

MICHAEL
ALEXANDER



OLD ENGLISH
RIDDLES
FROM THE EXETER BOOK

KATERINA
ANGHELAKI-ROOKE



THE SCATTERED PAPERS
OF PENELOPE
NEW OPEN UNLOCKED EDITION
EDITED BY BRADYAN WICK

ANVIL

BEI DAO

that can open midnight's gate

essays

ANVIL

BOETHIUS
FORTUNE'S PRISONER



The Poems of Boethius's
The Consolation of Philosophy
TRANSLATED AND INTRODUCED BY
JAMES HARPUR

ANVIL

Poems of
PAUL
CELAN

Translated by
Michael Hamburger

ANVIL

TONY CONNOR



THINGS UNSAID

NEW AND SELECTED POEMS
1960-2000

ANVIL

TRISTAN
CORBIERE

WRY-BLUE LOVES
LES AMOURS JAUNES



AND OTHER POEMS

TRANSLATED AND INTRODUCED
BY PETER DALE

ANVIL

Pravasi Book Society Bangladesh Association
কল্যাণ বা বাহ্যিক শাসকের
কল্প এই কাঠিকের নবাতের
একদিন শিবির কাঠিক হাফা
কিন্তু কাঠিকের শিবির
কল্প কাঠিকের শিবির
য বাহ্যিক নদী যাতে কেত ত্র
য বাহ্যিক নদী কল্প কল্প জা
দুর্গম উত্তরে পছাৎ বাত
কীটোতা জালিতে নিম্নের চ
বাতের শিও এক উত্তমের যা
কল্পে কল্পের এক নামা টে

*Bengal
the Beautiful*
Translated by Jibananda Das

JIBANANANDA
DAS

ANVIL

DICK DAVIS
A TRICK OF
SUNLIGHT

ANVIL

Anvil Press Poetry

NEW TITLES AND STOCKLIST

2008

TOM DISCH
ABOUT THE
SIZE OF IT



Mountain Home

The ultimate poetry of ancient China

Selected and translated by
David Hinton



JENNIE FELDMAN
THE LOST NOTEBOOK



MICHAEL
HAMBURGER



CIRCLING
THE SQUARE

JAMES HARPUR



THE DARK AGE

ODYSSEUS ELYTIS
THE AXION ESTI

TRANSLATED BY
EDMUND KEELY AND GEORGE LAYTON



AWARDED THE 17th HOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE

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IT HAS BEEN a while since our last catalogue, so we have included all our titles published from mid-2005 to December 2007, as well as announcing four books for spring 2008, the early part of Anvil's 40th anniversary year. Our new website will be open from 1 March: please visit www.anvilpresspoetry.com where you will be able to browse our complete list and buy books online.

It seems no time since we celebrated 30 years of publishing with the anthology *The Spaces of Hope*. But we are looking forward; and in our next, anniversary catalogue we can promise some excellent surprises.

Every book in this catalogue has been a pleasure, and often an education, to prepare for publication. It would be invidious to single out highlights but I would like to mention those titles first published by New Directions, my favourite American publisher, which we have brought out in UK editions. Our collaborations with New Directions, who recently celebrated 70 years of publishing, have been a delight; over the years we have shared back and forth not only the work of the wonderful Bei Dao, but also David Hinton's superb Chinese translations, and the poetry of Hans Faverey and Johannes Bobrowski. All power to New Directions in its eighth decade.

We are still saddened by the deaths in 2007 of two exemplary poets whom we – and many others – cherished and loved. The American poet Jane Cooper, whose *Scaffolding* is still available, died in October. She was born in the same year, 1924, as Michael Hamburger who died expectedly in June shortly after the publication of his recent poems, *Circling the Square*. We had also just published the final edition of his wonderful bilingual *Poems of Paul Celan*, and in 2006 a slightly, but importantly, revised edition of his magnificent Hölderlin: *Poems and Fragments*. To publish Michael's work over many years was an honour and a joy. He was a poet devoted to his art or craft, heedless of fashion, and a translator who put his skill at the complete service of his chosen author. We may not see his like again.

We thank Arts Council England for its continued support of our work.

PETER JAY

Morning Face

Who can this old man be
staring straight back at me
from out the bathroom mirror?
Surely he comes in error
for somebody bold and young,
ambitious, tightly strung,
nimble with vows and theses,
apologies, women's kisses?

Not so – I know his name
and incontrovertible claim
to represent me fairly,
weekly, monthly, yearly.
His wrinkled gaze is mine,
his heightening forehead's shine,
his secret disgrace he suffered,
the wisdom he never offered.

Yet he resembles men
I liked when I was ten –
curmudgeons, rueful cadgers,
greybeards, decrepit lodgers –
so I wink at these living links;
but the man in the mirror winks
directly at me, insistent
that death's not far distant.

TONY CONNOR
Things Unsaid

NEW & SELECTED POEMS 1960–2005

'Few poets in England have the strength and authenticity of Tony Connor; he is free of academic influences, and his poetry grows quietly from a combined effort of truthfulness and care for language that confer upon it a singular quality.'

RALPH J. MILLS, *Poetry* (Chicago)

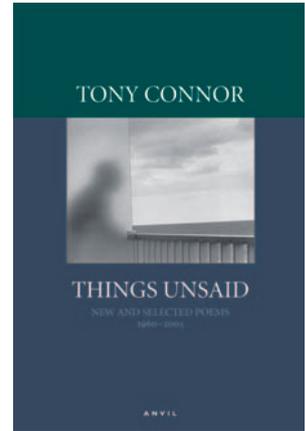
Things Unsaid is Tony Connor's own choice of poems from a writing career that spans nearly half a century. It draws on seven published collections and includes many uncollected and new poems.

Tony Connor left school at fourteen and worked as a textile designer in Manchester for many years. His poems – often, as he terms it, quasi-autobiographical – combine memory, experience and imagination with firm craftsmanship and a plain idiom. He has described himself as 'a chronicler of people who have no voice'. The results are remarkable for their precision, their wry humour and broad human sympathies.

Since 1971 Tony Connor, born in Manchester in 1930, has lived partly in Middletown, Connecticut where he was a professor of English at Wesleyan University. His plays have been performed on both sides of the Atlantic. He now divides his time between Middletown and London.

'Connor doesn't simply report events. He vividly recreates them, shaping each scene with the skill and care of a novelist ... his work remains clear-headed, intelligent and immensely readable'

DANA GIOIA, *The Hudson Review*



£15 USA \$24.95
234 x 156 mm 336 pp
2006 978-0-85646-385-3



LAWRENCE WHITFIELD

DICK DAVIS A TRICK OF SUNLIGHT

ANVIL

£7.95 216 x 138 mm 64 pp
2007 978-0-85646-393-8

USA Swallow Press/Ohio UP

*This edition not for sale
in the USA*



DICK DAVIS *A Trick of Sunlight*

Dick Davis's seventh collection contains poems as intelligent and graceful as ever – and as immediate in their impact, as rewarding when savoured at leisure. Their complexities engage rather than bemuse the reader as Davis addresses subjects as various as growing older, love's vagaries, clashes of culture, characters from history, the illuminations of art – and the idea of happiness.

Dick Davis was born in Portsmouth, England. He is a professor of Persian at Ohio State University. He has published translations of prose from Italian and poetry and prose from Persian – *Borrowed Ware* is his selection of medieval Persian epigrams – and six books of his own poetry. His previous collection, *Belonging*, was chosen by *The Economist* as a Book of the Year for 2002.

'How suitable that Dick Davis, who gave us superb English versions of medieval Persian epigrams, should now compose witty, shapely, and polished epigrams that exhibit something like Philip Larkin's mordancy, but with a fine blend of thoughtfulness and levity that is Mr. Davis's own. Yet beyond or in addition to these crisp works we are given a handful of very moving and eloquent poems . . . [that] lend immense depth and strength to this uncommonly glittering collection.'

ANTHONY HECHT

Chèvrefeuille

In a neglected glade
The hazel sapling's shade
Quickens with early spring:
New tendrils clutch and cling—
A honeysuckle twines
Its tentative thin vines
Reaching now in, now out,
Above, below, about,
Till intricate, strong strands
Clasp like a myriad hands.
Love's leaves and limbs conspire
As if unsaid desire
Could intimately tether
Their substances together
And none could separate
Their growths' complicit state.
Bright in the summer sun
Two tangled lives are one.

A Centenary Observation

I was young once – so were you.
Youth is when we think we'll do
Wonders someday. That day comes
With remainders more than sums.

You were young once – so was I.
That can make me want to cry
For all we've lost. But that's okay:
While the sun shined we made hay.

He was young once – weren't we all?
Now it's his centennial,
And every word he wrote is Writ,
His very postcards English Lit.

The moral of this? That life is brief,
The laurel a most belated leaf,
And youth a wine that doesn't keep.
Before it sours, lads, drink deep.

