

McLaughlin, Donal

Donal McLaughlin translates much more poetry than he writes (but insists on poetry in his prose). Shards, his edition of the poems of Stella Rotenberg (born 1915), was given an award by the Austrian Federal Chancellery in Vienna. Always up for bi-lingual readings in and around Scotland - as with Volker Braun, Wulf Kirsten, Pedro Lenz, Fitzgerald Kusz & Helmut Haberkamm in recent years. Donal's first collection of stories - an allergic reaction to national anthems & other stories (Argyll) - appeared in September 2009.

<http://donalmclaughlin.wordpress.com/>

Stella Rotenberg
ON WRITING VERSE

My mother had a treasure stored.
A rich and precious store of words.
In which she dipped, with which she filled
my hands and eyes and ears; she quenched
my thirst, I hungered not; she spoon-fed me
sweet balsam. Now, onto the wound
her murderers inflicted,
I pour her balm, her words drop
by drop. Don't ask
is there enough. Listen,
hear me -
mute now.