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The Space Between the Words: A Brief Mapping of the Translation of Eavan Boland's Poetry in Mexico

O espaço entre as palavras: Um breve mapeamento da tradução da poesia de Eavan Boland no México

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Abstract: *Eavan Boland is without a doubt one of Ireland's most prestigious and best-known poets—her fame has transcended the geo-cultural limits of the phenomenon known as "Irish literature," and indeed, over the course of the past two decades, it has overcome, through translation, the linguistic boundaries of the Anglosphere. In spite of the considerable dissemination of Boland's work, both in prose and verse, all over the Western world, the Spanish language has been somewhat remiss in receiving and translating her oeuvre. In the Hispanophone Americas, Boland's verse has been translated sparsely for either anthologies of contemporary Irish poetry or literary magazines directing attention to her accomplishments as a writer who is "representative" of her national tradition in the late twentieth and early twenty-first centuries. This article will trace some of the (translational) pathways that Boland has travelled in Mexico, one of the cultural hubs of Spanish-speaking America, where Eva Cruz's* Anthology / Antología *remains the only single-author volume of Boland's poetry in translation.*

Keywords: *Eavan Boland; Spanish-speaking America; Translation; Poetry; Cartography.*

Resumo: *Eavan Boland é sem dúvida uma das poetas irlandesas mais prestigiadas e conhecidas—sua fama transcendeu os limites geoculturais do fenômeno que se conhece por "literatura irlandesa" e, de fato, ao longo das duas últimas décadas, superou, por meio da tradução, as fronteiras linguísticas da Anglosfera. Apesar da considerável divulgação do trabalho de Boland, tanto em prosa quanto verso, por todo o mundo ocidental, a língua espanhola tem sido um tanto negligente em receber e traduzir sua obra. Na América hispano-falante, a poesia de Boland foi traduzida esparsamente para ambas as antologias de poesia irlandesa contemporânea ou revistas literárias que dirigem a atenção para suas realizações como escritora "representativa" de sua tradição nacional no final do*

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século XX e início do XXI. Este artigo traça alguns dos caminhos (tradicionais) que Boland percorreu no México, um dos centros da América de língua espanhola, onde a Anthology / Antología *de Eva Cruz continua sendo o único volume de um só autor da poesia de Boland em tradução.*

Palavras-chave: *Eavan Boland; América de língua espanhola; Tradução; Poesia; Cartografia.*

...let the world I knew become the space
between the words that I had by heart...

(...dejar que mi mundo conocido se volviera el espacio
entre las palabras que sabía de memoria...)

"An Irish Childhood in England: 1951"
Eavan Boland, translated by Eva Cruz

Both in English and Spanish, as in a number of other European languages, the verbs that denote the act of translation are followed by prepositions indicating movement—one "translates into", or "traduce a." These prepositions, in turn, furtherly echo the constant journeying implied in these terms' etymological ancestors in Latin: the past participle "translatus," or "carried over;" and also the present active infinitive "traducere," meaning something along the lines of "to direct from side to side." Thus, and at least in the realm of historical semantics, a translation is always a transportation, one that implies not only the lexical cruising between languages, but also the creative scouting for aesthetic and cultural directionalities in the vast territories of verbality. In the particular case of poetical translation (or, to be more descriptive, the translation of poetry and verse), such transportations, or "carryings over," strive to find their most demanding lanes and trails in the figurational, and not necessarily verbal, territories of allusion and implication.

Many a great poet of our time, and indeed of all times and climes, has been more or less aware of the aforementioned phenomenon, as well as of the repercussions of the practice in the human imagination and psyche. A good example is Octavio Paz, the only-ever Mexican recipient of the Nobel Prize for Literature. In an essay entitled "Literatura y literalidad," or "Literature and Literalness," Paz writes at length of the manner in which certain poets of great note take delight in the intricacies of geographically- and symbolically-laden language, for instance. After discussing the potential (un)translatability of Miguel de Unamuno's succint piece "Ávila, Málaga, Cáceres," Paz manages to discover its poetical

and transcultural equivalent in "Description without Place," by the American poet Wallace Stevens. The Mexican essayist and poet quotes a few lines from Stevens's lyric, and immediately after states that

> The language [of both Unamuno and Stevens] becomes a landscape, and this landscape, in turn, is an invention, the metaphor of a nation or an individual. A verbal topography where everything is interconnected, where everything is a translation—the phrases are a ridge of mountains, and the mountains are the signs, the ideograms of a civilization.
>
> El lenguaje se vuelve paisaje y ese paisaje, a su vez, es una invención, la metáfora de una nación o de un individuo. Topografía verbal en la que todo se comunica, todo es traducción: las frases son una cadena de montañas y las montañas son los signos, los ideogramas de una civilización. (69, my trans.).

