



University of
Massachusetts
Amherst

mOthertongue Spring 2011 (Full Document)

Item Type	Full Issue
Authors	Editors, mOthertongue
Download date	2026-04-15 13:18:28
Link to Item	https://hdl.handle.net/20.500.14394/35876

UMASS/AMHERST



312066 0369 3505 9

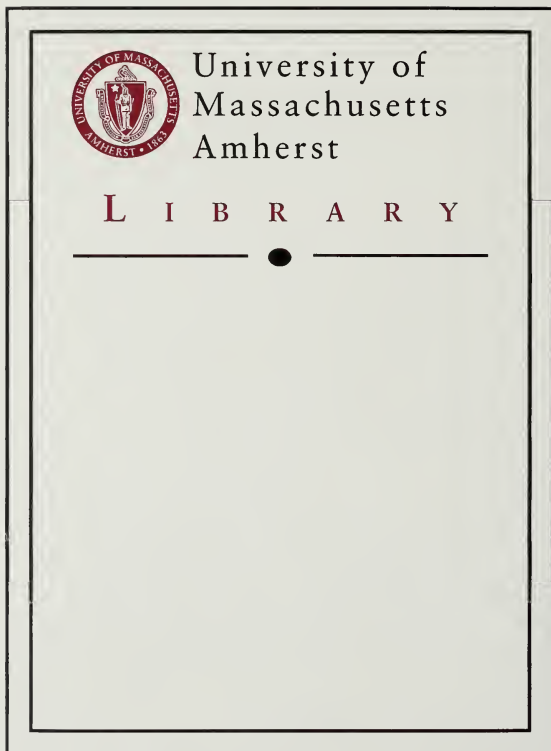
mOthertongue

a multilingual journal of the arts



PN
1010
M68
Fal
2011

Fall 2011



Front Cover Image
"Under the ficus tree"
Catherine Richotte

Dear everyone,

As the world becomes increasingly globalized, digitized, commercialized, revolutionized, politicized, and hipsterized, an increasing number of distractions pull our minds in an increasing number of directions. Interestingly, the use of commas, the sheepdogs of the grammatical community, increases exponentially, in direct correlation, with the growing list of distractions...

In such a world it seems like there is no time to sit down and appreciate creativity. Millions of images and words flit past our eyes every day. And as English grows as a “world” language, so many beautiful world languages begin to fade. Millions of American students wonder why they have to learn another language when “everyone speaks English anyway.” And so the cultural touchstone of language seems threatened.

In *mOthertongue*, we have collected an array of creative works that are presented to the reader in both English and another language. Our contributors are drawn from undergraduate and graduate community as well as faculty members from the five colleges. Even within such a small area, the profusion of languages is stunning. This year, we have included everything from Spanish to Russian to Nepali.

This edition includes a large variety of languages from many countries across the globe. Our contributors search for their identity, wonder about the world, and tell us about the life of an immigrant. Hopefully our publication will help remind you of the beauty of language. We hope you will enjoy these pieces and the artwork we have chosen to accompany them. We'd like to thank David Lenson for all his guidance and support, all of our contributors, and all of our readers. Also, Adobe free trials.

Sincerely,
The Editors
Brigitte Morency
Taylor Cohen
Sarah Klein

Table Of Contents

“The Meeting” <i>a Photoshop experiment by Katie Wynkoop</i>	3
“A mi hijo/ To my son” <i>a poem by Luis M. Valdiviezo Arista</i>	4 – 5
Two Poems <i>by John Fallon</i>	6 – 7
“Bahia Nicoya” <i>a watercolor painting by Catherine Richotte</i>	6 – 7
“Les Rêves/ Dreams” <i>a poem by Kelsey Pratto</i>	8 – 9
“Troublemaker” <i>a pen-and-ink illustration by Katie Wynkoop</i>	10
“The Judgement” <i>a story by Ilia Kurenkov</i>	11 – 15
“Greenhouse Pest” <i>a Photoshop illustration by Katie Wynkoop</i>	15
“My Life in America” <i>a poem by Huihong Bao</i>	16 – 18
“La Sirena de Punta Mala” <i>a watercolor painting by Catherine Richotte</i>	18
“Who I really am ???” <i>a poem by Subash Pathak</i>	19 – 20
“The Neighborhood” <i>a digital illustration by Katie Wynkoop</i>	21
“L’Haiku Urbano da Verona/ Urban Haiku from Verona” <i>three haikus by John “Gianni” Carey</i>	22
“A beautiful start to the end of the world...” <i>a poem by María Turrero García</i>	23
“Corrientes Mala” <i>a watercolor painting by Catherine Richotte</i>	23

