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TEXT poetry

Abigail Fisher

A un poema acerca del agua

To Silvina Ocampo and the Countess of Tripoli

Which emanates prophecies all night long
— Octavio Paz

Tu

Ma voluntat s'en vai lo cors,
standing in front of a bookshelf
with a loose, soft-looking cigarette
between her front teeth cutting
La nueit a dark shadow e'l dia
against her slack bottom esclartzitz
lip her talant de wearing a collared;
shirt Mas tart mi view beneath a wool
jumper and hair short and haunted by the
raking movement of mi ditz open hand

Un'amor londanha m'auci
she looks at someone on the
ce'iling by the window. Her face
e is scarredqu'eu me'n and la oval
en forma d'un bon pellegrin, black
flashes in both eyes eis she looks
like the schoolboy and the teacher
behind her between the stacks of books
a baldly wounded de ma mort oversized
dolls head looks off to the right of the
frame. They loom solid together. Qu'estiers
no sera smelling like rubber esclartzitz
esclartzitz; light demolishing skin with

My desire following its course
all the night and by the light of day
Alejandra writes to the musician of
silence, seeking help: 'I wish you were naked
by my side, reading your poems
aloud. Oh Sylvette, if you were here
Obviously I'd kiss your hand and weep, but
you are my paradise lost. Found again and
lost. Coming back to me slowly, talking to
me slowly:

A faraway love kills me: Fuck
the Greco-Romans. I love your
face.' And the sweet longing stands by me
but when I plan on going there
as a pious pilgrim, My will remains
here; I don't escape my death, which won't
be otherwise. 'You can stick this letter
up your bum and answer me regarding the
leaf cutter ants.

Silvina: you are my favourite'
and the sweet lonhing stands by me
haunted by the raking motion of
an open hand.

modo

Lai n'irai el sieu I shall go to her
abode,
a thief,
en as much peril qom as if de passar over
ocean.

Si de mi no'il pren pitat have mercy;
most waterfalls are formed by
the erosive acts of moving
water

If she does not take pity I will flog
in its liquid form a dead freg horse.

Las! tan la vau

I beg pregan

as rivers and streams or as

q'and breaking sea waves

ni ja I don't get ren de leis from her me'n

or in solid form as glacial

ice

any sieueet relief.

They say goodbye five minutes too early
standing stiff-legged in streams
or in the solid form as glacial ice

On the plane the man beside her, whose
right hand passed the night wedged
between her left leg and the seat rest
wakes her up to show her the blue in the
window.

You see the sea? Smiling she offers
a sound of soft, pleasant surprise. When
she wakes he has invented
mountains,

valleys, sways and bumps.

She watches Mama Mia 2 over his shoulder

Amanda Seyfried backlit by a thousand
screaming

oceanic diamonds. He is an equine

veterinarian. What will you do in Chile?

I am on my way to Buenos Aires

Alejandra is that a Spanish

name

No my parents just liked it

in its liquid form as rivers
or as breaking sea waves, smiling blankly
in the aisle

de

De dezir Dear Silvina mos cors
no fina vas selha res qu'ieu pus I am,
My heart desires incessantly, laelidiota
Es algo muy simple - c'est aussi simple
comme une phrase musicale - la habitación
that I love the most se balance y oscila
como un barco - un abrazo matemático -

E cre que'l voler m'enguana, decieve me
Si cobezeza la merda - soy lucida - pero
traduzco sin ganas and I believe my will
deceives me. Oh Sylvette si estuvieras
Claro que te besaría beastly lust takes her
from me voler m'enguana more stinging
than a thorn yawn yo adoro tu cara.

Que pus es ponhens d'espina Silvina
paraíso perdido la dolors que per joy
Sana, que te bese (poco: 5 o 6 veces)
don ja Don Juan no qu'om m'en come
on quisieras que estuvieras desnuda
a mi lado leyendo tus poemas en voz
viva: don't want anyone to pity me

Waiting for the orange to flatten into
silver engine streaked day

Room 407, Santiago Airport Holiday Inn
Outside orange artificial daylight
and hard plastic playing reluctantly
along the pedestrian crossing. She flies
to Buenos Aires in five hours. She goes
downstairs to the pool but it's closed so
she runs a bath and goes under

face-up, Sophia Coppola style. Naked
and puddling on the carpet she boils
the coffee maker. It hisses the dry
chemical burn of an empty kettle -
There's water in there but like it can't
filter through to the boiling chamber
still it spit-fills the styrofoam cup.

