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mOthertongue Spring 2009 (Full Document)

mOthertongue Editors
University of Massachusetts Amherst

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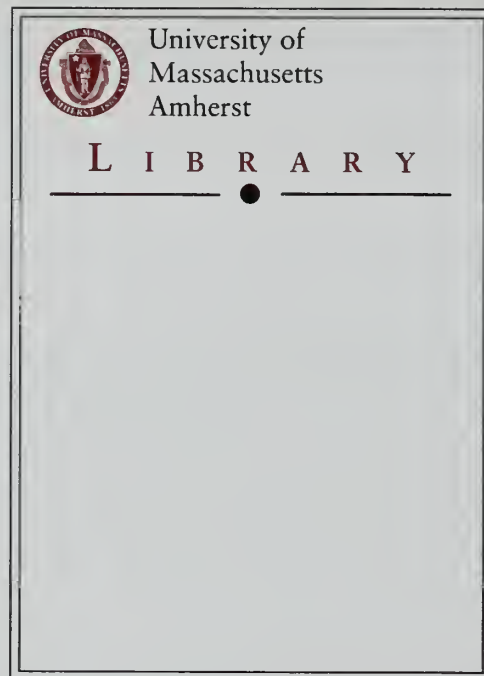
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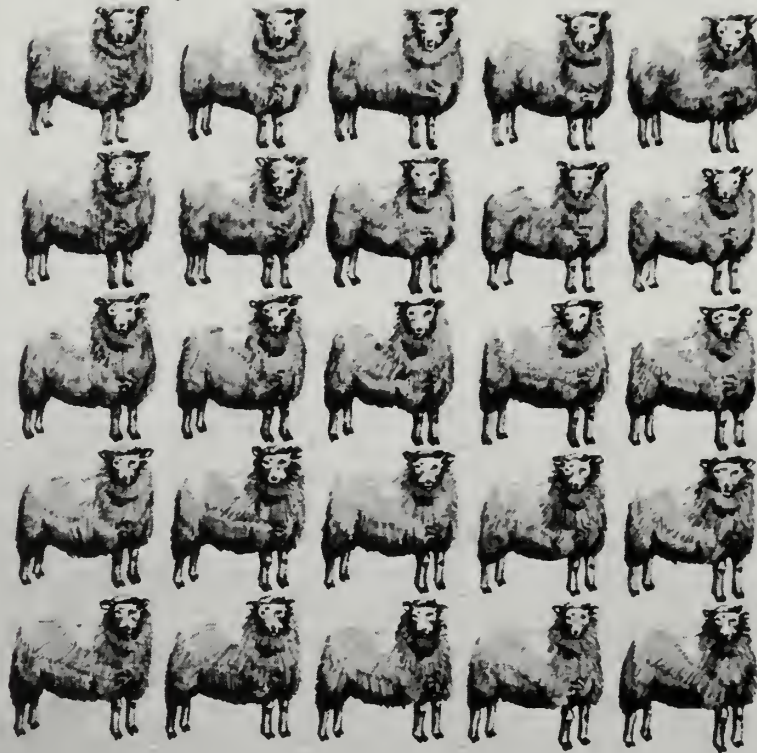
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mOthertongue

A MULTILINGUAL JOURNAL OF THE ARTS



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A letter

Dear reader,

This year's *mOthertongue: Multilingual Journal of the Arts* has evolved to capture the bilingualism of our generation.

We hope you enjoy the work our artists and writers have put forth and join us in celebrating our fifteenth edition.

Best wishes,

Craig Monteith
Editor-in-Chief

Lauren Mahoney
Vanessa Rea
Editors

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Darío S.G.

RASTROS DE POLONIO

A A. Litvinenko

Según llego al aeropuerto, todo son apocalipsis.
Las milicias yihadistas han volado el puente aéreo
entonando el ¡Ay, Carmela! de las huelgas de mi infancia,
todo porque frene el viento que a Guantánamo les lleva.
Contubernio del neumático candente en los hangares...
Digo adiós a Punta Cana. Siempre quedará París,
que es amor de bajo coste. Si rompe a arder el avión,
mis cenizas, no tocarlas: alimentaré, ubicuo,
jaramago, artos y tojos, vuelto en polvo, en sombra, en nada:
destruido masivamente, pero al fin globalizado,
sueño pernoctar en Tokio; presto saldré a comprar almas
de los suicidas del metro para mis reencarnaciones.
Venme a buscar —ya te llamo— cuando vuelva. Sé elegante:
tráeme la camisa roja. Rosas negras, once o trece.
Armas blancas, por si acaso. Paparazzi, dos docenas.
No te besaré en los labios, traigo rastros de polonio
de un espía por quien fui globalmente calentado.
Radiaré a los cuatro vientos este efecto invernadero.
Mala leche mal parida de las vacas flacas, lóbregas,
del mundo...

