 handles, doors, and keys
 books, books
 stacks of poetry
 scattered about the place
 this is your home
 I'll live close by
 come and see me tomorrow
 if you like
 a simple supper
 of clams and wine

a bed, clean sheets
 dreaming side by side
 relative peace, tomorrow
 as we stroll along the beach
 a winter's day in Gandia
 we shall have some chocolate
 and drink bottled water
 purified
 and then to the cinema.
 do you recall anything at all?
 perhaps you are thinking
 about your parents?
 I am not so sure now,
 I think it was a young girl
 with bright eyes
 and perfect verse
 It was all about life as it was before
 and blue skies and a planet
 or simply everyday lives.
 come here, rest your head
 on my lap
 now I'll stroke your hair
 and I'll tickle you lightly
 while you tell me a story.
 years have passed
 and yet I still see you walking
 dangerously
 along the swimming pool's edge
 not recognising your lonely
 hand that has passed
 through my skin
 and struck vein
 and lung
 and heart
 that had begun to burgeon.
 we won't all be forgotten in death
 we die also for life
 and to push it onwards.
 Language is also this very
 way of life.

Translated by Jacob Rhodes

3. Carla Fajardo

Carla Fajardo Martín (Barcelona, 1989). A poet and a journalist, she has a degree in Spanish philology from the University of Barcelona and a master's degree in Journalism (UB/Columbia University). She has worked as a copywriter, producer and videomaker for TV and digital media as El Periódico de Catalunya. Nowadays she works at Ara newspaper. Her first book of poems Forats (Ed. Fonoll) won the Alella a Maria Oleari Prize and the second one, Límitrofes (ed. Viena), won the Martí Dot Prize. She also has an interest in playwriting, and she has collaborated in a few plays as an assistant to the director.

Carla Fajardo

A trenc de terra

*Que se t'endugui el patir, però no el desig,
perquè el desig fa viure, i per això els fa por.*

MERCÈ RODOREDA

I si et dic que soc una poncella –el primer cop d'una paraula dita– però no com se suposa qui suposa sinó clivellada i bruta, bruta d'infidels, pol·linitzada massa cops –massa misses talla-llengües dedicades a la paraula massa. I si et dic que soc una poncella rosegada en època d'esclats, que m'obriré així, desfermada i contrafeta, que no faig olor ni em brillen els pètals i que creixo en terra remoguda entre les males herbes. Però soc una poncella en època d'esclats i el que et dic que floreixi exclòs, que floreixi nu, que floreixi amb punxes, però que no neixi mort perquè llavors serà com tu dius que són les poncelles. I jo ho sé, n'estic segura, la sang als dits i l'aigua clara, ja sense tu, fertilitzant transgènic. I jo sé que soc aquí, al naixement, oberta i vermella.

Carla Fajardo

When the earth breaks

*Let the suffering be removed, but not desire,
because desire keeps you alive. That's why they're
afraid.*

Mercè Rodoreda, Death in Spring

And what if I tell you I am a bud –the first time a word is uttered– but not as you would suppose that one would suppose, but rather cracked and dirty, dirtied by infidels, over-pollinized – too much tongue-cutting in church masses massified around the words 'too much'. And what if I tell you I am a gnawed bud in the season of outbreaks, or that I shall open myself up like this, unchained and misshapen, that I am odourless and my petals are lacklustre and I grow in tumultuous earth between the weeds. I am a bud in outbreak season and I only wish that what I tell you may flower excluded from others, may flower naked, may flower thorny, yet not dead because then it would be as you say all buds are. And I know, I am certain of it, the blood on your hands and in the crystal water, without you now, transgenic fertiliser. And I know I am here, at the source, open and red.

Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Carla Fajardo

Home búnquer

No pot ser travessat.
 Destaca perquè els altres
 som translúcids.
 No deixa passar l'aire
 blindat a tremolors
 i tramuntanes.
 Coberta amb un passamuntanyes
 el punxo amb un punxó
 espero un drenatge purulent
 de les incisions.
 Contrasto però
 que no hi ha accés
 el perdem
 se'ns amara.
 El noi és de veritat impermeable
 i avui plou del revés.

Carla Fajardo

Bunker man

He cannot be crossed.
 He stands out because
 the others are translucent.
 Air cannot pass through,
 shielded from tremors
 and high winds.
 Wrapped in a balaclava,
 I prick him with an awl
 and expect to see a purulent discharge
 ooze from the incisions.
 I look back at it
 but access is barred
 we lose him
 we are soaked.
 The boy is truly watertight
 and today the rain is falling upwards

Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Carla Fajardo

No s'ha trobat cap entrada coincident amb els criteris de cerca

Parir per pair.
 El dol és
 un fetus mort
 obligat a néixer.
 Les dones
 són pares.
 La pèrdua
 un nervi escapçat
 que elèctric busca.
 El dic
 que s'esforça
 per convertir
 en forat
 el buit.
 I mentre
 pel teu barnús
 passen els altres
 i les plantes
 se'm panseixen
 com putes lliures
 em demano perdó
 jo que em penso
 que l'esperit sant
 és una libèl·lula
 chiapaneca i prenyada
 que m'ha calgut
 estudiar les lletres
 per saber que res no és
 per definició.

Carla Fajardo

There are no entries matching your criteria

Birth it out to breathe it out.
 Grief is
 a dead foetus
 forced into the world.
 Women
 are fathers.
 Loss
 an electric nerve
 decapitated and still searching.
 The dam
 is under stress
 to convert
 a void
 into a hole.
 And while
 the others slip under
 your monk robes
 and the plants
 wilt on me
 like liberated whores
 I ask for forgiveness,
 me who thinks
 that the holy spirit
 is a dragonfly from Chiapas,
 and angered for needing
 to study the arts
 to finally understand that nothing is
 by definition.

Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Carla Fajardo

Observatori d'aus

Vaig a comprar cicuta.
 Darrere el mostrador
 el noi hi té un ocell
 però ell diu que no
 i jo el sento parrupejar
 i ell que no
 que no
 que són coses meves.
 Tu m'hauries dit
 és una cadenera
 una oreneta
 o un pit-roig
 però jo no en sé res
 d'animals alats
 i tu ets lluny
 (o darrere
 el mostrador
 cobert de plomes
 enganxades
 amb superglue).
 Torno a demanar
 cicuta al noi.
 Em diu que tinc l'ocell
 engabiats a les costelles.

Carla Fajardo

Bird observatory

I am off to buy hemlock.
 Behind the shop counter
 the boy has a bird
 although he insists he doesn't
 but I can hear it chirping
 and he still says he doesn't have any,
 no, I am sorry,
 no problem, all in my head.
 You, however, would have told me
 it was a goldfinch
 or a swallow
 or even a red robin
 but I know nothing about
 winged animals
 and you are far away
 (or in the shop window
 covered in feathers
 stuck on
 with superglue).
 I ask the boy again
 for hemlock.
 He tells me that the bird
 is locked in my ribcage.

Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Carla Fajardo

Estimaràs així

Estimaràs així, en masculí singular, amb el bronze d'origen –la moneda de canvi– en un pis unifamiliar. Estimaràs a la força, a les fosques, bullint grumolls en paper de plata. Embrions amb llistes d'encàrrecs als sacsons perquè els vincles fan vinclar. Lligaràs els nens perduts en centres comercials, els pares absents. I et faràs gran i t'estimaran així, rentant-te amb aigua freda les aixelles a la pica. S'ha despistat la llengua i la ciència se solidifica, però l'oració rebenta els altaveus. Estimaràs així com un pregó de camp de concentració. Si et pregunten digues que no en tens, que dels petons en fan propaganda.

Carla Fajardo

And you shall love so

And so shall you love, masculine and singular, in the bronze of the time – your spare currency – in a family flat. You shall love in strength, in the dark, boiling lumps of food on aluminium foil. Embryos with lists of jobs to do tucked between their rolls of fat because bonds bond us together. You will tie up lost children in shopping centres, their parents absent. You will grow old and they shall love you just as you are, washing your armpits with cold water over the sink. Your tongue has softened, and science solidified, yet prayer short-circuits the loudspeakers. And so shall you love, like a prayer in a concentration camp. Should they ask, just say you have run out, for they are sure to make propaganda out of your kisses.

Translated by Jacob Rhodes

4. Anna Gas

Anna Gas (Barcelona, 1996) is a Catalan poet. She began writing stories in her late teens, with which she received, between 2013 and 2015, some local literary awards for unpublished work, until in 2017 she was awarded with the 18th Joan Duch Prize for Poetry for young writers and she published her first volume of poems, *Crossa d'aigua* (Editorial Fonoll). Her second book of poetry, *Llengua d'antrax* (Edicions del Buc), was published in 2019, for which she received the Josep M. Llopart Prize, within the Cavall Verd Awards, to the best poetry book of the year. She has been included in several anthologies and her poems have been translated into Spanish, Italian, Basque and Galician. She has combined her studies with a variety of jobs: librarian, archivist, food deliver. She has a degree in Literary Studies from the University of Barcelona and is now studying a degree in Psychology.

Anna Gas

29 de juliol II

de les vores del pou ple
 en surten parets opaques
 que fan creure a una dona
 que beu ella sola.
 entre paret i paret,
 agenollada, només
 veu el reflex movedís
 del seu rostre en l'aigua.
 i beu convençuda que
 la seva única xuclada és
 la que va buidant el pou.
 a la fi quan cau pot veure
 amorrades altres dones
 abeuradores, tan sols
 des de ben al fons.
 perquè de totes és ella
 l'única que no ha sabut
 mantenir-se fora
 del pou.

Crossa d'aigua (Editorial Fonoll, 2017)

Anna Gas

29th July II

around the borders of the brimming well
 arise opaque walls
 that would make any one woman believe
 that she was drinking all alone.
 between one wall and another,
 kneeling over its rim, each woman
 looks on the blurred reflection
 of her own face.
 each woman drinks avidly convinced
 that she alone with every slurp of water
 is drying up the well.
 when one woman falls in
 she finally gazes upon the faces of other women,
 mouths puckered to the trough's surface,
 only to be seen from the bottom of the well.
 because out of all of them
 she is the only one
 who did not know how
 to stay out of
 the well.

Crossa d'aigua (Editorial Fonoll, 2017)
Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Anna Gas

Des d'un marsupi

Només hi ha lloc per a un
 en la cavitat impecable del primer
 claustre de carn. Així, beneïts
 per l'única enclosa sincera,
 cerquem en perpetu naufragi
 les quatre parets originàries on
 el focus d'amor era un, per a un,

encegats per l'arrel d'una existència
 que es revela enllà de les columnes
 i els arcs i els patis simètrics.
 Però venereu el vessament serial
 de múltiples formes deformes
 que es fonen en la recompensa
 il·lusòria d'un immens assortit
 de boques i mans diverses:

la primera regla que s'aprèn
 és la torsió del frec uterí.

La perfídia de l'home que estima
 no té fre ni límit que l'assetgi.

Poesia Bloom (Adia Edicions, 2018)

Anna Gas

From inside a pouch

There is only room for one
 in the most impeccable cavity that is
 the very first cloister of flesh. So, blessed ones
 for this sincere act of enclosure,
 among this never-ending shipwreck of a life,
 we search for the original four walls where
 love's focal point once was one, and for one other,

both blinded by the root of an existence
 only revealed to us on the other side of all the
 columns,
 archways, and symmetrical courtyards.
 But still, you revere the serial spilling
 of misshapen shapes
 melting in the illusory
 reward of an immense array
 of diverse mouths and hands:

the first rule we learn
 is the twisted rubbing on exiting the womb.

The perfidiousness of a man who loves
 knows no border or fortress that can hold him.

Poesia Bloom (Adia Edicions, 2018)
Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Anna Gas

54

un clau en treu un altre fins que
 es rovella i t'oxida
 la carn. he temptat
 la fermesa d'una pell
 glaçada amb el recer que cercava
 d'ardor aquesta mà.
 obligada a estimar en un sorramoll,
 les brunes llàgrimes
 del defici corrompen la sang
 d'una galta innocent
 en veure desfer-se,
 del llaç inoportú dels dits,
 traïdora, la mà de gel que no
 et sosté mai dreta.
 s'esmuny enllà,
 i ara és la meua que
 vítrica es desmembra.

Llengua d'àntrax (Edicions del Buc, 2019)

Anna Gas

54

one key removes another until
 it rusts and tarnishes
 the flesh. I have felt
 the firmness of frosted
 skin in the shelter of this hand,
 which I so ardently longed for,
 yet forced to love in quicksand,
 the brown tears of
 restlessness corrupt the blood
 of an innocent cheek
 in watching its undoing,
 the unlacing of our fingers,
 treachery, this icy hand that
 can never keep you upright.
 it slides right into place,
 and now it is my hand of glass
 that shatters.

Llengua d'àntrax (Edicions del Buc, 2019)
Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Anna Gas

58

sospesa la balança
 amb el refús al plat dret
 i l'afirmació a l'esquerra.
 a la dreta, cent quilos
 de palla o quinze de plom
 vencen les quatre pedres
 diminutes de l'esquerra.
 frega't la vista amb peròxid
 d'hidrogen i torna a mirar:
 a l'esquerra, tres robins
 i un safir diamantí vencen
 la basta matèria inflamable
 de la dreta anèmica.
 l'error es troba a fer pesar
 més la balança polsosa
 que la bellesa infiltrada
 pel cristal·lí que liba.

Llengua d'àntrax (Edicions del Buc, 2019)

Anna Gas

58

the scales ready to hand, weigh up
 rejection sitting on the right
 and affirmation on the left.
 to the right, a hundred kilos
 of straw or fifteen of lead win
 over the four tiny
 stones to the left.
 clean out your vision with
 hydrogen peroxide and look again:
 to the left, three rubies
 and a diamond sapphire win
 over the vast inflammable material
 on the righthand side.
 the error was in lending
 more weight to a dusty scale
 rather than to the infiltrated beauty
 being sucked through the crystalline lens' libation.

