



UNIVERSITÀ DEL PIEMONTE ORIENTALE

PREMIO INTERATENESE DI TRADUZIONE
DI POESIA CIVILE INEDITA IN ITALIA

XVIII FESTIVAL INTERNAZIONALE DI POESIA CIVILE

TESTI DA TRADURRE

(secondo quanto indicato nella Domanda di partecipazione)

SCADENZA PER L'INVIO: 20 OTTOBRE 2022, ORE 12

SEZIONE DI POESIA ANGLOAMERICANA (DA TRADURRE IN ITALIANO)

JOY HARJO, *Once the World Was Perfect*

Once the world was perfect, and we were happy in that world.
Then we took it for granted.
Discontent began a small rumble in the earthly mind.
Then Doubt pushed through with its spiked head.
And once Doubt ruptured the web,
All manner of demon thoughts
Jumped through—
We destroyed the world we had been given
For inspiration, for life—
Each stone of jealousy, each stone
Of fear, greed, envy, and hatred, put out the light.
No one was without a stone in his or her hand.
There we were,
Right back where we had started.
We were bumping into each other
In the dark.
And now we had no place to live, since we didn't know
How to live with each other.
Then one of the stumbling ones took pity on another
And shared a blanket.
A spark of kindness made a light.
The light made an opening in the darkness.
Everyone worked together to make a ladder.
A Wind Clan person climbed out first into the next world,
And then the other clans, the children of those clans, their children,
And their children, all the way through time—
To now, into this morning light to you.

[from *Conflict Resolution for Holy Beings*, W. W. Norton & Company Ltd., 2015]

SEZIONE DI POESIA FRANCESE (DA TRADURRE IN ITALIANO)

ÉDOUARD GLISSANT, *Le sang rivé*, 1961

TRAIN LENT

Parole que j'avais nourrie du feu que l'on prépare avec
de la chair d'homme et des lianes de forêt brousse
de brousse qui pousse dans les chairs exposées au soleil
des clairières voici
j'ai ouvert la gousse enflammée du louvre y guettant
mes prunelles d'orang glacé

La terre c'est quand les paons entre les boas les ronces
géantes n'osent plus faire la roue
à force de penser terre j'éclate la terre c'est quand vous
ramassez les cervelles éclaboussées dans la poubelle de
l'océan nouveau
les fleuves imaginent des jeux où mes veines tiennent
lieu de marelle d'eau douce pour la fontaine à tarir
je me sens moi l'enfant dans la mangeoire du bruit
terrestre voué aux rapines aux solitudes
la mer taille une amitié où je couche ma joie, parole
qui ravale la neige des rues comme armure de négrier
Ils nous ont donné des amphores dans le cœur gelé de
ce dernier jour nous avons dormi dans les trombes les
lunes dormi dans la nue
Ils nous ont taillés nous poussant des tétanos dans la
broussaille des pores
Bien entendu les canaux étaient secs l'auvergne barbe
de la pluie se fondait au désespoir
tremble maison saumure de diamant brut
dans la cage endormi
poisson

(*Poèmes complets*, Paris, Gallimard, 1994)

SEZIONE DI POESIA INGLESE (DA TRADURRE IN ITALIANO)

GRACE NICHOLS, *Hurricane Hits England*, from *Sunris*, Virago, 1996

It took a hurricane, to bring her closer
To the landscape
Half the night she lay awake,
The howling ship of the wind,
Its gathering rage,
Like some dark ancestral spectre,
Fearful and reassuring:

Talk to me Huracan
Talk to me Oya
Talk to me Shango
And Hattie
My sweeping, back-home cousin.

Tell me why you visit
An English coast?
What is the meaning
Of old tongues
Reaping havoc
In new places?

The blinding illumination,
Even as you short-
Circuit us
Into further darkness?

What is the meaning of trees
Falling heavy as whales
Their crusted roots
Their cratered graves?