POLONIUM TRACES

To A. Litvinenko

As I get to the airport, all goes apocalypse.
Jihad's militias have blown up the air shuttle
singing the “¡Ay, Carmela!” from my childhood strikes,
all to stop the wind that takes them to Guantánamo.
Burning tires’ coterie in the hangars...
Good-bye, Punta Cana. We will always have Paris,
low-cost love. Shall the plane burst in flames,
my ashes, you better not touch them; ubiquitous, I will feed
tumbleweeds, bushes, gorses, I turned to dust, to shadow, to nothing;
massively destructed, but finally globalized,
I dream of wandering Tokyo at night; soon I will be buying
subway kamikaze’s souls for my reincarnations.
Come to pick me up (I’ll give you a call) when I’m back. Be elegant:
wear the red shirt. Black roses, eleven or thirteen.
Bring some blades, just in case. Paparazzi, two dozens.
I won’t kiss you on the lips, I have polonium traces
from a spy by whom I was globally heated.
I will broadcast to the four winds this greenhouse effect.
Cursed, spoiled milk from the lean, languid cows
of the world...

Kathuska Jose

Ce Feu

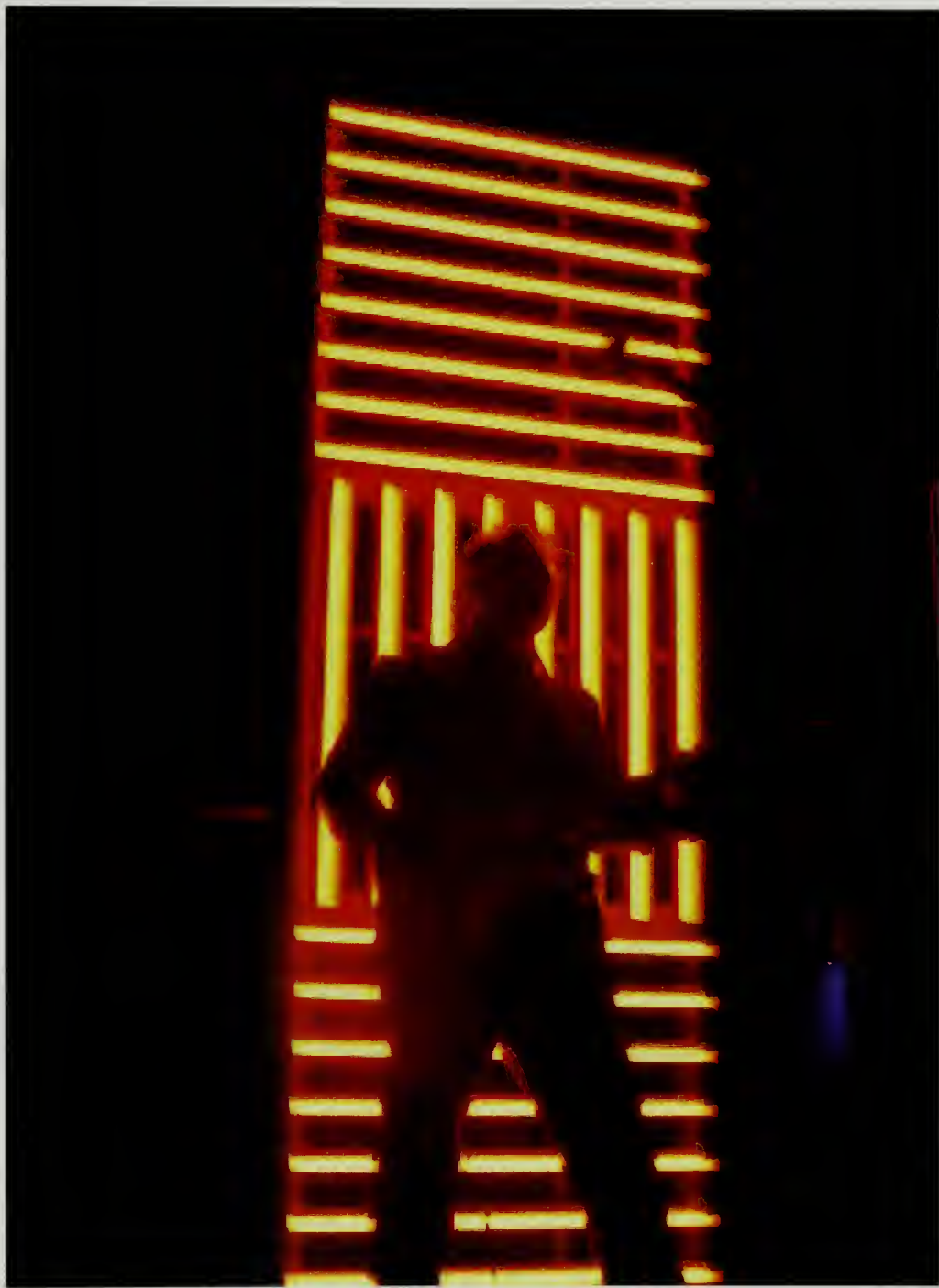
Ce feu,
qui reflète l'essence du soleil,
brille ses lumières sur la terre.

