

Fundamentals of Poetry



Student Text Samples & Project Documentation

Web Edition 2012
Renée Gadsden, Editor



Education and Culture DG

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Editor's Note

This document is a follow up to the April 2011 web publication *Fundamentals of Poetry: Teacher Text Samples*. It was clear at the first session of "Fundamentals of Poetry" (held in Madrid at the Escuela de Escritores from February 18-20, 2011) where students, teachers and the organizers of the project were able to meet, the majority for the first time, that not enough was known about who was teaching the courses. Not only were the students not familiar with the writings and biographies of all the teachers, the teachers among themselves were not familiar with each other's work. The teachers in the "Fundamentals of Poetry" project agreed at this first meeting to exchange texts among each other, in order to familiarize themselves with the work of their peers, so a preliminary teacher text exchange took place in March 2011. The next step was to share examples of the instructors' work with the students participating in the program by making a web publication. The aim was to enliven and deepen the learning experience for the students through their familiarity with the teachers' approach to poetry and writing. A further aim was to stimulate interest in getting to know more of the writings of the teachers, and to encourage the students to investigate writings in languages other than their own.

This paper is organized as follows: a brief description of the project and its intention is offered. Then the structure of the project is presented, followed by the exercises designed for the "Fundamentals of Poetry" project as thought out and conceived of by each individual writer teaching in the program. A detailed examination of how each teacher explained his or her exercise, as well as the format the teacher chose for presenting the exercises to the students, already provides much information into the methodology and approach to language that each one had. By gathering all of these exercises together in this publication, an in-depth overview can be gained as to how extremely varied and complementary the writing exercises are, and how they worked together to provide the students with a thorough understanding of the topic. The next section contains short biographies of the teachers.

After the biographies, the list of participating students is presented at the beginning of each section, which are divided by country alphabetically. The teachers were asked to submit commentaries on their experiences, in any form they chose. One teacher wrote individual comments on each of her students. The most gave their general impressions of how they felt the classes went.

Then follows a sample teacher's writing, or, as in the case of Jörg Piringer, a word design. One work from each of the writers leading a class in the project is included: first in the original language, then in English, in most cases. Although some of the teachers have had works translated into other languages, only English translations are given here, as the language of discussion in the collective Internet forum was English. Otherwise the texts are only in the teacher's native tongue. These text samples are followed by examples of the students work, done as a response to the exercises they were presented with. Every effort was made to include a text from each student participating in the program. However, some of the students did not want to be included in this documentation, or else did not respond to the call for texts in a timely way. Unlike in a traditional anthology, the poems of the students, the sample texts of the teachers and the descriptions of the writing exercises often have different styles of presentation, reflecting the intention of the respective authors. The organizers and participating institutions are listed at the end.

The entire project "Fundamentals of Poetry" would not have been possible without the incredibly dedicated efforts of all the partner schools, their directors and staff. Special thanks go to Javier Sagarna, President of the European Association of Creative Writing Programmes (EACWP), and his team at the Escuela de Escritores for their initiatives.

We are also grateful for the support provided by the EU Lifelong Learning Programme which enabled this valuable multi-language, cross-cultural study.

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September 2012

Fundamentals of Poetry Project Description/Intention

The “Fundamentals of Poetry” project was organized by schools of creative writing, members of the European Association of Creative Writing Programmes (EACWP). The schools participating were: Escuela de Escritores (Spain), Vienna poetry school (Austria), Josef Skvorecky Literary Academy (Czech Republic), Orivesi College of Arts (Finland), Aleph Écriture (France) and Scuola Holden (Italy).

Six different writing classes, 2 analogue and 4 digital, were conceived of and executed by teachers from 6 different European countries. Each individual class focused on a crucial aspect of writing poetry. Each school supplied the project with one teacher (although in the case of Spain, 2 teachers shared the class). The “Fundamentals of Poetry” lasted from September 2010 to September 2012. The classes were all held between February and July 2011.

The primary language of communication in the project was English. Information about the classes and the exercises were given by the teachers in English, and translated into the various languages as necessary. An online teaching platform was developed for the course. Applications for the website of the Escuela de Escritores were developed to host and facilitate the forums where the students and teachers from the various participating countries could meet. English was also the language of instruction of both analogue writing seminars, in Spain and Finland.

The intention of the project was to provide a trans-European learning experience. Not only were the students able to learn about the language, culture and approach to poetry in various countries in Europe through exchanging information over the Internet, they were also physically present in Spain and in Finland, thus gaining direct, firsthand experiences of the topics under investigation. Presenting an overview of the most important aspects of writing poetry was the paramount goal. The introductory course in Madrid and the closing course in Orivesi were aimed at surmounting the traditional boundaries and structures of writing. The “sound and rhythm” class was oriented around sound poetry, and the “Heteroglossia” class was conceived of to show how multilingual texts could be generated. Teaching approaches through the filter of gender (2 women writers and 5 men) were also considered.

The students did the writing exercises primarily in their native languages, although any other language used in the project (Catalonian, Czech, English, Finnish, French, German, Italian, and Spanish) was also accepted.

Projects such as “Fundamentals of Poetry” provide valuable insight into the nature and usage of language for transmitting emotional and sensory content. In the current debate on art-based research, it is clear that this attempt to scientifically structure and monitor the mechanisms for instructing creative writing sheds further light on the role and function of the artist as a generator of knowledge, providing information that is accessible for science, and for society at large.

Structure of the Project:

4 Internet classes, 2 different exercises pro class (March – June 2011)
2 analogue classes in Madrid (February 2011) and Orivesi (July 2011)

Title and Description of Each Class and Exercise

1st Class

February 18–20, 2011

Madrid

Class Category and Name: “sound & rhythm”

Teacher: Jörg Piringer (schule für dichtung /vienna poetry school)

the workshop shows how to enhance poetic language through the manipulation of rhythm and sound - two main properties of spoken language. the participants will learn how to use simple but effective electronic devices and software to rearrange and modify their own voices for live performance and prerecorded pieces. the workshop will focus on play and experimentation and will not require any knowledge in computer or other technology other than writing and/or speaking.

lecture jörg piringer:

When I speak

(The following was written as a manuscript for a speech, so it has to be spoken or heard or at least imagined as being spoken and heard) What is happening when I speak? What do you hear when I speak? You can understand me (I hope) but you also hear my Austrian accent. You will know that I am not a native English speaker. So there's meaning: You know what I am talking about. But there's more. You can hear where I come from. You might hear that I speak German as a first language. You can hear my gender, you can hear if I am tired, you can hear if I am bored or nervous. You might hear my educational or social background. You might hear something about my personality.

Some of these properties you would even be able to hear if you would not understand a single word of English. My voice communicates more than just the meaning of the words.

Sound

Foreign languages or accents help us focus on the acoustic qualities of language: because we don't understand what has been said or because we hear a language spoken with a foreign accent we suddenly become aware of them. Something seems to get in the way between the words and our brain trying to make sense of everything we hear. When we were children we used to play a language game called b-language. The rules were simple: each vowel was substituted by the vowel then a “b” and then the vowel again. By modifying our speech that way we hoped to be able to communicate information without enabling our eavesdropping parents to understand what we were talking about. What we learned as well was the fact that we could use language as a material that could be reshaped by cutting it up into pieces, which were then reordered. But what is the smallest meaningful acoustic unit? Or what is

the smallest part of language that we are “allowed” to work with creatively? Traditional poets would say that it must be the word. The Dadaist-inspired sound poet would not go beyond the syllable and the Lettrist (and we ourselves when we were children) would vote for the letter or the phoneme. However, from the 1950s onwards, poets like François Dufrêne or Henri Chopin used electronic devices to go far beyond that last frontier of language. Chopin started to experiment with his voice recorded on tape, manipulated the speed of the recording, added echo effects, implanted microphones into his body and used multiple tracks to create acoustic palimpsests from smaller and smaller fragments of speech or voice recordings.

sound example: Henri Chopin

http://ubu.artmob.ca/sound/chopin_henri/Chopin-Henri_2500-les-Grenouilles.mp3

There is, however, a natural limit on how small an acoustic unit we can work with. Human perception can only recognise sound events as single acoustic units that are longer in duration than 10-20 milliseconds. Recordings of sound that are shorter than this boundary seem to fuse with each other.

On the other hand this effect of fusion can be used to create sounds from tiny snippets of audio recordings by putting them in sequence or layering them on top of each other. Because they are too small to be discerned, the sound grains create a new sound.

sound example: granular synthesis (time stretch)

<http://joerg.piringer.net/workshops/rns/timestretch.mp3>

In the previous sound example all sound grains were placed in an ordered sequence but this is not the only way to structure the snippets of course. When we choose to take a more random approach we get clouds of sound:

sound example: granular synthesis (cloud)

<http://joerg.piringer.net/workshops/rns/cloud.mp3>

Or we could choose to order them more sparsely in regular patterns: then we create rhythms. Before I go on talking about rhythm I'd like to mention the missing link between sound and rhythm. When sound artists and engineers started to experiment with tape recorders they soon discovered that they could alter the finite tape reels into infinite loops. In that way, they could create never ending repetitions of a sound recording that blurred the boundary between recognisable words and pure sound.

sound example: kette (onophon),

http://www.onophon.at/sound/mp3/kette_06_mono_2003-09-08.mp3

Rhythm

According to a research study at Cambridge University, it doesn't matter in what order the letters in a word are, the only important thing is that the first and last letters be at the right place. The rest can be a total mess and you can still read it without problem. This is because the human mind does not read every letter by itself, but the word as a whole.

The human brain is capable of making sense of the words in the above paragraph by neglecting the shuffled letters as long as the first and last letter of each word remain in the original position. However, if I read the same paragraph, or tried to accomplish a re-ordering of recorded speech in the same manner, you would understand almost nothing. As in all acoustic disciplines, timing is an essential property (musicians of course know that) of language. It is so in common language and it becomes even more obvious in poetry. You can easily hear if the author of a poem breaks the meter (willingly or unwillingly).

But I don't want to talk on about iambic pentameter or other poetic forms that you are certainly well aware of. I'd rather refer to a more general definition of rhythm: Rhythm is the "movement marked by the regulated succession of strong and weak elements, or of opposite or different conditions" (The Compact Edition of the Oxford English Dictionary II, Oxford University Press)

Whereas, in Europe, poetic rhythm traditionally referred to the meter, to a sequence of stressed and unstressed syllables, repeating phonemes and pauses, other cultures offer different views on rhythmic language structure. People along the Congo river found a way to communicate across the waterway by drumming the tones of their language. They extend everyday words to more complex phrases which, together with the tonal qualities of their language and a known context, form complex patterns that can be distinguished to transport simple messages:

sound example: Talking Drums

<http://joerg.piringer.net/workshops/rns/Talking-Drums.mp3>

In south India, musicians traditionally went in the other direction. Instead of imitating their spoken language by drums, they invented a large set of syllables called Konnakol for the composition, communication and performance of drummed as well as spoken rhythms.

video example: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=leQhVgJFPfs>

Another non Eurocentric view on rhythmic language is provided by American black culture, which we are familiar with through Hip Hop and Jamaican Dancehall. A less known variant of swift rhythmic speaking is rooted in the tradition of livestock auctioneering in the US Midwest. The auctioneer repeats numbers and filling words in an extremely fast sequence, in order to sell cattle or horses:

video example: Top Livestock Auctioneers, 2008:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=croJhabLiYI>

These examples show that the combination of rhythm and language can lead us far beyond the usual verse, especially with the introduction of electronic sound manipulation tools that can extend these ways of creating rhythm by adding a plethora of new possibilities. One of the most important is the possibility to create and use multiple tracks recorded from the same sound source. The Dadaists were the first to write "Simultangedichte" that were intended to be read by multiple voices at the same time. Henri Chopin extended this idea to the tape machine and created layers and dense textures of his own voice only by recording his vocalisations over

and over again. Contemporary recording technology enables us to record tracks or small snippets at the click of a mouse, or at the tap of a finger on a smart phone. Those recorded sounds can easily be arranged into complex compositions and rhythms. In this way, a single sound of half a second's duration could be used to create polyphonic arrangements lasting for hours.

sound example: one of my own pieces (pakgn)

<http://joerg.piringer.net/mp3s/joerg-piringer-pakgn.mp3>

A New Kind of Poetry

In the above sections, I made you listen to some examples for how sound and rhythm could enhance and extend poetic or even non-poetic language. Before the advent of computer technology, poets had to either be musicians themselves or work with other musicians in order to make use of these “sound tools”. Today, this technology is literally in our hands when we take out our smart-phones or open our laptops. There is no longer any need (if indeed there ever was any) for instructors to tell us (as my music teacher told me) that we are not talented enough to play musical instruments. You can open the program or “app” and start recording your voice, manipulate it and arrange it to create poetic compositions that could not exist in books or on paper. The support of traditional musical instruments has enhanced and influenced poetry ever since antiquity by reinforcing, as well as requiring, rhythm and meter. New technologies could play a similar role: for the first time, we have full control over a huge set of sonic and temporal parameters of recorded and performed language, and this could foster a completely new kind of poetry, one made up of emotion, information, language and sound.

