

SOME POEMS - ROGHA DÁNTA

SOME POEMS
ROGHA DÁNTA

Morten Langeland

SOUTHWØRD *editions*

First published in 2023 by Southword Editions
The Munster Literature Centre
Frank O'Connor House, 84 Douglas Street
Cork, Ireland
www.munsterlit.ie

Set in Adobe Caslon 12pt

ISBN 978-1-915573-03-2

© 2023 Morten Langeland
Aistrithe © 2023 Colm Breathnach
Translations © Agnes Scott Langeland



With the support of the
Creative Europe Programme
of the European Union



VERSOPOLIS

where
poetry
lives

the arts
council
3 chomhairle
ealaíon

cistiú
litríocht



Comhairle Cathrach Chorcaí
Cork City Council

Arts Ealaíona

Contents/Clár

På norsk

- Strike one / Une point 7
- Strike two / Deux points 8
- Strike three / Trois points 9
- Strike four / Quatre points 11
- Strike five / Cinq points 15
- Strike six / Six points 17

In English

- Strike one / Une point 18
- Strike two / Deux points 19
- Strike three / Trois points 21
- Strike four / Quatre points 23
- Strike five / Cinq points 27
- Strike six / Six points 29

As Gaeilge

- Strike one / Une point 30
- Strike two / Deux points 31
- Strike three / Trois points 33
- Strike four / Quatre points 35
- Strike five / Cinq points 39
- Strike six / Six points 41

Biographical Notes 44

Strike one / Une point

Det går bra med dem, de lever
men moren min er tørr i halsen, tørst
pga vannledninger og Assads bomber
Kan du huske hvordan det er å være tørst?
Gayath spør mens vi drikker americano og venter
sjåføren på Aleksander The Great Airport
Mens vi venter sier den lokale, Nicola, fikseren
oversetteren, «*Balkan* består av to ord, *bal* og *kan*
Bal betyr honning, det frodige landet
landbruksdrømmen, matreservoaret, alt av grønt
og de vakreste jentene, vinen,
Kan betyr blod»

Strike two / Deux points

Vi sitter seks i bilen
en gammel YUGO fra Skopje til Struga
Fem poeter fra Australia, Tsjekkia
Ramallah, Romania, sjåføren Makedonia
og så jeg da, Morten med O, i midten
uten belte i 120, det er en lang kjøretur
for noen med ingenting å snakke om, en spøk:

What's the matter Nietzsche?

«*It's nothing.*»

Gayath finner ord, snakker som det står om livet
Den syrisk-palestinske svensken har mistet 300 stykker
Det er varmt og langt på vei ingenting å snakke om
Kors og flagg vokser på fjellet, fjellsiden er grønnest
Flaggene kan være laget av barn
men mest sannsynlig av et syntetisk materiale
Flagget er rødt med ei stor gul sol (se bak høyrehånden)
Europas frodigste sted
Aleksander vokste opp i oldtidens Makedonia
Vinen er bal og snart skal dette endre navn
til «Republikken Nord-Makedonia» twitterer Libya-Jens
Kanskje kan vi få litt mer aircondition i monitor?
This month is like Africa 33 degrees, sier sjåføren
Radioen samler inn og kaster søppel, vinduet er UV-protective
Knock knock, alle vet «nord» betyr «sentrum annet sted»
Aleksander kom fra Makedonia som legges til Hellas
De unge sier pøh pøh pøh som gamle menn
Så lenge vi blir med i EU og NATO
kan historie være historie *kan*
Storhet ligger i verdig abdisering
Da Aleksander døde (32) smurte de ham inn i *bal*
Honning konserverer

Strike three / Trois points

Poetene henger over beltene, sover
Bomstasjonene vokser over panseret
hvert femte minutt som bunkere
Vaktbuene fortsatt betjente
Er ikke autopass, ingen synlig bomkrig
Da jeg jobbet i Kristiansand Bompengeselskap
passerte Haakon Magnus én gang
og Morten Harket en annen
I helgene spyttet guttene tieren ned i håndskålen
eller kastet tyvekroningen på meg
Ventet på tieren tilbake mens
jentene lo rått i baksetet
Noen folk «skal ha», andre «kan få»
Bensinstasjonen heter GULF
og mangler en gasolinsniffende kråke
som kunne vært suveren på å erte
de som henger fast i det som lønner seg
Aleksander så med sitt blå
og så med sitt svarte øye
Den uregjerlige hesten var bare redd sin egen skygge
Aleksander vendte hesten mot den makedonske sola og steg opp
på Bukefalos som fra da av knelte, så oppstigningen ble lettere
Radioen spiller en lokal cover av Cranberries «Zombie»
With their tanks and their bombs and their guns
What's in your head? In your head?
Der er bal, såååå grønt oppover Balkanfjellene
Jeg burde filmet isteden
Gayath snakker, med svensk pass og leilighet på Söder
Arabisk har flere ord enn engelsk
og er særlig rikt på synonymer for *poesien*
Et liv er ikke tid nok til å lese poesien alene

G. hvis bror ble skutt gjennom panna av en snikskytter
under en ellers fredelig demo i Damaskus
English is killing us, vi lager backlash, as we speak
Spørsmål lagres inni deg selv
så svaret skal poppe opp
når du minst venter det
G. reiser 340 døgn i året, er bare hjemom for å skifte
Zzznoooorker nå som AC-en er pumped up
glemte jakka si på flyet, men her er så varmt
Og idet en ny bomstasjon gror over panseret
som nok en tankestrek mot horisonten, våkner han
It's so hot here that this is the first time
I'm glad for losing something

I kveld drikker vi vin og raki
Jeg består av tre millioner celler
– hva vet vel jeg –
nå er cellene alle fulle!
Hvis du ikke liker diktet får du forandre ordene
ikke vær så offisiell
Vi er alle fylt med å skulle!
Jeg skriver ikke i skjorte og slips
Les fort!

