

2012

mOthertongue Spring 2012 (Full Document)

mOthertongue Editors
University of Massachusetts Amherst

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mOthertongue



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Spring 2012



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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

Table of Contents

“The Times” <i>by Jiye Shi</i>	4-5
“Kurzgeschichte” <i>by Kelly Jo Fuller</i>	6-9
“Abuela/Grandmother” <i>by Deliabridget Martinez</i>	10-11
“La Soucière/The Mousetrap” <i>by Chris Kerrigan</i>	12-13
“Cyrus & Leily” <i>by Mehrashk Meidani</i>	14-15
“Café” <i>by Inês Ventura</i>	17-19
Untitled <i>by Divyu Gunasekaran</i>	20-26
“The lab of love” <i>by Marta del Pozo</i>	28-29
“Geshe Tenzin Dugda Magtaal” <i>by Andre Boskhomdzhev</i> English translation by Professor Richard P Taupier	32-33



"Organized Chaos" by Katie Wynkoop

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?”

Gestern wachte ich früh auf. Die Altbauwohnung neben mir ist im Umbau, weil meine Nachbarn das Dach reparieren. Bald haben sie ein neues wasserablaufsicheres Dach, doch bis dahin sehe ich die Bauarbeiter jeden Tag von meinem Fenster aus.

Die Geräusche der Umbauarbeiten wollte ich nicht. Das Verkehrshindernis wollte ich auch nicht. Niemand fragte mich, ob ich ein neues Dach brauche. Letzte Woche regnete es. Jetzt ist das Wetter schön, aber das angesammelte Wasser tropft immer noch durch unser Dach. Ich stelle nicht fest, wo eine undichte Stelle ist, weil es mir egal ist.

Tropf.

Tropf.

Tropf.

Die Papiertapete geht wegen des ständigen Tropfens kaputt. Gelb mit kleinen Rosen. Sie sagte, dass die schönen Farben das Wohnzimmer attraktiv machen werden. Jetzt sind die Farben vermischt. Mir ist es egal, aber wenn sie zurückkommt, würde sie keine gemischten Farben oder nasse Rosen haben wollen.

Wenn sie zurückkommt.

Wann kommt sie zurück?

Tropf.

Tropf.

Keine Antwort kommt aus dem Dach. Es ist alt, kaputt. Das Dach ist kaputt, wie ich. Ich könnte mein Dach nicht reparieren. Wie verbessert ein Defekt einen anderen Defekt? Ich muss nur den Boden trocknen und neue Papiertapete an die Wand kleben. 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 veresse, ob die Post auf dem Boden nass wurde, oder ob das Dach-

wasser auf den Tisch tropfte. Die Post ist an sie adressiert. Ich muss sie auf den Tisch legen. Wenn sie zurückkommt, wird sie die Post finden. Sie wird glücklich sein, weil ich so lange wartete.

Wenn sie nach Hause kommt, reparieren wir unser Dach. Jetzt warte ich schon seit drei Monaten, aber sie wird bald zurückkommen. Sie sagte nicht, wann sie wieder nach Hause kommt. Sie sagte nur 'Gute Nacht'.

Es war eine gute Nacht. Ich lag auf der rechten Seite, sie auf der Linken. Wir kauften zwei Decken, weil die Heizung auch kaputt war. Sie sagte, es wäre besser, wenn wir unsere eigene Decken hätten. Wir würden in der Nacht nicht streiten.

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

Ich verstehe es schon. Sie sagte, dass sie nicht glücklich gewesen sei. Ich ignorierte sie. Fast jeden Tag ging sie zu dem Haus von Maria. Ich wusste, dass es keine Maria gab. Ich wusste nicht, wohin sie ging, und das war mir auch egal.

Ich sitze auf meinem Bett. Das Geräusch hört nicht auf. Ich mache das Fenster zu. Das Geräusch ist ein bisschen leiser, aber trotzdem da. Ich lege mich ins Bett.

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 vedammten 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 plántanos,
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 le 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 publié, 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.