2nd Class
March 2011
online

Class Category: Senses and Description

Teacher: Petr Borkovec (Josef Skvorecky Literary Academy)

Class Name: Turning a Stone

My class, which forms a part of this wide-branched cycle, will be concerned with uncovering and observing things around us, both living and inanimate ones, and with the whole drudgery of a good and loving description which can lead us so terribly far away from the object observed. The way the text frees itself from the initial feelings and contexts, and changes into a poem – not, however, through wild and quick connections of the similar, but thanks to an improved eye and ear, and maybe also an improved touch, as well as a careful and meticulous pen. We are going to sharpen our perception of a hollow made by a ground-beetle, and we'll end up with a passionate love poem – is it possible?

All of what follows are just invitations to a conversation of a certain kind.

In fact, I'm not very concerned about what the students wrote before the class, what they think about it, what they'd like to achieve by poetry or how they feel about what they've read. I'd like to know all of this only in the process, only after the beginning, only with the experience of the beginning. With my students, I'd like to start at "point zero". In a landscape, at a stone which we'll turn together.

Maybe none of them has ever done it before; or perhaps it was a long time ago (after all, the situation is not so odd); but this was definitely the first time we did this deed together. A stone is suitable: one is usually ready to hand, and you have to bend down to it, straining a bit; underneath it, there might be all sorts of things which will surprise you – but there'll probably never be anything bombastic (though you never know!), more likely oddments, litter, and leftovers. Something small, usually overlooked, almost nothing. Of course, I could take students, for instance, to a bank and we could all start a certain type of an account, or another possibility: we could all get someone to hire us for some pretty hard work – that's true. But today, we'll all occupy ourselves with rather dead things: surfaces, colours, shapes, very small lives. We'll learn how to precisely observe these common, and yet hidden matters. To think of them, to look after them with a word and with a dictionary. To think through them.

So, we'll turn round a biggish flat stone and we give ourselves this task:

Every day for one week, go to this stone and turn it over

After turning it over, always take a note of what you can see (one sentence or one line, no more)

Keep the seven notes and look after them

Put the stone back in its bed

Or:

Go to the stone and turn it over
For five minutes, stare at its bed, not thinking of anything
Only then, take a note of the colours which you saw
Just the colours
Keep the notes and look after them

Go to the stone and turn it over
In a flash, without preparation, say what you can see
The words needn't have any known meaning
Create as long a list as you can
Keep it

Go to the stone and turn it over
For five minutes, stare at its bed, not thinking of anything
Make a list of everything that appeared underneath the stone
Look up all the words you wrote in a dictionary
Take a note of anything which you found interesting
Keep the notes and look after them

Go to the stone and turn it over
For five minutes, stare at its bed, not thinking of anything
Only then, take a note of what you saw underneath the stone
If you can, avoid any metaphors
Keep the note

Go to the stone and turn it over
For five minutes, stare at its bed, not thinking of anything
Only then, take a note of what you discovered underneath the stone
Try to use as many metaphors as you can
Keep the note

Or, for instance, take a piece of paper, lift stones and, with each of them, try to draw, to carve a line; don't think of anything – just do it. When you have a hundred and twenty two lines, try to name the colours. Try to find suitable word for the hues. And after that, try to give each line a name. And so on, and so forth. One can invent many tasks like this.

A lot of material will be produced which it will be necessary to assort. One uses the notes as a basis for discussion and for the verification of observation. One can work to complete the notes and think of new ones. After that, it's time to use the dictionary and its inspirations; everything is verified, and the discovered shapes and hues are enveloped by other meanings and dreams.

And this is the above-mentioned moment when we can talk about reading – everyone recalls some poems about stones, about colours, descriptive verses etc. I myself bring texts to the class which are somehow relevant. It's a moment when we can talk about private experiences, about everything I mentioned at the beginning. About old movements in the landscape, about old words and things. But everything arises from the same place, the stone bed which we uncovered, and everything returns there.

The gathered and variously assorted material can be used for all sorts of things. For discussion about what the metaphor clarifies and what it obscures. With this, write a short descriptive poem using only the material “brought” (Is the luckily discovered word for the hue of the sprout of an unknown plant a real poetic achievement? Is it enough for a poem?). Write a moving love poem without committing treason against what we saw underneath the stone – against the directness and freshness of that look.

After this, the common road divides, and the teacher works with each student individually to find his or her own lines and tempos.

3rd Class
April 2011
online

Class Category and Name: Sense and Structure

Teachers:, Luis Luna, Xènia Dyakonova (Escuela de Escritores)

Structure and sense – Part I

LUIS LUNA

Foreword

Poetry, the same as any other type of Art, requires a structure to stand, not only at a formal level, but also as an instrument to reach the coherence of sense.

Let's imagine a glass building, where the whole inner space can be seen from outside, as well as all the structures permitting the building to stay vertical. That is exactly the picture of a poem. Aren't words –language– the scaffolding of such a building? Besides, isn't that the importance of topics and subtopics wisely distributed within our building?

Therefore our aim is to unveil some of the clues required to outline such structures and make them be coherent with the sense we intend to give to our poem. In other words, we will offer some examples taken from tradition in order to understand how masters erected the buildings containing their outstanding creations and then find out our own personal structures, the ones being accurate to lodge our personal topics. Finally, we will propose to do some exercises aimed at discovering how to make both structure and sense fit, how to reach poetical expression, an act consisting of linking both content and form, where both aspects work together to enhance the maximal expression emerging from the language and the poet.

Tradition: inherited and new structures

Since the epic poem *Gilgamesh* was written, some two thousand years before Christ, there are no doubts about the need of structures to memorize and recite poetical texts. That's the only way to understand the frequent epithets or the long series of verses dealing with similar ideas. Therefore, the bards from everywhere need some steady rules that allow them to attract the audience's interest, but at the same time that same audience begins to understand that certain structures correspond to specific topics.

The first serious codification of this sort of structures was carried out in Ancient Greece. As a matter of fact, that kind of codifications have been working until relatively recent times, obviously adapted to our own languages. Apart from the efficiency of those Greek-Roman structures, it is also possible to find both the Semitic tradition (it cannot be forgotten the influence of the Bible and the most complex Arabic versification) and the Far East one (who does not know today such genres as haiku and tanka?). Anyhow this is a bidirectional phenomenon: the poet needs the structure to build up the text if he wants to be rightly understood; the audience knows

the structure used by the poet in order to express and enrich a given sense. It means creating rooms for language, attracting and large enough so that whoever approaches texts feels at ease being the receiver of the message transmitted by poetry.

All over the centuries, structures have turned more flexible, mainly thanks to the arrival of Romanticism, which promotes radical freedom and individuality. Moreover the concept of originality must be also added up, which gave rise to the birth of new structures. All those new features together make up a new essential feature known as style. The last step of this evolution process is the apparent lack of structure, but Science states that chaos is just an undecipherable order. Under those very subtle structures, all of them being a result of globalization and of the constant fragmentation in the light of post-modernity, we can solely study their recursivity, i.e., the constant use of certain lexical and rhythmical resources aimed at providing coherence to that linguistic device known as poem.

Therefore, the poetical text has followed a rather interesting process of spreading concerning both topics and forms, which is worth being studied. Nevertheless this is not the moment to deepen these matters, but to offer examples of them. Let's start with this text by Shakespeare:

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

Here we find the typical resources of a sonnet, variable according to the target language. In this example, the rhyme, the stress structure or the use of similar lexical fields are used by Shakespeare to lead readers into a special dynamics through a code that is exclusively constrained to poetry. Besides, that structure has a complete sense; it does not need external references.

The next example by Keats shows a slight evolution; it is a sample of a stanza applied to a ballad, which suits perfectly the poet's wishes (contrary to what happened to Shakespeare), given that the structure is used by Keats to provide continuity to a series of poems that become little chapters enhancing the idea of romantic legend and exoticism.

I.

ST. AGNES' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

In this poem, the structure fulfils different functions: on the one hand, it places the text in a time context; on the other hand, it possesses a complete sense, but new chapters are required to keep the poem meaningful.

Let's see now another example; this one is closer to us in the space. This poem is by Master Whitman.

I have heard what the talkers were talking....

I have heard what the talkers were talking, the talk of the beginning and the end;
But I do not talk of the beginning or the end.

There was never any more inception than there is now,
Nor any more youth or age than there is now;
And will never be any more perfection than there is now,
Nor any more heaven or hell than there is now.

Urge, and urge, and urge;
Always the procreant urge of the world.

Out of the dimness opposite equals advance—always substance and increase,
always sex;
Always a knit of identity—always distinction—always a breed of life.
To elaborate is no avail—learn'd and unlearn'd feel that it is so.

Sure as the most certain sure, plumb in the uprights, well entretied, braced in the
beams,
Stout as a horse, affectionate, haughty, electrical,
I and this mystery, here we stand.

Clear and sweet is my Soul, and clear and sweet is all that is not my Soul.

Lack one lacks both, and the unseen is proved by the seen,
Till that becomes unseen, and receives proof in its turn.

Showing the best, and dividing it from the worst, age vexes age;
Knowing the perfect fitness and equanimity of things, while they discuss I am
silent, and go bathe and admire myself.

Welcome is every organ and attribute of me, and of any man hearty and clean;
Not an inch, nor a particle of an inch, is vile, and none shall be less familiar than
the rest.

I am satisfied—I see, dance, laugh, sing:

As the hugging and loving Bed-fellow sleeps at my side through the night, and
withdraws at the peep of the day, with stealthy tread,
Leaving me baskets cover'd with white towels, swelling the house with their
plenty,
Shall I postpone my acceptation and realization, and scream at my eyes,
That they turn from gazing after and down the road,
And forthwith cipher and show me a cent,
Exactly the contents of one, and exactly the contents of two, and which is ahead?

It seems more complicated to explain the structure of this poem with the naked eye, but a deeper analysis will provide us with the clue. In this case there is no point in referring to summing lesser units (verses, strophes, poem), but to a long poem where the recursivity of certain phenomena is obvious, as it would occur in the biblical language, its actual inspiration. It is then possible to observe the use of a kind of similar structures consisting of parallelisms used throughout the text. When the lexicon changes, so does the structure inspired on psalms, but the way to organize the charlatans' speech does also vary.

Before analysing how structure and sense merge little by little, it is important to show a little classification of the most usual structures:

1. **Analytic or deductive structure.** The meaning core is to be found in the beginning of the text. The rest of sections analyzes, discusses, comments, specifies, details, enlarges, exemplifies, justifies or tinges the content of that significant meaning core.
2. **Synthetic or inductive structure.** The significant meaning core is to be found in the end of the text. Such an end may act as a synthesis of interrelated ideas in the previous sections, as if it were the conclusion, the culmination of a series of argumentations referring to the generalization of specific cases mentioned through the rest of the text until they reach their point of most intensive expressivity, their climax.
3. **Framed or circular structure.** This the third type, though it is the less frequent. The most significant content of the text comes up both in the beginning and in the end. The rest of sections being among them develop different aspects, in the same way as the previous structures do. It also

presents a variation, in which an idea or thesis is presented in the beginning, followed by a discussion, a demonstration or even an exemplification of such a thesis, and ended up with a conclusion that is actually the reaffirmation of the initial idea.

Proposed exercise:

Study the following examples. Next, write a poem with a similar structure and explain the resources on which your structure is based.

(1)

Ode to the West Wind

By Percy Bysshe Shelley

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintery bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

(2)

The ballad of the skeletons
Allen Ginsberg (EEUU, 1926 - 1997)

Said the Presidential skeleton
I won't sign the bill
Said the Speaker skeleton
Yes you will

Said the Representative Skeleton
I object
Said the Supreme Court skeleton
Whaddy expect

Said the Military skeleton
Buy Star Bombs
Said the Upperclass Skeleton
Starve unmarried moms

Said the Yahoo Skeleton
Stop dirty art
Said the Right Wing skeleton
Forget about your heart

Said the Gnostic Skeleton
The Human Form's divine
Said the Moral Majority skeleton
No it's not it's mine

Said the Buddha skeleton
Compassion is wealth
Said the Corporate skeleton
It's bad for your health

(...)

Structure and sense – Part II

XÈNIA DYAKONOVA

In the second part of this unit we shall pay more attention to the sense of poetry. Our starting point will be an enlightening quotation from Louis Simpson's essay *Structure and Idea*: "The structure of the poem depends on an idea, and the more the idea proceeds from the character of the poet, the more it compels the poem into a certain form. It may take some examination of one's feelings, and much rewriting, to discover what they mean." We shall consider the possibility of reducing Simpson's general and psychological term *the character of the poet* to the strictly technical *the poet's style*, and afterwards we shall adopt this point of view while analyzing three different texts. Let's start with the following poem by W.H. Auden (1907-1973).

BUT I CAN'T

Time will say nothing but I told you so,

Time only knows the price we have to pay;

If I could tell you I would let you know.

If we should weep when clowns put on their show,

If we should stumble when musicians play,

Time will say nothing but I told you so.

There are no fortunes to be told, although,

Because I love you more than I can say,

If I could tell you I would let you know.

The winds must come from somewhere when they blow,

There must be reasons why the leaves decay;

Time will say nothing but I told you so.

