

OF THE CYCLE OF STORMS

1

You know, reader, that we're both on the same page

And I seize the fact that you've just arrived

To explain how I see the growth of a magnolia.

The magnolia grows in the earth you step on — you may find

That I say something unnecessary, but I could've said, believe me,

That the magnolia grows as a book between your hands. Better yet,

That the magnolia — and this is the truth — grows always

In spite of us.

This root towards the word that she flung in the poem

Might very well mean that in the branch laying on your side

The flower opening is already a bit of you. And the flower I'm gifting,

Even if you refuse it

I shall never know it fully, nor shall I ever, as much as I love it,

Pick it up.

The magnolia raises your shadow against my writing

And I touch the shadow of the magnolia as if I held your hand

2

I want to tell you that this magnolia isn't the magnolia

From that Luiza Neto Jorge's poem that never came

By my home — she herself flowered

She'd scribble the leaves

She was big even when the magnolia didn't grow

This magnolia isn't like hers, a pronounced magnolia

It's a magnolia envired by truth — bigger

And more beautiful than word

3

Neither does she know where I'm leading you now.

The rain falls atop the crown of both, I mean,

Atop the chimney of the house and atop the plant

Atop the pronounced magnolia and the magnolia

That grows akin to a testamentary vine — mother

Biblical to the backbone of the house. If you want to position yourself

In relation to the motherly magnolia or the tree that opens through verse

Or between both sides of the page

Perscrutate in what I tell you the purposeful scent

Search for it by crushing each little syllable one-by-one — it was

[by crushing myself, believe me,

That I learnt what I now know: there's a difference

Between the magnolia growing outside of us

And the one we water with our blood.

4

If you listen closely the magnolia can be a fruit-bearing tree—
Listening fills us up with juice like a well between the courtyards.
The magnolia grafts my thoughts, it's a profound
Cry in-between my flesh, the line leaving my hand
Into another hand. She does not fear
Of coming near when my mother holds me.
She raises from the earth
Like the whirlwinds and the flocks of birds.

5

I start, then, at the top satiating you. I explain the cycle
Of the storms and migrations. If you can remain silent
You shall not equal the magnolia, but you will rest
As the lichen growing upon its trunk.
You're the one growing, after all. You are the one climbing
— Even if you have already abandoned my childhood —
The branches that I offer you. I also give you
Power to rip her from this poem
Or even from all my inner earth
So you may transplant her in other places — the following verses.
If you keep it as a treasure you shall see how it gleams
How it lights up the pulse of birds — their song,
Of coming and going, inside your ears.

6

The treasure is thus the magnolia secretly shared between us
It is the song circling the lips, the dew
Between our brain and its own heart.
The heart of the poem is a magnolia through the wind. I open
My arms, my veins, and say
You sheltering yourself outside of the house. And my promise
Is this one — the stone bench exists
near the magnolia perduring
even when the shade
dries. And the bird leaves. And the flower
doesn't blossom after the rains.

7

It hurts to see the magnolia fall. Believe me.
The lightning comes
upon her. The tempest.
Plants are as fragile as the huts of men.
We are both so fragile in this poem
With the lightning, the hut, the magnolia on our shoulders
Without any pulmonary terrain left intact
So as we look one-another one of us says
Let's plant it here — *here*
It's my wrist, my mouth
It's the retina with which you search, the wood of the door

With which you close yourself at home. I promise you
I shall never close my eyes
My hands.

8

I promise you the palm of my hand for the writing.
Circle it with magnolias, circle me. You can close the writing
Within the hand or in the mouth of books
You can forsake it or release it from its thousands of buttons
That she whispers inside men.
You can send it to those you love most
Or as petals and messages in the rings of birds
To your own enemies.
You can disarm it and conflagrate the flames.
I give to you, as I always have, the power
To write in the skin of my hand
The promises I've made to you. You know I exist
And shall repeat everything to you once more.

