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mOthertongue Editor

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mOthertongue

A MULTILINGUAL JOURNAL OF THE ARTS

mothertongue

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mOthertongue was founded in 1994 by students in the University of Massachusetts Program in Comparative Literature.

mOthertongue is published annually, save the year 2013, by the undergraduate students of the University of Massachusetts Program in Comparative Literature.

The editors send their eternal thanks to Regina Galasso, Annette Lienau, William Moebius, and Edwin Gentzler.

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LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader,

Twenty years ago, a group of four Comparative Literature students approached their professors with a mission: to create a forum in which to celebrate the plethora of multicultural voices on campus. On the first page of the resulting publication, they wrote these words:

“mOthertongue upholds the notion that a global community is not separated by different languages, but united in the ideals which inspire expression in the first place.”

The journal you see before you is a product of that notion, a notion that has held strong among the whirlwind of changes that accompanied the new millennium and beyond. Every year has brought its share of changes, of course – editorial boards come and go, styles shift, and formats are rethought – but at its core mOthertongue has always been about the art of language and self-expression. We invite all who have found their voice – whether it is in their mother tongue, another tongue, or even the silent utterances of art – to speak up and share it with their community.

As our own contribution, we hope to make this community a bit bigger. By the end of this semester, all past and future editions of mOthertongue will be digitized, meaning anyone can go online and see the wonderful works of our contributors past and present. We will still be producing print copies, of course (we’re literature students – we love our books!), but we are excited at the prospect of making the journal truly global.

The journal you see before you is a product not only of our hard work, but the work of those students and sponsors who came before – all of whom we are indebted to. In addition, we’d like to thank our faculty sponsors Regina Galasso, Annette Lienau, and Leslie Hiller for their advice and support. Our gratitude also goes out to Professor David Lenson and last year’s mOthertongue team, whose hard work set us up for success. Finally, we’d like to thank our current contributors, assistant editors, and you, dear reader. This journal would not be what it is without you.

Thank you for reading, and here’s to twenty more years of mOthertongue!

Sincerely,
The Editors

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Laberinto

Susana Antunes

Abandonados en el laberinto de su poliédrico sostén.

Deambulan por delicados caminos
manipulados tiernamente
por la arañuela.

Son jóvenes.
La vía láctea se multiplica de colores.
Son tan jóvenes que deberían mirar al infinito.

Los otros
les devuelven la intolerable realidad.

Él y Ella.
Bajo la lluvia púrpura
sonríen con resistencia.
Duele su sonrisa metalizada.

Se sienten preñados
de soledad, de silencio.
Cloroformizados por la vida,
esperan que la burbuja de seda
estalle
y que la existencia individual
se dilapide en un
laberíntico ladrido.

Labyrinth

Susana Antunes

Abandoned in the labyrinth of their polyhedral sustenance.

Sauntering through delicate paths
tenderly manipulated
by the spider mite.

They are young.
The Milky Way multiplies with colors.
They are so young that they ought to look towards infinity

The others
return to them the intolerable reality.

He and She.
Under the purple rain
they smile with resistance.
Their metallic smile hurts.

They feel pregnant
with loneliness, with silence.
Chloroformed to life,
expecting that the silk bubble
detonates
and the individual existence
squandered on a
labyrinthine bark.

private void death

Zack Hardy

```
private void death(){
    String a_life = "I'm too scared of death to not believe in God.";           //I can still see the faces
    String a_death = " ";                                                       //of those closely lost,
    String loss = "I cannot imagine a life without myself";                     //almost broken, nearly
    int short_days = 0;                                                         //touched by animal urges.
    if(this.family != null){                                                    //They've returned to primal
        try{                                                                     //instincts in death. My uncle
            sleeplessness();                                                     // reaches out with ghostless hands and
            depression();                                                         // Holds my cheek, as if he could find
            loneliness();                                                         //someone for whom hands don't go
            love(family);                                                         //through. When sleeplessness ends, the rest
            comfort();                                                            //of the world doesn't, it can only keep going
        }
    }
    catch(Exception orphan){                                                    // in the return, return, return of a computer's
        System.out.println("How can you comfort without the feeling of skin?");
        System.out.println("How can you believe when there is no one left?");
    }
    else{                                                                        // broken cycling. I never though that one
        while(this.family == null){                                              //could make family from friends. When
            String[ ] long_nights = loss.split(a_death);
            a_life = a_life + long_nights[short_days];
            short_days = short_days+1;                                           // there was nothing left
        }
    }
    //but barely touch.
}
```