O why is my heart unchained?
Tropical Oya of the Weather,
I am aligning myself to you,
I am following the movement of your winds,
I am riding the mystery of your storm.

Ah, sweet mystery,
Come to break the frozen lake in me,
Shaking the foundations of the very trees within me,
Come to let me know
That the earth is the earth is the earth.

SEZIONE DI POESIA ITALIANA DA TRADURRE IN FRANCESE

(solo per studenti dell'Université de Savoie)

GREGORIO SCALISE, *Riflessione su un teatro in fiamme e altre poesie*, 1998

ALCHIMIE DEL TERRENO

È facile che le parole
smettano di guizzare

occorre anche sforzarsi
di raccogliere

parole in controluce
segnate
piene di terriccio

se la poesia è pensare
(anche) all'esistenza
non si ritorna mai
al concetto
con la stessa preghiera

c'è sempre un fondo di dolorosa
meraviglia
(una muraglia)
con i cocci e la stanca energia
del tutto visto

dato in anticipo sulla parola
per poter riscrivere la storia.

(da: TIZIANO BROGGIATO [a cura di], *Lune gemelle. Dodici poeti italiani degli anni Novanta*, Bari, Palomar, 1998)

SEZIONE DI POESIA SPAGNOLA (DA TRADURRE IN ITALIANO)

RAFAEL MORALES, *Los locos (Los desterrados, 1947)*

Mirad los locos, altos como ramas,
llenos de inmensidad y poderío;
miradlos altos cual soberbias llamas,
amenazando al cielo con su brío.

Como harapos ardientes y violentos
esparcen sus delirios y su anhelo.
Vedlos chocar su pecho con los vientos,
pobres guiñapos locos junto al cielo...

Ay, qué locura de abrasado vino
arde en su honda y más profunda vena.
Y van raudos, tenaces, sin destino,
hijos del cielo, ciegos en la arena.

Fantasmas de la nada y del coraje,
dioses heridos, bellos, desgarrados,
que llenan de pavor todo el paisaje
con aullidos tremendos y abrasados.

Otras veces tranquilos, misteriosos,
llenos de humilde pena y de grandeza,
se agolpan contra el suelo silenciosos
y reposan en tierra su cabeza.

Si acarician la tierra dulcemente,
sienten allá en su alma enamorada
una mujer que besa tiernamente
su pobre frente loca y desolada.

Cuando su seca, marchitada boca
acercan a la piedra, enamorados,
qué soledad tremenda da la roca
a sus nobles sentidos desbordados.

Ay, pobres locos del amor, de anhelo,
de la nada simiente y alimento,
mitad tierra sin nadie, mitad cielo,
carne de Dios en la mitad del viento.

SEZIONE DI POESIA TEDESCA (DA TRADURRE IN ITALIANO)

WOLFGANG BÄCHLER, *Die Erde bebt noch*, v1947

DIE ERDE BEBT NOCH

Die Erde bebt noch von den Stiefelritten.
Die Wiesen grünen wieder, Jahr für Jahr
Die Qualen bleiben, die wir einst erlitten,
ins Antlitz, in das Wesen eingeschnitten.
In unseren Träumen lebt noch oft, was war.

Das Blut versickerte, das wir vergossen
Die Narben brennen noch und sind noch rot.
Die Tränen trockneten, die um uns flossen.
In Lust und Fluch und Lächeln eingeschlossen
begleitet uns, vertraut für immer, nun der Tod.

Die Städte bröckeln noch in grauen Nächten
Der Wind weht Asche in den Blütenstaub
und das Geröchel der Ersticken aus den Schächten.
Doch auf den Märkten stehen die Selbstgerechten
und schreien, schreien ihre Ohren taub.

Die Sonne leuchtet wieder wie in Kindertagen.
Die Schatten fallen tief in uns hinein.
Sie überdunkeln unser helles Fragen.
Und auf den Hügeln, wo die Kreuze ragen,
wächst säfteschwer ein herber neuer Wein.