

ТЕКСТ ЗА ПРЕВОД № 1

Ann Cotten

Sleep now, the moon is dying
sleep now, it is trying, but the moon is near,
it seems to hear what you are doing,
it is near to hear the end of it all.

Sleep now, take the end of the thing
and end as trying things will end: in silence
and silence all the ends that are still trying,
and never think of it all, and never think again.

ТЕКСТ ЗА ПРЕВОД № 2

WE REAL COOL

Gwendolyn Brooks

THE POOL PLAYERS.
SEVEN AT THE GOLDEN SHOVEL.

We real cool. We
Left school. We

Lurk late. We
Strike straight. We

Sing sin. We
Thin gin. We

Jazz June. We
Die soon.

ТЕКСТ ЗА ПРЕВОД № 3

BRAIDED WORLDS

Philip Graham

(...)

Darkness had long fallen when Baa, Amenan's brother, arrived in the courtyard, guitar at his side and accompanied by a group of friends, to sing some of his songs in honor of my father's death.

Neighbors strolled slowly into the compound, followed by villagers from compounds farther away, far more than I'd expected. When an old person dies, Beng funerals celebrate a long life lived, and my father's 75 years certainly qualified him. So the crowd had certainly come out of respect, but I guessed that people were also drawn by the promise of Baa's performance. I had recently asked Amenan why none of the usual evening dances had been performed since we'd arrived in the village. "We dance when we're happy," she had said, adding, "these days no one is happy"—words that revealed yet another cost of the country's continuing economic collapse. Well, I thought now, at least my father's funeral ceremony would offer the village some temporary pleasure—Ba's jaunty music was popular, and not all the songs tonight would be sad.

As the crowd grew, Amenan and her daughters brought out from the compound's various buildings extra wooden stools, chairs, and straw mats. Then she left for a few minutes and returned, carrying a liter of the heady homemade brew called *kutuku* that she must have bought from a neighbor, to pass around among her guests—another good reason for a large turnout. Yacouba entered the compound, and I rose to greet him, so grateful he'd come all the way from Kosangbé for this ceremony, grateful for the support of his embrace as he said with real feeling the Beng phrase of condolence, "A *kunlia*."

Kokora Kouassi sat on a stool facing the guests, a gourd holding water in one hand, a shot glass holding *kutuku* in the other. Amenan turned to us and said, "Aba is about to pray and invoke the spirits."

His head bent to the earth, Kouassi began to speak.

(...)