

I'm working on a chapbook called *After Lorca*. The poems here and in this issue of NDR are from that project. They aren't so much translations as blues versions, a melody heard and improvised on until (sometimes) there's little left of the original. Lorca for me becomes a mode of writing. I'm not the only one. In the March 2012 issue of *Poetry Magazine*, translator John Matthias writes about a game of riffing on Lorca he used to play with his colleague Anthony Kerrigan at Notre Dame. Writing after Lorca gives me a playful freedom, a distance from my own mode of poetry. I think Lorca would understand. He worked in other modes too, writing ghazals in an arabesque style, borrowing lines from medieval poets, and writing in the persona of a gypsy. I can only hope to bring through a scintilla of the bright wonder I feel when I read Lorca.