It is as though Paz, as a poet and translator, believed that rather than live among objects and things, the poetry-bent individual exists between allocutions and words, in a territory that can be best mapped through the poetical function of language. In this metaphorical sense, a poem would chart the poet's mind and inventiveness. The translation of that given poem—or its interlingual rewriting—is an adventurous journey on which neighboring cultural regions, those demarcated also by the translator's mind and idiom, are charted and often imaginatively reconfigured.

It is undeniable that Paz's cartography-inspired ruminations on verse writing and poetry translation have filtered, either consciously or not, through the notions and practices of a number of other Mexican literati, poet-translators, and scholars. This seems to be particularly true of the members of the Seminario Permanente de Traducción Literaria (Permanent Seminar of Literary Translation) of the School of Philosophy and Literature at Mexico's National University (UNAM).[1] For nearly thirty years now, and by means of translation, the Seminario has explored the possibilities, in Mexican Spanish, of Anglophone poetical traditions such as those of the United States, England, and Scotland in anthologies like *Más de dos siglos de poesía norteamericana* (*Over Two Centuries of North-American Poetry*), *De Hardy a Heaney, poesía inglesa del siglo XX* (*From Hardy to Heaney, Twentieth-Century English Poetry*), and more recently, *Cardos y lluvia, antología de poesía escocesa contemporánea* (*Thistles and Rain, an Anthology of Contemporary Scottish Poetry*).[2] In the context of Spanish-speaking America, the Seminario's exploration of modern and contemporary Irish poetry has been especially significant: a dual-language volume focusing exclusively on twentieth-century Irish poetry, *Una lengua injertada* (*A Grafted*

Tongue), appeared in 2003 and was the first anthology of its kind ever to be published in Mexico.[3] In their selection of the poets and poems, the members of el Seminario were careful to underscore the age-old interconnection between the island's verse tradition and character-determining notions such as the motherland, emigration, and geographical re-placement and dis-placement.[4] The prologue to the book, penned by the late professor José Juan Dávila Sota, is quite explicit with regard to the themes and topics that the group of translators were faced with over the course of their enterprise:

> The struggle for the land [in Ireland] turned the land itself, as well as the landscape, into important topics —the rural landscape and even the urban one are present in much of the poetry of the twentieth century. Similarly, tropes retrieved from the distant past by several authors of the nineteenth century have mutated into the nostalgia and sadness expressed in an iconography that, in some cases, is still current. . . . But most of all, the problems of identity, the atrocious consequences of war, and an intense imagination are fertile territories where poetry blossoms in everyday experience and delights us with its intensity. It is thus that contemporary Irish poetry has become one of the most vital and arresting experiences of our time.[5]
>
> La lucha por la tierra hizo que la tierra y el paisaje se volvieran importantes y el paisaje del campo o incluso urbano aparece en gran parte de la poesía del siglo XX. De la misma manera, los motivos rescatados del pasado lejano por algunos escritores del siglo XIX se convierten en nostalgia y tristeza expresada en una iconografía que, en algunos casos, aún está vigente. . . . Pero sobre todo los problemas de identidad, las atroces consecuencias de la guerra y la intensa imaginación son territorios propicios para que la poesía viva en lo cotidiano y nos deleite con su intensidad. De esta manera, la poesía irlandesa contemporánea se ha vuelto una de las experiencias más vitales e interesantes de nuestros días. (14; my trans.).

As becomes evident from the focus of Dávila's comment, some of the key notions in this exploration of contemporary Irish poetry are "landscape," "iconography," "imagination," and "territory." Not only do these conceptions take us back to Paz's ruminations on the relevance of a physical and metaphorical landscape—that is, the urban prospect that becomes the landscape of the creative mind—but they are also constituents of one of the most significant leitmotifs of recent Irish, and indeed Mexican, verse (particularly in translation): a poetical construct of *being-in-the-world*.[6] And certainly, no Mexican translator of Irish poetry, as is evident from the "Prologue" to *Una lengua injertada*, could possibly remain oblivious to such defining motives and themes either.

