

Spring 1995

mOthertongue Spring 1995 (Full Document)

mOthertongue Editors
University of Massachusetts Amherst

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mother tongue

madre lingua bahasa ibu
MOTINOS KALBA

ἡ μήτηρ Langue Maternelle
moeder taal מִטְּרָה
LINGUA MATERNA MUTTERSPRACHE



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1010
M68
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NO. 1
1995

A multi-lingual poetry journal sponsored by the Department of Comparative Literature,
University of Massachusetts, Amherst



University of
Massachusetts
Amherst

L I B R A R Y

mOthertongue

*A journal sponsored by the
Department of Comparative Literature at
the University of Massachusetts, Amherst*

Volume 2, no. 1

Spring 1995

Editors:

Tanya J. Chor
Valerie J. Conte
Matthew Daube
Emily Marino
Christina M. Ortmeier
Janet M. Perles

The Editors would like to acknowledge and thank William Moebius and Edwin Gentzler for all of their help, support and input in creating this second issue of *mOthertongue*. Also, the Editors would like to thank Linda Papirio and Johannah Henson for their time and contributions. A special thanks is also given to Lee Edwards, Dean of the College of Humanities and Fine Arts, for her support of this issue.

mOthertongue art design by Tiago Estrada

The *mOthertongue* editors

Tanya J. Chor is a graduating Comparative Literature major. Her proficiency in Spanish is "Spanglish" and she is hoping to spend next Fall perfecting the "Span-" part of "Spanglish" in South America.

Valerie J. Conte is a Comparative Literature major with a minor in Italian Studies. She will be graduating in the spring of 1995--finally! Dad will be relieved--oh, I mean proud. Look out New York City, 'cause ... here... Icome.

Matthew Daube is a graduating Comparative Literature and Philosophy major. He will be running away this summer to teach English indefinitely in Berlin, and encourages anyone with advice on apartments and cafes to contact him for a chat. The number's in the book.

Christina M. Ortmeier is a graduating Comparative Literature major with minors in German and Cultural Anthropology. She has spent time studying in Freiburg, Germany and is pursuing her interests in foreign languages and literature wherever they may take her.

Emily Marino is a senior Comparative Literature major. She is a returning editor and co-founder of *mOthertongue*. Her plans for the future are vastly unknown.

Janet M. Perles is an undergraduate Comparative Literature major. She is in her third year and her concentrations are in Spanish and Latin American History. She has just recently returned from studying in Chile.

From the Editors

mOthertongue is the first multi-lingual student publication at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst. It is edited by undergraduates and sponsored and published by the Department of Comparative Literature. 1995 is *mOthertongue*'s second year of publication.

In the spirit of the Department of Comparative Literature, it is *mOthertongue*'s intention to provide a forum for students of varying cultures to express themselves in languages other than English, whether it be their native tongue or a language which they are exploring at this institution.

The editors are very pleased with the range of submissions that are featured in this year's edition. This year *mOthertongue* features artists and writers representing 11 cultures who have contributed original work, accompanied by their translations into English. The editors are extremely proud of the work published within this journal, and look forward to reaching a wider and more diverse audience with each passing year. Submissions are accepted year-round at the Department of Comparative Literature, 303 South College and are published every spring.

This journal serves as an example of the diverse talent at the University of Massachusetts. *mOthertongue* upholds the notion that a global community is not separated by different languages so much as it is united in the ideals which inspire expression in the first place.

Table of Contents

L'invasion (<i>Invasion</i>)	9
MARI ZELEZNIK	
Nyanyian Seorang Ibu Yang Mengandung (<i>The song of a pregnant mother</i>)	10
YANTI MIRDAYANTI	
Respirando (<i>Breathing</i>)	12
TANYA J. CHOR	
Remember	14
AMI ZIPPOR	
Der einfacheste Widerspruch (<i>The simplest contradiction</i>)	15
JONATHAN FRANTZ	
Polvere (<i>Dust</i>)	16
ALESSANDRA DI MAIO	
Sculptures dans un parc á Heilbronn (<i>Sculptures in a park in Heilbronn</i>)	20
GERALDINE F. MONTGOMERY	
Raad voor Ernstige Geesten (<i>Advice to the Seriously Inclined</i>)	22
MICH/ AEL SCHEPERS	
Cuando era muchacha... (<i>When I was a girl...</i>)	24
JENNIFER GOODHEART	
Detrás de la máscara (<i>Behind the mask</i>)	26
MAYRA ALMUDOVÁR	
Durch den Schnee... (<i>Through the snow...</i>)	28
MARY LUCIER	
Was Passiert? (<i>What's happening?</i>)	28
MARY LUCIER	
Poesia de la Luz (<i>Poetry of the Light</i>)	30
BATYA WEINBAUM	
Máscaras (<i>Masks</i>)	34
MAYRA ALMUDOVÁR	
Lo Staccio (<i>The Sieve</i>)	35
E.D. RONDEAU	
Le Réveil (<i>The Awakening</i>)	36
JUSTIN SIEGEL	

The Cane of My Life	38
ARAYA AMSALU	
Photographs -	40
JUAN JOSÉ CHACÓN QUIRÓS	
Ein Sonnet (A sonnet)	42
JENNIFER GREENE	
Pagi Hari Di Bulan Oktober	
<i>(One Morning in October)</i>	44
YANTI MÍRDAYANTÍ	
Les rêves d'une jeune fille	
<i>(The dreams of a young girl)</i>	46
RITA SABAT	
Tus ojos sin edad dormirán tranquilos	48
<i>(Your Ageless Eyes Will Sleep Tranquil)</i>	
DEBORAH L. GONZALEZ	
Atsargos (Reserves)	50
DAINORA KUPCINSKAITE	
Peace	52
AMI ZIPPOR	

Contributor Notes

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Yanti Mirdayanti is from Indonesia and works as a tutor/conversation partner for the Five College Self-Instructional Language Program (SILP) in Indonesian. She speaks Sundanese and Indonesian and has studied German Literature and Language. She is currently a student in the Continuing Education program at UMASS.

