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## **Póliza: A Bilingual Anthology of Postmodern Peninsular Spanish Women Poets**

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Póliza:

A Bilingual Anthology of Postmodern Peninsular Spanish Women Poets

Jacqueline Osborn

Honors Project

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Throughout daily life, language is the substance that binds us to one another. It allows for the development of connections and basic interactions. It is the medium of communication that facilitates routine errands, the reinforcement of a support system, and finally the transfer of knowledge between cultures and individuals. Language contains the very building blocks that we use to describe and define everything in our world. Through the use of language, humanity creates business, science, systems of government and ultimately art, delineated and represented by words that in turn influence the evolution of the surrounding culture.

Correspondingly, written forms of art seem to be particularly potent, including everything from novels to essays and, in particular, poetry. Throughout history, the freedom of written and spoken mediums has depended heavily upon the nature of government at the time. Reinforcing this idea, American poet and author Rita Dove claimed, with “Poetry is language at its most distilled and most powerful.” In reality, poetry endeavors to produce emotions and express ideas in extremely refined and concentrated sequences of words. Within a poem, every word is specially chosen and placed in order to fully prepare the significance of the whole product. In this way, poetry occupies its own unique and dynamic role within language and culture.

Of course, these aspects of poetry are distinctively adapted to their birth language in such a way that translation into another language and culture can become difficult. Indeed, even when translation is successful, more than one acceptable possibility may exist and the significance of the work will inevitably be changed. As famed French philosopher Jacques Derrida once stated, “Translation augments and modifies the original, which, insofar as it is living on, never ceases to be transformed and to grow. It modifies the original even as it also modifies the translating language. This process – transforming the original as well as the translation – is the translation contract between the original and the translating text.”

As a consequence of this struggle and the efforts of many historical translators, various different styles and approaches to the activity have evolved. Ultimately, the diversity among these techniques has led to the development of translation theories and even competing factions that, although inadvertently, raise large philosophical questions on the focus and purpose of translation. Specifically, the translation of poetry has presented a significant challenge to the process of cultural transference, appealing to the art of poetry and the science of languages as well as ethical concerns. Principal among these is the extent to which a work should be translated; for example, whether a translation should maintain the cultural idioms of the source language or assume analogous equivalents in the new language. Additionally, uncertainty regarding the responsibilities of the translator emerges. Should the translation be considered a new work of art and individual entity, in which the translator is able to maintain or discard portions in accordance to what he/she determines as necessary? Or should these translations adhere to the constraints of true and direct translations? Naturally, there are champions of both of these camps of thinking; however, there remain a multiplicity of combinations of the two. Thus, new questions surface as to which aspects should receive more attention and inclusion in the translation, how much liberty the translator can take with the original work, and even which authors or works should be chosen.

In attempts to answer these various questions in my own short anthology, I have recovered sources that address general theories of poetry as well as the specific elements characteristic to each poet. First and foremost, I use numerous poems by the authors themselves, which can be found in online poetry databases as well as on some of the poet's personal web pages. After preliminary readings of the poems and the author's history, I chose those with themes and voices that directly appeal to my own feelings and voice. Then, through comparison

of poems by the same author I observe trends in the literary ingredients that each poet prefers and uses in their own work. In my respective translations of their work, I aim to respect these preferences. To continue, I attempt to incorporate knowledge of the author's personal life reflecting their cultural, political, and family influences in order to better interpret the author's voice. This historical information is derived from secondary source biographies, thus reducing the personal bias of the authors in choosing to omit or emphasize certain life events over others. In addition, I consulted various articles and academic writings on the process of translating poetry, namely *The Art of Translating Poetry* by Burton Raffel. Finally, I read other examples of already translated Spanish poetry. These academic translations include works by Pablo Neruda, Luis Cernuda, and Federico García Lorca, some of the most popularly translated Spanish writers.

Unfortunately, while many of these well-known authors have been translated extensively, other less recognized examples remain trapped within their respective cultures. In this way, the work of almost entire generations has remained without a voice, eclipsed by the most popular of their age. Individual artists' interpretations of their own time and culture, and especially the counterarguments of the time, have remained relatively muted in comparison. For this reason, I chose to give an English voice to eight poets of the late twentieth century: Ana Rossetti, Aurora Luque, Clara Janés, Blanca Andreu, Juana Castro Muñoz, Sofía Castañón, and Vanesa Pérez-Sauquillo. All of these are Spanish female poets who, while having been published in Spain, are less acknowledged and translated outside of their own country than their male contemporaries. In part, this is due to the lingering male chauvinism and repressed sexuality of the Franco regime, which will gradually disappear over time. However, I strive to contribute to this progress with my own translations.

