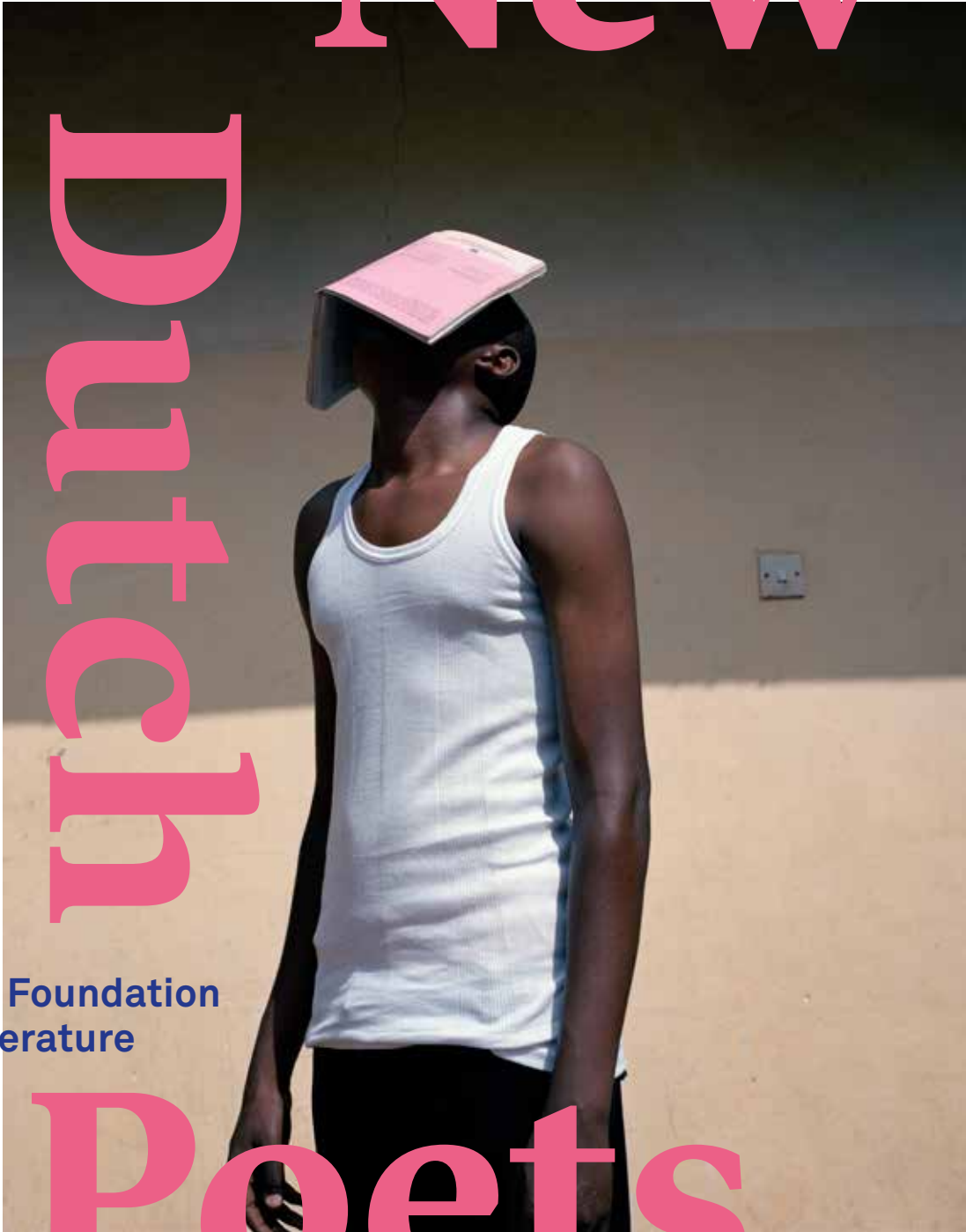


New

Dutch

Dutch Foundation
for Literature

Poets



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Challenges, Obsessions, and Fascinations

These are challenging times for the world – and, by extension, for poetry and the arts. Debates surrounding issues such as climate change, migration, sexual abuse, racism, and discrimination based on sex and gender are taking place at the heart of society, with ordinary citizens actively participating through social media. In other words, citizens have become a political factor – the voice of the individual is being heard.

A term that keeps popping up in this context is ‘identity’: what is a ‘national’ identity, what is a nation? Who or what am I, as a unique individual? Who do I want to be or become, and how fluid is my ‘self’? What are my beliefs, what is my history and what past do I want to be associated with? Many young artists, theatre makers, writers and poets – who aren’t outside observers, of course, but are right in the middle of this rapidly changing reality – seem explicitly to be engaging with these questions in some way.

How do you write poetry that isn’t just about form and style, about language and craft, but that is also relevant and tackles all sorts of urgent issues? A growing number of young poets on the Dutch literary scene are centering their own perspective and lived experiences. It’s no wonder that a genre like spoken word should also be gaining in popularity in the Netherlands. The result is a strongly narrative kind of poetry. Individual poems are thematically linked and together tell a story that is at turns lyrical, prosaic and essayistic. In some cases, collections are



Alfred Schaffer (1973) was born in The Hague to Dutch and Aruban parents and has lived alternately in the Netherlands and South Africa. He is regarded by critics as one of the most talented poets writing in Dutch today. Also a translator and scholar, Schaffer currently teaches at Stellenbosch University in South Africa. His poems have been published in

Afrikaans, English, French, German, Macedonian, Turkish, Indonesian, and Swedish. *Mens Dier Ding* (Man Animal Thing), his seventh full-length collection, is one of the most celebrated Dutch poetry collections of the past decade and has been translated into English, French, and Afrikaans. First published in 2014, *Mens Dier Ding* tackles racism, the refugee crisis, and the politics

even explicitly presented as ‘research.’ This approach doesn’t necessarily mean that the work is autobiographical, but it does mean that the individual and particular is chosen over what are purported to be universal and general truths.

A lot of new poetry seems to be informed by the realization that the power and knowledge of the subject are in all respects limited, but that this quandary can be explored in the work. The reader is encouraged to actively look and think for themselves. It’s a striking tendency in contemporary poetry, but of course that’s not all that’s going on. Poetry is thriving like never before, and the great diversity of the work that is being produced is a testimony to that. Accessible poetry exists alongside the still-flourishing hermetic tradition, politically and socially engaged poems exist alongside apolitical work. A number of young poets are writing long, ambitious, meandering poems full of apt metaphors and similes, while others are pithy and succinct. Some poets stay close to spoken language, while others make everyday language strange again. It’s no longer the case that one approach is more popular, successful, or acclaimed than another – the days of clear, dominant trends are over, at least for now.

At the same time, poetry has long ceased to be the exclusive domain of white men. We are seeing more and more female poets and poets of colour from backgrounds that aren’t exclusively Dutch. This too is resulting in new stories being told and generating exciting poetry that is resonating with a wide audience. Yes, Dutch poetry is in a state of constant flux, but with the emergence of so many new young poets it now seems to be heading in a truly new direction, one that reflects the challenges, obsessions and fascinations of this complex 21st century.

of desire by reimagining the life of Shaka kaSenzangakhona, the 19th century Zulu monarch, in a modern context. The poems deploy a panoply of forms and voices, shuttling between first- and third-person narratives, confessions and gossip, daydreams, and game show transcripts. From spear-sharpening to late capitalist suburbs, royal fratricide to schoolyard

bullying, this book reveals the proximity of love and cruelty, of historical colonialism and our postcolonial present.

Rights
Marijke Nagtegaal
m.nagtegaal@debezigebij.nl

Radna Fabias (1983) spent years quietly working on her debut. When *Habitus* came out in early 2018, it was met with a flood of rave reviews, and Fabias wowed audiences at every poetry festival with her outstanding performance. The following year, the collection won virtually every Dutch and Flemish poetry award – from the C. Buddingh' Prize for the best debut to the Herman de Coninck Prize and the Grote Poëzie Prijs. And rightly so, because *Habitus* is a truly brilliant collection of poems about a woman caught between two worlds.

Fabias was born on the island of Curaçao, a former Dutch colony in the Caribbean, and came to the Netherlands at the age of seventeen. Her poetry is rich with sensory detail, letting the reader see the blue of the sea and the pink and yellow of houses and churches in the Antilles. But if you immerse yourself in Fabias' cinematic language, you also discover the other side of the idyll: 'the street kids on undersized bikes / the way they dance their bikes around girls who have just started menstruating / the mothers who warn about them / the mothers / only.'

Fabias' poetry examines the position of the migrant, shuttling between two worlds, in search of a home. This strongly composed collection looks at the fictions of her mother country and arriving at a new home, at people's histories, mothers and fathers, but also at skin colour, stereotypes of exoticism and gender. Perhaps rather

than a home, Fabias' poetry is looking for a form of its own: the poems take on wildly divergent styles, at times reminiscent of 'travel guides' and theatre or film scripts, as in 'view with a coconut (in soviet montage)': 'the tropics paint orange-yellow a more intense orange-yellow but / someone keeps calling and crying.'

