

# CPR

## *Resuscitating the art of Canadian poetry*

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In this special issue of Canadian Poetry Review we look at the art of translation uncovered through the project *Revealed in Translation*. Included in this anthology of poets from Quebec are an original poem (or a few) by nineteen poets, followed by two or more very different translations that each poem generated. There are varied voices speaking in the anthology: the French-speaking voices of the poets, but also the English-speaking voices of the translators, each with its limited number of elements producing a distinct and recognizable music.



*Image:* Laurent Lavaill

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# Daphnée Azoulay

## from REVEALED IN TRANSLATION

Destination soudaine  
Je soulève les cartes  
S'il faut décrire les devoirs  
Les mèches et le parfum  
La vaisselle et les premiers pas  
En quoi regarder s'étendre  
L'univers d'obscurité

My sudden purpose  
I gaze at the cards  
Imagine my duties  
Locks of hair and baby's breath  
Washing dishes and first steps  
Where am I  
At the very end

**Cristina Flores**

Sudden destination  
I grab the maps  
If we must describe our duties  
The highlights and the scent  
The dishes and the first steps  
How to view the extent  
Of a dark universe

**Niki Lambros**

Sudden destination  
I jack up the maps  
Duties must be depicted  
The fuses and the perfume  
The washing up and first cracks  
From where we watch  
The obscure universe unfurl

**Jill Varley**

L'étranger s'insère sous les branches  
Les yeux fermés  
S'étire à l'aube  
Appeler la famille  
Venue se cacher  
Épinglée sur les feuilles  
À discuter dans la cuisine détruite  
La ruelle près de l'arrêt  
En train d'épaissir  
La vie est souffrance de tous les côtés

The stranger positioned beneath the limbs  
With eyes closed  
Stretching out towards the dawn  
Calling out for family  
Coming to be hidden  
Pressed to the leaves  
Up for discussion in the destroyed mess  
The alleyway near the stop  
Growing thicker  
Life is suffering from all directions

**Alison Bowie**

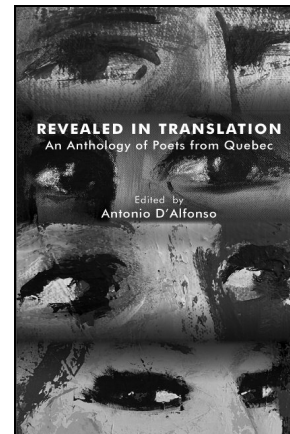
A drifter sitting underneath the branches  
Eyes closed  
Stretching out till dawn  
Gather the folks  
Came to hide  
Pinned on the leaves  
Discourse in the wrecked kitchen  
The alley before the bus stop  
Growing thick

**William Kollin**

The unknown tucks in under branches  
Eyes shut  
Stretches out until dawn  
Called the family  
They came and hid  
Fixed on papers  
Argued in the fractured kitchen  
The alley next to the stop  
Thickening  
Suffering is life and life is suffering

**Luke Major**

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Poetry  
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**Daphnée Azoulay**, born in Montreal in 1983, published her first book, *Tout près de la nuit*, in 2005. Followed *Marbre* (2014) and *Le pays volant* (2018). A student at Stanford University in California, she is an environmentalist. The poems chosen are from *Marbre* (Les Herbes rouges, 2014).



The stranger slips under the branches  
Eyes closed shut  
Stretches at dawn  
Calls out to family  
Come to hide  
Pinned on the leaves  
To discuss in the demolished kitchen  
Alleyway passes by the stop  
Getting thicker  
Life is suffering from all sides

**Claude Ouellet**

The outsider slips between the branches  
Eyes shut  
Until dawn  
A call to loved ones  
Come to hide  
Prone against the leaves  
Discussing in the kitchen's ghost  
The alleyway next to the bus stop  
Ever-growing  
Life is torment, we are cornered

