

SYMMETRY FESTIVAL 2013

Delft, The Netherlands

Poetry reading

**Vladimir Aristov
Tatiana Bonch-Osmolovskaya
Alexander Bubnov**

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Vladimir Aristov

australis (to her looking through the sea)

Practicing archeology

She Speaks

Untitled

Tatiana Bonch-Osmolovskaya

By the father's order sent to the school of mathematics

I perceive the beginning of transcendence (number PI poem)

TWO

Sandglass (visual poem)

Alexander Bubnov

Visual poems: OR MOR AMOR...

SATOR AREPO (musical poem)

SET-NET

TODAY WAY

WIPE POETRY

Visual hokhu: steps of nostalgia...

fading...

I see autograph...

in the cinema...

Vladimir Aristov

australis (to her looking through the sea)

That linen water
 (not averting glance from all south oceans and seas)
arose suddenly again
 you recalled as were rinsing
there table-clothes were not laid on the waters
 this festival is scattered
 dispensed is the surface of feasts and attires
 and dark of hairs taken away from the face
as if again you see the reflection of sacred northern rivers
 under the gloomy steep
 where you have rinsed the linen before
and today's trembling flags that now are seen to you
 with marine stripes of sways
 inside them the ice of fish in depth
 shells crabs and corals
but that linen water
 caressed your hands
 you touched it so
 as if you laundered it
 the ancient water was clearing up
 wrinkles were vanishing
 and you see between the fingers
 other constellations in the water were out
 the Pavo and the Phoenix and close to us, the Centaurus
 the marine signs are embroidered
and to you inclined
 in the reflections is seen the Southern Cross

Practicing archeology

How do I know that we're alive?
How can I tell the living medley
From caverns of Herculaneum?

I loitered lengthways the river banks,
I entered into people's conversations
And admired the primordial form
Which was to grow into a house or a palace.

Wish to imprint the chilly furrows
Beneath a tractor on the early moldings
Of the fresh mud, by ripping out faded rags
From a padded jacket under the canopy of bush.

Just slightly blow away the henna dust from eyelashes
Dyed by Egyptian ochre,
And from everyone to gather a ribbed fabric
In blue of backyard evening glow.

To look through thickness of the slime,
And not above the Mycenae's arches,
But underneath and through the grating
Of dry insipid pavement under the lion gates,
The British Club with its bygone grids –
To read the schedule of the night: yes, we are closed
on Saturdays.

Endlessly one can write about it:
As I myself compose the scroll and I myself then read it:
Like a prewar whisper in a gateway

And trumpet conifer voice of military roses,
And a dream of postwar mausoleums,
So you should tie to cross a swamp
The general's epaulets to the bast boots.

Don't hasten making list of matters,
(Do not forget yourself among the others...)
In changing handshakes strong as concrete
And kisses — spots on the granite,
In twinkling of the illuminational lights
And hates of those nameless days.

To breathe by all sharp-sighted senile breath,
So that not dust, but pollen of the golden snake
Would on the right hand go away
And would become the earth weight.

Translated by Tatiana Bonch-Osmolovskaya

She Speaks

Triangular pack of milk.
If you cut off the corner
White melancholy will pour out. Like
An unread letter
That disappears in the night.
Hush. Be quiet.

Diluted with dew, sunrise
Becomes cloudy, grows around the corner, where waits
The job that you hate.
I've forgotten him,
Meaning: in memory he'll never die.

On the night windowsill these colored pyramids
Of milk are piling up on one another with floury sides.
Feeling this unsteady stream, this thread
Of milk – this memory I can neither stretch out, nor stop dead.

Translated by Donald Wesling

Untitled

Emerging from this winter, people appear thinner,
From the foggy white gloom,
Where ice blocks, chopped, like retorts, resemble matte milk...
They rise at the bus stop
 days of stubble greasy with gasoline,
In blue-black soot,
Their new shadows faded,
In the long skirts of drab Finnish coats
And keeping just on the hand-brake
 their suppressed voices.
And it's the voice out of a dream,
The eye-socket of a sprouted prophet.
Like seed holes leaning toward people,
 suddenly germinated on an iced window.
Nothing good for us to learn
From a coat's fur grown long for the winter
Nothing to cure us of this dim always timid kindness.

Translated by Julia Ward and Patrick Henry

Tatiana Bonch-Osmolovskaya

**By the father's order sent to the school of mathematics
I perceive the beginning of transcendence
(number PI poem)**

As I am spinning round,
A ring of signs turns in front of my eyes.
Best to stop on three.