Llengua d'àntrax (Edicions del Buc, 2019)
Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Anna Gas

És aquest sòl esquerdat perconrear. És el camí que travessa un desert americà que no s'acaba. És l'aridesa reversible pel miracle de la pluja. És veure-hi clar fins l'horitzó, la retirada. No és aquest compte, la vida adulta?

Allargassar la inèrcia i congelar la tremolor de contenir-sea la vora del barranc en lloc del salt. És aquest verd replet d'espines. És la cautela de no deixar l'ampolla buida. És veure-hi clar fins l'horitzó, la por que bruta m'emorralla.

Planes verges per recórrer: però aquell etern a frec dels ulls. Tones de fam per exhaurir: però aquell amor arran del llit i la finestra. Que lenta l'escombra del temps quan prova d'endur-se la pintura ancestral del nostre rastre. Que inútil la runa del rastre.

Inèdit

Anna Gas

It is this cracked soil for cultivation. It is the path crossing through America's desert that never ends. It is this aridness made reversible by the miracle of rain. It is seeing clearly up to the horizon

the retreat.

Is this not the wariness of an adult life?

Drawing out inertia and freezing our tremor on the cliff edge instead of making the jump. Green mirage covered in spikes.

It is our wariness of ever letting the bottle dry up.

Dirty fear

bridles me.

Unspoilt lands to explore: yet that eternal rubbing of the eyes. Tons of hunger to exploit: yet that love for my bed and window.

How slow time's broom moves when it tries to take away the ancestral painting of our trail. How useless the rune of a trail.

Unpublished. Translated by Jacob Rhodes

5. Chantal Poch

Chantal Poch (Mataró, 1993) is a PhD student at Pompeu Fabra University, where she will soon read her thesis “Filmmakers of a fallen world. An interpretation of the work of Andrei Tarkovsky, Werner Herzog and Terrence Malick”. Her published papers and chapters on film studies focus on the relation between cinema, language and the loss and search of the sacred, ideas that she has also presented at conferences throughout Europe. Her first poetry book, *L’ala fosca* (2020), lingers on this same preoccupation, and has won the Certamen Art Jove de poesia Salvador Iborra organised by The Association of Catalan Language Writers.

Chantal Poch

CORB

La galta molla
 en una cambra
 que degota.

El dubte és un caramell
 brillant que et vetlla la llum
 del pit per picotejar-la.

Chantal Poch

CROW

Wet cheek
 in a leaky
 chamber.

The doubt lies in a gleaming
 icicle watching over the light in your
 chest to peck away at it.

Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Chantal Poch

Amb tanta flama
m'ha abraçat l'ala
greu del destemps

que m'ha pujat,
com una llet
fragant, l'adéu.

Què sortirà
de mi, un fill
o un ocell?

Chantal Poch

So aflame
the wing embraced me,
made cumbersome by the ill-timing
that raised up to me,
like sweet-selling
milk, the farewell.

What shall come out
of me, a child
or a bird?

Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Chantal Poch

Vista aèria

Un tronc tallat enmig d'un mar de gel.
 L'immens cercol del paisatge
 clos com l'àngel de la història.
 Sempre en l'enllaç com en un son amarg.

Chantal Poch

Aerial View

A felled tree trunk amidst a frozen sea.
 The immense circle of the scenery
 closed off like the angel of history.
 Always in transit like in bitter sleep.

Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Chantal Poch

Aixovar

Les llars que heu deixat, qui les habita?
 Draps cosits amb altres inicials,
 altres dimonis cosits als noms.

Chantal Poch

Trousseau

The hearths you have left behind, who resides by
 them now?
 Cloth embroidered with other initials,
 other demons sowed into the names.

Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Chantal Poch

Per sota és l'ànec una nit
que s'endú el riu, un senyal negre.

Per sota és l'ala la caiguda
interrompuda de la tinta,

la part gràvida del poema
enterbolint la superfície.

Compartim amb els peixos
la il·lusió d'un vol blau.

Chantal Poch

Underneath is the duck, a night
taken by the river, a dark sign.

Underneath is the wing, the ink's
punctuated falling,

the weighty part of the poem
muddying the surface.

We share with the fish
in the dream of a flight into the blue.

Translated by Jacob Rhodes

CATALAN PARTICIPANTS SHORT VIDEOS

All the short pieces can be found at the youtube channel of the Institut Ramon Llull:

<https://www.youtube.com/user/IRLlull>

6. Margarita Ballester
7. Lluís Calvo
8. M. Dolors Coll
9. Andreu Gomila
10. Àngels Gregori
11. Maria Antònia Massanet
12. Francesc Parcerisas
13. Marta Pessarrodona
14. Lucia Pietrelli
15. Jaume C. Pons Alorda
16. Juana Dolores Romero

6. Margarita Ballester

<https://youtu.be/beBFKFNwQVs>

Margarita Ballester was born in Barcelona in 1942. She is a poet and history teacher. Ballester completed an Arts degree in Barcelona and subsequently lived in Madrid and Paris. To use a cliché, it might be said that this is a writer who has come into her own with maturity. However, it is also true that, although she published her first works after turning forty, her poetry has continued to grow with time, thanks to her extremely demanding work as her own harshest critic. Hence, after publishing some early poems in the review *Reduccions*, her first book, *L'infant i la mort* (1989) was published and was awarded the Rosa Leveroni Prize. Catalan critics celebrated the appearance of this new voice, but the author continued working at her own pace until 1995, when the publication of her work *Els ulls* meant that she would thereafter be seen as a key Catalan poet. Some ten years later, in 2004, she published her hitherto latest work, *Entre dues espases*. Last year, the ensemble of her work was published under the title of *Sota la Pluja* by Eumo Editorial.

Margarita Ballester

Oració d'un agnòstic

Llepa'm com una flama
sobre el foc viu de tants amors
no retrobats en Tu sinó en ferides.
Deixa que parli el cor.
Fes-me silenci.

Els ulls, 1995

Margarita Ballester

An Agnostic's Prayer

Lick me like a flame
over the living fire of so many loves
never to be found again in You but in wounds.
Let the heart speak.
Be silent for me.

Els ulls, 1995
Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Margarita Ballester

||

Així he estat, perduda
 sense saber l'idioma, ni la innocent manera
 de no dir la paraula imprevista.
 Els dies en què em torno muda
 em queden aturats com el mal somni,
 que desgavella les hores de la son.
 No passa res si no passen les paraules.

Margarita Ballester

||

This is how I have been, lost
 without knowing the language, nor the naivety
 to refrain from saying the unexpected.
 My days as a mute
 freeze before me like a nightmare
 wreaking havoc on my sleep.
 Don't worry if the words aren't forthcoming.

Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Margarita Ballester

Propium utile.
Spinoza

Aquesta voluntat dispersa
que es concentra en el grat d'alguna cosa,
proveeix, en el fer, una constància
oberta a tot allò que en el meu fons
reposa. És el passar del temps
que determina els fils de tanta voluptat
somorta. No recupero res, que tot ho trobo
en permanent regal d'allò que tinc
sense parar-hi compte: el que restà
abans que descobrís en el mirall
la meva absència.

