“The poem is a language-place where thinking ~~trembles~~ vibrates”:

Reflections on language, translation, and reading

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Toronto, ACCUTE

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The title of this talk could also be "The poem is a thinking-place where language ~~vibrates~~ trembles," given the trembling-acuity of language made palpable by the poem, as I will articulate it via influences of Édouard Glissant's *pensée du tremblement*, of Chus Pato's *Un poema pénsase con versos finais*, Burghard Baltrusch/Barbara Cassin/Fernando Santoro's *intraducão*, plus a wink to Georges Didi-Huberman's recent curation of an exhibition on emotion, *En el aire conmovido*, "in the turmoil/commotion of the air," a line out of Lorca, at Museo Reina Sofía in Madrid. Out of my decades of listening to and learning from poems as poet and translator, I want to speak to what readers might learn, anew and now, about language in "receiving the poem" and, as a result of their reception, become more capable as language/s users and sharers who exist and co-exist in the world with others. I wish to amplify, as well, that scholars working with literatures and poetry practices—in all the varieties of English—and sharing these with students, can gain from considering translational thinking that comes into English from other languages.

Today I will view English from Translation's ~~I~~/Why.

I'm probably more known internationally as a translator than as a writer. What I do, translating poetries from foreign literatures into English and French, is not considered to be part of Canadian literature (you won't often find these translations of mine in Canadian libraries), even though poetics itself is shared and exchanged across languages and territories. Here in Canada, we still tend to shut this out, or simply appropriate outside influences without acknowledgement, at times without noticing, crediting "Erín Moure," say, when the practice in question comes from elsewhere! When we're talking about English studies, though, one good reason to talk about translation is that texts translated into English are, in fact, *in English!* And reside alongside, exchange with, co-influence, works written in English. I speak of translation myself from a corner of literature called poetry, where changes in language, in language relations, and the unruliness of language, are most acutely visible.

Given that more half of English speakers come to English from another language, English studies have a stake in translation, a foot—*no,* tongue and lip—in translation. English grew in the mid-north of the largest island of an archipelago, parts of it brought there from across a northern expanse of Europe by seafarers and migrants, before it moved elsewhere carried by colonizers, the colonized, slave-dealers and the enslaved. The colonized and enslaved also spoke their own languages, and often those of others in their position. In medieval times, too, English scholars spoke and used other languages. Chaucer was fluent in French, English, Latin, Greek, and Italian, at least, and travelled widely. Ethno-national versions of literature came later on, I

think, and this template was taken up as English literature, Canadian literature, American literature, etc.

Today there are issues in translation, such as decolonization of translation, that cross borders of languages and pervade other disciplines, and could bear rich fruit in English studies as well. They affect what is and can be thought in English about writing, about texts and eras. We thus shouldn't just pass translation over in silence, or steer it to another silo in the university. Critical thinking, and the possibility of thought itself, are at stake, emerge here. For English, too. Why not stand with and amid this emergence? I think it's important in today's world, where the ability to think and communicate has never been more crucial.

English, we know, is not just a language of "the English-speaking world." We call it a bridge language—a language used by others not English at all to exit their own language and be in contact with and communicate with others' languages and literatures, also not English at all, via English. As bridge language, English is a fertile and intensive site, where ideas and possibilities rub against each other.

One of those ideas I would like to address here today: the untranslatable. Or, *no*: more interestingly, the intranslatable. I'll be linking this notion in English, our shared language today, with Galician poet Chus Pato's work on the poem, *Un poema pénsase con versos finais,* and with the work of Martiniquan writer and philosopher Édouard Glissant, whose work in French on the key concept of "tremblement" I allow to inflect the English in which I speak to you now, and briefly as well, with Lorca's poem to the moon and valorization of *duende*, via

Georges Didi-Hubermann, French philosopher of art, curator in Madrid.

