

**catalan
contemporary**

etry

Mireia Calafell
Míriam Cano
Antoni Clapés
Carles Dachs
Maria Josep Escrivà
Manuel Forcano
Gemma Gorga
Anna Gual
Maria Isern
Laia Llobera
Àngels Marzo
Dolors Miquel
Sònia Moll
Teresa Pascual
Jaume Pont
Carles Rebassa
Albert Roig
Raquel Santanera
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Preface

A hundred years ago, in a famous conference at the Ateneu Barcelonès, Paul Valéry warned of the dangers of a medium-sized literature imbuing all its worth solely in poetry. The poet recommended the Catalans also construct solid novel and essay traditions, which would form the bases of the pyramid on which poetry should rest and stand out.

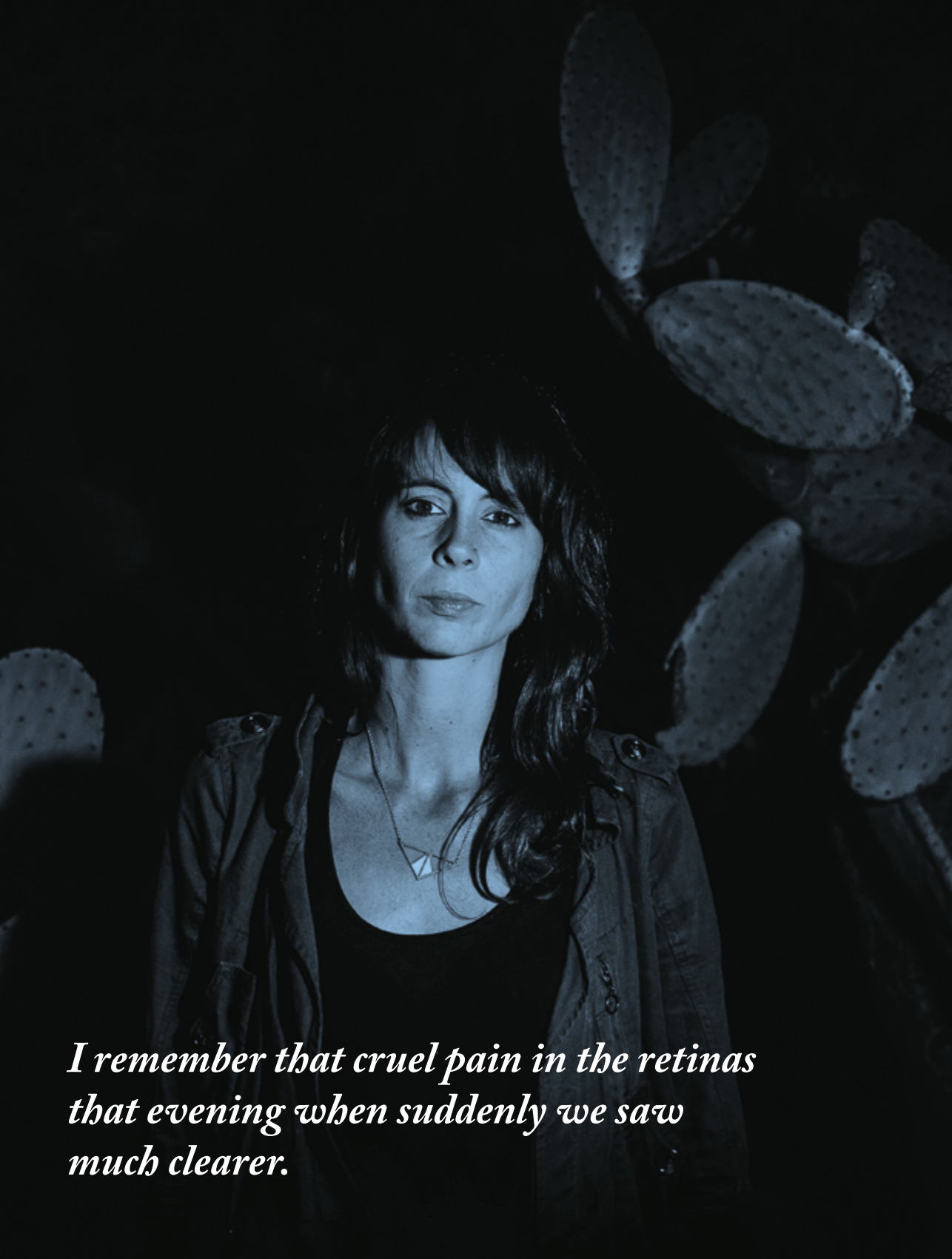
With hindsight, it seems that the intellectual world of the day paid attention because despite all the ups and downs and setbacks of twentieth century history, today Catalan prose has spread all over the world with an energy and regularity difficult to imagine at that time. But what has become of poetry since Valéry's words?

Clearly, the poets listened carefully to the French master's words, but felt that his message did not suit them. Thus, they continued with their task under the protection of a tradition of the highest order that began in the fifteenth century with Ausiàs March and flourished until the nineteenth century. This period, highlighted by key figures of the Catalan Renaissance such as Jacint Verdaguer and Joan Maragall, arguably marked the second golden age of Catalan poetry. They listened to other voices and suggestions, particularly from Europe, Asia and America, and sketched out the future of one of the

most solid and strongest poetic traditions of current times. Names like Salvat-Papasseit, Riba, Arderiu, Sagarra, Foix, Carner, Espriu, Marçal, Vinyoli and Ferrater are intrinsic to world poetry today.

With this background of universality, we want to present for the first time this booklet featuring a selection of contemporary poets and books, with the aim of stimulating their translation and making them known abroad. It brings together 21 poets of all schools and styles, representing a wide range of generations and geographies, with new voices and more established ones, all of inarguable, diaphanous, forceful quality. This is the first booklet of a long series we wish to publish annually in three languages (English, French and German) to bring our contemporary voices closer to poetry publishers.

In the Literature Department of Institut Ramon Llull we believe that things must be carried out with particular care. We hope this booklet serves as proof.

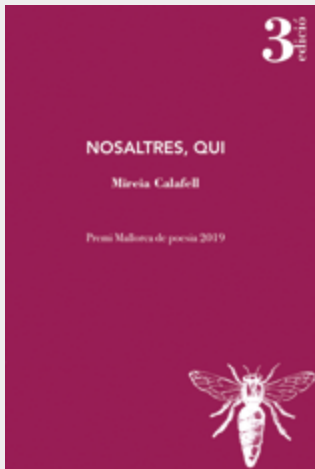


*I remember that cruel pain in the retinas
that evening when suddenly we saw
much clearer.*

Mireia Calafell

Mireia Calafell (Barcelona, 1980) is a poet and cultural producer. She has been co-director of the Poesia+ (2016-2017) and Barcelona Poesia (2018-2022) poetry festivals. *Poètiques del cos* [Body Poetics] (Editorial Galerada, 2006) and *Tantes mudes* [So Many Moults] (Perifèric Edicions, 2014) number among her previous books.

Nosaltres, qui [We, Who] is in its third edition. The book's prologue opens thus: "Who are we, who. Who are you and I and who are they, who the owner, the authority, who the authors on the hardback spine and who the unsigned ink, the one that will fill our tomb with fungi. Who are we, tell us who we are."



We, Who

Nosaltres, qui

LaBreu Edicions, 2020

71 pages

Selected Translations

Macedonian | *hue, kou* (*Nosaltres, qui*), Makavej DOOEL, 2022.
Tr. Natasha Sardjoska.

Spanish | *Tantas mudas*, Stendhal Books, 2017. Tr. Flàvia Company.

Forthcoming Translations

French | *Antologia*, Editions du Noroît. Tr. François-Michel Durazzo.

Italian | *Nosaltres, qui*, Ensemble. Tr. Ilaria Sofia Perrino.

Portuguese | *Nosaltres, qui*, Texto sentido.
Tr. Rita Custódio and Àlex Tarradellas.

Serbian | *Nosaltres, qui*, Treci Trg. Tr. Jelena Petanovic.

Rols

*Havies cregut sempre que eres l'animal:
gasela que ha travessat el bosc de nit
a la recerca d'un tros de cel més vast
i es desorienta i s'extravia i s'espanta
quan veu sobtadament els fars d'un automòbil
(com l'enceguen, com avancem,
com li glacen el llom i li arquen l'espina).
Sempre pensant que tu eres la víctima,
sempre amb la por del cop sec al capó
—la sang tacant el vidre, ni temps per a cridar.*

*En canvi, avui et sorprens en adonar-te
que a la fotografia que han capturat les càmeres
les mans que agafen el volant són com les teves.*

Roles

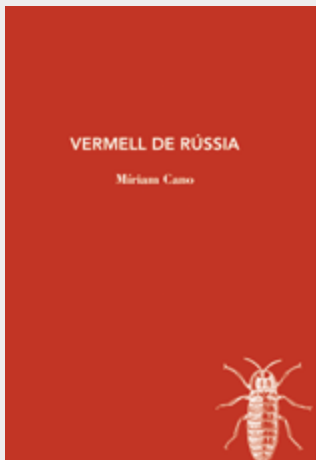
You had always believed you were the animal:
gazelle that crossed the forest at night
in search of a slice of sky more vast
and it's disoriented and lost and scared
when suddenly it sees the headlights of a car
(how they blind it, how we forge ahead,
how they freeze its back and arch its spine).
Always thinking you were the victim,
always fearing a sharp hit on the hood
-blood staining the glass, no time to scream.