"Self Portrait Through Objects"
by Katie Wynkoop

The Mousetrap

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 نبردی قبل از غروب از دست داده بود. احترام زیادی پیش همه داشت. برای این که سرباز بقیه نباشد، پیشنهاد کرده بود به بچه ها درس بدهد. صبح ها بعد از این که بچه ها صبحانه شان را می خوردند و بزرگ تر ها به سر کار می رفتند، سیروس بچه ها را از خانه بیرون می برد و درباره خواص گل های مختلف و فصل رویش آن ها یرایشان توضیح می داد. لیلی جزو بچه ها، از همه حواس پرت تر بود. همیشه دیرتر از بقیه بیدار می شد، صبحانه اش را نیمه کاره می گذاشت و آخر کلاس می نشست. حواسش در ظاهر به جای دیگری بود. سیروس همیشه جای او را عوض می کرد تا بتواند او را ببیند. امروز می خواست گل زعفران را توضیح دهد. به نام خراسان که رسید یاد مغول ها افتاد. ترسید و بچه ها را به درون خانه برد. آفتاب داشت غروب می کرد. بزرگترها یکی یکی با دست پر از سر کار بر می گشتند. بچه ها دور آن ها جمع شده بودند. تنها لیلی بود که از سوراخ کندو غروب آفتاب را تماشا می کرد...

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 pendurão 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 arrançadas e passadas a ferro, uma camisa branca tão direitinha que quase que custava a vestir, e uma gravata às riscas com azul e pratiada. Cabela 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 bocado 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 gradimento vi-te a baixar para as apanhar e depois a dares um passe na minha direcção.

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 estão botas amarelas.

No lugar dessas calças pretas, bem arrançadas e passadas a ferro estão calças de ganga sem cor, rotas de propósito 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.

Dás 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 disse, “Olà, 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 என் வீட்டை விட்டு பறக்கவேண்டிய கட்டாயம் என்னவோ? தேசம் விட்டு தேசம் சென்று பிணங்கக் வேண்டிய காரணம் என்னவோ? வாழ்க்கை தரம் உயர, அறிவாற்றல் பெருக, வாழ்க்கையின் மேடு பல்லங்களை உணரவோ? அங்கிலும் வீட்டை விட்டு கிளம்பமுன் ஸ்ரீ எண்ணம், அணி இதுவரை என் எவ்வாழ்முக இருந்த இவ்விடத்திற்கு திரும்புவோமா? திரும்பினாலும் இத்திரிபையை மீண்டும் உணர இயலுமோ? (முதலாயது எப்போது உண்டாம்).

(2) உயர்விற்கு வந்தேன், இடையால் திருத்தினார்கள் என வெகுவான மாற்றத்தை. ஆசிரியர்விருந்து ஐயோப்பாவிற்கு வந்துள்ளோம் என்று விஷயம் பிரம்மாண்டமும் என்னுள் அங்கு கிடைத்தான் அபிமானம் பெல்ல உதவும் புத்தக விமானம் கிழம்பு திங்கும் இடத்திற்கு நானே கிரியாக போய் சென்றேன். பெருமை. புத்தகம் நேரம் இன்னும் புது மணிநேரம் இருக்க, எதிர்க்காளம் புது உவாசியமான புதிதாக தோன்றியது, ~~கூடு~~ பயமாகவும் இருந்தது.

③ வந்து ஹெட்ஜன் என் கிறூதி கிறும்பிடத்திட்டு. கிங்கும்
வாய்க்கை முதற்கொண்டதான் கிறுக்கின்றது. தனியாக இவற்றை
சமாளிக்க கற்றுக்கொள்கிறேன். மேல் மன்னங்களைத் தூண்டி
மெல்லவேண்டிய வயி தெரிவின்றது. பயணம் தொடர், என் நம்பிக்கை
-யை சிப்பமுத்தி மெக்கின்றேன். ~~அ~~ உடன் உள்ளவர் அனைவர்த்
-ம் இவ்வேண்ணையுடன் புறம் என்று நம்புகின்றேன்.
வாடுவான் ~~மேந்தி~~ நம்முடைய நீங்கள் தனியாக கிங்ஸ்
எல்லோரும் ஹெட்ஜ தனித்தனியாக உயர்ச்சினைத் தந்திப்போம்.

④ நம்பிக்கை, விமர்சனம்.....

செயல்பாடுகளுக்கும் சந்திரன் நாம் அண்டதரிசு
நம்மைப்போல இரு பதி...
~~சுரு~~ ~~சுரு~~ செயல்பாடுகளுக்கும் நம்மை

கற்றுக் கொடுக்கிறார்கள். நாமும் 'பின்பிவாடுவார்களும்' கற்றுக்கொள்
-க்கின்றோம்.