I here acknowledge that key to my own thinking are *various* "archipelagic" thinkings of Caribbean and Caribbean-formed writers, part of which emerged for me young via Claire Harris, and most recently from my study of Black American modernist poet Angelina Weld Grimké (see *Theophylline: A(n) (a)Po(r)oetic Migration*). A study of the Americas from the optic of Caribbean thinkers reveals many things unavailable to those educated under our own version of American exceptionalism.[1]

I'll focus here on Édouard Glissant.

Glissant has given us so many key principles/practices: créolité, tout-monde, opacité, l'archipel, mondialité, isila and isidan, diogenèse, to name a few, and… la pensée du tremblement.[2] In all these concepts, which I strongly invite you to explore more deeply, he sees mixity alive and variable in the rich ongoing heritage of the Caribbean which informs a worldview different than the one we inherit from US-American exceptionalism, one that can

[1]See Julius S. Scott's *The Common Wind*, in this regard. Canada's Caribbean-formed poets include NourbeSe Philip, Dionne Brand, Lillian Allen, Canisia Lubrin, Harold Sonny Ladoo, and others. As well, in a sideways leap not mentioned in the talk: see Fred Moten's and Stefano Harney's *The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning and Black Study,* NY: Minor Compositions, 2013, and the essay therein titled "The University and the Undercommons," a key text for reforming the commons outside and inside the disciplinary structure that is the university. This too enacts a trembling-thinking that moves us to poetry's spaces. Further, its collective translation from English to French, it is an example of a liberation practice and decolonialization of translation. The book is also translated to Spanish.
https://www.minorcompositions.info/wp-content/uploads/2013/04/undercommons-web.pdf

inform thinking itself. To misrepresent him by a quick sentence, Glissant sees world coming together, overlapping, in passage, intercalcating, islands relating to each other in archipelagic fashion instead of in our traditional logical linear thinking, and he pleads for the rights of peoples and individuals to *opacité*— to not have an obligation to be transparent to all.

I'll focus here on his *pensée du tremblement,* or, in English "trembling-thinking." Of this thinking, Glissant says, and I translate:

> It has nothing to do with fear, doubt, or uncertainty.
> It resists the stiffness of system thinking and is not carried away by systems of thought.
> It maintains every system within its methodological forms and keeps it from slipping into absolutes.
> It opens identity to a relationship with the Other and to the change that results from their exchange, while neither perturbing nor distorting identity.
> It is the seismic thought of the world that trembles within us and around us. »[3]

When I translate poetry, I see this *tremblement of thinking* actively at work. I don't just mean the difficulty in settling upon an English word to carry the weight of the original word in Galician or any other language. Translating, rather, makes me aware that there's constantly a

[3] La pensée du tremblement http://www.edouardglissant.fr/tremblement.html
> « Elle ne répond ni à la peur, ni au doute, ni à l'incertitude.
> Elle résiste aux raidissements des pensées de système et aux emportements des systèmes de pensée.
> Elle maintient tout système dans ses formes méthodologiques et le garde de verser dans des absolus.
> Elle ouvre l'identité sur le rapport à l'Autre et sur le change qui provient alors de l'échange, sans que cette identité en soit perturbée ni dénaturée.
> Elle est la pensée sismique du monde qui tremble en nous et autour de nous. »

trembling in language itself—evident when any two languages meet, but also evident in one language.

This trembling in each language, moreover, is already, and always, a condition of language, of us being language creatures. It is a trembling in thought; it is even, perhaps, what thought is. It's more visible when you're translating or when you inhabit the world polylingually, and it's a reason why English (or any given language) should not turn from polylinguality.

A simple example of a trembling: at times, in translating Pato (who does not speak English and thus does not see its inadequacies), I ask her to make a decision for me: in Galician, I say, this referent in your poem could harken to three aspects or resonances at work in the text; in English these resonances each have different words, and I need to choose. Usually, Pato tells me: it means all three, and yes, at once! Even if one meaning is dominant, others are present and operative; they tremble nearby. And, on top of this, registers do shift. Some day when you reread you may be startled to find another meaning takes the dominant place. The meaning is not in the poem, I have learned; it is vibrating, trembling, and the appearance of "a" meaning resides, *enfin*, in ME, as reader. Sense and meaning are always trembling before us, in the language space of the poem—the third space, as I have said, that space between reader and page.