Fabias' poetry gets deep under your skin; it's sharp and visceral, exposing flesh, muscle, fear, and sensuality. It shows that identity is made up of a complex mixture of ingredients – of 'faith, superstition, and (great) grandmotherly advice', of experiences and preconceived notions. She cleverly plays with stereotypes and makes biting jokes: 'like many women I always knew I'd marry a man / it ended up being a black man because that looked better with my dress / a matter of contrast.' Fabias is already an essential voice in Dutch-language literature.

Translations

Habitus was translated into French by Daniel Cunin (Caractères, 2019) and will be published by Deep Vellum (USA), translated by David Colmer.

Publisher

De Arbeiderspers

Management

Michael Roumen

michael@michaelroumen.com

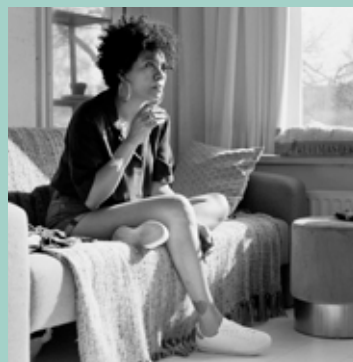
Rights

Jolijn Spooren

j.spooren@singeluitgeverijen.nl

'What transforms this into great poetry is its momentum and rhythm, the wealth of its images, and its nuanced vision on human existence.'

Piet Gerbrandy, *Ons Erfdeel*



what i hid (excerpt)

rims

the impeccably polished rims shining in the sun

too big and too expensive for the cars they spin under

the tinted windows of the cars with the shining rims

the almost horizontal drivers of the cars with the tinted windows and the shining rims

the explosive bass from the subwoofers installed in the trunks

the dust from the dry fields

and pomade: green

or the black version

smells of oil refinery

perfect

for the hair of the modern *Negro* in the 1980s

perfect

to accentuate the natural blackness, to make it gleam

perfect

for catching the dust

from the dry fields where spiky bushes grow

the dust

carried on the trade wind

all around and all over

the poky bars

on the side of every road, blacktop or dirt

the women behind the barred windows of the bars on the side of the road

the women

the holes

the women on the streets

but not after dark

the holes in the road

translated by

David Colmer

One of the rising stars in contemporary Dutch literature, Marieke Lucas Rijneveld (1991) made their debut with the poetry collection *Kalfsvlies* (Calfskin), which won the C. Buddingh' Prize for best Dutch-language poetry debut, prompting *de Volkskrant* to proclaim them National Literary Talent of the Year. English translations of Rijneveld's poems have appeared in *Modern Poetry in Translation*, *Gulf Coast*, *Asymptote Journal*, and *The Enchanting Verses Literary Review*. In 2018, Rijneveld published their first novel, *The Discomfort of Evening*, which was a phenomenal success in the Netherlands. Recently shortlisted for the 2020 International Booker Prize, the translation rights have been sold in fifteen countries.

Rijneveld, who currently lives in Utrecht and works part-time at a dairy farm, grew up in an Orthodox Reformed Protestant family in the province of North Brabant. *The Discomfort of Evening* tells the story of a family of religious farmers devastated after the accidental death of one of the children. Rijneveld's prose corresponds in many ways to their poetic world: their writing is exuberant and rich with imagery, unapologetically youthful, brutal, and adventurous.

Fantoommerrie (Phantom Mare), Rijneveld's second collection of poetry, was published in 2019. The poems in *Phantom Mare* continue Rijneveld's fascination with a childhood spent in the countryside. Rijneveld's long stanzas confront God, a fearful

mother, distant father and deceased grandmother through the unfiltered voice of a narrator who struggles with insecurities, eerie dreams, gender, and sexuality: 'Mummy, I whisper softly, the wolves are waiting at the door for a shot / and I'm lying here with a body of carbon paper / waiting until someone traces a better winter of myself.'

Ultimately, Rijneveld draws the reader into a landscape where fantasy, humor, and tragedy vibrantly converge, inanimate objects are brought to life, and long-concealed secrets surface in language that forms a world of its own.

Translations

The Discomfort of Evening is published by Faber and Faber (UK), Graywolf Press (USA), Suhrkamp (Germany), Buchet Chastel (France), Al Arabi (Egypt), Nutrimenti (Italy), Temas de Hoy (Spain), and other languages.

Rights

Hayo Deinum
hdeinum@atlascontact.nl

'Rijneveld has created a world of language unlike any other: their wild, striking imagery in all its horror and beauty will be imprinted on my mind forever.'

Ella Griffiths, Editor,
Faber and Faber

'Shockingly good.'
Max Porter



If it happens to you

How do you go to bed when you have just run over a sheep? Trembling on the edge of the bed
your cold hands like raw steaks over your eyes, her hand

forms half an orange which presses heavily upon your knee, back and forth
it moves, squeezing out everything that has happened to you but don't forget the speed

of speaking, without pause everything remains a void, sadness has little chance of coming
through. Please speak of wine you think, of how the children

are growing and of all the poppies recklessly springing open, but her head has long been an
autocue, you know what you must say to comfort her:

playing fair weather has more to do with rain, and it's raining as though we once invented
the sun. You walk circles round the bedroom, trying to click your thoughts

together like a bracelet, wash your hands again and again and examine them, testing their
purity, body hissing like a rusty barbecue.

She says there are glasses and a bottle of wine in the nightstand, left from the last time that
you trembled and all that blood. After two glasses she gives up, you shrink beneath the sheets

like the sheep beneath the tires, you think of everything that has ever perished and the slap
that it brought with it, you carry this with you until your heart becomes a grave, your head

the granite stone above it, finally at rest you weep wine until it is
no longer about the sheep but about who will comfort the driver, you poor, daft dog.

translated by
Sarah Timmer Harvey

Frank Keizer (1987) writes distinctly contemporary poetry, describing the existence of a young Dutchman in the early twenty-first century, and at the same time firmly embedded in literary tradition. Keizer also combines a colloquial tone with politico-philosophical jargon. Using these building blocks, he constructs an oeuvre and determines a position antithetical to the late-capitalist present time.

Keizer debuted in 2012 with the chapbook *Dear world, fuck off, ik ga golfen* (Dear world, fuck off, I'm going to play golf), in which the narrator finds himself situated in a completely privatised present. In opposition to marketisation and consumerism, the poems search for places where community and solidarity continue to exist. It is telling that this chapbook was published by the Creative Commons project: in this way, Keizer lets readers share his poems for free.

In the following years, Keizer sought new opportunities for community building. Together with fellow poet Maarten van der Graaff, he founded *Samplekanon*, a free online magazine with the motto 'Magazines are societies.' In this publication, Keizer and Van der Graaff present Dutch and foreign-language literary texts that might receive little attention elsewhere because of their innovative form and content.

Publisher
Polis

Rights
Harold Polis
harold.polis@polis.be

Contact
www.frankkeizer.net

His first print collection, *Onder normale omstandigheden* (Under Normal Circumstances), was published in 2015. Inspired by American authors such as Chris Kraus and Bruce Boone, Keizer shows how the personal has become political. He portrays the exhaustion and despair of a contemporary young man raised in the apolitical 1990s, revealing his attempts to reconnect and re-engage. Herman Gorter, an outspoken, early-twentieth-century Marxist poet, provides inspiration in this struggle for change.

Keizer's second collection, *Lief slecht ding* (Sweet Bad Thing, 2019), continues along the course already set out: the characters find themselves on 'a post-militant path to something that will become the future.'

**'Such subtle language.
What an asset this poet is!'**

Alfred Schaffer,
De Groene Amsterdammer

**'Intelligent poetry, written
with rhetorical sensitivity
to the tensions, conflicts
and desires of our time.'**

Erwin Jans, *De Reactor*



I have remained behind in the night.
North Amsterdam is at my feet
and I can't find any use for it.
There is capitalism as usual, never mind
which name it has hidden behind
and my face
is the face of the recession,
my laugh a grimace between docility and pain.
A delicate motor system has made way
for the motor system of dumbness.
The motor system of someone who watches films
at a desk, drinks beer at a desk,
writes poems at a desk.
Poems written at a desk
become desk poems.
I cost my economy money,
but not enough.

translated by
Donald Gardner

An erupting volcano – that’s the image that comes to mind when you see Dean Bowen (1984) on stage. The poems in his 2018 debut *Bokman* (Goatman) are no less impassioned. Bowen was immediately recognised as a unique and necessary new voice in Dutch poetry. His work is both moving and politically charged.

Bokman can be read as a search for identity – or rather, a dissection of the layers that go to make up this complex term. What shapes a person? What shaped Dean Bowen? Language, family, origins, the diaspora. In a cycle of poems that bears his own name, Bowen lets a multitude of narratives intertwine, recounting the history of Suriname – the indigenous population, the colonial oppressors, the Maroons, the slaves: ‘i know the stories of this water before it was water for plantations.’

