This semester's edition of mOthertongue was made possible by a generous grant from the UMass Arts Council

Front cover:
"Alphabanimals" by Katie Wynkoop
A Letter from the Editors

Dear Everyone,

We are proud to offer you the Spring 2012 edition of mOther-tongue, crammed cover-to-cover with beautiful examples of the diversity and creativity of the Five Colleges! Every year mOther-tongue serves as a means for community members to use their native tongue to express their artistic nature. Art is our universal communication. And language itself is truly an art.

This edition could not have been made possible without the help and encouragement of David Lenson, our faculty mentor. We would also like to acknowledge those who submitted their work for this semester’s edition of mOthertongue. Without your talent, this magazine would be nothing.

And so, dear Readers, us editors will soon be finishing our undergraduate careers at UMass. Thank you for the privilege of reading your work and assembling your talent. We hope you’ll all continue to foster future creativity within our community. Don’t stop speaking. Don’t stop writing! But most importantly, don’t stop believin’.

Thank you.
Taylor & Brigitte
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时节

那时节，
柳絮不飞，
春风不回，
留下一江
孤寂的春水。

那时节，
漫天的芳菲，
明月也影随，
忘却了
岁月的轮回。

那时节，
茂密的竹林，
望不穿的秋水，
默默的哀情，
花也含泪。

而

这时节，
桃花纷纷地飘散，
落入腐土的凄寒，
落入流水的潺潺，

载走了我
绯红色的梦阑
The Times

That season,
Willow catkin wouldn't fly in the sky,
Spring breeze wouldn't turn back her head,
Only left the lonely spring water
In the full river

That season,
The sky is filled with fragrance of flowers and grass
The moon is also following me
I forgot
That the years would recur

That season
The dense bamboo forest
The deep autumn water
Silent piteous
The flower is full of tears

But,
This season
The peach blossoms fly away slowly
They fall into the cold earth
They fall into the running stream
They take away my cramoisie dream

"Venerable" by Katie
Wynkoop
Kurzgeschichte

"Was soll ich machen?"


Tropf.
Tropf.
Tropf.


Wenn sie zurückkommt.
Wann kommt sie zurück?

Tropf.
Tropf.


Swisch-- Die Post geht durch den kleinen Schlitz. Sie liegt auf dem nassen Boden. Ich stehe auf und lege die Post auf den Tisch. Sie liegt neben der anderen Post, die ein bisschen nass ist. Ich vergesse, ob die Post auf dem Boden nass wurde, oder ob das Dach-


Als ich aufwachte, war sie schon weg. Ihr Auto stand nicht auf der Strasse. Ihre Kleidung hing nicht im Schrank.


Ich werde warten, bis sie nach Hause kommt.

Niemand glaubt mir, dass meine Frau existiert. Sie muss existieren! Ich sehe meine Frau.

Der Arzt gab mir diese verdammten Pillen... und deswegen verliess sie mich. Sie mochte die Pillen nicht! Sie würde mich nie verlassen... sie wird auf mich warten.

Und ich warte auf sie, auf mein neues Dach und auf unser neues Leben... ohne Pillen.
Kurzgeschichte

What should I do?
Yesterday I woke up early. The old building close to me is under construction because they want to repair the roof. Soon my neighbors will have a new, leak-proof roof. Until then, I see the construction workers outside of my window every morning.

I didn’t want the noise. I didn’t want the traffic block either. No one asked me if I need a new roof. Last week it rained. Now the weather is beautiful, but the left over roof water still drops through. I haven’t figured out where the source of the leak is because it doesn’t really matter.

Drop.
Drop.
Drop.

Steady water destroys the wall paper. Yellow with little roses. She said that the pretty colors would make the living room attractive. Now all of the colors are mixed together. It doesn’t matter to me, but when she comes back she will not want any blended colors or wet roses.

When she comes back...
When will she come back?

Drop.
Drop.

No answer comes from the roof. It is old, broken. The roof is broken, like me. I stand up and put the mail on the table. It lies next to the other mail, which is also a little bit wet. I forget if the mail got wet on the floor or if the water trickled on the table. The mail is addressed to her. I have to put it on the table. When she comes back, she will see her mail. She will be so happy because I have waited so long.
When she comes back, we will repair our roof. I have waited about three months, but she will be back soon. She didn’t say when she would be coming back home. She only told me “Good Night”.