It was easy in the beginning,
But watermelons ripen full of juice.
I cannot describe their fullness.

Call seven young girls together,
Give them twenty-two ribbons.
Their suffering would not come close to mine.

A cart rolls along by a flat road
Among fields flooded with water and light.
The wheel leaves a track in the dust.

From one season of sakura's blooming to another
I count the number of seconds.
Time has turned around itself once again.

From the teacher's pile I took a brick
And threw it into a pond.
Calmly he ordered me to recite the sizes of circles.

My fellow worm,
You gnaw through an apple,
But can you wind yourself around it?

A donkey rotates mill's wheels
In a bright day as well as in a storm.
He alone knows how long his path is.

At last the months of studies are over.
Teacher's wife has baked an apple pie.
A piece gets stuck in my throat.

I woke up at home at midnight.
A full moon in the window
Is peering at me, or is it a ghost?

Mother gathered back into a clew the thread
That I unwound and entangled
Explaining numbers to a kitten.

At a dinner table I rolled up a rice ball.
The hand stopped halfway to mouth –
The same ghost looked into my eyes.

I brought a hen and a sack of rice to the teachers' door.
Three years have passed. I've learnt primary numbers,
But still have not perceived transcendence.

A flock of geese crosses the autumn sky:
Three birds, another one, four more, one again, five...
I will not raise eyes from the book.

* Each hokku-like strophe represents one of the features of the number π : its approximation by 3, by $\frac{22}{7}$, by 3.1415, in measuring the length of a circle, the volume of a sphere, consonance to the word 'pie', approximately $\pi \times 10^7$ sec in a year and so on.

TWO

$\frac{1}{2}$

A traveler starting from town A wishes to arrive to town B.
The ancient ones said to complete a journey we should at first complete
half of the way,
Then half of the rest, then half of what remains, and half of the rest again...
The other ancient one points out the journey of ten thousand miles
begins with the first step.
Would it be shorter if both of us started from the opposite ends
at the same time?

Lao-Tse, knowing the answer, keeps silence.
Zeno went away hunting hares, or turtles, or young boys.
A traveler starting from town A wishes to arrive to town B,
Where another traveler starts the journey at exactly the same time.
Half of the task is done.

$\frac{1}{4}$

Your start from your place and I start from mine.
In my direction you're taking a step and I'm taking a step in yours.
A letter you write to me and I write you a letter.
A call you make and I make a call.
On your side, a cat is looking through the window and a dog is staring
at sea horizon on mine.
Optical fibre flows are abundant with invisible echoes of voices
and silent reflections of faces.
Pebbles are deaf and dumb.
Still eighteen thousand kilometers between us.

$\frac{1}{8}$

Moon lakes are full of shining sand.
I raise my eyes to the night sky
Meeting your glance in million of sand faces
In two and a half seconds
You are meeting my glance
When you raise your eyes to the full moon.
The way around turns out to be the shortest.

$\frac{1}{16}$

The Sun looks at itself in the mirror of seascape.
The sea looks at the Sun with eyes full of tears.
Dreams look at each other in mirrors in their dreams.
I look at a candle you are dreaming of.
Dance of the flame on a waving surface.

<...>

To the end of the journey, the series is two.