“Der Ritter: Zwei Lieder/ The Knight: Two Songs” <i>a poem by Robert La Posta</i>	24 – 25
“Exposition” <i>a graphite drawing by Katie Wynkoop</i>	25
“Through a Folk Art Gallery: Down Cultural Memory Lane” <i>a poem by Ekaterina Ites</i>	26 – 28
“The Parlor” <i>a graphite drawing by Katie Wynkoop</i>	28
“Complainte d’une jeune Terrienne/ Complaint of a Young Earthling” <i>a poem by Aliya Noshahi</i>	29 – 30
“Torn Kite” <i>a poem by Mostafizur Rahman</i>	31 – 32



“The Meeting”
Katie Wynkoop

A mi hijo

Quiero enseñarte a caminar
entre la vida pétrea
y la muerte líquida
con una sonrisa ígnea
y a soñar despierto
con los mejores mundos posibles
sin cobardía.

Quiero verte elegir
las olas de tu mar,
los colores de tu ideal,
las calles de tu ciudad,
los sabores de tu vino,
los nombres de tu Dios
y los pueblos de tu corazón,
mientras caminas sereno
entre la vida incierta
y la muerte segura.

Luis M. Valdiviezo Arista

To my son

I want to teach you to walk
Between the stony life
And the liquid death
With a flaming smile
And to dream awake
With the best possible worlds
Without cowardice.

I want to see you choose
The waves of your ocean,
The colors of your ideal,
The streets of your city,
The tastes of your wine,
The names of your God,
And the peoples of your heart
While you walk serenely
Between the uncertain life
And the sure death.

1)

أنا قوي

مثل شجرة في الريح

.أو طير في عاصفة

.العالم صعب جدا

.ولكن أنا قوي جدا

عندما هناك رعد و برق

:أنا لست خائف

أعيش في مركز العاصفة

و إذا أنا خائف

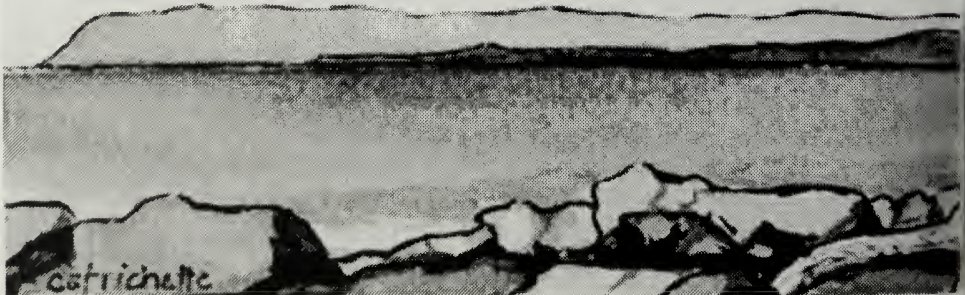
.أنا أعرف أنني حي

.العالم صعب جدا

.لكن أنا قوي

I am strong
Like a tree in the wind
Or a bird in the storm.
The world is very difficult,
But I'm very strong.
When there is thunder and lightning
I'm not afraid:
I live in the center of the storm
And if I'm afraid
I know I am alive.
The world is very difficult,
But I am strong.

John Fallon



3)

الشارع العريض و الطريقه الضيق

الشارع عريض جدا

لكن الطريق ضيق جدا

لازم أروح على الشارع

لكن على الطريق الضيق

لا هناك إشارات

لكن أعرف الطريق

مثل أعرف نفسي

هذا طريق تبغي

و أنا أمشي لحالي

The wide street and the narrow path
The street is very wide
But the path is very narrow.
I have to go on the street
But on the narrow path.
There are no signs
But I know the way
Like I know myself.
This path belongs to me
And I walk by myself



“Bahia Nicoya”
Catherine Richotte

Les Rêves

Vous n'êtes pas en cela par vous-même.
Laissez-moi sortir de cette tension
Laisse-moi aller, aller loin d'ici
Soyez le premier à toucher le ciel
Et si vous enlevez mon rire
Ou vous disposerez ma douleur le long du plancher ?
Et si le monde commence à mourir avec moi
Donnons-leur un spectacle final

Nous marchons dans des lignes simples sur des trottoirs glaces que
le plus longtemps.
Nous allumons nos rails et
Escaliers mécaniques roulé plus froides que les trottoirs.

Ce ciel de la ville cassée longe les bords de mes rêves.
Bonjour Ange, dis-moi que tu m'aimes.
Dis-moi ou nous devrions descendre de ce train

Dis-moi nous allons maintenant.

