

The typographic edition, like the flowers in a jar from the Rilke poem, is always awaiting water which, once again, saves it from a death initiated as from the moment in which, out of all its potentialities, we begin to develop not the most beautiful and exciting, but the most lucrative. Noa Noa, Tipografia Ouro Preto, Gráfica Marly and Lira Nordestina, names of channels through which passed, and continue to pass, a secret story of literature. Between the gift and the damnation.

Apart from the typographic gesture, coherent with her work as an artist, through the call of materiality, through the step by step involvement with the final production, over and above the typographic gesture, like a watermark, Márcia Clayton traces a voyage in parallel. The Dublin trip, hence DUBLINIA, a lodestone in which will be united fragments of life, desires, stories, accidents, both personal and remote. And another trip, also in stone, but a gravestone of obituaries, gathering together biographemes, more than biographies, res/graphemes.

These poems, these engravings, now, in your hands, were a short while ago the din of printing presses running into the night on the Morro da Conceição. Like a heart that multiplies, one can call it multiplication the act of generating that which is born rare. There is life wherever you choose to look and examine in this black box.

Carlito Azevedo

translated by Simon Clayton

Dublinia

translated by Joice Ferrão

## Dublinia 0

manicured fields on one side  
hay on the other;  
I stop to roll up the tired sock  
over my jeans inside the boot.  
I rest my body against the sloppy Incaic wall  
only bindweed to cement it;  
instead of raspberries, its thorns I reap.  
The moss made of animal fur covers the stones' bodies  
in a bizarre and humid idea of a seat.  
I carry on walking and bump into people who say hi  
I choose the manure trail  
like Hansel and Gretel,  
I can't go wrong.  
Stonehenge, divided into lands draws one to other rituals:  
behind this window  
eroded by history,  
ajar,  
between reverie and reality  
there isn't a lock.  
Dry branches kiss each other  
and a copper tube  
rises from the ground,  
an obelisk out of nowhere.  
"It's too late to unlove you,  
(instead) let's cook something elaborate."

## **Dublinia 1**

the clouds scatter

no wall required in the valley

the tall grass conducts the wind

and rubbing against the left side of the pasture

the car comes squeezing down the road

red-faced men from the cold and alcohol drink,

their nails filthy with Guinness,

the guitar player beats the record to

enter the Book

women make small talk

beside clotheslines filled with Jessicas and Lavinias

tables set for dinner

lavender, roses and rhubarb

the gold

touches the windows at 4:30 in the afternoon,

the barn is wrapped in hay for winter

the mutton soaks in the stews

## **Dublinia 2**

The guitar player Dave Browne broke the Guinness World Book Record for the longest live guitar marathon this year on June 12th to the 17th. It was 114 hours of him sitting on a stool, using 5 fingers with long nail on his right hand and 10 fingers covered in verdigris from the steel strings. The event took place in the Temple Bar located on the street that shares its name, no number. Dave Browne at the time was wearing Saint Patrick's medal on his chest, he hadn't read the Book of Kells or had venture into the winter solstice chamber yet.

### **Dublinia 3**

I am never where others think I am  
The hatchings at the tip of the boot  
draw cities never visited  
erasures of glances I've never exchanged  
underground compartments in a loop  
scribbles of discarded cigarettes  
soles in an opposite direction  
scratch the nubuck  
against the skin

## **Dublinia 4**

Those men's shoes  
placed at the end of the conveyor belt  
the right pair's sole more worn out  
laces -  
unbuckled belts  
holes -  
the iris sometimes checked  
leather -  
humid and dark inside  
so many hidden loves  
on the way home from work

## **Dublinia 5**

a stone lifted each day  
someone's heart at night,  
barometer  
hitting the famished  
gates of Kilmainham\*.

weakening the bodies  
would not reform the minds;  
spoons made of bone  
tempted like metal,  
not even madonna frescos in the cells  
made with blood and nail  
brought back old loves;

Joseph and Grace,  
lovers in the concealment of words,  
on the pulse of emotional relations between stones,  
retinal agreements  
of hungry lines and separate cradles,  
pieces of a museum  
rotating vertically

without discerning  
the vortex's dance  
revolution and transcendence  
living in unison in a (single) day  
whirling  
finding their bodies' limits  
mute and (still) humans  
intertwined  
breath and knot  
bread and water for lunch  
water soup for supper  
until the floor  
crumbles.

\*prison in Dublin where revolutionaries in favor of Ireland's independence were hanged,  
but were first disoriented by the twisting of the rope.