Strike four / Quatre points

Ideen om hjem er *heterotopisk*
slik Foucault myntet og siden ghostet det ordet
Du er et gitt sted og samtidig et annet
Du er hjemme og du er ikke hjemme
Du er i eksil
Du er på øya
Du er borte
Du er løpende gjennom skogen
og du løper gjennom skogen
Så kommer de ridende og kommer de ridende
Så har de køller og har de køller
Så er de menn og er de menn ...
Så, så, så, vi er på flyplassen
denne store mathallen hvor jernfuglene bor
hvor forbindelseslinjene streker over globusen
2–3 % av menneskene bor der oppe nærmere sola
Nærmere så får alle kjenne
(vi tar tog fra nå av)
Skal ikke være kjedelig, har jeg skrevet
Det blir kanskje nødvendig
Vi legger ned språkfagene, ikke bare latin, tysk og fransk
men også arabisk (500 millioner brukere i rundt 20 land)
Vi legger ned byene og landet
European betydde hvit i Sør-Afrika
Homeland var områder de ulike stammene ble bosatt i
utenfor bykjernen, utenfor europeerne, utenfor
seg selv, eksilet og sjelen
The soul is in outer space, takk
Paul Celans doble eksil
hjem og språk, *språkgjemmet*
fra Auschwitz til Seinen

Gayath sier den svarte melken
er stillheten –
Stillheten man svelger
når man ikke sier fra
Eller, den svarte melken er Middelhavet
sier Gayath, han sier at han ikke lenger kan
like Heidegger, ikke kan lenger elske
Pound – *il miglior fabbro* –
selv om han er den beste poeten
Ikke kan tenke på deres hat som noe annet
etter å ha sett poeten Adonis stå på Assad sin side
Tenk å miste tre hundre mennesker
Jeg vet ikke jeg vet ikke jeg vil ikke
La oss snakke om vårt indre aristokratiske eksil
som står for

F

F A L L

L

L

et al

Ganske sakte
som vanlige kropper faller
vet ikke hvor vi skal stoppe
for da ser vi ikke fortsettelsen
som kommer nå:
Skal vi ta en pause?

En gammel japaner, Tetsuo!
Med cowboyhatt, syrerockragg og bolebukser
Damene snur seg leende etter ham

Japaneren sier: Hvis noen tar jakka di, la ham få buksa også
Morfar skøyt to bjørner i Hedmark
var barnehjemsunge og sjømann

En gang i Filippinene stjal en kar skoen hans
mens han sov på dekk
Morfar ble eitrende, kastet den andre skoen etter
slik fikk den også bein å gå på
Når du fryser på føttene ta på en lue til, sier Tetsuo
Ikke si nykommer, gamle venn
Saken er som regel sic en falsk venn
Saken er som regel som å grine:
Dyp fortvilelse på norsk, latter på dansk, eller omvendt
En selvfølge følger av seg selv
Vi følger etter noen andre, det går an å oppføre seg
Det store spørsmålet eksploderer til tusen småkråker
Tegne opp flere bilder, være konkret
Poesien ligner ikke poesien
Ligner du deg selv, egentlig, når du ser deg på film?

Hva betyr forsøket om det ikke klaffer?
Man bør være litt Uri Geller
«Å forestille seg gjelder»
Trærne hadde ikke greiner før fuglene
The lack of empathy is the feeling
You cannot just use your heart – sier Pauli –
You have to use your brain as well to do that
(Noen måneder senere ser jeg Ettore Scolas film
Middag på italiensk hvor en dramatiker siterer
de samme linjene, fra *Brødrene Karamasov*)
Individene lærer om seg selv av manusforfatterne
Under den uferdige sorte sola
Du store stærflokk dekker for sola

som Aleksander over Diogenes!
Fugler svever på samme plass i vinden
Partikulariteten er unik og mest utbredt av alt
Fortolkning er ikke det viktigste i poesien
Tiltaler er vesentlig
Timen vi ikke visste noe om hverandre avsluttes
Flittige feiginger skriver historien, omatt og omatt
så mange heldedåder, så få nølende, usikre
En stol trukket ut fra et bord er *ma*
det japanske tegnet for fravær, viser Tetsuo

Strike five / Cinq points

Lesestund på Bitola kultursenter
Hell is empty and all the devils are here
Pluss disse latterlig alvorlige fotografene
som arkiverer min glemsel