As such, in the vibratory life of this trembling, in my own readings/ translation of Pato—I've been translating her for 24 years—I aim for a text in English or in French that reflects, *ethically*, *Pato's* reverberations, her musculature and movement in Galician, even if the act of translating upends her text into a different culture (this is part of the

meaning and difficulty of translation), and leaves "me" upended. Here is Chus Pato on the trembling-thinking of language, in an archipelagic encounter from 2013 (though she wouldn't put it that way), in Montréal:

They Drink of Clear Waters

The damsel who rides out like that
goes from abyss to abyss
her text is a translation
her text is untranslatable

linguistic tic that takes your breath away

(when, in a small canoe
on the lands of the Kanien'kehá:ka
People of the Flint
the Iroquois League
you crossed paths with the freighters of
Canada Steamship Lines
and you knew that in no language
could you speak the commotion of the body)

the trope never arrives at the signified

for that which opens your mouth
for that which parts your lips
for this there is no reason

so you ride out
depth without depth
as did the women wanderers

from an ultra future
in the nuptiality of bateaux[4]

[4] revised in 2023 from original versión in Pato, Chus. *Flesh of Leviathan*. Tr. Erín Moure. Oakland, CA: Omnidawn, 2016, p. 50.

The disturbance of language, its commotion in the body or turmoil, which I discovered in Pato and others in the repeated performative and corporeal act of translation of poetry (which is an act of supreme and partly impossible listening), has brought me to think not on the untranslatable — that which cannot be translated, but on *the intranslatable*, which is something else.

It comes from the French word "intraduisible"—not the adjective, which does mean *untranslatable*, but the noun, as in Barbara Cassin's *Dictionnaire des intraduisibles*. This noun—which indicates a concept well known in French and in Portuguese, at least, even if it is silent in English—when translated into English as "untranslatable," (as it is in the English language translation of the dictionary), has a downside: it gains a negative connotation that seems inherent in English, giving us the idea of failure, defeat. *Intranslatable* and *untranslatable*, however, are not the same thing.

I was able to think on this *in English* because I read it *in Portuguese*, in a 2018 article published in Brazil, on Walter Benjamin's foundational essay "The Task/Responsibility/Demeanor of the Translator," in which Portuguese-German critic and translator Burghard Baltrusch borrows the term from French philosopher Barbara Cassin's *Vocabulaire européen des philosophies : Dictionnaire des intraduisibles,* translating the word "intraduisibles" used by Cassin into English not as "untranslatables," but as "intranslatables." The word does not exist in English dictionaries. But Baltrusch brought it to my English. "The intranslatable," writes Baltrusch in his English abstract, is "What one does not cease to (not) translate." This play of double negatives reflects very precisely the words of the *Dictionnaire*'s originating editor, Cassin, who

defines the intraduisible as "ce qu'on ne cesse pas de (ne pas) traduire". A trembling-thinking if there ever was one! Not a loss but a beautiful thing!

[At this point in the talk, Moure dons a t-shirt bearing this key phrase—her one "powerpoint slide."]

In Brazil and elsewhere in Portuguese, "intradução" or "intranslation" has been discussed since the 1970s via work of poet, translator, and thinker Augusto de Campos, whom we in English know for concrete poetry only. Baltrusch was not inventing a term in 2018, then—being Portuguese, it was as natural to him in his English as it is unnatural to us in ours.

