



Universiteit Antwerpen  
| Faculteit Letteren  
en Wijsbegeerte

# Middag van de poëzie

21 februari 2025



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# Maud Vanhauwaert



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# Tanja Mortelmans

# Het waaien voor de bui - Lieke Marsman

Er is een onontgonnen wereld van natuur  
waarin ik nog geen damhert van ree onderscheid  
en in de stad weet ik weer niet welke cantate we horen

niet eens de naam te herkennen maar toch  
In ieder geval de sopraanstem, de sporen. Nee  
elk knaagdier is voor mij de eerste keer zo'n dier  
nooit eerder gezien, want ik lette niet op

er zijn zoveel dingen die we niet weten  
of weer vergeten (zoals dat het gaat waaien voor de bui)  
het is welbeschouwd een wonder dat het leven als geheel  
wel indruk maakt, zo'n zonneklare afdruk achterlaat.

Winds blowing before the rain  
There is an unexplored world of nature  
in which I cannot yet tell a fallow deer from a roe  
and in the city again I do not know which cantata we are hearing

not even recognising the name but still  
At least the soprano voice, the tracks. No  
every rodent is for me the first time such an animal  
never seen before because I wasn't paying attention

there are so many things we don't know  
or forget again (like that it will start blowing before the rain)  
it's kind of a miracle that life as a whole  
does make an impression, leaves such a clear imprint.



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# Mahlu Mertens

# Slordig – Mahlu Mertens

## Slordig

Ik ben mijn moedertaal verloren. Roekeloos  
was ik met mijn woorden, plaveide er op volle pleinen  
stiltes mee, plakte ze over de zwarte vegen  
in brieven die we kregen van mijn neven.  
Alsof de voorraad veilig was.

Later smokkelde ik haar de grens over, nog intact,  
verpakt in bubbeltjesplastic. Kinderliedjes en koosnaampjes  
in eierdozen onder mijn oksels. Zo hield ik ze warm,  
als deeg dat rijst op je buik.

Onderweg begon het. Zachte woorden bleven hangen  
aan grensovergangen van prikkeldraad. Geneurie  
overschreef teksten die ik niet meer zong. Steeds stiller  
stelde ik mezelf gerust, tot mijn lippen een vissenbek waren.

Hier aangekomen sloot ik de taal op  
in mijn mond, mijn speeksel conserveerwater.  
Als een bange moeder hield ik haar binnen. Niet op straat!  
Het klimaat was te ruw, te koud. Slijtageweer.

De wind kroop door de kieren tussen mijn kiezen,  
bracht vreemde woorden binnen. Ik stopte er  
de gaten in mijn zinnen mee. De gaten sleten uit,  
jullie taal sleet in. Nu hoor ik door mijn gsm mijn moeders stem  
in woorden waar alle begrip uit is weggelekt.

## Sloppy

I lost my mother tongue. Reckless  
was I with my words, paved silences with them  
on full squares, pasted them over the black bars  
in letters we got from my cousins.  
Like the stock was save.

Later I smuggled her over the border, still intact  
packed in plastic bubble wrap. Nursery rhymes and pet names  
in egg cartons under my ampits. That's how I kept her warm,  
like dough rising on your stomach.

It started en route. Soft words stuck to  
borders made from barbed wire. Humming  
overwrote lyrics I no longer sang. More and more  
silently I reassured myself, until my lips were a fish mouth.

After arriving here, I locked the language  
in my mouth, my spit preservative water.  
Like a scared mother I kept her inside. Don't go into the street!  
The climate was too rough, too cold. Wear weather.

The wind crept through the cracks between my teeth,  
bringing in foreign words. I used them to darn  
the holes in my sentences. As the holes grew bigger,  
your language grew on me. Now I hear my mother's voice on my phone  
in words drained of understanding.



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# Miftahul Huda

# Harus bagaimana aku memahamimu? – Miftahul Huda

Kau yang terlampau pintar  
atau aku terlalu naif?

Kau bawa demokrasi dalam konvensi  
namun kau acuhkan suara yang tak kau sukai.  
Kau khotbahkan kemanusiaan  
namun kau biarkan tubuh-tubuh berserakan  
di tanah yang kau rebut atas nama pembalasan.

Kau yang terlampau pintar  
atau aku yang terlalu naif?

Kau kisahkan kepahlawanan  
namun kau selimutkan penjajahan  
Gemuruh peluru yang bernyanyi merdu  
dan tank-tank ramah penjaga perdamaian  
Membidik setiap rumah –  
atas nama ketertiban

Are you overly smart  
or am I too naïve?

You shout of democracy in the decree  
yet muffle the voices you don't wish to see.  
You preach of human grace  
but leave the dead in every place  
on land you steal for your race.

Are you overly smart  
or am I too naïve?

You tell me stories of brave and bold  
yet hide the chains in the tales you told  
Bullets hum a melodious song  
and tanks of peace glide along  
Pointing at homes with a courteous grin—  
in the name of order within



Ku lihat penjajahan, kau bilang konflik tak berkesudahan.  
Ku saksikan pembunuhan, kau bilang perburuan.  
Ku lihat pembantaian, kau bilang itu ketaksengajaan.  
Ku yakini subversi, kau bilang hanyalah pembelaan diri.

Harus bagaimana aku memahamimu?

Kau serukan keadilan,  
namun kau tetapkan pemenang sebelum perundingan.  
Kau tangisi korbanmu,  
namun kau rayakan letupan senjatamu.  
Pada negeri yang kau invasi  
atas nama fantasi hak asasi

Pengusiran kau sebut relokasi  
Tangisan kau bilang ilusi  
Nyawa melayang kau cibir mereka cari simpati  
Rudal terbang kau anggap kembang api

I see oppression, you call it a feud.  
I see the hunted, you call them pursued.  
I see the slain, you say it's a mistake.  
I see rebellion, you say it's for peace's sake.

How can I ever understand you?

You call for justice, yet fix the score  
before the talks reach the floor.  
You mourn the dead with a tearful face,  
while firing rounds without a trace.  
You claim invasion is liberty's plea  
a dream you've forged of rights run free

You name eviction as a relocation  
Tears are dismissed as an illusion  
Each fading life, you shrug away  
While rockets bloom like a child's display

Harus bagaimana aku memahamimu?

Mungkin aku perlu membunuh nuraniku

Membungkam suara hati

Mebutakan mata

Menulikan telinga

Agar kutahu apa yang kau mau

How can I ever understand you?

Maybe I should kill my soul

Mute the whisper of my heart and lose control

Blind my eyes to all I see

Deafen my ears to their silent plea

So I can learn what you want to be



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# Ramzi Salem

# A Body of Nakedness

On this night, my dear, we follow the trail of torn stars, with no fear of lightning, no fear that the sky will fall upon us. We sew our sorrows with church candles, thread them into a shawl of patience, and sip our features with a glass of yesterday's wine, then bury them in the wet clay, hoping one day they'll sprout a house of memory.

On this night, my dear, our hearts spill out like weary shells, flowing with sea foam. Our blood mixes with the salt of tears, and we beget another child, to be a stone in the slingshot of the wind, and a narcissus that follows the footsteps of the sun, far from the surrealism of a coffin.