In this furious, polyphonic collection, language follows its own logic and grammar. The disjointed structure of the lines of his poems is not accidental. Just as the abolition of slavery in Suriname is commemorated every year with the celebration of Keti Koti (‘broken chains’), Bowen frees the Dutch language from its constraints. Instead, he mixes different languages to create something new, similar to the way

Sranantongo and Papiamentu came about: ‘our guilt, an unknowing dat we koesterden in het langgeleden’ (that we cherished in the long ago).

Bowen’s debut was nominated for the C. Buddingh’ Prize for the best poetry debut. *Bokman* is a confronting collection that forces the reader to reflect on their role in history, their position in the debate about racism, the Dutch colonial past, heritage and identity. Straddling multiple continents, Bowen masterfully untangles a myriad of origins to deconstruct the idea of a singular narrative.

Publisher
Jurgen Maas

Rights
Jurgen Maas
info@uitgeverijjurgenmaas.nl

Contact
www.deanbowen.nl

‘With his idiosyncratically constructed sentences, Bowen liberates the Dutch language from its rules.’

Janita Monna, Trouw

‘It’s a substantial work which confidently presents the poet’s anger and fractured sense of self.’

Alfred Schaffer,
De Groene Amsterdammer



mi skin

my skin my cast iron skin my equator skin my cast iron
equator skin my skin my scarring skin my grey scarring
skin my grey skin my asylum seeker skin my skin my
colorblind skin my smoke skin my color smoke skin
is burning my burning skin my cursed skin my cursed
skin is burning my skin my prayer skin my prayer
marshmallow skin my cloud marshmallow skin my
burning cloud skin my skin my marshmallow skin
is burning my skin my unreeled skin bare my bare
unreeled skin my capitulate skin my skin my blues skin
my limpid skin my limpid blues skin my skin my blues
is burning skin & my skin is a home my rust
skin my skin rusts my rust skin is burning

oxidizes

my skin oxidizes my neutral skin my black neutral skin
my pinched off black neutral skin is burning my
picked skin my dry skin my dry skin is
burning my matured skin my matured skin is
laundered skin my laundered skin is skin my becoming
skin my malleable becoming skin my language skin is
malleable my skin is burning my miracle skin
my annotation skin my annotation miracle skin my
mirror skin my splinter skin my mirror splinter skin my
magic conjuring skin my #blackboymagic skin my black
skin is conjuring skin and boys are burning

translated by
the poet

Joost Baars (1975) is a poet, essayist, and bookseller. His poetry debut *Binnenplaats* (Enclosure) was published in 2017, though he had already been writing poetry for several years by that point. The collection was a huge success – it was reprinted five times and awarded the VSB Poetry Prize, the most prestigious poetry award in the Netherlands, and nominated for the Herman de Coninck Prize and the C. Buddingh' Prize. Joost Baars writes essays and criticism for literary magazines and appears at festivals both in the Netherlands and abroad.

Joost Baars' work marks the return of religion to Dutch poetry, after many decades in which God was as good as absent. Many of his poems are prayers: poetry forms the linguistic 'enclosure' in which the silent 'You' is passionately addressed. In his debut, Joost Baars shows himself to be indebted to the autonomist tradition, while at the same time, he irrevocably breaks with it by rejecting the self-referential aspect of autonomist poetics.

His poems are a far cry from hermetic linguistic microcosms – if anything, they are the opposite. In poetry that leans toward the mystical, he attempts to use language as a way to reach a place beyond words: 'tell me, does Your silence / speak to me or does my speech / here go unheard, and if / this mutual quiet should be broken / by reply, which one / of us would shatter first?' The fact that the (divine) other remains silent doesn't mean that these prayers are failing. The silence that

follows after the prayer is an inextricable part of the 'genre'. Indeed, this one of the strengths of Baars' poetic faith; the silence cushions the poems in the same way a riverbed holds a river, his predilection for two-line stanzas effectively weaving an overarching sense of quietude.

A key theme in Baars' poetry is the act of naming: the creative power of language and the disconnect between the thing itself and the image that the language evokes. The most impressive aspect of Baars' work is that in exploring these ideas, he manages to invite the whole world into his poetic prayers, moving his writing beyond elemental theology or the philosophy of language. In a stunning series of poems, he addresses the birds like a modern-day Saint Francis, with his powers of observation in a class of their own.

Publisher
Van Oorschot

Rights
Menno Hartman
menno@vanoorschot.nl

Contact
www.joostbaars.nl

'A mature and poignant debut by a poet in full command of his craft who is sure to go from strength to strength.'

Jury's statement,
C. Buddingh' Prize

'Fantastic, dense poetry. A gift to the Dutch poetry scene.'

Ellen Deckwitz, *De Morgen*



the rustling in the trees is
not the rustling in the trees.

it is Your voice. the rustling
which is always the same, is not

always the same. it unlocks me,
works its way inside of me, to the

place that is Yours, where You appear
to be absent. that's where I can hear

Your peaceful livid churning, not
the rustling, but the rustling

that makes the rustling sound,
from a place in me that doesn't sound,

where the words I speak
don't exist until You speak,

where You are born in the rustling
of the rustling of the sound-

less rustling and shape me inside.

translated by
Astrid Alben

The daughter of a Finnish mother and an Indonesian father, Kira Wuck (1978) grew up in Amsterdam. She studied Creative Writing at the Schrijversvakschool. In 2011, she broke through by winning the Dutch Poetry Slam. A year later, her debut collection *Finse meisjes* (Finnish Girls) was published, which left a deep impression with its cornucopia of original images and surprising observations.

Finse meisjes was awarded the Lucy B. & C.W Hoogt prize in 2013, and nominated for the C. Buddingh' Prize and the Jo Peters Poetry Prize. In 2016, Wuck published a somewhat absurdist collection of short stories called *Noodlanding* (Emergency Landing), which earned her a nomination for the J.M.A. Biesheuvel prize. In 2018, her second poetry collection, *De zee heeft honger* (The Sea is Hungry), was published.

Both Wuck's poetry and short stories are characterised by the way everyday life and absurdity are interwoven. The characters Wuck introduces to us in her parlando writing style struggle with a fundamental sense of displacement and loneliness that 'smells of calf's liver in a baking dish,' as she puts it. Although their coping strategies are rarely effective, there is no question of these people giving up or succumbing to lethargy. It is their resilience, and the often hilarious way she presents

them, that make Wuck's characters so tangible and touching.

In the poem 'This Party' she writes: 'This party is so boring Sylvia says / I wish someone would put something in my drink.' It is striking how much these desires are accompanied by a sense of calamity, danger, and violence that may or not be subtle. 'Sometimes I see the things I want / as a tidal wave that can cover the land / to get there first I have to drown,' Wuck writes in her poem 'Hanoi.'

If uprootedness, loneliness, and the desire for contact are today's human condition, then Kira Wuck is one of the Netherlands' most astute poetic commentators.

Translations

A selection of Kira Wuck's poetry has been translated into German by Stefan Wieczorek for Virgines.

Publisher

Podium

Rights

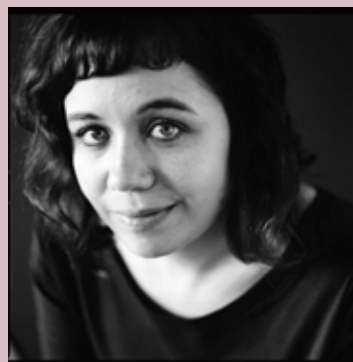
post@uitgeverijpodium.nl

'Kira Wuck's wondrous, melancholic gaze remains striking.'

Paul Demets, *De Morgen*

'She combines laconic irony with lively, absurd fantasy and a talent for touching and recognizable imagery.'

Ons Erfdeel



The sea is hungry

If you want to know where people wait
you need to look for the cigarette butts
on the beach
tiny dreams like folded-up notes

waiting is like the sea
time comes towards us
like an extended drought

thirst is so great we can't name it
we can't drink salt water
no one knows how long the sea sleeps
her thighs are always cold and willing

we take with us everything we own
below us swim children without hunger
most of all we wish we could go back to the moment
before everything began to falter

when waiting still meant dreaming and
the sea wasn't hungry

translated by
Michele Hutchison

After studying art at the Arnhem Art Academy and Nottingham Trent University Marije Langelaar (1978) turned to writing poetry. Her first collection *De rivier als vlakte* (The River as Plain), was published in 2003, followed six years later by *De schuur in* (Into the Shed, 2009) for which she received the Hugues C. Pernath Prize. For her most recent collection *Vonkt* (It Sparks, 2017), she received the Jan Campert Prize and the Awater Poetry Prize, several nominations, and many excellent reviews.