In the 2019 expanded *Dictionnaire*, this word-concept appears with its own entry: as a noun, *intranslation*, rather than as an adjective. In his entry on "intradução," "intraduction," Fernando Santoro says, beautifully, that the word mobilizes "a poetics of thinking." Which brings him close to Chus Pato, to what Chus Pato does. I translate Santoro here from French (already a

translation), "It is not surprising that the creative and non arbitrary interference in the weave of textual translation in order to mobilize a poetics of thinking—which is what propels the dictionary of intranslatables—first appeared in the context of poetry translation."

And, I'll add, it appeared not in the global north, not in Eurocentric movements of thinking, but in the south, in Brazil. Poetry, as I said at the start, is the language-place most open to risk, and sometimes English can act as "bridge" (between Portuguese and French here) and can assume this risk.

The intranslatable is "unreaderly." It is an energy in language itself. It alters the reading body, and the altered body must *travaille*, work to (not) cease, in order to (not) make the translation. The whole process is of a different order entirely than the familiar and comforting binomes that accompany Eurocentric translation theory, such as "fidelity" and "treason," "gain" and "loss," "domesticating" and "foreignizing." The intranslatable is a condition of joy, not failure. It allows entry into sonically meaningful spacings and registers in and between languages that perturb one's own English language, and these perturbations, which are chronic and moving and not monumental (not exemplary as individual instances), are part of the human condition of being in a language.[5]

I want to stop a moment on the double negative, its doubling or trembling: its necessary crisis in articulation.

[5]There have been works by others, in Canada and elsewhere, that have uncovered or played with this notion, if not the term. Two examples from Montréal: my own collaboration with Oana Avasilichioaei in 2010, *Expeditions of a Chimaera* (Book*hug Press), and Klara du Plessis's and Khashayar "Kess" Mohammadi's collaboration *G* (Palimpsest Press, 2023).

In the anglo-American version of the first edition of Cassin's *Dictionnaire* that anglolingual readers can find and consult, the *Dictionary of Untranslatables*, the word "untranslatables" in the title (a normative translation of "intraduisibles") is defined in English as "what one keeps on (not) translating." But "what one keeps on (not) translating" is NOT the same thing as "what one does not cease to (not) translate." In the "not cease to (not) translate," the "(not) translate" and "not cease" simultaneously exist, negate, doubly negate, and by their existence, negate the negation. There is an energy in this restless persistence. As such, the double negation is an integral part of what is being communicated. It is a trembling thinking, un *tremblement dans la pensée* and only a *pensée du tremblement* can grasp and move with it.

The possibilities of the "intranslatable" in and for English are, alas, effaced in the English version of Cassin's dictionary. When a word doesn't exist in our language, how can we talk about it?

Further, the preface to the *Dictionary of Untranslatables* ties its "untranslatable" to the "instability" of meaning. This "instability" is seen as a negative, but the trembling of thinking is a positive. Instability and constitutive "error" found (as in underpin) any language, as Lacan long ago noted.[6] When you just speak one language, you maybe don't see it, or if you do see it, you learn to reject it. You are taught to reject it. In university you may learn you

[6] Lacan's phrase, which I first read cited by Barbara Cassin: "A language, among other things, is no more than the totality of the equivocations [t.n.: errors, contradictions, slippages, evasions] that its history has allowed to persist in it." The original French from J. Lacan, « L'étourdit », *Autres écrits,* Paris, Le Seuil, 2001, 490. Cited by BC in "To Philosophize in Language," interview with Barbara Cassin by Marie Gaille-Nikodimov for Laboratoire italien, politique et société, April 2003. https://doi.org/10.4000/laboratoireitalien.338

succeed by rejecting it. I call this the monolingual horizon. Yet when the thinking in your language is traversed *inside it* by the thinking of another language, this "instability" is noticeable as processual and useful.

Languages are processual, not artefacts. There is always a vibration in language that we think is not there when we speak in one tongue; this is a position of privilege, to think that you can define meaning in your language without it coming up against other meanings, other sounds, other *similar* sounds, and the meanings of others. (AI too assumes this privilege; I'll just stick that comment in as a placeholder.)

