

Five poems / Cinco poemas

Louis Cabri

Trans. by Isaac Xubín

Louis Cabri is author of the poetry books *The Mood Embosser* (Coach House Books), *Poetryworld* (CUE), and *Posh Lust* (New Star Books). He has written essays on poets including Bruce Andrews, Jackson Mac Low, Roy Miki, Catriona Strang, Fred Wah, Lissa Wolsak, among others, and teaches literary theory, U.S. and Canadian poetry and poetics, and creative writing at the University of Windsor.

Isaac Xubín is a Galician poet and translator. He has received numerous awards for his creative writing, including the Poetry Award from the Universidade de Vigo for *Lisboa* (2004), the Lorenzo Baleirón award for *Con gume de folla húmida* (2010), and more recently the Manuel Lueiro Rey Poetry Award (2017) for *A caencia da fractura*. He has also published short stories and novels. He compiled the first bilingual dictionary Galician-Basque and has translated, among others, the anthology *Sete poetas vascos* (awarded with the Loís Tobío prize, 2013) and *Tempo de exilio* by Joseba Sarrionandia, (Etxepare award, 2015).

Louis Cabri é autor de *The Mood Embosser* (Coach House Books), *Poetryworld* (CUE) e *Posh Lust* (New Star Books). Ten numerosos ensaios sobre a poesía de Bruce Andrews, Jackson Mac Low, Roy Miki, Catriona Strang, Fred Wah, Lissa Wolsak, entre outros. Ensiña teoría literaria, poesía e poética estadounidense e canadense, e escrita creativa na University of Windsor.

Isaac Xubín é poeta, narrador e tradutor en lingua galega. Como poeta cómpre salientar os premiados *Lisboa* (Premio de poesía da Universidade de Vigo, 2004), *Con gume de folla húmida* (XXIV edición do Lorenzo Baleirón, 2010), e máis recentemente *A caencia da fractura* (Premio de poesía Manuel Lueiro Rey 2017). Escribe tamén relatos e novelas. Elaborou o dicionario bilingüe galego-éuscaro e entre as súas traducións destacan a antoloxía *Sete poetas vascos* e *Tempo de exilio*, de Joseba Sarrionandia, polos que gañou os premios de tradución Loís Tobío (2013) e Etxepare (2015) respectivamente.

The Interaction of Semiotic Complaints

And farmers will harvest boots and coats.
—*Louis-Bronze et le Saint-Simonien: Parodie de Louis XI*

To grow
food on

shoes (whose
to choose?) – plan was

think outside
the wrap (of

course, since, just think
outside the

bun – lineation,
too! – had

“instantly managed
to position it [TacoBell]

against hamburgers”) but
inside the

atmosphere –
“wrap the *intelligence*

around
the *policy*”

A interacción das queixas semióticas

And farmers will harvest boots and coats.
—*Louis-Bronze et le Saint-Simonien: Parodie de Louis XI*

Para crecer
alimenta

calzado (cal
escollo?)- o plan foi

pensar máis aló
do envoltorio (por

suposto, dende que, simplemente pensa
máis aló do

pan - aliñación,
abonda! - xestionou

“Inmediatamente moveuse
para situala [TacoBell]

contra as hamburguesas”) pero
dentro da

atmósfera -
“envolve a *intelixencia*

ao redor
da *planificación*”

all their patience gone

I'm like a bir-rd, sta-andin'
on a french fry –
rehearsed through February

bewore the purse clips of March
yet thirsted broke
down next calendar month

*Warning: This rogue ram may contain horse
Language that is unbridled to some
Herders. They came like crazy people, Platero!*

purchased rhyme dictionary May
days versed happily after June flies, landlots for sale, sun
averse by July poetry

plural added to mass noun
despised it & cursed even August
for its name

burst September by the beers of
The Angry Spider, sat
crouchiform & wet

myself laughing, the scribbler from Sarnia whose never
had been there, Sarnia
that word, so curl in the mouths of words

pulled the worsted over eyes Romney
sheep to October north folk
you're a Bain Capital

no, you are, *touché*, reversed
position November
poetry perfectly "grey cats" cast

perversion December
hot N holy family neon
ate glare inert

deck chairs neigh
bours' whoa, Nelly! built yard to admire January
poutine & gulls found in parking lots anywhere goes

new geography
transpired while
songwriting for the hometown mall, for the clothing chains