This fire
that reflects the essence of the sun,
burns its light onto the world.

This Fire

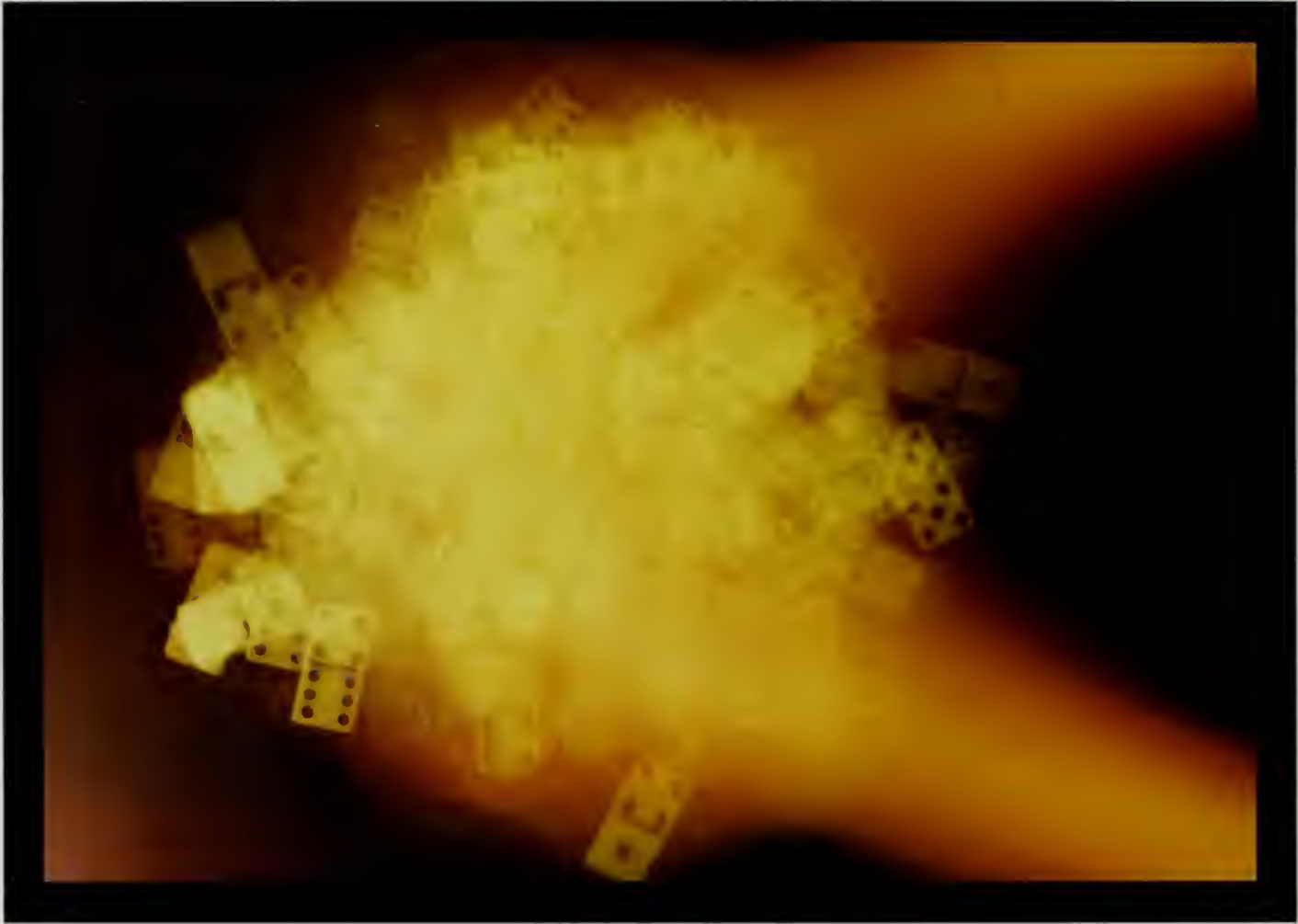
**Deliabridget
Martinez**

Emoción sin límites



Limitless Emotion

El Spirit Republic Organigrama



Matt Goodwin

Moshe Bension

Untitled

Getting on five past four already.
Well then, must be off to the old wall for services.
Wouldn't do to be late you know.
Certainly don't want a sea of sadness to take of-
fence. Ha.

Good evening, madam.

I do hope you manage the next twenty-five hours
rather well.

Absolutely dreadful heat we're having.

תינומ.

Armenian driver.

התא רבדמ תירבע.

נכ יביבה. נאל התא דלוח.

לתכה. השקבב התא לוכי עיגהל דועב מישומה תוקד.

ילוא.

הדות.

White coloured bonnet. Sloped Boot. Yellow sign on
top.

Nothing like the Fairways back home. Eh. Ha.

הנופצ לע תורדש דלישטור.

Can't possibly fathom which one though.

First Baron.

Second Baron.

It's anyone's guess. Really. Ha.

הנימי לע ויקנייש.

Benjamin. Dexterides. Ha.

The Mapping Centre.

Sheinkin.

Where whatsername used to live. Absolutely adored
her "splendid flat on Sheinkin." Smashing good
times at that flat. They were. Lagers. Hair in the
breeze. Stand on the roof with a Heineken on Shei-