She adds tea bag, crema,
little plastic stick softens stirring
Folding pink limbs back into the bath
Afterwards in fresh clean itch of white
towel and sends several messages limply
considering having a wank across the
starched desert of two single beds

haha I've forgotten what I'm doing
here anyway :-)

silenciarte

Su silencio es la presencia
en vez de la representación
non
aus semblan ni vejaire caire imaginaria
Don't have the
guts
to signal my love qu'eu lamb nor
louse

Disarmed desarmer I don't have the guts
to unlove her
Now That in love / unlove the faithful
are fools and the fat e'il fatal fals e on es
proceed with deceit enganne' bauzza
Su silencio es la presencia
de las cosas
No sap chantar qui so non di I do not dare
Ni canoys de rima
Now I know why I am en love:

If Pizarnik's 'most profound
orientation was the shoreline of
silence'
Alejandra's would be that light tuneless
humming to fill
gaps
in conversation when she is feeling
uncomfortable

These fragments she has shorelined against
her ruins: 'Oh the joy of smut!
I've licked cunts in various countries and
felt pride in my virtuosity
the Mahatma Gandhi of tonguing,
the Einstein of eating pussy, the
Reich of cunnilingus, the
Reik of clearing a path through the bush like
grubby rabbits' and
'Everything is cunt'

en

There aren't many among kings and emperors
that'll beque l'ause'l trudge
far
ni far q'agues acat at
grate
She makes me a cowboy in the night
dreaming so much - q'ue m'es
mos bratz would l'enclauza

There aren't many reyes and empereyes
not very m'any at all
who'd dare hand her that vair
cloak
or get into her good
books.

Armour de loing. Ric de fai en
somnia
I dream of holding her in my arms

'Where rivers are fed by melting glaciers
the water may have a milky appearance
This is caused by 'rock flour' formed by the
grinding action of moving ice carried in
suspension in glacial streams'

She is staying in a guesthouse in a
neighbourhood that is probably evil because
it's full of tourists, ceramic stores
burgers and cops. Where rivers are
fed by melting glaciers the water comes
slowly through the filter by the sink
like it's being made up from scratch
The couple who own the house
live upstairs and are named

Flora and Max. Lining the left wall
along the hallway are framed pictures of
Flora and Max kissing in
boats and touching tongues in
bridges. In the kitchen there is a
photograph of Max with
four school aged children and an older
woman. He is wearing a clown costume,
his arms crossed

across his polka dotted chest. Spring in
Buenos Aires is unbaked and grainy, sweet
elastic. The sudden rain of a woman watering
the flowers on her balcony breaking
through the heat like a song

el

D'aquest d'el amor suy tan concha
Hablo d'el amor de walking backwards
and Mariana Enriquez interviewing
Pizarnik's friend Arturo Carrera. He
confesses that he would always beg
Alejandra to wear skirts. She had
beautiful legs;
but always insisted on wearing pants
And in winter she would wear
a large pullover stained
with Coca-Cola

She would drink directly from the
bottle and let it spill all over her clothes
Enfant Sauvage! Competssa de tripol
Todo es concha, vejaire viajar
Que quaint ieu vau ves lieys corren
Vejaire m'es qu'a reversos
And my horse keeps so slow a pace
La Reik de abrisse silba torn e que
lieys n'an fugen. Diversiones
Púbicas e mos cavals i vai tan len
e nos vol M'en mais que y atenha,
S'ilha no-s vol arretener
and my horse keeps suy slow;

At night the water may have a milky
appearance and in her little red stomach of
a room she doesn't sleep. It's not exactly
a crush but a space where a crush could be
but rather lies sticky and slapping, tearing
at mosquito bites the size of plums
that she can't find in the morning. Like
When I run towards her I feel like I am
walking backwards and she is fleeing
from me. She scratches, turns pouring
bottled water on her hands and

feet and stomach. Plum walls swelling
And my horse keeps so slow a pace
Watches porn on her laptop
sound muted and brightness down
low the grinding action of moving
ice bodies corren splayed
on wet rocks with their boots still on
and their nineties hair tumbling caught
beneath their shoulders and moving
through the glacial streams
And my horse keeps so slow a pace that
I don't believe I'll ever reach her unless
she wants to weight for me ;

poema.

