

THE OTHER SIDE OF SILENCE

Edwin Morgan Translation Workshop 2017

ANDREIA C. FARIA · JANE MCKIE
RICARDO MARQUES · MIGUEL MARTINS
MIRIAM NASH · RICHARD PRICE

Scotland-Portugal
in association
with the Scottish Poetry Library
presented at the
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The Trust was established in 2012 to carry forward the wishes of the Scottish poet laureate Edwin Morgan (1920–2010), in particular to fund a new award for young poets; this is awarded biennially, the next being in 2018. In alternate years, among various activities, the Trust aims to promote translation, which was one of EM's abiding passions.

—www.edwinmorganaward.com

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The SPL was founded in 1984. It is an independent lending and reference library, open to all: a unique resource and advocate for poetry in Scotland and beyond. Its activities include work in schools, reading and writing groups, publishing, podcasting and recording poets, and the encouragement of translation through events and workshops. Its aim is to bring people and poems together.

—www.scottishpoetrylibrary.org.uk

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INTRODUCTION

On the first morning of two days of translation workshops, the Portuguese and the Scottish poets read their work to each other. In the Portuguese poems I heard a rare fluency, as if the language were tactile, a substance falling from the tongue. The poems in English, by contrast, mostly sat neatly within their forms, each line alert to its ending. Listening to the ‘flow’ of the Portuguese I thought of Prufrock in pursuit of his ‘overwhelming question’: sentences seemed to be reaching out, trying to capture meaning before they dissipated into silence. I imagined I was listening to a language fashioned by a nation of explorers, reaching out with ‘overwhelming questions’ of geography and meaning.

Scotland, like Portugal, is challenged by a vast Atlantic, but there are historical similarities as well as geographical ones between the two countries. The wealth of its overseas empire allowed an aristocratic class in Portugal to develop its cultural tastes in France, Paris especially, leaving the indigenous culture to fend for itself, in much the same way as the union of Scotland and England encouraged the Scottish gentry to take the road south. They too abandoned a culture they were persuaded was beneath them, leaving it to grow strong independent roots. We might say that the long-term results, in both countries, is a lively demotic culture and, in the case of its poets, a marked individuality. In Fernando Pessoa’s case, several marked individualities! These six poets promote such thoughts.

We spent the first morning listening and discussing the spectrum of translation. The poets positioned themselves between a literal translation and one which sees the original as a springboard to something else: Robert Lowell’s influential ‘imitations’ or the freedom implied in the signifier ‘after’ (e.g. ‘The Albatross’—after Baudelaire). There was a recognition of the impossibility of the task, but also a commitment to ‘bring the poem from one language into the other’ as thoughtfully and truthfully as possible.

There were three translation sessions. Pairs rotated, so that each poet had the challenge and satisfaction of translating three others. The poets worked with bridge translations: literal translations which eschewed polish to highlight ambiguity and multiple meanings. The concentration the poets brought to their task in the Scottish

Poetry Library—and the occasional punctuation of laughter—was remarkable only to those who do not know that translation, in the company of the creator, can be one of the highest forms of fun.

Translation is a kind of conversation and we wanted a new poem which reflected that. ‘Saudade’, one of the great *untranslatables* that we discussed at length on the first morning, is that poem. ‘Saudade’ can be rendered as ‘longing’ or ‘nostalgia’. Perhaps what can be lost in translation. This particular ‘Saudade’ is a ghazal, an ancient Persian form, and the poets wrote it in turns, alternating Portuguese and English.

I would like to thank the staff of the Scottish Poetry Library for their generous and solicitous hosting of the poetry workshops. I would like also to thank Stewart Conn, who became the first audience of one to hear the original works alongside their finished translations and who responded with characteristic interest and enthusiasm. Most particularly, apart from the wonderful poets themselves, I would like to thank the bridge translators for their professionalism, their sensitivity and their insights. All the poets commended the quality of the work they provided. From Portuguese into English the bridge translators were Carla Davidson and Sophie Paterson; from English into Portuguese the bridge translator was Catarina Nascimento. The co-ordinator for all translations was Carla Davidson (www.carladavidsontranslations.com). The project was administered by Dr Kirsten Norrie on behalf of The Edwin Morgan Trust, the Scottish Poetry Library and the Edinburgh International Book Festival.