On this night, my dear, we clothe ourselves in each other. You become my soft coat— gentle, and comforting, like my mother's prayers, wrapped around me to keep me from melting, until I'm a mummy in the tent's pyramid, to be resurrected when the war ends or to witness the panic of the plain. And I become your wide, warm bed— cozy, embroidered with jasmine, big enough for all your exhausted thoughts, where you can lay your body down and sleep, without fearing the sea's scorpions or its vengeance.

On this night, my dear, the cold gnaws our bones like a ravenous dog that has run out of corpses to devour. Black waves engulf us as a light snack, filling the gaps between their teeth. On this night, my dear, gulls cut off heads and feast on them, spiders abandon their webs, and we seek shelter in their threads. On this night, my dear, the persecuted distances choke, the air kills itself amid fields of wheat, and gunpowder might become a mirror where we see fate more clearly.

On this night, my dear, our habits shatter before our eyes, and we won't be able to retrieve them. We won't ask God for rain, or for night to fall with its songs. We won't light scented candles and dance impatiently around them. Instead, these candles will become a homeland, painting our silhouettes on the tent's walls, multiplying us in warmth and number. We won't fill our cups with colorful drinks; they'll become caves where cockroaches take shelter, fleeing the stampede of bare feet.

On this night, my dear, everything will hurt— except one thing: Death— and though it will not change its habits nor pity a body stripped bare, dripping with mud in a fabric nest, and though it will not lose its way in the vast maze where tents are lined up like rows of shrouds, on this night, my dear, death will come— swift, light, barefoot, intoxicated, dreaming,

we won't sense it, we won't hear it. We won't bleed until our veins turn white, we won't scream until our voices are hanged. We will die instantly, without feeling anything. Isn't that what you always asked for, my dear?

On this night, my dear, nothing is worth mentioning. It's just another night where we die, as usual, unnoticed, as usual.

# I didn't survive the war

I still remember that night so clearly  
when the wind became a dagger,  
the night's cockroach a wolf,  
the bird a fly,  
the room's window a mine,  
and the ceiling a trap  
that might close around my chest,  
my throat, my nose  
at any moment, and drown me  
in an orange sky  
with every shell that falls.

My hands tremble,  
under a winter blanket,  
through a scorching summer.  
My eyes are bloody,  
mauled by saltwater.  
My body is not my own:  
stolen by fear and turned to dust,  
waiting to merge with the rubble,  
to return to where it belongs,  
to its home and haven,  
with every shell that falls.

Now ten years have passed  
since the last wars, the first torments.  
I still remember those nights  
in the summer of July 2014,  
which became scars on my belly,  
which console every gray hair that invades my head,  
piercing the dark flesh of my skin,  
and cooking it slowly without any care  
for my hypersensitivity to the shadow of fire,  
feeding it to the naked night bats,  
before they launch another belt of fire.

Now, in my eighth year  
of the exile of body and soul,  
in the desolate forests of the West,  
war stings again, its venom more lethal.  
I scour my skin  
and snatch fragments of sleep  
while I long for the respite of slumber.  
Anxiety chews at me, tearing me apart with its fangs,  
as the lion devours the deer.

This iron mask wears me out:  
pretending as if nothing is happening  
while the ants can find nothing to eat

and David's daily question exhausts me.  
Did I hear my mother's voice again?  
I'm tired of recycling the same answers,  
of my sigh and the silence that follows,  
of another massacre  
that might happen at any moment,  
or maybe it's happening now,  
as I carve out this text.

Ask the fields of gray on my head,  
and don't forget to count them strand by strand.  
Let each lock of hair tell you its own story,  
about how it became a ghost in the middle of a Gaza night,  
how it broke time and turned it into nothing:  
to be born prematurely at forty,  
twelve years early,  
before my skull was widened by a single centimeter,  
before the broad lines split my forehead.

Now, eight years later,  
I did not survive the war.  
War is born with us,  
with our names and titles,  
with the first cry,  
with the first frown,  
with the first suckle,  
and with the stamp of our birth certificate.  
We are children of war,  
so how can war kill us?



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# John Arblaster

# The Owl and the Pussy-Cat – Edward Lear



I  
The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea-green boat,  
They took some honey, and plenty of money,  
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
The Owl looked up to the stars above,  
And sang to a small guitar,  
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
You are,  
You are!  
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

II  
Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!  
How charmingly sweet you sing!  
O let us be married! too long we have tarried:  
But what shall we do for a ring?"  
They sailed away, for a year and a day,  
To the land where the Bong-Tree grows  
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood  
With a ring at the end of his nose,  
His nose,  
His nose,  
With a ring at the end of his nose.

III  
"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling  
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."  
So they took it away, and were married next day  
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.  
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,  
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;  
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,  
They danced by the light of the moon,  
The moon,  
The moon,  
They danced by the light of the moon.

De uil en het poesje gingen varen op zee  
In een mooie erwtgroene boot,  
Ze namen wat honing mee, en voldoende geld,  
Verpakt in een briefje van vijf pond.  
De Uil keek naar de sterren boven hem,  
En zong op een kleine gitaar,  
"O lief poesje! O poesje, mijn liefste,  
Wat ben je toch een mooie poes,  
Dat ben je,  
Dat ben je!  
Wat ben je toch een mooie poes!"

II  
Poesje zei tegen de Uil, "Jij elegant gevogelte!  
Wat zing je lieflijk!  
Laten we trouwen, we hebben te lang getreuzeld:  
Maar wat zullen we doen voor een ring?"  
Ze zeilden weg, voor een jaar en een dag,  
Naar het land waar de 'bong' boom groeit  
En daar in een bos stond een varkentje  
Met een ring aan het eind van zijn neus,  
Zijn neus,  
Zijn neus,  
Met een ring aan het eind van zijn neus.

III  
"Lief varken, ben je bereid om voor een shilling te verkopen  
Jouw ring?" Zei het varkentje: "Dat wil ik."  
Dus namen ze hem mee, en trouwden de volgende dag  
Bij de kalkoen die op de heuvel woont.  
Ze dineerden met gehakt en sneetjes kweepeer,  
Die ze aten met een 'runcible' lepel;  
En hand in hand, aan de rand van het zand,  
Dansten ze bij het licht van de maan,  
De maan,  
De maan,  
Dansten ze bij het licht van de maan.



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# Vince Noens



# Epicentrum

Ik slaap diep in het binnenland  
tussen twee aardkorsten in.

Een rat tussen bakstenen muren verscholen,  
een draak die waakt over zijn schat.

Ze zullen, sneller nog dan nodig,  
beginnen boren naar de olie  
in het kloppende hart dat is  
mijn kern, de ademende steen.

Ik geef me niet te snel gewonnen;  
trots, ondergronds gebergte dat ik ben.

Geen winterslaap kan mij verdrinken,  
koudwatervrees bereikt mij niet.

Opnieuw geboren kunnen worden  
als de rotsvaste top die ik eertijds zou zijn:

een pas ontsproten vulkaan  
waaruit het zachtjes donker bloedt.

(Geloof me als ik zeg  
de redding is nabij.)

Hier zitten we dan,  
veilig op de bodem van de zware steenzee.