Margarita Ballester

Propium utile.
Spinoza

These scattered wants
conflating in the will of a thing,
provide, in their enacting, an open
record of everything that resides
deep inside me. It is the passing of time
that determines the strings tugging at this feint
sensuality. I regain nothing, I just stumble onto it all
in the continuous enjoyment of all that is mine
without ever noticing - what it had taken away
before discovering in the mirror
my own absence.

Translated by Jacob Rhodes

7. Lluís Calvo

<https://youtu.be/18deJ3LUAOA>

Lluís Calvo (Saragossa, 1963) holds a degree in geography from the Universitat de Barcelona and works in cultural management. He is a poet, prose writer, literary critic, and essayist. He has published the following books of essays: *Les interpretacions* (2006), *Baules i llenguatges* (2011), *El meridià de París* (2016) and *L'infiltrat* (2019). His twenty-four volumes of poetry include *Estiula* (2011), *Teresa la mòmia* (with David Caño, 2013) *Llegat rebel* (2013), *Selvàtica* (2015), *Cent poemes* (Antologia 1987 – 2017), *Talismà* (2017), *Ancestral* (2019) and *L'espai profund* (2020). He has published four novels, most recently *L'endemà de tot* (2014). He has been awarded numerous prizes including the Amadeu Oller, the Jocs Florals de Barcelona, the Vicent Andrés Estellés, the Rosa Leveroni, the Serra d'Or Critics' Prize and the Carles Riba Prize. Calvo's work has been translated into English, Spanish, French, Italian, and Polish.

Lluís Calvo

Vagareig

La petja ve d'enlloc
i es fa ventúria,
nòmada de la bondat
que creix endins
i que es diu somni.

És aquesta la fita
que mai no roman
quieta, ni dorment,
quan surt impetuosa
dels caus del pit brogent.

I què més vull,
si el cor duu gran volada?
Mira'm, sóc l'oblit.

Amb quatre núvols
faig un món,
i amb dos me'n vaig
de casa.

L'espai profund (2020)

Lluís Calvo

Rambling

The next step comes from nowhere
and becomes gale-like,
nomadic out of the goodness
growing within
that we call dream.

This is the cairn
that never stays
put, nor dormant,
when it impetuously leaves
the burrows of our murmuring chests.

What more could I wish for,
if my heart already soars?
Look at me, I am oblivion.

With four clouds
I can make a world,
and with two I can
journey out.

Deep Space (2020)
Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Lluís Calvo

Romiatge

Morir en guany d'amor
no és pas morir.
Miro el boscatge
i alço el dir
com una branca.
De quin indret
ve el goig que desconec?
Una força m'empeny
i és l'alegria,
la miliciana deu
dels cors que brollen junts.

Quan l'àngel i el diable
s'apleguin a taula
llavors, sols llavors,
serem espurna i cendra
d'un únic flamareig.

On rau l'abisme
i on la por?
L'amor ens fa bells
i temeraris.

La llibertat
és buscar les filiacions.

L'espai profund (2020)

Lluís Calvo

Pilgrimage

Death in exchange for love
is not death.
I bemuse the woodland
and raise my words
as a branch to leaves.
From what place
derives this foreign mirth?
A force is pushing me onwards
and it is joy,
the militant fount
of hearts gushing together.

When the angel and the devil
fold away the table,
then, and only then,
shall we become spark and ash
in a sole blaze of fire.

Where does the abyss lie
and fear lurk?
Love renders us beautiful
and fearful.

Freedom means
to seek out unisons.

Deep Space (2020)
Translated by Jacob Rhodes

8. M. Dolors Coll

https://youtu.be/eqH59EkP_ec

M. Dolors Coll Magrí (Almenar, 1960). Professor of Language and Literature at secondary school (1982-2016), with a break of one year in London (1988) and three in Poznan (Poland, 1989-1992) as a lecturer of Catalan Language and Literature at the Adam Mickiewicz University, where she had the opportunity to translate 20th century Polish poetry in collaboration with Barbara Łuczak. Author of the blog Col.lectiu VersArtil (2012-2014) and the poetic audio-visual La bava del caragol (2015), based on the book En sordina. She has published the poetry books Rés a mida (2000, Pagès Editors), Niu en blanc (2003, Pagès Editors), En sordina (2015, Editorial Meteora) -which are part of the Terrestres trilogy-, Rostoll (2014, Godall Edicions) and Corpuscles (2017, Godall Editions). El còdol i els seus cercles (2019, Pagès Editors) and Mals pensaments i altres animals de companyia (2020, La Garúa Editorial-Tanit) are her last two published works. She has participated in group and solo recitals. She lives in Sant Cugat del Vallès.

M. Dolors Coll

*Penyal meu, no facis lo sord al meu crit!
(Sl 28,1)*

Dels dits em llisca el peix.
Ja em creia déu:
lo món
sencer
a les escames
de llum
i espill.

Quina és la xarxa
que reté viva
la veu?

La nit m'amarra el repte
vora la platja
per proveir-lo
de rems
tenaços,
buc amb cabuda,
de proa
a popa

precisa quilla.

Demà potser en alta
mar agitada
seré
reflex
moll imbricat
i cuejant.

Rés a mida (Pagès Editors, 2000)

M. Dolors Coll

*O my strength, be not deaf toward me
(Psalms 28:1)*

The fish slips through my fingers.
I had already thought myself God:
the whole
world
on its scales
of light,
a mirror.

What net can ever truly
keep the living voice
alive ?

Night brings my challenge into dock
not far from the beach
to fashion it
with steadfast
oars,
a spacious hulk,
from prow
to stern

evenly keeled.

Perhaps tomorrow on a high
and choppy sea
I will be
a reflection,
all wet, overlapping,
its tail flopping in tow.

*Rés a mida (Pagès Editors, 2000)
Translated by Jacob Rhodes*

M. Dolors Coll

*S' eixugava el meu vigor
com en les secades d'estiu.
(Sl 32,4)*

Demanes, crit desert,
que et reconegui
la sola
i ràpida
avioneta
creuant
lo cel

que acaba al solc d'un vol.
Que et reconegui,
demanes
desert de
crit, feta pols
la síl·laba
travada

enmig de gola i erm:
arena vasta
badant
la boca
als ecos fora
ja d'ús.
Desclava't

l'espina, el peix que salta
al medi
esbiaixat.

Rés a mida (Pagès Editors, 2000)

M. Dolors Coll

*My strength was drained
as in summer heat..
(Psalms 32 :4)*

You ask, a desert cry,
for it to spot you,
this lonesome
and rapid
plane
crossing
the sky

that ends in a flight's wake.
If only it would spot you,
you ask,
your voice
the deserter now,
the final consonantal clunk
turned to dust

halfway between your throat and the wasteland:
Vast seas of sand,
your mouth
gaping
at the echoes no
longer in use.
Pull out

the fishbone, the fish
jumping along
sloped waters.