Perhaps the roses really want to grow,

The vision seriously intends to stay;

If I could tell you I would let you know.

Suppose the lions all get up and go,

*And all the brooks and soldiers run away?
Will time say nothing but I told you so?
If I could tell you I would let you know.*

This poem is written in the form of a **villanelle**, a French poetic genre, an example of chained-verse whose nineteen lines are spread out over five tercets and a closing quatrain. The rhyming first and third lines of the poem become its refrains, and each unrhymed line rhymes with its corresponding line in the next stanza. The first and third lines in the opening stanza alternate as the final line for each subsequent stanza, with an exception in the final stanza, where the last two lines are the first and third lines of the first stanza. In this case, the last quatrain is slightly different. Auden turns “Time will say nothing but I told you so” into a question: “Will time say nothing but I told you so?” We should remark that the choice of this traditional lyric form for this poem is not casual. The main themes of *But I Can't* are love, time and the questioning mind. The continuous repetition of two keenly rhythmical verses, “If I could tell you I would let you know” and “Time will say nothing but I told you so”, and all the variety of rhetorical questions, somehow imitate the deliberate movement of time and the constantly changing motion of human thought. As for love, it is suggested not only in the third stanza, but also by the intimate tone of “...but I told you so”, the poet's tender and warning appeal to a second person. We should remember that tone is also an element of the poem's structure, and one of the most important ones, because it influences the reader's impression to a great degree. The rhythm, the musicality, the elegance and the sweetness of the poem fit its three main themes as well: neither time, nor thought or tenderness, in Auden's view, can be violent.

Besides, this mixture of a traditional stanzaic pattern with a new, fresh, plain, almost colloquial language is one of the most important elements of modern poetry, and particularly of Auden's style.

Let's continue with another poem, a quite different one, by Edward Estlin Cummings (1894-1962).

*"next to of course god america i
love you land of the pilgrims' and so forth oh
say can you see by the dawn's early my
country 'tis of centuries come and go
and are no more what of it we should worry
in every language even deafanddumb
thy sons acclaim your glorious name by gorry
by jingo by gee by gosh by gum
why talk of beauty what could be more beaut-
iful than these heroic happy dead
who rushed like lions to the roaring slaughter
they did not stop to think they died instead
then shall the voice of liberty be mute?"*

He spoke. And drank rapidly a glass of water

Though this text is carefully worked out in **sonnet** form, Cummings' use of syntax and punctuation, as we can see, is unconventional, or rather completely anarchic. This sharp break with the rigid grammar rules of any language is another prominent feature of modern, and especially avant-garde literature, and one of the most striking characteristics of Cummings' particular manner. The lack of any punctuation marks allows us to read the whole poem as a single sentence, and in a way it suggests that we should hold our breath while reading it, just as the mysterious protagonist of the poem is supposed to be doing. And, last but not least, this unusual structure makes *hearing* the poem an imperative, something which fits a lot the meaning of our text, a public speech about America's history pronounced by a self-confident politician in a kind of suspicious ecstasy. This speech, intended to impress the simple-hearted audience, is full of patriotic and religious clichés, quite empty and meaningless despite their bombastic resonance. Though the tone of the speaker seems serious, almost every line of the poem contains a delicate touch of mockery, such as «of course god», «land of the pilgrims' and so forth», «every language even deafanddumb» and so on. The last verse is separated from the rest to mark a pause in the politician's speech, to put distance between the reader and the poem, and also

to introduce the voice of the lyrical narrator. We should also remark that in this last sentence, «And drank rapidly a glass of water», the adverb «rapidly» appears in a most unlikely position. «And rapidly drank a glass of water» would have been much more natural in a common phrase. However, this syntactical inversion might not be arbitrary or accidental. It might point to the «inverted» philosophy of the politician, who says, for instance, that the soldiers did not stop to think about what they were doing and should be admired for that.

Finally, let's read and comment on this poem by Charles Simic (1938):

I was stolen by the gypsies. My parents stole me right back. Then the gypsies stole me again. This went on for some time. One minute I was in the caravan suckling the dark teat of my new mother, the next I sat at the long dining room table eating my breakfast with a silver spoon.

It was the first day of spring. One of my fathers was singing in the bathtub; the other one was painting a live sparrow the colors of a tropical bird.

Unlike two previous examples, subject to the traditional metric system and to rhyme, this one is a **prose poem**. Despite its «unpoetical» appearance, this genre, both traditional and modern, is capable of employing all the devices of a regular poem, except the line break, of course. Image, metaphor, rhythm, syntax, are all available to the prose poem in their full variety. Besides, as James Tate says, «the prose poem has its own means of seduction». For example, its almost necessary briefness and simplicity, and also its capacity for becoming a perfect frame to a narrative lyrical text. Simic's poem, clearly enough, is narrative, since it tells us a story. A story that seems a condensed adventure novel (an implicit tribute to tradition in literature), full of humor and imagination; and perhaps this story is so simple, so fluent and so exciting in part because of its sentences' structural freedom. Perhaps, if it had been written in lines, we would have not be able to follow the funny reverses of this boy's life (among his relatives and the gypsies) with the same effortless pleasure and surprise. The tone of the poem and the syntactical order of the words would not have been so natural or almost conversational. We would have bumped into the end of every verse, and it would have forced us to make an unnecessary pause, while this prose poem produces a sensation of continuous time. Actually, we can imagine the poem as a

motion picture with two shots in immediate succession, that would correspond to the two paragraphs. The alternate short and long sentences make the rhythm more ductile and lively, and the expressive visual details of every image («the dark teat of my new mother», «...eating my breakfast with a silver spoon», «...painting a live sparrow the colors of a tropical bird») give a touch of freshness, humanity and lyrical credibility to this magic story. This combination, and this special magic, is the best trademark of Simic's style.

So, as we have seen analyzing these three texts, in the best examples of modern poetry there is a very stretch connection between sense and structure. To paraphrase Simpson's sentence, the structure of the poem almost always depends on its lyrical premise: it might be an idea, an emotion, a story, a detail. In any case, it «forces» the poem into a form that corresponds to its theme, tone and depth. The quality of the poem depends on the inner harmony between these two elements. In this sense, if we are allowed to use a daring metaphor, the sense and the structure of a poem, equally important and indivisible, could be compared to the soul and body of a human being.

Exercise:

In creative writing, one of the most useful ways of learning is imitating. Which of the three poems have you enjoyed the best? Choose one and write your own *vilanelle*, or an avant-garde sonnet without punctuation marks, or a prose poem. Afterwards, write a brief commentary on your text, explaining why you have chosen this genre and how its form is related to the contents of the poem. Both in the poem and in the commentary try to be logical and ingenious at the same time.

4th Class
May 2011
online

Class Category and Name: Emotions

Teacher: Isabelle Rossignol (Aleph Écriture)

EMOTIONS

Main Presentation

Tackling **emotions** implies looking into the question of a poem's aesthetics. We could therefore ask this question: Does a work of art express an emotion or should it go further? In other words, should the poem be “a translation of feelings” (as Van Gogh said of his painting) or should it completely transform a gushing emotion?

This double query is far from being new, yet remains very topical. Instead of a foreword, it seemed interesting to me to consider what various voices have to say on the subject. They will also help me define our approach for the sessions to come.

Let's start with a quick overview of what **lyricism** is, an inevitable idea that surfaces as soon as we evoke emotions in poetry.

The emotion of “I”

According to its etymology, emotion expresses movement “out of.” It is the movement of the soul and body that move the subject out of the self. In this way, it can push one to write, this “movement” being unable to express itself except by embodying the flesh of words.

Lyricism is close to this approach since it is mainly characterized by the expression of felt expressions, the “cry of feelings” as Baudelaire would have said. All lyrical poets in fact, express what they feel via a direct

path, thanks to the use of the omnipresent first person singular and related possessive adjectives. This presence of “I” gives birth to an intimate relationship, and a feeling of closeness between the poet and readers.

Poets can also fall back on “you.” “To you my life! To you my blood!” wrote Apollinaire¹, for example his poem, in *Adieu*. Thus, beyond the being to which the lyrical poet is speaking, the goal is to get readers to feel the emotions of the said poet, by means of the immediate path of projection.

This function of poetry was questioned, most notably, to affirm that the poem should spark a variety of reflections of the world. To do this, poets must carry out a transfer: They must turn their look to the outside world. They will especially need to grasp expressing the unique quality of this look, something Pierre Reverdy referred to as “the lyricism of reality.”²

Here, a turning point takes place. Admittedly, the poet's emotion can (should) be present. But it must be transmitted by less direct pathways. The **image** is the most well known of these.

The image, translator of emotion

Henceforth, the poet's goal is no longer to have readers feel a raw and feeling emotion. Rather a poet helps readers cultivate their authentic sight, before it was corrupted by habit.

¹ Guillaume Apollinaire wrote some of the most famous collections of French Poetry, like *Alcools*, written in 1913 or the posthumous collection, *Poèmes à Lou*.

² From: *Oeuvre complète*, published by Flammarion. Pierre Reverdy is the author of *Plupart du temps*, written from 1915 to 1922. He had an important influence on French surrealism.

In a certain manner, the poet wants to paint, with words, the exact images of a reality stripped of its common, usual way of being seen. As Olivier Himy writes with regard to the poetics of Yves Bonnefoy: “*The poetic word does not overtake language, nor does it create pure music, rather it enables the first intimacy with the world to be evoked.*”³ ”

In doing this, the poet jostles both syntax and logic. Like dreamers, poets lean on polysemy, they favour associations of words and ideas that, for all intents and purposes are far from each other, betting on the fact that the more an image has multiple meanings, the more emotion it holds. It is in this state of *reverie* and with the use of images, that poets manage to give readers an exact view of the world.

But this does not mean that poets are (only) beholders, linked to a subconscious that they need only call upon, or to a sensitive world to which the most common mortals have no access. Poets show. And they show because they see. And they see because they look at the world. Better yet: they throw themselves up against it.

Transformed emotion

According to Pierre Reverdy, the poem is born from the solid sensitive shock of coming in contact with reality. Thus, for a poem to exist, one must know how to capture the transmutation of this shock (raw emotion bumping into the world) in writing.

To do this, he explains, “*You have to keep yourself from directly expressing an emotion. You have to melt everything down into scrap iron and, the when the day comes that you need to express this content,*

³ From *Yves Bonnefoy*, published by Editions Ellipses. Let us also point out that the words of J.F. Joubert, in *La poésie*, published by Editions Armand Colin also inspired us in our reflection of the dreamer.

*extract a brand new, unrecognizable metal.*⁴ Closer to us, the poet Christian Prigent also asserts: *“In writing, it is the distance that gives emotion true diction.”*⁵

We might as well say that everything can become poetic material provided that emotion submits to **distance** and to **work**. And what work, if not that of language?

Francis Ponge speaks of the beauty of this material better than anyone: *“From the moment we consider words as matter,”* he notes in *Pratique d’écriture ou l’inachèvement perpétuel*⁶, *“it is very agreeable to work with them. Besides, things can only be expressed from the special ownership of verbal matter (...) Since it is about conveying the relationship of man to the world, it is only in this manner that we can hope to successfully get off the boring merry-go-round of feelings, ideas, theories, etc.”*

From his perspective, the revolutionary and futuristic Russian poet Vladimir Maïakovski wrote a poem with the eloquent title, *“The poet is a labourer.”*⁷ There, without a detour, he writes: *“I am a factory.”* Or else, speaking of poets: *“And us / what are we if not cabinetmakers / to shape the human head, this log.”* Let's admit it then: the poet is a craftsman; a craftsman specialized in text.

Language distinction

In *“How to write verse,”*⁸ an article in which Maïakovski delivers his ideas on poetics, he is very explicit on the subject. As a rule of poetic know-how, he indeed gives his readers: *“Material. Words. A continual*

⁴ From: *Regards sur la poésie du XXème siècle*, Vol I, Eds. Namuroises.

⁵ Interview with Roger-Michel Allemand *“La distance et l’émotion,”* published on the Internet.

⁶ Editions Hermann. Francis Pongé is the most renowned poet of *“Anti-lyricism,”* attached to words and things.

⁷ From: *Maïakovski vers et proses*, published by a Various French Publishers.

⁸ Idem.

replenishing of intellectual reservoirs, of mental barns from which flow necessary, expressive, rare, invented, composed and other words.”

In a word: Poetry should make use of a de-automated language. It should make itself a pioneer, and an adventurer.

This is exactly what the poet Lionel Ray said in an interview given during a conference on poetic emotion: *“One can only consider a work successful when it resembles nothing as yet known, when one hears a singular voice that can be confused with none other. Each era has a way of writing, each poet a personal style, a unique voice. Breaking off more or less violently with that which preceded. A part of writing is risk in taking apart only to build-reinvent something completely new and different.”*⁹

In conclusion, let me remind you that the only enemy a poet faces is emotivity by itself. By giving poets free range, indeed they will only see the horizon of their own words. And yet, poets should always be in search of renewed vocabulary, the fruits of an era or a social milieu, fruits of world modulations, fruits of – why not – other languages or even the whispers of winds.

