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# POÉTICAS

*Revista de Estudios Literarios*



MONOGRÁFICO

## OCTAVIO PAZ

### ARTÍCULOS

Marco Antonio Campos  
POEMAS DE APOLLINAIRE  
TRADUCIDOS  
POR OCTAVIO PAZ

Richard Berengarten  
OCTAVIO PAZ  
IN CAMBRIDGE, 1970.  
REFLECTIONS  
AND ITERATIONS

### ESTUDIOS

Xicoténcatl Martínez Ruiz  
OCTAVIO PAZ:  
LO ÍNDICO  
INTRADUCIBLE

### POEMAS

Joseph Brodsky  
POEMAS DEDICADOS  
A OCTAVIO PAZ

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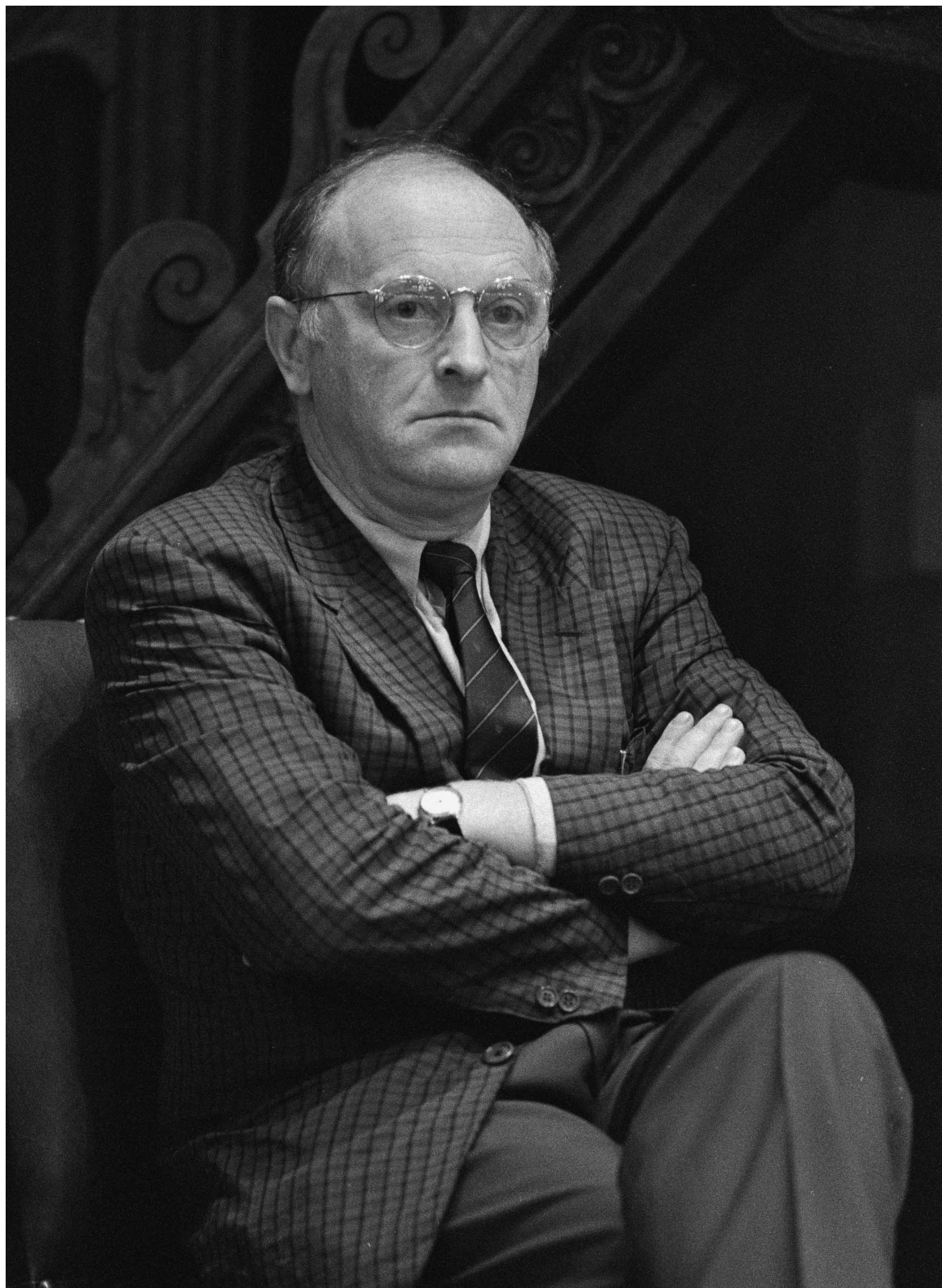