Hoor het verre pulseren.

Boven is het claustrofobische verstand  
al onder eigen puin bedolven.

Aanschouw op tijd deze nieuwe wereld  
en vang voor niemand minder dan jezelf  
al het brandende zonlicht op.

*I sleep deep inland  
between two crusts of earth.*

*A rat tucked away between brick walls,  
a dragon guarding its treasure.*

*They will, sooner than necessary,  
start drilling for the oil*

*in the beating heart that is  
my core, the breathing stone.*

*I will not yield too easily;  
proud, underground mountain that I am.*

*No winter sleep can drown me,  
I am too far down for cold feet.*

*To be reborn again  
as the steadfast peak I once was meant to  
be:*

*a newly sprouted volcano*

*from which some darkness gently bleeds.  
(Believe me when I say  
salvation is near.)*

*Here we sit,  
safe at the bottom of the heavy stone sea.*

*Listen to the distant pulsing.*

*Above, claustrophobic reason  
lies buried beneath its own ruins.*

*Behold this new world, in time  
and catch, for none but yourself,  
all the burning sunlight.*



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# Elmira Soleymanirad

# Address – Sohrab Sepehri



## *Address*

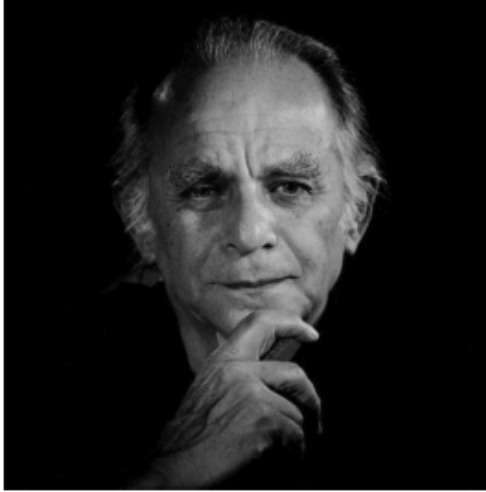
By Sohrab Sepehri (1928-1980)

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where is the friend's house? Asked a horseman at dawn.  
The sky paused.  
To the dark sands, the passerby gave the twig of light held at his lips.  
Pointing to a poplar, he said:  
'before you reach the tree,  
There is an orchard aisle greener than God's dream,  
Where love is as blue as the wings of honesty.  
Walk to the end of the alley, emerging from beyond maturity,  
Then turn towards the flower of solitude  
Two steps to the flower  
Stay by the eternal fountain of the earth's myths.  
Then a lucid fear will encompass you.  
In the fluid sincerity of space, you will hear a rustle,  
You will see a child,  
On a tall pine tree, picking a young bird from a nest of light  
And ask him  
Where the friend's house is!



# Wish – Fereydoun Moshiri



## *Wish*

By Fereydoun Moshiri (1926-2000)

I wish for a house  
Full of friends  
Where in every corner  
My friends sit in peace and rest  
Talking, listening and sharing their best  
Whoever wishes to enter my house,  
A place of love and sincerity  
Must bring me a gift,  
A basket of the scent of red roses  
The rule to enter is to cleanse your heart,  
A heart free of pride or pretense.  
On the door, a petal will stay  
With spring's green ink,  
These words will say:  
"O, friend  
Our house is here at last, the search is past  
So that Sohrab may no longer ask: Where is the friend's house?!"



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# Anna Gagiano

# Eilandgroep – D.J. Opperman

Dit is maar enkel waan  
dat ons 'n eenheid was;  
groot stromings van die oseaan

het ons geëiland tot 'n argipel  
van enkelinge waar ons briede rou en skel  
van strand tot strand soos meeue fladder  
en van mekaar se eensaamheid vertel.

Wild staan die palms bo die water,  
palms, bamboes en die gras,  
maar in onbewuste dieptes êrens ...  
êrens is ons aan mekaar nog vas.

# Vloedlijn - Helena Schepens

Voel het schuiven van de Noordzee  
ik zet je schaak met schelpen in het zand.

Er is uitzicht zonder overkant  
ik ontdek een valkuil in de duinen.

We waden ons een weg naar vasteland  
de golven schuimen, wij hebben niets te vieren.

Daarboven keren langzaam reuzen terug  
gestapeld in hun veren bedden.

Op het randje van de ochtend  
zetten meeuwen hanenpoten.

Je komt in een ander licht te staan.



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# Yuqiao Liu



**What's the phrase/idioms to describe  
a long relationship since teenagers?**

**GaP Research Group**

**Yuqiao Liu**

# Childhood Sweetheart

---

the green plums and a bamboo horse

---

qing  
青

mei  
梅

zhu  
竹

ma  
马

# LI BAI / LI BO

李白 (701—762)

- a Chinese poet
- one of the greatest and most important poets of the Tang dynasty (Golden Age of Chinese Poetry) and in the whole Chinese history



## 长干行

### *THE RIVER-MERCHANT'S WIFE: A LETTER*

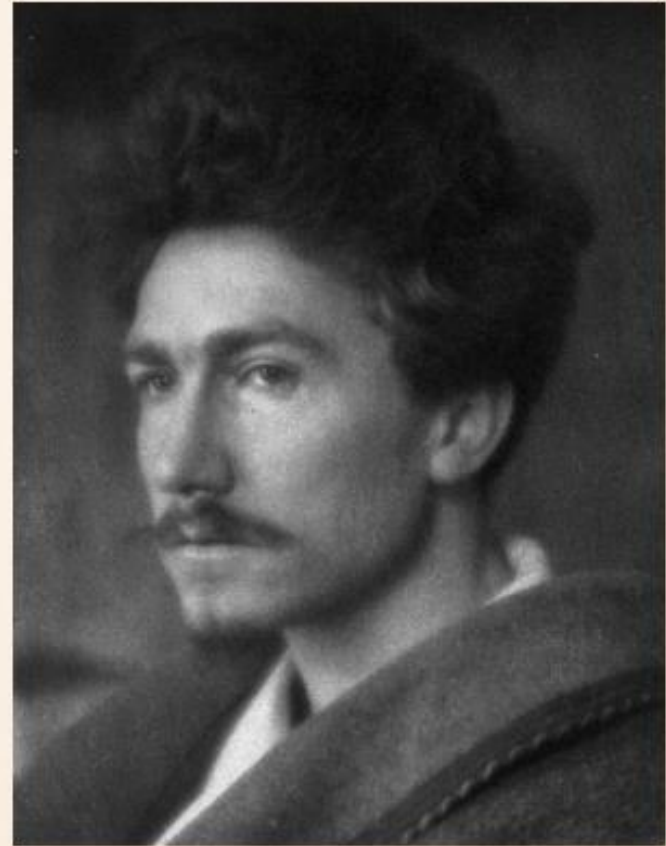
This is a poem based on the love and parting of a merchant's wife, which expresses the missing for her husband, who is far away from home in business.

From the perspective of herself, it adopted the storytelling method of increasing age and different seasons, describing the growth of women through specific life moments and psychological activities.

We will find her feminine nature with shyness and reserve. After marriage, she is in deep lovesickness after parting with her husband, these vividly shows the real lifestyle of the ancient women.

