



# POETRY NIGHT ON PAPER

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By Apheleia's wonderful international team

Apheleia  
Ἀφέλεια



# Preface

From 29 March to 8 April 2017, the *Apheleia* seminar brought students and professors from different countries and backgrounds to the little village of Mação in Portugal. During ten days of presentations, workshops and field visits, members contributed ideas from their own specialised fields of knowledge towards finding solutions for the sustainable and integrated management of cultural landscapes.

The experience proved fulfilling not only academically through the sharing of knowledge but also socially through the personal interactions that occurred during the event. These exchanges were not limited to the participants of the conference: through cultural activities such as Music Night and Poetry Night integrated into the seminar's programme, the interactions extended to the local inhabitants of Mação.

This e-publication containing the collection of poems read during Poetry Night is a testament to the cultural exchange that took place. It was a night where each one shared a glimpse into his or her own cultural landscape through the choice of poet or poem and the performance of reading, acting or singing it aloud in its original language.

To all those who have contributed, a big thank you. We wish you an enjoyable read.

*Kimberly Leong & Mathilde Craker*

# Summary

*Intro Verses* – Marta Arzarello (Italy)

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15. Cristina Enjuto Crespo (Spain)
16. Malebogo Mvimi (Botswana)
17. Naoki Goto (Japan)
18. André Luís Ramos Soares (Brazil)
19. Filip Kinnert, Karolína Míková, Kristýna Sirová (Czech Republic)
20. Cecília Lemos (Mação)
21. Mark van der Woude (Netherlands)
22. Tala Aldeiri (Jordan)
23. Luiz Oosterbeek (Portugal)

Read by **Marta Arzarello**, from **Italy**

As Intermitências da Morte (2005), by José Saramago

“[...] Com as  
palavras todo  
cuidado é  
pouco, mudam  
de opinião  
como as  
pessoas. [...]”

Death With Interruptions

“[...] One  
cannot be too  
careful with  
words, they  
change their  
minds just as  
people do. [...]”

# Read by Simon Wyrwol, from Germany

## Ginko Biloba, by Goethe, September 1815

Dieses Baums Blatt, der von Osten  
Meinem Garten anvertraut,  
Gibt geheimen Sinn zu kosten,  
Wie's den Wissenden erbaut.

Ist es ein lebendig Wesen,  
Das sich in sich selbst getrennt?  
Sind es zwei, die sich erlesen,  
Daß man sie als eines kennt?

Solche Fragen zu erwidern  
Fand ich wohl den rechten Sinn:  
Fühlst Du nicht an meinen Liedern,  
Daß ich eins und doppelt bin?

Goethe September 1815

Leaf of eastern tree transplanted  
Here into my gardens field  
Hast me secret meaning granted  
Which adepts delight will yield

Art thou one - one living being  
Now divided into two?  
Art thou two, who joined agreeing  
and in one united grew?

To the question, pondered duly,  
Have I found the right reply:  
In my poems you see truly  
Twofold and yet one am I.

Translated by Paul Carus 1915

*“ - I chose this poem, written in 1815 by Goethe, one of Germany's most dedicated poets and authors, because it is a beautiful metaphor for friendship and love. Also being a botanist, Goethe reflects on the beauty and ingeniousness of nature and makes the Ginko a symbol for the beauty of human relationships.”*

# Read by Eleonora Gargani, from Italy

## L'approdo

Felice l'uomo che ha raggiunto il  
porto,  
Che lascia dietro di sé mari e tempeste,  
I cui sogni sono morti o mai nati,  
E siede a bere a l'osteria di Brema,  
Presso al camino, ed ha una buona  
pace.

Felice l'uomo come una fiamma  
spenta,  
Felice l'uomo come sabbia d'estuario,  
Che ha deposto il carico e si è tersa la  
fronte,  
E riposa al margine del cammino.  
Non teme, né spera, né aspetta,  
Ma guarda fisso in sole che tramonta.

Primo Levi

## The Landing

Pleased is the man who reached the  
harbor,  
Who leaves behind oceans and storms,  
Whose dreams are dead or neverborn,  
And who sits and drinks in the tavern  
of Brema,  
Close to the fireplace, and finds good  
peace,  
Pleased is the man like a faded flame  
Pleased is the man like estuary sand,  
Who laid the load and wiped his  
forehead,  
And rests at the edge of the path.  
He neither fears, nor hopes, nor waits,  
But stares gazing at the sunset.

Primo Levi

Read by **Callum Fisher**, from the **United Kingdom**

“Meeting Point”, by Louis MacNeice, from  
*The Collected Poems of Louis MacNeice*. 1967

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Time was away and somewhere else,  
There were two glasses and two chairs  
And two people with the one pulse  
(Somebody stopped the moving stairs):  
Time was away and somewhere else.

And they were neither up nor down;  
The stream’s music did not stop  
Flowing through heather, limpid brown,  
Although they sat in a coffee shop  
And they were neither up nor down.

The bell was silent in the air  
Holding its inverted poise—  
Between the clang and clang a flower,  
A brazen calyx of no noise:  
The bell was silent in the air.

The camels crossed the miles of sand  
That stretched around the cups and plates;  
The desert was their own, they planned  
To portion out the stars and dates:  
The camels crossed the miles of sand.

Time was away and somewhere else.  
The waiter did not come, the clock  
Forgot them and the radio waltz  
Came out like water from a rock:  
Time was away and somewhere else.

Her fingers flicked away the ash  
That bloomed again in tropic trees:  
Not caring if the markets crash  
When they had forests such as these,  
Her fingers flicked away the ash.

God or whatever means the Good  
Be praised that time can stop like this,  
That what the heart has understood  
Can verify in the body’s peace  
God or whatever means the Good.

Time was away and she was here  
And life no longer what it was,  
The bell was silent in the air  
And all the room one glow because  
Time was away and she was here.

