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mOthertongue Editors
University of Massachusetts Amherst

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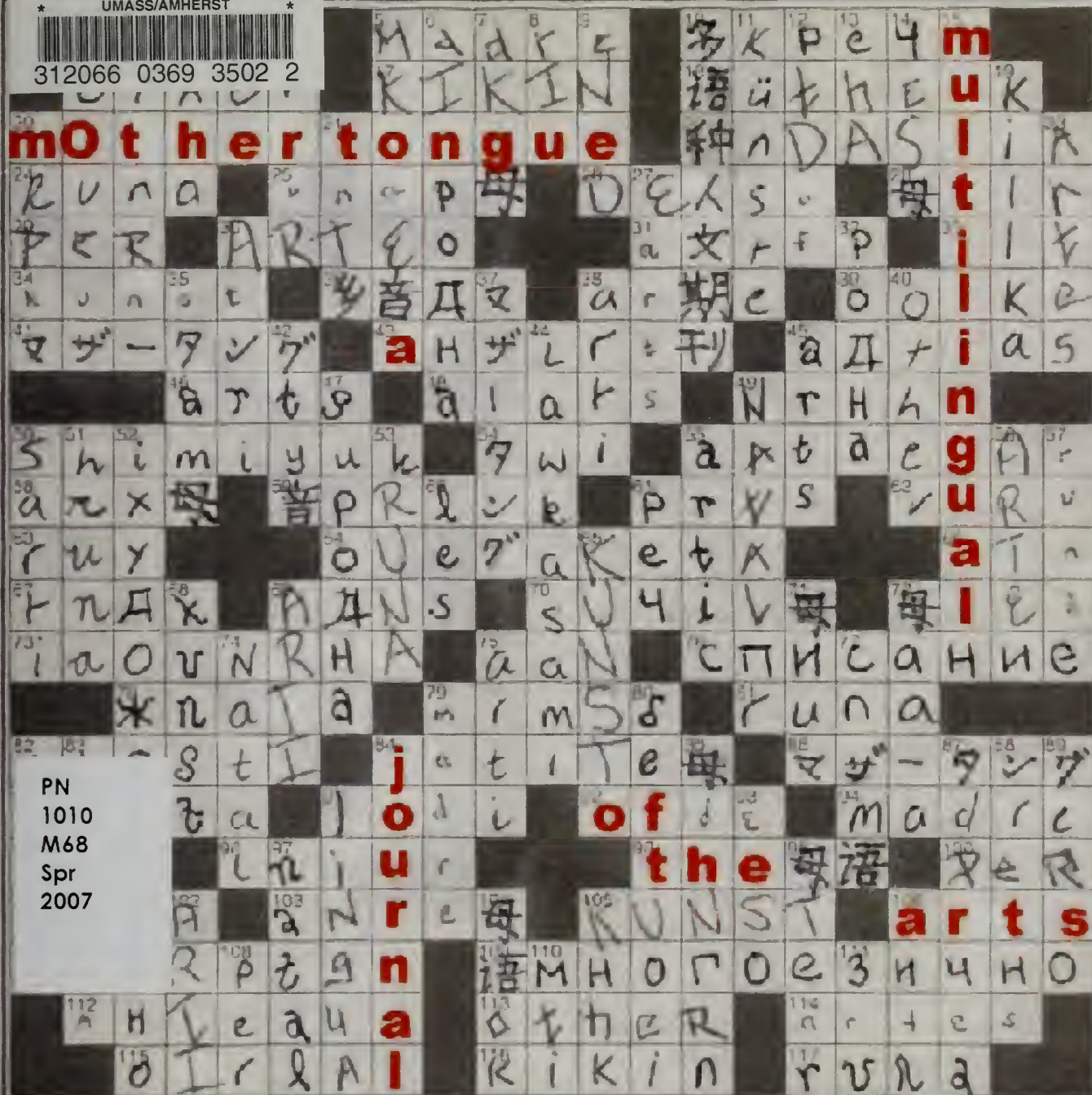
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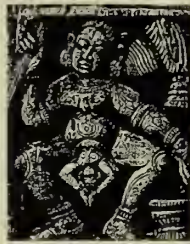
University of
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Amherst