nkin. Ha.

Lean my head back.

Have a bit of sleep if possible.

Eyes.

Take a slight detour.

Heavy.

Yes, that's right.
Come in on the 404 and take the slip road onto the
436.
Sigh.
What's that.
Tea and crumpets fine father.
What the bloody hell. Oh then. Right then. Good
show. Carry on.
Cross the line of the 1949 Armistice Agreement.
Sderot Golda Meir.
Don't be humble. You're not that great. Ha.
Jerusalem.
הרוחש ינא הואנו תונב מילשורי. Zoe to Bloom. Circe.
James Joyce. Ulysses. King Solomon. Song of
Songs. Ha.
הנופצ לע לאומש איבנה הנימיו לע לאקזחי.
From one prophet to another. Pleasure to meet you.
Eh. Ha.
Strauss.
Shame. I'm wearing khakis today. Ha.
There's the hospital. Hasn't moved an inch. Ha.
King George.
Bigger than Lincoln and Washington. Only in this
country. Ha.
הנימי לע ובמר.
Moses Nahmanides. Moses Mendelssohn. Moses
Maimonides. Moses. Ha.
פיקה ביבסמ תסנכל.
Parliament.
Fancy a smoke. Ha.
The Israel Museum.
As if the whole city weren't a museum. Ha.
Straight on Jabotinsky. The Academy. The Institute.
Henry Crown Symphony Hall. Only one crown per
street. Ha.
הלאמש לע דוד דוד דוד. וכ. 23 דוד דוד.
The King David Hotel.
Where the Irgunists bombed the British Forces head