The seasons, for example — I'm not the only one saying this —,
Don't spin like those merry-go-rounds at the fair. In Autumn
The magnolia is pensive like a man
That gazes at you behind the window from where I'm writing.
During the Winter the panes fog-up — near
Your hand to the landscape remaining

As if it is the verb that gives it life. Notice
The stone bench — he is
Above you.
You are the child sitting
Gazing at the sky. There's a treasure
In the sky — a new heart. Do you recognise
The stellar magnolia? The solar interstice
Of the celestial pupil? She's above you
Contemplating — it's true that visions
Start through the tears.

Yes. Now I can explain to you the mystery of waters.
Bend yourself as he did when he wrote on the floor
You shall understand — they spurt from words.

DO CICLO DAS INTEMPÉRIES

1

Sabes, leitor, que estamos ambos na mesma página

E aproveito o facto de teres chegado agora

Para te explicar como vejo o crescer de uma magnólia.

A magnólia cresce na terra que pisas - podes pensar

Que te digo alguma coisa não necessária, mas podia ter-te dito, acredita,

Que a magnólia te cresce como um livro entre as mãos. Ou melhor,

Que a magnólia - e essa é a verdade - cresce sempre

Apesar de nós.

Esta raiz para a palavra que ela lançou no poema

Pode bem significar que no ramo que ficar desse lado

A flor que se abrir é já um pouco de ti. E a flor que te estendo,

Mesmo que a recuses

Nunca a poderei conhecer, nem jamais, por muito que a ame,

A colherei.

A magnólia estende contra a minha escrita a tua sombra

E eu toco na sombra da magnólia como se pegasse na tua mão

2

Quero dizer-te que esta magnólia não é a magnólia
Do poema de Luiza Neto Jorge que nunca veio
A minha casa - ela própria dava flor
Ela riscava nas folhas
Ela era grande mesmo quando a magnólia não crescia

Esta magnólia não é como a dela uma magnólia pronunciada
É uma magnólia de verdade a todo o redor — maior
E mais bonita do que a palavra

3

Nem ela sabe por onde te conduzo agora.
A chuva cai sobre a copa de ambas, quero dizer,
Sobre a chaminé da casa e sobre a planta
Sobre a magnólia pronunciada e a magnólia
Que cresce como a videira testamentária - mãe
Bíblica no eixo da casa. Se quiseres posicionar-te
Em relação à magnólia materna e à árvore que se abre nos versos
Ou entre ambas as faces da página
Perscruta no que te digo o aroma premeditado
Procura-o esmagando uma a uma as pequenas sílabas - foi
[esmagando-me, acredita,
Que aprendi o que sei hoje: há uma diferença
Entre a magnólia que nos cresce fora

E aquela que regamos com o sangue.

4

Se te puseres à escura a magnólia pode ser uma árvore de fruto

A escuta enche-nos de sumo como um poço no meio dos pátios

A magnólia enxerta-me nos pensamentos, é um profundo

Rumor na minha carne, a linha que me vai da mão

A outra mão. Ela não tem medo

De aproximar-se quando minha mãe me pega ao colo.

Ela levanta-me da terra

Como os tufões e os bandos dos pássaros.

5

Começo, pois, no alto a saciar-te. Explico-te o ciclo

Das intempéries e das migrações. Se puderes ficar em silêncio

Não te igualarás à magnólia, mas repousarás

Como o musgo que lhe cresce no tronco.

És tu que cresces, afinal. És tu que sobes

— Mesmo se já abandonaste a minha infância —

Aos ramos que te ofereço. Dou-te também

Poder para a arrancares deste poema

Ou até de roda a minha terra interior

E de a transplantares noutros lugares - nos versos seguintes.

Se a guardares como um tesouro verás como brilha
Como acende a pulsação dos pássaros - o seu canto,
Da ida e da vinda, aos teus ouvidos.

6

O tesouro é então a magnólia segredada entre nós dois
É o canto que circula entre os lábios, a seiva
Entre o nosso cérebro e o seu próprio coração.
O coração do poema é a magnólia ao vento. Abro
Os braços, as veias, e digo
Tu que te abrigas fora da casa. E a minha promessa
É esta - o banco que de pedra existe
Junto da magnólia permanece
Mesmo quando a sombra
Seca. E o pássaro parte. E a flor
Depois das chuvas não vem.