L I B R A R Y

mOthertongue

A MULTILINGUAL JOURNAL OF THE ARTS

VOLUME XIII



SPRING 2007

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Alexa Roscoe
EDITOR: Melissa Cannata

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

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The editors consider submissions from the Five-College undergraduate and graduate student community. artwork or writing with English translation may be sent to:

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On our seven continents and over 190 countries exist more than 6,800 languages, each one the answer corresponding to questions posed by the history, geography, and necessities of its speakers. Our goal in publishing *mOthertongue*, the Five Colleges' only multilingual journal of the arts, is to explore how these languages interconnect. Doing so helps us to break through the bounds of cross-cultural communication and carries us a step further towards solving the puzzle.

As in a crossword puzzle, there are blank spots in our communications; imperfect translations between cultures are inevitable because some concepts can simply not be translated. But let us remember that these empty spaces represent the riddles of other traditions, other modes of thought, and other tongues.

The seven languages featured in the 2007 edition of *mOthertongue* bring quite a few new elements to the resolution of the crossword. This, our thirteenth annual publication, is the first to feature a formal board of assistant editors dedicated to assuring the journal's artistic integrity. Other firsts include the use of Kichwa and Bulgarian and the utilization of color photography. We may not have solved the puzzle yet, but we have certainly filled in a few more squares.

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女の凝視視, Gaze of a Woman	<i>Reiri Kurihara</i>

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ES STÜRZT

Juliette Brungs

es stürzt

durch es, durch sie, durch wir,
durch das biegsame sprachennetz,
wortbruch quarzgleich in
das tonfremde nichts des intervalles

und es ruft

und es ruft

und es ruft

und das haltlose mit tönernem klang

und das haltlose im tönernen klang

und verstummt.

wer spricht ihnen zu?

wer wagt sich hinaus?

wer liest ihre lippen?

IT TUMBLES

Juliette Brungs

it tumbles
through it, through them, through we,
through the sinuous net of languages
rupture of words as quartz crystal in
the foreign-toned nothingness of the interval

and it calls
and it calls
and it calls
and the looseness of the sound of clay
and the looseness in the sound of clay
and hushes.

who assures them?
who ventures out?
who reads their lips?

都市之魂

Xiaohua Liu

最终这沉寂的时刻来临
万籁俱静
难言的欲望消失无影

我知道这是你的时刻
我熟知你眼中的色彩
长颈鹿
你仍会一如既往

在午夜睁开
迷惘的
微笑的
泪水充盈的双眼

凝视着某一点
想象一种冒险的行为
以及从中撤退的快感。

城市在酣睡
你看见城市之魂
知道它们的沉重与轻快
知道它们将在何时呐喊

长颈鹿
这真是最优雅的转身
没人知道为何你

你天生镇静自若
如同一片云影
如同一颗老树

此刻你
缓慢地，缓慢地穿行街上
穿行在摩天大楼之间

像它们一样
一样高大
一样缄默
一样慵懒。

NEVER A SLEEP HOLDING ALL

Xiaohua Liu

And then, the moment when all sounds quietly rest,
all desires wander to disappear,

I know it's the time thinking of you with the colors
in your eyes that I am so familiar. Giraffe,

if you still keep the way in the midnight or early
morning at one or two with opened or absent,

with smiling or tearing eyes gazing at the spot
to imagine retreating from the adventure.

The entire city is deeply sleeping but you know well the souls:
if they are heavy or delight and whenever they want to cry.

It's a real graceful turn, Giraffe, and no one knows
the reason you've been as a giant shadow

and always as poised as trees. Giraffe,
very and very slow you are walking along the street

at the same height as the skyscrapers
and as calm, and as lazy as them too.