TOM POW
Facilitator

Saudade 2

I don't belong in your language
but you've let me in the side door.

I am not longing for the right word;
there is only the right silence.

Thank you for saying nothing.
And that look, saying everything.

The eyes speak as animals speak—
in spite of ourselves.

Don't they? *Don't they?*

I take my animal self through the earth's
door to the other side of silence.

Group ghazal by the translation poets

composed 18 May 2017

in order: Miriam, Ricardo, Richard, Andreia, Miguel, Jane

ANDREIA C. FARIA

Narcisos

Um hálito venéreo ao entrarmos no carro, uma excitação fúnebre, e vi-os: caídos, quentes de sede, febris, as pálpebras pisadas pelo sol.

Tinhas colhido narcisos para me oferecer, mas deixara-los esquecidos no carro, e ali estavam como filhos únicos, a carne morna, mansa do repúdio, ávidos do perfume e do estranhamento da terra. Podia ser meu o gesto: tocar o teu rosto, o gume da tua juventude. ossos maciços apareciam-te com susto sob a pele, a tensa arquitectura que sofrias como uma sequela. Podia ter tocado a flor inábil da lâmina na tua face, bebê-la, aquífero num mapa árido. Era um amor concebível. Mas vindo de que perfeitas solidões, de que educação altiva em que nem a água quente nos lembrou de que vivíamos. Um amor de dentes sem brilho, o sexo coalhado e espesso, ferido pela poeira, solo impróprio onde pousar as raízes urgentes.

ANDREIA C. FARIA | Translated by JANE MCKIE
with SOPHIE PATERSON

Narcissus

A venereal breath as we got in the car, a funereal arousal, and I saw them:
fallen, thirsty, feverish, eyelids trampled by the sun.

You had picked daffodils to give to me, but left them in the car, and there
they were like only children with lukewarm flesh, made meek by rejection,
eager for the scents and the strangeness of the earth. It could be my
gesture: to touch your face, the edge of your youth. Solid bones scare you
under skin, their tense architecture suffered like a sequel. I could have
touched the clumsy flower made by the razor on your cheek, could have
drunk it, aquifer in an arid map. Love was conceivable. But it came from
such perfect solitude, from a privileged education where not even scalding
water could remind us we were alive. A yellow-toothed love, clot of sex,
wounding by dust, an unsuitable soil in which to pitch urgent roots.

ANDREIA C. FARIA

‘Sou a mulher...’

Sou a mulher que se mata por amor a ti
e a mulher por amor de quem se morre
Sou o rapaz que há como uma água turva
na mulher por quem se morre
o bucal húmido do telefone onde ela expia
pensamentos violentos como plumas
Sou a pluma que lhe abre os lençóis
a lasca de madeira sobre a mesa
a lâmina à espera que a nudez dê frutos
Sou aquilo que fere o rapaz
e a roupa que o tapa
Sou o brilho da janela onde a mulher
se balança

ANDREIA C. FARIA | Translated by RICHARD PRICE
with SOPHIE PATERSON

I am the woman

I am the woman who kills herself for the love of you
and the woman you die for
I am the boy there like cloudy water
in the woman you die for
the humid mouth of the phone where she atones
for violent thoughts like feathers
I am the feather splitting her white sheets
the splinter of wood on the table
the blade waiting for nakedness to fruit
I will wound the boy
and the clothes that cover him
I am the brilliance of the window where the woman
is balancing

RICARDO MARQUES

Detroit

Quando a motown
cantava por todo
o lado, e os carros
que saiam de lá
eram os melhores
do mundo

ninguém previa a ruína
em que se iria tornar

muito menos henry ford
quando ali construiu
há cem anos atrás o Ford T

aliás, nessa altura
toda a gente gostava
era de gospels e de
andar a pé

depois é que toda
a gente começou
a andar de carro
e a ouvir beyoncé:

toda a recessão é outro
nome para o progresso.