It was a good night. I laid on the right side, she on the left. We bought two covers because the heater was broken as well. She told me that it would be better if we both had our own covers. We wouldn’t fight in the night.

As I woke, she had left me. Her car was not in the street. Her clothing was not hanging in the closet.

I understand why she left me. She told me she wasn’t happy. I ignored her. She went to Maria’s house almost every day. I know that there is no Maria. I didn’t know where she was going, and it didn’t matter.

I sit on my bed. The noise continues. I close the window. The noise is a little softer, but still there. I lay in my bed.

I will wait until she comes home to me.

No one believes me that my wife exists. She has to exist! I see my wife.

The doctor gave me these fucking pills... and as a result she left me. She doesn’t like the pills! She would never leave me... she will wait for me.

And I wait for her, for my new roof and for our new life... without the pills.
Abuela

Mi abuela cree en lo dulce
Galletas con mermelada después de la cena
Pequeños caramelos duros de merienda
Y en Ovaltine, que claramente es leche de chocolate

Pasta de guayaba cuidadosamente enrollada
para crear un postre fuerte relleno
Pedazos de mango chorreando de anaranjado
Codo a codo con queso blanco

¿No puedes ver que para ella, la comida es el amor?

Conquista con estos dulces
Lo amargo de envejecer bien
Se olvida de la gente, de las fechas, de la hora
Se acuerda de su mamá, una gran cocinera:

“Era mejor con el arroz,
jamás quemaba los plátanos,
nunca usaba el micro-ondas
como yo hago,” me dice en español.

La comida es maravillosa
pero le pica
mientras lo prepara y come menos
Se concentra en servir the dessert

Satisfacción de
la fruta de una isla que nunca conocí
El labor de horas con manos chiquititas
Manchas de edad que aguantan el azúcar

Para yo poder recordarme
Grandmother

My grandmother believes in sweets:
Crackers with jelly after supper
Little hard candies in between
And Ovaltine, which is clearly chocolate milk

Guava paste gently rolled into
a plump and overpowering dessert
Mango slices dripping orange
Rubbing shoulders with white cheese

Can’t you see that with her, food is love?

In the sweets she conquers
The bitterness of aging well
Forgetting people, dates and time
Remembering her mother, a great cook:

“She was better with the rice,
Never burned the plantains,
Would have never used a microwave
Like I do,” she says in Spanish

The food is wonderful
But it stings her
As she prepares it and eats less
Concentrating on giving out el postre

Satisfaction from
The fruit of an island that I never knew
The labor of hours with little hands
Age spots holding sugar

So that I can remember
La Souricière

J’étais dans la cuisine, et j’ai vu mon chat avec une souris dans la bouche.
Tout le monde était dans le salon. J’ai entendu rire ma mère. Mon cousin a dit,
« ‘Stophe! Viens me voir!’ et donc je suis allé.
Tout le monde applaudissait quand je suis entré dans la salon. Ils ont dit, « Bravo! », et ils ont allumé les bougies qu’étaient sur un gâteau. Ma famille sait que je l’adore. Mon père a dit,
« Félicitations! Je suis très heureux pour toi. » J’ai cherché un sourire. Je ne le trouvais pas.
Ma famille était heureuse pour moi parce que j’ai publié ma première histoire dans un magazine. Un magazine qui s’appelle le New Yorker.
La histoire était sur ma famille, et que tous, ma mère, mon père, mes frères, mes cousins, tous sont auteurs, et que nous donnons une grande fête quand quelqu’un publie leur première histoire. La histoire a dit, « Si cette histoire est publiée, ma famille va donner une fête pour moi. Je ne la veux pas. Si cette histoire est publiée, je vais entrer dans un monde d’où l’on ne peut pas sortir. » Il n’y a pas d’auteur que dit, « Je suis allé. Mon œuvre est complète. Si j’entre dans le monde de la littérature, je vais être son esclave pour toujours. »
Mais j’ai dit que je n’ai pas de choix. J’ai dit, « Je viens à la littérature comme une souris vient à un chat. »
Je crois que ma famille, les auteurs actifs, les auteurs occupés, n’ont jamais lu mon histoire.
I was in the kitchen, and saw my cat with a mouse in her mouth.

