

*Taller de Traducción*  
*ASTORGA*  
*Poesía Escocesa*

Los eventos políticos, los cambios sociales y el crecimiento de la auto-conciencia que se ha notado en Escocia durante el último cuarto de siglo han marcado la producción artística en un país que entró en el nuevo milenio con la voluntad de crear una nueva Escocia que a la vez mantenía lo mejor del pasado; una Escocia que celebra la diversidad. Esto se ha manifestado de forma contundente en la poesía, con unas voces nuevas y fuertes que han hecho de la poesía escocesa una fuerza viva y vibrante y, a diferencia de muchos otros países, una expresión artística popular y populista, que conecta con el pueblo y late con ellos, en un espacio de crecimiento hacia una identidad plural. Los tres idiomas de Escocia se han visto enriquecidos por las lenguas de los nuevos inmigrantes para proporcionar una revolución discursiva en la poesía, enriquecida en esta pluralidad de voces. En este taller estudiaremos las nuevas voces de la Escocia poética, e intentaremos trasladar los poemas de escritores y escritoras como Jackie Kay, John Burnside, Liz Lochhead, Edwin Morgan, Carol Ann Duffy y Robert Crawford.

Poemas que se traducirán:

Jackie Kay

- Maw Broon's vagina's monologues
- Old Tongue
- Welcome wee one

John Burnside

- Si Dieu N'existait Pas
- Landscapes

Liz Lochhead

- In the Mid Mid-winter
- Photograph, Art Student, Female, Working

Edwin Morgan

- Open the Doors!
- The Lochness Monster's Song

Carol Ann Duffy

- The Look

Robert Crawford

- In Surgeon's Hall, Edinburgh
- Renewables

## JACKIE KAY

### **Maw Broon's vagina's monologues**

*Maw Broon's vagina's monologues* en Jackie Kay at Edinburgh Central Library  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IPpdwb9HLbw> [Last accessed, 06/07/2017] (min 2:09)

### **Old Tongue**

When I was eight, I was forced south.  
Not longer after, when I opened  
my mouth, a strange thing happened.  
I lost my Scottish accent.  
Words fell off my tongue:  
*eedyit, dreich, wabbit, crabbit*  
*stummer, teuchter, heidbanger,*  
*so you are, so am ur, see you, see ma ma,*  
*shut yer geggie or I'll gie you the malkie!*  
My own vowels started to stretch like my bones  
and I turned my back on Scotland.  
Words disappeared in the dead of night,  
new words marched in: ghastly, awful,  
quite dreadful, *scones* said like *stones*.  
*Pokey hats* into ice cream cones.  
Oh where did all my words go –  
my old words, my lost words?  
Did you ever feel sad when you lost a word,  
did you ever try and call it back  
like calling in the sea?  
If I could have found my words wandering,  
I swear I would have taken them in,  
swallowed them whole, knocked them back.  
Out in the English soil, my old words  
buried themselves. It made my mother's blood boil.  
I cried one day with the wrong sound in my mouth.  
I wanted them back; I wanted my old accent back,  
my old tongue. My dour soor Scottish tongue.  
Sing-songy. I wanted to *gie it laldie*.

Jackie Kay (2005, 50) *Life Mask*. Great Britain: Bloodaxe Books

### **Welcome Wee One**

Welcome Wee One by Jackie Kay

O ma darlin wee one  
At last you are here in the wurld  
And wi' aa your wisdom  
Your een bricht as the stars,  
You've filled this hoose with licht,  
Yer trusty wee haun, your globe o' a heid,  
My cherished yin, my hert's ain!  
O my darlin wee one  
The hale wurld welcomes ye:  
The mune glowes; the hearth wairms.  
Let your life hae luck, health, charm,  
Ye are my bonny blessed bairn,  
My small miraculous gift.  
I never kent luve like this.

### **JOHN BURNSIDE**

#### **Si Dieu N'existait Pas**

No one invents an absence:  
Cadmium yellow, duckweed, the capercaillie  
- see how the hand we would name restrains itself  
till all our stories end in monochrome;

the path through the meadow  
reaching no logical end;  
nothing but colour: bedstraw and ladies' mantle;  
nothing sequential; nothing as chapter and verse.

No one invents the quiet that runs in the grass,  
the summer wind, the sky, the meadowlark;  
and always the gift of the world, the undecided:  
first light and damson blue *ad infinitum*.