# Read by Zhixiao Liao, from China

Selected from *The Classic of Poetry*, also Shijing or Shih-ching, translated variously as the Book of Songs, Book of Odes, or simply known as the Odes or Poetry (Chinese: 詩; pinyin: Shī) is the oldest existing collection of Chinese poetry, comprising 305 works dating from the 11th to 7th centuries BC. It is one of the "Five Classics" traditionally said to have been compiled by Confucius, and has been studied and memorized by scholars in China and neighboring countries over two millennia. Since the Qing dynasty, its rhyme patterns have also been analyzed in the study of Old Chinese phonology.

## 关雎 Cooing And Wooing

关关雎鸠,  
By riverside are cooing  
在河之洲。  
A pair of turtledoves;  
窈窕淑女,  
A good young man is wooing  
君子好逑。  
A fair maiden he loves.  
参差荇菜,  
Water flows left and right  
左右流之。  
Of cress long here, short there;  
窈窕淑女,  
The youth yearns day and night  
寤寐求之。  
For the good maiden fair.  
求之不得,  
His yearning grows so strong,  
寤寐思服。  
He cannot fall asleep,

悠哉悠哉,  
But tosses all night long,  
辗转反侧。  
So deep in love, so deep!  
参差荇菜,  
Now gather left and right  
左右采之。  
Cress long or short and tender!  
窈窕淑女,  
O lute, play music bright  
琴瑟友之。  
For the bride sweet and slender!  
参差荇菜,  
Feast friends at left and right  
左右芼之。  
On cress cooked till tender!  
窈窕淑女,  
O bells and drums, delight  
钟鼓乐之。  
The bride so sweet and slender!



This is a typical form of poem named Song Ci, which are a poetic form, a type of lyric poetry, done in the tradition of Classical Chinese poetry. Ci use a set of poetic meters derived from a base set of certain patterns, in fixed-rhythm, fixed-tone, and variable line-length formal types, or model examples: the rhythmic and tonal pattern of the ci are based upon certain, definitive musical song tunes. They are also known as Changduanju (長短句/长短句, "lines of irregular lengths") and Shiyu (詩餘/诗餘, "that which is beside poetry").

## 声声慢

**Tune: Slow slow song**  
by 李清照 Li Qingchao

寻寻觅觅，冷冷清清，  
凄凄惨惨戚戚

So dim, so dark, / So  
dense, so dull, / So  
damp, so dank, / So  
dead!

乍暖还寒时候，最难  
将息。

Even when it's warmer  
there is still a chill, / It is  
most difficult to keep  
well.

三杯两盏淡酒，怎敌  
他、晚来风急？

By cup on cup/ Of wine  
so dry/ Oh, how could  
I/ Endure at dusk the  
drift/ Of wind so swift?

雁过也，正伤心、却是  
旧时相识。

I recognize the geese  
flying overhead:/ My old  
friends, / Bring not the  
old memories back!

满地黄花堆积，憔悴损、  
而今有谁堪摘？

The ground is covered  
with yellow flowers, /  
Faded and fallen in  
showers. / Who will pick  
them up now?

守着窗儿，独自怎生  
得黑？

Sitting alone at the  
window, how/ Could I  
but quicken/ The pace  
of darkness that won't  
thicken?

梧桐更兼细雨，到黄  
昏、点点滴滴。

On plane's broad leaves  
a fine rain drizzles/ As  
twilight grizzles.

这次第，怎一个愁字  
了得！

Oh, what can I do with  
a grief/ Beyond belief!

*"En fait, le premier poème qui a une histoire de plus de 2 mille ans, est très très célèbre en Chine. J'ai choisi ça, parce qu'elle parle de l'amour, qui était, est, sera toujours le sujet de l'humanité, n'importe quel pays, n'importe quelle nation. Comme nous, les étudiants de la conférence Apheleia, bien que l'on vienne des cultures différentes, on partage quand-même certaines émotions et pensées. Le deuxième poème parle de la mélancolie. Je l'ai choisi c'est simplement parce qu'il est un de ma prédilection, ainsi que le poète, qui est la plus célèbre poète féminin dans l'histoire chinoise. Aussi, ce poème est un chef d'oeuvre de Song Ci."*

# Read by Reda Stangytė, from Lithuania

„GĖLIŲ KALBĖJIMAS“,  
lietuviškai, 1961

*Jonas Mekas*

AŠ NEŽINAU, ar saulė  
padarė tai,  
lietus ar vėjas –  
bet man labai gailėjos  
ir sniego, ir baltos spalvos.

Klausiausi, kaip šiureno  
pavasario lietus,  
plaudamas kaštanų  
rausvus pumpuriukus, –  
ir upeliukas bėgo  
į slėnį nuo kalvos –  
ir buvo gaila sniego  
ir baltos spalvos.

O kiemuose, o skardžiuose  
raudonaskruostės  
kaimų merginos  
sudžiaustė skalbinius,

nupūstus vėjo,  
ir, atsišliejusios,  
ilgai žiūrėjo  
į geltonus blindės pluoštus:  
nes meilė yra kaip vėjas,  
ir meilė kaip vanduo –  
su pavasariu ji atdrungsta,  
ir užšąla – kai ruduo.

Bet man, nežinau kodėl,  
ar saulė  
padarė tai,  
lietus ar vėjas, –  
bet man labai gailėjos  
ir sniego, ir baltos spalvos.

Žinau – vėjas  
skalbinius vis pūs ir pūs,  
ir lietus atėjęs  
lis vis kaštanus, –  
bet meilė, kurią sniegas  
nusinešė –  
negriš.

Giliai po sniegu miega  
žodžiai ir širdis:  
nes šiandien, kai sekiau  
lietaus šokimą tarpdury –  
pavasario lietaus! –  
aš kitą pamačiau:

lietum praėjo,  
ir buvo ji graži,  
ir šyptelėjo:

Nes meilė yra kaip vėjas,  
ir meilė kaip vanduo –  
su pavasariu ji atdrungsta,  
ir užšąla – kai ruduo,  
nors man, nežinau kodėl,  
ar saulė  
padarė tai,  
lietus ar vėjas, –  
bet man labai gailėjos  
ir sniego, ir baltos spalvos.