Al Byron del B43

Nela Escribano

Galante e imponente

Nenúfar boca abajo, abillantado con esmalte de uñas

Es tu rostro un signo de admiración

Por la mañana.

Tus endulzados pies

De porcelana,

No emiten ni un suspiro

Esperando que tu perfil sombrío se transforme en halago.

Tu bolsito pequeño se funde con tu blusa

Y tu pose de diosa descansa, dignamente,

Sobre el plebeyo asiento de un autobús de línea.

Nunca te dejarán atracar en tu patria

Ulises con encajes minuciosos, que borda su destino

Con pequeños dedales de miradas ansiosas...

Bus 43, noviembre del 2004

Dedicado a Raquel Medida

To the Byron on the B43

Nela Escribano

Gallant and imposing
Inverted water lily, shimmering with nail polish
Your visage, an exclamation mark
on this morning.

Your sweetened feet
Of porcelain,
Emit not even a sigh
Waiting for your sullen profile to turn into an adulation.

Your little handbag blends into your blouse
As your goddess pose, with dignity, rests
on the plebian bus line seat.

They will never allow you to dock in your homeland
Ulysses with meticulous lace, embroidering destiny
With little thimbles made of eager looks...

B43 bus, November 2004

Dedicated to Raquel Medida

ÑUKANCHIJ KILLKAK ILLAK KAWSARIMUY

estheR Cuesta

mashi
kawsaypi mashi
ñukapak rikchariy, ñukapak ñan
kuyana yanka kanka yuyakpika
ashta pacha kayshina
panka illak ñukanchik llutariy
mana tapunakuna, mana taripanakuna
chaypakrantika mishki uchuwanpashmi
boleroswan, junpiywanpashmi
wasiman paktamushkamanda, muyumurkanchik...

Northampton, Tamia 2006

NUESTRA HISTORIA NO ESCRITA

estheR Cuesta

compañero
compañero en la vida
mi despertar, mi camino
cuando pensé que era en vano amar
o al menos de este modo
nuestro pacto sin papeles
ni preguntas ni juicios
sino más bien con panela y ají
con boleros, con sudor
porque volvimos a casa, regresamos...

Northampton, diciembre del 2006

OUR UNWRITTEN HISTORY

estheR Cuesta

comrade
partner in life
my awakening, my path
when I thought it was useless to love
or at least this way

our pact without papers
without questions, without judgments
but rather with molasses and hot peppers
with boleros, with sweat
because we came back home, we returned...

Northampton, December 2006

Du

Holger Droessler, translated by Martina Perkounigg

es war immer der kitschigste Reim, den ich reimte,
wenn ich reimte über dich

aber es ist schon schwer, weißt du

sich einfach hinsetzen,
einen Stift und ein Blatt Papier nehmen
und schreiben -
das geht halt nicht

viel eher ist es so:
man setzt sich hin, nimmt einen Stift,
ein Blatt Papier
und weiß einfach gar nichts mehr

[Leere] mit aller Macht

das ist, was ich empfand
als ich reimte über dich.

YOU

Holger Droessler

it's been the corniest rhyme that I rhymed when I rhymed about you

but it's kinda hard, you know

it's not like you sit down, get your pen, your paper and write-

it's more like you sit down, get your pen, your paper and don't know nothing no more

[emptiness] with a vengeance

is what I felt when I felt like rhyming about you.