Que nuls authors joys tan n'om play
cum jasmine damn long love: active ice
sheets and glaciers
damn trying to trasladar the jasmine poesia
Mi desorden es atroz
Writing with her body the body of
the poem escribiendo con mi cuerpo
el cuerpo del poema particularly when
armed with embedded rock fragments;
Si digo agua ¿beberé? If I say
acabada como una flower o como
una stone. No sap chantar so non sto-ne
Neither troubles qui motz no fa ir
Ni conoys de rima cos he cant chantar
No he canot shape verses can nont rhyme
ni razon
With some none who cant speak
He doesn't get it
Si digo agua ¿beberé?
Pero my chans comens'aissi begin a little
something like, plus you listen to them, mas
plus they mean to you..... Like,
las palabras no hacen el amor, hacen
la ausencia: If I say water
will I have the power to gouge,
pluck and if I say bread will I scour
the toughest rock and si digo agua pero
no sap chantar is that why these embedded
rock fragments dont rhyme?

The idea being that she spend the first
ten days of her trip researching the poem
'A un poema acerca del agua, de Silvina
Ocampo', written by acclaimed Argentinian
poet and translator Alejandra Pizarnik, born
Flora Pizarnik, for her friend and lover Silvina
Ocampo. On this topic she has claimed to be
writing an undergraduate thesis. Instead
she walks seven or eight hours a day, hair
pulled back in a tight bun and hands buried
in the pockets of her cargo shorts. She looks
at people on the street before they look at
her. Chest tight and lonely in a second-hand
sports bra. She has been seeing someone
back home but the flight was
already booked when they started
messaging on Instagram. Fountains, glaciers
and flowers on balconies.
She brushes her teeth in the shower and
lets the toothpaste slide down her chin
onto her chest. She has never sent
a nude before, closed lip smile
sunburned neck and swimming pool change
room hips. In the end
she sends a day old photograph
of herself fully clothed in the mirror and
another of a gutter, grey edging on yellow
onto burnt silver road, white water
puddled like milk in the sink

Me

D'aquest amor tan cochos
Que quant ieu vau ves fifteen at a waterpark
lieys corren stuck in the low bend
of the waterslide waiting
for someone to come down the slick blue
barrel behind and break my neck
Beaming when the trapdoor opens on
to someone tells my parents
I am too light to ride
Ma voluntat desire. S'en vai
following its cors

She tells people she's doing research or
writing a kind of translation of a
poem by Alejandra
Pizarnik, interrogating
the connection between
desire and waterfalls and Alejandra Pizarnik's
relationship to Silvina Ocampo.
You're doing the Eat, Pray, Love thing says
her friend
and she is joking but she
is also right

abris

<p>Adoncas ieu revered day, No encuentro una pluma adecuada. La de S se resiste Es dura, áspera. No necesito sino una pluma perfecto with the sweet music of the morning; All water moves towards an absence ;</p> <p>of water. E reverdeya Plunging into gaping crevasses, over cliffs of shelf ice or down rock faces recently exposed by the retreat of glaciers los instantes suspendidos. Los actos outside time. Slow the grinding action of ice bodies corren splayed streams of meltwater now form waterfalls, wet rocks with their boots on and nineties hair tumbling vas lieys suehlling and carried in suspension by glacial streams. Olguita, you don't believe I'm a lesbian do ;</p> <p>you? Because it's not true</p>	<p>Recoleta Cemetery in the [12.09.19] afternoon heat, staying close to the angular shade of the crypts. Need to more explicitly Silvina Ocampo and her unpack here the familiarity husband Rodolfo in a crypt like of these evils, i.e. Travelling a war memorial. Convinced to find yourself, translation she can smell the bodies as metaphor rotting. Here is a young marble white woman turning the handle on the door to her tomb. In future drafts will Rufina Cambacérès is famous need to address some ; subjectively invested for being buried alive. questions, too Sweat pooling against her belt imagining i.e. What is the opening to find relationship between scratches on her white Alejandra's desire for marble arms and her the research subject face Lying on the bed and yearning for the back at the guesthouse absent lover? waiting for the heat to leave her body she posts on Instagram the peeling green bottom of a fountain, leaves floating on the gummy window ;</p> <p>surface of last week's falling water</p>	<p>Perhaps introduce a third column??</p>
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como