Et en ce moment il n'y a rien d'autre que je préfère faire.
Nos mémoires nous blanchet dans une épaisse couche de chagrin et
de la graisse.
Cadavres d'acier tendent leurs doigts avides
Il atteint à l'intérieur et soudain, il ne fait pas mal tellement
Comme la glace les mains froide caresse votre peau brule

C'est si vous avez réussi a garder votre peau, bien sur.
Et après avoir vu l'épave de cette ville est devenue, a quoi ca sert de
rester ?
Et si le monde meurt avec moi, aucun de vous ne sera plus exister

Ce ciel de la ville cassée longe les bords de mes cauchemars

Kelsey Pratto

Dreams

You're not in this by yourself
Let me break this tension
Let me go, go away from here
Be the first to touch the sky
And if you take away my laughter...
Or will you lay my grief out along the floor?
And if the world starts to die with me
Let's give them one last show

We walk in single lines along sidewalks that iced over long ago.
We light our rails and
Ride escalators colder than the sidewalks.

This broken city sky runs along the edges of my dreams.
Hello Angel, tell me that you love me.
Tell me when we should get off this train

Tell me we go now.

And in this moment there's nothing else I'd rather do.
Our memories blanket us in a thick layer of grief and grease.
Steel corpses stretch out their greedy fingers
It reaches in and suddenly it doesn't hurt so much anymore
As ice cold hands caress your burning skin

That's if you've still managed to keep your skin, of course.
And after seeing what a wreck this city has become, what's the point
in staying?
And if the world dies with me, none of you will exist anymore

This broken city sky runs along the edges of my nightmares.



The Judgement

У меня вчера дико болела голова и я решил пораньше лечь спать. Лёг в кровать, потушил свет, закрыл глаза. Но сон никак не шёл а голова всё болела и болела. Наконец я стал было засыпать, как почувствовал, что боль вдруг усилилась и у меня создалось впечатление, что из моей головы кто-то вылезает. И тут я к величайшему удивлению увидел, что действительно из моей головы выкарабкиваются какие-то человечки и становятся вокруг неё в круг.

Их было пятеро и каждый выглядел по-разному. Один имел очень крупный лоб, носил очки и галстук-бабочку. У него был очень авторитетный вид, чувствовалось, что он здесь - главный.

Другой отличался огромным квадратным подбородком и настолько же квадратной головой, сидевшей на очень мускулистом теле. Руки его были покрыты мозолями и шрамами, а лицо было очень обветрено.

Третий производил впечатление крайне испуганного существа, готового в любую минуту удрать обратно ко мне в голову.

Четвёртый был весьма солидных размеров человек, сильно напоминавший китайского божка Хотэя. Глаза его заплыли жиром, а вся физиономия выражала беззаботность ничем не обременённого человека.

Пятый был одет в какое-то грубое одеяние, имел при себе плеть и вириги. Он весь был покрыт разными шрамами и синяками, будто его много били.

Все эти девять уселись вокруг моей головы, как вокруг стола, и начали такой разговор. Тот, что с очками начал:

- Итак, после долгих поисков, испытаний и проб мы все наконец появились и заняли своё место вот в этой вот голове. Однако, так как среди нас есть некоторые совершенно несовместимые личности, то нам необходимо будет кое от кого избавиться. Я, как Разумный, уполномочен в этом разобраться и решить, кому из вас оставаться в этой голове, а кому - её покинуть.

При этом все остальные подняли возмущённый вопль и начали во всю кричать, что-де каждый из них более годен для роли судьбы. Впрочем, Разумный быстро их утихомирил.

- Вы все видели – сказал он – Людей, у которых главенствует кто-то из ваших собратьев!

У некоторых – это Борец (он посмотрел на загорелого человечка с большим подбородком).

У некоторых – это либо Трус, либо Ленивый, либо Самоистязатель (теперь он взглянул по очереди на испуганного, дородного и израненного с виригами).

Ещё у некоторых – это либо Оптимист, либо Пессимист, либо Сомневающийся, либо Эмоционально-Несдержанный.

Наш хозяин, глядя на этих людей, не захотел следовать их примеру. Поэтому он избрал меня, как единственного из присутствующих способного понять другого и оценить его достоинства и недостатки.

Никто не протестовал. Все остальные, похоже, не могли опровергнуть логику Разумного.

Он же продолжал:

- Каждый из вас расскажет мне по очереди о себе и своём видении мира и я отберу тех, кого в будущем буду поощрять, и тех, кого искоренять.

Параметры отбора таковы:

а) Хозяин должен существовать в мире с окружающими его людьми.

б) Хозяин должен уметь постоять за свои идеалы, принципы и вообще за то, что ему дорого.

в) Хозяин должен быть готов переосмыслить и пересмотреть свои идеалы когда жизнь ему преподносит уроки в форме неудач или откровений.

