

Preface

*La Nature est un temple où de vivants piliers
Laissent parfois sortir de confuses paroles;*

Baudelaire, who seemed to have invented everything, furnished his world with rays of hope: *confuses paroles*. What did he mean? Probably he was getting close to the title of his poem: *Correspondances*.

Poetry is fed by correspondences, by what is present and what is absent, near, distant, wanting... so language may roam in a dynamics of receding and emerging meanings; l'usure, associated by Derrida with *metaphoricity*... a delay implying differences.

To this dialectics of delay, of postponing, of differences, belongs this new issue of *Corresponding Voices*.

I was thinking about the subject while reading the texts of the four poets included in this edition, and more so when dealing with problems concerning translation. Sometimes the same poet was writing in more than one language. We had to integrate English, Spanish, French, German...

But no matter what, he or she knew what any poet knows, that what hangs in the balance is more than this language. That one could even take shelter in silence, the silence of *things half given away, half withheld*, to quote a line in one of Borges English poems.

Thus, far from similarities or agreements, the unifying theme of this volume is the defense of this otherness, not necessarily of a rhetorical attitude which supposedly is the requirement of each poetic register, but of that gesture which knows that, no matter what, words are also measures of differences, of otherness. (Of course each of us has to decide is if it is still valid, this idea of otherness, or if it is simply an old existential illusion no longer needed).

Poetry, like art, like any artistic production is basically a dialogical act, a metaphor of a world that may or may not be ours, that may or may not represent our personal or philosophical values but whatever it does, it is a pact between someone that writes and someone that reads. In a way, this is also the guiding principle that brought us together for this fourth volume of *Corresponding Voices*: we choose the poets, the poets choose us.

At the end it becomes another form agreement, one of the rituals that take place in any form of communication.

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