**Jared Shamrock**

# Germaine Beaulieu

## from REVEALED IN TRANSLATION

ne faudrait-il pas gracier  
les vivants de leur existence  
laisser l'espace vacant

sommeil cataleptique

enfin l'âme à sa place  
objet de l'au-delà

quelle délivrance

shouldn't we forgive  
the living their existence  
leave the space vacant

cataplectic sleep

finally love has its place  
in the hereafter

what a relief

**Niki Lambros**

should the living not  
be pardoned for their existence  
leave the space vacant

cataleptic slumber

finally the soul in its place  
objet of the beyond

utter liberation

**Ellie Chu**

should we not pardon  
the living for existing  
leaving hollow space

cataleptic slumber

at last the soul where it belongs  
a piece of what's beyond

complete liberation

**Kelly Oliel**

instead shouldn't we liberate  
the living from their breathing  
disconnect shallow breath

asleep fixed seized

spirit's path found at last  
beyond belonging

what lifelessness

**Cristina Flores**

would it not be best to pardon  
the living for their existence  
leaving the space vacant

cataleptic dormancy

the soul at last in its place  
object of the hereafter

what liberation

**Pavin Parmar**

should we not pardon  
the living of their existence  
naught remain but emptiness

cataleptic sleep

the soul finds its place at last  
subject of the beyond

final liberation

**Sebastián Hernández Moya**

shouldn't we pardon  
the living of their existence  
leave the space vacant

cataleptic sleep

finally, the soul has its space  
object of other-worldliness

what deliverance

**Claude Ouellet**

Born in Montreal,  
**Germaine Beaulieu**, a  
psychologist, published her  
first book, a novel, *Sortie  
d'elle (s) mutante*, in 1980,  
and has not stopped  
publishing, mostly poetry,  
since. The poems chosen are  
taken from *Repères du  
silence* (Éditions de  
l'Hexagone, 2013).



why not absolve  
the living from existence  
clear ground

cataleptic sleep

pith of the hereafter  
the soul is home at last

released

**Susannah Rubin**

shouldn't we overturn  
these life sentences  
and free up the cells

insentient sleep

the soul freed at last  
to rise above

exoneration

**Jill Varley**

why can't we release  
the living from living  
free up the space

deepest of sleep

and the soul back where it belongs  
above, beyond

what grace

**Frances Pope**

# Louise Bouchard

## from REVEALED IN TRANSLATION

In 1989 **Louise Bouchard** won the Grand Prix du *Journal de Montréal* for *L'Inséparable* and, in 2007, the Prix de poésie de la revue Estuaire for *Entre les mondes*. She lives in Montreal. The poems are taken from *Personne et le soleil* (Les Herbes rouges, 2015).



### Ceux-là aussi

Sans autre passion que l'angoisse  
Avec ce pitoyable effort  
Tenir  
Comment oseront-ils parler  
Dire comme c'est beau  
Ils ont perdu la clé des saisons fastes  
Les moribonds  
Qui tardent à nous apaiser s'épuisent  
Nous éprouvent à vouloir dire  
De quel droit et pourquoi  
Quand on a tant souffert  
Dire c'est beau  
Par le rôle  
Insupportable  
Dernier signe de  
C'est beau  
Sûrement prendra forme  
Dans la tête des témoins  
D'heure en heure plus épris du terme  
Compassion  
L'idée d'abrégé le temps

### Those ones too

Nothing to feel but anguish  
and it's all we can do  
to hold on.

How dare they talk of beauty?  
They've forgotten their blessings.  
Their dying wish is  
to silence us.

They push us to the limit  
with infernal questions  
who has the right  
and why  
when we have suffered so?

To talk of beauty  
heartwrenching  
last words.  
Beauty's in their eyes  
beholding  
breathless for the end.

Kindness  
puts a stop.

**Frances Pope**

### Even So

Single-minded agony  
Bleakly determined  
To hold on  
Who dares to speak  
Say oh how beautiful  
The dying  
Shut out of lavish seasons  
Slow to soothe us wilt  
Blight us with their longing  
To ask what right and why  
Having suffered  
Say how beautiful  
Under the aching  
Rattle  
Last sign of  
How beautiful  
And the idea blooms  
In bystanding minds  
By each hour more eagerly  
Compassionate  
To move things along

**Susannah Rubin**

### Those ones too

With no emotion but anguish  
With this heart-rending effort  
Of holding on  
How dare you speak  
Of this as beautiful  
They have lost the key to better times  
The dying  
Who waste away through delays to soothe us  
They force us to want to say  
when one has suffered so  
what right and reason could you have  
To call this beautiful  
By the last  
Unbearable rasp  
The final sign  
Of *beautiful*  
The witnesses grow thoughtful  
The notion of curtailing time  
They are ever more moved by the word  
Compassion