Tanya J. Chor is a senior Comparative Literature with a concentration in Spanish. She is also a mOthertongue editor.

Ami Zippor is a BDIC senior concentrating on the study of image through photography, film and art.

Jonathan Frantz is a graduating History major who could not speak a foreign language before attending the University. He is now a German minor who has never been to Germany, although he spent the last two years living in the German Suite.

Alessandra Di Maio is from Palermo, Italy. She is working towards a Ph.D. in Comparative Literature.

Geraldine F. Montgomery was born in England, but spent most of her life in Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, and France. She is pursuing her Ph.D. in French.

Michi/ael Schepers is a native of Holland who is pursuing his Ph.D. in Comparative Literature.

Jennifer Goodheart is a student at UMASS who enjoys writing in Spanish.

Mayra Almodovár is a graduating student in the Fine Arts department. Her prints are based upon the Puerto Rican tradition of the carnival celebration. Both of her prints have a very religious meaning and are influenced by both Spanish and African traditions. She believes that they represent her culture in a very joyous and special way.

Mary Lucier was born in Khorat, Thailand. She is of German/French Canadian and Thai descent. She has studied German literature and language for five years and considers it an adopted mothertongue.

Batya Weinbaum is completing her dissertation in the English Department. She wrote "Poesia de La Luz" at Hueyhuemocoyotl, an artist colony outside Tepotzlan, Mexico. She has also recently published a book of short stories entitled The Island of Floating Women (Clothespin Fever Press).

Justin Siegal is currently a graduate student in the French Department. Although French is not his native language, he has lived and studied in Lille, France and Montréal, Canada. He is pursuing his teaching certification and wishes to continue his studies to obtain a doctorate.

Eric D. Rondeau is an English major.

Araya Amsalu was born in Nekempte, Ethiopia and graduated from the Addis Ababa university with a B.S. in Mechanical Engineering. He is currently working towards his Ph.D. in Industrial Engineering.

Juan José Chacón Quirós is a senior majoring in Economics and Latin American Studies. He has previously published in university journals of Costa Rica.

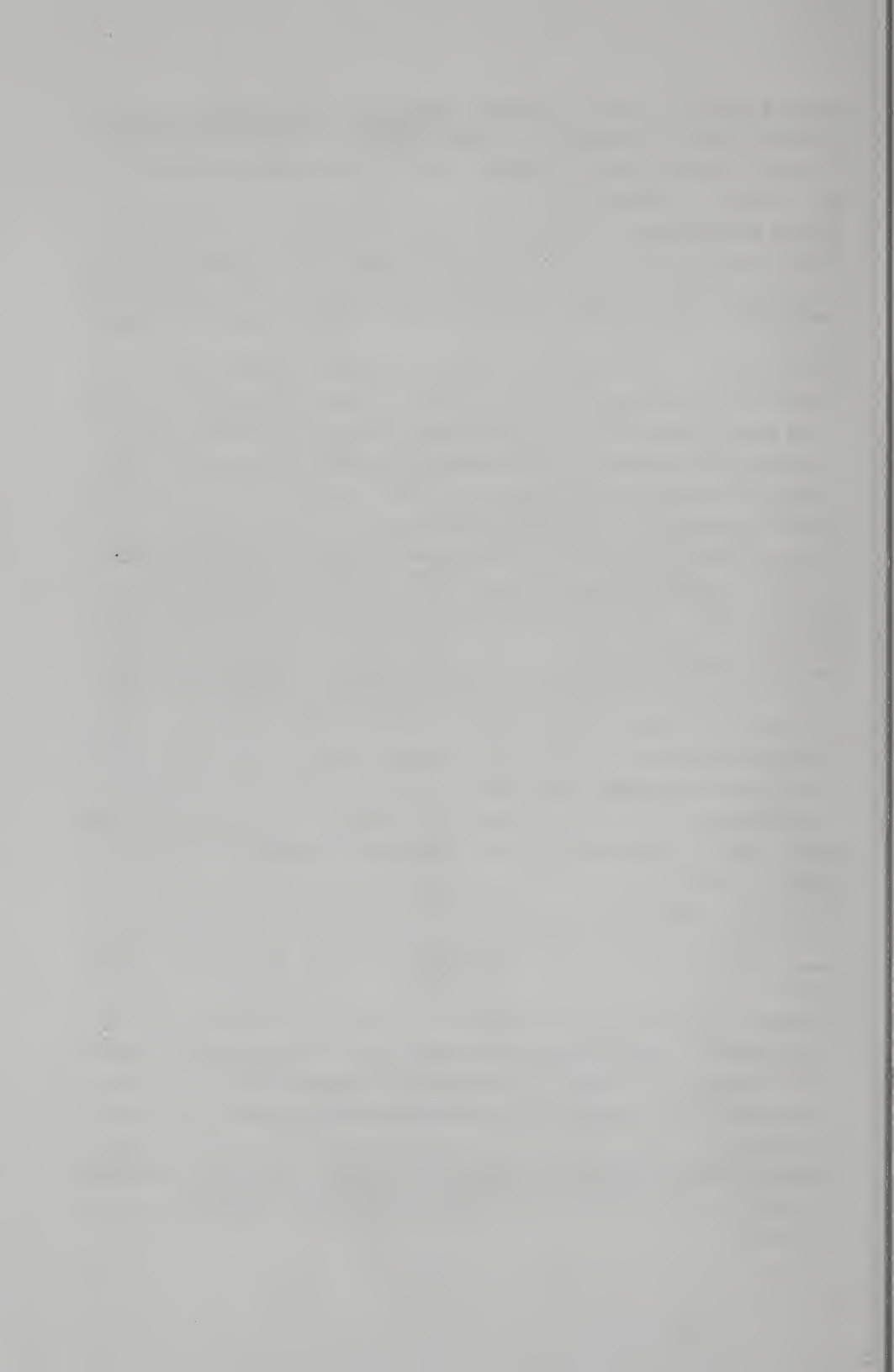
Jennifer Greene is a sophomore History major. She likes reading, writing, and traveling.