From the beginning, Marije Langelaar has shown herself to be a sensual poet, whose aim was to taste the marrow of life, to experience it in all its fullness, abundance and beauty, taking an almost Nietzschean approach. The brilliance of light and the glow over a pond are not only observed – in Langelaar's work, simply looking is not enough. Instead, the voices and the figures in her poems aspire to be everywhere, to commune with the world around them: 'Oh, the longing to enter all the houses!' and 'Then he walked to the pond / and broke through the glittering surface / with his boots / he swam around it doing breaststroke.'

In Langelaar's vital poems, life brims and the images tumble over each other in rapid succession. The title of her second collection *De schuur in* might indicate a form of withdrawal, but here too the atmosphere is wild and sometimes destructive: 'everyone is a beachcomber here but we / cut the

sea loose / hurl our torsos into the waves / fight a slash in the wind / bolt scream sink.' In *Vonkt*, both the lines and poems are longer and more narrative in style. A relationship crisis sends the poet reeling; the light that was previously celebrated is now painful like 'a shard in our neck,' but after leaping into the 'abyss,' she emerges reborn. Triumphant, her sexuality returns: 'That night I fucked like a wild thing with a scholar in / conversational theology.'

Beside people, animals and plants, even inanimate objects are filled with soul ('there is a spark in this table, this lamp and in you dear / listener') and one metamorphosis leads to another: 'I was a flame I was a flame I was a torch, pulsating / torch in a jet black night.' As the judges of the VSB Poetry Prize wrote: Marije Langelaar's unique poetry 'roars, flames, stamps its foot and anoints.'

Publisher
De Arbeiderspers

Rights
Jolijn Spooren
j.spooren
@singeluitgeverijen.nl

Contact
www.marijelangelaar.nl

'*Vonkt* is a collection that sputters and crackles – the sparks of joie de vivre and love of language fly from it.'
Jury Report, Jan Campert Prize

'Effervescent and hallucinatory, physical, lyrical, vital, energizing, alienating, fundamental, challenging, intoxicating.'
Jury Report, Awater Poetry Prize



We lay fertile on the pavement

We laid our genitals down.
Flaring up crimson like wild tropical birds.
We ate something.
We tried to fit them in each other
those wild tropical birds, to pile them up, to rotate them
gently.
Irresistible sounds came free

and so crimson we rose high as a wave.

We chiseled a shadow on the table.

Gong strike.
Someone calls our name.
Who is calling us?
Who confirms us?

translated by
Donald Gardner

Simone Atangana Bekono (1991) writes poetry and prose. She studied Creative Writing at the ArtEZ Institute of the Arts in Arnhem, graduating with a thesis project that would become her poetry debut, *Hoe de eerste vonken zichtbaar waren* (How the First Sparks Were Visible, 2017), which was awarded the Poetry Debut Prize Aan Zee in 2018. Simone Atangana Bekono's poetry constantly alternates between combativeness and tenderness, showing how the personal can be simultaneously poetic and political.

In her sweeping epistolary poems, Atangana Bekono explores the relationship between body and identity, and ways of expressing this in poetry. The problematic nature of the body features in the very first poem of the collection. Following a forest birth – beyond civilization, as it were – it is the silhouette rather than the body that speaks up, denying its physicality and connection with the earth: 'a body become unrecognisable / greedy and chaotic / not rooted in the earth.'

Her realisation that having a black, female body triggers a range of reactions, from feelings of displacement to anger at those who oppress it ('I hoped to be able to eat the man up / to protect my sisters'). In the ultimate, inevitable metamorphosis, 'I am a cool afterthought, a drum kit, I am a religious fanatic,' she attempts to resist categorisation. As Atangana Bekono writes, 'All black people don't exist.'

Translations
How the First Sparks Became Visible. Translated by David Colmer. London: Emma Press, 2020 (in preparation).

Publisher
Lebowski

Rights
Kim van Kaam
kim@wintertuin.nl

'What connects the poems is a solid voice that stops shot of nothing, not even far-fetched associations. These lead to finely-spun, powerful epic poems, it turns out.'
Maria Barnas, *de Volkskrant*



(excerpt)

Who made the young me sweat in bed
with visions from the psychiatric ward
girls who've grown obsessed with the man
and the touch of the man, and the touch of the woman
that makes them realise they want to be a man

I fear the man and want to eat him up
but I am also scared that he has eaten me up
that I was born in the man's stomach
or ribcage or in a toe
but escaping from his body
has made me lose mine
I want to eat the man up the way I eat Facebook
and installation art
and have for years now eaten up enormous amounts of light
shining on my face

I hoped to be able to eat the man up
to protect my sisters
but I feel what's left of the man gnawing at my insides
searching for a way out through my womb
my navel, my open mouth

translated by
David Colmer

If the world and everything in it can be infinitely dissected into parts, where does this leave humans? This is the question that Gerda Blees (1985) seeks to answer in *Dwaallichten* (Wandering Lights), a debut that immediately captured the attention of juries, critics and readers with its distinctive interrogation of our complicated existence. These are poems in which French kissing and particle physics go hand in hand.

‘And I ask you / whether we’re just an accidental collection / of nuts and bolts in the hand of someone who / may never have had the intention of making / a working machine out of us.’ In light-footed poems with tragic undertones, Blees describes people who have ended up slipping through the cracks due to circumstance, individuals trying, in various ways, to keep a grip on reality.

Blees, who also writes short stories, is a keen observer, which results in stunning images such as these lines from the titular section, ‘Wandering Lights,’ about ‘those people... at night / they’re afraid the canals won’t be able to sleep / if the door isn’t left ajar.’ She chooses not to emphasise misery or madness, instead Blees often approaches difficult subject matters from an unexpected angle, as when her language turns toward an anorexic girl: ‘Hunger has eaten the last flesh / from her skeleton.’

Publisher
Podium

Rights
post@uitgeverijpodium.nl

Contact
www.gerdablees.nl

‘Open, non-judgmental, contrarian while at the same time attentive and loving – that’s how [Blees] looks at people, specifically those who walk just off the beaten path.’
Janita Monna, *Trouw*



Wim

He grabbed his hip flask and his carrier bag
as well as his red bicycle and set off
for a building site on the Schie.

He started talking to the ripples in the water
softly at first, but later shouting a song
something heavy, a psalm or a few bars of passion.

Then he lay down on his stomach to watch
and when the water didn’t rise he
brought his lips to it himself.

He may have felt the cold of the water on his face
but nothing is certain, least of all his thoughts,
or who or what it was that started sinking in on him.

translated by
Judith Wilkinson

Lieke Marsman (1990) debuted with *Wat ik mijzelf graag voorhoud* (Things I Tell Myself, 2010), which was awarded no less than three literary prizes. Witty, vulnerable and hyper-aware, Marsman's ideas take flight in poems such as 'Perseverance': 'What's lovely about being touched / is that it doesn't have to last long to be long-lasting and the strange thing about being touched / is that it reverberates and keeps on pounding / while it stills you.'

Marsman published her second poetry collection, *De eerste letter* (The First Letter) in 2014, followed by *Man met hoed* (Man With Hat) in 2017. Additionally, 2017 also saw the publication of Marsman's critically acclaimed first novel, *Het tegenovergestelde van een mens* (The Opposite of a Person). The novel, which at its heart is a queer love story, boldly combines fiction, poetry, and essay to explore intimacy in an era of global warming and climate chaos.

In the Spring of 2018, Marsman was diagnosed with a rare form of cancer. Her most recent collection, *The Following Scan Will Last Five Minutes* (2018), was written in the months following her diagnosis. Inspired by the work of Audre Lorde and Susan Sontag, Marsman uses poetry and essay to examine both her personal experiences and the politics of having a sick body in a society that appears equally ill:

'Cancer is so common / you hear about it Wednesday morning / you die on a Tuesday afternoon / no stroboscopes / no cloakroom tokens / the sun shines / a mundane watery sun / above the A10 / exit for Home Depot.'

Translated in collaboration with English poet and translator, Sophie Collins, *The Following Scan Will Last Five Minutes* was published by Liverpool University Press in 2019, with excerpts appearing in *The London Review of Books* and *Poetry Magazine*.

The Opposite of a Person was published in France by Edition Rue de l'Echiquier (translation Daniel Cunin) and will be published in the UK by Daunt Books.

Publisher
Pluim

Rights
Lisette Verhagen
Peters Fraser + Dunlop
lverhagen@pfd.co.uk

Contact
www.liekemarsman.nl

'Lieke Marsman has evolved a stringent poetics of limit and capacity, of body and language and self. The scan is a metaphor for Marsman's particular quality of attention – committed and complete.'
Lavinia Greenlaw



Identity Politics Are a Fad, You Say

And I say, Fads are our political identity
Manifestations of our political choices
deeply rooted in who we are
fads and trends are the gateways
the last available lifeboats
in the artificial wave pool of our image-centred age

And I am just so scared of disappearing
that I am prepared to grasp onto anything
Is there a hacktivist
who could interrupt mortality?