A veces, al suprimir
una palabra,
imagino otra en su
place pero sin
knowing yet su
nombre
Estoy satisfehaciente,
muchu Grecia
Entonces, a la espera
de la deseada, hago en
su vacío un dibujo que
la alude And when the
wood quand lo bosc
reverdeya
nays niice
turns green, the leaf is
satisfehaciente
fresh and green E
fresca e vertz
fluoresce la crunchy I
am renewed
as well cum suelh,
through joy, e bloom,
as is my habit,
reverdey de joy e
florisc es toy

'Beside a huge cataract
we may even feel the
vibration caused by
the impact of the great

mass of water crashing
down'
She goes to the museum
and sees Mercedes
Azpilicueta's exhibit
Cuerpos Pajaros, which
claims to investigate 'the
body as a resonance box
somewhere between the
personal and the social'

She's standing in a dim
room
surrounded by fleshy
strips, dried muscles in
glass cases Standing
among the pig skins she
sees an older man in a
floppy hat approaching in
the corner of her vision.
Coming alive she kicks
her leg up so her foot
touches the back of her
thigh a quick twinge,
undies too tight. And
turning away she sees his
leg moving loosely,
mirroring hers

Anne Carson writes
that

a metaphor is a species of
symbol (so is a lover, of course)

Azpilicueta's work
'asks where the body
begins and ends, this
intoxicated body she
imagines as collective'

[24.06.19]

Find that Carol Maier
quote!!!!

Something like

Mere metaphors,
maybe, but the
emotions that prompt
writing (ORGANIC)
pass through and
become the translator
as they are being
rewritten. So

Fontana languid, rius purr
, One metaphor becomes
another because the words sink
in

Lonh tengues suelh,
L'abanz

a

Ni persec no sap Chantar	She is on a Tinder date and she e can't shut up	[26.11.18]
Pizarnik writes to her therapist: many nights I roam the streets looking for her: in every face, This is where I am tonight	after five days of tight-jawed sweating it out, walking around listening to the same songs. She is giddy with saying nervous things & has never spoken	Good quotes from the lily roberts-foley TEXT journal piece!!!!
every tree, in the dogs, the dead	Spanish so quickly before	Language is a substance, and has matter
April, 2. leaves, in the shadows;	Her date walks quickly, studies literature and pushes her short hair back with an open hand as she speaks. She says she read Alejandra Pizarnik in high school but it's	Language in translation is a fluid, spilling from one vessel to another, or blood transfused btw bodies
	Not really the kind of thing she's into anymore, the same way that you might say yeah I had a Salinger phase too. Like a sad boy ex boyfriend or a posi emo punk band that you listen to on your bike or in the shower	Translation is like water, changing form to make the clouds in the sky

una

	They have two beers and	[06.10.19]
	pick dry mouthed through	
Will write in a few days Ni	plastic streets. Suddenly	How to convey that young
canter no sap cantamos	Alejandra is talking about	queer people in Buenos
	the matinee glass of wine	Aires seem to be on
	she drank when she went	Tinder in the same light,
and then the final sadness	to see <i>I, Tonya</i> with her	floppy almost platonic
of returning before having	housemate.	way as she and her friends
found her	Now trying to explain the	are back home - even the
	plot of a film which her	hairecuts and tattoos are the
	date has neither seen nor	same
and discovering that what if	expressed any interest in	
that which ought to be	seeing, and has nothing to	
doesn't exist	do with what they were	But this Tinder
	talking about	stuff still echoes
No I am sorry I can't		this timeless,
I am lonesome. Can you	Trying to improvise a	awful macho
guess why	plot, some sweeping	colonial conquest
	wriggling motion to link	
	the story back to anything	A kind of terrible
	that any one has ever	inevitable truth
	wanted to say. They hug	
	goodbye on a street	
	corner.	
	Afterwards Alejandra;
	buys a litre of orange	
	juice and drinks it on the	
	way back to the	
	guesthouse, clumsy like a	
	giant and heavy on the	
	soles of her feet	