**Jill Varley**

### Hier et aujourd'hui

Viendras-tu cueillir les mûres  
Et creuser la couleur du soir  
Jusqu'aux mots les plus justes  
J'ai peur désormais  
D'être seule avec le couchant  
Ses signes et ses ombres  
Nous l'avons aimé autrefois  
Dans sa superbe indifférence  
Lui qui n'avait pas un regard pour nous

### Yesterday and Today

Will you harvest the ripened  
And unearth the colour of night  
To these truthful words  
Henceforth I fear  
Solitude in the twilight  
Its signs and its shadows  
We had once loved  
With his exalted apathy  
He does not even look our way

**Ellie Chu**

### Yesterday and Today

Will you come to pluck the berries  
And delve into the evening's colour  
Until you find the right words?  
Now I am afraid  
Of solitude under the twilight  
Symbols and shadows  
We once used to love  
The indifferent arrogance  
That wouldn't cast its eye upon us

**Sebastián Hernández Moya**

# Phillippe Haeck

## from REVEALED IN TRANSLATION

### Une Feuille Bleue

J'ai un père avec un visage de cafetière cabossée. Il est un peu vieux : ses yeux tout petits sont comme tristes. Non, dit-il, regarde-les un peu plus longtemps. Et c'est vrai : quelque chose rit dans le brun de ses yeux. Souvent le soir, assis sur une petite chaise, la main caressant sa barbe, il lit des poèmes ; il dit que ça aide ses yeux à briller. Parfois il dessine ou m'écrit de petites lettres. Je ne comprends pas tout, mais je suis content quand sous mon oreiller il y a une feuille bleue pliée en quatre.

### Feeling in Blue

My father's face a bent-up Buick. He is mildly old, with eyes child-size, sad. No, he says, look into them and take your time this time. Truth: there is laughter in the brown of his eyes. Most nights, while sitting on a small chair, his hand caressing his beard, he reads poems; says it feeds the spark in his eyes. Sometimes he draws or writes me short letters. I don't always understand, but I'm happy to find under my pillow a feeling in blue the four-fold way.

### Cristina Flores

### A Page of Blue

My father has the face of a battered coffee pot. He is a bit old: his small eyes are a little sad. No, says he, look at them a little longer. Very true: something is sparkling with laughter, in his brown eyes. Often in the evening, sitting on a little chair and stroking his beard, he would read poetry; he says it helps his eyes to sparkle. Sometimes he draws or writes me short letters. I do not understand everything completely, but I am happy when I find, under my pillow and folded in four, a page of blue.

### Claude Ouellet

### Blue Pages

My father has a face that resembles a dented coffeepot. He's a bit old: there's a sadness of sorts in his tiny eyes. "No," he says, "look into them a little longer." And it's true: there's a kind of laughter in the brown of his irises. In the evening, sitting in his little chair, stroking his beard, he often reads poetry; he says it helps his eyes to shine. Sometimes he draws or writes me little letters. I don't always understand everything, but it brings me joy when I find one of those blue pages folded in four under my pillow.

### Jared Shamrock

Je suis un homme-femme ayant envie de ressemblances, un adulte-adolescent dessinant des cercles de lumières amies. Dans la forêt des voix, le chant illumine tout : au milieu de l'hiver on y a des pensées d'été, au milieu des inquiétudes on y a des moments d'apaisement. Là, nous chuchotons visage contre visage, nos bouches, nos oreilles se touchent presque. La grandeur d'un livre tient à sa quantité de soleil et de nuit. Il y a plusieurs lecteurs en moi : un enfant voyant lutins et ogres, un adolescent ne se laissant pas abattre par un monde-prison, une femme enceinte baignant dans le mystère de la création, un adulte tolérant, un homme aimant l'étude, scrutant le labyrinthe des pensées, une femme ne raturant pas l'amour, un vieil homme content de sentir le soleil sur sa peau, un chroniqueur racontant des expériences de lecture, une oreille verte ouverte à la joie de lire pour lire.