Everyone else was in the living room. I heard my mother’s laughter. My cousin yelled, “Stophe! Come in here!” and so I did. Everyone applauded when I entered the room. “Bravo!” they said, and lit the candles of a cake. My family knows that I love cake. My father said, “Congratulations! I’m so happy for you.” I searched for a smile. I could not find it.

My family was happy for me because I had just published my first story in a magazine. A magazine called The New Yorker.

The story was about my family, about how all of them, my mother, my father, my brothers, my cousins, all of them are authors, and about how they throw a huge party whenever one of us is first published. The story had a passage: “If this story is published, my family will throw me a party. I do not want that. If this story is published, I will enter a world from which there is no escape. There is no author in the world who says, ‘I am finished. My works are complete.’ If I enter the world of literature, I shall be its slave forever.”

But I wrote that I did not have a choice. I wrote, “I come to literature as a mouse comes to a cat.”

I think that perhaps my family, those active authors, those busy authors, never did read my story.
سیروس و لیلی

سیروس دو تا از چشم هایش را در نبضات قبل از غروب از دست داده بود. احترام زیادی پیش همه داشت. برای این که سرپرست بقیه نباشد، پیشنهاد کرد بود به چه یا درس بدهد. صبح ها بعد از این که چه یا صبحانه شان را می خورند و بزرگ تر ها به سر کار می رفتند، سیروس بچه ها را از خانه به‌روز می‌برد و درباره خواص گل های مختلف و قصول روشی‌ان‌ها به‌خوانشان توضیح می‌داد. لیلی جزو بچه‌ها، ازهمه‌ها حواس پرت تر بود. همیشه دیرتر از بقیه بی‌دار می‌شد، صبحانه اش را نیمه کاره می‌گذاشت و آخر کلاس می‌نشست. حواس‌ش در ظاهر به یکی دیگری بود. سیروس همیشه جای او را عوض می‌کرد تا بتوند او را بینند. امروز می‌خواست گل زعفران را توضیح دهد. به نام خراسان که رزید یاد مغول‌ها افتاد و ترسد و چه‌ها را به درون خانه برد. افتاد داشت غروب می‌کرد. بزرگترها یکی یکی با دست پر از سر کار بر می‌گشتند. چه‌ها دور آن‌ها جمع شده بودند. بنده لیلی بود که از سوراخ کندو غروب افتاده، را تماشا می‌کردم...
Cyrus & Leily

Cyrus lost his two eyes defeating the intruder just before the Sunset. Everyone respected his courage. He did not like to be a burden, so he proposed to teach at kindergarten. Every morning, he would wait for the kids to have their breakfast and kiss their parents, who were departing for work. He then took them all outdoors to teach them the properties of various flowers. Among the kids, Leily was the least focused. She was always the last one to wake up and had never finished her breakfast before it was time to go. She would always sit at the very back of the class and daydream because her soul was somewhere else. Cyrus would always ask her to sit in another spot, so that he could see her. Today, Cyrus was talking about the Saffron flower. When he mentioned Khorasan (the land of Saffron), he recalled his battle with Chengiz. He became worried, and took all the kids inside. The Sun was setting and the parents were coming back from their work. They were surrounded by the kids, but Leily was sitting alone by the hive entrance, watching the sunset...
Café

Estou sentada no bar onde os únicos clientes são os mesmos de sempre. Todos menos eu. As paredes ainda estão sujas, tinta branca a ficar negra com falta de serem lavadas. Há luzes de néon de várias marcas de cervejas e cigarros. As janelas estão meias abertas como sempre para arejar o fumo e o cheiro dos cigarros. Coisa que nunca funcionou. Há sempre uma nuvem grossa de fumo no ar. Esta noite não é nada diferente.

Tudo é sempre igual. As mesmas caras, as mesmas janelas, os mesmos placares, o mesmo menino de dez anos que entra com o pai e toca a mesma canção vezes sem fim no leitor de música moderna que aceita cartões de crédito. Até há as mesmas teias de aranha e aranhas ao pendurá das janelas meias abertas. Olho para o meu copo de espresso e o pensamento de ti faz remoinhos na minha cabeça.

