

Şygryýet melekleri / makalajyklar toplумы – Prissila Appal

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ŞYGRYÝET MELEKLERI / MAKALAJYKLAR TOPLUMY – PRISSILA APPAL



Prissila Appal (iňlisçe: Priscila Uppal), 1974-nji ýylyň 30-njy oktýabrynda Kanadaň Ottawa şäherinde doglup, 2018-nji ýylyň 5-nji oktýabrynda Torontoda aradan çykypdyr. Ol şahyra, kyssaçy, dramaturg we edebiýatşynasdyr. P.Appal 1997-nji ýylda Ýork uniwersitetinde birinji ylmy derejesini alýar, şondan bir ýyl soň bolsa Toronto uniwersitetinde sungat magistri ylmy derejesini edinýär. 1998-nji ýylda Prissila hanymyň “Daşdan nädip gan çykarmaly” (How to Draw Blood from a Stone) atly ilkinji goşgular ýygýndysy neşir edilýär. Soňra 1999, 2001, 2003-nji ýyllarda Prissila hanymyň ýene-de üç sany şygrylar ýygýndysy çap edilýär.

2002-nji ýylda “Halas bolmagyň Ylahy ykdysadyýeti” (The Divine Economy of Salvation) atly birinji romany neşir edilýär. Bu romanyň zenan gahrymany, özüni azara goýýan geçmişiniň ýatlamalaryndan gizlenmek üçin keşişgähi (deýr, deýýargäh,

monastyr) özüne gaçybatalga edinýär. Ýöne onuň terjimehaly ol ýerdäkilere-de aýan bolýar.

Hanym Appalyň 2001-nji ýylda neşir edilen “Ölüp barýansyramak” (Pretending to Die) atly goşgular ýygynyndysy Kanadanyň ReLit edebiýat baýragynyň gysga sanawyna (finalistleň sanawy) girizilýär.

P.Appal 2004-nji ýylda Ýork uniwersitetinde doktorlyk ylmy derejesini almak üçin okuwlaryny tamamlayar we soňra 2006-njy ýylda şatdaky professor bolup, bu ýokary okuw mekdebinde gumanitar dersleri hem-de iňlis dilini okadýar.

2015-nji ýylda P.Appalda düwnük keseliniň agyr görnüşleriniň biri bolan sinowial sarkoma ýüze çykarylýar.

2016-njy ýylda P.Appal Kanadanyň Korollyk jemgyýetiniň Sungat we gumanitar ylymlary Akademiýasynyň agzalygyna saýlanýar.

2018-nji ýylda, 43 ýaşynda-da aradan çykýar. Ol aradan çykandan soňam, ömrüniň iň soňky pursatyna çenli ýazmagyny bes etmedik şahyra-hanymyň “Ikinji bakyşda” (On Second Thought: Collected Poems) goşgular ýygynyndysy we öz jorasy hem kärdeşi Megan Strimas bilen bilelikde redaktirlän “Düwnük goşgularynyň ýene-de bir meseleli antalogiýasy” (Another Dysfunctional Cancer Poem Anthology) ýygyny neşir edilýär.

Hanym Appalyň şygryýet ýygynydlary:

1. 2015 – Sabotage (Sabotaž).
2. 2010 – Winter Sport: Poems (Sportyň gyşky görnüşi: Goşgular).
3. 2013 – Summer Sport: Poems (Sportyň tomusky görnüşi: Goşgular).
4. 2003 – Live Coverage (Göni ýaýlymda).
5. 2001 – Pretending to Die (Ölüp barýansyramak).
6. 1999 – Confessions of a Fertility Expert (Fertillik boýunça bilermeniniň içdökmesi).
7. 2010 – Traumatology (Trawmatologiýa).
8. 2010 – Successful Tragedies: Poems 1998 (Şowly tragediýalar: Goşgular) – 2010.
9. 2018 – On Second Thought: Collected Poems (Ikinji pikirler: Goşgular Ýygynyndysy).
10. 2006 – Ontological Necessities (Ontologiýa zerurlyklary).
11. 1998 – How to Draw Blood from a Stone (Daşdan nädip gan çykarmaly).

Hanym Appalyň kyssa eserleri:

1. 2015 – Cover Before Striking (Urgyň öňündäki gapak).

2. 2005 – Holocaust Dream (Holokost arzuwy).
3. 2009 – To Whom It May Concern (Kimdir birine ynjalysyzlyk).
4. 2013 – Projection: Encounters with my Runaway Mother (Proýeksiýa: meniň gaçan ejem bilen duşuşyklar).
5. 2002 – The Divine Economy of Salvation (Halas bolmagyň ylahy ykdysadyýeti).

Appal hanymyň drama eserleri:

1. 2014 – Six Essential Questions (Alty wajyp sorag).
2. 2017 – What Linda Said (Linda näme aýtdy).

Prissila hanymyň eserleri horwat, golland, fransuz, grek, koreý, italýan we latyş dillerine terjime edilen.

Hanym Prissilanyň 2015-nji ýylda neşir edilen “Sabotaž” (Baş bermezlik) atly goşgular ýygynyndysyndan bir şygryň asyl nusgasy:

The Responsible Party

The Dream knows best, and the Dream, I say again, is the responsible party.

DE QUINCEY

We wake on sand, whipping up fortresses from abandoned claws.
The moon a gold button on the blazer of night.
We bodysurf with the tide, wash hair with visions of ecstasy,
lose weight sliding down pyramids.

My father announces he has turned into a tradesman.
My mother that she will birth hundreds
of babies and teach them to sew.
I keep up my ceaseless pilgrimage.

A city takes refuge in my brain. Then academies.
I hold daily trials. My heart is a madhouse,
jewellery bartered for stars. Heads roll
and flags permit all sorts of indulgences.

My doubt takes a trip north and plants poppies.
Our songs become faster and more cynical.
I've almost forgotten what sand tastes like when it sticks to
mouth,
where the sun shines in the grand scheme of things.

Missiles, hand grenades, and hot air balloons lampoon
in the mountains. Rivers run green and drink vacations.
I'm famished and worried about dissolving towers.
My dream once lived here. It fled the riots, but

has forgotten how to breathe underwater. I blame not
the sky or the incompleteness of historical continuity.
I blame our eyes, our toes, our pitiful cities, and
the arcane mischief we conspire in our sleep.

*Makalaň alnan çeşmesi: <https://ru.wikipedia.org>›Аппал,
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