7

Magoa ver a magnólia cair. Acredita.
O relâmpago vem
Sobre ela. A tempestade.
As plantas são tão frágeis como as cabanas dos homens.
Somos muito frágeis os dois neste poema
Com o relâmpago, a cabana, com a magnólia aos ombros
Sem nenhum terreno pulmonar intacto

Para depois de nos olharmos um de nós dizer
Plantêmo-la aqui — *aqui*
É o meu pulso, a minha boca
É a retina com que procuras, é a madeira da porta
Com que te fechas em casa. Prometo-te
Eu nunca vou fechar os olhos
As mãos.

8

Prometo-te a palma da minha mão para a escrita.
Cerca-a de magnólias, cerca-me. Podes fechar a escrita
No interior da mão ou na boca dos livros
Podes esquecê-la ou libertá-la dos mil botões
Que ela sopra no interior dos homens.
Podes mandá-la àqueles que mais amas
Ou como pétalas e mensagens nas anilhas das aves
Aos teus próprios inimigos.
Podes desarmá-la para propagares as chamas.
Dou-te, como desde sempre, o poder
De escreveres na pele da minha mão
As promessas que te fiz. Sabes que existo
E que vou repetir-te todas as coisas outra vez.

As estações, por exemplo — não sou o único que o digo —,
Não rodam à maneira dos carrosséis no largo. No Outono

A magnólia é pensativa como o homem
Que te olha por detrás da janela onde te escrevo.
No Inverno os vidros vão embaciando - aproxima
A tua mão da paisagem que resta
Como se fora o lado do verbo que encarnou. Repara
No banco de pedra — ele está
Sobre ti.
Tu és a criança sentada
Que olha para o céu. Há um tesouro
No céu - um coração novo. Reconheces
A magnólia estelar? O interstício solar
Da pupila celeste? Ela está sobre ti
E contempla - é verdade que é pelas lágrimas
Que começam as visões.

Sim. Agora posso explicar-te o mistério das águas.
Debruça-te como ele quando escreveu no chão
Irás entender — elas jorram das palavras.

Translative notes:

IN REGARDS TO THE TITLE: «*Intempéries*», from the latin «in»(not) and «temperies»(moderation), is a word present in, at least: Portuguese, Spanish and Italian, though it has no specific translation in any Germanic language that I'm privy to. In the Romance languages aforementioned, «intempérie» is used to refer to unmoderated weather that is natural to a specific season, such as tempests in late winter and dry thunderstorms during mid-summer. It is also used idiomatically to refer to problems one generally has throughout life, such as bouts of depression, heart-breaks, rejections or the loss of loved ones; things so general, everyone is bound to experience them at least once. It is my critical opinion as the translator that **Daniel Faria** used this word precisely because of its duality of meaning, both to refer to storms in a literal space, since the entire composition circles around the metaphor of a magnolia, and to refer to the metaphorical space, where one is shaped by the cycles of «*weathering*», or erosion, life throws at us with its many challenges. I'm not cognisant of any English word that collects both these meanings so outwardly; though «the many storms of life» may be understood to the same degree of meaning, it requires contextual assistance while «*intempérie*» does not.

IN PART ONE

IN REGARDS TO THE SECOND VERSE: after some hours of investigation and ponderation, I performed an act of translative and aesthetic liberty. The second verse of the poem has a count of seventeen rigorous syllables in Portuguese, though due to our synalephas, the length of sound most approximates that of thirteen syllables. A transliteration of the verse, in regards to the verb «*aproveito*», which comes from «a

proveito» (to the vantage of), this complex would figure in English as «take advantage of». If I used the transliteration, this verse would extend to fifteen syllables in English, («*and I take advantage of the fact that you've just arrived*»), which I feel to be overly long and heavy in comparison to its Portuguese equivalent. I thus translated the verb «aproveitar» to «seize», which provides a lighter verbal complex and a syllable count of just eleven.