### **Landscapes**

Behind faces and gestures  
We remain mute  
And spoken words heavy  
With what we ignore or keep silent  
Betray us

I dare not speak for mankind  
I know so little of myself

But the Landscape

I see as a reflection  
Is also a lie stealing into  
My words I speak without remorse  
Of this image of myself  
And mankind my unequaled torment

I speak of Desert without repose  
Carved by relentless winds  
Torn up from its bowels

Blinded by sands  
Unsheltered solitary  
Yellow as death  
Wrinkled like parchment  
Face turned to the sun.

I speak  
Of men's passing  
So rare in this arid land  
That it is cherished like a refrain  
Until the return  
Of the jealous wind

And of the bird, so rare,  
Whose fleeting shadow  
Soothes the wounds made by the sun

And of the tree and the water  
Named Oasis  
For a woman's love

I speak of the voracious Sea  
Reclaiming shells from beaches  
Waves from children

The faceless Sea  
Its hundreds of drowned faces  
Wrapped in seaweed  
Slippery and green  
Like creatures of the deep

The reckless Sea, unfinished story,  
Removed from anguish  
Full of death tales

I speak of open valleys  
Fertile at men's feet

Overgrown with flowers

Of captive summits

Of mountains, of clear skies  
Devoured by untamed evergreens

And of trees that know  
The welcome of lakes  
Black earth  
Errant pathways

Echoes of the faces  
Haunting our days.

By John Burnside

### **LIZ LOCHEAD**

#### **In the Mid-Midwinter**

*after John Donne's 'A Nocturnal on St Lucy's Day'*

At midday on the year's midnight  
into my mind came  
*I saw the new moon late yestreen  
wi the auld moon in her airms*  
though, no,  
there is no moon of course –  
there's nothing very much to speak of anything to speak of  
in the sky except a gey dreich greyness  
rain-laden over Glasgow and today  
there is the very least of even this for us to get  
but  
*the light comes back  
the light always comes back*  
and this begins tomorrow with  
however many minutes more of sun and serotonin.

Meanwhile  
there will be the winter moon for us to love the longest,  
fat in the frosty sky among the sharpest stars,  
and lines of old songs we can't remember  
why we know  
or when first we heard them  
will aye come back  
once in a blue moon to us  
unbidden

and bless us with their long-travelled light.

Liz Lochhead

From *Fugitive Colours* (Edinburgh: Polygon, 2016)

**Photograph, Art Student, Female Working**

Her hair is cut into that perfect slant  
– An innovation circa '64 by Vidal Sassoon.  
She's wearing C&A's best effort at Quant  
Ending just below the knicker-line, daisy-strewn.  
Keeping herself in tights could blow her grant  
Entirely, so each precious pair is soon  
Spattered with nail-varnish dots that stop each run.  
She's a girl, eighteen – just wants to have fun.

She's not 'a chick'. Not yet. Besides, by then  
She'll find the term 'offensive'. 'Dollybird', to quote  
Her favourite mags, is what she aspires to when  
Her head's still full of *Honey* and *Petticoat*.  
It's almost the last year that, quite this blithely, men  
Up ladders or on building sites wolf-whistle to note  
The approval they're sure she will appreciate.  
Why not? She did it for *their* benefit, looks great.

Nor does she object. Wouldn't think she has the right.  
Though when that lech of a lecturer comments on her tits  
To a male classmate, openly, she might  
Feel – quick as a run in nylon – that it's  
Not what ought to happen, is *not polite*,  
She'll burn, but smile, have no word that fits  
The insult, can't subject it to language's prism.  
In sixty-six there's plenty sex, but not 'sexism'.

Soon: *The Female Eunuch* and enough  
Will be enough. Thanks to newfound feminism and Greer,  
Women'll have the words for all this stuff,  
What already rankles, but confuses her, will seem clear  
And she'll (consciously) be no one's 'bit of fluff'  
Or 'skirt' or 'crumpet'. She'll know the rule is 'gay' not 'queer',  
'Ms' not 'Miss' or 'Mrs' – she'll happily obey it  
And, sure as the Pill in her pocket, that's how she'll say it.

This photo's saying nothing, is black and white, opaque.  
A frozen moment, not a memory.  
The boyfriend with the Pentax took it for the sake  
Of taking it, a shot among many others, randomly,  
To see how it would develop. Didn't imagine it'd make  
An image so typical it'd capture time so perfectly.

How does she feel? Hey, girl, did it feel strange  
To be waiting for the a-changing times to change?  
/.poem-content  
Liz Lochhead

From *Jubilee Lines - 60 Poets for 60 Years* (Faber), edited by Carol Ann Duffy

## **CAROL ANN DUFFY**

### **The Look**

The heron's the look of the river.  
The moon's the look of the night.  
The sky's the look of forever.  
Snow is the look of white.

The bees are the look of the honey.  
The wasp is the look of pain.  
The clown is the look of funny.  
Puddles are the look of rain.