death

Zack Hardy

give a life meaning, a phrase
and make a death empty.
hold a loss closely to itself
as if you can imitate a mother's
touch. if this family is existent,
the sleepless nights, darkest days
loneliness, all come. but they
disappear when something like
love encircles you, calls your comfort
like a name. if family is broken, then
How can you comfort without the
feeling of skin? How can you
believe when there is no one left?
when family is wholly empty, when it
is not broken, merely gone, loss is split
along a death, and a life simply gets
longer and longer. I'm too scared of death
to not believe in GodIcannotimaginelifewithoutmyself. continued, never ending
a continuous, constant loop because
family never changes, is never made
whole again and cannot remember.

Le Silence

H.R.

C'est quoi ce sentiment
Que tu relèves en moi ?
Est-ce l'espérance, l'espoir,
Ou une simple curiosité ?

C'est quoi cette électricité
Que je vois dans tes yeux ?
Est-ce un reflet
De quelque chose dans les miens ?

Tu me parlais,
Mon joue contre ton écharpe,
Et je me berçais entre tes phrases,
Le courant de tes mots

La musique de ta langue
Résonne au plus profond de moi,
Dans un endroit intouchable
Introuvable,
Peut-être illusoire

Nous partageons ce beau moment
Quand le silence laisse parler nos yeux

Comment se fait-il
Que nous pensons la même chose
Sans dire un seul mot ?

Nos moments de silence
Sont les plus beaux de tous

The Silence

H.R.

What is this feeling
That you awaken in me?
Is it hope, expectation,
Or a simple interest?

What is this electricity
That I see in your eyes?
Is it a reflection
Of something in mine?

You spoke to me,
My cheek against your scarf,
And I rocked myself in your phrases,
The current of your words

The music of your language
Resonates in the deepest part of my being
In a place untouchable,
Unobtainable,
Perhaps illusory

We share this beautiful moment
When the silence lets our eyes talk

How is it
That we think the same thing
Without saying a word?

Our moments of silence
Are the most beautiful of all

Il Dolore del Domani

Emanuele Boccia

La Luna, lassù, splende infinita,
mentre il cuore, qui giù, brucia di vita.
Una notte di amore
che riempie gli occhi di stupore,
è Lei colei che ci può salvare dal dolore.

Siate gioiosi, o voi Angeli di San Valentino,
perchè arriverà il risveglio del maledetto mattino.

The Pain of Tomorrow

Emanuele Boccia

The Moon, up there, shines infinitely,
while the heart, down here, burns with life.
A night of love
that fills your eyes with wonder,
She is the one who can save us from sorrow.

Be joyful, o Angels of Valentine's day,
as the awakening of the damned morning will be upon you.

Changing World

Fuyang Peng



Chenonceau

Sarah Tyler



Gerolsteiner
Sarah Tyler



One Night in Suzhou

Fuyang Peng



Smilodon-Thylacinus cynocephalus

Andy DeLeon



Rêve du Jour

*Les étudiants de la classe de Français 240 (Section 3)**

Je voudrais qu'il soit l'automne.

Je voudrais que tu sois une souris pour que je puisse te nourrir de fromage.

Je voudrais monter les plus hautes montagnes et crier ton nom.

Je voudrais que tu sois mon intestin pour que tu me donnes du courage.

Je voudrais que tu sois mes poumons et que tu m'aides à respirer.

Je voudrais que tu viennes dans mon cœur et que nous regardions les étoiles.