On a personal level, I have thoroughly appreciated not only working with these poems and authors on an individual scale, but the activity as a whole as well. Many of the motifs of these female authors, from developing identity to the struggles of modern romance, resonate within my own daily life while in college. Notwithstanding, I truly cherished the opportunity to incorporate my love for foreign languages into the challenge of importing these authors into the American English language and culture. With each poem I attempted to balance the message of the birth culture with the needs and idiosyncrasies of the receiving language, presenting an intriguing and enticing undertaking. As a rule, I tended to adhere to the structure and more scientific, direct translations when possible, only modifying those areas of a poem that had lost their force in translation. Through such a combination of order and aesthetic insight, I felt that I was able to make my own art of the art that these authors had already brought into the world, and I absolutely loved the powerful creativity of it.

Respectively, I hope that the reader enjoys the reading of these translations as much as I did composing them.

# Ana Rossetti

Ana Rossetti is a Spanish poet who was born in Cádiz, in the region of Andalusia in southwestern Spain, in 1950. In the infancy of her healthy and enduring writing career, Rossetti actually achieved access to the Spanish cultural scene through her work as a stage performer in the 1980s. Throughout the rest of her endeavors, these influences can be seen not only in her poetry, but also in her collaborations with other visual artists, fashion designers and even famous singers. In fact, Rossetti has not limited herself only to the production of poetry, but has simultaneously flirted with almost all genres of writing, such as fiction novels, children's literature, essays, dramas and even operas.

As a result of her efforts, Rossetti has gained significant visibility in her own country of Spain as well as abroad. Many American scholars have written articles for U.S. journals, especially from the 1990s on, and most accept Rossetti as a transformational leader in the development and history of 20th and 21st century Spanish culture.

Reflecting this status as admired and prolific poet, Rossetti has quite a few very well renowned poetry collections, including (chronologically): *Los devaneos de Erato* (1980), *Dióscuros* (1982), *Indicios vehementes* (1985), *Yesterdays* (1988), and *Punto Umbrío* (1996).

Her most recent collection of poetry, *El mapa de la espera*, was published in 2010.

Additionally, she has been honored with several awards, such as El Premio Gules for her first poetry collection and the The International Poetry Prize, Rey Juan Carlos I, for her collection *Devocionario* also published in 1985. Finally, she also received the Silver Medal or Medalla de Plata from la Junta de Andalucía, the council of the region of Andalusia in Spain.

Hay sueños que no mueren.

Hay sueños que no mueren. Se empeñan en ser sueños.

Ajenos a la comba de la esfera y a las operaciones de los astros, trazan su propia órbita inmutable y, en blindadas crisálidas, se protegen del orden temporal.

Por eso es que perduran: porque eligen no ser.

Negándose se afirman, rehusando se mantienen, como flores de cuarzo, indestructibles, puros, sin dejarse arrancar de su dormiente ínsula.

Intactos en el tiempo, son inmunes a la devastación que en cada vuelta acecha, inhumana, a la pasión que exige y que devora, a la desobediencia y extravío que en los vagabundeos centellean.

Monedas que el avaro recuenta sigiloso nunca salen del fondo del bolsillo.

No ambicionan. No arriesgan. No conquistan.

No pagarán el precio del fracaso, la experiencia, la determinación, la ebriedad o el placer.

Sólo son impecables subterfugios.

(De *Punto umbrío*).

There are dreams that do not die.

There are dreams that do not die. They insist on being dreams.

Foreign to the bend of the sphere and the operations of the stars, they trace their own invariable orbit and, in armored chrysalises, they protect themselves from the passing order.

For this reason, they persist: because they remain ethereal.

Denying themselves, they assert themselves, refusing, they maintain themselves, like flowers of quartz,

indestructible, pure, without allowing themselves to be plucked from their sleeping isle.

Untouched in time, they are immune to the devastation that, inhuman, stalks at every turn the passion that demands and devours, the disobedience and loss

that in wanderings, sparkle.

Coins that the miser recounts in secret never rise from the depth of his pocket.

They do not aspire. They do not risk. They do not conquer.

They will not pay the price of failure, the experience, the determination, the intoxication or the pleasure.

They are only exquisite deceptions.