Rita Sabat is Lebanese and was raised abroad. She enjoys writing what people think of everyday without giving themselves a chance to express it.

Deborah L. González is a graduate student in the Spanish Department. She was born and raised in Puerto Rico and has been writing poetry in her mothertongue since she was six years old.

Dainora Veronika Kupcinskaite is a Lithuanian-American who writes poetry in Lithuanian for kicks. She is a psychology major with a minor in German. She hopes to use her skills in linguistics to set straight 50 years of Soviet destruction in Lithuania.

Tiago Estrada, the mothertongue art designer, was born in Braga, Portugal in 1967 and is a candidate in the MFA painting program.



L'invasion/Invasion

Je suis la fille du sang de ma mère

I am the daughter of the blood of my mother

Il coule de mon coeur jusqu'au bout It flows from my heart to the tips of

de mes doigts my fingers

En circulant il anime mes sens It animates my senses in its circuit

Les lit-elle Does she read them

Ma mère me hante le corps My mother haunts my body

voit-elle de mes yeux bleus does she see from my blue eyes

Ma mère dedans moi My mother inside me

sait-elle mes secrets does she know my secrets

Quand me laissera-t-elle tranquille When will she let me be

celle de qui je cache mes désirs she from whom I hide my desires

celle à qui je ne me revele pas she to whom I do not reveal my self

*Ce sang chaud qui coula de ma mère 'This warm blood that flowed from my
mother*

vois comment il abandonne mon corps de femme see how it abandons my woman's body

comme je l'abandonne as I abandon her

Si je me coupe je saigne If I cut myself I bleed

notre sang our blood

Mari E. Zeleznik

The Song of a Pregnant Mother

As if water spatters on the desert
Every time I feel your touch
You, who are hiding
What sign do you want to give?

Is it there, my every whisper?
Do you hear every prayer-expression
that I convey in the stillness?
So that you do not feel alone

Please, grow quickly, jewel of my heart
Open your voice, don't doubt
Give your mother a clear sign
when you want to see the world

Not because I'm not willing to carry you a long time
Not because I mind
holding you on my lap nights and days
This happiness is simply boundless
To be with you wherever we go

But how we are awaiting
Every tick of the wall clock
Wishing to observe intently your luminous face
Smooth, white, no stain

Yanti Mirdayanti

Nyanyian Seorang Ibu Yang Mengandung

Bagai air sejuk memercik di padang tandus

Setiap kurasa usikanmu

Kau yang sedang bersembunyi

Tanda apa yang hendak kau beri?

Sampaikah setiap bisikan suaraku?

Kau dengarkah setiap ucapan do'a bundamu?