Is there a way
to let out a single scream
without anyone feeling the need to respond, while
at the same time making it known
that I desperately need to hear
from other sufferers?

We are all sufferers, you say,
and we already hear far too much from one another

translated by
Sophie Collins

Asha Karami is a poet, a doctor who works in adolescent health and a ringside physician at martial arts tournaments. She learned to speak four languages fluently as a child, and has changed her name several times. In 2018, she won second place at the National Poetry Slam championship, having competed as an 'anti-performance' performer. Her highly lauded debut, *Godface* (2019), was nominated for the Herman de Coninckprijs, De Grote Poëzieprijs and E. du Perronprijs.

Godface is a collection of contrasting images and rapidly shifting perspectives, evoking the idea of a play for voices or masquerade. Initially, the poems appear to be neutral observations; fragmented accounts from a rotating cast of characters whose voices range from the highly distinctive to collective and obscured. But the narrative is swift to separate the author from the chorus, with Karami's persona often piercing the fray: 'Why do you constantly come across yourself? / because you're scattered everywhere / everything and everyone is talking to you / you must first secure your own mask / before helping anyone else.'

The contours of Karami's poems are porous; voices, moods, locations, and time merge in writing that is not bound by traditional form. Relentless rhythm gives way to space and silence; poems morph into letters, dialogues, and theater. Karami subtly directs the chorus, often balancing the darker matter with

disarming honesty and humor: 'the last time she was pregnant / she only wanted fresh herring / we bought a *hijarbie* for her unborn daughter / and then we lost contact.' In less careful hands, this kaleidoscopic approach to poetry could seem flighty, but the writing is always anchored by the strength of Karami's vision.

Asha Karami's experimentation is not limited to the page; she has also collaborated with multimedia artists to give her poems the opportunity to speak through digital bodies and landscapes and push them into new terrain. In a recent interview with *The Optimist*, Karami said of her work: 'For me, poetry is a means of action or resistance. Unreasonable, physical, and instinctive. I want to communicate my sense of disruption and alienation to the reader or listener. I want to explore the limits of language and genre conventions, and, if I succeed, break through them.'

Publisher
De Bezige Bij

Rights
Marijke Nagtegaal
m.nagtegaal@debezigebij.nl

'*Godface* is the kind of collection that haunts you, getting better and better the deeper you sink into it.'

Meander

'Incomparable, disorienting.'

Janita Monna, *Trouw*



I don't work for you no more

this was the last time i logged into my work e-mail
i am no longer the monster i once was

my whole life i never got a fair share of the pie
from now on i'm going to draw a sharp line between me and my surroundings

i'll just grab my diary
today i decided to start tomorrow
one last darn attempt at recovery

i was born with two vaginas
and i don't believe in doors
this is my third death already and i'm only in my thirties

i don't believe in civil wars either
even if i hate your culture
maybe we're related because i've got
two more half-brothers somewhere

when i die i want to be there
i don't want it in my sleep i
want to say goodbye don't go without me

translated by
David Colmer

At twenty-one, Roelof ten Napel (1993) debuted with the critically-acclaimed collection of short stories *Constellaties* (Constellations). His first novel, *Het leven zelf* (Life Itself), was published three years later, and in 2018, Ten Napel's first collection of poetry, *Het woedeboek* (The Book of Fury) was published. Nominated for three awards, the collection made waves with its content; Ten Napel's sharp reckoning with his religious upbringing, a modern-day apocryphal composed of tightly-knit lyrics, psalms, and romantic verse.

While the title might suggest otherwise, the poems in *Het woedeboek* are thoughtful, precise dissections of a deeply oppressive milieu. Likening anger to 'an old engine block' that needs to be dissembled and examined, Ten Napel summons a claustrophobic scene: 'Just wait until a hand lifts you up, then / drops you again, enraged.' Ultimately, the anger is channelled towards thoughtful introspection, with the poet recognising the sheer impossibility of ridding himself of God through writing: 'that which makes the visible visible / is bound to remain unnoticed / itself, / like you, you remain.'

In *Het woedeboek*, Ten Napel's talent is apparent; rising above the linguistic influences of Calvinism, he reveals himself as a poet who can bend language to his will. The proof of this is in the poet's ability to distill the anger into love. Ten Napel concludes his debut with a series of tender love

poems titled 'Boy,' which the jury for the Grote Poetry Prize proclaimed were 'some of the most beautiful love poems this young century has seen.'

Ten Napel's latest collection, *In het vlees* (In the Flesh) was published in early 2020. In this collection, Ten Napel strives to make us aware that our opinions, whether political, religious and philosophical, cannot be separated from our bodies and are, in fact, influenced by them. At times cinematic, this collection works through the many ways a body can feel pain or is unable to connect or understand. What can a body know? Meandering between hesitant and assertive, the poems do not seek to answer the questions they pose: 'in the flesh lives / what has no name, as long as / it is fought, and doesn't break.'

Publisher
Hollands Diep

Rights
Marleen Seegers
marleen.seegers
@2seasagency.com

Contact
www.roeloftennapel.nl

'The best debut poetry collection in years.'
Ellen Deckwitz, *De Morgen*

'Roelof ten Napel is a true star. *The Book of Fury* raged on inside me long after I had finished reading it.'
Jeroen Dera, *De Standaard*



psalm (he says: take the second young bull)

the weeping willow is gone,
and along the tiled path the sleepers too.
this year for the first time I didn't see
the magnolia flowering, its falling,
spreading through the garden.

god lays the dew on my skin
but not on the grass, or on the grass
but not on my skin.

that is how he speaks, he
uses it. if a void appears between me
and the world, he fills it up –
a man without teeth, who looks at me,
his hands open in front of him, up and down
as though weighing something,
his mouth full
of an autumnal red, bleeding tongue.

translated by
Michele Hutchison

Maartje Smits (1986) completed her undergraduate studies at the Gerrit Rietveld Art Academy and holds a Masters in Design from the Sandberg Institute. In 2015, she published *Als je een meisje bent* (If You're a Girl), a playful and powerfully feminist collection. Two years later, it was followed by *Hoe ik een bos begon in mijn badkamer* (How I Started a Forest in my Bathroom, 2017). Influenced by Juliana Spahr and Bruno Latour, Smits was one of the first Dutch poets to bear witness to the rise of environmental consciousness.

With its mix of feminism, multilingualism, digital culture, and telephony, *Als je een meisje bent* showcases a talent for eclectic avant-gardism. Smits' signature is her capacity to crack open language, frequently borrowing and blending in words from German, English, and French. In the poem 'An Empty Text Message,' Smits nimbly unites the digital experience with the analog: 'I was about to move / mir followed ein / pulsing blue dot / past lukewarm streedlines / streets light canal / strips die leaving town.'

Digital culture also permeates her second collection, with Smits cleverly combining text and photography to explore the natural world and the human narratives around it. In particular, Smits is concerned with the malleability of landscapes and the increasingly inescapable effects of climate change. The poem 'The Last Human' includes the lines:

'This is no place for extinction / the last humans draws boxes in the sand / in order to feel at home / she knows the names of all the animals and other / concepts that have become obsolete.'

In the trailblazing tradition of Françoise d'Eaubonne, Smits has infused Dutch-language poetry with eco-feminism.

Publisher
De Harmonie

Rights
Elsbeth Louis
elouis@deharmonie.nl

Contact
www.maartjesmits.nl

'A collection that must be read aloud, language that should be heard and tasted.'

de Poëziekrant

'The strength of her work lies in her original associations, in her ability to bind words and images in unexpected ways.'

Awater



Meer legs

I would möchte be
a frauship's shallow schouwdek
a bitsy bitchy lust objection

with dikke thighs
dikes off all men deck
deilig thighs bulk carriers that
tar all, tenderly tegen affection
halten

ik want thighs that faul
behouwen and dare to be seen
zie you siegst
minne Seekontainer legs
siegst minne peal d'orange
cellulite royal 't squirts
lukewarm tea dregs in my lazy rolling dans lui
weil go on and choose to you weinst
past my solid soaked legs

translated by
Vivien D. Glass

Jonathan Griffioen (1987) writes about growing up in a small provincial town in his first collection *Wijk* (District, 2015), which was nominated for the C. Buddingh'-prize. His second collection, *Gedichten met een mazda 626* (Poems with a Mazda 626), followed in 2018, and was awarded the J.C. Bloemprijs 2019. It was also longlisted for the Grote Poëzie Prijs.

Wijk offers up a panoramic view of a teenager's life. In five long and meandering poems, the poet sketches teenagers hanging out on street corners, in small squares, and at empty bus shelters. The poems are strongly associative. Griffioen scrutinises his youth in a stream-of-consciousness-like flow of images and thoughts. His poetry turns from the descriptive to the lyrical, using the repetition of single words and lines to establish rhythm and musicality.