From "The Talk of Flowers" in  
English, 1961

*By Jonas Mekas (Lithuanian  
filmmaker, artist and poet)*

I do not know, whether the sun  
accomplished it,  
the rain or wind —  
but I was missing so  
the whiteness and the snow.

I listened to the rustling  
of spring rain,  
washing the reddish buds  
of chestnut-trees,—  
and a tiny spring ran down  
into the valley from the hill —  
and I was missing  
the whiteness  
and the snow.

And in the yards, and on the slopes  
red-cheeked  
village maidens  
hung up the washings

blown over by the wind  
and, leaning,  
stared a long while  
at the yellow tufts of sallow:

For love is like the wind, And love is  
like the water  
— it warms up with the spring, and  
freezes over  
— in the autumn.

But to me, I don't know why,  
whether the sun  
accomplished it,  
the rain or wind —  
but I was missing so  
the whiteness and the snow.

I know — the wind  
will blow and blow the washings,  
and the rain  
will wash and wash the chestnut-trees,  
but love, which melted with the snow  
—  
will not return.

Deep below the snow sleep  
words and feelings:  
for today, watching  
the dance of rain between the door —  
the rain of spring! —  
I saw another:

she walked by in the rain, and beautiful  
she was, and smiled:

For love is like the wind,  
and love is like the water —  
it warms up with the spring  
and freezes over — in the autumn,  
though to me, I don't know why,  
whether the sun  
accomplished it,  
the rain or wind —  
but I was missing so  
the whiteness and the snow.

# Read by Jean Gibert, from France

## Liberté,

Paul Eluard, « *Poésie et vérité* » (*recueil clandestin*), 1942

Sur mes cahiers d'écolier  
Sur mon pupitre et les arbres  
Sur le sable sur la neige  
J'écris ton nom

Sur la mousse des nuages  
Sur les sueurs de l'orage  
Sur la pluie épaisse et fade  
J'écris ton nom

Sur la vitre des surprises  
Sur les lèvres attentives  
Bien au-dessus du silence  
J'écris ton nom

Sur toutes les pages lues  
Sur toutes les pages blanches  
Pierre sang papier ou cendre  
J'écris ton nom

Sur les formes scintillantes  
Sur les cloches des couleurs  
Sur la vérité physique  
J'écris ton nom

Sur mes refuges détruits  
Sur mes phares écroulés  
Sur les murs de mon ennui  
J'écris ton nom

Sur les images dorées  
Sur les armes des guerriers  
Sur la couronne des rois  
J'écris ton nom

Sur les sentiers éveillés  
Sur les routes déployées  
Sur les places qui débordent  
J'écris ton nom

Sur l'absence sans désir  
Sur la solitude nue  
Sur les marches de la mort  
J'écris ton nom

Sur la jungle et le désert  
Sur les nids sur les genêts  
Sur l'écho de mon enfance  
J'écris ton nom

Sur la lampe qui s'allume  
Sur la lampe qui s'éteint  
Sur mes maisons réunies  
J'écris ton nom

Sur la santé revenue  
Sur le risque disparu  
Sur l'espoir sans souvenir  
J'écris ton nom

Sur les merveilles des nuits  
Sur le pain blanc des journées  
Sur les saisons fiancées  
J'écris ton nom

Sur le fruit coupé en deux  
Du miroir et de ma chambre  
Sur mon lit coquille vide  
J'écris ton nom

Et par le pouvoir d'un mot  
Je recommence ma vie  
Je suis né pour te connaître  
Pour te nommer

Sur tous mes chiffons d'azur  
Sur l'étang soleil moisi  
Sur le lac lune vivante  
J'écris ton nom

Sur mon chien gourmand et tendre  
Sur ses oreilles dressées  
Sur sa patte maladroite  
J'écris ton nom

Liberté.

Sur les champs sur l'horizon  
Sur les ailes des oiseaux  
Et sur le moulin des ombres  
J'écris ton nom

Sur le tremplin de ma porte  
Sur les objets familiers  
Sur le flot du feu béni  
J'écris ton nom

Sur chaque bouffée d'aurore  
Sur la mer sur les bateaux  
Sur la montagne démente  
J'écris ton nom

Sur toute chair accordée  
Sur le front de mes amis  
Sur chaque main qui se tend  
J'écris ton nom

On my school notebooks  
On my school desk and the trees  
On the sand on the snow  
I write your name

On every puff of dawn  
On the sea on the boats  
On the insane mountain  
I write your name

On the springboard of my door  
On the familiar objects  
On the flood of the blessed fire  
I write your name

On all the pages read  
On all the blank pages  
Stone blood paper or ash  
I write your name

On the foam of the clouds  
On the sweat of the storm  
On the thick and dull rain  
I write your name

On any granted flesh  
On my friends' forehead  
On every hand held out  
I write your name

On the golden images  
On the warriors' arms  
On the kings' crown  
I write your name

On the scintillating figures  
On the colors' bells  
On the physical truth  
I write your name

On the window of the surprises  
On the attentive lips  
Well above the silence  
I write your name

On the jungle and the desert  
On the nests on the brooms  
On the echo of my childhood  
I write your name

On the awake paths  
On the unfurled roads  
On the overflowing squares  
I write your name

On my destroyed shelters  
On my crumbled beacons  
On the walls of my boredom  
I write your name

On the wonders of the nights  
On the white bread of the days  
On the engaged seasons  
I write your name

On the lamp that comes alight  
On the lamp that dies out  
On my combined houses  
I write your name

On the absence without desire  
On the bare solitude  
On the steps of death  
I write your name

On all my rags of azure  
On the pond mildewed sun  
On the lake moon alive  
I write your name

On the fruit cut in halves  
Of the mirror and of my room  
On my empty shell bed  
I write your name

On the health returned  
On the risk disappeared  
On hope without remembrance  
I write your name

On the fields on the horizon  
On the birds' wings  
And on shadows' mill  
I write your name

On my gourmand and tender dog  
On his pricked up ears  
On his clumsy paw  
I write your name

And by the power of a word  
I start my life again  
I was born to know you  
To name you

Freedom.