It can be noticed that, so far in this essay, emphasis has been placed upon the use of terms such as "cartography," "map," and also "landscape." This, of course, is no chance use of vocabulary. Such an insistence has to do with the representational possibilities inherent in the poetry of a number of modern and contemporary Irish and Mexican poets. These representational possibilities articulate a chart of the imagination that, in turn, expresses itself in terms of cartographic imagery, or, in other words, the poetical (re)configuration of place. Both the poets and their translators locate themselves, their assumed identities—indeed their Irelands and their Mexicos—, in the measures and the evocative constitution of their lines. They present their poems as verbal and imagistic maps where being and world coexist, find, define, and point to each other.

In the case of *Una lengua injertada*, these interconnections are particularly momentous in the context of contemporary Mexican and Hispano-American literature not only because the volume's contributors pioneered the translation of important late twentieth-century Anglophone Irish poetry in much of the region, but also because they were careful to present to their audience the poetical work of Eavan Boland. Prior to this, the Dublin-born poet was virtually unknown to Spanish-speaking audiences of the Americas, at least north of the Equator and south of the Rio Grande.[7] The translation of Boland's verse for *Una lengua injertada* was undertaken by the Mexican scholar and translator Eva Cruz Yáñez, whose selection encompasses the pieces "Child of Our Time," "The Muse Mother," "Mise Éire," "The Women," "Outside History," and "Time and Violence." Very much in tune with the anthology's scope as outlined by J. J. Dávila in his prologue, Cruz's choices point to a concern with the translational exploration of at least two of Boland's most pressing concerns, i. e., identity (whether it be defined by gender, nationality, or both) and either personal or collective history. These topics, and their relevance in her poetical career, were voiced by Boland herself on numerous occasions. In *A Journey with Two Maps*, for instance, the poet describes—once again resorting to the language of geography and mapping—the forces that shaped her creative character at the early stages of her artistic development:

> The shadow world in which I had taken up residence when I was a young poet was more complicated than I allowed. At that time, in that part of my youth, I called it the past. I gave it boundaries and called it by the name of my own country. Ireland. Then I re-named it again and called it my mother's life.
> For all those acts of naming and re-naming, it was a complicated territory I was setting up house in. The rift between the past and history was real; but it was not simple. In those shadows, in the past, I was well aware that injustices

> and griefs had happened without any hope of the saving grace of elegy and expression—those things which an official history can count on. Silence was a condition of the past. I accepted it as a circumstance.
> But only on certain terms. That the silences were not final. They were not to be forever (12–13).

While Eva Cruz's selection and translation antedate Boland's *A Journey with Two Maps* by eight or nine years, the translator's choices already evidence her sensitivity to the poet's express need to voice the personal and topical singularities of her craft—clearly, Cruz's purpose is perceivable in terms not only of dissemination but of thematic and stylistic representativeness as well. The inclusion of a piece like "Muse Mother" in *Una lengua injertada* is an evident example of the manners in which Cruz's translational strategies function by procuring an equivalence, in the target language, to the original English.[8] The poem's opening lines are as follows:

> My window pearls wet.
> The bare rowan tree
> berries rain.
>
> I can see
> from where I stand
> a woman hunkering –
> her busy hand
> worrying a child's face,
>
> working a nappy liner
> over his sticky, loud
> round of a mouth. [9]

The speaker of the poem, easily identified with Boland's voice, presents a scene from afar—an everyday action, a motherly gesture, becomes the focus of the nearly impressionistic depiction of an unassuming event on the drizzly outside. The lines are brisk and short, but the first two images contained in them, and whose evocational complexity is only enhanced by an unusual verbalization of nouns ("to pearl" and "to berry"), announce the unequivocal expression of what Lucy Collins, in referring to Boland's imagistic capabilities, has called "the distillation of the image: the self-conscious transformation of life into art" (30). In Eva Cruz's Spanish, however, such visual "distillation" runs "backward" due to the syntactical needs of the target language. The Mexican translator's rendition avers:

La humedad perla mi ventana.
En el serbal desnudo,
frutas de lluvia.

Desde aquí
puedo ver
a una mujer inclinada:
su activa mano
restriega la cara de un niño

pasa una toallita desechable
sobre la redondez de su boca
pegajosa y gritona.