*Where is my Man*

Nunca te tengo tanto como cuando te busco  
sabiendo de antemano que no puedo encontrarte.  
Sólo entonces consiento estar enamorada.  
Sólo entonces me pierdo en la esmaltada jungla  
de coches o tiovivos, cafés abarrotados,  
lunas de escaparates, laberintos de parques  
o de espejos, pues corro tras de todo  
lo que se te parece.  
De continuo te acecho.  
El alquitrán derrite su azabache,  
es la calle movible taracea  
de camisas y niquis, sus colores comparo  
con el azul celeste o el verde malaquita  
que por tu pecho yo desabrochaba.  
Deliciosa congoja si creo reconocerte  
me hace desfallecer: toda mi piel nombrándote,  
toda mi piel alerta, pendiente de mis ojos.  
Indaga mi pupila, todo atisbo comprueba,  
todo indicio que me conduzca a ti,  
que te introduzca al ámbito donde sólo tu imagen  
prevalece y te coincida y funda,  
te acerque, te inaugure y para siempre estés.

*Where is my Man*

I never have you as much as when I search for you  
Knowing beforehand that I cannot find you.  
Only then do I consent to be in love.  
Only then do I lose myself in the tainted jungle  
Of cars and carousels, crowded cafes,  
windows of shops, mazes of parks, mirrors,  
well I run past all  
That looks like you.  
Constantly, I lie in wait for you.  
The tar melts into its darkness,  
It is the removeable street inlays  
Of blouses and polo shirts, I compare it's colors  
With the celestial blue or the malachite green  
That I unbuttoned through your chest.  
If I believe acknowledging you makes me faint  
Delicious anguish: all my skin naming you,  
All my skin awake, waiting for my eyes.  
My eye inquires, every glance verifies,  
All evidence that may lead to you,  
that will place you where only your image  
prevails and completes and establishes you,  
Bringing you closer, unveiling you, and forever  
you'll be.

## Aurora Luque

Aurora Luque, similar to Ana Rossetti, was born in the south of Spain, but in Almería on the east coast of Andalusia in Spain in 1962. Also distinctive to Luque are her more scholarly tendencies in comparison to others in her same field. Specifically, this notable writer and poet also holds a degree in Classical Philology, or the branch of knowledge that addresses the structure, historical development and relationships of the Greek language, and this specialization has been very influential in much of her writing. Currently, Luque holds a position as professor of Ancient Greek in Málaga, another coastal town in Andalusia, Spain. Thus, it makes sense that in addition to writing in her native language, Luque is also known for her own translations, although she has not undertaken translations of her own work.

As a fiction writer, Luque has received various awards for her books, such as the Premio Andalucía de la Crítica in 1999 for her book *Transitoria*. However, her poetry has been much more readily recognized and celebrated. From the very beginning of her efforts, Luque earned the Federico García Lorca Award from the University of Granada in 1981 for her first collection of poems, *Hiperiónida*. This was followed by the Rey Juan Carlos award for the collection *Carpe Noctem* in 1992, the Fray Luis de León award for *Camaradas de Ícaro* in 2003, and the International Poetry Award of the Generation of 27 for *La siesta de Epicuro* in 2008.

Luque's most recently published work of poetry, *Personal y Político* from 2015, was developed in conjunction with the José Manuel Lara Foundation in Seville, Spain, that attempts to promote the development and protection of both the Andalusian and Spanish cultures.

*Interior*

A menudo converso con mis sueños.  
Los invito a salirse de la noche  
y se sientan, con trajes neblinosos,  
junto a mi mesa sucia de papeles.  
y les pregunto sobre su sintaxis  
porque se ofenden si hablo de semántica.  
Hoy he recuperado de sus manos  
un fragmento de ti tan exquisito.  
como una noche de junio en Gil de Biedma,  
un otoño de Keats o aquel sabor a polo de  
naranja  
de las viejas mañanas de domingo.

De "Problemas de doblaje" 1982

*Inside*

Often I converse with my dreams.  
I invite them out at night  
And they sit, with cloudy suits  
Next to my table soiled with papers.  
And I ask them about their syntax  
Because it offends them if I talk of semantics.  
Today I mined from their hands  
a very exquisite fragment of you.  
Like a June night on Gil de Biedma,  
A Keats autumn, or that taste of an orange  
popsicle  
from childhood's Sunday mornings.

La leyenda del cuerpo

Reconstruir un cuerpo  
fragante en la memoria:  
ingresa en el recuerdo semidiós  
y en el olvido, viento.

El tacto: narraciones  
de una teogonía suficiente:  
ninfas en la saliva, los mensajes  
de iris en la sangre, el asediar  
de amazonas, cuantas alegorías  
quisiéramos del fuego, la conciencia  
suprema de la piel.

El cuerpo amado nunca  
es solamente un cuerpo.

*De "Problemas de doblaje" 1982*

The legend of the body

To reconstruct a body  
fragrant in memory:  
it conjures the idyllic image  
and in the obscurity, wind.

The touch: narrations  
of a sufficient theogony:  
nymphs drooling, the iridescent  
messages in the blood, the besieging  
of Amazons, how many allegories  
we craved from the fervor, the supreme  
conscience of the skin.