quarters in 1946.
God bless those chaps.
The Old City. Puts old Balliol to shame.
The tomb of King David.
Armenian Quarter.
רה וויצ.
Mount Zion.
Armenian Cemetery. Greek Orthodox Cemetery.
Protestant Cemetery. Catholic Cemetery. The 1949
Armistice Agreement line runs right between them.
Ha.
Jewish Quarter.
Narrow streets as old as the men who sit and watch
them. Older.
No way of telling. Really. Time stands still here.
The Temple Mount.
Where the First Crusade slaughtered Muslims and
Jews in the eleventh century.
לתכה.
The Western Wall or Wailing Wall.
העשת באב.
All that remains of Titus' first century victory.
הכיא הבשי דרב ריעה יתבר מע התיה.
Thousands of crumpled notes.
הנמלאכ.
Prayer notes. Bank notes. Love notes.
יתבר מיוגב יתרש תונידמב התיה.
Giant stones.
סמל.
She weepeth sore in the night and her tears are on
her cheeks.
Hidden in the shadow of the northern end.
She hath none to comfort her among all her lovers.
Cold to the touch.
All her friends have dealt treacherously with her.
On the second of August.

Layla Farahbakhsh

Querido Pipo,

You don't know me, *pero soy tu otra nieta*. Funny, how that word "other" has always been such a distinct part of who I am. Anyways, I've heard *un poco* about you, but Mami doesn't really talk about *Cuba* or *Puerto Rico* anymore. Or really about anything, now that I come to think of it. Mima says "*que tengo tus ojos*", *pero*, no one knows where I got my nose. My sister, Rachel- *pienso que tu la concoces*, she jokes that I was adopted. I'm kind of the black sheep, I guess, but not at the same time. *Pipo*, I like to think that we would've been *amigazos*. I love horses too, *ves*? Some people just know, *ya tu sabes*. I'm not afraid of cockroaches like you were, or was it *ratones* that made you sell that little house *en las partes altas*? I have been writing down all the small stories I hear about *la familia* when I go to Florida, but I don't know why. *Tal vez* we'd have gone for walks in the woods. Maybe you would have told me about the *finca*. I'd take you to the woods near my house, close to the train tracks. I like to think that we'd have been great friends, *abuelito*, but I don't know if this is true.

I make messes, you see. I don't go to church or wear nice clothes. I live in a house with boys. Mima doesn't like that at all. She sticks out her bottom lip and says, "*ay padre celestial*," which is something she would never say around you. She likes to see me as a *cocinera*, and dreams about opening a restaurant. She tells me I have beautiful eyes, but doesn't want me to get calluses or bruises. I'm stuck *abuelito*, I try to love them patiently, but it just saps too much out of me and makes me sad. It makes me question whether it's worth it to stick by them, *pero en mi corazon, se que no hay un choice*, and *eso es algo que tengo que hacer. Hace el fin*.

Would we have been friends, *abuelito*? Or would I have had to silently endure you as well? *No se*.
Quizas, nos vemos algun dia.

besos

Lita

告白

Moe
Higuchi

「僕は、日本に行ってみたいんだよね。
でも、一人でね。彼女とは行きたくない。
一緒にいるとイライラするんだ、最近。」
キミは、まるでもう、彼女のことなんて愛していない、そんな感じで言った。

私の、赤ちゃんのころの写真を見ながら、キミは、頬を真っ赤にして笑っている。
「ねえ。なんで、日本人の子たちって、みんな正座するんだろうね？」

「知らない。」

Belle&SebastianのThe Modelが流れている

キミは、私が作った音楽のプレイリストで、遊んでいる。

私は、後ろから、キミを見つめることだけしかできなかった。

キミのサラサラの金髪、雪みたいに真っ白な肌、そして、満面の笑顔。

キミの全てが、私だけのものだったら、よかったのに。

Confession

“I want to visit Japan,
but without my girl friend.
She is annoying me lately.”
You say it as if you don’t love her anymore.

Looking at my baby pictures, your cheeks red from laughing,
You ask me, "why do Japanese people always sit on the floor"?

“I don’t know.”

As "The Model" by Belle&Sebastian starts playing in the background,
you show your adorable smile like a small baby.
You sit on my chair to play with my music list.
I can’t help but stare at your smooth hair, your pale skin, like snow, and the smile you always make.

I wish that smile was mine, not hers.