г) Хозяин должен быть Свободен. От всего: обиды, переживаний, связанных с удачами и неудачами, чрезмерной грусти и радости, страха, нездорового сомнения, зависимости от физиологических потребностей, зависти, ненависти.

д) Хозяин должен видеть жизнь без примеси эмоций, предвзятости и т.д. насколько это возможно при его воспитании и обществе, в котором он вырос. Хозяин должен

в каждой ситуации уметь сделать выбор и привести его в исполнение.

Вообще, Хозяин должен быть понимающим, не снисходительным; решительным, но не наглым; настойчивым, но не упрямым; добрым, но не сопливым ханжой; суровым, но не жестоким; честным, но не наивным...список этот не окончателен, по ходу дела он будет меняться. Однако на данный момент вот что мы имеем. Те из вас, кто будет этому способствовать, будут вознаграждены. Те же, кто препятствует, будут жёстко наказаны. Начнём мы с тебя, Борец. Выйди, и расскажи нам, что ты можешь предложить Хозяину!

Iliia Kurenkov

Yesterday I had a terrible headache and decided to go to bed earlier than usual. I lay down, turned off the lights and closed my eyes, but could not fall asleep. My head was splitting at this point. I wish I had resupplied my Advil reserve last time I got groceries for tonight I was out. Finally sleep started taking over, and exactly at the moment when it was about to succeed I felt my headache worsen, as if something was trying very hard to climb out of it. Imagine my astonishment when I realized that this was in fact happening! I observed several little men climb out of my head and shuffle into a circle around it.

There were five of them and each one looked different. One had a very high forehead, wore glasses and a bow-tie. He had the air of authority about him and I got the impression he was in charge here. Another one had an extraordinarily large square chin and an equally square head that was attached to a muscular body that exuded endless strength and agility. He had blistered and scarred hands and a weathered face.

A third one struck me as a wretchedly frightened creature who was ready to flee back into my head at any moment.

The fourth little man that caught my eye was not at all very little in comparison with the others. He looked somewhat like the Chinese deity Budai with squinting eyes and a bloated belly and a carefree expression on his face.

Another one was clothed in rags, carried a whip in his hand and chains on his feet. He was all covered in bruises and scars as if he had just received a capital beating.

While I was observing the different characters as they appeared out of my skull, they all sat down into a circle around my head and started to talk between themselves.

The first one, with the glasses and bowtie, began:

“After searching for long searches, tribulations and trials we have all appeared and taken a place in this (pointing at my nose) head. There are, however, some incompatible personalities among us, so some of us will have to leave. Being the Reasonable one I am authorized to decide who gets to stay in this head and who has to go.”

He was about to continue, but everyone else in the group started protesting loudly saying that each of them was more qualified for the job of a judge. The Reasonable one (as he called himself) managed to silence them pretty quickly.

“You all know people - he raised his voice - whose heads are governed by one of your comrades!

For some it is the Fighter (he looked at the muscular man with the enormous jaw and weathered face).

For others - the Cowardly or the Lazy one, for others still it is the Self-hater (he looked in turn at the frightened, the Budai-looking and the rag-wearing men).

The owner of this head who is also, I remind you, our Owner having seen these people does not want to follow their example. He has chosen me to be judge because I am the only one present that can fully comprehend the strengths and weaknesses of another.”

No one contested his claim. Apparently no one could disprove his reasoning, so he continued:

“Each one of you will tell me about himself and his worldview and after some questioning and discussion I will choose the ones that will be encouraged to stay and prosper in the future and those who will be purged from this head.

The goals which I will base my evaluation on are as follows:

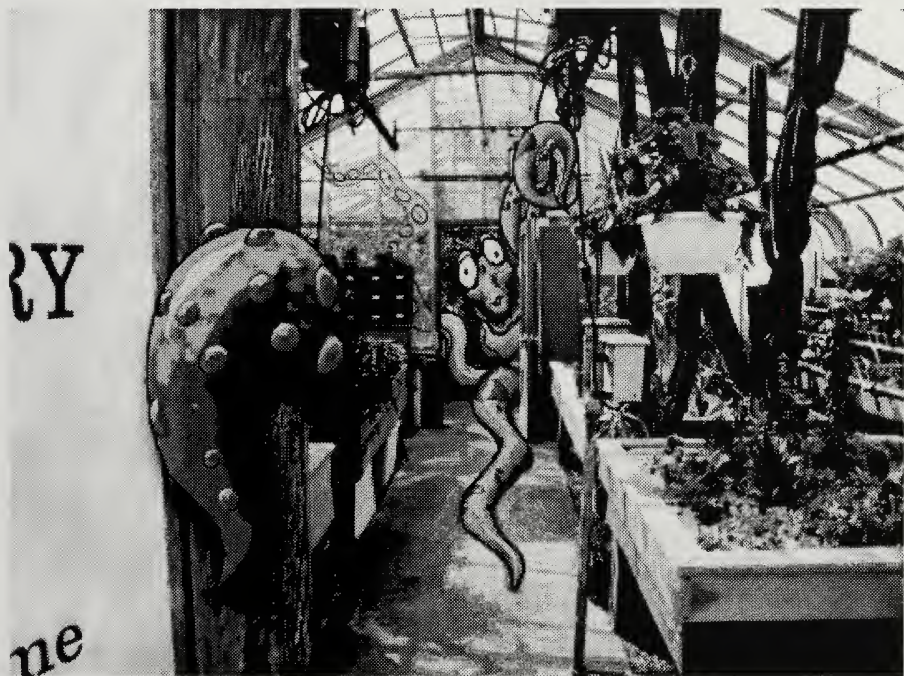
- a) The Owner must coexist peacefully with his fellow humans.
- b) The Owner must be able to defend his ideals, principles and anything else that he values.

c) The Owner must be Free of everything: , fear, excessive doubt (doubt mustn't disappear completely, however, for it is the sign of critical thinking), jealousy, hate, physical needs.

d) The Owner must see life without the filter of prejudice, emotions and the like, as much as is possible given his upbringing, education and place in society. The Owner must be able to make a decision in any situation and execute it.

Overall the Owner must be understanding without being condescending, decisive without being arrogant, persistent without being stubborn, kind without being excessively lenient, honest without being naive. This list is not final, I will make amendments to it as things go along, but this is what we have as of this moment. Those of you who will further these goals will be rewarded. Those, however, who hinder them will be punished mercilessly. We shall start with you, Fighter. Come, tell us how you can benefit the Owner.”

Ilia Kurenkov



“Greenhouse Pest”
Katie Wynkoop

我的美国生活

保惠红

人人都说美国好，我也跟着凑热闹；
十年寒窗攻托福，还有GRE少不了。

拿到签证我心儿跳，花光了积蓄买机票；
亲朋好友前来祝贺，父老乡亲说我服气好。

到了安城我才知道，栗子的滋味并不那么妙；
美国人过节与我无关，实验室图书馆我准时到。

虽然工作三四份，一天到晚四处跑；
餐馆，旅馆工我全打，成堆的账单还是付不了。

一比八，八比一，国人认为我挣钱很容易；
殊不知我住的是蟑螂窝，吃的全是冰冻食。

每逢佳节我倍思亲，打个电话问家人好；
报喜不报忧这我懂，何必让家人为我苦恼？

一年一年又一年，苦做实验勤钻研；
扪心自问我无愧，可我何时才能拿到学位？

国内亲人在纳闷，说我在美国纯是瞎混；
国内攻博只需三年，我为啥十年还不到位？

有苦说不出不是滋味，扪心自问我无愧；
难得年年有个春节联欢会，大家到此来相会。

难得麻大师兄师姐，师弟师妹知我心，
大家到此来相会，前来祝贺迎新春。

放下包袱，欢换喜喜，大吉大利，
祝福大家牛年更牛，财源滚滚，万事如意，

祝福大家全家欢乐，步步高升，
年年有余，寿比南山，福星高照喜盈门！

Huihong Bao

My life in America

Everyone says that America is a wonderful place,
And so I blindly followed this trend,
Spending 10 years working on TOFEL
And I also needed to pass GRE test.

When I finally got the visa, my heart was beating fast.
I spent all my savings buying the air ticket.
My friends and relatives came to congratulate me and
the people in the community said that I am really lucky.

It was only when I am here that I began to know the taste of the
pear.
When the Americans celebrated their holidays,
I feel that it has nothing to do with me.
I just go to the laboratory or the library.

I keep three or four jobs, dashing here and there all day long.
Cafeteria, and hotel jobs I do them all,
but I still cannot pay off the piles of bills.

The ratio of US dollar to Chinese Renminbi is one to eight,
So all my relatives in China think that I can make money easily.
But who knows the fact that I have to live with cockroaches,
and all I eat is frozen food every day.

When the best festivals come, I miss my families most.
I call them and say hello to them over the phone.
I know I can only tell them the good news
and I need to keep the bad ones safely shut from them.
Why should I let them worry for me?

Several years have passed by without my awareness,
I have spent most of my time in the laboratory and the library.
In retrospect I do not feel regretful as I did not idle away my time.
But I don't know why I have not obtained my final degree.

