

# Şygryýet melekleri / makalajyklar toplumy – Prissila Appal

Category: Goşgular, Kitapcy, Şygryýet melekleri

написано kitapcy | 24 января, 2025

Şygryýet melekleri / makalajyklar toplumy – Prissila Appal

ШЫГРЫЙЕТ МЕЛЕКЛЕРИ / МАКАЛАЖЫКЛАР ТОПЛУМЫ – ПРИССИЛА АППАЛ



kitapcy.com

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

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

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

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

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

2015-nji ýylда P.Appalda düwnük keseliniň agyr görnüşleriniň biri bolan sinowial sarkoma ýuze çykarylýar.

2016-njy ýylда P.Appal Kanadanyň Korollyk jemgyýetiniň Sungat we gumanitar ylymlary Akademiyasynyň agzalygyna saýlanýar.

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

Hanym Appalyň şygryýet ýygynndlary:

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 bilermeniň içdökmesi).
7. 2010 – Traumatology (Trawmatologiya).
8. 2010 – Successful Tragedies: Poems 1998 (Şowly tragediyalar: Goşgular) – 2010.
9. 2018 – On Second Thought: Collected Poems (Ikinji pikirler: Goşgular Ýygynndysy).
10. 2006 – Ontological Necessities (Ontologiya 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 (Kımdır birine ynjalyksyzlyk).
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 ýylда neşir edilen “Sabotaž” (Baş bermezlik) atly goşgular ýygyndysyndan bir şygryň asyl nusgasasy:

### 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, Присцила. 16.10.2021ý. Sygryyet melekleri*