「そろそろ行かなきゃ。大きな、大きなハグをしようではないか。」

キミはそう言って、真っ先に私を、高く、持ち上げた。
そして、キスや、愛無をしながら、強く、強く、抱きしめた。

キミは、唇を耳に近づけて、囁いた。「こんなに小さくて、、かわいいな、、。」

キミの声は、まるで、ララバイのようだ。聴いていて、すごく安心した。
私は、そっと、目を閉じた。目の前に見えたのは、真っ暗な空に輝く、きれいな星たちだった。
。さて、どんなお願いをしようかな。

キミは、私の顔を触りながら、おでこ、耳、頬、首の順番に、キスをした。
そして、キミの唇と、私の唇が、触れた。

「僕は、ただ幸せになってほしただけなんだ。
もっと笑ってくれよ。
これからも、ずっと、ずっと笑っていて。
どうしたら、お前の笑顔を見ることができる？」

私だけのものに、なってください。
私は、キミの胸に顔を埋め、目を閉じ、そうお願いをした。

“I have to go. Give me a big hug, a real big one.”

You pick me up and hold me tight,
caressing my face and hair.

You are so pretty and tiny..... you say it, whispering to yourself.

Your gentle voice like a lullaby, the voice that keeps me alive.
I close my eyes. What do I see? I see the beautiful sky. Stars.
Let's make a wish...

You slowly kiss my forehead, my cheek, my ears, my neck,
and my lips.

“I just want you to be happy.
I want you to smile.
Be happy.
What can I do to make you smile?”

Please be mine.
My head in his chest, I closed my eyes again and made the wish.

Oh,

Raisa Sandstrom



dear.



Marta del pozo

Para Lucía

En tu pupila nada una tierra
de Quetzales en el corazón de magos
con tus soles en su frente
en la oscuridad de una pirámide
donde manos
son cinceles y la misión
restaurar
la piel primera.

La que custodia
el tabernáculo de tu cuello
mientras un plumaje de juventud y verde pardo
tus ojos visten.

Porque has dejado
que la sal en tu pelo fuese plata,
tras tu cuerpo, el despertar

Te has salvado

en este gran salto
hacia la cuna que talló
tu joven jaspe
de porvenir, doró
tus pestañas con aceite de Estrella Polar.

Magma de la región donde habrás de desenterrar
los tequilas más dulces de los labios más antiguos.

Archaeology of your skin

For Lucía

In your pupil there floats a land
of Quetzales in the heart of mages
with your suns upon their brow
in the darkness of a pyramid
where hands
are chisels and the mission
to restore
the first skin.

The one that safeguards
the tabernacle of your neck
when a plumage of youth and untamed green
drapes your eyes.

Because you have seen
the salt in your hair become silver,
after your body, the awakening
You have been saved
in this big leap
toward the cradle that engraved
your young jasper
with a fate, gilded
the eyelashes with the oil of the Polar Star.

Magma of the only region where you will have to unearth
the sweetest tequilas from the most ancient lips.

Wspomnienie

Kasia Łętowska

Przypatruję się jej twarzy.

Jej oczy.

To właśnie pamiętam najbardziej.

Oceany mądrości i morza doświadczenia.

Kocham te oczy.

Są jasnoniebieskie, jak ściany i kwiaty na jej pościeli.

Jak zimne, ostre zimowe niebo na zewnątrz.

Jak moje oczy...

Te oczy, które tak dużo widziały, które tak dużo czuły, które tak dużo przeżyły, płakały i śmiały się.

Jej oczy nie są jasne.

Nie iskrzą się specjalnym blaskiem.

Są blade.

Zanikają powoli, jak jej twarz.

Znak czasu, który przeminął.

Wspomnienie jej oczu jest ze mną.

Kiedy przeprowadzam się do odległego kraju.

Spotykam nowych przyjaciół.

Mam trudność z nauką nowego języka.

Nas dwie w pokoju.

Zimno i ostrość na zewnątrz kontrastujące z ciepłem i błogością jej pokoju.

Młodzi i starzy.

Słabi i silni.

Ci, którzy uczą i ci, którzy od nich się uczą.

A Memory

I study her face.
Her eyes.
That's what I remember the most.
Oceans of wisdom and seas of experience.
I love those eyes.
They're light blue, just like the walls and the flowers on her sheets.
Just like the cool, harsh winter sky outside.
Just like my eyes.
The eyes that have seen so much, felt so much, endured so much, cried and laughed.

Her eyes are not bright.
They don't glow with a special sparkle.
They're pale.
Fading away slowly, just like her face.
A sign of time that's passed.

The memory of her eyes is there.
When I move to a faraway country.
Meet new friends.
Struggle with learning a new language.