TOM DISCH *About the Size of It*

*'His wit and geniality make him a sort of lost voice from the
Movement . . . his chattiness can seem almost Liverpudlian.'*

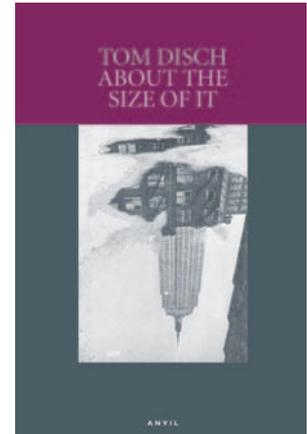
BLAKE MORRISON

*'The virtues of Disch's prose – wit, invention, boyish wonder, and
intellectual sophistication – are to be found in his verse as well'*

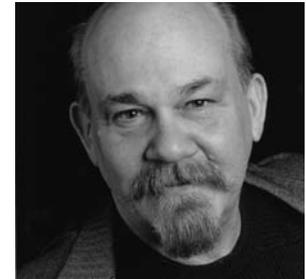
DAVID LEHMAN

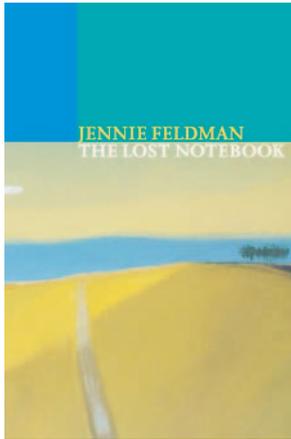
This mid-career collection presents Tom Disch's best work of the last two decades. His mordant humour is everywhere in evidence in these poems written in his forties and fifties. Lyric, narrative, satirical, funny, uncompromising and honest, he stands outside the mainstream schools of American poetry. Although often linked to the New Formalists and to the New York school, his style is too idiosyncratic and various to be so easily categorized.

Tom Disch was born in Iowa in 1940 and has lived in New York since the 1960s. An acclaimed science fiction author, he has published ten novels, ten collections of poetry and two works of poetry criticism. He has won two O. Henry Prizes for his short stories, a Hugo Award for *The Dreams Our Stuff is Made Of*, and, most recently, an American Academy of Arts & Letters Special Award.



£9.95 USA \$16.95
234 x 156 mm 160 pp
2007 978-0-85646-391-4





£7.95 USA \$13.95
216 x 138 mm 72 pp
2005 978-0-85646-381-5



JENNIE FELDMAN *The Lost Notebook*

'Key concepts in Jennie Feldman's fine first collection, vivid with the rush and movement of wind and water, birds and insects, are: slant, tilt, dance ... inspired and unique'

RUTH FAINLIGHT

These visually arresting and subtly musical poems range from Scotland and the Hebrides to Paris, the Mediterranean and Israel, capturing resonant details and moments and shaping them into a quizzical coherence. Like the small ghost that circles into lamplight in "Moth", the poems are on the wing, "sourcing the radiance of things" in response to the dark. A lost notebook inspires a sequence that interweaves themes of sea, music, memory, love and the charge of language. This is a distinguished first collection, one to be enjoyed and pondered.

Jennie Feldman was born in South Africa, grew up in London and graduated from Oxford, where she studied French. Her translations from Jacques Réda, *Treading Lightly: Selected Poems 1961–1975*, are also published by Anvil (see page 23). She recently moved to Jerusalem, having lived in Haifa for many years. A former dancer and award-winning radio producer and presenter, she is married with two children.

In Translation

for Jacques Réda

And now it's rained on your letter –
ink on the move giving words
the slip. Held to the light you
set the mind reeling. Again. Jazziste,
I think you'd like the way
phrases are coming through the page
in counterpoint from behind, leaning
back on the beat. How rhythm and sound
make sense. I'm listening, falling
into step with you in spring – clouds
furiously
slow – as far as Place de la Bastille where
we clear a table for our languages
to meet, negotiate the finer points.
Perhaps we should speak even more softly
So that silence can take refuge in
our voices ...
Then it comes through the stillness,
something
like song sculling from your side to mine.

Against Brightness

Towards winter, my hearing blocked,
 Air empty of song-thrush, blackbird,
 What is it that cries out
 From my bow-saw, moans, then screams?
 The blade's toothed metal, mindless,
 Dead wood of an ash-tree's limb shed?
 Their friction, of course, mechanical
 As bullets fired into a body
 Quite still but may-be not killed enough
 Where it's weapons that have their will –
 Loud now, strident, as if
 Earth matter had found a voice
 To pound through the sieve of ears never
 open
 Its pith, violation's pain.

Worse, when the work is done
 Silence will mend again,
 Our lowland mountain range, cloud,
 Dissolving, make way for sunrays
 Which halo the higher leaves not yet fallen.
 Later, the logs, aglow,
 With innocent warmth will soothe us,
 Their mite of residue
 So light, so nearly white,
 It can merge in each day's dust.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

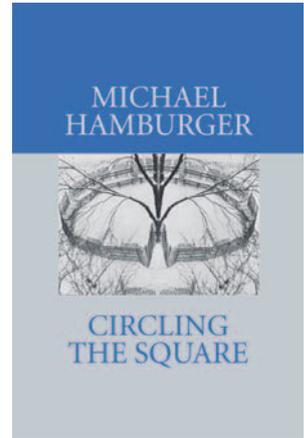
Circling the Square

'Few English poets of our day can have come to their craft with the cultural and linguistic richness of Michael Hamburger.'

STEPHEN ROMER, *Agenda*

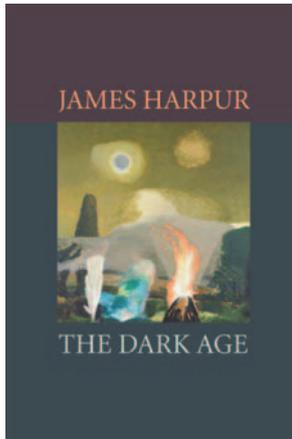
Michael Hamburger's final collection of poems was published shortly before his death in June 2007. It was his fifth collection since *Collected Poems 1941–1994* and gathers his poems written during 2004–6, a productive period in which he set aside translation work to concentrate on his own poetry. His intimate knowledge of the English landscape and wildlife underpins his meditations on mortality and the passing of time in these subtle and compelling poems.

Michael Hamburger OBE was born in Berlin in 1924 and moved to Britain in 1933. In addition to his many books of poetry, he published several collections of essays, a study of modernist poetry since Baudelaire, *The Truth of Poetry* (recently reprinted by Anvil) and an autobiography. He translated from, among others, Goethe, Hölderlin, Rilke and Celan. His awards included the Goethe Medal of the German Federal Republic for services to German literature and the European Community's first European Translation Prize for *Poems of Paul Celan*, now reissued in its third edition.



£7.95 USA \$13.95
 216 x 138 mm 88 pp
 2007 978-0-85646-392-1





£7.95 USA \$13.95
216 x 138 mm 72 pp
2007 978-0-85646-404-1



JAMES HARPUR *The Dark Age*

'The movement of the verse is beautifully controlled, the employment of rhyme wonderfully delicate. Harpur's craftsmanship articulates a sense of profound spirituality.'

ANTHONY HAYNES, *The Tablet*, on Oracle Bones

James Harpur's fourth collection includes intimate responses to love, birth and death, and explores faith and vision in searching and unsentimental terms. His powerful poetry gives a new perspective on the travels and travails of early Irish saints and on the Syrian pillar hermit St Symeon Stylites. In these and other poems – about the Book of Kells, a monk and his 'star-timetable', and translations from Boethius – Harpur's lyric gift finds moments of illumination and grace in the ordinary as well as the miraculous.

James Harpur has published three previous books of poetry, and his translation of Boethius's poems entitled *Fortune's Prisoner* (see page 30) is published simultaneously with this book. Awards for his poetry include the 1995 British National Poetry prize, and bursaries from Cork Arts, the Arts Council, the Eric Gregory Trust and the Society of Authors. His non-fiction books include *Love Burning in the Soul*, an introduction to Christian mystics. He has held residencies at the Munster Literature Centre, Cork, and Exeter Cathedral. He lives in Co. Cork.

Roscommon Rain

When the rain stopped the rain began
And clattered beads of runny light against
the panes
Decreased and crept inside the ghosts of sheep
And seeped inside the warmth of prostrate
cows.
Then pelted bogs to syrupy peat
Made gravelly lanes glitter again
Beneath the melting greys of cloud and cloud
Pierced the puddles with a thousand stings
Tumbled silver through the hedges
And off the skinned shin-bones of trees;
Swept, soft again, like a haze of locusts
Across the ridge, then shifted shape in
sudden wind
Drifting, finer than chimney smoke,
Like a passing pang of some great loss
Away from where more rain was coming in
From somewhere else beyond the world's rim
Erasing gradually the misconception
That the world had ever not been rain
And rain would cease before the end of time.

Early Poems

How fashionably sad those early poems are!
 On their clipped lawns and hedges the snows fall.
 Rains beat against the tarpaulines of their porches,
 Where, Sunday mornings, the bored children sprawl,
 Reading the comics before their parents rise.
 – The rhymes, the meters, how they paralyze!
 Who walks out through their streets tonight? No one.
 You know these small towns, how all traffic stops
 At ten, the corner street lamps gathering moths,
 And mute, pale mannequins waiting in dark shops,
 Undressed, and ready for the dreams of men.
 – Now the long silence. Now the beginning again.

Donald Justice was born in Miami, Florida in 1925. As a young poet he was taught by John Berryman and Robert Lowell, and encouraged by Nelson Algren and Robert Frost. His *Selected Poems* earned him the Pulitzer Prize in 1979. He was nominated as a National Book Award Finalist in 1961, 1974, 1995 and, in 2004, for this book. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts & Letters, and was Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets from 1997 to 2003. In the final year of his life ill health forced him to decline an invitation to serve as US Poet Laureate. He died in 2004.