Je voudrais que tu sois le ciel pour que je voie ton visage quand je lève les yeux.

Je voudrais que tu sois une étoile pour me guider pendant la nuit.

Je voudrais que tu sois une étoile pour te voir tous les soirs.

Je voudrais que tu sois ma mère, moi ton Œdipe.

Je voudrais pouvoir t'abandonner pour que tu m'aimes.

Je voudrais que tu sois ma mère pour que tu m'aimes inconditionnellement et sans réserve.

Je voudrais être plus courageux pour que tu m'aimes.

Je voudrais que tu sois Morrill Science Center pour passer les années à essayer de te comprendre.

Je voudrais que tu sois un chien pour que je te caresse.

Je voudrais te lire l'écriture sainte pour que nous fassions l'amour.

Quoique tu ne puisses pas parler, notre amour surpasse la langue humaine.

**Claire Barré, Courtney Blount, Molly Brooks, Austin Dale, Rebecca Han, Zainab Jalloh, Jessica Johnson, Alison Kerr, Jacob Liverman, Elizabeth McDermott, Aidan McGrath, Paul Messier, Katarzyna Nowik, Sharon Pietryka, Stephen Schneider, Maggie Spring, Brynn Stevens, Xavier Torres de Janon, Zach Turcotte and Amelia Winer*

Daydream

*The students of French 240 (Section 3)**

I wish it were autumn.

I wish you were a mouse so I could feed you cheese.

I wish I could climb the highest mountains and scream your name.

I wish you were my guts so you could give me courage.

I wish you were my lungs so you could help me breathe.

I wish you came into my heart and we watched the stars.

I wish you were the sky so that I saw your face when I look up.

I wish you were a star to guide me through the night.

I wish you were a star so I could see you every evening.

I wish you could be my mother, me your Oedipus.

I wish I could abandon you so you would love me.

I wish you were my mother so you would love me unconditionally, without restraint.

I wish I were braver so you would love me.

I wish you were Morrill Science Center, to spend years trying to understand you.

I wish you were a dog so I could caress you.

I wish I could read the Holy Scriptures to you and then make love.

Although you cannot speak, our love surpasses human speech.

**Claire Barré, Courtney Blount, Molly Brooks, Austin Dale, Rebecca Han, Zainab Jalloh, Jessica Johnson, Alison Kerr, Jacob Liverman, Elizabeth McDermott, Aidan McGrath, Paul Messier, Katarzyna Nowik, Sharon Pietryka, Stephen Schneider, Maggue Spring, Brynn Stevens, Xavier Torres de Janon, Zach Turcotte and Amelia Winer*

Cuando sientes más

Kaleigh Rose Mangiarelli

Anoche
besé a otro.
Hoy he oído
que has besado a otra.

No estoy enojada contigo,
estoy triste.

Ya ves, me sentí salvaje
después de que besé a ese chico.
Pero un lugar en mi corazón
deseaba que fueras tú.

Pero no estabas allí
y me pregunto si tú sentiste lo mismo.

No sé cómo llamarte
cuando alguien pregunta quién eres:
mi amigo más antiguo aquí,
mi hombre, mi caballero, mi amante.

¿Un chico lindo con quien tengo
el placer de dormir?

Y no sé mucho
sobre los amigos con beneficios
o lo que pasa cuando se empieza
a sentir más.

Pero sé que cuando la gente pregunta
si soy tu chica, digo “sí”.

When you feel more

Kaleigh Rose Mangiarelli

Last night
I kissed another boy.
Today I heard
you kissed another girl.

I'm not angry with you,
but I am sad.

You see, i felt wild
after I kissed that boy,
but a place in my heart
wished it was you.

But you weren't there
and I wonder if you felt the same.

I don't know how to call you
when someone asks who you are
my oldest friend here,
my man, my gentleman, my lover.

some cute guy I have
the pleasure of sleeping with?

And I don't know much
about friends with benefits
or what happens when you start
to feel more.

but i do know when people ask
if i'm your girl, i say "yes."