Å slette alle spor
tenk at det har gått før
Tenk at det fortsatt går

Vi spiser i overflod, stappa før hovedrettene
Romfolk kan ikke få, da kommer de bare tilbake
Snart: bilen drar på, uten AC
Opplyste kors på fjelltoppene
hele veien *hjem*, den tohodede svarte ørnen
på de røde flaggene, ingen sier noe

*Balkan is like a minefield, nobody
wants to stay here*, sier hun, betuttet
fordi ingen internasjonale poeter kom og hørte
lesningen hennes etter fire bøker er hun fortsatt stuck
Speaking from the east is like speaking from nowhere
Men de koser seg månelyst, klokka tre ved hotellstranden
Hun har en sønn på 15, en fars grav og en mors sorg
i stemmen, men i Os (Hordaland) hvor venninnen bor
kunne hun aldri ha bodd
Jeg nikker, vi ler
sier Os og lo, hoho

Morten, come back here! roper Vladimir
Den bulgarske poeten med visittkort
emigrerte til USA og emigrerte tilbake
Etter femten år som underviser i ghettoskoler i Baltimore
ble hans engelskbrytning utholdelig etter 9/11

Sitter på en strandstol og vifter med raki
de andre balkanske poetene sitter rundt bordet
og stemmene leker sisten i månelysset
Det glimrer i glass, lukter av sigaretter, de forteller
historier om mennesker som finnes
fantasies, og ler, og Os finnes, og vi
venter på en utrolig framtid, se hva som skjer
Ikke som litteraturen, formidlet av kråketær
og uvisshet, dag ut, stang inn, natt kom
Ei bar grein duver etter kråkeskriket
en mørk histories etterkant

Strike six / Six points

Steinkirka på klippen ved Ohridsjøen
kommer til sin rett i regnet på natten
I regn liksom mindre *glam*
Man tenker på noe annet
enn det man tenker på, tanken
kanskje sjelen, droner et annet sted
enn der man nå en gang er her
Noe stiger når regnet faller lydløst
glinsende streker til brosteinen smeller
og lukten åpner seg som en ovn
Petrichor heter lukten av regn fallende
på dagsvarmt, tørt underlag
midt i et *petric poem*
Det gjør urolig, vi lever i historien
mennesker gjør utenkelige ting
mulige på daglig basis
«du er freud» er et palindrom
skriver Emil på sms gjennom Europa
Noen vil bestandig fortelle lingvitser
Svamp, men jeg glemte hvorfor
jeg liker å forsvinne
Loneliness is only one's own absence
ma
Verden betyr ingenting når man sier det
Jeg prøver noe annet:
Rennende vann høres ut som industri
Det største å se er noen andre se seg
Her om dagen levde jeg
som gjenferd fra framtiden

Strike one / Une point

They are coping, they are alive
but my mother's throat is parched,
due to burst pipes and Assad's bombs
Can you remember what it is like to be thirsty?
Gayath asks while we drink Americanos and wait
for the taxi driver at Alexander the Great Airport
While we wait Nicola, the local fixer
and translator, says, "*Balkan* consists of two word, *bal* and *kan*
Bal means honey, the fertile country
the agricultural dream, the food bank, everything green
and the most beautiful girls, the wine,
Kan means blood"

Strike two / Deux points

There are six of us in the car
an old YUGO from Skopje to Struga
Five poets from Australia, Czechia
Ramallah, Rumania, the driver from Macedonia
and then me, Morten with O, in the middle
with no safety belt at 120 km, it is a long drive
For someone with nothing to talk about, a joke:
What's the matter, Nietzsche?

"It's nothing."

Gayath finds words, talks as though his life depended on it
The Syrian-Palestinian Swede has lost 300 people that he knows
It is hot, there is virtually nothing to talk about
Crosses and flags grow on the mountain, the mountainside is the greenest
The flags might be made by children
but more probably of a synthetic material
The flag is red with a large yellow sun

The lushest place in Europe
Alexander grew up in Ancient Macedonia

The wine is bal and soon it will change its name
to the "Republic of North Macedonia" tweets Libya-Jens*
Perhaps we can have a little more air-conditioning on the monitor?
This month is like Africa 33 degrees, says the driver
The radio picks up stations and emits garbage, the window gives UV protection
Knock, knock, everyone knows "North" means "centre somewhere else"
Alexander came from Macedonia, later a part of Greece
The youth keep pooh-poohing like old men
As long as we are in the EU and NATO
history can remain history *kan*

Greatness lies in a dignified abdication
When Alexander died (32) they covered him in honey
Honey can preserve things

*Jens Stoltenberg is now the Secretary General of NATO, but as PM of Norway he supported the bomb attacks on Libya when Gaddafi was the ruler.

Strike three / Trois points

The poets slump over their belts asleep

The toll plazas spring up over the bonnet
every five minutes like bunkers

The toll booths are still manned

There is no autopass, or visible toll war

When I worked for the Kristiansand Toll Company,
Crownprince Haakon Magnus passed through once
and Morten Harket another time

Weekends, lads would spit a ten-kroner coin into my hand
or throw twenty kroner at me

would wait for ten kroner to come back while
the girls hooted in the back seat

Some people demand, others ask politely

The petrol station is called GULF
and lacks a gasoline-sniffing crow,
which would have been ideal for teasing
people stuck in what pays-off

Alexander looked with his blue
and then with his black eye

The unruly stallion only feared its own shadow

Alexander turned the horse towards the Macedonian sun and mounted

Bucephalus who from then on kneeled, so that mounting him would be easier

The radio's playing a local cover of the Cranberries' "Zombie"

With their tanks and their bombs and their guns

What's in your head? In your head?