The whale is the look of the ocean.  
The grave is the look of the dead.  
The wheel is the look of motion.  
Blood is the look of red.

The rose is the look of the garden.  
The girl is the look of the school.  
The snake is the look of the Gorgon.  
Ice is the look of cool.

The clouds are the look of the weather.  
The hand is the look of the glove.  
The bird is the look of the feather.  
You are the look of love.

Carol Ann Duffy  
from *The Hat* (London: Faber & Faber, 2007).

## **EDWIN MORGAN**

### **Open the Doors!**

Open the doors! Light of the day, shine in; light of the mind, shine out!

We have a building which is more than a building.  
There is a commerce between inner and outer,

between brightness and shadow, between the world and those who think about the world.

Is it not a mystery? The parts cohere, they come together like petals of a flower, yet they also send their tongues outward to feel and taste the teeming earth. Did you want classic columns and predictable pediments? A growl of old Gothic grandeur? A blissfully boring box?

Not here, no thanks! No icon, no IKEA, no iceberg, but curves and caverns, nooks and niches, huddles and heavens syncopations and surprises. Leave symmetry to the cemetery.

But bring together slate and stainless steel, black granite and grey granite, seasoned oak and sycamore, concrete blond and smooth as silk – the mix is almost alive – it breathes and beckons – imperial marble it is not!

Come down the Mile, into the heart of the city, past the kirk of St Giles and the closes and wynds of the noted ghosts of history who drank their claret and fell down the steep tenements stairs into the arms of link-boys but who wrote and talked the starry Enlightenment of their days –

And before them the auld makars who tickled a Scottish king's ear with melody and ribaldry and frank advice –

And when you are there, down there, in the midst of things, not set upon an hill with your nose in the air,

This is where you know your parliament should be And this is where it is, just here.

What do the people want of the place? They want it to be filled with thinking persons as open and adventurous as its architecture.

A nest of fearties is what they do not want.

A symposium of procrastinators is what they do not want. A phalanx of forelock-tuggers is what they do not want. And perhaps above all the droopy mantra of 'it wizny me' is what they do not want.

Dear friends, dear lawgivers, dear parliamentarians, you are picking up a thread of pride and self-esteem that has been almost but not quite, oh no not quite, not ever broken or forgotten.

When you convene you will be reconvening, with a sense of not wholly the power, not yet wholly the power, but a good sense of what was once in the honour of your grasp.

All right. Forget, or don't forget, the past. Trumpets and

robes are fine, but in the present and the future you will need something more.

What is it? We, the people, cannot tell you yet, but you will know about it when we do tell you.

We give you our consent to govern, don't pocket it and ride away.

We give you our deepest dearest wish to govern well, don't say we  
have no mandate to be so bold.  
We give you this great building, don't let your work and hope be other than great  
when you enter and begin.  
So now begin. Open the doors and begin.

A poem by Edwin Morgan  
For the Opening of the Scottish Parliament, 9 October 2004

### **The Loch Ness Monster's Song**

Sssnnwhufffl?  
Hnwhuffl hhnwfl hnfl hfl?  
Gdroblboblhobngbl gbl gl g g g g glbgl.  
Drublaflablaflubhafgabhaflhafl fl fl –  
gm grawwww grf grawf awfgm graw gm.  
Hovoplodok – doplodovok – plovodokot-doplodokosh?  
Splgraw fok fok splgrafhatchgabrlgabrl fok splfok!  
Zgra kra gka fok!  
Grof grawff gahf?  
Gombl mbl bl –  
blm plm,  
blm plm,  
blm plm,  
blp.

Edwin Morgan  
from *From Glasgow to Saturn* (Carcenet, 1973)  
also published in *Collected Poems* (Carcenet, 1990)  
Reprinted by permission of Carcanet Press.

### **ROBERT CRAWFORD**

#### **In Surgeon's Hall, Edinburgh**

Eyeing an African carved leaning tower  
Of people holding one another up  
For dear life, childishly I bless that stranger

Who in a year of cruel surgical strikes  
Did a good job, the on-call Muslim surgeon  
Who cut the cancer from my mother's face.

Robert Crawford  
from *The Hand that Sees: Poems for the quincentenary of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh*, edited by Stewart Conn (Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh in association with the Scottish Poetry Library, 2005)

## **Renewables**

For a time at least, we are renewables.  
There is some face, some snowline, or some shore  
Fuels us, a power-source. Just to dream of it  
Is to unravel what the world is for.

But if it fades, we do, and the solution's  
At once too self-deluding and too crude:  
New dreams we dream alone will not renew it;  
Only old, common dreams can be renewed.

Robert Crawford