*“J'ai choisi ce poème parce que je constate que la liberté politique est menacée à l'est à l'ouest...au sud.*

*L'ubérisation des emplois et la financiarisation de l'économie déshumanisent la société. La liberté est réservée à une élite.*

*Même de petites libertés sont grignotées chaque jour : le plaisir de boire de l'eau pure gratuitement,*

*le bonheur de respirer de l'air pur. Nous devons apprendre à réécrire le mot liberté, nous devons résister.”*

Read by **Kimberly Leong**, from **Singapore**

The Planners,  
by Boey Kim Cheng

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They plan. They build. All spaces are gridded,  
filled with permutations of possibilities.

The buildings are in alignment with the roads  
which meet at desired points  
linked by bridges all hang  
in the grace of mathematics.

They build and will not stop.  
Even the sea draws back  
and the skies surrender.

They erase the flaws,  
the blemishes of the past, knock off  
useless blocks with dental dexterity.

All gaps are plugged  
with gleaming gold.

The country wears perfect rows  
of shining teeth.

Anaesthesia, amnesia, hypnosis.

They have the means.

They have it all so it will not hurt,  
so history is new again.

The piling will not stop.

The drilling goes right through  
the fossils of last century.

But my heart would not bleed  
poetry. Not a single drop  
to stain the blueprint  
of our past's tomorrow.

Boey Kim Cheng was born in Singapore in 1965. Disillusioned with the state of literary and cultural politics in Singapore, Boey left for Sydney with his wife in 1996. The poem reflects the disillusionment of the artist for the perceived soulless path of technological progress and industrialization.

# Read by **Donata Armakauskaitė**, from Lithuania

He is a contemporary Lithuanian poet, essayist and translator. Author finished faculty of Mathematics at Vilnius University and started writing afterwards. His creative works can be named as extreme intellectual poetry, distant from the traditional Lithuanian lyrics. Poem "Essay on Lithuanian literature" was written in 1999.

## **ESĖ APIE LIETUVIŲ LITERATŪRĄ, by EUGENIJUS ALIŠANKA (1999)**

vis rečiau pajėgiu atsakyti į klausimą kodėl rašau  
kartais atrodo: tam kad rašyčiau  
kartais matau šviesą  
vis mažiau mane domina poezija (juolab proza)  
kartais atrodo: skaitau tam kad užmirščiau  
kartais atrodo: esu kitapus šio nevalingo žodžių žaismo  
vis dažniau prisiverčiu būti tarp lietuvių poetų  
kartais jie širdingi ir skausmingi kaip rusų poezija  
kartais jie girti ir agresyvūs kaip repas  
kartais jie nesantys kaip aš  
vis kukliau galvoju apie lietuvių poeziją  
kartais prisimenu tik vieną kitą vardą: vytautas alfonsas sigitas  
kartais sakau: ji išmokytų meno bet ne gyvenimo  
kartais klausiu: argi jai rūpi kaip kokiam celanui gyvenimas  
kartais tyliu: toks neišmanymas prisišauks bėdą

## **ESSAY ON LITHUANIAN LITERATURE**

less and less am I able to answer the question why I write  
sometimes it seems: in order to write  
sometimes I see the light  
less and less the interest in poetry (not to mention prose)  
sometimes it seems: I read in order to forget  
sometimes it seems: I am behind this involuntary play of words  
more and more I force myself to be with lithuanian poets  
sometimes the poets are hearty and tortuous like in russian poetry  
sometimes drunken and aggressive like in rap  
sometimes barely there like me  
more modestly I think about lithuanian poetry  
sometimes I remember only a few names: vytautas alfonsas sigitas  
sometimes I say: poetry can teach art not life  
sometimes I ask: does life care for poetry like celan  
sometimes I am silent: this ignorance will bring trouble upon me

# Read and written by Billy Mangole, from Congo

## Voyage

Tantôt par mer tantôt par air  
Par autocar ou par train  
Le voyage long à parcourir  
Est souvent paré des suspens  
Quand tourne la roue tourne la vie  
Ainsi que maintes choses délectables  
On y vit comme si la nuit n'existait pas  
Et dégustons avec soin la beauté qu'offre la nature.  
Mais à chaque terminus il faut s'arrêter  
Le temps de contempler notre fragilité  
Ceux qui descendent avec leurs bagages  
Avec une partie de la vie, une partie du bonheur  
Quand redémarre le moteur on y va de plus bel  
Plus loin les vagues se heurtent à nous  
Le navire près à chavirer nous fait savoir  
Que nul n'est à l'abri du danger  
Mais la foi, le courage,  
Le destin font parfois bien les choses.  
Le navire comme de coutume  
Accoste pour repartir de nouveau  
Le temps de rafistoler le bonheur  
De pleurer ceux qui s'en vont.  
Tourne le moteur tourne la vie  
L'autocar avance et nous passons  
La route sans ceux qui s'en vont  
Bien longue à parcourir  
Parmi les nuages, parmi les brouillards  
Nos cœurs se font lourds à affronter le mystère  
Mais au fond, nous savons déjà  
Que le voyage ne finit jamais  
Plutôt se transforme pour ceux qui s'en vont  
Que ce soit par mer, air ou terre  
Chaque voyage fait couler du miel et des larmes  
Et conduit toujours vers un autre chemin, une autre âme  
Tourne le moteur tourne la vie  
En attendant des nouvelles embarcations  
Le voyage continue.

Poème écrit par Billy Mangole.  
Extrait «d'Entre deux rives»,  
recueil de poèmes à 4 mains  
réalisé avec la poétesse suisse  
Ingrid Bevacqua Segura.