外面的阳光正晒，刺着我几乎睁不开眼睛。我试着闭上左眼，只用右眼来窥看前方，但继而发现对面走来的人都用奇异的眼神打量我，仿佛我少了一只胳膊或是多了一个鼻子似的。我只好勉强支开我的左眼，转了下已经发花的眼球，忽然却觉得人们还是看珍惜动物似的看着我。他们的目光闪烁着讥讽的颜色，轻轻在我身上扫过，又迅速收了回去，仿佛我仅仅只存在那一秒钟。也许我的确有什么地方不对头。毕竟现在已经八月了。但是哪里不对呢？

我两个月里瘦了十公斤，人都说我自虐，也许我的确有自虐倾向，但是没有小肚子的感觉真的很好。可以在炽热的太阳下肆意地露出自己的肚皮，履着一双旧旧的拖鞋走在大街上，微眯着双眼。我不爱戴太阳镜，宁愿自己的眼睛被晒的发痛也不愿再鼻梁上扛着一副大黑片子。

今年的八月给我不一样的感觉，似乎空气中少了点什么。我知道空气里少的是什么：这里的天太蓝了，没有一点尘埃。每一次的呼吸都让我坐卧不安，感觉这空气太纯净而不适应我肺中的环境。我太习惯于那个灰色的天空和充满汽车尾气的空气了，这里的空气让我紧张。

太阳晒在我白皙的皮肤上，有点心疼，却又有说不出的快感。那汗浹浹的衣服贴在背上的感觉还记忆犹新。我忍不住用手悄悄地探了一下自己的背。干干的，没有一点的湿气。我没想到这里的湿度这么低，低的我全身都在脱皮。但这同时让我感到兴奋，因为我能每天花上半个钟头往身上抹强生润肤露。我无可救药地爱着所有强生的产品，我坚持要让身上的每一寸皮肤都散发强生的牛奶味道，那种味道让我没有理由的高兴和舒服。我从来没有试过任何化妆品，我只需要强生润肤露。

今天早上出人意料地下了小雨。我通常不喜欢下雨的，雨水会打湿我的鞋子和袜子，我就只能捂在那湿乎乎的袜子里捱上一早上直到下课。今天我却有些莫名的高兴。我甚至没有打伞出去，只是加了一件薄薄的衣服，就又穿着拖鞋跑出去了。可惜雨天松鼠都不像往常那样活泼。我从没见过松鼠，但现在看了，却也不觉有想象中的那般可爱。也许什么东西总是在想象之中才最为美好吧。我总是幻想着电视剧里的浪漫故事，男主角和女

主角在雾蒙蒙的雨中相遇了，他们撑着一把小伞走过咯吱直叫的木桥，然后就再也分不开了。等到这一系列的镜头在脑中放映的完毕，一丝嘲笑会偷偷爬上我的嘴角。这样的浪漫在现在就已经是所说的“过于天真”了。为什么人们还是对这样的肥皂剧津津乐道呢？可能是因为我们都嫉妒电视里的浪漫吧。可能只是我们已经太过现实去相信浪漫了。

我在慌慌乱乱的城市里度过了十八年，习惯了走路去超市，习惯了人群中的汗味，习惯了满地的果皮纸屑，习惯了三天两头的聚会K歌，习惯了自己一个人不知所措地走在城市中央。这里的生活过于简单轻闲了。除了平静，我找不出任何其它的东。我依旧在倒时差，每天晚上8点就困的不行，倒在床上就要睡，清早六点却就再也睡不着了。这里的清晨很安静，没有汽车轮胎与地面亲热的摩擦，只有风吹动树叶的絮絮声。我坐在过于软的床上，靠着我的新枕头，呆呆地盯着窗外。我有时候会喜欢这样的简单平静的感觉，我可以这样坐着，一个小时，两个小时都不用动，头脑里空空的，脸上被早上的风吹得凉凉的，身子软软地陷在软软的床里。直到了早餐的时间，才极不情愿地磨蹭下床。我总是会吃早餐的，我不愿意亏待我的肚子。

这几天真的是没什么正经的事情可以做，为了不过度消费，我决定少去购物，留在房里看点书。我拿着这本泰戈尔的飞鸟集，脑袋里全是回声：“夏日的飞鸟，来到我的窗前，唱着歌儿，然后翩然飞去。”一股躁动的情绪忽得升起，似乎我的脑袋再也承受不住这般的平静。长时间过分的平静让我不安，翻箱倒柜也找不出激情。我扔下书，在房里不停地踱着步。泰戈尔厌人的鸟还在我脑中回响。我跑出房间，奔向厕所。我需要洗一个热水澡。但愿热水在冲过我头顶的同时，能够冲掉我所有的狂躁。