Paul Valéry said it so well: *“It is about moving readers by means of forms and objects which art alone has the power to move (...) of neither relying on credulity nor on silliness, of not playing on the most probable reactions, of only calling upon the most difficult tears and joys, those that we yearn for but may never experience..”*¹⁰

WRITING SESSION 1

How does the world move you? Let's turn it into poetry. That is the goal of this first session.

⁹ Interview available on the Internet.

¹⁰ From: *Variété I et II*, published by Folio Gallimard.

PROPOSITION 1

1) Find a situation that triggered one of the following emotions in you: Admiration, astonishment, love, hate, repulsion, desire, joy, fear, anguish or sadness.¹¹

2) Write about it, keeping to the facts. The idea is to bring to the surface everything that triggered the emotion. Take time to describe this scene in detail.

3) Now, describe the emotion itself. Let words name this emotion as closely as possible, with excess, and then crazily... Think of Maïakovski and his sparing words.

4) Now, think of this emotion as if it were an organ, a cold being. Watch from the outside. Find images, sound or onomatopoeias that could describe it.

PROPOSITION 2

Having done the above, read the following two excerpts:

C. Prigent: *Grandma Willy* (POL)

“When grandma gets edgy, for example, she sticks Grandfather in front of the soup tureen. Goes down to the cellar. She grabs the axe that was stuck on a slant in the chopping block. Goes out into the yard. At the back: Rabbit hatches and henhouses, past the cabbages and the dunghills. Loses control in the droppings, swearwords, curses, chicken wire openings. A bit of swing in the hinges, it already creaks. Green lepers on the door frame, nasty moss sock, shiny black slime, OK. You get the picture. Inside the henhouse, a turmoil of hobbles and cackles out of legitimate fear. Inside, not a wisp of straw, absolute mud: The hen is a Hun. Hen call: Kodak, Kojak, Cosak, Cacolack. Counting rhyme:

¹¹ Do not fear the autobiographical aspect of this exercise: What you write here is solely for you. Therefore feel perfectly free to let yourself “go.”

One, two, three, axe on you fleshy, but not you honey. The black beat it. The white knits. The redhead's a dancer. The rest of the pack shows their backs sheepishly making quibbles and reactive colic, shitting the mud. The big ostrich rooster hides its flashy butterfly-like comb under a wing, in the fashion of a Red-skin shield: Neither seen, nor known. The little aggressive ruffles itself a little but doubles the rows of its lady loves quickly to the hilt. The foolhardy chick continues to chirp cute innocence, loosing nothing for the wait. The egg remains quiet, bereft of emotion, not knowing that its turn will come also. From afar, we see Grandma curtsy, and worry for her arthritis. Closer up, we rather pity the chickens' fate cuz there's trouble brewing, have mercy on the livestock. Fast forward, frtt, frtt. Still shot: Zoom on Grandma, grasping a chicken. Play: Sprints toward home. Bursts into the cellar. Places the chicken's neck on the cutting block. Axe chop on the neck. Bam: The chick's been done in."

***The cloud in pants* by V. Maïakovski (Editions Messidor)**

"I will be there at four," Marie had said.

Eight o'clock.

Nine o'clock.

Ten o'clock.

(...)

And still and always nothing,
Face planted
In the hailing side of rain
I wait,
Splashed by the urban tide.

Midnight, the slayer
Brandishing its knife,
Caught me.

(...)

I hear
That without noise,
Like a patient from his bed,
A nerve sprung.
And now
First he took a step,
Very gently
Then started running,
Marked
Anxiety.
Now two others are with him

Raging in furious shrill voices.

The ceiling gave way on the floor below.

Nerves,
Big
Little,
Numerous!
Galloping fury
And already
Out of steam!

In these excerpts, you see a narrative scene unfold. Whether in verse or poetic prose, a story is told, dug out by a language that translates the very heart of emotion.

PROPOSITION 3

Your turn now! By using your own material, write a poem (in verse or prose) that relates your situation and the emotions it begets.

Think deeply, be inventive with your use of words, let sounds overlap and collide, a flat effect... but never abstrusely. We need to feel, thanks to the new forms generated, an altogether singular emotion.

You will send your version of this last proposition to the group.

Happy writing!

WRITING SESSION

2

Today, our goal is to skin emotion, to get to a sort of **dry state**.

PROPOSITION 1

- 1) I suggest you seek out an object or a natural element (tree leaf, shining sun, etc.) that generates an emotion in you.

- 2) Having found this “thing,” describe it, as you see it, with your emotional eyes. It is this emotion that should carry your look. Therefore, rely on realism!

- 3) Now, compare this “thing” to what could be its opposite. Don't look for the exact comparison, rather a distant one. Let yourself be guided by your senses, the same ones that sparked the emotion.

PROPOSITION 2

With all this, you are going to write poetry. Bare poetry, as announced. To do this, I invite you to read P. Reverdy.

NIGHTIME

In this evening of lull, lit-up windows laugh like fake faces.
Grimaces of joy and wrinkles of pain.

A misinterpreted noise runs under the grey tents that ripple and flap in the wind. The doors are closed, the walls heavy with sweat in the most critical corners of the facades that cry. There is like a deaf breeze that pushes the cypresses toward hate, fresh from the stone of time, that surround the cemetery where unbroken silence lurks. All eyes are dark, all is brewing within the underground cities.

On the screen of the black sky, on the other side of night,
signs of light, in a secret language weave the extended veil of
the endless mystery.

(from *La liberté des mers*, published by Folio)

THE BOOK

The sheet of white paper, nine on the picket fence. We
climb up and down it.

The mountain is a book whose heroes go on the wind. The
pages turn and the words often fall.

A sound of thunder rolls over the cobblestones. That is
where the accident happened. The book is a fact. Men climb, a
slice under each arm.

Against the wall, the anxious author who watches the world
and does not follow.

CLOCK

In the hot air from the ceiling the banister of dreams lights
up. The white walls have become rounded. The oppressed
chest breathes confused words. In the mirror, turns the south
wind full of leaves and feathers. The window is blocked. The
heart has almost gone out among the already cold ashes of the
moon – the hands are without shelter – all the trees lying down.
In the desert wind the needles lean forward and my time is past.

(from *Au soleil du plafond*, Folio)

You will have noticed: this poetry is carried by images. Reverdy said that
they should be a “pure creation of spirit” and not a visual

(re)presentation. To create them, he insisted on the need to unite distant elements with each other.

He encourages you to think in spare parts. The eye should look into the various realities to make a whole. He works by figuratively misrepresenting what he looks at. Little linearity, just broken up, undone images.

You will also have noticed: this poetry is minimal. Reverdy favours holding back, decency, self-effacement. That is, measure, moderation, and simplicity.

PROPOSITION 3

Your turn now! Give your poem the title of what you looked at, then describe it. Describe it, or rather write it!

To do this, follow Reverdy's poetic technique:

- Distance yourself from logical relations when creating the image;
- Forget about "I" (discreet)
- Seek to create a mosaic rather than a linear effect.

Break, juxtapose, create ellipses, play with distant comparisons and condense. Steer away however from obscurity. Readers need to see what you are showing them. See as if they have never seen before. Or see as if they have forgotten how to see.

It is this version that you write for the third proposition that you will send to the group.

Happy writing!

5th Class
February 18–20, 2011
online

Class Category: Ambiguity

Teacher: Risto Ahti (Orivesi College of Arts)

Class Name: Ambiguity (some aspects)

One will not understand the history of any other person. Nor her way of intaking the world. Honesty in emotions and recollections of sensual experiences remains one's own responsibility. (Intellectual aspirations are negotiable: you may understand an other person's expressed desires, hopes and loving – decisions and efforts.) Everything is possible to understand but decisive lying, degrading misunderstanding and timid imitation.

Pretension will remain, even as a tool. I know many writers who lie on purpose. But my main task, as a teacher and even as a poet, is to make students rely on their honesty in feeling and sensation. I will need to make them believe that they are the only witnesses in most emotional and sensual trials.

We think that understanding languages and cultures will help us hear and comprehend what another person says and writes. Yet we know that differences of professions and political views, education and birthplaces are not very difficult to understand. What will be difficult to understand is dishonesty, make believe, bravado, and even more difficult it is to understand the need and desire to control, govern and to imitate.

Oh – so many people think that they do not have a voice of their own, that the world is nothing but a game of power. (Ten days for a more powerful vocabulary!)

We need wise men and women to open our minds. I have said that I am very stupid and can survive only on the advice of other people, even only through imitation – and that lying is my second nature, but listen to me when I am in the company of my real teacher. Oh lord, you should see me in the company of my real teacher. How I do sing, how clear will my voice be!

Duende.

I will say: "If my pupil does not understand, I do not understand."

A Spaniard and a Czech do have differences of ideas as to most emotional and sensual aspects of life. You come across with real difficulties in this kind of ambiguity: people have to adopt certain emotional aspects, and they don't want to be responsible of their own words beyond these adopted meanings.

I have often heard a woman say that she hates this and loves that even when it's totally obvious that she loves because she is expected to love and hates for the same reason.

You can even hear her say: "As a woman I must confess... as a French woman I naturally think that..."

Who then would take responsibility of all words? A poet can be Spanish and French and even a Finn – but first she must be a human being trying to be understood...

But the art of speaking one's mind is much more difficult than the art of lying. (And what will one gain through that art? Selling nothing is most profitable. It is much more profitable to be ambiguous than to be straight.)

Through the aging of languages (most languages are virtually dead, patched, full of idiomatic meanings, lying in literary academies and hospitals, not languages any more but dictionaries only) and with the immense flow of marketing we have come to think that we do not exist and that we lie if we speak the truth. Often I cannot understand a word my pupils say. They come to me and say that in their study group their poems were highly praised. I say: "Hens praise other hens in a henhouse – not for their truths but for their fine trickery and lies." They say that the henhouse is the truth. I say that you must see that it is so only if you say so.

We have come to think that no one can express herself well enough to be understood. I think otherwise. At any court of law naked truth will silence the audience. We do discern between lies and truths. We smell the truth even when we don't understand what is being said!

(To finish: It is necessary to remember musical aspirations. We need to provide our poetry with as clear aesthetic markings as possible. The tune, the tone. We cannot expect the reader to be responsible in her understanding if we do not give her enough hints. The reader reads poetry even as a flutist reads notes. Music has its key-marks and even rhythmical traditions of telling the flutist in what aesthetic manner a melody must be expressed. All this tradition has been lost in the world of poetry.)

We read but cannot be certain, we are misled, we must accept that mistakes will be made.

We *dare not* understand each other and ourselves.

E.g. my published poetry is full of boyish foolery and laughter. But as I have been named professor, no one dares laugh even at the poetry published earlier.

I have written this paragraph in a tune and a tone.

Can it be understood, discerned, distinguished, recognized? Possibly, possibly not. What an ambiguous pity!

Exercises:

As the real ambiguity lies in misunderstanding and lack of precision I urge You to try and comprehend the differences of primary things. There are writers and speakers whose main interest is the world of the five senses – there are people whose primary concern lies in emotions and there are intellectual aspirations.

I like to think that all poetry consists of the 'carriage', the 'horse' and the 'driver'. And that there are those that are mainly interested of any one of these poetical aspects. Baudelaire in 'Spleen de Paris' builds a most wonderful carriage and says that he has created beauty from the sewers of the city. Lorca is full of energy, a bullfighter and even the bull and the horses. Emily Dickinson's time span is wide, she is intellectual and says of both the sensual and the emotional something along the line 'wounds that heal do not exist'.

To make a poem I need You to create at least three lines:

One to describe the vulnerable and fragile beauty of the sensual world. Be precise. Look around – use names. It is not enough to say that 'they began to dance'. The reader does not hear the music (Flamenco, Viennese waltz, Tango?).

One to describe Your strongest emotion. Love, joy, sadness.

One to express Your philosophical aspirations.

And note: do not make these sentences in any kind of organized manner. The carriage has to be of the reality around You. The horses Your own. And the intellectual just the first truth that comes into Your mind.

Try to comprehend the vital difference of these aspects.

First clean the ingredients, then put them together. Then put them together.

I have eaten paella where the ingredients have been cooked too much so that the even expensive ingredients taste like clay.

Emotions and senses do not mix. Don't force them to do so. Make them true to annoy themselves.

The secret of poetry is not in organization but in vitality and energy.

And the truth lies in chaos.

Any carriage, any horse, any driver. Something happens.

Baudelaire's intellect succumbs to moralities and esthetics (beauty). Lorca's carriage will break because of the strength of the bulls and horses – Dickinson's horse seems lame.

You have to accept what becomes of Your three expressions of reality. Then we will see the passenger inside the carriage.

We shall see each other soon.