Contributed by **Yasmine Bouharaoua** and **Yasmine Khennoussi**, from **Algeria**

**Tecnam** (version Kabyle)

Tecnam akk yef zzin-iw,  
Tecnam yef lħerma i kesbey,  
ħed ur d-yemmekta lħeqq-iw,  
D lmal i ttunħsabey,  
Tura mi d-ldint wallen-iw,  
Yid-wen ad mħasabey.

Cfiy yef wasmi i d-luley,  
Ur d-yelli uħris fell-i,  
Yid-wen mi d-mqabaley,  
Tezzim deg-i tamuylı,  
Tennam i yemma selley,  
Rebbi ad kem-isebber a yelli.

Asmi i bdiy la ttnerniy,  
ħulfey ziy yella lehıaf,  
Taqæet-nni ideg γliy  
tettdeggir-iyi-d yer leryaf  
di mkul taswiæt ttwaliy  
ala arrac i nessemenyaf.

Yiwen wass ddiy d tislit,  
Nwiγ ad yizid umæic  
Dħiy-d am tbarranit  
leæmer iyi-d-isaħ uħric  
tettmektayem-d Tassadit  
ala di lweqt n leqdic.

Ar melmi ara tdum akka ?  
Ar melmi ara yeybu lħeqq?  
Melmi ara d-yas uzekka?  
Melmi tidet ara d-tenteq?  
Melmi ara d-ffıyey seg uzekka?  
Melmi itij ad yecreq?

**Ben Muħemmed**  
**Tisuraf, utun 4-5**  
**Ccna: Newwara**

**Vous chantez**

Vous avez tous chanté sur ma beauté,  
Vous avez tous chanté sur la dignité que je possède,  
Personne n'a pu se révéler de ce que me revient de droit,  
Vous me considérer comme une bête,  
Maintenant quand mes yeux sont ouverts,  
C'est avec vous que je réglerai les comptes.

Je me souviens du jour où je suis née,  
Il y avait aucun écrit sur moi,  
Je vais me mettre face à vous,  
Vous qui m'avez regardé à travers,  
J'ai entendus quand vous avez dit à ma mère,  
Que Dieu soit avec toi.

Le jour où je suis devenue mûr,  
Je me suis rendue compte qu'il y a une différence,  
L'univers dans lequel je suis tombée,  
Me pousse vers les extrémités,  
Chaque moment je remarque,  
Que seuls les garçons sont convoités.

Un jour je suis devenue une épouse,  
J'ai crûs que c'est le bonheur,  
Je suis devenue comme une étrangère,  
J'ai perdu tous mes droits,  
Vous vous en souvenez de Tassadit,  
Que pour vous servir.

Jusqu'à quand sa durera comme ça?  
Jusqu'à quand je bénéficierai de ce que me revient de droit ?  
Quad-est-ce que viendra demain?  
Quand-est-ce que la vérité ce dévoilera?  
Quand-est-ce que je sortirai de ma tombe ?  
Quand-est-ce que le soleil se lèvera ?

**Ben Muħemmed**  
**Chant: Newwara**  
**Traduction: Yasmine Khennoussi et David1**



Contributed by **Yasmine Bouharaoua** and **Yasmine Khennoussi**, from **Algeria**

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**A LEMRI**

inspiration chanson C.KHEDDAM-1963

**Oh ! MIROIR** ( Paroles et traduction )

Oh Miroir ! Ton destin  
Est plus beau que le mien

Je suis comme un dément  
Ah ! Te ressembler tant

Toi qui côtoie l'amour à chaque instant  
Quand la belle descend

Près de toi, elle applique le henné  
Telle une colombe des près

Bourrée de vertus et de biens  
Elle, qui aime tant les siens.

J'implore Dieu l'Aimé  
Pour que souffle la brise ondulée  
Pour chanter avec mon adorée

Sans pudeur elle te regarde  
Tu lui tiens compagnie ou de garde

Si tu avais compris son secret  
Pour ton bonheur, tu jouirais

Avec ses colliers parfumés  
Elle a plus de chance, je le sais.

Elle se coiffe devant le miroir endossé  
Se regarde avec minutie et fierté.

A sa beauté, rien ne manque, c'est coulant  
Son doux visage et son corps fascinants  
Comme un bel arbrisseau sous le vent....

Read by **Jakub Topor**, from **Poland**

**Pan Tadeusz**, Adam Mickiewicz (Polish/Lithuanian)

Litwo, Ojczyzno moja! ty jesteś jak zdrowie;  
Ile cię trzeba cenić, ten tylko się dowie,  
Kto cię stracił. Dziś piękność twą w całej  
ozdobie  
Widzę i opisuję, bo tęsknię po tobie.

---

**Sir Thaddeus, or the Last Lithuanian Foray**

Lithuania, my homeland! You are like health;  
how you should be valued, he will only know,  
who has lost you. Today your beauty in all its  
ornament  
I see it and describe it, because I miss you.

---

*“Chosen because it was a poem I learned as a child. It was a way for my parents to teach me about the country they were forced to leave. Also because the poet, as well as the poem, brings together the Polish and Lithuanian cultures.”*

Read by **Luís Barbosa**, from **Portugal**

**Não Digas Nada**

Não digas nada!  
Nem mesmo a verdade  
Há tanta suavidade em nada se dizer  
E tudo se entender -  
Tudo metade  
De sentir e de ver...  
Não digas nada  
Deixa esquecer

Talvez que amanhã  
Em outra paisagem  
Digas que foi vã  
Toda essa viagem  
Até onde quis  
Ser quem me agrada...  
Mas ali fui feliz  
Não digas nada.

**Non, ne dit pas rien!**

Non, ne dit pas rien!  
Ni même la vérité  
Il y a beaucoup de suavié dans le fait de  
rien dire  
Et entendre tous -  
Tous est la moitié  
De sentir et de voir...  
Ne dit pas rien  
Laisse tous oublier

Peut être que demain  
Dans une autre paysage  
Tu peux dire qui a été fausse  
Toute cette voyage  
Jusque ou elle as été désirée  
Être quelquand qui me donne plaisir...  
Mais lá j'ai eu de la félicité  
Ne dit pas rien.

