

Gemma Gorga

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[Requereix la màxima atenció...]

Requereix la màxima atenció, com arrencar-li la pota a una aranya: et lledes a mitjanit, agafes la lletra *m* entre les mans i li sostraus l'últim traç fins a convertir-la en una *n*. L'endemà no hi haurà miracles per implorar, ni maduixes, ni mel, ni moral, ni motius. Cauran els murs i s'acabarà el món. Al principi, semblarà una situació inusitada, però amb els anys acabarem per acostumar-nos a aquestes absències, o a unes altres, o a totes. Semblantment a com l'anell s'acostuma, després de cinquanta anys d'aliança, a viure sense el dit.

[It requires the utmost attention...]

It requires the utmost attention, like pulling the leg off a spider: You get up at midnight, grab the letter *m* between your hands, and subtract the last stroke until you turn it into an *n*. The next day, there will be no more miracles left to plead for, nor mulberries, nor molasses, nor morals, nor motives. The mountains will fall and the mundane world will end. At first, it might feel like an unusual situation, but over time, we will get used to these absences, or to others, or to all of them. The same way a ring, after fifty years as a wedding band, gets used to living without its finger.

[Recordes els serafins...]

¿Recordes els serafins d'aquell fresc romànic que vam estar contemplant a la sala del Mestre de Pedret? Ens miraven de front, les mans esteses, com si es neguessin a morir sota els efectes d'una despigmentació que els anava esborrant del regne de la llum. Ells, símbols d'un amor —hosanna, hosanna, hosanna— que s'escrotona i salta amb el pas del temps. Em vas buidar la vida d'àngels i em vas deixar la clarividència dolorosa del record: tot d'ulls que se m'escampen per les ales, i no volen dormir, i et pensen, i et saben, i et no saben.

[Do you remember the seraphim...]

Do you remember the seraphim in that Romanesque fresco we were looking at in the room of the Master of Pedret? They looked straight at us, hands outstretched, as if they refused to die under the effects of depigmentation that was erasing them from the kingdom of light. They're symbols of love—hosanna, hosanna, hosanna—peeling and leaping with the passage of time. You've emptied my life of angels and left me with the painful clairvoyance of memory: all their eyes scattered on my wings, and they do not want to sleep, and they think of you, and know you, and don't know you.

De *Llibre dels minuts*, Barcelona, Columna, 2006.

[Gemma Gorga, *Book of Minutes*, translated from the Catalan by Sharon Dolin and forthcoming in a bilingual edition from The Field Translation Series / Oberlin University Press in April, 2019]

Gemma Gorga i López (Barcelona, 1968) és autora de sis llibres de poesia en català: *Ocellania* (1997), *El desordre de les mans* (2003), *Instruments òptics* (2005), *Llibre dels minuts* (2006), *Diafragma* (2012) i *Mur* (2015). Ha traduït el poeta indi de parla anglesa Dilip Chitre i el poeta nord-americà Edward Hirsch. La seva darrera obra publicada és l'assaig *Indi Visible* (2018). Treballa com a professora a la Facultat de Filologia de la Universitat de Barcelona.

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