The loved body  
is never just a body.

*Sola en Casa*

Ya sólo soy fragmentos, piezas sueltas de mí  
pero no soy la mano que me une.  
En la pantalla el mundo  
me grita cuarteado,  
feliz, amargamente,  
cítricamente luminoso  
con su necia alegría de refresco.  
Sólo soy mis fisuras.  
También el mundo es sólo sus fisuras.

De “Camaradas de Ícaro” 2003

*Alone at Home*

I am already fragments,  
loose pieces of myself  
But I am not the hand that joins me.  
On the television the world  
Yells at me, frenzied,  
Ecstatic, bitter,  
Citrusly bright  
With its foolish happiness afresh.  
I am only my cracks.  
The world, too, is only its cracks.

## Blanca Andreu

Blanca Andreu is another Spanish poet born around the same time, in 1959, but in contrast to the previous two poets, she was born in the city of A Coruña in the northwestern region of Galicia, Spain. However, she also spent portions of her childhood in the southern regions of Spain, until 1985 when she moved to Madrid, met and married the novelist Juan Benet, and became part of the writer's group there. Upon her husband's death in 1993, she again returned to the city of her birth. At this point she commenced a period of relative isolation from public life and did not publish again until 2002. She continues to live in this same manner, and does not seem to have published anything since that date.

Like the other poet-authors, Andreu is also well known for both her poetry as well as her fictional writing. In 1980, she received the Adonáis Poetry Award for her book *De una niña de provincias que se vino a vivir en un Chagall*, which was quickly followed by el Premio de Cuentos Gabriel Miró in 1981 and el Ícaro de Literatura in 1982. Similarly, in 1982 Andreu received el Premio Mundial de Poesía Mística Fernando Rielo for her poetry collection *Báculo de Babel*, published the same year. After these publications Andreu published only three other collections of poetry: *Capitán Elphistone* in 1988, *El sueño oscuro* in 1994, and finally *La tierra transparente* in 2002. For the last of these collections she also received el Premio Lauréa Melá de Poesía.

Although it has decreased in its presence over the development of her career, Andreu's writing has been consistently characterized by surrealistic tendencies, and for this reason she is often considered the first of the Postnovísima generation in Spanish poetry.

Marina del libro

Inquiero los porqués, los hasta cuándo  
los cómo y dónde  
y esa pregunta muda que me ahoga  
y vive en el silencio.

Y entonces tú contestas  
majestuoso  
enorme gamo verde  
país de agua  
donde los soñadores se dan cita.

Me hablas  
grande mar  
telón del cielo

y tus olas responden como páginas  
de un libro cuyo autor lo sabe todo

como páginas, mar

y como pétalos  
de una rosa que nunca se deshoja.

*"El sueño oscuro" 1994*

Marina of the book

I demand to know the whys, even the whens  
the how and where  
and that hushed question that strangles me and  
lives in silence

And then you answer  
majestic  
an immense green buck  
water country  
where the dreamers gather.

You speak to me  
great sea  
curtain of the sky

and your wings perform like pages  
of a book whose author knows all

like pages, sea

and like petals  
of a rose that never sheds.

Yo te di huesos de palomas rojas...

*Los muertos odian el número dos.  
F. García Lorca*

Yo te di huesos de palomas rojas  
de palomas que alientan dentro de los  
rasguños  
desdeñoso licor de herida  
pequeño peldaño de muerte

Atrapé las palomas que habitaban en la sangre  
alterada

de los niños perversos  
robé vuelos morados  
vuelos de adelfa y alarido  
vuelos de arteria y arañazo  
espejos  
fiestas  
del jacintos del sur

Yo te di huesos de palomas muy pequeñas  
astrolabios de tierno esqueleto  
guías luciérnagas y otras luces nerviosas  
para que oyeras cómo el fósforo declama los  
viejos versos

del número par  
para anclarte a mi noche  
para anclarte a mi noche con la cal delicada

Yo te di huesos  
anclas pequeñas  
para que te encallaras en la sal de las puertas  
y dije las palabras que así existen  
filtros de Melibea  
brujas líquidas  
o la voz fuerte de Rilke el poeta:

retenle

sí, retenle.

*"De una niña de provincias que se vino a vivir  
en un Chagall" 1980*

I gave you bones of red doves...