There is an observational and solipsistic strength at play in Griffioen's work, allowing the reader to directly access the mind of his protagonist. Without reservation, the poetic persona takes the reader on a tour through the different layers of his autistic consciousness. This approach is further developed in *Gedichten met een mazda 626*.

A narrative has been woven into the poems, which helps sustain a sense of cohesion: the poetic persona stays awake for 40 hours thinking about his dead friend Jimmy who used to drive 'a red Mazda 626 from 1990'. Memories of his special-needs school in the forested parts of central Holland and the therapies he had to endure are alternated with memories of Jimmy and visions of a resurrected Jimmy.

Death, love, and entrapment are themes that dominate Griffioen's work, narrative poetry in which prose sections alternate with more lyrical passages.

Publisher
Lebowski

Rights
Jasper Henderson
jasper.henderson
@lebowskipublishers.nl

'Incomparable, intriguing, insistent, stimulating, captivating, spirited, witty, mesmerizing, and ritualistic.'

Jury report, J.C. Bloem Prize

'A unique voice with melody and a tight rhythm. We'd like to read more of this kind of poetry.'

Dieuwertje Mertens, *Het Parool*



I pull the strand of handkerchiefs from the tank of a 323
spend the rest of the evening searching for a second 323 and
spend 20 days thinking about all the different ways
to get rid of the surplus 20

I lose my footing and fall from observation,
take a tumble in your estimation I also find two prints
on a martini bottle one is jimmy's

I can see who I am in a red mazda
6 2 6 from 1990 jimmy is a sheep and I am a bird
in a red mazda 6 2 6 from 1990 I catch fire
in a red mazda 6 2 6 from 1990
I rise above the misty grain field

translated by
Astrid Alben

Babs Gons (1971) is a writer, spoken word artist, theatre maker, organiser, and teacher. She regularly performs at festivals and literary events both in the Netherlands and abroad, including South Africa, Sudan, Curaçao, and Brazil. Gons is the editor of *Hardop* (Out Loud, 2019), an anthology highlighting the work of eighteen spoken-word poets. She is also the recipient of several awards, including the 2018 Black Achievement Award for Arts and Culture and the 2019 International Slam-O-Vision Contest Title with her poem 'Assman vs. People Woman.'

In 2017, Gons published her debut, *Hoe kan het toch?* (How Can it Be?), a collection of poetry exploring various forms of love, her unyielding love for her son, the ecstasy of falling in love and the pain of falling out of it, the complexity of loving your family. In the captivating 'You can be everywhere, you can be everything,' Gons contemplates an absent father: 'We who grow up without our own fathers / have already had our hearts broken long before our first love.'

In 'Last Poem for J.G.' the poet invokes love she once had for her ex, acknowledging that behind the arguments and grief, memories of their old intimacy remain: 'I loved to see you cook / in the way too small kitchen / where we had to touch each other to add the chickpeas / to the spinach.' The relationship is over for good, but Gons is determined to build it a literary monument.

Publisher
Atlas Contact

Rights
Hayo Deinum
hdeinum@atlascontact.nl

Contact
www.babsgons.com

'Gons' gaze is far-reaching.
She is fierce, but moving.'
Janita Monna, *Trouw*

'A creative wordsmith with
a biting wit who brings
her words and a range of
characters to life on the
stage with equal ease.'

Giorgio Piet,
Hiphop In Je Smoel



Just Right

Sometimes you just want to lay your head down
on the earth,
raise your fist to the sky,
let the tears fall and say:
Is it because I am black, white, female
too tall, too small, too big,
too sweet, naughty,
because I'm ugly, honest,
direct, poetic, eloquent,
too visible, invisible,
vulnerable,
misunderstood, praised,
poor, proud,
unapologetic and confrontational?
That's why, right!

And the earth pushes you up
with her soft hands,
kisses you on the cheek and whispers:
It's because you are so very human.
Not too much, not too little, human enough.
Just as human as other human beings.
Just right.

translated by
the poet

Akwasi Owusu Ansah (1988) is a rapper, actor, spoken word artist and poet. At nineteen, the multifaceted artist formed the rap collective Zwart Licht, with whom he released three full-length albums. In 2014, Akwasi released his solo album *Daar ergens* (Somewhere There) through his own record label, Neerlands Dope, and four years later, published his first collection of poetry, *Laten we het maar niet over hebben* (Let's Not Talk About It, 2018).

In his impressive literary debut, Akwasi explores the difficulty of opening up when it comes to life's most painful and uncomfortable moments, magnifying the human tendency to dance around truths, defer the most difficult conversations and through silence, turn certain subjects into taboos. Akwasi grapples with the effects these impulses have on personal relationships, and, on a larger scale, the impact of avoidance on contemporary Dutch culture.

Drawing inspiration from Marcus Garvey, Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, Kendrick Lamar, a trip to South Africa, and the birth of his daughter, Akwasi's razor-sharp poems are cathartic deconstructions of daily discomforts and inconvenient truths. Alongside lighter moments of everyday awkwardness, identity and racism are recurring themes; the poet recalls a radio DJ's racist comments, the painful reactions of strangers on the street, being

shamed for his appearance, a school teacher comparing him to Black Pete.

Akwasi makes clear that he wants to move beyond simply cataloging experiences and address the omnipresent 'elephant' in the room: 'Apart from the fact / that I'm enjoying this / am I again / the only one who sees it / where did you get this? / and how did he get in? / through the door / or / through the window / are we really going to act / as if you all don't understand me?'

Akwasi creates poetry that is both playful and searingly direct, using an intimate voice to speak pointedly about taboos in intimate relationships, power dynamics, post-colonialism, and systematic denial in the Netherlands and South Africa. *Laten we het er maar niet over hebben* is a fresh and exciting addition to the Dutch-language literary landscape.

Publisher
Ambo Anthos

Rights
Orli Naamani
onaamani@amboanthos.nl

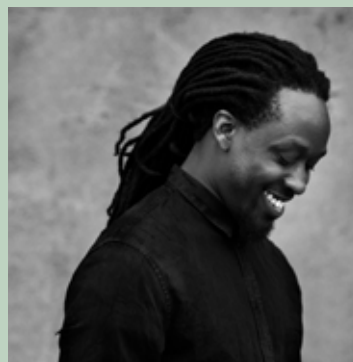
Contact
www.akwasi.net

'Akwasi is an inspiring man who speaks directly from the heart.'

Meander

'It hits home, word for word, sentence for sentence.'

Marie-Claire



Question

Have you ever been to Cape Town?
Have you ever hijacked a language?
Hijacked land?
Hijacked a person?
Hijacked someone's good hope?
No?

Okay

It was just a question.

translated by
Sarah Timmer Harvey

Poet, columnist and theatre maker Ellen Deckwitz (1982) first made her name, when she was crowned Dutch Slam Poetry Champion 2009. In 2011, she published her debut, *De steen vreest mij* (The Stone Fears Me), a surreal and darkly humorous look at family relationships and childhood fears, that won her the C. Buddingh' prize. She also published a bestselling handbook for emerging poets, a series of essays about poetry, published as *Olijven moet je leren lezen* (You Must Learn to Read Olives, 2016), *De blanke gave* (The White Gift, 2015) and *Game of Poems*, a collection inspired by the HBO series written together with fellow poets Ingmar Heytze and Thomas Möhlmann.

A recent addition to Deckwitz's impressive oeuvre is *Hogere natuurkunde* (Higher Physics, 2019), which was awarded the Herman de Coninck Prize and the E. Du Perron Prize and was nominated for the Grote Poëzie Prijs. The jury said that in these times of global crisis, her poems offer comfort and put things in a new perspective.

The poems in this outstanding collection focus on Deckwitz's grandmother, who survived a Japanese internment camp in Indonesia during World War II, and the enduring influence of this experience on her family. The poet's grandmother constantly reminded her that life was full of danger, and the importance of being prepared:

'Keep yourself clean, little one / do not boast / about extra food, consume it in silence / above the latrine.'

In *Hogere natuurkunde*, history materialises in one long, galloping poem, a form that suggests momentum, as though the past is nipping at the poet's heels. At pace, Deckwitz deftly reveals how stories, silences, and habits pass through generations and perpetuate themselves.

It is a career-defining collection that could only have come from a writer of Deckwitz's caliber; these are poems that must be read.

Publisher
Pluim

Rights
Mizzi van der Pluijm
mvanderpluijm
@uitgeverijpluim.nl

Contact
www.ellendeckwitz.nl

'*Higher Physics* reads like one long, dashing, image-rich poem.'

Maria Barnas,
NRC Handelsblad

'A clever counternarrative about inherited scars and the bond between two people.'

Alfred Schaffer,
de Groene Amsterdammer



Grandmother (1921-2014)

Legs of steel,
chest of titanium.
Immune system of a sewage worker,
the conscience of a stock market trader.

She was three metres tall and proud
of her skin
that never tanned, that looked vaccinated
against the sun.