flor

Susana Chávez-Silverman notes that	sometimes I would climb into the
'the simile of the flower' in the	big green bin to stomp down the
poem is 'a somewhat unusual image	armfuls
in Pizarnik', although she	of flowers take the full soft heads in
was fond of the post-Romantic figure of	hands rip them apart like bread rolls for
the lily. When I worked at a florist I	ducks
drank weak tea behind the counter and	Back then I was always hungry &
pretended to know all the names	waiting to ride home in the rain in the
	off chance that you would be at my
	house

and

waiting

	for a motorcycle to skid and	D W Foster writes that in
and when the wood turns	collide with a moving	the poetic universe of the
green,	vehicle,	poem, the figure of flores
the leaf is born, fresh and	cos ai know what music	assumes a meaning
green	sounds like	function equivalent to that
I am renewed alsoacabada como una flor	of real body parts. It then
a flower	o como una piedra.....	becomes a question of
.....;	a flower	(joyous summons to the
Lanquan lo temps renovelha	not far from the night	ear.....) waiting to
e appear la flors albspina,;	understand what exactly
and when I worked at a florist	doussament sweetly per miey	should be understood from
I would fill buckets with	amid la foliage waiting	this incorporation of flores
slimy water and their edges	sweetly for a motorcycle to	into the semantic realm of
would cut into my folded	skid and collide with a	the body. Kind of like
fingers, ai feel their co-ntents	moving vehicle, which had	leg kicking
slop onto my jeans new chant	happened once before while I	big slow horse body
novelh new so-ng I would	was wiring gerberas lo	'opening itself to the
spend hours wiring gerberas	rossinhol feasts on the	delicate urgency
looking out the window	nightingale could easily	of dew'
	happen again	

(sin

The last published letter from Alejandra
Pizarnik to Silvina Ocampo, written five
months before Pizarnik's death

We both know that I'm looking
for you. Whatever.....

it is, here is a musical forest
for two loyal girls: S. y A.

Write me, dearest one. I need
the beautiful certainty that you are
here, here
below, nevertheless. I translate without

desire, my asthma is spectacular
(to top it all off I discovered that
Marta is annoyed by the sound of my
invalid's breathing)

Alejandra arrives late, picks with shaky
fingers at fried potato and bacon bits.
Her date is studying translation and
says I have

white wine at home. Later sitting on
the couch her date shows her a fat grey
cat

and a translation of an article about
E-readers

They lie down on the single bed and
her date puts on a costume she bought
at

the parade. Suddenly there is silver
light in the room and they are asleep
but

still moving slowly

Alejandra walks back to the guesthouse
as the birds are giving birth to
themselves, lips swollen and
empty serrated feeling. She brushes her
teeth slowly in
the shower

sends a soggy

email and

sleeps several hours.

Waking she tries to

hold the gentle reply

like a plum

duda

17.53 pm

[07.09.19]

Here
is a musical forest

Things to tackle in the next
draft!!!!

The mass of water
crashing down

That the character is not very
likeable,
a bit pretentious and doesn't
know how to want stuff
properly

That the tinder dates aren't so
much illustrating that queer
desire is like a waterfall as
they are that this character is
confused

That travelling is evil and
boring but travel writing is evil
boring on steroids

That the questionable ethics of
translating and writing about a
silenced subject cannot be
absolved by virtue of having a
big gay crush on her

That I dont speak
French

una flor pobre, lamentable)

I translate without
desire,

Underwear
drying through the bars of the
window, she replies

2.58 pm

I miss ur body next to
mine in glass

[29.06.19]