Estava à espera de calças pretas, bem arranjadas e passadas a ferro, uma camisa branca tão direitinha que quase que custava a vestir, e uma gravata às riscas com azul e pratiada. Cabeleira bem pentiada com gel condizia bem com o teu sorriso giro e contagioso. Um sorriso que sempre dá luz à sala. Um sorriso tão confiante que fazia todos os outros um bocadinho menos confiantes. Tudo isto com os ténis mais confortáveis que o dinheiro possa comprar. Em vez disto tudo, saíste do teu BMW branco com uma cara de preocupado. Estavas nervoso. Ouvi o ‘beep beep’ rápido do carro a ser trancado. Eu sabia que as chaves estavam fartas de estares a brincar com elas, sem reconhecerem o estado nervoso do seu dono, quando caíram com um barulho grande no chão de cimento. Entre o gradilamento vi-te a baixar para as apanhar e depois a dares um passe na minha direção.

No lugar desse sorriso está uma linha de lábios. O tipo que se vê nos desenhos animados quando o boneco fica sem palavras.

No lugar desses ténis confortáveis estavam botas amarelas.
No lugar dessas calças pretas, bem arranjadas e passadas a ferro estão calças de ganga sem cor, rotas de preposíto nos joelhos.
No lugar dessa camisa branca muito direitinha está uma t-shirt branca e suja com o nome de um bar.
No lugar desse cabelo com gel está uma boina.
Dáis mais um passo na minha direcção e encontro-me a
brincar com o meu cabelo. O meu sinal de estar nervosa. Depois de mais alguns passos estás à minha frente e com um sorriso não muito confiante disses, “Olá, é bom ver-te de novo.”

Uma frase.

Uma simples frase e as borboletas voam para o meu estômago, para dentro dos meus braços e das minhas mãos, para as minhas pernas e joelhos, e para cima outra vez para mudar a cor nas minhas bochechas.

“Pyatietazhki,” Bendiksen
Café

I stand up and we are walking arm-to-arm back to your car. We barely say a word to each other; we don’t even look at each other. You walk to the passenger side of the car, unlock my door, and open it up so that I can sit in the black leather seats. As my door closes I take in the smell of the new car smell scented air freshener hanging from the side of the steering wheel. You step into the driver’s side of the car, turn to look at me, and proceed to putting the key into the ignition. We drive off with no destination in mind. The drive is silent yet comfortable. I keep thinking of ways to break the ice. What to say, what to do. I finally begin a conversation about music. A conversation that lasts a whole two minutes. Thankfully I do not need to worry about conversation topics anymore.

The car slows to a stop. You turn the car off and stare out into the area outside of the car. I realize that I have not yet looked to see where we are. We are at a lake and you have a blanket to place on the grass alongside the beautiful flowing body of water. I mimic your actions and stare out of the windshield. There is no lake. We are at batting cages.

Batting cages. Really? Batting cages?!?! Dusty grounds, big cages, balls being thrown too fast for my own good. None of this goes good with the dress that I find myself in. I look at you and you’re smiling in my direction. So now this is amusing. We both get out of the car and walk around to the trunk where you take out your own bat that I am meant to use. Walking over to the batting cages we realize that there is no one else there. It is empty. I swear I can see haystacks rolling
around in the distance. That’s how empty it is. The gates are locked. There is no way to get in and your plans for the night have been ruined. I begin feeling upset. Maybe I was looking forward to this more than I had expected.

On our way back to the car you break the silence and say,
“I really wanted you to go in there to show me how great you are at sports.” You give that smile that I know all too well and realize that you are teasing me for my lack of athleticism. Your face turns a little more serious this time.

“You know, it really is too bad that it was closed. My best friend and I used to come here all the time. I wanted to share this with you. It’s weird too…it seems like these batting cages are never closed.”

“Maybe it means we’re not supposed to be that close,” I joke, giving my best impression of your gorgeous smile.

We head back to where we started, the car ride mostly silent once again. And that is just fine with me. It’s us. We don’t need the small talk. If anything needs to be said, it is said. If we just want silence, we’ll have silence. We are back and I realize it is time to say good-bye. I step out of your car as you do the same. You walk over to me and for the first time all night embrace me in your arms. It is so tight I can feel myself becoming a part of you. We stare into each other’s eyes for a moment. That is when reality hits.

