

Egy Fénykép Hátlapjára

Görbülten megyek, bizonytalanúl.

A másik kéz mindössze három éves.

Egy nyolcvan éves kéz s egy három éves.

Fogjuk egymást. Erősen fogjuk egymást.

János Pilinszky

On the Back of a Photograph

Hunched I make my way, uncertainly.

The other hand is only three years old.

An eighty-year-old hand and a three-year-old.

We hold each other. We hold each other tight.

*translated from the **Hungarian**
by Peter Jay.*

published by Szépirodalmi Könyvkiadó 1976. English translation by Peter Jay, Crater, Anvil, 1978. Reprinted by permission.

Prison

Man said :

Blessed are the birds in their cages

For they, at least, know the limits

Of their prisons.

Mourid Barghouti

السجن

قال ابن آدم:

طُوبى للعصافير في هذا القفص

إنها- على الأقلّ-

تعرفُ حُدودَ سِجْنِها

مريد البرغوثي

publ. by The Poetry Trust in "A Small Sun" 2003. Transl. from the Arabic by Radwa Ashour. Mourid Barghouti is a Palestinian poet. Reprinted by permission.

अकेलापन

सूनी राह में दीखी
एक अकेली टहनी
मैंने उसे दो टुकड़े कर
पास-पास रख दिया।

सर्वेश्वर दयाल सक्सेना

Loneliness

A lonely twig
lying on an empty road
I split it in two
and placed the pieces side by side.

Sarveshwar Dayal Saxena (1927-1983)
*translated from the **Hindi** by Lucy Rosenstein*

from "New Poetry in Hindi" publ. Anthem Press, 2004, ed. by Lucy Rosenstein. Reprinted by permission. We tried hard to gain a response from the poet's family.

from I Dance Ala-Igbo

... Everyone is born with a dance.
And no one can dance the dance that is not his
Except on borrowed feet.
How come other men dance their dances
But do not let me dance mine ?

My dance is Ala-Igbo...

For a city set on a hilltop
Cannot be hidden...

I dance Ala-Igbo...

Chikwendu Anyanwu (b. 1964)

si na Egwu m bu Ala-Igbo

Onye Obuga nwere egwu ejiri muo ya
Ukwu anutara anuta ka eji agba
egwu onye ozo.
Gini mediri ndi ozo na-agba egwu ha
Ha anaghi ekwe m ka m gbaa nke m?

Egwu m bu Ala-Igbo !...

Makana obodo aruru n'elu ugu,
adighi ezo ya ezo...

Ihe m na-agba bu Ala-Igbo...

*translated into **Igbo**
by the author*

reprinted by permission of the author, a Nigerian priest. Igbo is one of 200 languages spoken in Nigeria. "Ala" in Igbo means "land".

from Acceptance

...We should not forget why a small star
fled the glittering night
and died in silence and solitude...

We should not blame the stones
for their silence, their dignity.
We should not blame the swift rivers
for their impatience, their madness.

We should not forget to console the mountain
which laments after a parting cloud.
We must learn to love the different hearts.

Choman Hardi (born 1974)

پهسه ندر دن ...

...بیرمان نه چئ ئهستیر هیهک
بو ئاسمانی به بریقهی نیوه شهوی
به جیهیشت و له ته نیایی و بیده نگی...

به رده کان تاوانبار نه کهین
بو بیده نگی و مهتینیان
جو که کان تاوانبار نه کهین
بو بی سهبری و شیتیتیان.

بیرمان نه چئ دلخووشی شاخ بدهینه وه
که بهدوای هه ور یکدا دهگری.
دهبی فیربین رهنگه جیاکانمان خو شبوئ

چۆمان ههردی

translated from the Kurdish by Choman Hardi and Stephen Watts. Reprinted by permission

Question in the Mountains

You ask me why

I live in the jade mountains.

I smile, unanswering.

My heart is calm.

Peach petals float on the water,
never come back.

There is a heaven and earth beyond
the crowded town below.

Li Bai (701-762)

李白

問余何意棲碧山
笑而不答心自閑
桃花流水杳然去
別有天地非人間

山中問答

translated from Mandarin Chinese by Tony Barnstone, Willis Barnstone & Chou Ping. Reprinted by permission

Večer

Nobene poti. Luči daleč.
Listje mešam s stopali.
Zatopljena v tišino.

S starega gradu v staro mesto.
Netopirje plašim. Pajčevine trgam.
Lase ti stresam na ramo.

Ifigenija Simonovic (b.1953)

Evening

No path. Lights far off.
Feet rummaging among leaves.
Deep in silence.

From an old castle to an old town.
Frightening bats. Ripping spiders.
Throwing my hair over your shoulders.

*translated from the Slovenian
by Anthony Rudolf and the poet*

from "Mother Tongues," editors Daniel Weissbort and Stephen Watts, published by King's College London 2001, reprinted by permission.