RICARDO MARQUES | Translated by JANE MCKIE
with CARLA DAVIDSON

Detroit

When Motown
was played
everywhere, and the cars
that were made there
were the best
in the world

nobody predicted the ruin
that would follow

not least henry ford
when, a hundred years ago
he built the Ford T

in fact, back then
what everyone liked
was gospel and
travelling on foot

it was afterwards
everyone began
travelling by car
and listening to beyoncé:

recession is another
name for progress.

RICARDO MARQUES

Poema No.30

Nunca poderei perscrutar
os diários que não escrevo
a biografia é uma passagem
a que não tenho acesso—

e se o excesso de vida
me condena, as múltiplas
formas que pode adquirir
libertam-me o espírito

tudo o que possa
fazer com estas mãos-
até adivinhar o meu destino—

nunca será mais do que
uma aproximação, um
concílio de deuses.

RICARDO MARQUES | Translated by MIRIAM NASH
with CARLA DAVIDSON

Poem No.30

I can never scrutinise
the diaries I don't write
biography is a passage
to which I have no right—

and if life's excess
swallows me, the multiplicity
of shapes it might acquire
will set my spirit free

all I can do with these hands
even the divining
of my destiny—

will only ever be
an approximation, a
council of the deities.

MIGUEL MARTINS

‘Um homem sozinho...’

Um homem sozinho, à janela de uma rua como quase todas, mais clara que umas, mais escura que outras, neste fim de tarde ocidental e quase mudo, observa uma rapariga na paragem de autocarro do outro lado da rua. Em breve, ela partirá e a paragem ficará vazia. Por isso, aproveita cada gesto dela, acompanhado por pequenos goles de uísque. Sabe que ela se sabe observada, que está desconfortável, por isso irrequieta. Gestos minúsculos, tira da mala coisas de que não precisa, coloca-as no bolso, onde não fazem falta, incapaz de sorrir ou virar-se de costas. Tem idade para ser sua filha, provavelmente namora um tipo que de Monteverdi não ouviu nem o nome. É ruiva como um pêssigo maduro, pequena como um pônei de feira. E ele, impotente vai para dois anos, observa-a como se fosse um quadro num museu de província, cheio de condescendência e abandono. Pensa na arma que herdou do tio, pensa se é chegada a hora de tomar uma decisão. Mas, sem dúvida, aguardará a chegada e a partida do 39, que vai, sem pressa, para não sabe bem onde.

MIGUEL MARTINS | Translated by RICHARD PRICE
with SOPHIE PATERSON

A man alone

A man alone, at the window of a street like almost any other,
lighter than some, darker than others, at the end
of this almost silent Western afternoon, observes a girl
at the bus stop on the other side of the street. Soon
she'll leave and the shelter will be empty. Now's the time
to take advantage of her gestures, with little sips
of whisky to keep him company. He can see she knows she's being observed,
that she's uncomfortable, that's why she's fidgeting. Tiny gestures—
she removes this and that from her suitcase for no reason in particular,
puts them in her pocket, where they're certainly not welcome.
She's unable to smile, or to turn her back. She's
young enough to be his daughter, is probably going out
with a guy who's never heard of Monteverdi.
She's a red-head, a ripe peach, as small as a pony
at the fair. And he, impotent these past two years, observes her
as if she were a portrait in a provincial museum, full
of condescension, of couldn't-care-less.
He thinks of the weapon he has inherited from his uncle,
maybe the time has come to make a decision.
But, without doubt, he'll wait for the arrival and then the departure
of the 39—which, taking its own sweet time, goes all the way to who knows where.