I am no longer looking down at my cup of espresso. I am now looking into those familiar brown eyes. Funny how one addiction can lead to another.
MOTHER TONGUE SUBMISSION:

1) ஓரில் மாணவர் ஒரு பொருள்பொருளும் தமிழும் எடுத்துக்காட்டுவது?
   அதில் எதை என்று பெயரிடுவது முதலோம் எண்ணும் எடுத்துக்காட்டு?
   உயர்ந்தவர் என் யாரை, எங்கிலிங்கு வழி
   பண்படுத்துவது எடுத்துக்காட்டு?
   தென்கிற என்று என்று என்று கொண்டு சென்று
   அவ்வகையில் எடுத்துக்காட்டு?
   முன்னெச்சரிக்கை எடுத்துக்காட்டு
   என்ன என்று எடுத்துக்காட்டு?

2) ஓரில் என்று என்று, என்று என்று என்று என்று.
   எங்கிலி என்று எங்கிலி என்று எங்கிலியின்,
   உயர்ந்தவர் என்று எங்கிலியின்.
   தென்கிற என்று எங்கிலியின்.
   முன்னெச்சரிக்கை எங்கிலியின்.

3) ஓரில் என்று என்று, என்று என்று. என்று
   எங்கிலியின், எங்கிலியின் எங்கிலியின், எங்கிலியின்
   எங்கிலியின், எங்கிலியின். எங்கிலியின்
   எங்கிலியின், எங்கிலியின், எங்கிலியின்,
   எங்கிலியின், எங்கிலியின், எங்கிலியின்,
   எங்கிலியின், எங்கிலியின்.

4) முன்னெச்சரிக்கை, எங்கிலியின்.
   எங்கிலியின், எங்கிலியின்.
   எங்கிலியின், எங்கிலியின்.
The above submission is in my mother tongue Tamil, one of the regional languages of South Indian State of Tamil Nadu. 

COUNTRY -> INDIA
Translation into English:

1) Why should I fly from my house? What compelled me to leave my country for another? To improve or expand my knowledge & experience and to improve my standard of living? To know what life is? Though these reasons were solid & decided, when I was about to leave my home on the day of the flight, I had thoughts, reflections on whether my life will be the same again. Will I be able to regain these relics this part of life where I spent in the warmth & security of home with parents to take care of me. (Not possible in the truth, which came to me as a rude shock of reality)

2) I crossed oceans, and was stopped in the midst of my fast transit. "I leaped from Asia to Europe" the thought was thrilling (my maiden voyage). The fact that I found my way to the connecting flight through the terminal was a small accomplishment on my part. While I was in the waiting room, looking through the glass walls at the azure sky, future loomed ahead as a frightening & intriguing mystery.

3) Finally reached my destination. 'America'

Even here life has the same shades (lives of people I observed here). They are people with same streams & aspirations. I am learning to meet the challenges life throws at me. Hope & Perseverance
are my constant friends. I believe, I am not alone,
even you, we, we are facing having the same
reflections.

4 I believe every one of us are a part of
a grand design. Each one is a reflection of some
big abstract that I am a part of, so I should
learn from every person, to understand my
existence. I am blessed x so are you.

5 We are here by destiny x not by chance! x
we are obliged to fulfill our promises.

→ these are my thoughts, alternate opinions,
faults, criticism... if there (am happy x honoured forever
in time) they are welcome.

--- x --- x --- x ---

mother.tongue.complit@gmail.com
(1) Why should I fly from my house? What compelled me to leave my country for another? To improve or expand my knowledge and experience and to improve my standard of living? To know what life it? Though these reasons were solid and decided, when I was about to leave my home on the day of the flight, I had thoughts, reflections on whether my life will be the same again.

....Will I be able to relive this part of life where I spent in the warmth and security of home with parents to take care of me? (Not possible is the truth, which came to me as a rude shock of reality)

(2) I crossed oceans, and was stopped in the midst of my fast transit. 'I leaped from Asia to Europe' → the thought was thrilling (my maiden voyage). The fact that found my way to the connecting flight through the terminal was no mean accomplishment on my part. While I was in the waiting room, looking through the glass walls at the azure sky, future loomed ahead as a frightening and intriguing mystery.

(3) Finally reached my destination → 'America!'