DONALD JUSTICE

Collected Poems

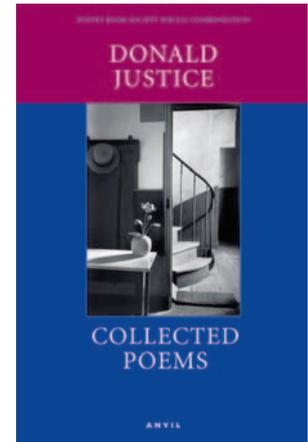
POETRY BOOK SOCIETY
 SPECIAL COMMENDATION

'Donald Justice has always demonstrated that the highest purpose of literature is to illuminate those things which are hard, disturbing, painful, moving, and repeat themselves – not obscure them.'

JOHN IRVING

This celebratory volume gives us the complete work of the poet hailed by Anthony Hecht as 'the supreme heir of Wallace Stevens'. Memory was the mother of Donald Justice's Muse; an only child, the son of an itinerant carpenter, he often drew on his roots in the Deep South of the Depression. In poems that embrace the past, its terrors and reconciliations, Justice became America's poet of living memory.

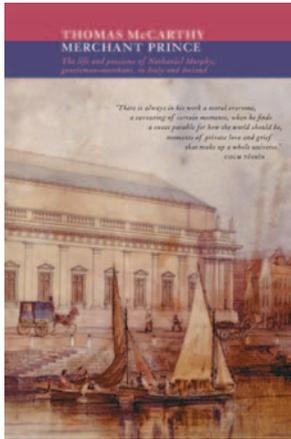
Yet Donald Justice was as much admired for his formal prowess as for his subject matter. He studied musical composition under Carl Ruggles, and there is a precise beauty to the resonant musicality of his work. This master of classical form, this poet of painterly vividness and plainspoken elegance, found in America's literature and landscape all those virtues and vices sought by forebears such as Emerson, Henry James and Thoreau.



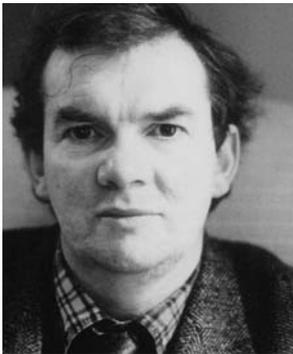
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USA Knopf

*This edition not for sale
 in the USA*



£11.95 USA \$18.95
216 x 138 mm 200 pp
2005 978-0-85646-375-4



THOMAS McCARTHY *Merchant Prince*

THE LIFE AND PASSIONS OF NATHANIEL MURPHY,
GENTLEMAN-MERCHANT

'As well as benignly overseeing the local world of poetry, McCarthy has also been one of the leading Irish poets and novelists of his time ... In this poised and beautifully crafted parable ... he has managed once again to transmit a positive message before we fully register it'

BERNARD O'DONOGHUE, *TLS*

In this highly entertaining fiction Thomas McCarthy sandwiches a novella set in Italy between two groups of poems, set largely in Cork, in the period from 1769 to 1831. They tell the story of Nathaniel Murphy: his training for the priesthood, the loss of his virginity and vocation, his flight from Italy, and later his happy marriage and successful career as a Cork merchant.

The unusual mixture of verse and prose and the meticulously and vividly imagined history – replete with portraits of such great figures as the painter James Barry, and four Italian poets who are strangely reminiscent of certain contemporary Irish poets – gives the book a compelling flavour. Poems and prose combine in a fiction which is, among other things, a meditation on the craft of verse and the artistic calling, and a restoration project on a kind of Irishness overwritten by later history.

Thomas McCarthy was born in Co. Waterford in 1954 and educated at University College, Cork. He has published six collections of poetry, two novels and a memoir. He has won the Patrick Kavanagh Award, the American-Irish Foundation's Literary Award, and the O'Shaughnessy Prize for Poetry. He works for Cork City Libraries.

He Watches His Wife
Create a Silhouette
Portrait, 1812

Sunday afternoon light falls on
the still pools
Of rejected paper. A flotilla
Of shapes assembles about her feet:

All concentration in her perfect
fingers,

My own beloved Miss Callanan
Cuts from memory the coal-black
card.

I watch the anchor-chains of paper
unfold
To lie upon the surface of her shoes.

It is a convict's head, one bound for
Van Diemen's Land,

That we saw for less than three
minutes

When our carriage turned into the
Lower Quay.

Voilà! The image becomes itself
When she raises her arms to the
window:

One convict that dares not leave
The native earth
Of her loose-bound silhouette-book.

Translator
to Translated

I.M. Johannes Bobrowski

River, plain,
tree, the bird
in flight, habitation
and name, strange
to me, never strange
to you – the child's
eye, the soldier's
step, the known
threshold.

I crossed the plain
slowly, saw your fire
in the distance.
Have I set the tree
askew on your sky,
does your bird hover
strangely?
Love
translates
as love.
Her song sung
in a strange land.
An air that kills.

MATTHEW MEAD
The Autumn-Born in Autumn

SELECTED POEMS
WITH AN AFTERWORD BY DICK DAVIS

'Genuine social vision is still exceptional in English poetry. Matthew Mead . . . is engaged, wilful, critically aware of inhumane surroundings, but without the remotest hint of pop poetry and deeply conscious of the literary effort he has inherited . . . He is a good poet, knows the problems, deserves to be read.'

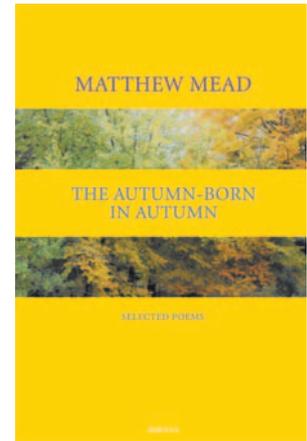
RICHARD HOLMES, *The Times*

Matthew Mead's selected poems presents the poet's choice of his work written over fifty years. In 1975 he wrote: 'I have tried not to avoid what has happened in poetry and psycho-politics during this [20th] century. In plain politics the failure of socialism has been important to my verse.' As well as being one of few poets who have responded to the predicaments of post-war Europe, he is also a lyric poet of great beauty and a sharp epigrammatist. His qualities are explored in an afterword by the poet Dick Davis.

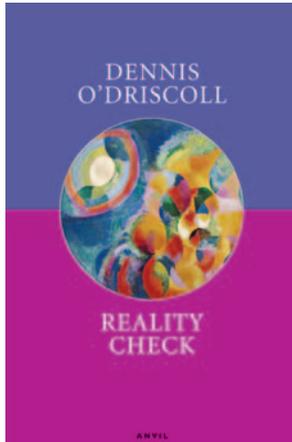
Born in Buckinghamshire in 1924, Matthew Mead served in the British Army from 1942 to 1947, including three years in India, Ceylon and Singapore. In the early 1960s he edited *Satis* magazine. He has lived in Germany since 1962. *Word for Word*, selected translations of contemporary German poets made with his wife Ruth, appears simultaneously with this book (see page 27).

'Mead's poems are carved out of intractable material, unlikely to warp with time. If they have not a permanent place, then the pressure of fashion is greater than one hopes.' –

DEREK PARKER, *Poetry Review*



£11.95 USA \$18.95
234 x 156 mm 192 pp
Spring 2008
978-0-85646-400-3



£7.95

234 x 156 mm 80 pp
2007 978-0-85646-402-7

*This edition not for sale
in the USA*

DENNIS O'DRISCOLL

Reality Check

*'Dennis O'Driscoll has produced an extraordinary body of work ...
Some of his poems have already achieved the status of classics.'*

RICHARD TILLINGHAST, *Poetry Ireland Review*

Dennis O'Driscoll lends his transformative vision to everyday 'bread and butter' routines and the insidious forces that imperil them. From the entertaining mixture of shorter poems which opens his eighth collection, he branches out with 'Skywriting', a visually dramatic and rhythmically vibrant sequence which paints a map of light in its varied moods and modulations. Part lamentation, part celebration, the sequence glints with interludes of sunlit repose, while also flashing a scrutinising light on darker aspects of our century and environment.

Dennis O'Driscoll's books include *New and Selected Poems* (Anvil, 2004) and *The Bloodaxe Book of Poetry Quotations* (Bloodaxe, 2006). *Troubled Thoughts, Majestic Dreams*, a selection of essays and reviews, appeared from Gallery Press in 2001. Among his awards are a Lannan Literary Award in 1999, the 2005 E.M. Forster Award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the 2006 O'Shaughnessy Award for Poetry from the Center for Irish Studies (Minnesota). A member of Aosdána, the Irish academy of artists, he works as a civil servant in Dublin Castle.



The Clock

With only one story to tell, the clock strikes a monotonous note, irrespective of how musical the bell, how gilded the chimes its timely conclusions report through. Time literally on hands, it informs you to your face exactly where you stand in relation to your aspirations, stacks up the odds against your long-term prospects, leaves your hopes and expectations checked. Keeping track of time to the last second, it gives the lie to all small talk about your reputedly youthful looks, sees through the subterfuge of dyed hair, exposes the stark truth beneath the massaged evidence of smooth skin.

Claire

We never did care
 For Claire,
 Her blue stare,
 How it pleased her to scare
 Any new girl. – Despair
 Followed Claire.

Yet our teachers would care
 For Claire,
 Her blue stare
 And the wave of her hair.
 No-one else could compare
 With their Claire.

Now we don't need to care
 About Claire –
 But those people who sat in her
 dentist's chair,
 Watching her drill and her bright
 blue stare –
 Did they share our despair?
 Or did no-one else ever compare
 With their Claire?

