

Javant Biarujia

Rendering Rimbaud: Three Poems Translated into Polari

These three poems form part of *Allemo!' Albem*, translations of Rimbaud's *Album dit 'zutique* into Polari and "nelly" or "quasi-queer" English, forthcoming from PressPress. The Polari renderings are followed by English versions.

↪ Pome aun dha Dish ↪

(*Sonnet du trou du cul*)

Mounj an pirst laik dha roze karni,
Shee breedhz, kankimentay nesserld among dha
Mausi reiz kindoleeni with dha ling-grapeling yet, droming
Dha jentel kirv auv dha fay troumesiz reit alay tu dhee eivi.

Floze hav faykt dha parniz laik dha papi worta,
Batid daus pir dha tati narna bevverlz,
Ova dha beejhu pirlz auv dha lala brandi-cheetz,
Tu orda akoy dha choombereeni haz karndem.

Moudhez dreem shoumft moulti cheimz aun dhat hole,
Moudhez sole, fraum dha jellesi fa dha fool harva,
Faykt fraum hir a mouski tasoni and a wort-leik tas.

Sheez dha swuning frute an dha lamoring fl'ute,
Dha chube dha charo-leik chauki ordez erbree,
Dha Praumessed Tem aun fem pand reon in dha shwitz.

— Albert Mérat

👉 **Sonnet to the Arsehole*** 👈

Dark and pursed like a pink carnation,
She breathes, dimly nestled among the mossy hairs
Moist yet from love-making, following the gentle
Curve of white buttocks right down to the ivy.

Tears have flowed like milky water,
Pushed back by the hot nana winds,
Over bijoux pearls of red dingle-berries,
To go where the mound has summoned them.

Mother's dream sucked often on that hole,
Mother's soul, out of jealousy for the full harver,
Faked out of her a musky vase and a watery nest.

She's the swooning fruit and the snogging flute,

The tube heavenly chocolate comes out of,

The femme Promised Land enclosed in sweat.

* This sonnet originally appeared in *Les Stupra* ("scatologies") as "*Obscur et froncé*" (dark and wrinkled), before being included in the *Album dit "Zutique"*, with the title "*Sonnet du trou du cul*" (sonnet to the arsehole); the first two stanzas were written by Paul Verlaine, Rimbaud's tempestuous lover at the time.

↪Minjarjhioze↪

(*Conneries*)

5. *Bette*

Midler, Bette Davis,

Marc Bolan, Sal Mineo,

—O klonze!—Tiping dha velvet,

—O Kreis!—a pogee a self-naushing!

Beatrice Arthur, Shirley Bassey, k. d. lang!

Quentin Crisp, David Bowie, RuPaul!

Joan Crawford, Judy Garland, Edith Piaf,

Joe Orton!—tumouch ta varda in dha larda

An Divin'z in dha char! *AbFab!*

Naf bafs!

Dha limp biskit, dha karnish!

Reetez!—poy, h'u els?

Betty Bracelets, Hilda Handcuffs

An Jennifer Justice!—Bee bona Baula chalz!

↳ Mingeries* ↵

5. *Bette***

Midler, Bette Davis,

Marc Bolan, Sal Mineo,

—Oh, clones!—Tipping the velvet,

—Oh, Christ!—a bit of autofellation!

Beatrice Arthur, Shirley Bassey, k. d. lang!

Quentin Crisp, David Bowie, RuPaul!

Joan Crawford, Judy Garland, Edith Piaf,

Joe Orton!—too much to see in the larder

And Divine's in the grass! *AbFab!*

Naff moustaches!

The limp biscuit, meat!

Rent boys!—then, who else?

Betty Bracelets, Hilda Handcuffs

And Jennifer Justice!—Be bona Christians!

* From *minge*; it rhymes with “injuries”. Wallace Fowlie translated *Conneries* as “Nasty Jokes”, while Wyatt Mason came up with the more prosaic “Nonsense”.

** Rimbaud's title “Paris” is conventionally taken to mean the capital of France, but a *pari* is a bet, hence *Bette* above. This is, after all, a nelly translation. Rimbaud listed well-known Parisian names of the time, including his favorite pipe manufacturer (Gambier) and the hatmaker Hérissée. Gay icons, not necessarily all mine, have been substituted, and will one day, no doubt, become as obscure as Rimbaud's originals.

↪ Dha Katevva Angelo ↪

8. *Dha Katevva Angelo*

Blu-leik ruvze an fay geigez

Jous leik Settidivesiz nauchiz,

Att boura-gavz en, sanz chaumeni bru,

Dha drome iz fay, and shee iz nauchi.

Dha karsiz aun dha drome ar barberella

With luvez a dha natz in dha charo aun dherm.

Pero, ayjax a ken fa dha bayning, varda:

Hir skarpering, katevva an shivering ta dha bone,

Angelo, shvartza, troling reon,

Arfta sheed jarid dha kartz av aynjel f'ude.

Dha baug-kween brandiz: poy poof! iz orded:

Pero hir kirtirva brandi-cheet flotze daus oup,

Soub a brandid doubel-leik chune,

Leik a klowarka av manki rati.

— Louis Ratisbonne

↪ **Naughty Angelo** ↪

8. *Naughty Angelo*

Bluish roofs and white doors

As on Sunday nights,

At the end of the city, no noise,

The street is white, and it is night.

The houses on the street are strange

With angels' louvres on them.

But, near a sauna, see:

Her scarpering, bad and shivering to the bone,

Angelo, black, trolling round,

After she'd jarried the carts of angel food.

The bog queen poops: then poof! is gone:

But her evil shit bobs back up again,

Under an evacuated holy moon,

Like a cloaca of manky blood.

Author Bio

Javant Biarujia has published poetry, essays and translations in Australia, England, Japan, Canada and the United States, including *Calques* (Monogene, Sydney: 2002) and *Low/Life* (Monogene, Thirroul: 2003), the latter written largely while Asialink's writer-in-residence in Indonesia in 1998. *Pointcounterpoint: New & Selected Poems 1983 – 2008* (Salt Publishing, Cambridge UK: 2007) is his latest book.

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