Yang kusampaikan di keheningan

Agar kau tak merasa sendirian

Cepatiah besar permata hatiku

Bukalah suara jangan ragu

Berikan bunda tanda yang nyata

Jika kau hendak lihat dunia

Bukannya aku tak rela lama mengendongmu

Bukannya aku keberatan

sians malam memangkumu

Justru tak terperi kebahagiaan ini

Bisa bersamamu kemanapun pergi

Tapi, betapa kami menanti

Setiap jam dinding berdetik

Hendak menatap wajahmu yang bercahaya

Halus putih tiada titik noda

Yanti Mirdayanti

Breathing

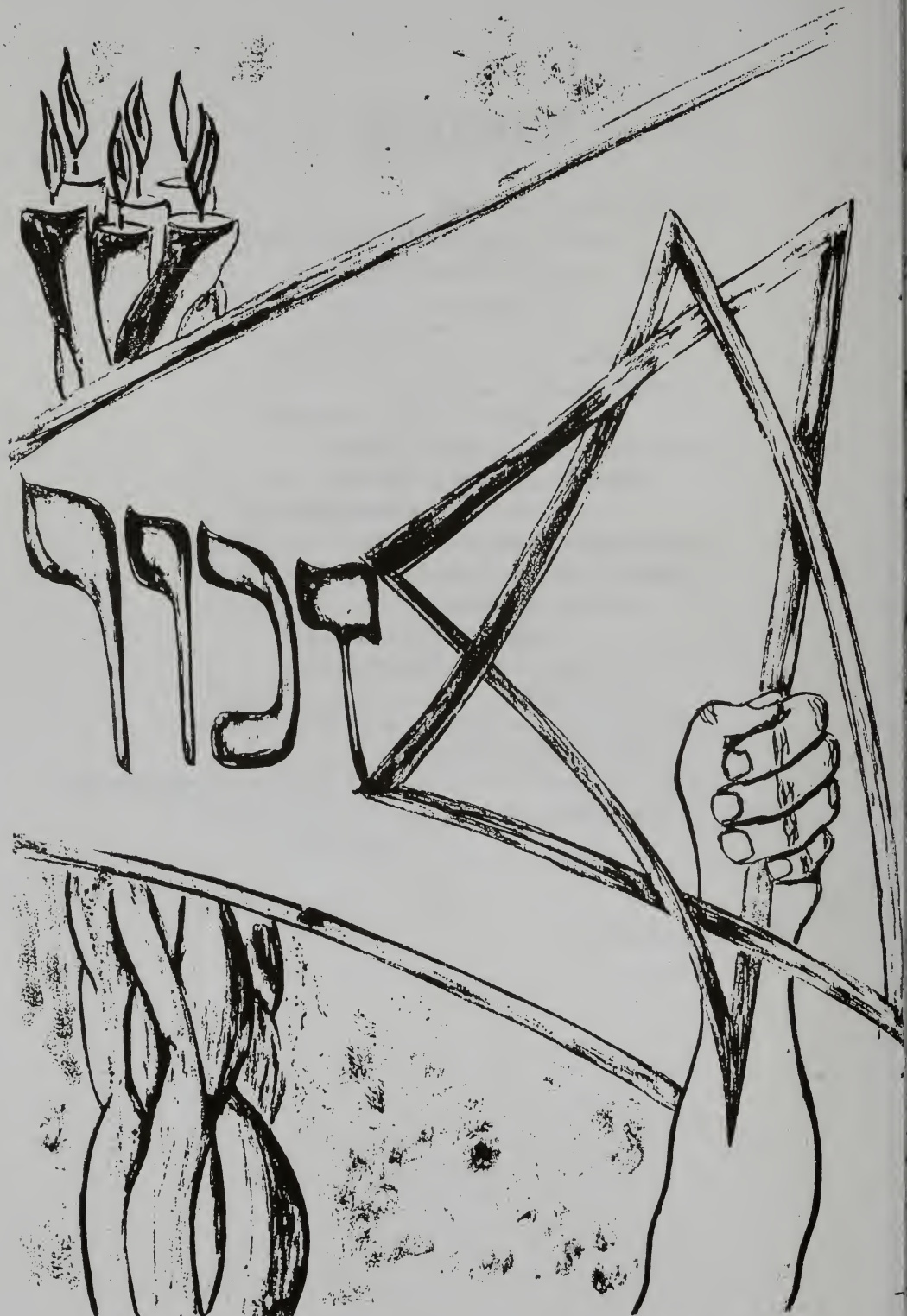
I feel the air from his lips;
 the rhythm of his lungs.
It touches me like the breath of
 the night;
 the nights I know well.
The darkness envelopes me and his sweet
 breath is the cord that
 keeps me in this place.
He turns and I do the same;
 we are back to back:
 like brother and sister.
Our feet touch and the night is solitary.
I only hear the air from my mouth;
 it smells like cigarettes:
 it is not sweet, but bitter.
There was a time when to sleep was
 welcome.
And then, in the fires of passion, when it was
 unnecessary.
Later, sleep becomes the shared space of
 loneliness...

Tanya J. Chor

Respirando

Siento aire de los labios;
 el ritmo de los pulmones.
Me toca como el aliento de
 la noche;
 las noches las conozco bien.
La oscuridad me envuelve y su aliento
 dulce es la cuerda que
 me mantiene en este sitio.
El se vuelve y yo hago lo mismo;
 estamos espalda a espalda:
 como hermano y hermana.
Nuestros pies se tocan y la noche es solitaria.
Solamente oigo el aire de la boca;
 hoele a cigarillos:
 no es dulce, es amargo.
Era un tiempo cuando el dormirse
 era acogido.
Y entonces, en los fuegos de pasión, cuando
 no era necesario.
Luego, el dormir convendrá un espacio compartido de
 soledad...

Tanya J. Chor



Remember Ami Zippor

DER EINFACHESTE WIDERSPRUCH

Als ich jung und einfach war,
Hatte ich gern für Widerspruch.

Ich war einfach,
Als ich jung war--
Also hatte ich gern für Widerspruch.

Ich habe mehre Jahren jetzt.
Ich verstehe, daß
Ich ein Widerspruch bin--

Es gefällt mir nicht.

Jonathan Frantz

THE SIMPLEST CONTRADICTION

When I was young and simple,
I longed for contradiction.

I was simple,
When I was young--
Therefore I longed for contradiction.

I have more years now.
I understand that
I am a contradiction--

It does not please me.

Jonathan Frantz

Dust

No faces are
in the continuum,
neither smiling
nor melancholic:
a cry alone,
black,
deflagrating.
It bursts out.
Splits into atoms,
the harsh core
scatters and spreads
perpetual shocks.
Whistles
every splinter of gold,
and spurts out
crazy,
fast,
in inebriated orbits
that bang and hug.

Infinitesimal
masses of light,
disorientated,
I observe.

Dizzy
in my continuum,
I roam time,
random:
my walk gets blocked up
by incorporeal bars.
Among catapults,
bouncing,
I crash and go on.

Polvere

Non ci sono facce
in un continuum,
né sorridenti
né malinconiche:
un solo urlo
nero,
deflagrante.
Scoppia.
Già scisso in atomi,
il duro nocciolo
si sperde e spande
in perpetue scosse.
Sibila
ogni frammento d'oro,
e schizzo
pazzo,
velocissimo,
in ebbre orbite
che sbattono e s'abbracciano.

Infinitesime
masse di luce,
disorientata,
osservo.

Tra le vertigini
del mio continuum
spazio
nel tempo:
spranghe incorporee
bloccano
il mio cammino.
Rimbalzo, tra capulte.
Risbatto e avanzo.

On my barycentre
I rotate and revolve,
still standing up
for another clash.
By myself,
iron grids
I unblock.
I open up shortcuts,
in my sober illusion
of plain straight lines:
at my back
I hear them shut.
Then I hover,
for a second alone,
above the alluring buzz
of my solar spectrum.

And, strangely enough,
my dull blind flight
stunned
again I start.