There is *bal*, the sooo green Balkan mountainsides

I should have been filming instead

Gayath, with a Swedish passport and a flat at Söder, keeps on talking

Arabic has more words than English
and is particularly rich in synonyms for *poetry*
A lifetime is not enough to read only poetry
G. whose brother was shot in the forehead by a sniper
during an otherwise peaceful demonstration in Damascus
English is killing us, we need a backlash, as we speak
Questions store up within you
the answer pops up
when you least expect it
G. travels 340 days a year, is only at home to change clothes
Sssnooooring now that the AC is turned on
forgot his jacket on the plane, but it is so hot here,
just as a new toll booth springs up over the bonnet
like yet another dash on the horizon, he wakes up
It's so hot here that this is the first time
I'm glad for losing something

Tonight we drink wine and raki
I consist of three million cells
and for all I know
all my cells are drunk now!

If you don't like the poem you can change the words
don't be so formal
We are all so full of what we should do!
I don't write in a shirt and tie
Read quickly!

Strike four / Quatre points

The idea of home is *heterotopical*
in the way Foucault coined and later ghosted that word
You are in a particular place and simultaneously somewhere else
You are at home and you are not at home
You are in exile
You are on an island
You are gone
You are running through the woods
and you run through the woods
Then they come on horseback and when they come on horseback
Then they have batons and when they have batons
Then they are men and are they men ...
Come, come, we are at the airport
this huge food hall where the iron birds live
where lines of connection stretch across the globe
2-3% of humankind live up there closer to the sun
Much closer and we will all feel it
(let's take the train from now on)
Will not be boring, I wrote
It will perhaps be necessary
to axe foreign language studies, not just Latin, German and French
but also Arabic (500 million users in about 20 countries)
We raze cities and the countryside
European meant White in South Africa
Homeland was the areas where the different tribes were relocated
away from city centres, away from Europeans, away from
themselves, the exile of the soul
The soul is in outer space, takk

Paul Celan's double exile
from his home and his language, *language concealed*

from Auschwitz to the Seine

Gayath says the black milk

is silence –

The silence you swallow

when you do not speak up

Or, the black milk is the Mediterranean

says Gayath, he says he can no longer

set store by Heidegger, can no longer love

Pound - *il miglior fabbro* –

even though he is the best poet

Can no longer think of their hate as anything other than that

not after watching the poet Adonis standing alongside Assad

Think of losing three hundred of your own people

I don't know I don't know I don't want to

Let's talk about our inner aristocratic exile,

which stands for

F

F A L L

L

L

et al

Quite slowly

the way ordinary bodies fall

don't know where we should stop

so we don't miss the continuation

coming now:

Shall we take a break?

An old Japanese guy, Tetsuo!
With a cowboy hat, acid rock beard and 80's weightlifting pants
The ladies turn round to watch him laughing
The Japanese guy says: If someone takes your jacket, give him your trousers too
My maternal grandfather who shot two bears in Hedmark*
grew up in an orphanage and was a sailor
Once in the Philippines a bloke stole his shoe
while he was sleeping on deck
Grandad got furious, threw the other shoe away
so that it got legs too
When your feet are cold put on another cap, says Tetsuo
Don't say newcomer, old friend
As a rule the situation sic is a false friend
As a rule the situation is lamentable:

Deep desperation in Norwegian, laughter in Danish, or vice-versa
What is a matter of course follows a course
We follow others, it is possible to behave oneself
The big questions explode into thousands of little rogues
Draw more images, be concrete
Poetry does not resemble poetry
Do you resemble yourself, really, when you see yourself on film?
What does an attempt amount to if it does not work?
We should be a little more like Uri Geller
"Self-presentation is what matters "
Trees did not have branches before there were birds

The lack of empathy is the feeling
You cannot just use your heart – says Pauli -
You have to use your brain a well to do that
(Some months' later I watch Ettore Scola's film
The Dinner where a playwright quotes
those lines from *The Brothers Karamazov*)

Individuals learn about themselves from scriptwriters
Under the incomplete black sun
huge flocks of starlings cover the sun
like Alexander over Diogenes!
Birds float in the same spot in the wind
Particularity is unique and the most common thing of all
Interpretation is not the most crucial thing in poetry
Being addressed is essential
The time when we knew little about one another is almost over
The cowardly diligent write history, over and over again
so many heroic deeds, so few tentative and uncertain
A chair drawn out from under a table is *ma*
the Japanese character for absence, reveals Tetsuo

* Hedmark is one of what were once 19 counties in Norway, situated in central Norway. Now there are only 13 and Hedmark is part of a county called Innland.