*Rés a mida (Pagès Editors, 2000)
Translated by Jacob Rhodes*

M. Dolors Coll

quan arranquin lo perer
 que ha crescut amb tu
 no siguis l'herba pansint-se
 al seu voltant

del clot conserva l'aire
 la terra fèrtil

Niu en blanc (Pagès Editors, 2003)

M. Dolors Coll

*when they tear up the pear tree
 which grew up alongside you
 refrain from being its bordering grass
 left to wither in the sun*

*from the hole left behind, conserve its air,
 fertile earth*

*Niu en blanc (Pagès Editors, 2003)
 Translated by Jacob Rhodes*

9. Andreu Gomila

https://youtu.be/9oYNgZEsa_0

Andreu Gomila (Palma, 1977) is a poet, writer, literary critic and journalist specialised in performing arts. He was the director of the weekly TimeOut Barcelona from 2010 to 2017. He has published the books of poems *Un dia a l'infern dels que són* (La Magrana, 2011), *Diari de Buenos Aires* (Moll, 2007), *Aquí i ara* (El Gall, 2007) and *Carrer dels dies* (Proa, 2012); the novels *El port. No serà res de mi* (Moll, 2010) and *Continents* (Empúries, 2016); the musical essay *Putos himnes generacionals* (Empúries, 2015); and the literary essays *L'home badoc. Joan Alcover i Mallorca* (3i4, 2019) and *Barcelona: títol provisional* (Ajuntament de Barcelona, 2020). His work has been translated into Spanish, French and Romanian and Serbo-Croatian.

Andreu Gomila

Ser-hi

Ser-hi sense ser-hi, escriure
des del congost dels mots volàtils
sense l'ànsia de romandre-hi,
tot just contemplar-ne el paisatge.
Estirar-me devora teu
sent-hi i anomenar-te sempre,
dir sempre conscient de ser-ho,
ja que aquest bes, aquesta fressa,
a partir d'ara hi seran,
fins que el fum tapi la carena,
fins i tot els mots que no hi són.

Andreu Gomila

Being

Being without being, writing
from the narrow pass of volatile verse
without any longing to remain there,
just simply beholding the scenery.
Lying next to you,
feeling this and always naming you,
saying always, conscious of being it for you,
as this kiss, this rustling
will be here from now on,
until smoke obscures the keel,
even those words in absence.

Translated by Jacob Rhodes

Andreu Gomila

No ser-hi

No ser-hi, no voler-hi ser,
 al pedregar dels monosíl·labs,
 on cada roc serva un misteri
 i de l'enuig en surt tempesta.
 Potser sols estar-hi, romandre-hi,
 amb prou sang freda per fer fum
 del silenci que tot ho taca.
 Mires enrere amb desconsol,
 una vall d'onomatopeies
 i una boira densa, feixuga,
 senyal del traspàs que vendrà,
 per no ser-hi, tan sols romandre-hi.

Andreu Gomila

Not being

Not being, not wanting to be
 where monosyllables hail down
 and every stone heeds a mystery,
 and from begrudgement emerges the storm.
 Perhaps you are often around, remaining,
 cold-blooded enough to make smoke
 out of silence to blacken everything.
 You look behind distressed,
 a valley of onomatopoeia
 and a thick fog, heavy,
 sign of the passing over to come,
 to not be, just simply to remain.

Translated by Jacob Rhodes

10. Àngels Gregori

<https://youtu.be/odw-FXrkQsA>

Àngels Gregori (Oliva, 14 January 1985) is a poet who has been directing the Oliva Poetry Festival since its inception in 2005. She lives in Barcelona since 2003, the year she began her university studies. She has a degree in Literary Theory and Comparative Literature from the University of Barcelona. In 2003, she received the Amadeu Oller Prize for unpublished young people's work with the poem collection *Bambolines*. In 2007, she won the Ausiàs March Prize for Poetry with *Llibre de les Brandàlies*. In 2010, she received the Alfonso the Magnanimous Poetry Prize for her work *New York, Nabokov & Bicycles*. Also, in 2013 she received the Poetry Prize of the Jocs Florals of Barcelona with the poetry collection *Quan érem divendres*.

Àngels Gregori

Hivern

Vas entrar a la meua vida
 com un febrer cansat.
 Com la matèria d'una lliçó
 que durant anys havies repetit a classe.
 I vas saber que la nostàlgia
 és un ascensor que puja fins a l'àtic
 i amb els anys fa més llarga la baixada.
 Potser ja ens havíem trobat,
 en una altra vida, en un altre país,
 en la terrassa d'un Starbucks,
 fent cua per a un concert
 o obrint la porta dels congelats
 d'un supermercat del barri.
 Sé que, com diu la poeta,
 res passa ni passarà dues vegades.
 Però m'hauria agradat trobar-te així,
 de sobte,
 com cauen els botons descosits d'un abric.

Àngels Gregori

Winter

You came into my life
 like a weary February.
 Like the subject of a lesson
 you had been repeating for years in class.
 And you knew that nostalgia
 is a lift that goes all the way up to the attic
 and with the years takes even longer to come down.
 Perhaps we had already met,
 in another life, in another country,
 on the terrace of a Starbucks,
 queuing for a concert,
 opening the cabinet of frozen food
 in a supermarket of the neighborhood.
 I know that, as the woman poet said,
 nothing happens, nor will happen, twice.
 But this is how I should have liked to come across
 you,
 suddenly,
 like coat buttons that have come loose and
 dropped.

Translated by Anna Crowe

Àngels Gregori

Subway

Hi ha coses que als vint anys ja se saben
 si has viatjat a Nova York
 i has vist totes les nacionalitats
 dins d'un vagó de metro.
 Als vint anys vaig aprendre
 a rodar un pany sabent que seria
 l'última volta que tancaria aquella porta.
 Als vint anys vaig aprendre
 que hi ha mirades que voldries
 que t'acompanyaren sempre
 com hi ha músiques que no pots deixar d'escollar
 com hi ha versos que no voldries oblidar
 -Hazte hombre, te digo, como yo a veces me hago
 mar-...
 Als vint anys aprendre a posar uns llençols
 a la rentadora sabent que seria
 l'última volta que els gastariem.
 Als vint anys vaig aprendre
 que cada volta que escric la paraula
 amor als meus poemes
 després les mans em fan olor a cendra.
 Hi ha coses que als vint anys ja se saben
 si has agafat sola el metro a Nova York
 per anar d'un lloc a l'altre
 i ningú no et buscava,
 com aprendre, per exemple,
 que l'amor dels pares és igual
 que els llibres dins d'una prestatgeria:
 que sempre estan, i sempre esperen.

Àngels Gregori

SUBWAY

There are things you already know at twenty
 if you've travelled to New York
 and have seen all the nationalities
 in just one subway car.
 At twenty I learned
 to turn the key in the lock knowing it would be
 the last time I would close that door.
 At twenty I learned
 that there are glances you would like
 to keep you company for ever
 just as there's music you can't stop listening to
 and poetry you never want to forget
 – Become a man, I tell you, the way I become at
 times the sea...–
 At twenty to learn to put some sheets
 into the washing-machine knowing it would be
 the last time we would use them.
 There are things at twenty you already know
 if you've caught the subway into town –
 a woman on her own –
 to go from one place to the other
 and no one looking for you,
 like learning, for example,
 that your parents' love is like
 the books inside a bookcase:
 that they're always there, and always waiting.