Instead, today you're surprised to realize
that in the photo captured by the cameras
the hands that grip the wheel are like yours.



*when you said morning gulag
I crossed under the bridge*

Míriam Cano



Russian Red

Vermell de Rússia

LaBreu Edicions, 2020

48 pages

Míriam Cano is a poet, writer and professor of creative writing. She is the author of the poetry collections *Buntsandstein* [Bunter Sandstone] (Viena Edicions, 2013) and *Ancoratge* [Anchorage] (Ed. Terrícola, 2016).

Russian Red is the colour of a lipstick, that the author used as warpaint while writing the thirty poems in this collection. In her third book, Cano explores contradictions and the need for courage, recurring themes for the author which acquire a more mature meaning in this new volume, like the coiled shell of a snail: always along the same axis, but a couple of levels higher.

Sense sostre

*Quins anys de vida bèstia
i de badar-se el cor a hòsties
aquests que fa que anem,
que hem vist totes les llunes
que hem conegut tots els bojós
i ens sabem els carrers buits
quan només queden miracles
i brigades de neteja.
Quins anys de no saber tornar
—de no voler-ne—
del defici i l'enrampada de buscar-nos
de fer veure que el sol no sortirà
per ser així com la nit i no acabar-nos.*

Homeless

What years of beastly life
and to open one's heart to the Mass' host
that which pushes us on,
that we've seen all the moons
that we've met all the crazies
and we know the empty streets
when what remains are only miracles
and cleaning brigades.

What years of not knowing how to return
—of not wanting to—
of the mad gap and crawl searching for ourselves
to profess that the sun will not rise
to be like the night, our never-ending selves.



*Words choose the poem,
so to speak, to live in.*

Antoni Clapés

Antoni Clapés (Sabadell, 1948) is a poet, translator and editor of poetry. He has published around thirty books and many texts about poetry and translation. His work has been translated into Spanish, French, English, Italian, Portuguese, German and Arabic. He has translated poetry from French (Brossard, Beausoleil, Char, Collobert, Bobin) and Italian (Civitareale). In 1989 he founded the poetry publishing house *Cafè Central*.

In *No cal repetir aquest instant* (complete works II, 1982-1997) Clapés, welcomed under the auspices of two initial quotations by Paul Valéry and Philippe Jaccotet, brings together poetry published between 1982 and 1997 without revision, in his characteristically spare, stripped-down phrasing and emphasis on the essential.



**This Moment Need
Not Be Repeated**

*No cal repetir
aquest instant*

Llibres del Segle, 2022
306 pages

Selected Works

In nuce, Proa, 2000.

Alta Provença, Pagès, 2005.

Miro de veure-hi, Emboscall, 2007.

L'arquitectura de la llum, Llibres del Segle, 2012.

Selected Translations

Spanish | *Las gafas de Parménides*, Meteora, 2009.
Tr. Dolors Udina and Ester Zarraluki.

French | *L'architecture de la lumière*, Éditions du Noroît, 2014.
Et le soleil dans la mains, Éditions de La Cooperative, 2022.
Tr. Mireille Gansel and Dolors Udina.

Romanian | *Arhitectura luminii*, Scoala Ardeleana, 2021.
Tr. Corina Oproae.

El místic i el poeta són u:

El místic i el poeta són u:

*aquell que somia els teus somnis
abans que tu no els somiïs,*

*aquell que té la mà que veu i guia,
l'ull que palpa i que coneix,*

*aquell que encén la llum
que ni mor ni neix: que és,*

*aquell que crea una llengua nova
amb la qual dir el no-res,*

*aquell que descriu un itinerari
del qual no en resta ni traç,*

*aquell que fa del silenci
un clam contra el callar.*

The mystic and the poet are one:

The mystic and the poet are one:

the one who dreams your dreams
before you dream them,

the one whose hand sees and leads,
whose eye feels and knows,

the one who kindles the light
that neither dies nor is born; who is

the one who creates a new language
with which to express nothingness,

the one who traces an itinerary
of which there remains no trace,

the one who makes from silence
a protest against the silencing.



And slowly we grow dark

Carles Dachs



Wind in the Hand

Vent a la mà

Edicions 62, 2021

61 pages

Carles Dachs (Santa Eugènia de Berga, 1987), one of the new voices in Catalan poetry, has a degree in Catalan literature. He has published *Suc de llum* [Liquid Light] (Fonoll, 2010) and *A dalt més alt* [Higher Up] (Pagès editors, 2015). Some of his poems have been translated into Russian and Hungarian.

Vent a la mà [Wind in the Hand] opens with a quote from Omar Khayyam (“that which is, is only wind in the hand”) which speaks of the lightness of what surrounds us and at the same time the density of experience, with an extraordinary formal control which has especially struck critics.

Com la riba del riu que el riu no frega

*Com la riba del riu que el riu no frega,
l'ull, sempre amb la paraula al mig del pas,
mira el present pelat, pregunta on va
l'espai tan carregat de temps, on van,
tan cabaloses, les venes dels boscos,
i el vers rampina el pensament
i ens va fent fora del paisatge:
com costa haver d'aprendre
que el cos és sols la molsa
al trenc de l'enderroc,
que el tronc de l'any
sempre té un cercle
que no comença mai
i no podem sinó collir-ne queixes:
el verb, el fang, la pols, la cendra,
l'embosta i la carícia,
les mans obertes com ferides.*

[...]

Like the bank of the river that the river doesn't touch

Like the the bank of a river that the river doesn't touch,
the eye, always with the word in midstride,
sees the barren present, asks where space is going
so burdened with time, where they go,
with such riches, the veins of the woods,
and verse rakes up thought
and takes us out of the landscape:
how it costs us to have learned
that the body is merely moss
on the verge of destruction,
that the trunk of the year
turns in a circle
that never begins
and that we can harvest only grievances:
word, mud, dust, ash,
the handful and the caress,
palms open like wounds.

[...]



*My only consolation,
the house that lives in me.
Free with my longing under the moon*

Maria Josep Escrivà



**The House Under
the Moon**
La casa sota la lluna
Pagès editors, 2023
180 pages

Maria Josep Escrivà (Grau de Gandia, 1968) is a poet and storyteller, who works in the publishing world. *La casa sota la lluna* [The House Under the Moon] is a broad selection of her poetic oeuvre: from her first book *Remor d'alè* [Murmur of Breath] (Tres i Quatre, 1993) to her last, *Sempre és tard* [Always is Late] (Proa, 2020), via collections like *A les palpentes del vidre* [Groping for Glass] (Columna, 1998), *Flors a casa* [Flowers at Home] (Edicions 62, 2007) and *Serena barca* [Serene Boat] (Edicions del Buc, 2016). Her work has been translated into Spanish, Italian, French, German and English, among other languages.

In *La casa sota la lluna* [The House Under the Moon] the author says: “Today silence writes for me. Drone bees bend the stalks of lavender and the butterflies unfold like cigarette papers. I watch them seated at a long table that smells of old wood, in a house surrounded by vines. It surprises me that the balance of life continues to sustain itself in beauty, despite and alongside all its miseries.”

The Bees

The boundary that crumbles in the black night.

The frost
that will burn the buds of the almond trees.

The first name that is forgotten. And all
the forgetting that comes after.

The kite caught in the branches.
The misery
 of a child.

The bitter honey
the bees have sucked
from who knows which sick flowers.

The last leaf of the elm tree
 gnawed by beetles.

The orange trees
 strangled by disorder.

The slow revelation
 of disillusionment.

The termites that devour
the roofbeams, that devour us
 like roofbeams.

And the embrace
that is shared with
 fleshless bones.

There are so many ways to die.



*How many times in a museum
have you identified with the antique statues
that have no heads*

Manuel Forcano

Manuel Forcano (Barcelona, 1968) is a poet, Hebraist and translator. With a doctorate in Semitic literature, he has translated Ibn Battuta, Marco Polo, Amos Oz and leading poets in Hebrew. Among his collections of poetry *D'un record a l'altre* [From One Memory to the Other] (La Magrana, 1993), *Corint* [Corinthian] (Proa, 2000), *El tren de Bagdad* [Baghdad Train] (Proa, 2003) and *Ciència exacta* [Exact Science] (Proa, 2014) stand out.