MIGUEL MARTINS

‘Naquele tempo...’

Naquele tempo, era costume chegarmos de madrugada às grandes capitais do mundo, depois de varreremos países e países de estradas secundárias com as nossas lanternas, e anunciarmo-nos como quem veste a guerra e o amor, fazendo soar os sinos dalgum pequeno campanário de algibeira, normalmente defronte de um balcão feito cascata, enquanto as nossas vozes vendiam ilusões bíblicas às raparigas que olham para o tecto como se fosse o chão.

Era ainda demasiado cedo para que os sapatos se impusessem entre os pés e a estrada; demasiado tarde, todavia, para que lhes confessássemos os jardins onde sonháramos imagens difusas, feitas apenas de cor e dispersão, antes da ordem, muito antes do caos, a anos-luz da arte e do abandono. Uma força imoral, uma urgência rara como todas as urgências, decompunha espelhos sobre espelhos, encadeava os dias e inventava a serpentina aparentemente interminável a que se chama vida quando se tem ainda a dentição intacta.

Foi há muito tempo. Somos ridículos, hoje, quando evocamos escaramuças ou risos, lábios fendidos ou beijados, como se quinhentas vezes o nevoeiro não tivesse feito gritar entretanto a sirene do nosso cabelo em recessão, como se as nossas namoradas de Toledo ou Avinhão não se tivessem abortado a si mesmas quinze vezes, e os anos, também a elas, não toldassem os passos, como vómito até aos calcanhares. Resta-nos a compostura de uma gravata nova, do cabelo aparado até ao pavilhão auricular, e a talha dourada de uma partita de Bach para enganar a flacidez da carne, como se a carne precisasse de nós para sentir a deserção da água, a inominável deserção da água, de todas as praias a que não voltaremos.

MIGUEL MARTINS | Translated by MIRIAM NASH
with SOPHIE PATERSON

Back then

Back then, we always arrived in the early hours
in the great capitals of the world, after sweeping our headlights
through countries and countries of B roads,
announcing ourselves like those wearing war and love,
clanging the bells of some little pocket tower
(usually opposite a bar that was a waterfall),
our voices selling Biblical illusions
to girls who looked at the roof as if it were the floor.

It was way too early for shoes to be forced
between our feet and the road, already too late
for us to confess the gardens where we dreamed
scattered images of blur and colour,
before order, long before chaos, light years from art
and abandonment. An immoral force, a rare urgency (like all
urgencies) broke mirrors over mirrors, chained
the days and invented the endlessly unspooling string of carnivals
which is called life when one still has one's teeth intact.

That was a long time ago. We're ridiculous today when we evoke
skirmishes or laughs, lips cracked or kissed,
as if the fog hadn't made the siren of our baldness shout
five hundred times in the years between, as if
our girlfriends from Toledo or Avignon had not performed
their own abortions fifteen times, and the years not darkened
their steps too, vomit up to all our heels. We're left with
the composure of a new tie, hair trimmed
to the auricles, and the carved gold of a Bach partita
to fool the sagging of the flesh, as if the flesh needed us
to feel the water leaving, the unspeakable desertion of water
from all the beaches to which we won't return.

JANE MCKIE

The Wheat

Gold tassels, gold mouse ears, gold filigree. Gold stilts, gold shanties,
gold treetops.

I had looked in the place in the field I last saw Ronan playing,
his bright red hair unmistakable above the wheat.

I had looked for him for two hours, in the field and in the woods.
The boy, the boy, my boy.

I had crashed through the plants, my arms hot and whipped by
broken stalks, voice hoarse from calling.

Gold spars, gold monkey bars, gold A-frames.

Perhaps he had been picked up. Perhaps he had tripped and fallen.
Perhaps he had found the way back to his first family.

JANE MCKIE | Translated by MIGUEL MARTINS
with CATERINA NASCIMENTO

O Trigo

Borlas douradas, orelhas de rato douradas, filigranas douradas. Andas douradas, choupanas douradas, copas de árvores douradas.