路人甲

2006年12月13日

The sun was shining so brightly outside that I could hardly open my eyes to it. I tried to close my left eye and leave only my right open to peek at the road ahead. But soon enough, I discovered that people walking past were all looking at me as if I had only one arm or an extra nose on my face. I had to open my left eye unwillingly, and rested my tired eyeballs. But I still found people looking at me like I was a rare animal. Their eyes were full of sarcasm, peeping at me for one second or two and being retrieved immediately, as if I only existed for that one second. Perhaps something was going wrong inside me. After all, it was August already. But what was wrong?

I lost twenty pounds in two months, and people said I was self-harming; I probably was. However I really enjoyed the feeling of not having a little belly. I could walk freely in the broiling heat of the sun, dragging my slippers on the streets, narrowing my eyes. I didn't like sunglasses; they made me sick. I would rather burn my eyes than have a big black thing on my nose.

This August seemed somewhat different; I felt like something was missing from the breathing air. I knew what was missing: the sky here was simply too blue without dust. I felt uncomfortable with every single breath I took; I was afraid that the air was too clean to get accustomed to the environment in my lungs. I was too used to the grey sky and the dirty air which was filled with gas fumes at home. The clean air here made me nervous.

I looked at the sun shining on my fair skin; I was a little distressed, but had also had some unspeakable pleasure. I remembered clearly the feeling of sweaty cloth that could never dry out. But now my back was totally dry. I could have never imagined the extreme low humidity here, it made me desquamated. But this excited me at the same time, since I could use my Johnson's lotion. I could spend half an hour a day applying lotions and I was incurably in love with all Johnson's products. I insisted on making my whole body get the milky smell of the lotion; that smell made me unreasonably comfortable and happy. I have never used any cosmetics, and had no intention of trying. I just needed Johnson's lotions, and that's all.

This morning we had some unexpected mild rain. I didn't usually like the rain, it would get my shoes and socks wet, and I had to stay in those wet socks for the whole morning until classes ended. But today I was inexplicably glad about the rain. I did not even take my umbrella with me when I went out; I just put on thin clothes and ran out in my slippers. It was a pity that the squirrels aren't that lively on rainy days. I had



女の凝視視, Gaze of a Woman
Reiri Kurihara



UMass Campus Pond
Cristian Gomez



Valparaíso Reflected
Alexa Roscoe



Trees
Melissa Cannata

never seen a squirrel before I came here; however when I finally saw them here, they were not as cute as I had imagined. Perhaps things are just cutest in your imagination. I was wandering in my weird thoughts of the romantic stories that were shown on television: The guy met the girl in the misty rain, they walked over the wooden bridge under a small umbrella, and they were desperately in love. After all these dramas were finished in my brain, a jeer climbed on to my face. Those were the typical overly naïve scenes that only apply to stories. But why do people still enjoy watching those unrealistic dramas? It's probably because we are people in the dramas. Nowadays, we are just too realistic to believe in anything romantic.

I've spent my whole past life living in the chaotic city. I was so used to walking to the supermarket, used to the smell of the sweat of the crowd, used to the litter on the ground, used to the little gatherings and karaoke and used to wandering in the middle of the huge city. Life here was just simple. I couldn't find anything except for peacefulness. I still had jet lag and I had to be in bed at eight in the evening or I'd just fall asleep outside and wake up at exactly six o'clock in the morning. Mornings here were simply quiet, there were no sounds of tires squeezing the roads, there were only the sounds of the trees. I would sit in my overly soft bed, against my new pillow, dumbly looking out of the window. Sometimes I liked this simple and peaceful feeling; I could sit like this for an hour or two, absent minded, with face cooled by the morning breeze and my body comfortably framed in the soft bed. When it was time for breakfast I would unwillingly drag myself out of bed. I always eat breakfast; I wouldn't treat my stomach unfairly.