In the first line, and in morphosyntactic terms, the only full coincidence is the very poetic use of the Spanish verb "perlar," clearly borrowed from the noun "perla," which is hardly necessary to re-translate into English. Other than that, and except for its evocative constitution, the Spanish line is imagistically independent—but not referentially estranged—from that in English: the agent here is not the window, but the "wet" ("la humedad"). As for the ensuing image of the tree "berrying" the rain, Cruz decides to rid the lines of the verb altogether, thus converting Boland's fleeting act of fruition into a haiku-esque glimpse of frozen momentariness: "On the bare rowan tree, / fruits of rain" (notice the more generic noun substituting "berries"). In the second cluster of lines, spatiality is equally reversed in an almost unnoticeable syntactical conversion. Where Boland privileges the speaker's sensoriality ("I can see / from where I stand"), Cruz favors the poetical onlooker's location: "Desde aquí / puedo ver" ("From here / I can see"). Similarly, where the round shape of the baby's mouth takes imagistic precedence in English, the Spanish presents the mouth itself as the very center of the picture, with two adjectives, "pegajosa" and "gritona," qualifying it rather than its form.

In the second half of the piece, the poem's "I" travels from the outside to the inside, from the perception of the other to the (linguistic) ruminations of the self. Let us consider the lines that ensue in "Muse Mother":

but my mind stays fixed:

if I could only decline her—
lost noun

out of context,
stray figure of speech—
from this rainy street

again to her roots,
she might teach me
a new language:

to be a sibyl
able to sing the past
in pure syllables
limning hymns sung
to belly wheat or a woman—

able to speak at last
my mother tongue.

A mother, who has now metamorphosed into the memory of the speaker's own motherly figure, embodies the intricacies of language, a language that is as revelatory as it is defining of present and future self. Here, Cruz's translated lines remain closer to the original than do those in the first half. The Spanish follows, very strictly, the rhythms, the evocative force, the word order, and even the nostalgic visuality of Boland's English . . . until it reaches the closing line:

pero mi pensamiento se queda fijo:

Si tan sólo pudiera declinarla,
sustantivo perdido
fuera de contexto,
extraviada figura de lenguaje,
desde esta calle lluviosa

de nuevo hasta sus raíces
quizás me enseñara
un nuevo lenguaje:

a ser una sibila
capaz de cantar el pasado
en sílabas puras,
iluminando himnos cantados
al trigo fecundo o a una mujer,

capaz de hablar al fin
la lengua de mi madre.

Here, the translator has transformed the speaker's mother tongue into the language *of her mother*.[10] At first glance, the variation seems innocuous; however, the shift from the inescapabilty of a language acquired in a critical stage of childhood to what seems to represent an intimate linguistic heredity, actually implies a drastic modification of the speaker's evocational and poetical focus.[11] "We had a common bond; not a common language," states Boland when reminiscing about the particular relationship with her mother, a painter of considerable talent (*Journey* 6). Indeed, the Spanish translation of "Muse Mother," at its closure, has exceeded the possibilities of equivalence to lodge itself in the territory of re-presentation.[12] It is hard to determine whether Cruz has achieved this either consciously or, rather, inadvertently (is "mother's" a simple typo in the facing-page edition?), but in her rendition of the poem, the bond between mother and daughter has been strengthened, tightened. Since the boundaries between the two female figures have been blurred by the poetological mediation of (translated) language, the realms of motherhood and daughterhood, of past and present, constitute now common ground in the Spanish poem. And yet, "La madre musa" preserves and reproduces, in careful detail, the semantic associations, as well as the rhetorical nuances of "The Muse Mother": Cruz's respect for adjective placement is evident, for instance, and the powerfully rhetorical "sibyl's... pure syllables" ("sibila" – "sílabas") of the second-to-last stanza remain untouched, if interlingually transported, in their exalted place. Cruz has methodically charted, in a new language, the nooks and crannies of Boland's poetic memory.

As has been suggested, and despite some significant inversions, the carrying over conducted by Eva Cruz of Boland's five poems to the Spanish of *Una lengua injertada* is largely conservative as regards its translational scope. It might as well be ventured that Cruz here fits, with a few slight poetical licenses, the archetype of the "faithful translator," who "translates the way [s]he does out of reverence for the cultural prestige the original has acquired. The greater that prestige, the more 'grammatical and logical' the translation is likely to be" (Lefevere 50). Such authorial and translational respect is expressed in the opening lines of Cruz's groundbreaking bilingual anthology of Eavan Boland's poetry, published also in 2003 by the independent Mexican press El Tucán de Virginia:

> Eavan Boland is currently one of the most prestigious poets both in Ireland and abroad. Critics have placed her among the poets who have exerted greater influence on younger generations and who have contributed most significantly

> to the transformation and enrichment of Ireland's contemporary poetry tradition.
>
> Eavan Boland es actualmente una de las poetas de mayor prestigio dentro y fuera de Irlanda. Los críticos la consideran entre los poetas que mayor influencia han ejercido en las generaciones más jóvenes y que han contribuido a transformar y enriquecer la tradición de la poesía irlandesa contemporánea. (Cruz, *Anthology* 9; my trans.).