# EZRA POUND (1885-1972)

- Li Bai is influential across the world partly due to Ezra Pound's versions of some of his poems.
- Li Bai's interactions with nature, friendship, his love of wine and his acute observations of life inform his popular poems.
- Like today's poem, *The River Merchant's Wife: A Letter*, record the hardships or emotions of ordinary people.



## 长干行

### The river-merchant's wife: a letter

妾发初覆额，折花门前剧。

While my hair was still cut straight across my forehead,  
I played about the front gate, pulling flowers.

郎骑竹马来，绕床弄青梅。

You came by on bamboo stilts, playing horse,  
You walked about my seat, playing with blue plums.

同居长干里，两小无嫌猜。

And we went on living in the village of Chokan,  
Two small people, without dislike or suspicion.



十四为君妇，羞颜未尝开。  
At fourteen I married my lord you,  
I never laughed, being bashful.

低头向暗壁，千唤不一回。  
Lowering my head, I looked at the wall.  
Called to, a thousand times, I never looked back.

十五始展眉，愿同尘与灰。  
At fifteen I stopped scowling,  
I desired my dust to be mingled with yours.

常存抱柱信，岂上望夫台。  
Forever and forever and forever.  
Why should I climb the look out?





十六君远行，瞿塘滟滪堆。

At sixteen you departed,

You went into far ku-to-yen, by the river of swirling eddies.

五月不可触，猿声天上哀。

And you have been gone five months.

The monkeys make sorrowful noise overhead.

门前迟行迹，一一生绿苔。

You dragged your feet when you went out.

By the gate now, the moss is grown, the different mosses.

苔深不能扫，落叶秋风早。

Too deep to clear them away!

The leaves fall early this autumn, in wind.

八月蝴蝶黄，双飞西园草。

The paired butterflies are already yellow with August  
Over the grass in the west garden.

感此伤妾心，坐愁红颜老。

They hurt me, I grow older.

早晚下三巴，预将书报家。

If you are coming down through the narrows of river Kiang,  
Please let me know beforehand,

相迎不到远，直至长风沙。

And I will come out to meet you,  
As far as cho-fu-sa.



Thanks for your listening

---

**GaP Research Group**

**Yuqiao Liu**



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# Yeongseo Jee

# 2 poems by Kim Hyesoon 김혜순

Everything is Rice 모두 밥

Double p-How Creepy 쌍비음 징그러워

From the book : *All the Garbage of the World, Unite! 당신의 첫* (2008)



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# Jan Cornelis

# Sport – Jan Cornelis

Heel licht en lekker loop ik  
Gezwind over de paden  
Tintelingen in de kuiten  
Koele zweetbeekjes  
Zuigen mijn shirt  
Tegen mijn rug

Een kolos van een kei betrapt  
Me op een slappe misstap  
Het kille aardse speeksel  
Likt aan mijn kippenvel  
Mijn geschaafde ego  
bibbert overeind

Very lightly and nicely I run  
Swinging over the paths  
Tingling in the calves  
Cool sweat streams  
Sucking my shirt  
Against my back

A colossus of a boulder catches me  
On a limp slip  
The cold earthly saliva  
Licking my goose bumps  
My chafed ego  
Shivers upright

De steenharde bodem  
Test mijn veerkracht  
De adem versnelt  
De tred vertraagt  
De wil zet door  
Het lijf kramp

Het liep licht en lekker

The rock-hard ground  
Tests my resilience  
The breath quickens  
The pace slows  
The will perseveres  
The body spasms

I ran lightly and nicely



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en Wijsbegeerte

# André Irabishohoje



# Ils sortent leur jeu - André Irawishohoje

Quand les hommes et les femmes,  
Qui dirigent le monde,  
S'ennuient un peu trop:  
Qu'on ne parle plus d'eux,  
Qu'ils ne font plus la une  
Du journal du jour;

Pour se faire des sous ,  
Et aider leurs amis  
À se faire des sous ...

Des sous,  
Encore des sous,  
Toujours des sous...  
Qu'on n'emporte jamais,  
Ni au ciel ni en enfer,  
Ni dans le corps devenu cendre,  
Ni dans celui devenu terre,  
Ni dans celui qu'on met à l'eau,  
Ni dans celui qu'on abandonne,  
Sur les routes des exils :  
Dans les forêts et dans les savanes,  
Dans les déserts et dans les mers,  
Dans les prairies et dans les fleuves...

*When men and women,  
Who run the world,  
Get a little too bored:  
They're no longer in the news,  
When they're no longer on the front page  
Of the newspaper of the day;*

*To make money,  
To help their friends  
To make money ...*

*More money,  
Always money,  
That you never take with you,  
Neither in heaven nor in hell...  
Nor in the body turned to ashes,  
Nor in the one that has become earth,  
Nor in the one you throw in the water,  
Nor in the one we abandon,  
On the roads of exile:  
In forests and savannahs,  
In deserts and seas,  
In meadows and rivers...*

Ces misérables sous ,  
Qui corrompent nos âmes ;  
Qui réveillent nos vices  
Affolent nos sens ;  
Brûlent dans nos têtes  
Des feux d'avarices,  
Du mal d'égoïsme,  
Du mal du mal :  
Richesses,  
Gloires,  
Puissances...  
Illusion des illusions !  
Vanté des vanités !

Ils font ce qu'ils pensent savoir le mieux faire !

Ils font ce qu'ils aiment le plus au monde !

Ils sortent leur jeu.  
Toujours le même.  
Le reality show  
Des puissants de ce monde ;  
Interdits aux petits,  
interdits aux petites.

Ils prennent une carte  
Des pays du monde,  
Dont les plus pauvres,  
La déploie sur une table  
Et y lancent leurs dés.

*These wretched pennies  
That corrupt our souls;  
Which awaken our vices  
Excite our senses;  
Burn in our heads  
The fires of avarice,  
The evil of selfishness,  
From the evil of evil:  
Riches,  
Glory,  
Powers...  
Illusion of illusions!  
Vanity of vanities!*

*They do what they think they know best!  
They do what they love most in the world!*

*They play their game.  
It's always the same.  
The reality show  
Of the powerful of this world;  
Forbidden to the little ones,  
forbidden to the little ones.*

*They take a map  
Of the countries of the world,  
Including the poorest,  
Spread it out on a table  
And roll their dice.*

La suite on connaît :  
Les guerres commencent,  
Ou les guerres reprennent ;  
Plus féroces que les dernières !  
Plus barbares que celles en cours !

Les armes crépitent,  
Les bombes explosent,  
Les missiles détonnent,  
Déchiquètent les corps,  
Détruisent les âmes,  
Anéantissent des vies,  
Déterrent les plantent,  
Arrachent les arbres,  
Fracassent les pierres!