Alessandra Di Maio

Sul baricentro
ruoto e mi rivolto,
ancora in piedi
pronta a un nuovo scontro.
Sblocco
da me
grate di ferro.
Schiudo sentieri,
nell'illusione sobria
di linee rette:
alle spalle,
sento,
mi si richiudono.
Mi libro,
per un secondo solo,
sopra il brusio invitante
del mio spettro solare.

E, stranamente,
il mio insulso volo cieco
stordita
riprendo.

Alessandra Di Maio

Sculptures in a park in Heilbronn

Pale
straw-coloured light
fragile
wind-stirred light
light reflected
in golden wine
and on a youth's absent profile

Autumnlight
in the midst of Spring
brown-mottled greenery
of a later season
barely etched shadows
on the white tablecloths
and on the concrete walk

City once destroyed
and then rebuilt
smiling faces
in the evening breeze
figures cast
in bronze and glory
tears forever
sealed in memory.

Geraldine F. Montgomery

Sculptures dans un parc à Heilbronn

Lumière pâle
couleur de paille
lumière fragile
soulevée par la brise
lumière reflétée
dans l'or clair du vin
profile distrait de jeune fille

Lumière d'automne
en plein printemps
verdure mordorée
d'une arrière-saison
ombres à peine dessinées
sur la blancheur des nappes
et le béton

Ville détruite
et reconstruite
visages souriants
dans la douceur du soir
personnages figés
dans le bronze et la gloire
larmes pour toujours
scellées dans la mémoire

Geraldine F. Montgomery

Advice to the Seriously Inclined

- 1 Only
do what otherwise would remain undone
say what otherwise would remain unsaid
make what otherwise would remain unmade
love who otherwise would remain unloved
- 2 Try to think short-distance thoughts
- 3 When you speak or write, don't bore yourself
- 4 Separate your intellectual from your institutional life
- 5 Fight your own superfluity
- 6 Use full stops after finished thoughts - not after the expression
of unrealized intentions

Michi/ael Shepers

Raad voor Ernstige Geesten

1

Doe alleen wat anders ongedaan zou blijven
Zeg alleen wat anders on gezegd zou blijven
Maak alleen dat waar anders een tekort aan zou zijn
Heb slechts lief diegene die anders ongeliefd zou blijven

2 Denk korte afstand gedachten

3 Als je iets zegt of schrijft zorg dat je jezelf er niet mee
verveelt

4 Houd je intellectuele en ambtelijke leven uit elkaar

5 Weerstreef je eigen overbodigheid

6 Zet een punt achter een gedachte die af is - niet achter de
uitdruk van een onuitgevoerd voornemen

Michi/ ael Schepers

When I was a girl...

*When I was a young girl I believed
everyone knew more than me
but now I know
they know nothing.*

*In all their eyes I see
that the words they speak are lies
and all their backs are tired because
at night they are not sleeping,
and during the day they carry
the truth like a heavy weight.*

*They have had hearts
full to overflowing
forever
because nobody wanted to listen.*

Jennifer Goodheart

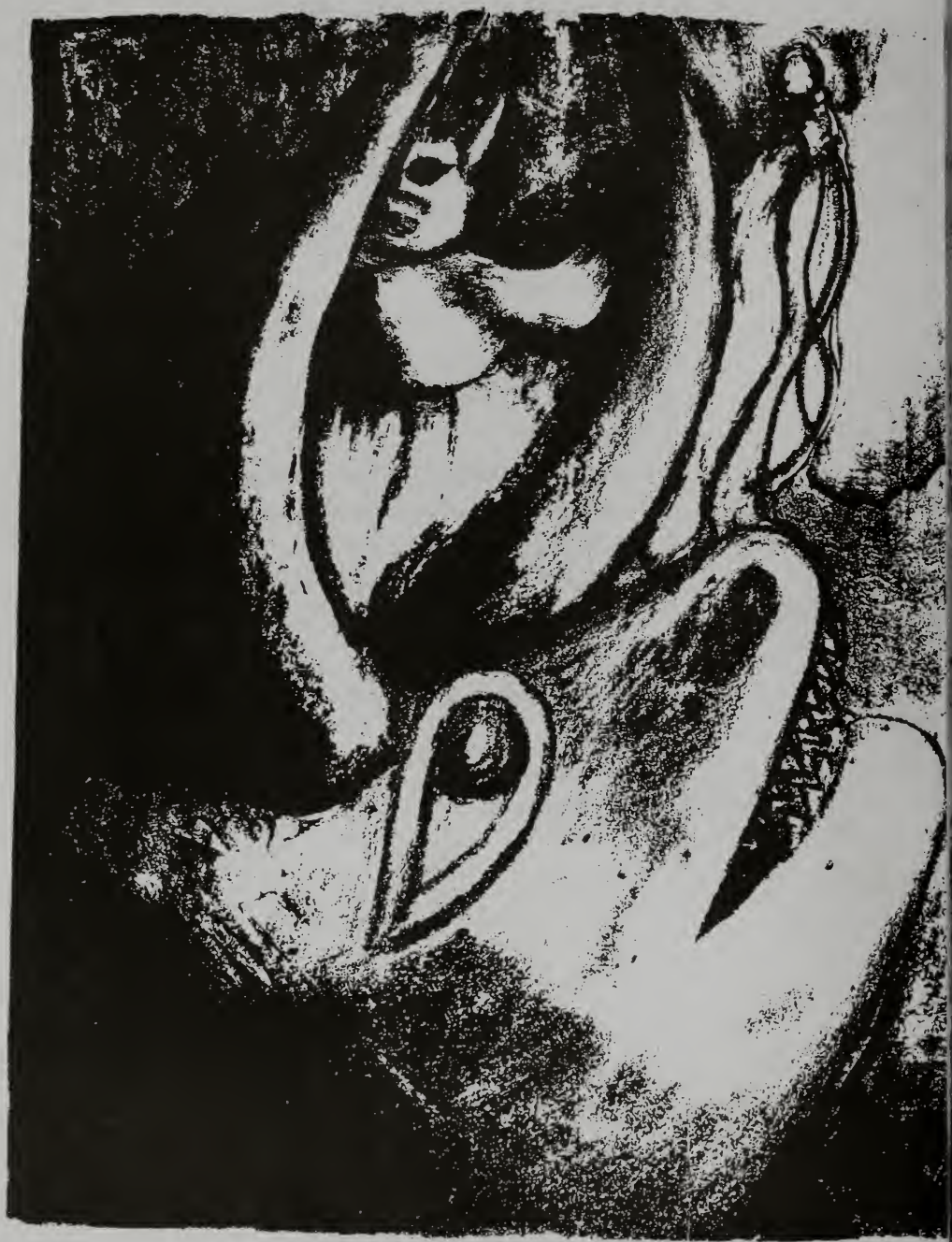
Cuando era muchacha...