## Dublinia 6

The rat that played peek-a-boo with Picasso's mandolin on a table, with stale lemon pies from breakfast on the brim of Van Dongen's hat, with-the-parts-that-reveal-the-whole-and-only-the-physical-reality-of-things-can-hinder-the-concept, with Soutine's meats, with Christ's arrest that didn't bother the counterfeiters, with the absinthe, the tea cups that burdened the bladders, the heating rising up to the faces, with the fames wrinkled in the gobelins, with Caravaggio and his armors for sale, with the diaphanous spots along the way, with the guards painting canvases white, with the wild nature of minds scattered in the corners, inanimate and hungry, with the actress in a closed theatre, with *Omar* by a sir painter abandoned in a bivouac in the desert, with the Rodins, Brancusis and Camilles, without a thinker's stature, the succinctness of a bird or a woman's madness throwing poets around them, with the chisel of those who own a craft, inert in front of the citations, with the absolute search for pleasure among worms and living beings, unrelated to bumps from the train passing by, wounded sleepers, ardosia roofs protecting from winter, idiotic about making decisions, in the suicidals' curiosity for death, with this day as a bather, with the pointillism as an alternative, unable to tighten the universe into a rectangle, the rat reigned, the king collapsed and Rome was in rags.

## **Dublinia 7**

Inside a pharmacy

in a corner of Dublin

I raise a bar of lemon soap

to my nostrils and say:

I'll take this one.

I'll take the 100 disconnected letters of Finnegans Wake

to lunch at 1:00 pm

the empty and colourful perfume bottles

without Ulysses' enigmas

the literature teacher's isosceles-shaped sideburns

and the Victorian urinal for kids.

## **Dublinia 8**

hoovers that suck moths

or rats gnawing the body of Christ

we contemplated at the paneling wall station

letters instead of hours

temple of Cicero, Burke, Dr.Parnell and Robert Clayton

stairs that would envy

Jack and the Beanstalk

all the monsters and saints

lying on their shelves

and immortality disturbing

insignificant conversations

## **Dublinia 9**

I dream about T:

living and dead mingle

kaleidoscope of something.

From the room where we made love

they've taken out all of the furniture,

trees, mountains, oceans.

I climb the stairs

of a white house

to see the quadrilateral

of dirt roads;

I descend in time

as time matures

a vague desire

uninhabited steps

upon the departure

of your hands

## **Dublinia 10**

William Butler Yeats' family and followers are grateful. The obsession of wanting Maud Gonne, 6 feet tall, revolutionary, artist and irreparably beautiful, as a muse, has cost the poet 52 years of pain that endures the beauty of a love that didn't work out.

## **Dublinia not 11**

the man on fire

like rubber

(the smell of rubber burning)

followed by a boy

in flames,

black

mixed up with smoke

sympathizing with

passers-by on the street

millions

boycotting

all of them

with their backs turned

like the world;

albinos are hunted

and the bones are buried

to become diamonds;

dead Blacks

enveloped

in plastic bags;

A girl steals a shoe in the train;

The bank doesn't return the money;

a woman raises her baby above her head

and suddenly

he resembles a buddha

## **Dublinia not 12**

My face like Paul McCartney

Liverpool on the rainy, flabby mornings

balloons (wilted) at the end of the party

by the side of the pub,

on the triangular face's eminence.

Nasal appendices

that cross Abbey Road

whistling history's version

and deviating my course.

St. Paul's on the diamond dome

money can't buy love

in a procession of bones

on a London Sunday;

eyes

hanging in recess

believe in the Thames.

Arched eyebrows

connect the bridge

from the Tate to tradition

revealing vanities

that only the artifice can repair:

reddens ebony

now

ivory hair dye

## **Dublinia not 13**

the other day

beside the underground

homeless

the light cut through me

like it cuts the walls

in the late afternoon.

maculate prism on that trotting ground

pointed the way for those going to work

and to those without direction

it pushed destiny alongside Eros.

the park breathed chairs and odours without sunshine,

the buses circulated

red and double,

Agatha Christie announced her mouse trap in the air.

air was a way

parents collared children about to run away,

youngsters jumped turnstiles in the absence of the man with a turban.

the day shook up its start

and deprived of headlines to lie on,

I balanced myself on a shell,

(a turtle with no post code)

parked caravel

feminine coca-cola

## **Dublinia not 14**

the coffee shop as bleak  
as the outside  
purple, cranberry, raspberry  
all strawberry's cousins  
matching the cloudy top of the Parliament  
and the neglected clock, Big Ben;  
the lights over the mirror  
resemble the poor dressing room  
of an artist in a resort town;  
Green leaves all over the walls  
endure the dissonant chords of the cold  
on Segovia's guitar;  
the butter on the surface of the bread  
is swallowed like a sliding door;  
a gentleman on the phone says:  
"What a long way to Vanderbilt Road";  
the tomato and zucchini soup  
is finished

Obituarius series

**Ob 1.**

Jeden

in his homeland,

1

start of his project.

Desire to order death

time prints the days

on the black acrylic,

marathoner

running against canvases,

maker of finitude's editions.