Your

Risto Ahti

6th Class
July 4–6 2011
Orivesi

Class Category and Name: Heteroglossia

Teacher: Mattia Garofalo (Scuola Holden)

Heteroglossia Masterclass, Orivesi, 5-6 July

Schedule

5th July

09:00 – 09:20 Introduction and welcome, brief theoretical introduction to heteroglossia

09:20 - 10:00 Take the poem *Odi et Amo* by Catullus and transform it into a 5 line poem which utilises the elements discussed

10:00 – 10:30 Discussion of the work

10:30 – 11:30 Example: *High Windows* by Philip Larkin – Exercise: Moving from the personal to the universal. Write about a personal experience involving an epiphany

6th July

09:00 – 09:30 Discussion of the poetry from the previous day

09:30 – 10:00 Examples: *Julius Caesar* by William Shakespeare – Scene where Marc Anthony speaks to the crowd after the murder of Julius Caesar and Heisenberg's Uncertainty principle.

The importance of rhythm, metre and breathing.

10:00 – 12:00 Exercise – Read the *Whitsun Weddings* by Philip Larkin and write a poem which combines the following elements: movement, vision and realisation. Followed by class discussion.

Short Introduction of Each Teacher

Austria

jörg piringer

(1974) works as a freelance artist and academic in the fields of electronic music, radio art, sound poetry, visual poetry, interactive collaborative systems, online communities, performance, sound installations, computer games, video art and poetic software. member of the vegetable orchestra. teaches “acoustic poetry“ at the schule für dichtung – vienna poetry school
<http://joerg.piringer.net>

Czech Republic

Petr Borkovec

(1970) studied Czech at Charles University, Prague. Since 1992 he has been an editor of the literary and cultural review Souvislosti. Currently he teaches creative writing (poetry) at the Literary Academy, and organizes readings at the Fra literary café. He has published seven poetry collections. Two of his collections (Polní práce, Edition Korrespondenzen 2001; Needle-Book, Edition Korrespondenzen 2004) and three book-length selections of his verse were translated into German by Christa Rothmeier. Selections of his verse appeared also in Italy (Poesie, Noubs, Pescara 1997) and in Great Britain (From the Interior, transl. Justin Quinn, Seren 2008). He published also books of essays (in German: Aus dem Binnenland, Thelem 2004; Amsselfassade, Friedenauer Presse 2006). He has translated modern Russian poetry (émigré poets, Vladimar Nabokov, Vladislav Kchodasevitsch), classical Korean poetry (with Vladimír Pucek) and Sophocles' Oedipus the King (with Matyáš Havrda). He was awarded the Jiří Orten Prize (1994), the Hubert Burda Prize (2001), and the Norbert C. Kaser Prize (2001). In 2004/2005, he was a DAAD writer in residence in Berlin.

Finland

Risto Ahti

Born in Lahti (Finland). He is an instructor at the Orivesi College of Arts. Published his first book of poetry in 1967. (R. A.: "it was called something like the winter is an illusion"). Since then he has published some thirty books of poetry, essays, essay-novels and poetry-novels, prose-poetry and such. His verse has been translated into some 20 languages. Risto Ahti: “Basically I am a teacher, distracted by poetry.” He has been mentoring writers for some 40 years. Received the honorary title of Art Professor as well as many prizes and scholarships nationwide (e.g.: Eino Leino prize in 1994).

France

Isabelle Rossignol

In addition to her work as a conductor of writing classes (aleph-écriture), she writes literature for youth and adults. She does documentaries for the radio station france-culture. She participated in the staging of one of her texts (*petits morts*) at the Festival d'Avignon. Isabelle Rossignol published a reference work on the teachability and learnability of literature (*l'invention des ateliers d'écriture en France*, L'Harmattan 2000)

Italy

Mattia Garafalo

Was born in London, England and moved to Italy in 2003 after gaining his degree in comparative literature. Since then he has worked in publishing as well as teaching creative writing. At the moment he is working on creating his own literary agency and teaches at the Scuola Holden in Turin.

Spain

Luis Luna

Born in Madrid. Studied Spanish philology and has won numerous awards for his literary works in Galician and Spanish. He is also a well-known visual artist (exhibition at the Bienal de Arte Contemporáneo Cabo de Gata – Níjar in almería), performance and sound artist. Author of *Cuaderno del Guardabosque* (Amargord ediciones, 2008,) *Al Rihla* (Amargord ediciones, 2009), *Territorio en penumbra* (Gens ediciones, 2009). Organizer of theater events.

www.escueladesescritores.com/luis-luna

Xènia Dyankanova

Born in St. Petersburg, Studied literature theory and comparative literary sciences in Barcelona. Her poems were broadcast on Russian radio when she was only nine years old. She has published two volumes of poetry in Russian (2003 and 2007). Xènia Dyakonova lives in Barcelona. She is a poet and translator from Russian to Catalan (of Leo Tolstoy and Anton Chekhov, a. o.) She conducts writing classes at the Escola d'escriptura Ateneu Barcelonès.

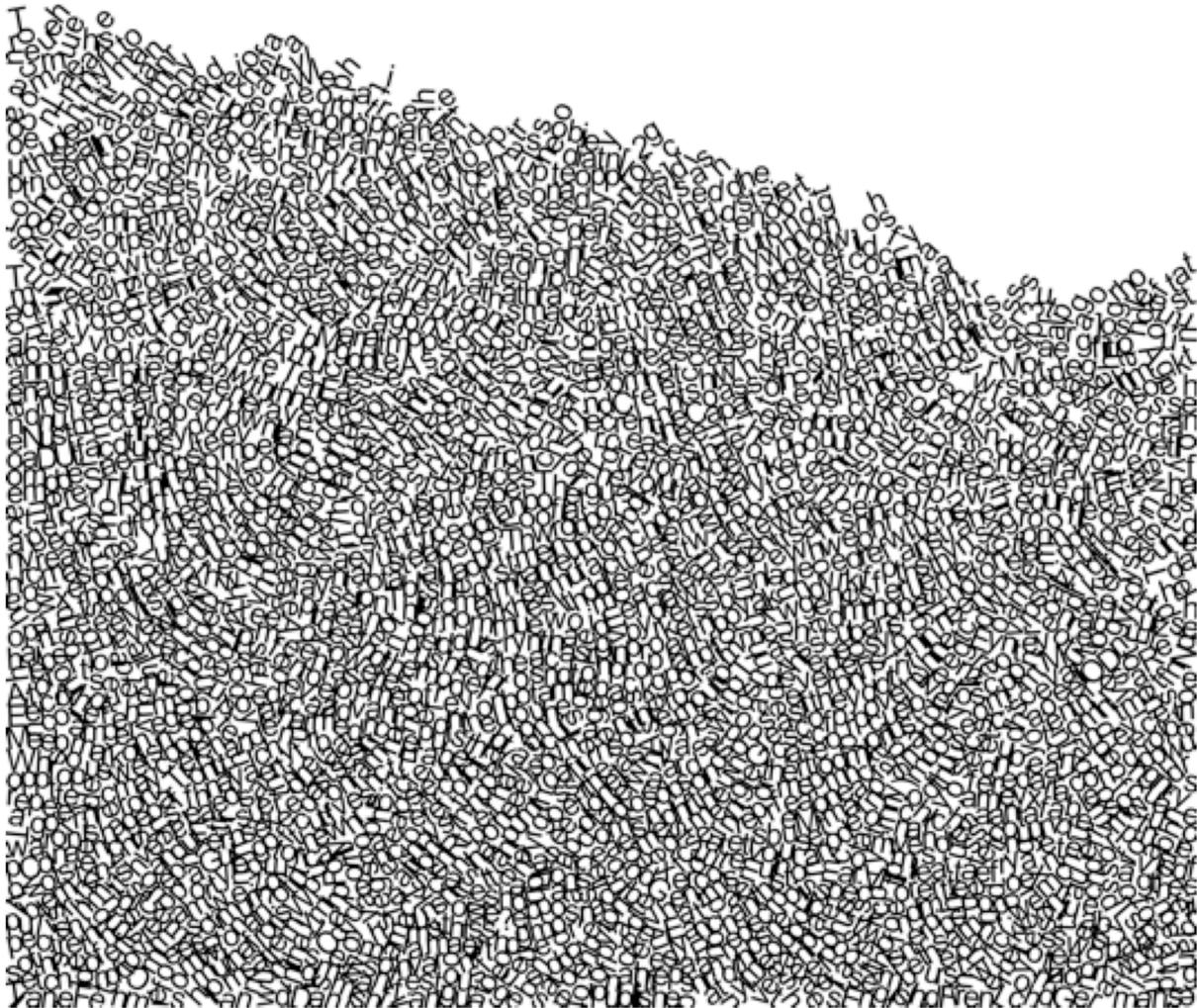
AUSTRIA (Jörg Piringer)

Gabriella Attems Laura Gaetano Gerhild Perl Katharina Pichler
Peter Wegenschimmel

Teacher's Statement:

for me the participation in fundamentals of poetry as a teacher was most satisfying. the variety in languages among the students as well as the different locations of the workshops (madrid - internet - orivesi) helped to foster the open and universal approach of the whole course. especially in the closing session at orivesi i was amazed to see how the different workshops had inspired the participants to create new and exciting work. watching the students perform their final pieces in various languages and with great enthusiasm in the endless Finnish summer days belongs to one of the best moments in my whole career.– Jörg Piringer

An Example of the Teacher's Poetry:



Student Contributions:

Stone Chatter **Gabriella Attems**

A vegetarian's life is terribly hard
-says Alice.

Not with pieces of rock and stone and shells
or pine cones, seed pods, branches carved
of musky juniper, and a little woollen sheep
you once sew when you were five
all over your room in little chests or baskets
random boxes, hoards and tumbling shelves
telling you stories
you're now too big to hear,
though thy cheeks softly redden
when a finger skims
a red shell, (and i know you now hold one pocket full of coppers,
and one full of pebbles mixed with white skished berries)
And you'll explain it at school
how a bivalve mollusc opens and closes to wander
the sands
and what makes this one a Faroes Sunset
whereas cockles and ammonites are found
as fossils age old
ingrained in rock age old
remains of long forgotten seas
alchemical conglomerate – I say
holding firmness of heaven & earth
in your palm
a mini-moon.

SOWEIT NICHT **Katharina Pichler**

Morgens, als wir da saßen, der Rausch der Nacht noch verhangen in unserem Gewebe,
schwiegen wir, kaum allein, aber dann doch. Ihr Dasein zeigte sich hinsichtlich ihrer
Scheinträgerinnenschaft beschränkt erhaben ehrlich rückte sie in die freiwerdende Würde auf.
Nicht notwendig, dachte ich. Kein Satz kam in den Sinn, der entgegenwirken wollte, zugestanden
mangelhaft schloss sie ihr Bemühen gerade noch unerträglich anerkannt. An meiner Seite war
das Recht der Verantwortung vergessen, in bestimmter Abweichung vermessen kehrte das
Erwartete oh mächtig ein, fast noch nackt, kalt war es nicht.
Sie nahm einen Schluck ihres Kaffees und ich wahr, dass unser Gebrochensein die gütige
Neigung tief unten vollführt, herrlich über dem Oben. Nie mich, schrie sie, die gemieden, als Maß
für ihre Stärke, die bloße Möglichkeit betreffend ist sie, ich, nicht zwei, nicht drei, nichts Gutes ist
nicht gleich ungut, zudem lagen mehr Fragen frei auf dem Feld des Wahren, als Antworten auf
dem gründlich Richtigen. Sie lernte sich zu bewegen, ich hingegen saß noch hier und das sollte
zu denken geben. Tat es auch. Das Unauffällige täuschte den Eindruck des Verharrens vor und
überhaupt sah alles anders aus.

Every Day Tales
Laura Gaetano

Sitting under a tree
With simple branching fingers
I laid under that tree
Limbs stretched out to an *infinite* sky

Eyes shut I T O U C H E D him for the first time;
A skin rough like sandpaper,
Bumps like warts and a promise of spring:
On my tiptoes I stretched out further.

A sudden sharp sound: he snaps, boasts and utter. I stand very still in the storm, A stiff, awkward
person.

Hand on my ears, I smell the **abyss of waters.**

I came every day for a year,
Until he was no more.
Then digging the earth for a treasure of roots.
I was lost; so were they.

The only remain was a piece of bark, held in a ten-year-old's hand, for her unborn daughter.
She still carries a sound in her heart:

A tree's death song, for a golden woodpecker.

Bearbeitung, Müller
Peter Wagenschimmel

Wie im geröteten Auge
Vater gehen die Äderchen auf

auf einem Foto: er halt fessst meine nach oben gereckten Arme
Ich fast nackt
durchqueren diesen Fluss.

ich hatte den Stein mit mehr Weiß in Erinnerung. Und wenn ich jetzt
schlafen gehe dann wälze ich mit dem Sand den er
mir ließ.

Vom Arbeitern aus der Mauer geschlagen
dem Zwinger daher manche glatten Stellen
Grob die vier Seiten
Daher die Farbwechsel vom hellen ins dunkle Grau

Am Nachmittag enlarvt der stein
Sich also Holzschnitt eines Bauernafistandes. Auch
Ald eichnung Schreiners and Lohbauers
feiner und gekniffen der mund.

Mit dem Mund spielt der geile Vater. Den ungewaschenen Duft
muss man kennen

Er (wer?) greift sich den Stein
bricht ihn an der schwachen Stelle fromt ihn ganz
wie er () ihn will lässt ihn fallen in die Hosentasche.