No mention in any of the
critical commentary on
this poem of its dedication
not only to Silvina
Ocampo but
to the 'contesa de tripoli'
— prob referring to
Hodiernal of Jerusalem
(1110-1164) — Countess
consort of Tripoli through
marriage and the
alleged subject of famous
troubadour Jaufre Rudel's
songs of amor de lonh, or
'distant love'

que ya no esperaba

Marta is annoyed

Reading Pizarnik's

[28.11.18]

letters and diaries it
can be difficult not to
become impatient with
her, as one does with
certain friends and ex
partners

Marta Isabel Moia -
photographer, translator
and Pizarnik's most
constant, long-term
romantic partner. Can't
find any photos of her
anywhere. It's like she
has disappeared

Everything hurts

Feeling Pizarnik's
words build up like
saliva at the back of
her throat

(it wouldn't hurt

if you touched me

and that's not a
smooth line)

[07.09.19]

—
That Spanish is not
my first language

That I didn't know
how to be
in a long distance
relationship

terrible delicadeza

Una gota que brilla en la
forehead
that admito la teardrop
de la posibilidad

Like a bead of eflorisc
cum suelh cum sweat que fan
d'amor. Como una lágrima
corrida de lugar

On her fifth day in
Buenos Aires it rains.
She spends the
afternoon translating
the poetry of Silvina

López Medin. She got
flustered in the book
store looking for
Silvina Ocampo

There's this line about
a bead of sweat on his
forehead, like a
teardrop corrida de
lugar

[29.11.18]

Translation is like water,
changing form

Like a bead of sweat como
una teardrop

trying to escape / out
of place / making a
break for it / slipping
formation

Language in
translation is a fluid,
spilling from one vessel to
another

—> Running

To make the clouds in
the sky

de la primavera.

When lo temps renovelha e par la flors albspina per miey may la bruelha lo rossinhol s'esbaudeya, bray when Springtime's Rose in hole sounds clar;	She talks to her mum on Facebook messenger. The mulberries on the front tree are becoming ripe. Her sister is purple stained sweetly and seasonally amid the;	[11.08.19]
And when on the meadows morning coloured spreading light sobre l'erba And wherenon sap esser chantair braire, deu quant au lo ver. And as lo temps renovelha and sea sonar;	Foliage becoming thin. Still Alejandra has no idea what she is doing here looking at fountains and crypts and fantasising about a dead poet in this pitted stomach of a room;	That Walter Benjamin quote about trees Translation does not find itself in the centre of the language forest but on the outside facing the wooded ridge It calls into it without entering, aiming at that single spot where the echo is able to give, in its own language
Clar, the mulberries becoming	While someone is swimming in rivers and walking to work in the rain	The reverberation of the work in the alien one

Me abris

I would have liked
this amor londanha
murders me to
be the frozen water
e'l dezirs propdas
m'esta messed up and
the
sweet longing
swallowing
in the form of
d'un bon pilgrim
swallowing your
Silvina, Sylvie,
Sylvette. I called, but
no one answered so
mey volertude stai
here
alejandra alejandra
abajo estoy yo
alejandra
anc isside ma mort
can't be
otherwise I
would have liked to be
a pilgrim isside
your burning throat

She lived between a
woman's clothing store
and a *lotería*. There
is a white marble
plaque above the door.
Her
apartment was the
second from the top.
Fans, blinds,
grey-white ceiling. She
crosses the road and
stands against the glass
pane of a patisserie
imaging hot, weak
tea and sleeves pulled
over knuckles. She
never wanted plants or
flowers in her
apartment. Would
come home and take
off her pants, go to the
mirror wearing only a
slip
and a pullover. Her
elbows on the window
sill. Rain stamping out
the dry square of the
awning

1. It is generally accepted that Alejandra Pizarnik had a number of serious relationships with women but did not identify as a lesbian. This is not so much contentious as it is simply not discussed in critical scholarship on Pizarnik's work;
2. Pizarnik's published diaries are incomplete and most of the unpublished material pertains to her sexuality;
3. All this unpublished material is currently held at Princeton. This is a detail that I did not think to check before I went to Buenos Aires to do research. So
4. I guess what it all boils down to is that I bought a bunch of the incomplete published material and stood outside her apartment for a while

me abro

Su cercanía proximity
es like una
premasturbación.
Todo mi be ser being
besar se reduces a
la peeling skin. Tan
adorable. Tan lejana