Intranslatables are, rather, *symptoms of difference* in language, says Barbara Cassin. That's a beautiful formulation. They are symptoms, I add, of a thinking process in and across tongues yet to be (not) concluded and a sign of aliveness at work in thought, as texts are formed, reformed, mutated, magnetized, shared. Instead of saying words are slippery, instead of talking about uncertainty, instability, slippage of meaning, ambiguity, we have symptoms of difference. These are openings to be explored, that make explorations possible.

This process is within the domain of English studies, I think. This sharing of texts in English via other languages, to make the trembling-thinking more easily audible/perceptible, to help learn how to work with it, this process could be made more visible and viable, I believe, in the English Studies classroom. Partly to alleviate tendencies to fix meaning or to "explain," to stabilize when meaning is still moving—and partly to open up a critical endeavour that is very much at home in the Humanities—the dealing with u~~ncertainty,~~ or, let's

call it **in**certainty. Which is to say, with symptoms of difference! Again, uncertainty sounds negative; symptoms of difference are openings!

To return to my placeholder, briefly; AI is not going to do this with you. AI has its uses but does not deal well with symptoms of difference. That's one reason today's AI-generated text can seem so urbane, smooth and yet superficial. It's tempting, even useful and vital in many contexts, but the trembling of thinking is removed from it. Will that change tomorrow when computers talk to themselves without us? Watch this space, but… I don't think so.

Even a unlingual teacher has the tools—the very students in your classrooms, of whom many speak and use another tongue than English. Bringing their tongues/ trembling to bear on words/concepts/ articulations in English and its literatures can, I think, help decolonize English studies and make us all more capable and alive in the tremblings of the world we must act in and on. When we let people bring other language experiences to bear on English, we can better deal with and see the equivocation that founds our own language.

This trembling in trembling-thinking, in language and in thought itself, is not subject to rectification (which many hierarchical thinkers would like to do, of course) but we can learn to invite it and to let ourselves be taught by it. This to me is what is meant by critical thinking: it means that the sound of words [language, *linguaxe*] touches our skin at the side, at the same time and before our cortex processes it through our prejudices and the socius that has always already structured our biases, just when we think we are free of them. Indigenous poets in university

English Departments are leading us in this already in Canada, I must add, as too are Caribbean-formed thinkers and writers, and other diasporic poly- and translingual thinkers. Bringing words or sounds in Cree or *nêhiyawêwin*, in Anishinaabemowin, in Inuktitut, Michif, in the Mi'kmaw tongue, in Jamaican patois or Haitian créole, or—outside of the Americas—in Persian, for example, into works written for readers in English. Bringing traditional knowledges, as use-value (yes, that whiff of Wittgenstein here). No longer simply as "symptoms" of difference in English, but as radical reverberations activating text, intranslating English, and making us all more capable of meaning production, meaning-life. Of togetherness.

To take what are intranslatables and engage them to reveal the incessant passage or trembling of a word *in the same language*, and to see as well how the arrival of the foreign word provokes a constant movement between words, of and in each word (even when one translation might seem obvious). It makes the act of translation, and of discussion, complex but also joyful, feverish, alive. It points to the febrility of thought itself, to its unceasing possibilitization, its reverberations, even as we try just to follow one thought. As Santoro says in the *Dictionnaire*, "it is not just a question of translating a text into another language, but of the intranslation of a complex textual lattice of multiple/d languages into another language."

As such, to take the case of Chus Pato and her poetry (as an example), I translate a "complex textual lattice" that also includes a culture, borderline and bordered (which is to say ***in***bordered), penetrated by a colonial tongue, Castilian, and by its own descendant, Portuguese, as well as by the political and social circumstances of Pato's own

life (she grew up under Francoism, in short, in a dictatorship where her own language, spoken by her parents and grandparents, was suppressed). Galician, *galego*, is today still suppressed in many ways—subtle and not so subtle—in the state that is its home. I must work to translate it without ingesting it and causing its difference, its Galician difference, to vanish in the hegemonic yet multiple language that is English. How to keep Pato's accent, her difference, audible and palpable in the English text? How do I decolonize translation effects that would quieten the trembling of her thought?