Strike five / Cinq points

A reading session at Bitola Cultural Centre

Hell is empty and all the devils are here

Along with all these ludicrously solemn photographers
who file away my forgetfulness

To erase all traces

think that it has worked before

Think that it still works

We gorge ourselves, stuffed before the main course

The Rom people cannot get any, or they will just come back

Soon: the car leaves, with no AC

Crosses lit up on the mountain tops

the whole way *home*, the two-headed black eagle
on the red flags, no one says anything

Balkan is like a minefield, nobody

wants to stay here, she says, put out

because none of the international poets came to listen

to her reading after four books she is still *stuck*

Speaking from the east is like speaking from nowhere

But they have a great time, at three o'clock on the hotel beach

She has a fifteen-year-old son, a father's grave and a mother's grief

in her voice, but at Os in Hordaland* where her friend lives

she could not possibly have lived

I agree, we laugh

say Os and lo, hoho

Morten, come back here! shouts Vladimir

The Bulgarian poet with calling cards

emigrated to USA and emigrated back again

After fifteen years teaching in ghetto schools in Baltimore

his foreign English accent became unbearable after 9/11

Lounging in a deck chair and gesticulating with raki

the other Balkan poets sit round the table
their voices playful in the moonlight
The gleaming glasses, the smell of cigarettes, they tell
stories about people who exist
have existed, and laugh, and Os exists, and we
wait for an amazing future, to see what will happen
Not as literature, scrawled like crows' feet
and uncertainty, day out, shoves in, night arrived
A naked branch sways after a screeching crow
a dark history's aftermath

*Hordaland is a county in Norway.

Strike six / Six points

The stone church on the cliff at Lake Ohrid
is at its best in the rain at night
In the rain there is less *glam*
You think about something quite
different from what you are thinking about, thought
maybe the soul, drones on somewhere else
than where you are right now
Something rises when the rain falls silently
gleaming lines until the cobblestones clap
and the fragrance opens up like a kiln
Petrichor is the name of the fragrance of the rain falling
on a dry surface warmed by the day
in the middle of a *Petric poem*

This creates unease, we live in history
people do unthinkable things
possibly on a daily basis
“*du er freud*”* is a palindrome
writes Emil texting on his travels through Europe
Some people will always make puns
Sponge, but I have forgotten why
I like to disappear
Loneliness is only one’s own absence
ma
The world means nothing when you say this
I change tack:
Running water sounds like industry
The greatest thing to see is someone else seeing you
The other day I lived
like a ghost of the future

*This means ‘you are freud’ but is not a palindrome in English.

Strike One / Une Point

Tá siad ag déanamh go maith, maireann siad
ach tá scornach mo mháthar spalptha leis an dtart
mar gheall ar phíopaí uisce agus buamaí Assad
An cuimhin leatsa cad is tart ann? arsa Gayath
agus sinn ag ól *americano* is ag feitheamh
lenár dtiománaí in Alexander the Great Airport
Agus sinn ag feitheamh, deir Nicola, an teangmhálaí áitiúil
agus an teangaire “Dhá fhocal atá in *Balkan*, *bal* agus *kan*
Ciallaíonn *bal* mil, an talamh méith,
an aisling talmhaíochta, an taisce bia, an uile rud glas
agus na cailíní is áilne, an fíon,
Ciallaíonn *kan* fuil.

Strike Two / Deux Points

Tá seisear againn sa ghluaisteán
sean-YUGO ó Skopje go Struga
Cúigear filí ón Astráil, ón tSeic
ó Ramallah agus ón Rómáin, an tiománaí ón Macadóin
agus ansin mise, Morten le ‘O’ sa lár
gan crios sábhála ag 120 km, aistear fada
ag duine gan aon ábhar cainte aige, focal grinn

What's the matter Nietzsche?

"It's nothing."

Tagann a chaint le Gayath, labhraíonn ar theann a dhíchill
300 duine atá cailte ag an Sualannach Siriach Palaistíneach
Tá sé te agus gan níl aon ní againn le labhairt faoi
Fásann crosta agus brait ar an sliabh, is glaise mala an tsléibhe
Leanaí a dhein na brait tharlódh sé
ach is dóichí gur deineadh iad as ábhar sintéiseach
Dearg atá an brat agus grian mhór bhuí air (féach taobh thiar den lámh
dheas)

An áit is méithe san Eoraip
D'fhás Alastar aníos sa Mhacadóin Ársa
Is *bal* an fíon agus ní fada go n-athróidh sí a hainm
go Poblacht na Macadóine Thuaidh a tvuíteálann Lybia-Jens*
Aon seans go bhfaighimis beagán níos mó aerchóiriúcháin ar an
monatóir

This month is like Africa 33 degrees, a deir an tiománaí
Bailíonn agus craolann an raidió truflais, tá an fhuinneog UV-dhíonach
Knock knock, is eol do chách gurb é is brí le “thuaidh” ná “lár áit éigin
eile”

B'as an Macadóin d'Alastar, cuid den Ghréig ní ba dhéanaí
Preit preit a deir na hógánaigh amhail seanfhir
Fad a ligfear sinne isteach san AE agus NATO
féadfaidh an stair a bheith ina stair *kan*
Is san éirí as díniteach atá an mhórgacht
Nuair a bhásaigh Alastar (32) smearadar *bal* air
Deineann mil nithe a chaomhnú

*Ard-Rúnaí ECAT (NATO) é Jens Stoltenberg anois, ach mar Phríomh-Aire ar an Iorua, thacaigh sé leis na hionsaithe buamála ar an Libia nuair a bhí Gaddafi i gceannas uirthi.