*Cuando era muchacha
creí que todo el mundo
sabía mas que yo pero
ahora yo sé
que nadie sabe nada.*

*En todas sus ojos yo veo
que las palabras que ellos habian
son mentiras
y todos sus espaldas tienen sueño porque
por las noches no están durmiendo
y durante los días ellos llevan
la verdad como carga pesada.*

*Han tenido corazones
llenos a rebosar
siempre
porque nadie
quiso escuchar.*

Jennifer Goodheart





Detrás de la máscara (Behind the mask) Mayra Almudovár

through the snow...

through the snow i come--
a bird, a fish.
the sun shines,
bright and strong.
i walk beneath
small and naked.
the steinernesmeer,
cold, hard, stony place,
does not hold me.
i journey over.
i touch nothing.
i am a bird.
i am a fish.
i belong here
the way winter
belongs in a part of hell.
i am anyone.
i am. very. very

Mary Lucier

What's happening?

What's happening?
Who's manipulating?
What are you, woman, girl,
Virgin Mary?
You always lie;
You speak largely,
but are small.
What does it mean, when you
hide your head?
What do the tears mean?
It's reversed, isn't it?
I have seen your face,
every day, in mirrors,
windows, quiet lakes.
I can't understand it.
I fled you,
without success.
Your eyes are mine
and my face is yours.
It doesn't matter that
mine is flawed.
The Virgin, distant cousin,
forgives me.
For her, this is simple.
The difficulty is that
I have no forgiveness for myself.

Mary Lucier

durch den schnee...

durch den schnee
komm' ich
ein vogel, ein fisch
die sonne scheint
hell und stark--
ich ging unter
klein und nackt.
das steinernesmeer
kalte harte felsige platz
halt mich nicht.
ich ging über;
ich berührte nichts.
ich bin ein vogel.
ich bin ein fisch.
wie winter ein teil
von der hölle ist,
gehöre ich hier.
ich bin irgendwer.
ich bin. sehr. sehr.

Mary Lucier

Was passiert?

Was passiert?
Wer manipuliert?
Was bist du, Frau, Mädchen,
Jungfrau Mary?
Du lügst immer;
Du sprichst das Größte
aber bist das Kleinste.
Was bedeutet es, wenn du
deinen Kopf versteckst?
Was meinen die Tränen?
Es kehrte em, na?
Ich hab' dein Gesicht gesehen,
jeden Tag, im Spiegel,
im Fenster, in ruhigen Seen.
Das kann ich nicht verstehen.
Ich bin von dir geflohen,
aber ohne Ergolf.
Deine Augen sind meine
und mein Gesicht ist deins.
Es ist egal, daß meins
mangelhaft ist.
Die Jungfrau, entfernte Kusine,
vergiebt mir.
Es ist einfach für sie.
Das Schwerste ist, daß ich
Für mich keine Vergebung habe.

Mary Lucier

Poetry of the Light

How happy I am to wake up in bed
in an empty room in Mexico.
A woman and a child
in their cabin on the mountain
went to the circus in Tepotzlan.
Alone, I breathe in calmness.
Nothing, only the crickets sing.
You don't have to be an ascetic she told me
but I am.

All day underneath the beams of wood
the morning light left the walls pink,
reminding me that the nights were mine.
The round windows opened to the
mountains and cliffs, to the
gardens of luxury, and I dreamt of another time,
still after meditation.
Of Jerusalem, the German
and an enormous bread. The Mexicans
think that we are strange.
They stare deeply.

And here I feel calm
with nothing but crickets.

And suddenly, a strange dream comes.
I spoke of a theory
of squared stars, like a cloak of patches.

Poesia de la Luz

Qué alegría acostarme en cama
en un cuarto vacío en México.
una mujer y una niña
en su cabaña en la montaña
fueron al circo en Tepoztlán.
Sola respiro con calma
nada, sola los grillos suenan.
No tienes que ser un asceta me dijo
pero lo soy.

Todo el día debajo de orquetas de maderas
las paredes rosadas, dejé la luz prendida
porque me recordaba las noches que eran mías.
Las ventanas redondas y abiertas a las
montañas y acantilados, a los
exuberantes jardines y sueño una y otra vez
aún después de meditaciones
de Jerusalem, el alemán
y un pan enorme, como los mexicanos
piensan que somos extranjeros
y nos miran como mirones.

Y aquí me siento en calma
con nada más que grillos.

Y de repente, un sueño extraño
donde hablo sobre una teoría
cuadrado de las estrellas como un manto de parches

And between the colors, of a theory where the stars
are gods. Someone taught us
a round theory of stars
where the little baby cries
to the daddy and all the class
simply played my music.
then I lose myself in a scaffold
and I go upstairs
over ashes of gospel hymns.
I arrive at the top of the room. After a train
passes in the dark, I turn around and see
a blond, barefoot woman
who calls to me and directs my footing on the way.