Arabesc [Arabesque], which represents a mix between East and West, is an anthology that collects the best poems chosen by the author. The collection of poetry reflects the intensity of the passion for wordplay and sophisticated reasonings. It is divided into three great blocks: the journey, desire and memory, themes which form the backbone of the poets's work.



Arabesque
Arabesc
Proa, 2022
192 pages

Selected Translations

German | *Der Zuch Nach Bagdad*, Elfenbein Verlag, 2007.
Tr. Sven Limbeck.

English | *Maps of Desire*, Arc Publications, 2019. Tr. Anna Crowe.

French | *Sans rien savoir des vagues*. Anthologie Poétique 1992-2014, La rumeur libre éditions, 2016. Tr. Dani Frayssinet.

Hebrew | *הרשימי יתבהא וז תיב*, Pardes, 2016. Tr. Itai Ron Hadar.

Italian | *Le Mani Scalze*, Edizioni ETS, 2012. Tr. Manuele Masini.

Una cosa mínima basta

*No sé quin espai
ni quin protagonisme té el record
en el present de cada dia,
però una cosa mínima basta
per posar la memòria en moviment.
Uns mitjons, per exemple.*

*En venies damunt el capó d'un cotxe
a la plaça de l'estació central del tren
just als peus descalços de granit
de l'enorme estàtua de Ramsès II.
En un país de calor extrema
on tothom va amb babutxes o peu nu,
se't va fer evident per què jo te'n comprava cada dia:
somreies, i me'ls venies més barats,
de fil d'Escòcia, de llana australiana
o cotó egipci
pels freds que mai poguessin arribar...*

*I esperàvem el moment
del contacte
en tornar-me les monedes calentes del canvi
de la teva butxaca
al meu palmell.*

Just one thing is enough

I don't know which space
nor which role occupies memory
in the present moment of every day,
but just one thing is enough
to set remembrance in motion.
Socks, for example.

You sold them off the hood of a car
in the plaza of the Central Train Station
beside the bare granite feet
of the enormous statue of Ramses II.
In a country of extreme heat
where everybody goes about in slippers or barefoot,
it was clear to you why I bought them every day:
you smiled, and you sold them to me cheap,
with their Scottish yarn, Australian wool,
Egyptian cotton
for the cold that would never come ...

And we anticipated the moment
of contact
when you put the change
warm from your pocket
into my palm.



*How will we deserve
not knowing
everything we don't know?*

Gemma Gorga

Gemma Gorga (Barcelona, 1968) has a doctorate in Hispanic literature and is an associate professor at the University of Barcelona. The most striking collections of her poetic oeuvre are *El desordre de les mans* [The Disorder of the Hands] (Pagès editors, 2003), *Instruments òptics* [Optical Instruments] (Brosquil, 2005), *Llibre dels minuts* [Book of Minutes] (Columna, 2006) and *Mur* [Wall] (Meteora, 2015).



Voyage to the Center
Viatge al centre
Godall Edicions, 2020
152 pages

Viatge al centre [Voyage to the Center] is a book of meditations written with great poetic distillation. One of the themes forming the backbone of the book is writing itself. There is a brief epilogue in which the poetics of the collection comes into focus: “Here there are thirty-three steps and we don’t know if they go up, go down or turn around (does poetry go up, go down or turn around?)”.

Selected Translations

English | *Late to the House of Words*, Saturnalia Books, 2021.
Tr. Sharon Dolin.

Book of Minutes, Oberlin College, 2019. Tr. Sharon Dolin.

Italian | *Strumenti ottici*, Edizione Ensemble, 2019.
Tr. Giampaolo Vicenzi.

Com saber si un poema funciona

Imagina't una casa japonesa:

*a través de les parets
de paper
del poema*

*has de poder escoltar
el silenci del veí
llegint aquest poema.*

How to know if a poem is working

Picture a Japanese house:

through the wall-

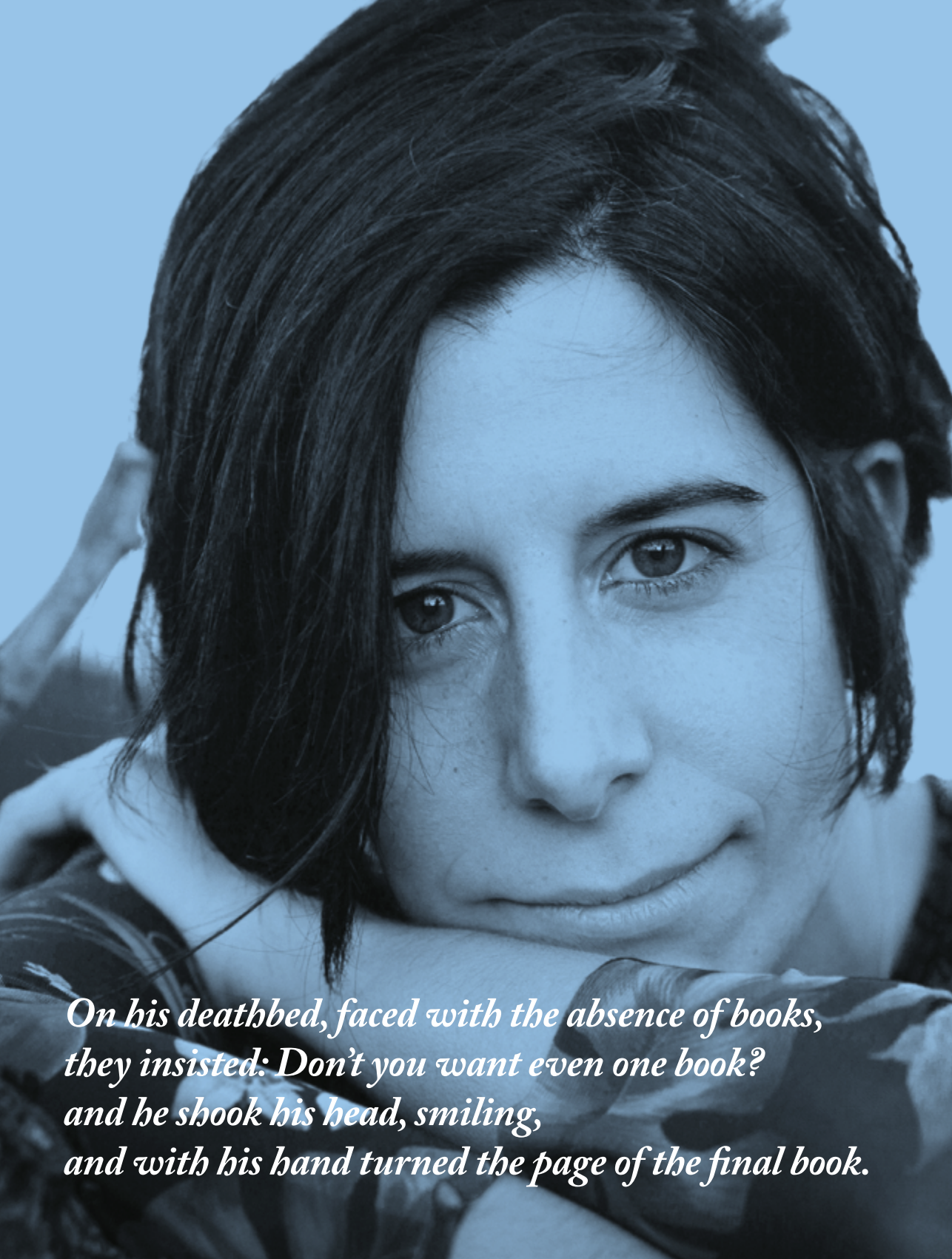
paper

of the poem

you have to be able to listen

to your neighbor's silence

while reading this poem.



*On his deathbed, faced with the absence of books,
they insisted: Don't you want even one book?
and he shook his head, smiling,
and with his hand turned the page of the final book.*

Anna Gual

Anna Gual (Vilafranca del Penedès, 1986), one of the shining lights of Catalan poetry, has published eight poetry collections, the most striking of which include *Implosions* (LaBreu Edicions, 2008), *L'èsser solar* [The Solar Being] (Leonard Muntaner Editor, 2013), *Molsa* [Moss] (AdiA Edicions, 2016), *El tubercle* [The Tuber] (Editorial 3i4, 2016) and *Ameba* [Amoeba] (Llibres del Segle, 2020). Her poems have been translated into French, English, Italian, Portuguese, Galician, Croatian, Slovenian and Russian.

Les ocultacions [The Concealments] speaks of identity, vulnerability, solitude, femininity, genealogy and loss. In the book's forty-seven poems, the author hones in on what remains outside our focus, whether in consciousness or language. She writes as someone who explores, excavates, following a creative process of inquiry in a simple, precise voice.