RUTH SILCOCK *Biographies etc.*

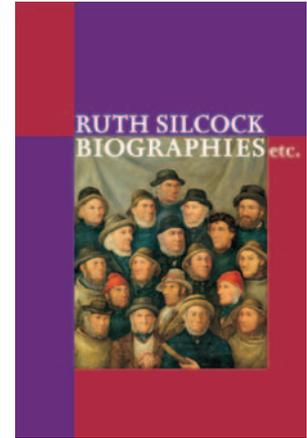
'There is a potentially popular poetry in England which does not talk down to people or appeal to their self-consciousness, and it is being written by people like Ruth Silcock. Larkin, Betjeman, Stevie Smith would have approved of her poems. To say that she is a readers' rather than a poet's poet may define her limits, but is also high and necessary praise.'

GEORGE SZIRTES

This is the third collection from one of England's most admired senior poets and bears all the hallmarks of her inimitable style. Drawn to the neglected, peculiar and unnoticed, Ruth Silcock brings the situations, people and places in her poems to life with cool, jaunty wit. Her poems are heartwarming triumphs of humour and humanity.

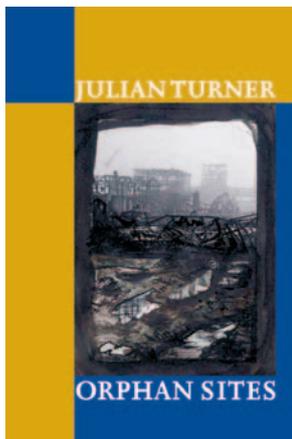
A lifetime's accumulated wisdom, and the experience gained during a career as a psychiatric social worker, enrich these cheerful poems on uncheerful subjects such as ageing or death. She brings deft narrative skills and a sharp eye for the oddities of human behaviour to her poems about of 'ordinary' people: senior citizens in residential homes, social workers at a dance, grannies, children, orphans, doctors, nurses.

Ruth Silcock was born in Manchester in 1926. She studied at Girton College, Cambridge before becoming a social worker. She has had several children's books published. Anvil has published her two previous collections, *Mrs. Carmichael* (1987) and *A Wonderful View of the Sea* (1996).



£7.95 USA \$13.95
 216 x 138 mm 104 pp
 2006 978-0-85646-383-9





£7.95 USA \$13.95
216 x 138 mm 64 pp
2006 978-0-85646-384-6



JULIAN TURNER

Orphan Sites

'Julian Turner's poetry achieves that alchemy of mind, heart and ear that distinguishes the gold standard in contemporary poetry'

IAN DUHIG

Julian Turner's first collection *Crossing the Outskirts* was a Poetry Book Society Recommendation and was shortlisted for the Forward Prize best first collection. In this second collection he explores his familiar themes of identity and loss, and new, more personal ones – the way the degradation of the environment touches on his experience, the fragility of life and the ambiguous allure of death. This collection marks a development in his strong technique and gives us poems that are comic, elegiac and profound by turns.

Julian Turner was born in Cheadle Hulme, near Manchester, in 1955. Educated at New College, Oxford and Goldsmith's College, London, he now lives in Otley, West Yorkshire. He works in the mental health field as Chief Executive of Leeds Mind and has a special interest in helping people recover from traumatic experience.

'Julian Turner's poetry is poised and polished'

STEPHEN KNIGHT, *TLS*

The End of Tyranny

A good third of the class
looked forward to it,
but did not know where to start.
We were just learning the ropes

and would have been surprised to learn
it happened on holiday
when my brother and I threw
our father onto the sofa.

Oven Gloves

They're not new: turned from soft to stiff
by the countless batters, pizzas, bakes
I've soiled, stained and burned them with,
they hold their own chronology
of our domestic life. I take
this cake I'm minding out and place
their grizzly hands around my face
to feel our years embracing me.

Remembrance of Things Past

In the still watches of the tropic night,
 When meditation throws the years behind,
 I see again the old, remembered sight
 Of towering canvas swelling in the wind.
 But Time's relentless hand has turned a page:
 The lovely ships have faded like a dream,
 Discarded with the debris of an age,
 On evolution's ever-flowing stream.
 What was the secret of those splendid things,
 Whose passing filled mankind with vain
 regret –
 Those soaring pyramids of snowy wings,
 Where use and art in such sweet concord met?
 I only know the thought that comes to me –
 Of something precious vanished from the sea.

ANONYMOUS MERCHANT SEAMAN, c. 1970

The Sea! The Sea!

Edited by Peter Jay

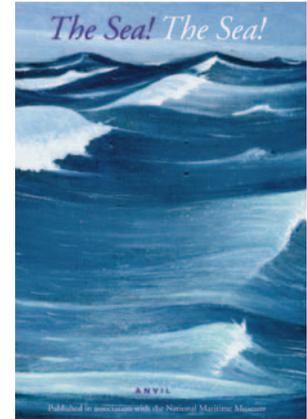
*"This is a must-have treasury whose water music moves
 with the "swing of the sea" "*

AGENDA

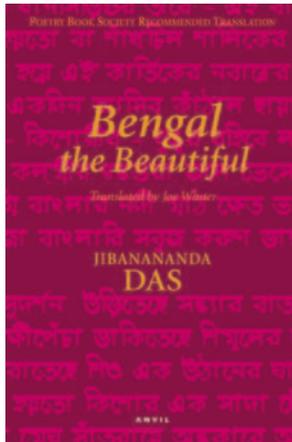
This anthology – from a publisher based in Greenwich, with its longstanding maritime connections – celebrates the sea as an elemental force with deep resonances for people everywhere. As such, it has always had a place of honour in poetry. Poets from time immemorial have written of sea adventures, voyages, explorations, battles, drownings, storms, shipwrecks, fishing and trade, to name just some of the human interactions with the sea which have been described, praised or lamented in poetry.

The Sea! The Sea! entertainingly blends poems ancient and modern, well-known and unfamiliar, solemn and light-hearted. As well as English-language poets from the anonymous author of *The Seafarer* to the present, the book includes a light seasoning of translated Spanish and French poems to commemorate their countrymen's part in the 1805 Battle of Trafalgar, whose 200th anniversary this book also commemorates.

Published in association with the
 National Maritime Museum, Greenwich



£7.95 USA \$13.95
 197 x 130 mm 176 pp
 2005
 978-0-85646-379-2



£8.95 USA \$15.95
 234 x 156 mm 80 pp
 2006 978-0-85646-390-7



JIBANANANDA DAS

Bengal the Beautiful

POETRY BOOK SOCIETY
 RECOMMENDED TRANSLATION

*Joe Winter has boldly kept the sonnet-form and risen to the challenge.
 This book is cheaper than a journey to India and may tell one more
 about its soul.'*

HERBERT LOMAS, *Ambit*

This is the first English translation of a collection of 62 sonnets discovered in an exercise-book in 1954, shortly after Das's death and 20 years after they were written. As Joe Winter says in his introduction, 'If ever a country's soul was captured by the pen it is in these evocations of village life, of Bengal's fruits and trees and grass and rivers'. Infused with a scent of unrequited love and possessing a lyrical beauty hardly matched in Bengali literature, these poems were given their Bengali title, *Rupasi Bangla*, by the poet's brother, who edited them for publication. They achieved instant popularity when published in 1957 and became a totemic symbol of freedom in Bangladesh's 1971 War of Independence. His popularity has never waned.

Jibanananda Das (1899–1954) was born and raised in rural Barisal. He taught English in Calcutta, Delhi and Barisal. His name literally means Joy (*ananda*) of Life (*Jivan*), yet periods of unemployment and an unfulfilling marriage actually made for an uneasy personal life. He died after being hit by a tram while crossing a road in Calcutta.

38

How often we came and sat in this very room,
 you and I,
 beneath a straw roof in the dark – dusk's hand,
 damp and grey,
 about branches of *hijal* and *jaam* then lightly
 would play –
 only a bat now is here, now is gone, all along
 the mild sky –
 under the ripped wet straw soft fields like

Sanaka lie –
 a curved moon peers down – dung-beetles
 swarm silent away
 borne on the mist – *shapmashis* – pale-green
shyama-insects foray –
 a mild washed-rice odour pervades – a grey
 sari's rustle and sigh

can be heard – the air breathes a tang of what is
 amiss
 with the human heart, its silent old pain ...
 we came, you and I,
 to sit in faint light beneath a straw roof, to see,
 to hearken to this ...
 taking Time's leave, and facing each other, we
 would sit by,
 descending a dusk of dreams, beneath a straw
 roof, you and I ...
 how often in grey light we sat, to see, to
 hearken to this.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

The Golden Boat

SELECTED POEMS

Translated by Joe Winter

Joe Winter's wide-ranging selection from Tagore's more than 40 books of poetry gives a wonderful sense of his variety in lyrics, songs and narratives over the course of a long writing life. It complements his acclaimed translations of *Song Offerings* (2000).