She was a piece of land,
hoed with rifle butts,

musical to her marrow

(Wibi Soerjadi? how I play piano
he's no match for me.)

had offspring as simply
as she passed wind,

(I didn't feel a need for
children but in my day
we didn't have pills.)

couldn't keep her down
even if you sat on her,

(they had me producing on the line,
no baby managed to poison me.)

translated by
Donald Gardner

Tsead Bruinja (1974) writes in both Frisian and Dutch and is the current Poet Laureate of The Netherlands. Bruinja has published several poetry collections of poetry including *De wizers it read* (The Meters in the Red, 2000) *Stofsûgersjongers* (Vacuum Cleaner Singers, 2013), *Binnenwereld, buitenwijk* (Inner World, Outer Suburb, 2015) and the bilingual *Hingje net alle klean op deselde kapstôk / Hang niet alle kleren aan dezelfde kapstok* (Don't Hang All Clothes On The Same Coat Rack, 2018).

Bruinja frequently curates and hosts literary events, edits and contributes to anthologies, teaches, and has appeared at festivals around the world. His poems have been translated and published in reviews and anthologies in France, Germany, Iraq, Nepal, Slovenia, South-Africa, the UK, and the USA.

Bruinja's poems seek to reconcile his rich inner world with an ever-changing immediate environment and deeper global concerns. As Poet Laureate, Bruinja views himself as 'caretaker of an era,' reflecting on current events including the recent climate protests, and writing critically about his country's colonial past: 'Country that we mapped / became trade that we mapped / became a people that we purchased.'

On a more intimate scale, Bruinja readily reveals his personal history, including the challenges he faced growing up in a small village with a mother who was seriously ill:

'Mother said to a friend at the table / I'm completely bald / He didn't believe her / but like Stan Laurel / she lifted up her wig.' Bruinja excels in incorporating ready-mades: phrases he reads, and everything he observes becomes material for his lyrical, associative poems, propelled by the poet's own defiant rhythm.

His latest collection is called *Ik ga het donker maken in de bossen van* (I'm Going to Make It Dark in the Forests Of), and appeared in 2020. It features illustrations by the Flemish poet and artist Lies van Gasse. The poems continuously part with poetical traditions, varying wildly in form. They often lean towards a stammering parlando: not eluding self-correction and explicit doubt, the collection comes together in a search for community and self-expression.

Publisher
Querido

Rights
Jolijn Spooren
j.spooren
@singeluitgeverijen.nl

Contact
www.tseadbruinja.nl

'This voice challenges the reader with fiery language. This is someone who wants to be heard, who wants to analyze, and sometimes gets pleasantly entangled in this attempt.'

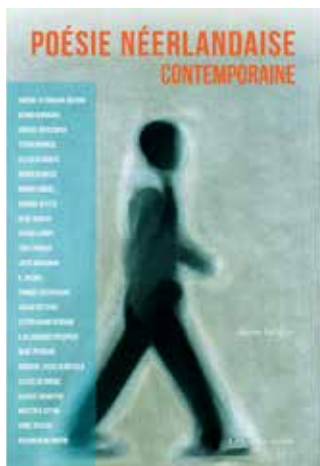
Maria Barnas,
De Groene Amsterdammer



she lives in a burning house

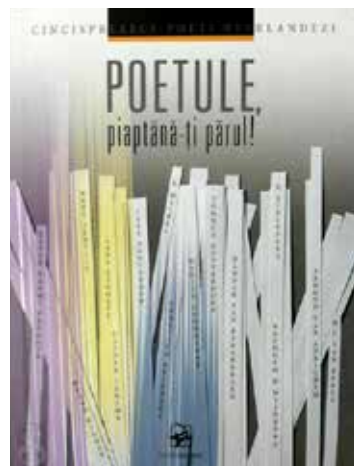
she lives in a burning house
every storm takes a tile from the roof
it's cold her teeth chatter
someone outside thinks up new rules for traffic
an old man cycles on
newspapers stuffed under his clothes
she walks out with a basket full of washing
black sheets black blankets black
pillowcase she sees the fields are burning too
no point in going out
it's better back inside the walls
flames dancing on his portrait
letters fall unasked through the door
rustling down not reaching the mat her cat
jumps onto her lap with a vegetable desire
to be stroked she pours more meths
over the photo albums wipes
the ash from her glasses and reads
and reads and reads

translated from the author's Dutch
translation by David Colmer



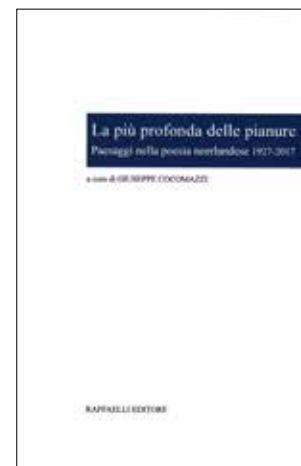
Poésie néerlandaise contemporaine

Includes Simone Atangana Bekono, Benno Barnard, Anneke Brassinga, Tsead Bruinja, Ellen Deckwitz, Arjen Duinker, Radna Fabias, Ingmar Heytze, René Huigen, Astrid Lampe, Erik Lindner, Lieke Marsman, K. Michel, Tonnus Oosterhoff, Hagar Peeters, Ester Naomi Perquin, Ilja Leonard Pfeijffer, René Puthaar, Marieke Lucas Rijneveld, Alexis de Roode, Alfred Schaffer, Mustafa Stitou, Anne Vegter and Nachoem Wijnberg.
French translations by Daniel Cunin, Kim Andringa, Paul Gellings, Bertrand Abraham, Pierre-Marie Finkelstein and René Puthaar.
Published by Le Castor Astral in 2019.



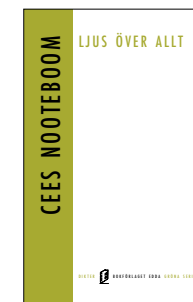
Poetule, piaptănă-ți părul! Cincisprezece poeți Neerlandezi

Includes Cees Nooteboom, K. Schippers, H.C. ten Berge, Hans Tentije, Tonnus Oosterhoff, K. Michel, Esther Jansma, Nachoem M. Wijnberg, Lans Stroeve, Chrétien Breukers, Menno Wigman, Marije Langelaar, Arnoud van Adrichem, Ester Naomi Perquin and Hannah van Binsbergen.
Romanian translation by Jan H. Mysjkin and Doina Ioanid.
Published by Editura Arc in 2018.



La più profonda delle pianure. Paesaggi nella poesia neerlandese 1927-2017

Includes H.C. ten Berge, H. Marsman, Eddy van Vliet, H.H. ter Balkt, Hans Tentije, Hester Knibbe, Robert Anker, Gerard den Brabander, Gerrit Achterberg, Hugo Claus, Ed Leeflang, Paul van Ostaijen, Anna Enquist, Willem van Toorn, Rutger Kopland, Cees Nooteboom, Jacques Hamelink, Kees Ouwens, K. Michel, Astrid Lampe, Mustafa Stitou, Hans Andreus, Gerrit Kouwenaar, Bernlef, Benno Barnard, Martinus Nijhoff, Ida Gerhardt, J.C. Bloem, L.Th. Lehmann, J.J. Slauerhoff, J. Eijkelboom and Lucebert.
Italian translation and introduction by Giuseppe Cocomazzi.
Published by Raffaelli Editore in 2019.



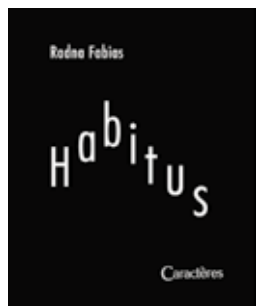
Cees Nooteboom
Ljus över allt
Swedish translation by Per Holmer.
Published by Bokförlaget Edda in 2019.



Willem van Toorn
La Camera dei Ragazzi.
Una poesia
Italian translation by Patrizia Filia.
Published by Di Felice Edizioni in 2020.



Alfred Schaffer
Mens dier ding
Afrikaans translation by Zandra Bezuidenhout.
Published by Human & Rousseau in 2018.



Radna Fabias
Habitus
French translation by
Daniel Cunin.
Published by Éditions
Caractères in 2019.



Kira Wuck
Felltiere
German translation
by Stefan Wiczorek.
Published by Virgines
in 2019.



Menno Wigman
*No sé bien con quién estoy
hablando*
Spanish translation by
Antonio Cruz Romero.
Published by Ravenswood
Books Editorial in 2020.



Mustafa Stitou
Tempel. Dikter i urval
Swedish translation by
Per Holmer.
Published by Ramús in
2018.



Maria Barnas
Problemwolf
German translation
by Stefan Wiczorek.
Published by Virgines
in 2018.



Frank Koenegracht
*Early Snow. Poems
1971-2003*
English translation by
Koenraad Kuiper and Sarah
Hart. Published by Spuyten
Duyvil in 2019.