It is the poet's towering stature that, more often than not, determines the approaches with which translators are to tackle the texts they have chosen to rewrite, or which have been assigned to them to render into other languages.[13] Even though in her prologue Eva Cruz is unfortunately laconic about the translational concerns, perspectives, and techniques that she uses to re-present Boland in her comprehensive anthology, the ideological and poetological conditions imposed by the poet's image, as well as the certainty of being "the first," naturally have dictated her process.[14] The extensive authorial presentation of Boland which Cruz undertakes with her book of translations is clearly intended to fill a need (of sorts) in the target language and culture,[15] and, in this particular case, such need is as much literary as it is gender-driven: "Her [Boland's] poetics and her poetry were a breath of fresh air in the male-dominated panorama of Irish poetry at that time [the late twentieth century] / Su poética y su poesía fueron una bocanada de aire fresco en el panorama predominantemente masculino de la poesía irlandesa de ese momento"; (9, my trans.). This surely comes as no surprise if we are to point out that, in Irish verse of the last five or six decades—and particularly that written by women—issues such as landscape and language are almost inevitably linked with gender and identity. It follows that the aesthetic interests and choices of (female) poetry translators, as is the case of Eva Cruz herself and other members of UNAM's Seminario Permanente, should parallel these cultural and thematic tendencies.[16]

Cruz's selection for *Anthology / Antología* aptly begins with *New Territories*, Boland's first book of poetry, from 1967. The poem that lends its title to the collection, and which in Spanish reads "Nuevo Territorio," is an initial indication of the manner in which Cruz begins to part from the constraints of the almost entire faithfulness that characterized her first translations of Boland's verse in *Una lengua injertada*. [17] Let us consider the following lines:

Out of the dark man comes to life and into it
He goes and loves and dies,
(His element being the dark and not the light of day).
So the ambitious wit
Of poets and exploring ships have been his eyes –
Riding the dark for joy –
And so Isaiah of the sacred text is
[eagle-eyed because
By peering down the unlit centuries
He glimpsed into the holy boy.

De la oscuridad el hombre nace a la vida y
en ella entra para amar y morir
(por ser su elemento la oscuridad y no la luz del día).
Por eso el ingenio ambicioso
de poetas y naves exploradoras han sido sus ojos –
que cabalgan de alegría la oscuridad –
y por eso Isaías el del texto sagrado tiene vista
[de águila porque
al escudriñar a lo largo de los siglos sin luz
logró vislumbrar al santo niño.

In "New Territory," the writing of poetry is parallel to the exploration of unknown climes, as though the discoveries of the captain of a sixteenth-century galleon and the realizations of a twentieth-century poet were equivalent in their revelation of previously unimagined worlds and forms of existence. The register of "Nuevo territorio," especially in its last stanza, replicates the dramatism of the English piece by retaining the separation between speaker and poet, which results in a quasi-revelatory monologue, almost in the vein of the most insightful Browning. On the other hand, and even if the Spanish does not actually preserve the discreet and sparse rhymes of the original (e. g. "it / wit" – "joy / boy"), the translator's sensitivity to Boland's exalted imagery results in unexpected possibilities of metaphorization, which more than make up for Cruz's lack of formal equivalence. Thus, the man's eyes "riding the dark for joy," for example, in fact horseback-ride the darkness in an almost surreal instance of ultra-sensorial perception: "cabalgan de alegría la oscuridad." Similarly, Boland's "unlit centuries" have become "siglos sin luz," or literally "centuries without light," which implies, in Spanish, both impenetrable darkness and a pernicious lack of vision and sense—a duality of meaning that is not necessarily perceptible (or interpretable) in the original. While Cruz is not precisely altering meanings-senses here, she is rather expanding them in a translational move that provides the Spanish poem with circumspect semantic density.