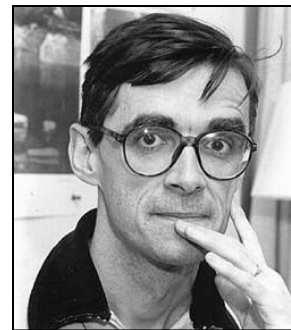
I am a man-woman yearning for similarities, an adult-adolescent tracing circles of warm light. In the forest of voices, all is illuminated through song: mid-winter, summer is on our minds, amidst concern are moments of calm. There, we whisper, cheek against cheek, our mouths and ears nearly touching. A book's greatness lies in its accounts of day and of night. Within me, a myriad of readers: a child who sees elves and ogres, an adolescent who hasn't been broken by a prison-world, a pregnant woman grappling with the mystery of creation, an accepting adult, a man with a love of learning and losing himself in a labyrinth of thoughts, a woman who has not ruled out love, an elderly man happy to feel the sun's warmth on his skin, a writer sharing a reading experience, a set of eyes and ears open to the pleasure of reading for reading's sake.

### Kelly Oliel

I am an androgyne, wanting striking resemblances, I am an emerging adult, drawing auras. The song illuminates everything in the forest of voices: we think of summer in the middle of winter, we calm down for a moment in the middle of our worries. Here we whisper face to face, our mouths and ears almost touching. The size of a book is the amount of sun and night it takes in. There are many readers in me: a child looking at goblins and ogres, a teen keeping their spirits up in a prison-world, a pregnant woman bathing in the mystery of creation, an adult turning a blind eye, a man loving to learn, examining the labyrinth of thoughts, a woman not giving up on love, an old man happy to feel the sun on his skin, a chronicler narrating the experiences of reading, an inexperienced ear open to the joy of reading just to read.

### Pavin Parmar

Philippe Haeck was born in 1946 and claims to have discovered writing in 1973. He has authored many books of prose poetry. Two books have been published in English (translated by Antonio D'Alfonso): *The Clarity of Voices: Selected Poems 1974-1981* (1985) and *Tell me what moves you* (2020). The poems are from *Pourquoi lis-tu au milieu de la nuit* (Éditions de l'Hexagone, 2011).



Être pauvre : ne prétendre à rien, ne rien réclamer, ne pas craindre le vide, remercier si on nous donne quoi que ce soit, n'avoir rien d'autre à perdre que la liberté d'aimer. Ce qui est beau, c'est être là où je suis, être soi tout en s'oubliant pour aller vers les autres, dire oui à qui se croit perdu, à qui veut me trouver, prendre le temps d'embrasser la vie doucement, longuement, profondément, les yeux ouverts.

To be poor—no aspirations, no demands, no fear of nothingness, grateful for anything I am given, nothing to lose but the ability to love. Beauty is living in the present, being, yet forgetting myself when reaching out to others, accepting those who feel lost, who want to find me, taking time to embrace life gently, greatly, deeply, with eyes wide open.

### Kelly Oliel

To be poor: no pretense, no requests, no fear of emptiness, be thankful all the time, nothing to lose but the freedom of love. What's beautiful is to be here, be yourself all the while forgetting yourself so as to embrace others, say yes to those who think they are lost, to those who wish to find me, take the time to love life softly, deeply, profoundly, eyes wide open.

### Claude Ouellet

# Dominique Lauzon

## from REVEALED IN TRANSLATION

Je fus une éternité  
dans l'ombre d'un doute  
désaccordé du monde  
et paré d'une intimité de braise  
semblable aux encres premières  
qui ont porté jusqu'à cet aurore  
l'effacement continu du désir  
dans la foulée d'un vertige  
à faire douter de la solidité de l'air  
Pour s'éloigner des anciens rituels  
il faut renaître à contresens des douleurs  
Ta présence est un don  
dans les cérémonies du simple  
Revoici le tumulte du plaisir sur la langue

I spent forever  
in the doubting shadow  
out of tune with the world  
embraced by embers  
like those first black words  
that spent the night  
killing desire until dawn  
in the aftermath of a spell  
that cast doubt on air's existence  
To escape the ingrained ways  
rise again away from pain  
You have blessed  
our simple ceremonies  
Yearning returns for one more bite

**Jill Varley**

I spent an eternity  
in the shadows of doubt  
in discord with the world  
arrayed with ember intimacy  
like the writings of old  
which bestow the dawn  
with a constant deletion of desire  
in the wake of vertigo  
casting doubt on the soundness of air  
To leave behind the ancient rituals  
we must rise against the pain  
Your presence is a gift  
in our everyday ceremonies  
The uproar of pleasure reborn on my tongue