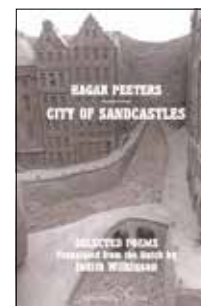
Judith Herzberg
Todo lo que es pensable
Spanish translation by
Ronald Brouwer.
Published by Pre-textos in
2019.



Elmar Kuiper
*da schwarzwenzeln spot-
vögel mit der schwerkraft.*
Gedichte. German transla-
tion by Stefan Wierczorek.
Published by Virgines
in 2017.



Toon Tellegen
Under a Giant Sky.
Selected poems
English translation by
Judith Wilkinson. Published
by Shoestring Press in
2019.



Hagar Peeters
City of Sandcastles.
Selected Poems
English translation by
Judith Wilkinson.
Published by Shoestring
Press in 2018.



Menno Wigman
*En verano todas las ciudades
apestan.* Antología poética.
Spanish translation by
Antonio Cruz Romero.
Published by Ravenswood
Books Editorial in 2017.



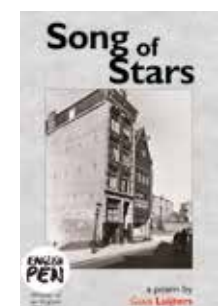
Ester Naomi Perquin
The Hunger in Plain View.
Selected poems
English translation by
David Colmer. Published by
White Pine Press in 2017.



Gerrit Kouwenaar
Selected Poems
Farsi translation by
Amir Afrassiabi.
Published by
Sarzamin-i-Ahurai press
in 2019.



Jan Jacob Slauerhoff
En memoria de mí mismo.
Nueva antología poética
Spanish translation by
Antonio Cruz Romero.
Published by Ravenswood
Books Editorial in 2018.



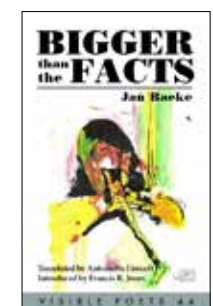
Guus Luijters
Song of Stars
English translation
by Marian de Vooght.
Published by Smokestack
Books in 2018.



Menno Wigman
Descuidado con la fortuna
Spanish translation by
Antonio Cruz Romero.
Published by Ravenswood
Books Editorial in 2018.



Ilse Starkenburg
La muchacha tras el cristal.
Antología minimalista
Spanish translation by
Antonio Cruz Romero.
Published by Ravenswood
Books Editorial in 2019.



Jan Baeke
Bigger Than the Facts
English translation by
Antoinette Fawcett.
Published by
Arc Publications in 2020.



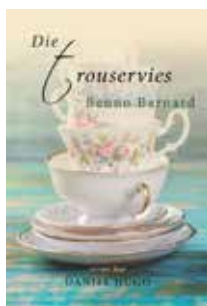
Nachoem Wijnberg
Of Great Importance
English translation by David Colmer.
Published by Punctum Books in 2018.



Hester Knibbe
Archaïques les animaux
French translation by Kim Andringa and Daniel Cunin.
Published by Unes in 2019.



Erik Lindner
Un autostoppeur et son accident: poèmes
French translation by Bénédicte Vilgrain.
Published by Théâtre Typographique in 2018.



Benno Barnard
Die trouservies
Afrikaans translation by Daniel Hugo.
Published by Naledi in 2019.



Hans Faverey
Poésies
French translation by Kim Andringa, Erik Lindner, Érik Suchère.
Published by Vies Parallèles in 2019.



Ted van Lieshout
Wo bleibt das Meer? Gedichte
German translation by Rolf Erdorf.
Published by Susanna Rieder Verlag in 2017.



Eva Gerlach
Selected Poems
Farsi translation by Amir Afrassabi.
Published by Sarzamin-i-Ahurai press in 2019.



Alfred Schaffer
Homme Bête Chose
French translation by Pierre-Marie Finkelstein.
Published by Éditions Caractères in 2018.



Rutger Kopland
Cette vue
French translation by Jan H. Mysjkin and Pierre Gallissaires.
Published by Éditions Érès in 2019.

Poetry International Foundation
www.poetry.nl



Poetry International Rotterdam
The annual international festival, founded in 1969, invites poets from all over the world for readings, discussions and workshops in the heart of the city of Rotterdam. Its unique archive of translations of hundreds of poets who have performed here over the years can be found online: www.poetryinternational.org. The website showcases poets and poems from around the world, with special focus on Dutch Poetry in translation. Poetry International is always happy to share suggestions or coproduce in the field of Dutch poetry in translation.

RIXT: International Promotion of Frisian Poetry
eng.rixt.frl



RIXT is a new platform for Frisian poets. They write and publish poems about current issues in and outside Fryslân, showing the vitality and relevance of Frisian poetry to a wide audience. On the website, translations from the Frisian into English can be found, as well as new, biographies, audio and video clips.

Watch New Dutch Poets online
www.vimeo.com/letterenfonds



Please go to www.vimeo.com/letterenfonds to watch clips of many of the poets included in this selection, recorded especially for this occasion. If you are curator of a poetry festival, please get in touch with us to see if we can help you with an (online) presentation or reading.

The Dutch Foundation For Literature

Support for International Publishers

Publishing houses intending to publish a collection of Dutch poetry in translation can submit an application for a subsidy grant. This grant covers up to 100% of the total translation costs, with a maximum of € 2,50 per line and a minimum of € 40 per poem. In addition, the foundation offers a contribution towards production costs with a maximum of € 1,400 per project. Conditions: written agreement with the translator (endorsed by the foundation) and original rights owner. Deadline: Six times per year (rolling). Payment: upon publication and reception of complimentary copies. To send in your application, please go to: www.letterenfonds.nl/en/translation-subsidy.

Support for Translators

Translators may contact the foundation for help in getting information about books and authors. The foundation advises publishers about finding qualified translators and, in cooperation with the ELV (Translation Studies at the University of Utrecht), offers mentorships for new and emerging translators who need the personal guidance of an experienced colleague. Additionally, translators can apply for a residency at Translators' House (Amsterdam), to work on a specific translation with a scholarship.

Support for Festivals and Events

The foundation offers subsidies to cover travel expenses incurred by Dutch- or Frisian-language authors participating in literary programmes and events. These include the major international poetry festivals. Accommodation costs and performance fees are not subsidised.

James Brockway Prize

The translations of English poet and translator James Brockway (1916-2000) introduced the English-speaking world to the poetry of Rutger Kopland, Hans Lodeizen, M. Vasalis, Gerrit Achterberg and many others. When he passed away, Brockway left an inheritance to the Dutch Foundation. These funds are used to stimulate the translation of poetry from the Dutch and to help translators. In 2005, the James Brockway Prize was established for translators of Dutch poetry into various languages. The most recent winner was Daniel Cunin (France, 2018) and the next prize will be awarded to a translator working in English. This prize will be awarded at a ceremony in 2021, which will be held alongside a workshop for translators.

New! James Brockway Grants

In the spirit of James Brockway who always selected the poets he translated himself, the Dutch Foundation for Literature would like to encourage translators to work on projects of their own choosing. Translators can now apply for a grant of € 1,000 to support their translation of the work of a Dutch-language poet into another language. Translators wishing to apply are invited to submit a project proposal of approximately 400 lines in length. The original text can be contemporary or older and all target languages are welcomed. All publications resulting from a James Brockway Grant must include acknowledgement of the funding and support provided by the Dutch Foundation for Literature. The deadline for the 2020 James Brockway Grant is October 1. Please send your proposal to Victor Schiferli: v.schiferli@letterenfonds.nl.

New Dutch Poets

New Dutch Poets is published biennially by the Dutch Foundation for Literature and distributed free of charge to all our contacts in the international poetry community. This edition has been compiled and written by Jan-Willem Anker (poet and novelist), Janita Monna (poetry critic at the daily newspaper, Trouw), Frances Welling, and Victor Schiferli with advice from Alfred Schaffer (poet, critic and university lecturer). Please contact us if you would like to be added to our digital or print mailing list.

Nederlands Letterenfonds

www.letterenfonds.nl
post@letterenfonds.nl
t +31 (0)20 520 73 00

Postbus / PO Box 16588
NL – 1001 RB Amsterdam

Visiting address:
Nieuwe Prinsengracht 89
1018 VR Amsterdam

Twitter @dutchliterature
Facebook.com/dutchliterature
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Editors

Victor Schiferli, Frances Welling,
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Contributions

Jan-Willem Anker, Janita Monna,
Alfred Schaffer, Frances Welling

Translations

Donald Gardner, Vivien D. Glass,
Emma Rault, Sarah Harvey Timmer

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Karoly Effenberger (Alfred Schaffer)
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‘Yes, Dutch poetry is in a state of constant flux, but with the emergence of so many new young poets it now seems to be heading in a truly new direction, one that reflects the challenges, obsessions and fascinations of this complex 21st century.’

Alfred Schaffer