Something analogous to this happens in Cruz's translation of one of Boland's most famous and discussed pieces, "That the Science of Cartography is Limited," where map and poem become nearly indistinguishable in metaphorical and symbolical terms. Even reading it, the poem behaves like a map—the first line, which is also its title, separates the factual certainty it contains (i. e. the science of cartography is limited) from the powerful sensory evocations if its first stanza, if indeed the cluster of lines can be called a stanza at all:

That the Science of Cartography is Limited

—and not simply by the fact that this shading of
forest cannot show the fragrance of balsam,
the gloom of cypresses,
is what I wish to prove.

The title / first line functions as both a *represented* boundary and an *indication* of continuity, of direction. The poem, from the very start, establishes its own complex frontiers (and those of one of its subjects) as it also overflows them—a clear intention is set, and yet its realization is never restricted by pre-defined metrics or measures. Even though the piece is a poem of remembrance and pain—it deals with an encounter with one of the infamous "famine roads" of Ireland—, the symbolical substance of its opening verses offers restoration: the "balsam" is a healing substance. It also provides comfort, since the cypresses represent mourning and the process of recovery after the great suffering caused by a tragedy of historical proportions. The speaker is at once an Irishwoman and all of the Irish, all together in the restricted area of a few lines, twenty-eight to be precise. These lines read as follows in translation:

Que la ciencia de la cartografía es limitada

Y no solamente porque este matiz del bosque
no puede mostrar la fragancia del bálsamo,
la penumbra de los cipreses,
es lo que quiero probar.

Once again, the faithfulness that Cruz apparently lends to Boland's English is indeed deceitful. The Spanish follows almost word-for-word the original's syntax and vocabulary. And yet, the semantic nuances of a few of Cruz's equivalences actually contribute to illustrate what the Czech literary theoretician and translatologist Jiří Levý has called "the expression of the translator's creative individuality," which, in turn, constitutes "the contribution of the translator's personal style and interpretation to the resultant structure of the work" (14). The choice of "matiz" for "shading" is a case in point. While the latter refers directly in English to a cartographic symbol, the former (indeed "shade," but also "hue" or "tint") implies in Spanish the perception a fading spectrum of color, which enhances the already suggestive visuality of the poem and its implications in the cartographic motifs of the whole piece. Further on, in the fourth line, the verb "probar,"

which literally translates a "to prove," not only signifies "to demonstrate" in Cruz's translation—, but it also echoes here a need to experience and even justify the bluntness of the title / first line. Boland's memory of a painful (re)discovery, both in her own mind and on a map, has become Cruz's search for, and encounter with, imagistic sensitivity in the heightened possibilities of "spirited translation" that works as a respectful, yet highly suggestive, rewriting (Lefevere 50). Gradually, and quite unassumingly, Cruz transitions from translational conservativeness to evocative (re)inventiveness as her acquaintance with Boland's poetics develops.

But the poem's route keeps extending as its reading and translation progress. The ontological essence of what is perhaps the most significant line in the piece, that is, "the line which says woodland and cries hunger / and gives out among sweet pine and cypress, / and finds no horizon," has been separated by the speaker from its being. Even visually, it is detached from the mass of the poem by a blank space that gives it a kind of insularity when, in the end "will not be there." The line that eventually vanishes is densely symbolical —it represents the famine road, the line on a map of Ireland, and the prosodic line that projects itself, even if deprived of perceivable being, into a hoped-for future. Here is Cruz's rhythmic, polysyllabic rendition of Boland's beautifully poignant ending:

> la línea que dice bosque y grita hambre
> y desaparece entre los dulces pinos y cipreses,
> sin encontrar horizonte
>
> no estará ahí.

Have Boland and Cruz, via her translation, proved that in fact the science of cartography is limited? Yes, but cartography is limited only insofar as the map that it produces is taken literally, as a means or artifact of physical localization. Only when the map is realized as a symbol, as a conglomerate of evocative remembrances, does it fulfill its ultimate purpose— the internalization of a transcendental experience *of* the world and *in* the world: "it is *never so I can say*. . . but to tell *myself* again. . ." ("nunca es de modo que pueda decir . . . sino para repetirme una vez más . . ."). The spaces between the wor(l)ds, just like the spaces between languages, are being poetically and translationally filled here. Obviously, the few poems that have been discussed here, along with their translations-rewritings, hardly serve to characterize the expanding possibilities of the intercommunicative correspondences between the cultures and poetics represented, respectively, by Eavan Boland and Eva Cruz. Notwithstanding this, and taking the Mexican translator's reworkings as a starting

point, the mapping of Boland's verse, in Spanish-speaking America, seems a promising undertaking that still strives to reveal uncharted poetical territories.