In life, I was caught and trapped in the canyon
of our life in the Negev—on the edge
an embroidery of life, talking
of cooking, the meal and kiosks of light shone from the sun.
For one month my life had been
a different meditation, no fetid dreams.
Here I lie in bed with a cat at my feet
scribbling notes in the night,
 missing
my companions of the desert in my heart.
The crickets sing. My young spirit crawls
toward Ein Kerem in Jerusalem
chased by the cry of the cat.

Batya Weinbaum

ato a mis pies

ra Weinbaum



Máscaras (Masks) Mayra Almudovár

Lo Staccio

Il mio cuore
 è come
uno staccio

È difficile tenere
 tutto
nel mio cuore.

Ogni giorno, qualcosa
 cade come
l'acqua dal rubinetto.

Poi, io divengo
 vuoto.
E quando, alla sera,
io dormo,
 io riempo
il mio cuore
 con i sogni.

E.D. Rondeau

The Sieve

My heart
 is like
a sieve.

It's difficult to hold
 everything
in my heart.

Each day, a little
 falls like
water from a faucet.

Then, I become
 empty.
And when, at night,
I sleep,
 I refill
my heart
 with dreams.

E.D. Rondeau

The Awakening

Where does this breeze come from?
It blows in the hallways
It appeases my desires
My sleep, protected by it,
From all the sounds of the night,
Is disturbed only in the morning.
It is the cat, my little rascal
The naughty little trouble-maker scratched my foot
But the time prevents me from complaining loudly
Why don't cats respect
Those who feed them?
I must brush my teeth.

Justin Siegel

Le Réveil

D'où vient ce vent?
Il souffle dans les couloirs
Il apaise mes vœux
Mon sommeil, protégé par lui,
De tous les bruits de la nuit,
Ne se dérange que le matin
C'est le chat, mon petit coquin.
Le petit méchant m'a griffé le pied
Mais l'heure m'empêche de crier.
Pourquoi les chats ne respectent pas
Ceux qui leur donnent des repas?
Il faut que je me brosse les dents.

Justin Siegel

The Cane of My Life

unlike dreams and wishes unfulfilled,
only in hope without seeing your eyes,
days, weeks, months and years passed,
deepening my loneliness
leaving my flesh tempted.

had not the years of love in our youth
bubbling with happiness in the streets on Sheger,
the vision, beauty, caring and faith we share,
memory of yesterday lent me strength
to hit my book bearing the pain,
the bitter cold and life so mean,
with homesickness and despair
i would have folded my books, packed my bag
to take home before long.

Araya Amsalu

ምርጉዜ

ደለሰሰሁት ገደድርክ፡ ምሽት ገደህን
እንደቀዛ ዓይኖቻችን ህላዩ በደሮ ማታ
ኅናንንን ዛሬ፡ ዘንድሮን፡ እምና ሁተን
በብቸኝነት በሠጋ ፈተና ስንገባታ
የሰፎኑን ዘመን በቆሾር ያሳለፋነው
በሽገር መንገድኛ ብርቀን በያ ስታ
የሰብ ወጋችን፡ እምነት፡ ቀደምትን የጋራ የሆነው
ምርጉዝ ሆኖኝ እንደ ኅናንን ለዛሬ
ቀለሙን ያጠቃሁ፡ ሁሉን ቻለ እድርጌው
እንደ ኑሮ ሽፋን፡ እንደ ብርሁ ያወጣ
እንደ አዋቀሮሙ፡ እንደ መደብራ
መጣጤን እንከፍ፡ ለቀቆን ገንጠሎ ህድቆጠሩ ዓመት
ገብቼ አለነበር ወይ ገና ድሮ አገራ!

አርአይ፡ እምነት

የገቱት 1986

እምነት ለገ



Sugar cane Juan José Chacón Quirós



Costa Rica Juan José Chacón Quirós

A Sonnet

Fragile is the heart that seeks to be loved.
Soft is the body that wishes to be held.
And trembling are the lips that long to be kissed

Quick are the eyes, for a chance to view.
Arouses are the senses that are so woeful,
and intrigued is the mind that is wanting...

Broken is the heart so fragile
Love, nowhere to be found.
Covered is the body that once longed to be held.
Afraid to be touched by another.
Lips awaiting that passionate moment cease to quiver.
No one can move them that way again.

Jennifer Greene

Ein Sonnet

Zerbrechlich ist das Herz, daß ich für meine Liebe suche,
Weich ist der Körper der gehalten zu werden wünscht,
Und zitternd die Lippen, die sich sehnen, geküßt zu werden.

Schnell sind die Augen, für eine Möglichkeit zu betrachten
wünschen,
Geweckt sind die Sinne, daß so leidvoll sind,
Und fasziniert, der Verstand, dem etwas fehlt.

Gebrochen ist das Herz, so zerbrechlich.
Die Liebe, nirgends zu finden.
Verdeckt ist der Körper, der sich einmal sehnt, gehalten zu werden.
Ängstlich, von ein andere berührt zu werden.
Lippen, die erwarten, daß der leidenschaftliche Moment
aufhört, hören auf zu zittern.
Niemand könnte sie wieder auf jene Art berühren.
zittern.
Niemand konnte sie wider weg berühren.