The Concealments
Les ocultacions
Proa, 2022
106 pages

Selected Translations

Spanish | *Innombrable*, Stendhal Books, 2020. Tr. Miriam Reyes.

French | *Implosions*, Lanskine Éditions, 2021.
Tr. François-Michel Durazzo.

Italian | *Il tubero*, Ensemble Edizioni, 2022. Tr. Francesco Esposito.

La simbologia

*Qui traduirà els versos
del meu territori?*

*Qui desxifrarà
les paraules incrustades
als terrossos?*

*Plorava l'aixada de ferro
quan la guardaven a la paret
i plorava el remolc
en acabar-se la verema.*

*Hi haurà algú que enregistri
la música de les branques
quan el vent esclata a mitjanit
i les exalta?*

*Arribarà el dia que algú s'adoni
de les danses ocultes
de les arrels vigoroses
que s'allarguen pel subsòl?*

[...]

Symbology

Who will translate the verses
from my territory?

Who will decipher
the words embedded
in the clodded dirt?

The iron hoe cried
when they kept it on the wall
and the tractor cried
at the end of the harvest.

Will there be someone recording
the music of the branches
when the wind picks up at midnight
and exalts them?

Will the day come when someone wakes to
the hidden dances
of spirited roots
that extend underground?

[...]



*You have the rough feel of an invisible crack
that lengthens and widens with my finger.
And you say that I have a mouth of peach and
that we are bodies bending in new places.*

Maria Isern



Beehive

Rusc

LaBreu Edicions, 2023

78 pages

Maria Isern (Vic, 1994), poet and researcher of literature and contemporary narratives, is one of the newest voices in Catalan poetry. *Sostre de carn* [Flesh Ceiling] (LaBreu Edicions, 2017), which talks about the fantasy of the infinite expansion of a body and the pleasures and frustrations of the experiment, was published in 2017.

Isern's poetry is striking in its abundantly biological mix of the abstract, the concrete and the sensory. The six sections in *Beehive* can be read as a narrative, above all due to the poem-letter, which reflects on what is or isn't sayable, the secret and the promise, writing as distancing, the 'bodiless' body and the mysterious language of love.

Anirem fins al final, més enllà d'aquesta cambra meva

*Anirem fins al final, més enllà d'aquesta cambra meva,
més enllà de la teva, fins que ja no en puguem més.*

*Fins a rebentar. Com aquesta posta que és un niu
i que esberla el sol a l'aigua. Anirem fins a la terra*

*d'un record que guardo al coll. Parlarem d'exhaurir
finals, furgarem a les cuixes d'aquesta història
fent-hi crepitar paraules que ens fan por,
amb les nostres respectives llengües estrangeres.*

*La meva als teus ulls i a la teva boca de sal,
la teva com un foc que em crema els llavis. Ens direm
que ho volíem fer, que encara ho volem fer ara
i que duem la guerra d'aquest voler escrita de biaix:*

*a les teves pigues dins la meva memòria d'aigua,
al teu braç que acotxa els batecs d'un cor que és al meu pit
i vol nit fonda. Jo, pensant-te, et dibuixo el cos,
amb l'incendi als dits del cap, i és una posta.*

We'll go to the end, beyond this room of mine

We'll go to the end, beyond this room of mine,
beyond even yours, until we can't go any more.
Until we burst. Like this sunset, a nest
that cracks the sun open on the water. We'll go to the land

of a memory that I keep around my neck. We'll speak of exhausting
endings, we'll stir up the thighs of this story
making it crackle with words that scare us,
with our particular foreign tongues.

Mine in your eyes and in your mouth of salt,
yours like a fire that burns my lips. We'll tell each other
that we wanted to do it, that we still want to do it now
and that we bear the war of this wanting written across us:

in your freckles within my memory of water,
in your arm that cradles the beating heart in my breast
and wants deep night. I, thinking of you, draw your body,
with flames from the fingers of my head, and it's a sunset.



*If I push these hands inside
I pull a flower
out of my entrails*

Laia Llobera



Paradisea
Paradísia
Tres i Quatre, 2023
76 pages

Laia Llobera (Barcelona, 1983) is a poet, novelist and translator. She has published six poetry books, the most striking of which are *Certesa de la llum* [Certainty of Light] (LaBreu Edicions, 2014), *Boscana* [Wildling] (Leonard Muntaner, 2018) and *Llibre de revelacions* [Book of Revelations] (LaBreu Edicions, 2020). Her work has been translated into Spanish, Italian, French, German, Croatian, Basque, English and Slovenian.

Paradisea is a flower born in meadows and rocky parts of high mountains, especially in the High Pyrenees, and can only be found in hard-to-access places. In the book, it becomes a symbol of beauty and truth, spirituality and mystery and it beckons us to a higher, personal paradise full of love. Her poems grasp the mystery of the moment, the magic of the everyday, the presence of the cycle of nature and the intangible, fundamental sense of existence.

Paradísia

*La por no sap qui ets,
desconeix el desig de les mans,
l'infinit de les ardències,
la quietud dels teus estanys,
la virtut amortallada dels teus regnes,
les alzines negres que enfosquen
tots els llacs, totes les lluernes.*

*Som fruits i espines de temps
dintre l'aigua que fumeja
en el foc a dins del foc
entre espectres i tenebres.*

*Una forma de bellesa
viva en la foscor:*

Lluny de la temença.

Paradisea

Fear doesn't know who you are,
doesn't know the desire of your hands,
the boundlessness of your passions,
the stillness of your ponds,
the shrouded power of your kingdoms,
the black oaks that darken
all the lakes, all the fireflies.

We are fruits and spirals of time
in the smoking water
in the fire within the fire
among ghosts and shadows.

A form of beauty
lives in the darkness:

far from fear.



*Child who sleeps blanketed by pebbles
you are adrift on the sea*

Àngels Marzo



The Snowy Path
El rastre nival
Pagès editors, 2022
102 pages

Àngels Marzo (Caldes de Montbui, Barcelona, 1977) is a poet, novelist, translator, literary critic and editor. She has written the poetry collections *Les grues* [The Cranes] (Institut d'Estudis Ilerdencs, 2009), *Saba bruta* [Dirty Aftertaste] (Pagès editors, 2013) and *Buscant Quios* [Seeking Chios] (Viena Edicions, 2013).

In *El rastre nival* [The Snowy Path], the poet uses an extensive gallery of images (photographic, pictorial, video, experiential and mental) to reflect on the future of history and the human condition. Sensitivity of outlook, engagement with the big questions of humanism and linguistic virtuosity dominate the book.



*We are born perfect for death,
poorly made for life.*

Dolors Miquel

Dolors Miquel (Lleida, 1960) has published some fifteen books of poems, among which the most striking are *El vent i la casa tancada* [The Wind & the Shut-up House] (Columna, 1990), AIOÇ (Edicions 62, 2004), *Missa pagesa* [Peasant Mass] (Edicions 62, 2006), *El guant de plàstic rosa* [The Pink Plastic Glove] (Edicions 62, 2017) and *Ictiosaure* [Ichthyosaur] (Edicions 62, 2019).

Sutura [Suture] is a personal anthology in which Miquel dispenses with temporal order and rearranges a hundred poems into nine parts, with a lyricism that combines striking images amid the avant-garde, rural roots and portraits of the everyday. At the end the author, asked to define poetry in one tweet, writes: “Poetry is a secret within a secret within a secret, etc.”



Sutura
Sutura
Pagès editors, 2021
318 pages

Selected Translations

English | *The Pink Plastic Glove*, Tenement Press, 2003.
Tr. Peter Bush.

Truck Driver Haikus, Francis Boutle Publisher, 2019.
Tr. Clyde Moneyhun.

Spanish | *El guante de plástico rosa*, Los libros de la Marisma, 2018.
Tr. Miriam Reyes.

Mare nostra

Mare meva, que no sé on ets,
de qui només en tinc el nom...

*Mare nostra que esteu en el zel
sigui santificat el vostre cony
l'epidural, la llevadora,
vingui a nosaltres el vostre crit
el vostre amor, la vostra força.
Faci's la vostra voluntat al nostre úter
sobre la terra.*

*El nostre dia de cada dia doneu-nos avui.
I no permeteu que els fills de puta
avortin l'amor, facin la guerra,
ans deslliureu-nos d'ells
pels segles dels segles,
Vagina.*

Anem...

Our Mother

*Mother of mine, I know not where you are,
of whom I have only a name ...*

Our Mother who art in heat
hallowed be they cunt
the epidural, the midwife,
thy screaming come
thy love, thy power,
thy will be done to our uterus
here on earth.