Monochrome self-portraits,

Greek with their notion of numbers

without glazes bring the millions closer.

Each algorithm walking on

(irreversible)

the centimetres of dates

the pant of days

repetition that soothes

minimal and flat

Roman Opalka

to blur the end.

At each cock-crow

he returns to his progressive count

obsession back to dust

paste on the painting's margin

transcendence there,

dog's bark.

Persistent suicide of numbers,

abysm of his hillside,

no bargains with infinity

he arrives

with outstretched arms

bearer

of No 5607249.

**Ob.2**

ideas with no paint

hold on to the dryness

pressing the clothes

in a Brooklyn laundrette.

5 flights of stairs

Samuel Menashe

traverses

old tree

in Central Park

recited afternoons

branches embed the leaves,

on his table by the window

the stem of the pen

drips

4 lines a day

in the kitchen slurps the oat porridge,

hay in the apartment without tepid water;

pushes Ted Hughes on the shelf

boundary leaving anonymity

the morning void holds

the poet's still soul

like water in a jar

**Ob 3.**

Religion or opium,

Jamphel Yeshe's last reverence

competed with the sun's glow

of the day now close to the Himalayas,

slain

in front of the statue.

Serene with arms cut off

the hammered face

cut from the waist down,

had watched the removal of ants from the way,

people moving around the stupa,

the exile of prayer circles,

the colored flags of Potala

resisting the army

of a single voice.

**Ob 4.**

when that paradox

dark and crunchy on the outside

elastic and soft on the inside

boiled and baked

round and with a hole

never with the same shape

came out of a garage's oven

Murray Lender was only the son

and didn't wear glasses

didn't shut his house's garage door

didn't have the fingers to play drums

didn't compose cantatas

was not theatrical

hadn't grown up with his boxer's nose

didn't travel

didn't go around shops with 12 species raised by his dad

hadn't attended cooling chambers

didn't allow himself to be photographed with flour wreaths and a punch

didn't bother with carbohydrates, jams, raisins

didn't make the circular movements for the bread dough.

Today he lies

with the same gushing void

of the bagels' eyes

in a bakery basket.

**Ob 5.**

barefoot like the saints

Sailendra Manna is

on the steps

temples

children selling lamps

boatmen

chants

pyre

by the banks of the Ganges.

Bengali boy who played football

among goats and pieces of glass

beside the blue rivers

and elephants on the road

men sitting

and women layering bricks

didn't have football cleats, shoes, boots.

His feet a metaphor

for other virtues;

nails unfurling

legs resembling steel

the power of the sacred cows' mind.

Captain of the green and burgundy stripes,

ice shards and rotten fingers

in the winter field

were rivals in Helsinki.

A failed penalty

hurt more

than

the 19 rupees earned.

In the fuchsia alley, saffron and head wiggles,

inside the closet

blazers, ties, donated medals.

In the octogenarian pocket

Kali

the barefoot conqueror of demons.

**Ob.6**

*for my father\**

“When my throat opened  
she was marvelled by  
love’s schizophrenia  
closed, voracious windows  
jealousy contained in the pocket

sitting below  
a copy of Debret  
unmade the leg’s varicose vein between  
a drink and a record player

tuned out life  
like this in the sweet shops  
like the stairs  
without a handrail  
long nails on the skin  
played a mother’s role

at the jacaranda table  
never the TV recipes  
only grains passing by  
concrete and slate

now my face blurs  
the numbers board

diffuses

accounts don't match

figures collapse

fallen on the hard floor

of an aquarium

that values the world,

pissed,

screams echo

in the house

of the never-opened windows

of my Mao library

jealousy asleep

in the closet”

*\*who died on SP Stock Exchange in 31/08/1998*

**Ob 7.**

Blacks awakened the rock  
with the rumble  
of their rubber boots  
auscultating the diamonds.  
She received one with  
69,42 carats.  
Each husband a bigger one,  
seven in total,  
to compete with the glow  
of the globes' amethyst.

The skin's nacre  
would not quench the success  
recognized by a stone as it is born.  
Plump, short legs  
didn't reach  
the stature of values;  
drinks, fights, tiaras  
queens were  
to seduce Caesar and Marco Antonio  
in a life of make believe.

The rubies in donated blood  
gave aura to the anonymous.  
Astronomy was her place.

*To Liz Taylor*

**Ob 8.**

Charles I of Spain wore

Ticiano knew

covering the canvas and the slit

of the tight trousers

(crotch strap)

I remember as a child

with the mushrooms

bathing in the sun

on the lawn of the lagari house 12

those buttons

on the front of the denim jeans

awaited naval battles

bicycle rides

castor bean fights

the boys' vinegar;

in the old

sometimes

they didn't keep

Hatch of the kitchen's cats

the fly

grinds today

on the metallic

zipper's teeth

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