Jennifer Greene

One Morning in October

*The sun on the eastern horizon
The gleam of the eye comes back
Perforating the cloud
Aiming at the window*

*The trees standing again
Show the colors of their leaves
Day after day
Brighter and more elegant*

*The white lawn covered by frozen water
Now it turns green
Ready to welcome the fallen leaves
Brittled, crushed, blown by the wind*

*I hope...
The sun will gaze beautifully
Before the season changes*

*I wish...
Your warmth in the following days
Will not disappear without meaning*

Yanti Mírdayantí

Pagi Hari Di Bulan Oktober

*Surya di ufuk timur
Kembali sorotkan matanya
Menembus awan
Menuju celah jendela*

*Pohon-pohon tegak kembali
Menampakkan warna daunnya
Yang semakin hari semakin anggun*

*Rumput putih tertutup air beku
Kini menghijau kembali
Siap menyokong daun yang jatuh
Merepuh luluh dihembus sang bayu*

*Kuharap...
Sang surya masih kan menatap elok
Sebelum musim berganti*

*Semoga...
Kehangatanmu di hari esok
Tiada lenyap tanpa arti*

Yanti Mirdayanti

The Dreams of a Young Girl

I closed my eyes only to imagine his body against mine. His hands so strong and yet so tender. The imagination of a love that does not exist. I turn around briskly and there he is. The dreams of a young girl that longs for a love so perfect. Hearing his voice as he speaks to me takes me by surprise. I thought I was alone in my thoughts for a moment only to turn around and watch him leave. He has the walk of a man with determination, but the smile of a boy in need of love. Again I return to the darkness and with me, I take my dreams. When he takes me in his arms, my hairs stand on end! I don't want to move, I only want to stay there. We make love as if it were the last time or maybe even the first time.

Rita Sabat

Les rêves d'une jeune fille

J'ai fermé mes yeux seulement pour imaginer son corps sur le mien. Ses mains si fortes seulement si tendre. L'imagination d'un amour qui n'existe pas. Je me tourne brusquement et le voilà! Les rêves d'une jeune fille qui longue pour c'est amour si parfait. Sa voix quand il me parle me prend pas surprise. Je me croyais seule pour un moment avec mes pensées, seulement pour tourner est le regarder quand il quitte. Il a la marche d'un homme avec détermination, mais le souris d'un garçon besoin d'amour. Encore je retourne dans ses bras j'ai les pieds de poules. Je ne veux pas bouger je veux rester la bas. On fait l'amour comme si c'était la dernière fois, ou même la première fois.

Rita Sabat

Your ageless eyes will sleep tranquil

The designs of an absolute abyss are not important;
the fierce Caribbean sea is of no import, incontestable;
the jungle, the torture, the offense is not important,
your eyes have seen paradise though still tired.

When your aura invaded my soul,
it seemed to ascend to the infinite;
my eyes were full of grief,
an din that café I proclaimed my friendship.

The beginnings carry us from the head of infantile torture,
tears for the fork misplaced.
The memories carry you to the torment
of the night, and during the day
a smile adorns your ageless face.

You move in the jungle,
diving in your melancholy in an African melody,
and in the earth-tremor of an eternal cold
you ask what the future will be able to give to you.

Perhaps I will be able to give you these words,
the good-intentioned heresy in a hand of cards,
the word badly translated,
a smile, a glance;
the future will give to you a paradise
of hands, of eyes; of cottoned ears.
The stoned would bury us;
no more swallowed tears,
would try to choke you in the haze...

Your ageless eyes will sleep tranquil.

Translated by Tanya J. Chor

Tus ojos sin edad dormirán tranquilos

No importan los designios de un abismo absoluto;
no importa la mar bravia del Caribe, inconcluso;
no importa la selva, la tortura, el agravio,
tus ojos aunque cansados ya han visto el paraíso.

Cuando tu aura invadió mi alma,
me pareció que ascendía al infinito;
mis ojos se llenaron de quebranto,
y en aquel café proclamé nuestra amistad.

De la mano nos llevan comienzos de tortura infantil,
lágrimas por el tenedor mal puesto.
A ti te llevan los recuerdos de tormenta
en la noche, y durante el día
una sonrisa adorna tu cara sin edad.

Te adentras en la selva,
zambulles tu melancolía en una melodía africana,
y en el temblor de un frío eterno
te preguntas qué el futuro podrá regalarte.

Yo podré tal vez regalarte estas palabras,
la herejía bien intencionada en una mano de cartas,
la palabra mal traducida,
la sonrisa, la mirada.
El futuro te dará un paraíso
de manos, de ojos, de orejas de algodón.
Las piedras serán enterradas;
no más lágrimas tragadas,
tratarán de ahogarte en la penumbra...

Tus ojos sin edad dormirán tranquilos.

Deborah L. González

Reserves

Put into a chest
a tiny piece of your
heart.
Save it,
Lock it up,
wrap it in chains.
Hide the key
deep inside the darkness.

The day will come
when you will need
to search the key.
With trembling hands,
distracted eyes,
unlock it and
stop your sorrow.

You managed to save
A little piece.
It will heal, heal.
Though the other part be
trampled,
with rain and rays
a new little heart
will grow.

Put into a chest
a tiny piece of your
heart.
Save it,
lock it up--
for next time...

Dainora Veronika Kupcinskaite

Altsargos

Dėk į skrynią
Gabaliuką savo
širdies.
Taupyk,
užrakink,
grandinėm suvyniok.
Raktą giliai
tamsoj paslėpk.

Užeis diena,
kai reikės
rakto ieškoti.
Drebančiom rankom,
išsiblaškiusiom akim
atrakink ir
neliūdėk.

Sugebėjai išgelbėti
gabaliuką.
Atgis, atgis,
Nors ir kita pusė
sutraškinta,
lietumi ir spinduliais
išsaugs nauja
širdelė.

Dėk į skrynią
gabaliuką savo širdies.
Taupyk,
užrakink—
sekančiam kartui.