Marchoulles toda a paciencia

Son coma un pax-aro, en p-é
sobre unha pataca fritida
ensaiada ao longo de febreiro

levou os alfinetes de marzo
pero esfolado pola sede
abaixo o seguinte mes do calendario

*Advertencia: este carneiro pode conter linguaxe
de cabalo que é vai sen renda para algúns
Pastores. Veñen coma tolos, Platero!*

dicionario mercado en maio
días en verso felizmente tras as moscas de xuño, terreos á venda, sol
remiso á poesía de xullo

o plural engadido ao substantivo incontable
o desprezo e mesmo maldiciu agosto
polo seu nome

rompeu setembro á altura das cervexas
da Angry Spider, sentado
flexiforme e mexei por riba

de min, rindo, o poeta do carallo de Sarnia quen nunca
estivo alí, Sarnia
esta palabra, envólvetes nas bocas das palabras

tirou o estambre sobre os ollos de Romney
ovellas até outubro xente do norte
es unha empresa de activos financeiros

non, *touché*, a posición
revirada de novembro
poesía perfectamente 'gatos grises' déronche o papel

Decembro perversión
quente e sagrada familia neon
comeu brillo gas inerte

as hamacas veci
ños, uau, Nelly! construíu un patio para admirar xaneiro
poutine e gaivotas atopadas en calquera aparcamento vai a calquera parte

nova xeografía
aconteceu mentres
escribía cancións para o centro comercial, para as cadeas de roupa

The Starbucks Nihilists Ate the Star-Spangled Poutinistes (in Self-Help As & Bs)

#1.

(A & B speak without the raised inflection of the question-mark and in an identical manner – flat intonation – as if simulating rudimentary computer speech-synthesizers.)

A What you ok about. (*Pause.*)

B Nothing. (*Pause.*) You. (*Pause.*)

A You. (*Pause.*)

B I'm nothing. (*Pause.*)

A I'm ok with nothing. (*Pause.*)

B We ok with everything then. (*Pause.*)

A Not ok with that. (*Pause.*)

B What you ok about. (*Pause.*)

A Told you. (*Pause.*)

B Wait. (*Pause.*) Nothing. (*Pause.*)

A You. (*Pause.*)

B Ok. (*Pause.*) I suppose. (*Pause.*)

~ *Musical-numbers interlude.* ~

#2.

(Animated voices.)

A (*Enunciates as equally poem and advertisement.*)

NO PUNCTUATION NEED APPLY

to 5.95—

period's a decimal point:

quite different!

B 5.95?

A See inside 5.95—period's a decimal point: quite different! See inside! See?

B 3.44?

A 3.44!

B 14.56!

A 14.56.

~ *Musical-numbers interlude.* ~

#3.

B Or 2.29.

A 2.29... Wait, did you say 14.56?!

B 14.56!

A Wow, I didn't realize. The exclamation nails it.

B The one-eighty.

A That's a good one.

B Money Mart next...

A ... Next to Starbucks...

B ... Opposite Windsor Beauty...

A & B (*Rapturously*) ... Sup-plier-s!...

A ... Parking...

B ... Lots. And lots... Home Depot, Walmart...

A ... Empty Rona building...

B That's a good one.

A It's Starbucks... (*Realizes*) Oh my Gordie Howe Bridge...!

B Debit!

A The Starbucks Nihilists have it!... have EATen...

A & B ... the Star-Spangled Poutinistes!——

(*Pause.*)

B. Debit.

~ *Musical-numbers interlude.* ~

#4.

B 9:45.

A That's right.

B Gotta go.

A 11/16.

B That's right.

A Gotta go.
B That's right.
A 2016.
B That's right.
A Gotta go.
B Gotta go.
A Gotta go.