I didn't really have anything good to do those days. I decided to go shopping less to stay on a budget, so I stayed in my room to do some light reading. I was reading *Stray Birds* by Rabindranath Tagore, and my head echoed with his words: "Stray birds of summer come to my window to sing and fly away..." Suddenly this impetuous feeling arose; it seemed my head would no longer handle this extreme peace. I dropped my book and began to pace restlessly in my room. Tagore's *Stray Birds* was still in my head. I rushed out of the room and ran into the bathroom. I needed a shower. I wished by the time the water cleaned my head it would wash away my mania. I hoped so.

December 13, 2006

La contentezza è un edificio che la gente vede ogni giorno.
La felicità è una foglia ancora verde che cade da un albero pieno di oscurità.

Le sorelle castane, già morte, si increspano sotto i piedi dei passanti frettolosi. Una ragazza di nove anni ad un tratto si ferma, trovando quella foglia ancora verde in mezzo alla folla.

Il tempo esita.

La ragazzina vede soltanto la foglia—le vene, il colore brillante, la bellezza.
Non ci sono suoni tranne i sospiri leggeri che scappano da una boccuccia sorridente.

All'improvviso, la vita comincia di nuovo e il momento vola via con le altre foglie nell'aria. La ragazzina mette il fresco tesoro nello zaino.

Quella notte, tornando a casa, la ragazzina corre in camera da letto e cerca la foglia nello zaino. La trova, ma non è come prima—è diventata secca e scolorita. La ragazzina è soprattutto infastidita—la prende e la getta dalla finestra.

La foglia ritorna a terra e la piccola ragazza non ci pensa più.

Happiness
Rebecca Paxton

Contentment is an office building that people see everyday.
Happiness is a leaf still green that falls from a tree full of obscurity.

The brown sisters, already dead, gather under the feet of the hurried passer-bys. A nine-year-old girl suddenly stops because she finds that green leaf in the middle of the crowd.

Time falters.

The little girl sees only the leaf—the veins, the bright color, the beauty.
There are not any other sounds except the light sighs that escape from a smiling little mouth.

All of the sudden, life starts again and the moment flies away with the other leaves in the air. The little girl puts the new treasure in her schoolbag.

That night, coming home, the little girl runs to her bedroom and searches for the leaf in her schoolbag. She finds it, but it is not like before—it has become dry and discolored. The little girl is above all else annoyed—she takes it and throws it out the window.

The leaf returns to the earth and the little girl never thinks of it again.

Der Blaue Wald

Mathew Stumpf

Es ist schon eine lange Zeit her,
Seit ich hier in blauen Wäldern war
Länger bleiben hat gar kein' Sinn!

Doch länger bleib' ich,
Einen Grund dafür gibt's nicht!

Von Bäumen verwirt,
Von Pflanzen ermüdet ,
Nach anderen Menschen verlangend,
Ich gehe vorwärts! Treppe für Treppe!

Wo seid ihr, seelige Genien?
Einmal hab' ich etwas über euch gehört.
Ihr sollt hier im Herzen leben,
Enttäuscht habe ich noch nichts gefunden.

The Blue Forest

Mathew Stumpf

It has been a long time
Since I've been here in blue forests;
There's no point in staying any longer!

Yet I remain
For no good reason.

Confused by trees,
Exhausted by plants,
Longing for other human beings,
I carry on! Step after step!

Where are you, blessed spirits?
Once I heard something about you.
You should reside in the heart,
Disappointed I haven't found anything.

SECRETOS SIN SAL

Epi Arias

I.

Queremos secretos:

rosas, relámpagos,
promesas, inquietudes,
todo lo cierto y nocturno,
todo lo funesto y monótono.

Queremos secretos.