Give us this day our daily day,
and lead them not, those sons of bitches,
to abort love, to make war,
but deliver us from them
for ever and ever,
Vagina.

Cum on!



*How to say I'm done with writing verses
if life itself won't suit me*

Sònia Moll

Sònia Moll (Barcelona, 1974) is a linguist, poet and translator. She has published the poetry collections *Non si male nunc* (Viena Edicions, 2008), *Déu en algun lloc* [God Somewhere] (Cafè Central/Eumo, 2014) and *Creixen malgrat tot les tulipes* [Despite Everything Tulips Grow] (Viena Edicions, 2013). Her poems have been translated into Spanish, English and German.

Faci'm oblidar el bosc [Make Me Forget the Forest] is the chronicle of a journey into the hell of pain, illness, medication and therapies to anaesthetise the wounds caused by the ferocity of living. Its poetic voice reaches the exact, sharp centre of grief and devastation, and from there embarks on returning (with scepticism and a hint of irony) in the direction of a place in which it may be possible to rescue desire.



**Make Me Forget
the Forest**
Faci'm oblidar el bosc
Godall edicions, 2021
89 pages

Selected Translations

Spanish | *Y Dios en algun lugar*, Godall Ediciones, 2017.
Tr. Elena Lázaro Ruiz.

Spanish | *La serpiente. Artículos de desobediencia*,
Godall Ediciones, 2019. Tr. Neus Aguado.

Estries

*No hi ha carrers sobre la pell
només carrerons foscos que ningú transita
però les meves estries, amor
són l'arrel d'un arbre que esquerda l'asfalt
i aixeca amb violència els fonaments d'una casa.*

*Són la tija enfollida de la mongetera màgica
que s'enfila i s'enfila fins a tocar el cel.*

*Cada estria és un congost
des d'on em crida la pell que expulsa la carn
que fa dreuera rabent per abraçar l'os
que escup el cos a força de dejunis.*

*Cada estria és un camí espantat en el nou mapa buit
en el bosc que ara és desert assedegat
—desert afamat.*

Terra erma forat negre exili irreversible.

Esvoranc després del terratrèmol.

*Les meves estries, amor
són tossuda pell que recús les vores de l'abisme
i arrela l'ànima endins
perquè no torni a escapar-se. Perquè quan senti l'olor del mar
s'aferra al cos que es llança a l'aigua
que rescata el desig
que et recorda la pell
que compta un a un tots els petons que encara et faria.*

*No hi carrers sobre la pell
però les meves estries, amor, són l'arrel d'un arbre.*

Les branques d'una arbre.

La ferida d'un arbre.

Stretchmarks

There are no roads on skin
only abandoned alleyways
but my stretchmarks, love,
are the tree root cracking up the asphalt
tearing out the foundations of a home
a crazed, magic beanstalk
shooting towards the heavens.
Each stretchmark a ravine
from which cries the skin
that expels the flesh
that traces the shortcut that clings to the bone
that spits out a body to the beat of a ravenous fast.
Each stretchmark a haunted path on a freshly emptied map
in a forest become parched desert
—starved desert.

Wayward earth black hole irreversible exile.

A fracture after the quake.

My stretchmarks, love,
are the stubborn skin darning the edge of the abyss
rooting the soul within
so it can't escape again. So when the scent of sea wafts in
it'll cling to the body diving in the water
rescuing desire
reminding you of the skin
that keeps count of all the kisses I'd still give.

There are no sidewalks on skin
but my stretchmarks, love, are tree roots.

Tree branches.

Tree cuts.



*The limits of language are setting back
the world.*

Teresa Pascual

Teresa Pascual (Grau de Gandia, 1952), is one of the most interesting voices in contemporary Catalan poetry. She also teaches philosophy and has translated Hans Magnus Enzenberger and Ingeborg Bachmann. Her most relevant collections include *Flexo* [Flexor] (1988), *Les hores* [The Hours] (Eliseu Climent, 1988), *El temps en ordre* [Time in Order] (Proa, 2002), *Rebel·lió de la sal* [Salt Rebellion] (Pagès editors, 2008), *Vertical* (2019) and *El temps en ordre. Poesia reunida 1988-2019* [Time in Order: Collected Poems 1988-2019] (Institució Alfons el Magnànim, 2020). Diverse anthologies of her work have been translated into French, Galician, Basque, English, Dutch, Russian and Italian.

Tot passa baix [It All Goes on Down There], which won the 2023 Premi d'Or – one of the most important prizes in Catalan letters – , is a mature book in which the poet dispenses with personal names, references to time and historical circumstances, to make way for a sometimes impersonal, sometimes first-person plural voice, which confirms the radical solitude of the individual.



**It All Goes
on Down There**
Tot passa baix

LaBreu Edicions, 2023
68 pages

Selected Translations

German | *Die geordnete Zeit & Rebellion des Salzes*, Edition Delta, 2011. Tr. Tobias and Juana Burghardt.

Spanish | *Rebelión de la sal*, La Garúa, 2020. Tr. Lola Andrés.

Forthcoming Translations

French | *Verticale*, Le Taillis-Pré. Tr. François-Michel Durazzo.

Hem mirat cap a baix i tot cobra la urgència

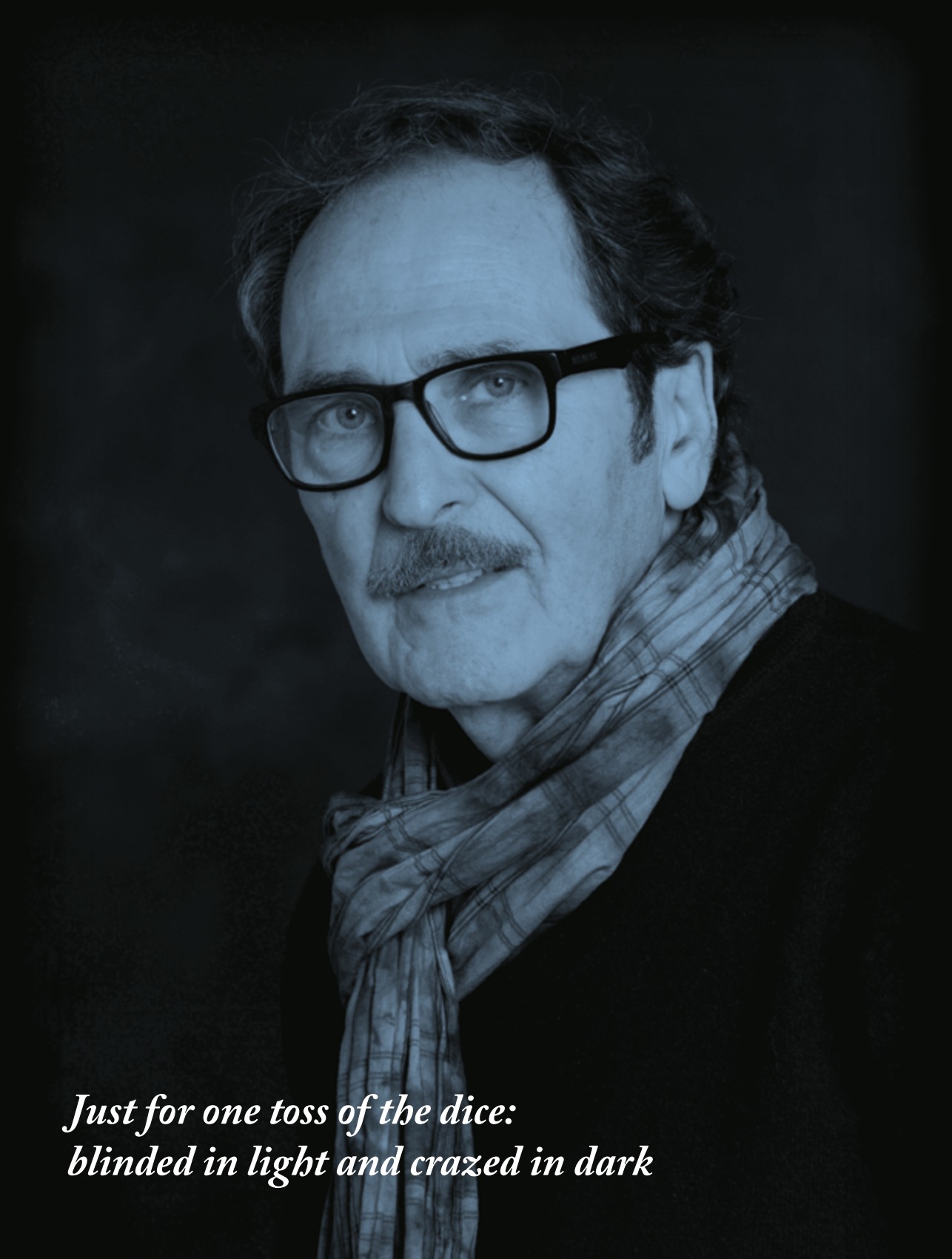
*Hem mirat cap a baix i tot cobra la urgència
del nivell del pendent, dels buits de la barana.
Hem acostat els braços, hem reclinat el cos,
hem copsat les raons del fons des de l'altura.*

*Tot passa mentre algú, sempre algun de nosaltres,
es desperta en la nit, sempre en alguna nit;
sempre és algun telèfon: tot passa mentre el món
es vessa en la fractura, d'alguna ànima, sempre.*

We looked down and everything is urgent

We looked down and everything is urgent
as the degree of inclination, empty railings.
We neared our arms, reclined our bodies,
caught underlying reasons from above.