Les haines fleurissent,  
Telles les fleurs du mal,  
Dans le cœur des hommes,  
Dans le cœur des femmes,  
Dans le cœur des jeunes,  
Dans le cœur des enfants ;  
Nés ou à naître !  
Perdus dans des ruines,  
Terrés dans des cachettes,

*The rest we know:  
Wars begin,  
Or wars begin again;  
More ferocious than the last!  
More barbaric than the current ones!*

*Weapons crackle,  
Bombs explode,  
Missiles detonate,  
Shredding bodies,  
Destroying souls,  
Annihilate lives,  
Dig up the plants,  
uproot trees,  
Smash stones!*

*Hatred flourishes,  
Like the flowers of evil,  
In the hearts of men,  
In the hearts of women,  
In the hearts of the young,  
In the hearts of children;  
Born or unborn!  
Lost in ruins,  
Holed up in hiding places,*

Errant sur les routes,  
Pour échapper à la mort,  
Aux tonnerres des bombes,  
Aux vacarmes des armes,  
À la folie des semblables,  
À la bêtise humaine,  
À l'horreur de la guerre !

Sur les champs de bataille,  
Les hommes et les femmes,  
Qui tirent des roquettes ,  
Lâchent des bombes,  
Envoient des missiles,  
Télécommandent des drones,  
Mitraillent sans trêve,  
Deviennent des monstres,  
Des bêtes humaines,  
Des machines de guerre...

Sans pitié ni remord,  
Sans le moindre état d'âme,  
Massacrent et déciment,  
Éliminent,  
En villes et à la campagne,  
Des civils sans armes,  
Des civils en fuite,  
Nus comme des pierres !

*Wandering the roads,  
To escape death,  
From the thunder of bombs,  
The din of weapons,  
From the madness of fellow men,  
To human stupidity,  
From the horror of war!*

*On the battlefields,  
Men and women,  
Firing rockets,  
Drop bombs,  
Send missiles,  
Remote control drones,  
Machine-gun without respite,  
Become monsters,  
Human beasts,  
Machines of war...*

*Without pity or remorse,  
Without the slightest consideration,  
They slaughter and decimate,  
Eliminate,  
In town and country,  
Unarmed civilians,  
Civilians on the run,  
Naked as stones!*

Et quand revient la raison,  
En un flash de temps,  
Dans la peur et l'angoisse,  
Abandonnés à leur sort,  
Face à leurs mémoires,  
Devant leurs miroirs,  
Devant leurs moi-même,  
Au milieu des ruines,  
Au milieu des décombres,  
Des trous et des cratères,  
Et des fosses communes,  
Où pourrissent les cadavres,  
Aux têtes sans faces,  
Aux ventres ouverts,  
Sans jambes ni bras,  
Dans l'odeur suffocantes,  
Ils se cachent et pleurent,  
Vomissent leurs cœurs,  
Crient au secours,  
Implorent le ciel,  
Implorent la terre,  
Implorent l'enfer...

Ils appellent leurs mères,  
Qui les entendent et pleurent.

*And when reason returns,  
In a flash of time,  
In fear and anguish,  
Abandoned to their fate,  
Faced with their memories,  
In front of their mirrors,  
In front of themselves,  
Amidst the ruins,  
Amid the rubble,  
Holes and craters,  
And mass graves,  
Where corpses rot,  
With heads without faces,  
With open bellies,  
Without legs or arms,  
In the suffocating stench,  
They hide and cry,  
Vomiting their hearts,  
Crying out for help,  
Pleading with the sky,  
Implore the earth,  
Begging for hell...*

*They call out to their mothers,  
Who hear them and weep.*

Ils appellent leurs pères,  
Qui les entendent et pleurent.

Ils appellent leurs femmes,  
Qui les entendent et pleurent.

Ils appellent leurs hommes,  
Qui les entendent et pleurent.

Ils appellent leurs filles,  
Qui les entendent et pleurent.

Ils appellent leurs fils,  
Qui les entendent et pleurent.

Ils appellent leurs amours,  
Qui les entendent et pleurent.

Ils appellent leurs sœurs,  
Qui les entendent et pleurent.

Ils appellent leurs frères,  
Qui les entendent et pleurent.

Au milieu des ruines  
Au milieu de la mort  
Au milieu des cadavres

*They call out to their fathers  
Who hear them and weep.*

*They call for their wives  
Who hear them and weep.*

*They call their men,  
Who hear them and weep.*

*They call their daughters,  
Who hear them and weep.*

*They call their sons,  
Who hear them and weep.*

*They call their loves,  
Who hear them and weep.*

*They call their sisters,  
Who hear them and weep.*

*They call for their brothers,  
Who hear them and weep.*

*In the midst of ruin  
In the midst of death  
In the midst of corpses*

Qui ressemblent à leurs mères,  
Qui ressemblent à leurs pères,  
Qui ressemblent à leurs femmes,  
Qui ressemblent à leurs hommes,  
Qui ressemblent à leurs filles,  
Qui ressemblent à leurs fils,  
Qui ressemblent à leurs sœurs,  
Qui ressemblent à leurs frères,  
Qui ressemblent aux hommes  
Qui dirigent le monde,  
Qui ressemblent aux femmes  
Qui dirigent le monde,  
Qui leur ressemblent...

Alors ils reprennent.  
Ils sont déjà morts.  
Ils sèment la mort.  
Ils attendent la mort.

*Who look like their mothers,  
Who look like their fathers,  
Who look like their wives,  
Who look like their men,  
Who look like their daughters,  
Who look like their sons,  
Who are like their sisters,  
  
Who are like their brothers,  
Who look like men  
Who rule the world,  
Who look like women  
Who rule the world,  
Who look like them...*

*Then they start again.  
They are already dead.  
They sow death.  
They wait for death.*

# C'est promis - André Iribishohoje

C'est promis,  
C'est juré !  
Désormais,  
Je t'écrirai  
Des mots simples,  
Des mots sobres,  
Des mots courts,  
Des mots nus.

Que tu comprennes,  
Que je comprenne.

Naturels,  
Ordinaires,  
Bien banals,  
Sans chichis,  
Sans sonnets,  
Sans quatrains.

Des mots communs,  
Des mots connus,  
Bien vivants,  
Des mots vrais,  
Bien réels,  
Terre à terre.

It's a promise,  
I swear it!  
From now on,  
I will write to you  
Simple words,  
Sober words,  
Short words,  
Bare words.

So that you understand,  
That I understand.

Natural,  
Ordinary,  
Banal,  
No fuss,  
No sonnets,  
No quatrains.

Common words,  
Known words,  
Very much alive,  
True words,  
Real words,  
Down to earth.



Des mots d'enfants,  
Des mots d'enfance,  
Des mots naïfs,  
Des mots de joies,  
Des mots de paix,  
Des mots de rêves,  
Des mots d'amour,  
Des mots de vie,  
Des mots libres,  
Des mots doux,  
Des mots gais,  
Qui enchantent,  
Qui libèrent :

Tel bonjour,  
Tel bonsoir,

Comment ça va ?  
Mon Amour,  
Que je t'aime !  
Tu es si belle !  
Tu es si douce !  
Tu es si bonne !  
Tu es solaire !  
Je pense à toi,  
Je rêve de toi.  
Viens vers moi !  
Tu es mon ange !  
Tu es mon âme !  
Tu es mon tout !  
Ma raison !  
Ma foi !  
Ma loi !