Notes

1 The Seminario Permanente de Traducción Literaria includes authors, poets, and scholars like Nair Anaya Ferreira, Flora Botton Burlá, Charlotte Broad, Eva Cruz Yáñez, José Juan Dávila Sota, Marina Fe, Mónica Mansour, Mario Murgia, and Federico Patán.

2 These anthologies were published by The National Autonomous University of Mexico (UNAM), in 1993, 2003, and 2019 respectively.

3 The title of the anthology was taken from John Montague's 1972 poem of the same name.

4 In her introduction to *The Poetics of Migration in Contemporary Irish Poetry*, Ailbhe McDaid states that "as 'a nomadic art of many voices', contemporary poetry exposes the limitations of a place-privileging approach that prioritises roots over routes. Questions of influence and affiliation, and of identity and belonging, apply anew to the generation who—having fled the 'inherited boundaries' of Irish literature—inhabit a hybrid globalized world. The well-recognised synchronicity between place and poet has often provided the dominant critical paradigm of interpreting Irish poetry in the twentieth century" (xi–xii).

5 Eva Cruz Yáñez, *Una lengua injertada*, 14.

6 Even though the notion is evidently borrowed from the concept of the Heideggerian Dasein, the term is used here to characterize the processes whereby the poet conflates the identification of the self with the surrounding environment by means of the evocative and self-reflective language of verse and geographic referentiality. See also Edmunds Valdemārs Bunkše's article "Feeling Is Believing, or Landscape as a Way of Being in the World," in *Geografiska Annaler* (219–220).

7 He same can be claimed of other Anglophone Irish poets like Medbh McGuckian, Dennis O'Driscoll, and Moya Cannon, to mention but a few. It is worthwhile pointing out that, in the context of the Hispanosphere, Eavan Boland's *In a Time of Violence* had been translated, in 1997 and in Spain, by the Ibero-Spanish author and journalist and Pilar Salamanca Segoviano.

8 See Sandra Halverson's "The Concept of Equivalence in Translation Studies" (7), where she explains the notion of "approximative equivalence" in reference to the studies of the German scholar and translator Otto Kade (1927–1980).

9 In order to ensure faithfulness to the definitive versions of Boland's poems in English, this and all ensuing quotations of her originals have been taken from *New Collected Poems*.

10 It is important to point out that in both *Night Feed*, the 1982 collection where "Muse Mother" originally appeared, and *New Collected Poems*, the line reads "my mother tongue."

11 For a very enlightening discussion of the so-called "critical stage" of language acquisition, see "The Evolution of the Critical Period for Language Acquisition," by James R. Hurford.

12 Regarding this, Mark Polizzotti has suggested that "[a] good translation offers not a reproduction of the work but an interpretation, a re-presentation, just as the performance

of a play or a sonata is a representation of the script or the score, one among many possible representations" (Sympathy 53).

13 I am using here the idea of "rewriting" as one of the ultimate ends of translation, especially of poetry translation. André Lefevere has stated that "Translation is, of course, a rewriting of an original text. . . . Rewritings can introduce new concepts, new genres, new devices and the history of translation is the history also of literary innovation of the shaping power of one culture upon another" (vii).

14 Up to 2003, and apart from Pilar Salamanca's Ibero-Spanish volume, the poems of Eavan Boland had been translated sparsely into Spanish for journals, magazines, or general anthologies of modern and contemporary Irish poetry. To this day, Cruz's work remains the only Hispanophone effort to compile Boland's poetry in a single-author volume.

15 The target-system translational approach is fully discussed and re-assessed by Gideon Toury in *Descriptive Translation Studies – and Beyond*. See also the "Preface" to Susan Bassnett's third edition of *Translation Studies*.

16 A good example of this is the volume *Qué clase de tiempos son éstos / What Kind of Times Are These*, a 2014 dual-language anthology of Adrienne Rich's poetry, also co-ordinated by Eva Cruz and collaboratively translated by the Seminario Permanente de Traducción Literaria.

17 According to Eva Cruz herself, in conversation with the author, she began translating Boland's poetry much before *Una lengua injertada* and *Anthology / Antología* were first published. Cruz's first translated poems were those that appeared in the former volume.

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