

SAMPLER

AMORGOS NOTEBOOK

Also by Elsa Cross

in English:

Beyond the Sea *
Selected Poems *
Bacchantes and Other Poems

in Spanish:

Insomnio
Atrapasueños
Poesía completa (1964-2012)
Escalas
Nadir
Bomarzo
Visible y no
Cuaderno de Amorgós
Visiones del niño Rám
El vino de las cosas. *Ditirambos*
Monzón. *Poemas desde la India*
Ultramar. *Odas*
Los sueños. *Elegías*
Cantáridas
Urracas
Casuarinas
Jaguar
El diván de Antar
Canto malabar
Baniano
Bacantes
Tres poemas
La dama de la torre

SAMPLER

*Shearsman titles

ELSA CROSS

AMORGOS
NOTEBOOK

SAMPLE

translated from Spanish by
Luis Ingelmo & Tony Frazer

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An earlier version of 'Islands', translated by Luis Ingelmo and the late Michael Smith, appeared in Elsa Cross, *Selected Poems* (Shearsman Books, 2009). That translation has been completely revised for this edition.

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SAMPLER

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To

Natalia Moreleón

Marco Antonio Campos

Nikos Vasalos

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CUADERNO DE AMORGÓS

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LA NOCHE

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NIGHT

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Di la vuelta al recodo, el sol se puso. Cambiaba la fase de la luna, y fui saliendo de ese lugar donde los árboles crecían inclinados.

El suelo abría indecisiones momentáneas en el ojo del saurio, piedras sueltas poniendo a prueba la prudencia o la agilidad.

Venía a la memoria la inmensa bestia dormitando en el sueño, junto a un guardián.

Sueño indeciso, entre la huida rápida y los choques invisibles, allá en la casa de los muertos.

I turned the bend in the road; the sun set. The moon was changing phase, and slowly I left that place where the trees grew aslant.

The ground opened fleeting indecisions in the lizard's eye, loose rocks testing one's caution or agility.

I recalled my dream of that enormous beast dozing, next to a watchman.

Indecisive dream, between quick escape and invisible collisions, over there in the house of the dead.

En su inmóvil sedimento la noche anuda sombras al tronco de los árboles;
obtusas, socavando su propia sustancia,
caen por sus fisuras.

En hierro se escuecen los pensamientos inacabados, y las palabras flotantes
toman formas mortíferas—

para siempre limpiarse los ojos de esa última mirada.

Desde la luz hendida, el oído se orienta por estos dones contrarios:

CAMPIER
una llauta
a distancia
las olas de la noche.

In its inert sediment, night fastens shadows to tree trunks;
obtuse, undermining their own substance,
the shadows fall through cracks.

Unfinished thoughts chafe in iron, and floating words take deadly shapes –

to forever cleanse one's eyes of that last gaze.

From the divided light, the ear finds its bearings with these opposed gifts:
SAM a flute
in the distance
the waves of night.

Un rumor ominoso.

Horas de morir tras el rigor de las contraventanas.

Cuando al fin se hace el silencio, campanas inexistentes, frotaciones en el extremo de la hoja.

O en la secuencia, la selva inopinada, el desdén del follaje –grandes móneras–
por esos días dormidos a contraluz.

An ominous murmur.

Hours of dying behind the harshness of the shutters.

When silence finally falls, non-existent bells, rubbing at the edge of the leaf.

Or in sequence, the unexpected jungle, the foliage's contempt – large monsterae –

during those days sleeping against the light.