Everything goes on while someone, invariably one of us,
wakes in the night, invariably on some night;
invariably some telephone: everything goes on while the world
spills into the crack of some soul, invariably.



*Just for one toss of the dice:
blinded in light and crazed in dark*

Jaume Pont

Jaume Pont (Lleida, 1947), a renowned poet with a long track record, is the author of nine poetry books. Among his most striking works are *Raó d'atzar* [Reason of Chance] (Edicions 62, 1990), *Vol de Cendres* [Flight of Ashes] (Edicions 62, 1996), *Llibre de la Frontera* [Book of the Border] (Proa, 2000), *Enlloc* [Nowhere] (Proa, 2007) and *Càntic d'ombres* [Canticle of Shadows] (Perifèric Edicions, 2017). He has received the most important prizes in Catalan letters, the Crítica Serra d'Or (twice), the Nacional de la Crítica and the Carles Riba. His work has been translated into twenty-six languages.

In *Mirall de negra nit* [Black Night Mirror] the experience of loss, the death of the other and absence as an experience transformed into language as the only possibility for survival confirm Pont's poetic voice as one of the peaks of our contemporary literature. His poetry, rooted in the existing contradictions between word, time, love and death, stands out because of the intensity of its expression and the dazzling power of his images.

Selected Translations

French | *Miroir de nuit profonde*, Éditions l'Étoile des Limites, 2022.
Tr. François-Michel Durazzo.

French | *Nulle part*, Éditions l'Étoile des Limites, 2017.
Tr. François-Michel Durazzo.

French | *Raison de hasard*, Éditions Fédérop, 2010.
Tr. François-Michel Durazzo.

French | *Le livre de la frontière*, Éditions Al Manar, 2006.
Tr. François-Michel Durazzo.



Black Night Mirror
Mirall de negra nit
LaBreu Edicions, 2020
109 pages

III

A la branca més alta

*oneja la quimera germinada
sota un sol de càntics,*

mentre un núvol

*suspès a la força
de l'aire*

*arreplega el blau,
tremola i no para de dir-me:
És quan somnies que hi veus clar.*

*La resta és una boca vermella
que té sempre el mateix rostre:
la rosa pàl·lida al sangtraït
de la tarda, el sorramoll
on varen nues les paraules
i un ganivet negre i lluent solcant
el cor balmat de la malenconia.*

III

From the highest branch

The sprouted chimera waves
under a chanting sun,

While a cloud
 held up by a rake
midair
 gathers the blue,
quivering, and whispers incessantly:
It's when you dream that you see clearly.

The rest is a red mouth
always donning the same face:
the pale rose of the afternoon's
drawn blood, the shoal
where naked words wander
And a shining, black knife plowing
a heart furrowed with melancholy.



*I live, madly, inside the gaps,
writing for the walls.*

Carles Rebassa



Formentera
El Caire Formentera
Edicions 62, 2022
80 pages

Carles Rebassa (Palma, 1977) is the author of the poetry books *Poema B* (Edicions 98, 2006), *Els joves i les vídues* [The Young Men & the Widows] (Edicions 62, 2006), *Pluja de foc* [Rain of Fire] (Terrícola, 2016), *Sons bruts* [Dirty Sounds] (Proa, 2019) and *El Caire Formentera* (Edicions 62, 2022), which was awarded the Gabriel Ferrater prize. Some of his poems have been translated into French, German, English and Spanish.

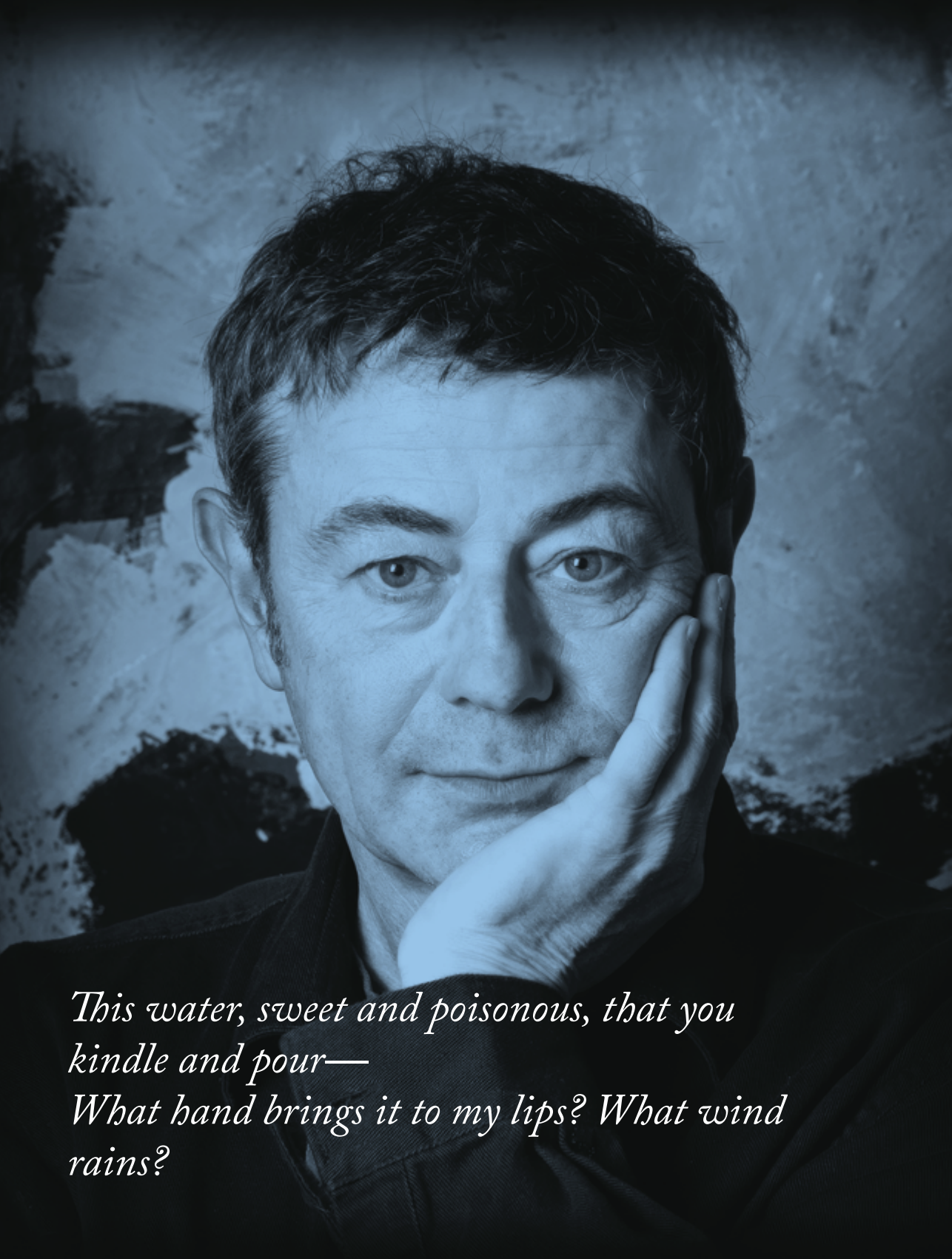
“The tension between the specific and the universal, between the intimate or private and the collective or public, is crossed back and forth by *El Caire Formentera*, a book of great personal and lyrical maturity, of those that know how to impart emotion and at the same time control expression thanks to the mastery of the art of verse.” The words of the jury of the Sant Cugat poetry prize in memory of Gabriel Ferrater.

Epitafi

*Si jo fos un d'aquells
a qui hom confereix
el poder de fer màgia
— no brillants jocs de mans,
gens d'il·lusionisme,
sinó màgia vera,
la transformació
del cos de la matèria
i del cos del Color—,
plantaria un mirall
al bell mig del poema,
i seria el teu rostre
un potent epitafi.
Tira pedres al vidre
i camina i no cerquis
el que no has de mester.*

Epitaph

If I were among those
in whom men have recognized
the power of magic
—no shimmering slights of hand
or guiles,
but true magic,
transfiguring
the body of matter
and body of Color—
I would plant a mirror
in the middle of the poem,
and your face would become
a formidable epitaph.
Fling rocks at the glass,
walk by and do not look
for things beyond your realm.