Strike Three /Trois Points

Tá na filí ar crochadh thar a gcriosanna, ina gcodladh
Éiríonn pláis dola aníos os cionn an bhoinéid
gach cúig nóiméad amhail buncair
Tá foireann fós sna bothanna
Níl aon uathphas ann ná aon rian de choimhlint dolaí
Nuair a bhíos ag obair le Cuideachta Dolaí Kristiansand
Ghabh an rídhmhna Hakken Magnus tríd uair amháin
agus Morten Harket uair eile
Ag an deireadh seachtaine dheineadh buachaillí
bonn deich a chaitheamh as a mbéal isteach i mbabhla mo láimhe
nó fiche coróin a chaitheamh liom agus fanúint leis an deich sóinseála
agus na cailíní ag gairí sa suíochán cúil
“T”rom anois” ag cuid acu, “led thoil” ag a thuilleadh
GULF atá ar an stáisiún peitрил
agus níl préachán ola-smúrtha thart
rud a bheadh iontach le haghaidh magadh faoi
dhaoine sáinnithe sa ní go n-éiríonn leis
D’fhéach Alastar lena leathshúil ghorm
agus ansin lena leathshúil dhubh
Eagla roimh a scáth féin, b’in an méid a bhí ag cur ar an each,
D’iompaigh Alastar an stail i dtreo na gréine Macadónaí
Agus chuaigh ar mhuintir Bucephalos ansin agus uaidh sin i leith
théadh sé ar a ghlúine chun gur fusa dul in airde air
Tá an raidió ag casadh leagan áitiúil de “Zombie” leis an Cranberries
With their tanks and their bombs and their guns
What’s in your head? In your head?
Tá *bal* anseo, na sléibhte Balcánacha chooomh glas
Ba cheart dom a bheith ag scannánú
Labhraíonn Gayath, tá pas Sualannach agus arasán in Söder aige
Tá níos mó focal san Araibis ná mar atá sa Bhéarla
agus tá an-chuid focal comhchiallach inti le haghaidh *filíocht*
Níor leor ré saoil leis an bhfilíocht amháin a léamh fiú
G. ar lámhach naoscaire a dheartháir ina chlár éadain
le linn léirsiú sa Damaisc a bhí síochánta thairis sin

English is killing us, ginimid backlash, as we speak

Stóráiltear ceisteanna istigh ionat

preabann an freagra aníos

nuair is lú atá coinne agat leis

Bíonn G. ag taisteal 340 lá sa bhliain,

ní théann abhaile ach chun a chuid éadaí a athrú

Ag sssraaaannadh anois ó tá an t-aerchóiriú ar siúl

dhearúd a sheaicéad ar an eitleán, ach tá sé chomh te sin anseo

díreach agus both dola eile ag léim aníos os cionn an bhoinéid

amhail stríoc smaointe eile ag bun na spéire, dúisíonn sé

It's so hot here that this is the first time

I'm glad for losing something

Anocht ólaimid fíon agus raki

Trí mhilliún cill atá ionam

agus n'fheadarsa ná go bhfuil

an uile chill acu lán anois!

Mura maith leat an dán féadfaidh tú na focail a athrú

ná bí chomh hoifigiúil

Sinn ar fad lán den méid is cóir a dhéanamh!

Ní bhíonn léine agus carbhat orm agus mé ag scríobh

Léigh go tapaidh!

Strike Four / Quatre Points

Idé heitreatopach é idé an bhaile
sa tslí gur úsáid agus dá éis sin gur ghóstáil Foucoult an focal sin
Tugtar áit duit agus, san am gcéanna, áit eile
Tá tú ag baile agus níl tú ag baile
Tá tú ar deoraíocht
Tá tú ar oileán
Tá tú ar lár
Tá tú ag rith tríd an gcoill
agus ritheann tú tríd an gcoill
Ansin tagann siad ag marcaíocht agus nuair a thagann ag marcaíocht
Ansin bíonn bataí acu agus nuair a bhíonn bataí acu
Ansin is fir iad agus an fir iad ...
Seo, seo, táimid ag an aerfort
an halla bia ollmhór seo ina gcuireann na héin iarainn fúthu
mar a síneann na línte ceangail ar fuaid na cruinne
maireann 2-3% den chine daonna ansin thuas níos gaire don ghrian
Mórán níos gaire arís agus braithfimid go léir í
(gabhaimis ar an dtraein as seo amach)
Ní bheidh sé leadránach, a scríobhas
B'fhéidir go mbeidh sé riachtanach
Táimid ag fáil réidh le staidéar teangacha, ní díreach an Laidin,
an Ghearmáinis agus an Fhraincis
ach an Araibis leis (500 milliún cainteoirí i 20 tír nó mar sin)
Táimid ag déanamh léirscrios ar chathracha agus ar an dtuath
Chiallaigh *European* geal san Afraic Theas
B'é *Homeland* na ceantair inar athlonnaíodh na treibheanna éagsúla
i bhfad ó lár na cathrach, i bhfad ó na hEorpaigh, i bhfad
uaidh féin, an deoraí agus an t-anam
The soul is in outer space, takk
deoraíocht dhúbailte Paul Celan
an baile agus an teanga, teanga cheilte
ó Auschwitz go dtí an Seine
Deir Gayath gurb é atá sa bhainne dubh
ná an tost –