All my relatives in China wonder whether I am killing my time here,
As it only takes three years to get a Ph. D degree in China.
Why is that I have been here so long but still I have obtained no degree yet?

I feel as if I was a dumb who has tasted the bitterest things
In in world but cannot express myself;
Anyway I do not feel regretful as I did not idle away my time.

Thanks to the yearly arrival of the Chinese Spring Festival,
Thanks to our CSSA community, who are in my shoes,
Thanks to my colleagues working here,
They take their great efforts to organize such a celebration party for us,
So we all gather there, putting our burden of thoughts aside,

Just come to celebrate, to enjoy ourselves,
At such a wonderful Spring Festival night.
We sincerely wish in the Ox Year everyone make a good fortune,
Be successful in whatever you are striving for,
And may happiness full of your home.

Huihong Bao



आखरि म को हु त ???

उदाउदै गरेको सूर्यलाई हेरेर मस्त हुदै
बहिनीको शतिलतालाइ अंगाल्न खोज्ने
अस्ताउदै गरेको सूर्यलाई देखेर सुस्त हुदै
गोधुलीको एकान्तमा समझनाका लहरहरु संगाल्न खोज्ने
म एउटा सामान्य जन्दिग खोजि गर्दै हडिने
सामान्य यात्री हु जस्तो लाग्छ ।
कहलि काही फर्केर हेर्छु अतीतलाई
कहलि काही तर्केर नयाल्लन खोज्छु भबसियलाई
अतति र भबसियको चेपमा मेरो बर्तमान हराउछ
अनमि हराएको बर्तमानलाई फर्काउन
कईयैन पहाडहरु चढन खोज्छु , यात्रामा लम्कंछु
तर मैले खोजेको अनिमैले रोजेको बर्तमान कहलियै आउदै न
म तेही बर्तमानको खोजीमा भोइतारदै हडिने
एउटा आधारहीन सपना हु जस्तो लाग्छ ।
आखरि म को हु त ????

म फूलबारीमा फूलहरुसंग खेलेको पनछि
म आशाका रंगनि करिणहरु साथबिनाएर डुलेको पनछि
म कहलि काही
सुन्दर सुनौलो बहिनहिरुमा रमाउने
भरपुर आशाका करिणहरुसंगै बाँचरिहने
एउटा सफलताको कथा हु जस्तो लाग्छ
आखरि म को हु त ???

कहलि काही म केहपिनिसोचदनि
कहलि काही म कहपिनिकेहिदेखदनि
म सोचदै नसोची , देखदै नदेखी
अन्दाजमै पाइलाहरु चाल्न बेहोसी पो हुँ कि
भवसिय र बर्तमानको कुनै चन्तिता नगरी
अतीतलाई आफ्नो मानसपटलमै नराखी
हरेक परवि शहरु नरिदोष मुस्कान छर्दै बताइदनि
एउटा नरिदोष बालक पो हुँ कि
आखरि म को हु त ???

Subash Pathak

Who I really am ???

Getting energetic with the rising sun
I incorporate the coolness of morning in me
Slacking with the setting sun
I recollect the memories alone in the dusk
I am a traveler traveling in search of a
Sound and simple life.

Sometimes I go back to my past
Sometimes I imagine my future
In between the speculations of future
And recollections of past
My present is often lost
Then in search of the lost present
I randomly walk everywhere, climb the mountains
And pass all the hurdles on the way
But my lost present never returns to me
So, sometimes I feel I am that baseless dream
Always dreaming of retrieving the lost present;
But still the question is who I really am?

I have played well with flowers in the garden
I have friended rays of hopes
Sometimes I feel I am that story of success
That always dwells in beautiful golden mornings
Full of colorful rays of hopes.
Still confusion lingers in my mind
Who I really am?

Sometimes I think of nothing
Sometimes I don't see anything anywhere
Am I that unconscious soul
Who moves his steps unplanned
And cannot vision what's coming next??

OR

Am I that innocent child
Who doesn't know what future is and what present is
Who never thinks of bygone days
Just keeps rolling wearing an innocent smile on his face;
Somebody please tell me
Who I really am?



"The Neighborhood"
Katie Wynkoop

L'Haiku Urbano da Verona

Urban Haiku from Verona

Dentro La Macelleria.

La sconosciuta mi dice
Che non le piace
Come cuocerò la cena.

Inside the Butcher Shop

The strange woman tells me
That she is not pleased
With how I will cook dinner.

Ponte Delle Navi

La vecchia nella pelliccia,
Attraversa il ponte
Come un'orsa invernale.

Ponte Delle Navi

The old woman in the fur coat
Crosses the bridge
Like a winter bear.

L'Adige in Primavera

La trota secreta
Con sguardo fisso
Aspetta l'amo.