Eu olhara para o sítio, no meio do campo, onde vira o Ronan a brincar pela última vez, com o seu cabelo de um ruivo vivo inconfundível por cima do trigo.

Procurara-o durante duas horas, no campo e no bosque.
O rapaz, o rapaz, o meu rapaz.

Precipitara-me através da vegetação, com os braços quentes e chicoteados pelos ramos partidos, e com a voz rouca de tanto gritar.

Postes dourados, vigas douradas, andaimes dourados.

Talvez o tivessem levado. Talvez tivesse tropeçado e caído.
Ou talvez tivesse conseguido regressar à sua primeira família.

JANE MCKIE

Strange Ears and What They Hear

A bat's sycamore seed-shaped ears
are so sensitive

they must ache for the void, pound
with violent need

to devour
the membranous tymbals

of tiger moth,
forceps of earwig,

to pick off noise
(and the echoes of noise),

to snuff every second buckled
by the bruising roar of life.

JANE MCKIE | Translated by ANDREIA C. FARIA
with CATERINA NASCIMENTO

O que ouvem estranhos ouvidos

Em forma de semente de sicómoro, as orelhas de um morcego
são tão sensíveis

que devem ansiar pelo vácuo, pulsar
com violenta precisão

de devorar
os membranosos tímpanos

de traça-tigre,
fórceps de bicha-cadela,

de extrair o ruído
(e os ecos do ruído),

de extinguir cada segundo submetido
ao doloroso rugir da vida.

MIRIAM NASH

Last Fish

She was a perfect mackerel of
Cape Cod, almost shivering as if
the sea had surged her to my plate.
I ate her slowly, peeling back
the skin, holding her pale meat
between my teeth. I had come fresh
from my first dip this side of the
Atlantic, a family of water I had
known from birth. In the shallows,
dreaming, I had sensed my body
stretching with the tide, my limbs
teased out like nets across the calm,
the churn, the break, dark waters,
deep tectonic plates, until my toes
had touched my nook of icy
Scottish coast, my head still floating
in the lick of warmth. Let me be
eaten by an ocean, said the mackerel
on my tongue. She was beautiful
that fish. I never ate another one.

MIRIAM NASH | Translated by MIGUEL MARTINS
with CATERINA NASCIMENTO

O Último Peixe

Era uma cavala perfeita, de
Cape Cod, quase a tremer como se
o mar a tivesse arrastado para o meu
prato. Comi-a devagar, retirando-lhe
a pele, segurando-lhe a carne pálida
entre os dentes. Acabara de chegar
do meu primeiro mergulho deste lado do
Atlântico, uma massa aquática que
conhecia desde sempre. Nos baixios,
sonhadora, apercebera-me do meu corpo
alongando-se ao sabor da maré, dos meus membros
estendendo-se como redes sobre as águas
escuras, calmas, agitadas ou estagnadas,
sobre as profundas placas tectónicas, até que
os meus pés tocassem o meu recanto gelado
de costa escocesa enquanto a minha cabeça flutuava
ainda numa réstia de calor. Deixa-me ser
comida pelo oceano, disse a cavala
na minha língua. Era um belo peixe,
aquele. Nunca mais comi nenhum.

MIRIAM NASH

Prayer for My Father as a Child

In the house where he sleeps
let my ears
be the leaves at the window.

Let the bulbs of the lamps
be my eyes
on the animal street.

Let the shadows that harbour
my unborn body
stir when harm is stirring.

I'll sleep in the drawer
with the knives.
I'll turn in the locks.

MIRIAM NASH | Translated by RICARDO MARQUES
with CATERINA NASCIMENTO

Prece para o meu pai em criança

Na casa onde ele dorme
que os meus ouvidos
sejam a folhagem na janela.

Que as lâmpadas dos candeeiros
sejam os meus olhos
na selvagem rua.

