

An abstract painting by Odilon Redon. In the upper center, a large, dark, circular face with a white, stylized expression is set against a pale, yellowish, textured background. Below this, two figures are depicted in the lower right foreground, standing on a dark, reddish-brown ground. The figures are rendered in dark, expressive brushstrokes, with one figure appearing to wear a white head covering. The background is a mix of dark, textured brushstrokes in shades of brown, green, and blue, suggesting a landscape or a dreamlike scene.

EVERY NIGHT I SEND YOU FLOWERS

TANKA
GABRIEL ROSENSTOCK

IN RESPONSE TO THE ART OF ODILON REDON

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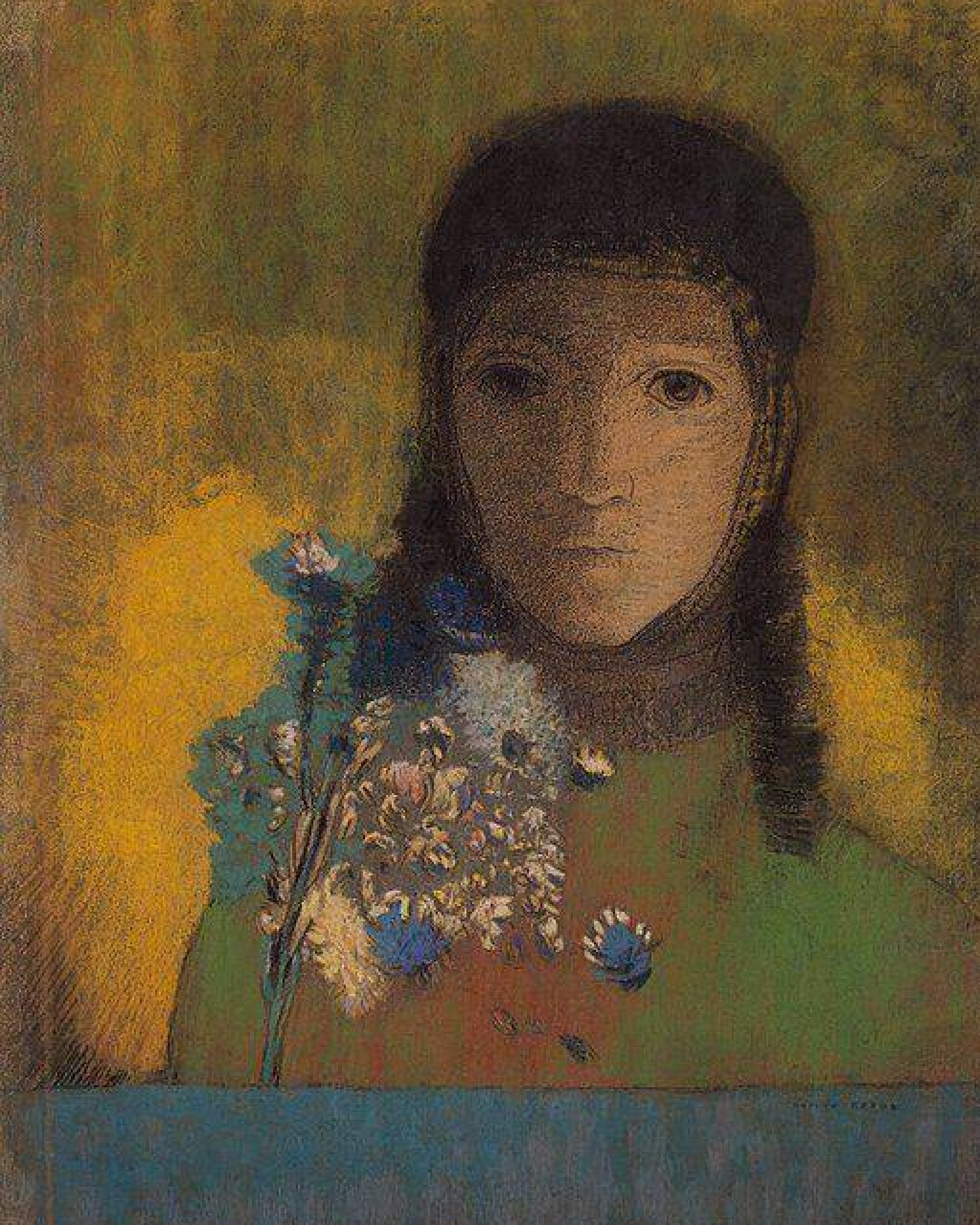
Is mian leis an údar buíochas a ghabháil leis an
gComhairle Ealaíon as Sparánacht
a chur ar fáil dó a chuirfidh ar a chumas tanka Gaeilge a
chleachtadh agus a shaothrú.

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ongoing experiments in Irish-language tanka.