Children's words,  
Childhood words,  
Naive words,  
Words of joy,  
Words of peace,  
Words of dreams,  
Words of love,  
Words of life,  
Free words,  
Sweet words,  
Happy words,  
Enchanting,  
That liberate :

Such a good morning,  
Such a good evening,  
How are you?  
My love,  
How I love you!  
You are so beautiful!  
You are so sweet!  
You are so good!  
You are so sunny!  
I think of you,  
I dream of you.  
Come to me!  
You are my angel!  
You are my soul!  
You are my everything!  
You are my reason!

My faith!  
My law!

Ma joie !  
Ma maison !  
Ma demeure !  
Mon pays !  
Ma terre !  
Ma patrie !  
Mon projet !  
Mon combat !  
Ma victoire !  
Ma gloire !  
Mon bonheur  
Mon honneur!  
Mon salut !  
Ma liberté !  
Ma vie !  
Ma survie !

Approche-toi,  
Ma chère !  
Regarde-moi !  
Dans les yeux !  
Donne-moi ta main !  
Embrasse-moi !  
Reste avec moi !  
Ne me quitte pas !  
Ne fais pas cette mine !  
Ne sois pas triste,  
Sinon je tremble,  
Sinon je tombe ,  
Sinon je chute,  
Lourdement !

My joy!  
My home!  
My homeland!  
My project!  
My struggle!  
My victory!  
My glory!  
My happiness  
My honour!  
My salvation!  
My freedom!  
My life  
My future!

Come closer,  
My dear!  
Look at me!  
Look into my eyes!  
Give me your hand!  
Give me a kiss!  
Stay with me!  
Don't leave me!  
Don't look so sad!  
Don't be sad,  
Or I'll tremble  
Or I'll fall,  
Heavily!

Sinon je tangué,  
Sinon je sombre,  
Sinon je coule  
Je titanique,  
Ma tête crashe,  
Je me noie,  
Dans les abîmes,  
Dans les abysses.  
Tout devient noir.

C'est promis,  
C'est juré,  
Désormais,  
Je t'écrirai :  
Des mots qui voient,  
Qui regardent,  
Qui écoutent,  
Qui entendent,  
Qui inspirent,  
Qui respirent,  
Qui aspirent,  
Qui transpirent.

Qui ont un corps.  
Qui ont un cœur.  
Qui ont une tête.  
Qui ont un esprit.  
Qui ont une âme  
Des impressions  
Des émotions  
Des sentiments ;

Or I'll pitch,  
Or I'll sink  
I titanic,  
My head crashes,  
I drown,  
In the abyss,  
Everything goes black.

It is promised,  
I swear it,  
From now on,  
I will write to you:  
Words that see,  
That look,  
That listen,  
That hear,  
That inspire,  
That breathe,  
That sweat.

That have a body.  
That have a heart.  
That have a head.  
That have a mind.  
That have a soul  
Impressions  
Emotions  
Feelings.

Des mots qui touchent,  
Qui caressent,  
Qui réchauffent,  
Qui sentent bon.

Des mots-rires,  
Des mots-fêtes,  
Des mots-fleurs  
Des mots-pluie,  
Des mots- mers,  
Des mots-vents,  
Des mots-neige,  
De mots-soleil,  
Des mots-lumières,  
Qui éclatent,

Qui éclairent,  
Qui rayonnent,  
Qui brillent,  
Qui scintillent  
Dans le ciel.  
Dans ton regard.

Des mots qui parlent,  
Qui te parlent !  
Des mots qui chantent,  
Des mots qui dansent,  
Qui tapent des pieds,  
Qui tapent des mains,  
Des mots-tambours,  
Des mots-tamtams,  
Des mots-guitares,  
Des mots-cymbales,  
Calebasses,

Words that touch,  
That caress,  
That warm,  
That smell good.

Words that make you laugh,  
Words to celebrate,  
Flowery words  
Words of rain,  
Sea words,  
Wind-words,  
Snow words,  
Sun words,  
Light-words,  
That burst,  
That light up,  
That radiate,  
That shine,  
That sparkle,  
In the sky.  
In your eyes.

Words that speak,  
That speak to you!  
Words that sing,  
Words that dance,  
Clapping their feet,  
Clapping hands,  
Word-drums,  
Drum words,  
Guitar words,  
Word cymbals,  
Calebasses,

Des mots-chorales,  
Des mots- musique,  
Des mots-poèmes,  
Des mots-tango,  
Des mots-rumba,  
Des mots samba  
De mots-salsa,  
Des mots-jazz,  
Des mots-blues.

Karahanyuze  
Urukerereza  
Inyange  
Intore  
Inanga  
Ingoma  
Ikinimba  
Urutango  
Imisango  
Imitoma  
Amahamba  
Amashyengo  
Amasimbi  
Ubukombe  
Ibihozo n'ibisabo  
Mu bikari

Des mots de fêtes.  
Des mots magiques.

Choir words,  
Music words,

Poem-words,  
Tango words,  
Rumba words,  
Samba words  
Salsa words,  
Jazz words,  
Blues words.

Karahanyuze  
Urukerereza  
Inyange  
Intore  
Inanga  
Ingoma  
Ikinimba  
Urutango  
Imisango  
Imitoma  
Amahamba  
Amashyengo  
Amasimbi  
Ubukombe  
Ibihozo n'ibisabo  
Mu bikari

Festive words.  
Magic words.

Des mots manèges  
Sur la scène,  
Sur la crête,  
Qui s'amuse,  
Font la fête,  
Jamais la tête.  
Toujours au top,  
De bonne humeur.  
Heureux de vivre,  
Sautent en l'air,  
Crient de joie  
Poussent des ailes,  
Volent,  
S'envolent.  
M'emmènent,  
M'emportent,  
Me transportent,  
Jusqu'à la lune,  
Jusqu'aux étoiles,  
Jusqu'au soleil,  
Jusqu'à ton corps,  
Jusqu'à ton cœur,  
Jusqu'à ton âme,  
Jusqu'à ton être,  
Là-haut,  
Dans les cimes,  
Dans les hauteurs,  
Dans les ciels,  
Au-delà,  
Dans le rêve.  
Éternel,  
Je t'écrirai...

Words for merry-go-rounds  
On the stage,  
On the ridge,  
Having fun,  
Having a party,  
Never a dull moment.  
Always on top,  
In a good mood.  
Happy to be alive,  
Jumping up and down,  
Shouting with joy  
Spreading their wings,  
Flying,  
Flying away.  
Taking me away,  
To the moon,  
To the stars,  
To the sun,  
To your body,  
To your heart,  
  
To your soul,  
To your very being,  
Up there,  
In the peaks,  
In the heights,  
In the skies,  
Beyond,  
In the dream.  
Eternal,  
I will write to you...