Que as sombras abrigando
o meu corpo nascituro
se agitem quando o mal se manifeste.

Dormirei na gaveta
junto das facas.
Fechar-me-ei à chave.

RICHARD PRICE

Wake up and sleep

Drowsy—finalising the blueprint.

Drowsy—verifying the footprint.

Drowsy in data entry,

drowsy on checkpoint sentry,

drowsy and missing the asset-stripping on Dead Street.

Half-asleep, fingertipping the spreadsheet,

thumbing the defective directory

of on-the-mind on-the-mend half-attended ex's.

Half-asleep and just holding on

to the handholds in the homemade purgatory

of six-of-one custody fro-and-to vexes.

Half asleep quoting chapter and hexes

from the ratified sleepwalking directive.

Wake up outside your conscientious waking dream,

wake up and sleep.

Wake up outside your ache, your late luscious just-what-it-seems,

wake up and sleep.

Wake up to the what-happened, wake up to the casehardened,

wake up between look and leap.

Wake up in the shatter and decade-seep,

wake up and sleep.

Say goodnight to shaking—

there's a wake in over-waking.

Scowls and scarlatina are the stories in the clinic cantina:

more at the morgue does tend to mean less.

Owls and the ocarina are glories in the night arena

but leave them for a week, I guess.

(Sleep's demeanour improves life's fever—

you need to nod to get to yes.)

RICHARD PRICE | Translated by RICARDO MARQUES
with CATERINA NASCIMENTO

Acorda e dorme

Sonolento—terminando a planta.
Sonolento—analizando a pegada.
Sonolento na introdução de dados,
Sonolento no posto de sentinela,
Sonolento e desejando o alienamento da Rua Morta.

Meio a dormir, digitando a folha de cálculo
folheando o imperfeito catálogo
de ex-amantes descurados, presentes e convalescentes.
Meio a dormir, e agarrado por pouco
aos ganchos do purgatório caseiro
de meia-dúzia de custódias, vacilantes tormentas.
Meio a dormir, citando o capítulo e a maldição
da directiva sonâmbula validada.

Acorda do lado de fora do escrupuloso sonho acordado,
acorda e dorme.
Acorda do lado de fora da tua dor, do teu isto-é-o-que-parece delicioso e atrasado,
acorda e dorme.
Acorda para o que aconteceu, acorda para o calejado
acorda entre olhar e saltar.
Acorda por entre os cacos e da década de imersão
acorda e dorme.

Dá as boas noites aos tremores.
Algo se acorda quando se acorda demais.
Quezílias e escarlatinas são as histórias da clínica cantina:
demais na morgue tende a significar menos.
Corujas e ocarinas são glórias de nocturnas arenas
mas deixemo-nos estar uma semana, acho eu.
(A conduta durante o sono melhora a febre da vida—
é preciso anuir para chegar ao sim.)

Peace and quiet for the codes and the kids,
for the didn't-halves and the nearly-dids. Rest your roads, your well-rids.
Peace and quiet for the sky-deep, ocean-high equation.
No tended-baggage advantage-adage panic profiticians. No palpitations.
Peace and quiet for the offence-taking nations-within-nations.
Peace. Not a peep. Please,
sleep.

A paz e o silêncio estejam com os códigos e as crianças,
com os mais-que-tudo e os quase-nada. Descansem por agora, ó bem-aventuradas.

A paz e o silêncio estejam com a equação de céu profundo e alto-mar.
Sem qualquer beneficiolítico de proverbial vantagem, apavorado: Sem qualquer
palpitação.

A paz e o silêncio estejam com as nações indignadas de entre as nações.
Paz. Nem um queixume. Por favor,
dorme.

RICHARD PRICE

These choices are not choices

Urgency, and these choices are not choices, are not urgent—
to cut your finger turning a page or to tire, squandering pumped light.
There is public private news and want want want—without fathomed angst.