Fernando Pessoa, in "*Cancioneiro* "

# Read by Enrique Meléndez Galán, from Spain

**La canción del Pirata**, by José de Espronceda (Extremadura, Spain), 1840.

Con diez cañones por banda,  
viento en popa, a toda vela,  
no corta el mar, sino vuela  
un velero bergantín.  
Bajel pirata que llaman,  
por su bravura, el Temido,  
en todo mar conocido  
del uno al otro confín.

La luna en el mar riela,  
en la lona gime el viento,  
y alza en blando movimiento  
olas de plata y azul;  
y ve el capitán pirata,  
cantando alegre en la popa,  
Asia a un lado, al otro Europa,  
y allá a su frente Stambul:

«Navega, velero mío,  
sin temor,  
que ni enemigo navío  
ni tormenta, ni bonanza  
tu rumbo a torcer alcanza,  
ni a sujetar tu valor.

Veinte presas  
hemos hecho  
a despecho  
del inglés,  
y han rendido  
sus pendones  
cien naciones  
a mis pies.

Que es mi barco mi tesoro,  
que es mi dios la libertad,  
mi ley, la fuerza y el viento,  
mi única patria, la mar.

Allá muevan feroz guerra  
ciegos reyes  
por un palmo más de tierra;  
que yo tengo aquí por mío  
cuanto abarca el mar bravío,  
a quien nadie impuso leyes.

Y no hay playa,  
sea cualquiera,  
ni bandera  
de esplendor,  
que no sienta mi derecho  
y dé pecho  
a mi valor.

Que es mi barco mi tesoro,  
que es mi dios la libertad,  
mi ley, la fuerza y el viento,  
mi única patria, la mar.

A la voz de «¡barco viene!»  
es de ver  
cómo vira y se previene  
a todo trapo a escapar;  
que yo soy el rey del mar,  
y mi furia es de temer.

En las presas  
yo divido  
lo cogido  
por igual ;  
sólo quiero  
por riqueza  
la belleza  
sin rival.

Que es mi barco mi tesoro,  
que es mi dios la libertad,  
mi ley, la fuerza y el viento,  
mi única patria, la mar.

¡Sentenciado estoy a muerte!  
Yo me río;  
no me abandone la suerte,  
y al mismo que me condena,  
colgaré de alguna entena,  
Quizá en su propio navío

Y si caigo,  
¿qué es la vida?  
Por perdida  
ya la di,  
cuando el yugo  
del esclavo,  
como un bravo,  
sacudí.

Que es mi barco mi tesoro,  
que es mi dios la libertad,  
mi ley, la fuerza y el viento,  
mi única patria, la mar.

Son mi música mejor  
aquilones,  
el estrépito y temblor  
de los cables sacudidos,  
del negro mar los bramidos  
y el rugir de mis cañones.

Y del trueno  
al son violento,  
y del viento  
al rebramar,  
yo me duermo  
sosegado,  
arrullado  
por el mar.

Que es mi barco mi tesoro,  
que es mi dios la libertad,  
mi ley, la fuerza y el viento,  
mi única patria, la mar.

The breeze fair aft, all sails on high,  
Ten guns on each side mounted seen,  
She does not cut the sea, but fly,  
A swiftly sailing brigantine;  
A pirate bark, the 'Dreaded' named,  
For her surpassing boldness famed,  
On every sea well known and shore,  
From side to side their boundaries o'er.

The moon in streaks the waves illumines;  
Hoarse groans the wind the rigging through;  
In gentle motion raised, assumes  
The sea a silvery shade with blue;  
While singing gaily on the poop,  
The pirate captain, in a group,  
Sees Europe here, there Asia lies,  
And Stamboul in the front arise.

Sail on, my swift one! nothing fear;  
Nor calm, nor storm, nor foeman's force  
Shall make thee yield in thy career,  
Or turn thee from thy course.

Despite the English cruisers fleet,  
We have full twenty prizes made;  
And see, their flags beneath my feet  
A hundred nations laid.

My treasure is my gallant bark,  
My only God is liberty;  
My law is might, the wind my mark,  
My country is the sea.

There blindly kings fierce wars maintain  
For palms of land, when here I hold  
As mine, whose power no laws restrain,  
Whate'er the seas infold.

Nor is there shore around whate'er,  
Or banner proud, but of my might  
Is taught the valorous proofs to bear,  
And made to feel my right.

My treasure is my gallant bark,  
My only God is liberty;  
My law is might, the wind my mark,  
My country is the sea.

Look, when a ship our signals ring  
Full sail to fly, how quick she's veer'd!  
For of the sea I am the king,  
My fury's to be feared;

But equally with all I share  
Whate'er the wealth we take supplies;  
I only seek the matchless fair,  
My portion of the prize.

My treasure is my gallant bark,  
My only God is liberty;  
My law is might, the wind my mark,  
My country is the sea.

I am condemned to die! I laugh;  
For if my fates are kindly sped,  
My doomer from his own ship's staff  
Perhaps I'll hang instead.

And if I fall, why what is life?  
For lost I gave it then as due,  
When from slavery's yoke in strife  
A rover I withdrew.

My treasure is my gallant bark,  
My only God is liberty;  
My law is might, the wind my mark,  
My country is the sea.

My music is the north wind's roar,  
The noise when round the cable runs,  
The bellows of the Black Sea's shore,  
And rolling of my guns.

And as the thunders loudly sound,  
And furious as the tempest rave,  
I calmly rest in sleep profound,  
So rocked upon the wave.

My treasure is my gallant bark,  
My only God is liberty;  
My law is might, the wind my mark,  
My country is the sea.

# Read by Christiane, Katja, Martina, Rodica & Johann, from Germany

The German Poem "Punschlied" from Friedrich Schiller (1759 - 1808), written in 1803 for a weekly evening at his friends house (namely Johann Wolfgang von Goethe).