~ Musical-numbers extro. ~

End

Os nihilistas do Starbucks comeron os putinistas das barras e estrelas (Coa axuda de A e B)

A Que é o que che parece ben?
B Nada. E ti?
A Ti.
B Eu non son nada.
A Paréceme ben nada.
B Daquela parécenos ben todo?
A Iso non me parece ben.
B Que che parece ben.
A Díxencho.
B Agarda. Nada?
A Ti.
B Paréceme ben, supoño.
A NON CÓMPRE PUNTUACIÓN PARA 5,95— o periodo é un decimal: que diferenca!
B 5,95?
A Ves?
B 3,44?
A 3,44.
B 14,56...
A Ou 14,56.
B Ou 2,29.
A 2,29... Agarda, 14,56?!
B 14,56! Vaia, non me decatara. Éo todo a exclamación.
A 1,90.
B Esa éche boa.
A A compañía de servizos financeiros ao carón do...
B ... ao carón do Starbucks...
A ... fronte á tenda Windsor...
B ... Windsor Beauty...
A ... aparcamento...
B ... aparcamentos e aparcamentos...
A ... Home Depot, Walmart...
B ... e o edificio baleiro da Rona...
A O impacto da esencia.
B Débito!
A Esa éche boa.
B Oh miña querida ponte Gordie Howe—éche o Starbucks...
A ...os nihilistas do Starbucks... comeron...
A & B ... comeron...os putinistas das barras e estrelas!

Taskmasters

I'm *asking* you
you're asking *me*
I'm *asking* you
you're asking *me*
I'm *asking* you
you're asking *me*
I am *asking* you
to *ask* you to
ask *you*
to *ask* you
to ask
you to
ask you to
ask you
to *ask*
you to ask
you're asking *you*
you're asking
you to ask
asking *you*
you're asking *you*
you to ask
you're asking
asking *you*
you to
ask you
to ask *you* to

ask you I am
asking you
to ask you
get it?
you're asking *me*
no, *you're* asking
get it?
you're asking *you* you're
asking
you're asking *you*
get it?
you're asking *me*
no, you're asking *you* you're
asking
I'm asking you

Supervisores

Estou a *pedir*che
Estás a pedir*me*
Estou a *pedir*che
Estás a pedir*me*
Estou a *pedir*che
Estás a pedir*me*
Estou a *pedir*che
que *pidas*
que *te pida*
que *pidas*
que *te pida*
*pído*che que
pidas
que *pida*
a ti que pidas
estás a pedir *ti*
estás a pedir
ti a pedir
estás a pedir*te*
estás a pedir
ti pides
estás a pedir*te*
estás a pedir *ti*
a ti a
pedir te
que *tu* pidas que

pídocho estou
a pedirche
que te pidas
entendes?
estás a pedir *me*
non, *ti estás* a pedir
entendes?
estás a pedir*te* estás
a pedirte
estás a pedircho
entendes?
estás a pedir*me*
non, estás a pedirte ti estás
a pedir
estou a pedirche

Correcto lines toward a salt shaker

Not *made* of slaves, bad taste to say it?
sits in scratchworks
on the table

thing in
a throng—an idiom (too far?)—
of breakfasters,

sing
a song of tupper
wares ago. To say it that way! *Thing with lines*

leaves no lines showing
how parts snapped on some
place

else that can't be seen
through seams—no parts apart (too far?), the thing *englobed*
by company

& is ignored: you shake it.
A thing-alone's (toothless
song?!) sightlines visible

for this company
of strangers as what makes
them

strange to each other. —I'd have hoped
to have painted that, an eye's
wound thinking

it, its
thing, modern
organ

say it, no paella but in thpain
in short
no e

no space
no pan but in
ugh!

Liñas de vision cara ao saleiro

Non está feito de escravos mal gusto para dicilo?
senta en bosquexo
sobre a mesa

pensa
unha morea—un idiotismo (lonxe de máis?)—
de almorzadores,

canta
unha canción de hai tupper-
-Wares. Para dicilo deste xeito! *A cousa con liñas*

Non deixa liñas que se vexan
O xeito en que as partes rompen por algún
lugar

Ese que non pode ser visto
a través das costuras —non hai partes a parte (lonxe de máis?), a *cousa envolta*
pola compañía

e é ignorada: méxelo ti
a cousa en si mesma (unha canción
desdentada?!) a visibilidade dende as cadeiras

para esta compañía
de estraños como os fai
a eles

estraños entre eles. —gustárame
ter pintado iso, a ferida
dun ollo a pensar

iso, a súa
cousa, órgano
moderno

díó, non paella pero n-tixola
abreviado
non n

non hai sitio
non tixola pero na
Oh!