Translated by Anna Crowe

11. Maria Antònia Massanet

<https://youtu.be/UW5dT17VcE>

Maria Antònia Massanet (Artà, 1980) is a Mallorcan poet. She studied Theory of Literature and Comparative Literature at the University of Barcelona and a master's degree in gender studies. With the book *Disseccions emocionals* she won the Art Jove 2006 of poetry in Catalan. She has published *batec* (Curbet Edicions, 2014), *Kiribati* (AdiA Edicions, 2015) and *Aus de ramat* (AdiA Edicions, 2019). Her poems have been translated to Spanish, English, French, Romanian and her book *Kiribati* was translated to Greek by the publisher Vakxikon in 2019. She is also organizer of poetic activities and the director of the PoésArt festival de Mallorca.

Maria Antònia Massanet

com torrents de vida desbocats.
 Així poden dir les mans teves
 ara vessades en mar de senectut
 mare de la mare meva, que em sotges
 des dels plecs dels teus ulls.
 I així i tot una carícia teva
 és encara suavitat amorosida
 que s'entretén a retenir
 una mà fugissera.
 Com escàpols foren els anys
 que ara et tornen tots de cop
 superposats i impacients, fins a superpoblar
 cadascun dels moments d'aquest present
 i fer tornar desitjos i re-encendre passions
 a un cos gràvid i ressec.
 Què en saben els fills, els néts
 del cos de la vella?
 En l'enterrament, el nostre cos
 es fa sarcòfag de la més pura materialitat
 –mai som tant cos
 com quan naixem o quan morim–
 fins a recordar-nos
 pel mapa d'arrugues sobre la pell
 els turmells inflats
 o el somriure sense dents

batec (Curbet Edicions, 2014)

Maria Antònia Massanet

like unbridled torrents of life.
 And so your hands may say,
 now they are spilt into the sea of old age
 my mother's mother, that you are staring at me
 from the corners of your eyes.
 And even so a caress of yours
 is lofty lightness
 pausing to hold back
 a vanishing hand.
 The years slipped by
 and have now returned all at once,
 overlapping and impatient, until every moment
 in this present begins to fill to the brim
 and desires and passions begin to reignite
 in this cumbersome and parched body.
 What do the children, the grandchildren really know
 about the old woman's body?
 On burial, our body
 resembles more and more a sarcophagus of the
 purest materiality
 –never are we more embodied
 than on the day of our birth and death–
 such so that we are reminded
 of her skin's wrinkled cartography
 her swollen ankles
 or her toothless grin

batec (Curbet Edicions, 2014)
Translated by Jacob Rhodes

12. Francesc Parcerisas

<https://youtu.be/v5Pcbv0FPWo>

Francesc Parcerisas born in 1944 in Begues, he is a poet, translator and literary critic. Since 1987, he has been a lecturer at the Faculty of Translation and Interpretation at the Autonomous University of Barcelona, of which he was dean from 2008 to 2011. He has also headed the Translation Department at the same university. He is currently professor emeritus. Parcerisas has published numerous books of poetry and translated into Spanish and Catalan works of Poe, Rimbaud and Tolkien, among others. From 1998 to 2004, he was director of the Institution of Catalan Literature.

13. Marta Pessarrodona

<https://youtu.be/u4gWu7OsnSs>

Marta Pessarrodona (1941) is a Catalan poet, literary critic, essayist and translator. Among her first books of poetry are *September 30* (1969) and *Confession* (Dublin : Poetry Ireland, 1998), followed by many more, including *Berlin Suite* (1985), *Homage to Walter Benjamin* (1988) and *Love in Barcelona* (1998), and her collected poems were published in 1984 and 2007. She has written on the Bloomsbury group and translated authors such as Forster, Woolf, Lessing, Sontag, Duras and de Beauvoir. Her publications also include a biography of Mercè Rodoreda and biographical portraits of outstanding Catalan women authors, such as Maria Aurèlia Capmany, Caterina Albert and Montserrat Roig. She has worked in different publishers and different communication media. She won the national prize of Literature (2011).

Marta Pessarrodona

Confessió

Si fos sincera escriuria un bolero,
i fins i tot més, un tango.
Sóc, però, catalana i,
ja se sap, als armaris familiars,
en comptes d'esquelets elegants
d'avantpassats tarambanes,
dec tenir-hi un capellà o altre,
poc avesat als sermons de vi que,
a la fi, són els únics que valen.
De no poder ser ni boleros ni tangos,
recer prendria a l'humor britànic,
o a la sofisticació d'una jueva ianqui.
O, en darrer terme, em sucaria tota
en la vehement memòria proustiana
(enterrada i com cal honorada
l'adolescent febre sartriana).
En un bolero diria: com jo t'estimo
no t'estimarà mai cap d'altra
(i ho cantaria una dona perdent
les pestanyes prop d'una copa alta).
Per a un tango escriuria:
ja mai més no podré oblidar-te
(i ho ploraria un "sanjuanino"
lleument calb i de bigoti ample).
Si fos sincera escriuria un bolero,
i fins i tot més, un tango.

Memòria i, 1979

Marta Pessarrodona

Confession

I would love to write a bolero,
or better still, a tango.
But I am Catalan,
more priests than rogues
in the ancestral cupboard;
not even the sort who'd know
how to preside in the rituals
of drink — the only kind,
in the end, that really matter.
If I can't have boleros or tangos
I'll go for the stiff upper lip,
the New York matron's wisecrack or
as a last resort, steep myself
in Proustian recall
(goodbye to Sartre, a decent burial
for that adolescent fever).
In a bolero I would say: no one
will ever love you again as I love you
(it would be sung by a woman
losing her false eyelash
in a highball glass).
In a tango I would write:
I'll never forget you
(and a slightly-balding, moustachioed
musician from San Juan
would sob it out).
I would love to write a bolero,
better still, a tango.

Memòria i, 1979
Translated at Poetry Ireland, 1998

Marta Pessarrodona

Colom a una finestra de Barcelona

Tenia exactament els teus ulls. Què volies dir-me?

Homenatge a Walter Benjamin, 1989

Marta Pessarrodona

Dove at a Barcelona Window

It had exactly your eyes. What were you trying to tell me?

*Homenatge a Walter Benjamin, 1989
Translated by Sam D. Abrams*

14. Lucia Pietrelli

<https://youtu.be/1aHSgu98ko8>

Lucia Pietrelli was born in the Italian city of Candelara in 1984. She is a writer, poet and translator, who uses Catalan as a literary language. She has published novels and poetry books. She has translated from Italian to Catalan and Spanish. She has been awarded with: 2011: Bernat Vidal i Tomàs Prize for poetry for *Violacions*; 2012: Benet Ribas Prize for poetry for *Esquelet*; 2013: Vila de Lloseta Narrative Prize for *Nissaga*; 2014: Father Columbus Prize for narrative for *Qui ens defensarà*; 2015: Joanot Martorell Prize for Narrative for *Cadenes*. Her last works are *Lítica* and the cantata *Irene I la terra adormida*, premiered at the Teatre Principal de Palma in 2018.