Alexander Bubnov



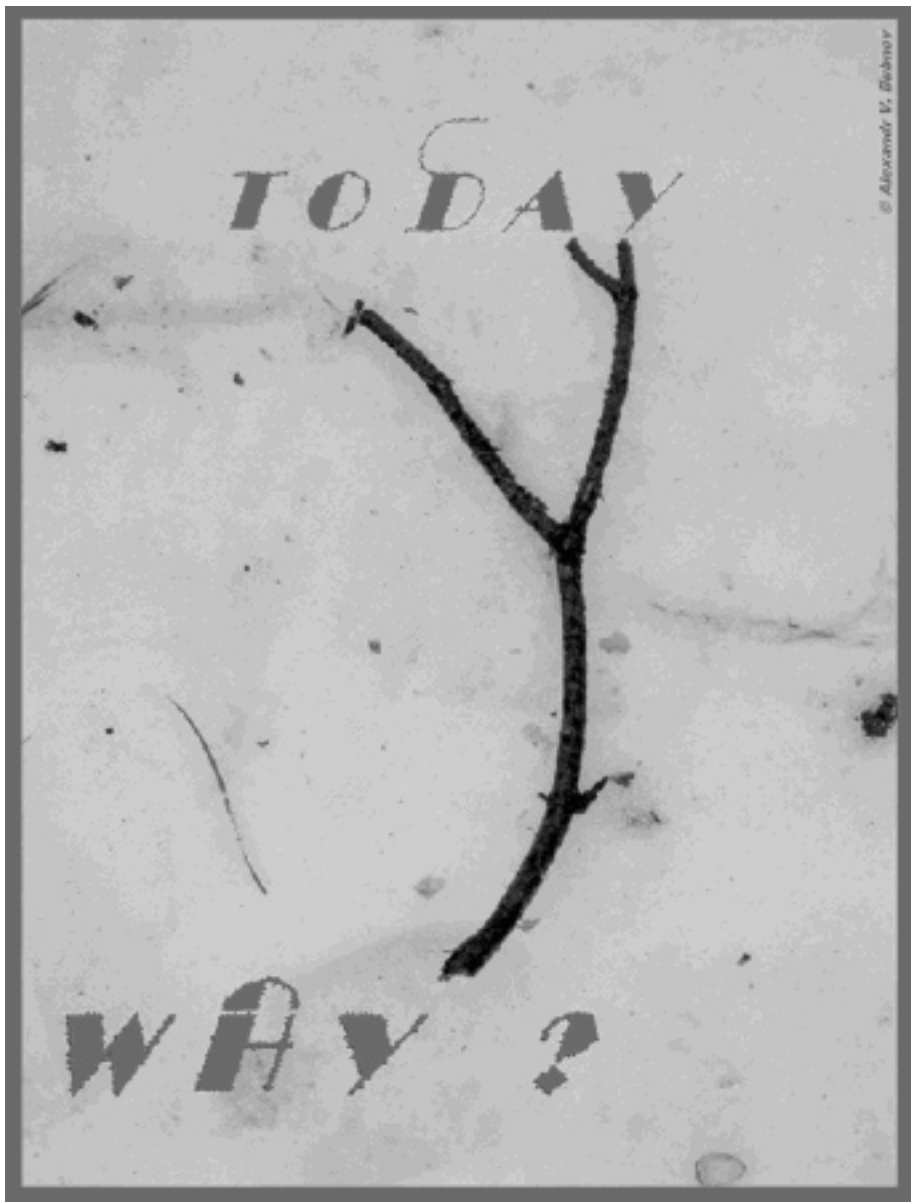
A musical score for a Latin phrase. The notation is on a single staff in treble clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter notes. Above the staff, the chords D, Gm, D, Gm, and D are indicated. The lyrics 'SATOR AREPO TENET OPERA ROTAS' are written below the staff.