Of Myself

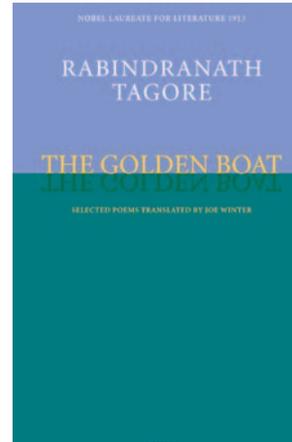
(ATMAPARICHAY)

Translated by Devadatta Joardar and Joe Winter

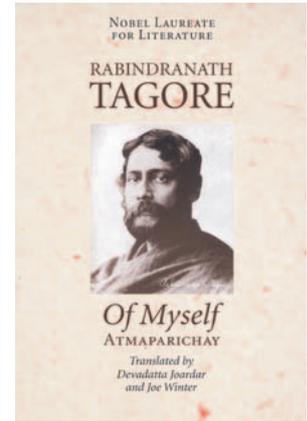
The first English publication of Tagore's autobiographical writings: six prose pieces, essays and lectures composed, in a somewhat fortuitous progression, at landmark moments during the second half of Tagore's life (there are pieces marking his 50th, 70th and 80th birthdays). As Joe Winter says in his introduction: 'A heart of love, a mind at its service that could cut like a knife, and, in some sense, the spirit of a child are all here.' Together the essays provide an invaluable insight not only into Tagore's work as a poet but also into the intellectual and spiritual world of a twentieth-century genius.

Joe Winter lived in Calcutta from 1994 to 2006 when he moved back to Britain. Anvil published his translation of Tagore's *Gitanjali* (as *Song Offerings*) in 2000 and of Jibanananda Das's *Naked Lonely Hand* in 2003. He received the Tagore Institute of Calcutta's 2006 award for the propagation of Tagore's work.

Devadatta Joardar is a resident of Calcutta and a Bengali scholar.

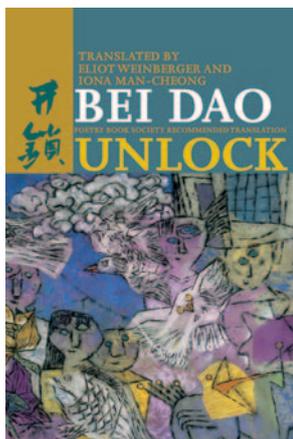


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978-0-85646-406-5



£8.95 USA \$15.95
197 x 130 mm 120 pp
2006
978-0-85646-389-1





£8.95 216 x 138 mm

128 pp 2006

Bilingual 978-0-85646-336-5

USA *New Directions*

This edition not for sale in the USA

'One of the great poets of our time'

MICHAEL HOFMANN, *TLS*

'Bei Dao's poetry is quiet and precise, and the two translators have done an excellent job in conveying the complexities of his verse in pellucid, pared-down language'

SARAH MAGUIRE

BEI DAO

Unlock

Translated by Eliot Weinberger and Iona Man-Cheong

POETRY BOOK SOCIETY
RECOMMENDED TRANSLATION

The sixth collection by China's foremost contemporary poet, Bei Dao, was greeted as perhaps his finest on its publication in America. The 49 poems were written in the USA, his home in recent years. Saturated with startling, surreal imagery and oblique political references, this book shows the restless development in style which is the hallmark of the authentically innovative poet. The Chinese text is included.

Midnight's Gate

Translated from the Chinese by Matthew Fryslic

The twenty, often autobiographical, pieces in this delightful book of essays comprise a poet's reminiscences and travelogue. Since his exile from China in 1989, Bei Dao has lived in seven countries and visited many others. In his tales and descriptions of cities such as Copenhagen, Durham, Johannesburg, New York, Paris and Prague and in his encounters with ordinary Chinese immigrants, as well as with literary, artistic and political figures, his thoughts and anecdotes convey a unique charm and insight.

Bei Dao was born in 1949 in Beijing. Since 1989 he has lived first in Europe, then in the USA. He is an honorary member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. He now teaches in Hong Kong.

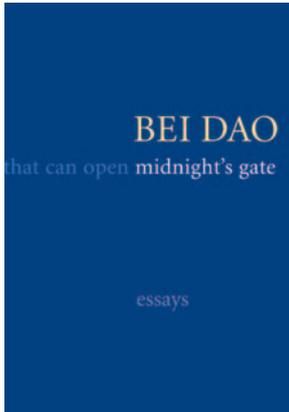
Night Sky

Silent dinner
the dishes spin darkness
letting us share this
simmered anger
add a little salt

suppose there were an even greater
space – a stage
the starving spectators
looking up
at our acting

like raising a flag, rising into
the night sky: the square is shut
down

a ray of light points out the changes
shifting planets
we begin to speak



£10.95 197 x 130 mm
272 pp
2007 978-0-85646-394-5

USA *New Directions*

This edition not for sale in the USA

'The whole spectrum of Bei Dao's essays is portrayed in simple, fine language, as open and accessible as his poetry is hermetic.'

LUCAS KLEIN, *Rain Taxi*

After Lunch

After eating lunch, I feel
so sleepy.
Waking later, I sip two
bowls of tea,
then notice shadows
aslant, the sun
already low in the
southwest again.

Joyful people resent
fleeting days.

Sad ones can't bear the
slow years.

It's those with no joy and
no sorrow—
they trust whatever this
life brings.

PO CHÜ-I

The Selected Poems of Po Chü-i

Translated and introduced
by David Hinton

David Hinton's is, remarkably, the first book of English translations entirely devoted to Po Chü-i (772–846), regarded by many Chinese as their greatest poet. With this book Hinton completes his series of selections from the three great poets of the T'ang Dynasty: Li Po, Tu Fu and Po Chü-i.

Po Chü-i rose from humble beginnings to high government office. Although some of his most famous poems are those of social protest, many of his finest are private and meditative; he was a recluse at heart and spent many years in relative solitude. His poems have been known in the West only through scattered versions by Arthur Waley and others.

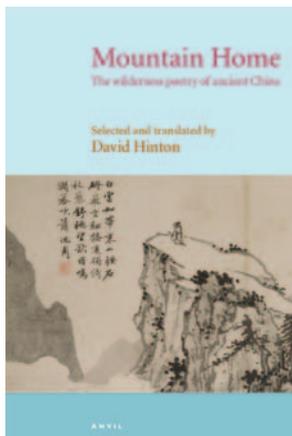
This collection gathers poems representative of Po Chü-i's work, from the poems of social protest to the meditative poems, giving us in an extensive selection a poet who sought to resolve his own and his society's complex contradictions in the simplicity and elegance of his poetry. The poems are beautifully translated and introduced by David Hinton.



£10.95 234 x 156 mm
224 pp 2006
978-0-85646-335-8

USA *New Directions*

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£12.95

9¼ x 6½ ins 320 pp
2007 978-0-85646-395-2USA *New Directions**This edition not for sale in the USA*

Mountain Home

THE WILDERNESS POETRY OF ANCIENT CHINA

Translated and introduced by David Hinton

China's tradition of rivers-and-mountains poetry stretches across millennia. It is the earliest and most extensive literary engagement with the idea of wilderness, articulating a profound and spiritual sense of being as one with the natural world. This tradition is traced chronologically in this anthology; through representative selections from virtually all of ancient China's greatest poets and through concise introductions to each of the nineteen poets featured. Yet, while the tradition grew within mountain landscapes, the topics it covered were wide-ranging: domestic scenes, social protest, travel, sage recluses, drunkenness and friendship.

As David Hinton says in his introduction, 'the Chinese wilderness is nothing less than a dynamic cosmology in which humans participate in the most fundamental way. The poetry of this wilderness cosmology feels utterly contemporary and, in an age of ecological disruption and mass extinction, this engagement with wilderness makes it more urgently and universally important by the day.'

If you're climbing Cold Mountain Way,
Cold Mountain Road grows inexhaustible:
long canyons opening across fields of talus,
broad creeks tumbling down mists of grass.
Moss is impossibly slick even without rain,
but this far up, pines need no wind to sing.
Who can leave the world's tangles behind
and sit with me among these white clouds?

HAN SHAN

David Hinton brings scholarship, a poet's ear, and a wealth of experience to the task of translating classical Chinese poets. His versions of ancient Chinese poetry and philosophy have earned international acclaim. Among his previous books are *The Selected Poems of Tu Fu* and *The Selected Poems of Li Po*, both also from Anvil. He received the Harold Morton Landon Translation Award from The Academy of American Poets in 1997.

Our Little Sister is Worried

Our little sister is worried.
 How long should she wait
 To get married?
 She has often seen the wind
 Blow the peach petals from the trees.
 She has never seen it
 Blow them back on the branches.

(ANONYMOUS, *trans. Kenneth Rexroth*)

Jade-Staircase Grievance

Night long on the jade staircase, white
 dew appears, soaks through gauze stockings.
 She lets down crystalline blinds, gazes out
 through jewel lacework at the autumn moon.

[LI PO, *trans. David Hinton*]

The New Directions Anthology of Classical Chinese Poetry

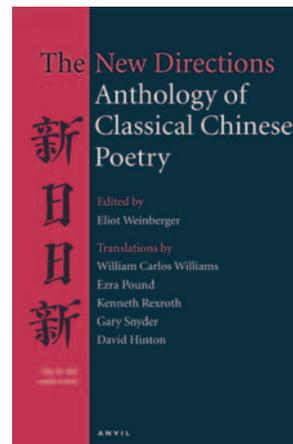
Edited and introduced by Eliot Weinberger

*With translations and essays by Ezra Pound, Kenneth Rexroth,
Gary Snyder, William Carlos Williams and David Hinton*

Featuring translations of forty great Chinese poets by four great American poets and a renowned scholar-translator, this anthology is an excellent introduction to the art of Chinese poetry and its translation. All the American poets share a publisher: New Directions, founded in 1936 and soon established as the foremost American publisher of international modernism.