*This water, sweet and poisonous, that you
kindle and pour—
What hand brings it to my lips? What wind
rains?*

Albert Roig

Albert Roig (Tortosa, 1959) is a poet, essayist, playwright, translator and professor at the Institut del Teatre in Barcelona. He has published poetry books including *Córrer la taronja, 1979–2001* [Picking Oranges: 1979–2001] (Edicions 62, 2002), *A l'encesa* [By Lamplight] (Edicions 62, 2007), and *La tempesta* [The Storm] (Edicions 62, 2011). He has written various books of essays, among which the most striking are *I pelava la taronja amb les dents* [And He Peeled the Orange With His Teeth] (2005), *Gos: vida de Rainer Maria Rilke* [Dog: Life of Rainer Maria Rilke] (2016) and *Posseït* [Possessed] (2022). His work has been translated into French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Russian and German.

Els ulls de la gossa [The Dog's Eyes] collects (almost) all Albert Roig's poetry: from his first book, *Com un àngel a les mans d'un barber* [As an Angel in the Hands of a Barber], to *La tempesta* [The Storm], now completed. Meanwhile, it also includes many poems undiscovered until now and the definitive versions of the poems which have made him one of the leading lights of his generation.

Albert Roig

ELS ULLS DE LA GOSSA

1979–2019

62

The Dog's Eyes
Els ulls de la gossa
Edicions 62, 2021
224 pages

Selected Translations

Spanish | *Perro*, Galaxia Gutenberg, 2016. Tr. Antoni Cardona.

French | *La tempête* Centre international de poésie de Marseille, 2013. Tr. Annie Bats.

French | *Poésie du Louvre: 100 poètes d'aujourd'hui*, Le Louvre-Éditions Seghers, 2024

Forthcoming Translations

English | *At the Louvre: Poems by 100 Contemporary World Poets* The Louvre Museum-NYRB.

Mar adolescent

I

*Com resplendeix tot amb tu a la
vora
adormida, nets verds, de vidre,
la flor més neta, fosca adolescent
de sal.*

II

*I ara.
Com la sorra on recolzes
el son. Al rompent de les ones.*

*I en desfàs lentament
el cabdell, mà.*

I el teixeixes, Alè.

*No, no et despertis
encara!*

III

*I als cels d'ara
si hi fossis contra els seus fulls desada,
flor, erta.*

Adolescent Sea

I

How all's aglow with you near
dozing, pure green, glass,
purest flower, dark teen
of salt.

II

And now.
Like the sand you rest
your sleep on. The listless breaking.

You unwind
the thread, a hand.

You weave, a breath.

No, do not wake,
not yet!

III

And in today's skies
if you were kept against its papers,
vigilant flower.



abyss and agitation amid this twisted afternoon

Raquel Santanera



Rat Queen
Reina de rates
Pagès editors, 2021
88 pages

Raquel Santanera (Manlleu, 1991) is a poet. She has published *Teologia poètica d'un sol ús* [Single-Use Poetic Theology] (Viena Edicions, 2015) and *De robots i màquines o un nou tractat d'alquímia* [Of Robots and Machines or A New Treatise on Alchemy] (El Gall Editor, 2018). Some of her poems have been translated into Spanish, English and Italian.

What is striking in *Reina de rates* [Rat Queen] is the combination of tradition with modernity, its voice capable of expanding the limits of literary genres and the broad diversity of subjects it presents, with rats the unifying thread. Santanera reflects on the implicit violence of reality, both in the individual and collective spheres and how it is expressed in political discourse, social media and the new creation of idols and fans.

the devotee

they'll tell you all that brightness twinkling among the ancient hills
is more than wishes. there's no divine claw tearing at the mantle
to send stars down to you. you yearn for gleaming chains as you watch sand
falling
sky to earth. what burns your iris are the LEDs
of country homes and manors
garages and patios the well-off old and new.
and when you grab your slingshot and take aim you don't burst a single bulb.
up there parties are perpetual
up there stars sure do rain down
but if you leave them in the dark they'll switch their arguments.
so
 pour the cisterns on their heads
 remind them of the agony of history.
tell them
where you're coming from.



*Now your solitude has stood.
You may catch your reflection in this home's
every window, every mirror.*

Adrià Targa



A Change of Skies
Canviar de cel
Godall edicions, 2021
114 pages

Adrià Targa (Tarragona, 1987) is a writer and professor of creative writing. A Classics graduate of the University of Barcelona, he also studied drama and is part of Tarragona's Escola de Lletres. He has published the poetry books *L'exili de Constança* [Constança's Exile] (Cossetània, 2008), *Boques en calma* [Mouths at Rest] (Edicions 62, 2010) and *Ícar i set poemes* [Icarus & Seven Poems] (Editorial Barcino, 2015).

Canviar de cel [A Change of Skies] begins from this reflection by the Latin poet Horace: those who cross the sea change sky, but not soul, fleeing is useless when we carry the bad within ourselves. This poetry collection presents us with two sides of the same coin: that of the spirit, which lives in anguish and doesn't dare move, and that of the subject, which tries to save itself through flight and constant change. These are poems of great lyrical power which evoke estrangement from the most ordinary reality and blend simplicity, lyricism and tradition.

En aturar-se el tren a Portbou

*Com una cigarreta a mig fumar
en una estació de la frontera,
o l'últim poble per on ha passat
la teva inconsciència de finestra,*

*hi ha alguna cosa que segueix passant
de llarg, però que sempre
estàs a punt d'entendre, estàs
a punt d'entendre,*

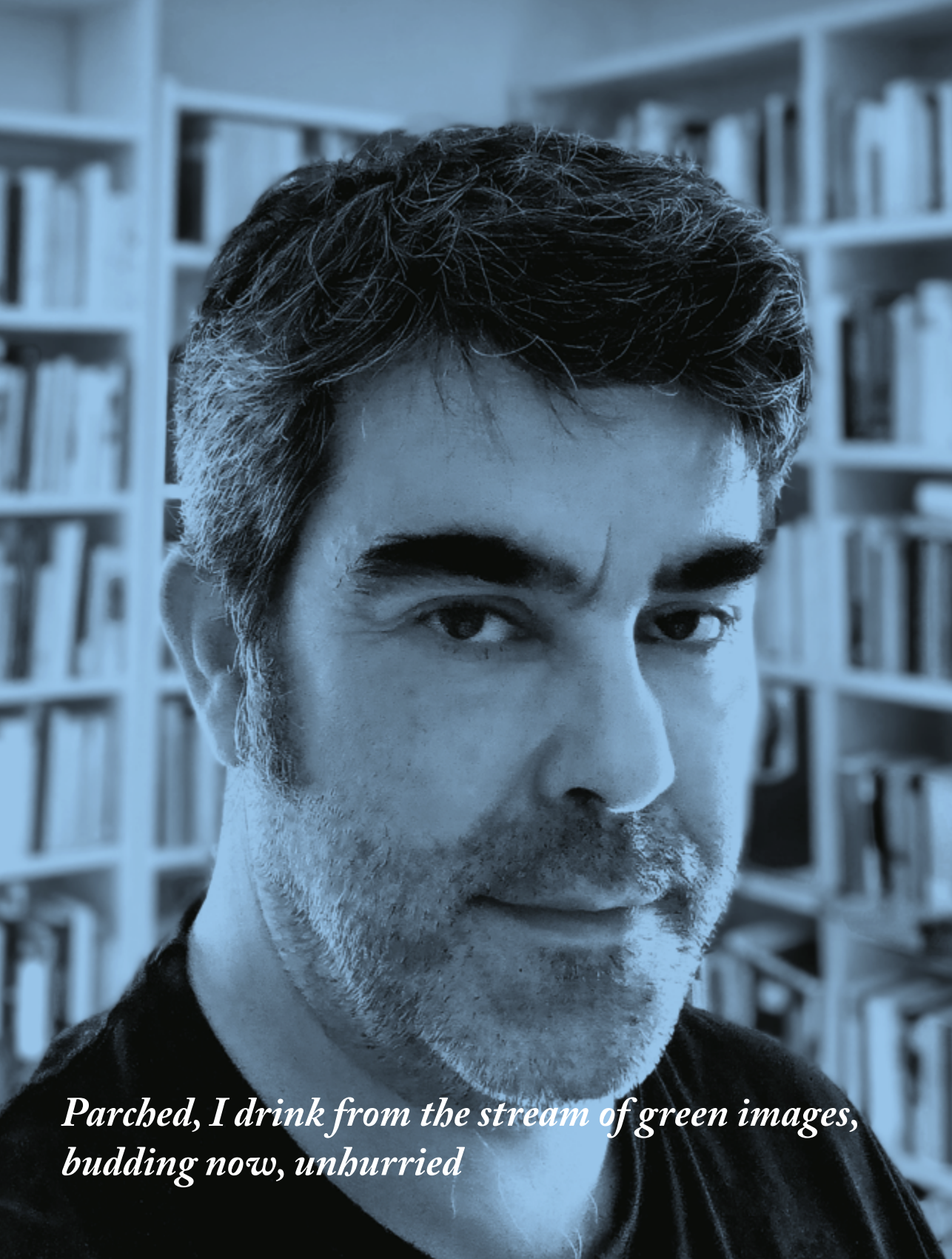
*i et cal llençar-la en una andana, igual
que veus que fa tota la resta,
com una cigarreta, en algun poble estrany,
però anys més tard segueix sent teva.*

When the Train Stops at Portbou

Like a half-smoked cigarette
at a border station
or the last town you took
your window unawareness

there's something you've failed to stop at
that you're always
about to understand, you're about
to understand,

and you must fling it at the platform,
just like everybody else does,
a cigarette in an unknown town,
though years later, it's still yours.