*The dead hate the number two.  
F. Garcia Lorca*

I gave you bones of red doves  
of doves that recover inside of the scratches  
disdainful liquor for a wound  
small step of death

I captured the doves that were dwelling in the  
altered blood

from the wicked children  
I stole purple flights  
flights of oleander and wailing  
flights of slyness and scrapes  
mirrors  
parties  
of the hyacinths of the south

I gave you bones of very small doves  
astrolabes of delicate framework  
firefly guides and other nervous lights  
so that you would hear how the phosphorous  
recites the aged verses

from the even number  
to anchor you to my night  
to anchor you to my night with the delicate  
weaving

I gave you bones  
tiny little anchors  
so that you are paralyzed in the salt of the  
doors and I said the words that exist this way  
filters from Melibea  
liquid witches  
or the forceful voice of Rilke, the poet:

keep it.

yes, keep it.



## Clara Janés

Clara Janés is actually the oldest of the poets included in this anthology. She was born in 1940 in Barcelona, Spain, a northeastern city on the Mediterranean coast, to the famous editor and poet Josep Janés. Like the other poets, she has not limited herself to poetry, instead branching out as well into novels, essays and even translation of Turkish, Czech, English, Chinese, Persian, Arabic and French authors. In contrast with the other poets included here, her works have been extensively translated into various languages. However, I like much of her poetry and felt that she was integral to a representation of this generation of female poets in Spain. Moreover, most outside translations of Janés' work consist of Spanish into languages aside from English, including Italian, Arabic and French.

Like Luque, Janés also studied philology in a university setting, first in Barcelona and later in Pamplona. Later, she also pursued a Master's degree in comparative literature in Paris. Her first published work was the novel *Las estrellas vencidas* in 1964, and following this date she has produced more than 25 other original publications.

As such a highly recognized author and poet in her own right, Janés has also been presented with quite a few awards for her writing. In 1983 she received el Premio Ciudad de Barcelona for her collection *Vivir*. Later in 1999, her collection *Arcángel de sombra* received el Premio Ciudad de Melilla. And finally in 2002 she received el Premio de Poesía Gil de Biedma, named for another famous Spanish poet, in recognition of her work *Los secretos del bosque*. Additionally, for her work in translation Janés earned el Premio Nacional de Traducción in 1997.

Of her poetry, Janés' most recent publication was *Huellas sobre una corteza* in 2005. However, she continues to write, producing anthologies and other works more recently.

Oyes esa música...

¿Oyes esa música  
que cruza como luz la oscuridad  
mientras la oscuridad gira  
y yo con ella?  
¡Con qué fuerza  
se abre paso  
y llega incluso  
a mi lugar más remoto  
cercado también de sombras!  
Pero el latido  
que brota allí  
nadie lo oye.  
Nadie, como yo, sabe  
que existo  
y creceré  
y amaré  
como aman estos brazos  
que me sostienen  
porque no sé andar aún...  
Pero escucha, escucha:  
todos los árboles se mecen  
en la música.  
Y en mi interior,  
donde un secreto sol  
me hace adivinar  
el sol secreto  
de la oscuridad.

Do you hear that music...

Do you hear that music  
that crosses the darkness like light  
while the darkness reels  
and I with her?  
What force  
makes its way  
and arrives even  
to my most remote place  
enclosed also by shadows!  
But the beat  
that pulses there  
no one hears it.  
No one, like me, knows  
that I exist  
and I will grow  
and I will love  
like these arms  
that support me love  
because I still don't know how to walk...  
But listen, listen:  
all the trees sway  
in the music.  
And in my heart,  
where a secret sun  
makes me discern  
the secret sun  
of the darkness.

Pido

Prisionera de un pánico invencible,  
y aunque sé de la inutilidad de todo sueño,  
desde esa cárcel torturante que es la vida,  
pido la autonomía total del hombre  
y el derecho a no justificar para nada  
su existencia.

*"Libro de alienaciones" 1980*

I beg

Prisoner of an invincible panic,  
although I know the futility of all dreams,  
from that torturous prison which is life,  
I beg the total sovereignty of man  
and the right to not justify for nothing  
his existence.

## Juana Castro Muñoz

Juana Castro Muñoz is another of the older poets of this collection, born in 1945 in the town of Villanueva de Córdoba in the southern region of Spain. Similar to the other poets, Castro Muñoz also works as a professor, however specializing in childhood education in addition to her capacities as a writer. Over the course of her career, she has pursued writing scholarly articles, literary criticisms and even some Italian translations.

Interestingly, Castro Muñoz's first collection of poetry, *Del dolor y las alas*, was published in 1982 at the age of almost forty. Yet, this comparative delay was followed by a rather prolific period of writing, producing eight anthologies and over ten other books of poetry in the next twenty years. Many of these were honored with awards of their own. In 1985 Castro Muñoz received el Premio Juan Alcaide for her work *Paranoia en otoño*, later el Premio Juan Ramón Jiménez for *Arte de cetrería* in 1989, XI Premio Carmen Conde in 1994 for *No temerás*, el Premio San Juan de la Cruz for *El extranjero* in 2000, and finally el Premio de la Crítica in 2011 for *Cartas de Enero*.