## ÍNDICE

*Págs.*

[ARTÍCULOS]		[ESTUDIOS]
Mario Calderón OCTAVIO PAZ Y SU VANGUARDIA SEMINAL	5	Xicoténcatl Martínez Ruiz OCTAVIO PAZ: LO ÍNDICO INTRADUCIBLE
Carlos Roberto Conde «POESÍA EN MOVIMIENTO», CADUCIDAD AL INSTANTE	25	Sergio Briceño González UNA MIRADA A LA INDIA: POEMAS KÁVYA Y OCTAVIO PAZ
Marco Antonio Campos POEMAS DE APOLLINAIRE TRADUCIDOS POR OCTAVIO PAZ	49	Alí Calderón LA POESÍA MEXICANA Y SU RÉGIMEN DE HISTORICIDAD: 1980-2020
Elsa Cross LA UNIÓN DEL CUERPO, EL UNIVERSO Y LO DIVINO	53	[POEMAS] Traducción de Alan Myers POEMAS DEDICADOS A OCTAVIO PAZ DE JOSEPH BRODSKY
Carlos Alcorta OCTAVIO PAZ: LA TRADUCCIÓN COMO PUNTO DE PARTIDA	67	[RESEÑAS] Robert Hass A POEM BY OCTAVIO PAZ
Richard Berengarten OCTAVIO PAZ IN CAMBRIDGE, 1970. REFLECTIONS AND ITERATIONS	73	Normas de publicación / Publication guidelines
José Luis Díaz Granados OCTAVIO PAZ O LA ENUMERACIÓN CAÓ(P)TICA	111	Equipo de evaluadores 2022-2024
Juan Gustavo Cobo Borda OCTAVIO PAZ Y JULIO CORTÁZAR. AFINIDADES Y DISCREPANCIAS	123	Orden de suscripción
Carlos Velazco Fernández FERNANDO PALENZUELA. EL ÚLTIMO SURREALISTA	137	

# [POEMAS]



Fotografía: Joseph Brodsky, 1988.

# JOSEPH BRODSKY

—  
24 DE MAYO DE 1940, SAN PETERSBURGO, RUSIA  
28 DE ENERO DE 1996, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS,  
NUEVA YORK, ESTADOS UNIDOS

—  
Premio Nobel de Literatura en 1987

—  
TRADUCCIÓN DE ALAN MYERS

Escritor y traductor inglés

—  
for OCTAVIO PAZ

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CUERNAVACA

1

Beneath the tree where M., the Frenchmen's pet,  
possessed his pearl of sluggish Indian blood,  
a poet sits, who's come here from afar.  
The garden's dense, like jewels closely set.  
A thrush, like eyebrows knit, departs for food.  
The evening air's a crystal chandelier.  
The crystal, be it noted, smashed to sand.  
When M. reigned here as emperor three years,  
he introduced them: crystal, champagne, dancing.  
For things like that pep up the daily round.  
But then appeared the patriot musketeers  
and shot poor M. A doleful, haunting  
cry of the crane drifts out from dense blue shadows.  
The local lads shake down a rain of pears.  
Three snow-white ducks are swimming in the pond.  
The ear picks out among the rustling shudders  
of leaves the lingo tossed around as pairs  
of souls converse in Hell of things profound.

2

Dismiss the palms, let plane-trees loom in view.  
 Imagine M. now laying down his pen;  
 he flings aside his silken gown and frets  
 and cogitates on what his kin would do—  
 Franz Josef, fellow ruler over men—  
 and whistles plaintively: “Me and my marmot-friend.”  
 “Warm greetings, sir, from Mexico. My wife  
 went off her head in Paris. Now, the palace  
 walls all resound with shooting, fire sprawls.  
 Now rebels, brother, choke the city’s life.  
 (My marmot-friend and I, we saw the places...)  
 Well, here guns are more in vogue than ploughs—  
 and who’s to wonder; tertiary limestone  
 is just like brimstone, a heartbreaking soil.  
 Just add to that the equatorial heat.  
 So bullets are a natural ventilation.  
 Both lungs and kidneys sense this as they toil.  
 My skin is sliding off me—how I sweat!  
 Aside from which, I feel like coming home.  
 I miss the homeland slums, the homeland splendor.  
 Send latest almanacs—I long for them!  
 This place will likely prove a goodly tomb  
 for me and for my marmot. Woman sends her  
 due greetings to my royal brother. M.”

3

July's conclusion merges with the rains  
as talkers get entangled with their thoughts  
—a thing of rather small concern to you—  
back there the past means more than what remains.  
A guitar twangs. The streets are out of sorts.  
A passer-by gets soaked and fades from view.  
And everything's grown over, pond included.  
Grass-snakes and lizards swarm here, the tree-crowns  
bear flocks of birds, some laying eggs, some eggless.  
What ruins all the dynasties, blue-blooded,  
is surplus heirs replete with numbered thrones.  
The woods encroach, and likewise the elections.  
M. wouldn't know the place again. Each niche  
is bustless now, the colonnade looks bundled  
and walls are sliding slack-jawed down the cliffs.  
The gaze is sated, thoughts refuse to mesh.  
The gardens and the parks become a jungle.  
And "Cancer!" is what bursts out from the lips.