Even here life has the same shades (lives of people, I observed here). They are people with same dreams and aspirations. I am learning to meet the challenges life throws at me. 'Hope and Perseverance' are my constant friends. I believe, I am not alone, even you, we, us are having the same reflections.

(4) I believe every one of us is a part of a grand design. Each one is a reflection of some big abstract that I am a part of. So I should learn from every person, to understand my existence. I am blessed and so are you.

(5) We are here by destiny and not by chance! We are obliged to fulfill our promises.
“To Die For” by Katie Wynkoop
The lab of love

La naturaleza de tu simulación
no consiste
en representar todo fenómeno líquido
[moléculas – organismos – reacciones]
de modo lineal
sino en rectángulos

Tienes tus reglas:
   1. El movimiento azaroso
   2. La no superposición

De manera que si T en su deriva
colisiona con mis huesos
ha de retroceder y continuar la marcha
en otro sentido
[pese al primer instinto]

y mientras tanto yo
me pregunto el porqué
de tanta di-simulación
(la repetición de los puntos un dos un dos un dos)

Si pretendes gritar EUREKA
añade un tiempo y un espacio, por ejemplo

\[
\text{bajo las estrellas} \quad \text{un vals}
\]

a modo de ecuación
The lab of love

The nature of your simulation
does not consist
in representing all liquid phenomenon
[Molecules, organisms and reactions]
in a linear fashion
but with rectangles

You have your rules:
  1. Hazardous movement.
  2. Non – superimposition

So that if, mercifully, Y,
colides with M
it must return [despite its momentum]
and continue in another direction

And meanwhile I
wonder why, the meaning of so much
di-simulation
(the reiteration of one two one two one two]

If EUREKA must be yelled
First add a beat, then a space:
“In a Station in the Metro,” Beniksen
Цаста уулын цэцэн мергчүдэс үндсэлсэн
Цэгян эш зэрлэгт тасрл уг номлсонд
Самнран эрүү сэжж, номин нээлзүр үрүүлсэнд,
Дуусэн бүхэн зэрлэг, дамнал уг нь делгүүлсэнд
Энэргүү седклэр номин эрдээн нар үрүүлсэнд
Адишан эрүү герл, Зунтван бодь мэр, Ногон Дэркин магтал бустин
хангадсан седкэлд, аршан мет номин хур оруулсэн,
Эрүү нигуулсан седкэлэр, эрүү идэн эвүүнэ авшг олн сойрхсонд,
Олн, олн суурэн өнгө уг седкэлэр босхгэнсэн
Сэн хөвтгрин дунд ийлэнсн бүхэн ном оржүулхин төлөө сэтүүр кинж
Номлсан хамбэн зэрт Тэнзин Дугда!
Джамбиан Шедбаин даянд
Джамбелэянг мишэн угтж сойрхсонд
Мергэн зэрт оеэдсэнд
Манзушрин гэгэн угтж соийрхтн.
Олн суурчирин зальврасар
Өөд болсон зэрт, олн буйин кучэр, онтрэдүү уг үг нүрт оршж,
боьд хутуг олж, бат сууж соийрхтн!
Geshe Tenzin Dugda Magtaal

Continuously teaching the pure Buddha Dharma, on the basis of the Wise Masters of the Land of Eternal Snow Covered Mountains; Carefully tending the sprouts of Dharma, and holding vows without transgression, Spreading widely and without the least doubt the Accomplished One's teaching:

With a spirit of great compassion, by lifting up the sun of the Teachings Understood in the pure light of Atisha and through the holy path of Tsongkhapa, With great praises to Green Tara, watering the parched souls of many Lay people with the supreme nectar of the Dharma:

With boundless loving kindness, bestowing many initiations of The ever youthful, purely enlightened one, and building many faultless stupas, The foremost master Tenzin Dugda was a supreme teacher fulfilling the Buddha's aims with diligence and effort, for the sake of those of good fortune.

Just as Manjushri came forward with a smile to greet the meditating Jamyang Sheba, May our great departed Master be welcomed with that same joyful greeting By the virtue of the prayers of many disciples and the power of his good karma May our elevated Master become united with the entire cosmos and fulfilling the Great wish to enlightenment, remain firmly seated on that highest throne.
“Cities are Like Onions” by Katie Wynkoop
A special thanks to:
Sally O'Shea
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Katie Wynkoop

Back cover:
“You and I,” Bendiksen