Most of Castro Muñoz's writing is characterized by the feminine consciousness, persistently exploring the female identity and attempting to create a true representation of the feminine gender overall. As a result, much of her work functions as a critique of the both social injustices as well as the militant feminist ideology that often undermine forward progress.

Besides these great achievements in her writing, Castro Muñoz has also received various other recognitions. In 1984, she accepted el Premio Nacional Imagen de la Mujer en los Medios de Comunicación, and La Medalla de Andalucía in 2007. Finally, she also acts as corresponding member to the Real Academia de Ciencias, Bellas Artes y Nobles Artes in Córdoba.

*Destierro*

Yo no soy de esta tierra.  
Era ya extranjera en la distancia  
del vientre de mi madre  
y todo, de los pies a la alcoba me anunciaba  
destierro.

Busqué de las palmeras  
mi voz entre sus signos  
y perforé de hachones  
encendidos la amarga  
región del azabache. Yo no sé  
qué vuelo de planetas torcería  
mi suerte.

Sobre el mudo desvío, sé que voy,  
como víbora en celo, persiguiendo  
el rastro de mi exilio.

No encontrará mi alma su reposo  
hasta que en ti penetre  
y me amanezca  
y ría.

*De No temerás, Torremozas, Madrid 1994*

*Exile*

I am not of this land.  
I was still a stranger in the distance  
of my mother's womb  
and everything, from my feet to the bedroom  
declared me  
exiled.

I searched of the palm trees  
my voice among their signs  
and I pierced with lit torches  
the bitter region of  
jet-black. I don't know  
what flight of planets would twist  
my luck.

Above the silence I turn aside, I know that I  
am,  
like a zealous viper, pursuing  
the traces of my exile.

My soul will not find its rest  
until it grasps you,  
and awakens me  
and laughs.



## Sofía Castañón

Sofía Castañón is the youngest of the poets included in this anthology, born in Gijón (also Xixón), in the region of Asturias, Spain in 1983. Due to her birth and childhood in this region of Spain, Castañón is actually bilingual, like many other Spaniards. However, she is the only poet in this anthology to incorporate her secondary language abilities, Asturian in this case, into her poetry. During her writing career Castañón has produced five books of poetry in the official Castilian Spanish, two in Asturian, as well as various other anthologies, and it is not uncommon to find asturian terms or other neologisms in her Spanish poetry as well.

Like the other poets, Castañón has earned various awards for her work. In 2006, she accepted el Premio Asturias Joven for her collection *Animales Interiores* and el Premio Pablo García Baena de Poesía Joven for *Últimas cartas a Kansas* in 2007. Following these achievements in Spanish, Castañón was awarded el Premio Nené Losada Rico in 2009 for her Asturian book of poems, *Tiempu de render*. In accordance with these awards, she also held a creation scholarship during the years of 2009-2010 from the City Council of Madrid as a student in residence.

Interestingly, Castañón has also been rather active in the Spanish government and communications industry. Currently, she is a member of the Citizen Council for the political party Podemos in Gijón and represents the Asturian region in las Cortes Generales of Spain. In the realm of telecommunications she has also worked for companies such as TLG, Localia, TeleAsturias and Señor Paraguas. This last audiovisual production company most recently helped Castañón develop her full length film *Se dice poeta* in 2014.

Among her most recent poetry publications are the Asturian *Destruimientu del xardín* from 2012 and the Spanish *La noche así* published in 2012, *La otra hija* in 2013, and *Prohibido silbar* in 2014. As is evident from these publications, Castañón continues to write abundantly and will be very influential in shaping Spanish culture.

*Hay*

Hay  
palabras de plástico  
sentimientos de plástico  
y caras de plástico, te dije  
el día que hablamos de Jude Law.  
Y tú,  
con las manos llenas de tierra,  
me enseñaste que por dentro  
somos sucios  
y hermosos.

(de *Animales interiores*, Trabe, 2007)

There are

There are  
words made of plastic  
feelings of plastic  
and plastic faces, I told you  
the day we talked about Jude Law.  
And you,  
with hands full of earth,  
you taught me that inside  
we are dirty  
and beautiful.



*Poética*

Hay máquina de CocaCola  
en la antesala de la mina.

Mina  
no es una metáfora.

Mina  
es el carbón en la frente  
y el sudor en las manos.  
La mina de mi abuelo. Puede  
que también de tu abuelo.  
Mina negra. Mina grisú.