Auf dem Weg zwischen zwei Feldern im Winter.
Lichtung zum Thüringischen Wald dort liegt Vater. Unweit
verläuft sich ein junger Mann.

Die Metaphernschleuder. Müller 89
bewaffnet am alexanderplatz spontan redet er sich
bis in die Einfalt:
Augenbrauen treten an den Augen sich ab.
Ein Höhleneingang für schwule Hirten.
Eine Wandbemalung zum Weiterkritzeln.
Ein Stern mit Milchschaum im Bart.
Ha-ri.bo macht Kin-der froh
Die Wiese ergeht sich im Flachs.
Kugelschreiber stecken in Zungen.
Bärte wachsen ums Mondgesicht.
stapfen nach dem Neuschnee.
Nasen stülpen sich inwendig.
Ein Ölfeld überschlägt
skateboarden auf Pisten
Hasenjagd im Innenland.
Tränenflüsse schießen
Mausersprungsklee und Weisheitsblecken.

die konifere **Gerhild Perl**

grün vergilbt erst zu schellack, wenn du knisterst im wurf / und während der vogel (keine taube
aber) im flug zwitschert (kein grashalm im schnabel, aber) / im rücken nur wind und regenwetter
der nacht / die hände zu kalt, die mündler zu harzig. könntest du meinen / wind im vorrücken /
mit blättern wien nadeln spitzt du die form / denkst, heuschrecke hüpf! im wetter der nacht und
brichst hervor in zehn sprossen eh' du zerfällst in dünn gezogene schichten / wind im regenwetter
benetzt deinen kupfernen rücken
wärs gestern
wärs anders
selbst der stein verschiebt sich
in deiner willkürlichkeit
wärs vergilbt
wärs anders
im schellack
vorbei

CZECH REPUBLIC (Petr Borkovec)

Barbora Čiháková Petra Fingerlandová Jiří Jelínek
Jana Luhanová Božena Štibingerová

Teacher's Statement:

For me, the series of workshops Fundamentals of Poetry was valuable particularly because it gave me the opportunity to spend, together with the students, a few days in an unknown environment. It was the first time I experienced this, and I found it intense and illuminating. Regarding the course itself: as far as I know, it met with a definitely positive response among the students. They emphasized the resourcefulness of the lessons, their wit, and also wide-spreading discussions which appeared under the texts on the website. For all of us, the visit to the "writing school" in Madrid was important in another respect, too: we wished we could work together some time in such a comfortable and well-equipped environment! Would we then write better poems? I would. Thank you for the invitation, Petr Borkovec.

Cyklus dílen Fundamentals of Poetry byl pro mě cenný především možností pobývat se studenty několik dní v neznámém prostředí. Zažil jsem to poprvé a bylo to pro mě intenzivní a poučné. Ohledně kursu samého: mezi studenty, jak vím, měl jednoznačně kladný ohlas; studenti zdůrazňovali nápaditost lekcí, jejich vtíp, a také košaté debaty, které vznikaly nad texty na webu. Návštěva „spisovatelské školy“ v Madridu byla pro nás všechny důležitá ještě v něčem jiném: kéž bychom mohli někdy společně pracovat v tak pohodlném a dobře vybaveném prostředí! Psali bychom lepší básně? Já ano. Děkuji za pozvání, Petr Borkovec

An Example of the Teacher's Poetry:

V OKU VÁŽKY

V oku vážky tvary oblékají
šedomodré opleskané bundy,
pestrá těžká věc
podobá se větvi borovice.
Rozkymácená barva, vějíř hrany.

Sebekratší pohyb, zaváhání, nádech
zaznamenaná ale černí na běli:
tušové písmeno, napuštěná nit
prosakuje papírový vítr.

IN THE EYE OF THE DRAGONFLY

In the eye of the dragonfly shapes put on
grey-blue battered jackets.
It dazzles, idles by
much like a twig of pine.
The swaying colour, the edge fanned out.

The slightest movement, the slightest catch in breath
is marked down thus in black and white:
ink letter and moist thread
go seeping through the paper wind.

Student Contributions:

Dopis z Madridu **Jana Luhanová**

Drahý příteli,

co se ti vybaví, když se řekne Madrid? Mám jednu vzpomínku na Španělsko, je celá žlutá, plná kouře a bubnujících černochů. Četla jsem střídavě *Fiestu* a *Zapomenuté světlo*. Myslím, že i ty bys ve své světlejší chvíli dokázal vymyslet několik pitoreskních obrazů plných slunce, červené barvy a tancujícího lidu, včetně drobného nepohodlí, které každé scéně dodá jisté realističnosti, neboť kdo se neztotožní s botou tlačící do paty, kapesníkem zapomenutým v hotelu? Sloučením těchto prvků vznikne zdání reality, čehož využije nejen vypravěč, politik, či náboženský vůdce... Ale já ti chci jen vyprávět, jaké to bylo Španělsku.

V sobotu odpoledne přišlo, šly jsme se tedy projít městem. Stromy tu v zimě nemají listy! Myslela jsem z nějakého podivného důvodu, že při cestě zpátky mohu vystoupit na libovolné stanici metra a uvidím v dálce cosi povědomého, a tak jsem celou hodinu bloudila kolem zastávky República Argentina. Kavárny a restaurace mají stále otevřeno v podivných časech, a tak naše první kroky v cizí zemi byly ode zdi ke zdi.

Jistě také víš, že jsem se tentokrát do Španělska dostala v rámci projektu Fundamentals of Poetry, jakési mezinárodní podivnosti, která zřejmě vznikla, jako každá jiná, když několik přátel z různých zemí, nadšenců, kteří nemluvili stejným jazykem– Několik z nich bylo navíc dost cílevědomých na to, aby skutečně projekt realizovali, získali podporu Evropské unie, zajistili prostory, rozeslali pozvánky... Pořád se mi nechce věřit, že takoví lidé opravdu existují. Na druhou stranu, dává mi to naději, že v životě zažiji ještě hodně válek. V semináři jsme se především snažili promlouvat k počítačům a dívali se z oken.

K tomu hlavnímu ovšem. První věc, kterou jsem uviděla po přistání na madridském letišti, byl malý červený bagřík. Takový, jakých mám tučet doma pod oknem! Tím chci říct, vím, žeš nebyl nadšen, když mě vybrali mezi účastníky projektu („místo tebe“). Chodníky jsou však v obou zemích stejně šedivé... Také McDonaldu. Ne, odpusť. Chci říct, až mě přijdeš navštívit, budu se k tobě chovat slušně, ukážu ti fotografie, nabídnu pohoštění a ty možná uznáš, že víc než neúčast na výletu tě trápí, žeš nebyl doceněn. K tomu nemám ovšem co říci.

Při přistávání letadla v Praze mi málem praskly rýmou zacpané dutiny, dívka sedící vedle mě skoro porodila. V ruzyňské hale jsme se pak vítali s těmi z lidí, které jsme znali o něco déle, než tři dny.

A Letter from Madrid **Jana Luhanová**

Dear friend,

what do you recall when someone mentions Madrid? I've got one memory of Spain; it's all yellow, full of smoke and black guys playing drums. I was reading, alternately, *The Sun Also Rises*, and *The Forgotten Light* by Jakub Deml. I think that you, in one of your more enlightened moments, could also invent several picturesque images full of the sun, the red colour and dancing people, including some small discomfort which lends a certain realism to every scene, for who would not identify with a shoe pressing the heel or a handkerchief left behind in a hotel? Combining these elements creates an illusion of reality which can be used by many a storyteller, politician or religious leader... But I just want to tell you what Spain was like.

It was raining Saturday afternoon, and so we went for a walk through the city. Trees have no leaves there in winter! For some strange reason, I thought that, on the way back, I could get off at any metro station, and I'd see something familiar in a distance, and so, for a full hour, I wandered

around the República Argentina station. Cafés and restaurants are still open at odd times, and so our first steps in the foreign country led from a wall towards a wall.

I'm sure you also know that, this time, I went to Spain because of a project called Fundamentals of Poetry, an international oddity which, presumably, came to existence, like any other, when a couple of friends from different countries, enthusiasts who didn't speak the same language— What's more, a few of them were determined enough to actually realize the project, they got support from the European Union, organized venues, sent out invitations... I still can't believe that such people really exist. On the other hand, it gives me the hope that I'll see many more wars in my life. In the workshop, we mainly tried to talk to computers and looked out of windows.

But what was most important. The first thing I saw after landing at the Madrid airport was a tiny red excavator. There are a dozen of those underneath my window back at home! By which I want to say: I know you were unenthusiastic when I was selected as a participant of the project ("instead of you"). But pavements have the same grey colour in both countries... McDonald's restaurants, too. No, forgive me. I just want to say that, the next time you come to visit me, I'll treat you decently, show you my photos, offer you some refreshments, and you might admit that, more than by not taking part in the trip, you're bothered by the fact that you weren't appreciated enough. I've got nothing to say about that, though.

When landing in Prague, my sinuses, which were full of common cold, nearly burst, and the girl sitting next to me nearly gave birth to her child. In the airport hall, we then said hello to those people we'd known somewhat longer than three days.

Básnění tělem **Jiří Jelínek**

Staré babizny říkat znají
o hrudi starých šelem.
Básnění tělem:

(...a stejně jako ty je skvrnité!
Voní sklo prožrané moly,
kočičí chmýří za mozoly.
Lepkavý úsměv, slova tenká.)

Obchůzka allegro ma non tanto.
Jen půlkou masa tě polaská?
Mokrá a bílá rozhalenka.
Zkrocením stísněná procházka?

Dokonalá stavba těla
je výkřik – je otázka.

Writing with the body **Jiří Jelínek**

Old hags can speak about
the chests of old beasts.
Writing with the body:

(... and it's spotted just like you!
The smell of moth-eaten glass,
cats' fluff behind calluses.
A sticky smile, and thin words.)

A stroll, allegro ma non tanto.
Will he caress you only with half the flesh?
An open-necked shirt, wet and white.
A walk, tamed and made gloomy?

A perfect bodily structure
is a shout – it's a question.

Slova z triček svlečená
Božena Štibingerová

Když hrdost velí:
Mlč!
A já neuposlechnu
a cit
se chopí slova,
tak to je ta doba,
kdy ti volám.

Jen tvoje jméno –
a to moje.
Stržená rána –
roztavený dech.

Tak přeci
tvá pýcha – můj pád
obleče si!

Words stripped of their T-shirts
Božena Štibingerová

When pride commands:
Be silent!
And I disobey
and affection
takes the floor,
that is the time
when I call you.

Only your name –
and mine.
A peeled off wound –
a melted breath.

But still
your pride will
put on my fall!

Sova
Petra Fingerlandová

Vstala jsem ve čtyři a poslouchala sovu
a bylo to, jako by se něčemu smála,
jako by se rozeběhla a skočila do vody
a vynořila se, těsně u břehu, jak to ta
sova zjistila, že jí jde skákání do vody,
neváhala ani chvíli a začala se smát.
Smá la se smá, la la la lá, smála se jako
kůň, vstala jsem ve čtyři a poslouchala
sovu, jak běží, a hop, a nic, zavřela se tuň.

The Owl
Petra Fingerlandová

I got up at four and listened to an owl
and it was as if it was laughing at something
as if it had started running and jumped into the water
and emerged close to the bank – how had
the owl found out that it was good at jumping into water,
it didn't hesitate a moment and started to laugh.
She was laugh- was -ing -ing -ing, laughing like
a horse, I got up at four and listened to the owl
running, and jump!, and nothing, the pool is still.

Všechny mé slepé tety
Barbora Čiháková

I.
Všechny mé slepé tety se sešly v jednom pokoji,
kde se zvolna mlátí holemi v dušném rytmu.

Slyším to ťukání, jak se mé
bezoké tety perou
o pravdu a dědictví slepě,
jen mezi sebou.

Myslím, že hlavně o zlaté lžíce,
vidličky a nože.

II.
O pravdě se mluví nad hrnci, kde
se slova vypařují.
A význam je odsáván a jako kouřové signály
vypouštěn z domu.

V kuchyni si matky a dcery
předávají tradice rodu a nic neopustí ten prostor čtyř stěn.

III.

Všechny mé tety se sešly v jednom pokoji,
kde vrací slova

o hrnci a koze prostoru
vět, kde vaří a věší ztěžklé prádlo.

Celý dům je jimi dušný, vyprávění
se nakládá do stěn

a jejich masitých těl. Kolébají se v příbězích, když mluví,
klepou se jim brady.

All my blind aunts
Barbora Čiháková

I.

All my blind aunts met in one room,
where they slowly beat with their sticks in an asthmatic rhythm.

I can hear the tapping, as my
eyeless aunts fight
over the truth and inheritance, blindly,
just with each other.

I think that mainly over golden spoons,
forks and knives.

II.

One talks about the truth over pots where
words evaporate.
And the meaning is being exhausted and, like smoke signals,
released out of the house.

In the kitchen, mothers and daughters
pass on the family traditions, and nothing leaves that space of four walls.

III.

All my aunts met in one room
where they return words

about a pot and a goat of space
of sentences, where they cook and hang the heavy laundry.