IN REGARDS TO VERSES FIVE, SIX AND SEVEN: though I could have suppressed the determiner «*that*» in the fifth verse (but not those of the sixth and seventh, though why is difficult to explain without a big lesson in Portuguese linguistics regarding our subordinative clauses and how those are found in Anglophones; you see, it's not the rules that change, though they slightly do, but the naturalness of how those forms are perceived in another language), I decided not to suppress the determiner because that would delete the alliteration present in the original («*que, que, que*»), by subordinating various phrasal nodes to a singular one, **Daniel Faria** replicates a tree branching out from a single stem, like a magnolia). I decided, thus, not to suppress the alliteration.

IN REGARDS TO VERSE NINE: all Portuguese nouns are gendered, and the normal determinant is the ending vowel (if «a», female, if «o», male). Magnolia is, then, a she, though in English it would appear to be «it». The reason why I conserved the «she» is merely cultural bias; growing up with a language that projects femininity and masculinity onto objects might be generative of many toxic associations, but simultaneously and under specific circumstances, it's also an element of the beauty of collective semiotics. The fact that magnolias are perceived as linguistically female is

another layer of depth to what the poetic symbol of a magnolia is, both to me and to Daniel, even if that isn't the case for an English native, and to delete that gendering is to delete another full layer of association from a poetic form, which by nature relies entirely on its associative expression.

IN REGARDS TO THE VERSE FIFTEEN: «pick it up» is not a transliteration of «colherei». While English has two morphological tenses, Portuguese conserved **six** tenses (present, imperfect, preterite, future, pluperfect), along with four moods. «Colherei» is future tense of the verb «colher» (harvest), which has no form in English without auxiliary verbs («colherei» would become «shall harvest» or «will harvest», which is a verb complex and not a verb form). Also, since Portuguese verbs can conserve the subject of the clause, the actual transliteration of «colherei» is «I shall harvest».

IN PART TWO

IN REGARDS TO THE SECOND VERSE: the poem by Luiza Neto Jorge is as follows, also translated by Richard Zenith and only placed here for the purpose of assisting the plenitude of understanding demanded by «**Of The Cycle of Storms**»:

A Magnólia

A exaltação do mínimo,
e o magnífico relâmpago
do acontecimento mestre
restituem-me a forma
o meu resplendor.

Um diminuto berço me recolhe
onde a palavra se elide
na matéria – na metáfora –
necessária, e leve, a cada um
onde se ecoa e resvala.

A magnólia,
o som que se desenvolve nela
quando pronunciada,
é um exaltado aroma
perdido na tempestade,

um mínimo ente magnífico
desfolhando relâmpagos
sobre mim.

MAGNOLIA

Exaltation of the minimal
and the magnificent lightning
of the master event
restore to me my form
my splendor.

A tiny crib cradles me
where the word elides
into matter – into metaphor –
as needed, lightly, wherever
it echoes and slides.

Magnolia,
the sound that swells in it
when pronounced,
is an exalted fragrance
lost in the storm,

a magnificent minimal entity
shedding on me
its leaves of lightning.

IN REGARDS TO VERSE FOUR: «folhas» in Portuguese means both tree leaves and sheets of paper. In this instance, Daniel could be referring to Luiza Neto Jorge scribbling in both or just in sheets of paper, since she was a writer.

IN PART THREE

IN REGARDS TO VERSES FIVE AND SIX: «mother biblical» was intended as «biblical mother», though in English, adjectives precede the nouns, while in Portuguese they can be found before or after. I didn't want to, however, leave an adjective hanging in a verse and a noun in another immediately after, though the contrary wouldn't be an issue. It's merely a matter of cognitive order more-so than one of syntactic form.

Nothing else about this part warrants extensive notes; it was surprisingly straightforward to translate, since there isn't much leeway in how it can be approached either conceptually or linguistically.

IN PART FOUR

IN REGARDS TO VERSE ONE: «árvore de fruto» can be translated as both «fructiferous tree», which I decided not to use since it has the Portuguese equivalent of «árvore frutífera» or fruit-bearing, which I thought best approximated to the original. «*Fruitful tree*» could also be used, but it implies abundance, which the Portuguese version does not imply.