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I

seans nach eol duit
gur uaimse a tháinig
blátha fiáine seo na hoíche
níl fhios agam féin é
seans gur uaitse a tháinig – domsa

*perhaps You do not know
they came from me
wild flowers of the night
i do not know myself
perhaps they came from You – for me*



II

siúil leis an mBúda
i measc na mbláth
oidí dósan is dúinne
a gcumhracht is a ndath
milis a meath gach nóiméad

*walk with the Buddha
among flowers
his teachers and ours
their perfume and their hues
moments of sweet decay*



III

is labhair an abhainn
i nguth nár chualamar
leis na cianta
 is foirmíodh gach briathar
 go domhain im' chroí féin

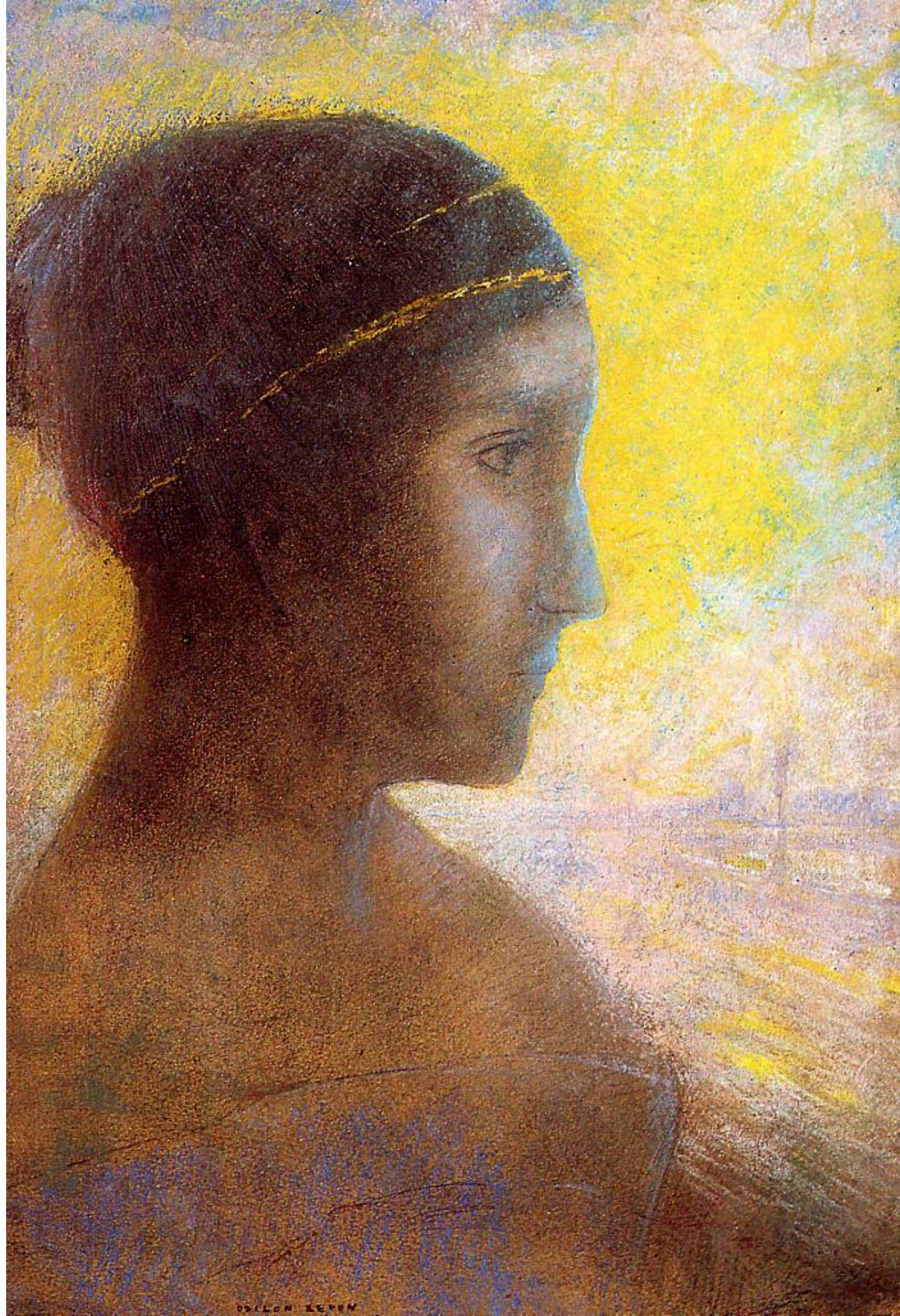
*and the river spoke
in a tongue we have not heard
in over a thousand years
 each word formed
 in the depths of my own heart*



IV

cá ngabham anois
an domhan ar bharr lasrach
á leá os ár gcomhair
san fholús sin
ba chliabhán dúinn fadó