The whole house is asthmatic with them, narratives
are being loaded into the walls

and their fleshy bodies. They sway in stories as they talk,
their chins shake.

FINLAND (Risto Ahti)

Christina Harmia Sari Kanala Kirsi K. Erja von Koch
Jenni Mäkelä Paula Nurminen Pilvi Pääkkönen

Teacher's Statement:

It was great to see that the Finnish students could easily and rapidly gain international contacts and equally benefited from them. The understanding of common human goals, common human tongue (really: poets understand each other even if they would not understand each others' language) was visible. I myself was very much impressed by the hunger and enthusiasm – and the energy in most international students I talked with.

This must have consequences. Must be followed up. – Risto Ahti

An Example of the Teacher's Poetry:

Hiljaisuus

Puiden rungoilla lounainen valo, niin kuin maali, haalistuen kiertää rungon, ei koskaan osu selkäpuolelle.

Puhuin runoudesta koko yön sytyttäen hiuksia, polttaen ohikiitävän maiseman kehyksiä. Hiljaisuuden runous, jonka tukahduttavaa painoa ei kestä kukaan.

Kaiken aikaa sanoja – teen sanoja mykkyyden petomaisista hampaista. Missä olet? Valossa, valon tuolla puolen, sanoissa, sanojen tuolla puolen. Ystävänäni, ystävänäni, rakastettuni!

SILENCE

Southwestern light like paint on the pinetrunks,
Fading, circles the trunk, never reaches the back.

I spoke of poetry the whole night, setting
Hair alight, burning a fleeting landscape's limits.

Poetry of silence, whose
Suffocating pressure no one can bear.

Always words – I make words
Out of dumbness's bestial teeth.

Where are you? In light, beyond light, in words,
Beyond words. My friend, my friend, my darling!

Student Contributions:

Kiven alla II (look under the stone II)
Sari Kanala

murunen kerrallaan / A crumb at a time
muurahainen kantaa / the ant is carrying
hiekkaa, / the sand
pois pesänkulkuväylältä / away from the path to the nest hole.

___puls_si
Kirsi K.

___en_pelkää___tiedän_tämän._____

___tä_mä_t_i_l_a_____on_minun!_____

___ja_s_e_____on_enemmän_____

___että_t_i_e_d_ä_n_____et_tä_elän_____

___että_e_l_ä_n_____M_M_____

___M_M_____M_M_____

___M_M_____M_M_____

___M_M_____M_M_____

veteen putoava kivi
jättää jälkeensä renkaita
jälle ei niinkään

mielihyvän ja -pahan taistelu
– kuin ympyrä

minä odotan kevään tuoksuja
ja kuolema on joka päivä lähempänä
lopullinen etäisyys

tänään olen liian väsynyt nukkuakseni

– Erja von Koch

Käännän kiven
Pia Harmia

Löydän kolon unohdetun,
hiekkamassan rosoisen,
roskaisen ja sohjoisen maan.

Vesitaskut kivien lomassa tuijottavat minua
kuin lehmän suuret, kosteat silmät.

Mustien kivien pinnat heijastavat smaragdinvihreää ja sähkönsinistä
koppakuoriaisten kilpien lailla.

Picasso on käynyt täällä,
maalannut kivien pintaan aikakausista kertoakseen,
heille, minulle, teille ja tuleville.

Orpo vihreä kasvi nostaa töyhtöään persiljan tavoin ja ihmettelee:
Mitä minä täällä teen? Vieläkin.

Pyöreät rakennusjätteen palat muistuttavat pensaasta,
jonka valkoiset marjat poksahtavat iloisesti,
kun niiden päälle astuu.

Kylmyys ja karuus,
joka aluksi huokaisi vastaan,
väistyy lämpimän hengityksen tieltä.

Kivirykelmää peittävä jää rikkoutuu ohuiksi, läpinäkyviksi laatoiksi,
jotka sulavat reunoiltaan pois.

Koloa ympäröivä lumimassa,
kuin hupun karvainen kaulus,
irtoaa kevään tullen.

Aurinko kuivaa kostean,
kirkastaa tumman sävyt,
tekee karusta kauniin,
lämmöllään syleillen.

Käännän kiven,
ymmärrän,
että on nähtävä piilotettu,
jotta näkee sen,
mikä oikeasti on.

"It was a spring of time travellers. Some evenings we saw flocks of UFO's. Had they perhaps lost their group? They didn't hurry. They floated above the backyard many winters. You wouldn't dare to leave the window. Later I remembered the boy's glance, the boy wearing lurex, and how his hand swung from right to left all those years. One evening in March the vessels had disappeared. I swept the window. Nothing returned to how it used to be."

"Se oli aikamatkalaisten kevät. Joinain iltoina nähtiin parvittain lentäviä lautasia. Olivatko ne kenties eksyneet ryhmästä? Ne eivät kiirehtineet ajassa, leijuivat pihalla muutaman talven yli. Ikkunasta ei uskaltanut poistua. Myöhemmin muistin lurexiin pukeutuneen pojan kaipaavan katseen, ja sen miten vuosien saatossa hänen kätensä heilahti oikealta vasemmalle. Eräänä maaliskuisena iltana alukset olivat kadonneet. Pyyhin ikkunan. Mikään ei palannut ennalleen."

– Pilvi Pääkkönen

FRANCE (Isabelle Rossignol)

Daniel Belma Michel Forestier Isabelle Hémery Laurence Hugues
Frédéric Ménage Bernadette Richard Hélène de la Vaissière

Teacher's Statement:

Michel: A philosopher, is what was Michel. You might as well say that his poetry was, at the beginning, very (too much) classic : he was trying to elaborate messages. During the course, he learned how to modify his view and his approach, by making his some modern poetry tools. Finally, his poetry acquired balance as it focused on the sound.

Isabelle: Isabelle has been a very musical participant. Her poetry is indeed very close to songwriting and, session by session, she charmed us with rhythmic and joyful poems. Throughout the class, she refined her skills by associating to them the learnings of the sessions. Her last poems were extremely convincing.

Daniel: This participant brightened us up with his word games, his poetry was full of them. However, his "technique" had the big flaw of being often hermetic. Gradually, Daniel learned how to moderate this inclination. At the end of the course, his ludic art was enriched by a bigger conscience of the reader.

Hélène: When beginning this course, Hélène had never written poetry and was very anxious about it. In fact, in the first sessions, she had a tendency to mix poem with short narrative texts. From session 4, she finally took flight and revealed herself as a true poet. Her productions were genuine little pieces of jewelry of emotion and sound.

Laurence: Contrary to Hélène, Laurence has written poetry for a long time, and she has even published in some surveys. Her style was therefore already into place at the beginning of the course, a style based on brevity and sound's shock. The sessions allowed her to confront her style with new thematics. We can finally say that the course enriched Laurence, relaunched her creativity.

Bernadette: Sensitive and precise, that's how was Bernadette's poetry at the beginning of this course. Sensitive and precise, that's how it was at the end of it. So it is to say that the path of this participant has been constant. But it is clear that she learned how to use new tools, and that new directions are now available to her, as long as she will want to take them.

Frédéric: The most poet of all the group! However, poetry was new to him at the beginning of the course. Despite this, he went through every session by offering poems worthy of Saint John Perse or Valéry. Undoubtedly, this course gave wings to this participant, and it is clear that he will pursue this poetic way. – Isabelle Rossignol

An Example of the Teacher's Poetry:

MES LARMES (excerpt)

Tout l'monde peut pas être cinglé à croire à l'amour,
si l'monde s'mettait à s'arracher les tripes pa'ce qu'l'amour,
c'lui qu'on voit,
c'est rien qu'du faux,
que l'reste,

tout en d'dans,
personne n'y touche,
et qu'c'est là qu'i' faudrait qu'on soit touché,
si l'monde s'mettait à hurler,

tu rentrerais pas.

MY TEARS (excerpt)

Everyone can't be crazy enough to believe in love,
if the world started ripping out its insides cuz love,
is what we see,
is nothing but tinsel,
and the rest,
it's all inside it,
no one can touch it,
and that is what should move you
if the world just started yelling,

you wouldn't go back.

Student Contributions:

LES SOULIERS **Isabelle Hemery**

Des chassés-croisés mènent la danse. Valse la poussière, pas après pas sur les chemins en lacets. Sous le regard morne des vaches immobiles s'avalent les kilomètres tandis que leurs sabots prisonniers foulent d'épais paradis verts.

Sous le cuir, le pied transpire. Les lacets se terminent en boucle. La terre battue absorbe l'éphémère du voyage.

Obéissant à l'attraction universelle, deux inséparables, irrémédiablement cloués au sol, rêvent d'altitude... Échoués au bord du lit, à la dérive, coques vides prêtes à prendre le large.

Le métronome
Frederic Menage

Il
est
comme
une pyramide,
une chair hybride,
un cœur battant de bois
dont les entrailles d'acier huilé
pompent chaque seconde à mesure
que son balancier nous vole un peu de vie.
Semblable à la statue du commandeur, il annonce
d'un signe de la tête que notre fin est proche, et pourtant
chaque instant qu'il claque la repousse encore un peu plus loin.

framboisier bois de rose au gouffre rouge: le présent
ce mouvement
lappe la langue crissent les grains sur les dents

griffures et jus sur les doigts les joues: le passé
nasse à mémoire jus sûr lait doux
les doigts
tâchés de s'en passer

l'envie rouge d'un autre fruit: le futur
encre à venir saignée langue en corps
par delà les murs
mûres

mûres

– Laurence Hugues

Labyrinth

Silence cassé, INTACT LE MERLE SIFFLERA.

Le geai dur tousse son chant fragile

L'échelle est courbe

du rire aux larmes

Poissons bavards d'une mer muette

Tu brilles, femme aimée, de l'absence haïe
Au parfum donné tu compares *l'espace volé*
Diva criarde, tu préfères les discrets bijoux
A la caresse frivole, la griffe du **corbeau** religieux.
Le bleu de ta peur tarit ton courage.

Cascade d'eau croupie
Gluante entre d'après rochers
Touriste amer, marin d'eau douce.
Glabre et militant, tu crucifies le poulpe poilu

Du passé au futur
Joueuse immobile,
la bille court et bute
Déjà pointe la botte plate,
♣ ■ ♣ □ □ ♣ ♣ ■ ◆ □ ◆ ♣ ≡ ♣

– Bernadette Richard

Le po et me
Hélène de la Vaissière

La propos-scission schlop-schlop la rimeuse.
« Ma thématique chuinte », cheugneu-t-elle.
« Le po et me »
Schnouf d'inspire ? Pas de schnouf. Schlasse !
Quête du khi cahotique.
Un kick ?
Du kif ?
Kif-kif.
Côte et mère :
A quai.
Pote et peur :
Pas plus
Reprise : le po et me
Déambulations des circonvolutions neurocérébratesques.
Premier boyau : cul de sac. Plof !
Second boyau : étranglement. Ni voix, ni mots !
Retour à la dernière synapse.
Troisième voie.
Diling, diling. Débarouillage lexicale, sans queue ni tête. Inutilisable !

La scrabouilleuse capitule,
recapitule,
puis scrapitule :
Le po aime

Ombre et soleil

Foudroyé
Genoux ployés
Sa robe noire éclabousse le sable roux

Elégance corsetée
Le soleil suinte sur ses tempes
Il se redresse et tourne dans le ciel sa toque.

Cent foulards en écho agités
Foule chamarrée, vibrante, dressée
Clameurs, cris et sifflets en appellent au trophée.

Rite du sang répandu,
De la vie éteinte en sacrifice,
Du viol antique de la chair animale.

– Michel Forestier

Blazur

Bleu à bleu,

Prime air colore l'horizon.

A jet zigzags a zip on the sky,
Icon overtures to blue sea echo.

Bluesy babbling,

U-turn.

Blau.

Blu mare.

Bleu azur,

Azur, azul, azzurro.

A...ZAd lib Zap

– Daniel Belma

ITALY (Mattia Garofalo)

Enrica Ajò Ilaria Castiglioni Enrico Dal Buono Dario Honnorat
Letizia Lavarino

Teacher's Statement:

The Fundamentals of Poetry course took place from February 2011 to July 2011. Two physical sessions were held, one in Madrid, Spain and one in Orivesi, Finland and five online classes in between. The topics varied greatly, from sound poetry to heteroglossia, from sense and structure to ambiguity. Each lesson was given by a teacher from a different nationality and then relayed by each national teacher to his or her language group. The students produced two exercises for every lesson. The mixture between the various cultures and approach to poetry greatly increased the teaching methodologies that the students were exposed to, something which I feel was of great benefit. In the particular case of the Italian group the students the fact that they managed to distance themselves from what I would define a “national proclivity to lyric poetry” was of great benefit to their general writing and, more specifically, to their poetry. Their development of textual analysis tools permitted them to work on the combinations between subject matter, form and style so as to write poetry with a two-fold advantage: in terms of renewed content, but also the ability to choose a form which would best accommodate it. In practical terms, to overcome the form and content dichotomy. This was most noticeable in the final pieces produced by Enrico Dal Buono and Letizia Lavarino, in which they managed to mix styles and structures generally associated with one type of subject matter and subvert them so as to create a sense of bathos for the reader/listener. Enrica Ajò instead managed to achieve the transposition from the use of her acting voice to the narrating voice of her poetry, to remarkable effect, while Dario Honnorat worked greatly on his need and desire to “liberate” his poetry from the constraints of a regular structure, form and voice. Ilaria Castiglioni concentrated on the use of voice and sound in her work and developed some interesting techniques and theories which she would take back to her work on documentaries.