CocaCola  
es lo que aparece en la caja  
de luz donde los hombres se cambian  
y cambian palabras- porque  
así no piensan- y esperan  
sin céntimos  
para la máquina.

En la antesala de la mina  
no hay ninguna metáfora.  
Hay una máquina de CocaCola  
muy luminosa y muy blanca.

Y nadie la toca.

Poetic

There is a CocaCola machine  
in the entrance of the mine.

Mine  
it is not a metaphor

Mine  
it is the coal on the forehead  
and the sweat on the hands.  
My grandmother's mine. It could be  
your grandmother's, too.  
Black mine. Mine fiery mine.

CocaCola  
is what appears in the lighted box  
where the men change themselves  
and exchange words- because  
in this way they don't think- and they wait  
without cents  
for the machine.

In the entrance of the mine  
there is no metaphor.  
There is a CocaCola machine  
very radiant and very white.

And no one touches it.

## Vanesa Pérez-Sauquillo

Vanesa Pérez-Sauquillo is another of the younger poets in this anthology, having been born in 1978, and is also the only one born in the country's capital of Madrid. Chiefly, she has focused her career in editing and translation of English into Spanish, as well as composing children's literature. However, naturally her poetry has drawn much more attention and appreciation.

For her first published book of poetry *Estrellas por la alfombra*, Pérez-Sauquillo received el Premio Antonio Carvajal in 2001. With this success, others quickly followed. In 2002, she was runner-up for el Premio Federico García Lorca for her poetry collection *Vocación de Rabia*. Later, in 2006 her new poetry collection *Bajo la lluvia equivocada* won the Community of Madrid's Award for Youth in Art as well, and published another collection called *Invencción de gato*. Finally, in 2012 Pérez-Sauquillo's poetry collection *Climax Road* simultaneously earned el Premio Ojo Crítico de Radio Nacional and the runner-up position for el Premio Adonáis.

Throughout this time period, she also continued to write in other genres as well, and has been included in various anthologies of Spanish literature. Of these works, her latest poetry publication was *La isla que prefieren los pájaros* in 2014; however, since that date she has also produced two more children's books, *Pepete y la Chata. Aventuras de cada día* and *Love is in the Air. El libro perfecto para amores imperfectos*.

Fascinatingly, Pérez-Sauquillo is one of only two of the poets in this anthology with a personal website; however hers is much more developed and descriptive. Especially with this younger generation of poets, the combination of the internet and translation may allow their poetry to be more accessible outside of their own country and she recognizes this advantage.

*Contestador*

*Caía fatalmente en la trampa del teléfono  
que como un abismo atrae a los objetos que lo  
rodean*  
Nicanor Parra

Éste es mi contestador automático.  
Para herir, simplemente, marque 1.  
Para contar mentiras que me crea, marque 2.  
Para las confesiones trasnochadas, marque 4.  
Para interpretaciones literarias producto del  
alcohol, marque 6.  
Para poemas, marque almohadilla.  
Para cortar definitivamente la comunicación,  
no marque nada, pero tampoco cuelgue,  
titubee en el teléfono (a ser posible durante varios  
meses)  
hasta que note que voy abandonando el aparato  
a intervalos de tiempo cada vez más largos.  
No desespere. Aguante.  
Espere a que sea yo la que se rinda.  
Le evitará cualquier remordimiento.  
Gracias.

Te llamo mientras oyes  
el brillante gritar de los vencejos.  
Acaso no me escuchas,  
pulpa de parpadeo,  
amado escrutador.

No me queda sino seguir llamándote  
con el grito de todo lo que hierve,  
el que hace rama de palabras,  
el que abre fruto  
de mi soledad, mi raíz,  
hilo al viento en un prado  
donde aún  
no ha aprendido a posarse.

Tú miras los vencejos.  
Yo también sé gritarte.  
Poco a poco  
se me cubre de brillo el corazón.

*Le plus profond, c'est la peau.*  
Paul Valéry

Lo amargo era la piel.  
No lo profundo.

Answering Machine

*She fell fatally into the trap of the telephone  
that like an abyss attracts the objects that  
surround it.*  
Nicanor Parra

This is my automatic answering machine.  
To do harm, simply, press 1.  
To tell lies that I would believe, press 2.  
For confessions of sleepless nights, press 4.  
For literary interpretations produced from alcohol,  
press 6.  
For poems, press pound.  
To permanently cut off communication, do not  
press anything, but neither hang up, hesitate on the  
telephone (if possible during several months)  
until you notice that I abandon the machine at  
intervals each time longer.  
Do not despair. Endure.  
Hope that I would be the one to give up.  
You will avoid any remorse.  
Thanks.