Rara es la hora en que

tú me toques el codo

y me digas:

Entiéndeme, amigo, comprende

el aliento que se estaciona en mi nariz.

Y luego y salto

y grito

y bailo

con tu noche,

pero no logra eso

contestar tu pregunta

sin inflexión.

No es que somos extraños,

ni que mi lengua sea dedo intruso

en tu instrumento,

sino que fuimos un 'somos.'

hemos dejado se ser.

Y tu, enfadado con lo críptico

de mi certeza, recoges tus telescopios

y te hechas a volar.

II.

Existen colores que aun no hemos visto,

unas sin arañar,

ojos sin reflejo,

pelos sin hebra,

piernas, brazos,

e infinitudes de pechos

sin monedas para soñar.

Tú y yo, trágicamente unidos

en un caparazón de abecedario.

Somos los que fuimos

y los que aun han de ser,

y eso es todo.

Vuela tu verdad entre las bocas

de mis palabras, hocicos en el aire,

la trayectoria de dos ilusiones

terminando en el beso de la atención.

Yo soy tú 'es' y sigues siéndome.

Mi palabra gotea tu vista.

III.

Queremos secretos,

pero de esos misteriosos,

de esos que aúllan cuando inunda, la noche,

Tu barrio con el canto de alguna bestia sin nombre

(y tu, ahí, comiéndote los dedos),

de esos que solo conocen la matemática,

rectángulos sin sentido,

bailes sin ritmo en la amígdala,

mapas de un algún robot

inmensamente idiota.

IV.

Los secretos obvios no los queremos,
los que hablan de las palmas hacia arriba,
de la luna y su terrible temperamento,
de los zapatos,
que con grave melancolía,
cuelgan de los semáforos,
de la libertad casi sobrenatural
de haber olvidado la fecha,
el día de la semana,
el mes,
el año...

Los secretos con olor a agua no los queremos,
los secretos que hablan
de un mudo extravío hacia la botella,
no los queremos.

Los secretos que se tratan
de una puerta,
una flor,
una concha,
una taza de café
con su pelo blanco de humo
bailando como fuego con tu aliento...
no los queremos.

V.

Lo único que separa la risa del llanto
es un impulso maniático:
la ley del idiota, valiente
la aflicción del estúpido,
lo vulnerable del serio
que aun no se da cuenta
de la tierra entre la piedra y el río.
Queremos hambre, queremos paz,
queremos pena y un 'tal vez.'

Si somos ley en vez de gente
al compás palidecimos.

(La vida es contexto,
una mueca es la muerte.)

Queremos sal, queremos sol,
queremos canto si dormimos.

Queremos canto si dormimos.

SECRETS AND NO SALT

Epi Arias

I.

We want secrets:

roses, thunder,

promises, restlessness,

all that is certain and nocturnal,

all the grim and mundane.

We want secrets.

Rare is the hour in which

you tap me on the elbow and say:

Understand me, friend,

know the very breadth that nests in my nose.

And then I jump

and shout

and dance with your night.

But it does not succeed in answering your

question, your inflectionless question.

It's not that we are strangers,

nor that my tongue be an intrusive finger

upon your instrument,

but that we were a "we are,"

we have simply ceased to be.

And you, annoyed by the obscurity

of my certainty,

withdraw your telescopes

and fly away.

II.

There exist colors that we have yet
to see,

nails that haven't been scratched,

eyes that cast no reflection,

heads of hair without strands,

arms, legs,

and an infinity of chests

without shillings for the dream.

You and I, tragically united in a shell of
alphabets,

we are who we were

and who have yet to be,

and that is all.

Your truth soars

through the mouths of my words,

damp snouts in the air,

the trajectory of two illusions

ending in the kiss of attention.

I am your 'is' and you keep being me;

my word drips your sight.

III.

We want secrets,

but those mysterious ones;

those that howl

when the night floods your neighborhood

with the song of some nameless beast

(and there you are, biting your fingers off);

those that know nothing but mathematics,

senseless rectangles,

dances with no rhythm upon the amigdala,

and the symmetrical schematics

of some immensely idiotic robot.