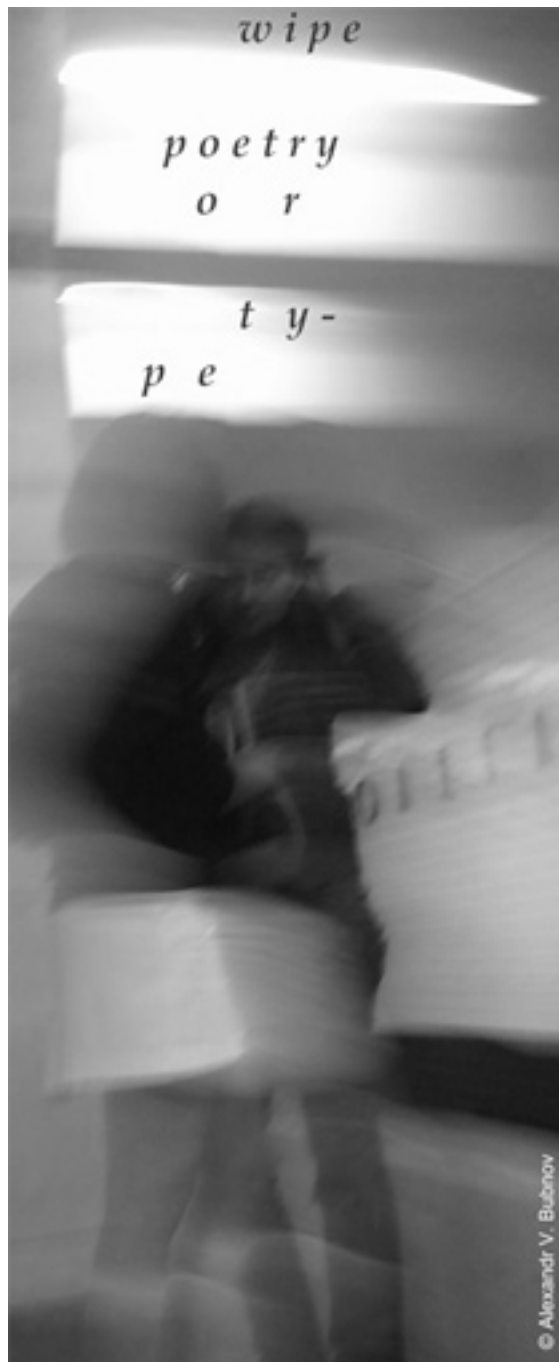
D Gm D Gm D

SATOR AREPO TENET OPERA ROTAS

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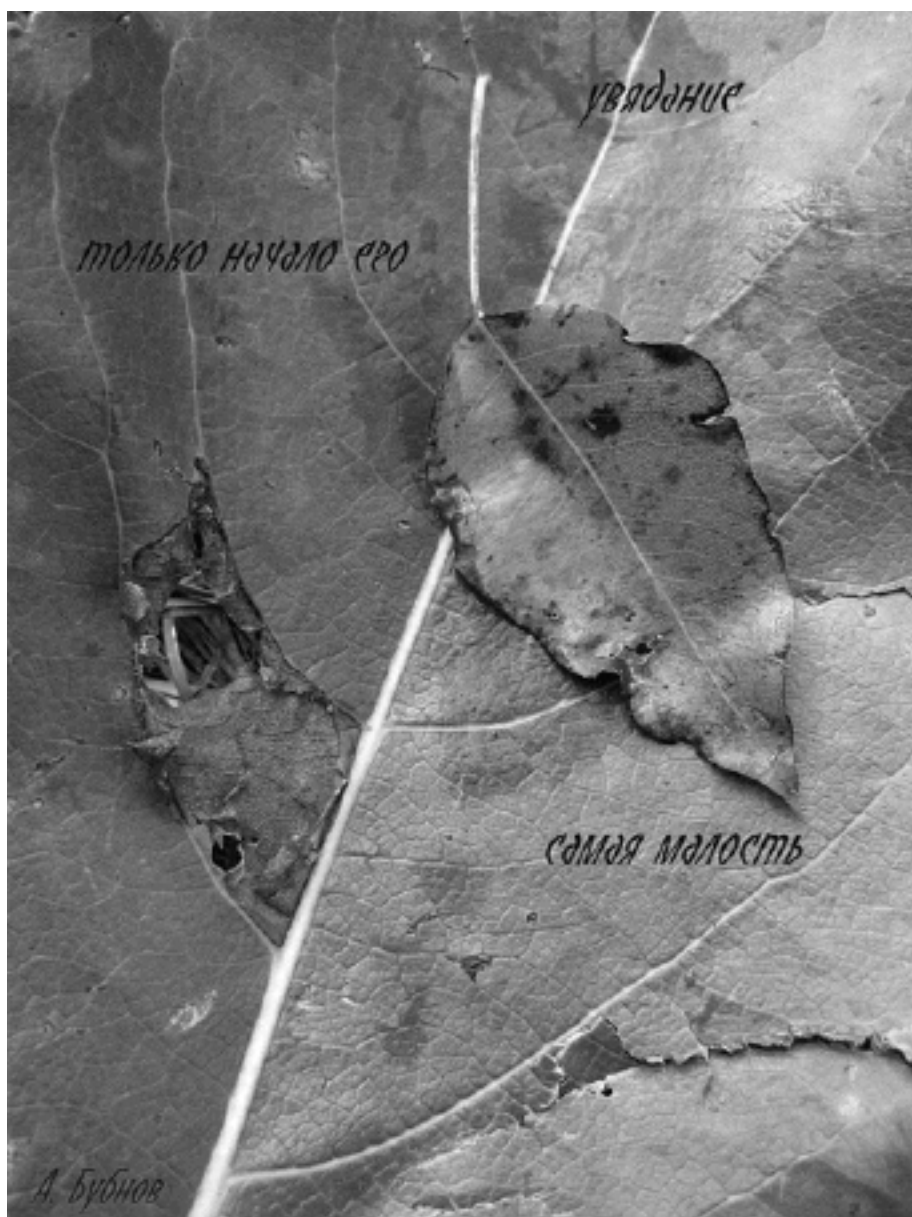








steps of nostalgia
do not calm down
they lead beyond



fading
just its beginning
most a little



I see autograph
a hieroglyph on the snow
appeared after thaw



in the cinema
a ginger cat sees
flying fish

All hokhu translated by Tatiana Bonch-Osmolovskaya