In grappling with the *intraduisible*, the intranslatable, then, in my own language, English, I am aware of how language itself cannot fail to self-multiply and remain in movement, and this in every case of listening to any text, to its language, while trying not to pin it down as it moves but to bring it a glass of clear water, so that it can drink from it, and keep speaking.

Pato addresses the possibilities of language/speech in depth in her book about thinking and the poem, *Un poema pénsase en versos finais*. The poem because Pato thinks of poetry as a way of life, and the poem is part of literature. The book is hard to translate. Thinking about language is easier in Galician, as the lexicon for denoting aspects of language, or of a language, is so much richer. Structurally, the Galician language permits more movement, seizes more of that trembling, in thought. I wanted to bring the book into English as best I could, though, for us to consider, bring into our thinking. Of course, since my work is not Canadian literature, it was published elsewhere, in London UK by an Iranian-Canadian running a press in London-Teheran-Toronto, Pamenar

Press. I'll read you just two fragments from that text, first from page 25:

> The ways in which a poem can be written are infinite, can be counted over millennia. Here I want to talk to you about the formulation that can be stated like this: a poem that is and is not a poem.
>
> To get there faster, I will solicit help from Ishigami's table—please turn on your mobile phones and search for "Ishigami table" or "table of Ishigami."
>
> Ishigami's table is a table that is and is not a table. It's a table because it's obviously a table, but we can't dine on it, we can't play cards on it or any other game; we can't even touch it with the tip of a finger: when we do, the table collapses. However, Ishigami's table is a table.
>
> There are titles that work like Ishigami's table, for example, *Trilce*, by César Vallejo. After a century of interpretation, we still are not sure what it signifies. But without this book, 20th century Western poetry would not be what it is.

And, a page earlier, on page 24:

> We read poetry, we listen to poetry so as to understand. To understand is to expand the body; this expansion would be the thinking of the poem. It is a thinking that is modulated as music but from the sign, a thinking that does not only advance via argument. It advances via intensities: sonorous intensities, and intensities that come from images and gestures, from that prior or aoristic psyche, archaic because images, gestures, emotions are anterior to the articulated language (*lingua*) that we speak.

All of these examples: Glissant, Cassin, Baltrusch, Santoro, Pato, help give rise to an awareness in English, in my English, of the productive vibration that words bring to thought: of Cassin's word that we can never cease to (not) translate, of Glisssant's tremblement de

pensée, of Santoro's *intradução*, Baltrusch's *intranslation*, of Lorca too, in *duende*, in the commotional air.

This gap that is a bridge occurs also within one language, between all the meanings of a word (contexts help pare back meaning's multipliers but contexts also interfere with each other— there are conditions of reception, and of production, our cultures are different; we are different distances in time from those who knew and used and lived by the old ways, thus we perceive differently. The word "nature" for example, does that word-abstraction mean *more* to people who have never lived with or lived their life as part/partners of a land?)

We *learn* when our meaning-relations overlap but do not totally coincide with those of others; this overlap and non-coincidence leaves room for messages (listen/hear) or for the utter absence of meaning, its withdrawal, or for words to speak without us.

Here's Pato again:[7]

[7] from *Flesh of Leviathan,* op. cit., p. 43. (To save time, Moure did not read this poem when giving the talk on May 30, 205.)

Eleusis

This
I
here
now
you
today
tomorrow
thus
the same day
forever

nothing's in the voice nothing

a language of fire that belongs to all and to each

but whoever says the language is voice
isn't here
and returns

In this poem, language speaks, and not necessarily "to us." That is the essence of *poem*, and why *poem* is a place to hear, to learn to hear difference. Don't watch (read) the poem, listen to it work in language! There are languages within languages, tremblings, and they potentiate sharing, make *university* possible, activate it. Just as a human waking up has to find language again every day. A trembling, we wake up to language in the presence of others.