This anthology contains some 200 poems, together with essays and bibliographies on the translated poets. It is the first survey of Chinese poetry to consider its great influence on American poetry; from early modernist Ezra Pound and William Carlos Williams to the Anarcho-Beat poets of a later generation, Kenneth Rexroth and Gary Snyder.

Eliot Weinberger was born in 1949 in New York, where he still lives. Among his many translations are Borges's *Selected Non-Fictions* (winner of a National Book Critics Circle Prize), *The Collected Poems of Octavio Paz* and Bei Dao's *Unlock*. In 1992 he received a PEN award for his work in promoting Hispanic literature in the US, and in 2000 he was awarded the Order of the Aztec Eagle by the Mexican government.

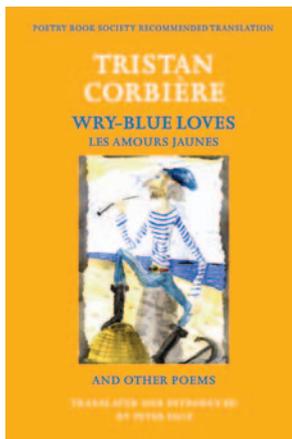


£12.95

9 x 6 ins 272 pp
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USA *New Directions*

This edition not for sale in the USA



£14.95 USA \$24.95
 216 x 138 mm 476 pp
 2005 978-0-85646-377-8
Bilingual

TRISTAN CORBIÈRE

Wry-Blue Loves

LES AMOURS JAUNES

Translated from the French by Peter Dale

POETRY BOOK SOCIETY
 RECOMMENDED TRANSLATION

'... there are not many men who have written poems as good as his, and he can wait in mocking confidence for the world to make its way to his grave.'

RANDALL JARRELL

The chronically invalid son of a robust sea-captain and novelist father, Tristan Corbière (1845–75) published one book of verse and was virtually unheard of in his lifetime. He is an informal formalist, delighting in clashing registers of diction and outrageous puns. With pervasive self-mocking humour his poems combine a hopeless love, a grounded sea-fever, a ferocious ironic compassion and a savage sympathy with dogs and underdogs. As Peter Dale writes in his introduction: 'Above all, he is his own man, able to resist the blandishments of literary theory, social expectations, and the mollifications of religion.'

The book contains the entire *Les Amours jaunes* and a selection of Corbière's uncollected poems.

Sonnet to Sir Bob

*Dog of an easy lay, a pure-bred
 English hound.*

Fine dog, I watch you nuzzle your mistress, press;
 And groan despite myself – why? – Empty head ...
 – Ah, it's because – d'you see – I never caress,
 I have no mistress, and ... am no thoroughbred.

– Bob! Bob! – Swell name to shout in cheerfulness! ...
 Were Bob my name ... So nice the way she said
 Bob! ... But me, no pedigree. – Made by some mess,
 A mutt-hound, too ... but christian-cross instead.

– Oh Bob! by transmigration we'll change place:
 Take my jingles; I, your jingler, on its pink lace;
 You, skin; I, fur – with or without the fleas ...

I'll be Sir Bob – Her one faithful love, me!
 I'll bite all mongrels; she'll bite me – She! ...
 I'll wear Her first name on the collar, please.

British Channel. – 15th May.

'This native of Brittany wrote much as lovers carve their interlocking initials on trees, as sailors have the names of their beloved's tattooed on their skin, as a suicide opens his veins, as a jealous lover stabs his rival in an alley. He belonged to that school of the street that cultivates the uncouth, makes grace wince, and experiences truth like a blow to the stomach.'

PIERRE-EMMANUEL PROUVOST D'AGOSTINO

Sky Slowly Approaching

This is it, winter's limitless, fragile sky,
 Where words' transparency is delicate as hoar-
 frost,
 And cold skin has its forest scent back again,
 This is what contains us, being our true home.
 And we set our lean fingers on the horizon
 In the blue ash of villages.
 Is there a single wall with its moss, a single
 garden,
 A single thread of silence where time shines
 In pensive brilliance like snow's first fall,
 Is there a single pebble we do not know?
 O perfect arch of sky, you answer our hearts
 In their limpid moments. That's when
 The figure treading lightly behind each hedge
 Draws close; she is the far and wide coming
 ever closer
 And her sweetness will take hold of us. But we
 can wait,
 Here, in the brightness where already we're as
 one, wrapped
 In our life as in a resplendent fur.

JACQUES RÉDA

Treading Lightly

SELECTED POEMS 1961–1975

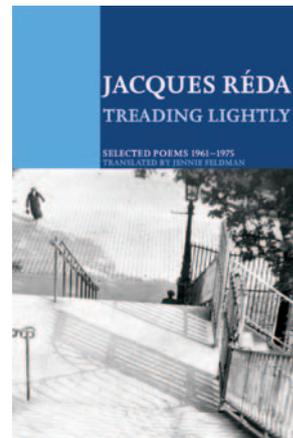
Translated from the French by Jennie Feldman

*'These are glorious poems, lucent and exquisite, and no poetry-
 lover's bookshelf will be complete without them.'*

THE GUARDIAN

The first English selection of Jacques Réda's poems draws on his earliest major collections, widely regarded as among his finest: *Amen*, awarded the Prix Max Jacob, 1968; *Récitatif*, 1970; and *La Tourne*, 1975. These were a formative influence on the 'new lyricism' that was to change the direction of French poetry in the 1980s. With an eye for detail and drama, his poems roam from day-to-day Paris to other times and places, striking a wry, pensive note that is at once personal and universal. They will appeal to readers who share Réda's belief that poetry lives through its rhythm, or 'better still, *le swing*' (he is a respected jazz critic). The music is admirably captured in Jennie Feldman's translations.

Jacques Réda, born in 1929, was awarded the French Academy's Grand Prix in 1993 for a lifetime's work. He was editor of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* from 1987 to 1995. His prose work *The Ruins of Paris* appeared in translation by Mark Treharne in 1996. He received the Bourse Goncourt de la Poésie in 1999.



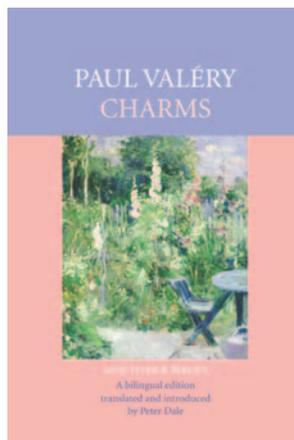
£8.95 USA \$15.95

216 x 138 mm 144 pp

2005

Bilingual 978-0-85646-380-8





£11.95 USA \$18.95

216 x 138 mm 192 pp

2007

Bilingual 978-0-85646-398-3

PAUL VALÉRY

Charms

AND OTHER PIECES

Translated from the French by Peter Dale

'What is there more mysterious than clarity? ... What more capricious than the way in which light and shade are distributed over hours and over men? ... Orpheus-like we build, by means of the word, temples of wisdom and science that may suffice all reasonable creatures. This great art requires of us an admirably exact language.'

So Valéry wrote about architecture in 1923, the year after publication of his great collection *Charmes*. The words apply equally to his fascinatingly complex attitudes to poetry, which were deeply influenced by the impression made on him in his youth by Mallarmé's poems. Peter Dale discusses the development of his ideas in his introduction.

Charms contains several of his most famous poems, including 'Ébauche d'un serpent' and 'Le Cimetière marin' – in Yvor Winters' view 'the two greatest short poems ever written.' The collection as a whole has achieved classic status.

Peter Dale has been working on his Valéry translations over some thirty years. The result is a fresh view of an intriguing poet, somewhat neglected but now revived in English.

Paul Valéry was born in 1871 and died in Paris on 20 July 1945. He was buried with national mourning in the cemetery at Sète, location of his most famous poem 'Le Cimetière marin'.

The Steps

Children of my silence, they tread,
Your steps, saintly, gently, unrushed
Towards the vigil of my bed,
Processional, polished and hushed.

Someone pure, a shadow divine,
Your cautious steps, how sweet, how
sweet!

Gods! ... All the gifts imagined mine
Come to me on those naked feet!

If, with your lips now forward
brought,

You're ready to allay like this
The inhabitant of my thought
With the nourishment of a kiss,

Don't rush the tender action
through,

Being and not being, so sweet;
For I have lived awaiting you,
My heart was just your padding feet.

I HEAR that the axe has flowered,
I hear that the place can't be named,

I hear that the bread which looks at him
heals the hanged man,
the bread baked for him by his wife,

I hear that they call life
our only refuge.

ETERNITIES died away,
Over you, from you,
a letter touches
your fingers, un-
injured still,
the radiant brow
comes leaping in
and beds itself
in fragrances, rustlings.

PAUL CELAN

Poems of Paul Celan

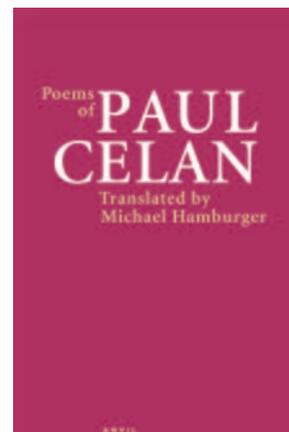
THIRD EDITION

Translated from the German by Michael Hamburger

Paul Celan is among the most important German-language poets of the last century, and, in George Steiner's words, "almost certainly the major European poet of the period after 1945." He was born in 1920 into a Jewish family in Bukovina, a German enclave in Romania which was destroyed by the Nazis. His parents were taken to a concentration camp in 1942, and did not return; Celan managed to escape deportation and to survive. After settling in Paris in 1948, he soon gained widespread recognition as a poet with the publication of his first collection of poems in 1952.