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# Camille Bortier

# Le Faux Malade – poet unknown

Aucun vice n'est beau mais le plus laid de tous,  
C'est de mentir : menteurs, point de pitié pour vous.  
« Quoi ? déjà retourner en classe,  
Lire une leçon qui me lasse,  
Au lieu de m'amuser ici !  
Je vais user de tromperie »...  
Comme l'enfant parlait ainsi  
La mère entra : « Mère chérie,  
Si tu savais comme j'ai mal aux dents,  
Mal au cœur, mal partout ! Tiens, c'est là-dedans...  
Holà ! que je suis donc malade ! »  
La mère tout d'abord pâlit :  
« Mon pauvre enfant, il faut te mettre au lit ;  
Cela tombe bien mal, c'est jour de promenade ;  
Tes frères vont sortir avec un camarade...  
- Comment donc, maman, c'est jeudi ?  
- Maman, je me sens mieux, je ne suis plus malade !  
- Plus malade ? Ah ! fripon, tu m'avais donc menti ?  
- Eh bien moi, je m'en tiens à mon premier système :  
- Au lit, pauvre malade, au lit, à l'instant même. »  
Et la maman le fit coucher en plein midi.





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# Marziah Izadi

# 6 poems (haiku) – Abbas Kiarostami

چه خوب شد که نمی بیند  
سنگپشت پیر  
پرواز سبکبار پرنده‌ی کوچک را

**How merciful  
that the turtle doesn't see  
the little bird's effortless flights.**

کره اسبی سفید،  
از مه می آید  
و ناپدید می شود  
در مه.

**A white foal  
emerges through the fog  
and disappears  
in the fog.**

جوجه‌های یکروزه  
تجربه کردند  
نخستین باران بهاری را

**Day-old chicks  
experiencing  
their first spring shower.**

پروانه به دور خود می چرخد  
بی هدف  
در آفتاب ملایم بهاری

**Aimlessly  
in mild spring sunshine  
the butterfly circling round itself.**

در باد بهاری  
ورق می خورد دفتر مشق.  
کودکی خفته  
بر دست‌های خویش...

**In the spring wind  
a school notebook's pages turn over-  
a child sleeping  
on his little hands...**

زنبور عسل  
مردد می ماند  
در میان هزاران شکوفه‌ی گیلاس

**Amid thousands of cherry blossoms  
the honeybee  
hesitates**



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# Xu Zhang

# To the tune “Note after Note, Long Song” – Li Qingzhao

声声慢- 寻寻觅觅

李清照

寻寻觅觅，冷冷清清，凄凄惨惨戚戚，乍暖还寒时候，最难将息，三杯两盏淡酒，怎敌他，晚来风急，雁过也，正伤心，却是旧时相识。

满地黄花堆积，憔悴损，如今有谁堪摘？守着窗儿，独自怎生得黑？梧桐更兼细雨，到黄昏，点点滴滴，这次第，怎一个愁字了得！

To the tune “Note after Note, Long Song” – Li Qingzhao

Searching, hunting, seeking, looking,  
so chilly and yet so clear.  
Distressed, dismal, and forlorn.  
Warm awhile then cold again, it's that season,  
the worst for taking care of yourself.  
How can two or three cups of weak wine  
hold up against  
the strength of the evening wind?  
The wild geese have flown past,  
truly saddening the heart,  
what's more, I recognize them from years past.  
Yellow petals cover the ground, strewn in piles.  
I'm so haggard and weakened now,  
who bothers to pluck them anymore before they fall?  
I sit beside the window, all by myself,  
how could it have turned so black outside?  
Paulownia trees and fine rain,  
until dusk has fallen, I listen to  
drip after drip, drop after drop.  
This scene, this feeling –  
how could the word “sorrow” ever suffice?



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# Bart Eeckhout

# Frogs Eat Butterflies. Snakes Eat Frogs. Hogs Eat Snakes. Men Eat Hogs – Wallace Stevens

It is true that the rivers went nosing like swine,  
Tugging at banks, until they seemed  
Bland belly-sounds in somnolent troughs,  
That the air was heavy with the breath of these swine,  
The breath of turgid summer, and  
Heavy with thunder's rattapallax,  
That the man who erected this cabin, planted  
This field, and tended it awhile,  
Knew not the quirks of imagery,  
That the hours of his indolent, arid days,  
Grotesque with this nosing in banks,  
This somnolence and rattapallax,  
Seemed to suckle themselves on his arid being,  
As the swine-like rivers suckled themselves  
While they went seaward to the sea-mouths.



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# Rob Kalmès

# Mijn Moeder(s)taal – Rob Kalmès

Ik spreek geen mij  
Mijn ik, die is gevormd door iemand anders  
Ik schuif mezelf aan de kant, zou me met huid en haar  
verbranden  
Als dat jullie beter paste  
Als ik dan liever werd gezien  
Ik spreek geen mij  
Ik spreek mijn moederstaal  
Niet het Nederlands  
Mijn MOEDERS taal, die is me ingeplant  
Haar blikken, haar woorden  
Ik kleef me vast aan haar pijn  
Ik stop mezelf in een hoekje zodat ik beter kan zijn  
Voor haar, maar niet voor mij  
Soms had ik anders willen zijn  
Meer mij, maar ook iets minder  
Minder  
Minder  
Want soms is mijn moedertaal mijn vaderstaal  
Dat is het stemmetje in mijn hoofd  
Dat maar al te graag gelooft  
Dat ik beter kan, moet, had kunnen zijn  
En ik daarom liever verdwijn

In de woorden van een ander  
Ik kruip uit mezelf en op het blad  
Zie wat ik maar al te graag had gehad  
Misschien niet echt maar toch wel tastbaar  
Ik houd me vast aan wat ik lees  
In de krommen van de letters  
Leer ik steeds een beetje meer  
Over mijn moedertaal  
Over wie ik ben, waar ik me thuis voel  
Niet in mijn hoofd maar op het blad verlies ik me  
in mijn moedertaal  
In wat ik liever had gehad  
→  
I don't speak "me"  
Because Me's been formed by someone else  
I shove myself aside, would would set my whole body  
alight  
If it suited you better  
If it made me feel more seen  
I don't speak "me"  
I speak my mother's tongue  
Not Dutch  
My MOTHER's tongue, to which I'm fully tied  
Her stares, her words,  
I hold onto her pain

I hide in plain sight so I don't take up as much  
space  
I do it for her, but not for me  
Sometimes I wish I'd be  
Different  
More me but also less  
Less  
Less  
Because sometimes my mother tongue's my  
father's tongue  
It is the voice inside my mind  
That tells me late at night  
That I could, I should, I might have been better  
And so I'd rather be out of sight  
Fade into someone else's words  
Crawl out of myself onto the page  
Tread on a more enticing stage  
Might not be real but I can feel it  
I hold onto what I read  
In the lines and words galore  
I find myself a little more  
I find my mother tongue  
My "me", where I belong  
Not in my head but on the page I lose myself in  
my mother tongue  
I slowly come out of my cage





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# Philippe Vanhoof

# My mother's tongues - Poem: 136 ("the world's most translated poem", original in French by Georges-Marie Lory)

Cet accent qui traîne  
sur le papier  
est un cil abandonné  
j'aime les accents  
Étrangers

## Spanish, translated by Pompeyo Pino

Este acento que se arrastra  
sobre el papel  
es una pestaña abandonada  
me gustan los acentos  
Extranjeros

## English, translated by Denis Hirson

This accent which lingers  
on the page  
is a forgotten eyelash  
I like  
foreign accents

## German, translated by Tilman Druke

Dieser Akzent  
der da auf dem Papier verweilt  
ist eine vergessene Augenwimper  
ich mag  
ausländische Akzenten

## Dutch, translated by Michel Lory

Dit zwervende accent  
op m'n wit blad  
is een verloren wimper  
ik ben dol  
op exotische accenten

## Antwerpian, translated by Marie-France Asselbergh

Da slengterend accengt  
oep 'et blad  
is gelak a verloregevoad wimperke  
'k sing gère  
vremd' accengte

## West-Flemish, translated by Erica Meel

Da roendslingrend accent  
up da papier  
d'as nen achtergeloatn wimper  
'k zien zot  
van bûtelands accent'n



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# Franc Schuerewegen

# Le Monolinguisme de l'autre - Jacques Derrida

Car jamais je n'ai pu appeler le français, cette langue que je te parle, « ma langue maternelle ». Ces mots ne me viennent pas à la bouche, ils ne me sortent pas de la bouche. Aux autres, « ma langue maternelle ».