The screen disowns its imperatives, I have been compelled:
high frequency, low amplitude, a constant sub-pang for a friend and a dataset.
Or absence? Or absence? Absence or else?

This push not to be,
to be in your own absence. I

love our long hours enfolded, sending, receiving, sending, receiving.
No—‘thanks’, ‘praise’, doesn’t touch what touch is, each euphoric sense,
and I do say ‘love’ and I don’t delete darkness.

We transmit a very short distance, and sometimes we read.

RICHARD PRICE | Translated by ANDREIA C. FARIA
with CATERINA NASCIMENTO

Escolhas não são escolhas

Há urgência, estas escolhas não são escolhas, nem urgentes—
cortar a ponta do dedo ao virar a página, cansar-se, desperdiçando o pulsar da luz.
Há notícias público-privadas e ‘quero quero quero’—sem angústia decifrada.

O ecrã deserda os seus imperativos, fui forçado a:
alta frequência, baixa amplitude, um constante e surdo remorso por algum amigo
ou base de dados.
Ou ausência? Ou ausência? Ausência ou outra coisa qualquer?

A compulsão para não ser,
para estar na própria ausência. Eu

amo as nossas longas horas abraçadas, fazendo ‘send’ e ‘receive’, ‘send’ e ‘receive’.
Não—um ‘obrigada’, um elogio, não alcançam o toque, cada eufórico sentido,
e ao dizer ‘amor’ não faço ‘delete’ à escuridão.

Transmitimos uma curtíssima distância, e por vezes lemos.

PARTICIPANTS

ANDREIA C. FARIA lives in her native city of Porto. She has published four poetry collections, including *Flúor* (2013), *Um pouco acima do lugar onde melhor se escuta o coração* (2015) and *Tão bela como qualquer rapaz* (2017). ‘Poetry is a way of finding my place in the world and in my own body. It is a way of exploring my limits and my preconceptions. It is imagination to the extreme.’

JANE MCKIE teaches for the creative writing programme of the University of Edinburgh. Her most recent collections are *From the Wonder Book of Would You Believe It?* (Mariscat, 2016) and *Kitsune* (Cinnamon Press, 2015). ‘I hope my writing is imbued with imagination, compassion and, above all, a sense of wonder. I’m often drawn to the natural world in my writing, and to character, playfulness and quirkiness when I read.’

RICARDO MARQUES is a literary critic, translator and poet, currently living in Lisbon. Recent collections include *Metamorphoses* (2015) and *Ruinenlust* (2016). ‘Poetry is crucially a crucible: an experience of the world and a mirror. My poetry is a reflection on the past, present and future, three wor(l)ds we were given and we need to digest.’

MIGUEL MARTINS lives in Lisbon, and has published a number of poetry collections, also essays, a novel and songs. His poetry titles include: *Cirrose* (2003), *Lérias* (2011), *Cotão* (2014), *Desvão* (2016), *Pince-Nez* (2017). ‘If my poems have one main thing in common, I’d say it is their obsession with the past, be it historical, biographical or fictional.’

MIRIAM NASH, poet, performer and educator, was runner-up for the Edwin Morgan Poetry Award in 2016, and her first full collection, *All the Prayers in the House* (Bloodaxe), came out in 2017. ‘For me poetry is an oral form, so sound is important. I edit my poems aloud. I try to find the emotional heart of a poem—to share a moment of understanding with the listener/reader.’

TOM POW is an award-winning poet and author. A bilingual selection of his poems was published in Mexico in 2015 and his latest collection is *At the Well of Love* (Mariscat, 2016). He was a Robert Louis Stevenson Fellow in 2015.

RICHARD PRICE is Head of Contemporary British Collections at the British Library, and author of a dozen poetry collections, most recently *Small World* (Carc Janet, 2012) and *Moon for Sale* (Carc Janet, 2017). ‘I favour a technically various poetry about a great range of subjects, and even abstraction, barely expressing a subject at all. From intimate witness to world infinite!’