Language, Paul Celan said, was the only thing that remained intact for him after the war. His experiences of the war years and of the loss of his parents are the recurrent themes of his poetry. In the end they led as well to his suicide by drowning in 1970.

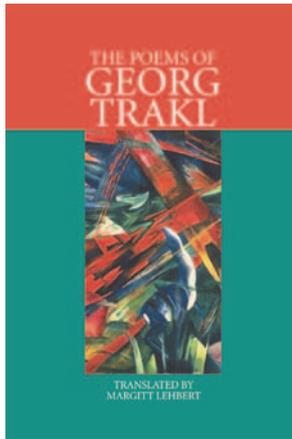
This third Anvil edition of Michael Hamburger's selected translations now includes the previously uncollected longer poem "Wolf's Bean", several additional short poems, and the essay "On Translating Celan" in which he discusses the challenges faced over many years in his engagement with Celan's poetry. The first Anvil edition of this book was awarded the EC's inaugural European Translation Prize in 1990.



£25 hardback 216 x 138 mm
432 pp 2007
Bilingual 978-0-85646-399-0

This edition not for sale in the USA





£ 9.95 USA \$15.95
 216 x 138 mm 192 pp
 2007
 978-0-85646-285-6

'I do not understand [Trakl's poems]; but their tone pleases me. It is the tone of true genius.'

LUDWIG WITTGENSTEIN

GEORG TRAKL

The Poems of Georg Trakl

Translated from the German by Margitt Leibert

'exemplary versions that read fluidly and convincingly in English'

ROGER CALDWELL, PN REVIEW

This edition in translation of the great Austrian poet (1887–1914) contains all the work approved by Trakl himself in his lifetime: his two major works *Gedichte* (1913) and *Sebastian im Traum* (1914), poems published in *Der Brenner* magazine, and the juvenilia undiscarded by Trakl.

Trakl's apocalyptic poems – surreal, symbolist, expressionist and starkly beautiful – are today regarded as among the most original of the twentieth century. Struggling with his depression and drug abuse, he responded to his own pain and to the onset of the First World War with work of unique depth and beauty, producing poems rich in symbols, metaphors and images drawn from nature and nightmare.

Margitt Leibert gives a full account of Trakl's life and literary career in her introduction and discusses the problems of interpretation which arise in translating his poems.

Margitt Leibert was educated at the Universities of Konstanz, Berlin and Iowa. She spent twelve years in Berlin before moving to south Sweden, where she runs a small press, Edition Rugerup. She has translated selections from Carol Ann Duffy, Les Murray and Paul Muldoon into German, and a selection from Sarah Kirsch, *Winter Music* (Anvil, 1994) into English.

Whispered into the Afternoon

Sun, autumnally thin and shy,
 And fruit falls from the treetops.
 Silence lives in blue chambers
 For one long afternoon.

The dying sounds of metal ring;
 And a white animal collapses.
 The rough songs of brown women
 Were scattered with the leaves.

The brow dreams colours of God,
 Feeling the gentle wings of madness.
 Shadows twist upon the hillside
 Edged by black putrefaction.

Twilight full of rest and wine:
 Sad guitars are trickling.
 And to the mild lamp inside
 You come as in a dream.

'I have received [Trakl's] Sebastian im Traum and have read in it a lot: deeply moved, marvelling, divining and perplexed; for one quickly understands that the conditions of this swelling and fading of music were irretrievably singular.'

RAINER MARIA RILKE

One Day

One day we shall have
 both hands full of light –
 the strophes of night, the moving
 waters meeting the banks
 again, the rough eyeless
 sleep of the beasts in the reeds
 after the embrace – then
 we shall stand against the slope,
 outside, against the white
 sky which comes cold
 over the hill, the cascade of radiance,
 and is frozen, ice,
 as if fallen from stars.

I want to rest for that
 little while upon your brow,
 forgetful, letting
 my blood wander silent
 through your heart.

JOHANNES BOBROWSKI

RUTH & MATTHEW MEAD

Word for Word

SELECTED TRANSLATIONS OF GERMAN POETS

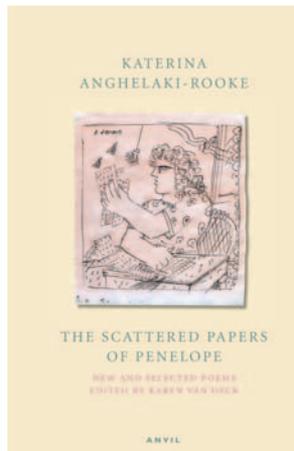
Over the past forty-odd years the poet Matthew Mead and his German wife Ruth have translated selections of poets to whom they were drawn. This is their own distillation of the poems which they have translated.

In 1975, Matthew Mead wrote: 'Of the Germans, Gottfried Benn has said many things to their end, but the important poem by a contemporary is, for me, Sabais's *Generation*.' This poem confronts Germany's post-war guilt in a way no other German writer has matched. Together with the mysterious and almost spell-like poetry of Johannes Bobrowski, it is one of the highlights of this strong and varied collection, which ranges from the lyrical to the satirical, the witty and sardonic to the surrealist, and the elegiac in Nelly Sachs, a Nobel Prizewinner. The collection celebrates a fascinating era of German poetry, to which it forms a uniquely personal introduction.

Matthew Mead's selected poems *The Autumn-Born in Autumn* appears simultaneously with this book. Born in Buckinghamshire in 1924, he has lived in Germany since 1962. Anvil has published the Meads' selections of Sabais (*The People and the Stones*, 1983) and Johannes Bobrowski (*Shadow Lands*, 1984).



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KATERINA ANGHELAKI-ROOKE

The Scattered Papers of Penelope

NEW AND SELECTED POEMS

Edited by Karen Van Dyck

In Katerina Anghelaki-Rooke's poetry the body, myth, the soul, nature and language are deeply entangled concepts. Yet her poetry is passionate and direct: 'I am not interested in distorting reality when I play with language.' With translations by such notables as Kimon Friar and Rae Dalven as well as the editor, this is the most complete picture yet of this major Greek poet.

Katerina Anghelaki-Rooke (the second part of her surname is her late English husband's) was awarded the Greek National Poetry Prize in 1985 and the Greek Academy's Poetry Prize in 2000. She was born in Athens in 1939; her godfather and earliest encourager was the poet and novelist Nikos Kazantzakis. She is an acclaimed translator of, among others, Seamus Heaney and Alexander Pushkin. She lives partly in Athens, partly on the nearby island of Aegina.

Karen Van Dyck is the Kimon A. Doukas Professor of Modern Greek Literature and Director of the Program in Hellenic Studies at Columbia University. Her publications include *Kassandra and the Censors: Greek Poetry since 1967* and *The Rehearsal of Misunderstanding: Three Collections by Contemporary Greek Women Poets*.

'Hush Now, Don't Be Afraid ...'

'Hush now, don't be afraid ...'

we are the voices of that old kind of love
not the voices that changed your life
so you suddenly found yourself in other rooms
worshipping other statues.

But the little loves
that for only one second
made you look up high
with heavenly familiarity
while some unruly leafy plant
a giggle, a glance
made you forget the evergreen thorns
of cactus time.

Little love of the last minute,
lean on a shoulder, fanatically mortal,
lean on the cenotaph of dreams.

TRANSLATED BY KAREN VAN DYCK

*Poet and editor*



ODYSSEUS ELYTIS

Selected Poems 1940–1979

Edited by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard

and

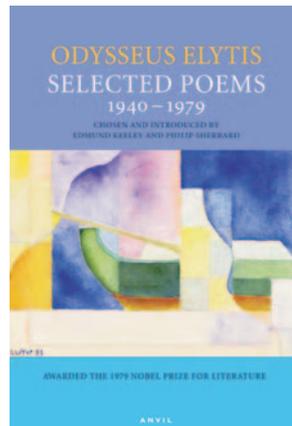
The Axion Esti

Translated by Edmund Keeley and George Savidis

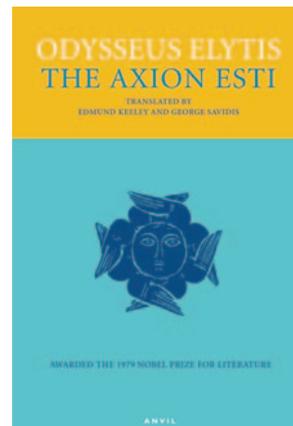
When Odysseus Elytis was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, the Swedish Academy's citation singled out *The Axion Esti*, first published in 1959, as 'one of twentieth-century literature's most concentrated and richly faceted poems.' It can be seen both as a secular oratorio, reflecting the Greek heritage and the country's revolutionary spirit, and also as a kind of autobiography, in which the spiritual roots of the poet's very individual sensibility are set in the wider philosophical context of the Greek tradition.

His poetry developed from early surrealism, in which he transforms French influence into a distinct personal voice and mythology, through the dramatic style of *The Axion Esti* with its blend of spirituality and earthiness, up to the later work in which he experiments with new modes for expressing his perennial themes.

Born in Crete in 1911, Elytis began to publish in the 1930s. He took part in the campaign against the Italian fascists in Albania in 1940–41 and was one of the most prominent poets of the Greek resistance during the Nazi occupation. He died in 1996.