En chair froide, rêvant de feu

Translated into French by Benjamin Fancy

Allonge-toi sur le dos et regarde le ciel nocturne.
Les étoiles d'hiver mélancoliques ont fondu, givrées, en constellations
frissonnantes,

et sont mortes en caressant les racines de l'espace. Je fonds, moi aussi,
Tout comme la frange tranchante des stalactites
sur le toit, dont les larmes effacent le corps.

Le poème efface le poète. Croissant,
Il se nourrit du feu entre mes doigts.

Pour engendrer du feu il te faut du bois,
Une vérité spirituelle, enterrée depuis longtemps sous la neige,
Cet os brisé de beauté, le seul qui s'en souvient.

Aux constellations j'adresse un hommage tremblant,
Luttant contre mes limites squelettiques pour déchirer le son.
Un appel pour la fin de la nuit.

Dans l'obscurité enfumée, je m'allonge et j'écoute
Des beuglements primordiaux qui résonnent à travers la fissure
Dont j'ai d'abord entendu les cris de mort

Des démons pas assez forts pour briser l'écorce.
Des diamants tombent dans la galaxie et se noient.

Mais au sommet de minuit, après des années,
Ayant fait aveuglement ton chemin jusqu'en haut de la montagne du temps, arrête.
Ceci est un moment de silence,

Une seconde chance pour se souvenir des endroits
Où saignent les visages de la nuit dernière.

In Cold Flesh, Dreaming Fire

Original English by Kelsey Pratto

Lie on your back and look up into the night sky.
The forlorn winter stars melted, ice-like, into shivering
constellations,

and died caressing the roots of space. I melt, too,
Just like the razor fringe of icicles
on the roof, weeping away their bodies.

The poem weeps away the poet. Growing, it
Feeds upon the fire in my fingertips.

To breed fire you need wood,
A spiritual truth long buried beneath the snow,
This beauty-broken bone the only thing remembering.

Toward the constellations I extend trembling tribute,
Striving against my skeletal limitations to rip through sound,
A call for night's ending.

In the smoking darkness I lie and listen to
Primordial bellowing reverberate up through the fissure
From which I first heard the death-cries of

Demons not strong enough to break the crust.
Diamonds fall into the galaxy and drown.

But at the summit of midnight, after years of
Blindly making your way up the mountain of time, stop.
This is a moment of silence,

A second chance to remember the places
Where last night's faces bleed.

காதல்

Thivya Ragupathy

சொல்லாமல் பூரியணும்,
பார்க்காமல் தறியணும்,
தொடாமல் உணரணும்.

உள்ளம் இரண்டும் உள்முறுக்கியதாக என்றல்,
அது காதல் என்று பெயர் சூட்டலாம்.

Love

Thivya Ragupathy

Without telling, it should be understood.

Without seeing, it should be known.

Without touching, it should be felt.

If both hearts are intertwined such,

Then that may be addressed love.

Sin Título

Camilo Rojas

¡Te odio sin respeto
y con convicción!

Todas tus cosas están en el pasillo
en una caja de cartón.

Todas menos
 las fotos de nuestro viaje a Galápagos,
 las canciones de Serrat,
 las postales que te envié desde Italia,
 o el mechón de pelo que te corté
 cuando teníamos quince años
 -un recuerdo, lo entenderás.

Y si no encuentras
 la foto impúdica que te tomé en Portland,
 ni las cartas de amor,
 ni ese poema que tanto nos gustaba,
 no me preguntes dónde están.

Untitled

Camilo Rojas

I hate you without respect
and with conviction!

Your belongings are in the hallway
in a cardboard box.

Everything but
the photos from our trip to The Galápagos,
Serrat's songs,
the postcards I sent you from Italy,
and the lock I cut from your hair
when we were fifteen
- a memento, you will understand.

And if you do not find
the immodest photo I took of you in Portland,
or the love letters,
or that poem we liked so much,
don't ask me where they are.