Amor de lonh
Loinlove
Long distance

She buys two bananas
from a fruit store and
drops her coins on the
floor, where they roll
under shelves heavy
with apples and wood.
She crosses the street
again, presses her face
up against the glass to
peer into the dark
lobby. Hello? Does
one know on what
floor lived Alejandra
Pizarnik? Yes. Seven.
Thank you. Goes back
across the road and
perches on a stoop
outside the pastry
shop, rolls a cigarette
like she's waiting for
someone,
She eats one banana
and lets the other
soften black between
the wooden slats of the
dark bottom of her
bag. Useless body
turning mulch. She is
feeling ridiculous

5. And translated this
poem very slowly for
a year.

me vuelvo de

This is where I am
tonight April, 2. Will
write in a few days. I
am lonesome. Can you
guess why?

I am still waiting, will
you hurry. Feeling
fine, better everyday. I
had a chance to go out
into the bank but
would not take it. I
will tell you more
when I write

Sorry I didn't see
this earlier!!!

Just having a shower !

I am lonesome. Can
you
 waiting
?

We could facetime?

Why don't you answer
my letter honey —

Wish you were here —
having a dandy fine
time

We have been viewing
this scene by
moonlight to-night.

Can't describe it. It is
fascinating, awful,
impressive, terrible,
and beautiful, beyond
the power of words to
describe

Sorry, just woke up

[15.07.19]

Thousands of
vintage postcards
from Niagara Falls
(1900 to 1950s)

—> Letter
displaced to
postcard, lover to
exhibit, poem to
translation etc

—> Could flesh
out this movement
more,

Like how all these
texts, and my
own positionality
are being kind of
displaced by the
grinding action of
polyphonic ice
& suspended in
this whimsical
anonymity

agua en

Green on my face	At two a.m. in the guest	need-to ?
I need to drink from	house Alejandra wakes	must ?
you	up and goes blindly to the	
until the night opens	sink, bare feet on the	have-to ?
	kitchen tiles.	
Where the volume and	Gummy	
height of the fall are	eyed in the red glow of the	
great enough the	power socket. She drink	—
power	from a novelty mug in the	
of the falling water	exaggerated shape	[10.03.19]
and the swirling	of a flamingo. She refills	
currents below may be	it twice (that slow,	Balderstone writes that in
sufficient not only to	original drip) and drinks	addition to the 'personal
keep the base of the	steadily	affective ties' revealed in
cataract clear of		the correspondence
accumulated rock	Swallowing as loudly as	between the two writers,
debris, but to erode a	she can until the sound	there are also resonances
deep hollow in the	becomes alien and she	between their written
river bed..... ;	stumbles back to bed	works, a thread of S's
	bloated and cold, swishing	'totally original form of
Peironet, passa riu,	like the shadows beneath	self-writing' in A's
di-li Lai n'irai el sieu	a pier, like the distressing	constantly shifting self
em peril come de	endlessness of flowing	construction as an
passar mar	with the current and	Argentine poet
	also against it, the deep	
	endless hollowing of the	
This is known as	river bed and the crashing	
a plunge pool	bloated rock debris	

tu



poema

Tu modo de silenciarte en el poema.	It was weird to read your email!!	[Date unknown]
Me abris como a una flor (sin duda una flor pobre, lamentable)	I feel like this is the way long distance might look like from space ,hey	Rudel's 'vida' (aka his fictionalised biography, probably written by Uc de Saint-Circ) claims that his verses of 'amor lonhdana' were inspired by stories of Hodierna's beauty brought to France by pilgrims, and that he joined the Second Crusade in the hope that he could meet her
que ya no esperaba la terrible delicadeza de la primavera. Me abris, me abro,	I am definitely in the same boat re: not knowing what to do	
me vuelvo de agua en tu poema de agua	i.e. idk what to do	
<i>que emana toda la noche profecias.....;</i>	but I've written a very long poem about u.....;)	They say he fell ill on the voyage and arrived on the verge of death

de agua

De dezir Silvina of cors
E que'l voler m'enguana,
decieve me. Sitting in her
room on the seventh floor
at five o'clock on a Thurs-
day afternoon she sits at
her desk and writes to

