

CONFLICT TEXTILES

Poetry & Arpilleras Book Launch and Exhibition Tour 19th October 2024

As part of **Belfast International Arts festival 2024 @ Ulster Museum**
[BIAF page.](#)

[Conflict Textiles: Poetry & Arpilleras Book Launch And Exhibition Tour](#)

Translation into English from Spanish poems by Lorna Shaughnessy



To be read by native speakers on the 19th October at the launch event and guided tour at Ulster Museum

Spanish native speakers: Roberta Bacic, Víctor Henríquez, Pamela Luque, Esther Pardo

English native speakers: Patrick Corrigan, Damian Gorman, Helen Maguire, Lorna Shaughnessy

From Arpilleras Poéticas

USES FOR A POEM by Felipe Moncada
(Hornos de Lonquén, Anonymous, pp20-21)

Sometimes
a poem can be useful
for hearing the bugle call of battle
or to hear again the wind in the pine trees
when you've been brought to your knees.
A poem, a word
can be useful now and then
for touching the hand of someone
you thought you'd never meet again,
for hearing the cricket from your mother's house
in the scent of meadows
when you've been deafened
by the night's abuse of your sense of smell.
It can be useful
for feeling the vertigo of all that's lost.
But on the other hand,
when words
stop igniting flames,
a poem can be like a sip of water,
a long walk,
a hug,
a glass of wine
where all your beloved stars appear
along with the voices of those who loved you,
those who had to leave
with no hope of return.

UNTITLED by Luis Zaror
(100 pasos de Libertad by Heidi Drahota) pp50-51

My wife paints
women in Palestine
on the outskirts of Bethlehem.
I asked her not to paint their cries,
not to make their pain eternal.

YEARS OF ANONYMOUS MATTER by Sergio Mansilla Torre
(Mujer Paloma by Olinda Gutiérrez) p36-37

Your violent words make the clouds tremble.
Your rage, your rabid, panting death makes the rainbow flee.

You look for yourself, as if, like a needle,
you got lost in a haystack.

You wrench a viscous bitterness from your heart
as you dance in the slow descending dusk of autumn.

Like everything that matters you will be loved and hated
but silence wraps you in duck-down.

Embraces make you beautiful and unperturbed
by the sharp, high-frequency sounds of the galaxies.

Blurred by the soft fog of your morning coffee
a glimmer appears in the dark turmoil of your feelings.

And millions of years of anonymous matter smile again.

MY HEART IS A BEAR-TRAP by Damaris Calderón
(Dónde están nuestros hijos. Anónima) p42-43

My heart is deaf and dumb
My heart is a bear-trap
My heart is a place people enter and leave again
Like blood through an artery
My heart is drunk
(it drinks up the day and turns it to wine)
(it drinks up the night and turns it to spirit)
My heart is wildfire
Wind
My heart is a wave
(it levels everything and falls back).
It's a pyromaniac
An arrow
(that passes through itself).
It's a ticking clock
A bomb
A milometer.
It's a heretic
Left-handed
The guts
That love.
My heart is a child
Who cannot breathe.

THE BEST TEACHER IN THE WORLD *By Carlos Decap*
(Represión a los Mapuche, by Pamela Luque) p24-25

The best teacher in the world
Was also a little girl
Who had known nightmares
Of uniforms and weapons
That's why she knows what to say
To her pupils when they dream about
Their families trapped under a sky
Full of dark clouds and says
It's not just in Bethlehem where she was born
That children grow up too fast
She brought me to the south of the world
Where the children of the earth
Draw their homes surrounded by police
Amongst the dry yellow fields.

UNTITLED by Víctor Hugo Cárdenas
(Escuela en Aleppo, Siria by Linda Adams) pp60-61

My death is sure to happen
on a rooftop in a forest
where nestshatchnew lifeevery second
every millisecond
my death is sure to happen
on the rooftopof the night
when the seed impregnates again everything that sleeps
my death will be scattered
all along the street of the blind.

From Diario de ciclos fértiles

BIRTHPLACE by Esther Pardo Herrero
P25-26

*Communism will be, among other things,
an aspirin the size of the sun. (ROQUE DALTON)*


'Today, my homeland feels like an ache'
we used to say, the Mexican girl and me
in our little den, amidst
our clutter and our dreams.
The pair of us,
wetbacks in Europe
clinging onto the wagon
of Western youth.
Born at the wrong time,
we escaped
from a clump of earth
that kept following behind.

The den is just the same
but now I'm alone, and once again:
today, my homeland feels like an ache.

Colombia is right here,
a pain behind the wall of my chest
and
fuck me,
it hurts like hell.

Perhaps an aspirin would numb the pain.

Poem	Spanish reader	English reader	image
UTILIDAD pp20-21 Felipe Moncada USES FOR A POEM Felipe Moncada pp20-21	Esther Pardo	Damian Gorman	
SIN TÍTULO Luis Zaror pp50-51 UNTITLED by Luis Zaror pp50-51	Roberta Bacic	Helen Maguire	
Millones de años de materia anónima pp36-37 Sergio Mansilla Torres YEARS OF ANONYMOUS MATTER pp36-37	Victor Henríquez	Lorna Shaughnessy	
Mi corazón es una trampa para osos pp42-43 Damaris Calderón MY HEART IS A BEAR-TRAP pp42-43	Roberta Bacic	Helen Maguire	
La mejor profesora del mundo pp24-25 Carlos Decap THE BEST TEACHER IN THE WORLD pp24-25	Pamela Luque	Patrick Corrigan	

<p>Sin título pp60-61 V́ctor Hugo Cárdenas</p> <p>UNTITLED pp60-61</p>	<p>V́ctor Henríquez</p>	<p>Lorna Shaughnessy</p>	
<p>LUGAR DE NACIMIENTO pp25-26</p> <p>BIRTHPLACE pp25-26</p>	<p>Esther Pardo</p>	<p>Patrick Corrigan</p>	<p>Not from Arpilleras Poéticas, Her own book, <i>Diario de ciclos fértiles</i></p>