Intranslation is, to me, to develop this capacity for seeing what in language, yours or mine, has always been trembling, waiting for us to arrive.

To be in language in this way upturns "my" language. Which was never "mine" anyway, if we hear Derrida.[8] To move that process, to identify symptoms of difference, we can cultivate the ability to recognize a trembling-thinking, as differend, bias, cultural difference, condition of production or reception, emotion or commotion, and to cultivate the capacity to hold *ambiguity, contradiction, paradox, turmoil,* in order to be changed by thinking. Self and certainties might feel "destabilized", but we all must cultivate too the will/capacity to not resolve these tremblings too soon (or risk creating structures that ARE unstable, structures of rigidity of thinking, which provoke ever more murders).

The very trembling at the heart of language, of *linguaxe*— to hear it takes practice, an apprenticeship. Another language is a huge help. And a third language! To remove the two languages from settling into the binome of self and other, mine and yours, is an even greater wonder. How to harness this wonder, engage it?

Reading poetry in English, from another language, and having people in a class read the original and shed light on cultural difference and meaning, is one way to bring new knowledge of your language into yourself, and to then be able, next, to apply them to other readings, to see the trembling thinking. There should be, could be, more of it in the English Department: a reflection, at least from time to time, on works from elsewhere than English that challenge our structures and make thinking-trembling

[8] A translator's own body is part of the reception device for language. We rall eceive and issue language through cultural biases hidden to us until we come up against or with someone who does not share those biases. A translator is first a reader, and can only translate not a fixed text but *what they read.* In a similar way, we as readers translate ourselves into the book of another when we read it.

more present to us, and influence our literature—so we can acknowledge, and not appropriate. You don't even need a manual or textbook: *just ask your students!*

A language is truly the sum of the equivocations historically at work in it. It is that which does not cease to (not) translate. Always ever unglued. To catch the tremblement in articulations, to share it—our unruly reading possibles. To hear, to "h-ear" another, hear and receive through our skins and bodies, and not just ears, not just cortex.

A touch hears. Hears us. Taste and smell hear us. We learn to acknowledge, recognize, be with, be carried to new touch-hearings:

that book touched me.

Literature is a late invention, a European one. As many, including my mother, have pointed out to me: *the grasses have always been writing.* Translation, in a way, brought me back to listen to my mother. Access to other languages, other language thinkings, even in English. You can harness this thinking power of trembling, this power of sharing, in the classroom today.

And how can we hear the trembling/thought of the Other, of another, if we can't hear the trembling at work in our own language? How can we "re-frame" togetherness if we can't catch glints of the limitations in our own language frame, and the possibilities that tremble in and beyond that frame, that might bring us more richly and amply into the time to come, the future, this "what, if not now", the "not yet" that is "archipelagic" and not linear. Archipelagic! No wonder

Lorca gave his 1933 talk, *Play and Theory of the Duende*, in the Americas, and not in the north but in the south, in Argentina, in Buenos Aires! In the *good air*!

The vibration of language in and of us, between us, is not a frailty but a proof and tool which articulates a space we can live in, a space of hope. The "not yet" is an *espérance*, a hope and experience awaiting; it is reading, that third space that rises between reader and the book.

I return, as I end now, to the title of that tiny book-essay by Chus Pato: *Un poema pénsase en versos finais*. Because the poem thinks, none of its lines have finality. As long as the poem thinks, another line is possible, another final line, and another, and another. The poem enacts the *à-venir,* in a *tremblement* that is

openness, archipelagic, *isila* and *isidan*, freedom of speech, dissident

equality with plants and grasses and mountain

gentleness, that listens gently, with every one of the senses, as we all must:

now, then, and in the time to come

Thank you, everyone, for your listening.

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