An tost a shlogann tú siar
nuair nach labhraíonn tú amach
Nó, gurb é atá sa bhainne dubh ná an Mheánmhuir
a deir Gayath, deir sé nach maith leis Heidegger
a thuilleadh, nach bhfuil bá aige a thuilleadh
le Pound – *il miglior fabbro* –
cé gurb é an file is fearr é
Nach féidir leis an fuath acu a mheas mar aon ní eile seachas sin
tar éis dó an file Adonis a fheiscint ag seasamh le hais Assad
Cuimhnigh ar thrí chéad duine de do mhuintir a chailliúint
N’fheadar, n’fheadar, ní theastaíonn uaim
Labhraímis faoinár ndeoraíocht uasaicmeach inmheánach
a sheasann do

F
F A L L
L
L

et al
Measartha mall
mar a thiteann gnáthchoirp
n’fheadar cá háit is ceart dúinn stopadh
ionas nach gcaillimid an méid a leanann as sin
agus atá ag teacht anois:
An nglacfaimid sos?

Seana-Sheapánach fir, Tetsuo!
Hata buachalla bó air, meigeall rac aigéid agus brístí bailéaró
Casann mná thart ag féachaint air is ag gáirí
Deir an Seapánach: Má thógann duine do sheaicéad tabhair dó
do bhríste chomh maith
Athair mo mháthar a lámhach dhá bhéar in Hedmark*
tógadh i ndílleachtlann é agus ba mhairnéalach é,
Uair amháin sna Filipíní ghoid fear leathbhróg leis

agus é ina chodladh ar an ndeic
Bhí daideo ar buile, chaith sé uaidh an leathbhróg eile
ionas gur tháinig cosa uirthi sin chomh maith
Nuair a éiríonn do chosa fuar cuir hata eile ort féin a deir Tetsuo
Ná habair duine nua, a sheana-chara
De ghnáth *sic* is cara bréige an bás
De ghnáth is cúis áiféise an bás
Duibheagán éadóchais sa Ioruais, gáirí sa Danmhairgis nó a mhalairt
Leanann gnáthchúrsaí cúrsaí gnácha
Leanaimidne cinn eile, is féidir tú féin a iompar mar is ceart
Pléascann na mórcheisteanna ina mílte rógairí beaga
Tarraing níos mó íomhánna, bí coincreíteach
Níl aon chosúlacht ag an bhfilíocht le filíocht
An bhfuil dealramh agat leat féin dairíre nuair a chionn tú
tú féin i scannán?

Cad is fiú an iarracht mura n-éiríonn léi?
Ba chóir a bheith ar nós Uri Geller
“Is í an tsamhlaíocht an difear”
Ní raibh craobhacha ag crainn sarar tháinig ann do na héin
The lack of empathy is the feeling
You cannot just use your heart – a deir Pauli –
You have to use your brain as well to do that
(Roinnt míonna níos déanaí féachaim ar scannán Ettore Scolas
The Dinner ina luann drámadóir
na línte céanna sin as *Na Deartháireachta Karamazov*)
Foghlaimíonn daoine aonair fúthu féin ó scríbhneoirí scripte
Faoin ngrian dhubh neamhchríochnaithe
Clúdaíonn ealta ollmhóra druideanna an ghrian
amhail Alastar os cionn Diogenes!
Tá éin ar foluain san ionad céanna ar an ngaoth
Ní ann féin í an tsainiúlacht agus is í is coitianta ar fad
Ní hé an léirmhíniú an ní is tábhachtaí i dtaca le filíocht de
Tá brí nach beag le teidil
Tá deireadh leis an tráth nárbh eol dúinn mórán faoina chéile
Breacann cladhairí díograiseacha an stair arís is arís eile
an oiread sin gníomhartha gaisce, a laghad gníomhartha

faichilleacha, faiteacha

Cathaoir arna tarraingt amach as faoi bhord, sin *ma*
an carachtar Seapáinise ar 'easnamh', a dhearbhaíonn Tetsuo

*Ceann de naoi gcinn déag de chontaetha a bhí tráth san Iorua ab ea Hedmark, agus é suite i lár na hIorua. Níl ann anois ach trí cinn déag acu agus is cuid de chontae ar a dtugtar Innland é Hedmark.