The Adige in Spring

The secret trout
With a fixed gaze
Awaits the hook.

Gianni Carey

John Carey

A beautiful start to the end of the world...

No cayeron brasas del cielo
ni se oyeron campanas
ni murieron todas las flores
no se vieron jinetes
trayendo sus desgracias
ni plagas descomunales
nadie lloró sangre
no rodaron cabezas

Todo fue mucho más sencillo
nos miramos a los ojos
y nos reconocimos



“Corrientes Mala”
Catherine Richotte

No embers fell from the sky
No bells were heard
All flowers didn't die
No horsemen were seen
Bringing their havoc
There were no gigantic plagues
Nobody cried blood
No heads rolled

María Turrero García

It was all much simpler
We looked in each other's eyes
And we recognized each other

Der Ritter: Zwei Lieder

1. Teil

Mein Ritter, weiß und schwarz dein Schild
und rot dein Wappenrock. Dein Wehr,
mit wem durchbohrte du mein Herz,
gießt süßber Eisennektar in
meine Augen—endlich kann ich
sie öffnen. Endlich, endlich! Ich
würde mit dir reiten nach den
Wälder, nach dem Land der schwarzen
Erde, und mit Fleisch und Eisen
da aufgraben das Geheimnis,
das mir rot, hart, und teuer ist.

My knight, white and black thy shield,
and thy tabard red. Thy spear,
with which thou pierced my heart,
spills sweet iron-nectar
onto mine eyes—at last I can open them.
Finally, finally!
I would ride with thee into the forest,
into the land of the dark earth,
and with flesh and iron
disinter the secret,
which is for me red and bitter and dear.

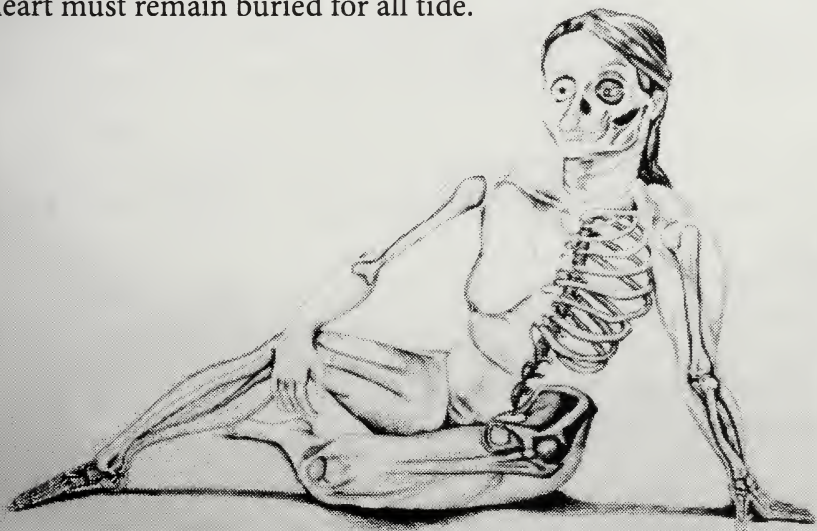
Robert La Posta

The Knight: Two Songs

2. Teil

Mein Ritter kommt nicht mehr von seinem Wandern.
Er kommt nicht mehr zurück, es klingt nicht mehr
der Klang der FüÙe an den Treppen.
Ich bin erneut ein Thier geworden,
Erneut sind meine Verse zerlumft.
Ich muß durch dunkle Wälder wandern nach
alter Erde Land, und meinen teure Schatz
muß ich zurückgeben. Mein rot, mein hart—
Mein Herz muß begraben sein für alle Zeit.

My knight comes no more from his wandering.
He returns no more, the sound of his step
no longer sound on the stairs.
Again I am become a beast,
again my lines are ragged.
I must wander through dark forests,
to the land of old earth,
and give back my dire treasure.
My red one, my harsh one—
my heart must remain buried for all tide.



“Exposition”

Katie Wynkoop

Through a Folk Art Gallery
Down Cultural Memory Lane

1

To my son and my beloved folks in Russia

Роспись Северной Двины,
The magic of North Dvina painting.

Палех, Хохлома, Мезень.
Palekh, Khokhloma, Mezen.

Богородская игрушка,
Bogorodskoe wood toys,

Жостовский поднос и Гжель.
Trays from Zhostovo and Gzhel.

2

Тюесок из бересты
Tues-boxes made of birch bark

Рядом с Дымковской игрушкой.
Settled near Dymka toys.

II красавицы-матрёшки
Beautiful Matryoshka dolls

Пляшут с клоуном Петрушкой.
Dancing with Petrushka boys.

