

## POEMS

The centennial commemoration of *The Waste Land* includes not only literary studies but also creations in the domain of visual arts and music. In the artwork section two well-established poets, multi-prized Spanish Antonio Colinas, and Mexican Jeannette Lozano Clariond, pay their homage to Eliot. They are accompanied by startling poetic voices of those who are more known as scholars and who reveal now their less known facet as poetic craftsmen, such as, Paul Scott Derrick, an eminent Americanist at the Universitat de València, and Gerardo Rodríguez Salas, a promising writer and professor at the Universidad de Granada.

Antonio COLINAS

*De Pound a Eliot, en el más allá*

¡Éramos tan distintos, ya  
desde aquel pelo suyo engominado  
y desde aquel mío salvaje  
por el que se me iban las ideas  
peligrosas, rebeldes,  
mis versos como alambres eléctricos,  
mis versos como rayos!

Cuando usted me pasó el original  
de su *The Waste Land*  
tuve la osadía de reducirle  
un tercio de la extensión del manuscrito.  
¡Pero luego usted fue tan cercano  
y generoso con mi dolor,  
cooperando para poder sacarme  
del agujero aquel  
del manicomio-criminal!  
A mí acaso me perdía  
el rigor necesario y extremado  
que se debe tener  
para ser un poeta verdadero,  
pero su inteligencia  
brillaba en el espíritu de algunos versos suyos,  
como esquirlas de oro  
que yo le respeté.

Discúlpeme,  
me tocó cuando estaba en el mundo  
ayudar mucho a muchos  
en lo que pude.

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Mas lo que hoy importa  
ya sólo son sus versos y mis versos,  
aquellos que aún se puedan salvar,  
esas esquivas del oro o lágrimas de sangre  
contra el tiempo y la muerte.

¿También para mis versos  
llegará la guadaña?

*From Pound to Eliot, in the Hereafter*

We were so different, your  
slicked-down hair  
and mine growing wild  
through which my dangerous,  
rebellious ideas slipped out  
and my verses were electric wires,  
my verses were rays of light!

When you let me read  
the manuscript of *The Waste Land*  
I was bold enough to cut  
Out a third of its length.  
But you were so kind  
and generous in my pain,  
helping to get me out  
of that hole of an asylum  
for the criminally insane!  
Maybe somewhere I lost  
the consummate rigor  
you have to have  
to be a true poet,  
but your intelligence  
shone like scintillas of gold  
in the spirit of some of your lines,  
and I respected you.

Forgive me,  
When I was in the world  
I helped a lot of people  
as much as I could.  
But all that matters today  
Are the poems, yours and mine,  
those that can still be saved,  
those scintillas of gold or tears of blood  
against time and death.

Will the reaper also come  
for my lines?

(Translated by Paul SCOTT DERRICK)



Jeannette LOZANO CLARIOND

*Herida de sol*

Y es que somos así.  
Y es que nací ciega de tanto sol.  
Y te arrancan la piel de la espalda  
y te dicen cómo debes responder. Y eso no es humano.  
No, no lo es.  
Lo humano es mostrar la herida.  
Dejar que tu rostro sea triste, tristísimo si le da la gana, tal vez uno que otro día  
pueda sonreír. Mas una sonrisa sabia, la que ha conquistado  
sin dejar de padecer...  
Aquel sol no cesa de rozar mis espaldas, de quemar  
mis brazos, de traspasar el cristal cuyos rayos  
se incrustaron en mi piel.  
Somos humanos y así vivimos, como una Babel en llamas.

*Wounded by the Sun*

Well, that's how we are.  
I was born blind from so much sun.  
They rip the skin off your back  
and they tell you how to answer. And that's not human.  
No, it's not.  
What is human is to show the wound.  
To let your face be sad, extremely sad if you feel like it, maybe one day or other  
you can smile. But a wise smile, one that has conquered  
without ceasing to suffer...  
That sun doesn't cease to brush my back, to burn  
my arms, to pierce the glass whose rays are embedded in my skin. We are  
human and that's how we live, like a Babel in flames.

(Translated by Paul SCOTT DERRICK)



Paul SCOTT DERRICK

*Waste*

so many words / and  
broken images / to tell / the  
time is out of joint

\*

I

April came and went  
A hundred years – ticked away  
Seems like you were right

II

All things downward slide  
Dazzling queen to frazzled bride  
What a fall was here

III

I can only trace  
the pathways of destruction:  
nothing to be done.

IV

You cannot stand in this.  
It wants to destroy us all.  
The word – whisper it.