Silvina: Yesterday, I
decided to repair the
damages that the storm
caused me — the traitor!
I enjoyed it so much! —
I threw everything, books,
records, notebooks on
the floor in order to sort
it all out in a more

Intelligent way. Silvina
I would like to swallow
but I called and called you
and my stiff-legged hors is
so slow in your streams

It's something very
simple (as simple as a
musical phrase) and it
can be formulated
more or less like this:
the room swings and
sways like a ship. I
wish you were naked
by

My side, reading your
poems aloud. Oh
Sylvette, if you were
here. Obviously I'd
kiss your hand and
weep, but you are my
paradise lost. Found
again and lost. Fuck
the Greco-Romans. I
love your face. Why
don't

You answer my letter
honey I feel like this is
probably how long
distance was
conducted back in the
medieval ages lol

[Date
unknown]

And she came
down from her
castle and held
him dying in
her arms

—
This is
probably
not
true

But most
scholars agree
that he died in
the crusades

que emana toda la noche

Amors de terra lonhdana, Per vos sake lo cors mi doll Si non al vostre reclam for your sake all my heart aches to the ill of lacking sweet love. Cuando entré en mi room me sashay las pantalones y me subí a una silla para mirar cómo soy	They are meant to meet at nine but Alejandra is five minutes early. Ten minutes pass on the warm street corner in the dim dark. She walks back to the guesthouse to look at the wifi and can't find the conversation anywhere.	[02.09.19] Amor de lonh, amor lonhdana, amors de tèrra lonhdana 'The identity of a [literal] woman as object of the troubadour's passion can add nothing to our understanding of his poetry' (?)
Ab maltrait d'amor doussana Dins vergier o part la cortina Ab dezirada compahna con el buzo y el slip: vi mi cuerpo adolescente. Tenía hambre y ganas de romper algo. Me miraba a mi misma con mi piccita desordenada andando y viniendo en slip y pullover sin pensar con la memoria petrificada con la boca devorandose	Did she delete Tinder? She goes back and waits fifteen minutes longer, goes home and drinks a beer on the narrow balcony, hopes not to run into Max or Flora in the corridor. She calls her housemate back home I don't know Like maybe I imagined the whole thing	

profecias.

Peironet, passa riu,
I would have liked to
to be the frozen
Peironet passer of
rivers passar mar
di-li Lai I would have
liked to be wader of
waters n'irai el sieu
swallowing, Peironet I
would have liked to be
the frozen swallowing in
your burning throat;

The pavement outside the
cafe window is flaming
white in the midday sun.
It is evening in Melbourne.
There has been torrential
rain all afternoon and the
power lines are down.
Someone writes
The air feels stretchier
now and smells like
a clean towel

Yum

Everything tastes like
dust and spring blossoms
here

Pale icon trembling
watching a woman slowly
eating an omelette
on thick white toast

it was necessary to say
or at least name it (the)
so that the word
was tempted
forward to
extinguish the
flames of

Fig. 2 (la)

*Medieval musical setting for
Jaufre Rudel's Song 6. Paris,
Bibliothèque Nationale.*

Brian J. Hudson

Waterfall: Nature and Culture

(modo, de, poema, Me, abris, como,
duda, agua en)

Fig. 3 (tu)

*Alejandra Pizarnik with
cigarette and doll's head.
Source unknown.*

Zoe Leonard

You See I Am Here After All

(una, flor, me vuelvo de)

Alejandra Pizarnik

Diarios

(silenciarte, poema, abris, como,
me abro, que emana toda
la noche)

Prosa completa

(de, silenciarte, el, como)

Nueva Correspondencia

(tu, de, me, a, una, (sin, duda, una
flor pobre, lamentable),
que ya no esperaba, de la
primavera, de agua)

Extracting the Stone of Madness

- *Trans. Yvette Siegert*

(poema, como, flor, Me
abris, me abro, me vuelvo
de, poema, profecias)

Jaufre Rudel

Collected Verse - Trans.

Malcovatti, Wolf and

Rosenstein

(Tu, modo, de, silenciarte,
en, el, poema, Me, abris,
como, a, una, flor, terrible
delicadeza, de la primavera,
me abris, me abro, agua en,
profecias)

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