The work on sound poetry was another especially meretricious element, as it managed to make the students abandon their mindset and forced them to come to terms with a form that nobody knew or had any prejudices about as well as easing the multilingual exchange between students, due to the lack of vocabulary needed to produce the pieces of work.– Mattia Garafalo

An Example of the Teacher's Poetry:

ILLUSTRAZIONE

Senti lo scorticare del respiro
e nel sfiorarsi della lingua
troverete le mani.

Gli occhi cercano un rifugio
dove l'anima si nasconde;
due corpi non si trovano.

Forse in questo c'è un segreto,
due corpi, uno dentro l'altro,
la vita che si rifiuta di ritrovarsi.

ILLUSTRATION

Feel a breath graze
and in the tongue's brush
you will find hands.

Eyes search for refuge
where the soul hides itself;
two bodies cannot find each other.

In this, perhaps, there is a secret,
two bodies, one in another,
life, unfound, in itself.

Student Contributions:

A boat

Dario Honorat

It was a little wooden piece, the skin
of a nut, it was born in a thin stream,
than it grew to the size of a nest
and in a torrent it learned to sail
than river, sea, ocean and died as a big boat

Regret

Regret is violet-blue like some sunsets
It is a wolf that hunts alone
it is a hot summer day in which you can see far
it is evening because in evening there is still time but not enough
It is an old wine with a cork aftertaste

Choose a place

Ilaria Castiglioni

I taste today a winter persimmon
Bite
I smell the autumn flower it used to be
Bite
I hear a summer rain on the leaf it's been
Bite
I see a sprout and then a seed
Over.
I feel like having another one.

TURNING A STONE

Enrico Ajo

Finally supine stone
After its ancient love
with drooling specks of earth:
Tired stone dirty
with claustrophobic kisses
Now wheezing soil's breath.
Yet flicking ants fall
from dene to ben:
Rock cries alive tiers
Below the blue heavy body
Of a new polyphemic lover:
Pretty jealous was Earth
But the Sky is so cold!
With tips of flesh
Yellow-pink warms
Following womb
Of fatty shadows,
They are pointing like forefingers at the uterine gloom:
Accordions playing silent need of silence
On a dark chocolate ice cream skin.

"I can be"

Letizia Lavarino

The rain falls thin, on me,
cutting the air like a rolling ball.
There is a little girl near me,
she keeps in her hand a stone,
she keeps the stone like her heart,
so precious.
A man is looking at her,
she is so scared,
like a lamb with an eagle.
Her hair wet,
small seaweed in the infinite ocean.
Don't cry please,
baby don't cry.
I'm here, with you.
Break my leg,
be careful with my petals,
leave the stone,
it must stay here,
with the rain as music.
But I,
I can be the colours in your home,
I can be your prayer.

SPAIN (Luis Luna, Xènia Dyakonova)

Herminia Blanco Marta Pera Cucurell Sergio Gómez García
Ana Guerberof Anna Bou Jorba Lola Lapaz Sara Medina
Rocío Orovengua Patricia Robles Eva María Sans

Teachers' Statements:

Spanish students of the course made a very positive assessment of the course if we take into account the satisfaction surveys. For teachers the project became a teaching and learning process where it was able to observe the quality of the texts as the course progressed. The final results were at the height of what was expected.

The European experience was, in the same way, pleasing. This fact is particularly important in that it enabled students and teachers learn what and how it is doing poetry in our environment, which increase the level of readings and expectations.

In summary, the course was a exciting cultural and creative experience. – Luis Luna

During this course, our students taught us to respect their talents however different they were, and to appreciate their work even if it did not sometimes fit our taste. We also learned together that the most difficult and at the same time the most rewarding task of poetry is just expressing in a clear way what one thinks and talking sincerely about one's feelings. It's much more difficult than mastering the technique of poetry, and this psychological and emotional part of poetry is the only one that cannot be taught.

Fundamentals of Poetry was a wonderful and enlightening experience for all of us. I'm sure that our students learned as much from our classes, exercises and talks as from the beauty of the Finnish nature and the kindness of the Finns. In Orivesi, the peaceful environment, the endless daylight and the people's friendliness helped us to realize that not only reading and writing, but also just seeing things that surround you and enjoying them is a way of making poetry. It seems so simple and banal a truth, but sometimes it takes you a long journey to get to it. – Xènia Dyakonova

An Example of the Teachers' Poetry:

Tribu constructora de ruinas, ni siquiera organizas la nada. En vertical practicas la arquitectura falsa del escombros. Pero todo derrumbe es necesario, la destrucción así lo exige. Mientras llega el momento, tribu, te condenas. Dejas de lado tus ancestros fomentando el olvido y la usura. Qué diremos de ti, qué civilización perdida alabaremos cuando tú ya no existas. Tan sólo nombraremos la edad. La edad de la barbarie. Y luego callaremos. Tal vez así nuestro silencio te redima.

Tribe, builder of ruins, you don't even organize naught. Vertically you practice the false architecture of rubble. But all your falling-down is needed; it is so demanded by destruction. As the moment comes, tribe, you get condemned. Leave your ancestors aside promoting oblivion and usury. What shall we say about you, what lost civilization shall we praise when you exist no longer. We shall just mention age. Age of brutality. Then we shall be silent. Perhaps will our silence redeem you like that.

– Luis Luna

*Для них обоих
любовь была, как тот неловкий официант,
чьи фотографии мы видели в газетах:
он как-то раз кому-то подал бутерброд,
в одном из лучших европейских ресторанов,
с не то рассеянным, не то коварным,
не то отчаянным
ножом внутри.*

Per ells, però,
l'amor es disfressava d'aquell cambrer
que havia sortit als diaris:
en un dels restaurants més chic d'Europa
va dur-li a algú un entrepà
amb el descuit - o la malícia -
o bé la desesperació completa
d'un ganivet a dins.

For both of them
love was that awkward waiter
whose pictures we saw in the papers:
in one of the best European restaurants
he brought someone a sandwich,
and there – inside – there was
an absent-minded, or a cunning –
or maybe just a desperate –
knife.

– Xènia Dyakonova

Student Contributions:

Seven birds sang loudly (Uccelli)

Ana Guerberof

Siete oiseaux lauloi suament

Sette (Uccelli) vögel zpívalo fuerte

Sept lintua van cantar forte (Uccelli)

Sieben ptáku cantaban bruyement

Seitsemän ocells cantavano (Uccelli) laut

Sedm pájaros chantaient äänekkäästi

SHOWER
Patricia Robles

The wet
feeling of
not belonging
anywhere. Some soap
and some scratches under
the blinking sun of a £1.20 bulb
from Wilkinsons, that was supposed
to last like this
warm water.

Turned off the heat
While washing the teary face
Of a foreign girl who wants to go
Back home. And have a nice crispy
Towel to hold onto. And some nice lavender
Oil to rub herself with while singing tunes from the radio.

But instead
The intermittent stream
Of cold water and anxiety.
The pressure like needles to punish
Her naivety and broken dreams of apricot skin
And summer kisses in a beautiful English cottage.

Forgotten.

INSIDE THE STONE
Anna Bou

The stone has the door open. I enter. Inside
a caveman is drawing *altamiras*,
a stone Buddha and a stone Christ, face to face,
in a corbel a History book. Closed.

Inside the stone another stone. I enter:
one wind sculptures the rocky wall while
Plato is hunting myths in the darkness.
Woman and dog walking slowly in circles. Perfects.

Inside the stone another stone. I can see
a metaphysical poets expedition
searching water inside the stone. Turn over
land, fissures, write shafts. Don't find it.

I enter to the total bottom of the stone
and I'm at home: my books, the undone
sheets, the scissors. And in the centre, in a chair,
me, apologising for the wait. Long.

I open the window to let a wind's breath enter.

On the small stone table, two glasses of water.

DINS LA PEDRA (catalan)

Anna Bou

*La pedra té la porta oberta. Hi entro. Dins
un home de les cavernes dibuixa altamires,
un Buda i un Crist de pedra, cara a cara,
en una repisa un llibre d'història. Tancat.*

*Dins la pedra hi ha una altra pedra. Hi entro:
un vent esculpeix la paret rocosa mentre
Plató caça mites a les fosques.
Una dona passeja lenta el gos en cercles perfectes.*

*Dins la pedra una altra pedra. Hi veig
una expedició de poetes metafísics
que busca aigua dins la pedra. Remenen
terra, escltexes, escriuen pous. No en troben.*

*Entro al fons del tot de la pedra
i em trobo a casa: els meus llibres, els llençols
desfets, les tisores. I al centre, en una cadira,
jo, disculpant-me per l'espera. Llarga.*

*Obro la finestra perquè entri un alè d'aire.
Sobre la tauleta de pedra, dos gots d'aigua.*

Once you have read these lines, observe your face.

Daily life

cheep	cheer	cheek	cheese
cheeep	cheeer	cheeek	cheeese
cheeeep	cheeeer	cheeeek	cheeeese
cheeeeep	cheeeer	cheeeek	cheeeese

What is the expression on your face? You should have a...

S M L E
I

LONGING FOR THE STONE
Marta Pera Cucurell

I feel the hours with the bewilderment
of the insect dazzled because a hand
has risen the stone that was overcoat
and home.

The darkness of a house half
built, all wind and wetness,
all concrete and brick –like a hesitant
poem—is a womb to me.
And shelter.

I touch with my eyes the outline of your
absence, all mineral
matter, red and solid,
I grip the tightness of our shadow's
shadow, pus pimple under my skin,
I mould myself in the furrow
left in my bed by the love
that hasn't slept in it,
I shelter dark certainties
and I'm blinded by the light that leaves me
uncovered, bewildered,
only in concert with uncertainty.

I shield myself to the seven winds, absinthe
macerating exposed to wind and weather
blinded with the faith of the drinker.

MADRID: SOUND COLLAGE

Sara Medina

Mmmmmmmdddddrrrrrrrrrrdd
07:00 Hola hello hi, Carmen 91 742 79 45,
Lola 616 652 345, metro, bus, clock and agenda
Mmmmmdddddrrrrrd, oh! river; oh! no sea
07:30 Fast, rápido, veloz, cars are driving
Mmmdddddrrrr, 11:30 life is pending
We here no silence, we work and the roar,
Tttttttttttt, the never-ending drilling
Mmmddr, on an on, while time goes on, tic tac, 4 o'clock
Stars, étoiles, nuit de fer, the sun is hiding
Adiós, hasta luego, sin estrellas, bye bye
Mmmd, 21:00-22:00; Tonight, life is life, lalala
23:00 Mmm; Too night
Muack muack on graffiti 00:00; Stop! ,
Wait: ???
Where are the stars always hiding?

Bajo la roca
arañas y hormigas.
Sangra la tierra.

Zarpas en barro,
resquebraja la tierra
el pétalo.

Fuego sin ascuas
transparenta sus ramas
con la carcoma.

Hilos de seda
corales engarzados
bajo la losa.

Huellas de abismo
se pliegan al viento Sur
brotan raíces.

Barro mohoso
taladran las lombrices
se orea la tierra.

Lienzo de plata
bajo piedra dibujan
alas de libélula.

Raíl macerado
deja su huella el almendro
sobre la brecha.

– Herminia Blanco

POZO.

cae

la lengua en ríos

contra

la noche del hueso

eco

la espera se oye

gota

vacía

vigila

al pozo

– Sergio Gómez García

LaSalle, 35
Rocío Orovengua

Últimamente llego tarde a las escaleras
a las salidas de los trenes
a los huecos de las ventanas
a las salas de espera

entro en cada habitación
con un nombre
con un labio
con este poema
que llega tarde

Últimamente se me escapa el pasado
se me vuelven del revés las venas
se me escriben los papeles
se me deshacen los alféizares

salgo de los rellanos
con una cara de paja
con un labio partido
con sensación de acera.

Provisional
Lola Lapaz

Se te ha caído la sombra.
Tú, que la llevabas siempre
como quien custodia un fusil.
Ni con mantas
ni con estufas
disimulas el frío que puebla tu lengua.
Te has olvidado de ti
y por eso te parece
que las estaciones
están equivocadas
-junio helado, junio tiritando-
Y conspiran contra tu cuerpo.
Todo lo que creías estable
se erige provisional
-tus pies en la cuerda floja
mientras
luchas contra enemigos invisibles
ocultos bajo tus párpados.
Eres tú mismo
camuflado contigo.

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“Fundamentals of Poetry”

An EACWP project

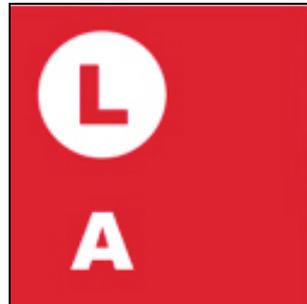
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