*Because I've never been able to call French, the language I speak to you, 'my mother tongue'. These words don't come to me, they don't leave my mouth. To others, 'my mother tongue'.*



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# Pascale Dumont

# Esquisse – Herman Hesse (translation: Alexandra Cade)

Le vent froid de l'automne siffle dans les ajoncs desséchés  
Qui blanchissent dans la lumière du soir ;  
Les corneilles quittent les saules et volent vers l'intérieur des terres.

Un vieil homme se repose, seul sur la grève,  
Il sent le vent dans ses cheveux, la nuit et la neige qui vient.  
Depuis la rive plongée dans l'ombre il regarde vers la clarté,  
Là-bas, entre nuages et lacs, une bande  
De terre éloignée brille encore dans la lumière chaude :  
Au-delà merveilleux, règne de félicité comme le rêve et la poésie.

Il fixe du regard cette image lumineuse,  
Repense à son pays, aux années de bonheur,  
Voit pâlir l'or, le voit disparaître,  
Se détourne, quitte les saules  
Et marche lentement vers l'intérieur des terres.



Erich Heckel – MSK Gent



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# Jean Mapela Mpwo

# Maza Muoy – Jean Mapela Mpwo

## MAZA MUOY

*Jean Mapela Mpwo L., 21 Februari 2025*

*de Kiyansi, RD Congo*

Maza muoy,

Ka ma matia

Ka maé fira e kaana alé, alé, alé, alé

Maza muoy,

Ka ma matia

Ka maé fira kaana alé, alé, alé, alé

Ö maza muoy, ö maza muoy, ö maza muoy

Ka maé fira kaana alé, alé, alé, alé

Ka ma matia,

Ka ma matia, ma matia, ma matia, ma matia

Ka ma matia, ka maé fira e kaana alé !

Ö maza muoy, ö maza muoy, ö maza muoy

Ka maé fira kaana alé, alé, alé, alé.





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# Sara Demontis

# A Diosa - Salvatore Francesco Sini

Non potho reposare amore, coro,  
pessande a tie soe donzi momentu;  
no istes in tristura, prenda e'oro,  
nè in dispiaghère o pessamentu.  
T'assicuro ch'a tie solu bramo,  
ca t'amo forte, t'amo, t'amo, t'amo.

Amore meu, prenda d'istimare,  
s'affettu meu a tie solu est dau.  
S'are iuttu sas alas a bolare  
milli bortas a s'ora ippo bolau,  
pro venner nessi pro ti salutare,  
s'atera cosa nono a t'abbisare.

Si m'esseret possibile d'anghèlu,  
d'ispiritu invisibile piccavo  
sas formas e furavo dae chelu  
su sole, sos isteddos e formavo  
unu mundu bellissimu pro tene  
pro poder dispensare cada bene.

Amore meu, rosa profumada,  
amore meu, gravellu olezzante,  
amore, coro, imagine adorada.  
Amore, coro, so ispasimante,  
amore, ses su sole relughente,  
ch'ispuntat su manzanu in oriente.

Ses su sole ch'illuminat a mie,  
chi m'esaltat su coro ei sa mente;  
lizu vroridu, candidu che nie,  
semper in coro meu ses presente.  
Amore meu, amore meu, amore,  
vive senz'amargura, né dolore.

I cannot sleep, my love, my heart  
I'm spending every moment thinking about you  
Do not lose yourself in sadness, o golden jewel  
nor in sorrow, nor in concern.  
I swear you are the only one that I desire  
that I love you deeply, I love you, I love you, I love you

My love, precious jewel,  
to you only I give my affection.  
Had I had wings to fly  
I would've flown a thousand times  
just to come to you and greet you  
or at least to see you.

If it were possible, of an angel,  
of an invisible spirit I'd take  
the shape, and steal from the sky  
the sun, the stars, and create  
a wonderful world for you,  
to offer you all that is good.

My love, perfumed rose,  
my love, fragrant carnation,  
my love, my heart, adored image.  
My love, my heart, I long for you  
my love, you're the shining sun  
that rises in the East in the morning.

You are the sun that shines on me  
that ignites my heart and mind;  
blooming lily, white as snow  
I always have you in my heart.  
My love, my love, love,  
live with no bitterness or hurt.



Si sa lughe d'isteddos e de sole,  
si su bene chi v'est in s'universu  
are pothiu piccare in d'una mole,  
comente palumbaru m'ippo immersu  
in fundu de su mare a regalare  
a tie vida, sole, terra e mare.

Unu ritrattu s'essere pintore,  
un'istatua 'e marmu ti vachia  
s'essere istadu eccellente iscultore,  
ma cun dolore naro: "Non d'ischia".  
Ma non balen a nudda marmu e tela  
in cunfrontu 'e s'amore d'oro vela.

Ti cherio abbrazzare egh'e basare  
pro ti versare s'anima in su coro;  
ma da lontanu ti deppo adorare.  
Pessande chi m'istimas mi ristoro,  
chi de sa vida nostra tela e tramas  
han sa matessi sorte pr'ite m'amas.

Sa bellesa 'e tramontos, de manzanu  
s'alba, aurora, su sole lughente,  
sos profumos, sos cantos de veranu,  
sos zeffiros, sa brezza relughente  
de su mare, s'azzurru de su chelu,  
sas menzus cosas dò a tie, anghèlu.

If the light of the stars and the sun,  
if the good that the universe holds,  
I could have seized all at once,  
like a deep sea diver I'd have plunged  
at the bottom of the sea to give you  
life, the sun, the earth and sea.

A portrait, had I been a painter,  
a marble sculpture I would have created,  
had I been an excellent sculptor,  
but with sorrow, I say: "I don't know how".  
But marble and canvas are worth nothing  
compared to the golden sail of love.

I wish to hold you and kiss you  
to pour my soul in your heart;  
but I have to adore you from afar.  
Knowing that you care is what comforts me,  
that the canvas and weft of our lives  
have the same fate because you love me.

The beauty of the sunsets, of the morning's  
dawn, of the sunrise, of the shining sun,  
the perfumes, the songs of springtime,  
the zephyrs, the bright breeze  
of the sea, the blue of the sky,  
the most beautiful things I give to you, angel.



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# There is no chaos only structure - Arne Quinze

[Poem in sign language](#) from: A Touch of Museum to Scale: an inclusive audioguide.