இந்திஷையை அடைய நான் பாக்கியம் செப்திடுக
-கின்றேன். நான்

(5) நான், நீ, நாம் இங்கு இருப்பது விபத்தன்று,
விதியாகும் (destiny), அதற்கு நாம்
கடமைப் பட்டிருக்கின்றோம்

இது என் எண்ணம்; → மிஷ்யூயா, மாறு கருத்துக்களோ
இருந்தால் (இருக்கவேண்டும்!) அவற்றை ஏற்றுக்கொள்ளு

→ The above submission is in my mother tongue
TAMIL one of the regional languages of South Indian
State of TAMIL NADU.

COUNTRY → INDIA.



"In the News," Bendiksen

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 those relief this part of life where I spent in the warmth & 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 \rightarrow the thought was thrilling (my maiden voyage). The fact that I found my way to the connecting flight through the terminal was a ~~small~~ ~~accomplish~~ 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 & intriguing mystery.

③ Finally reached my destination \rightarrow 'America!'

Even here life has the same shades (lives of people, I observed here). They are people with same dreams & 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, ~~and~~ we, us are ~~facine~~ 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 ~~what~~ my existence. I am blessed & so are you.

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

-- → These are my thoughts, alternate opinions, faults, criticism... if there (am happy & honoured for ur time) they are welcome.

_____ x _____ x _____

mothertongue.Complite@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

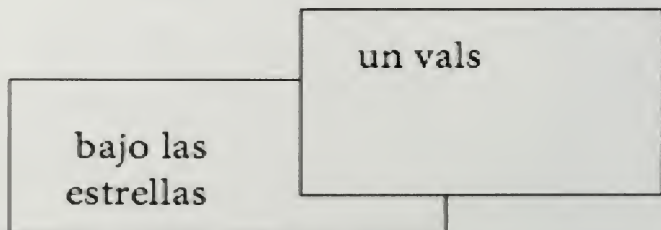
Tienes tus reglas:

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



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

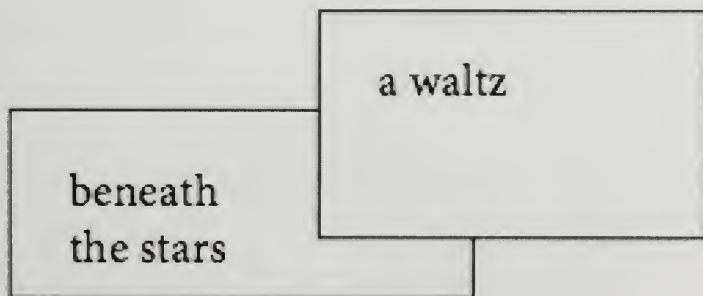
You have your rules:

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 our equation game





"In a Station in the Metro," Beniksen

Цаста уулын цецн мергчүдэс үндслгсн
Цегян эш зэрлгиг тасрл уга номлснд
Самнран эрүн сэкж, номин нээлзүр урһулснд,
Дууссн бурхна зэрлгиг, дамнл уга делгүүлснд
Энрүгү седклэр номин эрдмин нар урһулснд
Адишан эрүн герл, Зуңкван бодь мөр, Ноһан Дэркин магтал бустин
һангдсн седклд, аршан мет номин хур орулснд,
Эрүн нигүлсн седкляр, эрүн идэни көвүнэ авшг олн сойрхснд,
Олн, олн суврһ өнтг уга седкляр босхгдснд
Сэн хөвтнрин дунд ийлһсн бурхна ном оргжүлхин төля сээтүр кинж
Номлсн хамбин зерг Тензин Дугда!
Джамбиан Шедбаин даянд
Джамбельянг мишән угтж сойрхснд
Мергн зерг өөдснд
Манзушрин гегән угтж сойрхтн.
Олн сурһчнрин зальврсар
Өөд болсн зерг, олн буйин күчэр, өһтрһула уга чинрт оршж,
бодь хутуг олж, бат сууж сойрхтн!

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.





A special thanks to:

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Katie Wynkoop

Back cover:

"You and I," Bendiksen