**Sebastián Hernández Moya**

Puis je pense à marcher  
dans les jardins de ton rire  
à chaque pas j'y entends  
les morcellements de mon souffle  
se brisant sur le granit des certitudes

Then I thought about strolling  
in the garden of your smile  
walking to the sound  
of my fragmented breath  
crashing against the reefs of certitude

**Sebastián Hernández Moya**

I was an eternity  
in the shadow of doubt  
untuned from the world  
cut off from smouldering intimacy  
like the rawness of ink  
that door until this dawn  
a constant erasure of desire  
then a leap into vertigo  
and I doubt the solidity of air  
To escape ancient rituals  
we must be reborn in a sense not of pain  
Your presence is a gift  
in our simple ceremonies  
We revisit the tumult of joy on the tongue

**Niki Lambros**

Then I think a walk  
In your laughter's garden  
With each step I hear  
Pieces of my breath  
Shatter against granite certainty

**Luke Major**

Dans la fluide lumière de ta présence  
j'accepte de plonger  
pour épurer les silences  
des rumeurs ininterrompues  
qui biaisaient l'interprétation  
des nombreux aphorismes  
J'hésite à l'orée de cet univers  
aux degrés variables selon l'angle du cœur  
— là où rien n'a de nom encore  
et rien ne fait jamais  
que commencer

Born in Montreal,  
**Dominique Lauzon** worked  
as an editor for the literary  
magazine, *Exit*. He has  
published close to a dozen  
poetry books. His poetry has  
been translated and  
published in Mexico. The  
poems are from *Lettre du  
cœur et autres paysages* (Les  
Écrits des Forges, 2013).



In the radiance of your presence  
I take the plunge  
to purge the silences  
of the unceasing rumours  
that skew the interpretation  
of numerous aphorisms  
I hesitate at the edge of this universe  
Swaying to and fro per my wavering heart  
— a place where naught has yet a name  
and naught is ever done  
but to begin

**Ellie Chu**

In the flow of your luminous presence  
I agree to plunge  
to distill the silence  
of the continuous rumours  
that taint interpretation  
with many aphorisms  
I ponder at the edge of this Universe  
unceasingly following my heart's desire  
— where nothing has been named yet  
and everything is forever  
beginning

**Sebastián Hernández Moya**

In the radiant aura of your presence  
I accept to dive (or go deep)  
to purify the silence  
of the continuous murmurs  
which equivocate the interpretation  
of many aphorisms  
I pause at the edge of this universe  
to varying degrees depending on the heart's point of view  
— there where nothing is yet named  
and nothing is made  
but beginnings

**William Kollin**

# Roxane Desjardins

## from REVEALED IN TRANSLATION

Born in Montreal, **Roxane Desjardins** published *Ciseaux* in 2015. *Cannibale maison* (co-written with Simone Finken) won the Expozine Award. The poems are from *Ciseaux* (Les Herbes rouges, 2014).



cela déboule autour d'une idée interminable :  
l'accalmie vivace  
ravaler l'envie  
céder aux hivers qui nous ignorent  
je deviens hirondelle scindée quiscaille bronzé  
chemin de croix des échos de tes éboulements  
émeraude équinoxe splendeur scandée  
une volonté violente qui prendrait mon ventre pour  
un bâton de pluie

### Completion

an endless thought brings it crashing down:  
the lull of longevity  
withhold the longing  
surrender to the winters that ignore us  
I become split between swallow grackle  
the Way of Sorrows echoes of your failures

emerald equinox segmented splendour  
a vicious volition that plays my stomach like  
a rainstick

Ellie Chu

### Expiration

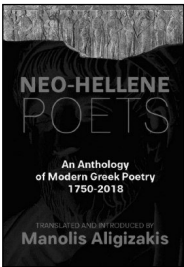
and so this is born of an undying emotion:  
o perennial calm  
repress our desire  
to submit to winter's oblivion  
I become two swallows, a not-so-black bird  
my way of sorrows echoing, crumbling  
the emerald equinox of your imposing incantation  
brands devotion in the pit of my stomach  
acclimation

Cristina Flores

### Match Point

The burgeoning of a relentless idea:  
the perennial lull  
swallowing desire  
relenting to winters we don't understand  
I become split swallow, common grackle  
Your landslides carve a canyon through Christ-like pain  
emerald equinox staccato splendour  
violent volition thunders deep in my belly  
the rush of a rain stick