I call you while you listen to  
the brilliant shouting of the swift.  
Perhaps, you do not listen to me,  
flickering flesh,  
beloved inquisitor.

Nothing remains for me but to continue calling  
with the shout of everything that boils,  
that which makes branches of words,  
that which opens fruit  
of my solitude, my root,  
thread to the wind in meadow  
where still  
he has not learned to settle.

You watch the swift.  
I also know how to shout at you.  
Little by little  
my heart covers me with radiance.

*Le plus profond, c'est la peau.*  
Paul Valéry

The bitter thing was the skin.  
Not the depth.

Y tenías que morderla hasta su centro,  
hasta sentir la muerte  
batiendo en la pared de la garganta,  
para encontrar un poco de dulzor.

No lo profundo.

*De Bajo la lluvia equivocada (inédito)*

And you had to bite to the center,  
until feeling death  
crashing at the walls of the throat,  
in order to find a little sweetness.

Not the depth.

En el cuarto amarillo  
los amantes encienden las palabras.  
Qué importa lo que duren, si prenden rápido,  
si se tiñe la cama de reflejos de plata, azul, rojo,  
naranja, si no suena otra cosa, si los miedos  
se escapan y florecen  
las quemaduras de la sábana.  
Las palabras se afilan  
con fuego de palabras.  
Los amantes ensayan.

*Invención de gato (2006)*

In the yellow room  
the lovers ignite words.  
What does it matter what they withstand, if they  
combust, if the bed of reflection is tinted with  
silver, blue, red, orange, if no other thing is heard,  
if the fears escape  
and the burns on the sheet bloom.  
The words sharpen  
within a fire of words.  
The lovers rehearse.

Over the course of a year and a half, I have grown intimately fond of each of these authors and their works. There were passages that I read and re-read to myself, rehearsing the beauty of the lines in both languages, and there were certainly passages that plagued me. Some lines practically translated themselves, while others required weeks upon weeks of thought, and many times I would return to revise something only to reconsider it later.

Therefore, as can be expected there were quite a few common troublesome elements throughout the poems due to differences in the structures of the two languages. For example, as Spanish has a neutral pronoun of respect, it was occasionally difficult to determine the sex or gender of the poem's speaker. In contrast, neutral gender voices and pronouns are quite elusive in the English language, and ultimately I had to assign the gender I thought appropriate according to the author and their tendencies. Additionally, Spanish contains naturally reflexive verbs, which create a rhythm that is difficult to reproduce in an English translation. As a result, the emphasis and climax of the line often has to be modified to 'sound right.' Furthermore, while use of nominalization of adjectives in Spanish removes the repeated use of a noun, English does not necessarily have that feature. Alternatively, English replaces the noun with the word 'one.' Unfortunately, this language can seem rather unwieldy, depending on the context of the poem, and at times had to be adapted to fit the tone and rhythm of the poem.

Finally, the greatest difficulty in translating the poems soon appeared to be the difference in the presentation of the subjunctive tense between the two languages. Characteristically, the English subjunctive is often very subtle, using only the simple form of a verb, and may go without notice when present. On the other hand, in Spanish the subjunctive is conjugated very distinctly from other tenses and tends to flow better in the overall language than in English. Especially with this issue, I contemplated various options and sought the advice of other

bilingual speakers and professors in order to produce a final product, ultimately utilizing a mixture of strategies and phrases to achieve the desired effect.

Undoubtedly, these poems, for their own individual characteristics as well as their birth language, present their own distinctive challenges. In the course of the last year, I have thoroughly enjoyed the process of getting to know these authors, and subsequently the idiosyncrasies of the specific poems, in my efforts to truly respect the needs and character of both.

At the end of this process, it became necessary to give the work a title, and in this action I chose to represent the dichotomous nature of both translation and poetry. Like language, there must be an inherent, almost scientific and mathematical nature to translation of poetry. Thus, the latter portion of the title states very clearly and precisely the form of the project and the source of the material. At its core, this venture is: A Bilingual Anthology of Postmodern Female Peninsular Spanish Poets. However, I also chose to incorporate the artistic quality of the work. For this reason, the project is also titled "Póliza." In Spanish, the term *póliza* is used to refer to two things. Generally, a *póliza* indicates a voucher, a seal or a stamp that serves to validate that which it marks. Notwithstanding, a *póliza* simultaneously alludes to a contract that establishes the rights and obligations of all parties included. In this way, I attempt to agilely insinuate the credibility of my own work as well as remind of the metaphorical transaction between translator, language and poetry.

Altogether, I absolutely loved this project. Ultimately, I have found an exercise that I believe I will continue to pursue in my career and adult life, and hope that others can appreciate these efforts as well.