V

No third beside you now  
Visions of falling cities  
Vain – the recipes

\*

Your word-collage burned  
the soul of a century.  
What grace awaits us?



*Baldío*

tantas palabras / e  
imágenes rotas / dicen / tiempo  
descoyuntado

\*

I

Abril vino y se fue  
Cien años – minuto a minuto  
Parece que tenías razón

II

Todas las cosas cuesta abajo  
De gran reina a novia exhausta  
Qué caída hubo aquí

III

Tan solo trazo  
Caminos del destrozo:  
No se puede hacer nada.

IV

No puedes estar en esto.  
Quiere destruirnos a todos.  
La palabra: susúrrala.

V

No va un tercero a tu lado  
Visiones de ciudades en declive  
En vano... las recetas

\*

Tu palabra-collage quemó  
el alma de un siglo.  
¿Qué gracia nos aguarda?

(Traducción de Natalia CARBAJOSA)



*En esta isla de cetros*

Hoy narra el tapiz de la diosa  
augustas verdades con hebras de lumbre,  
trenzados azares de herido clangor.

Hoy cantan milicias que fingen ser hombres,  
que buscan amor en cristales de brujos,  
que arengan soldados con débiles talles.  
Un beso, dos besos, tres besos,  
los hombres se besan  
si hallan la fosa del rey que los hizo,  
si blanden acero en las manos de húmedas damas,  
si evitan el golpe en la nuca  
y velan arcanos obsequios  
que lucen jinetes con verdes relinchos.

Hoy clama la estirpe guerrera,  
adánico sueño de *bobbies* en *wellies*,  
de Ziggy Stardust en su roja cabina,  
de *double deckers* y vagones de metro,  
monótonos tumbos,  
vulgares turistas que son los Carontes de nuestra ciudad.

*Mind the gap.*

El hueco.

Admiren la plaza de nuestra victoria  
—*et domine salvam fac reginam nostram.*  
La Corte al oeste, al sur la Abadía,  
al este las Casas, al norte el Gobierno,  
la brújula signa un destino,  
hay sólo una armada invencible y no es española.

*Last orders!*

Hoy tañe la historia, la pérfida Albión,  
los largos sollozos de aquellos violines.  
Honrad a las doce deidades de nuestro británico Olimpo,  
la gran dinastía de la Commonwealth,  
honrad las figuras de quienes fundaron la patria,  
modélicos moldes de insignes galanes  
y de una mujer.  
¿Os da acaso náuseas este faquir?  
¿También la señora que quiso mi podio  
en mayo, ese mes que me olvida?



*No room for you, Maggie.*

Hoy unjo mi historia,  
yo muevo los hilos,  
las hebras de acero.  
Tú teje  
y calla.

*The party is always right (right?).*

Abril será cruel y radiante.  
La lluvia ha llegado a este reino de exactos relojes.

Hoy darán las trece también en tu mente.

*In this Sceptred Isle*

Today the tapestry of the goddess tells  
august truths through strands of fire,  
random braids of injured clamor.

Today militias pretending to be men are singing,  
they search for love in warlocks' crystal balls,  
haranguing soldiers with weakened bodies.  
One kiss, two kisses, three kisses,  
they kiss each other  
if they find the grave of the king who made them,  
if they wield steel in the hands of moist ladies,  
if they avoid the blow to the neck  
and watch for arcane gifts  
that exhibit riders with green whinnies.

Today the warrior lineage cries out,  
Adamic dream of bobbies in wellies,  
of Ziggy Stardust in his red cubicle,  
of double-decker buses and underground wagons,  
monotonous jolts,  
vulgar tourists who are the Charons of our city.

Mind the gap.  
The gap.

Admire the square of our victory  
*—et domine salvam fac reginam nostram.*  
The Court to the west, the Abbey to the south,  
the Houses to the east, the Government to the north,  
the compass marks a destiny,  
there's only one invincible armada and it isn't Spanish.



Last orders!

Today, perfidious Albion, history tolls,  
the long sobs of those violins.  
Honor the twelve deities of our Britannic Olympus,  
the great dynasty of the Commonwealth,  
honor the figures of those who founded this fatherland,  
exemplary molds of distinguished gallants  
and of a woman.  
Does this faquir maybe make you sick?  
And the lady who wanted my podium  
in May, that month that forgets me.

No room for you, Maggie.

Today I anoint my story,  
I pull the threads,  
the strands of steel.  
Weave  
and be silent.

The party is always right (right?).

April will be radiant and cruel.  
Rain has come to this kingdom of accurate clocks.

Today it will also be thirteen o'clock in your mind.

(Translated by Paul SCOTT DERRICK)