Lucia Pietrelli

Epíleg

*"Una vegada, en ple hivern,
quan els borrallons de neu queien..."
de Blancaneus*

Quan un riu
et surt del cor
torna prec
per les entranyes.
Quan al semen
de l'al·lot
hi reconeixes la font
i el gorg
de la vallada.
Si a la cova
de la sang
hi pouen
les mirades
i cada afluent
amb deix antic
fuig als peus
de la muntanya.
Si per cardar
es fa la vida,
quan em separi de tu
a les cales dels ulls
faré la morta.

Mort d'un aviador tartamut (AdiA Edicions, 2013)

Lucia Pietrelli

Epilogue

When a river pours
from your heart
return a prayer
for your entrails.
When in the boy's
semen
you recognise the spring
and the gorge flowing
through the ravine.
If from the depths of
the blood-drenched cave
faces well forth
and every tributary
with an olden accent
flees to the foot of the mountain.
If shagging means
making new life
when I separate from you
in the bays of my eyes
I'll be playing dead.

*Mort d'un aviador tartamut (AdiA Edicions, 2013)
Translated by Jacob Rhodes*

15. Jaume C. Pons Alorda

<https://youtu.be/wZkn3ia7xLI>

Jaume C. Pons Alorda (Caimari, Mallorca, 1984).
 Writer, translator and creative writing teacher.
 Degree in English Philology from the University of the Balearic Islands; Master in Theory of Literature and Comparative Literature from the Autonomous University of Barcelona; Master's degree in English Language Teachers Training from the Autonomous University of Barcelona and Master's degree in Cultural Management from the Universitat Oberta de Catalunya. He developed an intense career as a poet, with fifteen poetry books published, including *Tots els sepulcres* (LaBreu Edicions, Barcelona 2015), which is part of his most representative poetic trilogy; *Cala foc als ossos* (Edicions Terrícola, Barcelona 2016) and *Era* (LaBreu Edicions, Barcelona 2018). He has won several awards: Miquel Martí i Pol Poetry Prize 2007, Ciutat de Palma Joan Alcover Poetry Prize 2008, Bartomeu Rosselló-Pòrcel Prize 2009, El Temps de les Cireres Prize for novice authors 2010 and Treci Trg Award 2010 as the best guest poet of the Tregni Se! Poetry! Festival of Belgrade. In 2012, he published his first novel, *Faula* (Leonard Muntaner, 2012). His last work, *Ciutat de Mal* (Angle Editorial, 2019), won the prestigious Ciutat de Tarragona Prize for the novel *Pin i Soler*.

As a translator, he has won some of the most prestigious prizes as the Crítica Serra d'Or Prize and the Cavall Verd Prize, and has brought into Catalan authors such as Lucia Pietrelli, Stefano Benni, Penelope Fitzgerald, Iris Murdoch, Elizabeth Bishop, William Wordsworth or Walt Whitman.

Jaume C. Pons Alorda

Monkeyman

Jo he vist la natura perfecta de l'home primitiu, el retrat ideal de l'home absolut. Monkeyman, Monkeyman. L'exterminador, el visionari, per a ell és igual ballar damunt la taula com cridar Déu i començar a parlar-li. El turment, la bellesa, la tempesta. L'ordinador per a ell sembla la porta que el transporta del tedi al deliri, dolç aparell de l'aiguamoll de les rates. El llop ha pactat amb els porcs i ha decidit que només en matarà un cada setmana, un només, i aquest és el pacte. No vull escoltar res més. S'ha acabat per sempre. No parlarem amb els àngels. No parlarem amb les estrelles. No parlarem amb ningú. Inútils el llenguatge i les cançons, la coca cuinada per la femella i Monkeyman flipant, cridant, euforitzant la tenebra. Monkeyman, Monkeyman. Jo només et dic, viatger sense descans, que no tanquis mai la porta del bany: mai no saps qui et pot cercar darrere del teu primer rastre sagrat.

Llibre del silenci (Ciutat de Mal. 2008)

Jaume C. Pons Alorda

Monkeyman

I've seen the perfect nature of the primitive man, the ideal portrait of the absolute man. Monkeyman, Monkeyman. The exterminator, the visionary, for him it is the same to dance over the table or call God and start talking to him. The torment, the beauty, the tempest. To him the computer looks like the door which transports him from tedium to delirium, sweet machine of the rats' swamp. The wolf has made a pact with the porcs and has decided that he will only kill one of them every week, only one, and this is the pact. I do not want to hear anything else. It's over forever. We won't talk to the angels. We won't talk to the stars. We won't talk to anybody. Useless our language and our songs, the cake cooked by the female and Monkeyman hallucinating, screaming, euphorizing the darkness. Monkeyman, Monkeyman. I'll only tell you, non-stop-traveler, never close the W.C door: you never know who'll look up for you behind your holy trail.

*Llibre del silenci (Capaltard. 2008)
Translated by Arthur Rippendorf*

Jaume C. Pons Alorda

Novembre

Ja he decidit la meva tomba. Serà
un calorós dia d'estiu, el primer de molts altres,

sota el gran rapte de les sensacions.
Una soga de pastilles blanques beneirà la tendra

ineptitud del meu cor davant la
inexperiència de morir. I serà sense

cap forma de dolor, ni d'ordre, perquè
tots els morts sempre s'enamoren de la terra.

Tots els sepulcres (LaBreu Edicions, 2015)

Jaume C. Pons Alorda

November

I have decided my grave. It will be
a very hot summer day, the first one of many,

under the great rapture of sensations.
A rope of white pills will bless the tender

ineptitude in front of the
inexperience of dying. And it will be

without any kind of pain, or order, because
all the dead always fall in love with the earth.

*Tots els sepulcres (LaBreu Edicions, 2015)
Translated by Arthur Rippendorf*

16. Juana Dolores Romero

<https://youtu.be/hpTHYmlnJ1g>

Juana Dolores Romero Casanova (1992, El Prat de Llobregat), daughter of Andalusian immigrants to Catalonia, studied performance at the Institut del Teatre's School of Dramatic Art, before undertaking studies in literature at the University of Barcelona. She is the founder and creator of the cybernetic artefact @HYBRIS.VIRAL, through which she and artist Sandy Moldavia research and develop digital artistic practices. She wrote, directed and performed # JUANA DOLORES # * massa diva per a un moviment assembleari * (# JUANA DOLORES # * too much of a diva for an assembly movement *). She also reflects on the limits of video and poetry, especially in her audiovisual pieces Limpieza (Cleaning) and Santa Bárbara. This year, she received the 56th Amadeu Oller Poetry Prize for her book of poems Bijuteria. As a translator, she has won some of the most prestigious prizes as the Crítica Serra d'Or Prize and the Cavall Verd Prize, and has brought into Catalan authors such as Lucia Pietrelli, Stefano Benni, Penelope Fitzgerald, Iris Murdoch, Elizabeth Bishop, William Wordsworth or Walt Whitman.