*Parched, I drink from the stream of green images,
budding now, unhurried*

Joan Todó

Joan Todó (La Sénia, 1977) is a writer. He cultivates all genres: poetry, *Los fòssils (al ras)* [The Fossils (in the Open)] (LaBreu Edicions, 2007) and *El fàstic que us cega* [The Disgust that Blinds You] (LaBreu Edicions, 2012); short story, *A butxacades* [In the Pockets] (2011) and *Lladres* [Thieves] (2016); and the novel, *L'horitzó primer* [The Horizon First] (2013). His latest book is *La verda és porta* [Door Is the Green] (2021), an unclassifiable book blending news report, biography and novel awarded the Finestres Prize in 2022. Among others, he has also translated a book of poems by Mark Strand (*Rufaga d'un*, 2016).

La vista als dits [Eyes on the Hands], awarded the 2022 Critic's Prize, brings Todó's two revised and revisited poetry books together, and ends with the erotic collection *La vista als dits*. Todó's poetry springs from a language at the origins of landscape. In his verses, poetic imagination and critical thinking are two sides of the same coin. They combine irony and sarcasm and meditative, lyrical discourse, with a stream of references and absolute mastery of the poetic rhythm. The verses seem free and innocent, however they resonate deeply.



Eyes on the Hands

La vista als dits

LaBreu Edicions, 2021
312 pages

Forthcoming Translations

French | *La vista als dits*, Le Taillis-Pré, 2024.
Tr. François-Michel Durazzo.

Resumeixes petxines als teus ulls

*Resumeixes petxines als teus ulls.
Hi estoves la pinassa més feréstega.
Convocaries en estol migjorn
si no sabessis el delit de l'ombra.
I el poder que no saps et torna flor
de cendres, les més fràgils i arriscades.
Això no ho saps. Tampoc no saps qui són
quan mòculto dins l'heura dels teus membres.
Resumeixes petxines als teus ulls,
en despulles la falsedat intrínseca.
Gavines i estornells fan niu dins teu,
i al teu clatell en batega una ploma.
Llisquen els mesos damunt teu, i els anys.
Mai no sabrem quina matèria et forma.*

Your eyes condense seashells

Your eyes condense seashells
and soften the wildest pine needle.
You'd command noonday's squadron
if you knew not the delights of shade.
And a power unknown makes of ashes
flowers, most delicate and bold.
That, you do not know. Nor who I am
as I hide among the pasture of your parts.
Your eyes condense seashells
and lay bare deep-seated fabrications.
Gulls and starlings nest within you,
a feather beating at the nape.
Months slide around your body, years.
We'll never know what matter makes you.



Mother's already sprouting in the pot.

Antònia Vicens

Antònia Vicens (Santanyí, Mallorca, 1941), one of the doyennes of Catalan literature, was honoured with the 2022 Honorary Prize of Catalan Letters for her distinguished track record — the most outstanding in Catalan letters. After a career dedicated to prose, from 2009 on she burst into the poetry world with *Lovely*, which was followed by other collections until *Tots els cavalls* [All the Horses] (2017) for which she was awarded the National Poetry Prize.

In an interview the author said that *Pare què fem amb la mare morta* [Father, What to do About our Dead Mother?] is a work about desolation and madness. We can also add that it's an original and sensitive collection written after the death of her mother, an experience that Vicens faces starkly, without sentimentality, and at the same time from a deep confidence in words that make the poems gain a consistency which goes far beyond mere biography.



Father, What to Do About Our Dead Mother?
Pare què fem amb la mare morta

LaBreu Edicions, 2020
80 pages

Selected Translations

French | *Papa que fait-on de maman morte*, Éditions Lanskine, 2023.
Tr. François-Michel Durazzo.

French | *Lovely*, Éditions Lanskine, 2021.
Tr. François-Michel Durazzo.

French | *Froid aux yeux*, Éditions Lanskine, 2021.
Tr. François-Michel Durazzo.

Si llancéssim les dents de la mare al voltant del

Si llancéssim les dents de la mare al voltant del
taronger traurien
arrels
obririen vies Així
a nosaltres
ens seria fàcil endinsar-nos
fins al nucli de la terra
ja que
entre les roques foses
de ben segur
hi ha
encara viva
la seva veu No ploris.

If we tossed mother's teeth

If we tossed mother's teeth
around the orange tree
they'd take
root
carve their way And so
we could bore ourselves down
to the earth's core
since
among the molten rocks
surely
there's her voice
still living Do not cry.

Institut Ramon Llull Grants

Institut Ramon Llull (IRL) is a public institution that promotes Catalan literature worldwide. Its ongoing mission is to support international publishing professionals interested in books in Catalan. To that end, IRL provides a wide range of resources to authors, translators, publishers and agents, book fairs and literary festivals to expand the presence of Catalan authorship.

Literature Translation

Grants for the translation of Catalan literature, including fiction, poetry, plays, graphic novels and scholarly works (non-fiction and the humanities).

Recipients: Publishers.

Literature Promotion

Grants for activities aimed at promoting Catalan and Aranese literature abroad, including participation in international literary events and promotional plans focused on illustrated works.

Recipients: Publishers and Literary Events Organisers.

Illustrated Books

Grants for the publication abroad of illustrated books by illustrators settled in Catalonia or the Balearic Islands.

Recipients: Publishers.

Promotional Materials

Grants for the creation of materials used in the promotion of Catalan works abroad.

Recipients: Catalan Publishers and Literary Agencies.

Translators in Residency

Grants for translators working on translations from Catalan to stay in Catalonia for two to six weeks.

Recipients: Translators.

Publishing Production

Grants for the production of translations of original literary works in Catalan and Occitan (in the Aranese variant) in the following categories: poetry and theatre.

Recipients: Authors and Illustrators.

Authors' Mobility

Grants for the authors' mobility of Catalan and Aranese literature worldwide.

Recipients: Authors, Translators, Illustrators, Moderators and Experts.

Fellowship

In 2024, Institut Ramon Llull is organising the 23rd edition of our fellowship aimed at international publishers and agents. This will take place in Barcelona in September, during the 42nd Setmana del Llibre en Català (Catalan Book Week Festival).

Other Services & Information

The Institut promotes networking between international publishers and agents and the Catalan publishing sector. We will be pleased to put publishing professionals in touch with Catalan authors, publishers or agents.

We also provide information about the translation of Catalan literature taken from our databases.

Books in Catalan

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AKaiser is a poet nominated for the Pushcart Prize, author of *glint* and translator of Catalan, French and Spanish, awarded by the NEA for the translation of *Innombrable* by the Catalan poet Anna Gual. Recent translations at *Circumference*, *Harvard Review*, *Hyperion* and *POETRY*. In this booklet she has translated Mireia Calafell, Míriam Cano and Anna Gual's poems.

Laura McLoughlin is a freelance translator from Catalan and Spanish. She was awarded the inaugural British Centre for Literary Translation Catalan-English Translation Mentorship in 2011. Among others she has translated works by Lluïsa Cunillé, Maria Barbal, Flàvia Company, Toni Hill Gumbao, Joan Brossa, Bel Olid, Empar Moliner and Anna Pazos.

Clyde Moneyhun is a descendant of Menorcan ancestors. He translates contemporary Catalan-language poetry and has published bilingual editions by Maria-Mercè Marçal, Ponç Pons, Dolors Miquel, i Anna Dodas. He lives in Idaho (USA) and Menorca and teaches literary translation at Boise State University. In this booklet he has translated poems by Antoni Clapés, Carles Dachs, Maria Josep Escrivà, Manuel Forcano, Maria Isern, Laia Llobera, Àngels Marzo and Dolors Miquel.

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