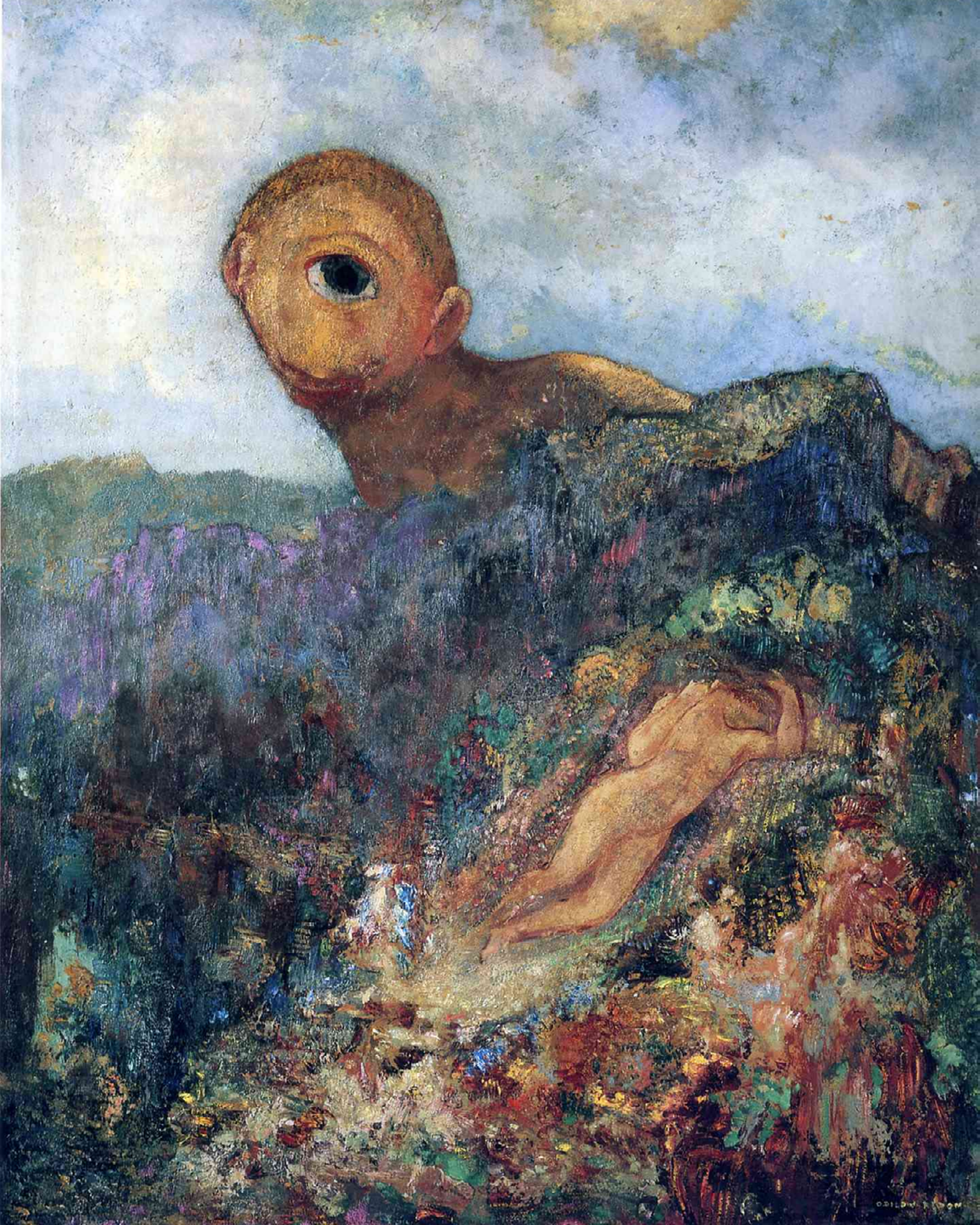
*where is there left to go
a world in flames
see, it fades before our eyes
melts into the nothingness
that cradled our beginning*



V

bhí an uile ní
i súil mo ghrása
ó thús ama
 fíorghrá ag bláthú
 leis na cianta gan fhios dúinn

*in my beloved's eye
all of creation
since the beginning of time
 love takes aeons
 to blossom and be known*



VI

seolaim mo thaibhrimh chugat
is taibhrimh faoi thaibhrimh
grianghraif de m'aigne
 á réaladh go mall
 id' thaibhrimhse go léir

*i send You dreams
dreams about dreams
photographs of my mind
 slowly developing
 in Your endless dreams*



VII

níor fhágamar riamh gairdín Dé
istigh ionainn atá
ceansaigh beach mhallaithe
na smaointe áiféiseacha
is féach, a ghrá – tá sé ann

*we never left god's garden
it lies within us
still the frantic bee
of maddening thought
and find it there, beloved*

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