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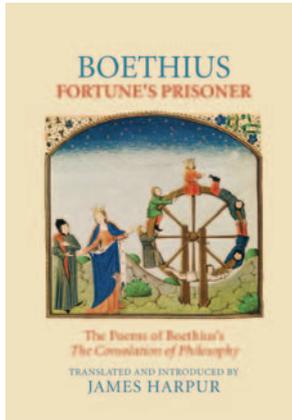


£8.95
234 x 156 mm 112 pp
2007 978-0-85646-356-3

USA Univ. of Pittsburgh Press
This edition not for sale in the USA

Adolescence of Day

Adolescence of day, joy's springhead
The ancient myrtle waves its banner
The breast of the larks will open to the light
And a song will hang suspended in mid-air
Sowing the four winds
With golden grains of fire
Liberating earth's beauty.



£8.95 USA \$15.95
 197 x 130 mm 96 pp
 2007 978-0-85646-403-4

BOETHIUS

Fortune's Prisoner

THE POEMS OF BOETHIUS'S
 CONSOLATION OF PHILOSOPHY

Translated by James Harpur

An aristocratic scholar and influential member of the court of Theodoric, Boethius (born about AD 480) was arrested for alleged treason and executed in about 524. While in prison he wrote his masterpiece, *The Consolation of Philosophy*, a work of mixed prose and verse in which he considers universal issues such as the nature of justice, the problem of evil in a world controlled by God's providential plan, and the workings of Fortune and free will.

With his fresh and imaginative treatment of the poems from this book, James Harpur argues for the reappraisal of Boethius as poet. His well-crafted modern translations and persuasive introduction encourage their reading as a coherent poetic sequence outside their original context.

James Harpur has published four collections of poetry. He studied Classics and then English at Trinity College, Cambridge. Awards for his poetry include the 1995 British National Poetry prize, and bursaries from Cork Arts, the Arts Council, the Eric Gregory Trust and the Society of Authors. His non-fiction books include *Love Burning in the Soul*, an introduction to Christian mystics. He lives in Co. Cork.

Light Returns

'Using a fold of her dress, Philosophy wiped away
 the tears brimming in my eyes.' – *De Cons.* 1.2.6

Night scattered, the sense of darkness went,
 My eyes regained their power, just as when

Northwesterlies build clouds up into
 mountains,
 Skies blacken, the atmosphere grows dim,

The sun's wiped out, the stars have not
 appeared
 And night pulls down its curtain everywhere;

Then if the north wind rushes from its cave
 In Thrace, beats back the dark, unlocks the day

The sun so suddenly, so brilliantly bright
 Now blinds our squinting eyes with dazzling
 light.

Excerpt from

On a Tame Lion Killed in the Colosseum

God knows what it cost you to control
Your temper, make a velvet paw the rule,
Curb your savage instinct and remain
Impervious to the scent of human blood.
How could you walk to heel beside a master
Weaker than you were and agree to come
Bounding at his whistle from your cage
Or at his word return behind its bars?
What did you hope to gain as his retriever,
Relinquishing the duck when he said drop it,
Your jaws relaxed while nuzzling his hand?
Today, for all the odds were on the likelihood
You'd lay the wildest low, you lie here dead:
Not ambushed and surrounded by attackers,
Not hampered by a net or by a snare,
Not launched into a spring against a spear,
Not hoaxed by matted twigs above a pit,
But broken by a creature as it ran from you.
Your cage is free, but you will not return,
While brother lions pace behind locked doors
And shiver at the ignominy done to you.

[ANTHONY HOWELL]

STATIUS *Silvae*

A SELECTION

Versions by Anthony Howell and Bill Shepherd

"At the court of someone a bit like Saddam, [Stattius] is trying not to put a foot wrong, and suffering from insomnia in the process."

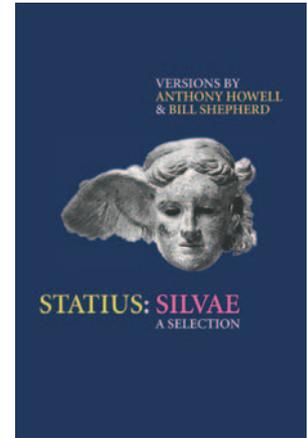
FROM THE INTRODUCTION

In this delightful homage to the now unfashionable Neapolitan poet, master both of epic and discursive poetry and author of a famous short poem on sleep, two contemporary poets who share a fascination with his work present their selection of fresh versions from his best-known collection. In their introductions they explore the background to his work and the qualities, literary and human, which drew them to him.

Publius Papinius Statius (c. AD 45–96) was a prize-winning poet whose reputation remained high until well into the Middle Ages. He featured both in Chaucer's *House of Fame* (as 'Stace') and in Dante's *Divine Comedy*, where he is called 'il dolce poeta'.

Bill Shepherd, born in 1935, is a therapeutic counsellor. His *Horace: The Complete Odes and Epodes* and *Propertius: The Poems* were published as Penguin Classics in the 1980s. His most recent collection of poetry is *Mother's Milk* (Menard, 2006).

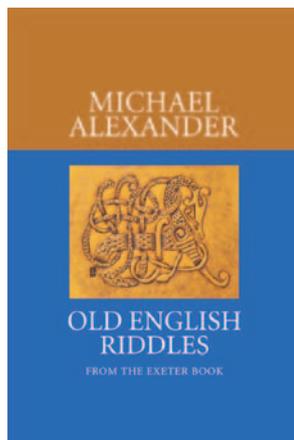
Anthony Howell, born in 1945, has published eleven collections of poetry, several – including *Selected Poems* (2000) and *Dancers in Daylight* (2003) – with Anvil.



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MICHAEL ALEXANDER

Old English Riddles

FROM THE EXETER BOOK

The Old English Riddles survive through a manuscript of about the year 1000 left to Exeter Cathedral by Leofric, its first bishop. Unlike most of the poetry preserved in the Exeter Book, the Riddles are secular poems, robustly celebrating the familiar objects and natural world of eighth-century England. In this newly revised edition of his popular collection, Michael Alexander presents a selection of these ingenious and enigmatic poems in versions which capture their peculiar concision, humour and vigour of language.

Michael Alexander was, until his retirement, the Professor of English Literature at St Andrews University. He is the author of the Penguin Classics *Beowulf*, *The Earliest English Poems* and *The Canterbury Tales: The First Fragment*. His critical study *The Poetic Achievement of Ezra Pound* won a Scottish Arts Council Book Award. His other books include *A History of Old English Literature* and *Medievalism: The Middle Ages in Modern England*. He lives in Wells, Somerset.

I know of one who is noble and brave,
 A guest in our courts. Neither grim hunger
 Nor hot thirst can harm him at all,
 Neither age nor illness. If only the servant
 Whom on his journey he has to have with him
 Serves him faithfully, they shall find appointed,
 When safe in their homeland, happiness and feasting,
 Untold bliss – but bitterness otherwise,
 If the lord's servant serves his master
 Ill on the way. One must not be
 A burden to his brother or both will suffer
 When they are jointly drawn on their journey elsewhere
 And must leave the company of the kinswoman who is
 Their only sister and their mother. Let the man who will,
 Declare graciously how the guest might be called,
 Or else the servant, whom I speak of here.

Suggested solution: see page 39

Back to His Birthplace

Like trouble that place never leaves my heart
 Junipers high and low in its green glens
 I think the swallow in the deep blue sky
 Wings straight to that country

Little bird when you reach that realm
 Take my endless greetings to the hills
 The goat-bells udders leaking milk
 The lavender the bees and beehives

Where are the white the snow-white doves
 That peaceful roof amidst the ivy
 The skylark trilled in the high branches
 And evening in my window deepened blue

Ah with what hopes I used to chase at night
 The fireflies' traces
 The trees and sky revolved
 In my hoop's mighty wheel

Like trouble that place never leaves my heart
 Junipers high and low in its green glens
 I think the swallow in the deep blue sky
 Wings straight to that country

TRANSLATED BY RUTH CHRISTIE

OKTAY RIFAT

Poems of Oktay Rifat

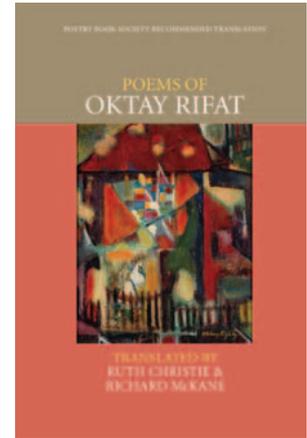
Translated by Ruth Christie and Richard McKane
 Introduced by Cevat Çapan

For half a century Oktay Rifat occupied a leading position in the vanguard of Turkish poetry. Despite his popularity and fame he rarely appeared in public, preferring the private life of an ordinary family man and content to work as an attorney while continuing to write.

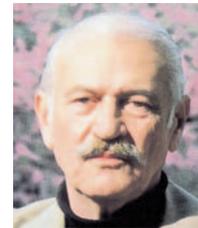
This generous selection exemplifies Rifat's insistence that 'poetry must be read and must be readable.' It draws on all phases of his work, from the early iconoclasm and later neo-surrealism to the mature period in which innovation blends with folk traditions, creating poetry rich in feeling and thought.

Born in Trezibond on the Black Sea, Oktay Rifat (1914–1988) was the son of a Turkish Member of Parliament and poet. After studying in Paris before the Second World War he became an attorney and worked for most of his life as a legal adviser for Turkish State Railways.

Ruth Christie and Richard McKane are the translators of an earlier Oktay Rifat selection, *Voices of Memory* (Rockingham) and of selected poems by Nâzım Hikmet, *Beyond the Walls* (Anvil).



£11.95 USA \$19.95
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