Strike Five / Cinq Points

Léamh poiblí ag Ionad Cultúrtha Bitola

Hell is empty and all the devils are here

I dteannta na ngrianghrafadóirí mós sollúnta seo go léir
a dheineann mo dhíchuidimhne a chartlannú

Chun an uile rian a scriosadh

cúimhnigh gur oibrigh sé cheana

Cuimhnigh go n-oibríonn sé fós

Dheineamar craos, ár mbolg lán roimh an gcéad chúrsa

Ní bheidh faic ann do na Romaigh, sin nó fillfidh siad

Ar ball beag: tosnaíonn an carr, gan aerchóiriú

Crosa soilsithe ar bharr na sléibhte

an tslí ar fad *abhaile*, an fiolar dubh décheannach

ar na bratacha dearga, ní deir éinne faic

Balkan is like a minefield, nobody

wants to stay here, a deir sí, é ag goilliúint uirthi

nár tháinig éinne de na filí idirnáisiúnta chun éisteacht léi

ag léamh tar éis ceithre leabhar tá sí fós *stuck*

Speaking from the east is like speaking from nowhere

Ach tá ard-am acu ar a trí a chlog ar thrá an óstáin

Tá mac cúig bliana déag aici, uaigh athar agus cumha máthar
ina glór ach ní fhéadfadh sí cur fúithi in Os in Hordaland*

mar a bhfuil cónaí ar an gcara

Claonaim mo cheann ag aontú léi,

gáirimid, Os a deir sí agus deineann gáirí, pá há

Morten, come back here! a bhéiceann Vladimir

An file Bulgárach go bhfuil cártaí cuartaíochta aige

a chuaigh ar imirce go dtí na Stáit agus a d'imir ar ais arís

Tar éis cúig bliana déag ag múineadh i scoileanna geiteo in Baltimore
bhí tuin eachtrannach a chuid Béarla dofhulaingthe tar éis 9/11

Ina shuí i gcathaoir deice ag croitheadh *raki* thart

tá na filí Balcánacha eile ina súi thart ar bhord

a nglórtha meidhreach faoin sholas na gealaí

Na gloiní lonracha, boladh na dtoitíní, insíonn siad

scéalta faoi dhaoine atá ann,

a bhí ann, agus deineann gáirí, agus tá Os ann, agus táimidne
ag feitheamh ar thodhchaí iontach, ag féachaint cad a thitfidh amach
Ní ar nós na litríochta, arna chur in gcéill amhail crobh préacháin
agus éiginnteacht, lá amuigh, slat isteach, an oíche tagtha
Géag lom ag croitheadh tar éis scréach préacháin
iarmhairt staire dorcha

*Contae san Iorua is ea Hordaland.

Strike Six / Six Points

An séipéal cloiche ar an bhfaill cois Loch Ohrid
is fearr atá sé sa bháisteach istoíche
Sa bháisteach is lú an *mhaise*
Smaoiníonn tú ar ní eile ar fad seachas an ní
a mbítear ag smaoineamh air, leanann an smaoineamh,
an t-anam tharlódh sé, leis ag déanamh torann neamhaí
i dtaobh éigin eile seachas san áit ina bhfuil tú
Éiríonn ní éigin nuair a thiteann an bháisteach go ciúin
stríoca drithleacha nó go ndeineann na doirneoga tuairt
agus osclaíonn an boladh cumhra ar nós oighinn
Is é *Petrichor* an t-ainm atá ar chumhracht na báistí
ag titim ar thalamh te tirim i rith an lae
i lár *petric poem*

Cruthaíonn sé seo míshocracht, mairimid sa stair
deineann daoine rudaí uafásacha
ar bhonn laethúil seans
is palandróm é “*du er freud*”^{*}
a scríobhann Emil, ag téacsáil dó ar a aistear tríd an Eoraip
Bíonn daoine áirithe ag gabháil don imeartas focal i gcónaí
Spúinse, ach ní cuimhin liom an chúis
Gur maith liom imeacht as radharc
Lonliness is only one's own absence
ma

Níl chiallaíonn an domhan faic nuair a deir tú é seo
Bainim triail as seift eile:
Is cuma nó glór tionscail uisce ag sileadh
An rud is breátha a fheiscint ná duine eile á fheiscint féin
An lá cheana
mhaireas ar nós taibhse ón todhchaí

^{*}Ciallaíonn sé seo “is tusa freud” ach ní palandróm é sa Ghaeilge.

Poet

Morten Langeland (b. 1986) had his debut with the critically acclaimed poetry collection *Æ e å* in 2012. In 2016 he was awarded the Stig Sæterbakken Memorial Award for promising young writers. Langeland also works as a literary critic in the norwegian left wing newspaper *Klassekampen*'s weekly literary supplement *Bokmagasinet*, and he is a part of the editorial staff at the independent publishing house H//O//F. The well read and respected daily Norwegian newspaper *Aftenposten* called him «one of our most exciting poets» in 2020. In the autumn of 2020 he published his first book of prose *Barbar*.

Aistritheoir

Colm Breathnach: File, ùrscéalaí agus aistritheoir é. Ta naoi gcnuasach filiochta foilsithe aige chomh maith le hùrscéal amhain agus aistriùcháin (i gcomhar leis an Dr. Andrea Nic Thaidhg) ar shaothar le Günter Grass.

Translator

Agnes Scott Langeland was born in Scotland and moved to Norway in 1971. Previous translations include the novel *Professor Andersen's Night* by Dag Solstad and poems by Rune Christiansen in *The Edinburgh Review* and Petter Mejlænder's book *Pushwagner*.