The two of us in a room.
The coldness and sharpness of the outside contrasting with the warmth and comfort of her room.
The young and the old.
The weak and the strong.
Those that teach and those who learn from them.

un homme d'affaires
grand boulevard
le 01 juillet



Eric Smith

New
College



Paige C.
Zaferiou

Ambassadeur van Cultuur

Frans Weiser

(Niet te geloven!
He, je moet even naar de t.v. kijken
Wat een zijksnor)
En daarin heeft ze misschien gelijk:

Haar neef, een microfoon in zijn gezicht
Radeloos en voelt zich verplicht
Te beantwoorden
Maar weet niets te zeggen
Kan niet gewoon doen
Staart hij, in plaats daar van,
(zit hij voor de berechting van Kafka?)
Net alsof hij naar de kijkers zit te kijken
(Moet hij niet schrikken zo)
Aan de andere kant van het fototoestel
(Jij weet dat hij een amerikaan is, want
Het blauwe kauwgumpje glimlacht
Elke keer als hij het zelf probeert te doen)

Maar het lukt niet
Hoe vaker hij zegt dat hij een buitenlander is
Hoe sneller hij vragen krijgt
Die film gaat over de ouwe president
(en jouw neef, geheel verloren, doet alsof
De clown uit de Verenigde Staten
Die iedereen wil zien
Die iedereen al heeft gezien op het scherm en
Ook in alles wat al eerder is gekomen)
Bedankt, Hollywood, bedankt
Is dat wat hij denkt?

Ambassador of Culture

(Unbelievable!
Hey, come take a look at the T.V.
What a jackass)
And with that perhaps she is correct:

Her cousin, a microphone in his face
Trapped and feeling forced
To answer
But doesn't know what to say
Can't act calm and cool
He simply stares instead
(is he on trial, Kafka style?)
As if he were viewing the viewers
(he shouldn't freak out like that)
On the other side of the camera
(You can tell he's an American
The blue gum laughs
Every time he tries to do the same)

But it doesn't work
The more he says he's a foreigner
The faster the questions come
The film is about the old president
(and your cousin, completely lost, plays it out
The clown from the States
That everyone wants to see
That everyone has already seen on the screen and
Also in everything that has come before)
Thanks, Hollywood, thanks
Is that what he thinks?

No, his ability to form
An entire thought has gone
(How perfect
Where did your grandfather get to?
This child needs to articulate better)
A great parody
(the film or him?)
But he does not act as a president
Only a flag that blows
Without direction, without hope
Still trapped, still feeling forced
Thank god there are other news stories
That can save the situation
(Enjoy yourself
We can see it again every 30 minutes
Call up the Chinese take-out, we won't need to rent a flick tonight)

Nee, zijn vermogen om een hele gedachte
Te formuleren is weg
(Wat prachtig
Waar is Opa gebleven?
Dit kind moet beter artikuleren)
Een grote parodie
(de film of hij?)
Maar hij fungeert niet als een president
Alleen een vlag die vliegt
Zonder kans, zonder richting
Nog steeds radeloos, zich verplicht voelend
Gelukkig zijn er andere nieuwsberichten
Die de situatie kunnen redden
(Vermaak je
We kunnen het nog een keer zien elke 30 minuten
Bel het Chinese tentje, we hoeven vanavond geen film te halen)

سمشلا نى دم ي ف

قره فكم قوقش وءارفص ةهل آضا قنأ
ةتماص ىرخأ تايماله و ثعلا ءاشارف اهتسم ،ءاقم ح ةءابعب ولدت

حضافلا ان ىرع ةهجاوم ي ف ،قاآشع اّك مدقلا ي ف
طئاحلا موسرى و دجنع الءاستى سىنودأ و راتشع

ةىلابلا قراجحلا ىلع ولتت و ةمتعلا ىلا دتمت ءاقرزلا انقورع
ةيتاع ءاوصأ نم انتافام

H.E.L.I.O.P.O.L.I.S.

What to do with orange moss

Paintings on the ceiling lack

The ancient couple that we are

Ishtar and Adonis deflect

Our blue-veined pact extends the night

and broken pediments?

moths and invertebrates.

face this in full nakedness,

warlords' tears and intellect.

of solemn voices that we missed.

nunca he amado un ciudad
pero he amado mujeres
que se han convertido a geografía

i have never loved a city
but i have loved women
that have transformed into geography

William Daniel Hough

The park alley

Kasia Łętowska



Alejka w parku