## Punschlied

Vier Elemente,  
Innig gesellt,  
Bilden das Leben,  
Bauen die Welt.

Preßt der Zitrpne  
Saftigen Kern,  
Herb ist des Lebens  
Innerster Kern.

Jetzt mit des Zuckers  
Linderndem Saft  
Zähmet die herbe,  
Brennende Kraft.

Gießet des Wassers  
Sprudelnden Schwall,  
Wasser umfängt  
Ruhig das all.

Tropfen des Geistes  
Gießet hinein,  
Leben dem Leben  
Gibt er allein.

Eh es verduftet,  
Schöpfet es schnell,  
Nur wenn er glühet,  
Labet der Quell.

## Punchsong

Four elements, joined in  
Harmonious strife,  
Shadow the world forth,  
And typify life.

Into the goblet  
The lemon's juice pour;  
Acid is ever  
Life's innermost core.

Now, with the sugar's  
All-softening juice,  
The strength of the acid  
So burning reduce.

The bright sparkling water  
Now pour in the bowl;  
Water all-gently  
Encircles the whole.

Let drops of the spirit  
To join them now flow;  
Life to the living  
Naught else can bestow.

Drain it off quickly  
Before it exhales;  
Save when 'tis glowing,  
The draught naught avails.

*“We took this poem because our University in Jena is named after Friedrich Schiller and because the poems deals with the 'science' of punch making and plays with some hidden parallels to life itself.”*

Read by **Cristina Enjuto Crespo**, from **Spain**

**Extracto de Proverbios y cantares (XXIX)**

Antonio Machado

**Caminante no hay camino**

Caminante, son tus huellas

el camino y nada más;

Caminante, no hay camino,

se hace camino al andar.

Al andar se hace el camino,

y al volver la vista atrás

se ve la senda que nunca

se ha de volver a pisar.

Caminante no hay camino

sino estelas en la mar.

**Walker, there is no way**

Walker, are your footprints

The way and no other.

Walker, there is no way.

Make your way by walking farther.

By walking farther, make your way

Till looking back at where you've

wandered,

You look back on that path you may

Not set foot on from now onward.

Walker, there is no way;

Only wake-trails on the water

*“I have chosen this poem because it is about the destiny which is in our hands. It is our footprints that make the path for the future.”*

# Read by **Malebogo Mvimi**, from **Botswana**

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## **VULA NGA YI NE**

Mu moyo we shango ye Kgalagadi nlidzi we dumba uno lidza nge itima

Dukuta lile nge nlidzo wa bo rabiibiii ne funye zwi shangana

Zwi shanganila dana vula hadzi

Vula yi si bilo miligwa makole manjinji

Vula ye tjinga ya ka fulukila ku shango dzi kule

Shango ku no ngwa ko flamingo dze Makgadikgadi mazhuba ano

Phene ya ka tji kangangwa tamba kwayo

Ngobe inotja batshigwa makumbo

Mu mikhwe ye tho dze shango

Nge phou, phengwe nge mbizi ye shango

Mazhuba ano dzo labuka libilo gwe hamba

Shango ya dzino tshamba ya be wuluba yoga

Yaka kundiwa nge phepho mbimbi dzi no pisa

Kowoti madeekwana apa zhuba lo yendila woneka tjedza

Ipapa dumba le bupelo li nyalala

Nyalala kwalo kowo pelekiwa nge thembo

Mu wope dzedu, vula inowo wunga kubi

Written by **Malebogo Mvimi** (2017)



# Read by **Malebogo Mvimi**, from **Botswana**

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## **RAIN, WHERE ARE YOU?**

In the heart of the thirsty plains of the Kgalagadi, the drummer beats her *dumba* tirelessly

Her sweat and the tweets of the *rabiibii* and *funye* birds' melange in unison

To beckon the much awaited drops of the female rains

Precious showers that have since migrated to distant lands

Far away lands where the lesser flamingo of the Makgadikgadi now journeys

The springbok has since abandoned its majestic jump

Lest his legs get trapped in the cracked wounds of the sun-scorched earth

The antelope, the ostrich and the zebra have subsequently adapted the pace of the tortoise

The land they trod reduced to a dusty emptiness currently prone to the erosion from the cruel searing winds

And later when the sun bids farewell to the daylight

and the last beat will land on the drum, complemented by a rush of hope,

all our dreams will be made of floods...

Written by **Malebogo Mvimi** (2017)

Read by Naoki Goto, from Japan

No.9 from "小倉百人一首  
(A Hundred Verses from Old Japan)",  
by ONO NO KOMACHI  
9th century

花の色は (Hana no iro wa)  
うつりにけりな (Utsuri ni kerina)  
いたづらに (Itazura ni)  
わが身世にふる (Waga mi yo ni furu)  
ながめせしまに (Nagame seshi ma ni)

---

The blossom's tint is washed away  
By heavy showers of rain;  
My charms, which once I prized so much,  
Are also on the wane,  
Both bloomed, alas! in vain.

English translation by William N. Porter, 1909

Read by **André Luís Ramos Soares** , from **Brazil**

### **Bilhete**

Se tu me amas, ama-me baixinho  
Não o grites de cima dos telhados  
Deixa em paz os passarinhos  
deixa em paz em mim!!  
Se me queres,  
Enfim,  
Tem de ser bem devagarinho,  
amada,  
que a vida é breve, e o amor mais  
breve ainda...

### **Note**

If you love me, love me softly.  
Do not shout it from the rooftops  
Leave the birds alone  
Leave me in peace!!  
If you want me, finally  
it must be very slowly, my beloved,  
since life is brief, and love is even  
shorter....