IV.

The obvious secrets, we don't want;
the ones that speak...
of palms facing upwards,
of the moon and her terrible mood swings,
of the shoes that hang
with the gravest melancholy
from traffic lights,
of that almost supernatural freedom felt
when forgetting the date,
the day of the week,
the month,
the year.

Secrets that smell like water, we don't want;
secrets that speak of mute detours towards the bottle,
we don't want;
secrets about
a door,
a flower,
a seashell,
a cup of coffee
with its white hair of steam
dancing like fire with your breath,
we don't want.

V.

The only thing that separates tears from laughter
is a maniacal impulse to tempt a spasm:
the law of the daring,
the affliction of the imbecile,
the vulnerability of the stoic
that has not yet realized that there exists sand
between rocks and rivers.

We want hunger,
We want peace,
We want sorrows and maybes.

If we are law instead of wit
we pale in the metronome.

(Life is context,
and death, but a grimace.)

We want salt,
We want sunshine,
We want a song if we're asleep.

We want a song if we're asleep.

Тайни

Magdalena V. Georgieva

Очи пъстри с грим опушен
наистоятелно стоят и питат
втречени в една кафяна чаша
сред пустота от никого не спомената.

И тиха съблазнителна усмивка
се ражда в отговор неясен.
чашата кафе струпа се в камара
ала празно е сърцето на танцьора.

Но тялото не спира да се движи
в ритъм, който само то долавя.
Очите впити, усмивката цъфтяща
Загатват образи фалшиви.

SECRETS

Magdalena V. Georgieva

Hazel eyes and smoky make-up,
Standing there and asking questions,
Focused on a lonely coffee cup
In emptiness that no one mentions.

Now a quiet tempting smile
Blossoms in a blurry answer.
The coffee cups become a pile
Still empty is this heart of dancer.

Yet, the body kept on moving
In a rhythm it could only feel.
Eyes were staring, smile was blooming,
Hinting images surreal.

IN MEINEN AUGEN LEBT

Sarah Hollman

In meinen Augen lebt
Ein Universum des Unwissens,
Aus Gefühlen zusammen geklebt
Und von Wundern durchbohrt.

Schwarz ist der Himmel
Um die Sternen besser zu schätzen zu wissen.
Schwarz auch die Hügel
Mit den Flecken meiner Seele

Der Boden seufzt
Als ich und ich und ich geboren werden
Alle meine Sünden hinweg gesiebt.
Die übrigen Selbste wachen.

Mein Herz klopft stärker
Als tausend Geschütze.
Der Höhepunkt meines Werkes
Kommt nie.

In meinem Dasein zwischen Galle und Gott
Immer wird mein unwissendes Gefühlsuniversum
In meinen Augen dort
Andauern.

Ich entferne meine Hülle,
Eine Haut aus Erscheinungsbildern gemacht.
Ich drapierte sie auf dem Stab
Und wandere hin zu mir selbst.

IN MY EYES LIVES...

Sarah Hollman

In my eyes lives
A universe of un-knowledge,
Glued together with emotions
And pierced with wonder.

Black is the sky
In order to better appreciate the stars.
Black too the hills
With the stains of my soul.

The ground sighs
As I and I and I are born.
All of my sins are sifted away.
The remaining selves grow up anew.

My heart beats stronger
Than a thousand cannons.
The culmination of my opus
Never comes.

In my existence between bile and god
My unknowing, feeling universe will always
there in my eyes
linger.

I remove my husk,
A skin made of appearances.
I drape it on the post
And walk hence to myself.

EPI ARIAS is senior undergraduate at UMass with a major in BDIC Creative Writing. He was raised in Lawrence, Massachusetts and is a native Spanish speaker. Currently, Epi is in the process of completing a translation by the well-known poet, Pablo Neruda, which hopes to get published in the near future.

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