3

Вот Ростовская финифть
Enamels' splendor from Rostov

II весёлый Городец –
And merry art of Gorodets –

Чёрный конь на жёлтом фоне,
Black stallions dancing in the sunlight,

В седле бравый молодец.
A horseback riding "molodets".

4

Вологодское плетенье.
Vologda's snowflake-like laces.

Медный Тульский самовар.
Tula's copper samovars.

Платок, будто снег пушистый –
White down shawls as fluffy as snow –

Оренбургских степей дар.
From the Orenburg steppe afar.

5

Малахитовые бусы,
Necklaces of malachite,

Яркий Павловский платок,
A bright Pavlov Posad shawl,

И Валдайский колокольчик –
Gently ringing Valday bells –

Русской тройки голосок.
The Russian troika's voice and soul.

6

С Севера – резьба по кости
From the North, bone carving treasures,

И Уральское Касли...
From the Urals comes Kasli...

Русский мир, далёкий-близкий,
The Russian world – so far and near –

Где когда-то мы росли.
Where my homeland used to be.

Балалайка и гармошка
Balalayka and garmoshka

И обычай наш "хлеб-соль" ...
And our custom "bread-and-salt" ...

И в смятенье чувств и смысла
In a swirl of feelings, meanings,

Russian Text © Ekaterina Ites, 2002-2004
Translation © Ekaterina Ites, 2011



"The Parlor"

Katie Wynkoop

Complainte d'une jeune Terrienne

Je flotte ailleurs, cachée et oubliée, loin de ma petite Terre
Mon corps est le capteur de la douleur de ceux qui restent
Je revois les bombes de la haine explosant sans cesse,
Envahissant mon âme, annihilant mon sang

Si je pouvais, je prendrais un génôme d'amour et un de paix
Je les cultiverais ensemble pour les transformer en un être meilleur
Telle est ma vision d'un monde qui n'existe pas
Mais dans lequel chacun serait compatible

Ayant pleuré toutes les larmes de mon corps au clair de Terre
Fatiguée de désirer ce monde avec l'espoir d'être entendue
Ma Terre qui est en train de mourir
N'est pas aussi pérenne qu'on ne l'aurait cru!

J'attends depuis longtemps, mais personne ne m'entend
D'un simple clic, le monde tremble et chavire
Et moi, tout comme les bombes qu'ils lancent
Je m'éparpille dans les étoiles, perdue et désespérée.

Complaint of a young earthling

I float somewhere else, hidden and forgotten, far from my little Earth

My body senses the pain of those who remain
I see the bombs of hate explode non stop
Invading my soul, annihilating my blood

If I could, I would take a genome of love and one of peace
I would cultivate them together and transform them into something better
Such is my vision of a world that does not exist
But in which everyone would get along

I have cried out every single tear from my body by the Earth light
Tired of wanting this kind of earth with the hope of being heard
My Earth is dying
No more as 'ever-lasting' as we once thought it to be

I have waited for a long time, but nobody hears me
With a simple click, the world trembles and sinks
As for me, just like the bombs they set off

TORN KITE

আমি আকাশের দিকে তাকিয়ে দেখি একটা ভাঙ্গা ঘুড়ি,
বাতাসের সাথে লড়াই সে... দাও না একটু উড়ি

গ্রীষ্মে সে উড়ে দূরের আকাশে
বর্ষায় সে দূরত্ব মিলিয়ে যায় দুঃখ আর বিষাদে

সে চুরি করে রঙ আর রঙ্গিন হয় দুরালোকে
সূর্যকে করে আড়াল আর রাতের জন্য হয় ঢাল

উপরের আকাশে আর দূরের আহ্বানে...
সে খুজে সেই পাহাড়কে...ভাড়া যেন মিলনে

আমি কি নই...ভাঙ্গা ঘুড়ি ?
খুজে ফিরি সেই সৌভাগ্য আর সফলতার নুড়ি

লক্ষ্যে অবিচল কিন্তু অজানার ভয়,
আলোয় উজ্বল আর আপনিতে অন্ধকারময়

আমি কি নই ভাঙ্গা ঘুড়ি...

অজানার গঞ্জে দৈনিকতায় আত্মহারা ?
সময়ে বহমান আর বিলাসিতায় দিশেহারা

আমি কি দেখব না সেই অন্ধকার দিন?
যেদিন থামবে ঘুড়ি আর ছোট পৃথিবী হবে মলীন।



“Pastoral Paz”
Catherine Richotte

Special thanks to the Comparative Literature Department, Jean Fleming, and Sally O’Shea for the help they have given us while we ran around in a mild panic for most of the semester.

Back Cover Image
“Bijagual Creek”
Catherine Richotte