Juana Dolores Romero

La nit per un bes

Des del monument fins els suburbis de la histèria, ravalejar l'amor que se'm profereix – insòmnica entre destrossa: nit al ventre, nits al ventre / qui suplica l'onomàstica? Trafico la sang i el fang poetitzant el risc inequívoc d'esdevenir heroica – i abans no sucumbeixi el meu nom, prostitució: la nit per un bes. Els andamis sostenen el drama el·líptic mentre qualsevol s'entreté a feminitzar vestigis de neó / proletària, escandalosa – sóc insistida a contradir-me. Perquè hi ha malenconia, el pas impassible davant la sindèresi que llueix tot uniforme: en secret, apolititzo l'obvietat com si només malsomniés el propi zel. Diamants, vestits, Tu / sense adreça ni drecera / insinues l'enamorament – retrocessió a l'avinguda narcòtica del contrasentit. La sospita m'arma de nocturnitat.

Juana Dolores Romero

The night for a kiss

From the monument to the suburbs of hysteria, wandering the love offered to me – insomnic among debris: night in the belly, nights in the belly / who pleads with onomastics? I deal in blood and mud
poeticising the unequivocal risk of becoming a heroine
– and before my name succumbs, prostitution: the night for a kiss. The scaffolding holds up the drama,
elliptical, while anyone goes about feminising neon remains / proletarian, scandalous – I am determined to contradict myself. Because there is melancholia,
the impassive passage before the synderesis that shines,
uniform: in secret, I apoliticise the obvious as though I only fear my own zeal. Diamonds, dresses, You / without an address or short cut / insinuate
love – reversing to the narcotic avenue
of contradiction. Suspicion arms me with the night.

Juana Dolores Romero

Made in China

Un detall sobre la impertinència: faig goig
i faig mal – l'atreviment de mostrar-me
còpia / eclecticitzar la ideologia
amb plàstics, amb fluorescents, amb
l'eyeliner: més tard, el do – el talent
i el dolor sexualitzant-se / mà d'obra barata:
com una agulla de pit, com una medalla,
l'esforç de materialitzar la distinció
– eh, Tu, torna'm l'arrogància del poder /
a vint duros, totes les fantasies imperfectes.

Juana Dolores Romero

Made in China

A note on impertinence: I please
and I hurt – the nerve to appear
a copy / eclecticise ideology
with plastics, with fluorescent lights, with
eyeliner: later, the gift – talent
and pain being sexualised / cheap labour:
like a brooch, like a medal,
the effort to materialise distinction
– hey, You, give me back the arrogance of power /
at twenty quid, all fantasies imperfect.

Translated by Olistis

4. ONLINE RESOURCES ON CATALAN LITERATURE

On Catalan Literature

TRAC

Translations from the Catalan

<http://trac.llull.cat>

A database of Catalan authors and books translated into other languages maintained by the IRL.

TRADUCAT

<http://trac.llull.cat/traducacat>

A data base produced by the IRL that provides contact information on translators of Catalan literature who have recently-published translated works. This information is drawn from TRAC and serves as a resource for those requiring information on literary translators who are currently active.

CATALONIA AND THE BALEARIC ISLANDS AT THE BOLOGNA BOOK FAIR

<http://www.llull.cat/monografics/bologna17/catala/index.cfm>

LYRIKLINE

www.lyrikline.org

Lyrikline.org is the platform on the internet on which poems are available to listen to, and to read both in their original languages and various translations. Thanks to the collaboration with the Institut Ramon Llull you can find in it more than 50 Catalan Poets.

LLETRA

<https://lletra.uoc.edu/>

LLETRA is a 'virtual space for Catalan literature', a site for Catalan literature on the Internet. It is a place that aims both to provide information on existing web pages and also to produce new pages and content. In other words, a site that serves both as a gateway and as a web with contents of its own.

VISAT

www.visat.cat

Translation and Catalan Literature on-line.

Associations / Institutions

INSTITUCIÓ DE LES LLETRES CATALANES

<http://www.lletrescatalanes.cat/en/>

CATALAN PEN

<https://www.pencatala.cat/en/>

AELC

The Association of Catalan Writers

www.escriptors.cat

APIC

The Professional Association of Illustrators from Catalonia

www.apic.es

APTIC

Association of Professional Translators and Interpreters of Catalonia

www.aptic.cat/en

PUBLISHERS IN CATALAN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION

<https://editors.cat/>

The Catalan publishers association is a professional association of companies publishing works in Catalan.

ADAL

Spanish Literary Agents Association

<http://www.asociacion-agencias-literarias.org/>

CLIJCAT

www.clijcat.cat

The Catalan Council for Children's and Young Adults' Books.

Online Magazines and Platforms

PAPER LLULL

www.llull.cat/en

Institut Ramon Llull continues to develop its communication, broadening horizons and fulfilling the needs of both its potential audience and the specialist community that makes up its educational, literary, artistic and prescriptive network. This is the driving force behind the Paper Llull, a new communication initiative in digital magazine format with specific content on all the disciplines covered by Institut Ramon Llull.

TRANSCRIPT

http://www.transcript-review.org/issue.cfm?issue_id=6&lan=en

Transcript is a bi-monthly review of books and writing from around Europe. Its aim is to promote quality literature written in the 'smaller' languages and to give wider circulation to material from small-language literary publications through the medium of English, French and German. Transcript is published by Literature Across Frontiers.

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Lyrikline.org is the platform on the internet on which poems are available to listen to, and to read both in their original languages and various translations. Thanks to the collaboration with the Institut Ramon Llull you can find in it more than 50 Catalan Poets.

WORDS WITHOUT BORDERS

www.wordswithoutborders.org

Working to promote international communication through translation of the world's best writing.

VISAT

<http://www.visat.cat/eng.html>

PEN Català's literature and translation magazine. It was started in 2004 with the objective of internationalising Catalan literature, making universal literature in Catalan known, as well as to promote literary exchange. It emerged as a platform to enhance the visibility of literary translators.

FARISTOL

<https://www.clijcat.cat/faristol/>

A highly influential online magazine focused on children's & YA books with many reviews of titles, columns and reportages.

LLIBRES AL REPLÀ

<http://llibresalrepla.cat/>

A collective online initiative in which professionals related to children's books (writers, illustrators, editors and so on) discuss new releases, classic titles, new trends, texts and images.

GRETEL

<http://www.gretel.cat/>

A website specialised in education and children's books. It is managed by a group of researchers, teachers, publishers and authors to discuss text and illustrations, to review all sorts of titles from first readers to teenagers and to explore how literature can take part in educational projects.

ESPAIS ESCRITS

<https://www.espaisescrits.cat/>

Espais Escrits. Xarxa del Patrimoni Literari Català (Written Spaces. Catalan Literary Heritage Network) is a private non-profit association which brings together institutions that steward and promote reading and studies of heritage writers in Catalan literature.

CATALANDRAMA

<https://www.catalandrama.cat/en/>

Catalandrama is a database of Catalan plays translated into other languages. The portal offers the possibility of requesting the translations on-line and free of charge. Catalandrama is an initiative of the Fundació Sala Beckett/Obrador Internacional de Dramatúrgia with the support of the Fundació SGAE and Institut Ramon Llull in order to promote contemporary Catalan drama internationally.

CATALAN CULTURE

<https://twitter.com/catalanculture>

Profile that introduces you the Catalan Culture. You can also find it in French and Spanish under @culturecatalane and @cultcatalana_es and on Instagram (catalan_culture)

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