IN REGARDS TO VERSE EIGHT: one thing cultural aspect I've noticed to have imported from Portuguese into my English poetry is the hyphenation and composites to avoid the waterfall of prepositions; «*flocks of birds*» is unnecessarily dense when «bird-flocks» serves the same communicative purpose and transmits that just as well. In Portuguese, we are bound to possessive forms, and «**bandos dos pássaros**» means, literally, «flocks of birds», just as «chapéu-de-chuva» is our word for umbrella, while it literally means «umbrella-for-the-rain». In translation, however, I don't import my stylistic choice to omit prepositions where I'm able nor do I use Germanic composites which are unnatural to the Romance languages I'm translating. Also, «tufões» has the literal meaning of «typhoons», and that is how I use the term, however, in some parts of Portugal, it's used interchangeably with the words «tornado» and «whirlwind», especially Central Portugal, and my choice of whirlwind is informed by how Daniel claims they come from the ground, which whirlwinds appear to do, but typhoons certainly do not.

IN PART FIVE

My translation of this entire part is mostly literal and technical; since, again, the language and tone leaves very little to chance. A note, however, is justified about verses 5, 6 and 7, in the sections of «*You are the one climbing — even if you have already abandoned my childhood — the branches that I offer you.*» — this segment might seem a bit disconnected and abstract, which might initially appear as a muddling of translation, but Daniel is also incredibly unclear in the original. It's again of my critical opinion that Daniel somehow pairs the magnolia to some degree of motherhood, which he alludes to in PART THREE, and is an association that seems turbulent and extremely punctuating to his life, and to this degree, he pleas

that this stormy element of his early life be repurposed in some artistic transplantation, though I merely speculate. Since I am as able to extract the same meaning from the original as I am from the translated, I decided to conserve the abstract poise of the verse and make no efforts to clarify it in the body of the text.

IN PART SIX

IN REGARDS TO VERSE FOUR: «*ao vento*» is an interesting idiom that, until this very translation, I never thought of. «*Vento*» means «wind», but while wind is only a noun in English (as it pertains to the atmospheric currents of air), it's also a verb in Portuguese, the verb «*ventar*», or «to wind», which is generally only used when the subject of the phrase is null or alluded to being the «day». We, thus, say that the day is «*ventando*», or «*the day is winding*», which is a form of «*ventoso*», which means that the day is «windy». The former is widely used in Brazil, while the later is used in Portugal. «*ao vento*» is an idiomatic expression of both countries that roughly means «to leave something hanging to dry», as clothing used to be hung to dry in windy days as to quicken the drying. This is not the meaning that Daniel Faria refers to, or, actually, none of these meanings. When Daniel writes «*magnolia ao vento*», he summons the image of a magnolia tree being graced by a gust, though there is no way to transmit this rich an image so compactly in the English language, or at least, not that I've found.

IN REGARDS TO VERSE FIVE AND SIX: the cognitive fissure between «and say» and the following verse «You sheltering yourself outside the house.» is present in the original and though I have some theories to its purposefulness, I'm not too certain of any and would prefer to preserve the original stylistic choices.

IN PART SEVEN

There's absolutely nothing to be said about this part except how unworthy I am of its translation. Sometimes, during the process of translation, we become so close to a piece it's nearly impossible to pull ourselves apart, and this part is likely one of the greatest stanzas produced in the Portuguese language. It's thronged with a rawness of expression that is untranslatable. It can only be felt as anything sincere can only be felt.

IN PART EIGHT

IN REGARDS TO VERSE NINE: «*conflagrate*» is an English word of rare usage that means «*set on fire*», while its Portuguese counterpart «*conflagrar*» means to spike the flames, make them stronger. I coalesce both meanings with my translation, as I have a personal quest of taking advantage of the enormous lexical toolkit that English has and is, sadly, incredibly neglected. As a language with immense influence from both its Germanic parents and its Romance neighbours, English has one of the biggest lexical diversities in the world, and it is a shame that most of the words go largely unused both in daily life and literature (not just Modern, some Historical one too).

IN REGARDS TO VERSE TWENTY-TWO: as seen previously, nouns are gendered, and «he» refers to the stone bench in this instance. «Banco» ends with an o, so, it's a boy!