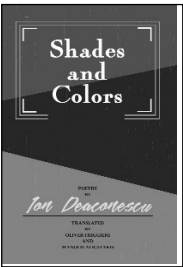
Jill Varley



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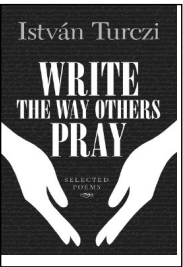
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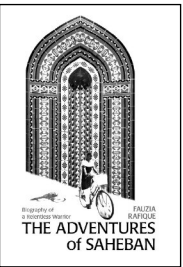
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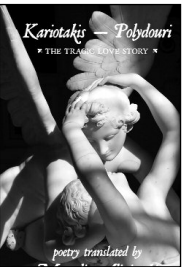
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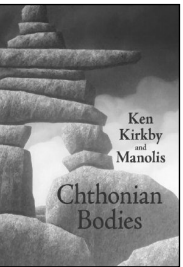
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### Cthonian Bodies

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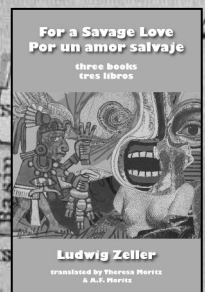
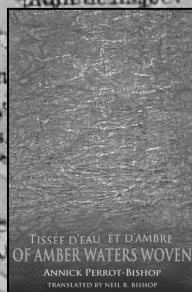
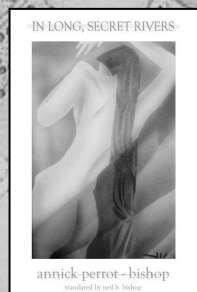
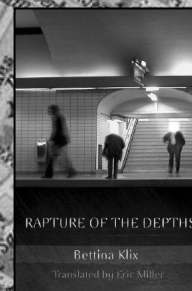
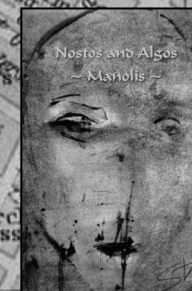
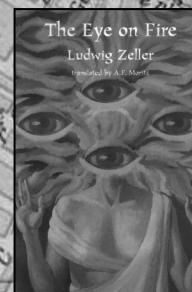
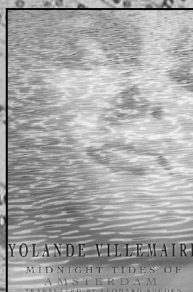
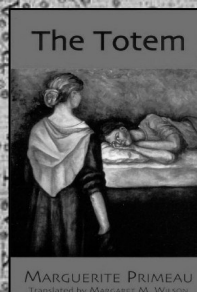
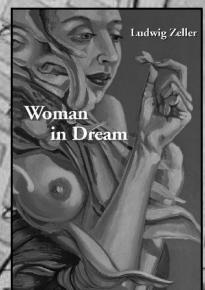
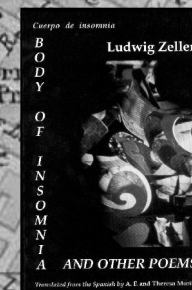
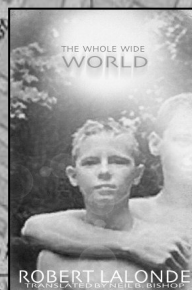
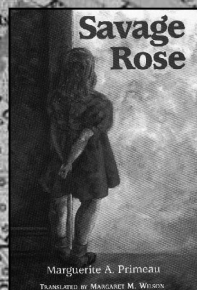
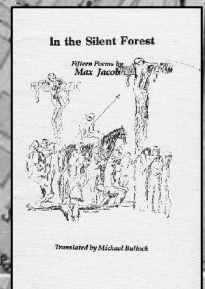
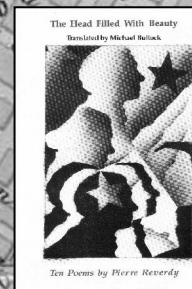
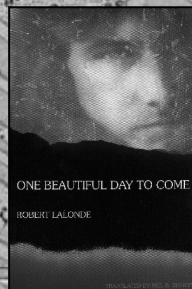
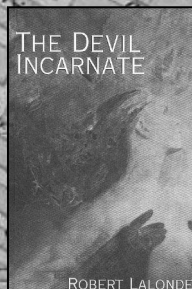




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