{ Written by Mário Quintana.  
He was from Porto Alegre city,  
Rio Grande do Sul State, Brazil. }

Read by Filip Kinnert, Karolína Míková,  
Kristýna Sirová, from the Czech Republic

{ Poem about landscape, perhaps post-apocalyptic migration  
of species with hope in the heart and song on the lips. }

### **Tři čuníci**

V řadě za sebou  
tři čuníci jdou  
t'ápají si v blátě  
cestou necestou  
kufry nemají  
cestu neznají  
vyšli prostě do světa  
a vesele si zpívají

Ui-úi ui-úi úí

### **Three small piglets**

Lined up in a row  
Three small piglets go  
In the mud they plod on  
Through rain, sleet or snow  
With no bags they go  
The way they don't know  
Setting off into the world,  
singing gladly as they go

Ui, ui, ui (oink, oink)

Jaroslav Nohavica, 1994

Read by **Cecília Lemos**, from **Mação**

---

**Maison**

La petite maison  
n'avait qu'une fenêtre  
qu'une table  
qu'un lit  
et pas même de porte.  
Mais la paix du poète  
y faisait le ménage  
mais le feu parlait clair  
la fumée montait droite  
le malheur se perdait  
sur la blancheur des murs  
et le livre éternel épelait vérité  
sur le cadran de la pendule.  
Une seule voix délivrait le silence  
Mais toutes les autres étaient  
présentes.

Pierre Bonjour, *Heureux comme les pierres*

Read by **Cecília Lemos**, from **Mação**

**Sou um evadido.**

Fernando Pessoa

Sou um evadido.  
Logo que nasci  
Fecharam-me em mim,  
Ah, mas eu fugi.  
Se a gente se cansa  
Do mesmo lugar,  
Do mesmo ser  
Por que não se cansar?  
Minha alma procura-me  
Mas eu ando a monte,  
Oxalá que ela  
Nunca me encontre.  
Ser um é cadeia,  
Ser eu não é ser.  
Viverei fugindo  
Mas vivo a valer.

**Viajar! Perder países!**

Fernando Pessoa

Viajar! Perder países!  
Ser outro constantemente,  
Por a alma não ter raízes  
De viver de ver somente!  
Não pertencer nem a mim!  
Ir em frente, ir a seguir  
A ausência de ter um fim,  
E da ânsia de o conseguir!  
Viajar assim é viagem.  
Mas faço-o sem ter de meu  
Mais que o sonho da passagem.  
O resto é só terra e céu.

Read by Mark van der Woude, from the  
Netherlands

---

Slechts éénmaal heb ik u gezien. Gij waart  
Gezeten in een sneltrein, die den trein,  
Waar ik mee reed, passeerde in volle vaart.  
De kennismaking kon niet korter zijn.  
En toch, zij duurde lang genoeg, om mij  
Het eindloos levenspad met fletsen lach  
Te doen vervolgen. Ach! geen enkel blij  
Glimlachje liet ik meer, sinds ik u zag.  
Waarom ook hebt gij van dat blonde haar,  
Daar de engelen aan te kennen zijn? En dan,  
Waarom blauwe ogen, wonderdiep en klaar?  
Gij wist toch, dat ik daar niet tegen kan?  
En waarom mij dan zo voorbijgesneld,  
En niet als de weerlicht 't rijtuig opgerukt,  
En om mijn hals uw armen vastgekneeld,  
En op mijn mond uw lippen vastgedrukt?  
Gij vreesdet mogelijk voor een spoorwegramp?  
Maar, Rika, wat kon zaalger voor mij zijn,  
Dan, onder hels geratel en gestamp,  
Met u verplet te worden door één trein?

Piet Paaltjens 1835-1894

# Contributed by Tala Aldeiri, from Jordan

## Keys, by Fatma Kandil

(Egypt, 1980s)

المفاتيح التي لا تفتح الأبواب  
هي المفاتيح التي تغلق الأبواب  
والمفاتيح المشنوقة في السلاسل  
لا تملك إلا دراما الرنين  
لكن المفتاح الذي يموت في جيبني  
يذكرني بأنه قد آن الوقت لكي أكون امرأة  
عاقلة ، تسكن بيتا

---

## Keys, by Fatma Kandil

(Egypt, 1980s)

The keys that open doors  
are the keys that close them,  
and the keys strangled in chains  
have nothing but the drama of tinkling.  
But the key that dies in my pocket  
reminds me it is time  
that i became a reasonable woman  
who lives in a house  
without keys, without doors.



# Read by Luiz Oosterbeek, from Portugal

Eu Sou do Tamanho do que Vejo,  
Alberto Caeiro (alias of Fernando Pessoa), Portuguese. 1914.

---

## Eu sou do tamanho do que Vejo

Da minha aldeia veio quanto da terra se pode ver  
no Universo...

Por isso a minha aldeia é tão grande como outra  
terra qualquer

Porque eu sou do tamanho do que vejo

E não, do tamanho da minha altura...

Nas cidades a vida é mais pequena

Que aqui na minha casa no cimo deste outeiro.

Na cidade as grandes casas fecham a vista à  
chave,

Escondem o horizonte, empurram o nosso olhar  
para longe de todo o céu,

Tornam-nos pequenos porque nos tiram o que  
os nossos olhos nos podem dar,

E tornam-nos pobres porque a nossa única  
riqueza é ver.

## I have the size of what we see

From my village I see as much it can be seen in  
the Universe...

For this my village is as big as any other village

Because I have the size of what I see

And not the size of my height...

In cities life is smaller

Than here in my house on top of this hill.

In the city big houses lock out the view,

They hide the horizon, push our sight away  
from the whole sky,

Make us small because they take away from us  
what our eyes can give us,

Render us poor because our single wealth is  
seeing.

---

*“Fernando Pessoa was a great poet, and had in himself several other poets. Alberto Caeiro is a rural character, and he has a deep and yet simple philosophy. I didn't use to like him when I was a teenager, since he was not as “complex” as Fernando Pessoa (the core identity) or as urban as Álvaro de Campos (another heteronym of F. Pessoa). But now I find his simple approach almost Asian, certainly very wise. And this poem is almost an illustration of the spirit of Apheleia.”*

Thank you !

